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1877
Mus-ETR

LIDA LEE.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

651

Words by EDNA ST. CLAIRE.

Music by FRANK H. H. THOMSON.

VOICE. 

PIANO. *Spiritoso.* 



1. Bon - ny, blithe - some Li - da Lee, Girl of all the girls for me!
2. Mer - ry, joy - ous, hap - py, free, More than all the world to me;



Do you love me? tell me, dear; Speak the words I long to hear.
Grant me, dar - ling, my re - quest: Tell me that you love me best.

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(99)

N

N. V.

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Then, her blush - ing face to hide, Turn - ing from me, she re - plied:—
 But she on - ly smiled, and then Made the same re - ply a - gain:—

rall — — — *en* — — — *tan* — — — *do.*

“Yes, I love you, that you know, For I oft have told you so.”
 “Yes, I love you, that you know, For I oft have told you so.”

colla voce.

CHORUS.

a tempo.

Air.
 1 & 2. Yes, you love me, Li - da Lee, So you oft have said to me;

Alto.

Tenor.
 3. “Yes, I love you, that you know, For I oft have told you so;

Bass.

PIANO.
a tempo.

But I long to know the rest,— Is it I that you love *best*?

But if you must know the rest, It is *you* that I love *best*.

Fine.

3.

Yes, you love me, Lida Lee,
 So you oft have said to me:
 Tell me, sweet one, do not jest,—
 Is it I that you love *best*?
 Bending low, that I might meet
 Her reply, in whispers sweet
 Came these words, to me so dear,
 Words that I had longed to hear:—
 “Yes, I love you,” etc.

WILL HE COME?

(SONG FOR SOPRANO.)

558

Words by ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Music by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Moderato e tranquillo.

PIANO.



mf cres. f p

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamics range from mezzo-forte (mf) to piano (p), with a crescendo (cres.) and a fortissimo (f) section.

mf

"I can scarcely hear," she murmur'd, "For my heart beats loud and fast, But



The vocal line begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features chords with 'x' marks, indicating muted or struck notes.

sure - ly, in the far, far dis - tance, I can hear a sound at last." It is

p



The vocal line continues with a piano (p) dynamic. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and 'x' marks.

tranquillo.

on - ly the reap - ers sing - ing As they car - ry home their sheaves; And the

p

dim.

evening breeze has ris - en, And rus - tles the dy - ing leaves, The dy - ing leaves.

dim. *pp*

"Listen! there are voi - ces talking," Calm-ly still she

cres. *p*

strove to speak, Yet her voice grew faint and trembling, And the red flush'd

a tempo, tranquillo.

in her cheek. It is on - ly the chil - dren play - ing Be - low, now their work is

cres.

done; And they laugh that their eyes are daz - zled By the rays of the set - ting

dim. *p*

sun, Of the set - ting sun. Fainter grew her

voice and weak - er, As with anx - ious eyes she cried,

accel.

cres.

"Down the av - e - nue of chestnuts, I can hear a horse - man

cres.

f *appassionato.*

ride." It was on - ly the deer that were feed - ing In a herd on the clo - ver-

agitato.

grass; They were startled and fled to the thick - et As they saw the reap - ers

pass. *Quasi recit.*

Now the night a - rose in silence,

dim. *p* *Ped.* *

Birds lay in their leaf - y nest, And the deer crouch'd in the for - est, And the

pp
Ped. *

Silent. tranquillo, un poco più lento.

chil - dren were at rest; There was on - ly a sound of weep - ing From watchers around a

pp
Silent. pp

calando.

bed, But rest to the wea - ry spir - it, Peace to the qui - et dead!

calando.

Peace to the qui - et dead!

p *pp* *pp*

FRIENDS OF OTHER DAYS.

553

Words by W. F. VANDERVELL.
Andante con espressione.

Music by ALFRED PLUMPTON.

PIANO. *p*



though I min - gle with the gay, And smile on all a - round Who



rev - el in these an - cient halls, Where peals of mirth re - sound, — Al -



though I hear the min - strels sing Fresh son - nets in my praise, Yet

fleet - ing mem' - ry still will cling To friends of oth - er days. Yet

p

fleet - ing mem' - ry still will cling To friends of oth - er days.

Me -

thinks I see my child - hood's home, The mea - dows where I stray'd, And

lit - tle school-mates there at play Be - neath the green - wood shade. Up -

on the pleas - ures of the past Me - thinks once more I gaze, And

fleet - ing mem' - ry still will cling To friends of oth - er days. And

p

fleet - ing mem' - ry still will cling To friends of oth - er days.

I've

price - less gems to deck my brow, I've vas - sals that o - bey, But

still my heart be - longs to one Who wan - ders far a - way. This

world has now no joys for me, My hopes I up - ward raise, For

fleet - ing mem' - ry still will cling To friends of oth - er days. For

fleet - ing mem' - ry still will cling To friends of oth - er days.

MOTHER, ART THOU LIVING YET? 554

Poetry by JAMES G. CLARK.

Music by Mrs. HENRIETTA L. KEEFER.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. Is there no grand, im - mor - tal sphere Be -
 2. I feel thy kiss - es o'er me thrill, Thou
 3. The spring - times bloom, the sum - mers fade, The

yond this realm of bro - ken ties, To fill the
 un - seen an - gel of my life; I hear thy
 win - ters blow a - long my way; But o - ver

wants that mock us here, And dry the tears from
 hymns a - round me trill here, An un - der - tone to
 ev' ry light and shade Thy mem' - ry lives by

weep - ing eyes?— Where win - ter melts in end - less
 care and strife. Thy ten - der eyes up - on me
 night and day; It soothes to sleep my wild - est

spring, And June stands near with death - less flow'rs, Where
 shine As from a be - ing glo - ri - fied; Till
 pain, Like some sweet song that can - not die, And

we may hear the dear ones sing Who loved us
 I am thine, and thou art mine, And I for -
 like the mur - mur of the main, Grows deep - er

Mother, art thou Living Yet?

in this world of ours? I ask, and lo! my
 get that thou hast died; I al - most lose each
 when the storm is nigh. I know the bright - est

cheeks are wet With tears for one I can - not
 vain re - gret In vis - ions of a life to
 stars that set Re - turn to bless the year - ing

see, — Oh, . . . moth - er, art thou liv - ing
 be, — But, . . . moth - er, art thou liv - ing
 sea, — But, . . . moth - er, art thou liv - ing

yet, And dost thou still re - mem - ber me?
 yet, And dost thou still re - mem - ber me?
 yet, And dost thou still re - mem - ber me?

MARGHERITA.

555

(SUNG BY MR. SANTLEY.)

Written by SPERANZA.

Composed by C. GOUNOD.

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

When joy-ous thoughts on thy sweet lips a - wa - ken Those ra - dian
Si le bon-heur a source d'in-ribe Joyeux a -

smiles that love to lin - ger there, Oh, then my heart by sor - row is for-
lous je sens un doux émoi Si la douleur d'accable Margue

P

(115)

N. V.

sa - ken; For, Mar - ghe - ri - ta, Dear Mar - ghe - ri - ta I am en -
ri - te O Margue - ri - te O Margue - ri - te Comme une

rap - tur'd in thy joy to share.
sœur je t'aimerai sou - jours -

But, when the
Com - me deux

clouds of dark - ness o'er thee ho - ver, Dim - ming the lus - tre of thy beam - ing
fleurs sur une même tige No - tre des - tin suivra le mê - me

HAPPY AS A WILD BIRD.



Composed by CIRO PINSUTI.

Andante cantabile.

PIANO. *p*

1. Hap - py as . . . the wild bird sing - ing, In the
 2. What is pride . . . and court - ly splen - dor, Silk - en

flow' - ry month of May, Is my song . . . with glad - ness
 robe . . . or jew - el'd gem, If the heart . . . is lone and

ring - ing, At the ear - - ly dawn of day: Then I
 wea - ry, 'Neath a glitt' - - ring di - a - dem: Give to

elegante

wan - der thro' the wood - lands, Na - ture smil - ing bright and
 me a rus - tic dwell - ing Where the wild rose loves to

con dolcezza.

blest, Not a care my heart be - guil - ing 'Till the
 grow, And the birds their love - songs tell - ing To a

cres. *f*

dim.

twi - light hour of rest.
stream - let's murm'ring flow.

dim.

con semplicità.

For there are kind hearts who love me, And their
There with ge - nial friends a - round me Love will

staccato.

love, . . . so tried and true, . . . Mak - eth glad - ness reign a -
send . . . its cheer - ing ray, . . . And my song - shall breathe of

bove me, And the skies . . . more bright and blue. Yes, there
glad - ness, Mak - ing life . . . a sum - mer day. Yes, with

cres. e animando.

are . . . kind hearts who love me, And their love, . . . so tried and
 ge - nial friends a - round me, Love will send . . . its cheer - ing

cres. e animando.

true, Mak - eth glad ness reign a - bove glad ness, And the
 ray, And my song shall breathe of glad ness, Mak - ing

ness more bright and blue. My song shall breathe of
 life one sum - mer day,

rit.

glad - ness, Mak - ing life one sum - mer day!

lento.

allargando.

col canto.

col canto.

col canto.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Words by Mrs. HEMANS.

HEROLD.

Andante.

VOICE. 

1. Child, a-midst the flow'rs at play, While the red light fades a - way;

PIANO. 

mf *dim.*

Moth - er, with thine earn - est eye, Ev - er fol - lowing si - lent - ly; Fa - ther, by the

co. voce. *tranquillo.*



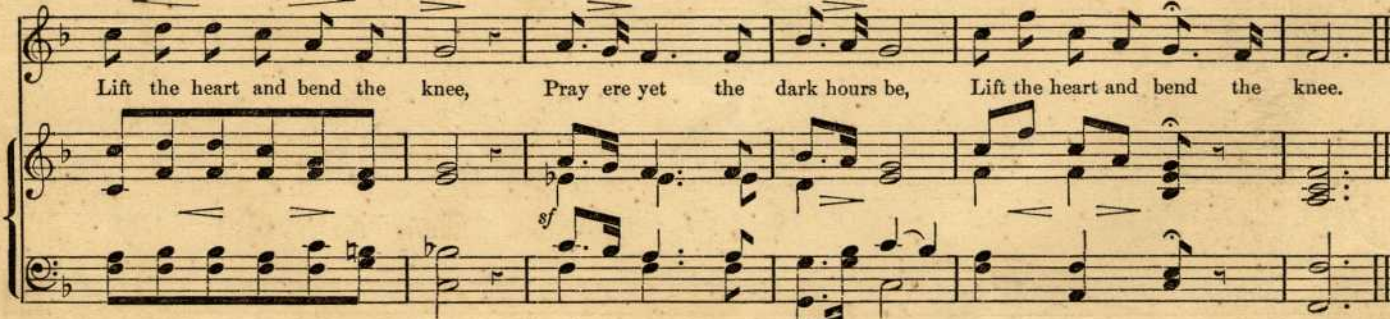
breeze of eve Called thy har - vest - work to leave, - Pray ere yet the dark hours be,

cres. *cres.*



Lift the heart and bend the knee, Pray ere yet the dark hours be, Lift the heart and bend the knee.

f



2.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea, —
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

3.

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie, —
Heaven's first star alike ye see:
Lift the heart and bend the knee.