



What the chimney sang.

Boston: Boston Music Co., 1890

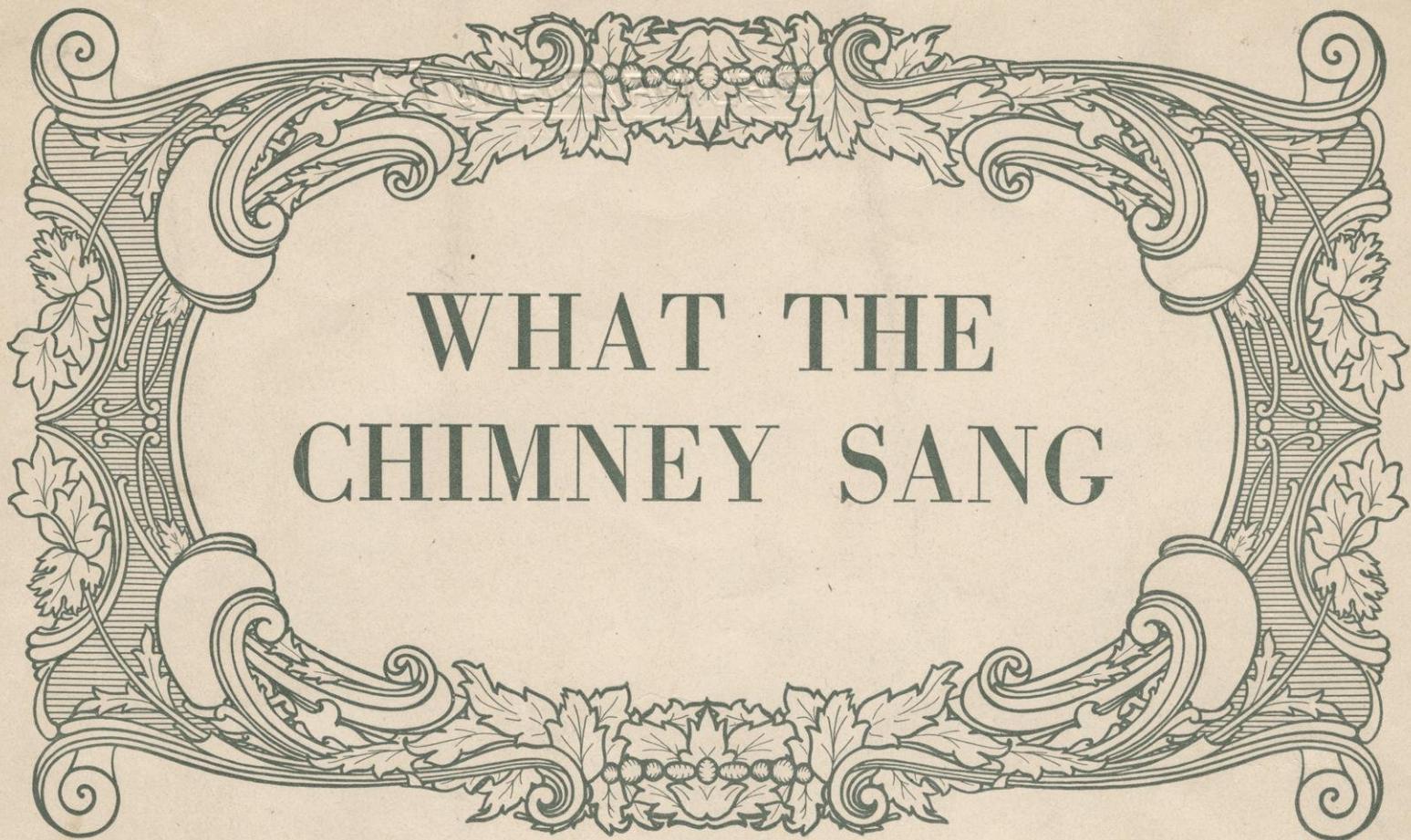
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Florence R. Aitken



WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG

WORDS BY
F. BRET HARTE

MUSIC BY
GERTRUDE GRISWOLD

Price, 60 cents net

50

Soprano or Ten. in F

Alto or Bar. in D

G. SCHIRMER

NEW YORK : 3 EAST 43D STREET
BOSTON : THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.

LONDON, W. : 18, BERNERS STREET

“What the Chimney sang.”

Words by
F. BRET HARTE.

GERTRUDE GRISWOLD.

Andantino.

VOICE.

O - ver the chim - ney the

PIANO.

night - wind sang, And chant-ed a mel - o - dy no one knew; And the

cresc.

wo - man stopp'd as her babe she tossed, And thought of the one she had

cresc.

rall.

a tempo.

long since lost, And said, as the tear - drops back she forced: "I

a tempo.

rall. hate the wind in the chim - ney!" O - ver the chim - ney the

rall. *a tempo.*

night - wind sang, And chant-ed a mel - o - dy no one knew; And the

string.

chil - dren said, as they clos - er drew: 'Tis some witch that is cleav - ing the

string.

rall.

black night through, 'Tis a fair - y trum-pet that just then blew, And we

rall.

pp

a tempo.

fear the wind in the chim - ney!" O - ver the chim - ney the
a tempo.

night - wind sang, And chant - ed a mel - o - dy no one knew; And the

man, as he sat on his hearth be - low, Said to him - self: "It will

sure - ly snow, And fu - el is dear and wag - es are low, And I'll

rall.

Andante.

stop the leak in the chim - ney."

O - ver the chim - ney the

night - wind sang, And chant - ed a mel - o - dy

molto legato e cresc.

no one knew; And the po - et lis - ten'd, and

molto legato e cresc.

smiled, For he was man, and wom-an, and
 child, all three; And . said: "It is God's own
 har - mo - ny, This wind we hear in the
 chim - ney, 'Tis God's own har - mo - ny!

ff Adagio.

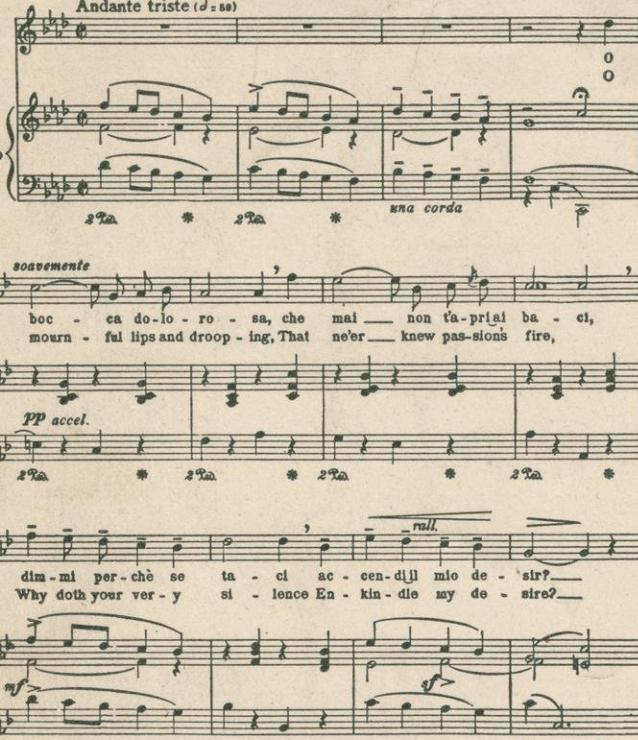
ART SONGS By GABRIELE SIBELLA

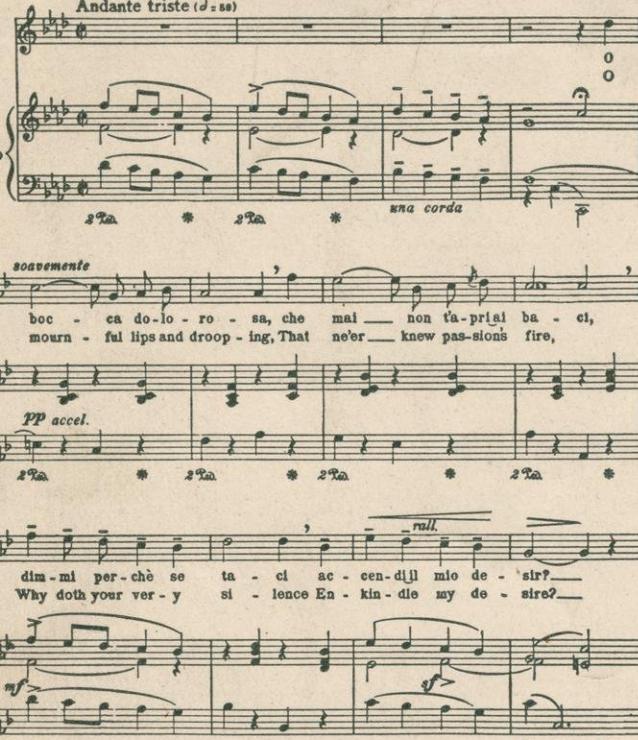
O bocca dolorosa
"O mournful Lips"

Poesia di Arturo Tiberini
English version by Grace Hall

Gabriele Sibella

Andante triste (d=88)

Voice: 

Piano: 

soavemente
boc - ca do - lo - sa, che mai non ta - pri - ba - ci,
mourn - ful lips and droop - ing, That ne'er knew pas-sions fire,

pp accel.

dim - mi per - chè se ta - cl ac - een - dill mio de - sir?
Why doth your ver - y si - lence En - kin - die my de - sire?

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SONGS WITH ITALIAN AND ENGLISH WORDS

CON GLI ANGIOLOI

With the Angels FOR HIGH VOICE E \flat TO A \flat

SOTTO IL CIEL

Twilight Dreams FOR HIGH VOICE E TO A

SENSAZIONE LUNARE

A Moonlit Idyll HIGH OR MED. VOICE D TO F \sharp

UN ORGANETTO SUONA PER LA VIA

An Organ of the Street is Playing (HIGH VOICE,) C TO G
(LOW VOICE,) B \flat TO F

IMPRESSIONE

An Impression (HIGH VOICE,) D TO G \sharp
(LOW VOICE,) B \flat TO E

O BOCCA DOLOROSA

O Mournful Lips (HIGH VOICE,) F TO A \flat
(LOW VOICE,) D TO F

O BIMBA, BIMBETTA

O Fleet Little Fairy (HIGH VOICE,) D TO G
(LOW VOICE,) B \flat TO E \flat

SONG WITH ENGLISH WORDS

LITTLE LOVE THOUGHT

FOR HIGH VOICE E TO G \sharp
MED. VOICE D TO F \sharp

SONGS WITH FRENCH AND ENGLISH WORDS

SÉRENADE

Serenade (HIGH OR MED. VOICE,) A \sharp TO E

EN AVRIL

In April (HIGH VOICE,) E TO F \sharp

SUR TA BOUCHE

From Thy Lips (HIGH VOICE,) E TO G
(LOW VOICE,) C TO F

DÉSIR

Longing (HIGH VOICE,) D \sharp TO G
(LOW VOICE,) B TO E

To Mr. John McCormack

Little Love Thought

Poem by Sigmund Spaeth
After the Italian of
Luigi Orsini

Gabriele Sibella

Allegretto

Voice: 

Piano: 

You are so rare, so frail, fleeting and

pp armonioso

air - y. That my heart can-not grasp, save as in dream - ing, Your

col canto

soul's flight, your sun - light, Or the flow'res that are gleam - ing,

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