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Miscellaneous Songs By Eleanor Everest Freer

OP. 12.

Nº 1. Faith. 50 ¢
Words by Frances Anne Kemble

Nº 2. The Dancers 50 ¢
Words by Michael Field

Nº 3. Galloping Song 60 ¢
Words by Sara Hamilton Birchall

Nº 4. Song of the Roses. 60 ¢
Words by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (SAPPHO)

Nº 5. August Night. 60 ¢
Words by Hester Bancroft

Nº 6. Summer Night. 50 ¢
Words by Alfred Tennyson

VERLAG
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August Night.

Along the ripened grain the full moon lies
In splendor on the wide-spread yellow fields,
And closer Heaven arches round the earth —
The richness of the harvest, as it dies,
Seems breath of Her contentment that she yields —
Completion big with promise of new birth.
The hunger of my heart unmated cries:
How long, how long till I too shall have love?

II.

Dense overhead the orchard branches sway,
As faint the night wind stirring breathes on high;
A thrush croons gently, dreaming 'mid the leaves;
The heavy boughs with thick-set apples weigh,
And slow their mellow perfume passes by,
All mingled with the fragrance of the sheaves —
The craving of my soul in sorrow cries:
How long, how long till I too shall have love?

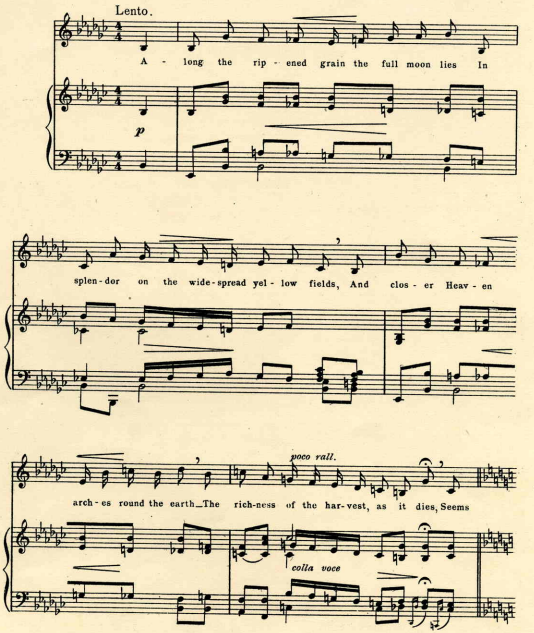
III.

Beneath the moon the whole world seems to blend,
Content sighs in the fields of rustling corn,
And, live with sound, the warm air trembles near
All fulness! God, the night will never end,
And I, alone, discordant and forlorn,
Unmated, on this love-night of the year!
The hunger of my weeping heart still cries:
Must I alone live ever without love?

Hester Bancroft.

August Night.

HESTER BANCROFT. ELEANOR EVEREST FREER, Op. 12, No 5.



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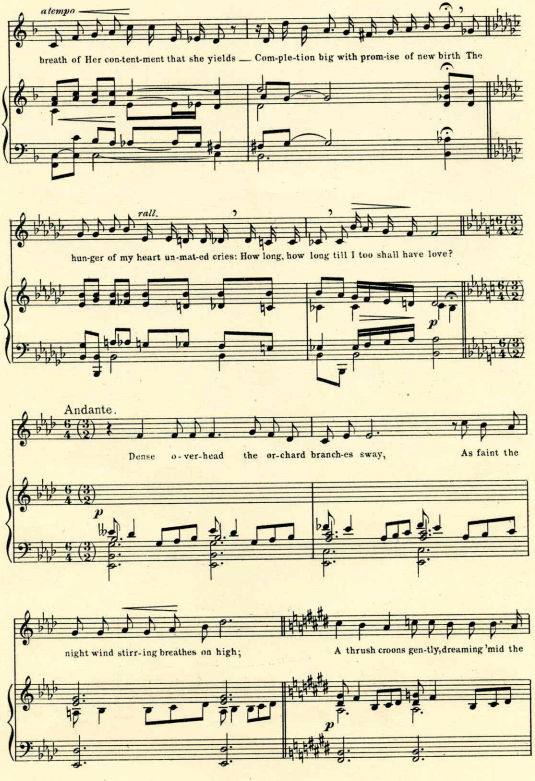
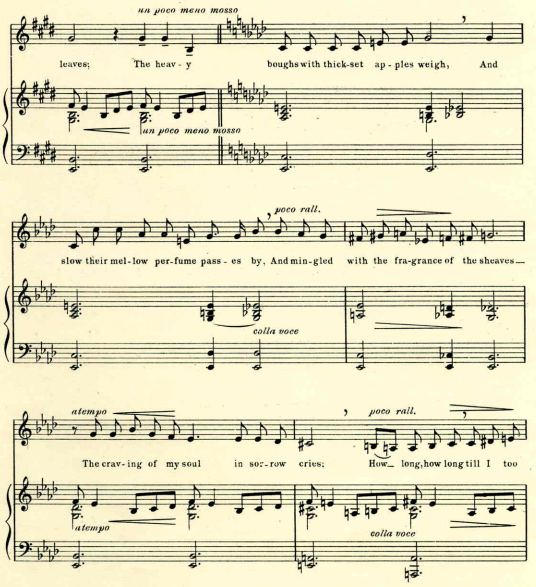
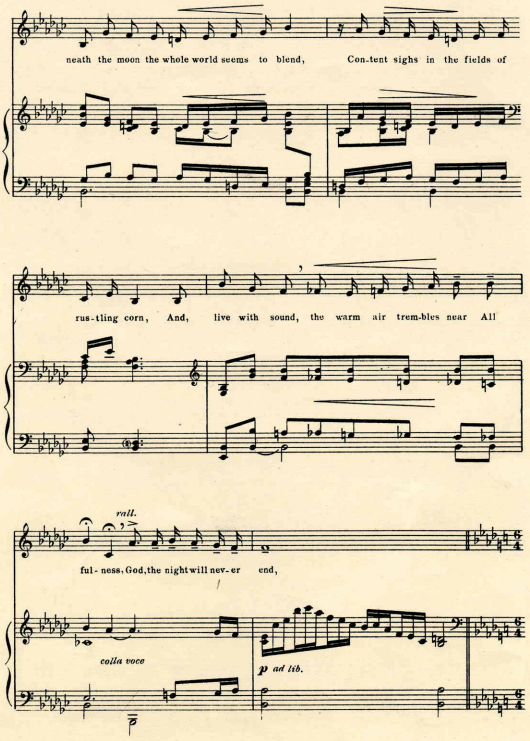
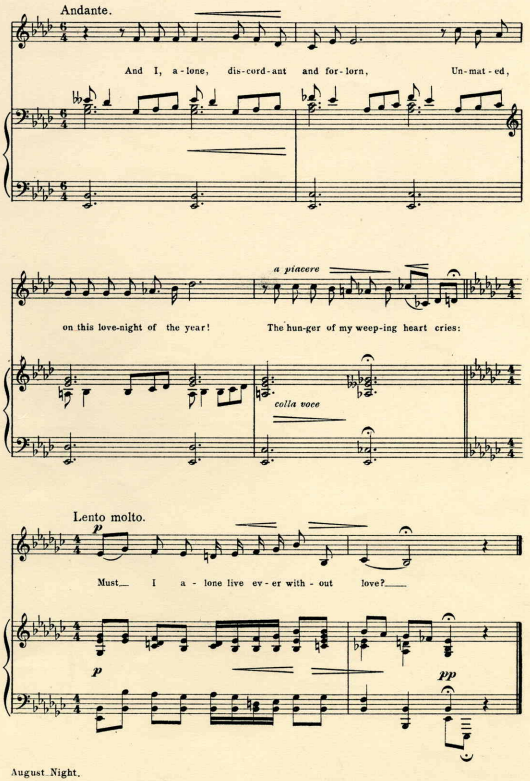

a tempo
breath of Her con-tent-ment that she yields — Com-ple-tion big with prom-ise of new birth. The
rall.
hun-ger of my heart un-mat-ed cries: How long, how long till I too shall have love?
Andante.
Dense o-ver-head the or-chard branch-es sway, As faint the
night wind stirr-ing breathes on high; A thrush croons gen-tly, dreaming 'mid the


un poco meno mosso
leaves; The heav - y boughs with thick-set ap - ples weigh, And
un poco meno mosso
poco rall.
slow their mel-low per-fume pass - es by, And min-gled with the fra-grance of the sheaves—
colla voce
atempo
poco rall.
The crav-ing of my soul in sor-row cries; How long, how long till I too
atempo
colla voce
Tempo I.
p
shall have love?
Be -
p
p
p


neath the moon the whole world seems to blend, Con-tent sighs in the fields of
rus-tling corn, And, live with sound, the warm air trem-bles near All
rall.
ful-ness, God, the night will nev-er end,
colla voce
p ad lib.


Andante.
And I, a-lone, dis-cord-ant and for-lorn, Un-mat-ed,
a piacere
on this love-night of the year! The hun-ger of my weep-ing heart cries:
colla voce
Lento molto.
p
Must I a - lone live ev - er with - out love?
p
pp