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TWO SONGS  
**THE SPIRIT  
OF WINE**  
BY  
HENRY WALLER  
AND  
**PIRATE SONG**  
BY  
HENRY F. GILBERT



THE WA-WAN PRESS  
NEWTON CENTER  
MASSACHUSETTS  
1902

*Belknap*

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*Belknap*

*Wa-wan series of American compositions.*

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## INTRODUCTION

**I**N bringing the first year of The Wa-Wan Press to a close, a few words will not be amiss regarding ideal enterprises in general, their practicability and impracticability, success and failure. The whole purpose of any ideal enterprise is to bring into actual existence something that existed previously only as an idea in the mind of an individual or a number of individuals. To do this is success; not to do it is failure. Let us not confuse this, the essential, with the merely conventional success of keeping an enterprise alive indefinitely, regardless of whether or not it was worth while to have started it, or, if it was, whether or not it has outlived its original necessity for being. An ideal, to be something more than a mere scheme, should concern itself with the heights and depths of some quality, as beauty or happiness, — not with Time, nor its companion in tyranny, Space. The moment that we take counsel of these treacherous advisers, Time and Space, we sow in the ideal plan the seeds of its own destruction. We are lost the moment that we say of any ideal enterprise that it will spread throughout the world, and that it will last forever. We are equally lost if we say that it will spread throughout America, or Massachusetts, or Newton Center, and will last for ten years. We necessarily work (and play) in Time and Space, but we must make some little pretense of not seeing them. In taking it for granted that they will behave as we believe they should, we reckon without our hosts. If systematically left alone, however, they are no longer tyrants, but good fellows, and afford us the basis of all enjoyment in life. And so we have not attempted to make ourselves believe, or permitted ourselves to say, that The Wa-Wan Press would eventually revolutionize American musical conditions, or even perceptibly affect them, or that it would continue to grow and flourish indefinitely, for the reason that we not only did not and could not know, but could not know if it were well that it should! A tree or a leaf of grass, each a very ideal enterprise, has a natural life-impetus which will cause it to fill up a certain space; and live until it has accomplished a certain end. So has any other ideal enterprise, its expansion and duration of life depending upon the inherent vitality of the idea, and the question of whether or not it has fulfilled the end for which it was created.

The idea which sought realization in the form of The Wa-Wan Press was simply that of bringing from obscurity into print such works of our own composers as sprung from their untrammelled imagination, were technically good, and essentially worth while in conception, — a considerable number of such works being known to exist in manuscript. Therefore our success or failure must be measured in terms of the extent to which we have accomplished this. The idea of bringing forward the Indian music may be included in the foregoing statement of our object, for, fortunately for the high plane upon which their art of

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## INTRODUCTION

song rested, the Indians were not restricted by academic rules or publishers' demands, and the composer, in expanding these primitive, yet vital expressions, has not felt himself similarly bound in "Dawn" and "Ichibuzzhi." The degree, it follows, in which we have succeeded in realizing the original idea will depend upon an estimate of the worth of the works published, and this is not to be hastily made. There is Edgar Stillman Kelley's "Israfil," with its towering architectonics (which for five years the publishers would not, and for five more could not have); Harvey Loomis' "Hark! Hark! the Lark," with its surpassing purity of style, and the "Moon Shower," with its intensity of mood; Henry Gilbert's "Salamambo," with its apparently reckless harmonic luxuriance and Oriental color, and in the present volume his "Fifteen Men," from Stevenson's "Treasure Island," which smells as salt as any music since "The Flying Dutchman"; there is Henry Waller's "Spirit of Wine," with its melodic breadth and directness of expression, — these, and others beside. Who shall say now what place these songs may not take in our musical literature, or how deeply they may not be loved as they become more widely known? It is interesting, too, to note that the general character of these works, despite individual exceptions, is different from that of the music of other lands, and that the free and daring imaginative qualities which they exhibit are not the results of mere despairing search for new and startling effects by men wearied with a weight of unfruitful and overpowering traditions, but instead give internal evidence of being spontaneous creative expressions. Here is new strength building upon new ground, singularly free, in the main, from evidence of the rough hand of the pioneer, — independent of old-world prejudices, yet remembering old-world victories, fearless and yet willing before criticism and suggestion, and, most truly American, believing in itself with an intense and unshakable belief, born not of ignorance, *saïveté*, or callow enthusiasm, but of an assuring consciousness of primal sanity and strength.

Nevertheless, enterprises, like many good people, are not fully aware of their own purpose at the outset. And so, through The Wa-Wan Press, we have learned that an ideal enterprise may involve not merely a single idea to be realized, but a group of ideas which assert themselves as the work progresses. Since the partial carrying out of our first idea, we find ourselves actuated by others equally forceful, such as the carrying of certain points by the united efforts of composers, and the necessity of commercially justifying the printing of serious meritorious works by unknown native composers. We therefore enter into the second year's activity of The Wa-Wan Press inspired by a deeply-grounded faith in our composers and music-lovers, and, as well, by awakening needs for the future.

Our subscribers will doubtless be interested to have a glimpse behind the scenes, and witness some of the phases of human nature revealed in the depths of our letter-files. Commendatory words from teachers and papers are all too much alike to be interesting; we wish their writers would find new and characteristic ways of expressing themselves. We are truly happy only when we receive a communication like the following, which comes from a New Yorker who, in another portion of his letter claims to speak "only as an amateur." He writes, "It would give me pleasure to give support to any enterprise that was worthy of it, but I cannot see that anything is to be gained for anyone by fostering a mistaken

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enthusiasm, however creditable in its aspirations." Another correspondent writes in most friendly spirit and "all for the best," to the editor as harmonizer of the Indian melodies,—"Pardon me, but I say that you are too . . . to waste your time in arrangements of that kind." We need not say how deeply we are filled with regret and dismay at this realization of mistaken enthusiasm and wasted time. Nevertheless, the "Indian Melodies" have made a quicker and more universal appeal, and have created a larger demand than anything we have yet published. Herr Engelbert Humperdinck, as noted for geniality as for genius, writes from Berlin that he finds them very interesting and (as a German would scarcely expect) acceptable to European ears, and wishes to know when we are to publish the songs of Eskimos. He adds that now that we have become publishers (he has known us before only as struggling composers) we will become very rich, and he hopes that we will "have the favor to make a good business with him." Thus evidences of the culture of the American Indian begin to supplant the tales of scalps and tortures which have constituted heretofore nearly the whole stock in trade of his European reputation.

Rudolph von Liebich, out at the Roycroft Shop, wrote recently to a friend of his, the letter coming to our notice later, that "Such works as 'Ulalume' and 'Salamambo's Invocation' give one renewed assurance that here indeed is the Land of Promise for the future of music as well as all the other arts." And David Bispham writes that he considers Eldorado and Israfel "most remarkable songs" and will include them in his programs. Such mile-stones of genuine appreciation serve to keep us in good spirits as we travel on a road that guides us often among landslides of disbelief and through sand wastes of dull, unfruitful approbation, that we strive in vain to macadamize and convert into good road-bed.

Issuing alone, however, from a supreme height that knows neither the sullen interference of space nor the turbulent ravages of time, and reserved to cheer us in darkest moments, is the following letter from an ex-prima-donna in a town with the name of which we were not previously familiar. It is addressed to "Mr. Ben Jonson, Newton Center, Mass., care of The Wa-Wan Press," and hales its long since well-belaurelled addressee into the contemporary struggle for fame in the following terms:—"Dear Sir: For five dollars, I will include your song, 'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes,' in my new catalogue of phonograph records, and will also send you a record of the same. Yours sincerely, etc." Our files affording nothing to surpass this, it is time to put them up and draw the curtain before this little drama of cross-purposes and conflicting view-points.

In the initial issues of our second year, December, 1902, we will have pleasure in presenting, among other things, a number of melodious and sympathetic settings of poems from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses."

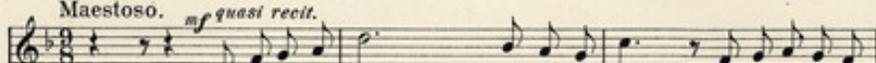
A. F.

# THE SPIRIT OF WINE.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

HENRY WALLER.

*Maestoso. mf quasi recit.*

VOICE. 

The spirit of wine sang in my glass, And I listened with

PIANO. 

*mf*

*Pa.* \* *Pa.* \* *Pa.* \*

*cresc.*

love to his o-dor-ous mu-sic, His flushed and magni-fi-cent song \_\_\_\_\_

*cresc.*

*col s.*

*Pa.* \* *Pa.* \* *Pa.* \*

*con molto spirito.*

I am health, I am heart, I am life! \_\_\_\_\_

*Pa.*

For I give for the asking the fire of my father the sun \_\_\_\_\_ And the

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "For I give for the asking the fire of my father the sun \_\_\_\_\_ And the".

strength \_\_\_\_\_ of my mother the earth \_\_\_\_\_ *meno f* In-spi-ra-tion in essence,

This system contains the second two staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "strength \_\_\_\_\_ of my mother the earth \_\_\_\_\_ *meno f* In-spi-ra-tion in essence,". The piano accompaniment features a *meno f* dynamic marking.

I am wisdom and wit \_\_\_\_\_ to the wise \_\_\_\_\_ His vi-si-ble muse to the

This system contains the third two staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "I am wisdom and wit \_\_\_\_\_ to the wise \_\_\_\_\_ His vi-si-ble muse to the". The piano accompaniment features a *poco string.* dynamic marking.

po-et, \_\_\_\_\_ The soul of de-sire \_\_\_\_\_ to the lov-er, \_\_\_\_\_ The

This system contains the final two staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "po-et, \_\_\_\_\_ The soul of de-sire \_\_\_\_\_ to the lov-er, \_\_\_\_\_ The". The piano accompaniment features a *cresc.* dynamic marking.

*The Spirit of Wine, 9.*

*ff*

ge - - - nus of laughter to all.

*con brio.*

*ff*

*ca.*

*dim.*

*poco rall.*

\* *ca.* \* *ca.* \*

**Allegro non troppo.**

*mp espress.*

Come, lean on me, ye — that are

*mp*

*ca.* \* *ca.* \* *simili*

wea - - - ry, Rise — ye faint - heart - - - ed, faint -

*The Spirit of Wine, 9.*

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heart - - - ed and - - - doubt - - - ing, Haste, ye that  
lay by the way I am Pride the con - so - - - ler,  
*piu f* Haste, ye that lay by the way I am Pride the con -  
so - - - ler, Va - - - lor and hope are my hench - - - men,

*piu f*  
*cresc.*

The Spirit of Wine. 9.

Detailed description: This is a page of sheet music for the song 'The Spirit of Wine'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The music is in 3/4 time and consists of four systems. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, with a consistent rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The vocal line has lyrics: 'heart - - - ed and - - - doubt - - - ing, Haste, ye that'. The second system continues the vocal line with 'lay by the way I am Pride the con - so - - - ler,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The third system begins with a dynamic marking of *piu f* and the vocal line has 'Haste, ye that lay by the way I am Pride the con -'. The piano accompaniment also has a *piu f* marking. The fourth system ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to one flat (Bb). The vocal line has 'so - - - ler, Va - - - lor and hope are my hench - - - men,'. The piano accompaniment has a *cresc.* marking. The page number '8' is in the top left corner, and the title 'The Spirit of Wine. 9.' is at the bottom left.

Va - - - lor and hope are my hench - - men, I am the angel of

*ritard.*

*col.*

rest, I am the an - gel of rest. I am

*piu p*

*piu p*

*creac.*

Tempo I. *con molto spirito.*

life, I am wealth, I am fame! For I captain an army

Tempo I.

*Rea* \* *Rea* \*

of shining and gen-er-ous dreams And mine too, all mine, are the

The Spirit of Wine. 9.

*meno f*

keys of that se - - - cret spi - ri - tual shrine -

*string.*

Where his work a-day soul put by Shut in with the Saint of

*string.*

*cresc.*

Saints With its ra-diant and con - - - quer-ing self Man

*cresc.*

*ff*

wor - - - ships, and talks, and is glad.

*ff* *con brío.*

The Spirit of Wine. 9.

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dim. poco rall.

\* *rit.* \* *rit.* \*

*Allegro non troppo. mp espress.*

Come, sit with me, ye \_\_\_\_\_ that are

*mp* *rit.* \* *rit.* \* *similt*

lone - - - ly, ye \_\_\_\_\_ that are lone - - - ly,

Ye that are paid with dis - dain, \_\_\_\_\_ Ye \_\_\_\_\_ that are

The Spirit of Wine. 9.

chained, chained and would soar

*piu f*  
Ye that are chained chained and would

soar, I am beauty and love,

I am beauty and love; I am friendship the

The Spirit of Wine. 9.

com - for - ter, I am that which for-gives and for- gets.

*piu p*

*piu p* *cresc.*

Tempo I. *mf quasi recit.*

The spir-it of wine sang in my

Tempo I. *mf*

*ca. \** *ca. \**

heart, And I triumphed in the savor and scent of his music, His magnetic and master-ing

*cresc.*

*ca. \** *ca. \** *cresc.*

song.

*cresc.*

The Spirit of Wine, 9.

# PIRATE SONG.

Words adapted  
from Stevenson's  
"TREASURE ISLAND."

HENRY F. GILBERT.

Allegro Energico e con brio.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Fif-teen men on a dead man's chest,

*mf marcato*

Yo! ho! ho and a bottle of rum. Drink and the dev-il had done for the rest,

Yo! ho! ho! and a bot-tle of rum, Yo! ho! ho! and a bot-tle of rum.

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Drink and the dev-il had done for the rest, Yo! ho! ho! and a bot-tle of rum

Yo! ho! ho! and a bot-tle of rum. Hate lies

close to love of gold

Dead men's se-crets are tar di-ly told Yo! ho! ho and a

Pirate Song. 4.

bot-tle of rum. Yo! ho! ho and a bot-tle of rum. Dead men on- -ly the

se-cret shall keep Yo! ho! ho! and a bot-tle of rum, So bare the knife and

*rit.* plunge it deep. Yo! ho! ho! Yo! ho! *a tempo* Yo! ho! ho

*mf* Fif-teen men on a

Pirate Song. 4.

dead man's chest. Yo! ho! ho and a bot-tle of rum. Drink and the dey-il had

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "dead man's chest. Yo! ho! ho and a bot-tle of rum. Drink and the dey-il had".

done for the rest, Yo! ho! ho and a bot-tle of rum Fif-teen men on a

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "done for the rest, Yo! ho! ho and a bot-tle of rum Fif-teen men on a".

dead man's chest. Drink and the dev-il had done for the rest. Yo! ho! ho! Yo

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "dead man's chest. Drink and the dev-il had done for the rest. Yo! ho! ho! Yo".

ho! Yo ho ho!

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ho! Yo ho ho!".

*Pirate Song, 4.*

