



SUNG BY
MISS EVANGELINE FLORENCE.

CARE SELVE

(COME, BELOVED)

From the Opera

“ATALANTA”

BY

HANDEL

Arranged from the Score

BY

A. L.

Price 60 cents

BOOSEY & CO.

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9 EAST 17TH ST. RYRIE BLDG., YONGE ST. 295 REGENT ST., W.

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BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

No. 1 in E^b

A PASTORAL

No. 2 in F

By VERACINI.
Arranged by A. L.

Allegretto grazioso. (M.M. ♩ = 80)
p e leggiero

O-ver the hill-top yon-der, Come, maid-en, let us wan-der, Come, maid-en, let us wan-der, There on my

pp e leggiero

pp pipe I'll play, on my pipe I'll play, And twine thee a gar-land gay, and twine thee a gar-land gay. Ah! *mf*

pp

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NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL

Words by TENNYSON. Sung by Mr. John McCormack. Music by ROGER QUILTER.

p Slow, with emphasis.

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white; Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk; Nor winks the gold fin in

the porphyry font: The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me. *pp* Now folds the lily all her sweetness

with passion. *pp*

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No.1 in Db No.2 in Eb To Lambert Murphy. No.3 in F

LOVE, AWAKE

TRIOLET.

*Words by
ALFRED NOYES.

Music by
C. LINN SEILER.
Op.10, No.1.

*Smoothly and with warm sentiment.
p almost wistfully. mf*

Love, awake! Ah,— let thine eyes O—pen, cloud—ed with thy dreams. Now the shy sweet

orig. time

ro-sy skies, Love, a—wake. Ah,— let thine eyes

pp mf strongly f passionately p

r.h. l.h.

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CARE SELVE.

~~~~~  
CARE Selve, ombre beate,  
Vengo in traccia del mio cor.

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## COME, BELOVED.

~~~~~  
COME, my beloved !
Through the sylvan gloom
I wander day and night ;
Oft I call thee ;
Come, my joy and my delight.
Gentle Zephyrs, fan her,
Banish love's alarms,
Tell her how I languish here,
Guide me safely to her arms.

CARE SELVE.

(COME BELOVED.)

HANDEL.
Arranged by A. L.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Largo.

p

Ca - re
Come, my be

Sel - ve,
lov - ed!

Ca - re, ca - re Sel -
Through the syl - van gloom . . .

- ve, om - bre be - a - - - te,
 . . . I wan - - - der day and night.

p

Ven - - - go... in trac - - - cia,
 Oft I call thee,

string *espress.*

Ven - - - go in trac - cia del mio cor,
 Come, my joy and my de - light,

string. cresc. *p*

Ven - go in trac - - - cia del mio
 Come, my joy and my de -

f *p*

cor., del mio cor.,
light, my de - light.

ppp

pp *rit. colla voce* *colla voce* *dolce*

Ca - re, ca - re Sel - ve,
Gen - tle Ze - phyr, fan - her,

p *p*

rit. *p dolce cantabile*

due Ped.

om - bre be - a - te,
Ban - ish love's a - larms,

dolce *legato*

Ven - go in trac - cia del mio
Tell her how I lan - guish

p string. *cresc.*

con Ped. *Ped.*

cor, Ven - go in trac - cia del . . . mio cor, . . .
here, Guide me safe - ly to . . . her arms, . . .

cresc. *f* *p cresc.*

del . . . mio cor, . . .
to . . . her arms, . . .

colla voce *p*

con ped.

Ven - go in trac - cia del . . .
Guide me safe - ly to . . .

mp *dolciss. colla voce* *pp dolce*

mio cor . . .
her arms. . .

p *pp dim.* *pppp*

OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS

BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

WHAT CAN IT BE?

Words by CARLETON S. MONTANYE. Music by A. LOUIS SCARMOLIN.

No. 1 in D *No. 2 in F*

Allegretto Scherzetto. *rall.*

Ah, sweet 'tis spring but that is not why A golden glow with-in I feel

p *molto rit.* *rall.* *ppp*

a tempo. *rit.* *cal canto.* *dim.* *pp*

Nor does the blue of far-a-way sky Lend me the joy that I re-veal. Sweet songs the

a tempo.

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LOVE'S GOLDEN MORROW

Words by FREDERICK JOHN FRASER. Music by AMY WOODFORD-FINDEN.

No. 1 in Bb *No. 2 in C* *No. 3 in D*

Moderato. *p dolce.*

I ne-ver knew a moon so strangely bright! I ne-ver saw a sky so gemmed with stars! I ne-ver knew so long a summer night! Oh shining

dolce. *p*

lamps a-bove! Your sil-ver rays, Your car-ni-val of light, are naught to me! I wait the com-ing of a day of days.

cresc. mf *molto accel.* *ff*

cresc. mf *molto accel.* *f* *ff*

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THE ENCHANTED GLADE

Words by G. HUBI-NEWCOMBE. Music by LÖIS BARKER.

No. 1 in F *No. 2 in Ab*

Moderato Lento. *pp rall.*

Night, and a woo-ing bird, Night, and the echoes' call, The sound of a whis-per'd word, And a hush more sweet than

colla voce

Più mosso

all. O, could the star-beams stay, The fair night last for aye, The

rall.

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