Six Love Songs.

( Verses by W. H. Gardner)

Composed by

Edward MacDowell.

OP 40.

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Six Love Songs.
(Words by W. H. Gardner.)

1.

E. A. MAC DOWELL, GP. 40.

Daintly, not too sentimentally.

Sweet blue-eyed maid, where
goest thou, where goest thou? Art thou afraid, To
meet me now? Come tell me pray, Who hath thy heart? Or
doth it beat Without love's smart? Ha!

ha! thy cheeks, Say thou art mine, No

lover seeks a truer sign, Thy cheeks, say thou art mine.

Dear heart I know Thou lov'st but me,
Thou lovest but me, Thine eyes say so, They speak for thee. Thy cheeks say thou art mine, Say thou art mine, Thy cheeks say thou art mine. I know very softly, and slower
Thou lovest but me.
2.

Softly, tenderly.

Very softly

Sweet-heart tell me, What be-fell thee,

Very delicately

Why this grief to-day? Tell me dearest,

The melody with soft singing

What thou fear-est, Brush thy tears away.

Tone

Very softly

Sweetheart tell me, What be-fell thee, Why this grief to-day?

Very softly

Retard.

A.P.S. 2683
Tell me dearest, What thou fear est, Brush thy tears

love, love is laden, With a

treasure rare, He believe me, Will relieve thee,

Of thy load of care.

A.P. S. 3683
With sentiment, passionately.

Thy beam-ing eyes, Are Par-n-i-dae, To me, my love, to

Thy trem-bling kiss, Is heav'n-ly bliss, To me, sweet love.

But oh, thy heart! It has no

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A. P. S. 2983
With thee, my dear, 

Tis strangely cold, And doth withhold, Its love I fear, Thy beamsing eyes, Are paradise, To me, my dear.

retard. as soft as possible
Simply, with feeling.

For sweet love's sake, I pray thee take, This little knot of blue,

very softly

this little knot of blue, It only shows, The love that glows, With-

in thy heart so true. But shouldst thou find,
Love is unkind, Grieve not, o love-ly maid, Grieve not, grieve not,

For winds will blow, And tears will flow, be-fore love's debt is paid,

For sweet love's sake, I pray thee take, This lit-tle knot of blue.
5.

Slowly, with great simplicity.

O lovely rose, No flower that grows, Is half so fair as

as softly as possible

always softly

with two pedals throughout

thou, as thou, Thy beauty rare beyond compare, Makes me in homage

slightly retard.

.Very soft, and slightly slower.

bow.

0 cruel rose, Thou dost disclose, A
disci
disclose,

retard.

vine, But had I seen, Thy thorns, I ween, I'd all thy love decline.
6.

Moderately fast, almost banteringly.

I ask but this, Yet

lightly, piquantly

one more kiss, While twi - light

lag - ers by.

slightly retard.

A. P. S. 2683
No one will see, Or care, if we
Thus say our sweet "good bye;" I
ask but this, but this.

one more, one more, love, The stars a - bove won't

A. P. S. 2063
Look at us, the stars above won't look at us, sweetheart.
And they'll not tell, they'll not tell, they know full well,
They know full well, how all fond lovers part.

A. F. S. 3693