A FLOWER CYCLE.

By Arlo Bates.

AND

G.W. CHADWICK.

The Crocus 30
The Trilliums 50
The Water Lily 45
The Cyclamen 40
The Wild Briar 35
The Columbine 35
The Fox Glove 35
The Cardinal Flower 40
The Lupine 30
The Meadow Rue 40
The Jasmine
The Jacqueminot Rose 50

To the Poet.
THE CROCUS.
(ARLO BATES)

G. W. CHADWICK.

M. Sop. or Ten.

in G: \( \text{Andante.} \)

Voice:

\[
p \text{ Brave Cro - cus, out of time and } \]

\[
\text{rash You come when skies are all a - mort and chill: To } \]

\[
\text{find too soon how cru - el hail can dash, and bit - ter winds can } \]

A Flower Cycle. Chadwick No. 1.

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kill. You are like early loves most sure Which die so soon in this world's nipping air. Your mission like to theirs not to endure, But to make spring-time fair.
THE TRILLIUMS.

(Arlo Bates)

G.W. Chadwick.

Vivace: (II tempo sempre 'piacere.)

Wake Rob-in, wake Rob-in, the Trilliums call,

Though nev-er a word they say

Wake Rob-in, wake Rob-in, while bud sheaths fall
And violets greet the day.

Soft winds bring the spring again.

Days of snow are done.

Stir of life's in every vein.

sostenuto.

legato.

cresc.
f  

warmly shines the sun

pp

trillium's stars are white as milk, They

beck on as they swing

The

trillium's leaves are soft as silk To
make the robins sing And

fall the hill and all the dale, Shall

once again be gay,

trilliums from the tree set vale
Open their cups to day, Wake Robin wake
Robin, the trilliums call, Wake Robin wake
Robin, wake Robin, the trilliums call.

Presto
Cola voce.
THE WATERLILY.

(ARLO BATES)

G. W. CHADWICK.

Where the dark waters

lave, Where the tall rushes wave Safe from rude winds that

rave, Floats the fair water lily

A Flower Cycle, Chadwick No. 3.

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White as my sweetheart's breast, Pure as her dreams blest.

Lying in cradled rest, When night is stilly.

Oft wooing comes the bee, On light wings
eagerly, leaving the pleasant lea, lus-cious with clo-ver,

Then to her heart of gold

Mid petals half un-rolled Fond doth the li-ly hold The
ambitious rover.

dim.

Sweet heart within thine

pp dolce

arms Fold me with all Thy charms, Safe from more rude a -
-larms— Than thy heart's beating.

Let the sweet lily be, Emblem for thee and me.

Be thou as kind as she In thy fond greeting.
THE CYCLAMEN.
(ARLO BATES)

G. W. CHADWICK.

Lento con moto

Over the plains where Persian hosts Laid
Or crimson like the cruel wounds From

down their lives for glory,
which the life blood flowing.

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Flutter the Cyclamens like ghosts,
That witness to their Pour not where now on grassy mounds.
The low soft winds are

appassionato

story.
blowing.

fair, 0 fair, 0 pure as snow, 0 white, 0 red, like blood of stain,

On Not

countless graves how sweet they grow.
even time can cleanse that stain.

But when my dear these blossoms hold;
All
loveliness her dow-er. All woes and joys the past en-folded. In her find full-est flow-er.

fair, O pure, O white, and red, If she but live what are the dead?
THE WILD BRIAR.

(Arlo Bates)

G.W. Chadwick.

Sop. or Tenor.

in C.

Animato assai.

The
The
The
For the

Wild briar dabbles his finger tips,
Wild briar clambers from spray to spray,
Wild briar riots the thickets through,
Fire of love and the fire of youth,

A Flower Cycle. Chadwick No. 5.

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In the wine till they are red;
For an ardent wooer he,
Like a wanton lusty faun;
Fill his veins with glow divine;

Then over the hedge he
But once he has won he
He strings for the cedar
Till winter has caught him
climbs and slips, And kisses the
hastens away, Nor tears nor
berries blue, He vows to the
without ruth, And thickets are

wild rose on the lips, Till blushing
prayers avail to stay, His pickle
alder homage true, He sighs to
bare, ah! then In sooth, He longs for

cresc.

42-56004-4
bows her head ___________ Till blush - ing
fancy free ___________ His fie - kkle
woo the dawn ___________ He sighs — to
Spring's glad wine ___________ He longs — for

colla voce

bows her head.
fancy free.
woo the dawn.
Springs glad wine.
THE COLUMBINE.

(ARLO BATES)

G. W. CHADWICK.

Gay in her red gown trim and fine,
Blithe with her white throat smooth and fine,
Bright in her coro-net golden and fine,
Dances the merry
Dances the careless
Dances the mocking

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Col - um - bine.  
Col - um - bine.  
Col - um - bine.

Never she thinks if her petals shall fall,  
If she coquettes with the wandering bee,  
Gay is she still what so ever be fall,  
Love less wanton on

does not dread,  
toss her head?  
pleasure bent,  
Sunshine is round her and spring birds call;  
Heart whole and frolicsome still is she;  
Now is her moment, her day, her all;

colla voce
Blue are the skies above her head, So in her red gown
Lovers enough she wins in stead, So with her white throat.
What will she be when it is spent, Then will she dust her
trim and fine, Merrily dances the Columbine.
smooth and fine, Carelessly dances the Columbine.
beauties so fine, Dust only dust mocking Columbine.
THE FOXGLOVE.

(ARLO BATES)

G.W. CHADWICK.

Semplice (quasi Menuetto)

VOICE.

p

In grand-ma's garden in shining
In grand-ma's garden a child I
In grand-ma's garden the fox-gloves
In grand-ma's garden still I

rows, The box smells sweet as it trimly
played, With naught save bees to make a
gay, With ev'ry wind would nod and
walk, And still the fox-gloves seem to

A Flower Cycle, Chadwick No. 7.

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grows; The sun dial quaint the hour tells 'Mid fox-gloves
fraid I counted the spots on the fox-gloves cheek, And knew it could
sway Full well I knew that they were wise And watched with
talk Their speech not yet my manhood learns, But when I

tall with spotted bolls, And all is dear and all is
tell if it would but speak, How cunning fairies in the
childhood's eager eyes, To see them whisper each to
see them, youth returns, I wonder at them still in
fair, As child-hood's self had dwelling
night, Had painted each by faint
each, And catch the secrets of their
vain, But with them am a child a-

there.

2. In grand-ma's

star-light.

3. In grand-ma's

speech.

4. In grand-ma's

gain.

last time
THE CARDINAL FLOWER.

(ARLO BATES)

G. W. CHADWICK.

When days are long and steeped in sun,
The Cardinal flower, the flower of the sun,

Like a tall Indian maiden, dressed in brown brooks,
Loiter as they run, And lingering eddy scarlet robes,
With tranquil breast That never has known love's

as they flow, full loth to leave the meadows low;
For humbling thrall, But haughty queens it over all,

A Flower Cycle, Chadwick No. 8.

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then the Cardinal, a blaze with splendid fire, their flower, her image mirrored throws, while proud as

fantasy stays, she glows.

It sees the speckled trout dart by, and swift winged flits the dragonfly.
O'er the brooks' smooth waters run, Naught
dolcissimo
doeth it heed them, all or one
A-

from it lives and seeks no praise through the brief
largamente

splendor of its days.
THE LUPINE.

(Arlo Bates)

G.W. Chadwick.

Ah Lupine, with silver leaves and
Fair Lupine, the dew-drop shines, a
Oh Lupine, I pluck thy bloom, But

Allegro

blossoms blue as the skies, I know— a maid like
gem night gives to thee; So pure— her radiant
how her grace may I win? So fair— so pure is
thee, and blue, too, are her eyes.
soul within her breast must be.
she, my suit may not begin.

Gray as a man's her
Like thee, she dwells a-
Unless I send thy
dress: How low - ly, and ho - ly,

lone: All sweet - ness, com - plete - ness,

flower: To prove - her, and move her,

Her mien can not mere words ex - press.
As in thy self in her are known.
Me with her price-less love to dower.
THE MEADOW RUE.

(Arlo Bates)

Lento.

M. Sep. or Tenor.

in A Minor.

G. W. Chadwick.

The tall white rue stands like a ghost,
That sighs for days—days—

The white rue trembles as it stands,
As if some spirit,

The rue parted,
Ere life's woes gathered like a host,

The rue seeing,
As if it yearned toward unseen hands—

And sorrow's tears had started,
Some loved one near, but fleeing,

And 'tis
And 'tis

Oh, to be a child again,
Where meadow brooks are

Oh, to taste lost youth once more,
When well loved lips were
playing, Where the long grass nods with sound
When the heart was blithe that now Is sore nor

sweet wind through it dreamed love's bliss is fleet ing! Oh the rue grows tall and

fair to see; Sweet "herb of grace" and memo ry.

The
THE JASMINE

(Arlo Bates)

G. W. Chadwick.

Soprano or Tenor.

in E♭.

VOICE.

Amabile.

Piano.

Soft, warm night wind flutters,
Warm air beats with passion,
Spark from the cease ment flickers, And

Up from the dim lagoon,
As some hot bosom throbs,
Till the

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timid shadows hide them, From the
ambrosious night bird murmurs, As its
blossoms glow like star gems, As they

red new risen moon; The
bliss found vent in sobs; The
gleam in the fragrant gloom.

scent of the Jasmine lingerers, Like a
scent of the Jasmine pulses, It
know not what breath from their chalice, Has
langorous pain divine,  
Till the
comes and goes on the wind,  
Could
stirred my soul like wine,  
That I

night moth reels in its fragrance,  

one climb o'er its lattice,  

reel like the drunken night moth,

Drunk en as if with wine.  
Oh,
What bliss might he not find!  
Oh,
With love's keen pain divine.  
Oh,
Jasmine fair,  
Jasmine blest,  
Jasmine sweet,  

P 0 Jasmine  
0 Jasmine  
0 Jasmine  

fair,  
blest,  
sweet,  

O southern night,  
What dreams of rest,  
Why speeds the night,  

1st  
2nd  

O southern night most rare,  
What dreams of cradled rest.  
Why speeds the night so fleet  

3rd appassionato.
THE JACQUEMINOT ROSE.

(ARLO BATES)

G. W. CHADWICK.

Twas a Jacqueminot rose
that she gave me at
parting,
Sweetest flower that

A Flower Cycle, Chadwick No. 12.

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blows. 'Twas a Jacquot minot rose, In the lone garden.

close, with the swift blush-es start-

'Twas a Jacquet minot rose that she gave me at

parting. If she kissed it who
knows, since I, since I will not discover,

And lone is that close, If she kissed it who

knows, Or if not the red rose, perhaps then the

lover, Perhaps the lover;
If she kissed it who knows, since I, since I will not dis-

cover.

Yet at least with the rose went a kiss that I'm

wearing. More I will not disclose, yet at least with the
rose, yet at least with the rose, went whose kiss no one knows, Since I'm only declaring, That at least with the
rose, with the rose went a kiss, went a kiss that I'm wearing.

largamente

f colla voce animato