

June and December.



BY

CARRIE JACOBS BOND

Author of

"If I could only hear your voice again," "Write to me often dear,"
"Is my dolly dead" &c.

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JUNE AND DECEMBER.

MRS. CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/4 time, marked *Moderato* and *mf*. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

p

In June when blossoms were so bright My hopes were high, my heart was light, 'Twas

The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment is also marked *p* and features a steady accompaniment of chords and moving lines in both hands.

then we promised love so true, Yours was for me, mine was for you. The birds sang sweet, the

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some more complex chordal textures and moving bass lines.

world looked fair, My heart could sing, for love was there; Oh, hap - py June, sweet

hap - py June, My soul with Na - ture was in tune..... And all the world to me seemed

rit. *a tempo.*

rit. *a tempo.*

fair, My heart could sing, for love was there, For June was there, 'twas not De - cem - ber, I

knew true love, I will re-mem-ber. But aft-er June there came De-

mf *rit.* *p* *sostenuto.*

cem - ber, A win - ter time sad to re - mem - ber, When love and I did sad - ly

part, and hope had left my heart. The birds that sang had gone a - way, And

it was night in-stead of day..... And June was passed, it was De-cem-ber, My

love was dead, Oh I re-mem-ber, The songs you loved I no more sing, For

rit. *a tempo.*

rit. *a tempo.*

sor-row's brought an end-less sting. My June has passed, I met De-cem-ber, I

loved you well, and will re-mem-ber.....

mp *pp*

MY LITTLE ROSE.
ROBERT M. STERRETT

Allegretto semplice

1. My lit-tle Rose is a sweet wild flow'r, Her voice is soft as a
2. My lit-tle Rose is the one sweet flow'r, That blooms in the gar-den

rip-pling rill She sings sweet songs at the twi-light hour, When
of my heart I placed her there one twi-light hour And

day is done, and all is still She looks so neat in her soft pink gown, And she
ne'er from her shall my love I love each curl in her locks of brown That

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DEDICATED TO MY HUSBAND.

IS MY DOLLY DEAD?

MRS. GARRIE JAGODS-BOYD.

Moderate

1. I've dropp'd Dolly, broke her head, Some-one tells me Dol-ly's dead,
2. Noth-ing left but curl-y hair, New-er mind, dear, I don't care,
3. Some dolls live with-out their eyes, Yes, you won-der, with-sur-prise.

stream, stream. There dwelt a maid with a dim-pled head And
A way from the touch of that dim-pled head I

Tell me, Dol-ly, is it true, I can no more play with you,
I will put a veil on you, If you're cov-er'd you will do,
But I know, and so, do you, Dolls with no heads live, 'tis true.

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WRITE TO ME OFTEN, DEAR.

GARRIE JAGODS-BOYD.

Andante

Write to me oft-en, dear, When I'm a-way.....
When days are past and gone And shad-ows fall.....

Say that you miss me, dear, Each night and day.....
Think of the love I give, You have it all.....

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IN THE GLOVER BLOOM.

ROBERT M. STERRETT.

Andante

1. O-ver the hills, in the mead-ow-land, Close by a sun-kiss'd
2. Out from the hills and the mead-ow-land, Far from the sun-kiss'd

stream, stream. There dwelt a maid with a dim-pled head And
A way from the touch of that dim-pled head I

eyes like a sun lit dream' Her hair like gold in the
rent, when a boy in a stream' The sky was fill'd with a

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