

Roger Quilter

LOVE CALLS THROUGH THE SUMMER NIGHT

*From the light opera
"Rosmé"*

*Words by
Rodney Bennett*

<i>Solo</i>	<p>Nº 1 IN C</p> 	<p>Nº 2 IN E</p> 
<i>Duet</i>	<p>Nº 1 IN D MINOR</p> 	<p>Nº 2 IN E MINOR</p> 

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Love calls through the Summer Night

Far in the darkness a nightingale is singing,
 Singing his love and sorrow to the moon;
 Lost in the branches, the night wind, winging,
 Wakens the leaves to a low sweet tune.
 Oft have I heard them, nights unending,
 Heard them and loved them and gone my way;
 Now with their passion a new note is blending,
 Born of their beauty, but more than they.
 Ah! Ah! Ah!

Cho. Love calls through the summer night,
 Love sings with a strange delight,
 Calls our young hearts to find his way,
 Let him lead us where'er he may.
 Dear heart, shall he call in vain,
 When ne'er he may ask again?
 Ah! Love, Wherever you lead us,
 We follow the roadway of dreams to-night.

Swift to the dawn the enchanted hours are flying,
 Bringing the time of waking all too soon:
 Songs will be hush'd, and the lovelight, dying,
 Pass with the stars and the waning moon.
 Come as it may with tears or laughter,
 Bring as it will either rose or rue,
 Why should we care for what may come after?
 Still for a while only dreams are true,
 Ah! Ah! Ah!

Cho. Love calls through the summer night,
 Love sings with a strange delight,
 Calls our young hearts to find the way,
 Let him lead us where'er he may.
 Dear heart, shall he call in vain,
 When ne'er he may ask again?
 Ah! Love, together wherever you lead us,
 We follow the road of dreams.
 Follow, come follow, love of my heart to-night.

Rodney Bennett



Love calls through the Summer Night

Duet from the light Opera 'ROSMÉ'

Words by
RODNEY BENNETT

Music by
ROGER QUILTER

Poco andante con moto (♩ = 63)

MEZZO-SOPRANO

BARITONE

PIANO

espress.
mf
mp
p
mp espress.

Ⓐ

Far in the dark - ness a night-in-gale is sing - ing,

mp
p

poco cresc.

Sing - ing his love and sor-row to the moon; Lost in the branch - es, the

poco cresc.
p

Red.

* Red.

* Red.

* Red.

* Red.

Dmia.

Duet

night - wind, wing - ing, Wak - ens the leaves to a low sweet tune.

Red. * Red. *

B *p* Oft have I heard them, nights un - end - ing, Heard them and loved them and *poco cresc.*

p *poco cresc.*

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

gone my way; Now with their pas - sion a new note is blend - ing, *mp*

mp

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

Born of their beau - ty, born of their beau - ty, but more *p* *mf espress.*

Ah! but

poco cresc. *mf* *p*

poco cresc. *mf* *p*

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

more than they. Ah! Ah!

mp *espress.* *p* *poco riten.* 5

than they. Ah!

mp espress. 3 *p* *poco riten.*

Red. *

a tempo ma tranquillo *riten.*

Ah!

a tempo ma tranquillo

espress. 3 *riten.* 3

p

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

© *pp* *Tempo di Valse, un poco andante* (♩ = 112)

p dolce

Love calls through the summer night, Love sings with a strange delight,

p dolce

Red. *

ten. a tempo

Calls our young hearts to find his way, Let him lead us wher-e'er he may.

ten.

ten. a tempo

D poco con moto

p
Ah! no!

mp poco con moto
Dear heart, — shall he call in vain, When ne'er he may

mp poco con moto
poco cresc.

mp Ah! no! Love, wher - ev - er you lead us, we
mf a tempo ask a - gain? Ah! Love, wher - ev - er you lead us, we

ten. a tempo

mp *mf a tempo* *ten. a tempo*

mf a tempo *sf* *ten. a tempo*

E

fol - low the road - way of dreams to - night.

fol - low the road of dreams to - night.

poco rit. *a tempo*

poco rit. *a tempo*

poco rit. *a tempo* *poco mosso*

mp *mf espress.*

riten.

riten.

poco dim. *poco rit.* *dim.* *riten.*

F *a tempo I?*

a tempo I?
p
 Swift to the dawn the en-chant-ed hours are fly - ing, Bring-ing the time of wak-ing all too soon,
a tempo I?
pp

mp
 Songs will be hushed, and the love - light, dy - ing, Pass with the stars and the
p
 Red. * Red. * Red. *

wan - ing moon. **G** *mp*
 Come as it may with tears or laugh - ter,
mp
 Red. * Red. * Red. *

poco cresc.
 Bring as it will ei - ther rose or rue,
poco cresc.
 Red. * Red. * Red. *

mp poco appassionato

Why should we care for what may come af - ter?

mp poco appassionato

Why should we care for what may come af - ter?

mp poco appassionato

Red. 3 * Red. *

p poco cresc.

Ah!

mp mf espress.

Ah! on - ly

poco cresc.

Still for a while, still for a while, on - ly dreams

poco cresc.

mf > 3 p

Red. 3 * Red. 3 * Red. *

espr. p poco riten.

dreams are true. Ah!

mp

are true. Ah!

mp p poco riten.

Red. * Red. *

a tempo

Ah!

riten.

a tempo ma tranquillo

mp espress.

riten.

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

H) Tempo di Valse, un poco andante

pp

p dolce

Love calls through the summer night, Love sings with a

p dolce

Red. *

p *ten. a tempo*

Calls our young hearts to find his way, Let him

ten. a tempo

strange delight, Calls our young hearts to find his way, Let him

ten.

ten. a tempo

I

pp poco con moto *p*

lead us wher - e'er he may. Ah! Ah!

mp poco con moto

lead us wher - e'er he may. Dear heart, shall he call in vain,

mp poco con moto

Red. *

mp *mf a tempo* *ten. mp a tempo*

no!, Ah! no! Love, to - geth - er wher -

poco cresc. *mf a tempo* *ten. mp a tempo*

When ne'er he may ask a - gain? Ah! Love, to - geth - er wher -

ten.

1 2 *2* *mf a tempo* *sf* *ten. mp a tempo*

poco cresc.

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

(J)

poco a poco cresc.

- ev - er you lead us, we fol - low the road of dreams.

poco a poco cresc.

- ev - er you lead us, we take the won - der - ful road, the road-way of

cresc.

Fol - low, come fol - low, love of my heart

cresc.

dreams, Ah! love of my heart

rit - en - u - to ten.

rit - en - u - to ten.

rit - en - u - to ten.

a tempo poco allegro

- night!

a tempo poco allegro

- night!

f a tempo poco allegro

ff appassionato

loco

accel.

ff

ff

Red.

8va

TWO NEW SONGS BY ROGER QUILTER

Wind From The South

No. 1 in Eb



Words by JOHN IRVINE
Music by ROGER QUILTER

No. 2 in F



Andante (♩ = 48)

mp
The wind comes soft - ly Out of the South Like - the fond words From a lov - er's

poco riten. pp mouth, from a lov - er's mouth. *a tempo mp* Like a bird call - ing
dolce *poco riten.* *a tempo mp* *espress.*

2. Like a bird
Calling
In the blue haze,
From the dim woodland
In
The June days.

3. Or the soft
Music
A violin brings
When the bow is
Drawn
On muted strings.

4. The wind comes
Softly
Like the faint chime
Of a distant
Bell
At Eventime.

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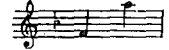
Spring Voices

No. 1 in D



Words by ROMNEY MARSH
Music by ROGER QUILTER

No. 2 in F



Allegro con spirito (♩ = 108)

mp
I heard a thros-tle sing-ing at the dawn of day. Thros-tle, thros-tle, of

what are you sing-ing? "I sing of buds up - on the haw - thorn spray,

FIRST VERSE
I heard a throstle singing at the dawn of day
Throstle, throstle, of what are you singing?
"I sing of buds upon the hawthorn spray,
Of Spring that follows
The twittering swallows
With daisied feet on the dewy grass,
And rain-soft breezes that pass and pass."

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