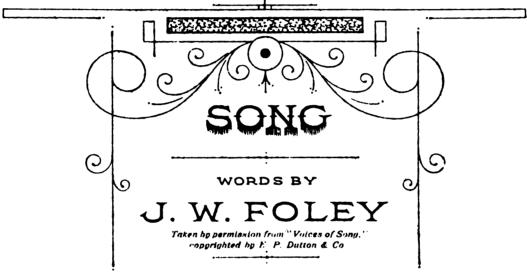


GOOD MORNI



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LATEST SUCCESSFUL SONG CYCLE

Songs of the Southern Isles

A Cycle of Four Songs

Words by Edward Teschemacher Music by HERMANN LOHR

[Keys: Low, Medium and High]

Hermann Löhr, one of the most eminently successful composers of English songs, has written nothing more melodious than these "Songs of the Southern Isles." The reason for his immense popularity is not difficult to find, for it is seldom that a composer who writes so well and so correctly can also make his music attractive to the general public.

The melody of "Star of the South" is as natural and ingenuous as a folk-song. "I Dream of a Garden of Sunshine" is a beautiful reverie in which the voice part, a simple and tender melody, floats above the piano accompaniment and gives the harmonic picture a golden edge.

"Cyprian Night Song" has a tinge of languorous Southern passion. It is tranquil on the surface, but there is longing and an echo of sadness in the heart of the singer.

"When Spring comes to the Islands" is redolent of the poetry of May. The rich and rippling accompaniment supplies the accents and the vitality, while the vocal melody wells from the singer like the happy carol of a bird.

The great song-loving public has potent reasons for admiring Hermann Löhr. This new cycle, "Songs of the Southern Isles" is one of them.

PRICE, \$1.00 NET, COMPLETE

CHAPPELL & CO., Ltd., 41, East 34th Street, New York LONDON, TORONTO, AND MELBOURNE

GOOD MORNING, BROTHER SUNSHINE! Song.

Words by J.W. FOLEY.

Music by LIZA LEHMANN.









Russian Love Songs

A Cycle of Six Songs

Words by KATERINA BOGOSOFF

Music by HERMANN LÖHR

Published for (Low, Medium and High)

Who does not know "Little Gray Home in the West," "Two Little Irish Songs," and "A Little Irish Girl"? Many too well know "Where My Caravan Has Rested," and the "Four Indian Songs," all of which are by Löhr, whose vogue in England, at the Chappell Ballad Concerts and elsewhere, has been followed by popularity throughout the United States. A writer well says that the reason for this popularity is undoubtedly because he writes well and correctly, and at the same time makes his music attractive to the general public. "Musicians and masses both like his songs"

says an authority; certainly a path not easy to find.

Blood-red cover, with silver imprint, black and red "troika" (Russian three-horse sleigh), a lonely pine-tree on a silver road, all this stimulates interest in the contents of the thirty-page volume of six songs, the poems by Katerina Bogosoff, named "The Brown Eyes of My Dushka," "Throb of the Passionate Day," "In the Path Thro' the Dark Arbutus," "Lifeless and Grey the Sea Lies," "A Black Sea Song," and "Russian Snow Song," There is fine variety in the songs, with plenty of local color, the "Dushka" of the first song meaning "Dearest." It is a quiet song, praising the brown eves, for

> "All earth's lamps are darkened And over the passionate sea The Brown eyes of my dushka Burn thro' the night to me!

The elaborated accompaniment of the last stanza aids to work up effect, the refrain, with heavy chords and basses a la tympani, running into the softly-sung "Ah," ending the song on the second of the scale.

The accompaniment figure of "Throb of Passionate Day" attracts attention at the outset, the rhythmical

beat, although slow, being sure. It is a fine song, of deep expression, with the refrain "And at night, the deep, soft rest of your breast,

O my love!"

"In the Path" is also a tranquil song, with full chords in melody of the vocal part, a little bass-phrase of charm preceding entrance of the voice. Toward the close the piano part becomes increasingly important, and choice of two endings is given. "The love in your eyes lights up the gloom of the lonely arbutus-trees." Lifeless and Grey"is a spontaneous song of three pages, with musicianly syncopated accompaniment, the interludes between stanzas coming in full and strong. A forceful climax is reached on the text "Burn me! Consume me! But draw me

To melt in the gold of thy heart!"

"A Black Sea Song" is written on big lines, with melody of "rainbow" dimensions, full of contrast, telling of winter and frost, the troika, the skaters, etc. Then comes:
"What tho' our lives may not mingle together,

May we not cull some bright flowers of life's joy?

Borrow some jewels of gay winter's weather?

Go not away, galubchik moi!"

("Galubchik" means "my darling.") It is an inspired song, the piano playing important part, with an agitated ending, very loud. Probably the most popular song of the lot will be the last, the "Russian Snow Song," being the song of the Russian lover: "Dushka moya! Dushka moya!

Hear you the yamscheek's singing, Joy of the horses dancing feet, Bells on the troika ringing?"

("Yamscheek" is the driver of the sleigh.) The song is full of rush and go, with surprise chords, strong rhythm and a truly impetuous accompaniment, lighting up the vocal part. It ends (per directions) with the shout, "Dushka!" Musical clubs seeking vocal material for an evening of Russian music, will find this booklet mighty useful, all the songs being melodious, with not a bit of the ultra-modern affectations, but rather a frank and free flow of melody, with appropriate harmonic background. The words and the music are well mated, accents coming where they belong, and the imprint is accurate, full of interpretative suggestion, and a model of clean-cut printer's output. For high, medium and low voices.

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SMILE THROUGH YOUR TEARS. AS SUN-LIGHT SMILES THROUGH RAIN, SOR-ROW WILL PASS AND JOY WILL COME A-GAIN:

WORDS & MUSIC BERNARD HAMBLEN HOPE ON FOR EVER THOUGH YOUR EYES ARE WET. SMILE THROUGH YOUR TEARS, I NEVER CAN FORGET. LAMBERT MURPHY VICTOR RECORD

HE ROAD THAT BROUGHT YOU TO ME



WORDS & MUSIC

BERNARD HAMBLEN

SOME-TIMES THINK, AT THE TWI-LIGHT HOUR, OF

WINDING A-WAY THRO' THE SILVER MIST, DOWN, DOWN TO THE SEA BELOW; THO TWAS DUSTY AND ROUGH, IT SEEMED LIKE HEAVY, AND AN ANGEL PASSED THAT WAY, FOR TWAS OVER THAT ROAD THAT YOU (AME TO ME WITH A SMILE AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

USED TO KNOW,

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SOPRANO
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FAIRY LULLABY. Quilter
GOLDEN DANCING DAYS. Clarks
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LITTLE BLOSSOM THOUGHTS
OF YOU. ... D'Hardelot
LITTLE BLOSSOM THOUGHTS
OF YOU. ... Eisedil
LOVE'S A MERCHANT. .. Carve
BOMETIMES IN MY DERAMS
SONG OF THE SOUL. ... Breil
THEER IS EVER A BONG
SOMEWHERE ... WARD-Stephens
THEE ARE FAIRIES AT THE
BOTTOM OF OUR GARDEN
Lehmann
WAKE UP! (Spring Flowers)
WAKE UP! (Spring Flowers)
Clarks

WAKE UP! (Spring Flowers)
Phillips

MEZZO-SOPRANO

CONTRALTO

BELOVED, IT IS MORN
Aylward
DADDY'S SWEETHEART
Lebmann FOUR DUCKS ON A POND
Needham

HEATHERIAND Dumayne JUST A LITTLE HOUSE OF

SOL UF THE SILENCE...Most BORE IN THE BUD...Forster BORGA, VOGA, CONDOLIER CLarks

TENOR

AH! THOUGH THE SILVER MOON WERE MINE....Lohr BROWN EYES BENEATH THE

THERE IS NO DEATH...O'Hara YOU IN A GONDOLA....Clarke

BARITONE

BROWN EYES BEIDERNA COATES
MOON COATES
FIGURATIE, I SHALL NEVER
FORGET Wood
LITTLE TVETTE WOOd
LOVE'S GARDEN OF ROSES
Wood

IN SUMMERTIME ON BREDON
IP PITCH MY LONELY
CARAVAN AT NIGHT. COATES

CARAVAN AT NIGHT. COATES

LOPE CORNER OF YOUR
LOPE LITTLE CORNER OF YOUR
HEART ... Lobr
MATE O' MINE ... Elliott
MOTHER O' MINE ... Tours ROSE OF MY HEART. Lohr VILLAGE BAND, THE ... Lohr WHEN CELIA SINGS. ... Moir WOLFGOF, THE BOWMAN Nelson WHERE MY CARAVAN HAS
RESTEDLohr

RASS

BECAUSED'Hardelot CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK, A Squire Geraldine Clarke CHORUS, GENTLEMEN! DRUM-MAJOR, THE Newton DAUMMER-BOY, THE . . . German PLORAL DANCE, THE Mess GUNNER, THE Weed LIGHTERMAN TOM Squire RINGERS, THE Lohr THREE FOR JACK...... Soutre

YOUNG TOM O'DEVON... Russell

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