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SCHMIDT'S EDUCATIONAL SERIES NO 212AB

The First American Composer

& 6
Songs
by

FRANCIS HOPKINSON

(1737 - 1791)

*My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free
O'er the Hills*

*Beneath A Weeping Willow's Shade
Come Fair Rosina
My Generous Heart Disdains
The Traveller Benighted*

Edited & Augmented
By

HAROLD V. MILLIGAN

HIGH-VOICE.

PRICE \$1.25

LOW-VOICE

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Preface

In December, 1788, Francis Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, sent to his friend, George Washington, at Mount Vernon, a volume containing eight original musical compositions. At the conclusion of the quaint and courtly letter of dedication which accompanied the music, he said:

"However small the reputation may be that I shall derive from this work, I cannot, I believe, be refused the credit of being the first native of the United States who has produced a musical composition. If the attempt should not be too severely treated, others may be encouraged to venture on the path yet untrodden in America, and the arts in succession will take root and flourish amongst us."

General Washington's reply is reproduced in fac simile on the following page.

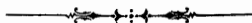
Francis Hopkinson, who could thus justly lay claim to the honor of being the first American composer, was one of the notable men of that time. A signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the Convention of 1787 which formulated the Constitution of the United States, first Judge of the Admiralty Court in Pennsylvania, author of political pamphlets and satirical poems which were spread broadcast throughout the land and which exercised a powerful influence in moulding public opinion, intimate friend of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, he yet found time not only to compose music, but also to organize concerts in his native city, Philadelphia, where he was one of the leading patrons of the arts, to play tastefully upon both the organ and the harpsichord, and to invent and perfect a new method of quilling the harpsichord, - which last achievement might have brought him additional fame and fortune but for the fact that the harpsichord was superseded within a few years by a new instrument known as the "pianoforte."

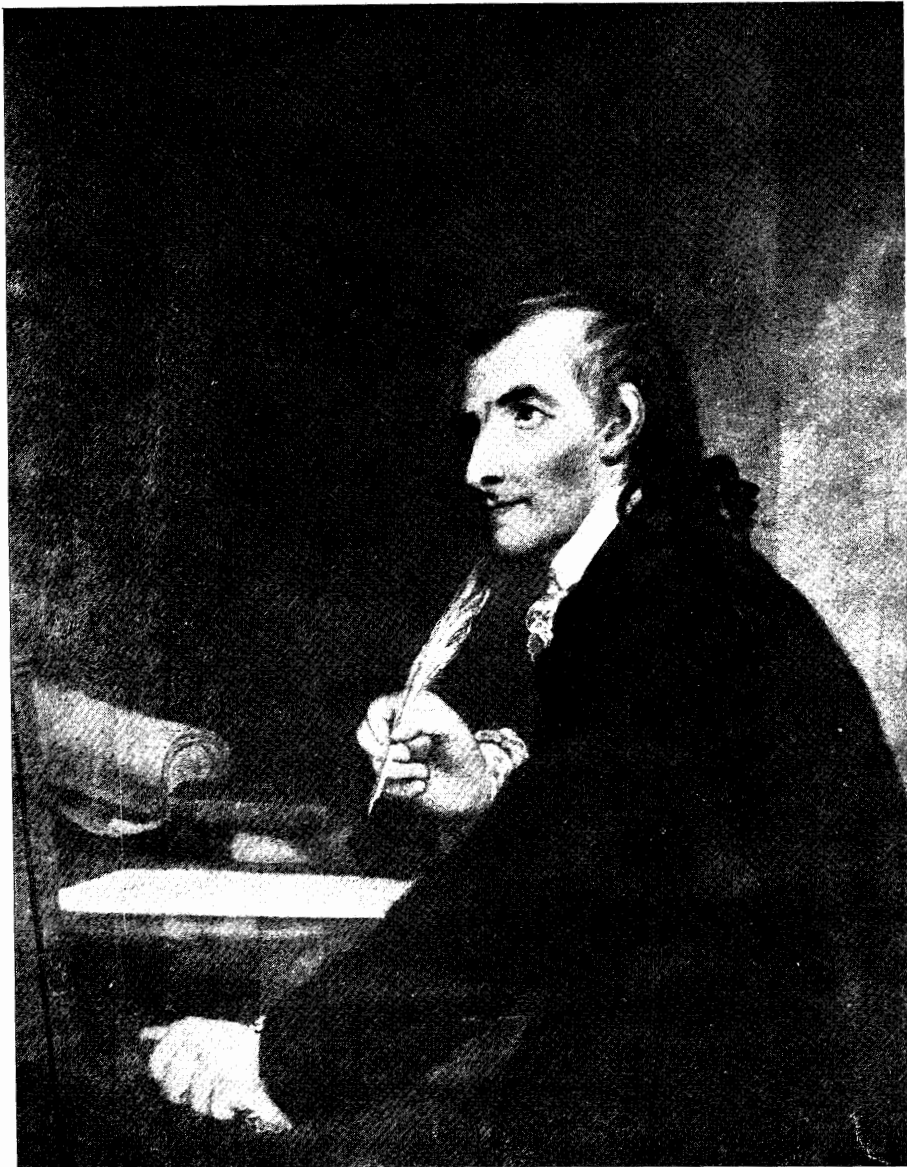
Francis Hopkinson's first song, "My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free," was written in 1759 but was never published. This song is the first musical composition ever written in America by an American. The exact date of the composition of the other songs in the present volume is uncertain.

They have lain forgotten and unsung for more than a century. None of them was written out in complete form by the composer and they have never before been put into modern harmony and notation. Besides supplying a suitable accompaniment, it has been found necessary to alter the outline of the melodies at several points, as many of the phrases were distinctly unvocal, and the range of the notes was frequently too great for any but phenomenal voices. In amplifying and rearranging the compositions I have endeavored to keep within the bounds of that simplicity which is a characteristic of the originals.

I wish to acknowledge gratefully my indebtedness to the historical researches of Mr. Oscar G. Sonneck, and to the courtesy of members of the Hopkinson family, notably Mrs. Florence Scovill Shinn and Mr. Edward Hopkinson.

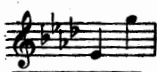
HAROLD VINCENT MILLIGAN





Francis Hopkinson

My days have been so wondrous free



FRANCIS HOPKINSON, 1737-1791

Edited and Augmented by
HAROLD V. MILLIGAN

Allegretto grazioso ♩ = 88

p leggiero

mp

My days have been so

poco rit.

p a tempo

won - drous free, The lit - tle birds that fly With

care - less ease from tree to tree, Were but as

poco rit. ten. a tempo

blest as I Were but as blest as I!

ten.

colla voce

p a tempo

poco piu mosso

Ask glid - ing wat - ers

poco piu mosso

if a tear Of mine in - creas'd their stream, And

ask the breath - ing gales if e'er I lent a

sempre p *ten.* *a tempo*

p e leggiero *colla voce*

sigh to them, I lent a sigh to

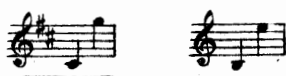
p *poco rit.* *a tempo*

poco rit. *a tempo*

them!

Allegro

O'er the Hills



FRANCIS HOPKINSON, 1787-1791

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Allegro spiritoso (♩ = 108)

hills far a-way, at the birth of the morn, I hear the full tone, I

mp

hear the full tone of the sweet-sound-ing horn, of the

f

sweet sound-ing horn, I

f *p subito* *mf*

hear the full tone of the sweet sound-ing horn, The

sports men with shout-ing All hail the new day, The sports-men with shout-ing All

hail the new day, And swift run the hounds o'er the hills far a-way, —

The sports-men with shout-ing all

hail the new day, And swift run the hounds o'er the hills far a-way!

mf

A - cross the deep val-ley their course they pur-sue, And

mf

rush thro' the thick - ets yet sil - ver'd with dew, And

tr

rush thro' the thick - ets, yet sil - ver'd with dew, Nor

p *f*

fenc - es nor ditch - es their speed can de - lay, Still

sounds the sweet horn over the hills far a - way

Still sounds the sweet horn over the hills far a - way

The hills far a - way, far a - way! far a -

way _____ The hills far a - way _____

pp poco rit. *a tempo* *mf*

Nor fenc - es nor ditch - es their

p *poco rit.* *f a tempo*

speed can de - lay Stili sounds the sweet horn o'er the

poco allargando *colla voce*

hills far a - way.

tr *ff* *senza rit.* *tr*

Beneath a Weeping Willow's Shade



FRANCIS HOPKINSON, 1737-1791

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Andante espressivo (♩ = 144)

1. Be - neath a weep - ing wil - low's shade, She
E - cho to her strains re - plied, The

sat and sang a - lone, Be - neath a weep - ing wil - low's shade, She
winds her sor - rows bore. Fond E - cho to her strains re - plied, The

poco rit.

sat and sang a - lone. Her hand up - on her heart she laid, And
winds her sor - rows bore. "A - dieu, dear youth, a - dieu!" she cried, "I

poco rit.

poco rit.

plain - tive was her moan, And plain - tive was her moan. The
ne'er shall see thee more, I ne'er shall see thee more."

a tempo
p

poco rit.

a tempo
p

mock - bird sat up - on — a bough,

quasi ad lib.

a tempo

The mock - bird sat up - on — a bough And

molto rit. *a tempo*

mf

list - en'd to her lay, — Then to the dis - tant hills he bore The

mf

dul - cet notes a - way. — Then to the dis - tant

hills he bore The dul - cet notes a - way the dul - cet notes a -

way, the dul - cet notes a - way. *1st Ending*

quasi ad lib.

D.S.

2. Fond

tr, *8* *tr*, *rit* *a tempo*

2d Ending

way.

Come, Fair Rosina



FRANCIS HOPKINSON, 1737-1791

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Andante ♩ = 88

Come,
At

fair Ros - in - a, come a - way, Long since stern Win - ter's
noon we'll seek the wild - wood's shade, And o'er the path - less

storms have ceased, See Na - - ture in her
ver - dure rove, Or near a mos - sy

best ——— ar - ray, In - vites us to her
foun - - tain laid, At - tend the mus - ic

ru - ral feast.
of her grove.

poco rit.

The sea - son shall her
At eve, the slop - - ing

a tempo

treas - ures spread, Her mel - low fruits, her
mead in - vites With low - ing herds, with

mel - low fruits and har - vest brown, Her flow'rs their fresh - est
low - ing herds and flocks to stray, Each hour shall fur - nish

o - dors shed and ev' - ry breeze pour fra - grance down, Her
new de - lights and love and joy shall crown the day, Each

flow'rs their fresh - est o - dors shed, And ev' - ry breeze pour
hour shall fur - nish new de - lights, And love and joy shall

poco rit. *p*

P colla voce

fra - grance down.
crown the day.

a tempo nf *molto rit.*

My Generous Heart Disdains



FRANCIS HOPKINSON, 1787-1791

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Allegretto scherzando (♩ = 88)

dains The slave of Love to be, I scorn his ser-vile

chains, And boast my lib-er-ty, I scorn his ser-vile

chains, and boast my lib-er-ty. This whin-ing, and

pin-ing, And wast-ing with care, Are not to my

taste, Be she ev - er so fair. This whin - ing, and

mf

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are 'taste, Be she ev - er so fair. This whin - ing, and'. The piano accompaniment is in G major, with the right hand playing a melody and the left hand providing harmonic support. A mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking is present in the fourth measure.

pin - ing, and wast - ing with care, Are not to my

poco rit. *a tempo*

This system contains measures 5 through 8. The vocal line continues with 'pin - ing, and wast - ing with care, Are not to my'. The piano accompaniment features a change in tempo, marked 'poco rit.' (ritardando) in measure 6 and 'a tempo' in measure 7. The dynamics remain mezzo-forte.

taste, Be she ev - er so fair.

mf

This system contains measures 9 through 12. The vocal line repeats the phrase 'taste, Be she ev - er so fair.' The piano accompaniment continues with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking in measure 10.

This system contains measures 13 through 16. The vocal line is silent, indicated by whole rests. The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and harmonic support in the left hand.

mp meno mosso
Shall a

poco rit.

p meno mosso

girl's ca - pri - cious frown, Sink my no - ble

spir - its down? Shall a face of white and red,

Make me droop my sil - ly head? Shall I

p

set me down and sigh, For an eye - brow

p

poco allarg. or an eye? For a braid - ed lock of

p a tempo

poco a poco cresc.

colla voce

p a tempo

hair, Curse my for - tune, curse my

f for - tune and des - pair, Curse my for - tune and des - *rit*

mp a tempo primo pair? My gen' - rous heart dis - dains The slave of Love to

mp a tempo primo

be, I scorn his ser - vile chains, And boast my lib - er -

mf ty. This whin - ing, and pin - ing, And wast - ing with care, Are *mp*

poco rit. *mp a tempo*

♢ A cut may be made from ♢ to ♢ if desired

not to my taste, Be she ev - er so fair.

mf

mf

mf

poco rit. *tr*

mp Slower

Still un - cer - tain is to - mor - row, Not quite

p Slower

poco rit

cer - tain is to - day, Shall I waste my

a tempo p

poco rit

poco rit

time in sor - row, Shall I lan - guish life a -

poco rit

f

way? All be - cause a cru - el maid,

f

allargando *a tempo*

Hath not love with love re - paid? Hath not

colla voce *a tempo*

poco rit.

love with love re - paid?

poco rit. *p a tempo* *poco rit.*

a tempo primo

My gen'rous heart dis - dains The slave of Love to be, I

p a tempo primo

scorn his ser - vile chains, And boast my lib - er - ty. I

scorn his ser - vile chains and boast my lib - er - ty. This

mf

whin - ing, and pin - ing, And wast - ing with care, Are not to my

poco rit.

mp a tempo

taste, Be she ev - er so fair, This whin - ing, and pin - ing And wast - ing with

poco rit.

care, Are not to my taste, Be she ev - er so fair.

a tempo

rit.

colla voce f

The Traveller Benighted



FRANCIS HOPKINSON, 1737-1791

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Andante espressivo ♩ = 72

1. The trav'-ler be-night-ed and
2. The tem-pest howls drear-y a-

poco rit.

mp a tempo

lost, round, O'er the moun-tain pur-sues his lone way. The Fast
And sends the tall oak in its flight. Fast

stream is all can-died with frost, And the i-cic-le hangs on the
falls the cold snow on the ground, And dark is the gloom of the

spray, night, He wan-ders in hope some kind shel-ter to find, Whilst
Lone wan-ders the trav'-ler a shel-ter to find, Whilst

poco rit. *a tempo*

thro' the sharp haw-thorn still blows the cold wind, He wan-ders in hope some kind
thro' the sharp haw-thorn still blows the cold wind, Lone wan-ders the trav'-ler a

poco rit. *a tempo*

1st Ending *poco rit.* *D.S.*

shel - ter to find, Whilst thro' the sharp haw-thorn still blows the cold wind.
shel - ter to find, Whilst thro' the sharp haw-thorn still

poco rit. *p*

2d Ending

blows the cold wind.

a tempo

3. No com - fort the wild woods af -

poco rit. *mp* *a tempo*

ford No shel - ter the trav' - ler can see, Far

off are his bed and his board, And his home where he wish - es to

be, His hearth's cheer-ful blaze still en - gag - es his mind, Whilst

poco rit. *a tempo*

thro' the sharp haw-thorn keen blows the cold wind, His hearth's cheer-ful blaze still en-

gag - es his mind, Whilst thro the sharp haw-thorn keen blows the cold wind.

LYRIC FANCIES

A Selection of Songs

BY

AMERICAN COMPOSERS

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