
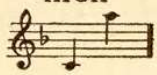
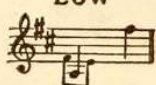


★ **Medium**




HIGH

LOW


OVER THE HILLS


POEM BY
VIRGINIA K. LOGAN

MUSIC BY
FREDERIC KNIGHT LOGAN

6

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The Sunset Trail of Gold

ALLIC FOLAND CRISS

Slowly and with expression

JAMES G. Mac.DERMID

Dear heart, the scenes of yes-ter-day..... Have van-ished with the past,..... For

like the rose of fragrance sweet..... They could not al - ways last..... But

ANNELU BURNS **Tho Shadows Fall** JAMES G. MacDERMID

HIGH WITH VIOLIN OBLIGATO MED

Moderato con moto LOW

No day so beau-ti-ful, no hour so fair But comes at length un-to its gold-en close; No

a tempo R.H. L.H.

song so sweet, no har-mo-ny so rare But thru the si-lence quiv-ers to re- pose. And

R.H. rit. L.H.

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Over The Hills

Poem by
VIRGINIA K. LOGAN

High Medium Low
(Original)



Music by
FREDERIC KNIGHT LOGAN
Opus 107

Moderato



Legato p
f a tempo
loco
rit pp Rubato
2 Red. (echo) * Red. * Red. * Red. *

Con Sentimento
O bliss-ful mem - o - ry! The—
Con Sentimento
fz
L.H. *p*
Red. * Red. * Red. Red. *

soft shades of twi - light o'er all the hill and
With much expression
rit
2 Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

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vale, The pipes of the shep-herd call his flock to the

*Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. **

fold And sad - ly the voice of the night - in-gale is

rit a tempo

*Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. **

call - ing, While lone - ly I'm yearn - ing for those days as of

*Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. **

A Little Faster

old. A - gain thro' the wild-wood in mem - 'ry I'm

A Little Faster

*Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. *Red. **

roam - ing Far down by the brook - let where sweet vio - lets grew, — The

rit

faint chime of ves - pers I hear in the gloam - ing Once more as in

a tempo *Rubato*

child - hood I roam a - gain with you. — In — twi light's soft

rit *R. H.* *L. H.* *a tempo*

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

pur - ple the scene now fades be - fore me As night draws her

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* *

veil a-cross the val - ley and hills, My heart it is

rit *a tempo*

long - ing For just one hour to be — Back home with the

lov'd ones there, Far o - ver the hills.

p Legato
L.H.
pp
Red. * Red. * 2 Red.

(echo) *pp* 3 (echo) *pp* 3 *ppp* 3 *p* 3 * Red. * * Red. *



Dedic **E'en As The Flower**
Adapted from the poem "THE PASSION FLOWER"

Not since the days of Ethelbert Nevin, has any composition so stirred the temperamental hearts of the music world with a melody of such exquisite beauty and delicacy as that written by the talented young American composer, Frederic Knight Logan, in his very latest song entitled:

Excet *p* *High Voice* *Medium Voice* *Low Voice*

stayed my steps to won-der there — That beau - ty so su-preme-ly

p *8*

rare — Should waste its lov - li-ness and won-drous love, — Its

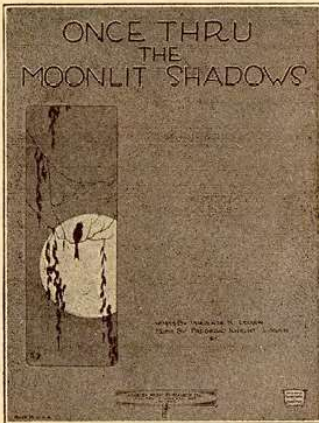
f con amore

f con amore

won - drous love on me, — That beau - ty so supremely fair, so fair;

p *Red*

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A good ballad must be rich in those sentiments which appeal to the heart, and its melody must be such as charms and endears alike. Logan has written many ballads but none finer, sweeter, or more musically sound than this.

It is a song of universal adaptability, as fit for the concert stage as for the home gathering.

p

Once thru the moon-lit shad - ows, From my case-ment I heard be-low A

p

night-in-gale sing - ing a song so sweet That I won - der'd and long'd to

know Was the song a mes-sage of love, dear, From you

p

* * * * *

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