

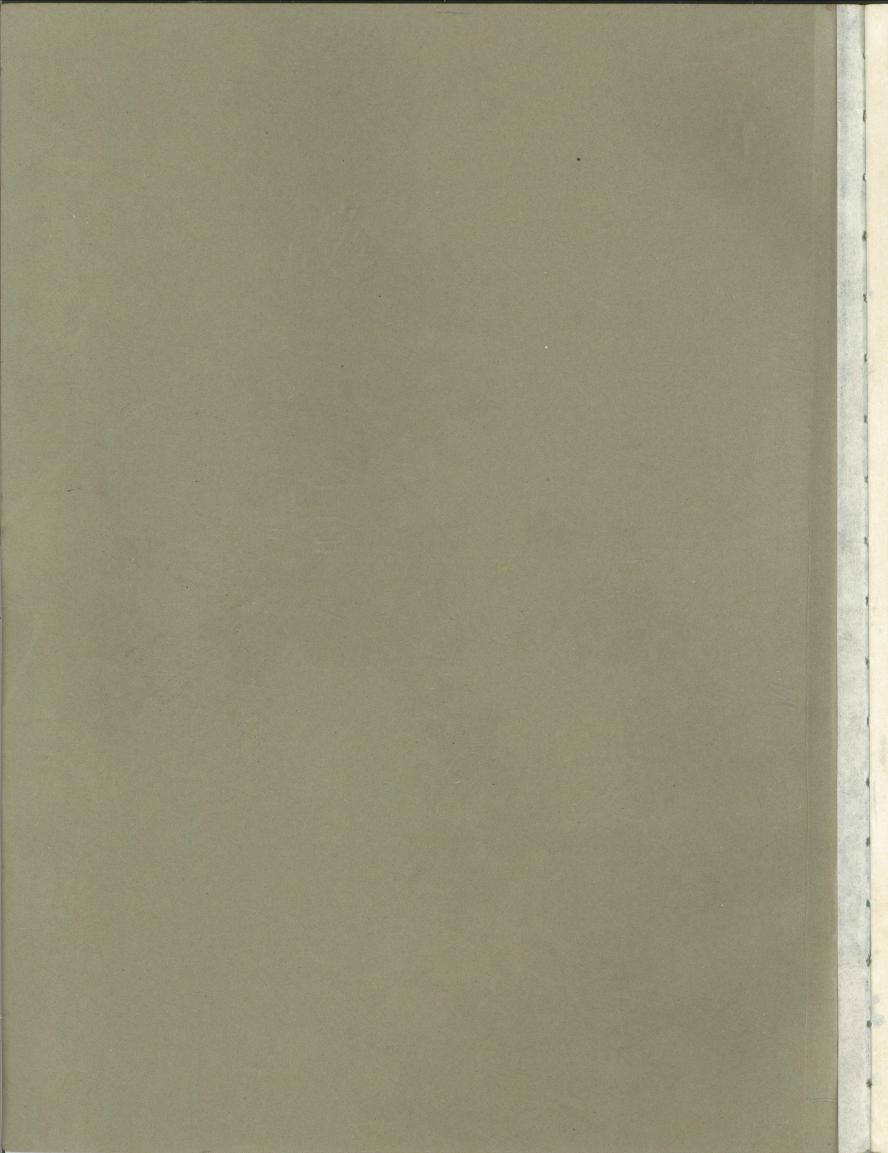


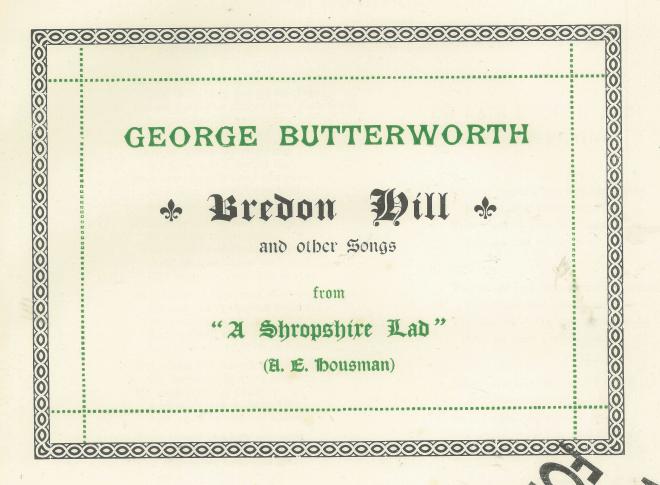


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LONDON, W.1.

18 CREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,





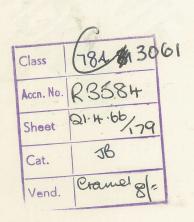
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CHUME MINING TREET

Augener Ltd.

LONDON, W.1.

IS CREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,



CYCLE OF SONGS

FROM

"A SHROPSHIRE LAD"*

I.

BREDON' HILL

In summertime on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her
In valleys miles away:
"Come all to church, good people;
Good people, come and pray."
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,
"Oh, peal upon our wedding,
And we will hear the chime,
And come to church in time."

But when the snows at Christmas
On Bredon top were strown,
My love rose up so early
And stole out unbeknown
And went to church alone.

They tolled the one bell only, Groom there was none to see, The mourners followed after, And so to church went she, And wou'd not wait for ma.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum.
"Come all to church, good people,"—
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;
I hear you, I will come.

Pronounced Breedon.

II.

OH FAIR ENOUGH ARE SKY AND PLAIN

Oh fair enough are sky and plain,
But I know fairer far:
Those are as beautiful again
That in the water are;

The pools and rivers wash so clean
The trees and clouds and air,
The like on earth was never seen,
And oh that I were there.

These are the thoughts I often think
As I stand gazing down
In act upon the cressy brink
To strip and dive and drown;

But in the golden-sanded brooks
And azure meres I spy
A silly lad that longs and looks
And wishes he were I.

III.

WHEN THE LAD FOR LONGING SIGHS

When the lad for longing sighs.
Mute and dull of cheer and pale,
If at death's own door he lies
Maiden, you can heal his ail.

Lover's ills are all to buy:

The wan look, the hollow tone,
The hung head, the sunken eye,
You can have them for your own.

Buy them, buy them: eve and morn Lover's ills are all to sell. Then you can lie down forlorn; But the lover will be well.

THE PUBLIC LIESA

^{*} Words printed by kind p rmission of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Grant Richards.

ON THE IDLE HILL OF SUMMER

On the idle hill of summer, Sleepy with the flow of streams, Far I hear the steady drummer Drumming like a noise in dreams.

> Far and near and low and louder, On the roads of earth go by, Dear to friends and food for powder, Soldiers marching, all to die.

East and west on fields forgotten Bleach the bones of comrades slain, Lovely lads and dead and rotten: None that go return again.

For the calling bugles hollo, High the screaming fife replies, which was the screaming fife replies and the screaming fife replie bar of sales of sales of scarlet follow: Myoul answered and and Woman bore me, I will rise.

WITH RUE MY HEART IS LADEN

With rue my heart is laden For golden friends I had, For many a rose-lipt maiden And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping The lightfoot boys are laid; The rose-lipt girls are sleeping In fields where roses fade.

o hung bend, 884 o sunken eye,

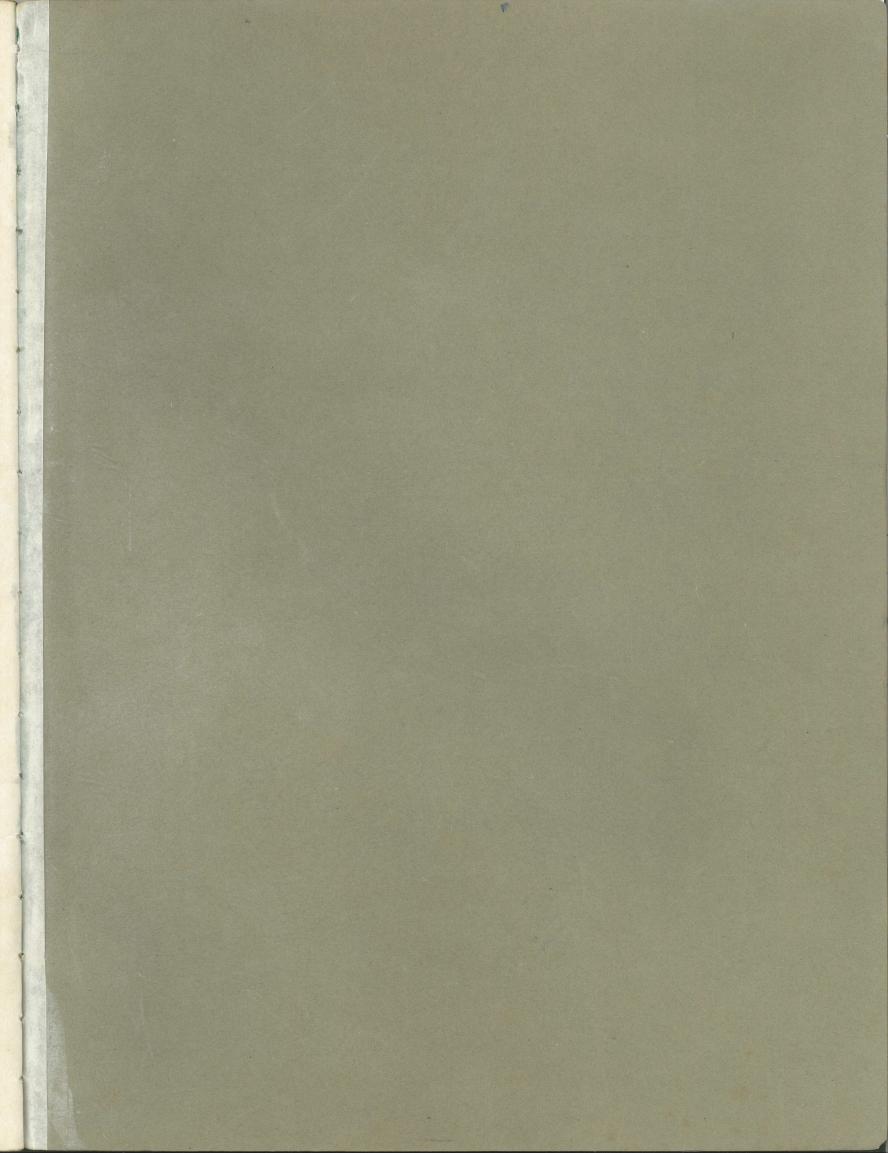
AUGENER'S NEW SONGS

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MY MARGARET R. W. Mockridg	ge D to G 2/-
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IN TIME OF ROSES T. Hood	
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	B to E 2/-
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HARVEST HOME S. Evans	

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No. 445



GEORGE BUTTERWORTH SONGS

	let
BREDON HILL. (A. E. Housman) C to G; D to A, ea. 2	
, and a second of the second o	2/-
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AT DUMC	
ALBUMS	
Six songs from "A SHROPSHIRE LAD" 6/-	
Words by A. E. Housman Loveliest of Trees; When I was one-an '-twenty;	
Look not in my eyes; Think no more Lad; The lads in their hundreds; Is my team ploughing?	
BREDON HILL and other songs 4/- from "A Shropshire Lad"	
Words by A. E. Housman	
Bredon Hill; Oh! fair enough are sky and plain; When the lad for longing sighs; On the idle hill of	
Summer; With rue my heart is laden.	
FOLK SONGS FROM SUSSEX 4/-	
Yonder stands a lovely creature; A blacksmith courted me; Sowing the seeds of love; A lawyer	
he went out; Come, my own one; The Cuckoo; A brisk young Sailor courted me; Seventeen	
come Sunday; Roving in the dew; The true	
Lover's Farewell; Tarry Trowsers.	

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