

Sammlung Unterrichtsrepertoire

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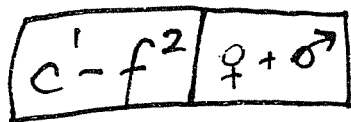
5. Englische Kunst- und Volkslieder (und Spirituals)

31 Stücke – Seiten 265 – 355

geordnet nach Komponisten,
bzw. alphabetisch nach
Liedtiteln

'BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND'

Words from
'As you like it'
Shakespeare



→ Dr. T. A. Arne
arr. R. J. Barclay Wilson

Andante



meno *f*

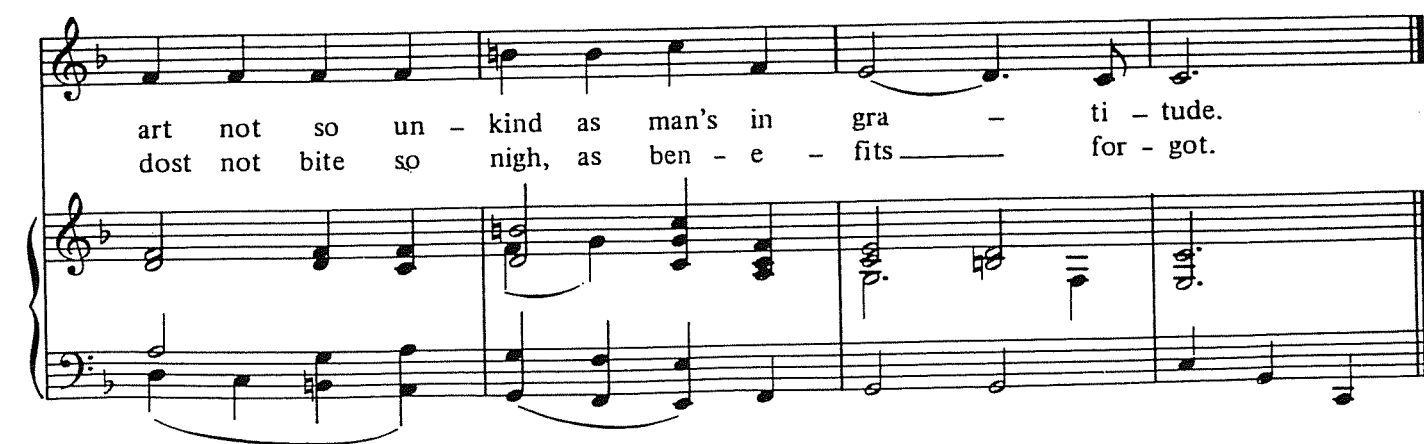


1. Blow,
2. Freeze,

meno *f*



blow_ thou winter's wind, _ thou art_ not_ so un - kind, _ thou
freeze, thou bitter sky, _ thou dost_ not_ bite so nigh, _ thou



art not so un - kind as man's in gra - ti - tude.
dost not bite so nigh, as ben - e - fits _ for - got.

mf

Thy tooth is not so keen, be - cause thou art not seen, thy -
 Tho' thou the wa - ters warp, Thy sting is not so sharp, thy -

mf

tooth is not so keen, be - cause thou art not seen, al -
 sting is not so sharp, as friend re - member'd not. Thy

cresc.

ossia

- tho' thy breath be rude, al - tho' thy breath be rude, al -
 sting is not so sharp, as friend re - mem - ber'd not, as

poco a poco cresc.

f

D.C.
Repeat from beginning

tho' thy breath be rude.
 friend re - mem - ber'd not.

f

D.C.

P

16356

When Daisies Pied

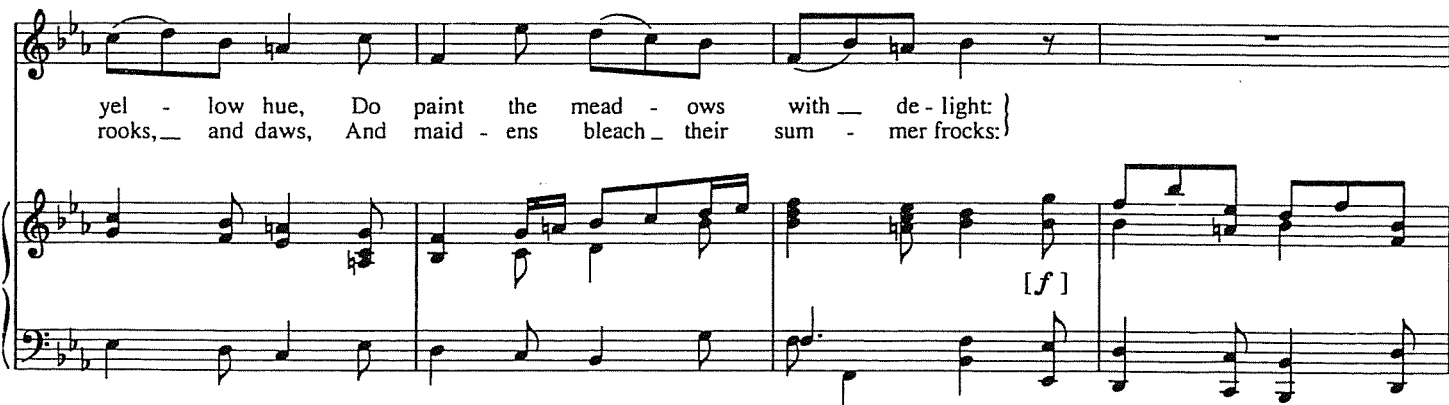
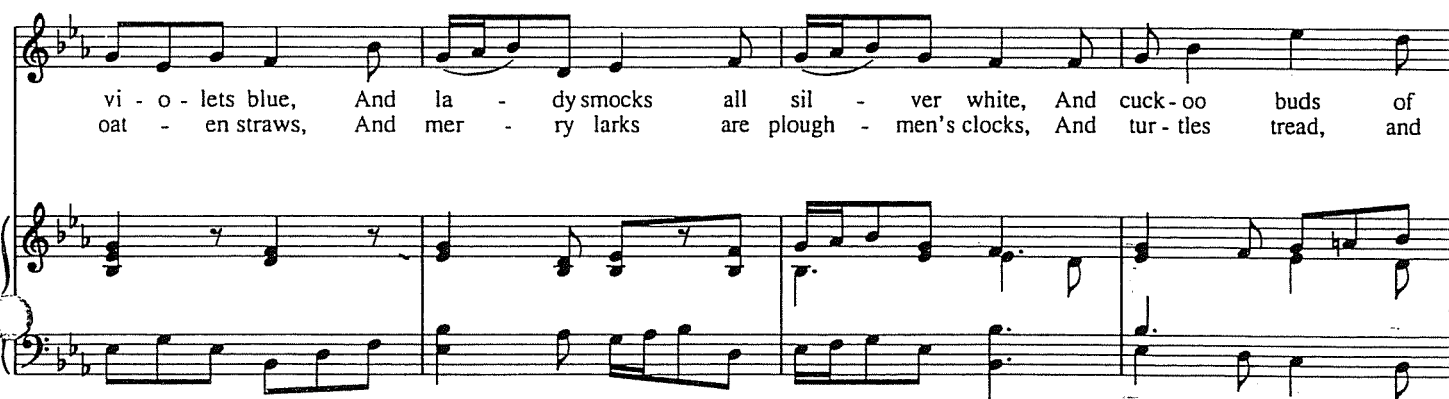
267

words from *Love's Labour Lost*, William Shakespeare

Thomas Arne

[Moderately]

b - es² ♀



The cuck-oo then, on ev - 'ry tree, Mocks mar - ried men, mocks mar - ried men,

[p] sim.

—mocks mar-ried men; for thus sings he: Cuck-oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo,

[rit.] [a tempo]

[rit.] [a tempo]

cuck-oo, cuckoo! O word of fear, O word of fear, Un -

[echo] ** **

[f] [p] [mf]

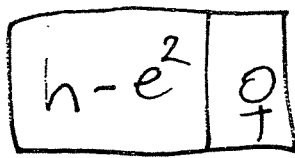
pleas - ing to a mar - ried ear, un - pleas - ing to a mar - ried ear.

[rit.] [rit.]

* optimal melodic ornamentation for verse 2, by the editors

** appoggiatura possible

to Sara



Sure on this shining night

James Agee*

Samuel Barber, Op. 13, No. 3
Original Key

Andante $\text{♩} = 50$ *p*

Voice

Sure on this shin-ing night Of star-made *molto espress.*

Piano

p molto legato

con pedale

shad-ows round, Kind - ness must watch for me This

mf

side the ground. — The late year lies down the

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più f

north. All _____ is healed,

mf *più f*

subito p

all is health. High sum-mer holds the

subito p

rit.

earth. Hearts _____ all whole.

p *rit.*

a tempo *mf*

Sure on this shin-ing night I weep for won - der

molto espress.

mf a tempo

dim. poco a poco *rall.*

wan - d'ring far a - lone Of shad - ows on the

dim. poco a poco *rall.*

stars.

a tempo *mf* *p* *morendo e rall.* *pp*

c₁ - g₂ f

PETER, PETER

From *Peter Pan*

Words and Music by
Leonard Bernstein

Brightly *leuchtend, strahlend*

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand plays a simple melody with eighth notes, and the left hand plays a bass line with eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Brightly' and the mood is 'leuchtend, strahlend'. The dynamics are marked 'mf' and 'rit.'.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, with a tempo marking of 'a tempo'. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 2/4 time, with a tempo marking of 'p'. The lyrics are: 'Pe - ter, Pe - ter, You've got a smudge on your face; Al - low me, Fleck'. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with eighth notes and a treble line with chords.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second line of the song. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, with a tempo marking of 'a tempo'. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 2/4 time, with a tempo marking of 'p'. The lyrics are: 'Pe - ter, Pe - ter, to wipe it a - way; I know it's'. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with eighth notes and a treble line with chords.

D/F# C/E B/D# Am/C D7

just an old ex - cuse to feel your touch, But I love you ver - y

G Ab7 G F#m

much! Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Your hair is all out of place;

mf *p*

F C

Al - low me, Pe - ter, Pe - ter, to fix it, I pray;

D/F# C/E B/D#

I have to touch you to make sure you're real - ly real,

Am/C D7 G *mf* Gm Fm7

And I love the way you feel. The touch of you

mf espr.

Bb9 Eb maj7 Fm7 Bb9

I'd cherish, I long for it night and

innig

in Ehren halten

Eb maj7 Cm6 *cresc.* F#dim7 D9b Gm

day. Without your touch I'll perish,

cresc.

umkommen

Gm7/F *f* Gm6/E C9 F D7 *sub. p*

So I've got to find some way; Let's

f

sub. p

G F#m

see! It's real - ly true! Be - lieve me,

p

F C

Pe - ter, Pe - ter, You've got a mos - qui - to on you! Of course, it's

D/F# C/E B/D# Am/C D7

just a poor ex - cuse to feel your touch, But I want to feel your

G D dim. D7 *pp* G C G

touch, And I love you ver - y much!

d₁ - e₂

♂ + ♀

DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

W. B. YEATS



REBECCA CLARKE

Flowingly, in folk-song style

VOICE

Down by the sal - ley gar - dens my

p *3* *poco*

PIANO

love and I did meet; She

p *3* *3*

passed the sal - ley gar - dens with

p *3* *3*

poco cresc.

lit - tle snow - white feet. She bid me take love

poco cresc.

mf

eas - - y as the leaves grow on the

cresc. *mf*

mp *slower*

tree; But I, be-ing young and fool - ish, with

mp

Tempo I, but a little slower

her would not a - gree. In a field by — the

ri - ver my love and I did

stand, And on my lean - ing shoul - der she

laid her snow-white hand. She bid me take life

cresc.

sempre pp

cresc.

eas - y as the grass grows on the weirs; But

mf

p

mf

regretfully

slower

p

I was young and fool-ish, and now am full of tears.

mf

p

$d_1 - d_2$
 $f + e^7$

280

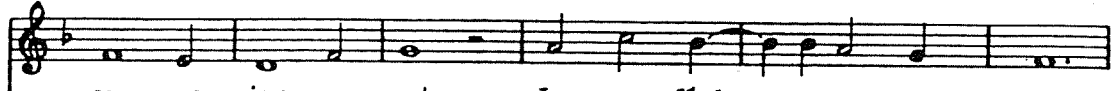
Now, O now, I needs must part.

JOHN DOWLAND.
1st Book of Ayres, 1597.

Andante moderato.

VOICE. 
Now, O now, I

-PIANO. 
needs must part, Part - ing though I ab - sent mourne; Ab - sence


can no joy em - part, Joy once fled, can - not re - turne.


Sad des - paire doth drive me hence, This des - paire un - kind - nesse



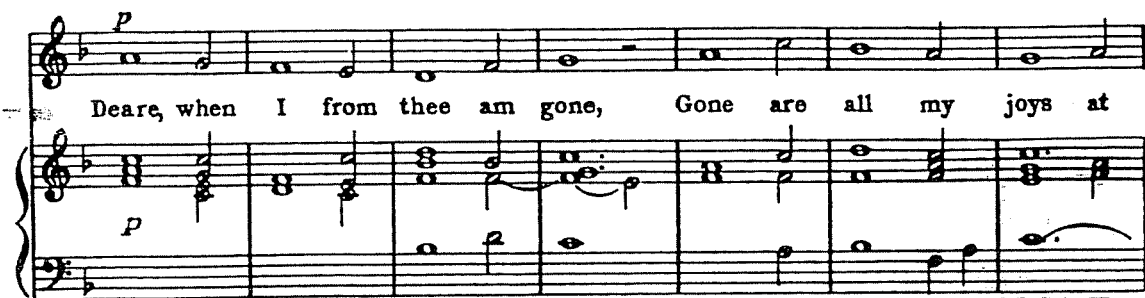
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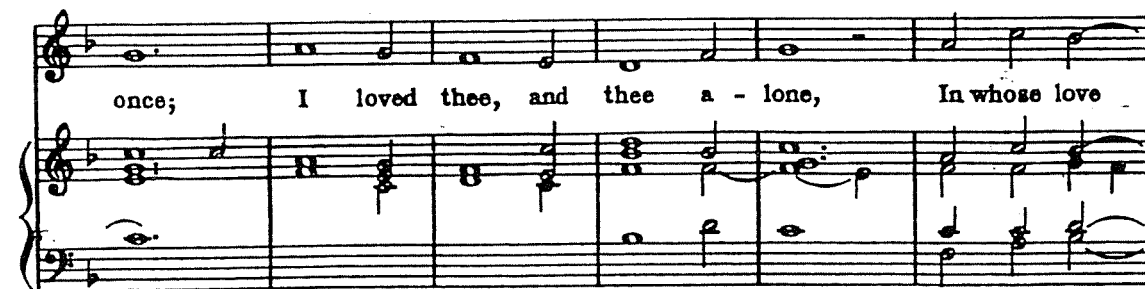
sends; If that part - ing be of - fence, It is she



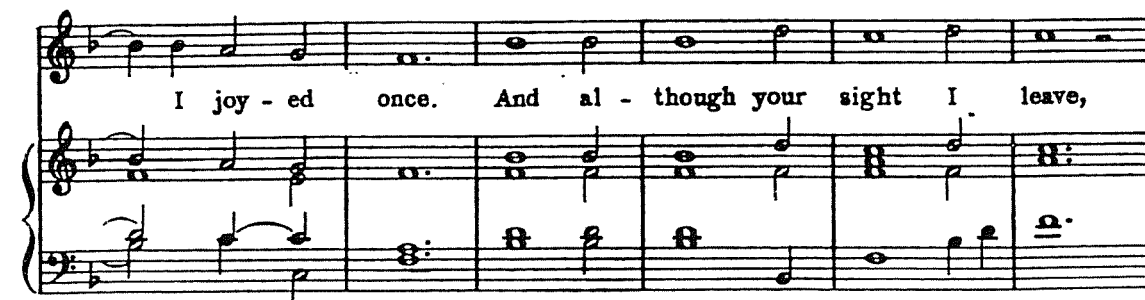
which thus of - fends.



p Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joys at



once; I loved thee, and thee a - lone, In whose love



I joy - ed once. And al - though your sight I leave,

rall. *ppa tempo*

Sight where-in my joys do lie, Till that death do sense be -

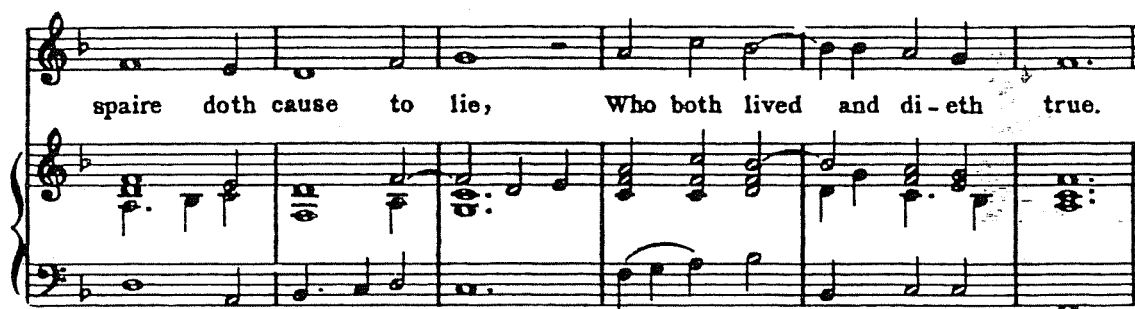
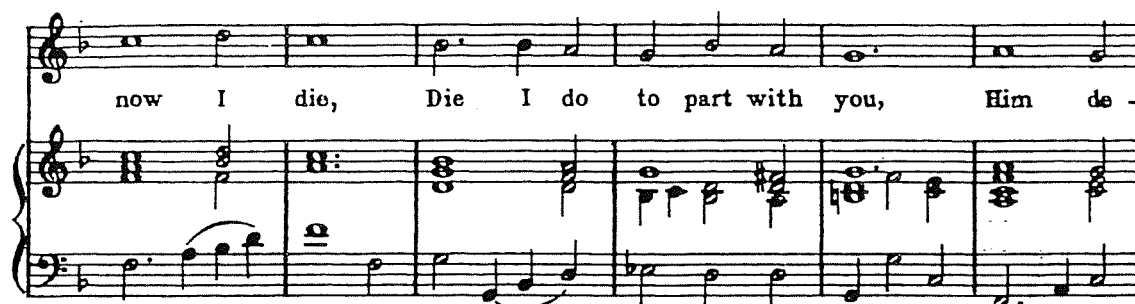
rall. *ppa tempo*

reave, Nev-er shall af-fec - tion die.

Deare, if I do not re - turne, Love and

I shall die to - geth-er. For my ab - sence nev - er

mourne, Whom you might have joy - ed ev-er. Part we must though



Now, O now, I needs must part,
 Parting though I absent mourne;
 Absence can no joy empart,
 Joy once fled, cannot returne.
 Sad despaire doth drive me hence,
 This despaire unkindnesse sends;
 If that parting be offence,
 It is she which thus offends.

Deare, when I from thee am gone,
 Gone are all my joyes at once;
 I loved thee, and thee alone,
 In whose love I joyed once.
 And although your sight I leave,
 Sight wherein my joyes do lie,
 Till that death do sense bereave,
 Never shall affection die.

Deare, if I do not returne,
 Love and I should die together.
 For my absence never mourne,
 Whom you might have joyed ever.
 Part we must, though now I die,
 Die I do to part with you;
 Him despaire doth cause to lie,
 Who both lived and dieth true.

dis₁ - d₂ ♂ + ♀John Dowland
(1563-1626)

IF MY COMPLAINTS COULD PASSIONS MOVE

Moderate speed, with breadth

VOICE

If my com - plaints could pas - si - ons move,
Can Love be rich, and yet I want?

Or make Love see where - in I suf - fer wrong:
Is Love my judge, and yet am I con - demn'd?

My pas - sions were e - nough to prove,
Thou plen - ty hast, yet me dost scant:

That my de - spairs had gov - ern'd me too long.
Thou made a god, and yet thy pow'r con - temn'd.

f
O Love, I live and die in thee,
That I do live, it is thy pow'r:

mf
Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks:
That I de - sire it is thy worth:

cresc.
Thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed in me,
If Love doth make men's lives too sour,

p *mf*

My heart for thy un-kind - ness breaks: Yet thou dost
 Let me not love, nor live hence-forth. Die shall my

dim.

hope when I de - spair, And when I
 hopes, but not my faith, That you that

mf

hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain. Thou say'st thou canst my
 of my fall may hear - ers be May here de - spair, which

dim.

harms re - pair, Yet for re - dress, thoulet'st me still com - plain.
 tru - ly saith, I was more true to Love than Love to me.

$d_1 - d_2$
 $\text{♀} + \text{♂}$

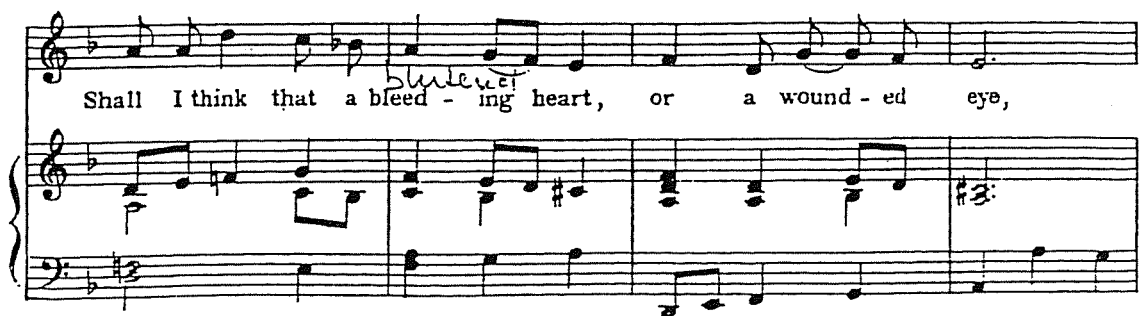
Shall I sue, shall I seeke for grace?

JOHN DOWLAND.
 2nd Booke of Ayres. 1600.

Allegretto grazioso.

VOICE.

PIANO.



Or a sigh ^{Sempre} can as-cend the clouds, to at-tain ^{desu} so

high?

Sil-ly wretch, for - sake these dreams of a vain ^{dieb} de - sire,

O be-think ^{bedenken} what high re-gard ^{Achtung} ho-ly hopes, re-quire ^{heilige Hoffnungen}.

Fa-vour is as.... faire as things are; trea-sure is..... not bought; ^{Schatz} ^{gekauft}

Trea-sure is not won with words, nor the wish of a

dear thought.

Pi-ty is but a poor de-fence for a dy-ing heart;

La-dies' eyes re-spect no moan in a mean de-sert.

She is too worth-y far for a worth so base;

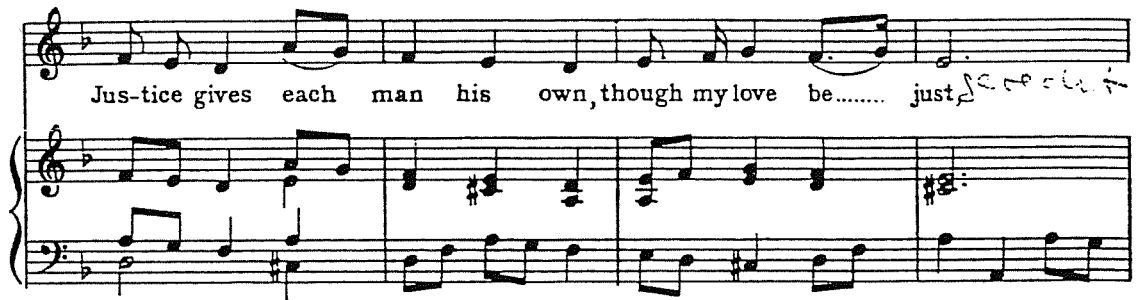
Cru - el and but just is she in my just ^{dis} *kreimen* *Schande*



- grace.



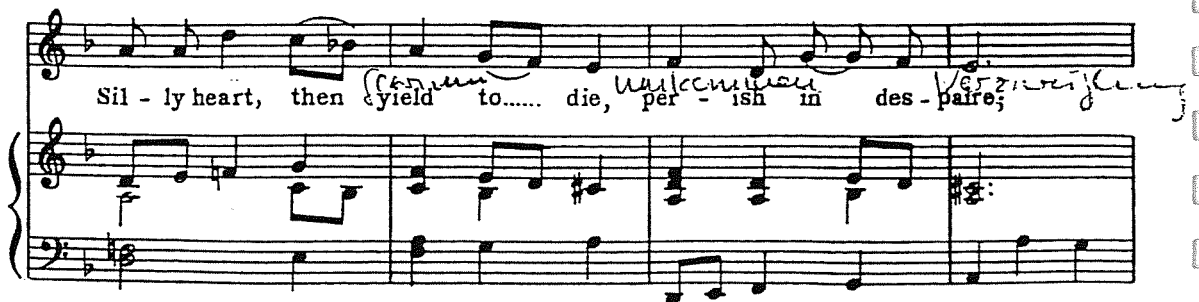
Jus-tice gives each man his own, though my love be..... just, *seelen*



Yet will she not pi - ty my ^{*Armes*} grieve, therefore die I must:



Sil - ly heart, then ^{*Armen*} yield to..... die, ^{*Verzweifeln*} per - ish in des - pair; *Verzweifeln*





Shall I sue? shall I seeke for grace? shall I pray? shall I prove?
 Shall I strive to a heavenly joy with an earthly love?
 Shall I think that a bleeding heart, or a wounded eye,
 Or a sigh can ascend the cloudes, to attain so high?

Silly wretch, forsake these dreams of a vaine desire,
 O bethink what high regard holy hopes require.
 Favour is as faire as things are; treasure is not bought;
 Treasure is not won with words, nor the wish of a thought.

Pity is but a poor defence for a dying heart;
 Ladies' eyes respect no moan in a mean desert.
 She is too worthy far for a worth so base;
 Cruel and but just is she in my just disgrace.

Justice gives each man his own, though my love be just,
 Yet will she not pity my grieve, therefore die I must:
 Silly heart, then yield to die, perish in despaire;
 Witness yet how faire I die, when I die for the faire.

es₁ - es₂ ♀ + ♂

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

Poetry and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER
1826-1864

Moderato.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay There are frail forms fainting at the

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears While we all sup sorrow with the

door: Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say — Oh!

poor: There's a song that will linger for ever in our ears; — Oh!

Hard Times, come a gain no more.

Chorus.

Hard Times, come a gain no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary; —

Hard Times, Hard Times, come a - gain no more: Many days you have lingered a -

round my cab-in door; Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.

gva

3

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
 With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:
 Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day—
 Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Chorus. 'Tis the song &c

4

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
 'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
 'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,—
 Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Chorus. 'Tis the song &c

Chorus arranged for four voices.

TENOR.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea-ry; Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more; Man,

I. SOPRANO.

II. SOPRANO.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea-ry; Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more; Man,

BASS.

days you have lingered around my cabin door, Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

days you have lingered around my cabin door, Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

8va

A Pastoral Song / Schäferlied *Haydn*

Anne Hunter

Allegretto

mf

My mo - ther bids me bind my hair with bands of ro - sy hue, tie
 Die Mut - ter sagt: ein Ro - senband bringt schön dein Haar zur Schau. Mit

p

up— my sleeves with rib - bands rare and lace my bo - dice blue,
 Lit - zen schürz den Är - mel - rand und schmück dein Mie - der blau,

fz

tie up my sleeves with rib - bands rare and lace, — and lace my bo - dice
 mit Lit - zen schürz den Är - mel - rand und schmück, und schmück dein Mie - der

fz

blue! For why, she cries, sit
blau! Wa - rum, sag an, so

still and weep, while o - thers dance and play?
still, so bang bei Tanz und Spiel im Mai?

A - las! I scarce can go or creep, while
O laß, mir frommt nicht Tanz, nicht Sang: Lx.

Lu - bin is a - way, a - las! I scarce can
bin ist nicht da - bei, o laß, mir frommt nicht

go or creep, while Lu - bin is a - way, while
Tanz, nicht Sang: Lu - bin ist nicht da - bei, Lx -

Lu - bin is — a - way, is a - way, is a - way.
bin ist nicht da - bei, nicht da - bei, nicht da - bei.

p

'Tis sad to think the days are gone, when those we love were near, I
Voll Trauer denk ich manchen Tag, der mir in Lieb ge-lacht. Auf

p

sit up - on this mos - sy stone and sigh when none can hear,
morschem Stein ich sitz und klag al - lein oft Tag und Nacht,

mf fz

I sit up - on this mos - sy stone and sigh, and sigh when none can
auf morschem Stein ich sitz und klag al - lein, al - lein oft Tag und

fz fz

hear. And while I spin my
Nacht. Und spinn ich dann den

p

fla - xen thread and sing my sim - ple lay,
Flachs mir ab und sing mein Li - re - lei,

the vil - lage seems a - sleep or dead: now
scheint mir das Dorf wie tot, ein Grab: Lu -

Lu - bin is a - way, the vil - lage seems a -
bin ist nicht da - bei, scheint mir das Dorf wie

sleep or dead: now Lu - bin is a - way, now Lu - bin is a -
tot, ein Grab: Lu - bin ist nicht da - bei, Lu - bin ist nicht da -

way, is a - way, is a - way.
bei, nicht da - bei, nicht da - bei.

Beneath a Weeping Willow's Shade

Piano arr. adapted
from the original by
Roy S. Stoughton

Words and
Music by
Francis Hopkinson
(1737-1791)

$b - es^2 \mid \overset{\circ}{7} + \overset{\circ}{8}$

1. Be - neath a weep - ing
2. Fond Ech - o to her

dim. *rall.* *a tempo*

wil - low's shade She sat and sang a - lone. Be - neath a weep - ing
strains re - plied, The winds her sor - row bore, Fond Ech - o to her

wil - low's shade She sat and sang a - lone; Her hand up - on her
strains re - plied, The winds her sor - row bore; "A - dieu, dear youth, a

"Beneath a Weeping Willow's Shade" by Frances Hopkinson, adapt. Stoughton. From *55 Art Songs*. Copyright © 1943 Birch Tree Group Ltd. Copyright renewed 1970. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

heart she laid, And plain - tive was her moan. And plain - tive was her moan.
dieu,"she cried, "I ne'er shall see thee more, I ne'er shall see thee more."

pp *p* *pp*

The mock - bird sat up - on a bough. The

mp *mp*

mock - bird sat up - on a bough And lis - ten'd to her lay, Then

p

to the dis - tant hills he bore The dul - cet notes a - way, Then

mp

mp

to the dis - tant hills he bore The dul - cet notes a - way, The

mf

mf

dul - cet notes a - way, The dul - cet notes a - way. way.

1. *D.S.* 2.

mf

$C_1 - d_2$ ♀ + ♂

THE BELLS OF SAN MARIE

John Masfield

John Ireland

1879-1967

Rather slowly (♩ = 50)

VOICE

PIANO

It's

plea-sant in Ho - ly Ma - ry By San Ma - rie la - goon, — The

bells they chime and jin - gle From dawn to af - ter - noon. — They

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rhyme and chime and min - gle, They pulse and boom and

beat, — And the laugh - ing bells are gen - tle And the

mourn - ful bells are sweet. — The laugh - ing bells are

gen - tle And the mourn - ful bells are sweet. — Oh,

who are the men that ring them, The bells of San Ma -

mp

rie, — Oh, who but son - sie sea - men Come in from o - ver

cresc.

sea, — And mer - ri - ly in the bel - fries They rock and sway and

poco f

hale, — And send — the bells a - jan - gle, And

down the lust - y ale. — And send the bells a - jan - gle, And

mf cresc. *f* *dim.*

down the lust - y ale. — It's plea-sant in Ho - ly Ma - ry To

mf *p*

hear the beat - en bells — Come boom - ing in - to

cresc. *mf*

mu - sic. Which throbs, and clangs, and swells, — From

f *mf*

sun - set till the day - break, From dawn to af - ter -

dim.

noon. — In port — of Ho - ly Ma - ry On

mp

Slower

San Ma - rie La - goon. — In port of Ho - ly

p *pp*

Ma - ry On San Ma - rie La - goon. —

pp

a - d:

♀ + ♂

Ever the Winds

The course of true love never runs smoothly.

Words and music by Tommy Makem

Moderately *mp*

Em D Em Bm

1. As I went a - walk - ing way down by the green wood, _____
 2. I brought my love flow - ers all tied up with rib - bons; _____
 3. My con - stant com - pan - ions are sad - ness and sor - row; _____

mp

G D Em Bm

Down where the i - vy and lau - rel en - twine, _____ I _____
 Soon the sweet flow - ers were fad - ed and gone. _____ Like the
 Trou - ble has nev - er for - sak - en me yet. _____ But wher -

G D Em Bm Em

heard a bird sing - ing his sad, plain - tive love - song; _____ He _____ mourned for his
 flow - ers; my true love's af - fec - tions have with - ered, _____ Which leaves me a -
 ev - er I go till my days are all num - bered, _____ The love of my

Bm Em Chorus G D

true love as I mourned for mine. _____
lone here to pine and to mourn. _____ Ev - er the winds keep on
soul I will nev - er for - get. _____



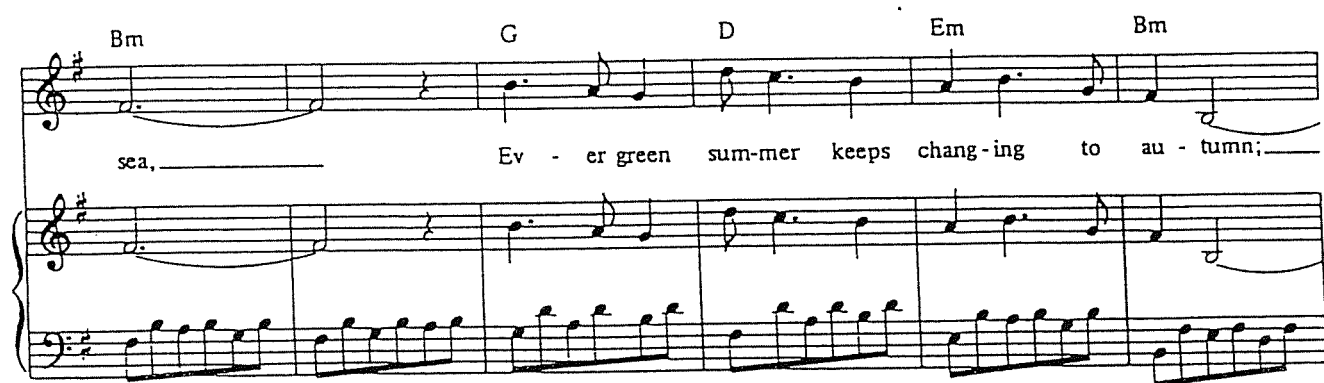
Em Bm G Em

chang - ing their jour - ney, _____ Ev - er the waves keep on chang - ing the



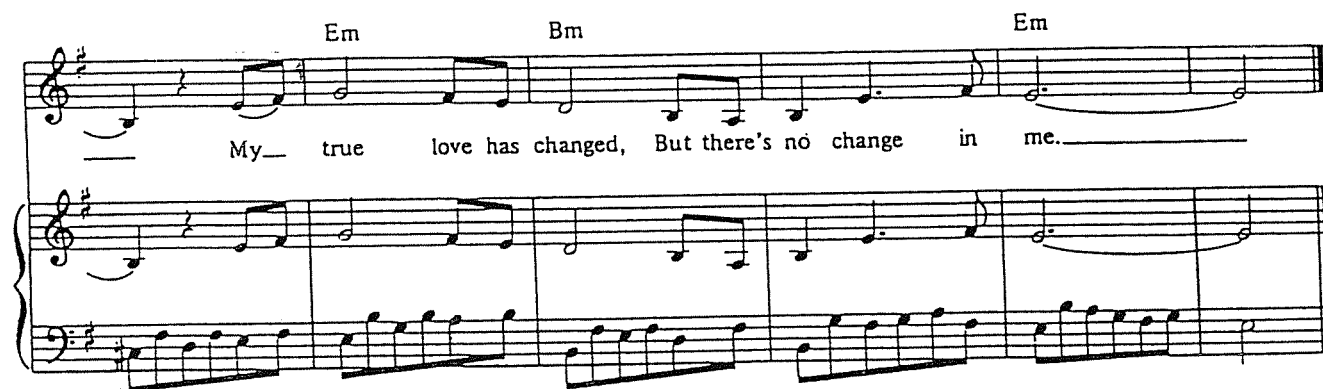
Bm G D Em Bm

sea, _____ Ev - er green sum - mer keeps chang - ing to au - tumn; _____



Em Bm Em

My true love has changed, But there's no change in me. _____



I attempt from Love's sickness

(The Indian Queen)

Henry Purcell

(Original key)

(Tempo di Minuetto)

(p e grazioso)

Voice

PIANO

I at - tempt from Love's sick - ness to fly in

(p, sempre leggiero e non troppo legato)

(Il busso legato)

vain, Since I am my - self my own fe - ver, since I am my -

self my own fe - ver and pain. No more now, no more now, fond heart, with

pride no more swell, Thou canst not raise for - ces, thou canst not raise

(p)

for - ces e - nough to re - bel. I at - tempt from Love's sick - ness to

(come prima)

fly in vain, Since I am my - self my own

(mf)

fe - ver, since I am my - self my own fe - ver and pain. For

(legato)

Love has more power and less mer - cy than fate. To make us seek

(p)

ru - in, to make us seek ru - in and on those that hate. I at -

tempt from Love's sick-ness to fly in

(come prima)

vain, Since I am my - self my own fe - ver, since I am my -

self my own fe - ver and pain. I at - tempt from Love's sick-ness to

fly in vain, Since I am my - self my own

fe - ver, since I am my - self my own fe - ver and pain.

b - eb₂
♀ + ♂

If music be the food of love

First Version

Henry Purcell

(Original key G minor)

(Andantino)

Voice

PIANO

(p) (legato)

If mu - sic - be - the - food of - love. Sing on. sing on, sing



on, sing on till I - am - fill'd, - am - fill'd - with joy; For

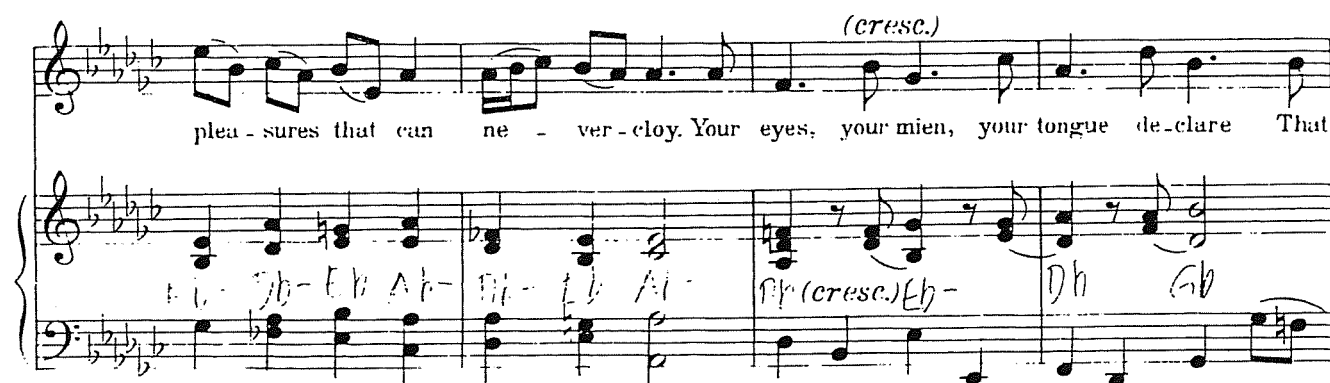


then my list - ning soul you - move For then my list - ning - soul - you move To



(cresc.)

plea - sures that can ne - ver - cloy. Your eyes, your mien, your tongue de - clare That



Unfigured Bass

you are mu - sic - ev - ry - where. Your eyes, your mind, your

(p) *(cresc.)*

Ch Eb Ab *(p) (legato)* *Ab Eb*

tongue de-clare That you are mu - sic - ev - ry - where.

(p)

Db Eb Cb Ab *(p)*

Second Stanza

Plea-sures in - vade both eye and ear. So fierce, so fierce, so fierce, so fierce the

trans - ports are, — they wound. And all my sen - ses feast - ed — are: And

all my sen - ses — feast - ed — are: Tho' yet the treat is on - ly sound, Sure

1. 2.

I must per - ish by your charms, Un - less you save me in your arms. Sure arms.

574
C1-e2 ♀+♂ LOVE QUICKLY IS PALL'D

FROM
TIMON OF ATHENS

Original Key Bb

HENRY PURCELL

Vivace (♩ = 66)

f
Love quick-ly is pall'd, tho' with

mf
il basso legato

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) starts with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The tempo is marked 'Vivace' with a metronome marking of 66 quarter notes per minute. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb).

la-bour'tis gain'd; *Echo* Wine nev-er does cloy, no, nev-er does

This system contains the third and fourth staves. The vocal line continues with a half note C5, a quarter note B4, and a half note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note C4, a quarter note B3, and a half note A3. The tempo and key signature remain the same.

cloy, tho' with ease, with ease 'tis ob-tain'd. *Echo* We

f

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The tempo and key signature remain the same.

ORIGINAL ACCOMPANIMENT: 2 oboes (or violins) and figured bass

sing, we sing while you sigh, *Echo*

mf we laugh, we laugh, we laugh, laugh while you

weep; *Echo* Love robs you of rest, *Echo* love

robs you of rest, *Echo* Wine lulls us, lulls us, lulls us, lulls us, *dim.*

lulls us a - sleep. *Echo* *rall.* *p* *pp* perdendosi

a - c" ♂ + (♀) **Since from my dear** Purcell

Since from my dear, my dear, my dear, — since from my dear, my

dear, — my dear, — my dear, my dear — As - tre - a's sight / I

was so rude ly torn, My

soul — has ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, has — ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver known de-light, Un-

less it were — to mourn, — to mourn, un-less, un-

31

1 2

less it— were to— mourn, mourn. But oh! — a — las, — a —

37

las, — with weep — ing — eyes, And bleed — ing, bleed — ing — heart I —

43

lie, Think-ing on her, on her — whose ab — sence 'tis, That

49

makes — me wish to die, — die, — die, — die, —

55

makes — me, makes — me wish to die, — die, — die. —

$h - g^2 \quad \frac{7}{4} + c^7$

There's not a Swain

Henry Purcell

(Original key G minor)

(Grazioso, molto leggiero)

Voice

There's not a Swain, on the Plain, would be bless'd like me, oh! —

PIANO

(p)

(Il basso sempre legato)

could you but, could you but, could you but on me smile; but you ap-pear so se-vere that

(p)

tremb-ling with fear, my heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, all the while:

(p)

When I cry, must I die, you make no re-ply, but look shy, and with a scornful eye kill me by your —

f

In the Original Edition this song has the following heading: "April. A Song, the Notes by Mr. Henry Purcell, The Words fitted to the tune by N. Henley, Esq." Editor.

1- 9² ♀+♂[↑] Nymphs and Shepherds
(The Libertine)
(Original key) Henry Purcell
(Vivace e leggiero)

come a - way, come a - way come, come, come_ a - way. In the

*)

groves, in the groves let's sport and play, let's sport and play, let's sport and play, For

(Il basso legato)

p

this, this is Flo-ra's ho-li-day, this is Flo-ra's ho-li-day, this is

(mf) *p*

Flo-ra's ho-li-day, Sa-cred to ease

(mf) (legato)

— and hap-py love, To dancing, to mu-sic, to

(non legato) (legato)

danc-ing, to mu-sic and to

*) The Purcell Society Folio Edition has E instead of D on the word "play". Editor

po - e - try; Your flocks may now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now,

(non legato)

now se - cure - ly rove Whilst you ex - press, whilst

you ex - press your

jol - li - ty. Nymphs and Shep-herds, come a - way,

(Il basso marcato) *(p leggiero)*

come a - way, Nymphs and Shepherds, come a - way, come a - way, come, come, come a - way.

(dimin.) *(senza riten.)* *(ppp)*

(dimin.) *(senza riten.)* *(ppp)*

Take, O take those lips away.

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.

fig. - e₂
♀ + ♂

Music by
ROGER QUILTER
Op. 23. No. 4.

Voice. *Andante espressivo. (♩=60)* *mp*

Piano. *mp espress.* *p* *mp* *p*

Take, O take those

lips a-way, That so sweet - ly were for-sworn;

poco cresc.

And those eyes, the break of day, Lights that do mis-lead the

poco cresc.

p espress.

morn:

But my kiss-es

bring a-gain,

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

*mf**dim. e poco rit.*

Seals

of

love,

but sealed,

*mf**mp**poco rit.**p riten.**pp*

but sealed in vain!

*espress.**a tempo tranquillo.**riten.**pp**p espress.**pp**morendo.**ppp*

Ped.

*

R.O. 1921.

H. 10390

Take, O take those lips away.

Fear no more the heat o' the Sun

Words by
SHAKESPEARE

Music by
ROGER QUILTER
OP. 23. No 1.

*Andante moderato. (♩ = 92).
espress. e legato.*

Piano.

mf *espress.* *p* *poco riten.* *mp a tempo.*

mf

mf legato.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun, Nor the fur - ious win - ter's ra - ges;

Thou thy world - ly task hast done, Home art gone, and ta'en thy wa - ges:

Gol - den lads and girls all must, As chim - ney sweepers, come to dust.

*Tr. * Tr. * Tr. * Tr.*

p

Fear no more the frown o' the great,

espress.

p

*

mp

Thou art past the tyrant's stroke; Care no more to clothe and eat; To

mp

mf

thee the reed is as the oak: The sceptre, learning, physic, must All

mf

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

poco rit.

fol - low this, and come to dust.

poco rit. *a tempo.* *p* *pochiss rit.*

dolce.

espress.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun.

mp a tempo.
più sonoro.

Fear no more the light - 'ning flash, Nor the all-dread - ed

a tempo.

mp più sonoro.

thun - der-stone;

Fear not slan - der, cen - sure rash;

L.H.

R.H.

mf

Thou hast fin - ished joy and moan: All lov - ers young, all

p

dolce.

p dolce.

lov - ers must Con - sign to thee, and come..... to

Fear no more the heat o' the sun.

H. 10390

pp sempre a tempo.

dust. No ex-or-ci-ser harm thee!

poco dim. *dolce* *R.H.*

p *pp* *sempre a tempo.*

Red. * *Red.* *

p

Nor no witch-craft charm thee! Ghost un-laid for - bear thee!

p

Red. * *Red.* *

mp *pp*

Noth-ing ill come near thee! Qui - et con-sum - ma-tion have:

mp *pp*

Red. *

Più tranquillo. *dim.*

And re-nown - éd be thy grave!

Più tranquillo. *dim.* *morendo.*

Red. *

Fear no more the heat o' the sun.

Early One Morning

Traditional

$C_1 - f_2 \quad \text{f} + \text{f}$

Moderately

F B $\flat$ F C7 F

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction starting with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The second system contains the first two lines of the song's lyrics. The third system contains the next two lines. The fourth system contains the final line of the song. Chord symbols (F, B $\flat$, C7, Dm) are placed above the staff to indicate the harmonic structure. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across measures.

mf

1. Ear - ly one morn - ing just as the sun was ris - ing, I
(3.) gay is the gar - land, and fresh — are the ros - es I've

heard a maid sing — in the val - ley be - low.
culled from the gar - den to bind — on thy brow.

C7 F C7 F Dm F

'Oh, don't de - ceive — me! Oh, nev - er leave — me! How — could you

B $\flat$ Gm C7 F F Gm

treat a poor mai - den so? 2. Re - mem - ber the 4. Thus sang the poor

F B $\flat$ C F Gm

vows that you made to your Ma - ry, Re - mem - ber the mai - den, her sor - row be - wail - ing, Thus sang the poor

F B $\flat$ C F C7

bow'r where you vowed to be true. 'Oh! don't de - maid in the val - ley be - low.

F C7 F

ceive me! Oh! nev - er leave me! How could you

B $\flat$ Gm 1. C7 F 2. C7 F

treat a poor mai - den so? 3. Oh, poor mai - den so?

The Green Bushes

Traditional

a - d z ♀ + ♂⁷

Moderately

The musical score is written for piano and voice in G major, 3/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderately'. The first measure is marked '1. As' and 'mp'. The second measure is marked 'D'. The third measure is marked 'Am7'. The lyrics are 'I was a walk - ing one'. The second system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The first measure is marked 'F'. The second measure is marked 'Am'. The third measure is marked 'D'. The lyrics are 'morn - ing in May, To hear the birds'. The third system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The first measure is marked 'Am7'. The second measure is marked 'F'. The third measure is marked 'G'. The fourth measure is marked 'D'. The lyrics are 'whis - tle, see lamb - kins at play, I'. The fourth system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The first measure is marked 'f'. The second measure is marked 'G7'. The third measure is marked 'C'. The lyrics are 'spied a fair dam - sel, Oh, sweet - ly sang'.

1. As *mp* **D** **Am7**
I was a walk - ing one

F **Am** **D**
morn - ing in May, To hear the birds

Am7 **F** **G** **D**
whis - tle, see lamb - kins at play, I

f **G7** **C**
spied a fair dam - sel, Oh, sweet - ly sang

Am D Am7

she: — 'Down by the green — bush - es he —

Bb C

1.2.3. D , 4. D

thinks to — meet — me.' 2. 'Oh he.

2. 'Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?'
'My lover I'm seeking, kind Sir,' she said.
'Shall I be your lover, and will you agree
To forsake the old love, and foregather with me?'
3. 'Quick, let us be moving from under the trees,
Quick let us be moving kind Sir, if you please;
For yonder my true love is coming, I see,
Down by the green bushes he thinks to meet me.'
4. The old love arrived, the maiden was gone,
He sighed very deeply, he sighed all alone,
'She is on with another, before off with me,
So adieu ye green bushes, for ever,' said he.

a-e₂ ♀

Danny Boy (Londonderry Air)

Traditional Irish Melody ♣ Words by Fred E. Weatherly

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Andante

Chord diagrams for guitar are provided above the staff. The first system includes: G⁹, A^m, C⁷/G, F, F^{dim}, C/E, E⁷(b⁵), F⁶, and G⁹. The second system includes: C⁶, A^m⁶, G⁷, C/G, G⁷, E⁺/C, A⁺/F⁶, and F^{maj}⁷. The third system includes: E⁺/C, A⁺/F, E⁺/C/G, E⁺/C, G⁷ sus⁴, and H⁷/G⁷.

The melody is written in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The tempo is marked Andante. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Lyrics:

Oh, Dan - ny Boy, } the pipes, the pipes are call - ing from glen to
Oh, Ei - ly dear, }

glen, and down the moun - tain side, the sum - mer's

gone, and all the ros-es fall-ing, — it's you, } it's you } must go, and I } must

hide. — But come ye } back when sum-mer's in the mea-dow, — or when the

val-ley's hushed and white with snow, — it's I'll } be here in sun-shine or in

sha-dow, — oh, Dan-ny Boy, oh, Dan-ny Boy, } I love you so!

oh, Ei-ly dear, oh, Ei-ly dear, }



But when ye
Some - day, may



come, and } all the flow'rs are dy - ing, if } I am dead, as dead I well may
be, when } and }



be, ye'll come and find the place where I am



ly - ing, and kneel and say an A - ve there for me; and I shall

C6 C F C E7/B

hear, though soft you tread a - bove me, and all my

Am G7/B C/E Gsus4 G7

grave will warm - er, sweet - er be, for you will

C C7aug F6 G Am F Fm/Ab

bend and tell me that you love me, and I shall

C/G C# F6 G11 G7(b9) C

sleep in peace un - til you come to me!

By an' By

Negro Spiritual
Arranged by
H. T. BURLEIGH

$C^1 - d^2$
 $C^2 + C^1$

Andante.

Voice. *f*
Oh, by— an' by, by— an' by

Piano. *f* *p* *f*

F Fmaj7 F7 Bb/F Bbm/F F F/E

p
I'm goin' to lay down dis heav-y— load. Oh, by— an' by,

Dm C Am F7 Bb6 Bb/D F

by— an' by I'm goin' to lay down dis heav-y load. I

C7sus F7 Bm^{b5} C7 F7 Bb F

know my robe's goin' to fit me well, — I'm goin' to lay down my

ou

f

F6 Fmaj7 F6 Fmaj7 F6 Dm C Am F/A

heav-y — load; I tried it on at de gates ob Hell, —

poco rit.

f

poco rit.

Bb F F6 Fmaj7 F6 G9 Bbm F/A

I'm goin' to lay down my heav-y load. Oh, by — an' by

a tempo.

G9 C9 F6 F7 Bbmaj7 Bb6 Bb/F F Fmaj7 F7

by — an' by I'm goin' to lay down dis heav-y — load. Oh,

Bb/F Bbm/F F F/E Dm C Am F9 Bb/F Bbm6/F F

f

some-a dese morn - in's bright an' fair, — I'm goin' to lay down my

f

F6 Fmaj7 F6 Fmaj7 F6 Dm C Am F/A

f

heav-y — load. Gwine to take-a my wings an' cleave de air,

poco rit.

Bb F F6 Fmaj7 F G9 Bbm F/A

pp

I'm goin' to lay down my heav-y load. Oh, by — an' by,

pp a tempo.

G9 C9 F6 F7 Bbmaj7 Bb6 Bb/F F Fmaj7 F7

rit.

by — an' by I'm goin' to lay down dis heav-y — load.

rit.

Bb/F Bbm/F F F/E Dm C Am F9 Bb/F Bbm6/F F

I Stood on de Ribber ob Jerdon

Negro Spiritual
Arranged by
H. T. BURLEIGH

$C^1 - C^2 (f^2)$
♀ + ♂

Andante cantabile.

Voice. I stood on de rib-ber ob

Piano. *p*

F6 Fmaj7 F6 Fmaj7 F6 Fmaj7 Bb/F Fmaj7 F6 Fmaj7 F6 F

Jer - don, To see dat ship come sail - in' o - ber,

Bb/F F Bb/F F F6 C/F Bb/F Faug Bb/F F Gm/F F

Stood on de rib-ber ob Jer-don, To see dat ship sail by.

F6 Fmaj7 F6 Fmaj7 Bb/F F Bbmaj7 Dm G9 G Bb/C Gm/C F Gm/C F

Oh, ^{*)}moh-er doan yo' weep! W'en yo' see dat ship come

F Gm/F Fdim F F6 C7/F Bb/F F

sail - in' o - ber, Oh, mo'n-er doan yo' weep! W'en yo'

Bb F/A Gm7 F C7 F F/Eb Bb/D Db7 F/C C/Bb F/A Dm

rit

see dat ship sail by.

G9 C7sus Gm/C F F6 Fmaj7 F6 Fmaj7

a tempo *mf*

*mourner

sis - ter }
broth - er } yo' bet - tah be read - y, To

mf
p

Gm/F F6 Gm7 C9 F6 Fmaj7 F6 F Bb/F F Bbmaj7/F F

see dat ship come sail - in' o - ber, Sis - ter }
Broth - er } yo' bet - tah be

p

F6 C/F Bb/F Faug Bb/F F Gm/F F F6 Fmaj7 F6 F

read - y, To see dat ship sail by.

p

Bb/F F Bbmaj7/D Dm G9 G7 Gm7/C F Gm/C F

Oh, mo'n-er doan yo' weep, W'en yo' see dat ship come sail - in' o - ber,

mf

F Gm/F Fdim F A A7/C# Dm Dm/F G9 G7/B C9 C7

Shout Glo-ry Hal - le - lu - jah! W'en yo' see dat ship sail

rit.

F F/Eb Bb/D Db/7 F/C Dm G9 F9 Eb9 Db Bbm/C F/C

by. I stood on de rib-ber ob Jer-don!

a tempo *rit.* *pp* *dim.* *ppp*

F6 Fmaj7 F6 Fmaj7 Gm/F F Bb F

Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen

Negro Spiritual
Arranged by
H. T. BURLEIGH

C¹ - C²
♀ + ♂

Poco Adagio. *p*

Voice. No-bod - y knows de troub - le I've seen,

Piano. *p*

F Bbmaj7/F F Bbm#7/F F Bb/F F Bbm/F

No-bod - y knows but Je - sus; No-bod - y knows de

F F/A Bbmaj7 C F Bb/F

troub - le I've seen, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Some -

A7/E Eb9 D13 G C7 F Bbm#7/F F

-times I'm up, some - times I'm down; Oh! yes,

F Bm^{b5}₇

Lord! Some - times I'm al - mos' to de groud';

C9 (Am/C) C9 C7 F Fmaj7 F9 E^{#5}₇ Am

rit.

Oh! yes, Lord! Oh! no - bod - y knows de

8 F/C C9 C7 F Fdim Bbm6/F F C13 F Dm

mf *a tempo*

troub - le I've seen, No - bod - y knows but Je - sus;

F Db F F7/A Bb6 C

LD 915

rit.

No-bod - y knows de troub-le I've seen, Glo - ry, hal - le -

rit.

F Bb A D F/Eb D7 G7 C7

f a tempo

- lu - jah! If you get there be - fore I do,

f a tempo

F Bbm#7/F F

Oh! yes, Lord! Tell all - a - my friends I'm

Bm^{b5}₇ C9 (Am/C) C9 C7 F Fmaj7 F9

rit. *mf*

com-ing too, Oh! yes, Lord! Oh!

rit. *mf*

E^{#5}₇ Am 8¹/F/C C9 C7 F Fdim Bbm/F F C13

a tempo

no - bod - y knows de troub - le I've seen, No - bod - y knows but

a tempo

F Dm F Db F F7/A

Je - sus, No - bod - y knows de troub le I've seen,

Bb6 C F Bb A D7

rit.

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

rit. *p* *pp* *ppp* *L. H.*

F/Eb D7 G7 C7 F Bbmaj7/F F Bbm#7/F F

O Peter, Go Ring-a dem Bells

Negro Spiritual
Arranged by
H. T. BURLEIGH

Andante con moto. *mf*

Voice. O Pe - ter, go ring - a dem bells,

Piano. *f*

N.C. F

Pe - ter, go — ring - a dem bells, Pe - ter, go

C7/F F

ring - a dem bells, I heard from heaven to - day, I

C7/F

won-der where my moth-er is gone, I won-der where my—

F C7/F

mother is gone, I won-der where my mother is gone I

F F/Eb Dm Db7

heard from heaven to - day I heard from heaven to -

rit. *mf* *a tempo* *mf*

F/C Gm/C F F F/E

- day, I heard from heaven to - day, I

Dm7 F/C Bb Am G#dim C9/G C7

rit.
thank God, an' I thank you too, I heard from heaven to -

f rit.
F D7⁸ G9 F/C Gm/C⁸
a tempo *mf*

- day O Pe - ter, go ring - a dem bells,

a tempo *mf*

Pe - ter, go ring - a dem bells, Pe - ter, go ring - a dem bells, I

p *rit.*
C7/F F

heard from heaven to - day.

dim. *pp perdendosi*
C7/F F6



DEEP RIVER

Spiritual

Transcription by
HUGO FREY

Lento

Chords: Eb Cm Fm Ab6 Ab7

Deep ——— riv - er, my

Chords: Eb Ab Eb Bb7 Eb G7 Cm

home is o - ver Jor - dan, ——— Deep ———

Chords: F F7 Fm7-5 Eb Ebdim Bb7 Ebsus Eb

riv - er, Lord, I want to cross o - ver in - to camp-ground.

Eb Eb7 Ab6 Eb Ab Ab7
 Deep — riv - er, my home is o - ver

mf

Eb G+ G7 Cm Cm (Bb Bass) F7 (A Bass) Ab7
 Jor - dan, Deep — riv - er, Lord, I

Cm (G Bass) Fm7 Bb7 Ebsus Eb
 want to cross o - ver in - to camp - ground. Oh

p *ritard.*

Gm Am7-5 Eb Gm Eb Gm Eb Gm Am7-5 Eb Eb7
 don't you want to go to that gos - pel feast, — That

poco animato

Ab G+ Eb m F7 Bb Bb+

prom-is'd land where all is peace?

cres. e rall - en tan - do *dim.*

Eb Cm Fm Ab6 Ab7 Eb Ab

Deep riv - er, my home is o - ver

a tempo

Eb Bb7 Eb G7 Cm F F7 Fm7-5

Jor - dan, Deep riv - er, Lord, I

Eb Eb dim Bb7 Eb

-want to cross o - ver in - to camp - ground.

rit. e dim.

a-d₂

♀+♂

555

Sometimes I feel.

Arranged by
ARNE DØRUMSGAARD.

$\text{♩} = 58.$

mp

Sometimes I feel like a moth-er-less child,

rit.

p

p

mf

mp

Sometimes I feel like a moth-er-less child, Sometimes I feel like a moth-er-less child, A

mf

long ways from home; A long ways from home.

Largo

tempo primo

mp

True be-liev-er, A long ways from home, A long ways from

tempo primo

ff

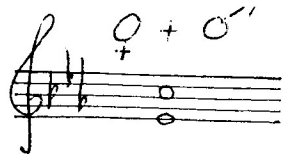
p

home. *mf* Some-times I feel like I'm al - mos' gone. *f* Some-times I feel like I'm

al - mos' gone, Some-times I feel like I'm al - mos' gone; A long ways from

home, a long ways from home. *ff* *Largo* True be - liev - er. *a tempo* *mp* A

long ways from home, a long ways from home. *pp*
dim e rit.



STEAL AWAY

Gospel/Spiritual

Transcribed and Arranged by
HUGO FREY

Adagio

§ Eb

Ab

Steal a-way, steal a-way, Steal a-way to

mp

pp

Bb Eb G7 Cm Eb7 Ab 3 Eb Cm F9 Bb7 Eb *Fine.*

Je - sus! Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I ain't got long to stay here.

rit.

pa tempo

Ab7 Eb6 Ab7 Eb Gm (Bb Bass) Ab Abm

My Lord — calls me; He calls me by the thun - der; The
Green trees are bend - ing; Poor sin - ner stands a - trem-bling, The
Tomb - stones are burst - ing; Poor sin - ner stands a - trem-bling, The

D. S. al Bb7 Eb §

trum-pet sounds with - in my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.
trum-pet sounds with - in my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.
trum-pet sounds with - in my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

longa p

D. S. al

sta basso