

VOLUME I.

CHANSONS CANADIENNES

(FRENCH-CANADIAN FOLK SONGS)

COLLECTED BY
MARIUS BARBEAU

ENGLISH WORDS BY
PAUL ENGLAND

ARRANGED BY
HEALEY WILLAN

4/- NET.
1⁰⁰/_{XX}

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THE FREDERICK HARRIS CO.,
40, Berners Street, LONDON, W. I., ENGLAND.
and at
DUNDAS STREET, OAKVILLE, ONT., CANADA.

FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:
THE BOSTON MUSIC CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MADE IN ENGLAND.



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SAMT-SULPICE

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Volume I

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SAINTE MARGUERITE

3

CHANSON CANADIENNE

English Words by
PAUL ENGLAND

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Moderato.

Sain - te Mar - gue -
Sain - te Mar - gue -

sostenuto e sempre pp

- ri - te, Veil - lez ma pe - ti - te! En - dor - mez ma
- ri - te, Veil - lez ma pe - ti - te! Bring my lit - tle

pp

p'tite en - fant, Jus - qu'à l'â - ge de quinze ans, Quand elle au - ra quinze
babe to rest, Cra - dled on her moth - er's breast; Keep her safe, and

pp

ans pas - sés, Il fau - dra la ma - ri - er
all my own, Till the thrice five years are flown—

pp

A - vec un p'tit bon - hom - me, Qui vien - dra de Ro - me.
When 'tis time to mar ry, Maid-ens must not tar - ry.

pp

Sain - te Margue - ri - te,
Once the vows are plight - ed,

pp

Veil - lez ma pe - ti - tel En - dor - mez ma p'tite en - fant,
Maid and man u - ni - ted, Cand-les twain I'll burn to thee,

Jus - qu'à l'â - ge de quinze ans! Quand elle au - ra quinze
 One for her and one for me; Then at the al - tar;

ans pas - sés, Il fau - dra la ma - ri - er
 side by side, Bless the bride - groom and the bride!

perdendosi
 A - vec un p'tit bon - hom - me Qui vien - dra de Ro - me.
 Sain - te Mar - gue - ri - te, Veil - lez ma pe - ti - te!

morendo

ISABEAU S'Y PROMÈNE

Isabeau went a-walking.

(CHANSON CANADIENNE)

Ronde populaire du Canada
Recueillie par Marius Barbeau, 1918
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Allegretto

1 I - sa-beau s'y pro-mè - ne,
1 I - sa-beau went a - walk - ing,

sempre p e leggieriss.

tl - la - di - dl - li' tl - la - di - tl, la - di - dl - li - dl - da,
(Did - dle did - dle did - dle did - dle did - dle did - dle did - dle dee!)

sf

I - sa-beau s'y pro-mè - ne, Le long de son jar - din,
I - sa-beau went a - walk - ing All in a gar - den fair,

le long de son jar - din. le long de son jar - din.
 (Hey did-dle did-dle did-dle dee!) All in a gar den fair.

colla voce *mf*

dim. *p*

2. Aperçoit une barque
 tl-la-di-dl-li, tl-la-di-tl,
 la-di-dl-li-dl-dl-la
 Aperçoit une barque 'de trente matelots
 de trente matelots (bis)
3. Le plus jeune des trente chantait une chanson.
4. "La chanson que tu chantes, je voudrais la savoir."
5. Embarquez dans ma barque, je vous la chanterai"
6. Quand la bell' fut à bord, il se mit à chanter.
7. Mais la chanson finie, ell' ne fit que pleurer.
8. "Qu' avez-vous donc, la belle, qu' a'-vous à tant pleurer?"
9. Je pleur' mon coeur volage, que j'ai laissé gagner.
10. Consolez-vous, la belle, on vous le remettra.
11. Quand la bell' fut à terre, ell' se mit à chanter.
12. "Si vous chantez, la belle, on vous le reprendra!"

2. Loud sang the jolly sailors -
 (Diddle diddle diddle diddle
 diddle diddle diddle dee!)
 Loud sang the jolly sailors
 Thirty or more were there,
 (Hey diddle diddle diddle dee!)
 Thirty or more were there.
3. Louder than all, the youngest -
 Oh, how his voice did ring!
4. Sweetly she smiled upon him:
 "Teach me the song you sing!"
5. "Come you aboard, my beauty,
 Then shall you sing with me!"
6. So they did sing together,
 Merrily, he and she!
7. But when the song was ended
 Isabeau wept full sore.
8. "Why do you weep, my beauty,
 Now that our song is o'er?"
9. 'Tis for my heart I'm grieving -
 You've stolen it away!"
10. "Weep not for that, my beauty,
 Here is my own in pay!"

LA PETITE HIRONDELLE

Oh sweet little swallow!

(RONDE)

Ronde populaire du Canada
Recueillie par Marius Barbeau, 1918.
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND.

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Allegretto.

sempre leggieriss. e p

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music in G major and 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth notes and a slur over the first two measures. The left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Pe - tite hi - ron - del - le Qui n'as qu'une ai - le, Tu t'en
O sweet lit - tle swal - low! How can you wan - der all a -

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The piano part includes a repeat sign at the beginning of the first measure.

vas, vo - le, vo - le, vo - le, Tu t'en vas vo
lone, Nev - er, nev - er tir - ing, O'er the wide, wide

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a repeat sign at the beginning of the first measure.

lant, Vo - le, vo - le, vo - le, vo - le, vo - le, Tu t'en
foam? Pret - ty swal - low, Would that I could fol - low To your

1
vas vo - lant.
far - off home!

2
- lant.
home!

pp

LAQUELLE MARIERONS-NOUS?

Now who will marry me?

(RONDE)

Ronde populaire du Canada
Recueillie par Marius Barbeau, 1918.
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND.

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Vivace

f *mp* *f* *p* *f* *p*

1 La - quell' ma - rie - rons - nous Dans ce jo -
1 Now who will mar - ry me? (Hey ding - a -

li jar - din da - mou - rets? La - quell' ma - rie - rons - nous Dans ce jo -
- ding! young Love's a - - rov - er!) Who will mar - ry me? (Hands in a

li jar - din d'a - mour Dans ce jo - li jar - din d'a - mou -
ring as round we go! Hey ding - a - ding! young Love's a

1-5

-ret - tes Dans se jo - li jar - din d'a - mour? 2. Ma -
ro - ver! Hands in a ring as round we go!) 2. Fair

colla voce. *a tempo*

(*Opp.*) 6

de - moi - sell', ça se - ra - li jar - din d'a - mour.
maid - en, I will mar - ry - ring as round we go!)

f *poco rit.*

2. Mademoisell', ça sera vous,
Dans ce joli jardin d'amouret's,
Mademoisell', ça sera vous,
Dans ce joli jardin d'amour,
Dans ce joli jardin d'amourettes,
Dans ce joli jardin d'amour.

3. Lequel lui donn'rez-vous,
Dans ce joli jardin etc.

4. Monsieur; ça sera-vous,
Dans ce joli jardin etc.

5. Amour, {saluez - vous,
embrassez - vous,
Dans ce joli jardin etc.

6. Amour, retirez-vous,
Dans ce joli jardin etc.

2. Fair maiden, I will marry you
(Hey ding-a-ding! young Love's a rover!)
I will marry you.
(Hands in a ring as round we go!
Hey ding-a-ding! young Love's a rover!
Hands in a ring as round we go!)

3. "And will you swear to love me true?"
(Hey ding-a-ding! young Love's a rover!)
Swear to love me true! etc.

4. So now's the time to kiss and coo!
(Hey ding-a-ding! young Love's a rover!)
Time to kiss and coo! etc.

5. A fair good-night to you and you!
(Hey ding-a-ding! young Love's a rover!)
Yes! to you and you! etc.

ROSSIGNOL DU VERT BOCAGE.

Bird of Love.

(CHANSON CANADIENNE)

Recueillie et transcrite par Marius Barbeau, 1928
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND.Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN.

Lento e teneramente

Ros - si-gnol du vert bo - ca - ge,
Bird of love, whose melt - - ing num - bers

toi qui vit d'un lieu d'a - mour Ros - si-gnol du
Flood with song the leaf - y bow-er, Bird of love, whose

vert bo - ca - ge, toi qui vit d'un lieu d'a - mour
melt - - ing num - bers Flood with song the leaf - y

bow-er, Veux - tu por - ter cet - te let - tre
Bear for me this ten - - der greet - ing

espress.

A - ma char - mante maî - tres - se Sur son lit cou - vert de
To her that is my on - ly sweet - ing, Where she sleeps at mid night

fleurs.
hour?

colla voce *mf a tempo* *p* *mf* *p*

6

mf *p* *mf rall.* *a tempo* *pp* *rall.* - e - *dim.* *ppp*

2
Rossignol prend sa volée, au château d'amour s'en va, *bis*
Se pose sur la fenêtre
Compose un chanson nouvelle.
La belle s'y réveilla.

3
-Quell's sont ces méchantes langues qui font sur moïdes chansons? *bis*
-Ce sont vos amants, la belle,
Que vous croyez si fidèles,
Sur vous composent des (*hm.....*)

4
-Laisse parler, laisse dire, laisse chanter qui voudra *bis*
En dépit de jalousie,
J'aimerai, toute ma vie,
J'aimerai qui m'aimera.

5
Je m'en vas partir dimanche; je n'apporte rien de toi. *bis*
Donne-moi donc pour assurance
Un souvenir de partance.
Je me souviendrai de toi.

6
-Que veux-tu que je te donne? Ne t'ai-j' pas assez donné? *bis*
Je t'ai donné une rose,
La plus bell' de mes roses,
Qui fleurit dans mon rosier.

2
Philomel in haste complying
Spreads her wings and speeds away *bis*
To the turret windows flying,
And there the slumbring maid espying,
Wakes her softly with her lay.

3
One thou lov'st this day must leave thee, *bis*
He may never come again -
See, with grief his heart is broken!
Wilt thou not send some loving token
That may lax him in his pain?

4
Weeping sore the maiden answered: *bis*
What is left for me to give!
He hath robbed my garden-closes
And rifled all my fairest roses -
Woe is me that still I live!

FAITES-MOI UN HOMME SANS TÊTE

(CHANSON DE DANSE)

A man like that!

CHANSON CANADIENNE

Transcrite et adaptée par Marius Barbeau, 1928
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND.

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN.

Allegro ma non troppo.

pp leggiero

1. Fai-tes-moi un hom' sans têt - e, je vous en paie-rai la fa - çon! Tous les hom's font à leur
2. Quand j'entends par-ler ces fill - es qui vou-drai-ent se ma-ri - er! Oh, grand Dieu, quelle fo -
1. Nay, I'll nev-er marry with a sol - dier, Tho' he makes my heart go pit - a - pat! - For that fas - cin - a - ting
2. Nay, I will not marry with a sai - lor! You can nev-er tell what he'll be at, With his Sal - ly and his

tête, quand ils entr' à la mai - son, Sur la ring, ring, ring, Sur la ré - ti - ve du fond, fond,
lie den-ga-ger leur li - ber - té! Sur la ring, ring, ring, Sur la ré - ti - ve du fond, fond,
man Will de-ceive you if he can, Yes! and what's far worse, He's not a pen-ny in his purse! Faith!
Polly And his Mol-ly and his Dolly. And B - li - za Lee, All a - sit-ting on his knee! Faith!

fond, du fond, du fond, dla - ta ouit, ouit, ouit.
fond, du fond, du fond, dla - ta ouit, ouit, ouit.
bet-ter far to tar-ry than to mar-ry With a man like that!
bet-ter far to tar-ry than to mar-ry With a man like that!

3. La pre-mière an - née se pas - se; la se-con - de com' ci, com'
 3. Maid-ens, nev - er mar - ry in a hur - ry! Love can make us blind as an - y

ça; La troi - sième, on se dis - pute; la qua - trième, on se bat! Sur la ring, ring,
 bat— And the man you think would suit May be noth - ing but a brute, With a whack! whack!

ring, sur la ré - ti - ve du fond, fond, fond, du fond, du fond, dla-ta ouit, ouit,
 whack! And his stick up-on your back! Faith! bet - ter die a maid-en than to mar - ry With a man like

ouit.
 that!

LE NAVIRE DE BAYONNE

Lisbon Bay

(CHANSON MARINE POPULAIRE DU CANADA)

Recueillie par Marius Barbeau. 1918
English words by PAUL ENGLAND.Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Allegro moderato

1. C'é -
1. When

-tait par un bon ven - dre - di, Nous a - vons par - ti de Lis -
we put out from Lis - bon Bay 'Twas on a love - ly sum - mer's

-bon - ne; C'est pour en Fran - ce re - ve - nir Dans
morn - ing; The sea was calm, each heart was gay, For

le na - vir - e de Ba - yon - ne. Nous
we to France were now re - turn - ing. But

n'eu - mes pas dou - blé les poin - - tes Qu'un
hard - ly had the Cape been round - - ed When

vent de nord's'est é - le - vé. A bien fal - lu car - guer les
or - ders came to reef all sail; The north wind rose in wild - er

1-4
voi - les Pour y cou - rir - - au quart nor' - ouè? V. S. for verse 2
fu - ry, And we must tack - - to meet the gale.

colla voce *a tempo*

ment.
sung.

Largo

a tempo.

fff

2
Il a venté d'un si grand vent,
Mon Dieu, quel horrible tourment!
La moitié de nos gens pleuraient;
Les autres chantaient les louanges.
Près du grand mât, à deux genoux:
"Louang's, louang's!" à haute voix;
"Que Dieu ait pitié de nos âmes,
Puisque la Mort il faut avoir!"

3
Le capitain' s'est avancé
Sur le pont de notre navire,
Dit-il: "Honneur à qui vivra!
Le mât, c'est ma compagnie.
Courage, mes enfants, courage!
Un vaillant homme nous gouverne.
Eh là! tenez-vous bien en garde
Que le navir' vienne en travers.

4
Le pilote qui nous gouverne
A fait filer la grande écoute.
Tout aussitôt notre navire
A repris sa première route.
"Courage, mes chers camarades!
Notre navire gouverne bien.
Il faut promettre une grand' messe
Tandis qu'on en a le moyen."

5
Ils se sont jetés à genoux
Priant Dieu, la Vierge Marie,
Priant le Sauveur tout puissant,
Qui nous ont préservé la vie.
Une grand' mess' nous ferons dire
A notre bon rassemblement.
Dans la chapell' de Notre-Dame,
Nous prierons Dieu dévotement.

2
In headlong course our vessel flew,
By storm and tempest overtaken,
With every hour the danger grew,
The bravest heart with fear was shaken.
Upon the deck our crew were kneeling,
From old and young went up the cry:
"O God of mercy, help Thy servants,
For now the hour of death is nigh!"

3
But when the dreadful night was o'er,
And morning broke so bright and cheering,
Our gallant ship was safe once more,
And soon her homeward course was steering.
O joy, when in the great cathedral
The lights were lit, the bells were rung,
And there before St. Mary's altar
The solemn Mass was duly sung.

AU BOIS DU ROSSIGNOLET

19

The Myrtle Bower

Ronde populaire du Canada
Recueillie par Marius Barbeau, 1918
English words by PAUL ENGLAND

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Allegretto vivace

Je
With -

me suis en - dor - mi, re - ti, à l'om - bre sous un
- in a myr - tle bower, *tu - whit! I slum - ber'd for an

thé, re - té, à l'om - bre sous un thé. Je me suis ré - veil -
hour, tu - weel! One morn - ing in the Spring; And as from sleep I

* To be varied in other verses (ad lib).

lé, re - lé, le thé é - tait, re - lé re - lé, é - tait, re -
 woke, tu - whit, The buds, tu - whit, tu - whit, tu - wee! the buds in

lé, fleu - ri Au bois ros - si - gno - let, dl - lé dl - lé dl - lé, au
 blos - som broke And night - in - gales did sing, tir - re lir - re lee! And

bois du ros - si - gno - let. 1-4 2. Je
 night - in - gales did sing. 2. The

mf

-sin. 5
 sing.

mf *p*

1

Je me suis endormi, reli, à l'ombre sous un thé, relé,
à l'ombre sous un thé.

Je me suis réveillé, relé, le thé était, relé relé,
était, relé, fleuri

Au bois du rossignolet, dl-lé-dl-lé-dl-lé,
Au bois du rossignolet.

2

Je me suis réveillé, relé, le thé était fleuri, reli,
le thé était fleuri.

J'ai pris mon p'tit couteau, relo, la branch' je l'ai, relé relé,
je l'ai, relé, coupé?

Au bois du

3

J'ai pris mon p'tit couteau, relo, la branch' je l'ai coupé, reli,
la branch' je l'ai coupé?

J'en ai fait une flût', relut, un beau sifflet, relé relé,
un beau sifflet chantant.

Au bois du

4

Je m'en vais en sifflant, relan, le long du grand chemin, relin,
le long du grand chemin.

Ah! devinez, mon gars, rela, ce que ma flû, relu relu,
ma flû, relut, a dit.

Au bois du

5

Ah! devinez, mon gars, rela, ce que ma flûte a dit, reli,
ce que ma flûte a dit:

Qu' il faisait bon d'aimer, relé, la fill' de son, relon relon,
de son, relon, voisin.

Au bois du

1

*Within a myrtle-bower
I slumbered for an hour
One morning in the Spring;
And as from sleep I woke
The buds in blossom broke
And nightingales did sing.*

2

*The buds were all in flower
Within my leafy bower
That morning in the Spring;
I cut a myrtle bough
And shaped it well, I trow,
While nightingales did sing.*

3

*And from my myrtle bough
-We shepherds all know how-
That morning in the Spring;
I carved a rustic flute
A song of Spring to suit
While nightingales did sing.*

4

*And as I went my way
And piped my simple lay
That morning in the Spring;
My flute made answer clear
Unto my list'ning ear
While nightingales did sing.*

5

*Unto my list'ning ear
My flute made music clear
That morning in the Spring;
"Tis meet for man and maid
To court within the shade
While nightingales do sing!"*

SI J'ÉTAIS PETITE MÈRE

Little Mother

(BERCEUSE)

Transcrite du phonographe par Marius Barbeau.
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Lento e molto teneramente.

pp sempre e molto sostenuto

Ah! si j'é - tais pe - ti - te mèr', Je sau - rais t'en - dor -
When dol - ly is a naugh - ty girl I take her on my

- mir. Car si tu te mets en co - lèr', Je
lap, I give her just a gen - tle shake And

sau - rai te pu - nir. Dâ - dich', do - do! Fer - me,
 p'rops a ti - ny tap! There, there! Now go to sleep, And

fer - me tes beaux yeux! Dâ - - dich', do - - do, dâ -
 let me get my nap! Bye - bye! Bye - bye! Now

- dich', do - do! Chut! Dor-mons tous les deux.
 go to sleep, Sh! Let me get my nap!

pp ppp estinto

C'EST LÀ MON DOUX PLAISIR

The Wedding Day

(CHANSON DE MARIAGE)

Chanson populaire du Canada
Recueillie par Marius Barbeau 1916
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Allegretto

Ils m'en - voient à l'é - co - le où je
The stu - pid school they sent me to Dis -

p delicato

n'ai rien com - pris Qu'un' pe - tit' chan - son - net - te que
- missed me for a dunce, One sim - ple song was all I knew, And

REFRAIN

le maîtr' m'a ap - pris. Je l'ai - me tant mon a - mi, C'est là mon
that I learnt at once: I love my love so ten - der - ly Be-cause I

doux plai - - sir.
know my love loves me!

colla voce. *mf a tempo*

1-4

- sir.
me!

dim. *f a tempo*

5

poco rit. *ff a tempo*

2
Un soir que je la chante, mon papa m'entendit;
"Que dites-vous, ma fille,— Il vous faut un mari?"
Je l'aime tant *etc.*

3
Quand on les marie jeune il faut bien les vêtir,
Il faut qu'on leur achète robe de satin gris.
Je l'aime tant *etc.*

4
"Adieu, père, adieu, mère, adieu, tous mes amis!
Je m'en vais en ménage avec mon cher mari.
Je l'aime tant *etc.*

5
Je bouillera la soupe, mettrai la poule au gril,
Je balaierai la place et je ferai mon lit"
Je l'aime tant *etc.*

Ed. 2 *

My father heard me sing my song
And to mama he said;
"My faith! The child has not been long!
'Tis time that she was wed!"
(I love my love etc.)

3
So I have trimmed my gown to-day
With ribbons of the best,
For when the bride is young and gay
She must go gaily drest!
(I love my love etc.)

4
Adieu, papa! Adieu, mama!
Adieu, my playmates all!
For now I am a wedded wife
My home and husband call!
(I love my love etc.)

5
'Tis I shall set the soup to boil,
And I shall bake the bread;
Then take my broom and sweep the room,
And make my husband's bed!
(I love my love etc.)

D'OÙ VIENS-TU, BERGÈRE?

Whence come you, good shepherd?

(CHANSON CANADIENNE)

English Words by PAUL ENGLAND.

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Allegretto e semplice.

p

D'ou viens - tu, ber - gè - re, D'ou viens - tu?
 Whence come you, good shep - herd, whence come you?

D'ou viens - tu, ber - gè - re, D'ou viens - tu?
 Whence come you, good shep - herd, whence come you?

Je viens de l'é - ta - ble, De m'y pro - me - ner;
 "Run to yon - der sta - ble quick - ly as you can!

J'ai vu un mi - ra - cle Ce soir ar - ri - vé.
Nèer was such a won - der Since the world be - gan!

Qu'as - tu vu, ber - gè - re, Qu'as - tu vu? Qu'as - tu
What saw you, good shep-herd, what saw you? What saw

vu, ber - gè - re, Qu'as - tu vu? J'ai vu dans la crê - che
you, good shep-herd, what saw you? "In a low - ly man - ger

Un pe - tit en - fant, Sur la pail - le fraî - che Mis bien ten - dre -
where the straw was piled, Wrapt in li - nen rai - ment lay a lit - tle

ment.
child!"

Rien de plus, ber - gè - re,
Tell me more, good shep - herd,

pp
delicato

mp

Rien de plus?
tell me more!

Rien de plus, ber - gè - re,
Tell me more, good shep - herd,

Rien de plus?
tell me more!

Saint' Ma - rie, sa mè - re, Qui
"Ma - ry in her man - tle

lui fait boir' du lait,
did her babe en - fold,

Saint Jo - seph, son pè - re,
Jo - seph stood be - side her

Qui trem-ble de froid. Rien de
 shiv-'ring with the cold." still say

plus, ber-gè-re, Rien de plus? Rien de plus, ber-gè-re,
 on, good shep-herd, still say on! Still say on, good shep-herd,

pp

Rien de plus? Y a le boeuf et l'à-ne Qui sont par de-
 still say on! "Ox and ass a-kneel-ing where the In-fant

vant, A-vec leur ha-lei-ne Re-chauf-fent l'en-fant.
 lay, With their gen-tle breath-ing kept the cold a-way?"

Rien de plus, ber-gè-re, Rien de
Is that all, good shep-herd, is that

mf - - cresc. *f molto legato.*

sonore f

plus? Rien de plus, ber-gè-re, Rien de plus? Ya trois pe-tits
all? Is that all, good shep-herd is that all? "An-gels three de -

an-ges Des-cen-dus du ciel Chan-tant les lou-an-ges
scend-ing from the star-ry sky Sang the praise un-end-ing

Du Père é-ter-nel.
of the Lord on high?

colla voce ff a tempo rall ff ff

LA FONTAINE EST PROFONDE

Phyllida at the well

(CHANSON POPULAIRE DU CANADA)

Recueillie et transcrite par Marius Barbeau.
English words by PAUL ENGLAND.

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Lento.

Introduction for piano in 2/4 time, marked *mp*. The music features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

1. 2. 10.

First line of the song, marked *mp*. The vocal line is in 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

1. M'en vas à la fon - tai - ne, m'en vas à la fon -
1. Phyl - li - da took her pit - cher, Phyl - li - da took her

Second line of the song, marked *mp*. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first line.

- tai - ne, Pour rem - plir mon cru - chon,
pit - cher, Phil - li - da went to the well,

Don - - - don - dai - ne don, Pour rem - plir mon cru -
 (Ho! ran - der - ry - dan!) Phyl - li - da sat by the

chon, Don - dai - ne, don - dai -
 well. (Ho! ran - - di - dan! Ho! ran - der - ry -

colla voce

- ne. _____ V. S. (verse 3)
 dan.) _____

a tempo *poco rit.*

3. 4. 8. 9.
Poco marcato

3. Un ca - va - lier s'ar - rê - - te, un ca - va - lier s'ar - rê - te,
 3. Up rode a no - ble horse - man, Up rode a no - ble horse - man,

un ca - va - lier ba - ron, Don - don - dai - ne don,
 Gal - lant and gay was he; (Ho! ran - der - ry - dan!)

un ca - va - lier ba - ron, Don - dai - - ne, don - dai -
 Gal - lant and gay was he; (Ho! ran - di - dan! Ho! ran - der - ry

colla voce

-ne.
dan!)

f a tempo *dim.*

5. *5. "Ti - rez, ti-rez" dit el - le, "ti - rez, ti-rez" dit*
5. "Save me at once beau si - re, Save me at once beau

- el - le, "A - près ça, nous ver - rons," Don - don - daine
si - re, Then you may name your fee! (Ho! ran - derry-

don, "A - près ça, nous ver - rons," Don - dai - ne, don -
- dan,) Then you may name your fee! (Ho! ran - di - dan! Ho!

dai - ne.
ran - der - ry - dan!)

colla voce *a tempo* *poco rit.*

6.7.

Quand la bell' fut à ter - re,
Phyl - *li* - *da, safe* - *ly* *land* - *ed*,

quand la bell' fut à ter - re,
Phyl - *li* - *da, safe* - *ly* *land* - *ed*

s'en fuit à la mai - son,
Fled *like* *the wind* *a* *way;*

Don - don dai - ne don,
(Ho! *ran* - *der* - *ry* - *dan!)*

s'en fuit à la mai son, Don -
Fled like the wind a way. (Ho!

dai ran - di - ne, don dai ran - der - ry -
dan!). (Ho!

ne. - dan!)

11
 C'est pour un homm' de guer - re, c'est pour un homm' de
I'm for a gal - lant sol - dier, I'm for a gal - lant

guer - re. por - tant la barb' au men - ton. Don - don - dai - ne
sol - dier - One with a beard on his chin. (Ho! ran - der - ry -

don, por - tant la barb' au men - ton. Don - dai - ne, don -
- dan!) One with a beard on his chin. (Ho! ran - di - dan! Ho!

dai - ran - der - ry - ne. dan!)
colla voce *f a tempo* *rall.* *ff*

2. La fontaine est profonde, la fontaine est profonde,
Me suis coulée à fond,
Dondondaine don
Me suis coulée à fond,
Dondaine, dondaine.

3. Un cavalier s'arrête, (bis) un cavalier baron. etc.
4. "Que donneriez-vous, belle, (bis) si j'vous tirais du fond?" etc.
5. "Tirez, tirez," dit-elle, (bis) "après ça, nous verrons." etc.
6. Quand la belle fut à terre, (bis) s'enfuit à la maison, etc.
7. S'assit sur la fenêtre, (bis) compose une chanson. etc.
8. "Ce n'est pas ça, la belle, (bis) que nous vous demandons: etc.
9. Votr' petit coeur en gage, (bis) savoir si nous l'aurons." etc.
10. "Mon petit coeur en gage (bis) n'est pas pour un baron. etc.
11. C'est pour un homm' de guerre (bis) portant la barbe au menton. etc.

2. Into the bubbling water, Into the bubbling water
Phyllida slipt and fell:
(Ho! ran-derry-dan!)
Phyllida slipt and fell.
(Ho! ran-di-dan, Ho! ran-derry-dan!)

3. Up rode a noble horseman, (bis) Gallant and gay was he; etc.
4. "Now if I save you, lady, (bis) What shall the guendon be?" etc.
5. "Save me at once, beau sire, (bis) Then you may name your fell" etc.
6. Phyllida, safely landed, (bis) Fled like the wind away. etc.
7. Seated at home he found her, (bis) Chanting a roundelay. etc.
8. "See, I am here, fair lady, (bis) What is the pledge you givest" etc.
9. "Not for a song I saved you, (bis) 'Tis for your love I crave!" etc.
10. "Nay, if 'tis love you crave for, (bis) Mine you shall never win!" etc.
11. I'm for a gallant soldier, (bis) One with a beard on his chin!" etc.

Albert Mallinson's Songs.

Sung by M^{me} Melba, M^{me} Blanche Marchesi, M^{me} Sobrino, Miss Ada Crossley, Miss Muriel Foster, Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Elizabeth Parkina, Miss Edith Kirkwood. Etc.

Dr Theo Lierhammer, M^r Denis O'Sullivan, M^r Charles Tree, M^r Whitney Tew, M^r Herbert Grover. Etc.

Sung before Her Majesty The Queen at Buckingham Palace by M^{me} ANNA STEINHAEUER and accompanied by the Composer.

The Poem
by
ERIK MACKAY.

ELEANORE.

The German translation
by
EUGEN VON ENZBERG.

Adagio.

The for - est flow'rs are fa - ded all, the winds complain, the snow-flakes fall,
Die Wal - des - blu - men welk - ten all rings Sturm-wind nur und Flo - cken - fall

poco cresc.

El - e - a - no - re!
El - e - a - no - re!

The forest flow'rs are faded all,
The winds complain, the snowflakes fall,
Eleanore!
I turn to thee as to a bower:
Thou breathest beauty like a flower,
Thou smilest like a happy hour
Eleanore!

Oh, take me to thy bosom fair,
Oh, cover me with thy golden hair,
Eleanore!
There let me lie when I am dead,
Those morning beams about me spread,
The glory of thy face o'erhead,
Eleanore!

The Poem
by
HEINE.

O, DANKE NICHT.

The English translation
by
EDWARD HARPER.

Andante con moto.

O dan - ke nicht für die - se Lie - der; mir ziemt es dank - bar Dir zu sein: du gabst sie mir,
O thank me not for all my sing - ing; I should be grate - ful, dear, to thee; thou gavest the songs

SLOW, HORSES, SLOW.

The German translation
by
EUGEN VON ENZBERG.

The Poem
by
THOMAS WESTWOOD.

Allegretto.

Slow, hor - ses slow, as through the wood we go we would count the stars in heav'n,
Sacht, Ros - se sacht! wenn durch den Wald wir ziehn hä - ren flü - stern wir das Gras

Slow, horses, slow, as through the wood we go
We would count the stars in heav'n, hear the grasses grow.
Watch the cloudlets few dapping the deep blue,
In our open palms outspread catch the blessed dew.

Slow, horses, slow, as through the wood we go
We would see fair Dian rise, with her huntress bow.
We would hear the breeze ruffling the dimtrees
Hear its sweet love ditty set to endless harmonies.

Slow, horses, slow, as through the wood we go
All the beauty of the night, we would learn and know.

The Poem from the Danish
of
LUDV. HOLSTEN.

VIOLET

The English translation
by
HERBERT HARPER.

Allegretto.

My lit - tle flower! My lit - tle bird! Un - seen I watch thee and unheard. No thought of harm could come from me; it
Du Blümlein fein! du Vöglein klein! Ich seh dich vom Ver - ste - cke mein. Dir nichts zu Lei - de thun ich kann, ach

poco rit. *a tempo*

My little flower! My little bird!
Unseen I watch thee and unheard.
No thought of harm could come from me;
It were a sin to gather thee.
I need but stoop thy head to raise,
It shall content me that I gaze
On thy young life in sunlight set
My violet.

My little flower! My little bird!
Unseen I watch thee and unheard.
If I may only gaze on thee,
Despised I am content to be.
Thy beauty I should only mar,
It shall content me that we are
In God's own sunlight safely set
My violet!

My little flower! My little bird!
Unseen I watch thee and unheard.
One who shall gather thee draws sigh,
And for thy sake I grieve and sigh,
Thee can I never reach, but he
One day will come and waken thee
From dreams of flowers in sunlight set
My violet.

A few Excerpts from the Press Criticisms.

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The Globe "Mr Mallinson shows a remarkable gift."

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(FRENCH-CANADIAN FOLK SONGS)

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MARIUS BARBEAU

ENGLISH WORDS BY

PAUL ENGLAND

ARRANGED BY

HEALEY WILLAN

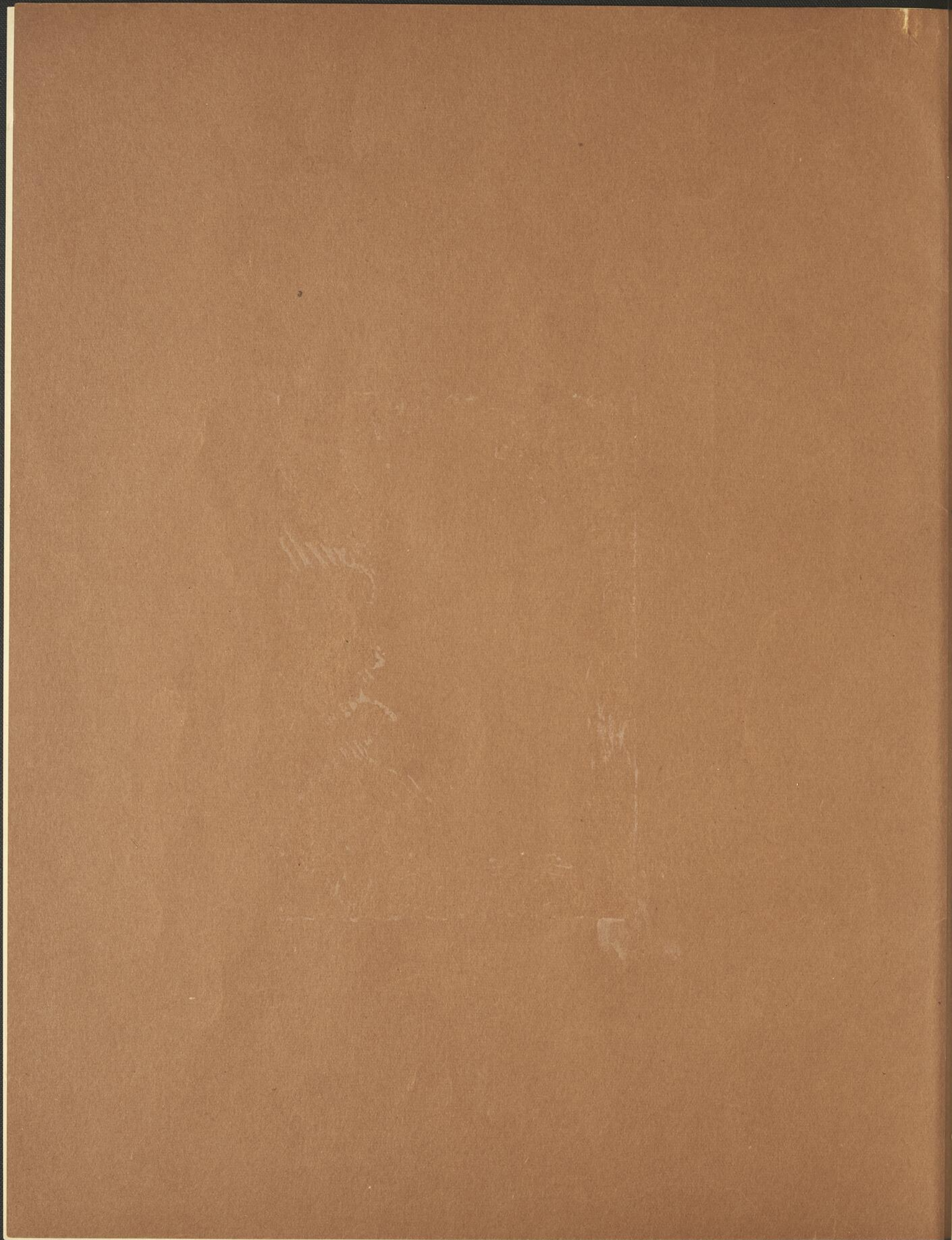
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CHANSONS CANADIENNES

Volume II

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ROSSIGNOLET SAUVAGE

Colin and Isabel

Ronde populaire du Canada
Recueillie par Marius Barbeau, 1918.
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND.

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Moderato

Ros - si - gno - let — sau - va - ge,
Night - in - gale warb - ling so wild - ly

le roi des a - mou - reux, — Vou - drais - tu bien —
Deep in the leaf - y dell, Now stay your sing - ing!

me por - tez u - ne let - tre A Is - a - beau, —
Fly with a ten - der mes - sage To dar - ling Is - a - bel,

cel - le que mon coeur ai - me?
She is the maid I love so well.

2. Cel - le que ton coeur ai - me, je ne la con - nais
2. How shall I know your dar - ling? Where does the maid - en

pas. Tu vo - le - ras de bo - ca - ge en bo - ca - ge, Tu trou - ve -
dwell, that I may find her? Un - der a flow'r - ing haw - thorn, the sheep be -

ras ma ber - gère à l'om - bra - ge.
- side her - There shall you see my Is - a - bel.

*In the French version, verse 7 begins here, and in the English version, verse 5.

3

Bonjour, bonjour, la belle, le bonjour est pour toi!
 Chère Isabeau, votre amant est en peine.
 Aimez-le donc tout autant qu'il vous aime?

4

L'aimer autant qu'il m'aime, non non, je ne veux pas!
 De trop aimer, ce n'est point là l'usage;
 De l'épouser je n'ai pas l'avantage.

5

Les garçons sont fidèles, les fill's ne le sont pas:
 Ell's viv'nt toujours dans la même espérance
 De s'en aller dans la ville de France.

6

Dans la ville de France, non non, je n'irai pas!
 Je n'y ai pas de parrain ni marraine
 Pour y conter mes chagrins et mes peines.

7

Du chagrin, de la peine, non, tu n'en auras pas;
 Mais promets-moi la foi du mariage.
 Ça ira bien dans ton petit ménage.

3

*"Greetings I bring, fair maiden,
 Greetings to Isabel;
 From one who loves her
 And for her sake is dying!
 'Til you must heal him
 With his desire complying!"*

4

*"With his desire complying!
 Nay, that will never be
 For all his sighing!
 Lonely and sad the man
 May pine for ever
 Unless he swear to marry me!"*

5

*Colin came softly behind her
 (Swifter than any bird
 To lover flies!)*
*"Look in mine eyes, my darling,
 For all is well
 Colin shall wed with Isabel!"*

LE TAMBOUR

Plan-ra-ta-plan!

CHANSON CANADIENNE

Recueillie par Marius Barbeau.
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Allegro marziale.

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass line and chords in the right hand. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo is marked 'Allegro marziale'. The lyrics are in French and English, with some parts in parentheses indicating a specific performance style.

“Si - re mon roi, don - nez - moi vo - tre fil - le,
“So please you, Sire, I've come to wed your daugh - ter!

Si - re mon roi, don - nez - moi vo - tre fil - le.
(Plan - ra - ta - plan!) O'er land and sea I've sought her!
(v. 5. Heaped moun - tains high)

Ra - ra - dri - da, don - nez - moi vo - tre fil - le.
 (Ba - ta - ta - ta - ta - ta!) So let me have your daugh - ter!
 (v. 7. Loves me bet ter than gold!)

Last verse

ff *f* *sff*

2.
 "Dis-moi, tambour, où sont donc tes richesses? (*bis*)
 Ra-ra-dri-da, où sont donc tes richesses?"

3.
 "Mais ma richesse c'est mon tambour, mes baguettes (*bis*)
 Ra-ra-dri-da, c'est mon tambour, mes baguettes."

4.
 "Va-t'en, tambour, tu n'auras pas ma fille (*bis*)
 Ra-ra-dri-da, tu n'auras pas ma fille."

5.
 "J'ai trois navir's chargés, dessus la mer (*bis*)
 Ra-ra-dri-da, chargés, dessus la mer."

6.
 "L'un est tout chargé d'or, les autr's, de marchandises (*bis*)
 Ra-ra-dri-da, les autr's, de marchandises."

7.
 "Le plus joli, c'est pour porter m'amie (*bis*)
 Ra-ra-dri-da, c'est pour porter m'amie."

8.
 "Reviens, tambour, tu peux avoir ma fille (*bis*)
 Ra-ra-dri-da, tu peux avoir ma fille."

9.
 "Je m'ris de vous, de vous, de votre fille (*bis*)
 Ra-ra-dri-da, de vous, de votre fille."

10.
 "Dans mon pays, y en a de plus jolies (*bis*)
 Ra-ra-dri-da, y en a de plus jolies."

11.
 "Dis-moi, tambour, dis-moi qui est ton père? (*bis*)
 Ra-ra-dri-da, dis-moi qui est ton père?"

12.
 "Mon père est roi, il est roi d'Angleterre (*bis*)
 Ra-ra-dri-da, il est roi d'Angleterre."

2
 "Say, drummer, say, On what could you support her?
 (Plan-ra-ta-plan!) A mighty monarch's daughter?
 (Ba-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!) On what could you support her?"

3
 "Drum-sticks and drum Are all that I have brought her
 (Plan-ra-ta-plan!) From far across the water.
 (Ba-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!) So let me have your daughter!"

4
 "Nay, drummer, nay! If those are all you've brought her,
 (Plan-ra-ta-plan!) Go back across the water!
 (Ba-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!) You shall not have my daughter!"

5
 "Three ships have I—Afloat upon the water,
 Heaped mountains high With gems from ev'ry quarter:
 (Ba-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!) And all to please your daughter!"

6
 "Stay drummer stay! If that's what you have brought her,
 She'll not say nay! She'll heed what I have taught her!
 (Ba-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!) You're welcome to my daughter!"

7
 "Ho, then I see, If that's what you have taught her!
 She's not for me! There's one across the water
 Loves me better than gold!— So you may keep your daughter!"

J'AI ENTENDU LE ROSSIGNOL CHANTER

Nina

Chanson populaire du Canada
Recueillie par Marius Barbeau
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Lento

1-3

1. J'ai du cha - grin, j'ai per - du ma maî - tresse; J'ai du cha -
1. A - las the day, for love I'm dy - ing! My mis - tress

- grin, j'ai per - du mes a - mours. Jo - lie Na - non, pour toi mon cœur sou -
frowns with sour dis - dain! Then ah, fair Ni - na, who hear - est my

- pi - re, Viens donc à moi, me don - ner du se - cours."
sighing, Do thou have pi - ty and heal my pain!"

4. J'ai tra - ver - sé les val - lons — et les plaines; J'ai en - ten - du le ros - sig - nol chan -
 4. Now hark! The night - in - gale — is sing - ing Her song so meet for — lo - ver's

pp molto legato e delicato

- ter. Il me di - sait, — dans son jo - li lan - ga - ge: "Deux a — mou - reux sont toujours mal - heu -
 ear: "To ev' - ry rose — some thorn is cling - ing: In ev' - ry smile there lurks a

colla voce

- reux?"
 tear?"

pp a tempo *pp* *pp*

2
 Mais quel secours veux-tu que je t'y donne?
 Je ne suis pas la fill' d'un médecin.
 Ce n'est pas moi celle que ton cœur aime;
 On m'a appris que tu es un badin.

3
 Ah! dis-le-moi, qui en a fait la nouvelle?
 N'en faut rien croire; je puis te le prouver.
 Je prouverais que mon cœur t'est fidèle,
 Qu'il est à toi, qu'il ne saurait changer.

4
 J'ai traversé les vallons et les plaines;
 J'ai entendu le rossignol chanter.
 Il me disait, dans son joli langage:
 "Deux amoureux sont toujours malheureux!"

2
 "Nay, nay, what help should Nina proffer!
 In healing art she has no skill!
 The fickle swain deserves to suffer—
 They say you used the maiden ill!"

3
 "Ah, never heed that cruel slander!
 My life shall prove my love for you!
 From one less fair my heart might wander—
 My Nina's charms must keep me true!"

4
 Now hark! the nightingale is singing
 Her song so meet for lover's ear:
 "To ev'ry rose some thorn is clinging,
 In ev'ry smile there lurks a tear!"

LES ENFANTS AU SALOIR.

(UN MIRACLE de SAINT NICOLAS)

The Three Children.

(A LEGEND of St NICHOLAS)

CHANSON CANADIENNE

Rédigée par Marius Barbeau.
English words by PAUL ENGLAND.

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Andante e mistico.

REFRAIN

mp. Il é - tait trois pe - tits en - fants Qui s'en al - laient gla - ner aux champs.
Three lit - tle child - ren went a - stray Up - on a glean - ers' ho - li - day.

1. 3. 5.

S'en vont, un soir, chez un bou - cher. "Bou - cher, vou - drais - tu nous lo - ger?" "En - trez, en -
They came at eve - ning to a wood Where - in a butch - er's dwell - ing stood. "Kind sir, and

trez, pe - tits en - fants! Y a d'la place as - su - ré - ment." Il é - tait trois pe - tits en -
may we rest us here "Come in, come in, my child - ren dear!" Three lit - tle child - ren went a -

2.4.6.7.

fants Qui s'en al - laient gla-ner aux champs. Ils n'é-taient pas si - tôt en - très Que le bou -
-stray Up - on a glean-ers' ho - li - day. Now hear a - las! what did be - fall - That wick-ed

cher a les tu - és, Les a cou - pés en p'tits mor - ceaux. Mis au sa - loir com - me por -
butch-er slew them all; He carved their flesh in pie - ces fine And threw them in a tub of

ceaux. Il é - tait trois pe-tits en - fants Qui s'en al - laient gla-ner aux champs.
brine. Three lit - tle child-ren went a - stray Up - on a glean-ers' ho - li - day.

3. Saint Nicolas, après sept ans
Vint a passer devant ces champs.
Il s'en alla chez le boucher
"Boucher, voudrais-tu me loger? Refrain

4. "Entrez, entrez, saint Nicolas!
Pour de la place, n'en manque pas."
Il n'était pas sitôt entré
Qu'il a demandé à souper. "

5. "Voulez-vous un morceau de veau?
-Je n'en veux pas, il n'est pas beau.
-Voulez-vous un morceau d jambon?
-Je n'en veux pas, il n'est pas bon. "

6. Du p'tit salé je veux avoir,
Y a sept ans qu'est au saloir."
Quand le boucher entendit ça
Hors de chez lui il s'enfuya. "

7. "Boucher, boucher, ne t'enfuis pas!
Repens-toi, Dieu te pardon'ra."
Saint Nicolas alla s'asseoir
Sur les bords du petit saloir. "

3. When seven years had passed away,
The good St Nicholas, they say,
Came to the door by candle-light
And begged a lodging for the night. Refrain.

4. "Come in, come in, thou holy man!
I'll make thee welcome as I can!
I'll give thee bed, I'll give thee board,
The best a butcher can afford. "

5. "This ham is good, as you may see -
"It may be good - 'tis not for me."
"Here's beef that's fresh and tender, too!"
"Nay, nay for me that will not do. "

6. On salted meat I love to dine
That seven years has lain in brine -"
But ere the saint had said his say
The wicked butcher fled away. "

7. "Come back, come back, thou man of sin!
Repentance yet may pardon win!"
The saint arose, and softly stept
To where the murdered children slept. "

8

"Pe - tits en - fants qui dor - mez là, Je suis le grand saint Ni - co -
 "A - wake, a - wake, my child - ren dear! Your friend St Nich - o - las is

las." Et le saint é - ten - dit trois doigts. Les pe - tits s'é - veill'nt tous les
 here!" These gen - tle words their slum - ber broke, The lit - tle child - ren all a -

REFRAIN

trois. *mp* Il é - tait trois pe - tits en - fants, Ils é - taient mort, ils sont vi -
 woke! Now praise to God, ye child - ren give! For ye were dead and now ye

9

vants. Le pre - mier dit: "J'ai bien dor - mi?" Le se - cond dit: "Et moi aus -
 live. "What sweet re - pose," the el - der cried, "What love - ly dreams," the next re -

-si? Et le troi - sièm - e ré - pon - dit: "Je croy - ais
 plied; Then spake the third in wist - ful wise; "My dreams were

poco rit. e p être en pa - ra - dis? Il é - tait
 all of Par - a - dise! Now praise to

colla voce *a tempo*

trois pe - tijs en - fants, Ils é - taient mort, ils sont vi - vants.
 God ye child - ren, give! For ye were dead and now ye live!

p *poco rall.* *pp*

LE MIROIR.

The Mirror.

Chanson populaire du Canada
Recueillie par Marius Barbeau 1916
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND.

(CHANSON DE MÉTIER)

Harmonisee par
HEALEY WILLAN.

Allegro

Leggiero quasi staccato

mp

La belle a pris son mi -
In her glass a maid did

roir, spy -
Tout le vi - o - lon,
(Twee-dle-dee-dle - dee!)

Son p'tit frè - re qui la voit fai - re,
Lit - tle broth - er was pass - ing by.

Tout le vi - o - lon, tam - bour, mu - sette, o - gai!
(Zig - a - zig - a - zig!) Dub - dub! Toot - le - oo - loo - lay!

Gai sur la ri - don - dai - ne, Bon, bon, sur le vi - o - lon!
Hark to the mer - ry haut - boys! Bim, bim, go the cym - bals gay!

1-6

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system features a vocal line and piano accompaniment, with a *cresc.* marking. The second system includes a vocal line with the lyric "- lon" and piano accompaniment, with *mp* and *cresc.* markings. The third system continues the piano accompaniment with a *p* marking.

2. Son p'tit frèr' qui la voit faire
 Tout le violon
 "Ah! ma soeur, que vous êt's belle,
 Tout le violon, etc.

3. A quoi sert d'être si belle...
 Dans un an vous serez en terre...

4. "Si dans un an je suis morte ...
 J'y ferai graver sur ma porte...

5. J'y ferai graver sur ma porte...
 Ah! que ces filles sont folles....

6. Ell's n'ont pas quinze ans passés...
 Qu'un p'tit homme il leur faut donner....

7. Pour moi, je m'en soucie guères...
 D'un amant je n'ai que faire!....

2. Little brother laughed and said:
 (Tweedle-deedle-dee!)
 Little brother was passing by.
 (Zig-a-zig! Dub-dub! etc.)

3. Yet, for all your white and red,...
 Come next Christmas, you may be dead!...

4. "If I die within the year ...
 Write my name on the mirror here;...

5. And beneath it, plain too see, ...
 Maidens all, be warned by me!...

6. Seek not beauty, seek not love!...
 Turn your thoughts to the joys above!...

7. Yet for me may the new year bring,...
 Nothing worse than a wedding-ring

LA PLAINTÉ DU COUREUR-DES-BOIS

Home once more!

(CHANSON CANADIENNE)

Recueillie par Marius Barbeau.
English words by PAUL ENGLAND.

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Poco lento

mf

1. Le six de
1. It seems an

pp

p

mai l'an - née der - nièr', Là - haut je me
age since last we part - ed - And yet 'twas on - ly

mp

suis en - ga - gé; Là -
May of yes - ter - year When

haut je me suis en - ga - gé Pour y faire un long voy -
 I set out to seek my for - - tune And left my home and

mf

a - ge, Al - ler aux pa - ys
 all my friends so dear, With sa - vage men to

hauts, Par - mi tous les sau - va -
 dwell In fro - zen de - serts dark and

Poco piu mosso
 ges. Ah! que l'hi - ver est
 drear. How end - less were the nights in

long, — que ce temps est en - nuy - ant! Nuit et
 win - ter! How dull was ev - 'ry day so far from home! My

jour - - mon coeur sou - pi - - re De voir ve - nir le doux prin -
 wear - y heart was sick with long - ing, It seemed as if the spring would nev - er

poco rit

sf *mp* *colla voce*

a tempo primo.

temps, Le beau et doux prin - temps, Car
 come, But now the spring is here, With

pp *mp* *a tempo*

c'est lui qui con - so birds - on ev - 'ry le, — Les
 sun and shower and on ev - 'ry tree, And

mal - heu - reux a - mants A - vec leurs a - mours
soon I'll see my dear Who sits at home and

fol - les. A - vec leurs a - mours
waits for me. Who sits at home and

colla voce *a tempo*

Ped. * Ped. *

pp *p* *pp* *perdendosi* *ppp*

Ped. * Ped. *

Quand le printemps² est arrivé
Les vents d'avril soufflent dans nos voiles,
Pour revenir dans mon pays.
Au coin de Saint-Sulpice,
J'irai saluer m'amie,
Qui est la plus jolie.
Qui en a fait la chanson?
C'est un jeune garçon,
S'en allant à la voile,
La chantant tout au long.
Elle est bien véritable.
Adieu, tous les sauvages,
Adieu, les pays hauts,
Adieu, les grands misères!

The wintry storms² are past and over
And once again the April breezes blow;
I'll hoist the sails upon my vessel
At anchor in the sunlit bay below,
And speed across the sea
To that fair land where fain I'd be!
Farewell, farewell, you foreign faces,
A long farewell, you lands of ice and snow!
The gloomy night is gone for ever!
With hope and joy my heart is all aglow!
For now the spring is here,
With sun and shower, and birds on ev'ry tree,
And soon I'll see my dear
Who sits at home and waits for me.

LES ROSES BLANCHES

Roses and Thorns

Ronde populaire du Canada
 Recueillie par Marius Barbeau, 1918
 English words by PAUL ENGLAND

Harmonisée par
 HEALEY WILLAN

Allegretto 1-9

p *mp*

Par un ma - tin je me
 One sum - mer morn at

suis le - vé, Par un ma -
 break of day I rose be -

tin times je and me suis le - vé, plus
 times and — stole a - way Be -

mf

ma fore - tin the que world ma was tan - te, plus
 fore the world was wa - king, Be -

ma fore - tin the que world ma was tan -

mp colla voce. p a tempo

- te. - king.

10
rit. pp

1
Pas un matin je me suis levé, (bis)
plus matin que ma tante. (bis)

2
Dans le jardin je me suis allé, (bis)
cueillir des roses blanches. „

3
Je n'avais pas cueilli trois fleurs, (bis)
v'là mon amant qui rentre. „

4
"M'amie faites-moi un bouquet, (bis)
qu'il soit de roses blanches." „

5
En lui présentant ce bouquet, (bis)
y'en tombe une sur la jambe. „

6
Dessus la jambe, dessus le pied, (bis)
lui a cassé la jambe. „

7
Faut aller q'rir le médecin, (bis)
le médecin de Nantes. „

8
"Beau médecin, beau médecin, (bis)
qu'en dis-tu, de ma jambe?" „

9
"Ta jambe ne guérira pas, (bis)
qu'ell' ne soit dans l'eau baignante; „

10
Dedans un plat d'or et d'argent, (bis)
couvert de roses blanches." „

1
*One summer morn at break of day,
I rose betimes and stole away
Before the world was waking. (bis)*

2
*Into a garden I did go
To pluck the roses as they grow,
My steps with pleasure taking. (bis)*

3
*I had not plucked but only three
When my true love came after me
And begged me for a posy. (bis)*

4
*"God save you, sweet!" my love did say,
"Now make for me a fair nosegay,
And see 'tis all of roses!" (bis)*

5
*I wandered here, I wandered there,
I made a posy rich and rare,
In answer to his pleading. (bis)*

6
*These roses then my love did take
And kissed them for the giver's sake,
The danger all unheeding. (bis)*

7
*But ere my warning voice could speak
The envious thorns had pierced his cheek —
I wept to see it bleeding! (bis)*

8
*With tender care I stanch'd the flow
Yet still one crimson spot did show,
The cruel wound revealing. (bis)*

9
*And so at last — the truth to tell —
I kissed the place and made it well —
'Tis Nature's way of healing! (bis)*

IL M'A DÉLAISSÉE

23

LE MIRACLE DE LA VIERGE

As I was coming back from Trèves

(COMPLAINTE DU CANADA)

Recueillie par Marius Barbeau
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Allegretto e semplice

1-5

M'en
As

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto e semplice'. The piano part begins with a repeat sign and is marked 'mp legato'. The vocal line starts with a fermata and then begins with the lyrics 'M'en As'.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics: 're - ve - nant de Trè - ves, du ri - che' and 'I was com - ing back from Trèves Whom should I'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure.

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics: 'pa - ys où je suis né, Un jeune a - mant ve - nait me' and 'meet but my lov - er true! "Why should we tar - ry now?" the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure.

voir, fort à mon gré. Il m'a pro - mis qu'il m'é -
kind young man did say, "So you be will - ing, I'll

pou - - se - rait, chose as - su - reé.
mar - - ry you With - out de - lay." *V. S. for Verse 6*

2. De notre mariage nos parents ne sont pas contents.
 Ils ont fait accroire à mon mari, mon cher mari,
 Que j'en aimais un autre que lui;
 Mais ils ont menti!

3. Mon mari, en colère, par un minuit s'enfuit à l'aimée.
 Il a porté l'or et l'argent à ses valets.
 À la guerr' s'est en allé.
 Il m'a délaissé'.

4. Moi qui suis jeune dame, dans mon château je me suis renfermé.
 J'ai prié Dieu, je l'ai servi, "Vierge Marie,
 Ah! venez me secourir,
 Car je veux mourir."

5. "Taisez-vous, jeune femme, votre mari je vais le chercher."
 "Monsieur, il vous faut revenir pour secourir
 Celle qu' ils font mourir.
 Ell' n'aime que vous."

2. *His parents in their wilful pride
 Wrought on my husband and wronged me sore,
 Thinking by slander to part him from my side;
 I was a wanton, a faithless bride
 They falsely swore.*

3. *My husband rose by candle-light,
 Left me at daybreak in anger and scorn;
 Bravely he bore him in many a fight;
 I, all alone in my misery
 Must live forlorn.*

4. *In sore distress I made my prayer:
 "Father Almighty, oh hear my cry!
 Mother of mercy! look down on my despair!
 Oh bring my loved one again to me
 Or let me die!"*

5. *The Blessed Virgin heard my call:
 "Courage, my daughter, for help is at hand!
 Hither comes thy husband thy freedom to claim;
 Now shall he speak for thee and clear thy name
 Before them all!"*

“Mes-sieurs de la Jus-ti-té
In lov-ing pride he led me

-ce, ar-rê-tez vos é-tour-dis-se-ments, Ne prê-tez
forth: “Look on this la-dy and heark-en to me! Cur-sed be

pas foi à mes pa-rents. Ils m'ont tra-hi. Ma femm' est fi-dè-le as-
the li-ars that say she broke her vows! This is my faith-ful, and hon-our'd

-sez. Qu'ell' soit sau-vée!”
spouse, And still shall be!”

colla voce *f* *rall* *ff*

NE PLEURE PAS TANT, CHARMANTE BLONDE!

(LE CONTRE-MAÎTRE BLESSÉ À MORT)

The tenth of April.

Complainte marine du Canada.

Transcrite par Marius Barbeau. 1928

English Words by PAUL ENGLAND.

Harmonisée par

HEALEY WILLAN

Moderato.

p e legato *p*

1. Le dix d'A - vril nous sommes par - tis Des - sus la mer pour na - vi -
 1. The tenth of A - pril we cleared the bay, A - cross the seas to sail a -

guer, Pa - vil - lon haut, — grand ré - jous - san - ces, C'é - tait pour s'en re - ve - nir en
 way; With manly joy — each heart was burn - ing, For now to France a - gain we were re -

Fran - ce. Pa - vil - lon haut, — grand ré - jous - san - ces, C'é - tait pour s'en re - ve - nir en
 turn - ing; With manly joy — each heart was burn - ing, For now to France again we were re -

1-9 Fran - ce. turn - ing. mon - de. 10

colla voce *mf a tempo* *sf* *colla voce* *a tempo*

sf *p* *pp* *pp* *ppp*

2 Mais quand nous fum's sur les grands banes,
S'est approché un bâtiment;
C'était un grand corsair' de guerre,
Qui nous poursuivait par derrière.

3 Trois coups de canon ils ont tiré,
Trois coups de canon ils ont tiré,
Les boulets ont touché l'arrière,
Le sang coule comme une rivière.

4 Le capitaine s'est écrié:
"Ya-t-il nos gens de blessés?"
-Ah oui, vraiment, mon capitaine,
Luy a ici le contre-maître.

5 -O contre-maître, mon bel ami,
As-tu bien regret de mourir?
-Tout le regret que j'ai dans le monde,
C'est de mourir sans voir ma blonde.

6 -Ta blonde, nous l'enverrons chercher
Ta blonde, nous l'enverrons chercher
Pas quatre soldats de l'Amérique,
Qui sont ici dans mon navire?

7 De tant loin qu'il la vit venir,
Ses pleurs ell' ne pouvait retenir.
'Ne pleur' pas tant, charmante blonde,
Car ma blessure est trop profonde.

8 -J'engagerai mon cotillon,
J'engagerai mon cotillon,
Mon anneau d'or, mon ceinturon,
Gallant, pour guérir ta blessure.

9 -La belle, avant qu'il soit minuit,
Tu verras mon corps enseveli,
Tu me verras porté en terre
Pas quatre officiers de l'Angleterre."

10 Sur les deux heures après minuit
Le beau gallant rendit l'esprit.
'Adieu les filles, adieu les blondes!
Pour moi, j'm'en vas dans l'autre monde."

2 While off the Banks our course we steered,
Another vessel now appeared,
A pirate ship, 'twas no denying,
As down she bore on us with colours flying.

3 Three shots rang out ere set of sun,
Three rounds were fired when all was done;
When through the smoke our decks were showing
'Twas seen that streams of blood were freely flowing.

4 The captain called so loud and clear:
"Are any dead or wounded here?
Alas, I fear our quarter-master
Has met with grievous harm and grave disaster?"

5 "O quarter-master, my gallant friend
Are you prepared to meet your end?"
"One thing I crave before I die -
To see my sweetheart and say good-bye."

6 "And if your sweetheart be still alive,
To bring her to you we will contrive;
Four gallant soldiers I'll send ashore
And they shall search for her the country o'er."

7 And when the damsel was come on board,
Her piteous tears in floods outpoured.
"Weep not for me, my dearest treasure -
My wound is deeper far than you can measure.

8 "Before the midnight hour is past
I feel that I shall breathe my last:
Then in the earth my corpse you'll bury
And four brave Englishmen my bier shall carry?"

9 About the dawning of the day
His gallant spirit passed away:
"As fond farewell this kiss is given,
For I must leave you now, to dwell in Heaven."

LA PETITE GALIOTE

The Gallant Barque

(CHANSON CANADIENNE)

Recueillie et transcrite par Marius Barbeau.
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND.

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Allegretto 1. 3. 5. 1.

Pe -
o

-ti - te ga - li - o - te, toi qui va dans ces
whith - er now, thou gal - lant barque, Whith - er a - way so

îles, Pe - ti - te ga - li - o - te, toi
fast? The win - ter's here, the seas are dark,

qui va dans ces îles, Toi qui va dans ces îles
 skies are o - ver - cast - Now for thy trust in heaven

fair' de si longs voy - a - ges, Prie Dieu qu'il
 May heaven it - self re - ward - thee! God send thee

te con - duis; toi et ton é - qui - pa - ge.
 safe a - gain With ev - 'ry soul a - board thee!

* 2. 4. 6.
 2. 4. 5 (English Version) 2. Mais 2. When

* Verse 5 of the English version begins here.

quand nous fûm's au lar - ge, sur la mer bien a -
 we had sailed a hun - dred leagues, — A hun - dred leagues — and

- vant, Nous a - per - çûm's ve - ni - re trois — a -
 more, Three Flem - ish ves - sels hove in sight, And

gros na - vir's fla - mands Pe - tit na - vir' fran - cais, —
 down on us — they bore; Stay, lit - tle barque, and yield, —

o - s'rais tu t'y dé - fen - dre Con - tre ces
 If you would shun dis - as - ter! Haul down the

gros na - vir's qui vien - nent pour t'y pren - dre?
 flag of France And own us for your mas - ter.

8

f *cresc.* *sff sff*

3. Nous étions trente hommes mais tous du même accord (bis)
 "Nous souffrirons la mort plutôt que de s'y rendre.
 Nous mettrons le feu à bord, nous ferons de la cendre!"

4 Notre bon capitaine, vaillant comme un lion,
 Prit sa carte marine, il monta sur le pont.
 "Courage, enfants, courage! Le bon Dieu nous écoute.
 Mettons nos voil's au vent, nous ferons bonne route."

5 Nous avons l'avantage de trois bons charpentiers (bis)
 Ils ont tant travaillé qu' ils nous ont mis étanches.
 Par la grâce de Dieu, nous arrivons en France.

6 Nous entrons dans la rade en tirant du canon (bis)
 Nous saluons le roi, nous saluons la ville.
 Vive le roi Louis, la galiote arrive!

3. No more than thirty living souls
 Our gallant vessel had aboard,
 But we were valiant Frenchmen all,
 And all of one accord!
 "Few though our numbers be
 We will give in to no man!
 Nay, sooner fire the ship
 Than yield her to the foeman!"

4. Our captain on the bridge did stand—
 Brave as a lion was he—
 He took the chart into his hand
 And scanned the open sea:
 "Courage, my gallant men!
 Though we be forced to fly them,
 Put we our trust in God
 And we may yet defy them.

5. With crowded sail away we flew
 Swiftly before the wind;
 The land we sought was soon in view,
 The foe was left behind!
 Oh how our ship was cheered,
 Safely in harbour lying!
 "God save our gracious King
 The flag of France is flying!"

LA BELLE A PRIS L'ÉPÉE

À L'ABRI D'UNE OLIVE

Beneath an aged willow

(CHANSON DE RAMES DU CANADA)

Recueillie et transcrite par Marius Barbeau.
English Words by PAUL ENGLAND.

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN

Allegretto.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of two sharps (D major). It consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system includes a vocal line with lyrics in French and English, and piano accompaniment. The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the dynamics include 'mp leggiero'.

mp leggiero

1. 3. 5. 7. 9.

1. A l'a - bri d'une o - li - ve, Y - a - t
1. Be - neath an a - ged wil - low A

un na - vir' d'é - choué. Trois jo - lies de - moi - sel - les s'en vont s'y pro - me -
stranded ves - sel lay; A young and love - ly maiden did chance to pass that

REFRAIN.

ner. Dor-mez la bell; chan-tez, le jour, Nos jo - lies
 way. Sing her to sleep un - der the ro - ses! Here in the

mf

a - mou - ret - tes. Chantez l'a - mour tou - jours.
 gar - den clo - ses Sing we a lul - la - by.

2. 4. 6. 8. 10.

2. La
 2. The

dim - - - *mp*

plus jeun-e d'entre el - - les s'est mise à sou - pi -
 decks were all de - sert - ed; A - board the maid - en

rer: "Si j'a - vais ma co - lom - be, je la fe - rais chan -
 sept! And in the cap - tain's ca - bin She laid her down and

REFRAIN

ter." Dor - mez la bell'; chantez, le jour, — Nos jo - lies
 slept. "Sing her to sleep un - der the ro - - ses! Here in the

mf

a - mou - ret - tes Chantez l'a - mour tou - jours. —
 gar - den clo - ses Sing we a lul - la - by." —

2. 4. 6. 8.

cresc.

D.C. for vv 5.7.9.

3. Par -
 3. But

f *dim.* *mp*

10
jours.

mf cresc.

p subito
R.H.

dim.

8

pp

3. Parlant d'une colombe, la belle s'est endormi.
Le bâtiment au large, la belle s'y réveillit.
Dormez la belle ...

4. Demande au capitaine: "Où sommes-nous ici?"
- Dessus la mer nous sommes, cent lieues de vos parents.
Dormez la belle ...

5. - Que va donc dir' ma mère à souper qui m'attend?
- J'vous servirai de mère, avec moi mangerez.
Dormez la belle ...

6. - Que va donc dir' mon frère qui m'attend pour danser?
- J'vous servirai de frère, avec moi danserez.
Dormez la belle ...

7. - Qu'est-c'que ma soeur va dire qui m'attend pour coucher?
- J'vous servirai de soeur, avec moi coucherez.
Dormez la belle ...

8. - Ma robe est trop étroite, trois points faut dégraffer.
- Mon épée sur la table, ... gardez de vous blesser!
Dormez la belle ...

9. La belle a pris l'épée, au coeur se l'est planté.
S'écrie: "Que j'ai de peine! Ma mignon' s'est tué."
Dormez la belle ...

10. La princesse si belle, ou l'enterreront-ils?
Dans l'jardin de son père, dessous un pommier gris.
Dormez la belle ...

3. *But when she woke from slumber
The ship had put to sea
With twenty jolly sailors
Who sang right lustily.
Sing her to sleep ...*

4. *"O captain, gallant captain
How far am I from home?"
"A hundred leagues you've travelled
Across the ocean foam!"
Sing her to sleep ...*

5. *"My mother sits at supper
'Tis there that I should be!"
"Nay, talk not of your mother
To-night you'll sup with me!"
Sing her to sleep ...*

6. *"My brother and my sister!
Whatever will they do?"
"Nay now, forget your brother!
Forget your sister too!"
Sing her to sleep ...*

7. *"Alas my little chamber
With rushes newly spread!"
"This is your bridal chamber,
And this your bridal bed!"
Sing her to sleep ...*

8. *She seized the captain's dagger
And plunged it in her side;
And ere his hand could stay her
The maiden sank and died.
Sing her to sleep ...*

MONSIEUR LE CURÉ

Simone

(CHANSON POPULAIRE DE FRANCE ET DU CANADA)

Transcrite par Marius Barbeau.
English words by PAUL ENGLAND.

Harmonisée par
HEALEY WILLAN.

Allegretto. 1-7

1. "D'où ve - nez - vous si crot -
1. Where have you been all the

- té, mon - sieur le cu - ré? D'où ve -
day, Mon - sieur le cu - ré? Where have

- nez vous si crot - té, mon - sieur le cu -
you been all the day, Mon - sieur le cu -

- ré?" "Je m'en re-viens du mar - ché, — Si - mone, ô ma Si -
 - ré? To the mar-ket far a - way — my daughter, oh my

- mo - ne, — Je m'en re-viens du mar - ché, ma pe - ti -
 daugh - ter; — To the mar-ket far a - way my lit - tle

colla voce

- te mi - gnon - ne?"
 daugh - ter dear!

a tempo

8. "Est - ce - que vous me pleur - rez, mon - sieur
6. Will you weep when I am dead, Mon - sieur

le cu - ré? Est - ce - que vous me pleur -
le cu - ré? With the grass up - on my

rez, mon - sieur le cu - ré?" "Non, car
head, Mon - sieur le cu - ré? I shall

espress

il fau - dra chan - ter, Si - mone, ô ma Si - mo - ne,
nev - er cease to pray, my daugh - ter, oh my daugh - ter,

poco rit

poco meno mosso

Re - qui - es - cat in pa - ce, ma pe - ti -
 “Re - qui - es - cat in pa - ce,” my lit - tle

- te mi - gnon - ne?’
 daugh - ter dear!’

colla voce
rall
pp

2. —“Que m’avez-vous apporté, monsieur le curé?” (bis)
 —“Des souliers, c’est pour danser... Simone, ô ma Simone,
 Des souliers, c’est pour danser... ma petite mignonne.”
3. —“Quand allez-vous m’les donner, monsieur le curé?” (bis)
 —“Quand tu sauras travailler, ... Simone, ô ma Simone,
 Quand tu sauras travailler, ... ma petite mignonne.”
4. —“Mais je sais coudre et filer, monsieur le curé.” (bis)
 —“Alors, je vais t’les donner... Simone, ô ma Simone,
 Alors, je vais t’les donner... ma petite mignonne.”
5. —“Je voudrais me confesser, monsieur le curé.” (bis)
 —“Dis-moi ton plus gros péché... Simone, ô ma Simone,
 Dis-moi ton plus gros péché... ma petite mignonne.”
6. —“C’est celui de vous aimer, monsieur le curé” (bis)
 —“Allors, faut se séparer... Simone, ô ma Simone,
 Allors, faut se séparer... ma petite mignonne.”
7. —“Peut-être que j’en mourrai, monsieur le curé” (bis.)
 —“Eh bien, je t’enterrerai... Simone, ô ma Simone,
 Eh bien, je t’enterrerai... ma petite mignonne.”
8. —“Est-ce que vous me pleurerez, monsieur le curé” (bis.)
 —“Non, car il faudra chanter, Simone, ô ma Simone,
 Requiescat in pace, ma petite mignonne.”

2. “Did you buy me nothing there, Monsieur le curé?” (bis)
 “Satin shoes for you to wear my daughter, oh my daughter,
 Satin shoes for you to wear, my little daughter dear!”
3. “But, before your gift I take, Monsieur le curé,
 My confession I must make, Monsieur le curé
 “If you’re sorry for your sin, my daughter, oh my daughter,
 God’s forgiveness you may win, my little daughter dear”
4. “I have fallen in love with you! Monsieur le curé” (bis)
 “Nay, but that will never do, my daughter, oh my daughter,
 Nay, but that will never do, my little daughter dear!”
5. “But if I should die of grief! Monsieur le curé?” (bis)
 “In the grave you’ll find relief, my daughter, oh my daughter,
 In the grave you’ll find relief, my little daughter dear!”
6. “Will you weep when I am dead, Monsieur le curé,
 With the grass upon my head, Monsieur le curé?
 “I shall never cease to pray, my daughter, oh my daughter,
 ‘Requiescat in pace!’ my little daughter dear!”

Albert Mallinson's Songs.

Sung by M^{me} Melba, M^{me} Blanche Marchesi, M^{me} Sobrino, Miss Ada Crossley, Miss Muriel Foster, Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Elizabeth Parkina, Miss Edith Kirkwood. Etc.

Dr Theo Lierhammer, Mr Denis O'Sullivan, Mr Charles Tree, Mr Whitney Tew, Mr Herbert Grover. Etc.

Sung before Her Majesty The Queen at Buckingham Palace by M^{me} ANNA STEINHAUER and accompanied by the Composer.

The Poem
by
ERIK MACKAY.

ELEANORE.

The German translation
by
EUGEN VON ENZBERG.

Adagio.

No. 1. No. 2.

The for-est flow'rs are fa-ded all, the winds complain, the snow-flakes fall, El-e-a-nore!
Die Wal-des-blu-men welk-ten oft rings Sturm-wind nur und Flo-cken-fall El-e-a-nor!

The forest flow'rs are faded all,
The winds complain, the snowflakes fall,
Eleanore!
I turn to thee as to a bower:
Thou breathest beauty like a flower,
Thou smilest like a happy hour
Eleanore!

Oh, take me to thy bosom fair,
Oh, cover me with thy golden hair,
Eleanore!
There let me lie when I am dead,
Those morning beams about me spread,
The glory of thy face o'erhead,
Eleanore!

O, DANKE NICHT.

O thank me not.

The English translation
by
EDWARD HARPER.

The Poem
by
HEINE.

O, DANKE NICHT.

Andante con moto.

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.

O dan-ke nicht für die-se Lie-der, mir ziemt es dank-bar Dir zu sein: du gabst sie mir,
O thank me not for all my sing-ing; I should be grate-ful, dear, to thee; thou gavest the songs

SLOW, HORSES, SLOW.

Sacht, Rosse, sacht.

The German translation
by
EUGEN VON ENZBERG.

The Poem
by
THOMAS WESTWOOD.

Allegretto.

No. 1. No. 2.

Slow, hor-ses slow, as through the wood we go we would count the stars in heav'n,
Sacht, Ros-se sacht! wenn durch den Wald wir ziehn Hö-ren flü-ster'n wir das Gras

Slow, horses, slow, as through the wood we go
We would count the stars in heav'n, hear the grasses grow.
Watch the cloudlets few dappling the deep blue,
In our open palms outspread catch the blessed dew.

Slow, horses, slow, as through the wood we go
We would see fair Dian rise, with her huntress bow.
We would hear the breeze ruffling the dimtrees.
Hear its sweet love ditty set to endless harmonies.

Slow, horses, slow, as through the wood we go
All the beauty of the night, we would learn and know.

VIOLET.

Blau Veigetein.

The English translation
by
HERBERT HARPER.

The Poem from the Danish
of
LUDV. HOLSTEIN.

Allegretto.

No. 1. No. 2.

My lit-tle flower! My lit-tle bird! Un-seen I watch thee and unheard. No thought of harm could come from me,
Du Blümlein fein! du Vöglein klein! Ich seh dich vom Ver-ste-cke mein. Dir nichts zu Lei-de thun ich kann, ach

My little flower! My little bird!
Unseen I watch thee and unheard.
No thought of harm could come from me;
It were a sin to gather thee.
I need but stoop thy head to raise,
It shall content me that I gaze
On thy young life in sunlight set
My violet.

My little flower! My little bird!
Unseen I watch thee and unheard.
If I may only gaze on thee,
Despised I am content to be.
Thy beauty I should only mar,
It shall content me that we are
In God's own sunlight safely set
My violet!

My little flower! My little bird!
Unseen I watch thee and unheard.
One who shall gather thee draws nigh,
And for thy sake I grieve and sigh.
Thee can I never reach, but he
One day will come and waken thee
From dreams of flowers in sunlight set
My violet.

A few Excerpts from the Press Criticisms.

The Times "A group of really charming songs "Slow Horses Slow" is a fascinating piece of work"

The Globe "Mr Mallinson shows a remarkable gift."

The Referee "The Songs show rare perception of the best means to secure desired effect to a degree that amounts to genius"

Daily Telegraph "His vocal pieces show thought and skill, and should on their merits become widely known and appreciated. The study of them will assuredly yield both pleasure and profit."

Vanity Fair "It is positively delightful to hear about twenty of them in one afternoon. This means very solid praise, for there are very few song-writers whose efforts would withstand, so exquisitely too, such a test as this?"

Morning Post "Mr Albert Mallinson is a composer of remarkable talent!"

Musical Opinion "Mr Albert Mallinson is a gifted composer of rare perception."

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