Songs

BY

ARTHUR FOOTE.

I'm wearing away.
O, my love's like a red, red rose.
The pleasant summer's come.
When circles hang by the wall.
Love's philosophy.
If you become a nun, dear.
Ojalá! would she carry me!

Go, lovely Rose.
It was a lover and his lass.
Milkmaid's Song (from "Queen Mary").
Love took me softly by the hand.
Hod! pretty page.
Ask me no more!
Elaine's Song
"Sweet is true love."

Album of Songs, for Mezzo Soprano or Baritone (op. 26)

On the way to Kew.
Love from o'er the sea.
In Pierrotie.
O swallow, swallow flying south.
Love in her cold grave lies...

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ASK ME NO MORE.

The Poem by Alfred Tennyson.  Arthur Foote.

Not too slowly ( = 76 )

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea; The

cloud may stoop from heaven, and take the shape, With fold to fold, of

mountain or of cape; But, O too fond, when have I answered, answered thee?
Ask me no more, Ask me no more: What answer should I give?

I love not hollow cheek or faded eye: Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die! Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live.
Ask me no more, ask me no more: Thy fate and mine are sealed.

strive a-against the stream, and all in vain, in vain; Let the great riv’r take me to the main.

No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield! I yield; Ask me no more, ask me no more.