

Eilidh my Fawn.

Arnold. E. Trevor Bax.

Allegretto Impetuoso.

cresc.

p

f

poco più f

f

poco più f

O far a way up on the hills at the lighting of the dawn I saw a

stir - ring in the fern And out there lept a

Fawn, And O my heart was up at that and

like the wind it blew Till its shadow hover.ed

o'er the fawn As through the fern it flew

diminuendo

diminuendo

m.s.

cantabile

diminuendo

And Ei lidh, Ei lidh,

ritenuto un poco

pp

cresc.

murmurando

Ei lidh! was the wind's

song on the hill And

m.s.

Ei . . lidh, Ei . . lidh, Ei . . lidh! did the

echo . . ing cor . . ries fill

My

hunt . . ing heart was glad in . . deed at the lighting of the

dawn, For O it was the hunt . ing then, For

O it was the hunt . ing then of my bon . ny bon . . ny

fawn.

rit. m.d.

Closing Doors.

At a slow swinging pace.

Ei - lidh, Ei - lidh,

Ei - lidh, heart of me, dear and sweet. In dreams I am hearing the

pp molto tranquillo

crescendo

whis - per, the sound of your run - ning feet that

dimin.

un poco

like the sea - hoofs beat

cresc.

mus - ic by day and night, Ei - lidh,

p

On the sands of my heart, my sweet.

pp

sempre legato

dim

sf

mf

p

pp

pp
sands, of my heart, what wind moans low — a — long — thy shadow y

Largamente. più forte
shore? — Is that the deep sea heart I hear with the
Largamente.

acceler. poco
dy — ing sob at its core? — Each dim lost wave that

stesso.
lap. ses — is like a closing door: — 'Tis clos — ing doors they
stesso.

hear at last who soon shall hear no more —

pp
who soon, soon shall hear no more, my grief, no
dim. p

rit. pp
more! — Ei — lidh, *Tempo rubato*
rit. pp

p *Lento.*
Ei lidh, Ei lidh! Come home to the
rit. Lento.
pp

a tempo

heart of me! 'tis pain I am hav. ing

pp *p ma pesante*

ev. er, Ei. lidh, the pain that will not be. Come

Agitato. *cresc.*

home, come home, for clos. ing doors are like the waves of the

f declamato

sea; once closed they are closed for

f

ev. er, Ei. lidh, lost

f *dimin.*

rit. lost,

p *pp*

p

lost for you and me.

p cresc.

f

Thy dark eyes to mine.

Allegro appassionato.

vibrato

Thy

portamento molto

dark eyes to mine

Ei - . . . lidh

dimin.

Lamps of de - sire

O how my soul

leaps.

Leaps.

to their fire

meno f

dimin.

Sure now if I in hea-ven

p staccato

Dream-ing in bliss Heard but the

whis-per But the

lost ech-o ev-en of such

cresc.

of such a kiss

espressivo

dimin.

p All of the soul of me would leap *cresc.*

p a far If that called me to thee *più passione poco a poco*

Aye, I would leap a far *p*

cresc.

fall - - - ing star *f*

a fall - - - ing star *f* *m.e.*

A Celtic Lullaby.

Andante con moto.

rit.
a tempo
pp
p
 Len-na-van-mo Len-na-van-mo
pp
 who is it swing-ing you to and fro With a
un pochettino più lento *a tempo* *dolce*
 long low swing and a sweet low croon. And the

lov-ing words of a moth-er's rune
sempre pp
ppp
 Len-na-van-mo Len-na-van-mo
molto delicato *pp*
 who is it swing-ing you to and fro.

p
I am think.ing it is an An - gel fair

The An. gel that looks on the gulf from the low - est

mf
stair. And swings the green world

cresc.
up - ward by its leagues of sun - shine hair

dim. *rit.*

Più lento.
pp Len - na. van - mo Len - na. van - mo

p mistico
ppp who swing. eth you - and the

p
Ang. el to - and fro. It is

Poco più mosso.

he whose faintest thought is a world a-

far. It is

mf He whose wish is a seven-mooned leap - ing

star. It is He Len - na - van -

mo to whom you and ! and all things

flow

diminuendo *pp*

Lento. *pp* *a tempo*
Len - na - van - mo Len - na - van - mo It is
pp *murmurando*

on . ly a lit . tle wee lass that you are

Ei . lidh mo chree — But as

non ritenuto *cresc.*
This wee blossom has roots in the depths of the

sky — So you are one with the Lord of E . ter . ni .

p *non ritenuto*
ty — Bon.ny wee lass that you are,

p molto espressivo
my morn-ing star, Ei . lidh mo — chree, Len . na . van . mo —

pp
Len . na . van . mo. *rit.* *a tempo*

ritenuto
ppp

At the last.

Lento.

pp *un poco più*

dimin.

p She com-eth no more: Time

too is dead.

pp *dimin.*

The last tide is

led To the last shore. E.

cresc.

ter-ni-ty! What is E-ter-ni-ty, But the sea

coming, The sea *rit. un poco* go-ing For ev-er.

more?

diminuendo. *pp*

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