

#### **Edward MacDowell**

#### New England Idyls

I. An Old Garden Op. 62, No. 1

Sweet-alyssum, Moss grown stair, Rows of roses, Larkspur fair. All old posies, Tokens rare Of love undying Linger there.









### II. Mid-summer Op. 62, No. 2

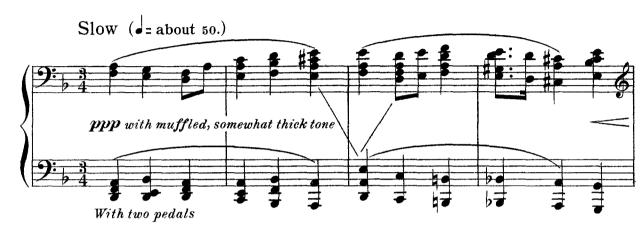
Droning Summer slumbers on Midst drowsy murmurs sweet. Above, the lazy cloudlets drift, Below, the swaying wheat.





### III. Mid-winter Op. 62, No. 3

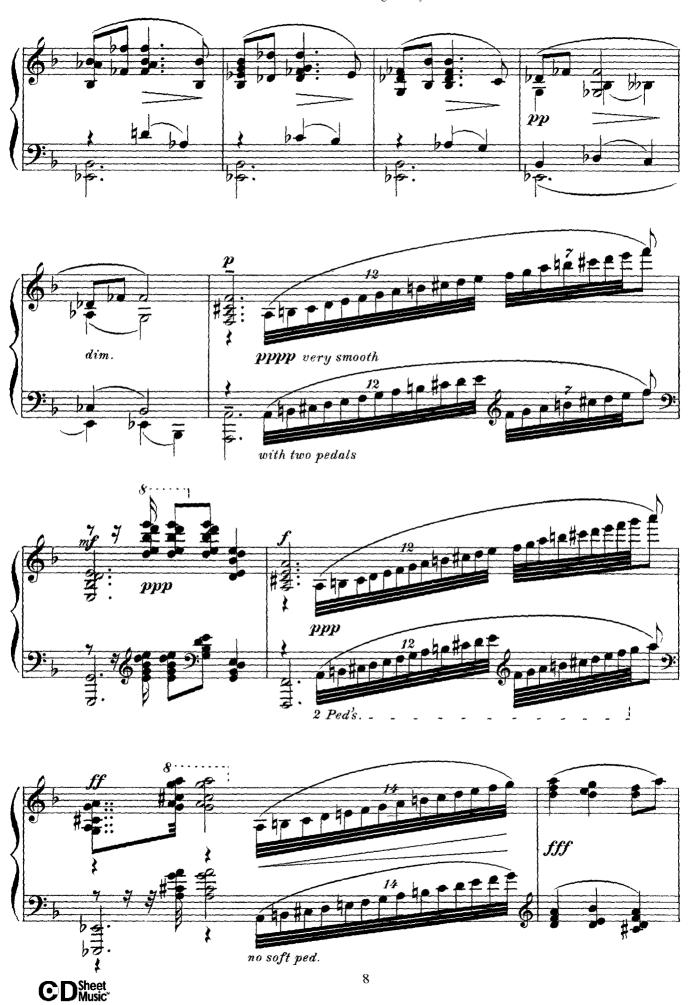
In shrouded awe the world is wrapped, The sullen wind doth groan, Neath winding-sheet the earth is stone, The wraiths of snow have flown. And lo! A thread of fate is snapped, A breaking heart makes moan; A virgin cold doth rule alone From old Mid-winter's throne.





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### IV. With Sweet Lavender Op. 62, No. 4

From days of yore, Of lover's lore, A faded bow Of one no more. A treasured store Of lover's lore, Unmeasured woe For one, no more.





### V. In Deep Woods Op. 62, No. 5

Above, long slender shafts of opal flame, Below, the dim cathedral aisles; The silent mystery of immortal things Broods o'er the woods at eve.



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VI. Indian Idyl Op. 62, No. 6

Alone by the wayward flame She weaves broad wampum skeins, While afar through the summer night Sigh the wooing flutes' soft strains.







## VII. To An Old White Pine Op. 62, No. 7

A giant of an ancient race He stands, a stubborn sentinel O'er swaying, gentle forest trees That whisper at his feet.





#### VIII. From Puritan Days Op. 62, No. 8





#### IX. From A Log Cabin Op. 62, No. 9

A house of dreams untold, It looks out over the whispering tree-tops And faces the setting sun.





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# X. The Joy Of Autumn Op. 62, No. 10

From hill-top to vale, Through meadow and dale, Young Autumn doth wake the world And naught shall avail, But our souls shall sail With the flag of life unfurled.















