

*Jenny Potter Ramsey*

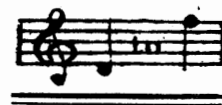
N<sup>o</sup>. 1 IN E<sup>b</sup>.



SUNG BY

Mr. Plunket Greene.

N<sup>o</sup>. 2 IN F.



# BOIS ÉPAIS.

(SOMBRE WOODS)

AIR FROM "AMADIS"

BY

LULLY,

(1684)

THE ENGLISH WORDS BY

THEO. MARZIALS,

THE ACCOMPANIMENT ARRANGED

BY

A. L.



BOOSEY & CO., LTD.

STEINWAY HALL, NEW YORK: 111-113 WEST 57<sup>TH</sup> ST.

— AND —

LONDON: 295 REGENT ST., W. I.

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# BOIS EPAIS.

(SOMBRE WOODS.)

Bois épais redouble ton ombre,  
Tu ne saurais être assez sombre,  
Tu ne peux trop cacher  
Mon malheureux amour.

Je sens un désespoir  
Dont l'horreur est extrême,  
Je ne dois plus voir ce que j'aime,  
Je ne veux plus souffrir le jour.

QUINAULT.

Sombre woods, ye glades dark and lonely,  
Where midnight gloom enters only,  
Oh! hide my slighted love  
In your unbounded night.

If now this broken heart  
Never more may enfold her,  
If no more these eyes may behold her,  
Then evermore I hate the light.

(English Translation.)

THEO. MARZIALS.

Music by LULLY. (1684)

Arr. by A. L.

**Largo.**

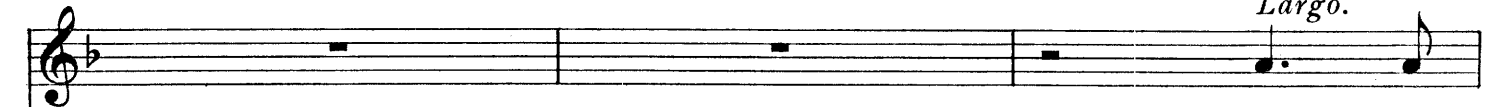
VOIX.



PIANO.



*Largo.*



Bois é -  
Som - bre



- pais re - dou - - ble ton om - - bre,  
woods, ye glades dark and lone - - ly,

Tu ne sau - rais être as - sez som - - bre, Tu  
Where mid - night gloom en - ters on - - ly, Oh!

ne peux trop ca - cher Mon mal - heur - eux a -  
hide my slight - ed love In your un - bound - ed

*sans respirer. pp*  
- mour. Bois é - pais re - dou - - ble ton  
night Som - bre woods, Ye glades dark and

*col voce. pp*

om - - bre, Tu ne sau - rais être as - sez  
lone - - ly, Where mid - night gloom - en - ters

som - - bre, Tu ne peux trop ca - cher Mon  
on - - ly, Oh! hide my slight - ed love In

mal - heur - eux a - mour Je sens un dès - es -  
your un - bound - ed night, If now this bro - ken

*cresc.* *f*

- poir Dont l'hor - reur est ex - tre - me,  
heart Ne - ver more may en - fold her,

*f marcato.*

*sta.*

*pp* *très tendrement.*

Je ne dois plus voir ce que  
 If no more these eyes may be -

*f risoluto.*

j'ai - - - me, Je ne veux  
 - hold her, Then ev - er

*con passione.*

plus souf - - frir le jour, Je  
 more I hate the light, If

*ff*

sens un dès - es - - poir Dont l'hor  
 now this bro - ken heart Ne - ver

reur est ex - trê - me,  
more may en - fold her,

*ff* *f marcato.*

8va.....

*pp dolce.*

Je ne dois plus voir ce que  
If no more these eyes may be -

*pp* suivez la voix.

*risoluto. f*

j'ai - me, Je ne veux  
- hold her, Then ev - er

*ff*

plus souf - frir le jour.  
- more I hate the light.

*f*

# OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

**REQUIEM**

Words by E. J. RUPERT ATKINSON No. 1 in A minor No. 2 in C minor Music by EDITH HARRY

*Andante poco accel.* *cresc.*

No more I fear Her frown - no more - though once her slave; For she is lost in ut-ter

*dim.* *f. rubato*

death - She cannot hear. Oh, would that I were Death!

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# HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

Words by THOMAS MOORE Irish melody arranged by HERBERT HUGHES

(Sung by Mr. JOHN M'CORMACK)

*Andante sostenuto*

No. 1 in E No. 2 in F No. 3 in A

Has Sor-row thy young days sha - ded, As clouds o'er the morn-ing fleet? Too fast have those young days fa - ded, That,

ev-en in sor-row, were sweet? - Does Time with his cold wing with - er Each feeling that once - was dear? - Then, child of mis-for-tune, come

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**DANNY BOY.**

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY. No. 1 in C No. 2 in D No. 3 in Eb No. 4 in F Adapted from An Old Irish Air by FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

*Andante.* Sung by Mr. Dan Beddoe.

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are call - ing - From glen to glen, and down the mountain side, - The summer's gone, and

all the ros-es fall - ing, - It's you, it's you must go, and I must bide. - But come ye back when summer's in the mea - dow, - Or when the

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# OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

No. 1 in D<sup>b</sup>  
Words by  
DENA TEMPEST

No. 2 in E<sup>b</sup>

## SITTIN' THINKIN'

(THE OLD SHEPHERD'S SONG)

No. 3 in F

Music by  
HOWARD FISHER

*Andante. (Rather broad)*

Sung by Mr. REINALD WERREN RATH

*Lento*

And when my Shepherd calls me home To fold, to fold at sun's red sink-in', He'll know 'twas how I worshipped

Him, Just sit-tin' think-in', sit-tin' think-in'.

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Words by  
MARJORIE PICKTHALL

No. 1 in B<sup>b</sup>

No. 2 in C

## DUNA

No. 3 in D<sup>b</sup>

No. 4 in E<sup>b</sup>

Music by  
JOSEPHINE Mc GILL

Sung by Mr. REINALD WERREN RATH

*Con moto. about (84 = ♩)*

And the lit-tle stars of Du-na, Call me home. The lit-tle stars of Du-na call me home, The

lit-tle stars of Du-na, Call me home.

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Words by  
EMILY WESTRUP.

No. 1 in C

## ONCE IN A BLUE-MOON

No. 2 in D

Music by  
HOWARD FISHER

*p Slow waltz time, with a lazy swing.*

Once in a blue moon, Dreams may come true; Grow, in a blue moon, Ros-es from rue;

True loves-as I and you- Part-ed in pain, Once, in a blue moon, May meet a-gain.

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