

1800

# Say, What Shall Be My Song Tonight

Joseph Philip Knight

W. H. Bellamy

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic>

---

## Recommended Citation

Knight, Joseph Philip and Bellamy, W. H., "Say, What Shall Be My Song Tonight" (1800). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. Paper 1211.  
<http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic/1211>

This Score is brought to you for free and open access by the Greer Music Library at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Historic Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact [bpancier@conncoll.edu](mailto:bpancier@conncoll.edu).

The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

# G E M S

OF

## English Song

WITH ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE

### PIANO-FORTE.

- 1. WILL YOU LOVE ME THEN AS NOW
- 2. DEAREST THEN I'LL LOVE YOU MORE
- 3. YES I HAVE DARED TO LOVE THEE
- 4. SAY WHAT SHALL MY SONG BE TO NIGHT *Triolet*
- 5. I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE *Gloss*
- 6. WHY DO SUMMER ROSES FADE *Butter*

Published by PETERS, WEBB & CO. Louisville, Ky.

Cincinnati  
PETERS & FIELD

Baltimore  
W. C. PETERS

25cts. net.

SAY, WHAT SHALL MY SONG BE TO NIGHT,

*Ballad*

WORDS BY

W. H. BELLAMY

MUSIC BY

JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.

Published by PETERS, WEBB & CO Louisville Ky.

*Allegretto*  
*Grazioso.*

Say what shall my song be to night? And the strain at your bidding shall

tears? Or, the future, it's hopes and it's fears? Say, what shall my song be to night.

*rit.*

Freshness of childhood come o'er thee? Shall the past, yield it's smiles and it's

mournful and low? Shall the days that are gone, flit be-fore thee? The

flow, shall the measure be sportive and light, Or its murmurs be

*cl* *cres*

606

4

night? And the strain at your bidding shall flow; Shall the measure be sportive and

light? Or it's murmurs be mournful and low? Say, say,

oh! say, what shall my song be to night?

There are times, when the heart will refuse, On the

Say is not a feeling, or tone, In the heart, but, to music 'tis known. Say

thrals them, is broken, With the first word of song that is spoken; For there

bues With a gloom which she cannot dis-pel: But the charm that en-

past and its pleasures to dwell; There are moments, which men 'ry im-

205

