3261

To my Wife.

Nine Songs

by

Frank Lynes.

Op. 19.

1. A Summer Wooing.
2. He has Kissed me!
3. Melody.
4. Sweetheart, sigh no more!
5. Ashes of Roses.
6. Interpretation.
7. Mother's Lover.
8. A Question.
9. A Confession.

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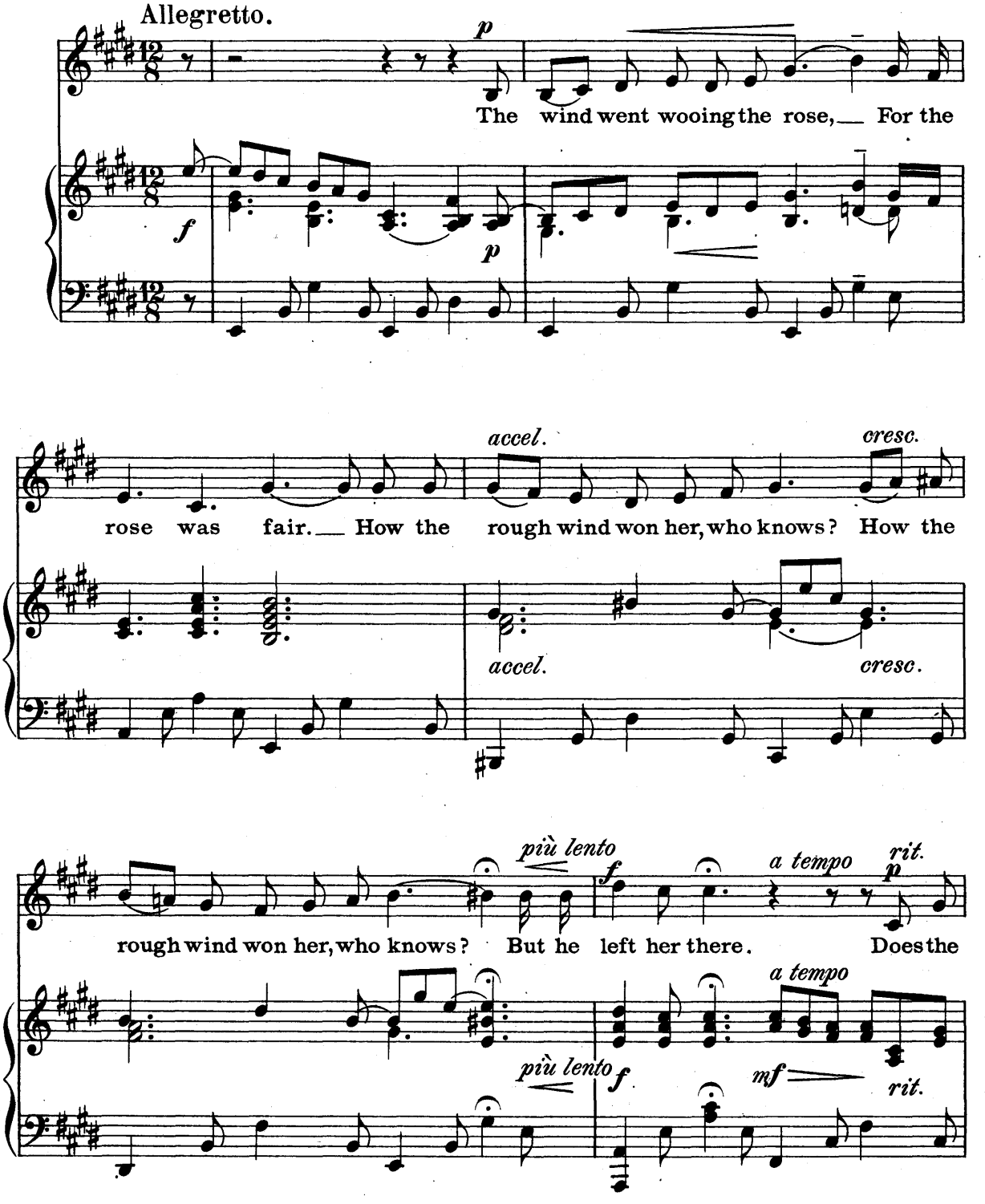
A Summer Wooing.

Words by Louise Chandler Moulton.

Frank Lynes, Op. 19. Nº 1.



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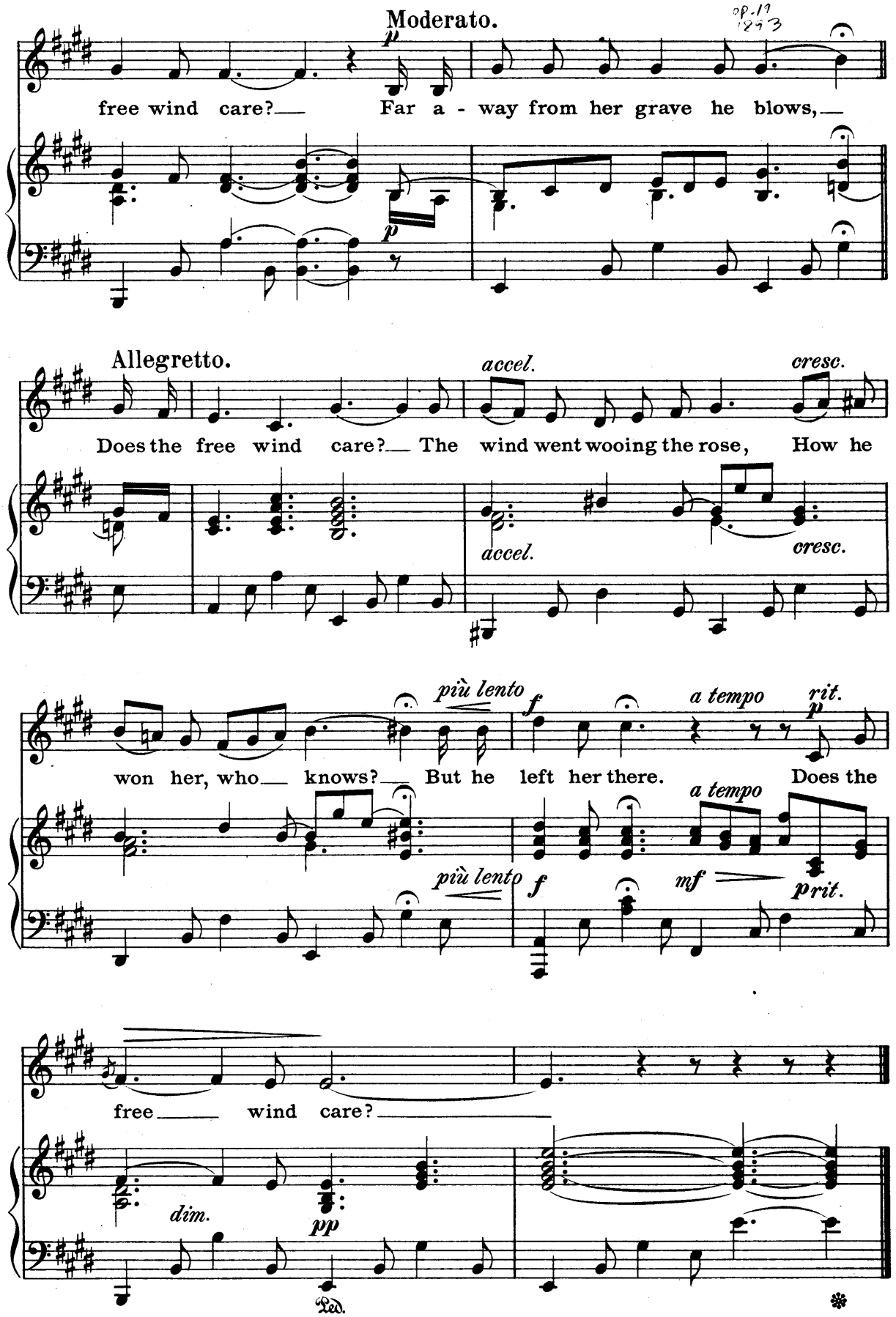

Moderato.
free wind care? Far a - way from her grave he blows,
Allegretto.
Does the free wind care? The wind went wooing the rose, How he
won her, who knows? But he left her there. Does the
free wind care?

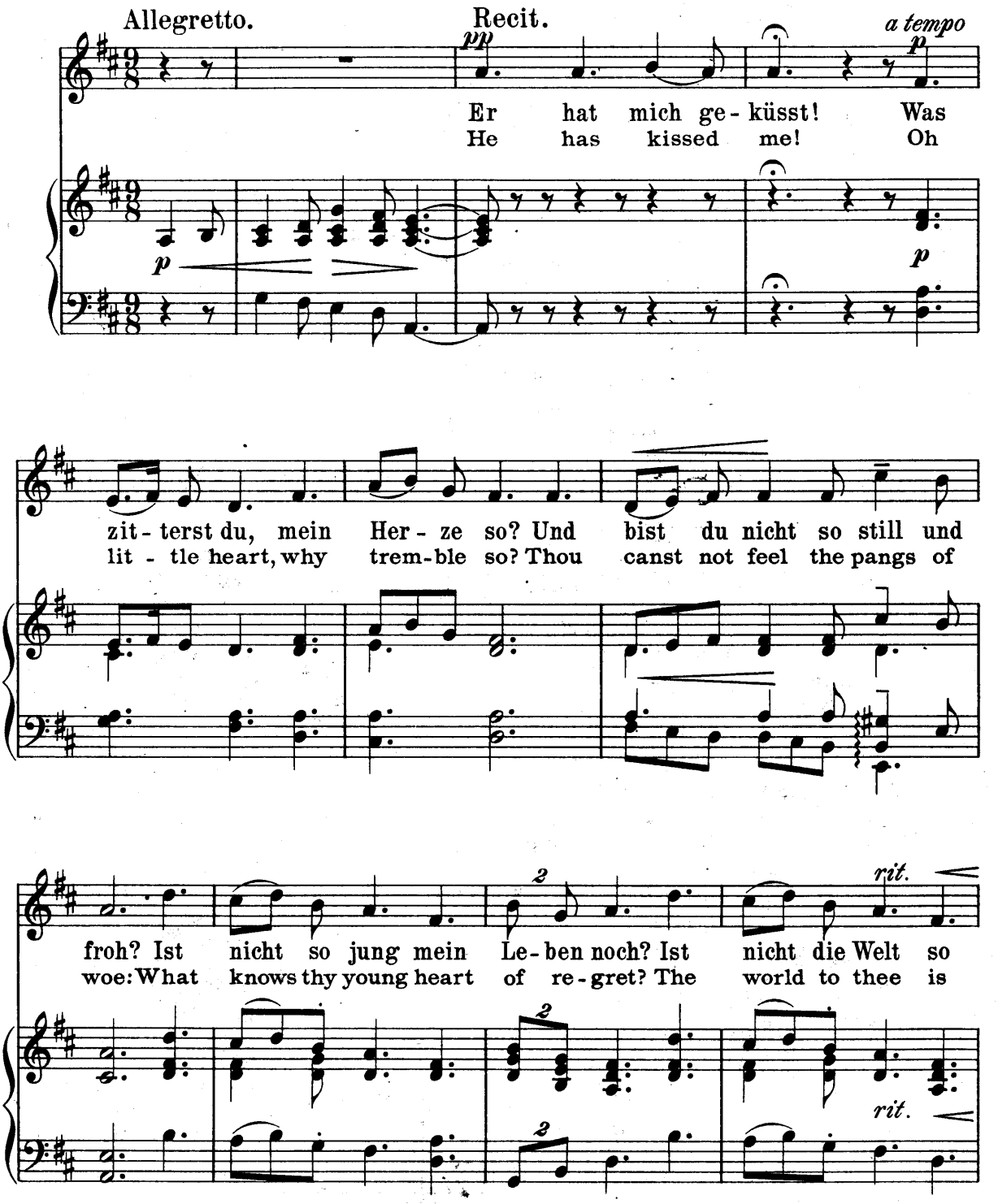
9/91 Gift of Masaki Tajima

Er hat mich geküsst!

He has kissed me!

Oscar von Redwitz. — English translation by James A. Beatley.

Frank Lynes, Op. 19. No 2.



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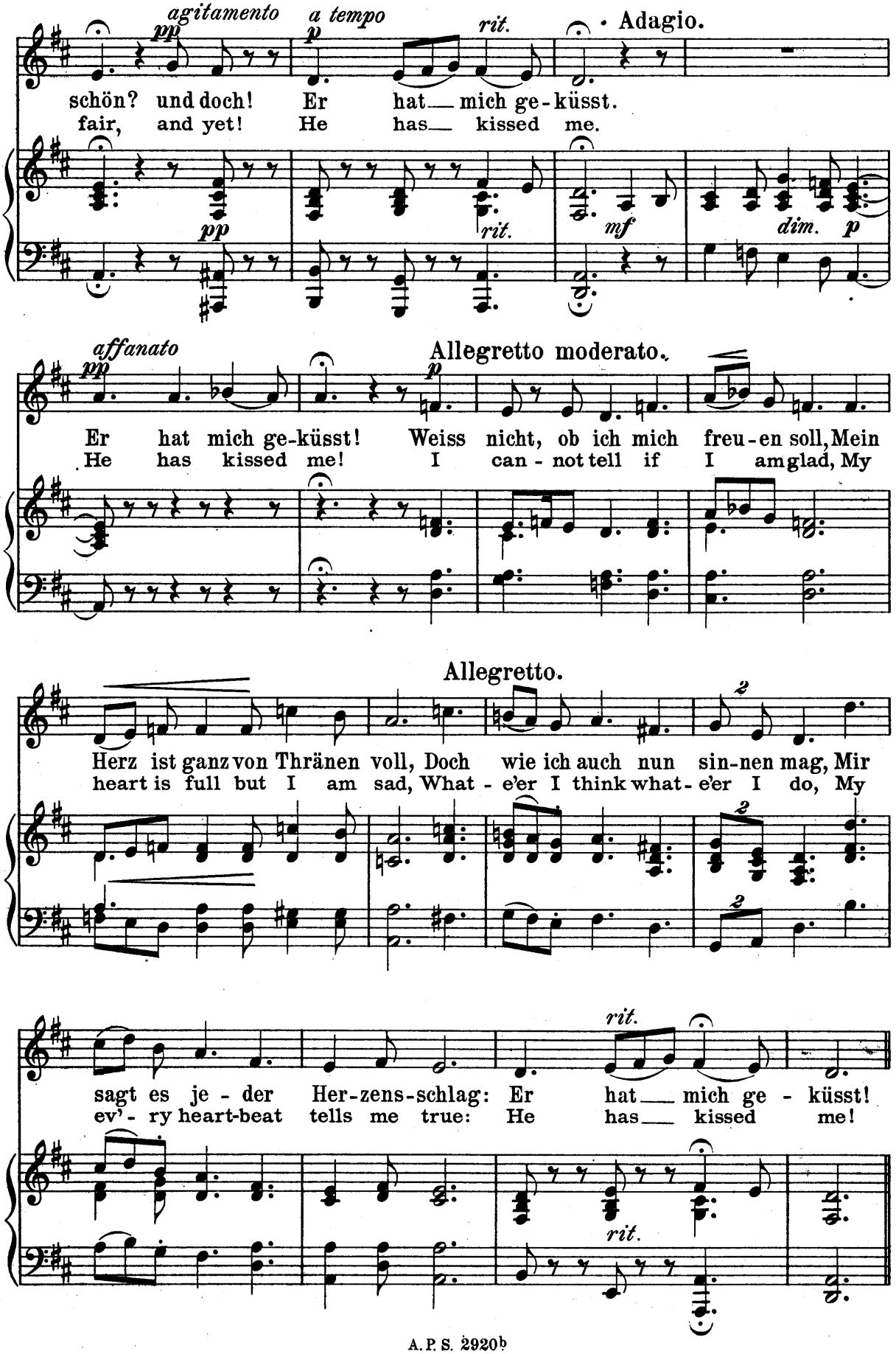
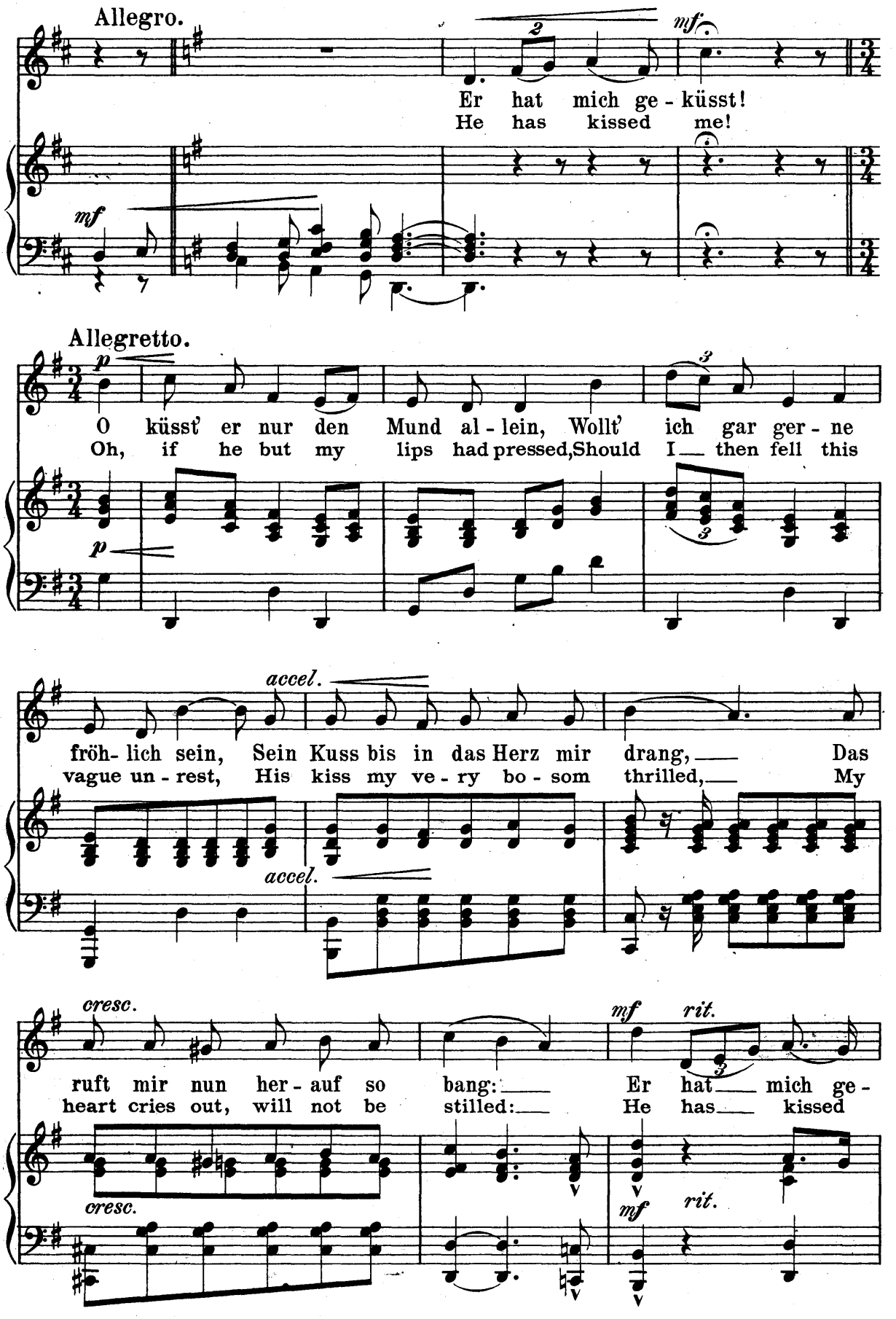
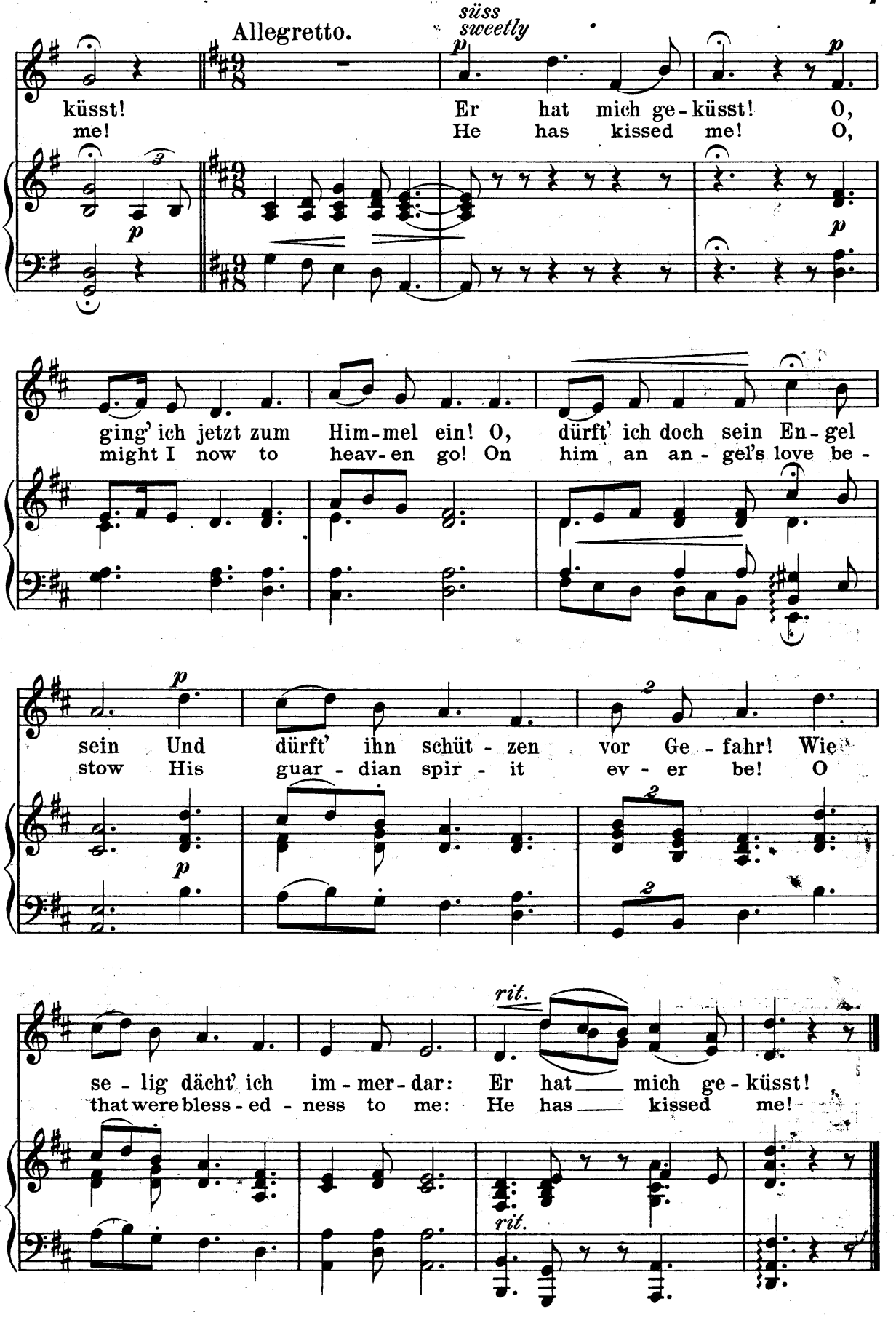

agitamento
a tempo
rit.
Adagio.
schön? und doch! Er hat mich ge-küsst.
fair, and yet! He has kissed me.
pp
p
rit.
mf
dim.
affanato
Allegretto moderato.
Er hat mich ge-küsst! Weiss nicht, ob ich mich freu-en soll, Mein
He has kissed me! I can-not tell if I am glad, My
Allegretto.
Herz ist ganz von Thränen voll, Doch wie ich auch nun sin-nen mag, Mir
heart is full but I am sad, What-e'er I think what-e'er I do, My
sagt es je-der Her-zens-schlag: Er hat mich ge-küsst!
ev'-ry heart-beat tells me true: He has kissed me!

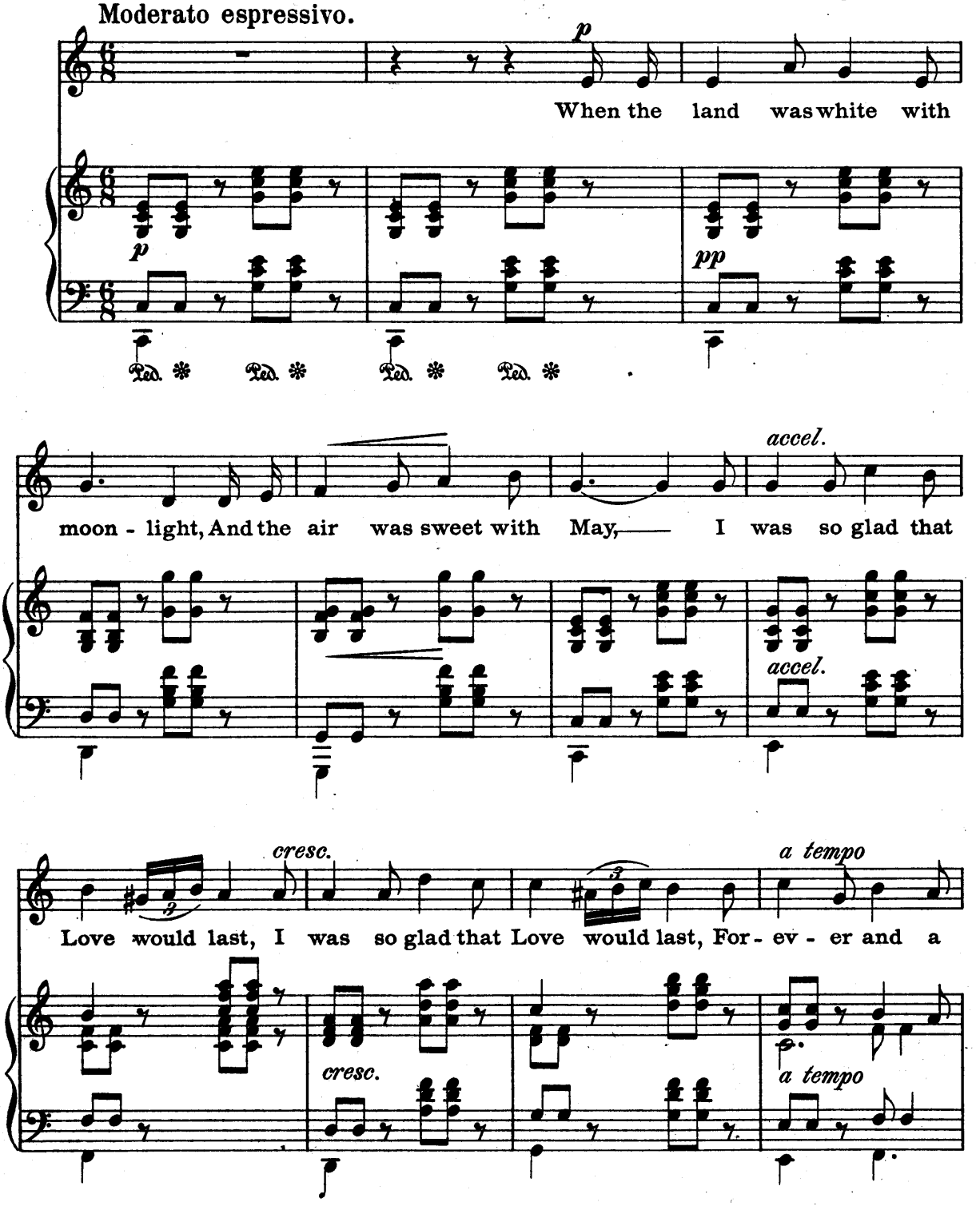

Allegro.
mf
Er hat mich ge - küsst!
He has kissed me!
Allegretto.
p
O küsst' er nur den Mund al - lein, Wollt' ich gar ger - ne
Oh, if he but my lips had pressed, Should I then fell this
accel.
fröh- lich sein, Sein Kuss bis in das Herz mir drang, Das
vague un - rest, His kiss my ve - ry bo - som thrilled, My
cresc.
ruft mir nun her - auf so bang: Er hat mich ge -
heart cries out, will not be stilled: He has kissed
mf
rit.


Allegretto.
süss
sweetly
küsst! Er hat mich ge-küsst! O,
me! He has kissed me! O,
ging' ich jetzt zum Him-mel ein! O, dürft' ich doch sein En-gel
might I now to heav-en go! On him an an-gel's love be-
sein Und dürft' ihn schüt-zen vor Ge-fahr! Wie
stow His guar-dian spir-it ev-er be! O
se-lig dächt' ich im-mer-dar: Er hat mich ge-küsst!
that were bless-ed-ness to me: He has kissed me!
rit.
rit.

Melody.

Words by Anne Reeve Aldrich.

Frank Lynes, Op. 19. Nº 3.



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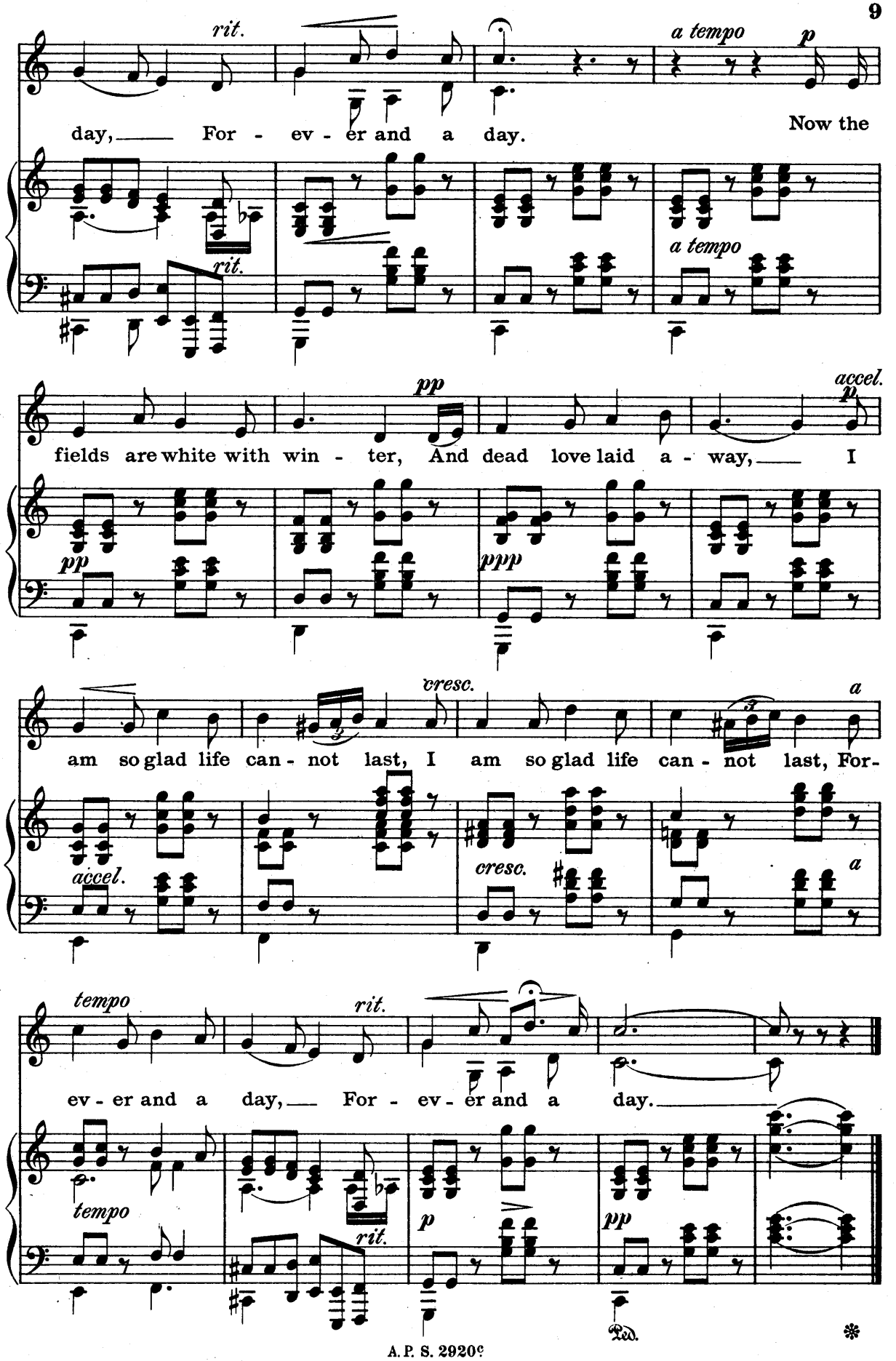
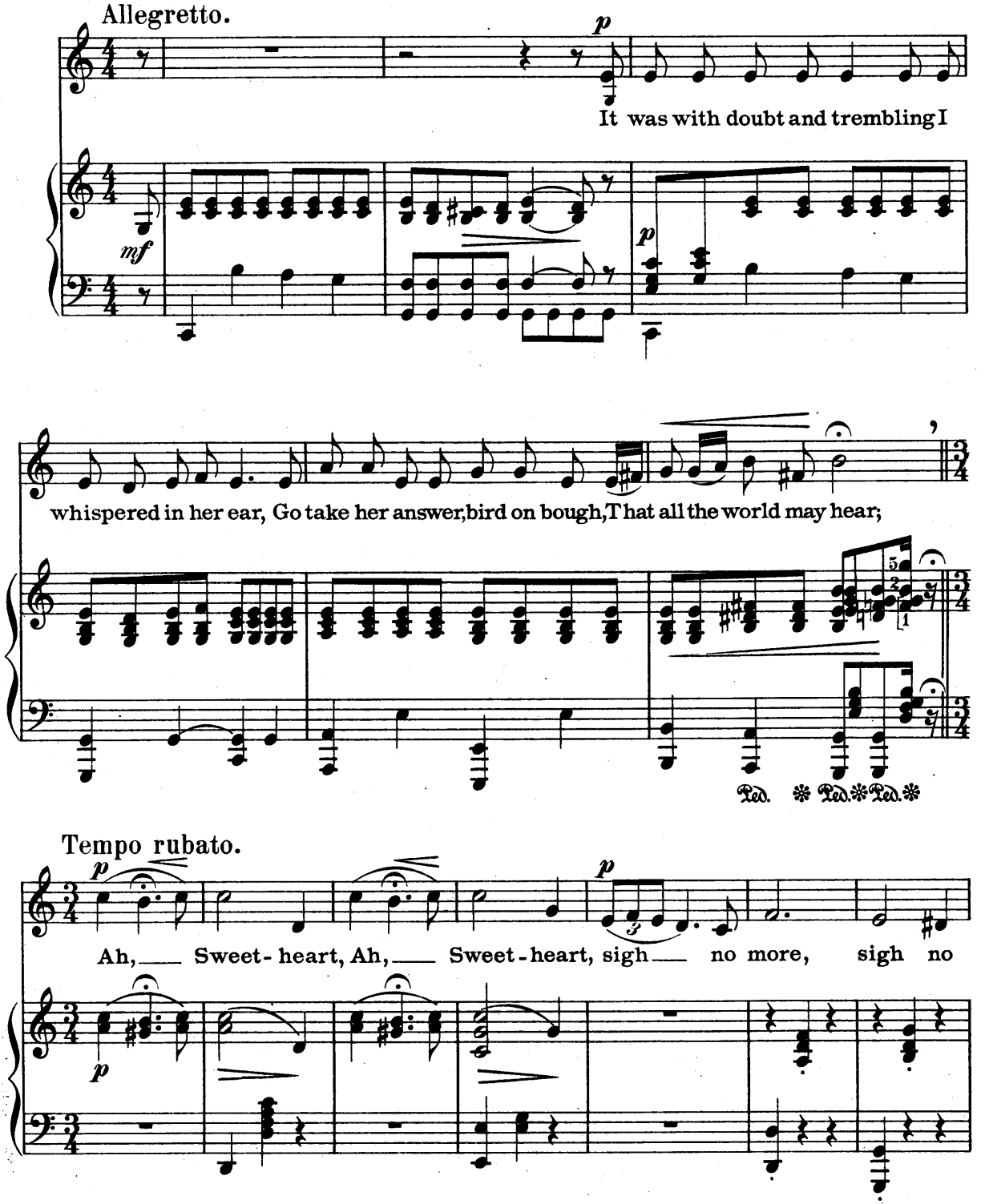

rit.
a tempo
p
day, For - ev - er and a day.
Now the
rit.
a tempo
pp
accel.
p
fields are white with win - ter, And dead love laid a - way, I
pp
ppp
cresc.
a
am so glad life can - not last, I am so glad life can - not last, For-
accel.
cresc.
a
tempo
rit.
ev - er and a day, For - ev - er and a day.
tempo
rit.
p
pp
Ped.
*

Sweetheart, sigh no more!

Words by Thomas B. Aldrich.

Frank Lynes, Op. 19. No. 4.



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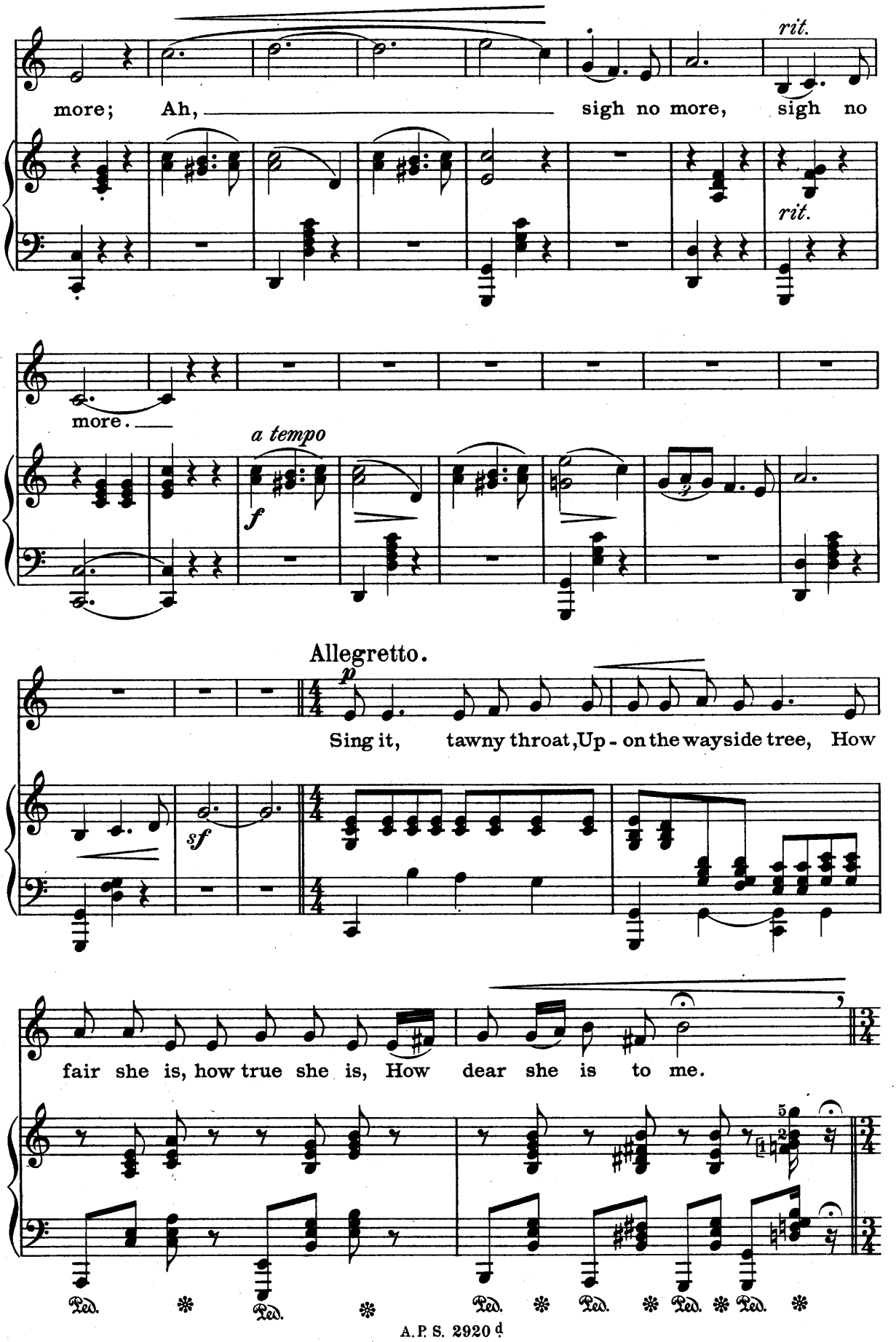
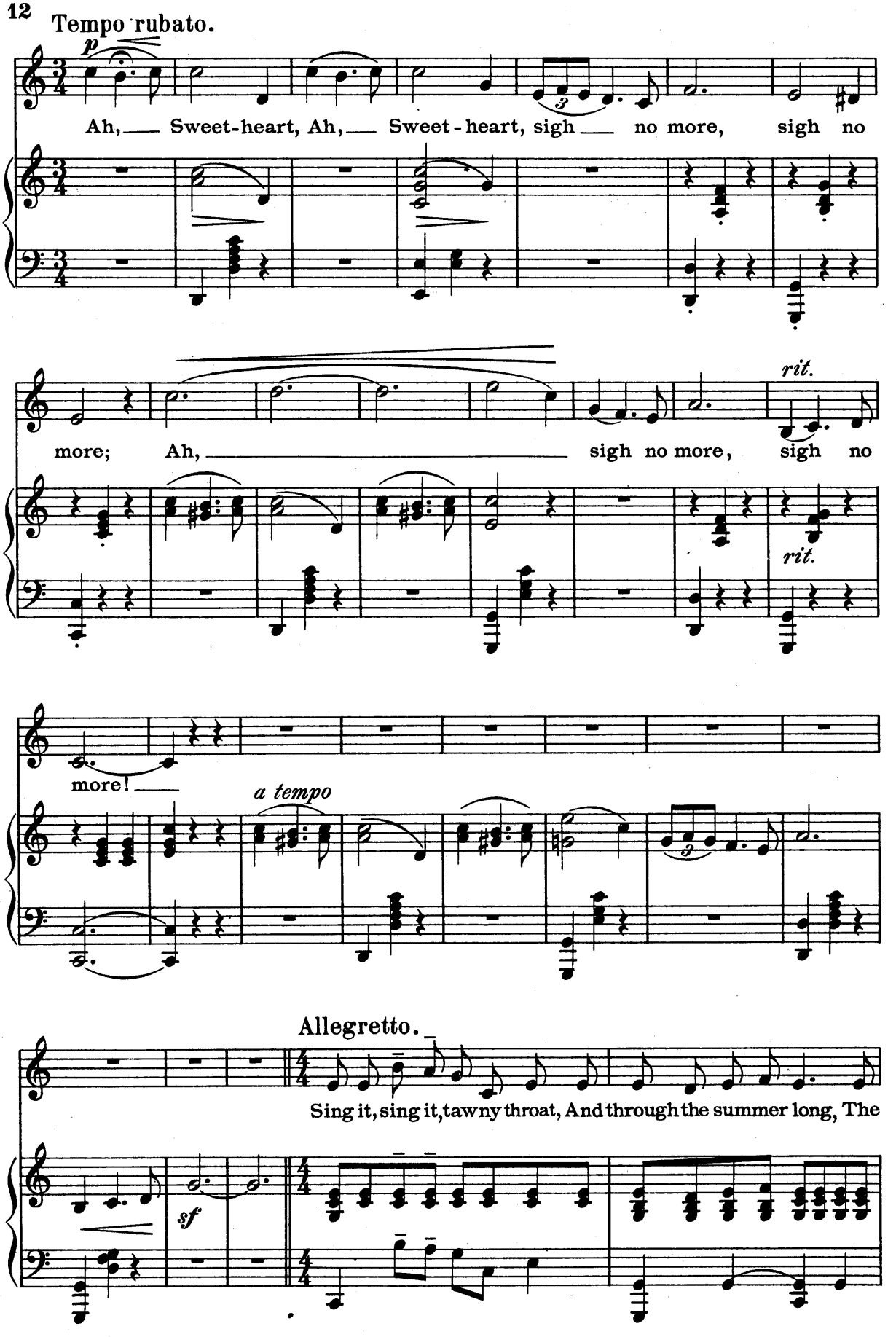
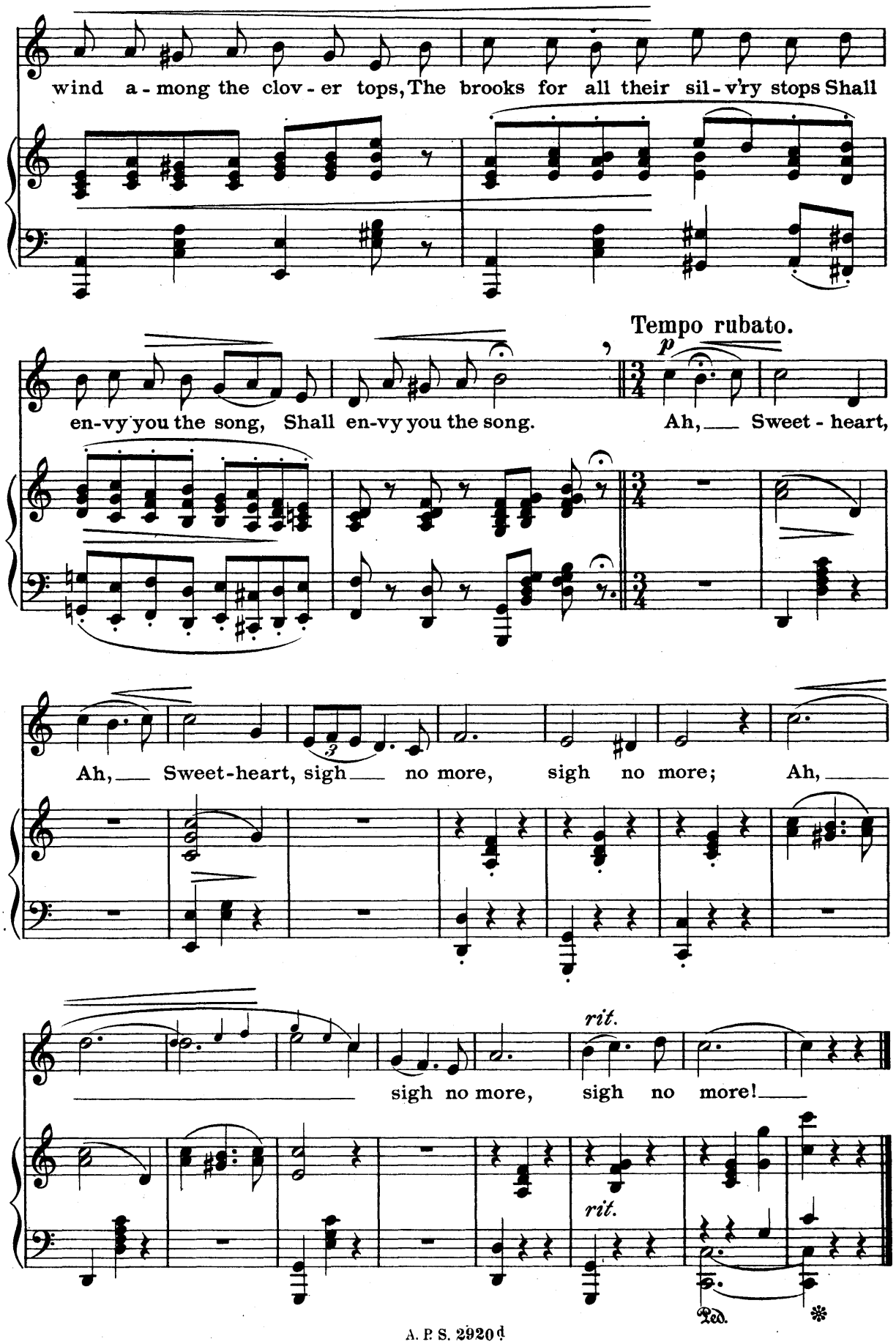

rit.
more; Ah, sigh no more, sigh no
rit.
more.
a tempo
f
Allegretto.
p
Sing it, tawny throat, Up - on the wayside tree, How
sf
fair she is, how true she is, How dear she is to me.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

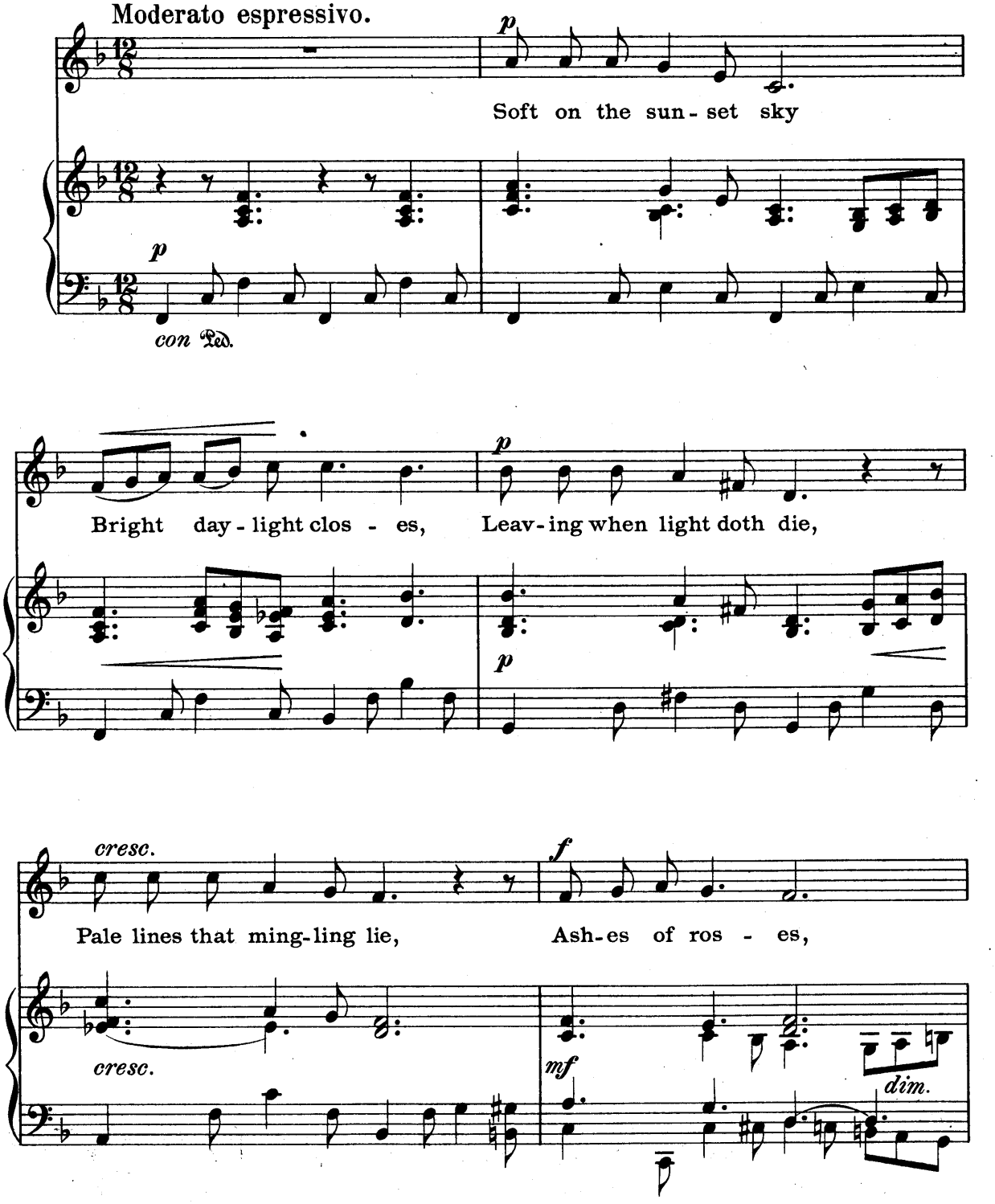

Tempo rubato.
p
Ah, Sweet-heart, Ah, Sweet-heart, sigh no more, sigh no
more; Ah, sigh no more, sigh no
rit.
rit.
more!
a tempo
Allegretto.
Sing it, sing it, tawny throat, And through the summer long, The
sf


wind a - mong the clov - er tops, The brooks for all their sil - v'ry stops Shall
Tempo rubato.
p
en-vy you the song, Shall en-vy you the song. Ah, Sweet - heart,
Ah, Sweet-heart, sigh no more, sigh no more; Ah,
rit.
sigh no more, sigh no more!
rit.
Ped.

Ashes of Roses.

Words by Elaine Goodale.

Frank Lynes, Op. 19. Nº 5.



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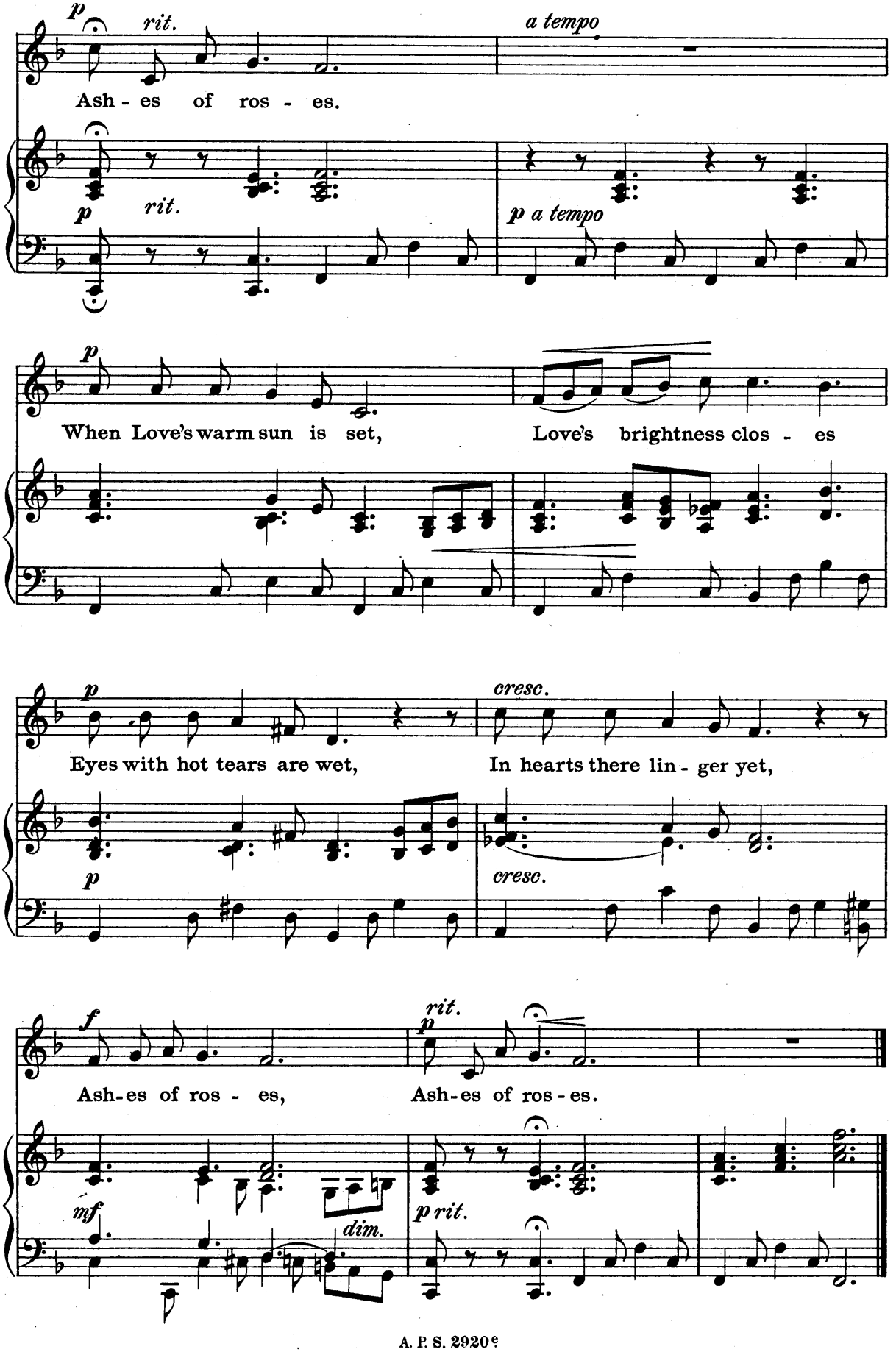
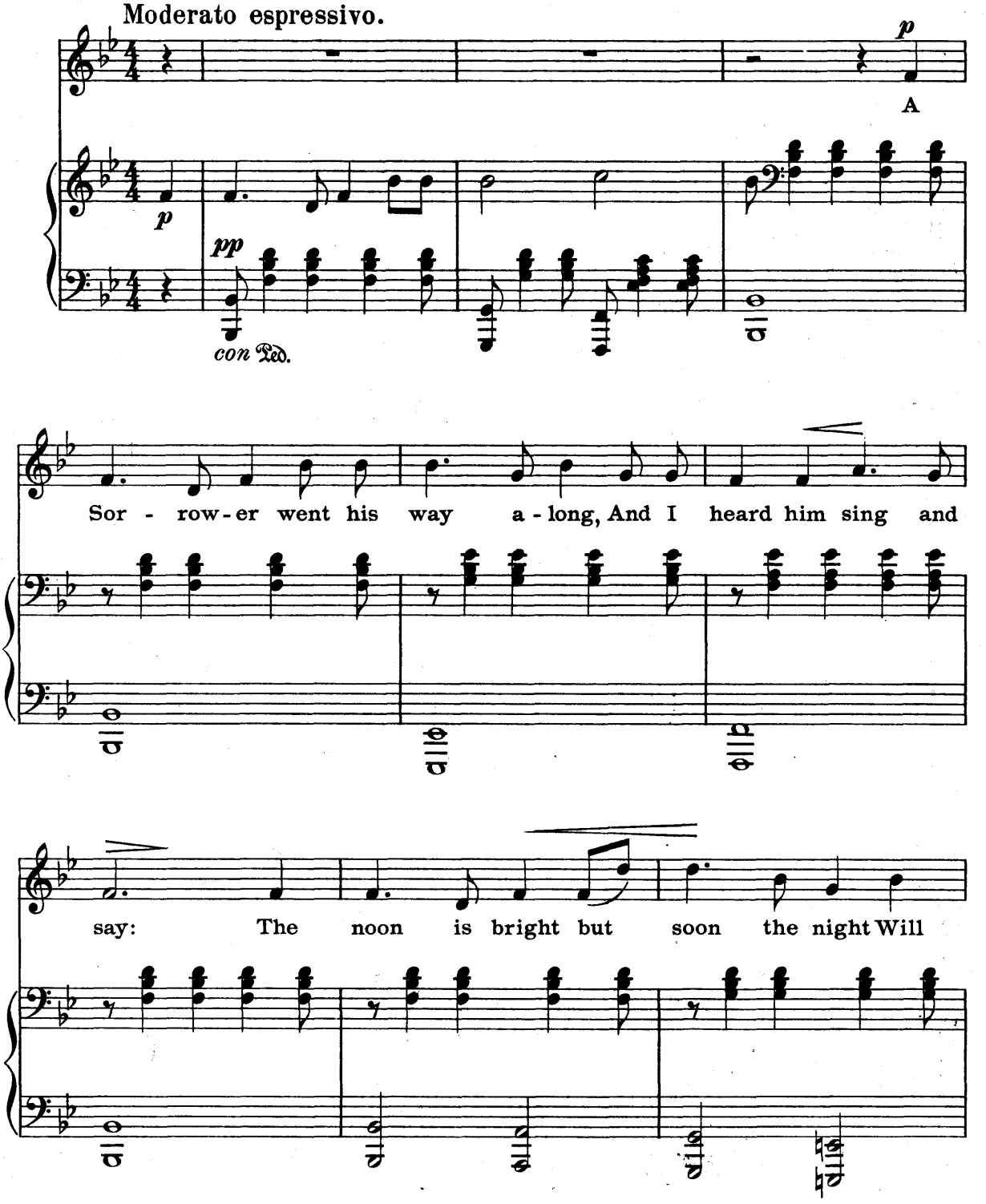

p
rit.
a tempo
Ash - es of ros - es.
p
rit.
p a tempo
p
When Love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness clos - es
p
cresc.
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there lin - ger yet,
p
cresc.
f
rit.
p
Ash-es of ros - es,
Ash-es of ros - es.
mf
dim.
p rit.

Interpretation.

Words by Richard Burton.

Frank Lynes, Op. 19. No 6.



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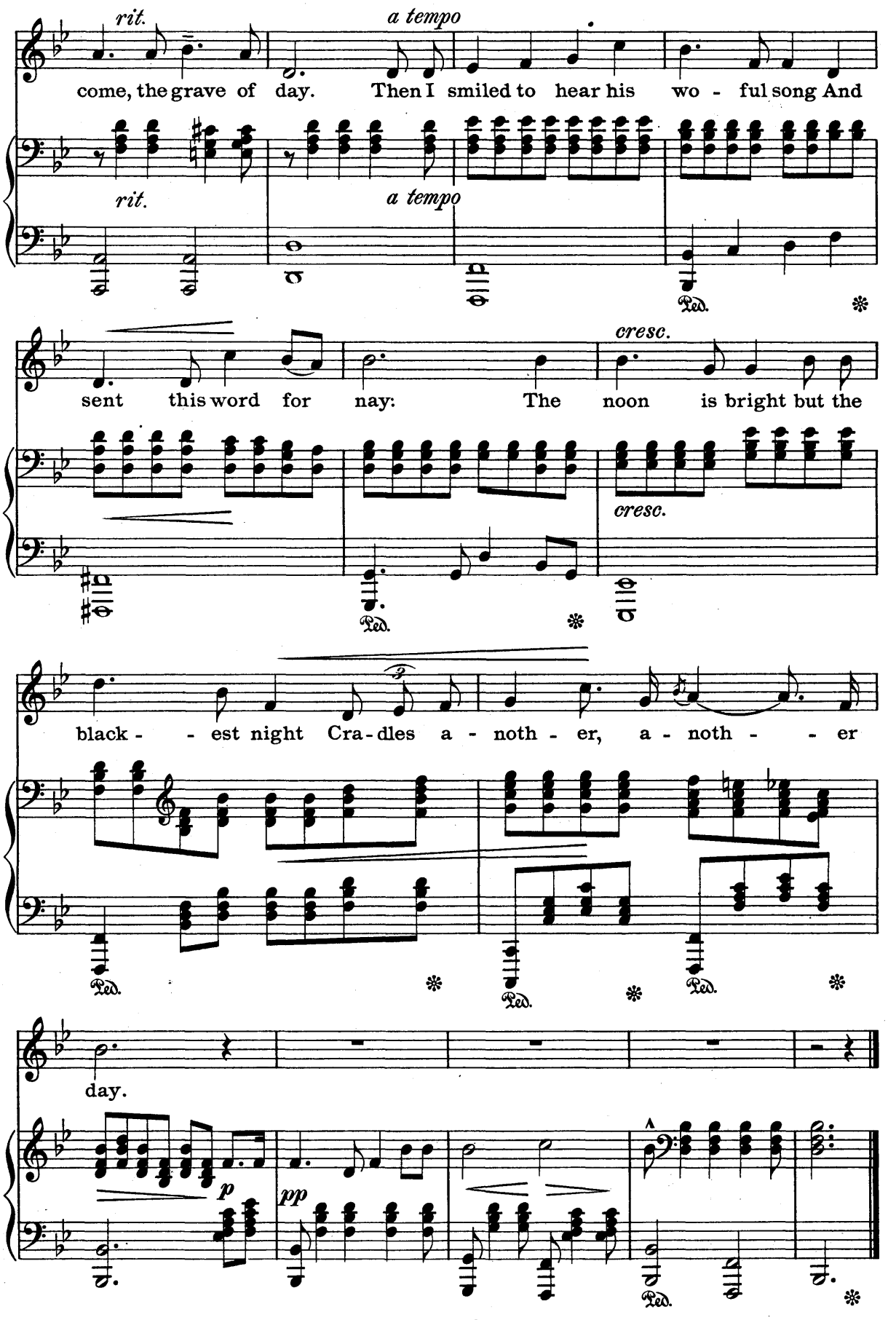
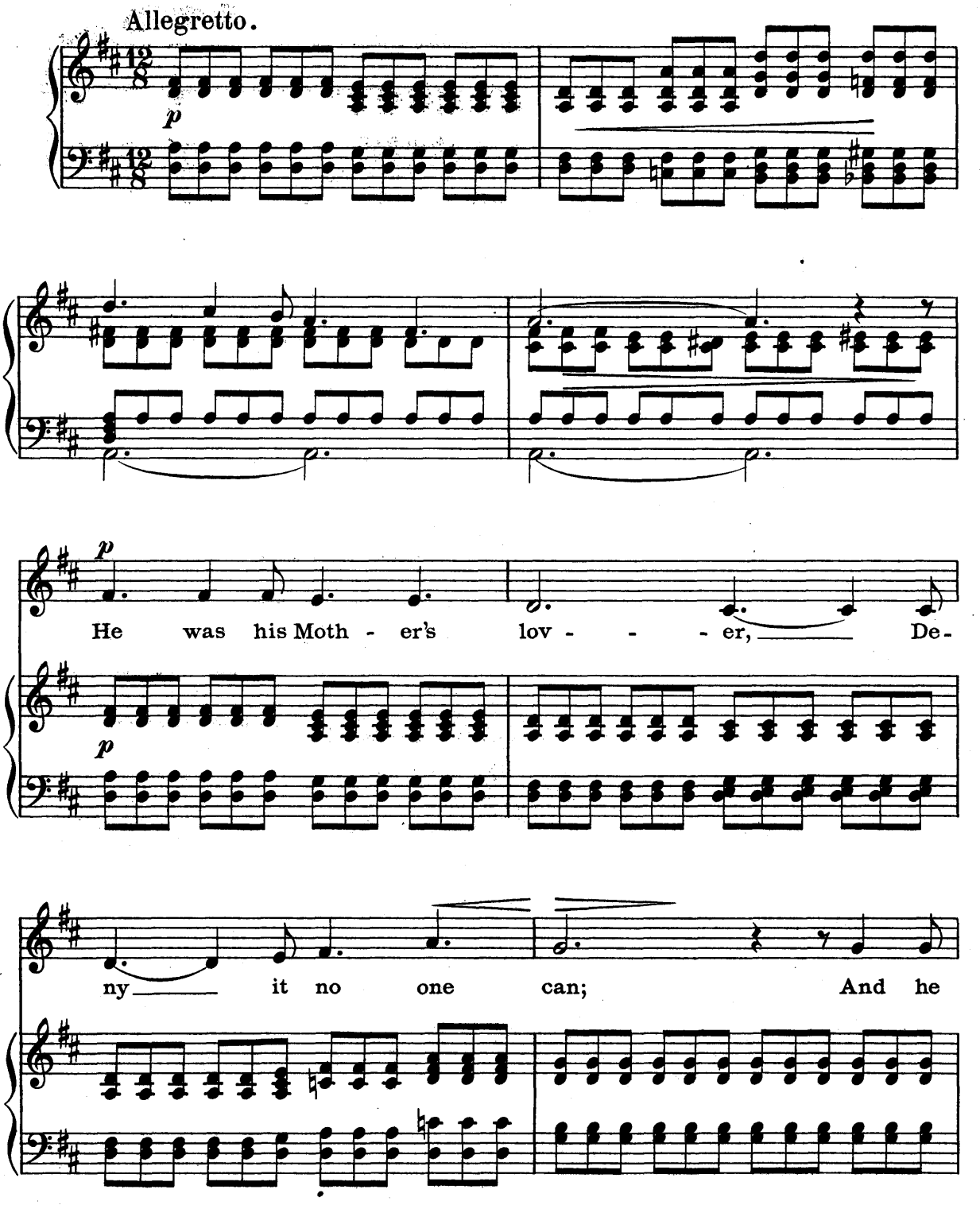

rit.
a tempo
come, the grave of day. Then I smiled to hear his wo - ful song And
rit.
a tempo
Ped.
cresc.
sent this word for nay: The noon is bright but the
cresc.
Ped.
black - - est night Cra - dles a - noth - er, a - noth - - er
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
day.
p
pp
Ped.

To my son, Master Cedric Tremaine Lynes.

Mother's Lover.

Words by George Birdseye.

Frank Lynes, Op. 19. No 7.



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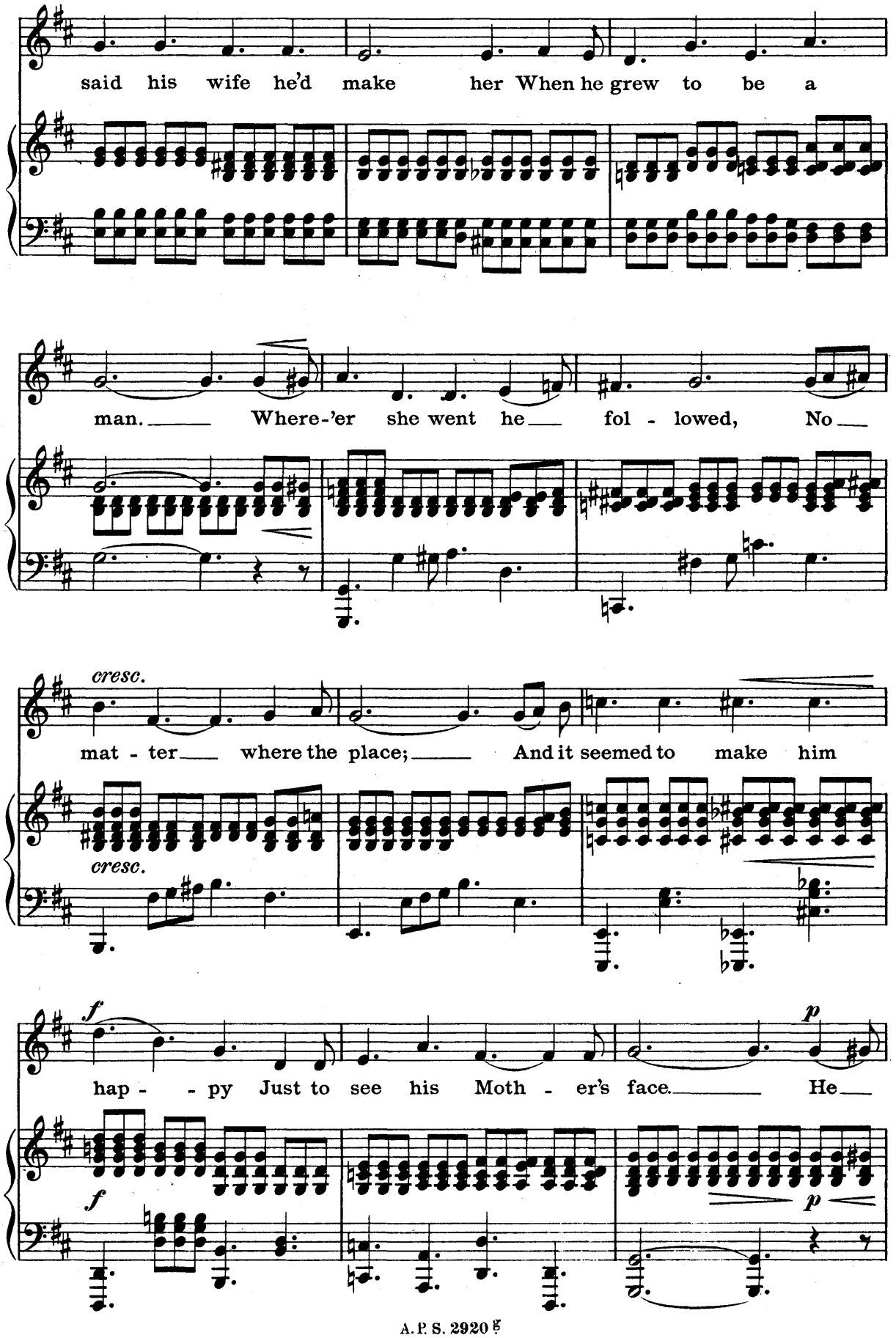
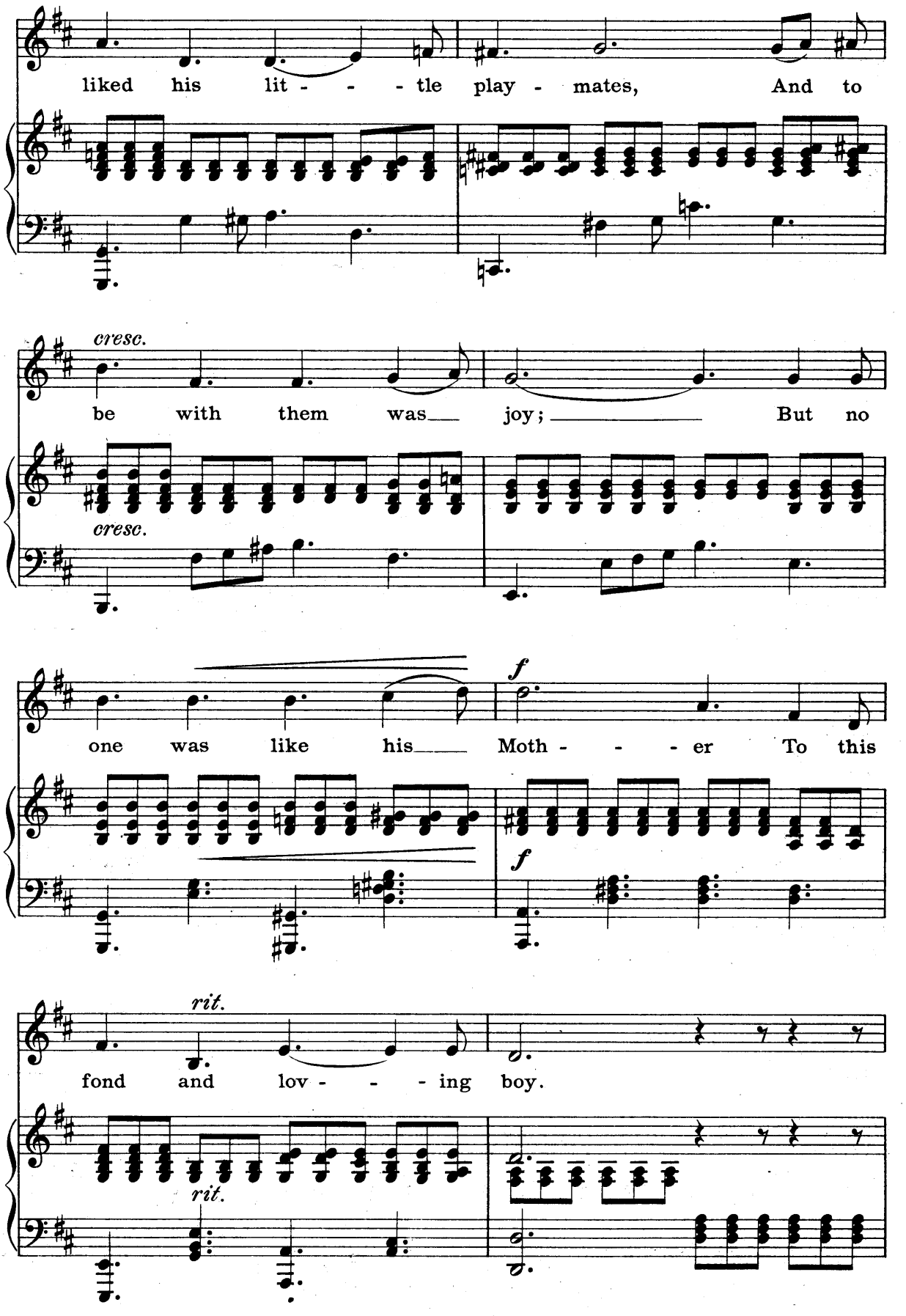
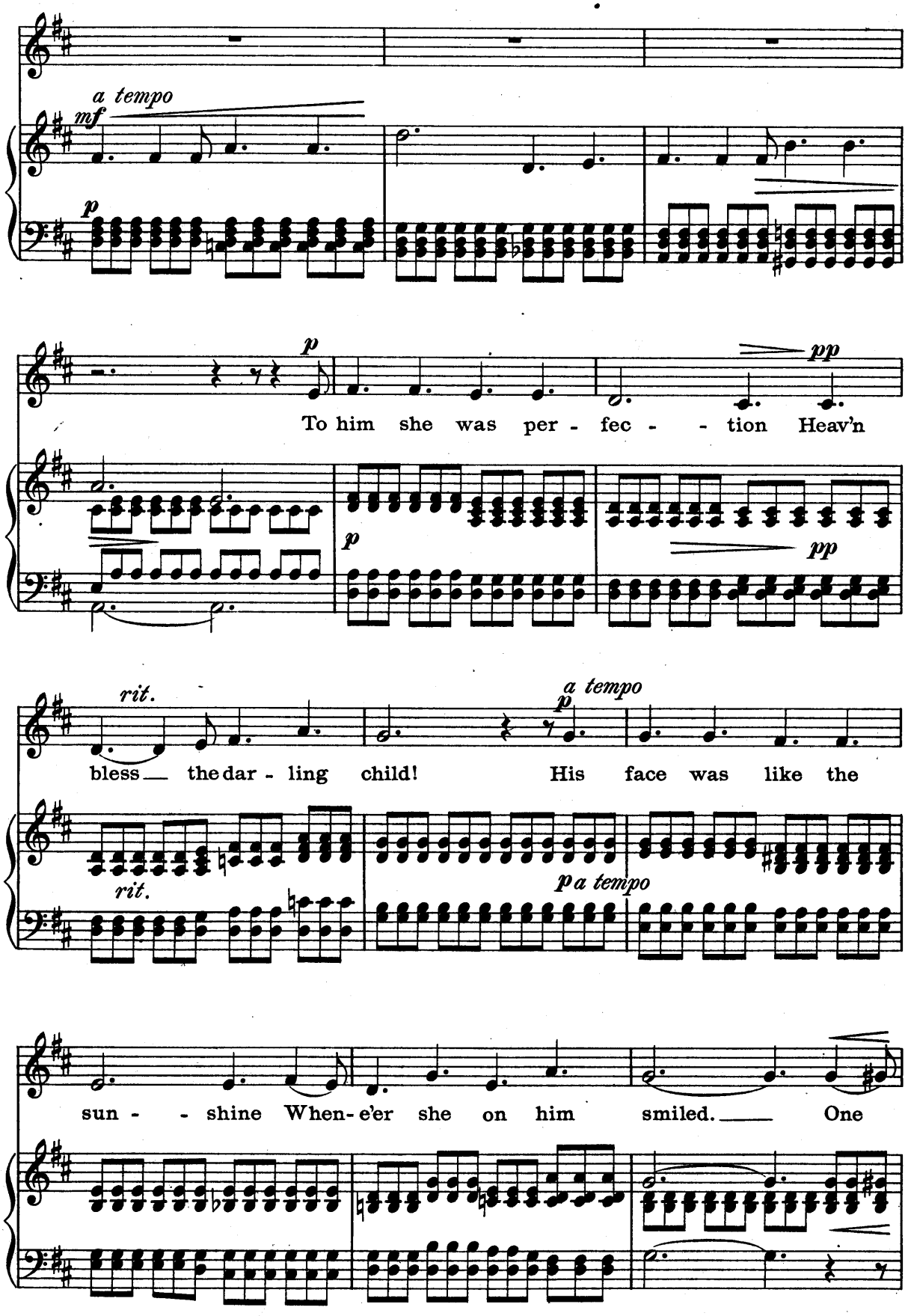
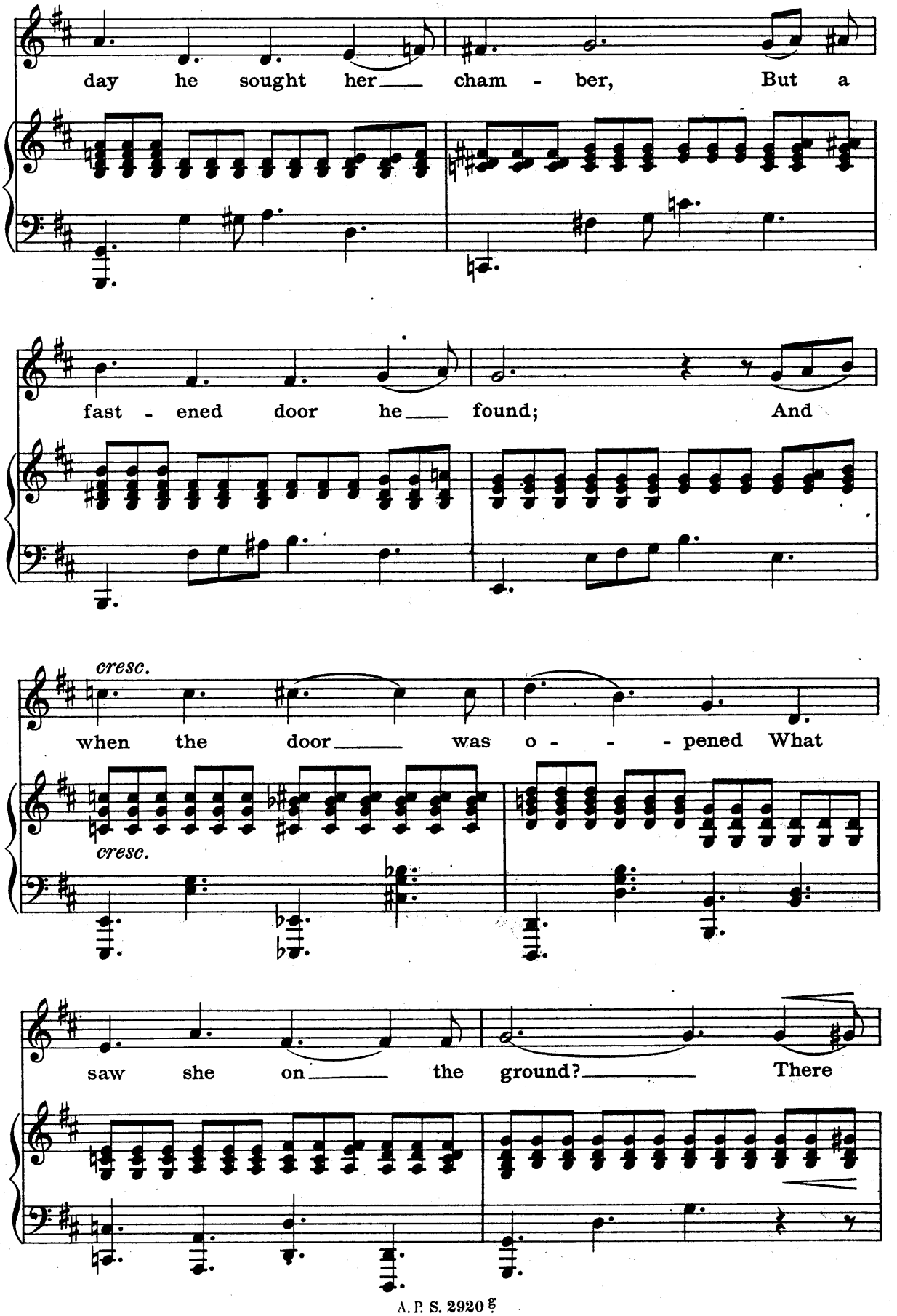
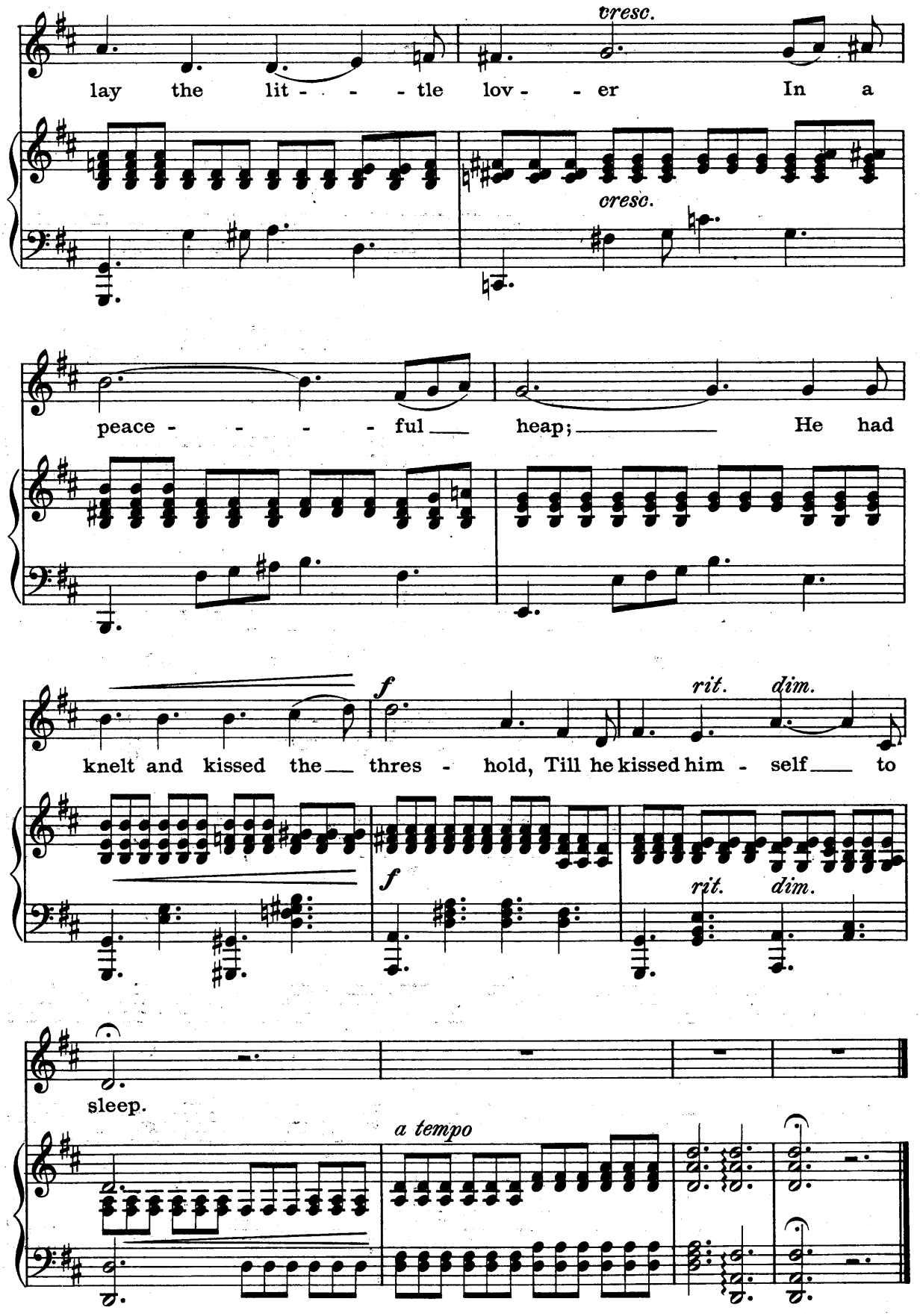

said his wife he'd make her When he grew to be a
man. Where-'er she went he fol - lowed, No
cresc.
mat - ter where the place; And it seemed to make him
cresc.
f
hap - - py Just to see his Moth - er's face. He
f
p
p


liked his lit - - - tle play - mates, And to
cresc.
be with them was joy; But no
cresc.
one was like his Moth - - - er To this
f
f
rit.
fond and lov - - - ing boy.
rit.

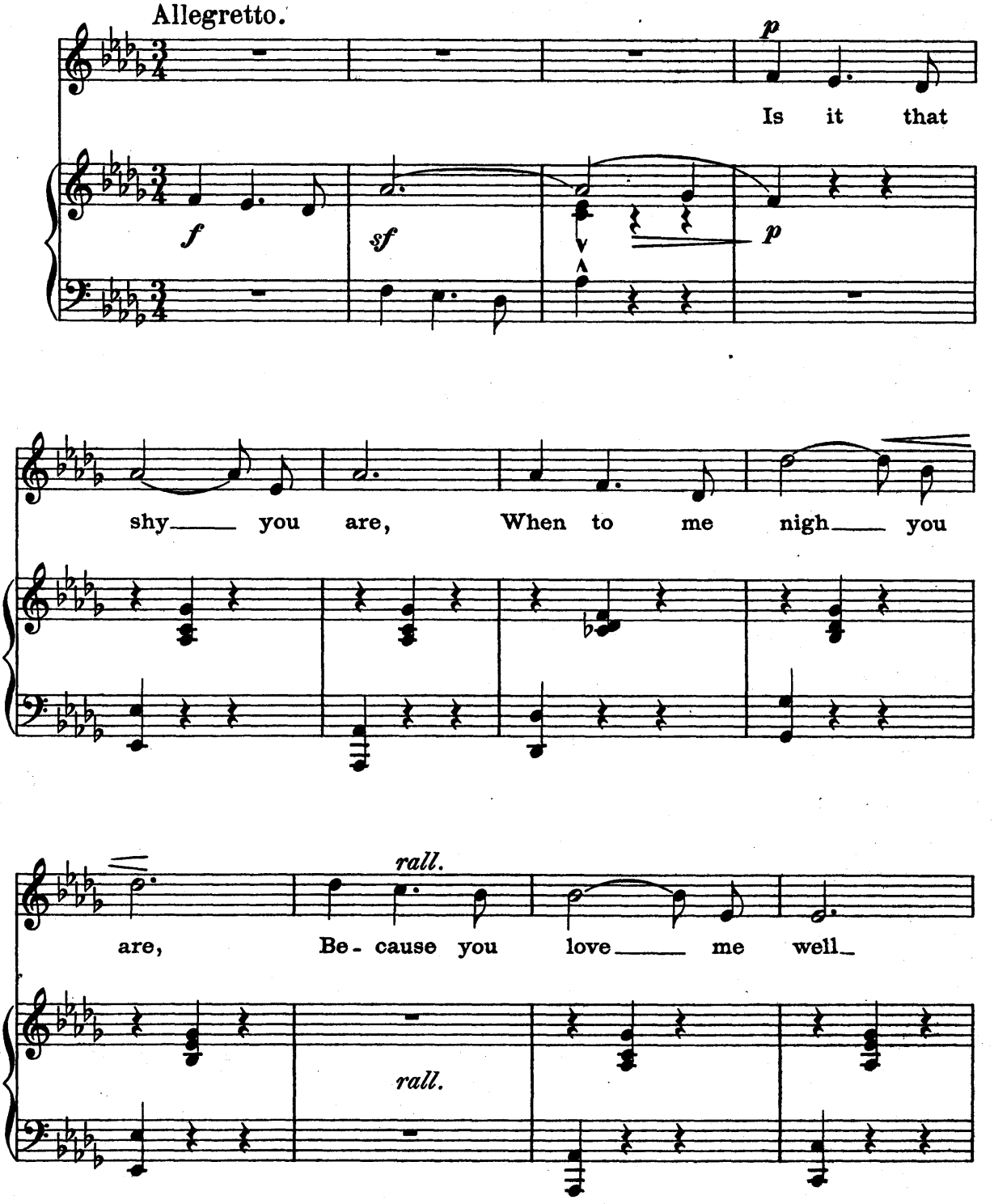

a tempo
mf
p
p
pp
To him she was per - fec - - tion Heav'n
p
pp
rit.
a tempo
p
bless the dar - ling child! His face was like the
rit.
p a tempo
sun - - shine When-e'er she on him smiled. One


day he sought her cham - ber, But a
fast - ened door he found; And
cresc.
when the door was o - - - pened What
cresc.
saw she on the ground? There


cresc.
lay the lit - - - - tle lov - - er In a
cresc.
peace - - - - - ful heap; He had
f
rit. dim.
knelt and kissed the thres - hold, Till he kissed him - self to
f
rit. dim.
sleep.
a tempo

A Question.

Frank Lynes, Op. 19. Nº 8.



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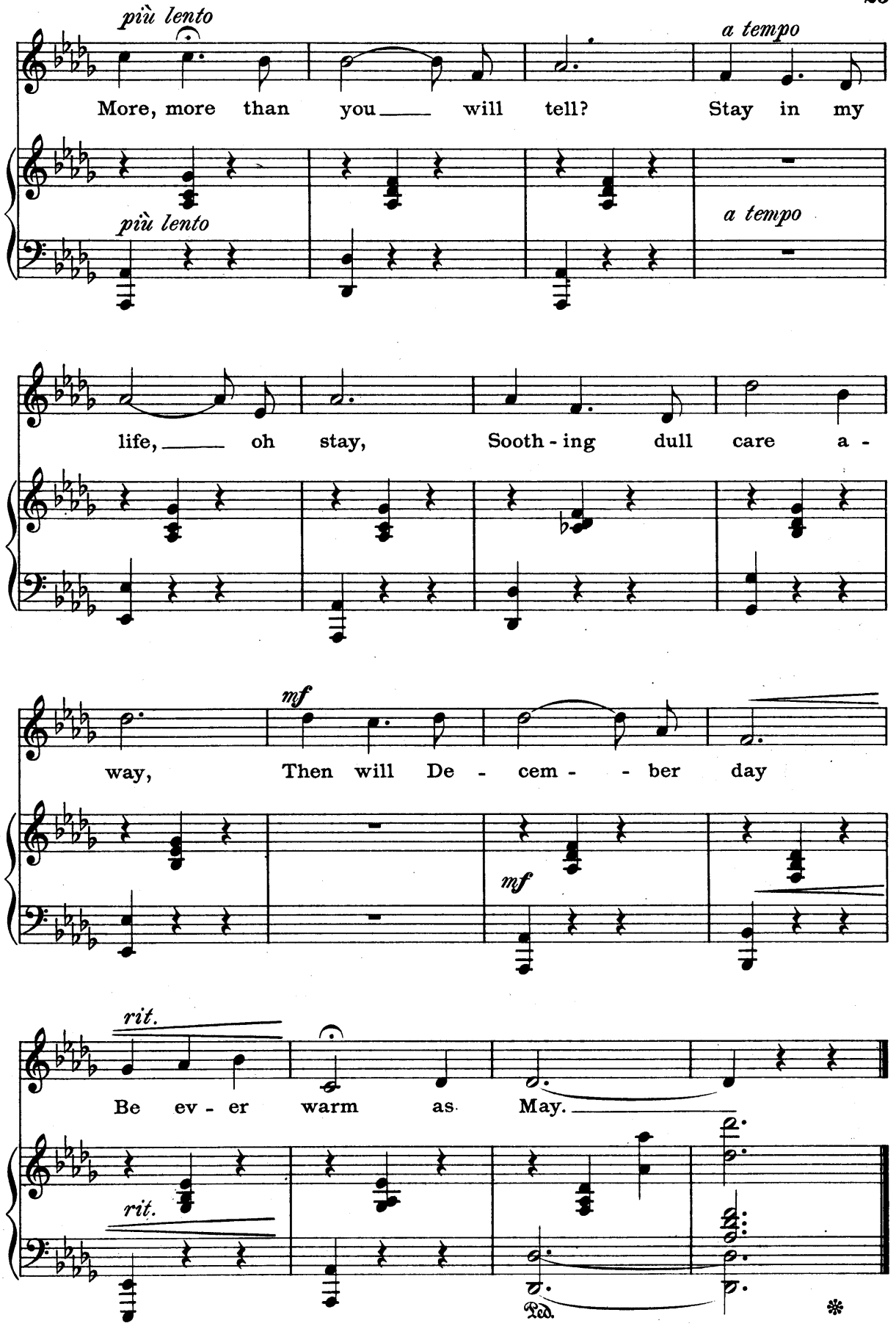
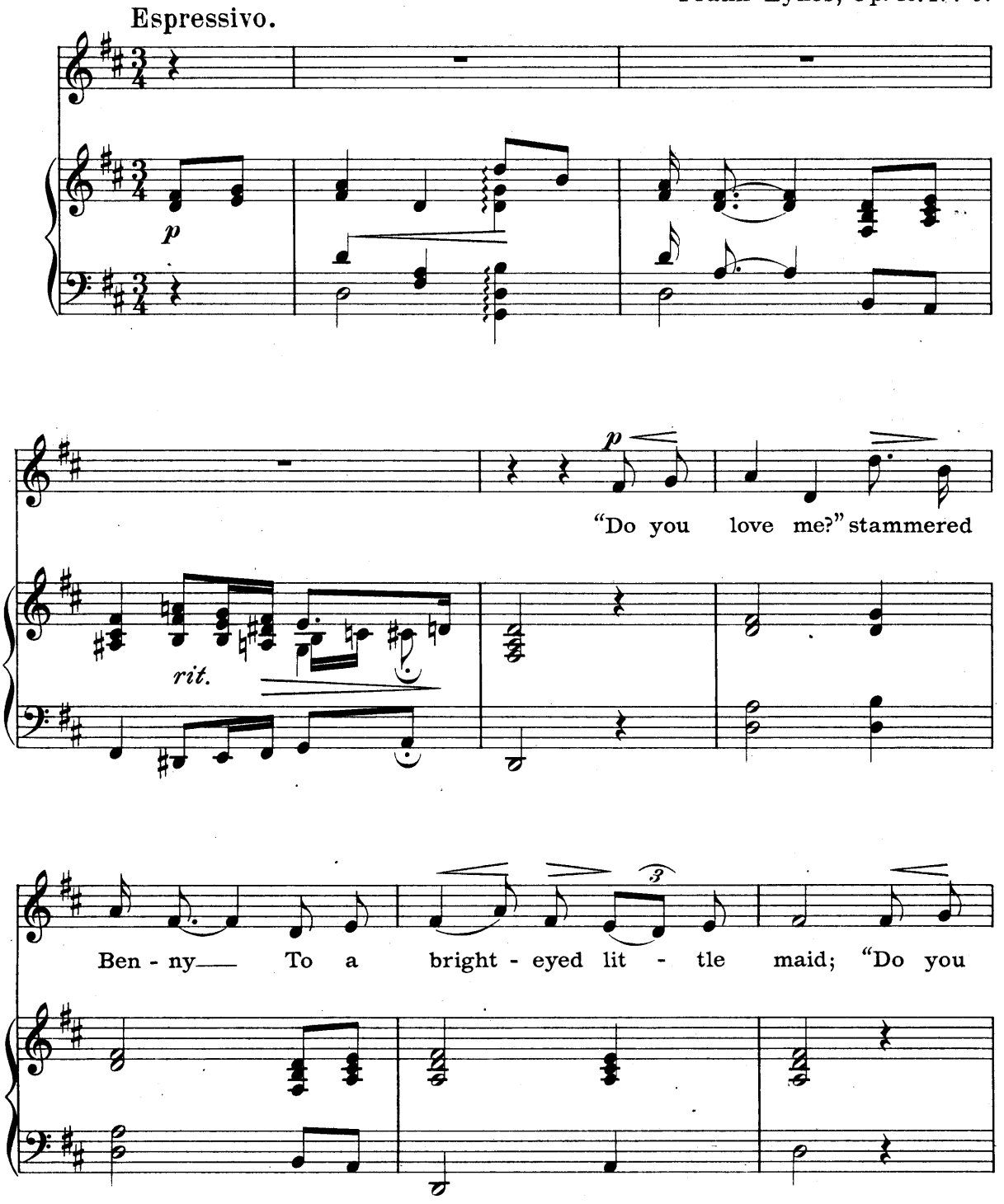

più lento
a tempo
More, more than you will tell? Stay in my
più lento
a tempo
life, oh stay, Sooth - ing dull care a -
mf
way, Then will De - cem - - ber day
mf
rit.
Be ev - er warm as May.
rit.
Ped.

A Confession.

Words by Geo. Newell Lovejoy.

Frank Lynes, Op. 19. No 9.



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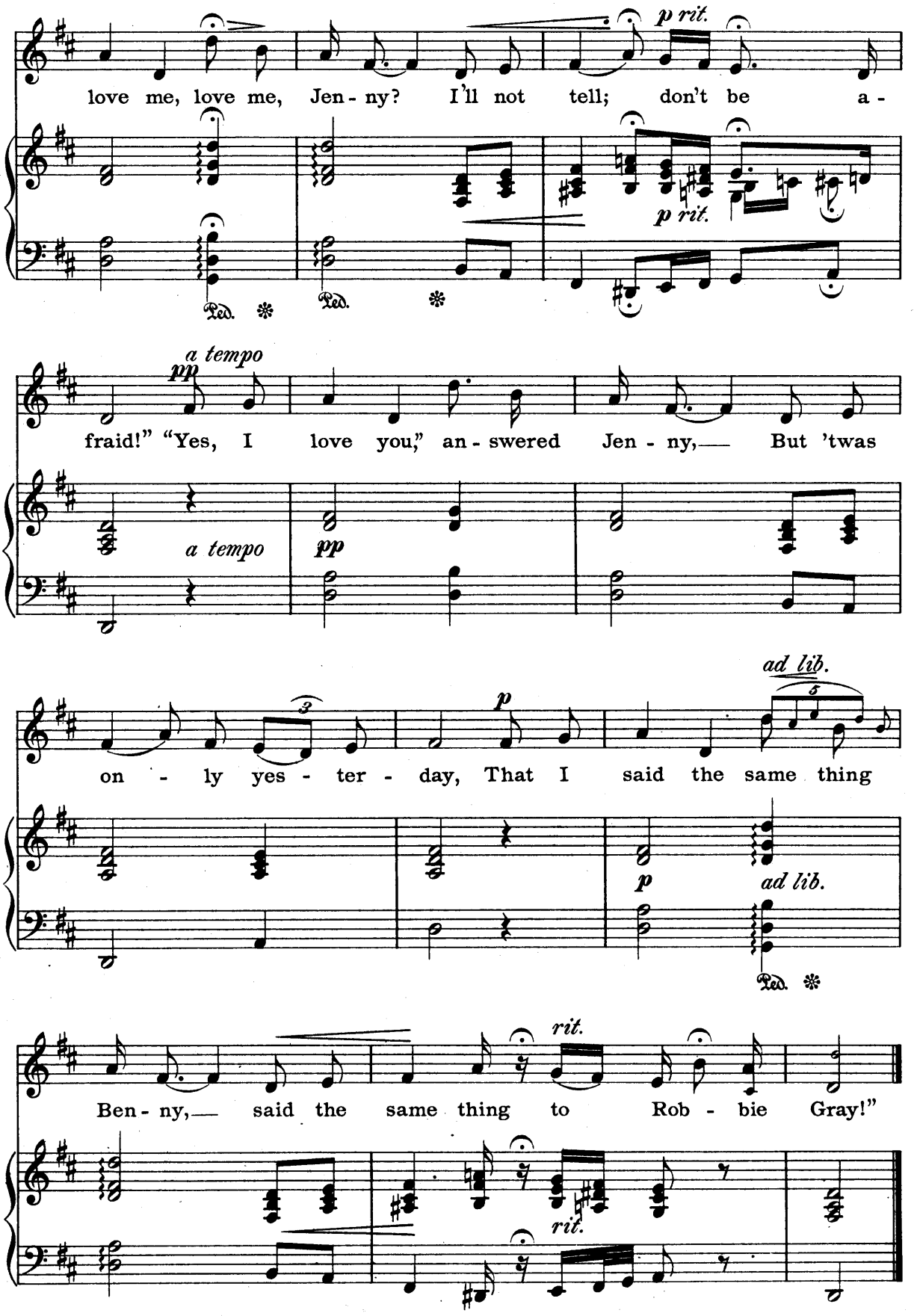
love me, love me, Jen - ny? I'll not tell; don't be a -
p rit.
p rit.
Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻
a tempo
pp
fraid!" "Yes, I love you," an - swered Jen - ny,— But 'twas
a tempo
pp
ad lib.
on - ly yes - ter - day, That I said the same thing
p
p
ad lib.
Ped. ✻
Ben - ny,— said the same thing to Rob - bie Gray!"
rit.
rit.