

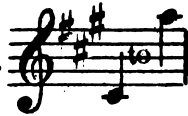


Nº 1, in F. 

Nº 2, in G. 

Nº 3, in A. 

# Unto Thy Heart

## SERENADE

FOR VOICE WITH VIOLIN OBBLIGATO

Words by Victor Hugo, (from "Angelo")

*English Version by E. O. Coe.*

Music by

# F. Allitsen.

*By the same Composer*

"MARJORIE."

Song in 3 Keys.

*Ent. Sta. Hall.*

*Price 4<sup>s</sup>/=*

E. ASCHERBERG & CO  
46, Berners Street, Oxford Street,  
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LONDON, W.

# UNTO THY HEART.

Words by VICTOR HUGO,  
English Version by ERNEST OSWALD COE.

Music by  
F. ALLITSEN.

**Andante appassionato.**

**VIOLIN OBBLIGATO.**

*mf dolce espressivo.*

**VOICE.**

**PIANO.**

*p dolce.*

*Ad.*

*f* *dim.*

*p dolce.*  
*dolce con tenerezza.*

My soul un - to thy heart is  
Mon âme à ton - cœur s'est don -

*dolce.*

*p dolce.*  
*dolce.*

giv - - - en, In mys - - - tic folds do they en  
- ne - - - e, Je n'ex - - - is te qu'à ton cô -

twine;.....  
 te'.....

So bound in one, that were they  
 Car u - - - ne mê - me des - ti -

*molto cres*

*molto cres.*

riv - - - en,  
 - ne' - - - e.

My soul would life re - sign, Would  
 Nous joint d'un lieu en -

*sf*

*ff*

*dim espress.*

*dim*

*rall.*

*colla voce.*

life re - sign!  
 - chan - - - tél

Thou art the  
 Toi l'har - mo -

*cres. appassionato*

*colla voce.*

*cres.*

*Ped.*

*mf* *espressivo*

*p* *dolce e rit.*

song, And I the lyre.  
- nie, et moi la lyre.

*p* *colla voce* *f* *a tempo.*

*And.*

*a tempo.* *cres.*

Thou art the  
Moi - lar - bus -

*mf*

\*

*mf* *espress*

*dolce e rit.*

breeze, And I the briar.  
- te et toi le sé - phyre.

*dolce e rit.* *a tempo*

*And.*

The al - - - tar I. and thou the  
Moi le lév're et toi le sou -

*f*

*Ped.*

fire, - rive, Mine, mine, the deep  
Moi, Moi, la -

*sf* *ff*

*strin - - - gen - - - do.*

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

love, Mine the deep love, The beau - - - ty  
mour Moi la - mour. Et toi la beau -

*colla voce.*

*colla voce. marcato.*

*mp*

*poco piu animato.*

thine!  
-té!

*mf*

*dim.*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

*dim.*

*p*

As  
Tan -

*espress.*

fleets a - way the ra - pid hour, while weep - - ing  
- dis que l'heu - - - re s'en va fuy - ant.....

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

*espress e cres.*

*cres.*

*Ped.*

Oh may my sorrowing lay,  
Mon chant qui pleu - re.

Touch thee, sweet flow'r,  
Dans l'ombre ef - fleur.

*Ped.*

Oh may my sorrowing lay,  
Dans l'ombre ef - fleu - re

Touch thee, sweet flow'r!  
Ton front ri - ant!

*Ped.*



*mf* *a poco.* *cres.*  
*a - ni - ma - to.* *molto.*  
*Ah!*  
*sempre.* *cres* *can* *do.*  
*f* *a tempo.*  
*My Mon*  
*ri tar - dan - do.*  
*f marcato* *rall* *a tempo.*

*f appassionato*

*f sostenuto ed appassionato*

soul un to thy heart is giv en. In  
 âme à ton cœur s'est don né e. Je

*f sostenuto*

mys tic fold do they en twine..... So  
 n'ex is te qu'à ton co té,..... Car

*cres.* *sf* *Λ*

bound in one, that were they riv en.  
 u ne mê me des ti né

*cres.* *sf*

\* *Ad.*

*dim. colla voce.**mp sempre.**dim molto espress.*

My soul would life re-sign, Would life..... re - sign!.....  
 Nous joint d'un lieu en - chan - - - - - tel.....

*dim. colla voce.**pp**espressivo.**cres.*

My..... soul.....  
 Mon..... âme.....

*f**p dolce.**pp*

..... my.....  
 ..... Mon.....

soul!.....  
 âme!.....

*dim.**ppp*

# NEW AND SUCCESSFUL SONGS.

## Up and Away!

(A SUMMER WOOING.)

WORDS BY

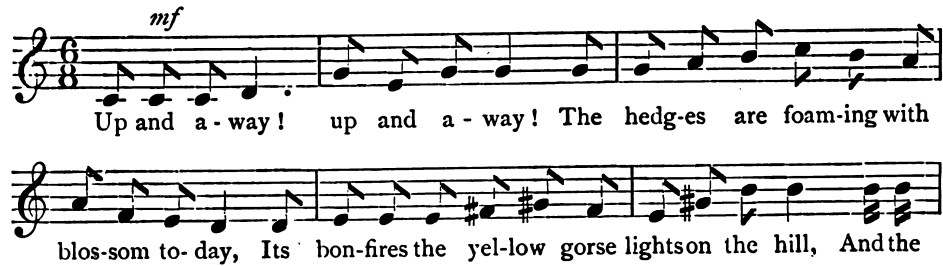
MARIE HEDDERWICK.

MUSIC BY

MADGE E. CONROY.

*Allegro con spirito e marcato.*

Published in four Keys.



Up and away! up and away!  
The hedges are foaming with blossom to-day,  
Its bonfires the yellow gorse lights on the hill,  
And the wanton wind's wooing wherever it will.  
Then up and away! up and away!  
The cuckoo's name rings through the woodlands to-day,  
The warm blood of summer runs rioting through  
The veins of each leaflet, then why not of you?  
Up and away! up and away!  
There's passion and poetry stirring to-day;  
Half blinded with rapture the heavy bees dart  
From the lily's white breast to the rose's red heart.  
Up and away! up and away!  
The world has begun a fresh courting to-day—  
I woo'd you all winter but found you as cold  
As the snowdrift that gleam'd on the ridge of the wold.

Up and away! up and away!  
The hedges are foaming with blossom to-day,  
Its bonfires the yellow gorse lights on the hill,  
And the wanton wind's wooing wherever it will.  
Then up and away! up and away!  
Your eyes tell me "Yes," though your lips say me "Nay,"  
The tears so long frost-bound are ready to flow,  
And she melts in my arms, my proud maiden of snow.

## Spring is here.

WORDS BY

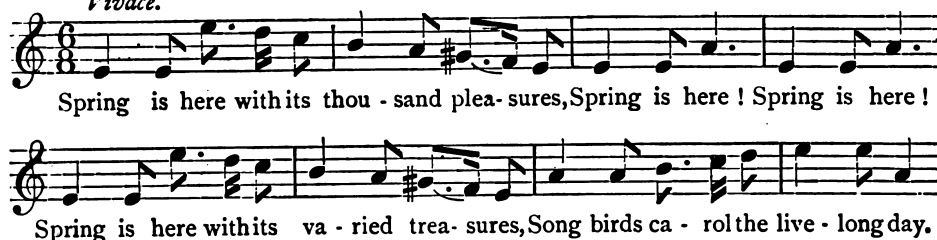
ANNETTE BAKER.

MUSIC BY

EDITH A. DICK.

*Allegretto gioioso.  
Vivace.*

Published in three Keys.



Spring is here with its thousand pleasures,  
Spring is here! Spring is here!  
Spring is here with its varied treasures,  
Song-birds carol the live-long day—  
Their sweetest lay.

Ah!—Come, my love, to the meadow sweet,  
Where forget-me-nots kiss your feet;  
Come, my love, it is love's new year,  
For Spring is here, for Spring is here!  
Ah!—Come, my love! Ah!—Come, my sweet!  
Come where the daisies kiss your feet!  
Come, my sweet!

Spring is here with its tender flowers,  
Spring is here! Spring is here!  
Brought to life by the soft warm showers,  
Oh, the joy of a glad Spring day!  
All white with may!

Ah!—Come where willow trees woo the stream,  
There let us linger, love, and dream;  
Come! for life's in its may-time dear,  
When Spring is here! When Spring is here!  
Ah!—Come, &c.

## Mignon.

WORDS BY

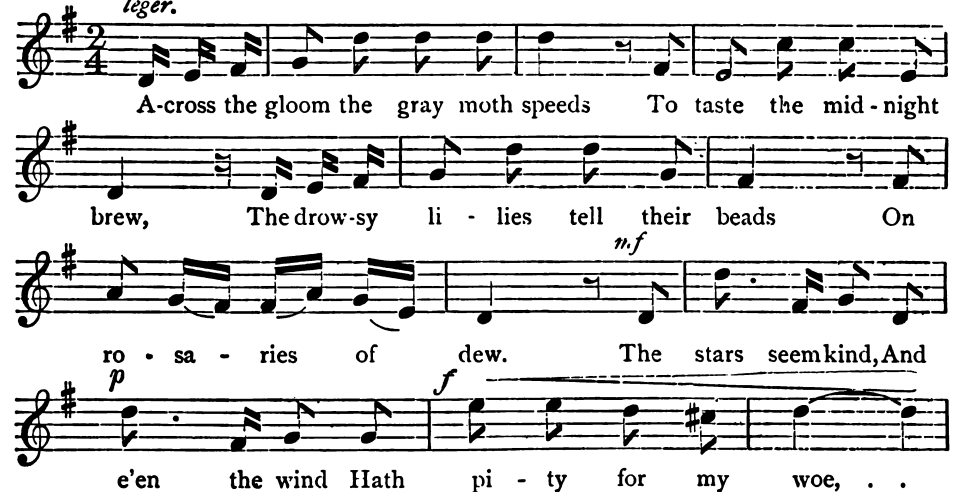
S. M. PECK.

MUSIC BY

GUY D'HARDELOT.

*Moderato animato.  
léger.*

Published in two Keys.



Across the gloom the gray moth speeds  
To taste the midnight brew,  
The drowsy lilies tell their beads  
On rosaries of dew.  
The stars seem kind, and e'en the wind  
Hath pity for my woe,  
Ah! must I sue in vain, ma belle?  
Say no, Mignon, say no!

E'er long the dawn will come to break  
The web of darkness through;  
Let not my heart unanswered ache  
That beats alone for you.  
Your casement ope, and bid me hope,  
Give me one smile to bless;  
A word of love will ease my pain,—  
Say yes, Mignon, say yes!

## Egyptian Lullaby.

WORDS BY

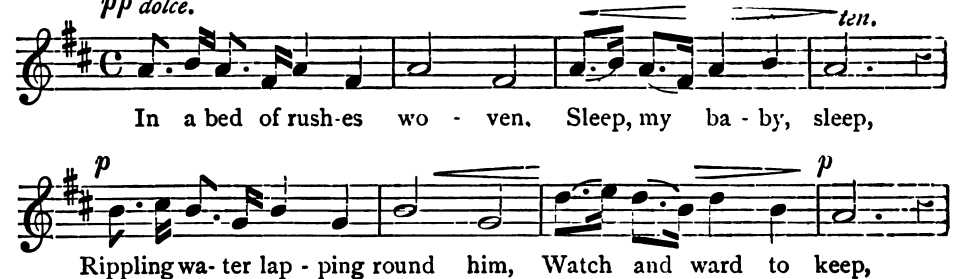
ROY HORNIMAN.

MUSIC BY

ANTON STRELEZKI.

*Andantino, quasi allegretto.  
pp dolce.*

Published in two Keys.



In a bed of rushes woven,  
Sleep, my baby, sleep,  
Rippling water lapping round him,  
Watch and ward to keep,  
While the reeds spread out above him  
Shadows still and deep.  
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

Clinging hands must loose me, darling,  
Kissing lips be dry,  
Longing eyes grow dim and weary,  
Curls in quiet lie.  
Baby must alas! forget me,  
And his love must die.  
Sleep, my darling, sleep.

River, gently flowing past him,  
Bear his tears away;  
River, softly flowing to him,  
Bring him rest I pray.  
Softest breezes lily-scented,  
Round his beauty play;  
Hush thee, dearest, fairest, darling,  
Here I must not stay.