

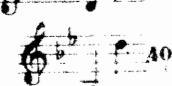
Songs

BY

ARTHUR FOOTE.

I'm wearing awa'		.30	Go, lovely Rose.		.50
O my love's like a red, red rose.		.40	It was a lover and his lass.		.30
The pleasant summer's come.		.40	Milkmaid's Song (<i>from "Queen Mary"</i>)		.40
When icicles hang by the wall.		.40	Love took me softly by the hand.		.40
Love's philosophy.		.40	Ho! pretty page.		.60
If you become a nun, dear.		.40	<u>Ask me no more!</u>		.40
Ojala! would she carry me!		.40	Elaine's Song "Sweet is true love."		.40

Album of Songs, for Mezzo Soprano or Baritone (op. 26)

On the way to Kew.		.50	Irish Folk-Song.		.50
Love from o'er the sea.		.40			
In Picardie.		.40	The hawthorn wins the damask rose.		.40
O swallow, swallow flying south.		.50	Song of the Forge.		.60
Love in her cold grave lies....		.40	And, if thou wilt, remember....		.40

ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT,

BOSTON,
120 Boylston St.

LEIPZIG,

NEW YORK,
11 West 36th St.

To Miss Gertrude Edmonds.

ASK ME NO MORE.

The Poem by Alfred Tennyson.

Arthur Foote.

Not too slowly ($\bullet\bullet=76$)

VOICE.

dolce *p*

Ask me no more : the moon may draw the sea; The

PIANO.

poco rit.

cloud may stoop from heaven, and take the shape, With fold to fold, of

in tempo. *cresc.*

moun-tain or of eape; But, O too fond, when have I answered, answered thee?

p

in tempo
mf

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: What an - swer should I give?

p

mf

espress.

I love not hol - low cheek or fa - ded eye:

espress.

Yet, O my friend, I will not

s

p cresc.

cresc.

stringendo.

have thee die!

Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live _____

p cresc.

cresc.

f

tempo

Ask me no more. Ask me no more: Thy fate and mine are sealed: I

mf

pp una corda

p

cresc.

strove a -gainst the stream, and all in vain, in vain; Let the great riv -er take me, take me to the main:

cresc.

f sostenuto

No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield, I yield; Ask me no more—ask me no more.

p string.

cresc.

rit.

p

pp ten.

p

pp una corda

ppp

No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield, I yield; Ask me no more—ask me no more.

Ashes of Roses.

The Poem is by Eliza Gaskell from "Aunt's Blossom" by permission of F. & P. Putnam's Sons.

Quietly. *p*

ARTHUR FOOTE, OP. 51, NO. 4

Soft on the sun-set sky Bright day-light clo-ses,
segue

Lea-ving, when light doth die, Pale hues that min-gling lie,

Ash-es of ro-ses. When love's warm sun is set,

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To Miss ANNA MILLER WOOD.

ON THE WAY TO KEW.

The Poem by
WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

ARTHUR FOOTE.

Moderato con moto. *dolce.*

VOICE

PIANO. *p dolce e legato*

On the way to Kew, By the river old and gray, Where in the Long Ago We laughed and loitered so,

I met a ghost to-day: A ghost that told of you, A ghost of *dolce.*

APR. 3305 - 5

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Constancy.

The Poem is Anonymous

ARTHUR FOOTE, OP. 45 NO. 1

Rather fast, with free diction. (♩ = 120)

If the apple grows on the apple-tree, And the wild wind blows o'er the wild wood tree, And the

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A. P. S. 3470

Complete Copy 50 cents

She who is dear to me

WALTER E. GROGAN[♦]

GUSTAV von HOLST

Allegretto quasi Andante

She who is dear to me Has wealth of grace Fair as a nymph is she, Deck'd in her lace. Curls that are kin to light, Lips of the rose,

[♦] By permission of the Author

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