

Dreamland

Op. 24, No. 1

John Hyatt Brewer (1856-1931)

Composer's note: Originally in key of D-flat.

Andante grazioso

S *mp* Sleep, my pret - ty one, *mp* Sleep, my lit - tle one, *p* Rose in the gar - den is

A *mp* Sleep, my pret - ty one, *mp* Sleep, my lit - tle one, *p* Rose gar - den

T *mp* Sleep, my pret - ty one, *mp* Sleep, my lit - tle one, *p* Rose in the gar - den is

B *mp* Sleep, my pret - ty one, *mp* Sleep, my lit - tle one, *p* Rose in the gar - den is



Dreamland

4

S bloom - ing so Red; O - ver the flow'rs the fleet - foot - ed hours

A bloom - ing so Red; O - ver the flow'rs the fleet - foot - ed hours

T bloom - - - ing so Red; O - ver the flow'rs the hours

B bloom - ing so Red; O - - - ver the flow'rs the hours

7

S Dance in - to dream - - - land, to mel - o - dy *dim.*

A Dance, aye, they dance in - to dream - land, to mel - o - dy *dim.*

T Dance, aye, the dance in - to dream - land, to mel - o - dy *dim.*

B Dance in - to dream - land, to mel - - - o - dy *dim.*

10

S wed; To the voice in the stream— And *p*

A wed; the stream— And *p*

T wed; To the voice in the stream— And like to a song in a *mp*

B wed; And like to a *mp*

Dreamland

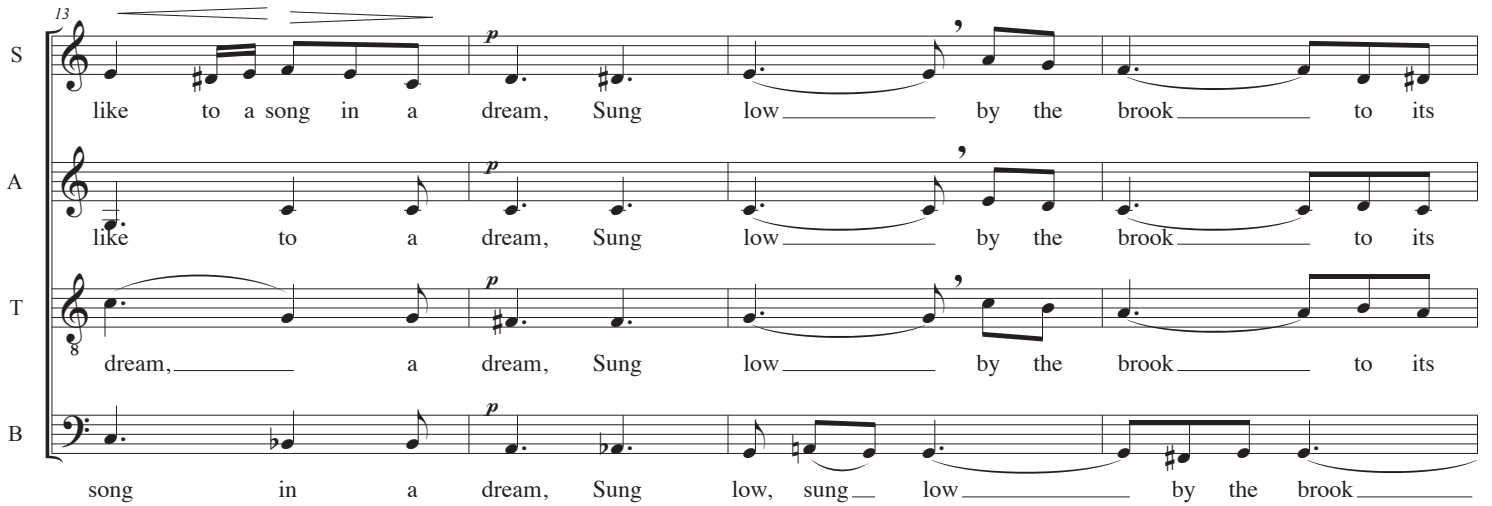
13

S like to a song in a dream, Sung low by the brook to its

A like to a dream, Sung low by the brook to its

T dream, a dream, Sung low by the brook to its

B song in a dream, Sung low, sung low by the brook



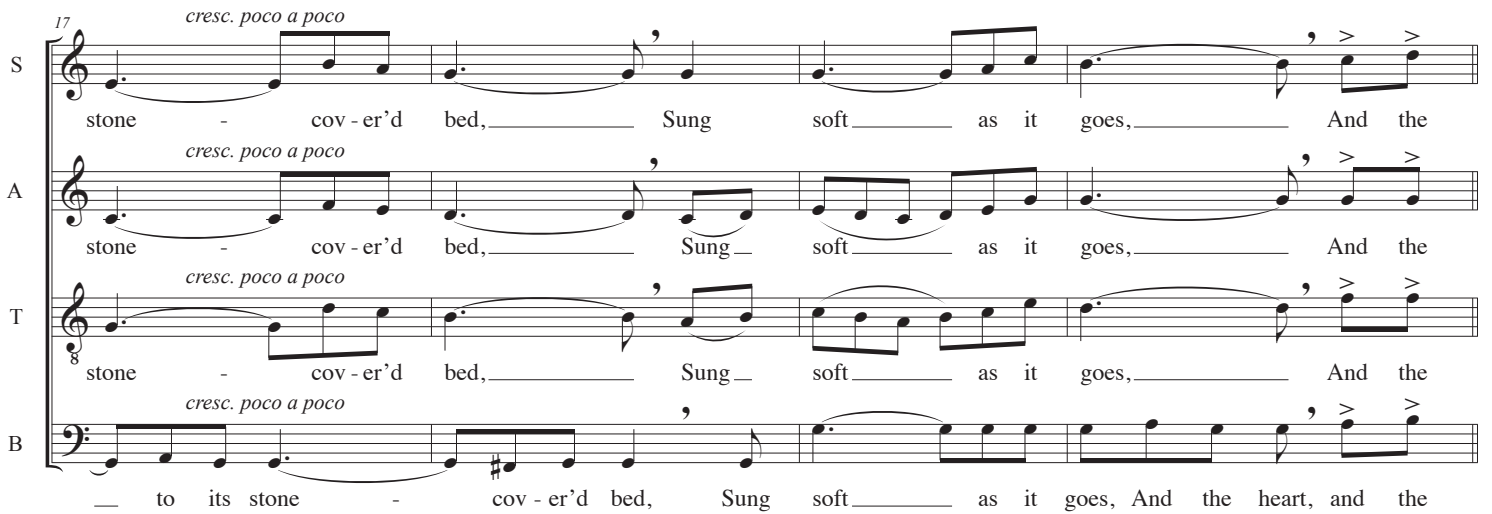
17 *cresc. poco a poco*

S stone - cov - er'd bed, Sung soft as it goes, And the

A stone - cov - er'd bed, Sung soft as it goes, And the

T stone - cov - er'd bed, Sung soft as it goes, And the

B to its stone - cov - er'd bed, Sung soft as it goes, And the heart, and the



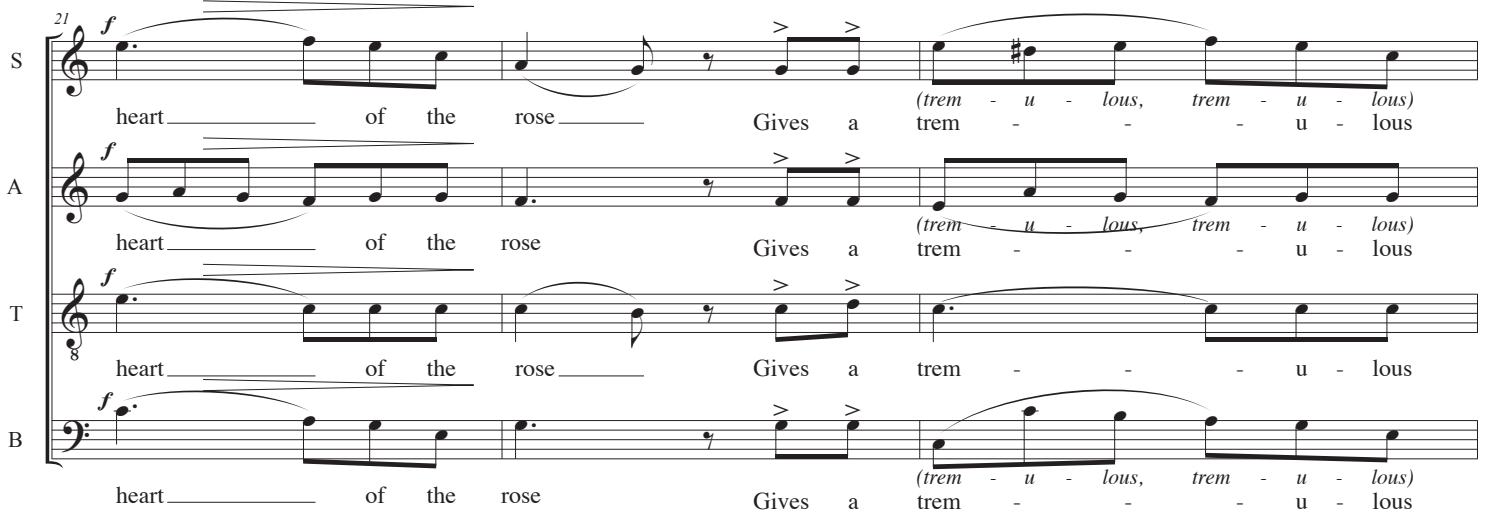
21 *f*

S heart of the rose Gives a (trem - u - lous, trem - u - lous) trem - u - lous

A heart of the rose Gives a (trem - u - lous, trem - u - lous) trem - u - lous

T heart of the rose Gives a trem - u - lous

B heart of the rose Gives a (trem - u - lous, trem - u - lous) trem - u - lous



Dreamland

24

S leap — As the mel - o - dy flows. Ah! sleep,

A leap As the mel o - dy flows. Ah! lit - tle one,

T leap — As the mel - o - dy, the mel - o - dy flows. Ah! lit - tle one,

B leap As the mel - o - dy flows. Sleep,

dim. *p*

28

S Ah! lit - tle one, Sleep.

A Ah! lit - tle one, sleep, Sleep.

T Ah! lit - tle one, sleep, Sleep.

B sleep: Ah! my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one.

pp *p*

Più lento *Più moto (misterioso)*

31

S Joy, my pret - ty one, Joy, my lit - tle one, Fair - ies of night

A Joy, my pret - ty one, Joy, my lit - tle one, Fair - ies of night

T Fair - ies of

B

mf *pp*

34

S from their bright jew - el'd cars Fling a faint sheen, and

A from their bright jew - el'd cars Fling a faint sheen, and

T night from their bright jew - el'd cars Fling a faint

B

37

S shimmer on rip - ples, where glim - mer The up - gaz - ing eyes of the down - gaz - ing

A shimmer where glim - mer eyes of the down - gaz - ing

T sheen, where glim - mer The up - gaz - ing eyes of the down - gaz - ing

B

41

S stars;

A stars;

T stars;

B *mp ad lib.* And the boat, while it glides, sings the song, the

Dreamland

44

S *p* As they kiss in - to lan - - - guor the *cresc. poco a poco*

A *p* As they kiss in - to lan - - - guor the *cresc. poco a poco*

T *p* As they kiss in - to lan - - - guor the *cresc. poco a poco*

B *a tempo* song of the tides As they kiss in - to lan - *cresc. poco a poco*

47

S sands of the bars, the sands of the

A sands of the bars, the sands of the

T sands of the bars, the sands of the

B - guor the sands, as they kiss the sands of the

50

S bars. Oh, riv - - - er, flow fleet, Ere the *f* *ff*

A bars. Oh, riv - - - er, flow fleet, Ere the *f* *ff*

T bars. Oh, riv - - - er, flow fleet, Ere the *f* *ff*

B bars. Oh, riv - er, oh, riv - - - er, flow fleet, Ere the *f* *ff*

Dreamland

53

rit. e dim. poco a poco

S mel - - - o - dy meet The sea's breath to de -

rit. e dim. poco a poco

A mel - - - o - dy meet The sea's breath to de -

rit. e dim. poco a poco

T mel - - - o - dy meet The sea's breath to de -

rit. e dim. poco a poco

B mel - - - o - dy meet The sea's breath

56

S stroy What the ech - - oes re - peat: Oh!

A stroy What the ech - oes re - peat:

T stroy What the ech - - oes re - peat:

B - to de - stroy, the ech - oes re - peat:

59

S joy, my lit - tle one, joy, Oh! Joy!

pp

A Joy, lit - tle one, pret - ty one, Oh! Joy!

pp

T Joy, my lit - tle one, joy, Oh! Joy!

pp

B Joy, joy, Oh! Joy!

John Hyatt Brewer (1856–1931) was born in Brooklyn, New York City, was boy-soprano for various churches, and studied piano and organ. He held several organist positions in the city, including City Park Chapel in Brooklyn, Church of the Messiah, Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, and Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church. He was active as recitalist, and taught at Adelphi College. He was conductor of the Cecilia Society, the Flatbush Glee Club, and the Hoadley Amateur Orchestra. He was an original member of the Apollo Club, serving as its accompanist for twenty-five years while Dudley Buck was conductor, and became director after Buck's retirement. He was active with the Brooklyn Institute and the American Guild of Organists. He died in Brooklyn. His compositions include orchestral music, chamber works, cantatas, anthems, chorus, and part-songs.

Sleep, my pretty one,
Sleep, my little one,
Rose in the garden is blooming so Red;
Over the flowers the fleet-footed hours
Dance into dreamland, to melody wed;
To the voice in the stream—And like to a song in a dream,
Sung low by the brook to its stone-covered bed,
Sung soft as it goes,
And the heart of the rose
Gives a tremulous leap
As the melody flows.
Ah! little one, sleep,
Sleep.

Joy, my pretty one,
Joy, my little one,
Fairies of night from their bright jeweled cars
Fling a faint sheen, and shimmer on ripples, where glimmer
The up-gazing eyes of the down-gazing stars;
And the boat, while it glides, sings the song of the tides
As they kiss into languor the sands of the bars.
Oh, river, flow fleet,
Ere the melody meet
The sea's breath to destroy
What the echoes repeat:
Oh, joy, my little one, joy,
Joy!

From *Marie del Carmen*
Francis Howard Williams (1844–1922)

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