SAYONARA
A JAPANESE ROMANCE

CHARLES
WAKEFIELD
CADMAN.

OP. 49

TE-SMITH MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.
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SAYÔNARA

Japanese Romance

Words by NELLE RICHMOND EBERTHART.
Music by CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN.

Op. 49

High Voice. Low Voice.

Price $1.00

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Sayōnara

A JAPANESE ROMANCE

This may be used as a solo or a duet.
For solo work the upper staff should be sung.
For certain occasions the duet would be effective given in costume.

1. “I saw Thee First When Cherries Bloomed”
2. “At the Feast of the Dead I Watched thee”
3. “All my Heart is Ashes”
4. “The Wild Dove Cries on Fleeting Wing”

Time of performance, 10 minutes
SAYÔNARA

(THE ARGUMENT)

The Japanese poets have much to say of their beautiful spring flower festival. The rivers, they say, are "rich-hued lengths of flowered brocade cut by the boats of the merry-makers." Like "masses of pink-tinged cloud" clinging the cherry blooms to the branches. The petals fall thickly to the ground, lying in faintly-flushed drifts like "new snow, sunset-tinted."

At one such time Oguri and Haru, previously strangers, passed each other in pleasure boats. Instantly, as more often happens than wise-accres own, soul spoke to soul though lips were silent.

Again Oguri beheld Haru in the summer festival, the Bon-Odori, variously called the Dance of Souls, the Festival of the Dead, the Feast of Lanterns. Despite its name this is not an unhappy occasion. To the young lover the maidens "with woven paces and with waving hands, with graceful gliding movements, and spreading, fluttering sleeves, resembled a flock of bright birds or gorgeous winged butterflies floating near the earth. And Haru was the brightest bird, the sweetest-voiced. The maidens sang: "The parents who will not allow their girl to be united with her lover, they are not the parents but the enemies of their child."

Enemies of poor Haru, then, must have been her father and mother for in the autumn, sorrowful but obedient as a true daughter of Japan must be, she laments the death of her hopes, stifling her heart-break in her flowing sleeve.

Somehow, with the innate wisdom of lovers, they contrived a farewell meeting. Despairingly they went over the brief season of their love in memory, to cry out at the last: "It was a dream of love and spring. Alas, that dreams have waking!"
PRELUDE

Vigoroso \( \text{\textit{d}} = 122 \)

Piano

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I Saw Thee First When Cherries Bloomed

HARU (MEZZO-SOPRANO or ALTO)

OGURI (BARITONE)

(Omit between slurs on upper staff when sung as a duet)

I saw thee

first when cherries bloomed,

The
pet - als  o'er thee fall
pet - als  o'er thee fall

* HARU

ing.  I heard a - cross the flow - er'd

stream.  Thy soul to
my soul calling.

Thy soul to my soul calling, Thy soul to

Ah!

Thy soul to

a tempo

my soul calling!

my soul calling!

a tempo L.H.
HARU

OGURI

So fair the blooms like tinted

L.H.

So fair the blooms like tinted

snow

Beneath the

snow

Beneath the

sun

setting;

sun

setting;
They flutter'd like the butterflies

When o'er the rape seed

flying;

When o'er the rape seed

Ah!
flying, When lightly, gaily flying

And,

love, we too kept holiday, kept holiday, Ah,
At the Feast of the Dead I Watch'd Thee

Recitative

At the Feast of the Dead I watch'd thee
With the maidens in the Dance of Souls.

'Twas there I watch'd thee
With maidens dancing.

Vivo
The festal lights glimmer'd thro' the soft night Like floating fire-flies.

AIB: OGURI

Soft, slow was the dance, Soft,
slow, gliding under the great moon.

Oh, my Beloved, thou art like a bird,

Like a bright bird, a
bird, with dancing wings, flying

\textit{crescendo}

low.

And thy voice held all sweetness of all

\textit{poco animato}

birds.

Then, too, was hol-i-
day, 'twas holiday!

But now?
All my Heart is Ashes

Largo $q = 58$

All my heart is ashes, All the joy of love has died

With the maple fires, Lo, the Gods heard
not my pray'r!  Lo, my vows may not be thine!

In my sleeve my grief I hide.

Ah, my tears, like the rain, Lo, my sleeve shall
Lento

never dry!

Moderato

PP

mf
The Wild Dove Cries on Fleeting Wing

Lento

The wild dove cries on

fleeting wing.

The bough forsaking; We

fleeting wing. The bough forsaking. The bough forsaking; We

dream'd a dream of love and spring.

And dream'd a dream of love and spring, And dreams have waking. And
dreams have waking; There will no bird remain to sing, No

young bloom on the branch will cling, Tho' hearts be breaking,

Tho' hearts be breaking! O Love it is a dream of spring,

* If sung as a duet reverse the parts between the stars

18831-24-2
appassionata

love of spring, 0 Love, rall.

And dreams have waking, And dreams have waking; It was a dream of love and

cresc.

lamentable

las, it was a dream of love and spring,

spring, it was a dream of love and spring, A-las, it was a dream of

accentato

vibrato

spring,
It was a dream of love and spring, Alas, that dreams have

It was a dream of love and spring, Alas, that dreams have

waking!

waking!

Saya\-na\-ra,

Saya\-na\-ra,