

# Five songs Op91

## Noon Op.91, no.1

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Andante**

Rose, shut your heart a-against the bee. Why should you  
heed his min-strel-sy? Re-fuse your  
ur-gent lo-ver, rose. He does but  
drink the heart and goes.

*p* *mf* *rit.* *rall. al fine* *lunga* *Ped.*

# Alpine chaces Op.91, no.2

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Moderato**

You called me, and I did not hear you.

Now you do not call. Sought me, and I was not

near you. I am not near at all.

As

# Morning Op.91, no.3

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Andante**

In the deep blue of hea-ven mark\_\_\_\_\_ A

6

cloud no big-ger than a lark\_\_\_\_\_ And hear!

10

A - gainst your win-dow pane his mu - sic ver - ti-cal as

## Night Op.91, no.4

Humbert Wolfe, after JW von Goethe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

## Adagio

O-ver the moun-tains all is peace.\_\_\_\_\_

8

You can al-most hear the si - len-ces.

14

The birds in the pine - woods sink in their nest.\_\_\_\_\_

*sempre p*

# Journey's end Op.91, no.5

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

## Moderato

What will they give me when jour-ney's done? Your own

10

room to be qui-et in, son.

18

Who shares it with me? There is none shares that cool dor-mi-to-ry,

## In the street of lost time op.92, no.1

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Andante**

Rest \_\_\_\_\_ and have ease \_\_\_\_\_

6

Here are no more vo - ya - ges\_ Fold, fold your nar-row pale hands\_ And

11

un-der the veil of night lie, as I have seen you lie in your deep hair \_\_\_\_\_

*poco rit.*

## Neither moon nor candlelight op.92, no.2

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Un poco allegretto**

4/4

*p*

If I looked out on a - ny night\_ at the

7

head\_ of the cold dark stair\_ I could see a lit-tle light

12

qui - et-ly bur-ning there, a - ny night\_ and ev' - ry

17

night\_ and all the long night through nei-ther moon nor can-dle- light\_

## Forgiveness op.92, no.3

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Andante non troppo lento**

If it should come to pass that you for - gave, and

love, nailed to the cross, rose from the grave and cried The stone is rolled a - way:

**Pochissimo più mosso**

this is the third day, If as in doubt I trod the dolor-ous

way, the dark-ness split with God Who bade me lay those emp - ty hands, that had de - nied,

## Renunciation Op.92, no.4

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Andante, with a very easy movement**

I have on-ly asked you for a mo-ment to stay\_\_\_ loo-king

8

As you looked at me with the light a - bout you Un - der the moon-hushed trees\_

13

**poco rit.** . . .

And so to turn a - way With all the rest of my life to live with - out you.\_

## Cyclamen Op.93, no.1

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

## Un poco lento

She rests. O do not bring a-gain white

*mp* *poco* *sopress.*

8

cy-cla- men... The flo-wer like\_ two

15

*rit.*

but-ter-flies with wings a - cross each o-thers' eyes. Drop ra-ther by that qui-et

*rit.* *dim.* *sopress.*

# The pale and pilgrim moon Op.93, no.2

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Moving easily**

I stretched out my hands to the

8

birds on the wing: Ea - si-ly they fled cry - ing in - to the

rit. . . . .

14

West. But

20

when there was qui-et I heard them sing in my heart of the night that is best,

# Harebell Op.93, no.3

27

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Poco adagio**

Lie ea-sy, hare-bell, Do not wi-ther quick-ly as blooms that light hands

*mp espress.*

ga-ther, But burn your lit-tle lamps of blue stea-di-ly All night through,— mar-king the

*p*

small grave where the joy that we did not have And the po-em I might have made

**rit.** . . . . . **rall. molto**

are laid.

**a tempo**

*p*

## An Eastern court Op.93, no.4

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Andante non troppo lento**

sempre tranquillo

Here,

10

qui - et and long peace, sha-dows of the shade\_ of which life's mys - te-ries And

16

men\_ are\_ made, ga - ther, drift and un - fold\_ in - to the

20

swift proud death of the sun in gold on the last\_

## The Alpine cross Op.93, no.5

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Moderato**

*f* 3

Christ, on your Al-pine

*mf* *p* *cresc.* *f*

10

cross, beau - ti - ful, pale and young, Fa - ded long since are the flo - wers you suf - fered a -

*mf* *p*

3

17

mong. — But the blos - som of the snow qui - et - ly drift - - ing

*mf* *dolce* *p*

*poco marcato*

3

## Street of all souls Op.94, no.1

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Andante misterioso**

Street of all souls — have in your moon-less kee-ping These

7

wea-ry souls — who ask no more of you — than that smooth —

12

dark, Where none a-wakes from slee-ping — And no foot stirs the

## Now in these fairy-lands Op.94, no.2

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Allegretto**

Now in these fai - ry-lands Ga - ther your

*mp*

6  
wea - ry hands \_\_\_\_\_ Close to your breast \_\_\_\_\_ And be \_\_\_\_\_ at

LH RH LH RH

Ped.

11  
rest. \_\_\_\_\_ Now in these si - len-ces

16  
Lean to these ca - den-ces, \_\_\_\_\_ Moul - ding their grace to the

## A candle cool Op.94, no.3

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Pesante, un poco andante**

mp

6

He has put by, de- par - tingence, his beau-ty's high in - he - ri - tance.

p

mf

12

Yet we'll not blame death, since we know him

cresc.

f

mp

mf

## Bright hair grow dim Op.94, no.4

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Moderato assai**

*p*

Bright hair grow dim, close, slender

*sempre dolce*

*p*

6

hands for the long dream till the world ends.

12

No wind to suffer, no pain to wring, now she may

## Sinks the dead cedar-tree Op.94, no.5

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

Moving very quietly and smoothly

*sempre p e tranquillo*  
*legatissimo*

8

*mp*

Sinks the dead ce-dar-tree

13

*p*

(al-most as un-der wave a deep sea ghost) —

*mp*

in the star - trem-bling arc \_\_\_\_\_ of

*pp*

## Love's a ghost Op.94, no.6

Humbert Wolfe

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Allegro moderato** **poco rit.**

Love's a ghost, and no - one knows - whence he comes and where

5 **a tempo**

he goes for the hearts that he has haun - ted

9

could not tell us if they wan - - ted.