

ABT.

SUNG BY

MISS MARY DAVIES.

“EVER THINE.”

SCHLAF WOHL

SONG,

WORDS BY E.R.

M U S I C

BY

F R A N Z A B T.

Composer of

“THEE ONLY I LOVE.” — | “O! SWEET FLOWING STREAMLET.”

“KATHIEEN AROON.” — | “O! YE TEARS.”

A. De Bell.

N.Y.

A. L. M. C. / New York

2 - B³ - A²

LONDON,
ROBERT COCKS & CO NEW BURLINGTON STREET REGENT STREET W
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MUSIC PUBLISHERS TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCE OF WALES

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ALLAN & CO MELBOURNE.

EVER THINE.

WORDS BY

E. R.

MUSIC BY

FRANZ ABT. OP: 213. N^o 3.

MODERATO.

VOICE. PIANO.

Where'er it be...: in si-lent night., Or
midst the bu-sy toil of day, Un.. ceas-ing-ly....., with
con-scious might.. My love holds pa-ra-mount its sway, I... am

molto espressione.

3

thine, ev...er thine....., With heart and soul and ev...ry
thought, I... am thine, ev...er thine..., And with-out
thee... would life be noug...
When

Ever thine. FRANZ ABT.

14,366.

4

grief and care..... my life as...sail..... My
 in - most soul re - mains at rest, And
 ne ver can..... its fate... be - wail..... While
 thou still lov'st, and lov'st.. me best. I..... am

Ever thine, FRANZ ABT.

14,366.

*molto espressione.**cres:*

thine, ev...er thine..... With heart and soul and ev'ry
thought I... am thine, ev...er thine.. And with-out
thee... would life be nougth.

A

Ever thine. FRANZ ABT.

14.366.

6

heav'n - born thought brings joy divine, And sheds its magic o'er
 me: That thou art mine, as I am thine, For
 life and for e-ter-ni-ty! I am thine ev-...er
 thine, With heart and soul and ev'...ry

Ever thine, FRANZ ABT.

14.366.

thought, I am thine, ev.....er

thine, . . . And without thee would life be nought.

I'm thine With heart and soul and ev'ry

thought.

diluendo. pp ppp

MUS N

mly

783.2

A164

'N' copy

MUS/140

ROBERT COCKS & CO.'S NEW POPULAR SONGS.

SUMMER VOICES.

The *Hive* Gift for 1887 was awarded to this, as the best Ballad, by the Royal Academy of Music.

CORELLI WINDEATH.

It is sum-mer, it is sum-mer, how beau-ti-ful it looks

WIFIE.

MARION LA THANGUE.

Oh, the bright and joy-ous youth-time, How I love to think of you

PROPRIETY.

C. F. HAYWARD.

He looks at her from a-cross the room, and back-a-gain looks she,

LOVED VOICES.

No. 1 in F. No. 2 in E flat. No. 3 in G.

EDITH COOKE.

Oh, mem'ry of the past, bring back the thoughts of happy days.

NEVER MIND, WHAT YOU CAN'T MEND.

HENRY PONSET.

Cling! clang! on the milling-pal, Cling! clang! I play'd a tune; Going to

TWO MARIONETTES.

No. 1 in B flat. No. 2 in G.

EDITH COOKE.

Two Marionettes, the no-ry goes, Once travell'd from town to town,

CAN I FORGET.

Adapted to the
celebrated "GRETNA" WALTE.

E. BUCALOSSI.

Can I for-get how we ha-ge'd to-gether

FIRE-LIGHT MEMORIES.

CIRO PINSUTI.

I am sitting alone in my chamber, And the fire on the hearth burns

CROSSING THE BROOK.

No. 1 in B flat. No. 2 in C.

EDITH COOKE.

She was stand-ing by the brook, in her quiet white gown

THE LIGHT UPON THE RIVER.

No. 1 in B flat. No. 2 in D.

A. H. BEHREND.

There's a light up-on the si-ver, a chang-ing,gol-den light,

MY HEART'S MESSAGE.

No. 1 in C. No. 2 in E flat. No. 3 in F.

A. H. BEHREND.

Twas but a year a-go I sang this song to thee,

ASKING THE WAY.

No. 1 in C. No. 2 in A.

GERALD M. LANE.

Do you chance to know the way, Kindly sir, oh tell me, pray, To Buttercup

IF WE COULD MEET.

No. 1 in E flat. No. 2 in F.

CECILE S. HARTOG.

If we could meet who have been long a-part, I won-der what

SONG OF THE ANVIL.

ODARDO BARRI.

Let the north wind blow round the smoky door, Let the snow fall fast and free,

THE OLD SPINET.

No. 1 in D. No. 2 in F.

ERNEST BIRCH.

It stands in a corner, there, always, Away from the glare and light;

WHILE WE DREAM.

No. 1 in E flat. No. 2 in F.

R. H. ADDISON.

p. tranquilla. On the banks the wild flow'r's sleep, At our feet long shadows lie;

THE OLD SEE-SAW.

ANNIE E. ARMSTRONG.

You remember the old See-saw where it stood, In the meadow beyond the mill;

TWO SPIRITS.

No. 1 in E flat. No. 2 in F.

S. A. SARAI.

There low-down, how'er poor and lowly, No portal grand and great in all the land,

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

MICHAEL WATSON.

I sit at the o-pen window, this jubi-lant An-gust day,

AN IDLE SONG.

MICHAEL WATSON.

River! that is si-lence wild-er, Through the meadows

IN THE EVENING.

C. DICK.

In the even-ing, in the even-ing, when the glad day's work is done

LITTLE CHILDREN.

ANNIE E. ARMSTRONG.

As thru' the church the bell tol-right of eve, Is sol-ly striling,

FOR OLD SAKES' SAKE.

No. 1 in E flat. No. 2 in G.

A. H. BEHREND.

Let the twilight gather o'er the distant sea, Let the day-light glory

FIRST COME.

R. B. ADDISON.

"I have comets you have at last," said he, "To lay my heart at your feet;

THE AFTERGLOW.

CIRO PINSUTI.

When the haymakers are sing-ing, and the corn is gather'd in, ...

LAZILY.

A. PERCY AMES.

A down the stream I float with her, the fairest fair,

DO THE NEXT THING.

(SACRED SONG.)

ALICE BORTON.

From an old English pas-sage down by these, There came in the twi-light

OUR HEROES.

No. 1 in F. No. 2 in D.

J. SLATTER.

Come, lads, I'll give you all a toast, One more be-fore we part,

AN ABLE SEAMAN.

FREDK. BEAVAN.

When first I took to the sea, my lads, standt-by, standt-by,

UNTIL THE DAY BREAKS.

In D, E, and F.

CIL. GOUNOD.

Art thou weary, toll-ing wan-derer? Close the shadows round thy way?

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