

# COME BACK IN DREAMS

Words by Christina G. Rossetti

Set to music by

## Theo MARZIALS



N. 1 in F.  
50285

N. 2 in E flat  
50242

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TITO DI GIO. RICORDI

MILAN — NAPLES — FLORENCE — ROME — and PARIS

LONDON

265 Regent Street W.



# Come back in Dreams !



Come to me in the silence of the night,  
 Come in the speaking silence of a dream,  
 Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright  
 As sunlight on a stream!  
 Come back in tears,  
 O Memory, Hope, Love of former years!

O dream, how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,  
 Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,  
 Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;  
 Where thirsting longing eyes  
 Watch the slow door,  
 That opening — letting in — lets out no more!

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live  
 My very life again tho' cold in Death!  
 Come back to me in dreams, that I may give  
 Pulse for pulse, breath for breath!  
 Speak low, lean low,  
 As long ago, my love — how long ago!

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

# COME BACK IN DREAMS

Words by  
*CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI*

N. 2

Music by  
*THEO. MARZIALS*

*ALLEGRETTO*

*f appassionato*

*dim.*

VOICE

*p*

*Or. come in the*

Come to me in the si - lence of the night.....

spea - - king

Come in the si - lence of..... a dream.....

Come with soft rounded cheeks and

*p*

*f*

Ricordi's Copyright.

m 50242 m



eyes as bright, As sun - light on a stream.....

*f* *ff*

Come back..... in tears..... Come back..... in

*fpp* *f*

tears..... O Mem' ry, Hope, Love of for - mer years, Come

*con slancio* *f* *ff*

back, come back, come back in tears.....

*f* *p*

5

*MENO MOSSO, calmo*

O dream, how sweet, how

*f* *p* *p* *MENO MOSSO, calmo* *p*

bit - ter sweet, ..... Whose wak'ning should have been in Pa - radise, Where

souls brimfull of Love a - bide and meet, a - bide and meet ..... Where

*calando* *pp*

thirsting, lon-ging eyes watch the slow door, That op'ning, let-ting in, lets

*string.* *f* *f* *col canto* *fff*



*Molto appassionato*

out no more, no more, no more. Yet come, oh come back in dreams, that

*dim.* *p* *f*

*Or.* *7* My ve-ry life

I may live, My ve-ry life again tho' cold..... in Death!.....

*a tempo*

Come, oh! come back in dreams that I may give, Pulse for pulse, breath for breath

pulse for pulse, breath for breath..... Speak low my love,

*con slancio* *a tempo* *ff* *pp* *pp*

*m* 50242 *m* *Ped.* \*

lean low, my love, Speak low, lean low..... as

long a-go my love, how long a-go, Lean low, my love, Speak

low. Speak low, lean low..... As

long a-go, so long a-go.....

*string.* *f* *ff* *ppp* *ppp* *ppp* *f*

*m* 50242 *m*



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MILAN — ROME — NAPLES — FLORENCE — PARIS

AND

265, Regent Street, W — LONDON — Regent Street, W. 265.

## ★ NEWEST SONGS. ★

### HELP ME TO PRAY MUSIC BY F. P. TOSTI.

WHAT of the night, o heart, my heart?  
the night is wild, the roads divide,  
and duty tells me we must part,  
while Love stands weeping at my side.  
O mother, come from heaven thy home,  
be near me, for my footsteps stray,  
O let me kneel as once I knelt,  
and pray as once I used to pray:  
"Father, in our tribulation,  
when our way is lost in night,  
in the time of our temptation,  
strengthen us, and give us light."

The night is long and dark the skies,  
And love still calls me sweet and low,  
With yearning hand and weeping eyes  
O mother, guard me lest I go.  
O mother, help me, pray for me,  
my heart will break, the storm is wild.  
O hold me in thy arms to thee,  
and pray with me as when a child:  
"Father, in our tribulation,  
when our way is lost in night,  
in the time of our temptation,  
Guide us with thy heavenly light."

F. E. WEATHERLY.

*In A minor, compass E to F; also published in G minor and in F minor.*

### STAY WITH ME MUSIC BY TITO MATTEI.

THE night is wild, the way is dark,  
Looked on by lurid skies;  
O love, thou wert of yore mine ark  
When storms were wont to rise.  
What refuge have I, if we part,  
What hope, when storms befall?  
Set wide the portal of thy heart,  
And hear me when I call!  
Ah stay with me, love, stay with me,  
I have no hope in life but thee;  
Be all to me, love, as of yore,  
And stay with me for evermore!  
See, on yon crested sea afloat  
A ship is making sail,  
How by her side a little boat  
Is sheltered from the gale.  
So stay with me and let me hide  
By thee till storm be past,  
And cross Life's ocean dark and wide  
Beside thee to the last!  
Ah stay with me, love, stay with me,  
I have no hope in life but thee;  
Be all to me, love, as of yore,  
And stay with me for evermore!

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

*In F minor, compass B to G; also published in E flat, D minor, and C minor.*

### COME TO ME MUSIC BY LUIGI DENZA.

NEATH the silver silence of the moon,  
When the winds are sighing in the west,  
And the rosy blossom buds of June  
Close their dewy petals into rest.  
When the weary earth is hushed and sleeping,  
And the golden stars their watch are keeping.  
Come to me, my darling heart,  
Lay your trembling hands in mine,  
Let me in your eyes divine  
Love, that life nor death shall part!  
Love as boundless as the ocean sea,  
Love that shall be proof against all time;  
Love that shall be life to you and me,  
Filling both our souls with trust sublime;  
Till your heart shall beat on mine, replying  
With a joy unending, never dying!  
Come to me, my darling heart,  
Lay your trembling hands in mine,  
Let me in your eyes divine  
Love, that life nor death may part!

W. BOOSEY.

*In D, compass E to A; also published in C and in B flat.*

### COULD I BUT SAY MUSIC BY J. L. ROECKEL.

WHEN in my dreams I meet you,  
As oft we met of yore,  
Your tender voice and loving  
Rings in my heart once more;  
I know not which is sweeter  
Its music or its theme:  
Mine eyes unclosed with morning  
To find I do but dream.  
Love, my love, if I could but say  
The words that were left unsaid one day;  
I did not know I loved you so  
Until you had gone away!  
If I should hear your footfall  
In some yet distant day,  
My heart would wake from dreaming  
To meet you on your way.  
If lips that once were scornful  
Should dare that day to plead,  
O would you pause to listen,  
Or pass me without heed?  
Love, my love, when you come, that day  
O hear the words that my heart would say;  
I did not know I loved you so  
Until you had gone away!

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

*In E flat; compass E flat to A; also published in C and in B flat. In C, with Cello or Violin accompaniment.*

### THE GATE'S AJAR MUSIC BY CIRO PINSUTI.

THE rosy ripples flit and fade across the sunlit west—  
I kneel where I must ever kneel till I am call'd to rest;  
And while the light of heaven falls above thy resting place,  
I pray to clasp thy hand again, and look upon thy face;  
So near—so near the other world, and yet so far away:  
But like an echo to my prayer, I hear the angels say:  
"Behind the shifting scenes of Time there lies the gate of day,  
And love shall live, though all things die, for ever and for aye."

I sometimes think you hear my voice while thus I talk with thee,  
And eyes uplifted from the earth fall once again on me—  
Between our hearts once more I weave the bonds that death hath riv'n,  
While heav'n seems wafted over earth, and earth is borne towards heav'n.  
So near—so near the other world, whose gates are closed by day;  
I almost see the far-off land, and hear the angels say:  
"When Time shall fold his weary wings, and shadows fade away,  
Then love shall live, though all things die, for ever and for aye."

*In D, compass E to G, also published in C and in B flat.*

H. L. D'ARCY JAXONE.

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