

Nº 1 in B<sup>b</sup>

Nº 2 in C.

Nº 3 in D.

Nº 4 in E<sup>b</sup>



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MELBOURNE

By the same Composer  
MARY MORRISON (Three Keys). TOUCH NOT THE NETTLE IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

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## Another Melodic Gem in the "Clutsam" Series

### CREOLE CRADLE SONG.

Nº 1 in E



Nº 2 in F



Nº 3 in G



Words by M.F.

Music by G.H. CLUTSAM.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff starts with a dynamic of *p*, followed by a bassoon part and a vocal part. The lyrics are: "All a - mong the nod - ding clo - ver,". The middle staff continues the bassoon and vocal parts. The bottom staff starts with a bassoon part and a vocal part. The lyrics are: "When the long, long day is o - ver, Rest, my dar - ling,". The middle staff continues the bassoon and vocal parts. The bottom staff starts with a bassoon part and a vocal part. The lyrics are: "rest and dream, Un - der-neath the moon's soft beam,". The score concludes with a bassoon part and a vocal part.

# Annie Laurie.

(Scotch Song)

Arr. by LIZA LEHMANN.

**Piano.** Andante legato.

*dolce*

Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where

ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that An-nie

Lau-rie Gi'ed me her pro-mise true, Gi'ed

me her pro - mise true, Which ne'er for - got shall  
*cresc.*

*f* *a tempo*

be; Oh for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I wad

*colla voce* *a tempo* *f*

lay me doon and dee.

*colla voce*

*mf* *p*

Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her

neck is like the swan, And her face it is the  
 fair - est That e'er the sun shone on, That  
 e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her  
 ele. Oh for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I wad

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*colla voce* *a tempo*

lay me doon and dee. *p*  
*colla voce*  
 Ped. \* Ped. \*

*pp piu lento*  
 Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing,  
*piu lento*  
 Due Pedali \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

Is the fa' o' her fai - ry feet; And like  
 Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

winds in sum - - mer sigh - ing, Her  
 Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*p*      *rall.*      *a tempo e cresc.*  
 voice is low and sweet, Her  
 Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*  
*a tempo e cresc.*

*f entusiastico*  
 voice is low and sweet, And she's  
 Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*  
*\**

*molto cresc.*      *ff*  
 a' the world to me, Oh for bon - nie An - nie  
*f*      *ff*      *colla voce*      *a tempo*  
 Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*  
*\**

*f*  
 Lau - rie, I wad lay me doon and dee.  
*colla voce*      *f*  
 Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*  
*\**

# Four Indian Songs

## A Cycle of Four Songs

Words from "The Garden of Kama"

by Laurence Hope

Music by

HERMANN LÖHR

(Keys: Low, Medium and High)

To maintain the high standard of previous achievement is something to be placed on the record of any labourer in the field of Art. When Hermann Löhr submitted "**Songs of the Southern Isles**" to the verdict of a critical public, they were received with a chorus of approval, but his creative instinct seems not to have rested content with such speedy recognition, and in quick succession he has written these "**Four Indian Songs.**"

Through the medium of Laurence Hope's realistic verse, he has "heard the East a-callin'," like Kipling's "ten year soldier," and for the time being has evidently "heeded nothin' else." All the veiled mysticism, the relentless fascination and the pitiless fatalism of the East have been woven into the texture of these songs. In "**Starlight**" we seem to see the midnight sky of the Orient ablaze with myriad points of light, which by their cold brilliance intensify the passion and pain of the lover's questionings.

"**Just in the Hush Before the Dawn**" is full of mystery and eeriness which are heightened by the recurrence of a simple triplet figure in the voice part and the accompaniment. The song closes in a climax eloquently suggestive of the Oriental spirit of "Kismet."

Tragic and poignant feeling throbs in every note of "**This Passion is but an Ember.**" This consummation is reached by very simple harmonic means which alone are a tribute to the composer's talent. "**On the City Wall**" embodies the tragedy of the meeting of East and West,—of the "blue eyes that conquer the brown eyes,"—and the resultant hopeless love.

"Blue eyes so clear and brilliant,  
Brown eyes so dark and deep.  
Those are dim and ride away,  
These cry themselves to sleep."

Here again, the heights of Love and Sorrow are touched, and the means employed are so simple and direct as to make this number all the more convincing.

If anything further were needed to strengthen the regard in which Hermann Löhr is held by singers and song-lovers the world over, this Cycle of Four Songs would do much to achieve that object.

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