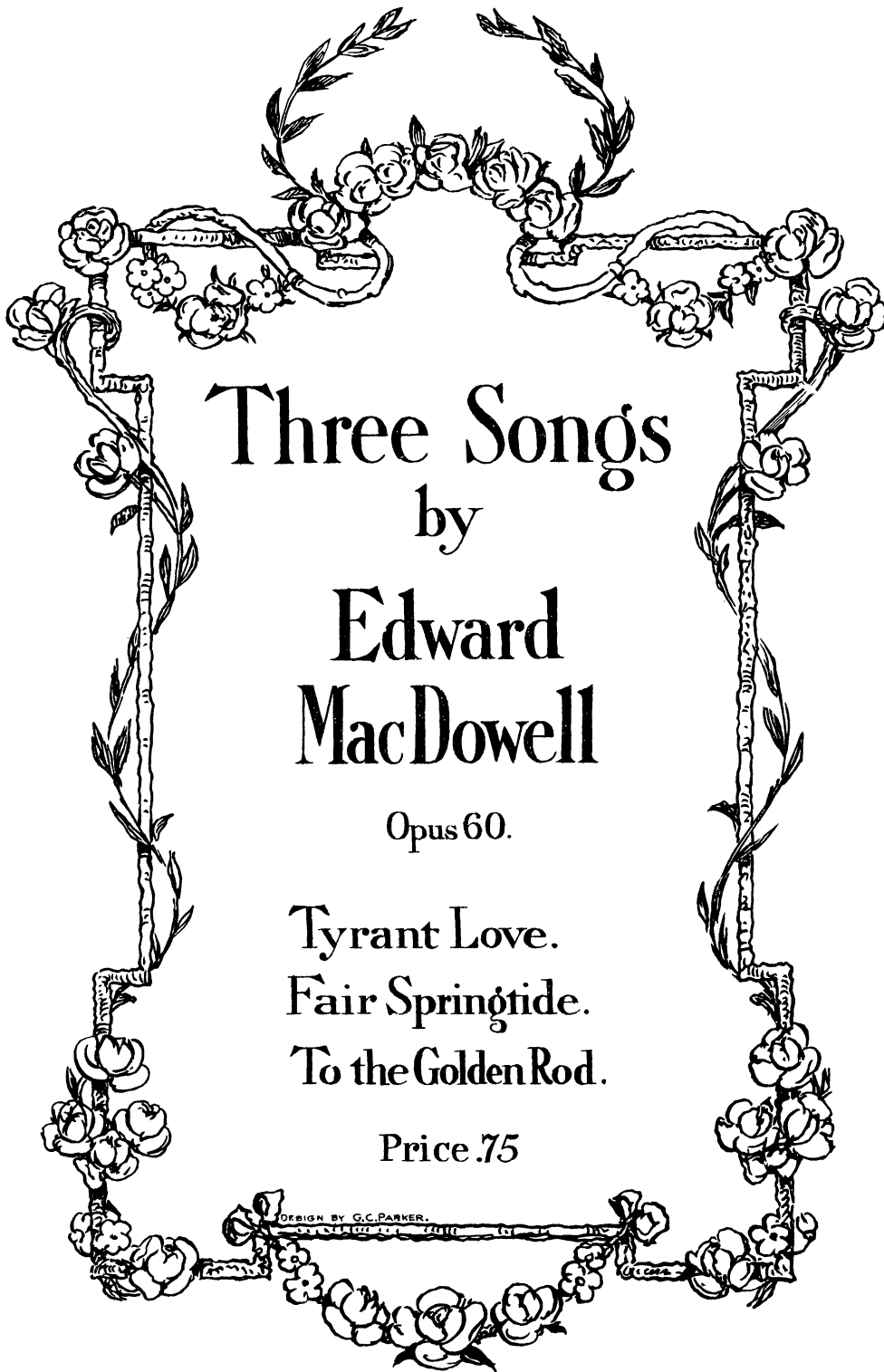


EDITION SCHMIDT N° 65.



# Three Songs by

## Edward MacDowell

Opus 60.

Tyrant Love.  
Fair Springtide.  
To the Golden Rod.

Price .75

ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT.

BOSTON,  
120 Boylston St.

LEIPZIG,

NEW YORK,  
136 Fifth Ave.

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# TYRANT LOVE.

EDWARD MAC DOWELL.  
Op. 60. N<sup>o</sup> 1.

Lightly, yet with tenderness. (♩=about 88.)

Where e'er Love be, Ty-rant he, — With-out mer-ci;

retard  
Plead as thou may, Ah me! He ne'er thy tears will see, Ah me! Ah me!

ret.  
pp slightly slower  
p  
pp

pp  
Light wings hath he — As an - y bee Let not him

pp  
p.

*broadly*

free, For — he a - lone, Ah me! He a - lone Can

*f*

*As at first*  
*pp*

rule the king-dom he Hath won, Ah me! — Where e'er Love be,

*p* *p*

*retard.*

Ty-rant he, — With-out mer-ci, But hold him close, ma mie,

*retard.*

*p* *pp*

As bish-op to his see, For me, for me! —

*pp* *slightly slower* *p* *pp*

# FAIR SPRINGTIDE.

EDWARD MAC DOWELL.  
Op. 60. N<sup>o</sup> 2.

Very slow, with pathos. (♩ = about 84.)

Fair Spring-tide com - - eth once a - gain —

Stirs the sap in lone - ly trees — To wake a-gain the

bit-ter joy Of love — That mort - al eye n'er sees, The

bit-ter joy of love — Why wak - - en those — who

*ff* *dim.*

*increase* *ff*

sleep so sound — Why cause a - gain — the tears to

*dim.* *pp*

flow. — Ah Spring-tide thou dost touch the quick Of ev' - ry crea-ture

*pp*

here be-low. Ah Spring-tide! Ah Spring - tide! Why wak-en those who

*ff*

*diminish and broaden*

sleep so sound And cause the tears to flow. Yet though the

*ppp*

*dim. gradually -*

*ppp*

tears be bitt - er - sweet, They come like sooth - - ing

*ppp*

Sum-merrain And lo! the mournful des - ert heart Grows green with love-lorn pain —

*ppp*

a - gain.

*pp* *ppp*

# TO THE GOLDEN ROD.

EDWARD MAC DOWELL.  
Op. 60. N<sup>o</sup> 3.

With tender grace. (♩ = about 52.)

*p* A liss - ome maid with

*p* *lightly*

tows - eled hair As soft as e'er a squir - rel's vair, With

*pp*

ne'er a care, All silk - y fair, She sways to ev' - ry

*p*

woo - - - ing air. She

*pp*

flaunts her gold - en gown with grace And laughs in stur-dy

*mp*

Aut - umn's face, A ray of sun - shine in the race That

*softer*

ends with hoar - y wint - - er's pace With-

*ppp* *mp* *p*



*As at first*

in my heart O, maid - en fair, Old Wint - er's frown can

*p* lightly *pp* increase

ne'er ef - face Thy way - ward grace so de - - - bon -

*f* lightly

air Thou prin - cess of a nom - ad race.

*p* *retard* *p* *retard*

*ppp*

*very softly* *ppp*