NOV 16 1914
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Songs by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

Op. 72, No. 1. EIN ALTES GEBET
(*An Old Prayer*)

Op. 72, No. 2. DEINE BLUMEN
(*Flowers and Fate*)

Op. 73, No. 1. GROSSMÜTTERCHEN
(*With Granny*)

Op. 73, No. 2. DER TOTENKRANZ
(*The Children's Thanks*)

Price, 60 cents each

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GROSSMÜTTERCHEN

Grossmütterchen im Garten sitzt,
wie es ihr alter Brauch.
Ihr Plätzchen vor der Sonne schütz
ein hoher Fliederstrauch.

Es schmiegen an ihr Kleid die Wang'
die Enkelein, die zwei;
dass Grossmutter die Zeit nicht lang,
erzähl'n sie vierlerlei.

Das Bübchen spricht voll Stolz zu ihr:
„Grossmutter, hör' einmal!
Bin ich erst gross, geh' ich von dir,
und werde Feldmarschall!"

Schwesterchen lauscht des Bruders Wort:
„Ich," ruft sie, „weiss genau;
bin ich erst gross, holt mich sofort
der Prinz als seine Frau!"

Und leise spricht Grossmütterlein:
„Lernt erst des Lebens Plag'.
Und auch genüg' zum Glücklichsein
ein schöner Sommertag."

25166

To Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink

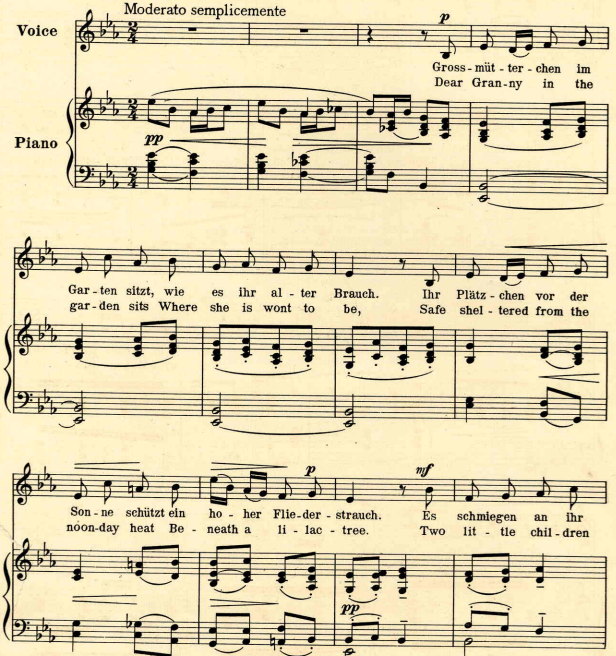
Grossmütterchen

With Granny

Words by*
Louis Zacharias

English version by
John Bernhoff

Mrs. H.H.A. Beach. Op. 73, No. 1



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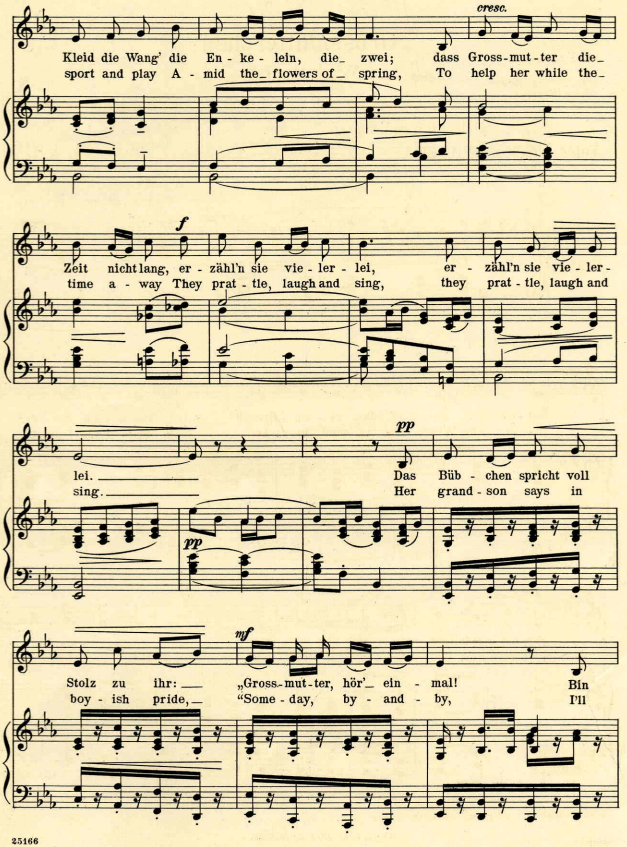
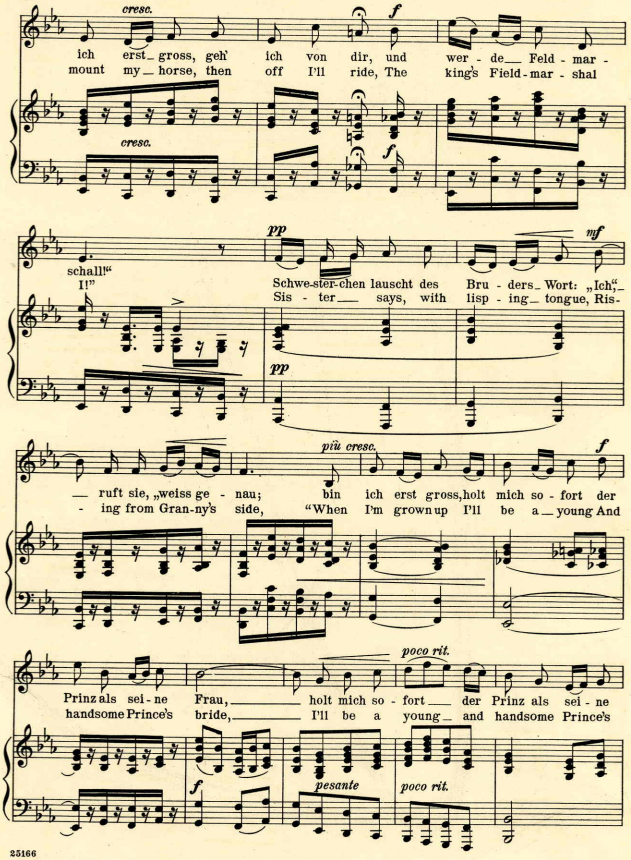
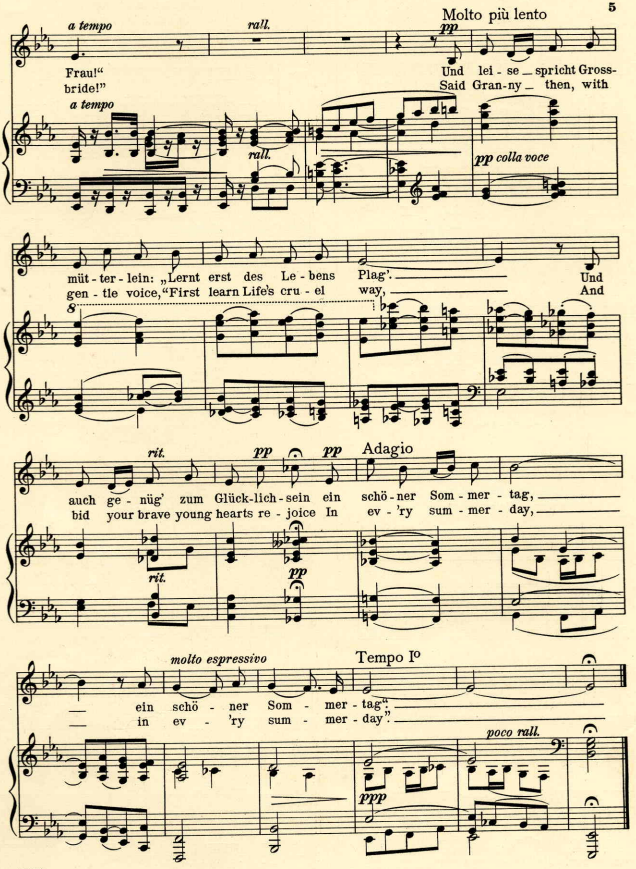

cresc.
Kleid die Wang' die En - ke - lein, die_ zwei; dass Gross-mut-ter die_
sport and play A - mid the_ flowers of_ spring, To help her while the_
f
Zeit nicht lang, er - zähl'n sie vie - ler - lei, er - zähl'n sie vie - ler -
time a - way They prat - tle, laugh and sing, they prat - tle, laugh and
pp
lei. Das Büb - chen spricht voll
sing. Her grand - son says in
pp
mf
Stolz zu ihr: „Gross-mut-ter, hör'_ ein - mal! Bin
boy - ish pride, "Some - day, by - and - by, I'll


cresc.
f
ich erst gross, geh' ich von dir, und wer - de Feld - mar -
mount my horse, then off I'll ride, The king's Field-mar - shal
cresc.
f
pp
mf
schall!"
I!"
Schwe-ster-chen lauscht des Bru - ders Wort: „Ich,"
Sis - ter says, with lisp - ing tongue, Ris-
pp
più cresc.
f
ruft sie, „weiss ge - nau; bin ich erst gross, holt mich so - fort der
- ing from Gran-ny's side, "When I'm grown up I'll be a young And
poco rit.
Prinz als sei - ne Frau, holt mich so - fort der Prinz als sei - ne
handsome Prince's bride, I'll be a young and handsome Prince's
f
pesante
poco rit.


Molto più lento
a tempo
rall.
pp
Frau!"
bride!"
Und lei - se spricht Gross-
Said Gran-ny — then, with
a tempo
rall.
pp colla voce
müt - ter - lein: „Lernt erst des Le - bens
gen - tle voice, "First learn Life's cru - el
Plag'.
way,
Und
And
rit.
pp
pp
Adagio
auch ge - nüg' zum Glück-lich - sein ein schö - ner Som - mer - tag,
bid your brave young hearts re - joice In ev - 'ry sum - mer - day,
rit.
pp
molto espressivo
Tempo Io
ein schö - ner Som - mer - tag",
in ev - 'ry sum - mer - day",
poco rall.
ppp

FOUR SONGS BY
JOHN A. CARPENTER

Le Ciel
The Sky

Poem* by Paul Verlaine
English version by Henry G. Chapman

John A. Carpenter

D'un sentiment simple et pur
Simply and naturally

Voice

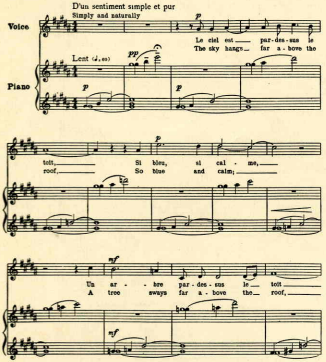
Piano

Lent (♩. 60)

Le ciel est par-des-sus le
The sky hangs far a-bove the

toit, Si bleu, si cal-me,
roof, So blue and calm;

Un ar-bre par-des-sus le toit
A tree sways far a-bove the roof,



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PRICE 60 CENTS

Dansons la gigue!
Come Dance the Jig!

Poem* by Paul Verlaine
English version by Helen Dudley

John A. Carpenter

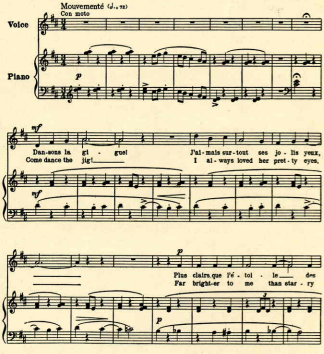
Mouvementé (♩. 72)
Con moto

Voice

Piano

Dan-sons la gi-gue! J'ai-mais sur-tout ses jo-lis yeux,
Come dance the jig! I al-ways loved her pret-ty eyes,

Plus clairs que l'é-toi-le des
Far bright-er to me than star-ry



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PRICE 60 CENTS

«Il pleure dans mon cœur»
"The tears fall in my heart"

Poem* by Paul Verlaine
English version by Henry G. Chapman

John A Carpenter

Modéré (♩. 126)

Voice

Piano

Il
The

(The eighth-notes subdued and closely bound throughout)

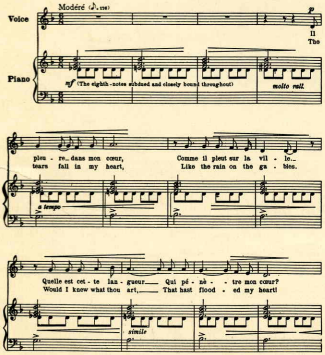
molto rall.

pleu-re dans mon cœur, Comme il pleut sur la vil-le.
tears fall in my heart, Like the rain on the ga-bles.

a tempo

Quelle est cet-te lan-gueur Qui pé-nè-tre mon cœur?
Would I know what thou art, That hast flood-ed my heart!

simile



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PRICE 60 CENTS

Chanson d'Automne
Song of Autumn

Poem* by Paul Verlaine
English version by Henry G. Chapman

John A. Carpenter

Lent et grave (♩. 60)

Voice

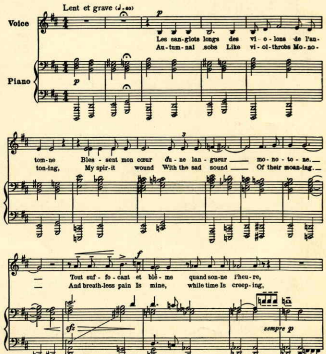
Piano

Les san-glots longs des vi-o-lons de l'au-
Au-tum-nal sobs Like vi-ol-throbs Mo-no-

ton-ne Bles-sent mon cœur d'u-ne lan-gueur mo-no-to-ne.
ton-ing, My spir-it wound With the sad sound Of their moan-ing.

Tout suf-fo-cant et blê-me quand son-ne l'heu-re,
And breath-less pain Is mine, while time Is creep-ing,

sempre p



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