

To
Miss Caroline G. Clarke.



Four Songs,
Opus 3,
by
Fred. Field Bullard.

	High Voice.	Low Voice.
1- The Waterlily.	E $\flat$	C
2- Thine Fair and Sweet and Holy.	B $\flat$	G
3- 'Tis for My Lady Fair.	D	B $\flat$
4- Danger!	E $\flat$	C

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H. B. Stevens Co.
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Stanley Lucas, Weber, Pitt & Kitzfeld, Ltd.
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"'TIS FOR MY LADY FAIR."

Words by Louise Hamilton Murdock.

Fred. Field Bullard, Op. 3. No 3.

VOICE. *Andante con moto.*

PIANO. *f semplice* *rall.*

mf a tempo

In an - cient days of chiv - al - ry the knight fought in the
 Tho' feu - dal days and tour - na - ments are things far in the

mf a tempo

joust Per - haps he won the day, or con - quered fell to bite the
 past, - Tho' now the lov - er wears no glove to hold his heart stead -

p

dust; fast, But tho' he gained or lost the fight, Tho' A lov - er yet may love as well, May

p marcato

mf

an - guish he must bear, Yet this thought kept him aw - ful dan - gers dare, And e'er keep cour - age

mf

pp *f*

ev - er brave, "Tis for my la - dy fair," Yet if he think, "Tis for my la - dy fair," And

pp *f*

rall. *a tempo*

this thought kept him ev - - er brave, "Tis for my la - dy fair," e'er keep cour - age if he think, "Tis for my la - dy fair,"

rall. *a tempo*

rall. **f** *molto con spirito.*

I am no knight, yet shall my life serve

rall. **f** *a tempo*

my be - lov - ed's cause; Her heart shall be my

or - a - cle, her wish - es be my laws, Her

p

love shall be my gui - ding thought, her hap - pi - ness my

p marcato

care;— Come life, come death, I'll bear me true, All—

f *pp*

— for my la - dy fair, ——— Come life, come death, I'll

pp *ff*

bear me true, All for my la - - dy fair!

rall. molto

Select List of Songs, No. 2.

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UNDER THE ALMOND TREE.

Words by MAY PROBYN.

ALFRED DELBRUCK.

Andantino.

My love was out in the gar - den, un - der the al - mond tree..... A

mid the blush of blos - som that blows for the ho - ney bee.....

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A SPRAY OF FERN.

Words by MAMIE SHORT.

(SINCERITY.)

Music by L. F. GOTTSCHALK.

REFRAIN.

You know each flow - er has a tongue! The fern I gave to thee.....

In plead - ing tones speaks just one word, The word 'Sin - cer - i - ty!'

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NAY, BUT YOU WHO DO NOT LOVE HER.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Also in G♯.

ARTHUR W. TRAYER.

Moderato espressivo.

Nay, but you who do not love her Is she not pure gold, my mis - tres, a tempo.

Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her Aught like this tress, see, and this tress.

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English text by S. A. BARRETT.

"TIRELL"

AUGUSTA HOLMES.

My dearlad whom I.... love well, To the wars has de - part - ed.....

Mon a - mi que j'ai-mé d'amour Est par - ti pour la guer - re.....

Sleep - less here I weep night and day, I am so down - heart - ed.....

Moi je pleu - re la nuit, le jour, Et je ne dors guè - re.....

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SILENT LOVE.

Words by WM. HADFF.
Trans. by PHILIP WOOLF, M. D.

L. F. GOTTSCHALK.

f con molto sentimento.

Dare..... I thus hope?... Is it the beam..... of love dear
Hoff!..... ich zu kühn!..... Ist es der Strahl..... der Lie - ba.

Dare..... I thus hope..... Is it the beam..... of love dear
Hoff!..... ich zu kühn!..... Ist es der Strahl..... der Lie - ba.

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I THOUGHT I MUST BE DREAMING.

Andante placido.

SONG FOR ALTO.

BENJAMIN CUTLER, Op. 21, No. 2.

I thought I must be dream - ing.....

The day you whis - pered low.....

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THE FLOW'RET.

Words by W. V. GOETHE.

Also in C.

CHARLES P. SCOTT.

Moderato con moto.

A - lone I wan - dered in for - est

wild with care - less foot - steps the time be - guiled. A

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THE ANGELS REPLY.

Words by D'ARCY JAXONE.

Also in F.

Music by HENRI LOÛÉ.

Moderato. e poco recit.

The An - ge - lus doth roll, From the or - gan's sob - bing soul: On

low - ly bend - ed knees, We chant the lit - a - ny:

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