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1907

Songs Without Words

Ethelbert Woodbridge Nevin
Composer

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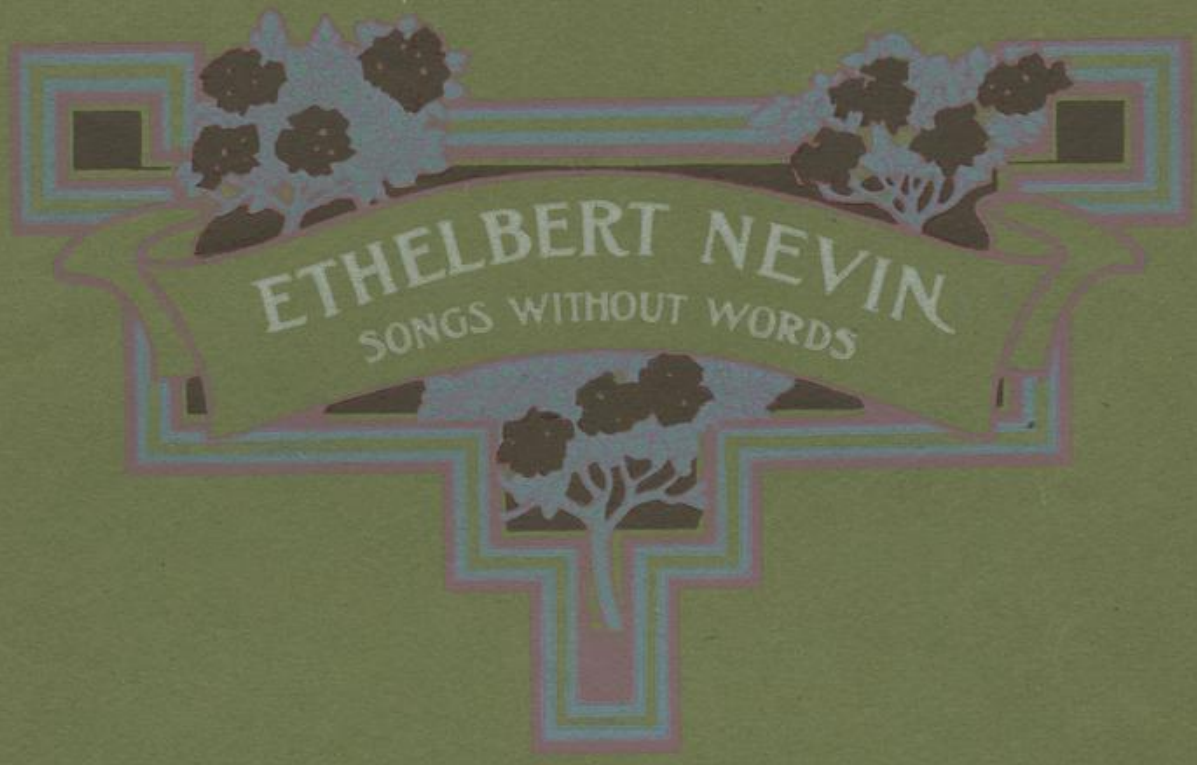

Ka Me.
001094
Nev/Son

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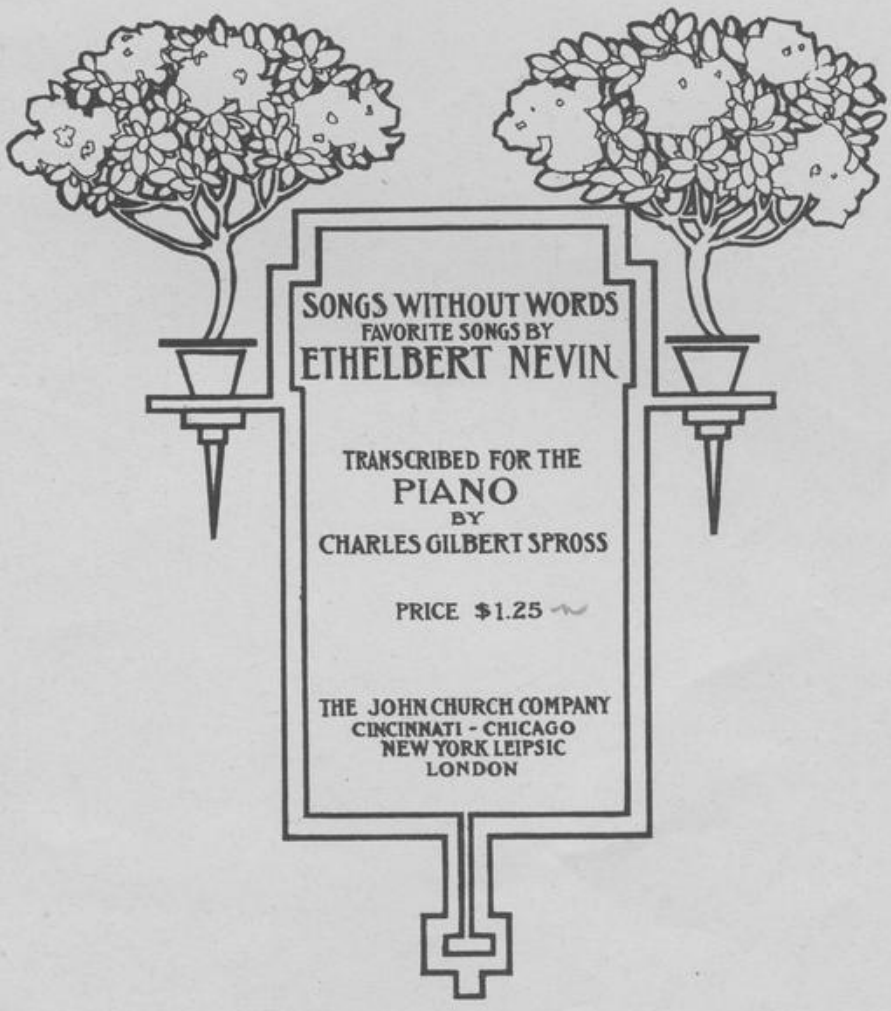

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MON DÉSIR.

O celestial sorrow,
  Will thou never cease?
Shall to suffring mortals,
  Never come sweet peace?
But if pain's my portion,
Of pain let me die.
  Such is my desire.

Tired am I of knowing,
  Sympathy is dead.
I'd speak not nor listen,
  Neither hope nor dread,
Mocking like an echo,
Comes e'en my last sigh.
  Then, oh, let me die.

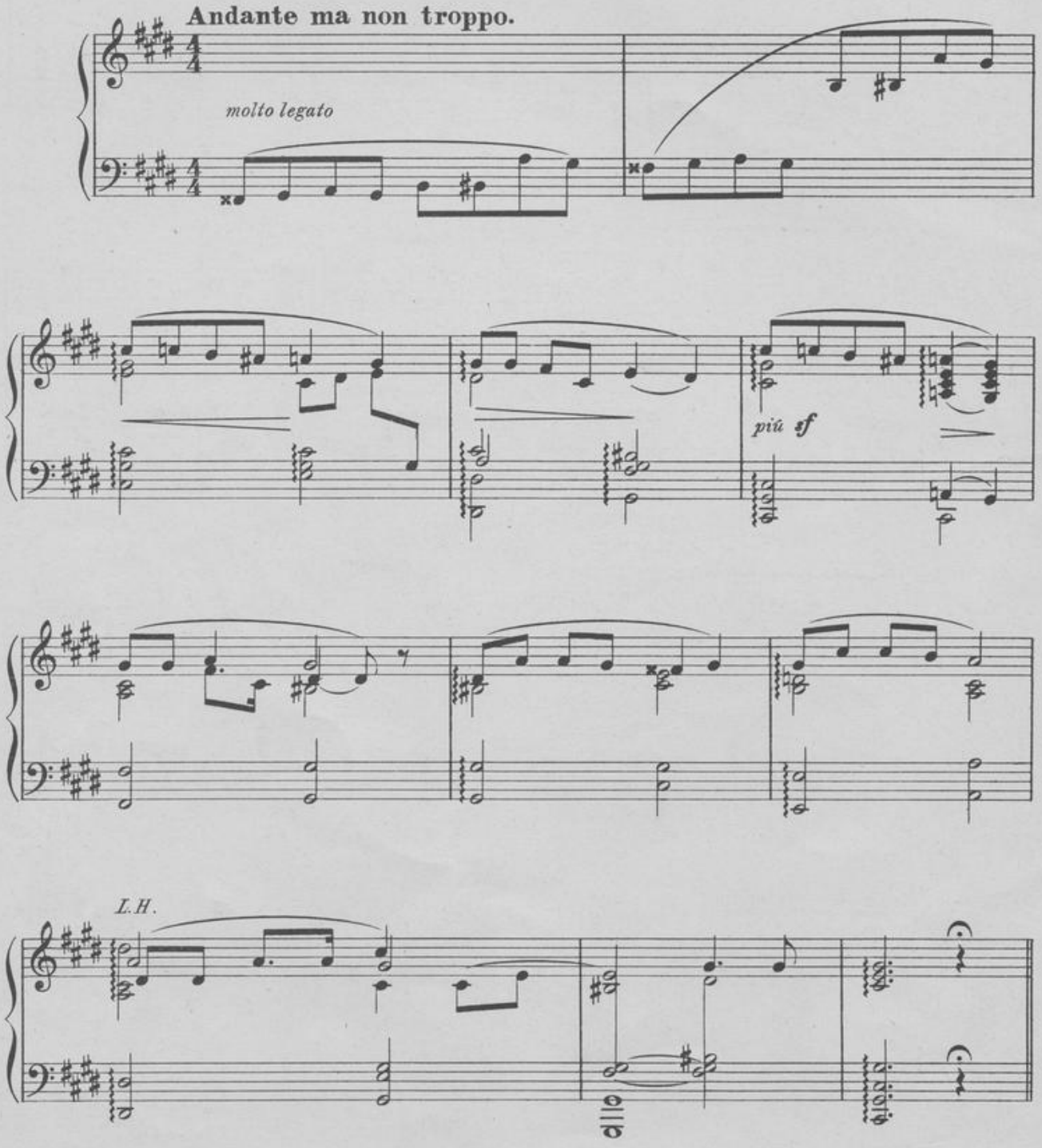
In a sleep unbroken
  Ever would I rest,
Never to awaken
  In earth's dreamless breast.
This the end, a blest one,
To it I aspire,
  Give me my desire.

—*Jacques Ahrem.*

Mon Désir.

My Desire.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.



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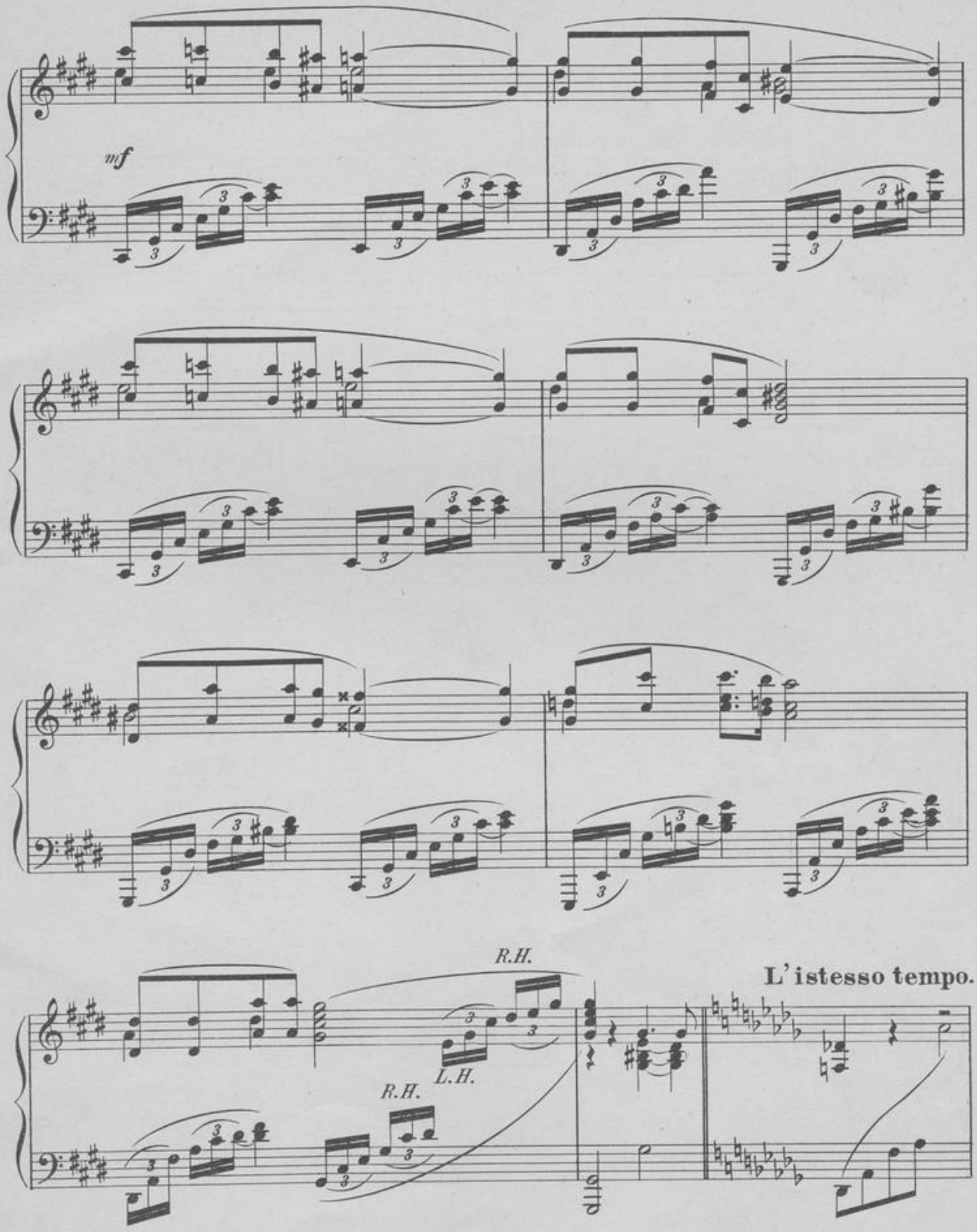
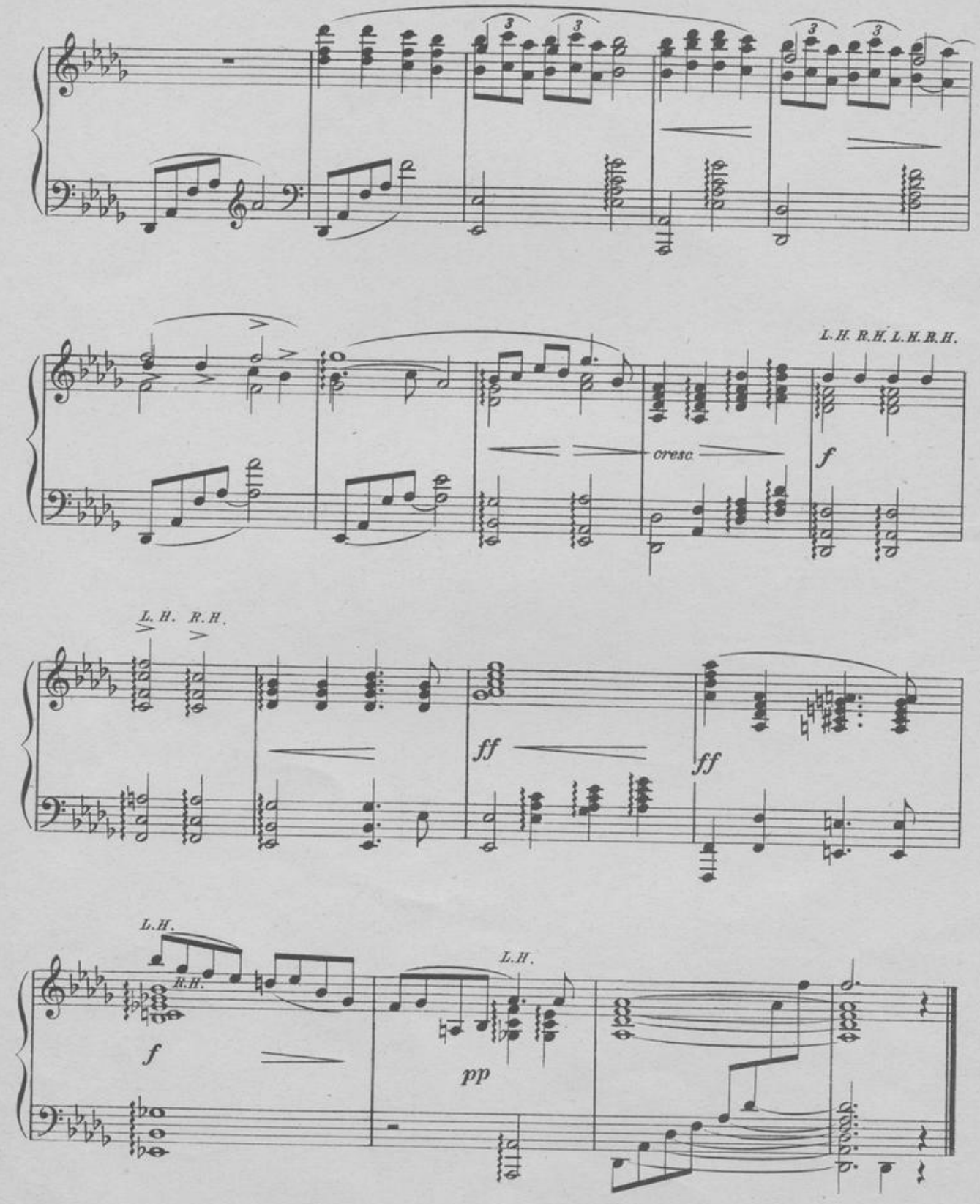

mf
R.H.
L'istesso tempo.
L.H.
R.H.


L.H. R.H. L.H. R.H.
cresc.
f
L.H. R.H.
ff
ff
L.H.
R.H.
f
L.H.
pp

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

I sing to my love, the rose,
With all my soul and heart,
For there's naught more sweet in all the world
Than to love.

I sing to my love, the rose,
And the rose sings back to me,
The sweetest song that e'er will be,
For I love.

I sing to my love, the rose,
As I gaze in her deep red heart,
For her heart is free for all to see,
With its love.

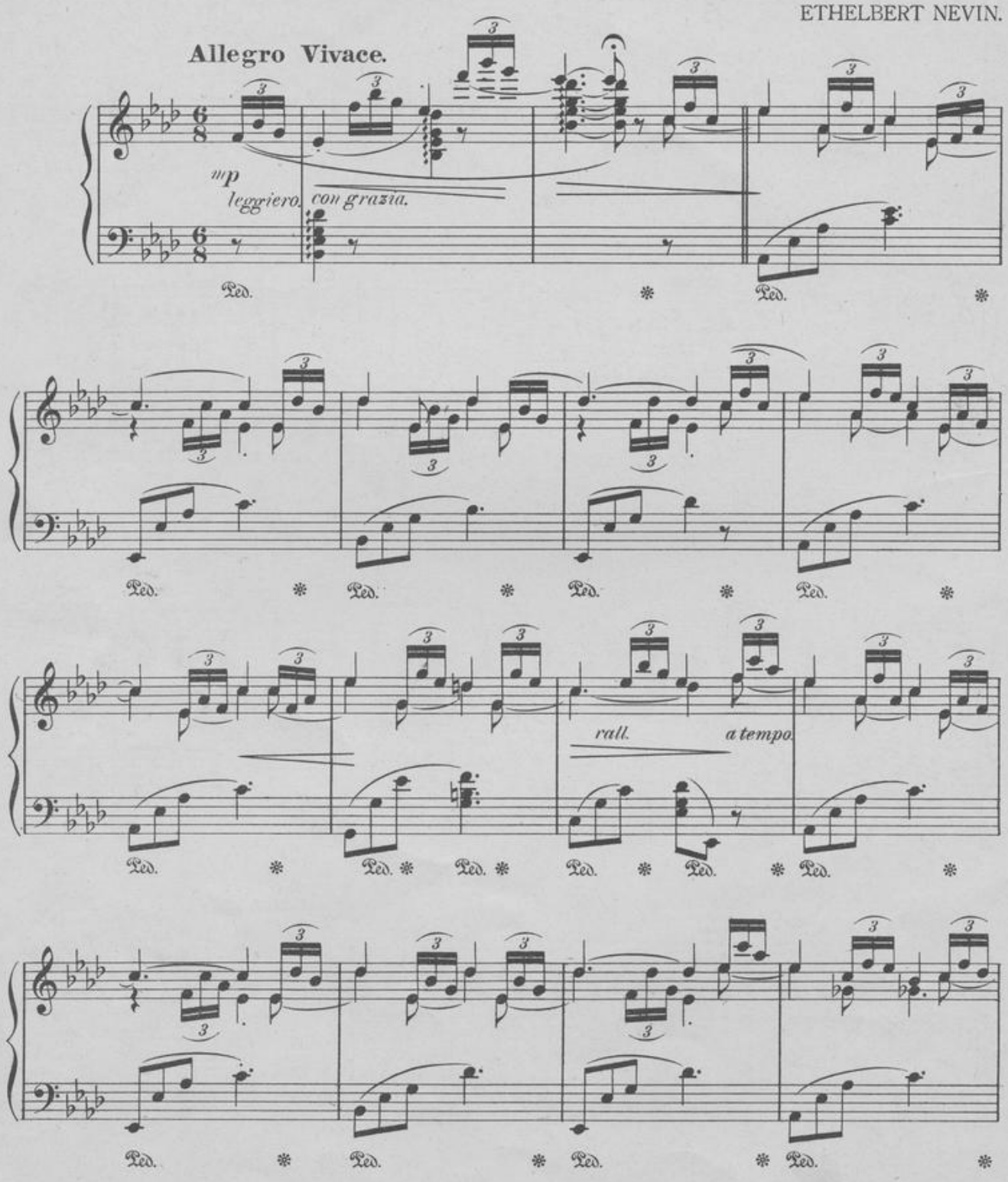
I sing to my love, the rose,
With love for the theme of my song,
For I love the rose and the rose loves me,
So we love.

—*Alvin Hovey King.*

The Nightingale's Song.

(Canzone dell' Usignuolo.)

ETHELBERT NEVIN.



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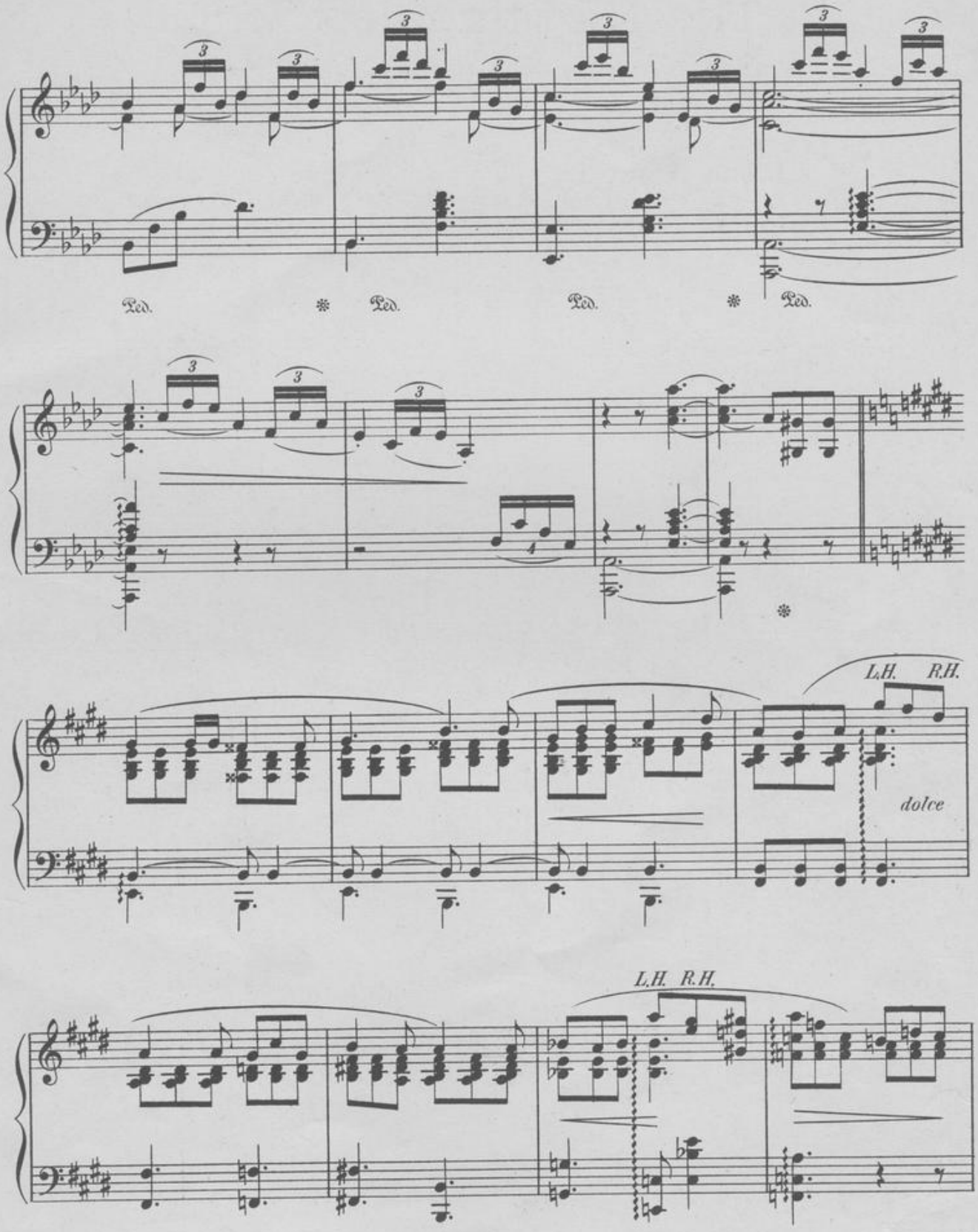
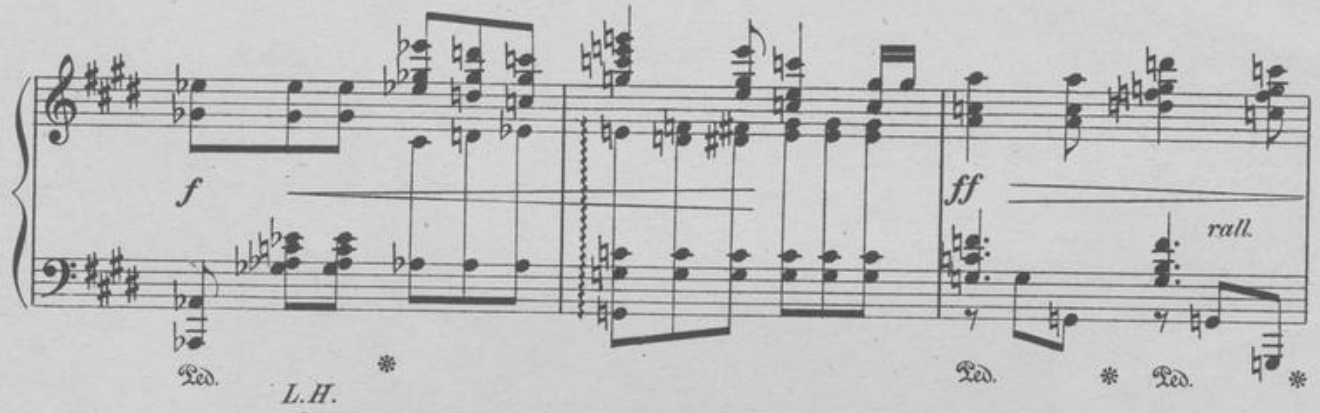
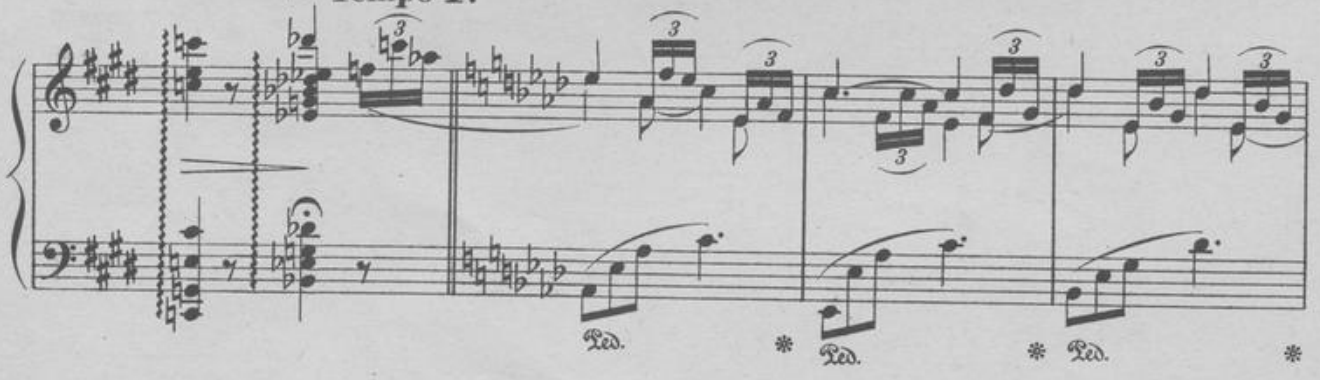
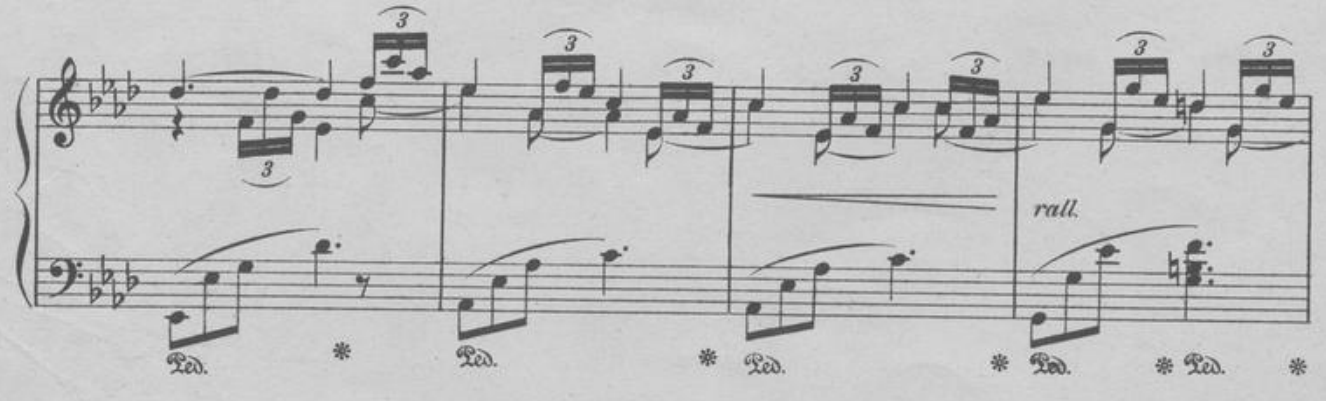

Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
L.H. R.H.
dolce
L.H. R.H.

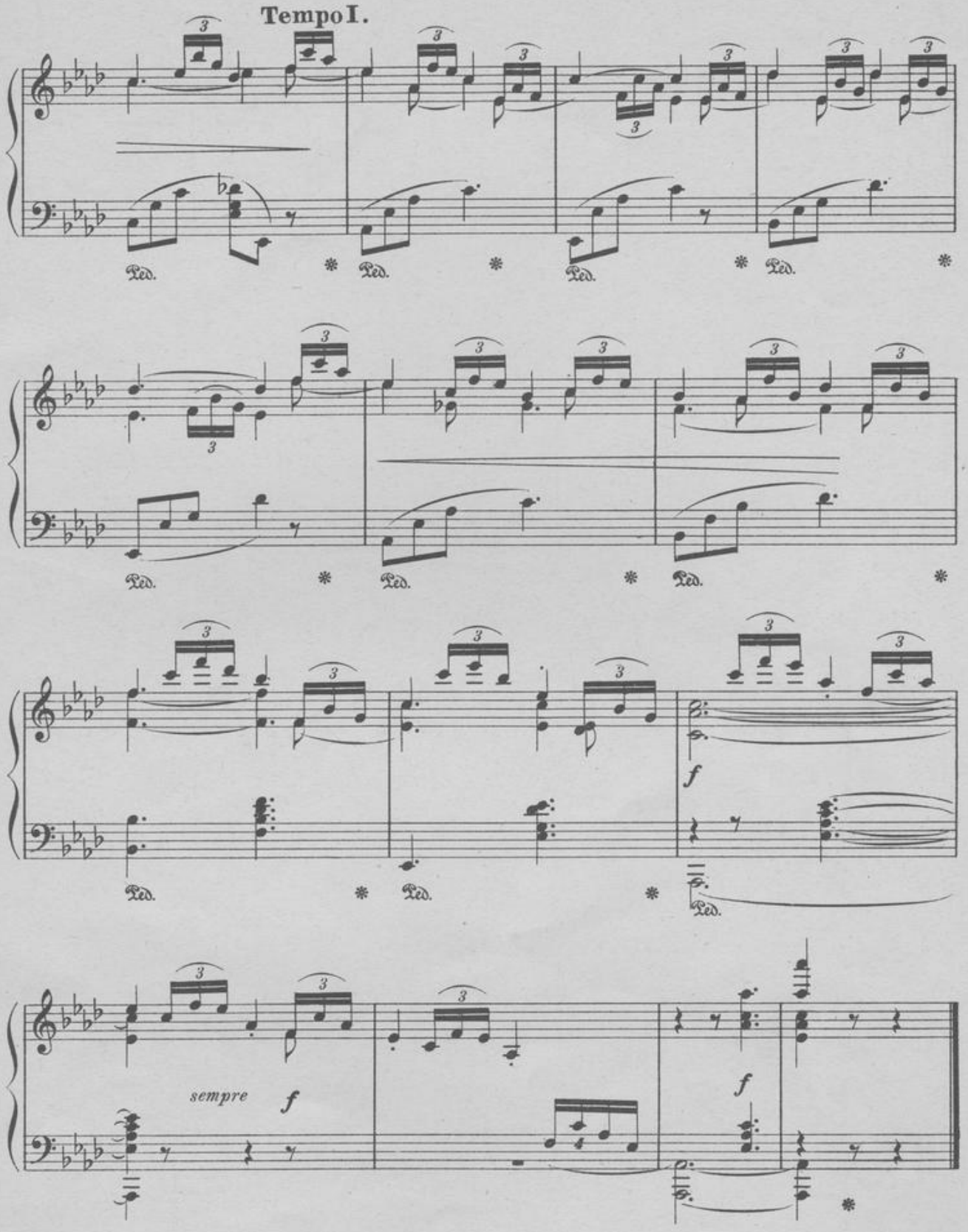


L.H.

Tempo I.






Tempo I.
Ped.
*
f
sempre f

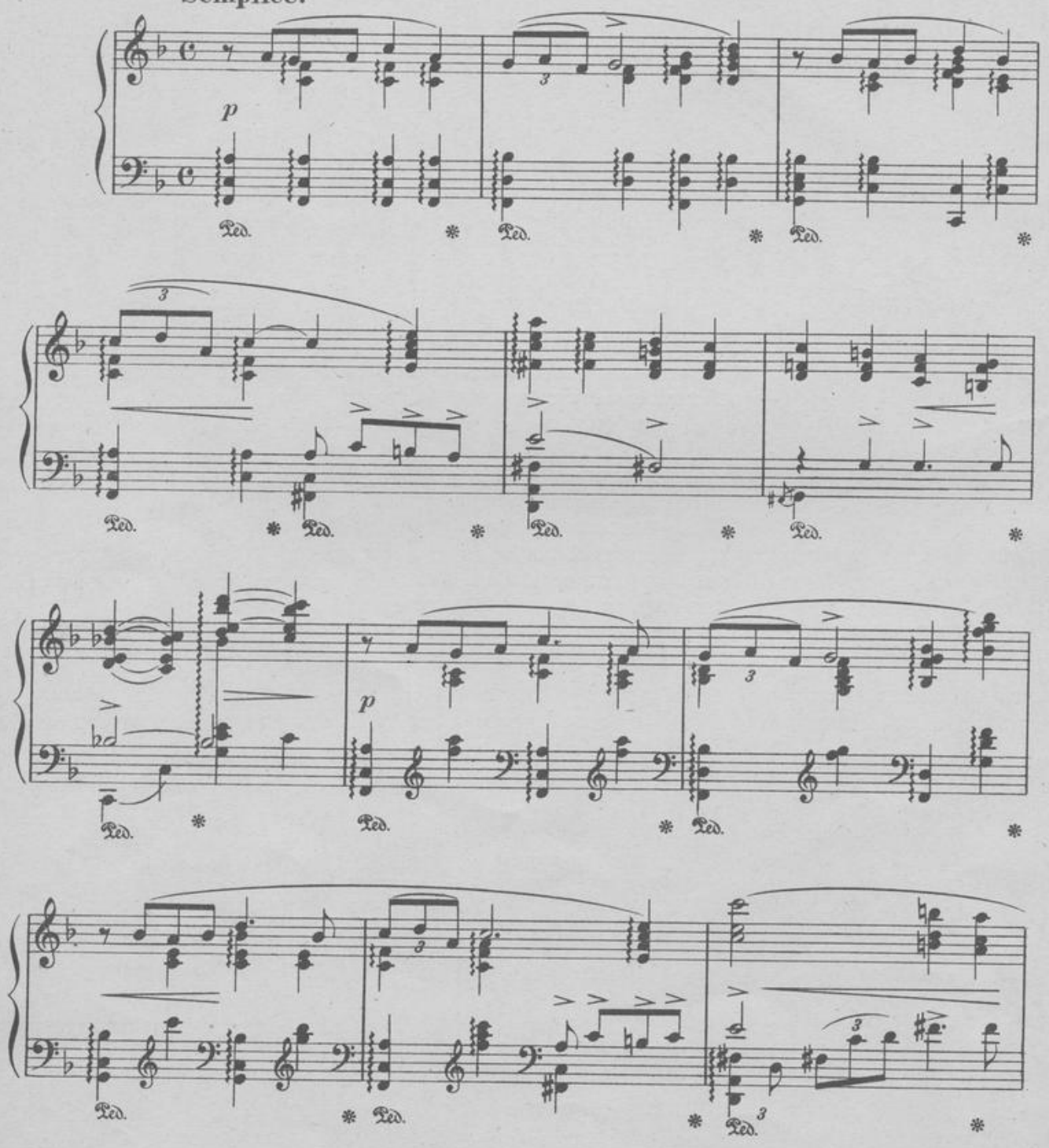
THE SILVER MOON.

The silver moonlight gleams thro' the trees
And voices sweet are borne on the breeze;
Voices of love
O dearest One.
The pool's deep waters mirror the sky,
And mournful willow's bending nigh—
The tree of sorrow.
O blessed hour!
A sweet and holy peace from above
Comes down upon this blest hour of love.

—Paul Verlaine.

The Silver Moon.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.



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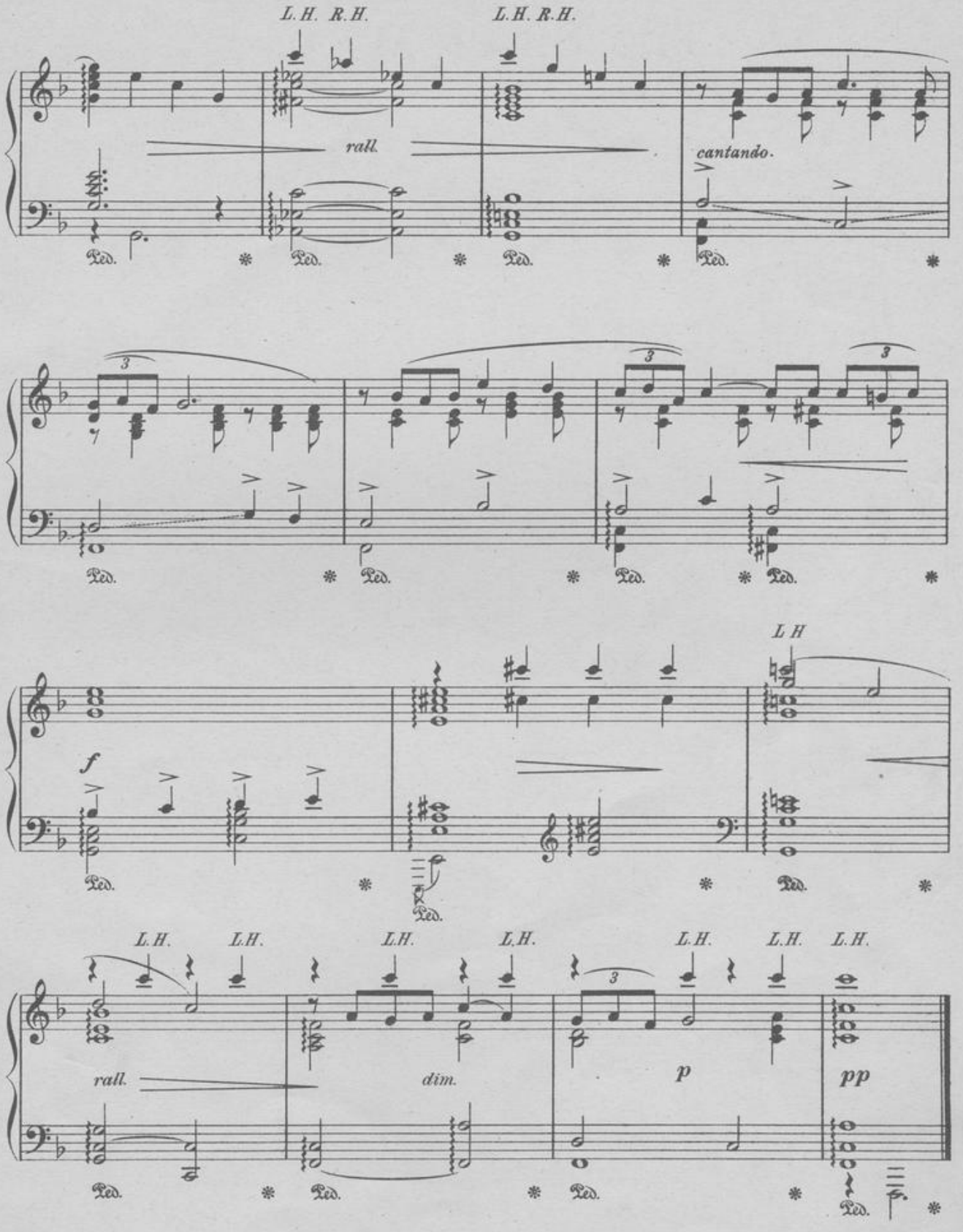

L.H. R.H.
L.H. R.H.
rall.
cantando.
Ped.
3
f
L H
L.H.
dim.
p
pp

A LITTLE SONG.

"Eyes of beauty, bright but fading,"
Thus I heard a sweet voice singing,
When in distant lands I wandered.
(Still in Mem'ry's halls 'tis ringing.)

'Twas a little maiden sang it,
By the sea her nets a-mending,
And when first my eyes beheld thee,
'Twas with that sweet vision blending.

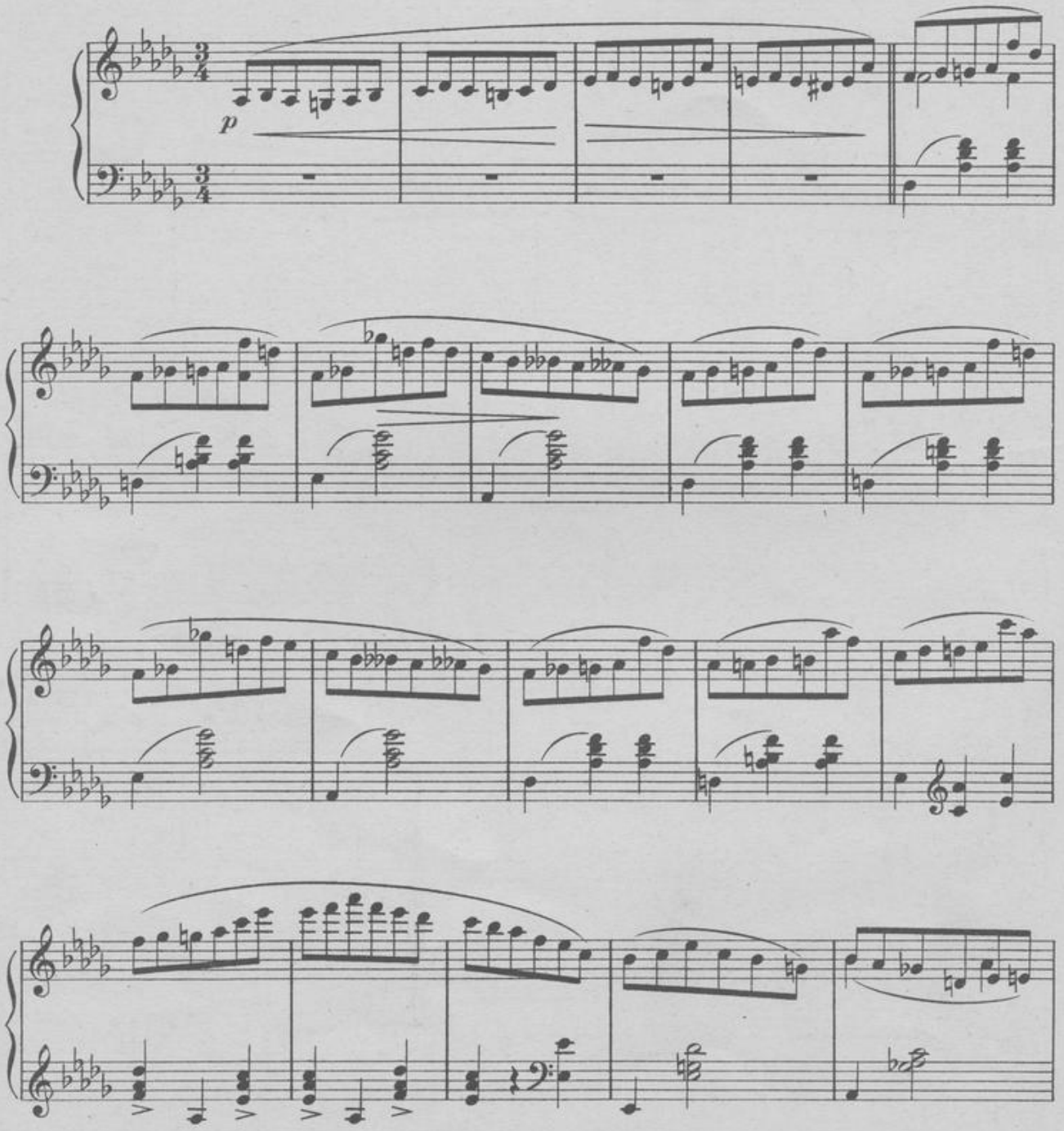
"Eyes of beauty, bright but fading,"
Thus I heard a sweet voice singing,
When in distant lands I wandered.
(Still in Mem'ry's halls 'tis ringing.)

—*Heinrich Heine.*

Ein Liedchen.

(A little Song.)

ETHELBERT NEVIN.



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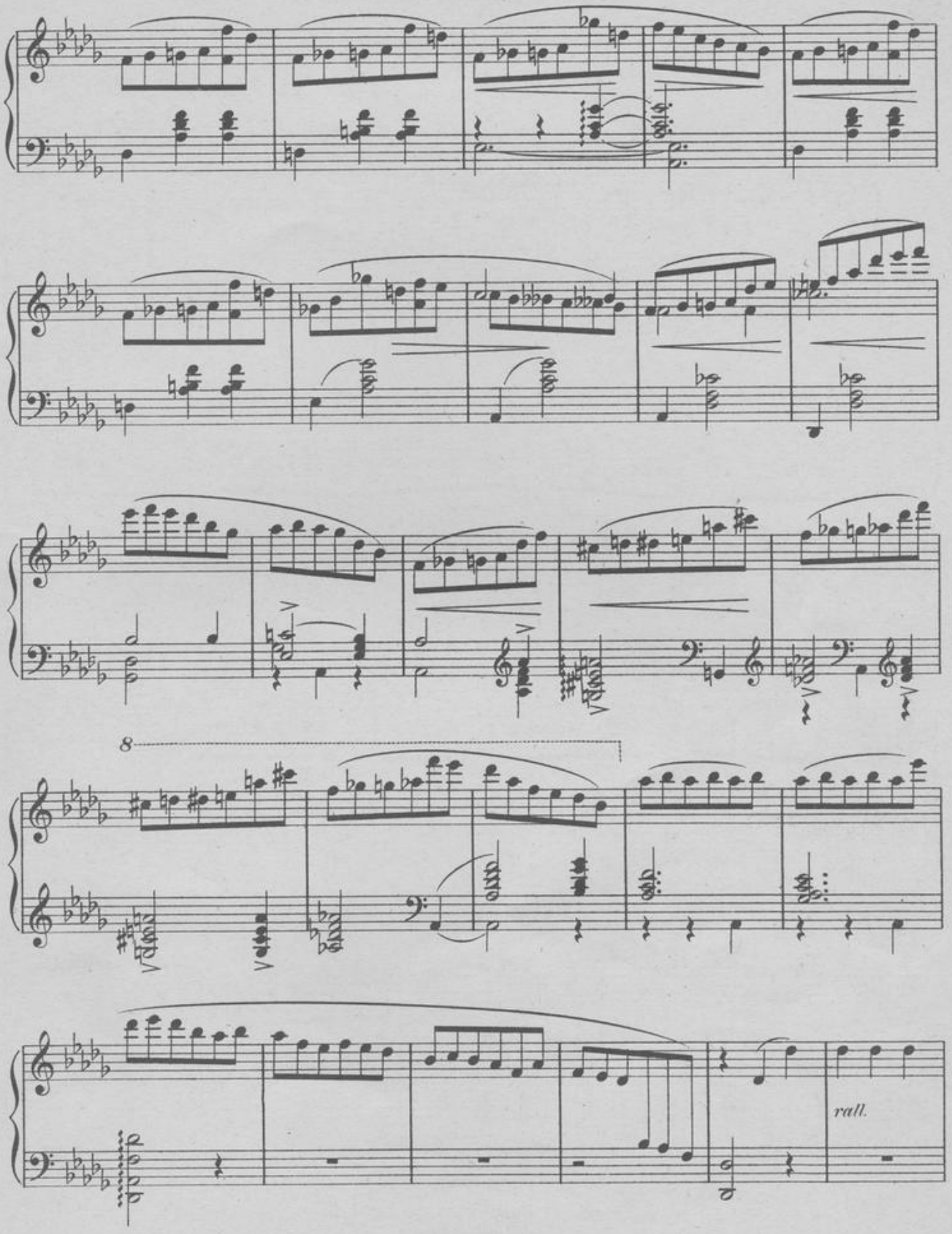
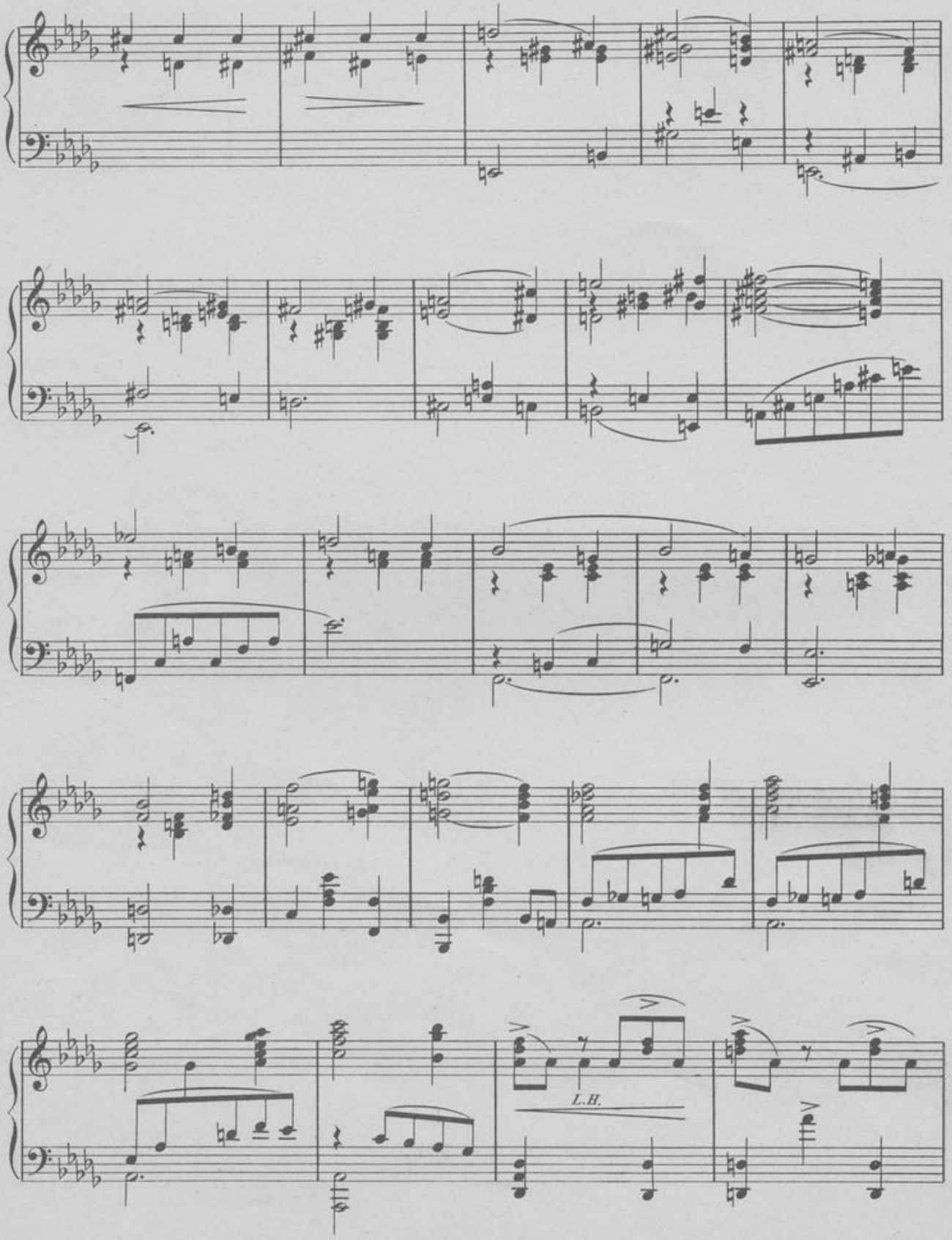
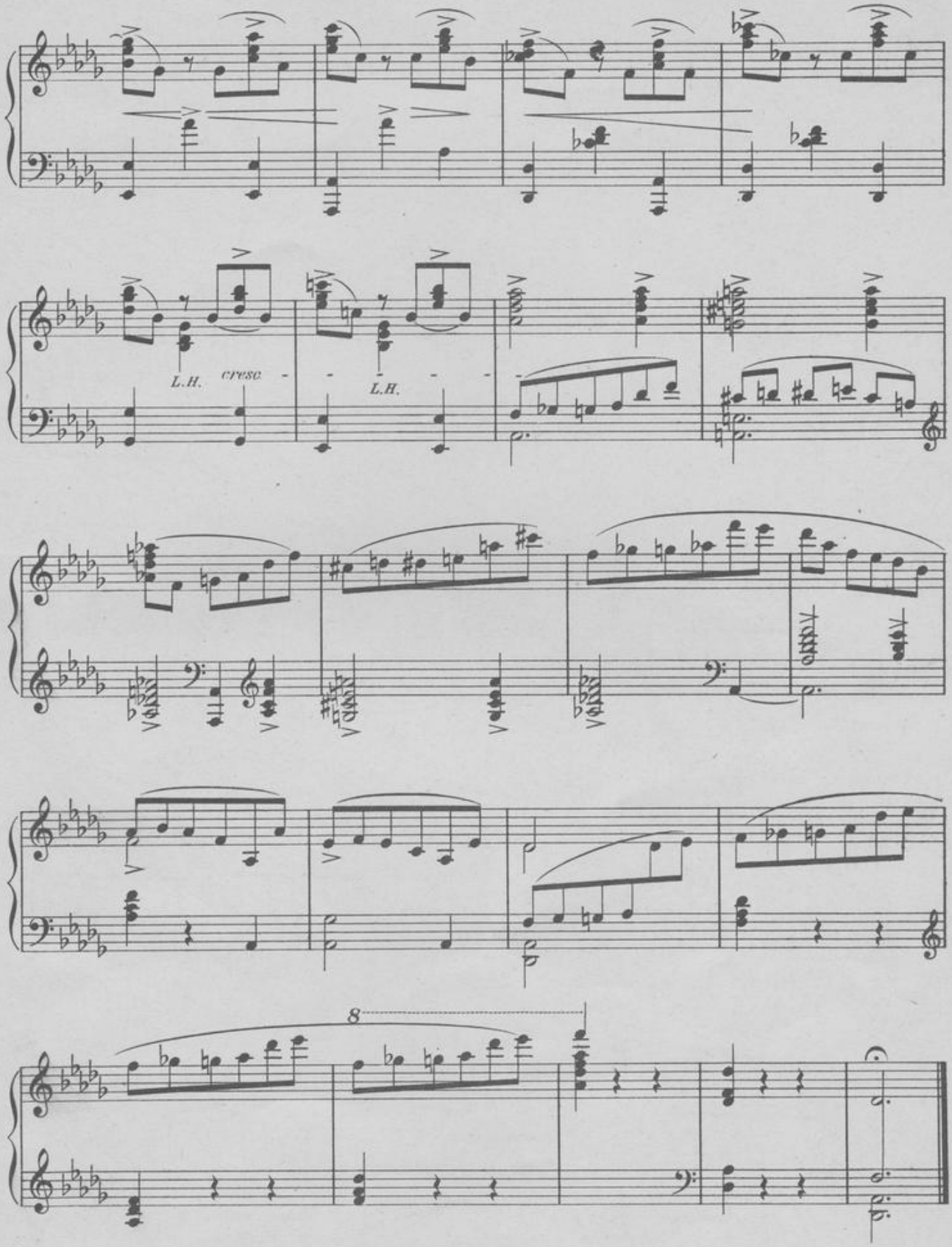

8
rall.


L.H.


L.H.
cresc.
L.H.
8

A NECKLACE OF LOVE.

No rubies of red for my lady,
No jewel that glitters and charms,
But the light of the skies,
In a little one's eyes,
And a necklace of two little arms.

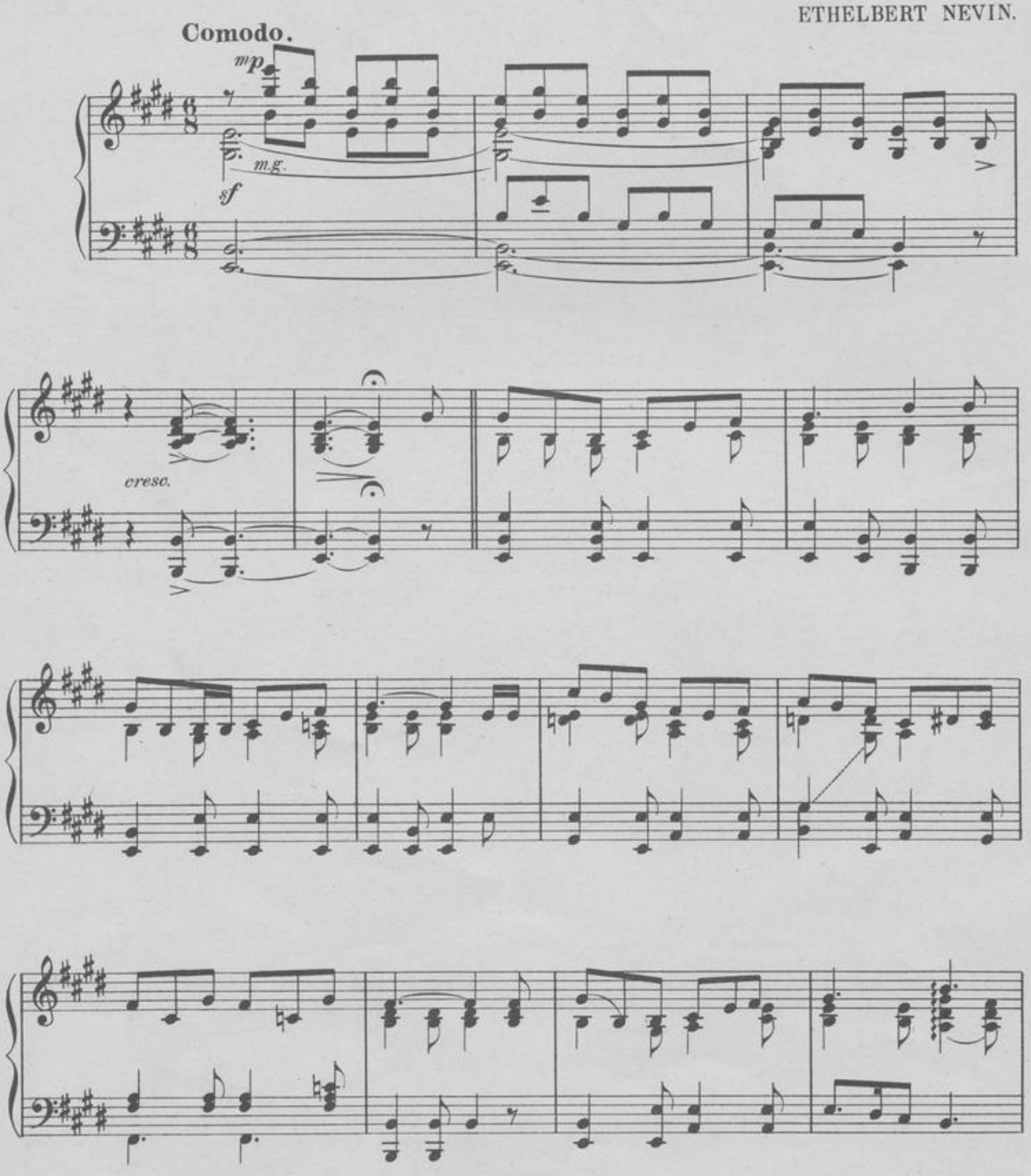
Of two little arms that are clinging,
(Oh ne'er was a necklace like this!)
And the wealth o' the world,
And love's sweetness impearled,
In the joy of a little one's kiss.

A necklace of love for my lady,
That was linked by the angels above.
No other but this—
And a tender, sweet kiss
That sealeth a little one's love.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

A Necklace of Love.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.



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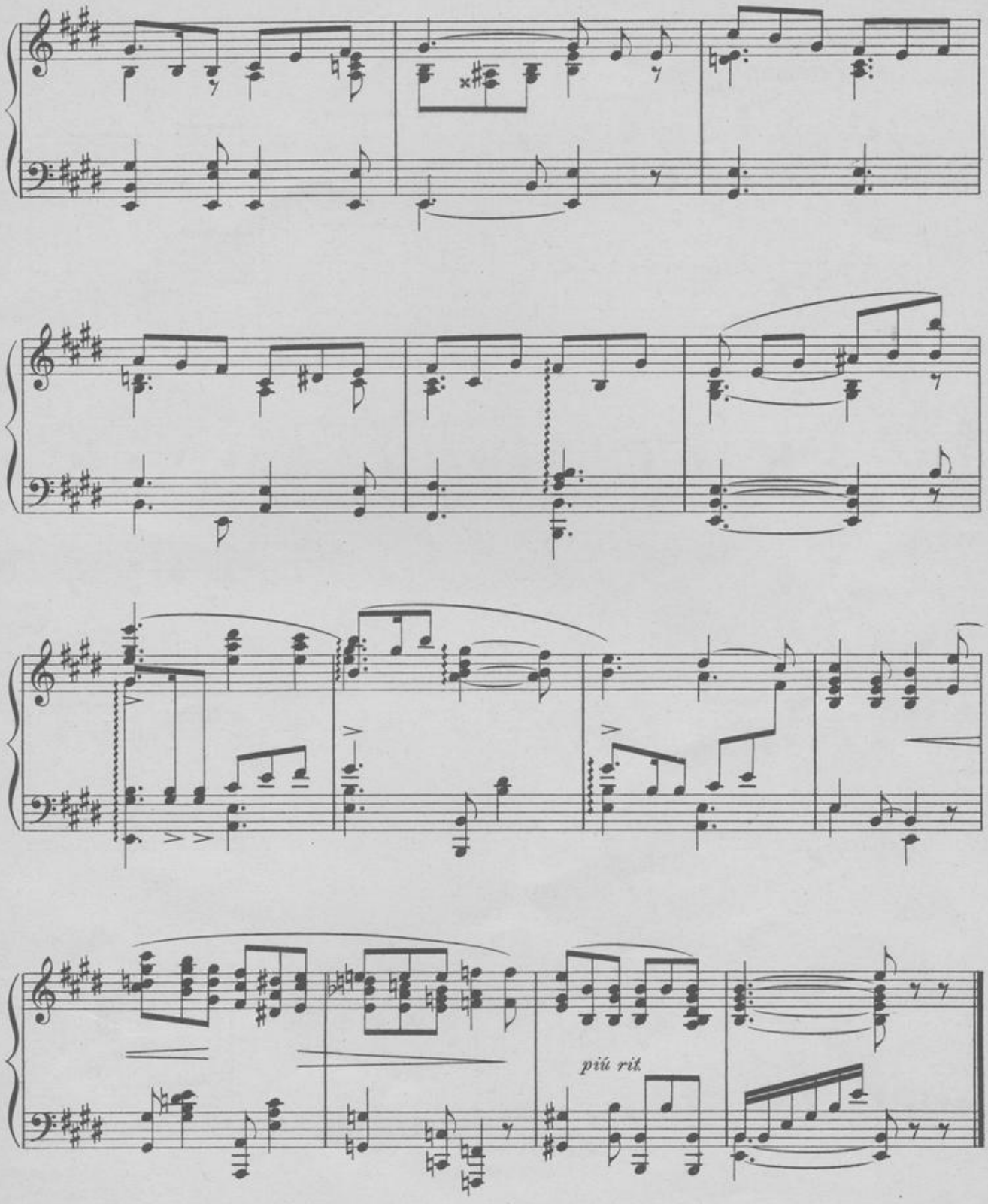

più rit.

THE DREAM-MAKER MAN.

Down near the end of a wand'ring lane
That runs 'round the cares of day,
Where Conscience and Memory meet and explain
Their quaint little quarrels away,
A misty air-castle sets back in the dusk,
Where brownies and hobgoblins dwell;
And this is the home of a busy old gnome
Who's making up dream-things to sell
My dear, the dantiest dreams to sell.

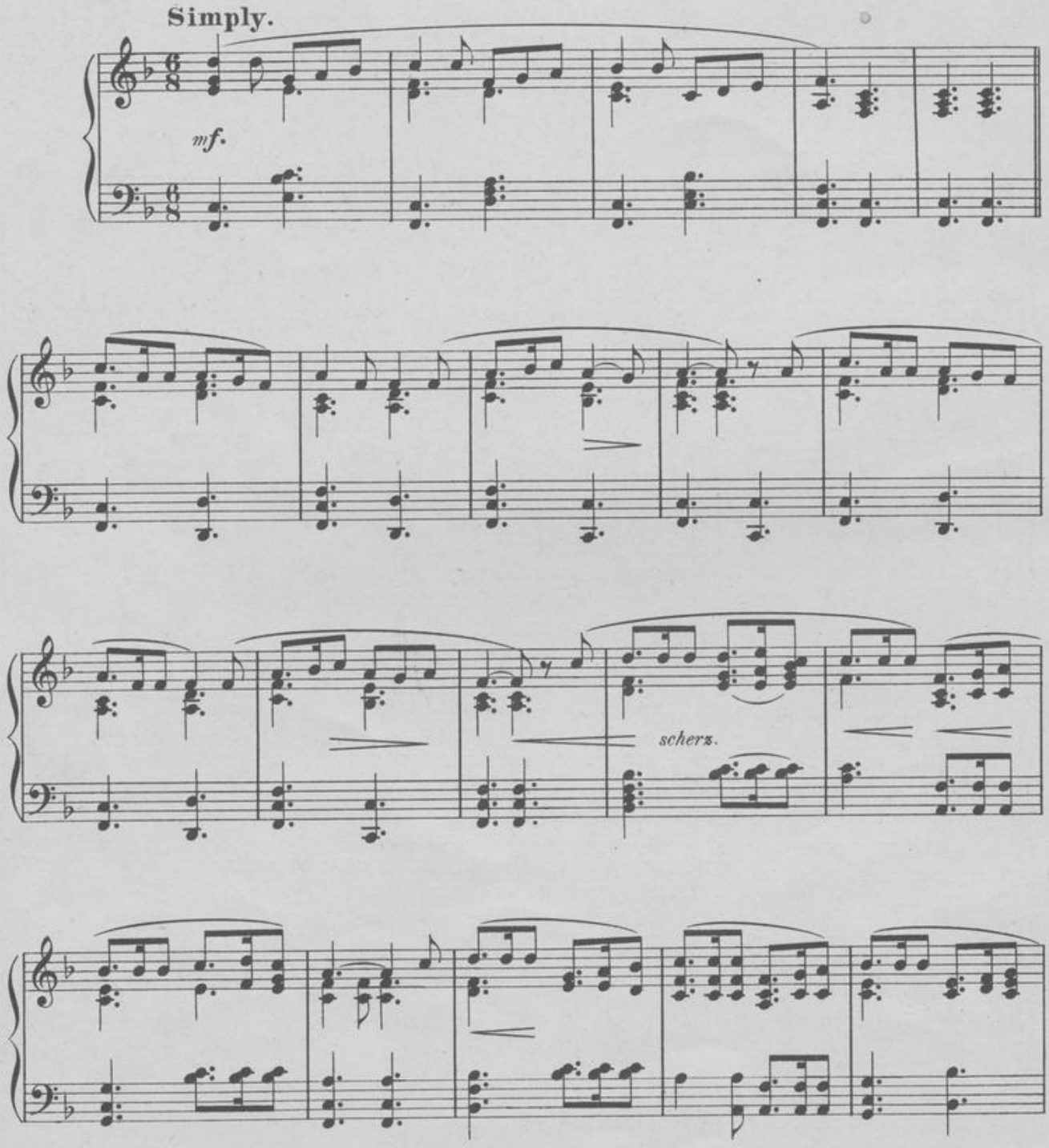
He makes golden dreams out of wicked men's sighs,
He weaves on the thread of a hope
The airiest fancy of pretty brown eyes
And patterns his work with a trope.
The breath of a rose, and the blush of a wish,
Boiled down to the ghost of a bliss
He wraps in a smile ev'ry once in a while
And calls it the dream of a kiss
Dear heart, the dream of an unborn kiss.

Last night when I walked thro' the portals of sleep
And came to the wierd little den,
I looked in the place where the elf-man should keep
A dream that I buy now and then;
'Tis only the sweet happy dream of a day,
Yet one that I wish may come true,
But learned from the elf, that you'd been there yourself
And he'd given my dear dream to you
Sweet-heart, he'd given our dream to you.

—*W. A. W.*

The Dream-maker Man.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.



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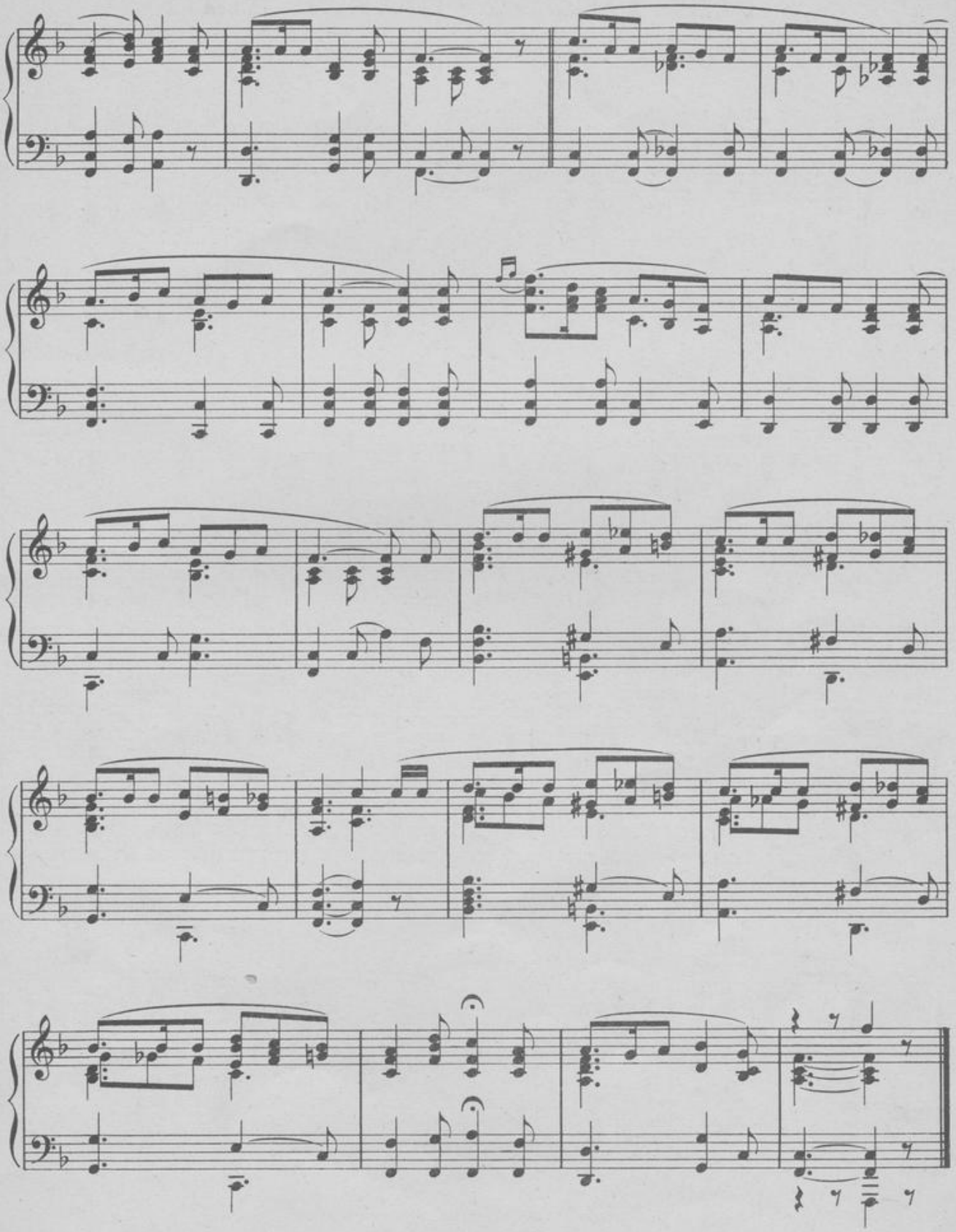


MIGHTY LAK' A ROSE.

Sweetest li'l feller,
  Ev'rybody knows;
Dun-no what to call him,
  But he's mighty lak' a rose!

Lookin' at his Mammy,
  Wid eyes so shiny blue,
Mek' you think that heav'n
  Is comin' clost ter you!

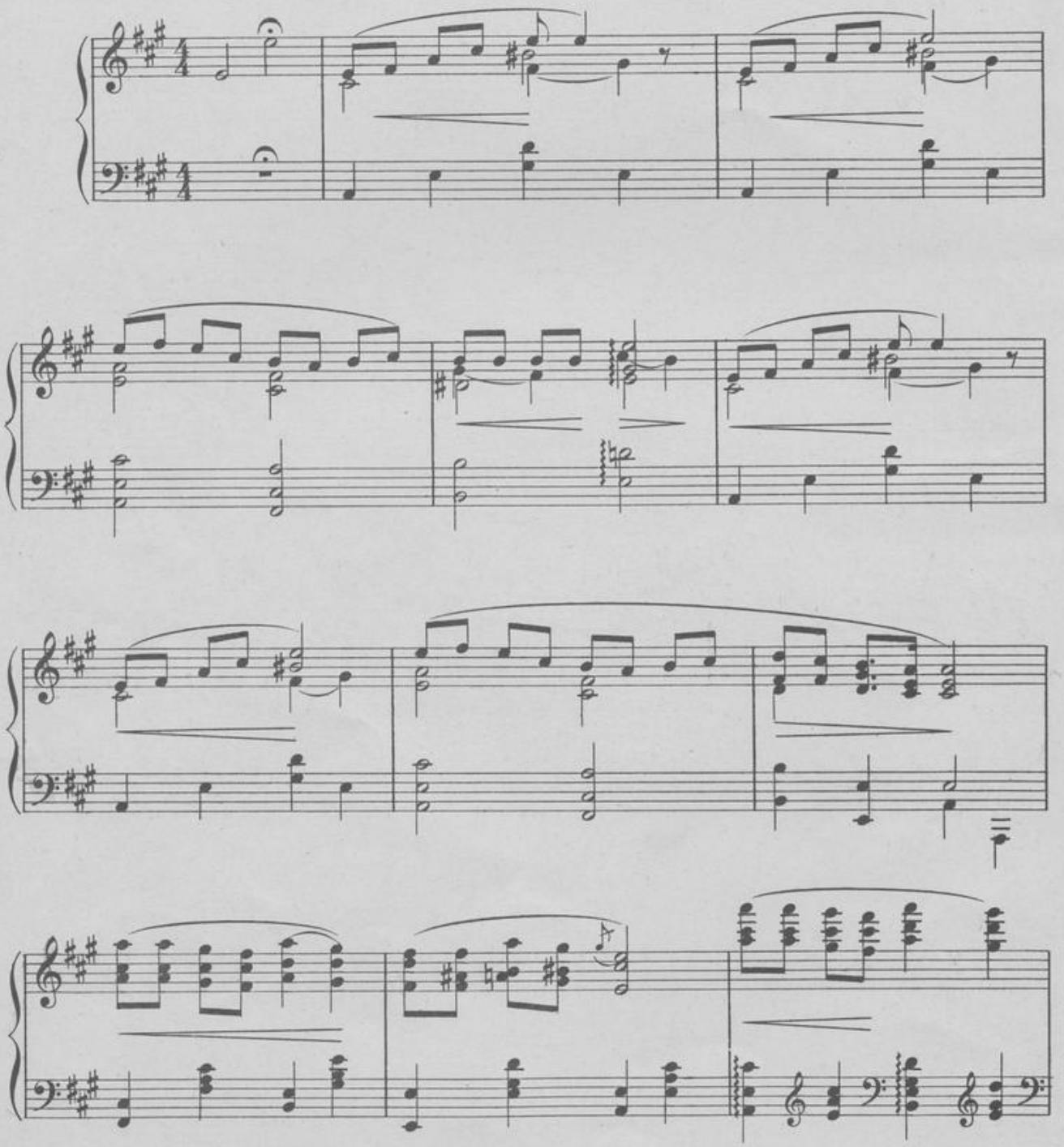
W'en he's dar a-sleepin',
  In his li'l place,
Think I see de angels
  Lookin' thro' de lace!

W'en de dark is fallin',
  W'en de shadders creep,
Den dey comes on tip-toe
  Ter kiss 'im in his sleep.

—Frank L. Stanton.

Mighty lak' a rose.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.



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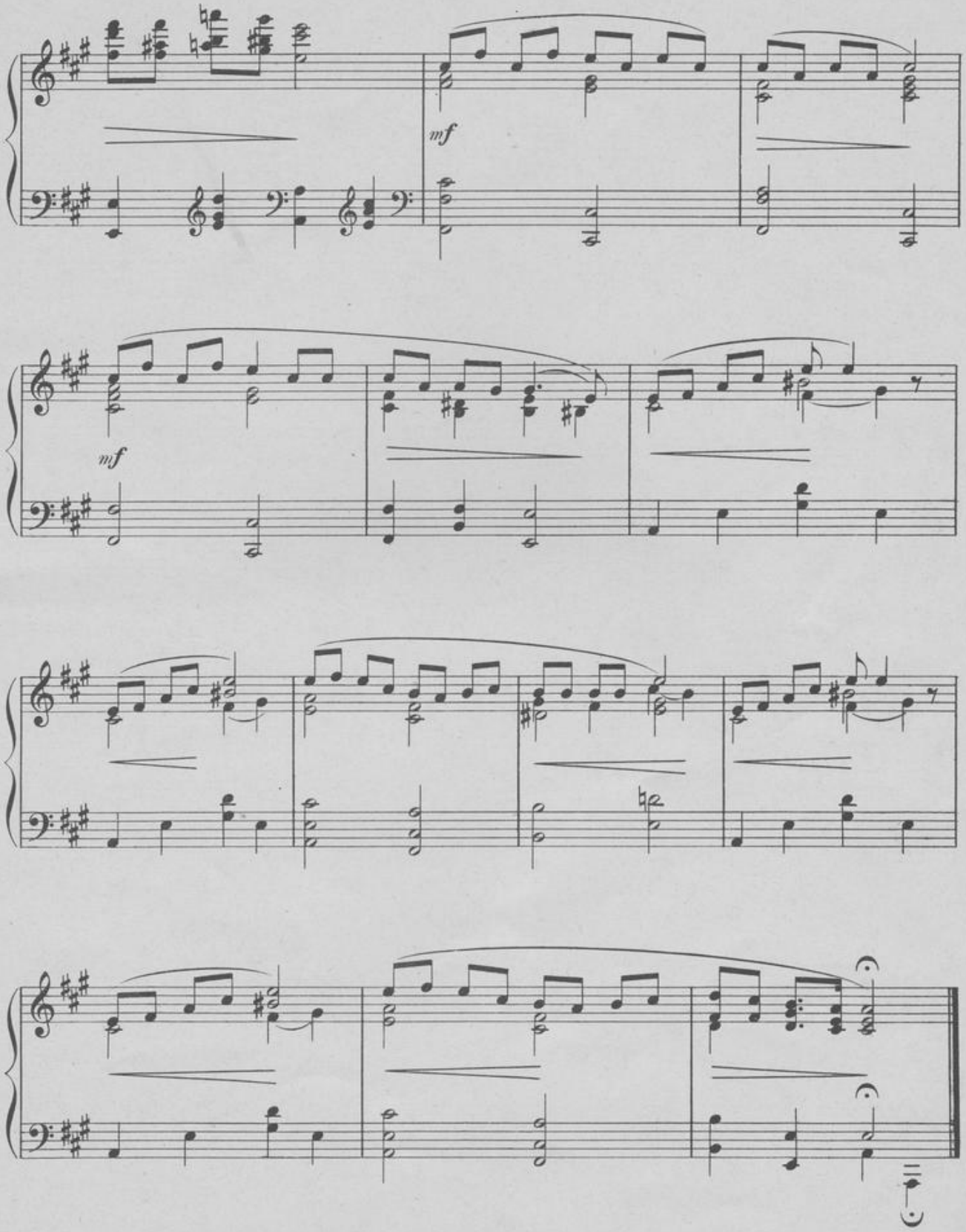

mf
mf

THE WOODPECKER.

There's someone tapping on the maple tree,
Tap, tippy, tap, tap, tap;
But there's no one about that I can see,
Save a lark that is singing a song of glee
On a sunlit bough, and it isn't he
That is tapping away so steadily,
Tap, tippy, tap, tap, tap.

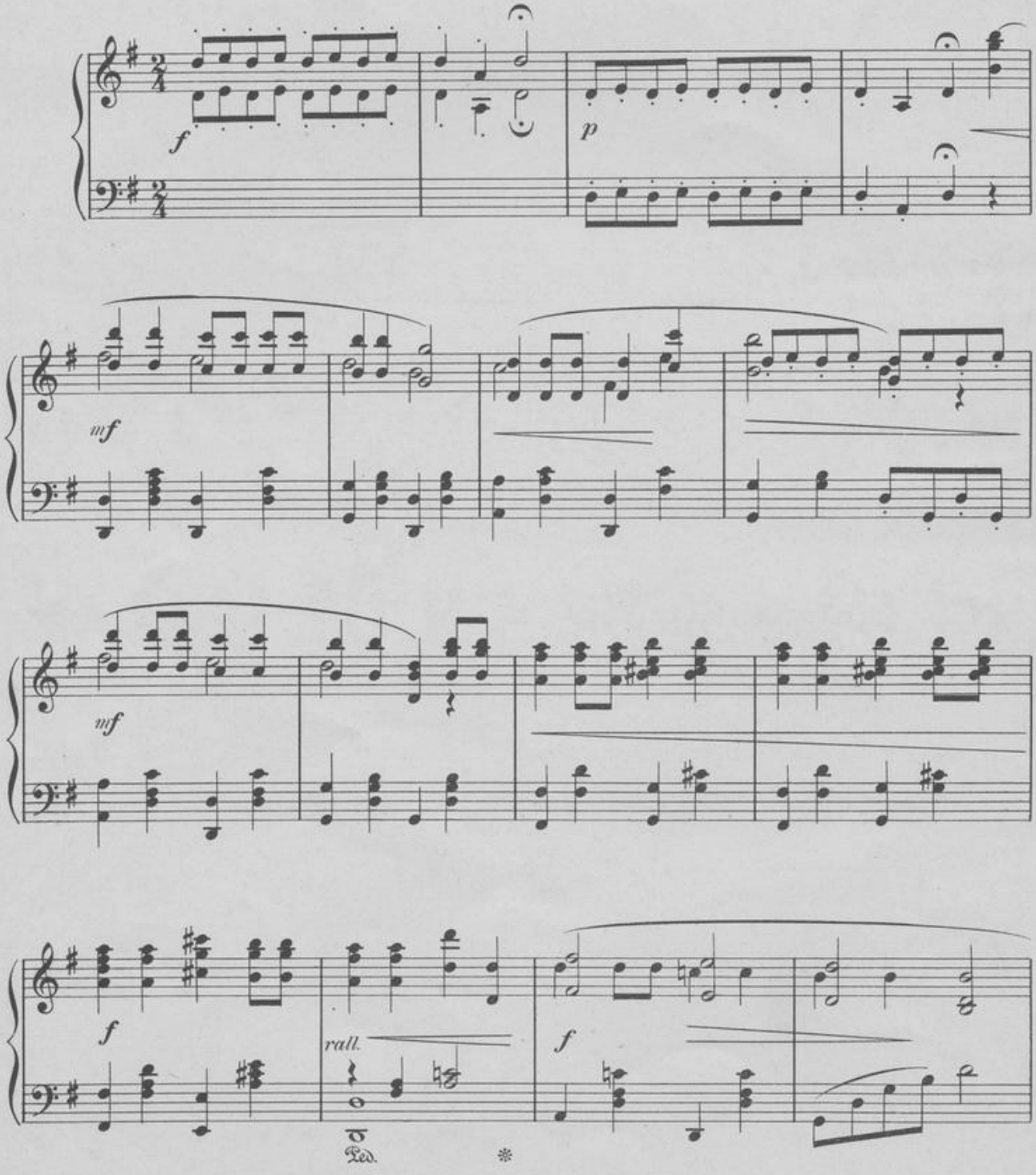
There's someone coming down the maple tree,
Tap, tippy, tap, tap, tap;
And he's hopping about so busily
In a cap quite as red as a barberry,
And a coat deeply blue as a starlit sea,
And he's singing a laughing melody,
Tap, tippy, tap, tap, tap.

There's someone going to the maple tree,
Tap, tippy, tap, tap;
He's as gay as a prince or a lord, but he
Hasn't time to go 'round showing off, you see,
For he stays in the woods working lovingly
At a snug little home for his family,
Tap, tippy, tap, tap, tap.

—Frederick Manley

The Woodpecker.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.



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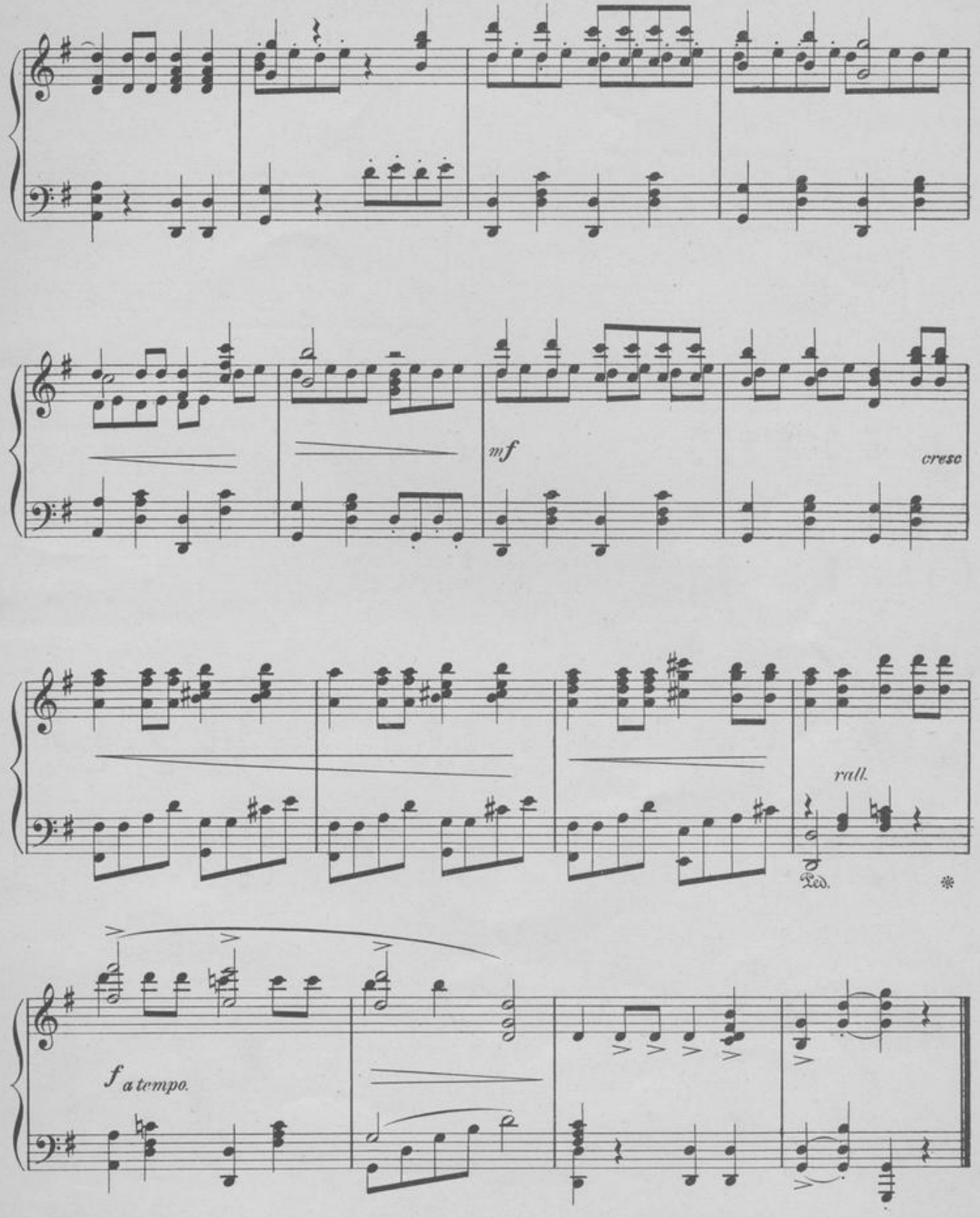

mf
cresc
rall.
Ped.
*
f a tempo.

A HERO SONG.

If ever the world unfaithful prove,
Steadfast hold thou ever;
Tho' broken of heart and bereft of love,
See thou falter never!

Strike thou thy harp in a hero song,
With fervor's deep glowing.
Thy passion will pass in the music strain
And sweet peace be overflowing.

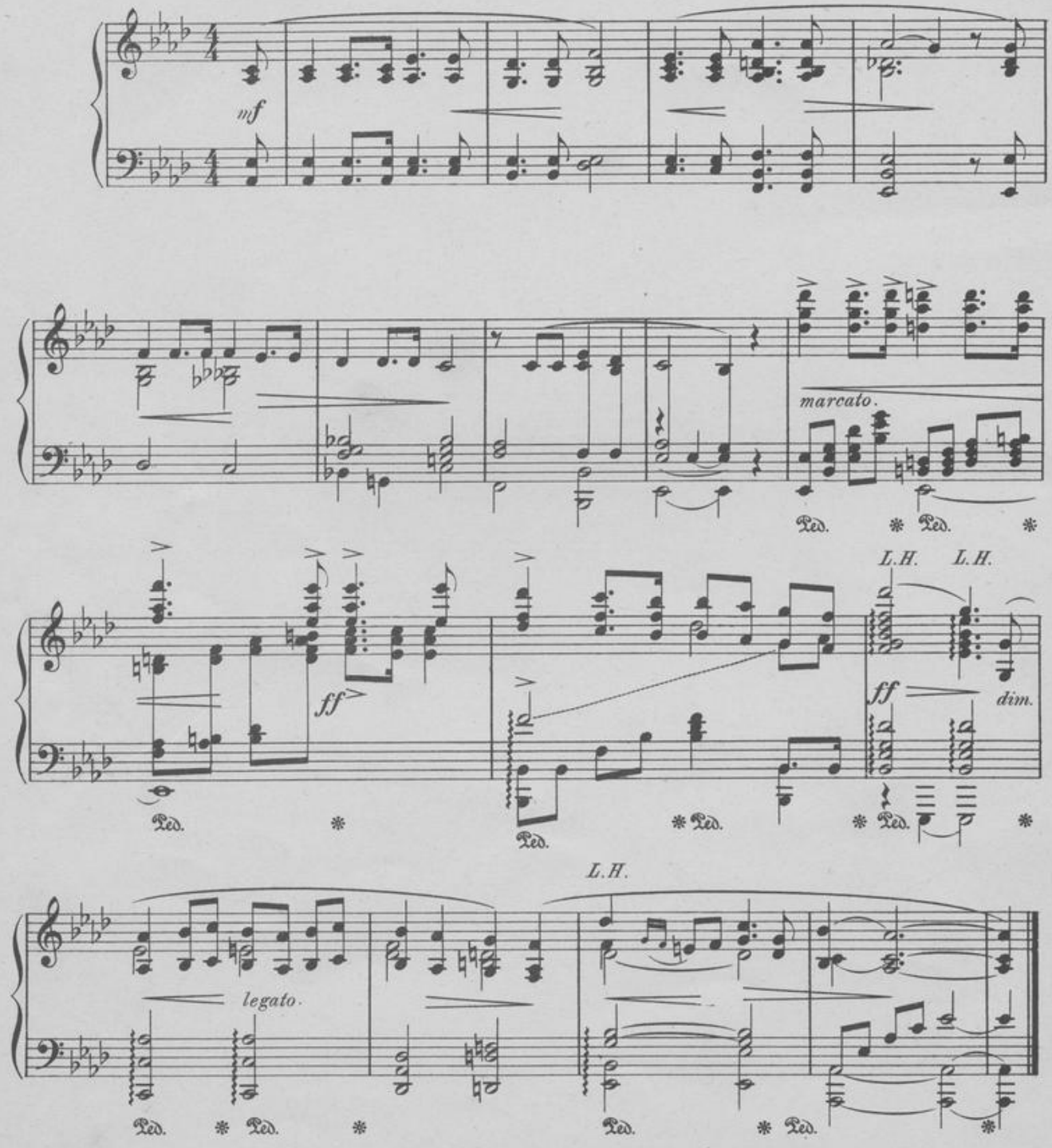
—*Heinrich Heine.*

Ein Heldenlied.

A Hero Song.

ETHELBERT NEVIN.

Andante.



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