

TO MY FRIEND
H. Plunket Greene.

Fine
OLD SONGS,

WITH
Accompaniments

Written by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL

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FIVE OLD SONGS



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YOU LOVERS ALL.

Nº 1.

VOICE. *Maestoso.* *p*

You lo_vers all, that love would

PIANO. *p*

mf

prove, Come learn to know true love in _ deed, First love the Lord thy

mf

God a - bove, From whom all good - ness doth pro - ceed.

f Pray to Him faith - ful - ly To grant his spirit* to thee, Thy sins to

mor - ti - fy, And that with speed.

p Then shalt thou at the lat - ter

day, When Christ thee to . . . ac - count shall call,

* pronounced sprite.

mf

Re-joice in God and not.... af-fray, For fear of

f

a - - ny sud - - den fall. There-fore live mer - ri-ly

In love and cha - ri-ty, Thanking thy God tru-ly What may be -

- fall.

rall. *p*

JOY TO THE PERSON OF MY LOVE.

N^o 2.

Allegretto.

VOICE. *p* Joy to the per - son

PIANO. *p*

of my love, Al - though she me dis - dain, *mf* Fix'd are my

thoughts, and may not re - move, And yet I love in vain.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The voice part begins with a rest for four measures, then enters with the lyrics 'Joy to the per - son' on a half note, followed by 'of my love, Al - though she me dis - dain, Fix'd are my' and 'thoughts, and may not re - move, And yet I love in vain.' The piano accompaniment starts with a half note chord, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*).

Shall I lose the fight Of my hope and my de - light, Or shall I leave my

sute? Shall I strive to touch? Oh no, it were too much.

She's the for - bid - den fruit! Oh, woe is me That

e - ver I did see, The beau - ty that did me be - witch.

Yet out a - lace! I must for - go that face, The treasure I es -

- teem too much.

p Thou - sand for - tunes fall to her share, Though she re -

mf - ject - ed me, And fill'd my heart... full of des -

- pair. Yet shall I... con - stant be, For she is the

dame My tongue shall e - ver name, Fair branch of mo - des -

- tie. Chaste of heart and mind, Oh! were she half so

kind, Then would she pi - ty me.

p

Sweet! turn at last, Be kind as thou art chaste, And

p

let me in thy bo - som dwell; So shall we

gain The plea_sure of love's pain, Till then my dear_est

love, fare - well.

molto rall.

THE SELF-BANISHED.

N^o 3.

Dr. Blow.

Con molto espressione.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

p

It is not that I love you

less... Than when be - fore your feet I lay,

But to pre - vent the sad in - crease Of hap - less

love, I keep a - way. In vain, a - las! for

ev' - ry - thing That I... have known be - longs to

you, Your form does to... my fan - cy bring, And

makes my old wounds bleed a - new. In vain, a -

- las! for ev' - ry - thing That I... have known be -

- longs... to you, Your form does to... my fan - cy

bring, And makes my old wounds bleed... a - new.

ELORE, ELORE.

N^o 4.

VOICE. *Con moto.*

In a garden so green in a May morn-ing, Heard I my

PIANO. *mf*

la - dy plen* of her lov - er, Said she "My love so sweet,

come you not yet, not yet, Hight you not me to meet amongst the flowers.

poco rit.

p

E - lo - re, E - lo - re, E - lo - re, E - lo - re, I love my

p a tempo

rall:

lus - ty love, E - lo - re lo!

rall:

The skies up - spring - eth, the dew down -

- ding - eth, The sweet lark sing - eth their hours of prime;

mf

Phœ-bus up - - sprent-eth, Joy to rest went - eth, So lost is mine intents

Say - ing "My bird be glad, Am I not yours?" Then in my armes two

Did I the lus - ty jo, And kissed her times... mo' Than night hath

hours.. E - lo - re, E - lo - re, E - lo - re, E - lo - re,

rall:
I love my lus - ty love, E - lo - re lo!

SWEET KATE.

N^o 5.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

Sweet... Kate

of. late Ran a-way and left me plain - ing,

"A - - bide!" I. cried, Or I die with your dis -

- dain - ing!" "Tee-hee-hee" quoth she, "Glad - ly would I see

A - ny man to die of lov - - ing; Ne - ver a - ny yet

Died of such a fit, Nei - ther have I fear of

prov - - ing.

Un - - kind I find Thy de-light is in tor -

- ment - ing, *f* "A - - bide!" I cried,

Or I die with your dis - dain - ing, *p* "Tee-hee-hee" quoth she,

Make no fool of me, Men I know have oaths at plea - sure, *rit.*

f *rit.*

For their love is feigned Till the heart is gained, Then their oaths they keep at

f *rit.*

lea - sure.

f *rall.*

p poco meno mosso

Her words like swords Cut my sor - y heart a -

p poco meno mosso

- sun - - der; Her flouts with doubts,

Kept my heart's af-fec-tions un - - der; "Tee hee hee" quoth she,

rit. *Tempo I.*

What a fool is he, Stands in awe of no de - -

- ny - - ing, . Cause I had e - nough

To become more rough, So I did a hap - py try - - - ing.

rall.