Songs

BY

ARTHUR FOOTE

I'm wearing awa. .................. 40
O, my love's like a red, red rose. 40
The pleasant summer's come. 40
When ivy leaves hang by the wall. 40
Love's philosophy. 40
If you become a nun, dear. 40
Ojala! would she carry me! 40
Go, lovely Rose. 40
It was a man and his lass. 40
Milkmaid's Song (from Queen Mary). 40
Love took me softly by the hand. 40
Hot pretty page. 40
Ask me no more! 40
Elaine's Song
"Sweet is true love." 40

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

On the way to Lew. .................. 50
Love from over the sea. 50
In Fiesole. 50
Ossalbo, swallow flying south. 50
Love in her cold grave lies. 50
Irish Folk-Song. 50
The hawthorn wins the hawthorn-tree. 50
Song of the Piazza. 50
And, if thou wilt, remember. 50

ARTHUR F. SCHMIDT,

BOSTON. LEIPZIG. NEW YORK.
120 Boylston St. II West 36th St.
To Mr. Ivan Morawski.

Ho! Pretty Page, with Dimpled Chin.

Words by THACKERAY

ARThUR Foote, Op. 13, No. 4.

Allegro, ma non troppo. (♩ = 96)

VOICE.

PIANO.

dimpled chin, That never has known the barber's shear.

All your aim is woman to win, That is the way that
Wait till you've come to forty year!

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains, Billing and cooing

All your cheer, Sighing and singing

Midnight strains Under Bonny bell's

A.F.S. 1438 - 6
Window panes, Under Bonny-bell's window panes,

Wait till you've come to forty year, Forty times over let

Michaelmas pass, Grisling hair the brain doth clear,

Then you know a boy is an ass, Then you know the
worth of a lass, Once you have come to forty year
Pledge me round, I bid ye de clare, All good fel lows whose
beards are grey: Did not the fair est of the fair
Common grow, and wea ri some, ere Ev er a mouth was passed a
—way? The reddest lips that ever have kissed. The brightest eyes that ever have shone, May pray and whisper and we not least, Or look a way and never be missed. Ere yet ever a month was gone. Gillian's dead, Heaven.
sostenuto.

rest her bier, How I loved her twenty years syne?

accelerando. tempo.

Mar. Ian's married, but I sit here, A. lie and mer. ry at For. ty year.

Dipping my nose in the Gas. con wine. Dipping my nose in the Gas. con wine.

Gas. con wine. Dipping my nose in the Gas. con wine.
Vocal Compositions by Arthur Foote.

Songs.

Op. 10, No. 1. I was a lover and his loss. F min. (F–G). 50.
No. 2. The pleasant Summer’s rose. E (D–G). 40.
No. 2. I’m wearing away the waste is the sea. D (D–G). 40.
No. 3. Love took me softly, by the hand. G (D–G). 40.
No. 4. Little pretty page with dimpled chin. F (D–G). 40.
No. 5. If you become a Nun dear. E (D–G). 40.


Op. 49, Six Songs.
No. 4. The roses are dead. E (D–G). 50.
No. 5. Up in her chamber window. G (D–G). 50.
No. 6. If love were my heart. B (D–G). 50.


The lord and the maiden. Weird Song. If love were what the rose is. Ashes of roses.

Songs.


Op. 43, Three Songs.
No. 1. If it were not for you. B (D–G). G (D–G). C (D–G). 50.


Sings the song of my heart. B (D–G). 50.

Songs with accompaniment of instruments and other instruments.

Op. 49, Six Songs.

Part Songs.

As Irish Folk Song.

Bedlam Song.

As Irish Folk Song.

Bedlam Song.

As Irish Folk Song.

Bedlam Song.

As Irish Folk Song.

Bedlam Song.

As Irish Folk Song.