THE ROMANCE OF THE DAWN

Recitation with Pianoforte Accompaniment:

Poem by Elizabeth H. Reynolds.

Music by Ernest R. Kroeger.

Op. 61.

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The Romance of the Dawn.

RECITATION WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.
POEM BY ELIZABETH K. REYNOLDS.
MUSIC BY ERNEST R. KROEGER.

Night:
Day:
Dawn: (The daughter of Night and Day.)
Mist: (The young God-lover of Dawn.)
Moonlight: (Friends of Night and Day.)
Sunrise: (The friend of Mist.)
Wind: (The friend of Mist.)

The Ocean, the Waves, the Storm, the ship-wrecked crew, the Clouds, the Shepherd and his flock, the pestilence, the gloom, the clouds, the city, the earth, etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS: Night and Day had a beauteous daughter named Dawn, whom they loved passionately, yet feared that sometime they might lose her. Their old friends, Moonlight and Sunrise, reassured them. One morning Wind came riding over the land and brought with him his friend Mist, who upon beholding Dawn, conceived a violent passion for the beautiful child of Night and Day and wooed her for his bride. Night and Day found they must give Dawn to her lover Mist, but she, always faithful to them, returned from her home in the clouds whither Mist bore her to minister still to Night and Day.

Dawn.

Dawn, radiant daughter born of Night and Day,
Softly she glides—a pale and pensive shade—
From Night's enfoldiing arms, to cross the glade,
That at her presence sweet, sings roundelay
In notes of waking birds. The waves at play,
In silver ripples break, to greet the maid,
Ere Day arising clasps her in his arms,
Within the effulgence of his burning ray.
Far, far and near is Dawn, the beauteous maid,
Known as the duteous daughter of the Night-
The Day.
The Sun and Moon, the Waves and Wind
Her loveliness adore; and when afraid
Their child might sometime leave for aye their sight,
Their friends to cheer, poured comfort in their mind.

When Day, arising, sings of Dawn, his pride:

**SONG OF THE DAYBREAK.**

“The Sun loves her,
And the Moon loves her,
And the Winds and the Waves rejoice,
When Dawn comes gently, softly
The Storm gods wrathfully lay.
O Sunlight, O Moonrise,
Dost hear my pleading voice?
Oft tell me, must I lose her?
Or will she with me stay?”

Moonlight, in tender accents, soft replied:-

**SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE.**

The Nightingale in liquid notes a-singing
Dared forth his pensive song:
“O Moonlight, through the forest one-time winging
Beheld I fairest Dawn.
Now all my heart with passion’s fire is burning;
Love all my being thrills:
Ah, Moonlight, like a shadow from me turning
Fled Dawn o’er distant hills.”

“Fear not,” both Moonlight and the Sunrise cried
To the Day and to the Night,
“Fair Dawn will not be lured from thee away,
Nor thus thy love requite.”

**SONG OF THE SUNRISE.**

“How much would I, too, miss her,”

Sunrise said,

“More fair she never shines
Than when she comes to meet me -
So lovingly to greet me,
And all my glowing light her form entwines:
Aurelian floats her golden hair about her -
Ah, Night! Ah, Day! fear not, nor ever doubt her -
Pale, pensive, sweet - she’s thine till time is sped.”
(THE MEETING.)

One morn the storm-god, Mist,
Came riding o'er the land.
He met the beautiful Dawn so fair-
Ah, she was a goddess beyond compare.

As she rose from the sea with its tints of green,
Her eyes and her hair caught the golden gleam
Of a faint shell-tint from a stray sunbeam
As it peeped from its hidden lair.

Ah! that was a meeting of gods, I wist,
As Mist came o'er the land.
The Wind, fair Dawn, and the young god Mist,
While Love clasped the maiden's hand!

Mist.

Behold the young god, Mist!
He rides on the wings of the Wind,
Up from the waves of the sea they fly-
Crossing the dunes and the moorlands by.
A cloud-enveloping pall, I wist,
The eyes of the Night to blind.
The eyes of the Night—the stars serene—
Glimmer and glow—pale fires agleam,
Mirrored in placid pool and stream
Till the Wind and the Mist arise.

(The WOOGING.)

"Dawn, fairest child," sang Mist,
"I claim thee, love, as bride.
Far in my cloud-land home
Wilt thou with me abide?
Come, Dawn, I wait for thee!
Fair love, now smile on me.
Come, Dawn, shy maiden, come,
Nor fate resist."

The Wind and the Mist—
Ah, Dawn, fair child!
What pow'rt to resist
With Love to bind?
What pow'rt to resist?
Love's arms enwrap
Fair Dawn and the Mist
In encircling cloud.
Morn after morn, when Dawn had slipped from Night's
Caressing care, came Mist to woo the maid,
Ere yet she stepped to meet effulgent Day,
Soon both to Night and Day the knowledge came
That Dawn, their child so fair, was won by Mist;
To him, her young god-lover, did Dawn list,
Until her heart was burning with the flame
Enkindled by the God-love's mighty name
Evoked to plead at each appointed tryst:
Nor longer could the Night and Day resist,
But yielded beauteous Dawn to love's acclaim,
But Dawn so dearly loved the Night and Day
She wandered ever back twixt earth and heav'n
To those with love for whom her bosom burns.
Sunlight and Moonlight meet her on her way
When she — her pale sweet presence gently giv'n—
Unto her cloud-land home with Mist returns.
Sometimes Dawn's presence gleams
To show the shipwrecked crew where danger lies;
Sometimes when Pestilence 'neath Night's sad beams
A terror flies.
Dawn's coming lights the gloom.
She cheers the lonely little lad
Who faithful tends his father's flocks,
And maketh glad
His plaintive, piping song,
That echoes far o'er listening rocks;
Or gently rising o'er the wooded hills.
Dawn, in a low-thatched cottage near the sea,
Beholds a mother soothing tenderly
Her little child — while she in sadness waits
For him who from the ocean's deep will never return.
She sings in lullaby to soothe her child —
"Rock thee, baby, rock-a-by,
List not to the wind's low sigh.
Softly sleep, love will keep
Tender vigil at thy side,
Darkly creep shadows deep.
Still with thee will love abide.

Rock thee, baby, rock-a-by,
Louder moans old ocean's cry,
Souls so brave 'neath the wave Sink, lest God shall be their stay.
God to save, lend Thine aid,
Lest he sink for whom we pray!"

Low moans still the sad sea breaking;
Hush'd sleep soft till God's awaking;
He, for whom a message dying;
Sadly moans old ocean, crying;

(Song of the Ocean.)

"Farewell, beloved, fare-thee-well!
Thine is my last sad sigh-repeating:-
"Farewell!" "Farewell!"
Tender vigil keeping
Thine my soul's last greeting:-
"Farewell!"

Low moans now the sad sea sighing,
Soft the mother's voice replying-

"Rock thee, baby, rock-a-by,
List not to the wind's low sigh.
Softly sleep, love will keep
Tender vigil at thy side.
Darkly creep shadows deep.
Still with thee will love abide,
Sleep, Sleep."
The Romance of the Dawn.

Poem by ELIZABETH K. REYNOLDS. Made by ERNEST R. KROEGER.

Con moto, (f: 144) tranquillo

Dawn, radiant daughter, born of Light and Day!
Sofly she glides, a pale and pensive shade. From Night's enfolding arms, to cross the glade. That at her presence sweet, sings roundelay. In notes of wakening birds. The waves at play. In silver ripples break. to

accel.

Un poco più animato. (1 160)

greet the maid. Ever arising claps her unafraid within. Whir.

cresc.
Andante, (d = 120)

Far, far and near is Dawn, the beauteous maid, Known as the dutless daughter of the Night...

The Sun and Moon, the Waves and Wind Her lovesines idee: and
when afraid Their child might sometime leave for eye their sight. Their friends to cheer,

poured comfort is their mind.

When Day, arising, sings of Dawn, his pride:

Allegro (88)
Wind and the Waves rejoice,
When Down comes gently, softly, The storm god's wrath to alay.

O Sunlight! O
Maurice! Must I lose her? Or will she with me stay?

Moonlight, in tender accents soft replied:

"The Nightingale in liquid notes a -
singing, soared forth his

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Moonlight, saw the forest one time winging, Behold I fairest Dawn.

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Now all my heart with passion's fire is burning,

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Love all my being thrill: Ah, Moonlight, love a shadow from me turning...
Allegro energico (d : 106)

"Fear not," both Moonlight and the Sunrise cried. To the Day and to the Night,

"Fair Dawn will not be lured from thee away. Nor thus thy love requite.

"How much would I love, gave her," Sunrise said. "More fair she never knew Than
when she comes to meet me—So lovingly to greet me! And all my glowing light. Her form en - twines:

Avehian floats her golden hair about her. Ah, Night! ah, Day! Fear not, nor ever doubt her.

Vivo. (d. sord.)
One more, the storm - god! Mwai, sana

Riding oer the land. He met the beautifulowa so fair. Ah, she was a goddess beyond compare. As the

\textit{Vivo. (d. sord.)}
One more, the storm - god! Mwai, sana

\textit{Vivo. (d. sord.)}
One more, the storm - god! Mwai, sana

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\textit{Vivo. (d. sord.)}
One more, the storm - god! Mwai, sana

\textit{Vivo. (d. sord.)}
One more, the storm - god! Mwai, sana
from the sea with its tints of green,
Her eyes and her hair caught the golden gleam of a
faint shell-tint from its hidden
Ah, that was a meeting of gods, I wist,
Mist came over the land, The Wind, fair Bown, and the young god, Mist. While

Love clasped the maiden's hand!

hold the young god, Mist! He rides on the wings of the Wind. Up from the waves of the
sea they fly, Crossing the dunes and the moorlands by. A cloud enveloping pall, I wis. The eyes of the Night
to blind: The eyes of the Night, the stars stream... Glimmer and glow, Pale
fires aglow. Mirrored in placid pool and stream Till the Wind and the Mist arise.

"Down, fairest child," sung Mai, "I claim thee, love, as bride. Far in my cloud-land
Come, Dawn, I wait for thee! Fair love, now smile on me. Come, Dawn, shy maiden, come, Nor late resist."

The Wind and the Mist. Oh, Dawn, fair child! What pow'r to rest? With Love to blind?
More and more, when Dawn had slipped from Night's Caressing care, came Mist to woo the maid. Ere yet she stepped to meet effulgent Day.

Soon both to Night and Day the knowledge came That Dawn, their child so fair, was won by Mist. To him, her young god-lover, did Dawn list, Until her
Un poco più mosso. \( \text{\textcolor{red}{$J$}} \quad \text{\textcolor{red}{$1/2$}}} \)

Heart was burning with the flame. Enkindled by the God-love’s mighty name.

Evoked to plead at each appointed tryst: Nor longer could the Night and Day resist. But

Yielded beamless. Dawn to love’s acclaim.

But Dawn so dearly loved the Night and Day.
She wandered ever hack 'twixt earth and heav'n To show with love for whom her bosom burns.

Sunlight and Moonlight meet; on her way When she, her pale sweet presence gently gives.

Up to her cloud—land home with Mist returns.

Allegretto, (J = 120) Sometimes

Dawn's presence gleams To show the ship wrecked on where danger lies; Sometimes
when Pentice paint Night's sad beams A terror flies.

coming lights the gloom. She cheers the lonely little

lad. Who faithful tends his father's Toocks Arth his prating, piping song. that echoes far o'er lonely rocks.

Con moto. (4: 14) Or greatly rising o'er the wooded hills, lawn, in a low thatched cottage near the

499 - 51
holds a mother soothing tenderly Her little child, while she in sadness waits. For him who from the sweet's

Allegro, ($\text{allegro}$)

She sings in lullaby to soothe her child:

Andantino, ($\text{andantino}$)

Rock thee, baby, rock-a-bye, List not to the wind's low sigh. Softly sleep, love will keep

$\text{Andantino}$
Tender vigil at thy side, Darkly creep shadows deep, Still with thee will love abide.

"Rock thee, baby, rock-a-bye, Louder moans old ocean's cry, Souls in heaven breathe the wave

Piu animato. (Cresc.)
Sink, lest God shall be their stay. God to save, bend Thine aid, Lest he sink for whom we pray!"
Allegro. (d: 88)

Loud: moans still the sad

sea breaking:  
Hush'd sleeps soft until God's awaking, He, for whom a message dying,

Sadly means old oceans crying:

dim. sempre

"Farewell, beloved,

largamente

480 - 51
fare - thee - well! Thine is my last and sigh, re -

pealing:

"Fare - well!"  "Fare -

well!"

Tender vigil keeping, thine my

soul's last greeting:  "Fare - well!"
Andante rubato, \( \frac{3}{4} \)
Low moans now the sad sea sighing,

Lento, \( \frac{2}{4} \)
expressivo
Andantino. \( \frac{4}{4} = 182 \)

Soft the mother's voice replying: "Rock thee, baby, rock-a-bye,

List not to the wind's low sigh. Softly sleep, love will keep

Tender vigil at thy side.

Duckly creep shadows deep. Still with thee will love abide, Sleep,

Sleep!"

Con moto. \( \frac{4}{4} = 184 \)

Molto rit R.H.

P tranquillo

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