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Amy Beach **Summer Dreams**

The Brownies Op. 47, No. 1

Through the house give glimmering light By the dead and drowsy fire, Every elf and fairy sprite

Hop as light as bird from brier. — Shakespeare





Amy Beach

Summer Dreams

The Brownies

Through the house give glimmering light By the dead and drowsy fire, Every elf and fairy sprite

Op. 47, No. 1

Hop as light as bird from brier. — Shakespeare











Robin Redbreast

Op. 47, No. 2

In country lanes the robins sing Clear-throated, joyous, swift of wing, From misty dawn to dewy eve

(Though cares of nesting vex and grieve)



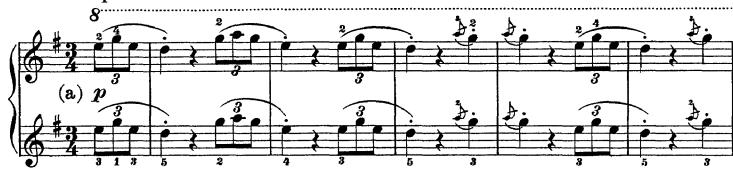
Robin Redbreast

Op. 47, No. 2

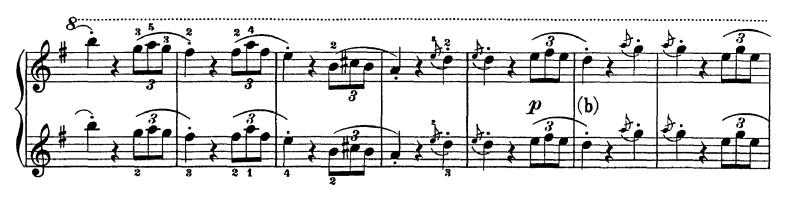
In country lanes the robins sing
Clear-throated, joyous, swift of wing,
From misty dawn to dewy eve
(Though cares of nesting vex and grieve)
Their little heart-bells ring and ring. — Lüders

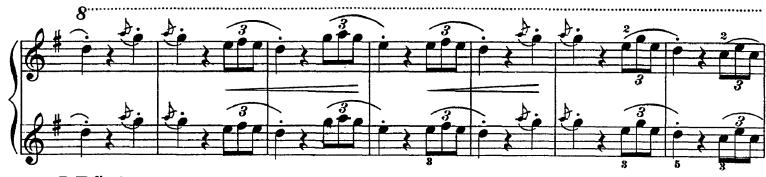
Primo

Tempo di Valse





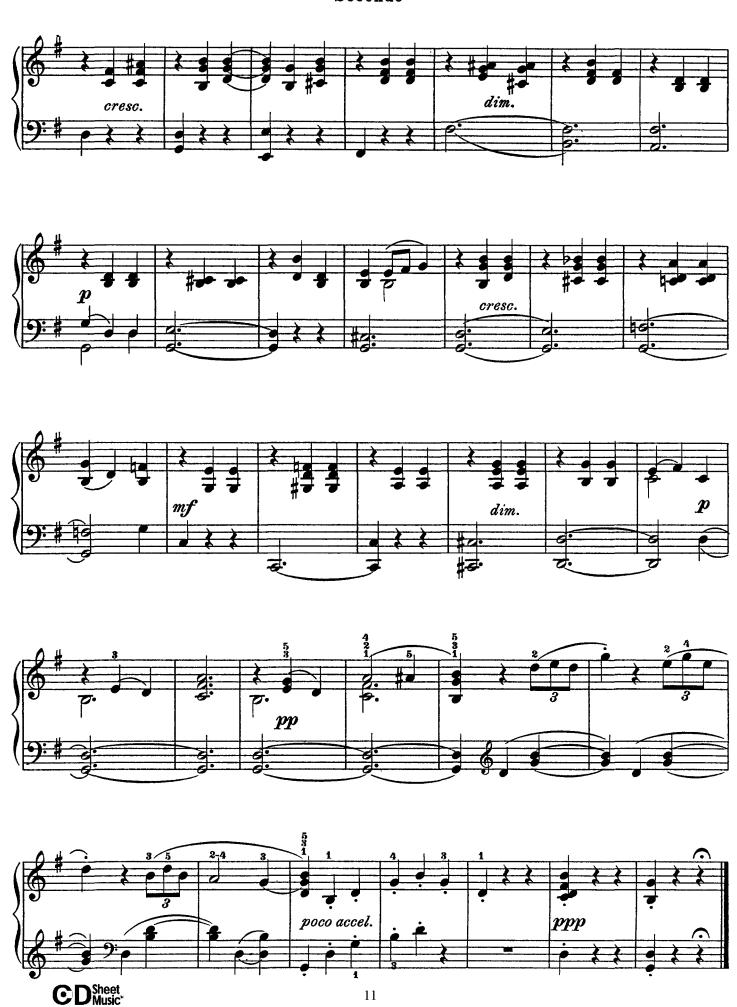








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Beach **Twilight**

The birds have hushed themselves to rest And night comes fast, to drop her pall

Op. 47, No. 3



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Beach—Summer Dreams

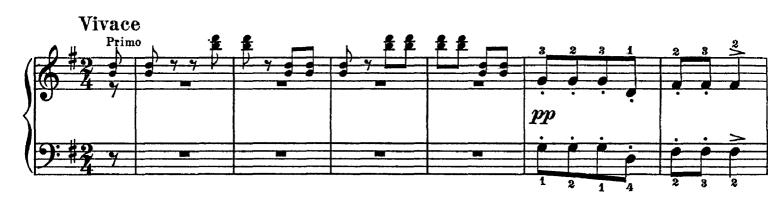
Beach Twilight Op. 47, No. 3

The birds have hushed themselves to rest And night comes fast, to drop her pall Till morn brings life to all. — Amy Beach



Katy-dids Op. 47, No. 4

The katy-did works her chromatic reed On the walnut tree over the well. — Whitman



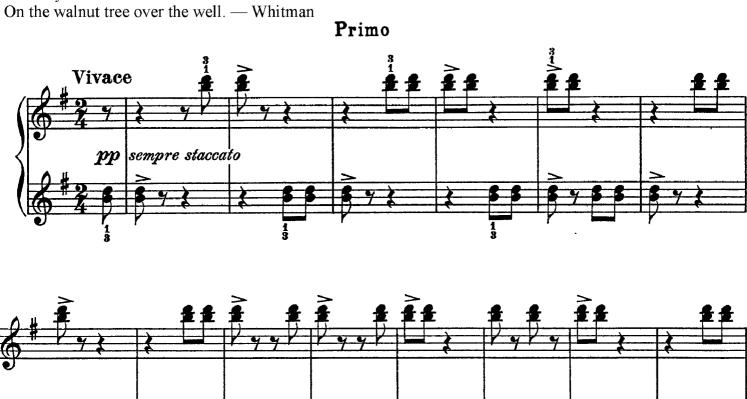


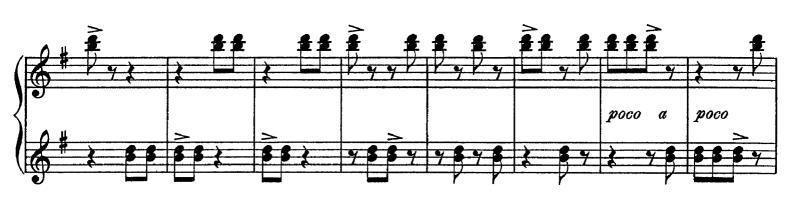


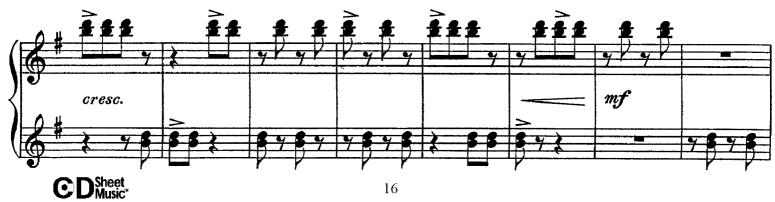


Katy-dids Op. 47, No. 4

The katy-did works her chromatic reed







Secondo.



CDSheet Music



Elfin Tarantelle Op. 47, No. 5

Fairies, black, gray, green, and white, You moonshine revelers, and shades of night. — Shakespeare



Elfin Tarantelle Op. 47, No. 5

Fairies, black, gray, green, and white, You moonshine revelers, and shades of night. — Shakespeare







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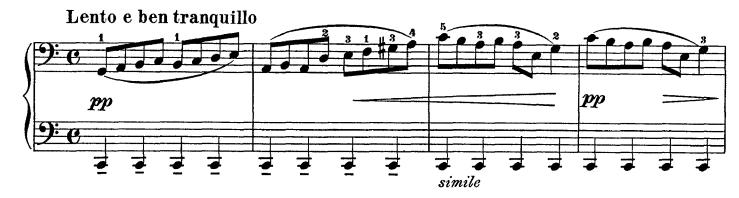


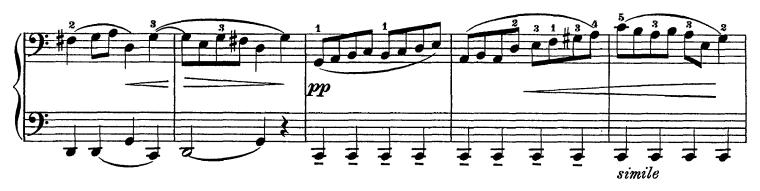


Good Night Op. 47, No. 6

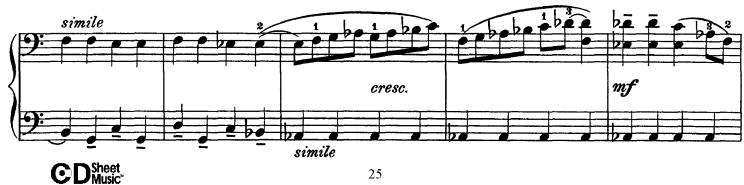
Goodnight! The crimson scented rose Droops low her pretty head, And the little grasses long ago Their evening prayers have said. Night's starry eyes are blinking At the moonbeams silvery light, While the lily hides her golden heart And whispers soft, - "Goodnight." — Lockhart

Secondo









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Beach—Summer Dreams

Good Night

Goodnight! The crimson scented rose Droops low her pretty head, And the little grasses long ago Their evening prayers have said. Night's starry eyes are blinking At the moonbeams silvery light, While the lily hides her golden heart And whispers soft, - "Goodnight." — Lockhart Op. 47, No. 6











