

SUNG WITH IMMENSE SUCCESS BY
MESS^{RS} ARTHUR OSWALD, ROBERT HILTON, CURTIS D'ALTON, ALFRED MOORE,
ROBERT GRICE, WEBSTER NORCROSS, CHAS. ACKERMAN, THE COMPOSER,
AND ALL THE PRINCIPAL BARITONES.



To my friend TURLE LEE.

THE ADMIRAL'S BROOM

Song

THE WORDS BY

Frederic E. Weatherly

The Music by

FREDERICK BEVAN.

Popular Songs by the same Composer:

THE BOYS OF ENGLAND (3 Keys)
THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND (3 Keys)
THE SILENT TOAST (3 Keys)
THE CHESTNUTS ARE BLOOMING... (3 Keys)

COPYRIGHT.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Price 2/- net

London:
ENOCH & SONS,

14 & 14^a, Great Marlborough Street, W.

NEW YORK:
BOOSEY & CO

PARIS:
ENOCH & CO

TORONTO: ANGLO-CANADIAN MUS. PUBL. ASSN.

AN ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT TO THIS SONG IN THE KEY OF D MAY BE HAD ON HIRE.

THE ADMIRAL'S BROOM POLKA by OTTO ROEDER... 2/- NET.

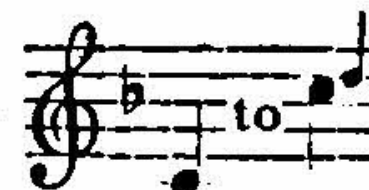
New and Standard Songs.

EVER.

F. PAOLO TOSTI.

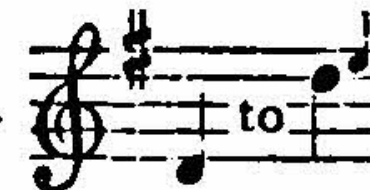
No. 1 in F.

Compass:—



No. 2 in G.

Compass:—



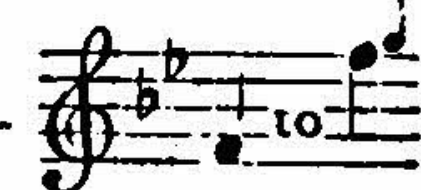
No. 3 in A.

Compass:—



No. 4 in Bb.

Compass:—



I think of you when stars on high
Are beaming,
When twilight time is drawing nigh.
To greet the sun and bid good-bye
To its gleaming.
The day returns to bring me you,
And so, because I know you true,
Of you alone the long hours through
I am dreaming.
By night and day,
Shadow or sunshine above you,
In all, through all, ever I love you.

I think of you when morning breaks
In its splendour,
And as the earth new glory takes,
Within my heart new gladness wakes,
Deep and tender.
Though day may bring me shade or shine,
I know it holds one joy divine,
Because to you this heart of mine
I surrender.
By night and day,
Shadow or sunshine above you,
In all, through all, ever I love you.

When'er you think of me
I pray you remember,
Gladness or grieving, joy or tears,
This heart is yours for all the years;
In darkest night, the sweet day through,
I think of you.
By night and day,
Shadow or sunshine above you,
In all, through all, ever I love you.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

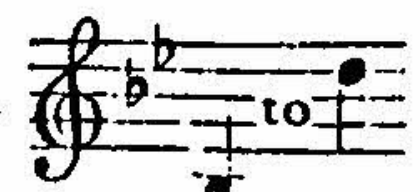
COPYRIGHT, MCMVIII., BY ENOCH & SONS.

MADRIGAL.

C. CHAMINADE.

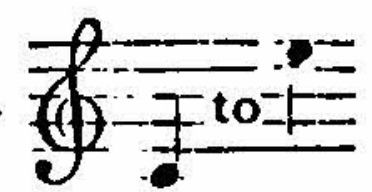
No. 1 in Bb.

Compass:—



No. 2 in C.

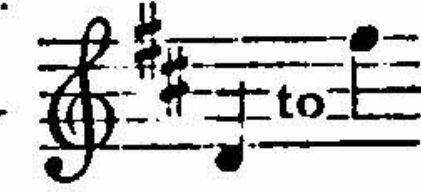
Compass:—



Original Key.

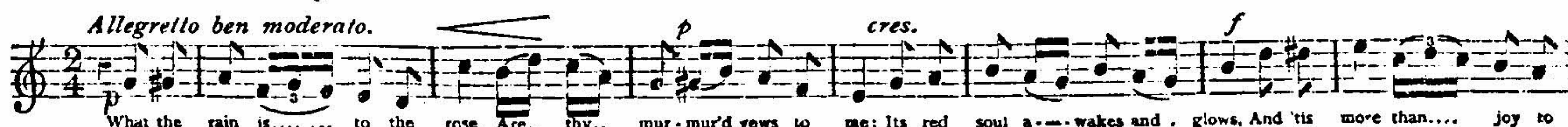
No. 3 in D.

Compass:—



No. 4 in Eb.

Compass:—



What the rain is to the rose,
Are thy murmur'd vows to me;
Its red soul awakes and glows,
And 'tis more than joy to be;
When thy soft lips make reply
Of their sweetness to my sigh.
What the rain is to the rose,
Are thy murmur'd vows to me!

What the rose is to the rain,
Is thy low sweet voice to me;
Each dew-pearl to stay were fain,
And thy words would ling'ring be!
When in tender shy constraint,
You may answer to my plaint;
What the rose is to the rain,
Is thy low sweet voice to me!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

From the French by GEORGES VAN ORMELINGEN.

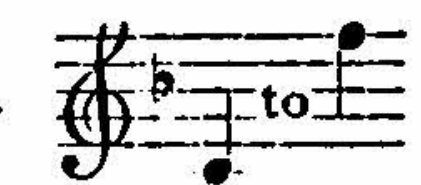
COPYRIGHT.

THE LARK'S CAROL.

ERNEST NEWTON.

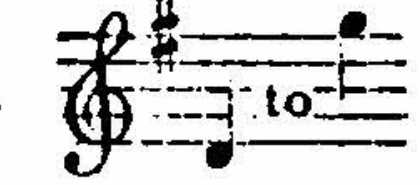
No. 1 in F.

Compass:—



No. 2 in G.

Compass:—



No. 3 in A.

Compass:—



Open wide your window,
Spring is here to-day.
Wake and greet the sunshine,
Greet the month of May!
Every merry streamlet
Gaily flows along;
Every voice is saying
"Hark! the skylark's song!"
Ah!
Sing, happy skylark, sing!

Through the glad world wander:
Ere the Spring has flown,
Gather all its flowers,
Make its joys your own.
Listen to earth's music
While the skies are blue,
Hear each skylark chanting
Songs of hope to you!
Ah!
Sing, happy skylark, sing!

EDWARD TESCHEMACHER.

COPYRIGHT, MCMVII., BY ENOCH & SONS.

AN EMBLEM.

JACK THOMPSON.

No. 1 in C.

Compass:—



No. 2 in Eb.

Compass:—



I only had a rose to give to you,
An emblem of my love so fond and true.
You coldly smil'd, we drifted far apart,
The rose you cast aside—it was my heart.

When I am gone I want no wealth of flow'rs,
Dim not your eyes with tears for those past hours,
But come to me in my last deep repose,
To only kiss my brow and give me back my rose.

JACK THOMPSON.

COPYRIGHT, MCMVI., BY ENOCH & SONS.

THE ADMIRAL'S BROOM.

1

SONG.

Words by
FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

Music by
FREDERICK BEVAN.

Allegro.

PIANO. *f*

mf

Van Tromp was an Admiral brave and bold, The Dutchman's pride was he, And he

p

rall:

cried, "I'll reign on the rolling main, As I do on the Zuyder Zee, As I do on the Zuyder

rall:

a tempo. *cres:*

Zee!" And as he paced his quarter deck, And look'd o'er the misty tide, He

a tempo. *cres:*

saw old England like a speck And he shook his fist and cried, He shook his fist and

cried:— *p* "I've a Broom at the mast!" said he, "For a
ff *p*

Broom is the sign for me, That the world may know wher-ever I go, I

cres: *f* sweep the mighty sea, I've a Broom at the mast!" said he, "For a Broom is the sign for
cres: *f*

me, That wher-ev-er I go, the world may know, I sweep the mighty

rall: *a tempo.* 3

rall: *a tempo.*

sea." Now Blake was an Admiral true as gold And he

mf *f* *p*

walk'd by the English sea; And when he was told of that Dutchman bold, A

mer - ry laugh laugh'd he, A mer - ry laugh laugh'd he. And he

rall: *a tempo.*

rall: *a tempo.*

cres.

cried, "Ho! ho! and a way we'll go, Come aboard, merry men, with me; And we'll drive this Dutchman

down below, To the bottom of his Zuyder Zee, To the bottom of his 'Zuyder Zee."

"His Broom may be trim and gay, But we'll haul it down to -

- day; When he says he'll sweep the mighty deep, 'Tis a game that two can play! His

rall: 5

Broom may be trim and gay, But we'll haul it down to-day; When he says he'll sweep the

rall:

a tempo. *mf*

might_y deep, 'Tis a game that two can play!" Then he

a tempo. *f* *p*

cried, "Come here, you Dutchman queer, Today you must fight with me, For while I ride the

rall: *a tempo.*

rolling tide, I'll be second to none," said he, "I'll be second to none," said he. So he

rall: *a tempo.*

cres:

blazed a _ way at the Dutchman gay, "Till he made Myn-heer to

cres:

f

fall, Then he hoisted a Whip to the mast of his ship, And cried to his merry men

all, He cried to his merry men all:—

ff

p

"I've a Whip at the fore," said he, "For a Whip is the sign for

p

me, That the world may know wher-ev-er we go, We ride and rule the

sea. *ff* I've a Whip at the fore," said he, "For a Whip is the sign for
ff

me, That wher-ev-er we go, the world may know We
rall. *ad lib:*

ride and rule the sea!"
voce. *ff* *Presto.*

E & S. 1672.

The sole and exclusive liberty of making reproductions of copyright works is vested in the owner of such copyright, and any other persons making reproductions without permission of the said owner render themselves liable to heavy penalties or damages. The transposition of copyright songs into other keys without the permission of the said owner is an infringement of the copyright.

ENOCH & SONS, 14 & 14^a Gt. Marlborough Street, London.W. (H)

New Baritone or Bass Songs.

SEA-WOLVES.

FELIX SWINSTEAD.

No. 1 in C.

Compass :-



No. 2 in D.

Compass :-



Sing me a song of the old time cap-tains, Me-tres reek-ing of teak and pine, Of thun-der-ing guns, and the squad-rons form-ing,

Sing me a song of the old time captains,
Metres reeking of teak and pine,
Of thundering guns, and the squadrons forming,
Crowding up in the fighting line;
And let me see them in long lines moving,
See them moving in grand array,
And watch them there in the old formation
Swooping down on the water way.

Make me a rhyme of sword and cutlass,
Days of terror when decks ran red,
Of Spanish Dons in the grip of Devon,
Then blazing decks stacked up with dead;
Of Drake who sleeps in the secret places,
Down where the deep sea cables lie,
And the great dumb guns all crusted over,
Red with the rust of years gone by.

Sing me a song, then, and make it stirring,
Strong and stirring to heart and brain;
Telling the tale of the old time glories,
Bidding the dead days live again.
Sing me a song, then—bold and stirring,
Strong and stirring to heart and brain,
Telling the tale of the old time glories,
Bidding the dead days live again.

COPYRIGHT, MCMVIII., BY ENOCH & SONS.

MONRO ANDERSON.

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

J. AIRLIE DIX.

No. 1 in C minor

Compass :-



No. 2 in D minor

Compass :-



I must go down to the sea to-night, When the ta-vern lights are low, By the lit-tle mis-sy, wind-ing path That

I must go down to the sea to-night,
When the tavern lights are low,
By the little misty winding path
That leads to the quay below;
For the sea-ghosts call from out the deep,
As they called last night to me,
And I must away and warp her out
For the great wide open sea.

O ship of mine, as we drift along,
When the dawn flames in the sky,
We'll catch the song of the chanty men,
As the shadow-ships go by;
And echoes of old-time melodies
Will wake in my heart again—
The roving days of the buccaneers
And the golden ships of Spain.

Not only once, but a hundred times,
As plain as man could see,
Those galleons grand with shattered spars
Have come in the night to me;
And many a time I've sworn I'd go,
But to-night, by Heav'n! I will;
For something gnaws at the heart o' me,
And my brain will not keep still.

COPYRIGHT, MCMVIII., BY ENOCH & SONS.

MONRO ANDERSON.

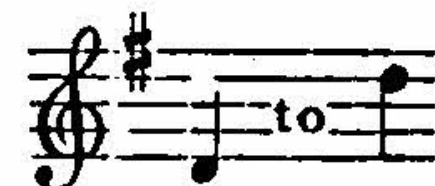
THE BALLADE OF THE PRINCE OF MUSCOVIE.

From "SIX ELIZABETHAN AIRES."

HUBERT S. RYAN.

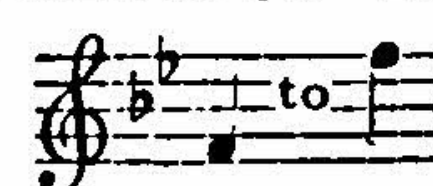
No. 1 in E minor

Compass :-



No. 2 in G minor

Compass :-



It was a Prince of Mus-co-vie That loved a Tar-tar maide, But she was proude, and loved him not, Soe all the peo-ple saide... He

It was a Prince of Muscovie
That loved a Tartar maide,
But she was proude, and loved him not,
Soe all the people saide:
He left hys throne, he left hys lands,
With none for companie,
And journeyed to the foreign wars
That wage beyonde the sea.

It was a Prince of Muscovie,
When manie yeares had gone,
With none to welcome hys returne,
Came backe to finde hys throne;
There were two Knightes on either hande,
That walked full silentlie,
The people stoode with bended heades,
But never worde spake he.

It was a Prince of Muscovie
Lay in hys golden bed,
There burned four tapers at hys feete,
There burned four at hys heade;
Hys sworde and shilde beside him lay,
And broken was the blaide;
And, clad in holie vestments, watched,
Night long, a Tartar maide.

COPYRIGHT, MCMVII., BY ENOCH & SONS.

HUBERT S. RYAN.

THE TRAMP.

H. TROTÈRE.

No. 1 in F

Compass :-



No. 2 in G

Compass :-



No. 3 in A flat

Compass :-



Go, stick to your towns, ye ci - ty clowns,— Like rats with - in a cage, And rat - tle your chains as you

Go, stick to your towns, ye city clowns,
Like rats within a cage,
And rattle your chains as you count your gains,
Poor slaves of a weekly wage!
The whole world round is my pleasure ground,
The sky my roof at night,
And my Lady Moon, at the night's high noon,
Gives all that I need of light.
O'er vale and hill I roam at will,
I come at no man's call;
A fetterless tramp, with the world for camp,
Monarch and lord of all!

No sovereign state, no golden plate,
No feast of dainties rare,
Could ever requite for he appetite
I gain from the open air.
When daylight goes, my minor woes
In dreamless sleep I drown,
In a rick or a ditch, while the weary rich
Lie sleepless on beds of down.

The mating thrush in the twilight hush
Brings mem'ries back again
Of a voice of gold, in the days of old,
That soothed each passing pain.
Those days are done, for the world holds none
Who can give dead dreams new birth;
So I'll lay my face, when I've run my race,
On the bosom of Mother Earth!
O'er vale and hill I roam at will,
I come at no man's call,
A fetterless tramp, with the world for camp,
Monarch and lord of all!

COPYRIGHT, MCMVIII., BY ENOCH & SONS

FRANKSTONE THORPE.