

Roses in Winter

· Song ·

Words by

Philip Bourke Marston

Music by

ARTHUR FOOTE.



Mezzo Sop. or Ten.

Alto or Bar.

Price 50 cents.

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BOSTON,
120 Boylston St.

LEIPZIG,

NEW YORK,
11 West 36th St.

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Roses in Winter

Softly sinking through the snow,
To our winter rest we go,
Underneath the snow to house
Till the birds be in the boughs;
And the boughs with leaves be fair
And the sunshine everywhere.

Softly through the snow we settle,
Little snowdrops press each petal;
Oh, the snow is kind and white,
Soft it is and very light;
Soon we shall be where no light is,
But where sleep is, and where night is,
Till our summer bids us waken.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON

Roses in Winter

The poem by
PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON

ARTHUR FOOTE



Quietly and rhythmically (*♩*) *dolce*

Soft-ly sink-ing through the snow,

p

pedal segue

soft pedal throughout

To our win-ter rest we go, Un-der-neath the snow to house

espress. *a tempo*

Till the birds be in the boughs ——— And the boughs with leaves be fair,

colla voce *a tempo* *poco cresc.*

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espress. *a tempo dolce*

And the sun-shine ev - 'ry where. Soft - ly sink - ing through the snow,

colla voce *pp*

espress. *ten.*

To our win-ter rest we go, _____ we go. _____

espr. *pp* *8va*

a tempo

Soft - ly through the snow we set - tle,

dim. rit. *pp*

Lit - tle snow-drops press each pet - al; Oh, the snow is kind and white,

espress. *a tempo*

Soft it is and ve - ry light; Soon we shall be where no light is,

colla voce *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

But where sleep is, and where night is, — Soon we shall be where no light is,

espress. *a little slower*

'Till our sum-mer bids us wa-ken. Soft-ly sink-ing through the snow,

rit. *pp* *rit.* *ten.*

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* *

rit. *ten.*

To our win - ter rest we go.

colla voce

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* *

"Give ear to my prayer, O God."



PSALM 55.

W. BERWALD

Andante religioso.

Andante religioso.

f molto legato

espress.

Give ear to my prayer, O

legato

p

hide not thy-self from my sup-pli - ca - tion. Give ear

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Complete

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God, Who madest Earth and Heaven



Words by
BISHOP HEBER

THOMAS ADA

Moderato $\text{♩} = 72$

f legato

a tempo *mf* *con molto espress.*

God, Who mad-est earth and heav'n,

a tempo mf *simile*

f *mp*

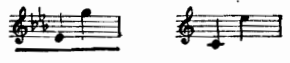
and light; Who the day for toil hast giv'n,

f *dim* *mp*

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Lead me to Thee



ALICE MATTULATH

JOHN E. WEST

Andante con moto $\text{♩} = 88$ *mp*

rit. *a tempo*

Lord, hear my

p *crasa* *f dim.* *p*

crasa. *f*

pray'r: to Thee my soul is call- ing, Be Thou my hope - and light of all my days.

f *crasa.* *f*

p *dolce* *p* *f* *f*

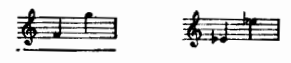
Watch o-ver me, when dan-gers are ap - pall - ing. Lord,

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When I survey the wondrous cross



From a hymn by
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

EDGAR PETTM

Piu lento *mp*

When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, on which the

pp *sempre portamento*

Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich-est gain I count but loss, and pour con-

f pp *cre - scen - do*

tempt on all my pride For-bid it Lord that I shou-

f

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