VILLANELLE
WITH THE SWALLOW
SONG
Composed by
Eva Dell'Acqua

Copyright.

IN B♭, with Cadenzas.
IN D♭, with Cadenzas.

IN C, with Cadenzas.
IN E♭, with Cadenzas.

IN C, with Violin obbl.
IN E♭, with Violin or Cello obbl.

LONDON
EDWIN ASHDOWN (Limited)
19 HANOVER SQUARE
Made in England.
VILLANELLE.

With the Swallow.

Paroles de FRÉDÉRIC van der ELST.

English words by CONSTANCE BACHE.

Musique d’EVA DELL’ACQUA.

CHANT. Andantino.

PIANO.

J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle,
Now 'tis the time when the swallow
Dans le ciel pur du matin:
Starts on her long lonely flight,
Elle allait, à tire-tire
Swiftly, with light wing-ed
d’ail-le, Vers le pays où l’appel-le, Vers le pays où l’appel-le.

Toward a far land o’er the ocean; Toward a far land o’er the ocean;

Le soleil et le jasmin. J’ai vu passer l’hirondelle.

Where sun and flowers are bright, Ther the swallow is flying.

J’ai long-temps suivi des yeux And I followed eagerly,

Le vol de la voyageuse. Depuis mon âme rêveuse.

Saw her pinions brightly gleaming, Till my spirit, lost in dreaming,
L'ac-com-pa-gne par les cieux. Ah! Ah! Ah!
Seemed to share her flight on high. Ah! Ah! Ah!

Au pa-ys mys-te-ri-eux! Ah!
Toward the mys-terious Un-known! Ah!

poco rit.
suivez

a tempo
cresc.
Et j'aurais voulu comme elle.
And I longed that I might follow,

Sui-vre le même chemin.
Follow in her trackless flight:

J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle.
I have been watching the swallow,

...
J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle! J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle! Toward that far land, my beloved, Toward that far land, my beloved,

Dans le ciel pur du matin: Elle allaît, à tire-del-le. Would I were winging my flight, There thou art waiting so loved,

Vers le pays où l'appelle, Vers le pays où l'appelle, Vers le pays où l'appelle, Vers le pays où l'appelle, Waiting, O Love, for me only, Waiting, my Love, for me only,

Le soleil et le jasmin. J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle! There where the flowers are bright, Trust in me, Love, I am
SONGS OF PARTICULAR INTEREST

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**Song of the Morning-o**

*Lyric by James Stephens*

Allegro (Lively, daintily)

In the scented bud of the morning-o,

When the win-dy grass went

ripp-ling far,

When London was a Garden

Words by Charles O. Mortimer

Lively

When Lon-don was a gar-den, from Kew to Prim-rose Hill, With here a field and

poco acci cres.

Here a farm, and here a spark-ling vili-

How the

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**Serenade to a Beautiful Day**

Words by Hubert Sands

Moderato

The Sun climbs o-ver the hill,

To bid all the shadows be gone, And song-birds a-

-waken To greet the dawn, The

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**He that Loves a Rosy Cheek**

Words by Thomas Carew

Allegro vigoroso

He that loves a ro-sy cheek Or a cor-al lip ad-

-mires, Or from star-like eyes doth seek

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**Music by Lorna Norman**

Music by

Lorna Norman

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