

EIGHT SONGS



THE LAND OF YOUTH AND LOVE

DREAMS

AMARANTH

TO CHURCH WITH MARY

CRADLE SONG

THE SEA

LOVE'S WAYS

GOOD NIGHT



WILLIAM EDWARD AITKEN

PRICE \$1.25

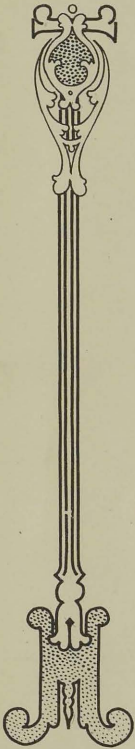
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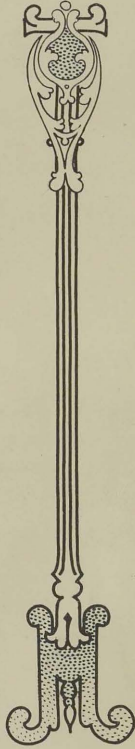
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THE
QUEEN'S BOROUGH
The Land of Youth and Love.

WILLIAM EDWARD AITKEN

Moderato.

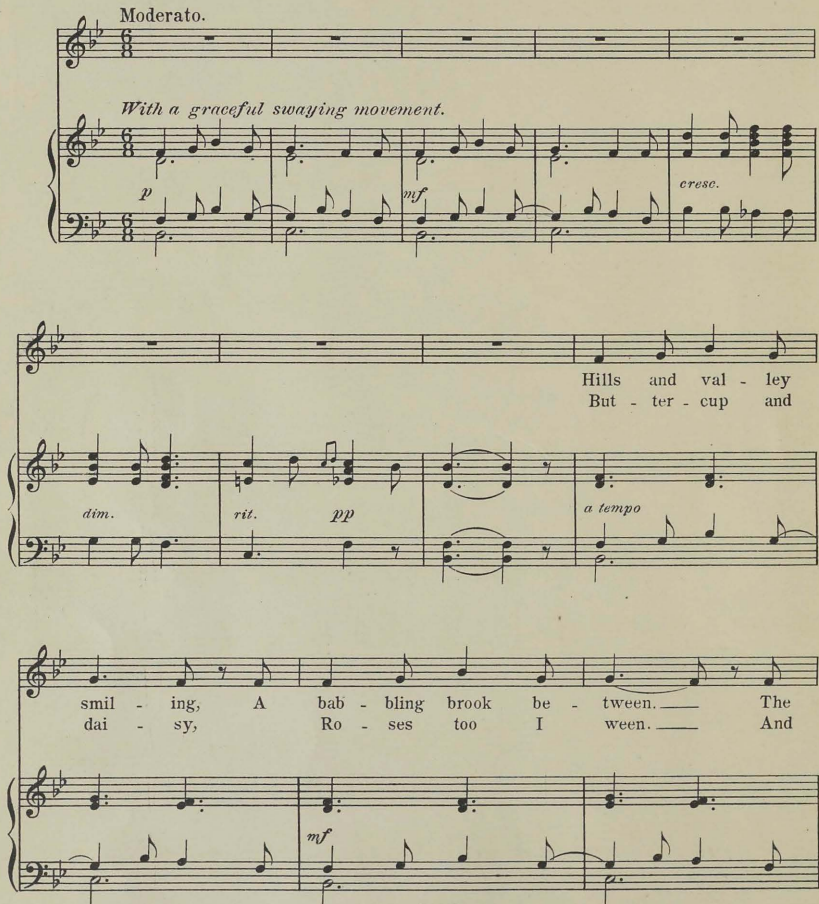
With a graceful swaying movement.

p *mf* *cresc.*

Hills and val - ley
But - ter - cup and

dim. *rit.* *pp* *a tempo*

smil - ing, A bab - bling brook be - tween. — The
dai - sy, Ro - ses too I ween. — And



breath of Spring in ev' - ry - thing, The trees and grass - es
blos - soms rare blown ev' - ry - where A - flaunt a - gainst the

cresc. *dim.* *p. rit.*

green. The vault - ed sky with flee - cy clouds Spreads
green. All moth - er earth is filled with mirth, The

mf a tempo

wide - se - rene a - bove. O sun - shine clear! O
sky - is fair a - bove. O glo - rious cheer! O

cresc. *f* *p. rit.*

land so dear! The land of youth and love. All
land so dear! The land of youth and love.

mf *p*

life it goes a - may - ing And joy is full past say - ing To

a tempo

all that meet in the land so sweet, The land of youth and love. To

mf accel. *f a tempo* *p dim.*

all that meet in the land so sweet, The land of youth and love. —

cresc. *ff* *p rit.*

accel. *ff* *p rit.*

Dreams.

Words by
JOHN E. LOGAN.

WILLIAM EDWARD AITKEN.

Moderato.

p *mf cresc.* *f* *dim.* *p* *rit.*

On - ly a dream, I care not If it be on - ly
On - ly a dream, no mat - ter If it be life to

p dolce *cresc.*

so For in the life I dare not
me Day - light but comes to shat - ter

Whis - per so fond - ly low With a laugh she might break my
 Scenes where I long to be Thus - ev - er I seek her

dim. *accel.*

heart If I wooed by the light of day But in
 face And - ev - er it fades a - way As I

L.h. *a tempo* *L.h.*

dreams she smiles as she sits a - part And she nev - er has said - me
 slip from the light of the dark - ness In - to the dark of the

p affettuoso

nay But in dreams she smiles — as she sits a-part And she
 day As I slip from the light — of the dark - ness —

mf *colla voce*

nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er has said me_ nay
 In - to the dark of the day — in - to the dark of the day

pp

Nev - er has said me nay. —
 In - to the dark of the day. —

rit. *cresc.* *dim.*

Amaranth.

WILLIAM EDWARD AITKEN.

Andantino.

Softly, slowly, and with pathos.

Don't you hear it cry - ing, -
Ah! you hear it moan - ing, -

p

cry - ing, - cry - ing. Don't you hear it cry - ing a -
moan - ing, - moan - ing. You shall hear it moan - ing through

cross the waste of years! — You, com - posed and
ev' - ry or - dered day. — You, se date, col -

qui - et, You, se - rene and ho - ly, Have you quite for -
lect - ed, You, so calm and qui - et, You must heark - en,

got - ten Those so bit - ter tears? — Have you quite for -
breath - less, To the voice al way. — You must heark - en,

got - ten. Those so bit - ter tears? —
breath - less, To the voice al - way. —

No, though all a - round be life and love and
And though night - time come to lull the world to

p

laught - er, You from all the world are —
slum - ber, Sleep - less hours are yours that —

barred by your sad thought. — Yours the bur - den
drag like wea - ry years. — Time shall bring to

through the creep - ing years to brood in si - lence
you no com - fort, love no mild as - suage - ment.

O'er the days when life meant love and laugh - ter came un -
Till the end shall fall your lone - ly un - a - vail - ing

sought. — Yours the bit - ter yearn - ing for
tears. — You must pay in sor - row the

cresc.

peace with sor - row bought. —
mul - ti - plied ar - rears. —

dim. *pp* *p*

pp

To Church with Mary.

WILLIAM EDWARD AITKEN.

Andantino.

Flowingly, gaily, not too fast.

Ding dong,
Par-son in church will
I'm but a lad of

ding dong! O song from the bel - fry grey! Ma - ry walks close be -
tell us That love is the gift of God. The neigh-bors will bid us
tween - ty And Ma - ry's a slen - der fay. We've plight-ed our troth for -

side me, Sor - row may ne'er be - tide me,
tar - ry For we're too young to mar - ry,
ev - er That noth - ing but death can sev - er,

Ding dong, ding dong! Hark what the church-bells say. —
 Ding dong, ding dong! The dai - sies — peep from the sod. — If
 Ding dong, ding dong! Hark what the church-bells say. —

dim.

Love is a rush - ing riv - er That sweeps to the might - y
 God takes heed - of the flow - ers And tem - pers the wind to the
 Love is a rush - ing riv - er That sweeps to the might - y

cresc.

sea — Man is but help - less drift - wood That
 shorn — He'll sure be — kind to Ma - ry With
 sea — Man is but help - less drift - wood That

dim. *pp rit.* *cresc.*

sweeps to its des - ti - ny.
 eyes like the sum - mer morn.
 sweeps to its des - ti - ny.

a tempo *pp*

Cradle Song.

Words by
Rev. FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

WILLIAM EDWARD AITKEN.

Andantino.

Day-light is fad - ing, the sun's in the west, Lul-la - by lit - tle one sleep._
Birds are a-sleep in their nests in the trees, Lul-la - by lit - tle one sleep._

Night com-eth on and the world is at rest, _ Lul-la-by lit-tle one sleep.
Soft-ly they swing to and fro in the breeze, Lul-la-by lit-tle one sleep.

I'll breathe a prayer to the Fa-ther a-bove, An-gels shall waft in on
Moth-er will rock her chick soft-ly to rest, Sing-ing the songs that her

p a tempo *mf cresc.*

pin-ions of love, Noth-ing can harm while I guard you my dove,—
dar ling loves best, Dreams shall be sweet while you lie in your nest,—

f rit. *p*

Lul-la-by lit-tle one sleep.— Lul-la-by lit-tle one sleep.—
Lul-la-by lit-tle one sleep.— Lul-la-by lit-tle one sleep.—

cresc. a tempo *dim. rit.* *dim.* *p*

More slowly, lingeringly, delicately.

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The Sea.

WILLIAM EDWARD AITKEN.

Andante affettuoso.

As I
Could

hark to its voice to- -night, A ques - tion comes to
time ebb — back like the tide, Could life be still at the

me: Could time turn back in its flight Like the
flood. A - las for the dreams that — died! That —

tides of the rest - less sea, Would the drift - ing — clouds a -
ebbd with my youth - ful blood. The sea sings its songs as of

rit.

a tempo

bove And the heav - ing waves be - low Be
yore But the tale that it tells is of woe The

sad to my heart as they are to - night Or blithe as long a -
hopes and the dreams come back no more That sailed so long a -

rit.

go. Be sad to my heart as they are to - night Or
go. The hopes and the dreams come back no more That

a tempo *rit.*

blithe as long a - go.
sailed so long a - go.

pp *a tempo* *rit.* *p* *pp*

Love's Ways.

Words by
L. C. PEREIRA.

WILLIAM EDWARD AITKEN.

Moderato.

pp rit. *a tempo*

How man-y ways Love hath to sure-ly
So I by man-y ways do sweet-ly

find us And make us his a lone. With
love thee, Through all the chang-ing hours; And

what swift cords he doth se - cure - ly bind us, That
with these words of love would meet - ly weave thee A

can - not be un done. And yet what - ev - er
wreath of death - less flow'rs That it may show thee

path he may dis - cov - er To snare un - wil - ling feet, He
how my love doth fash - ion From all its ec - sta - cy, One

lead - eth us back — by the same way ev - er To
 per - - fect sweet — de - light and pas - sion To

love's re - treat.
 give to thee.

a tempo

Goodnight.

WILLIAM EDWARD AITKEN.

Andante non troppo.

The sun is
My sun is

rit. *pp* *p a tempo*

set, the gold is turned to gray; — Draw down the
set, my gold is turned to gray; — Draw down the

blinds, for - get the pass - ing day.
blinds, shut out my emp - ty day.

And oh! for - get the long long wea - ry
 Let me for - get the hopes that knew no

toil, — The roads that tire, the ways that soil, The
 doubt, — That flamed so high, that flut - tered out The

mean and mea - gre pay. O grudg - ing dole for
 bro - ken - heart - ed way. Lo now that dark - ness

such as strive to keep The soul un - soiled, the
 holds me in its keep I say good - night, my

heart with - out re - gret! The day is done, I
heart with - out re - gret! My day is done, I

p rit. *a tempo* *mf*

great - ly crave to sleep And so for - get,
great - ly crave to sleep And so for - get,

rit. *p* *very softly and slowly.*

and so for - get.
and so for - get.

a tempo

p rit. *pp*

