

N<sup>o</sup> 1 IN E



N<sup>o</sup> 2 IN F.



N<sup>o</sup> 3 IN G



N<sup>o</sup> 4 IN A



SUNG BY  
MR. LELAND Langley

# O DRY THOSE TEARS

SONG

WITH ORGAN & VIOLIN (OR VIOLONCELLO) ACCOMPTS AD LIB.

COMPOSED BY

# TERESA DEL RIEGO

By the same Composer

"SLAVE SONG." "MY GENTLE CHILD." "RED CLOVER." "HARMONY."  
"LOVE IS A BIRD." "LITTLE RED COAT." "AVE MARIA."  
"TWO SONGS." (1. HEART MY HEART. 2. SCOTCH LOVE SONG.)

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# O DRY THOSE TEARS!

Andante sostenuto  
quasi arpeggi

TERESA DEL RIEG

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the piano, and the bottom staff is for the voice. The piano part features mostly chords with some melodic lines and dynamic markings like *f*, *mf*, *ppp*, and *cresc.*. The vocal part includes lyrics and performance instructions such as *poco ten.*, *rall.*, *Very Slow*, *mf sempre legato*, *Slowly*, *ten. a tempo*, *col canto*, and *a tempo*. The score is set in common time with a key signature of four sharps.

*f largamente e cantabile ppp*

*mf*

*ppp*

*mf cresc.*

*Not too slowly*

*mf ben legato*

*O dry those tears,*

*Not too slowly*

*rall.*

*Very Slow*

*mf sempre legato*

*Slowly*

*poco ten.*

*ten. a tempo*

*And calm those fears, Life is not made for sor -*

*f*

*ppp*

*mf*

*col canto*

*a tempo*

*poco ten.*

*Quicker*

*row; 'Twill come, a - las! But soon twill pass,*

*quasi arpeggi*

*ppp*

*f*

*cresc. poco ten. poco rall.*

With feeling

*largamente*

*dolce*

Clouds will be sun-shine to - mor - - row; 'Twill come, a

*p Quicker*

*cresc. colla voce*

*non arpeggi*

*ff*

*ff*

*ff*

*Quicker and Hopefully  
con espress.*

- las!

But soon 'twill pass;

Clouds will be sun-shine to

*ritard. e dim.*

Quicker

*col canto*

*simile*

*Rwd.*

- mor - - row.

*a tempo*

*f cresc.*

*rall.*

*ffz*

*p*

*mp Poco più lento*

Quicker

O lift thine eyes To the blue skies, See how the

*mp sempre legato*

*ppp*

Quicker

*mf*

*Rit.* Slowly *ten.* *a tempo*

*a tempo*

*f*

clouds do bor - - row Bright - ness, each one, Straight from the

*col canto*

Hurry

*rall. a tempo*

*f*

With feeling *Rit.* *largamente*

*dolce*

*ff*

sun; So is it ev - er with sor - - row. 'Twill come, a -

*dolce*

*ff non arpeggi*

*cresc.*

Quicker and Hopefully *Rit.*  
*p con espress e più mosso*

- las! But soon twill pass, Clouds will be sun - shine to -

Quicker

*p*

*Poco più lento e teneramente*  
With much expression

*sempre p poco ten.*

mor - - - row; Then lift thine eyes To the blue

*ten.*

*rit.*

*Then*

*lift*

*thine*

*eyes*

To the blue

*col canto*

*ppp*

*molto rit.*

*Rit.*

*Rit.*

skies, Clouds will be sun - shine to - mor - - tow.

*cantando*

*Rit. a tempo*

*f con espress.*

Life is n

*a tempo ff dolce e cresc.*

*ppp*

*f con espress.*

*pp*

*mf*

made

*, molto rit.*

for

*ff*

sor -

row.

*Slowly*

*molto rit.*

*fff colla voce*

*Rit.*



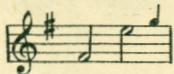
# Two Sensational Ballad Successes

By The Composer of  
"Roses Of Picardy"

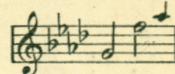
No.1 in F



No.2 in G



No.3 in A♭



## A Brown Bird Singing Song

Words by  
ROYDEN BARRIE

Andante moderato

All through the night there's a lit-tle brown bird sing-ing, Sing-ing in the hush of the dark-ness and the dew,  
All through the night time my lonely heart is singing  
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew,  
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew.  
Would that the song of my heart could go a-winging,  
Could go a-winging to you, to you.

Music by  
HAYDN WOOD

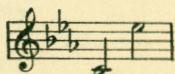
Singing in the hush of the darkness and the dew.  
Would that his song through the stillness could go winging,  
Could go winging to you, to you.

All through the night time my lonely heart is singing  
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew,  
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew.  
Would that the song of my heart could go a-winging,  
Could go a-winging to you, to you.

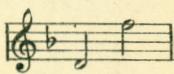
All through the night time my lonely heart is singing  
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew.

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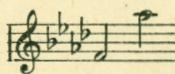
No.1 in E♭



No.2 in F



No.3 in A♭



## I Look Into Your Garden Song

Words by  
CHARLES WILMOTT

Moderato

Music by  
HAYDN WOOD

I look in-to your gar-den ev'-ry morn-ing as I pass, When the sum-mer morn is dawn-ing and the  
dew is on the grass;

But with all its glowing roses and its perfumes rich and rare,  
It's a wilderness to me, dear, for I do not see you there.

I look into your garden when the ev'-ning shadows fall,  
When the flow'rs are closed in slumber and the birds have ceased to call;  
But though all is grey and shadowed and no perfume scents the air,  
It's a paradise to me, dear, for I see you waiting there,  
And I thank God for your love, dear, when I meet and kiss you there.

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