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MADAME
SAINTON-DOLBY'S
TUTOR

FOR
ENGLISH SINGERS.

(LADIES' VOICES.)

PART III.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

LONDON: BOOSEY & CO., HOLLES STREET, W.



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Songs from Oratorios, & Ballads, Ancient & Modern,

WITH

Remarks on the correct manner of interpreting them.

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PART III.

I NOW come to singing with words, and cannot dwell too much, in the first place, on the great importance of understanding thoroughly the vowel sounds in our language as well as their modifications. Elocutionists teach that, even in reading, it is necessary for distinctness to dwell strongly on the vowel sounds. How much more, then, must they be dwelt on in singing, when every sound is more or less sustained? Elocution is too much neglected as a branch of general study; but its importance is specially great in connexion with the study of singing, the vocalist's least deviation from the pure sound of the vowel being apparent. All singers should learn elocution, for in oratorio and ballads half the charm is lost unless the audience can hear distinctly every syllable. It is not sufficient to pronounce in singing as in familiar conversation, when even the best educated person is often guilty of carelessness; and hence, before singing with words, a course of lessons in elocution is most desirable. It is a very common thing to notice such faults as the following:—"he-ill" for "hill," "ste-ull" for "still," "awa-ee" for "away," and "loight" for "light"—than such malpronunciation nothing can more impair the effect of the purest voice.

I often find great misunderstanding about the unaccented syllable in declamation, and on this subject cannot do better than quote the high authority of Walker.

"Besides such imperfections in pronunciation as disgust every ear not accustomed to them, there are a thousand insensible deviations in the more minute parts of the language, as the unaccented syllable may be called, which do not strike the ear so forcibly as to mark any direct impropriety in particular words, but occasion only such a general imperfection as to give a bad impression on the whole. Speakers with these imperfections pass very well in common conversation; but when they are required to pronounce with emphasis, and for that purpose to be more distinct and definite in their utterance, here their ear fails them: they have been accustomed only to loose, cursory speaking, and for want of firmness of pronunciation are like those painters who draw the muscular exertions of the human body without any knowledge of anatomy. This is one reason, perhaps, why we find the elocution of so few people agreeable when they read or speak to an assembly, while so few offend us by their utterance in common conversation. A thousand faults lie concealed in miniature which a microscope brings to view, and it is only by pronouncing on a larger scale, as public speaking may be called, that we prove the propriety of our elocution." All that is here said with regard to speaking applies equally to singing.

The following selection of songs will be found to illustrate all styles, and I would direct special attention to the remarks made upon the correct manner of their interpretation. To those who have not frequent opportunities of hearing music rightly performed they will prove valuable.

PIOUS ORGIES.

This song is of a devotional character and must be sung throughout smoothly, with great religious feeling, and attention to light and shade.

(Judas Maccabeus). G. F. HANDEL.

Largo e sostenuto.

PIANO. *f*

p Pi-ous or - - gies

pi-ous airs, *cres.* de - cent sor-row, *p* de-cent pray'rs,

p *mf* *p* *mf* *p* *mf*

p *cres.* will to the Lord as - cend and move his *f* pi - ty, *p* his pi - ty,

cres. and re - gain his love; *p* pi - ous or - gies, pi - ous airs, de - cent

f *p*

sor-row, de-cent sor-row, de-cent pray'rs, will to the

p *mf*

Lord as-cend and move his pi-ty, his pi-ty, and re-gain his

love, pi-ous or-gies, pi-ous airs de-cent sor-row, de-cent pray'rs,

p *mf*

will to the Lord as-cend and move his pi-ty, his pi-ty and re-gain his

Love.

f *p*

WITH VERDURE CLAD.

This song does not require depth of feeling, but it exacts great command of vocalisation, and must be sung with finish.

RECIT. (Creation.) HAYDN.

VOICE. And God said: Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yield-ing

PIANO.

or

whose seed is in it -

seed, and the fruit tree yield-ing fruit af - ter his kind, whose seed is in it -

- self up - on the earth; and it was so.

f

Andante. With ver-dure clad the

dolce. *fz* *fz* *p*

ra - vish'd,

fields ap-pear, De-light-ful to the ra - vish'd sense; By flow-ers

mezzo. *p*

sweet and gay En-han-ced is the charm-ing sight, en-

fz *p*

han - ced is the charming sight

fz *p* *fz* *p*

Here vent their fumes the fra-grant herbs, Here shoots the heal-ing

ten.

plant, . . . here shoots . . . the heal - ing plant,

here shoots the heal - ing plant, . . . the heal - ing plant.

here shoots the heal - ing plant.

By loads of fruit th'ex -

- pand - ed boughs are press'd ; To

sha - dy vaults are bent the tuf - ty groves ; The

moun - tain's brow is crown'd with clos - ed wood, is

crown'd with clos - ed wood.

With ver - dure clad the fields ap-pear, De -

- light - ful to . . the ra - vish'd sense; By flow - ers sweet and gay,

En - han - ced is the charm - ing sight, en - han - - - ced

is the charm - ing sight. Here

vent their fumes the fra - grant herbs; Here shoots the heal - ing plant,

here shoots the heal -

- - - ing plant. Here vent their fumes the fra - grant

herbs; Here shoots the heal - ing plant, the heal - ing

plant, the heal - ing plant, here shoots . . the

or
heal - ing plant.
heal - ing plant.

"REJOICE GREATLY."

This song is of a jubilant character, and, though often attempted, is very rarely performed as it should be. It is very difficult to interpret properly, and, perhaps for this reason, the time is often taken much too fast; thus destroying the very decided accent which should be given to the passages of vocalisation.

(Messiah.) HANDEL.

Allegro.

PIANO.

f

tr

p

Re-joyce, Re-joyce, Re-joyce . . great-ly, re - joyce, . .

p *mf* *p*

O daugh-ter of Zi - on!

mf *p*

Zi-on! re-joyce, . . . re-joyce, . . .

p re-joice, *cres.*

f *mf* *p*

daugh-ter of Zi-on! Re-joyce . . . great-ly, shout, . . . O *f*

daugh-ter of Je-ru-sa-lem! Be-hold thy King com-eth *mf* *p*

un-to thee, Be-hold thy King cometh un-to thee, com-eth *mf* *p*

un - to thee.



He is the righ - teous Sa-vionr, and he shall speak



peace un-to the hea - then, he shall speak peace, he shall speak peace,



peace, he shall speak peace un-to the hea - then, he is . . the



cres. *p*

righteous Sa-viour, and he shall speak, he shall speak peace, peace, . . .

adagio.. *tr* *a tempo.*

. . . he shall speak peace un-to the hea - - then.

adagio. *f* *a tempo.*

Re-joyce, re-joyce, re-joyce . . . great-ly,

p *mf*

pp *cres.*

re-joyce, . . .

p

great-ly, O daugh - ter of

f *mf* *p*

Zi - on! shout, O daughter of Je - ru - sa-lem!

mf *p* *mf*

Be - hold thy king com - eth un - to thee, re - joice,

p

re - joice

mf *p* *mf*

and shout, shout, shout, shout, re-joyce

p

great-ly,

p *cresc.* *f*
Re-joice . . . great-ly, O daugh-ter of Zi-on, shout, . . . O daugh-ter of Je-

- ru-sa-lem! Behold thy king com-eth un - to thee, be-hold thy king com-eth un - to

thee.

"SOFTLY SIGHS."

This *scena* is a perfect model, and there is hardly another piece of its length containing so much variety of expression. Mere vocalisation will not suffice in this case. The singer who attempts "Softly sighs" must possess great dramatic power. There is no better study than this great *scena*, and to sing it well has been the ambition of every Soprano from the time of Weber until now.

Andante. RECIT. (*Der Freischütz.*) WEBER.

VOICE. Be-fore my eyes be-held him, sleep ne-ver was my foe!

PIANO. *dolce.* *pp*

But hand in hand with sor-row, Love e'er is wont to go. The

dolce.

(make two bars of this one.)

moon dis-plays her sil-v'ry light; oh love - - ly night!

colla parte.

Adagio. *cres.* *dim.*

Soft - ly sighs the voice of eve - ning, steal - ing thro' yon wil - low

pp

dim. e rall.

grove; While the stars, like guar - dian spi - rits, Set their night - - ly

p RECIT.

watch a - bove! Thro' the dark blue vault of e - ther, Si-lence

cres.

reigns with sooth-ing pow'r, But a storm, o'er yon- der moun-tain, Dark-ly brood-ing seems to

tempo. *Adagio.*

lour: And a - long yon for - est's side Clouds of dark - ness slow-ly glide.

cres.

Oh, what ter - rors fill my bo - som, Where, my Ro - - dolph, dost thou rove?

or 
e - ver, e-ver



Oh, may heav'n's pro - tec - tion shel-ter him my heart . . must e - ver love!



Andante. *p*
Earth has lull'd her cares to



rest; What de-lays my loit'-ring love? Fond - ly



beats my anx - - ious breast; . . . Where, my



Ro - - doph, dost thou rove? Scarce the

night wind's whis - per'd vows Wake a

* RECIT.
mur - mur 'mong the boughs! Now the

pp widow'd nightin-gale soft-ly tells her pi-teous tale. *f* RECIT. Hark, hark, a sound I hear
a tempo.

p RECIT. *cres.* *al*
a tempo. in yon-der grove! hark, hark, 'tis Rodolph's step! it is my love! It

f agitato. *ff*
is, it is, a - gain my heart shall prove The bliss . . . that

* Begin the Recitative after the Spmphony.

RECIT.

springs from anx - - - ious love. The

moon - beam is shin - ing bright; Oh, heav'n! does it mock my

sight? with flow'-ry wreaths his hat is bound! suc - cess, suc - cess, my

accelerando.

Ro-dolph's hopes are crown'd; oh, bliss! thine Ag - - nes then shall

see, the vic - tor's cha - plet, giv'n, my love, to

Vivace con fuoco.

thee.

p *cres.* *assai.* *f*

Hope a - gain is wak-ing, Lulling

in my anx-i-ous breast, Ev' - ry . . doubt - ing . . fear to . .

rest, . . Ev - ry doubt - ing fear . . . to rest.

Joy once more is o'er . . me break - ing ;

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/mood is 'Vivace con fuoco.' The score consists of five systems of music. The first system shows the vocal line starting with a whole note 'thee.' followed by a piano introduction. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system continues the vocal line with 'Hope a - gain is wak-ing, Lulling'. The third system has the lyrics 'in my anx-i-ous breast, Ev' - ry . . doubt - ing . . fear to . .'. The fourth system concludes with 'rest, . . Ev - ry doubt - ing fear . . . to rest.' The fifth system begins with 'Joy once more is o'er . . me break - ing ;'. Dynamic markings include piano (p), crescendo (cres.), molto assai (assai.), and forte (f). The piano part includes various textures, including chords and moving lines in both hands.

poco rall.

Joy once more is o'er me break - ing, Joy once more is o'er me break - ing.



p *poco rall.*

Chas - ing with her heav'n - ly light, Sor - row's dark and drea - ry



night. Hope now whis - pers that to - mor - row, Hope now

tempo.

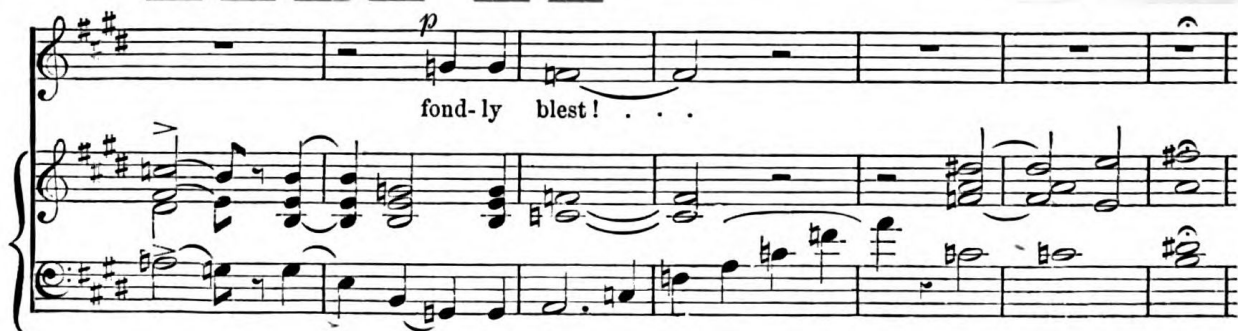


whis - pers that to - mor - row Sees my wish - es



p

fond - ly blest! . . .



Hence, then, ev' - ry thought of sor - row! Joy is now my bo - som's guest, . .

Hence, then, . ev' - - ry . . thought of . . . sor - row!

Joy is . . now . . . , my bo - - som's guest, Hence, then,

ev' - ry thought of sor - row, Joy is now my bo - som's guest,

Hope a - gain is wak - ing, Lull - ing, in my anx - ious breast, Ev' - ry

very forte. *a tempo.*

doubt - ing fear to rest, . . . ev'-ry fear to rest,

ev' - ry doubt - - - ing fear to rest,

cres. - - - poco - - - a - - - poco - - -

ev' - ry doubt - - - ing fear to rest, ev' - ry

mf

doubt - - - ing fear to rest.

ff

"IN INFANCY."

This was, in its time, one of the most popular of Dr Arne's songs. It is taken from the Opera of *Artaxerxes*, which had such great success at the beginning of the present century.

A tender, beseeching spirit should be maintained throughout, and the music must be sung with great finish.

DR. ARNE.

Andante.

PIANO.

tr tr tr

p ARTAXERXES. *cres.* +

In in - fan - cy our hopes and fears Were

tr tr *p* *pp*

to each o - ther known; And friend - ship in our ri - per years Has

twin'd our hearts in one, Has twin'd our hearts in one. In



in - fan - cy our hopes and fears were to each o - ther known; And



friend - ship in our ri - per years has twin'd our hearts in one Has



twin'd our hearts in one.



Oh, clear him, then, from this of - fence, Thy love, thy du - ty



prove; Re - store him with that in - no - cence Which first in - spir'd my

mf *p* *pp*

love, Which first . . in - spir'd my love, Oh, clear him, then, from

f *rall.* *colla voce.* *p*

this of - fence, Thy love thy du - ty prove; Re - store him with that

sostenuto. *p* *pp*

in - no - cence Which first in - spir'd my love, Which

f

first . . in - spir - ed my love.

colla voce.

"JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO."

To be sung with quiet tender expression. Deep feeling and attention to light and shade are necessary for the true rendering of this simple, touching ballad,

The last two stanzas written by Burns.

Scotch Song.

Moderately slow.

PIANO. *p*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, starting with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F#, G, and then a series of eighth notes. The left hand plays a simple accompaniment of quarter notes G, B, D, F#, G, B, D, F#.

1st. John An-der-son, my jo, John, when

The first vocal line is on a single staff. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, a quarter note C, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a quarter note G. The piano accompaniment continues with the same pattern as the introduction.

na - ture first be - gan To try her can-ny hand, John, her mas-ter work was man; And

The second vocal line continues the melody. It starts with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F#, G, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same pattern.

you a-mong them a' John, so trig from top to toe, She prov'd to be no

The third vocal line continues the melody. It starts with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F#, G, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same pattern.

jour-ney-work, John An - der - son, my jo.

2nd. John An-der-son, my jo, John, when we were first ac - quaint, Your

locks were like the ra - ven, your bon - nie brow was brent; But now your brow is

bald, John, your locks are like the snow, Yet bless-ings on your fros - ty pow, John

An-der - son, my jo.

Slower.

3rd. John An-der-son, my jo, John, we clamb the hill the-gith-er, And

cres.

mon-y a can-ty day, John, we've had wi' ane an-ith-er; Now we maun tot-ter

down. John, but hand in hand we'll go, And sleep the-gith-er at the foot, John

morendo.

An-der-son, my jo.

rall.

colla voce.

"WHAT THOUGH I TRACE."

Although some Contraltos may be able to sing the part of *Solomon* (from which Oratorio this song is taken) it more properly belongs to the voice of a Mezzo-Soprano, for it dwells on the high register of the voice throughout, and is always transposed when sung by a true Contralto. I have, therefore, placed it in the repertory of the Mezzo-Soprano voice. It is one of the best known songs of Handel, and when well sustained, and sung with appropriate expression, is most effective.

(*Solomon*), HANDEL.

PIANO. *dolcemente.*

The piano introduction is in G major, 3/4 time. The right hand features a series of sixteenth-note chords and single notes, with a trill (tr) on the final note. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The piano accompaniment for the first system continues the eighth-note pattern in the left hand. The right hand has a melodic line with a trill (tr) and dynamic markings of *pp* and *poco cresc.*. The system ends with a double bar line and the instruction *8ve* (octave).

What tho' I trace each herb and flow'r, that drinks the morning

The piano accompaniment for the second system continues the eighth-note pattern. The right hand has a melodic line with a trill (tr) and dynamic markings of *pp*. The system ends with a double bar line and the instruction *8ve* (octave).

dew, Did I not own Je - ho - vah's pow'r, How vain were all I

The piano accompaniment for the third system continues the eighth-note pattern. The right hand has a melodic line with a trill (tr) and dynamic markings of *mf* and *pp*. The system ends with a double bar line and the instruction *8ve* (octave).

cres. *f*

knew, how vain, how vain were all I knew, how

vain, how vain were all I knew.

cres. *tr*

What tho' I trace each herb and flow'r, that drinks the morn-ing

dim, p *cres.*

dew, Did I not own Je-ho - vah's

poco cres. *pp*

pow'r, now vain were all I knew, how vain were all I knew, how

vain, how vain, how vain were all I knew, how vain were all I

Adagio.

pp *colla voce.*

knew!

cres.

8ve.....

8ve.....

"IF THOU WOULD'ST REAP IN LOVE."

Words from "KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR."

Andantino.

Music by CHARLOTTE SAINTON-DOLBY.

PIANO. *f*



If thou . . would'st reap, . . would'st



reap, . . in love, . . If thou would'st reap in love, . . First



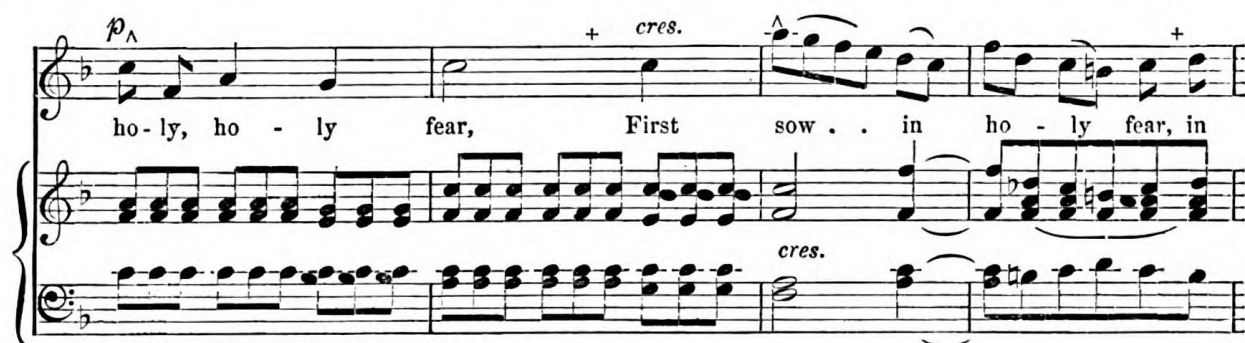
sow in ho - ly fear, If thou . . would'st reap, would'st



^ cres. *f* *dim.*
reap. . . in love, First sow . . in ho - ly fear, in



p *^* *cres.*
ho - ly, ho - ly fear, First sow . . in ho - ly fear, in



dim.
ho - ly, ho - ly fear.



p
So life a win - ter's morn may prove,



cres.
To a bright end - less year, . . So life a win - ter's



morn may prove, May prove . . may prove, A win-ter's morn may

sostenuto. *cres.* 3 prove, To a bright end - less year, If thou . . wouldst

cres. *rit. un poco. sf*

reap, . . wouldst reap, . . . in love, . . . If

a tempo.

thou wouldst reap in love, . . First sow in ho - ly fear, If

cres. 3 thou . . . wouldst reap, wouldst reap . . in love, First

sow . . in ho - ly fear, in ho - ly, ho - ly fear, First

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'sow . . in ho - ly fear, in ho - ly, ho - ly fear, First'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

sow . . . in ho - ly fear, in ho - ly. ho - ly

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'sow . . . in ho - ly fear, in ho - ly. ho - ly'. The piano accompaniment includes triplets in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

fear, in ho - ly, ho - ly fear, . . in

ri - - - - - te - - - - -

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'fear, in ho - ly, ho - ly fear, . . in' and 'ri - - - - - te - - - - -'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

ho - ly, ho - ly fear.

nu - - - - - to al Fine.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'ho - ly, ho - ly fear.' and 'nu - - - - - to al Fine.'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Adagio.

The fifth system of the musical score. The vocal line is marked 'Adagio.' and features a long note. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

"MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR."

One of Haydn's most popular and beautiful canzonets. It must be sung with great expression, though simply, and in strict time, otherwise the natural flow of the melody will be spoiled. This is one of the most favorable songs for a debutante, as being effective and easy to sing.

Moderato.

PIANO. *dolce.* *fz* *cres.*

fz p

My mo - ther bids me bind my hair With bands of ro - sy

hue; Tie up my sleeves with ri - bands rare, And lace my bod-dice

blue, Tie up my sleeves with ri - bands rare, And lace, and

fz fz fz

lacee my bod - dice blue. *f* "For

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are "lacee my bod - dice blue." followed by a fermata and then "For". The piano accompaniment is in G major and 2/4 time, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include a forte (*f*) marking.

why" she cries "sit still and weep, While o - thers dance and

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "why" she cries "sit still and weep, While o - thers dance and". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. Dynamics include *dim.* (diminuendo) and *cres.* (crescendo).

play? A - las! I scarce can

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line has a fermata over "play?" followed by "A - las! I scarce can". The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *ff* (fortissimo).

go, or creep, While Lu - bin is a - way. A -

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with "go, or creep, While Lu - bin is a - way. A -". The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), and *p* (piano).

- las! I scarce can go, or creep, While Lu - bin is a - way, while

The fifth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with "- las! I scarce can go, or creep, While Lu - bin is a - way, while". The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando), *p* (piano), and *dolce.* (dolce).

Lu - bin is a - way, is a - way, is a - way.

f *f* *p* *pp*

p

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are 'Lu - bin is a - way, is a - way, is a - way.' Dynamic markings include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo). Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' with asterisks.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone When those we love are near, I

pp

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal melody continues with lyrics: ''Tis sad to think the days are gone When those we love are near, I'. The piano accompaniment features a *pp* (pianissimo) marking.

sit . . up - on this mos - sy stone, And sigh when none can hear,

fz *p* *fz*

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody has lyrics: 'sit . . up - on this mos - sy stone, And sigh when none can hear,'. The piano accompaniment includes *fz* (forzando) and *p* (piano) markings.

I sit up - on this mos - sy stone, And sigh, and sigh when none can

p *cres.* *dim.*

fz *fz*

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The vocal melody has lyrics: 'I sit up - on this mos - sy stone, And sigh, and sigh when none can'. The piano accompaniment includes *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *fz* (forzando) markings.

hear ; And while I spin my flax - en thread, And

This system contains the fifth line of the song. The vocal melody has lyrics: 'hear ; And while I spin my flax - en thread, And'. The piano accompaniment continues with various musical notations.

sing my sim - ple lay, The vil - lage seems a -

ff *p*

sleep, or dead, Now Lu - bin is a - way, The vil - lage seems a -

p

sleep, or dead, Now Lu - bin is a - way, Now Lu - bin is a -

fz *p* *dolce.*

- way, is a - way, is a - way.

f *p* *pp*

*Ped. ** *Ped. ** *Ped. ** *Ped. **

"PRIMROSES DECK THE BANK'S GREEN SIDE."

This song must be sung with simplicity, grace, and attention to the marks of expression. It will be found a very effective song for a low mezzo-soprano voice.

Moderato.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. The piano part is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The second system continues the piano introduction. The third system introduces the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Prim - ro - ses deck the bank's green side, Cow - slips en -'. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics '- rich the val - ley; The black - bird war - bles to his bride; Let's'. The fifth system concludes the vocal melody with the lyrics 'range the fields, my An - nie, Let's range the fields, my An -'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, providing harmonic support for the vocal line. Various musical notations are used, including trills (tr), triplets (3), and dynamic markings (f, p, +).

Prim - ro - ses deck the bank's green side, Cow - slips en -

- rich the val - ley; The black - bird war - bles to his bride; Let's

range the fields, my An - nie, Let's range the fields, my An -

- - nie. The de - vious path our steps shall

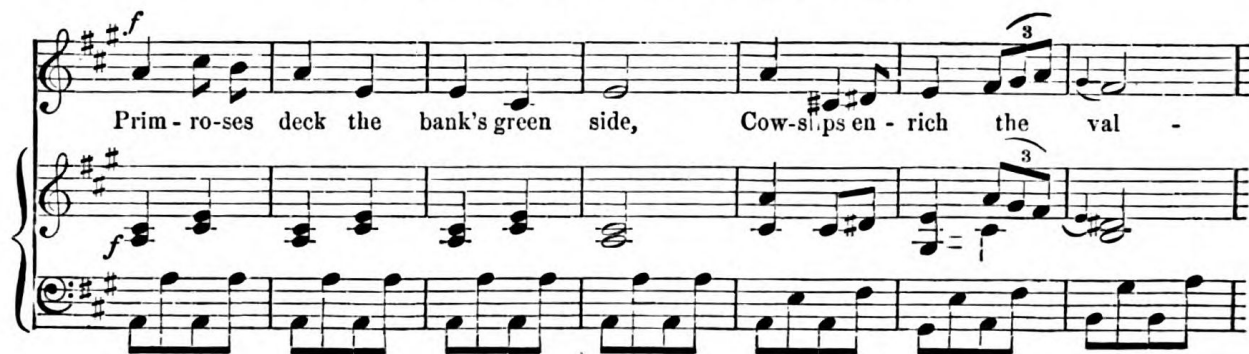
bring To yon - der hap - py grove, to yon - der hap - py grove, Where

night - in - gales me - lo - dious sing, And ze - phyr's whis - per

whis - - - per

love, And ze - phyr's whis - - - per love, . . .

f
Prim - ro-ses deck the bank's green side, Cow-slips en - rich the val -



f *p*
- ley, The black-bird war - bles to his bride; Let's range the fields my



tr *f*
An - nie, Let's range the fields, my An - - nie.



p
With sweet-est flow'rs a wreath I'll twine, To



cres.
bind that mo - dest brow of thine; Thy love shall



f
ban - ish ev' - ry fear, And crown thee god - dess of the year, and

ff crown thee god - dess of . . the year, *p* Prim - ro - ses deck the banks green

side, *f* Cow-slips en - rich the val - ley, The black-bird war - bles

p to his bride, Let's range the fields, my *tr* An - nie, Let's range the *rall.* *colla voce.*

fields my *tr* An - - nie.

"THE GREEN TREES WHISPER'D LOW AND MILD."

One of Balfe's sweetest melodies. I have marked certain directions for the effective rendering of this song, which must be followed.

Andantino cantabile. *dolce.* BALFE.

PIANO. *p*

cres. *accell.* *cres.*

dolce. *rall.* *tempo.* *dim.* *p*

The green trees whis-per'd low and mild, It

was a sound of joy, They were my play-mates when a child, And

rock'd me in their arms so wild, Still they look'd at me and smil'd, As



if I were a boy, . . . As if I were . . . a boy.

cres. *dolce.*

dolce.

And ever whisper'd mild and low,

cres.

rall. *slow.*

And e - ver whisper'd mild and low, mild and low, mild and low.

pp *colla parte.*

Animato molto quasi Allegro.

Come be a child once more, . . . Come . . . be a child once

Animato molto.

mf *cres.*

f *p* *p*

more, . . . Come be a child, a child once more, and

pp

rall.

wav'd their long arms to and fro, And beck-on'd so-lemn-ly and slow.

p stacc. *cres.* *riten.* *cres.*

Animato assai. *f*

Oh! I could not choose but go in - to the wood - lands

mf

hoar, in - to the wood-lands hoar

dol.
tempo 1mo.

a piacere. *p* *dolce assai.* *tempo 1mo.* *p*

in-to the wood - lands, The green trees whis-per'd low and mild, It

was a sound of joy, They were my play-mates when a child, And

rocked me in their arms so wild, Still they looked on me and

smil'd, As if I were a boy, as . . if . . I were a

boy, Still they look'd at me and smil'd,..... As

if I were, I were . . . a boy.

"SHOULD HE UPBRAID."

This is one of the lighter songs of Bishop, and, like its pendant, "Bid me discourse," when sung by a light soprano, can be made very effective. There are not two better songs of their class in the repertory of English music, and they have the advantage of comparative freedom from difficulty. The passages must be sung with exceeding lightness and neatness.

Moderato ma brillante.

PIANO.

tr

tr

tr

tr

cres. *mf* *f* *cres.* *ff*

JULIA.

Should he up - braid I'll own that he pre - vail, . . And sing as sweet-ly

pp stacc.

as the night-in - gale . . Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view

As morn-ing ro - ses new - ly tipp'd with dew, as morn-ing

cres. *pp*

ro - ses tipp'd with dew. Say that . . . he

mf *cres.* *f* *f* *pp stacc.*

frown, I'll say his looks I view

p *pp*

As morn-ing ro - - - - ses tipp'd with dew, As . . ro - - ses

tipp'd with dew . . . tipp'd with dew As morn - - - - ing ro-ses

tipp'd with dew.

Say he be mute, I'll an-swer with a smile,

And dance and play, And wrink-led care be - guile, And dance and play . . .

dance and play, and wrin - - - kled care . . be-guile.

rall. tr.

colla voce.

Should he up - braid, I'll

p

ff

own that he pre - vail, . . And sing as sweet-ly as the night-in - gale. . .

Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view, . . As morn-ing ro-ses new-ly

tipp'd with dew, . . Say he be mute, I'll an - swer with a smile, And

cres. *mf p* *pp*

dance, . . and play . . and dance . . and play, dance, . . and play

dance . . and play, and wrinkled care be - guile, and care . . be-guile, I'll

dance, . . play, . . dance, . . play, . . dance . . and play and wrinkled

care be - guile, . . dance . . . and play, . . . I'll dance . . . and

play, dance . . and play, dance . . and play, and wrin-kled care be -

mf pp

- guile, and care . . be - guile, I'll dance, . . play, . . dance, . .

f pp

ad lib.
play, . . . and wrinkled

play, . . dance . . and play, and wrin-kled care . . be - guile.

cres. colla voce. ff

rf rf rf

"RETURN, O GOD OF HOSTS."

This has always been a favourite song with contralto singers, and deservedly so, for its prayerful character leaves room for the development of the most prominent quality of the contralto voice, which is, its tenderness. All the means of expression must be used in this song, and, when well sung, it is difficult to find one more effective in the whole repertory of Handel's compositions.

Larghetto.

PIANO. *espress.* *tr* *Dim.*

Re-turn, re-turn O God of Hosts,

O God, re-turn, O God of Hosts, be-hold, be-hold thy

ser-vant in dis-tress, be-hold thy ser-vant in dis-tress!

re - turn, O God, be - hold . . . thy ser - vant in distress!

cres.

Re - turn, O God, re - turn, O God of Hosts, behold, be - hold, be -

p

- hold, be - hold thy ser - vant, thy ser - vant in distress! *f* be - hold, be - hold thy

cres. *pp*

ser - vant, thy ser - vant in dis - tress, . . . return, re - turn, O

f *dim.*

God, re - turn, O God of Hosts! be - hold, be - hold thy ser - vant in . . . distress.

Adagio.

colla voce. *f*



His might - - ty griefs, his might-ty griefs re - dress, his might-ty



griefs, his might-ty griefs, . . . his might-ty griefs re - dress,



Nor by the hea - then be it told, nor by the hea-then be it told,



his might-y griefs . . . re - dress, nor by the

heaven, by . . . the heaven be it told, nor by the heaven

be . . . it told. Re-turn, re-turn, O God . . . of Hosts,

O God, re-turn, O God of Hosts, behold, behold thy

servant in distress, . . . behold, behold thy servant in distress.

adagio. *tr* *colla voce.* *f*

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. The first system has a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment, including a trill (tr) and a piano (pp) dynamic marking. The third system continues the vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The fourth system continues the vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment, including an adagio tempo marking, a trill (tr), and a colla voce instruction. The fifth system continues the vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment, including a forte (f) dynamic marking. The sixth system is a piano solo section.

"O! THOU THAT TELLEST."

I place this song here because, well known as it is, there is frequently much error both in its conception and execution. It is often sung so slowly and so lifelessly as to destroy its jubilant character. There can be no more joyous song than this, and, to preserve its character, the time should be strongly marked throughout, and never allowed to waver. It is difficult to sing, but I hope the indications I have marked will help those who have not an opportunity of hearing it performed by eminent singers.

RECIT.

VOICE. Be-hold! a vir-gin shall con-ceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Em-

PIANO. *fz*

Allegro.

- ma - nu - el, God with us.

f

tr

tr *tr* *tr* *cres.*

O! thou that tel-lest good ti-dings to Zi-ou!

f *p* *f*

See.....

Get thee up in - to the high moun - tain.

O! thou that tell-est good ti-dings to Zi - on:

Get thee up in - to the high moun

tain, get thee up in - to the high moun

tain, the high moun - tain.

Oh! thou that tellest good

tid ings to Je-ru- sa-lem, Lift up thy voice with strength, Lift it

up, be not a- fraid, Say un- to the ci- ties of Ju- dah,

Say un- to the ci- ties of Ju- dah, Be- hold . . . your

God, . . . be- hold . . . your God! Say un- to the ci- ties of Ju- dah, . . .

f

Be - hold . . . your God! . . . be - hold your God! . . .

cres.

be - hold your God!

cres. *f*

f

O thou that tell - est good tid - ings to Zi - on!

p *f*

f

A - rise, shine, for thy light is come, A -

f

rise! a - - rise! a - rise! shine, for thy light is come.

THE HYMN OF EVE.

Siciliano. DR. ARNE.

PIANO. *p*

1. How cheer - ful a - long the gay mead, The dai - sy and cow-slip ap - pear; The

p

flocks, as they care - less - ly feed, Re - joice in the spring of the year. The

cres. *mf*

myr - tles that shade the gay bow'rs, The her-bage that springs from the sod; Trees,

p

plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs, All rise to the praise of my God.

cres. *f*

Shall man, the great mas - ter of all, The

on - ly in - sen - si - ble prove? For - bid it, fair gra - ti - tude's call, For -

- bid it, de - vo - tion and love: Thee, Lord, who such won - ders canst raise, And

still canst de - stroy with a nod, My lips shall in - ces - sant - ly praise, My

soul shall be wrapt in my God.

"THE SPIRIT'S SONG."

This is one of Haydn's separate songs not included in the book of his canzonets, and is one of his most beautiful conceptions; its original key is F minor, a third higher than this edition. Of late years it has been as much sung by contraltos, as sopranos. It must be sung with pure, classical taste, and, in some passages, with dramatic expression.

Adagio.

PIANO.

p *cres.* *f* *p* *p*

Hark! hark! what I tell to thee, Nor

fz *fz* *p* *pp*

sor-row o'er the tomb, nor sor-row o'er the tomb, My

cres. *f*

spi-rit wanders free, my spi-rit wanders free, And waits, and waits 'till thine shall

come

p *cres.* *f* *dim.*

p

All pen - sive and a - lone, I see thee sit and weep, Thy head up-on the

mezza voce. *f* *fz* *p* *pp*

stone, Where my cold ash - es sleep, Where . . . my cold ash - es

p *cres.* *f*

sleep. I watch thy speaking eyes, and

agitato. *dim.*

mark each fall-ing tear; I catch thy passing sighs, I catch thy pass-ing

tempo.

sighs, Ere they are lost in air.

Dim. *tr*

f *p* *p* *p*

Hark! hark! what I tell to thee, Nor sor-row, nor

fz *p* *p* *p*

sor-row o'er the tomb, My spi-rit wanders free, my spi-rit wanders free, And waits till

thine shall come,, my spi-rit wanders free, and waits, and waits till thine shall

come, till thine shall come.

fz *fz* *p*

"THE SANDS OF DEE,"

Andante. CHARLOTTE SAINTON-DOLBY.

PIANO. *p*

p *cres.*

Oh! Ma-ry go and call the cat-tle home, call the cat-tle home, call the cat-tle home A -

p *cres.*

dim. *p*

- cross the sands of Dee. The

dim. *p legato.*

p *cres.* *f*

west-ern wind was wild and dank with foam, wild and dank with foam, wild and dank with foam, And

all . . a - lone went she.

p *f* *dim. e rall.* *pp*

A little quicker.

The wes - tern tide crept up a - long the sand, And

o'er and o'er the sand, And round and round the sand, As far as eye could see; The

roll-ing mist came down and hid the land, And ne - ver home came

cres. *f* *ritard. e dim.*

she.

a tempo. *dim. e rall.* *Più mosso.* *p*

Oh! is it weed, or fish, or float-ing hair, A tress of gold-en hair, A

drown - ed maid-en's hair A - bove . . . the nets at

accel. *tempo.*

sea. Was ne-ver sal-mon yet that

shone so fair, that shone so fair A - mong . . . the

accel.

stakes on Dee. They

tempo. *f* *p* *f* *dim.*

p *cres.*

row'd her in a-cross the rol-ing foam, the cru-el crawl-ing foam, the

tempo primo.

+

cru-el hun-gry foam, to her grave be--side the

+

p *p* *cres.* *+*

sea, . . . but still the boat-men hear her, hear her, call the cat-tle home, the

ppp

dim. *+* *pp* *+* *+*

cat-tle home, the cat-tle home, the cat-tle home, a-cross the sands of

rall: molto.

tempo.

Dee tempo.

dim. *pp*

rit. al . . . fine . . .

"AULD ROBIN GRAY."

It is very difficult to give any directions for the right interpretation of this beautiful song, seeing that it must depend in a great measure on the feeling of the singer. The first verse should be delivered with great simplicity, read, as it were, like narrative; and the expression should increase as the song goes on to its climax, which I take to be the line, "O why was I born to cry woe, woe is me!" which is an exclamation of despair. From this point to the end the feeling should be that of resignation, and the song should terminate quietly on the words,—

"But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be,
For Auld Robin Gray is very good to me."

Others may take a different view, but I give this as the reading adopted by myself.

Andante con espressione.

PIANO. *p*

Young Ja - mie loed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But

sav - ing a crown, he had nae-thing else be - side; 'To mak' the crown a pound my

Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were bath for me. He

p

cres.

had nae been gane but a year and a day, When my fai-ther brak' his arm, and our

dolce.

p

cow was stown a-way; My mither she fell sick, and Ja-mie at the sea, And

Auld Ro-bin Gray cam' a court - ing to me.

mf

f *p. e. lento.*

My fai-ther urged me sair, but my mither did nae speak, But she

p

dim.

look'd in my face till my heart was like to break, Sae they gied him my hand, Tho' my

heart was on the sea, And Auld Ro-bin Gray is gude-man to me; I

p, and almost spoken.
had nae been a wife but weeks on-ly four, When sit-ting sae mourn-ful-ly

at my ain door, I saw my Ja-mie's wraith, For I could nae think it he, Till he said,

f f "Jea-nie, I've come hame to mar-ry thee."

p Oh! sair did we greet, and mic-kle did we say, We

took but ae kiss, and we tore our-selves a-way, I wish that I were dead, but

I'm nae like to dee, Oh! why was I born to cry Wae, wae is me. I

gang like a ghaist, And I care na to spin, I dare na think of Ja - mie, for

dolce.

accel - lan - do.

that wad be a sin, Sae I'll e'en do my best, a gude wife to be, For

Auld Ro-bin Gray is o'er gude to me.

rall. *mf*