

**FOLK SONGS
OF MANY
NATIONS**



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**Folk Songs
of Many Nations**



Collected and Edited
with
Preface and Annotations
by

LOUIS C. ELSON

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
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General

Preface.

It has been my effort, in this volume, to present several characteristic songs of various nations, in contrast with each other. Instead of writing a long fore-word, it has seemed better to give such notes and comments as were necessary, upon the music of each song, so that the singer can easily become familiar with the chief facts of the history or the musical construction of each number. Yet one point may be earnestly impressed upon the reader and musician at the outset. There is no definite scale that can be traced to any immutable physical law! The scale has been a veritable Tower of Babel in Music, and just as nations differ in languages, they may vary in their musical scales.

We are so prone to imagine that our scale (major and minor) is the sum of all music, that it may be well to give a few scales here that are not in consonance with our system.

The Hindoo scale divides into third-tones and quarter-tones, in a manner that defies notation by our system, or performance upon our keyed instruments.

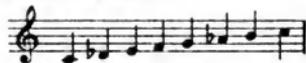
The chief scale of China runs thus:



There is a scale much used in old
Folksongs running thus:



The chief scale of the Byzantine
music is as follows:



A very old church scale also used
in Scottish folk-music is:



In Hungary the Gypsies use the following scale.



A scale which Beethoven has used and which appears often in folk-music is:



A number of other scale progressions might be cited. Many of these odd scales are represented in this volume, being described under their appropriate heads.

Possibly this book may broaden the horizon of more than one musician. We must hasten to say, however, that it is but a slight presentation of a very large subject, for even China and Arabia have their folk-songs, which are worthy of study. There are thousands of other specimens waiting for the student. The gradual introduction of some of these into classical music is giving new life-blood to our art.

We feel that the singer will condone the presentation of an occasional modern song that has become national in popularity, into this collection. The introduction of our own National anthems needs no apology.

Louis C. Elson

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The Influence of Folk-Song Upon Classical Music

By *LOUIS C. ELSON*

ROBERT FRANZ, one of the greatest song composers of modern times, once wrote to the author of this essay, "I believe that our Art began with the Lyric forms, and that it will end with them." In these days, when some of the musical composers are wandering far from all set forms, it is of especial interest to trace historically the truth of the first part of the above sentence, and to wonder whether the latter part will also come true. In examining the music of the past, (we shall find the folk-song exerting an enormous influence in almost every epoch and in almost every direction.)

The folk-song is the wild briar-rose of music; springing up by the wayside of art, it comes into being without any care being lavished upon it, without the artificial aids of the science of music; it represents the natural side of an art that has gradually become scientific. The ploughman at his labor, the soldier on his march, may have been moved to express some topic that was close to the hearts of himself and his companions in poetry and song; the favorite theme speeds from mouth to mouth, perhaps somewhat amorphous at first, but gradually reaching its most fitting shape by a process of evolution; sometimes even assuming more than one shape; as for example, the Russian song, "Troika," which is sung differently in St. Petersburg and in Moscow, although there is quite enough of resemblance between the two versions to prove a single parentage.

With a popular origin, such as is indicated above, it is but natural to find history and folk-lore intertwining in this school of composition, or rather improvisation. The early ballads of England

were but simple folk-songs, yet William of Malmesbury, Roger de Hoveden, and a host of old chroniclers built many a chapter upon the information derived from them; nor did all follow the example of the first named writer, and inform their readers when they were stating ascertained facts and when detailing folk-song traditions. The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* contains two complete old ballads and parts of about a dozen others. Even in this remote epoch, we find the folk-song growing from the ranks of the common people into a higher plane and being altered and adapted to more classic uses, and we also find men of culture trying to achieve the difficult simplicity of the songs of the people.

The folk-songs of ancient Palestine were chiefly of three kinds—the joyous bridal song, the cheerful harvest or vintage song, and the wailing funeral song—and one may find many examples of each of these in the Scriptures. As they were not written out, there being no definite notation among the ancient Hebrews, we can not hope ever to discover the actual tunes that were sung. It is, however, not impossible that the melodies have filtered down through the ages; certain it is that the three schools of singing as described above, exist to-day in Arabia and Syria. Entire villages sometimes unite in a seven-day festival of rejoicing similar to the one described in the fourteenth chapter of Judges—the wedding of Samson. The Song of Solomon presents an entire book of bridal songs in the popular vein. The lamentation of David over the death of Saul and Jonathan, in the second book of Samuel i: 17-27, is an example of the mourning song.

In Amos, Habakkuk, and other books of the Old Testament, one finds further indication of the employment of folk-song, but the most artistic use of such songs is indicated in Isaiah v: 1, where the prophet begins the cheerful vintage song, and then suddenly changes into the song of lamentation, the funeral lay, a contrast that must have been highly effective.

Much of dramatic action must have been united with the vocal work in the folk-songs as used by the Hebrews; in fact, when the word "dancing" occurs in the Scriptures it generally means only gesture and pantomime. If, in the light of this statement, we read the song of Moses, in Exodus xv, we can imagine Miriam using a folk-song which the Israelites had become familiar with, can fancy her improvising the words, can see the successive gestures of pride, contempt, sarcasm and triumph, and can hear the multitude joining in the chorus at every opportunity.

This combination of action and singing becomes still more evi-

dent in the song of Deborah and Barak, in Judges v: Herder ventures a conjecture as to the style of the performance of this musical scene; he suggests that "probably verses 1-11 were interrupted by the shouts of the populace; verses 12-17 were a picture of the battle with a naming of the leaders with praise or blame, and mimicking each one as named; verses 28-30 were mockery of the triumph of Sisera, and the last verse was given as a chorus by the whole people." That the tune must have been a familiar one there can be no manner of doubt, and the whole scene, with its extemporization, its clapping of hands to mark the rhythm, its alternation of solo and chorus, would not be very unlike the singing at some of the negro camp-meetings on the southern plantations.

Against these military folk-songs after victory, we can place the minstrel songs of early medieval times *before* the battle. It was the custom of the minstrel of the Middle Ages to march at the head of a cohort of soldiers, singing ballads of heroism to encourage the men-at-arms, and as he sang he tossed his spear high up in the air, or twirled his sword dexterously. Out of this old custom grew the drum major of modern times, who marches at the head of a procession, twirling his long silver-knobbed baton, and having no apparent connection with the band or the parade which he precedes.

The longevity of some folk-songs and their strange-metamorphoses can scarcely be exaggerated. The well-known bacchanalian melody sung in England to the words of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and in America to "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," has the most variegated history of them all. Beginning in the Holy Land as a song in praise of a French crusader who lost his life near Jerusalem, the "Chanson de Mambron" took such strong root in the Orient that the melody is sung to-day in some parts of Egypt and Arabia, where they mistakenly claim it to be an old Egyptian folk-tune. The "Mambron," altered by a French queen into "Malbrooke," gave rise to "Malbrooke s'en va-t-en Guerre," which folk-song was used by no less a composer than Beethoven, in an orchestral work—"The Battle of Vittoria." Crossing the channel, and afterwards the ocean, the song of the old crusader became the carol of the modern rollicker.

At about the time of the first crusade the folk-song was being used in a manner which was of the utmost importance in the evolution of the scientific side of music; it became the core around which the earliest composers wove their counterpoint; already in the twelfth century it was customary for the musician to choose some melody familiar to the people, and to combine it with another

melody of his own creation. The support of melody by melody (instead of by chords) constitutes counterpoint, and it is not too much to say that the earliest skilful music of this kind sprang directly from the folk-song.

The composers at this time (always excepting the Troubadours and Minneingers) were almost all in the direct service of the church. In the wedding of melodies as above described (too often, at first, a "*mésalliance*") they sought to accentuate their skill by using sacred words only in the parts that they added as counterpoint, preserving the original words in the folk-song that they had chosen to embellish. Thus it was not impossible to hear in the church service the tenor trolling out a love song while the other voices sang "Kyrie Eleison" or other sacred texts. In a little while certain songs became especial favorites for contrapuntal setting, and occasionally different composers would enter into direct competition by choosing the same melody as the core of their masses, each one trying to excel the other in the ingenuity of his added parts, or counterpoint.

There was one *canto fermo*, as the chief melody of counterpoint is called, that was an especial favorite with the great composers during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This was the old folk-song entitled "L'Homme Armé." A host of composers, extending from the time of Dufay to the epoch of Carissimi, and including Palestrina, Des Pres (who wrote two masses on the theme), Busnois, Tinctor, and many others, composed masses of which the simple folk-song was the core. The original of the old "chanson" can not now be determined. Some imagine it to be an old Provençal folk-song, others believe that it was the original melody of the "Song of Roland," quoted above.

Some two hundred masses are said to have been composed with this old folk-song for their central theme.

It must be remembered, however, that in this early musical epoch the melody was not of such supreme importance as at present, for it was given, not to the highest voice, then called *discant*, but to the tenor. We find an indication of this in the names given to the parts themselves. Bass (*basis*), meant the fundamental part, the foundation; Alto (*altisonus*), the high-sounding part, for it was then sung by men, and was, of course, in the highest register; *Discant* (*dis cantus*), a part derived from the melody; Tenor (*tenor*), the part that held the melody.

In an old part-song book the present writer once found the following verses defining the duty of the voices in the contrapuntal

quartets of the sixteenth century; he has translated them from the German—

Ye little youths and maidens neat,
We want your voices high and sweet.
Your study to the discant bring,
The only part that you should sing.

The alto suits to nice young men
Who can sing up and down again.
This surely is the alto's way,
So study at it night and day.

The tenor has the following verse :

In middle paths are all my arts.
The holder of the other parts.
They lean on me through all the song,
Else all the music would go wrong.

Finally the bass states :

My station is a lower lot.
He who to middle age hath got,
And growleth like a bear so hoarse,
Why let him sing the bass, of course.

Throughout the time of the Reformation this was the regular distribution of parts in choral singing; of the use of the folk-song at that time we have already spoken in these pages,* and we need only reiterate that there was no epoch when it had greater power or exerted more influence upon the highest religious forms of music.

But even after the melody had been placed in the upper voice we still find many a folk-song in the chorals. The change of distribution of parts and the giving of the tune to the highest voice, which now changed its name from discant into soprano (from *sopra*—above) was made in 1586 by Lucas Osiander, who says, in introducing his new system :

"I know well that hitherto composers have led the chorale in the tenor. If one does this, however, then the melody is not well recognized among the voices. Therefore I have given the melody to the discant, that it shall be easily known, and that every layman may sing along."

Hassler gave his adhesion to the new system and other composers were not slow to follow.

(* See article on "Music in the Church," in *The International Monthly* for August, 1901.

The German composers followed the lead of Luther in the employment of the folk-song in the highest branches of composition. Bach, for example, in his "St. Matthew Passion Music," made repeated use of the melody of a popular love song by Hassler. Its original title was "Mein G'müth ist mer verwirret" ("My Spirit is Distracted"), but no one feels any sense of unfitness or irreverence, when, after being enriched with noble counterpoint, it becomes "Oh, Sacred Head Now Wounded."

Beethoven did not enter so deeply into the spirit of the folk-song as other German composers; possibly his deafness prevented his intimate acquaintance with much of the unwritten song of Austria; yet, in his "Seventh Symphony," in the trio of the scherzo, we find an old folk-theme used and we shall see, a little later, that even foreign folk-songs were studied by him.

The actual creation of a folk-song can rarely be ascribed to a composer; there is a difficult simplicity in such a work that is often beyond the skill of the classicist. It is, therefore, exceptional when we find Weber, Mozart, and Mendelssohn producing songs which must be classed among the folk-music of Germany. In the case of Weber, it was the fervor of a great poet, a veritable Tyrtæus, that lit the flame. It was the young Koerner, who died on the battlefield at twenty-two, who in the shadow of a premonition of his early death wrote the poem called the "Sword Song," picturing the wedding of the warrior and his weapon. On this theme Weber produced one of the most fiery folk-songs in existence. Mozart achieved the simple directness of the people's music in some parts of his "Magic Flute," and Mendelssohn caught up the spirit of the folk-song not only of Germany but of Scotland.

Germany's folk-music extends in many directions: it is sentimental, as in "The Lorlei," it is military, as in the "Sword Song," it is bacchanalian, as in "Wohlauf noch getrunken," but probably its wildest expression is reached in the student songs, which have been the delight of the universities for years and even centuries. Even these have not been denied entrance into the classical field, for Brahms has built his "Academic Overture" upon three of them, "Wir hatten gebauet ein stattliches Haus," "Der Landesvater," and "Was kommt dort von der Höh," the latter one of the most jovial songs of the entire repertory.

It would be unjust to leave the topic of German folk-song without paying tribute to Friedrich Silcher (who died as recently as 1860), a man who brought forth more successful folk-songs than any other recognized composer.

Scotland has ever been the leader in characteristic folk-music; the national character of Scottish music is so pronounced, yet so versatile, that it has exerted a greater influence upon composers than the popular music of any country. There are many reasons for this. It is very ancient and takes us back, in some of its numbers, to the most primitive scale forms; if ever we are to comprehend how the old Greek music could charm so powerfully even without the aid of harmony, it will be by a study of the old Scottish music, which may come nearer to the old Hellenic style than is suspected. The Scottish folk-song is more closely interwoven with national history than that of any other nation. It has the aid of a remarkably tender and expressive poetry. It is a music that sounds every note in the gamut of human emotion from deepest gloom to wildest merriment, from mournful dirge to rollicking Strathspey. It is not wonderful therefore that the composers of many different nationalities have come under its spell, that the folk-music of Scotland has exerted the greatest influence upon the classical school.

At the head of the list we find Beethoven gladly undertaking the arrangement of a whole series of folk-songs for a Scottish publisher—Thompson of Edinburg. Beethoven, we may add, also used a Russian folk-song in one of his string quartets. We find Schumann and Robert Franz endeavoring, though vainly, to achieve the Scottish lilt in themes taken from Burns and others, and made into German "Lieder." We find the Swiss composer, Niedermayer, and the Frenchman, Boieldieu, using Scottish themes in their operas. We find the German, Volkmann, making both a national and a chronological error by introducing the melody of "The Campbells are Comin'" in his overture, "Richard III," in the final battle scene—a Scot's tune composed in 1568, in an English battle fought in 1485. The modern German composer, Max Bruch, has come most thoroughly under the Scottish influence.

It must be confessed, however, that not one of the above cited instances of attempts of foreign composers to employ the Scottish song has proved thoroughly Gaelic in spirit. To one German composer only was it given successfully to imitate the Scottish muse; Mendelssohn in his "Scotch Symphony," especially in the lilting scherzo, has actually created a Scottish theme, and we fancy that many a Scotsman would accept the tender duet, "Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," as a true example of his own native music.

The Irish and Welsh folk-songs have not yet come into their just inheritance in classical music, although Dr. Villiers Stanford has used some Celtic themes (notably "The Red Fox") in his "Irish

Symphony," and F. H. Cowen has made some employment of Welsh tunes in his "Welsh Symphony."

Music is often the child of sorrow, national or individual, and it is but natural to find, among the more oppressed of civilized races, a folk-music of especial emotional power. This is emphatically the case with the music of the Bohemians, Russians, Poles and Hungarians, and, when these mines are more thoroughly explored by the classical composers of the world, much virgin gold will be discovered to be worked into musical jewels by the skilled artificer. The older Bohemian music is almost obliterated, for the unhappy nation was scourged into silence by thirty years of war, and almost all of its songs succeed that dreadful epoch.

Only in recent times did the renaissance of Bohemian music take place; it was Smetana who first wrote in classical forms founded upon the folk-songs of his country. The music of this composer is intensely national, and shows what a wealth of expression lies in the melody of his native land.

Fortunately he had a pupil whom he imbued with his own love of national music, and Antonin Dvorak, although not so intense as his preceptor and friend, has carried the banner of Bohemian music over all the world.

The Hungarian music has its roots in the songs of the Gypsies. Weird and strange musicians are these wandering sons of the muse. In Buda-Pesth the present writer has often heard a band of Gypsy musicians, most of them with stringed instruments, giving fully harmonized music without a scrap of notation to guide them, improvising the orchestral settings as they played them, but always having as their theme some national melody familiar to them all and to most of their audience.

What Liszt did for Hungary, Chopin did for Poland, and the contrasted frenzy of the Slav's gayety and gloom of despair is heard in the nocturnes, the polonaises, and the ballads of this prince of the piano. The strong contrasts of Slavonic or Czech music lend themselves admirably to the forms of the modern concert room.

It must be remembered that hand in hand with the folk-songs of a musical nation are the dances of the people. It is impossible to exaggerate the influence of these upon classical music, for not only have they entered freely into orchestral and even symphonic works, but they have, in some degree, influenced the very shape of suite and symphony, so that it is no exaggeration to say that dancing is the mother of musical form.

In modern times we find all composers keenly sensitive to the

effect produced by folk-dances; Beethoven introduces the hop-waltz into his "Sixth Symphony," Brahms enriches an entire series of Hungarian dances with noble harmonies, Liszt freely employs the czardas, a species of Hungarian jig, in some of his most effective passages.

When the name of Russia is mentioned, the investigator of folk-song may well pause, astonished at the vast extent of the repertory spread out before him. Russia is a world in itself, and the same may be said of its folk-music. Yet the wonderful mine has scarcely been opened even by Russian composers. Glinka, who died in 1857, may be called the pioneer of Russian national music, and in his operas he freely introduced the folk-music of his country. The last half of the nineteenth century, however, saw the constant striving of a new school of composers to build up a repertory of advanced music upon the foundation of the folk-music of Russia. "Para Domoi" ("Let Us Get Home," *i. e.*, let us be our natural selves) has been the watchword of the neo-Russian school of composers in freeing themselves from German musical influences, and they decline to accept Rubinstein as representative, and even denounce Tschaikowsky as too cosmopolitan, because both are tinged with the Teutonic musical culture.

The surface of Russian folk-music has scarcely been scratched as yet; the songs of the Cossacks have not been collected, the repertory of Little Russia has not been printed and classified, and the published list will probably receive accessions from many quarters for years to come. If the statement that the complex musical forms are built upon the simpler, the classical upon the popular, means anything, the future of musical Russia, with such a fund to draw upon, must be very bright, and it is not too much to predict that the Muscovite may yet wrest the sceptre of musical supremacy from the German.

In conclusion, one may ask where America stands in the field of folk-song and its development. Like Russia our country is a world in itself, but many of its sections are necessarily destitute of true folk-music because commercial prosperity by effacing original types of character and of life, by introducing a conventional mode of existence, tends to obliterate the folk-song. The banking house, the flour mill, the cloth factory, can not inspire music. Yet in our country one can find some phases of existence that have brought forth popular music. The plantation life of the South, for example, is romantic enough to give rise to expressive music, and has done so. There is a large repertory of the negro music which has not yet been collected, and is well worth of preservation.

One may ask if this is not rather African than American music, but the response would be that the negro could not have brought forth this music save for his life upon the southern plantation; it is the product of American life and surroundings.

There exist, also, some beautiful folk-songs founded upon this phase of existence, yet composed in the North by a Pennsylvanian. America should ever be grateful to Stephen C. Foster for creating a series of folk-songs as typical, as expressive, as beautiful as any in the world. His southern descent may have caused him to vibrate in sympathy with the southern life which he has portrayed as justly as it has been done in the repertory of the plantation itself.

Few Americans have as yet used this material; no composer of eminence has hitherto employed Foster's themes in symphony or sonata; yet Mr. G. W. Chadwick has effectively developed some distinctly American themes in two of his symphonies, being the first eminent composer to elevate our folk-song into the symphonic domain. And the Bohemian, Dvorak, knowing well how much depends on nationality of music, taught our native composers a lesson, during his short sojourn in America, by using plantation themes in both symphony and in classical chamber music.

It is possible that a newer school of folk-music may yet arise in the United States out of the free and unrestrained ranch life of the West. There is much in such an existence to inspire music, but as yet this life has not been shared by a music-producing race. It may be that in the future the descendants of the miners, the cowboys, the farmers, of this section of our country, will create a music that shall reflect the bold and untrammelled life of the West, and add it to our scant repertory. And it is not to much too hope that out of our own typical music there shall eventually grow a great symphony and a school of advanced composition that shall be known as definitely American.

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The Star Spangled Banner.

Old English melody.

Words by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.

1. Oh, — say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the
 3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly
 4. Oh, — thus be it ev - er when free - men shall

light, What so proud - ly we hail'd at the twi-light's last gleaming, Whose broad
 deep, Where the foe's haught - y host in dread si-lence re - po-ses, What is
 swore, That the hav - oc of war and the bat-tle's con - fu-sion, A —
 stand Be - tween their loved home and wild war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with

stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the rām - parts we
 that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly
 home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd
 vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued land, Praise the Pow'r that hath

watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs
 blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the
 out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion. No - ref - uge could save the -
 made and pre - serv'd us a na - tion! Then con - quer we must, when our

burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
 morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the
 hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the
 cause it is just, And this be our mot - to: "In God is our

CHORUS.

there, Oh, - say does that - star - span - gled ban - ner - yet -
 stream: 'Tis the star - span - gled - ban - ner: oh, long may - it -
 grave: And the star - span - gled - ban - ner in tri - umph doth -
 trust!" And the star - span - gled - ban - ner in tri - umph shall -

cresc. *ff*

wave, }
 wave, }
 wave, }
 wave, }
 O'er the land of - the - free, and the home of the brave.

The Star Spangled Banner.

The melody of this song is that of an English drinking song, entitled "To Anacreon in Heaven" and written for a jovial club called "The Anacreontics" which met at the "Crown and Anchor" in the Strand, London. It was composed between 1770 and 1775. The tune was probably written by Dr. Samuel Arnold (1739-1802). The melody was very popular in England in the 18th century. The editor has in his possession a copy of the old drinking-song published in the 18th century and also a masonic song to the same tune, dated 1802. The tune was very well known in America long before Key used it for his famous words. It was used at a banquet of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Association, in Boston, June 1st, 1798, with words by Robert Treat Paine, (then known as "Tom" Paine) in praise of the President and entitled "Adams and Liberty". This version became famous throughout the country. It was subsequently altered into "Jefferson and Liberty" in a Philadelphia version. On the 25th of March, 1813, it was sung in Boston with new words in honor of the Russian victories over Napoleon, and it was probably in this guise that Key remembered it when writing his famous verses. The story that the melody was selected for the words by an actor named Durang (although printed in several histories) may emphatically be denied; the tune was chosen by Francis Scott Key himself and was named in the earliest printed version in the "Baltimore American", and in the broadside that was distributed through the city. Key had been detained with the British fleet in Chesapeake Bay during the night of the bombardment of Fort McHenry. One can imagine the anxiety with which he gazed towards Baltimore on the morning after the battle. When he saw the American flag still floating over the fort, he was inspired to write the first verse of the song. He was allowed to depart that morning. On his way to Baltimore he composed the remaining verses. Immediately on his arrival in the city the verses were printed by the "Baltimore American"

To Anacreon in Heav'n.*

Words by RALPH TOMLINSON.

CIRCA. 1770.
Arr. by Burnham W. Horner.

Boldly.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The vocal line is in a single treble clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "To A - na-creon in Heav'n Where he sat in full glee, A few sons of Har - mo - ny sent a pe - ti - tion That he their in - spi - rer and pa - tron would be When this an - swer ar - riv'd from the jol - ly old Gre - cian: 'Voice."

★ The Original of "The Star Spangled Banner."

fid-dle and flute, No— lon-ger be mute, I'll— lend you my name and in -

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

spire you to boot, And be - side I'll in-struct you, like me to en - twine, The

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a similar rhythmic pattern. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as accents (>) and a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking in the right hand.

CHORUS.
myr - tle of Ve-nus with Bac - chus's— vine! And be - sides I'll in-struct you, like

The third system is the beginning of the chorus. It is marked with *CHORUS.* above the vocal line. The vocal line starts with a quarter rest followed by eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment has a consistent rhythmic accompaniment.

me to en - twine, The myr - tle of Ve-nus with Bac-chus's— vine.

The fourth system concludes the chorus. The vocal line ends with a quarter note. The piano accompaniment features a *rall.* (rallentando) marking and accents (>) in the right hand.

Hail Columbia.

Tune, "The President's March"
Words by JOSEPH HOPKINSON. 1798.

Maestoso.

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land, Hail, ye he-roes,
2. Im-mor-tal pa-triots, rise once more, De-fend your rights, de-

heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in
fend your shore; Let no rude foe, with im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with

Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the peace your
im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of toil and blood the

val - or won; Let in - de - pend - ence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful
well - earned prize, While off - ring peace, sin - cere and just, In Heav'n we place a

what it cost, Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
man - ly trust That truth and jus - tice shall pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scene of bond - age fail.

CHORUS.

Firm u - ni - ted, let us be, Ral - ly - ing 'round our lib - er - ty,

As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace - and safe - ty shall we find.

Hail Columbia.

The editor has in his library the first edition of this song, entitled "The Favorite new Federal Song, adapted to the President's March." It was published in 1798 in this version, but its melody was composed nine years before the words. In the writing of a song the words are first written and the music composed to fit them; in the case of "Hail Columbia" this process was reversed. "The President's March" was composed in honor of Washington, when he went to New York, in 1789, to be inaugurated the first President of the United States. It was probably the work of a German musician, resident in Philadelphia, named Johannes Roth, although it is also claimed for another German, in the same city, named Phylo. It existed as a march until 1798. In that year a young actor named Gilbert Fox was to take a benefit at a theatre. We will let Judge Hopkinson tell the story of the evolution of the song.

"The theatre was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it whose talent was high as a singer, was about to take a benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance he called on me one Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to 'The President's March' he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it but had not succeeded. I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him."

A new patriotic song was held to be of the greatest importance in the early years of our republic, and the theatre was therefore crowded when Gilbert Fox launched the addition to the national repertoire. It was the rallying cry of the National party. In those days the "Federalists" held that the Nation should ever be supreme authority, while the "Anti-Federalists" believed that state rights should come first. "Hail Columbia" was doubly a national song in that it was the anthem of the Federalists.

Maryland! my Maryland!

1. Thou wilt not cow-er in the dust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van-dal toll, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!

Thy beam-ing sword shall nev-er rust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!
Thou wilt not crook to his con-trol, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!

Re-mem-ber Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re-mem-ber How-ard's
Bet-ter the fire up-on thee roll, Bet-ter the shot, the

war-like thrust, And all thy slumbrers with the just, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!
blade, the bowl, Than cru-ci-fix-ion of the soul, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!

3.

I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Tho' thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! my Maryland!

4.

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, life and drum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! my Maryland!

The tune of "Maryland" is from an old German student-song, entitled "O Tannenbaum," and sometimes sung to Latin words as "Lauriger Horatius." The fiery Southern words are by James Ryder Randall. There was also a less spirited Northern setting, so that this German song of friendship and loyalty became a war-song both in the Northern and Southern states.

Dixie's Land.

DAN EMMETT.

Allegro.

1. I — wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
not for-got-ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie land. In
Dix - ie land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one frost - y morn - in! Look a -
way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie land.

"Dixie" was written as a "walk around" by Dan Emmett, born in Ohio in 1815, and was first sung at Dan Bryant's minstrel show on Broadway, New York, a year or two before the civil war, in 1859 or 1860. The chief Southern song was therefore of Northern origin.

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In — Dix-ie Land I'll

took my stand, To lib and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-

way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

2

Old Missus marry "Will-de-weaver,"
 Willium was a gay deceiver;
 Look away! etc.,
 But when he put his arm around 'er,
 He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,
 Look away! etc. *Cho.*

3

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver,
 But soon after he did leave 'er;
 Look away! etc.,
 Old Missus acted de foolish part,
 And died for a man dat broke her heart,
 Look away! etc. *Cho.*

4

Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
 And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away! etc.,
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and here dis song to-morrow,
 Look away! etc. *Cho.*

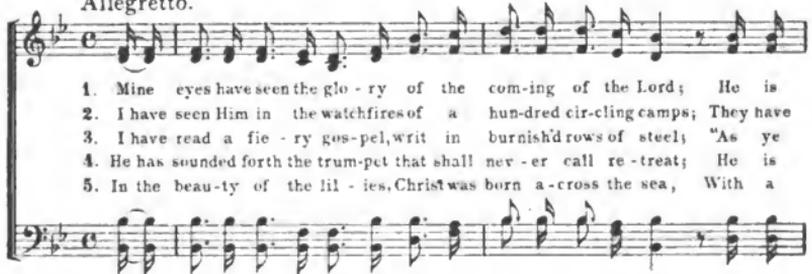
5

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Look away! etc.,
 Den hoe it down and scratch your grabbl',
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
 Look away! etc. *Cho.*

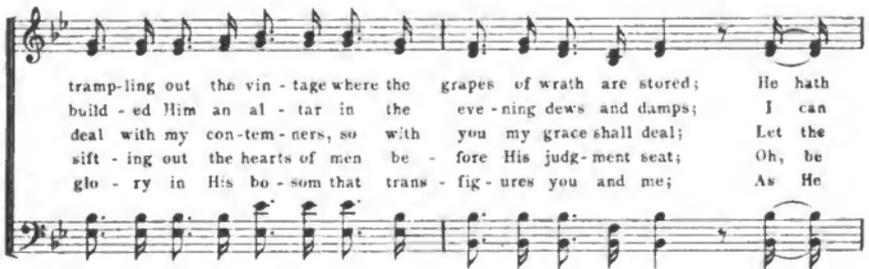
Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Words by JULIA WARD HOWE.

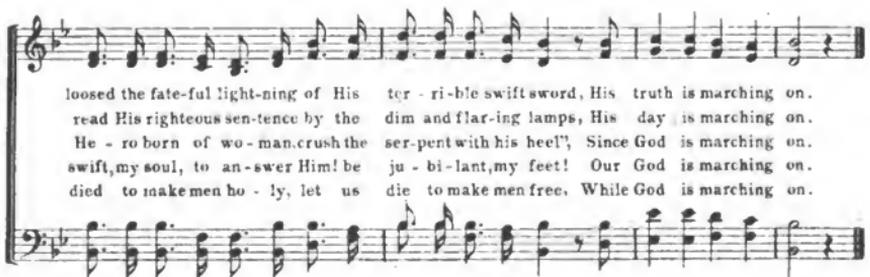
Allegretto.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hun - dred cir - cing camps; They have
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in burnish'd rows of steel; "As ye
 4. He has sounded forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
 glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.
 read His righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on.
 He - ro born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with his heel! Since God is marching on.
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Glory Hallelujah". It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

"Glory Hallelujah" has had much false history written about it. One book on American music states that it arose from Foster's song of "Ellen Bayne"; another ascribes its origin to a composer of Negro Minstrel music, T. Brigham Bishop. The melody began as a Sunday-school hymn in Charleston, S. C. It was probably written by William Steffe, about 1856. It soon made its way into Methodist Hymnals under the title of "Say, Brothers will you meet us?" When the civil war began, the 12th Massachusetts regiment, then at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, used the song as a camp ditty, making new words to its verses. Capt. Henry J. Hallgreen often had Gilmore's band play it at the fort. It was, at first, an innocent satire of John Brown, not the hero of Ossawatomic, but a good-humored Scotchman of the same name, who was the butt of much of the horse-play of the regiment. When the 12th Mass. regiment, under Col. Fletcher Webster, went to the front, they sang this song as they marched through Boston and New York. It instantly became national music. In December, 1861, a visiting party of civilians were allowed by President Lincoln to visit the Union outposts in Virginia. While they were with the army a small battle took place and they saw something of actual war. As the men marched to their quarters, at the close of the combat, they sang "John Brown's Body." The Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke urged Mrs. Julia Ward Howe (both being in this party) to write some loftier poetry to the effective tune. The result was the present song. The tune is so march-like that it has become popular all over the world. The editor has heard it in Italy, in Germany and in England, and the troops of many a foreign country have marched to the singing of "Glory Hallelujah," but with the original words—"John Brown's body lies a mouldring in the grave!"

Marseilles Hymn.

ROUGET D^e LISLE, 1792.

1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what
 2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile, in -
 3. Oh, Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign — thee, Once hav - ing

my-riads bid you rise! Your chil-dren, wives, and grand-sires hoar - y: Behold their
 sa-tiate des-pots dare, Their thirst for gold and pow - er un-bound - ed, To mete and
 felt thy gen - erous flame? Can dun-geons, bolts, and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy

tears, and hear their cries, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful
 vend the light and air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of
 no - ble spir - it — tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it — tame? Too long the

★The Marseillaise” was composed, both the words and the music, on the night preceding April 24th, 1792. It was intended by De Lisle to be the song of the French Army Corps of Strassburg. It was not taken up with any avidity by this Army Corps however. When a few weeks later, Marseilles sent 516 men to force Louis XVI to reason, this battalion made the song their own. They sang it when they entered Paris, July 29th, 1792, and it received its baptism of blood during the attack on the Tuileries, August 9-10, 1792. Before the Marseillaise took up the song it was entitled — “Chant du Guerriers du Bas Rhin.”



ty-rants mis- chief breed-ing, With hire-ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af-
bur-den would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a - dore; But
world has wept be - wail - ing That false-hood's dag - ger ty - rants wield; But



fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed-ing! To
man is man, and who is more? Then shall they long - er lash and goad us? To
free-dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing: To



arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword un-sheathe! March on, March



on, all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death!



Home, Sweet Home.

Words by JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I - gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. An - ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my

hum - ble, there's no - place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
 moth - er now thinks of her child As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage
 low - ly that'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my

there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where. Home, home,
 door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
 call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, home,

sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, There's no - place like home.

* In 1823, John Howard Payne wrote a melodrama entitled "Clari, the maid of Milan" in which the song of "Home Sweet Home" was the chief melody. Henry R. Bishop, afterwards Sir Henry Bishop, set the music. In all the printed editions of the play this tune is marked "A Sicilian Air." Bishop never claimed it as his own, yet, as no one has ever been able to find the Sicilian original it is very possible that the tune may be Bishop's own composition.

Old Folks at Home.

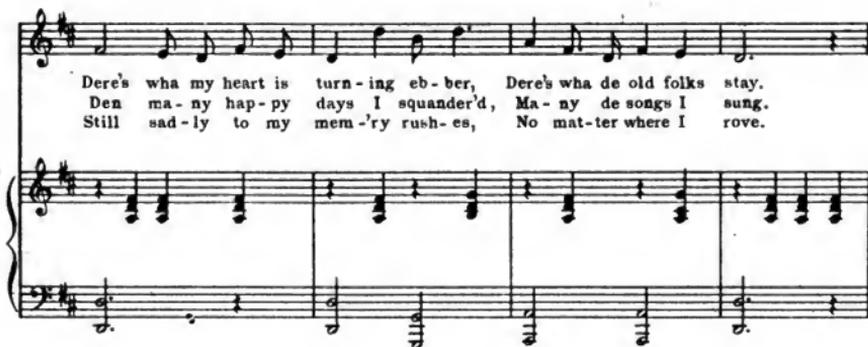
Words and Music by

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Moderato.

1. Way down up-on the Suwa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a - way,
 2. All 'round de lit-tle farm I wan-der'd, When I was young;
 3. One lit-tle hut a - mong de bush-es, One dat I love,

Foster is the chief folk-song composer of America. He was born near Pittsburg, July 4th, 1826, and died, the result of an accident, in New York, Jan. 13th, 1864, less than 38 years old: "The Old Folks at Home" and "My Old Kentucky Home" are the two most popular of all his songs. He generally wrote both words and music of his compositions.



Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
 Den ma-ny hap-py days I squander'd, Ma-ny de songs I sung.
 Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.



All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam;
 When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap-py was I,
 When will I see de bees a hum-ming, All 'round de comb?



Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
 When will I hear de ban-jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home.

SOP. (CHORUS, or upper part only as Solo, ad lib.)

All de world am' sad and drear-y, Eb - 'ry-where I roam,

ALTO.
All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb - 'ry-where I roam, I roam,

TEN.
All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb - 'ry-where I roam, I roam,

BASS.
All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb - 'ry-where I roam, I roam,

Oh, dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home!

Oh, dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home!

Oh, dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home!

My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco Adagio.

The piano introduction is in G major, 3/4 time, and begins with a series of whole rests in the treble clef. The right hand then plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the melody and accompaniment from the introduction.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Where-

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics for the second and third lines of the verse. The piano accompaniment continues with the melody and accompaniment.

sum-mer, the darkies are gay; The corn - top's ripe and the
 meadow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the
 ev-er the dark-y may go; A few more days and the

meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day; The
 glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door: The
 trou-ble all will end, In the fields where the su-gar-canes grow; A

young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py, and bright, By'n -
 day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de - light; The
 few more days for to tote the weary load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A

by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good-night!
 time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good-night!
 few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Soprano.
Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the

Alto.
Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the

Tenor.
Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the

Bass.

old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a - way.

old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a - way.

old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a - way.

Auld Lang Syne.

ROBERT BURNS.

SCOTCH.

1. Should auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind?
 2. We twa ha'e run a - bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine;
 3. We twa ha'e pad-dl'd in the burn, Frae morn-ing sun till dine;

Should auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And days o' auld lang syne.
 But we've wan-dered mo - ny a wea - ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne.
 But seas be-tween us braid ha'e roa'd, Sin' auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne.

We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.
 We've wan-dered mo - ny a wea - ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne.
 But seas be-tween us braid ha'e roa'd, Sin' auld lang syne.

The melody of "Auld Lang Syne" is very old. It was known under the title of "I feed a lad at Martinmas!" It is built upon the ancient scale of five tones. The singer will notice that the fourth and seventh tones are absent from the tune. The first verse is also much older than the time of Burns. The second and third verses, however, are by the great poet.

A Mighty Fortress is our God.

"EIN FESTE BURG."

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.

1. A mighty for-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing; Our
 2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing, Were
 3. And tho' this world with dev-ils fill'd, we'd threaten to un-do-us, We
 4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them a-bid-eth, The

help-er He a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing. For
 not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing. Doat
 will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph through us. The
 spir-it and the gifts are ours, Thro' Him who with us sid-eth. Let

still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe, His craft and pow'r are
 ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He, Lord Sa-ba-oth His
 Prince of Dark-ness grim, We trem-ble not for Him, His rage we can en-
 goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so; The bod-y they may

great, And arm'd with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
 name, From age to age the same, And he must win the bat-tle.
 dure, For lo! his doom is sure; One lit-tle word shall fell him.
 kill, God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er.

This song was the war-cry of the Protestants during the Reformation. They sang it as soldiers in battle, and as martyrs, at the stake. It has been used as historic music by Meyerbeer in the "Huguenots", by Wagner in his "Kaiser-Marsch", by Bach in a Cantata, by Raff in an overture, etc. etc. The words are by Luther, but the composer of the melody has not been traced. The tune was probably first published in 1538. The words are a paraphrase of the 46th Psalm.

Deo Gratias.

A. D. 1415.

Our King went forth to Nor - mand - y With

The first system of musical notation for 'Deo Gratias'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

grace and might of chiv - al - ry. The God for

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5, followed by a half note G5. The bass staff continues with chords and single notes.

him wrought marv' - lous - ly Where - fore Eug - land may call and

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with quarter notes G5, A5, and B5, followed by a half note C6. The bass staff continues with chords and single notes.

cry: Deo Gra - - - ti - as.

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with quarter notes D6, E6, and F6, followed by a half note G6. The bass staff continues with chords and single notes.

★ This was one of the songs written to celebrate the return of Henry V to England after the battle of Agincourt. It is one of the oldest of religious folk-songs.

Old Hundred.

Melody in Tenor.

Contrapuntal arrangement
by JOHN DOWLAND.

on — earth do
All peo - ple that on earth do dwell,
cheer - ful voice,
Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice,
Him serve with fear, His praise — forth — tell,
Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.

In the old contrapuntal works folk-songs were often made the core (or "cantus firmus") of the composition. The melody was given, not to the highest voice, then called "discant" but to the Tenor! The above is an example of the appearance of a melody in the Tenor. Originally the melody of "Old Hundred" was probably an old folk song. The melody as sung to sacred words was first used by Louis Bourgeois, in the Genevan Psalter, in 1551.

The lass with the delicate air.

43

Popular English Song.

Dr. THOMAS A. ARNE.
(1719 - 1778)

Allegretto grazioso.

mf

1. Young Mol - ly who

liv'd at the foot of the hill, Whose fame ev - 'ry vir - gin with

en - vy doth fill, Of beau - ty is bless'd with so am - ple a

mf share, Men call her the lass with the del - i - cate air, with the

espress.

p

con grazia

del - i - cate air, Men call her the

p

rit. ad lib. *atempo*

lass with the del - i - cate air.

rit. colla voce *mf*

+ 2. One ev' - ning last May, as I
3. By a mur - mur - ing brook on a

p *3*

trav - ers'd the grove, In thought - less re - tire - ment not
green mos - sy bed, A chap - let com - pos - ing, the

dolce

dream - ing of love, I chanc'd to es - py the gay -
 fair - one was laid; Sur - prised and trans - port - ed I

p

nymph, I de - clare, And real - ly she had a most
 could not for - bear, With rap - ture to gaze on her

mf

con grazia

del - i - cate air, a most del - i - cate
 del - i - cate air, on her del - i - cate

p

rit. *a tempo*

air, And real - ly she had a most del - i - cate
 air, With rap - ture to gaze on her del - i - cate

colla voce

air.
 air.

p

CON ANIMA 3

A thou-sand times— o'er I've re - peat - ed— my— suit, But

still the tor - men - tor af - fects to he mute! Then tell me, ye

swains who have con-quer'd the fair, How to win the dear lass with the

con grazia

del - i - cate air, with the del - i - cate air, How to

rit. ad lib.

lass with the del - i - cate air.

rit.

win the dear lass with the del - i - cate air.

rit. colla voce

The Three Ravens.

47

ENGLISH, 16th CENTURY.

Allegretto.

1. There were three ra-vens sat on a tree,
 2. Be-hold! a - las in yon green field,
 3. His faith-ful hawks so near him fly,
 4. She lift-ed up his ghastly head,

Down a down, hey-down, hey-down; They were as black as they might be, With a down,
 Down a down, hey-down, hey-down; There lies a knight, slain under his shield, With a down,
 Down a down, hey-down, hey-down; No bird of prey dare ven-ture nigh, With a down,
 Down a down, hey-down, hey-down; And kiss'd his wounds that were so red, With a down,

— And one of them said to his mate, "Where shall we our break-fast take", With a
 — His hounds lie down be-side his feet, So well do they their mas-ter keep, With a
 — But see! there comes a fal-low doe, As great with young as she might go, With a
 — She bur-ied him be-fore the prime, And died her-self, ere even-song time, With a

down derry, derry, derry, down, down.
 down derry, derry, derry, down, down.
 down derry, derry, derry, down, down.
 down derry, derry, derry, down, down.

There are many varying forms of this old English ballad in praise of loyal love. The refrain "Derry, derry, down," is of remotest antiquity. It is held by some etymologists to be a sentence of Druidic origin. "There were three crows" comes from this song.

My pretty Jane,

(When the bloom is on the rye.)

EDWARD FITZBALL.

Popular English Song.

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Andantino espress. non troppo lento.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andantino espress. non troppo lento.' and the piano part includes the instruction 'dolce sosten.'.

System 1: The piano accompaniment begins with a series of chords and a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass line.

System 2: The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, featuring a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

System 3: The vocal line enters with the lyrics:

1. My pret - ty Jane, my pret - ty Jane! — Ah! nev - er, nev - er look so shy, But

2. But name the day, the wed - ding day, — And I will buy the ring, The

The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass line and chords in the treble line.

System 4: The vocal line continues with the lyrics:

meet me, meet me in the ev' - ning, When the bloom is on the rye. — The

lads and maids in fa - vors white, And vil - lage bells shall ring. — The

The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment.

Spring is wan - ing fast, my love, — The corn is in — the ear, The

sum-mer nights are com-ing, love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then

pret-ty Jane, my dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy, But

meet me, meet me in the ev' - ning, When the bloom is on — the rye. —

Drink to me only.

Words by BEN JONSON.

Composer unknown.

Andantino.

The musical score is written in 3/8 time and consists of five systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include *p*, *pp*, *mf*, and *dim.*. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, — Or leave a kiss with-
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee, — As giv - ing it a

in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; — The thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth
 hope that there it could not with - er'd be; — But thou there on didst on - ly breathe, And

ask a drink di - vine, — But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for
 sendst it back to me, — Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but

thine.
 thee.

★ The beauty of this old English Song has caused some commentators to credit the composition to Mozart. There is no foundation for this, since Burney, even in Mozart's life-time was unable to discover the source of the melody.

"With My Flocks"

The Melody written in 1580.

Andante.

1. With my flocks as once I wan-der'd Gai-ly the moun-tains o - ver,
 2. Oft a - gain that way I wan-der'd, Hop-ing once more to meet her;

Dam - sel fair I saw ap - proach-ing, And with in - tent to move her, I
 Fau - cy forms the love - ly vis - ion, Oh! what on earth is sweet - er! But

stopt in her way, she passed me by, But ev-er my heart will love her.
 then, my poor heart is sad with fear, That I nev-er more may greet her.

★ A characteristic specimen of the minor vein of love-song which was popular in Elizabethan days. Shakespeare's "O Willow, Willow," belongs to the same school.

For he's a jolly good fellow.

or

We won't go home until morning.

(We give the opening lines of each version.)

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a vocal line and a bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are as follows:

For— he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good
 We— won't go home un - til morn - ing, We won't go home un - til

fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, So say we all— of
 morn - ing, We won't go home un - til morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap -

us;— So— say we all of us,— So say we all of
 pear,— Till— day - light doth ap - pear,— Till day - light doth ap -

us.— For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good
 pear.— We won't go home un - til morn - ing, We won't go home un - til

fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, So say we all of us.—
 morn - ing, We won't go home un - til morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap - pear.—

The longevity of some folk-songs and their strange metamorphoses can scarcely be exaggerated. The well-known bacchanalian melody sung in England to the words of "He's a jolly good fellow," and in America to "We won't go home till morning," has the most variegated history of them all. Beginning in the Holy Land as a song in praise of a French crusader who lost his life near Jerusalem, the Chanson de Mambron took such strong root in the Orient that the melody is sung to-day in some parts of Egypt and Arabia, where they mistakenly claim it to be an old Egyptian folk-tune. The Mambron, altered by a French queen into Malbrooke, gave rise to Malbrooke s'en va-t-en Guerre, which folk-song was used by no less a composer than Beethoven, in an orchestral work—The Battle of Vittoria. Crossing the channel, and afterwards the ocean, the song of the old crusader became the carol of the modern rollicker.

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

53

THOMAS MOORE.

Air, Molly Asthore.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a single eighth note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a rhythmic pattern. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with quarter notes.

1. The Harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now
 2. No more to chiefs and la - Jies bright The harp of Tara swells; The

The vocal line starts with a rest, then enters with a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

hangs as mute on Ta-ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So
 chord, a-lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus

The vocal line continues with eighth notes, and the piano accompaniment remains consistent.

sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And
 Free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The on - ly thro she gives Is

The vocal line continues with eighth notes, and the piano accompaniment remains consistent.

hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!
 when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives!

The vocal line concludes with a final note, and the piano accompaniment ends with a sustained chord.

The Little Red Lark.

Irish.

A. P. GRAVES.

Old Air— Arr. by C. V. STANFORD.

Allegretto.

1. Oh, swan of slen-der-ness,
2. The dawn is dark to me,

The first system of the musical score, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Dove of ten-der-ness, Jew-el of joys— a - rise! The
Hark, oh, hark to me, Pulse of my heart, I pray! And

The second system of the musical score, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Dove of ten-der-ness, Jew-el of joys— a - rise! The Hark, oh, hark to me, Pulse of my heart, I pray! And'.

lit-tle red lark, like a soar - ing spark Of song to his sun - burst
out of thy hid - ing, With blush - es glid - ing, Daz-zle me with thy

The third system of the musical score, concluding the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'lit-tle red lark, like a soar - ing spark Of song to his sun - burst out of thy hid - ing, With blush - es glid - ing, Daz-zle me with thy'.

flies. _____ But till_ thou'rt ris - en, Earth is a pris - on,
 day. _____ Ah, then_ once more to thee, Fly - ing I'll pour to thee,

Full of my lone - some sighs. _____ Then a - wake and dis - cov - er to
 Pas - sion so sweet and gay. _____ The_ lark_ shall list - en and

thy fond lov - er, The morn of thy match - less eyes. _____
 dew drops glist - en laugh - ing on ev' - ry spray. _____

The low backed Car.

Irish.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Air, The Jolly Ploughboy.

1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'Twas on a mar - ket
2. In bat - tle's wild com - mo - tion The proud and might - y

The first system of musical notation features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. Below it are piano accompaniment staves for the right and left hands. The lyrics are written under the vocal line.

day,
Morn,

A low backed car she drove, and sat Up -
With hos - tile scythes, de - mands his tithes Of

The second system continues the musical notation with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are written under the vocal line.

on a truss of hay; But when that hay was
death in war - like cars; While Peg - gy, peace - ful

The third system concludes the musical notation with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are written under the vocal line.

bloom - ing grass, And decked with flowers of spring, No
god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That

flow'r was there that could com - pare With the bloom - ing girl I
knock men down, in the mar - ket town, A - right and left they

sing, As she sat in the low - backed car, The
fly, While she sits in the low - backed car, Than

man at the turn - pike bar Nev - er asked for the toll, But just
bat - tles more dan - gerous far, For the doc - tor's art Can -

rall. *a tempo* *rall. ad lib.*

rubbed his old poll, And looked af - ter the low - back'd car.
not cure the heart That is hit from the low - back'd car.

colla voce. *colla voce.*

3

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far out-number these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken,
That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in her low-backed car.

4

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach-and-four, and goold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forinast me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-backed car,
To be married by Father Maher,
Oh, my heart would beat high,
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

The Coolun.

Irish Folk Song.

Andante con espressione.

1. Had you seen my sweet Coo-lun, at the day's ear-ly dawn, When she
 2. In - Be-lun-a - gar dwells the - bright blooming maid, Re -
 3. O - dear-est, thy love from thy - child-hood was mine, O -
 4. Thou light of all beau-ty, be - true still to me, For -

moves thro' the wild-wood or wide dew-y - lawn, There is joy, there is bliss in her
 tir'd like the prim-rose that blooms in the shade, Still - dear to the eye that fair
 sweet - est, this heart from life's op' - ning was thine, And tho' coldness by - kin-dred or
 sake not thy swain, love, tho' poor he may be; For - rich in af - fec-tion, in

soul-cheer-ing smile, She's the fair-est of the flow'rs of our green-bo-som'd isle.
 prim-rose may be, - But dear-er and - sweet-er is my Coo - lun to - me.
 friends may be shown, Still, still, my sweet Coo-lun, that heart is thine own.
 con - stan - cy tried, We may look down on wealth in its pomp and its pride.

Wearing of the Green.

DION BOUCICAULT.
 Sung in Arrah na Pogue.
 Moderato.

Arr. by S. BEHRENS.

1. Oh! Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round, The
 2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el red, Sure
 3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart, Her

Sham - rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground; St. —
 Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed; You may
 Sons with shame and sor - row from the dear ould soil will part; I've heard

Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, his col - or can't be seen, For
 take the Sham - rock from your hat, and cast it on the sod, But
 whis - per of a coun - try, that lies far be - yant the sae, Where

there's a blood - y law a - gin the wear - in' of the green. I —
 'twill take root and flour - ish still tho' un - der foot 'tis trod, When the
 rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of Free - dom's day, Oh! —

met with Nap - per Tan - dy, and he tuk me by the hand, And he
law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow, And —
E - rin, must we leave you? driv - en by the ty - rant's hand, Must we

said how's poor ould Ire - land, and how — does she stand? She's the
when the leaves in sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show, Then
ask a moth - er's wel - come from a strange, but hap - pier land, Where the

most dis - tress - ful coun - try, that ev - er you have seen; They're
I will changethe col - or, I wear in my cou - been; But
cru - el Cross of Eng - land's thral - dom nev - er shall be seen; And

Repeat as Chorus.

hang - ing men and wo - men there for wear - in' of the green.
till that day, please God, I'll stick to wear - in' of the green.
where, thank God, we'll live and die still wear - in' of the green.

The Minstrel Boy.

Irish Folk-song.

THOMAS MOORE.

Air. Moreen.

1. The min - strel boy _____ to the
 2. The min - strel fell _____ but the

The first system of the score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in two staves, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a common time signature. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

war is gone, In the ranks of death _____ you'll
 foe - man's chain Could not bring his proud _____ soul

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll foe - man's chain Could not bring his proud soul".

find _____ him; His fa - ther's sword _____ he has
 un - - der; The harp he lov'd _____ ne - 'er

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "find him; His father's sword he has un - - der; The harp he lov'd ne - 'er".

gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung — be - hind — him.
spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords — a - sun - der;

"Land of Song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho'
And said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou

tenderly
all the world be - trays — thee, One sword, at least, — thy —
soul of love and brav - er - y! Thy songs were made — for the

rights shall guard, One — faith - ful harp — shall praise — thee!"
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound — in slav - er - y!"

The valley lay smiling.*)

THOMAS MOORE.

Air—The pretty girl milking her cow.

1. The val - ley lay smil - ing be - fore me, Where
2. I — flew to her cham - ber, 'twas lone - ly As —

late - ly I left her be - hind; Yet I trem - bled, and
if the loved ten - ant lay dead! Ah, — would it were

some-thing hung o'er me, That sad - dened the joy of my mind.
death, and death on - ly! But not the young false one had fled.

I looked for the lamp, which she told me Should shine when her
And there hung the lute, that could soft - en My ve - ry worst

*)The King of Leinster had long conceived an affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter of the King of Meath, and though she was married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. She informed him that O'Ruark intended to go on a pilgrimage, and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad obeyed the summons, and brought the lady to his capital of Ferns. This led to a cruel war. The air of this song, the "Colleen dhas cruthen na Moe", is one of the oldest and most characteristic of the beautiful Irish folksongs.

pil - grim re - turned, But, though dark - ness be - gan to en -
 pains in - to — bliss, While the hand that had waked it so

fold me, No lamp from the bat - tle - ments burned.
 oft - en, Now throbb'd to my proud ri - val's kiss.

3.

There was a time, falsest of women!
 When Breffni's good sword would have sought
 That man, through a million of foemen,
 Who dared but to doubt thee in thought!
 While now — O, degenerate daughter
 Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
 And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
 Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

4.

Already the curse is upon her,
 And strangers her valleys profane;
 They come to divide — to dishonor,
 And tyrants they long will remain.
 But onward! the green banner rearing;
 Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
 On our side is Virtue and Erin;
 On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt.

The Girl I left behind me.

Irish melody.

SAMUEL LOVER.

1. The_ hour was_ sad I left the maid. A

ling'-ring fare - well_ tak - ing, Her_ sighs and_ tears my

steps de - layed, I thought her_ heart was break - ing. In

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "1. The_ hour was_ sad I left the maid. A ling'-ring fare - well_ tak - ing, Her_ sighs and_ tears my steps de - layed, I thought her_ heart was break - ing. In".

hur-ried words her name I blessed, I breathed the vows that bind me, And

to my heart in an-guish pressed The girl I left be - hind me.

2

Then to the East we bore away
 To win a name in story,
 And there, where dawns the sun of day,
 There dawned our sun of glory.
 Both blazed at noon on Alma's height,
 When, in the post assigned me,
 I shared the glory of that fight,
 Sweet girl I left behind me.

3

Full many a name our banners bore
 Of former deeds of daring,
 But they were of the days of yore
 In which we had no sharing:
 But now, our laurels, freshly won,
 With the old ones shall entwined be,
 Still worthy of our sires, each son,
 Sweet girl I left behind me.

4

The hope of final victory
 Within my bosom burning,
 Is mingling with sweet thoughts of thee
 And of my fond returning,
 But should I ne'er return again,
 Still worth thy love thou'lt find me,
 Dishonor's breath shall never stain
 The name I'll leave behind me.

My Love's an Arbutus.

A. P. GRAVES.

 Irish Folk Song.
 Arr. by C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

Allegretto con moto.

p

legato

My— love's an ar - bu - tus By the bor - ders of

legato

Lene, So— slen - der and— shape-ly In her gir - dle of

cresc.

green, And I meas - ure the pleas - ure Of her eye's sap - phire

cresc.

dim. *rall.*

sheen, By the blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch - ing

dim. *rall.*

screen, *p legato*

But tho'

legato

rud - dy the ber - ry And snow - y the flow'r, That

bright-en to - geth - er The ar - bu - tus bow'r, Per -

cresc. fum - ing and bloom - ing Through sun - shine and show'r, Give *dim.*

cresc. *f* *dim.*

me her bright lips And her laugh's pearl - y dow'r. *rall.*

colla voce

pp A - *pp*

las, — fruit and blos - som Shall lie dead_ on the lea, And —

rall. Time's jeal - ous_ fin - gers Dim your young charms, Ma - chree; *cresc.* But un - rang - ing, un -

rall. *cresc.*

chang - ing You'll still_ cling to_ me, Like the ev - er - green

dim. *p*

leaf_ To the_ ar - bu - tus tree.

dim.

When Love is kind.

THOMAS MOORE.

Old Irish.

Allegretto.

Allegretto.

scherzando

Moderato.

Moderato.

When Love is kind, — cheer-ful and free, —

rit.

con espress.

Love's sure to find — wel-come from me; But when love

brings — heart-ache and pang, — Tears and such things, —

risoluto

Love may go hang,

scherzando

dolce

If Love can sigh ——— for one a - lone, ———

rit. *dolce*

con grazia *fanimandoxi*

Well pleas'd am I ——— to be that one. But should I see ———

colla voce

Love giv'n to rove ——— To two or three, ——— then good-bye, Love!

p *con espress.*

Love must, in short, —

rit. *p*

keep fond and true, — Thro' good re - port — and e - vil too;

con anima

Else here I swear, — young Love may go, — For aught I care, —

f con anima

to Je - ri - chol! Ah! — ha ha ha to Je - ri - chol

Laughing. ★

f stacc. colla voce *f sf*

★ These four bars of Coda, added by Miss Lehmann, can be omitted.

'Tis the last Rose of Summer.

Irish Folk-song.

Larghetto.

'Tis the
Qui—

last rose_ of_ sum-mer, Left_ bloom - ing a - lone; All her
so - la, ver - gin ro - sa, co - me puoi tu fio - rir? An -

love - ly_ com - pan - ions Are_ fad - ed and_ gone; No_
co - ra mex - so a - sco - sa, e_ pres - so gia amo - rir! Non_

Many different poems have been written to this old folk melody. Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon" is the most charming setting, and there is also the absurdly comical "Groves of Blarney". Flotow used the melody most effectively, with a translation of Moore's poem, in the opera of "Martha", which is the version we present as being the one most used. The origin of the tune is unknown, but it is one of the favorite Celtic folksongs.

ad lib. *a tempo*

Flow - er of her kin-dred, No__ rose - bud is nigh, To re -
 ha per - te ru - già - de, già__ col - ta sei dal gel! Il__

flect back__ her__ blushes, Or__ give__ sigh for sigh!
 ca - po__ tuo già ca - de, Chi - no__ sul ver - de stel!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To__
 Per - chè so - la, i - gno - ra - ta, Lan -

pine__ on the stem; Since the love - ly__ are__ sleep - ing, Go__
 guir nel tuo giar-din? Dal__ ven - to__ for - men - ta - ta, In__

sleep — thou with them; Thus — kind — ly I scat — ter, Thy
pre da a un rio des-tin? Sul — ce — spi — te tre-man — te, Ti —

ad lib. *a tempo*
 leaves — o'er the bed, — Where thy mates of the —
col — go, giov — in fior! — Su — que — sto — co — re a

gar — den Lie — scent — less and dead.
man — te co — si — mor — rai d'a — mor.

dim. e rit.

3.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie withered,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

Robin Adair.

Additional verses by L. L.

1. What's this dull town — to me? Rob - in's not near; He whom I
 2. What made th'as - sem — bly shine? Rob - in — A - dair; What made the
 3. But now thou'rt far — from me, Rob - in — A - dair; Far o'er the

★ Although "Robin Adair" is frequently classed as a Scottish melody, there is not much doubt that it was originally Celtic. It was first made popular by the Italian singer, Tenucci, who had been in Ireland with Dr. Arne. He sang it as "Eileen Aroon and in Irish!" The first line ran "Tíoch faidh n'ó bhfan faidh tu, Bihlin a ruin" This was before 1770. The author of the present (English) version is unknown.

long — to see No more is here, Where's all the joy — and mirth,
 ball — so fine? Rob - in was there What when the play — was o'er,
 rag - ing sea, Rob - in A - dair, Yet him I lov'd — so well,

Made life a — Heav - en on earth, Oh! they're all fled — with thee,
 What made my heart — so sore, Oh! it was part - ing with,
 Still in my heart — shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er — for - get,

Oh! they're all fled — with thee, Rob - in — A - dair, Rob - in — A -
 Oh! it — was part - ing with Rob - in — A - dair, Rob - in — A -
 Oh! I — can ne'er — for - get Rob - in — A - dair, Rob - in — A -

ad lib.

dair. Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob-in A - dair, Robin A - dair. _____
 dair. Oh! it was part - ing with, Rob-in A - dair, Robin A - dair. _____
 dair. Oh! I can ne'er for - get, Rob-in A - dair, Robin A - dair. _____

4.

Welcome thou home again,
 Robin Adair!
 Never to roam again,
 Robin Adair!
 I knew thou wouldst not stay
 Far from thy love away,
 Welcome thou art to-day,
 Robin Adair!

5.

Long were the days to me,
 Robin Adair,
 Since you went out to sea,
 Robin Adair,
 But when the world seemed drear,
 Thoughts of thy love so dear
 Made sorrow disappear,
 Robin Adair!

6.

But you've come back to me,
 Robin Adair!
 And my heart's full of glee,
 Robin Adair!
 Come to my loving heart,
 Faithful and true thou art,
 Never again we'll part,
 Robin Adair!

John Anderson, my jo.

81

Words by BURNS.

Old Scots Melody.

Andante.

1. John An-der-son, my
2. John An-der-son, my

jo, John, When we were first ac-quent, Your locks were like the rav-en, Your bonnie brow was
jo, John, We clamb the hill the-gither, And mo-ny a can-tie day, John, We've had wi' ane an-

breut, But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow, Yet bless-ings on your
ither; Now we maun tot-ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll sleep thegither

frost-y pow, John An-der-son, my jo.
at the foot, John An-der-son, my jo.

The musical score is written in G major, 3/4 time, and marked 'Andante'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a *mf* dynamic. The lyrics are arranged in three systems, with the piano accompaniment continuing throughout. The final system includes a repeat sign at the end of the vocal line.

Burns wrote the tender poem in 1790. The melody is an old Scottish tune in the mode of the second. The key note is the second tone of our diatonic major scale. This is the same as the old church mode called the Gregorian first tone, or the Doric scale. Nothing proves the antiquity of the Scottish music more clearly than the kinship which it has to the most ancient existing modes of scale-construction. It is even possible that some of the musical effects of the ancient Greek music survive in the folk-songs of Scotland. The F of this song is to be performed as F natural, not F sharp. The scale is from G to G with the third note flatted. It is often mistaken for G minor and printed so. The E flat added in parenthesis in the 14th measure, although generally sung is not in the original version.

Loch Lomond.

(The bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon')

Scottish Air.

Jacobite Air.

Andante moderato.

1. By yon bon-nie banks and yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
 2. I mind where we part-ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben
 3. The wee bird-ies sing an' the wild-flow-ers spring; An' in sun-shine the wa-ters are

Lo - mon'; Oh, — we twa hae pass'd sae mo - ny blithe-some days, On the
 Lo - mon', Where in pur - ple — hue the High-land hills we view, And the
 sleep - in', But the bro - ken — heart it seeks nae sec - ond spring, And the

An example of the old hexachordal (six noted) scale. The seventh note is absent from this melody. It was probably the song of a proscribed fugitive, as the words "I'll tak' the low road" — (i. e. must travel by stealth, along hidden paths) may show.

bon - nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'; Oh! ye'll tak' the high road and
 morn' shines out frae the gloam - in'. Oh! ye'll tak' the high road and
 world does nae ken how we'-re greet - in'. Oh! ye'll tak' the high road and

I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot - land be - fore ye'; But
 I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot - land be - fore ye'; But
 I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot - land be - fore ye'; But

wae is my heart un - til we meet a - gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch
 wae is my heart un - til we meet a - gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch
 oh, my true love I'll nev - er meet a - gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch

Lo - mon'.
 Lo - mon'.
 Lo - mon'.

Bonnie Dundee.

Words by Sir W. SCOTT.

con spirito

1. To the lords of con-ven-tion, 'twas Clay-er-house spoke, "Ere the
 2. Dun-dee, he is mount-ed, he rides up the street, The—
 3. "Then a-wa' to the hills, to the sea, to the rocks, Ere I'll

King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke; So— each cav-a-lier who loves
 bells they ring back-ward, the drums they are beat, But the prov-ost(douceman)said, "Just
 own a u-surp-er, I'll couch with the fox, And trem-ble, false knaves, in the

Although this melody is almost always called "Bonnie Dundee" there is a much older tune bearing that name, in Scotland. This more modern, and more popular melody, is called "The Band at a Distance," and became famous chiefly because of Sir Walter Scott's powerful words from the "Doom of Devergoil."

hon - or and me, Let him fol - low the bon-nets o' bon-nie Dun-dee.
e'en let him be, For the town is well rid o' that de'il o' Dun-dee.
midst of your glee, Ye hae not seen the last o' my bon-nets and me."

REFRAIN.

Come, fill up my cup! - come, fill up my can! Come, sad-dle my hors-es, And

call out my men, Un - hook the west port - and let us gae free, For 'tis

up wi' the bon-nets o' bon-nie Dun-dee.

The Campbells are comin'.

A Popular Scotch Air.

Composed, 1568.

Allegro.

The Camp-bells are com-in' O - ho! O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in' O -

ho! O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in' From bon - nie Loch Lo-mond, The

The musical score is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It consists of three systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system includes the first line of the vocal melody with lyrics. The third system includes the second line of the vocal melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

Here we have one of the genuine old Scottish melodies. It was composed over three centuries ago and has been popular ever since. It has always been a great favorite with German composers. Bruch made it the chief theme in his Cantata, "Fair Ellen," and Volkmann used it as a theme in the battle of Bosworth field in his "Richard III Overture," a Scottish song composed in 1568, in an English battle fought in 1485! The tune was originally in the pentatonic (five toned) scale, with fourth and seventh notes of our scale omitted.

Camp-bells are com-in' O - hol O - hol The great Ar - gyle— he

goes be - fore,— He makes the guns— and can - nons roar; Wi'

sound o' trump-et pipe and drum, And ban - ners wav_ ing in the sun.

D.C.

2.

The Campbells are comin', etc.
 Wi' bonnet blue, auld Scotia's pride,
 And braid Claymore hung at their side,
 Wi' plumes all nodding in the wind,
 They ha'e no' left a man behind.
 The Campbells are comin', etc.

3.

The Campbells are comin', etc.
 Hark! hark! the Pibroch's sound I hear,
 Now bonnie Lassie dinna' fear;
 'Tis honour calls, I must away,
 Argyle's the word—and ours the day.
 The Campbells are comin', etc.

Comin' thro' the Rye.

A Favorite Scotch Ballad.

Moderato.



If a bo - dy meet a bo - dy,

Com - ing through the rye; If a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy,

The Scottish origin of this song has been doubted. It certainly was a favorite song in an English opera of the end of the 18th century; but Burns had written words to it before that time. The first four lines of this song are from Burns' poem, all the rest has been added since they appeared in "Johnson's Museum." The poem as a whole referred, originally, to fording the River at Dalry, in Ayrshire, and its lines speak of the heroine thus:

"O Jennie's a' weel, poor body,
 Jennie's seldom dry;
 She draigt' a' her petticoatle,
 Comin' thro' the rye."

The name of the melody before it received these words was "I've been courting at a Lass," and this was its earliest title in England.

Need a bo - dy cry? Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,

None they say ha'e I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When

coming thro' the rye.

2.

If a body meet a body,
 Coming fra' the town;
 If a body meet a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, etc.

3.

Among the train there is a swain,
 I dearly lo'e myself,
 But what's his name or where's his name,
 I dinna choose to tell,
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, etc.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!

Words by BURNS.

Ancient melody.

Andante moderato.

The musical score is written in G minor (one flat) and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with a melody line above it. The piano part starts with a *mf* dynamic and includes a *f* dynamic in the second measure. The second system features the vocal line with the lyrics "Scots, wha hae wi'" and a piano accompaniment with a *dim.* dynamic. The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "Wal - lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led, Wel - come to your" and a piano accompaniment with a *mf* dynamic.

One of the most inspiring, as it is one of the most ancient of Scottish melodies. It is in one of the oldest scale-forms, the mode of the fifth, (ending on the fifth of the scale) and it has even been claimed as the March of Robert Bruce to Bannockburn, 1314, but this cannot be proved. The melody was known in the time of the two uprisings (1715 and 1745) as an old tune, under the name of "Hei Tutti Taiti," words that probably imitated the Fanfare of the Trumpet. The melody has been used as a love-song to the words, "I'm wearing awa Jean," by Lady Nairne. But the chief glory of the song lies in the fiery poem by Burns, which was first published in May, 1794.

go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie! Now's the day an'

now's the hour. See the front of bat - tle lour;

See ap - proach proud Ed - ward's pow'r, Chains and sla - ve - rie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha will fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn an' flee!
 Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppresion's woes an' pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.
 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or dee!

Annie Laurie.

An admired
Scotch Ballad.



1. MAX-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her

p *legato sempre*

ear-ly fa's the dew, And it's there that An-nie Lau-rie Gie'd
throat is like the swan; Her face it is the fair-est That

The tune of "Annie Laurie" is by Lady John Scott. The song is a startling instance of how a Love-song may accidentally become National music. During the Crimean war "Annie Laurie" became the favorite song of the entire British army in Russia. It resounded at every campfire as Bayard Taylor puts it:

"Though each recalled a different name,
They all sang Annie Laurie."

Annie Laurie (circa 1600) was the eldest of the three daughters of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton. The verses in her honor were written by William Douglas, of Kirkcudbright.

me— her prom - ise true: Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Which
e'er— the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on. And

ne'er for-got will be; And for bon-nie An - nie— Lau - rie I'd—
dark blue is her e'e; And for bon-nie An - nie— Lau - rie I'd—

lay— me doune and dee.
lay— me doune and dee.

3

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she is a' the world to me:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town.

Scotch Ballad.

The image shows a musical score for a Scotch Ballad. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'Twas with - in - a - mile of - Edin - horo' town, In the ro - sy - time of the year, - Sweet

★ It may astonish many to learn that this song is not a true Scottish melody. Many careless commenters imagine that the only characteristic of a Scottish melody is the "Scotch Snap"—  — a sixteenth note followed by a dotted eighth. We have it on the authority of the grandfather of the present dean of the University of Edinburg, that this song was composed by an Italian musician who wagered that he could successfully imitate the Scottish vein. He certainly succeeded. He used the "Scotch Snap" incessantly, and wrote in the six-noted scale, for the F sharps which are now given in the song are recent interpolations.

flow - ers bloom'd and the grass was down, And each shep - herd woo'd his—

dear; Bon-ny Jock-y blithe and gay, Kiss'd sweet Jen - ny mak - in'hay, The

las - sie blush'd and frown - ing cried Na', na', it will na' do, _____ I

can - na', can - na', won - na', won - na', mon - na' huc - kle too.



Jocky was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lass,
 Contented she earn'd and eat her bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grass.
 Bonny Jocky blithe and free.
 Won her heart right merrily;
 Yet still she blush'd and frowning cried
 No, no it will na' do, I canna', etc.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
 Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd forever be true.
 Bonny Jocky blithe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily;
 At church she no more frowning cried
 No, no it will na' do, I canna', etc.

The Red Sarafan.

A Russian National Song.

Allegretto.

On the gay red Sa-ra-fan, Dear Mother, work no
Näh' doch nicht, lieb Müt-ter-lein, am ro-then Sa-ra-

more, Lay the fruit-less task a-side, That time long since was o'er.
fan, stel-le nur die Ar-beit ein, die nichts fruchten kann.

The dress, or robe, called the Sarafan, is the national costume of the female peasants of Russia. This song "Krasni Sarafan" is one of the most famous of the folksongs of Central Russia.

Daugh-ter, dearest daughter, Come sit thee down by me, — Do not hope, my dar - ling, That
Toch - ter, theure Toch - ter, komm, setz dich her zu mir, — e-wig weilt die Ju - gend —

youth will stay with thee. Tho' like hap - py bird - ling Now sing - ing gay and free,
nicht mein Kind, bei dir; wenn du froh jetzt sin - gest, wie ein Vö - ge - lein,

'Mid the flow - ers spring - ing It can - not al - ways be. Daughter, dearest daugh - ter,
und um Blumen sprin - gest, — e-wig kann's nicht sein. Jah - re wer - den kom - men,

Years are draw - ing nigh, When joys bloom - ing ro - ses, From thy cheek will fly.
wo die Won - ne flicht, wo das Roth der Wän - gen, treu - los von dir zieht.

mf

When joys blooming ro - ses, From thy cheek will fly. Once too I was sing - ing
wo das Roth der Wan-gen, treu-loß von dir zieht. Ich hab' auch ge - sun - gen,

pp

Like thee love to - day, Soon my song was end - ed, Youth had fled a - way. —
a - ber all - zu - bald, ist mein Sang ver - klingen, und nun bin ich alt; —

rall. ad lib.

pp

mf

Dar - ling! when I gaze on thee, I — think that sweet song o'er, In re - mem - brance
doch ich denk' der Ju - gend - lie - der, blick' ich, Kind, dich an: Zur Erin - nung

p ad lib.

then, I sew The Sa - ra - fan once more.
näh' ich wieder ro - then Sa - ra - fan.

rall.

Troika.

Three-in-Hand.

(St. Petersburg Air.)

Moderato.

1. The three-in - hand is slow - ly roll - ing From town to
 2. The lead - er's heart is sad and fear - ful, He puts to

Moderato.

town — o'er lev - el road; A lit - tle bell is sad - ly
 in — the dead of night; Then sings with trem - bling voice and

toll - ing Hard by with - in the dark pine - wood, A lit - tle
 tear - ful, Of maid - en's blue eyes soft and bright, Then sings with

bell is sad - ly toll - ing Hard by with - in the dark pine - wood.
 trem - bling voice and tear - ful, Of maid - en's blue eyes soft and bright.

This melody is sung in a slightly different form in Moscow.

3. Oh, soft blue eyes, your witch-ing glanc-es Have brought the
4. A - far from her, his heart is break-irg, While from his

youth to drear de - spair! Ah! false sweet lips, whose smile en -
eye - lids tear-drops flow. A - gain the reins in hand he's

tranc-es, Ye have de - stroy'd his love-dream fair! Ah! false sweet
tak - ing, Up - on his lone - ly way to go, A - gain the

lips whose smile en - tranc-es, Ye have de - stroy'd his love-dream fair!
reins in hand he's tak - ing, Up - on his lone - ly way to go.

Songs my mother taught me.

Bohemian.

ANTON DVOŘÁK, Op. 55, No. 4.

Andante con moto.

f *dim.*

p messa voce

Songs my moth - er - taught
 Als die - al - te - Mut

pp *pp* *pp* *pp* *pp*

sempre

me In the - days long van - ished; Sel - dom
 ter mich noch - lehr - te sin - gen, Thrä - nen

from her eye - - lids Were the tear - drops ban -
 in - den Wim - pern gar so oft ihr hin -

dim. *p*

sempre

* Dvorak has here reproduced the character of some of the Gypsy music of Bohemia.
 14842

ished,
gen. Now I
Jetzt wo

teach my chil - dren Each me - lo - dious meas -
ich die Klei - nen sel - ber üb' im San -

ure; Oft the tears are flow - ing,
ge; rie - sell's in den Bart of,
mir vom Au ge;

oft they flow From my mem - ry's treas -
rie - sell's oft von der brau - nen Wan -
rie sell's oft mir auf die brau - ne Wan -

ure!
ge!
ge!

morendo

Spring Song.

Polish Style.

English words by Louis C. Elson.

Allegro ma non troppo. M.M. ♩ = 112.

Fr. CHOPIN, Op. 74.

mf

1. Were I a
2. Were I a
1. Könnt' ich als
2. Wär' ich ein

cresc. *p*

sun - beam, High in heav - en gleam - ing For — thee on - ly, Love,
bird - ling, On the tree - top trill - ing, All of my songs with love
Son - ne, hoch am Him - mel schwe - ben, nur — für dich wollt' ich
Vög - lein, herr - lich wollt' ich sin - gen, dass dir mein Lied - chen sollt'

cresc. *p*

I'd be ev - er beam - ing, Not in wood's shad - ow, Not on the
Should thy heart be fill - ing, Not in wood's shad - ow, Not on the
mei - ne Strah - len ge - ben; nicht für die Wäl - der, nicht für die
in die See - le drin - gen, säng' nicht in Wäl - dern, nicht in den

marcato

mead - ow, But at thy lit - tle win - dow, Were I a sun - beam
 mead - ow, But at thy lit - tle win - dow, Were I a bird - ling
 Fel - der, dort wo dein klei - nes Fen - ster: dort hin - ein würd' ich
 Fel - dern, dort wo dein klei - nes Fen - ster: würd' ich ein Vög - lein,

cresc. *p*
 High in heav - en gleam - ing, There at thy win - dow I'd be ev - er
 There would I be trill - ing, And with my songs thy heart with love be
 mei - ne Strah - len ge - ben, könnt' ich als Son - ne hoch am Him - mel
 dort nur wollt' ich sin - gen, dir sollt' mein Lied - chen in die See - le

cresc. *p*

beam - ing.
 fill - ing.
 schnee - ben.
 drin - gen.

mf

The Sacrifice.

Die verbrannte Maid.

(Old Slavonic.)

English words by LOUIS C. ELSON.

Lento ed espressivo.

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The music is marked *dolce* and *ritard.*. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The piece ends with a fermata and a star symbol.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is marked *dolce*. The piano accompaniment is marked *pp*. The lyrics are: "Glare of the flames was all a-round, Un - der the tree the maid was bound: Lin - de er - glüh - to hellim Brand, un - ter dem Baum ein Mügd - lein stand,". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line is marked *ritard.*. The piano accompaniment is marked *ritard.*. The lyrics are: "Soon did the fire a - gainst her glow, And for the maid our tears did flow, Fun - ken er - fass - ten Leib und Kleid, Kna - ben alt wein - ten um die Maid." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line.

★ This strange song is sung by many of the Slavonic races. It is well known in Bohemia. It is of great antiquity, coming down to us from Pagan days. It is supposed to relate to a sacrifice that was made to the god Cernebog who was somewhat like the Moloch of ancient Carthage. At certain times beautiful youths and maidens were burned alive before this fearful deity. This song is connected with some of the most ancient Slavonic legends.

Sad - ly the
Wein - ten, be -

ritard.

pp

youths did all be-moan As the flames claimed her for their own;
wein - ten's Mägd-leinhold, dass es ver - zehrt der Lo - he Gold,

molto espress.

One on - ly stood with air so - vere; On - ly that false one
Ei - ner, o falsch war des - son Lieb; Ei - ner nur oh - ne

rallent.

rallent.

shed no tear! (O Malýbrok - Stieler.)
Thrü - nen blieb.

pp

ppp

Little Karen.*

P. HEISE.

Allegretto.

1. Dost re-mem-ber, dear, when last Au-tumn home we went Thro' the fields, how
2. Dost re-mem-ber, too, when a - round the hearth sat we, Thou didst si - lent

oft thy blue eyes on me were bent? It flash'd a-cross my mind That till
list to the sto-ries told by me? Thy gaze on me was turn'd, Till my

* *accel.*
then I had been blind, Tell me lit-tle Kar-en what thy heart felt
heart with-in me burn'd, Tell me lit-tle Kar-en what thy heart felt

accel.

rall.
then, Tell me lit-tle Kar-en what thy heart felt - then?
then, Tell me lit-tle Kar-en what thy heart felt - then?

f *rall.*

* In the original the accent falls thus:

Tell me lit-tle Kar-en what thy heart felt then, Tell me lit-tle Kar-en what thy heart felt then?

* Pronounce the *a* broadly, as in the word *far*.

3. When at Christmas - tide to the mu - sic's cheer-ful sound, We with nim-ble
4. Now the Spring is here, see the buds are o-p'ning wide, Birds be-gin to

feet flit-ted gai-ly o'er the ground; I glanc'd but did not speak, — Deep
build, na-ture's deck'd now like a bride; All things that live and move — Are

accel.
crim-son grew thy cheek, Tell me lit-tle Kar-en what thy heart felt
dream-ing but of love, Tell me lit-tle Kar-en what thy heart feels

rall.
then, Tell me lit-tle Kar-en what thy heart felt then?
now, Tell me lit-tle Kar-en what thy heart feels now?

Love's Parting.

Song of Little Russia.

English words by Louis C. Elson.

Semplice ed espressivo. $\text{♩} = 96$.

1. Oh fair - est maid - en, When I be - hold thee,
 2. Tell me, oh maid - en, What grief is creep - ing

1. *Oj ty div - či - no, ča - rov - ni - čen - ko,*
 2. *Oj ty div - či - no, čar - no - bra - va - ja*

p *poco espr.*

Then my heart rush - es Swift to en - fold thee.
 In - to thy bo - som; Why art thou weep - ing?
pri - ča - ro - va - ta mo - je ser - deň - ko,
če - mu ty cho - dyš za smu - ce - na - ja.

f molto espr.

No oth - er treas - ure now can I cher - ish,
 Him whom I love best, from me doth tar - ry!
pri - ča - ro - va - ta mo - ju ty du - žu
Oj cho - žu cho - žu, za smu - ce - na - ja

espr. *mf*

ritard.

I must be near thee Or I must per - ish!
Him whom I love not, Him I must mar - ry!
te - per zř to - ba cho - dy ty mu - šu.
bo - ja ko - za - če za - ru - če - na - ja.

colla parte

a tempo

3. Soon to the al - tar see the pair wend - ing, Jests are re -
Oj ty div - ěi - no sto - sea - mi btu - dyš za - ma ne

p *poco espr.*

molto espr.

sound - ing, Mu - sic is blend - ing: One stands a - part there,
zna - ješ ko - go ty lu - biš. Oj zna - ju zna - ju

espr. *mf*

ritard.

giv - ing no to - ken, Soon death will claim him, His heart is bro - ken!
ko - go ko - chá - ju no to ne - zna - ju skem ži - ti ma - ju.

colla parte

How can I leave thee.

German.

Andante.

How can I leave thee, While I do love thee so?
Ach, wie ist's mög - lich, dass ich dich las - sen kann;

Thou art my all in all, Truly my own!
hab' dich von Her - zen lieb, das glau - be mir.

Thou hast this soul of mine So firm - ly lock'd in thine,
Du hast die See - le mein so ganz ge - nom - men ein,

That my heart e'er will be Thine, love, a - lone!
dass ich kein' An - dre lieb' als dich al - lein.

This is an old Thuringian air. The words were altered from a ballad of the 18th century by Helmine von Chezy.

2. There is a flow - ret, Call'd the "for - get - me - not";
 3. Were I a bird, love, Swift - ly I'd home - ward fly;
 2. Blau is das Blüm - lein, das heisst Ver - giss - mein - nicht.
 3. Wär' ich ein Vög' - lein, Wollt' ich bald bei dir sein.

Wear that flow'r near thy heart Ev - er for me!
 No fal - con bold should stay My flight to thee.
 Das Blüm - lein leg' an's Herz und denk' an mich.
 Scheut' Falk und Ha - bicht nicht, Flüg' schnell zu dir.

Should hope and flow - er die, Still sweet - ly blest were I,
 E'en should the hunts-man's dart Pierce my de - vo - ted heart,
 stirbt, Blum' und Hoff - nung gleich, wir sind an Lis - be reich;
 Schöns' mich ein Jä - ger todt, Fiel ich in dei - nen Schoss,

To ♯ for 3^d versc.
 Faith in each oth - er's love Our bliss should be!
 'Neath thy fond gaze to die Pain - less would be!
 Denn die stirbt nie in mir, das glau - be mir.
 Sähst du mich trau - rig an, Gern stürb' ich dann.

The Little Dustman.

Arr. by J. BRAHMS.

Andante.

1. The flow' - rets all sleep sound - ly Be - neath the moon's bright
 2. birds that sang so sweet - ly When noon-day sun rose
 3. see, the lit - tle dust - man At the win - dow shows his
 4. ere the lit - tle dust - man Is ma - ny steps a -

1. Die Blü - me-lein sie schla - fen schon längst im Mon - den -
 2. Vö - gelein sie san - gen so süß im Son - nen -
 3. männ - chen kommt ge - schli - chen und guckt durch's Fen - ster
 4. männ - chen aus dem Zim - mer es schlüft mein Herr - chen

molto pe dolce una corda

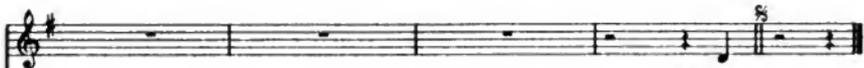
ray, They nod their heads to - geth - er And dream the night a - way.
 high, With - in their nests are sleep - ing, Now night is draw - ing nigh.
 head, And looks for all good chil - dren, Who ought to be in bed.
 way, Thy pret - ty eyes, my dar - ling, Close fast un - til next day.
 schein, sie nik - ken mit den Köp - fen auf ih - ren Sten - ge - lein.
 schein, sie sind zur Ruh' ge - gan - gen in ih - re Nest - chen klein.
 lein, ob ir - gend noch ein Lieb - chen nicht mag zu Bet - te sein.
 fein, es ist gar fest, ver - schlos - sen schon sein Guck - äü - gu - lein.



The bud-ding trees wave to and fro And mur-mur soft and low:
 The crick-et as it moves a-long A - lone give forth its song:
 And as each wea - ry pet he spies Throws dust in - to its eyes,
 But they shall ope at morn - ing's light And greet the sun-shine bright,
Es rüt-telt sich der Blü - then-baum, er süu-selt wie im Traum.
Das Heim-chen in dem Ach - ren-grund, es thut al - lein sich kund.
Und wo er nur ein Kind - chen fand, streut er ihm die Au - gen Sand.
Es leuch-tet Mor-gen mir Will-komm das Au - ge - lein so fromm!



Sleep on! sleep on, sleep on, my lit-tle one! one!
 Sleep on! sleep on, sleep on, my lit-tle one! one!
 Sleep on! sleep on, sleep on, my lit-tle one! one!
 Sleep on! sleep on, sleep on, my lit-tle one! one!
Schla - fe, schla - fe, schlaf' du, mein Kin-de - lein! lein!
Schla - fe, schla - fe, schlaf' du, mein Kin-de - lein! lein!
Schla - fe, schla - fe, schlaf' du, mein Kin-de - lein! lein!
Schla - fe, schla - fe, schlaf' du, mein Kin-de - lein! lein!



2. The
 3. Now
 4. And
 2. Die
 3. Sand -
 4. Sand -



The Tyrolese and his Child.

Der Tiroler und sein Kind.

Con sentimento.

Piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time. The music features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

espressivo

1. When	for my na -	tive	land I sigh,	And
2. When	her sweet moth -	er	went to rest,	When
1. Wenn	ich mich nach	der	Hel - math sehn',	Wenn
2. Ja	als die Mut -	ter	ging zur Ruh',	Und

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is in G major, 3/4 time, with lyrics in English and German. The piano accompaniment continues the eighth-note pattern from the introduction.

when the tear starts to my eye,	When my lone heart is
last her dy - ing hand I press'd,	And clos'd those eyes no
mir im Aug' die Thrä - nen seh'n,	Wenns Herz mich drückt halt
ich ihr drückt die Au - gen zu,	Wie war das Herz so

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line continues the melody from the first verse. The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

Originally an operatic song. It first appeared in the musical play of "Die Zillerthaler," by Neamüller, in 1852.

griev'd and sore, 'Tis then old age I feel the more; My
 more to shine, Oh God! what mis-er - y was mine; But
 gar so schwer, Dann fühl' ich's Al-ter um so mehr; Und's
 thrü-nen-reich Wie stand ich da voll Leid so bleich; Doch

com - fort then and sole re - lief, For name - less woe and
 God in mer - cy would im - part One sol - ace yet to
 wird nur leicht - ler mir ums Herz, Fühl we - ni - ger den
 Der dort kennt das Her - ze - leid, Und gab zum stil - len

si - lent grief; When I my on - - ly child em-brace, And
 glad my heart; When I my on - - ly child em-brace, And
 still - len Schmerz. Wenn ich zu mei - - nem Kin - de geh', Aus
 Trost mir Freud. Wenn ich zu mei - - nem Kin - de geh', Aus

cresc.

view in her, her moth-er's face; When I my on-ly child embrace, And
 view in her, her moth-er's face; When I my on-ly child embrace, And
 ih-rem Aug' die Mut-ter seh'; Wenn ich zu mei-nem Kin-de geh', Aus
 ih-rem Aug' die Mut-ter seh'; Wenn ich zu mei-nem Kin-de geh', Aus

mf *dim.*

view in her, her mother's face!
 view in her, her mother's face!
 ih-rem Aug' die Mut-ter seh'!
 ih-rem Aug' die Mut-ter seh'!

pp *p*

3.

'Tis then that youth and joy once more
 Will fill my heart as hereto-fore,
 I clasp my child unto my breast;
 And feel in her so richly blest,
 Waiting a pilgrim on my way
 Till He on high shall call and say:
 Come up and leave thy child's embrace,
 To view her mother face to face.

3.

*Da freu' ich mich in seel'ger Lust,
 Mein Itebes Kind an meiner Brust,
 Ich ruf die Jugendzeit zuruck
 Erin'rung ist mein grösstes Glück
 So leb' ich halt und wart' voll Ruh,
 Bis der dort oben ruft mir zu:
 Komm' rauh! von deinem Kinde geh',
 Bei mir die Mutter wieder seh'.*

Must I then go afar from the town.

Muss I denn zum Städtele 'naus.

Swabian Song.

Moderato.



1. Must I then, must I then, go a - far from the town, far from the town, While
 2. Do not weep, do not weep, that I'm wan-der-ing forth, wan-der-ing forth, For I
 3. But a year, but a year, and I will re-turn, I will re-turn, Once

1. Muss I denn muss i denn, zum Städ-te-le 'naus, Städ-te-le 'naus und
 2. Wie du weinst, wie du weinst, dass i wan-de-re muss, wan-de-re muss, wei wann
 3. Ue-bers Jahr, ue-bers Jahr, wenn we Trau-be-le schneidt, Trau-be-le schneidt, stell i

The piano accompaniment continues with a treble and bass clef. It features a treble clef part with chords and a bass clef part with a simple accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *pp* (pianissimo).

This was altered from an ancient Swabian melody, in 1824. It is by Heinrich Wagner.

you, my love, re - main? When I come, when I come, when I come back home,
leave my heart with you; In the world, in the world ma - ny maids are fair,
more my love, to thee, And as now, and as now, I will be thy true love,

*du, mein Schatz, bleibst hier? Wenn i komm, wenn i komm, wenn i wie - drum komm,
d'Liebjetzt wär vor - bei, sind au draus, sind au draus der Mü - de - le viel,
hier mi wie - drum ein, bin i dann, bin i dann dein Schät - ze - le noch,*

come back home, I will haste to you a - gain; Though I wan - der, love, far
maids are fair, But to thee I will be true; Do not fear when I an -
thy true love, And our wed - ding then shall be, But a year and all my

*wie - drum komm, kehr i ein, mein Schatz, bei dir. Kann i gleich nit all - weil
Mü - de - le viel, lie - ber Schatz, i bleib' dir treu. Denk du net, wenn i e
Schät - ze - le noch so — soll die Hoch - zeit sein; Ue - bers Jahr; da ist mein*

from thy side, my heart is thine a - lone, When I come, when I come, when I
oth - er see, my heart will throbb a - new, In the world, in the world ma - ny
wan-d'ring past, I shall be - long to thee, And as now, and as now I will

*bei dir sein, han i doch mein Freund'an dir, wenn i komm, wenn i komm, wenn i
An - dre seh, no sei mein Lieb vor - bei, sind au draus, sind au draus der
Zeit vor - bei, da g'hör i mein und dein, bin i dann, bin i dann, dein*

come back home, come back home, I will haste to thee, my own.
maids are fair, maids are fair, But to thee I will be true.
be thy true love, thy true love, And our wed - ding day shall be.

*wie - drum komm, wie - drum komm, keh'r i ein mein Schatz, bei dir.
Mü - de - le viel, Mü - de - le viel, lie - ber Schatz, i bleib dir treu.
Schüt - ze - le noch, Schüt - ze - le noch, so soll die Hoch - zeit sein.*

Long, long weary Day.

PHILIPP DURINGER.

1. The long, long wea - ry day, In tears is
 3. But he is dead and gone, And I am
 1. Den lie - ben lan - gen Tag Hab i nur
 3. Ach Gott, mein lie - ber Gott, Doch bes - ser

mf

wept a - way, The long, long wea - ry day, In tears is wept a - way, And
 left a - lone, But he is dead and gone, And I am left a - lone, And
Schmerz und Plag, Den lie - ben lan - gen Tag Hab i nur Schmerz und Plag, Und
dort als todt, Ach Gott mein lie - ber Gott, Doch bes - ser dort, als todt, I

still my tear - ful watch I'm keep - ing, As from my win - dow height I look out
 now for him I'm ev - er weep - ing, On earth no more shall he Bend - ing in
muss am A - bend doch nur wei - na, Wie i am Fen - ster sich, Und in die
will ja ger - ne um ihn wei - na, Wenn er nur weic - der küm, In sei - ne

p legg.

or the night, I still am weep - ing, My lone watch keep - ing, As from my
 love o'er me, Still my sad weep - ing, My lone watch keep - ing, On earth no
Nacht naussch, Da muss i wei - na, Bin i al - lei - na, Wenn i am
Arm mi nühm, Und sprach bist mei - na, Du lie - be Klei - na, Wenn er ner

win - dow height, I look out on the night, I still am weep - ing, My lone watch
 more shall he, Bend - ing in love o'er me, Still my sad weep - ing, My lone watch
Fen - ster steh Un in die Nacht naussch, Da muss i wei - na, Bin i al -
wie - der kam In sei - ne Arm mi nühm, Und sprach bist mei - na, Du lie - be

cresc. *decrec. rit. dim.*

keep - ing.
 keep - ing.
 lei - na.
 Klei - na.

2. If on - ly land or sea, Had part - ed him from me, If on - ly
 4. I pray to Heav'n a - bove, My deep dis - tress to soothe, I pray to
 2. *Er hat mirs of ge - sagt Wenn i ihn hab ge - plagt, Er hat mirs*
 4. *Ach Gott mein Lieb is todt, Ist bei dem lie - ben Gott, Ach Gott mein*

land or sea had part-ed him from me, I need not now sad tears be
 Heav'n a-bove My deep dis-tress to soothe, And dry the tears I now am
oft ge-sagt Wenn i ihn hab ge-plagt, Du wirst noch of-te un mi
Lieb is todt, Ist bei dem lie-ben Gott, Er tear mit Herz und See-le

p legg.

weep-ing, But hope he'd come a-gain, To soothe my bo-som pain, And say "cease
 weep-ing, That in the realms of light, We may a-gain u-nite, And know no
wei-na, Wenn i ge-gan-gen bin, Ganz weit in's Aus-land hin, Dann wirst du
mei-na, I seh ihn nim-mer-mehr, Das schmerz mi gar zu sehr, Drum muss i

weep-ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing," But hope he'd come a-gain, To soothe my
 weep-ing, No lone watch keep-ing, That in the realms of light, We may a-
wei-na, Du lie-be Klei-na, Wenn i ge-gan-gen bin, Ganz weit in's
wei-na, Bin i al-lei-na, I seh ihn nim-mer-mehr, Das schmerz mi

cresc.

bo-som pain, And say "cease weep-ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing."
 gain u-nite, And know no weep-ing, No lone watch keep-ing.
Aus-land hin, Dann wirst du wei-na, Du lie-be Klei-na.
gar zu sehr, Drum muss i wei-na, Bin i al-lei-na.

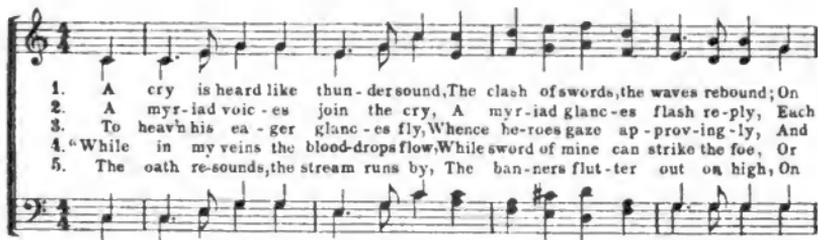
deces. rit. dim.

The Watch by the Rhine.

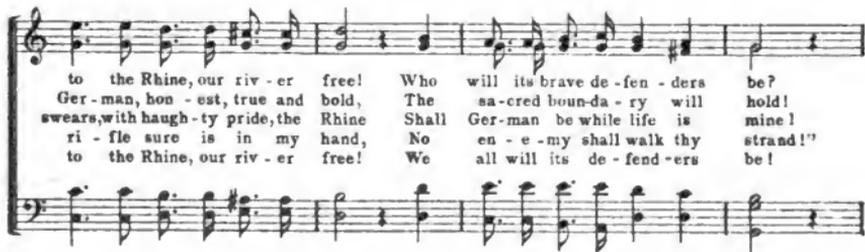
125

Words by MAX SCHNECKENBERGER. (1840)

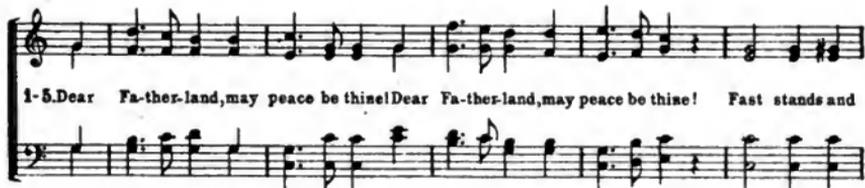
Music by CARL WILHELM (1854)



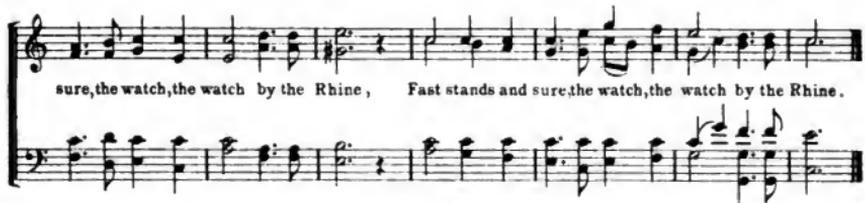
1. A cry is heard like thun-dersound, The clash of swords, the waves rebound; On
2. A myr-iad voic-es join the cry, A myr-iad glanc-es flash re-ply, Each
3. To heav'n his ea-ger glanc-es fly, Whence he-ros gaze ap-prov-ing-ly, And
4. While in my veins the blood-drops flow, While sword of mine can strike the foe, Or
5. The oath re-sounds, the stream runs by, The ban-ners flut-ter out on high, On



to the Rhine, our riv-er free! Who will its brave de-fen-ders be?
Ger-man, hon-est, true and bold, The sa-cred boun-da-ry will hold!
swears, with haugh-ty pride, the Rhine Shall Ger-man be while life is mine!
ri-fle sure is in my hand, No en-e-my shall walk thy strand!"
to the Rhine, our riv-er free! We all will its de-fend-ers be!



1-5. Dear Fa-ther-land, may peace be thine! Dear Fa-ther-land, may peace be thine! Fast stands and



sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine, Fast stands and sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine.

Carl Wilhelm was director of a German Choral Society, (The Liedertafel of Crefeld) and wrote many male choruses for it, among them this composition. It became the chief national song of Germany during the Franco-Prussian war. Wilhelm was rewarded for it, in 1870, with a gold medal and a pension of 3000 marks.

The broken Ring.

German Folksong.

EICHENDORFF. 1809.

Fr. GLÜCK 1814.

Allegretto.

On yon - der fleet - ing riv - er There turns a bus - y
In ai - nem küh - len Grun - de, da geht ein Müh - len -

wheel, _____ My Love has fled; ahl sor - row, Which
rad, _____ mein Lieb - chen ist ver - schoun - den, das

time can nev - er heal, _____ My Love, ahl bit - ter
dort ge - woh - net hat, _____ mein Lieb - chen ist ver -

sor - row, Which time can nev - er heal.
schoun - den, das dort ge - woh - net hat.

She gave as true - love to - ken, A beau - teous ring of
Sie hat mir Treu' ver spro - chen, gab mir ein'n Ring da -

gold. The ring is long since bro - ken, Her
bei, sie hat die Treu' ge - bro - chen, das

love is dead and cold, Her true love, which she
Ring - lein brach ent - zwei, sie hat die Treu' ge -

prom - ised, Is past, is dead, and cold. And
bro - chen, das Ring - lein brach ent - zwei. Hü!

when by chance in pass - ing, I view the rest - less
 ich das Mühl - rad ge - hen ich weiss nicht, was ich

mill, I wish then all was o - ver, My
 will; ich möcht' am lieb - sten ster - ben, da

heart were cold and still; I wish that life were
 wär's auf ein - mal still, ich möcht' am lieb - sten

o - ver, My heart for - ev - er still!
 ster - ben, da wär's auf ein - mal still!

The Switzer's Farewell.

129

Andante.

A-dieu, dear land, with beau-ty teem-ing, Where first I rovd, a care-less child; Of thee my
Von mei-ne Ber-gemuss ich scheid-enwo's gar so lieb-lich ist und schön kannimmer

heart will e'er be dream-ing, Thys snow-clad peaks and mount-ains, wild. Dear—
in der Hei-math blei-ben und ach ich muss vom Dirn-del-gehn. Jo—

This is one of the more modern of the German folk-songs. The dialect and the "Yodel" make it impossible to reproduce it literally in an English version.

land that I cher-ish, Oh! long may'st thou flour-ish; My mem'-ry must

li o li

p

per-ish Ere I for-get thee. La la la

ritard *mf*

la la la

Far from my home I soon must wan - der, In strang - er land be doom'd to
Be - hiit di Gott mei lie - be En - gel gieb mir no a mai die.

dwell. O! best be - lov'd! My heart grows fond - er, While thus I
Hand gar lang wirst mi ja nim - ma seh'n den i muss

breathe my last fare - well. Re - ceive this sad to - ken, I
in a frem - des Land. Jo - li o li

leave thee, heart - brok - en, Our part - ing is spok - en, Be -

rit.

lov'd one! fare - well, La la la

la la la

ad lib.

la

mf

All Through the Night.

133

Words by HARRY BOULTON.

Adapted from "AR HYD Y NOS".

(An old Welsh melody)

Solo.

1. Sleep, my love and
2. Though I roam a
3. Hark! a sol - emn

Cho. "Ar hyd y nos". *Solo.*

peace at - tend thee, All thro' the night ; Guard - ian an - gels God will lend thee,
min - strel lone - ly, All thro' the night ; My true harp shall praise thee on - ly,
bell is ring - ing, Clear thro' the night ; Thou, my love, art heav'n - ward winging,

Cho. "Ar hyd y nos?" *Solo.*

All thro' the night. Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in
All thro' the night. Love's young dream, a - las! is o - ver, Yet my strains of
Home thro' the night. Earth - ly dust from off thee shak - en, Soul im - mor - tal

Cho. "Ar hyd y nos?"

slum - ber steep - ing, Love a - lone his watch is keep - ing, All thro' the night.
love shall hov - er, Near the presence of my lov - er, All thro' the night.
thou shalt wak - en, With thy last dim jour - ney tak - en, Home thro' the night.

This is one of the old and beautiful Welsh airs. It was sung in the 15th century, with an intermittent chorus, as we have indicated above, but it can readily be given by a solo voice throughout.

Gone from me evermore.

J'ai perdu celle.

Eng. words by JACQUES AHREM. Nun ach! verlor ich sie.

Arr. by N. G. BACH.
Old French Air.

Moderato con tristezza.

Gone from me ev - er - more, My heart's sole i - dol she; Ev - er from day today, Worshipp'd I lov - ing - ly;
J'ai per - du cel - le, Pour qui j'a - vois tant d'u - mour; El - le st bel - le, A - voit pour moy cha que jour;
 Nun ach! ver - lor ich sie, Der ich mein Herz geweiht, Und sie die Theure, Sie hat - te zu je - der Zeit,

New - grac - es ev - ry hour, Fill'd me with joy; Oh! my be - lov - ed, with - out thee I die!
Fa - veur non - vel - le Et nou - veau dé - sir. Oh! ouy! sans el - le il me faut mour - ir!
 Für mich Lieb', Wonne Wenn ich zu ihr kam, Weh! mir, al - lein nun ver - zehrt mich der Gram!

Once in the for - est while hunting the deer, . Came this sweet vis - ion of loveli - ness near;
Un jour pen - dant un an - ge dans la plaine, Lors! je de vins le plus heu - reux des rois! Mais
 Einstens, ich ha - be das Hochwild ge - trie - ben, Plötz - lich er - schien mir ihr En - gel - ge - sicht;

Shin - ing up - on me like angel from heav'n, Ah, nev - er King had such bless - ed - ness giv'n! Ah!
Je cro - yais voir un an - ge dans la plaine, Lors! je de vins le plus heu - reux des rois! Mais
 Ich bin vor'm Bil - de still stehen ge - blie - ben, Bald war kein König so glück lich als ich. Doch

Gone from me ev-er more, My heart's sole i-dol she; Ev-er from day to day, Worshipp'd I lov-ing-ly;
J'ai per-du cel-le, Pour qui ja-vois tant d'amour, El-le si bel-le, A-voit pour moy cha-que jour;
 Nun ach! ver-lor ich sie, Der ich mein Herz geweiht, Und sie die Theu-re, Sie hat-te zu je-der Zeit;

New grac-es ev'-ry hour, Fill me with joy; Oh! my be-lov-ed, with-out thee I die!
Fa-veur nou-vel-le Et nou-veau dé-sir. Oh! sans el-le Il me faut mour-ir!
 Für mich Lieb, Won-ne Wenn ich zu ihr kam, Wehl! mir, al-lein ein ver-zehrt mich der Gram!

Oh, could I sit by her side at this hour, Glad-ly I'd give all my splendor and pow'r,
Je don-ne-rois, cer-tes tout mon ro-yau-me, Pour la re-voir en-cor un seul ins-tant;
 Mein ganz-es Kö-nig-reich würd'ich d'rum ge-ben, Könnt ich nur einmal noch sie wie-der sehn,

No place so humble and no place so dear, But I would share it if she were but here. Ah!
Près d'elle as-sis des-sous un hum-ble cha-mbré, Pour sen-tir mon coeur bat-tre en l'ad-mi-rant! Mais
 In ei-ner Hüt-to mit ihr woll'ich le-ben, Nah'zu ihr see-lig in Won-ne ver-gehn. Doch

Gone from me ev-er more, My heart's sole i-dol she; Ev-er from day to day, Worshipp'd I lov-ing-ly;
J'ai per-du cel-le, Pour qui ja-vois tant d'amour, El-le si bel-le A-voit pour moy cha-que jour;
 Nun ach! ver-lor ich sie, Der ich mein Herz geweiht, Und sie die Theure, Sie hat-te zu je-der Zeit;

New grac-es ev'-ry hour, Fill'd me with joy; Oh! my be-lov-ed, with-out thee I die!
Fa-veur nou-vel-le Et nou-veau dé-sir. Oh! ony! sans el-le Il me faut mou-rir!
 Für mich Lieb, Won-ne Wenn ich zu ihr kam, Weh! mir, al-lein nun ver-zehrt mich der Gram!

Hid in a clois-ter, my poor dar-ling one, Fad-ed a-way like a flow'r and was gone;
Triste et clois-tré-e oh! ma pau-vre bel-le, Fût loin de moy pen-dant ses der-niers jours,
 Trau-rig und ein-sam, ach! zart-lich Ge-lieb-te Starbst du und ich muss-te fern von dir sein,

Gone from earth's sorrow, its tears and its love, Up to the bright-ness of heav-en a-bove; Ah!
El-le ne sens plus sa pei-ne cru-el-le; I-ci bas hé-las je souf-fre tou-jours! Mais
 Nicht wirst du füh-len mehr was dich be-trübte; Und hierauf Er-den nun leid'ich al-lein. Duch

Gone from me ev-er-more My heart's sole i-dol she; Ev-er from day to day, Worshipp'd lov-ing-ly;
J'ai per-du cel-le, Pour qui ja-rois tant d'amour; El-le st bel-le A-voit pour moy chaque jour;
 Nun ach! ver-lor ich sie, Der ich mein Herz geweiht, Und sie die Theure, Sie hat-te zu je-der Zeit;

New grac-es ev'-ry hour, Fill'd me with joy; Oh! my be-lov-ed, with-out thee I die!
Fa-veur nou-vel-le Et nou-veau dé-sir. Oh! Louy! sans el-le Il me faut mou-rir!
 Für mich Lieb, Won-ne Wenn ich zu ihr kam, Weh! mir, al-lein nun ver-zehrt mich der Gram!

Charming Marguerite.

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La Charmante Marguerite.

OLD FRENCH.

Allegretto grazioso.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system shows the treble and bass staves with a common time signature. The second system continues the piece, with the left hand marked *melodia marcato* and the right hand marked *sempre leggiero*.

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "Praise not to me the new-born rose, ——— Though she's called ——— the beautiful Chan - te qui voud-ra les at - traits ——— De la ro - - se nais -".

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "Queen of ev-ry bower, I'll tell you where a blos-som grows, — More love-ly san - - te, Four moi je suis bien-sè des traits — D'u - ne fleur".

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "far than ev-ry oth - er flower! ——— Thou't all my hearts de - plus in - ter-res-san - - te! ——— Cel - le qui pos-sè-de mon". The piano accompaniment is marked *legg. assai.* and *con anima*.

light, _____ Thou a-lone can'st make it beat,
 cœur, _____ Qui sans ces-se l'a - gi - - te

p

con grazia

Shine like a star, then, in my night, _____ My fair-est flow'-ret, my Mar - guer-
 Cel - le qui fait tout mon bon - heur. _____ C'est la char-man-te Mar-gue-ri - -

colla voce

con anima rit.

ite _____ My fair-est flow'-ret, my Mar - guer-ite, _____
 te _____ C'est la char-man-te Mar-gue-ri - - tel

a tempo

con anima rit.

Yon-der tu-lip is both bright and
 La tu-li-pe a bien des ap -

gay, _____ She en-chants _____ with her vi - va - ci - ty;
 pas _____ El - le plait, _____ el - le en - chan - - te;

But to my mind I still must say _____ She wants the charm of true sim - pli - ci -
 Mais el - le ne con-ser-ve pas _____ Cet - te sim - pli - ci - te char - man -

con anima
 ty! _____ Thou'rt all my heart's de - light, _____
 tel! _____ Cel - le qui pos-sè-de mon cœur _____

legg. assai *f con anima*

beat _____
 gi - - - te

Thou a - lone can't make it beat, _____ Shine like a star, then, in my
 Qui sans ces-se l'a - gi - - - te Cel - le qui fait tout mon bon-

con grazia *con anima*

night, — My fair- est flow'- ret, my Mar - guer - ite, — My fair-est
 heur — C'est la char-man-te Mar-gue-ri - - te, — C'est la char-

colla voce *con anima*

rit.

flow'- ret, my Mar - guer - ite!
 man-te Mar-gue-ri - - te! *à tempo*

rit. colla voce

pp meno mosso

No! I con-fess I'm not in love — With the
 Non! je ne suis point a-mour - eux — De

pp meno mosso

rit. con espress.

Vi - - o-let, that bends her head so low, Though she looks ten-der as a
 l'hum - ble Vi - o - let - - te, Sous un re-gard si lan-gou-

rit. colla voce

a tempo

dove, — At heart she's but a fick-le flirt, — I know! —
 reux, — Et - le ren - fer-meu-ne co - quet - - te!

a tempo *legg. assai*

f con anima

Thou'rt all my heart's de - light, — Thou a - lone can'st make it
 Cel - le qui pos-sè-de mon coeur, — Qui sans ces - se l'a -

f con anima

beat
 gi - - le *con grazia*

beat Shine like a star, then, in my night, — My fair-est
 gi - - le Cel - le qui fait tout mon bon - heur — C'est la char-

p *colla voce*

con brio

flow'-ret, my Mar-guer-ite, — My fair-est flow'-ret, my Mar-guer-ite, —
 man-te Mar-gue-ri - te, — C'est la char-man-te Mar-gue-ri - te.

ff

Amaryllis.

English version by LOUIS G. ELSON

CHANSON du Roi LOUIS XIII. 1620.

Andantino $\text{♩} = 80$

You think, Oh sun so fair, That naught with your rays can com - pare
Tu crois ô beau so - leil Qua ton - e - clat rien n'est pa - reil,

That naught can splen - dor bring Like you in balm - y spring, But
En cet ai - ma - ble temps Que tu fais le prin - temps Mais

know Orb of light Am - a - ryl - lis is more bright.
quoi! tu pâ - lis Au - pres d'a - na - ryl - lis

This song, by a royal hand, can be traced with certainty to its composer. Louis XIII, like his father, Henry IV, was a good musician. He composed this song, both words and music, in 1620, in honor of Mme d'Hauteville, whom he constantly celebrated under the name of "Amaryllis". To give to a lady some pastoral name and attach this pseudonym to poetry and music, was the mode of dedication of that time. This work was written by the king as a four-part song. It is quite well harmonized. We have preserved these harmonies, in the piano part. It may be well to add that the pretty Gavotte melody, arranged by Ghys, always credited to Louis XIII, and printed with the title of "Amaryllis," is falsely named and was not composed by the king. It is a composition by Baltazarini, (de Beaujoyeux) a favorite composer at the court of Henry III, and was called "La Clochette," and antedated this, the true "Amaryllis," by many years, be first performed at the wedding of Margaret of Lorraine and the Duc de Joyeuse, at the Chateau Montiers, in 1581.

2^d Strophe.

The sky is clear and gay when comes the pleasant month of May, The vio-lets sweetly
 Or que le ciel est gai Dur-ant ce gen-til mois de Mai, Les ro-ses vont fleu-

p *pp*

grow And ros-es fra-grant blow mid the scene so rare Ama-ryl-lis is more
 rir, Les lys sè-pa-nou-ir! Mais que sont les lys Au-priàd'Ama-ryl-

rit.

3^d Strophe.

fair. But tears may come in show-ers Bringing new life to the flow'rs, The buds they glow and
 lis? De ses nou-vel-les pleurs L'au-be va ra-nimer les fleurs; Mais que failleur beau-

p *pp*

beam as dew-drops o'er them gleam May no tears al-loy Ama-ryl-lis' mirth and joy.
 tè A mon coeur at-iris-tè. Quand des pleurs jo lis Aux yeux d'Ama-ryl-lis.

rit.

The Mother Sings.

Moderen Synger.

VILHELM KRAG.

CHRISTIAN SINDING.

Andantino.

The piano introduction consists of three measures. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4.

Gret-chen lies in her gloom-y bed in the wet, wet mold.
 Gret-chen lig - ger i ki - sie dybt i den sor - te muld.

The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

There the hood which I gave to her, lined with
 Gav jeg hen - de en ky - se fo - ret med

The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and chordal accompaniment.

red, red gold. Down in her nar - row cham-ber, Gret-chen is
 rö - den guld. Soen-ked i sor - ten ki - ste Gret-chen så

The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Sinding is one of the modern Norwegian composers. He has added much to the folk music of his native land.

now at rest, With her hands now fold - ed,
skjoer *og* *ftn* *La' de kol - de, smi haen - der*

Gent - ly up - on her breast,
o - ver det Avi - de lin.
poco rit. *a tempo*

Ev - er at night I am lone - ly, O'er land and sea there is
E - ne i nat - ten jeg sid - der, stor - me - ne gar o - ver

gloom, And the wind blows the blos - soms From lit - tle Gret - chen's tomb.,
hav, ri - ver al le de blom - ster fra lil - le Gret - chens grav.
rit.

I heard the Gull.

Der Skreg en Fugl.

VILHELM KRAG.

CHRISTIAN SINDING.

Andantè.

I heard the gull in its lone - ly
 Der skreg en fugl o-ver ö - do

flight o - ver the o - cean. With scream - ing note on a
 Hav langt fra lan - de. Den skreg så svært i den

storm - y night. Flapping its wings with a shrill cry of pain.
 høst-grø dag, flak-ved i brud - te, af - moeg-ti - ge slag,

On-ward it sail - eth ev - er o - ver the Main.
 søi-led på sør - te vin-gerbort - o-ver hav.

f *f* *rit.*

The Apple Orchard.

Der Apfelgarten.

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English words by LOUIS C. ELSON.

Swedish Folksong.
A. F. LINDBLAD.

Andante.

1. The ap - ple - trees grow in the or - chard fair, The
 2. And when I lie un - der the ap - ple - tree, The
Dort blü - het im Gar - ten manch A - pfel - baum, manch

or - chard fair, The or - chard fair, The an - gels are guard - ing the
 ap - ple - tree, The ap - ple - tree, The an - gels are sing - ing their
A - pfel - baum, manch A - pfel - baum, die Eng - lein be - schüt - zen den

blos - soms there, In Sum - mer - time, In Sum - mer time.
 songs to me, In Sum - mer - time, In Sum - mer - time.
Blü - ten - saum um Som - mers Zeit, um Som - mers Zeit.

Dalecarlian Maiden's Song.

English words by LOUIS C. ELSON.

Swedish Folksong.
A. F. LINDBLAD.

Andante con moto.

1. Ma - ny miles have I been stray - ing, Ma - ny yet must I
 2. When at Stock-holm I have found him, Joy will be in my
 1. Vte - le Met - len musst ich ge - hen, mehr noch hab' ich im
 2. Werd' ich Stock-holm erst er - wan - dern, find ich den Lieb-sten

roam. For my sweet-heart he was pray - ing, That I should to him
 heart. And my arms I'll throw a - round him, Nev - er a - gain we'll
 Sinn. Hun - dert Kir - chen sah' ich ste - hen, seit ich von Hau - se
 gleich. er ge - weiss vor all den an - dern, macht sich im Dien - ste

come. And I knit as I wan - der, a gift for my
 part. And as soon as next sum - mer our wed - ding shall
 hin. An dem Strump - fe da flick ich und strick ich in
 reich. Näch - sten Som - mer da baun mit Ver - traun wir uns

dear, O - ho - ja, O - ho - ja, See the vil - lage now is
 be. O - ho - ja, O - ho - ja, Is he faith - ful still to
Ruh. O - ho ja so so ja auf das Dorf da geh ich
 an O - ho ja so so ja ob er mich wohl las - sen

near. O -
 me? O -
 zu. O -
 kann? O -

ho - ja, O - ho - ja, See the vil - lage now is near.
 ho - ja, O - ho - ja, Is he faith - ful still to me?
 ho ja so so ja auf das Dorf da geh ich zu.
 ho ja so so ja ob er mich wohl las - sen kann?

To Araby will I wander.

Na Ostland wil ik varen.

Old Netherland Song.

English Words by
LOUIS C. ELSON.

Arr. by REIMANN.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 88$.

1. To Ar - a - by will I wan - der, There
 2. Be - fore my true love's dwell - ing, Two
 1. Na Ost - land wil ik va - ren, daar
 2. Al vor - min zoeto - liefs deurt - je daar

mf *p*

dwells my own true love, O'er moun - tain and o'er
 trees they bud and blow, They bear both spice and
 woont mijn zoe - te lief, o - ver berg en o - ver
 staat tree boomp - jes klein, den een draagt noten van mus -

cresc.

cresc. *pp* *poco ritard.* *p espressivo*

val - ley, Yes, o - ver the val - ley, There will I swift - ly
 nut - meks, Yes, there in the val - ley, And beau - ti - ful they
 da - len, schier o - ver der hei - den daar woont mijn zoe - te
 ka - ten, schier o - ver der hei - den den an - d'ren dragt na - ge - len

p, u.c. *colla parte* *tre corde p*

This is one of the oldest of folksongs, It was sung before the year 1300. Both words and melody are of the thirteenth century.

rove
 grow
 lief
 fijn

3. And round are all the
 3. De no - ten de - zijn

nut - meks, The spic - es are fra - grant to me; I
 ron - de, kruut - ne - ge - len rui - ken zoo zort: ik

thought that a knight I would mar - ry, Yes, down in the val - ley, But
 weende dat mij vrij - de een rui - der Schier' o - ver der hei - den nu

crese. *pp* *poco rit.* *p espr.*
crese. *pp u.c.* *colla parte* *tre corde*

he is of low de - greel
 is het een ar - me bloed.

Castilian Bolero.

Bolero Castellano.

Folksong.

English words by LOUIS C. ELSON.

Bolero Tempo. ($\text{♩} = 116$)

con brio

With thy en - tic - ing glanc -
Se pien - aas en - gan - ar -

es, thou wouldst be - tray — me, thou wouldst be - tray — me.
me con gen - io ad - us — to con gen - io ad - us - - to.

p
 Thou wouldst be - tray —
con gen - io ad - us -

The long cadenzas are peculiar to this type of song, as also in the "Seguidilla." The soloist originally accompanied himself on the guitar and the cadenza was not a set form of a certain number of notes, but afforded (and does even today in rural districts in Spain) the individual an opportunity to display his breath control by continuing for the longest possible time, a certain figure. The writer has heard such cadenzas rendered which made a most distressing impression upon the untutored listener because of the seemingly impossible suspension.

me, With thy en - tic - ing glanc
to se pien - sas en - gån - ar

es, Thou wouldst be - tray
me con gen - io ad - us

me. Thou wouldst be - tray me With ten - der
to con gen - io ad - us - to se pien - sas

colla parte

glance and smile,
en gån - ar.

la II^{da} volta *p e pp*

Bo - la bo - li - ta

bo - la bo - la bo - li - ta bo - la bo -

la bo - li - ta bo - la.

bo - la.

ff *veloce*

colla parte

With thy en-tic-ing glance - - - es thou wouldst be-tray —
 Se pien-sas en-gañ - ar - - - me con genio ad-us —

f

me, thou wouldst be-tray — me. With thy en-tic-ing
 to con genio ad-us - to. Se pien-sas en-gañ-

f

glance - - - es, thou wouldst be-tray —
 ar - - - me con genio ad-us -

me, I trust not thy — smile!
 to, con genio ad-us - to!

f

City lad and country lass.

Städterbua und Âlmaidirn.

Austrian Folksong.

English Words by LOUIS C. ELSON.

THOMAS KOSCHAT.

Andante.

1. A dance we had — at our vil-lage home, — Where ma-n-y of the ci-ty
 2. Oh, cit-y lad, — for — shame! for shame! To ma-n-y ci-ty girls you've
 1. Es wâr gräd Tänz, — af ler Sen-ner-huam, — dî kumen von der Städt a
 2. Es war schon recht, — du — Städ-ter-bua, — doch hast ja Dämldan in der

lads did come, They gazed at us — with — high bred air — And
 said the same, Their feet are small, — their — hands are white, — Their
 dut-send Buam, Wâr dâs a Schaw'n, wâr — dâs a G'räd, — von
 Städt wohl gnuâ, hâm klan'-re Fkass, — hâm — Jcin'-re Händ', — hâm

laughed at some and call'd some fair, And one of them'twas plain to see, De -
 hair is long, their eyes are bright, Yet one thing they can ne'er pos-sess, It -
 d'An-en Lob, von d'An-der'n G'spöl, Doch Anmass is gâr an- thân hâd'n, der -
 schön'-re Hâr und weiss'-re Zühnt, Doch An's giebt's was den Stüd-tern fehlt, nit -

Koschat, the chief composer of Carinthian songs, is an Austrian who has evolved a true folksong that typifies the various phases of life in the Carinthian hills. He writes both words and music of his songs.

sired to pay his court to me, He flat-tered me with hon-ied phrase And
is not gold nor pret-ty dress, Now hear me well, then, if you please, No-
fängt mi an glei aus-zu-fräg'n: wer i wohl war, und ob ihu möcht; i —
An-seg'n ist's und a nit Geld. Hör mi nur an, was i dir säg, ver-

rit. molto *f* *a tempo* *3*

gave me ev-'ry kind of praise, You've caught me with — your —
lung-er with your woo-ing tease! The cit - y lads — and —
war' für ihu hält so gänz recht. In dei - ne Här, — und —
schon mi dann mit dei-ner Frag! Die Städ - ter - dirn, — und —

3 *3*

rav - en hair, — I'm tan-gled now, I know, for - ev - er there. For
girls so neat, — Than sug-ar they are of - ten far more sweet. They
dei - ne Zühnl, — dä bin imant er-wirk-li gans ver-brennt. Geh'
Städ-ter - buam, — sein süß-er oft üls wie a Zu-cher-ruam. Sö

3 *3* *rit. f*

you a - lone — my — heart can glow — Then take my love and say not "No!"
flirt and kiss, — but — soon 'tis done — For a heart for true love they have none.
schau mi an — und — liab mi a; — nimm mi zum Männ und sag nit na,
hus-seln gern, — und — feurig san's, — doch a Herz, das Liab fühltham's hält han's,

The Clod.

Der Tost.

English words adapted by LOUIS C. ELSON.

Austrian Folksong.
THOMAS KOSCHAT.

Lento.

1. The girls scorn-ful—
2. My mas-ter can—
1. Ka Diand-le, däs—
2. Zum Häl-ter häms'

glanc-es'throw, Danc-ing they find me slow, And hunt-ing I dread to go, At—
on-ly scold, Lit-tle have I of gold, Con-tent-ed my hands I fold, Tho' they
mäg mi net, sin-gen, däs künn i net, z' Berg-stei-gen trau mi net, drum—
mi aus g'lost, däs wär für mi ka Kost, i bleib, Gott sei's ge-trost, mei—

la-bor I plod, At la-bor, at la-bor, At la-bor I plod.
call me a clod, They call me, they call me, They call me a clod.
hüb i hält s'G'frät. Drum hüb i, drum hüb i, drum hüb i hält s'G'frät.
Lüb-täg a Tost. Mei Lüb-täg, mei Lüb-täg, mei Lüb-täg a Tost.

The Lark.

Alouette.

(Canadian Folk-Song.)

English words by LOUIS C. ELSON.

Vivement, accentué.

Solo.

Pret - ty sky - lark, wing - ing, sing - ing sky - lark, Pret - ty
 A - lou - et - te, gen - tle a - lou - et - te, A - lou -

Ah! ah! ah! etc.
 Ah! ah! ah! etc.

The solo part consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with an accent (^) over the first note. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

Chorus.

Plusieurs voix.

sky - lark, I shall pluck you now, Pret - ty sky - lark, wing - ing, sing - ing
 et - te je ty pleu - me - rai. A - lou - et - te gen - tle a - lou -

La, la, etc.
 La, la, etc.

The chorus part continues with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a double bar line and then continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are arranged in two lines, with the second line starting after a double bar line in the music.

This playful folksong is often sung with action, as a game for children.

sky - lark, Pret - ty sky - lark, I shall pluck you now.
 et - te, A - lou - et - te je t'y plou - me - rai.

Solo. (Chorus at repeat.)

mf

I bo-gin to pluck	}	the head, I be-gin to pluck the head.	head. head.
		the eyes, I be-gin to pluck the eyes.	eyes. eyes.
		the beak, I be-gin to pluck the beak.	beak. beak.
		the neck, I be-gin to pluck the neck.	neck. neck.
		the wings, I be-gin to pluck the wings.	wings. wings.
		the claws, I be-gin to pluck the claws.	claws. claws.
Je t'y plou-me-rai	}	the back, I be-gin to pluck the back.	back. back.
		the tail, I be-gin to pluck the tail.	tail. tail.
		la têt' Je t'y plou-me-rai la têt'.	têt'. têt'.
		les yeux Je t'y plou-me-rai les yeux.	yeux. yeux.
		le bec Je t'y plou-me-rai le bec.	bec. bec.
		le cou Je t'y plou-me-rai le cou.	cou. cou.
	}	les ail's Je t'y plou-me-rai les ail's.	ail's. ail's.
		les patt's Je t'y plou-me-rai les patt's.	patt's. patt's.
		le dos Je t'y plou-me-rai le dos.	dos. dos.
		la queue Je t'y plou-me-rai la queue.	queue. queue.

p

Cling, Cling, Cling, Toumm, Toumm,

Toumm, Toumm, Toumm, Toumm, Toumm,

f Solo.

Now the head pret - ty lark, ah!
Et la tête, A - lou - ett', ah!

Chorus.

Now the head pret - ty lark, ah!
Et la tête, A - lou - ett', ah!

And the eyes, (*Bis*) and the head, (*Bis*) pretty lark, (*Bis*) Ah!

And the beak, (*Bis*) and the eyes, (*Bis*) and the head, (*Bis*) pretty lark, (*Bis*) Ah!

And the neck, (*Bis*) and the beak, (*Bis*) and the eyes, (*Bis*) and the head, (*Bis*) pretty lark, (*Bis*) Ah!

And the wings, (*Bis*) and the neck, (*Bis*) and the beak, (*Bis*) and the eyes, (*Bis*) and the head, (*Bis*) pretty lark, (*Bis*) Ah!

And the claws, (*Bis*) and the wings, (*Bis*) and the neck, (*Bis*) and the beak, (*Bis*) and the eyes, (*Bis*) and the head, (*Bis*) pretty lark, (*Bis*) Ah!

And the back, (*Bis*) and the claws, (*Bis*) and the wings, (*Bis*) and the neck, (*Bis*) and the beak, (*Bis*) and the eyes, (*Bis*) and the head, (*Bis*) pretty lark, (*Bis*) Ah!

And the tail, (*Bis*) and the back, (*Bis*) and the claws, (*Bis*) and the wings, (*Bis*) and the neck, (*Bis*) and the beak, (*Bis*) and the eyes, (*Bis*) and the head, (*Bis*) pretty lark, (*Bis*) Ah!

Et les yeux, (Bin) et la tête, (Bin) alouett', (Bin) Ah!

Et le bec, (Bin) et les yeux, (Bin) et la tête, (Bin) alouett', (Bin) Ah!

Et le cou, (Bin) et le bec, (Bin) et les yeux, (Bin) et la tête, (Bin) alouett', (Bin) Ah!

Et les ail's, (Bin) et le cou, (Bin) et le bec, (Bin) et les yeux, (Bin) et la tête, (Bin) alouett', (Bin) Ah!

Et les patt's, (Bin) et les ail's, (Bin) et le cou, (Bin) et le bec, (Bin) et les yeux, (Bin) et la tête, (Bin) alouett', (Bin) Ah!

Et le dos, (Bin) et les patt's, (Bin) et les ail's, (Bin) et le cou, (Bin) et le bec, (Bin) et les yeux, (Bin) et la tête, (Bin) alouett', (Bin) Ah!

Et la queue, (Bin) et le dos, (Bin) et les patt's, (Bin) et les ail's, (Bin) et le cou, (Bin) et le bec, (Bin) et les yeux, (Bin) et la tête, (Bin) alouett', (Bin) Ah!

Siciliana.

Italian Folksong.

English Words by LOUIS C. ELSON.

Allegretto. (♩ = 58)

Dost thou no longer love me, False one and wouldst thou leave me, Thy
For-si pir-chi nun m'u - mi a - jua cri-za - rin bed - di, ad

trea-son shall not grieve me, For in my heart I know
ant-rias-sai chiù bed - di ci - dis - si sciun - nad - dâ.

Ne'er shalt thou find a maid - en So true as her, now slight - ed, To
E tu tio - ri - di for - si, o per - sa di su nie - ra,

simile

whom thy love was plight - ed, In days so long a - go, To
Chi an trù-si - ma a la fè - ra di tia nun ci sa - rà,

whom thy love was plight - ed In days so long a - go.
Chi an trù-si - ma a la fè - ra di tia nun ci sa - rà.

rit.

Dost thou no long - er love me, False one, thou now wouldst leave me, Thy
For - si pir - chi nun m'a - mi, a - jug cri - pa - ri in ped - di, ad

trea - son shall not grieve me, I gai - ly bid thee go.
aut - rias - sal chiù bed - di ci dis - si scinn - mad - dù.

Santa Lucia.

Andantino.

p con espress.

1. Now 'neath the
2. Here balm - y
1. *Sul ma - ro*
2. *Con que - sto*

p

sil-ver moon O - cean is glow - ing, O'er the calm bil - low
zephyrs blow Pure joys in - vite us, And as we gently row
lu-ci - ca *L'a-stro d'ar-gen-to,* *Pla - ci - daè* *l'on - da,*
zef-fi - ro *Co - sì so - a - ve,* *Oh! co - mè* *bel - lo*

Soft winds are blow - ing, Now heath the sil - ver moon O - cean is
All things de - light us, Here balm - y zephyrs blow Pure joys in -
Pro - spo - ro è il ven - to, *Sul ma - ro lu - ci - ca* *L'a-stro d'ar-*
Star sul - ta na - ve! *Con ques - to zef - fi - ro* *Co - sì so-*

Santa Lucia, is the chief song of Naples. Santa Lucia is the patron saint of a district in Naples. Fishermen are especially devoted to her, so the popular song is in the form of a Baicarolle, and is as of ten heard upon the bay of Naples as upon the shore.

glow - ing, O'er the calm bil - low Soft winds are blow - ing.
 vite us, And as we gently row All things de - light us.
 gen - to, *Pla - ci - da* *l'on - da,* *Pro - spero eil ven - to.*
 a - vo Oh! com - è bel - lo Star sul - la na - ve!

Who then will sail with me In my barque o'er the sea, San - ta Lu -
 Who will em - bark with me On yon - der sparkling sea? San - ta Lu -
Ye - ni - te all' a - gi - le Bar - chet - ta mi - a, San - ta Lu -
Su pas - sag - gie - ri Ve - ni - te vi - a! San - ta Lu -

ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a! Who then will sail with me
 ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a! Who will em - bark with me
 ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a! *Ye - ni - te all' a - gi - le*
 ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a! *Su pas - sag - gie - ri*

In my bark o'er the sea, San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu -
 On yon - der sparkling sea? San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu -
Bar - chet - ta mi - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!
Ve - ni - te vi - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu -

ci - a!
ci - a!
ci - a!
ci - a!

p *calando*

3. When o'er thy wa - ters Lightwinds are play - ing, Thy spell can
4. To thee, sweet Na-po-li, What charms are giv - en, Wheresmiles cre -
3. *Ma - re si pla-ci-do* *Ven - to si ca - ro* *Scor-dar faj*
4. *O dol - ce Na-po-li* *O suol be - a - to,* *O - ve sor -*

p

soothe us All care al - lay - ing. When o'er thy wa - ters
a - tion, Toil blest by Heav - en. To thee, sweet Na-po-li,
tri-bo-li *Al ma - ri - na - ro,* *Ma - re si pla-ci-do*
ri-de-re *Vol - le il cre - a - to.* *O dol - ce Na-po-li*

Lightwinds are play - ing, Thy spell can soothe us All care al -
What charms are giv - en, Wheresmiles cre - a - tion, Toil blest by
Ven - to si ca - ro *Scor-dar faj* *tri-bo-li* *Al ma - ri -*
O suol be - a - to *O - ve sor - ri-de-re* *Vol-le il cre -*

lay - ing. Hark how the sail - or's cry Joy - ous - ly echoes nigh,
 Heav - en. Home of fair Po - e - sy, Realm of pure Harmo - ny,
 na - ro, E' va gri - dan - do Con al - le - gri - a,
 a - to. Tu sei lim - pe - ro Dell' ar - mo - ni - a!

San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a! Hark how the sail - or's cry
 San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a! Home of fair Po - e - sy,
 San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a! E' va gri - dan - do,
 San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a! E' va gri - dan - do,

Joy - ous - ly echoes nigh, San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu -
 Realm of pure Harmo - ny, San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu -
 Con al - le - gri - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu -
 Dell' ar - mo - ni - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu -

pp *colla voce*

ci - a!
 ci - a!
 ci - a!
 ci - a!

p *calando*

Sailing o'er a Summer Sea.

Funicoli-Funicola.

Words by CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

L. DENZA.

Allegretto grazioso.

Sc.

1. Be - hold _____
2. Now fa - -

- a - bove the clear hor - i - zon mount - ing _____ The sum - mer moon _____
- ces fair and win - some in the moon - light _____ Breathet - en - der words _____

"Funicoli-Funicola" is a song that was composed by Luigi Denza in 1880. It celebrated, in Neapolitan dialect, the glories of the Funicular railway which was then built to the summit of Vesuvius. It became enormously popular and is today the best known street song of Italy. Nearly a million copies of it have been sold, and Richard Strauss, under the impression that it was a representative folk song of the country, made it the chief theme in the finale of his symphonic suite, "Aus Italien," ("From Italy.") It seems never to lose its charm to the Italian, and this song and "Santa Lucia", are the two melodies that greet the ears of the traveler when he enters Italy, particularly if he lands at Naples.

Chorus.

(The sum-mer moon;) A path of ripp'ling
 (Breathe ten-der words,) With snow - - - y sails the

Chorus.

brightness turns to sil - ver The broad la - goon; (The broad la -
 grace-ful barks are skim - ming Like white wing'd birds; (Like white wing'd

goon;) A thou - - sand twinkling stars be-deck like
 birds;) Now pass - - ing thro' the brightness dia - ap -

Chorus.

dia - monds The vault - ed sky, (The vault-ed sky,)
 pear - ing Like gulls at play, (Like gulls at play,)

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♦ ♦ ♦

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