



Seven Songs

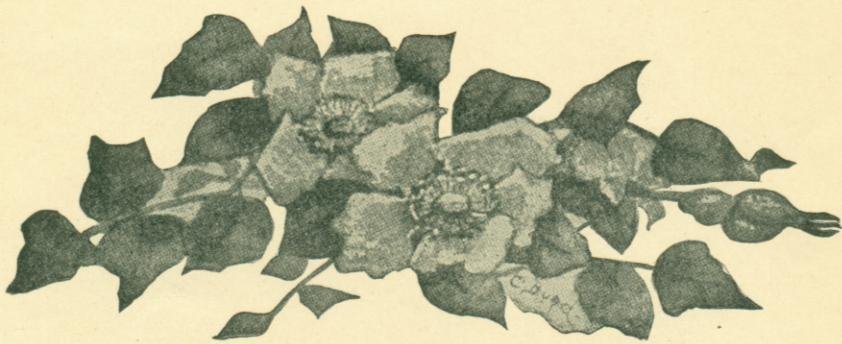
as unpretentious
as the Wild Rose

• Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

Published at
The Bond Shop
BY
Carrie Jacobs-Bond & Son
(Incorporated)
5535 Drexel Avenue
Chicago

PRICE \$1.25





• Parting .
• Shadows .
• Just . Awearin' . For . You .
• I . Love . You . Truly .
• We . Las' . Long . Res' .
• Still . Unexpress .
• "Yes . Hold . My . Hands . "

To F.E.H.

SHADOWS.

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Andante sostenuto.

Piano accompaniment in C minor, 2/4 time. The right hand plays eighth-note chords, while the left hand provides harmonic support. Dynamics include *pp*, *f*, *rall.*, and *a tempo*.

Once more I sit at eve - ning And watch the em - bers burn, The
oft we watched the em - bers And said, "how bright they glow!" And

Piano accompaniment in C minor, 2/4 time. The right hand plays eighth-note chords, while the left hand provides harmonic support. Dynamics include *pp*, *f*, and *p*.

shad - ows all come creeping A - round me as I turn. And
then how fast the hours went, But now, a - las! how slow. The

Piano accompaniment in C minor, 2/4 time. The right hand plays eighth-note chords, while the left hand provides harmonic support. Dynamics include *poco rit.* and *a tempo*.

cres - - cen - - do. **f** *rall.*

then I see a sweet face. From which all care is gone,
That
days are all too, long, dear The nights are long - er still;
But

p a tempo. — *rall.* — **1 a tempo.**

starts my soul to dreaming Of old times, love and song. How
I would not re - call you My long - ing heart to

2 a tempo. pp — —

fill. I know you're way off yon-der, But still you seem with me, And

8 — —

a tempo. pp — —

poco rit. a tempo.

in the eve - ning shad - ows Your form I al - most see. I

cres - - cen - - do. *f* rall.

al - most hear you whis - per These words "I love but you, And

cres - - cen - - do. *f* rall.

p a tempo. rall.

soon we'll be u - ni - ted, Sweetheart, be brave, be true."

p a tempo. rall. a tempo. *pp*

rall. *ppp*

To E.L.P.

PARTING.

Words by

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

Allegretto sostenuto.

Music by

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.



The light of the morn is breaking A - cross the dis - tant



sea,..... But the beau - ty is lost in sad - ness,.... Sweet



love, when I think of thee. Would it were dark and drear - y, A

rall. a tempo.

mist a - cross the brine, And I were stand - ing

rall. a tempo.

ad lib.

near thee, With thy dear hand in mine.

colla voce.

morendo. 20 8 ppp

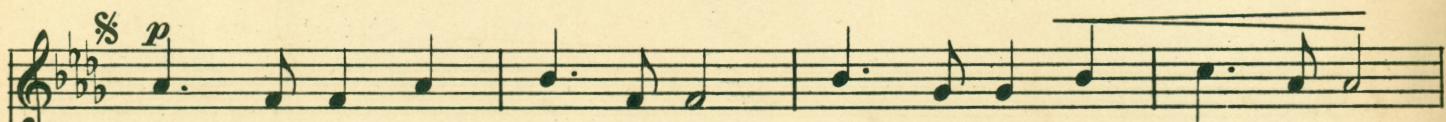
To F. B.

JUST A-WEARYIN' FOR YOU.

Words by
FRANK STANTON.

Moderato.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.



1. Just a-wear - y - in' for you, All the time a - feel - in' blue,
3. Evenin' comes, I miss you more When the dark gloom's round the door,



Wish - in' for you, wonderin' when You'll be com - in' home a-gain. Rest-less,dont know
Seems just like you or - ter be There to o - pen it for me. Latchgoes tinkle,



what to do, Just a-wear-y - in' for you.
thrills me through, Sets me weary - in' for you.



2. Morn - in' comes, the birds a - wake,
p

delicato.

Used to sing so for your sake But there's sad - ness

in the notes That comes trill - in' from their throats. Seem to feel your

ab - sence, too, Just a-wear - y - in' for you.

rall. *D.S. al Fine.* §

f. *rall.*

To J.K.

DE LAS' LONG RES'.

Words by
PAUL LAURANCE DUNBAR.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

Lay me down be-nea' de wil - lows in de
Lay me nigh to whah it makes a lit - tle
Let me set - tle when my shoul-ders drop de

grass, Whah de breez'll be a singin' as it pass, An' when I'se ly - in' low, I kin
pool, An' de wa-tahstan's so qui-et like an' cool, Whah de lit-tlebirds in spring Ust to
load, Nigh e -nough to hear de noises in de road, Foh I tink dat las'long res' Gwine to

dim e rall. *pp*
hear it as it go Sing-in', "sleep mah hon - ey, take y'r res' at las'."
come an'drink an'sing, An' de chil - luns waded on deaway ter school.
suit my spir - it bes' If I'se ly - in'mong de tings I al - ways know'd.

dim. e rall. *pp*

To A.B.H.

I LOVE YOU TRULY.

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.*Andante con amore.**p*I love you tru - ly, tru - ly,
Ah love,'tis some-thing to feel your kind*p legato.**p sempre legato.*dear, Life with its sor - row, life with its tear, Fades in - to
hand, Ah yes,'tis some-thing by your side to stand; Gone is the

607

*rall.*dreams when I feel you are near,
sor - row, Gone doubt and fear,For I love you tru-ly, tru-ly, dear.
For you love me tru-ly, tru-ly, dear.*rall.*

To H.D.P.

STILL UNEXPREST.

Words and Music by

Allegretto agitato.

CARRIE JACOBS - BOND.



p

Ah! 'tis but a dain - ty flow'r I bring to
Ah! 'tis but a fad - ed flow'r Kept thro' the

you; Yes, 'tis but a vi - o - let
years; Yes, 'tis but a vi - o - let

glist - 'ning with dew. But deep in its
wet with my tears. Yet deep in my

heart there lie, Beau - ties con - cealed,
heart of hearts, Tru - est and best,

rall.

So, too, in my heart of hearts, Love un - re -
There lives my love for you Still un - ex -

rall.

a tempo.

vealed....

prest....

a tempo.

morendo.

ppp

ped.

* *Still Unexprest. 2.*

Dedicated to little John Huntington
and his grandmother.

DES HOLD MY HANDS TONIGHT.

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Tranquilly.



Some lit - tle child - ren hear a song
Oh, lit - tle hands so soft and white,

rit.

that moth - er sweet - ly sings..... When they are tired and
your mem - o - ry I keep..... Could I but live that

bed - time comes, What joy and peace it brings.....
 time a - gain, To lay you down to sleep.....

mp

And some sweet child - ren take their dolls to hold so snug and
 This lone - ly life that I have led would all seem gay and

poco rit. *p*

tight..... But my own dear - ie al - ways said,
 bright..... If I could on - ly hear you say,

poco rit. *p*

rall. *1* *2 pp*

"Des hold my hands to - night".....
 "Des hold my hands to - night".....

rall. *a tempo.* *pp*

"Art, at the last, is a matter of heart, not head; and this fact was brought home to me strongly a few weeks ago on hearing Carrie Jacobs-Bond. Here is a woman who writes poems, sets them to music and sings them in a manner that reveals the very acme of art. Her performance is all so gentle, spontaneous and unaffected that you think you could do the same yourself—simple, pattering little child-songs, set to tunes that sing themselves. But in some way they search out the corners of your soul, and make you think of the robin that used to sing at sunset, calling to his lost mate from the top of a tall poplar in the days of long ago. As a reader and a singer Carrie Jacobs-Bond is as subdued as a landscape by Monet, and as true and effective as a sketch by De Miville."—Elbert Hubbard.