35.

DEDICATED TO

HENRY C. LUNN, ESQ. R.A.M.

When I am Dead my Dearest,

SONG,

WORDS BY

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

MUSIC BY

LOUISA H. GRANT.

ENT. STA. HALL.

PRICE 3/=

PATERSON & SONS,

MUSIC SELLERS TO THE QUEEN.

27, GEORGE ST. EDINBURGH, 152, BUCHANAN ST. GLASGOW,

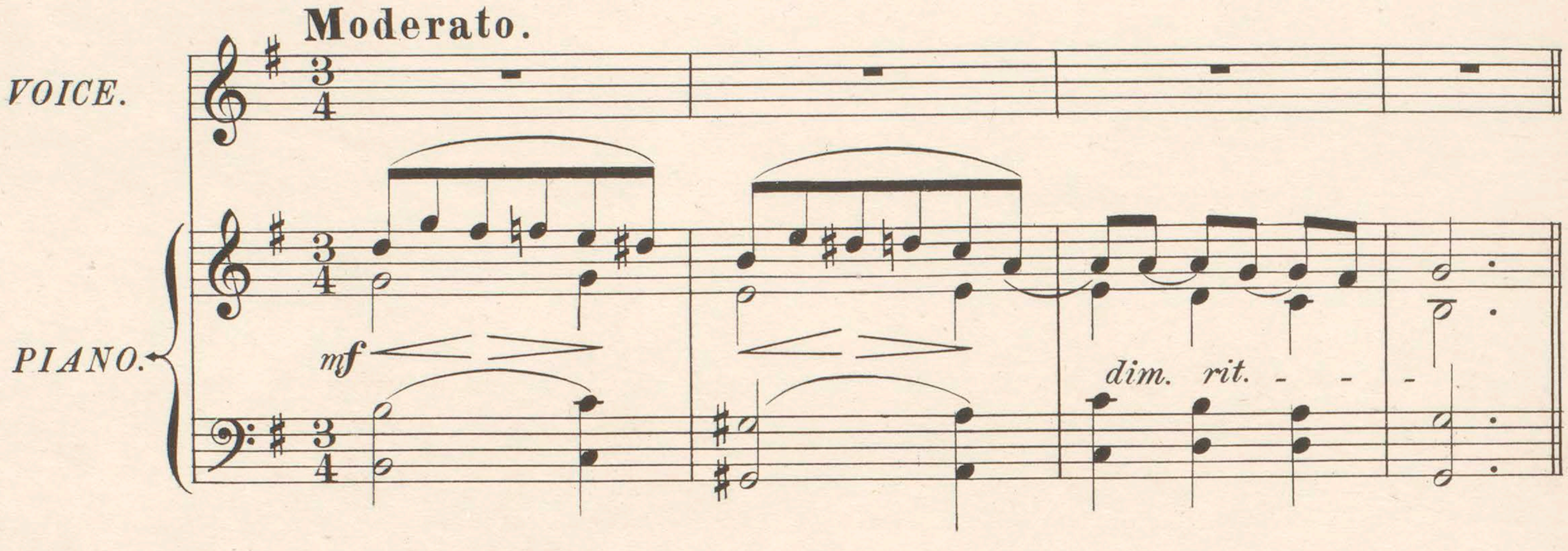
PERTH, DUNDEE & AYR.

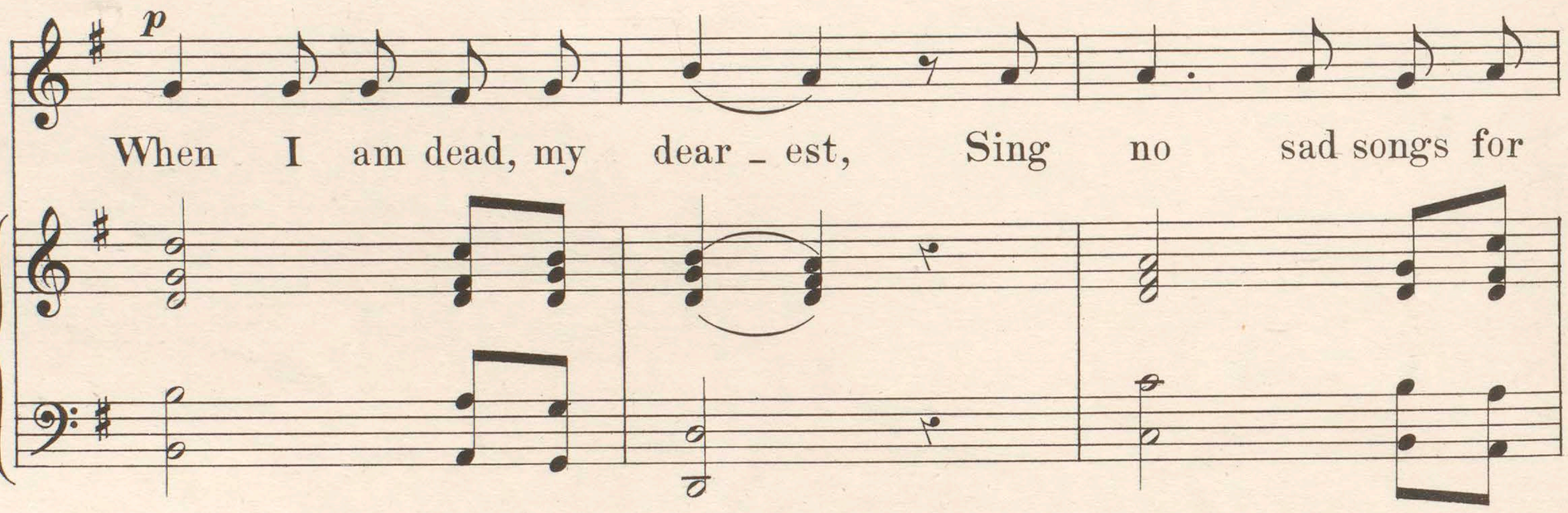
BRITISH MUSEUM

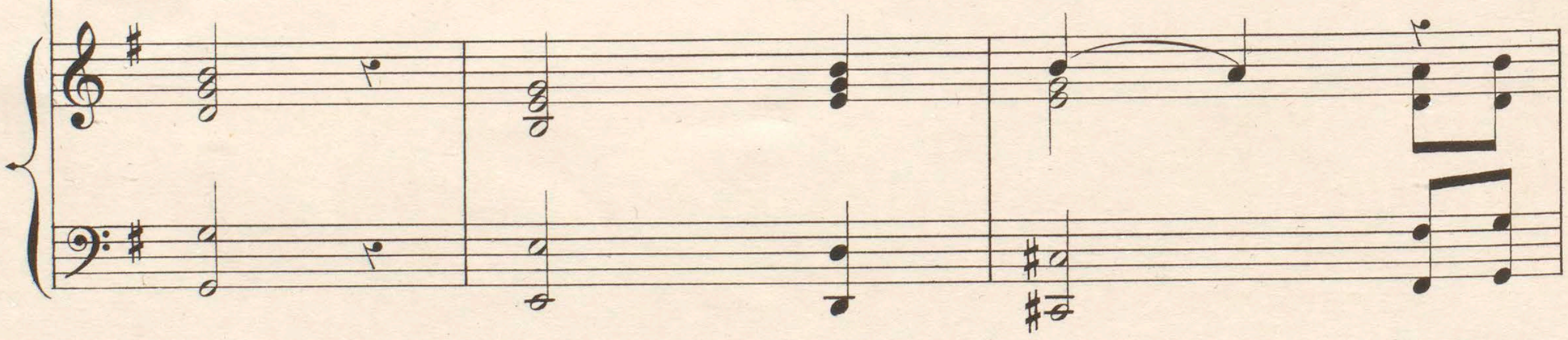
WHEN I AM DEAD, MY DEAREST.

Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Music by
LOUISA H. GRANT.







cy - press tree: Be the green grass a -

- bove me With show'rs and dew drops wet; And if thou

wilt, ... re-mem - ber, and if thou wilt, ... re -

- mem - ber, And if thou wilt, for - get.

rit. - -

p

I shall not see the sha - dows, I shall not feel the

mf

rain; I shall not hear the night-in-gale Sing

nf *p*

p rit. - - - *a tempo*

on, as if in pain:..... And dream-ing thro' the

colla voce - - - - -

twi - light That doth not rise nor set, Hap-ly I

may ..... re-mem - ber, hap-ly I may ..... re-

- mem - ber, And hap-ly may for - get.....

NEW & POPULAR SONGS.

Meeting and Parting.

Written by M. MARK LEMON. Composed by ODOARDO BARRI.

Con Sentimento.

The wild winds stole o'er the stormy sea, And the stars were veiled from sight; We met by the old for - sa-ken tree, In the dark storm threaten'd night. No voice the si-lence round us broke, As we met by the stormy

Near the Sea Bird's Home.

Written by M. MARK LEMON. Composed by ODOARDO BARRI.

Con Sentimento.

Long years a-go, by the sea-birds home, When the day was changing to night, She watch'd as the waves with crests of foam, Were rip-pling 'mid the light. Up-on that strand their part-ing was said, E'er his ship sail'd o'er the

Sally Gray.

Words by ROBERT ANDERSON. Music by A. M. WAKEFIELD.

Allegretto.

Come here and I'll tell you a se-cret, If you'll on-ly keep't close in your brest I would not for all Car-lisle Pa-rish— It should get to the ears of the rest But I'll

"Serenade."

Words by TOM HOOD. Music by A. M. WAKEFIELD.

Andante.

Ah sweet, thou lit-tle know-est how I wake and pas-sion-ate watches keep; And yet while I ad-dress thee now, me thinks thou smil-est smil-est in thy sleep. 'Tis sweet e-nough to

Remember?

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. Music by FRANZ ABT.

Moderato. *mf* *poco rit.*

Re-mem-ber? Could I e'er for-get Thy ten-der words at par-ting

con anima.

said? My dar-ling, they are with me yet, And will be when long years have

poco tranquillo

fled! They were sweet mu-sic, and from me their me-lo-dy can

The Olden Songs.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. Music by FRANZ ABT.

Andantino.

I love the songs of o-ther days, The songs I heard long years a-go, They sound to me in ma-ny ways, Far sweeter as they ol-der grow; Then sing a-gain the ol-den songs, The songs of long a-

The Quaker's Wife.

Re-written by Prof. BLACKIE.

The Qua-ker's wife was brisk and gay, And like her were na' on-y, But now she wears the man tle grey, And thinks na on her John-nie. Aye whan we met we used to be, As blithe as lark or

A Lullaby.

Words by Major WHYTE MELVILLE. Music by A. E. SIMSON.

Andante non troppo.

Sleep, my love, sleep! Rest, my love, rest! Di-eth the moan of the wind in the tree, Fold-eth her pin-ions the bird in her nest, Sink-eth the sun to his bed in the sea.

The Auld Fisher.

Words by GEORGE MACDONALD. L.L.D. Music by ELMA.

Moderato con Espressione. *p* *dim.*

There was an auld fi-sher; he sat by the wa! An' he *cres* lui-kit oot ower the sea! An' the bairn-ies were playin! he *pp* *rall.* smil'd on them a', But the tear it stude in his e'e An' it's

O'er the Sea.

Words by JULIA GODDARD. Music by OTTO SCHWEIZER.

Con passione.

Dark clouds o'er the heavens are sweep-ing, The wind murmurs wild-and low, And it wails out the words that my lov-er spake, Spake to me long, long a-go:..... We part but to meet— my

Only a little Beggar Maiden.

Written and Composed by FLORENCE M. FULTON.

Simplice.

On-ly a lit-tle beg-gar mai-den, Sing-ing in the cold and drea-ry street, With her shiv'-ring lit-tle fi-gure clad in rags, No

Flowers.

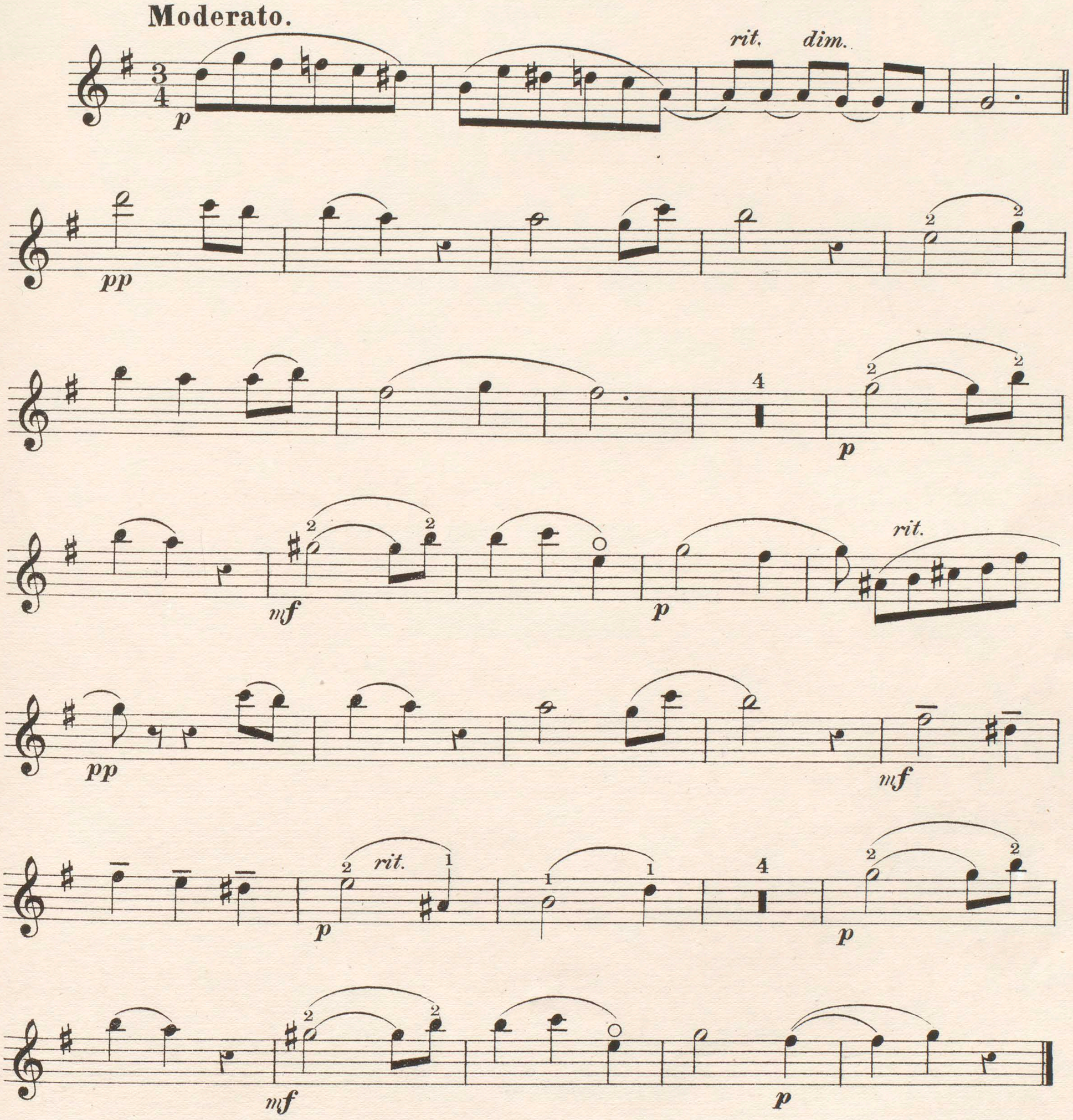
Words by NITA. Music by JOHN KINROSS.

Andante con espressione. *mf*

Weave gar-lands, weave gar-lands of beau-ti-ful flow'rs, With them deck the young and the gay. A-dorn them with trophies from Flo-ra's sweet bow'rs, For what more be-fit-ting then they?

BRITISH MUSEUM 1885

PATERSON & SONS,
EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, PERTH, DUNDEE, AND AYR,

WHEN I AM DEAD, MY DEAREST.

VIOLIN OBLIGATO. (ad lib.)