

Alice M. Palmer
182.

M. Barrett / 94

B^b.
COMPASS B^b TO C.

C.
COMPASS C TO D.

E^b.
COMPASS E^b TO F.

THE LAND OF REST

Song

THE WORDS BY

M. MARK-LEMON,

The Music by

GIRO PINSUTI.

New Songs by the same Composer:
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THIS SONG MAY BE SUNG WITHOUT FEE OR LICENCE.

THE LAND OF REST.

WORDS BY MARY MARK-LEMON.

MUSIC BY CIRO PINSUTI.

LARGHETTO, TRANQUILLO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

pp due pedali.

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. The voice part is a single line with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The piano part begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and includes the instruction *due pedali* (two pedals). The music is characterized by a slow, tranquil tempo.

This system contains the next four measures of the piece. The piano part continues with the same key signature and tempo. It features various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings, including a *pp* marking in the final measure.

p Andante Moderato.

Mother, you say that the world so bright Is on _ly a dream of the day;

This system contains the final four measures of the piece. The tempo changes to *Andante Moderato*. The voice part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes the lyrics: "Mother, you say that the world so bright Is on _ly a dream of the day;". The piano part continues with the same key signature and includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

Cres.

What is be-yond our far--thest sight, In the land that is far a--

Cres.

un poco animando.

-- way? What is be-yond the shi--ning road, Which

Cres. *sf e p*

Cres.

bor-ders the Heav'n--ly sea, Does it lead straight on to the

Cres.

Dim: *p*

Home a--bove, Where wear-i-ness can--not be, Where

Dim: *p*

poco Rall.

wear-i-ness can-not be?

Rall *a tempo poco cres* *dim e rall:*

LARGHETTO, TRANQUILLO.

con dolcezza.

Child, there is rest, there is rest in that un-known Land... Where

pp due pedali.

poco ritard.

an-gels watch, by the Gold-en Strand!...

poco ritard.

The

pp a tempo.

Andante Moderato.

song of the reapers was joy-ous to-night, But it faded a-way so fast;

Cres.

What is be-yond sweet music's flight, In the re-gions bright and vast?

Cres. *Cres.*

un poco animando.

What is be-yond the scent of flow'rs? Be---yond our pray'rs, when we

sf *p*

Cres. *Dim:*

pray? . . . What is beyond the flight of the hours? And the tears that you shed to-

Cres. *Dim:*

p *poco rall:*

- day, And the tears that you shed to -- day?

p *poco rall:* *a tempo. cres.* *dim e rall.*

LARGHETTO, TRANQUILLO.
con dolcezza.

Child, there is Home, where all sor-----rows cease, . . . And

pp *due pedali.*

Faith, and Pray'r, will bring thee its peace! will

p *rall.*

rall assai.

bring thee its peace!

col canto. *pp* *ppp*

New Songs of Sterling Excellence.

Owing to the great success of F. H. Cowen's new song, "The Children's Home," W. Morley, Jr. & Co., have much pleasure in announcing the purchase of Mr. Cowen's last and most successful song,

The Watchman & the Child, by F. H. Cowen

No sound in the empty street, no light from the winter sky,
Only the rain and the sleet, as midnight hour drew nigh.
A little white face in a doorway looked thro' the pitiless rain,
As the watchman chanted the hour, then left her alone again.

In C (compass G to D), D (compass A to E), and F (C to G).

The Children's Home, by F. H. Cowen.

They played in their beautiful gardens, the children of high degree;
Outside the gates the beggars passed on in their misery.
But there was one of the children who could not join the play,
And a little beggar maiden watched for him day by day.

In B flat, Contralto or Bass; C, Medium Voices or Baritone (compass C to E); E flat, Mezzo-Soprano; F, Soprano or Tenor.

In the Cloisters, by Odoardo Barri.

Thro' the cloisters grey the singers passed, on a golden summer morn,
And the matin song, 'mid the rafters vast, to Heav'n was upwards borne;
And a sweet young voice was pouring its song of praise above,
And the angels stooped to listen to its melody of love.

In F (compass A to D), G (B to E), B flat (D to G flat), and in C.

A Golden Wedding, by Cotsford Dick.

Come near and sit beside me, dear,
Our guests are gone away,
Our dear ones who have helped us keep
This golden wedding-day.

In E flat (compass B flat to E flat) and in F (C to F).

A Dream at Sunset, by Mme. Sainton-Dolby

She said, "I shall die at the sunset hour,
When the tide is falling fast,
When the flowers are softly closing,
And the weary day is past."

In D (compass A to D), and in F (compass C to F).

Before the Shrine, by Humphrey J. Stark.

Alone in the ev'ning stillness, a child once knelt in prayer,
And whisper'd to the angels, who lingered near her there.
"Dear angels, high in Heaven, accept this gift of mine:
I bring my pure white lily to lay before the shrine.
O bear it on thy pinions white, to Paradise, the Home of Light."

In D (compass A to D), and in F (compass C to F).

Courtship Lane, by Cotsford Dick.

"Oh, where are you roaming, so late in the gloaming,
Prith'ee, fair maid, tell me where?"—said he;
"My footsteps are weary, the lane it is dreary,
And home I must hasten, good sir."—said she.

In F (compass C to E), and in G (compass D to E).

St. Ronan's Eve, by F. W. Lacey.

When the evening's twilight falls round St. Ronan's ruined walls,
Where the moonbeams fall around, casting shadows on the ground;
By the dim religious light, in the gloomy hours of night,
"Monks of Old," some people say, in dim procession passed that way.

In C (compass C to D), D (D to E), and in F (F to G).

W. Morley, Jr. & Co., have the honour to announce that they have secured Jacques Blumenthal's last song.

The Child's Dream, by J. Blumenthal.

Mother, darling, wake and listen! such a wondrous dream I had!
I must tell you, tender mother, though I fear 'twill make you sad.
Through the night my eyes were sleepless, though my head lay on your breast;
Mother, dear, the dawn was breaking ere I slowly sank to rest.

In E flat (compass B to C), G (D to E), and in A (E to F).

The Fairy Castle, by A. L. Mora.

I saw a fairy castle rise from out a mountain high,
With golden turrets gleaming bright against the azure sky!
Its terrac'd lawns were broider'd with flowers of dazzling hue,
And silvery fountains danc'd and foam'd before my ravish'd view.

Sung by Mme. Marie Rozé. In F (compass D to E).

The Old Cathedral, by Ciro Pinsuti.

Over the old cathedral, the shadows gather fast,
The voices of the singers proclaim the day is past.
But the children's song is saddened,—their eyes with tears are bright,
For one sweet voice is missing, amid their ranks to night.

In C (compass B to E), and in D (compass C to F).

The Angel's Gift, by Cotsford Dick.

In the hush of a tender twilight, when shadows veiled the land,
An angel came to the quiet earth with a white rose in his hand;
And the stars came out to listen, as the angel floated by,
For he sang a song so gently, that it fell like a lullaby.

In E flat (compass B flat to E flat), and in F (C to F).

The Stepping-Stones, by H. Pontet.

The stream runs fast, the stepping-stones are very far apart;
To cross alone I never can, I have not got the heart.
Those heartless girls! they left me here, and laughed and said good-bye!
Told me to wait till someone came—but lo! there's *someone* nigh!

In B (compass B to E), and in E flat (C to F).

The Land of Rest, by Ciro Pinsuti.

Mother, you say that the world so bright is only a dream of the day;
What is beyond our farthest sight, in the Land that is far away?
What is beyond the shining road which borders the Heavenly sea?
Does it lead straight on to the Home above, where weariness cannot be?
Child, there is rest in that Unknown Land, where angels watch by the Golden Strand.

In B flat (compass B flat to C), C (C to D), and in E flat (E flat to F).

By the River, by Madame Sainton-Dolby.

In the summer time, ere the grass was mown,
When the tall ox-daisies grew to her knee,
There wandered a maiden all alone, [sea.
In a silken kirtle and golden zone, By the river that flows to the

In G (compass D to E).

The Child's Mission, by Odoardo Barri.

She had sung her song so often, that pitiless winter night,
But no one paus'd to listen amid the snow-drifts white;
She was only a childish singer, but her voice was so pure and sweet
That it fell, like a wild bird's carol, 'mid the din of the busy street.

In D (compass B to D), and in F (compass D to F).

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