TO

J. Sainsbury, Esq^re

PARK HALL. BLACKHEATH.

OUR VILLAGE,

Fantasia

ON

English Airs,

BY

FABIUS NUNN SHEATH.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 5s/.

London,

J. H. JEWELL.

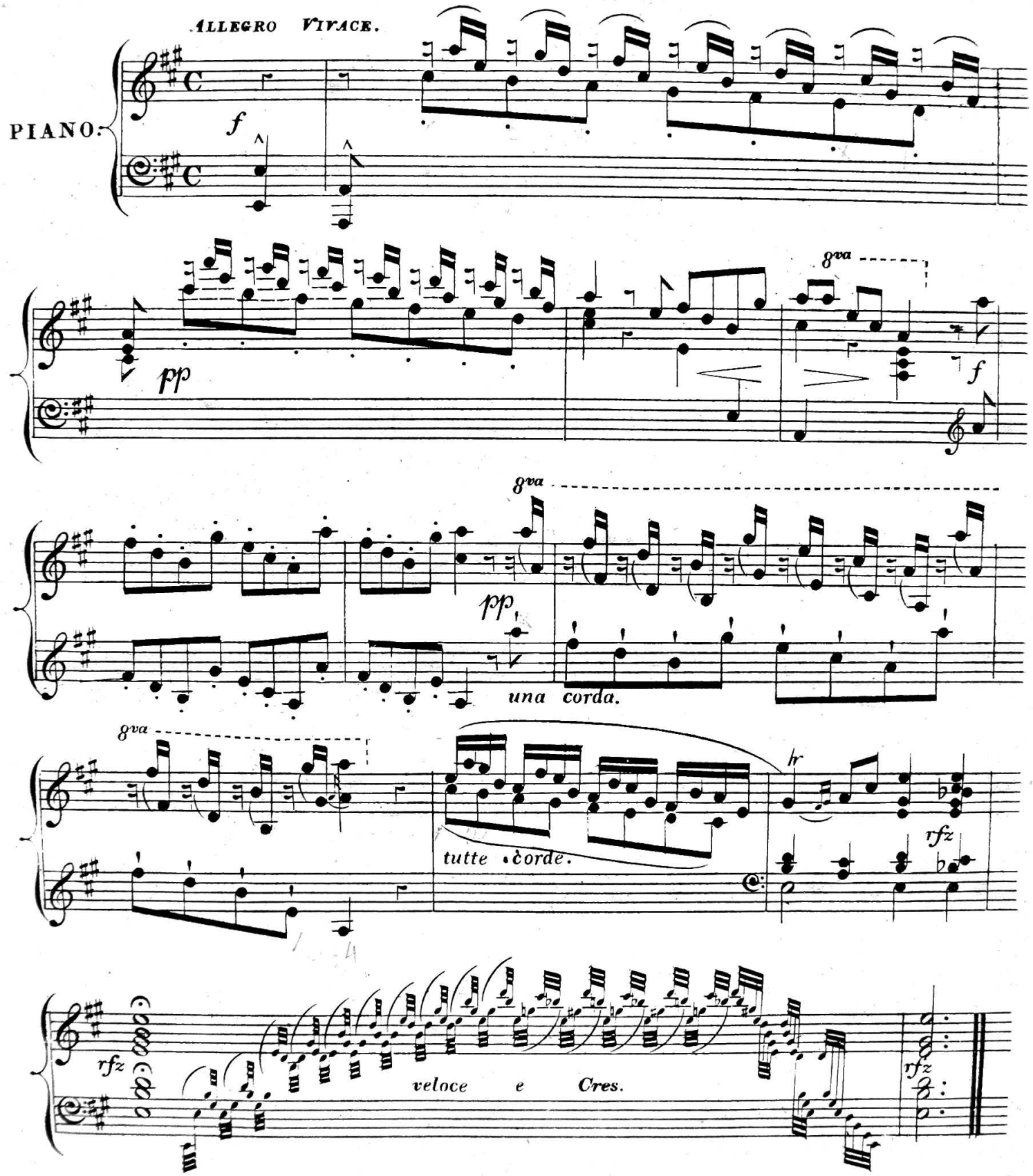
MUSIC PUBLISHER & PIANO FORTE MAKER, 104. Gt RUSSELL STREET. BLOOMSBURY.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

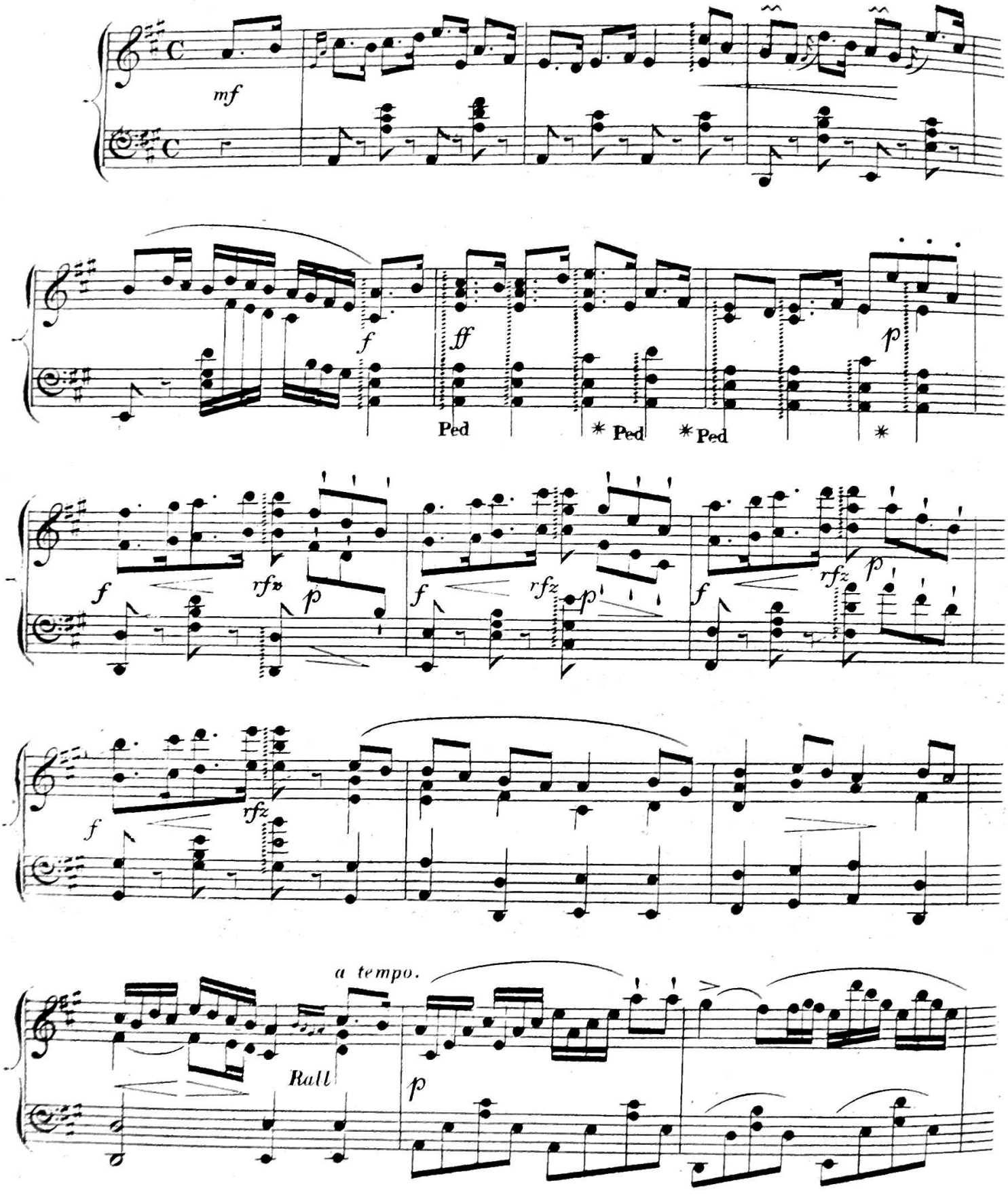
LEIPZIG. C. F. LEEDE

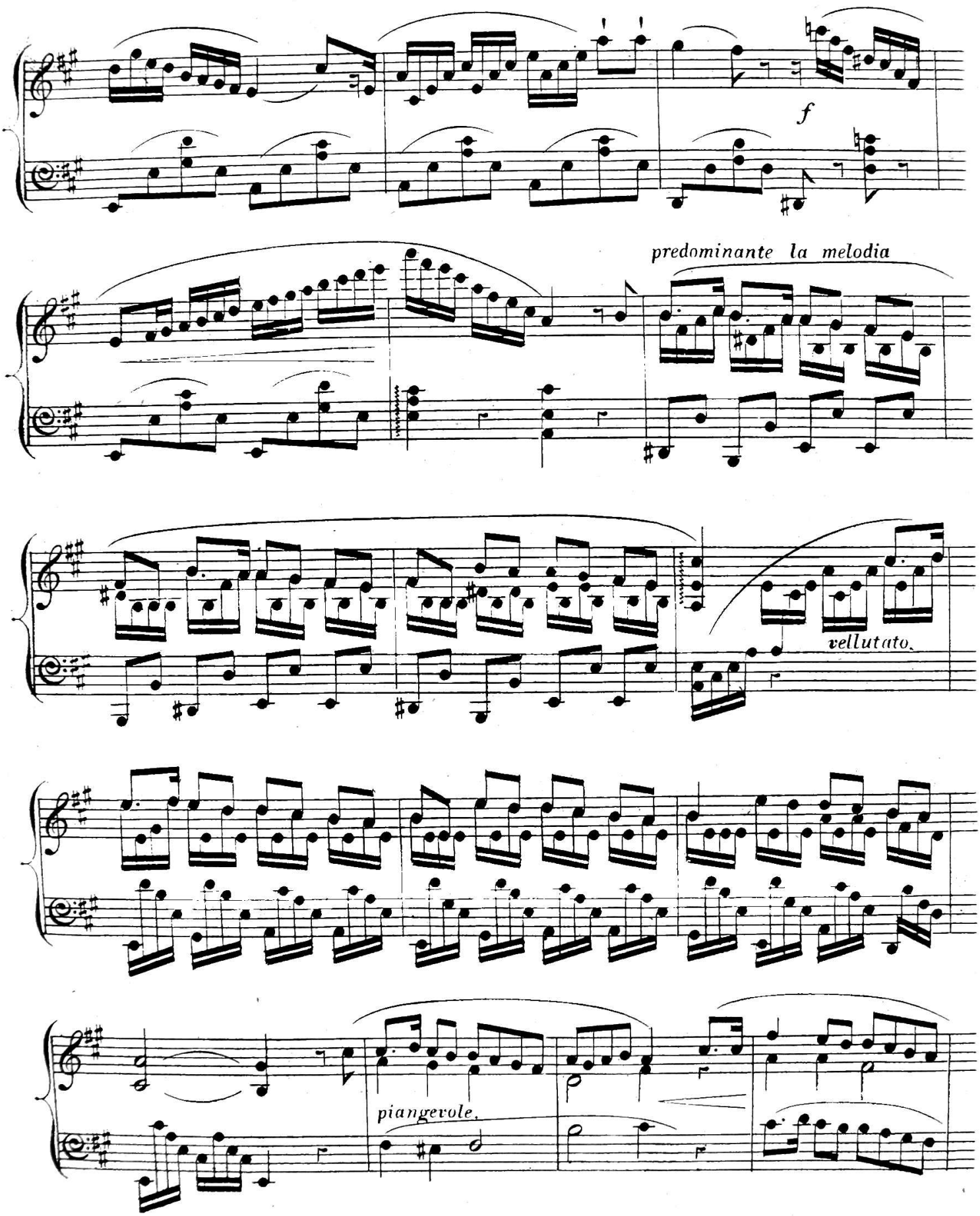
PARIS. A. LEDUC.

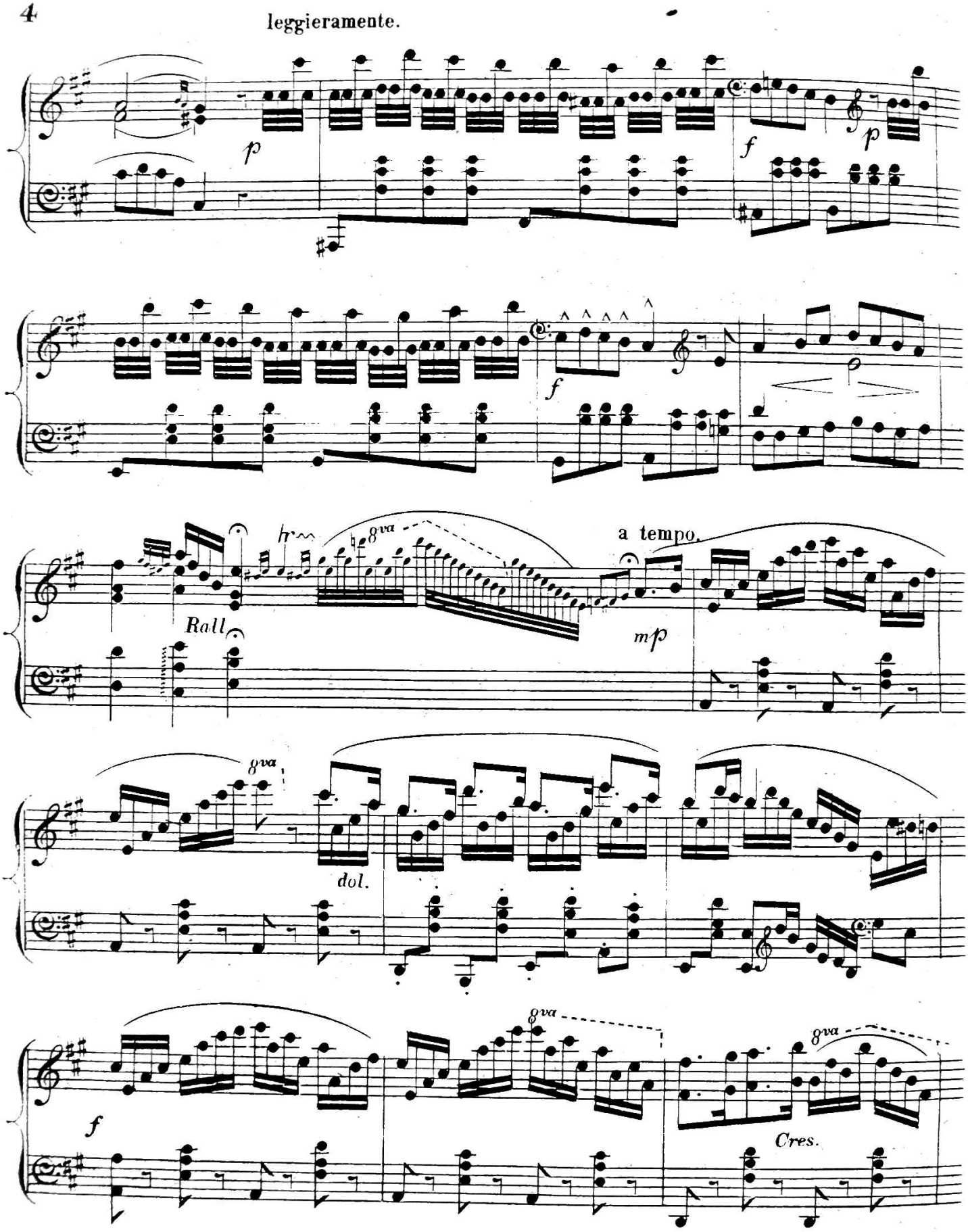
F. N. SHEATH.

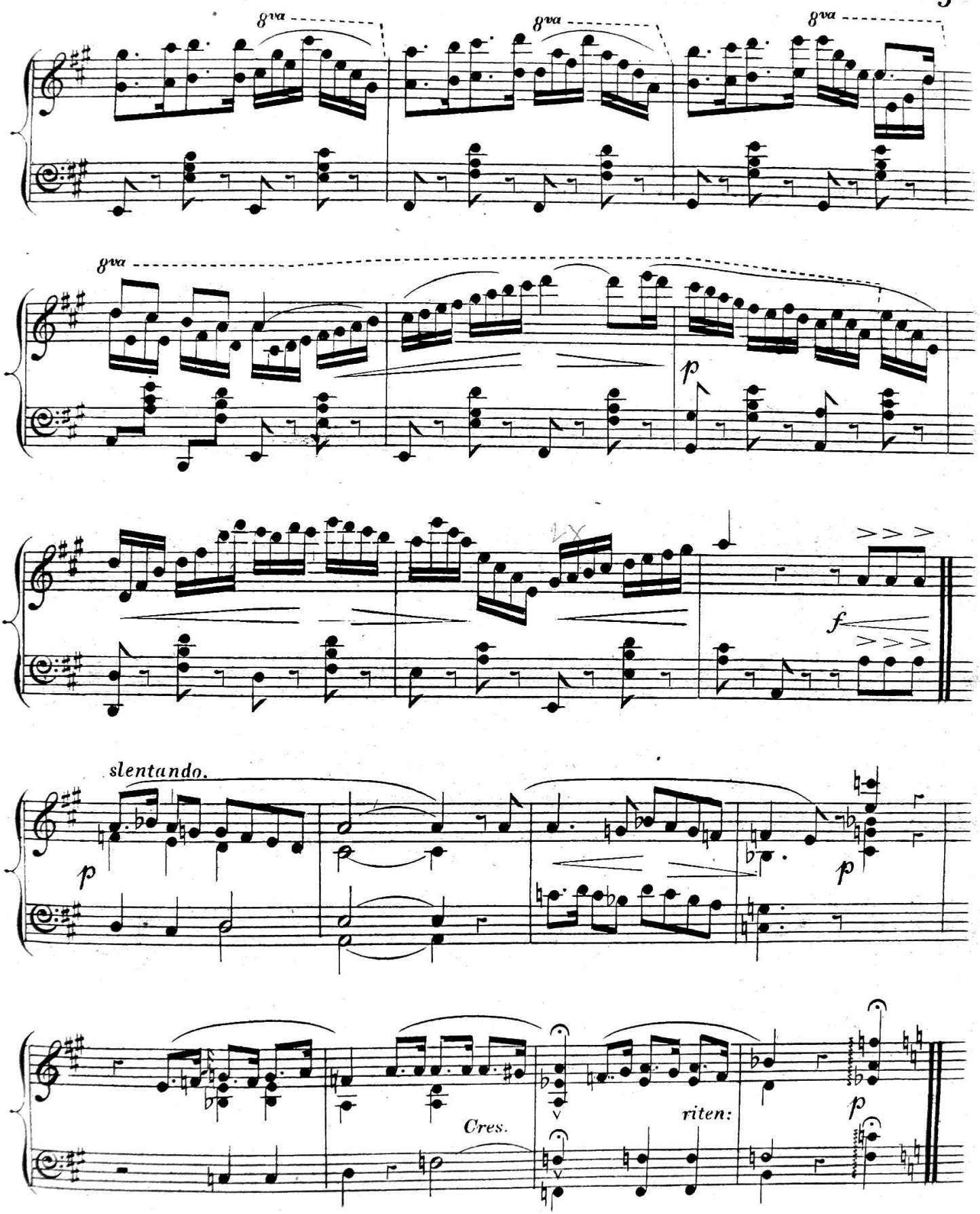

ALLEGRO VIVACE.
PIANO.
f
pp
8va
f
una corda.
tutte corde.
hr
rfz
veloce e Cres.

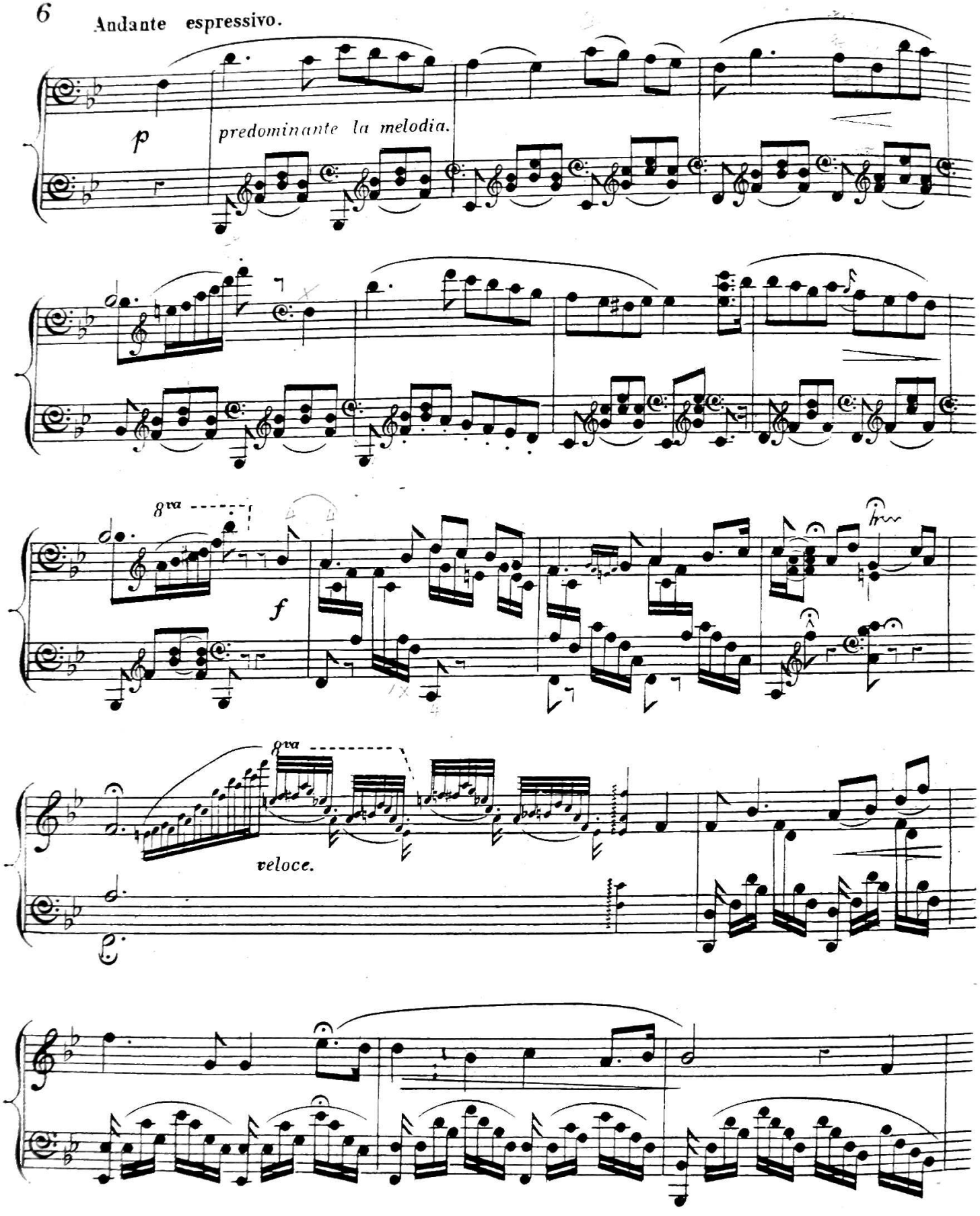
Allegro ma grazioso.

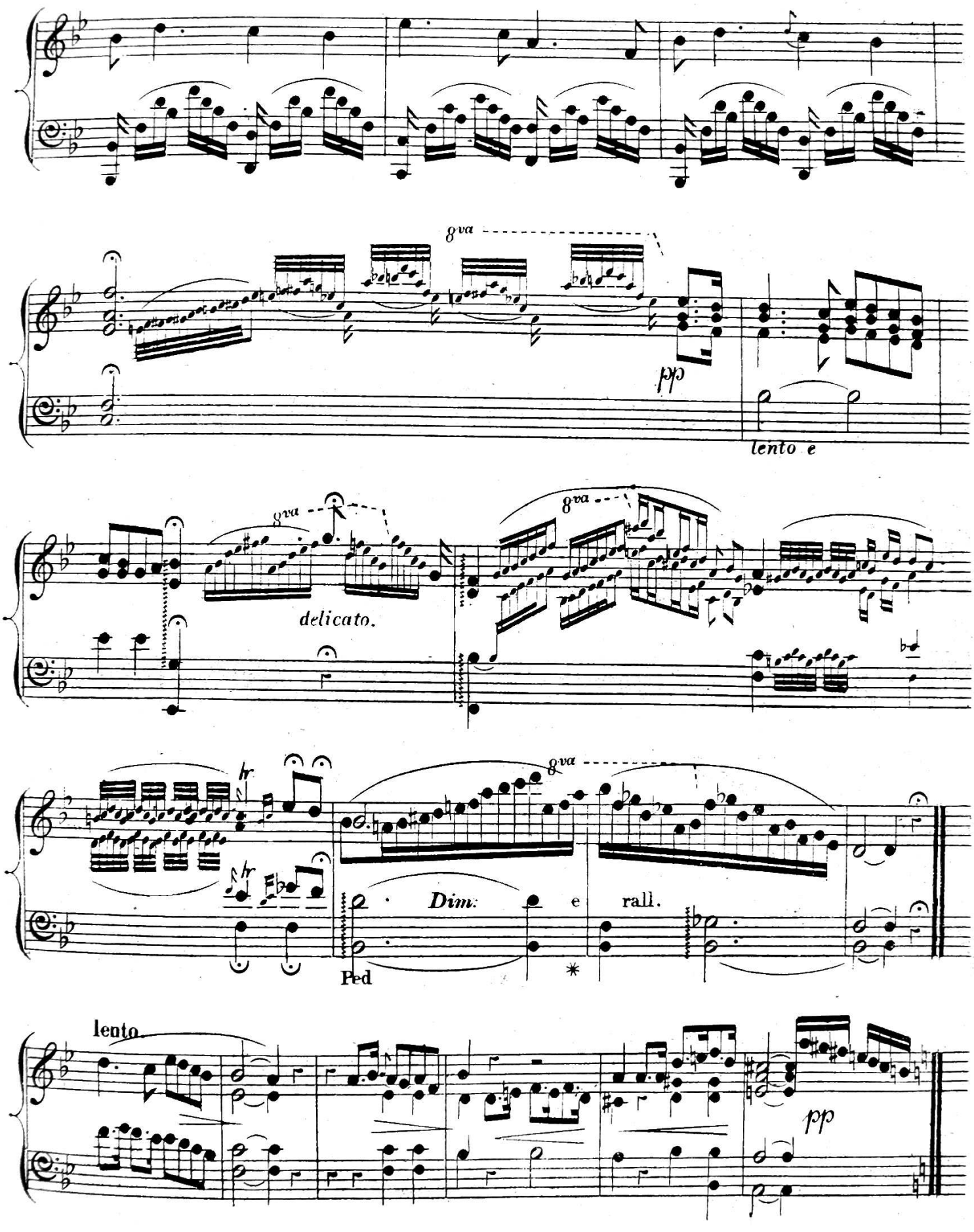



f
predominante la melodia
vellutato.
piangevole.

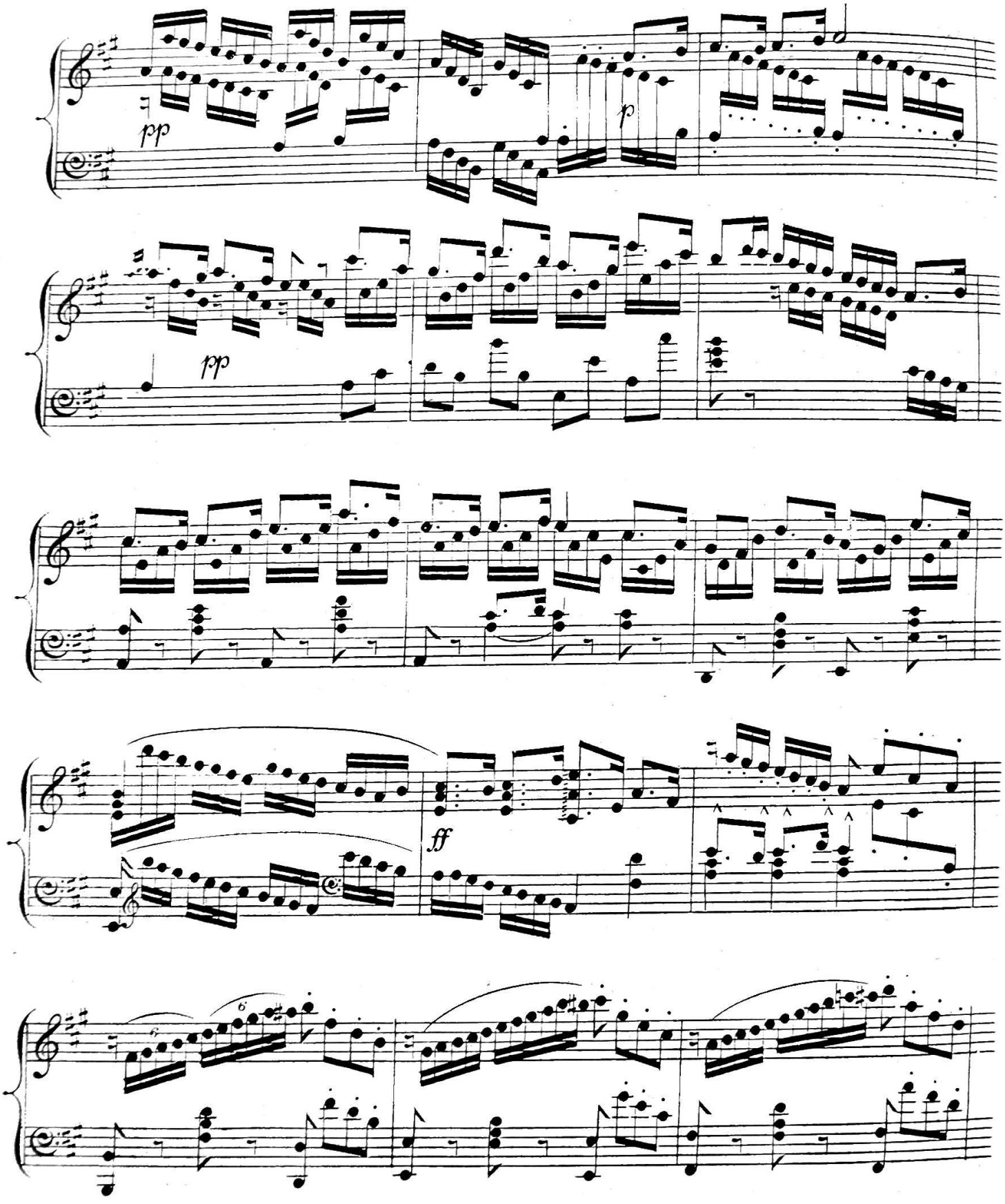

leggieramente.
p
f
p
f
hr
8va
a tempo.
Rall
mp
8va
dol.
f
8va
8va
Cres.


8va
8va
8va
8va
p
f
slentando.
p
p
Cres.
riten:
p

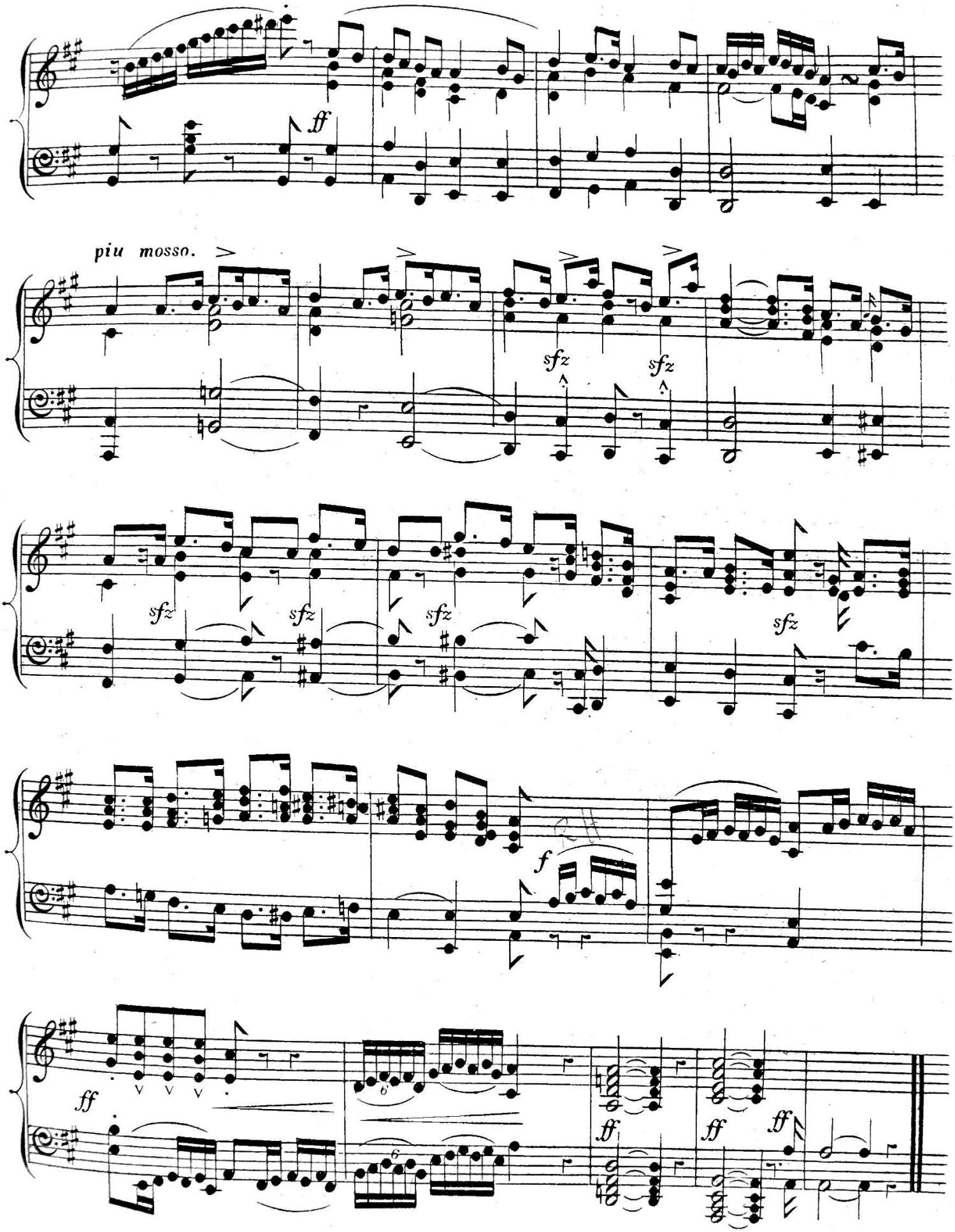

Andante espressivo.
p
predominante la melodia.
8va
f
8va
veloce.


8va
pp
lento e
8va
delicato.
8va
hr
hr
8va
Dim.
e
rall.
Ped
*
lento
pp

Tempo I?



J. H. J.



Printed by J. H. Jewell, 104 Gt. Russell St.

SELECT CATALOGUE OF DRAWING-ROOM PIECES

For the Piano-Forte,

Published by J. H. JEWELL, 104, Gt. Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.

AUTHORS' WORKS ENGRAVED AND PRINTED IN A SUPERIOR STYLE.

"Music, all powerful o'er the human mind,
Can still each mental storm, each tempest calm;
Soothe anxious care on sleepless couch reclin'd,
And e'en fierce anger's furious rage disarm."
Kirke White.

"Here we will sit, and let the sounds of Music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."
Shakspeare.

Æolsharfe—(*The Æolian Harp*) ... WILHELM KUHE **1 0**

"Liebe hat mir s'Herz durchbrochen,
Zaubersaiten drauf gespannt,
Hat in ruhelosem Pochen
Freud und Leid darein gebannt,
Darum jener seel'ge Schauer,
Der Accorde süsse Trauer!"

A Summer Cloud—(*Idylle Musicale*) E. F. ALLEN **1 0**

"As though an angel, in his upward flight,
Had left his mantle floating in mid air."
Joanna Baillie.

Autumn Leaves—(*Capriciello*) ... H. S. ROBERTS **1 0**

"Sometimes outstretch'd in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
So view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round;"
Charles Lamb.

Des Mädchens Traum—(*Romanze ohne worte*)—
... ... BERNARD MINDL **1 0**

"O! Könnten wir Träumen aller junge Mädchen belauschen, wie vielen süszen Geheimnissen würden wir auf die Spur kommen."

Die Freudethräne—(*The Joyful Tear*) ALFRED MULLEN **1 0**

"Mann wächst empor dann zwischen Freud und Schmerz,
Da zieht die Liebe in das junge Herz,
Und offenbart das Herz der Jung-frau sich,
Spricht eine Thräne; ja ich liebe dich."
Heine.

Dors mon Enfant—(*Mélodie*) ... L. LACOMBE **1 0**

"And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings:"
Samuel Rogers.

Ecoutez-moi—(*Romance sans Paroles*) ... FUNKE **1 0**

"Listen to me!—
It is a song, made to a simple tune;
And charms the ear wherever it is heard."
Anon.

Elaine—(*Idylle Musicale*) ... ... ADOLPHE KESLING **1 0**

"But when they left her to herself again,
Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field
Approaching through the darkness, called; the owl's
Wailing had power upon her, and she mixt
Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms
Of evening, and the moaning of the wind."
Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

Enid—(*Idylle Musicale*) ... ... LINDBERG **1 0**

"The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang
Clear thro' the open casement of the Hall,
Singing; and as the sweet voice of a bird,
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
That sings so delicately clear.
* * *
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint."
Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

Feu-Follet ... ... W. C. FILBY **1 0**

"The Wild-Fire, flitting in the murky fen,
Lures the poor traveller with its ruthless tricks;
Now here, now there, it leads him thro' the mire,
And when he thinks he hails the destined goal,
He finds, perdue, the starting point again
As erst he trod——"
Anon.

Esmeralda—(*Schottische Elégante*) BENNETT GILBERT **1 0**

"A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it
As a memento of the Gipsy Camp."
Longfellow.

Feenreigen—(*Walzer*) ... ... F. A. REISSIGER **1 0**

"From her celestial car
The Fairy Queen descended.
Her thin and misty form
Moved with the moving air,
And the clear silver tones,
As thus she spoke, were such
As are unheard by all but gifted ear."
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Guinevere—(*Idylle Musicale*) ... BENNETT GILBERT **1 0**

"But she to Almesbury
Fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald,
And heard the spirits of the waste and weald
Mourn as she fled, or thought she heard them mourn."
Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

Hebe—(*Mazurka*)... ... ... ARTHUR COTTAM **1 0**

"Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honour."
James Russell Lowell.

Lily Bell—(*Polka de Salon*) ... BENNETT GILBERT **1 0**

"When unseen fingers part the leaves,
To show us beauty's face,
And earth her breast of glory heaves,
And glows from Spring's embrace;
When flowers on green and golden wings
Float up—Life's sea doth swell,
And flush a world of vernal things;
Came little Lily Bell."
Gerald Massey.

Parting Thought, The—(*Romance sans paroles*)
... ... T. B. SOUTHGATE **1 0**

"Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught."
C. P. Cranch.

Rosabella ... ... FERDINAND PRÆGER **1 0**

"Nay, let it pass.
The beautiful are never desolate;
But some one always loves them.
Bailey.

Treue Leibe—(*Marsch*) ... BENNETT GILBERT **1 0**

"During the March, and ere the halt was made,
Each, to the other was as captive ta'en;
And each, unto the other did surrender
Their inmost Citadel, the HEART."
Anon.

Une Etincille ... ... W. C. FILBY **1 0**

"With one
Wild leap and rush of bright intensity,
It darts away."
Anon.

Melodie du Soir—(*Mélodie Chantante*)
... ... S. THALBERG **1 6**

"A clear bright strain of music, like a band
Of silver round a maiden's raiment, all
Imbounding and adorning."
Bailey.

Vivien—(*Idylle Musicale*) ... ... H. R. GADSBY **1 0**

"And Vivien answer'd smiling mournfully
* * * *
Lo now, what hearts have men! they never mount
As high as woman in her selfless mood
And touching fame, howe'er you scorn my song
Take one verse more!—"
Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."