

The green trees whispered low and mild.

Balfe, M. W. (Michael William), 1808-1870; Longfellow, Henry
Wadsworth, 1807-1882

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Nº 3.

THE GREEN TREES WHISPERED LOW AND MILD,

Ballad.

The Poetry by

LONGFELLOW.

The Music Composed and Dedicated

TO

M^{rs} Villebois,

(OF BENHAM PARK.)

BY

M. W. BALFE.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

LONDON.

BOOSEY & SONS, 28, HOLLES STREET, OXFORD STREET.

"THE GREEN TREES WHISPERED LOW AND MILD."

SONG

THE POETRY BY
LONGFELLOW.

THE MUSIC BY
M. W. BALFE.

ANDANTINO CANTABILE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

dolce.

cres:

accell:

cres:

dolce.

rall:

dim:

Tempo.

p

The green trees whispered

low and mild, It was a sound of Joy They

were my play-mates when a child, And rocked me in their

arms so wild, Still they looked at me and smiled, As

if I were a boy As if I were a

boy. *dolce.* And ever whispered mild and

low. *dolce.* And ever whispered mild and low, mild and low, *rall:*

Slow. mild and low. *Animato molto Quasi Allegro.* Come be a child once more

colla parte. *mf* *Animato molto* *cres:*

Come be a child once more Come be a child, a

pp

p *molto riten:*

child once more, And waved their long arms to and fro, And

p *stacc:* *cres: riten:*

rall: *Animato assai.* *f*

beckon'd solemnly and slow. Oh! I could not choose but go

cres: *mf*

In - to the woodlands hoar..... in - to the woodlands

rall: *p* *a piacere.* *dolce assai.*

hoar..... The

p dol. *Tempo 1^{mo}*

Tempo I^{mo}

green trees whispered low and mild, It was a sound of

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Tempo I^{mo}'. The lyrics 'green trees whispered low and mild, It was a sound of' are written below the vocal line. The piano part begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

Joy They were my play-mates when a child, And

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Joy They were my play-mates when a child, And'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

rocked me in their arms so wild, Still they looked at me and

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'rocked me in their arms so wild, Still they looked at me and'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

smiled, As if I were a boy, as.....

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'smiled, As if I were a boy, as.....'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The system ends with a triplet of eighth notes in the vocal line.

rall:

if..... I..... were a boy.

riten:

dim:

f

dolce riten:

Still they looked at me and smiled As

stacc:

dim:

a piacere. cres:

if I were..... a boy.

f

f

dim:

p *pp* *ppp*

THE SONGS OF THE DAY.

"WHO SHALL BE FAIREST?"

BALLAD.

By CHARLES MACKAY AND FRANK MORI.

Composed for SIMS REEVES.

Price 2s. 6d.

Who shall be fairest?
Who shall be rarest?
Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?
She who is kindest
When fortune is blindest,
Bearing through Winter the blooms of the Spring.
Charm of our gladness,
Friend of our sadness,
Angel of Life when its pleasures take wing!
She shall be fairest,
She shall be rarest,
She shall be first in the songs that we sing!
Aye, she shall be first in the songs that we sing.
Who shall be nearest?
Noblest and dearest?
Nam'd but with honour and pride evermore?
He the undaunted,
Whose banner is planted
On glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar,
Fearless of danger,
To falsehood a stranger,
Looking not back while there's duty before!
He shall be nearest,
He shall be dearest,
He shall be first in our hearts evermore.
Aye, he shall be first in our hearts evermore.

"TOO LATE! TOO LATE!"

SONG.

By W. H. BELLAMY AND R. S. PRATTEN.

Sung by MISS LOUISA VINNING.

Price 2s.

A maiden fair and young
Went forth one morn in May.
Upon a bough there sung
A bird that seemed to say:
Why wait? why wait?
Soon, soon 'twill be too late.
Tra la, la la, etc.
Away the maiden went
And joined each festive throng,
On Pleasure's whirl intent,
And lingered late and long.
I'll wait, I'll wait,
Sang she with joy elate.
Tra la, la la, etc.
Time flew, as on she stray'd
Through Fashion's giddy round,
With many a heart she play'd,
And laugh'd at ev'ry wound.
Too late! too late!
Old Time himself shall wait.
Tra la, la la, etc.
Then came the first grey hair,
And looks and hearts grew cold,
And wrinkles here and there
Their tale unwelcome told.
Hard fate! too late!
She sang disconsolate.
Tra la, la la, etc.

"PHOEBE, DEAREST, TELL, OH! TELL ME!"

Composed for SIMS REEVES.

By JOHN L. HATTON.

Price 2s. 6d.

Phoebe, dearest, tell, oh! tell me,
May I hope that you'll be mine?
Oh! let no cold frown repel me,
Leave me not with grief to pine.
Though 'tis told in homely fashion,
Phoebe, trust the tale I tell;
Ne'er was truer, purer passion
Than within this heart doth dwell.
Long I've watch'd each rare perfection,
Stealing o'er that gentle brow,
'Till respect became affection,
Such as that I offer now.
If you love me, and will have me,
True I'll be in weal and woe;
If in proud disdain you leave me,
For a soldier I will go.
Little care the broken-hearted
What their fate, by land or sea:
Phoebe, if we once are parted,
Once for ever it will be.
Say then "Yes," or blindly, madly
I will rush upon the foe;
And will welcome, oh! how gladly,
Shot or shell that lays me low.

"SCENES OF HOME."

BALLAD.

By M. W. BALFE.

Price 2s.

I'm with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began, my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear;
And where are hearts so warm and true,
As those that meet me here?
Since last with spirits wild and free
I pressed my native strand,
I've wander'd many miles at sea,
And many miles on land.
I've seen fair regions of the earth,
By rude commotion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that where I was born.

"THE GREEN TREES WHISPERED LOW AND MILD."

BALLAD.

By LONGFELLOW AND BALFE.

Sung by MISS DOLBY.

Price 2s.

The green trees whispered low and mild,
It was a sound of joy;
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild,
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy.
And ever whispered mild and low,
Come, be a child once more;
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckon'd solemnly and slow:
Oh! I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar.

"GOOD NIGHT! BELOVED!"

SERENADE.

By LONGFELLOW AND BALFE.

Sung by SIMS REEVES.

Price 2s. 6d.

Good night! good night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee.
To be near thee, to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.
Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers.
Good night! good night, beloved!
While I count the weary hours.
Ah! thou moon, that shinest argent clear above,
All night long enlighten my sweet ladylove.
Good night! good night!

"I DO NOT WATCH ALONE."

BALLAD.

By MISS FRICKER,

Composer of "Fading Away."

Price 2s.

When ev'ry flower that ope'd at morn,
Its weary eye shall close,
And by the wings of mem'ry borne,
My thoughts on thee repose;
I love to hear the ev'ning bells,
To list their soothing tone,
For to my heart their music tells,
I do not watch alone.
In fancy, while I hear that chime,
I rove again with thee,
And hear thy vow, "At ev'ning time
My thought of thee shall be."
Then will I love those vesper bells,
And list their soothing tone;
For to my heart their music tells,
I do not watch alone.

"COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD."

CAVATINA.

By TENNYSON AND BALFE.

Composed for SIMS REEVES.

Price 3s.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat night has flown,—
Come into the garden, Maud,
I'm here at the gate alone:
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.
For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky;
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,—
To faint in his light and to die.
Queen Rose of the rosebud, garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen, lily, and rose, in one;
Shine out little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their Sun.
She is coming, my own, my sweet:
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed.

"FAIR SHINES THE MOON."

(LA DONNA È MOBILE.)

By VERDI.

Sixth Edition. Price 1s.

Fair shines the moon to night,
And from her lattice height
Leans many a Lady bright,
While lutes are tinkling
Come, and we'll softly glide
Over the silv'ry tide,
While o'er us, far and wide,
Pale stars are twinkling.
Steer, boatman, lightly,
Steer the bark rightly,
Where the lamps brightly
Outshine the day.

Ah! why should ever fade
Music so sweetly play'd!
List to yon serenade!
How soft its numbers!—
Who would not rather be
Waked by such melody,
Than drag out wearily
Night's leaden slumbers!
Home then while hasting,
Ere repose tasting,
On thine oar resting,
Stay, boatman, stay!

"THE SUMMER BLOOM IS PASSED."

BALLAD.

By MISS HAY.

Third Edition. Price 2s.

The summer bloom hath pass'd away,
The flower droops on the lea,
The birds are hush'd on ev'ry spray,
And life is dark to me.
Ev'ry falling leaf some sad thought brings
To this heart, now chang'd and cold:
And each breeze that sweeps o'er my wild harp's strings
Seems to breathe some lay of old.
Thou art lost to me,
I weep for thee,
And call on thy name in vain;
That soft, sweet voice,
Which made all rejoice,
Will it ne'er greet mine ear again?
From their wintry beds the flow'rs will peep,
And the birds their songs resume:
But who shall wake thee from thy sleep,
Or the light of those eyes relume?
Yet in all I see, in each sound I hear,
Thou art present with me still;
I can ne'er forget thou wert lov'd and dear,
Nought my fondness for thee can chill.
There's a hope, still bright,
Glads my dream at night,
And lightens my couch of pain,
'Tis heav'n's pure ray
That points the way
Where, ere long, we shall meet again.

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