12
NEW SONGS
BY
SOME OF THE BEST AND BEST-KNOWN
BRITISH COMPOSERS

JOSEPH BARNBY
ALFRED CELLIER
F. CORDER
FREDERIC COWEN
CHARLES H. LLOYD
HAMISH MACCUNN

A. C. MACKENZIE
C. HUBERT H. PARRY
ARTHUR SOMERVELL
C. V. STANFORD
A. GOKING THOMAS
CHARLES WOOD

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(With Words by the Editor)
Frontispiece by FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.

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To H.R.H. The Princess Louise
(Marchioness of Lorne)

Princess, this homespun web of song
From our native loom receive;
Twelve minstrels deit have deigned their weft
On warp of my words to weave.

In weary hours when shadows throng,
If ever such be thine,
May memories of these melodies
Like threads of silver shine!

E'en so, from those that love their art,
To one that loves no less,
As workmanship of hand and heart,
Receive our songs, Princess.

H. B.
PREFACE.

In this volume I have endeavoured to bring together a representative series of new songs by some of the best and best-known British composers, and it may fairly be claimed that the twelve compositions here for the first time set forth are by men whose names are identified with really serious aspirations in the cause of our National Music, and whose labours form a large factor in the great progress their art has made among us at the close of the nineteenth century.

The Puritan era struck a death-blow to the undisputed musical pre-eminence England had hitherto enjoyed in the civilised world. At the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries our countrymen were found as composers, teachers, and performers on all sorts of instruments, occupying the
highest positions in various European courts. English vocal composition had no rival, and while no gentleman's education was considered complete if he could not take his part in catch, canon, or glee, lesser folk were little behindhand in upholding our name as a music-loving nation.

The restoration of Charles II. brought with it a revival of music, but in place of the native art that Puritanism had stifled, the "Merrie Monarch" imported bevies of foreign musicians who had been his companions in exile; and it is suggested by a very high authority on English music that this alien impulse given in high quarters to our national instincts is mainly responsible for the nightmare under which the native Muse has laboured ever since.

Certain it is, that for the last two hundred years our musicians have fought an uphill fight against fashionable prejudice in favour of anything and everything foreign in name or nature. It is only in the last
score of years that the popular voice has encouraged and even clamoured for the products of native talent.

We have in the ancient music of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, an inheritance rich enough to form the beginnings of a future far greater than that of any other nation; we have, besides, not only in the mother country, but among our kinsmen over the seas, exponents of the musical art known and appreciated by the most critical audiences abroad as well as at home. That famous singers, not only from the British Isles, but as is now the case, from America and Australia, are still content to disguise their origin with foreign prefixes and sham names of foreign savour, is only one of the many proofs how hard it is for even so strong a force as the English-speaking community to break through the false traditions of a slavish past.

The public have it in their own hands to help forward a more healthy condition of affairs, and recent
movements in the direction of improved musical education, together with a growing appreciation for the efforts of composers and singers of our own blood, show that the tide is slowly turning. Fortunately, there is in our midst a sturdy band of minstrels capable of responding to the call of their countrymen, a fact the increased activity of the last few years abundantly proves. Moreover, the respect which British music is beginning to receive abroad also gives ground for the hope that this patriotic awakening will not be in vain.

The royal line of German giants which began with Haydn may be said to have ended with Wagner. Can Italy replace her Verdi; France her Gounod? Whom will the giant's robe fit? On whom will the prophet's mantle fall? Never was there a time when a new impulse in music was more needed, unless indeed finality has been reached, and the doctrine of "nothing new under the sun" is to be applied to the greatest of
all the arts. The devotees of music would be the last to submit tamely to such a conclusion, and citizens of our own race this side and beyond the seas may be excused for hoping that no opportunity will be neglected of regaining our lost laurels, and once more taking the lead ere the twentieth century has grown many decades old. If this should be so, those who live now do but stand on the threshold of the new order of things, and must be content to be the pioneers of an enterprise in which so much leeway has to be made up, so much lost time to be redeemed. Is it extravagant to hope that the day may come when the saying rife in Elizabethan times, “England has become a nest of singing birds,” may be truly applied in extenso to all who speak our language?

The setting side by side of detached lyrics is the only possible form in which to collect within reasonable compass the work of various composers, and it seemed out of the question in the present instance to adopt
anything like a sequence of ideas in the twelve songs here given. It has been thought best to settle the order in which they should appear by arranging them alphabetically.

With so much good material to choose from, I have been obliged to make some sacrifice for the sake of congruity, since an attempt to include in one volume all who have made their mark in every school of musical thought would be hopeless. Other groups of composers besides those whose handiwork appears here will easily suggest themselves, and I hope in a subsequent volume to cover other ground.

A few remarks in conclusion as to the question of "words for singing," and their influence on the development of musical ideas. In this respect, also, a great improvement in taste has taken place in the musical world of recent years. The days in which any jargon, preferably in an unknown tongue, would satisfy an English audience as libretto for an opera
or subject matter for a detached song are, it is to be hoped, numbered. For this benefit we have perhaps to thank the piúful librettos of many an Italian opera on the one hand, and the elaborate structure of Wagner's poems as a revulsion of feeling on the other hand. It is given to few composers to be their own poet, but no English composer worthy the name now troubles to "set" words into the feeling of which he cannot enter, or to imagine that verses are mere fortuitous adjuncts to musical periods. An evidence of our emancipation from a more barbaric condition is the much more frequent printing of song-words in the programmes of modern concerts.

If our greatest poets have not sufficiently laid themselves out for fellowship with the sister art, and indeed some of them have, with occasional exceptions, signal success in this respect, the deficiency may perhaps be attributed to the unnecessarily low estimation in which song writing, pure and simple, has been
held. Musicians now complain that the supply of really good material for songs is not equal to the demand.

That all the contributors to this collection have been satisfied to set to music words of mine is a circumstance upon which I am naturally precluded from making comment, except as one in which I consider myself most fortunate.

The good fortune of a frontispiece by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., is shared alike by all who have a hand in this volume.

Harold Boulton.
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12

NEW SONGS.
CONSTANCY.

***

My heart that burns like the noon-tide,
Has waited the long day through,
And still in the gloaming I long for your coming,
As flowers faint for the dew.

Oh! come in the cool of the ev'ning,
Like a soft wind out of the west;
Oh! come like the swallow that flies o'er the fallow,
Homeward at night to the nest.

The nightingale in the garden
Cries "Look, look, look, truant love;
The pale stars glimmer, the moonbeams shimmer,
And glide through the leaves above."

Ah me! but the midnight passes,
I linger and know not why;
Though you come never, I hope for ever,
For a lover must hope or die.
CONSTANCE.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
J. BARNBY.

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heart that burns like the noon-tide, Has waited the long day through,
still in the gloaming, long for your coming,
flowrs faint for the dew,
long, I long for yourcoming. As

flowers faint for the dew.

Oh! come in the cool, the cool of the
evning. Like a soft wind out of the west;
Oh! come like the swallow that flies o'er the fallow, Home-ward at night to the nest,
Home-ward at night to the
nest

night, in gale in the garden

"Look, look, look, true love;"

pale stars glimmer, the moonbeams shimmer and
glide through the leaves above, glide...

... through the leaves above. Ah

me! Ah me!
me, but the midnight passes, I linger and know not why; Though you come never I hope for ever, A lover must hope or die, For a
lovr. must hope or die; Though

you come nev. er I hope for ev. er,

crea.

For a lovr. must hope or
die.

morendo

da.
CRADLE SONG.
CRADLE SONG.

***

SLEEP, child, and may thy cradle be
A ship upon a balecyon sea,
Gliding with silver sail unfurled
Beyond the turmoil of the world.
Sing tenderly, tenderly,
Lullaby, lullaby.

Oh! drift into some drowsy bay,
Where only quiet dreams hold sway,
Where healing herbs no pain allow,
Where golden birds on bended bough
Sing soothingly, soothingly,
Lullaby, lullaby.

Then wake, my babe, and step ashore
Into thy mother's arms once more;
And may life's journeys ever end
Upon the bosom of a friend.
Sing tenderly, tenderly,
Lullaby, lullaby.
CRADLE SONG.

Written by HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by ALFRED CELLIER.

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cradle be A ship up on a halcyon sea,
Gliding with silver sail unfurled Beyond the turmoil of the world. Sing
ten-der-ly, Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Sing
ten-der-ly, Lul-la-by
Oh! drift in to some
drow-sy bay, Where only quiet dreams hold
Where healing herbs no pain allow,
Where golden birds on bended bough
Sing soothingly, soothingly,
Lullaby, lullaby, Sing soothingly, Lullaby.
by.

Then wake, wake, my babe, and step a. shore to thy

mother's arms once more; And may life's journeys

ever end Up on the bosom of a friend, Sing,
tenderly, tenderly, Lullaby, Lullaby, Sing tenderly, tenderly

Lullaby, Lullaby, Sing tenderly, Lullaby.
LOVE'S JOURNEY.

***

M OONBEAM purest and serenest
That from Heaven's pale vapour leanest,
Shining earthward far away
With thy lustrous silver ray,
Shine on my beloved's home,
Tell her swift as thee I come.

Dawning sun, thou orb of wonder,
Rolling sable clouds asunder,
Shake the dun mist from thy brow,
Rim with gold her dwelling now;
Tell her, glorious messenger,
How I haste to come to her.

Night's long journeyings are over,
I am come to thee, dear lover,
Here I wait at earlest dawn
'Mid the roses on thy lawn,
Open wide thy window, Sweet,
I am kneeling at thy feet.
pur - est and se - ren - est

il basso sempre staccato

That from Heav'n's pale va - pour

lean - est, Shin - ing

earth - ward far a - way
With thy lustrous silver ray,
Shine on my beloved's home,
Shine on my beloved's home,
Tell her,
tell her swift as thee... I come.
Dawning sun, thou orb of wonder, Rolling sa - ble clouds a
sunder, Shake the

dun mist... from thy brow;

Rim with gold her

dwelling now,
Tell her, glorious messenger, tell her, glorious messenger, how I haste to come to her.
Night's long journeyings are over,

I am come to thee, dear lover,

I am come, I am come to thee...

Here I wait at earliest dawn,
'Mid the roses on thy lawn, here I wait at car. li. est dawn, 'mid the roses on thy lawn, here I wait... ...'mid the roses... ...
Tempo I.

O - pen wide thy win-dow, Sweet,......
O - pen wide thy win-dow, Sweet,......
O - pen wide,
I am kneel-ing

passionate.

o - pen wide!

at thy feet, I am kneel-ing at
thy feet.
colisse voice
cres.

(dim. molto)

pp
TRUANT WINGS.

**

COME, swallow, come, for thee we wait;
Come seek thy northern home anew,
Where pale spring-flowers are delicate,
And winter skies are changed to blue.
   Come, swallow, come, for thee we wait.

Come, swallow, come, for thee we wait;
The thatch is warm beneath the sun,
Here tell of love to thy fond mate,
To-day should see thy nest begun.
   Come swallow, come, for thee we wait.

Come, swallow, come, for thee we wait;
The spring is perfect but for thee,
Ah! welcome, though thou sleepest late
Thy truant wings from o'er the sea.
   Welcome, for not in vain we wait.
TRUANT WINGS.

Written by
*HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Allegro vivace, ma non troppo.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Come, swallow, come, for thee we wait,

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thee we wait;

Come seek thy northern home a new,

Come seek thy northern home a new,

Where pale spring flowers are delicate,

cate, And winter skies are changed to blue.
Come, swallow, come,
Come, swallow, for thee we wait,
The thatch is warm beneath the sun,
Here tell of love to thy fond mate, To-day should see thy nest begun;

Come, swallow come, come, swallow, come, for thee we
wait: ........................................

Come, swallow, come, ........................... for

thee we wait; ...................................... The spring is

perfect but for thee, ................................ Ah!
wel come, though thou spee dest late, Thy truant wings from o'er the sea, Wel come,.......... ah!
wel come,.......... Wel come, O swallow, wel come, o swallow,
IN SUMMER WEATHER.
IN SUMMER WEATHER.

***

THERE'S tender green on the tree,
The birds are in finest feather,
And lovers in ecstasy
Go wandering forth together.
Sing heigh! sing ho! How the merry days go
In the first of the summer weather.

The bird must capture his mate,
By sweet compulsion driven,
And Colin will steal from Kate
The kisses for which he's striven.
Sing heigh! sing ho! But the rogue must know,
How quickly he'll be forgiven.

Then seize the prime o' the time,
That your fruit be rich and mellow;
And warble your love in rhyme,
Ere the leaf be sere and yellow.
Sing heigh! sing ho! 'Tis a world of woe,
Till every one find his fellow.
IN SUMMER WEATHER.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
CHARLES H. LLOYD.

Non troppo allegro.

VOICE:

PIANO:

There's tender green on the tree,
The birds are in finest feather, And

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Lovers in ecstasy Go wan-
der ing forth together.

Sing heigh! sing ho!

How the merry days go

In the first of the
summer weather. Sing heigh! sing ho! How the merry days go

In the first of the summer weather.
The bird must capture his mate,
By sweet compulsion driven, and
Coxin will steal from Kate, will steal
the kisses for which he's striven.
Sing heigh! sing ho!

But the rogue must know
How quickly he'll be gone.

But the rogue must know
How quickly he'll be gone.
given.

Then seize the prime of the time, That your

fruit be rich and mellow; And warble your love in

rhyme, Ere the leaf be sere and yellow,
That your fruit be rich and mellow; And

warble your love in rhyme, Ere the leaf be sere and yellow.

Sing heigh! sing ho!

'Tis a world of woe,
Till ev'ry one find his fel low. Sing heigh! sing ho! 'Tis a world of woe,
ROBIN SLY.
(A COUNTRY BALLAD.)

***

In the shade sits Robin Sly,
Waiting there till Kate comes by;
Lover's quarrel has been rife,
Robin vows that ere it ends
Kate must kiss and make amends;
"Wilful maid makes shrewish wife."
So says Robin, wise Sir Robin,
Brave Robin Sly.

But while Robin sits sedate,
Who comes through the wicket gate?
Who but Kate and Ploughman Joe?
Kate that laughs at Robin Sly,
Singing as she passes by,
"Let him cool a year or so."
Angry Robin, wistful Robin,
Sad Robin Sly.

Joe the happiest husband thrives,
Kate the most discreet of wives;
So it is that in the wooing
Maids must have the mastery,
Men must wait till by-and-bye.
Learning this was thy undoing,
Hasty Robin, foolish Robin,
Poor Robin Sly!
ROBIN SLY.
(A COUNTRY BALLAD)

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
A. C. MACKENZIE.

Allegretto (♩ = 128)

VOICE.

PIANO.

In the shade sits Robin Sly, Waiting there till Kate comes by;

Lover's quarrel has been rife, Robin vows that, ere it ends,

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stringendo

Kate must kiss and make amends;

stringendo

"Wilful maid makes shrewish wife, wilful maid makes shrewish wife."

pa tempo mosso

So says Robin, Wise Sir Robin,

pa tempo mosso

Brave Robin Sly, Brave Robin Sly.
But while Robin sits sedate, Who comes through the wicket gate?

Who but Kate and Ploughman Joe? Kate that laughs at Robin Sly,

Singing as she passes by,
"Let him cool a year or so, let him cool a year or so."

Angry Robin, wistful Robin,

Sad Robin Sly, sad Robin Sly.
Joe the happiest husband thrives, Kate the most discretion of wives; So it is that in the wooing

Maids must have the mastery, Men must wait till

by and bye. Learning this was
thy undoing, learning this was thy undoing,

Hasty Robin, foolish Robin,

Poor Robin Sly, poor Robin Sly.
A SONG OF THE SOUTH.

***

I have a garden beautiful,
By a sea of peerless blue;
There are sunny slopes and grottoes cool,
And a streamlet wanders through.

There are oranges and cypresses,
There are vines, and olives grey,
And soft winds rustling through the trees,
That whisper seem to say:

"Come to my bounteous Paradise,
My Eden of the South,
Come with the love-light in your eyes,
Warm kisses on your mouth."

Thrilled by the flower-scented gale,
The sea and sky of blue,
My trembling pulses start and fail,
And faint, dear heart, for you.

Shine through the air, a vision fair,
And make my dream come true!
A SONG OF THE SOUTH.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Con moto.

Composed by
HAMISH MACCUNN.

VOICE.

I have a garden

PApNO:

beautifu1 By a sea of peerless

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grottoes cool, And a stream let wanderers

through. There are

oranges and cypresses, there are

vines, and olives grey; And
soft winds rustling through the trees, That
whisper seem to say.

"Come to my bounteous Paradise; My
eden of the South, Come with the
love light in your eyes,

Warm kisses on your mouth.”
Thrilled by the flower-scented gale, The
sea and sky of blue,

Trembling pulses start and fail, And
faint, dear heart, for you.
Shine through the air, a

Vision fair, And make my dream, my

dream come true!

Tempo primo.

Tempo primo.
THE MAID OF ELSINORE.

***

A TEARFUL boy king Olaf stood,
‘Mid his warriors grim and grey.
As the good ship bore him over the flood,
From his first fond love away.
His wistful eyes still sought the shore,
But his rough earls laughed that Odin’s seed
The woodland flower should stoop to heed,
The Maid of Elsinore.

The mountain pine grows strong and sure,
By northern tempests swayed,
The frail hare-bell will bloom secure
In the sheltered forest glade;
Thus Olaf’s arm waxed great in war,
Till distant isles his prowess knew,
And fairer bloomed and ever true
The Maid of Elsinore.

’Twas ten long years of storm and fight
By many a foreign main,
Ere great king Olaf’s conquering might
Came sailing home again;
The Viking ships were ranged ashore,
The rough earls laughed in scorn no more,
He placed her hands within his own,
Upon her brow the queenly crown;
O’er firth and field the glad bells pealed
For the Maid of Elsinore.
THE MAID OF EL SINORE.

Written by
Harold Boulton.

Composed by
C. Hubert H. Parry.

Allegretto con moto. $ \text{d} = 154.$

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grim and grey, As the good ship bore him over the flood, From his first fond love a way. His wistful eyes still sought the shore, But the rough ears
laugh'd that O-din's seed The wood land flow'r should stoop to heed, The Maid of El-si-nore.

The mountain
pine grows strong and sure,

northern tempests sway'd,

The frail harebell will bloom secure

In the shelter'd forest glade; Thus
O. laf's arm wax'tl great in war, Till distant isles his prowess knew,
And fairer bloom'd and ever true, The Maid of Elsi-no're.
'Twas ten long years of storm and fight

By many a foreign main, ere
great king Olaf's conquering might came
sailing home again;
The Viking ships were rang'd a shore,
The rough earls laugh'd in scorn no more,
... He plac'd her hands within his own,
Up on her brow the queenly crown,
O'er fiord and field the glad bells peal, For the Maid, the Maid of Elsìnore.
A PRETTY MAID.
A PRETTY MAID.

***

A PRETTY maid went a-maying,
And roamed the fields afar;
And everywhere she went,
With all the world content.
She heard the song-birds saying:
"How pretty, dear, you are.
Pretty pretty dear, pretty pretty dear,
How pretty, dear, you are."

Her lap with flow'rs was laden,
She rested by a brook,
She saw her face below,
And 'mid the water's flow
A voice said to the maiden:
"How pretty, dear, you look.
Pretty pretty dear, pretty pretty dear,
How pretty, dear, you look."

Her true love stood beside her
She did not say him nay,
But still, as in a dream,
She gazed into the stream,
While he with fond words plied her,
And stole her heart away.
"Pretty pretty dear, I've lov'd you for a year,
I'll marry you when I may."
A PRETTY MAID.

Written by
Harold Boulton.

Composed by
Arthur Somervell.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

A pretty maid went a-may-ing, And
roam’d the fields a-far, And ev’ry-where she

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went, With all the world content, She

heard the song-birds saying "How

pretty, dear, you are. Pretty, pretty

dear,

Pretty, pretty
dear, How pret-

ty, dear, you are!

lap with flow'rs was in - den, She rest - ed by a
brook, She saw her face be-
low, And 'mid the wa-
ter's flow, A voice said to the
roll. maid en "How
roll. a tempo a temp
Pretty, dear, you look.

Pretty, pretty dear,

Pretty, pretty dear,

How pretty, dear, you
look?"

true love stood beside her, She did not say him nay, But

Her
still, as in a dream, She
gazed into the stream, While
he with fond words plied her, And
stole her heart away.
Love

"Pretty, pretty dear, I've loved you for a year, I'll marry you when I may."

a tempo
FOR EVER MINE.
FOR EVER MINE.

***

I LIKEN my love to a gossamer
Afloat in the summer air,
And wish that I were the west wind,
Her form on my wings to bear,
She is so daintily delicate,
So pure, so rare.

I liken my love to a butterfly,
By a bower of roses flown,
The flowers my fellows are sleeping,
And I am awake alone,
I open my petals to welcome her
To her fairy throne.

I liken my love to a hundred things
In the realm of fancy fine,
Wherein I follow and woo her
In the core of my heart to twine,
O may she peacefully nestle there,
For ever mine!
FOR EVER MINE.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
C. V. STANFORD.

Allegretto con moto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

I like my love.

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to a gossamer

float in the summer air,

And wish that I were the

west wind, Her form on my wings to
She is so dainty, So pure, so rare.

I liken my love...
to a butterfly
By a bower of roses flown,
The bowers my fellows are sleeping, And I am awake............ a
lone;......

open my petals to wel-

come her To her fairy

throne.
I liken my love to a hundred things,

In the realm of fancy fine,

Wherein I follow and woo her In the
core of my heart... to twine;

Tempo I° tranquillo

Oh may she

peacefully nestle there,
For ever mine!
TO WELCOME YOU.
TO WELCOME YOU.

** **

THREE are faces peeping out of all the flowers,
And the little buds are wakeful every one,
With their pretty lips that pout at chilly showers,
And open with a smile to kiss the sun.

There are voices sweet and low among the rushes,
That the ripples of the river gently shake,
There's a murmuring among the elder bushes,
As the wind is wafted gently o'er the lake.

To-day I hear the voices full of singing,
The flower-faces smile and whisper too,
The whole wide world with melody is ringing,
And all, my heart of hearts, to welcome you.
TO WELCOME YOU.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
A. GORING THOMAS.

Allegro.

There are

faces peeping out of all the flow'rs,
And the

little buds are wakeful, every one,
With their

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pretty lips that pout at chily show'rs,
Their
lips that pout at chily show'rs,
Then
o - pen with a.... smile.... to kiss the sun,

.... to kiss the sun.
There are

poco rit.
colla voce
voices sweet and low amid the rushes
That the ripples of the river gently shake,

There's a murmur among the alder bushes, As the wind is wafted gently o'er the
poco rit.

To -

legg. poco rit.
day I hear the voices full of singing, The

flowered faces smile and whisper too, The

whole wide world with melody is ringing, The

whole wide world with melody is ringing, And
all,........ my heart of........ hearts,..............
all........ to wel come you,........................
all

all...........

.......... to wel come you.
THE WINDFLOWER.

* * *

ERE buds and blades are springing,
Or swallow northward winging.
The white windflower appears.

In many an upland valley
And frost-bound woodland alley
Her star-like head she rears.

The cold east wind hath kissed her,
The snow-flakes call her "sister,"
And nestle at her side.

So meek she lives and lowly,
So fragile pure and holy,
The spring's unsullied bride.

But when the hot sun showers
His strength on summer flowers,
Her short sweet life is done.

So we one day discover
Our life's first bloom is over,
Our love's first promise gone.
THE WINDFLOWER.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
CHARLES WOOD.

Poco Allegretto. poco rit. dolce

Ere

VOICE.

PIANO.

a tempo

buds and blades are springing, Or

swallows northward winging. The

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white wind flower appears.

In many an upland valley And frost-bound woodland

alley Her star-like head she rears... 

Her star-like head she rears.
cold east wind hath kissed her, The snowflakes call her "sister," And nestle at her side. So meek she lives and lowly, So
fragile pure and holy,
The
spring's unsullied bride...... The spring's

un - sul - lied bride.
But,

when the hot sun showers His
strength on summer flowers, Her

short sweet life is done, a tempo

So we one day dis -

cover Our life's first bloom is
... our love's first promise gone,
Love's first promise gone.

(a tempo)
(a tempo f)
}
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