WIND FLOWERS

Cycle of
QUARTETS, SOLOS & DUET,

The Words by

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
SIDNEY DOBELL,
AND
SHELLEY.

The Music by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

PRICE 3/= NET

BOOSEY & Co
295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
AND
9, EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

THIS CYCLE MAY BE SUNG IN PUBLIC WITHOUT FEE OR LICENSE.
THE PUBLIC PERFORMANCE OF ANY PARODIED VERSION, HOWEVER,
IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

COPYRIGHT 1903 BY BOOSEY & Co

WIND FLOWERS

Cycle of

QUARTETS, SOLOS & DUET,

The Words by

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

SIDNEY DOBELL,

AND

SHELLEY.

The Music by

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

PRICE 3/- NET

BOOSEY & Co
295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
AND
9, EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

THIS CYCLE MAY BE SUNG IN PUBLIC WITHOUT FEE OR LICENSE.
THE PUBLIC PERFORMANCE OF ANY PARODIED VERSION, HOWEVER,
IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

COPYRIGHT 1903 BY BOOSEY & Co

Contents.

	WORDS BY	PAGE
TWIST ME A CROWN OF WIND FLOWERS (QUARTET)	CHRISTINA ROSSETTI	1
HIGH OVER THE BREAKERS (QUARTET)	SIDNEY DOBELL	8
THE WIND HAS SUCH A RAINY SOUND (CONTRALTO SOLO)	CHRISTINA ROSSETTI	16
HOPE IS LIKE A HAREBELL (QUARTET)	CHRISTINA ROSSETTI	20
TWO DOVES ON THE SELF-SAME BRANCH (DUET)	CHRISTINA ROSSETTI	25
MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE (QUARTET)	SHELLEY	28
WHEN A MOUNTING SKYLARK SINGS (TENOR SOLO AND QUARTET)	CHRISTINA ROSSETTI	34
GOING TO BED (QUARTET)	R.L.STEVENSON	38
WINDY NIGHTS (BASS SOLO AND QUARTET)	R.L.STEVENSON	44
FINALE		49

WIND FLOWERS.

I.—TWIST ME A CROWN OF WIND FLOWERS.

(QUARTET.)

TWIST me a crown of wind flow'rs,
  That I may fly away
To hear the singers at their song,
  And players at their play.

Put on your crown of wind flow'rs,—
  But whither would you go?
Beyond the singing of the sea
  And the storms that blow.

Alas, your crown of wind flow'rs
  Can never make you fly, —
I twist them in a crown to-day,
  And to-night they die.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

II.—High over the Breakers.

(Quartet.)

High over the breakers,
Low under the lee,
Sing ho!
The billow
And the lash of the rolling sea.

Boat, boat, to the billow,
Boat, boat, to the lee,
Love, on thy pillow,
Art thou dreaming of me?

Billow, billow, breaking,
Land us low on the lee!
For sleeping or waking,
Sweet love, I'm coming to thee.

High over the breakers,
Low under the lee,
Sing ho!
The billow,
That brings me back to thee!

Sidney Dobell.

(By kind permission)

III.—The Wind has such a Rainy Sound.

(Contralto Solo.)

The wind has such a rainy sound,
Moaning through the town,
The sea has such a windy sound,—
Will the ships go down?

The apples in the orchard
Tumble from the tree;
Oh, will the ships go down
On the windy sea?

Christina Rossetti.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

IV.—Hope is like a Harebell.

(Quartet.)

Hope is like a harebell, trembling from its birth,
Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth,
Faith is like a lily, lifted high and white,
Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight.
Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth,
But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.

Christina Rossetti.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

V.—Two Doves on the self-same Branch.

(Duet.)

Two doves upon the self-same branch,
  Two lilies on a single stem,
Two butterflies upon one flower,
  Oh, happy they that look on them.

Who look upon them hand in hand,
  Flush'd in a rosy summer light,
Who look upon them hand in hand,
  And never give a thought to night.

Christina Rossetti.

(*By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.*)

VI.—Music, when soft voices die.

(Quartet.)

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts,—when thou art gone
Love itself shall slumber on.

Shelley.

VII.—When a mounting Skylark sings.

(Tenor Solo and Quartet.)

When a mounting skylark sings
  In the sunlit summer morn,
I know that heav'n is up on high,
  And on earth are fields of corn;
But when a nightingale sings
  On a moonlit summer ev'n,
I know not if earth is merely earth,
  Only that heav'n is heav'n.

Christina Rossetti.

(*By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.*)

VIII.—Going to Bed.

(Quartet.)

All round the house is the jet black night,
It stares through the window pane,
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like a drum,
With the breath of the Bogie in my hair,
And all round the candle the crooked shadows come,
And go marching along up the stair.

The shadows of the balusters, the shadow of the lamp,
The shadow of the child that goes to bed,
All the wicked shadows come tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the black night over head.

R. L. Stevenson.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

IX.—Windy Nights.

(Bass Solo and Quartet.)

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,—
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are toss'd at sea,
By on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

R. L. Stevenson.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

Finale.

(Quartet—"Going to Bed.")

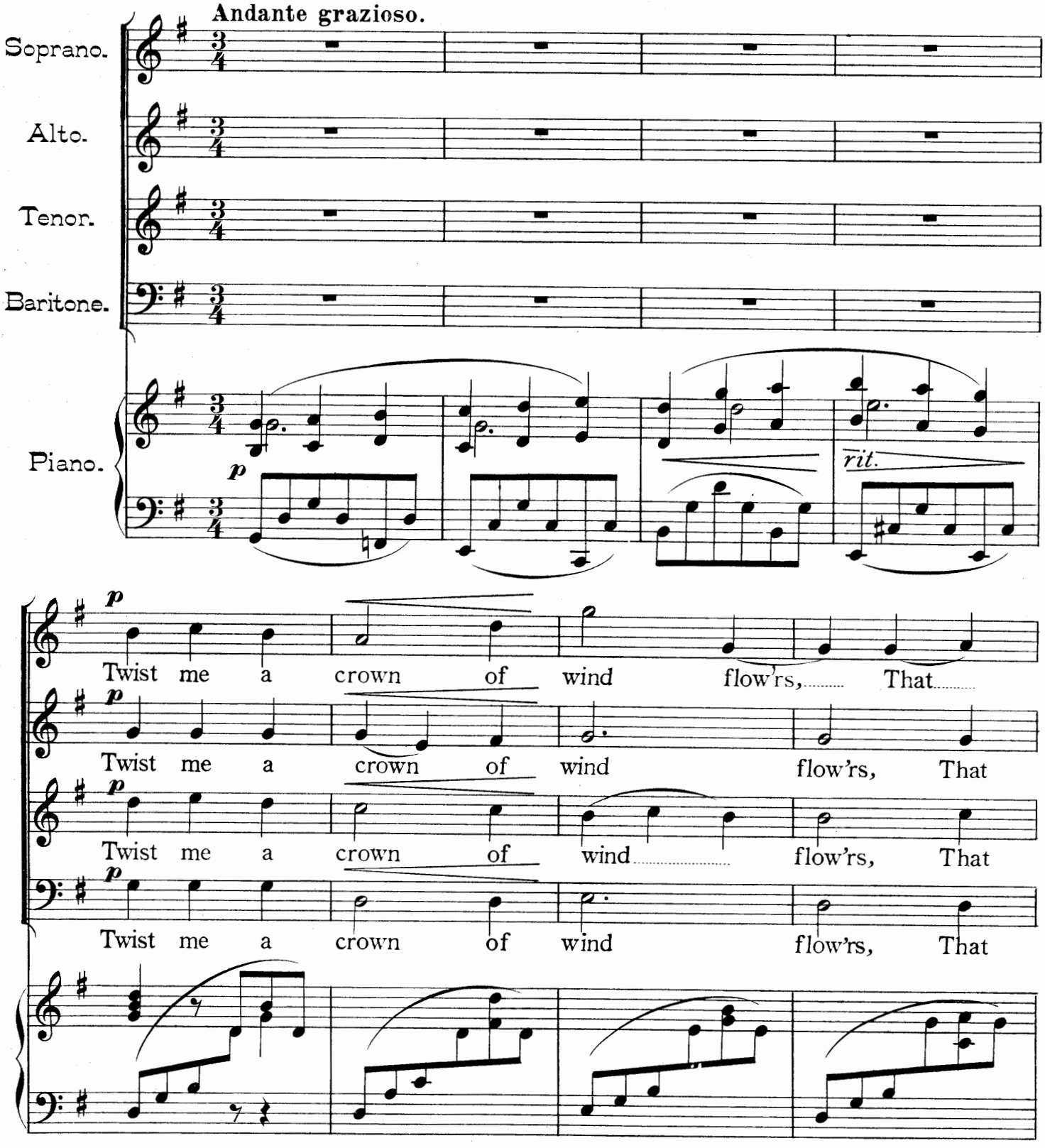
All round the house is the jet black night,
" &c., &c., &c.

Twist me a Crown of Wind Flowers.

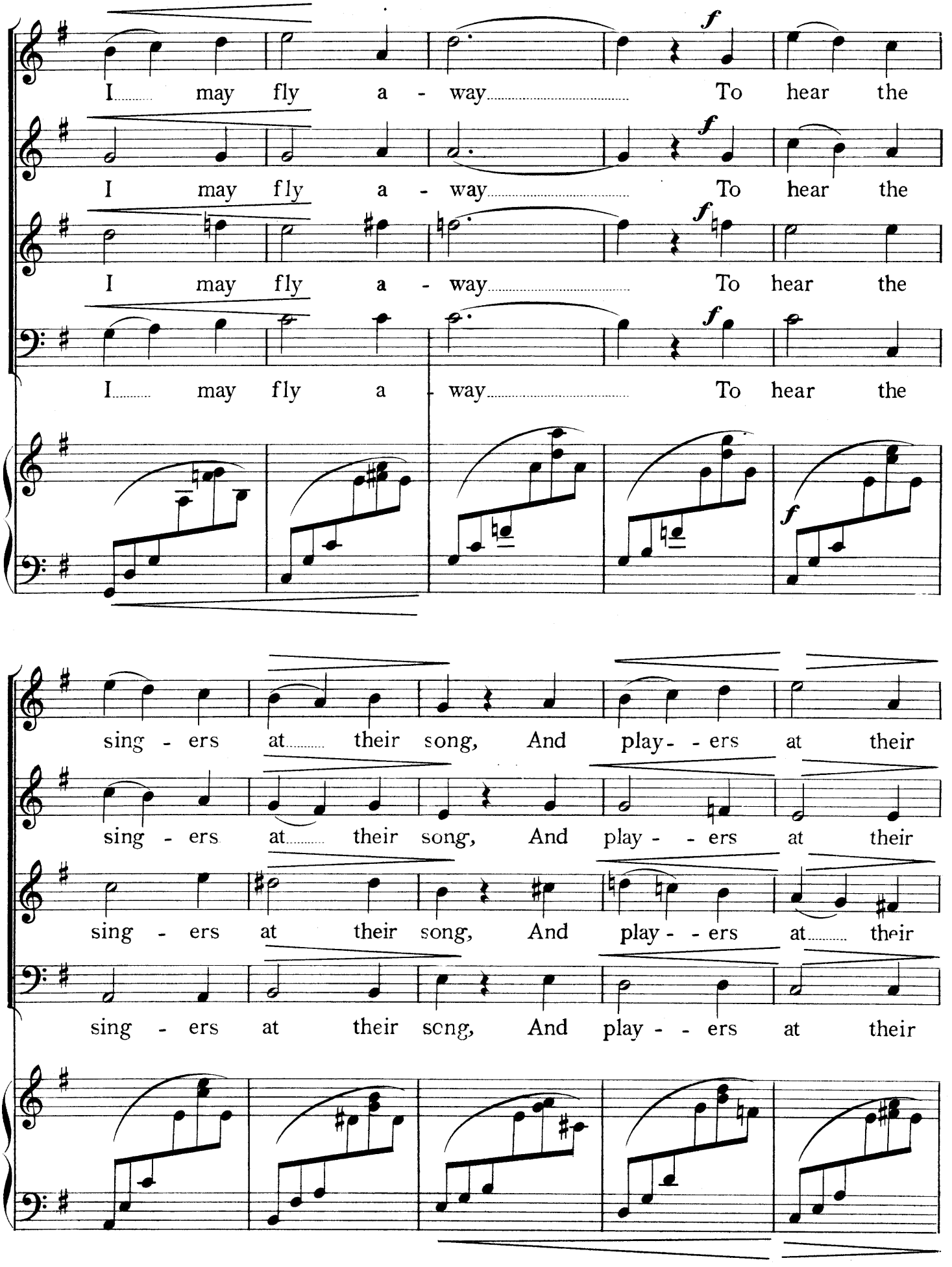
No 1. Quartet.

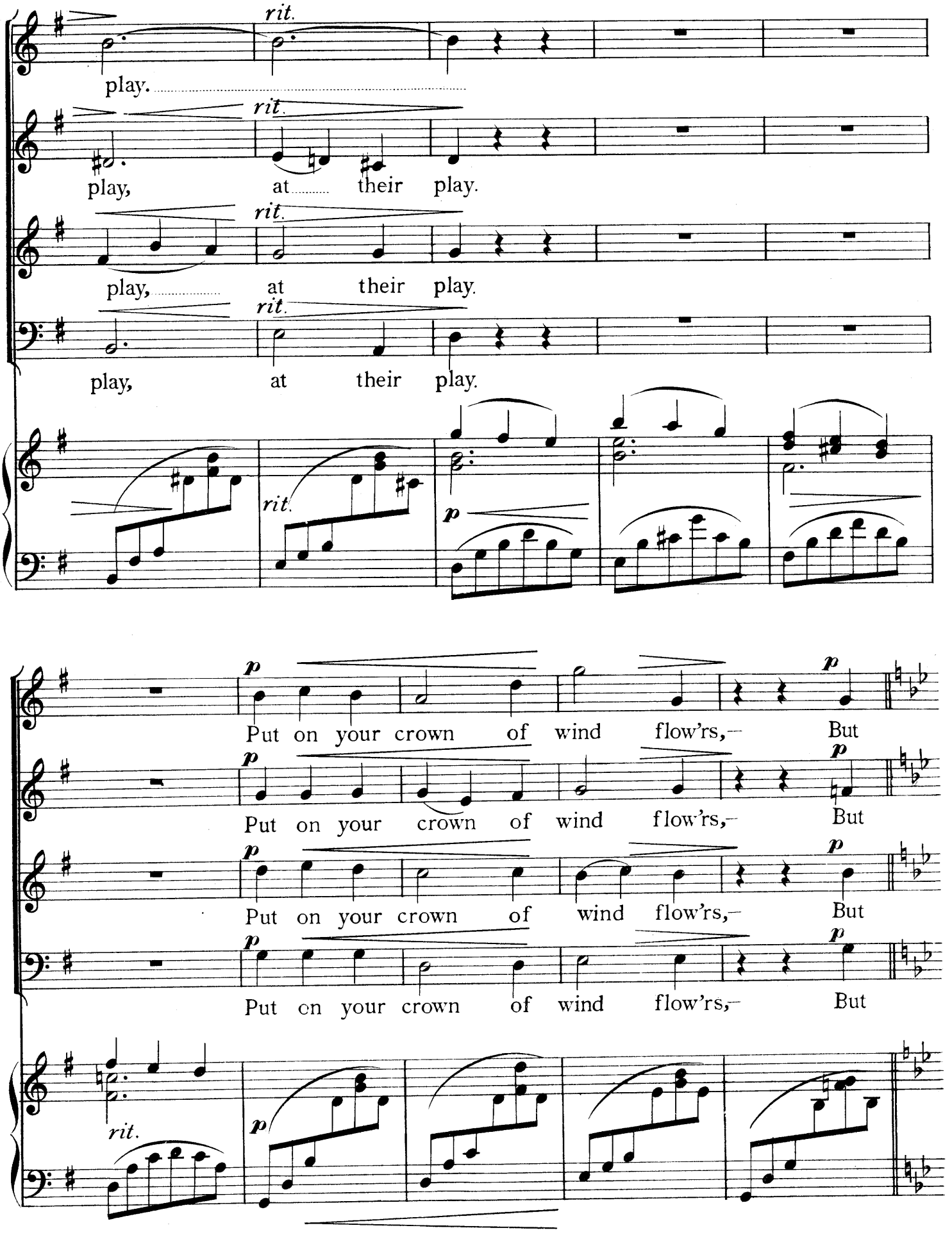
Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

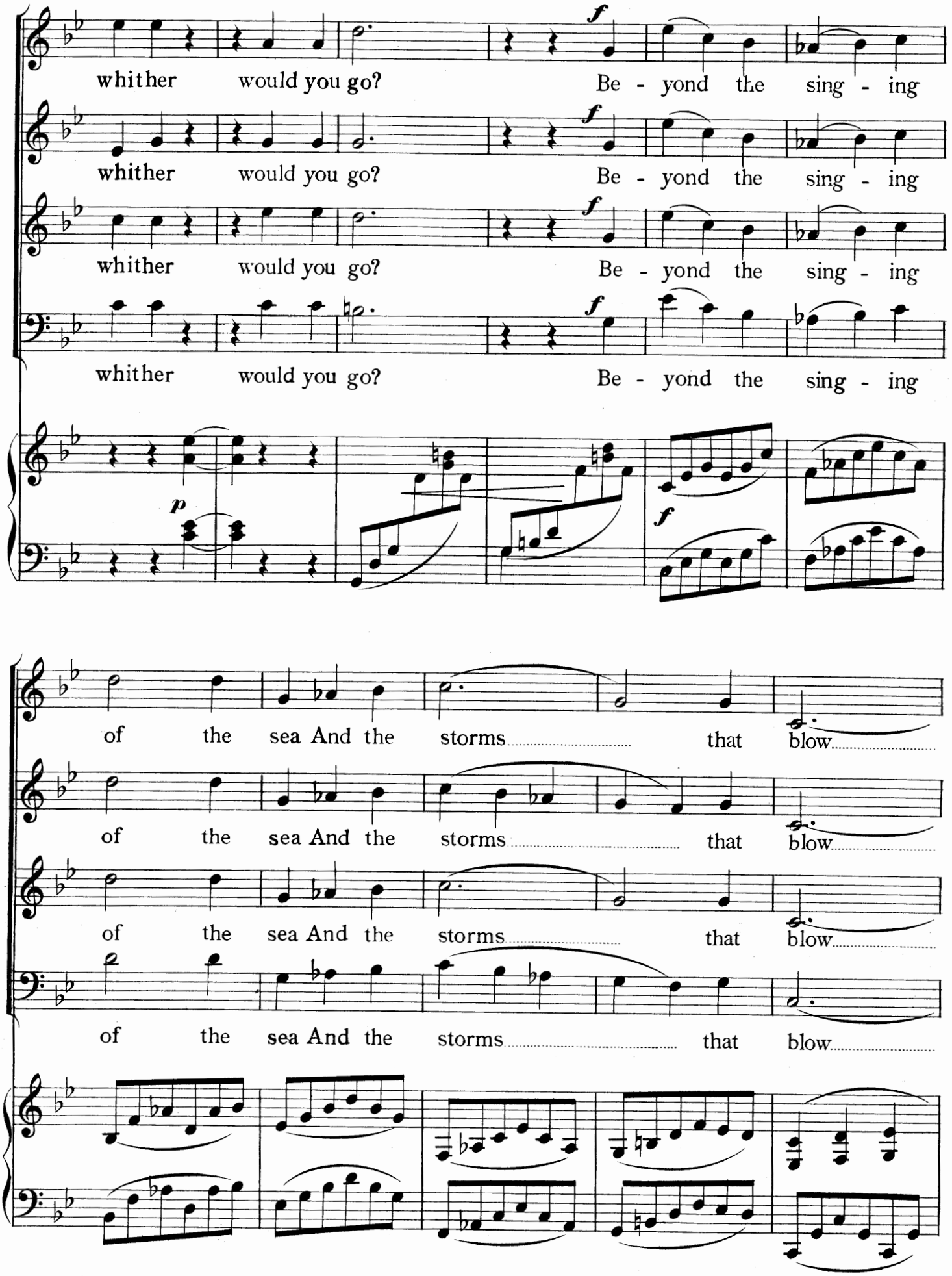
Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

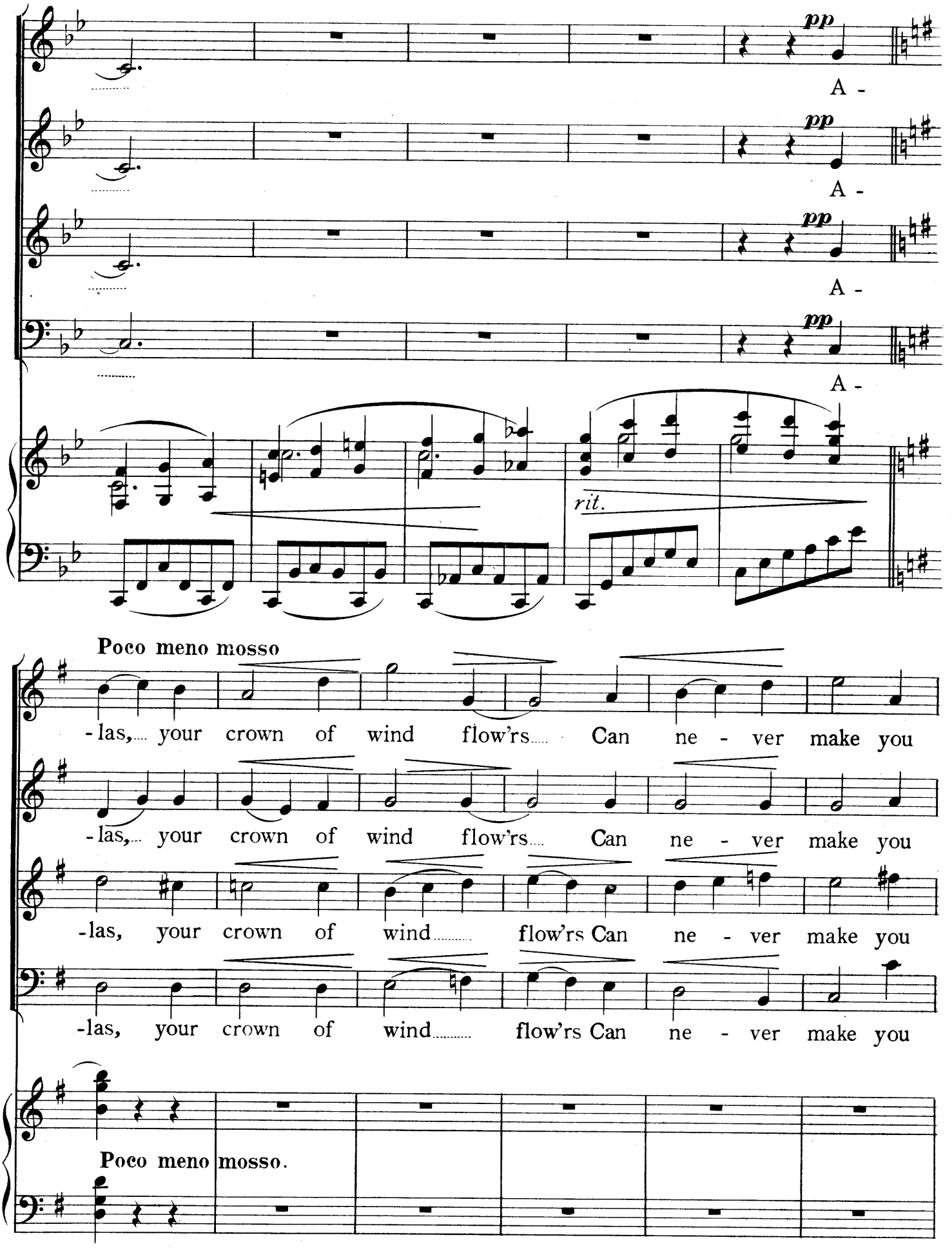


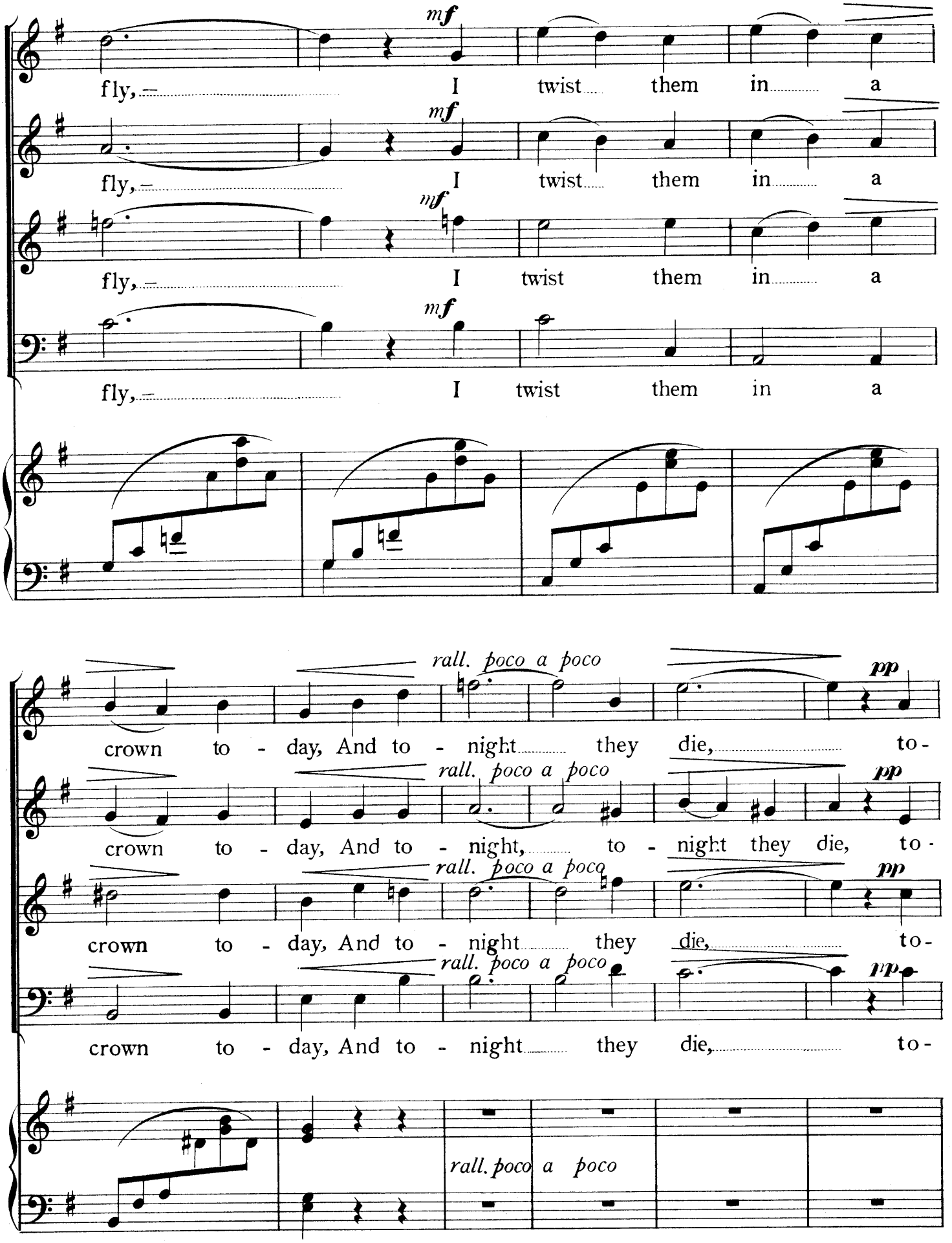
Copyright 1903, by Boosey & Co

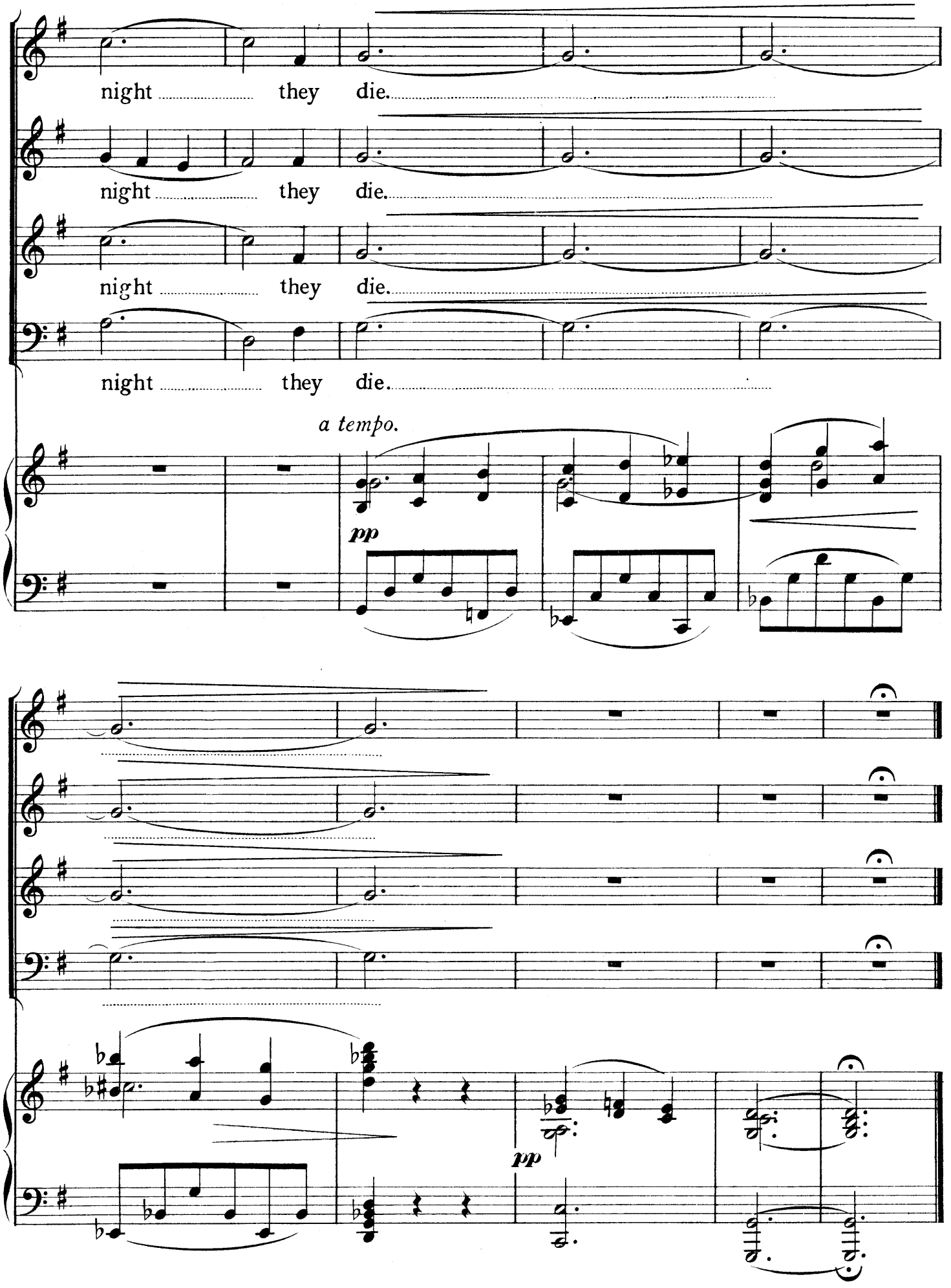

I may fly a - way To hear the
I may fly a - way To hear the
I may fly a - way To hear the
I may fly a way To hear the
sing - ers at their song, And play - - ers at their
sing - ers at their song, And play - - ers at their
sing - ers at their song, And play - - ers at their
sing - ers at their song, And play - - ers at their


rit.
play.
rit.
play, at their play.
rit.
play, at their play.
rit.
play, at their play.
rit.
p
Put on your crown of wind flow'rs,— But
Put on your crown of wind flow'rs,— But
Put on your crown of wind flow'rs,— But
Put on your crown of wind flow'rs,— But
rit.
p


whither would you go? Be - yond the sing - ing
whither would you go? Be - yond the sing - ing
whither would you go? Be - yond the sing - ing
whither would you go? Be - yond the sing - ing
of the sea And the storms that blow
of the sea And the storms that blow
of the sea And the storms that blow
of the sea And the storms that blow


pp
A -
pp
A -
pp
A -
pp
A -
rit.
Poco meno mosso
-las, your crown of wind flow'rs Can ne - ver make you
-las, your crown of wind flow'rs Can ne - ver make you
-las, your crown of wind flow'rs Can ne - ver make you
-las, your crown of wind flow'rs Can ne - ver make you
Poco meno mosso.


mf
fly, I twist them in a
fly, I twist them in a
fly, I twist them in a
fly, I twist them in a
rall. poco a poco
pp
crown to - day, And to - night they die, to -
crown to - day, And to - night, to - night they die, to -
crown to - day, And to - night they die, to -
crown to - day, And to - night they die, to -
rall. poco a poco

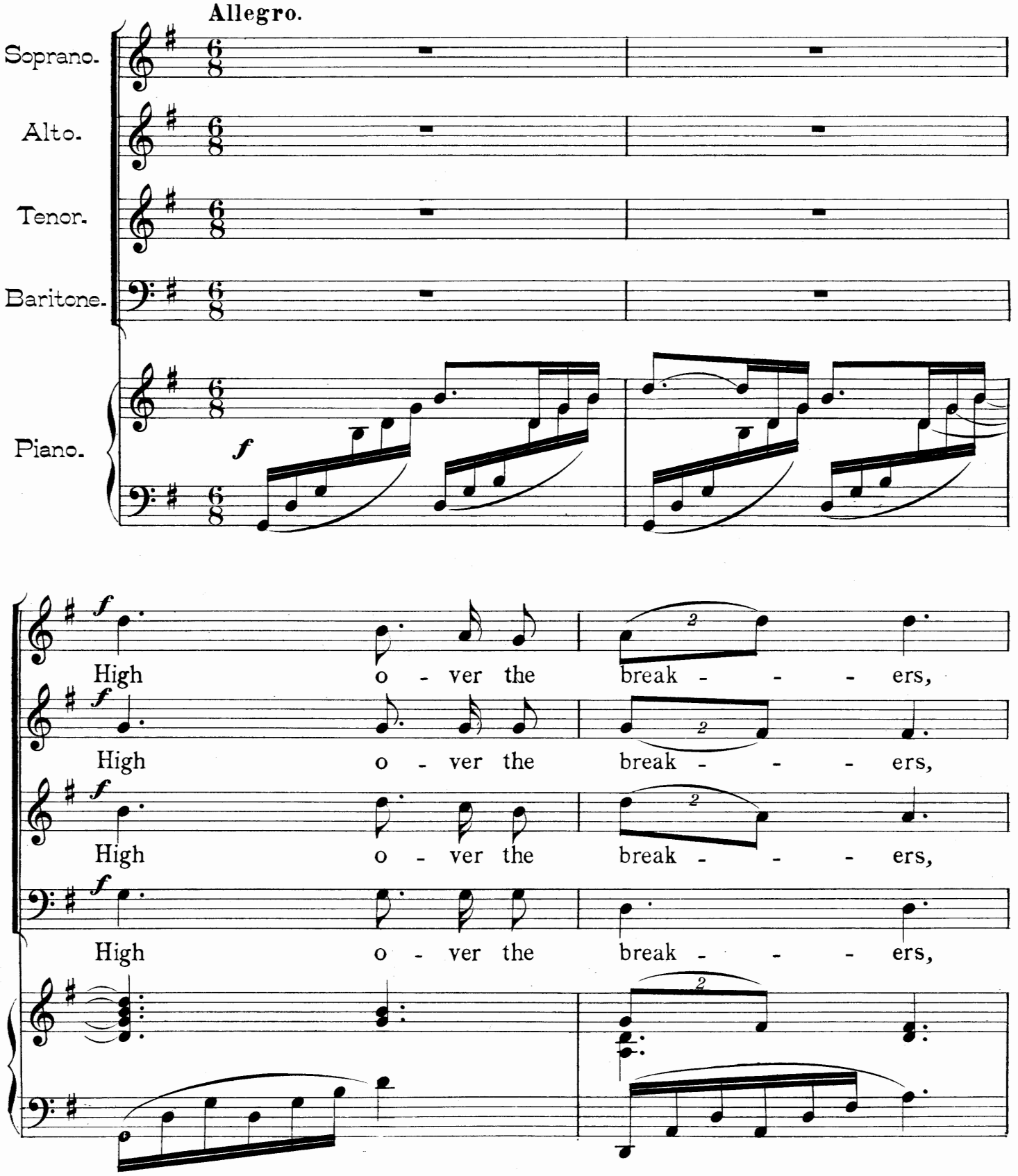

night they die.
night they die.
night they die.
night they die.
a tempo.
pp
pp

High over the Breakers.

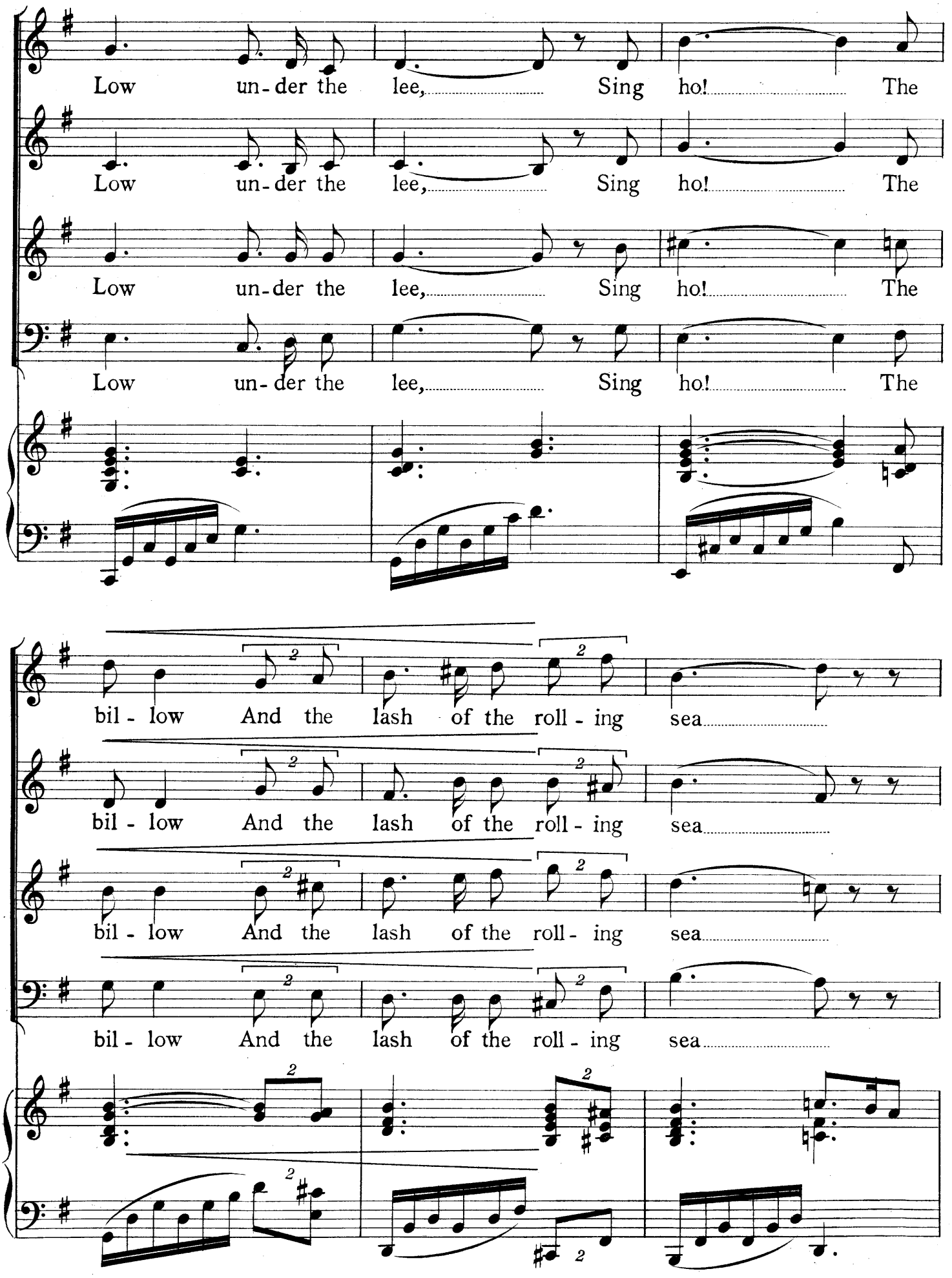
No 2. Quartet.

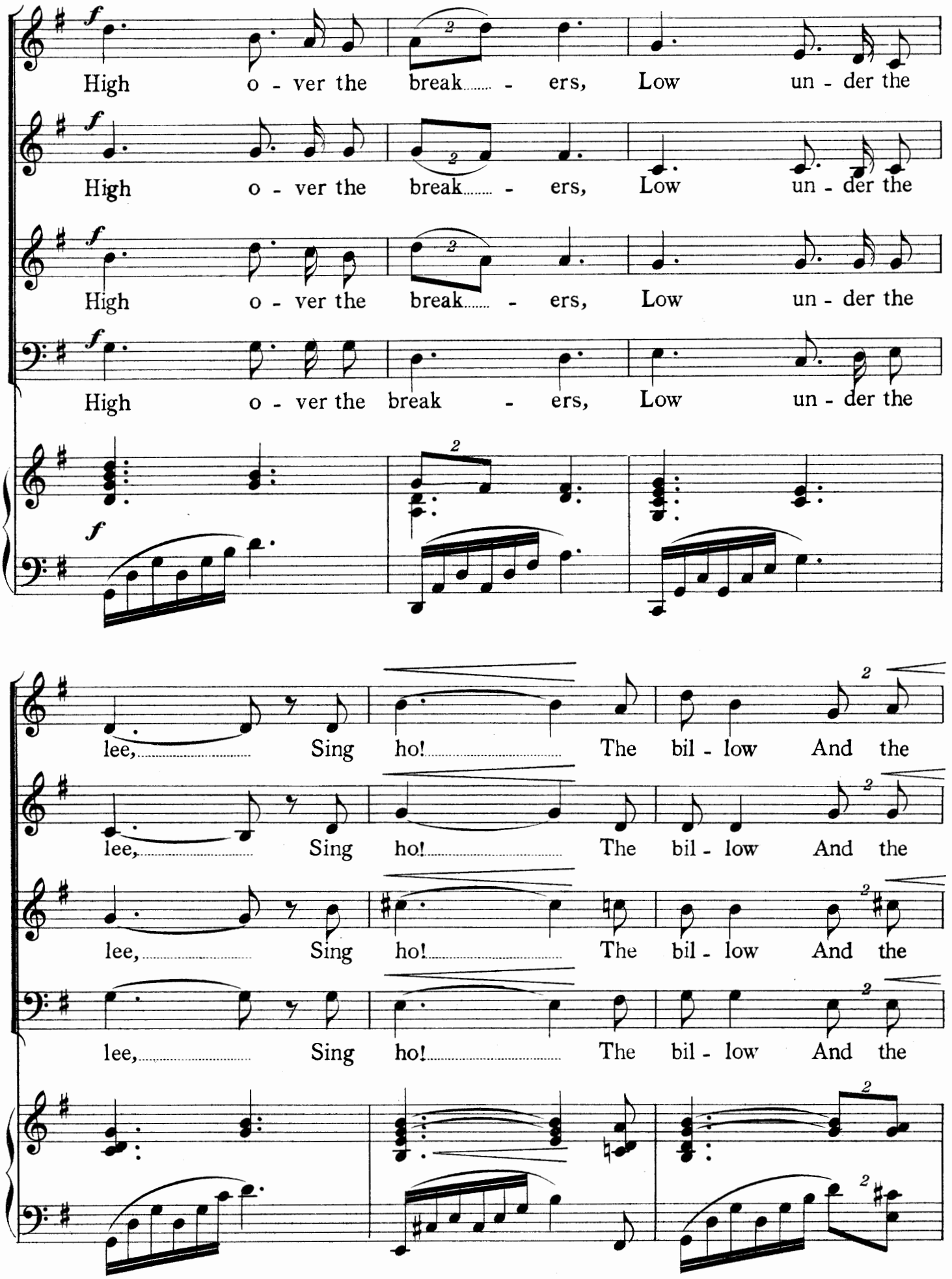
Words by
SIDNEY DOBELL.

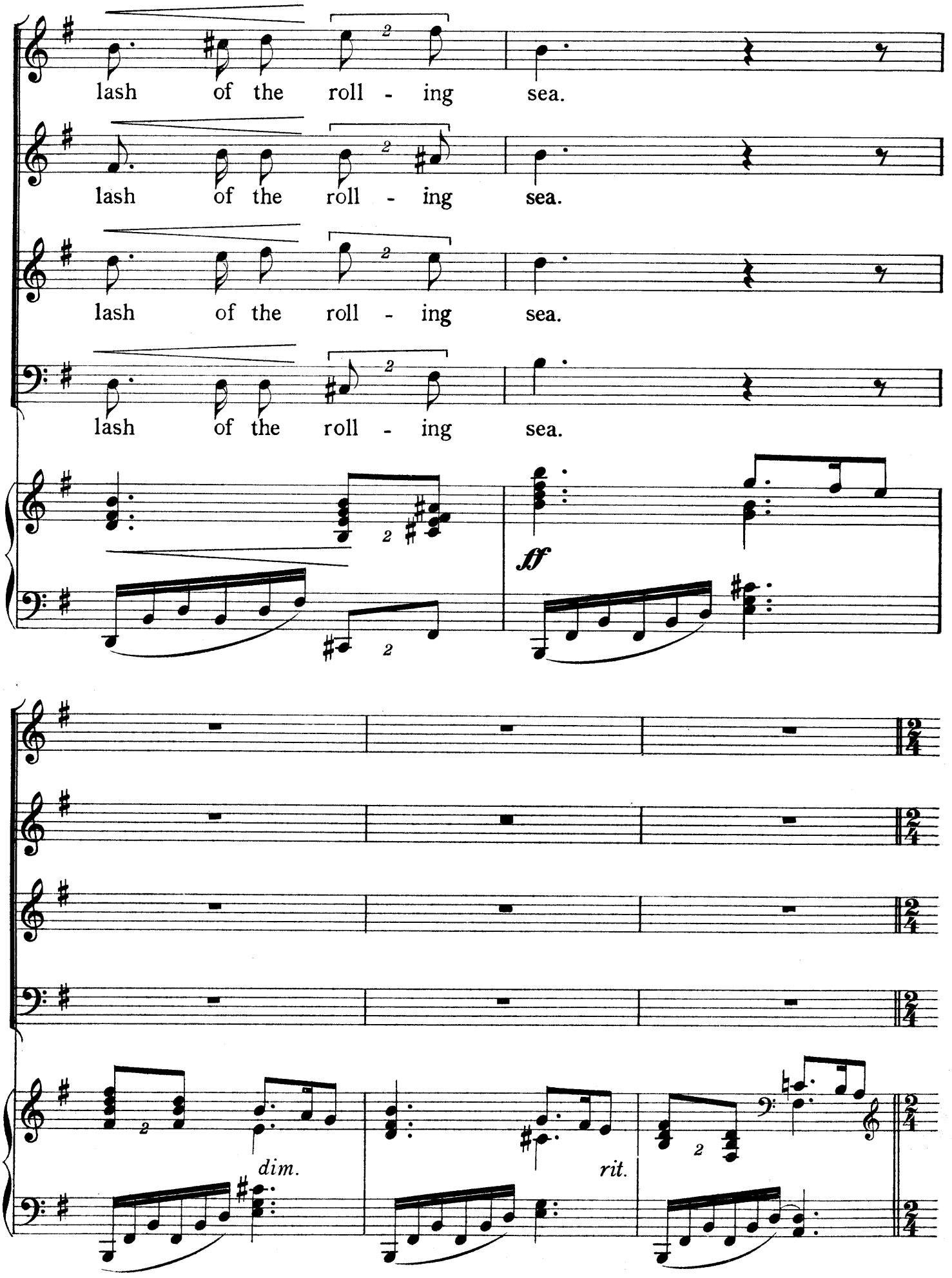
Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

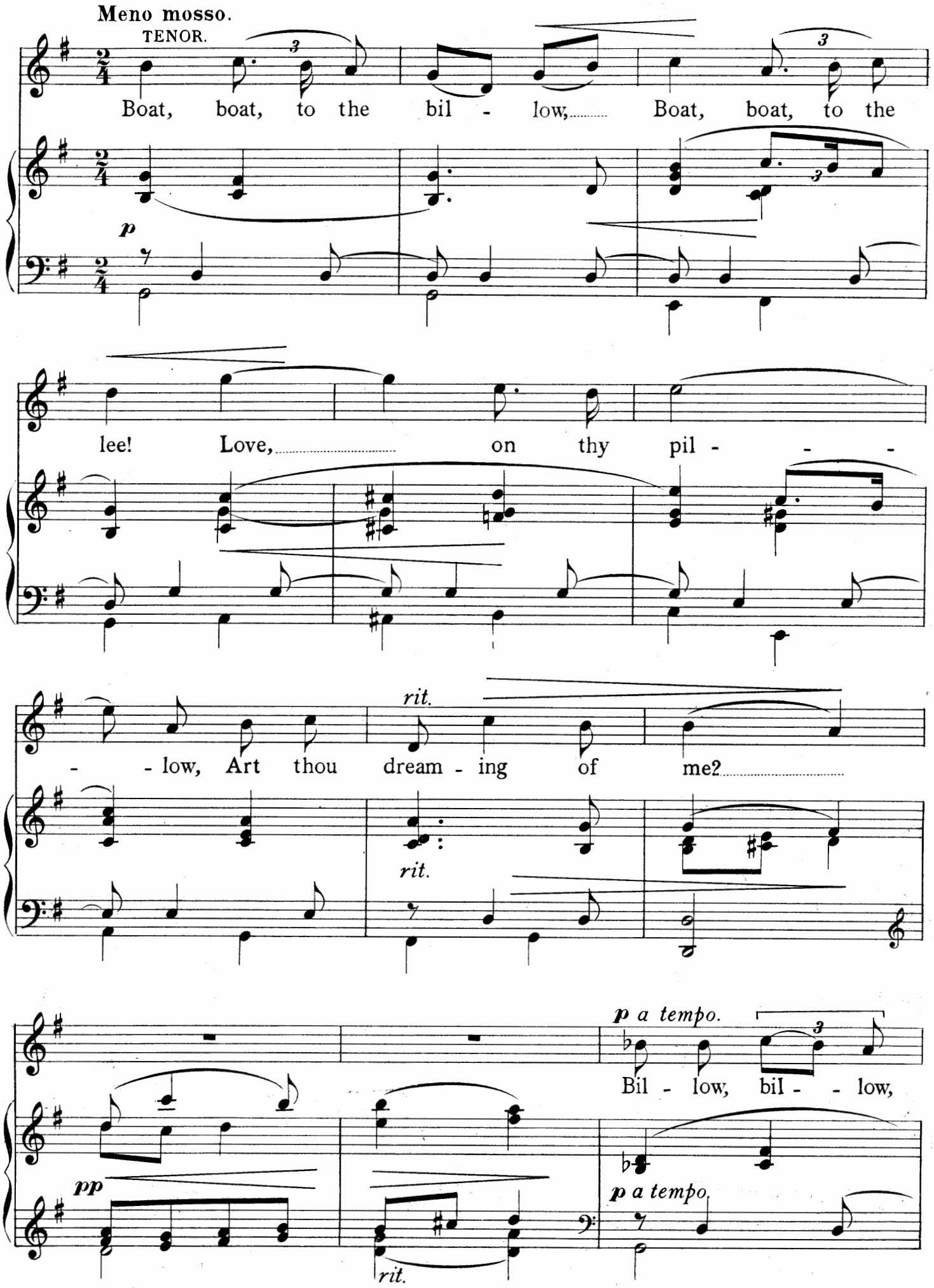


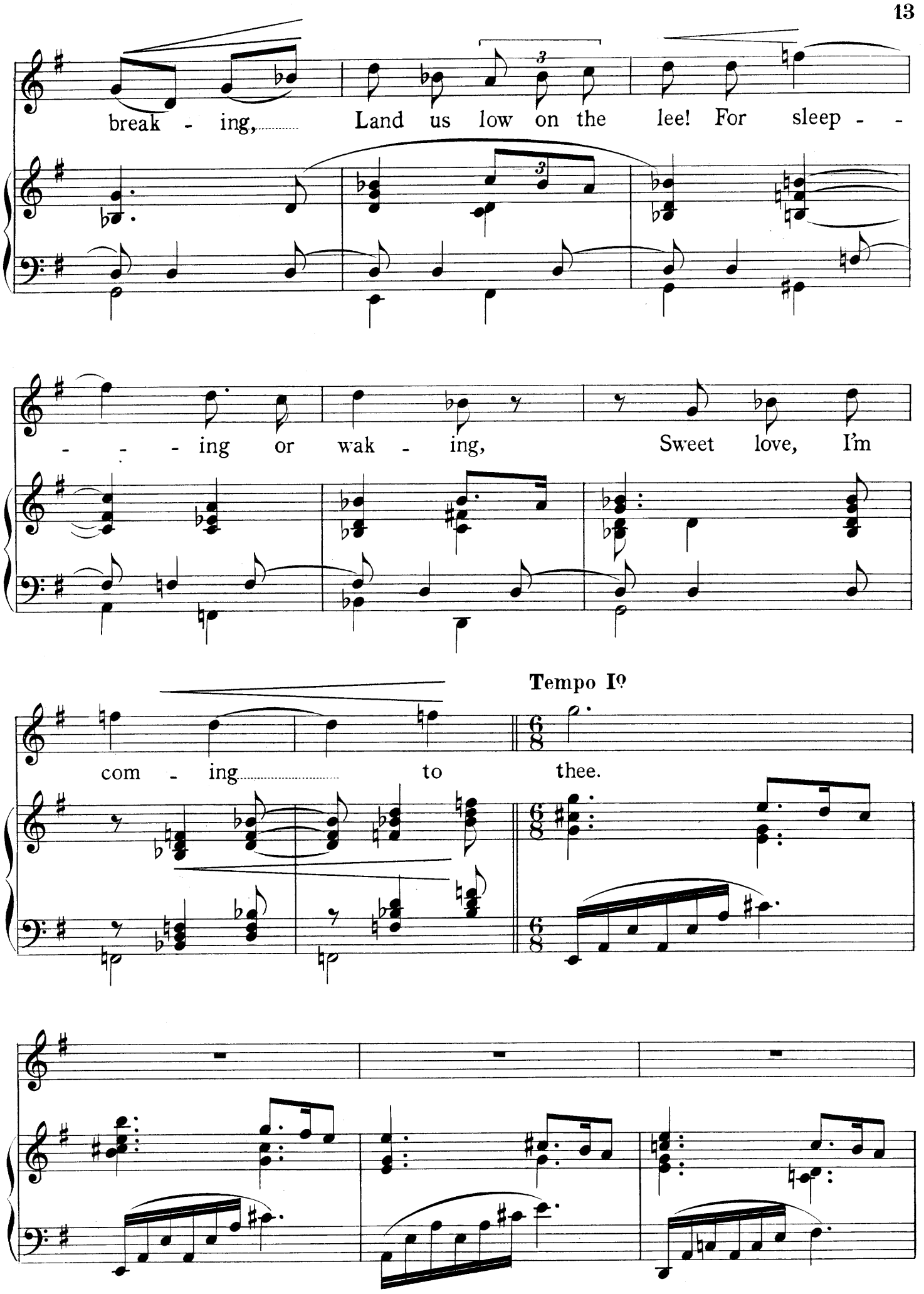
Copyright. 1903, by Boosey & Co

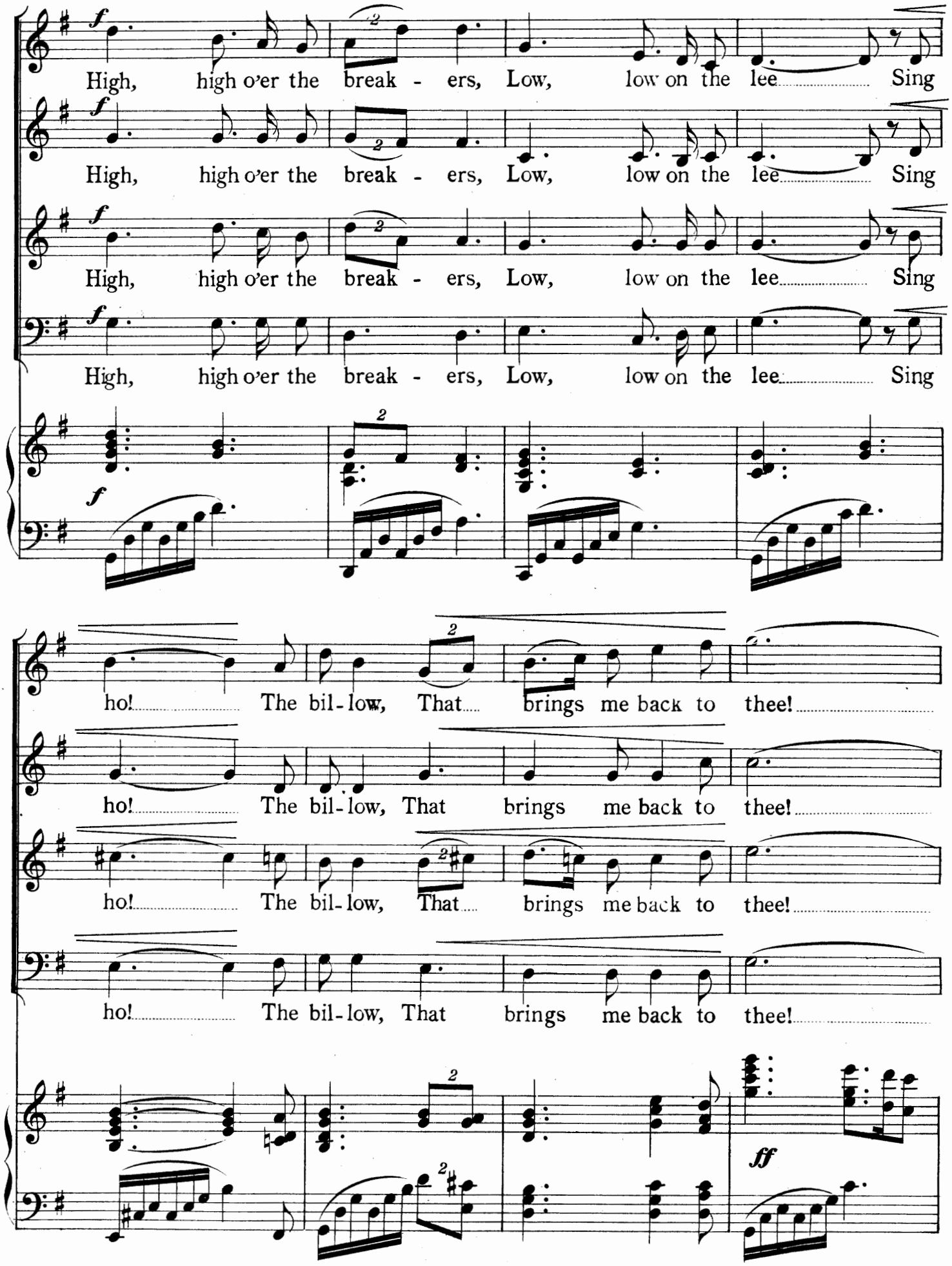

Low un-der the lee, Sing ho! The
Low un-der the lee, Sing ho! The
Low un-der the lee, Sing ho! The
Low un-der the lee, Sing ho! The
bil - low And the lash of the roll - ing sea
bil - low And the lash of the roll - ing sea
bil - low And the lash of the roll - ing sea
bil - low And the lash of the roll - ing sea

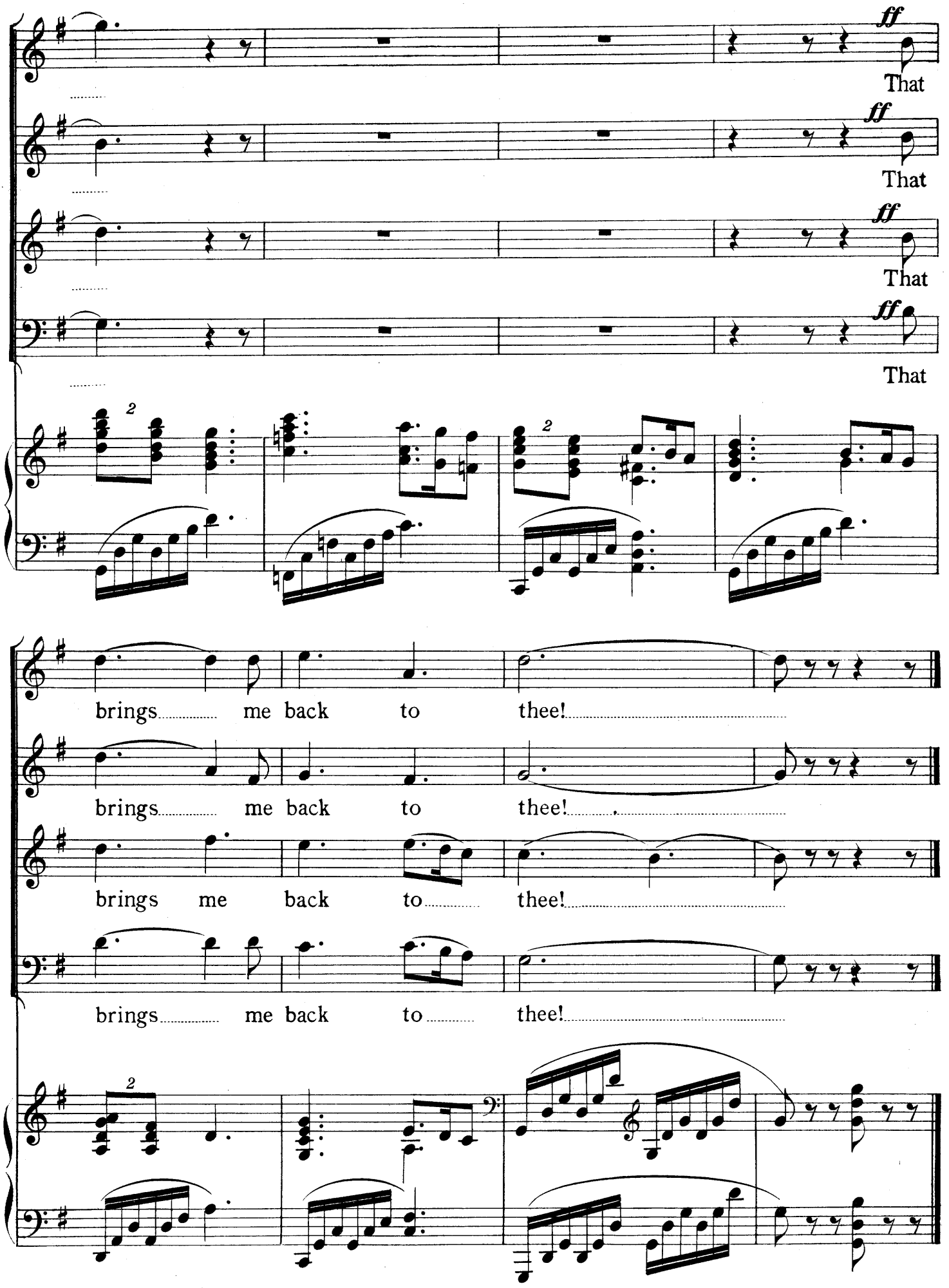

High o - ver the break - ers, Low un - der the
High o - ver the break - ers, Low un - der the
High o - ver the break - ers, Low un - der the
High o - ver the break - ers, Low un - der the
lee, Sing ho! The bil - low And the
lee, Sing ho! The bil - low And the
lee, Sing ho! The bil - low And the
lee, Sing ho! The bil - low And the


lash of the roll - ing sea.
lash of the roll - ing sea.
lash of the roll - ing sea.
lash of the roll - ing sea.
ff
dim.
rit.


Meno mosso.
TENOR.
Boat, boat, to the bil - low, Boat, boat, to the
p
lee! Love, on thy pil - - -
- - low, Art thou dream - ing of me?
rit.
rit.
p a tempo.
Bil - low, bil - - low,
pp
rit.
p a tempo.


break - ing,
Land us low on the lee! For sleep - -
- - - ing or wak - ing,
Sweet love, I'm
com - ing
to
thee.
Tempo Iº


High, high o'er the break - ers, Low, low on the lee Sing
High, high o'er the break - ers, Low, low on the lee Sing
High, high o'er the break - ers, Low, low on the lee Sing
High, high o'er the break - ers, Low, low on the lee Sing
ho! The bil-low, That brings me back to thee!
ho! The bil-low, That brings me back to thee!
ho! The bil-low, That brings me back to thee!
ho! The bil-low, That brings me back to thee!
ff

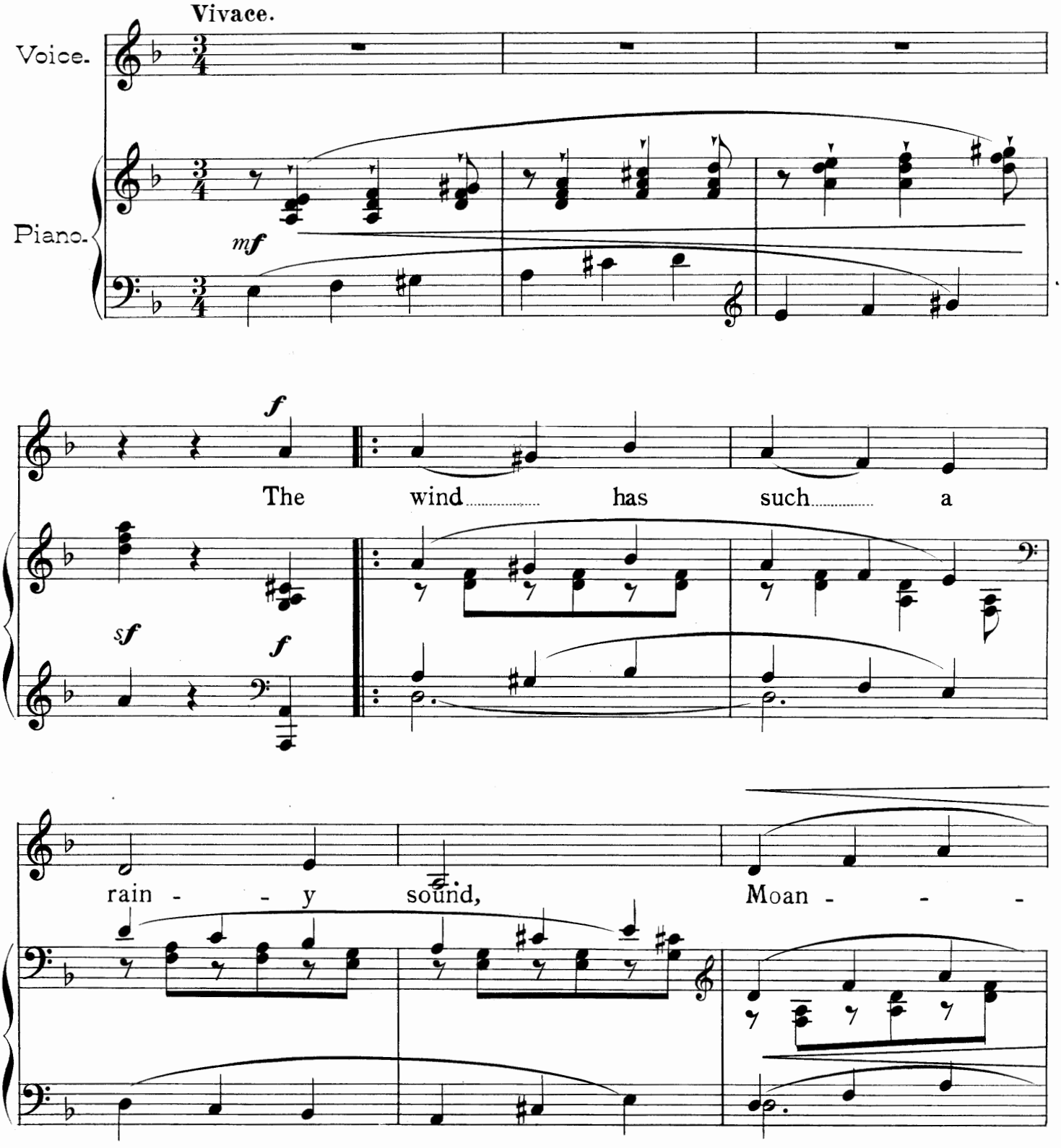

ff
That
ff
That
ff
That
ff
That
2
2
brings me back to thee!
brings me back to thee!
brings me back to thee!
brings me back to thee!
2

The Wind has such a rainy Sound.

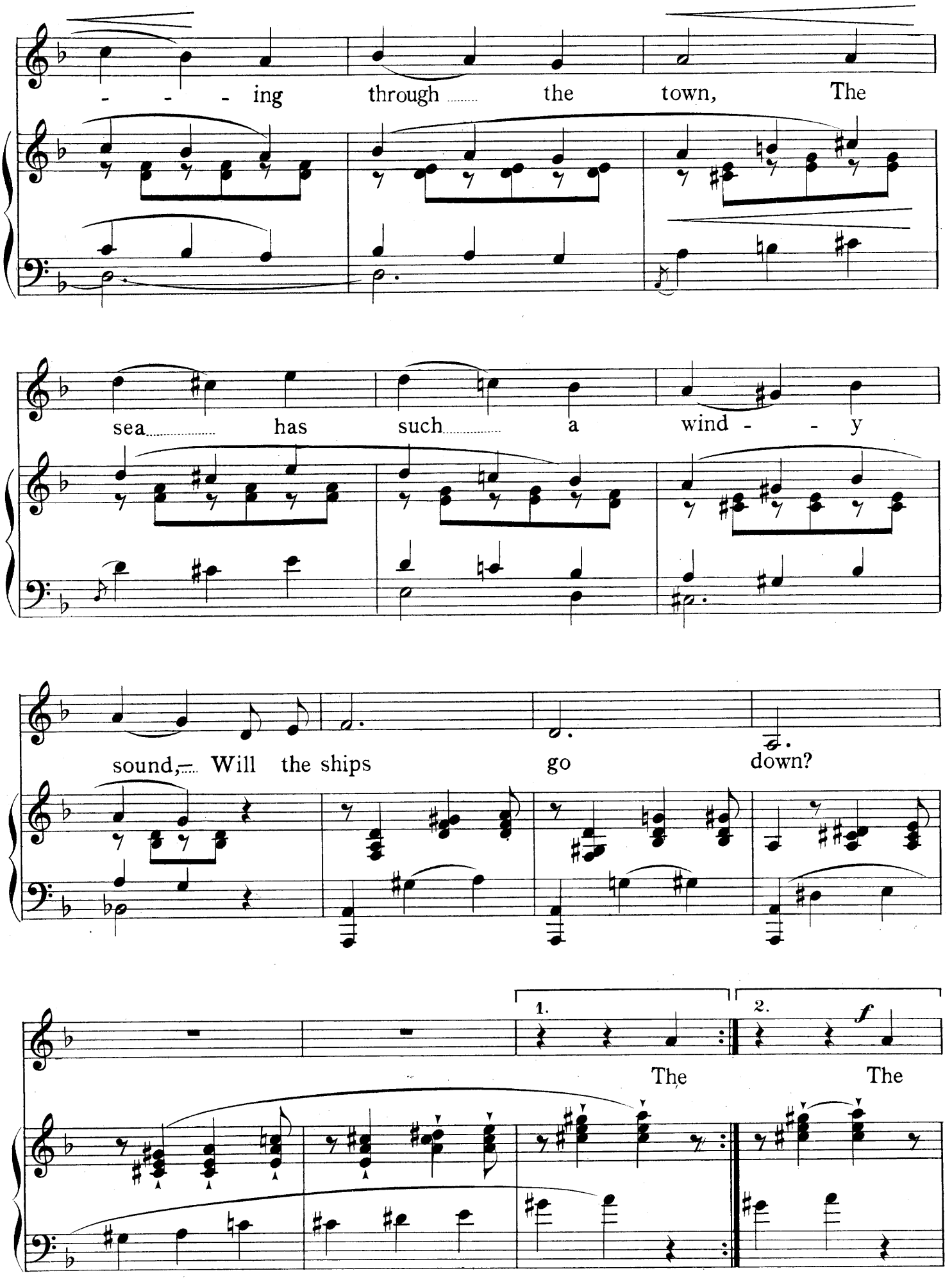
Nº 3. Contralto Solo.

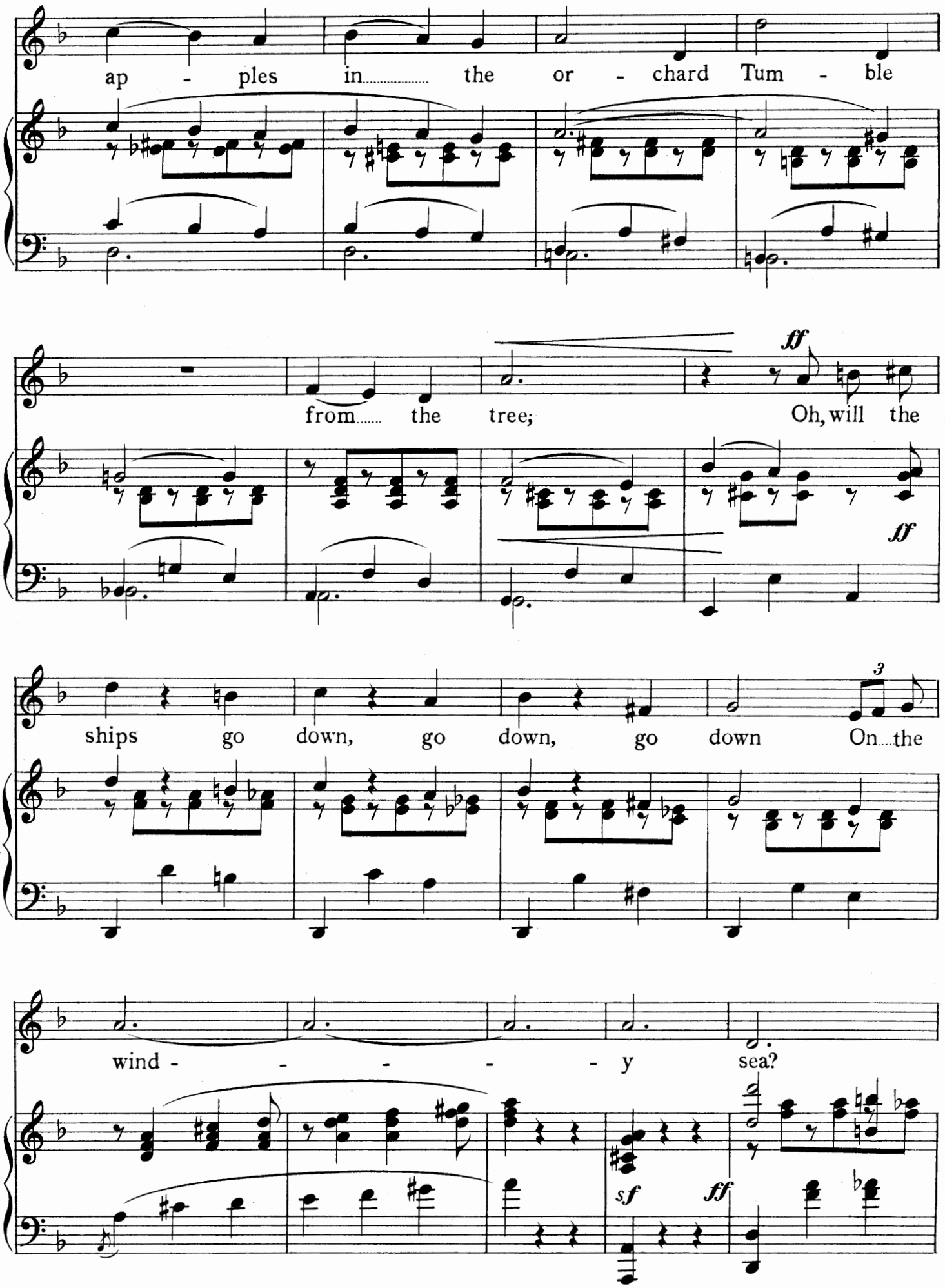
Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

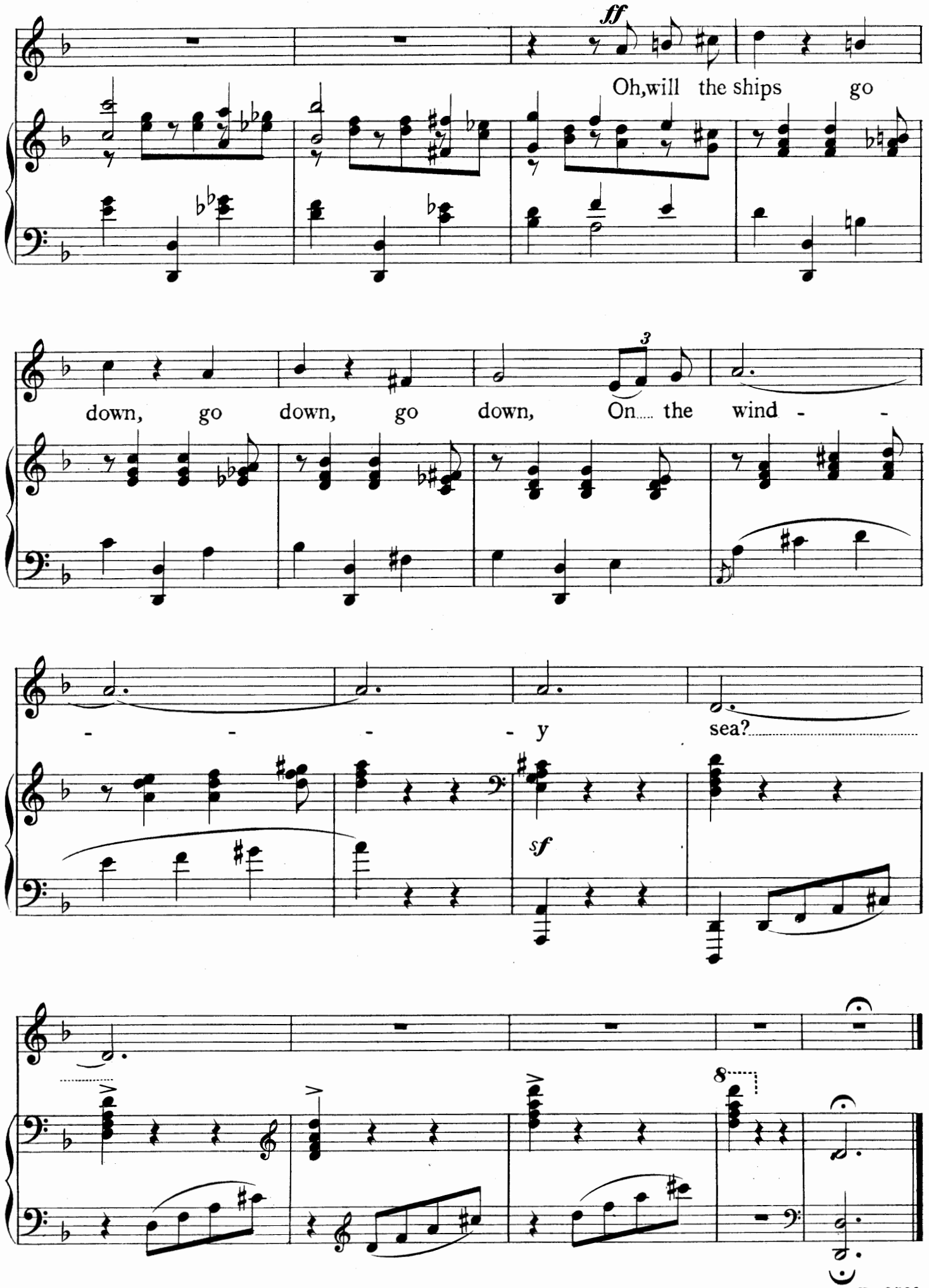
Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL



Copyright, 1903, by Boosey & Co


- - - ing through the town, The
sea has such a wind - - y
sound, Will the ships go down?
1.
2.
f
The
The


ap - ples in the or - chard Tum - ble
from the tree; Oh, will the
ff
ff
ships go down, go down, go down On the
3
wind - - - - - y sea?
sf
ff

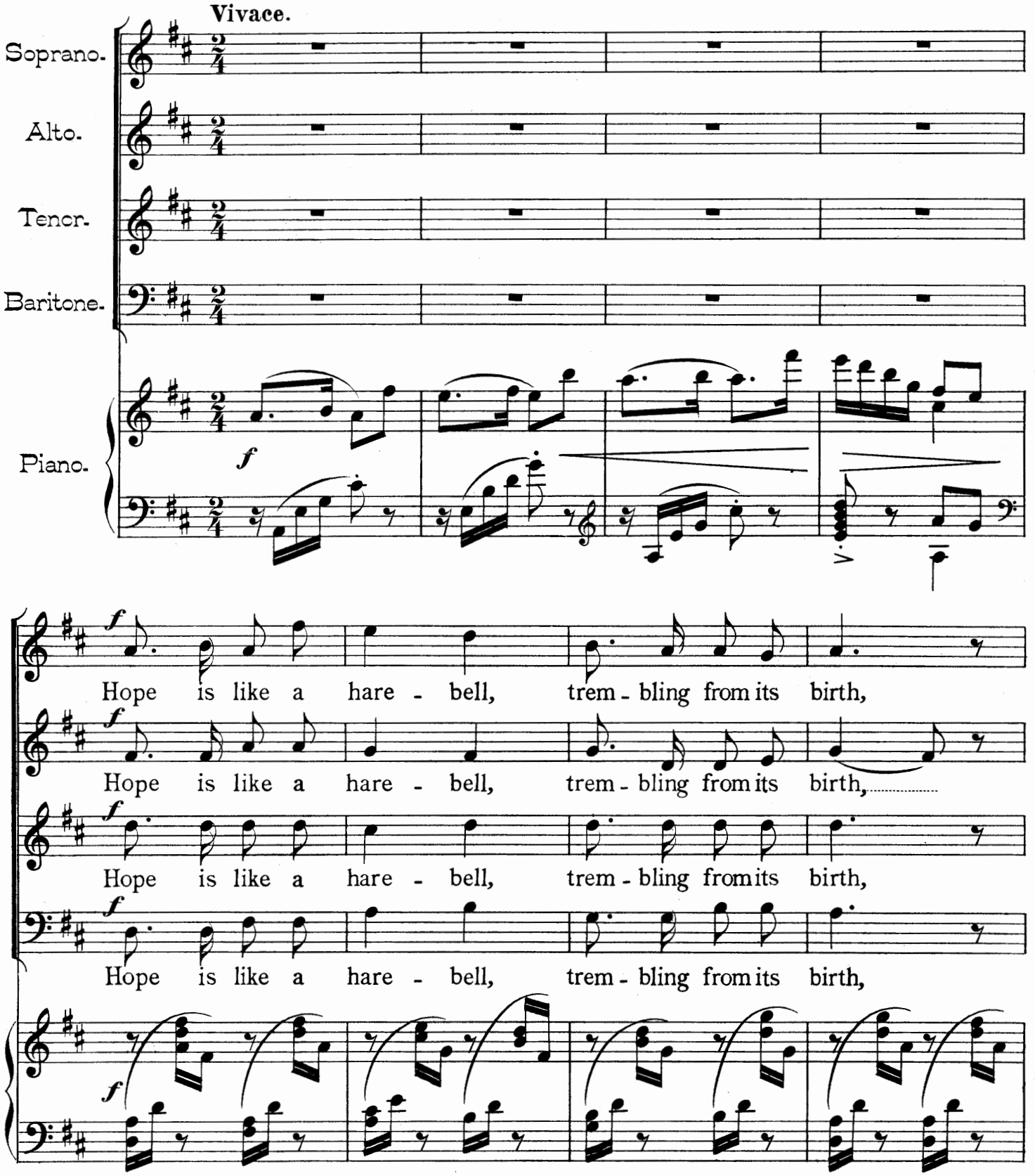

ff
Oh, will the ships go
down, go down, go down, On.... the wind - -
- - - - y sea?
sf
8

Hope is like a Harebell.

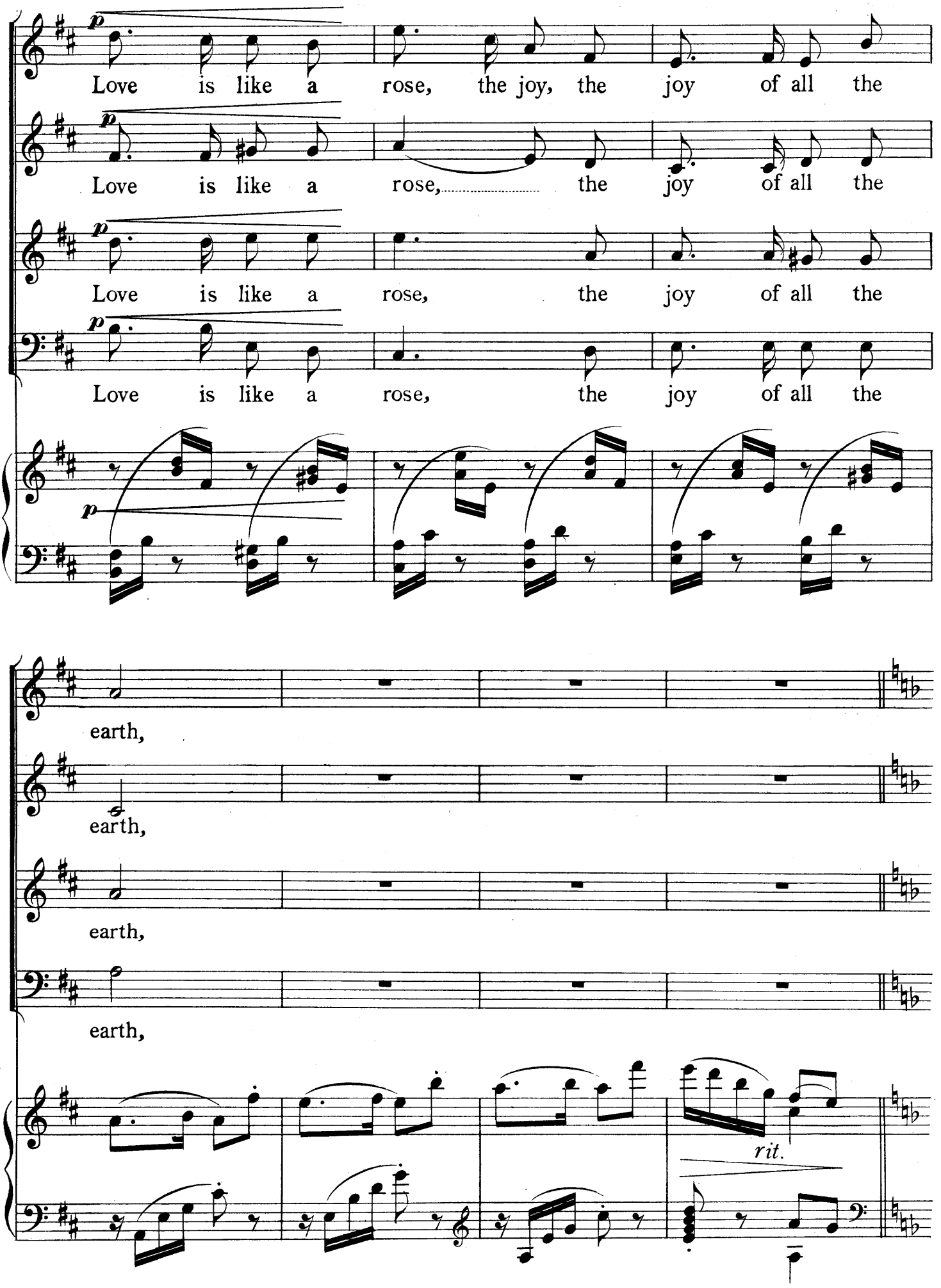
№ 4. Quartet.

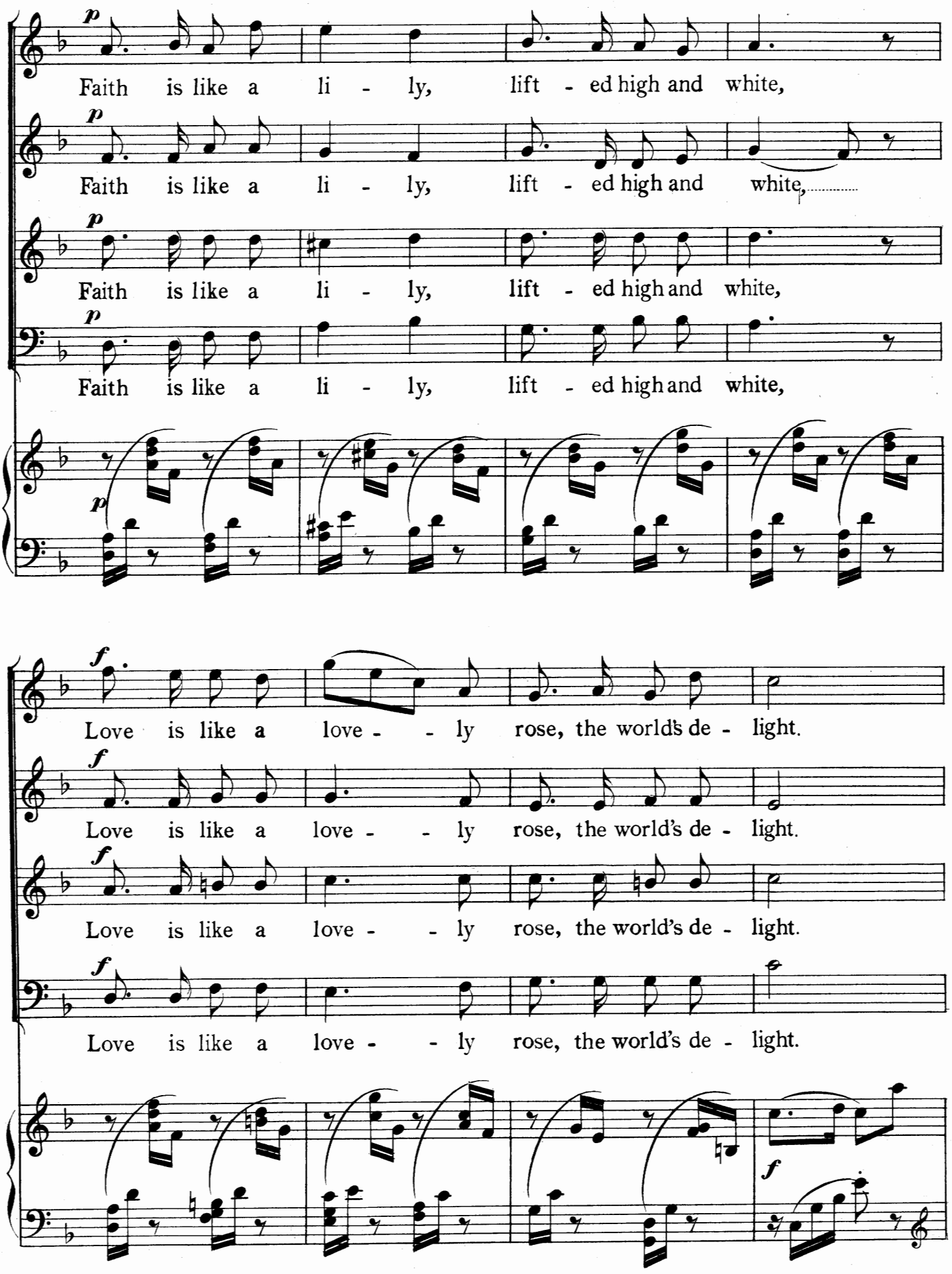
Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

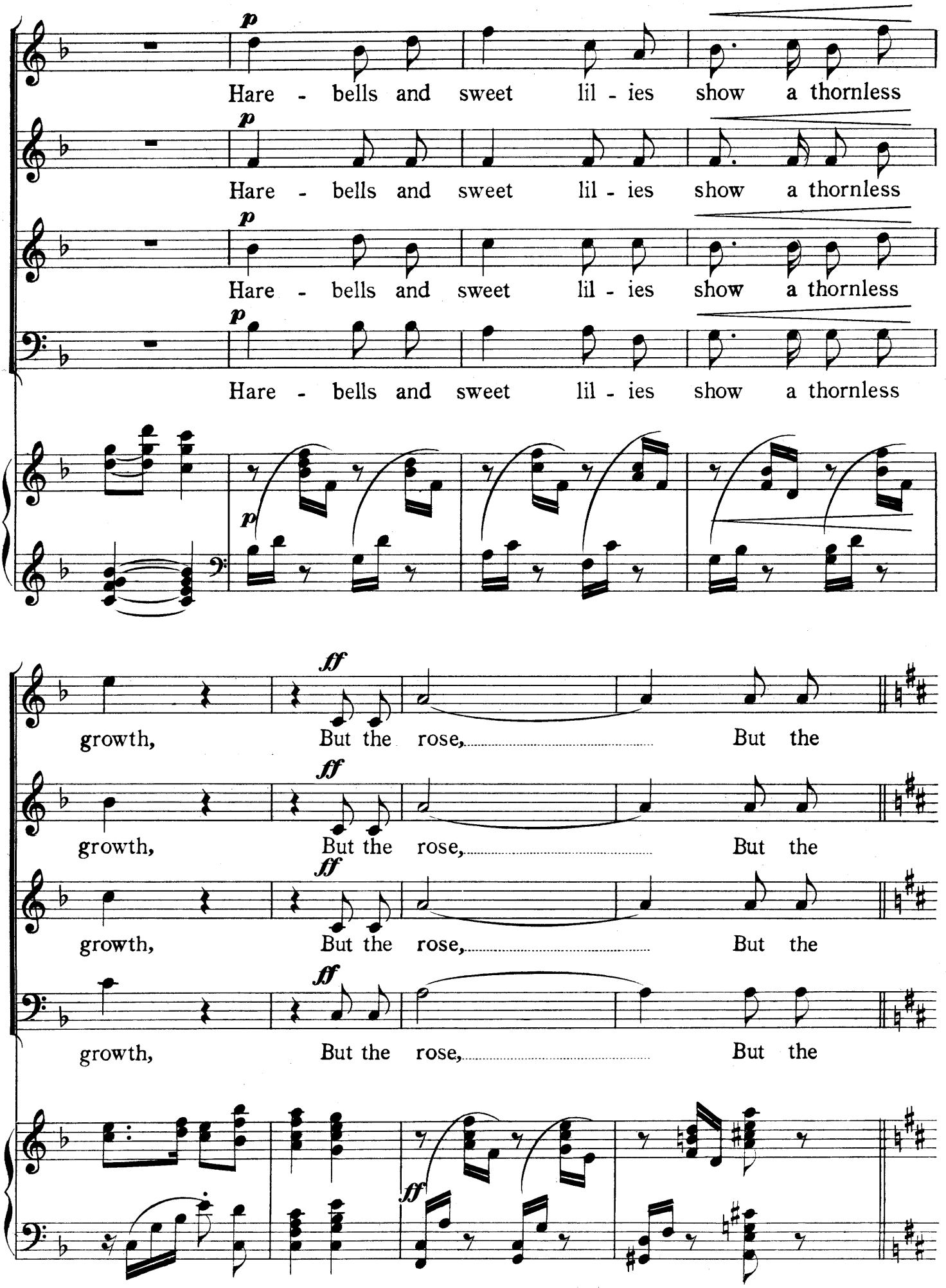
Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

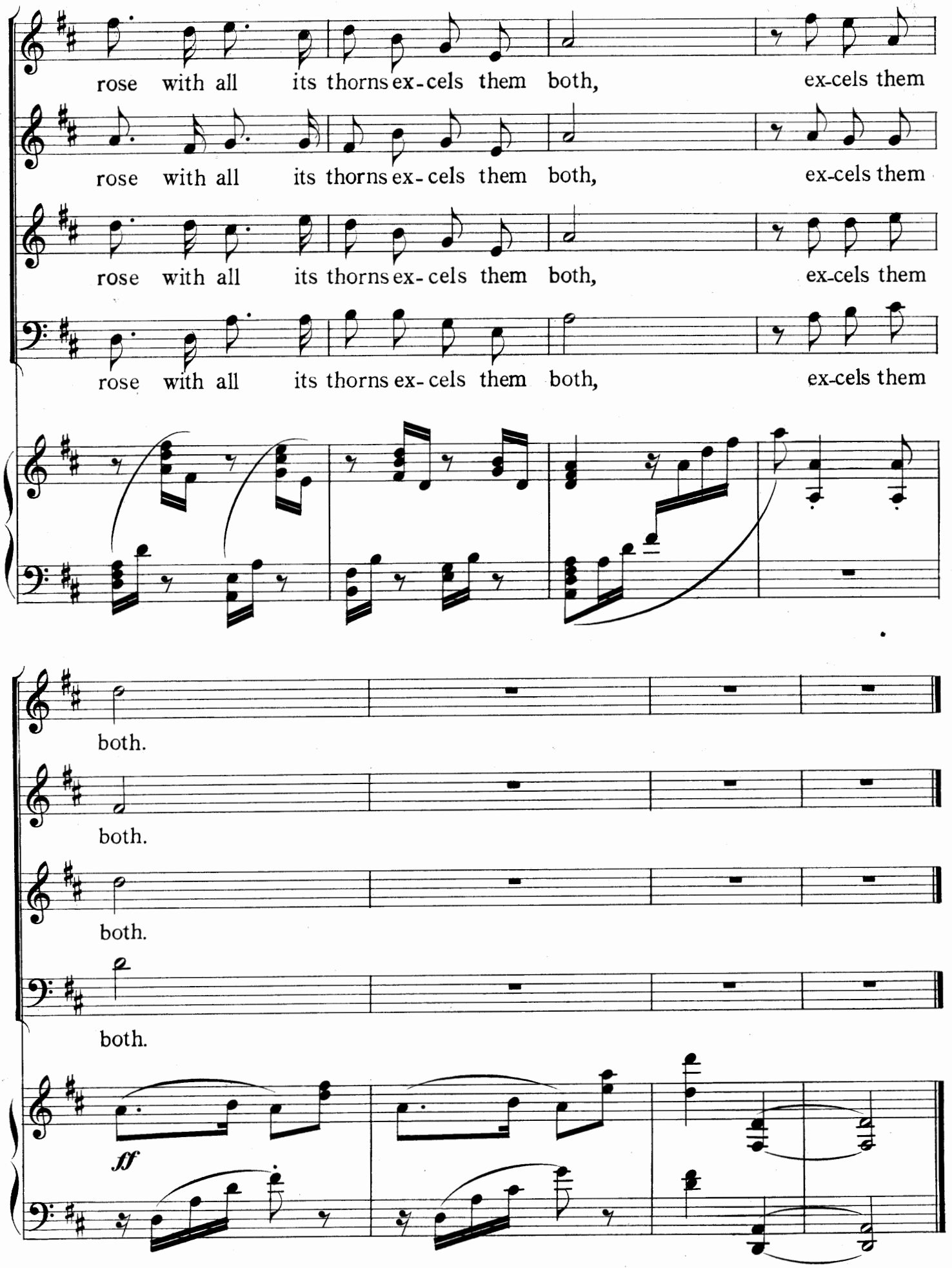


Copyright, 1903, by Boosey & Cº


p
Love is like a rose, the joy, the joy of all the
Love is like a rose, the joy of all the
Love is like a rose, the joy of all the
Love is like a rose, the joy of all the
earth,
earth,
earth,
earth,
rit.


p
Faith is like a li - ly, lift - ed high and white,
p
Faith is like a li - ly, lift - ed high and white,
p
Faith is like a li - ly, lift - ed high and white,
p
Faith is like a li - ly, lift - ed high and white,
p
f
Love is like a love - - ly rose, the world's de - light.
f
Love is like a love - - ly rose, the world's de - light.
f
Love is like a love - - ly rose, the world's de - light.
f
Love is like a love - - ly rose, the world's de - light.
f


p
Hare - bells and sweet lil - ies show a thornless
Hare - bells and sweet lil - ies show a thornless
Hare - bells and sweet lil - ies show a thornless
Hare - bells and sweet lil - ies show a thornless
p
ff
growth, But the rose, But the
growth, But the rose, But the
growth, But the rose, But the
growth, But the rose, But the
ff

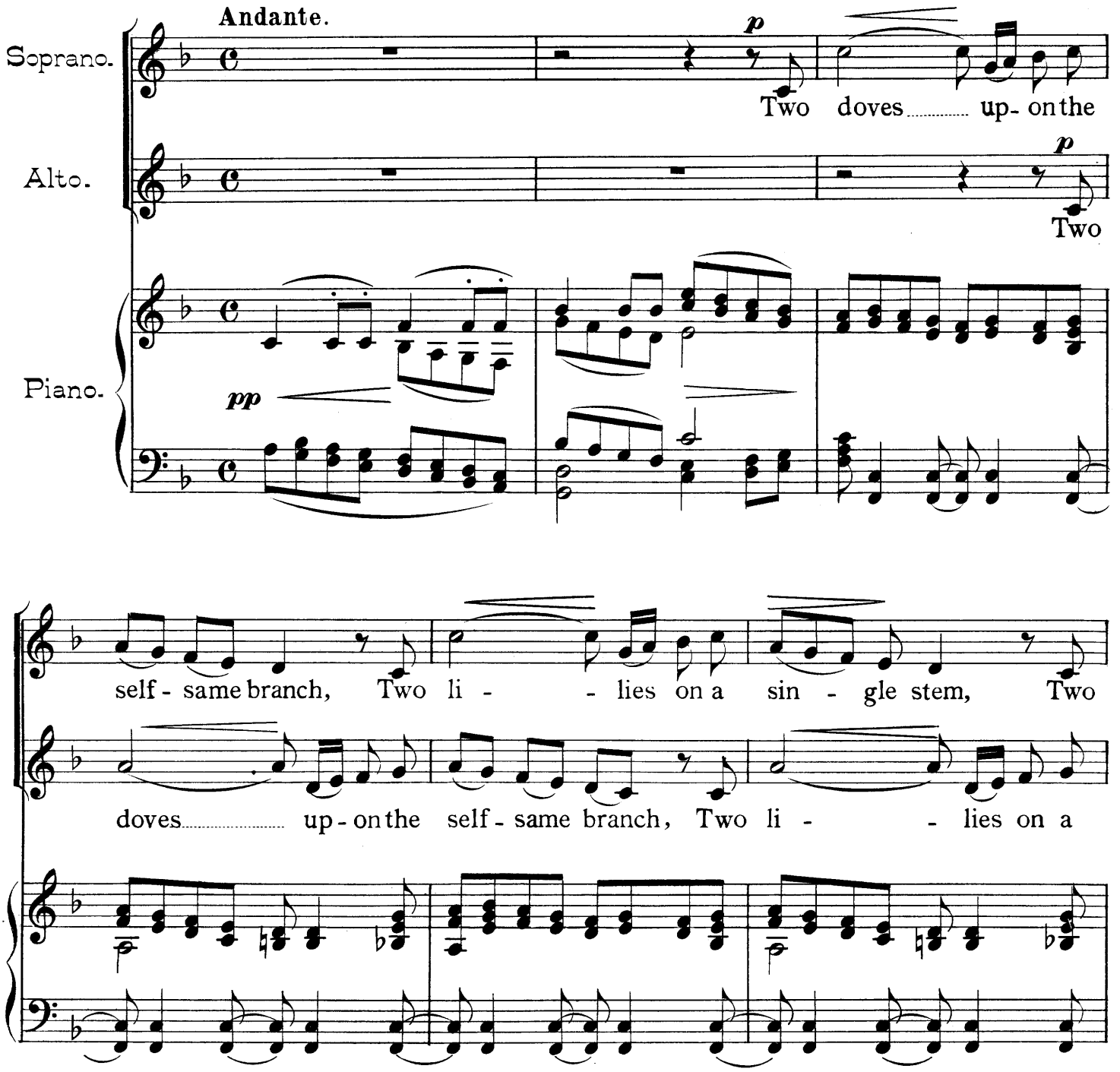

rose with all its thorns ex-cels them both, ex-cels them
rose with all its thorns ex-cels them both, ex-cels them
rose with all its thorns ex-cels them both, ex-cels them
rose with all its thorns ex-cels them both, ex-cels them
both.
both.
both.
both.
ff

Two Doves on the self-same Branch.

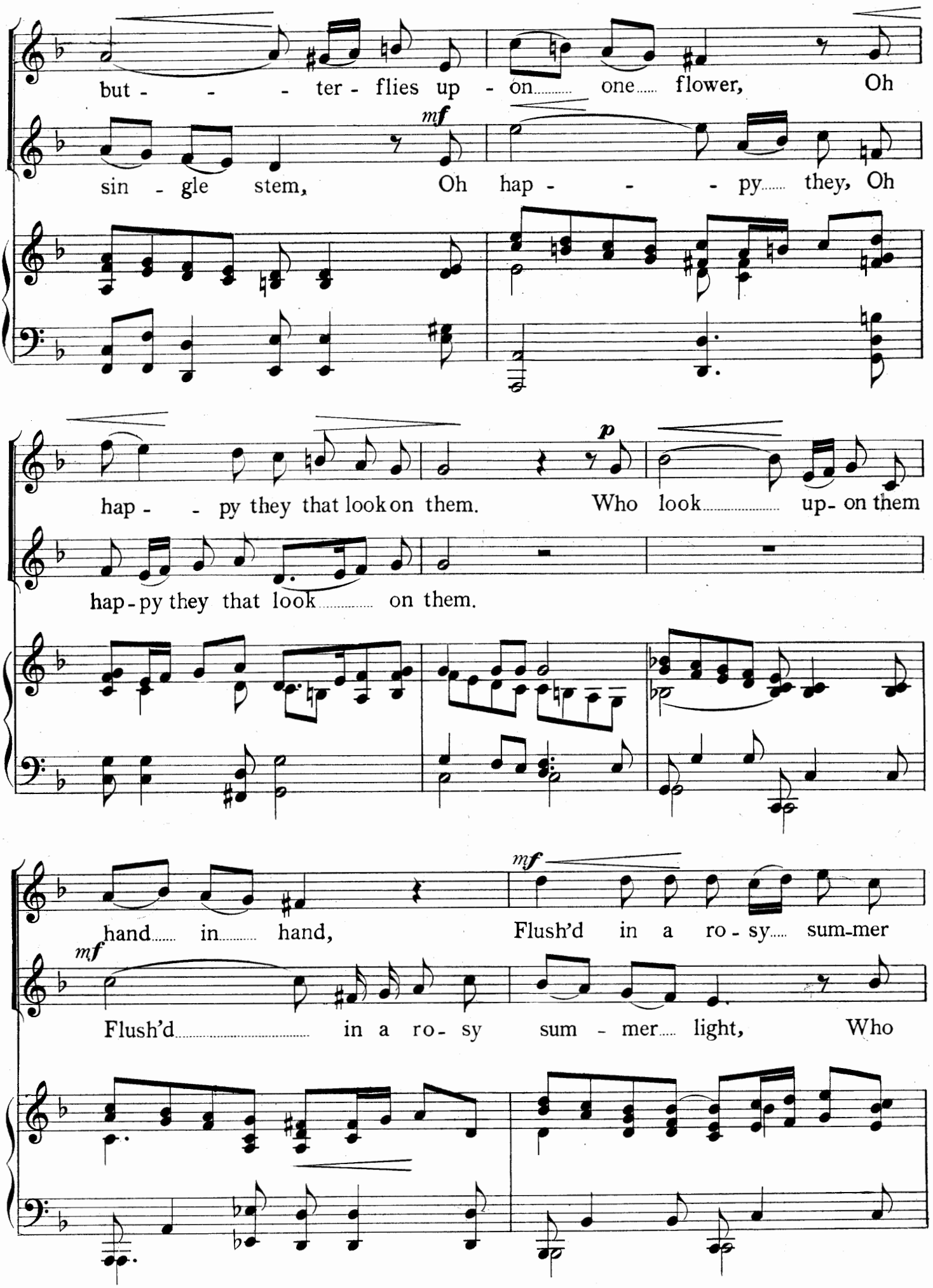
No 5. Duet.

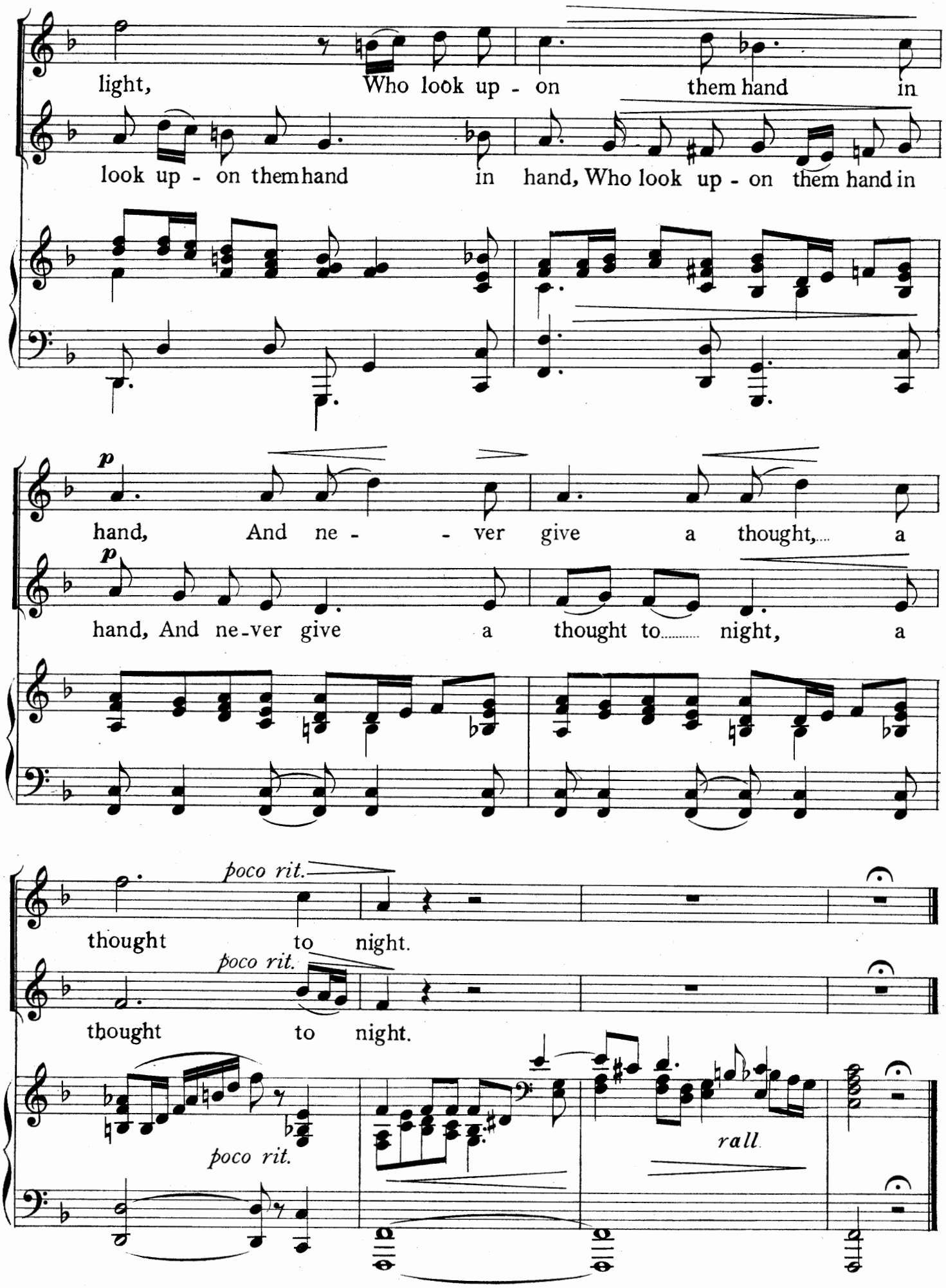
Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



Copyright, 1903, by Boosey & Co


but - - - ter - flies up - on one flower, Oh
mf
sin - gle stem, Oh hap - - - py they, Oh
hap - - py they that look on them. Who look up- on them
p
hap - py they that look on them.
hand in hand, Flush'd in a ro - sy sum-mer
mf
Flush'd in a ro - sy sum - mer light, Who
mf

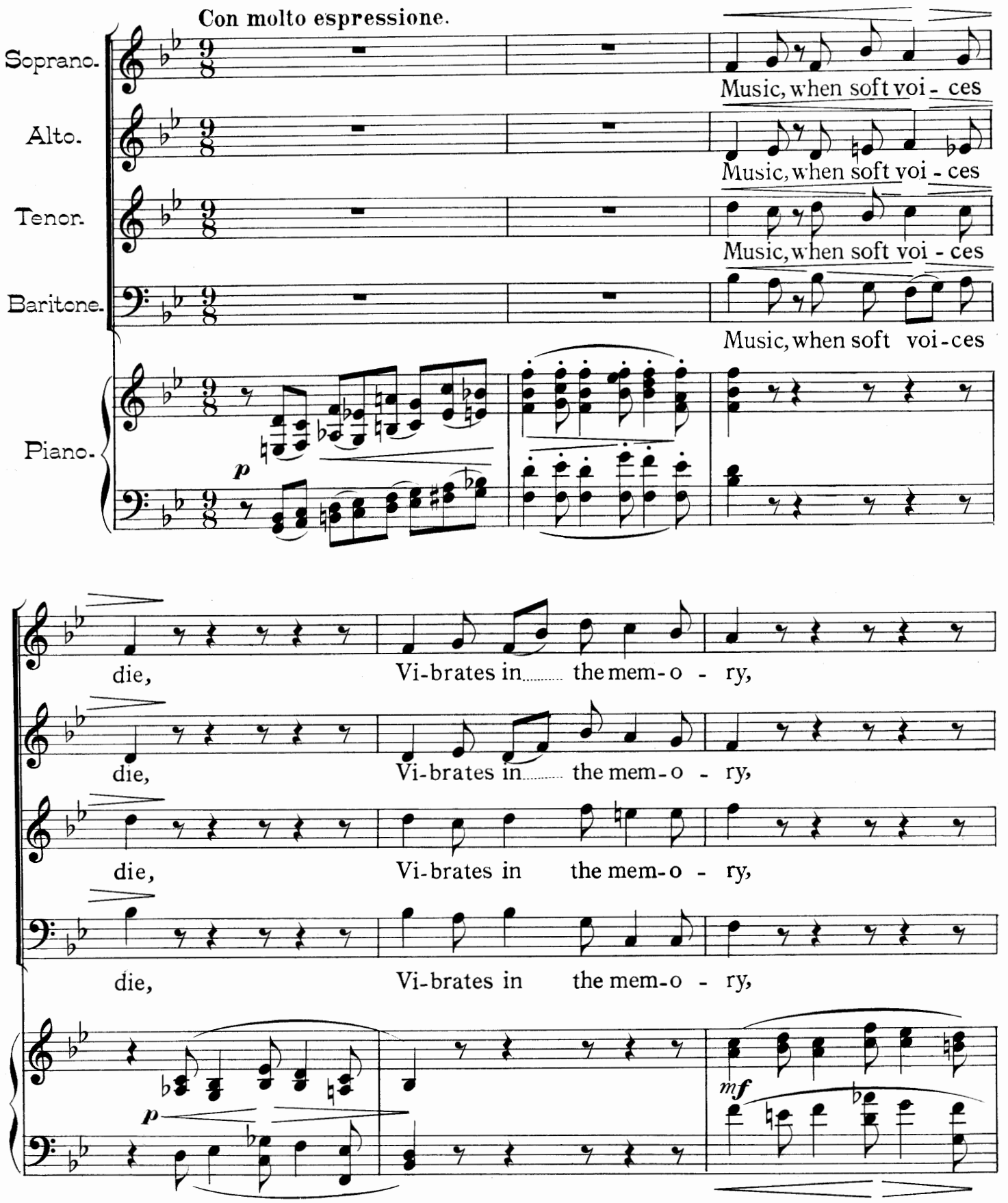

light, Who look up - on them hand in
look up - on them hand in hand, Who look up - on them hand in
p
hand, And ne - - ver give a thought, a
p
hand, And ne-ver give a thought to night, a
poco rit.
thought to night.
poco rit.
thought to night.
poco rit.
rall

Music, when soft Voices die

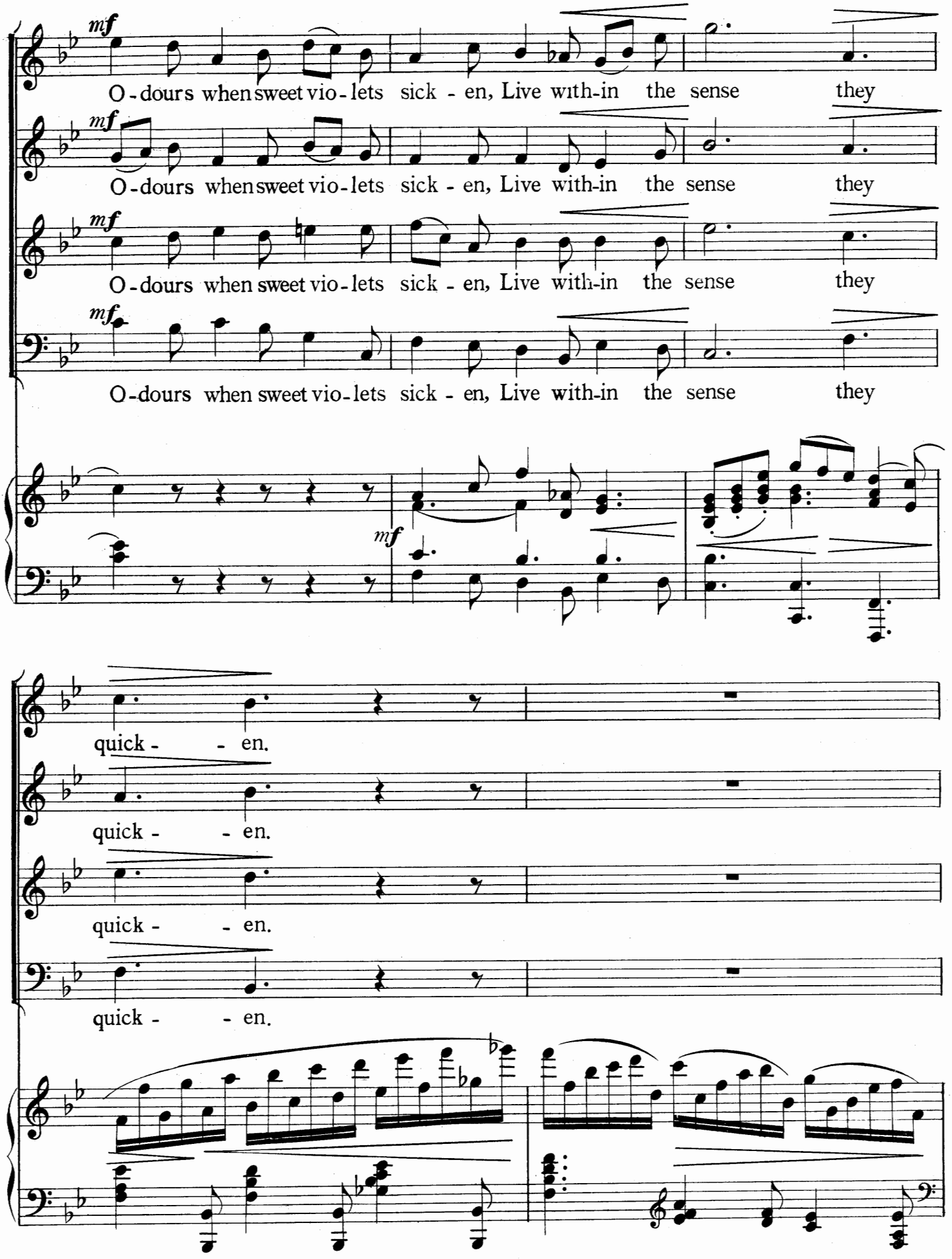
No 6. Quartet.

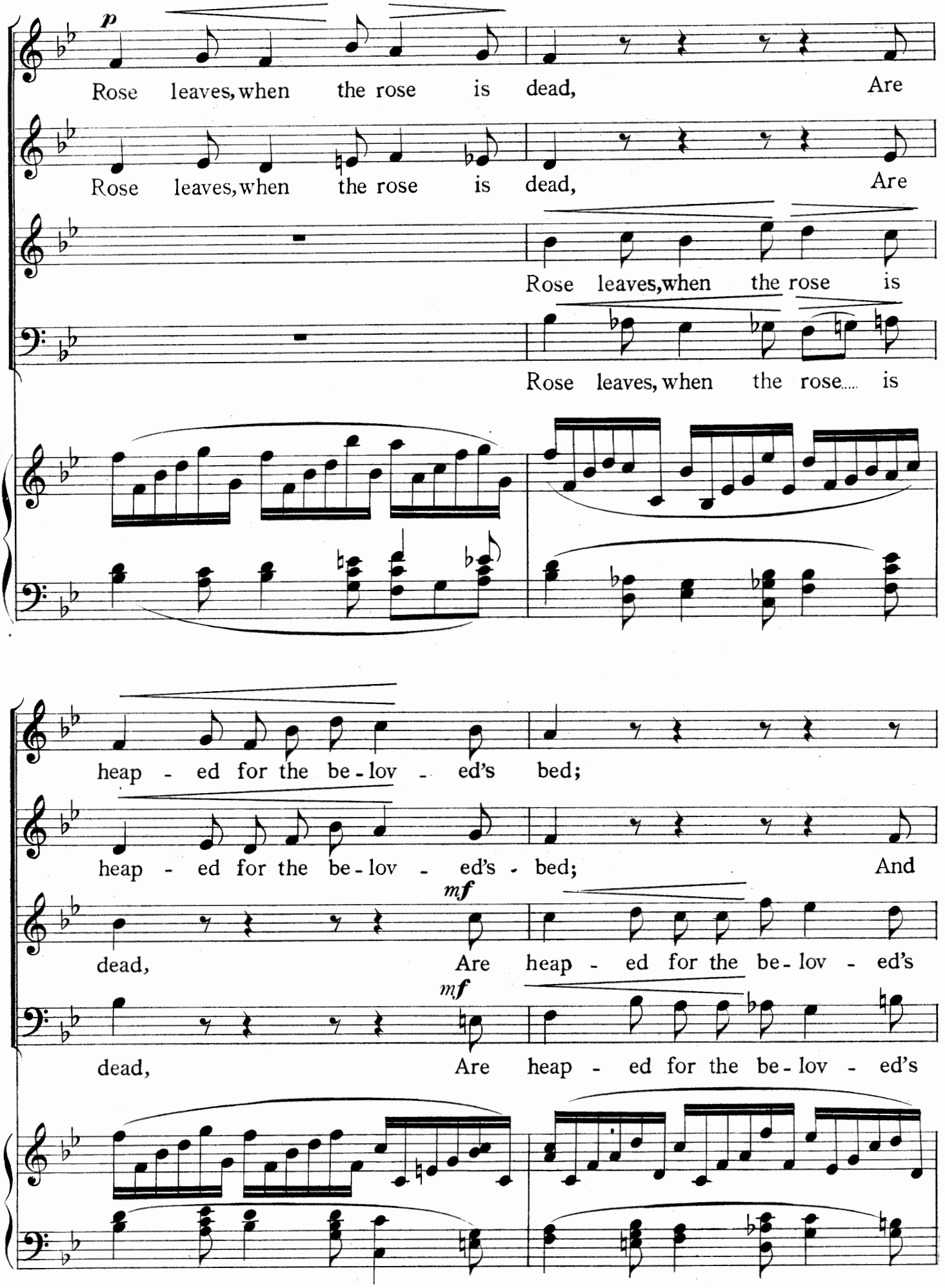
Words by
SHELLEY.

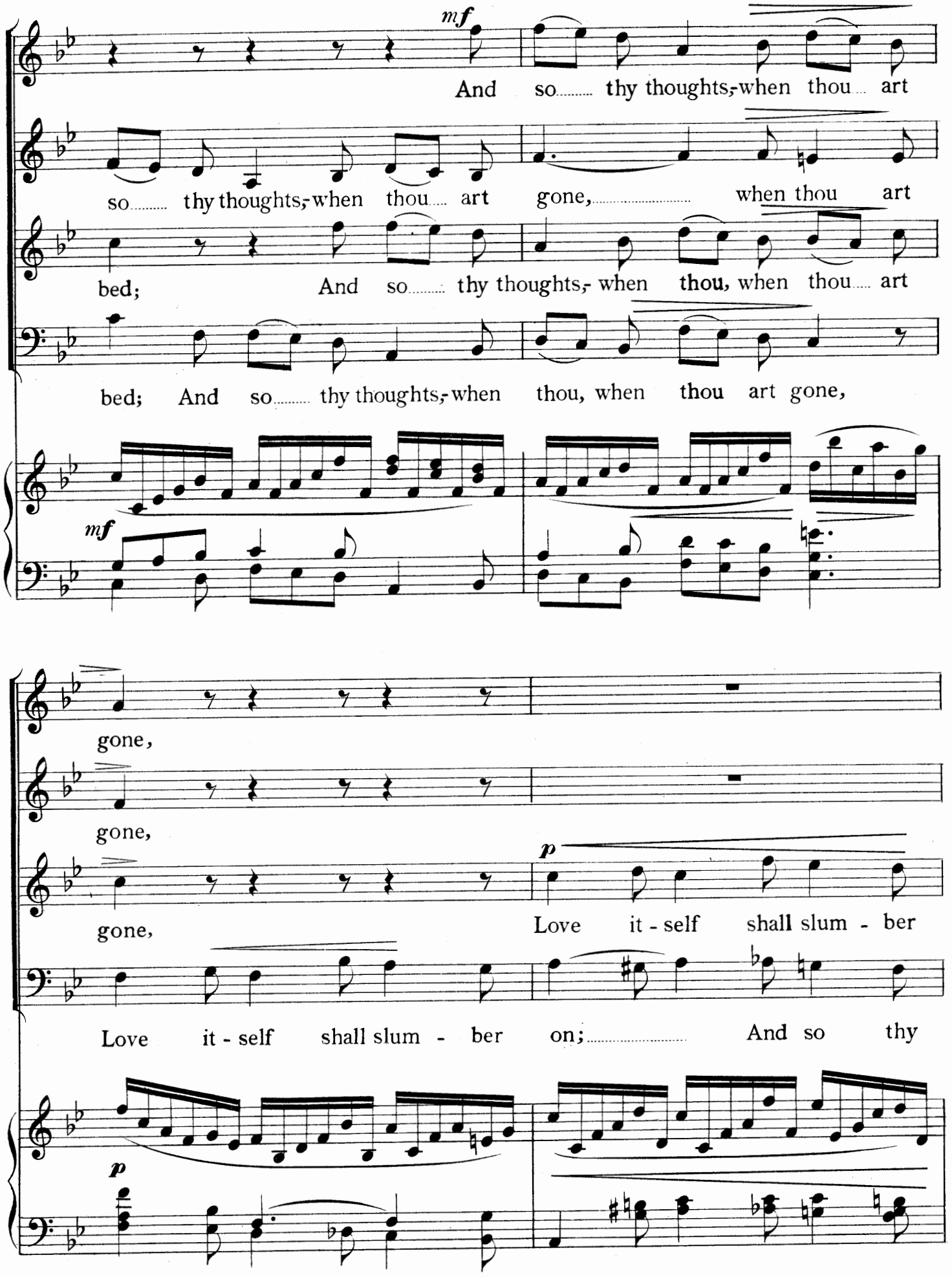
Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL



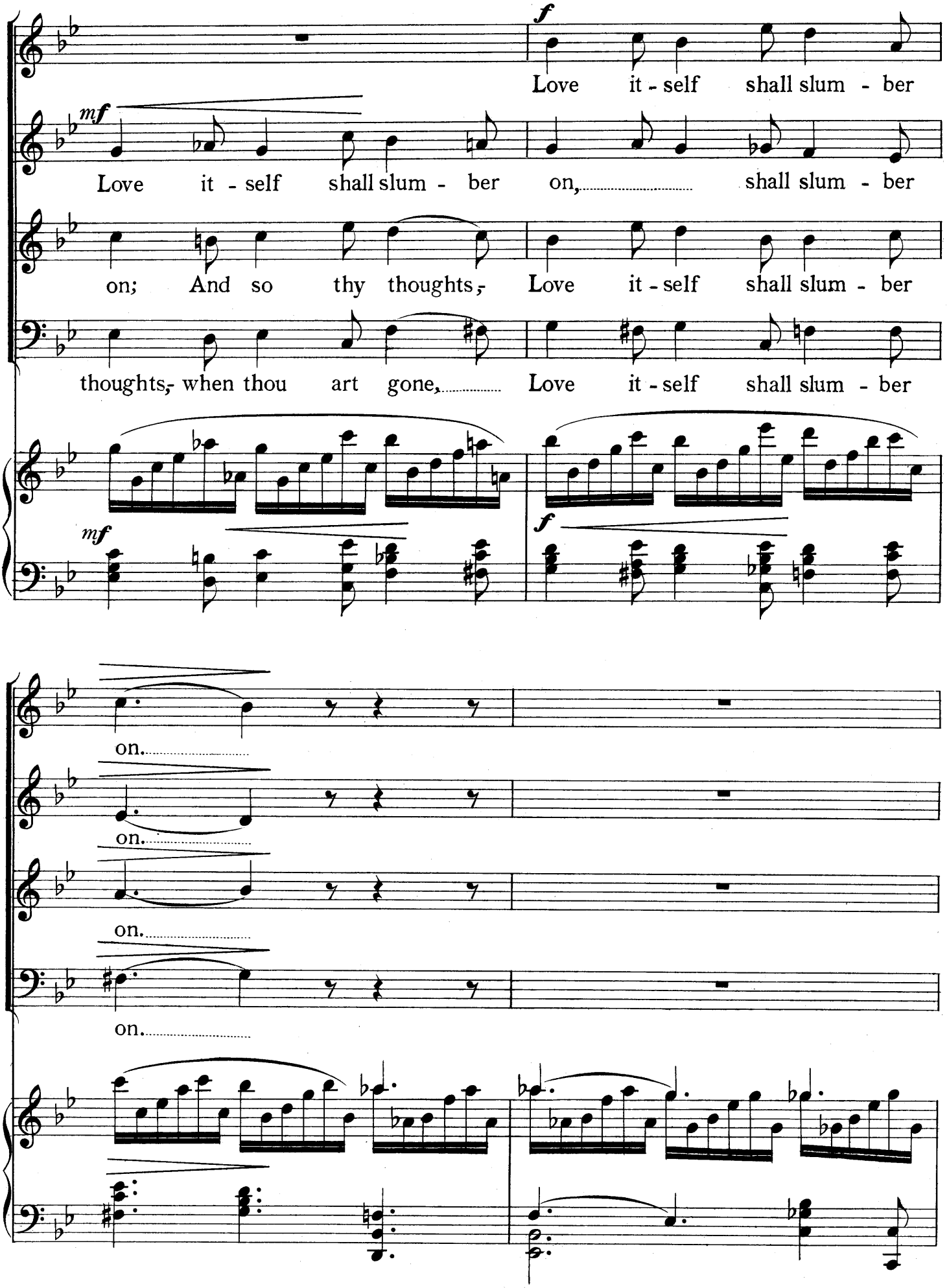
Copyright, 1903, by Boosey & Co.

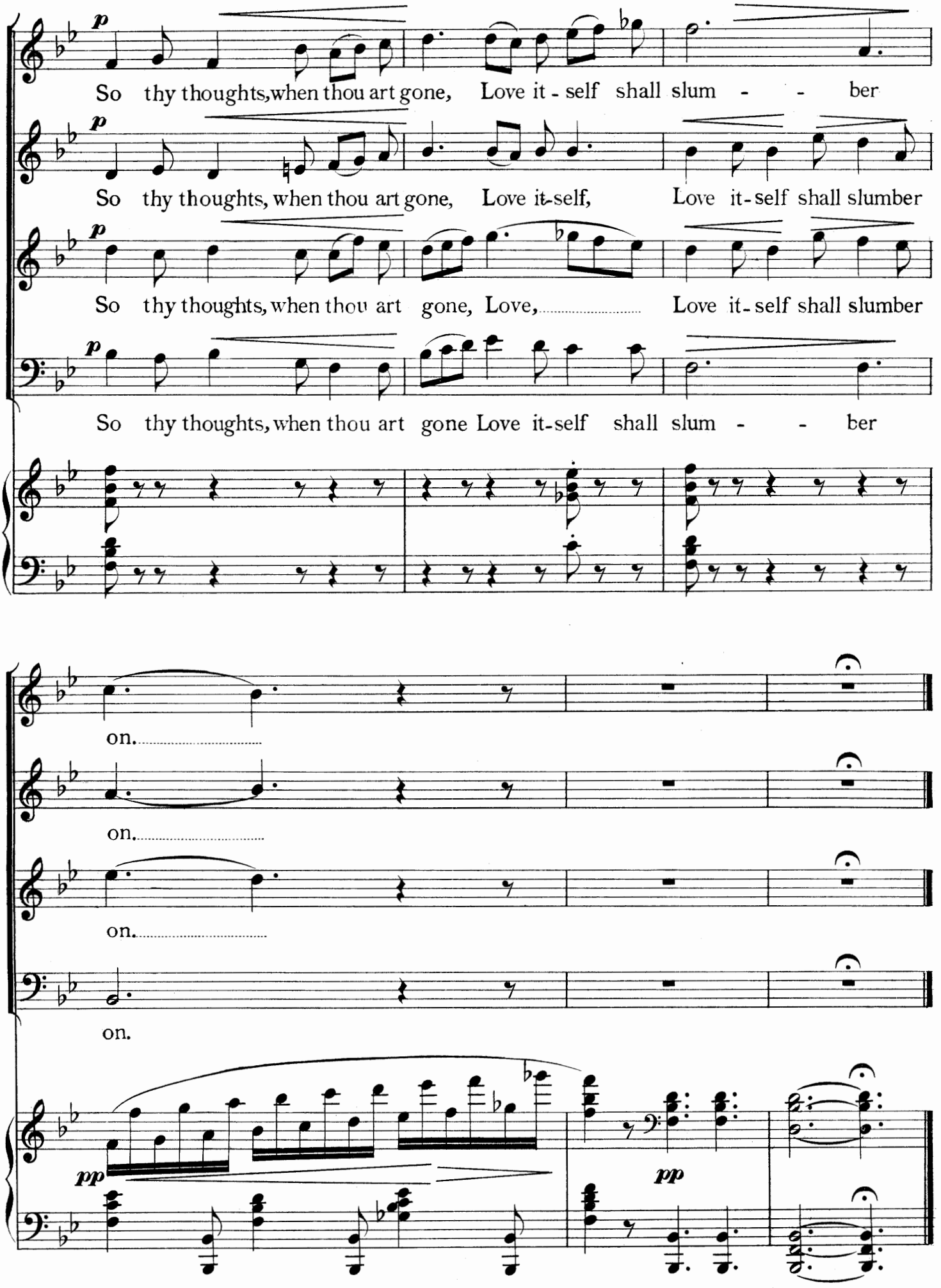

mf
O-dours when sweet vio-lets sick-en, Live with-in the sense they
mf
O-dours when sweet vio-lets sick-en, Live with-in the sense they
mf
O-dours when sweet vio-lets sick-en, Live with-in the sense they
mf
O-dours when sweet vio-lets sick-en, Live with-in the sense they
mf
quick- -en.
quick- -en.
quick- -en.
quick- -en.


p
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, Are
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, Are
Rose leaves, when the rose is
Rose leaves, when the rose.... is
heap - ed for the be - lov - ed's bed;
heap - ed for the be - lov - ed's - bed; And
mf
dead, Are heap - ed for the be - lov - ed's
mf
dead, Are heap - ed for the be - lov - ed's


mf
And so..... thy thoughts,- when thou.... art
so..... thy thoughts,- when thou.... art gone,..... when thou art
bed; And so..... thy thoughts,- when thou, when thou.... art
bed; And so..... thy thoughts,- when thou, when thou art gone,
mf
gone,
gone,
p
gone, Love it - self shall slum - ber
Love it - self shall slum - ber on;..... And so thy
p

83479


f
Love it - self shall slum - ber
mf
Love it - self shall slum - ber on, shall slum - ber
on; And so thy thoughts, Love it - self shall slum - ber
thoughts, when thou art gone, Love it - self shall slum - ber
mf
f
on.
on.
on.
on.


p
So thy thoughts, when thou art gone, Love it - self shall slum - - ber
p
So thy thoughts, when thou art gone, Love it-self, Love it-self shall slumber
p
So thy thoughts, when thou art gone, Love, Love it-self shall slumber
p
So thy thoughts, when thou art gone Love it-self shall slum - - ber
on.
on.
on.
on.
pp
pp

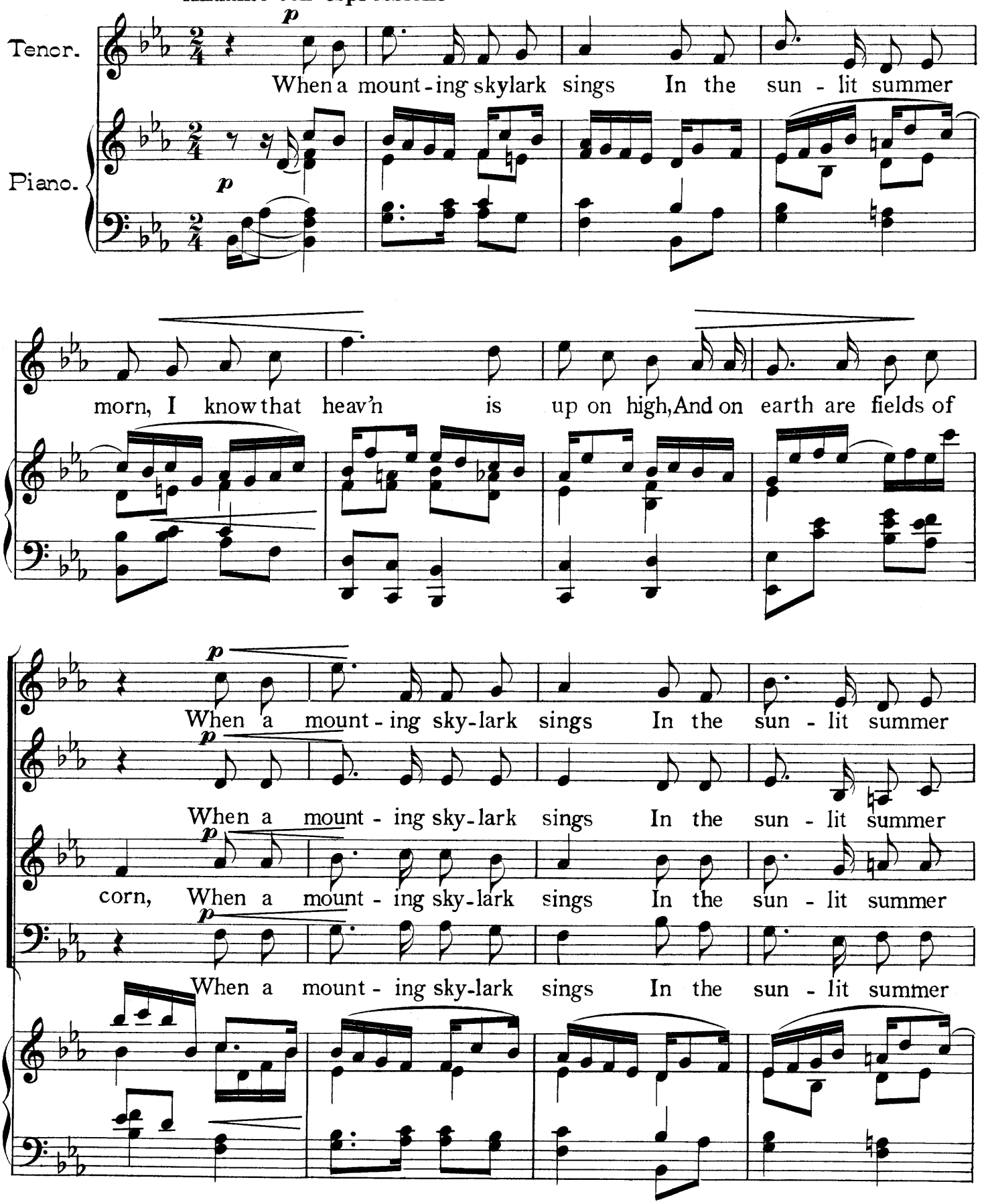
When a mounting Skylark sings.

No 7. Tenor Solo and Quartet.

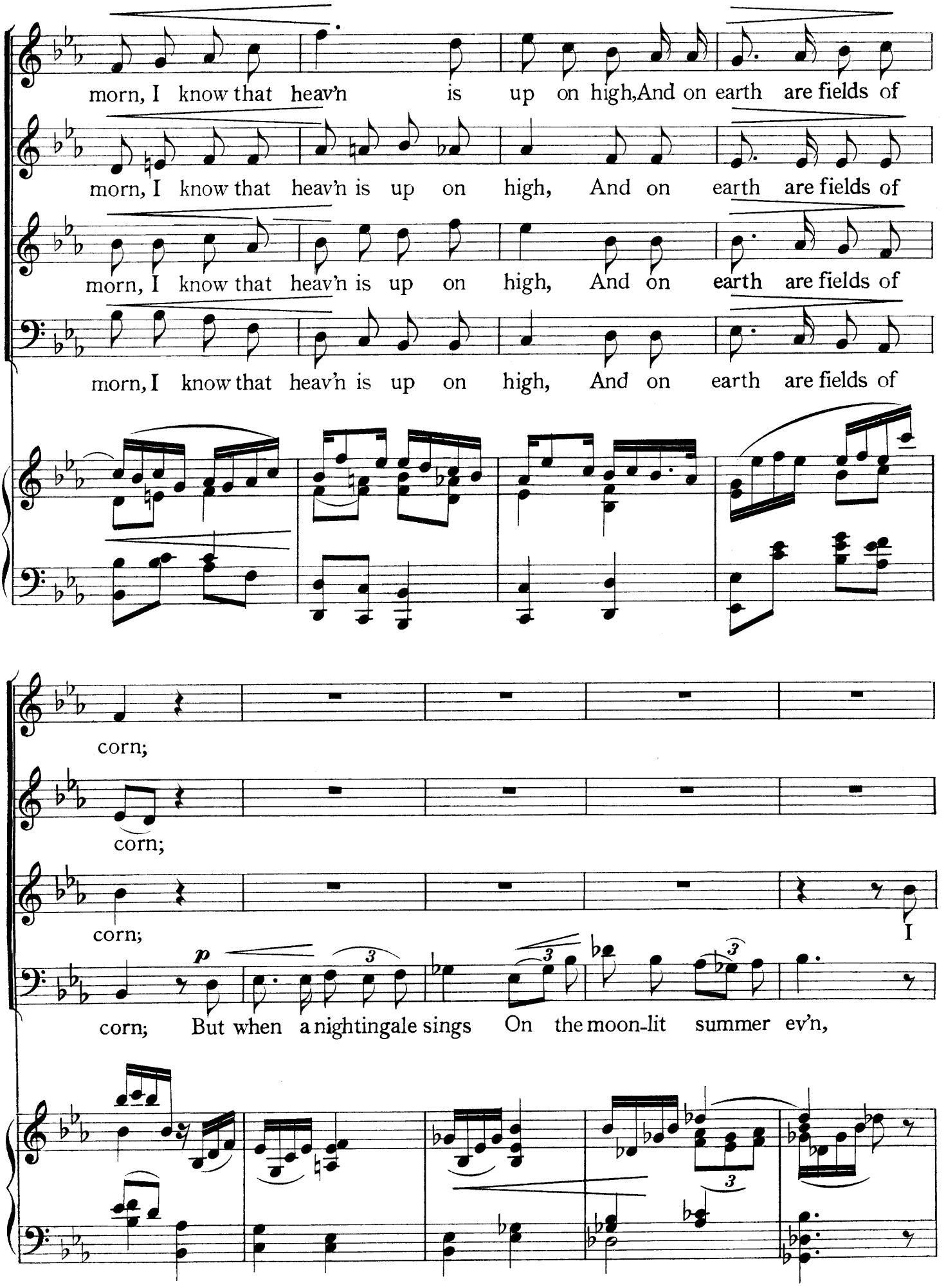
Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

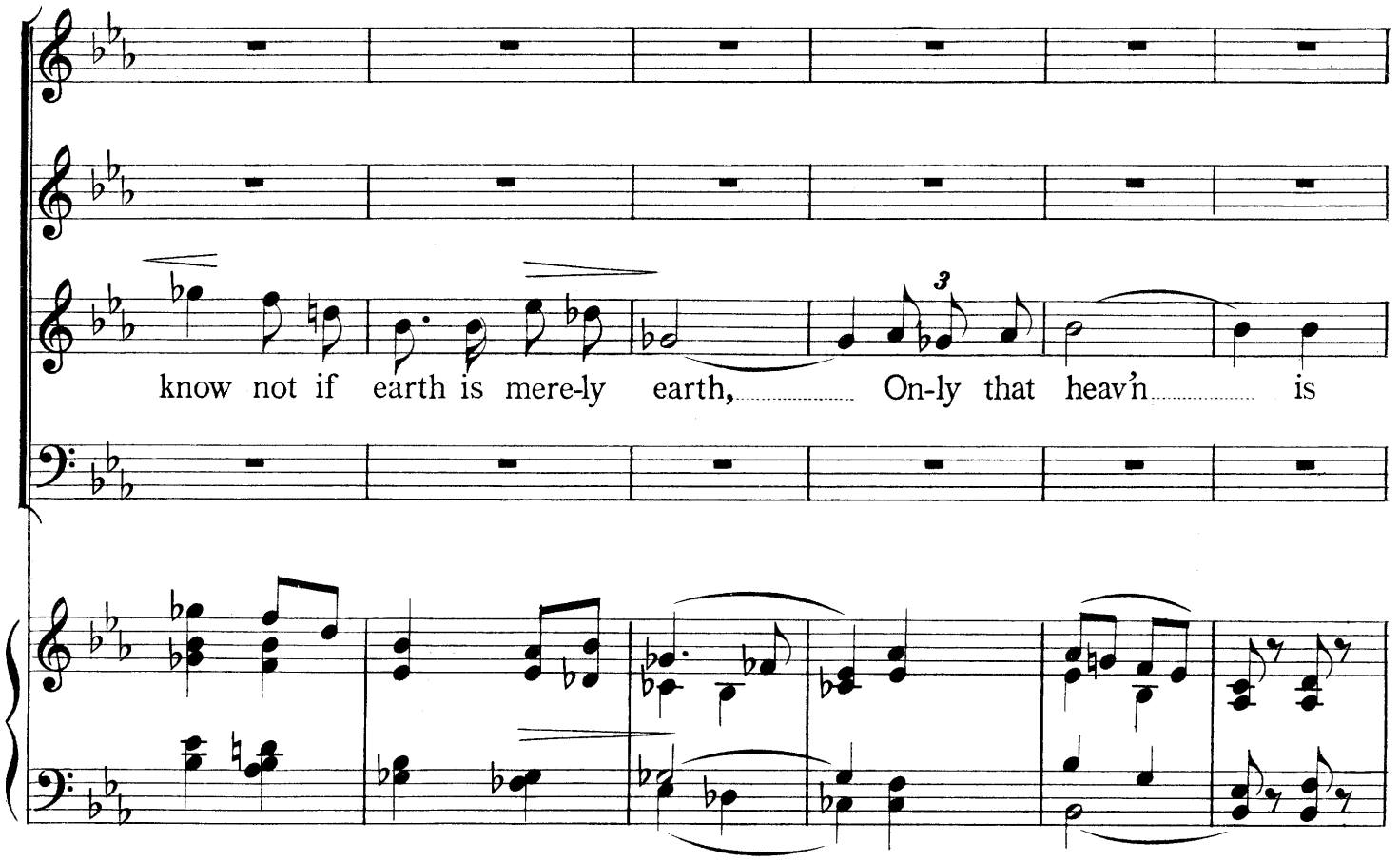
Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

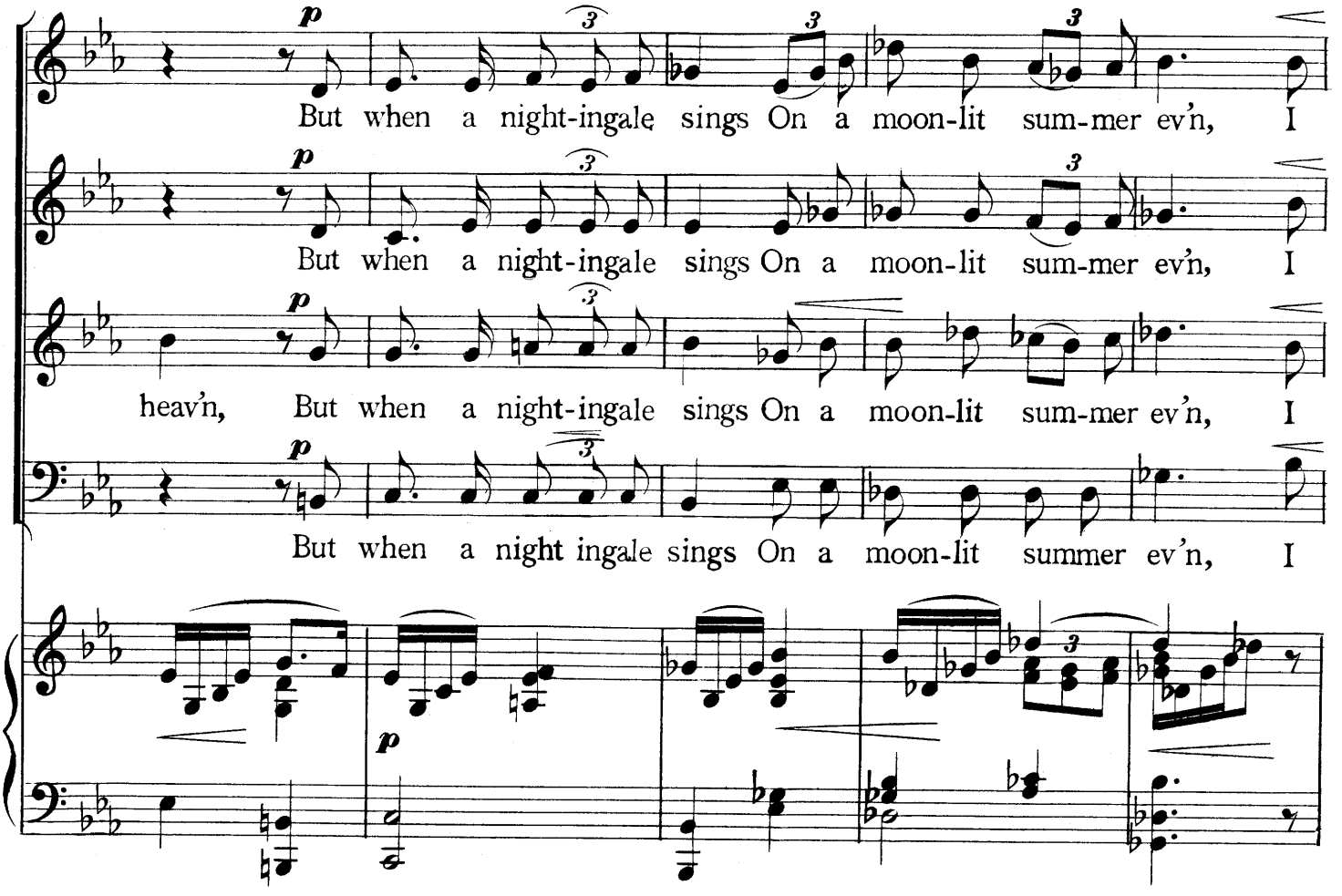
Andante con espressione.

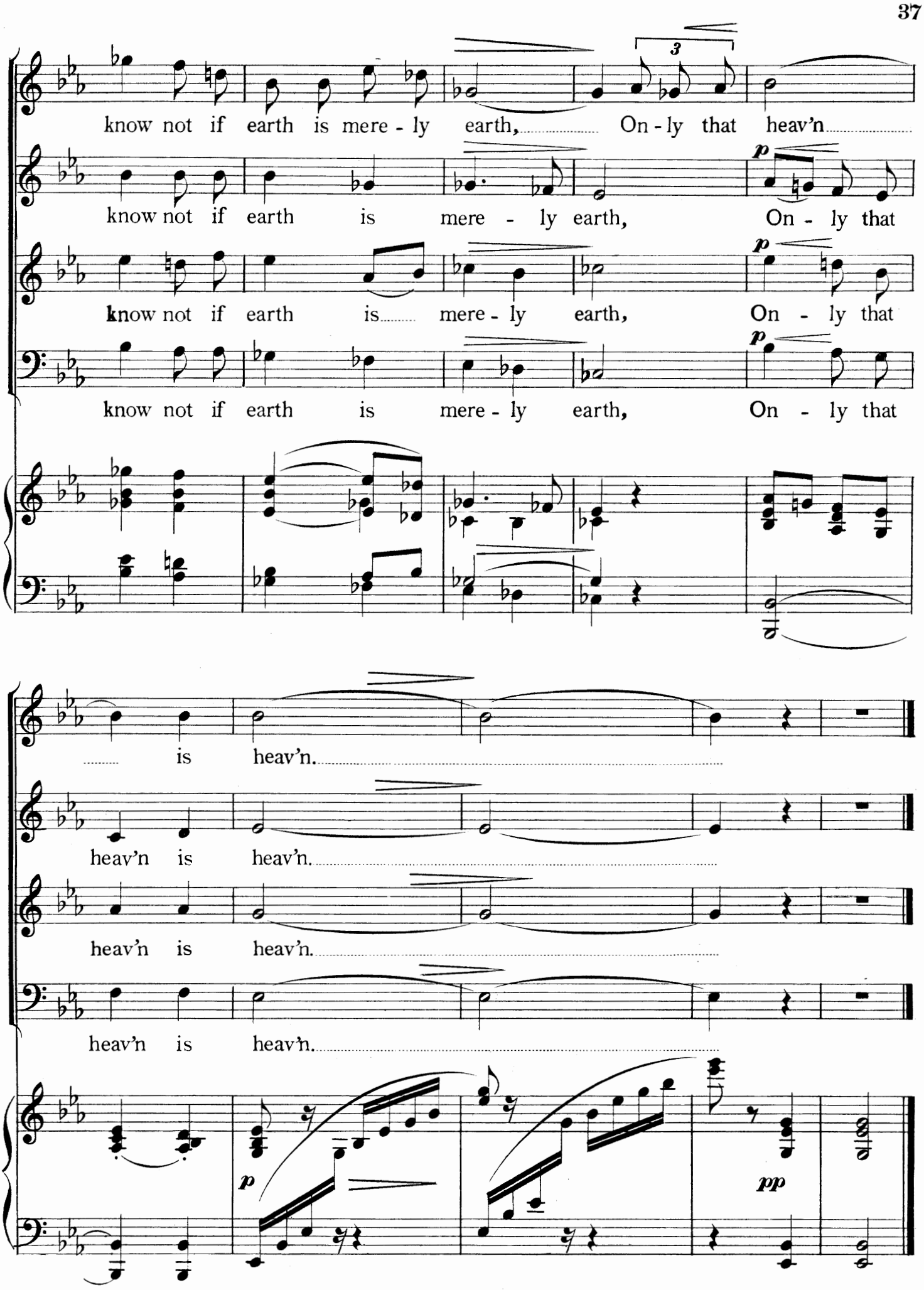


Copyright 1903, by Boosey & Co


morn, I know that heav'n is up on high, And on earth are fields of
morn, I know that heav'n is up on high, And on earth are fields of
morn, I know that heav'n is up on high, And on earth are fields of
morn, I know that heav'n is up on high, And on earth are fields of
corn;
corn;
corn;
I
p
corn; But when a nightingale sings On the moon-lit summer ev'n,


know not if earth is mere-ly earth, On-ly that heav'n is


But when a night-ingale sings On a moon-lit sum-mer ev'n, I
But when a night-ingale sings On a moon-lit sum-mer ev'n, I
heav'n, But when a night-ingale sings On a moon-lit sum-mer ev'n, I
But when a night ingale sings On a moon-lit summer ev'n, I

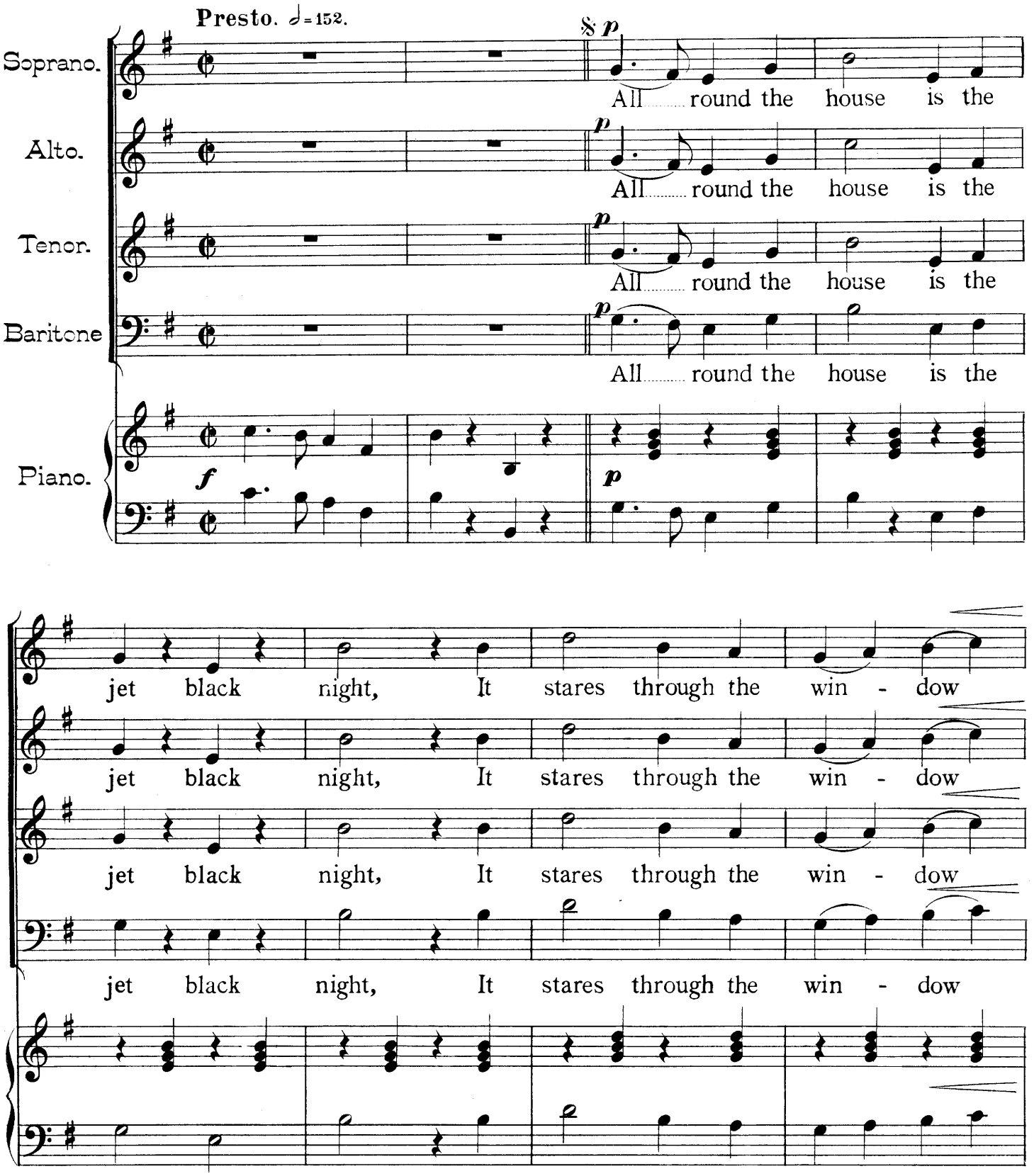

know not if earth is mere - ly earth, On - ly that heav'n
know not if earth is mere - ly earth, On - ly that
know not if earth is mere - ly earth, On - ly that
know not if earth is mere - ly earth, On - ly that
is heav'n.
heav'n is heav'n.
heav'n is heav'n.
heav'n is heav'n.
3
p
p
p
p
p
pp

Going to Bed.

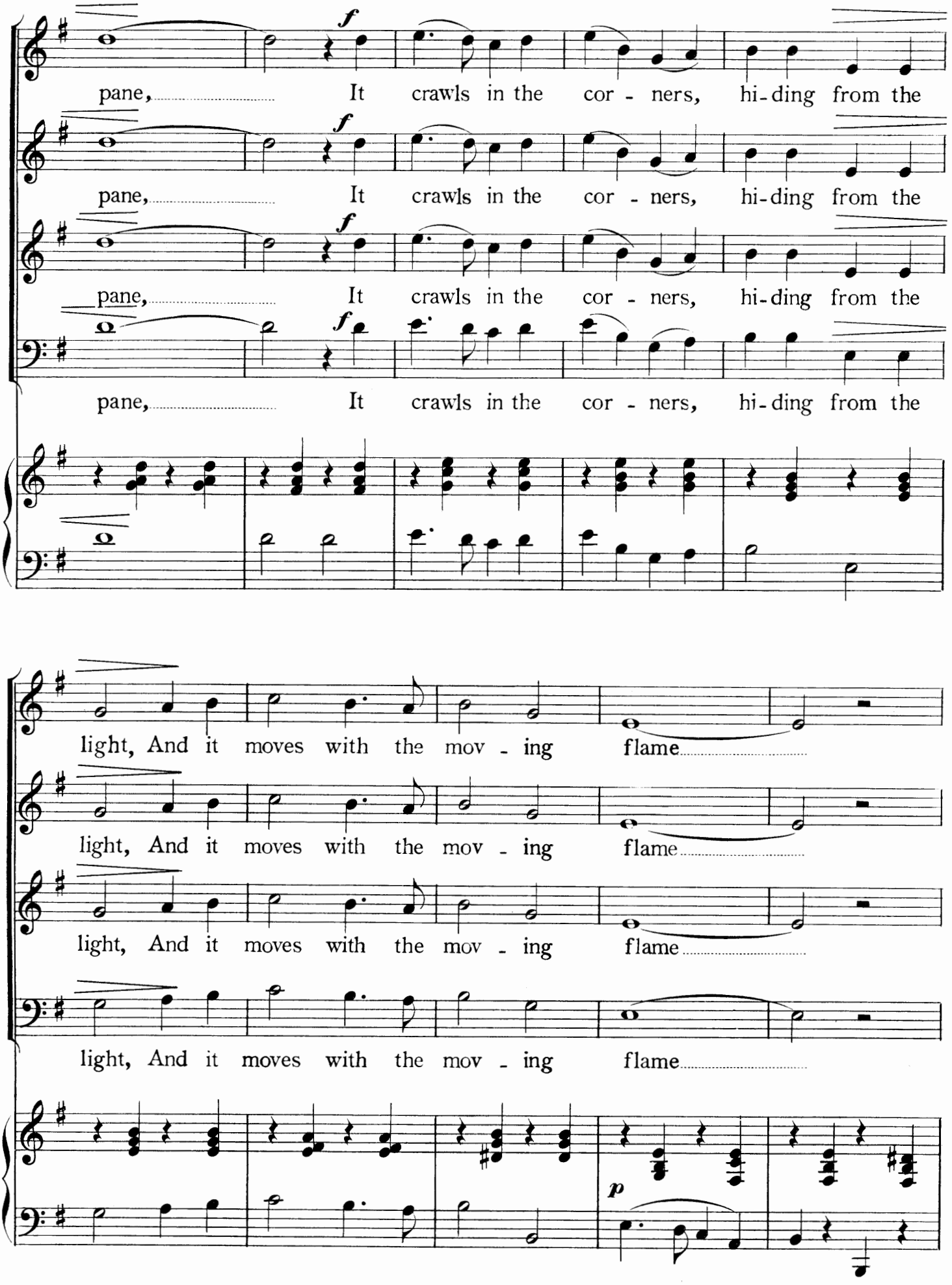
No 8. Quartet.

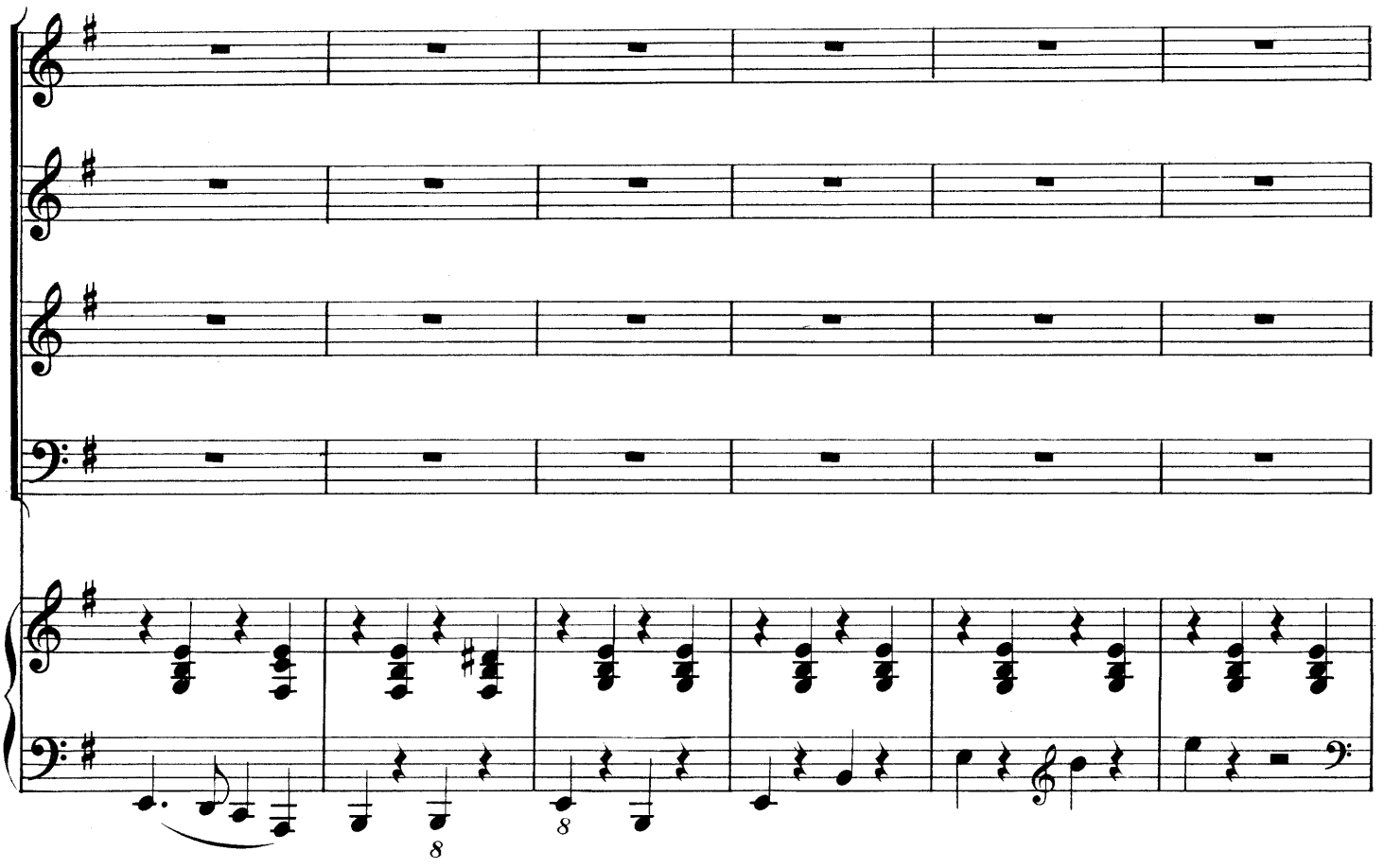
Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

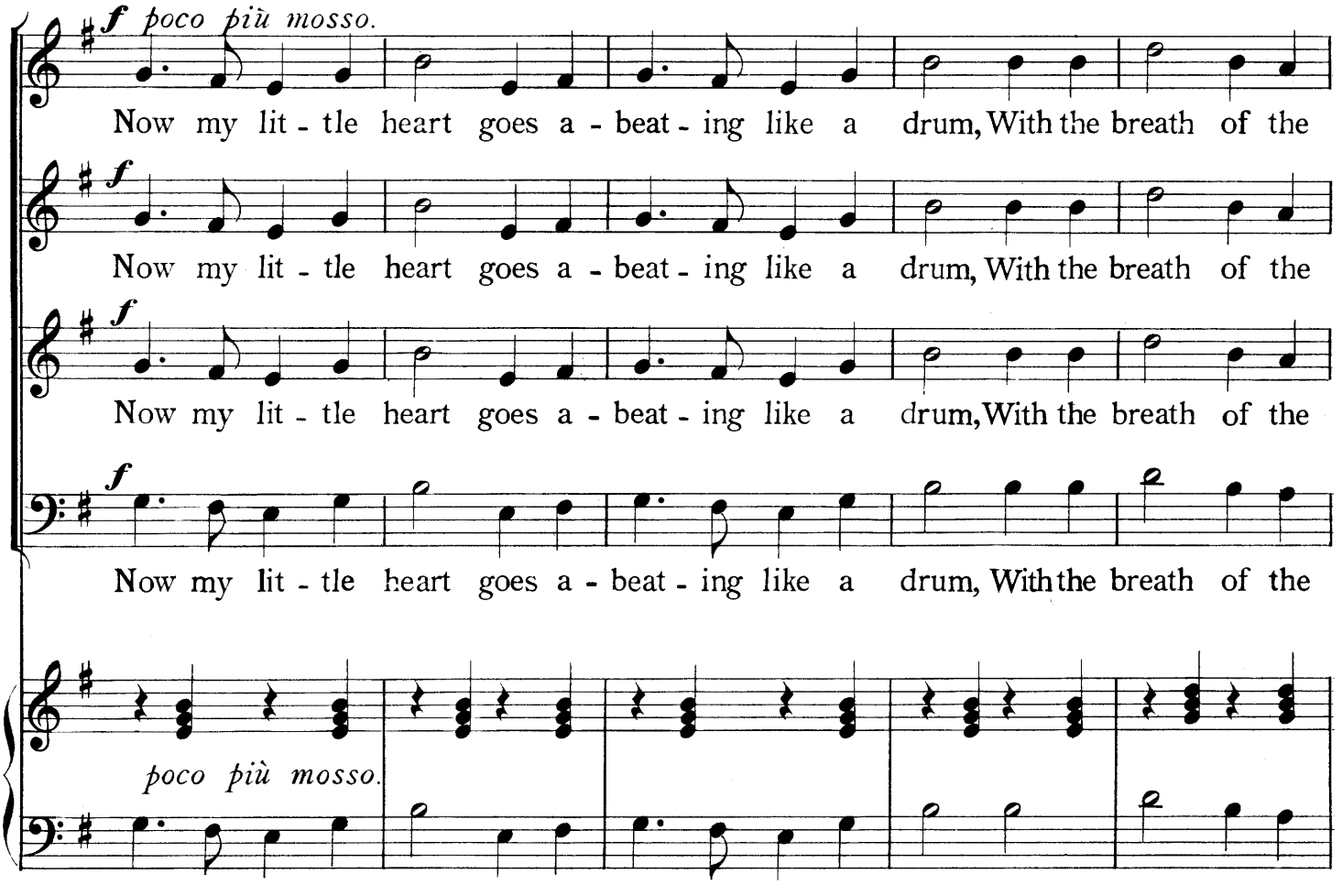
Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

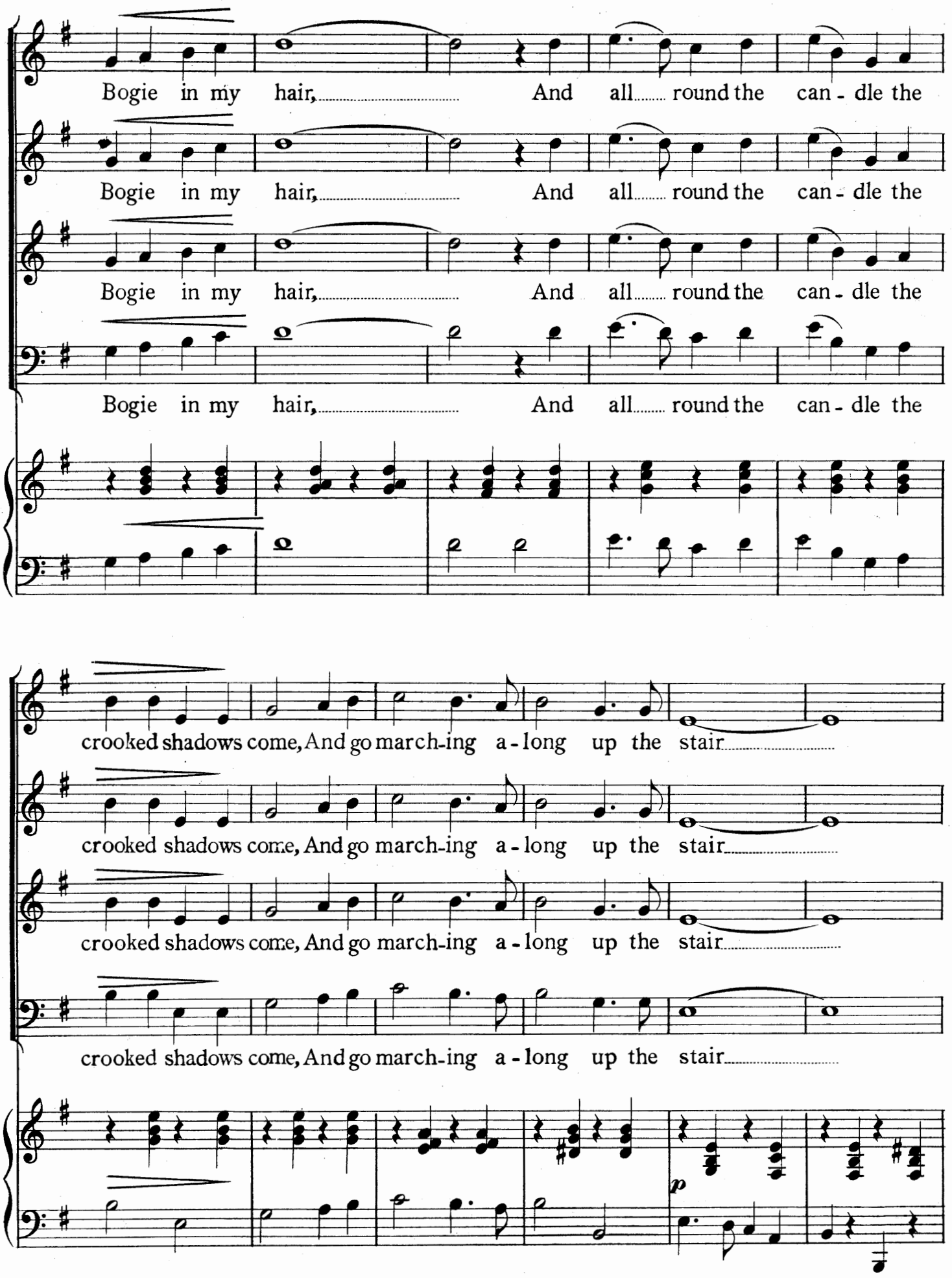


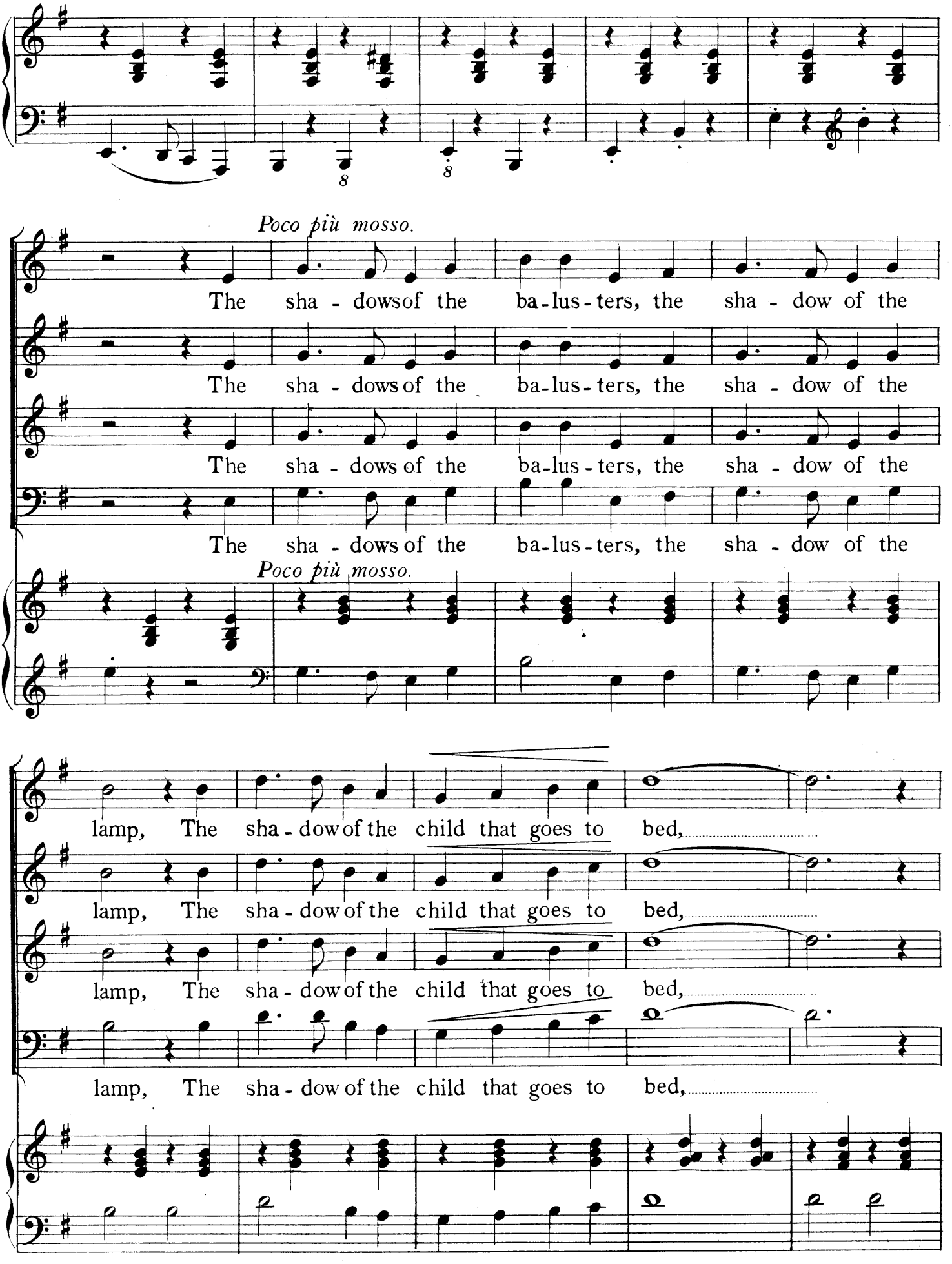
Copyright, 1903, by Boosey & Co

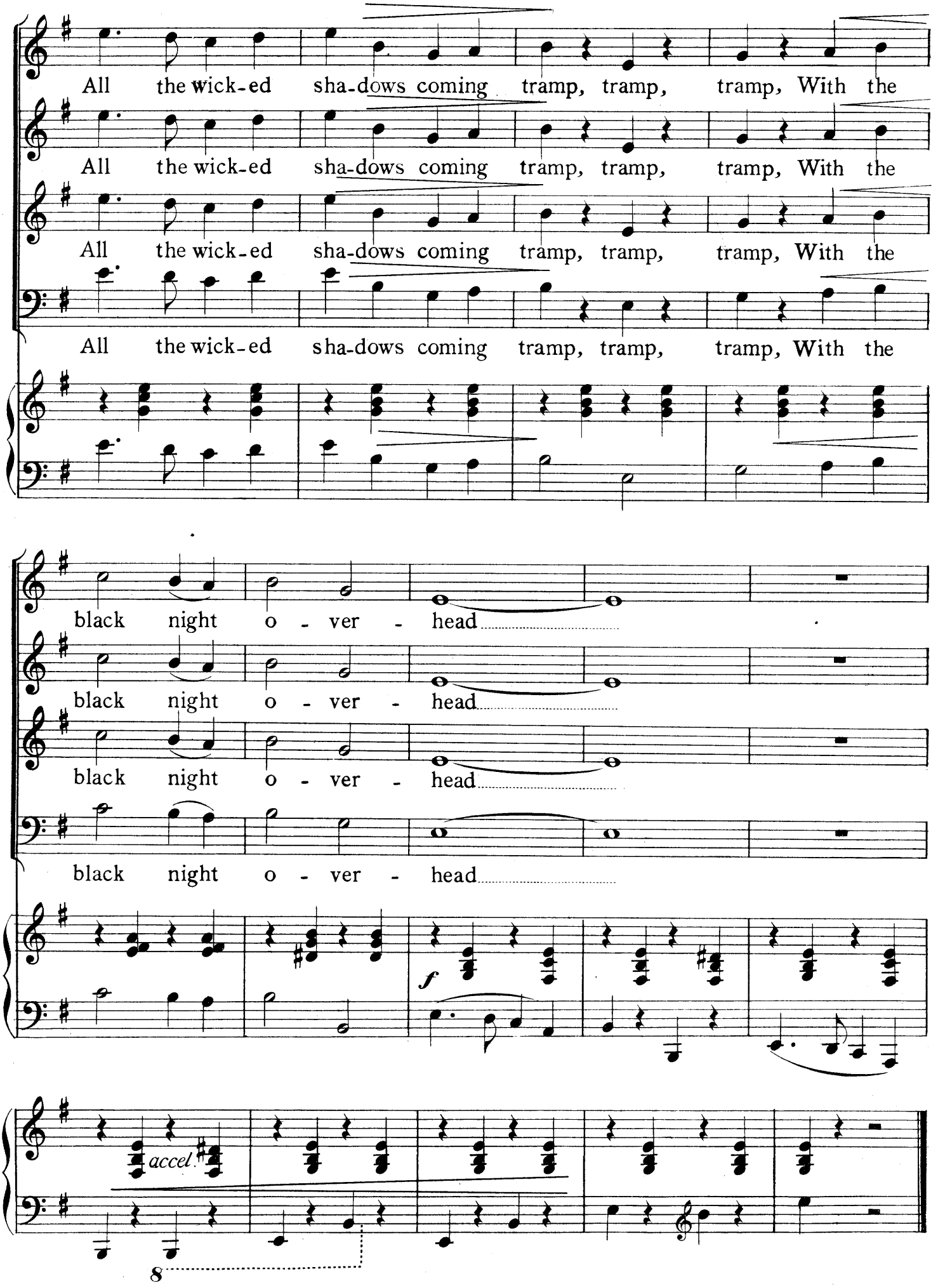

pane, It crawls in the cor - ners, hi-ding from the
pane, It crawls in the cor - ners, hi-ding from the
pane, It crawls in the cor - ners, hi-ding from the
pane, It crawls in the cor - ners, hi-ding from the
light, And it moves with the mov - ing flame
light, And it moves with the mov - ing flame
light, And it moves with the mov - ing flame
light, And it moves with the mov - ing flame
f
p




f poco più mosso.
Now my lit - tle heart goes a - beat - ing like a drum, With the breath of the
f
Now my lit - tle heart goes a - beat - ing like a drum, With the breath of the
f
Now my lit - tle heart goes a - beat - ing like a drum, With the breath of the
f
Now my lit - tle heart goes a - beat - ing like a drum, With the breath of the
poco più mosso.


Bogie in my hair, And all round the can - dle the
Bogie in my hair, And all round the can - dle the
Bogie in my hair, And all round the can - dle the
Bogie in my hair, And all round the can - dle the
crooked shadows come, And go march-ing a - long up the stair
crooked shadows come, And go march-ing a - long up the stair
crooked shadows come, And go march-ing a - long up the stair
crooked shadows come, And go march-ing a - long up the stair
p


Poco più mosso.
The sha - dowsof the ba-lus-ters, the sha - dow of the
The sha - dows of the ba-lus-ters, the sha - dow of the
The sha - dows of the ba-lus-ters, the sha - dow of the
The sha - dows of the ba-lus-ters, the sha - dow of the
Poco più mosso.
lamp, The sha - dowof the child that goes to bed,
lamp, The sha - dow of the child that goes to bed,
lamp, The sha - dow of the child that goes to bed,
lamp, The sha - dow of the child that goes to bed,

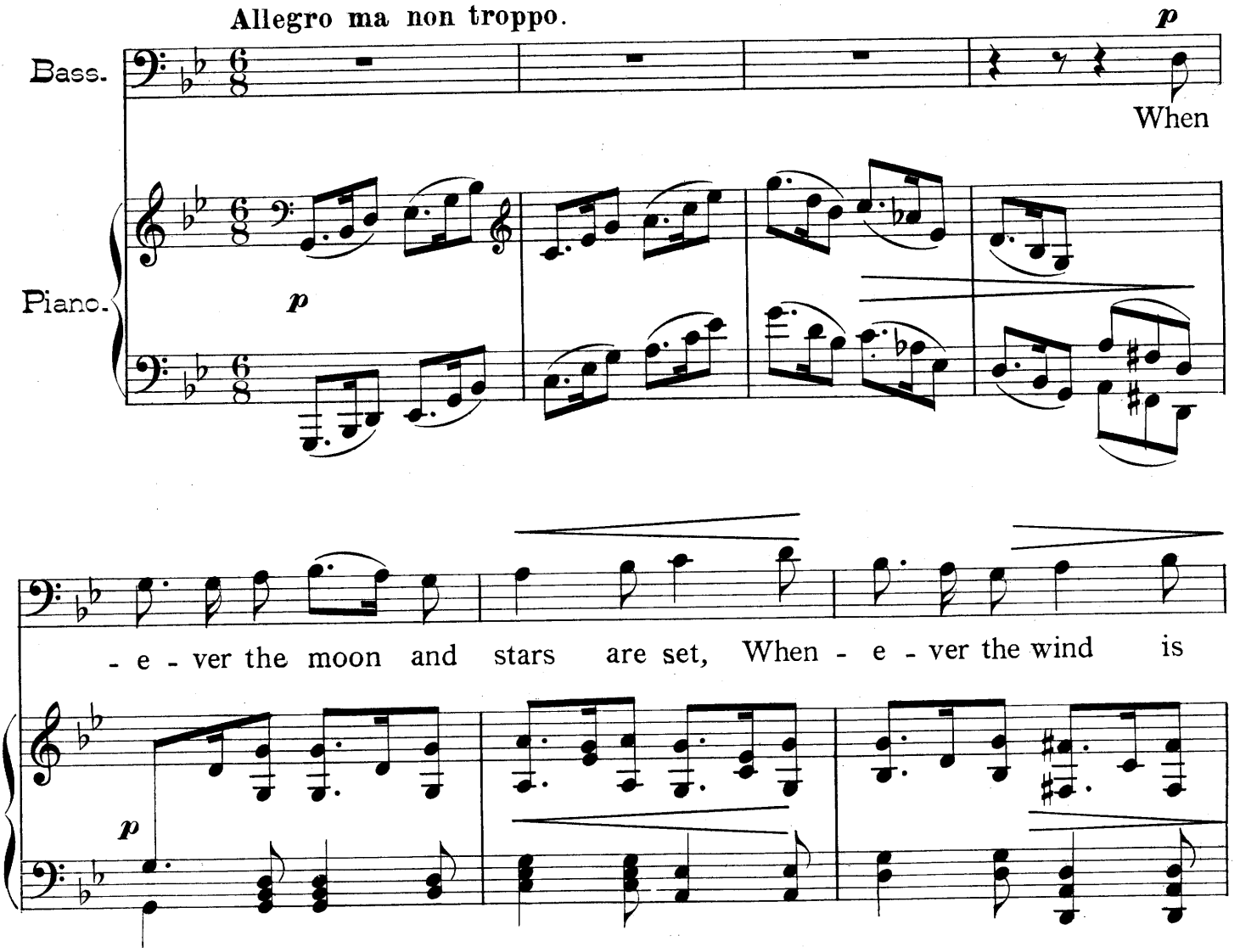

All the wick-ed sha-dows coming tramp, tramp, tramp, With the
All the wick-ed sha-dows coming tramp, tramp, tramp, With the
All the wick-ed sha-dows coming tramp, tramp, tramp, With the
All the wick-ed sha-dows coming tramp, tramp, tramp, With the
black night o - ver - head
black night o - ver - head
black night o - ver - head
black night o - ver - head
f
accel.
8

Windy Nights.

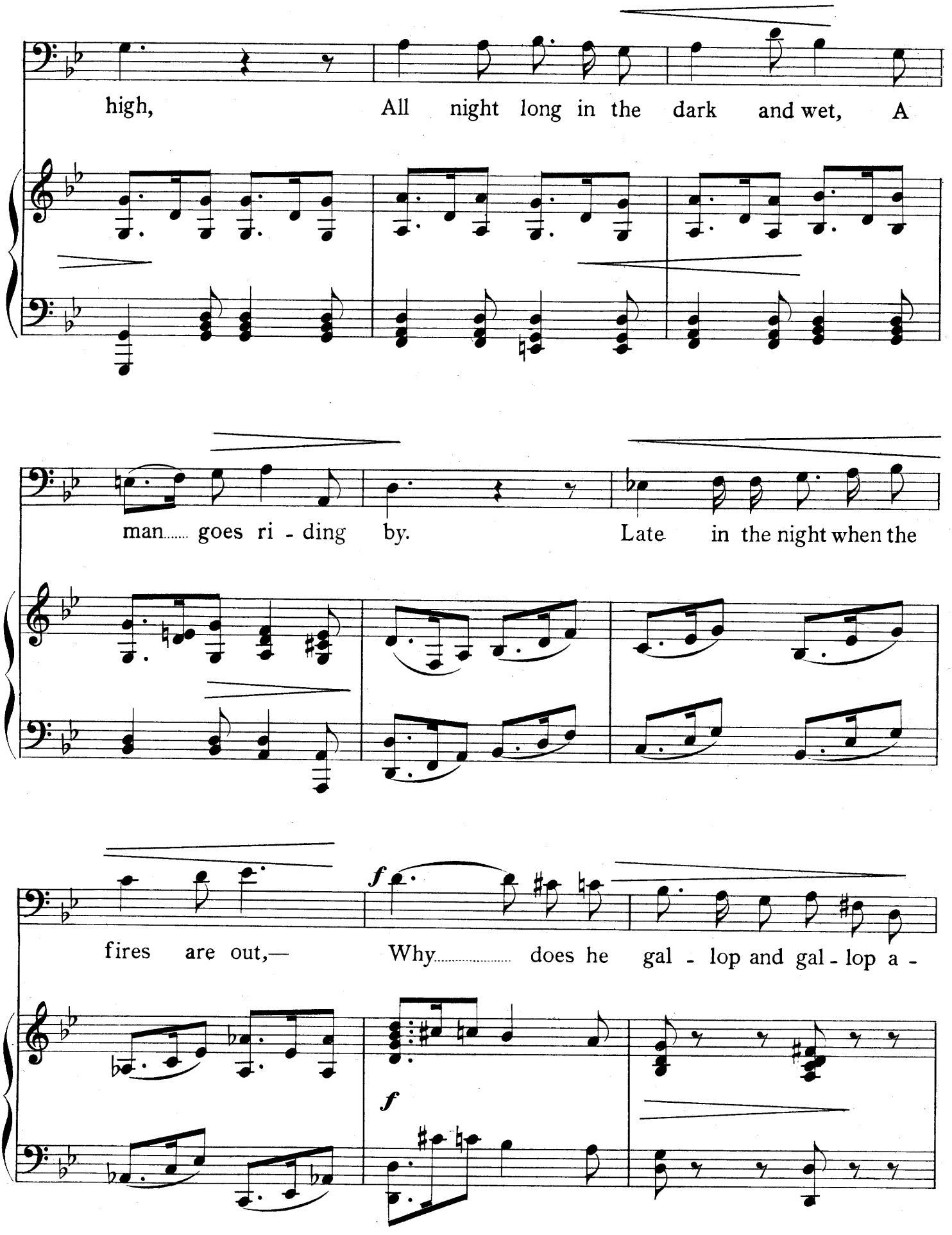
Nº 9. Solo (Bass) & Quartet

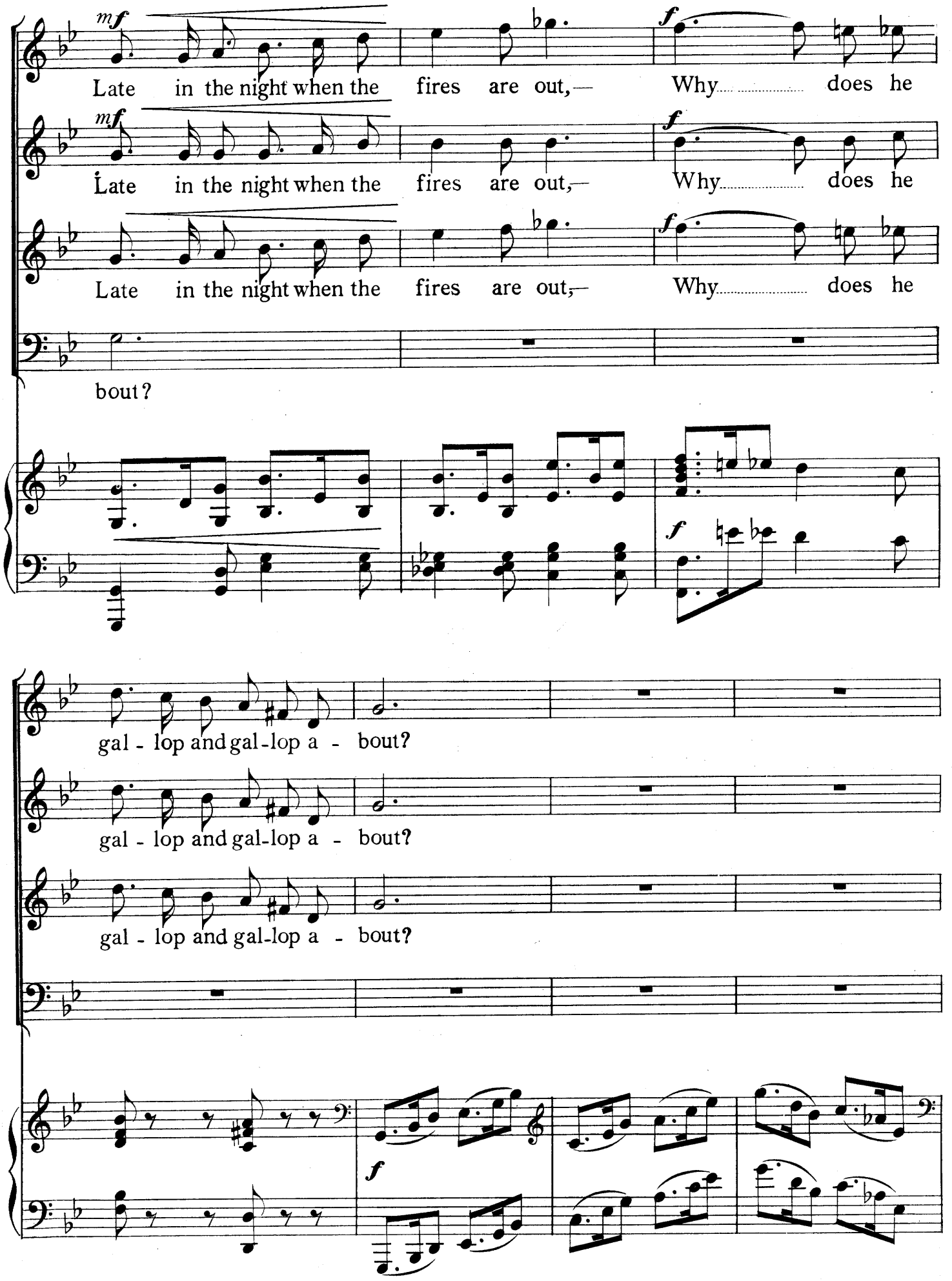
Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

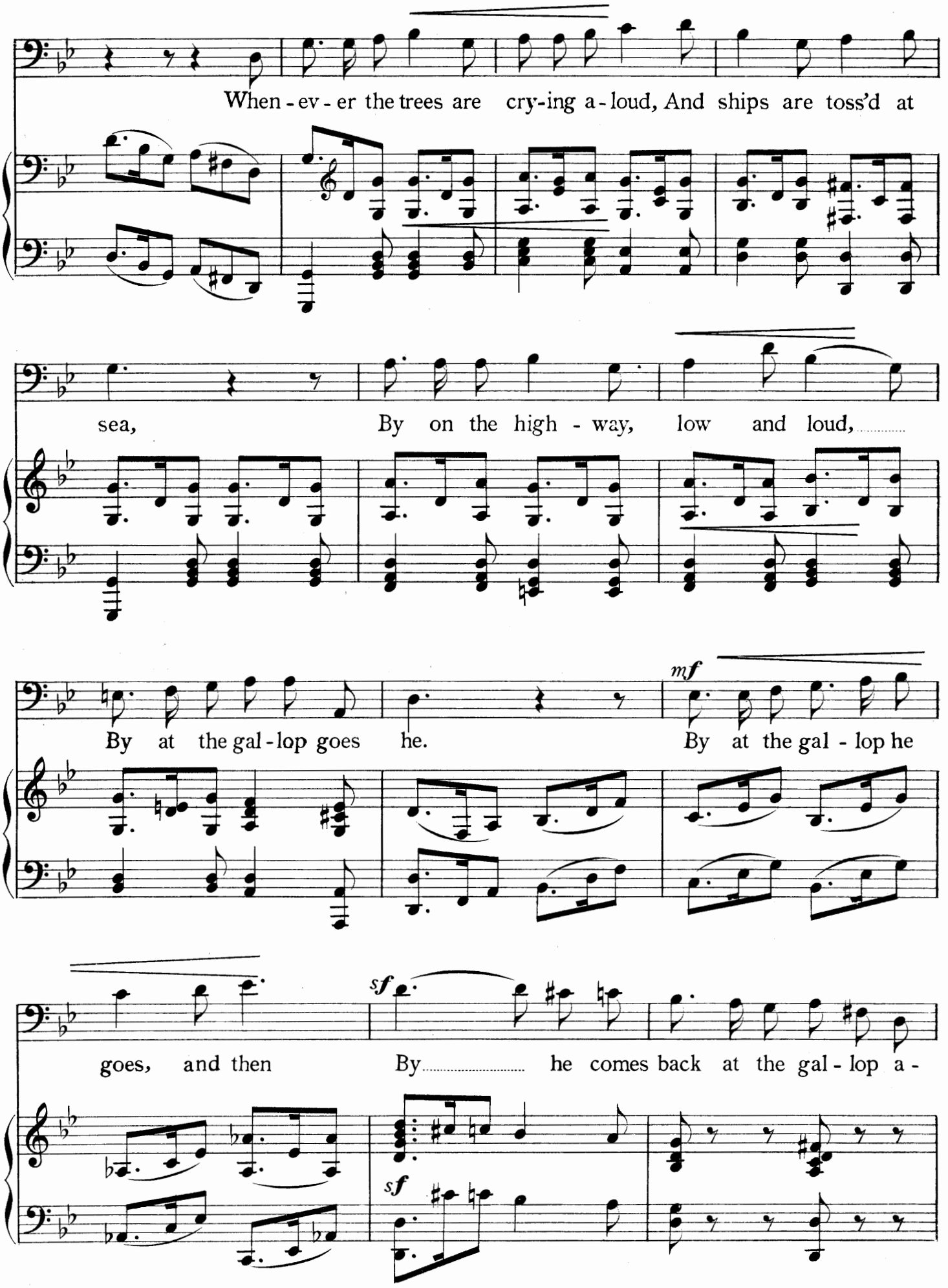
Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

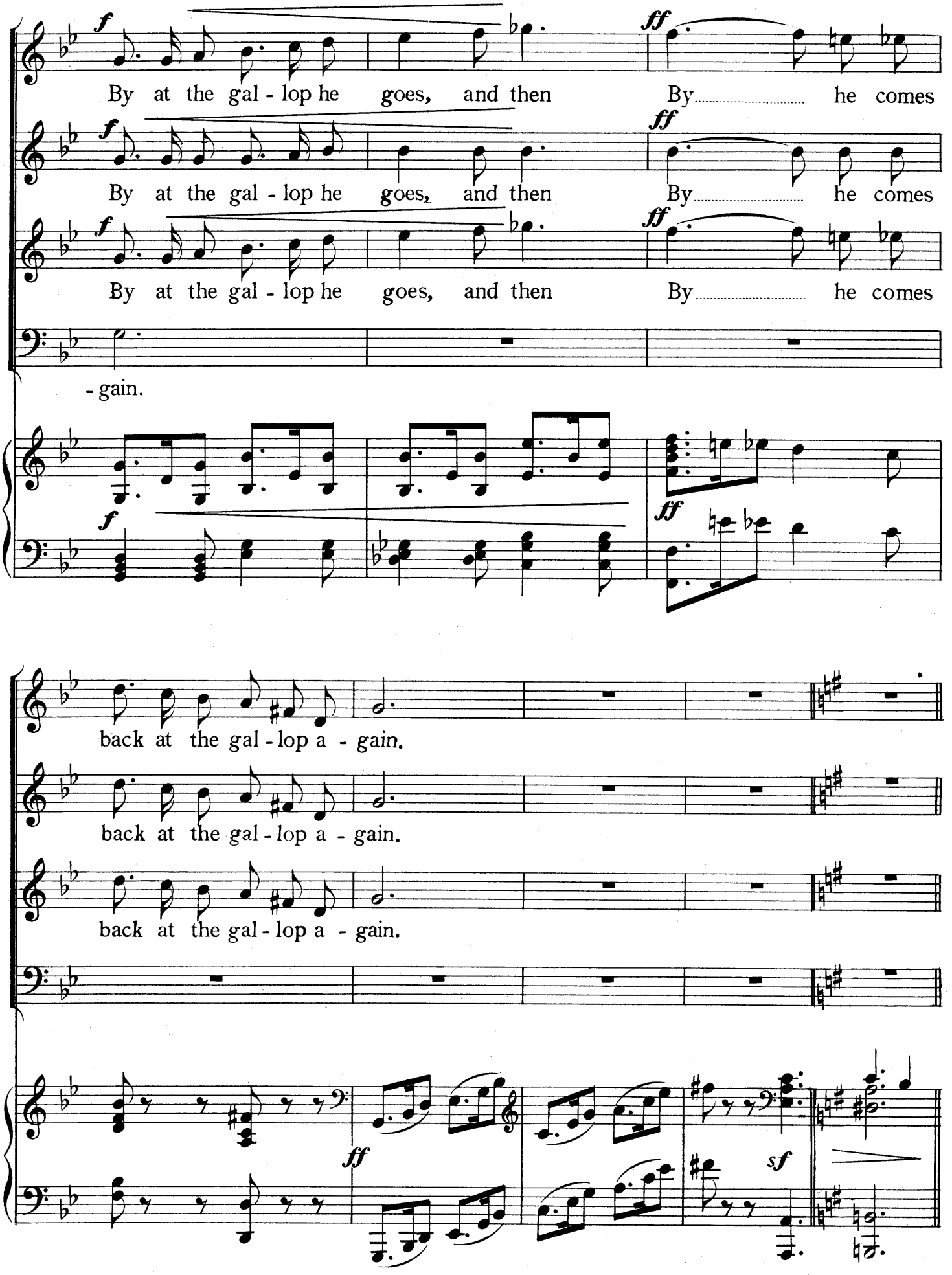


Copyright 1903 by Boosey & Cº
New Edition, with finale, Copyright 1903 by Boosey & Cº

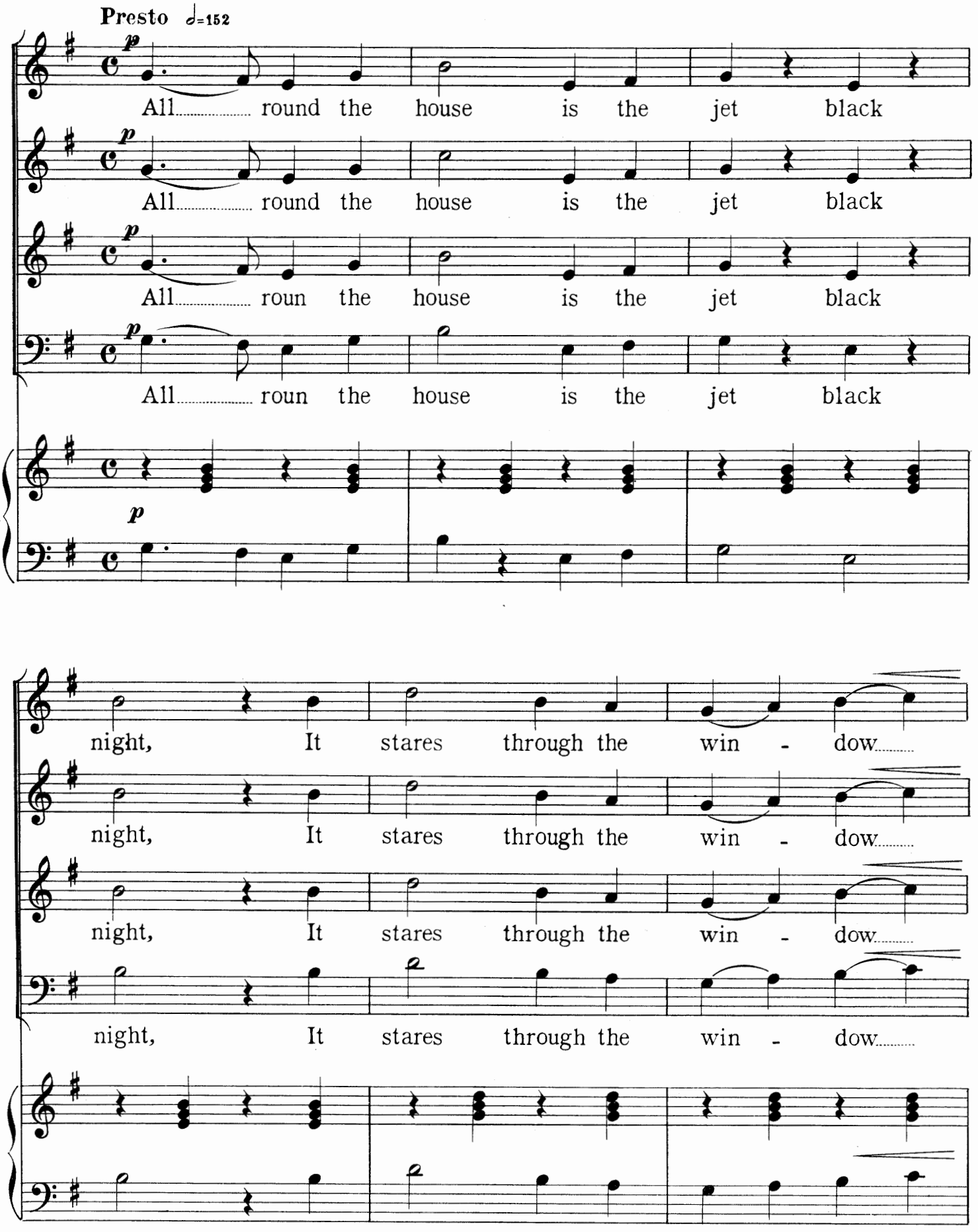

high, All night long in the dark and wet, A
man..... goes ri - ding by. Late in the night when the
fires are out,— Why..... does he gal - lop and gal - lop a -
f
f

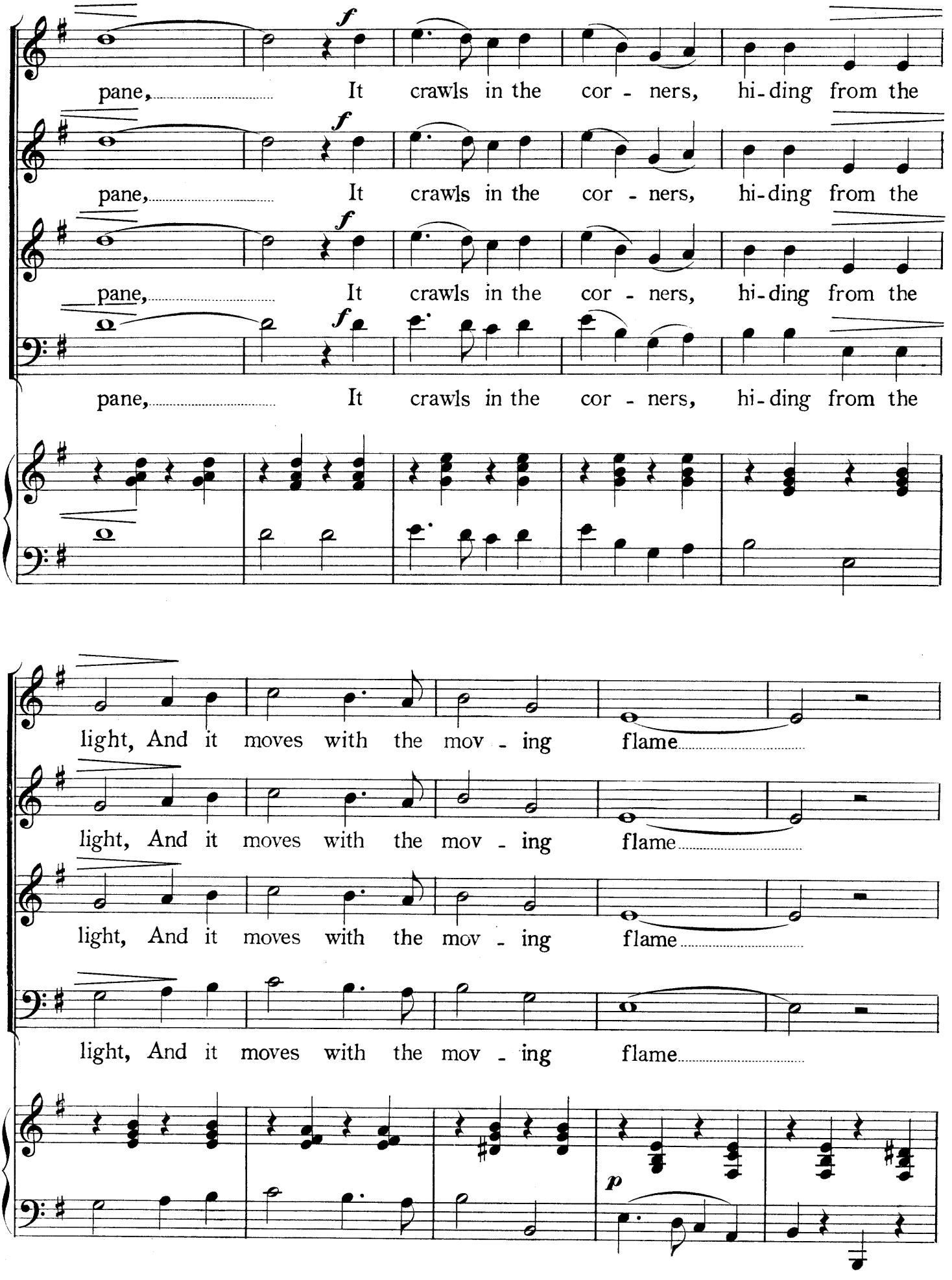

mf
Late in the night when the fires are out,—
Why does he
bout?
f
gal - lop and gal-lop a - bout?

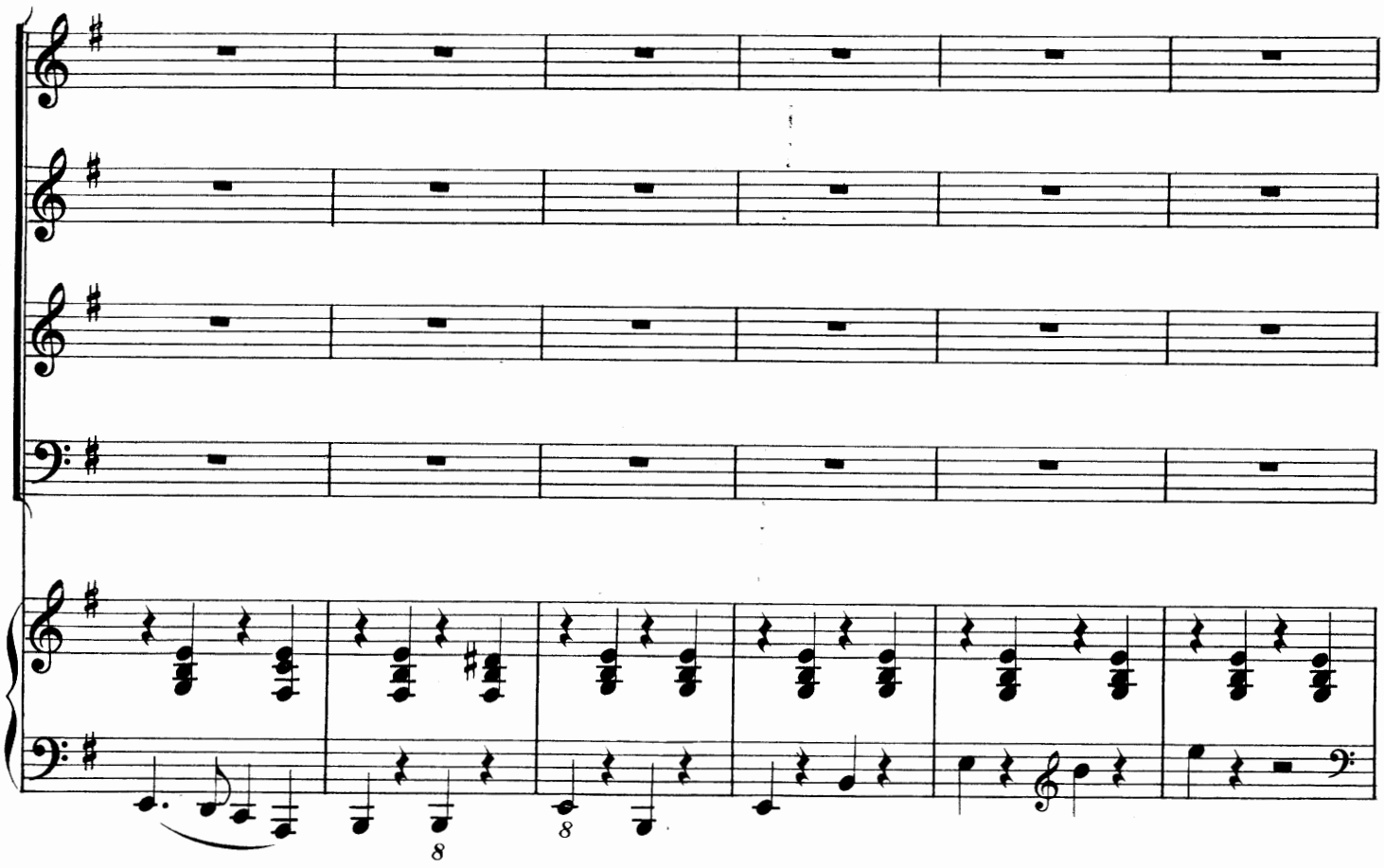

When - ev - er the trees are cry-ing a - loud, And ships are toss'd at
sea, By on the high - way, low and loud,
mf
By at the gal - lop goes he. By at the gal - lop he
sf
goes, and then By he comes back at the gal - lop a -
sf


By at the gal - lop he goes, and then By he comes
By at the gal - lop he goes, and then By he comes
By at the gal - lop he goes, and then By he comes
- gain.
back at the gal - lop a - gain.
back at the gal - lop a - gain.
back at the gal - lop a - gain.

FINALE.


Presto ♩=152
p
All round the house is the jet black
All round the house is the jet black
All roun the house is the jet black
All roun the house is the jet black
p
night, It stares through the win - dow
night, It stares through the win - dow
night, It stares through the win - dow
night, It stares through the win - dow


pane, It crawls in the cor - ners, hi-ding from the
pane, It crawls in the cor - ners, hi-ding from the
pane, It crawls in the cor - ners, hi-ding from the
pane, It crawls in the cor - ners, hi-ding from the
light, And it moves with the mov - ing flame
light, And it moves with the mov - ing flame
light, And it moves with the mov - ing flame
light, And it moves with the mov - ing flame
f
p



f *poco più mosso.*

Now my lit - tle heart goes a - beat - ing like a drum, With the breath of the

f

Now my lit - tle heart goes a - beat - ing like a drum, With the breath of the

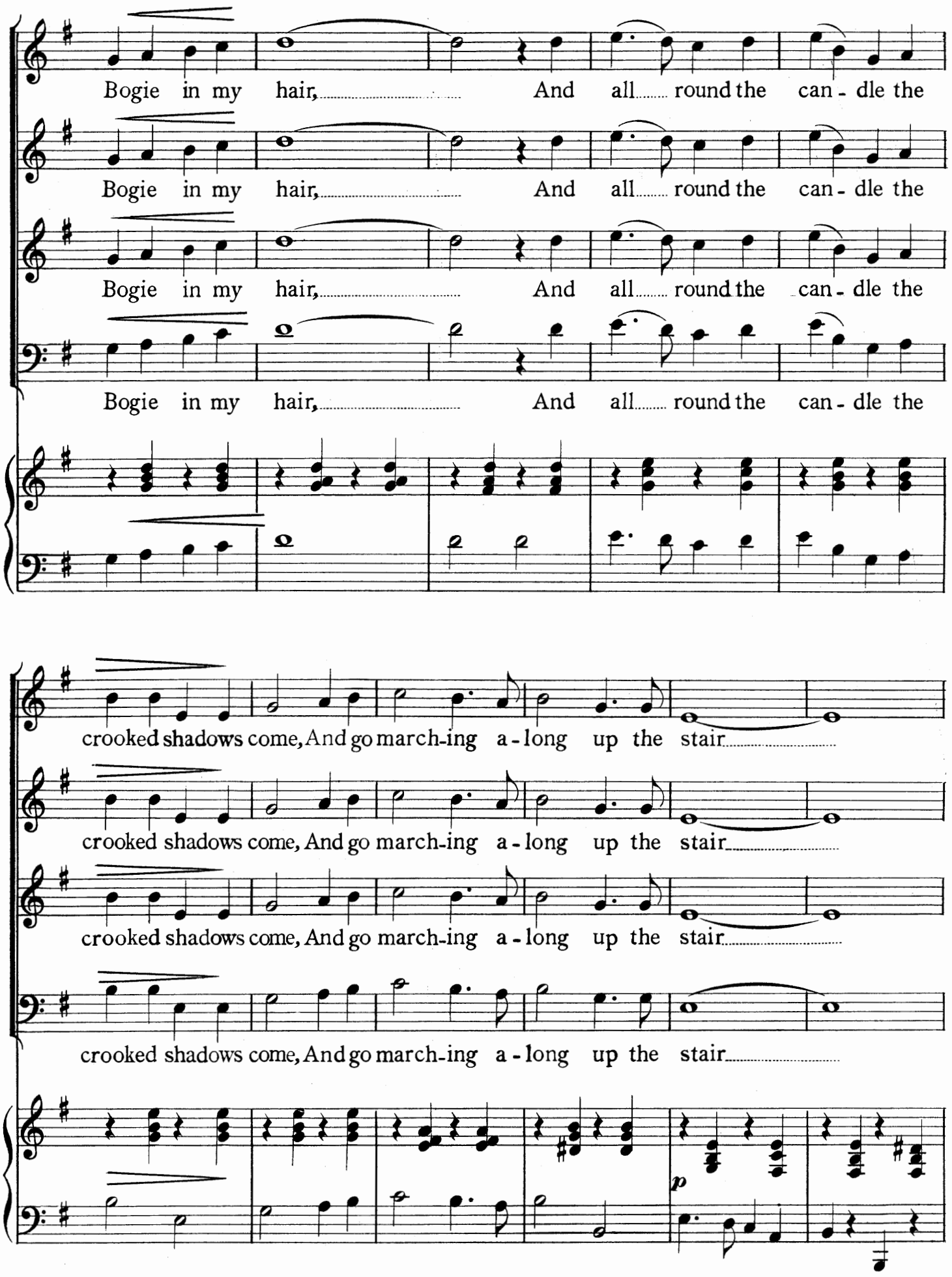
f

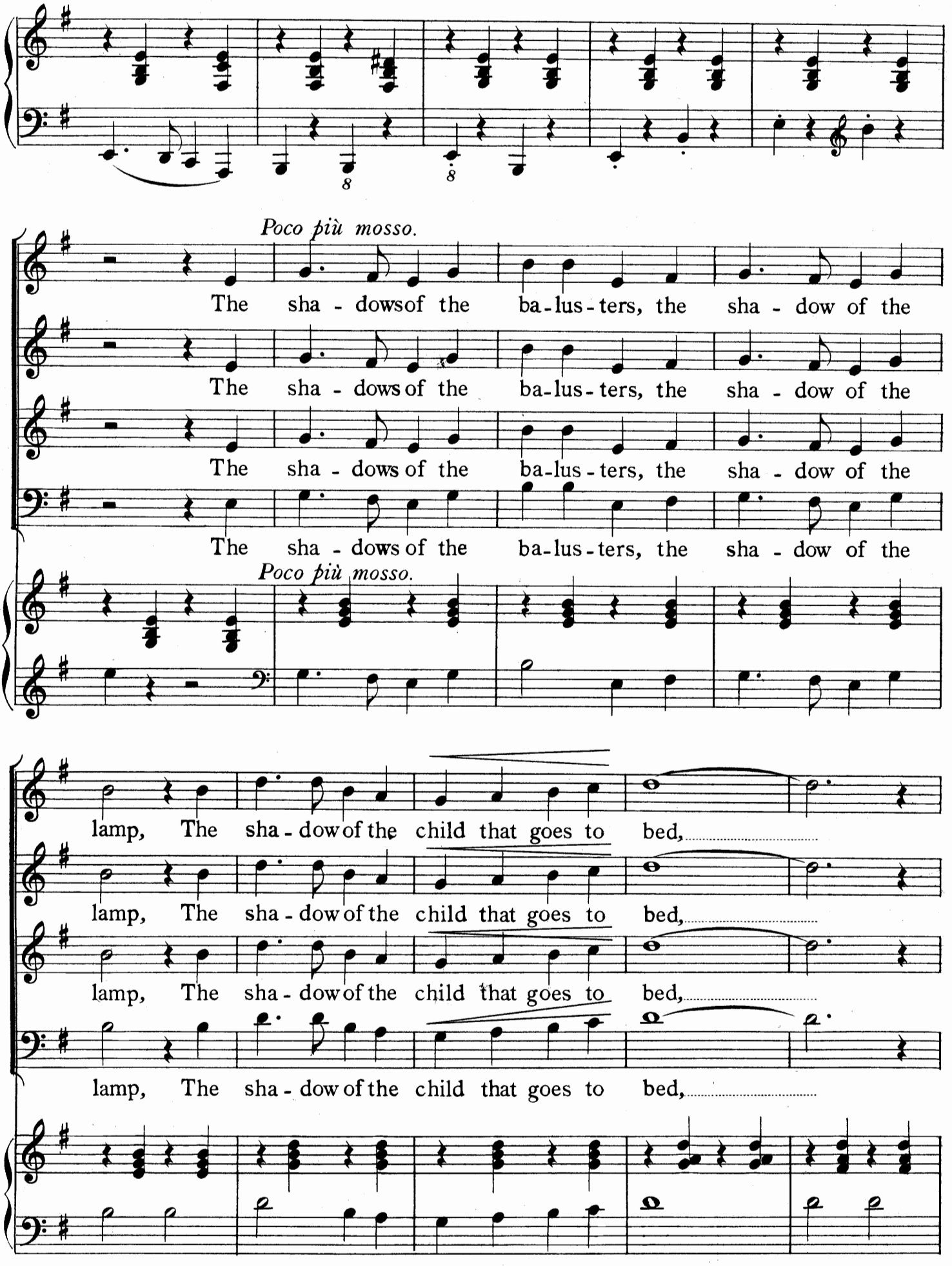
Now my lit - tle heart goes a - beat - ing like a drum, With the breath of the

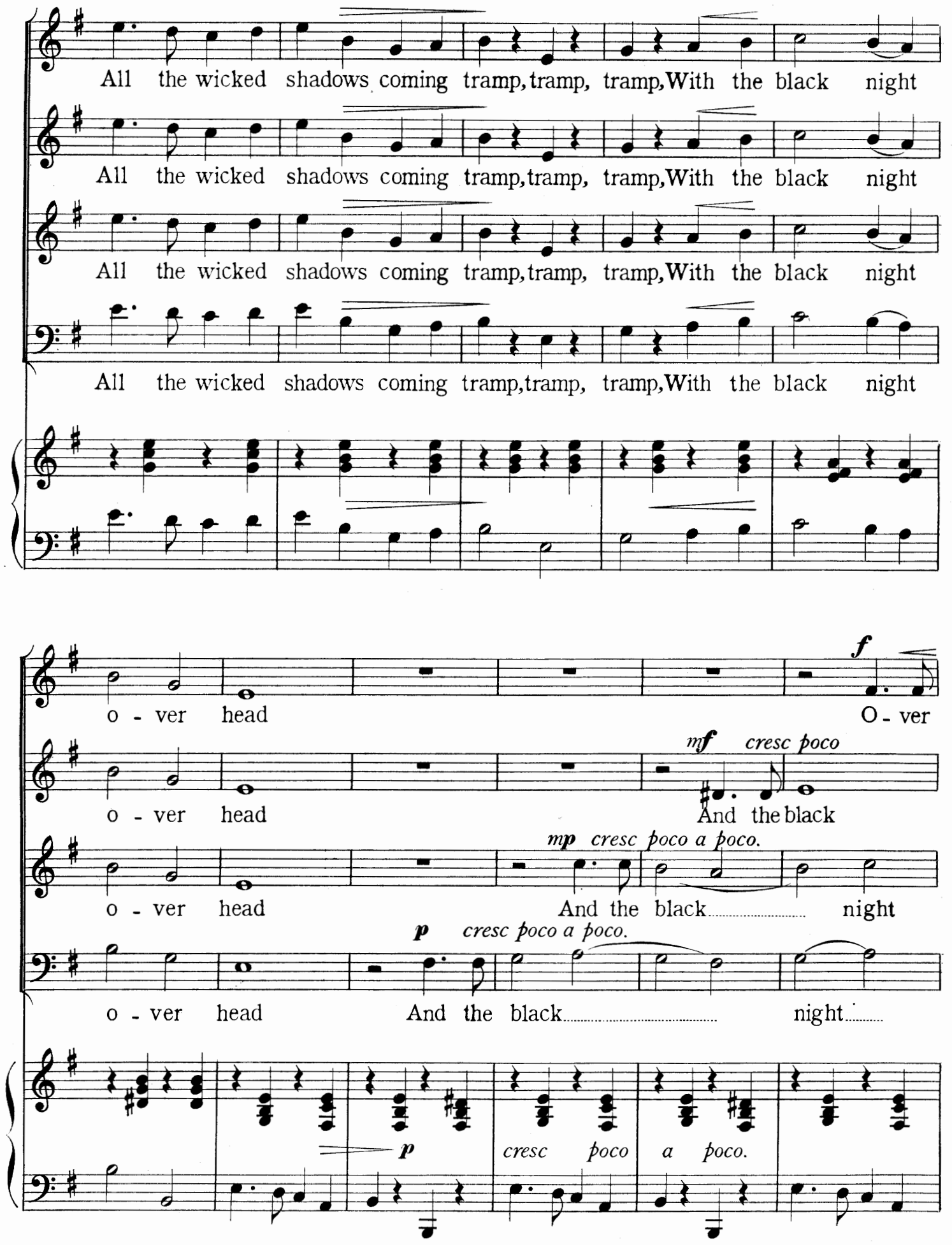
f

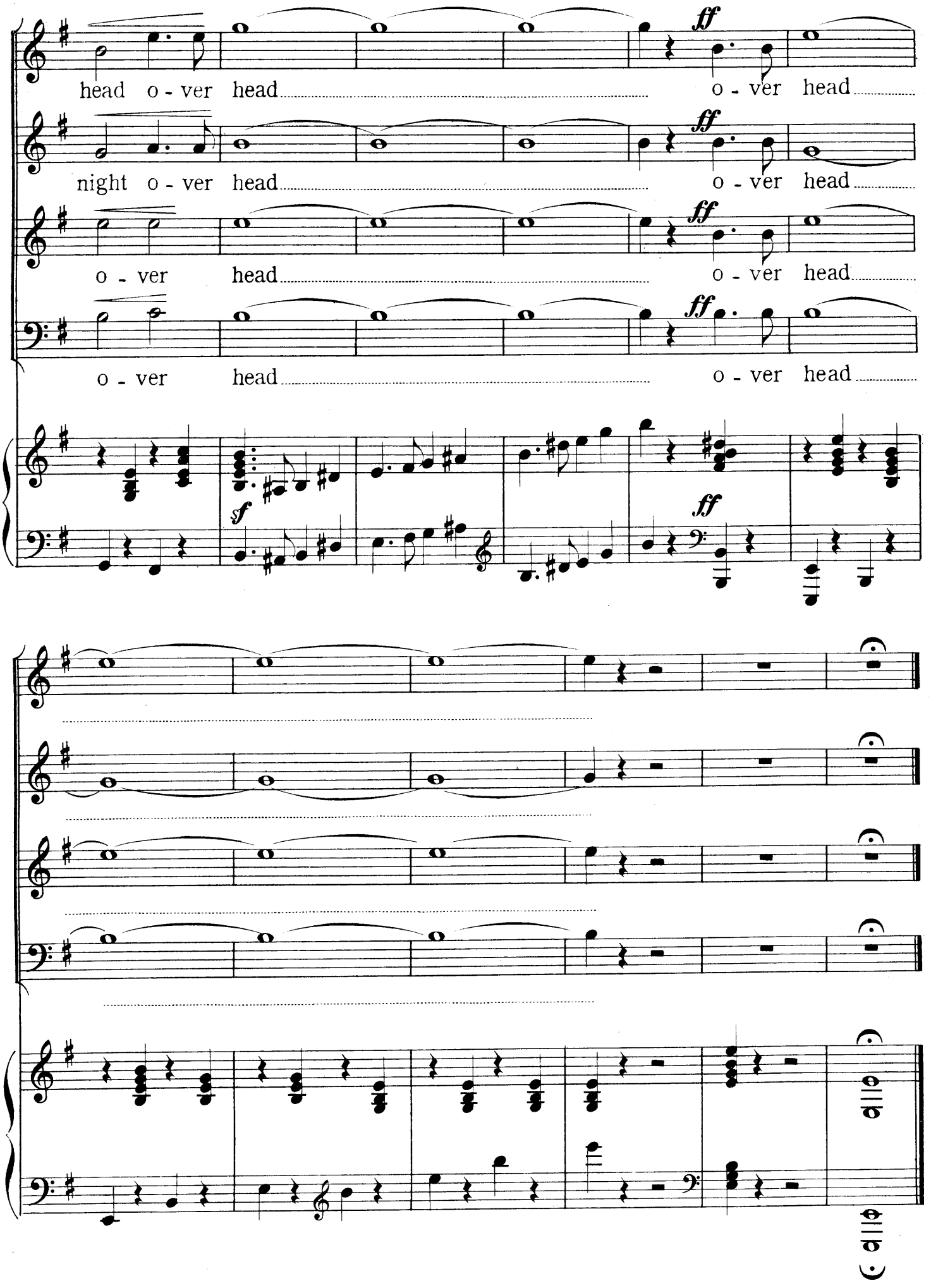
Now my lit - tle heart goes a - beat - ing like a drum, With the breath of the

poco più mosso.


Bogie in my hair, And all round the can - dle the
Bogie in my hair, And all round the can - dle the
Bogie in my hair, And all round the can - dle the
Bogie in my hair, And all round the can - dle the
crooked shadows come, And go march-ing a - long up the stair
crooked shadows come, And go march-ing a - long up the stair
crooked shadows come, And go march-ing a - long up the stair
crooked shadows come, And go march-ing a - long up the stair
p


Poco più mosso.
The sha - dowsof the ba-lus-ters, the sha - dow of the
The sha - dows of the ba-lus-ters, the sha - dow of the
The sha - dows of the ba-lus-ters, the sha - dow of the
The sha - dows of the ba-lus-ters, the sha - dow of the
Poco più mosso.
lamp, The sha - dow of the child that goes to bed,
lamp, The sha - dow of the child that goes to bed,
lamp, The sha - dow of the child that goes to bed,
lamp, The sha - dow of the child that goes to bed,


All the wicked shadows coming tramp, tramp, tramp, With the black night
All the wicked shadows coming tramp, tramp, tramp, With the black night
All the wicked shadows coming tramp, tramp, tramp, With the black night
All the wicked shadows coming tramp, tramp, tramp, With the black night
o - ver head
O - ver
o - ver head
mf cresc poco
And the black
o - ver head
mp cresc poco a poco.
And the black night
o - ver head
p cresc poco a poco.
And the black night
p
cresc poco a poco.


head o - ver head
o - ver head
night o - ver head
o - ver head
o - ver head
o - ver head
o - ver head
o - ver head
ff
sf
ff

SUNG BY

MADAME CLARA BUTT.

SEA-PICTURES,

A Cycle of Five Songs for Contralto.

1. SEA SLUMBER SONG .. .. .. Words by The Hon. RODEN NOEL.
2. IN HAVEN (Capri) .. .. C. A. ELGAR.
3. SABBATH MORNING AT SEA .. From a Poem by Mrs. BROWNING.
4. WHERE CORALS LIE .. .. RICHARD GARNETT.
5. THE SWIMMER .. .. From a Poem by ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

THE MUSIC BY

EDWARD ELGAR,

Op. 37.

EDITIONS IN VOCAL SCORE:—

ENGLISH,—(SEA-PICTURES), with the Original Words.
GERMAN,—(SEE-BILDER), with Words by Dr. WILHELM HENZEN.
FRENCH,—(MARINES), with Words by GEORGE PETILLEAU.

Price 4s. each.

The Separate Songs with English Words, 2s. each.

Full Orchestral Score with English, German, and French Words, price 12s.
Band Parts, 15s.

BOOSEY & CO.,

295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.,

And 9, EAST 17th STREET, NEW YORK.

VOLUMES OF SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS.

EDWARD ELGAR.

SEA PICTURES. Cycle of Five Songs for Contralto. The words by Mrs. BROWNING, The HON. RODEN NOEL, and others. Sung by Madame CLARA BUTT.
(Three Editions—English, French, and German.)
Price 4s. each net.

ARTHUR FOOTE.

TWELVE SONGS. Words by BURNS, SHELLEY, HERRICK, SIDNEY, and others. Price 3s. net.

LIZA LEHMANN.

SONGS OF LOVE AND SPRING. Cycle of Songs and Duets for Contralto and Baritone. The poems by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES. Sung by Madame CLARA BUTT and Mr. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.
Price 4s. net.

"THE DAISY CHAIN" and "MORE DAISIES." Songs of Childhood, as Solos and Quartets. The words by R. L. STEVENSON, LORD HOUGHTON, ALMA TADEMA, and others Price 5s. each net.

SAMUEL LIDDLE.

SEVEN OLD ENGLISH LYRICS. Words by BEN JONSON, HERRICK, SIR JOHN SUCKLING, and others.
Price 4s. net.

EIGHT CHRISTINA-ROSSETTI POEMS.
Price 4s. net.

HERMANN LÖHR.

THE LITTLE SUNBONNET. Song-Cycle for Four Solo Voices. The words by EDWARD TESCHEMACHER.
Price 4s. net.

ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.

TWELVE LYRICS FOR LOVERS. The words by MRS BROWNING, A. P. GRAVES, and others.
Price 5s. Paper Cover; 7s. 6d. Cloth Gilt.

TWELVE BALLADS FOR BAIRNS. The words by W. ALLINGHAM, EUGENE FIELD, and others. With an original Frontispiece by ROBERT SAUBER, R.B.A.
Price 5s. Paper Cover; 7s 6d. Cloth Gilt.

TWELVE HUSH SONGS. The words by EUGENE FIELD, FRANCIS A. FAHY, and others. With an original Illustration by ROBERT SAUBER, R.B.A.
Price 5s. Paper Cover; 7s. 6d. Cloth Gilt.

A BUNCH OF SHAMROCKS, Irish Song Cycle (Solos and Quartets). Words by KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON, and others. Price 5s. net.

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

CYCLE OF SONGS FROM TENNYSON'S "MAUD." Sung by Mr. PLUNKET GREENE. Price 5s. net.

"A SHROPSHIRE LAD." Song Cycle from "A Shropshire Lad" by A. E. HOUSMAN. Sung by Mr. PLUNKET GREENE. Price 4s. net.

WIND FLOWERS. Cycle of Quartets, Solos and Duet. The words by CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, R. L. STEVENSON, SHELLEY, and SIDNEY DOBELL. Price 3s. net.

Also, as Trios, etc. for Ladies' voices, in Old Notation and Tonic Sol-fa. Price 1s. net.

LOVE IN SPRING-TIME. Cycle of Seven Songs. The words by TENNYSON, CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, and CHARLES KINGSLEY. Price 4s. net.

CHAS. VILLIERS STANFORD.

AN IRISH IDYLL IN SIX MINIATURES. The words by MOIRA O'NEILL. Sung by Mr. PLUNKET GREENE. *For High or Low Voice.*
Price of each edition, 4s. net.

SONGS OF THE SEA. Poems by HENRY NEWBOLT, set to music for Baritone Solo, and Chorus *ad lib.* Sung by Mr. PLUNKET GREENE.
Price 2s. 6d.; Chorus only, 8d.

SONGS OF ERIN. A collection of Fifty Irish Folk-Songs, arranged with words by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.
Price 5s. net.

SONGS OF OLD IRELAND. A collection of Fifty Irish Melodies, arranged with words by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.
Price 5s. Paper Cover; 7s. 6d. Cloth Gilt.

THE IRISH MELODIES of THOMAS MOORE. The original Airs restored and arranged. Price 5s. net.

"THE PRINCESS." Cycle of Songs from "The Princess," words by LORD TENNYSON, for Quartet of Solo Voices. Price 5s. net.
Separate Parts, 1s. each.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

LORDS OF THE SEA. Cycle of Four Songs. The words and music by W. WALLACE. Price 3s. net.

R. H. WALTHEW.

TWELVE SONGS. Words by SHAKESPEARE, TENNYSON, HERRICK, and others. Price 4s. net.

FRED J. WHISHAW.

RUSSIAN SONGS, by TSCHAIKOWSKY and others, collected and arranged with English words by F. J. WHISHAW. Three Volumes, price 2s. 6d. each net.

H. LANE WILSON.

FLORA'S HOLIDAY. Cycle of Old English Melodies. Solos and Quartets. Price 4s. net.

OLD ENGLISH MELODIES, restored and arranged.
Price 4s. net.

CHARLES WOOD.

IRISH FOLK-SONGS. A collection of Twenty-five Old Irish Melodies, hitherto comparatively unknown, arranged, with words by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.
Price 3s. 6d. net.

AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.

FOUR INDIAN LOVE LYRICS by LAURENCE HOPE. *For High or Low Voice.* Price of each edition, 3s. net.

A LOVER IN DAMASCUS. Set of Six Songs, the words by CHARLES HANSON TOWNE. *For High or Low Voice.* Price of each edition, 4s. net.