



very truly yours W. Augustus Banatt.

From a Photograph by G. W. Henzee Parsley.

To E. P.

ALBUM of EN SONGS.

Music Composed by

W. Augustus Barratt.



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The Lady of Sevilla.

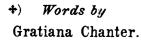


N the city of Sevilla, Years and years ago; Liv'd a lady in a villa, Ah! 'twas long ago; And her lips were cherries ripe, Years and years ago, And her eyes were like the night, Long ago.

All the gallants of Sevilla, Years and years ago,
Lov'd the lady of the villa, Ah! 'twas long ago;
But their foolish hearts were broken, Years and years ago,
For she scorn'd their true-love tokens, Long ago.

Far away from fair Sevilla, Years and years ago,
Far from city, town, and villa, Ah! 'twas long ago,
Sail'd a ship across the ocean, Years and years ago;
And the lady's heart was broken, Years and years ago.

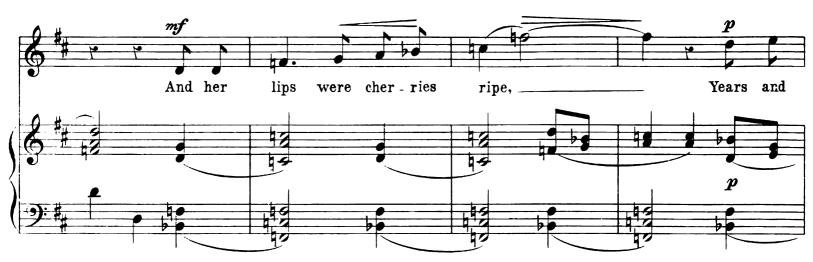
-Gratiana Chanter.

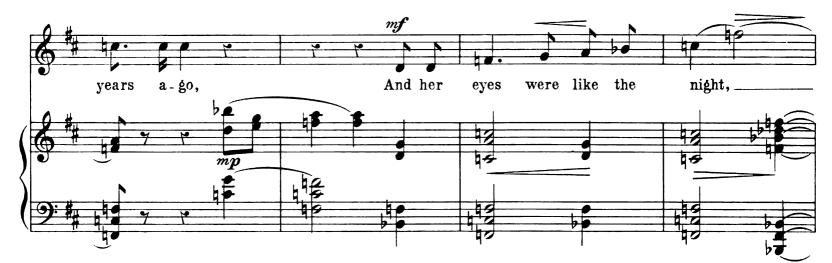


Music by W. Augustus Barratt.



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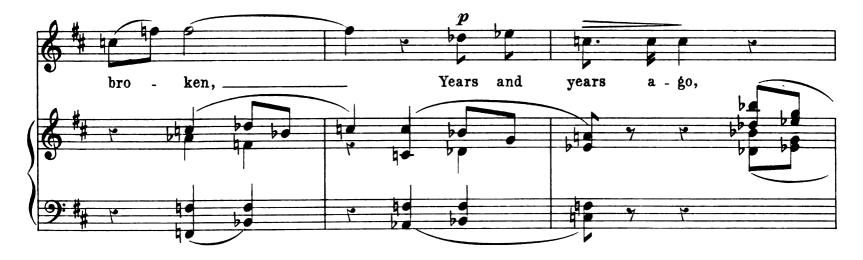


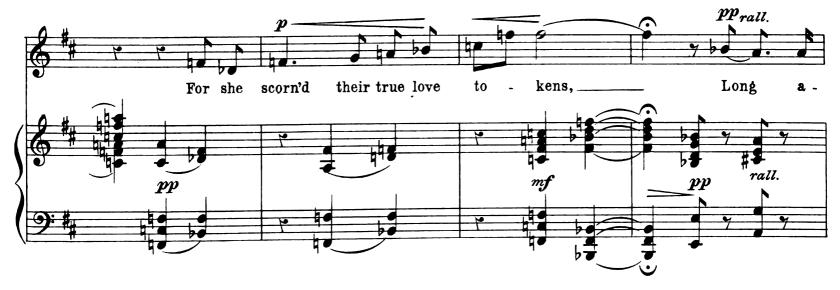






















7

O MISTRESS MINE.



MISTRESS mine, where are ye roaming?
O stay and hear! your true love's coming That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.
What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure !

-Shakespeare.

O MISTRESS MINE.

Words by Shakespeare.

Music by W. Augustus Barratt.







My True Love hath my Heart.



Y true love hath my heart, and I have his, By just exchange one to the other giv'n: I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,

There never was a better bargain driv'n: My true love hath my heart, and I have his. His heart in me keeps him and me in one;

My heart in him his thoughts and senses guide: He loves my heart, for once it was his own;

I cherish his because in me it bides:

My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

-Sir P. Sidney (1554-1586).

My True Love hath my Heart.

Words by

Sir P. Sidney (1554-1586.)

Music by W. Augustus Barratt.



Ten Songs, (Barratt.)





BELOVED! AMIDST THE EARNEST WOES.



ELOVED! amidst the earnest woes
That crowd around my earthly path,
Drear path, alas! where grows
Not ev'n one lonely rose;
My soul at least the solace hath,
In dreams of thee;
And therein knows an Eden
Of bland repose.
And thus thy mem'ry is to me
Like some enchanted, far-off isle,
In some tumultuous sea,
Some ocean throbbing far and free,
But where meanwhile, continually, serenest skies
Just o'er that one bright island smile.

-Edgar Allan Poe.

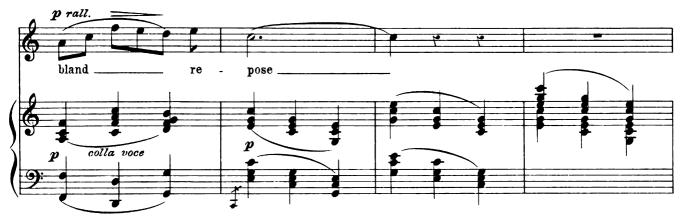
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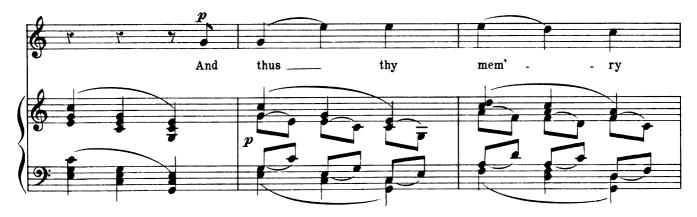
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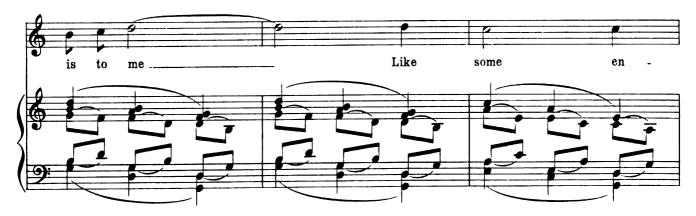


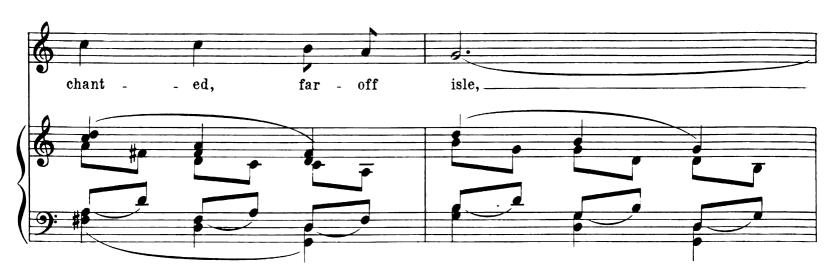


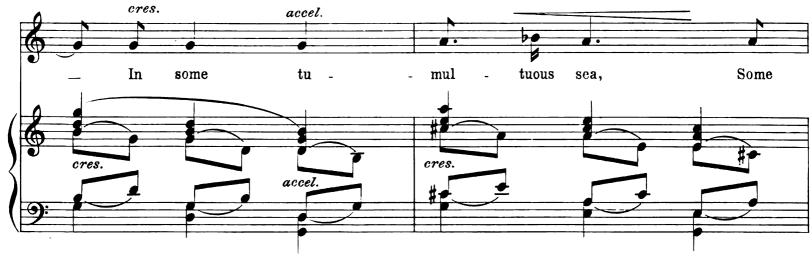


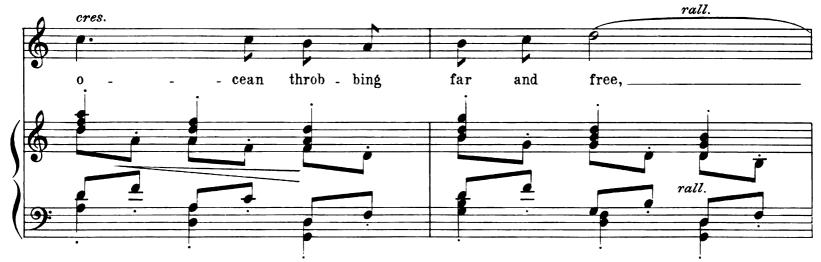


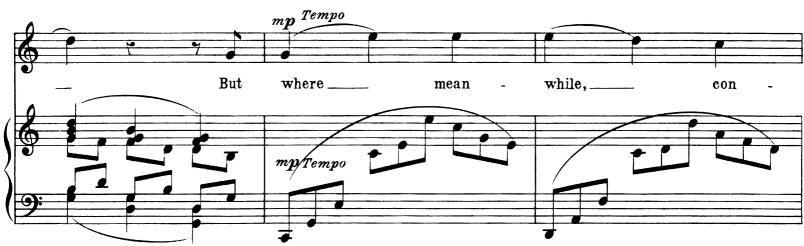












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ARABIC SERENADE.



Y faint spirit was sitting in the light Of thy looks, my love; It panted for thee, like the hind at noon For the brooks, my love. Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,

Bore thee far from me:

My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon, Did companion thee.

Ah ! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,

Or the death they bear,

The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove With the wings of care.

In the battle, in the darkness, in the need Shall mine cling to thee;

Nor ask one smile for all the comfort, love,

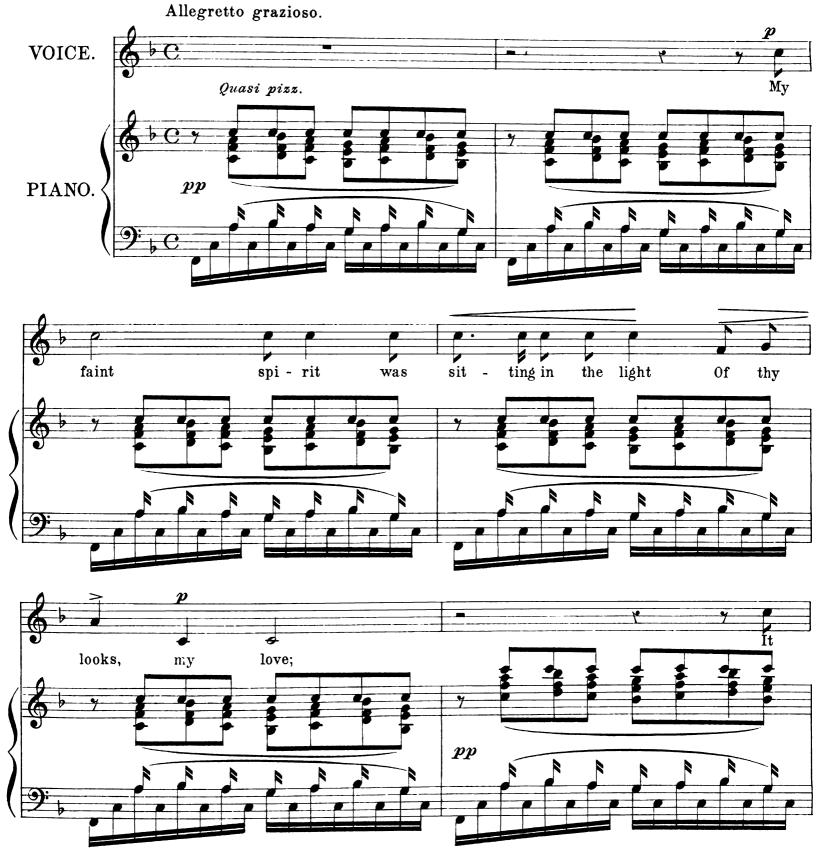
It may bring to thee.

-Shelley.

ARABIC SERENADE.

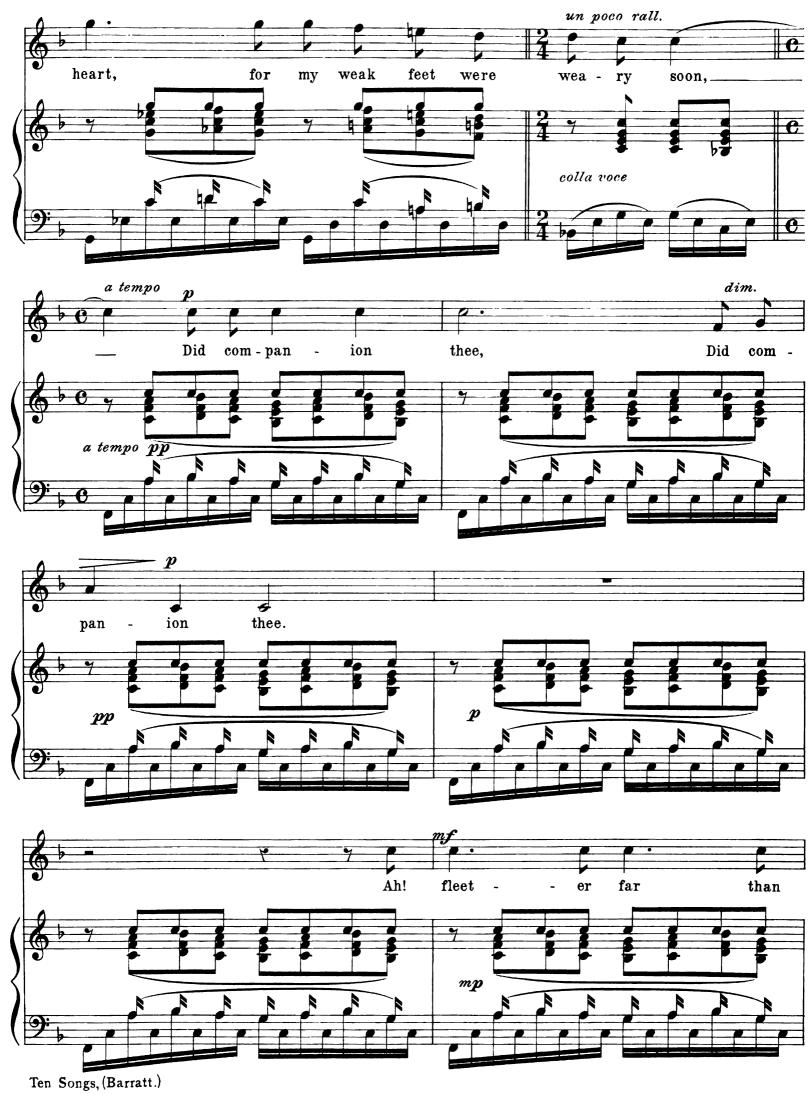
Words by Shelley.

Music by W. Augustus Barratt.

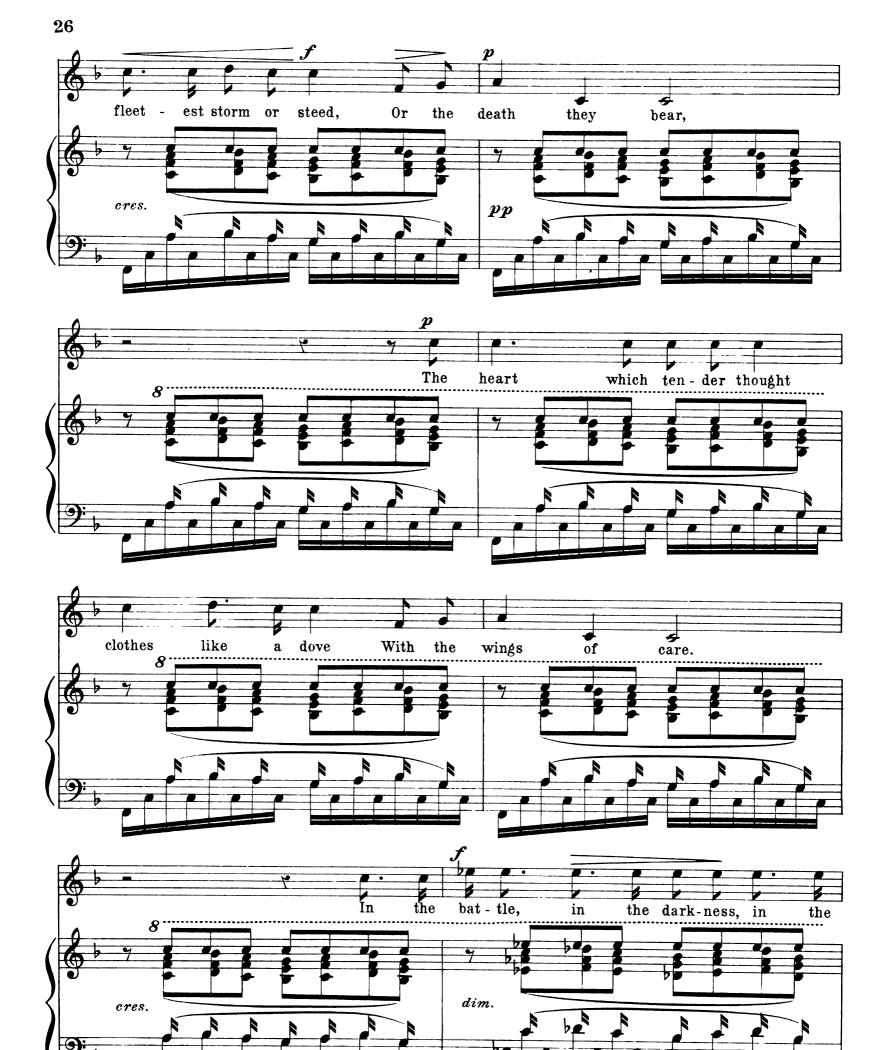


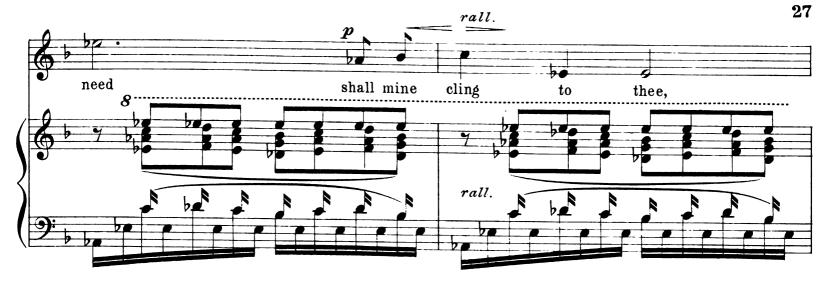




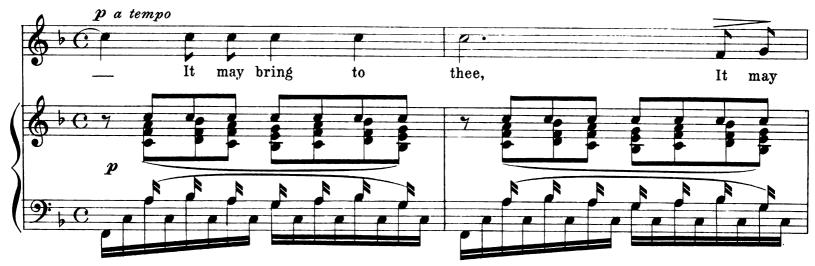


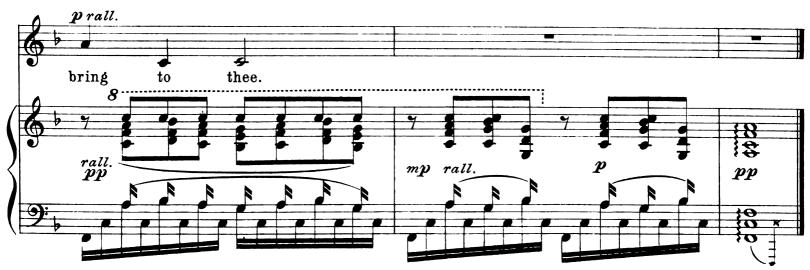
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THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.



HERE is a garden in her face, Where roses and white lilies grow; A heav'nly paradise is that place, Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow, There cherries grow that none may buy, Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do encloseOf orient pearl a double row,Which, when her laughter shows,They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow;Yet them no peer nor prince can buy,Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

-Richard Alison.

Words by Richard Alison (1606).

Music by W. Augustus Barratt.





Ten Songs, (Barratt.)



SING SOFT AND LOW.



ING soft and low; Love sleeps below This little coverlet of snow, And the tall trees shake, But he will not wake, Though we call him loud, And our lone heart break, He will not wake.

Sing soft and low, He will not know Our bitter pain and cank'ring woe, And birds that sing In the early spring, To him no song, No song can bring, Nor we tho' we sit and sing.

From "Wayside Songs."

A Dirge.

Words from "Wayside songs."

Music by W. Augustus Barratt.



34 0 But he will wake, _____ Though we call him shake, _ \mathbf{not} Ŧ 2 🖉 And loud, heart lone break He our 6 sj Tempo Primo. rall. Sing will \mathbf{not} wake. 90 pp 7 7 D Ŧ Ŧ A ر. ۲ 4 cres. . đ . ø soft and low, He will not know our















8^{va} bassa

THE SUNDIAL.



NUMBER only sunny hours,
For shadows lay my pencil by,
And drape me to forgetfulness,
Till beams again the happy sky.
Oh! dappled all with shade and shine,
The days their circling measure tread.
Alone on me the changing skies,
With sunless hours kind slumber shed.
Oh ! thus to sleep when shadows fall,
A sleep so kind, when shall it be ?
The passion pain'd, the sorrowing,
May whisper when they glance at me.

-T. D. Robb.

Words by T. D. Robb.

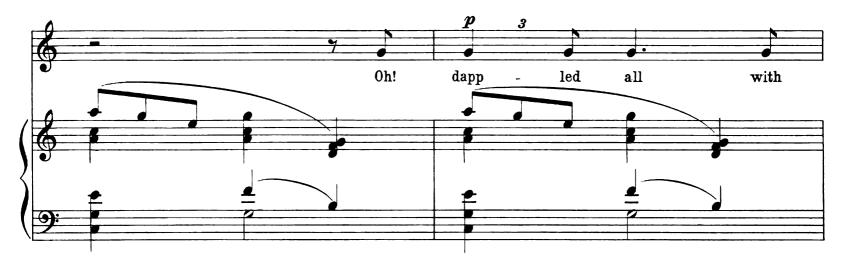
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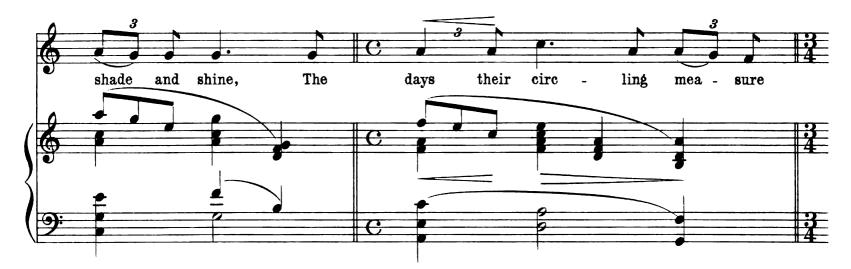


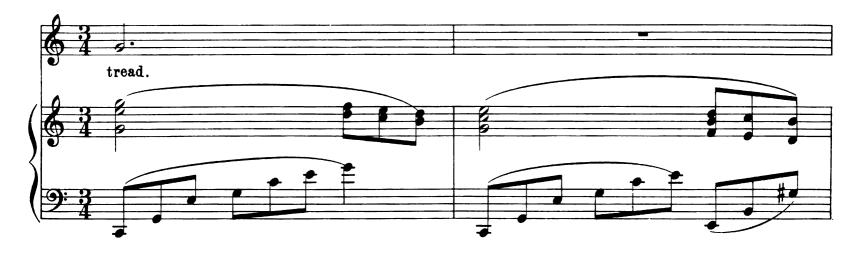


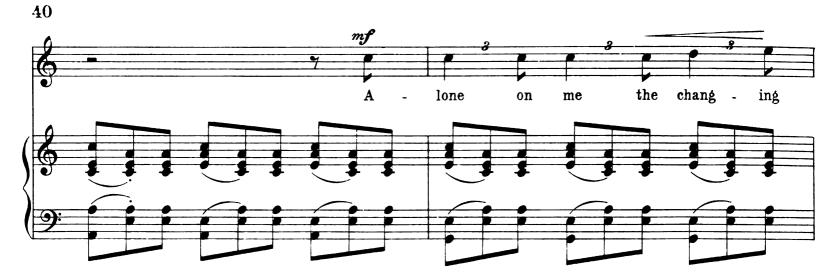
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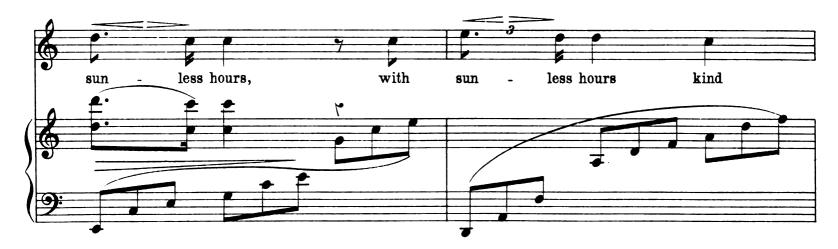
















OH, LOVE WILL VENTURE IN.



H, love will venture in, where it daurna weel be seen! Oh, love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been! But I will down yon river rove, amang the woods sae green, An' a' to pu' a Posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair, And in her lovely bosom, I'll place the lily there; The daisy's for simplicity, and unaffected air: An' a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the Posie round wi' the silken band o' love;I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,That to my latest draught of life, the band shall ne'er remove,An' this will be a Posie to my ain dear May.

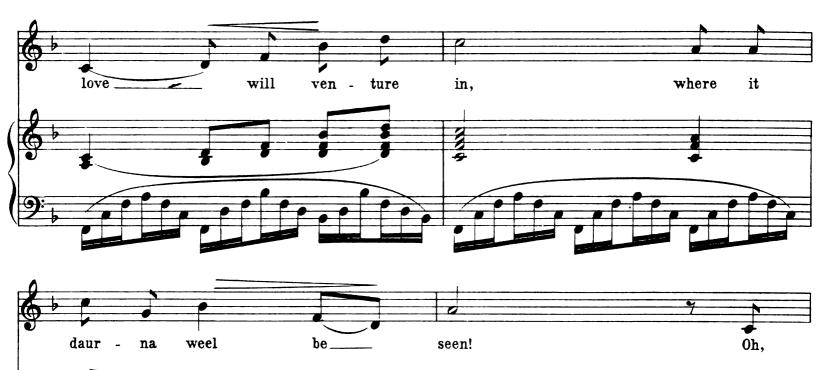
-Burns.

OH, LOVE WILL VENTURE IN.

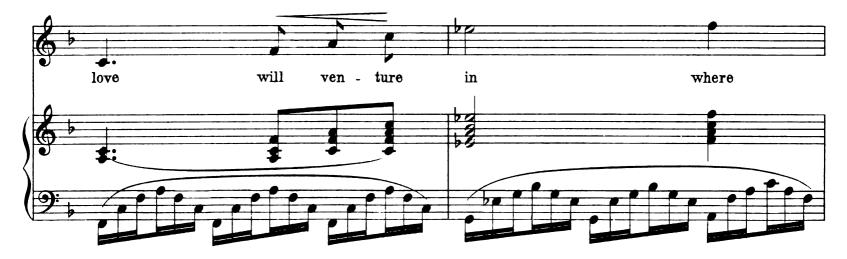
Words by Burns.

Music by W. Augustus Barratt.











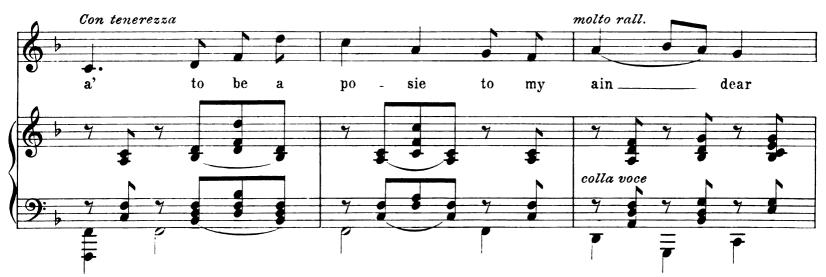
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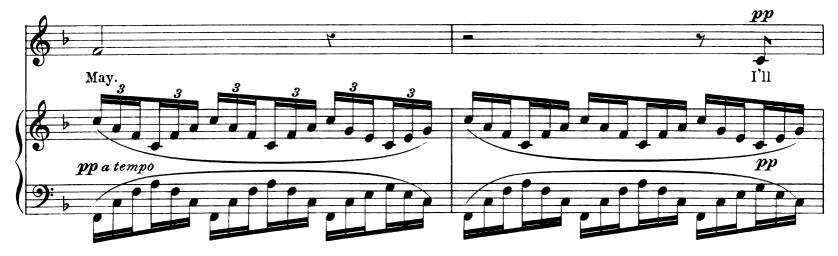


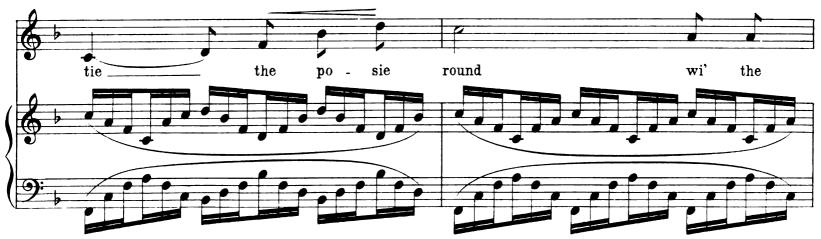


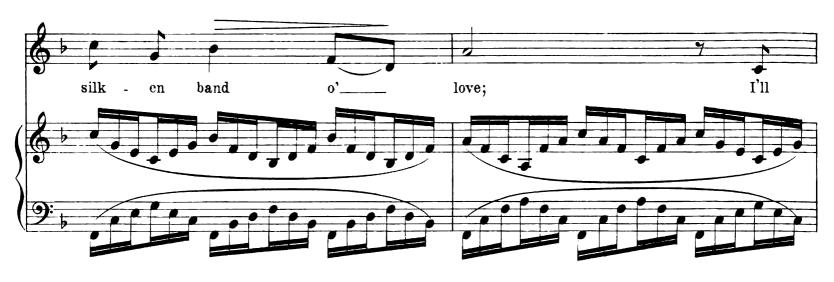
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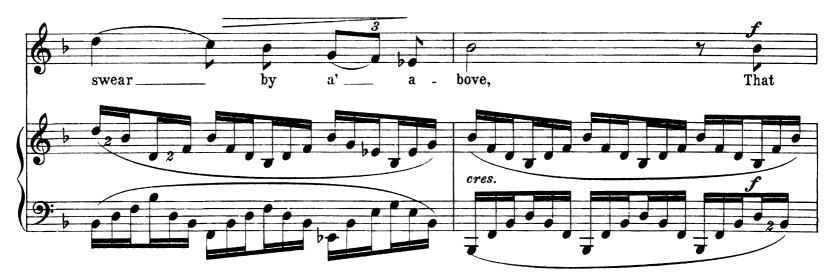


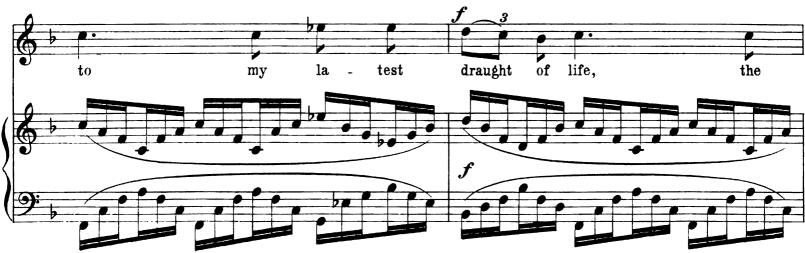






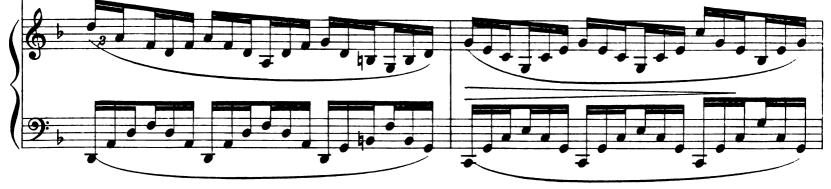




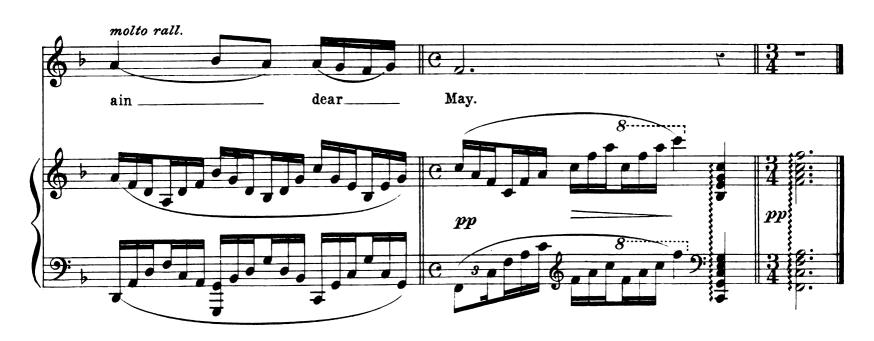


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O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.



GIN my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!
Oh there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phoebus' light.

O were my love yon Lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing!
How I wad mourn when it was torn,
By Autumn wild, and Winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

-Burns.

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

Words by Burns.

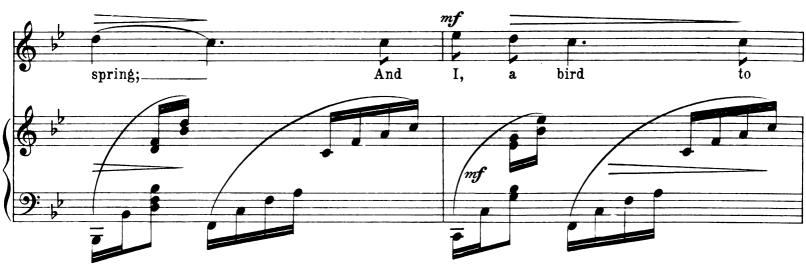
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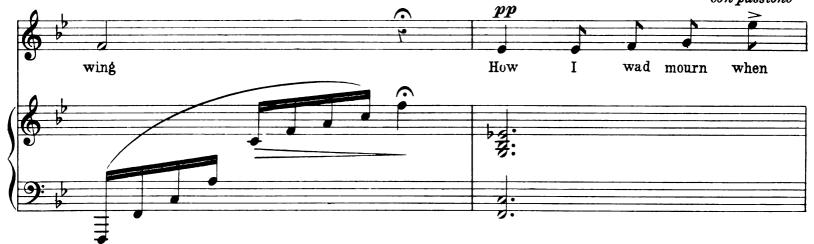
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