

No. 15

SCENA (Josephine)

Andante

The hours creep on a - pace. My

PIANO *p*

7

guil - ty heart is quak - ing! Oh, that I might re - trace_ The step that I am

12

tak - ing; It's fol - ly it were ea - sy to be show - ing: What I am giv - ing

16

up, and whither go - ing. On the one hand papa's luxurious home
Hung with ancestral armour and old brass-es

20

Carved oak, and tapestry from distant Rome
Rare "blue and white", Venetian finger - glass - es, Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pil - lows, And

22

ev - erything that is - n't old, from Gil-lows! And, on the other, a dark and dingy room
In some back street with stuffy children cry-ing,

25

Where organs yell, and clacking housewives
fume, And clothes are hanging out all day a - dry - ing, With one cracked looking-glass to
see your face in, And

27

dinner served
up in a pudding ba - sin!

cresc. molto *f*

32

A sim - ple sail - or, low - ly born, Un - let - tered and un-

36

known, Who toils for bread from ear - ly morn Till half the night has

40

flown, Till half the night has flown. No gold - en rank can

44

he im - part, No wealth of house or land; No for - tune, save his

48

trus-ty heart, And hon - est, brown right hand, his trus - ty heart and brown righthand! And

53

yet he is so won-d'rous fair, That love for one so pass - ing rare, So

57

peer-less in his man - ly beau - ty, Were lit - tle more than so - lemn du - ty, Were

61

rallentando

lit - tle else than so - lemn du - ty! Oh god of

65 *ad lib.* *a tempo*

love, and god of rea- son, say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart o-bey! A

69

sim - ple sai - lor low - ly born, Un - let - tered and un - known, No

73

gold - en rank can he im-part, No wealth of house or land, No

77

for-tune, save his trus - ty heart, And hon - est, brown right hand, his trus - ty heart and right

82 *cresc.*

hand, Oh god of love, and god of rea - son say Which of you

86

twain shall my poor heart, my poor heart o-

90

bey, God of love, god of reason, god of reason, god of love say,

95

Which shall my poor heart o - bey! Oh

99

god of love, and god of rea - son, say, Oh, god of love, and god of rea - son

102

say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart o - bey, my

107

heart o - bey Which shall my heart, my heart o -

113

bey.