

FOUR SONGS

BY

ARTHUR WILLIAMSON



BOOK I

THE BLUE FLAME. (ANON.)
THE THRUSH. (EDMUND GOSSE)

BOOK II

SEA-WAY. (MRS. CORTISSOZ)
WHERE GO THE BOATS? (R. L. STEVENSON)

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The Blue Flame.

Words Anon.

Music by
Arthur Williamson.

Andante misterioso.

a piacere

All un - der the stars and be - neath the green tree. All

o - ver the sward and a - long the cold lea, a lit - tle blue flame a

flut - ter - ing came. It came from the church - yard for

you or for me. I sit by the cra - dle, my ba - by's a - sleep, and

dolente

rock - ing the cra - dle I won - der and weep. O lit - tle blue flame, In the
light

dead of the night, O pri - thee, O pri - thee no near - er to creep.

poco agitato e accel.

mf *agitato*

Why fol - low the church-path, why

p *accel. mf*

steal you this way? Why halt in your jour-ney, on thres-hold, why stay? Why

cresc. *f*

flick - er and flare. Why dance up my stair! O I would, O I would t'were

cresc. *rall.* *ff pesante*

dawn - ing of day. **Tempo I.**

p

lamentoso

All un - der the stars, and a -

a piacere

long the green lane, un - slacked by the dew and un - quenched by the rain, Of

lit - tle flames blue. To the church-yard steal two. The soul of my ba - by! now

rit.

from me is tak - en, now from me is tak - - - en.

pp

(dim.)