







NOTHING BUT A WILD ROSE

Ah, tis nothing but a wild rose,
Dainty petals frail and pink,
And it withers while you pluck it,
Hardly worth the while, you think.

And so with some hearts we cherish,
All too sensitive we know,
For they cannot bear the rough winds,
Nor the winter's ice and snow.

But the tender heart and wild rose,
Though their mission soon is past,
Will have left a fragrant memory
Clinging 'round us close and fast.

NOTHING BUT A WILD ROSE

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Moderato

pp *delicato*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with a series of eighth notes and a dotted quarter note, followed by a more complex rhythmic pattern. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

p

Ah, 'tis noth-ing but a wild rose,
 And so with some hearts we cher-ish,
 But the ten-der heart and wild rose,

The piano accompaniment for the first verse features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. A *p* dynamic marking is present.

Dainty pet-als frail and pink, And it withers while you
 All too sen-si-tive we know, For they can-not bear the
 Tho'their mis-sion soon is past, Will have left a fra-grant

sva

The piano accompaniment for the second verse continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment. A *sva* (sustained) marking is present in the right hand.

cresc.

pluck it, Hard - ly worth the while, you
 rough winds, Nor the win - ter's ice and
 mem - - 'ry Cling - ing 'round us close and

cresc.

mf

think, Hard-ly worth the while, you think.
 snow, Nor the win - ter's ice and snow.
 fast, Clinging 'round us close and

mf *p* *rall.*

pp *rall.* *fast.*

3

WALKING IN HER GARDEN

Walking in her garden,
Dearest of flowers was she;
Pure and sweet as the lilies
Dearer than life to me.
Just a budding blossom
Who with God's love was sent,
Seemed to me like an angel
As gathering flowers she went.

First she gathered roses,
Pink roses glistening with dew,
Then she gathered marguerites
Asking them if they knew
If her lover loved her
And if his love were true,
And if he e'er should deceive her,
What could her broken heart do?

Then the dainty petals
Told her the story of old
Till she came to the last one
Left in the heart of gold.
"He loves me, he loves me not,
Loves mé!"
That's what the sweet flowers told.

WALKING IN HER GARDEN

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Tempo di Valse

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major, 3/4 time. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with chords and single notes.

p ³
Walk - ing in — her gar - den,

p simile

The first vocal phrase is set against piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a triplet of eighth notes (B, C, D). The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Dear - est of flow - ers was she; — Pure and sweet as the

The second vocal phrase continues the melody. It starts with a quarter note G, followed by a half note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

lil - ies Dear - er than life to me. — Just a

The final vocal phrase on this page begins with a quarter note G, followed by a half note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The piano accompaniment concludes the section with a final chord.

3
bud - ding blos - som Who with God's love was sent, _____

mf
Seemed to me like an an - gel As gath'ring flow'rs she

mf *poco rall.*

went. _____ First she

p
a tempo

3
gath - ered ros - es, Pink ros-es glist'ning with dew, _____

cresc.

Then she gath - ered mar - guerites Ask - ing them if they

cresc.

p tenderly

knew If her lov - er loved her,

p agitato

And if his love were true, And if he e'er should de -

rit.

ceive her, What could her broken heart do? _____

rit.

mf

Then the dain - ty pet - als Told her the sto - ry of

cres - *cen*

old Till she came to the last one

f *più lento. dim.*

Left in the heart of gold. "He loves me, he loves me not,

ff

loves me." That's what the sweet flow'rs told.

X4013

THE ANGELUS

Now the bells are sweetly ringing,
And the vesper hour is here.
For thy sake a song I'm singing,
Dearest love of mine,
And I'm praying, winds are bringing
Back some thoughts of thine,
Loving thoughts to cheer my sadness,
And to dim my fears,
Whispered thoughts of loving gladness
Making smiles of tears.

To Miss Mary Peck Thompson

THE ANGELUS

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Tranquillo*p*

Now the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing, And the ves - per

(Chime of Bells)

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics 'Now the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing, And the ves - per' are written below the notes. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a 'Chime of Bells' section with a series of chords and single notes in the right hand, and a simple bass line in the left hand.

hour is here. For thy sake a song I'm singing,

p

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'hour is here. For thy sake a song I'm singing,'. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed above the second measure. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment with similar chordal textures and a steady bass line.

Dear - est love of mine, And I'm pray - ing

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff concludes the vocal line with the lyrics 'Dear - est love of mine, And I'm pray - ing'. The bottom staff concludes the piano accompaniment with the same harmonic and rhythmic patterns as the previous systems.

winds are bring - ing Back some thoughts of thine, — Loving thoughts to

cheer my sadness, And to dim my fears, — Whispered thoughts of

lov - ing glad - ness Mak - ing smiles of tears, — Mak - ing smiles of

tears. — *sva*
 dim - in - u - en - do *ppp*