1906-SM

AMERICAN MUSIC RESEARCH CENTER
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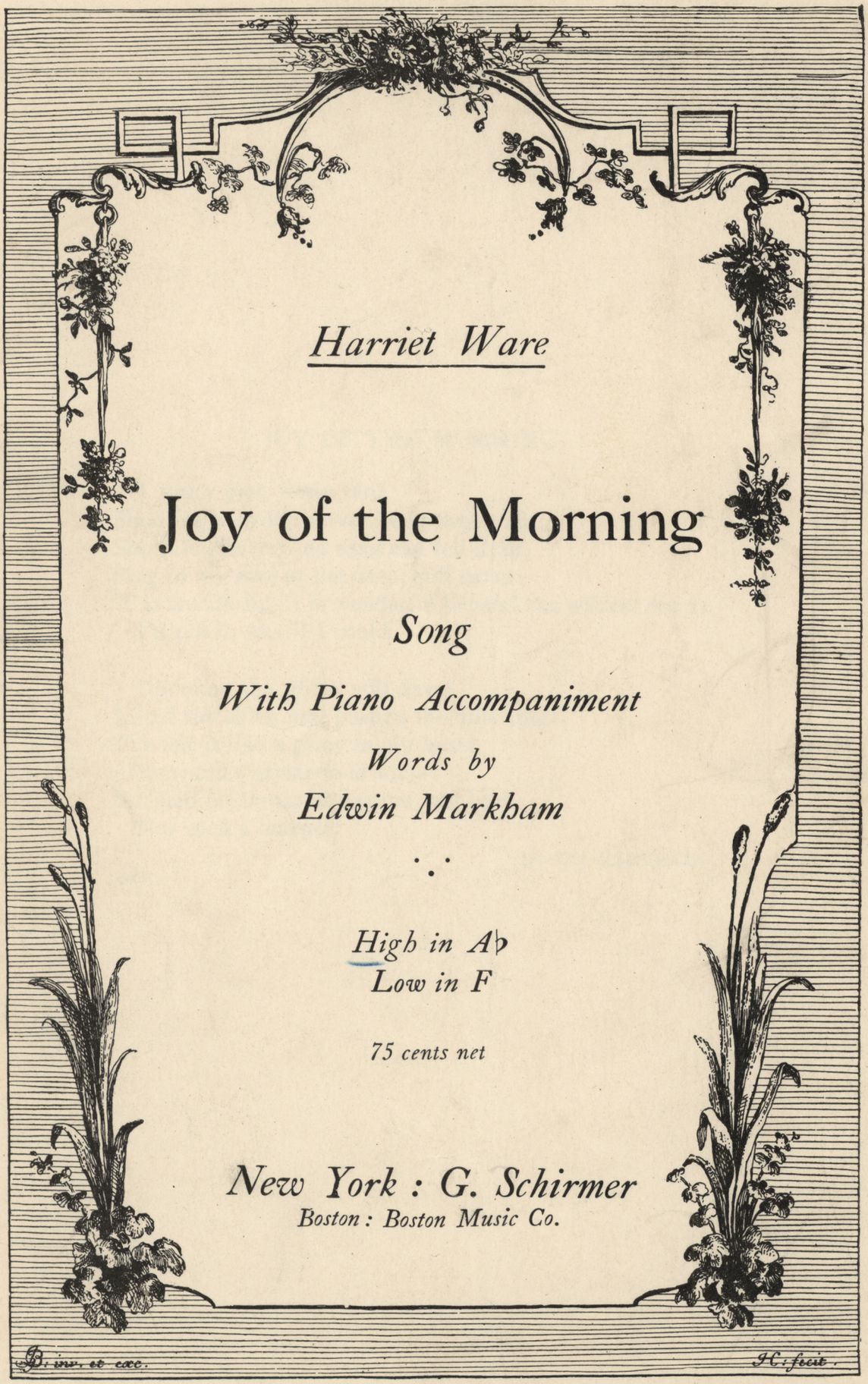


Harriet Ware

Joy of the Morning

Song

With Piano Accompaniment

Words by
Edwin Markham

. . .

High in A♭
Low in F

75 cents net

New York : G. Schirmer
Boston : Boston Music Co.

JOY OF THE MORNING

I HEAR you, little bird,
Shouting a-swing above the broken wall.
Shout louder yet: no song can tell it all.
Sing to my soul in the deep, still wood:
'T is wonderful, 't is wonderful beyond the wildest word:
I'd tell it, too, if I could.

Oft when the white, still dawn
Lifted the skies, and pushed the hills apart,
I've felt it like a glory in my heart
(The world's mysterious stir),
But had no throat like yours, my bird,
Nor such a listener.

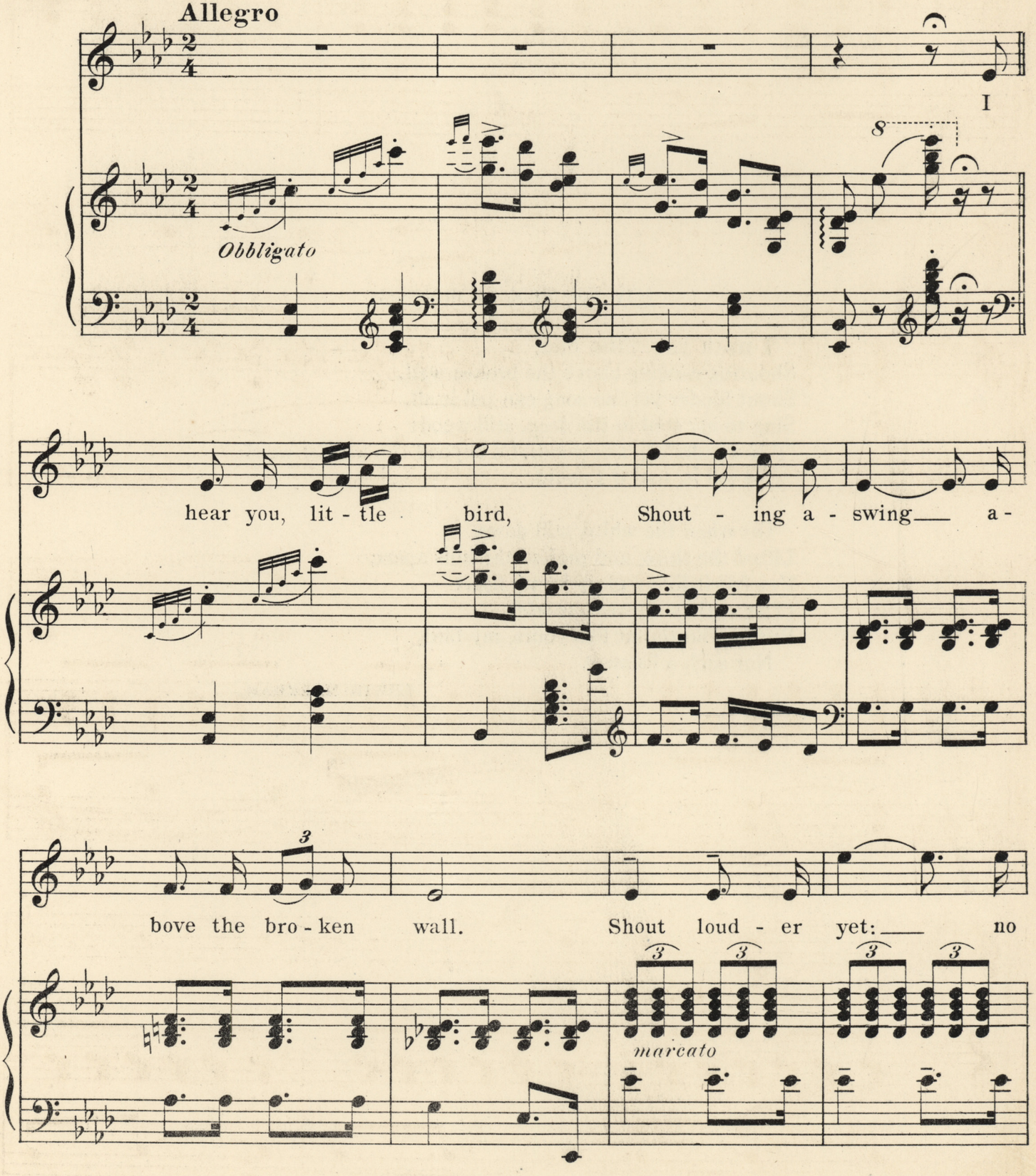
EDWIN MARKHAM.

18903

Joy of the Morning

Words by
Edwin Markham

Music by
Harriet Ware



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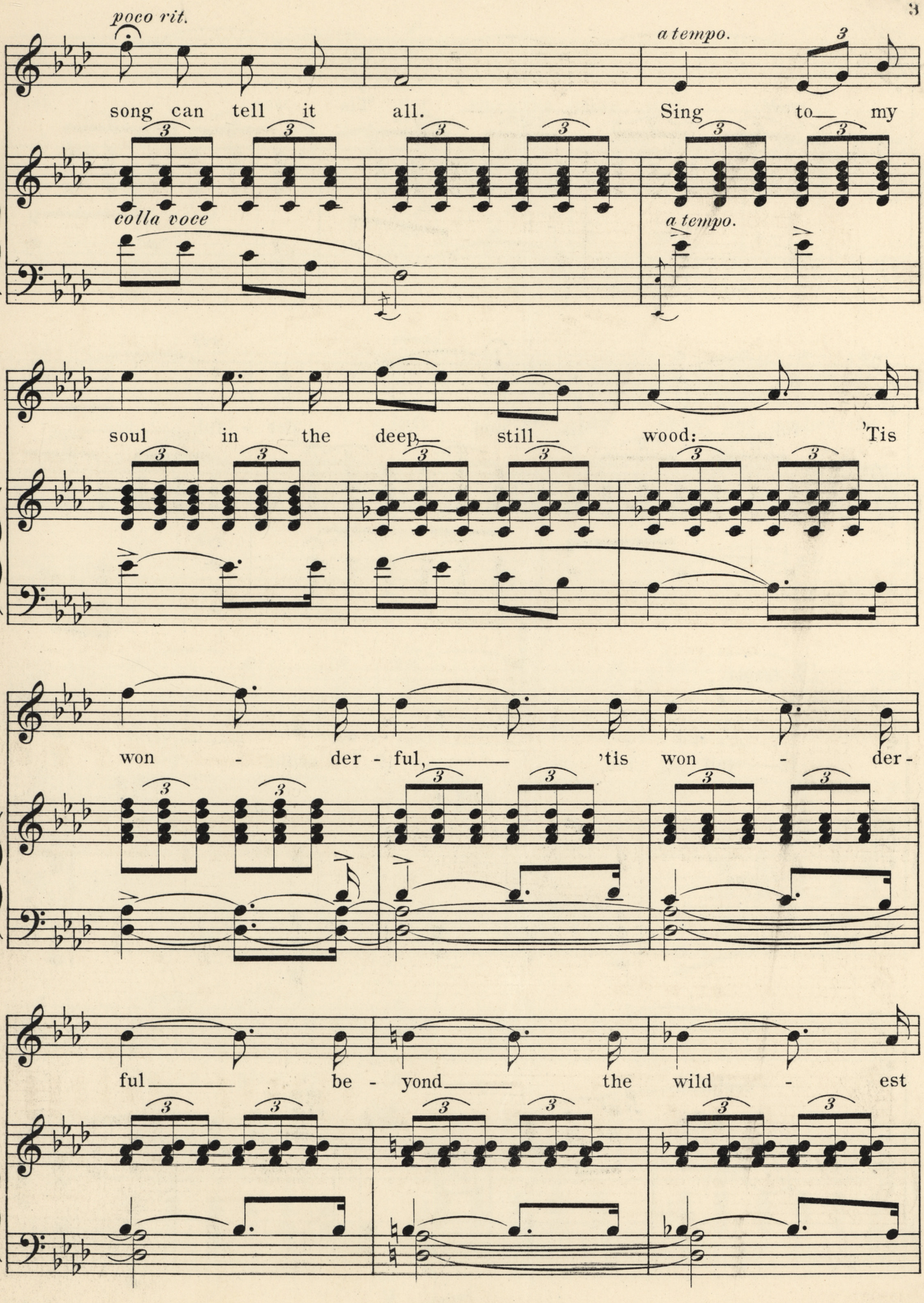
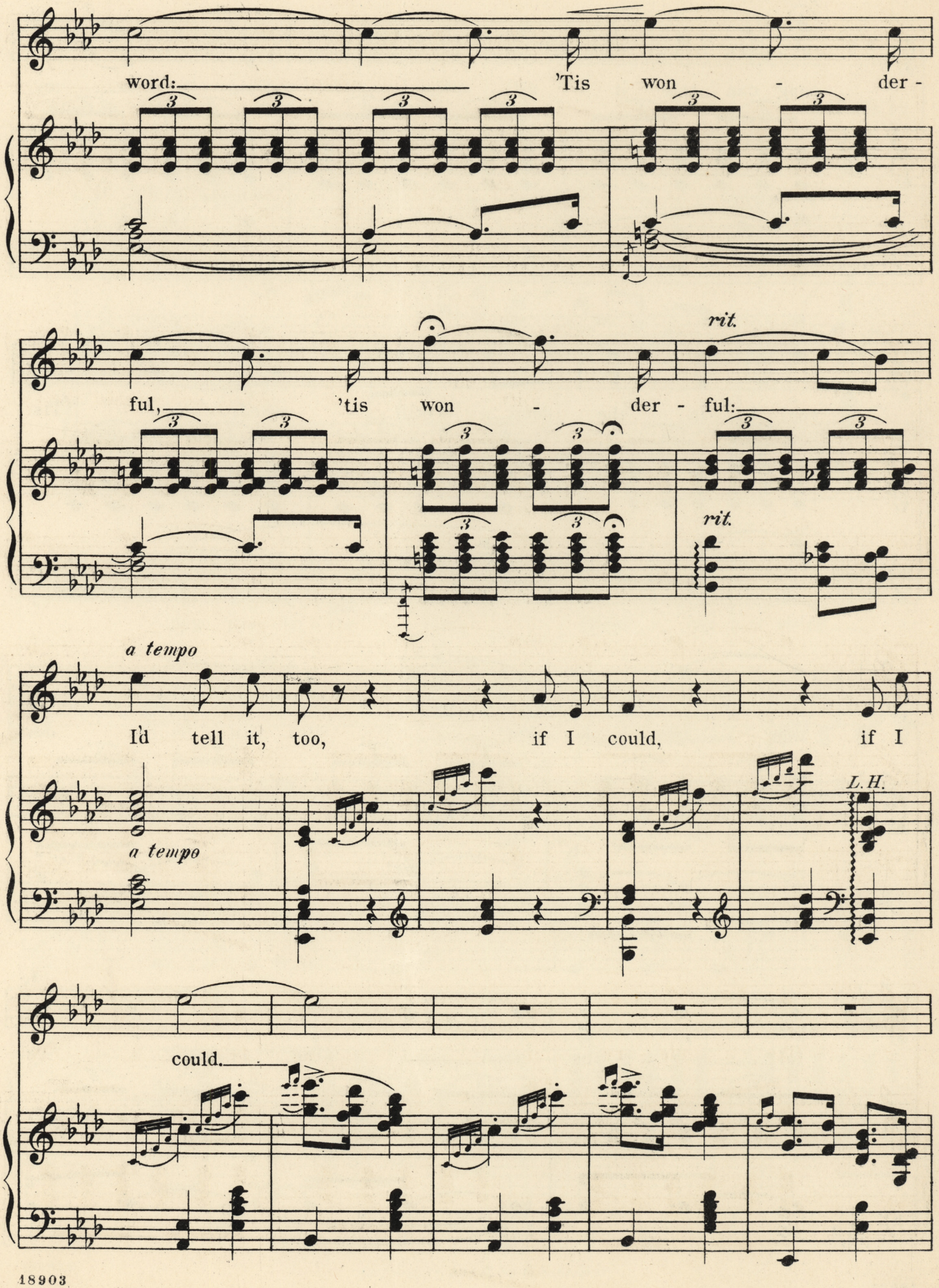
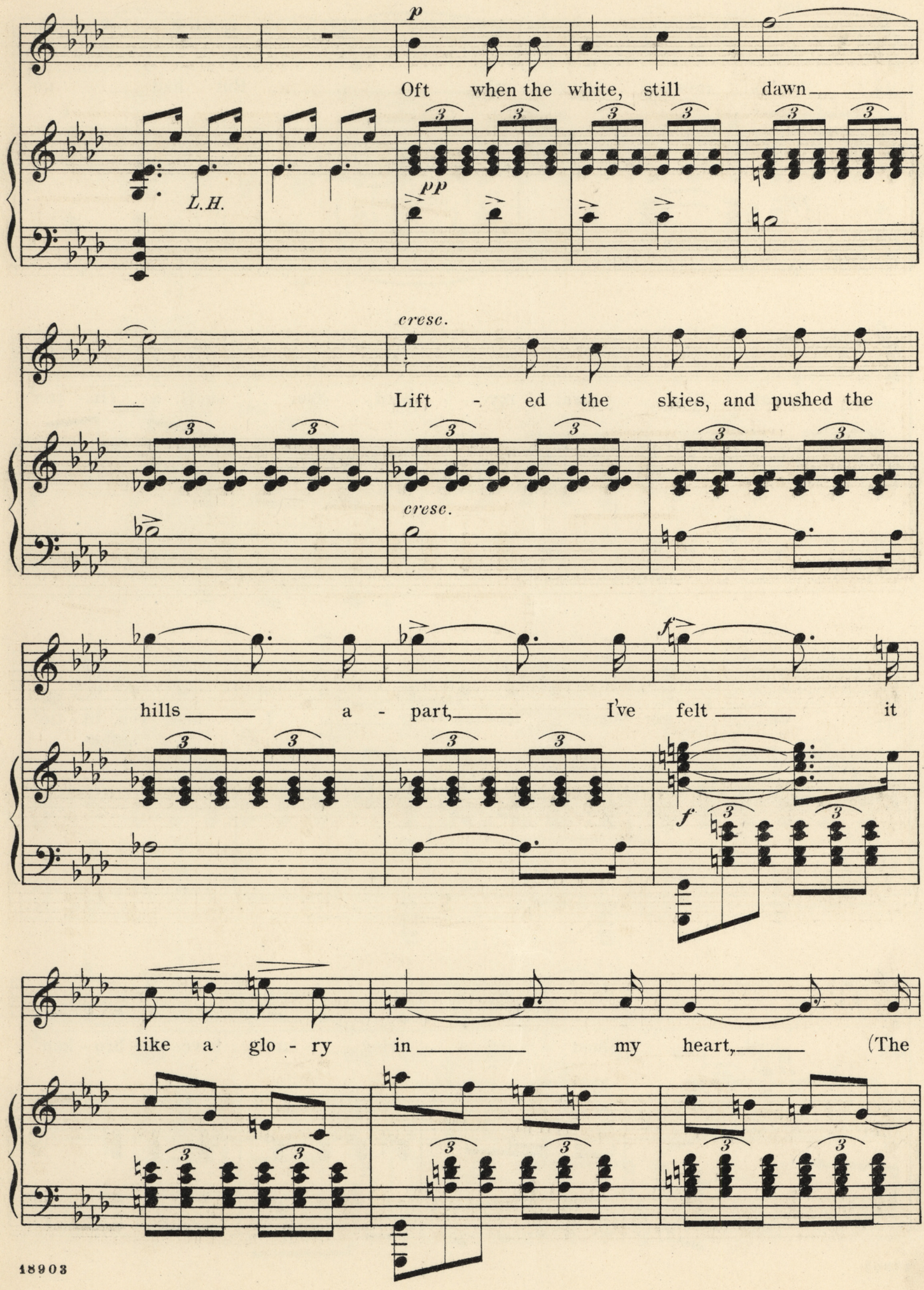
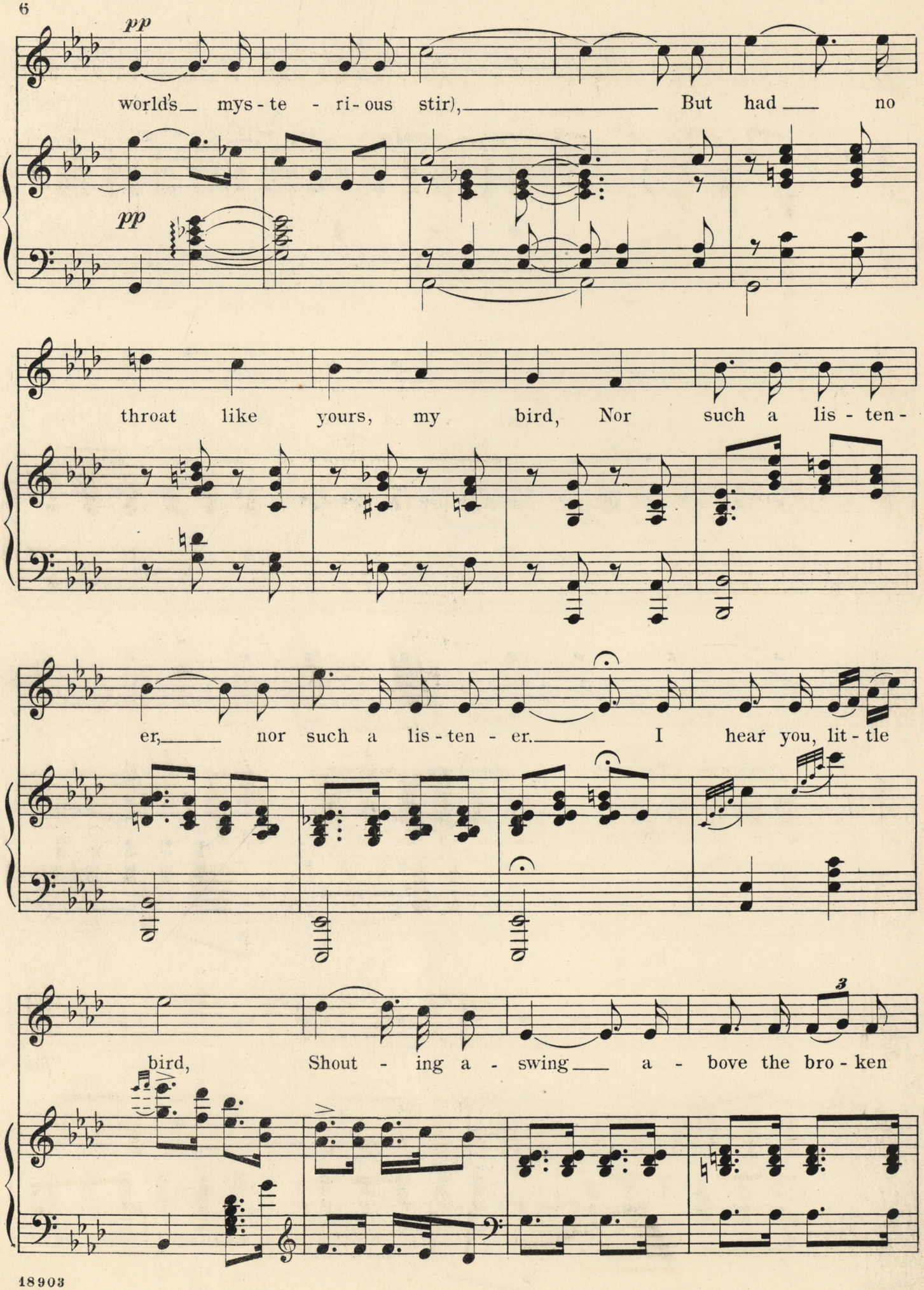
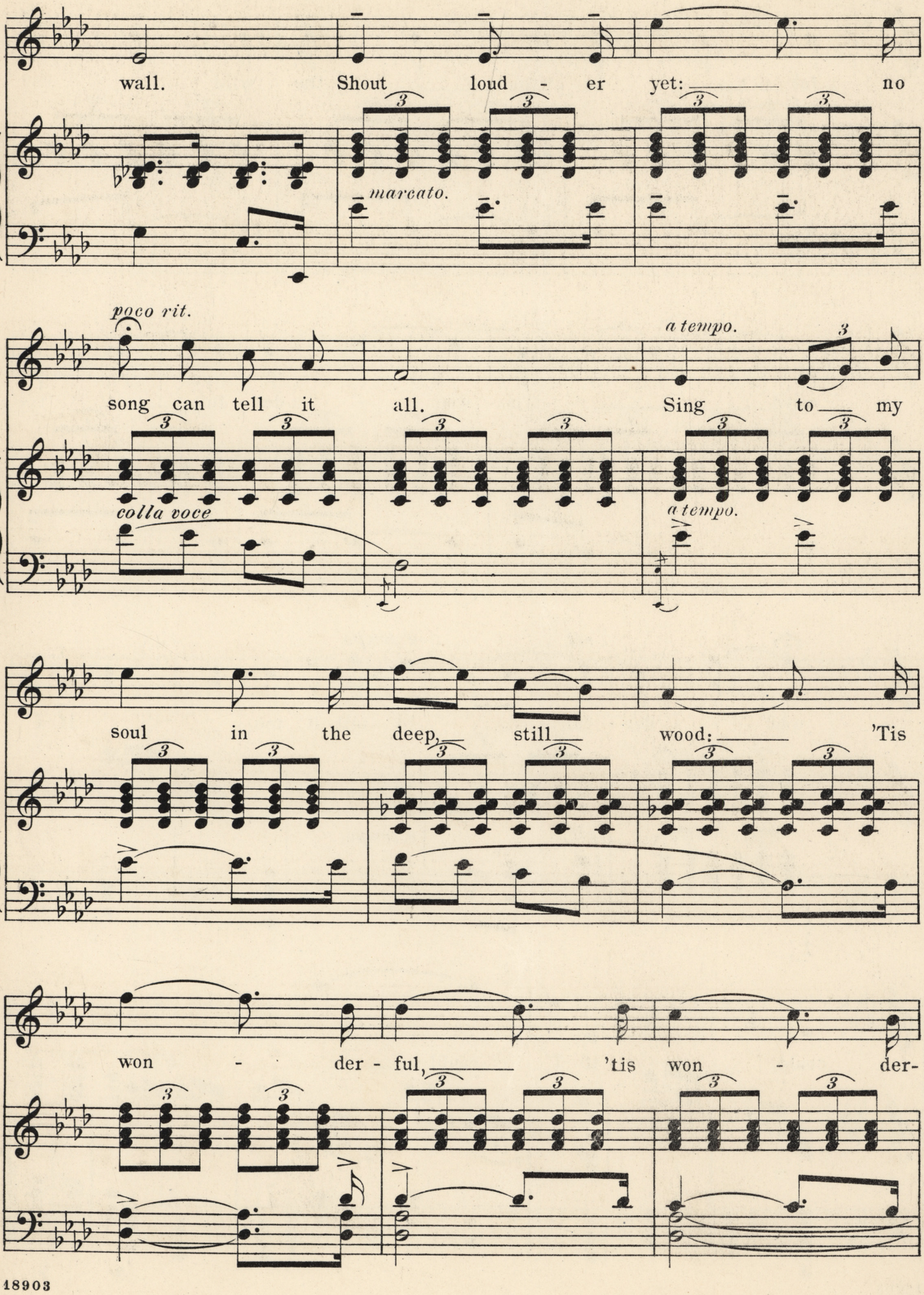
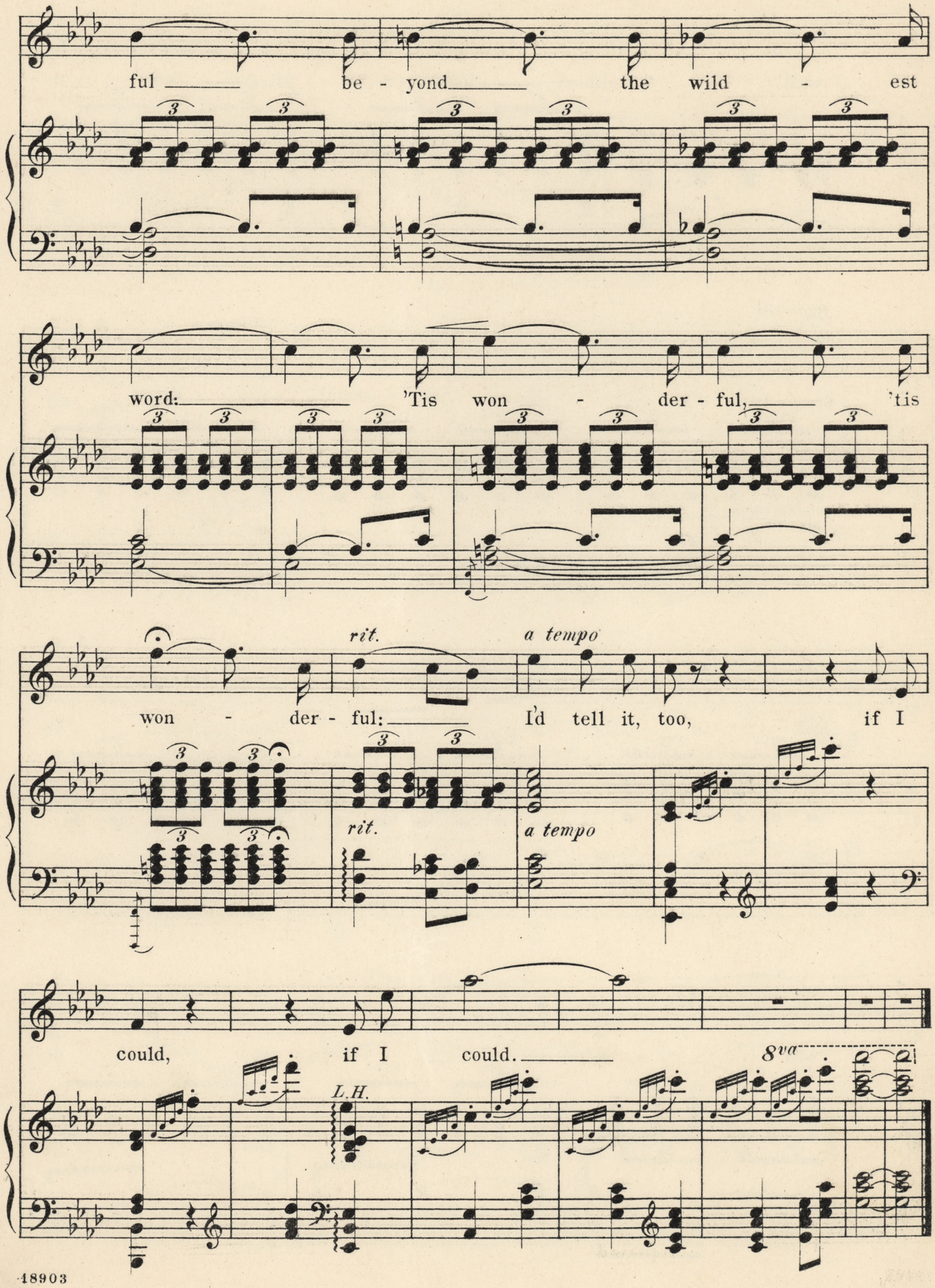

poco rit.
song can tell it all.
a tempo.
Sing to my
colla voce
a tempo.
soul in the deep, still wood: 'Tis
won - der - ful, 'tis won - der -
ful be - yond the wild - est


word: 'Tis won - der -
ful, 'tis won - der - ful:
rit.
rit.
a tempo
I'd tell it, too, if I could, if I
a tempo
L.H.
could.


p
Oft when the white, still dawn
L.H.
pp
cresc.
Lift - ed the skies, and pushed the
cresc.
hills a - part, I've felt it
f
f
like a glo - ry in my heart, (The


pp
world's mys - te - ri - ous stir), But had no
pp
throat like yours, my bird, Nor such a lis - ten -
er, nor such a lis - ten - er. I hear you, lit - tle
bird, Shout - ing a - swing a - bove the bro - ken
3

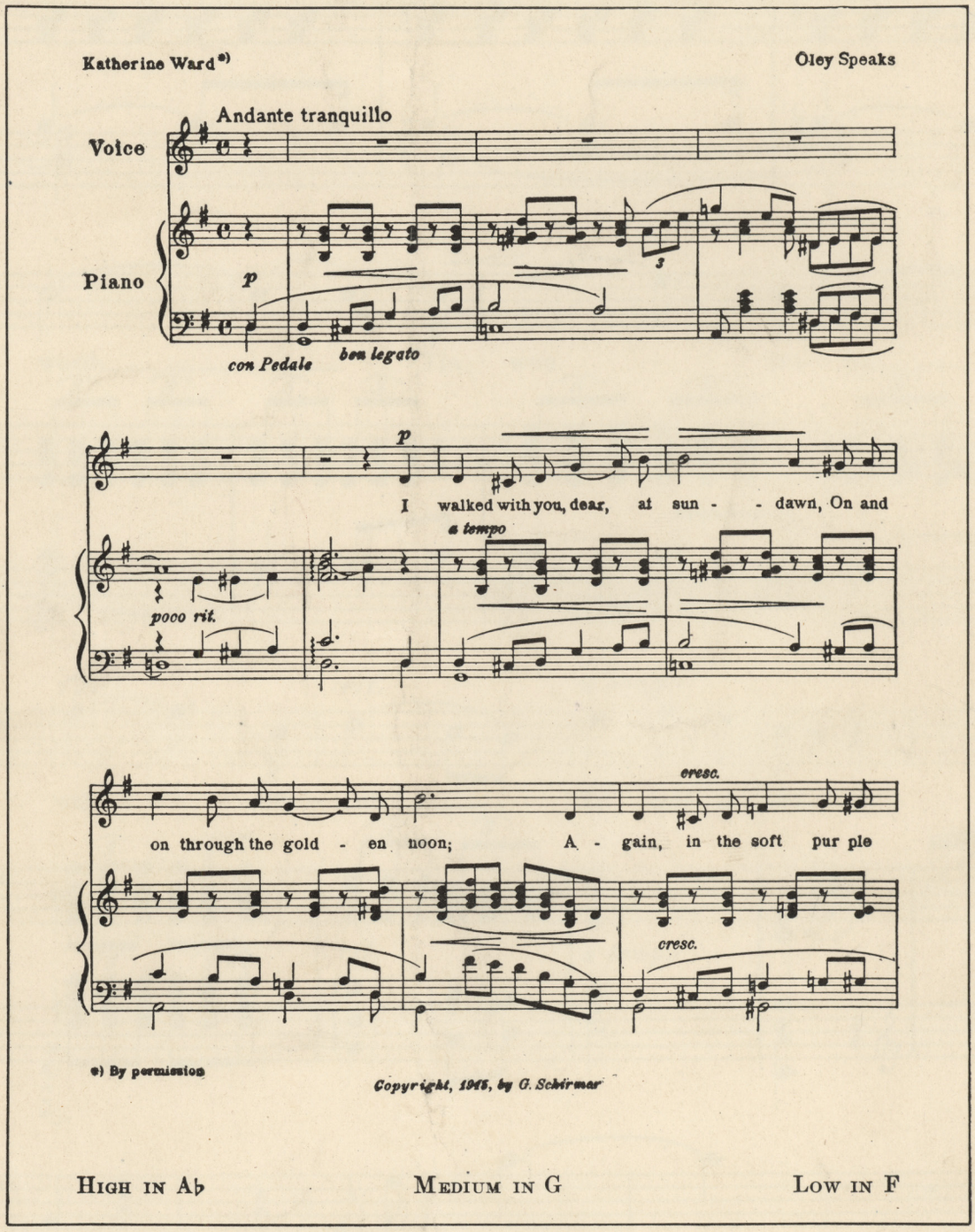

wall. Shout loud - er yet: no
marcato.
poco rit.
song can tell it all. Sing to my
colla voce
a tempo.
a tempo.
soul in the deep, still wood: 'Tis
won - der - ful, 'tis won - der-


ful be - yond the wild - est
word: 'Tis won - der - ful, 'tis
rit.
a tempo
won - der - ful: I'd tell it, too, if I
rit.
a tempo
could, if I could.
L.H.
8va

By OLEY SPEAKS

LIFE'S TWILIGHT

A Love Song



Poem by KATHERINE WARD.

I walked with you, dear, at sundawn,
On and on through the golden noon;
Again, in the soft purple sunset,
Twilight came to us all too soon,
And fair was that morning of youth, dear,
Those tender first days of our love,
But sweeter the swift passing hour,
As it dies with the moonbeams above.

I walked with you too in rainfall,
'Neath gray skies to rose paths of light;
Like children we spoke of the angels
Keeping watch o'er our pillows at night.
And may it go on to the end, love,
If God kindly wills it shall be;
In danger and e'en unto death, dear,
Hand in hand may I walk with thee.

Published by G. SCHIRMER, New York