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SUMMER LONGINGS

*[Las mananas Floridas
De abril y Mayo - Calderon.]*

SONG

Composed for, and Dedicated

TO

S. P. THOMPSON ESQ.

BY HIS FRIEND

Stephen P. Foster.

AUTHOR OF "UNCLE NED" and "SUSANNA."

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SUMMER LONGINGS .

Words from the Home Journal .

Composed by S.C.FOSTER.

Not too slow .

PIANO FORTE

Scherz.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a lively Scherz tempo. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Ah! my heart is wea - ry waiting,

The vocal line begins with a half rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

Parlante.

Waiting for the May - Waiting for the pleasant rambles, Where the fragrant

Ad libitum.

The tempo is marked 'Parlante'. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a more active texture, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic accompaniment. The section ends with 'Ad libitum.'.

A tempo.

hawthorn brambles, With the woodbine al - ter - na - ting, Scent the dew - y way.

The tempo returns to 'A tempo'. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides a final accompaniment with chords and a rhythmic pattern.

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1405.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting, Waiting for the May.

3^d Verse. Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 2^d Verse. Ah! my heart is sick with longing,

Sighing for the May.— Sighing for their sure re_turning When the summer
Parlante.
 Longing for the May.— Longing to es_ cape from study, To the young face

beams are burning, Hopes and flow'rs that dead or dy_ing All the win_ter lay.
A tempo.
 fair and ruddy, And the thousand charms be_longing To the summer's day.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,

Sighing for the

May.

3.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,

Throbbing for the May—

Throbbing for the seaside billows,

Or the water-wooing willows;

Where in laughing and in sobbing

Glide the streams away.

Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,

Throbbing for the May.

4.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,

Waiting for the May.

Spring goes by with wasted warnings—

Moonlight evenings, sunbright mornings—

Summer comes, yet dark and dreary

Life still ebbs away—

Man is ever weary weary,

Waiting for the May.