ETHELBERT NEWIN
SONGS WITHOUT WORDS
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FAVORITE SONGS BY
ETHELBERT NEVIN

TRANScribed FOR THE
PIANO
BY
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MON DÉSIR.

O celestial sorrow,
Will thou never cease?
Shall to suffering mortals,
Never come sweet peace?
But if pain's my portion,
Of pain let me die
Such is my desire.

Tired am I of knowing,
Sympathy is dead,
I'd speak not nor listen,
Neither hope nor dread,
Mocking like an echo,
Comes even my last sigh.
Then, oh, let me die.

In a sleep unbroken
Never would I rest.
Never to awaken
In earth's dreamless breast.
This life end, a blest one,
To it I aspire,
Give me my desire.

—Jacques Ahren.
Mon Désir.
My Desire.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.

Andante ma non troppo.
molto legato

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L'istesso tempo.
THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

I sing to my love, the rose,
With all my soul and heart,
For there's naught more sweet in all the world
Than to love.

I sing to my love, the rose,
And the rose sings back to me,
The sweetest song that e'er will be,
For I love.

I sing to my love, the rose,
As I gaze in her deep red heart,
For her heart is free for all to see,
With its love.

I sing to my love, the rose,
With love for the theme of my song,
For I love the rose and the rose loves me,
So we love.

---Alice Hovey King.
The Nightingale's Song.
(Canzone dell' Usignolo.)

Allegro Vivace.

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THE SILVER MOON.

The silver moonlight gleams thro' the trees
And voices sweet are borne on the breeze;
Voices of love
Of dearest One.
The pool's deep waters mirror the sky,
And mournful willow's bending bough—
The tree of sorrow
O blessed hour!
A sweet and holy peace from above
Comes down upon this blest hour of love.

—Paul Verlaine.
The Silver Moon.

Semplice.

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A LITTLE SONG.

"Eyes of beauty, bright but fading,"
Thus I heard a sweet voice singing.
When in distant lands I wandered,
(Still in Nemi's halls 'tis ringing.)

'Twas a little maiden sang it,
By the sea her nets a-mending,
And when first my eyes beheld thee,
'Twas with that sweet vision blending.

"Eyes of beauty, bright but fading,"
Thus I heard a sweet voice singing, When in distant lands I wandered,
(Still in Nemi's halls 'tis ringing.)

—Richard Tune.
Ein Liedchen.

(A little Song.)

ETHELBERT NEVIN.
A NECKLACE OF LOVE.

No rubies of red for my lady,
No jewel that glitters and charms,
But the light of the skies,
In a little one's eyes,
And a necklace of two little arms.

Of two little arms that are clinging,
(Oh ne'er was a necklace like this!) And the wealth of the world,
And love's sweetness imparted,
In the joy of a little one's kiss.

A necklace of love for my lady,
That was linked by the hands above,
No other but this—
And a tender, sweet kiss
That sealeth a little one's love.

—Frank L. Stanton.
A Necklace of Love.

Comodo.

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THE DREAM-MAKER MAN.

Down near the end of a wandering lane
That runs round the cares of day,
Where Conscience and Memory meet and explain
Their quaint little quarrels away,
A misty air-castle sets back in the dust,
Where brownies and koboldins dwell;
And this is the home of a busy old gnome
Who's making up dream-things to sell
My dear, the daintiest dreams to sell.

He makes golden dreams out of wicked men's sighs,
He weaves on the thread of a hope
The airiest fancy of pretty brown eyes
And patterns his work with a trepe.
The breath of a rose, and the blush of a wish,
Boiled down to the ghost of a bliss
He wraps in a smile every once in a while
And calls it the dream of a bliss
Dear heart, the dream of an unborn kiss.

Last night when I walked thro' the portals of sleep
And came to the wiser little den,
I looked in the place where the elf-man should keep
A dream that I buy now and then;
'Tis only the sweet happy dream of a day,
Yet one that I wish may come true,
But learned from the elf, that you'd been there yourself
And he'd given my dear dream to you
Sweet-heart, he'd given our dream to you.

—W. A. W.
The Dream-maker Man.

Simply.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.
MIGHTY LAY' A ROSE

Sweetest lil' feller,
    Everybody knows;
Dun-ko what to call him,
    But he's mighty laid a rose!

Lookin' at his Mammy,
    Wid eyes so shiny blue,
Mellt' you think that heav'n
    Is comin' close ter you!

W'en he's dar a-sleepin',
    In his lil' place,
Think I see de angels
    Lookin' thru' de lace!

W'en de dark is fallin',
    W'en de shadders creep,
Den dey comes en tip-toe
    Ter kiss him in his sleep.

—Frank L. Stanton.
Mighty lak' a rose.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.
THE WOODPECKER.

There's someone tapping on the maple tree,
Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap;
But there's no one about that I can see,
Save a lark that is singing a song of glee.
On a sunlit bough, and it isn't he
That is tapping away so steadily,
Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap.

There's someone coming down the maple tree,
Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap;
And he's hopping about so busily
In a cap quite as red as a barberry,
And a coat deeply blue as a starlit sea,
And he's singing a laughing melody,
Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap.

There's someone going to the maple tree,
Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap;
He's as gay as a prince or a lord, but he
Hasn't time to go 'round showing off, you see,
For he stays in the woods working lovingly
At a snug little home for his family,
Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap.

—Frederick Marot
The Woodpecker.

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A HERO SONG.

If ever the world unfaithful prove,
    Steadfast hold thou ever;
The o'er broken of heart and bereft of love,
    See thou falter never!

Strike thou thy harp in a hero song,
    With fervor's deep glowing,
Thy passion will pass in the music strain
    And sweet peace be overflowing.

—Heinrich Heine.