SONGS AND BALLADS
BY
DUDLEY BUCK.

THREE SONGS FOR MEZZO-SOPRANO:

NO. 1. WHERE ARE THE SWALLOWS FLED,  
      2. DOWN BY THE MILL,    
      3. THE SUNSET'S SMILE HAS LEFT THE SKY,
       ... 35
       ... 50
       ... 35

FIVE SONGS FOR ALTO OR BARITONE:

NO. 1. MORNING LAND,       
      2. SPRING SONG,  
      3. EXPECTANCY,  
      4. SUNSET,      
      5. STORM AND SUNSHINE,   
       ... 50
       ... 50
       ... 50
       ... 50
       ... 50

FIVE SONGS FOR TENOR OR SOPRANO:

NO. 1. THOU ART MINE,       
      2. SHADOW LAND,     
      3. I LOVE THEE,     
      4. THE SILENT WORLD IS SLEEPING, 
      5. CREOLE LOVER'S SONG,    
       ... 50
       ... 50
       ... 50
       ... 50
       ... 50

THE SAME TRANSPosed FOR BARITONE OR ALTO:

ORIGINAL FOR TEN OR SOP.  
TRANSPosed FOR BAR. OR ALTO.

FIVE SONGS FOR BARITONE:

NO. 1. WHERE THE LINDENS BLOOM,  
      2. BEDOUIN LOVE SONG, 
      3. CAPTURE OF BACCHUS, 
      4. GYPSIES,          
      5. WHEN LIFE HATH SORROW FOUND, 
       ... 50
       ... 50
       ... 50
       ... 50
       ... 50

THE SAME TRANSPosed FOR TENOR:

ORIGINAL FOR BARITONE.  
TRANSPosed FOR TENOR.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM BABY DEAR, 
THE MERRY BROWN THRUSH,
SOP. IN G, MEZ.-SOP. IN F, ALTO IN E,  
THE TEMPEST. DRAMATIC POEM,       
       ... 35
       ... 50

NEW YORK,  
G. SCHIRMER,  
35 UNION SQUARE.

STEINMUELLER & CELLARIUS,
702 W. Baldwin St., near Pine St.
WHERE THE LINDENS BLOOM.

Words by FRANCIS BENNOCH.

Allegro non troppo. (\#116.)

DUDLEY BUCK, Op.87, No. 4.

Piano.

Come, come, come be-lov-ed!

Come where the lindens bloom!

Come, come,

come be-lov-ed, And drink of their sweet per-fume.

colla voce. a tempo.
Meet me, ah! meet me beneath the shade, Day into night begins to fade.

A time for woo-ers and woo-ing made is the twi-lights deep-ning gloom.

Come, come, come, come, Beloved, Come where the lindens bloom!

Come, come, come, my sweetest, my dearest, my fairest one,
Come!
Wait, wait, 0
wait!
I will come unto thee be-thine:
Wait, wait, 0
wait! I will come with the evening-

ritard.
chimes.
See the light fades in the western sky,

ritard.
Andante.

Tenderly gaze the kind stars from on high,
Darkening shadows out-

Andante.

Tempo I.

spreading lie Beneath the odorous limes!

Here, here,

Here, here, My beautiful met at last!

Here, here,
here, Around the my sheltering arms I cast! The storms of life may fiercely blow,
And sorrow in surging tide's may flow, What ev'ry may come, Come joy, come woe, Still here, here, here! Thy refuge for-
ev'er, for-ev'er is here!