

BY THE LAKE

Poem by Ethel Clifford.

SONG

Music by Liza Lehmann.

To be sung by Madame Clara Butt

Lento
Voice *P*
My son my little son we two will rest Beside the water red in sunset

p tranquillo e dolce assai
Piano forte
con *3rd*

light.
And watch the evening fade, the lake grow grey. Un-til the moon's en-chant-ment

p *cresc. poco piu mosso*
fills the night. Who knows what *sombra* fate stands near us now, What rich-robed destiny no eye can scan.

f *poco accel* *poco ritenuto* 3
scented-sandalled Love? Ah! — son of mine, Play not with love when you are grown a man. Feign nothing & love greatly when

v p poco a poco cresc (sostenuto)
love And having chosen, till the end be true. So shall one woman out of all the world Keep faith in

p poco a poco cresc

man by keep - ing faith in you - - - - - The world says: Promise little & no

poco accel *rall* *mf ad lib*

poco accel *rall* *mf* *colla voce*

thought of faith unfaithful holds you from your sleep. So rots the world - So rots the world. Nay

f *piu mosso marcato assai* *cresc molto*

piu mosso *marcato assai*

rather be it yours to promise Greatly. And your prom - ise keep.

sempre cresc *molto rall*

sempre cresc *ff* *molto rall*

8 *Imo tempo (lento)* *pp* Night comes, the moon is full - - - the quiet lake lies list'ning to the laughter of its streams - Lean close against my

subito pp

heart - Above your head my brooding thoughts shall weave a web of dreams.

sempre dim poco calando sempre dim *ppp a tempo* *morendo*

ppp a tempo *morendo*

Liza Lehmann