

**SUMMER ON THE  
RIVER: CANTATA  
FOR FEMALE VOICES**

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Summer on the River: Cantata for Female Voices by Frederic H. Cowen

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**FREDERIC H. COWEN**

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RIVER: CANTATA  
FOR FEMALE VOICES**



NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

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# SUMMER ON THE RIVER

CANTATA FOR FEMALE VOICES

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY

SHAPCOTT WENSLEY

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

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PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

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# SUMMER ON THE RIVER.

## No. 1.—CHORUS.

Shimmering waters lie before us,  
Wavelets ripple round our boat,—  
Leafy banners waving o'er us,  
With the tide we gaily float.  
Where the fitful shadows dance,  
Struggling sunbeams gleam and glance,  
Gleam and glance in sparkling play,  
With the river's gentle sway.  
Row, row, merrily row,  
Merrily sing as on we go.

Free from care and free from sorrow,  
We are singing glad and gay,  
Storing for a cloudy morrow,  
Sunshine in our hearts to-day.  
Hark! the birds in branches high,  
Warble as we wander by,  
Waking tuneful Summer glees,  
From their homes among the trees.  
Row, row, merrily row,  
Merrily sing as on we go.

## No. 2.—SOLO (*Soprano*).

Singing a song, we are gliding along,  
Singing a song of the fair golden hours,—  
Music and beauty to Summer belong,  
Mirth of the song-bird and fragrance of flowers.  
Linger, sweet Summertime! beautiful  
Summertime!  
Linger, O season of song-bird and flowers!  
Merry the voices of children at play,  
Blithe as the blackbird that sings in the tree,—

Butterflies flit o'er the newly-mown hay,  
All things are happy, bright Summer, in thee!  
Linger, sweet Summertime! beautiful  
Summertime!  
All things are happy, blest season, in  
thee!

## No. 3.—CHORUS (*or* DUET)

AND

## No. 3a.—TRIO (*or* CHORUS).

Where the trees, so close and tall,  
Cluster by the riverside,  
And the wavy shadows fall  
On the gently flowing tide,—  
Laughing in her bowers of green,  
Catching every sound that swells,  
Ever present, though unseen,  
There a merry Echo dwells.  
Echo! Echo!  
Merry Echo, join our song,  
Let thy voice our mirth prolong.  
Tra la la.

Waken, waken, Echo bright,  
Present ever, though unseen;  
Lift thy voice in laughter light,  
From thy bowers of waving green.  
Waken, waken, Echo bright,  
Charm the river as it flows,  
Fill with gladness and delight  
Every passing wind that blows.  
Echo! Echo!  
Merry Echo, join our song,  
Let thy voice our mirth prolong.  
Tra la la.

No. 4.—SOLO (*Contralto*).

Now o'er the stream the sunbeams fade,  
 The stars of gloaming faintly peer,  
 And Twilight spreads her purple shade,—  
 The quiet night is near.  
 Far in their leafy turrets high  
 The birds are singing "lullaby."

O sweet the early evening hours,  
 While brightly glows the golden West,  
 The zephyrs rock the closing flowers,  
 And lull the world to rest.  
 Among the leaves they wander by,  
 And softly whisper "lullaby."

## No. 5.—CHORUS AND RUSTIC DANCE.

Hear the sounds of jocund music,  
 Borne across the stream's expanse,  
 Torches 'mid the trees are gleaming,  
 'Tis a merry village dance.  
 Gaily every lad and lass  
 Trips it o'er the velvet grass,  
 Down the middle and back again,  
 To the fiddler's 'witching strain.

*(Sounds of a rustic dance which gradually die away  
 in the distance.)*

Though our boat be homeward gliding,  
 And we leave the scene behind,  
 Still we catch the rustic music,  
 Faintly borne upon the wind.  
 Gaily every lad and lass  
 Trips it o'er the velvet grass,  
 Down the middle and back again,  
 To the fiddlers 'witching strain.

No. 6.—FINALE.—SOLO (*Soprano*)  
 AND CHORUS.

Day and night are intertwinning,  
 Still and silent stands the mill,  
 And the lights are faintly shining  
 From our homes beneath the hill.

Pleasant river, oft together  
 May we charm the winged hours,  
 And in Summer's golden weather  
 Drift between the banks of flowers.

Where the leaves are gently shaken  
 By the balmy winds at play,  
 We would oft the echoes waken  
 With our tuneful roundelay.

River, river, seaward tending,  
 Flowing on in shade or light,  
 Now our mirthful day is ending,  
 And we sing our fond "good night."

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# SUMMER ON THE RIVER.

No. 1. **Quoqus.**—"SHIMMERING WATERS LIE BEFORE US."

*Andante tranquillo e non troppo presto.*  
(In modo d'una Barcarolla.)

PIANO.  
54.

*dim.* *p*

*cres.*

*dim.* *p*  
*Ped.*