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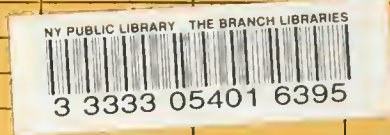
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Seven  
Songs

as unpretentious  
as the Wild Rose

Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

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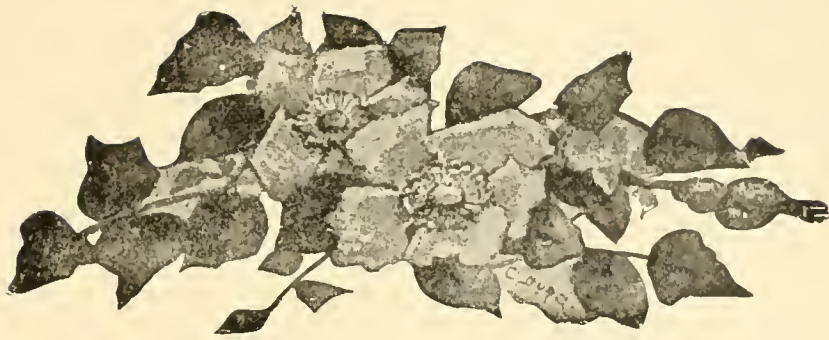


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· Parting ·

· Shadows ·

· Just · Awearyin' · For · You ·

· I · Love · You · Truly ·

· We · Has' · Long · Res' ·

· Still · Unexpress ·

· "Yes · Hold · My · Hands .." ·

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# Shadows

(Soprano)

Words and Music by  
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

*Andante sostenuto*

*pp* *rall.* *a tempo*

*p*

Once more I sit at eve-ning And watch the em-bers burn, The  
oft we watched the em- bers And said, "how bright they glow!" And

*pp*

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

shad - ows all come creep-ing A - round me as I turn. And  
then how fast the hours went, But now, a - las! how slow. The

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

*cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do* *f* *rall.*

then I see a sweet face, From which all care is gone, That  
 days are all too long, dear, The nights are long - er still; But

*cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do* *f* *rall.*

*p a tempo* *rall.* *1 a tempo*

starts my soul to dreaming Of old times, love and song. How  
 I would not re - call you My long-ing heart to

*p a tempo* *rall.* *a tempo*

*2 a tempo pp*

fill. I know you're way off yon-der, But still you seem with me, And

*a tempo pp*



*poco rit.* *a tempo*

in the eve - ning shad - ows Your form I al - most see. I

*cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do* *f* *rall.*

al - most hear you whis - per These words, "I love but you, And

*cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do* *f* *rall.*

*p a tempo* *rall.*

soon we'll be u - ni - ted, Sweet - heart, be brave, be true."

*p a tempo* *rall.* *a tempo* *pp*

*rall.* *ppp*

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# Parting (Soprano)

Words by  
WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

Music by  
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

*Allegretto sostenuto*

*p*

The first system of the score shows the piano introduction. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 6/8 time and the key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the right hand, with accompaniment in the left hand. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

The light of the morn is break - ing ——— A - cross the dis - tant

*p*

The second system features the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "The light of the morn is break - ing ——— A - cross the dis - tant". The piano part continues with accompaniment, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

sea, ——— But the beau - ty is lost in sad - ness, Sweet

The third system features the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line continues on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "sea, ——— But the beau - ty is lost in sad - ness, Sweet". The piano part continues with accompaniment.



love, when I think of thee. — Would it were dark and drear - y, A

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are "love, when I think of thee. — Would it were dark and drear - y, A". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves: a right-hand staff in treble clef and a left-hand staff in bass clef. The piano part includes a section marked "L.H." with a wavy line indicating a tremolo effect in the left hand.

*rall.* *a tempo* *ad lib.*

mist a - cross the brine, And I were stand - ing near thee, With

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has lyrics "mist a - cross the brine, And I were stand - ing near thee, With". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: "rall." (ritardando) above the first measure, "a tempo" above the second measure, and "ad lib." (ad libitum) above the third measure. A "colla voce" marking is placed above the piano part in the third measure, indicating it should follow the vocal line's tempo.

thy dear hand in mine. —

*morendo* 20 8 *ppp*

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "thy dear hand in mine. —". The piano accompaniment features a "morendo" (diminuendo) marking above the piano part, which is accompanied by a large, sweeping slur over the right-hand staff. The numbers "20" and "8" are written above the piano part, likely indicating fingerings or specific notes. The system ends with a "ppp" (pianissimo) dynamic marking.

# Just A-Wearyin' For You

Word by  
FRANK STANTON

Music by  
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

**Moderato**

Piano introduction in G minor, 3/4 time, marked Moderato. The piece begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

Vocal line for the first two lines of lyrics. The melody is in G minor, 3/4 time, marked piano (p). The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (half).

1. Just a - wear - y - in' for you, All the time a - feel - in' blue,  
3. Eve - nin' comes, I miss you more When the dark gloom's round the door,

Piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment, featuring chords and moving lines in both hands, marked piano (p).

Vocal line for the next two lines of lyrics. The melody is in G minor, 3/4 time, marked mezzo-forte (mf) and then piano (p) with a crescendo (cresc.). The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (half).

Wish - in' for you, wond'rin' when You'll be com-in' home a-gain. Rest-less, don't know  
Seems just like you or - ter be There to o - pen it for me. Latch goes tink - lin',

Piano accompaniment for the next two lines of lyrics. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment, marked mezzo-forte (mf) and then piano (p) with a crescendo (cresc.).

Vocal line for the final two lines of lyrics. The melody is in G minor, 3/4 time, marked piano (p) and then piano (p) with a crescendo (cresc.). The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (half).

what to do, Just a - wear - y - in' for you. *Fine*  
thrills me through, Sets me wear - y - in' for you.

Piano accompaniment for the final two lines of lyrics. The piano part concludes with a final chord and a flourish, marked piano (p) and then piano (p) with a crescendo (cresc.).

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*p*  
2. Morn - - in' comes, the birds a - wake,

*p*  
*delicato*

Used to sing so for your sake *mf* But there's sad-ness

*mf*

in the notes That come trill - in' from their throats. Seem to feel your

*p* *cresc.*  
*p* *cresc.*

ab-sence, too, Just a-wear-y - in' for you. *f.* *rall.* *D. S. al Fine*

*f.* *rall.*  
*D. S. al Fine*



# De Las' Long Res'

(Soprano)

Words by  
PAUL LAURANCE DUNBAR

Music by  
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Moderato

Lay me down be-nea' de wil-lows in de  
Lay me nigh to whah it makes a lit-tle  
Let me set-tle when my shoulders drop de

grass, — Whah de breeze'll be a singin' as it pass, — An' when I'se ly-in' low, I kin  
pool, — An' de wa-tah stan's so qui-et-like an, cool, — Whah de lit-tle birds in spring Ust to  
load, — Nigh e-nough to hear de noises in de road, — Foh I tink dat las' long res' Gwine to

hear it as it go, Sing-in' "sleep mah hon-ey, take y'r res' at las'." —  
come an' drink an' sing, An' de chil-luns wad-ed on der way to school. —  
suit my spir-it bes' If I'se ly-in' 'mong de tings I al-ways know'd. —

*dim. e rall.* *pp*

*dim. e rall.* *pp*

# I Love You Truly

Words and Music by  
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

*Andante con amore*

*p*

I love you tru - ly, tru - ly,  
Ah love, 'tis some-thing to feel your kind

*p legato*

*p sempre legato*

dear, Life with its sor - row, life with its tear, Fades in - to  
hand, Ah yes, 'tis some-thing by your side to stand; Gone is the

*rall.*

dreams when I feel you are near, For I love you tru-ly, tru-ly, dear.  
sor - row, Gone doubt and fear, For you love me tru-ly, tru-ly, dear.

*rall.*

# Still Unexpressed

Words and Music by  
CARRIE JACOBS - BOND

**Allegretto agitato**

*p*

Ah! 'tis but a dain - ty flow'r I bring to  
Ah! 'tis but a fad - ed flow'r Kept thro' the

*p*

you, ——— Yes, 'tis but a vi - o - let  
years, ——— Yes, 'tis but a vi - o - let



glist - 'ning with dew. But deep in its  
 wet with my tears. Yet deep in my

heart there lie, Beau - ties con - cealed,  
 heart of hearts, Tru - est and best,

So too in my heart of hearts, Love un - re  
 There lives my love for you Still un - ex

*rall.*

*a tempo*

vealed. \_\_\_\_\_  
 prest. \_\_\_\_\_

*a tempo* *morendo* *ppp*

*Ped.*

# Des Hold My Hands Tonight

Words and Music by  
CARRIE JACOBS - BOND

Tranquilly

*P molto legato*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time, featuring a flowing melody in the right hand and a steady accompaniment in the left hand.

*p*

Some lit - tle child - ren hear a song  
Oh, lit - tle hands so soft and white,

*rit.* *p*

The first system includes a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and a *p* (piano) dynamic.

that moth - er sweet - ly sings \_\_\_\_\_ When they are tired and  
your mem - o - ry I keep \_\_\_\_\_ Could I but live that

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment, with lyrics and blank lines for the vocal line.

bed - time comes,                      What joy and peace it brings  
 time a gain,                      To lay you down to sleep

*mp*  
 And some sweet child - ren take their dolls to hold so snug and  
 This lone - ly life that I have led would all seem gay and

*mp*

*poco rit.*                      *p*  
 tight                      But my own dear - ie al ways said,  
 bright                      If I could on - ly hear you say,

*poco rit.*                      *p*

*rall.*                      1                      2                      *pp*  
 "Des hold my hands to - night."  
 "Des hold my hands to - night."

*rall.*                      *a tempo*                      *pp*





"Art, at the last, is a matter of heart, not head; and this fact was brought home to me strongly a few weeks ago on hearing Carrie Jacobs-Bond. Here is a woman who writes poems, sets them to music and sings them in a manner that reveals the very acme of art. Her performance is all so gentle, spontaneous and unaffected that you think you could do the same yourself—simple, pattering little child-songs, set to tunes that sing themselves. But in some way they search out the corners of your soul, and make you think of the robin that used to sing at sunset, calling to his lost mate from the top of a tall poplar in the days of long ago. As a reader and a singer Carrie Jacobs-Bond is as subdued as a landscape by Monet, and as true and effective as a sketch by De Merville."— Elbert Hubbard.





## Two Hard Days For Mother.

"There's just two days that I don't like,"  
Said Mother Bates to me—  
"The Circus Day and July Fourth,  
They're hard as they can be.  
But when they both come in one week,  
It's just a cryin' sin  
To watch the four boys that I've got,  
An' try to keep 'em in.

Now, I don't mean all day, you know—  
But long enough for me  
To get 'em lookin' nice an' clean  
An' fit for folks to see.  
An' long enough for me to say,  
"Now boys, don't you forget  
(Not even if you haven't seen  
The entire Circus yet)

"Come home, for dinner'll taste good  
An' you can go again  
An' see the rest this afternoon—  
That Circus'll remain."  
But do you think I see a boy  
Until the sun is set?  
No, not a boy from Bob to Jim,  
They're 'round that Circus yet.

But if the Circus ended there  
I wouldn't care so much,  
The Circus now has just begun—  
I get the final touch—  
For every strap that's in our barn  
An' every bit of clothes  
That's got a button made of brass  
Out in the wood-shed goes.

An' we've a Circus here at home  
About a week or two  
Until my old head nearly busts  
An' somethin' comes that's new.  
This year the Circus didn't last,  
The Fourth come in next day,  
An' I just thought them boys would die  
A workin' hard that way.

At four o'clock they all got up  
An' each one fired the gun,  
An' every livin' thing, I guess,  
Around that farm-yard run  
'Cept Pa and me—we'd clean forgot  
That July Fourth was near—  
So, night before, we went to bed  
Without a doubt or fear,

An' thinkin' what a blessin' that  
The Circus come and went  
Without a broken arm or two,  
An' we was plumb content  
When, goodness me! That gun was fired  
An' I thought, "One day more!  
Will all my boys be here to-night,  
Or on the other shore?"

"Or will they turn from white to black  
By blowin' in the gun?  
Or find that one eye is enough  
To see the July fun?  
Or just find out one hand will do  
For helpin' on the farm?"  
Well—all day long I prayed the Lord  
To keep them boys from harm.

But by an' by—the end it came,  
An' Bob was carried in;  
His shirt-sleeve torn to smithereens,  
A bullet in his chin.  
But Doctor said, "Oh, he's all right;  
For sure we'll pull him thro'."  
An', Mother-like, I kissed that boy,  
As Mothers always do.

An' I forgive him everything  
He'd done since he was born,  
An' hurried up to make him feel  
He wasn't as forlorn  
As though he'd blowed his head clean off—  
(That's what I thought he'd do)  
But honest, how I loved that boy,  
Just loved him thru and thru.

Them other three came walkin' in  
Just like a funeral band,  
An' all their faces pale as death  
An' tremblin' every hand;  
An' all o' 'em they looked at me  
Thru tears a fallin' fast—  
Till finally I had to say,  
"Thank God, this Fourth is past!"

# The Path o' Life.

I have a little tale to tell  
    (And hope 'twill do some good),  
It's 'bout a couple of young folks  
A-wa lkin' through a wood.  
They started off about noon time,  
    Some fifteen years ago,  
To take a journey just because  
    They didn't exactly know  
Its length or hardships would be much,  
    They loved each other so.

About the time these two set off  
    Another pair set out;  
The same Church-door they left behind  
    Their hearts all strong and stout.  
They all walked down the "Path o' Life,"  
    And then 'twas clear and bright,  
And looked as though for miles to come  
    'Twould all be straight and right.

Of course this weddin' day (I guess)  
    Was near the first o' June,  
The time o' day—again I say  
    Came pretty nigh to noon.  
And if you take life in its Spring  
    And just about midway,  
This world is bound to look real good  
    And things look bright and gay.

That's just the time for weddin's, when  
    The birds are singin' sweet,  
And the violets are comin' up  
    To kiss the fern leaf's feet—  
But, enough about the weather  
    And the flowers a-bloomin' gay,  
I must tell you 'bout my two pair  
    Startin' off this weddin' day.

That "Path o' Life" looked pretty smooth  
    About a year or two  
And then the weeds began to come  
    Where once the sweet flow'rs grew.  
One pair o' them walked hand in hand  
    Altho' the path grew rough;  
He helped her over all the stones  
    And she called LOVE enough.

I guess a moral is a thing  
    That you don't need just now,  
But I would like to say a word  
    To smooth each wrinkled brow.  
Just grasp the hand that's in your path—  
    Sometimes the path is long—  
And life is sweeter when you have  
    Companions, with a song.  
Kind words smooth all the "Path o' Life"  
    And smiles make burdens light,  
But uncomplainin' friends can make  
    A day-time out o' night.

The other two? Well, I must tell  
    Their hands loosed on the way,  
And their paths widened as they walkea  
    And clouds came every day,  
And all because they didn't know  
    That burdens shared by two  
Will always lighten fully half  
    If hearts are strong and true.

And so my two pair wandered on—  
    On thro' the "Path o' Life";  
One pair caught all the sunshine,  
    So God called them "man and wife".  
My other pair are lost to sight,  
    Their forms no more I see,  
Lost somewhere on the "Path o' Life",  
    For they could not agree.

When stones were rough, she would complain  
    And, answerin', he would say,  
"Just come along now, Mary Ann,  
    You helped to make the day  
When we this journey undertook;  
    I've done the best I could;  
Come, hurry up and catch me now,  
    It's dark here in this wood."

And so she wanders on alone;  
    He thinks he's bein' kind;  
But by and by he finds, alas!  
    That Mary's far behind.  
And then he wonders where she is,  
    And what she's doin' now;  
And as he thinks how they have walked,  
    A frown comes on his brow.

And then he wonders how it is  
    This world for him is cold,  
And lightnin'-like a thought comes in—  
    Why, he is growin' old;  
And that smooth path he once called "life"  
    All full o' briers has grown,  
And that companion he called "wife"  
    Is lost and he's alone.

# Talkin' About Little Things.

You say I see the little things  
Well yes, I guess I do.  
For big things seldom come along  
To folks like me, that's true,  
And little things are all I have  
To come and help me thru  
This world o' tryin' to get on  
With comforts small and few.

A talkin' about little things—  
Now, there's a baby's smile—  
Do you suppose a millionaire  
Could have that for a while  
And love it and forget it  
In the hum and buzz o' style,  
And ever feel the same again  
Without that baby's smile?

Still talkin' about little things,  
Now there's a baby tear—  
Who ever saw the quiverin' lid  
With baby pain or fear,  
Give out its little message  
And not feel their hearts go near  
To comfort and caress it  
And to wipe away the tear?

Now, here's a lingo told you  
By beginnin' with a smile—  
An' talkin' 'bout a baby  
Precious little for a while.  
But you know that baby's growin'  
An' he soon'll be a man  
And you know its truth I'm tellin'  
Look and find it—'cause you can.

The very smallest o' small things  
Amounts to lots in life  
And folks could find a heap o' help  
To carry 'em thru' strife,  
If they would only look along  
Just where they're walkin' now,  
Instead o' lookin' way ahead  
An' furrowin' their brow—

'Cause what you look for way ahead  
Sometimes you never find,  
Its only what you've got in sight  
Or what you've left behind,  
That ever does you any good  
(By livin' I know this)  
But seein' small things as you go  
You very little miss.

Take anything that you can't buy  
And try it for a while  
Course what you get for nothin'  
Don't seem worth a tear or smile,  
But by and by you will be seein'  
Somethin' come along  
That just grew out o' nothin'  
An' grew mighty big and strong









# “The Hand of You”

Another of  
**CARRIE JACOBS-BOND'S  
GEMS**

Some - times when shad - ows

cross my path, As shad - ows some - times do, I

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