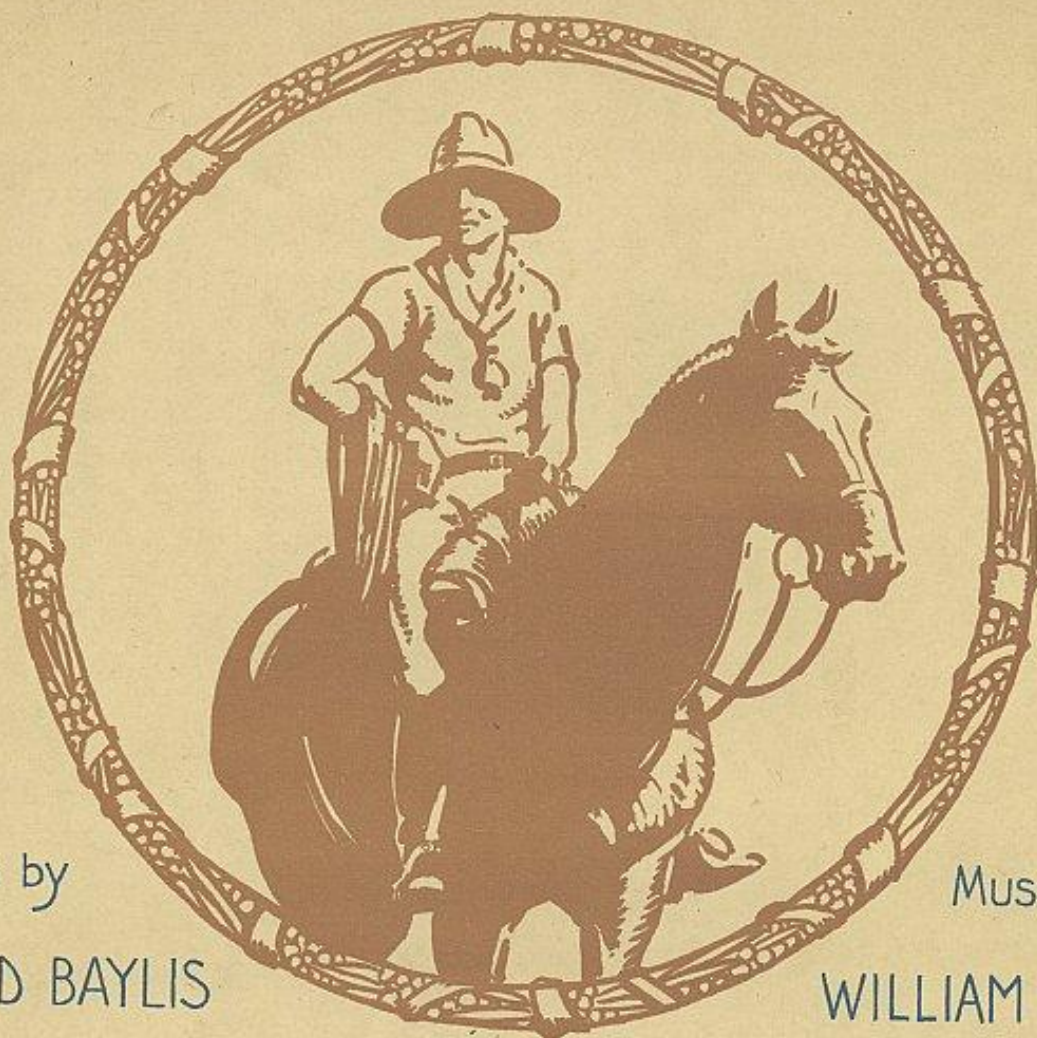


BUSH NIGHT SONG



Words by
RICHARD BAYLIS

Music by
WILLIAM G. JAMES

FROM THE CYCLE OF

SIX AUSTRALIAN BUSH-SONGS

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PARIS - SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME DES ÉDITIONS RICORDI - PARIS
18, Rue de la Pépinière, 18

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Printed in Italy

(Impresso in Italia)

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NOEL JOHNSON'S IMMENSELY POPULAR SONGS.

A Song of Rare Beauty.



A THOUGHT.

"Thrice blest are they who ever find God's hand in all!"

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by
NOEL JOHNSON.

Andantino. *p a tempo.*

VOICE: For some the calm, the sweet and peace-ful
life, The beau-ty of the world God made so fair,

PIANO: *rit.* *p a tempo.*

For some the calm, the sweet and peaceful life,
The beauty of the world God made so fair;
For some the storm, the never-ending strife,
The stress, the care!

For some the joy, the smile of fortune kind,
For some the frown of fate, the tears that fall,
But blest, thrice blest, are they who ever find
God's hand in all.

A Beautiful Ballad.



I COME TO YOU.

Words by
E. TESCHEMÄCHER.

Music by
NOEL JOHNSON.

Andante. *p a tempo.*

VOICE: Since you have call'd in ten-der tones to me,
Since in your eyes a world of love I see,

PIANO: *p a tempo.*

Since you have call'd in tender tones to me,
Since in your eyes a world of love I see,
Since life was dark, but now the skies are blue,
I come to you.

I do not come with aught save love to give,
But take it, dear, and teach me how to live;
With faith made strong, with gladness born anew,
I come to you.

Since to our hearts this gift of love is given,
Guiding our feet along the way to Heaven,
God keep it pure, God keep it fair and true—
I come to you.

Dedicated by special desire to DAME. NELLIE. MELBA.

1

V.

BUSH NIGHT - SONG

Words by
RICHARD BAYLISMusic by
WILLIAM G. JAMES

0454

(26)

OK

Andante
e tranquillo
♩ = 60

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The music is marked *pp* (pianissimo). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of a series of chords and single notes, while the bass line is a simple accompaniment. There are six asterisks (*) below the piano part, indicating the end of the introduction.

VOICE

Voice line for the first line of the song, marked *mp* (mezzo-piano). The lyrics are: "Where the golden wattle rise, Up in to the purple skies,"

Piano accompaniment for the first line of the song, marked *p* (piano). The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. It is marked *And. simile* (Andante simile).

Voice line for the second line of the song, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "Where the west wind softly sighs, Cool and deep;"

Piano accompaniment for the second line of the song, marked *mp* (mezzo-piano). The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

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119105

mp

Where the camp fire glimmers bright Near the salt - bush

p

cresc:

sil - ver white, Where the Cross^(x) gleams through the night,

cresc:

colla voce

mf * *mf* * *mf* * *mf* *

Sleep, sleep, Oh! sleep!

p *pp* *colla voce*

mf * *mf* *

mp

Till the eas - tern fires shall stain Grey and gold the track-less plain,

p

mf * *mf* *

(x)The Southern Cross.

mf

Till the bell - bird wakes a - gain, Day shall peep;

p

Slum - ber till the night is done, Dream of goals that shall be won —

pp

cresc:.....

With the ris - ing of the sun, Sleep, sleep,

colla voce

pp

Oh! sleep!

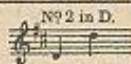
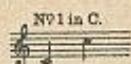
ppp

colla voce

rit:.....

SONGS FOR LADIES VOICES.

A Lullaby by Puccini.



A LITTLE BIRDIE.

(E L'uccellino.)

Italian Words by R. PUCINI.
English Words by LUTE DRUMMOND.

Music by
G. PUCINI.

Allegretto molto moderato. p

VOICE: A lit - tle bird - ie Sing - ing in the branch - es,
E l'uc - cel - li - no can - ta sul - la fron - da:

PIANO:

poco rall. "Bye - low my ba - by - Ti - ty bud of love!
al tempo dor - mi tran - quil - lo, boc - cuc - cia d'a - mo - re:

poco full. *al tempo*

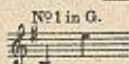
A little birdie
Singing in the branches,
"Bye-low my baby -
Tiny bud of love!
Bend closer now dear little golden head,
So mother's breast shall be thy downy bed!"

A little birdie
Singing in the tree-tops,
So many wondrous things
A baby knows,
"But in his sweetest songs you'll ne'er divine
How much your mother loves you - baby mine!"

A little birdie
Singing in the blue sky,
"Bye-low my darling,
Bye-low my baby."

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*Ring! you merry flutes adown the vale
Fill the hours with song that cannot fail!*



THE FLUTES OF ARCADY.

Words by
ED. LOCKTON.

Music by
WILLIAM G. JAMES.

Allegro moderato.

VOICE: The mer - ry flutes of Ar - ca - dy are ring - ing in the morn, A - down the woods and mis - ty vales sweet

PIANO:

mel - o - dies are borne; They call to me, "Oh, wake and come and tread this hap - py world,

The merry flutes of Arcady are ringing in the morn,
Adown the woods and misty vales sweet melodies are borne;
They call to me, "Oh, wake and come and tread this happy world,
Oh! leave the tears of night behind and greet the flowers unfurled!"
Ring, you merry flutes, adown the vale,
Fill the hours with song that cannot fail!
Wake the magic past again for me,
Ring! O flutes of Arcady!

The merry flutes of Arcady, how beautiful they seem,
Like fairy melodies of gold, the music of a dream!
If youth be far away from you, if life be dark and vain,
O hark, O listen in the morn, they'll make you young again!
Ring, you merry flutes, adown the vale,
Fill the hours with song that cannot fail!
Wake the magic past again for me,
Ring! O flutes of Arcady!

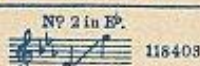
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YOU MUST TRY THESE SONGS.

A Brilliant Song of "Old World" Beauty.

118402  No 1 in D^b

118403  No 2 in E^b

IN THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND.

Words by
VIOLET HOY.

Music by
WILLIAM G. JAMES.
Composer of the successful Song
"THE FLUTES OF ARCADY"

VOICE.  In the Gar - dens of Eng - land fair ro - ses are wa - king, Their

PIANO.  * *And.* * *And.* *simile*

In the Gardens of England fair roses are waking,
Their petals unfolding 'neath blue skies of June;
Yet how swiftly they droop, ere they fall and they die, dear:
Summer in England is over so soon.

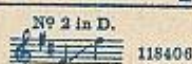
In the Woodlands of England sweet song-birds are calling
At daybreak and noontide, till night, dear, shall cease;
Yet how soon will their music be hushed into silence:
Song birds of England in winter are dumb.

But in homesteads of England fond hearts still are beating
When summer is ended, and skies, dear, are grey;
For though bird notes may falter, and roses may perish,
True love in England endureth for aye!

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The Essence of Sweetness and Simplicity.

118405  No 1 in C.

118406  No 2 in D.

MY HOUSE BEHIND THE RED HILL.

Words by
CHARLES DUNN.

Music by
CECIL LAW.
Composer of
"JUNE AND YOU" SONG.

VOICE.  There's a ti - ny old farm that just fills you with charm, With corn that waves ripe in the breeze. —

PIANO. 

There's a tiny old farm that just fills you with charm,
With corn that waves ripe in the breeze,
There's the lily's soft bloom and the roses' perfume,
There's the breath of a song in the trees;
By a soft gliding stream, where we oft sit and dream,
Which flows past the old water mill;
And at evening's close we both find repose
In my house just behind the red hill.

There's a sweet baby tone that's a treasure to own,
That's worth all the millions untold;
With an innocent smile that can make life worth while,
And a kingdom that cannot be sold.
There's a laughter so true in those two eyes of blue,
And each night when all's calm and still,
I ask in a prayer my loved ones: He'll spare
In my house just behind the red hill.

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TWO OUTSTANDING RECENT ISSUES.

A Splendid Dramatic Song Every Artist will Appreciate.

115438 No 1. in E. minor. 115443 No 2. in G. minor.

Sonnet by
AUBREY DE VERE.

THE SUN-GOD.

Music by
WILLIAM G. JAMES.

Andante maestoso ma non troppo.

VOICE. I saw the Mas-ter of the Sun. He

PIANO. *con Ped.*

stood High in his lumin-ous car, him-self more bright;

PIANO. *con Ped.*

I saw the Master of the Sun. He stood
High in his luminous car, himself more bright;
An Archer of immeasurable might:
On his left shoulder hung his quivered load,
Spurred by his steeds the eastern mountains glowed;
Forward his eager eye, and brow of light
He bent; and, while both hands that arch embowed,

Shaft after shaft pursued the flying sight.
No wings profaned that god-like form; around
His neck high held an ever-moving crowd
Of looks hung glistening: while such perfect sound
Fell from his bowstring, that th' ethereal dome
Thrilled as a dew drop; and each passing cloud
Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam.

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This IS the Man's Song of the Year.

(NO MALE VOCALIST SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.)

115572 No 1. in E_h. 115573 No 2. in C₇. 115574 No 3. in E_h.

Words by
EDWARD LOCKTON.

A WARWICKSHIRE WOOING.

Music by
WILLIAM G. JAMES.

Moderato.

VOICE. When I was down at Graf-ton Fair, Oh! this was years a - go, I

PIANO. *p a tempo*

saw a dain-ty lit-tle maid A-see-ing of the show.

PIANO. *piu rit.*
colla voce

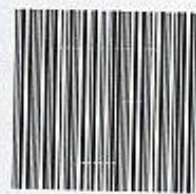
When I was down at Grafton Fair, oh! this was years ago,
I saw a dainty little maid a-seeing of the show.
Upon a chocolate horse she rode as brave as any man,
She smiled at me, I smiled at her, that's how it all began.

And there was Mary Jane, making eyes at me!
And there, of course, was 'Oi, making eyes at she
And the horses kept a-turning, and my heart it
So I spoke to Mary Jane in the Warwickshire

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