

## In Old Madrid

CLIFTON BINGHAM

H. TROTÈRE

*Tempo di Bolero*

go, in old Ma-drid, Where soft - ly sighs of love the light gui - tar, Two sparkling  
way from old Ma-drid, Her lov - er fell, long years a - go, for Spain;—A con-vent

eyes a lat - tice hid, Two eyes as dark - ly bright as love's own star ! There  
veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain ! But

on the casement ledge, when day was o'er, A ti - ny hand was light - ly laid ; A  
still, between the dusk and night, 'tis said, Her white hand opes the lat - tice wide, The

*rall.*

face looked out, as from the riv - er shore There stole a ten - der ser - e -  
faint sweet ech - o of that ser - e-nade Floats wierd - ly o'er the mist - y

*a tempo*

nade! . . . Rang the lov - er's hap - py song, Light and low from  
tide! . . . Still she lists her lov - er's song, Still he sings up -

*a tempo*

shore to shore, But ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long Be -  
on the shore, Though flows a stream than all more strong Be -

tween them ev - er - more. . . . .

*rall.*

*con tenerezza*

" Come, my love, the stars are shin - ing, Time is fly - ing, Love is sigh - ing;

*a tempo*

Come, for thee a heart is pin - ing, Here a - lone I wait for thee!

2

thee, a - lone I wait, . . . I wait for thee, my love, . . . I wait for

*rall.*

thee; O come, my love, . . . I wait for thee, I wait for

thee, my love, for thee ! . . . . .

thee, my love, for thee ! . . . . .

8.....

*dim.*      *e*      *rall.*

ALFRED TENNYSON

pp Larghetto

JOSEPH BARNBY

Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON

*pp Larghetto*

JOSEPH BARNBY

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west-ern sea; Low, low,  
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;      O - ver the roll - ing  
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;      O - - - - - over the  
Fa - ther will come to his  
Fa - ther will

O - ver the roll - ing  
o - - - - - ver the  
Fa - ther will come to his  
Fa - - - - - ther will

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to  
wa - ters go, Come from the moon and blow,  
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver  
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

rall. e dim.

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . .  
moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep. . . .