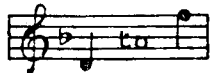
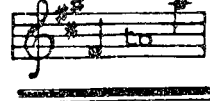


Nº 1 IN F



Nº 2 IN A



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.

NEW YORK - TORONTO - LONDON, (ENG.)
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OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS

BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

No. 1 in E♭ No. 2 in F

A PASTORAL

By VERACINI.
Arranged by A.L.

Allegretto grazioso. (M.M. ♩ = 80)
p e leggiero From the Opera of Rosalinda

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

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!

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No. 1 in D No. 3 in F
No. 2 in E♭ No. 4 in G♭

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. Now folds the lily all her sweetness

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No. 1 in D♭ No. 2 in E♭ No. 3 in F

To Lambert Murphy.

LOVE, AWAKE

TRIOLET.

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

*Words by
ALFRED NOYES.

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

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

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CARE SELVE.

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

---

## 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.

Largo.

VOICE.

PIANO.

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

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 -

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 *con ped.*

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

mp *dolciss. colla voce* *pp dolce*

... mio cor . . .
 her arms. . .

pp dim. *pppp*

Care Selve.

(K. 2558)

OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS

BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

No. 1 in D **WHAT CAN IT BE?** No. 2 in F

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

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

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

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No. 1 in B \flat No. 2 in C **LOVE'S GOLDEN MORROW** No. 3 in D

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

Moderato. *p dolce.* *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

p *cresc. mf* *molto accel.* *ff*

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.* *f* *ff*

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No. 1 in F **THE ENCHANTED GLADE** No. 2 in A \flat

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

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

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