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1911

Remembrance

Will C Macfarlane

Composer

Torrance Benjamin

Lyricist

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WILL C. MACFARLANE
REMEMBRANCE



SONG

WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

WORDS BY

TORRANCE BENJAMIN

Low (Original Edition) in G High in B

60 cents

NEW YORK : G. SCHIRMER

BOSTON : BOSTON MUSIC CO.

LONDON : SCHOTT & CO.

MAINE COMPOSERS AND THEIR MUSIC
1870-1945 b. London - 1912-8 Portland

DEPARTMENT OF AMERICAN MUSIC
MAINE FEDERATION OF MUSIC CLUBS

Vc Me.
000948
Mac

Macfarlane: Portland's 1st Municipal Organist

Remembrance

Words by
Torrance Benjamin

Will C. Macfarlane

Moderato

Voice

Piano

Re - mem - ber on - ly days of love and

laugh - ter, - The song of Summer and the lilt of Spring;

For - get, dear heart, - the Win - ter

p

p

pp

accel.

ritard.

a tempo

r. h.

l. h.

cresc.

ritard. *espress.*

com-ing af - ter, — Re - mem - ber love - for - get the wear - - y -

p *pp ritard.*

Più mosso

ing. For - get the end of love, its

pp *p*

wan - ing hour, The fad - ing and the fail - ure at the close;

p quasi parlando

For - get, dear heart, that love was but a flow'r,

pp sempre

ritard. *molto ritard.*

And now lies dead— a frag - ile Sum - mer rose.

ritard. *molto ritard.*

Tempo I

Re - mem - ber on - ly love, and not the

p

leav - - ing; — Re - mem - ber on - ly plea - sure, not — the

p *pp*

pain. For you the

accel. *r.h.* *l.h.* *cresc.* *ritard.* *p a tempo*

dream— and mine the un - de - ceiv - ing; For you the

molto ritard. *p* *pp molto ritard.*

song, dear; mine the sad re - frain.

morendo *pp* *dim.* *ppp*

"I would my song were like a star"

Words* by
J. B. Kempton

Music by
Jean Paul Kúrstelner

Slowly (♩ = 66) *P quietly and with tenderness*

Voice: I would my song were
like a star Hung in the pur-ple depths a-far, To
lead her eyes thro' gates of ev'n A-long the kin-dling paths of

Piano: *P con espressione*
dim. e rit.
pp

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To my Wife

Lines of Flame

Words* by
Rebecca Epping

Music by
Jean Paul Kúrstelner

mp *a piacere*
senza tempo ma molto lento *p* *dim. e rit.* *molto*

Slowly, with intense feeling (♩ = 40)

Voice: Reach out your hand, dear, let your palm en-close In its warm hol-low the
red, red rose. Nay, start not at each leaf-let's ar-dent glow;

Piano: *eresc. molto e animato*
eresc. molto e animato *dim.*

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To Mr. Amer W. Sharp

Morning

Words* by
Frank L. Stanton

Oley Speaks

Slowly

Voice: Nev-er star was
in the sky, Win-ter winds went wall-ing by, Not a vio-let was in bloom,
Not a rain-bow rim-m'd the gloom.

Piano: *mf*
rit. *(pizzicato)*
pp *ritard. e dim.*

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To Mr. Frank J. Sparrel

To You

Words by
Marie Beatrice Gannon

Oley Sp

Moderato

Voice: Some-where, I know, from the
blue of the sky God caught a gleam of the ra-diant blue,
Held it in ten-der-ness, then let it melt In-to the eyes of you.

Piano: *p*

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