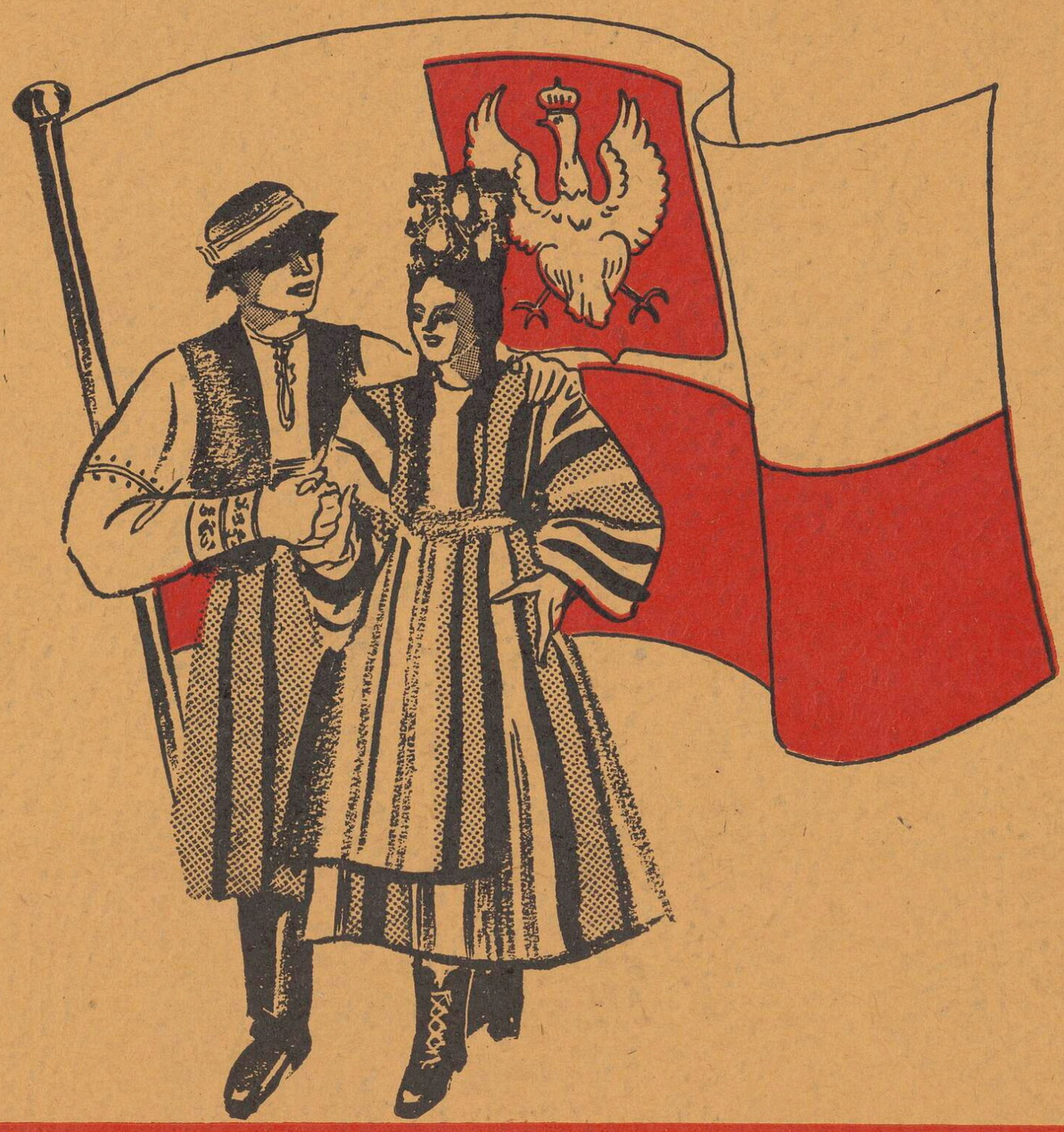
669/sp
3677

Memories of POLAND

album



a collection of its best-loved melodies
with English and the original Polish text

compiled and arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

English lyrics by
Olga Paul

Price $1.00 net
EXCEPT CANADA

WHEN PERFORMING THESE COMPOSITIONS KINDLY GIVE ALL PROGRAM CREDITS TO

Edward B. Marks MUSIC CORPORATION · RCA B'L'D'G · RADIO CITY · N · Y ·

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Scott.

To Mme. Marie Bogucka, Polish Prima-Donna,
exquisite interpreter of folk-songs, these settings are admiringly dedicated by
Sigismond Stojowski

MEMORIES of POLAND

A COLLECTION OF ITS BEST-LOVED MELODIES
WITH ENGLISH AND THE ORIGINAL POLISH TEXT

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY
SIGISMOND STOJOWSKI

ENGLISH LYRICS BY
OLGA PAUL

Price $1.00 net
(Except Canada)

M 2
5408

Published by
EDWARD B. MARKS MUSIC CORPORATION
R C A Building, Radio City New York

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation, R C A Building, Radio City, New York
All Rights Reserved Printed in U. S. A.

CONSULATE GENERAL
OF THE REPUBLIC OF POLAND
140-151 EAST 67TH STREET
NEW YORK

BIBLIOTEKA
Warszawskiego
Tow. Muzyczn.
№ 669/Sp
3677

ALEKSANDER WIELHORSKI
PROFESOR KONSERWATORIUM
Warszawa-Żoliborz
Słowackiego 38/46 m. 23

MEMORIES OF POLAND

CONTENTS

POLISH TITLE	ENGLISH TITLE	PAGE
Albośmy-to jacy-tacy	Yes, we come from Krakow City	14
A siadajże, siadaj!	Mary dear, be ready	36
Boga Rodzico	Oh holy mother	44
Boże Coś Polskę	God,who for years hast givenThy protection	43
Dalej bracia	Take your swords, oh brothers daring	16
Dziewczyno kocham cie	I want you sweet maiden	39
Hejze dalej do mazura	Come and join the gay mazurka	40
Jeszcze Polska	May our Poland never perish	47
Koło mego ogródecka	'Twas an apple tree perfuming	7
Kozak	The Cossack	3
Krakowiak	I was born in Krakow	32
Lulu, mój malutki	Ah, you still are sleeping (Lullaby)	27
Na polu wirzba	'Neath the willow tree	29
Nie chcę cię Kasiuniu	I don't want you near me	2
Obertas	Obertas	11
Oj Lulu	Lullaby, sleep soundly	31
Pieśń Weselna	Tell me why you made me marry	21
Porównaj Boże	Kind and gentle God	41
Przepióreczka (3/8 time)	When I saw the quail	23
Przepióreczka (2/4 time)	When I saw the little quail	25
Przez czyścowe upalenia	Purgatory's conflagration	28
Siałem proso na zagonie	Though I sowed my seeds of millet	13
Siedzi sobie zajac pod miedza	In the hedge there is a little hare	19
Som, som, som w stawie rybecki	In the pond there are many fish	33
Stoi jawor zielony	Shaded by a maple	9
W polu lipeńka	Through the green linden	26
Z dymem pożarów	While we are fighting	18

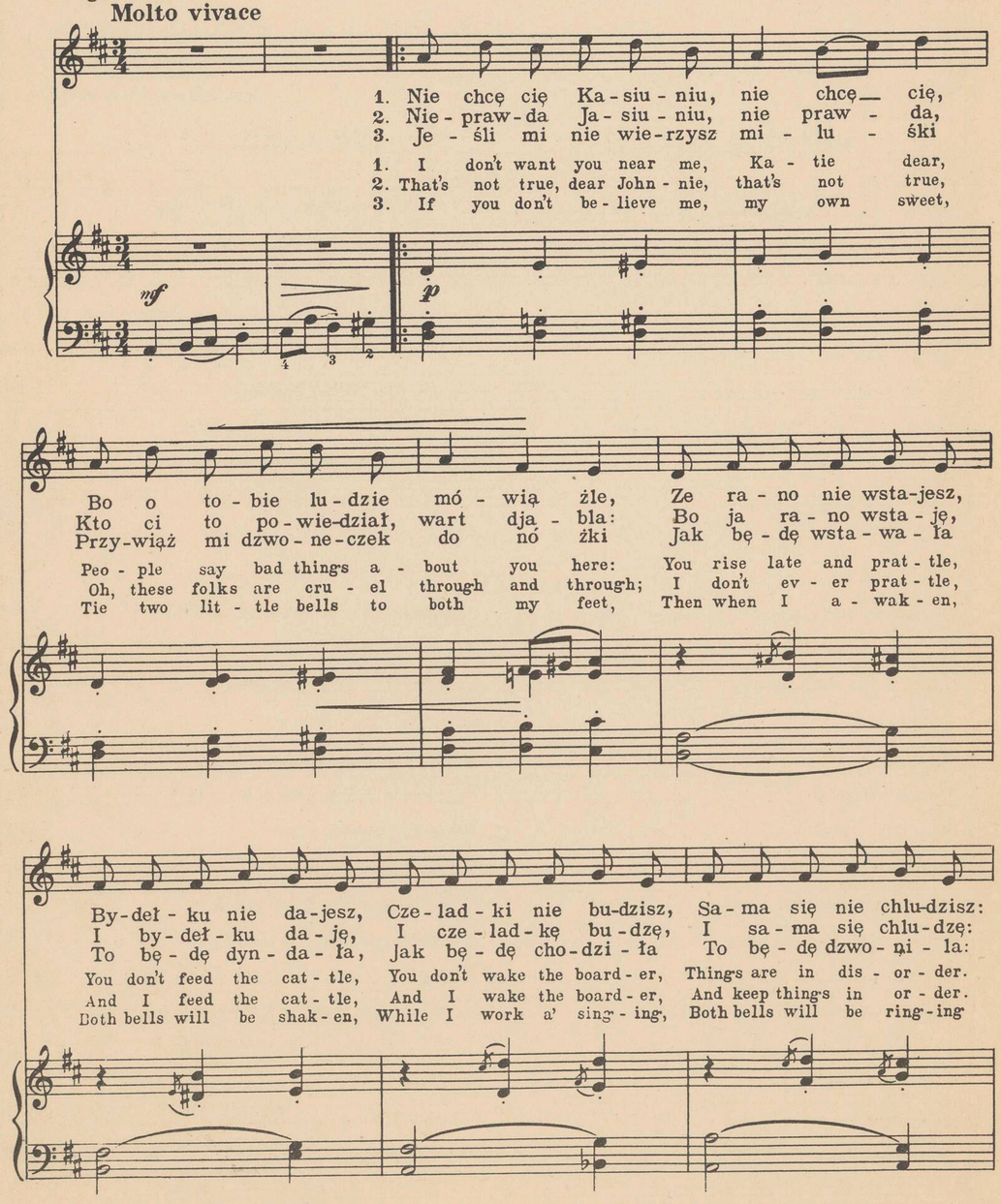
R. P.
KONSULAT GENERALNY W NEW YORKU
BIBLIOTEKA
No. Bz. 1.a. No. Bg.

Nie chcę Cię Kasiuniu
I Don't Want You Near Me

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Molto vivace



Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.
All Rights Reserved.

Printed in U. S. A.



*)Kozak
The Cossack

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

Stanislas Moniuszko
(arr. by S. Stojowski)

Andantino



"Gi - nę, gi - nę, wcu - dzej stro-nie, Smierc mi o - czy tu - li, Pro-szę Cie-bie,
"Far from home I'm sad - ly dy - ing, And my light is fail - ing, Go and tell my

mo - ja mi - ła, do - nieś to Ma - tu - li, Pro - szę Cie-bie, mo - ja mi - ła,
lit - tle moth-er, Tell her I am ail - ing. Go and tell my lit - tle moth - er,

do - nieś to Ma - tu - li." Przy-szła ma-tka, przy-szła ma-tka, przy-szła ma - tu -
Tell her I am ail - ing:" And his moth - er hast-ened to him, Sad and sore - ly

leń - ka, O - bró - ci - ła bla - de li - ca prze-ciw sy - na - leń - ka:
shak - en, For she knew as she be-held him, That she'd be for - sak - en.

"O - tóż wi-dzisz mój sy - ne-czku, mo - je dro - gie dzie - cię, Nie słu - cha - łeś
"Ah, my child you did not lis - ten To my ur - gent warn - ing, And I fear that

oj - ca, ma-tki, ta-kie two-je ży - cie, Nie słu-cha-łes oj - ca, ma - tki,
Death will take you In the ear - ly morn - ing. And I fear that Death will take you

ta kież two-je ży - cie." "Pro-szę Ma-tko, pro - szę Ma-tko, pię - knie po - cho -
In the ear - ly morn - ing:" "Moth - er dear, one thing I beg you, Do not fret or

waj - cie, Niech we wszy-stkie bi - ją dzwo-ny, wor - gan mi za - graj-cie.
sor - row, Let the or - gan play sweet mu - sic When I die to - mor - row.

mf rit. p a tempo, con gran

Nie - chaj tyl - ko nie cho - wa - ją po - py a - ni djia - ki, Je - no sa - me
I'll be bur - ied by my Cos - sacks, Who will all be sing - ing, In the U - kraine

mf a tempo rit. p subito

espressione cresc. molto f

U - kra - iń - skie Grze - bią mnie Ko - za - ki. Je - no sa - me U - kra - iń - skie
I'll be bur - ied, While the bells are ring - ing. In the U - krain I'll be bur - ied,

cresc. f suivez.

dim. e rit.

Grze - bią mnie Ko - za - ki."
While the bells are ring - ing.

rit. a tempo mf sempre dim. e rall. pp

*) This is an art-song by Poland's most popular operatic composer, Stanislas Moniusko (1817-1872). Its inclusion here seems justified by its decided folk-song flavor and pattern, a characteristic evident in many of Moniusko's inspirations. This fact renders the case somewhat analogous to that of the Stephen Foster songs in America. With all due respect to Moniuszko's genius, it seemed permissiable,--perhaps even desirable,--in a new edition, to relieve the somewhat monotonously repetitious accompaniment. While retaining his basic harmonies, this was accomplished by differing the treatment for the several verses in accordance with the poetic suggestions contained in the text,--a procedure which has been consistently applied in the treatment of all of these folk songs. -- As to the subject-matter, it must be remembered that, while the term "Cossack" is nowadays associated with Russia, this was not always the case historically. In the steppes of the Ukraine along the Polish borderlands, there lived a sort of military fraternity, or "rough-riders," called Cossacks. They were adventurous spirits who were either lured to the steppe by an unquenchable thirst for independence, or tried to hide away from the arm of the law. These men fought and served in turn the Polish kings and magnates, the tsars of Moskovy, the Khans of the Tartars, or the Sultans of Turkey. Up to the seventeenth century, they nominally recognized the Polish suzerainty, when the revolt, led by Bohdan Chmielnicki, himself a Polish nobleman, brought them into the allegiance of Russia which finally organized them into a regular militia. However, the spirit of the Ukrainian steppe and memories of the liberty-mad Cossacks survived in Polish poetry, and a certain school in the early nineteenth century was even designated as the Ukrainian school. Moniuszko himself born in the borderlands, contributed to that spirit many a song imbued with the quality of the so-called "dumka", or reverie, popular all over the Ukraine.

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Koło mego ogródecka
'Twas An Apple Tree Perfuming

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Vivo f rall. Lento

p Vivo

Ko - ło me - go o - gró - de - cka, Ko - ło me - go o - gró - de - cka, Za - kwi - ta - ła
'Twas an ap - ple tree per - fum - ing, 'Twas an ap - ple tree per - fum - ing, All my gar - den

p Vivo

lento Vivo

ja - bło - ne - cka, Za - kwi - ta - ła, ja - bło - ne - cka.
with its bloom - ing, All my gar - den with its bloom - ing.

lento Vivo mf

lento

Bie - lu - sień - ko za - kwi - ta - ła,
And the blos - soms white and snow - y,

lento rall.

Vivo — lento

Bie - lu-sień - ko za - kwi - ta - ła, Czer - wo - ne ja - błu - ska mia - ła, Czer - wo -
And the blos - soms white and snow - y, Turned to ap - ples red and show - y, Turned to

Vivo — lento

ne ja - błu - ska mia - ła.
ap - ples red and show - y.

Vivo — Lento

Vivo — Lento

A któż mi je bę-dzie zry-wał, A któż mi je bę-dzie zry-wał, Kiej mi się mój
I don't know who'll pick them for me, I don't know who'll pick them for me, For my John-nie

Vivo — Vivo

mf lento

Jaś po-gni - - - wał, Kiej mi się mój Jaś po-gni-wał.
will ig-nore me, For my John - nie will ig-nore me.

lento

suivez

accel. — Vivo — cresc. molto — rit.

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Stoi jawor zielony
Shaded By A Maple

English Adaptation by Olga Paul

Arranged by Sigismond Stojowski

Moderato

Sto - i ja-wor zie - lo - ny, Sto - i ja-wor zie - lo - ny,
Shad - ed by a ma - - ple, Shad - ed by a ma - ple,

U mej ma-tki ro - dzo - nej, U mej ma-tki ro - dzo - nej.
Is my moth - er's dwell-ing, — Is my moth - er's dwell - - ing.

poco rit. — a tempo con duolo

Pod ja - wo - rem ło - żeń - ko, Na niem le - ży Ja - sień - ko.
'Neath the ma - ple ly - - ing, John - ny - boy is dy - ing.

poco rit. — a tempo

Le - ży, le - ży zra - nio - ny, Wo - ła Ka - si stra - pio - nej.
Though his star is fall - ing His own Kate he's call - - - ing.

poco marc.

poco rit. a tempo affretando cresc.

Mój Ja-sień - ku klej - no - cie, Cho-dzi-lam ja we zło-cie,
John - ny was my jew - - - el, Life is ver-y cru - - el,

poco rit a tempo espress. affretando cresc.

dim. calando a tempo

A te-raz ja po to-bie Cho-dzić bę-dę wża - ło - - bie.
Joys I will be scorn - ing, For my love I'm mourn - - - ing.

dim. calando a tempo

rit. a tempo cresc. e

Bo ża - ło - ba na ty - - dzień, Za-lot - ni - cy
Grief is for the heart that's weak, So new love I

rit. a tempo cresc. e

poco string. dim. e calando

wka żdy dzień Więc ze smu - tku wiel - kie - go Wyjść mu-szę za
shall seek, And if I mind moth - er, I'll soon wed an -

poco string. dim. e calando

rit.

in - ne - go!
oth - - - er!

poco rit. pp

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Obertas(*)

English Adaptation by
OLGA PAUL

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Con fuoco

(ad lib.) Dziś, dziś, dziś, dziś, dziś, dziś, dziś, dziś.

f marcato

nf

Pod - kó - we - czki daj - cie o - gnia, Bo dziew-cy - na te - go go - dna.
Hej! za-wra - caj od ko - mi - na, A u - wa żaj, któ - rej ni - ma!
If your dance is bright and snap - py, You will make the girls all hap - py,
Turn a - round and see who's miss - ing, Let us catch them while they're kiss - ing,

nf f

A cy go - dna, cy nie go - dna, Pod - kó - we - cki daj - cie o - gnia!
Jest tu Ka - sia, jest Ma - ry - sia, Tyl - ko mo - jej Zo - śki ni - ma!
Wheth - er they are glad or wear - y, Let your dance be ver - y cheer - y.
Here is Kate and here is Ma - ry, But of So - phie I am wa - ry.

p meno mosso

Nu - że ży - wo, nu - że da - lej Bo pod - ków - ki są ze - sta - li,
Graj - ze, graj - ku, będzies wnie-bie, A ba - si - sta ko - ło cie - bie
Keep on go - ing fast and live - ly, Click your heels till sparks are fly - ing
Fid - dler, you will go to Hea - ven, Fol - lowed by the drum - mer sure - ly,

Tempo I.

cresc.

By - śmy o - gnia wy-krze - sa - li Nu - że ży - wo, nu - że da - lej!
Cym - ba - lis - ta je - sce da - lej, Bo w cym - ba - ły do - brze wa - li.
On the ground, there's no de - ny - ing That your dance is fast and live - ly.
And the cym - bal will de - mure - ly Find its place with all in Heav - en.

cresc.

D. C. poi la Coda

Coda

fff

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

*) The Obertas, or Oberek, is one of the several types of lively Mazurka, which originated in the province of Mazovia (Mazowsze), where the capital, Warsaw, was located, and where the richly varied folk-songs were a determining factor in the lofty flight of Chopin's muse.

Siałem Proso Na Zagonie

Though I Sowed My Seeds Of Millet

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Andante mesto

mf espress.

p

mp con duolo, poco rubato

rit.

a tempo

Sia - łem pro - so na za - go - nie, Nie mo - głem go — żąć. —
Pro - so ze - szło, lecz przed żni - wem Zbił je zi - mny grad. —
Though I sowed my seeds of mil - let, Yet I could not — reap, —
And the mil - let rip - ened ear - ly, But was spoiled by — hail, —

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

Po - ko - cha - łem lu - be dziew - czę, Nie mo - głem go wziąć. —
Mo - ją mi - łość do dziew-czy - ny, Zły ze - pso - wał świat. —
Though I love a pret - ty maid - en, She but made me weep. —
And the world spoiled my own sweet - heart, Love could on - ly fail. —

rit. *a tempo*

p *cresc. ed incalzando* *rit.*

Bo — po - siać, to nie żąć, Bo — ko - - chać, to — nie wziąć.
Plon zbo - ża zni szezył grad, Dziew - czę - cia nie dał świat,
We — don't reap what we sow, And love — but brings me woe,
My — grain was spoiled by hail, My love — was of — no a - vail,

cresc. *rit.*

f a tempo *rit.* *a tempo*

Choć mnie zdra - dza lu - be dziew - czę, Nie mo - gę go klać.
Choć za - wio - dła mnie na-dzie - ja, Wspo-mi - nam ją rad.
Though my sweet - heart be un-faith - ful, I still love her so.
Though my hope is gone for - ev - er, Thoughts of her still pre - vail.

f a tempo *rit.* *a tempo* *D.C.*

Coda

rall.

Albośmy-to jacy-tacy*)

English Adaptation by Olga Paul

Yes, We Come From Krakow City

Arranged by Sigismond Stojowski

Allegro vivace e con fantasia (KRAKOWIAK)

ad lib. chorus *mf*

Hu ha, hu ha, hu ha, hu ha, Al - bo - śmy - to ja - cy ta - cy
Yes, we come from Kra - kow Ci - ty,

mp poco marc.

Solo *Tutti*

I - no chłop - cy Kra - ko - wia - cy Czer - wo - na cza - pe-czka Na cal pod - kó -
Where the boys dress up so pret - ty, We are full of dar - ing, See the caps we're

Solo *Tutti* *p*

we - czka, I bia - ła su-kma - na, Da-naż mo - ja da - na! Ka - ra - zy - ja
wear - ing, Boots and coats are flash - ing, Are - n't we just dash - ing. When our blue coats

poco a poco cresc. molto e allarg. a piacere

gra - na - to - wa, Co ją od pa - ra - dy cho - wa, je-dwa - bi - siem wy - szy - wa - na,
we are wear - ing On pa - rade, the crowds are star - ing, For our coats have silk - en lin - ing,

poco a poco cresc. molto e allarg. colla parte

Solo *a tempo* *Tutti*

Bry - zo - wa - na, la - mo - wa - na, Wo - ko - lu - sie - nie - czko, Mo - ja ko - cha -
And are stitched with fine de - sign - ing, Come and dance a - round us, Ev - 'ry - one sur -

p a tempo

Solo *Tutti*

ne - czko, Wo - ko - lu - sie - nie - czko, Mo - ja ko - cha - ne - czko, Hej ha!
round us, Come and dance a - round us, Ev - 'ry - one sur - round us, Heig'h ha!

ff

*) This is a typical "Krakowiak", probably the most popular dance-song of the Krakow region. The leading couple of the dancers also leads in the song, which thus becomes divided up between the entire group or chorus, and the leading pair, as is indicated by the terms "Tutti" and "Solo." The small notes in the introduction are extraneous to the song itself, and are sung by the chorus upon the meaningless syllables "Hu, ha!" Naturally, they should be dispensed with in any single-voiced rendition. The performance is capriciously fanciful, especially in the climax of the many repeated bars in the second verse.

10796-48

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Dalej bracia*)

Take Your Swords, Oh Brothers Daring

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Vivace, con brio

f

stacc. leggiero

1. Da - lej bra - cia bierz - wa ko - sy, Wy-krzy-knij - wa ra - zem:
2. Al - bo - świa to nie Kra - ku - sy, Al - bo - świa to ja - cy?
3. Kra - ku - sy sie nie u - le - kna, Choć ar - ma - ty ję - kną,

1. Take your swords, oh broth - ers dar - ing, Let there be re - joic - ing,
2. Are we not from Kra - kow coun - ty, Val - iant as no oth - ers?
3. Kra - kow lads will be un - daunt - ed, In the midst of fight - ing,

Pol - sko świe - tne Two - je lo - sy! Tem wró - cim że - la - zem!
Nie mać - wa to pols - kiej du - szy, Dyć - wa Kra - ko - wia - cy?
Śmia - ło o - ni w bo - ju sta - na Za Pol - ske ko - cha - ną.

Po - land's glo - ry we'll be shar - ing, Tri - umph we'll be voic - ing.
Po - lish spir - it full of boun - ty, Kra - kow lads are broth - ers.
Deeds of cour - age are not flaunt - ed, In the fray ex - cit - ing.

Da - nać mo - ja da - na, Oj - czy - zno ko - cha - na!
Da - nać mo - ja da - na, Oj - czy - zno ko - cha - na!
Da - nać mo - ja da - na, Oj - czy - zno ko - cha - na!

Here's to Po - land's glo - ry, Fath - er - land of sto - ry!
Here's to Po - land's glo - ry, Fath - er - land of sto - ry!
Here's to Po - land's glo - ry, Fath - er - land of sto - ry!

Da - nać mo - ja da - na, Oj - czy - zno ko - cha - na!
Da - nać mo - ja da - na, Oj - czy - zno ko - cha - na!
Da - nać mo - ja da - na, Oj - czy - zno ko - cha - na!

Here's to Po - land's glo - ry, Fath - er - land of sto - ry!
Here's to Po - land's glo - ry, Fath - er - land of sto - ry!
Here's to Po - land's glo - ry, Fath - er - land of sto - ry!

f

D.S. e poi la Coda

CODA *poco rit.*

ff

*) This buoyant patriotic song moves in the rhythm of a national dance, the "Krakowiak," of lively gait and martial air. It has spread all over the country, but stems from Krakow, the ancient capital, which in the early nineteenth century became a small republic, and has ever since remained a center of Polish spirit and culture.

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Z dymem pożarów*)

While We Are Fighting

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

M. NIKOROWICZ
Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Maestoso

1. Z dy-niem po-ża-rów, z ku-rzem krwi brat-niej,
2. I pat-rzym w nie-bo, czy też ze szczy-tu
3. Iz Ar-cha-nio-łem Two-im na cze-le,

1. While we are fight-ing, while we are bleed-ing,
2. Scan-ning the sky for signs of re-lent-ing,
3. Led by Thy an-gel, through-out the fight-ing,

poco allarg.

mf *f*

Do Cie-bie, Pa-nie, bi-je ten głos, Skar-ga to stra-szna, jęk to o-sta-tni,
Sto słońc nie spa-dnie wro-gom na znak? Ci-cho i ci-cho po-śród błę-ki-tu,
Pój-dzie-my po-tem na wiel-ki bój, I na drga-ją-cem sza-ta-na cie-le

We raise our voic-es to Thee, oh Lord, Hear us in an-guish, groan-ing and plead-ing,
Yet we are brave-ly fight-ing our foe, No-bod-y knows or hears our la-ment-ing;
We will not fal-ter, we will not lag, And up-on Sa-tan's bod-y a-light-ing;

mp *cresc.*

Od ta-kich mo-dłów bie-le-je włos. My już bez skar-gi nie zna-my śpie-wu,
Jak daw-niéj bu-ja swo-bo-dny ptak. O-wóż wzwąt pie-nia stra-sznej roz-ter-ce,
Za-tknie-my sztan-dar zwy-cię-ski Twój! Dla błę-dnych bra-ci o-two-rzym ser-ca,

See how our hair turns white from the sword. We have for-got-ten all joy-ful sing-ing,
As we re-call our days long a-go. Doubt and mis-giv-ing turn in-to blind-ness,
We will in tri-umph sta-tion Thy flag. For we'll cor-rect our blas-phe-mous er-ror,

mp *cresc.*

mf *f*

Wie-niec cier-nio-wy wrósł w na-szą skroń, Wiecz-nie jak po-mnik Two-je-go gnie-wu,
Nim na-szą wia-rę o-cu-cim znów, Blu-źnią Ci u-sta, choć pła-cze ser-ce;
Wi-nę ich zmy-je wol-no-ści chrzest, Wten-czas u-sły-szy po-dły bluź nier-ca,

We have been racked with griev-ing and pain, See how in pray'r our hands we are wring-ing,
Faith dis-ap-pears and hope too de-parts, Lord, with Thy true and mer-ci-ful kind-ness,
Faith will re-store the love that is His, Gone is the fight-ing, gone is the ter-ror,

f

Ster-czy ku To-bie bła-gal-ną dłoń!
Sadź nas po ser-cu, nie wed-ług słów!
Na-szą od-po-wiedź: „Bóg był i jest!"

Beg-ging "Have mer-cy on us a-gain."
Judge not our words, but on-ly our hearts.
God al-ways was, and God al-ways is.

ff

*) This noble choral by M. Nikorowicz, was inspired by the words of a splendid poet, Kornel Ujejski. It has been in high favor as a sort of anthem, particularly during the revolutionary periods of 1846 and 1863.

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Siedzi sobie zając pod miedzą

In The Hedge There Is A Little Hare

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Vivace

p leggiero

p con legierezza

1. Sie-dzi so-bie za-jąc pod mie-dzą, pod mie-dzą,
2. Roz-pu-ści-li char-ty ze smy-czą, ze smy-czą,

1. In the hedge there is a lit-tle hare, lit-tle hare;
2. And the hun-ters try to make the catch, make the catch;

A my-śli-wi o nim nie wie-dzą, nie wie-dzą,
Ro-zu-mie-li że go u-chwy-cą, u-chwy-cą,

But the hun-ters don't know that he's there, that he's there,
But the dogs are not an eas-y match, eas-y match

cresc.

Psy po po-lu roz-pu-ści-li, Krzyk i ło-skot u-czy-ni-li:
A tu, tu, tu, sa sa sa sa! A ja czem prę-dzej do la-sa:

They un-loose the dogs and scat-ter, Soon they hear a nois-y clat-ter,
For the hare that hops so light-ly, Run-ning through the woods so spright-ly,

Był tu kot! był tu kot!
Już ja pan, już ja pan.

See the hare! see the hare!
Where he's king, where he's king!

D.C.

D.C. *mf*

poco rit. *p*

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B Marks Music Corporation.

Pieśń weselna

(BRIDAL SONG)

Tell Me Why You Made Me Marry

English Adaptation by Olga Paul

Arranged by Sigismond Stojowski

Andante mosso

p

1. Po-cóż-eś mnie pa-ni ma-tko
2. Le-piéj by-ło u Ma-tu-li
3. Już wy-jeż-dzam, Ma-tu-leń-ko,

1. Tell me why you made me mar-ry,
2. It was bet-ter at my moth-er's,
3. I am leav-ing, dear-est moth-er,

espress. *mp*

za mąż wy - da - ła,
slu-chać-mu-zy - ki
z dwo-ru two-je - go,

So___ soon, moth-er dear.
Mu-sic was so___ sweet,
I must now de - part,

Kie - dy ja się___ wgo - spo-dar-stwie
Kie - dy gra - li___ pod o-kien-kiem
Już wy - le - wam___ łez o - sta - tek

I know noth - ing___ of a house-hold,
When they played be - neath my win-dow,
Bit - ter tears to my eyes are well-ing,

nie ro - zu - mia - la?
kie - by sło - wi - ki.
z ser - ca scy - re - go.

Noth - ing's plain or___ clear.
Joy was then com - plete.
From an hon - est___ heart.

A te - raz się mam fra - so - wać
Te - raz ci ja mu - szę ro - bić
Do nó - żek ci u - pa - du - ję,

And I won - der and I wor - ry,
Now I work and have no chanc-es
To my knees I sink be-fore you,

I mło-dych lat nie ża - ło - wać?
I do ta - ne - cka nie cho-dzić
Za wy-cho - wa - nie dzię - ku - ję,

Tell me why you made me hur - ry,
Ev - er-more to go to danc - es,
For I love you and a - dore you,

Ma - tu - lu mo - ja!
Ma - tu - lu mo - ja!
Ma - tu - lu mo - ja!

Dear - est moth - er___ mine!
Dear - est moth - er___ mine!
Dear - est moth - er___ mine!

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Przepiórecka *)

When I Saw The Quail

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Vivace

1. U cie - kła mi prze-pió - re - cka wpro - so, A ja za nią
2. Trze - ba by się pa - ni ma - tki spy - tać, Cy po - zwo - li
3. „A jak - że ją, pa - ni ma - tko chwy - tać, A - by dło - nią

1. When I saw the quail, I meant to catch it, But it ran and
2. When I asked my moth - er how to get it, She re - plied I'd
3. "Is it pos - si - ble to catch it, moth - er, With - out touch - ing

nie - bo - ra - cek bo - so. Nie u - cie - kaj prze - pió - re - cko
prze-pió - re - cke schwy-tać? „A chwy-taj ja, mój Ja - sień - ku,
skrzy-de - łek nie ty - kać?“ „A za - sta - wić mój Ja - sień - ku,

would not let me snatch it, "Lit - tle quail, I'm on - ly small, don't
have to learn to pet it. "Catch it gent - ly, do not try to
one wing or an - oth - er?" "Lay a net, and soon you'll see her

da - lej Bo ja ja - sce nie bo - ra - cek ma - ły!
chwy - taj, A - le dło - nia skrzy - de - łek nie ty - kaj!“
sie - ci, Sa - ma ci sie prze - pió - re - cka schwy ci!“

fear me, I won't hurt you, won't you come right near me?
clutch it, For it's wings will break if you but touch it."
in it, Pa - tience will en - a - ble you to win it."

*) Two entirely different regional versions of the same song have been juxtaposed here. The one in 3/8 time with it's three bar groups and syncopations is more elaborate, and originated in the province of Mazovia, where everything from joy to woe readily turns into a mazurka. The version in 2/4 time seems to move on a lighter wing, suggestive of the swift bird's flight.

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Przepióreczka

English Adaptation by Olga Paul

When I Saw The Little Quail

Arranged by Sigismond Stojowski

Molto vivace

U - cie-kła mi, u - cie-kła mi prze - pio-recz - ka wpro - so,
When I saw the lit - tle quail, I quick - ly ran to catch it,

p leggiero stacc.

A ja za nia, a ja za nia, nie - bo-ra-czek bo - so. A trze-ba-by,
But it ran in - to the corn-field, And I could not snatch it. I was bare-foot

cresc.

po trze - ba - by pa - mi ma-tki spy-tać, Czy po-zwo - li, czy po-zwo - li
when I ran And tried so hard to hit it, And I should have asked my moth - er

cresc.

prze - pió-recz - kę schwy-tać.
If she would per - mit it.

marcato

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

W Polu Lipeńka

English Adaptation by Olga Paul

Through The Green Linden

Arranged by Sigismond Stojowski

Andantino malinconico

pespress

1. W po - lu li - peń - ka, w po - lu zie - lo - na,
2. O mój Ja - sien - ku, o mój je - dy - ny,
3. Mo - ja dziew - czy - no, mo - ja je - dy - na,

1. Through the green lin - den
2. "Oh my dear John - ny,
3. "Oh my dear sweet - heart,

breez - es were blow - ing,
see how I suf - fer,
my swans will hur - ry,

p espress

li - stecz - ki o - - pu - ści - ła.
Da sta - łać mi - sie szko - da,
Nie kło - pocz ty się o nie,

Leaves fell as if they were griev - ing,
I've made a gar - - land for you,
Don't let this loss dis - tress you,

Pod nią dziew - czy - na, pod nią je - dy - na
U - wi - łam ci ja pa - rę wia - nusz - ków,
Oj mam ja pa - rę bia - łych ła - bę - dzi,

There sat a maid - en, youth - ful and glow - ing,
And now the wa - ter, turn - ing much rough - er,
They'll fetch your gar - land, please do not wor - ry.

cresc.

pa - rę wia - nusz - ków wi - - ła.
Za - bra - ła mi je wo - - da!
Po - ply - nąć o - ne po nie.

Deft - ly a gar - - land weav - - ing.
Snatched it, though I a - dore you."
And for - tune sure - ly will bless you."

morendo

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Lulu, Mój Malutki

English Adaptation by Olga Paul

Ah, You Still Are Sleeping

Arranged by Sigismond Stojowski

Andante con moto *p*

Lu lu mój ma - lu - tki, hej lu - lu lu - lu
Ah, you still are sleep-ing, So lul - la - la - bye,

cresc.

Już ci pie - je kur, już pie - ją ko- gu - tki, Już ci pie - je kur,
Hear the roos - ter crow, Lit - tle birds are peep - ing, Hear the roos - ter crow,

cresc.



Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

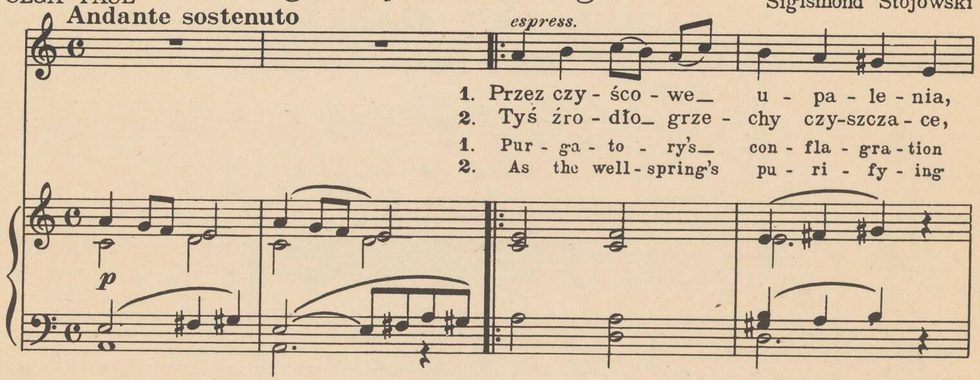
Przez czyścowe upalenia

Purgatory's Conflagration

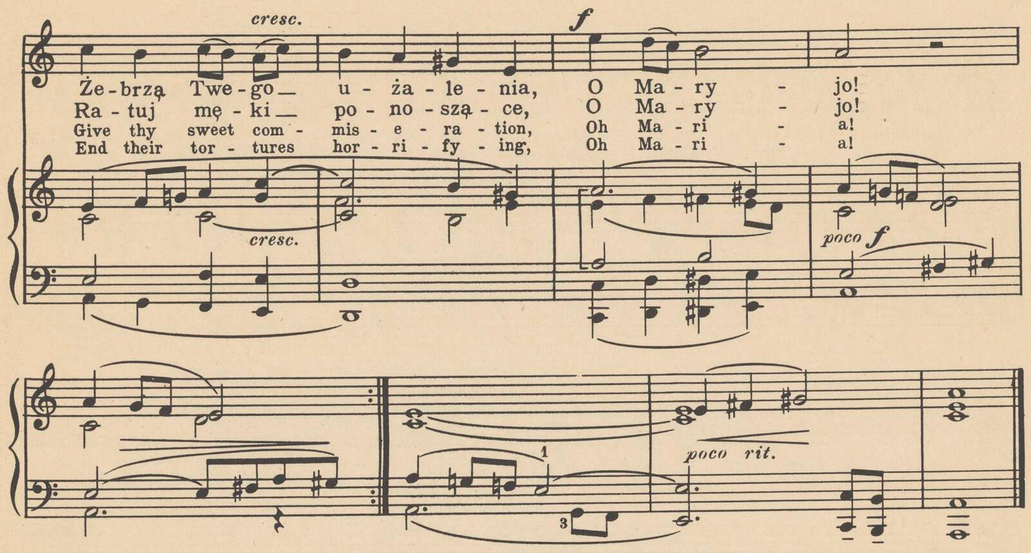
English Adaptation by
OLGA PAUL

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Andante sostenuto







Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Na polu wirzba

'Neath The Willow Tree

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Andantino poco mosso



mf

„Ka - siu, Ka - siu - niu,“ Ma - tu - la wo - ła:„Czy ty pój - dzieś
“Ka - tie, lit - tle Kate,” Asked her moth - er dear, “Will you mar - ry

p

poco più mosso

za Ja - sień - ka, ja - ka two - ja wo - la?“ „Za Ja -
John, or wait? Whis - per in my ear.” “I don't

p *poco più mosso*

cresc.

sień - ka iść? Wia - ne - cka po - zbyć? Wo - lę ja - się,
want to wed, For I want to keep Pret - ty gar - lands

cresc.

rall.

Ma - tu - leń - ku w wian - ku na - cho - dzić?“
on my head, Else I'll sit and weep.”

p espress. *rall.*

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Oj, lu lu
Lullaby, Sleep Soundly

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Allegretto piacevole

p

1. Oj lu lu lu lu lu, Ko - lib - ka z mar - mu - ru, Pie - lusz - ki
2. Czer - wo - ne ja - go - dy Spa - da - ją do wo - dy, Już - em prze -
3. Choć u - ro - dy nie mam, Ma - ją - tku nie wie - le, I tak was
1. Lul - la - by, sleep sound - ly, I love you pro - found - ly, Pret - ty head,
2. Ber - ries red in num - ber, Bloom the while you slum - ber You need not
3. And if you are health - y, You need not be wealth - y, And if you

p

mf *cresc.*

z rą - be - czku, lu - laj a - nio - łe - czku Lu - lu, lu - lu - lu, lu - lu,
ko - na - ny, Że nie mam u - ro - dy Lu - lu, lu - lu - lu, lu - lu,
nie pro - szę, O nic przy - ja - cie - le Lu - lu, lu - lu - lu, lu - lu,
so ro - sy, Tucked in warm and co - zy, Lul - la, lul - la - by, lul - la,
be pret - ty, If you will be wit - ty, Lul - la, lul - la - by, lul - la,
are clev - er, You'll have friends for - ev - er, Lul - la, lul - la - by, lul - la,

mf

p *rit.*

lu - lu - lu, Lu - lu, lu - lu - lu, Lu - lu lu - lu.
lu - lu - lu, Lu - lu, lu - lu - lu, Lu - lu lu - lu.
lu - lu - lu, Lu - lu, lu - lu - lu, Lu - lu lu - lu.
lul - la - by, Lul - la, lul - la - by, Lul - la - by.
lul - la - by, Lul - la, lul - la - by, Lul - la - by.
lul - la - by, Lul - la, lul - la - by, Lul - la - by.

p *rit.*

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Krakowiak
I Was Born In Krakow
(KRAKOWIAK)

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Allegro con spirito

mf

1. Kra - ko - wia - czek ci ja, któż nie przy - zna te - go,
2. A jak ci ja ur - znę, Kra - ko - wia - ka zno - gi,

1. I was born in Kra - kow, I'm glad to ad - mit it,
2. Kra - kow's dance is fier - y, Sparks fly__ when I do it,

mp

Sie - dem - dzie - siąt kó - łek U pa - si - ka me - go.
Pój - dą wiech - cie z bu - tów, A trza - ski z po dło - gi.
Sev'n - ty rings are hang - ing From my__ belt and fit it.
And I rip the floor - ing, Al - most_ go - ing through it.

f

Kra - ko - wia - czek ci ja, Któż nie_ przy - zna te - go,
A jak ci ja ur - znę, Kra - ko - wia - ka zno - gi,
I was born in Kra - kow, I'm glad to ad - mit it,
Kra - kow's dance is fier - y, Sparks fly_ when I do it,

poco marc.

Sie - dem - dzie - siąt ko - łek, U pa - si - ka me - go.
Pój - dą wiech - cie z bu - tów, A trza - ski z po dło - gi.
Sev'n - ty rings are hang - ing From my__ belt and fit it.
And I rip the floor - ing, Al - most_ go - ing through it.

f

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Som, som, som w stawie rybecki
In The Pond There Are Many Fish

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Allegro vivace, quasi mazurka

mf *p*

mf

1. Som, som, som wsta-wie ry-be-cki,
2. Płyń, płyń, płyń ry-bko zło-ci-sta

1. In the pond there are man-y fish,
2. Swim quick-ly, lit-tle gold-en fish,

p

p *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Som, som, som ma-lu-si-ne-cki Oj, haw w tej sa-dza-wi-cy,
Dziś ja-ko wo-da prze-jzy-sta Oj, skryj się hań w sa-dza-wie

Ti-ny and gold-en-yel-low-ish, There 'cross the ro-sy heath-er,
When it's clear, Fate is dev-il-ish; Hide in your pool de-mure-ly,

poco rit. *a tempo*

più rit. *a tempo*

Oj, haw w tej sa-dza-wi-cy! Pó-dzie-my do nik,
Oj, skryj się hań w sa-dza-wie. Bo choć dyść pá-dá

There 'cross the ro-sy heath-er; Let us go and catch
Hide in your pool de-mure-ly; E-ven if it rains

rit. *colla parte* *a tempo* *mf*

wy-ło-wi-my je Choćw dyść i bły-ska-wi-ce, Pó-dzie-my do nik,
Ja-sio się skra-da By cię wy-ło-wił wsta-wie, Bo choć dyść pa-da

all the fish we can, What-ev-er be the weath-er, Let us go and catch
John-ny will come out, He'll try and catch you sure-ly, E-ven if it rains

cresc. *con strepito*

f *allarg.*

wy-ło-wi-my je Choćw dysc i bły-ska-wi-ce.
Ja-sio się skra-dá By cię wy-ło-wił wsta-wie.

all the fish we can, What-ev-er be the weath-er.
John-ny will come out, He'll try to catch you sure-ly.

lento

f *allarg.* *p*

D. C. e poi la Coda

Coda

a tempo *crèsc.*

mf *p*

poco rit. *f*

A siadajże, siadaj!
Mary Dear, Be Ready

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

Allegretto piacevole

poco rit. *a tempo*

„A sia - daj - że,
"Ma - ry dear, be

poco rit.

mf *p a tempo*

sia - daj,— Ma-ry's ko - cha nie! Oj już nic nie na - da—
rea - dy— and as you ap - proach, Do not weep and quick - ly—

cresc.

two-je pła - ka - nie. Już nie na - da, nie po-mo - że, Czte-ry ko-nie
step in - to this coach. These four hors - es long have wait - ed, You don't seem to

cresc.

poco rit. *a tempo*

sto - i w wo-zie Już za-przę-żo - ne, Ma - ry— siu, już za-przę-żo - ne!"
be e - lat - ed, Tell me why you weep, oh Ma - ry, Tell me why you weep."

p *cresc.*

rit. *a tempo*

„A jak - ze ja
"It is ver - y

e poco a poco *affretando* *poco f* *rit. e dim.* *p a tempo*

bę - dę— zto - bą sia - da - ła? Kie-dym ja się z oj - cem— nie po - że-gna -
hard to— go a - long with you, Fa - ther is not here, and— I can't say a -

cresc. ed incalzando *poco rit.*

ła? O - staj z Bo-giem, pa-nie oj - ce! By-wa - ły tu za mnie go - scie
dieu. Fa - ther dear, oh may God bless you, Don't let lone - li - ness dis - tress you

cresc. ed incalzando *poco rit.*

p a tempo

Te - raz nie bę - dą, Ta - tu - lu, te - raz nie bę - da!
While I'm far a - way, oh dad - dy, While I'm far a - way.

p a tempo *cresc. ed affretando*

p a tempo

A jak - ze ja bę - dę
It is ve - ry hard to

dim.e rit.

f

p a tempo

zto - bą sia - da - ła, Kie - dym ja - się zmat - ka nie po - że - gna - ła?
go a - long with you, Moth - er is not here, and I can't say a - dieu.

cresc. ed animando

allarg.

A że - gnaj - że, mo - ja ma - tko, Cho - wa - łaś mnie pię - knie glad - ko,
Oh fare - well, my dar - ling moth - er, You have loved me as no oth - er,

cresc. ed animando

allarg.

p a tempo tranquillo

pp

poco animandosi

Te - raz nie bę - dziesz, ma - tu - lu, te - raz nie bę - dziesz.
And I'm leav - ing you, oh moth - er, And I'm leav - ing you.

a tempo tranquillo

poco animandosi

p

cresc.

te - raz nie bę - dziesz"
And I'm leav - ing you"

poco rit.

nf

p

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation

Dziewczyno kocham cię*)

I Want You Sweet Maiden

English Adaptation by Olga Paul

Arranged by Sigismond Stojowski

Andante mosso

espress.

p con tenerezza

Dziew - czy - no ko - cham cię, Ni - ko - mu
I want you sweet maid - en, My heart is

p

nie dam cię, We - zmę cię do do - mu, Nie dam cię ni - ko - mu.
love - lad - en, To my home I'll take you, I'll nev - er for - sake you.



*)This lovely little lyric from the region of Zakopane, at the foot of the Tatra Mountains, a section replete with beauty and song, with a people of highly original and artistic temperament, has been beautifully treated by Paderewski in his comparatively little-known "Tatra Album," opus 12 for piano, four hands.

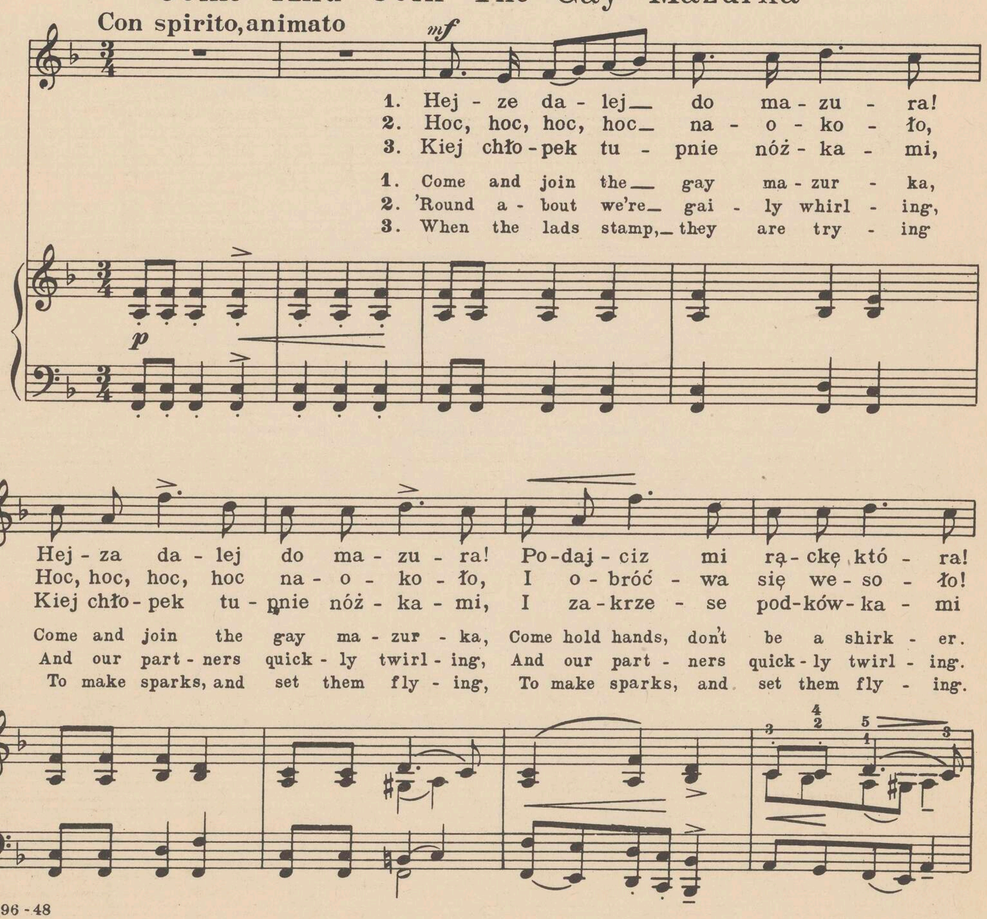
Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation

English Adaptation by Olga Paul

Hejże dalej do Mazura

Come And Join The Gay Mazurka

Arranged by Sigismond Stojowski





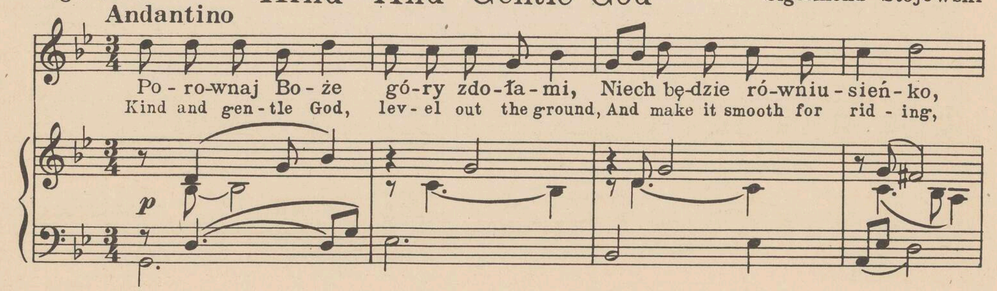
Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation

English Adaptation by Olga Paul

Porównaj Boże

Kind And Gentle God

Arranged by Sigismond Stojowski



Przy-pro-wadź Pa-nie mo-je ko-cha-nie, wnie-dzie-lę ra-niu-sień-ko. Je-dzie Ja-sień-ko,
Let next Sun-day come quick-ly, and the way To my sweet love be guid-ing. John-nie comes a-stride

mp

mp

je-dzie na-dob-ny, Przez zie-lo-ną dą-bro-wę, Roz-pu-ścił na wiatr stru-sie pió-recz-ka,
on a hand-some steed O-ver the mead-ows fly-ing, Feath-ers in his hat, flutt-ring in the wind,

nf a tempo poco mosso

Ko-ni-ko-wi na gło-wę. Héj zar-żyj, zar-żyj, Zar-żyj wro-ny ko-niu, Wczy-stem po-lu le-
As to his love he's hie-ing. Gal-lop quick-ly now, black and fier-y steed, Soon we will reach her

rit.

mf

cą cy, Nie-chaj u-sły-szy mo-ja naj-mil-sza, Wo-kie-necz-ku sto-ją-cy.
dwell-ing, Then the sound of hoofs fall-ing on her ears Of our ap-proach is tell-ing.

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Boże coś Polske*)

God, Who For Years Hast Given Thy Protection

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

K. KURPIŃSKI
Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

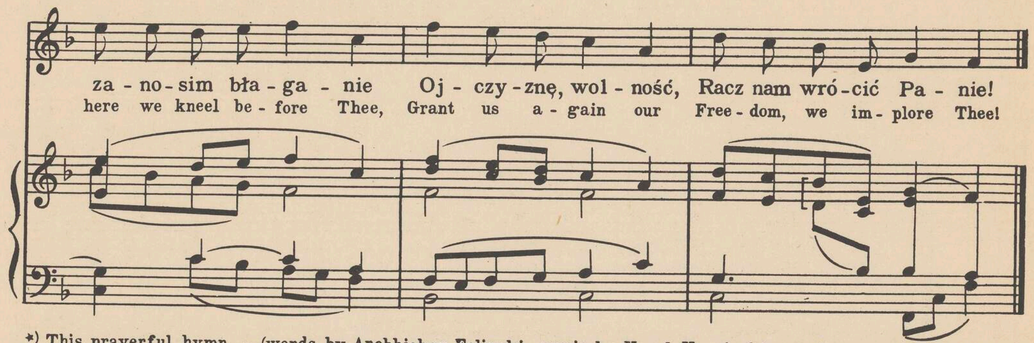
Larghetto

1. Bo-że! cós Pol-skę przez tak dłu-gie wie-ki O-ta-czał bla-skiem
2. Wróć bie-dnéj Pol-sce świe-tność sta-ro ży-tną! U-życz-niaj po-la
1. God, who for years hast giv-en Thy pro-tec-tion, Grant-ing to Po-land
2. Give back to Po-land all her an-cient splen-dor, Fill all her land with

(ossia)

po-tę-gi i chwa-ły, Coś ją o-sła-niał tar-czą swéj o-pie-ki
spu-sto-szo-ne ła-ny! Niech szczę-ście wol-ność na wie-kiw niej kwi-tną,
peace and glo-rious pow-er, Un-der Thy guid-ance and Thy wise di-rec-tion,
fruit and fra-grant flow-ers, Let her a-gain to hap-pi-ness sur-ren-der,

Od-nie-szczęść któ-re przy-gnę-bić ją mia-ły. 1-2 Przed Twe oł-ta-rze,
Prze-stań nas ka-rać Bo-że za-gnie-wa-ny! 1-2 Fer-vent-ly pray-ing,
Let us e-merge from this our cru-cial ho-ur.
Let her a-gain en-joy Thy gra-cious pow-ers.



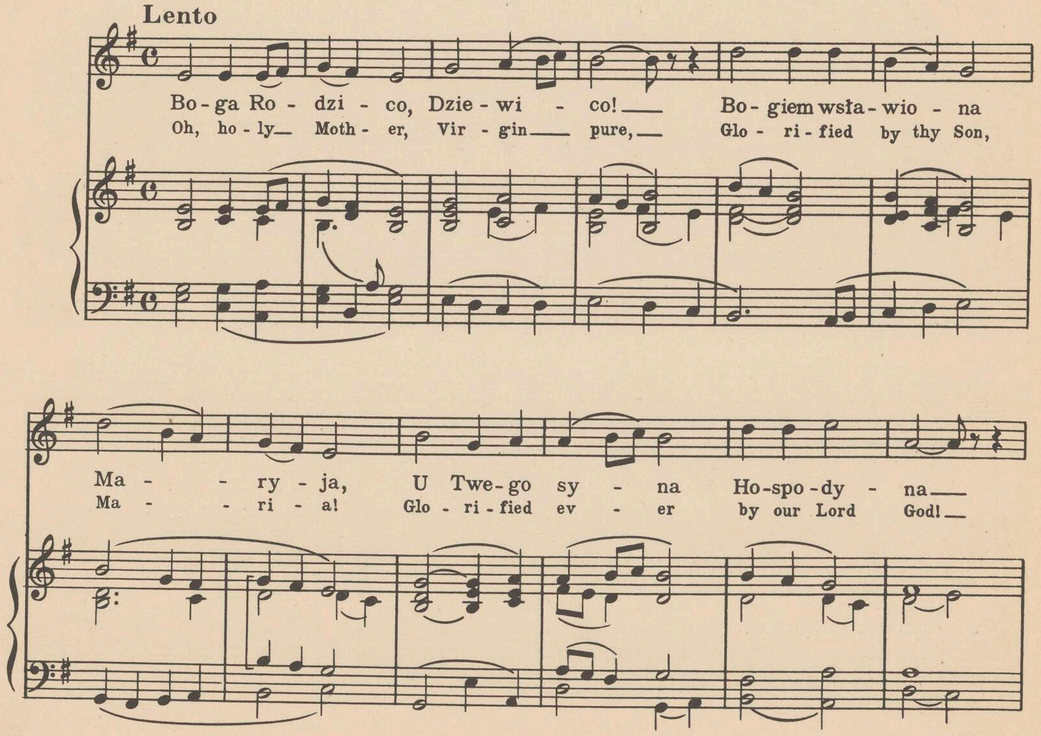
*) This prayerful hymn, - (words by Archbishop Felinski, music by Karol Kurpinski, popular operatic composer of the early nineteenth century)-goes back to the days of the short-lived Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and has been favored as one of the national anthems ever since.

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

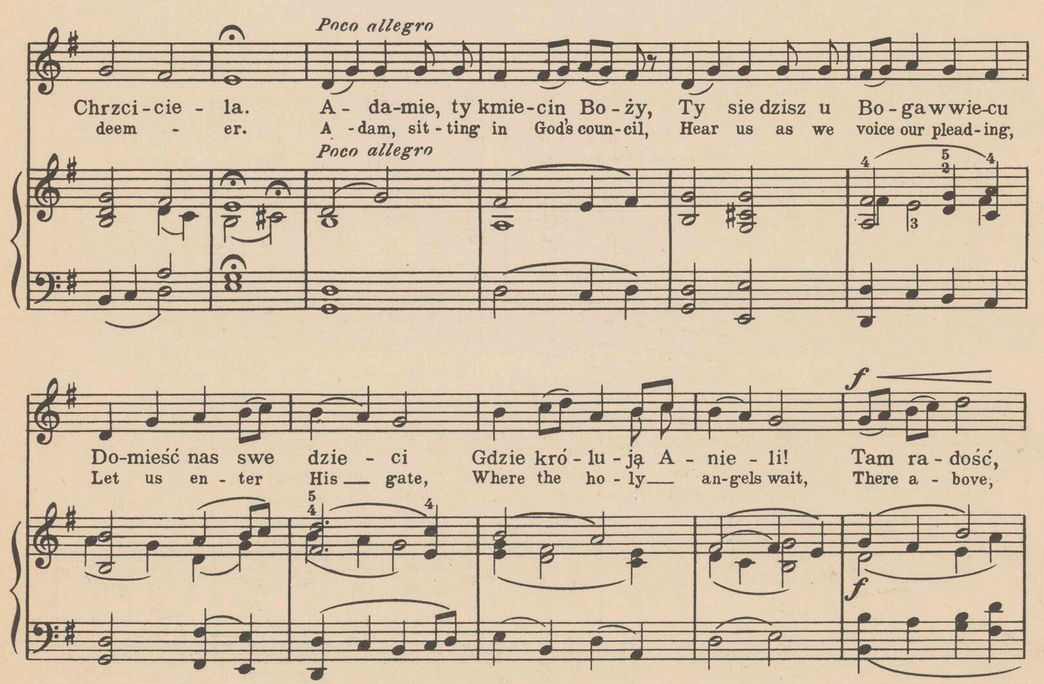
Boga Rodzico*)
Oh Holy Mother

English Adaptation by
Olga Paul

Arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski







tam mi łość Tam wi - dze - nie, Twór - ca, A - niel - skie bez koń - ca
full of love, There is joy and glo - ry, An - gels with out num - ber,

Tu się nam zja - wi - ło Dja - ble po - tę - pie - nie! Te - goż nas
While down here, we must toil, Through the dev - il's schem - ing. Let us en -

Tempo I.

do - mie - ści Je - zu Chry - ste mi - ły, By - śmy z To - ba
ter Thy gate, Je - sus Christ, our Sav - iour, Let us en - ter

by - li Gdzie się nam ra - du - ją Już nie - bie - skie si - ły.
Heav - en, Where we'll find re - joic - ing, With the heav'n - ly an - gels.

A - men, a - men, a - men, A - men, a - men, A - men, A - men ta - ko
A - men, a - men, a - men, A - men, a - men, A - men, A - men, take us,

Bóg daj By - śmy wszy - scy po - szli w raj Gdzie kró - lu - ją A - nie - li!
oh Lord, Take us to Thy dwell - ing, Where the an - gels reign and sing.

*) This very ancient hymn, of distinctly Gregorian inspiration, is also an early monument of the Polish language of mediaeval times. It is engraved on the tomb of St. Adalbert, the apostle of Poland, and is to be found in the Cathedral of the ancient Polish capital of Gniezno, which the Emperor Otto of Germany visited in the year 1000. It has been the battle-hymn of the old Kingdom and the Republic, and, though no longer sung so frequently, is still reverenced as a kind of relic.

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Jeszcze Polska*)

May Our Poland Never Perish

(NATIONAL ANTHEM)

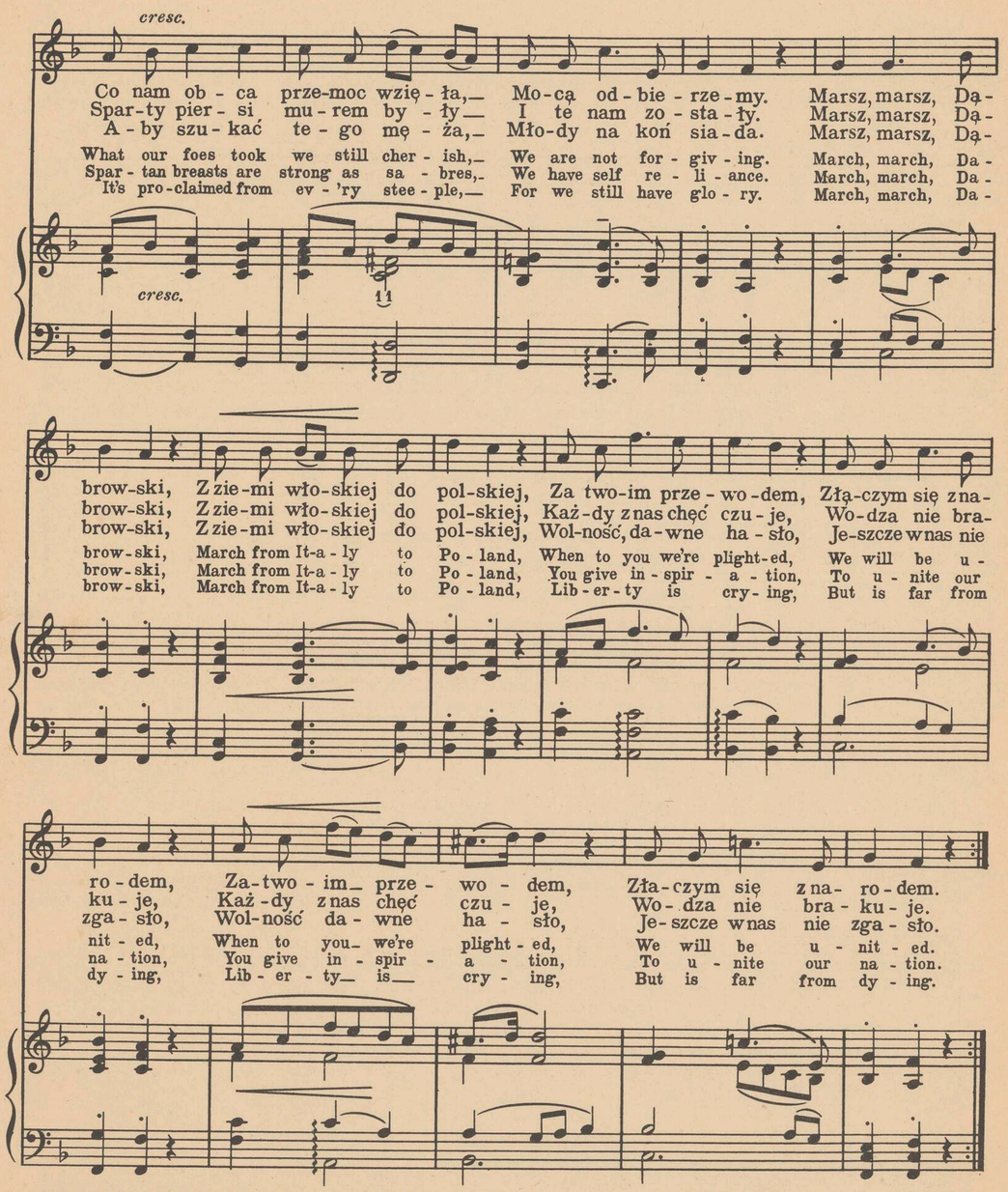
English Adaptation by Olga Paul

Arranged by Sigismond Stojowski

Con anima

1. Je - szcze Pol - ska nie zgi - nę - ła, Pó - ki my ży - je - my;
2. Choć są - sia - dy nas zni - szczy - ły, I broń nam za - bra - ły,
3. Dziel - ność wol - ne - go o - rę - ża, Sta - rzec o - po - wia - da,

1. May our Po - land nev - er per - ish, While we still are liv - ing,
2. Though we're con - quered by our neigh - bors, We still hurl de - fi - ance;
3. And the va - lor of our peo - ple, Is an an - cient sto - ry;



*) This was the song of the Polish Legions in the Napoleonic Wars, popularly known as "Mazurek Dąbrowskiego" (Dombrowski's Mazurka, after the leader's name). It has been sung all over Poland since the fateful days of 1812, when the nation's hopes were pinned to Napoleon's star and fell with it, and has been sanctioned by the new Polish Republic as its National Anthem. However, no official version of it exists. There are, therefore, discrepancies in rendition as well as in notation, which appears in both 3/8 and 3/4 time. Although the former is more prevalent, the latter has been preferred, since it imparts a greater dignity, perfectly compatible with its fairly lively tempo.

Copyright MCMXXXVII by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

Nr. ang. 936/54

BIBLIOTEKA Warszawskiego Tow. Muzyczn. Nr 669/1p 3677

3 o — 669/o
3208/59 3677

RECENTLY PUBLISHED ALBUMS

Distinctive Music for Everyone

ROY ROGERS' ALBUM

Cowboy Songs



The great singing-cowboy star's 25 old and new favorites of the prairie and range. **PRICE 60c**

CHRISTIANITY IN SONG

A special collection of Hymns, Gospel songs, and selections for every purpose . . . Ideal for the Church, schools and the home. **PRICE 60¢**



ANTHEMS of the UNITED NATIONS



The Inspiring National Songs of all the Allied Nations . . . Arranged for Piano and Vocal Solo and for Choral Groups and Glee Clubs. **PRICE 60c**

SING AMERICA SING



Most complete album of American Patriotic songs . . . Old and new of every type . . . Timely and significant American Music. **PRICE 60¢**

VAUGHN MONROE'S FAVORITE SONGS

An album of old and new popular successes as played and recorded by Vaughn Monroe and his Orchestra . . . 17 prize songs of every type. **PRICE 60c**



VARIETY ALBUM

Solos - Duets - Trios

For any combination of violin-flute, saxophone, clarinet and trumpet . . . With piano . . . 10 big hits. **PRICE 60¢**



ROUND-THE-WORLD CHRISTMAS ALBUM

A new anthology of Christmas songs from 26 nations . . . Original text and English adaptations . . . Arranged for various vocal combinations. **PRICE** 60c



Memories of

THE GAY NINETIES

An inviting collection of some of the nostalgic song successes that helped to make the gay 90's gayer. **PRICE 60¢**



XAVIER CUGAT'S ALBUM

A new collection of Cugat's best compositions and other Latin-American favorites, performed and recorded so successfully. **PRICE 60¢**



WILL KENTON METHOD OF POPULAR MUSIC



A complete course of study for the piano . . . Highly recommended by pianists and teachers as the newest and best of its kind. **PRICE 75¢**

TITO GUIZAR SINGS

His favorite songs . . . Fifteen superb melodies with English and Spanish lyrics . . . and photographs in many poses. **PRICE 60¢**



ROY ELDRIDGE ALBUM OF SWING TRUMPET SOLOS



Special recording arrangements of all-time song hits by the All-American Trumpeter . . . With piano accompaniment. **PRICE 75¢**

On Sale at All Music Counters or Direct From the Publishers

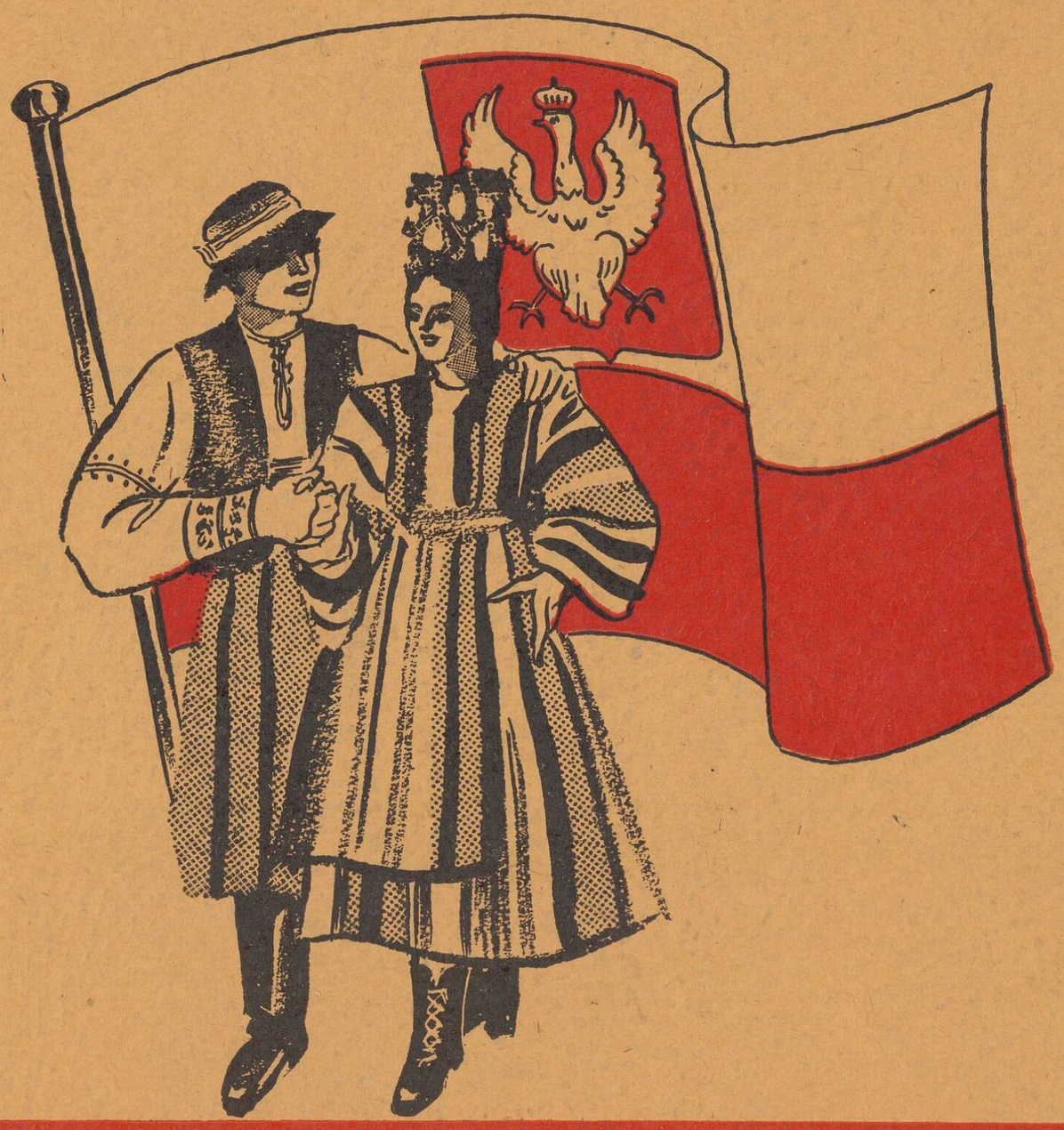
EDWARD B. MARKS MUSIC CORPORATION

R.C.A. Building — Radio City — New York

G 69/sp
3677

Memories of POLAND

album



a collection of its best-loved melodies
with English and the original Polish text

compiled and arranged by
Sigismond Stojowski

English lyrics by
Olga Paul

Price $1.00 net
EXCEPT CANADA

WHEN PERFORMING THESE COMPOSITIONS KINDLY GIVE ALL PROGR

Edward B. Marks MUSIC CORPORATION · RCA B'L'D

PRINTED IN U.S.A.