Sam Barber

Manuscripts

1917-1927

If this book is found
kindly notify the
owner at once

S. O. Barber
at 107 S. Church St.
West Chester, Pa.
Phone 168

or at the Curtis Institute
of Music, Phila., Pa.

PRESSER
PHILADA.

To Aunt Louise Homer

Three Songs

The words from Old England

1. Lady, when I Behold the Roses
(Words anonymous)

2. An Earnest Suit to his Unkind Mistress not to Forsake Him
(Words of Sir Thomas Wyatt)

3. Hey Nonny No! (Christ Church Ms)

PHILADA.

Lady, When I Behold The Roses

Old English Words

Music by

Sam Barber

Low Voice

February, 1925.

Lady, When I Behold the Roses

Feb, 1925

Moderato mf. Quasi recitativo —

La-dy — when I be-hold the ro-ses sprou-ting

Moderato

which clad in da-mask man-tles deck the ar-bors —

And then be-hold your lips where sweet love har-bours

My eyes pre-sent me with a dou-ble doubl-ing

PRESSER PHILADA.

For view-ing both a-like hard-ly my mind sup-pos-es

Whe-ther the ro-ses be your lips, Or your lips the

ro-ses! Or your lips the ro-ses!

non incurato

[4]

[6]

An Earnest Suit to His Unkind Mistress

Not to Forsake Him.

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Nov. 16, 1926

Moderato mf

Moderato

mf

And wilt thou leave me thus? Say

p

cres

nay, say nay, for shame - To save thee from the blame Of all my grief and

p

cres

ff

f

mf

grame - And wilt thou leave me thus? Say nay, say nay!

ff

pp

♩ = 126 - più mosso

And wilt thou leave me thus who hath loved thee so long, In wealth and woe a-mong. And

più mosso

PRESSER TUT PHILADA

rit

is thy heart so strong As for to leave me thus? Say nay, say nay! And

rit

p

wilt thou leave me thus, who hath gi- ven thee my heart, new-

tempo primo -

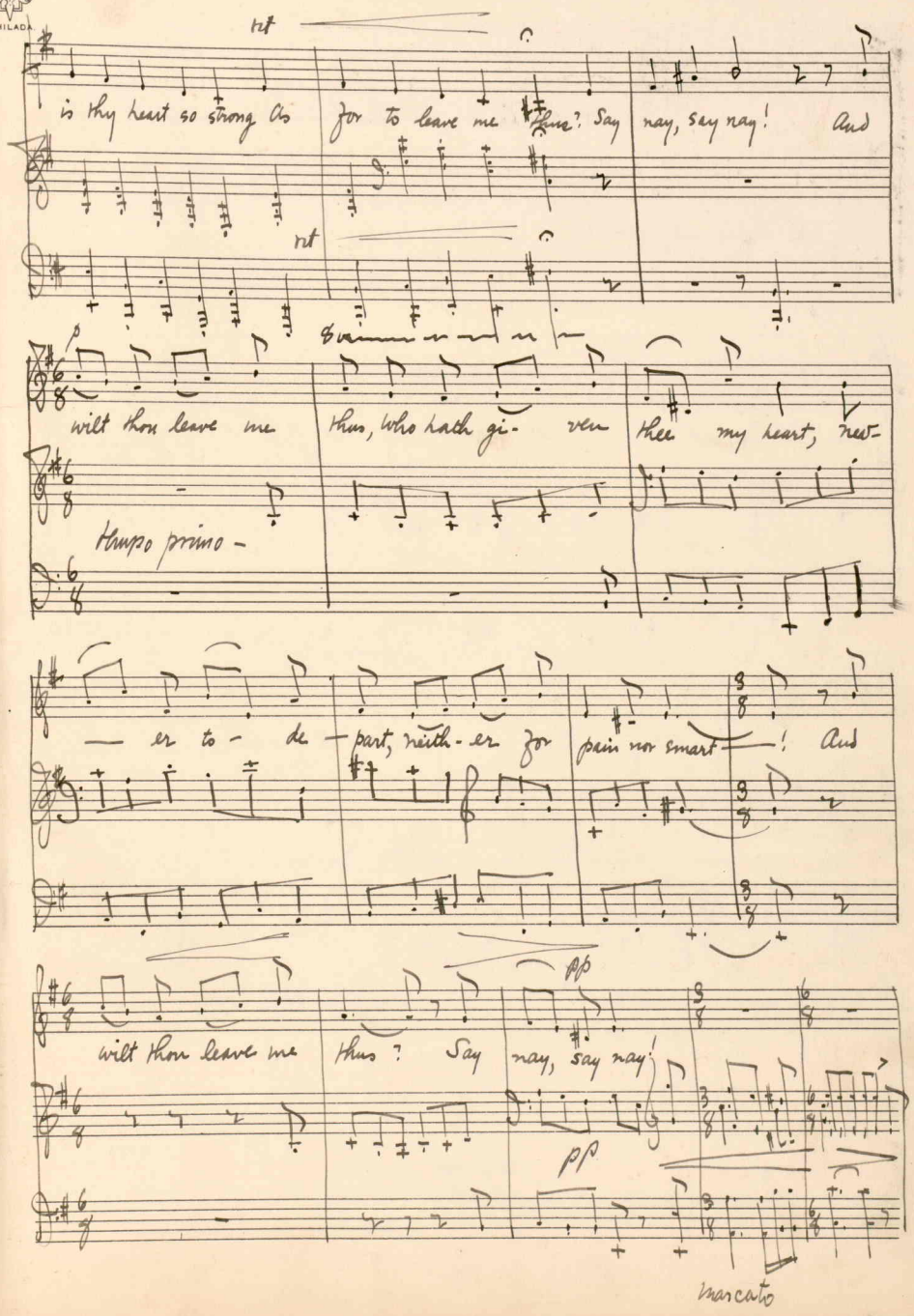
— er to - de - part, neith - er for pain nor smart — ! And

pp

wilt thou leave me thus? Say nay, say nay!

pp

marcato



And wilt thou leave me thus, And have no more pi-ty On

The melody well marked

him that lov-ed thee? A-las, — thy cru-el-ty!

ff

And wilt thou leave me thus? Say

f

ff

pp.

nay, say nay, say nay!

p

pp

PRESSER
PHILADA.

Hey Nonny No!

Christ Church MS.

Samuel Barber

Nov. 27, 1926.

Hey Nonny - No!

(with boisterous good-humor!)

Hey non-ny no! Hey no-ny no!

Men are fools that wish to die!

Don't not fine to dance and sing

PRESSER
PHILADA

when the bells of death do ring?

Is't not fine to swim in wine And turn up on the toe

And sing Hey no-my no, when the

winds blow and the seas flow? Hey no-my no !

faster slower

a tempo

Hey no-my no! Hey no-my no

a tempo

molto rit

Men are fools that wish to

8va

faster

molto rit

a tempo

8va die!

a tempo

PHILADA.

Nursery Songs

(1920 - 1923)

NURSERY SONGS

TO SARA

OPUS VII

SAMUEL O. BARBER 2nd.

PREFACE

From old manuscripts and music books I have collected and copied my Mother Goose Songs."The Old Man From Jamaica", "The Rockaby Lady", and"I Love Little Pussy" have been composed comparitavely recently (1922), but the others are much earlier compositions.

The mistakes in notation, the harmonical errors, the poor constructions,-they have not been ommitted. They are as I first wrote them, before I knew the tiresome rules of harmony.

The ranges are indeed unique. They suit my own low voice, with an occasional high note beyond my range purely for effect.

And now I leave you, to sing or play these little child-songs.

Samuel D. Barber II

Apr. 8, 1923.

Jack And Jill

E major

allegro vivace

allegro vivace

Jack and Jill went up the hill, to fetch a pail of wa - ter;

Jack fell down, and broke his crown and Jill came tum - bling af — ter!

rit.

And Jill came tumbling after.

a tempo-

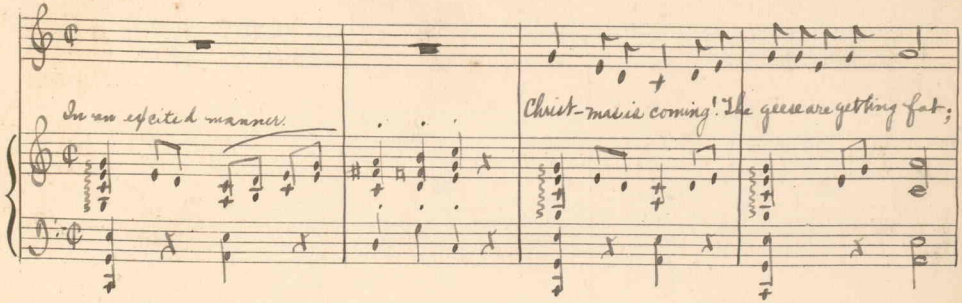
Verse II- up Jack got, and home did trot, as fast as he could ca- per;

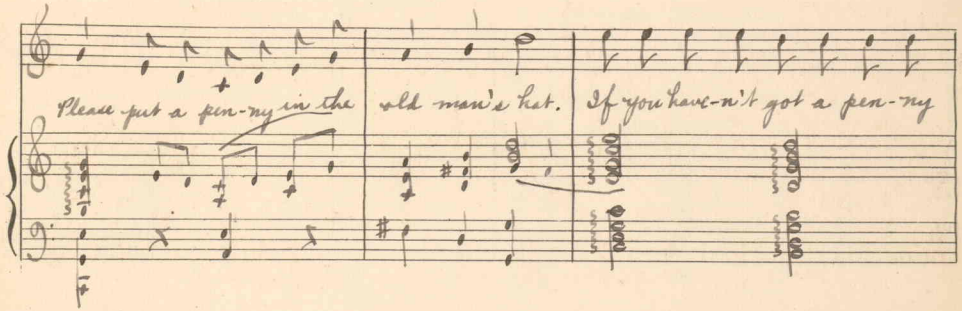
a tempo-

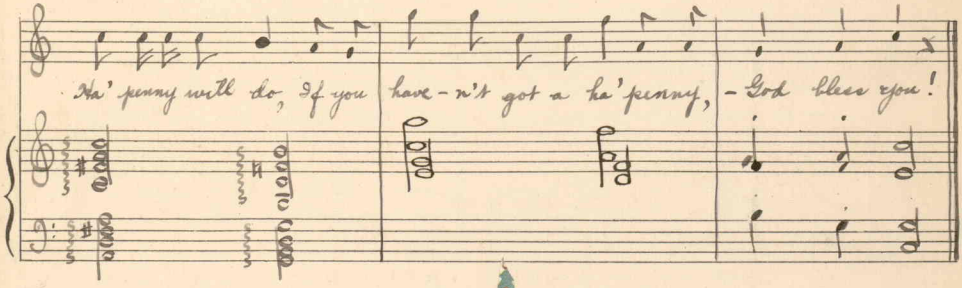
Verse II

Went to bed to mend his head, With vin-e-gar and brown pa — per.

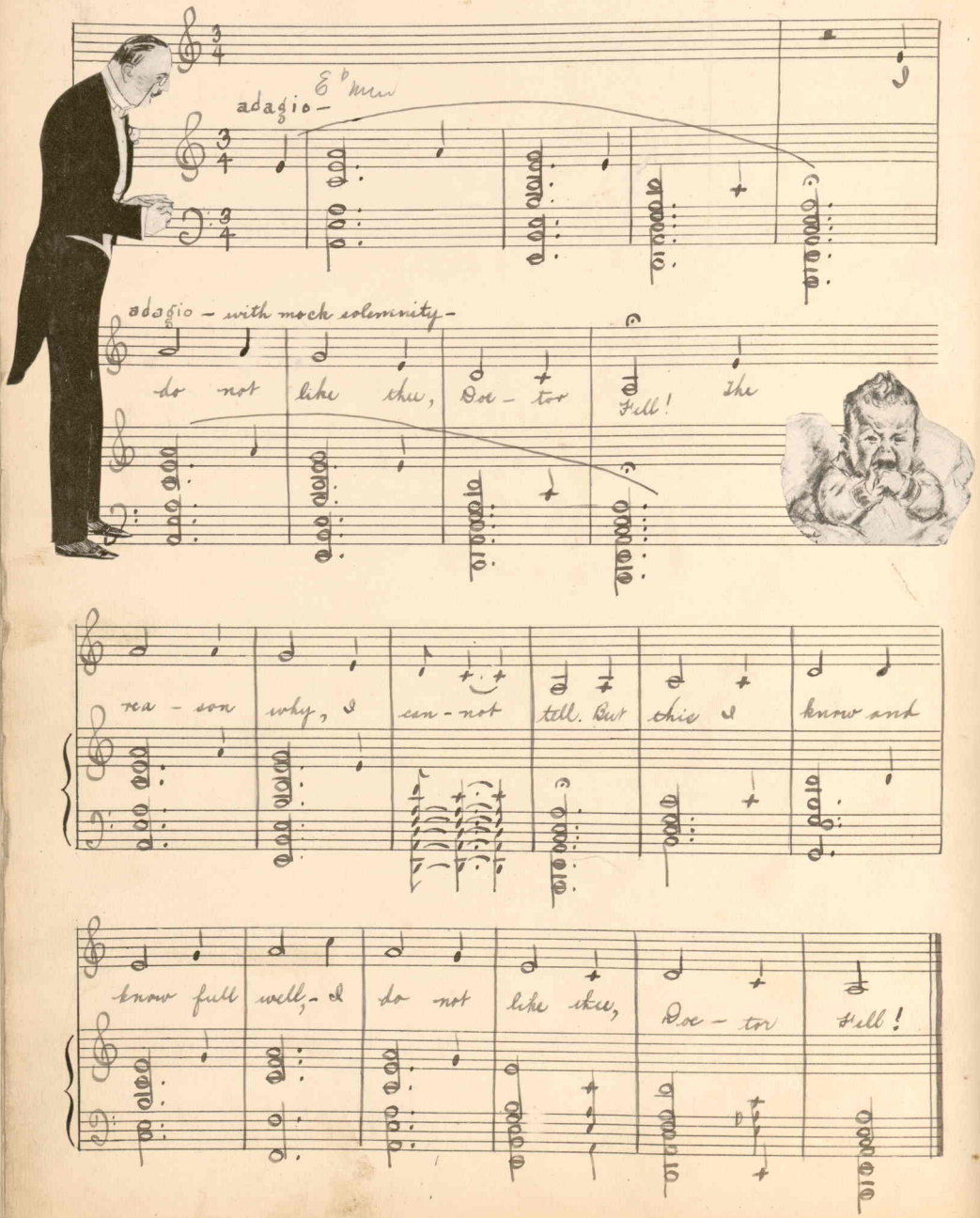
GOD BLESS YOU!







I Do Not Like Thee, Dr. Fell.



Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son.

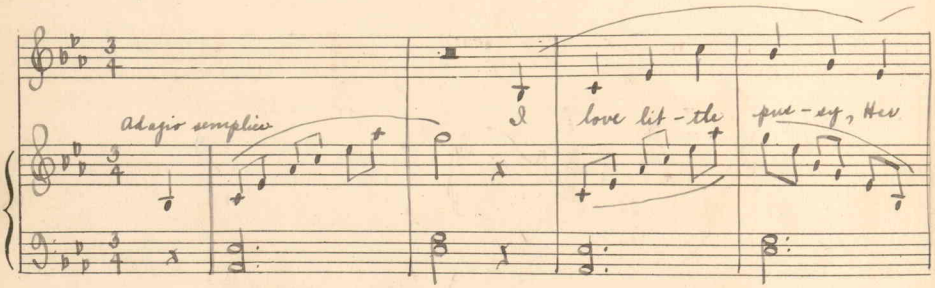
allegro - in a rollicking manner.

allegro - in a rollicking manner.

Tom, tom, the pi - per's son, He learned to play when he was young, But the on - ly tune that he could play, Was "O - ver the hills" and "Over the hills" and "Over the hills and far a - way.

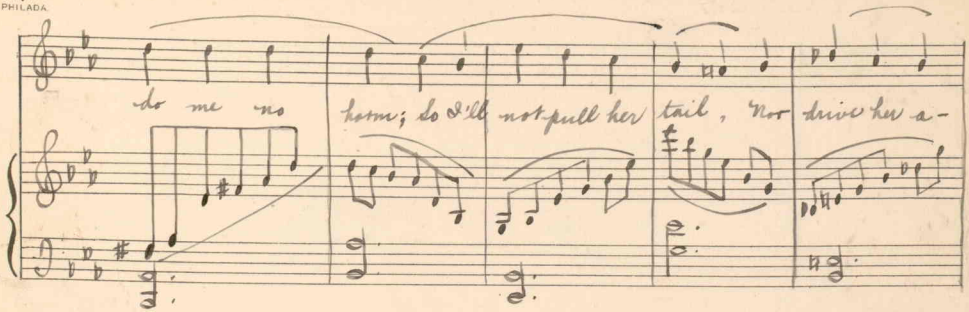
I LOVE
LITTLE
PUSSY

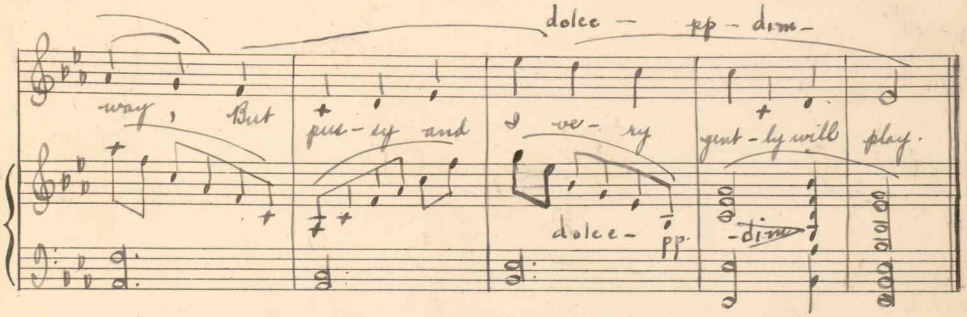
F


Adagio semplice
I love lit-tle pus-sy, Her
coat is so warm, And if I don't hurt her she'll

PRESSER
PHILADA.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY (concluded)


do me no harm; So I'll not pull her tail, Nor drive her a-


dolce — pp — dim —
way, But pus-sy and I ve-ry gent-ly will play.
dolce — pp. — dim

But she cried out, "Oh lack, I have married a black!"

TWO OLD MEN

Allegro vivace

There was an old man from Ja-

-mai- ca Who sud-den-ly mar-ried a Qua- ker! But she

with great feeling -

tempo primo -

cried out, "Oh lack! I have mar-ried a black!" Which dis- tressed that old man from Ja-

Two Old Men. (concluded)

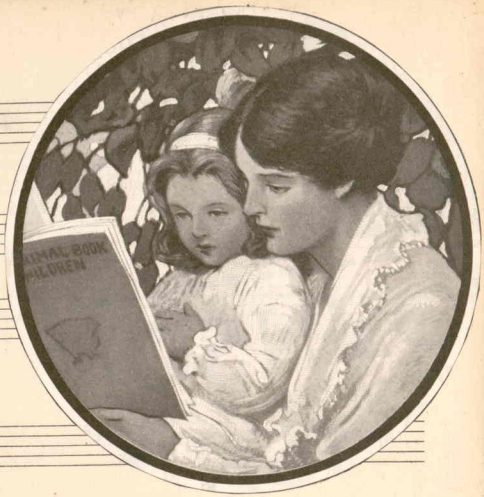
mai - ca! There

was an old man from Pe - ru — Who watched his wife be - king a

stew — But one day by mis - take, In the stove she did

bake — That un - for - tu - nate man from Pe - ru — !

THE ROCKABY LADY.



* G

F Adagio

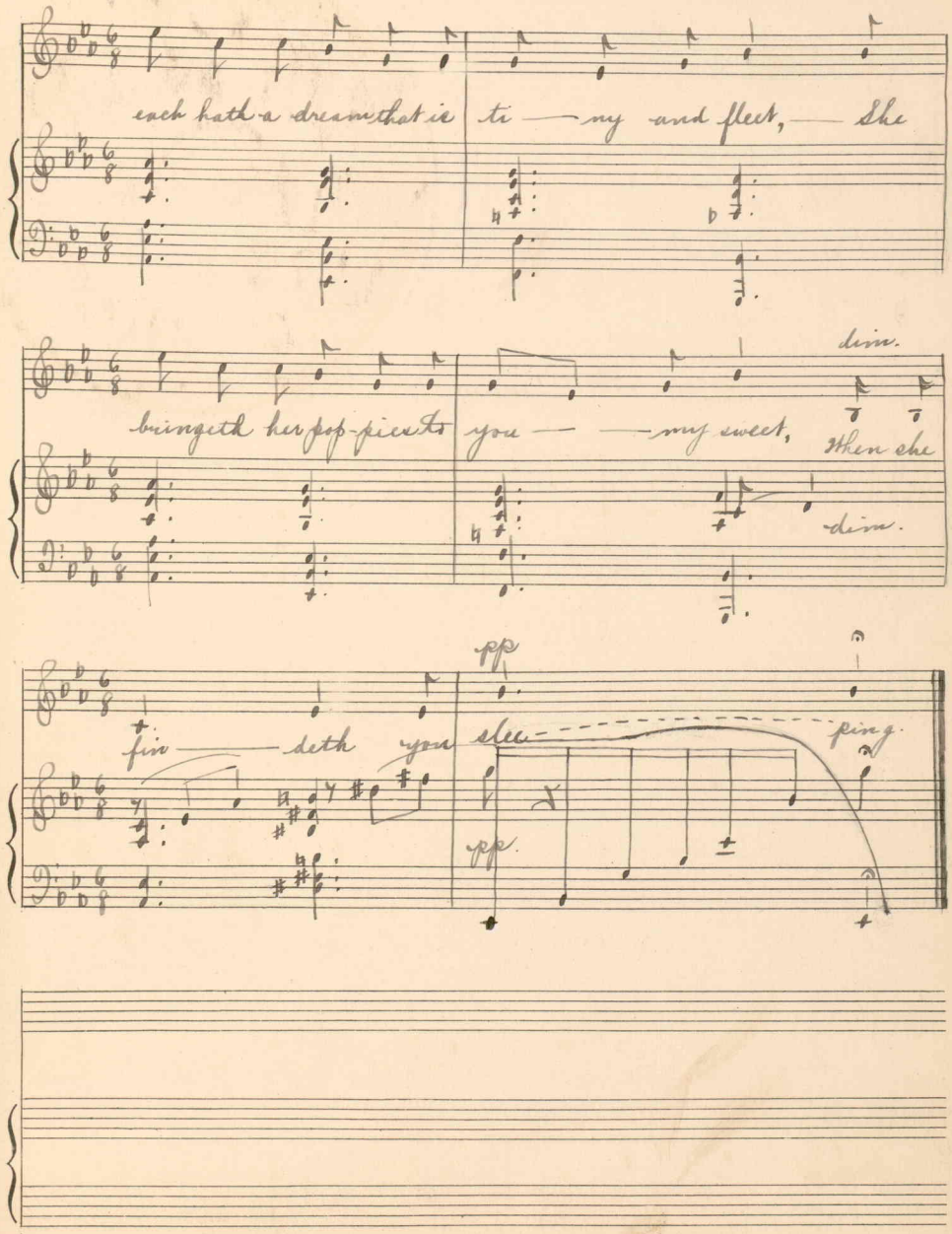
Adagio — dolce.

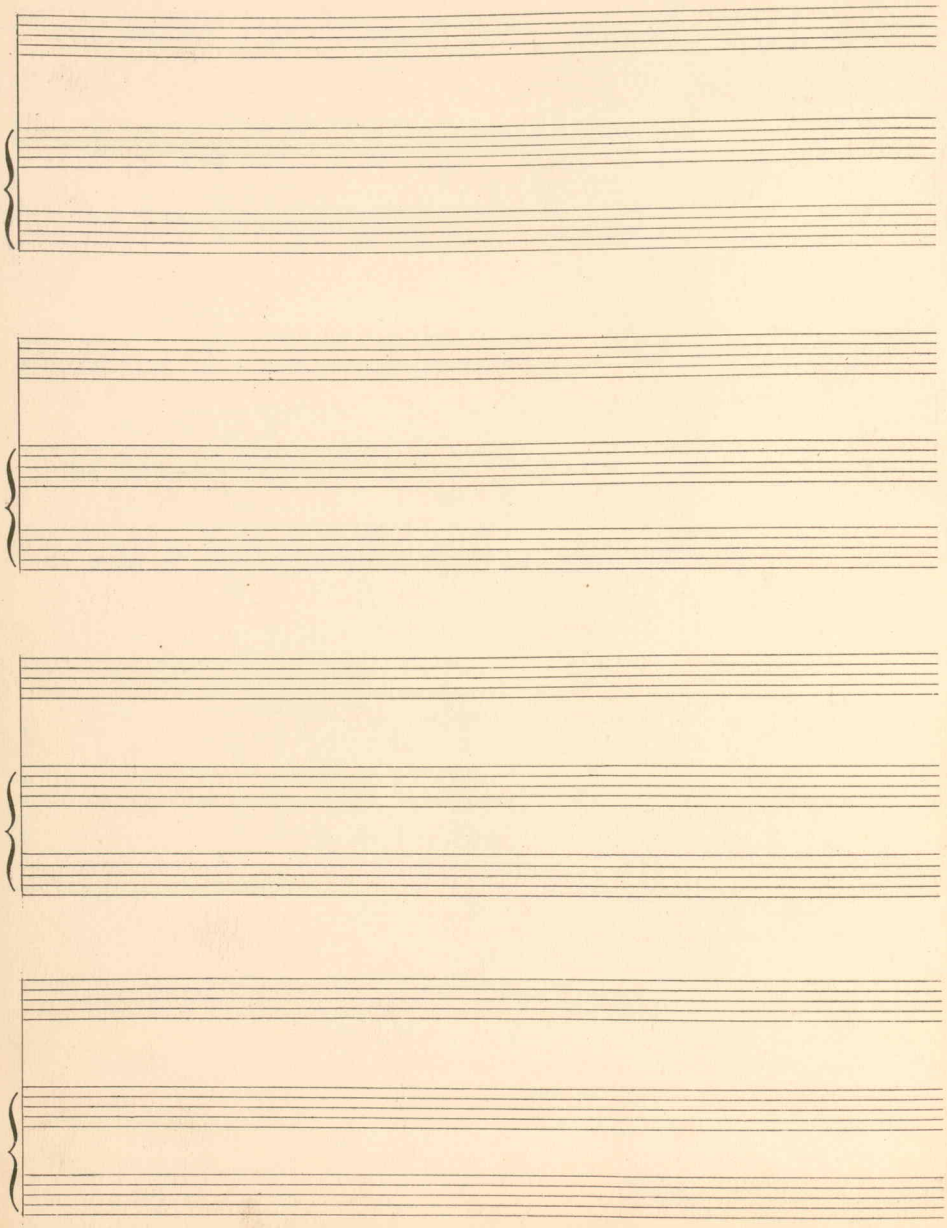
The Rock-a-by La-dy from Hush-a-by street, Comes stea — ling; Comes

dolce.

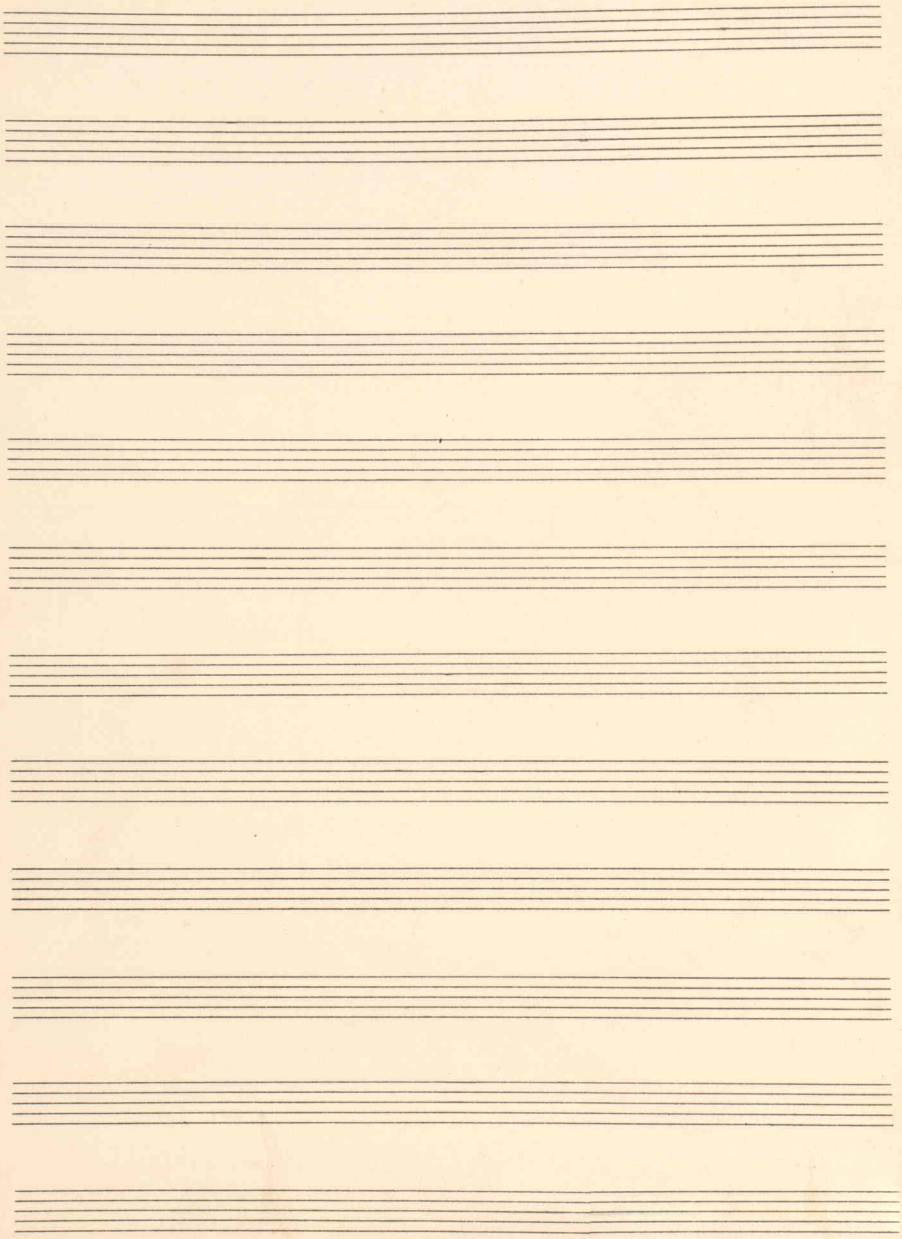
eve — ning; the pop-pies, they hang from her head to her feet, And

* WORDS FROM EUGENE FIELD.


each hath a dream that is ti — ny and fleet, — She
bringeth her pop-pieces you — — my sweet, When she
dim.
dim.
fin — deth you slee — ping.
pp
pp



PHILADA.



PHILADA.

Two Poems of the Wind

by Fiona Macleod

Set to music

by

Sam Barber

October, 1934

PRESSER
PHILADA.

Little Children of the Wind

Poem by Fiona Macleod

Set to music by

Sam Barber

Oct. 15, 1924.

Little Children of the Wind

mf Sorrowfully.

I hear the lit-tle children of the

mf

wind Cry-ing sol-i-ta-ry in slowly lone-ly

pla-ces: I have not seen their fac-es- But

f

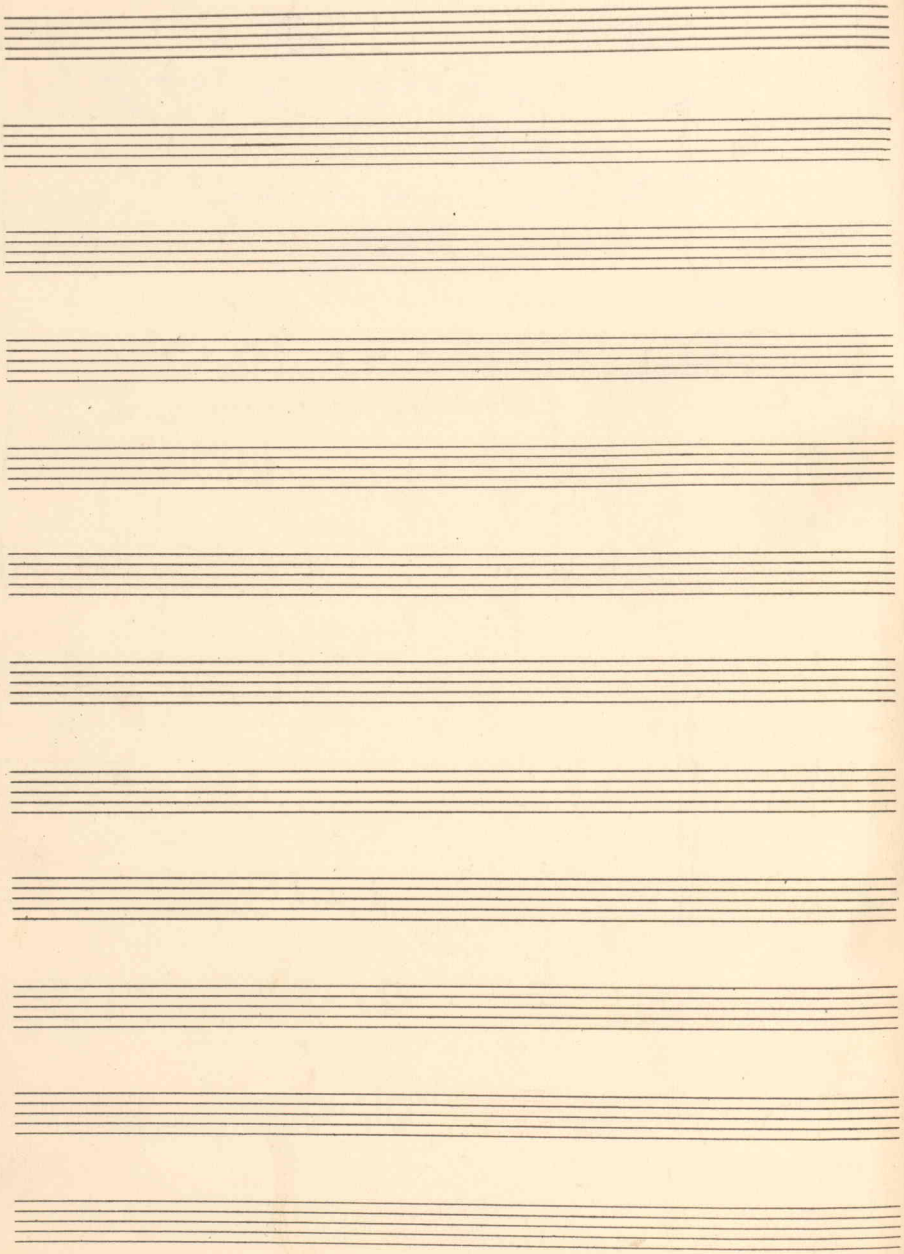
I have seen the

leaves — et by-ing be-

lento — tenderly —

hind — The lit-tle trem-u-lous leaves of the

wind!



PRESSER
PHILADA.

Longing

A Song to the Wind

Poem by Fiona Macleod

Set to music by

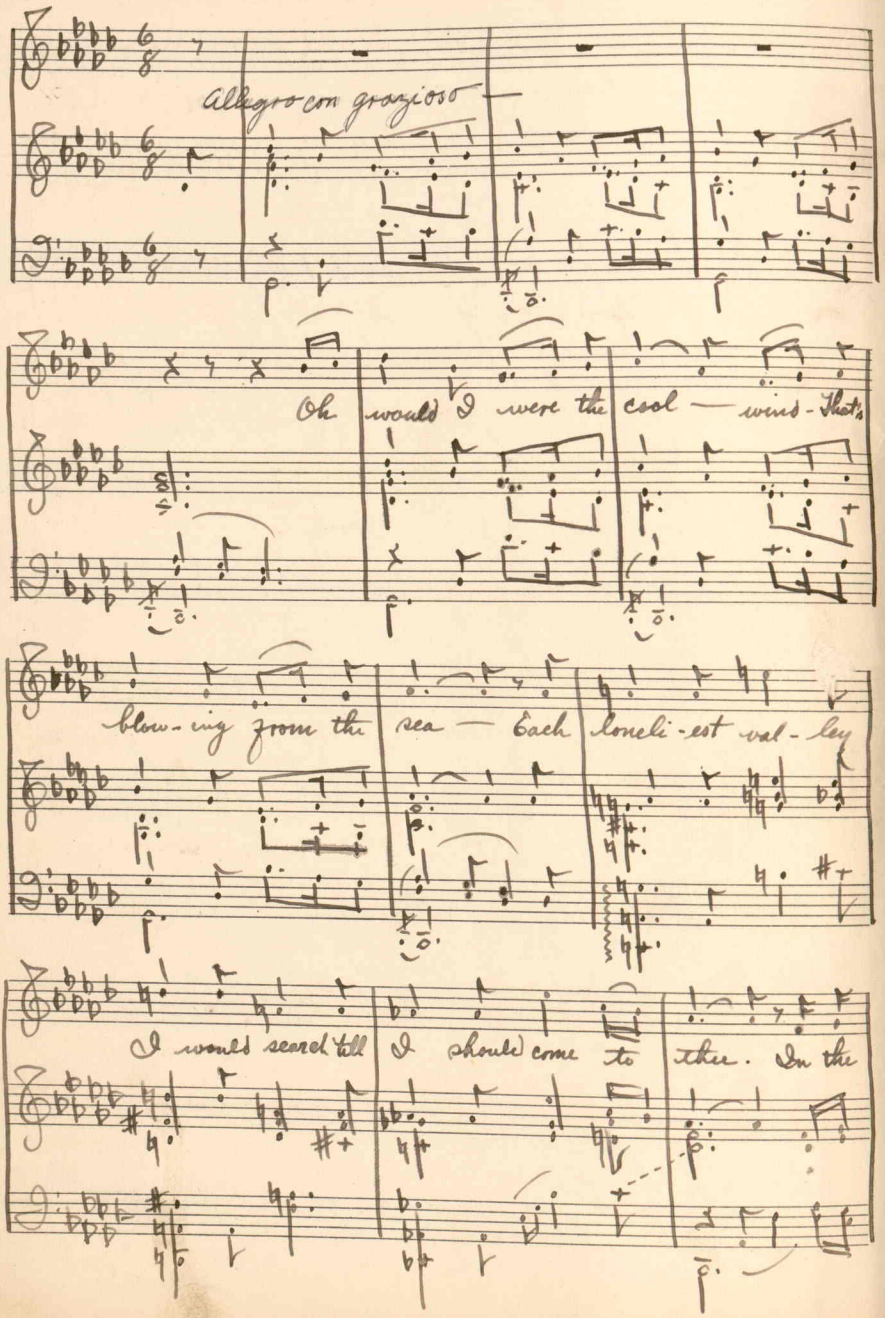
Ann Barker

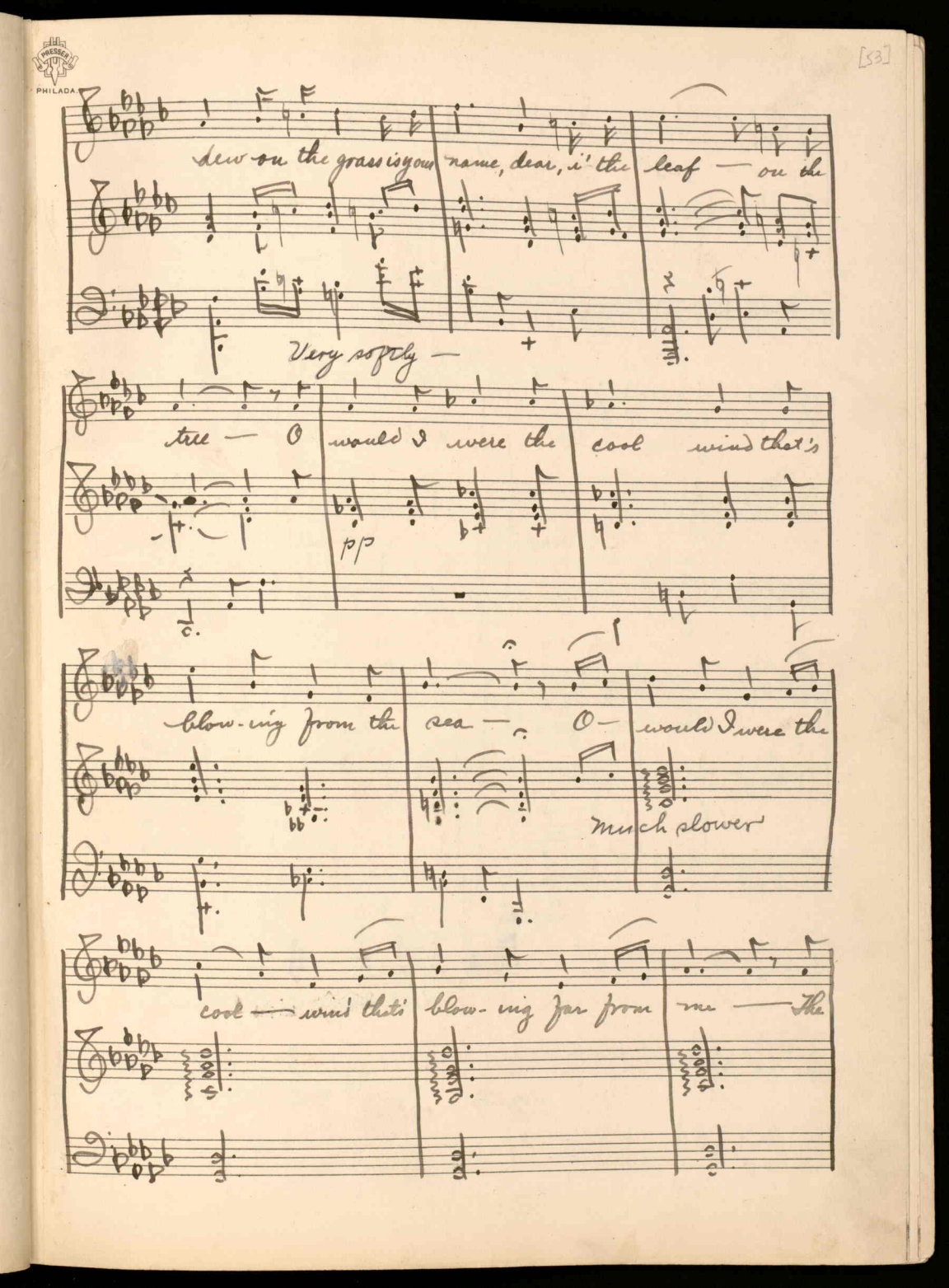
October

Anno 1924

— October 16 —

— Longing —


Allegro con grazioso
Oh would I were the cool — winds - that's
blow - ing from the sea — Each loneli - est val - ley
I would search till I should come to thee. In the


dew on the grass is your name, dear, i' the leaf — on the
Very softly —
tree — O would I were the cool wind that's
blow-ing from the sea — O — would I were the
Much slower
cool — wind that's blow-ing far from me — the

grey si-lence, The grey waves, The grey waste of the

Tempo I

sea — O would I were the cool wind that's

Tempo I

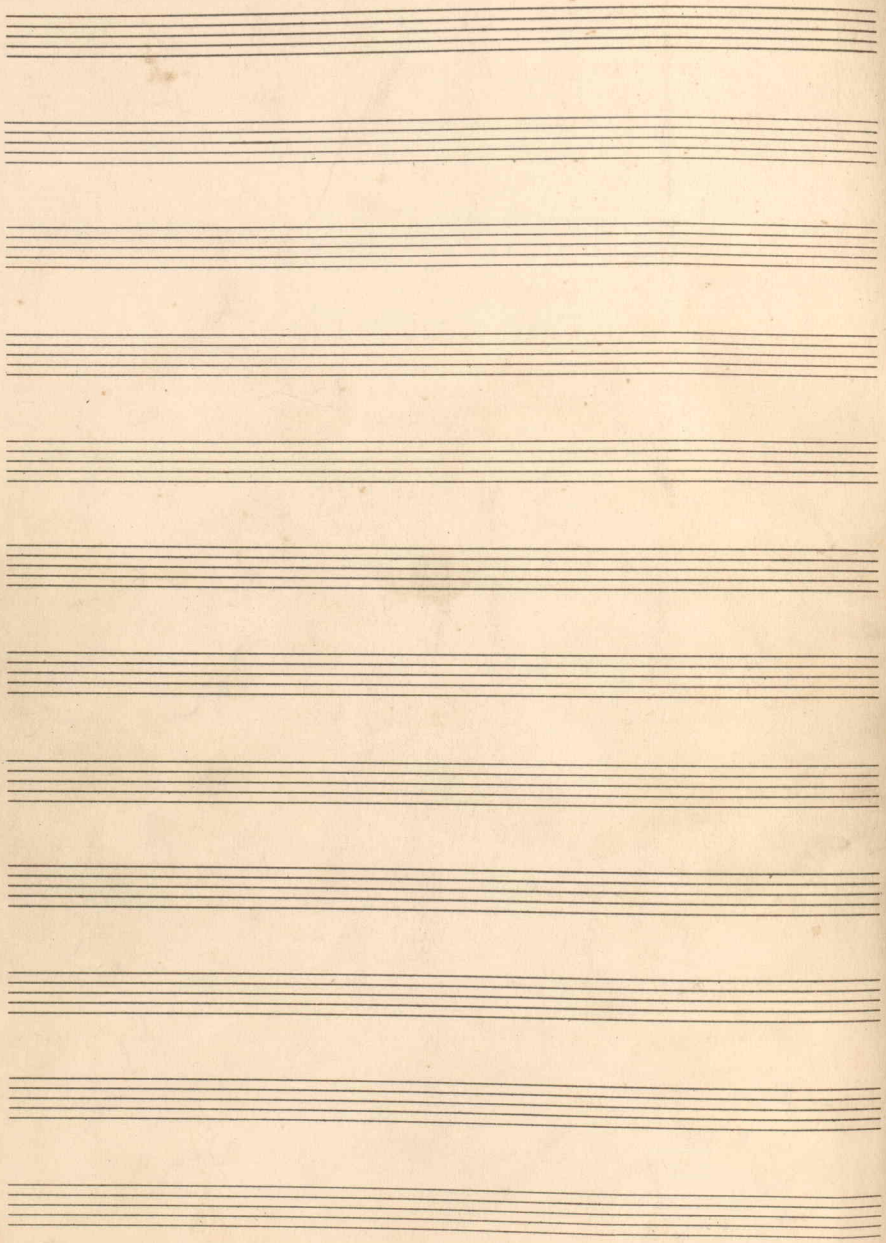
blow-ing from the sea Each loui-est val-ley

Softly rit —

I would reach till I should come to thee!

Softly rit —

PRESSER
PHILADA.



October - Weather

Camuel Barber, Ind.

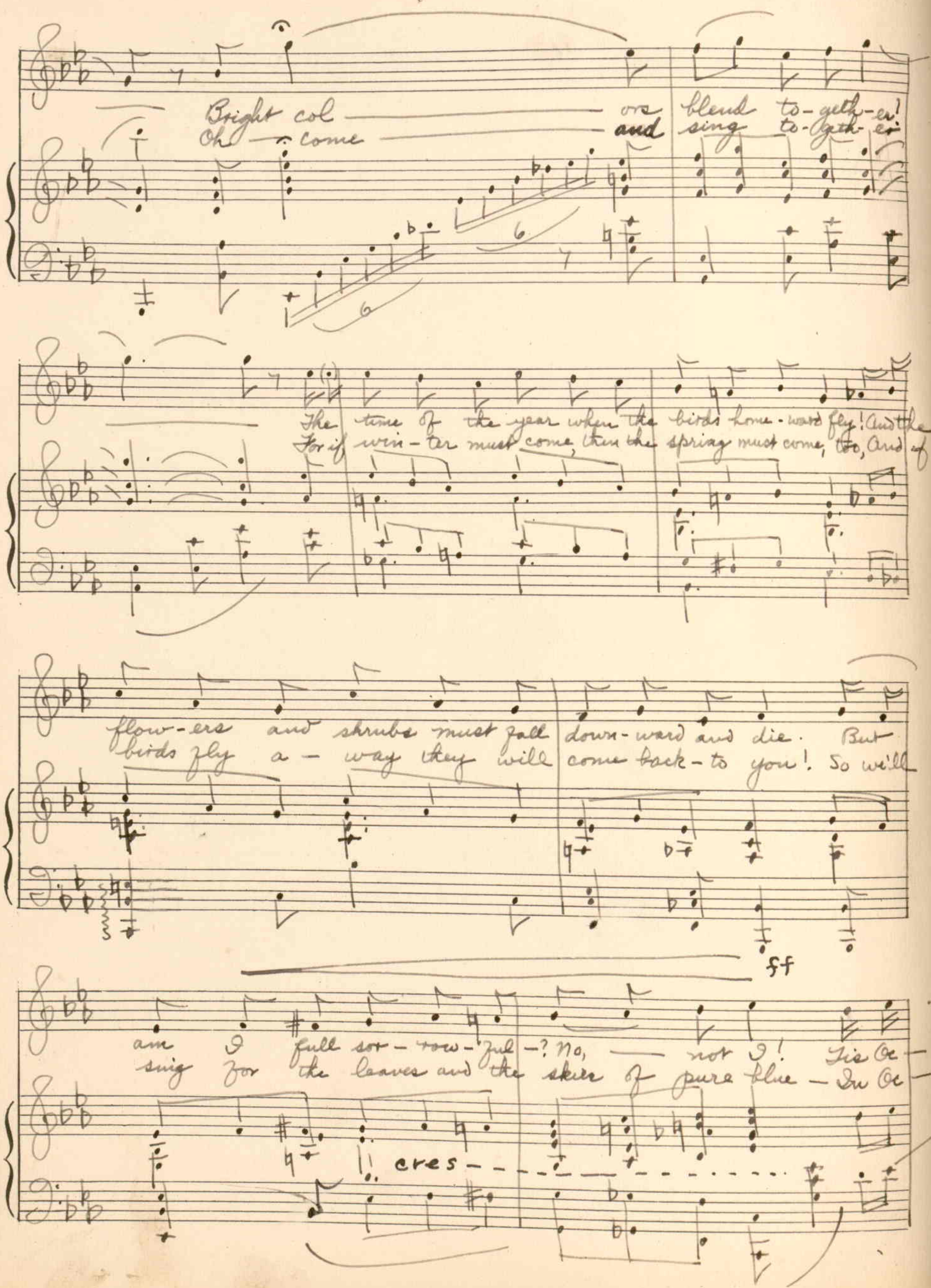
Tempo di Valse Allegro

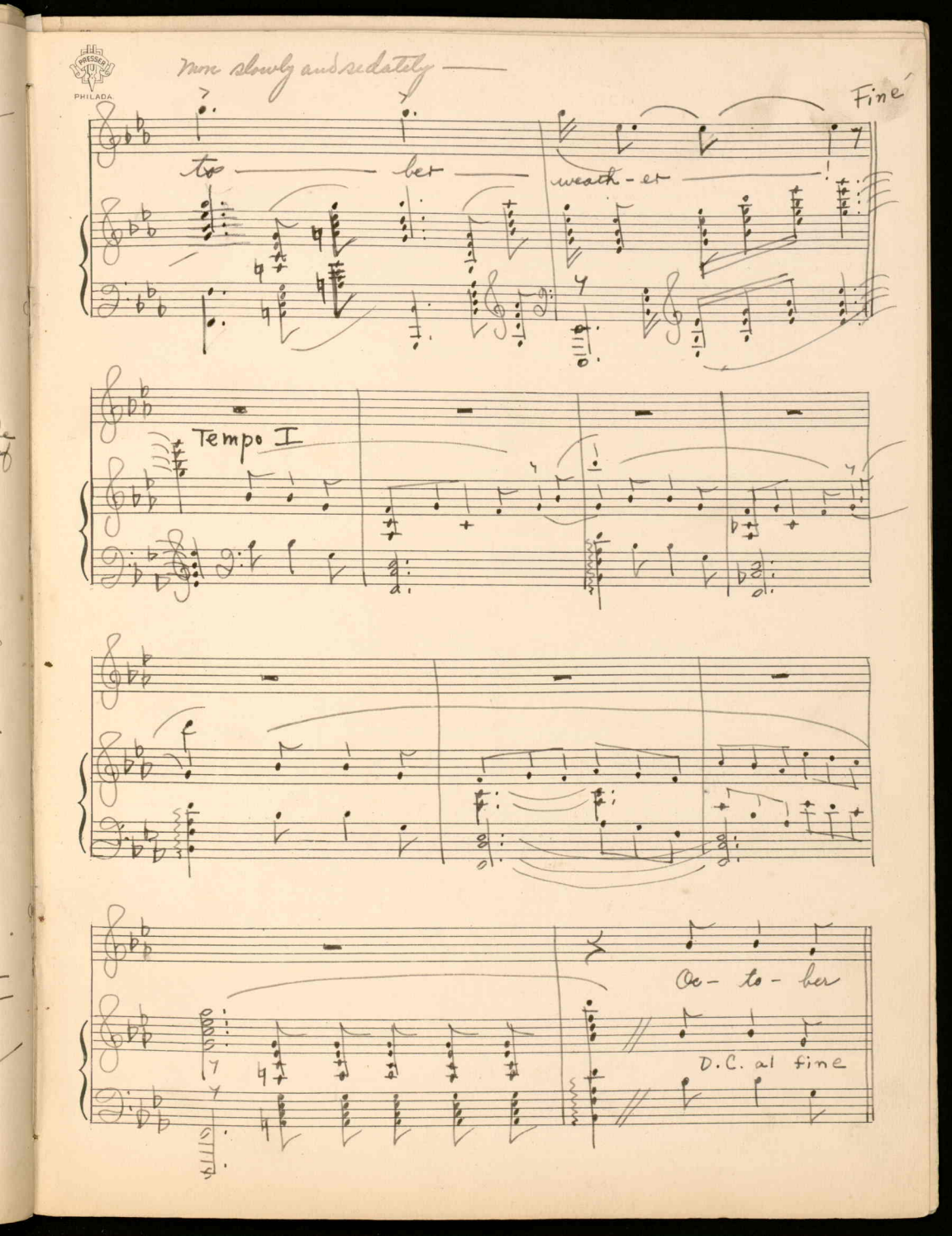
f ff

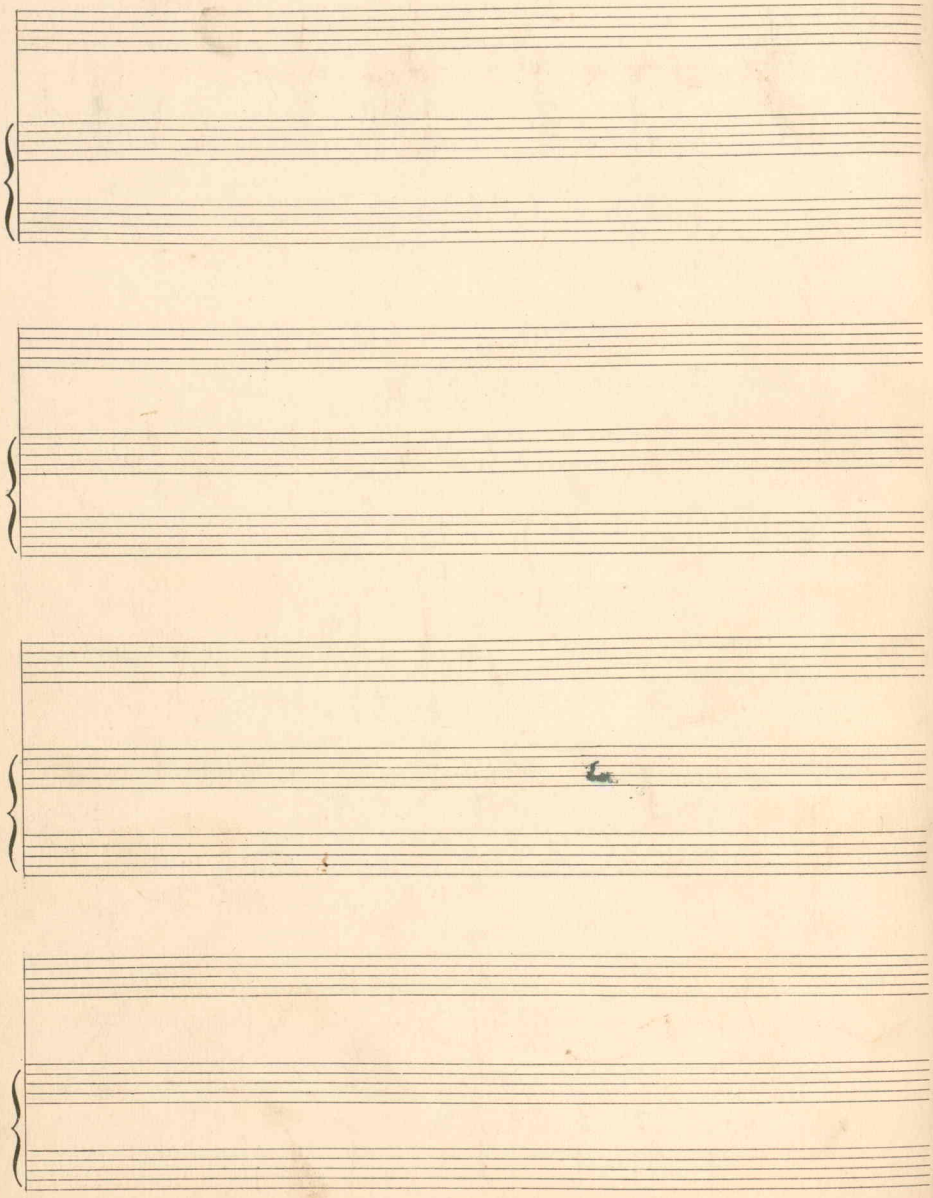
Oc - to - ber mountain weath - er! — Oc - to - ber mountain weath - er!

With joy sing ah — With joy sing ah — ! Now blooms the way - side heath - er!

* Note that the voice part, here, follows the chord on the piano


Bright col — ors blend to-geth-er!
Oh — come — and sing to-geth-er
The time of the year when the birds home-ward fly! And the
For if win-ter must come, then the spring must come, too, And if
flow-ers and shrubs must fall down-ward and die. But
birds fly a-way they will come back-to you!. So will
ff
am I full sor-row-ful-? No, — not I! Tis Oc-
sing for the leaves and the skies of pure blue — In Oc-
cres


PRESSER
PHILADA.
More slowly and sedately
Fine
to — ber — weath - er —
Tempo I
Oc - to - ber
D.C. al fine



My Fairyland

Robt T. Kerlin

To Miss Schmidt and Dr. Kerlin

Samuel Barber, Op XIV

Moderato —

To- mor- row! Oh sweet to- mor- row!

Moderato -

mf.

To- mor- row is my Fair -y land!

quasi plainte

Sad- ly, I think of Yes- ter - day —

A bar- ren ~~rock~~ strewn stretch of sand —

wreck.

Composed March 29, 1934.

Be-neath low skies of grey.

cre

fff appassionato

To-mor-row! Oh di-vine To

ff

dim

mor-row! I shall be brave and wise To

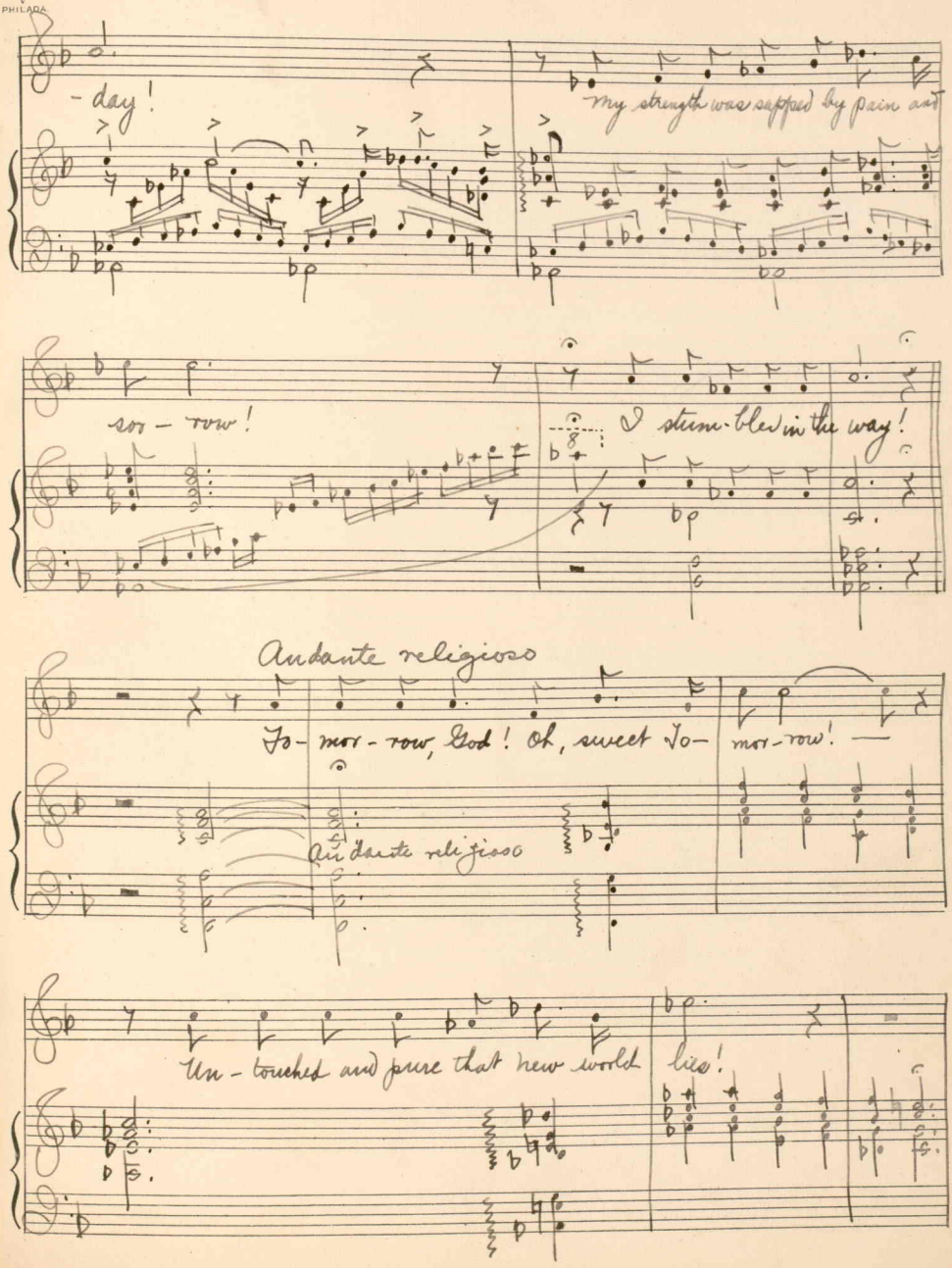
dim

-mor-row!

dim

p

Weak-ness and fail-ure mated To-


-day!
My strength was sapped by pain and
sor-row!
I stum-bled in the way!
Andante religioso
To-mor-row, God! Oh, sweet To-
mor-row! —
Andante religioso
Un-touched and pure that new world lies!

a tempo

f

Thy world, and mine — a gold — en strand! —

a tempo

A gold-en dawn in cloud-less skies!

ff

molto meno mosso e maestoso

To — mor-row is my Fair-y

molto meno mosso e maestoso

ff

fff

land!

fff

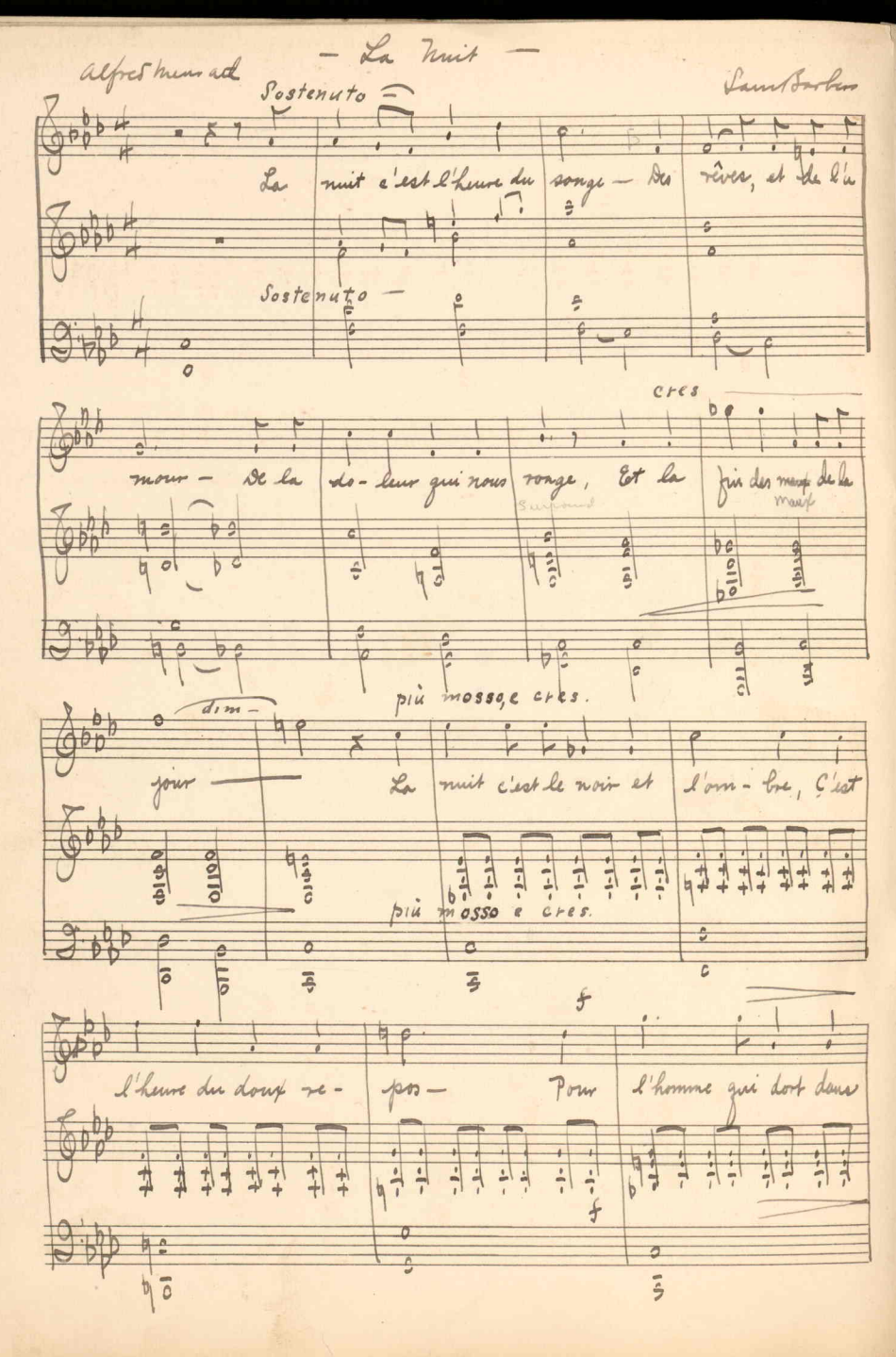
PRESSER
PHILADA.

La Nuit

Song for Soprano
Chanson pour Soprano

Les Mots par
Alfred Meurath
et
La Musique par
Sam Barber

January, 1925



— La Nuit —

Alfred Menard

Sam Barbers

Sostenuto

La nuit c'est l'heure du songe — Des rêves, et de l'a

Sostenuto —

cres

mour — De la do-leur qui nous ronge, Et la fin des maux de la

Suspend

maux

più mosso, e cres.

dim —

jour — La nuit c'est le noir et l'om-bre, C'est

più mosso e cres.

f

l'heure du doux re-pos — Pour l'homme qui dort dans

f

PRESSER
PHILADA

l'om- bre, Les paup- ières et la coeur clos -

quasi recitativo e con dolore -

La nuit c'est le grand si- lence, La sol-i-tude et l'ennu- ui;

espressiro e con dolore -

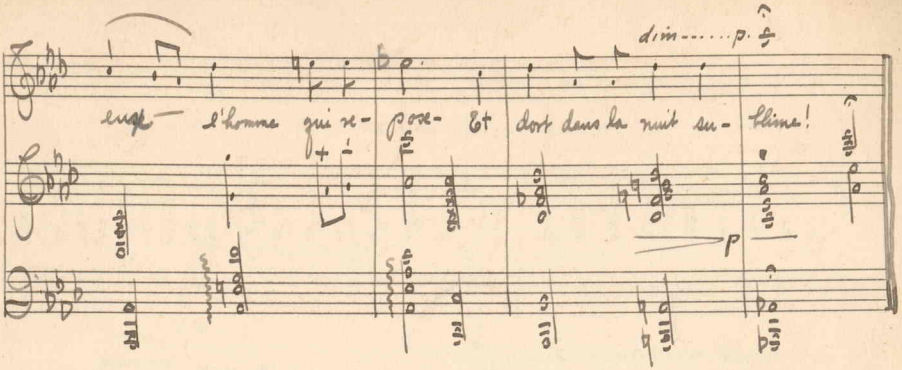
Trou-bles en no-tre con- science. Car elle songe la nuit

Tempo primo -

Et songe à de tris-tes choses, Car là dans l'ombre est l'a- bime! Heur-

a-bysse

Tempo primo -



dim.....p.

eux — l'homme qui re- pose- Et dort dans la nuit su- blime!

p

PRESSER
PHILADA.

Two Songs of Youth —

1. Invocation to Youth —
— Words of Laurence Binyon —

2. I never thought that Youth would go.
— Words of Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

Music by Sam Barber

Pocono, August, '92.

Invocation to Youth

With fire – ff

Come, then, as ev-er, like the wind at Mor-ning

ff with fire

Joy-ous, O Youth, in an a-ged world re-new

Fresh-ness to feel the e-ter-ni-ties a-round it!

ff

pp

ff

mf

Rain! Stars and clouds, Light, and the sa-cred dew.

ff

ff

PRESSER
PHILADA.

ff

The strong sun shines a-bove thee, That

op-

ff

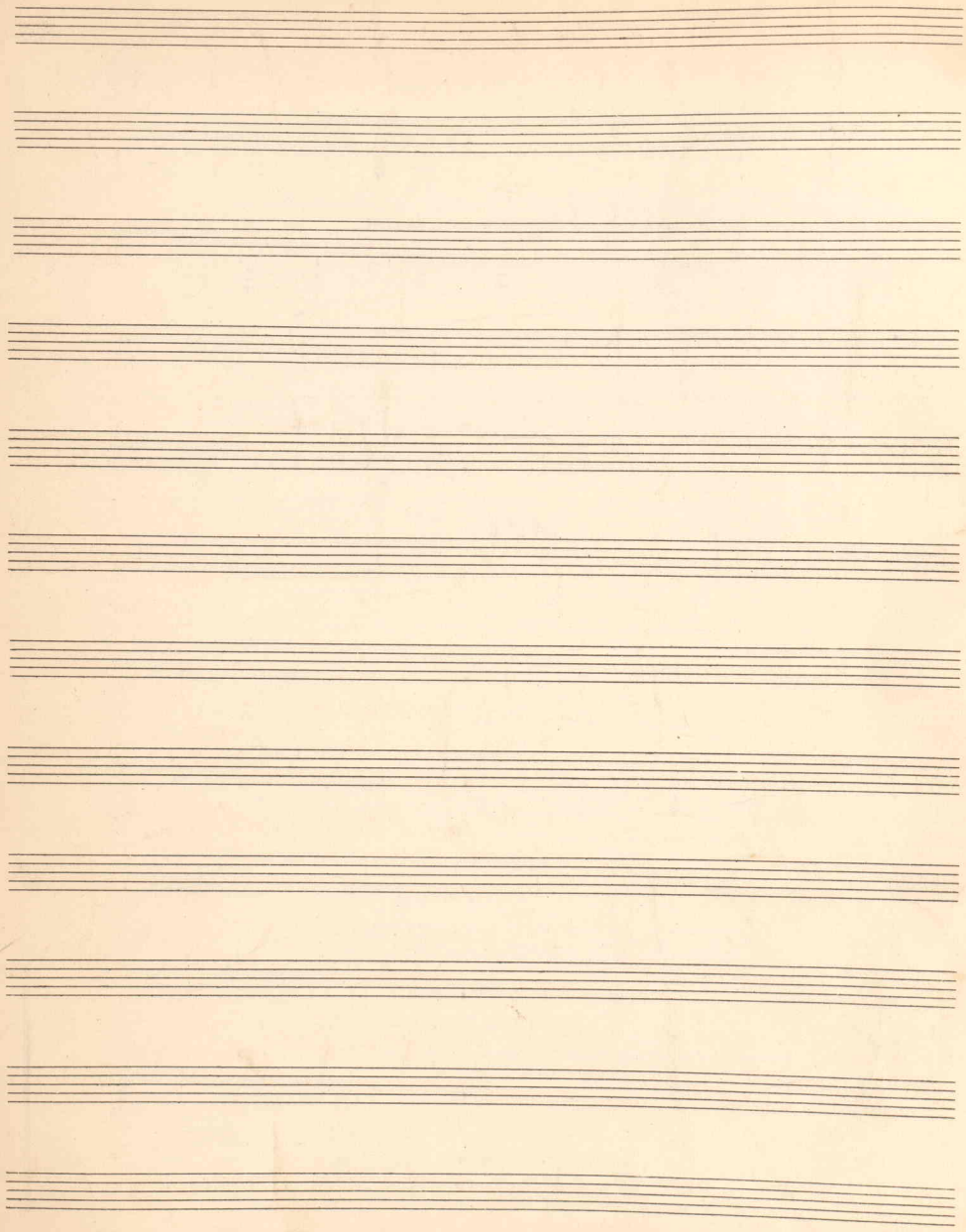
strength, that rad-iance bring — If

win-ter come to win-ter, when —

fff

shall men hope for Spring? —

fff



PRESSER
PHILADA.

[73]

Two Songs of Youth —

1. Invocation to Youth —
- words of Laurence Binyon

2. I never thought that Youth would go —
words of Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

Music by Samuel Barber —

July, 1925

I never thought that Youth would go

Gaily –

ne - ver thought that Youth would go, Who

Gaily –

rit. ..... a tempo

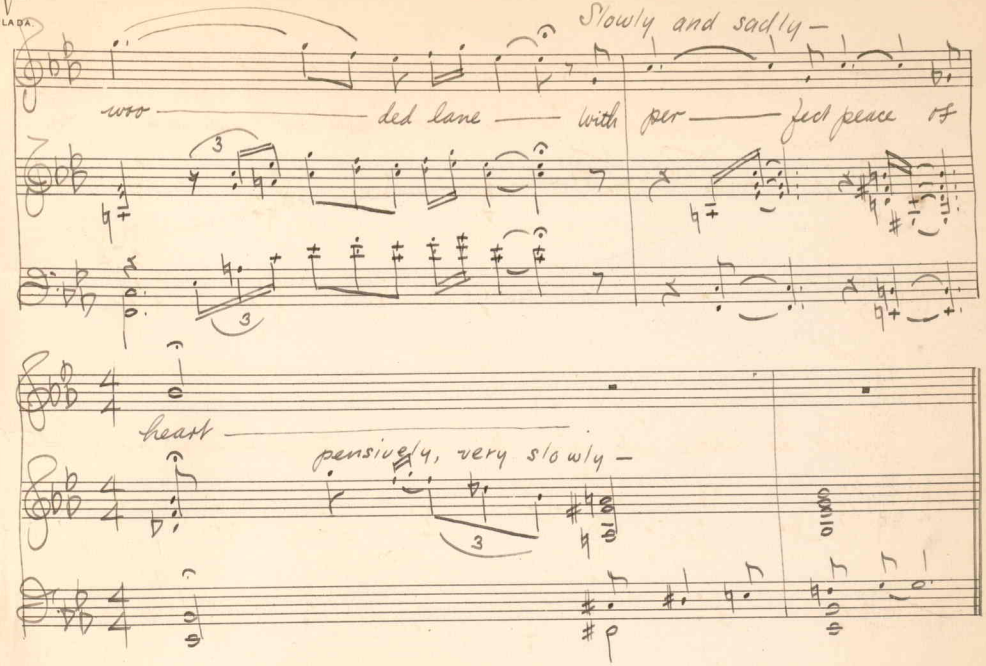
was so blithe and fain, Or if he strayed I thought a song, would

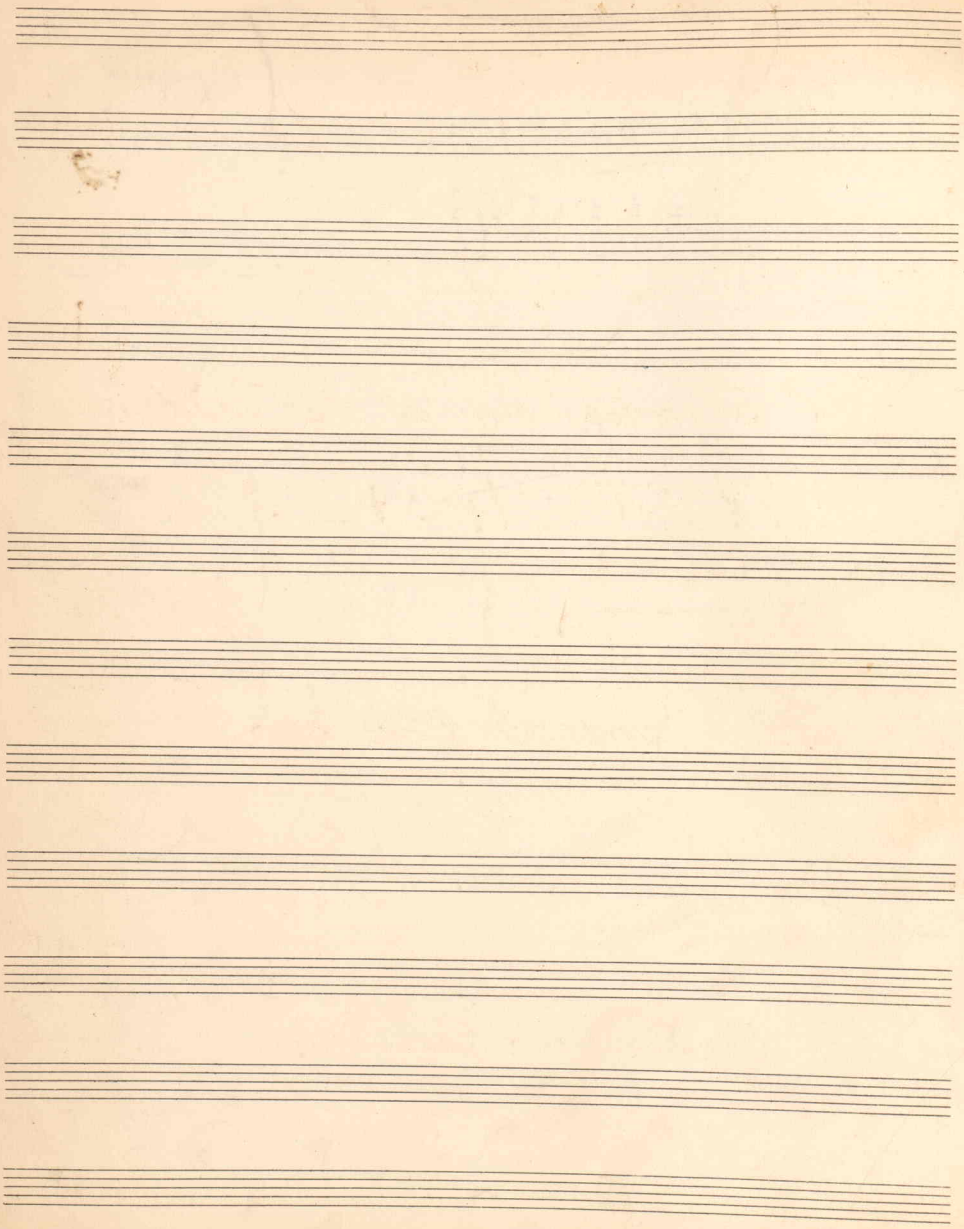
a tempo –

call him back a - gain — But know-ledge came one Ap-ril day, And

woke me with a start — when I walked a-lone — in a

otto


Slowly and sadly —
woo — ded lane — with per — fect peace of
heart —
pensively, very slowly —



PHILADA.

To Miss Swadener.

A Slumber Song of the Madonna

Words of Alfred Noyes

Music of Sam Barber

November 17, 1925

Moderato

Peacefully, but never lightly.

Moderato

p. Peacefully, but never lightly

Sleep, lit-tle ba-by, I

love — thee; Sleep, lit-tle king, I am bend-ing a-bove thee;

f

How should I know what to sing? — Here in my arms as I

f

sing thee to sleep! Hush-a-by low, Rock-a-by so

PHILADA.

poco più mosso

mf

p

Kings may have won-der-ful jew-els to bring! Moth-er has

mf

poco più mosso

p

cres poco a poco

on-ly a kiss for her king Why should my sing-ing so

cres

ff

pp Fervently

make me to weep? On-ly I know that I

ff

subito pp

love thee, I love thee!

Tempo Primo

p

Tempo Primo

pp

Love thee, my lit-tle one

Sleep!

pp

(To "Arcady")

— Man —

Words by Humbert Wolfe

for Soprano

April first, 1926.

— Man —

mf moderato

Moderato

mf

The fea-thers in a fan Are not so frail as man; The green em-bos-sed leaf Then

p

man is no more brief; — His life is not so loud As the pas-sing of a cloud; His

pp

mp.

death is qui-et-er Than here-bells when they stir. The years that have no form And sub-stance are as warm And

mp

space has hard-ly less Su-preme an empt-i-ness. — And

molto più mosso e cres. poco a poco

yet man be-ing frail Does on him-self pre-vail, And with a sin-gle thought Can

molto più mosso e cres. poco a poco

trem.

ff p cres. fff

bring the world to naught. As be-ing brief he still Bends to his fleet-ing will all

ff p cres.

molto rit.

time, and makes of it The sha-dow of his wit!

8va

ff molto rit.

Tempo I

Sound-less in life and death, al-though he van-ish-eth, the

e-cho of a song make all the stars a-gong. Cold, void, and yet the grim darkness is

molto lento —

hot with him. And space is but the span of the long love of man.

molto lento —

PRESSER
PHILADA.

Au Clair de la Lune

A modern setting of the old Folk-tune.

by

Sam Barber

January, 1936
for Deems Taylor's class!!

Au Clair de la Lune

Mournfully, con moto

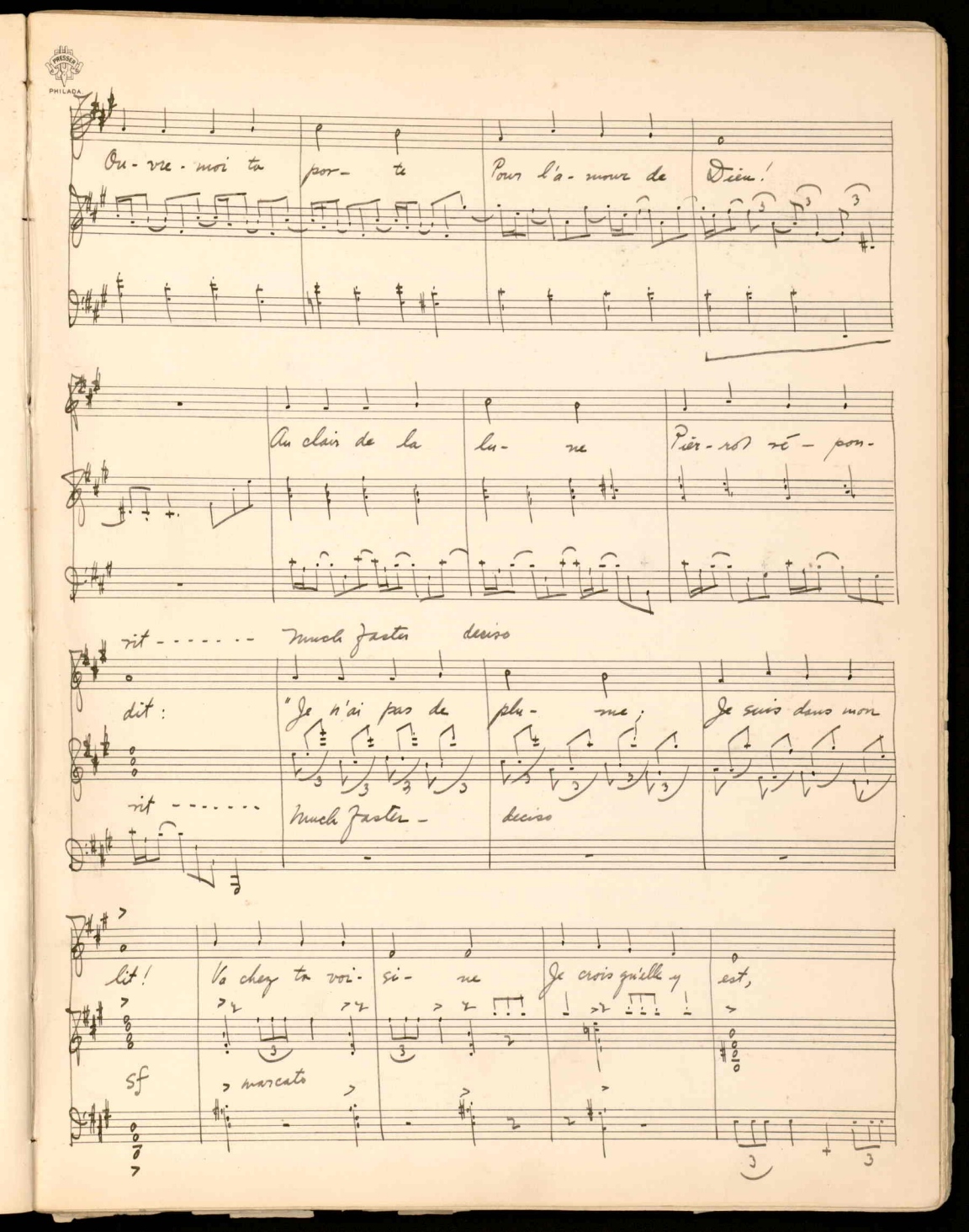
Mournfully, con moto

Au clair de la

lu- ne Mon a- mi Pier- rot

Prê- te-moi ta plu- me Pour é- crire un mot —

Ma chan- delle est mor- te, Je n'ai plus de feu,



PRESSER
PHILADA.

Ou-vre-moi ta por- te Pour l'a-mour de Dieu!

Au clair de la lu- ne Pier-rot ré-pon-

rit - - - - - - - Much faster deciso

dit: "Je n'ai pas de plu- me; Je suis dans mon

rit - - - - - - - Much faster - deciso

lit! Va chez ta voi- si- ne Je crois qu'elle y est,

sf marcato

Tempo I

molto rit - - - - - - - -

Car dans la cui- si- ne, On bat le bri- quet.

Tempo I

L. H.

molto rit - - - - - - -

PRESSER
PHILA. PA. 19

Music, When Soft Voices Die

— Words of Percy Bysshe Shelley —

— Music of Sam Barber —

— Music, when Soft Voices Die —

Original key

Moderato – mf.

Moderato –

mf –

Mu – sic, when soft voi — ces die, Vi – brates in the

mem – o – ry; O – dours, when sweet vio — lets sick — en,

f

Live with – in the sense they quick – en. Rose – leaves, when the

whole notes

f

rose is dead, Are heap'd for the be – lo — ved's bed; And

whole notes

whole notes.

PRESSER
PHILADA.

ff

mf -

so thy thoughts when thou art gone, Love itself shall

ff

mf -

p -

slum — ber on.

p -

Transposed to E♭

Moderato - mf

Mu — sic, when soft voi - ces die, Vi - brates in the

Moderato -

mf

me - mo - ry; O - dours, when sweet vio — lets sick - en

Live with-in the sense they quick-en. Rose-leaves, when the

rose is dead, Are heap'd for the be-lov-ed's bed- And

ff mf

so thy thoughts, when thou art gone, Love it-self shall

ff mf

p-

slum-per on.

p-

PRESSER
PHILA DA.

— To G. S. Aunt Bess —

Thy Love

Words by Browning

— April 7, 1926 —

— Thy Love —

(Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

If thou wouldst love me, let it be for naught, Ex-cept for love's sake

on- ly Do not say: "I love her for her smile — Her way of speak- ing

gent — ly, For these things, in him-self, Be- lov'd may be changed, or change for

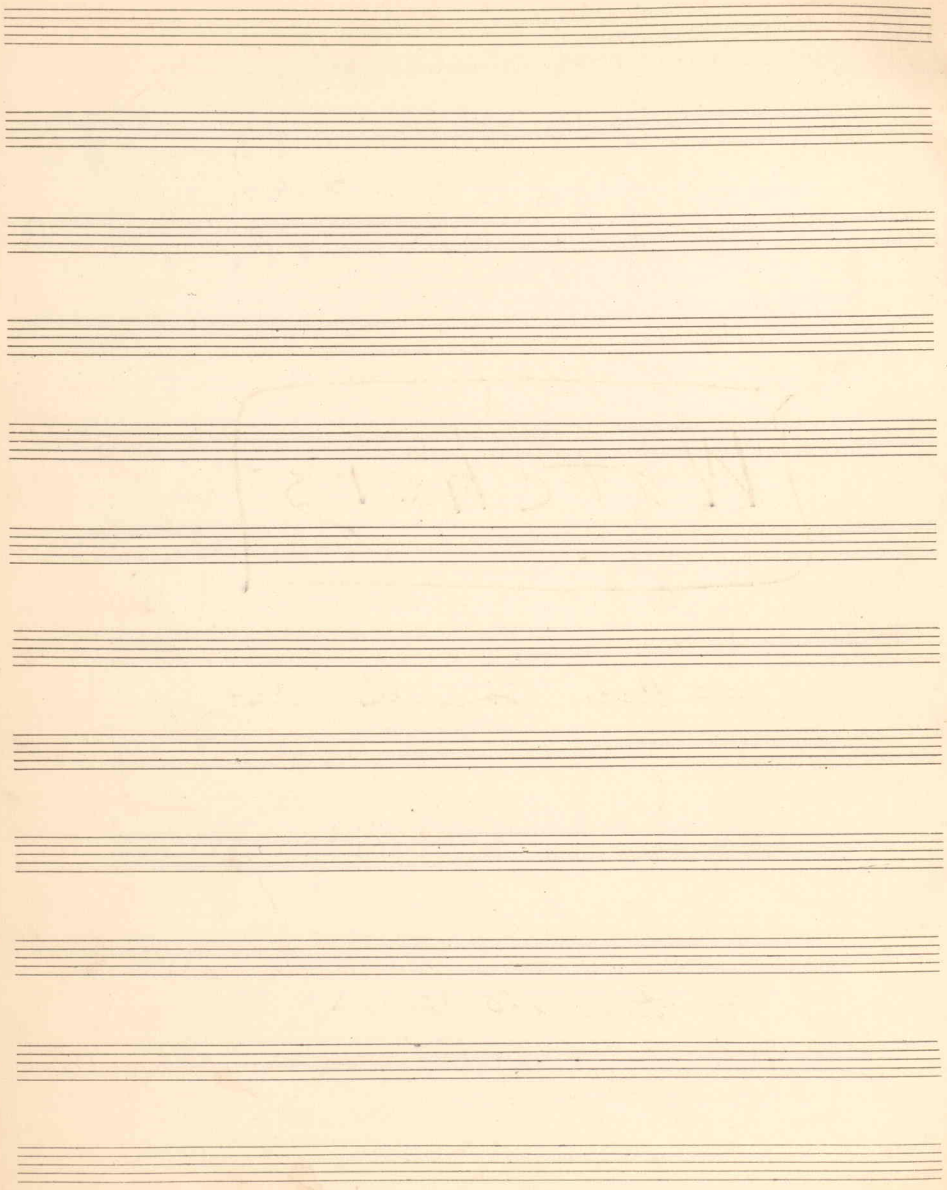
thee; But love me for love's sake That e-ver more, Thou mayst love on —

PRESSER
PHILADA.

Much slower

Thou mayst love on — Through love's e - tern - - i - ty.

Much slower



PRESSER
PHILADA.

Watchers

Dean Cornwell

Edgar Daniel Kramer

February 20, 1926

Watchers –
(Dean Cornwell)

Tis

ea-sy for men to be laugh-in' and shrug-gin their shoul-ders in scorn For

simpre Eve Bass

they don't have to crouch by the fire a-wait-in' the grey of the morn — Tis

them who be far on the wa-ters the while the storms rage on the deep, Tis

PRESSER
PHILADA.

7

us who be heed-in' the white seas, As we're croon-in' the chil-dren to sleep

loco

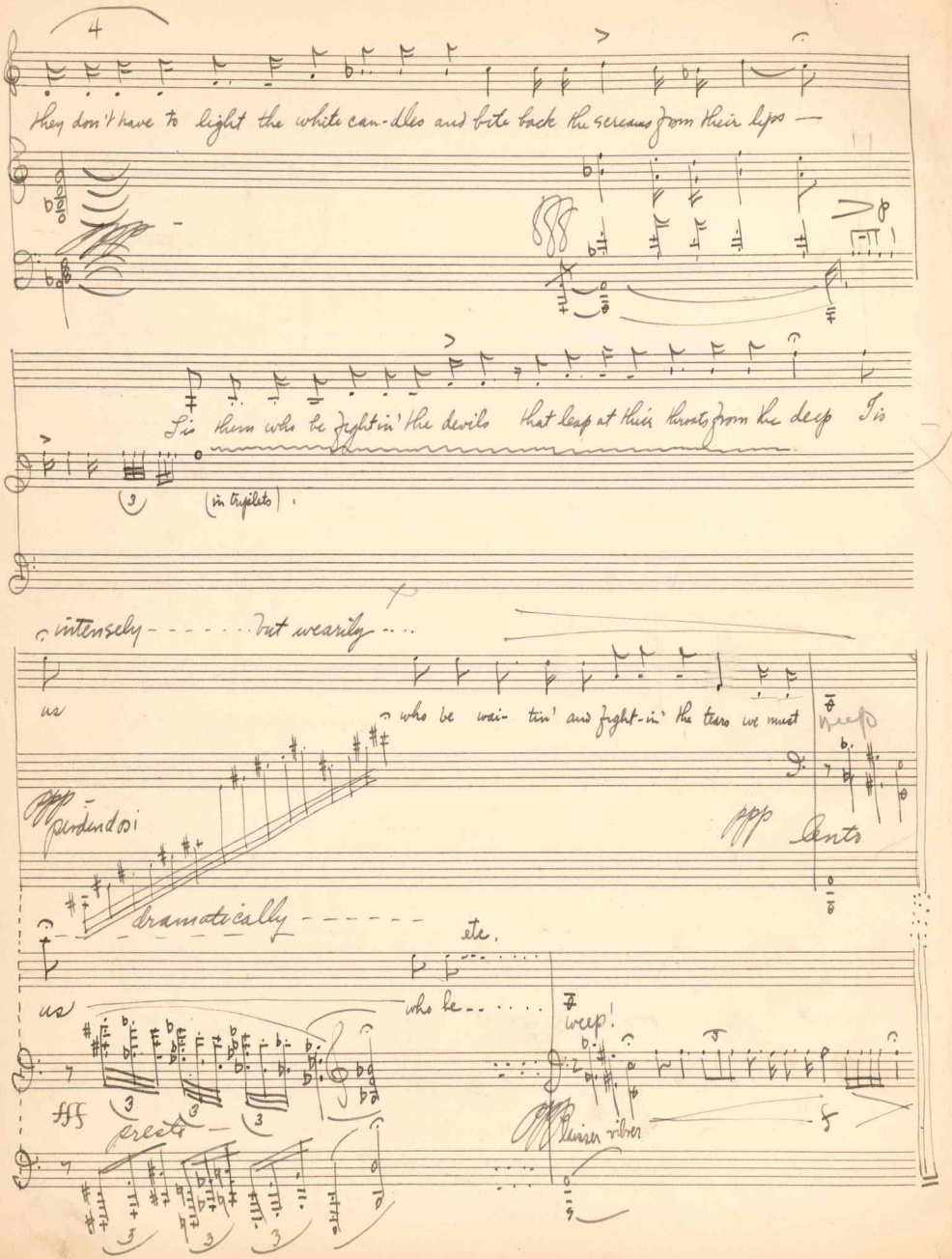
Ah - - - As we're croon-in' the chil-dren to sleep

ppp

cantando.

f

Tis ea - sy for men to be sing-in' the songs of the seas and the ships! For


4
they don't have to light the white can-dles and bite back the screams from their lips —
ppp
p
I is them who be fight in' the devils that leap at their throats from the deep I is
(in triplets).
intensely - - - - - - but wearily - - -
us
who be wai- tin' and fight-in' the tears we must
weep
ppp
perdendosi
ppp
lento
dramatically - - - - - -
etc.
us
who be - - - - -
weep!
fff
presto
ppp
laisser vibrer
f

“Fantasy in purple” is not available at this time while we await final permissions.

Please check back later.

“Fantasy in purple” is not available at this time while we await final permissions.

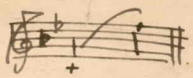
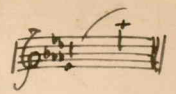
Please check back later.

“Fantasy in purple” is not available at this time while we await final permissions.

Please check back later.

“Fantasy in purple” is not available at this time while we await final permissions.

Please check back later.

Low in B♭  High in D♭ 

Now in ninth edition
— 678,000 sold —

Dere Two Fella Joe

An encore Song in French-Canadian Dialect —

The words related to the composer by a White Mountain Guide —

Spoken by a French-Canadian father, very much excited and mystified by the arrival of twins in his family

The music by

Sam Barber

Dedicated to Glenoke

Composed at Camp Wyanoke, Wolfeboro, N. H. July, 1924.

DITSON BRAND
NUMBER TWO Made in U.S.A.

Dere Two Fella Joe

Slowly and mournfully. mf -

Slowly and mournfully

mf. -

Dere two fel- la Joe! And wan se nam — Pete

dim

And wan se nam — Pete — !

dim

Brightly

Brightly

f

Stick-a-yo' fing-a in Joe's mout' —

More excitedly

3 cres

Stick-a-yo' ping-a in Joe's mout, a-

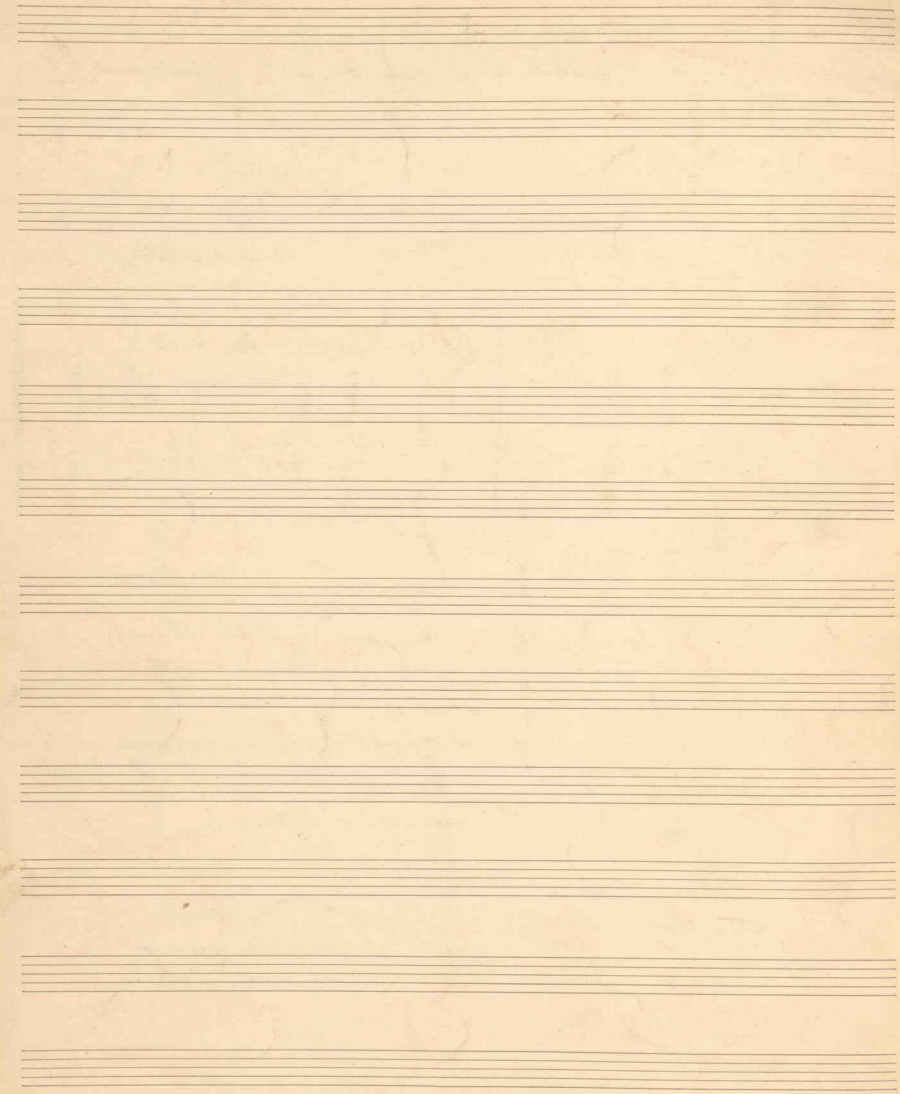
ff

Confidentially

ha — ! She bite — ! Das Pete!

ff

Dere (there are) pronounced "Dare"
Joe ——— pronounced with a soft
se (equivalent to the French "J" as Zshoe
French "s'appelle") pronounced "sieh"
mout' ——— omit the "h"



PHILADA.

Ask Me to Rest —

Song for High Voice

words by Edward H. S. Terry

July, 1926

Ask me to Rest —

Ask me to rest when I can show the world
That I have toiled: then will I heed thy plea;

But now — with nothing done — I must go on;
I pray, I pray thee ask it not of me!

Ask me to rest when every voice I hear
Speaks happiness: then will I heed thy plea;

But now — with nothing done — I could not rest;
My heart would break with pent-up agony.

Ask me to rest when Hate and Greed are stilled
When Warfare's o'er: then will I heed thy plea;

But now — that these are here — I must assist
In setting Man, thus bound, at liberty!

— Edward Hicks Streeter Terry

Ask Me to Rest —

THEODORE PRESSER CO. PHILADA.

Ask me to rest —— when I can show the world That I have

toiled: —— Then will I heed thy

plea; But now — with nothing done — I must go on;

pray, I pray thee ask it not —— *p* ——

R. H. R. H. R. H. R. H.

me! Ask me to

8va

poco meno mosso

8va

rest when ev-ery voice I hear speak hap-pi-ness:

Then will I heed thy plea; But now - with no-thing I could not rest; My

heart would break with pent-up a-go-ny.

Ask me to rest when Hate and Greed are stilled, When War-fare's

o'er: Then will I heed thy plea; But

now — that these are here — I must as- sist In set- ting

Man, thus bound, at li — ber- ty! —

mercato

PRESSER
PHILADA.

To Longwood Gardens —

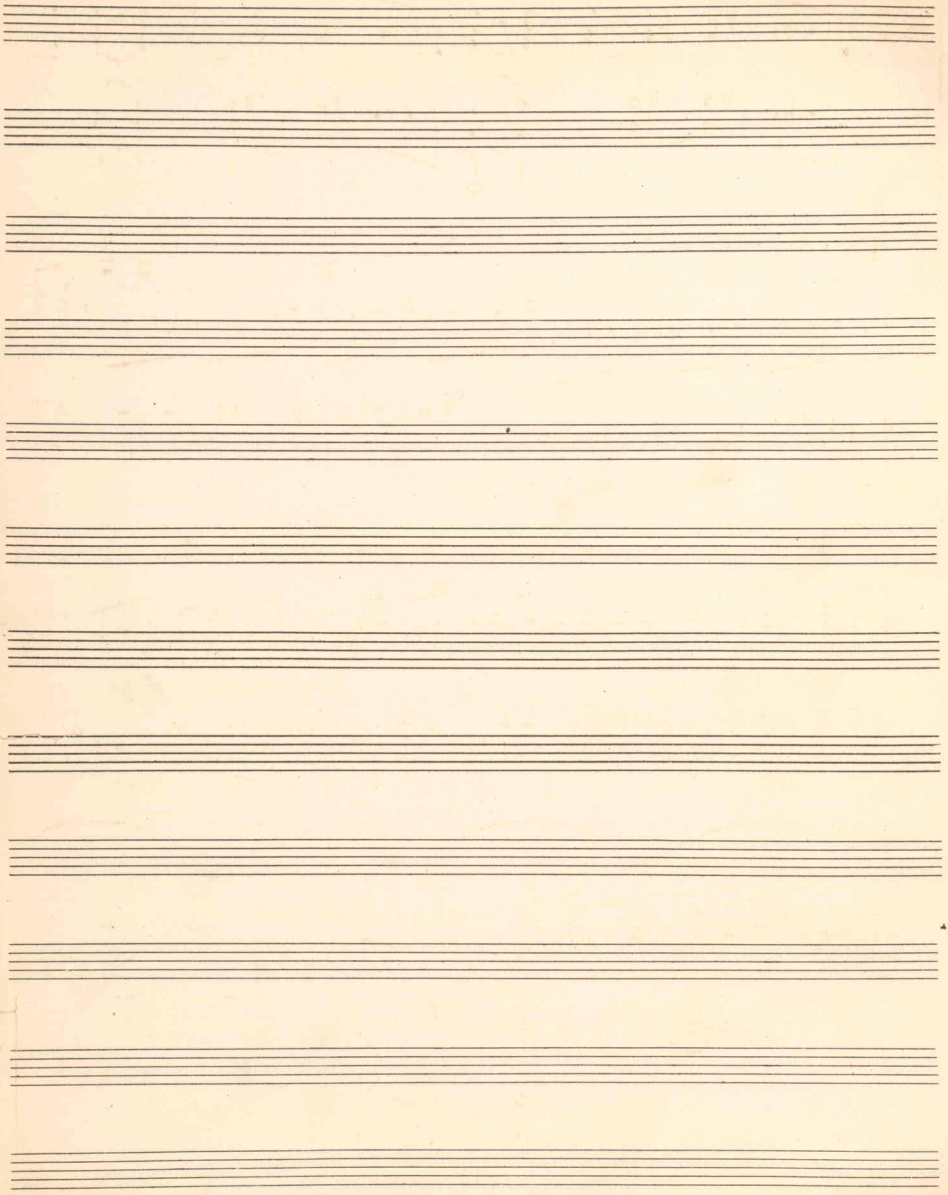
— For Organ —

Dedicated
To Mr. and Mrs. Pierre S. du Pont

by

Samuel Osmond Barber —

April, 1935



PRESSER
PHILADA.

— To Longwood Gardens —

Andante serioso —

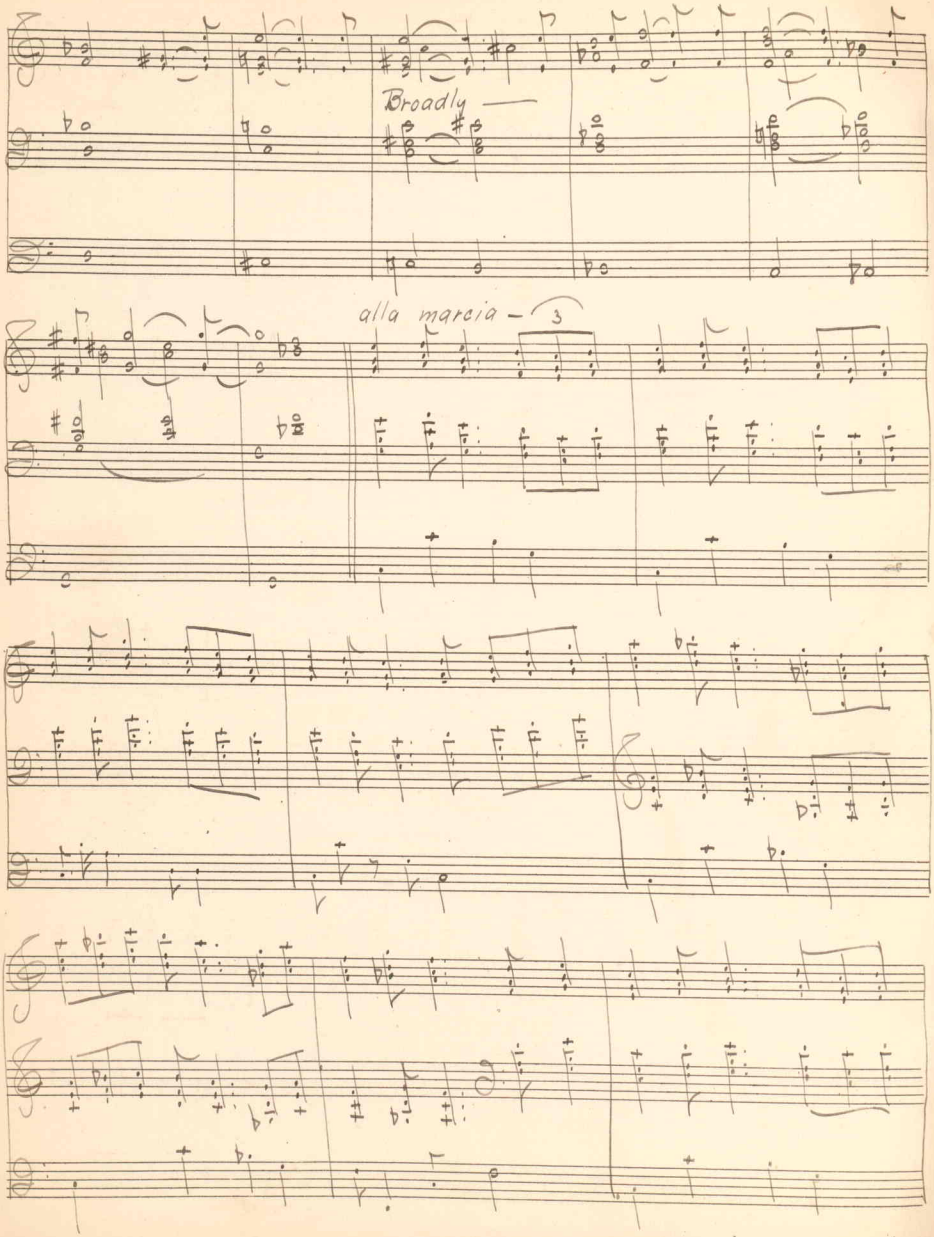
f

ff

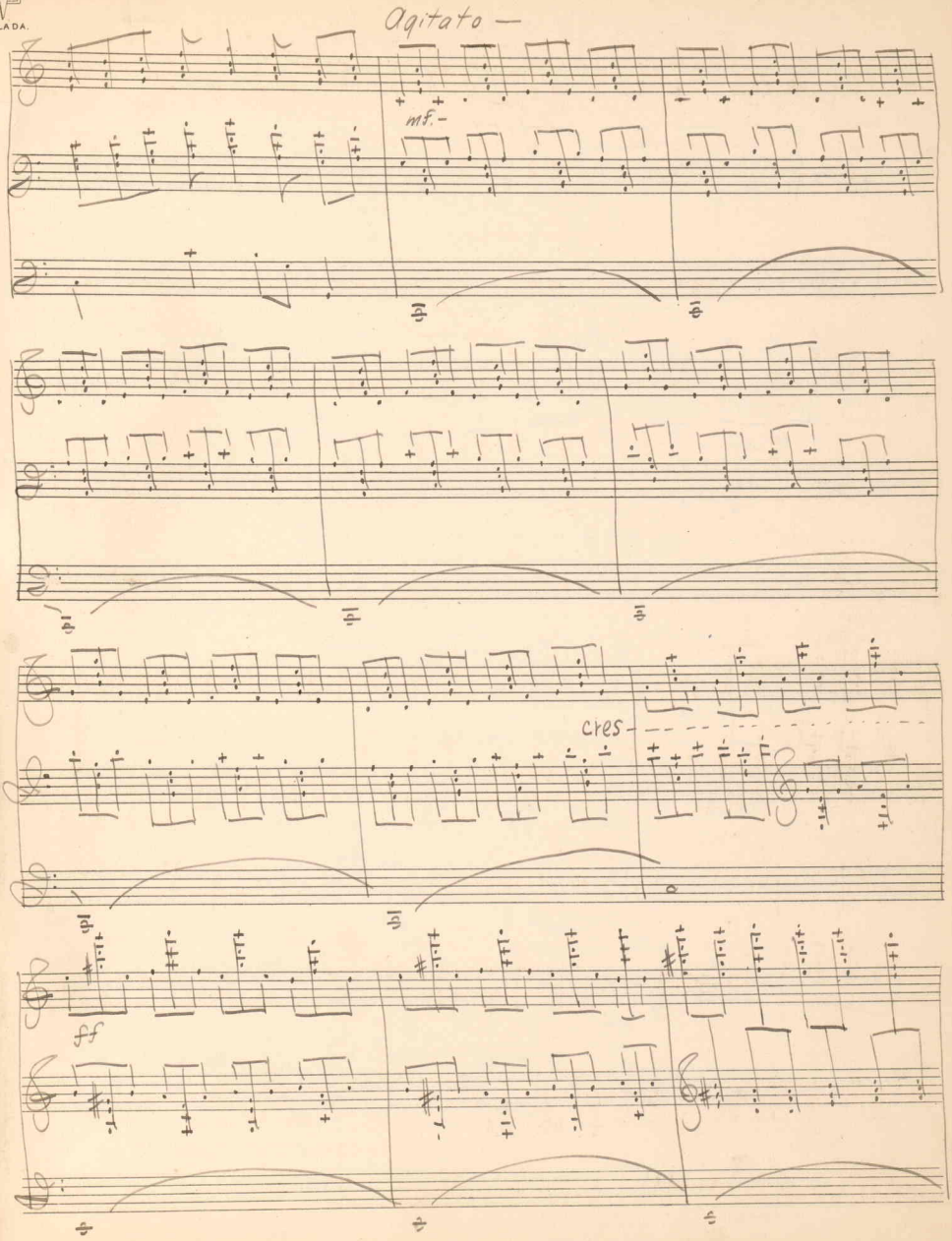
più mosso —

Andante —

ff


Broadly —
alla marcia —
3

RESSER
PHILADA.



8va
Largo maestoso
Misterioso -
pp -
pp -

più forte

ad libitum

molto rit.

tr

Lento placido

I harp

8va

8va

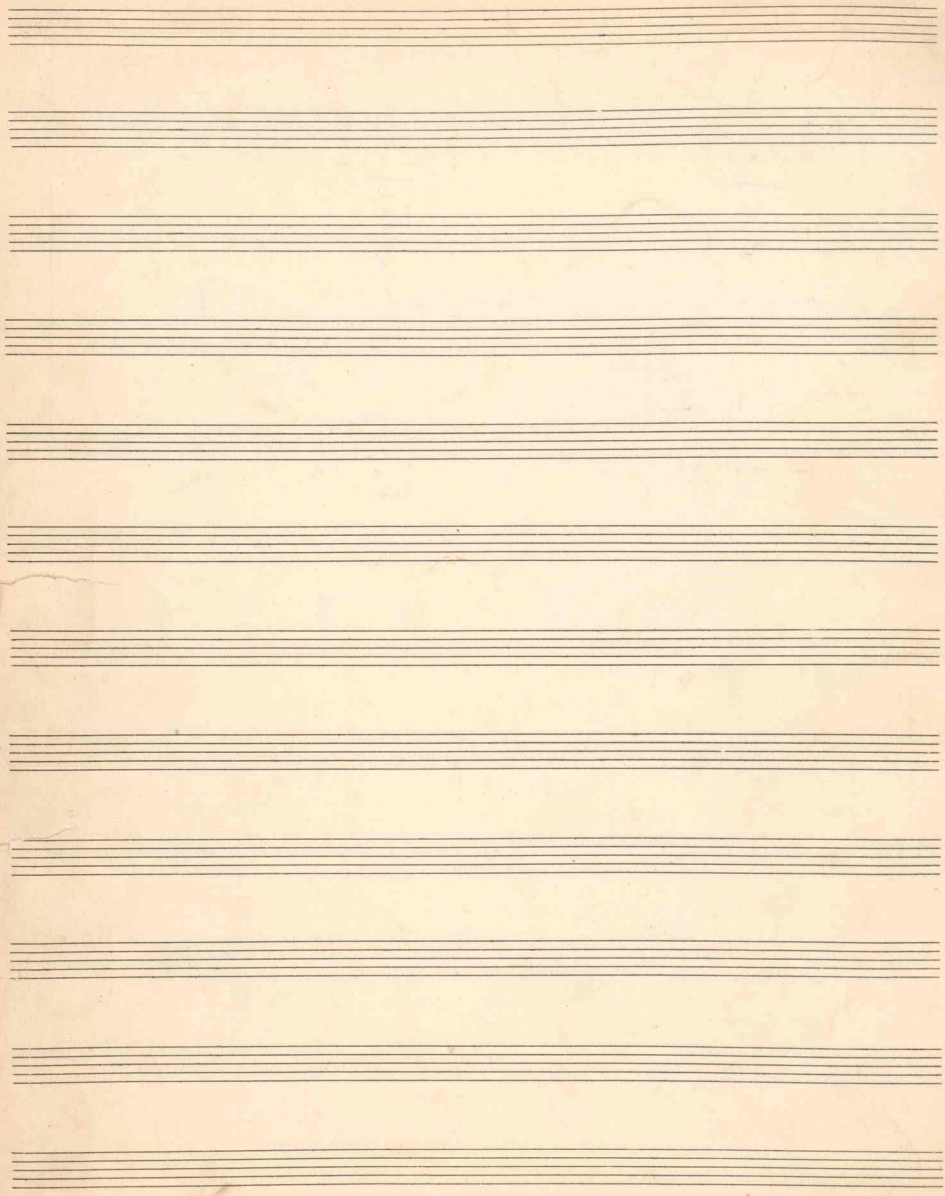
Andante grazioso

quasi arpeggi

PRESSER
PHILADA.

quasi arpeggi
m.d.

PRESSER
PHILADA.



THREE SKETCHES

FOR PIANOFORTE

1. LOVE SONG
2. TO MY STEINWAY
3. MINUET

—BY—

SAMUEL O. BARBER 2nd

PRICE .60

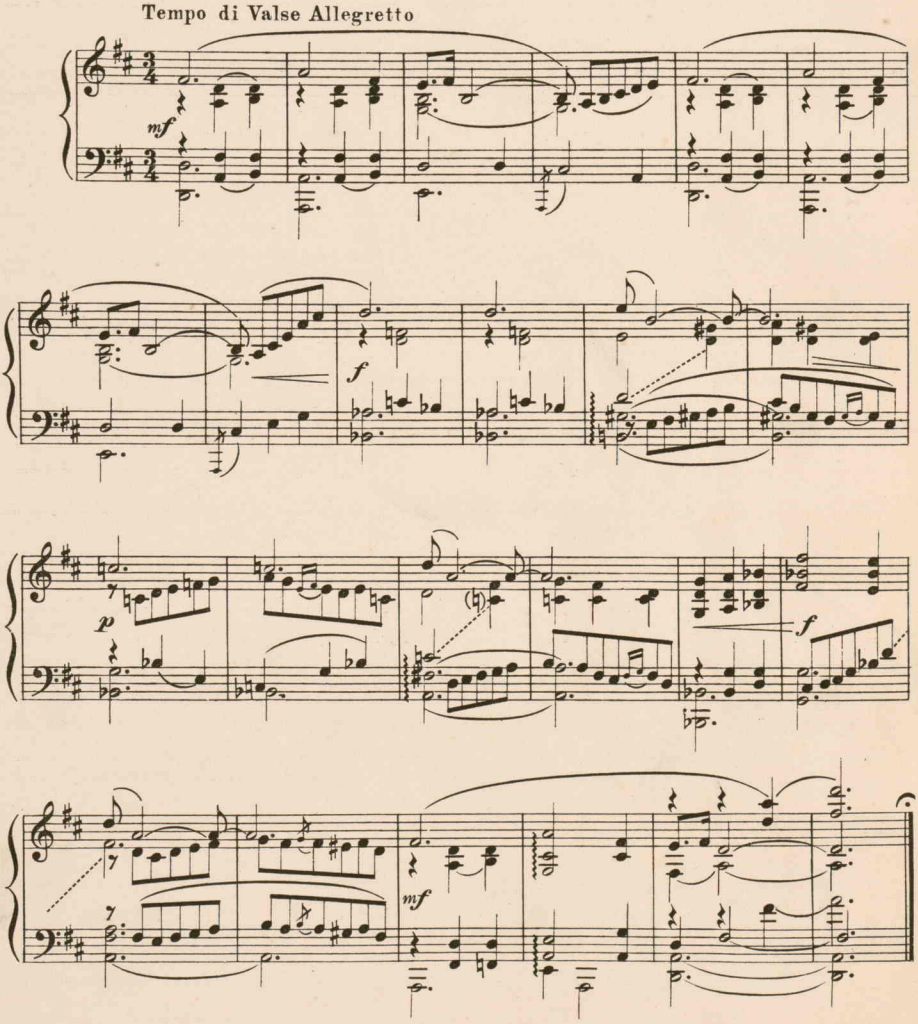
I

To Mother

Love Song

April, 1924

Tempo di Valse Allegretto



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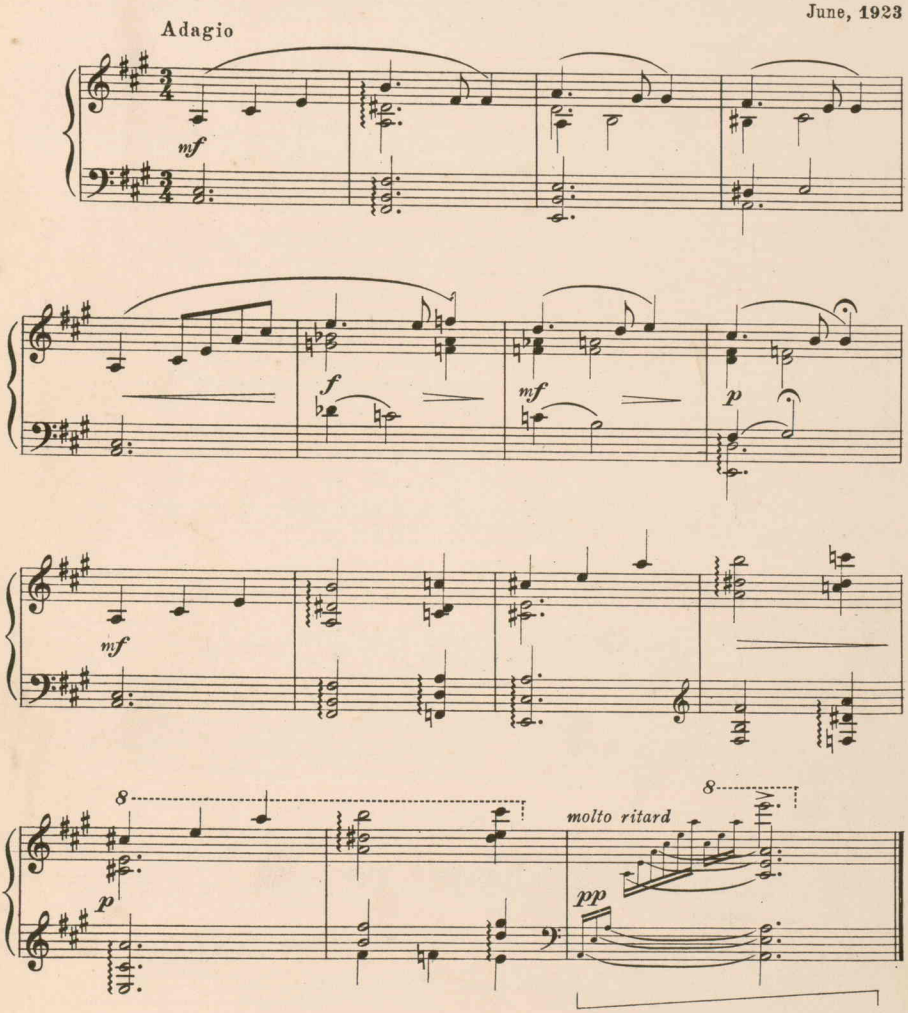
II

To Number 220601

To My Steinway

June, 1923



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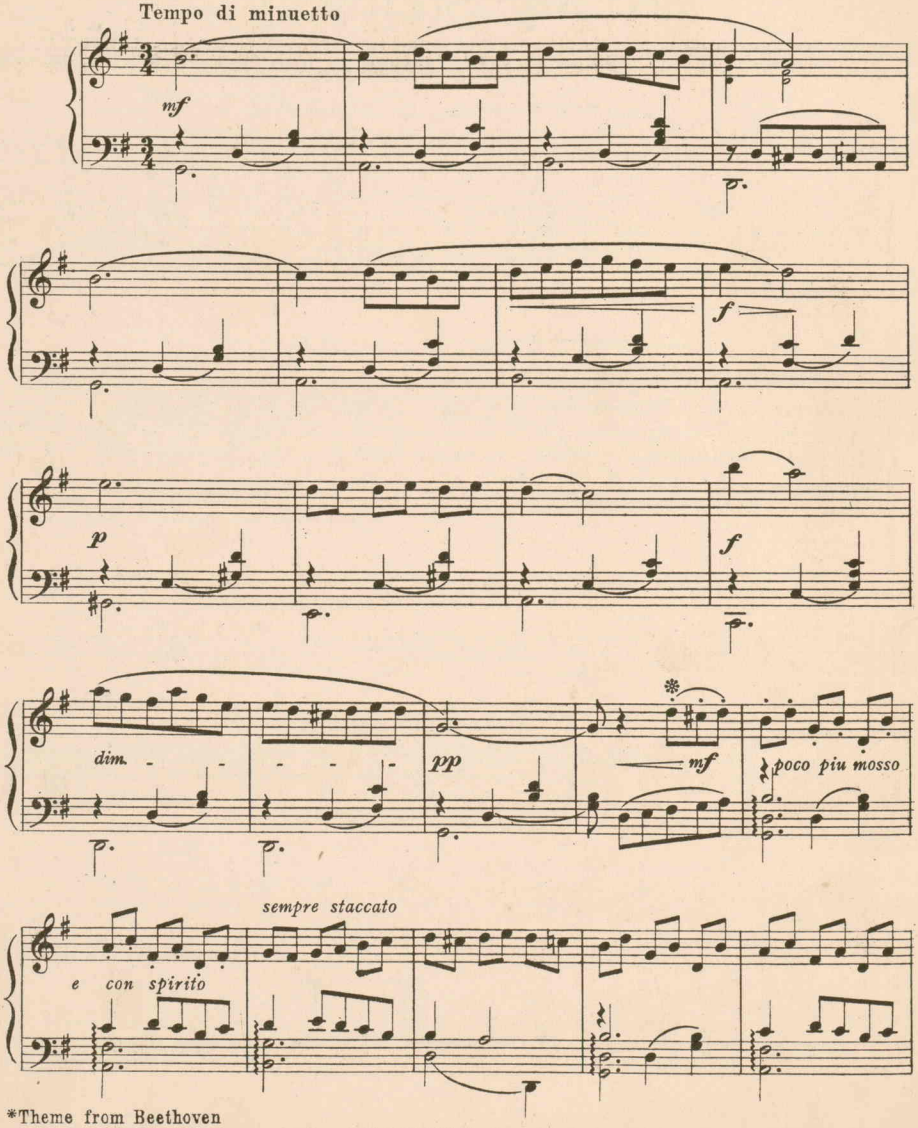
III

To Sara

Minuet

April, 1923



*Theme from Beethoven

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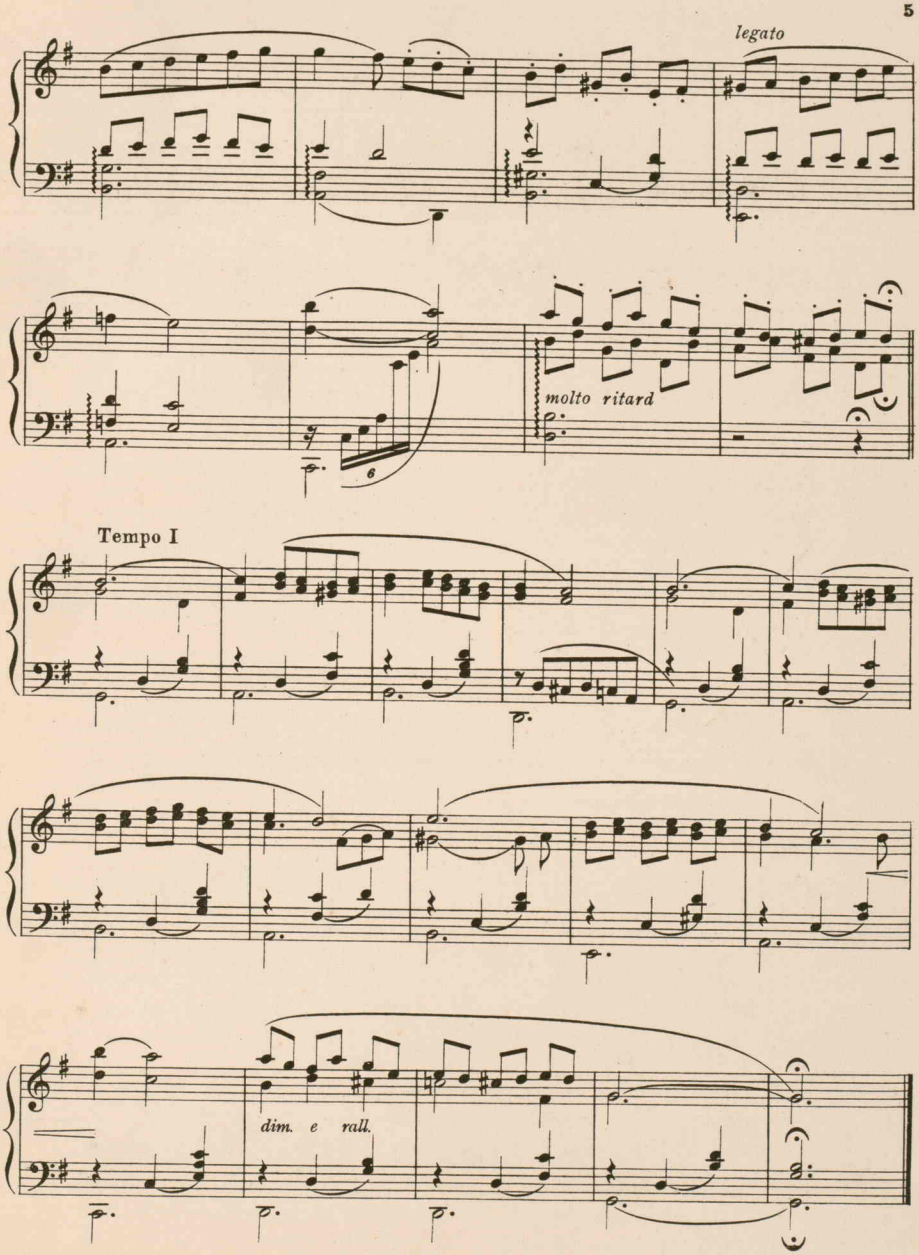

legato
molto ritard
Tempo I
dim. e rall.

PRESSER
PHILADA.

Fantasie

For Two Pianos

Written in the Style of

— Joseph Haydn —

By —

Samuel Osmond Barber

Anno 1924

Cover design from the original of Bach's "Well Tempered Clavichord"

THE LIFE OF THE FANTASIE

The Fantasie was composed,rather completed on Feb. 15,1924 because of a request by Mrs. Kerlin for a two-piano piece. Completed, I say, because its history went back to an earlier date than that. As far as I can tell,the"Andante con moto"theme was composed in1920 for one piano.I looked at it laterin 1922 with the idea of arranging it for violin, cello, and piano. Hence why we still call it the "Trio" But it never worked out. I had then the old theme and the introduction to the B flat part- the little counterpoint, writen sometime before, but I was at loss to find a B flat section and so let the thing drop. In January,'24, I found it again and finally, about February first, wrote the first section and the B flat major, from which the introduction is constructed.

I wrote the second piano part out one Sunday morning,and Mrs, Kerlin and I played it that afternoon on Mr. Green's Two Pianos. Everyone was much impressed and Mother cried a little for lack of something better to do. I was then thirteen years old.

It was first publicly performed at the New Century Club, April 29, with Mother and I playing it on two specially tuned pianos, a Steinway Grand and an Upright. We had to repeat it.

I like it for its simplicity-it was written in the style of Haydn- and Uncle Sid Homer says it isthe best thing I have done!

September 23,1924

fff

fff

mf

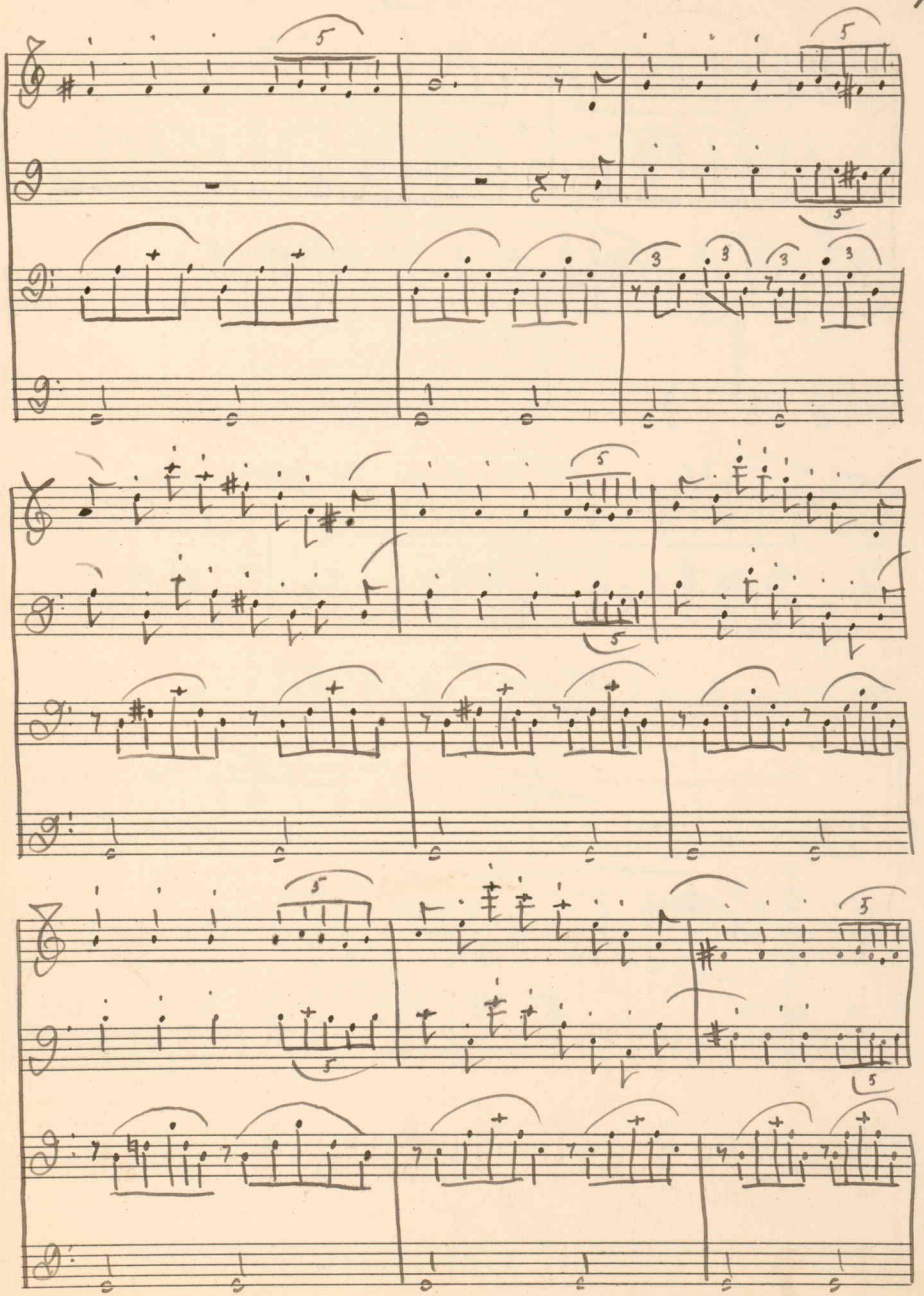
fff

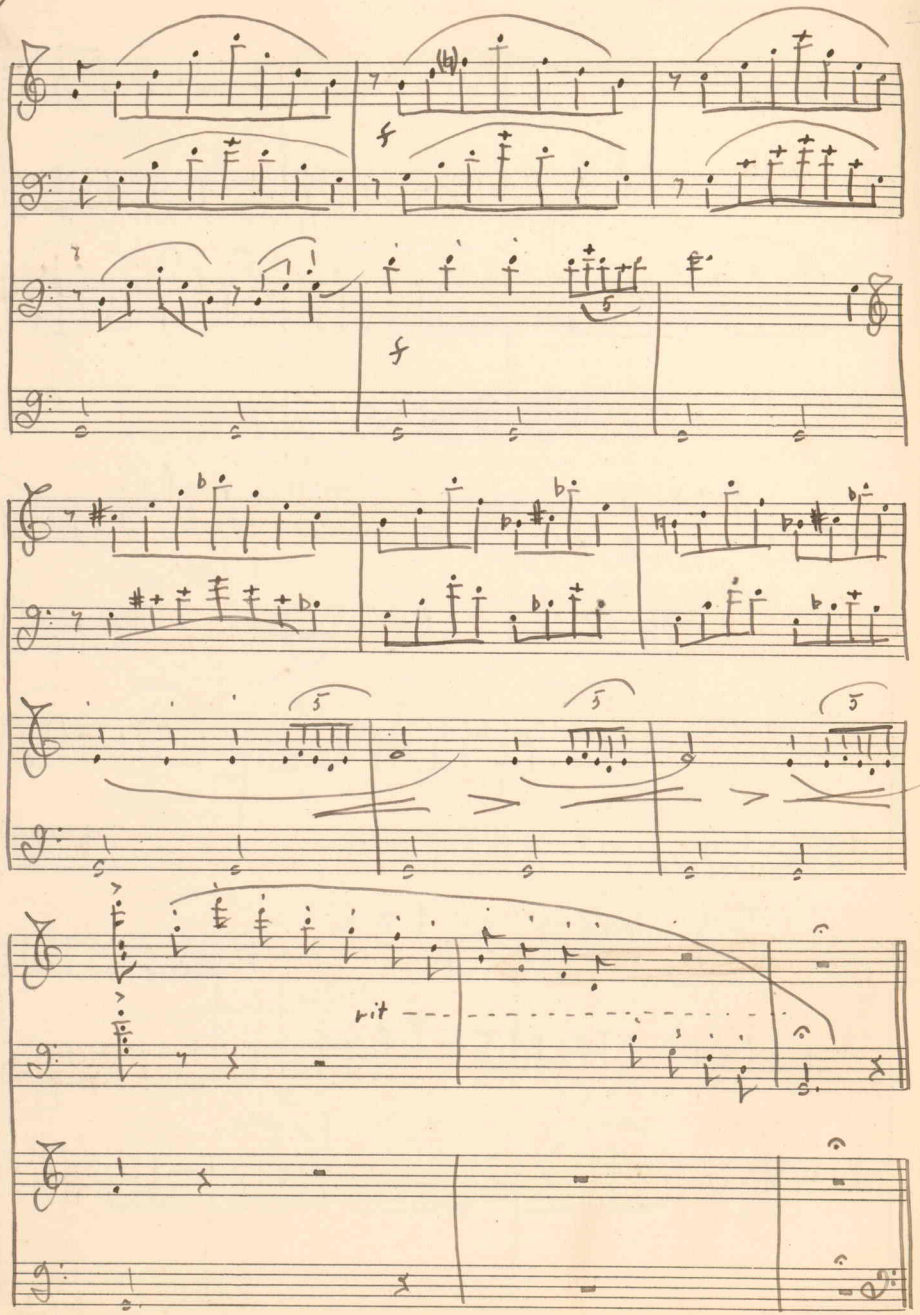
mf

allegro moderato

allegro moderato

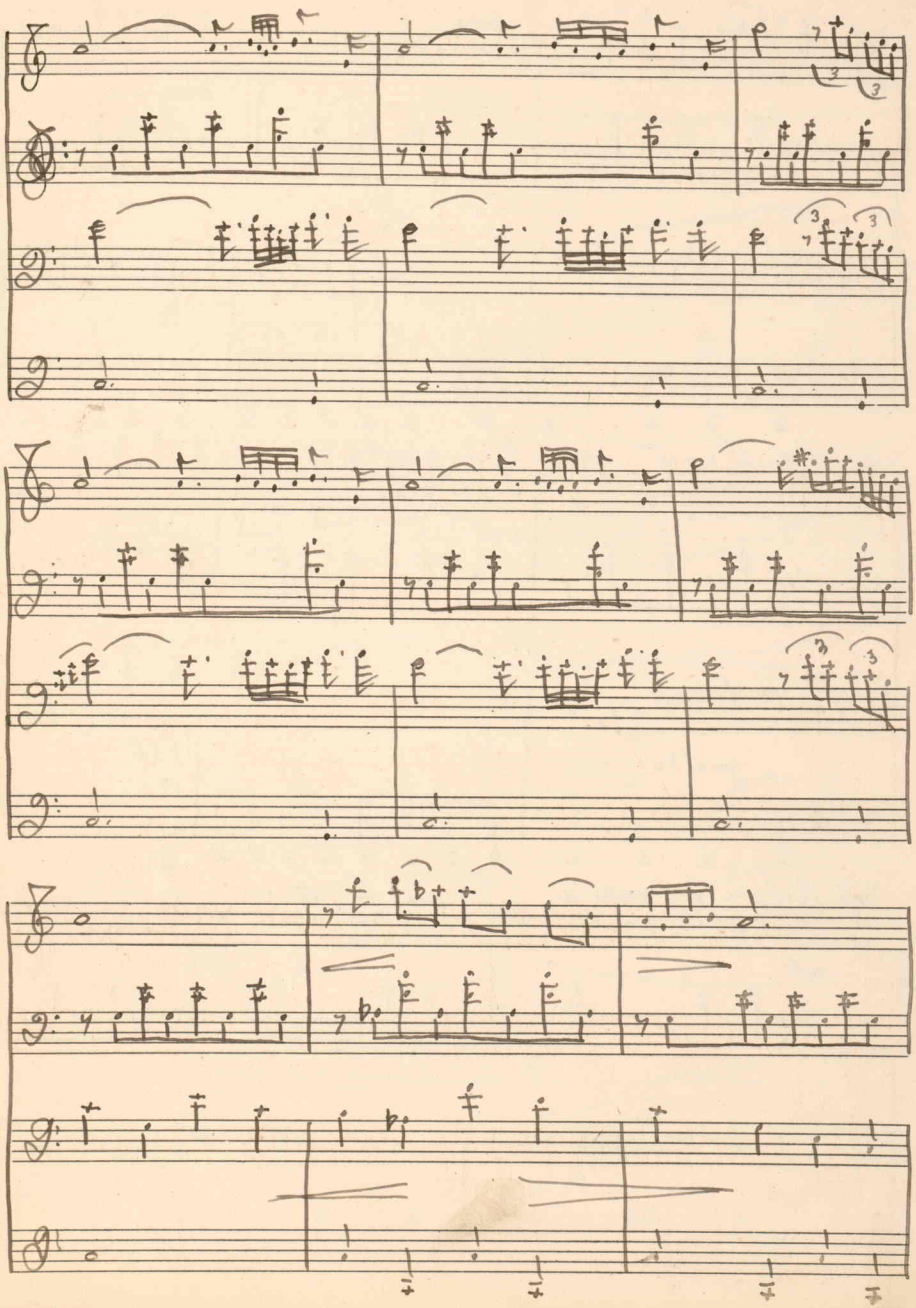
PHILADA





PHILADA.

Andante con moto



cres

cre

ff

p

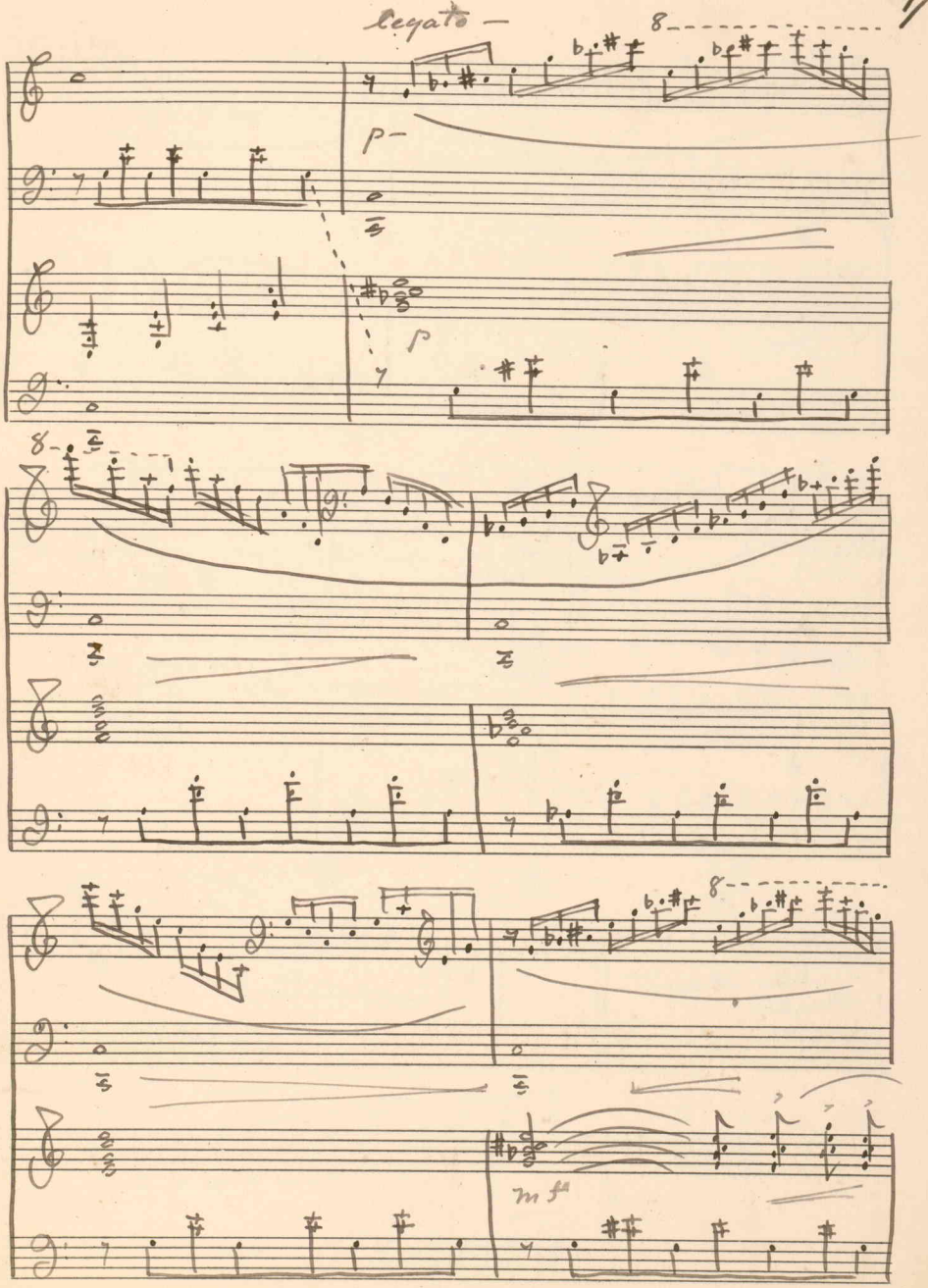
molto cres

fff > p

mf

mf

PHILADA


legato —
8
p —
p
8
8
mf

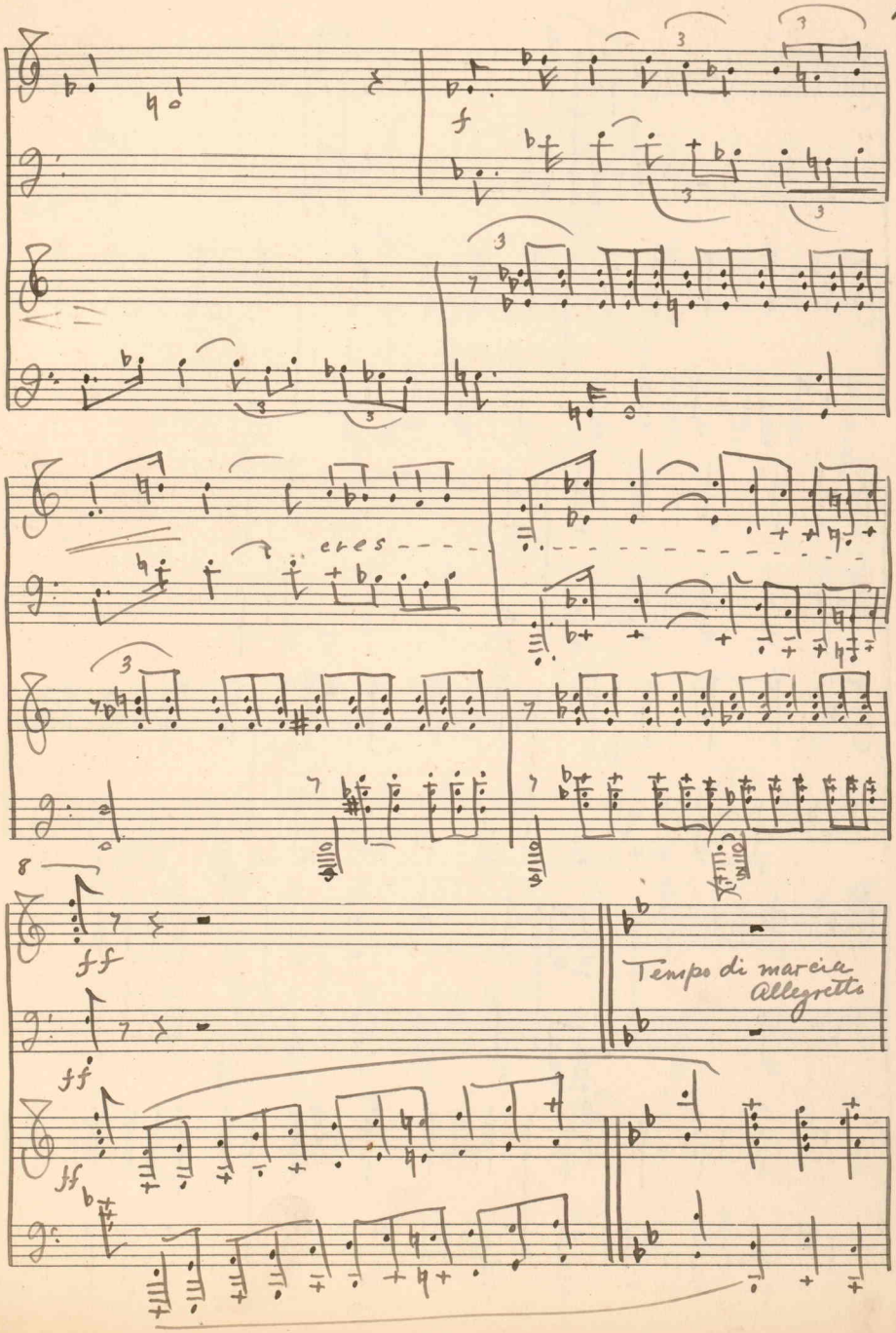
fff

mf

mysteriously, with forboding

fff

PHILADA


f
cres
ff
Tempo di marcia
Allegretto

ff
PHILADA.

cres

rit

cres

rit

fff

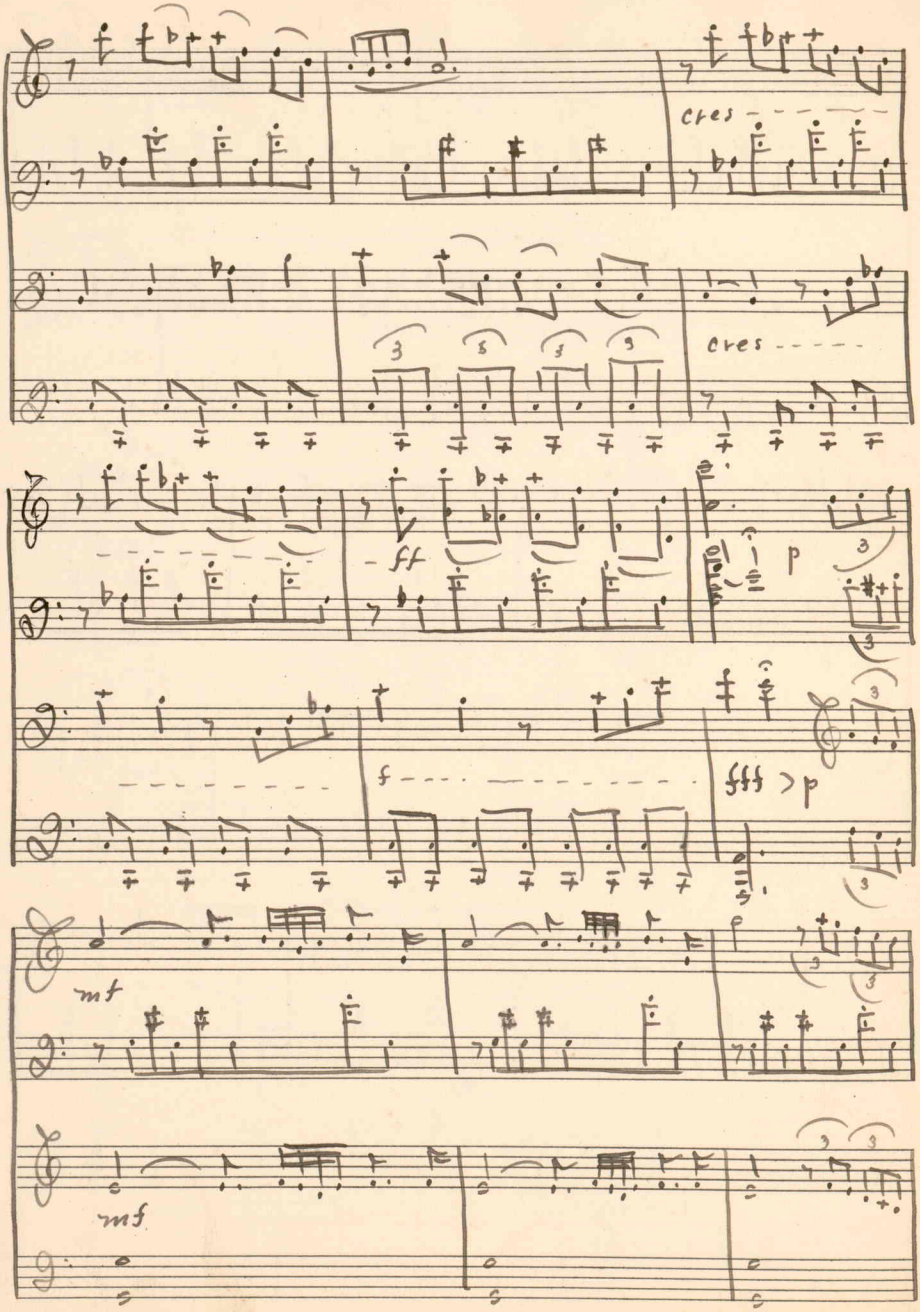
fff

p

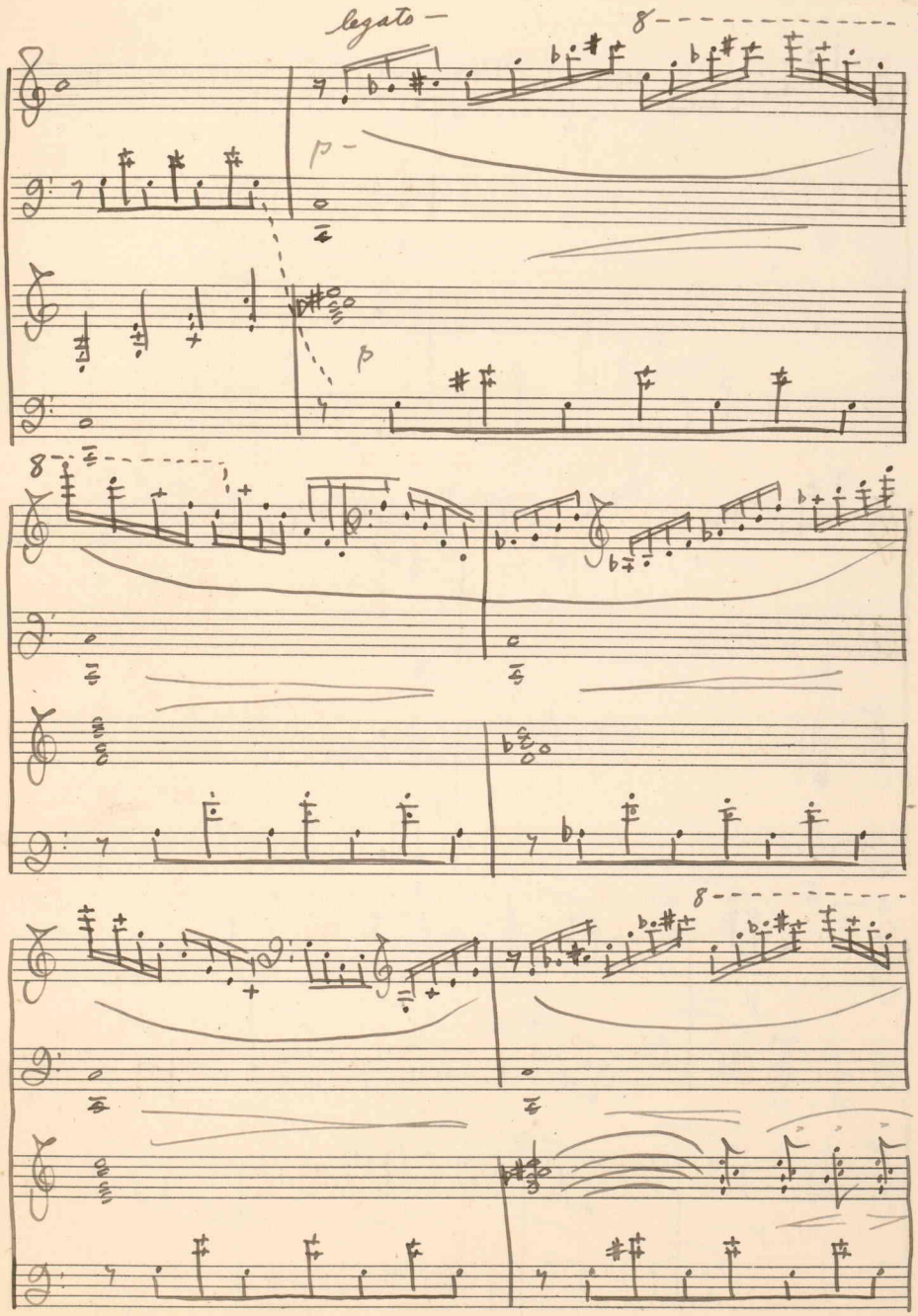
PHILADA.

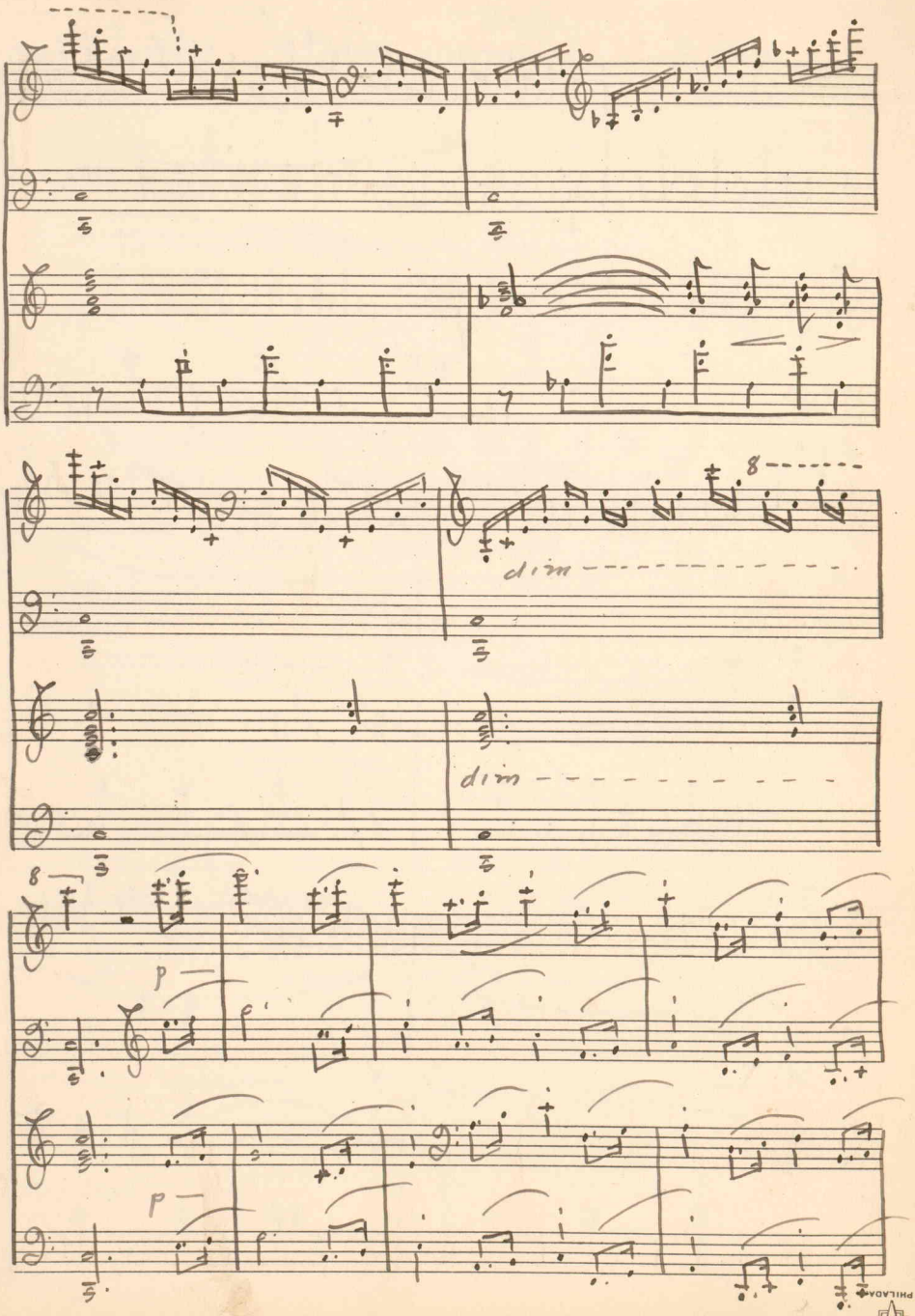
Tempo 1°

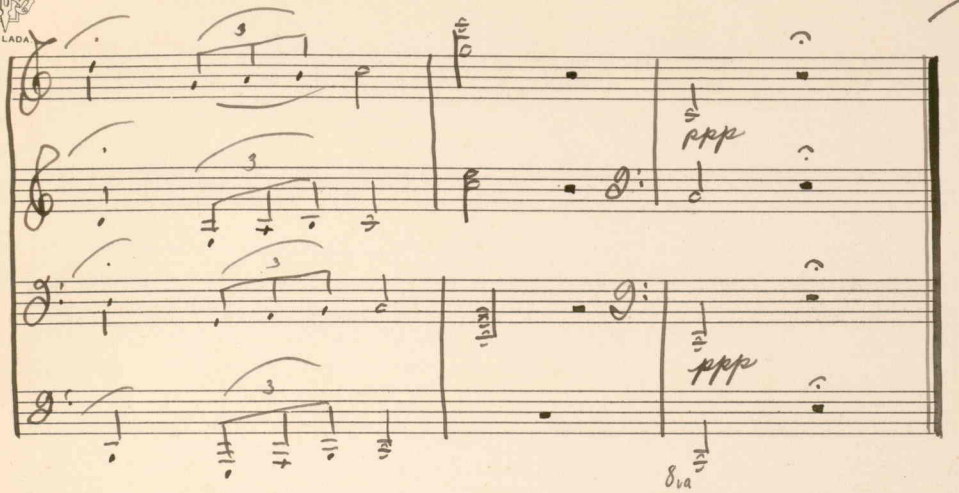
Tempo 1°



PHILADA.


legato —
8
p —
p
8
8


dim
dim
p
p


ppp
ppp
8va

ESSAY

I.

For Piano —

June 5th, 1926

Andante e sostenuto -

con espressione -

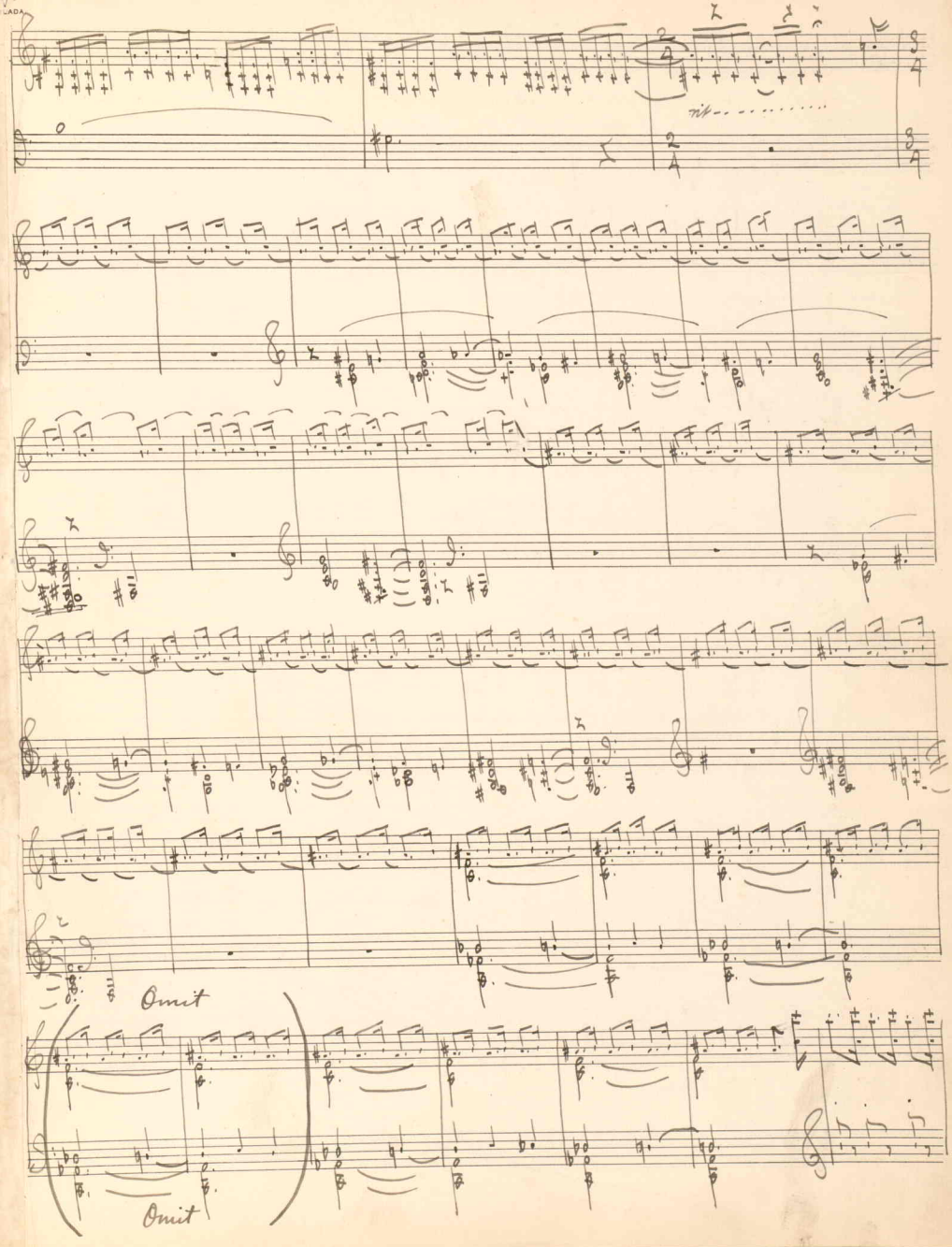
mol. rit. ... ...

fff

pp subito

pp

PHILADA.


rit.
Omit
Omit

m.g.

m.g.

cres. poco a poco

cres. molto

fff

8va

ff sempre

8va

8va Sempre 8va

molto f.

loco

ffz

mf

rit.

p

dim

ritard

ppp

PHILADA.

PRESSER
PHILADA. 29

ESSAY

II.

For Piano

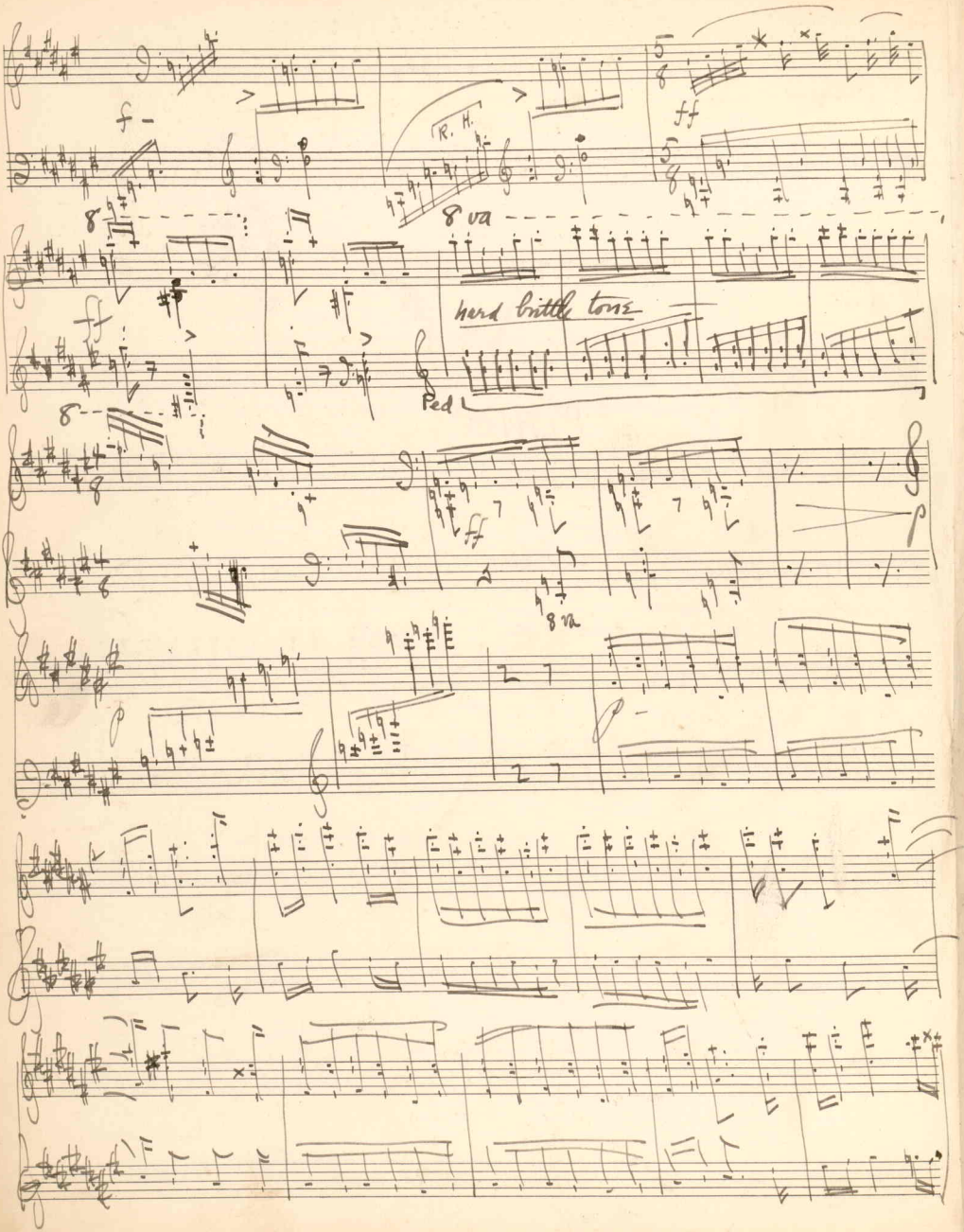
July, 1926

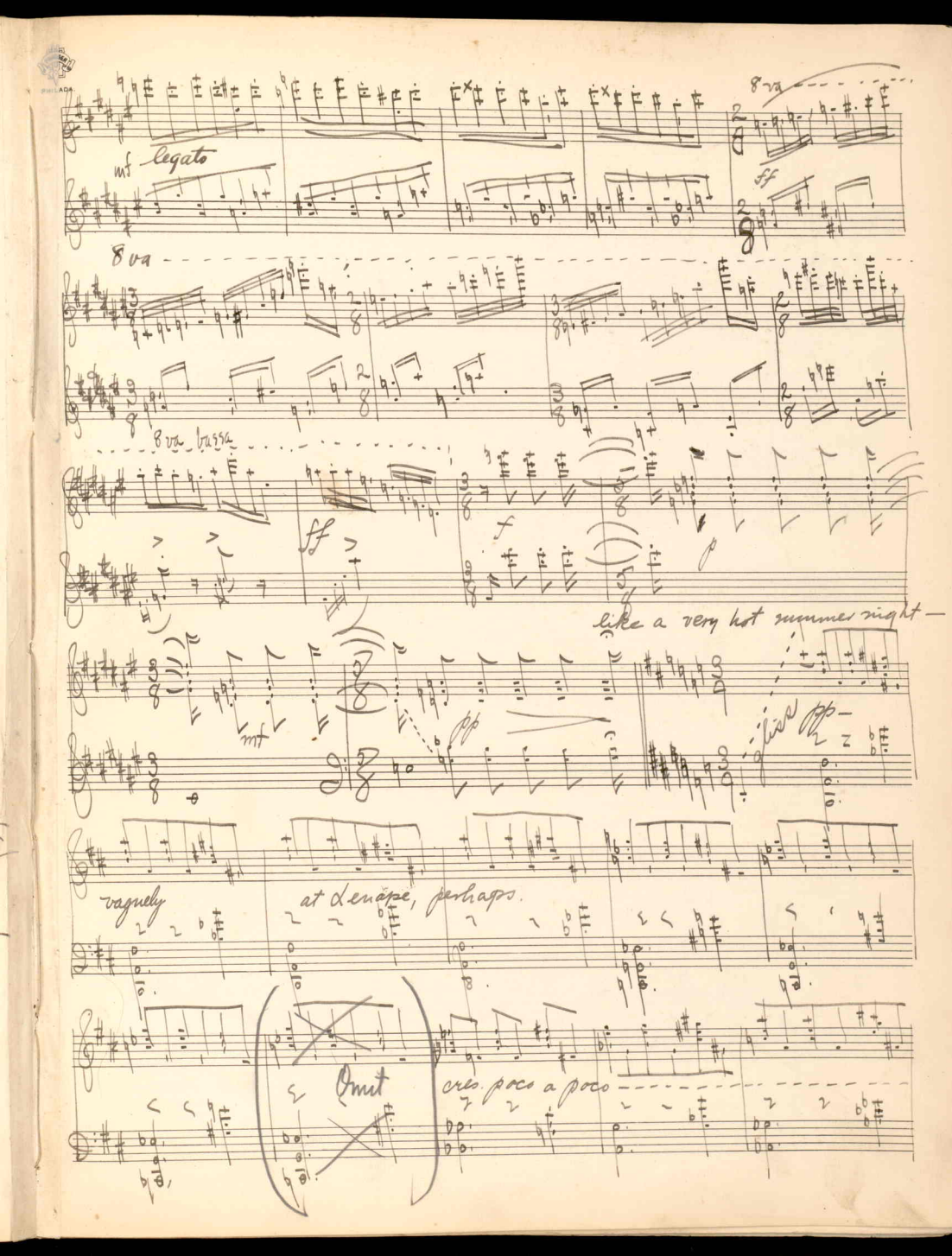
Second Essay for Piano

Allegro molto

staccato sempre

staccato sempre


f
R. H.
8 va
ff
hard brittle tone
Ped
ff
8 va
p
p


mf legato
8va
ff
8va
8va bassa
ff
f
p
like a very hot summer night —
mf
pp
like pp —
vaguely
at Lenape, perhaps.
Omit
cres. poco a poco

8va

cres.

ff

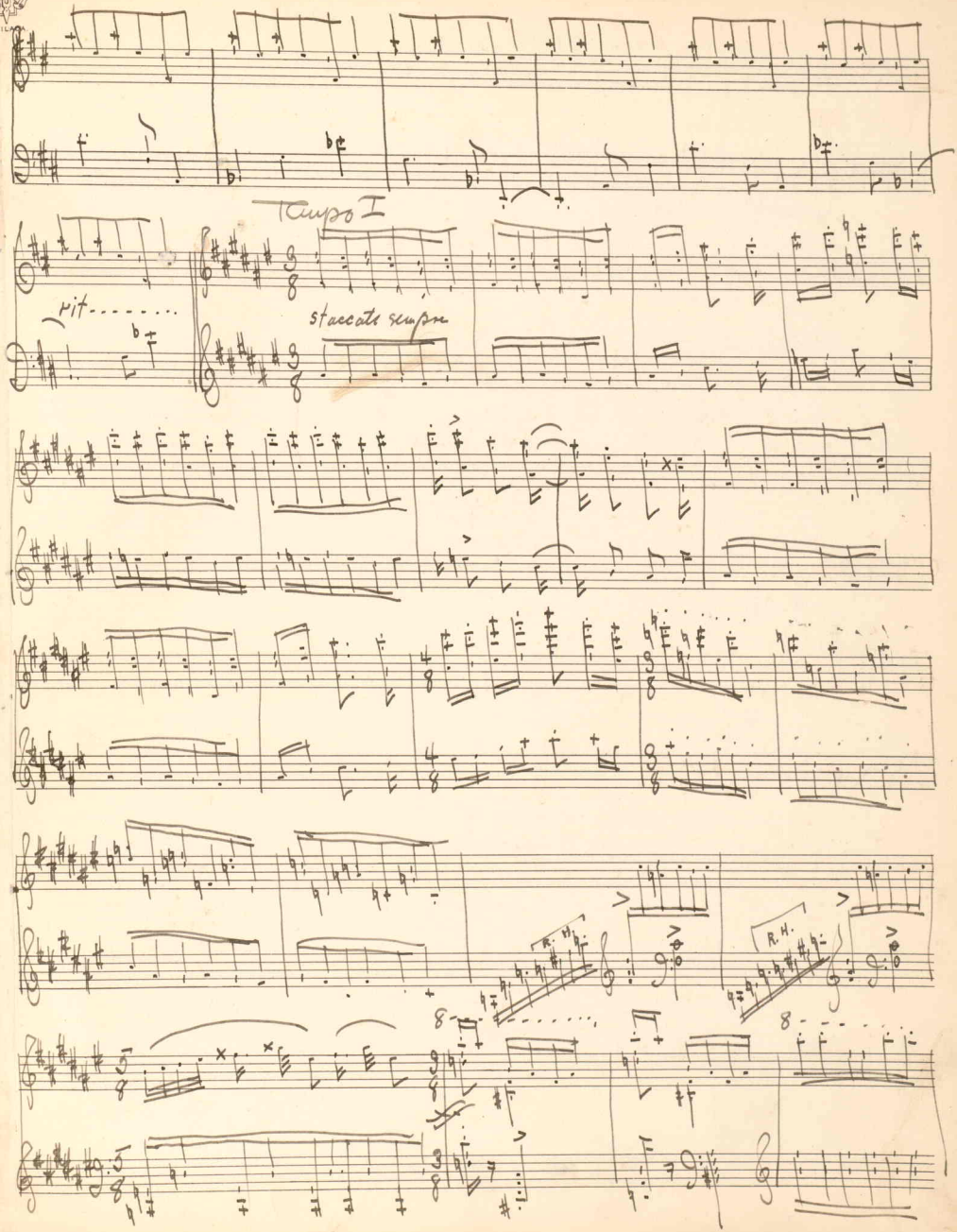
8va

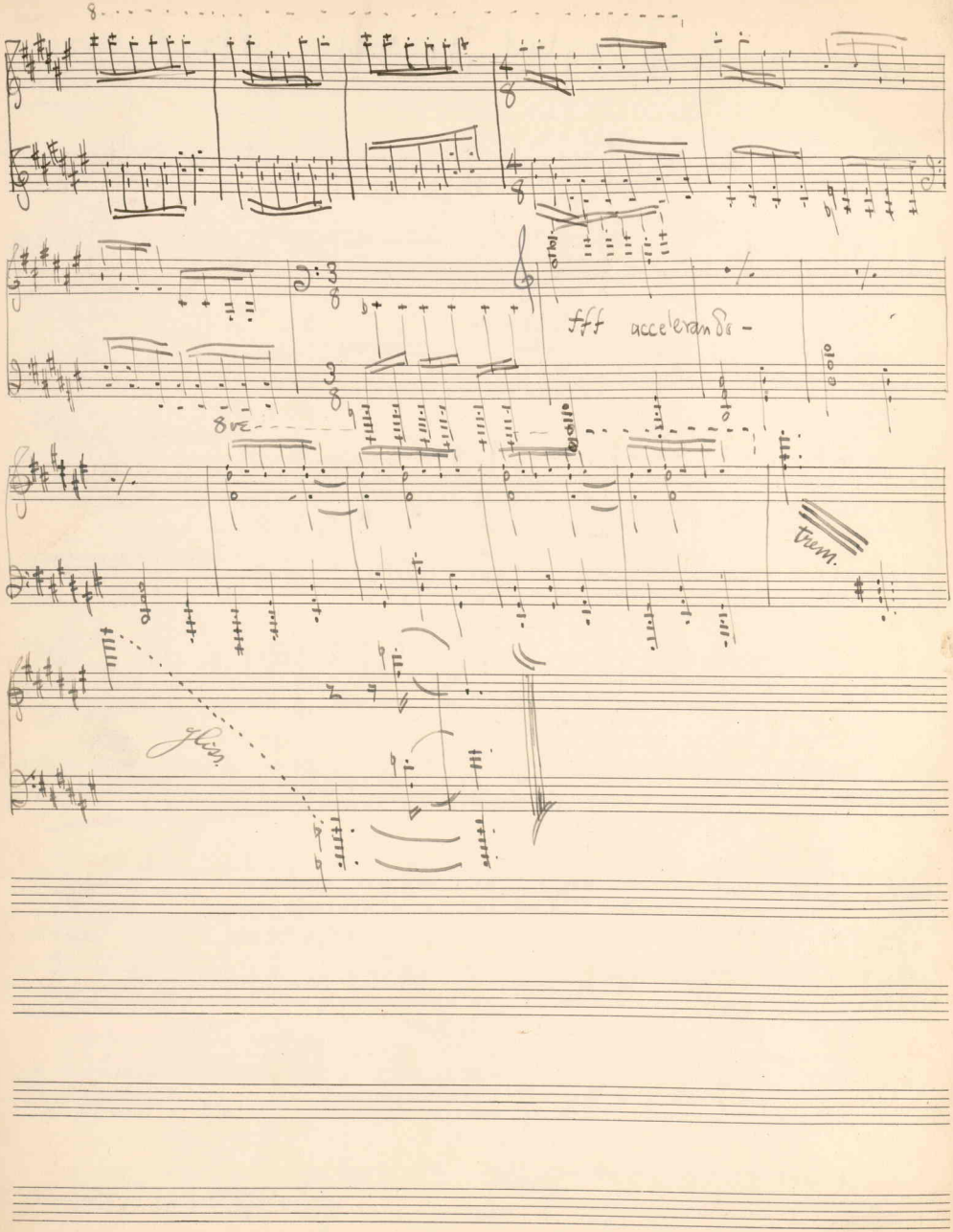
pp subito

8va

Omit

Omit


Tempo I
rit.
staccato sempre
R.H.
R.H.


8
fff accelerando -
8va
trem.
Glass.

ESSAY

III.

For Piano —

June 30, 1926

con moto - the theme with monotonous emphasis throughout.

mf

sturdily

f

8va

cres

ff

marcato

8

marcato

L. H.
L. H.
Sostenuto Pedal
Sostenuto Pedal
8 va
8 va
fff

PHILADA.

PRESSER
PHILADA.

Fresh From West Chester

(Some Jazzings)

I.

Poison Ivy

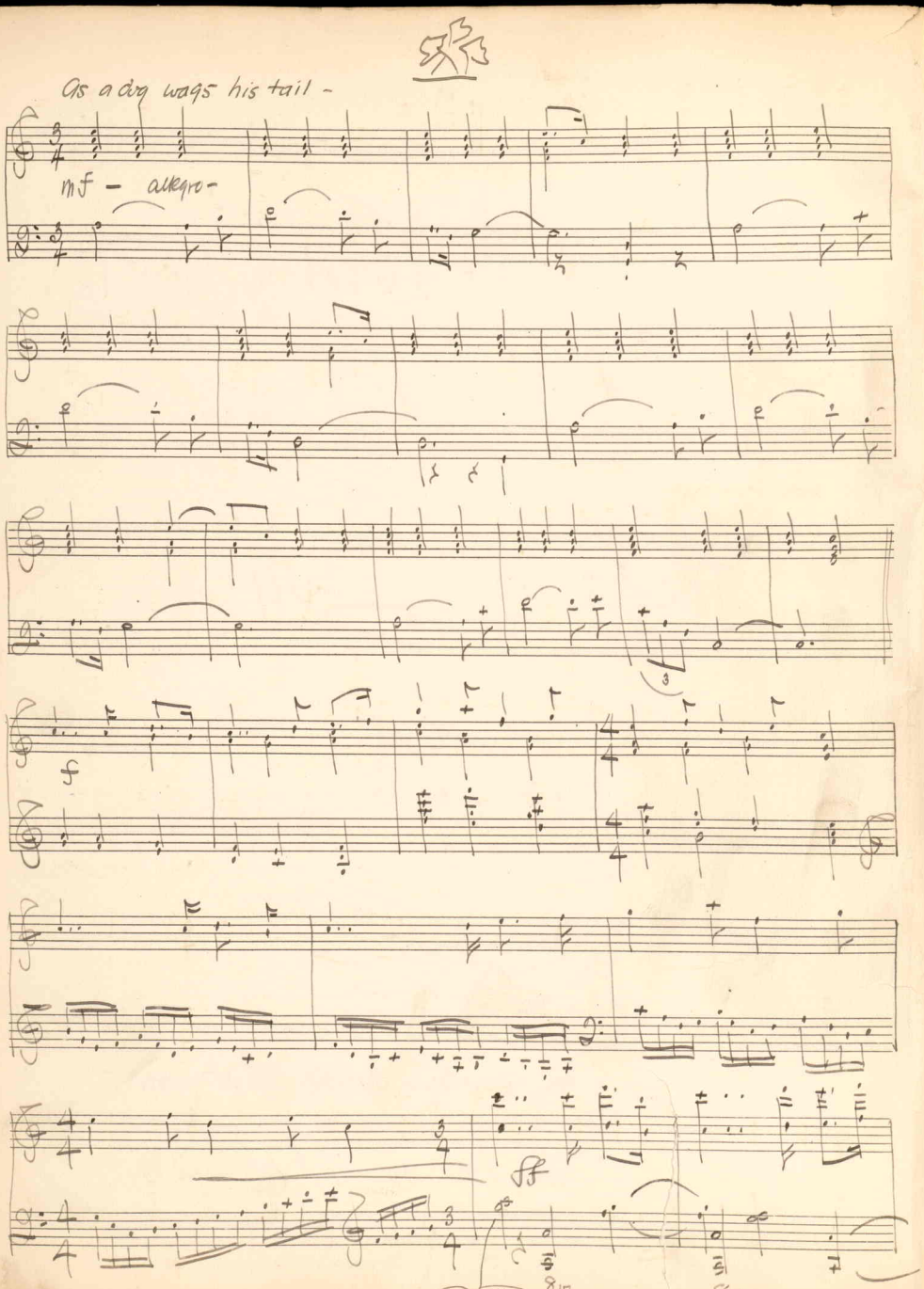
A country-dance that isn't.

Accredited to, and blamed on

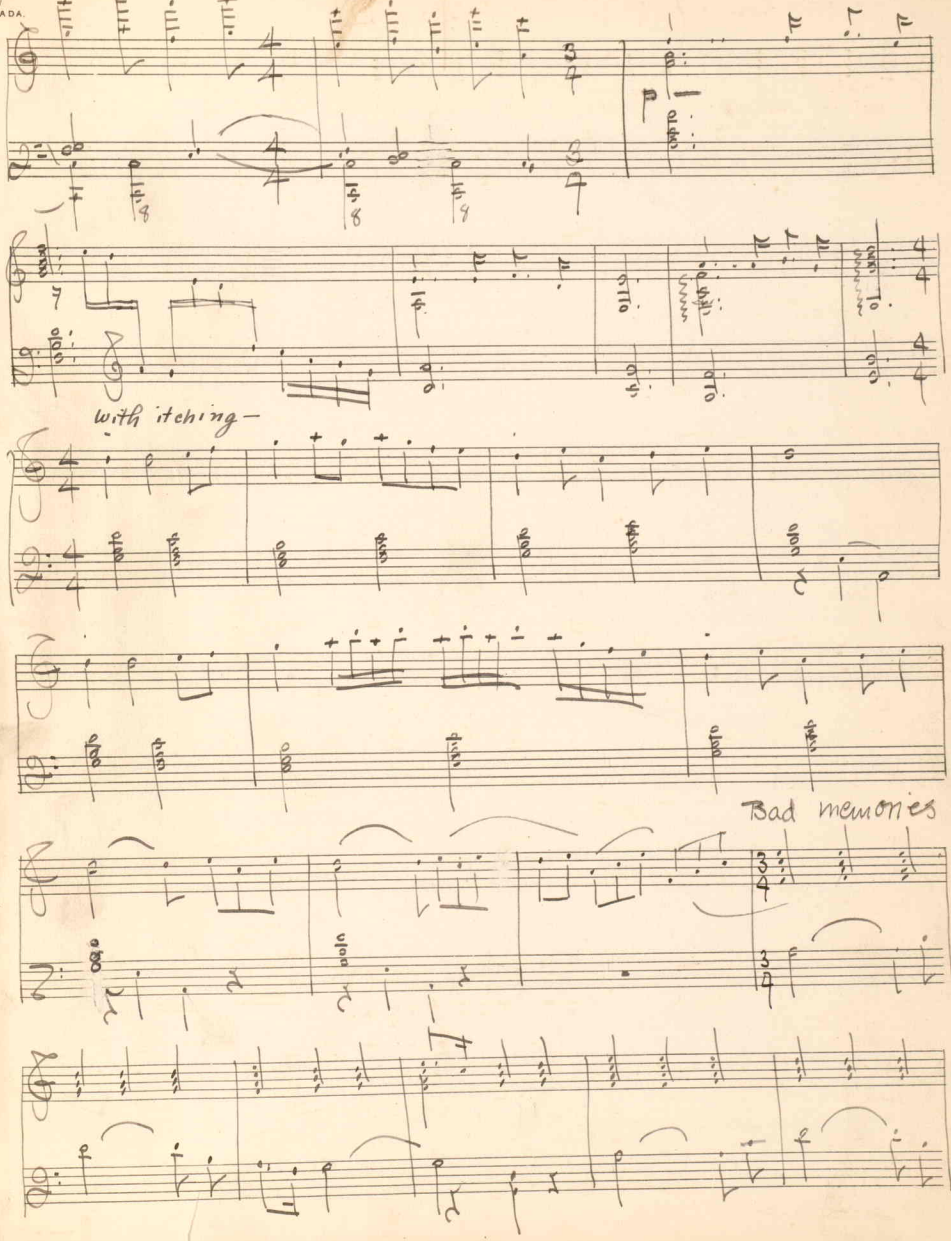
V. Barberinsky —

1001547527

— July 1925 —


As a dog wags his tail -
mf - allegro -
f
ff
Sock it
8va
8va

PRESSER
PHILADA.



Fresh From West Chester

(Some Jazzings)

II

Let's Sit It Out; I'd rather Watch

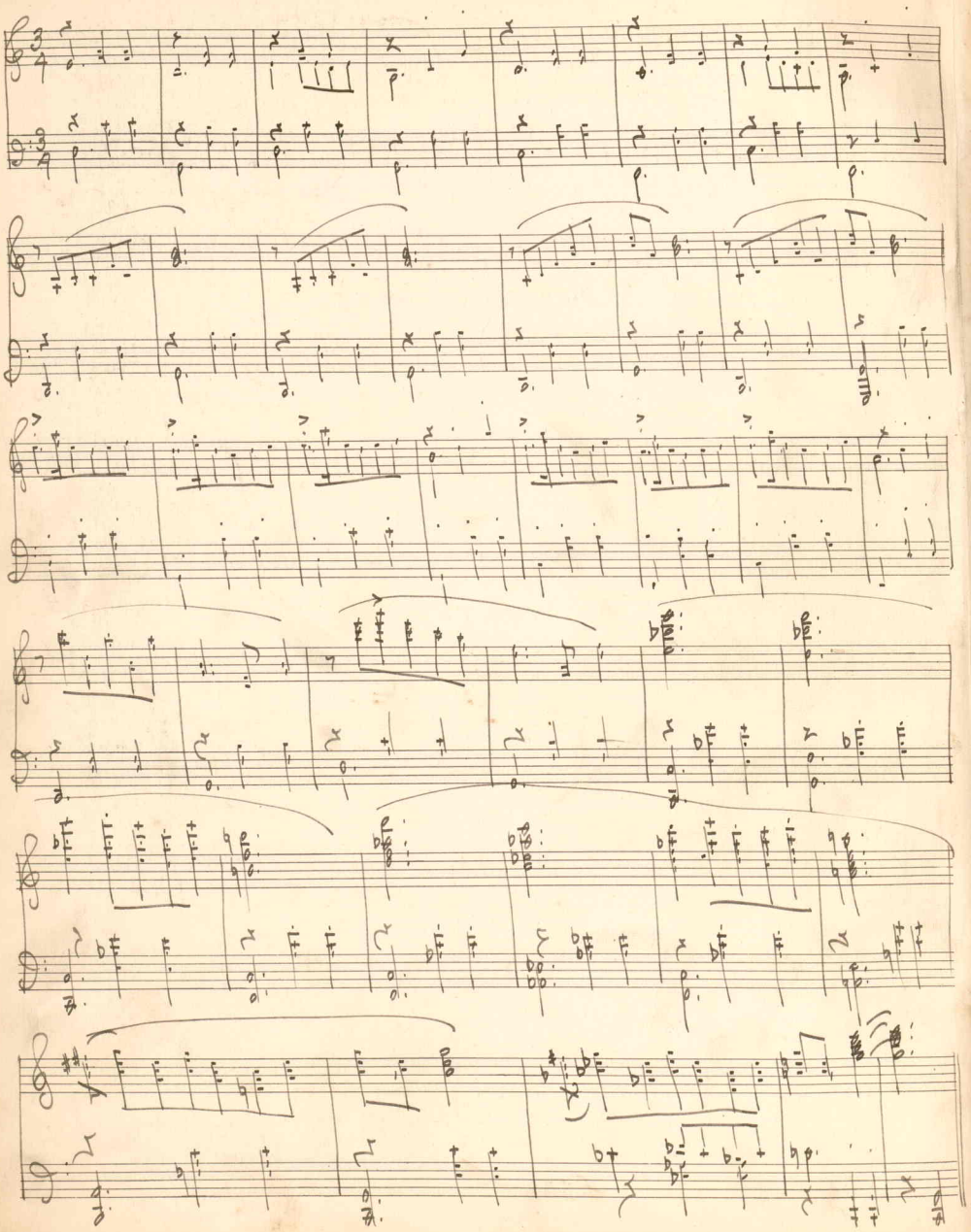
a Walls

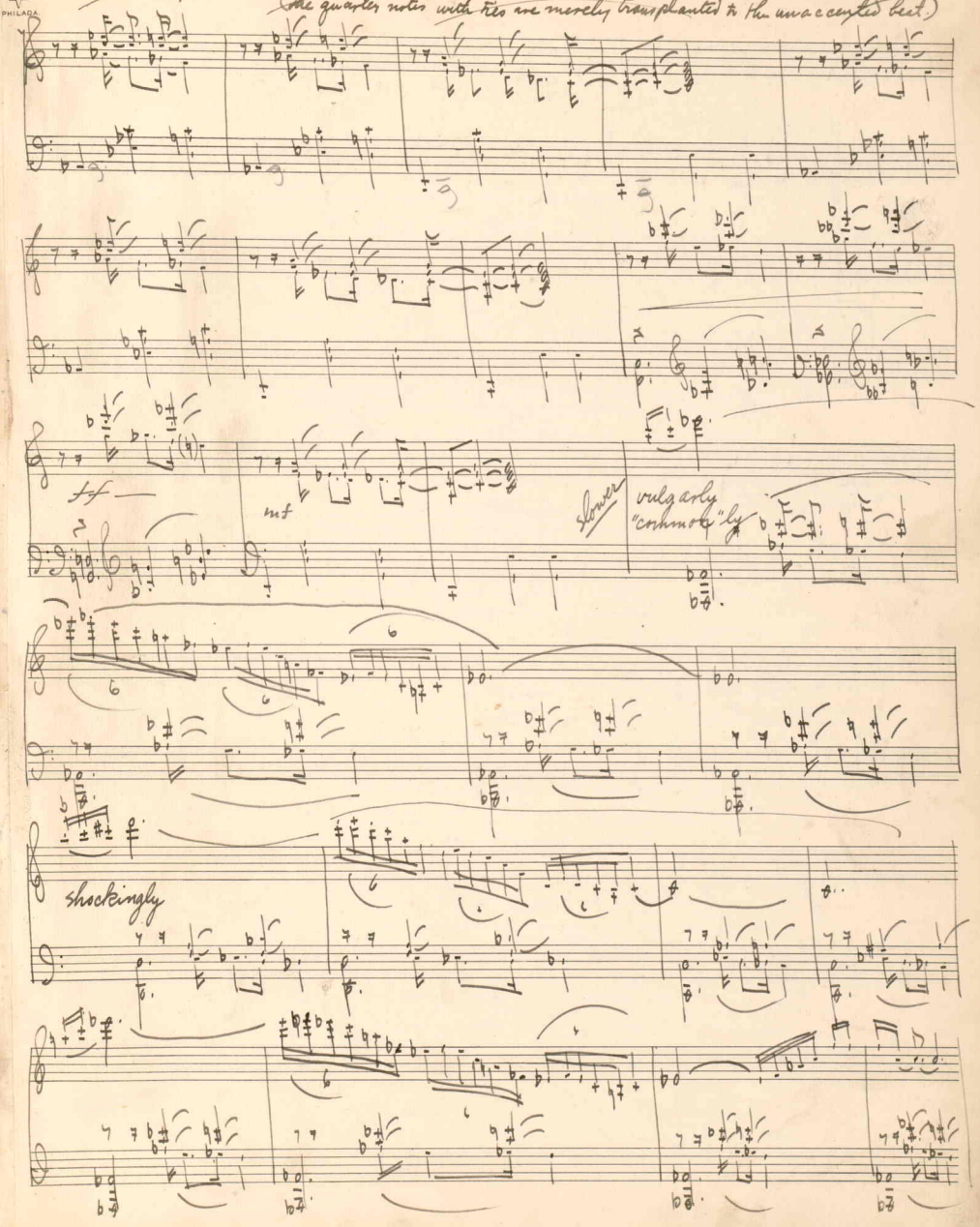
(I, Sam Barber, did it with my little hatchet)

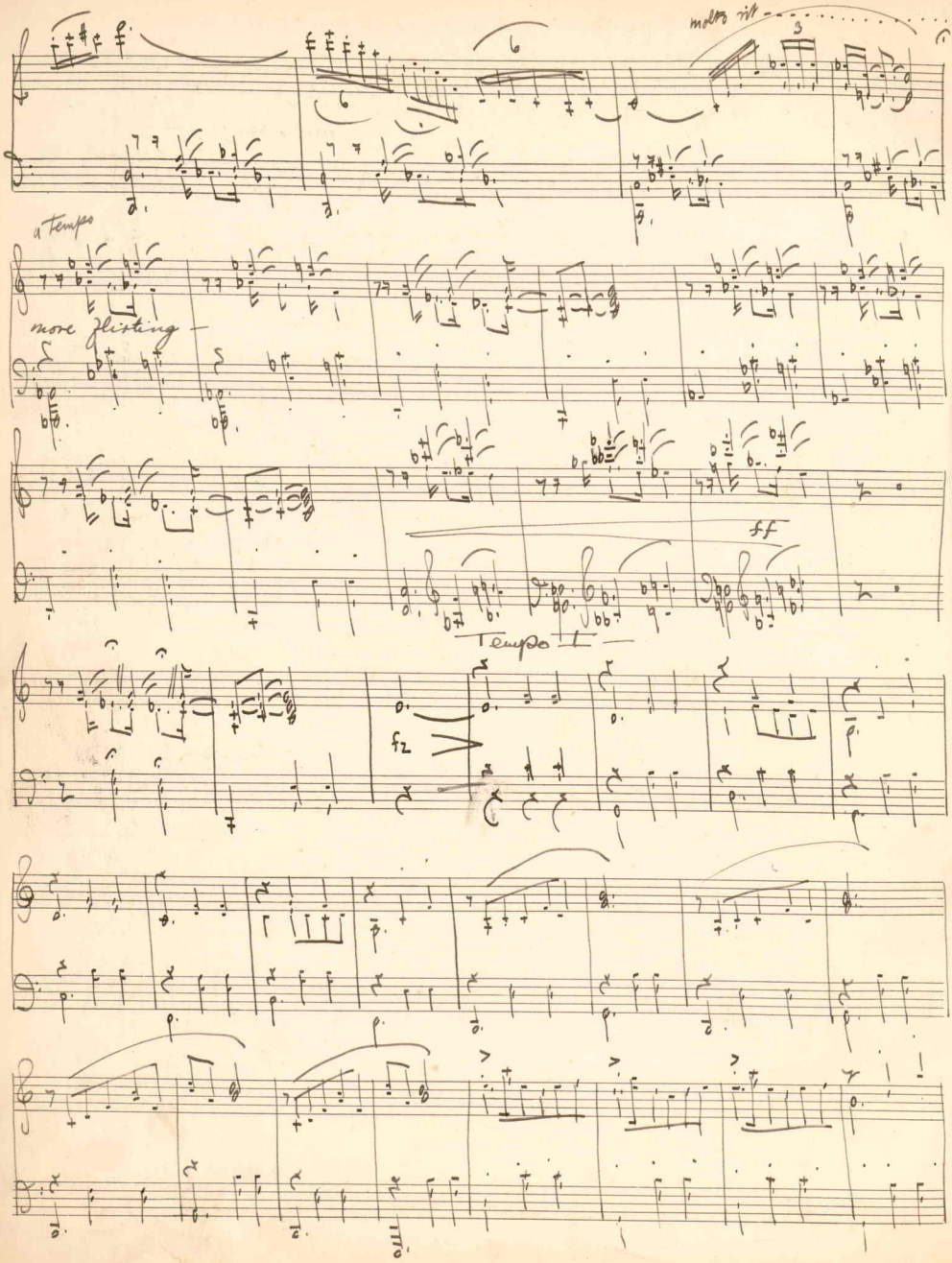
May, 1926

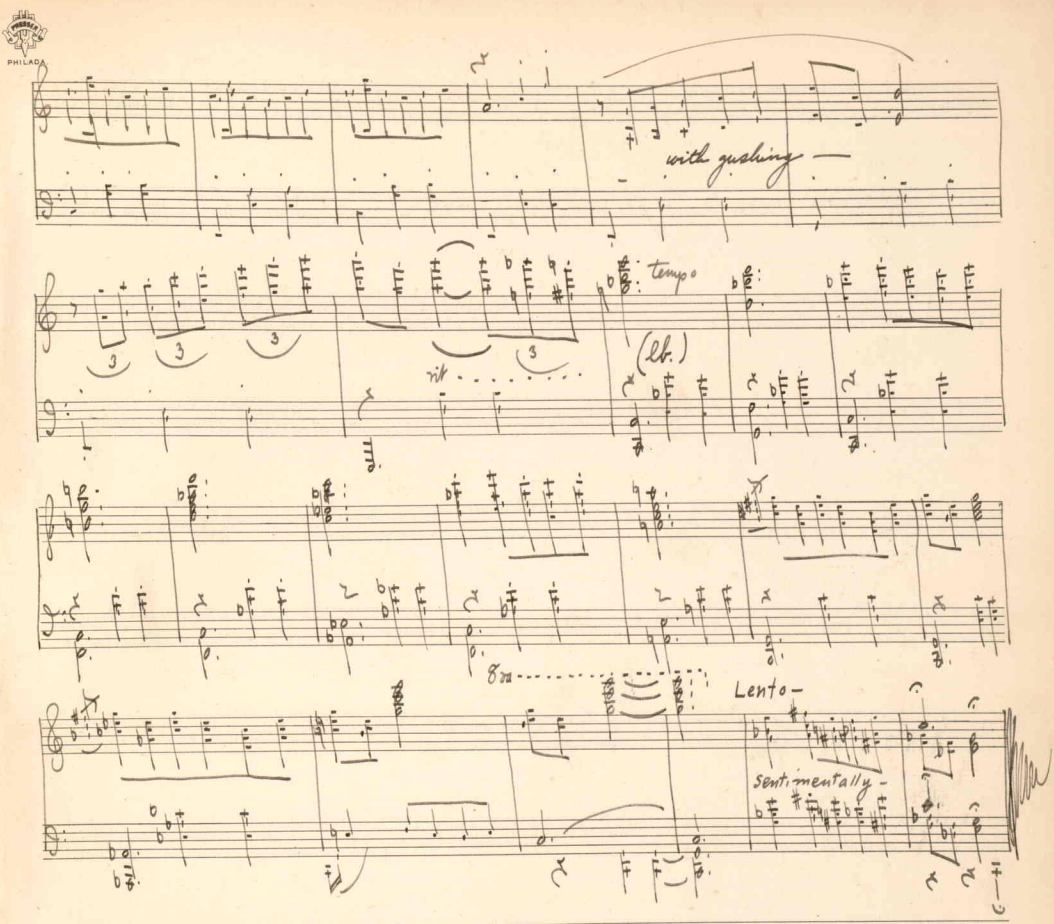
Let's Sit it Out; I'd rather Watch.

– A Walls –




flirtatiously - molto koketto -
(The quarter notes with ties are merely transplanted to the unaccented beat.)
ff
mf
slower
vulgarly
"common"ly
shockingly


molto rit.
a Tempo
more flirting
ff
Tempo I
f2



Soon to be released - "Curtis Institute Blues" - The Piece that makes People Pray.

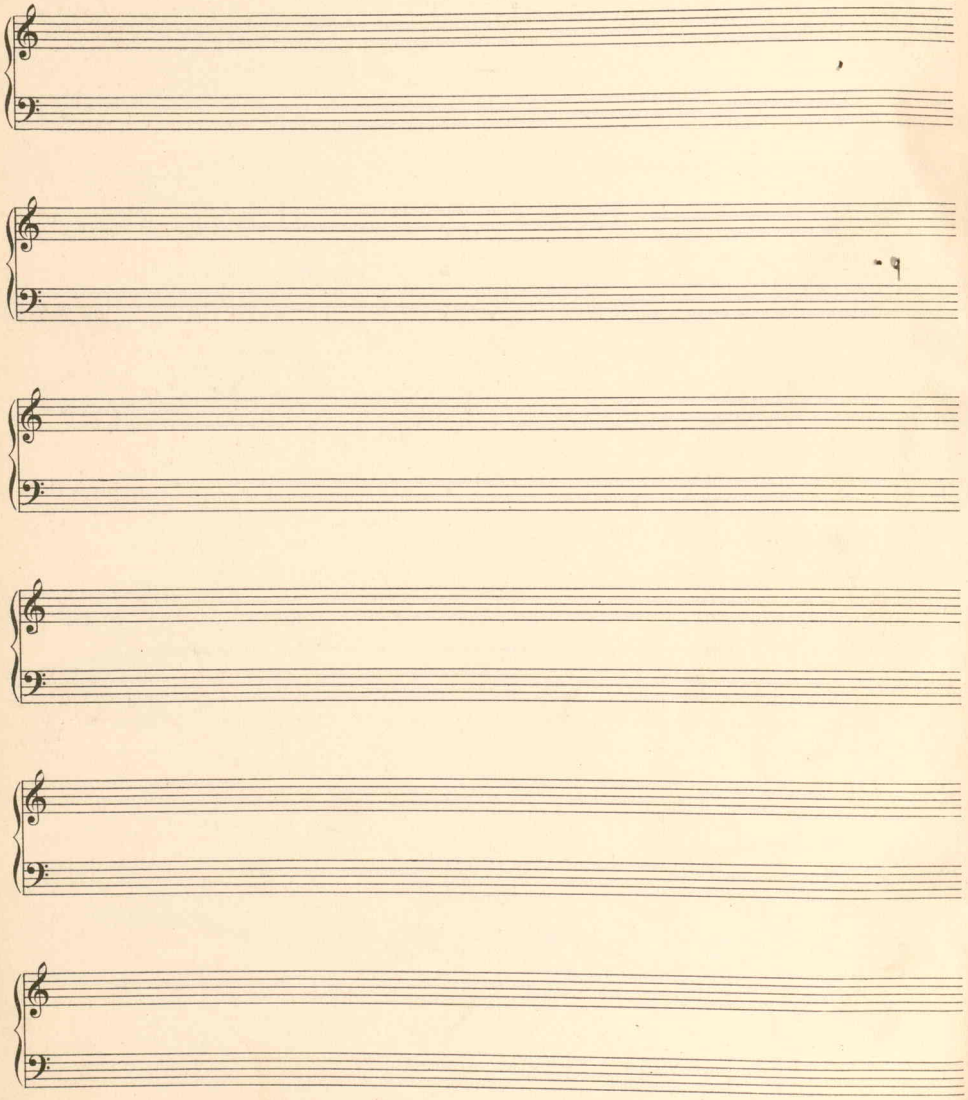
Prelude

to a Tragic Drama

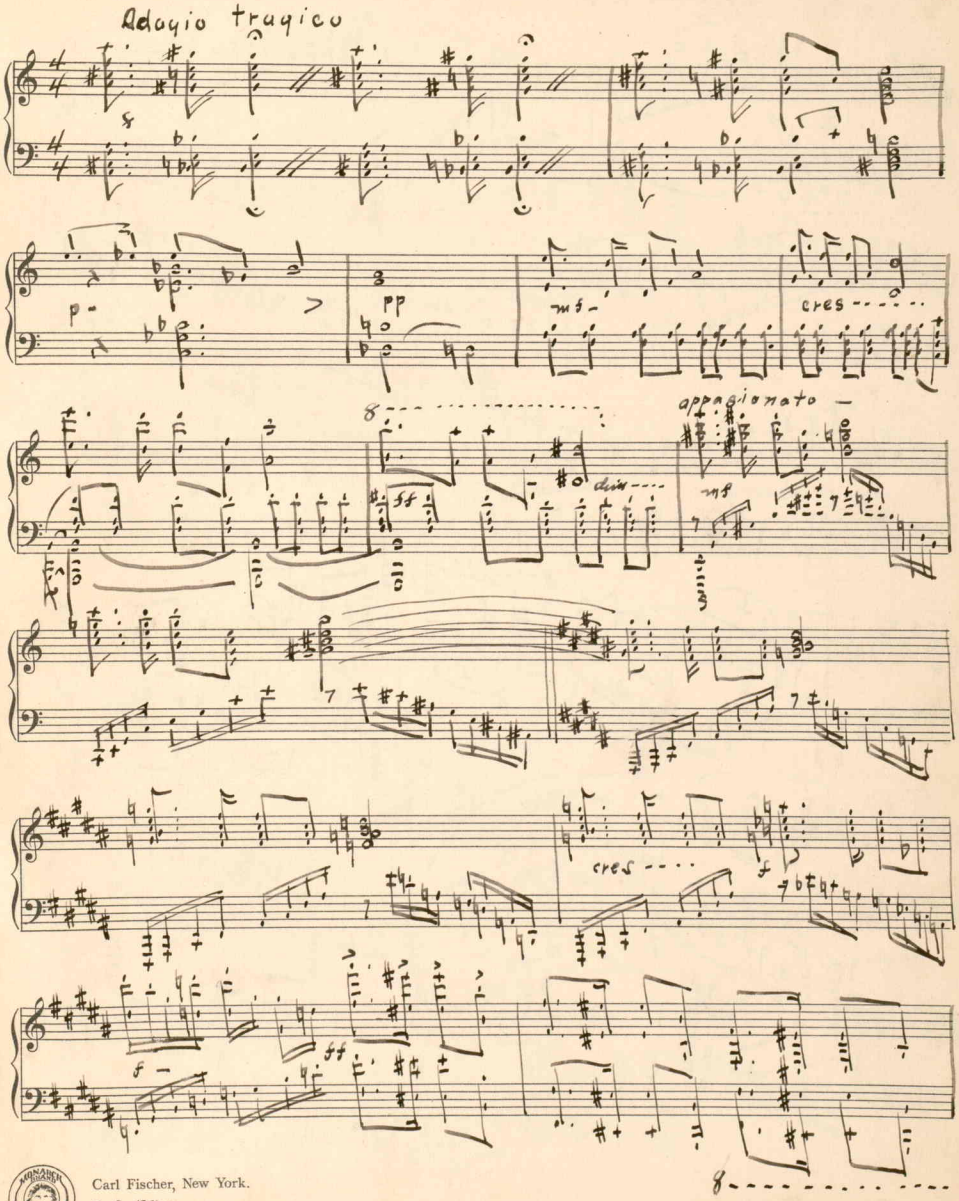
Sam Barber

January, 1925

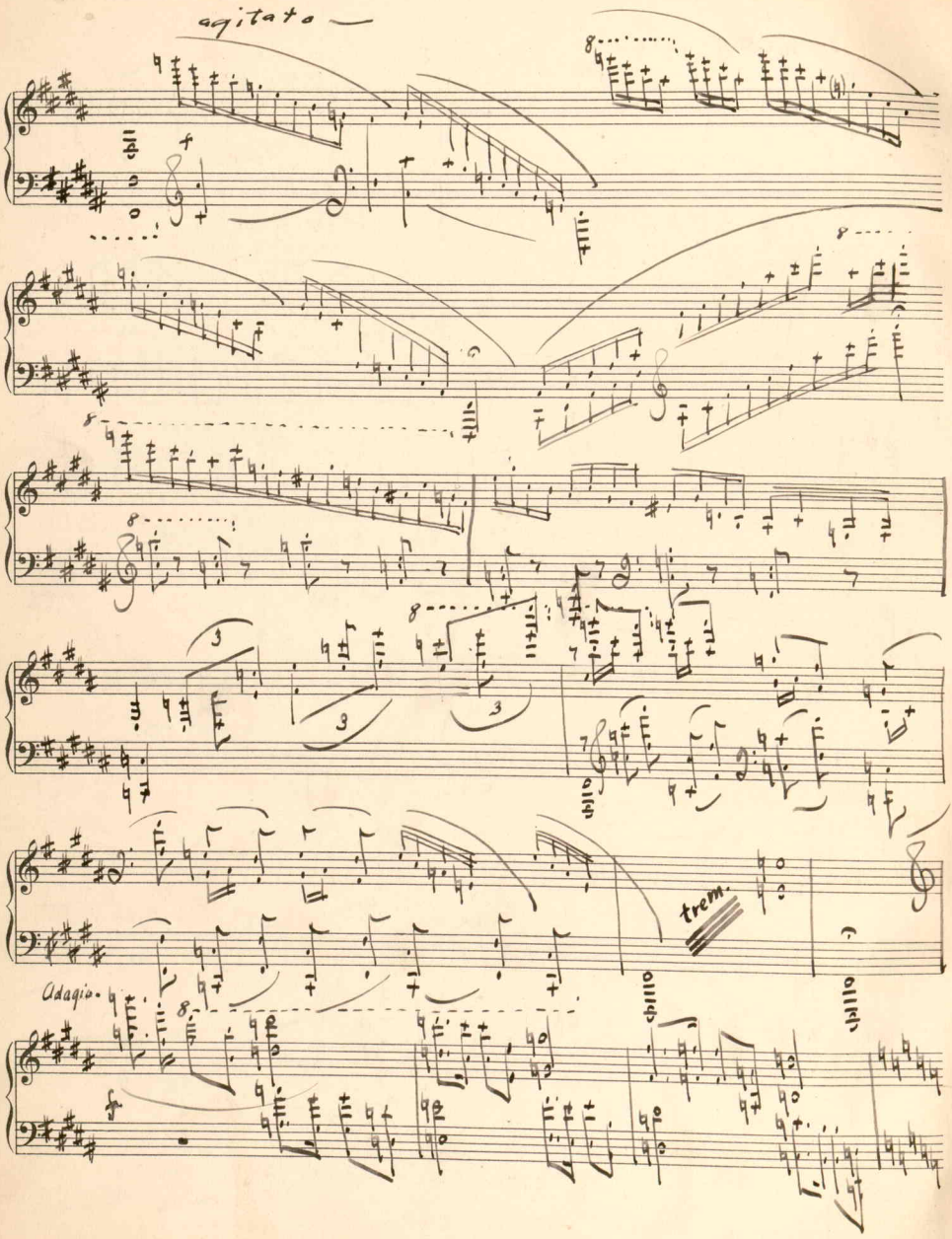
Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 8—12 lines.

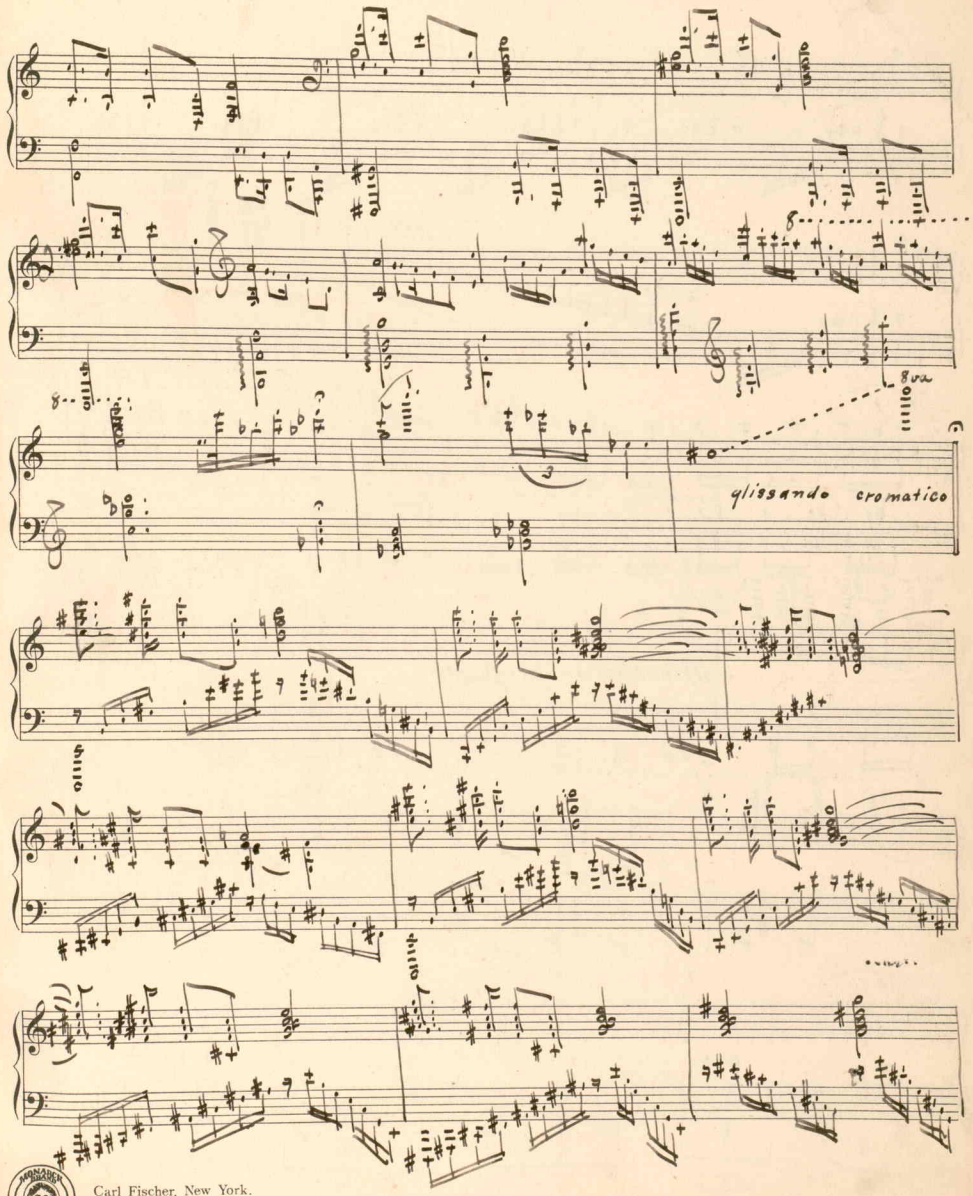


— Prelude To a Tragic Drama —

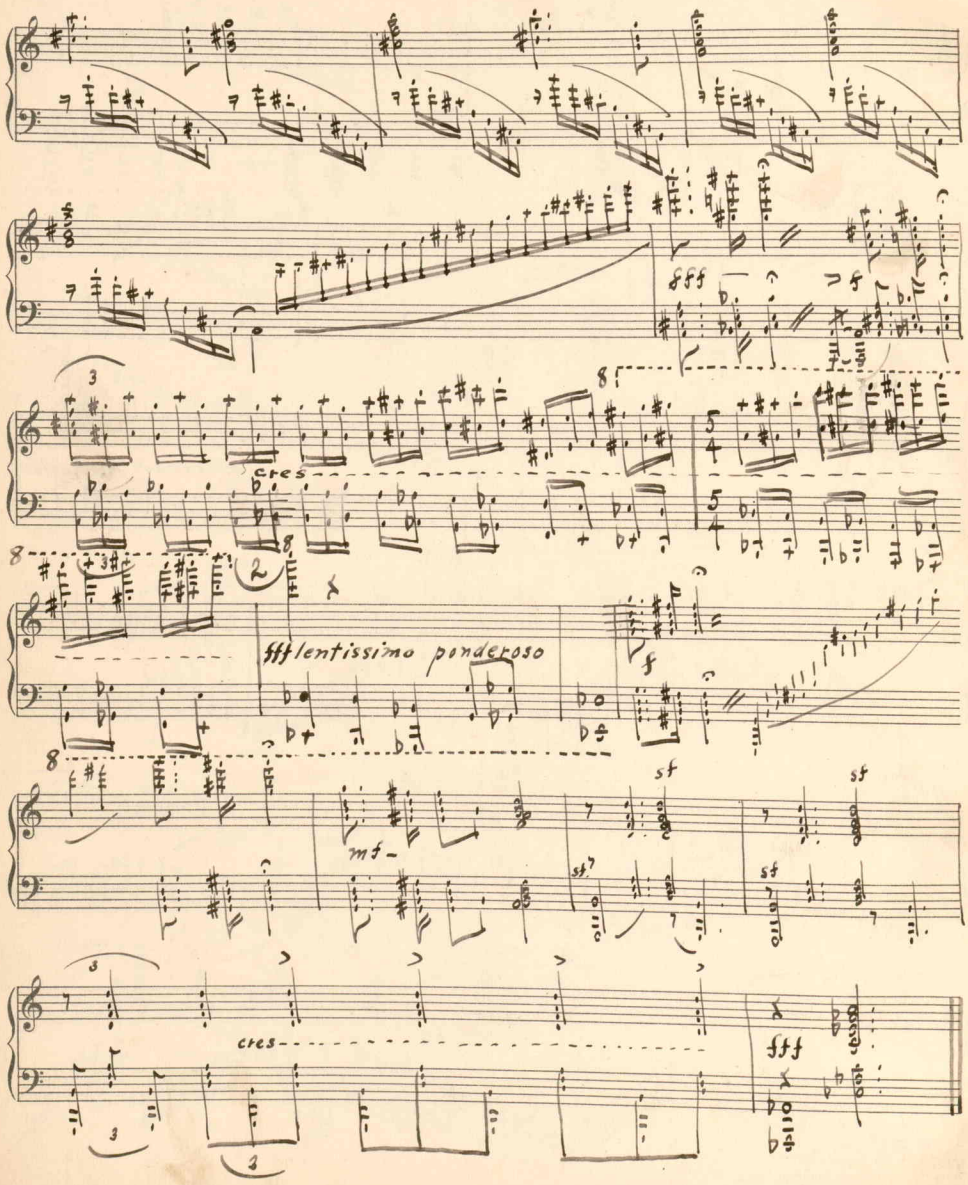


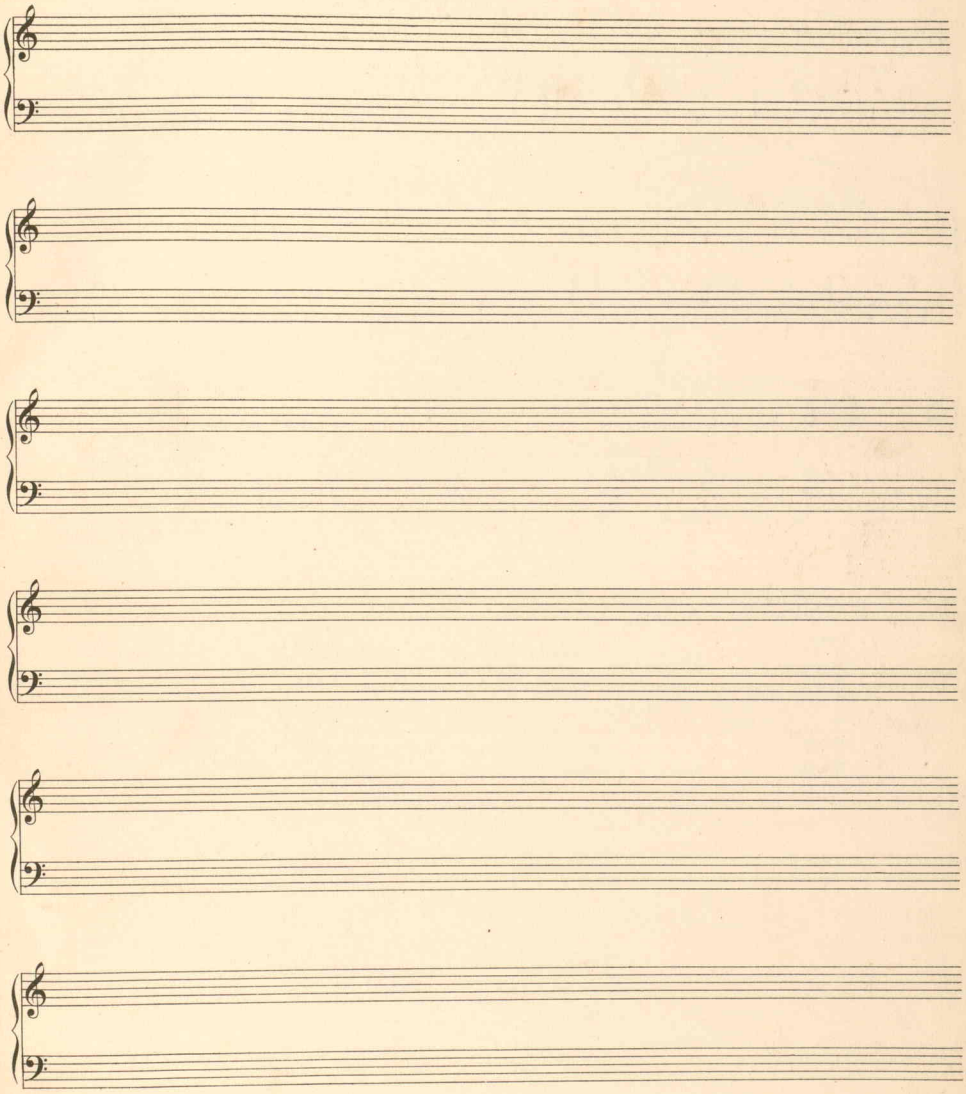
MONARCH LIBRARY
Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 8—12 lines.


agitato
trem.
Adagio.



Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 8 – 12 lines.


fff
cres
fff lentissimo ponderoso
f
mf
sf
sf
sf
cres
fff



Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 8 – 12 lines.

To Aunt Maine on Her Birthday

Andante tranquillo

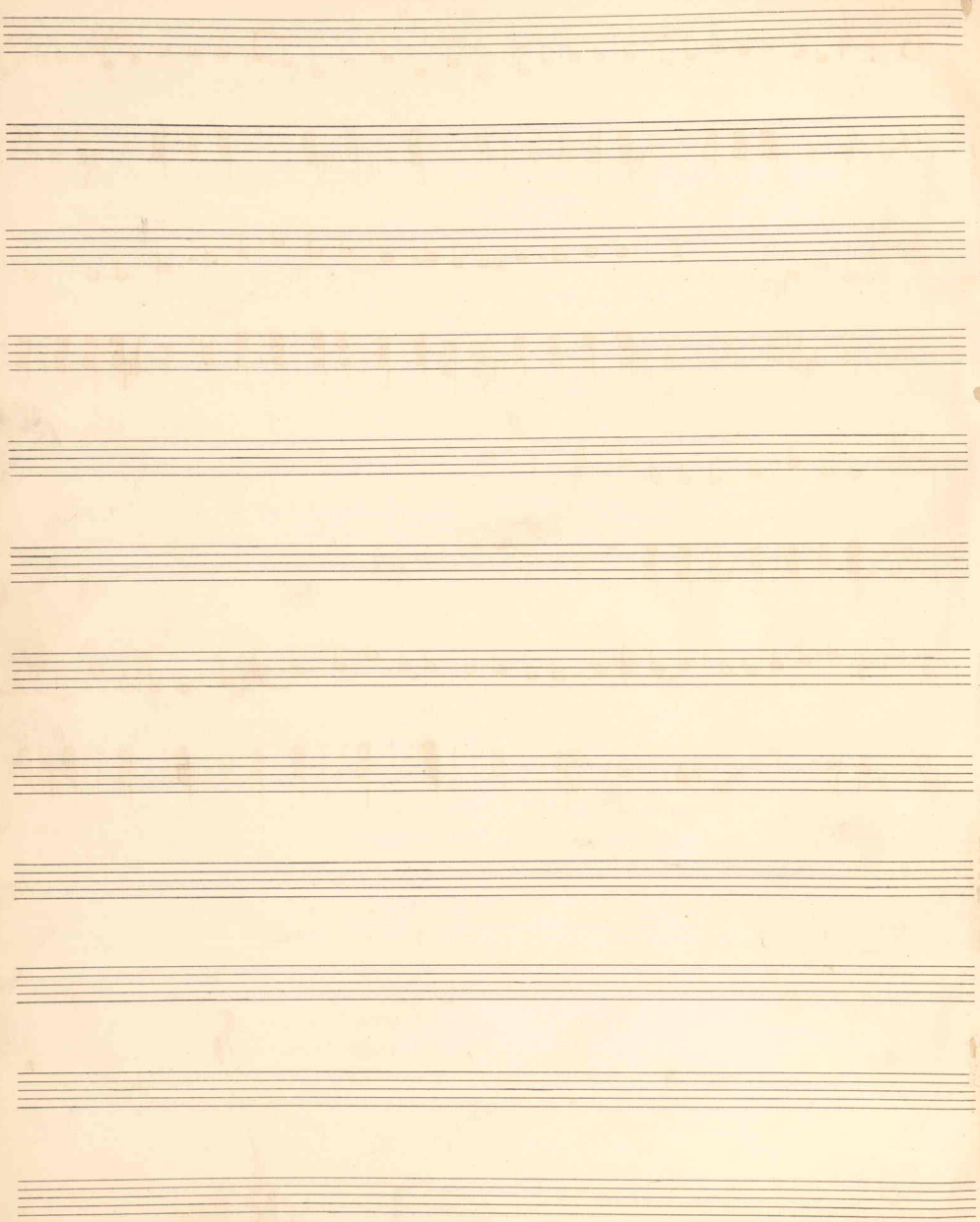
mf

June 19, 1926.

PHILADA.

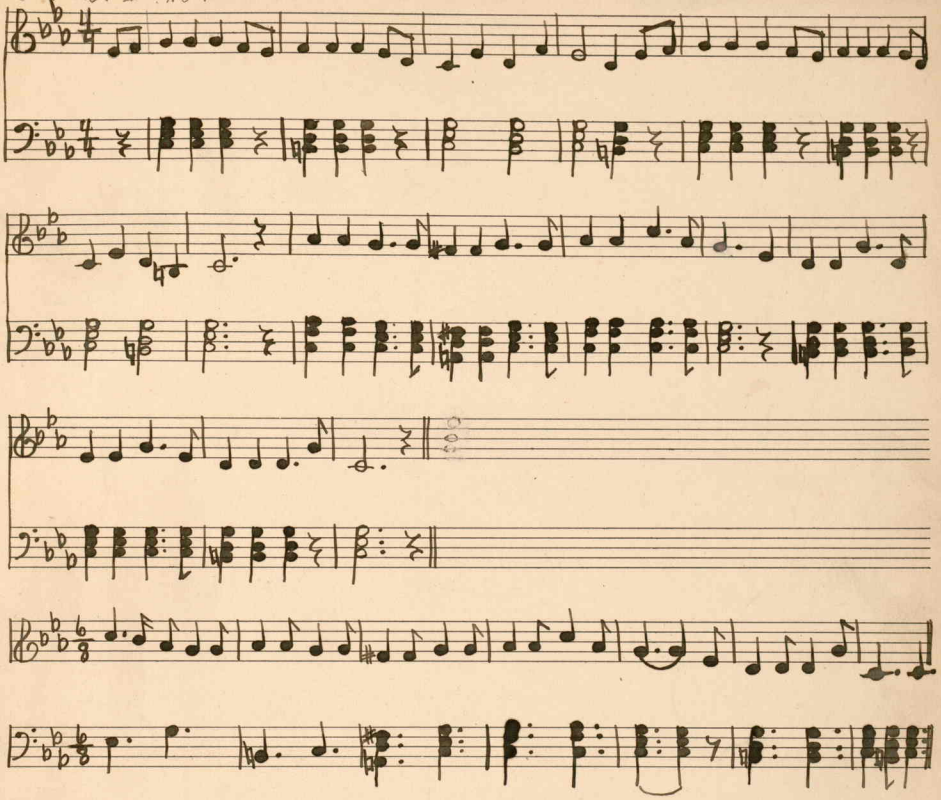
Earliest Compositions

1. Sadness	for Piano	1917
2. Sometime	for Voice	1917
3. Melody in F	for Piano	1917
4. War Song	for Piano	1918
5. Largo	for Piano	
6. Isabel	for Voice	
7. Why Not?	for Voice	
8. At Twilight	for Piano	
9. Lullaby	for Piano	
10. In the Firelight	for Voice	



July, 1917. Sadness. Samuel O. Barber. II.

OP I - NO 1



ACESSER
PHILADA

October, 1917 Sometime Samuel O. Barber II.

37 Op II No. I. Dedicated to Mother. Words by Eugene Field.

Last

Last night my darling as you slept, I thought I heard you sigh, And to your little crib I crept and watched a space thereby, And then I stooped and kissed your brow for oh, I love you so, You are too young to know it now, But some-time you shall know.

II. Some time when in a darkened place where others come to weep, Your eyes shall look upon a face,
III. Look backward then into the years, And see me here tonight: See O my darling! how my calm in eternal sleep: The voiceless lips the wrinkled brow. The patient smile shall show, You are too tears. Are falling as I write; And feel once more upon your brow The kiss of long ago You are to young young to know it now, But sometime you may know.
to know it now, But sometime you will know.

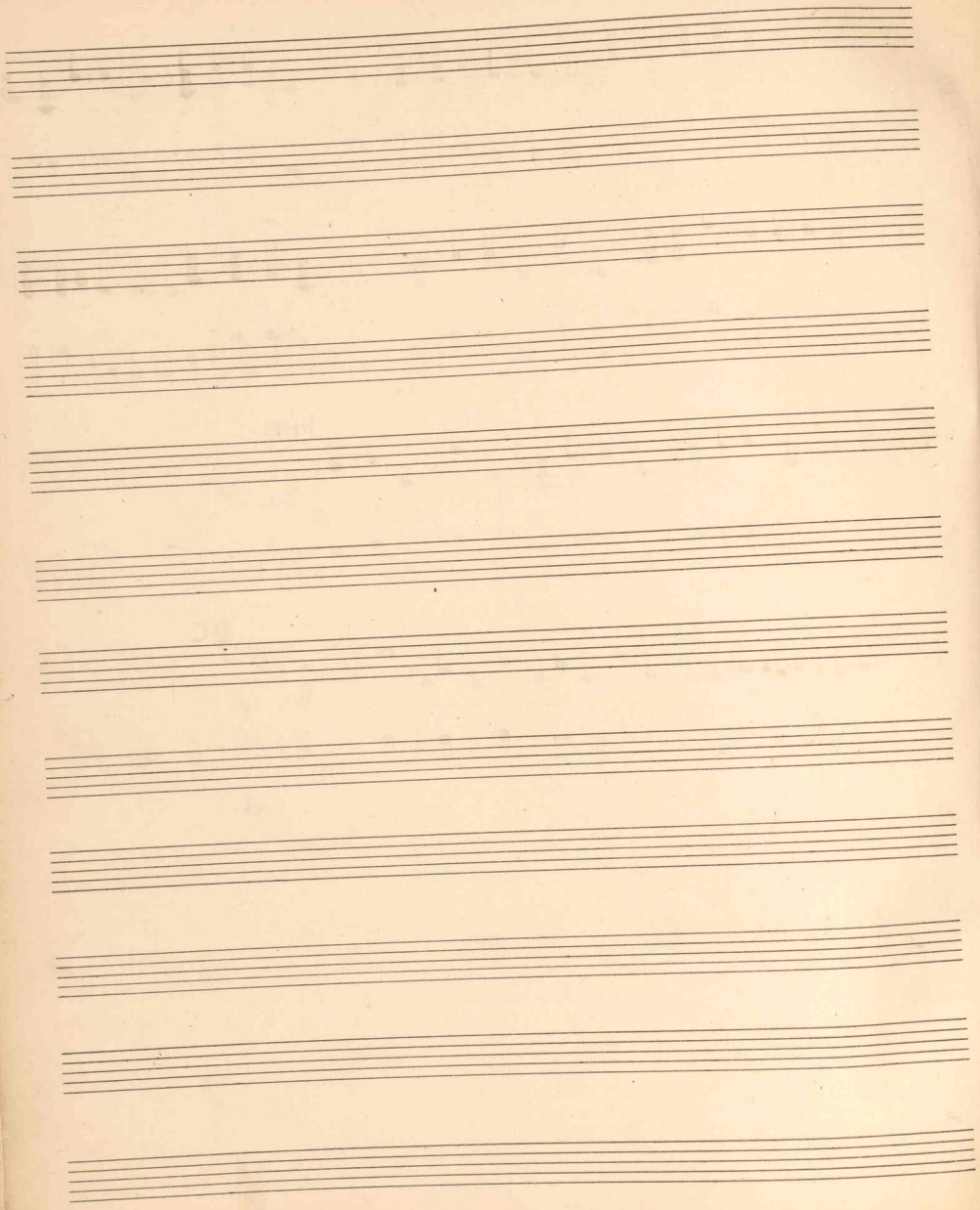
PRESSER
PHILADA.

Dec. 1917. Melody in F. Samuel C. Barber II.

OP I — NO — III

FINE.

D.C.



PRESSER
PHILADA.

1918

War Song.

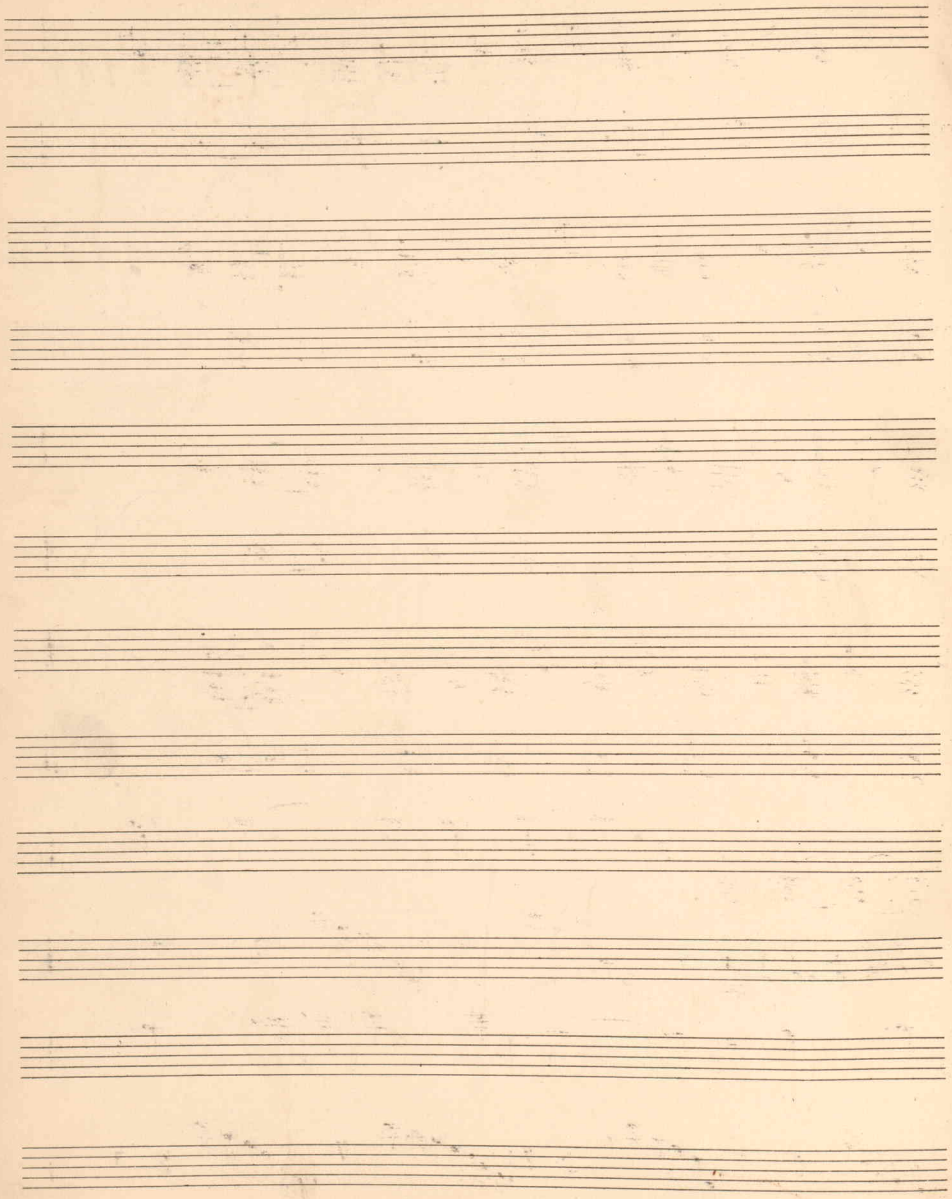
OP. I — NO — V

Samuel O. Barber II

8 ra-

Fine

D.C. al Fine



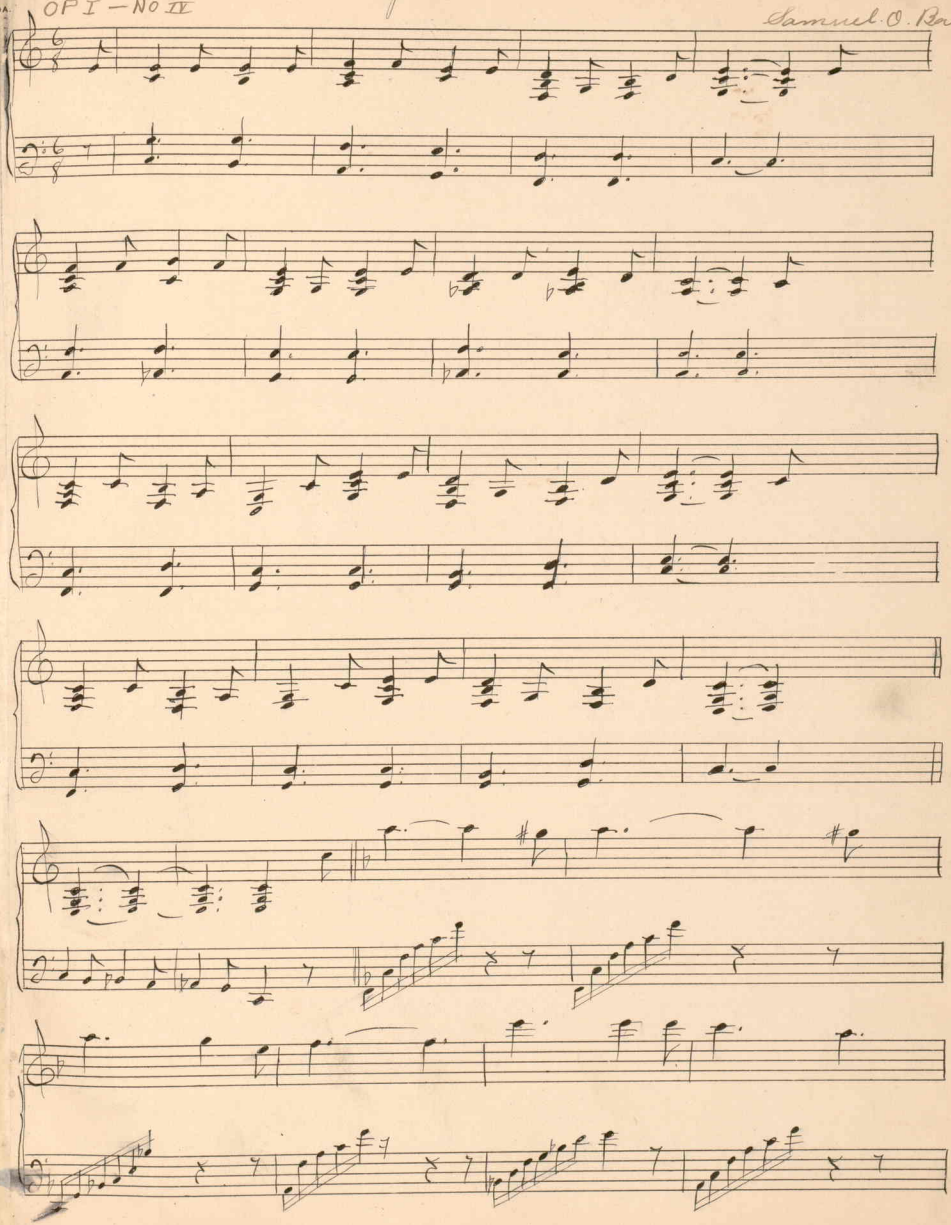
1918

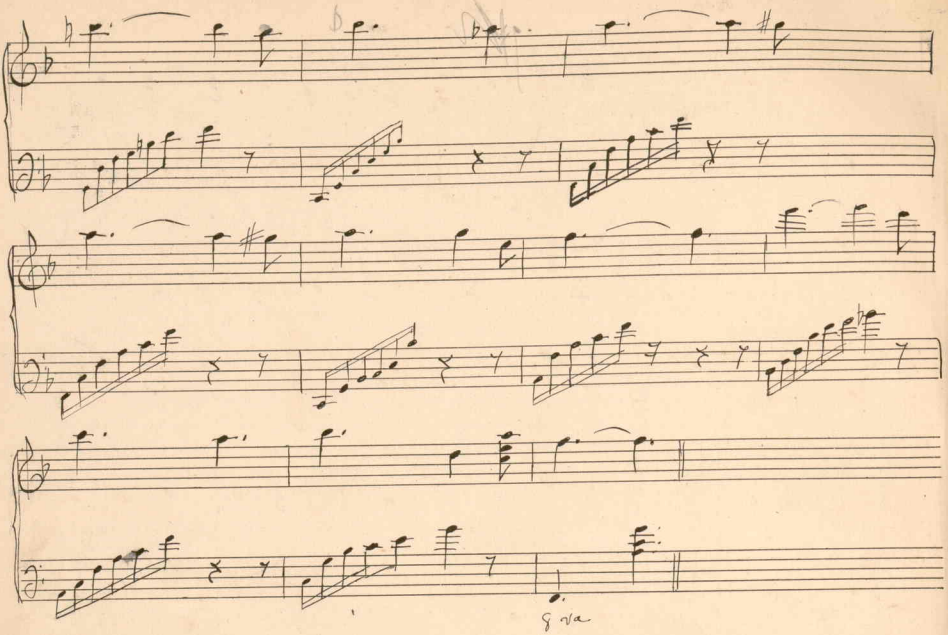
[199]

Largo

OP I — NO IV

Samuel O. Barber II




8 va

PRESSER
PHILADA.

40

OP. II – NO – 4.

1919

ISABEL

J. G. WHITTIER. Song

S. O. BARBER.

I do not love thee, Isabel, and yet thou art most fair! I know the tempting

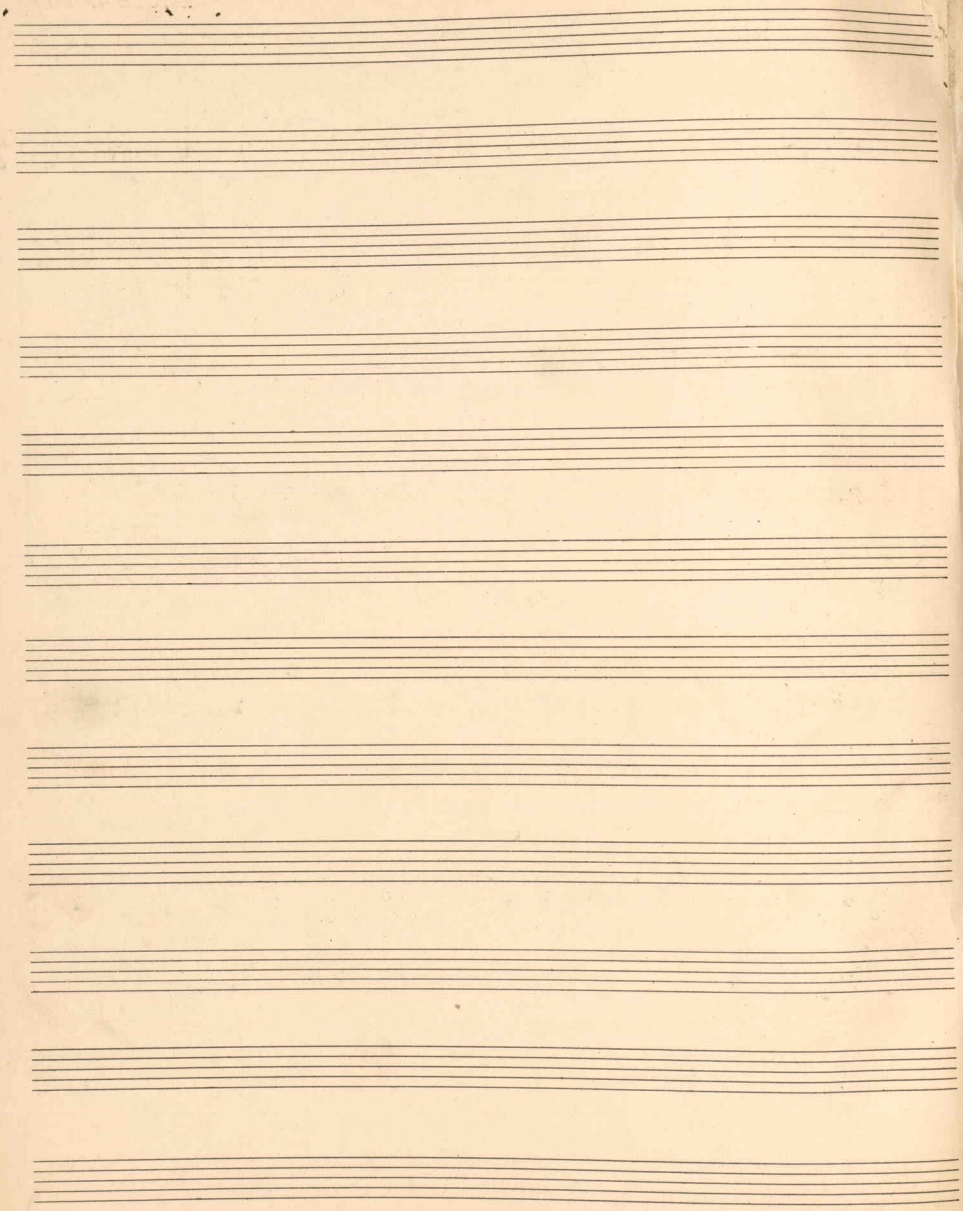
8VA. 8VA. 8 8VA.

of thy lips, the witchcraft of thy hair, The winsome smile that might be-guile the shy bird

8 8VA. 8VA.

from his tree – But from their spell I know so well, I shake my manhood free.

8VA.



Why Not?

Kitty Parsons.

Samuel O. Barber.

There

Andantino

was a little girl who said, "Why not? Why not?" Each

time her mother shook her head, "Why not, why not, why not, why not, why not, why not, why not," You

cannot go," mamma — would say "Why not?" she'd ask ten times a day. "Why

not?" 8va. Why not?" 8va

8va Her name was Lu-cy but in school, The child-ren changed that name, AND

sforzando Expressivo

now they call her "Miss Why not," Now isn't that a shame?" Why not?"

più lento a tempo

8va Why not?"

PRESSER
PHILADA.

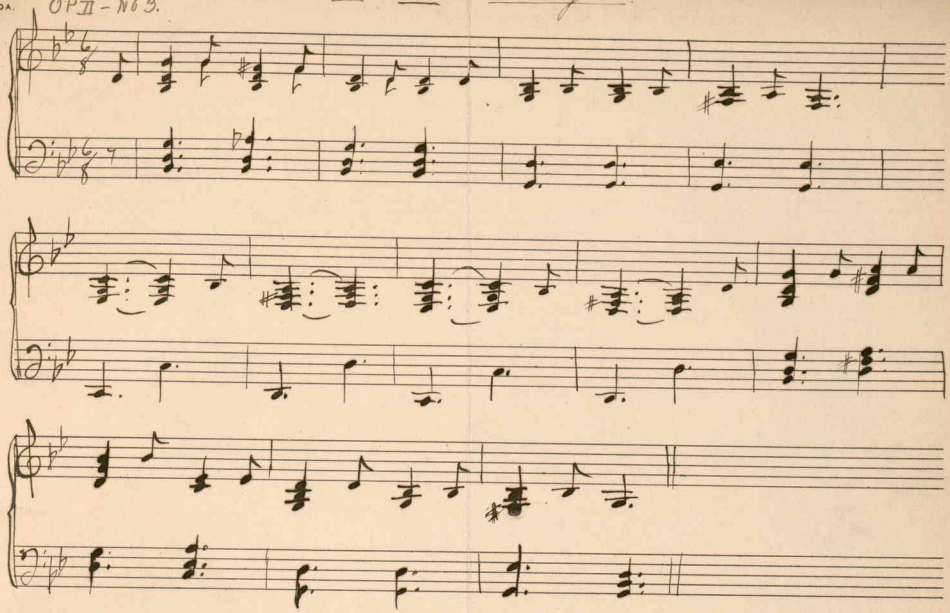
1918

41

[205]

In the Firelight

OP II - No 3.

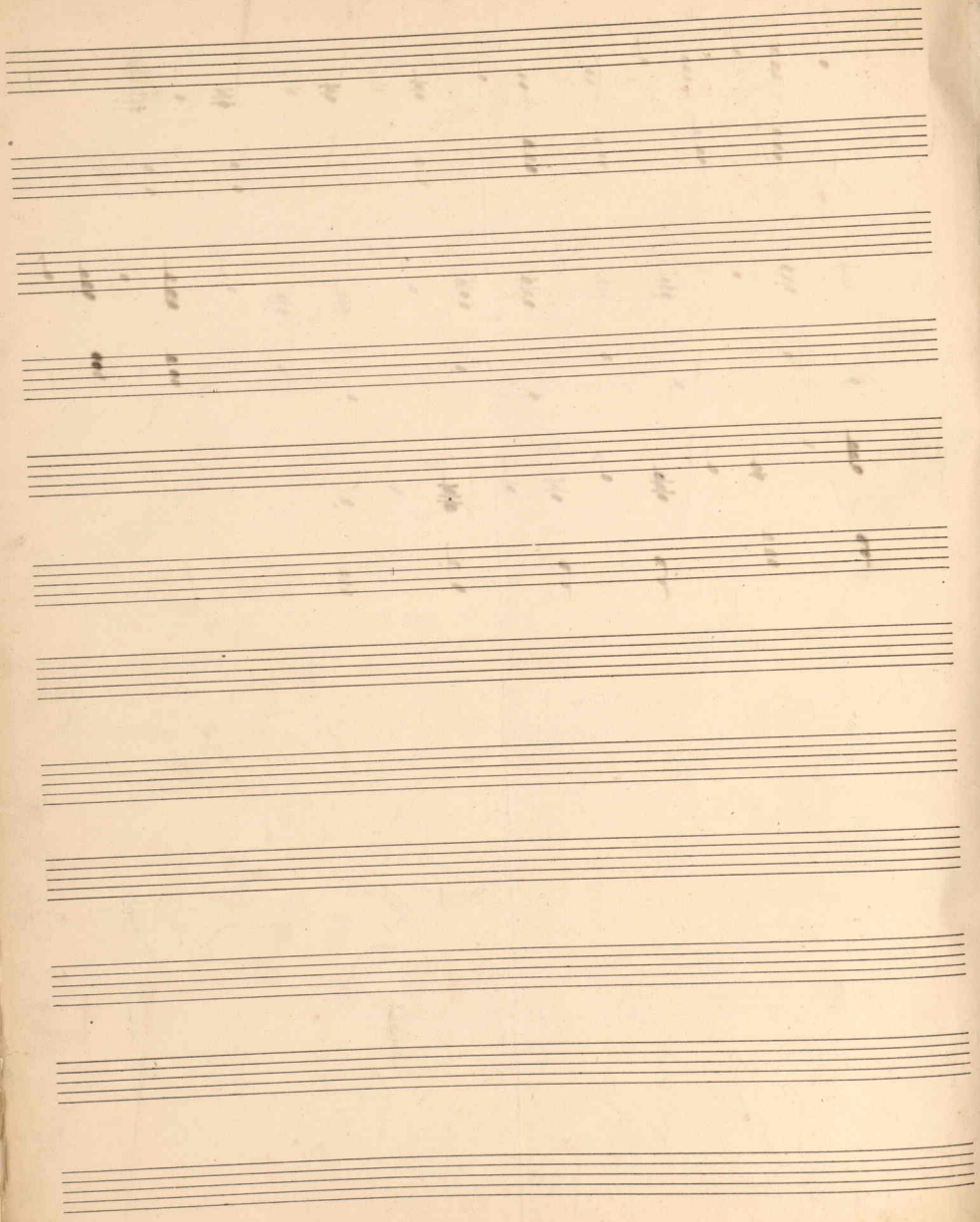


1. The fire upon the hearth is low, And there is stillness everywhere
2. And somehow, with that little prayer And that sweet treble in my ears,
3. Oh, for an hour in that dear place! Oh, for the peace of that dear ta

While like winged spirits here and there, The firelight shadows flutter-
My thoughts go back to distant years And linger with a loved time
Oh, for that childish trust sublime! Oh, for a glimse of Mother face!

ing go. And as the shadows round me creep, a childish treble the gloom
there; And as I hear my child's amen, My mother's faith comes back to me,
Yet, as the shadows round me creep, I do not seem to be alone,

And softly from a further room comes "Now I lay me down to sleep."
Crouched at her side, I seem to be And mother holds my hands again
Sweet magic of that treble tone, And "Now I lay me down to sleep."



PHILAD