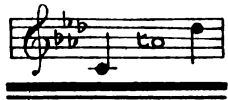
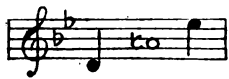


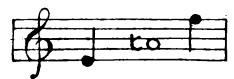
N^o. 1 IN F MINOR



N^o. 2 IN G MINOR



N^o. 3 IN A MINOR



SUNG BY

MR. PLUNKET GREENE.

AFTER

SONG

THE WORDS BY

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON

(BY PERMISSION)

The Music by

EDWARD ELGAR.

Price 60 cents

BOOSEY & C^o
9, EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK,
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AFTER.



I.

A little time for laughter,
A little time to sing,
A little time to kiss and cling,
And no more kissing after.

II.

A little while for scheming
Love's unperfected schemes ;
A little time for golden dreams,
Then no more any dreaming.

III.

A little while 'twas given
To me to have thy love ;
Now, like a ghost, alone I move
About a ruined heaven.

IV.

A little time for speaking
Things sweet to say and hear ;
A time to seek, and find thee near,
Then no more any seeking.

V.

A little time for saying
Words the heart breaks to say ;
A short, sharp time wherein to pray,
Then no more need for praying ;

VI.

But long, long years to weep in,
And comprehend the whole
Great grief, that desolates the soul,
And eternity to sleep in.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

(Printed by permission.)

AFTER.

Song.

Words by
PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.*

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.

Moderato. *p semplice e mesto.*

Voice. A lit - tle time for

Piano. *p* *p*

laugh - ter, A lit - tle time to sing, A lit - tle time to *ten.*

kiss and cling, And no more kiss - ing af - ter. A *dim.*

pp poco rit.

lit - tle while for schem - ing Love's un - per - fect - ed

a tempo. *cresc.* *a tempo.* *pp*

pp colla parte.

schemes; *mf* A lit - tle time for gold - en dreams, Then *ten.* *dim.*

no more a - ny dream - ing. *pp rit.* A *p* lit - tle while 'twas giv - en To *a tempo.*

me to have thy love; Now, *rit.* like a ghost, a - *a tempo.*

- lone I move *pp* A - bout a ru - ined hea - ven. A *poco rit.* *cresc.*

a tempo. più mosso. cresc. mf

lit - tle time for speak - ing Things sweet to say and hear;..... A

rit e dim. estinto. più lento. pp

time to seek, and find thee near, Then no more a - ny seek - ing. A

colla parte.

p

lit - tle time for say - ing Words the heart breaks to say; A

pp più lento.

rit. pp rit. dim.

short, sharp time where - in to pray, Then no more need for

colla parte. dim.

a tempo più lento. **f** *molto espress.* *cresc.*

pray - ing; But long, long years to weep in, And

f *molto espress.* *cresc.*

2 *3* *4*

dim. *rit.*

com - pre - hend the whole..... Great grief that de - so - lates the

cresc. *sf* *dim.* *rit.*

Lento *pp* *lunga.* **Tempo I.**

soul, And e - ter - ni - ty to sleep in, And e - ter - - -

ppp *2* *Tre corde.*

dim. *Lento*

- - ni - ty to sleep in.....

Lento

After. (F minor.)

NEW SONGS BY CELEBRATED COMPOSERS.

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*BABYLON.

(with Organ obbligato.)

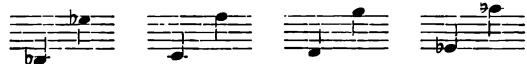
WORDS BY
F. E. WEATHERLY.

No. 1 in Eb.

No. 2 in F.

No. 3 in G.

MUSIC BY
STEPHEN ADAMS.
No. 4 in Ab.



"O go ye not to.... Bab-y-lon! it is a dream, it is a dream un-blest! On-ly the road to

(1st Verse.) Out in the morning meadows, and down the broad highway,
I saw the children dancing and singing at their play;
And they called to one another upon the golden air,
"Oh, where's the road to Babylon,—and who will bring us there?"
But, as the night fell round them and eastward rose a star,
Methought the voice of angels was calling them from far,—
"O go ye not to Babylon! it is a dream unblest!
Only the road to Bethlehem can give you joy and rest!"

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Sung by Mr. HERBERT WITHERSPOON.

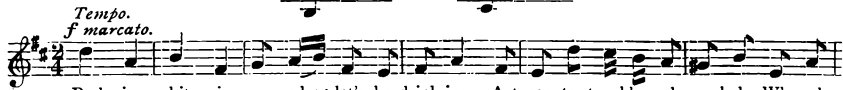
A SOLDIER'S TOAST.

WORDS BY
J. FRANCIS BARRON.

No. 1 in C.

No. 2 in D.

MUSIC BY
J. AIRLIE DIX.



Red wine, white wine, comrades; let's be drink-ing, A truce to trouble and care, lads; When the

(1st Verse.) Meeting to-night in the old mess-tent,
Each comrade's face so glowing,
For smile, and jest, and merriment,
Should rule when good wine's flowing.
Steady the hand, so; stand by the glass,
You've choice of the wine set before us;
"Here's to the soldier, here's to his lass,"
'Tis the best of all toasts:
Let us finish the glass,
And join in our comrade's chorus—

Red wine white wine, comrades; let's be drinking,
A truce to trouble and care, lads;
When the wine goes blinking,
To the old mess-tent, and the fight we share:
The Flag we serve, and the coat we wear:
And a bumper toast to the maidens fair,
With glasses clinking!

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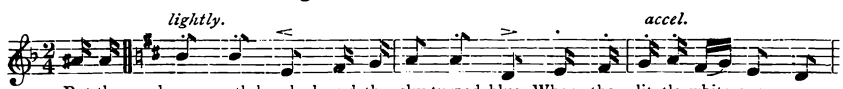
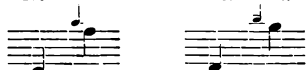
THE LITTLE WHITE SUN.

WORDS BY
ANNIE C. HUESTIS.

No. 1 in D.

No. 2 in E.

MUSIC BY
CUTHBERT WYNNE.



But the brown earth laughed, and the sky turned blue, When the lit-tle white sun came

(1st Verse.) The sky had a gray, gray face;
The touch of the mist was chill;
The earth was an eerie place,
For the wind moaned over the hill;
But the brown earth laughed, and the sky turned blue,
When the little white sun came peeping through!

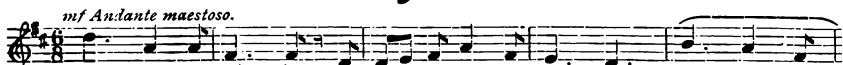
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SHEPHERD OF LOVE.

WORDS BY
ARTHUR PHILIP COXFORD.

MUSIC BY
FRANK L. MOIR.

In D.



Crown Him, ye Saints, the fair-est of ten thou-sand! Shep-herd of

(1st Verse.) Oft in the gloom, when nightly shades are falling,
Comes to the ear a distant Song of Praise;
Faith in those sounds with tender voice is calling,
Sweet come those welcome strains to cheer our pilgrim days.
Hearts brighter grow, the clouds of doubt dispelling,
Love, in those chords, doth heal the soul distress'd;
Hark! 'tis the song in which the Saints are telling
Of their great joy in Him the Father blest.

Crown Him, ye Saints, the fairest of ten thousand!
Shepherd of Love, the God whom we adore;
With harps of gold attune your faithful voices,
Proclaim Him King! both now and evermore!

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Sung by
Mr. FRANCIS ROGERS.

THE TRUMPETER.

WORDS BY
J. FRANCIS BARRON.

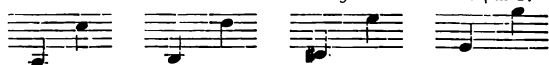
No. 1 in F.

No. 2 in G.

No. 3 in A.

No. 4 in C.

MUSIC BY
J. AIRLIE DIX.



Trum-peter, what are you sounding now? (Is it the call I'm seeking?) "You'll know the call," said the

(1st Verse.) Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?
(Is it the call I'm seeking?)
"You'll know the call," said the Trumpeter tall,
"When my trumpet goes a speakin'.
I'm rousin' 'em up, I'm wakin' 'em up,
The tents are astir in the valley,
And there's no more sleep, with the sun's first peep,
For I'm soundin' the old 'Reveille.'
Rise up!" said the Trumpeter tall.

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Sung by Miss EVANGELINE FLORENCE.

*APRIL MORN.

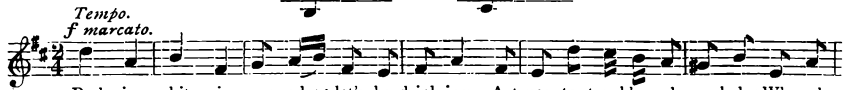
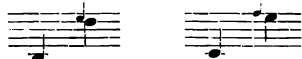
WORDS BY
JOHN DOWERS

No. 1 in Bb.

No. 2 in C.

No. 3 in D.

MUSIC BY
ROBERT BATTEN.



Ah!..... the joy..... to..... greet the ro-sy morn,... If..... the

(1st Verse.) Ah! the joy to greet the rosy morn,
If the sun the verdant fields adorn,
Nature awakes, the birds their melodies trill
O'er hill and dale, and by the woodland rill.
Ah!

Ah! the joy to greet the rosy morn,
If the sun the verdant fields adorn,
Nature awakes, the birds their melodies trill
O'er hill and dale, and by the woodland rill.
Ah!

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A CHINA TRAGEDY.

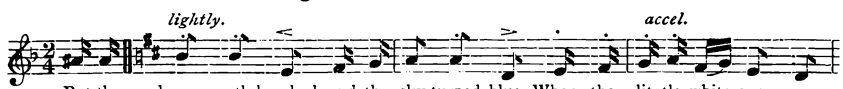
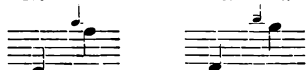
WORDS BY
R. S. HICHENS.

No. 1 in G.

No. 2 in Ab.

No. 3 in Bc.

MUSIC BY
CLAYTON THOMAS.



A lit-tle chi-na fig-ure On a lit-tle bracket sat, His lit-tle feet were always cross'd, He

(1st Verse.) A little china figure
On a little bracket sat,
His little feet were always crossed,
He wore a little hat.

And every morning, fair or foul,
In shine or shadows dim,
A pretty little housemaid came
And softly dusted him.

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Sung by Miss ADA CROSSLEY.

LIVING POEMS.

WORDS BY
LONGFELLOW.

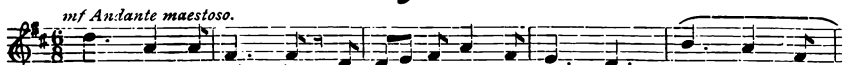
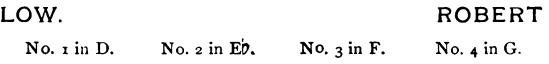
MUSIC BY
ROBERT BATTEN.

No. 1 in D.

No. 2 in Eb.

No. 3 in F.

No. 4 in G.



Come to me, O ye children! For I hear you at your play, And the questions that perplex'd me Have

(1st Verse.) Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.
Ye open the Eastern windows
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.
In your hearts are the birds and sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

(1st Verse.) Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.
Ye open the Eastern windows
That look towards the sun,
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