



COWEN

THIRD SET OF TWELVE SONGS

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 4/- nett.

• L O N D O N •

47.51
COWEN

H. WILLIAMS • 24 • BERNERS STREET • W.

New York.

EDWARD SCHUBERTH & CO (J.F.H. MEYER)

47.51
SOPRANO OR TENOR.

VOL V.
TO MY FRIEND
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

CONTRALTO OR BARITONE.

3RD SET OF
Twelve Songs

- N^o 1. AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT... Words by... THOMAS MOORE
2. A SERENADE..... BARRY CORNWALL
3. CRADLE SONG..... D^o..... D^o.....
4. A PAST SPRING-TIME..... GEORGE ELIOT
5. LONELY..... D^o..... D^o.....
6. A BRIDE SONG..... CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
7. THE STARS..... BARRY CORNWALL
8. FEDALMA..... CLIFTON BINGHAM
9. THE LAND OF VIOLETS..... BARRY CORNWALL
10. SOMEWHERE..... CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
11. A BIRTHDAY..... D^o..... D^o.....
12. DAY IS DYING..... GEORGE ELIOT

Composed by

Frederic H. Cowen.

Price Four Shillings nett.

London,
JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, BERNERS STREET, W.
NEW YORK, EDWARD SCHUBERTH & CO (J. F. H. MEYER)

A BRIDE SONG.

* Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

NO 6.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Allegro comodo non troppo vivace. (M. M. ♩ = 80.)

VOICE. *f* Through the vales to my love! In

PIANO. *mf*

sweet A - pril hours All rain - - bow and show'rs, While

dove an - swers dove, In beau - - ti-ful

mf *p*

May, When the or - - chards are ten - der And froth - - ing with

flow'rs, In op - - u - lent June, When the wheat stands up

cresc.

cresc.

slen - der By sweet - smell - ing hay, And half the sun's

p

splen - dour De - scends to the moon, And half the sun's

cresc.

p

splen - dour De - scends to the moon..... Through the

cresc.

f

vales..... to my love!..... Through the

f

vales to my love!

p

mf

Through the vales to my love!.....

mf

..... Where the turf is so soft to the feet And the

thyme makes it sweet..... And the

mf

state - ly fox - glove Hangs si - - lent its bells, its

p

ex - qui - site bells; And where wa - ter wells The

cresc.

cresc.

green - ness grows green - er, The green - ness grows green - er, And

bul - - rush - es stand Round a li - - ly to

cresc.

p

cresc.

cresc.

screen her, And bul - - rush - es stand Round it

p *cresc.*

li - - - ly to screen her..... *f* Through the

vales..... to my love!..... *f* Through the

vales to my love! *p non affrettando* Nev - er - the - less.....

p *p*

... if this land Like a gar - den to smell and to

sight, *p* Were turned to a de - sert of sand; Stripped

bare of de - light, All its best gone to worst,

p For my feet no re - pose, *p* No

wa - ter to com - fort my thirst, And heav'n

p

like a fur - nace a - bove, The

poco rit. *a tempo* *f*

poco rit. *mf a tempo*

de - - sert would be As gushing of wa - ters to

appassionato

me, The wild - erness be *as a rose, If it

led me to thee, The wild - - er - ness

3 *dim.*

be as a rose, O my love,

f *dim.*

.... O my love If it led ... me to

f

thee, O my love.

f *dim.*