Album of Six Songs

French Words by
VICTOR HUGO, ALFRED DE MUSSET, A. SILVESTRE, ETC.

ENGLISH WORDS BY
F. C. PHILIPS

COMPOSED BY
Frédéric D'Erlanger

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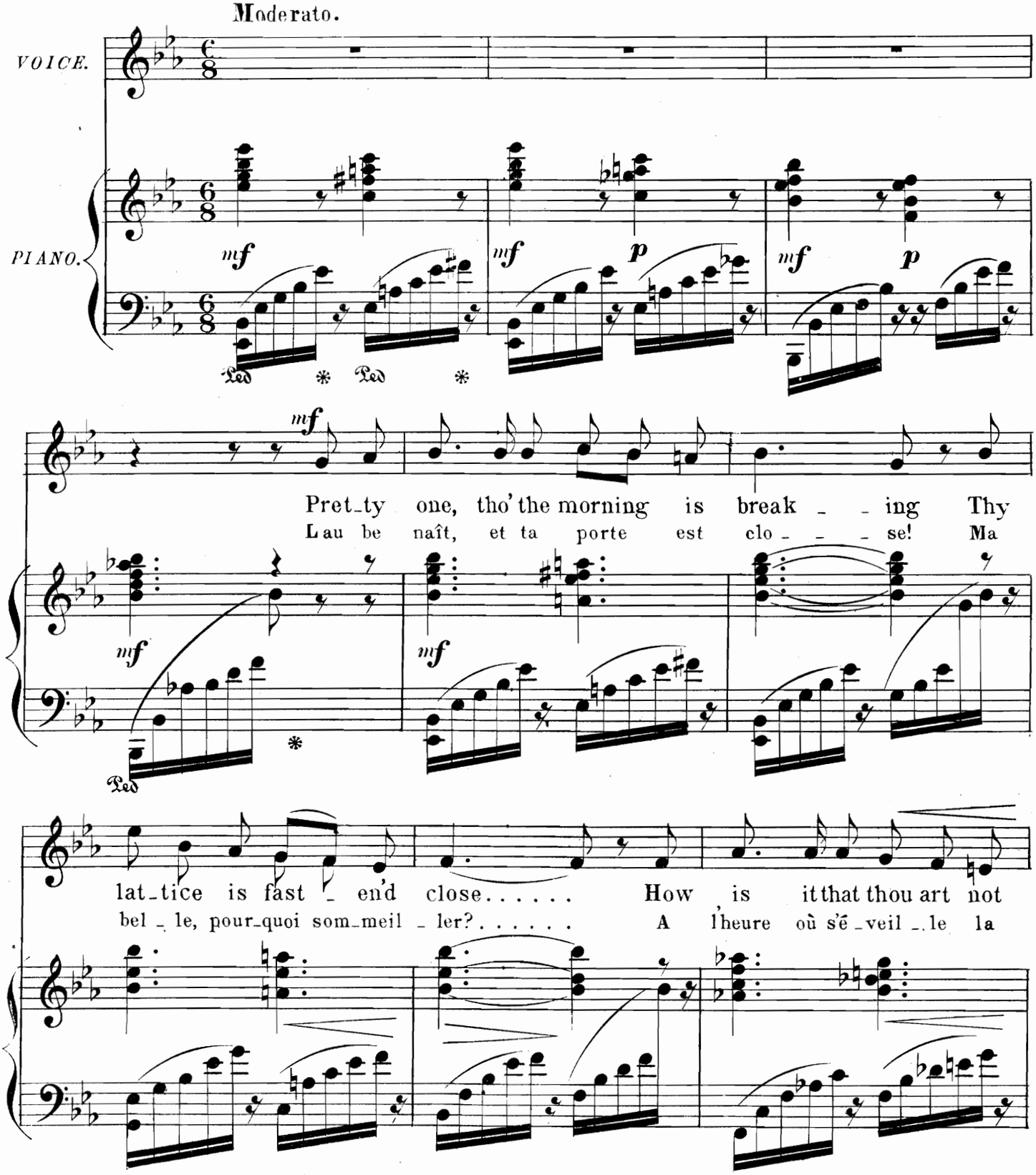
DARLING ARISE

(Aubade)

F. C. Philips
Victor Hugo.

F. D'ERLANGER.



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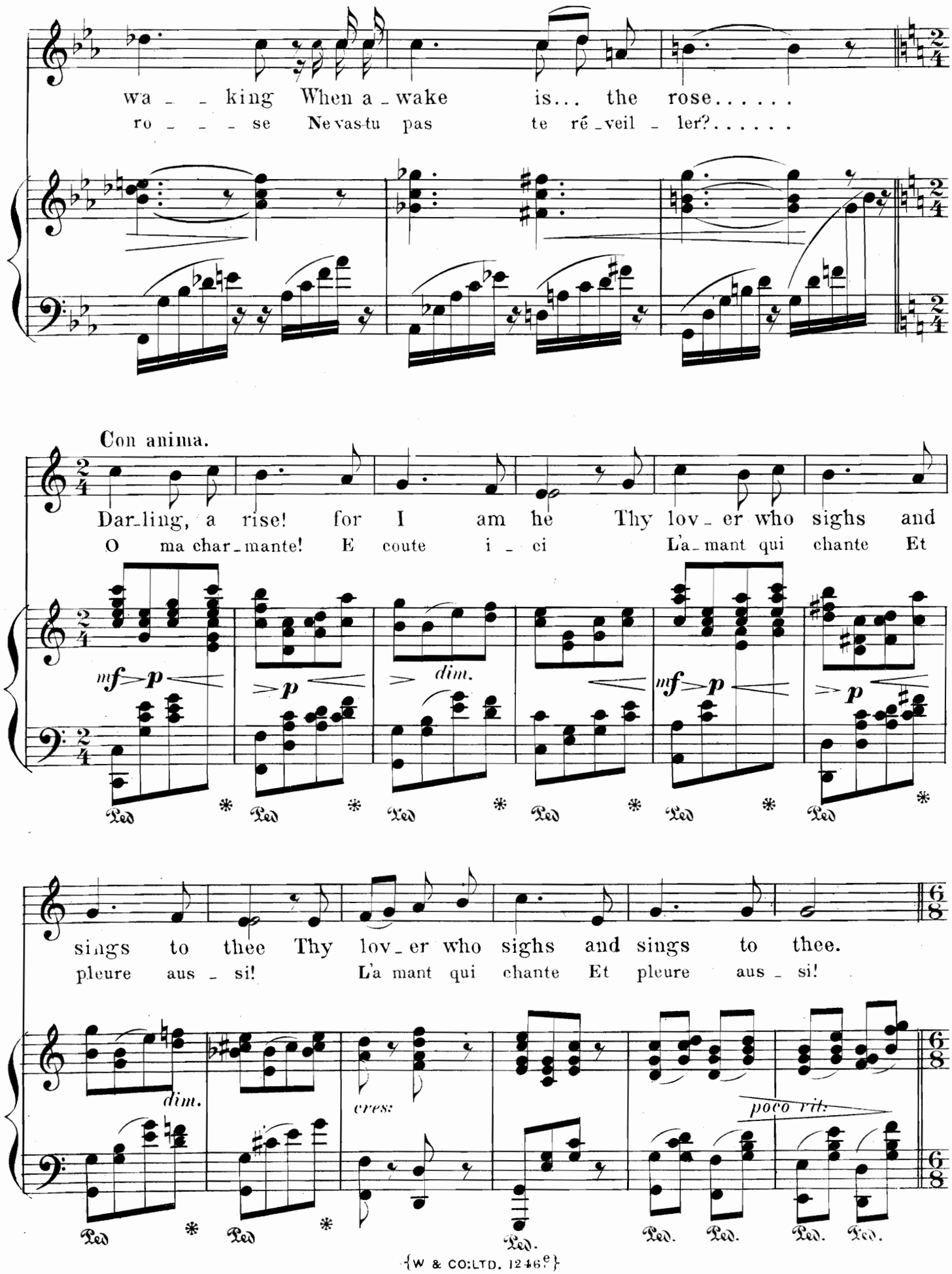

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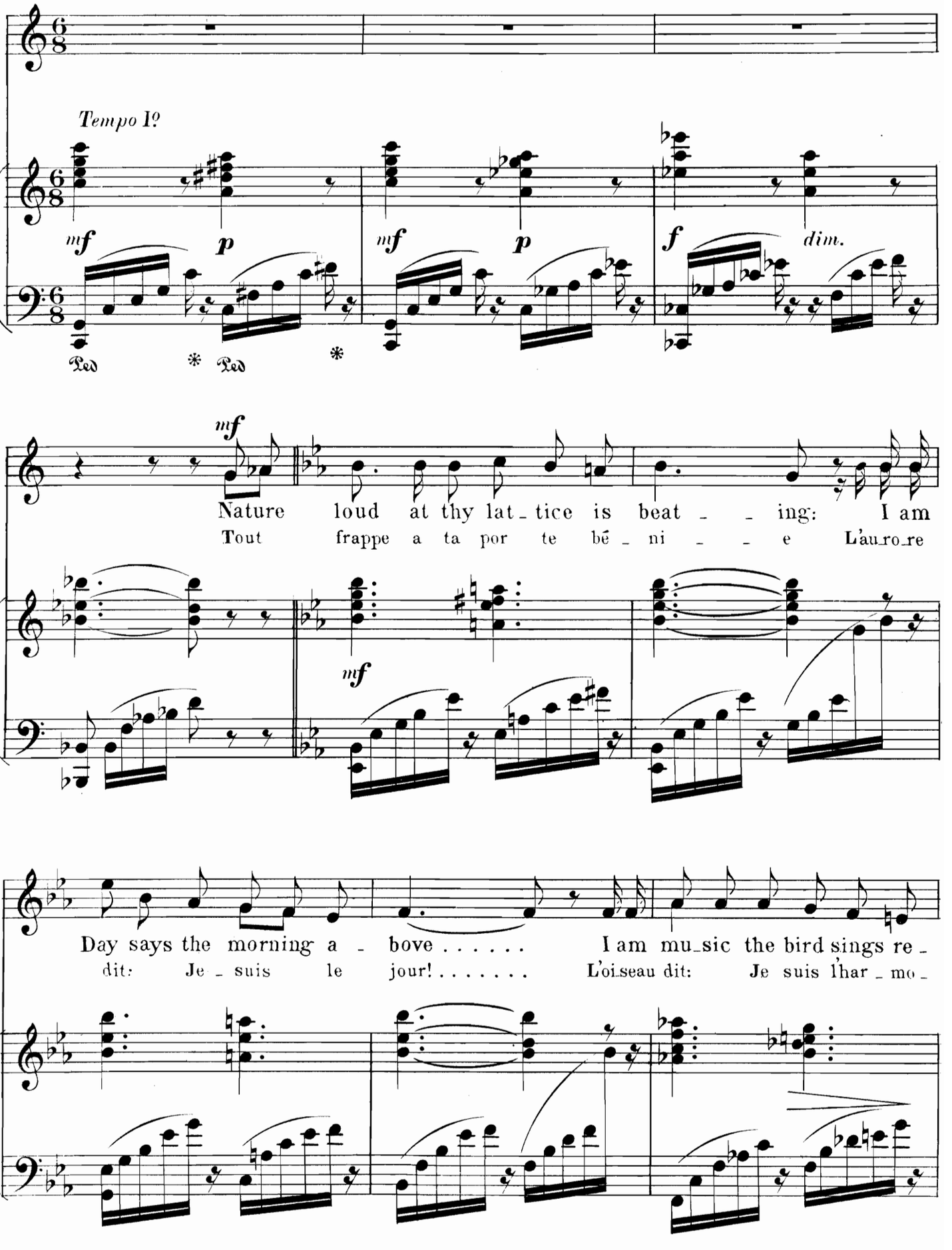
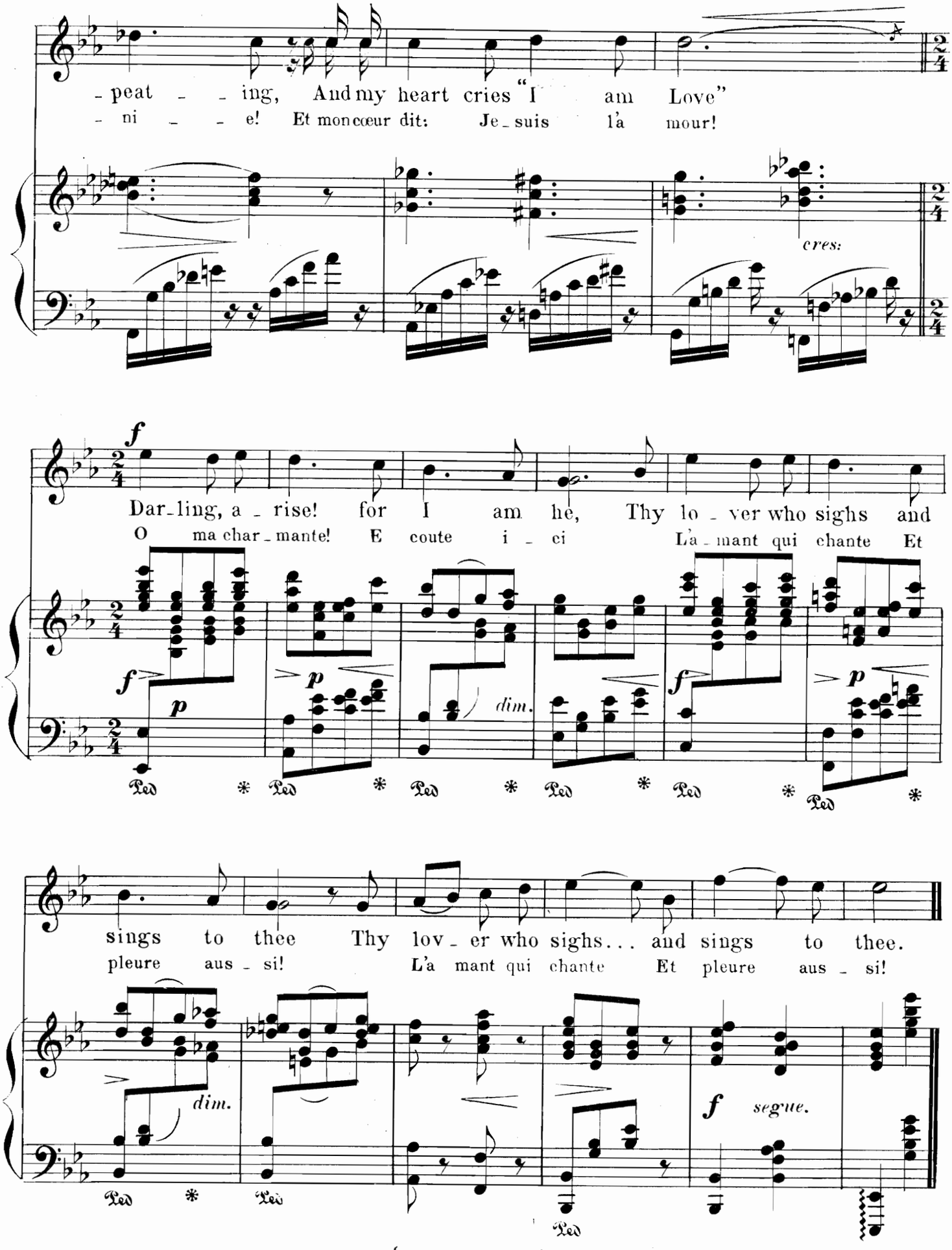

Tempo I?
mf
p
mf
p
f
dim.
Ped
Ped
mf
Nature loud at thy lat_tice is beat_ing: I am
Tout frappe a ta por te bé_ni_e L'au_ro_re
mf
Day says the morning a_bove..... I am mu_sic the bird sings re_
dit: Je_suis le jour!..... L'oi_seau dit: Je suis l'har_mo_

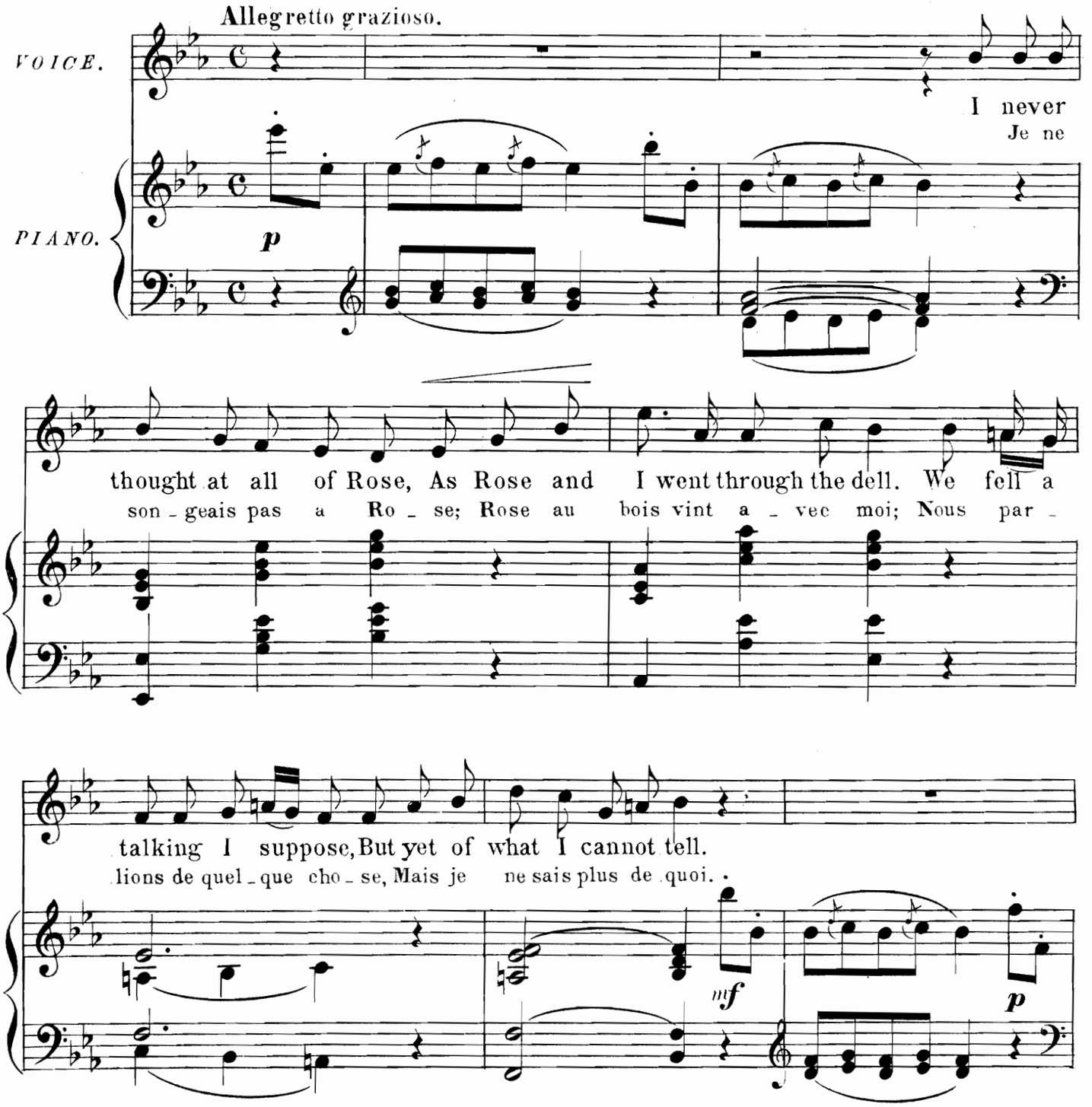

-peat - - ing, And my heart cries "I am Love"
- ni - - e! Et mon cœur dit: Je - suis l'a mour!
cres:
f
Dar-ling, a - rise! for I am he, Thy lo - ver who sighs and
O ma char - mante! E coute i - ci L'a - mant qui chante Et
f
p
dim.
Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *
sings to thee Thy lov - er who sighs... and sings to thee.
pleure aus - si! L'a mant qui chante Et pleure aus - si!
dim.
f segue.
Ped * Ped Ped

ROSE

(Vieille Chanson du jeune temps)

F. C. Philips
Victor Hugo.

F. D'ERLANGER.



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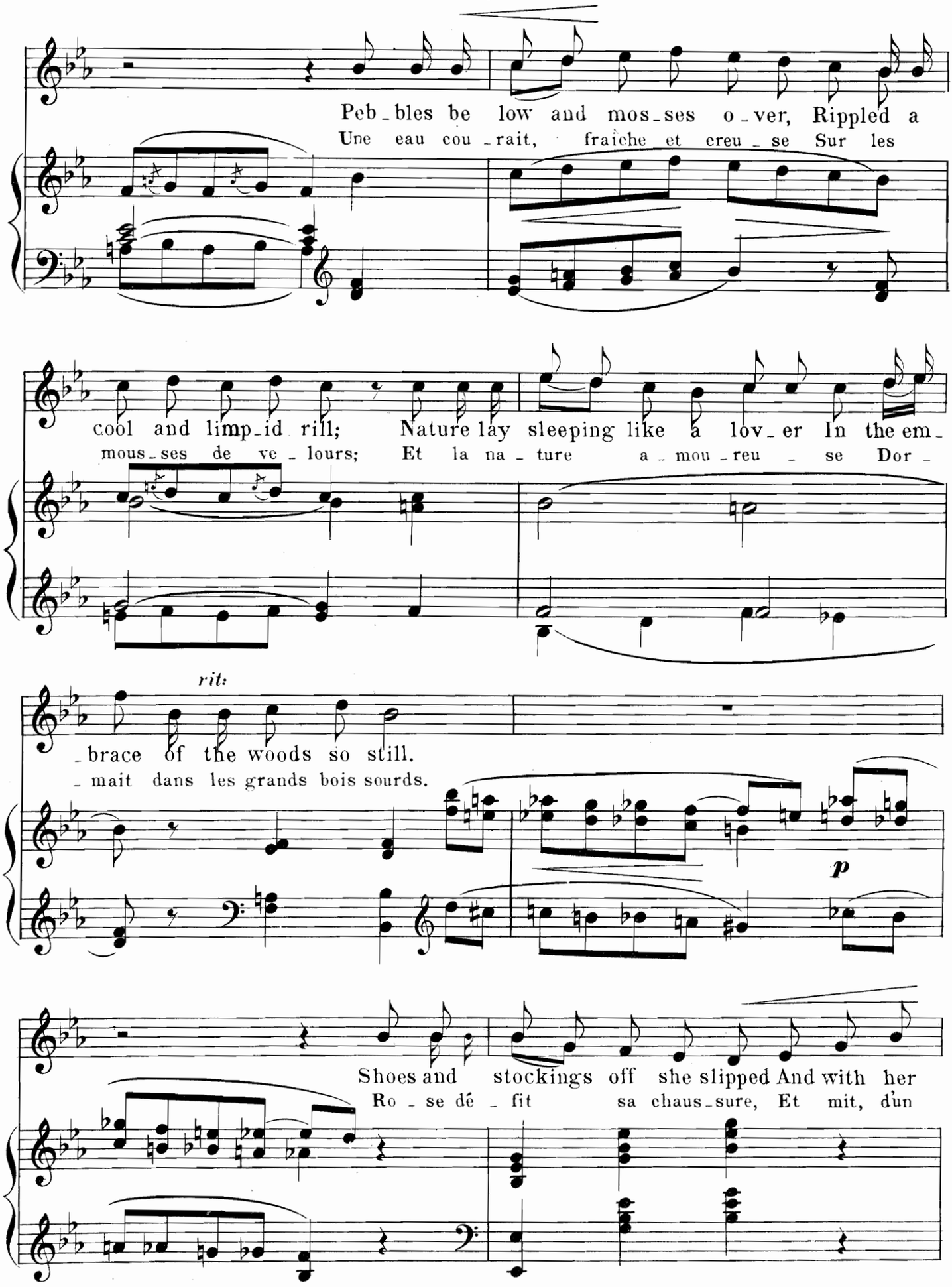
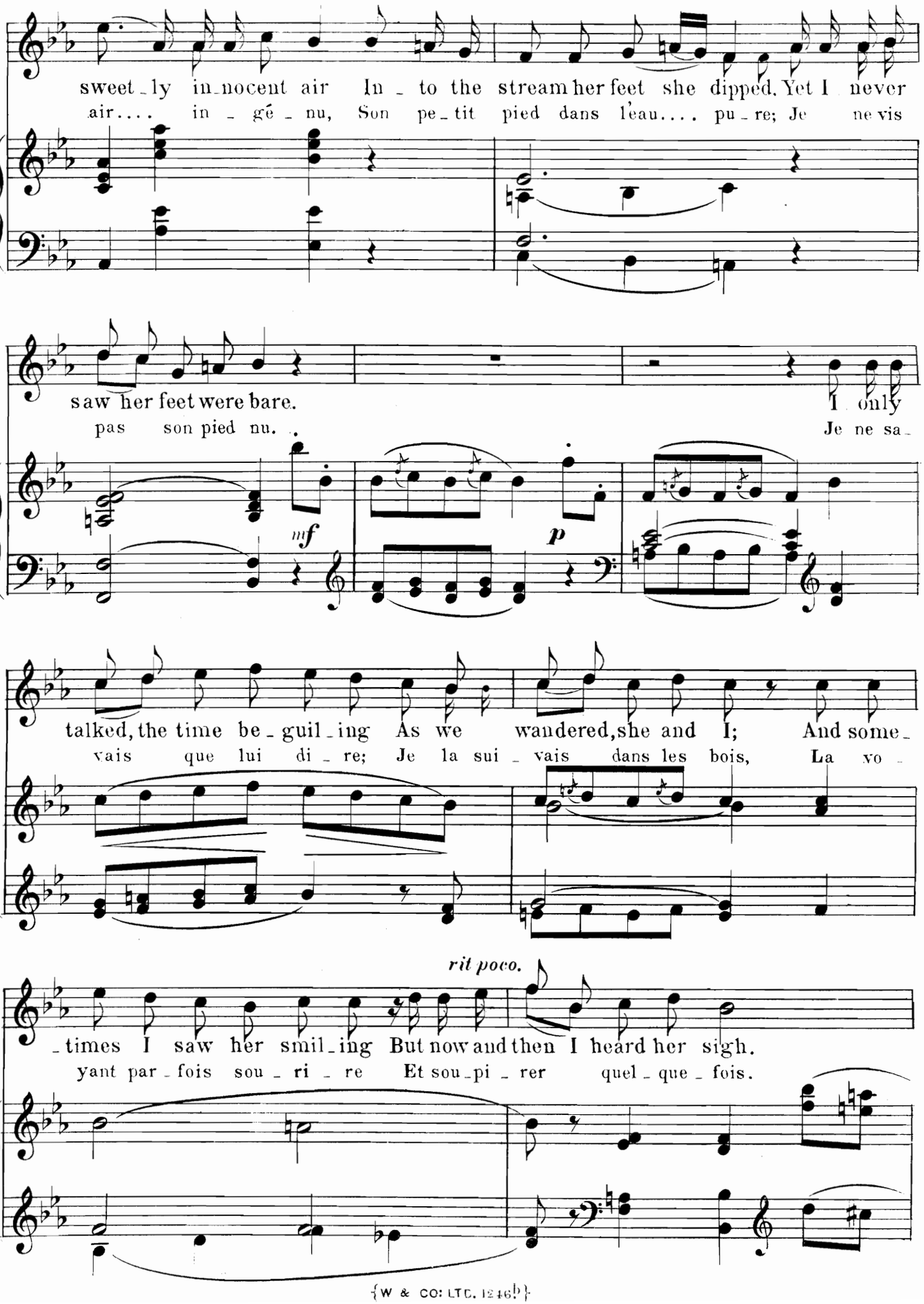
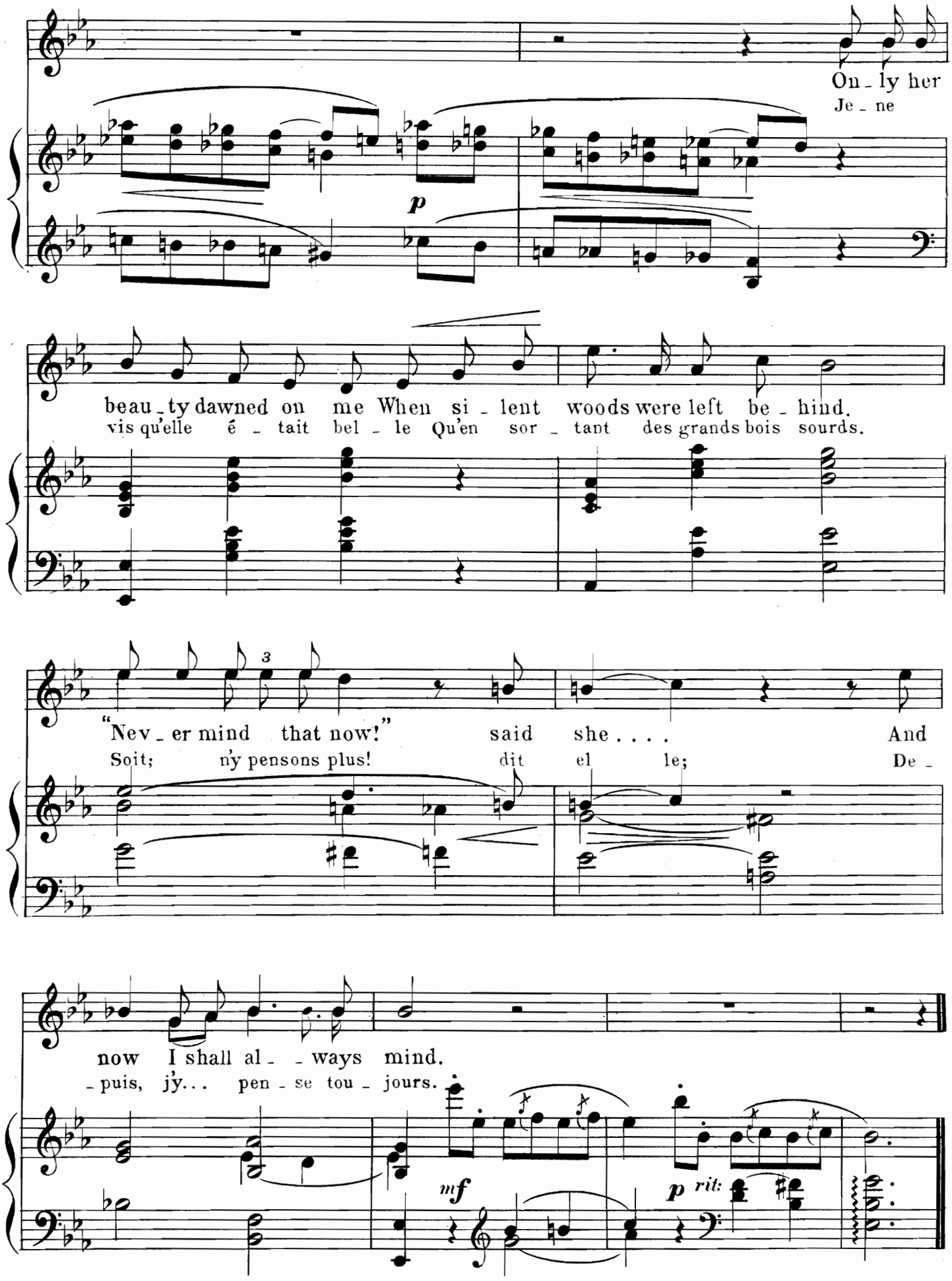

Peb_bles be low and mos_ses o_ver, Rippled a
Une eau cou_rait, fraîche et creu_se Sur les
cool and limp_id rill; Nature lay sleeping like a lov_er In the em_
mous_ses de ve_lours; Et la na_ture a_mou_reu_se Dor_
rit:
_brace of the woods so still.
_mait dans les grands bois sourds.
p
Shoes and stockings off she slipped And with her
Ro_se dé_fit sa chaus_sure, Et mit, d'un

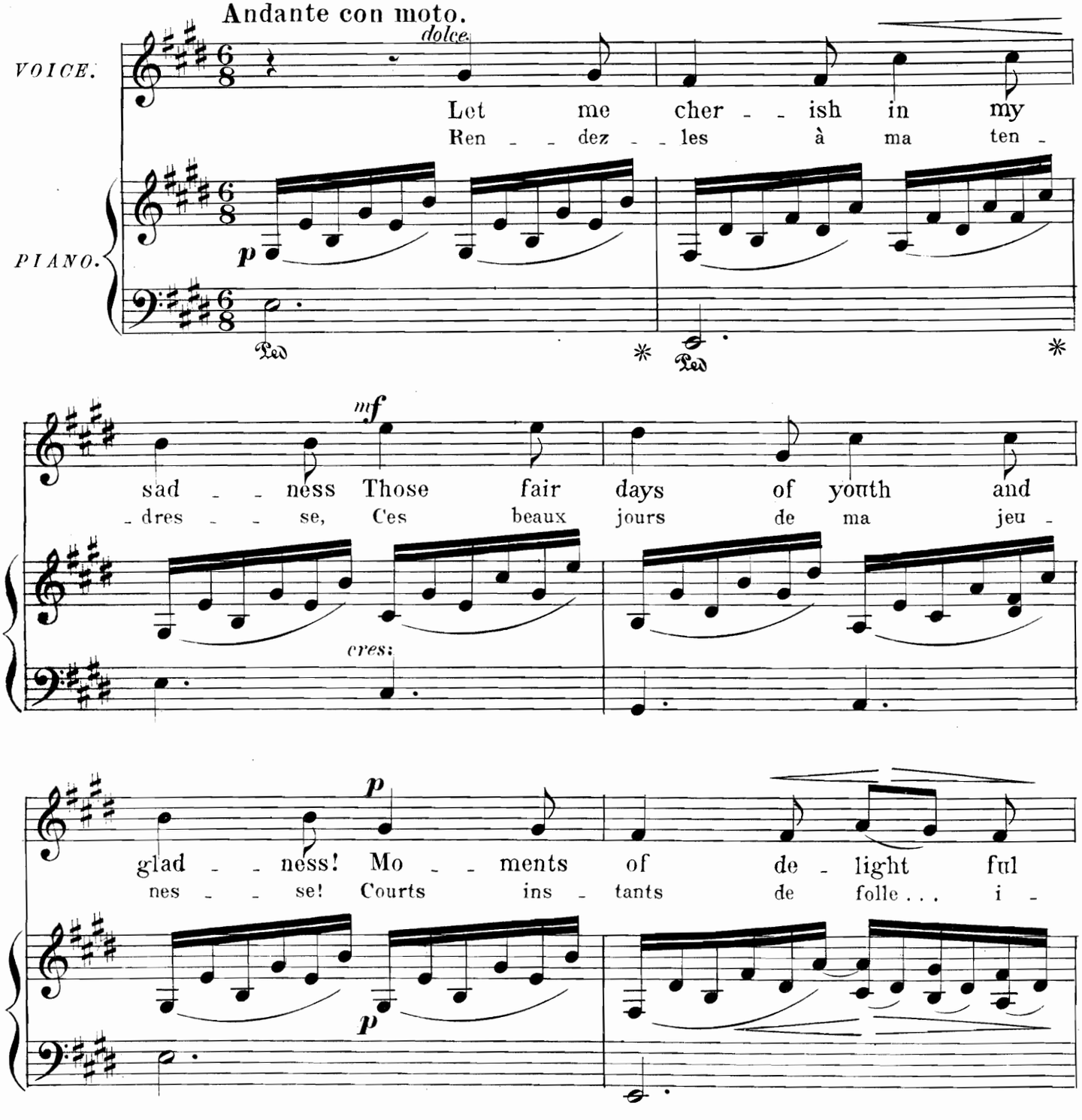

sweet-ly in-nocent air In-to the stream her feet she dipped. Yet I never
air.... in-gé-nu, Son pe-tit pied dans l'eau.... pu-re; Je ne vis
saw her feet were bare. I only
pas son pied nu. Je ne sa-
mf
p
talked, the time be-guil-ing As we wandered, she and I; And some-
vais que lui di-re; Je la sui-vais dans les bois, La vo-
rit poco.
-times I saw her smil-ing But now and then I heard her sigh.
yant par-fois sou-ri-re Et sou-pi-rer quel-que-fois.

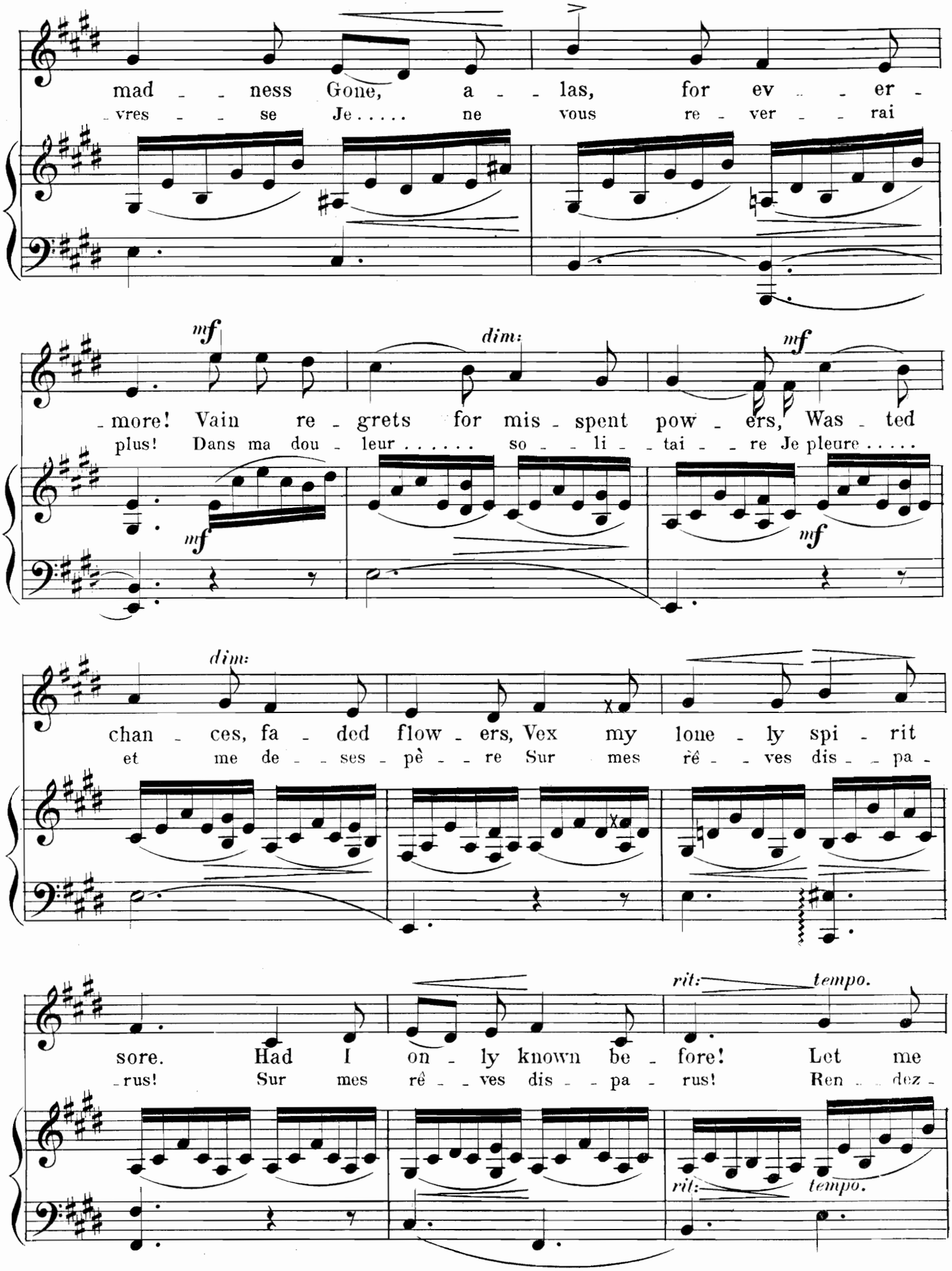

On - ly her
Je - ne
p
beau - ty dawned on me When si - lent woods were left be - hind.
vis qu'elle é - tait bel - le Qu'en sor - tant des grands bois sourds.
3
"Nev - er mind that now!" said she . . . . And
Soit; n'y pensons plus! dit el le; De -
now I shall al - - ways mind.
- puis, j'y . . . pen - se tou - jours.
mf
p rit:

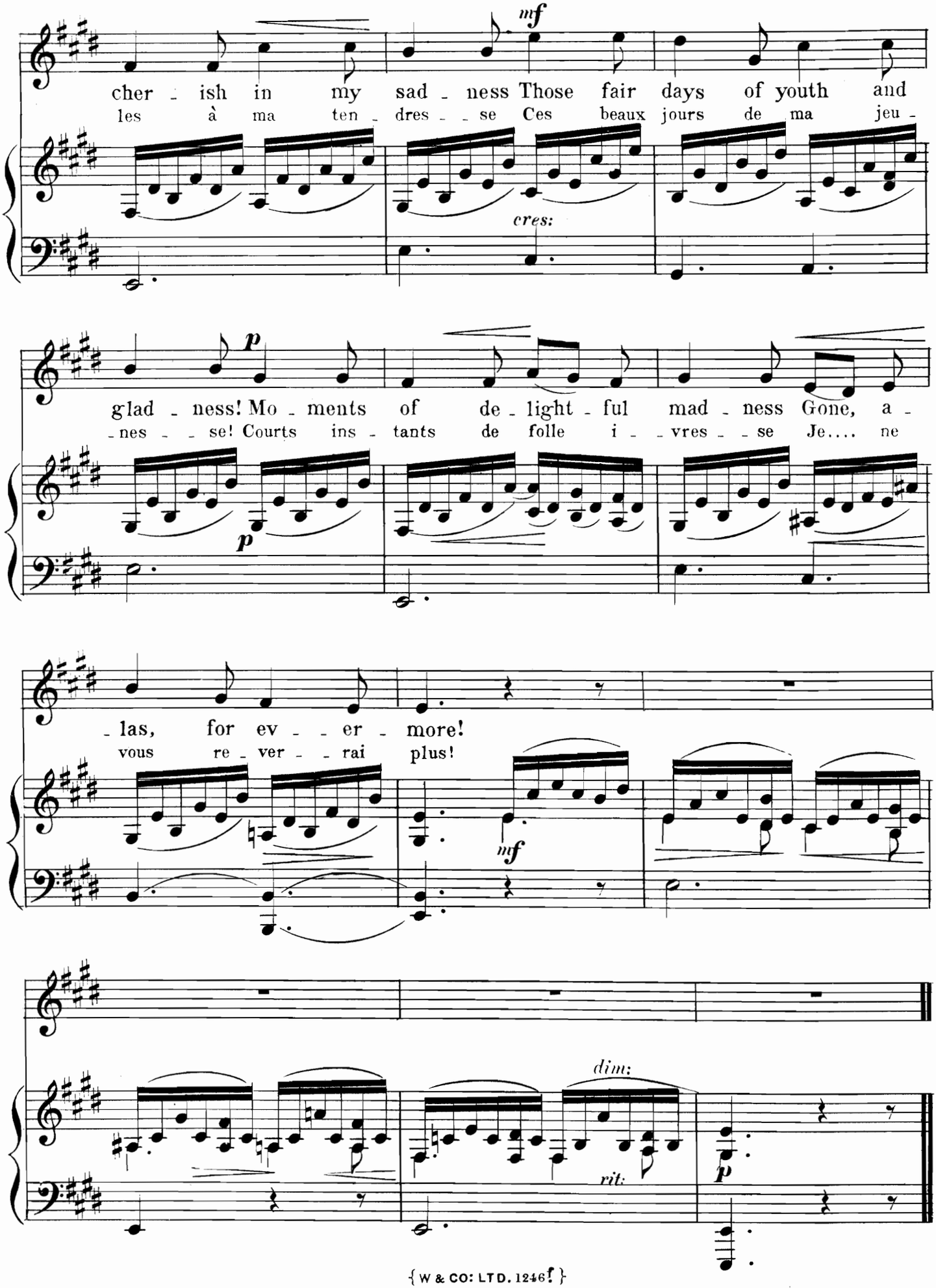
REGRETS

F. C. Philips
Ch. Rousseau.

F. D'ERLANGER.




mad - - ness Gone, a - - las, for ev - - er -
vres - - se Je . . . . . ne vous re - ver - - rai
mf
dim:
mf
- more! Vain re - grets for mis - spent pow - ers, Was - ted
plus! Dans ma dou - leur . . . . . so - - li - - tai - - re Je pleure . . . . .
mf
mf
dim:
chan - ces, fa - ded flow - ers, Vex my lone - ly spi - rit
et me de - - ses - pè - - re Sur mes rê - - ves dis - - pa -
rit:
tempo.
sore. Had I on - ly known be - fore! Let me
- rus! Sur mes rê - - ves dis - - pa - rus! Ren - - dez -
rit:
tempo.


mf
cher - ish in my sad - ness Those fair days of youth and
les à ma ten - dres - - se Ces beaux jours de ma jeu -
cres:
p
glad - ness! Mo - ments of de - light - ful mad - ness Gone, a -
- nes - - se! Courts ins - tants de folle i - - vres - - se Je.... ne
p
- las, for ev - - er - more!
vous re - ver - - rai plus!
mf
dim:
rit:
p

TOO LATE

(Peine d'amour)

F. C. Philips
Armand Silvestre.

F. D'ERLANGER.

Andantino.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Dolce.

p

When your hand was laid up_on mine 'Twas in pain_ful dread that I
Quand ta main tom-ba dans ma main, Je n'o_sai la pres_ser qu'à

p

cresc:

mf

grasped it, For some hes_i_ta_tion ma_lign, Made
pei_ne: Je ne sais quel_doute in_hu_main Fai

cresc:

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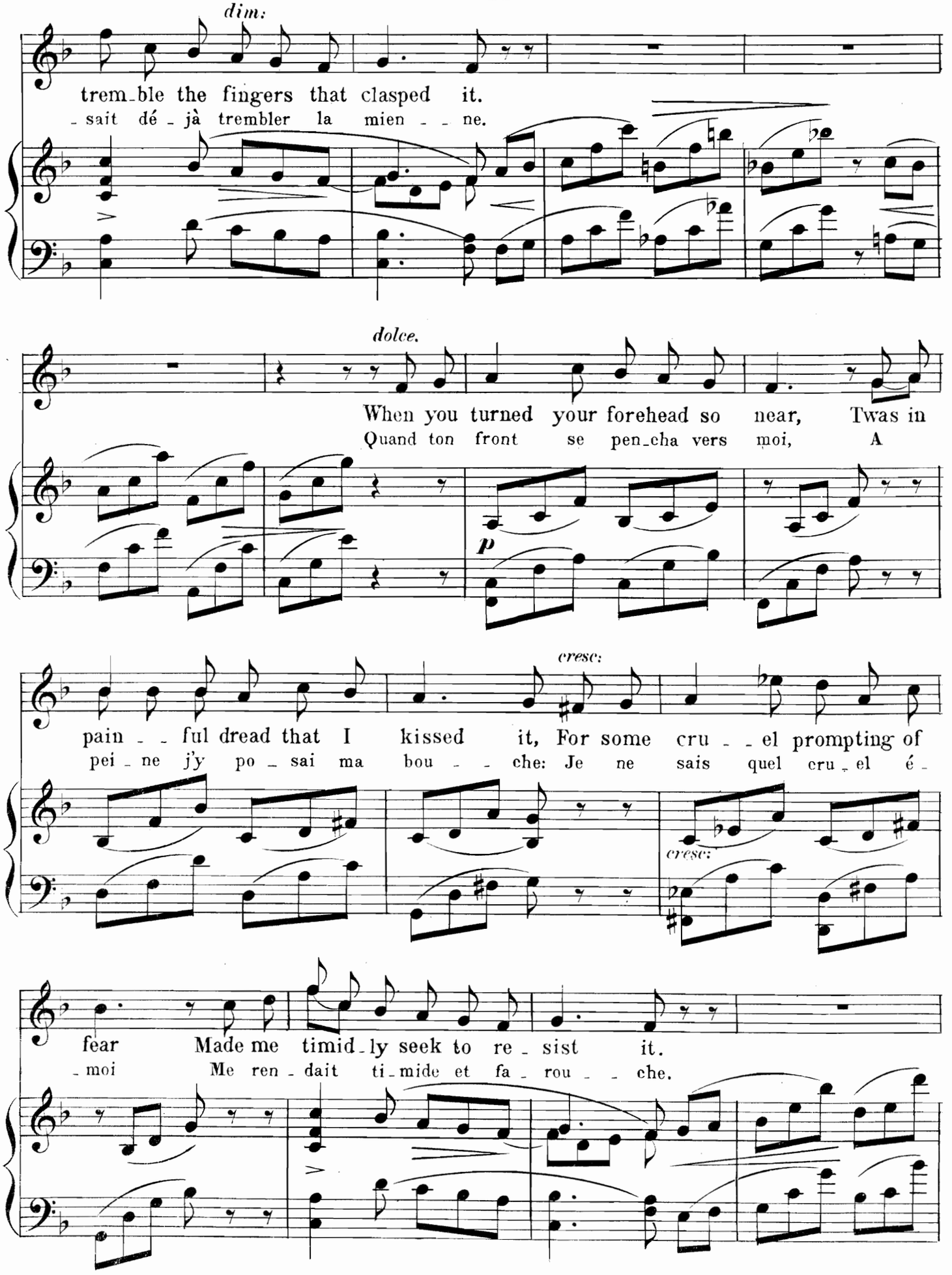
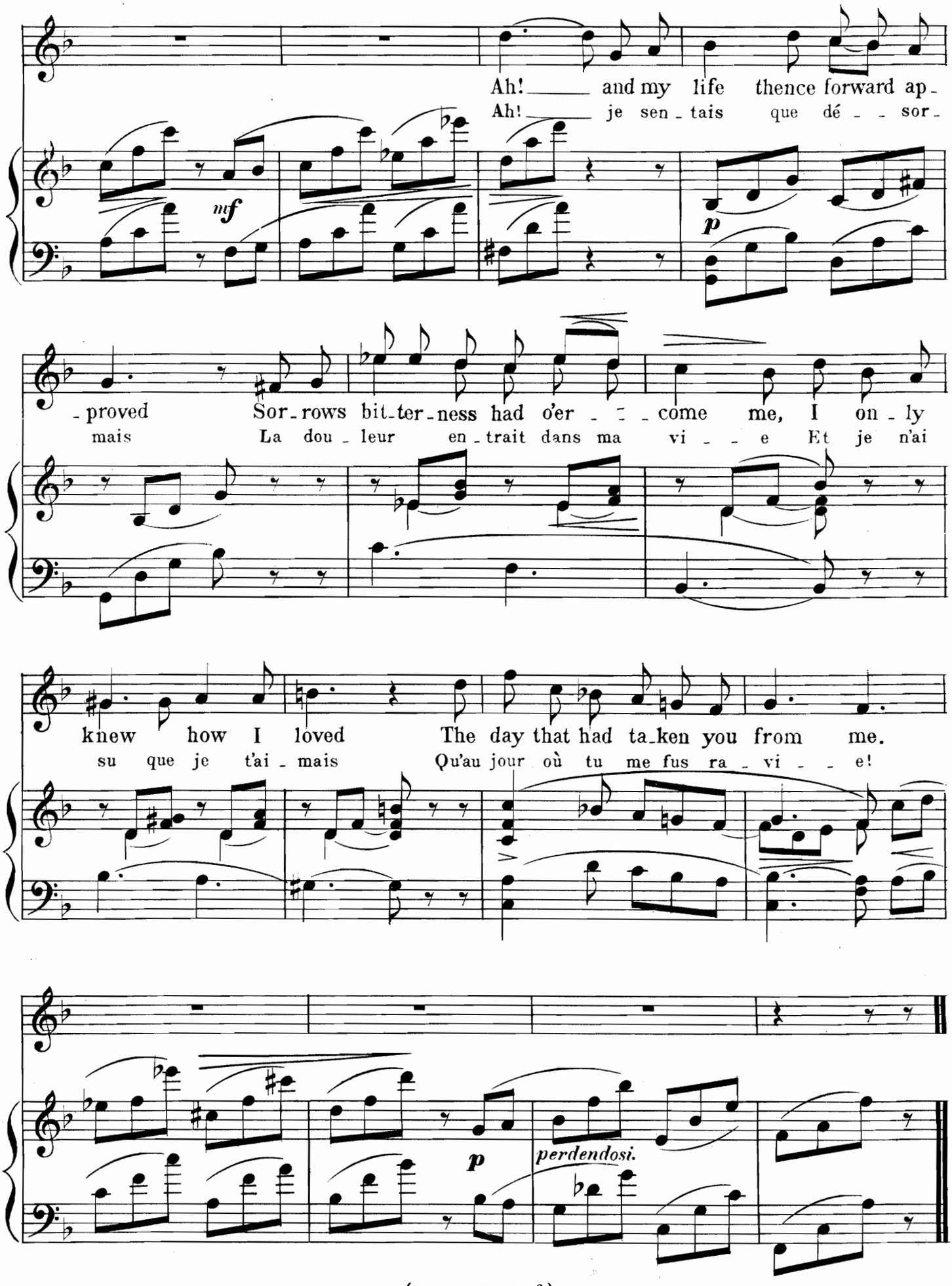

dim:
trem_ble the fingers that clasped it.
_sait dé_jà trembler la mien__ne.
dolce.
When you turned your forehead so near, Twas in
Quand ton front se pen_cha vers moi, A
p
cresc:
pain__ful dread that I kissed it, For some cru__el prompting of
pei_ne j'y po_sai ma bou__che: Je ne sais quel cru_el é_
cresc:
fear Made me timid_ly seek to re_sist it.
_moi Me ren_dait ti_mide et fa_rou__che.



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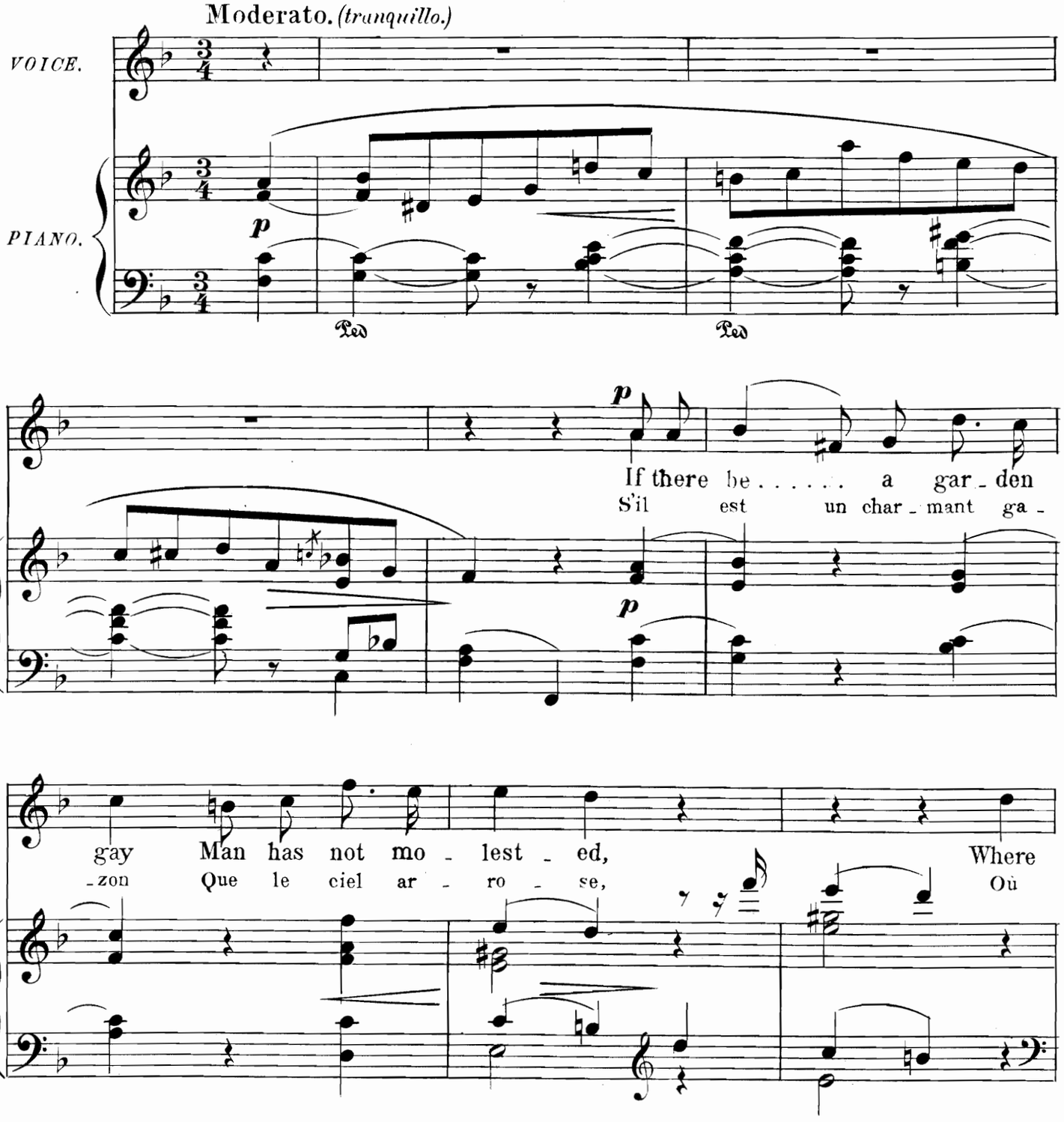
IF THERE BE A GARDEN GAY

(S'il est un charmant gazon)

F. C. Philips
Victor Hugo.

F. D'ERLANGER.



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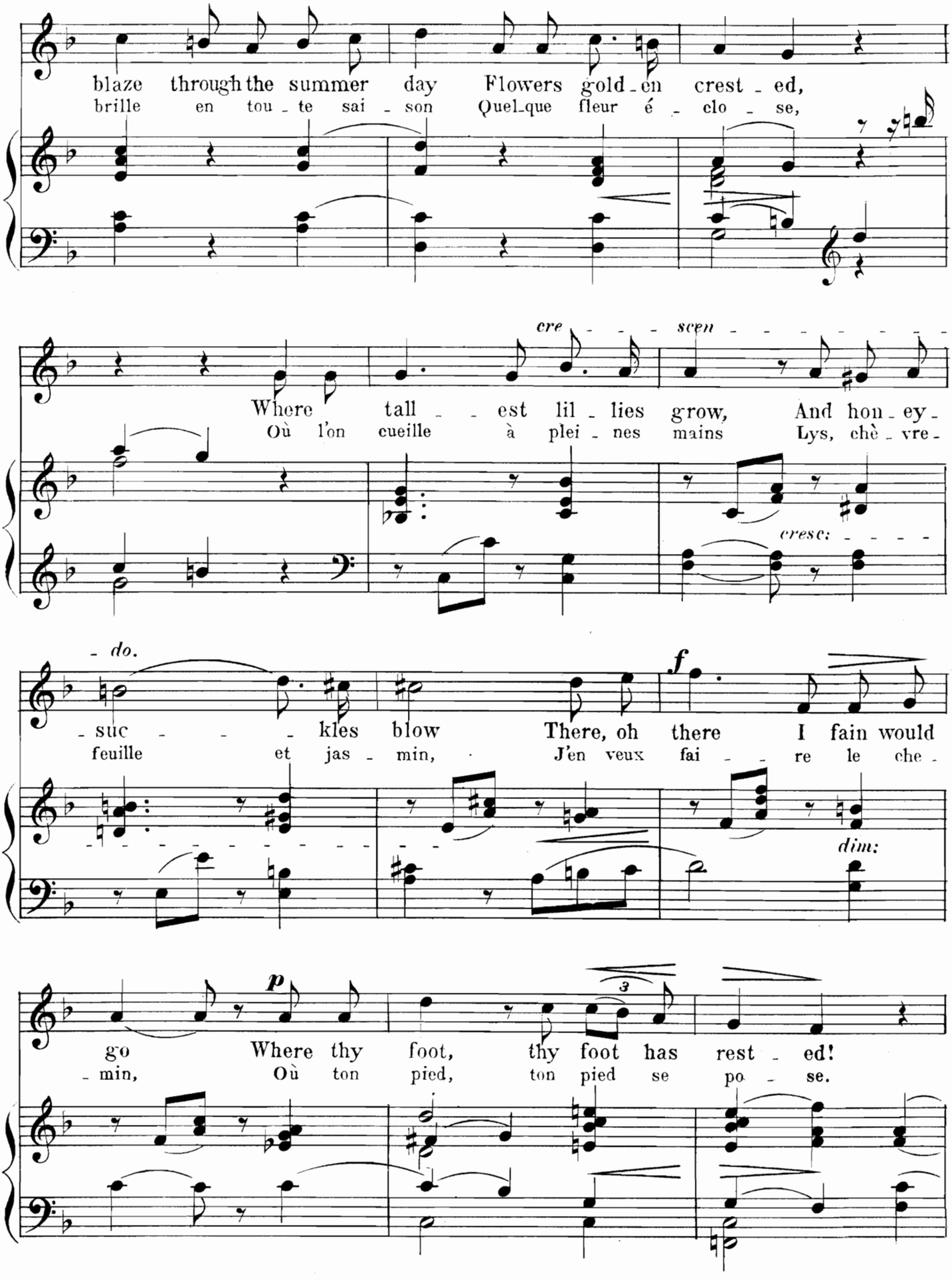
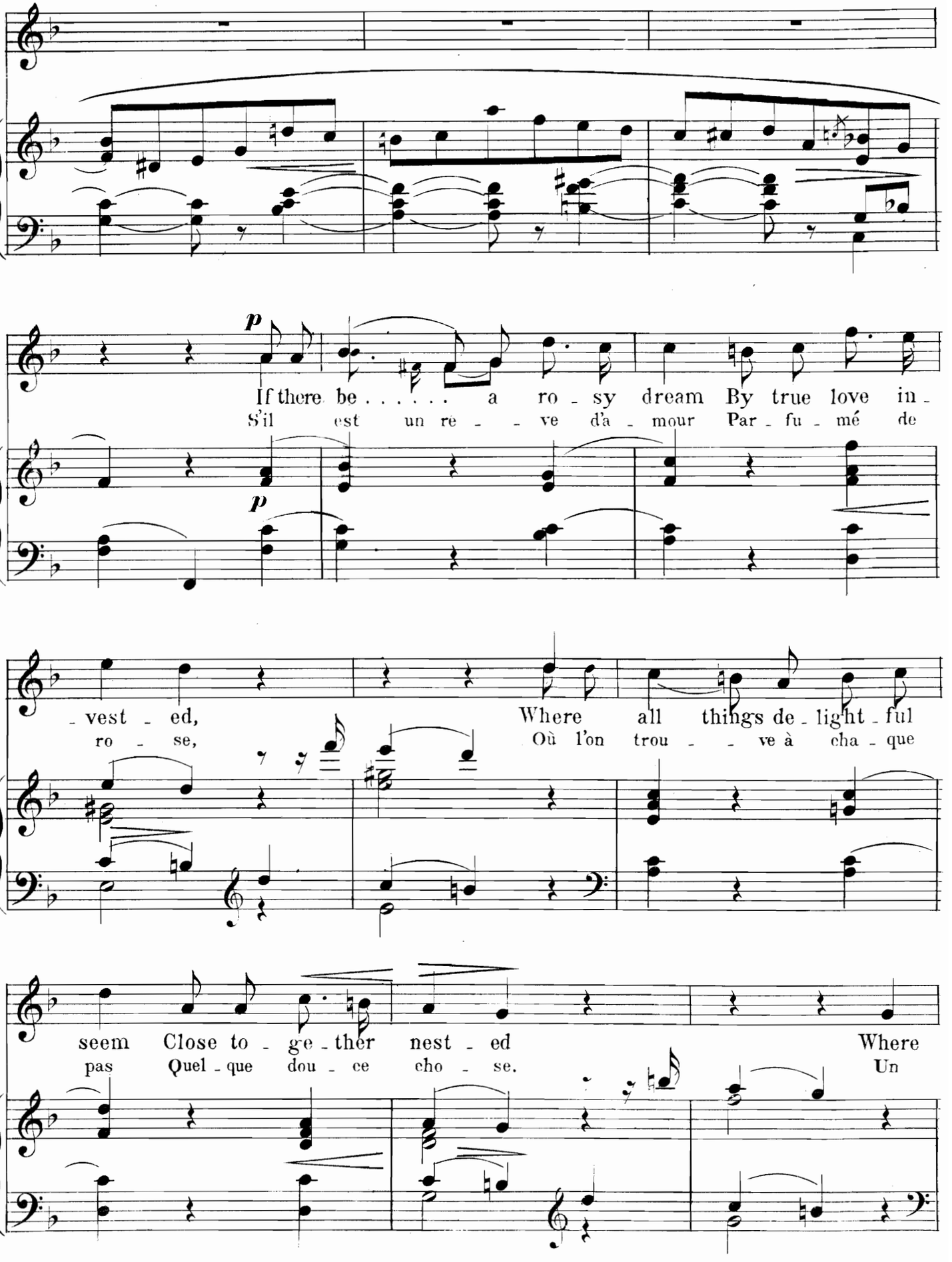

blaze through the summer day Flowers gold - en crest - ed,
brille en tou - te sai - son Quel - que fleur é - clo - se,
cre - - - - scen - - - - - - - - -
Where tall - - est lil - lies grow, And hon - ey -
Où l'on cueille à plei - nes mains Lys, chè - vre -
cresc: - - - - -
- do.
- suc - - - kles blow There, oh there I fain would
feuille et jas - min, J'en veux fai - - re le che -
f
dim:
p
3
go Where thy foot, thy foot has rest - ed!
- min, Où ton pied, ton pied se po - se.



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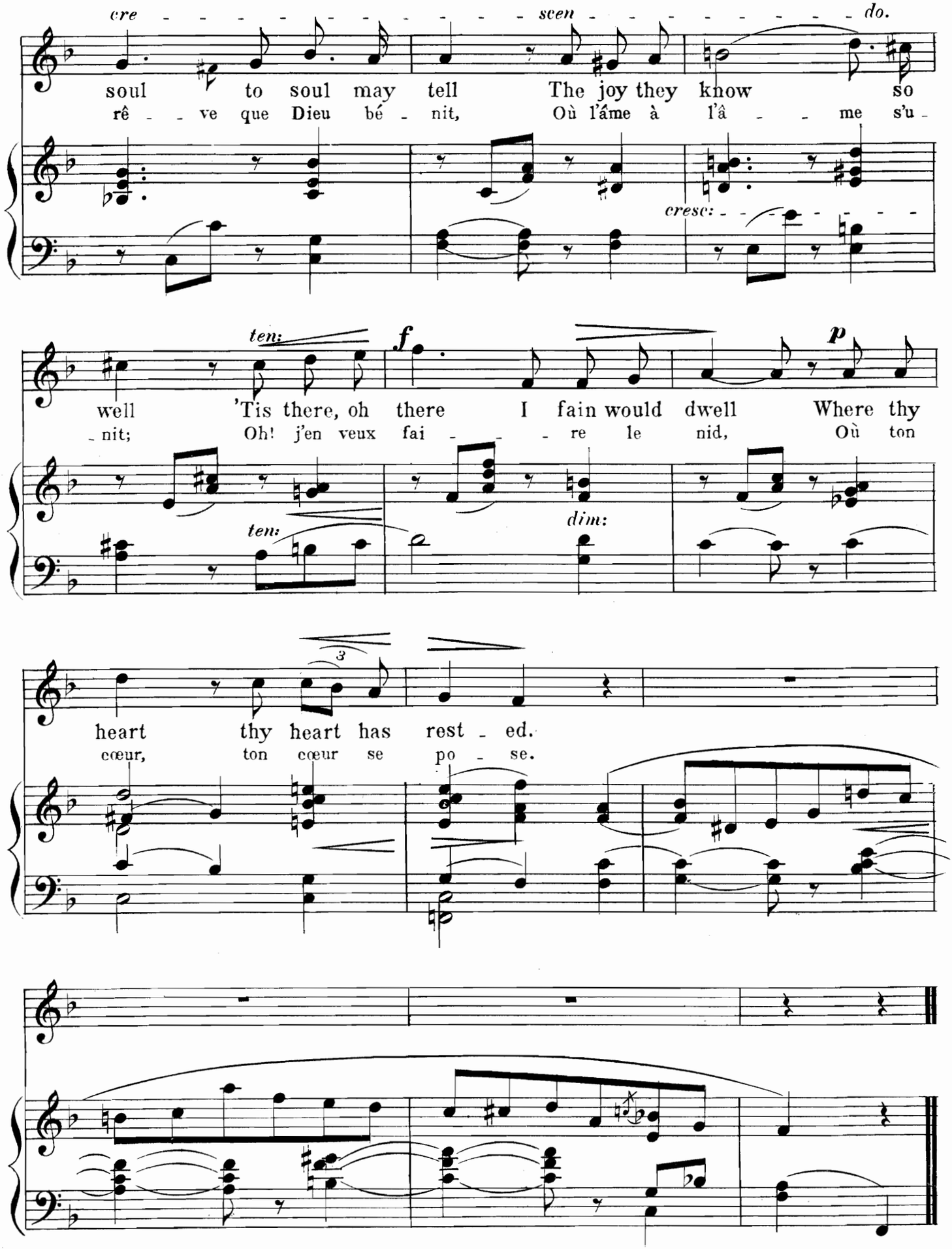
cre - - - - - - - - - - - - - - scen - - - - - - - - - - - - do.



soul to soul may tell The joy they know so
rê - - ve que Dieu bé - nit, Où l'âme à l'â - - me s'u -

cresc:

ten: *f* *p*

well 'Tis there, oh there I fain would dwell Where thy
- nit; Oh! j'en veux fai - - - re le nid, Où ton

ten: *dim:*

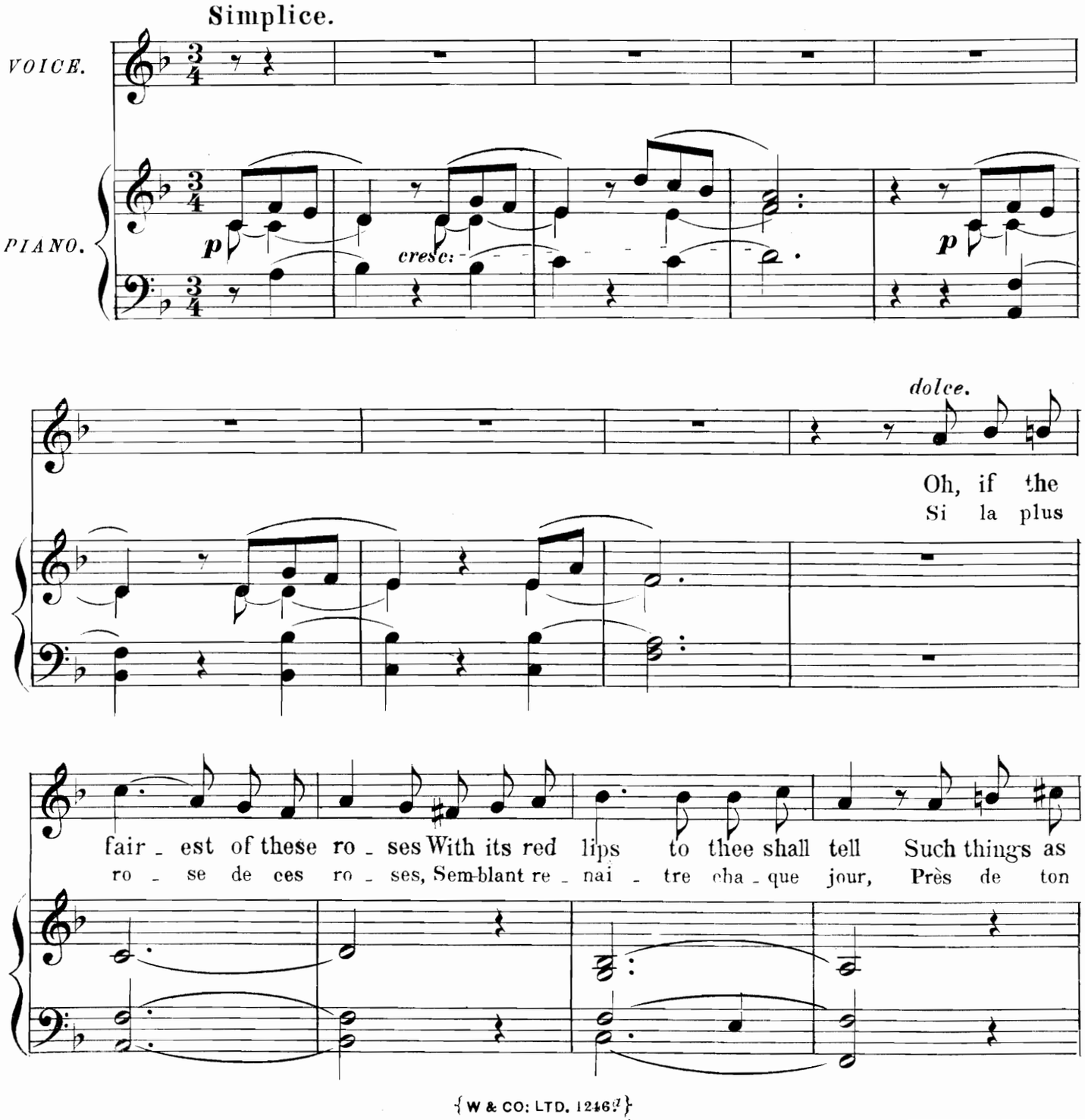
heart thy heart has rest - ed.
cœur, ton cœur se po - se.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSES

(Envoi de Roses)

F. C. Philips
Vicomte de Borelli.

F. D'ERLANGER.



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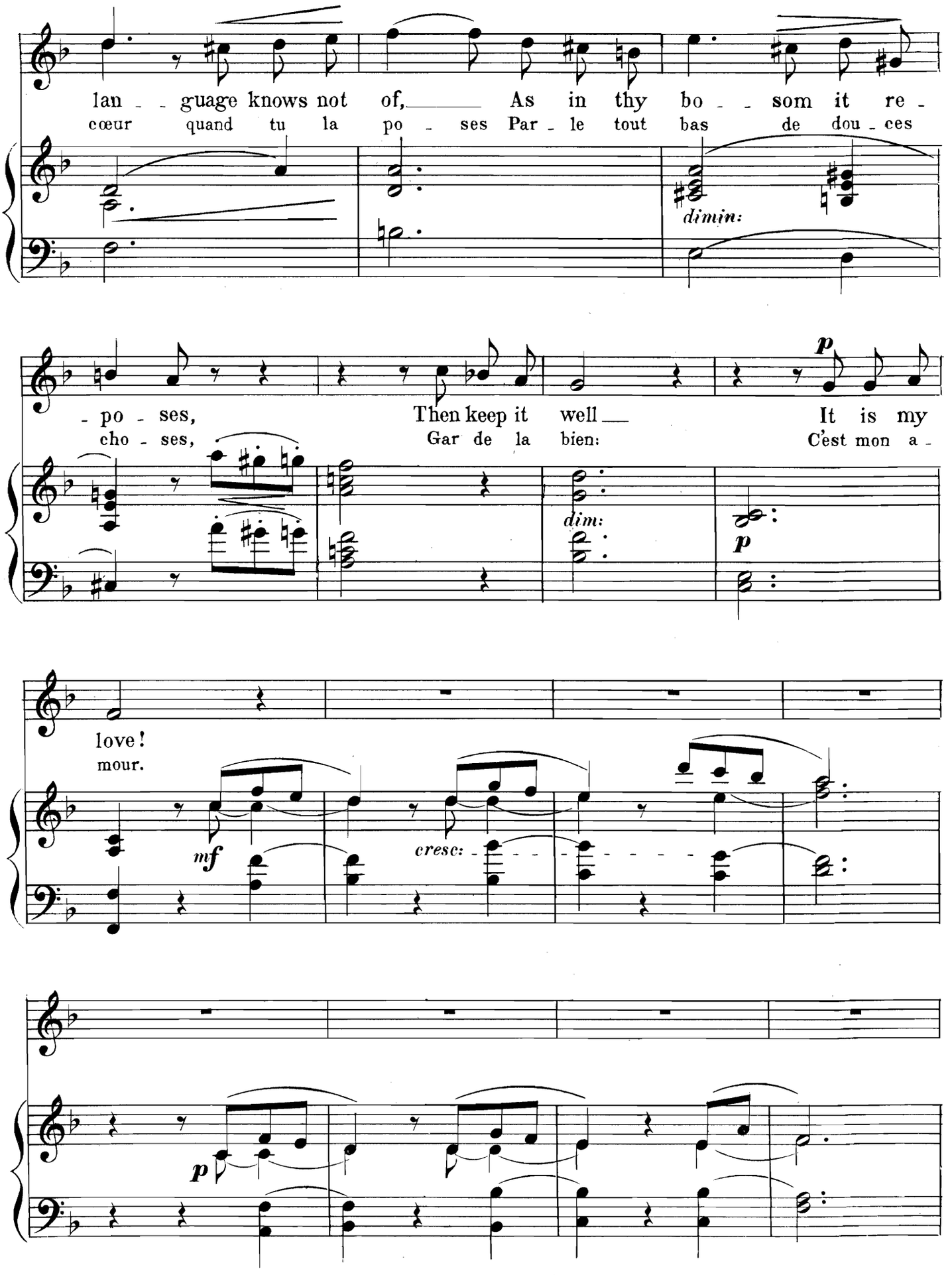
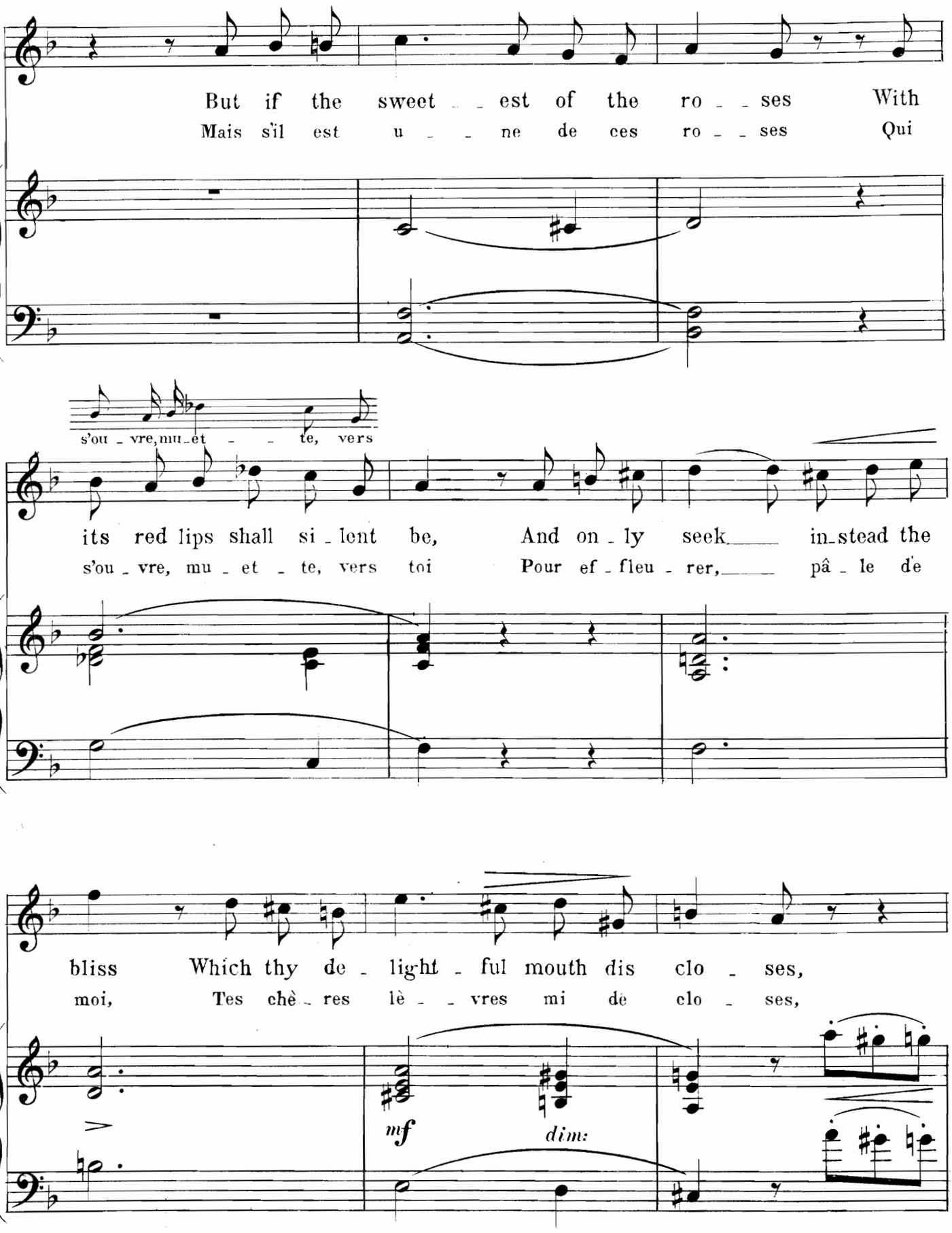
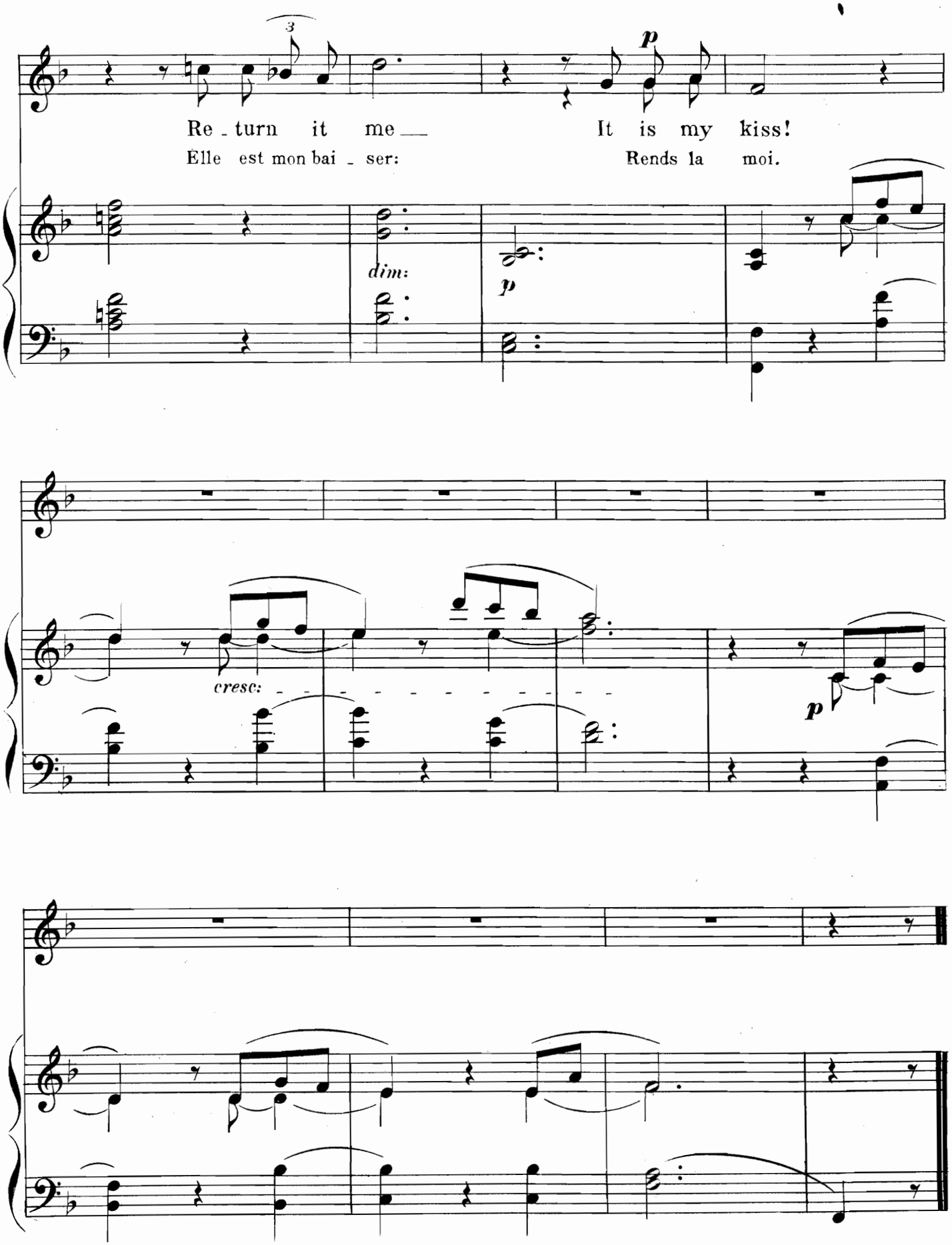

lan - - guage knows not of, As in thy bo - - som it re -
cœur quand tu la po - ses Par - le tout bas de dou - ces
dimin:
- po - ses, Then keep it well It is my
cho - ses, Gar de la bien: C'est mon a -
dim:
p
love!
mour.
mf
cresc:
p


But if the sweet - est of the ro - ses With
Mais s'il est u - ne de ces ro - ses Qui
s'ou - vre, mu - et - te, vers
its red lips shall si - lent be, And on - ly seek in - stead the
s'ou - vre, mu - et - te, vers toi Pour ef - fleu - rer, pâ - le de
bliss Which thy de - light - ful mouth dis clo - ses,
moi, Tes chè - res lè - vres mi de clo - ses,
mf
dim:


3
p
Re - turn it me — It is my kiss!
Elle est mon bai - ser: Rends la moi.
dim:
p
cresc:
p