Carrie Jacobs-Bond

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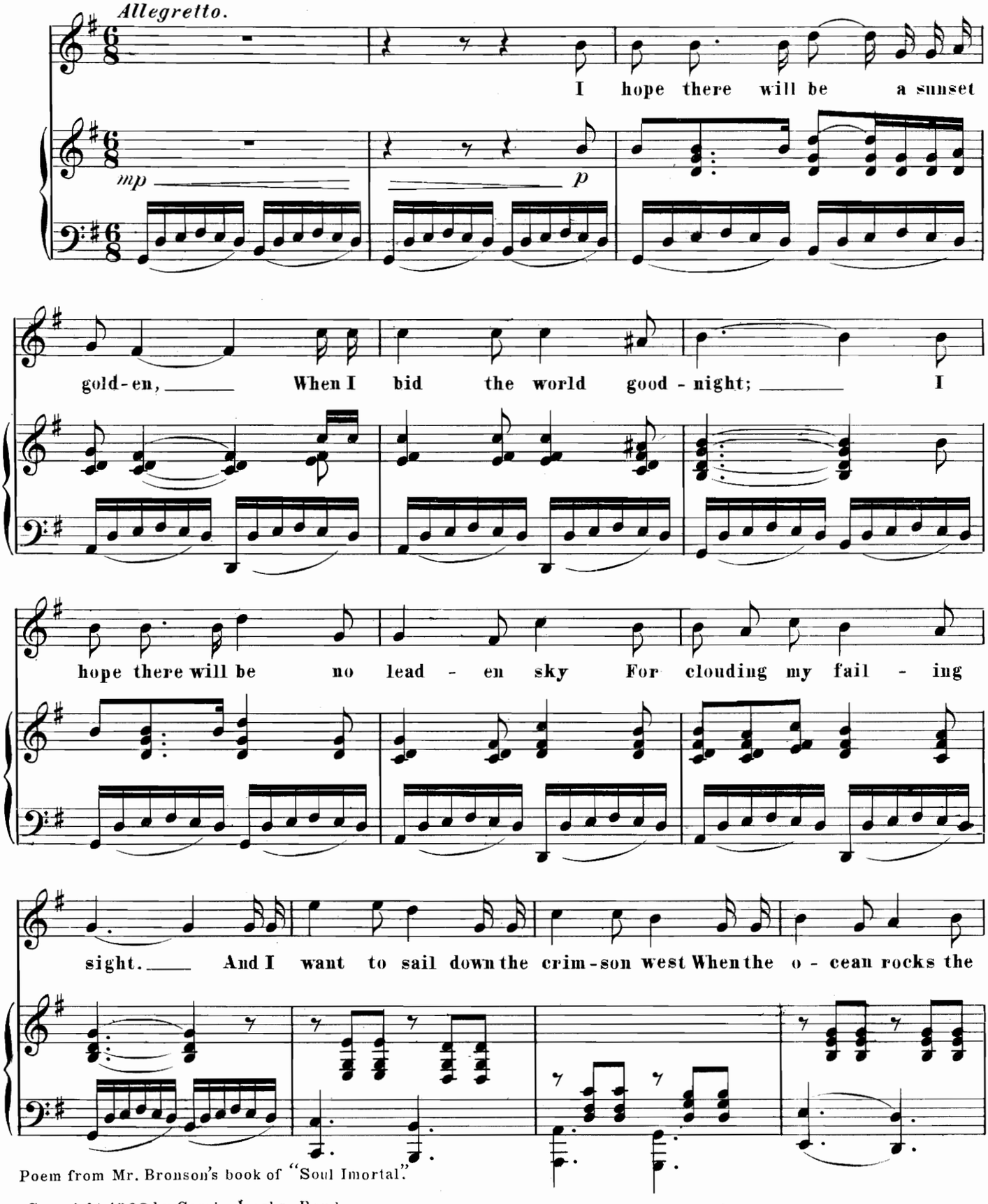
To Maude Wellings Bronson.

When I Bid The World Good Night.

Words by CATHCART BRONSON. Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.



Poem from Mr. Bronson's book of "Soul Imortal."

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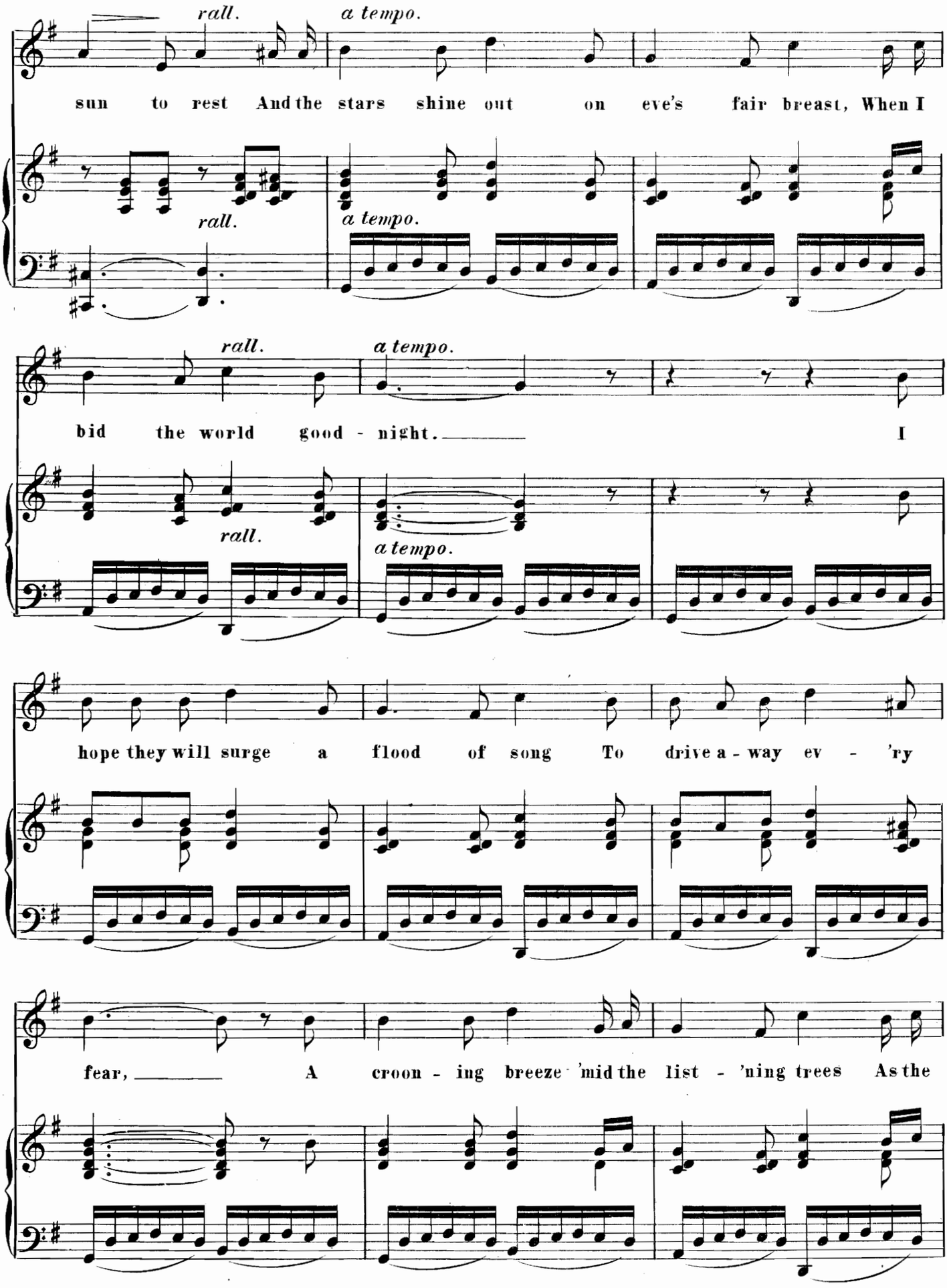
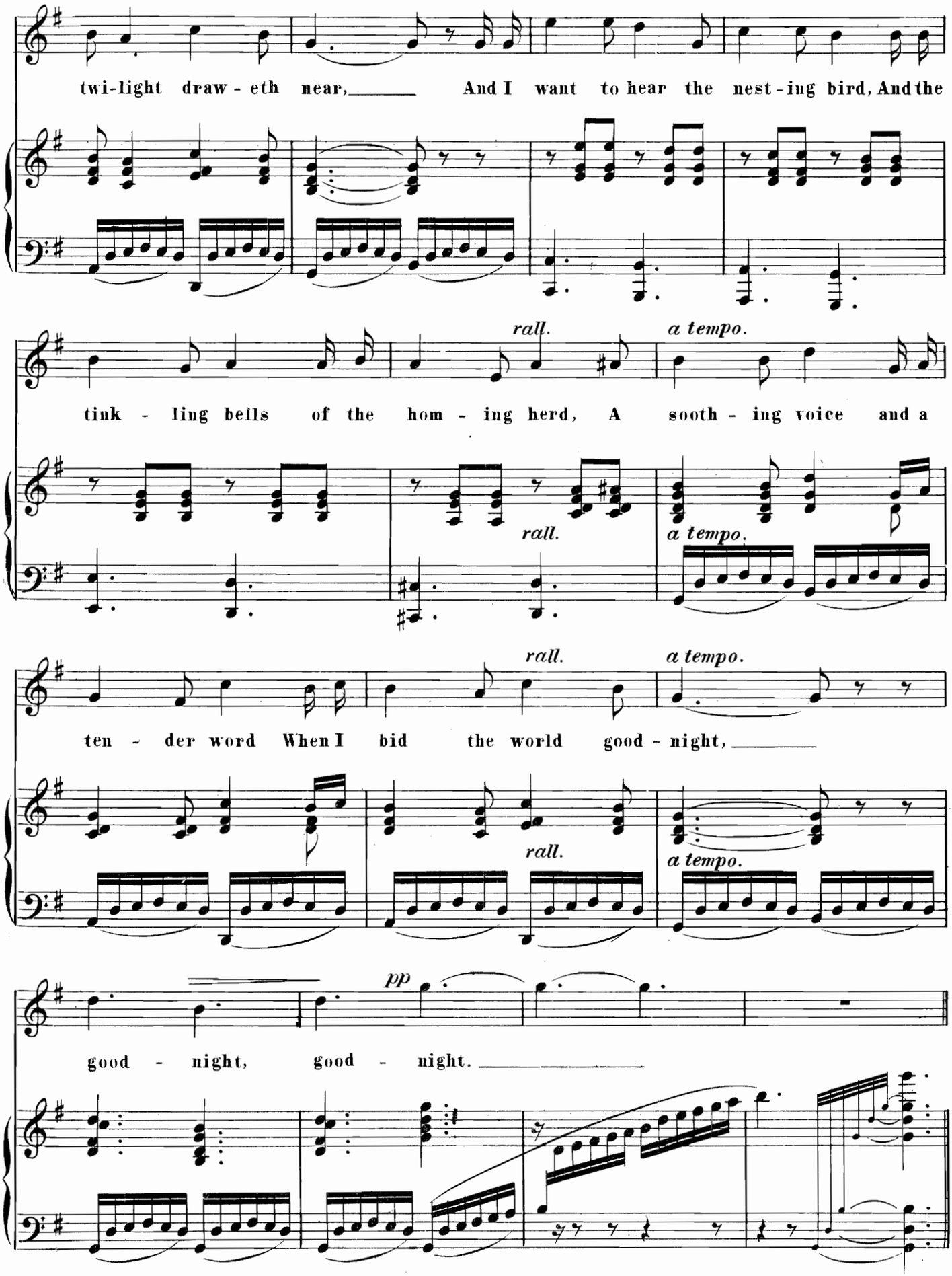
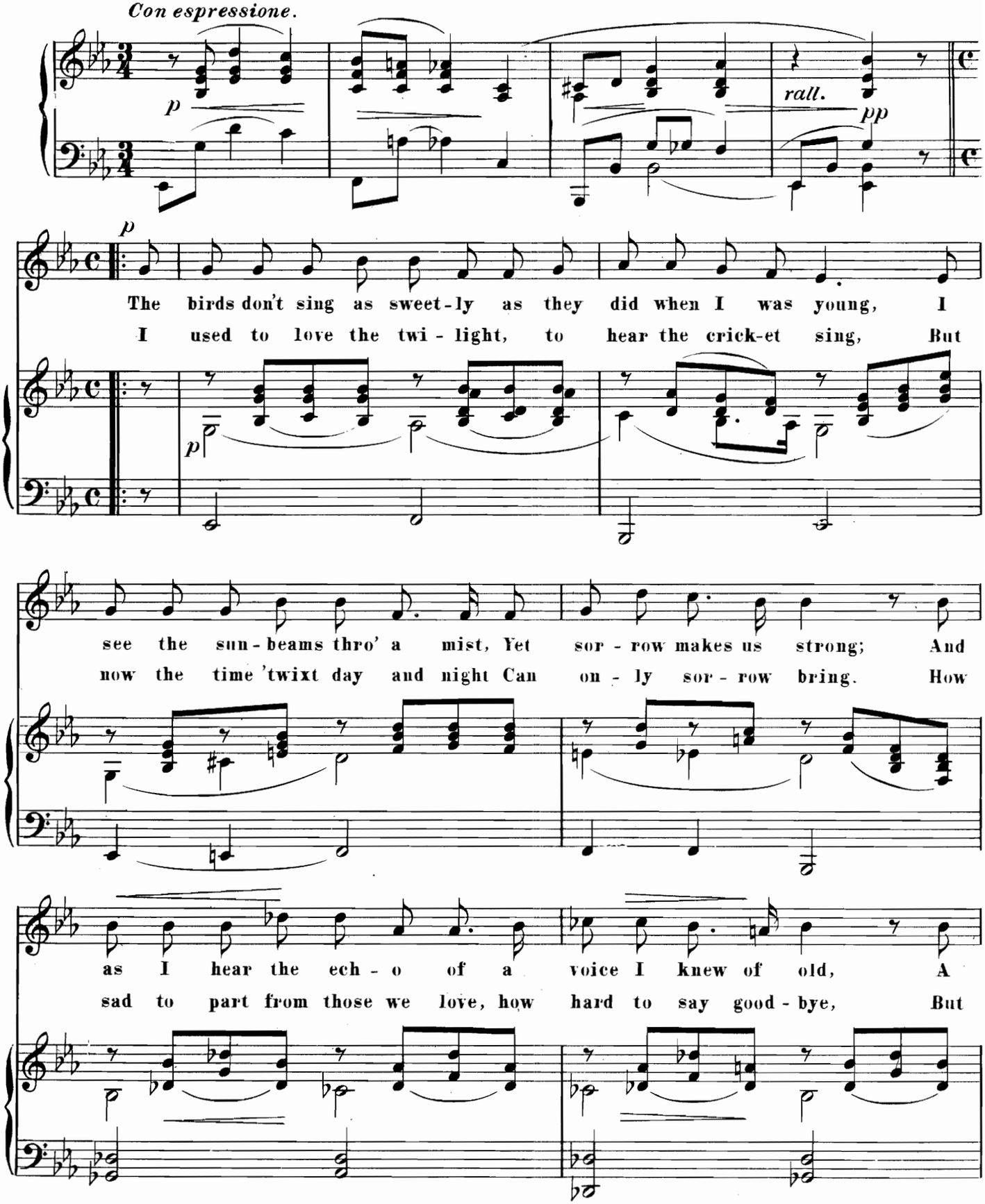

rall.
a tempo.
sun to rest And the stars shine out on eve's fair breast, When I
rall.
a tempo.
rall.
a tempo.
bid the world good - night. I
rall.
a tempo.
hope they will surge a flood of song To drive a - way ev - 'ry
fear, A croon - ing breeze 'mid the list - 'ning trees As the


twi-light draw - eth near, And I want to hear the nest - ing bird, And the
rall.
a tempo.
tink - ling bells of the hom - ing herd, A sooth - ing voice and a
rall.
a tempo.
ten - der word When I bid the world good - night,
rall.
a tempo.
pp
good - night, good - night.

To Mabel Geneva Sharp.

TIME MAKES ALL BUT LOVE THE PAST.

Words & Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.



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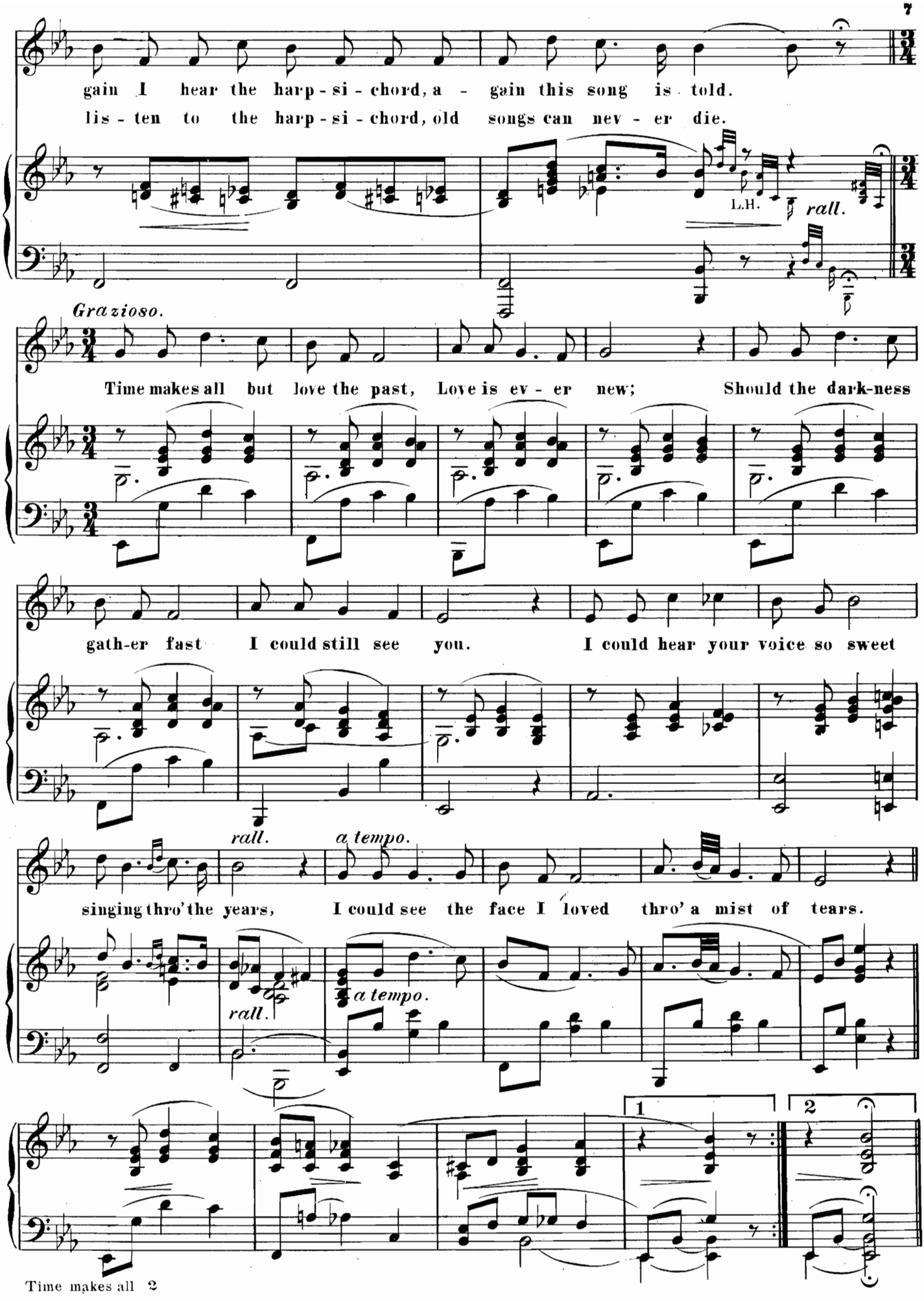
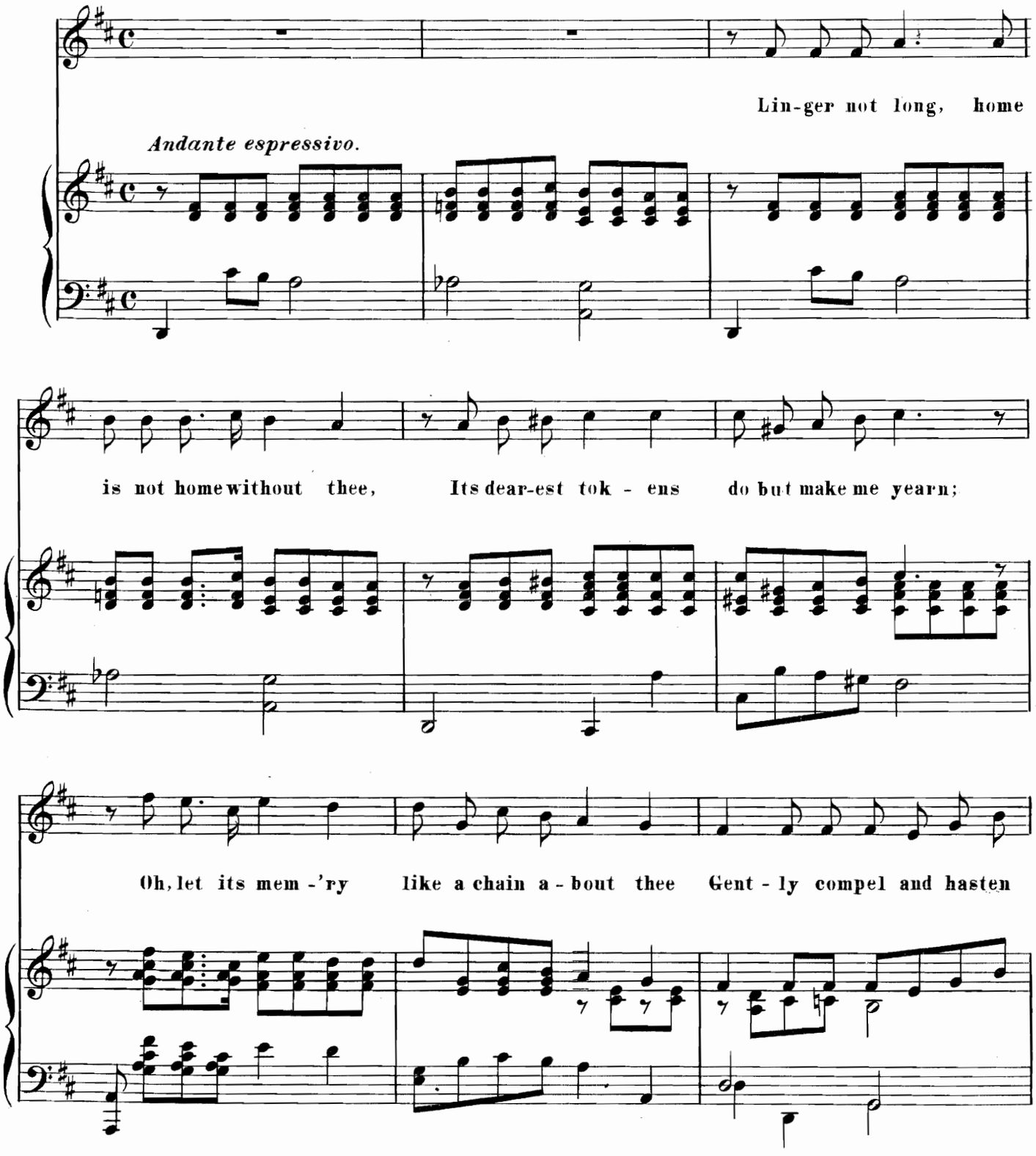

gain I hear the harp - si - chord, a - gain this song is told.
lis - ten to the harp - si - chord, old songs can nev - er die.
L.H.
rall.
Grazioso.
Time makes all but love the past, Love is ev - er new; Should the dark-ness
gath-er fast I could still see you. I could hear your voice so sweet
rall.
a tempo.
singing thro' the years, I could see the face I loved thro' a mist of tears.
rall.
a tempo.
1
2

To Mr. Edwin Wareham.

LINGER NOT.

Words anonymous.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.



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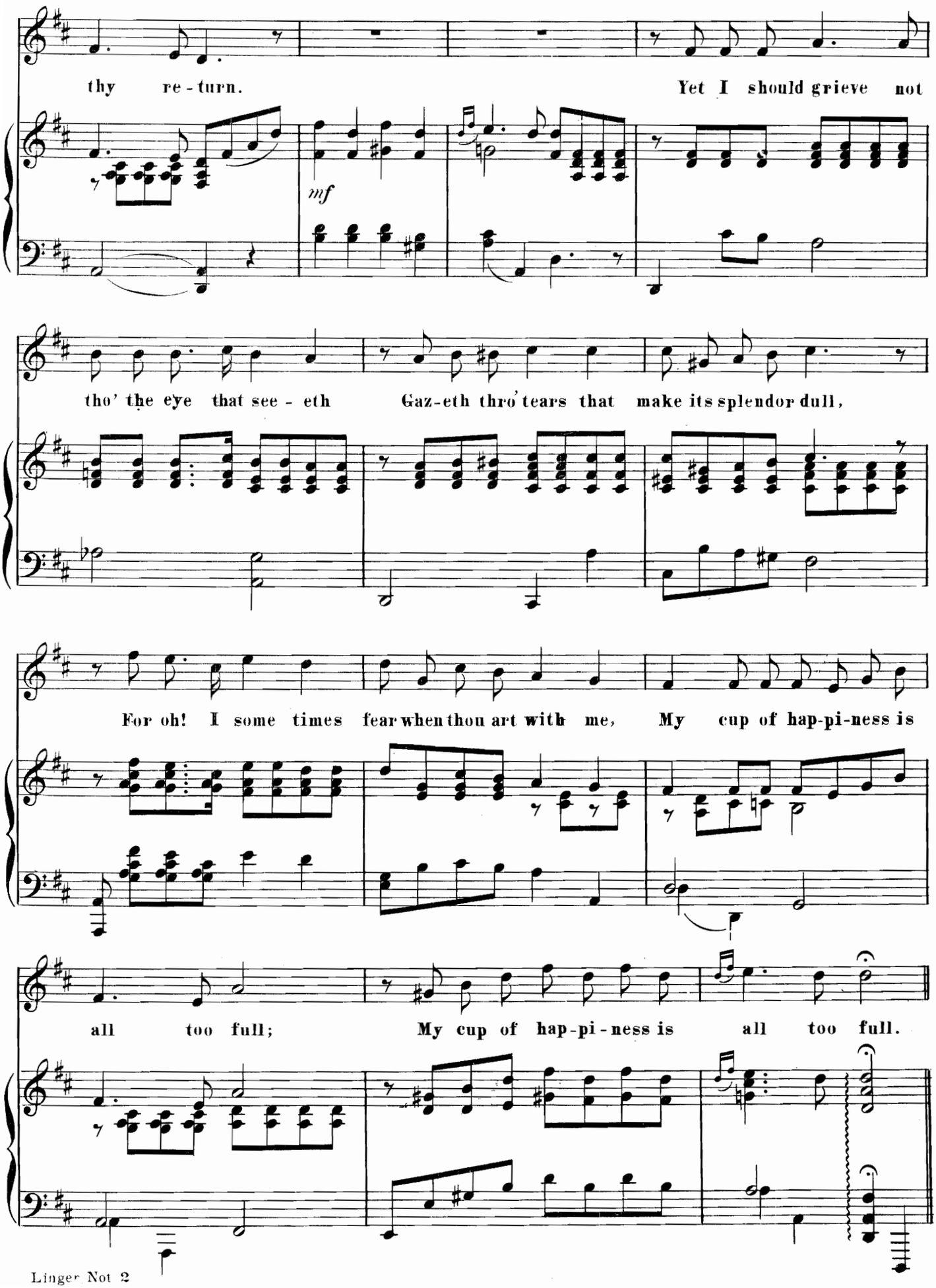
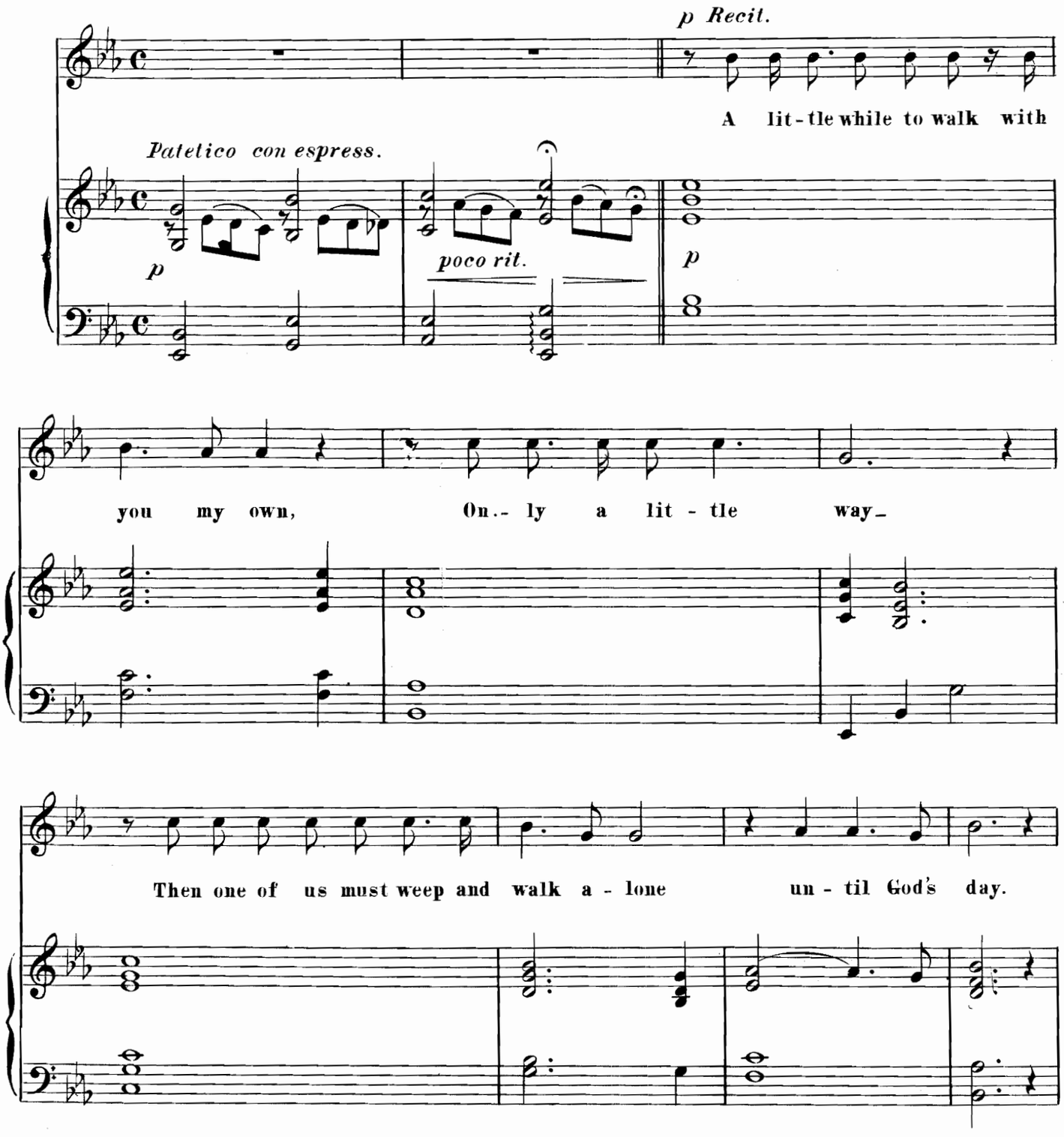

thy re-turn.
Yet I should grieve not
mf
tho' the eye that see-eth
Gaz-eth thro' tears that make its splendor dull,
For oh! I some times fear when thou art with me,
My cup of hap-pi-ness is
all too full;
My cup of hap-pi-ness is all too full.

To Mr. Charles W. Clark.

UNTIL GOD'S DAY.

Words by FRANK L. STANTON.

Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.



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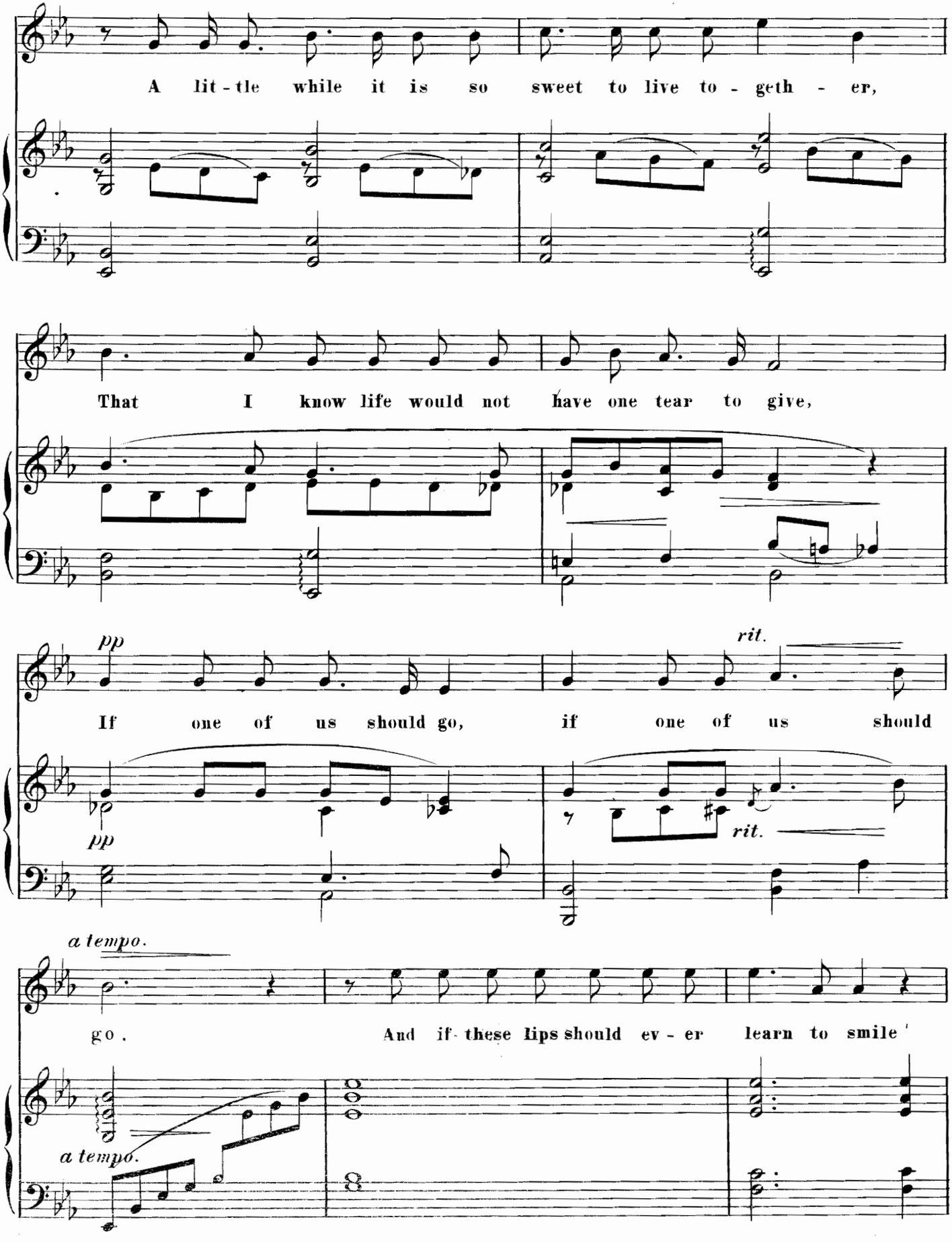
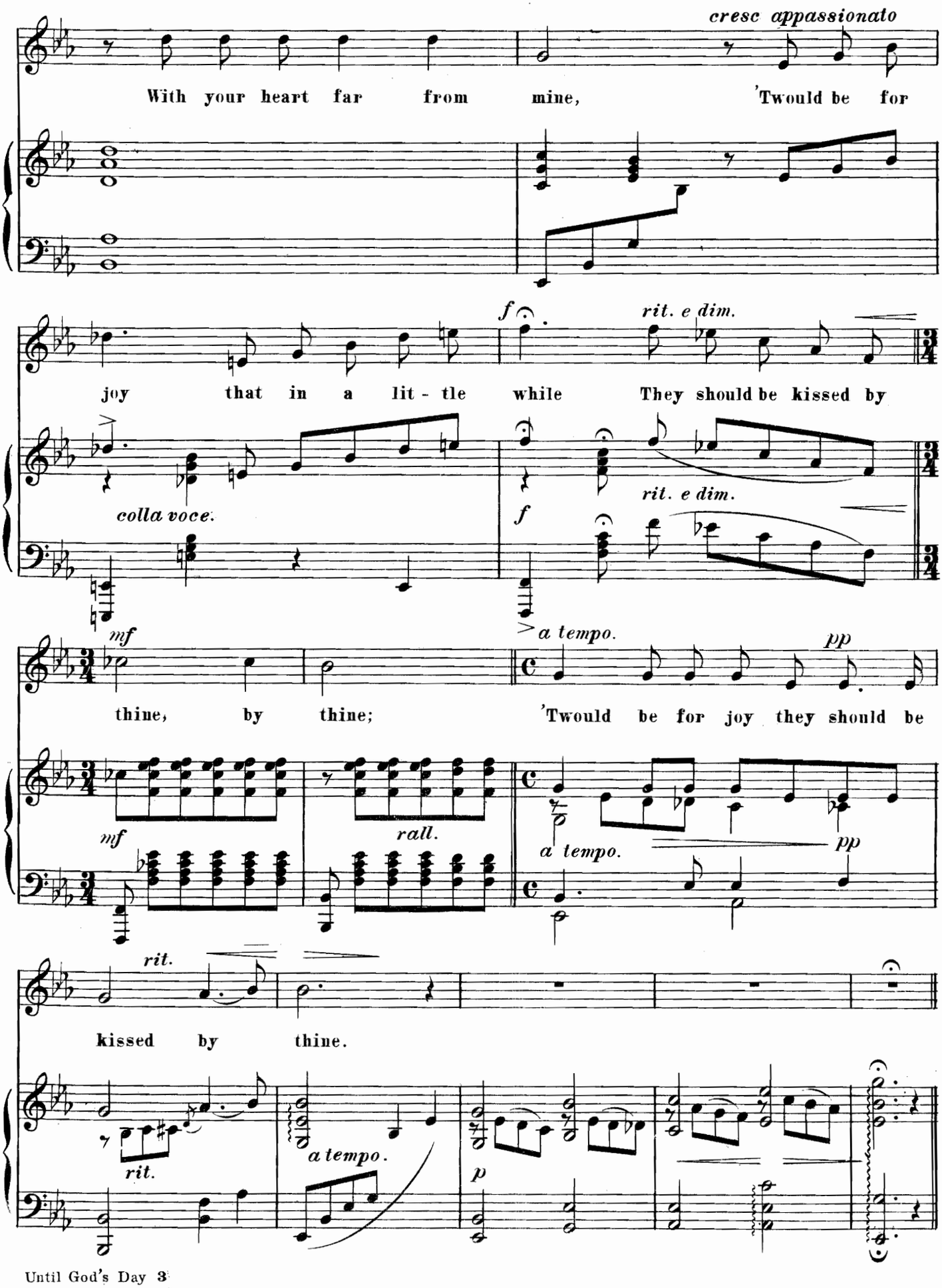
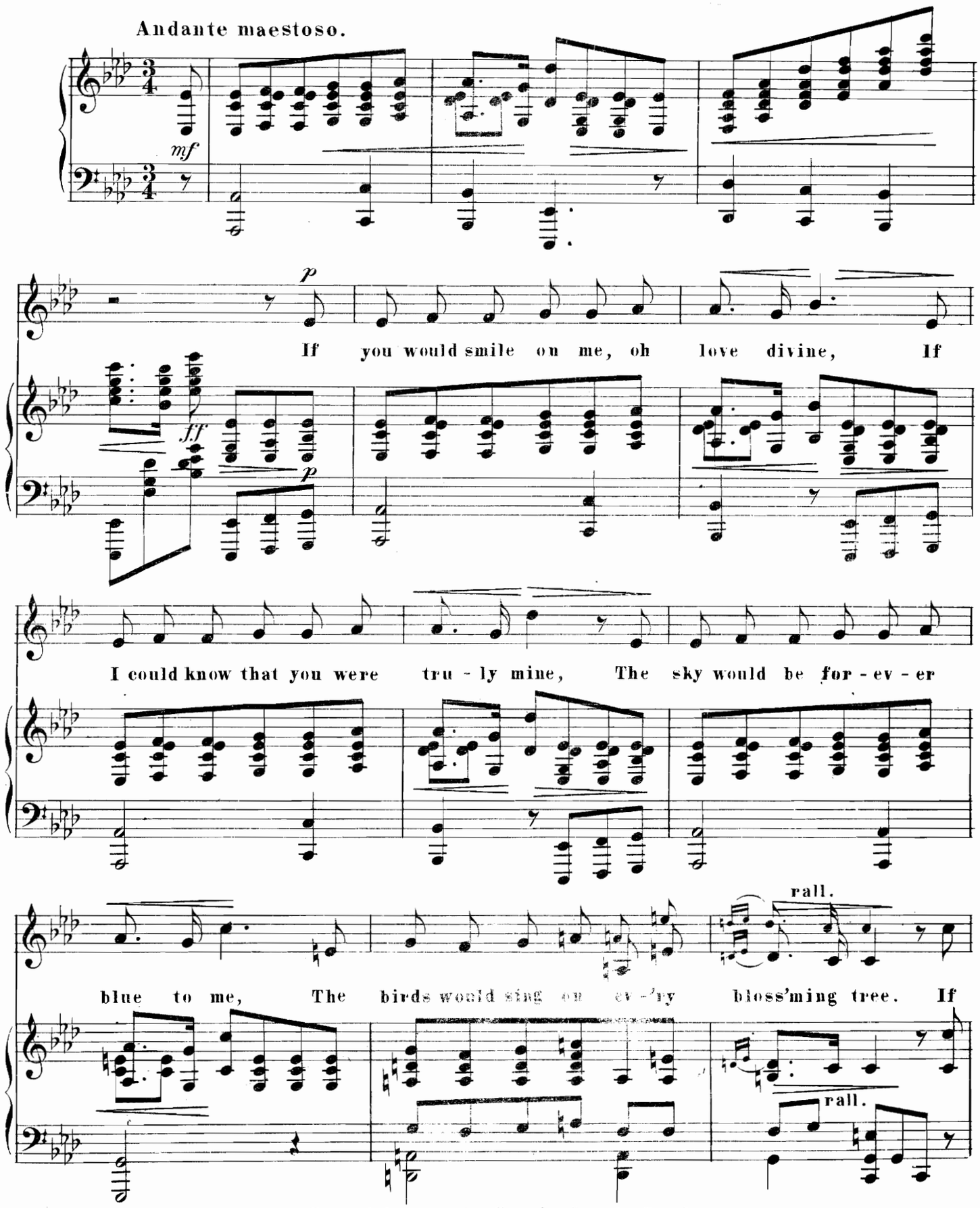

A lit - tle while it is so sweet to live to - geth - er,
That I know life would not have one tear to give,
pp
If one of us should go, if one of us should
rit.
pp
rit.
a tempo.
go. And if these lips should ev - er learn to smile
a tempo.


cresc appassionato
With your heart far from mine, 'Twould be for
joy that in a lit - tle while They should be kissed by
f
rit. e dim.
colla voce.
f
rit. e dim.
mf
thine, by thine;
a tempo.
pp
'Twould be for joy they should be
mf
rall.
a tempo.
pp
rit.
kissed by thine.
rit.
a tempo.
p

LOVE'S SACRED TRUST.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.



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a tempo.

I could know you would re - turn my smile, If I could know I could your

a tempo.

cres - - - - - cen - -

heart beguile, Then mine the happiest life on earth would be, If I were yours and you were

cres - - - - cen -

do. *f*

true to me; Then mine the happiest life on earth would be, If I were

do.

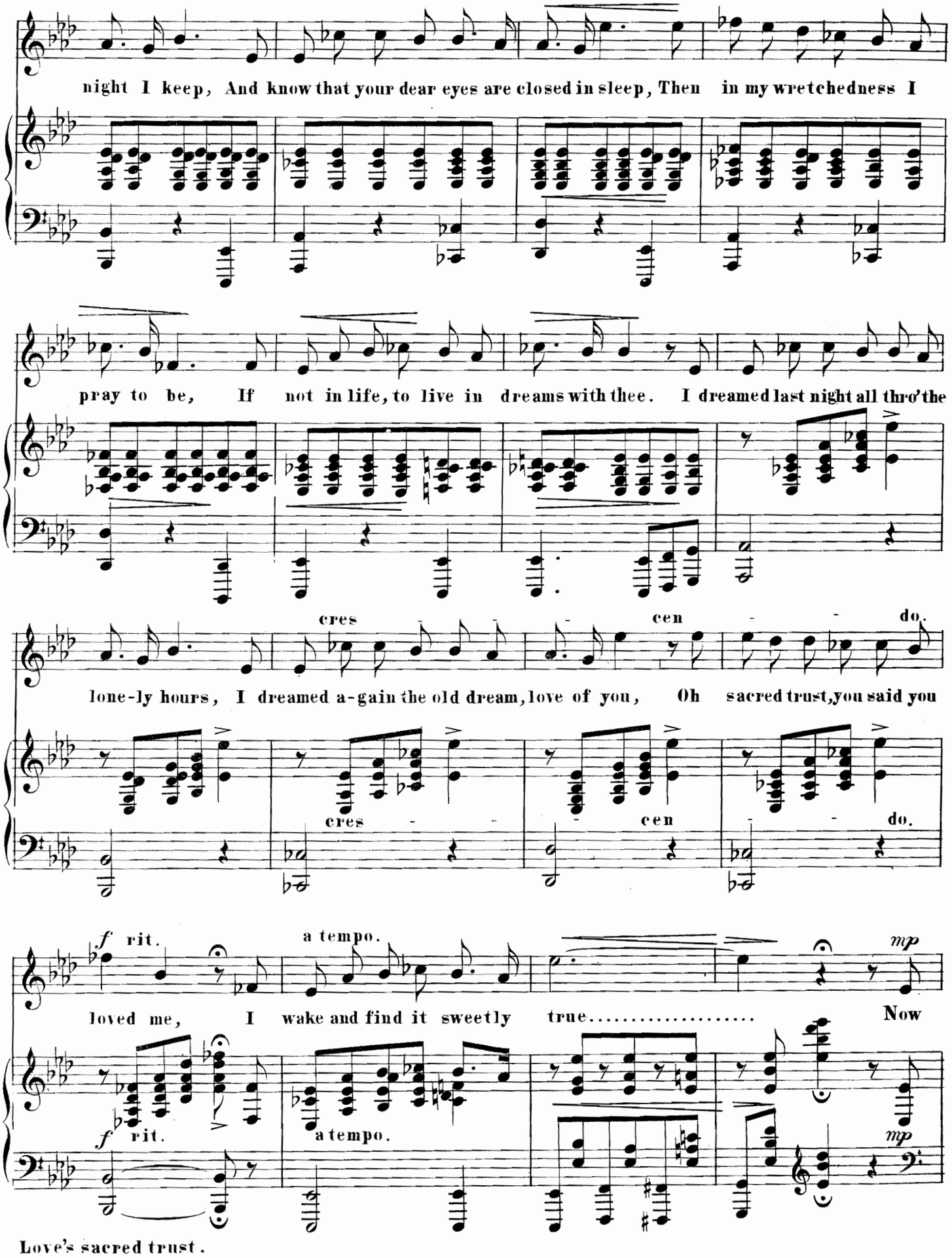
f

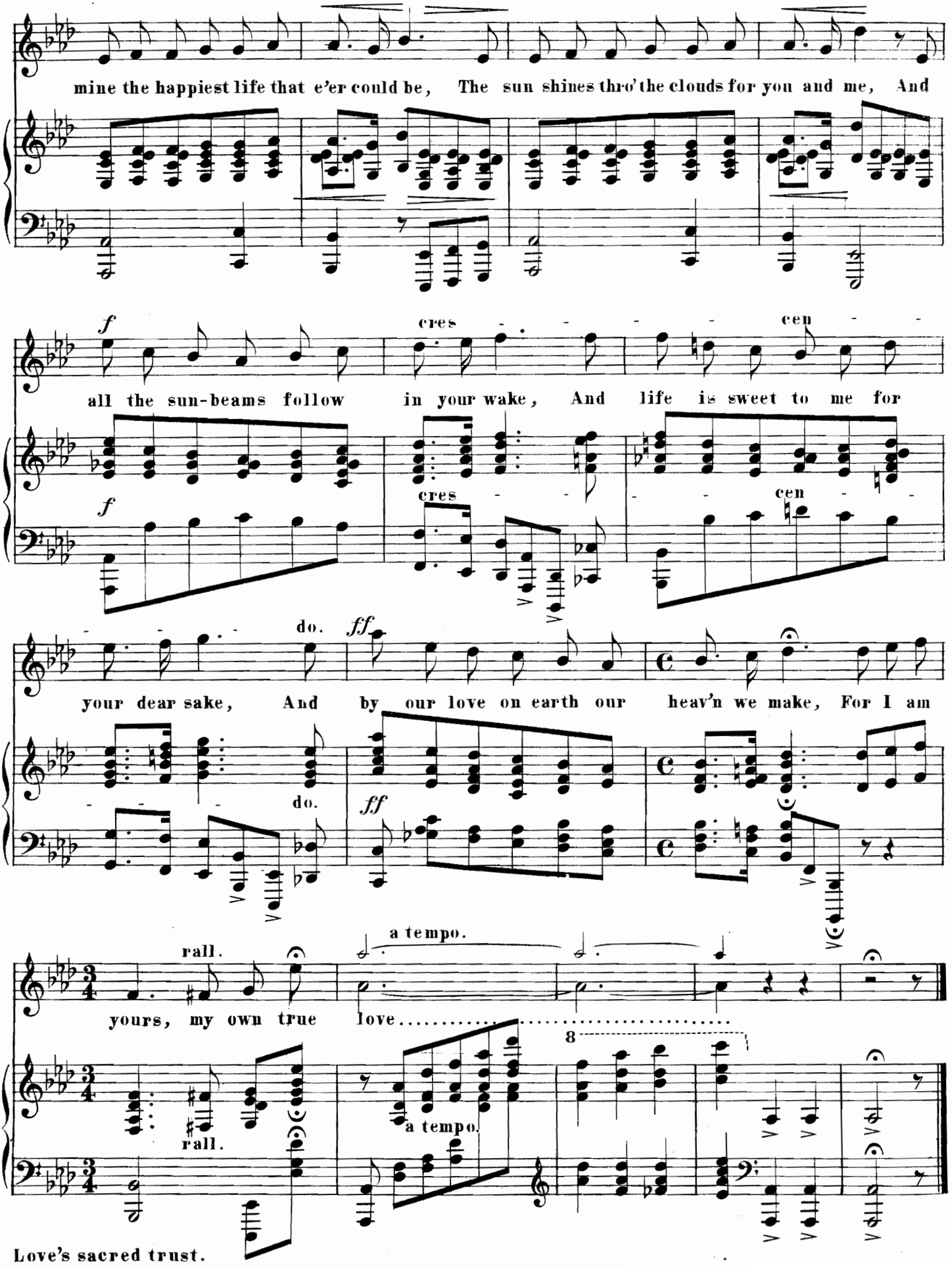
rall. a tempo. *p*

yours and you were true to me. And when the vigils of the

rall. a tempo. dim. *p*

Love's sacred trust.

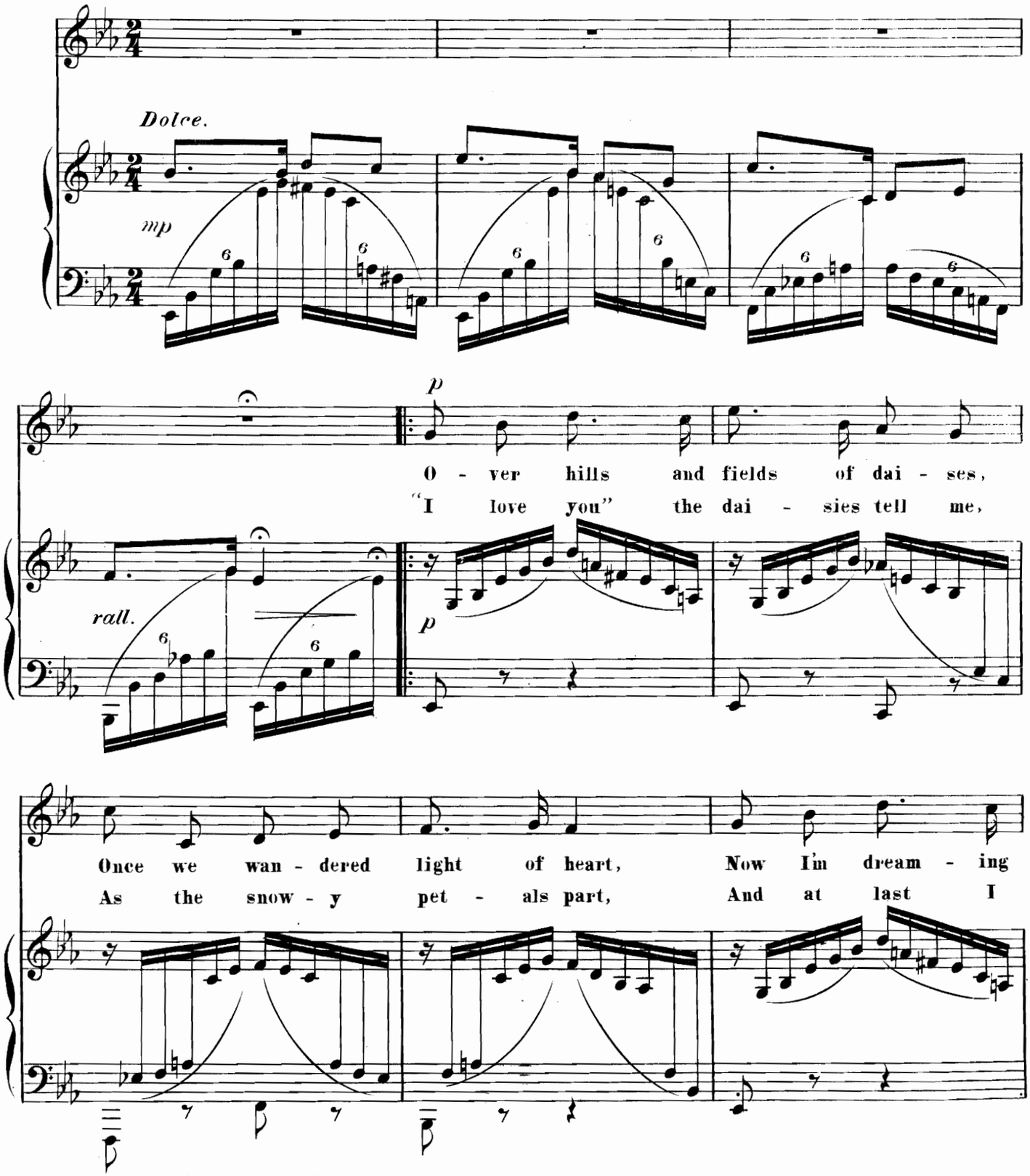

night I keep, And know that your dear eyes are closed in sleep, Then in my wretchedness I
pray to be, If not in life, to live in dreams with thee. I dreamed last night all thro' the
cres cen do.
lone-ly hours, I dreamed a-gain the old dream, love of you, Oh sacred trust, you said you
cres cen do.
f rit. a tempo. mp
loved me, I wake and find it sweetly true..... Now
f rit. a tempo. mp
Love's sacred trust.


mine the happiest life that e'er could be, The sun shines thro' the clouds for you and me, And
f
cres
cen
all the sun-beams follow in your wake, And life is sweet to me for
f
cres
cen
do.
ff
your dear sake, And by our love on earth our heav'n we make, For I am
do.
ff
rall.
a tempo.
yours, my own true love.....
8
rall.
a tempo.
Love's sacred trust.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lowel T. Field.

Over Hills And Fields Of Daisies.

Words & Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.



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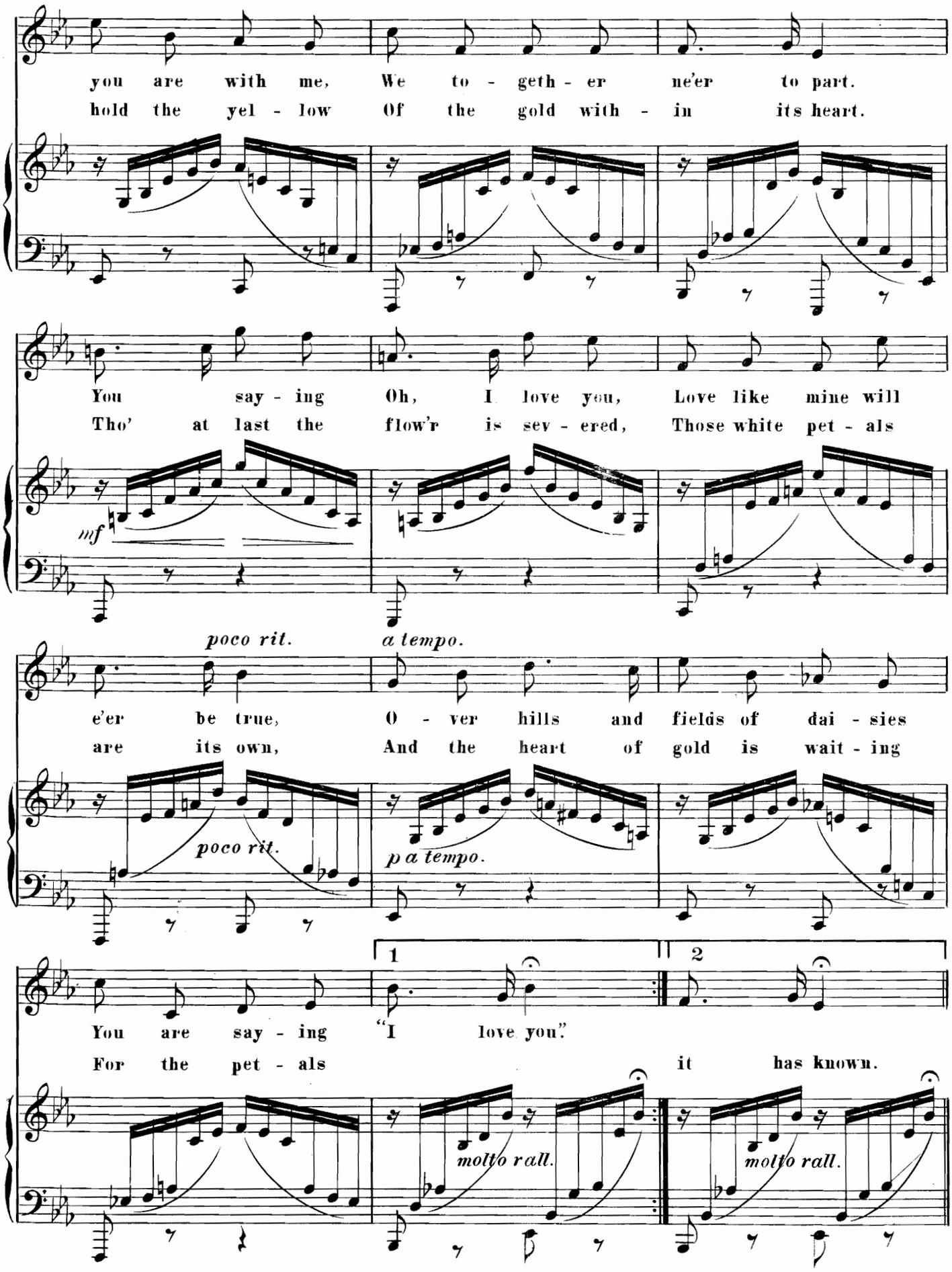
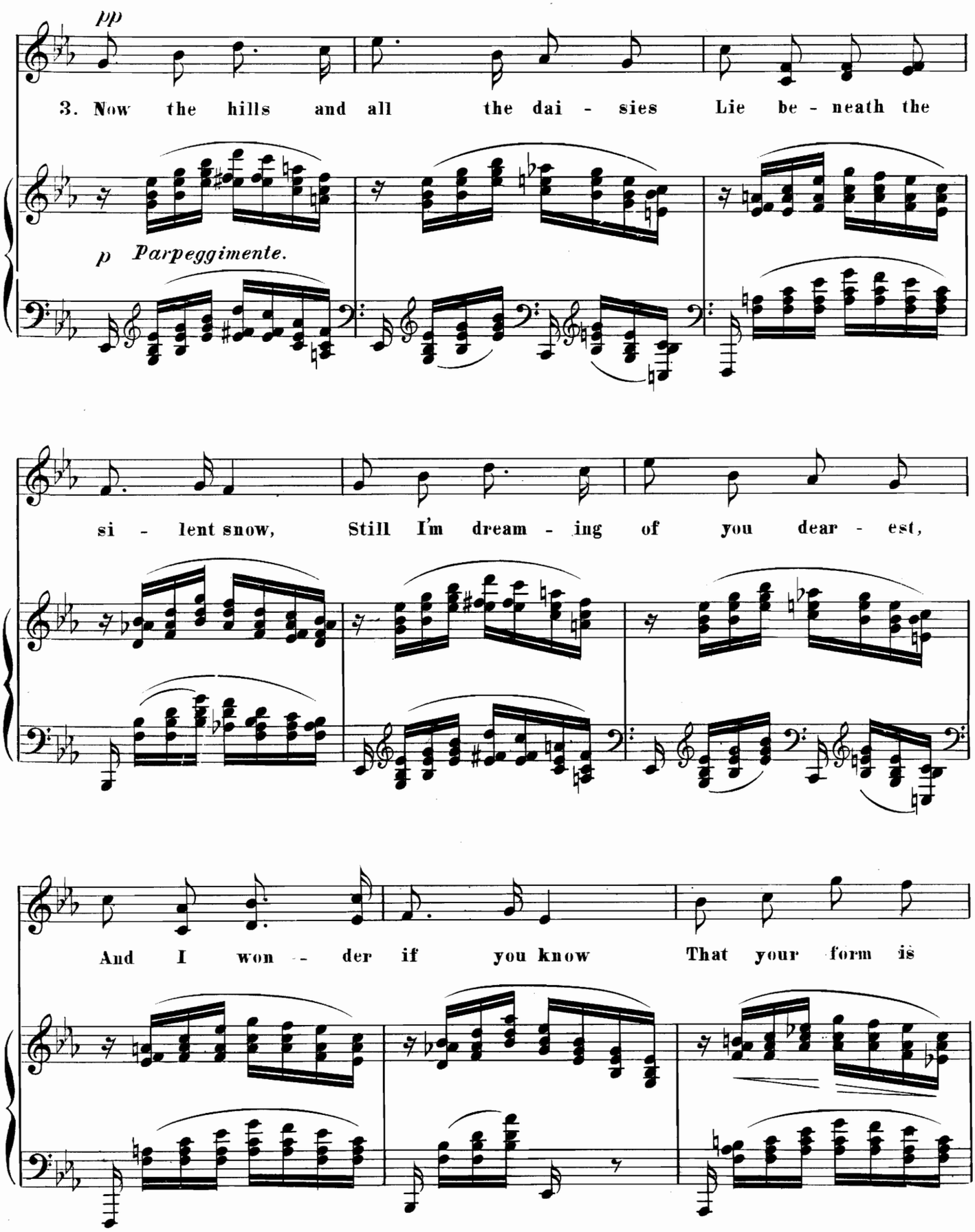
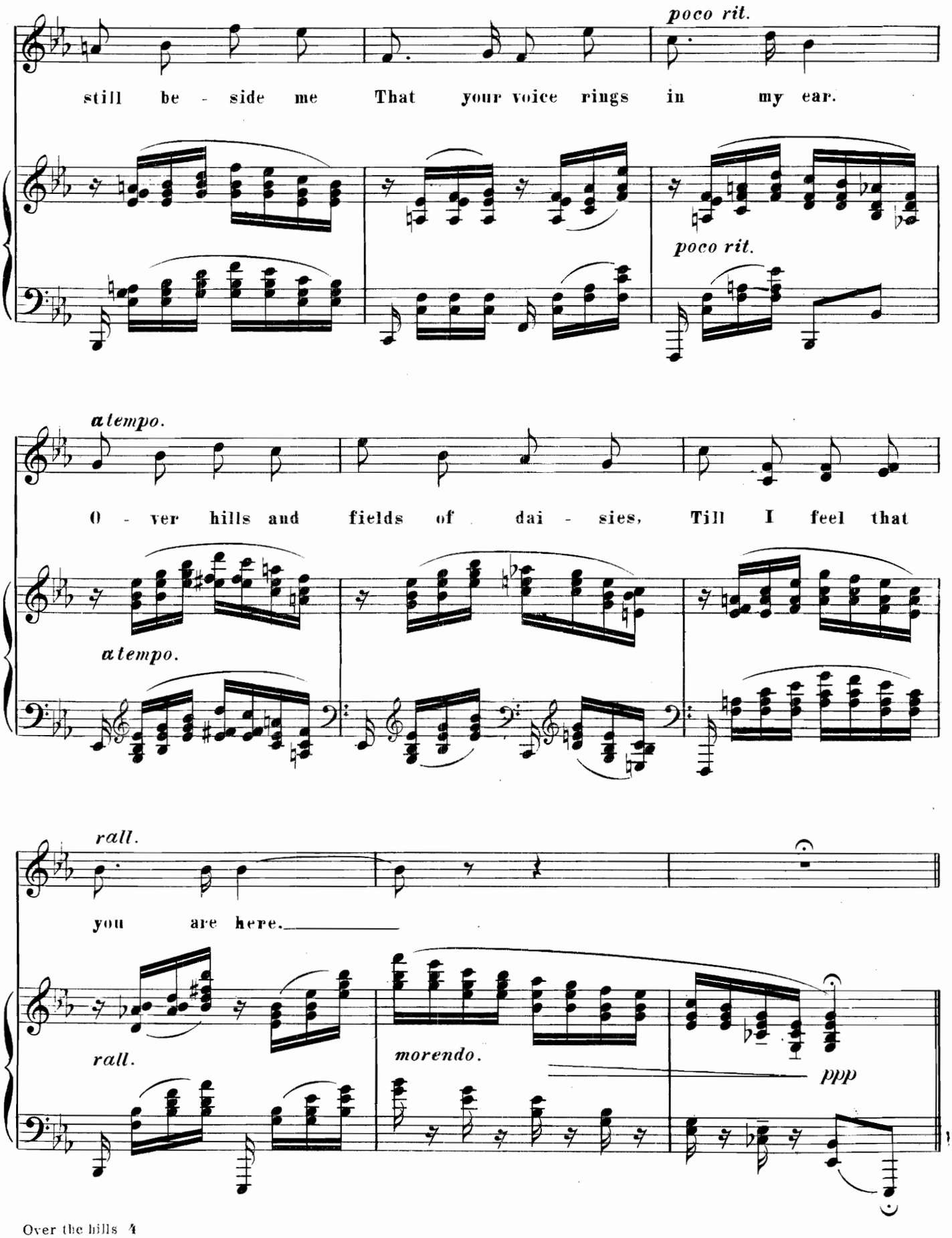

you are with me, We to - geth - er ne'er to part.
hold the yel - low Of the gold with - in its heart.
You say - ing Oh, I love you, Love like mine will
Tho' at last the flow'r is sev - ered, Those white pet - als
mf
poco rit.
a tempo.
e'er be true, O - ver hills and fields of dai - sies
are its own, And the heart of gold is wait - ing
poco rit.
p a tempo.
1
2
You are say - ing "I love you."
For the pet - als it has known.
molto rall.
molto rall.

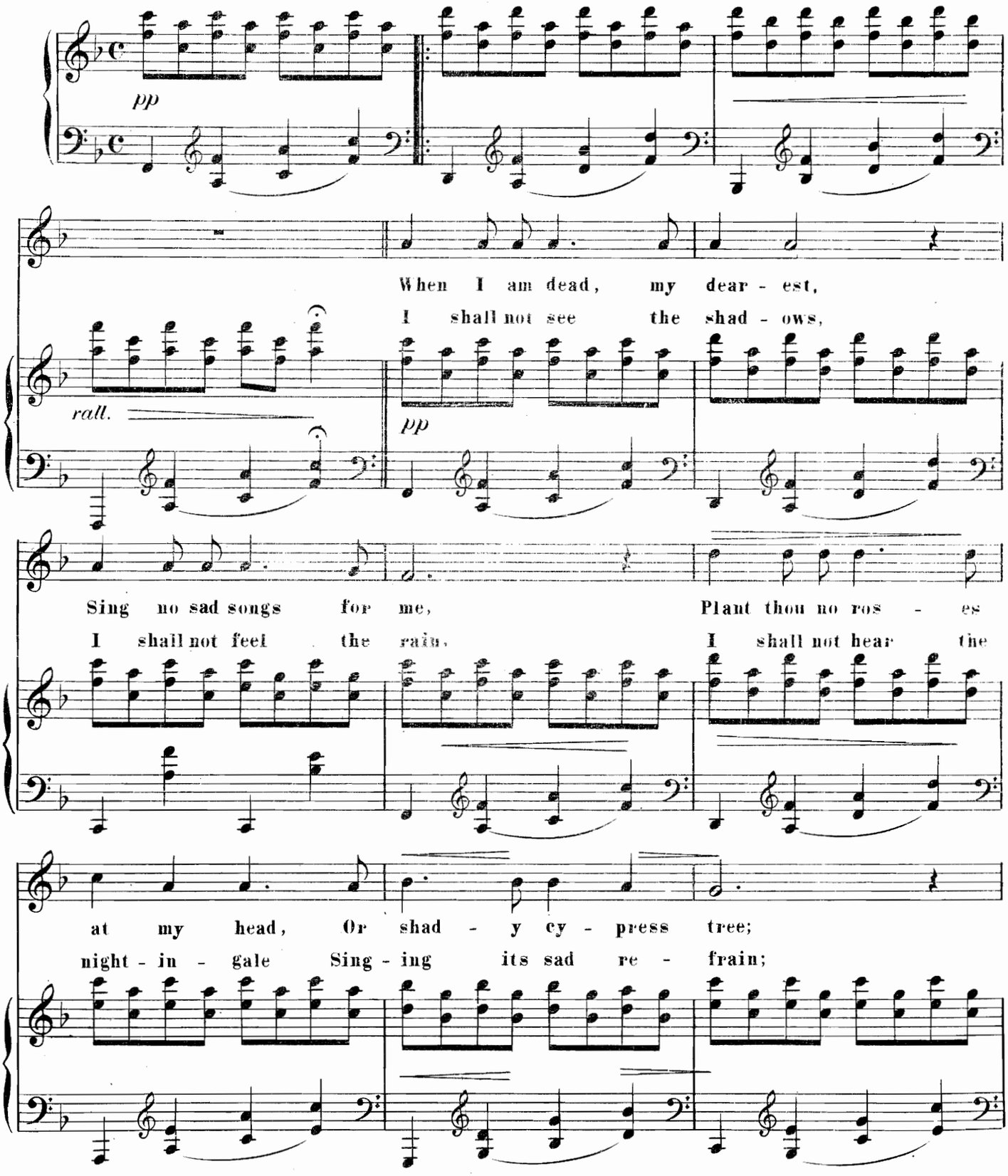

pp
3. Now the hills and all the dai - sies Lie be - neath the
p Parpeggimente.
si - lent snow, Still I'm dream - ing of you dear - est,
And I won - der if you know That your form is


poco rit.
still be - side me That your voice rings in my ear.
poco rit.
a tempo.
O - ver hills and fields of dai - sies, Till I feel that
a tempo.
rall.
you are here.
rall.
morendo.
ppp

When I Am Dead, My Dearest.

Words by CHRSTINA ROSETTI. Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante tranquillo.



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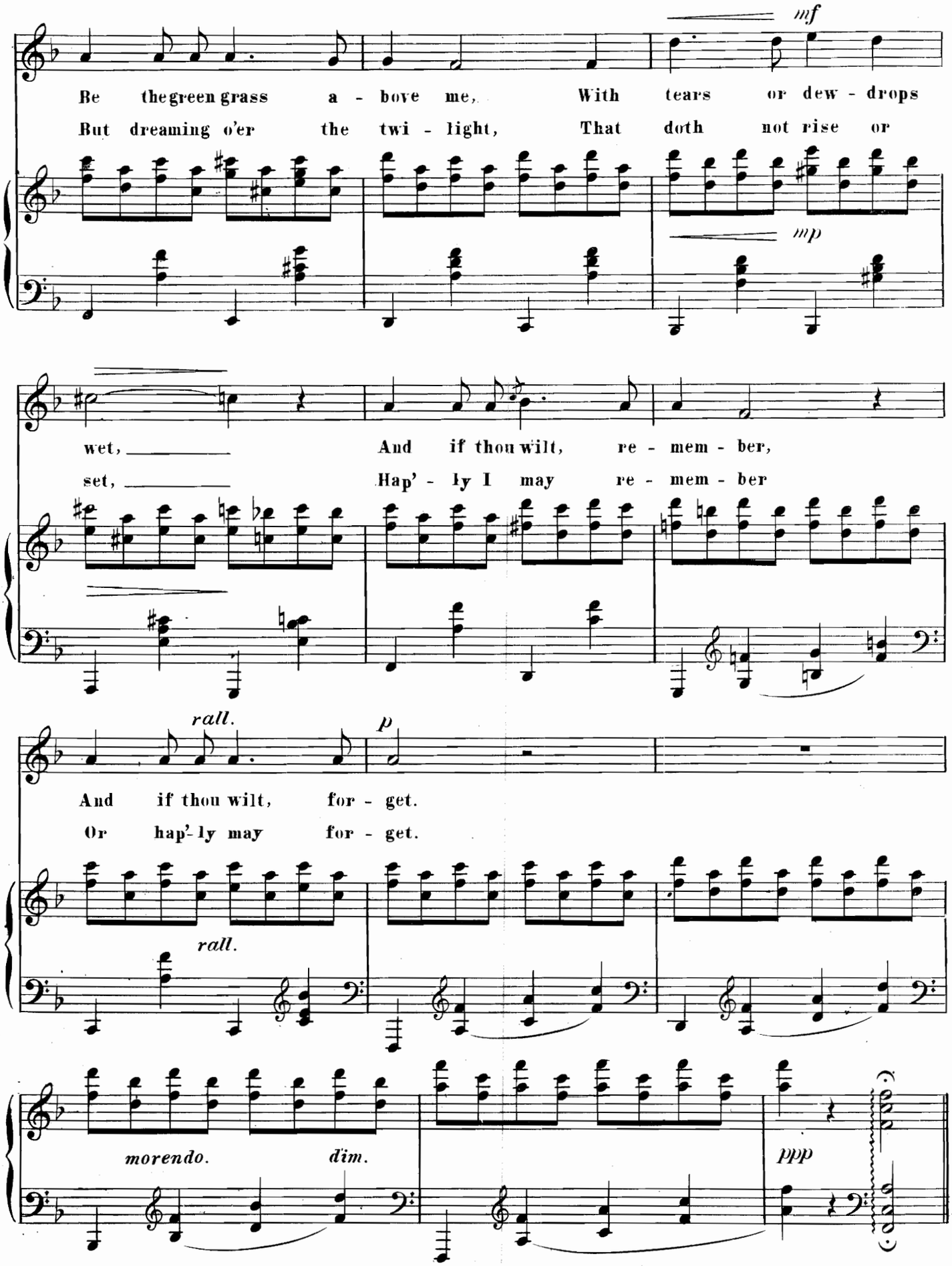
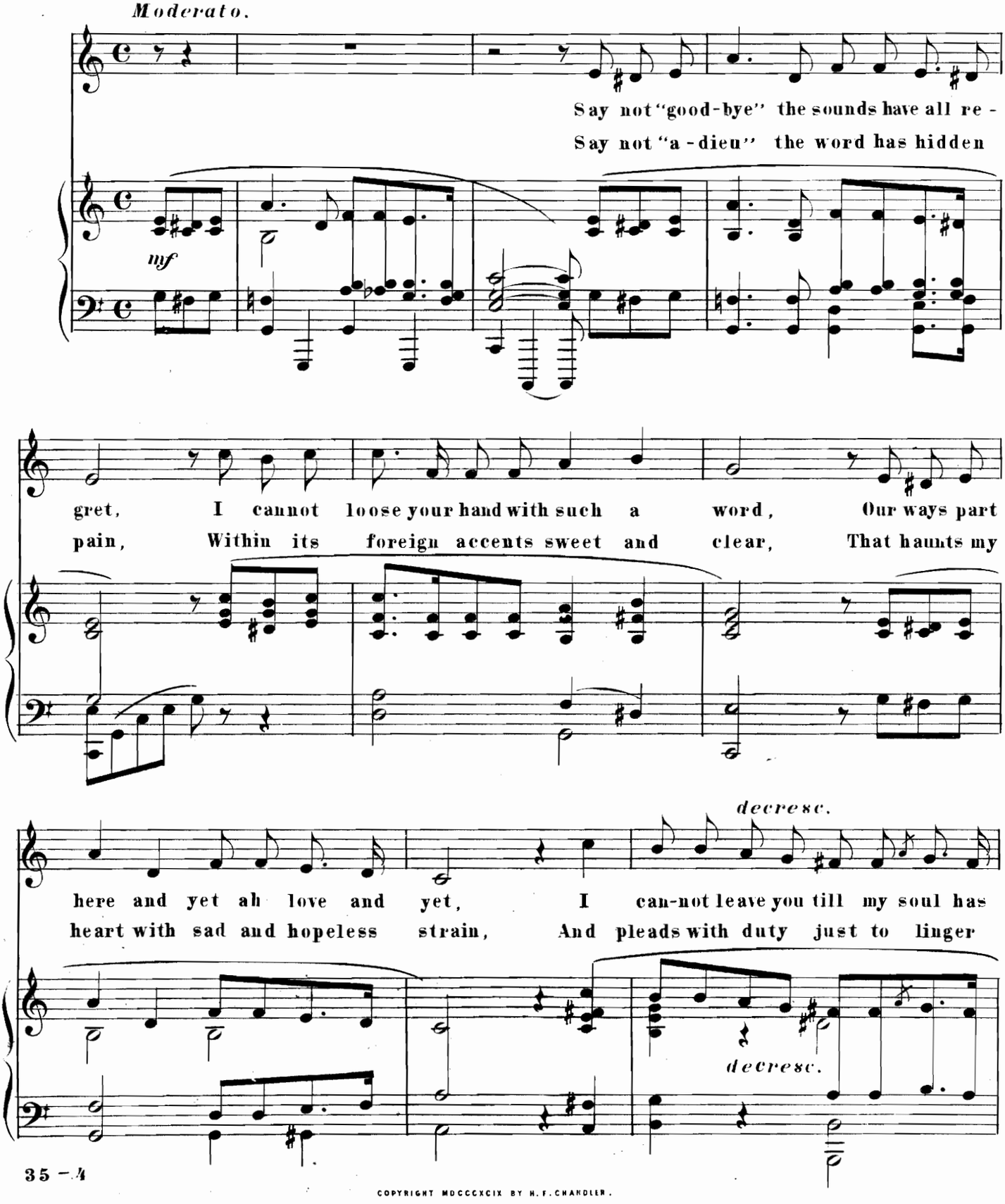

mf
Be the green grass a - bove me, With tears or dew - drops
But dreaming o'er the twi - light, That doth not rise or
mp
wet, And if thou wilt, re - mem - ber,
set, Hap' - ly I may re - mem - ber
rall.
p
And if thou wilt, for - get.
Or hap'- ly may for - get.
rall.
morendo.
dim.
ppp

THE DEAR AUF WIEDERSEHN.

GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN. CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.



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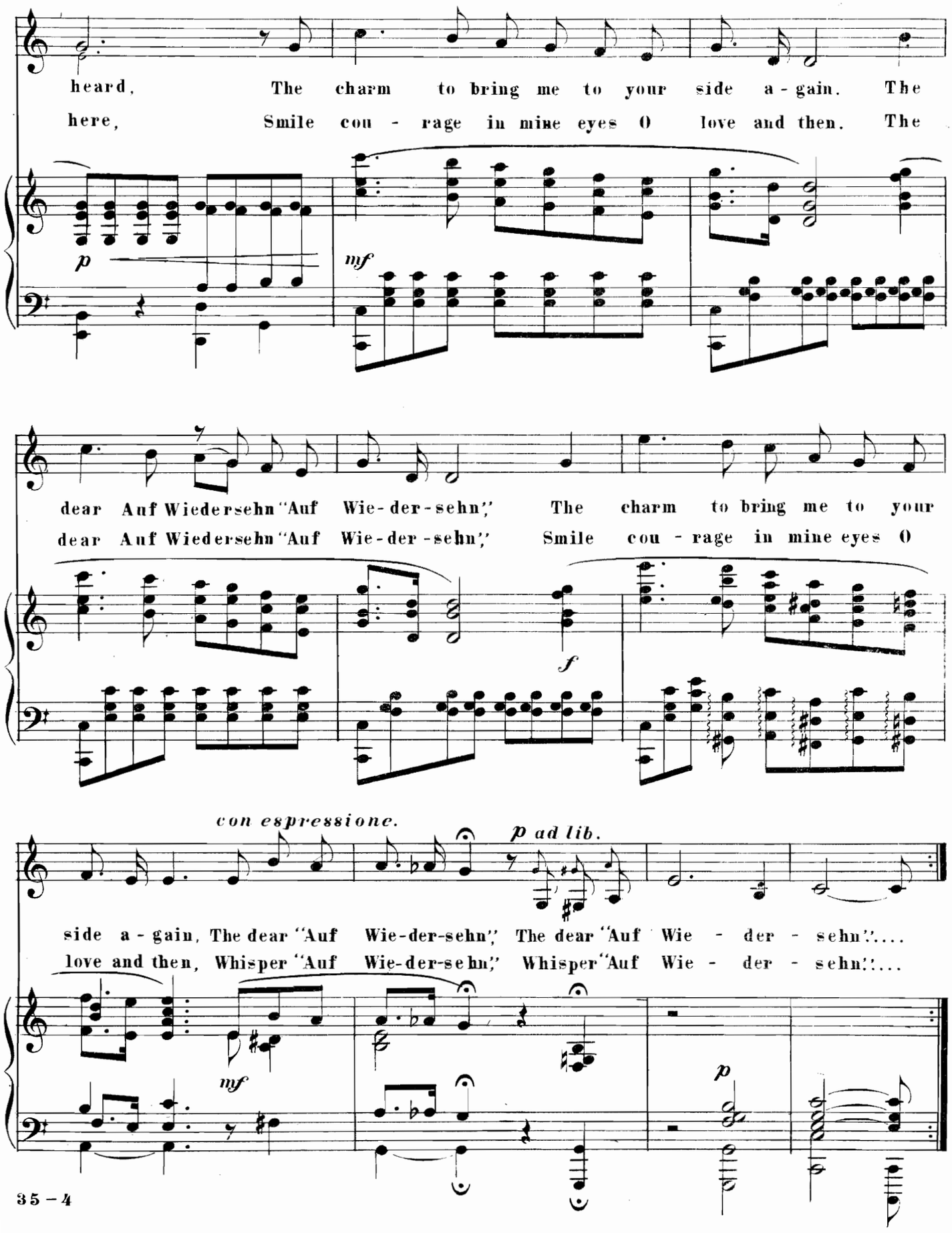
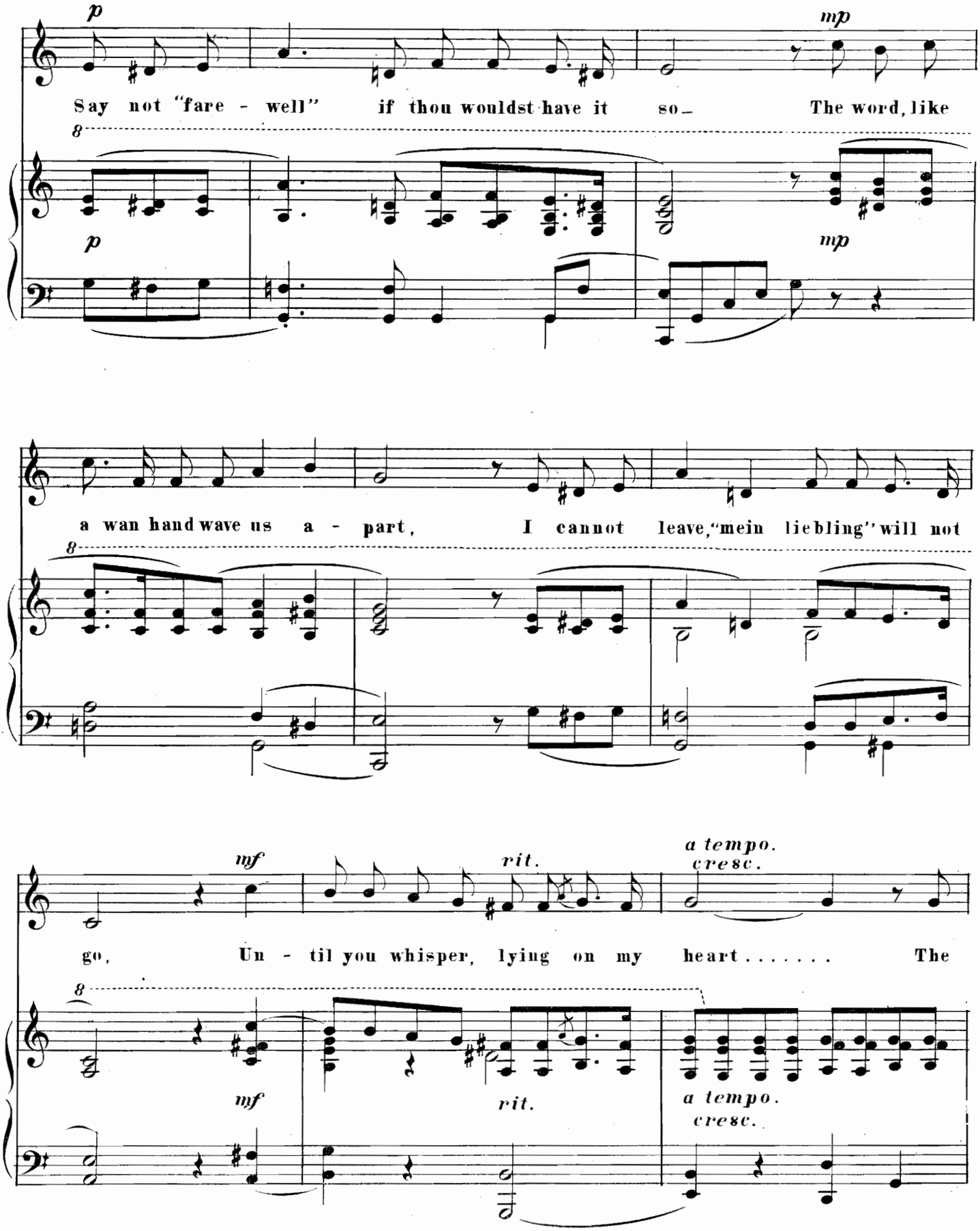
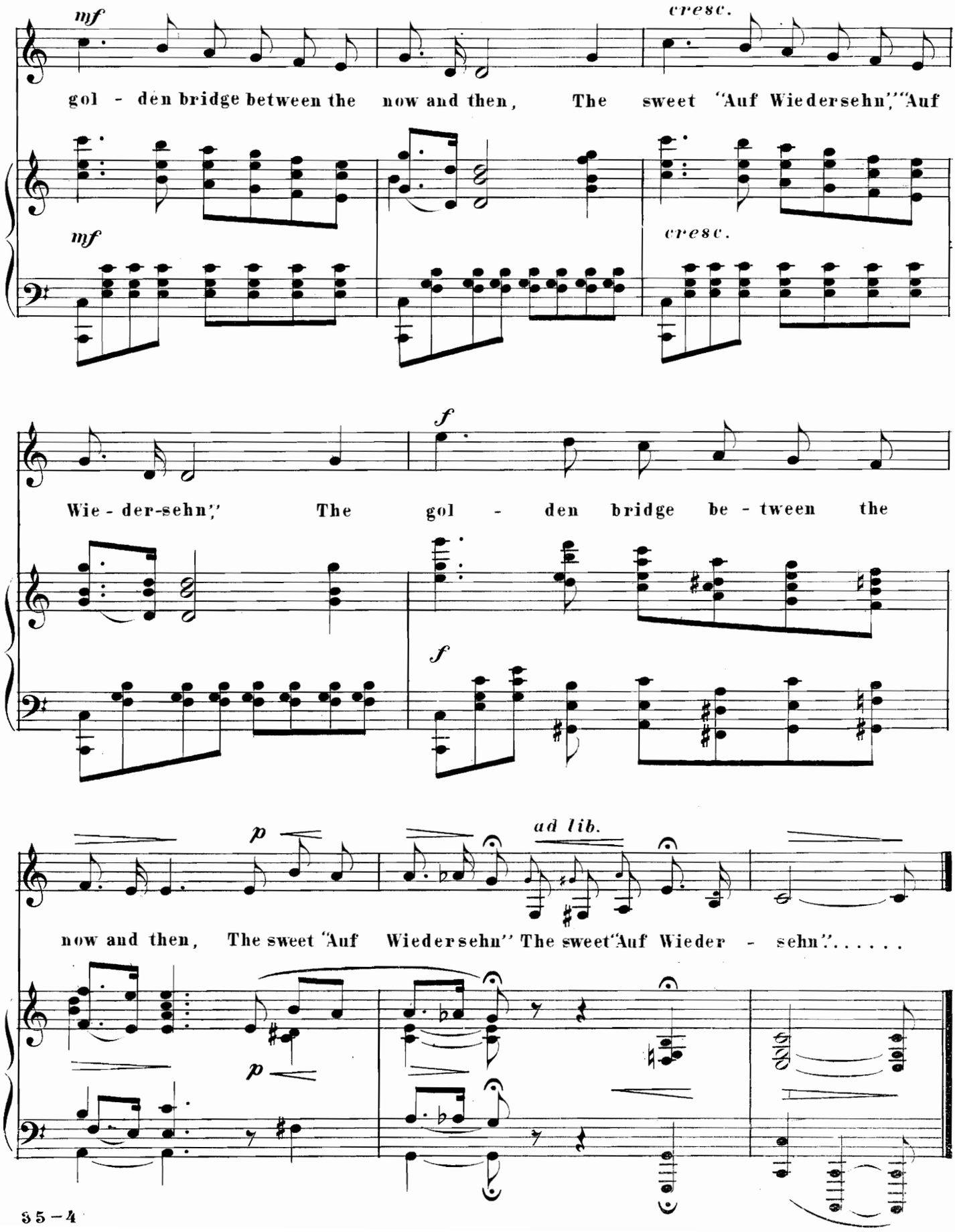

heard, The charm to bring me to your side a - gain. The
here, Smile cou - rage in mine eyes O love and then. The
p
mf
dear Auf Wiedersehn "Auf Wie - der - sehn," The charm to bring me to your
dear Auf Wiedersehn "Auf Wie - der - sehn," Smile cou - rage in mine eyes O
f
con espressione.
p ad lib.
side a - gain, The dear "Auf Wie-der-sehn," The dear "Auf Wie - der - sehn"....
love and then, Whisper "Auf Wie-der-sehn," Whisper "Auf Wie - der - sehn"....
mf
p

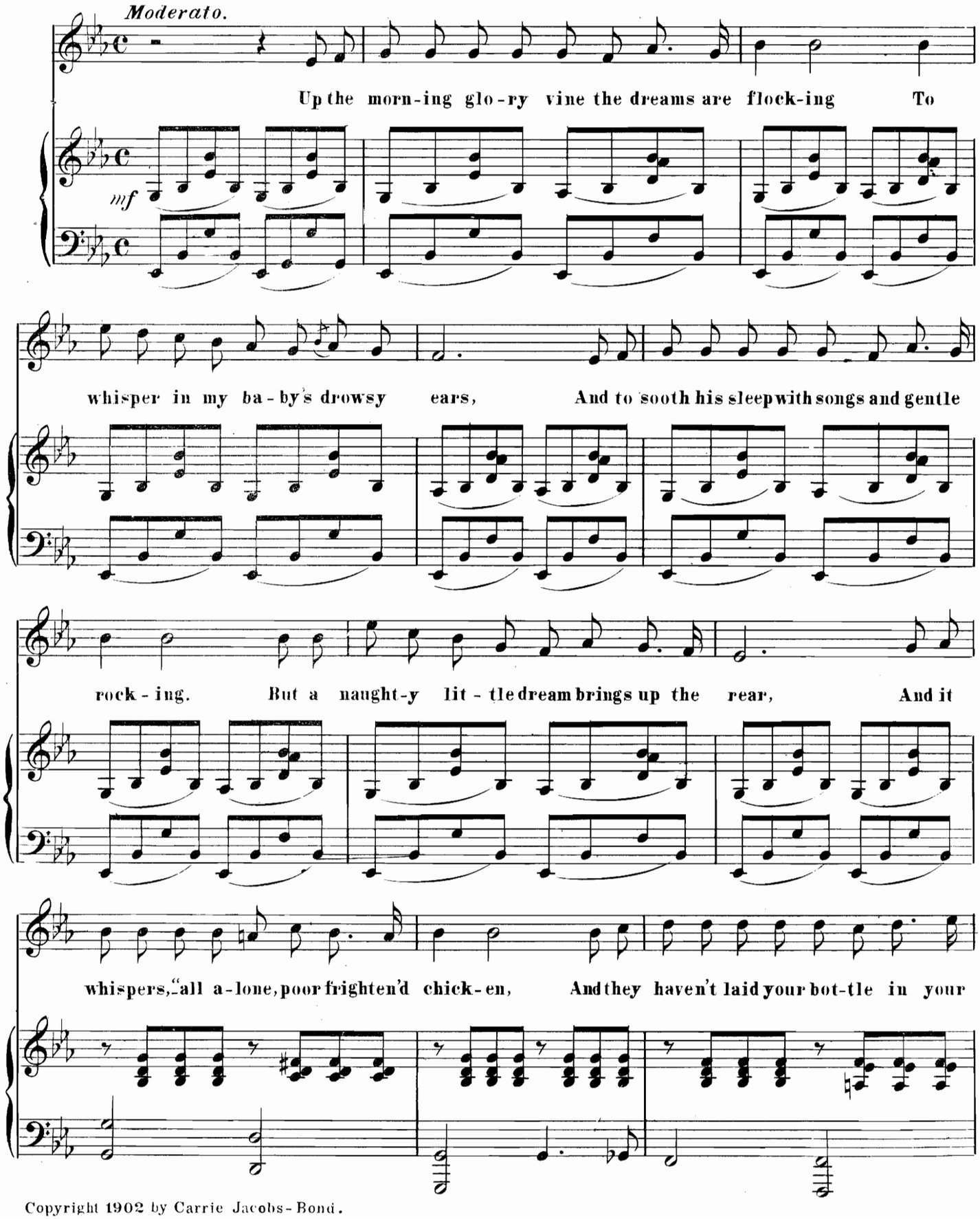

p
mp
Say not "fare - well" if thou wouldst have it so— The word, like
8
p
mp
a wan hand wave us a - part, I cannot leave, "mein liebling" will not
8
mf
rit.
a tempo.
cresc.
go, Un - til you whisper, lying on my heart . . . . . The
8
mf
rit.
a tempo.
cresc.


mf
cresc.
gol - den bridge between the now and then, The sweet "Auf Wiedersehn," "Auf
mf
cresc.
f
Wie - der-sehn," The gol - den bridge be - tween the
f
p
ad lib.
now and then, The sweet "Auf Wiedersehn" The sweet "Auf Wieder - sehn".....
p

To Mrs. Clara Henning Bussing.

A BAD DREAM.

Words by JULIET WILBUR TOMPKINS. Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.



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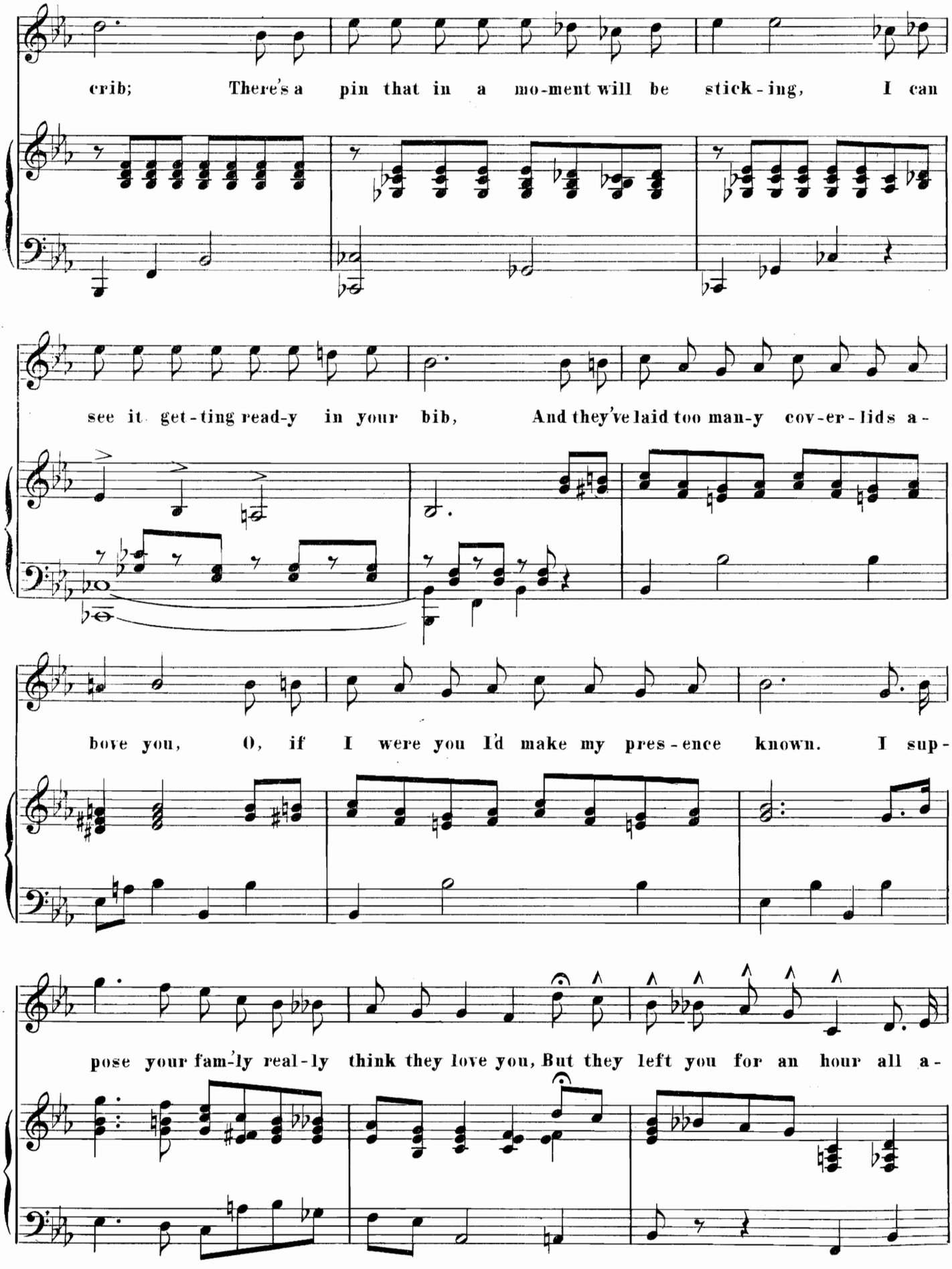
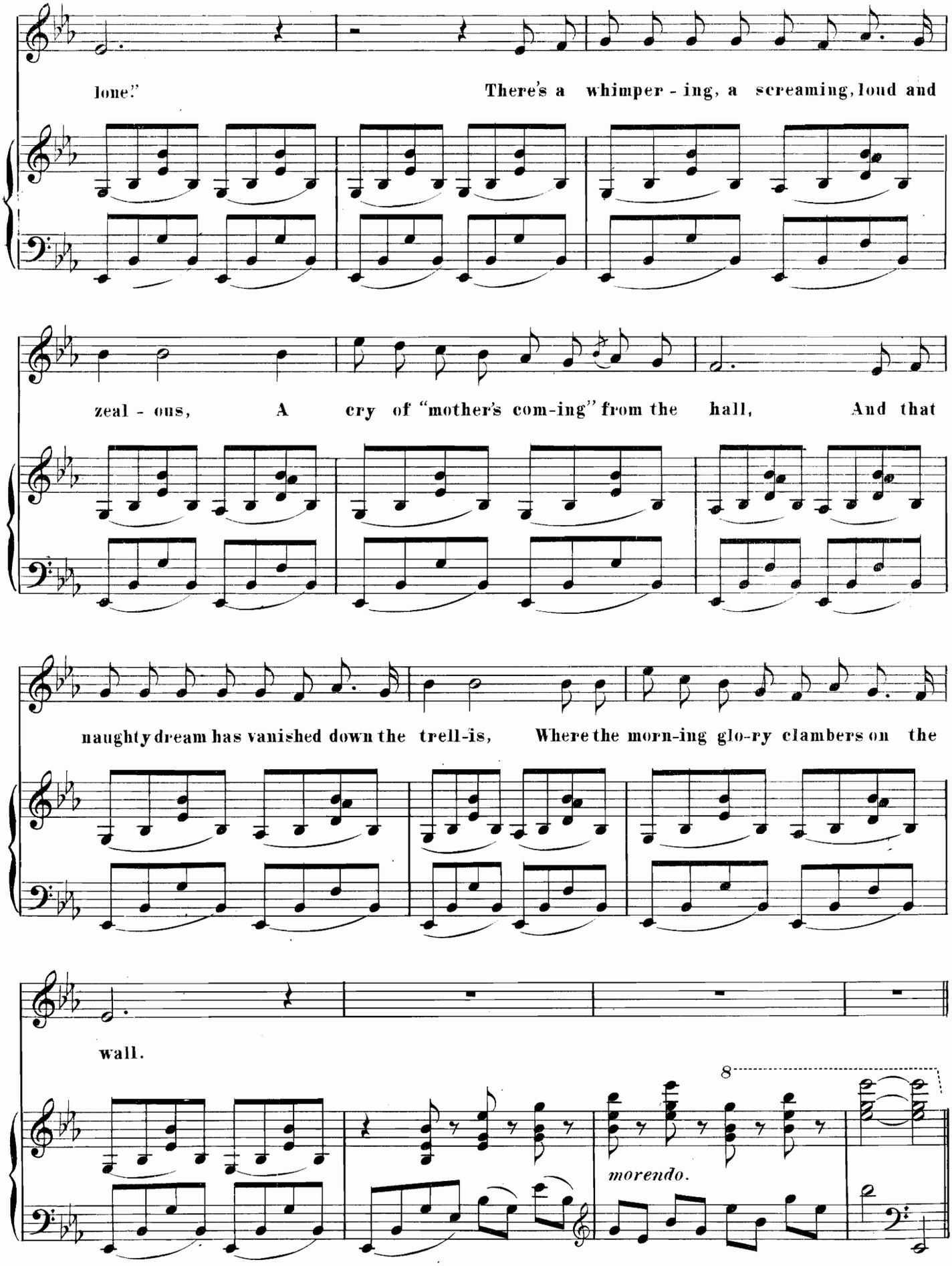

crib; There's a pin that in a mo-ment will be stick-ing, I can
see it get-ting read-y in your bib, And they've laid too man-y cov-er-lids a-
bove you, O, if I were you I'd make my pres-ence known. I sup-
pose your fam-'ly real-ly think they love you, But they left you for an hour all a-

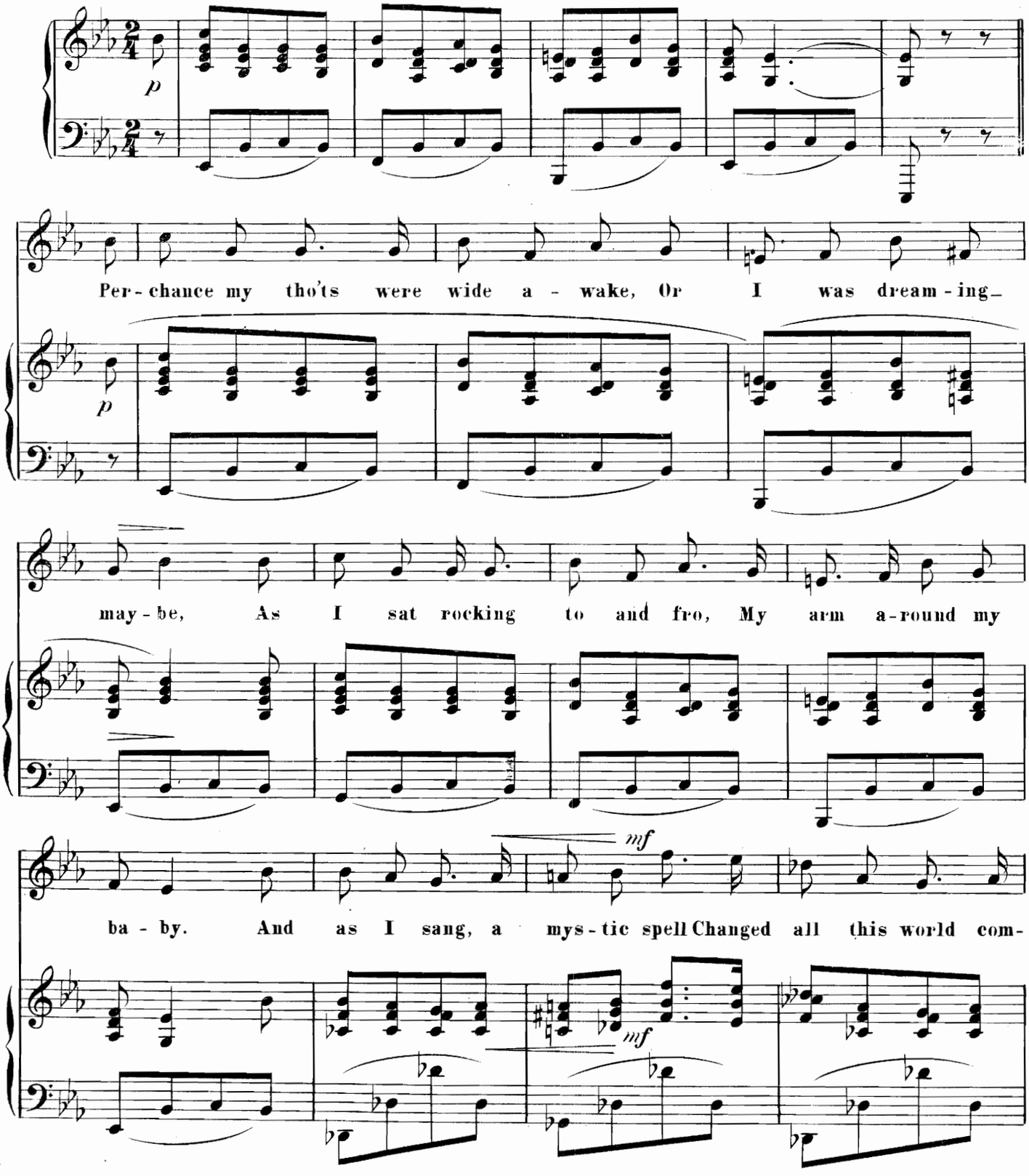

lone."
There's a whimper - ing, a screaming, loud and
zeal - ous,
A cry of "mother's com-ing" from the hall,
And that
naughty dream has vanished down the trell-is,
Where the morn-ing glo-ry clambers on the
wall.
8
morendo.

To Miss Lillian Berry Reid.

I WAS DREAMING_MAY-BE.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato espressivo.



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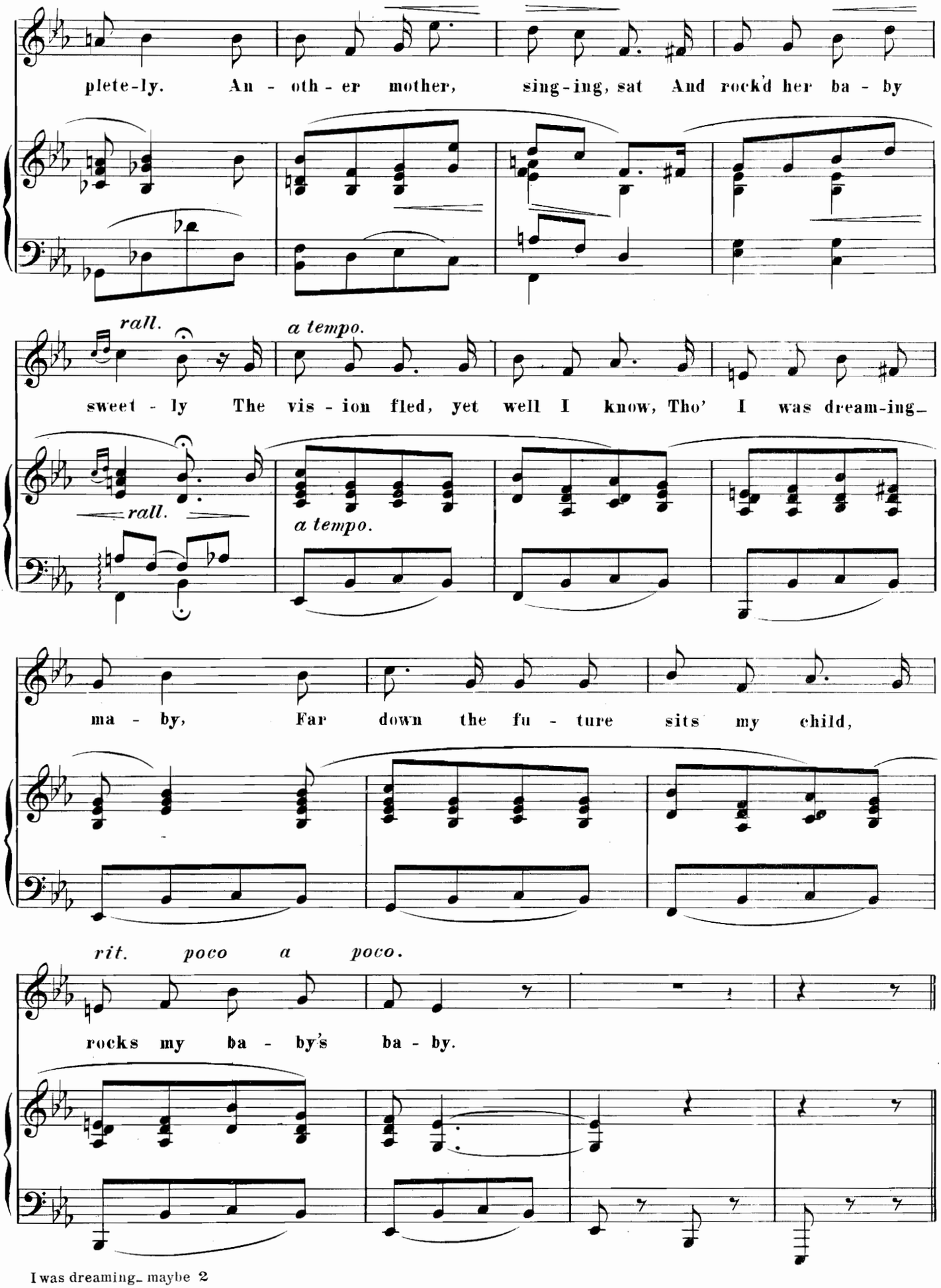
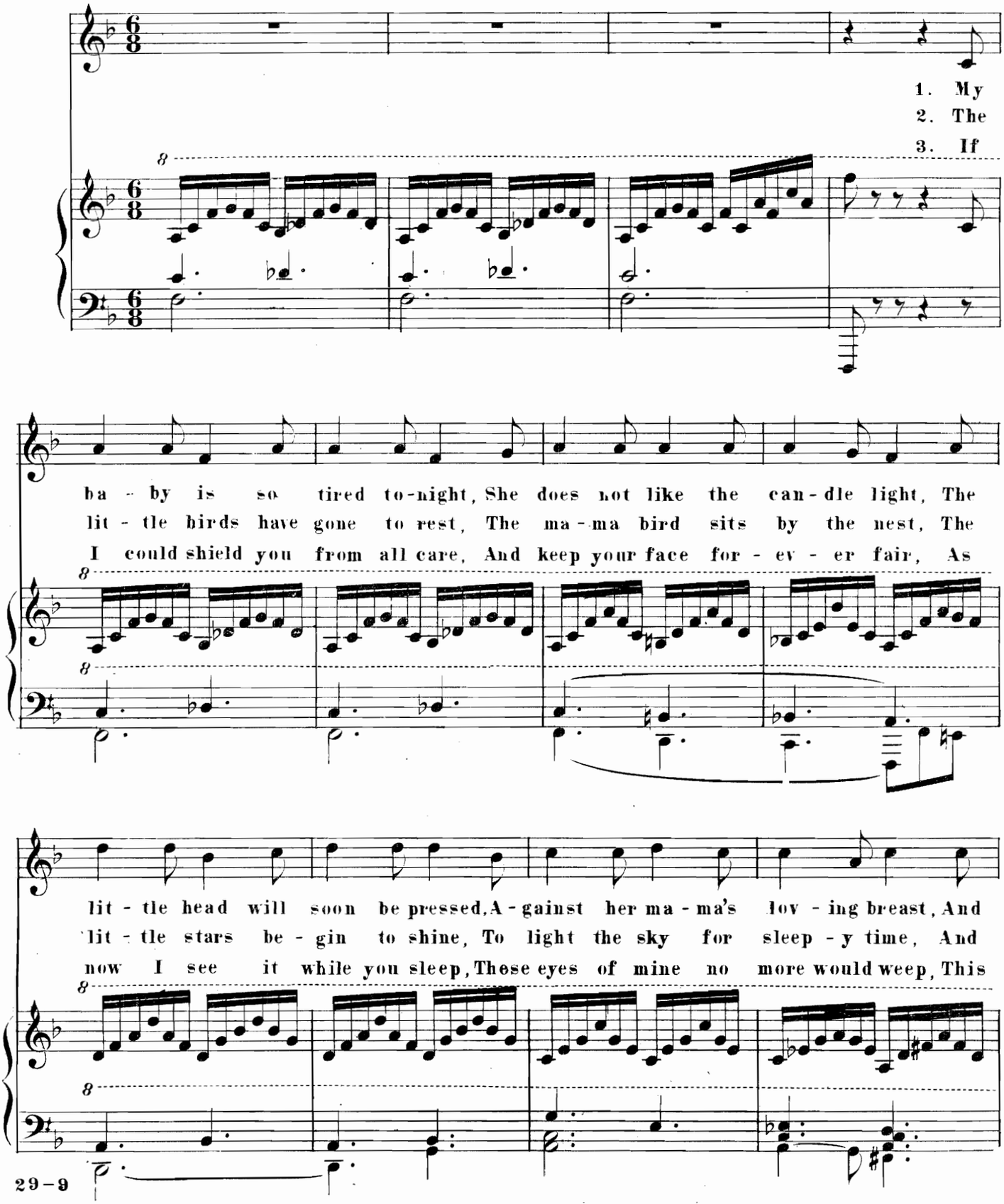

plete-ly. An - oth - er mother, sing-ing, sat And rock'd her ba - by
rall.
a tempo.
sweet - ly The vis - ion fled, yet well I know, Tho' I was dream-ing_
rall.
a tempo.
ma - by, Far down the fu - ture sits my child,
rit. poco a poco.
rocks my ba - by's ba - by.

To Grace Duffie Boylan.

THE BIRD SONG.

CARRIE JACOBS BOND.



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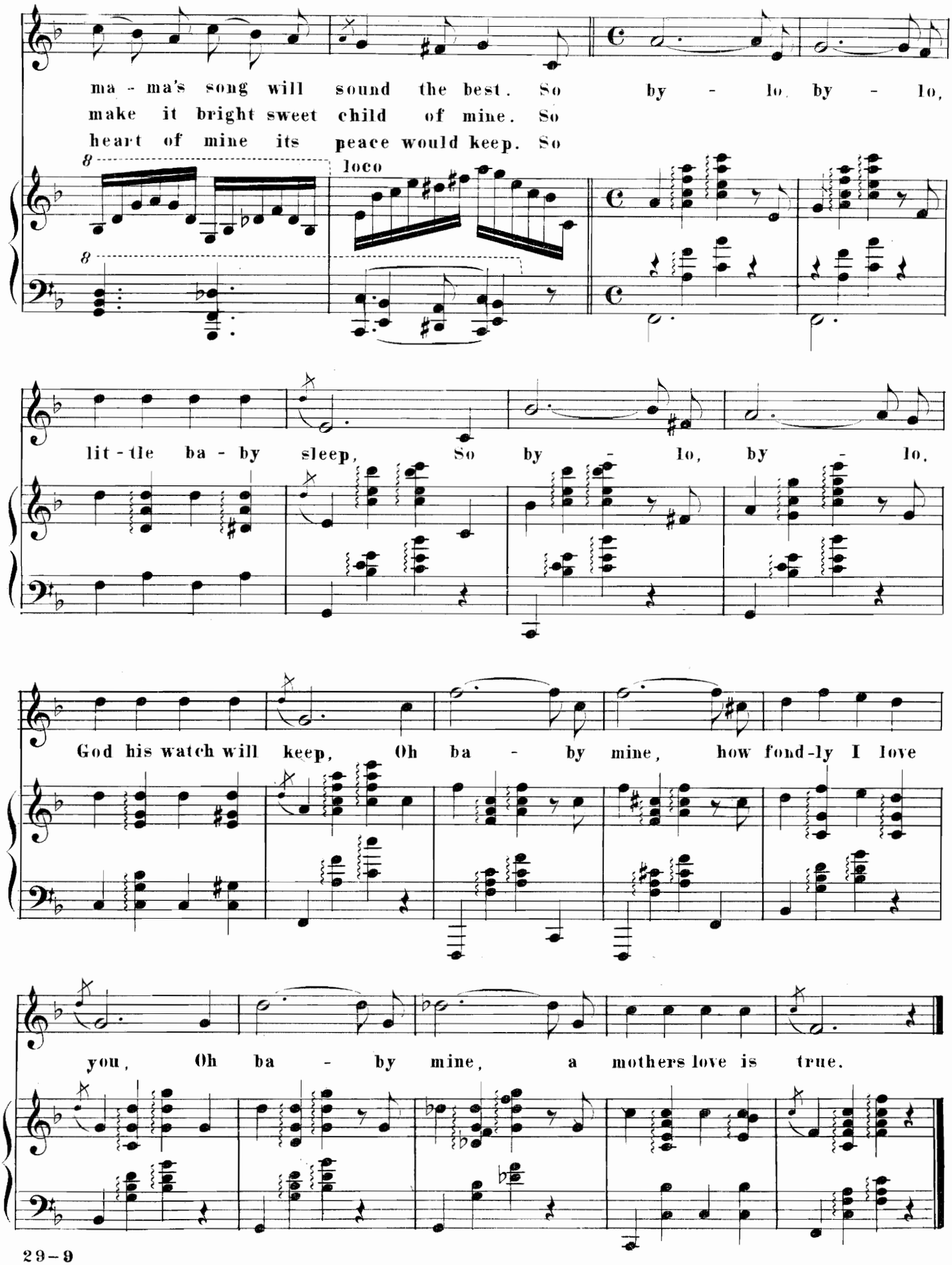
ma - ma's song will sound the best. So by - lo, by - lo,
make it bright sweet child of mine. So
heart of mine its peace would keep. So
loco
lit - tle ba - by sleep, So by - lo, by - lo,
God his watch will keep, Oh ba - by mine, how fond-ly I love
you, Oh ba - by mine, a mothers love is true.

To Mrs. Florence R. Magnes.

Mother's Three Ages Of Man.

Words & Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Vivace.

f

Allegretto.

1. Oh! time has tak-en my ba - by a - way, My ba - by I loved so
3. Now a girl has tak-en my man a - way, My man that I loved so

p

well, And the lul - la - by song he has tak - en a - long, And the
well, And the big strong arm that could shield from harm, Just be-

rea - son he will not tell, But time said, "Do not grieve, for I'm
longs to a girl named Nell, And I'm grow-ing old, and the

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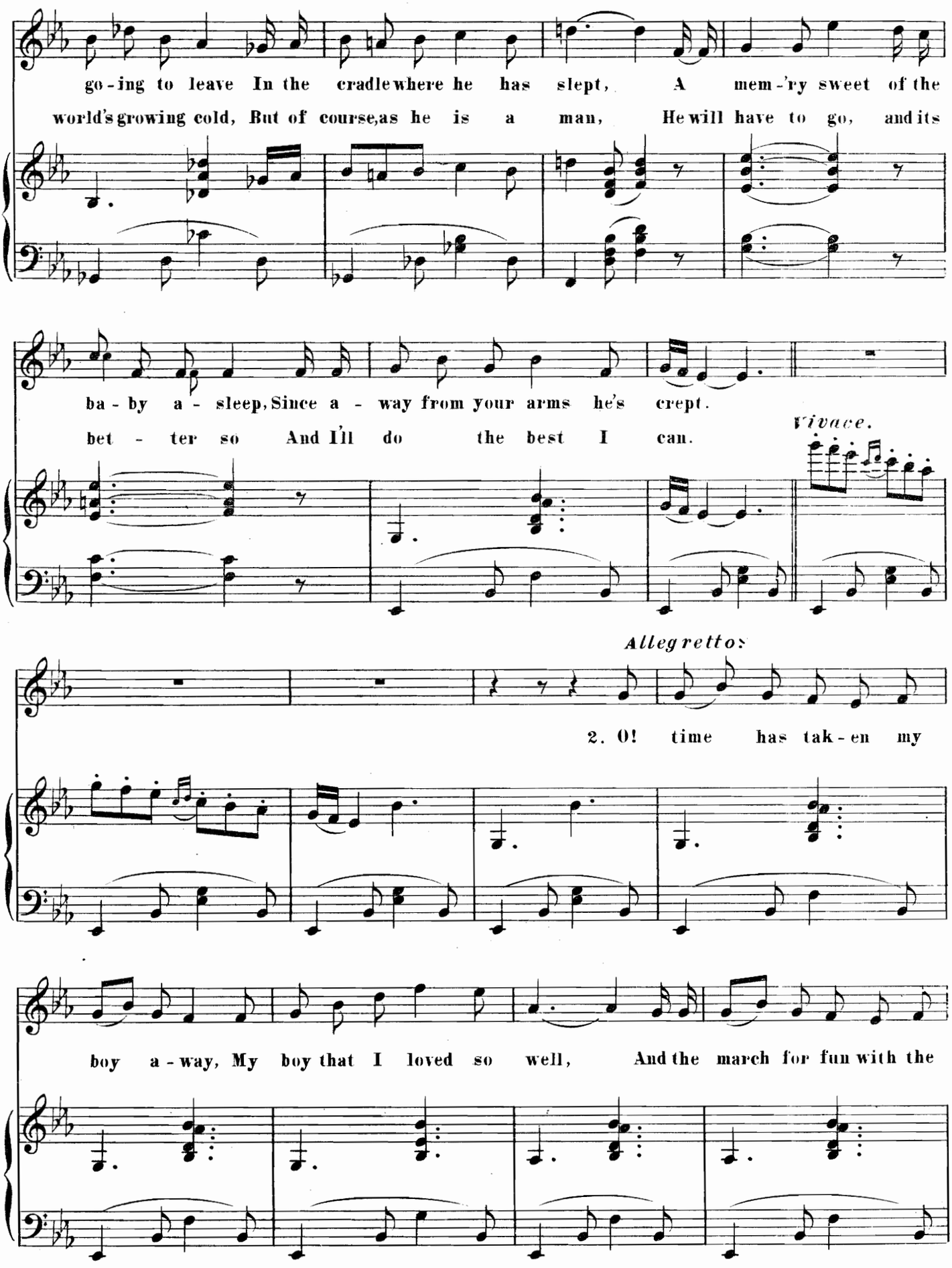
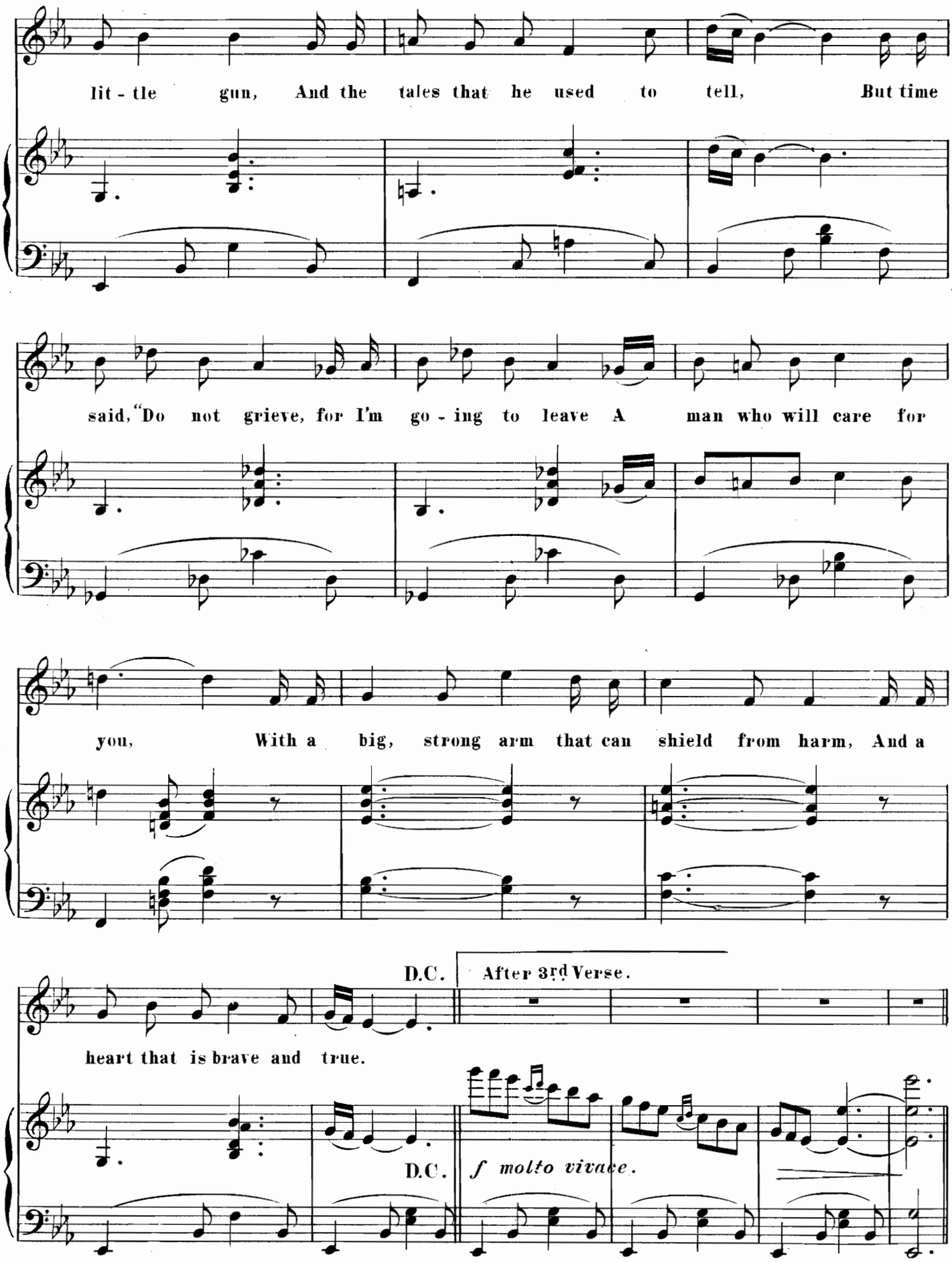

go-ing to leave In the cradle where he has slept, A mem-'ry sweet of the
world's growing cold, But of course, as he is a man, He will have to go, and its
ba-by a-sleep, Since a-way from your arms he's crept.
bet-ter so And I'll do the best I can.
Vivace.
Allegretto.
2. O! time has tak-en my
boy a-way, My boy that I loved so well, And the march for fun with the


lit - tle gun, And the tales that he used to tell, But time
said, "Do not grieve, for I'm go - ing to leave A man who will care for
you, With a big, strong arm that can shield from harm, And a
D.C.
After 3rd Verse.
heart that is brave and true.
D.C.
f molto vivace.

A NEW SONG

by Carrie Jacobs-Bond

"The Birds"

Being sung by MR. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

ALL DEALERS

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