Miscellaneous
Songs By
Eleanor Verest Freer
OP. 12.

No. 1. Faith. 50 c
Words by Frances Anne Kemble

No. 2. The Dancers 50 c
Words by Michael Field

No. 3. Galloping Song 60 c
Words by Sara Hamilton Birchall

No. 4. Song of the Roses. 60 c
Words by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (Sappho)

No. 5. August Night. 60 c
Words by Hester Bancroft

No. 6. Summer Night. 50 c
Words by Alfred Tennyson

VERLAG
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August Night.

Along the ripened grain the fall moon lies,
In splendor on the wide-spread yellow fields,
And closer Heaven arches round the earth—
The richness of the harvest, as it dies,
Seems breath of Her contentment that she yields—
Completion big with promise of new birth.
The hunger of my heart unmet cries:
How long, how long till I too shall have love?

II.
Dense overhead the orchard branches sway,
As faint the night wind stirring breathes on high;
A thrush crowns gently, dreaming 'mid the leaves;
The heavy boughs with thick-set apples weigh,
And slow their mellow perfume passes by,
All mingled with the fragrance of the sheaves—
The craving of my soul in sorrow cries:
How long, how long till I too shall have love?

III.
Beneath the moon the whole world seems to bleed,
Content sighs in the fields of rustling corn,
And, live with sound, the warm air trembles near
All fainess! God, the night will never end,
And I, alone, discordant and forlorn,
Unmet, on this love-night of the year!
The hunger of my weeping heart still cries:
Must I alone live ever without love?

Hester Bancroft.
August Night.

HESTER BANCROFT.

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER, Op.12, No.5.
breath of Her content-ment that she yields — Com-pile-tion big with prom-ise of new birth The

hung-er of my heart un-mated cries: How long, how long till I too shall have love?

Andante.

Dumex o-ver-head the or-chard branch-es sway, As faint the

night wind stir-ring breathes on high; A thrush crowns gen-tily dream-ing 'mid the

August Night.
leaves; The heavy boughs with thick-set apples weigh, And

slow their mellow perfume passes by. And mingled with the fragrance of the sheaves—

The craving of my soul in sorrow cries; How long, how long till I too

shall have love?

Tempo I.

August Night.
neath the moon the whole world seems to blend,
Content sights in the fields of

rustling corn, And, live with sound, the warm air trembles near All

fulness. God, the night will never end,

August Night.
Andante.

And I, a lone, discordant and forlorn, Unmated,

A pizzicato

On this love-night of the year! The hunger of my weeping heart cries:

Collo voce

Lento molto.

Must I alone live ever without love?

August Night.