PRÆLUDIUM

No. 2 of

EIGHT

Characteristic Pieces

FOR THE PIANO

Composed by

Woldemar BARGIEL

Op. 41.

No 1. MINUETTO	2/6	5. BARCAROLLE	3/=
2. PRÆLUDIUM	3/=	6. PAPILLON	2/6
3. AIR	2/=	7. ANDANTE SERIOSO	3/=
4. ALBUM-BLATT	2/6	8. CAPRICCIO	4/=

Copyright.

Price 3/-

London

J. B. CRAMER & Co. 201, REGENT STREET.

PRÆLUDIUM.

Op: 41. Nº 2.

WOLDEMAR BARGIEL.

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO

f *deciso.* *f*

Ped: Ped: Ped:

Ped: Ped:

decres: *p*

Ped: PED PED

cre - - - - - scen - -

Ped: Ped:

do *p*

Ped: Ped:

p leggiero.

f

Ped:

✳

✳ Ped:

PED

PED ✳

PED

PED

p

Ped:

Ped:

Ped:

cre - - - scen - - - do.

p

Ped:

p leggiero.

f

Ped:

Ped

ten.

Ped: * PED *

ten. ten. ten.

Ped: * Ped: * *

f

Ped: * PED *

subito p

PED PED PED

espress.

decres.

Dol.

PED PED * Ped:

Ped: * Ped: * Ped: *

p

PED ✳ PED ✳ PED ✳

espress.

Dol.

PED ✳ Ped: ✳ Ped: ✳

cresc.

f

Ped: ✳ Ped: ✳ Ped: ✳ Ped: ✳

ten.

f

PED ✳ PED ✳

p

PED ✳ PED ✳ Ped:

✳ Ped: ✳ Ped: ✳ *f*

f

Ped: Ped: PED PED

p *Cres:* *molto cres.*

ff *ten.* *ten.*

PED Ped:

PED PED

di - - mi - - nu - - en -

Ped: ✳ Ped:

- - do - - - - -

legato.

p

PED

dolce e tranquillo

Ped: ✳ Ped: ✳ Ped: ✳ Ped:

5

f

Ped: ✳ Ped:

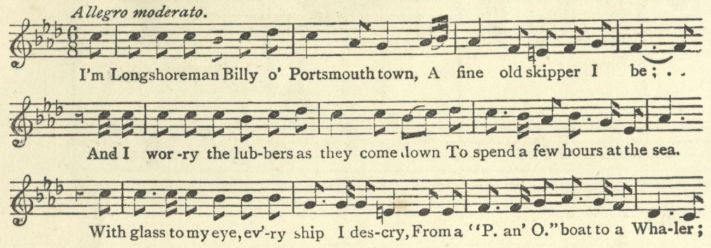
Dim: *morendo.* *pp*

Ped: ✳ Ped:

POPULAR SONGS.

THE LONGSHOREMAN.

Words by Philip Dayson. **Music by Edward Chesham.**



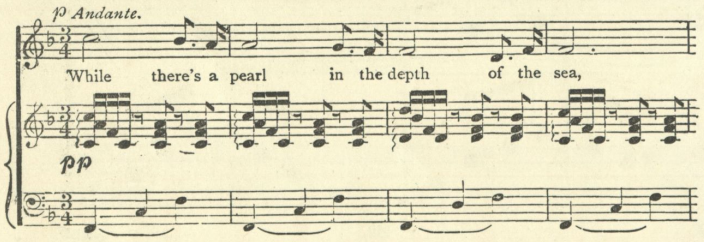
I'M Longshoreman Billy o' Portsmouth town,
A fine old skipper I be;
And I worry the lubbers as they come down
To spend a few hours at the sea.
With glass to my eye, ev'ry ship I descry,
From a "P. an' O." boat to a Whaler;
I yarn all the while in true nautical style,
And all think that Billy's a sailor!

But I ain't no sailor bold,
And I never was upon the sea;
If I chanced to fall therein, it's a fact, I couldn't swim!
And I quickly at the bottom should be.
But we'll give three hearty cheers
For the sailor roving free;
With a heave ho haulee, and a cheer for little Polly,
The Queen, and our ships at sea!

(Compass, in F, C to F. Also published in E.)

STAR OF MY HEART.

Words by J. Enderssohn. **Music by L. Denza.**

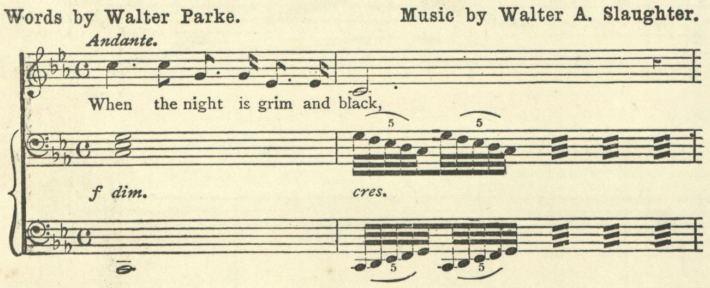


While there's a pearl in the depth of the sea,
While there's a leaf on the green myrtle tree,
Balm in the zephyrs in summer that float,
Music that thrills in the nightingale's note,
Long as the perfume exhales from the rose,
Long as the brooklet in melody flows—
Yes, and still longer, if these should depart,
Yes, yes, yes,
Thee will I worship, thou star of my heart!

(Compass, in E flat, B flat to E flat. Also published in F and G.)

SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

Words by Walter Parke. **Music by Walter A. Slaughter.**



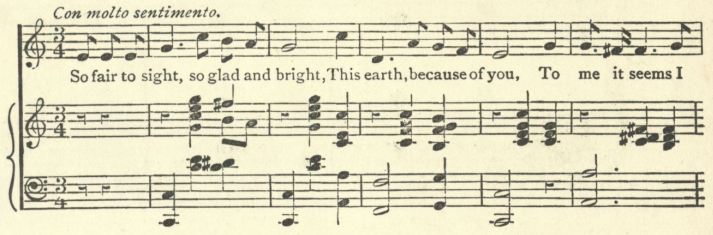
WHEN the night is grim and black,
When the dreadful tempest roars,
When the waves are driven back
Fiercely from the rocky shores;
When 'mid horror, noise, and gloom,
Ships are driven to their doom.

I fly, I fly through the murky sky,
The night-birds shriek at my dreaded form,
For then's the hour I wield my power,
I ride on the whirlwind and rule the storm.

(Compass, in E flat, B to E flat.)

I LOVE YOU SO.

Words by G. Clifton Bingham. **Music by Odoardo Barri.**



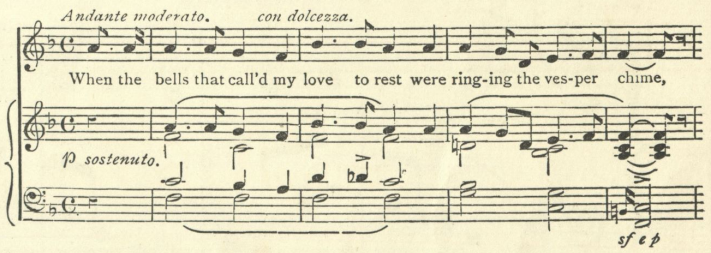
So fair to sight, so glad and bright
This earth, because of you;
To me it seems I dwell in dreams,
Not in the world I knew.
Each dying day has that to say
That makes me love you more,
Each waking morn a joy is born,
That life ne'er held before.

I love you so, fond heart,
I cannot bear that we should part!

(Compass, in C, C to F. Also published in B flat and E flat.)

THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND.

Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. **Music by Ciro Pinsuti.**

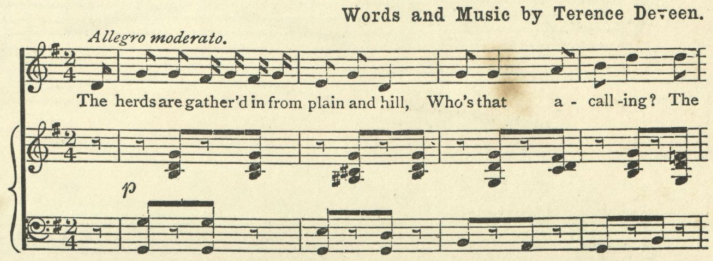


WHEN the bells that call'd my love to rest were ringing the vesper chime,
I wish'd their music could bear my soul away from the things of time;
And my spirit was heavy-laden as I breath'd an old, old prayer,
For the cross of care that I carried was greater than I could bear.
As I wept alone in my sorrow, the gleam of the dying day,
Thro' the open lattice softly kiss'd the harp that she us'd to play,
And sweet as an echo from heaven I heard its music once more.
And the burden of life was uplifted, and the pain of parting was o'er.

(Compass, in F, B to F. Also published in E flat and G.)

WHO'S THAT CALLING?

Words and Music by Terence Devereen.



THE herds are gather'd in from plain and hill,
Who's that a-calling?
The boys are sleeping and the branch is still,
Who's that calling so sweet?
'Twas the wind a-sighing in the prairie grass,
Who's that a-calling?
Or wild birds singing overhead as they pass,
Who's that calling so sweet?
Who's that a-calling? Who's that a-calling?
Making heart and pulse to beat.
Who's that a-calling? Who's that a-calling?
Who's that a-calling so sweet?

(Compass, in F, C to D. Also published in G and A.)

Price TWO SHILLINGS each, Net. Thematic Lists of Songs sent Post Free.

London: J. B. CRAMER & CO., 201, REGENT STREET, W.