

SONGS THAT NEVER DIE





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SONGS THAT NEVER DIE

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SONGS THAT NEVER DIE

BEING A COLLECTION OF THE MOST

Famous Words and Melodies

ENRICHED WITH

**Valuable Historical and Biographical Sketches
of Renowned Authors and Composers.**

COMPILED BY

HENRY FREDERIC REDDALL.

THE MUSICAL SCORES EDITED BY

DUDLEY BUCK.

Sing me the songs that to me were so dear, Long, long a-go, long a-go.

"Not for an age, but for all time."

NEW YORK :

W. J. HOLLAND

54 and 56 Franklin Street

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PREFACE.

THIS volume is a vast collection of songs and melodies that are prized as household treasures. It contains the old favorites that have long been known and loved. It is rich in new and choice gems whose beauty and intrinsic merit have given them a world-wide fame. The title of the work is in keeping with its contents, for within the lids of this volume are the most charming melodies.

Here are the masterpieces of the greatest composers. Old Scotch, English, Irish and German airs, which have thrilled the world, are here brought together. The grand creations of musical genius shine in a resplendent galaxy. Social songs and sacred hymns, beautiful ballads and joyous glees, pathetic airs and melodies of love, whose freshness is perennial, render this volume of music one of the most fascinating and popular ever published.

Descriptive notes of great value are distributed through the work. These furnish a vast amount of interesting information concerning the various authors and their world-renowned productions.

Part I contains Songs of the Sea. As the volume is opened there comes a fresh breeze from the briny deep. The sailor's life on the bounding billows is portrayed in such

songs as "Tom Bowling," "The Bay of Biscay," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Barney Buntline," etc. His tender passion finds expression in "Black-eyed Susan," "Nancy Lee," and "Maggie's Welcome." Songs of the voyager, and of the maiden who awaits the return of her sailor boy, are included in this collection, among which are "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," "A Thousand Leagues Away," "Jamie's on the Stormy Sea," and many others whose merit is attested by their enduring popularity.

Part II is entitled Historic and Patriotic Songs. The heart is thrilled and the sentiment of patriotism is aroused by these inspiring strains. All great historic events have been celebrated by soul-stirring melodies which have outlived the exciting occasions that gave them birth. They keep their hold upon the popular heart and have made for themselves a place in this delightful volume.

"Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," "The Campbells are Coming," "Rule, Britannia," "The Wearing of the Green," "St. Patrick was a Gentleman," "Hail to the Chief," and "Bonnie Dundee" are among the many songs which embellish this department. They belong to the standard music of our own and other countries.

Part III contains Songs of the Great Civil War. Armies sang them on the toilsome march and on the eve of battle. Military bands played them, and with their strains inspired the heroes of the great struggle to immortal deeds. These songs came without bidding; they were full of force and fire, and were suited to the momentous occasions. They were heard amidst the roar of guns and the clash of steel. "John Brown's Body," "My Maryland," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" give thrilling interest to this part of the work.

Part IV is devoted to Scotch and Irish Songs. These have a quaint and fascinating character of their own. "Annie Laurie," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Comin' thro' the Rye" are sung clear round the world. Their wonderful charm is felt the moment they are heard. Other airs in this collection are equally captivating, and include "Robin Adair," "Dublin Bay," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Auld Robin Gray," "Twickenham Ferry," "The Dear Little Shamrock," "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," etc., etc.

This rich and varied collection of Scotch and Irish melodies is treasured by old and young alike. The charm of these lovely airs never wears out and their soft strains are dear to all lovers of song.

Part V includes the Songs of Home and Country. Beautiful gems adorn the pages of this department, which forms of itself a delightful volume of household music. The selections are a happy expression of the

undying love for the native land and the old fireside which dwells in every heart, and survives the changes of time and place.

Among these charming lyrics are those well known and popular selections: "Hearts and Homes," "Sweet and Low," "Homeward Bound," and "Good Night." They will never lose their captivating power. No less popular are "The Old Oaken Bucket," "The Dearest Spot on Earth," "Home Again," "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," "Good-Bye Dear Mother," "John Anderson, My Jo," "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Cheer Boys, Cheer," "Flee as a Bird to Your Mountain," and "My Old Kentucky Home."

Other choice selections, combined with those already named, render this beautiful work the most entrancing volume of music for the home circle ever issued. It is a delightful companion for the fireside, and will captivate both old and young.

Part VI contains National Songs. This department is devoted to the inspiring strains of martial music, the hymns that have electrified nations and led armies to victory.

"The Star-Spangled Banner," composed in the heat of battle, amidst the crashing of balls and bombs, and carrying along the heart of the hearer with its ringing air; "The Marseillaise Hymn," to whose triumphant notes the French eagles were carried over Europe; "God Save the Queen," "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls," "Men of Harlech," and the National Songs of other countries, are specimens of the captivating gems in Part VI.

Part VII is a rich collection of the

Songs of Retrospect and exile. Plaintive, tender airs like "The Exile of Erin," "Where are the Friends of my Youth?" "Why do Summer Roses Fade?" "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs," etc., unite their touching strains and move and melt the heart.

These songs are dear to all who have ever sung or heard them. The collection is very comprehensive, and only a few can here be named, for example: "The Danube River," "Then You'll Remember Me," "Do They Think of Me at Home?" "There are Friends that We Never Forget," "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," "Ben Bolt," "The Old Sexton," "Lilly Dale," etc., etc. These titles are sufficient to indicate the wealth and beauty of this department.

Part VIII is a treasury of those delightful Old Love Songs which express the mightiest passion of the human breast. They are beautiful, full of meaning and far-famed. No collection of the Songs of Love has ever equaled this. The rarest gems of poetical romance from Burns, Moore, Byron, Henry Carey, Samuel Lover, Ben Johnson, Hugh Conway, Haynes Bayly, Maria Craik, Caroline Norton, and many others of like renown are here set to entrancing music by such great masters as Mozart, Balfé, Sullivan, Claribel, Bishop, Winner, and others too numerous to here mention.

Among the entrancing lyrics of this department are "Highland Mary," "Robin Adair," "Love's Young Dream," "Maid of Athens," "Araby's Daughter," "A Warrior Bold," "The Low-Backed Car," "Sweet Love of Mine," "In the Gloom-

ing," "Love not," "Douglass, Tender and True," and "Jessie, the Flower o' Dumb-lane," the "Bloom is on the Rye," and scores of other melodies which can never die.

This volume contains a large number of popular airs. The selections are adapted to every mood of the mind, every need of the heart, comprising words and tones of joy, comfort, consolation, gayety, and mirth.

Here are "Grandmother's Chair," "Little Gypsy Jaue," "Mary of the Wild Moor," "Paddle Your own Canoe," "Quaker Cousins," "The Party at the Zoo," "I'm Called Little Buttercup," "I've No Mother, now I'm Weeping," "Wait for the Wagon," etc., etc. The melodies in this department range from the most tender and pathetic to the most humorous and sprightly. They are delightfully suited to the home circle and gatherings of young people.

Part X contains Songs of the Church. There are grand old sacred melodies full of beauty and majesty, which give voice to the spirit of worship and the loftiest human emotions. These hold an honored place in this choice collection of music.

"Evening Song," "Christmas Prayer," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "The Litany Hymn," "Over the Stars is Rest," "Abide with Me," "I Love to tell the Story," "Open the Pearly Gate," "Rest for the Weary," "From Greenland's Icy Mountains,"—these are only a few of the immortal lyrics in this department whose sweet harmonies have helped to turn the world into a heaven of song.

Part XI contains a captivating collection of Instrumental Music. These are the cele-

brated productions of the world's greatest composers, comprising Waltzes, Polkas, Marches, Gallops, etc., etc. This work differs entirely from poorly arranged and commonplace collections of music.

We have great faith in the humanizing power of music, and especially of music in the house and the home. Even in a moral point of view it is thoroughly elevating in its influence. To see a family grouped round the piano-forte in an evening, blending their voices together in the strains of Haydn or Mozart, or in the better known and loved melodies of our native land, is a beautiful sight—a graceful and joyous pic-

ture of domestic happiness. The mother takes the piano-forte accompaniment, the father leads with the violin or flute, or supports the melody with the bass, while the young group furnish the soprano and alto parts. What is more likely to make home attractive, or to cause children to grow up in love with domestic life than such a practice as this? The young ought to be sedulously taught music, so that, when they grow up, no youth, no operative, no man, nor woman, may be without the solace of song. Let a taste for home music be cultivated in the rising generation, and we shall answer for the good effects.



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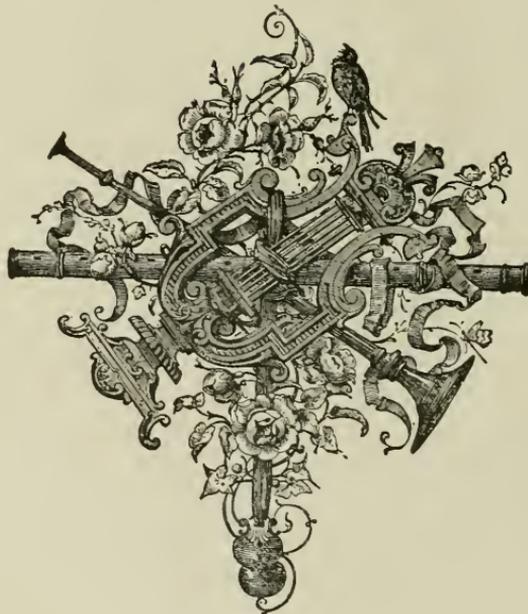
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THE STREET MUSICIAN



MAX ALVARY.

ADELINA PATTI.

ADELINA PATTI was born at Madrid, April 9, 1843. In early youth she came to America with her parents and studied music with her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch. She first appeared in New York, Nov. 24, 1859, and her voice at once attracted attention. In 1861 she appeared in London in "La Sonnambula." She took the town by storm and became the prime favorite of the day. Since then she has maintained her rank and is to-day the most popular operatic star living. Not only is she an unexampled vocalist, but her acting is such as would place her in the first rank, were she not gifted with song.

The parts which she sings are numerous, and her "Lucia" in the "Bride of Lammermoor," "Violetta" and "Zerlina" are equally famed. It was, however, as "Rosina" in "Il Barbiere de Seviglia" that she showed her comic powers. In 1863 she attempted the part of "Ninetta" in "La Giza Ladra" and gained a signal triumph. In 1864 she sang "Margherita" in Gounod's "Faust" and in 1867 "Juliet" in "Romeo and Juliet." In May, 1868, she was married at the Roman Catholic Church, Chapham, to the Marquis de Caux, but the marriage proved so stormy that a divorce was obtained. In the early part of 1870 Patti visited Russia, where she met with an enthusiastic reception, receiving from Alexander II. the Order of Merit, and the appointment as First Singer of the Imperial Court.

Upon her return to America a few years ago she was received with great eclat, and sang to overflowing houses, over the whole country. The extortionate prices demanded for seats seemed to increase rather than diminish the desire to hear her, and during the few years she starred here she accumulated a fortune. Patti is the "Queen of Song," and no other cantatrice, with the single exception of Jenny Lind, has ever gained a fame so world-wide and a popularity so universal.



ADELINA PATTI

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

CHRISTINE NILSSON, the daughter of a laboring man, was born at Wederslöv, Sweden, August 3, 1843. At an early age she evinced great taste for music. She became quite proficient on the violin, learned the flute, and attended fairs and other places of public resort, at which she sang, accompanying herself on the violin. While performing in this manner at a fair at Ljungby, in June, 1857, her extraordinary powers attracted the attention of Mr. F. G. Thornérhjelm, a gentleman of influence, who rescued her from her vagrant life, and placed her at school, first at Halmstad, and afterwards at Stockholm, where she was instructed by M. Franz Berwald.

She made her first appearance at Stockholm in 1860, and afterwards went to Paris to finish her musical education under Masset and Wurtel. She made her first appearance in London at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1867, and proved the great operatic attraction at that establishment during the season. She made her first appearance in this country in 1870, and within less than a year she is said to have cleared \$150,000.

After a transatlantic trip of two years she returned to Drury Lane Theatre, May 28, 1872, and during that year was married to M. Auguste Rouzand, the son of an eminent French merchant. He died at Paris, February 22, 1882. Madame Nilsson made her "farewell appearance" in New York, April 16, 1883, before a crowded audience, thus closing the most successful concert tour ever made in this country. Madame Nilsson again visited this country during the season of 1884-5, and was received with much enthusiasm in all places where she made her appearance. She is not more distinguished for her rare musical gifts than for her charms as a woman and her noble character.



CHRISTINE NILSSON.

SIGNOR DEL PUENTE.

ONE of the most prominent artists who has ever appeared before American audiences is Signor Del Puente. This distinguished Italian has been before the public for several years, and has been thoroughly appreciated when he has appeared in opera or at concerts. His success is what might be expected from one gifted with musical genius, great power of application, and thorough devotion to his art.

Del Puente was born in Naples, Italy, in the year 1846, of a noble family of Spanish origin (Del Puente de Murcia). He went through a course of musical studies at the Conservatory of Music, Naples, devoting himself to the violoncello and the cultivation of his voice. His first debut as a baritone was at Jassy, Moldavia, together with the well-known tenor Campanini. After a most successful debut he appeared in the leading theatres of Europe, among the chief of which were the Apollo, of Rome; Scala, of Milan; and the San Carlo, of Naples. He also sang in Russia, France, Spain and Germany. He was engaged many times for the Grand Italian Opera by Mapleson, Guy and Harris in London, where he has always been very popular with the music-loving public. Afterward he came to the United States under the auspices of Strakosch, Mapleson and Abbey.

He has sung in fifty operas, ancient and modern, and in one of the latter he created the "Toreador," which earned him a world-wide fame. In New York he created "Barnaba" in "Gioconda." In Chicago he sang in "Othello," taking the character of "Iago." Signor Del Puente has sung with all the great artists of the day, and has always been received everywhere with enthusiasm, not only as an artist but as a gentleman. He has received many marks of esteem from some of the leading musical societies of Europe, and has had the honor of singing several times before the Queen of England. Del Puente is a composer of considerable merit, having written many songs which have met with a very flattering reception. He is an example of the high position which may be acquired by one who is thoroughly devoted to his art.



SIG DEL PUENTE

EMMA EAMES.

THIS young lady was born at Boston, and had the great advantage of having a mother who was a good amateur musician. When she discovered that her daughter was gifted with a splendid voice, she took great care in training it, and later on brought her daughter to Paris, where she was placed in the hands of that distinguished teacher, Madame Marchesi, with whom she made rapid progress.

Her musical education finished, she went to Brussels, hoping to make a debut in that city. Several times she might have appeared in minor rôles, but the famous director of the Conservatoire of Brussels, M. Gwaërt, dissuaded her, saying that she ought to make her debut as a Prima Donna and nothing else. She was then engaged at one hundred dollars a month at the Opera Comique in Paris, where she waited month after month, learning now this opera and now that one, waiting all the time, but no chance of singing was given her. At last her contract was cancelled, and she signed an agreement with the Grand Opera, where she made her first appearance as Juliette in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliette." Her debut was triumphant. The freshness of her voice was only equalled by the excellence of her method and her splendid acting. As for her beauty, there was but one opinion. The next morning all the papers spoke of her with enthusiasm, and Miss Eames was immediately adopted as the charming idol of the Parisian musical public.

She is tall, slender, well proportioned, very supple and lithe in her movements, and carries herself with a queenly elegance. She has a beautiful American head, fine, pure and clean-cut like a cameo, crowned with a mass of brown, crisp hair; her eyes are blue-gray, and her complexion is simply admirable. America may well be proud of her charming debutante, who has become a splendid star in the operatic firmament.



EMMA EAMES

ITALO CAMPANINI.

It is interesting to observe that in the musical profession, as in all other pursuits, many of those who have become distinguished did not give any early promise of their great careers. When Campanini was sowing his "wild oats," and he sowed a good many in early life, when he was a brave young soldier under Garibaldi and was badly wounded at Capua, no one would have predicted that he would become one of the greatest tenors ever known in the world of song. The days of the young soldier being ended, he returned to Parma, Italy, where he was born in 1846, and worked several years at the trade of a blacksmith. The anvil song in the opera of "Robin Hood" seems to be an echo of the music the great Italian made by the swing of his hammer, and it did not resound more clearly when he struck the blows in the old smithy than it did afterward when his superb voice thrilled assembled thousands.

A distinguished musician was passing one day and heard the magnificent voice of the young blacksmith. It was through this man's influence that one of the greatest vocalists of modern times was led to lay down his hammer and study with a view to perfecting his voice. It took him only two years to become so expert in his art that he secured the leading position in a travelling opera company. Once before the public his merit was instantly recognized and his popularity was assured. He was the rising star of Italy.

Going to Madrid in 1869 he studied under the famous Lamperti, and appeared in the character of "Faust" at the opera house of La Scala at Milan. On this occasion his magnificent voice awakened unparalleled enthusiasm, and the next morning he was the most renowned singer of southern Europe. He was engaged by Colonel Mapleson for several seasons in New York, London and other leading cities. His appearance on the stage is commanding, his power as an actor is great, and the position he has gained is second to that of none of the great tenors whose fame has filled the world.



ITALO CAMPANINI

AGNES HUNTINGTON.

AMONG American singers few have gained a more enviable reputation than this celebrated lady, whose captivating voice and charming personal presence have made her a universal favorite. She is an artist of whom our country may well be proud. By her family name and connections she began life with high social rank, and, possessing undoubted ability, she was encouraged to pursue the study of music. Her parents sent her to Dresden and placed her under the best German teachers, who found a very apt pupil in the young American girl; she was already an enthusiast and devoted to her art. Here she spent four years, appearing during this time on a number of public occasions, and as a contralto singer gained a wide reputation in the leading cities of Germany. As might have been expected, she received flattering offers from Paris and London, all of which she declined that she might return to the land of her home and her love.

Upon arriving home in 1885 the great proficiency she had made was immediately recognized, and both in secular and sacred music she was considered a bright, particular star. It is sufficient to say that she made an engagement with the Boston Ideal Opera Company, an organization of highest repute, and became known as a singer in oratorio. In 1889 she was induced to visit London by Carl Rosa, where she appeared in the light opera of "Paul Jones," taking the leading part. She was received with extraordinary favor; such favor, in fact, as a discriminating public is always ready to bestow upon one possessed of undoubted talent. The critics all approved, and the people, who are their own critics, accorded her a remarkable welcome. Returning from London in 1890 she gave "Paul Jones" in the leading American cities, making her first appearance in New York.

To the thrilling power of her superb voice and her graceful acting, she added a fascinating beauty of person which lifted her at once into great popularity. The saying that "America is too busy making money and following the fashions ever to produce great singers," finds a conspicuous exception in this very gifted lady.



AGNES HUNTINGTON.

ZELIE DE LUSSAN.

THE name of this lady adds another to the list of American singers who have achieved fame in both hemispheres. This list of late years has been rapidly growing, and our wisest musical critics predict that the time is not far distant when our own country will furnish a large share of the talent always demanded in the highest walks of art. A number of great singers are already native to America, and there is every reason to anticipate the advent of new stars who will bring fresh glory to their country.

Zelie de Lussan made her first public appearance as a member of the celebrated Boston Ideal Opera Company. In this company leading parts were assigned her, which received such brilliant treatment that she became widely known and universally popular. She showed ability not merely in the light parts of comic opera, but in the rôles of operas denominated "grand." Subsequently she accepted engagements in grand Italian opera, both in this country and in England, and by her execution of these parts she took her place in the foremost ranks of the great singers of the day.

Her host of admirers are those who appreciate a high-toned personal character and those womanly graces which lend the brightest charm to the sex. She does not shine more conspicuously as an artist than she does as a woman. Her voice is peculiarly fresh and flexible; its clear tones are penetrating, yet soft and delicate, and very few sopranos have ever been more fascinating either on account of voice or the graces and gifts of the actress.



ZELIE DE LUSSAN.

SIBYL SANDERSON.

A FEW years ago a young American lady was studying music in Paris as a pupil of the celebrated M. Massenet. She was possessed of a remarkably pleasing person, a voice of great compass and sweetness, and a praiseworthy ambition. She came from the Pacific Coast, having been born and educated in California. She was a favorite with her world-renowned teacher, who intrusted her with a number of leading parts in the musical compositions he was bringing out from time to time. This was a signal honor and showed beyond a doubt that she was a gifted genius. Since then her name has become widely known, a celebrity which began with the opera of "Esclarmonde," the merit of which was not considered great but which became popular through her singing. She also appeared in her teacher's opera of "Manon," which was produced in London and met with a very high degree of favor.

Afterwards she had engagements in Paris, Brussels and other European cities, and created a furore wherever she went. Much has been written and said concerning the remarkable beauty of her voice. She is a high soprano, and has been ranked in the high notes with Patti and the world-renowned Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind. During one of her London seasons, the *London Times*, which all the world takes as authority, gave her a very strong endorsement, saying that as an actress she deserved nothing but praise in "Manon," and that alike in the earlier scenes and in the last act she showed herself most efficient, while in the more passionate episodes of the work, such as the scene in the Sorbonne and the death scene on the road to Havre, her performance was full of feeling and powerful. This must be considered as high commendation, and is the judgment of a critic who cannot be accused of having his head "turned" by a woman's dazzling beauty, and confounding the work of a genius with the graces and charms of a sylph.



SYBIL SANDERSON

MARION MANOLA.

THIS prima donna is of American parentage, and her musical education has been pursued in her native land. It appears to be as natural for her to warble as for a bird in the summer sunshine. While it must not be supposed that her voice has never been cultivated, yet it shows a natural beauty and sympathetic quality far removed from the artificial characteristics which often distinguish highly cultured musicians. In all her efforts she is quite as natural as a child, and this may be said to be one of her chief charms. Like all other great singers, she showed the bent of her genius in early life, and even in her childhood gave promise and prophecy of the high distinction she has gained. Having sung much in church choirs and choruses, she took minor solo parts in opera, and immediately attracted attention.

She was not long in moving on from the minor parts to those of more importance, acquitting herself at each step with remarkable ability. During the summer season of 1889 the opera entitled "Clover" had a great run in New York city, and the success was mainly due to her appearance in the leading rôle. While lacking some of the powerful qualities of voice which distinguish other great singers, she compensated for this by the purity of tone and expression and the charm of her movements upon the stage. When she appeared in England in 1891 her advent was hailed as that of a new star in the musical firmament, and she was rewarded with a well-merited success. In person she is said to be very pleasing. Her eyes are large and expressive, her smile is contagious, her self-possession never fails her, and she is in every way richly endowed for the artistic work to which she has devoted her life.



MARION MANOLA

MADAME NELLIE MELBA.

Of all the talented and charming *prime donne* who delight the eyes and ears of the American public, Madame Melba is, without doubt, the leading favorite of to-day. This brilliant singer, who is gifted with a voice of wonderful sweetness and sympathy of tone, was born in Melbourne, Australia, from which town she takes the name of Melba. Her father was a well-known organist, whose greatest pleasure was to teach his little daughter music, and train her beautiful voice. She was a willing and apt pupil, and made such rapid strides in the art which she loved, that her father, anxious to give her advantages which it was impossible to obtain in Melbourne, sent her to Paris where she followed a strict course of study under Madame Marchesi, who has given us more good singers, perhaps, than any other teacher of the present day.

Madame Melba sang in concerts and opera in many of the large towns of Europe, but her first great success in a really great rôle, was at the Grand Opera House in Paris, where she appeared in Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* on November 4, 1889; her *Juliet* on that occasion being pronounced a complete and perfect success, and gaining for her many admirers. She has sung many great rôles since then, amongst others, *Lucia*, *Marguerite*, etc., etc., but it is as *Juliet* that she is always at her best; and it is with the ever popular opera of *Romeo and Juliet* that we always associate her name.

She is fond of America and of American audiences, and has appeared more often in this country than any other *prima donna*. In 1895 she made an extensive concert tour, visiting all the larger towns as far west as Kansas City, giving thirty-eight concerts in all, and being greeted with large audiences wherever she appeared.

Her re-appearance in New York at the termination of her tour in the opera of *Romeo and Juliet*, was the occasion of an almost royal reception. Every seat in the house was sold three weeks before the date announced for the representation. The enthusiastic welcome she received was such as might have made a queen feel envious.

At the close of the season, the ladies of New York showed their admiration and appreciation of their favorite artist by presenting her with a handsome diamond ornament of great value.

Personally, Madame Melba is very attractive, and possesses in an unusual degree that indefinite something of which we speak as "magnetism," and which, to the artist, is almost as necessary as talent and good looks.



MADAME MELBA.

MADemoiselle Emma Calvé.

Mlle. Emma Calvé, the prima donna whose first appearance in New York caused such a sensation, when her *Carmen* was the event of the season, was born in Madrid in 1864. She was taken when quite a child to France, where she studied under Madame Marchesi and Puget, with what splendid results is well known. Her powers, both as actress and singer, have been acknowledged everywhere, and she is one of the greatest favorites on the operatic stage at the present day.

She made her debut at Nice in a performance for a charity benefit. In 1882 she made her first appearance as Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*, at Brussels, and was unanimously declared a brilliant success. Since that time her career has been a series of triumphs. She has appeared in all the principal opera houses of both continents, and is one of the leading stars at the regular opera season at Covent Garden, London. Her last performances at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, where she was heard in *Carmen*, *Le Cid*, *La Navarraise* (composed by Massenet expressly for her), *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and *Mephistopheles*, are still so fresh in the minds of theatre goers, that it would be superfluous to speak of them here; suffice it to say that the American season of 1895-96 was, for Mlle. Calvé, one continuous triumph, during which she won new laurels in every rôle; while her *Carmen*, the opera in which she first gained the admiration of an American audience, never failed to pack the house. Her voice is particularly clear and flexible, and she warbles her silvery notes as easily and naturally as a bird trills its morning song.

Mlle. Calvé is an ardent and indefatigable worker; her favorite occupation, as a diversion and rest, is the study of Astronomy, into which she plunges quite deeply; the science of Palmistry has also a great fascination for her, and she is a firm believer in the mysteries of the great Desbarolles, whose works she has studied thoroughly, reading her friends' destinies in their hands in a manner that astonishes them.

She has been the happy recipient of many favors and valuable presents from Royal personages, amongst the most treasured of these gifts being a brooch given to the charming artist by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The brooch represents a jewelled figure of Fame, with the name "Victoria" in sapphires half encircling it.



EMMA CALVE

PAULINE HALL.

THIS lady, remarkable alike for her charms of voice and of person, was born at Cincinnati. She is of German ancestry, and her real name is Pauline Schmittgall, the name of "Pauline Hall" having been adopted when she went on the stage. She made her first appearance at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, as an "extra girl." From this time her career in her chosen profession has advanced step by step, and has been brilliant throughout.

Leading operatic parts were assigned her from time to time, and she became famous as "Mazeppa." Having joined the Alice Oates Comic Opera Company, she soon gained a signal success. Her next engagement was with the Haverley Opera Company, which was then engaged in playing "Patience." Soon afterward she made her appearance at the Bijou Opera House in New York, playing there with great success the part of "Venus" in the burlesque of "Orpheus and Eurydice." While she was playing in the "Adamless Eden" the manager of the New York Casino, Mr. Aronson, heard of her rising fame, and engaged her for the leading parts in comic operas at his theatre. All her previous successes were outdone by those which followed, and she became a universal favorite in the metropolis.

Particularly did she become distinguished in the title rôle of "Erminie," which, marking almost a new era in the annals of the stage, ran for several years, and proved to be one of the most popular operas ever known in this country. Miss Hall was eminently fitted for this part, both by her beauty of face and form, and her rich soprano voice. Added to these accomplishments was a certain magnetism, which easily won the hearts of her audience. Not being satisfied with past achievements, and having developed into a business woman of exceptional capacity, she organized an opera company of her own, becoming herself the star, and played in all the leading cities of the country.



PAULINE HALL

LILIAN RUSSELL.

THIS lady, whose personal beauty and remarkable ability as a singer are well known, has displayed in her career that energy and enthusiasm, that devotion to art and its high ideals, which are always crowned with success. Her mother, Mrs. Leonard, was a gifted woman and favorably known as a writer and speaker upon many of those subjects to which the women of the day give special attention. In very early life Lilian showed the bent of her genius, and was a favorite singer in her own neighborhood long before she became known to the public.

Her first engagement was with the chorus of a light opera company that travelled from place to place with varying success. After visiting the West she returned to New York and made an engagement with Rice's Burlesque Opera Company. Soon afterwards her marriage with Harry Braham, the leader of the orchestra, was announced, yet it was not her intention to leave the stage or give up her chosen profession. At this time the entertainments in which she took part were not of a high order or conspicuous for their refinement. Next we hear of her as a variety singer at Tony Pastor's theatre in New York. Her very attractive face and figure gave her great popularity, while added to these were the charms of a rich and powerful voice, a very pleasing presence on the stage, and a magnetism as an actress which is essential to any great success in opera singing.

She awakened a great craze, particularly among the male portion of her audiences, by whom she was greatly admired. She next appeared in Gilbert & Sullivan's opera of "Patience." Having been divorced, she re-married Frederick Solomon, a conductor and composer of some reputation, and with him visited England, scoring a decided success. She next sang at the New York Casino, returned to England in 1890, and afterward sang in New York at the Garden Theatre. She then formed an opera company of her own, taking the leading parts, and has achieved a brilliant success in all our American cities.



WILLIAM RUSSELL.

DELLA FOX.

WHEN this gifted lady took the first position in the Comic Opera Company of Mr. De Wolf Hopper, it was simply a recognition of her very attractive qualities of person and of voice. Yet from this proud pre-eminence she could look back only a few years to the time when, although not yet out of the kindergarten, she took the part of the "Midshipmite" in a juvenile opera company at St. Louis, organized to present "Pinafore." The good mothers who took their children to see the little girl are said to have thought it was a great pity to keep the infant prima donna out of her bed after 8 o'clock.

It was predicted then that the little prodigy would some day gain universal fame, and this has proved to be the case. All through her early school-days she was longing for the stage, and very soon after her education was completed she became a professional. A travelling opera company brought her into notice at Harrisburg, Pa. She had been engaged by telegraph for the occasion, and her youthful appearance greatly surprised both the manager and the general public. She knew nothing of the words or music of the opera in which she was to take part. She at once showed remarkable powers of memory, requiring only eight days in which to master the little rôles of six different operas.

During her second season a well-known musician at Lancaster, Pa., was attracted by the extraordinary promise she gave, and advised her to stop her public career at once and study under the best teachers. She took this advice and returned to her home in St. Louis. Returning to the stage the next year, she joined an opera company at Buffalo, N. Y., and proved a remarkable attraction. She was now becoming widely known and received offers of engagements from many of the leading managers in other parts of the country. The Corried Opera Company, however, secured the prize, and afterward Geo. W. Lederer became her manager.



DELLA FOX



MARIE TEMPEST.
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SOFIA SCALCHI



CAMILLE D'ARVILLE

HOW TO SING.

WE desire to preface our selections for the lover of music with some brief remarks about how to sing, which will aid in acquiring some degree of perfection in the art. The singer must combine the arts of the musician, the public speaker, and, to a certain extent, the actor. Clearness of pronunciation and correctness of emphasis are included in the range of his study. Nor are these so easy of acquirement as many persons suppose. To a novice, the almost inevitable nervousness inseparable from the prominent position which a solo singer necessarily holds in the company, or before the audience to which he is singing, is very apt to render the enunciation less distinct and more rapid than is natural to him. His ear guides him less safely; and, in fact, every sense, influenced by the abnormal state of his nerves, is apt to play him more or less false. It is only by having carefully studied and mastered every detail of manner, posture, and speech, as well as of the music to be performed, that a singer can rise superior to the treachery of his nerves, in whatever form that treachery may show itself.

Nervousness.—A few words as to nervousness. You will often hear persons boast that they are not the least nervous in public; and, perhaps, will feel inclined to envy them. Get rid of any such notion at once. If by "nervous" is meant "fright-

ened," that is another thing altogether, and it is perfectly true that there are hundreds of persons who are not in the least afraid of appearing in public, nor affected by timidity when so appearing. But fear is only one form of nervousness. I firmly believe that it is impossible for a real artist ever to appear in public without being nervous. But the nerves act in many ways: the fervor of an eloquent speaker carried away by his subject; the "abandon" of a fine actor thoroughly entering into his part and identifying himself with it; the sustained energy of a declamatory singer; the faultless and unerring agility of a florid *soprano*, who astonishes her hearers by wonder on wonder of execution—all these things are due, in their subtle charm, to nervousness—*i. e.*, to delicate nervous organization in active play. These artists are not frightened, it is true, but excited, stimulated, roused from the normal state of eating, walking, and sleeping; something of the spiritual kindles the mere physical forces in them—some breath of inspiration sustains that living power which so influences the hearers. In some way or other every great artist is always nervous; were it not so, the essence of their power would vanish. Persons of cold and phlegmatic temperament lack the very life-breath of art; and, though they may train themselves into fair imitations of some great artists, they will generally be detected

with ease, by any hearer or true sensibility, as imitations, not the real thing. Therefore do not be ashamed to admit that you are nervous, if it be so. Nerves are a cruel master, but a splendid servant; instead of letting them overcome you, force them to do your bidding; and instead of "nervousness" meaning "fear," you will find that it means courage and power to do your best.

Pronunciation.—Study correctness of pronunciation and propriety of emphasis quite apart from singing. Remember that in speaking or singing in a large space and to a number of persons, every sound must have not only additional force, but additional volume. And that comes to mean that every vowel-sound in the words sung must be intensified, and every consonant be delivered with more accuracy than is necessary in ordinary speaking. If you were to pronounce the syllable "die" (for instance), in singing, *exactly* as you do in speaking, you would produce on the notes or note to which that word belonged a thinness of tone which would be very ugly, and probably would not "carry" far. And the same with any vowel-sound—even "Ah," or "Oh,"—which, though not producing a thin tone, would certainly produce a coarse one, if sung exactly as spoken in ordinary conversation.

Vowel-Sounds.—The reason of the need of this slight change is as follows. Every vowel-sound, like every musical sound (for vowel-sounds are nothing less than musical sounds), is composed of *two* sounds. Combined with the prominent and chief sound which first attracts the ear is a second, which, though not prominent, lends point and force to the other. Thus our English vowel-sound "A" is really *Eh-è*; "E" is *E-è*; "I" is *Ah-è*; "O" is *O-oo*, or even *Aww-oo*; "U" is *Eè-oo*. Of course I do not mean to say that those absurd-looking syl-

lables really express exactly the sounds which we produce in speaking the vowels, for no combination of letters can do that, or can bring within reach of the eye the subtleties of sound in human speech; but if you attempt to pronounce those syllables, you will find that you are really pronouncing the vowels from which I "translated" them.

Now, in conversation or rapid speaking, the subordinate sound of the vowel is scarcely noticeable, while the more prominent sound is heard for the short interval of time required. But in singing or public speaking, where the production of tone is more deliberate, the space to be filled with sound larger, or, in other words, the column of air to be set vibrating is greater and heavier, the *complex* sound of the vowel must not be ignored. It is impossible to lay down any set of rules by which the student may overcome this difficulty; but every one, by bearing in mind the absolute necessity of attention to this point, may easily accustom himself to the slight change of pronunciation (as it will at first appear) which is required to give vowel-sounds when sung, or spoken "*ore rotundo*," the same tone, to the hearer's ear, as they have in ordinary speaking. As a general rule this is done by keeping the throat more open, the larynx (or "Adam's apple") as low down as possible, and the root of the tongue flat, depressed, even hollowed like the bowl of a spoon. The truth of all this may easily be tested by singing any short passage deliberately and distinctly, with the exact pronunciation of ordinary speaking, and then repeating it with attention to the above hints. In the first instance the result will be meagre, hard to be heard at a moderate distance, and very likely extremely ludicrous to the hearer. In the second, you will find that the tone of the notes gains in roundness and fulness, while

the words are clearly heard in every part of the room with the exact effect belonging to them. I purposely refrain from attempting to write down the difference discernible in any words so sung, because, as I have already said, *letters* cannot accurately express distinctions so delicate, yet so all-important to the singer, speaker and hearer.

Consonants.—In pronouncing consonants, be careful to give each its due value, but without exaggeration. Be especially particular to sound the *last* letter of each word distinctly. But take care to avoid adding a slight sound (as of an *e* mute) after the final letter: for instance, do not say "When other-*e* lips," etc., or "bright-*e* days," and so on. Do not over-aspirate the letter "*H*;" "*N*," "*L*," "*M*," "*B*," "*P*," and "*V*," are all letters requiring care in firm pronunciation.

Avoid prefixing a slight sound of "*N*" to the first word of a song or passage in singing. It is a common trick with beginners to do this, and they frequently do it without being in the least conscious of it. It is produced by a kind of nervous feeling of the teeth with the tongue, as if to make sure that all is right for the start! I have heard an aspiring youth actually begin a well-known song thus: "*Newaft her Rangels Nthrough the sky*," etc.

English Words.—The English language is not the most suitable one under the sun for singing purposes; nevertheless, it is not nearly so intolerable and unfavorable an one as it is the fashion to make out. The grand old Scripture passages which Handel, Mendelssohn, and others have set to music testify to this. Yet musical care *is* needed when singing English words, and especially in pronouncing the "sibilants," as *S*, etc. These "sibilants" must never be enunciated rapidly, or their ill effects will soon be found in a series of *hissings*. Let it be your study, then, to avoid this ill

effect in singing English words, and to utter such sounds slowly and carefully, with the endeavor to produce a soft and agreeable effect; for it is, indeed, unpardonable to hear an English singer unable to render perfectly the words (if not the music) of his native country's songs and ballads.

Emphasis.—Having accustomed yourself to carefulness over each letter in your pronunciation, the next thing is to study correctness of emphasis, etc. All this is apart from the strictly musical portion of your studies, and, while you can work at this without music, you will certainly spoil the effect of your singing (however good your voice and voice production may be), unless you do so study your "words." I should recommend you to practise reading aloud for not less than a quarter of an hour at a time, say once a day. Read *standing*; place your book on a desk, on a level with your eyes, and speak out deliberately, and with full tone of voice, and as much variety of intonation as the matter read requires. Shakespeare is your best author for this study. You will feel at first as if you were doing a very absurd thing, but never mind that—do it, and do it as well and as carefully as you can.

Position of the Lips.—In speaking and reading aloud during your preliminary training for singing, be very careful that there be no change in the aperture of the mouth or position of the lips while uttering any one sound, however prolonged. If the lips move from their first position, however slightly, the tone immediately changes, and the pronunciation ceases to be pure and refined.

Study of Words.—The words of a song are as much worthy of the singer's study as the music; that is, if the song is worth singing at all. I do not mean to say that in themselves they must necessarily be of

equal merit, but that they require as much attention on the part of the singer to bring out their meaning. Study the text, therefore, apart from the music. Read the words aloud deliberately; master the sentiment of them, and note the prominent words and phrases, so as to be able to give them their due value when you have to combine them with the music. Avoid giving prominence to such words as "of," "for," "the," "and," "in," etc., etc., but yet let each be distinctly pronounced, and not slurred over in an indefinite murmur. Learn the words of your song by memory. Master the text, and consider the whole from an elocutionist's point of view before you attack the musical side of the matter. A singer when singing in public should not be troubled with his words and music too.

VOICES AND THEIR VARIOUS QUALITIES.

THE life of the singing voice is so comparatively short, that the study of singing is rendered more difficult than that of any other art. You may buy a violin or a pianoforte, ready-made and perfect, in your childhood, and nothing remains for you but to study the instrument diligently under a good master. But the vocal instrument cannot be said to exist at all, for purposes of singing study, before the age of eighteen or twenty in males, and (in our climate) sixteen in females. Even at those ages the organ is necessarily immature and undeveloped. Consequently the study of the art has to be carried on during the progress of the instrument to maturity.

To counterbalance this disadvantage, however, we must bear in mind that that very study materially helps to perfect the instrument. Singing is by no means all "style," and the study of it includes the

formation of the voice and production of a good tone, and it is, of course, easier to manipulate an unfinished article than a finished one—to educate youth and suppleness than to bring maturity and stiffness into subjection to new conditions.

Therefore begin your study in the youth of your voice; but recollecting that its life is the most short-lived of your faculties, let your study be most earnest and pains taking. Especially if singing is to be your profession, act upon the wise advice of Dr Burney, and "Never go to bed till you have learned something which you did not know the previous night."

Voices.—"What is your voice?" is a very common question, sometimes expressed in the rather less polite but more intelligent form, "What do you call your voice?" The answer almost invariably is either "Soprano," "Contralto," "Tenor," "Bass," or "Barytone." Here is a warning for you at starting. Do not limit your notions of what voices are to those four or five generic names. Because choral music is generally written in four parts, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, the non-musical public, and a great many musical people (some composers included) seem to think that those names are an inclusive description of every human voice.

This would be of very little consequence if it were only a question of names; but it is of no use to say "What is in a name?" if the result of a wrong name is to lead to mischief. The misfortune of wrongly naming your voice is that it will lead you to practise wrongly, and to choose the wrong style of music for study and performance. For instance, a young lady may call herself a *soprano* because she can "*sing up to C*," and may therefore fancy that the whole repertoire of a Tietjens or a Clara Novello is within her reach; and acting on this notion, she may fatally dam-

age a naturally bright and pleasing voice by giving it work to do which belongs of right to a voice of totally different calibre, the *mezzo-soprano*.

Naming the Voice.—Remember always that the character of a voice is determined not by compass or range of notes, but by quality, or body and *timbre*, of tone. Two ladies may have voices ranging from A to A—two octaves—and yet one might be a pure light soprano, and the other a genuine contralto; while in length of compass a *mezzo-soprano* may even beat them both. And so with male voices (the variety in which is even greater than in female), you may have a voice of pure tenor quality, and yet of such limited compass that your energetic barytone friend next door may make your life miserable with jealousy of the ease with which he bellows high Gs, G sharps, and even on great occasions an A or so.

But compass has nothing whatever to do with the name of the voice: it may limit the quantity of music which can be performed, but it should have no influence on the choice of the style of music to be studied. This is a point of the greatest importance, therefore I repeat it briefly once more—*Your voice must be described and used with reference to its quality, or volume and timbre, and not with reference to the number of notes which you can sing.*

Male and Female Voices.—The actual varieties in tone and quality in different voices cannot, of course, be expressed on paper; but a careful use of your ears in listening to good public singers will soon teach you to discriminate. Female voices are of at least four kinds: soprano, *mezzo-soprano*, *mezzo-contralto*, and *contralto*. Male are of five or six, or even more. Alto; *tenore-leggiero* or light tenor; *tenore-robusto* or strong heavy-voiced ten-

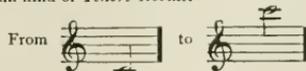
or; barytone—*basso-cantante* (erroneously identified with the barytone by some persons); *basso-profondo* or bass.

Besides all these divisions or species, voices must be again classed according to their power. Any one who has ever heard an opera singer in a moderate-sized private drawing-room, will readily appreciate the difference between a *voce di camera*, or "chamber voice," and a *voce di teatro*.

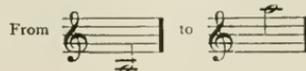
Compass.—The respective compasses of the several voices may be roughly set down as follows, but it should be borne in mind that it is by no means a matter of course that a singer of any particular voice should possess or cultivate the whole range of notes supposed to belong to that voice. He or she may be none the less a tenor or a soprano because the one cannot produce an "*Ut de poitrine*," or the other "*F in Alt*." There is a special individuality in every voice, as in every face, and therefore every voice must be treated, by a good teacher, on its own merits, as a thing in some respects unique.

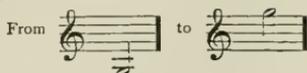
Perhaps it will be best, therefore, instead of saying that the compass of any given kind of voice is from — to —, to say that music for such and such a voice is generally written between such and such limits. The range allotted by composers to the various voices is about two octaves to each—for solo work, of course—and is as follows, it being understood that the male voices are an octave lower in pitch than the female:—

Soprano, and *Tenore-Leggiero*, and in operatic music a certain kind of *Tenore-Robusto*—

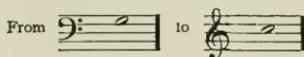


Mezzo-Soprano and *Tenore-Robusto*—



Mezzo Contralto and Barytone—*Contralto and Bass—*

The basso-cantante is a low barytone, or high bass with a lighter quality of tone than the basso-profondo. The alto voice, or counter-tenor as it used to be called, is not a natural voice at all, but is artificially produced by training the *falsetto* to the exclusion of the other parts of the voice. It is totally distinct from the contralto voice of a female, in quality, average compass, and the style of music best suited to it. It is of more use in part-singing and cathedral music than for solo work, although in some oratorios solo parts have been allotted to it. It is rarely pleasing when heard alone, for very few alto singers are able to avoid the appearance of singing with effort; and the whole performance, except in some instances, appears unnatural and forced. The alto voice ranges generally



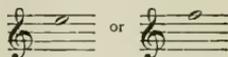
but its best notes are confined to the octave of B flat.

Soprano.—The soprano is generally clear, bright, and penetrating in tone; capable, if rightly produced, of "carrying" far without any appearance of force or effort. Its lower register is often weak and ineffective, and the forcing of those notes by a bad singer often damages the voice, and spoils the evenness of tone, which is of far more importance than power and noise in singing. Low notes, even if naturally weak, may be trained to take their

proper share of the work of the voice, an every year will add to their natural power. Most soprano voices have a "break" or



and another, and more difficult one to deal with, on



The lower notes are the (so-called) "chest" register; the middle ones, between the breaks, the "falsetto," and the upper ones the "head" notes. I shall speak of these often-used and frequently-misapplied words presently; I merely mention them now for the sake of pointing out to soprani, what many young lady amateurs utterly ignore, that they have these "breaks," and possess "chest," "falsetto," and "head" notes, as well as male singers.

Soprano voices are frequently capable of great flexibility, and passages are easy to them which tax the powers even of a light mezzo-soprano severely. The high notes, especially, are in many cases easily produced in a staccato manner, like notes of a piccolo flute, and an effect is thus made, which, though pretty and pleasing if judiciously employed, becomes a great snare to many singers, who, for the sake of astonishing their audience, work the upper part of their voices unfairly, and, neglecting steady use and practice of the lower registers, will very soon find that they have weakened the power and thinned the tone of the whole voice.

But there are many voices of pure soprano tone which lack this flexibility: let the fair owners console themselves with the recollection that good *sostenuto* singing is quite as pleasing, in the long run, as displays of vocal gymnastics. You may not be

able to attempt the "*Dinorah*" Shadow Song, or the "Rejoice Greatly" in the "*Messiah*," but you will find that you have plenty of good work left for you in such music as "Dove Sono," "Deh vieni, non tardar" ("*Figaro*") or "Jerusalem" ("*St. Paul*").

Moreover, you may possibly have what is a much rarer gift (in a pure soprano) than flexibility—you may have a tone of voice capable of executing declamatory music with fine effect. Music of this kind is generally appropriated by some mezzo-soprano of high compass, and more properly belongs to voices of that class; nevertheless, the effect of sustained declamatory music, well executed by a real soprano, is unrivalled in its way.

Mezzo-Soprano.—The mezzo-soprano voice is perhaps the commonest of all female voices, and yet one of the rarest met with in perfection. It is fuller and rounder in quality than the soprano—less flexible, and more adapted to a *sostenuto* or declamatory style. Mezzo-soprano voices vary so much that it is difficult to name any note on which the "break" will be found. Sometimes it is on the same notes as a soprano—sometimes on the same as a contralto—on the average, perhaps, nearer the former. Wherever it may be, however, a judicious teacher will soon point it out, and put the student into the way of rightly treating it. Teaching, and good teaching, is especially necessary for voices of this class, or their fortunate possessors are generally ignorant of the value of the treasure which they possess in a good mezzo-soprano; and if it be of light quality, they fancy themselves sopranos, and force the upper register of the voice in trying to "stretch their compass;" or if their low notes develop first, they think that "with practice" they are to be contralti; and by over-exercise and fondness for dis-

playing those deep notes, they run the risk of widening the break and rendering the quality of the whole voice hopelessly uneven.

What lies within the sphere of a good mezzo-soprano has been shown in late years by a Grisi and a Tietjens, the latter of whom will live in the recollection of all who ever heard her as the perfect model for every mezzo-soprano in the production of the pure tone and even quality.

Mezzo-Contralto.—The name mezzo-contralto speaks for itself. It is by no means an uncommon voice, and if used with discrimination is an effective and useful one. Both in compass and quality it lies between the contralto and the mezzo-soprano. Heavier in tone, less resonant, and less flexible than the mezzo-soprano, it is yet lighter than the contralto. Pure contralto voices are so rare that many mezzo-contralto singers appear as exponents of contralto music, and by paying chief attention to the lower register of their voices they become fair imitations, and more than passable substitutes, for the real article. The possessor of this voice must be guided by the advice of a good teacher as to the direction in which her voice should be trained. Sometimes the natural quality of the voice renders it advisable to attempt rivalry with the mezzo-soprano, rather than with the contralto; sometimes the reverse. It is a question for decision by a competent adviser in each individual case, and therefore I shall not attempt to lay down any decided rule, except my oft-repeated one, "GO TO A MASTER, AND A FIRST-RATE ONE"—a point on which I shall have more to say further on. How impossible it is to lay down rules for a mezzo-contralto is shown by the fact that an eminent living "mezzo-contralto" is gladly accepted on our opera stage as a leading contralto, and yet succeeds admirably in such a part as Rossini wrote

for a mezzo-soprano of the most florid kind—*Rosina* in "*Il Barbieri*."

Contralto.—The quality of a true contralto voice is so peculiar that it is impossible to mistake it for any other voice, although other voices may be mistaken for it. Of course there are exceptional cases in which the contralto and mezzo-contralto are combined in one voice: the lower range being of full and pure contralto quality, while instead of the somewhat limited upper notes of the contralto a rich mezzo-contralto range of notes may develop themselves; and in such a case careful training will be able to soften these two into each other, so that a complete voice of peculiar charm and great usefulness will result. But such cases, if not rare, are certainly the exception and not the rule, the deep and powerfully resonant tone of the true contralto being comparatively seldom met with. There is generally an awkward break between the low B and the D above it in this voice, and E♭ or E are the highest notes within reach of the average contralto. Voices of this class are better adapted for a species of ballads, for solemn declamation, or music of a calm and flowing character, than for elaborate execution or lively melodies. But here again exceptions must be made in favor of those who have the physical means, as well as the artistic skill, to study such music as that of the *Page* in "*Les Huguenots*," *Arsace* in "*Semiramide*," or "*La Cenerentola*." For an average English contralto, however, the best line of study is in good songs and ballads, and chief of all, oratorio music.

Alto.—The alto, or counter-tenor voice, is said by a well-known English alto singer to be "simply a development of the *falsestto*—generally the *falsestto* of an inferior bass voice." It is said to be almost peculiar to English singers, and to that fact is ascribed its extensive and effective use in

the fine works of the English Cathedral School of composers. Of course, in a voice which is so artificial, there must be expected a worse "break" than usual—the break in this case being the point below which the *falsestto* cannot be extended, and where the natural "chest" quality of tone has to be used. This break generally lies near the same place as the contralto break—if anything, rather higher—say between C and E in the middle of the voice. The effective notes of an alto usually lie in the octave of B or B♭, and the repertoire of music for which this voice is suited is comparatively limited. That repertoire, however, includes the greater number of oratorios, a good deal of fine old Italian music, and a few old English songs; while a singer of cleverness and cultivation will find many ballads which he may make his own by the help of transposition and style of delivery.

Great pains must be taken by the possessor of an alto voice in the formation and production of a good tone. The voice must be made to sound as *natural* as possible; and, if necessary, power must unhesitatingly be sacrificed to sweetness. There is great danger of producing a harsh, reedy, or nasal tone, which, to the hearer, is simply distressing or offensive.

Above all, let him be content to develop his own means, and to keep to music suited to or written for his voice. A good alto will make no effect, and will do his voice and style harm, if he "poaches on the preserves" of other voices—tenors, for instance, or basses—(singing the songs of the latter an octave higher). I once heard an alto—a fair singer so long as he stuck to his own work—make an absurd exhibition of himself by attempting the great song "Love Sounds the Alarm," in "*Acis and Galatea*," at a public concert.

Let him also beware of the snare of contralto music. The alto in a man is to

tally distinct from the contralto in a woman. The tone is utterly different—the best notes of the one are certainly not the best notes of the other; and although in certain cases a contralto may sing with good effect music written for a male alto (e. g. in some oratorios), yet the converse is scarcely ever true. The low notes, which are so fine in a contralto, and so unlike any other tone except perhaps a few notes of some tenors, are utterly wanting in charm, and generally in power, in a male alto; while the sweet and ringing middle notes of the latter are far more effective in alto music than the (frequently) weak and uncertain middle notes of a contralto. Choose your music as you name your voice, by the quality of tone you can produce, and not by the range of notes.

Tenore-Leggiero.—The *tenore-leggiero*, or "light tenor," is the male voice corresponding to the female soprano; it is perhaps the most delicate and difficult to manage of all human voices. In the present day, when fashion is all in favor of noise, it is difficult for any but the strong-minded to stand firm against the tendency to shout and bawl, which appears to be the highest aim of many singers, and the highest admiration of most audiences. Now for a light tenor to attempt this style of singing is simply suggestive of the old fable of the frog who tried to make himself as big as the bull, and burst in the attempt. There is a modern school of singing, which, though it may be suitable enough for heavy voices such as basses and robust tenors, is fatal to light and delicate voices. The style of singing, and of music to be sung, by this voice, is quite different from that appropriate to strong and full organs; and, if you are the possessor of a light tenor, you must at once rid yourself of the common amateur fancy (a fancy, too, by no means confined to amateurs) that you must

imitate a certain ever-popular living tenor, whose name has passed almost into a proverb as typical of the perfection of English singing. You *cannot* be a "Reeves" or a "Braham," therefore it is only waste of time and strength for you to try. But there is a great deal of music which neither a "Reeves" nor a "Braham" could sing, which is well within your reach; and more than that, there is a great deal of excellent music which, though you cannot sing it *like* them, you may render very effective in a totally different style. Very often a *pianissimo* is quite as expressive as a *fortissimo*, and grace and sweetness are frequently an excellent substitute for power and force. You must be content to recognize that the latter are out of your reach, and that the effects which you can produce are to be attained by other means.

However, while assuring you that power and force are not given to you, I do not mean to say that voices of your class need be at all inaudible in a space however large. The tone of a light tenor is generally clear, resonant, and penetrating; sometimes there is a metallic ring about it which is extremely pretty, if not forced.

A light tenor must be careful not to force up the lower register of his voice beyond its natural and easy limit. The charm of the voice is in the perfect blending together of the lower, middle, and upper registers, and to do this the upper notes of each register should be equally at command, as the upper notes of that register or the lower notes of the one above it. In order to attain this, the change from one register to another should generally be made considerably lower than the place where the real "break" in the voice comes. For instance, supposing the "break" to be on E[♯], the singer should be able to change his register as low as B or B[♭], and to take

all the notes between those two places, either in the upper or lower register, with equal effect.

In voices of this character there is often one note which requires to be *made*—i. e., which is so naturally defective in tone and quality that it can only be produced effectively by imitating as nearly as possible the quality of the register above or below it. This note is generally E, F, F \sharp , or (sometimes) G, between the middle and upper registers; and if you find that you unfortunately have such a refractory note, remember not to try and force the tone of it from the next note above or below; e. g., if your bad note is F, do not try to improve it by singing E well and then passing on to F; but try and form the note from the fifth above or below (whichever it happens to resemble most in tone). Rounden the refractory note—give it a full tone in practising, and produce it well from the chest, letting the sound reverberate from the centre of the roof of the mouth—neither too far back towards the throat, nor too much on the teeth. Your teacher, if he knows his business, will soon put you into the way of this. Voices vary so much that these very general remarks must suffice here; but each voice, if it has its peculiar difficulties, has also, doubtless, its peculiar charm; and for light tenors, rich in both charms and difficulties, the rule is all-important: Do not try to imitate anybody else, but let your aim be to do the best that can be done with such natural gifts as you may have, aided by the best training that you can procure for them.

Tenore-Robusto.—The robust or strong tenor is the male voice corresponding to the mezzo-soprano of a female. It is not an uncommon voice, but is rarely met with anything like perfection. A robust tenor voice of large compass and round full tone is a treasure of the utmost value.

The fact is, that too frequently the possessor of a good voice of this kind, instead of taking care of it and training it for the future, begins using it too soon, strains and forces it into coarseness, and spoils it for ever. People do not realize that a voice may be strong in quality and powerful in tone, and yet in itself be an excessively delicate thing to keep in order.

Moreover, voices of this kind in their youth frequently resemble barytones, and their owners, fired with ambition to rival some popular barytone singer, mistake their vocation, and shout and bellow on the very part of the voice—the upper “chest” register—which requires the tenderest nursing to fit it for future difficulties. Consequently, when the voice develops with age, and the singer finds that barytone work is too heavy for the lower part of the voice, and that he can without much difficulty extend his compass beyond the barytone limits, he discovers that what he has been using as the top of his voice is nearer the middle of it, and that the mode of using those notes which he has practised is excessively difficult, if not impossible, with those which now lie above them. The result is either the creation of a very awkward “break,” which even time and practice can never entirely remove, or else (and this is a commoner case) the same process of forcing which has been employed hitherto is applied to the upper notes, as far as strength can take it! This is the reason why so many tenor singers are utterly unable to produce the real tenor “tone,” and sound like barytones forced up to a higher compass. There is no sweetness in the upper notes so produced—nothing but force and noise; while the hapless perpetrator of the howls which represent high notes turns scarlet in the face, and quivers all over with his exertions. I therefore give to tenor

of this class exactly the same warning that I gave to soprani: Do not ignore the fact that you have three, or at all events two, distinct registers of the voice, the (so-called) "chest," "throat," and "head." Do not suppose, when you hear a great singer produce on a high note exactly the same quality of tone as he produced on a low one, that he did it exactly the same way, or "got it from the same place," as some people say. The perfection of his training and the diligence of his practice have enabled him to assimilate the quality of one register to that of another so completely as to deceive your ear. The proof that this is true may be found in inspecting a great deal of music written for and sung by the most famous operatic tenors of the past—the singers of that pure Italian school of which so few disciples now remain.

There are notes and passages in that music which no "chest" register could by any physical possibility execute, but some of which have been sung within the recollection even of the "rising generation" with all the effect intended, and with the very tone that critical slang calls "chest notes" (simply because it so closely resembles the tone of chest notes that few, if any, can detect that they are differently produced from the low notes).

I have entered into this at some length because it is a point which is more and more ignored by the singers and teachers of this generation. I might almost say that a school of singing exists the whole aim of which is to abolish the natural upper part of the voice, in order to stretch and force the one lower register up beyond its natural compass. I do not deny that in certain cases a voice results from this treatment which is powerful, effective, and capable of executing a good deal of music with much success and satisfaction to the

performer; but for one case where this treatment so far succeeds, it fails in twenty to produce a voice both pleasing and useful; it is, moreover, in singers trained on this method that we most commonly hear the odious (and involuntary) trembling of the upper notes commonly called the *vibrato*.

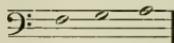
Therefore, to sum up those who find, when their voices begin to form, that the natural quality of their voice is lighter than that of a bass, had better make up their minds at once to give the voice fair play, and let it alone for a time; then consult a good master, or one really experienced in hearing singers, as to what the future of the voice is to be. It is by no means easy always to decide at that early period whether the permanent quality of the voice will be tenor or barytone, and therefore it is folly to try and settle the question for yourself by singing, in untaught style, music which may prove to have been all along unsuited to you. Your patience in waiting till the voice really declares itself will amply repay you afterwards by the absence of the difficulties which too early a use of the voice would have created for you to overcome.

Barytone and Basso-Cantante.—The barytone voice is thus described in Stainer and Barrett's Dictionary of Musical Terms: "A voice of fuller quality than a tenor, and lighter than a bass, having a compass partly included in both. . . . This voice has only been distinguished by name as being of a separate character within the present century. Early writers indicate its existence by the use of its special clef. The term barytone is unmeaning unless it be looked upon as a corruption of a barytenor; but it is quite possible it was borrowed from the instrument barytone or bardone, which occupied a place between the tenor and bass viols."

The derivation of the name from "bary-tenor" is slightly absurd, considering that half that extraordinary word is Greek and the other half Latin; whereas the name barytone is a Greek word, used by Aristotle, and meaning "deep-sounding."

The distinctive character which this voice has assumed within the present century is due, I believe, to the great change in the pitch of musical instruments which has taken place. In the last century the pitch was so much lower than that at present in use, that a "high barytone" was much the same as a "robust tenor." Consequently, music was not written exclusively for the barytone voice, its existence as a separate class of voice not being sufficiently recognized. Gradually, as the pitch was raised, the barytone separated itself clearly from other voices, and has now a repertoire of music and a style of singing of its own; and instead of appropriating tenor music, it, if anything, has stolen away some of the property of the bass; for the raising of the pitch which placed tenor music beyond the reach of a barytone has also rendered a good deal of music originally written for a bass far more suitable for a barytone, or at all events for a basso-cantante. I am well aware that by many musicians the basso-cantante is identified with the barytone. The distinction is so slight that it is not worth while to quarrel over names; but that the two voices are distinct I am persuaded. The basso-cantante is of fuller and rounder quality than the barytone proper; less flexible, less metallic in tone, and generally rather lower in compass. But the method of using both voices is the same, and for all purposes of amateur singers no distinction need be insisted upon. Professionals, however, who have to deal with heavy work on a large scale, will soon find that there is a good range of music more suited to the rich

voice of greater volume and less flexibility (which I distinguished as the basso-cantante) than to the bright, flexible voice which has something of the tone of a full "tenore-robusto," and which is the barytone proper. Neither of these voices is much troubled with a "break," although there is a perceptible difference between the natural quality of the lower and upper octaves of the voice when quite uncultivated. This difference, however, which



makes itself felt in the region of these notes, is got rid of in practice without any of the same difficulty which is encountered by tenors or contralti in managing the decided breaks in their voices. The possessors of barytone voices may therefore be looked upon as having comparatively "easy times of it." There is a large repertoire of music at their disposal, including much of the most popular ballad music of this century and the last; the voice is generally a favorite with an audience; the style of barytone singing is undisputed, and the singer will not find himself violently criticised by the partisans of a rival school of singing to that in which he himself has been trained, which is inevitably the fate of tenors!

Only let him avoid the temptation to shout, and to sing up to the very top of his compass at full pitch. Unfortunately, an audience does like a noise, and appreciates plenty more than beauty of tone. It is tolerably easy for a barytone to be a showy singer, and therein lies the greatest danger to his chance of ever being a really good one. He must be content to go through his training quite as self-denyingly and perseveringly as any one else who is gifted with fewer natural advantages.

Bass.—Of the bass voice less need be

said here, not because it is a less important voice than any of the others, but because it is more generally known and better understood. A perfectly pure bass voice is, however, a rare thing. This voice has no upper register, properly speaking; the whole voice consisting of "chest" notes, and not admitting of even the process of developing upper notes of extraordinary quality, which is part of the training of a barytone or a basso-cantante. Power and richness are the chief qualities of charm in a bass, while flexibility and true intonation are the qualities most rarely found in that voice. The young singer who finds that he certainly is not meant by nature for a tenor, and also that with all his efforts the upper notes of a barytone are quite out of his reach, need not be discouraged by any lightness or thinness of quality in his voice from the hope that he may develop into a good bass. The full and rich quality of this voice is later in showing itself than is the case with any other voice, and the young singer must be content to study for some time with the compass of a bass and the quality of a kind of barytone, till Nature puts him in full possession of his powers. Only he must study bass music, and not try, because his voice is of barytone quality, to sing barytone music. Let him, on the contrary, avoid trying to extend the compass of his voice in the upper notes, and give his best attention to the lower ones. The upper ones will be well within his command in time, and if he will be content to let them alone at first, he may become a truly "celebrated bass;" but, if he persists in shouting at them now, he will never have anything but coarse upper notes, only fit to be heard in "comic" songs at the Music Halls.

Buffo.—The last remark reminds me that I have said nothing about a class of bass singers very useful in certain Italian

and French operas—the *buffo*, or comic bass. The development of voice with these singers is of less consequence than the study of a peculiar style, a good deal of the point of their songs consisting in the entire elimination of anything like musical tone from many notes and passages. A clever and good buffo singer may very likely be able to sing other music well, but the style is so entirely dramatic and so utterly out of place anywhere except on the stage, that no amateur should ever attempt it, and no professional should appear in a *concert-room* as the exponent of such music. Therefore, for those who wish to sing, any remarks on the peculiarities of a buffo bass would be superfluous; those who wish to study that line as a profession, for stage work, must learn all that they need from a regular dramatic teacher; while those who wish to execute English "comic" songs may spare themselves any anxiety as to their voices: if they have any voice naturally, "comic" singing will soon destroy its charm, and that will not matter to them, for the last thing necessary to sing a "comic" song is the possession of a voice of any kind. Therefore, if you have a bass (or any other voice, indeed), avoid "comic" songs, and leave the "buffo" business to those who can do nothing better.

Qualities of Voice, Good and Bad.—

It may not be unwelcome to the student to have pointed out to him those qualities of voice which are to be aimed at or cultivated, and also those which are to be avoided or overcome.

The charms of a voice are found among the following qualities: clearness, sweetness, evenness, flexibility, power, extent of compass, variety, brilliancy, firmness, persuasiveness.

On the opposite side must be ranked roughness, huskiness, feebleness (or want of

power), shrillness (or want of depth), hardness and want of flexibility, dullness, or want of "ring," etc.

It is, of course, impossible for any one voice to unite in itself all these merits or all these defects; and you cannot give yourself merit which Nature has withheld; but you may marvellously improve what natural merits you have, and do wonders in overcoming any difficulties which Nature has placed in your way.

ON INSTRUCTION, SINGING-MASTERS, AND TUTORS.

THE voice, and how to use it, is a subject which has troubled many minds, and no doubt this will continue to be the case; but the difficult problem will not be solved by running to pettifogging teachers, who advertise to teach all that is known of singing, and a little more, in twelve easy lessons, without previous knowledge or practice at home, for the small fee of five dollars! Let it be stated once for all: singing cannot be taught in twelve easy lessons, and can scarcely be acquired in one hundred very severe lessons. Therefore distrust at once any one who holds out so tempting a bait to you; remember that there is no "royal road" to singing, any more than there is to the acquirement of any other art; and the person who tells you that he can teach you to do without trouble that which costs great artists the study of a lifetime, proclaims himself, *ipso facto*, to be a humbug.

Schools of Singing.—There are several so-called Schools of Singing. There is a French School, which for any language but French is bad, and which very seldom turns out a pleasing singer. There is a German School, which is worse, being simply the production of coarse noise. Some people say that there is an English School. I hope there may be some day,

but at present its existence is rather doubtful, unless those who talk of an English school of singing mean the Cathedral style—which for solo work is detestable—or the old school of Oratorio singing, with its Handelian traditions, which was not an English, but an Italian, and the best Italian, school.

In fact, there is but one school of singing in the world, and that is the Italian. Whatever language you wish to sing in, whatever style of music you wish to study principally, you must train your voice, produce it, and learn to use it in the Italian method, if you hope ever to deserve the name of a singer.

Masters.—If possible, study only under a master whom you know to have lived in Italy, and to have studied there for some years under some good master or in some good Conservatoire—Naples, Milan, and Florence generally supply the best. A good singer is not necessarily a good teacher, nor is it necessary for a first-class teacher to be able to sing at all. Nor need you necessarily look for your master among foreigners with fine sounding names. There are two or three good teachers of singing in this country who are foreigners; but there is also some native talent equally capable of teaching singing, as it is accepted in this country at the present time.

Bad Lessons.—Never take a bad singing lesson till you know how to sing. You may then do so (if you care to), and learn the "how not to do it" of singing. It is commonly supposed that the earliest singing lessons may be administered by any "dabbling" and the last touches given afterwards by a "finishing master." Never was there a greater error. Pay your high prices first, and your low prices afterwards. If you cannot afford to have good instruction in beginning to sing, you will be still less able to take it afterwards, for artistic rea-

sons. Remember that every bad singing lesson which you take hardens old faults and creates new ones, and, moreover, takes you farther and farther away from your original starting-point. So, when you begin under the right man and the right method, you have to *undo* all this that you have expended toil and money to acquire.

Bad Teachers.—It is astonishing how much money is wasted by people who want to sing, through not going at once to the fountain-head for the necessary training. Because a man is a musician many people conclude that he must necessarily be able to teach singing! Such an idea is scarcely less monstrous than that of a man being a good physician and consequently competent to amputate a limb, or to take out and reset an eye. Do not follow this "multitude to do evil." Be as careful in inquiring about your singing-master as you would be about your doctor. Everywhere there are "professors" whose knowledge of singing stops at professing—the class of people who (very likely) keep a music-shop, tune your piano, play polkas and waltzes for your evening parties, and have a brass plate on their doors to this effect:

<p>MR. HANDEL MOSCHELES IGNAZIO JONES, PROFESSOR OF THE PIANOFORTE, HARMONY, THE VIOLIN, ITALIAN, AND SINGING.</p>
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All honorable professions, no doubt; but to profess to combine them all is dishonorable, and insulting to the common sense of those who know anything of any one of the subjects professed. A singing-master, if he is worth anything, must be a man of one trade—singing. For the teaching of singing is a "specialty," and the man who can teach it *properly* is not likely to be a man of all (musical) work.

Books of Exercises, etc.—There are numerous "Singing Tutors" published, giving rules, exercises, *solfeggi*, etc. Many of these are excellent, and some nearly perfect. But all alike are useless or worse than useless to the tyro, without a master. You might as well suppose that a child could learn to be a carpenter by having some fine wood and a box of good tools.

I have before observed that voices vary as faces do; no two are exactly alike, each voice having its peculiar merit and its peculiar defect. Now, a good master will treat each voice on its own merit, and not place it at first on the Procrustean bed of a book of rules and exercises. He will probably write down his own exercises expressly for his pupil, and if not that, he will select certain exercises from the book, and forbid others to be attempted for a time. You must also let your master select such a book for you, so that you may have one in which the rules do not contradict those which he has already given you verbally, or else you will be perplexed with a multitude of counsellors.

It is not till a certain stage in singing has been reached, under the training of a master, that any book of exercises can be of service to you. When that stage is reached, you will find such a work of great use in a part of your labors.



ON THE PRACTICE OF SINGING.

REMEMBER that the voice is of all instruments the most difficult one to study, and to bring perfectly under control, especially for the first year or two. Do not attempt to cultivate it with the view to professional remuneration, unless you can set apart at least two hours daily for most careful study, and can also afford to wait at least eight or ten years for any *substantial* pecuniary reward for your labors.

LEGEND OF THE
BLUSH-ROSES



LITTLE LOVE

was running wild
In a garden of roses,
When some white ones he

espied;
Like snow green earth encloses

“But colour they need,” said he,
“For oh they are far too pale!”

And kneeling down beside them.

He told them a whispering tale.

Then all rosy did they blush—

So love’s story supposes—

The blush it still doth linger—

That’s why they’re called Blush-roses.

BEATRICE CRANE

Part I.

SONGS OF THE SEA.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

IT is a curious fact that all our popular so-called sea-songs—the ones in vogue on shore, telling of the joys and sorrows of “those who go down to the sea in ships”—have been written by landsmen, and sung by land-lubbers. So that in looking for representative songs of the sea we are perforce confined to vocal and poetical sentiments and descriptions emanating from those who often knew little or nothing of the stern realities of the seaman's life on shipboard. The result has often been ludicrous from the sailor's point of view, and hence there are two kinds of songs of the sea—one class full of poetry and sentiment, and, though redolent of the sea, untrue to the sailor's life thereon, and only sung on shore; the other class, genuine fore-castle songs, seldom sung by Jack ashore, and not often sung at sea when landsmen are around to listen.

“The songs in which seamen indulge,” says a recent writer, “are peculiar and are as different from those common among landsmen as sea-life is from existence on shore. The words and music of the majority of the sailors' sea-songs now in use were composed generations ago. No sailor versed in the sonnets of the sea can give the names of any of the by-gone composers to whom he is indebted for the songs in which he delights.

The words are, as a rule, mere doggerel, but there is a wild beauty about many of the airs which leads to the conviction that their composers were gifted with a rude sort of musical inspiration. Voyagers whose taste for music has been cultivated have been greatly impressed with the strange sweetness of these wild songs of the majestic sea.

“Jack is very proud of the songs which he has inherited from his predecessors, but his sea-songs have had very little chance to become popular on shore, owing to the fact that comparatively few landsmen have ever heard them. What have usually been regarded as sea-songs are, it is true, frequently sung on shore. But these ballads are as unlike the genuine sea-songs as the stage sailor is different from the real salt. Jack is never known to sing anything about ‘A Life on the Ocean Wave’ or ‘Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep’ or ‘Larboard Watch, Ahoy.’ He has only heard such expressions at the theatre when on shore. The genuine sea-songs do not abound with poetic sentiments. They consist largely of matter-of-fact remarks and rude legends, with an occasional rhyme thrown in to give a flavor to the words. Jack does not much resort to song in his leisure moments. He uses music as a means of stimulating him while at his tasks.”

In a breezy sketch entitled "Sea Songs," Mr. W. Clark Russell, a sailor, a novelist and the son of one of the most popular singers and musical composers of modern times, has clearly satirized the absurdities of the stereotyped nautical ditty. We quote freely from the article in question: "It must be owned," he says, "that even in England, and among the greatest maritime people of the day, many of the notions of Jack and his life ashore and at sea are in the highest degree extraordinary.

"Is it possible that the sailor is still supposed to have nothing to do at sea but to sit down with a pipe in his mouth and let the wind blow him along? Are there people yet living who imagine that on Saturday nights at sea, cans of grog are handed about, roaring nautical songs sung and wives and sweethearts toasted? Is it, even in this day of steamboats, believed that a sailor cannot express himself without loading his language with marine terms; that he cannot speak of 'walking,' but of 'steering;' that the right-hand side ashore is the 'starboard;' and that he cannot step backward without making 'sternway?' Where do these highly nautical fellows live when they are at home? I never have the luck to come across them.

"In some seaports you may still see here and there, over a public-house, the sign of the Jolly Tar; a figure in flowing breeches, tarpaulin hat on 'nine hairs,' a bottle of grog in one hand, and a great red rose, set in the midst of a shining face. Who was the original of that fellow? He is not a man-of-war's man, and most certainly he is not a merchantman. I take it that he is nothing more nor less than the embodiment of the landsman's notion of the sailor, obtained to a large extent from marine novels, but mainly from the English sea-songs. You might walk the whole of Great Britain over without meeting with the counterpart of

that effigy, unless it lay in some turnpike impostor who gets a living by swearing he has been shipwrecked. If the merchant seaman is to be typified, he must not be dressed in loose breeches and an open-breasted shirt. If his language is to be imitated, it must not altogether consist of 'hard-a-lee' and 'haul-the-bowline.' And if his life at sea is to be pictured, one must drop all reference to cans of grog, and have nothing whatever to say about Saturday nights and sweethearts and wives.

"But how can landsmen be ridiculed for their absurd ideas of the sailor when for years and years writers who profess to know all about him have persisted in reproducing the same stereotyped likeness—the same drunken, singing, good-humored, sprawling mountebank, shouting out for more grog, bawling inane verses about his Poll and his Sue, clamoring the purest 'slush' about the Union Jack, and talking inconceivable nonsense about top-gallants and handspikes? Of course the likeness is accepted by those who know no better, and songs are sung about Jack which no sailor can listen to without astonishment that ignorance so profound should be also so widespread. I remember a man, who was much applauded in his day as a singer of nautical ballads, saying to me, 'To-morrow I have to sing "Tom Tough" by desire. Can you tell me, sir, what attitude I ought to adopt when I come to—

"So, I seiz'd the capstan bar,
Like a true, honest tar,
And in spite of tears and sighs
Sung yo! heave ho?"

"Do I pull or do I push, sir?" What did it matter? Whether he pulled or pushed would have been all the same to the audience.

"The present generation of writers are not worse sinners in respect of accuracy than

the past ; but I am bound to say that their blunders are to the full as numerous. The production of a sea-song is by no means conditional on a man's having been to sea. The finest marine lyric in this or any other language, 'Ye mariners of England,' was written by a man who had no knowledge whatever of the sailor's calling. There is nothing false in that glorious poem, no absurd references to bowlines and top-sail sheets, and other words of which few landsmen have the least idea of the meaning.

"By all means let landsmen continue to write sea-songs ; but if they desire a larger audience than shore-goers for their compositions—if they wish to hear of their verses in the fore-castle, and learn that they are popular among sailors—let them rigorously avoid all technicalities, all the stupid old clap-trap about cans of grog and 'Yeo, heave-ho,' and 'So-ho!' and the like. For a song may be as salt as the sea itself, and yet be as free from the stereotyped nauticalisms as a page of 'Hamlet.' Indeed, the real sailor is not one-third as nautical as he is supposed to be ; and the numerous inanities dedicated to his rollicking enjoyments when at sea, his Sues and Nans ashore, are about as true to his real character as the public-house effigy of him, on one leg, in shoes, and round hat at the back of his head, is like the original."

As Mr. Russell remarks, it is the music which has rendered some of these so-called sea-songs imperishable. The words of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" were written by Mrs. Emma Hart Willard, an American educator and author, during her passage home from Europe in 1832. She was born in Berlin, Connecticut, 1787, and died in Troy, New York, April 15, 1870. The Duke de Choiseul was on board the vessel, and hearing her repeat the first two lines, urged her to finish the song. He com-

posed music for it, but his air has been supplanted by the more appropriate melody of Joseph Philip Knight, written in 1836, with which alone it is now associated. Mr. Knight was an Englishman, who composed many fine songs, especially those that relate to the sea. For a time he taught music in Mrs. Willard's school, and also in New York. He died a few years ago at Yarmouth, England, at the age of seventy-five. He was the author of "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and other well-known songs, and under his own name and that of "Philip Mortimer," he published over two hundred vocal compositions.

The words of the duet, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" suggested by the well-known scene in Dickens' "Dombey and Son," were written by Joseph Edwards Carpenter ; the music by Stephen Glover. Carpenter was born in London in 1813. He began his career as a song-writer in 1828, and before he was seventeen years of age, London was ringing with his comic ballads. In 1837 he went to reside in Leamington, where he became connected with the press. In 1851 he returned to London, and a year later appeared as a singer and lecturer. Later he was on the editorial staff of *Funny Folks*. Carpenter wrote more than three thousand songs, and his words have been set to music by nearly every prominent English composer of the last half century.

Stephen Glover was born in London in 1813 ; he composed music correctly at the age of nine, and his life was devoted to music. His songs were widely popular. He died on the seventh of December, 1870.

The foregoing are two of the best examples extant of the sentimental sea-songs. "The most popular sailor's songs" says the writer previously quoted, "are known as 'shanties.' Whether this is an original word or is a corruption of 'chants' it would be

difficult to say. Whenever sailors heave the anchor, or man the pumps, or undertake some difficult operation which requires the use of the capstan they are apt to indulge in 'shantying.' The singing stimulates them greatly, and they are enabled to throw an unusual amount of energy into their work and to enjoy themselves at the same time. The 'shantyer' or soloist chants one or two rude lines and is followed by his comrades in a brief chorus. In nearly all shanties there are two choruses, which are sung alternately. The following is a portion of one of the most popular of the shanties :

Shanadore is my native valley,

Chorus.—Hurrah, rolling river.

Shanadore, I love your daughters,

Cho.—Ah-ha, bound away 'cross the wild Missouri.

For seven long years I courted Sally,

Chorus.—Hurrah, rolling river.

Seven more I could not get her,

Cho.—Ah-ha, bound away 'cross the wild Missouri.

Seven long years I was a 'Frisco trader,

Chorus.—Hurrah, rolling river.

Seven more I was a Texas ranger,

Cho.—Ah-ha, bound away 'cross the wild Missouri.

"These unattractive lines were set by some dead-and-gone old salt, who must have been a genius in his way, to a wild air which is really beautiful. Commonplace as the words seem, there is something of romance and pathos in the music. No one who has heard 'Shanadore' will be apt to forget it."

When Thomas Moore made his passage down the St. Lawrence river, in 1804, he jotted down in penciling upon the fly-leaf of a volume he was reading both the words and the melody of his "Canadian Boat Song," which were suggested to him by the rude chants of the boatmen. The wind was so unfavorable that the passage occupied five days from Kingston to Montreal, and they were obliged to row all the way. The book was subsequently mislaid, and Moore did not find it for several years. Finally a young lady, into whose hands the volume

had fallen, met the poet, and by chance spoke of the song, and quoted the familiar lines :

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,

Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time."

Moore at once recognized the air of his own creation, made a copy of the lines, explained how they came to be written, and let the young lady retain the volume containing the original. The song was soon after published, and has always been a favorite with the lovers of plaintive verse and romantic imagery. The poplar trees near Westminster Park, beneath which Moore is supposed to have immortalized himself to Canada, mark the site of one of the most charming spots in the length and breadth of the eighteen hundred or more islets that are collectively known as the Thousand Islands.

There are only a very few songs of the sea sung by landsmen which are also favorites among sailors. "Tom Bowling" is one of Charles Dibdin's most characteristic productions. The original of the song was his eldest brother, Tom, many years his senior. He was a noble tar, and was for a long time captain of a vessel in the India service. He married in Calcutta after obtaining the first marriage license ever granted in India. His wife says in one of her letters : "I name him, and think him, my Tom of ten millions ; ten thousand is not giving him his full value." He died while his famous brother, Charles, was still very young ; but his memory will long live in "Tom Bowling." The song, of which the air also is Dibdin's, was introduced into the author's play called *The Oddities*.

A very agreeable collection of marine songs called "Music of the Waters," collected by a Miss Smith, contains this remark about Dibdin : "There has never been but one man's songs, written on shore, popular with the blue jackets ; but one man's

songs that seafaring men have declared redolent of pitch and tar and oakum, written with the true spirit of a sailor; but one man's songs that the ship's fiddlers scraped on Saturday nights at sea before the toast of 'Sweethearts and wives'—and that man was Dibdin. And Dibdin was a landlubber of the purest sort."

"The ideas of honest Dibdin, musician and poet, were of the salt sea, salty; of the ocean, oceanic; of Great Britain, truly English," says a writer in *The Nineteenth Century*. "England loves her sailors; she admires their free-heartedness, their outspoken honesty, their contempt of difficulty and danger, their rollickings, their roystering good humor, their superexuberant fun, their sublime courage, and so dearly loves them that the offense against good manners and propriety which she would severely condemn in any other she condones or excuses in the sailor. The soldier, though highly esteemed in his own way, is not the prime favorite of the people. 'Jack,' as he is affectionately called, is the national hero; and Nelson ranks above Wellington, not because he did more, or was a braver and better man, but because he was a sailor and had the failings as well as the virtues of his class.

"Charles Dibdin represented Jack in all his strength and all his weakness. Dibdin said of his songs, with pardonable pride, 'that they had been considered an object of national consequence; that they had been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms and in battles, and that they had been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline.' Charles Dibdin left a son, Thomas, who followed in his father's footsteps and wrote some excellent sea-songs—among others 'The Tight Little Island,' which still holds its place in the popular affection of England, and unimpaired by the caprices of literary fashion."

Andrew Cherry, author of the words of "The Bay of Biscay," another of the class of sea-songs we are now considering, was born in Limerick, Ireland, January 11, 1762. He received a respectable education there, and was intended for holy orders, but in consequence of family misfortunes was articulated to a printer. He became a comic actor, and afterward went to London, where he was manager of the theatre in which Edmund Kean made his first appearance. Cherry produced two dramatic pieces and a few fine songs. He died 1812.

The air was composed by John Davy, who was born 1765, near Exeter, England. When three years old he was almost thrown into fits from fright at hearing a violoncello. He was shown that the instrument was harmless, and playing upon it soon became his greatest delight. At the age of four he played quite correctly. Before he was six years old he used to frequent a blacksmith's shop in the neighborhood. The smith began to miss horseshoes, and finally, thirty were gone. He had tried in vain to find the thief, when one day he heard musical sounds proceeding from the top of the building. He followed the notes and lighted upon little Davy, sitting between the ceiling and the thatched roof, with a fine assortment of horseshoes strewn about him. Of these he had selected eight, and suspended them by cords so that they hung free, and with a little iron rod he was running up and down his clanging octave, after the fashion of the village chimes. The incident became known, and resulted in his obtaining thorough musical training.

After finishing a course of study with a famous organist of Exeter Cathedral, he went to London, and became performer in the orchestra at Covent Garden Theatre, giving lessons at the same time. He wrote the music to Holman's opera, "What a

Blunder!" and other successful pieces. In-
 cledon, the famous tenor singer, was wait-
 ing for a friend in a public-house in Wapp-
 ing, when he heard some sailors singing an
 air that struck his fancy. He hummed it
 to Davy who founded upon it the air of the
 "Bay of Biscay." Inledon used to sing
 the song with marvelous effect. Davy died
 in 1824.

Mr. Henry Phillips says: "One thing
 connected with the song, 'The Bay of Bis-
 cay,' always perplexed me; namely, why
 it was called 'The Bay of Biscay, O!' I
 inquired, but no one could explain the
 mystery to me. I looked into my geo-
 graphy book, and did not find it there.
 Some one, at length proposed a solution of
 the enigma, by saying that the marines—
 who were not good sailors—might have
 crossed those waters, and feeling very ill
 from the roughness of the passage, inquired
 their whereabouts by saying, 'Is this the
 Bay of Biscay?—Oh!!!' This appeared so
 very likely, that I adopted it as a fact." But
 the true explanation would seem to be
 that the syllable "Oh!" comes from the
 Spanish form of the word Vizcaya, being
 retained because the open vowel is of advan-
 tage to the singer.

John Gay, the contemporaneous friend
 of Pope and Swift, and the author of "The
 Beggar's Opera," is best remembered by a
 group of songs, the most famous of which is
 "Black-Eyed Susan, or all in the Downs." The
 ballad was set to the music of an old
 English air by Richard Leveridge.

The words of "The Minute Gun at Sea,"
 were written by R. S. Sharpe, an English
 song-writer, born in 1776, who died in 1822.
 The music was made by M. P. King, a fa-
 vorite English composer who began writing
 music early in this century. He wrote
 operas, oratorios, etc., and composed the
 music for Arnold's "Up All Night," in

which this song was embodied as a duet.
 His sons were both noted as teachers of
 music, and performers on the organ and
 pianoforte. They came to this country
 when young, lived in New York City for
 many years, and died there about twenty-
 five years ago.

The eldest was Charles King, who ar-
 ranged numerous songs, glees, etc. The
 younger brother, W. A. King, was for many
 years organist and conductor of music in
 Grace Church, and was deemed the finest
 organist in New York.

Epes Sargent, author of "A Life on the
 Ocean Wave," was born in Gloucester, Mas-
 sachusetts, September 27, 1812. He is well
 known as the author of much graceful
 prose and verse, and the editor of several
 fine collections. He was a journalist and
 long resided in Boston, where he died in
 December, 1880. He furnished the follow-
 ing history of the song:

"'A Life on the Ocean Wave' was writ-
 ten for Henry Russell, the father of W.
 Clark Russell, the nautical novelist. The
 subject of the song was suggested to me as
 I was walking one breezy, sun-bright morn-
 ing in spring, on the Battery, in New York,
 and looking out upon the ships and the
 small craft under full sail. Having com-
 pleted my song and my walk together, I
 went to the office of the *Mirror*, wrote out
 the words and showed them to my good
 friend, George P. Morris. After reading
 the piece, he said, "My dear boy, this is
 not a song; it will never do for music; but
 it is a very nice little lyric; so let me take
 it and publish it in the *Mirror*." I consented,
 and concluded that Morris was right."

Henry Russell was honored in his old
 age by the adoption of his song, "A Life
 on the Ocean Wave," as the particular
 march of the Royal Marines by authority
 of the British Admiralty.

A Life on the Ocean Wave.

Wes Sargent.

Henry Russell.

Allergo.

1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing deep, Where the scattered waters
 2. Oncemore on the deck I stand Of my own swift-gliding craft, Set sail! fare-well to the
 3. The land is no longer in view, The clouds have begun to frown, But with a stout vessel and

rave, And the winds their rev - els keep! Like an ea - gle caged, I pine On this
 land, The gale fol - lows far a - ha!t: We shoot thro' the sparkling foam, Like an
 crew, We'll say, let the storm come down! And the song of our heart shall be, While the

dull, unchanging shore; Oh, give me the flashing brine, The spray and the tempest roar! A
 o - cean bird set free; Like the o - cean bird, our home We'll find far out on the sea! A
 winds and the waters rave, A life on the heaving sea, A home on the bounding wave! A

life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing deep! Where the scattered wa - ters

rave; And the winds their rev - els keep! The winds, the winds, the

winds their rev - els keep, the winds, the winds, the winds their rev - els keep.

* The part after asterisk, frequently omitted, is sung after each verse, after last verse, or not at all, as preferred.

Black-Eyed Susan.

An Old English Air.

JOHN GAY.

Arr. by RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

1. All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers way - ing in the
2. Will-iam was high up - on the yard, Rock'd by the bil - lows to and

pp

wind, When black-eye'd Su - san came on board, "O where shall I my true love
fro, Soon as her well-known voice he heard, He sigh'd and cast his eyes be -

cres. *p*

find? Tell me, ye jo - vial sail - ors, tell me true, If my sweet William, If my sweet
low; The cord slides swift - ly thro' his glow - ing hands, And, quick as lightning, And, quick as

f *pp*

Will - iam sails a - mong your crew?"
light - ning, on the deck he stands.

cres. *dim.*

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

3. "Be - lieve not what the lands-men say, Who tempt with doubts thy constant
4. "Oh, Su - san, Su - san, love - ly dear, My vows for ev - er true re -

pp

mind, They'll tell thee sail - ors, when a - way, In ev - ry port a mis - tress
main; Let me kiss off that fall - ing tear, We on - ly part to meet a -

cres.

find; Yet, yes, be - lieve them when they tell ye so, For thou art pres - ent, For thou art
gain; Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be The faithful com - pass, The faithful

f *pp*

pres - ent where - so - e'er I go."
com - pass that still points to thee."

cres. *din.*

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

5. The boats-wain gave the dread-ful word, The sails their swell - ing bo-soms

pp

spread; No long - er must she stay on board: They kiss - she sigh'd - he hangs his

cres.

head: The less - 'ning boat un - will - ing rows to land, "A - dieu," she

pp

cries, "A - dieu," she cries, And waves her li - ly hand.

colla voce.

Tom Bowling.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowlin, The dar-ling of our crew; No

pp

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The piano part begins with a *pp* dynamic marking.

more he'll hear the 'em - pest howling, For death has broach'd him to. His

scuppr. pp mf

This system contains the next two staves of music. The piano accompaniment features a *scuppr.* (scupper) marking and dynamic changes from *pp* to *mf*.

form was of the man - liest beau - ty, His heart was kind and soft;.....
then he'd sing so blithe and jol - ly, Ah! ma-ny's the time and oft;..... But

cres. sf p

This system contains the next two staves of music. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings for *cres.*, *sf*, and *p*.

Faith-ful be-low, he did his du - ty, But now he's gone a - loft,..... But
mirth is turn'd to mel - an-chol-y, For Tom is gone a - loft,..... And

ad lib. pp

This system contains the final two staves of music. The piano accompaniment includes an *ad lib.* marking and a *pp* dynamic marking.

FINE.

now he's gone a - loft.....
now he's gone a - loft.....

colla voce. *mf* *pp* *ritard.*

2. Tom nev-er from his word de-part-ed, His vir-tues were so rare;..... His

D.S. al Fine.

friends were ma-ny and true heart-ed, His Poll was kind and fair;..... And

sempre. pp *mf*

3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleas - ant weather, When He, who all com - mands, Shall

TOM BOWLING.

give, to call life's crew to - geth - er, The word to pipe all hands; Thus

f
sempre. pp *mf*

Death, who kings and tars des-patch-es, In vain Tom's life hath doff'd,..... For

cres. *sf* *p*

though his bo - dy's un - der hatch-es, His soul is gone a - loft,..... His

ad lib. *pp*

soul is gone a - loft.....

colla voce. *sim.* *pp*

The Bay of Biscay.

ANDREW CHERRY.

JOHN DAVY.

1. Loud roar'd the dread-ful thun - der, The rain a del - uge show'rs, The
 2. Now dash'd up - on the bil - low, Her op - 'ning tim - bers creak, Each

clouds were rent a - sun - der, By light - ning's vi - vid pow'rs. The night was drear and
 fears a wa - t'ry pil - low, None stop the dread-ful leak. To cling to slipp'ry

dark, Our poor, de - vot - ed bark, Till next day, there she lay In the
 shrouds, Each breath-less sea - man crowds, As she lay, till next day, In the

Bay of Bis - cay, Oh!
 Bay of Bis - cay, Oh!

THE BAY OF BISCAÏ.

3. At length, the wish'd-for mor - row Broke thro' the ha - zy sky, Ab -
 4. Her yield - ing tim - bers sev - er, Her pitch - y seams are rent, When

p

sorb'd in si - lent sor - row, Each heav'd a bit - ter sigh; The dis - mal wreck to
 Heav'n, all bounteous ev - er, Its bound - less mer - cy sent, A sail in sight ap -

p

view, Struck hor - ror in the crew, As she lay all that day, In the
 pears We hail her with three cheers, Now we sail, with the gale, From the

p *cres.*

Bay of Bis - cay, Oh!
 Bay of Bis - cay, Oh!

mf

Three Fishers went Sailing.

Words by REV. C. KINGSLEY.

Music by J. HULLAE.

Andantino.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *Andantino*. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of eighth notes in the bass and chords in the treble. Dynamics include *p*, *pp*, and *f*. The first vocal line is a simple melody with lyrics: "1. Three fish-ers went sailing out in - to the west, Out in - to the west, as the sun went down; Each thought on the wo-man who lov'd him the best, And the children stood watching them". The piano accompaniment continues with dynamics *fz*, *pp*, and *mf*. The piece concludes with a *un poco rall.* marking and dynamics *fz* and *p*.

1. Three fish-ers went sailing out

in - to the west, Out in - to the west, as the sun went down; Each

thought on the wo-man who lov'd him the best, And the children stood watching them

un poco rall.

THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

a tempo.

out of the town; For men must work, and wo - man must weep, And there's

cres.

lit - tle to earn and many to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar be

cres.

f

moan ing.

dim.

f *dim.* *pp*

2 Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r,
 And trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
 They look'd at the squall and they look'd at the show'r,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
 But men must work, and woman must weep,
 Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep,
 And the harbor bar be moaning

3 Three corpses lay out on the shining sanos,
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
 For those who will never come back to the town:
 For men must work, and woman must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the-sooner to sleep
 And good bye to the bar and its moaning.

A Thousand Leagues Away.

SONG.

Poetry by W. C. BENNETT.

Music by J. BARNEY.

Allegro con spirito.

1. The wind is blowing
2. I half could be a
3. One kiss; the tide ebbs

fresh, Kate, The boat rocks there for me;
landsman, While those dear eyes I see,
fast, love; I must not lag-gard be

One kiss and I'm a-way, Kate, For
To hear the gale rave by with-out. While
Up - on the voyage I'll hope, love, Will

rall. *a tempo.*

two long years to sea— For two long years to think of you, Dream
you sat snug with me— But I must hear the storm howl by The
give my Kate to me. Pray for us, Kate; such pray'rs as yours God

colla voce.

A THOUSAND LEAGUES AWAY.

of you night and day, — To long for you a-cross the sea, — A
 salt breeze whist - ling play Its weird sea-tune a-mong the shrouds, — A
 bids the winds o - bey, By for-tune heard, your lov - ing word, — Will

dim. *mezza voce.* *cres.*

thou-sand leagues a - way, A thou-sand leagues a - way, dear Kate, A
 thou-sand leagues a - way, A thou-sand leagues a - way, dear Kate, A
 speed us far a - way, A thou-sand leagues a - way, my Kate, A

thou sand leagues a - way, While round the Pole we toss and roll, — A
 thou-sand leagues a - way. While south we go, blow high, blow low, — A
 thou-sand leagues a - wa, God will befriend the lad you send — A

thousand leagues a - way,
 thousand leagues a - way.
 thousand leagues a - way.

Nancy Lee.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.

1. O' all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo ho! . . lads!
 2. The bar bor's past, the breezes blow, Yeo ho! . . lads!
 3. The bo' s'n pipes the watch below, Yeo ho! . . lads!

p

ho! Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! There's none like Nan-cy Lee, I
 ho! Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I
 ho! Yeo ho! . . yeo ho! Then here's a health afore we

trow, Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! See,
 know; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! But
 go, Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! A

f

p

there she stands an' waves her han's, upon the quay, An' ev' ry day when
 true an' bright, from morn till night, my home will be, An' all so neat, an'
 long, long life to my sweet wife, an' mates at sea; An' keep our bones from

NANCY LEE.

I'm away she'll watch for me, An' whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea;
 an' an' sweet, for Jack at sea, An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' welcome me;
 Davy Jones, where'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee;

Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail or's
 wife the sail-or's star shall be. Yeo ho! we go a
 cross the sea, The sail or's wife the sail-or's star shall
 be, The sail-or's wife his star shall be.

rall. *tempo.*
rall. *p*
force.

Maggie's Welcome.

Words and Music by CLARIBEL.

Piano. *Moderato.*



1. All day I have tried to be spin - ning in vain, But my
2. I've nev - er been i - dle since Ben went a - way, I've
3. But, tis - ten! a - foot - step, ah! Why do I start, As the



thoughts are with Ben for he's coming a - gain; The ship's come to port as they
all my small ear - nings to show him to - day, And he will be bringing some
blood rush - es back to my flut - ter - ing heart, That voice to my ear, 'tis as



tell me to day, And is not she welcome as flow - ers in May, Thev
gold of his own, Tho' half's for his mother, of that will I none, O
sweet as the lay The night - in - gale trills to the flow - ers in May. To his



MAGGIE'S WELCOME.

told me he'd nev - er come back to us here, But I'd nev - er a doubt and I'd
hap - py to see him once more in his home, They laugh'd me to scorn, but I
moth - er he flies, she is clasp'd to his breast, Her pray'rs are all answer'd, her

nev - er a fear For no - bod - y knew what he whispered to me, Or
knew he would come, I knew that my sail - or would nev - er for - get, I
long - ing's at rest. Then quick - ly he turns "my sweet Mag - gie he cries, I

what I re - plied ere he went out to sea, And the ship's come to port as they
knew that my choice, I should nev - er re - gret, And the ship's come to port as they
read all his truth, and my joy in his eyes! I scarce have one murmur of

tell me to - day, She's welcome, she's wel - come as flow - ers in May.
tell me to - day, She's welcome, she's wel - come as flow - ers in May.
wel - come to - say, But my tears they are fall - ing like show - ers of May.

Harboard Watch.

T. Williams.

Andante.

1. At drear-y mid-night's cheer-less hour, De-sert-ed e'en by
2. With anx-ious care he eyes each wave That, swell-ing, threat-ens

mf *p*

Cyn-thia's beam, When tempests beat and tor-rents pour, And twinkling stars no
to o'erwhelm, And, his storm-beat-en bark to save, Di-rects with skill the

f *p*

long-er gleam; The wea-ried sail-or, spent with toil, Clings firm-ly to the
faith-ful helm; With hope out-rings his cheer-ing song, 'Mid storms that bel-low

p *p e dol.*

1st voice. *ad voice.*

weath-er shrouds, And still the length-ened hour to'gule, And still the lengthened
loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the reel-ing log, With joy he heaves the

LARBORD WATCH.

1st voice.

hour to'guile, Sing's as he views the gath - 'ring clouds, Sing's as he views the
reel - ing log, And marks the lee - way and the course, And marks the lee - way

ad.

f ad lib. *Foco allegretto animato.*

gath - 'ring clouds, Larboard Watch, a - hoy! Larboard Watch, a - hoy! But who can
and the course, Larboard Watch, a - hoy! Larboard Watch, a - hoy! But who can

f animato. *slower.* *a tempo.*

speak the joy he feels, While o'er the foam his vessel reels, And his tired eye - lids' slumb'ring

fall, He rous - es at the welcome call: Of Lar - board Watch, a -

f *p* *Adagio ad lib.*

hoy Lar - board Watch, Lar board Watch, Lar - board Watch, a - hoy!

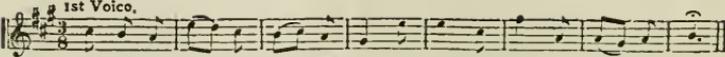
f *p*

The Minute Gun at Sea.

R. S. Sharpe.

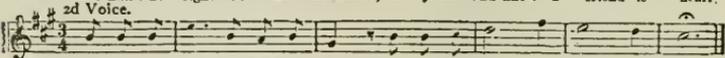
M. P. King.

1st Voice.



Let him who sighs in sad-ness here, re-joice and know a friend is near.

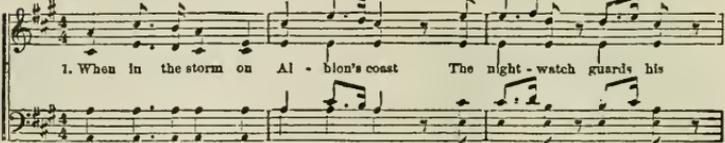
2d Voice.



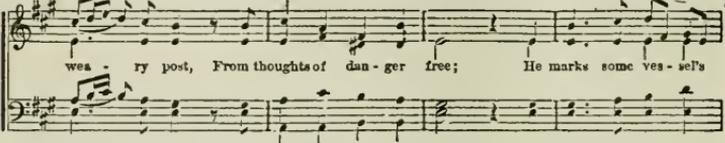
What thrill-ing sounds are those I hear! What bo-ing comes the gloom to cheer?

Moderato.

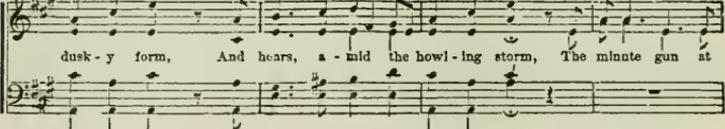
1. When in the storm on Al-bion's coast The night-watch guards his



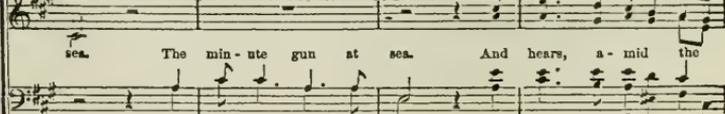
wea-ry post, From thoughts of dan-ger free; He marks some ves-sel's



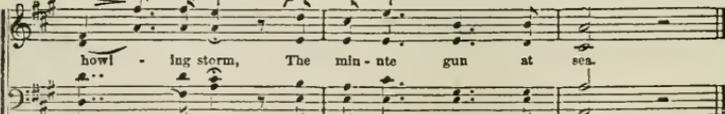
dusk-y form, And hears, a-mid the howl-ing storm, The minute gun at



sea. The min-ute gun at sea. And hears, a-mid the



howl-ing storm, The min-ute gun at sea.



mf

2. Swift on the shore a har-dy few, The life-boat man with a



THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

gallant, gallant crew, And dare the dang'rous wave; Thro' the wild surf they

cleave their way; Lost in the foam, nor know dis-may, For they go the crew to

sav'd: For they go the crew to save; Lost in the foam, nor

know dis-may, For they go the crew to save.

Allegretto.
Solo. Chorus.
But Oh, what rap-ture fills each breast Of the hope-less crew of the ship distress'd; Then,
Tenor Solo.

ad lib.
land-ed safe, what joys to tell Of all the dan-gers that be-fell; Then he heard no more By the
ad lib.

Andante.
watch on the shore, Then he heard no more by the watch on the shore, The minute gun at sea.

What are the Wild Waves Saying

S. Glover.

J. E. Carpenter.

PAUL.

Andante con espressione.

1. What are the wild waves say - ing, Sis - ter, the whole day long, That
2. Yes; but the waves seem ev - er Sing - ing the same sad thing, And

agitato cres.

ev - er a - mid our play - ing I hear but their low, lone song? Not by the sea - side
vain is my weak en - deav - or To guess what the sur - ges sing! What is that voice re

dolce

on - ly— There it sounds wild and free,— But at night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In
peeping, Ev - er by night and day? Is it a friend - ly greeting, Or a

dreams it is still with me, But at night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In
warn - ing that calls a - way? Is it a friend - ly greet - ing, Or is

FLORENCE.

piu animato.

dreams it is still with me. Brother, I hear no sing - ing: 'Tis but the roll ing
warn - ing that calls a - way? Brother, the in - land mountain, Hath it not voice and

dolce.

wave, Ev - er its lone course wing - ing O - ver some o - cean
sound? Speaks not the drip - ping foun - tain As it be - dews the

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

agitato.

cave. 'Tis but the noise of wa - ter Dashing a - gainst the
ground? E'en by the house-hold in - gle, Curtain'd and closed and

shore, And the wind from some bleaker quar - ter Ming - ling with its roar, And the
warm, Do not our voi - ces min - gle With those of the dis - tant storm?

wind from some bleaker quar - ter Ming - ling, ming - ling with its roar.
Do not our voi - ces min - gle With those of the dis - tant storm?

Born. *rall.* *a tempo.*

Lento.
No! no, no! it is something great - er That speaks to the heart a -
Yes! yes, yes! but there's something great - er That speaks to the heart a -

lone, The voice of the great Cre - a - tor Dwells in that mighty

rall.

tone! The voice of the great Cre - a - tor Dwells in that mighty tone!

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

J. P. Knight.

Emma Willard, 1832.

The musical score is written in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line. The vocal line includes two verses of lyrics. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fifth system includes a *pp* dynamic marking. The score concludes with a double bar line.

p

1. Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep. Se
 2. And such the trust that still were mine Tho' stor-my winds swept o'er the brine, Or

cure I rest up - on the wave For thou, Oh! Lord, hast pow'r to save. i
 tho' the tempest's fic - ry breath Roused me from sleep to wreck and death. In

know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the spar - row's fall; And
 o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The gerra of im - mor - tal - i - ty; And

pp

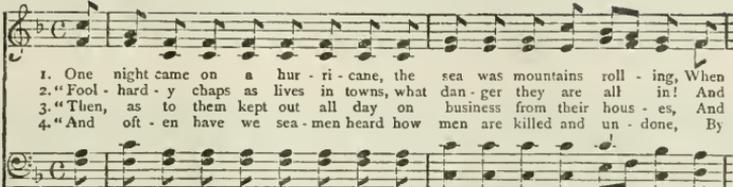
calm and peaceful is my sleep . . . Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep, And

calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . . Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep.

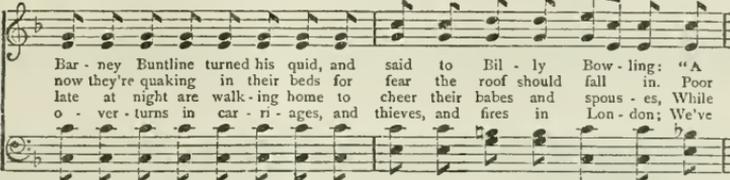
Barney Buntline.

William Pitt

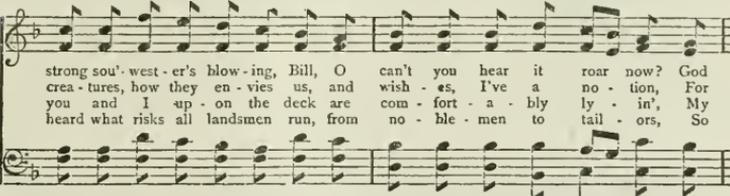
Old English Song.



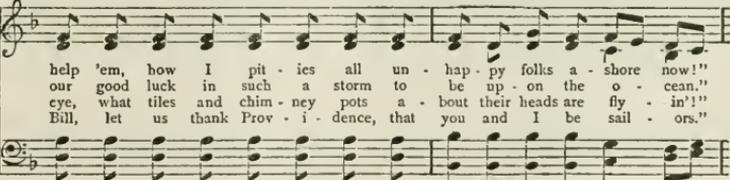
1. One night came on a hur - ri - cane, the sea was mountains roll - ing, When
2. "Fool - hard - y chaps as lives in towns, what dan - ger they are all in! And
3. "Then, as to them kept out all day on business from their hous - es, And
4. "And oft - en have we sea - men heard how men are killed and un - done, By



Bar - ney Buntline turned his quid, and said to Bil - ly Bow - ling: "A
now they're quaking in their beds for fear the roof should fall in. Poor
late at night are walk - ing home to cheer their babes and spous - es, While
o - ver - turns in car - ri - ages, and thieves, and fires in Lon - don; We've

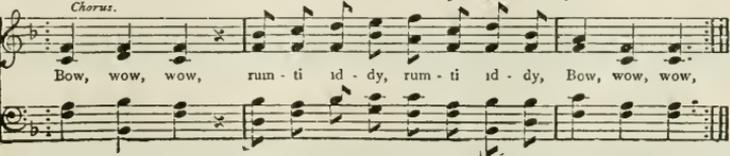


strong sou' - west - er's blow - ing, Bill, O can't you hear it roar now? God
crea - tures, how they en - vies us, and wish - es, I've a no - tion, For
you and I up - on the deck are com - fort - a - bly ly - in', My
heard what risks all landsmen run, from no - ble - men to tail - ors, So



help 'em, how I pit - ies all un - hap - py folks a - shore now!"
our good luck in such a storm to be up - on the o - cean."
eye, what tiles and chim - ney pots a - bout their heads are fly - in'!"
Bill, let us thank Prov - i - dence, that you and I be sail - ors."

Chorus.



Bow, wow, wow, rum - ti id - dy, rum - ti id - dy, Bow, wow, wow,

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

French Air.

Allan Cunningham.

Allegro.

1. A wet sheet and a flowing sea, A wind that follows fast, And fills the white and
 2. "Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!" I heard a fair one cry; But give to me the
 3. There's tempest in yon horn-ed moon, And lightning in yon cloud, And hark the mu-sic,

Accompaniment.

rust-ling sail, And bends the gal-lant mast; And bends the gal-lant
 roar-ing breeze, And white waves heav-ing high; And white waves heav-ing
 mar-i-ners! The wind is pip-ing loud; The wind is pip-ing

Melody with downward stems to notes.

mast, my boys! While like an ea-gle free, A way the good ship
 high, my lads! The good ship tight and free; The world of wa-ters
 loud, my boys! The light-ning flash-es free; While the hol-low oak

flies and leaves Old Eng-land on our sea. Oh! give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea, And a
 our home, And mer-ry men are we. Oh! give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea, And a
 our palace is, Our her-i-tage the sea. Oh! give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea, And a

Voice.

wind that fol-lows fast, And fills the white and rust-ling sail, And bends the gal-lant mast.

The Pilot.

1. "Oh! pi - lot, 'tis a fear - ful night, There's dan - ger on the deep! I'll
 2. "Ah! pi - lot, dan - gers of - ten met We all are apt to slight, And,
 3. On such a night, the sea engulph'd My fa - ther's life - less form; My

come and pace the deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep." "Go
 thou hast known these rag - lug waves But to sub - due their might;" "It
 on - ly broth - er's boat went down In just so wild a storm; And

down!" the sail - or - cried, "go down! This is no place for thee; Fear
 is not ap - a - thy," he cried, "That gives this strength to me, Fear
 such, per - haps, may be my fate, But still I say to thee, Fear

not, but trust in Prov - i - dence, Wher - ev - er thou mayst be."

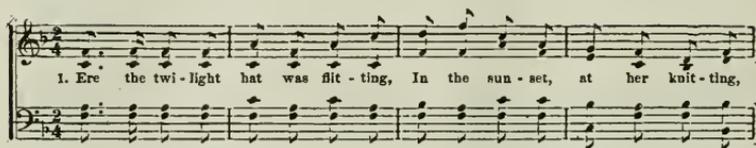
"Oh! pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
 There's danger on the deep;
 I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
 I do not dare to sleep."
 "Go down!" the sailor cried, "Go down!
 This is no place for thee;
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be."

"Ah! pilot, dangers often met,
 We all are apt to slight,
 And thou hast known these raging waves
 But to subdue their might;"

"It is not apathy!" he cried,
 "That gives this strength to me,
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be."

On such a night the sea engulph'd
 My father's lifeless form;
 My only brother's boat went down
 In just so wild a storm;
 And such, perhaps, may be my fate,
 But still I say to thee,
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be."

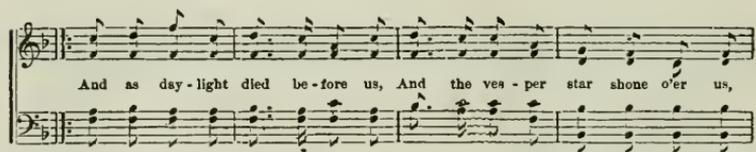
Jamie's on the Stormy Sea



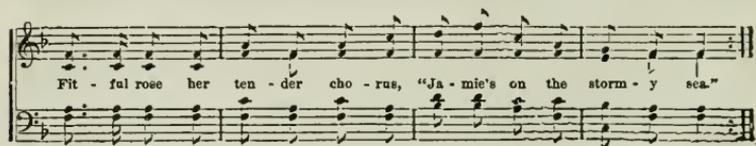
1. Ere the twi - light bat was flit - ting, In the sun - set, at her knit - ting,



Sang a lone - ly maid - en, sit - ting Un - der - ueath her thres - hold tree.



And as day - light died be - fore us, And the ves - per star shone o'er us,



Fit - ful rose her ten - der cho - rus, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea."

Ere the twilight bat was flitting,
In the sunset, at her knitting,
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
Underneath her threshold pier.
And as daylight died before us,
And the vesper star shone o'er us,
Fitful rose her tender chorus,
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

The Canadian Boat Song.

Thomas Moore.

1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve - ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time, ' Our
 2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
 3. U - ta - wa's tide, this trembling moon Shall see us float o'er thy sur - ges soon,

voic-es keep tune, and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
 is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh!
 Shall see us float o'er thy sur - ges soon; Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, Oh,

sing at St. Ann's our part - ing hymn; Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
 sweetly we'll rest the wea - ry oar; Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
 grant us cool heav - ens and fav'ring airs! Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The

rap-ids are near, and the day - light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day - light's past.

Faintly tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
 Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the day-light's past,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
 But when the wind blows off the shore

C ' sweetly we'll rest the weary oar;
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past

Utawa's tide, this trembling moon
 Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon,
 Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon;
 Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
 Oh, grant us cool heavens and fav'ring air,
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past

The Little Fisherm maiden.

By Ludolph Waldmann.

Moderate.

Piano
or
Organ.

1. There was a lit - tle fish - er - maid - - en, So
 2. She cried, "all dan - ger I am scorn - - ing!" And
 3. The fish - er - maid - en swift was dy - - ing; She

love - ly and so bright, A joy un - to the sight, A joy un - to the
 laughing, on sail'd she, Tho' wild - er grew the sea, Tho' wild - er grew the
 sank beneath the wave! But Nep - tune came to save, But Nep - tune came to

sight! The fair - est maid in all the vil - - lage, She
 sea. Came Tri - tons who had heard that warn - - ing; Whea
 savé. A - mid the tem - pest round them fly - - ing, With

braved the stormy sea, With heart so light and free, With heart so light and
 these the maiden spied, For help, for help she cried, For help, for help she
 strong and willing hand He drew her safe to land, He drew her safe to

THE LITTLE FISHERMAIDEN.

free;..... The mer - maids came with voi - ces clear To warn the maid of
cried!..... Her frag - ile boat, they toss'd it o'er, And threw it on the
land!..... But since that hour her joy is o'er, She sails, a - lone, the

dan - gers near, To warn the maid of dan - gers, dan - gers near! The mermaids' song,
rock - y shore, And threw it on the cru - el, rock - y shore! The mermaids' song,
sea no more, She sails the sea a - lone, a - lone no more. The mermaids' song,

The mermaids' song rang long,..... "Lit - tle fish - er - maid - en,

Skies with storms are lad - en! Tempt no more, a - lone, the sea, Dan - ger's wait - ing

there for thee! Lit - tle fish - er - maid - en, Skies with storms are lad - en!

Tempt no more, alone, the sea, Dan - ger waits for thee!"

Lights Far Out at Sea.

A. S. Gatty.

1. The sun-set gates were
2. They glimmer as the

o - pen'd wide, Far far in the crimson west, And thro' them pass'd the
far off days, That came long years a - go, All joy - ous with the

wea - ried day In ruddy clouds to rest, In ruddy clouds to
light of love I would not see or know, I would not see or

rest. Now in the gloam - ing and the hush, All nat - ure seems to
know. Oh! hap - py days, half dimm'd by years Long years that stretch be -

LIGHTS FAR OUT AT SEA.

dream; And si - lent - ly, and one by one, The soft lights flit and
tween; The old sweet love of long a - go, The life that might have

pp *rall.*

gleam. I sit and watch them from the shore, Half lost in rev - er - ie, 'Till
been. So far! yet thro' the dark - ning past, Their brightness gleams to me, As

a tempo. *cantabile.*

dark - ness hides the waves be - tween, The lights far out at sea, The
o'er the dark and si - lent waves The lights far out at sea, The

lights far out at sea.
lights far out at sea.

The Torpedo and the Whale.

A "SHELL" OF OCEAN.

Allegro non troppo.

Two staves of piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *f*. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

Vocal line in 2/4 time, marked *p* and *f*. The lyrics are: "In the North Sea liv'd a whale, In the North Sea liv'd a whale! In the North Sea All went well un-til one day, All went well un-til one day, All went well un-til one day, Just you make tracks cried the whale, Just you make tracks cried the whale, Just you make tracks".

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line, marked *p*. It consists of two staves with chords and a simple melodic line.

Vocal line in 2/4 time, marked *f*. The lyrics are: "liv'd a whale! Big in bone and large in tail, Big in bone and large in tail, til one day, Came a strange fish in the bay, Came a strange fish in the bay, cried the whale, Then he lash'd out with his tail, Then he lash'd out with his tail,".

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, marked *p* and *f*. It consists of two staves with chords and a simple melodic line.

Vocal line in 2/4 time, marked *pp*. The lyrics are: "Oh!..... Ah!..... Oh!.....".

Piano accompaniment for the third vocal line, marked *pp*. It consists of two staves with chords and a simple melodic line.

THE TORPEDO AND THE WHALE,

This whale used un - du - ly, To
 This fish was in - deed oh, A
 The fish be - ing load - ed, Then

swagger, and bul - ly And oh! and oh! The la - dies lov'd him
 Woolwich Tor - pe - do! But oh! but oh! The big w hale did not
 and there ex - plod - ed, And oh! and oh! That whale was seen no

mf
 so! This whale used un - du - ly, To swagger and bul - ly, And
 know. This fish was in - deed oh! A Woolwich Tor - pe - do! But
 mo! The fish be - ing load - ed, Then and there ex - plod - ed, And

oh! and oh! The la - dies lov'd him so!
 oh! but oh! The big whale did not know
 oh! and oh! That whale was seen no mo!

Part II.

HISTORIC AND PATRIOTIC SONGS.

ROMANTIC REALITIES.

ALL history reveals the fact that music, wedded to stirring and patriotic words, has in every age had a powerful influence on the course of public events. Nor is this true alone of civilized peoples. Among almost all savage races, the warriors excite themselves to martial ardor by songs which thrill their souls. The war dances, alike of our North American Indians, of the African negroes, and of the semi-civilized races which dwell in Asia, are accompanied by songs which, though wild, and incoherent to European ears, have an inspiring influence upon themselves. The powerful effect of songs and ballads is quite as clearly seen in the history of more civilized people, and even in recent times.

The old Scotchman, Fletcher, of Saltoun, once wrote, "I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." By this he seems to have meant that the bard really has more influence over the minds of a people, and is more powerful in directing their action, than the legislator. Carlyle wisely said, "The meaning of song goes deep;" and a more recent writer has declared that "it goes as deep as the heart of

man, the throbbings which it controls more readily and widely than do the speeches of statesmen, the sermons of preachers, or the writings of journalists." It was clearly because the influence of legend and of patriotic appeal, joined with familiar tunes, so strongly roused the emotions of the people, that the ancient bards of Ireland, Scotland and Wales were held in such high honor in the old royal courts and princely castles of these lands, and were regarded with veneration by the people everywhere.

About two centuries ago, Lord Wharton wrote a political ballad, which was set to music, the title of which was "Lilliburlero." It was very poor poetry; but somehow the rude verses struck a chord in the popular heart, and were sung everywhere. It was written in opposition to King James II., and so wide was its influence that Lord Wharton boasted, it is said, that it "sang James II. out of three kingdoms." The songs sung by English Jacobites, when in the middle of the last century, they tried to restore the Stuart Pretender to the throne, did much to arouse enthusiasm and inspire hope in his cause.

Nor can it be doubted that the fire of Scottish patriotism has long been fed by Burus's clarion song "Scots wha hae," or

that the Briton feels his love of country swelling in his heart as he hears the familiar strains of "Rule Britannia" or "Ye Mariners of England," or that American souls are kindled to the same emotion when their ears are greeted with the "Star Spangled Banner." The sound of "John Brown's Body" and Mrs. Howe's noble "Battle Hymn of the Republic" echoed on every hilltop and in every valley where our soldiers marched and battled in the civil war; while "Dixie," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Maryland, my Maryland," resounded back defiant strains from the southern camps. Thus music and song, appealing as they do strongly to the deep emotions of strong men, as well as of gentle women and little children, have a serious use in the most momentous struggles, and sometimes produce grave changes in the destinies of nations and continents.

If the United States has no purely indigenous national anthem, she is rich in political songs that in every great crisis have borne no slight part in "firing the popular heart." The Revolution gave birth to "Yankee Doodle." The impending war with France, in 1798, brought forth "Hail Columbia;" the war of 1812 evoked the "Star Spangled Banner;" the late civil war was the cause of more stirring words and music than had ever before appeared in the history of a single republic. As, for want of a better, the "Star Spangled Banner" seems to be regarded as the national anthem of the United States, that will be noticed under national songs. Here we proceed to give some account of other historic and political American lyrics.

The origin of the American national air, "Yankee Doodle," is enveloped in almost as great obscurity as that which surrounds the authorship of "God Save the King." Though the song is but little more than a

century old, the number of different accounts of its origin which are given is extremely bewildering.

In *Littell's Living Age* (1861) a story is told, on the authority of a writer in the *New York Evening Post*, to the effect that the song is sung in Holland by German harvesters, whence it may have come to America. Unfortunately for the credibility of this account, its inventor has fitted some words to the tune which are in no known language, conclusively proving the story to be a hoax, though the Dnyckinks have thought it worth reproducing in their *Cyclopædia*.

It is stated that in Burgh's "Anecdotes of Music," (1814) the air of "Yankee Doodle" is said to occur in J. C. Smith's "Ulysses"—a statement we have been unable to verify as no copy of that opera is accessible.

A writer in *All the Year Round*, (1870) alleges that T. Moncrieff had traced the air to a Fife-Major of the Grenadier Guards, who composed it as a march in the last century. It is most probable that the air was originally a military quickstep, but this account of its authorship is too vague to be accepted implicitly.

In Admiral Preble's "History of the Flag of the United States" it is stated that the tune occurs in an opera of Arne's to the words, "Did little Dickey ever trick ye?" This is an error; the song in question is in Arnold's "Two to One," (1784) and there the tune is called "Yankee Doodle."

Passing by the fanciful opinions that "Yankee Doodle" is of Spanish or Hungarian origin, we come to the traditional account of its origin, which agrees with what may be gathered from the above accounts, viz: that the tune is of English origin and not older than the middle of the last century. The *Boston Journal of the Times* for September, 1768, is said to contain the earliest mention of it, in the fol-

lowing paragraph: "The British fleet was brought to anchor near Castle William; that night * * * those passing in boats observed great rejoicings, and that the 'Yankee Doodle' song was the capital piece in the band of music." It is only a few years before this that the traditional account places the origin of the song.

In 1755, during the French and Indian war, General Amherst had under his command an army of regular and provincial troops. Among the former was a Dr. Schuckburgh (whose commission as surgeon is dated June 25, 1737) to whom the tune is traditionally ascribed, though it seems more probable that he was only the author of the words. It is said that "the fantastic appearance of the colonial contingent, with their variegated, ill-fitting, and incomplete uniforms," was a continual butt for the humor of the regular troops, and that Dr. Schuckburgh recommended the tune to the colonial officers "as one of the most celebrated airs of martial music." The joke took, to the no small amusement of the British corps. Brother Jonathan exclaimed that it was "nation fine," and in a few days nothing was heard in the provincial camp but the air of "Yankee Doodle."

This account is said to have appeared in the Albany *Statesman* early in the present century; it is also to be found in Vol. III. of the "New Hampshire Collections, Historical and Miscellaneous," (1824). The words evidently date from about the year 1765. The original name of the song is "The Yankee's Return from Camp," and it begins:

"Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding;
There we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding."

The author of the account of the song in the "New Hampshire Collections," quotes

a version printed about 1790, and there are several others extant, though even in 1829 it is said that the burlesque song was passing into oblivion. It is noticeable that in the later versions of the song the early notices of "Captain Washington" are replaced by the following:

"And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em."

The tune itself seems to have suffered several changes. As a melody it has little beyond simplicity in its favor, but there is a quaint, direct and incisive character about it which redeems it from vulgarity, beside which the historical associations of the tune, connected as it is with the establishment of American Independence, should have saved it from some of the criticisms to which it has been subjected. In the words of the Hon. Stephen Salisbury, "Yankee Doodle" is national property, but it is not a treasure of the highest value. It has some antiquarian claims for which its friends do not care. It cannot be disowned and it will not be disused. In its own words:

"It suits for feasts, it suits for fun,
And just as well for fighting."

A recent writer quotes the following anecdote related by John Quincy Adams: "After the Ministers Plenipotentiary of Great Britain and the United States had nearly concluded their pacific labors at Ghent, the burghers of that quaint old Dutch city resolved to give an entertainment in their honor, and desired to have the national airs of the two treaty-making powers performed as a part of the programme. So the musical director was requested to call upon the American Ministers and obtain the music of the national air of the United States. No one knew exactly what to give, and a consultation en-

sued, at which Bayard and Gallatin favored 'Hail Columbia,' while Clay, Russell and Adams were decidedly in favor of 'Yankee Doodle.'

"The director then inquired if any of the gentlemen had the music, and receiving a negative reply, suggested that perhaps one of them could sing or whistle the air. 'I can't,' said Mr. Clay, 'I never whistled or sung a tune in my life. Perhaps Mr. Bayard can.' 'Neither can I,' replied Mr. Bayard. 'Perhaps Mr. Russell can.' Each confessed his lack of musical ability. 'I have it,' exclaimed Mr. Clay, and ringing the bell he summoned his colored body-servant. 'John,' said Mr. Clay, 'whistle "Yankee Doodle" for this gentleman.' John did so, the chief musician took down the notes, and at the entertainment the Ghent Burghers' Band played the national air of the United States, with variations, in grand style."

"Hail Columbia" was written in 1798 by Judge Hopkinson. At that period a war with France was thought inevitable. Party spirit ran high among all classes. A theatre was open in Philadelphia and a young man who had some talent as a singer announced his benefit on its boards. He was acquainted with Judge Hopkinson, and, discouraged at his prospect of success, called on him on Saturday afternoon and stated that he feared a loss instead of a benefit; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the "President's March," then quite popular, he might depend on a full house. The Judge replied that he would try to furnish one. The next afternoon the young man came again, and the song was handed him. It was announced on Monday morning. In the evening the theatre was crowded to excess, and continued to be night after night through the entire season—the song being loudly encored and repeated many times during each night, the audience

joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress, and found favor with both parties, as neither could disavow its sentiments.

The enthusiasm became general, and the song was heard in every part of the United States. The object of the author was to get up an American spirit which should be above the interests, passions and policy of both belligerents and look and feel exclusively for our honor and our rights. Not an allusion is made either to France or England or to which was most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course, the song found favor with both parties throughout the entire country; it was truly American in sentiment, and nothing else, and the patriotic feelings of every American heart responded to it. It has endured beyond any expectation of the author, and beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiment and spirit. The music was composed in 1789, by Professor Phylo, of Philadelphia, and played at Trenton, when Washington was en route to New York to be inaugurated. The tune was originally called the "President's March."

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" is set to the music of the "Red, White and Blue," which dates from the Crimean War, when it was played alike by the English and their French allies.

Though written many years after the event which it commemorates, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," another historic song in America, has enjoyed a lasting popularity, and may safely be classed among the deathless songs—not because of any very inherent beauty in words or music, but owing to the fact that it sings of a crucial event in our annals.

The famous election lyric, "Tippecanoe,"

was written by Alexander Coffin Ross. He was born in Zanesville, Ohio, 1812, and died there in 1883. In the *Zanesville Daily Courier*, of June 7, 1873, Judge Sherwood, of Zanesville, gives the following particulars of the origin of the song. "The great political storm that swept over the country in 1840, was one of the most remarkable events ever known in the history of our government. The Whig campaign, which carried Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, and Tyler into the presidential chairs, began as early as February. Business generally was at a standstill; the currency was in such a confused state that specie to pay postage was almost beyond reach; banks had been in a state of suspension for a long time; mechanics and laboring men were out of employment or working for 62½, 75, or 87½ cents a day, payable in 'orders on the store;' money could be obtained with difficulty, and things generally had reached so low an ebb as to make any change seem desirable.

"As the Whigs promised 'two dollars a day and roast beef' to laborers, workmen were inclined to trust them. On the twenty-second of February, Columbus, Ohio, was filled with a mighty throng of people. The rain came down in torrents, the streets were one vast sheet of mud, but the crowds paid no heed to the elements. A full-rigged ship on wheels, canoes, log-cabins, with inmates feasting on corn-pone and hard cider, miniature forts, flags, banners, drums and fifes, bands of music, live coons, roosters crowing, and shouting men by the ten thousand, made a scene of attraction, confusion, and excitement such as has never been equalled. Stands were erected, and orators went to work; but the staid party-leaders failed to hit the key-note. Itinerant speakers mounted store-boxes, and blazed away. It was made known that the Cleveland delegation, on their route to the

city, had had the wheels stolen from some of their wagons by Loco-focos, and were compelled to continue their journey on foot. One of these enforced foot-passengers was something of a poet, and wrote a song description of 'Up Salt River,' and was enclosed over and over again.

"On the spur of the moment, many songs were written and sung, through which the pent-up enthusiasm found vent; but the song of the campaign was to be written. On the return of our delegation, a 'Tippecanoe Club' was formed, and a glee club organized, of whom Ross was one. The club meetings were opened and closed with singing by the glee club. Billy McKibbin wrote 'Amos peddling yokes,' to be sung to the tune of 'Yip, fal, lal,' which proved very popular; he also composed 'Hard times come again no more' and 'Martin's Lament,' sung to the tune of 'O, dear, what can the matter be?' Those who figured in that day will remember the chorus:

"Oh, dear! what will become of me?
Oh, dear! what shall I do?
I am certainly doomed to be beaten
By the heroes of Tippecanoe!"

"This song was well received, but there seemed something lacking. The wild outburst of feeling demanded by the meetings had not yet been provided for. Tom Lauder suggested to Ross that the tune of 'Little Pigs' would furnish a chorus just adapted for the meetings. Ross seized upon the suggestion, and on the succeeding Sunday, while he was in his church choir, his head was full of 'Little Pigs.' Oblivious to all else he had, before the sermon was finished, blocked out the song of 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too.' The line referring to Martin Van Buren, as originally composed by him of

'Van, Van, you're a nice little man,'

did not suit him, and when Saturday night

came round he was cudgelling his brains to amend it. He was absent from the meeting, and was sent for. He came, and informed the glee club that he had a new song to sing, but that there was one line in it he did not like, and that his delay was occasioned by the desire to correct it.

“‘Let me hear the line,’ said Culbertson. Ross repeated it to him. ‘Thunder!’ said he, ‘make it—Van’s a used-up man!’—and there and then the song was completed. The meeting in the Court House was an immense one, the old Senate Chamber was crowded full to hear McKibbon’s song ‘Martin’s Lament,’ which was loudly applauded and encored. When the first speech was over, Ross led off with ‘Tippecanoe and Tyler too,’ having furnished each member of the glee club with the chorus. That was the song at last. Cheers, yells and encores greeted it. The next day, men and boys were singing the chorus in the street, in the work-shops, and at the table. Olcott White came near starting a hymn to the tune in the radical church on South Street. What the Marseillaise Hymn was to Frenchmen, ‘Tippecanoe and Tyler too’ was to the Whigs of 1840.

“In September, Mr. Ross went to New York to purchase goods. He attended a meeting in Lafayette Hall. Prentiss of Mississippi, Tallmadge of New York, and Otis of Boston, were to speak. Ross found the hall full of enthusiastic people, and was compelled to stand near the entrance. The speakers had not arrived, and several songs were sung to keep the crowd together. The stock of songs was soon exhausted, and the chairman arose and requested any one present who could sing to come forward and do so.

“Ross said, ‘If I could get on the stand, I would sing a song,’ and hardly had the words out, before he found himself passing rapidly over the heads of the crowd, to be

landed at length on the platform. Questions of ‘Who are you?’ ‘What is your name?’ came from every hand. ‘I am a Buckeye from the Buckeye State,’ was the answer. ‘Three cheers for the Buckeye State!’ cried the president, and they were given with a will. Ross requested the meeting to keep quiet until he had sung three or four verses, and it did. But the enthusiasm welled up to an uncontrollable pitch, and at last the whole meeting joined in the chorus, with a vim and vigor indescribable. The song was encored and sung again and again, but the same verses were not repeated, as he had many in mind, and could make them to suit the occasion. While he was singing in response to the third encore, the speakers Otis and Tallmadge arrived, and Ross improvised :

‘We’ll now stop singing, for Tallmadge is here,
here, here,
And Otis too,
We’ll have a speech from each of them,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, etc.’

“He took his seat amid thundering applause, and three times three for the Buckeye State. After the meeting was over, the crowds in the streets, in the saloons, everywhere, were singing ‘Tippecanoe and Tyler too.’ It traversed the Union, and was the most popular song of that song-singing campaign.” This famous American political song has done valiant service in two Presidential campaigns, and after electing a grandsire elected his grandson.

Scottish history abounds in stirring song. The varying fortunes of the Stuart family formed the theme of a whole literature of songs and ballads, often set to music, the influence of which in sustaining the enthusiasm of the Jacobites, especially among the lower orders and in the remoter parts of the kingdom, was considerable. In estimating the amount of this influence it would be easy, of course, to fall into the error of at-

tributing to the tune alone an effect which was in reality due, partly or wholly, to the words. The tune is no doubt originally merely the vehicle of the words; it gives them, however, vitality and greatly intensifies their effect; the multitude will not, as a rule, take the trouble to learn or even understand a political ballad, and for one who appreciates the words a dozen will probably pick up the tune. It is noticeable, too, that when a tune has once acquired a political significance it is frequently adapted to several sets of words, a fact which appears to show that it is the tune rather than the words which obtain the strongest hold upon the popular fancy.

The well-known martial air of "The Campbells are Coming" is very old. The "Great Argyle" is supposed to have been John Campbell of Argyle, who commanded the royal forces in Scotland during the rebellion of 1715. Sir Walter Scott refers to him in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," as follows: "Few names deserve more honorable mention in the history of Scotland during the memorable year of 1715. Soaring above the petty distinctions of faction, his voice was raised for those measures which were at once just and lenient." The author of the song is unknown.

The words of "Bonnie Dundee" are by Sir Walter Scott. Miss Mitford, writing of it, says: "Nothing seems stranger, among the strange fluctuations of popularity, than the way in which the songs and shorter poems of the most eminent writers occasionally pass from the highest vogue into the most complete oblivion, and are at once forgotten as though they had never been. Scott's ballad, 'The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee' is a case in point. Several persons complained, not only that it is not included amongst Sir Walter's ballads, but that they were unable to discover it else-

where. Upon mentioning this to another dear friend of mine, the man who, of all whom I have known, has the keenest scent for literary game, he threw himself upon the track, and failing to obtain a printed copy, succeeded in procuring one in manuscript, taken down from the lips of a veteran vocalist, not, as I should judge, from his recitation, but from his singing. At all events, the transcript is a curiosity.

"The whole ballad is written as if it were prose. I endeavored to restore the natural division of the verses; and having since discovered a printed copy, buried in the 'Doom of Devorgoil,' where, of course, nobody looked for it, I am delighted to transfer to my pages one of the most stirring and characteristic ballads ever written." The air of "Bonnie Dundee," under that title, dates from 1628, and the song seems of late years to have recovered its former vogue.

The exquisite air known as "The Coolin" is all that has descended to us of this song to which Thomas Moore has adapted beautiful and appropriate words in his "Irish Melodies." The hostility of the Ancient Irish to the English sway was shown by the long locks of the "coolin," and the disaffection of the modern Irish, in the rebellion of 1798, was exhibited in the close-cut hair of the rebels, from which circumstance was derived the contemptuous epithet of "Crop-pies." This close cropping of the hair was a result of republican sentiment, and first came into fashion in Ireland at the period of the French Revolution.

Another famous Irish song, though devoid of political significance, is "The Groves of Blarney," composed by Richard Alfred Milliken, the poet and barrister, in whose memoirs is found the following account of the origin of the song:

"An itinerant poet, with a view of being paid for his trouble, composed a song (in

praise as he doubtless intended it) of Castle Hyde, the beautiful seat of the Hyde family, on the river Blackwater, but instead of the expected remuneration, the poor poet was driven from the gate by order of the then proprietor, who, from the absurdity of the thing, conceived that it could be only meant as mockery: and, in fact, a more nonsensical composition could hardly escape the pen of a maniac. The author, however, well satisfied with its merits, and stung with indignation and disappointment, vented his rage in an additional stanza against the owner, and sang it wherever he had an opportunity of raising his angry voice.

"As satire, however gross, is but too generally well received, the song first became a favorite with the lower orders, then found its way into ballads, and at length into the convivial meetings of gentleman. It was in one of these that Milliken undertook, in the gaiety of the moment, to produce a song that, if not superior, should be at least equal in absurdity to 'Castle Hyde,' and accordingly, taking Blarney for his subject, he soon made good his promise." Francis Mahoney ("Father Prout") afterward added the two concluding stanzas.

The words of the English anthem "Rule Britannia" have been accredited to Thomson, author of "The Seasons;" but it is not certain that they are his. The song first appeared in the masque of "Alfred," in 1740, which was written by David Mallet and Thomson. An editor of Thomson's works ascribes the original ode to Mallet. For a long time the song was not included in the collected works of either. David Mallet was born in Scotland in 1700.

The air of "Rule Britannia" was composed by Dr. Thomas Arne, who was born in London in 1704, being the son of a wealthy upholsterer. He was educated at Eton, and his father designed him for the

law, but while pursuing his studies, the boy satisfied his craving for music by learning to play with the strings of a spinet muffled in a handkerchief. One day his father was shown into a gentleman's house where a musical party was in full blast, and to his amazement his own son occupied the post of first fiddler. From that time he was allowed to play at home, and soon the family became exceedingly proud of his achievements. He taught his sister, the famous Mrs. Cibber, to sing. She had a charming voice, and he wrote an opera for her which had a run of ten nights. Arne wrote the first English music that rivaled Italian in compass and difficulty. His greatest work was the music to "Comus." He died in 1778. It is said that while attempting to illustrate a musical idea, he sang an air in faltering tones; the sound grew fainter, until song and breath ceased together.

"The girl I left behind me" is no doubt of Irish origin. It has been found in a manuscript dated about 1770. "The air was also taken down," says Bunting, "from A. O'Neil, harper, A.D. 1800—author and date unknown. The air was written for a march, and the English version of the words, called 'Brighton Camp,' differs considerably from these." Chappel, while he puts in an English claim to the air, admits that it may be Irish. He thinks it was probably written in 1758, when there were encampments along the coast—at Brighton, among the rest—where many tunes of this sort originated. Wherever it was first played, it is now almost a century since it became the soldier's and sailor's loath-to-leave, and it has so long been played on every man-of-war as she weighed anchor, and for every regiment as it quitted a town where it had been stationed, that an omission to insert it in this collection would be thought a slight upon the ladies.

Saint Patrick Was a Gentleman.

HENRY BENNETT.
JOHN TOLEKIN.

AN OLD IRISH AIR.

1. Saint Patrick was a gen-tleman, and he came of de-cent peo-ple, In
 2. There's not a mile in Ireland's isle, where the dirty ver-min mus-ters, Where -
 3. Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue, he charm'd with sweet discourses, And
 4. No wonder that those I-rish lads should be so gay and frisk-y, For Saint

Dub - lin town he built a church, and he put a'-pon't a stee - ple, His
 e'er he put his dear fore - foot, he murder'd them in clus - ters, The
 dined on them at Kil - la - loe, in soups and sec - ond cours - es, When
 Pat - rick taught them first the joys of tip - pling 'he whis - key, No

fa - ther was a Wol - lo - gan, his moth - er was a Gra - dy, His
 toads went hop, the frogs went flop, slap dash in - to the wa - ter, And the
 blindworms crawling in the grass, dis - gust - ed all the na - tion, He
 won - der that the saint him - self to taste it should be will - ing, For his

SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

aunt she was a Kin-ni-gan, and his wife the wid-ow Bra-dy,
 snakes com-mit-ted su-i-cide to save them-selves from slaughter.
 gave them a rise, which ope'd their eyes to a sense of their sit-u-a-tion. } Then suc-
 moth-er kept a she-ban shop, in the town of En-nis-kil-len.

cess to bold Saint Pat-rick's fist, For he was a saint so clev-er, He

gave the snakes and toads a twist, And ban-ish-ed them for-ev-er.

The Wicklow hills are very high, and so's the hill
 of Howth, sir,
 But there's a hill much higher still, ay, higher than
 them both, sir;
 'Twas on the top of this high hill Saint Patrick
 preached the sarment,
 He drove the frogs into the bogs, and bother'd all
 the varment.

Then success, etc.

Oh! was I but so fortunate as to be back in
 Munster,
 'Tis I'll be bound that from that ground I never
 more would once stir.
 For there St. Patrick planted turf, and plenty of
 the praties,
 With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store, and cablages
 —and ladies

Then success, etc.

The Wearing of the Green.

1. Oh! Pad - dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go - in' round, The
 2. Then since the col - or we must wear, is Eng - land's cru - el red, Sure
 3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart, Her

Sham - rock is for - bidden by law to grow on I - rish ground; Saint
 Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get, the blood that they have shed; You may
 see with shame and sor - row from the dear old soil will part; I've heard,

Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, His col - or can't be seen, For
 take the Sham - rock from your hat, and cast it on the sod; You may
 whis - per of a coun - try that lies far be - yond the sea, Where

there's a blood - y law a - gain' the Wear - in' o' the Green; I....
 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der - foot 'tis trod; When the
 rich and poor stand e - qual, in the light of free - dom's day; Oh,

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he tuk me by the hand, And he
law can stop the blades of graas from grow - lng as they grow, And
E - rin must wo lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand, Must we

said "how's poor ould Ire - land, and how does she stand?"
when the * leaves in sum - mer time their ver - dure dare not show;
ask a moth - er's wel - come from a strange but hap - py land!

She's the most dis - tress - ful 'oun - try, that ev - er you have seen; They're
Then I will change the col - or I wear in my cau - been, But
Where the cru - el cross of Eng - land's thral - dom nev - er shall be seen, And

Repeat as Chorus.

hang - ing men and wo - men there for wear - ing of the green.
'till that day, please God, I'll stick to wear - ing of the green.
where, thank God, we'll live and die, still wear - ing of the green.

Hankee Doodle.

National Air.

Spirited.

1. Father and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - 'in, And
2. And there we see a thou - sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And
3. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton Up - on a slap - ping stall - ion, A -
4. And then the feath - ers on his hat, They looked so ver - y fine, ah! I

there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mill - ion.
wan - ted pesk - i - ly to get To give to my Je - mi - ma.

Yan - kee doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

And there I see a little keg,
Its heads all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little
To call the folks together. [sticks,

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on 't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on 't.

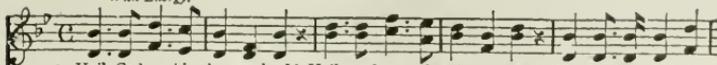
The troopers, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It scared the almost half to death
To see them run such races.

It scared me so I booked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber

Hail Columbia.

F. Hopkinson, 1798.

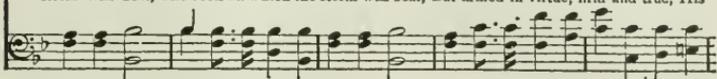
With Energy.



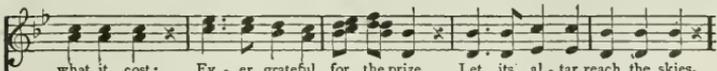
1. Hail Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in
2. Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore! Let no rude foe, with
3. Behold the chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands The rock on which the



freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone En-
im-pious hand, Let no rude foe, with impious hand, Invade the shrine where sacred lies Of
storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat, But armed in virtue, firm and true, His



joy'd the peace your val-or won. Let in-de-pendence be our boast, Ev-er mindful
toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize. While off'ring peace, sincere and just, In Heav'n we place a
hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you. When hope was sinking in dismay, When glooms obscur'd Co



what it cost; Ev-er grateful for the prize, Let its'al-tar reach the skies.
man-ly trust, That truth and jus-tice will pre-vail, And ev'-ry scheme of bondage fail.
lumbia's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolved on death or lib-er-ty.



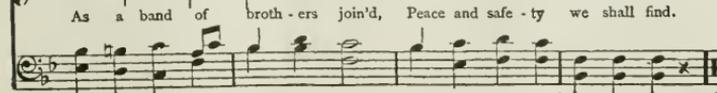
Chorus.



Firm, u-ni-ted, let us be, Ral-ly-..ng round our lib-er-ty,



As a band of broth-ers join'd, Peace and safe-ty we shall find.



Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

D. T. Shaw.

Spirited.

1. Oh, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free, The
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-lation, And threaten'd the land to de-form, The
 3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave; May the

shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world-of-fers hom-age to thee, Thy
 ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the
 wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the

mandates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
 garlands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her
 ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, But hold to their colors so true; The

banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
 flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
 boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
 cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Tippecanoe and Tyler Too.

A. C. Ross.

1. Oh! what has caused this great com-mo-tion, -mo-tion, -mo-tion, Our 'coun-try
 2. Like the working of might-y wa-ters, wa-ters, wa-ters, On it will
 3. The Bay State boys turned out in thousands, thousands, thousands, Not long a-
 4. Now you hear the Van-jacks talking, talking, talk-ing, Things look quite.

through? It is the ball that's rolling on, For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For
 go; And in its course will clear the way For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For
 go, And at Bunker Hill, they set their seals For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For
 blue, For all the world seems turning round For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For

Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, And with them we'll beat lit-tle Van, Van,

Van, Van, oh! he's a used up man! And with them we'll beat lit-tle Van.

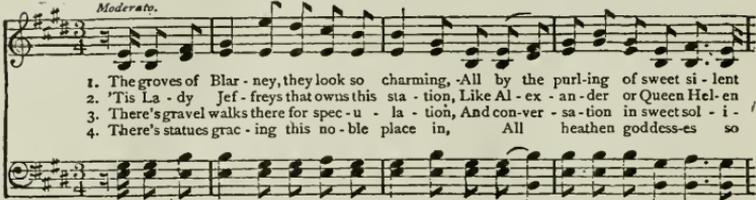
5. Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,
 And Log Cabins too,
 It will only help to speed the ball,
 For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.
6. His latch-string hangs outside the door, door,
 And never is pulled in, [door,
 For it always was the custom of
 Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

7. See the spoilsmeo and leg treasurers, treasurers,
 All in a stew, [treasurers,
 For well they know they stand no chance
 With Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.
8. Little Matty's days are numbered, numbered,
 And out he must go, [numbered,
 For in his place we'll put the good
 Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

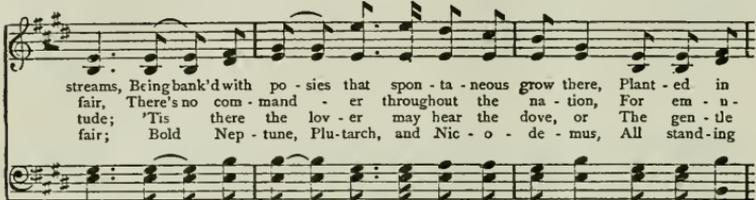
The Groves of Blarney.

R. A. Millikin, 1799.

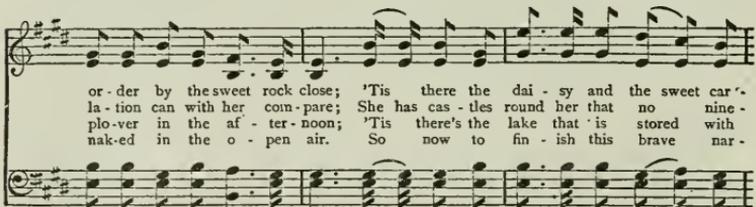
Moderato.



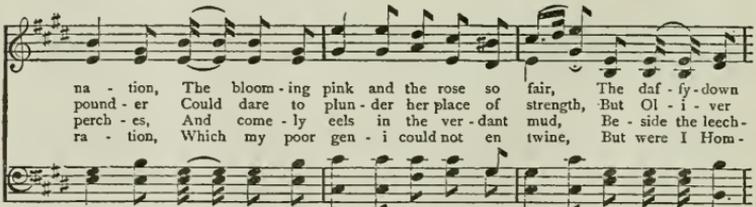
1. The groves of Blarney, they look so charming, - All by the purling of sweet si - lent
 2. 'Tis La - dy Jef - freys that owns this sta - tion, Like Al - ex - an - der or Queen Hel - en
 3. There's gravel walks there for spec - u - la - tion, And con - ver - sa - tion in sweet sol - i -
 4. There's statues grac - ing this no - ble place in, All heathen goddess - es so



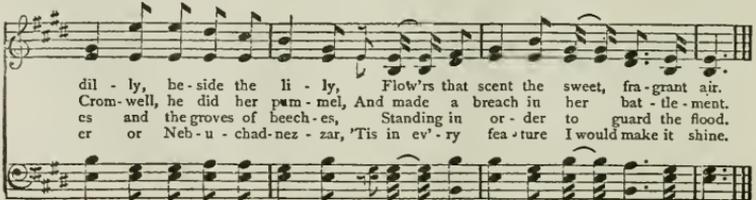
streams, Being bank'd with po - sies that spon - ta - neous grow there, Plant - ed in
 fair, There's no com - mand - er throughout the na - tion, For em - u -
 tude; 'Tis there the lov - er may hear the dove, or The gen - tle
 fair; Bold Nep - tune, Plu - tarch, and Nic - o - de - mus, All stand - ing



or - der by the sweet rock close; 'Tis there the dai - sy and the sweet car -
 la - tion can with her com - pare; She has cas - tles round her that no nine -
 plo - ver in the af - ter - noon; 'Tis there's the lake that 'is stored with
 nak - ed in the o - pen air. So now to fin - ish this brave nar -



na - tion, The bloom - ing pink and the rose so fair, The daf - fy - down
 pound - er Could dare to plun - der her place of strength, But Ol - i - ver
 perch - es, And come - ly eels in the ver dant mud, Be - side the leech -
 ra - tion, Which my poor gen - i could not en twine, But were I Hom -



dil - ly, be - side the li - ly, Flow'rs that scent the sweet, fra - grant air.
 Crom - well, he did her pam - mel, And made a breach in her bat - tle - ment.
 cs and the groves of beech - es, Standing in or - der to guard the flood.
 cr or Neb - u - chad - nez - zar, 'Tis in ev'ry fea - ture I would make it shine.

The Campbells are Coming.

Old Scotch Air.

Allegro.

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho, The Campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho! The

Fine.

Campbells are com-in' to bon-nie Loch-leven, The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho!

1. Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I
 2. The great Ar-gyle he goes be-fore, He makes his can-non loud-ly roar; Wi'
 3. The Campbells they are a' in arms, Their loy-al faith and truth to show; Wi'

D.S.

look-ed down to bonnie Loch-leven And heard three bon-nie pi-pers play. The
 sound of trum-pet, pipe, and drum, The Campbells are comin' O - ho, O - ho! The
 ban-ners rat-tlin' in the wind, The Campbells are comin' O - ho, O - ho! The

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,
 The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,
 The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven,
 The Campbells are comin' O ho, O ho!

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
 Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay.
 Looked down to bonnie Lochleven,
 And heard three bonnie pipers play.
 The Campbells are comin', etc.

The great Argyle he goes before,
 He makes his cannon loudly roar;
 Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum,
 The Campbells are comin' O ho, O ho!
 The Campbells are comin', etc.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
 Their loyal faith and truth to show;
 Wi' lanners rattlin' in the wind,
 The Campbells are comin' O ho, O ho!
 The Campbells are comin', etc.

Bonnie Dundee.

Sir Walter Scott.

Allargretto con sp.rito.

1. To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke, " Ere the King's crown go down there are heads to be
 2. Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat; But the
 3. We've hills beyond Pentland, an' lands beyond Forth, If lords i' the south there are chiefs i' the north; We've
 4. " Then a - wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I own a usurper I'd crouch wi' the fox; And

each Cav-a-lier who loves honor and me, Let him fol-low the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee."
 Provost (douce-man) said " Just e'en let it be, For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."
 brave Duine-wassels three thousand times three Will cry " Hey for the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee!"
 tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee. Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bonnets an' me.

Chorus to each verse.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come saddle my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un -

hook the west port, and let us go free, For it's up wi' the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee."

To the Lords of convention, 'twas Claverhouse spoke,

"Ere the King's crown goes down there are heads to be broke;
 Then each cavalier who loves honor and me,
 Let him follow the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle my horses and call out my men;
 Unhook the west port and let us go free,
 For it's up wi' the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
 The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat;

But the Provost (douce man) said " Just e'en let it be,

For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, etc.

We've hills beyond Pentland, an' lands beyond Forth,

If lords i' the south there are chiefs i' the north;
 We've brave Duine-wassels, three thousand times three,

Will cry " Hey for the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, etc.

" Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
 'Ere I own a usurper I'd crouch wi' the fox;
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,

Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bonnets an' me
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

"Brighton Camp," 1760?

Allegretto.

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

1. I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and
 2. Oh! ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a -
 3. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a
 4. My mind her form shall still re - tain, In sleep - ing or in

val - ley; Such heav - y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my
 above me, And gent - ly lent their silv - 'ry light, When first she vowed she
 ran - ger, The dash - ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere she's to me a
 wak - ing, Un - til I see my love a - gain, For whom my heart is

Sal - ly, I seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re -
 loved me. But now I'm bound to Bright - on camp, Kind Heaven, may fa - vor
 stran - ger; The vows we've reg - is - ter'd a - bove Shall ev - er cheer and
 break - ing. If ev - er I should see the day, When Mars shall have re -

mind me How swift the hours did pass a - way, With the girl I've left be - hind me.
 find me, And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me.
 bind me, In con - stan - cy to her I love, The girl I've left be - hind me.
 signed me, For ev - ermore I'll glad - ly stay With the girl I've left be hind me.

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,
 And o'er the moor and valley;
 Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
 Since parting with my Sally.
 I seek no more the fine and gay,
 For each does but remind me
 How swift the hours did pass away,
 With the girl I've left behind me.

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the night,
 The stars were bright above me,
 And gently lent their silvery light,
 When first she vowed she loved me.
 But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
 Kind Heaven, may favor find me,
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more.
 The dove become a ranger,
 The dashing waves shall cease to roar,
 Ere she's to me a stranger;
 The vows we've register'd above,
 Shall ever cheer and bind me
 In constancy to her I love,
 The girl I left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain,
 In sleeping or in wakening,
 Until I see my love again,
 For whom my heart is breaking.
 If ever I should see the day,
 When Mars shall have resigned me,
 For evermore I'll gladly stay
 With the girl I've left behind me.

Hail to the Chief.

Sandersson.

f
Maezoso.

1. Hail to the chief, who in tri-umph ad-van-ces, Honor'd and blessed be the ever-green pine!
2. Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; When the
3. Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your ears for the evergreen pine!

Long may the tree in his ban-ner that glances, Flour-ish, the shel-ter and grace of our line.
whirl wind has stripp'd ev'ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shad-
Oh, that the rosebud that graces yon islands, Were wreath'd in a gar-land a-round him to twine!

Hail to the chief, who in tri-umph ad-van-ces, Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green pine!
Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; When the
Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your ears for the evergreen pine!

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whirl-wind has stripp'd ev'ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Oh, that the rose-bud that graces yon islands, Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine!

f
Allzgrn.

Heav'n send it happy dew, Earth lend it sap a-new; Gai-ly to bourgeon and broad-ly to grow;
Moor'd in the rift-ed rock, Proof to the tempest shock, Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow;
O that some seedling gem, Worthy such noble stem, Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!

While ev'ry highland glen, Sends our shout back again, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"
Menteith and Breadalbane, then, Echo his praise again, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"
Loud should Clan-Alpine then, Ring from her deepmost glen, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"
(Roder-ik Vik Alpen du, ho! i-e-ro.)

National Hymn.

Rev. S. F. Smith, 1832.
"America."—"God Save the King."

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fa - thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let free - dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro - long.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

COLUMBIA, GOD PRESERVE THEE FREE!

JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. Ark of Free - dom! Glo - ry's dwelling! Columbia, God pre - serve thee free! When the
2. Land of high, he - ro - ic glo - ry: Land whose touch bids slav'ry flee: Land whose
3. Vain - ly 'gainst thine arm con - tend - ing, Ty - rants know thy might, and flee. Free - dom's

storms are round thee swelling, Let thy heart be strong in thee, God is with thee, wrong re -
name is writ in sto - ry, Rock and ref - uge of the free: Ours thy greatness—ours thy
cause on earth de - fend - ing, Man has set his hope on thee; Widening glo - ry—peace un -

pell - ing; He a - lone thy champion be. } Ark of Free - dom! Glo - ry's dwelling! Columbia,
glo - ry; We will e'er be true to thee. }
end - ing—Thy re - ward and por - tion be.

God preserve thee free! Ark of Freedom! Glory's dwelling! Columbia, God preserve thee free!

All Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree,

Old English Song.

Moderato.

1. I'll hang my harp on a wil-low tree, I'll off to the wars a
 2. She took me a - way from my war-like lord, And gave me a silk-en
 3. Then I'll hide in my heart ev-'ry sel-fish care; The hope of my life I'll re
 4. But one gold-en tress of her hair I'll twine In my hel-met's sa-ble

gain; My peace-ful home has no charm for me, The bat-tle-field no
 suit; I thought no more of my mas-ter's sword When I played on my mas-
 sign; When smiles shall greet the brid-al pair, I'll has-ten to give
 plume, And then on the field of Pal-es-tine I'll seek an ear-ly

pain; The La-dy I love will soon be a bride, With a di-a-dem on her,
 ter's lute; She seemed to think me a boy-a-bove Her pag-es of low de-
 them mine; I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed, And I'll walk in the fes-tive
 doom; And if by the Sar-a-cen's hand I fall Mid the no-ble and the

brow. Oh! why did she flat-ter my boy-ish pride, She's go-ing to leave me
 gree. Oh! had I but loved with a boy-ish love, It would have been better for
 train; And if I sur-vive it I'll mount my steed And I'll off to the wars a -
 brave; A tear from my La-dy-love is all I ask for the war-rior's

now, Oh why did she flat-ter my boy-ish pride, She's go-ing to leave me now,
 me, Oh! had I but loved with a boy-ish love It would have been better for me,
 gain, And if I sur-vive it I'll mount my steed And I'll off to the wars a - gain,
 grave, A tear from my La-dy-love is all I ask for the war-rior's grave.

Rule, Britannia.

Thomas Arne.

1. When Britain first at Heav'n's com - mand, A - rose from out the
 2. The na - tions not so blest as thee, Shall in . . . their turn to
 3. To thee be - longs the ru - ral reign, Thy cit - ies shall with

a - zure main, A - rose from out the a - zure main, the a - zure main,
 ty - rants bend, Shall in their turn to ty - rants bend, to ty - rants bend,
 com - merce shine, Thy cit - ies shall with commerce shine, with com - merce shine,

This was the charter, the charter of the land, And guardian an - gels sung this strain :
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free, And to the weak pro - tec - tion lend.
 And lands far - over, far o'er the spreading main, Shall stretch a hand to grasp with thine.

Rule, Bri - tannia, Bri - tannia rules the waves ! Britons nev - er shall be slaves.

When Britain first at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main.

Arose from out the azure main, the azure
 main,
 This was the charter, the charter of the
 land,

And guardian angels sung this strain :

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the
 waves !

Britons never shall be slaves.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the
 waves !

Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Shall in their turn to tyrants bend,

Shall in their turn to tyrants bend, to
 tyrants bend,

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish
 great and free,
 And to the weak protection lend.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules, etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign,

Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 with commerce shine,

And lands far over, far o'er the spreading
 main,

Shall stretch a hand to grasp with thine.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules, etc.

The Roast Beef of Old England.

Richard Leveridge, d. 1758.

Allagra

1. Since might-y roast beef is an Englishman's food, It so counts for the free-dom that
 2. But since we have learn'd from cf-fem-1-nate France To eat their ra-gouts, as

runs in his blood, For gen-er-ous liv-ing's the step to all good.
 well as to dance, We are fed up with noth-ing but vain com-pli-s-ance.

Oh! the roast beef of old Eng-land! And oh! the old Eng-lish roast beef!.....

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
 And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
 Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this
 song,

Oh! the roast beef, *etc.*

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
 Ere coffee and tea and such slippers were known,
 The world was in terror if e'en she did frown.

Oh! the roast beef, *etc.*

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
 They seldom or never return'd back again;
 As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.

Oh! the roast beef, *etc.*

Oh, then we had the stomachs to eat and to fight,
 And when wrongs were cooking, to set ourselves
 right,

But now we're a—hum!—I could, but—good night!

Oh! the roast beef, *etc.*!

Part III.

SONGS OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

ELSEWHERE we have seen that songs of the sea are usually composed by landsmen. It has been pointed out that according to the same rule of authorship the war songs of a people have nearly all been written by non-combatants. The bards who followed the banners of the feudal lords and sang of their exploits and deeds of valor wore no armor and carried no swords.

When the late civil war broke out the generally recognized poets of America were William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Bayard Taylor, John G. Whittier, and perhaps we might add Walt Whitman. From them, if from any one, surely great poems might have been expected, but not one of them produced anything great.

At the date in question, too, the poets of to-day who have a national reputation, were just beginning to put forth their first productions. The great theme of the war was at once a source of inspiration for their pens. The country was flooded with patriotic poems and songs. A few only, in point of execution, were worthy of their authors. One of the best of the pieces

published at the time was "All Quiet Along the Potomac," written by a lady then altogether unknown to fame.

Those poets who had acquired a reputation, like Longfellow, certainly did not shine when they took up the theme of the war. "Yankee Doodle" we got during the Revolution, says Brander Matthews, and the "Star Spangled Banner" was the gift of the war of 1812. From the civil war we received at least two war songs which, as war songs simply, are finer than either of these—"John Brown's Body" and "Marching Through Georgia." Of the purely lyrical outburst which the war called forth but little trace is now to be discovered. In most cases neither words nor music had vitality enough to survive a quarter of a century. Really, indeed, two only survive—one Southern and the other Northern; one a war cry in verse, the other a martial tune; one is the lyric, "My Maryland," and the other is the marching song, "John Brown's Body."

The origin and development of the latter, the rude chant to which a million of the soldier of the Union kept time, is uncertain and involved in dispute. The history of the former may be declared exactly; and by the

courtesy of those who did the deed—for the making of a war-song is of a truth a deed at arms—we are enabled to state fully the circumstances under which it was written, set to music and first sung before the soldiers of the South.

The famous lyric, "John Brown's Body," was almost the first born of the songs of the civil war. In fact, it has been called a spontaneous generation of the uprising of the North. John Brown was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia, in December, 1859. The feeling which that execution called forth in Massachusetts found relief in a meeting in Faneuil Hall. That evening a crowd of boys and youths is said to have paraded the streets of Boston singing to a familiar air a monotonous lament of which the burden was, "Tell John Andrew John Brown's dead!"

A little more than a year later came the news of the shot against the flag at Sumter. Some memory of this street song seems to have survived and to have combined chemically with the tune of "Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us?" a melody which Thane Miller heard in a colored church at Charleston, South Carolina, about 1859, and which he soon after introduced at a convention of the Young Men's Christian Association at Albany, New York. James E. Greenleaf, organist of the Harvard Church in Charlestown, Massachusetts, it is said, fitted this air to the first stanza of the present song, which became so great a favorite with the Boston Light Infantry in 1861 that additional verses were written for it by Charles S. Hall.

Charles Godfrey Leland calls it the "Marseillaise of Emancipation," and says that though adapted to a Methodist hymn, it appears in the beginning to have been some kind of a voodoo song and may be possibly of a purely negro origin. Lieutenant Chandler, in an article on Sherman's march

to the sea says that during a halt at Shady Dale in Georgia, the (Federal) band struck up "John Brown's Body lies Mouldering in the Grave." Great was the amazement of the soldiers to see a number of negro girls come out one by one from the deserted houses, and forming a circle round the band, dance in a grave and dignified manner without smiling, as if in some kind of a magical or religious ceremony.

The dance over, they disappeared. The band played other airs, but the girls did not reappear; and their modest and earnest deportment on this occasion made an impression on the spectator. Inquiry of an old negro woman elicited the fact that the air was known as "the wedding tune," that it had no connection with hymns or songs, and that the colored girls all believed that they must dance whenever they heard it played or that they would never be married. The words and name of "John Brown's Body" were as yet unknown to every one in that obscure corner of the South. "I was convinced," says the writer, "that the tune was older where the words were unknown than where they are familiar." "I can only add," says Mr. Leland, "that there are yet in existence in the United States several voodoo airs and dances, and that one of the most accomplished ladies whom I ever met had learned something of them. It is very probable, as I have already suggested, that in its origin 'John Brown' belongs to this 'mysterious music.'"

The tune of the original air was modified to a march, and it became the song of the hour. There was a special taunt to the South in the use of the name of the martyr of abolition, while to the North that name was as a slogan. It was the regiment of Colonel Fletcher Webster (the Twelfth Massachusetts), which first adopted "John Brown's Body" as a marching song. The soldiers

of his regiment sang it as they marched down Broadway in New York, July 24, 1861, on their way from Boston to the front. They sang it incessantly until August, 1862, when Colonel Webster died, and when the tune had been taken up by the nation at large, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers were marching forward to the fight with the name of John Brown on their lips. There was a majestic simplicity in the rhythm, like the beating of mighty hammers. In the beginning the words were bare to the verge of bareness; but the *Pall Mall Gazette* of October 14, 1865, says: "The street boys of London have decided in favor of 'John Brown's Body' against 'My Maryland' and 'The Bonnie Blue Flag.'"

A writer in the Boston *Herald* says: "The song 'John Brown's Body' is of especial interest to the Grand Army men living in this State, for the reason that Martland's Band of Brockton was the first organized corps of musicians that ever played this tune in public, and can, therefore, claim the honor of bringing it before the American people." Regarding the tune the same writer says: "The air of 'John Brown's Body' was a recognized camp-meeting tune before the war, and was sung to an almost numberless series of words. The manner in which it was first taken to Fort Warren was simple. Two members of the Tigers were present at a camp-meeting service in a small town in New Hampshire during the fall preceding the occupancy of the fort. One of these men was named Purington, and the other John Brown. They heard the song at the camp-meeting, and as the air was one of those catching tunes and easy to remember they learned it before leaving.

"When the Tigers went to Fort Warren to remain with and join the Twelfth Regiment, which was to be stationed there, these

two men went with the company. Then Purington, Brown, C. B. F. Edgerly, and James W. Greenleaf, the latter two also belonging to the company, formed a quartet and used to sing to words of their own getting up. It was not long before three of the members of the quartet began using the name of the fourth member, John Brown, in the song. Brown was a good-natured Scotclunan, full of fun, and a general favorite of the regiment. They would sing John Brown this, and John Brown that, until Brown himself got tired even of his own name. The words were too firmly fixed in the minds of the singers to warrant their changing them very easily, however, and so, instead of fitting the words so that they would prove applicable to John Brown of the Tigers, they changed them over to suit John Brown of Harper's Ferry.

"It was about this time that the musicians in the band caught the air and thought it would be a good scheme to play it at dress parade. This was the real beginning of the popularity of this widely-known tune. The air took so well that the band had to play it every day, as well as on dress parade. When Edward Everett formally presented the set of colors to the Twelfth Regiment on Boston Common, the speech of acceptance being made by Colonel Fletcher Webster of the regiment, the tune was played, and the assembled multitude fairly went wild over it.

"The verses now so familiar, 'John Brown's Body lies Moldering in the Grave' were written by Frank E. Jerome, quite a young man at that time, afterward residing at Russell, Kansas, where he was employed upon the *Russell Record*. The song then spread with great rapidity. Gilmore's band took it up, and from that it went to others, and was soon sung and played wherever the American flag could be found. When Martland's band played the air going up State

Street in June, 1861, the members also sang it as they marched along. The crowds which lined the sidewalks took up the air until their voices joined in one mighty chorus.

"The Twelfth Regiment went through New York, en route for Baltimore, soon after the above occurrence, and played and sang the song while marching down Broadway. It there received the same great welcome that it did in Boston, and the multitudes at once joined in the chorus. A reporter of one of the New York dailies then secured a copy of the music and printed it. The copies sold like wildfire, and the tune was on everybody's lips. It was carried throughout the war, and regiment after regiment would sing it at the dusk of evening, and its popularity increased as day after day sped on.

"The words, however, proved insufficient for the popularity of this tune. Julia Ward Howe's 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' was written to the air in December, 1861, soon after the beginning of the war, and the words proved fully as catching as those in relation to John Brown of Ossawatoumie. This song also spread rapidly over the country and became immensely popular in the regiments at camp. Such words as 'Hang Jeff Davis' and 'Glory, glory, hallelujah' were also originated and spread, until the different songs adapted to this tune became numerous. But all of the different sets of words which are known so well to-day had their origin from 'John Brown's Body.' These songs were among those that served to make camp-life in the civil war less tedious, and these songs became a part and parcel of the soldier's daily existence."

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was the incarnation of the patriotism and martial feeling pent up in "John Brown's Body." Mrs. Howe, a few years ago, narrated in *The Century* an account of the cir-

cumstances under which the lyric was written. Mrs. Howe was in Washington, D. C., in December, 1861, when the city was full of soldiers and patriotic spirit was everywhere astir. She says:

"It happened one day that, in company with some friends, among whom was the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, I attended a review of our troops at a distance of several miles from the city. The manœuvres were interrupted by a sudden attack of the enemy, and instead of the spectacle promised us we saw some reinforcements gallop hastily to the aid of a small force of our own, which had been surprised and surrounded.

"Our return to the city was impeded by the homeward marching of the troops, who nearly filled the highway. Our progress was therefore very slow, and to beguile the time we began to sing army songs, among which the John Brown song soon came to mind. Some one remarked upon the excellence of the tune, and I said I had often wished to write some words which might be sung to it. We sang, however, the words which were already well known as belonging to it, and our singing seemed to please the soldiers, who surrounded us like a river, and who themselves took up the strain, in the intervals crying to us: 'Good for you.'

"I slept as usual that night, but awoke before dawn the next morning, and soon found myself trying to weave together certain lines, which, though not entirely suited to the John Brown music, were yet capable of being sung to it. I lay still in the dark room, line after line shaping itself in my mind, and verse after verse. When I had thought out the last of these I felt that I must make an effort to place them beyond the danger of being effaced by a morning nap. I sprang out of bed and groped about in the dim twilight to find a bit of paper and the stump of a pen which I remem-

bered to have had the evening before. Having found these articles, and having long been accustomed to scribble with scarcely any sight of what I might write in a room made dark for the repose of my infant children, I began to write the lines of my poem in like manner. (I was always careful to decipher these lines within twenty-four hours, as I had found them perfectly illegible after a longer period.) On the occasion now spoken of, I completed my writing, went back to bed, and fell fast asleep.

"A day or two later, I repeated my verses to Mr. Clarke, who was much pleased with them. Soon after my return to Boston I carried the lines to James T. Fields, at that time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The title, 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' was of his devising. The poem was published soon after in the magazine, and did not at first receive any special attention. We were all too much absorbed in watching the progress of the war to give much heed to a copy of verses more or less. I think it may have been a year later that my lines, in some shape, found their way into a Southern prison, in which a number of our soldiers were confined. An army chaplain who had been imprisoned with them came to Washington soon after his release, and in a speech or lecture of some sort described the singing of the hymn by himself and his companions in that dismal place of confinement. People now began to ask who had written the hymn, and the author's name was often sung in the course of the war and under a great variety of circumstances. Among other anecdotes I have heard of its having once led a 'forlorn hope' through a desperate encounter to a successful issue.

"The wild echoes of the fearful struggle have long since died away, and with them all memories of unkindness between ourselves and our Southern brethren. But

those who once loved my hymn still sing it. In many a distant Northern town where I have stood to speak, the song has been sung by the choir of some one of the churches before or after my lecture. I could hardly believe my ears when, at an entertainment at Baton Rouge, which I shared with other officers of the New Orleans Exposition, the band broke bravely into the John Brown tune. It was scarcely less surprising for me to hear my verses sung at the Exposition by the colored people who had invited me to speak to them in their own department. A printed copy of the words and music was once sent me from Constantinople, by whom I never knew. But when I visited Robert College, in the neighborhood of that city, the good professors and their ladies at parting asked me to listen well to what I might hear on my way down the steep declivity. I did so, and heard, in sweet, full cadence, the lines which scarcely seem mine, so much are they the breath of that heroic time and of the feeling with which it was filled."

Charles Carroll Sawyer, long a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., was, without doubt, one of the most popular and most successful song-writers of the war. He gives this as the origin of his famous song "When this Cruel War is Over": "During the year 1861-2, many songs were published, but they were all filled with the love of the soldier for those whom he had left at home, and, thinking it would cheer and comfort our brave boys, I composed and published the song 'When this Cruel War is Over,' which seemed to reach the hearts of both armies, so that in a few months I found it almost impossible to supply the demand. The song reached the unprecedented sale of nearly one million copies."

Turn we now to the war-songs of the South, for the Confederacy felt the flush

and glow of patriotism and martial ardor as intensely as the North. First, then, we glance at "Maryland, my Maryland." It was written by Mr. James R. Randall, a native of Baltimore, and since residing in Augusta, Georgia. The author was a professor of English literature and the classics in Poydras College, Louisiana, where, in April, 1861, he read in the *New Orleans Delta* the news of the attack on the Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore.

"This account excited me greatly," Mr. Randall writes. "I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling event there inflamed my mind. That night I could not sleep, for my nerves were all unstrung, and I could not dismiss what I had read in the paper from my mind. About midnight I arose, lit a candle and went to my desk. Some powerful spirit appeared to possess me, and almost involuntarily I proceeded to write the song of 'My Maryland.' I remember that the idea appeared to take shape first as music in the brain—some wild air that I cannot now recall. The whole poem of nine stanzas, as originally written, was dashed off rapidly, when once begun."

There is often a feeling afloat in the minds of men, undefined and vague for want of one to give it form, and held in solution, as it were, until a chance word dropped in the ear of a poet suddenly crystallizes this feeling into song, in which all may see clearly and sharply reflected what in their own thought was shapeless and hazy. It was Mr. Randall's fortune to be the instrument through which the South spoke. By a natural reaction his burning lines helped "to fire the Southern heart." To do their work well his words needed to be wedded to music. It was left for a lady of Baltimore, Miss Hattie Cary, afterward the wife of Prof. H. N. Martin, of Johns Hopkins University, to lend the lyric the musical

wings it needed to enable it to reach every camp-fire of the Southern armies.

"The glee club was to hold its meeting in our parlors one evening early in June," she writes, "and my sister Jennie, being the only musical member of the family, had charge of the programme on the occasion. With a school-girl's eagerness to score a success, she resolved to secure some new and ardent expression of feelings that were by this time wrought up to the point of explosion. In vain she searched through her stock of songs and airs. Nothing seemed intense enough to suit her. Aroused by her tone of despair, I came to the rescue with the suggestion that she should adapt the words of 'Maryland, my Maryland,' which had been constantly on my lips since the appearance of the lyric a few days before in the South. I produced the paper and began declaiming the verses. 'Lauriger Horatius!' she exclaimed, and in a flash the immortal song found voice in the stirring air so perfectly adapted to it. That night when her contralto voice rang out the stanzas the refrain rolled forth from every throat present without pause or preparation; and the enthusiasm communicated itself with such effect to a crowd assembled beneath our open windows as to endanger seriously the liberties of the party." "Lauriger Horatius" has long been a favorite college song, and it had been introduced into the Cary household by Mr. Burton N. Harrison, then a Yale student. The air to which it is sung is used also for a lovely German lyric, "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum," which Longfellow has translated "O, Hemlock Tree."

Unquestionably the greater part of its popularity was due to the fact that it lent itself readily to the vocal uses of large bodies of men. In this respect it resembles that old piece "Rule Britannia," which gave every

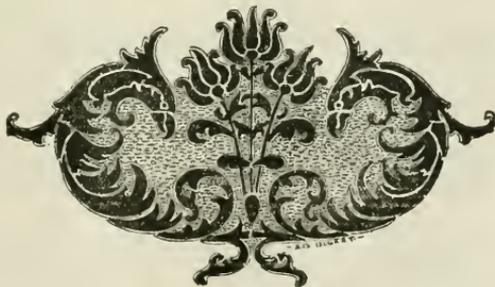
one an opportunity to come in with a thundering chorus, whether he could sing or not. Like "God Save the Queen" it has a limited compass—one note more than an octave—a feature essential to a common use. "My Maryland" might be shouted by a company or a regiment or even an army, and so it became the song of the Southern people.

From New Orleans came one of the songs of the South, the "Bonnie Blue Flag." The tune is an old Hibernian melody, the "Irish Jaunting Car." The words were written by an Irish comedian, Harry McCarthy, and the song was first sung by his sister, Miss Marion McCarthy, at the Varieties Theatre, in 1861. General Butler fined every man, woman or child, who sang, whistled or played it on any instrument, twenty-five dollars, besides arresting the publisher, destroying the sheet music, and fining the publisher five hundred dollars.

But the South did not sing as much as the North. True, she had her share of gifted and impassioned poets—Ticknor, Randall, Tim-

rod, Thompson, Ryan, Flash and Cooke—whose productions gleam star-like through the luminous artistic haze of the period. The "Bonnie Blue Flag" was once very popular; it was one of the prettiest of Southern airs. Then there was another song known as "Stonewall Jackson's Way." But with the exception of these and perhaps a few other pieces, "My Maryland" was eminently the war-song of the South.

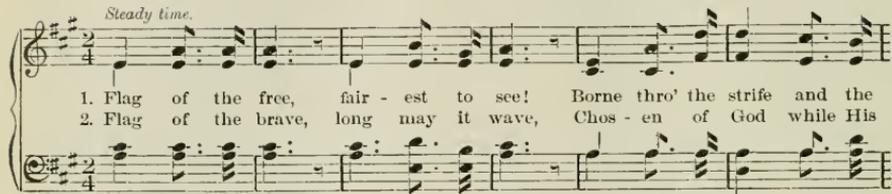
A very considerable proportion of the Southern war-songs were written by ladies. It must be confessed that most of the pieces were echoes and imitations of poems that have been written in other lands. For instance, we have Scott's "March, March, Ettrick and Teviotdale" parodied or imitated in the poem "March, March On, Brave Palmetto Boys." So we find Moore's "Minstrel Boy" imitated in Colonel Hamilton Washington's verses, "Our Boys are Gone," and "Campbell's Mariners of England," in Benjamin F. Porter's "Cavaliers of Dixie." Instances of such imitations might be multiplied, but these will suffice.



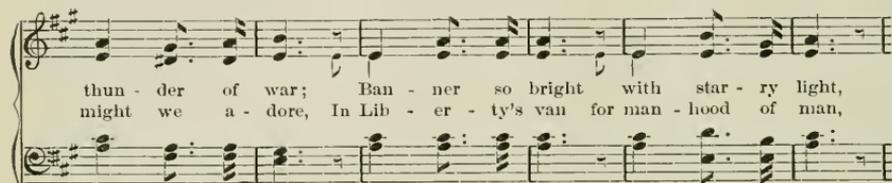
Flag of the Free.

March from "Lohengrin." WAGNER.

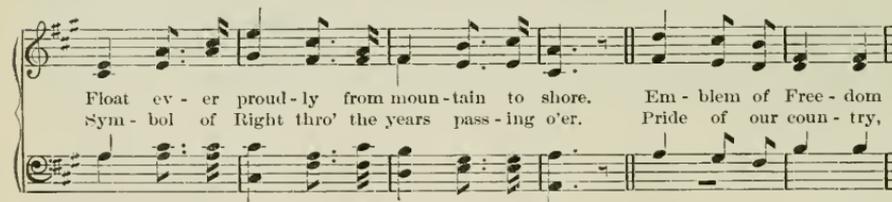
Steady time.



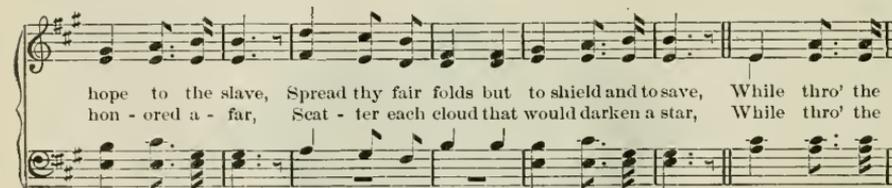
1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chos - en of God while His



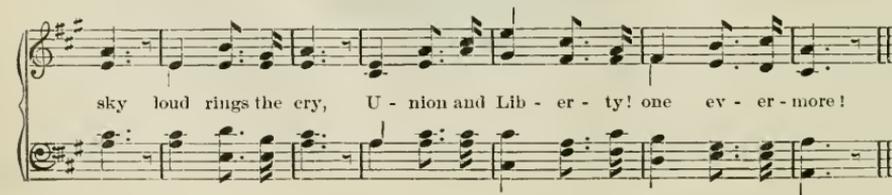
thun - der of war; Ban - ner so bright with star - ry light,
might we a - dore, In Lib - er - ty's van for man - hood of man,



Float ev - er proud - ly from moun - tain to shore. Em - blem of Free - dom
Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass - ing o'er. Pride of our coun - try,



hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save, While thro' the
hon - ored a - far, Seat - ter each cloud that would darken a star, While thro' the



sky loud rings the cry, U - nion and Lib - er - ty! one ev - er - more!

My Maryland.

Jas. R. Randall, 1861.

1. The despot's heel is on thy shore, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! His torch is at thy
 2. Hark to an ex - il - ed son's ap - peal, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! My Mother - State, to
 3. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! Thy gleaming sword shall

tem - ple door, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! A - venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore That
 thee I kneel! Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy
 nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! Re - mem - ber Carroll's sa - cred trust, Re -

flecked the streets of Baltimore, And be the bat - tle - queen of yore, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land!
 peer - less chiv - al - ry reveal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Maryland, my Ma - ry - land!
 member Howard's warlike thrust And all thy slumberers with the just, Maryland, my Ma - ry - land!

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
 Maryland, my Maryland!
 His torch is at thy temple door,
 Maryland, my Maryland!
 Avenge the patriotic gore
 That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
 And be the battle queen of yore,
 Maryland, my Maryland!
 Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
 Maryland, my Maryland!
 My mother State, to thee I kneel,
 Maryland, my Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal, [steel,
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with
 Maryland, my Maryland!
 Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
 Maryland, my Maryland!
 Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
 Maryland, my Maryland!
 Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
 Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
 And all thy slumberers with the just,
 Maryland, my Maryland!

Soldiers' Chorus.

"Faust." C. F. GOUNOD.

Spirited.

Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may cop-y their virtues bold,

Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, Yes, read-y to fight or read-y to die for

FINE.

Fa - ther-land. Who needs bid-ding to dare by a trum-pet blown?

Who lacks pit-y to spare, when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe,

if a-lone or last? And boast he was true, as coward might do, when per-il is past?

Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may cop-y their vir-tues bold.

Cour-age in heart, and a sword iu hand, Read-y to fight for Fa - ther-

land. Now home a - gain, we come, the long and fie - ry strife of bat - tle

o - ver. Rest is pleas-ant af - ter toil, as hard as ours be-neath a stranger

sun. Ma - ny a maid-en fair is wait-ing here to greet her truant soldier

lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has

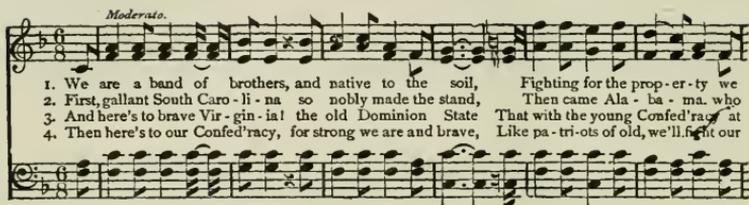
seen. We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.

D. C.

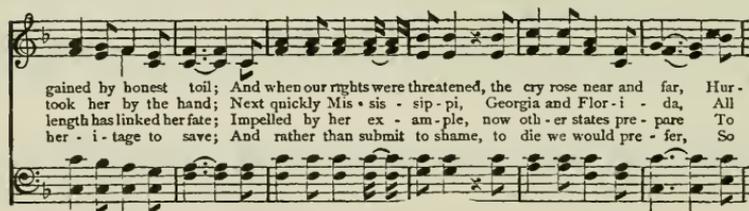
Bonnie Blue Flag.

H. McCarthy.

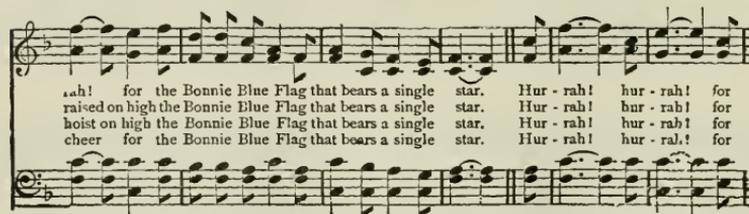
Moderato.



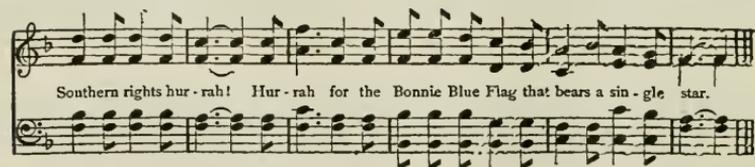
1. We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil, Fighting for the prop-er-ty we
 2. First, gallant South Caro-li-na so nobly made the stand, Then came Ala-ba-ma who
 3. And here's to brave Vir-gin-ia! the old Dominion State That with the young Confed'rats
 4. Then here's to our Confed'racy, for strong we are and brave, Like pa-tri-ots of old, we'll fight our



gained by honest toil; And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far, Hur-
 took her by the hand; Next quickly Mis-sis-sip-pi, Georgia and Flor-i-da, All
 length has linked her fate; Impelled by her ex-ample, now oth-er states pre-pare To
 her-i-tage to save; And rather than submit to shame, to die we would pre-fer, So



ah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star. Hur-rah! hur-rah! for
 raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star. Hur-rah! hur-rah! for
 hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star. Hur-rah! hur-rah! for
 cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star. Hur-rah! hur-rah! for



Southern rights hur-rah! Hur-rah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a sin-gle star.

John Brown's Body.

Chas. S. Hall.

1. John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a-
 2. The stars of heav-en are looking kindly down, The stars of heav-en are
 3. He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the
 4. John Brown's knap-sack is strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap-sack is

mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave, His soul goes marching on!
 looking kindly down, The stars of heaven are looking kindly down, On the grave of old John Brown!
 army of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord! His soul is marching on!
 strapped upon his back, John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back! His soul is marching on!

Chorus.

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le -

lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march-ing on.

John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the
 grave,
 John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the
 grave,
 John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the
 grave,
 His soul goes marching on!

Glory, glory hallelujah!
 Glory, glory hallelujah!
 Glory, glory hallelujah!
 His soul goes marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 On the grave of old John Brown!

Glory, glory hallelujah, etc.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the
 Lord,
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the
 Lord,
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the
 Lord!
 His soul goes marching on!

Glory, glory hallelujah, etc.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his
 back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his
 back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his
 back!

His soul goes marching on!

Glory, glory hallelujah, etc.

Gone Where the Woodbine Twineth.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By APSLEY STREET.

Musical notation for the first system. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo marking is *Moderato*. The piano part begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The vocal line starts with a rest followed by the lyrics "He is".

Musical notation for the second system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "gone where the woodbine twineth, With the vine on the i - vied wall, 'Nesth the more on the field of bat-tle, Let him rest, for his sleep is sweet, No part - ed with friends for - ev - er, From the hearts that were kind and near; He has". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand.

Musical notation for the third system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "shade of the weep-ing willow, Where its long drooping branches fall. Re- more on the field of bat-tle, Shall he march to the drum's low beat, His part - ed with friends for - ev - er, For the flag that he held so dear. He". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a melodic line.

By permission of SEP. WINNER & SON.

GONE WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH.

mem - ber then the soldier, Once no - ble and so brave, And
heart no more shall quicken To the bu - gle's thrilling blow, For
fought to win the glo - ry That a he - ro on - ly knows; His

east thy lit - tle to - ken - A flow - 'ret on his grave.
death has found a vio - tim, And his head at last lies low.
name shall live in sto - ry While he fied a calm re - pose.

rall. *rall.* *tempo.*

CHORUS.

Air.
Alto. Then go where the woodbine twineth, When spring is bright and
Tenor.
Bass.

PIANO

fair, And to the soldier's rest - ing - place Some lit - tle tri - bute bear.

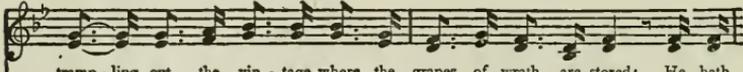
Battle-Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

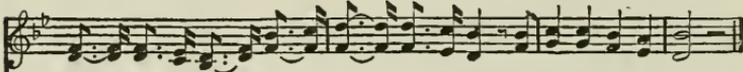
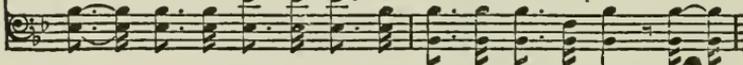
Allegretto.



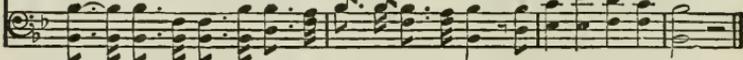
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur - nished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He bath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in his bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



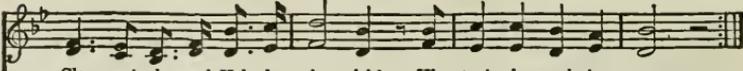
loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword. His truth is marching on,
read His righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps. His day is marching on,
He - ro, born of wom - an, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is marching on,"
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on,
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.



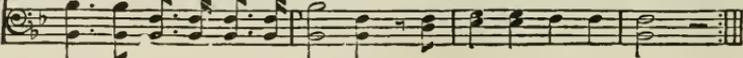
Chorus.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.



Part IV.

SCOTCH AND IRISH SONGS.

CHAT BY THE WAY.

TO Robert Burns, who has been named "the prince of song writers," is Scottish song indebted for many of its beautiful lyrics. Robert Burns, the national poet of Scotland, and in all literature one of the most brilliant geniuses, was born at Alloway, in the neighborhood of Ayr, January 25, 1759. Says Andrew Lang in a recent sketch: "The history of most of his life is so well known, and what is not well known requires so much conjecture and research to elucidate it, while so much space were needed for the elucidation, that a meager sketch must here suffice. In his poems his story lives unconcealed and imperishable; his loves and hates, his mirth, his bitterness, his repentance; there is not a mood but has its verse.

"Even in boyhood the education and native genius of Burns soon made him friends among all classes of people. He went to a dancing school, and began to make a great deal of love for himself and for less confident swains. He read Allan Ramsay, and began to write. Acquaintance with sailors and smugglers very considerably widened his moral ideas. He became a kind of rural Don Juan, though he had too much heart for the role. Burns was a man of

more attractions and stronger passions than his neighbors, and when that has been said, there is really no more to say. A worse man, or a man with a worse heart would easily have escaped from the entanglements with Jean Armour. A luckier man might have married Highland Mary, and been happy with his own true love, but such luck is given to few.

"In a letter of November, 1794, Burns says: There is an air, 'The Caledonian hunt's delight,' to which I wrote the song, 'Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon.' This air, I think, might find a place in the Museum among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer in your good towu, was in company with a friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is that, in a few days, Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke fashioned into the one in question."

Mr. Johnson set about publishing his *Scots Musical Museum*, to which we owe all that is briefest and brightest of Burns. He contributed an astonishing number of the most beautiful, tender, passionate, and vivacious songs in any language, chiefly adapted to old Scotch airs, and molded now and then on old Scotch words. An edition of Scotch songs, with the old words and the words of Burns, would be a valuable book, though not precisely a book for drawing-rooms. Many of the ancient ditties were of a singular license, though that does not make them less useful to the student of popular manners and of literary history. But very often, as in the deplorable case of Allan Ramsay's verses, the new songs have devoured and destroyed the old. Indeed, as Hogg's mother told Scott, printing popular songs generally kills their natural life, much more than the printing of substituted words.

His country has been much scorned for her treatment of Burns. How was she to treat him? He deserved what Socrates said *he* merited, "to be kept at the public expense in the Town Hall." But he would not have accepted the offer had Scotland possessed a Prytaneum, and had Scotland made the offer. He did not try to live (as others in his position and not without a share of his genius, have lived) by literature. He came too early. Such a poet now might actually exist on the proceeds of his poetry. What can the world do for such geniuses as Burns and Byron? They do not "plough a straight furrow," as the Greek proverb ran; their passions are part of their glory, their sorrow and their shame. Their reward is immortality.

Burns is so much the greatest of Scotch poets that no other comes into the reckoning. Scott is a genius more universal, more genial, and a character infinitely more amiable and delightful. But for the mere essence of poetry and spirit of song, there is

not the equal of Burns, not only in Scotch verse, but in the literature of the world. Sappho and Catullus are his peers; perhaps, indeed, no other lyric poet can be named with Sappho. The Tenth Muse does not compete with mortals, as the Nine sang against Thamyris the Thracian. She has a legendary magic, and dwells alone. But Catullus, with much of the fire, affection and humor of Burns, has nothing like his range.

Burns is not only a lyric poet of unsurpassed energy, and of art usually unerring, but he is a satirist, and a descriptive poet second to few. He takes our hearts by storm; he rushes in with the fifes and pipes playing gloriously; he wins us at once by a natural intrepid gallantry of art. It is for this gay courage, or again for his brief natural sadness, that he is so esteemed, and for an art neither fairy-like, like Keat's; nor magical, like Virgil's; nor full of winning grace, like that of Horace; but simple, unaffected, completely appropriate, and classically clear. For loyal despair what can equal

Now a' is done that men can do
And a' is done in vain;

for loyal gallantry,

Oh, Kenmare's on and awa Willie,

for fresh beauty of nature,

When o'er the hill the eastern star;

for proud content,

I hae a wife o' my ain;

for jollity (the rhyme Scott parodied in his last year),

Blythe, Blythe and merry was she;

for pathos,

John Anderson, my Jo, John,

and so on. Who can number all these watchwords of the Scotch people, to which a ready response is made by how many myriads of hearts all the world round? If he carried the famed theory of Aucassin rather far when he wrote

The kirk and state may gae to hell,
And I'll go to my Anna,

his example was not so attractive as to tempt many readers after him. It is not the faults of Burns, on the whole, nor his shame-faced glorying in them that remain in the memory and the imagination. We cannot believe that he has really encouraged the faults of his countrymen, as some say. There is no encouragement in that shame-faced glorying of "The Daddy o't," not in his pitiful repentances. It is the good element in him, the tender heart, and proud courage and sound humor that survive, that inspire his verse and communicate themselves to his hearers. On the rest the righteousness of oblivion scatters pity, and leaves us only the memory of a great poet.

The last days of Robert Burns were, as everybody knows, so wretched that it is painful even to think of them. The pangs of mortal illness, the joint result of disappointment and dissipation, were aggravated by poverty which touched the verge of pauperism; and he and his large family were often indebted to the kindness of neighbors for the commonest comforts of life, as well as for the attention which the invalid required. Among these ministering angels was a young lady, Miss Jessie Lewars, who especially endeared herself to the poet, who smoothed the dying pillow vexed by a dunning demand for thirty-five dollars.

One day, when he was able to walk a short distance, he called at her house, and in course of conversation told her that if she would play him any tune of which she was fond, and for which she desired new verses, he would gratify her wish to the best of his ability. Miss Lewars sat down at the piano and played over several times the air of an old Scotch song. In a few moments Burns handed her these exquisite lines, which

deserve the deathless fame they have won :

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee :
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blow, around thee blow,
Thy shield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a.'

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there, if thou wert there :
Or were I monarch of the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

A few weeks later Burns was in his grave. Many years later, when Jessie Lewars was a gray-haired widow, the verses attracted the attention of a young composer of rare genius, now world renowned—Felix Mendelssohn. Appreciating their tender beauty and simple pathos, and seeing that the air was unworthy of them, he wrote a new accompaniment; that to which they are now sung. So what may almost be called the dying song of the prince of song writers was married to immortal music, and Robert Burns, Jessie Lewars and Felix Mendelssohn are bound together in an indissoluble union of sad, yet sweet association.

Nor does the history stop here. Long after Mendelssohn had joined Burns and Jessie Lewars beyond the river, a Confederate officer, now deceased, who was at once a poet, artist and soldier, and whose fortune it was to erect the first and last fortifications on the soil of Virginia during the American civil war, wrote these other lines to Mendelssohn's music:

When shadows o'er our pathway fall,
So dark and drear, so dark and drear,
We know it is the Father's hand—
That He is near, that He is near.

Misfortune's bitter, blighting storm
 Around may lower, around may lower,
 Protected by His mighty arm
 We'll rest secure, we'll rest secure.

O Father, guide our faltering steps,
 So prone to stray, so prone to stray ;
 And should they press the wildest waste,
 O be our stay, O be our stay.

Should earth's alluring joys beguile,
 To lead us on, to lead us on,
 O Father, dim them with Thy smile—
 Thy will be done, Thy will be done.

The exquisite ballad "Auld Robin Gray" was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of the fifth Earl of Balcarres. She was born on November 27, 1750, and at the early age of twenty-one produced the ballad which Sir Walter Scott says "is worth all the dialogues which Corydon and Phyllis have had together, from the days of Theocritus downward." In 1793, Lady A. Lindsay married Mr. Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, with whom she went out to the Cape, on his appointment as Colonial Secretary under Lord Macartney. Mr. Barnard dying at the Cape, his widow returned to London, where she enjoyed the friendship of Burke, Windham, and others, until her death, which occurred in the year 1825.

It was not until she was in her seventy-third year that Lady Barnard made known the secret of the authorship of this ballad. An amusing story is told in connection with its production. On Lord Balcarres's estate was a shepherd of the name of Robin Gray, and for some act of his Lady Anne resolved to immortalize his memory. Upon her little sister entering her room one day, Lady Anne said: "I have been writing a ballad, my dear; and I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover;

but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the last four lines. Help me to one, I pray." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said her sister. Accordingly, we are told that the cow was "lifted."

The author of the song "Comin' Thro' the Rye," is unknown. In 1795, or 1796, it is claimed by certain English authorities, the song was sung in the production of an English pantomime, but previous to that time, it is stated on satisfactory authority, Burns had touched up an old Scottish song. The original version reads:

Comin' through the Rye, poor body
 Comin' through the Rye,
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie
 Comin' through the Rye.
 Oh, Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry ;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Comin' through the Rye.

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin' through the Rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry ?
 Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need the world ken ?

O Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry ;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Comin' through the Rye.

This Burns beautified and refined into its present shape. Although most persons, after considerable mental difficulty, have been taught to believe that Burns referred to a little stream in the northwest of Ayrshire, called Rye, where the lads were given to lying in wait and kissing the lassies as they waded through the stream, their hands being employed in holding up their petticoats to keep them out of the water, Mr. A. B. Todd of the *Cumnock Express*, who is said to be an authority in Scottish literature, who was born a few miles from the Burn's

farm, and was intimate with some of Burns's cronies, says that the idea expressed above is pure nonsense; that Burns never saw and probably never heard of the Rye; that the description of how Jenny "draiglet a' her petticoat" doesn't mean that she wet it in the water of a stream, but be-draggled it walking through dew or rain-laden grain.

The reader may adopt whichever version he prefers; for ourselves we must express our belief in the Rye of the river and not the rye of the field. The air is that of an old Scotch ballad—much older than the modern song.

Nearly everybody who sings has sung or certainly they have heard sung the beautiful ballad "Annie Laurie." It is doubly interesting to any one who has spent a few days in the region which the song has made immortal, and especially to one who has enjoyed the hospitality of the Laurie family at the Terregles farm, in Maxwelton, near Dumfries. Annie Laurie was no myth. About two hundred years ago, Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelton, on the opposite side of the River Nith, from Dumfries, Scotland, quaintly wrote in his family register these words: "At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born on the sixteenth day of December, 1682, about 6 o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George Hunter, of Glencairne." Annie's mother was Jean Riddle, to whom Robert was married "Upon the twenty-seventh day of July, 1674, at the Tron Kirk, Edinburgh, by Mr. Annaine," as was also recorded by her father himself.

Posterity owes to Mr. William Douglas, of Fingland, in Kirkcubrightshire (who wooed, but did not win the capricious Annie), the song of "Bonnie Annie Laurie," wherein he celebrated the beauty and

transcendent perfection of the maid of Maxwelton. Poetic justice would have required that Annie should have rewarded with her hand the poet lover, who was determined to make her name immortal; but she preferred another and a richer suitor, Mr. Alexander Ferguson, of Craigdarroch, and him she married. The William Douglas named is supposed to be the original of the song "Willie was a Wanton Wag," and it is related of him that, after having been refused by Annie Laurie he married a Miss Elizabeth Clerk, of Glenboig, in Galloway, by whom he had a family of four sons and two daughters.

Thus it is while the song of "Annie Laurie" lives from age to age the names of all concerned with the original of it survive in the recital of the romantic incidents connected with its composition. The air of "Annie Laurie" familiar to our ears in these days is the composition of Lady Jane Scott, authoress of both words and music of many songs which have become popular in Scotland. Her maiden name was Alicia Anne Spottiswoode. She married in 1836, Lord John Douglas Scott, a son of the Duke of Buccleuch.

Annie McVicar, author of the words of "The Blue Bells of Scotland," was born in Glasgow, 1755. Miss McVicar married Rev. James Grant, minister at Laggan, in Invernesshire. Mr. Grant died, leaving his wife with eight children dependent upon her. In this emergency, an old knack at rhyming came into her mind, and she collected her poems and published them successfully by subscription. A few years later she published three volumes entitled "Letters from the Mountains," which passed through several editions. Other volumes of prose and verse followed, and, with a pension granted her by the government, she passed the rest of her days in comfort, surrounded

by warm friends, in the city of Edinburgh. She reached the age of eighty-four, with faculties almost unimpaired, and died in 1838. She wrote "O where, tell me where" on the occasion of the departure of the Marquis of Huntly for the continent with his regiment, in 1799, and the air in its present shape was arranged by Charles Mackay and Sir Henry Bishop from an old melody which was generally regarded as Scottish, though they were inclined to the belief that it might be of English origin.

"Robin Adair," one of the most touching love-songs in existence, has been called a Scotch song set to an Irish air. The air, that of "Eileen Aroon" which signifies "sweet pearl of my heart," was written by one Carroll O'Daly, an Irish knight. O'Daly loved the daughter of a neighboring chieftain, Ellen Cameron, who returned his love. Her parents were opposed to the match, and O'Daly having gone abroad, made her believe him untrue, and secured her consent to marriage with his rival. O'Daly returned on the day before the wedding. On learning what was about to take place he composed the song, and next day, disguised as a harrier, sang it to the bride. In response to the question: "Wilt thou

go or stay with me, Eileen Aroon?" she contrived to whisper that she would go, and they fled together and were married.

Robin Adair was a young Irishman of good family, who was graduated from the Dublin University as a surgeon, and set out on foot for London about 1760. On the way he had the good fortune to set the leg of an English Countess who had been thrown from her carriage. Through her offices he was introduced into English society, and eventually loved and was loved by the daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, who learned the air from him and wrote the new words. The lovers being separated by their difference of station, the lady pined until the Earl was compelled to consent to her marriage with Adair to save her life. Her disease had gone too far, however, and she soon died. Adair became surgeon to George III. and was knighted, but to his death, at 70 years of age, he always wore mourning for his bride. A lady friend who had heard her sing "Robin Adair," wrote down the words and music and gave them to Braham, a celebrated English tenor of the period. No other song except "Home, Sweet home," ever had such popularity.



Annie Laurie.

SCOTCH SONG.

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly falls the
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the
3. Like dew on the gowan ly-ing Is the fa'o' her fairy

dew, And'twas there that An-nie Law-rie, Gave me her prom-ise
swan, Her face is as the fair-est, That e'er the sun shone
feet, And like winds in sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and

true, Gave me her prom-ise true, And ne'er for-get will
on, That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her
sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to

I, But for bonnie An-nie Law-rie, I'd lay me down and die.
e'e, And for bonnie An-nie Law-rie, I'd lay me down and die.
me, And for bonnie An-nie Law-rie, I'd lay me down and die.

Comin' Thro' the Rye.

Sung by JENNY LIND.

Moderato.

Solce.

Ser. *loca.*

Piano.

f *f*

Ser. 1. If a bod-y, meet a bod-y.

Com-in' thro' the rye If a bod-y kiss a bod-y

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines, including dynamic markings *f* and *p*. The third system contains the final line of the song and a section of piano accompaniment marked *Sva. loco.*

2.
 If a body meet a body,
 Comin' frae the town;
 If a body meet a body,
 Need a body frown!
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane they say ha'e I,
 Yet all the lads they smile at me
 When comin' thro' the rye!

3.
 Among the train there is a swain,
 I dearly lo'e mysel,
 But what's his name, or where'a his hame
 I dinna choose to tell.
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane they say ha'e I,
 Yet all the lads they smile at me
 When comin' thro' the rye.

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

wet it. It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, And he

call'd it the dear lit-tle Shamrock of Ire-land, The dear lit-tle Shamrock, th

sweet lit-tle Shamrock, the dear lit-tle, sweet lit-tle Shamrock of Ire-land.

2

That dear little plant still grows in our land,
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin;
 Whose smiles can bewitch and whose eyes can command,
 In each climate they ever appear in.

For they shine thro' the bog, thro' brake, and the mireland,
 Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland,
 The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
 The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

3

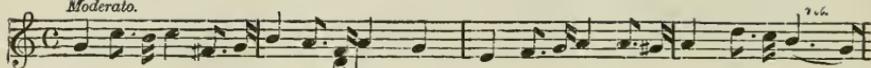
That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
 When its three little leaves are extended;
 Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.

And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,
 From one root should branch like the Shamrock of Ireland,
 The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
 The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

"Come Back to Erin."

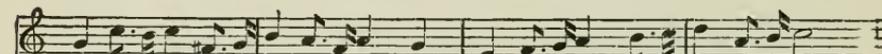
Words and Music by CLARIBEL.

Moderato.



1. Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy birth
2. Over the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Long shone the white sail that bore thee away
3. Oh, may the angels, while wak-in' or sleep-in', Watch o'er my bird in the land far a-way

colla voce.



Come with the shamrocks and spring-time, Mavourneen, And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth,
Riding the white waves that fair summer mor-in', Just like a May-flower a-float on the bay.
And its my prayers will consign to their keepin', Care o' my jew - el by night and by day.



Sure, when ye left us, our beau - ti - ful dar - ling,
Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
When by the fire-side I watch the bright embers,



"COME BACK TO ERIN."

Lit - tle we tho't of the lone winter days, Lit - tle we tho't of the hush of the stars hine,
 Like a grey curtain of rain falling down, Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean,
 Then all my heart flies a-way o'er the sea, Crav - in' to know if my dar - lin' remem - bers,

Animato.

Over the mountain, the Bluffs and the Brays, Then come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Mavourneen,
 Far, far away where my colleen had flown. Then come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Mavourneen,
 Or 'if her thoughts may be crossin' to me. Then come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Mavourneen,

rit. *cres.*

Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth;..... Come back to E - rin, Ma

molto cres. *f*

- vour - neen, Mavour - neen, And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
Sva.....

Dublin Bay.

Andante con spirito.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and features a steady accompaniment of chords.

The second system includes the following lyrics: "They sail'd a - way in a gallant bark, Roy Neill and his fair young bride; They had Three days they sail'd and a storm arose, And the lightning swept the deep, And the". The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent harmonic support.

The third system includes the following lyrics: "ven - tur'd all in that bounding bark, That sped o'er the silv' - ry tide. But his thun - der-crash broke the short repose, Of the wea - ry sea - boy's sleep. Roy". The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line in this section.

The fourth system includes the following lyrics: "heart was young and his spirit light, And he dash'd the tear away, As he watch'd the shore - Neill, he clasped his weeping bride, And he kiss'd her tears away, O, love! 'twas a fa - tal". The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord.

DUBLIN BAY.

cede from sight, Of his own sweet Dublin Bay. . .
 horr. she cried, When we left sweet Dublin Bay. . . 3. On the crowded deck of the

doomed ship, Some stood in their mute despair, And some more calm with a holy lip, Sought the

pp *f*
 God of the storm in pray'r. She has struck on the rock! the seamen cried, In the breath of their wild dis-
pp *f*
 wild dis-

may, And the ship went down, and the fair young bride, That sail'd from Dublin Bay.

Auld Robin Gray.

Andante.
p *mf*

Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But

din. *p*

sav - ing a crown, he had nae-thing else be - side; To make the crown a pound my

Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were bath for me. Ho

p

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems. The first system is an instrumental introduction for the piano, marked *Andante*, with dynamics *p* and *mf*. The second system begins with the vocal line, with piano accompaniment marked *din.* and *p*. The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The fourth system concludes the piece with the vocal line and piano accompaniment marked *p*.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

had, na been gaue a week but on-ly twa, When my fe-ther brake his arm, and our

con dolore. *cresc.*

cow was stown a-wa'; My mith-er she fell sick, and my Ja-mie at the sea, and

mf. *p*

auld Ro-bin Gray cam' a court-ing me.

mf *dim.*

My father couldna work—my nither couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you no' marry me?"
My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?
Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!

My father argued sair—my nither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea;
And auld Robin Gray is gude-man to me.
I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it be,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!
I rang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I carena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife eye to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

Robin Adair.

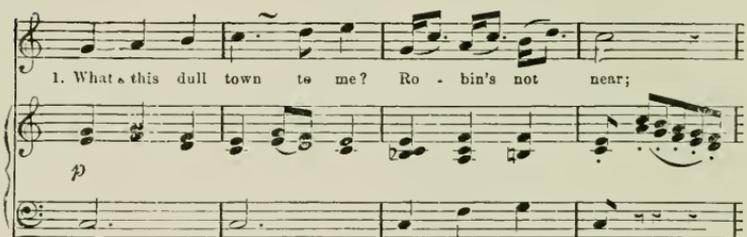
Andante.

PIANO.

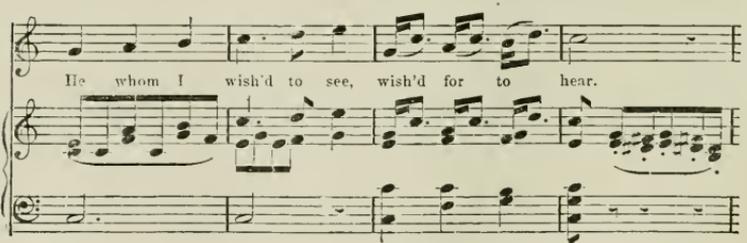


1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near;

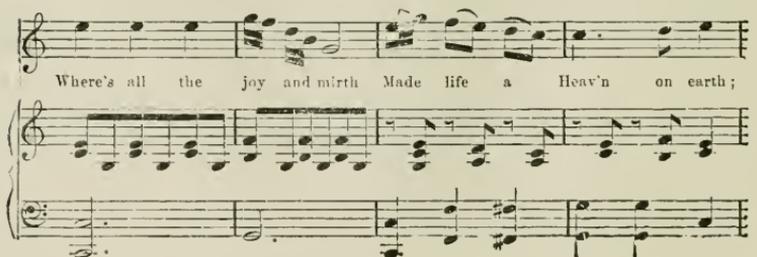
p



He whom I wish'd to see, wish'd for to hear.



Where's all the joy and mirth Made life a Heav'n on earth;



ROBIN ADAIR.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system includes the tempo marking 'rall.' above the vocal line. The lyrics are: 'Where's all the joy and mirth, Oh, they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A dair, Rob - in A - dair, Rob - in A - dair, Rob - in A - dair.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

2 What made th' assembly shine?
 Robin Adair.
 What made the ball so fine?
 Robin Adair.
 What when the play was o'er,
 What made my heart so sore,
 What when the play was o'er?
 Oh, it was parting with
 Robin Adair.

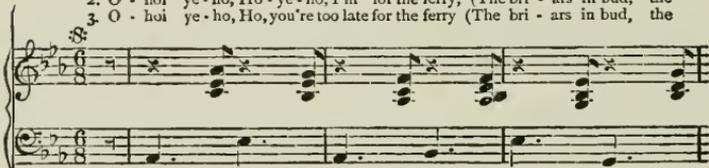
3 But now thou'rt far from me,
 Robin Adair.
 But now I never see
 Robin Adair.
 Yet him I loved so well,
 Still in my heart shall dwell,
 Yet him I loved so well,
 Oh, I can ne'er forget
 Robin Adair.

Twickenham Ferry.

THEO. MARZIALS.



1. O - hoi ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, Who's for the ferry? (The bri - ars in bud, the
2. O - hoi ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, I'm for the ferry, (The bri - ars in bud, the
3. O - hoi ye - ho, Ho, you're too late for the ferry (The bri - ars in bud, the



sun going down,) And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady, And 'tis but a penny to
sun going down,) And it's late as it is and I haven't a penny, And how shall I get me to
sun going down,) And he's no rowing quick and he's not rowing steady, You'd think 'twas a journey to



Twick - en - ham Town. The fer - ry-man's slim and the fer - ry-man's young And he's
Twick - en - ham Town. She'd a rose in her bon - net, and oh! she look'd sweet As the
Twick - en - ham Town. "O hoi, and O ho," you may call as you will The



TWICKENHAM FERRY.

just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue, and he's fresh as a pip-pin and
 lit - the pink Jew-cr that grows in the wheat, With her cheeks like a rose and her
 moon is a ris - ing on Pe - ter-ham Hill, And with love like a rose in the

brown as a ber-ry, And 'tis but a pen - ny to Twick - en - ham Town.
 lips like a cherry, "And sure and you're welcome to Twick - en - ham Town."
 stern of the wherry, Ther-'s dan - ger in cross - ing to Twick - en - ham Town.

ff
 O.

- - boi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho Ho - ye - ho, Ho.

p *dim.*

Killarney.

By M. W. BALFE.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1 By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em'-rald isles and wind-ing bays, Moun-tain paths and
 2 lu-nis-fal-len's ru-in'd shrine May sug-gest a pass-ing sigh, But man's faith can
 3 No-ple else can charm the eye With such bright and va-ried tints, Ev'-ry rock that
 4 Mu-sic there for-cho dwells, Makes each sound a har-mo-ny, Ma-ny-voic'd the

wood-land dells, Mem-ory ev-er fond-ly strays, Boun-teous nature
 ne'er do-cline Such God's won-ders float-ing by, Cas-cle Lough and
 you pass by, Ver-dure lei-ders or-besprits, Vir-gin there the
 cho-rus swells, Till it faints in ec-sta-sy. With the charmful

loves all land; Dean-ty wan-ders ev'-ry-where, Footprints leaves on ma-ny strands,
 Gle-na bay, Moun-tains Toss and Ea-gle's Nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray,
 green grass grows, Ev'-ry morn springs na-tal day, Bright-hued ber-ries duff the snows,
 tints be-low, Seems the Heav'n a-bove to vie, All rich col-ours that we know,

KILLARNEY.

rall. *dim. pp a tempo.*

But her home is sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den
 Though the monks are now at rest. An - gels won - der not that man, There would fair pro -
 Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way, An - gels of - ten pausing there, Doubt if E - den
 Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky. Wings of An - gels so might shine, Glanc - ing back soft

colla parte. rit. pp a tempo.

cresc. *f*

of the west, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
 long life's span, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
 were more fair, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
 light di - vine, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

f

mf

cresc. *rf*

Turnham Toll.

FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

MILTON WELLINGS.

Scherzando.

3rd verse a little slower.

1. "Now where are you going so early this morning, Now
2. There's riding and driving to market, this morning There's
3. The day's growing later, cool shadows thicken, The

where are you going so early?" said he; He peep'd at her little face under the awning, "I'm riding and driving from near and from far, But no little face looks from under the awning, And little cart stands in the grass by the way; And under the tilt are the butter and chicken, But

going to market, to market," said she, "But toll you must pay for passing this way." "And nobody stands to take toll at the bar; The door's open wide, but no one's inside, And the oh! 'tis too late for the market to day. But two happy souls each the other concludes, That

TURNHAM TOLL.

what is the toll, master Toll-keeper, pray?" "O twopence to pay, two-pence to pay,
dog finds it lone - ly at home to be tied; The clock ticks away, what does it say?
life's something better than markets and tolls! O, happy are they roaming a - way.

twopence the toll is for passing this way! twopence to pay, twopence to pay,
"not ma - ny twopen - ces tak - en to - day," The clock ticks away, what does it say?
tho' ne'er a two-pence is tak - en to - day! Hap - py are they roaming a - way,

1st & 2nd verses.

twopence the toll is, for pass - ing this way,"
"not ma - ny two-pen - ces tak - en to - day."
Tho' ne'er a twopence

a tempo.
mf

3rd verse.

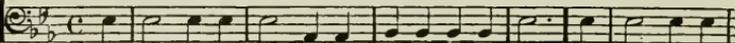
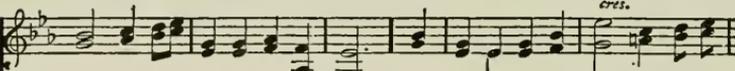
tak - en to - day! Tho' ne'er a twopence is tak - en to - day!

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

Mrs. Jordan.

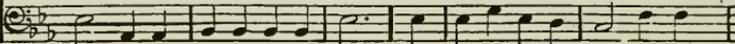


1. Oh, where! and oh, where! is your Highland lad-die gone? Oh, where! and oh,
 2. Oh, where! and oh, where! does your Highland lad-die dwell? Oh, where! and oh,
 3. What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland lad-die clad? What clothes, in what
 4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your Highland lad should die? Sup - pose, and sup -

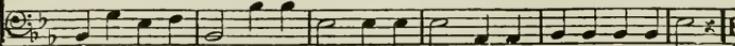



where! is your Highland lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for King
 where! does your Highland lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land at the
 clothes is your Highland lad-die clad? His bon-net's Sax-on green, and his
 pose that your Highland lad should die? The bagpipes shall play over him, I'd

cres.




George up-on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
 sign of the Blue Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.
 waist-coat of the plaid; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.
 lay me down and cry; And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.



Oh, where! and oh, where! is your Highland
 laddie gone?
 Oh, where! and oh, where! is your Highland
 laddie gone?
 He's gone to fight the foe, for King George
 upon the throne;
 And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe
 at home!

Oh, where! and oh, where! does your High-
 land laddie dwell?
 Oh, where! and oh, where! does your High-
 land laddie dwell?
 He dwelt in Merry Scotland at the sign of the
 Blue Bell!
 And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my laddie
 well.

What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland
 laddie clad?
 What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland
 laddie clad?
 His bonnet's Saxon green, and his waistcoat
 of the plaid;
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my High-
 land lad.

Suppose, and suppose that your Highland
 should die?
 Suppose, and suppose that your Highland lad
 should die?
 The bagpipes shall play over him, I'd lay me
 down and cry;
 And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may
 not die.

Auld Lang Syne.

Robert Burns.

slow.

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
 2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine; But we've wander'd mony a
 3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas between us
 4. And here's a hand, my trusty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'

Chorus.

be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
 braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne. } For auld lang syne, my dear, For

Repeat Chorus ff.

auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne?
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

We twa ha'e sported i' the burn
 Frae mornin' sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid ha'e roared,
 Sin' auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien'
 And gie's a hand o' thine,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

or auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

Within a Mile of Edinboro Town.

James Hook, 1785?

Thomas D'Urfey, 1690?

1. 'Twas with - in a mile of Ed - in - bo - ro' town, In the ro sy time of the
 2. Jock - ie was a wag that nev - er wad wed, Though lang he had fol - low'd the
 3. But when he vowed he wad make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not

year, Sweet flow - ers bloom'd, and the grass was down. And each shepherd woo'd his
 lass; Con - tented she earn'd and ate her brown bread, And mer - ri - ly turn'd up the
 few, She gie'd him her hand and a kiss be - side, And vowed she'd for - ev - er be

dear. Bon - nie Jockie, blithe and gay, Kissed young Jennie making hay; The lassie blush'd,
 grass. Bon - nie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; Yet still she blush'd,
 true. Bon - nie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; At kirk she no

and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win-na do; I can-na, can na, wir na, winna, maunna buckle to."
 and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."
 more frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do; I can-na, can-na, winna, winna, maunna buckle to!"

The Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon

Andante cantabile.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line with chords and arpeggios. Dynamics include *p*, *mf*, and *p dolce*. The tempo is marked *Andante cantabile*.

Ye banks and braes o'
 bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom see fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye
 lit - tle birds, And I see wea - ry fu' o' care? Thou't break my heart, thou
 warb - ling bird, That wan - tons through the flow' - ry thorn, Thou mindst me o' de -
 - part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn.

Of hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
 To see the roes and woodbine twine;
 When ilk a hird sang o' its love,
 And fondly see did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 But my fause lover stole my rose,
 And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

On the Rocks by Aberdeen.

Words by Jean Ingelow.

Music by A. Scott Gatty.

Andante e con moto.

mf p

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics range from mezzo-forte (mf) to piano (p).

1. On the rocks of A-ber - deen, Where the whist - lin' wave had
2. Then I busk'd my-sel' wi' speed, And the neighbors cried, "What

p

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a soprano range, and the piano accompaniment is in a lower register. The tempo is marked 'Andante e con moto'. Dynamics include piano (p).

been, A I wander'd and at e'en was eer - -
need?" 'Tis a - las in a - ny wee Aye bon - -

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has some rests, and the piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include piano (p).

ie; There I saw the sail - ing west, And I ran with joy op -
nie!" Yet, my heart, my heart is sair, What's the good tho' I be -

The third system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a long note, and the piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include piano (p).

ON THE ROCKS BY ABERDEEN.

prest, fair, Ay, and took out all my best, My dear - - - -
 fair, For thou'lt nev-er see me best? My dear

cres.
colla voce. *cres.* *p* *rall. un poco.*

ie,

a tempo.
mf *dim.*

mair, Man John - - - - nie, For thou'lt nev-er see me

2^p *rall.*
un poco rall. *p* *pp* *colla voce.*

mair, Man John - nie.

You'll Soon Forget Kathleen

W. Langton Williams.

With Simplicity and Feeling.

Piano
or
Organ.

pp dol. rall.

pp ad lib. riten. ff p

1. Oh!
2. Oh!

pp sempre.

leave not your Kathleen there's no one can cheer her, A - lone in the
leave not the land, the sweet land of your child-hood, Where joy - ous - ly

cres. pp

wide world un - pit - ied she'll sigh, And scenes that were loveliest when
pass'd the first days of our youth, Where gai - ly we wander'd 'mid

YOU'LL SOON FORGET KATHILEEN.

mf *espress.* *rit. sf* *Affetto.*

thou wert but near her, Re - call the sad vis - ion of days long gone by. 'Tis
val - ley and wild-wood, Oh! those were the bright days of in - no - cent truth. 'Tis

mf *colla voce.* *legato.*

vain that you tell me you'll nev - er for - get me, To the

rall. *acc.*

land of the Shamrock you'll ne'er re - turn more, Far a - way from your sight you will

pp *colla voce.* *pp*

espress. *riten.* *p*

cease to re - gret me, You'll soon for - get Kathleen and E - rin - go - Bragh!

mf *colla voce.*

Part V.
SONGS OF HOME AND COUNTRY.

GOSSIP GRAVE AND GAY.

IT is, perhaps, fitting that the story of "Home, Sweet Home" should form the introduction to the part on "Songs of Home and Country."

It has often been said that John Howard Payne was a native of East Hampton, Long Island, and his boyhood's home is pointed out with local pride as being one of several houses there. It is not exactly a case of—
Seven cities claimed the poet Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread,
for Payne was neither Homer nor a beggar, though there is ample evidence that he was not loth to relate stories of his seasons of great poverty and distress, some of which stories are open to question; and there is, moreover, evidence to show that he was born at what was then No. 33 Pearl Street, in New York City, in a two-story house with arched doorway and peaked roof. Mr. Gabriel Harrison, of Brooklyn, Payne's biographer, declares that he was so told by his father, and that he believes it to be true from his investigations.

John Howard Hunt, the editor of the *Sag Harbor Express*, writes as follows: "The father of John Howard Payne was William Payne, who at one time lived in East Hampton. Afterward he removed to New York.

It was the custom for Mr. Payne occasionally to spend the night with his friend Dr. John Howard, of Smithtown, my grandfather on the maternal side, and the one after whom both John Howard Payne and myself were named. On one of these occasions William Payne stopped with Dr. Howard as usual, and while conversing after supper Mr. Payne informed the doctor that a son had just been born unto him and added, 'Doctor, I want you to name him.' Dr. Howard replied, 'Do you really want me to name him?' Receiving an affirmative reply the doctor said, 'I will name him after myself—call him John Howard Payne.'

The elder Payne later removed to Boston. He was a school teacher and taught elocution to the lad, who was the sixth of nine children. He discouraged his son, however, from becoming an actor, as he desired, and placed him in a counting-house in this city when he became old enough to be a clerk. The boy early established the *Thespian Mirror*, a boyish sheet, which he edited and wrote for with sufficient ability to attract the notice of G. Brockden Brown, the novelist, who assisted him to a college career. He matriculated at Union College, Schenectady, and promptly established there a paper

called the *Pastime*; but his father being unfortunate in business matters he left college and made his debut at the Park Theatre in New York, in the part of Young Norval in the tragedy of "Douglas, or the Noble Shepherd." He was at this time (February 24, 1809) nearly eighteen years old, having been born on June 9, 1791, but by those who saw him play in this and other cities he is said to have looked several years younger. His success as a juvenile phenomenon was measured with that of Master Betty, the celebrated English boy tragedian. During or immediately after his stage career he formed numerous friendships with men of influence and position.

About the year 1823, the young American, John Howard Payne, poet and playwright, after a disastrous sojourn in London, drifted to Paris, then as now the gayest capital of Europe. In a garret on the topmost story of a house in the Palais Royale he took up his abode. It is tolerably certain, from the written records that survive him, that he was at no time, as has been so often stated, in dire want. He said to himself that "money burnt a hole in his pockets." He certainly received considerable sums for the fruit of his pen, and with provident habits might have lived in comfort; if not in affluence. But like many another member of the noble guild of authors, Payne was a spendthrift, and consequently suffered from periodical purse-pinchings.

During one of these seasons, with its attendant dejection and despair, in that meanly furnished room, with the sounds of the happy, thoughtless crowds on the boulevard below welling up through the tiny casement, the opening words of the immortal song, "Mid Pleasures and Palaces," came to him as spontaneously as a sigh; and then and there he wrote the words that have since girdled the world. The legend that

"Home, Sweet Home" was penned under the portico of a nobleman's mansion in London is incorrect, though "good enough to be true." Its foundation probably lies in the fact that Payne was wont to tell of a time when he stood on Christmas Eve in a London street, penniless and hungry and cold, and heard with indescribable feelings of loneliness "Home, Sweet Home" played in a rich man's parlor.

In 1823, Charles Kimble bought Payne's manuscripts, among them a dramatic poem, "Clari, the maid of Milan." This latter, Kimble persuaded him to alter into the libretto for an opera, the music for which was to be composed by Henry Bishop. In doing this Payne introduced his poem "Home, Sweet Home." The music for this consisted of a setting of an old Calabrian peasant song, familiar for generations to the mountain-folk of Sicily. Some say that Payne himself heard it during his wanderings, and that he gave it to Bishop; but the truth would seem to be that Bishop obtained the air from a Captain Alexander, who served in Sicily under Lord Bentinck. Bishop never claimed the melody as his own, and in the title of the original English edition he announced the source from which it had been secured.

Another account, for which Dr. Charles Mackey is responsible, says that "Sir Henry Bishop composed the music of 'Home, Sweet Home,' in early manhood for Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine, who were publishing a series of national melodies of all countries. A 'Sicilian melody' was wanted, and, as Sir Henry was unable to find one, he composed 'Home, Sweet Home' and passed it off as Sicilian. Several other publishers, thinking it really was Sicilian, and not copyright, pirated the music, and a series of actions ensued. Sir Henry Bishop deposed on oath to the facts above

mentioned, and Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine obtained nominal damages."

The song was published separately, and more than a hundred thousand copies were sold in less than a year, all of which profited Payne only as a matter of reputation. Even this came to him slowly, since his name was not attached to the first editions as author, and the publisher did not even send him a presentation copy.

The poetic or literary merit of the poem is not of a high order. Here are two of the stanzas which are now seldom seen or heard:

"To us, in despite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of home still appears:
From allurements abroad which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns and says with a sigh,

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

"Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow,
But mine has been checkered with many a woe;
Yet though different our fortunes, our thoughts are
the same,

And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home."

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was written sixty years ago by a New York printer named Samuel Woodworth. He was in the habit of dropping into a noted drinking saloon kept by one Mallory. One day, after drinking a glass of brandy and water, he smacked his lips and declared that Mallory's bran ly was superior to any drink he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken. There was a drink which, in the estimation of us both, far surpassed this."

"What was that?" incredulously asked Woodworth.

"The fresh water we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well after returning from the fields on a sultry day."

"Very true," assented Woodworth, tears glistening in his eyes. Retiring to his printing office he seated himself at his desk and began to write. In half an hour

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well."

was embalmed in an inspiring song that has become as familiar as a household word. The name of Frederick Smith appears as composer of the air, but he was merely the arranger, as the melody is adapted from Kiallmark's music written for Moore's "Araby's Daughter."

There exists a very ancient fragment of song bearing the name "John Anderson, my Joe," and tradition points to the town piper of Kelso, a famous wag, as the original John. The tune is very old. As early as 1578, it was found written in Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book." Some English authorities think it is a modification of an ancient English air, "I am the Duke of Norfolk." Moore altered it, and included it among his Irish melodies, under the title of "Cruiskin Lawn."

The poem entitled "Homeward Bound," is supposed to have been written by a woman named Mrs. James F. Wiley, whose husband was a petty officer in the United States navy. The poem refers to the return of the *Hartford* from China in 1860, and it has also a metaphorical signification.

Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And
 3. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh,

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A
 feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child; As she
 give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tuge a - gain; The

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the
 looks on that moon from our own cot - tage door, Thro' the wood-bine whose
 birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my call; Give me them, and that

world, is ne'er met with else-where. } Home, home, sweet, sweet
 fra - grance shall cheer me no more. }
 peace of mind, dear - er than all.

home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

KIALLMARK.

Soave.
mf *sf* *smorz.*

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When
 2. The moss-cover'd buck - et I hail as a treasure, For
 3. How soon from the green mossy rim to re - ceive it, As

fond re - col - lec - tion pre - sents them to view, The or - chard, the meadow, the
 oft - en at noon when re - turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an
 pois'd on the curb it re - clin'd to my lips, Not a full flowing gob - let could

deep tangled wildwood, And ev - 'ry lov'd spot which my in - fan - cy knew. The
 ex - qui - site pleasure, The pur - est and sweetest that na - ture can yield. How
 tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

wide-spreading stream, the mill that stood near it, The bridge and the rock where the ar-dent I seized it with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white-pebbled now far re-moved from the loved sit-u-a-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-

cat-a-ract fell; The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry house by it, And bot-tom it fell; Then soon with the em-blem of health o-ver-flow-ing, And tru-sive-ly swell; As fan-cy re-verts to my fa-ther's plan-ta-tion, And

CHORUS.

een the rude buck-et that hung in the well. The old oaken buck-et, the drip-ping with cool-ness it rose from the well. sighs for the buck-et that hung in the well.

rit.
I - ron-bound buck-et, The moss - cover'd buck-et that hung in the well.
rit.

When the Swallows Homeward Fly

English Words by F. H. GORDON.

Music by FRANZ ABT.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of three systems. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The tempo is marked *Andantino.* and the piano part starts with a *p* dynamic. The lyrics "When the" are written above the vocal line. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "swal - lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scatter'd lie, When from". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. The third system features a *pp* dynamic marking above the vocal line and a *pp* dynamic marking below the piano part. The lyrics for this system are "nel - ther hill nor dale, Chants the silv - ry night - in - gale, In these". The score concludes with a final measure in the piano part.

When the

swal - lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scatter'd lie, When from

nel - ther hill nor dale, Chants the silv - ry night - in - gale, In these

154

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

rit. *ten. pp tempo.*

words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I

rit. *pp tempo.*

thus thy i - mage lose, Can I, ah! can I

sf. *ad lib.*

e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose.

sf. *ad lib.*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

When the white swan southward roves,
There to seek the orange groves,
When the red tints of the west
Prove the sun has gone to rest;
In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart,
When I thus thy image lose,
Can I, ah! can I e'er know repose?

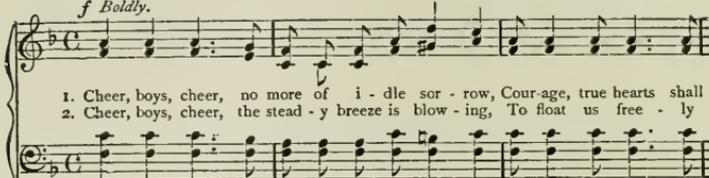
3 Hush! my heart, why thus complain?
Thou must too, thy woes contain;
Though on earth no more we rove,
Lonely breathing vows of love;
Thou my heart must find relief,
Yielding to these words, belief:
I shall see thy form again,
Though to-day we part in pain.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer!

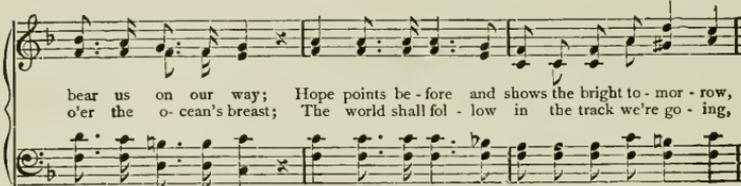
CHARLES MACKAY.

HENRY RUSSELL.

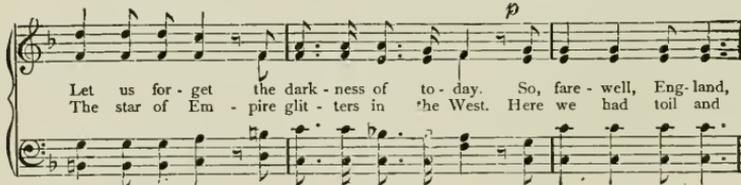
f Boldly.



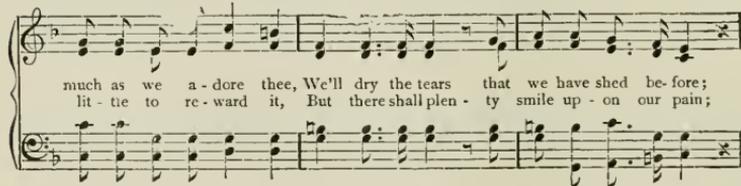
1. Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of i - dle sor - row, Cour-age, true hearts shall
2. Cheer, boys, cheer, the stead - y breeze is blow - ing, To float us free - ly



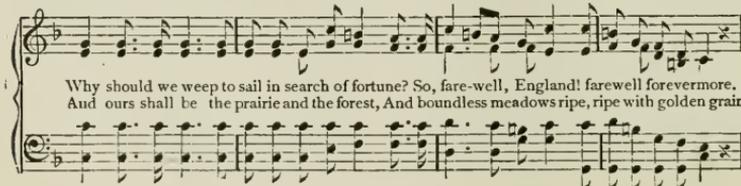
bear us on our way; Hope points be - fore and shows the bright to - mor - row,
o'er the o - cean's breast; The world shall fol - low in the track we're go - ing,



Let us for - get the dark - ness of to - day. So, fare - well, Eng - land,
The star of Em - pire glit - ters in 'he West. Here we had toil and



much as we a - dore thee, We'll dry the tears that we have shed be - fore;
lit - tie to re - ward it, But there shall plen - ty smile up - on our pain;



Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune? So, fare-well, England! farewell forevermore.
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest, And boundless meadows ripe, ripe with golden grain.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!

Cheer, boys, cheer, for country, moth-er coun-try, Cheer, boys, cheer, the will-ing strong right hand,
Cheer, boys, cheer, for England, mother England, Cheer, boys, cheer, u - nit - ed heart and hand,

Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for honest labor, Cheer, boys, cheer, for the new and hap-py land!
Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for honest labor, Cheer, boys, cheer, for the new and hap-py land!

Good Night.

Now to all a kind good night, Sweet-ly sleep till morn-ing light, Till

morn - ing light, To all good night; Sweet-ly sleep till morn-ing light, Good

night, good night, Good night, good night, Good night, good night, good night.

My Old Kentucky Home.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

Loco Adagio.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are

The first system of the musical score, featuring a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are"

gay; The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "gay; The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the"

day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All"

mer - ry, all bap - py and bright, By'm by, hard times comes a

The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "mer - ry, all bap - py and bright, By'm by, hard times comes a"

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

knocking at the door, Then, my old Kentuck - y home, good - night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to day! We will

sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a - way.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

2nd Verse.

2. They hunt no more for the possum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the shore, They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With sor- row where all was de- light; The time has come when the dar-kies have to part, Then my old Kentuck- y home, good- night!—*Chorus.*

3rd Verse.

3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wherev- er the darkey may g; A few more days, and the trouble all will end In the field where the sugar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the wea- ry load, No mat- ter, 'twill nev- er be light, A few more days 'till we tot- ter on the road, Then, my old Ken- tuck- y home, good- night!—*Chorus.*

John Anderson, My Jo.

Slow and with feeling.

1. John An-der-son, my
2. John An-der-son, my
3. John An-der-son, my
4. John An-der-son, my

Jo, John, when Nature first be - gan To try her can-ny hand, John, her
Jo, John, ye were my first con- ceit; I think nae shame to own, John, I
Jo, John, when we were first ac- quaint, Your locks were like the ra - ven, your
Jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither, And mony a can-ty day, John, we've

ad libitum.

mas-ter work was man, And you among them a' John, so trig from top to
lo'ed ye ear and late. They say ye're turn- ing auld, John, and what tho' it be
bon - ny brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the
bad wi' ane a - nither; Now we maun tot - ter down, John, but hand in hand we'll

toe, She prov'd to be nae journey-work, John Anderson, my Jo.
so? Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson, my Jo.
snow, Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my Jo.
go, And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.

pp

Home Again.

QUARTET.

PIKE.

NOTE. — This can be used as a Duet by singing the two upper lines.

SOPRANO.

1. Home a-gain, Home a-gain, from a foreign shore, And oh, it fills my soul with

ALTO.

2. Happy hearts, Happy hearts, With mine have laugh'd in glee, But oh, the friends I loved in

TENOR.

3. Mu - sic sweet, mus - ic soft, Lingers round the place, And oh, I feel the childhood

BASS.

The first system of the musical score consists of six staves. The top two staves are for the Soprano and Alto voices, with lyrics written below them. The next two staves are for the Tenor and Bass voices, also with lyrics. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

joy, To meet my friends once more; Here I dropp'd the parting tear, To

youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should be the fate, Which

charm That time can-not ef - face; Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll

The second system of the musical score continues the piece with six staves. It follows the same layout as the first system, with vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

HOME AGAIN.

cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those Who
 bids me lon - ger roam; But death a - lone can break the tie That
 ask no pal - ace dome; For I can live a hap - py life With

The first system of the musical score consists of six staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom four staves are instrumental accompaniment, including a bass line and a piano accompaniment with chords and arpeggios.

kindly greet me home. Home a - gain, Home again, from a foreign
 birds my heart to home. Home a - gain, Home again, from a foreign
 those I love at home Home a - gain, Home again, from a foreign

The second system of the musical score also consists of six staves. It continues the vocal lines and instrumental accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same musical structure and notation.

HOME AGAIN.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Home Again'. It consists of six staves. The first three staves are vocal lines for different voices (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor), each with the lyrics: 'shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.' The fourth staff is a bass line. The fifth and sixth staves are piano accompaniment, with the fifth staff being the right hand and the sixth staff being the left hand. The music is in a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

Home again, Home again, from a foreign shore,

And oh, it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more;

Here I dropp'd the parting tear,
To cross the ocean's foam,

But now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home.

Home again, Home again, from a foreign shore,

And oh, it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more.

Happy hearts, Happy hearts,
With mine have laugh'd in glee,
But oh, the friends I loved in youth,
Seem happier to me;

And if my guide should be the fate,
Which bids me longer roam,

But death alone can break the tie
That binds my heart to home.

Home again, Home again, from a foreign shore,

And oh, it fills my soul with joy
To meet my friends once more.

Music sweet, music soft,
Lingers round the place,

And oh, I feel the childhood charm
That time cannot efface;

Then give me but my homestead roof,
I'll ask no palace dome;

For I can live a happy life
With those I love at home.

Home again, Home again, from a foreign shore,

And oh, it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

Stevenson.

Moore's Melodies.

- Tenderly.

1. Oft in the still - y night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,
2. When I re - mem - ber all the friends so link'd to - geth er

D.C. Thus, in the still - y night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,

cres. Fond mem' - ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me, —
dim. I've seen a - round me fall, like leaves in win - try wea - ther,
Fine.

Sad mem' - ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me.

The smiles, the tears of childhood's years, the words of love then spok - en, The
I feel like one who treads a - lone some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose

D.C.
eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, the cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken
lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, and all but him de - part - ed.

Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain hath bound me,

Fond mem'ry brings the light of other days around me,—

The smiles, the tears of childhood's years, the words of love then spoken,

The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, the cheerful hearts now broken :

Thus, in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain hath bound me,

Sad mem'ry brings the light of other days around me.

When I remember all the friends so link'd together

I've seen around me fall, like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted,

Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but him departed.

Thus, in the stilly night, etc.

Hearts and Homes.

J. BLOCKLEY.

Moderato.

1. Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure, Mu - sic breath - ing as ye
2. Hearts and homes, sweet words re - veal - ing, All most good and fair to

p

fall, Mak - ing each the oth - er's treasure, Once di - vid - ed los - ing
see, Fit - ting shrines, for pur - est feel - ing, Temples meet to bend the

all. Homes, ye may be high or low - ly, Hearts a - lone can make you
knee, In - fant hands bright gar - lands wreathing, Hap - py voi - ces in - cense

mf

ho - ly. Be the dwell - ing e'er so small, Hav - ing love it boasteth
breathing, Emblems fair of realms a - bove, "For love is heav'n, and heav'n is

HEARTS AND HOMES.

all. — Hearts and Homes, sweet w-ords of pleas-ure, Mu - sic breath - ing as ye
love." — Hearts and Homes, etc.

fall; Mak-ing each the oth-er's treasure, Once di - vid - ed, los-ing

all. Hearts and Homes, Hearts and Homes.

Flee as a Bird.

Mrs. M. S. B. DANA.

1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain,
 2. He will protect thee for - ev - er,

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Thou who art wea - ry of sin;..... Go to the clear flow - ing
 Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear;..... He will forsake thee, O

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line includes a measure with a cross symbol (x) over the note, indicating a breath mark. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.

oun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
 nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there;

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line ends with a measure containing a cross symbol (x) over the note. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

FLEE AS A BIRD.

Fly, for th'aven - ger is near thee, Call and the Sa - viour will
Haste, then, the hours are fly ing, Spend not the moments in

hear - thee, He on his bos - om will bear thee,
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

un poco ritenuto.
Thou who art wea - ry of sin, O thou who art wea - ry of
Sa - viour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sa - viour will wipe ev - 'ry

sin,
tear.

Good-Night.

SERENADE.

Words by ROBERT G. JOHNSON.

Music by A. ROTTENBACH

NO. *Moderato.*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked *Moderato*. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, both in the key of B-flat major.

p

Good-night, good-night, may sleep de-light Thy soul with sweet-est rest, And

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

Cres.....f *p*

vis-ions bright, throughout the night, Bring rap-ture to thy breast. While

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings for *Crescendo* leading to *f* (forte) and then *p* (piano).

By Special Per. of SEP. WINNER.

GOOD-NIGHT.

soft - ly hymn - ing an - gels bend On o - dor drop-ping wing A-

The first system of the musical score for 'GOOD-NIGHT.' It consists of three staves: a vocal line in G major with a key signature of one flat (F major), and a piano accompaniment in G major. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'soft - ly hymn - ing an - gels bend On o - dor drop-ping wing A-'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

cres..... f p

round thy couch, and there do - fend Thee from each ev - il thing.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'round thy couch, and there do - fend Thee from each ev - il thing.' The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. Dynamic markings include *cres.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), and *p* (piano).

Good - night,..... good - night, good - night,.....

The third system features the vocal line repeating the phrase 'Good - night,..... good - night, good - night,.....'. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent eighth-note bass line and chords.

..... good - night,.....

pp

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with '..... good - night,.....'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a *pp* (pianissimo) marking. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The Dearest Spot.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By W. T. Wrighton.

Moderato.

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major with a tempo marking of 'Moderato'. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

1. The dear - est spot of earth to me Is Home..... sweet Home! The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My Home..... sweet Home! I've

The first system of the vocal part features two lines of lyrics. The melody is in G major, and the piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment pattern.

fai - ry land I long to see Is Home..... sweet Home!
learned to look with lov - er's eyes On Home..... sweet Home!

The second system of the vocal part features two lines of lyrics. The melody concludes the piece, and the piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support.

THE DEAREST SPOT.

Piu mosso.

There, how charm'd the sense of hear - ing! There, where love is so en - dear - ing!
 There, where vows are tru - ly plight-ed! There, where hearts are so u - nit - ed!

dim e rall. *a tempo.*

All the world is not so cheer - ing As Home..... sweet Home! The
 All the world he - sides I've slight - ed For Home..... sweet Home! The

dear - est spot of earth to me Is Home..... sweet Home! The fai - ry land I

ad lib.

long to see Is Home..... sweet Home!

Lullaby.

(PEEP OF DAY.)

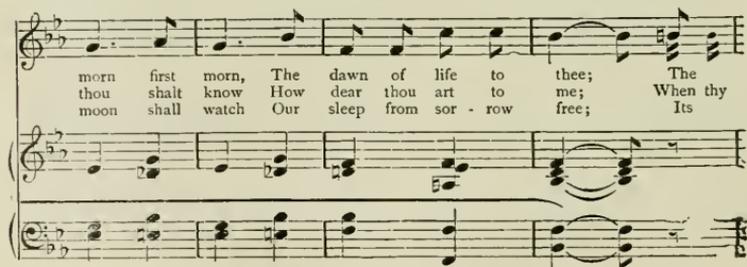
M. Dare.

Allegretto.

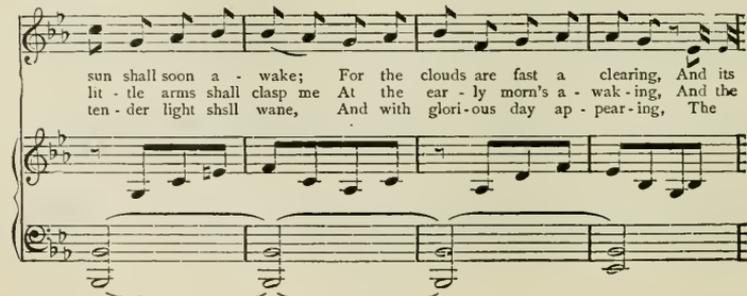
Piano.



1. Hush! ba - by, hush! The day is fast ap - pear - ing, The
2. Hush! ba - by, hush! That lon - ger day is break - ing, When
3. Hush! ba - by, hush! No night shall we be fear - ing, The



morn first morn, The dawn of life to thee; The
thou shalt know How dear thou art to me; When thy
moon shall watch Our sleep from sor - row free; Its



sun shall soon a - wake; For the clouds are fast a clearing, And its
lit - tle arms shall clasp me At the ear - ly morn's a - wak - ing, And the
ten - der light shall wane, And with glori - ous day ap - pear - ing, The

LULLABY.

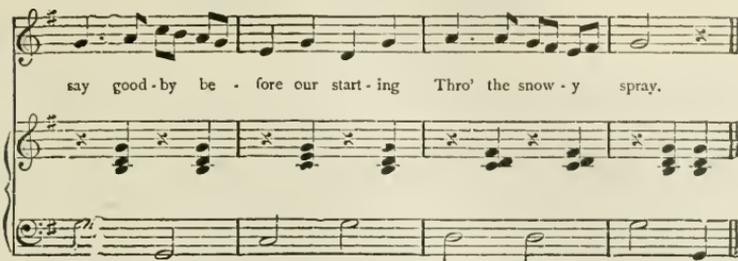
cheer - ing rays come hith - er For ba - by mine to see,
 sun of love come hith - er For ba - by mine to see,
 sun of joy come hith - er For ba - by mine to see,

For ba - by mine to see; And its
 For ba - by mine to see; And the
 For ba - by mine to see; The

cheer - ing rays come hith - er For ba - by mine to see,
 sun of love come hith - er For ba - by mine to see,
 sun of joy come hith - er For ba - by mine to see

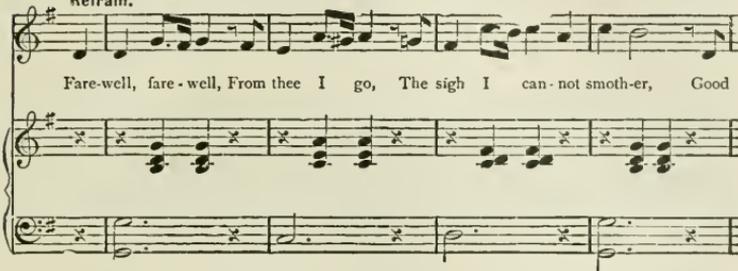
1st and 2nd time. Last time.

GOOD-BY, DEAR MOTHER.

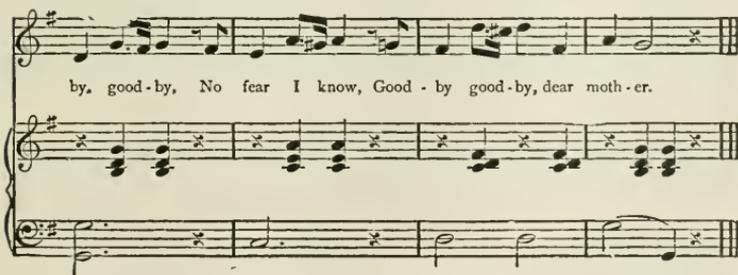


say good-by be - fore our start - ing Thro' the snow - y spray.

Refrain.



Fare-well, fare - well, From thee I go, The sigh I can - not smoth - er, Good



by, good-by, No fear I know, Good - by good-by, dear moth - er.

2.

Storms are many on the ocean,
Wrecks are many on the sea,
Oh, with what a sad emotion,
Do I now depart from thee.
Dangers threaten every quarter
Whereso'er we roam,
But duty calls me o'er the water,
Far from thee and home.—*Refrain.*

3.

When I rock upon the billow
O'er the bosom of the deep,
As I rest upon my pillow
Dreams of thee shall sweeten sleep.
Days may bring their passing pleasures,
Brief and few I own,
But I shall seek earth's rarest treasures
All for thee alone.—*Refrain.*

Sweet and Low.

A SLUMBER SONG.

Alfred Tennyson.

J. Barnby.

Larghetto.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea ; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
wa - ters go, Come from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
moon Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea ;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea ;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty
one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest
Silver sails out of the west,
Under the silver moon
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
one, sleep.

Homeward Bound.

J. W. Dadmun.

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 3. We'll tell the world as we journey along, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 4. In - to the har - bor of Heaven now we glide, We're home at last, home at last;

Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Look! yon - der lie the bright heav - en - ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Try to persuade them to en - ter our throng, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide, We're home at last, home at last;

Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode;
 Stead - y! O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady, we soon shall out - weath - er the gale;
 Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed, Join in our num - ber, O come and be blest;
 Glor - y to God! all our dangers are o'er, We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore;

Prom - ise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Jour - ney with us to the man - sions of rest, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Glo - ry to God! we will shout ev - er - more, We're home at last, home at last.

Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
 Seeking our Father's celestial abode;
 Promise of which on us each He bestowed,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
 Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
 Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

We'll tell the world as we journey along,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
 Join in our number, O come and be blest;
 Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
 We're home at last, home at last;
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
 We're home at last, home at last;
 Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
 We stand secure on the glorified shore;
 Glory to God! we will shout ever more,
 We're home at last, home at last.

Part VI.

NATIONAL SONGS.

CROTCHETS AND QUAVERS.

A NATIONAL Hymn," says Brander Matthews, "is one of the things which cannot be made to order. No man has ever yet sat down and taken up his pen and said, 'I will write a national hymn,' and composed either words or music which the nation was willing to take for its own."

The second Empire of France could not find anything better for use on state occasions than the feeble and feminine "Partant pour la Syrie," and the United States of America have not yet been able to settle on any martial lyric at all worthy of the greatness of the nation, hesitating between the rather trivial "Yankee Doodle" and the not wholly satisfactory "Star Spangled Banner"—even the mighty struggle of the civil war having failed to suggest a war song acceptable in all respects. In fact, it seems as though a national hymn is born, not made. The one really great war song, the "Marseillaise," was due to the unconscious conjunction of the hour and the man. Rouget de l'Isle builded better than he knew and accomplished more than he intended. Had he been burdened by the desire to write a national hymn, it may well be doubted whether he would have produced

even a good partisan ballad. Time is the best collaborator of every poet, and it was this literary partner who won enthusiastic acceptance for the burning verses of Rouget de l'Isle.

The effect of the "Marseillaise" in arousing and exciting the revolutionary spirit of France is one of the prominent facts in the history of that country. To it, in no small degree, is attributed the success of the French arms against the allies who assailed the young republic. So potent, indeed, was the Marseillaise felt to be in kindling political passion, that both the Napoleons forbade its being sung or played in France during their reigns.

The question naturally arises: Why has the United States no national anthem of its own? There have been crises in our history of sufficient moment, one would think, to call forth an anthem of originality, dignity and power. True, on no less than three occasions, something was produced that sufficed for the time, but in each instance the words were dressed in borrowed music. An editorial writer in the *New York Sun* thus described our forlorn condition in this respect:

"We have been singing the English na-

tional anthem, God Save the Queen, for half a century. On our centennial birthday, when the stroke of midnight ushered in the first of January, 1876, we fired guns, rang bells, kindled bonfires, and throughout the length and breadth of the land we sang our national hymn to the music of God Save the Queen because that tune is called 'America.' While we were celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of our freedom from the British yoke, we were shouting the British national air, God Save the Queen, from Maine to California.

"The cause of this ridiculous blunder can be easily explained. In 1836 a Boston music publisher issued a collection of psalm tunes called 'The Boston Academy,' and on page 220 of this mongrel collection is a tune called 'America, National Hymn.' This tune is measure for measure and note for note the English national hymn, originally known as God Save the King, and changed to God Save the Queen, when Victoria ascended the throne, on June 20th, 1837. Why the Boston publisher allowed the committee who compiled it, to introduce this English national melody into the collection and call it 'America, National Hymn,' is a problem that no student will ever solve; but the fact that it is so published in the 'Boston Academy,' and in many other catchpenny musical publications since, has led some ignorant Americans to regard it as the national air of America.

"George W. Morgan, the English organist, composed a 'Transcription and Variations on God Save the Queen,' which for thirty years he played at his organ concerts in almost every city in the Union, always announcing it in his programmes as 'God Save the Queen.' This fact in itself, one would suppose, ought to teach Americans that the tune which they sing and call America is the British national anthem. Or

do they think the British stole the hymn from us? If 'Hail Columbia,' the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' and the 'Red, White and Blue,' are not grand enough for state occasions, and we are obliged to appropriate a foreign national air as our own, let us take the noble old Marseillaise from the French, who were our allies in the Revolution, and not make ourselves supremely ridiculous by singing, as we did in 1876, the English national anthem while celebrating our crowning victory over the English.

"When the New York Schutzen Corps visited Germany in 1885, and were received by Emperor William on the Fourth of July, they sang the music of God Save the Queen, which in Germany, and in fact all through Europe, is known as the English national hymn. Again, when James G. Blaine was nominated in Chicago, the Associated Press announced that 'the nomination was made unanimous, and the band played "America"' (God Save the Queen). So when Grover Cleveland was nominated, the 'nomination was made unanimous, and the band played "America:"' and thus we entwine the British national air into our great political events.

"In view of this lamentable state of facts, we suggest that Congress should rectify this egregious absurdity by offering a liberal reward for the best national anthem, the merit of it to be determined by a competent musical tribunal. We have sung God Save the Queen because the 'Boston Academy' called it America, and we have sung it for more than half a century. We don't care to continue singing it any longer. As a people we are old enough, rich enough, and musical enough, to have a national hymn of our own. No such colossal fraud has ever been practised on any country since the earth was made as this, perpetrated by the Boston publisher and compilers, when they in-

serted in their book the accepted English anthem, 'God Save the Queen,' and called it 'America, National Hymn.' "

For the present, however, it would seem that "The Star-Spangled Banner" is best fitted to be dignified with the title of national anthem of the United States of America. It was composed by Francis Scott Key, of Baltimore, at the time of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, in 1814, when that stronghold was successfully defended from the attack of the British fleet.

"The scene which he describes," says Chief Justice Taney, "and the warm spirit of patriotism which breathes in the song, were not the offspring of mere fancy or poetic imagination. He tells us what he actually saw, what he felt while witnessing the conflict, and what he felt when the battle was over and the victory won by his countrymen. Every word came warm from his heart, and for that reason, even more than from its poetical merit, it never fails to find a response in the hearts of those who hear it."

By authority of President Madison, Mr. Key had gone to the British fleet under a flag of truce to secure the release of his friend, Dr. Beanes, who had been captured by the enemy and was detained on board the flagship, on the charge of violating his parole. He met General Ross and Admirals Cockburn and Cochrane, and with difficulty secured from them a promise of the gentleman's release, but was at the same time informed that they would not be permitted to leave the fleet until after the proposed attack on Fort McHenry, which the admiral boasted he would carry in a few hours. The ship on which himself, his friend and the commissioner who accompanied the flag of truce, were detained, came up the bay and was anchored at the mouth of the Patapsco, within full view of Fort McHenry. They watched the flag of the fort through the

entire day with an anxiety that can better be felt than described, until night prevented them from seeing it.

During the night they remained on deck, noting every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell. While the bombardment continued, it was evidence that the fort had not surrendered, but it suddenly ceased some time before day, and, as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered or the attack been abandoned. They paced the deck for the rest of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of the day. As soon as it dawned, their glasses were turned to the fort, and, with a thrill of delight, they saw that "our flag was still there!" The song was begun on the deck of the vessel, in the fervor of the moment when he saw the enemy hastily retreating to their ships, and looked upon the proud flag he had watched for so anxiously as the morning opened. He had written, on the back of a letter, some lines, or brief notes that would aid him in recalling them, and for some of the lines as he proceeded he had to rely on his memory. He finished it in the boat on his way to the shore, and wrote it out as it now stands immediately upon reaching Baltimore.

In an hour after it was placed in the hands of the printer, it was on the streets hailed with enthusiasm, and at once took its place as a national song. The music of "The Star-Spangled Banner," to which it was at once adapted, is an old French air, long known in England as "Anacreon, in Heaven." The song "Adams and Liberty" is set to the same air, nearly unchanged, though in "The Star-Spangled Banner" several changes were introduced in the air. Mr. Key died in 1846. At San Francisco a monument costing \$150,000 has been

erected to his memory. By a general order, issued by Benjamin F. Tracy, Secretary of the U. S. Navy, July 26, 1889, "The Star-Spangled Banner" was ordered to be played by the band on all the ships in commission at "Morning Colors." By the same order, "Hail Columbia" was commanded to be played at "Evening Colors."

"God Save the Queen" (or King) is the British national anthem *per se*. Go to the theatre, to the concert, to a college athlete meeting, when the band, at a signal that the performance or the ceremony is at an end, strikes up the "God Save the Queen," and you will see all heads uncovered, all faces become grave, and in the midst of this imposing silence you will be struck with admiration and respect for this nation, in whom the sound of the national hymn makes all the chords of the love of country vibrate in every heart.

There is as much mystery about the origin of the British national anthem as there used to be about the sources of the Nile. The common account attributes it to Dr. Bull, King James I.'s organist; but other authorities discredit the evidence on which it rests. A French paper, the *Charivari*, has claimed the authorship of the music for Lulli, and quotes a portion of the words to which it was written. They occur in a sort of cantata composed for the young ladies of St. Cyr :

Que toujours glorieux,
Louis victorieux,
Voie ses enmentis
Tourjours soumis,

and the resemblance to the words of the English national anthem is obvious. Handel, according to the French journal, copied the St. Cyr melody, and the English adopted it because George I. admired it.

Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in our Alley," was for many years credited with the composition, while others as confidently

assert that it was written or adopted by Dr. Bull.

Chappell, in his "Popular Music," and Chrysanther in his "Jahrbucher," have paid considerable attention to the claims of Henry Carey, and both J. Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis, and Dr. Harington testified that he was the author of both words and music. The composition was first made known in 1740, when Carey sang it as an original production at a public dinner. In 1745 it was sung in the theatres as a loyal anthem immediately after the proclamation of "The Pretender" at Edinburgh. Burney and Arne made different arrangements of it. Dr. Bull's work is found under the simple title of "An Ayre," in a manuscript book dated 1619. It is by no means improbable that this "Ayre" was known to Carey, and that he made use of its form in his "God Save the King." Dr. Bull's tune, however, is in A minor and is written with the obsolete progressions of his day. To an ear accustomed to modern musical construction it is hardly recognizable as bearing resemblance to the well-known anthem. Carey's music, on the other hand, is identical in rhythm and almost in melody with the present form of the song.

The second strain of eight bars varies in melody only in the seventh measure, which acquired its present shape, with the triplet on the first beat, in France as early as 1766.

There are three other old tunes which resemble Carey's nearly as much as Dr. Bull's. A ballad entitled "Franklin is Fleed Away," printed in 1669, comes nearer to it than the other two, which are a Scotch carol of 1611 and a harpsichord exercise published by Purcell in 1696. Dr. Bull may have furnished some of the material, but Carey put the breath of life into the dust.

The simple but majestic air of "God Save the Queen" has enjoyed a wide popu-

larity. At this day it figures among the patriotic or national songs of no less than twelve different peoples. In Germany it is known as "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," in England it is "God Save the Queen;" in Bavaria it becomes "Heil! Unserm König, Heil!" Switzerland uses it and calls it "Rufst du, mein Vaterland!" and it is in use to various sets of words in Brunswick, Hanover, Norway, Prussia, Saxony, Weimar, Wurtemberg and the United States.

It has been claimed that the Spanish royal march was composed by Frederick II. of Prussia, and that reliable Spanish authors admit his authorship of the *Marcha real*. One day, the story goes, the Spanish Ambassador was in the royal palace at Berlin, when the King handed him the march. The Ambassador, who was a great admirer of the King, immediately sent his composition to Madrid, where it was received with tremendous applause, and is still the most popular melody in Spain. When, in 1869, Marshal Sorano offered a prize for the best melody which could be used as a patriotic air, more than five hundred compositions were sent to him, but none of these was found good enough to displace the melody of Frederick II. But the "Hymn de Riejo" is Spain's national air, and was composed by Huerta.

Who wrote the "Marseillaise?" Rouget de l'Isle, of course, every one will answer, and we do not know that every one is wrong. But M. Arthur Loth, in his "Le Chant de la Marseillaise," seems inclined to assign the "Marseillaise," like the Homeric poems, to a company of literary persons. That nobody makes the songs of the people, or rather that everybody makes them, is a critical truism. As to the "Marseillaise," no doubt the common stories about its origin are myths. One does not go to authors like Lamartine for historical verity, nor to Michelet for critical examination of national

legends. The tomb of Rouget de l'Isle at Choisy-le-Roy bears this proud inscription:

Quand La Revolution Francaise
En 1792
Ent a combattre les Rois,
Il Lui donna pour vaincre
Le chant de La Marseillaise.

The origin of the "Marseillaise" is told as follows by a writer in *Appleton's Journal*: "At the beginning of the first revolution there was a young officer of engineers stationed at Strasbourg, whose name was Rouget de l'Isle. He was born in the Jura. He loved war like a soldier, the revolution like a thinker. He beguiled the tedious hours of garrison life by music and poetry. Sought after, for his double talent as a musician and poet, he frequented the house of Baron de Dietrich, a noble Alsatian of the constitutional party, friend of Lafayette, and mayor of Strasbourg. The wife of the baron and her young friends shared the enthusiasm of patriotism and of revolution which palpitated about the frontiers of France, as the extremities of the body are more subject to nervous convulsions than the heart. They loved the young officer, the inspiration of his heart, his poetry, his music. They played his first blossoming musical thoughts, they were the confidants of the stammerings of his genius.

'It was during the winter of 1792. Fameine reigned in Strasbourg. The house of Dietrich, so opulent at the opening of the revolution, but now drained by the sacrifices exacted by the calamities of the time, had become impoverished; yet its frugal board was hospitable to Rouget de l'Isle, and the young officer sat before it morning and night, like a son or brother of the family. One day, when there had been nothing on the table but black bread and a few slices of ham, Dietrich looked at De l'Isle, with a sad and serene expression, and said:

'Abundance is lacking, but who cares if enthusiasm does not fail our civic fêtes, and courage the heart of our soldiers? I have just now a bottle of Rhine wine in my cellar. Let it be brought and we will drink it to liberty and our country. Strasbourg is sought to have a patriotic ceremony, and De l'Isle must find in the last drops of our wine a hymn that will infuse into the soul of the people the intoxication of patriotism.'

"The young women applauded, then filled the glasses of Dietrich and the young officer till the wine was all gone. It had grown late; the night was very cold. De l'Isle fell into a dreamy mood; his heart was moved, his head burning. He went into his solitary chamber and sought inspiration from his soul as a citizen, now composing upon his piano the air before the words, now the words before the air, and associating the whole so closely in his thoughts that he did not know which was born first, the note or the verse, and it became impossible for him to separate the sentiment from the expression. He sang everything and wrote nothing.

"Worn out, he fell asleep, his head resting on the piano, and woke up only at dawn. The chant of the night troubled his memory as the music of a dream. He wrote it down and ran over to Dietrich. He found him in his garden digging winter lettuce. The wife of the patriot mayor was not yet up. Dietrich called her, and a few friends like himself, who were passionately fond of music. One of his daughters accompanied Rouget as he sang. At the first strophe the faces of his listeners turned pale; at the second, the tears fell, and, at the last, a burst of enthusiasm broke forth. Dietrich, his wife, and the young officer were overcome with emotion. The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was to be the hymn of terror. The unfortunate Dietrich himself marched to the

scaffold only a few months later to the sound of the very notes born upon his hearthstone from the heart of his friend, and repeated by the voice of his wife.

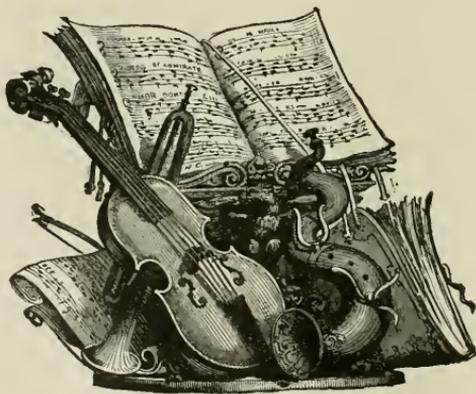
"The new hymn flew from city to city over all the popular orchestras. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the beginning and the end of the sittings of its clubs. The Marseillais popularized it in France, as they sang it marching to Paris. From this circumstance it took the name of 'Marseillaise.' The old mother of De l'Isle, royalist and religious, frightened by the sounding of the voice of her son, wrote to him: 'What is that revolutionary hymn, sung by a horde of brigands who traverse France, with which they associate your name?' De l'Isle himself, proscribed as a Federalist, heard the hymn with a shudder when it sounded as a threat of death in his ear as he was flying through a pass of the Jura. 'What do they call that hymn?' he asked of his guide. 'The Marseillaise,' answered the peasant. Thus he learned the name of his own work. He was pursued by the enthusiasm he had kindled behind him. He barely escaped death. 'The Marseillaise' is given in the heart of France, and it awakens the grandest and the most ferocious emotions; in one sense, an expression of disobedience and disorder, as Ruskin calls it, in the other, an expression of energy and devotion and vengeance, the most terrible, the most impressive challenge to the combative spirit of man and the intensest of self-reliance, now fluctuating and stormy, now muffled as in danger, now loud and triumphant as in victory, but always impressive, being the expression of the pride and passion and confidence of national life."

All things considered, "Scots wha hae" may fairly be regarded as the Scottish national anthem, even to the exclusion of "Auld Lang Syne," which is now the pos-

session of English-speaking people in common. Burns wrote the words, says the author of "Familiar Songs," under the following circumstances: "On the thirtieth of July, 1783, he and a friend, Mr. Syme, were traveling on horseback by a moor road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark; the hollow winds sighed; the lightnings gleamed; the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene; he spoke not a word, but seemed wrapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army at Bannockburn." Next day the poem was produced. The old air, "Hey tutie taitie," to which it is sung, was, says tradition, Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. The measured drum beat is still to be heard all through it. "Scots wha hae" is a model national hymn—stirring and incisive words set to a martial but simple air.

"Die Wacht am Rhine" was composed by Carl Wilhelm in 1854, but it was little known until the France-Prussian War of

1870, when it sprung into sudden favor owing to the prominence which the Rhine boundary assumed in the campaign. Wilhelm received a royal pension of \$700 annually in 1871. Germany has no distinctively national air, the "Watch on the Rhine" sharing the popular favor with "What is the German Fatherland" and the so-called "Battle-Cry of Freedom" (Deutscher Freiheit Schlachtruf), the music of the first having been written by Reichardt in 1825, and that of the latter by Methfessel in 1818. But Wilhelm's song has a little the best of it in popular favor, and in a sense has received the approval of the State, so that it may be regarded as the national air of the Fatherland. It is worthy of note here that the air of the English "God Save the Queen" has been naturalized in Germany as a patriotic song with the words "Heil der in Siegerkranz." Some regard this as the national air of Germany, but the words were originally written by Heinrich Harries, a clergyman of Holstein, for the birthday of Christian VII. of Denmark. It was slightly altered for Prussian use by B. G. Schunacher.



The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key. 1814.

Solo or Quartette.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the
 2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
 4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freeman shall stand Be-tween their loved home and wild

twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts who
 si - lence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fit - ful-ly
 bat - tle's con-fu-sion, A . . . home and a country should leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd
 var's des - o-lation; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that hath

watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
 blows, half conceal'd, half dis-clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full
 out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion. No re-fuge could save the hireling and slave From the
 made and preserv'd us - a nation! Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And

Chorus. ff

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, . . say, does that star-span-gled
 glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span - gled ban - ner: oh,
 ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-span - gled ban - ner in
 this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span - gled ban - ner in

cres. ff

ban - ner yet wave
 long may it wave
 tri - umph doth wave
 tri - umph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Marseilles Hymn.

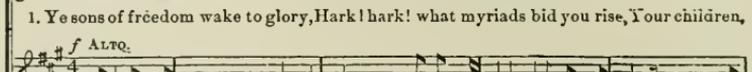
QUARTET.

f SOPRANO.

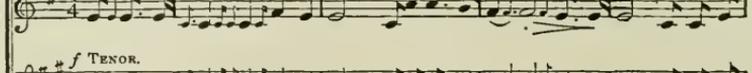


1. Ye sons of freedom wake to glory, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise, Your children,

f ALTO.

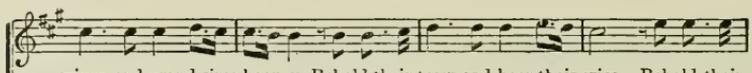
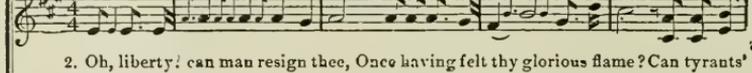


f TENOR.

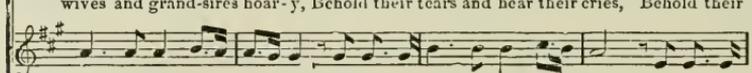


2. Oh, liberty! can man resign thee, Once having felt thy glorious flame? Can tyrants'

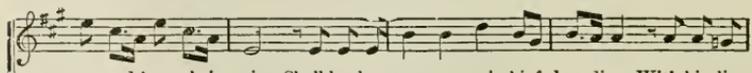
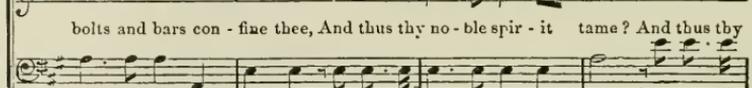
f BASS.



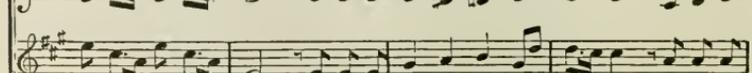
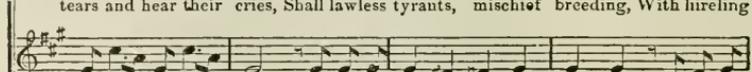
wives and grand-sires hoar-y, Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their



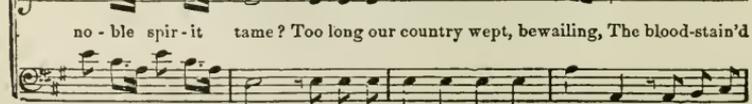
bolts and bars con - fine thee, And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame? And thus thy



tears and hear their cries, Shall lawless tyrants, mischief breeding, With hireling



no - ble spir - it tame? Too long our country wept, bewailing, The blood-stain'd



MARSEILLES HYMN.

host, a ruf - fian band, Affright and des - o - late the land, While
 sword our conquerors wield, But freedom is our sword and shield, And

peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The
 all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The

pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,
 pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,

MARSEILLES HYMN.

all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march

all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march

on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or

on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or

death!

ff

death!

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace Bled.

Andante moderato.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace hled, Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led, Wel-come to your

go-ry bed, Or so vic-to-ri-ol! Now's the day an' now's the hour,

See the front of bat-tle lour; See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla-ve-rie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha see base as be a slave?
Let him turn an' flee!
Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes an' pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins;
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyran'ts fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

The Maple Leaf Forever.

The National Song of Canada.

Composed by ALEXANDER MUIR.

Con Spirito.

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt-less he - ro came, And
 2. At Queenston Heights, and Lan-dy's Lane, Our brave Fa thers side by side, For
 3. Our fair Do - min - ion now ex - tends From Cape Race to Noot - ka Sound; May
 4. On Mer - ry En - gland's far famed land May kind Heav-en sweet-ly smile; God

plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-main! Here
 freedom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood, and no - bly died; And
 peace for - ev - er be our lot, And plen-te-ous store a - bound; And
 bless Old Scot-land ev - er - more, And Ireland's Em - er - ald Isle! Then

may it wave our boast, our pride, And joined in love to - geth - er, The
 those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them nev - er! Our
 may those ties of love be ours, Which dis - cord can - not sev - er, And
 swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for - est quiv - er, God

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

This - le, Sham-rock, Rose en - twine, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
 watch-word ev - er more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
 flour - ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
 save our Queen, and Heav - en bless, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

CHORUS.—For Male Voices.

1st TENOR.

2nd TENOR.

1, 2 & 4. The Ma - ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er! God
 3. The Ma - ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er! And

BASS.

save our Queen and Heav - en bless, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
 flour - ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

Hymne de Riego.

National Air of Spain.

By HUERTA.

The musical score is arranged in five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system features a *dim.* (diminuendo) and a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The third system includes *cres.*, *f*, and *dim.* markings. The fourth system ends with a *ff* (fortissimo) marking. The fifth system includes *Jz* (ritardando) and *ff* markings.

From the "Airs of all Nations," by kind permission of John Philip Sousa, late Director of the U. S. Marine Band.

HYMNE DE RIEGO.

1.

Serenely and with valor
Come raise your manly voices:
For all our land rejoices
In praises of the king.
With patriotic fervor—
Devoted to our nation—
We'll die for her salvation,
Her glories let us sing.

CHORUS.—Then soldiers patriotic,
The nation looks to you
To show by deeds of valor,
That to her cause you're true.

2.

The sleeping sword awaken!
By words and deed we're plighted
To save the slave affrighted,
And make our brother free.
Though in the combat gory
A comrade brave should perish,
One thought we'll always cherish,
He died for liberty.—*Chorus.*

3.

The thunder of the cannon,
The bugle of the battle,
Together with the rattle
Of musketry is rife.
The God of war admires
The man who knows no danger,
Whose heart to fear's a stranger,
And is ready for the strife.—*Chorus.*

1.

*Serenos alegres,
Valientes y osados
Cantemos soldados
El himno al altid,
De nuestros acentos,
El orbe se admira,
Y en nosotros mire
Los hijos del cid.*

CHORUS.—*Soldados la patria
Nos llama a la lid,
Juremos por ella
Vencer o morir.*

2.

*Blandamos el yerro
Del tímido esclavo
Del fuerte del bravo
La faz no saber.
Sus huertes cual humo
Veréis disipadas
Y á nuestras espadas
Fugaces correr.—Chorus.*

3.

*La trompa guerrera
Sus ecos da al viento
Horror al sediento
Ya ruga el canon.
Ya Marte sanudo
La audacia provoca
Y el ingenio invoca
De nuestra nacion.—Chorus.*

Men of Harlech.

Famous Welsh Song.

Allegretto.

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hollow, Do ye hear, like rushing billow, Wave on wave that
2. Rock - y steeps and pass - es narrow Flash with spear and flight of arrow; Who would think of

surg - ing fol - low Bat - tle's dis - tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe - men,
pain or sorrow? Death is glo - ry now. Hurl the reel - ing horse - men o - ver!

Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen, Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen, They shall bite the ground!
Let the earth dead foemen cover! Fate of friend, of wife, of lover Trem - bles on a blow!

Loose thy folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The plac - id sky now
Strands of life are riv - en; Blow for blow is giv - en, In dead - ly lock or

bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thunder! Onward, 'tis our country needs us,
bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heaven! Men of Harlech! young or hoary,

He is bravest, he who leads us! Honor's self now proudly heads us! Freedom! God, and Right!
Would you win a name in story! Strike for home for life, for glory! Freedom! God, and Right!

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun-der! On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us!
bat - the shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav-en! Men of Har-lech! young or hoar-y,

bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun-der! On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us!
bat - the shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav-en! Men of Har-lech! young or hoar-y,

He is bravest, he who leads us! Honor's self now proudly heads us! Cambria, God, and Right!
Would you win a name in story? Strike for home, for life, for glo-ry! Cambria, God, and Right!

He is bravest, he who leads us! Honor's self now proudly heads us! Cambria, God, and Right!
Would you win a name in story? Strike for home, for life, for glo-ry! Cambria, God, and Right!

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

(IRISH.)

Words by Moore.

Adagio.

The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed; Now
hangs as mute on Tara's walls, As if that soul were fled; So sleeps the pride of former days, So
glory's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Adagio' in C major, 3/4 time. The piano part features a series of chords and arpeggiated figures. The vocal line enters with the lyrics: 'The harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The soul of music shed; Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls, As if that soul were fled; So sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.' The score includes dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte), and articulation like accents and slurs. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and a more active treble line with chords and arpeggios.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright, The

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a more melodic line in the left hand.

Harp of Ta-ra swells; the chord alone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru-in tells. Thus

The second system of the musical score. It continues with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase with a slight rise and then a fall. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

freedom now so seldom wakes, The only throbs she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line features a more complex melodic line with some grace notes and a final note with a fermata. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic and harmonic patterns.

ow that still she lives.

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a few notes and a final rest. The piano accompaniment ends with a series of chords and a final cadence.

KING CHRISTIAN STOOD BESIDE THE MAST.

swing - ing fast, Thro' Go - thic heads it swift - ly pass'd, Then sank each Go - thic
de - saa fast, At Go - thens Hjoelm og Hjei - ne brast Da sank hvert fjendt light

hulk and mast In smoke and mist. "Fly!" shout - ed they, "for
Spejl og mast I Rog og Damp. "Fly!" skreg de, "fy hvad

no man can, The pow'r of Den - mark's Chris - ti - an, The
flyj te can! Hvo staar for Dan - marks Kris - ti - an, Hvo

pow'r of Den - mark's Chris - ti - an Re -
staar for Dan - marks Kris - ti - an I

KING CHRISTIAN STOOD BESIDE THE MAST.

sist!
Kamp!

2.

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly," shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

3.

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Thordenskiold,
Let each to heaven commend his soul
And fly!

4.

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark rolling wave!
Receive thy friend who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite—
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark rolling wave!
And 'midst thy pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

2.

Nils Juel gav Aet paa Stormens Brag,
Nu er det Tid!
Han hejsede det røde Flag
Og slog paa Fjenden Slag i Slag.
Da skreg de højt blandt Stormens Brag:
"Nu er det Tid!"
"Fly," skreg de, "hver som vid et Skjua!
Hvo kan bestaa for Danmarks Juel
I Strid!"

3.

O Nordhav, Glimt af Vessel brod
Din mørke Sky!
Da tyde Kæmper til dit Skjod,
Thi med ham lynte Skrak og Dod,
Fra Vallen hortes Vraal, som brod
Den tykke Sky.
Fra Danmark lyner Tordenskjold
Hver giv sig i Himlens Vold
Og fly!

4.

Du danskes Vej ti Ros og Mag,
Sortladne Hav!
Modtag din Ven, som uforsagt
Vor møde Faren med Foragt
Saa stolt som du mod Stormens Mag,
Sortlande Hav!
Og rask igjennem Larm og Spil
Og Kamp og Sejer for mig til
Min Grav.

God Save the Queen.

Words and Music by HENRY CAREY.

SOPRANO.
1st time SOLI, 2nd time CORO.

1. God save our gra - cious Queen, Long live our no - ble Queen.,

ALTO.

2. Thy choi - cest gifts in store On her be pleased to pour,

TENOR.

3. To ev' - ry fu - ture age Shall Sto - ry's bright - est page

BASS.

4. See all her peo - ple throug To form a ram - part strong

God save the Queen. Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and

Long may she reign. May she de - fend our laws, And ev - er

Her fame de - clare. How she bade Dis - cord cease, Know - ledge and

Round our loved Queen. And should a foe draw near, Then all the

glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us: God save the Queen.

give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the Queen.

Wealth in - crease, And made the Arts of peace, Her con - stant care.

world shall hear Rise from our land the cheer, God save the Queen.

God Save our President!

A NATION'S PRAYER.

By SEPTIMUS WINNER.

Maestoso.

p *f* *p* *cres.*

1. God save our
2. God save our
3. God save our

f *p* *rit.*

Pres - i - dent!	Stretch forth thy hand;	God bless our Government,
Pres - i - dent!	Give him thy aid;	Say in thy whisperings,
Pres - i - dent!	Guide and sus - tain;	Rul - ing with prin - ci - ples,

Bid it to stand,	Scat - ter our en - e - mies	Broad - cast and
"Be not a - fraid!"	Give him the strength wherewith	To bat - tle for
Thou shalt or - dain,	God save our Government;	In Thee we

GOD SAVE OUR PRESIDENT!

far, Keep from our Commonwealth Tur - moil and war. Oh!
 right, In Thy om - nip - o - tence Give him the might. Oh!
 trust, God keep our Pres - i - dent, Up - right and just. Oh!

cres. *f*

CHORUS.

God save our Pres - i - dent! Stretch forth Thy band, forth Thy

Air. Alto.
 God save our Pres - i - dent! Stretch forth Thy hand, forth Thy
 Stretch

Tenor. Bass.
 God save our Pres - i - dent! Stretch forth Thy

Organ or Piano.

and; Almighty God, bless our Government,..... Bid it to stand.

hand; Almighty God, bless our Government, Bid it to stand, it so stand.

hand; God bless our Government,..... Bid it to stand.

The Watch on the Rhine.

Words by Max Schneckenburger.

Music by Carl Wilhelm.

With Energy.

1. A voice resounds like thun - der peal, 'Mid dash - ing wave and clang of steel; "The
Es braust ein Ruf wie Don - ner-hall, Wie Schwerge - klirr und Wo - gen-prall: Zum

2. They stand a hun - dred thou - sand strong, Quick to a - venge their country's wrong; With
Durch Hun - dert - tau - send sucht es schnell, Und Al - ler Au - gen blit - zen hell; Der

1. Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! Who guards to-day my stream di - vine?"
Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein! Wer will die Stro - mes Hu - ter sein?

2. fil - ial love their bo - soms swell; They'll guard the sa - cred land - mark well.
Deut - sche, bie - der, fromm und stark, Be - schutzt die heil' - ge Lan - des - mark.

Chorus.

Dear Fa - therland! no dan - ger thine, Dear Father - land! no dan - ger thine; Firm stand thy
Lieb Va - derland, magst ru - lig sein, Lieb Va - derland, magst ru - lig sein; Fest steht und

sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.
treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein! Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

3. While flows one drop of German blood,
 Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
 While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
 No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!—Cho.

3. *So lang' ein Tropfen Blut noch gluh't,
 Noch eine Faust den Degen sieht,
 Und noch ein Arm die Buchse spannt,
 Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.—Cho.*

4. Our oath resounds, the river flows,
 In golden light our banner glows,
 Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
 The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!—Cho.

4. *Der Schaur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
 Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind;
 Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,
 Wir alle wollen Huter sein!—Cho.*

Part VII.

SONGS OF RETROSPECT AND EXILE.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

IT has often been asked: "Where are the old songs we heard so often when you and I were boys? What has become of the old familiar melodies?"

Gone with the hopes, and the joys and the roses,
Nursed in the early dawn's smile;
Gone like the bulrushes round little Moses,
On the old banks of the Nile;
Gone with the Janes and the Anns and Elizas,
Down the back hallway of time.

How the Janes, Anns, and Elizas used to sing them to us, youngsters then—oldsters now! And where are the fair singers who so delighted the audience of one, leaning over the piano or sitting entranced on the sofa? "Singing to the young-eyed cherubim" or crooning lullabies to grandchildren. The old songs have been thrust out of fashion by Italian and French importations; operatic gems from "Pinafore," "Pirates of Peuzance," and "Mikado"; and by an infinite variety of vocal trash. A large volume might be compiled of *forgotten* American songs alone.

Some of these old songs, thus driven into hopeless oblivion, have a history attached which lends them an additional charm—at least to their old friends. "Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth cen-

tury. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was composed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dates from 1633. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomed antiquity. "Girls and Boys Come Out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.

Among the better class of popular songs belongs Thomas Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," of which 1,500,000 copies have been sold in this country. Of "Kathleen Mavourneen," by F. N. Crouch, 500,000 copies have been sold, and it is still in much demand.

"The Last Rose of Summer" is one of the most exquisite, as well as one of the most widely popular songs which Moore wrote for old airs, and published under the general title of "Irish Melodies." Its air is altered from an old one called "The Groves of Blarney."

Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the "Burial of Sir John Moore," who had a passionate fondness for the Irish national melodies, especially admired "The Last Rose of Summer," and wrote the following little story as an introduction to it:

"This is the grave of Dermid. He was the best

minstrel among us all—a youth of romantic genius and of the most tremulous and yet the most impetuous feeling. He knew all our old national airs, of every character and description. According as his song was in a lofty or a mournful strain, the village represented a camp or a funeral; but if Dermid were in his merry mood, the lads and lasses were hurried into dance with a giddy and irresistible gaiety.

“One day our chieftain committed a cruel and wanton outrage against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid’s harp was in his hand when he heard it. With all the thoughtfulness and independent sensibility of a poet’s indignation, he struck the chords that never spoke without response, and the detestation became universal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended our banished minstrel into the wide world. For three years there were no tidings of Dermid, and the song and dance were silent,—when one of our little boys came running in, and told us that he saw Dermid approaching at a distance.

“Instantly the whole village was in commotion; the youths and maidens assembled on the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of their poet with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for them,—it was the merriest of his collection. The ring was formed; all looked eagerly toward the quarter from which he was to arrive, determined to greet their favorite bard with a cheer.

“But they were checked the instant he appeared. He came slowly, and languidly, and loiteringly along; his countenance had a cold, dim and careless aspect, very different from that expressive tearfulness which marked his features, even in his more melancholy moments. His harp was swinging heavily upon his arm; it seemed a burden to him; it was much shattered and some of the strings were broken. He looked at us for a few moments; then, relapsing into vacancy, advanced without quickening his pace, to his accustomed stone, and sat down in silence.

“After a pause, we ventured to ask him for his friends. He first looked up sharply in our faces, next down upon his harp, then struck a few notes of a wild and desponding melody, which we had never heard before; but his hand dropped, and he did not finish it. Again we paused. Then, knowing well that if we could give the smallest mirthful impulse to his feelings, his whole soul would soon follow, we asked him for the merry air we had chosen. We were surprised at the readiness with which he seemed to comply; but it was the same wild and heart-breaking strain he had commenced. In fact, we found that the soul of the minstrel had become an entire void, except one solitary ray that vibrated

sluggishly through its very darkest part. It was like the sea in a dark calm, which you only know to be in motion by the panting which you hear.

“He had totally forgotten every trace of his former strains, not only those that were more gay and airy, but even those of a more pensive cast; and he had got in their stead that one dreary, single melody. It was about a lonely rose that had outlived all his companions. This he continued singing and playing from day to day, until he spread an unusual gloom over the whole village. He seemed to perceive it, for he retired to the churchyard, and remained singing it there to the day of his death. The afflicted constantly repaired to hear it, and he died singing it to a maid who had lost her lover. The orphans have learned it and still chant it over poor Dermid’s grave.”

Thomas Haynes Bayly has been called “The Mantalini of song writers”; he wrote upward of eight hundred songs.

The reputation of Haynes Bayly has great tenacity of life. He had real tenderness, which he displayed in such songs as “Long, Long Ago” and “Oh, no, we never mention her,” and considerable wit and humor, but his sentiment was too often mere sentimentalism, his love lackadaisical, and his melancholy very genteel and effeminate—wearing white kid gloves and wiping its eyes, in which there were no tears, with highly perfumed cambric pocket-handkerchief—a very Mantalini of the art of poe-
tastry. Perhaps his best lyric is “Isle of Beauty.”

It is said of “The Harp that Once Thro’ Tara’s Halls” that about nine hundred years before Christ, Ollav Folla, King of Ireland, founded schools of philosophy, astronomy, poetry, medicine, and history. He also organized a species of parliament, by a triennial assemblage of chiefs, priests, and bards at Teanor, or Tara, and the record of their laws was called “The Psalter of Tara.” Thomas Moore’s song recalling the departed glories of the ancient meeting-place of clan and king is set to the plaintive old air of “Grammachree.”

"In reading over the songs that were sung by our English grandfathers," says a writer in *Appleton's Journal*, "we naturally divide them into three classes: the ballad, the convivial, and the madrigal. The first still remains with us, occupying about the same position as of yore; the second class has almost succumbed to the latter day temperance movement, only the most incorrigible daring to indulge in anything bacchanalian; while the third, often very silly, has given way to those mournful ditties which inform us of the precise spot in which the remains of the angelic Lilly Dale do rest, or impart to us the anxiety of some young man regarding his 'mother now.'

"As now, so in our grandfathers' time, a lively, pretty air would cover a multitude of sins in the poetry it accompanied; and if the notes were but free and jingling, a country boor would not mind confessing—in language there was not a possibility of his understanding—the terrible effects the glances of the beautiful Daphne had produced upon his too susceptible heart. Especially in the amative songs was the language apt to be excruciatingly flowery; where to-day we are satisfied with singing the praises of plain Nelly Gray or Kitty Clyde, then nothing would satisfy short of Chloe, Cynthia, or Phillis, which seem to have been the favorites, while at times their Pegasus would reach a Musidora, Sparabella, Blandusia, or Manxelinda. We can easily believe that any young lady who had survived such a name as either of these must have been above the common, and worthy of all tribute.

"Then, as now, love formed the great theme of the poet's song, and we are forced to the conclusion that, however unfortunate these poets may have been in other respects, they were each and every one of them especially favored in possessing the handsomest

of the female sex to love and cherish, and further, that 'handsomest young ladies' were as numerous then as 'handsomest babies' are now. What is there in the soft passion that allies it so to poetry? Men who never attempted anything of the kind, either before or after, have been guilty of metrifying the charms of their first love. Fortunately a large proportion of such poetry is cast into the stove when their 'heart's treasure' first proves fickle, followed by old bouquets, hair-pins, and other mementos they have surreptitiously become possessed of. Still sufficient remains to prevent our complaining of any scarcity. How many pairs of lips have been compared to cherries, or sets of teeth to strings of pearls; how many eyes have been called heavenly blue, and how many heads of red hair have been entered as golden tresses? One ancient lover, who seems to have been in a very bad way, sings:

"Alas! when charming Sylvia's gone,
I sigh, and think myself undone;
But when the lovely nymph is here,
I'm pleased, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear."

"Further on, after dying with grief when she leaves him, he revives at her return, while, all in the same space of time, he smiles, freezes, pants, and burns. Another unfortunate exclaims:

"Enchanted by your voice and face,
In pleasing dreams I fainting lie,
I bleed, fair nymph, I bleed, apace,
And, oh I languish! oh! I die!"

According to another authority, if he bleed long enough he will probably recover, for he tells us:

"Love's a distemper that comes with high feeding,
And is cur'd, like a fever, by emptying and bleeding."

Forming an important feature in the comic songs of to-day are the negro, Irish, and Yankee melodies. Of the first and last

of these, our grandfathers were entirely wanting, while they had but few of the second in comparison with ourselves. In looking over the songs of the past we are quickly struck with this absence, and it leaves the impression on the mind of a scarcity of comic songs, which is really the case.

They were not altogether wanting in dialectic songs, the most admired of which were the Scotch and Welsh. A quite favorite Scotch comic song, to those with sufficient linguistic powers to master it, was "Let us a' to the Bridal," which describes the great goings on at the wedding of Jockie to Maggie, a list of the company present, and the bill of fare of the feast.

It has been said that in the words of her "Love Not!" Mrs. Caroline Norton might well have embalmed her own bitter experiences. The music was composed by John Blockley.

The century-old song, known as "Days of Absence," "Rousseau's Dream," or "Greenville," owes its words and music to Jean Jacques Rousseau, the celebrated French author, in 1775. He was born in Geneva, June 28, 1712, and was descended from a family of Paris booksellers and Protestant refugees. His mother, the daughter of a clergyman, died when he was born, and his grief that he should have met so bitter a loss was often referred to by him. Although he was a very delicate boy, before he was nine years old he had spent whole nights in reading novels with his father, who had a visionary and restless disposition. From an engineer, a lawyer, and an engraver, with whom he lived successively, he picked up a varied fund of information.

After a series of adventures of the most romantic and miserable sort, he devoted

himself to the study of music, which he afterward taught, and invented a new system of musical notation. He published several operas and musical works before he turned his whole attention to the writings for which he is chiefly known. Rousseau died at Ermonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. His melody has now been so long associated in our minds with its hymn-book title of "Greenville," that it seems odd to connect it with this French love-song.

Closely connected with the subject of the antiquity of certain tunes is their transmigration. Under "Songs of the Church" this theme has been briefly touched, but some equally strange "transmigrations" have taken place in secular melodies.

Some songs, it has been said, are older than the common law, as old as custom, hoarier than manners. Such airs, with varying names and varied strains, are like the ballads, the proverbs, and the sayings of the people. They may be tracked back and back until the track is lost. Origin or author they have never had. They have been harped and blown and fiddled, thrummed, and danced by the ages. Antiquarians have searched diligently for author and origin for the ballads and for the saws, proverbs, and sayings of the people. The search has only established that these always were just as they are, with minor variations.

Who composed "Rack Back, Davie," "Old Granny," "Rye Straw," "Forked Deer," "Leather Breeches," "Old Zip Coon," "Natchez-under-the Hill," "Billy in the Low Grounds," and hundreds of other popular country fiddler airs? Their names have changed and their strains have been varied, but they may be heard fiddled out and danced out the world over. They might have been heard centuries ago.

The Last Rose of Summer.

FLOTOW.

SOPRANO.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her

ALTO.

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the

TENOR.

3. So soon may I fol - low, When friendships de - cay, And from

BASS.

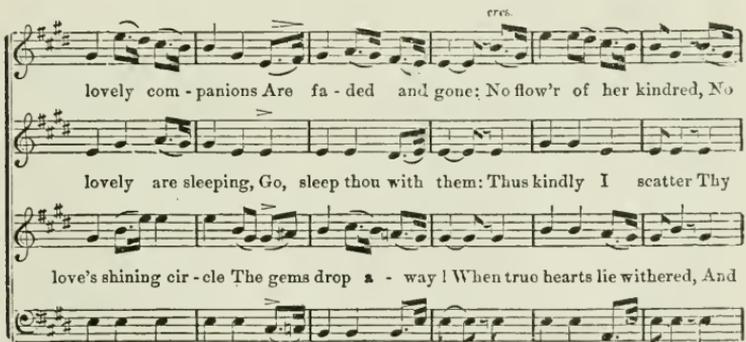


cres.

lovely com - panions Are fa - ded and gone; No flow'r of her kindred, No

lovely are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them: Thus kindly I scatter Thy

love's shining cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie withered, And

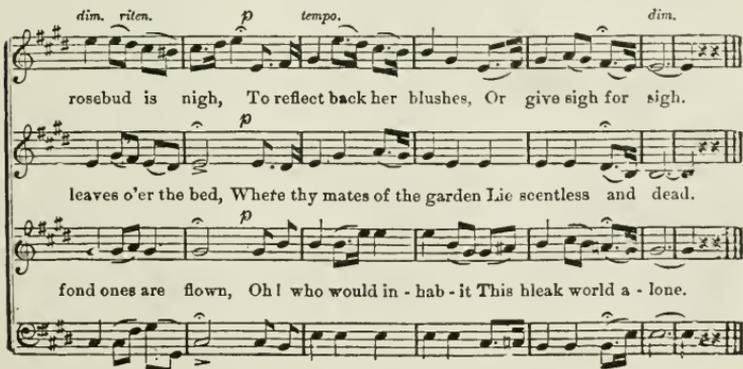


dim. riten. *p* *tempo.* *dim.*

rosebud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.

leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the garden Lie scentless and dead.

fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.



The Old Sexton.

H. RUSSELL.

♩ For ♪ *aphony* play last four bars from *.

1. Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made, Leaned a sex - ton old, on his
gath - er them in! for man - and boy, Year aft - eryear of
3. Man y are with me, but still I'm alone, I'm king of the dead, and I

staccato. *colla voce.*

earth worn spade, His work was done and he paused to wait, The
grief and joy; I've builded the houses that lie a - round, In
make my throne, On a monument slab of mar - ble cold, And my

fun - 'ral train through the o - pen gate: A rel - ic of by - gone
ev - ry nook of this bur - ial ground, Mother and daugh - ter,
scep - tre of rule is the spade I hold; Come they from cottage or

days was he, And his locks were white as the foam y sea - And
fath - er and son, Come to my sol - i - tude, one by one, But
come they from hall, Man - kind are my sub - jects - all, all, all! Let 'em

THE OLD SEXTON.

these words came from his lips so thin, "I gather them in, I
 come they stran-gers, or come they kin,
 lo-i-ter in pleasure or toil-ful-ly spin,

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment is in two staves, with the right hand in a treble clef and the left hand in a bass clef. The music is in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

gather them in, gather, gather.

The second system continues the musical score. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "gather them in, gather, gather." are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked "8va" (octave up) in the right hand.

8va.....

The third system continues the musical score. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked "8va" (octave up) in the right hand.

8va..... 2. "I

The fourth system concludes the musical score. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked "8va" (octave up) in the right hand. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Heart Bowed Down.

FROM THE OPERA OF "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."

M. W. BALFE.

Larghetto
Cantabile.

PIANO. *mf*

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair, Still

weak - est hopes will cling; To thought and im - pulse
por - der o'er the past, On mo - ments of de -

while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, That can, that
light that were Too beau - ti - ful to last, That were too

stringendo

HEART BOWED DOWN.

rall.

can no com - - fort bring. With those ex - cit - ing
beau-ti-ful, too beau-ti-ful to last. To long de - part - ed

colla parte. *pp*

con espress: di dolore.

scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But mem'-ry is the
years ex-tend, Its vis - ions with them flown, For mem'-ry is the

p

on - ly friend That grief can call its own, That

grief can call its own, That grief can call its own.

cresc.
stringendo. *f* *f*

Then You'll Remember Me.

AS SUNG IN THE OPERA OF "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."

Words by ALFRED BUNN, Esq.

Music by M. W. BALFE.

Andante Cantabile.

PIANO. *p*

Cres. dolce.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, starting with a half rest followed by G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The left hand plays a steady accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with a half rest followed by F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3.

1. When oth - er lips and
2. When cold - ness or de -

a tempo.

pp

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two versions: '1. When oth - er lips and' and '2. When cold - ness or de -'. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, playing eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'a tempo' and the dynamic is 'pp'.

oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In lan - guage whose ex -
ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize, And deem it but a

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two versions: 'oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In lan - guage whose ex -' and 'ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize, And deem it but a'. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well, There may per - haps in
 fut - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes, When, hol - low hearts shall

such a scene Some re - col - lec - tion he Of
 wear a mask, 'Twill break your own to see, In

days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
 such a mo - ment I but ask That you'll re - mem - ber

me..... And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
 me..... that you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

Twenty Years Ago.

Words by G. J. CHESTER.

Music by A. SCOTT GATTY

Allegro moderato.

1. Those bonny glades of
2. We walk'd togeth-er

mf *p* *mf* *p*

Girvan woods, full twen-ty years a - go, When stars came out to
thou and I, we part-ed, ah! too soon, But e'er we left our

culmato.

look at us who wander'd to and fro, There oft we linger'd,
lips had met be - neath the sum - mer moon; Yes, oft I dream of

hand in hand, and what kinds words were said, With ten - der light shed
Gir - van woods, but oft - ten - er of thee, For Gir - van woods are

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano). The tempo is marked *Allegro moderato*. The score is divided into two systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system includes two alternative lyrics for the first two lines. The second system includes a *culmato.* marking above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

piu. lento. *a tempo.*

o - ver through branches o - ver - head, With ten - der light shed
all laid low, But thou still lov - est me. For Gir - van woods are

cres. *Andante con molto espressivo*

o - ver us through branches o - ver - head, Ah! oft I dream of
all laid low, but thou still lov - est me, Ah! oft I dream of

cres. *colla voce.* *p calmato.*

Gir - van woods, the woods we loved so well..... And those dear al leys

p rall. *After last verse.*

Where the shade of white boll'd beach trees fell

colla voce. *dim.*

I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.

BALLAD.

Words and Music by CLARIBEL

Slowly.

mf

1. I can - not sing the old songs I sang long years a - go, For

heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For

"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS"

by - gone hours come o'er my heart With each fa - mil - iar strain, — I

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music is in a 4/4 time signature.

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain, I

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It follows the same three-staff format as the first system, with the vocal line, right-hand piano accompaniment, and left-hand piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It follows the same three-staff format. The lyrics end with an ellipsis, indicating the end of the phrase. The music ends with a double bar line.

2 I cannot sing the old songs,
 Their charm is sad and deep
 Their melodies would waken
 Old sorrows from their sleep
 And though all unforgotten still,
 And sadly sweet they be,
 I cannot sing the old songs,
 They are too dear to me. ♯

3 I cannot sing the old songs
 For visions come again,
 Of golden dreams departed,
 And years of weary pain,
 Perhaps when earthly fetters
 Have set my spirit free,
 My voice may know the old songs
 For all eternity. ♯

The Light of Other Days.

W. W. Balfe.

The light of other days is fa - - - - ded, And
all their glo - ries past, For grief with heavy wing hath
sha - - - - - ded The hopes too bright to last, The
world which morning's mantle clou - - - - ded, Shines forth with pu - - - - rer

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

rays, But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow shrouded, The

Cello parte. *pp*

light of other days, But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow

shrouded The light of other days.

pp Dolce

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,
 The birds which then take wing,
 When winter winds are past, come hither,
 To welcome back the spring;
 The very ivy on the ruin,
 In gloom, full life displays;
 But the heart, alone, sees no renewing
 The light of other days.

Ben Bolt.

Neelson Kneass.

Thomas Dunn English.

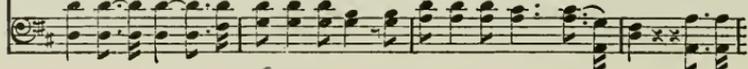
Semplice.



1. Oh I don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown, Who
2. Un - der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, To -
3. And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt, With the master so kind and so true, And the
4. There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt, They have changed from the old to the new; But I



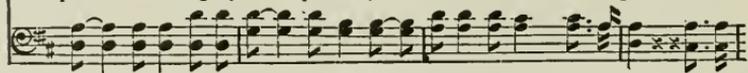

wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown? In the
geth-er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And listened to Ap - ple-ton's mill. The mill -
sha - ded nook by the running brook, Where the fairest wild flow'rs grew? Grass
feel in the depths of my spir - it the truth, There never was change in you. Twelve




old church-yard, in the val - ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor - ner ob - scure and a - lone, They have
wheel has fall - en to pieces, Ben Bolt, The raft - ers have tum - bled in, And a
grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is dry, And of
months twen - ty have past, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends—yet I hail Thy




fit - ted a slab of the granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the stone, They have
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - en din, And a
all the boys who were schoolmates then, There are on - ly you and I, And of
pres - ence a blessing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt of the salt - sea gale, Thy



ad libitum.



fit - ted a slab of the granite so gray, And sweet Alice . lies un - der the stone.
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - en din,
all the boys who were schoolmates then, There are on - ly you and I.
presence a bless - ing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt, of the salt - sea gale!



I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls

M. W. Balfé.

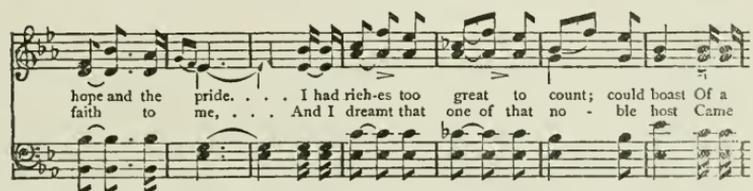
From "Bohemian Girl."



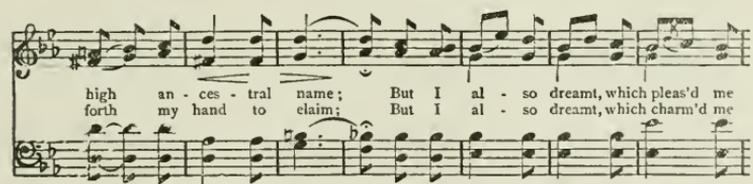
1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my
2. I dreamt that suit - ors sought my hand; That knights upon bend ed



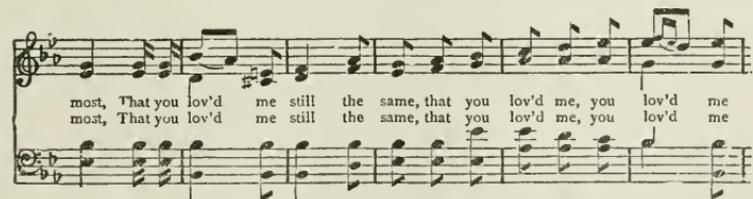
side, . . . And of all who as - sem - bled with - in those walls That I was the
knee, . . . And with vows no maid - en heart could withstand, They pledg'd their



hope and the pride. . . . I had rich - es too great to count; could boast Of a
faith to me, . . . And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host Came



high an - ces - tral name; But I al - so dreamt, which pleas'd me
forth my hand to claim; But I al - so dreamt, which charm'd me



most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd me
most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd me



still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.
still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.

Lilly Dale.

H. S. THOMPSON.

Andante.

1. 'Twas a calm still night, and the moon's pale light, Shone
2. Her cheeks that once glowed with the rose-tint of health, By the
3. "I go," she said, "to the land of rest," And
4. 'Neath the chest-nut tree; where the wild flowers grow, And the

soft o'er hill and vale, When friends mute with grief, stood a -
hand of disease had turned pale, And the death damp was on the
ere my strength shall fail, I must tell you where, near my
stream ripples forth thro' the vale, Where the birds shall war - ble their

round the death bed, Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale.
pure white brow Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale.
own loved home, You must lay poor Lil - ly Dale.
songs in spring, There lay poor Lil - ly Dale."

LILLY DALE.

CHORUS.
SOPRANO. *a tempo.*

Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the

ALTO.

Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the

TENOR.

Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the

BASS. *a tempo.*

wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave, Neath the trees in the flow - 'ry vale.

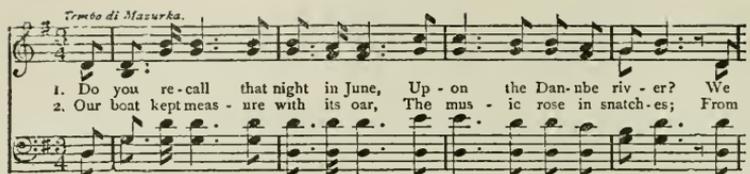
wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave, Neath the trees in the flow - 'ry vale.

wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave, Neath the trees in the flow - 'ry vale.

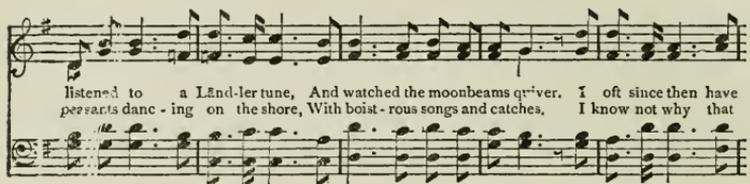
The Danube River.

Hamilton Aide.

Tempo di Mazurka.

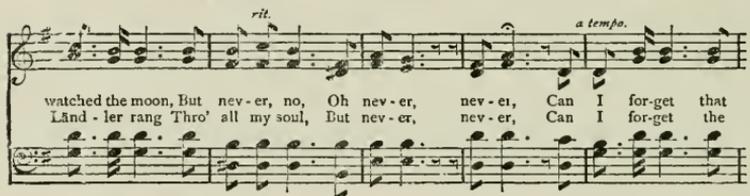


1. Do you re-call that night in June, Up - on the Dan-ube riv - er? We
2. Our boat kept meas - ure with its oar, The mus - ic rose in snatch-es; From

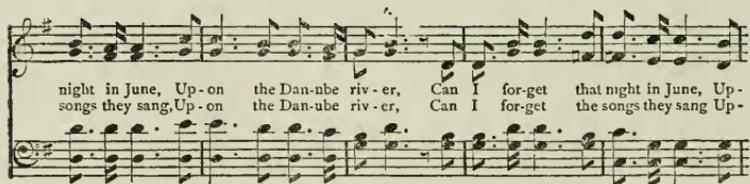


listened to a Länd-ler-tune, And watched the moonbeams quiver. I oft since then have
peasants danc - ing on the shore, With boist - rous songs and catches, I know not why that

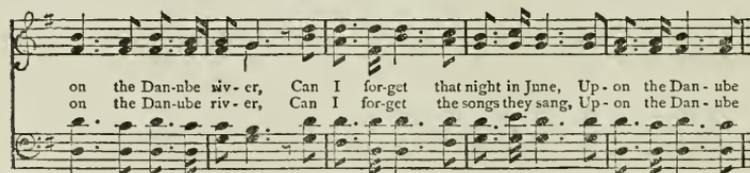
rit. *a tempo.*



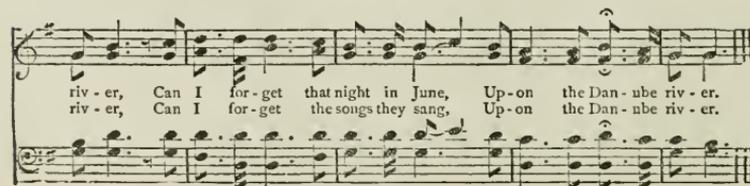
watched the moon, But nev - er, no, Oh nev - er, nev - er, Can I for-get that
Länd - ler rang Thro' all my soul, But nev - er, nev - er, Can I for-get the



night in June, Up - on the Dan-ube riv - er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up -
songs they sang, Up - on the Dan-ube riv - er, Can I for-get the songs they sang Up -



on the Dan-ube riv - er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube
on the Dan-ube riv - er, Can I for-get the songs they sang, Up - on the Dan - ube



riv - er, Can I for - get that night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er.
riv - er, Can I for - get the songs they sang, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er.

The Switzer's Farewell.

G. Linley.

1. A - diu, dear land, with beau - ty beam - ing, Where first I rov'd a care - less
 2. Far from my home I now must wan - der, In strang - er land be doomed to

child, Of thee my heart will e'er be dream - ing Thy snow - clad peaks and moun - tains
 dwell, Oh, best be - lov'd, my heart grows fond - er, While thus I breathe my last fare -

wild. Dear land that I cher - ish, Oh, long may'st thou
 well. Re - ceive this sad to - ken, I leave thee heart -

flour - ish; My mem'ry must per - ish E'er I for - get thee.
 brok - en, Our part - ing is spok - en, Be - lov'd one, fare - well.

Adieu, dear land, with beauty beaming,
 Where first I rov'd a careless child,
 Of thee my heart will e'er be dreaming,
 Thy snow-clad peaks and mountains
 wild.

Dear land that I cherish,
 Oh, long may'st thou flourish;
 My mem'ry must perish
 Ere I forget thee.

Far from my home I now must wonder,
 In stranger land be doomed to dwell,
 Oh, best lov'd, my heart grows
 fonder, [well.
 While thus I breathe my last fare-
 Receive this sad token,
 I leave thee heart-broken,
 Our parting is spoken,
 Belov'd one, farewell.

Fine Old English Gentleman.

Quasi recitative.

1. I'll sing you an old bal-lad that was made by an old pate, Of á
 2. His hall so old was hung a-round with pikes, and guns, and bows, With
 3. When win-ter cold brought Christmas old, he oped his house to all, And,
 4. But time, though old, is strong in flight, and years rolled swift-ly by, When

poor old Eng-lish gen-tle-man, who had an old es-tate; He kept a brave old
 swords, and good old buck-lers, that had stood 'gainst many foes; And there his wor-ship
 though threescore and ten his years, he feat-ly led the ball; Nor was the houseless
 au-tumn's fall-ing leaf fore-told this poor old man must die! He laid him down right

mansion at a boun-ti-ful old rate, With a good old por-ter to re-lieve the
 sat in state, in doublet and trunk-hose, And quaffed a cup of good old wine to
 wan-der-er then driv-en from the hall, For, while he feast-ed all the great, he
 tran-quil-ly, gave up life's latest sigh, While heav-y sad-ness fell a-round, and

old poor at his gate, Like a fine old English gen-tle-man, all of the old-en time.
 warm his good old nose, Like a fine old English gen-tle-man, all of the old-en time.
 ne'er for-got the small, Like a fine old English gen-tle-man, all of the old-en time.
 tears bedewed each eye, For this good old English gen-tle-man, all of the old-en time.

T'll sing you an old ballad that was made by an
 old pate,
 Of a poor old English gentleman, who had an
 old estate;
 He kept a brave old mansion at a bountiful old
 rate,
 With a good old porter to relieve the old poor
 at his gate,
 Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the
 olden time.
 His hall so old was hung around with pikes'
 and guns, and bows,
 With swords, and good old bucklers, that had
 stood 'gainst many foes;
 And there his worship sat in state, in doublet
 and trunk-hose,
 And quaffed a cup of good old wine to warm
 his good old nose,
 Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the
 olden time.

When winter cold brought Christmas old, he
 oped his house to all,
 And, though threescore and ten his years, he
 featly led the ball;
 Nor was the houseless wanderer then driven
 from the hall,
 For, while he feasted all the great, he ne'er
 forgot the small,
 Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the
 olden time.
 But time, though old, is strong in flight, and
 years rolled swiftly by,
 When autumn's falling leaf foretold this poor
 old man must die!
 He laid him down right tranquilly, gave up
 life's latest sigh,
 While heavy sadness fell around, and tears
 bedewed each eye,
 For this good old English gentleman, all of the
 olden time.

Long, Long Ago.

Carl Matz, arr.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
 2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go?
 3. Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long ago, Long, long a - go;

Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 You, by more el-o-quent lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Now you are come, all my grief is removed, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,
 Then, to all oth-ers my smile you preferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
 But by long absence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I lis-ten with pride,

Let me believe that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Still my heart treasures the prais-es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Tell me tales that to me were so dear,
 Long, long ago, long, long ago;
 Sing me the songs I delighted to bear,
 Long, long ago, long ago.
 Now you are come, all my grief is removed,
 Let me forget that so long you have roved,
 Let me believe that you love as you loved,
 Long, long ago, long ago.
 Do you remember the path where we met,
 Long, long ago, long, long ago?
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
 Long, long ago, long ago.
 Then, to all others my smile you preferr'd

Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each
 word,
 Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
 Long, long ago, long ago.
 Though by your kindness my fond hopes were
 raised,
 Long, long ago, long, long ago.
 You, by more eloquent lips have been praised,
 Long, long ago, long ago.
 But by long absence your truth has been tried.
 Still to your accents I listen with pride,
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
 Long, long ago, long ago.

Wile Sat by the River.

CLARIBEL.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music. The right hand plays a melody in G minor with a 3/4 time signature, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

We sat by the river, you and I, In that
'Tis years since we parted, you and I, In that

The first system of the vocal melody is shown on a single staff. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves below. The lyrics are: "We sat by the river, you and I, In that 'Tis years since we parted, you and I, In that".

sweet summer time long a-go. So smoothly the water glided by, Making
sweet summer time long a-go. And I smile as I pass the river by, And I

The second system of the vocal melody is shown on a single staff. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves below. The lyrics are: "sweet summer time long a-go. So smoothly the water glided by, Making sweet summer time long a-go. And I smile as I pass the river by, And I".

music in its tranquil flow, We threw two leaflets, you and I, To the
gaze into the shadow depths below, I look on the grass and bending reeds, And I

The third system of the vocal melody is shown on a single staff. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves below. The lyrics are: "music in its tranquil flow, We threw two leaflets, you and I, To the gaze into the shadow depths below, I look on the grass and bending reeds, And I".

WE SAT BY THE RIVER.

riv-er as it wan - der'd on, And one was rent and left to
list-en to the sooth - ing song, And I en - vy the calm and happy

die, And the oth-er float-ed forward all a - lone. And
life, Of the riv-er as it sings and flows along. For

Oh! we were sadden'd, you and i, For we felt that our youth's golden dream, Might
Oh! how its song brings back to me, The shade of our youth's golden dream, In the

fade and our lives be sever'd soon, As the two leaves were parted in the stream.
days ere we parted, you and I, As the two leaves were parted in the stream.

Do they think of me at Home?

POPULAR BALLAD

Music by G. W. GLOVER.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

cres.

Do they think of me at home? Do they ever think of me? I who

p

DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

shared their ev'-ry grief,— I who min - gled in their glee; Have their

hearts grown cold and strange To the one now doom'd to roam? I would

give the world to know,— Do they think of me at home? I would

give the world to know,— Do they think of me at home?

1 Do they think of me at eve,—
Of the songs I used to sing?
Is the harp I struck untouched,
Does a stranger wake the string?
Will no kind, forgiving word,
Come across the raging foam?
Will I never cease to sigh,—
Do they think of me at home?

2 Do they think of how I loved
In my happy early days?
Do they think of him who came,
But could never win their praise?
I am happy by his side,
And from mine he'll never roam.
But my heart will sadly ask,—
Do they think of me at home?

Bliss Forever Past.

By M. W. BALFE.

Oh, would that I had died ere now, For then I had not
But no! but no, not one poor ray Of com - fort will be

pp

felt mine; The bit - ter pang, the crush - ing blow, Thy
No gleam of hope how - ev - er faint, Will

cres.

cru - el words have dealt! I've but one so - lace,
thro' my sor - - row shine! That sor - row is so

heav - en grant It cheers me, cheers me to the last! 'Tis
sharp, so great, It's pow'r so deep, so deep, so vast, That

BLISS FOREVER PAST

sad fond mem-'ry faith-ful still, To bliss for-ev-er
e'en the mem-'ry will it crush Of bliss for-ev-er

cres.

Ritén stentate.

past, 'Tis sad fond mem'ry faithful still, To bliss forever past, 'Tis sad fond m'em'ry
past, That e'en the mem'ry will it crush Of bliss for-ev-er past, That e'en the mem'ry

1.

faithful still, To bliss forever past.
will it crush, Of bliss forever

mf

past

dim. *pp* *f* *Tremolo* *ff*

The Last Greeting.

Franz Schubert.

With feeling.

1. A - dieu! 'tis love's last greet - ing, The part - ing hour is come! And fast thy soul is
 2. A - dieu! go thou be - fore me, To join the ser - aph throng! A se - cret sense comes

mf *pp*

fleeting, To seek its star - ry home! Yet dare I mourn when Heaven Has bid thy soul be
 o'er me, I tar - ry here not long! A - dieu! there comes a morrow, To ev - 'ry day of

pp

free. A life of bliss has giv - en For - ev - er - more to thee! Yet dare I mourn when
 pain! On earth we part in sorrow, To meet in bliss a - gain! A - dieu! there comes a

cres. *pp*

Heaven Has bid thy soul be free, A fair - er life has giv - en For all e - ter - ni - ty!
 morrow, To ev - 'ry day of pain! On earth we part in sorrow, To meet in bliss a - gain!

Adieu! 'tis love's last greeting,
 The parting hour is come!
 And fast thy soul is fleeting,
 To seek its starry home!
 Yet dare I mourn when Heaven
 Has bid thy soul be free,
 A life of bliss has given
 For evermore to thee!
 Yet dare I mourn when Heaven
 Has bid thy soul be free,
 A fairer life has given
 For all eternity!

Adieu! go thou before me,
 To join the seraph throng!
 A secret sense comes o'er me,
 I tarry here not long!
 Adieu! there comes a morrow,
 To ev'ry day of pain!
 On earth we part in sorrow,
 To meet in bliss again!
 Adieu! there comes a morrow,
 To ev'ry day of pain!
 On earth we part in sorrow,
 To meet in bliss again!

She Wore a Wreath of Roses.

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

Jos. P. Knight.

1. She wore a wreath of ro - ses The first time that we met, Her lovely face was smiling Be -
2. A wreath of orange blossoms When next we met she wore; The look upon her features Was more
3. And once again I see that brow, No bridal wreath is there, The widow's sombre cap conceals Her

neath her curls of jet, Her foot-step had the light - ness, Her voice the joyous tone, The
thoughtful than before; And standing by her side was one Who strove, and not in vain, To
once lux - uriant hair; She weeps in si - lent sol - itude, And there is no one near, To

rall. *a. m. f. p.*
to - kens of a youthful heart Where sorrow is unknown; I saw her but a moment, Yet me -
soothe her leaving that dear home She ne'er might view again; I saw her but a moment, Yet me -
press her hand within his own, And wipe a - way the tear; I see her broken - hearted! Yet me -

cres.
thinks I see her now, With the wreath of summer flowers Up - on her snowy brow.
thinks I see her now, With the wreath of orange blossoms Up - on her snowy brow.
thinks I see her now, In the pride of youth and beauty, With a garland on her brow!

She wore a wreath of roses
The first time that we met
Her lovely face was smiling
Beneath her curls of jet,
Her footstep had the lightness,
Her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart,
Where sorrow is unknown;
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of summer flowers
Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms
When next we met she wore;
The look upon her features
Was more thoughtful than before;
And standing by her side was one
Who strove, and not in vain,

To sooth her leaving that dear home
She ne'er might view again;
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of orange blossoms
Upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow,
No bridal wreath is there,
The widow's sombre cap conceal -
Her once luxuriant hair;
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near,
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away the tear;
I see her broken-hearted!
Yet methinks I see her now,
In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow!

Shells of Ocean.

J. W. Merry.

With Expression.

1. One sum-mer eve, with pen-sive thought, I wan-der'd on the sea-beat
 2. I stoop'd up - on the peb-bly strand, To cull the toys hat round me

shore. Where oft, in heed-less 'in-fant sport, I gather'd shells in days be-fore, I gath-er'd
 lay, But, as I took them in my hand, I threw them one by one a-way, I threw them

shells in un-ays be-fore: The plashing waves like mus-ic fell, Re-spon-sive
 one by one a-way: Oh, thus, I said, in ev-'ry stage, By toys our

to my fan-cy wild; A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain a
 fan-cy is be-guiled; We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, like a

Expression. *Ad lib.*

chld, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain, a-gain a child.
 child, We gath-er shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, leave them, like a child.

Grace notes to ad vers.

One summer eve, with pensive thought,
 I wander'd on the sea-beat shore,
 Where oft, in heedless infant sport,
 I gather'd shells in days before,
 I gather'd shells in days before:
 The splashing waves like music fell,
 Responsive to my fancy wild;
 A dream came o'er me like a spell,
 I thought I was again a child,
 A dream came o'er me like a spell,
 I thought I was again a child.

I stoop'd upon the pebbly strand,
 To cull the toys that round me lay,
 But, as I took them in my hand,
 I threw them one by one away,
 I threw them one by one away:
 Oh, thus, I said, in ev'ry stage,
 By toys our fancy is beguiled;
 We gather shells from youth to age,
 And then we leave them, like a child,
 We gather shells from youth to age,
 And then we leave them, like a child.



THE PRIMA DONNA.



A Visit from the Sea

Far from the loud sea beaches
 Where he goes fishing & crying,
 Here in the inland garden
 Why is the sea-gull flying?

Here are no fish to dive for;
 Here is the corn and lea;
 Here are the green trees rustling
 Fly away home to the sea!

Fresh is the river water,
 And quiet among the rushes,
 This is no home for the sea-gull,
 But for the rocks and thrushes.

Pity the bird that has wandered!
 Pity the sailor ashore!
 Hurry him home to the ocean,
 Let him come here no more!

High on the sea cliff's ledges,
 The white gulls are swooping & crying,
 Here among rocks and roses
 Why is the sea-gull flying?



1888

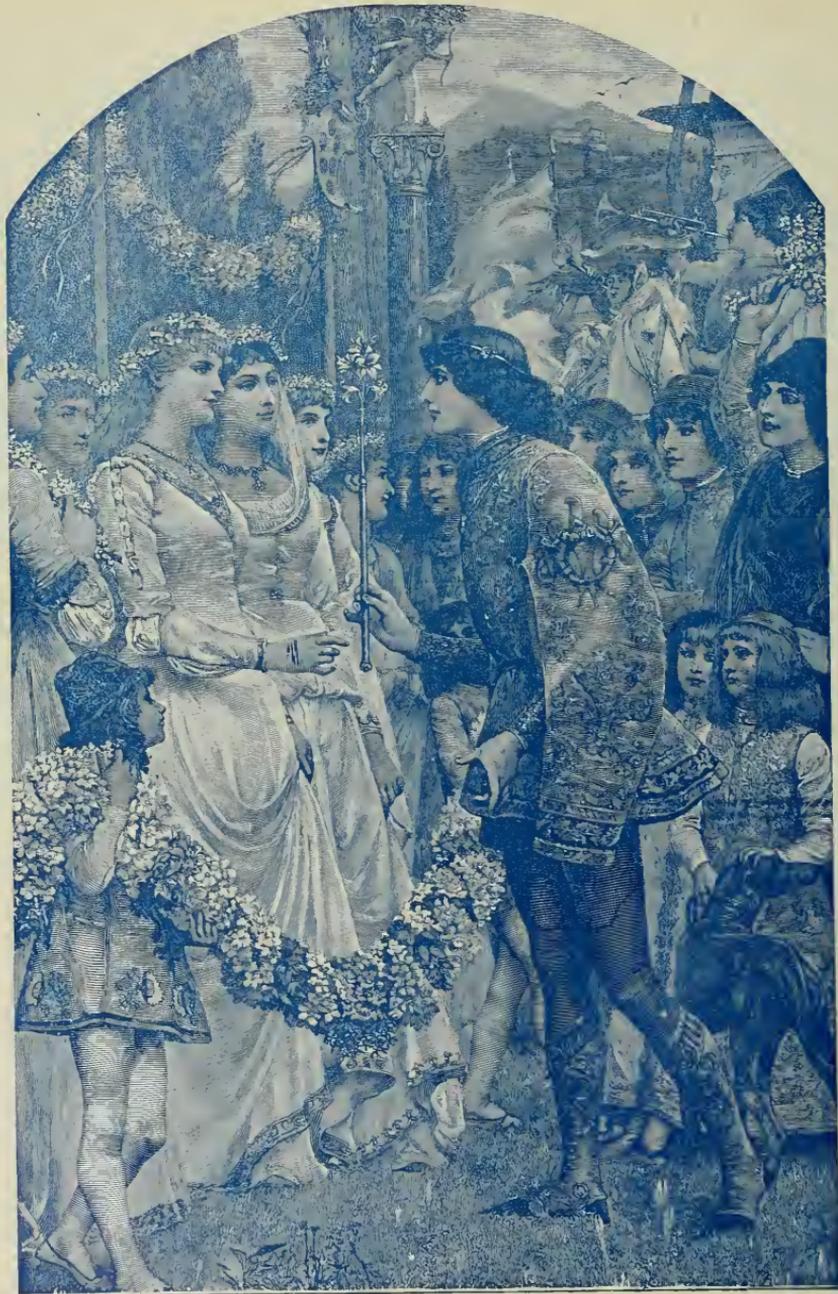
Mrs. J. Ward



Sing me the songs that to me were so dear,

Long, long a-go, long a-go.

"Not for an age, but for all time."



A MAY DAY FESTIVAL.

LOVE'S RUBICON



I knew a stream for flashing trout,
For lights and shades and lyric tones,
And lovers, loitering about
Its stepping-stones.

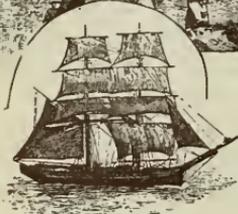
The tansel waters were not wide,
The stepping-stones were only three,
A meeting place from either side
For her and me.

But one she would not ever cross
Until that weird November day
I asked once more;
'twas gain or loss
In yea, or nay.

A graveness took her
laughing lip,
And tender made her
doubtful tones;
She was afraid lest
she should slip
Upon the stones.

Almost I thought
my cause was lost,
When lo! her caprice
all foregone,
She laid her hand in mine,
and crossed
Love's Rubicon.



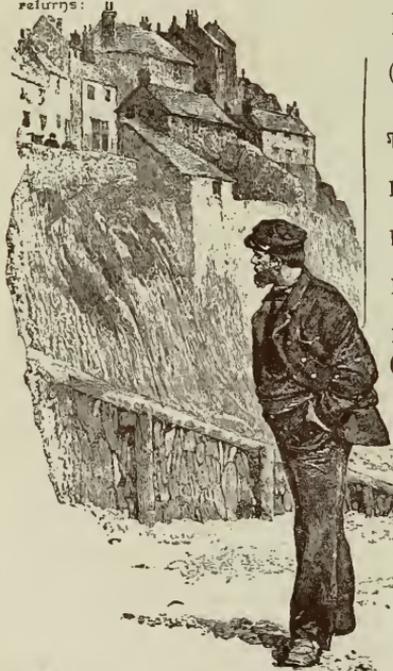


Twenty Years.

Down on the ancient wharf, the sand, I sit, with a new-comer chaffing:

He shipp'd as green-hand boy, and sail'd away (look some sudden, vehement notion;)

Since, twenty years and more have circled round and round, While he the globe was circling round and round,—and now returns:



How changed the place—all the old land-marks gone—the parents dead;

(Yes, he comes back to lay in port for good—to settle—has a well-fill'd purse—no spot will do but this;)

The little boat that scull'd him from the sloop, now held in leash I see,

I hear the slapping waves, the restless hecl, the rocking in the sand,

I see the sailor kit, the canvas bag, the great box bound with brass,

I scan the face all berry-brown and bearded—the stout, strong frame,

Dress'd in its russet suit of good Scotch cloth:

(When what the told-out story of those twenty years? What of the future?)

WALT WHITMAN.



R. P. S. 1871

Wm. P. Act



RECONCILIATION

WILD white Bird, faint fluttering,
That comes to bid good morrow,
My aching heart doth leap and sing
Forgetful of its sorrow;
I hold thee, little fluttering thing,
Against the heart thou mak'st to spring—
Sweet sister Bird, thy brother mate
May never more be desolate.

Alas! but thou hast made me weep,
Made vacant all the fields of sleep,
For very agony mine eyes
Tell yet of past expectancies;
For lo! when o'er my drowned sight
Thou lightedst from thy happy flight,
The golden time grew fair again,
I saw the limitless domain
Of Love, where late I walked with thee,
Sweet angel of my agony.

Dear! blessed Bird, thy olive bough
Is salt with tears, and yet I know
The passion of truth and love that sent
Thee to my darkened firmament;
My kisses make revive thy wings,
My heart triumphant leaps and sings,
The Promised Bow resplendent shines
Between the sea and Terrene lines,
And through the inconstant waves arise
Love's virgin isles of Paradise.

J. ARTHUR BLAIKIE.



Walsingham May-day

The village girls have gone away
To sing at every shrine,
The whole day long they sing and pray,
Go, Mary, maid benign.

I know so well the way they go,
The very turns they took,
And all the chants they sing I know,
And every virgin's look.

Let should I sing with them, and stand
Before the pure in heart,
Would she not reach her holy hand
To thrust me out apart?

Beside the glimmering sea I sit,
And watch the darkness fall;
The thirsty sand drinks up in it
My tears, and hides them all.

The nearing voices swell and soar,
Ave Mary, haste, Ave Mary,
Before the shrine upon the shore,
The tired singers tarry.

I sang beside them at the spring,
And in the weedy furrow,
But here feel I dare not sing.

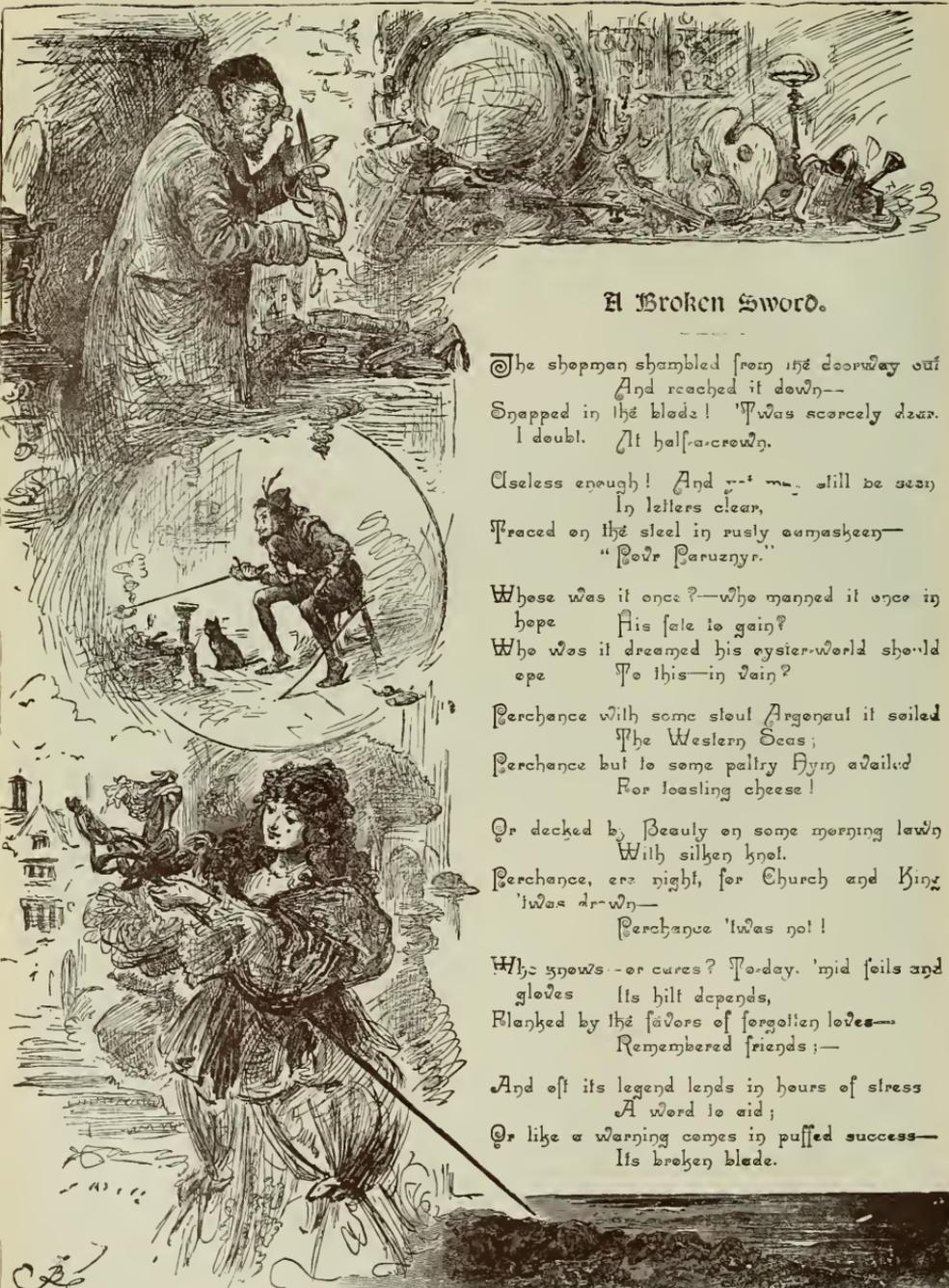
Mary, Mary, Mary, Mother Mary,
My heart is mad with sorrow!



W. G. W. 1894



THE QUARTETTE.



A Broken Sword.

The shopman shambled from the doorway out
 And reached it down—
 Snapped in the blade! 'Twas sorely dear.
 I doubt. At half-a-crown.

Cuseless enough! And yet— still be seen
 In letters clear,
 Traced on the steel in rusty samashken—
 "Pöör Paruznyr."

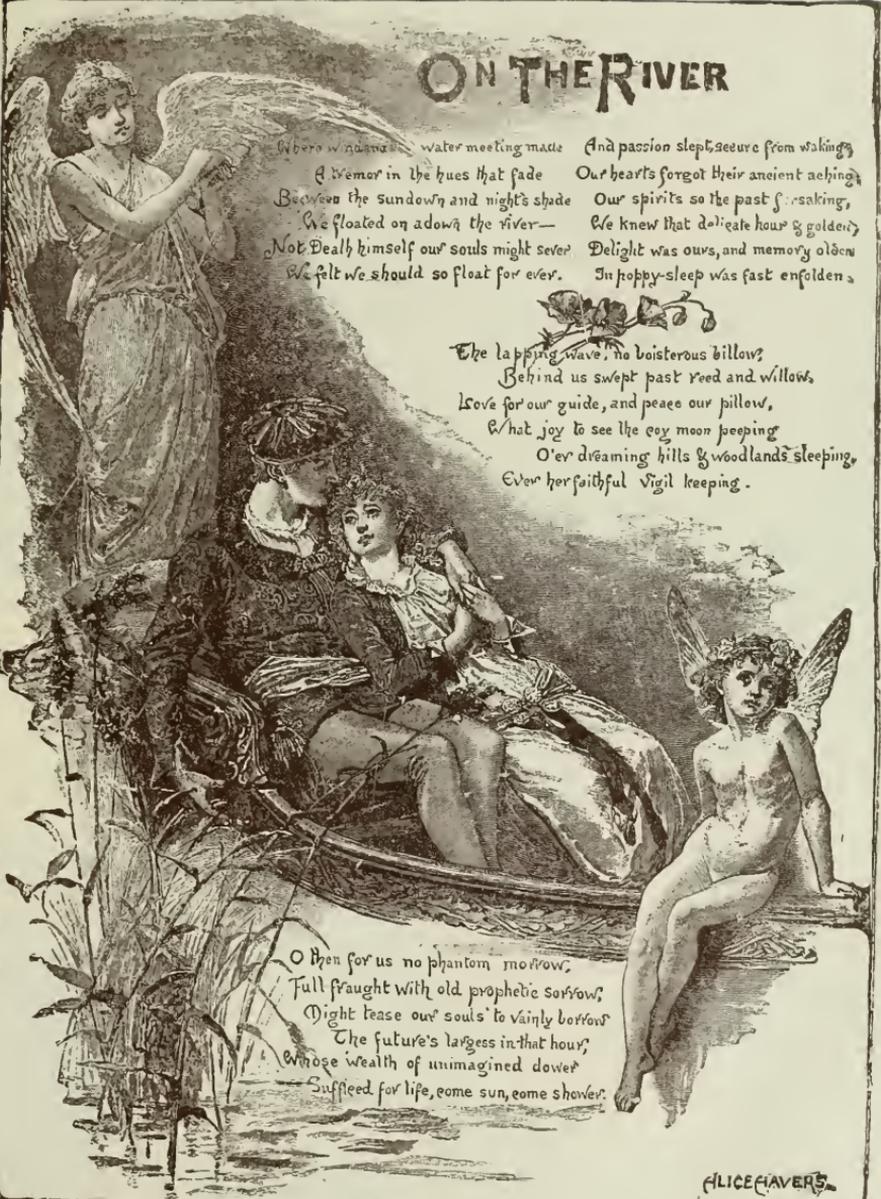
Whose was it once?—who manged it once in
 hope His sale to gain?
 Who was it dreamt his cyster-world should
 epe To this—in vain?

Perchance with some stout Argonaut it soiled
 The Western Seas;
 Perchance but to some paltry Hym adailed
 For toasting cheese!

Or decked by Beauty on some morning lawn
 With silken knot.
 Perchance, ere night, for Church and King
 'twas dr-w'n—
 Perchance 'twas not!

Who knows—or cares? To-day, 'mid foils and
 gloves Its hilt depends,
 Blanked by the favors of forgotten loves—
 Remembered friends;—

And oft its legend lends in hours of stress
 A word to aid;
 Or like a warning comes in puffed success—
 Its broken blade.



ON THE RIVER

Where winds and water meeting made
A memory in the hues that fade
Between the sundown and night's shade
We floated on adown the river—
Not Death himself our souls might sever
We felt we should so float for ever.

And passion slept, secure from waking,
Our hearts forgot their ancient aching,
Our spirits so the past forsaking,
We knew that delicate hour of golden
Delight was ours, and memory olden
In happy-sleep was fast enfolden.

The lapping wave, no boisterous billow,
Behind us swept past reed and willows,
Love for our guide, and peace our pillow,
What joy to see the coy moon peeping
O'er dreaming hills & woodlands sleeping,
Ever her faithful vigil keeping.

O then for us no phantom morrow,
Full fraught with old prophetic sorrows,
Might tease our souls to vainly borrow
The future's largess in that hour,
Whose wealth of unimagined dower
Sufficed for life, come sun, come shower.



4 Soon, soon, afternoon
Over the sunset, over the moon,
Far, far, over all bar,
Sweeping on from star to star!

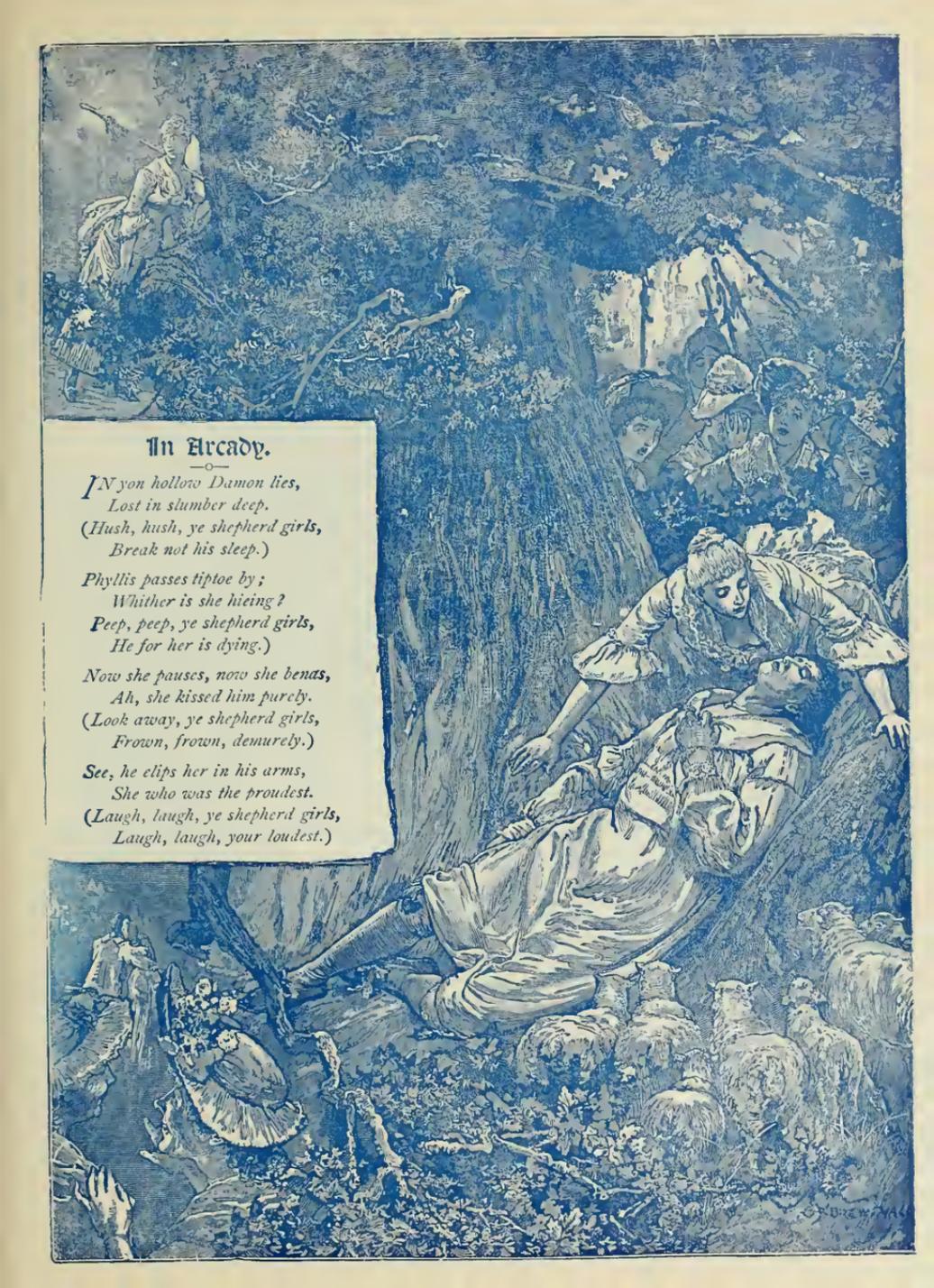
5 No, no! low, low,
Sweeping daisies with my toe,
Low, low to and fro,
Slow—slow—slow—slow.

Swing, swing! sing, sing!
Here's my throne and I am a King!
Swing, sing! swing, sing!
Farewell, Earth, for I'm on the wing!

2 Now, high, here I fly,
Like a bird 'through sunny sky!
Free, free, over the sea,
Over the mountain, over the sea!

3 Up, down, up and down,
Which is way to London town?
Where, where?—Up in the air!
Close your eyes—and now you are there!





In Arcady.

*In yon hollow Damon lies,
Lost in slumber deep.
(Hush, hush, ye shepherd girls,
Break not his sleep.)*

*Phyllis passes tiptoe by;
Whither is she hieing?
Peep, peep, ye shepherd girls,
He for her is dying.)*

*Now she pauses, now she bends,
Ah, she kissed him purely.
(Look away, ye shepherd girls,
Frown, frown, demurely.)*

*See, he claps her in his arms,
She who was the proudest.
(Laugh, laugh, ye shepherd girls,
Laugh, laugh, your loudest.)*

A LONG GOOD-BYE

The day was heavy with wind and rain
When last we said good-bye,
When I and my love shall meet again
There will be a cloudless sky.

I clasped your hand; but I made no sign,
I could not speak nor stay;
Yet something flashed from your eyes to mine
I dream of, night and day.



And strangers stood in the dreary street,
And marked each glance and tone:
When I and my love once more shall meet,
We shall be all alone.

There's many a tooth breaks easily:
There's many a love may quail.
I know, wherever our kist may be,
We two shall never fail.

Arthur Hopkins

And death may sweep our years apart,
And all but faith shall die —
As my own heart I trust your heart —
A long, a long good-bye!

MAY KENDALL.



1
*Come hither, ye Gallants,
 come hither, ye Maids,
 To the trim-gravelled Walks,
 to the shady Arcades!*
*Come hither, come hither—
 the Nightingales call—
 Sing Tantararara, Vauxhall! Vauxhall!*

2
*Come hither, ye Cits, from your Lothbury hives!
 Come hither, ye Husbands, and look to your Wives!
 For the Sparks are as thick as the Leaves in
 the Mall,
 Sing Tantararara Vauxhall! Vauxhall!*

3
*Here the 'prentice from Aldgate may ogle a Toast!
 Here his Lordship must elbow the Knight of the Post!
 For the Wicket is free to the Great and the Small;—
 Sing Tantararara, Vauxhall! Vauxhall!*

4
*Here Betty may flaunt in her Mistress's Sack!
 Here Trip wear his Master's Brocade on his Back!
 Here a Hussy may ride, and a Rogue take the Wall;—
 Sing Tantararara, Vauxhall! Vauxhall!*



5
*Here Beauty may grant,
 and here Valour may ask!
 Here the plainest may pass for a Belle (in a Mask!)
 Here a Domino covers the Short and the Tall;—
 Sing Tantararara, Vauxhall! Vauxhall!*

6
*'Tis a Type of the World,
 with its Drums and its Din;
 'Tis a Type of the World, for when once you come in
 You are loth to go out;—like the World 'tis a Ball,
 Sing Tantararara, Vauxhall! Vauxhall!*



A SERENADE

Isle of Beauty.

Thos. H. Bayly.

Moderato.

1. Shades of eve - ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly barque a - while;
 2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces Smile a - round the ta - per's light
 3. When the waves are round me break - ing, As I pace the deck a - lone;

Morn, a - las! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle;
 Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces, Who will sing our songs to - night?
 And my eye in vain is seek - ing Some green spot to rest up - on:

Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell,
 Through the mist that floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell;
 What would I not give to wan - der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell;

Dark - er shad - ows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau - ty, "fare thee well!"
 Like a voice from those who love us, Breathing fond - ly, "fare thee well!"
 Ab - sence makes the heart grow fond - er, Isle of Beau - ty, "fare thee well!"

Shades of evening, close not o'er us,
 Leave our lonely barque awhile;
 Morn, alas! will not restore us
 Yonder dim and distant isle;
 Still my fancy can discover
 Sunny spots where friends may dwell,
 Darker shadows round us hover,
 Isle of Beauty, "fare thee well!"

'Tis the hour when happy faces
 Smile around the taper's light
 Who will fill our vacant places,
 Who will sing our songs to-night?

Through the mist that floats above us,
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell;
 Like a voice from those who love us,
 Breathing fondly, "fare thee well!"

When the waves are round me breaking,
 As I pace the deck alone;
 And my eye in vain is seeking
 Some green spot to rest upon:
 What would I not give to wander
 Where my old companions dwell;
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
 Isle of Beauty, "fare thee well!"

I've been Roaming.

Chas. E. Horn.

Lively.

1. I've been roam - ing, I've been roam - ing Where the mea - dow dew is sweet;
 2. I've been roam - ing, I've been roam - ing By the rose and lil - y fair;
 3. I've been roam - ing, I've been roam - ing Where the hon - ey - suc - kle creeps;
 4. I've been roam - ing, I've been roam - ing O - ver hill and o - ver plain;

And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With its pearls up - on my feet,
 And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With their blos - soms in my hair, } I've been
 And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With its greet - ing on my lips,
 And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing To my bow - er back a - gain, O - ver

roam - ing, I've been roam - ing Where the mea - dow dew is sweet,
 (4) hill, and o - ver plain, To my bow - er back a - gain,

(4) And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With its pearls up - on my feet.
 (4) And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing To my bow - er back a - gain.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 Where the meadow dew is sweet;
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 With its pearls upon my feet,
 I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 Where the meadow dew is sweet,
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 With its pearls upon my feet.
 I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 By the rose and lily fair;
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 With their blossoms in my hair,
 I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 Where the meadow dew is sweet,
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 Where the honeysuckle creeps;
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 With its greeting on my lips,
 I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 Where the meadow dew is sweet,
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 With its pearls upon my feet.
 I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 Over hill and over plain;
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 To my bower back again,
 Over hill and over plain,
 To my bower back again,
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 To my bower back again.

By the Sad Sea Waves.

J. Benedict.

Andante.

1. By the sad sea waves, I lis-ten while they moan A la-ment o'er graves of
2. From my care last night by ho-ly sleep beguiled, In the fair dream-light my

hope and pleasure gone. I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the rising of the morn to the
home upon me smil'd. Oh, how sweet 'mid the dew, Ev'ry flow'r that I knew, Breath'd a gentle welcome
back to the

set-ting of the sun; Yet I pine like a slave By the sad sea wave, Come again, bright days of
worn and weary child. I a - wake in my grave By the sad sea wave, Come again, dear dream so

ad lib.

hope and pleasure gone, Come again, bright days, Come a - gain, come a - gain.
peace - ful - ly that smil'd, Come again, dear dream, Come a - gain, come a - gain.

By the sad sea waves, I listen while they moan

A lament o'er the graves of hope and pleasure gone.

I was young, I was fair,
I had once not a care,
From the rising of the morn to the set-ting of the sun;

Yet I pine like a slave
By the sad sea wave,
Come again, bright days of hope and pleasure gone,

Come again, bright days,
Come again, come again.

From my care last night by holy sleep beguiled,

In the fair dream-light my home upon me smil'd.

Oh, how sweet 'mid the dew
Ev'ry flow'r that I knew,
Breath'd a gentle welcome back to the worn and weary child.

I awake in the grave
By the sad sea wave,
Come again, dear dream, so peacefully that smil'd,

Come again, dear dream.
Come again, come again.

The Good-Bye at the Door.

Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

1 Of all the memories of the past, That come like summer dreams, Whose
 2 But time and place have quite estranged Each early friend we know, How

Andante.

dim.

rain-bow hues still round us cast, Their bright, their bright but fleeting beams, The
 few remain, how many changed, Of those, of those we deemed so true, Those

a tempo *cres.*

dear - est, sweetest that can be, Of days gone long be-
 hap - py hours a-gain to me, But mem' - ry can re-

sfz.

THE GOOD-BY AT THE DOOR.

fore, Are those that oft re-call to me, The
 store, The long ring thought will ever be, The

mf *dim.*
 "good-by," the "good-by" at the door, Are those that bring to mind to
 "good-by," the "good-by" at the door, And life's last moments seem to

ritard.
 me, The "good-by" the "good-by" at the door.
 he, The "good-by," the "good-by" at the door.

ritard. *f* *a tempo.*

dim *p* *ff*

In Happy Moments.

Composed by W. V. WALLACE.

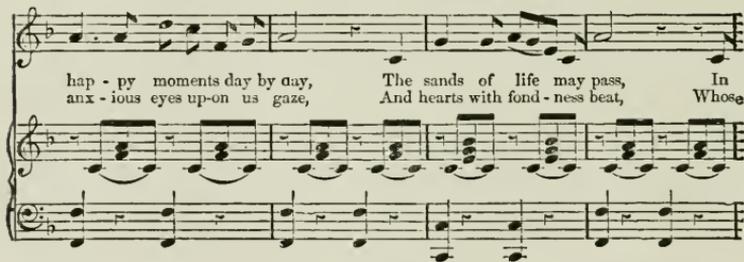
PIANO.



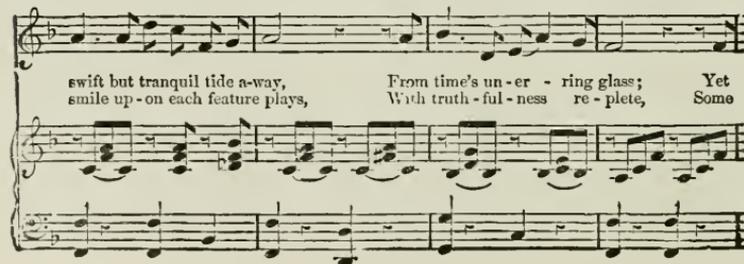
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes with a descending melodic line, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).



The first system of the vocal line shows a treble clef staff with a whole rest followed by a half note G4. The lyrics "In Tho'" are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. Dynamic markings "dim." and "p" are present.



The second system of the vocal line contains the lyrics: "hap - py moments day by day, The sands of life may pass, In anx - ious eyes up-on us gaze, And hearts with fond - ness beat, Whose". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.



The third system of the vocal line contains the lyrics: "swift but tranquil tide a-way, From time's un - er - ring glass; Yet smile up-on each feature plays, With truth - ful - ness re - plete, Some". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

IN HAPPY MOMENTS.

hopes we used as bright to deem, Re-mem-brance will re - call, Whose
 thoughts none oth - er can re-place, Re-mem-brance will re - call, Which

pure and whose unfading beam, Is dear - er than them all, Whose
 in the flight of years we trace, Is dear - er than them all, Which

pure and whose unfading beam, Is dear - er than them all.
 in the flight of years we trace, Is dear - er than them all.

mf

Blissful Dreams Come Stealing o'er Me.

FRANZ ABT.

Andantino.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in a 3/4 time signature, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and moving to mezzo-forte (*mf*) and back to piano (*p*). The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes.

The vocal line for the first two lines of lyrics. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

1. Bliss - ful dreams come steal - ing o'er me, Bring - ing hap - py scenes gone by ;
2. Though each day fresh care be bringing, That brief vis - ion soothes my heart ;

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics. The right hand features a steady eighth-note accompaniment, while the left hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment. A *dim.* marking is present at the end of the first line.

The vocal line for the last two lines of lyrics. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a *dim.* marking.

Where each day new pleas - ures bringing, Left at heart no cause to sigh
Bids me hope the day not dis - tant, When loved forms no more shall part.

The piano accompaniment for the last two lines of lyrics. The right hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment, and the left hand provides harmonic support. A *dim.* marking is present at the end of the first line.

BLISSFUL DREAMS COME STEALING O'ER ME.

cres. *f*

Home of peace! I see thy por-tals, I hear the voic-es dear to me,—
Come, sweet sleep, my eye-lids seal-ing, Come, bright dream, my soul to cheer;

cres. *f*

p

Grasp the hands of pure af-fe-tion, And the glance of rapt-ure see:
Waft me back to scenes of pleas-ure, Bring the smile and chase the tear

poco rit. *p*

Grasp the hands of pure af-fe-tion, And the glance of rapt-ure see.
Waft me back to scenes of pleas-ure, Bring the smile and chase the tear.

f *dim.*

DOWN THE QUIET VALLEY.

CHORUS.

AIR.

HAL - lie, Hal - lie, fair and good; My kind and gen - tle Hal - lie: Sweet

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Sweet be thy

PIANO.

rit. tempo.

be thy sleep with - in the wood, A - down the qui - et val - ley.

be thy sleep with - in the wood, A - down the qui - et val - ley.

sleep, thy sleep with - in the wood,

rit. tempo.

Let my grave be made 'neath the wildwood shade,
Beside my darling Hallie;
Oh let me rest near the one I loved best,
Now sleeping in the valley;
For my joys have fled and my hopes are dead,
My heart is sighing ever;
Since her smile is gone and I'm left alone,
For our fate has been so sever.—CHORUS.

Yesterday.

Written by M. A. BROWNE.

Composed by J. BLOCKLEY.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The piano part begins with a *pp* dynamic and includes markings for *cres.* and *dim. e rall.*

The second system introduces the vocal line. The lyrics are: "1. And thou I lov'd art gone, Far". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics: "o - ver the dark blue sea; This heart is left a-". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

The fourth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics: "lone, That on - ly throbb'd for thee; The". The piano accompaniment features a *espress.* marking.

YESTERDAY.

morn - ing sun is bright, The flowers a - round are

mf

gay; But where is the soft light . . . Thou shedd'st on yes - ter-

p

day? But where is the soft light . . . Thou shedd'st on yes - ter-

cres. *colla voce.*

day?

f *dim. e rall.*

2 We stood amid these bow'rs,
When last I wept adieu,
Surrounded by fair flowers
Of many a brilliant hue;
I saw the glittering tear,

That dimm'd thine eye's bright ray
But thou no more art near,
And past is yesterday,
But thou no more art near,
And past is yesterday.

The Golden Shore.

A. S. GATTY.

Andante con espress.

Introduction for piano. The score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and a walking bass line. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and pedaling instructions (*Ped.*).

First vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and fortissimo (*f*).

1. I re - mem - ber, I re -
 2. I re - mem - ber, I re -
 3. For - ev - er, Ah! for -

Second vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady chordal accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

mem - ber, In years long pass'd a - way, A
 mem - ber, A sail - or bold to be, I
 ev - er, Those days have flown a - way, And

Third vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same chordal accompaniment and bass line.

lit - tle maid and I would meet Be - side the stream to
 left the lit - tle maid be - hind, And crossed the dis - tant
 now, no more be - side the stream, As chil - dren shall we

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

play; We used to watch the sun go down Up
sea; But when the ship came back a - gain, And
play; But still I know in fu - ture days, When

on the gold - en tide; And count the ships that
touched the gold - en shore; I found the lit - tle
life's dark jour - ney's o'er, That lit - tle maid and

glid - ed by To reach the o - cean wide; And
maid and I Would meet on earth no more; I
I shall meet, Up - on that gold - en shore; That

count the ships that glid - ed by, To reach the o - cean wide.
found the lit - tle maid and I Would meet on earth no more.
lit - tle maid and I shall meet Up - on that gold - en shore.

Where are the Friends of my Youth.

GEORGE BARKER.

Andante con espress.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Andante con espress.' and the piece begins with a 'rall.' (rallentando) instruction.

1. Where are the friends of my youth, Say, where are those cherish'd ones gone? And
 2. Say, can I ev-er a-gain, Such ties can I ev-er re-new? Or

The first system of the song features a vocal line with two verses and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction, with some melodic variations in the right hand.

why have they dropp'd with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to mourn? Their
 feet those warm pulses a-gain, Which beat for the dear ones I knew? The

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains its accompaniment role, supporting the vocal melody.

voices still sound in mine ear, Their featnes I see in my dreams, And the
 world as a Winter is cold, Each charm seems to vauish a-way, My

The final system concludes the song. The piano accompaniment ends with a series of chords and rests, while the vocal line finishes with a final note.

WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH ?

world is a wil - derness drear, As a wide-spreading des - sert it
 hear: is now blighted and old, It shares in all na - ture's de-

seems. Ah! . . . where are the friends of my youth, Say, where are those cherish'd ones
 cay. Ah! . . . where are the friends of my youth, Ah! where are those-cherish'd ones

gone? And why have they dropp'd with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to

mourn?
 a tempo. a tempo.
 ritard. ritard.

There are Friends that We Never Forget.

Words by ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Music by SEP. WINNER.

Moderato. *rall.*

PIANO. *p* *Ped.* *

Voice.

1. There are friends that we never for - get There are hearts that we ever hold
 2. There are friends that we never for - get Tho' the seas may di-vide us for

dear Tho' we meet with a kiss in a mo-ment of bliss. Yet we part with a
 years Yet we lin-ger a - part with a sor-row-ing heart, In an absence that

sigh and a tear Oh we learn our first lesson of love, At the
 on - ly en-dears There are friends that we never forget, There are

By permission of Sep. Winner.

THERE ARE FRIENDS THAT WE NEVER FORGET.

rall. tempo.

home where our childhood is passed, And we nev-er for-get tho' we part with re-
 hearts that we ev-er hold dear, Tho' we find but a few who are earnest and

rall. tempo.

Chorus.

gret. The friends of our youth till the last..... There are friends, there are friends that we
 true, Yet how sweet is our passing ea- reer.....

nev-er for-get; There are hearts that we ever hold dear..... Tho' we meet with a

rall.

kiss, in a mo-ment of bliss, Yet we part with a sigh and a tear.....

rall.

“Oh Mother! Take the Wheel Away.”

Claribel.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Oh, moth - er, take the wheel a - way, and put it out of sight, For
2. But Ma - bel came a - mong us, and her face was fair to see, What

I am heav - y heart - ed, and I cannot spin to - night: Come nearer, near - er
won - der was it, moth - er, that he thought no more of me? When first he said fair

yet, I have a sto - ry for your ear, So come and sit be -
words to her, I know she would not hear, But in the end she

rit.

OH MOTHER! TAKE THE WHEEL AWAY."

side me, come, and lis-ten, moth-er dear; You heard the vil-lage bells, to-night, his
lis-ten'd, could she help it moth-er dear? And af-terwards we met, and we were

wed-ding bells they were; And Ma-bel is his hap-py wife, and I am lone-ly
friend-ly all the same: For ne'er a word I said to them of an-ger, or of

cres. *cres.* *pesante.*

here; A year a-go to-night, I mind, he sought me for his
blame, 'Till both be-liev'd I did not care, and may be they were

f *a tempo.*

bride, And who so glad at heart as I, that hap-py Eas-ter night?
right, But moth-er, take the wheel a-way, I can-not spin to-night.

Far Away.

Music by Mrs. J. W. BLISS and Miss M. LINDSAY.

Modo.

mf

1 Where is now the mer-ry par-ty I re-mem-ber long a-
 2 Some have gone to lands far dis-tant And with stran-gers made their
 3 There are still some few re-main-ing Who re-mind us of the

p

go; Laughing round the Christmas fires, Brighten'd by its rud-dy
 home, Some up-on the world of wa-ters All their lives are fore'd to
 past, But they change as all things change here: Nothing in this world can

FAR AWAY.

glow, Or in summer's balmy eve - nings, In the field upon the
 room; Some are gone from us for-ev - er, Longer here they might not
 last. Years roll on and pass for - ev - er, What is coming, who can

un poco cres.
p

way? They have all dispers'd and wan-der'd Far a - way, Far a -
 way? They have reach'd a fair-er re - gion Far a - way, Far a -
 way? Ere this clo - ses, ma - ny may be Far a - way, Far a -

dim. p

way, They have all dispers'd and wan-der'd Far a - way, Far a -
 way, They have reach'd a fair-er re - gion Far a - way, Far a -
 way, Ere this clo - ses, ma - ny may be Far a - way, Far a -

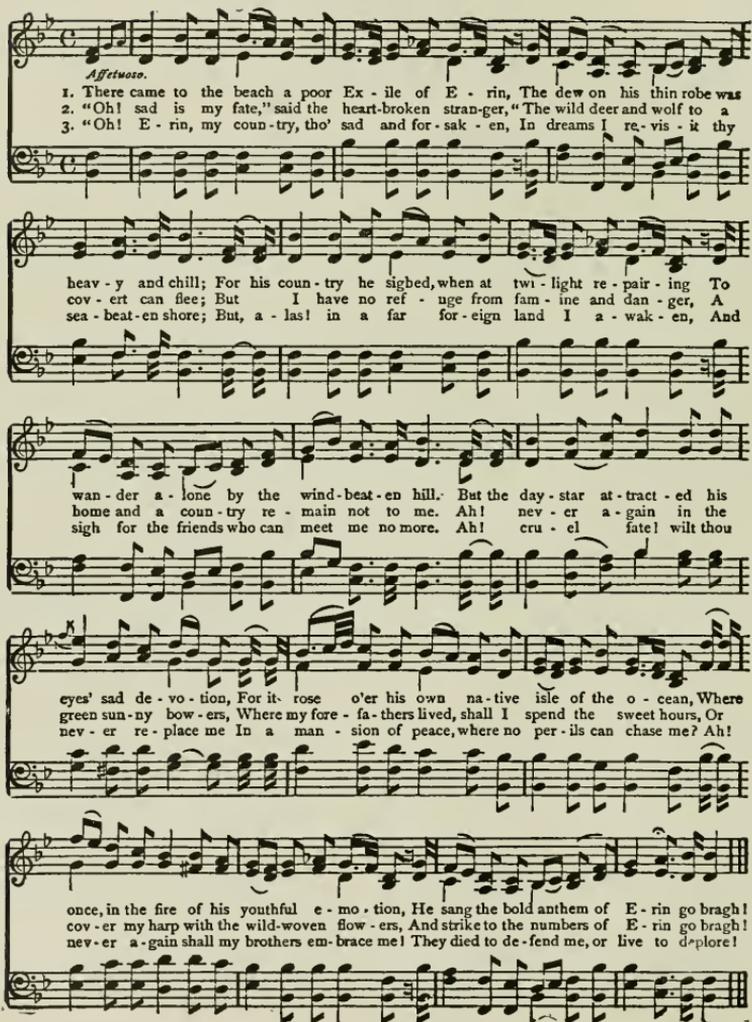
way.
 way.
 way.

mf

The Exile of Erin.

Thomas Campbell.

Air, "Savourneen Dheelish."



Allegretto.

1. There came to the beach a poor Ex - ile of E - rin, The dew on his thin robe was
2. "Oh! sad is my fate," said the heart-broken stran-ger, "The wild deer and wolf to a
3. "Oh! E - rin, my coun-try, tho' sad and for - sak - en, In dreams I re - vis - it thy

heav - y and chill; For his coun - try he sigbed, when at twi - light re - pair - ing To
cov - ert can flee; But I have no ref - uge from fam - ine and dan - ger, A
sea - beat - en shore; But, a - las! in a far for - eign land I a - wak - en, And

wan - der a - lone by the wind - beat - en hill. But the day - star at - tract - ed his
home and a coun - try re - main not to me. Ah! nev - er a - gain in the
sigh for the friends who can meet me no more. Ah! cru - el fate! wilt thou

eyes' sad de - vo - tion, For it rose o'er his own na - tive isle of the o - cean, Where
green sun - ny bow - ers, Where my fore - fa - thers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours, Or
nev - er re - place me in a man - sion of peace, where no per - ils can chase me? Ah!

once, in the fire of his youthful e - mo - tion, He sang the bold anthem of E - rin go bragh!
cov - er my harp with the wild - wove - n flow - ers, And strike to the numbers of E - rin go bragh!
nev - er a - gain shall my brothers em - brace me! They died to de - fend me, or live to de - plore!

Days of Absence.

Rousseau, 1775.

"Rousseau's Dream."

1. Days of ab - sence, sad and dreary, Clothed in sor - row's dark ar - ray;
 2. Not till that loved voice can greet me, Which so oft has charmed mine ear;
 3. All my love is turned to sad - ness, Ab - sence pays the ten - der vow;

Days of ab - sence, I am wea - ry, She I love is far a - way,
 Not till those sweet eyes can meet me, Tell - ing that I still am dear;
 Hopes that filled the heart with glad - ness, Mem - ory turns to an - guish now;

When the heav - y sigh be ban - ished? When this bos - om cease to mourn?
 Days of ab - sence then will van - ish, Joy will all my pangs re - pay;
 Love may yet re - turn to greet me, Hope may take the place of pain;

Hours of bliss too quick - ly van - ished, When will aught like you re - turn?
 Soon my bos - om's i - dol ban - ish Gloom, but felt when she's a - way.
 An - toinette with kiss - es meet me, Breath - ing love and peace a - gain.

Days of absence, sad and dreary,
 Cloth'd in sorrow's dark array;
 Days of absence, I am weary,
 She I love is far away.

When the heavy sigh be banish'd;
 When this bosom cease to mourn?
 Hours of bliss, too quickly vanish'd,
 When will aught like you return.

Not till that loved voice can greet me,
 Which so oft has charmed mine ear,
 Not till those sweet eyes can meet me,
 Telling that I still am dear:

Days of absence then will vanish,
 Joy will all my pangs repay;
 Soon my bosom's idol banish
 Gloom, but felt when she's away.

All my love is turned to sadness,
 Absence pays the tender vow,
 Hopes that filled the heart with glad -
 ness,
 Memory turns to anguish now;
 Love may yet return to greet me,
 Hope may take the place of pain;
 Antoinette with kisses meet me,
 Breathing love and peace again.

Irish Emigrant's Lament.

Wm. B. Dempster.

Helen Selina Sheridan (Lady Dufferin).

Con espresione.

1. I'm sitting on the stile, Ma-ry, Where we sat side by side, On a
 2. The place is lit - tle changed, Ma-ry, The day as bright as then, The
 5. Yours was the brave, good heart, Ma-ry, That still kept hop - ing on, When the
 6. I thank you for the patient smile, When your heart was fit to break, When the

bright May morn - ing, long a - go, When first you were my bride. The
 lark's loud song is in my ear, And the corn is green a - gain! But I
 trust in God had left my soul, And my arm's young strength was gone; There was
 hun - ger pain was gnaw - ing there, And you hid it for my sake; I

sotto voce

cres.

corn was springing fresh and green, And the lark sang loud and high, And the
 miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your breath warm on my cheek, And I
 com - fort ev - er on your lip, And the kind look on your brow; I
 bless you for the pleasant word, When your heart was sad and sore; Oh, I'm

e con espres.

cres.

red was on your lip, Ma - ry, And the love-light in your eye, And the
 still keep list'ning for the words You nev - er - more will speak, And I
 bless you for that same, Ma - ry, Tho' you can't hear me now, I
 thank - ful you are gone, Ma - ry, Where grief can't reach you more! Oh, I'm

rall. ad lib.

red was on your lip, Ma - ry, And the love-light in your eye.
 still keep list'ning for the words You nev - er - more will speak.
 bless you for that same, Ma - ry, Tho' you can't hear me now.
 thank - ful you are gone, Ma - ry, Where grief can't reach you more.

Part VIII.

OLD LOVE SONGS.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

THE love songs that never die belong to a generation and a day that are past. They remind us of the old paradox, that a dead language lives because it is dead. No composer of our time writes songs of the character of those sung by our grandmothers and grandsires.

Especially is this true of love songs. The sentimental music of to-day is either very much better or very much worse—often mainly the latter—than the songs of affection of Moore and Glover, and Bishop and their imitators. What can be said of the musical or literary value of "Stick to Your Mother, Tom," "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," or "Grandfather's Clock," "Sweet Violets," "White Wings," or "Little Annie Rooney"?

"With the moral import of our songs no fault is to be found," says a current writer. "They breathe a domestic allegiance that is highly commendable. Those whose memories go back as far as the war will recall the wild cries for maternal ministrations that broke out with the hostilities and kept up until after the surrender at Appomattox. 'Rock me to Sleep, Mother,' 'Mother Come and Kiss Me,' 'Break it Gently to My Mother,' 'Mother, Take Me Home

Again,' 'Let me Kiss him for his Mother,' songs like these were supposed to voice the state of soldierly feeling at the front, and were sung again and again to lachrymose audiences in minstrel shows and the now obsolete family concerts, or as part of the musical accompaniment of moving panoramas of battle-scenes.

"Since the war the popular song-writers have expressed a diminished anxiety to be taken home and treated in this manner, and they have even ventured to deal with 'Mother's Slipper' more lightly than the slipper dealt with them, but the tenor of their verse is in the direction of strictly permissible reminiscence and affectionate expostulation. There is nothing injurious in this. Compared with the frivolous and suggestive excerpts from opera bouffe that go the rounds of French gamins, and the light-witted rhymes that are sung in Teutonic cities, for the sake of the melody, let it be hoped these American songs are commendable for sobriety of statement and worthiness of purpose. They whine somewhat, but they do not offend the moral sense, nor do they surprise by their absolute vacuity."

Henry Carey, author of "Sally in Our Alley," was born about 1663. He was a

prolific writer of songs, but one or two of which are still widely sung. His fame rests mainly upon this one song, which touched the popular heart, and which was, indeed, one of the most popular songs ever written in England; answers to it, parodies, and imitations appeared almost without number. In the third edition of his poems, Carey gives an account of its origin as follows: "The real occasion was this: A shoemaker's 'prentice, making a holiday with his sweet-heart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields; from which, proceeding to the Farthing-pie-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese, cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale; through all which scenes the author dodged them, charmed with the simplicity of their courtship, whence he drew this little sketch of nature; but, being then young and obscure, he was very much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for this performance which nevertheless made its way into the polite world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of the divine Addison, who was pleased, more than once, to mention it with approbation."

Carey seems to have been a man of good qualities and character. He was the principal projector of the fund for worn-out musicians, their widows and children. In announcing a benefit concert to be given him, the London *Daily Post*, of December 3, 1730, said: "At our friend Harry Carey's benefit, to-night, the powers of music, poetry, and painting assemble in his behalf; he being an admirer of the three arts. The body of musicians meet in the Haymarket, whence they march in great order, preceded by a magnificent moving organ, in form of a pageant, accompanied by all the kinds of musical instruments ever in use, from Tubal Cain until the present day. A great multi-

tude of booksellers, authors, and printers form themselves into a body at Temple Bar, whence they march, with great decency, to Covent Garden, preceded by a little army of printer boys, with their proper instruments. Here the two bodies of music and poetry are joined by their brothers of the pencil, where, after taking some refreshments at the Bedford Arms, they march in solemn procession to the theatre, amidst a vast crowd of spectators." Carey died by his own hand at his house in Coldback Fields, London, 1743.

The thoroughly Frenchy little song called "Jeannette and Jeannot" is the production of two Englishmen, says the author of "Our Familiar Songs." "Charles Jefferys, who wrote the words was born January 11, 1807, and died in London, June 9, 1865. In early life he was clerk and book-keeper in a wine-merchant's office, but in 1835, he established a music-publishing business. He wrote a great number of songs and lyrics, and was prominent in English musical affairs for a quarter of a century.

"'Jeannette and Jeannot' was suggested by a little bronze group, which Mr. Jefferys purchased, and which is still in the possession of the family.

"Charles W. Glover, who set these words to music, was a brother of Stephen Glover. He was a pupil of Thomas Cooke, a violin-player at Drury Lane, and finally musical director of the Queen's Theatre. He was known in connection with much excellent musical work, writing the words of a few and the notes of innumerable songs. He was born in 1807, and died in London, 1863."

The words of "Kathleen Mavourneen" are by Annie (Barry) Crawford, an English actress, who was born in Bath, in 1731, and died in 1801. The air is by F. W. Nicholls Crouch, born in England, about 1800. In

1817, he was violincellist in King's Theatre, London. Afterward he taught music at Plymouth, where he composed this song, for the copyright of which he received £5. He came to the United States with an Italian opera troupe in 1848, and settled in Portland, Me., afterward removing to Baltimore.

Robert Tannahill was the author of the beautiful song, "Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane." The heroine of the song has been much speculated about. Each Jessie, in the old town, had the honor of being represented as the "blooming fair." But Jessie was but a poet's dream. Tannahill never was in Dumblane; had he been, he would have known that from there the sun could not be seen going down "o'er the lofty Ben Lomond."

The exquisite air was made by Robert Archibald Smith, who is celebrated as a composer and student of Scottish airs, of which he made some of the sweetest. He set some of Tannahill's best songs. He was born at Reading, England, in 1780, and died in Edinburg in 1829.

Sometime during the eighteenth century

(probably the reign of George II.) the lovely tune of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" saw light. All attempts to discover the author of this simple and beautiful air have hitherto proved unavailing, and in all probability will remain so. Ben Johnson's words, after so many years, found a worthy setting.

No music of Dr. Arne has stood the test of time so well as his national melodies and his Shakespearean settings. It is somewhat sad to look down the long list of his larger works, feeling almost certain that few, if any, of them which were the delight of his own generation are known to the present one. Whether this oblivion is merited or not is beyond the province of the present paper, and we gladly turn to his Shakespearean songs, which, as Mr. Husk says of "Where the Bee Sucks," are of perennial beauty. Of course the influence of Handel is very prominent in these songs, but they combine with it a great freshness of their own, and already the decision of a century has placed them in a position they are not likely to lose.



Sally in Our Alley.

BALLAD.

Composed by HENRY CAREY.

1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty
2. Of all the days that's in the week, I dear-ly love but

Sally; She is the darl - ing of my heart, And she lives in our
one day, And that's the day that comes between A Sa - tur - day and

al - ley; There's ne'er a la - dy in the land That's half so sweet as Sally; } She is the
Monday; For then I'm drest all in my best, To walk abroad with Sally; }

darl - ing of my heart, And she lives in our al ley.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

3. My master and the neighbors all Make game of me and

Sally, And but for her I'd better be A slave and row a

galley; But when my sev'n long years are out, Oh! then I'll marry Sally; And when we're

wed we'll blithsome be, But not in our alley.

Jeannette and Jeannot.

CHAS. JEFFREYS.

CHAS. W. GLOVER.

Moderato.

1. You are go - ing far a - way, Far a - way from poor Jeannette, There is
2. Or when glo - ry leads the way, You'll be mad - ly rush - ing on, Nev - er

no one left to love me now, And you too may for - get; But my
think - ing, if they kill you, that My hap - pi - ness is gone: If you

heart will be with you, Wher - ev - er you may go, Can you
win the day, per - haps, A gen - er - al you'll be, Tho' I'm

look me in the face, And say the same, Jean - not? When you
proud to think of that, What will be - come of me? Oh! if

wear the jack - et red, And the bean - ti - ful cock - ade, Oh, I fear you will for -
I were Queen of France, Or, still bet - ter, Pope of Rome, I would have no fight - ing

JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

get All the prom- is - es you've made; With your gun up-on ' your shoulder, And your men a-broad, No weeping maids at home; All the world should be at peace, Or if

bay-net by your side, You'll be tak - ing some proud la - dy, And be mak - ing her your kings must show their might, Why, let them who make the quarrels Be the on - ly men to

bride; You'll be tak - ing some prond la - dy, And be mak - ing her your bride, fight; Yes, let them who make the quar-rels Be the on - ly men to fight.

Good-night, Ladies.

Sostenuto.

1. Good-night, ladies! Good-night, ladies! Good-night, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
2. Fare-well, ladies! Fare-well, ladies! Fare-well, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.

Allegro. Mer-ri-ly we roll along, roll along, roll along, Mer-ri-ly we roll along, Over the dark blue sea. *Repeat pp.*

Mary of Argyle.

S. NELSON.

Moderato.

1. I have heard the ma-vis sing - ing His love-song to the morn; I have
2. Though thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine eye its brightness, too, Though thy
seen the dew - drops cling - ing To the rose just new - ly born; But a
step may lack its fleet - ness, And thy hair its sun - ny hue, Still to
sweeter song has cheer'd me At the evening's gentle close, And I've seen an eye still brighter
me wilt thou be dear - er Than all the world shall own; I have loved thee for thy beauty,
Than the dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary, And thine artless, winning smile.
But not for that a - lone. I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary, And its goodness was the wile.
That made this world an E - den, Bon - ny Ma - ry of Ar - gyle.
That has made thee mine for - ever, Bon - ny Ma - ry of Ar - gyle.

Oh, No! We Never Mention Her!

THOMAS HAINES BAYLY.

Arr. by SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs), and lyrics. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes two vocal lines with lyrics. The second system continues the vocal line. The third system includes the vocal line and piano accompaniment with the marking *mf p* and *ad lib.* above the staff.

1. Oh, no, we never men - tion her! Her name is nev - er heard; My
 2. They bid me seek, in change of scene, The charms that others see, But

lips are now for - bid to speak That once fa - mil - iar word. From
 were I in a for - eign land, They'd find no change in me. 'Tis

sport to sport they hur - ry me, To banish my re - gret, And I
 true that I be - hold no more The valley where we met.

when they win a smile from me, They think that I for - get.
 do not see the haw - thorn tree, But how can I for - get.

2. For oh! there are so many things
 Recall the past to me;
 The breeze upon the sunny hills,
 The billows of the sea;
 The rosy tint that decks the sky,
 Before the sun is set,
 Aye, every leaf I look upon,
 Forbids me to forget.

4. They tell me she is happy now,
 The gayest of the gay;
 They hint that she forgets me
 But heed not what they sa
 Like me, perhaps, she strugg.
 With each feeling of regret.
 But if she loves as I have loved
 She never can 'forget'

Juanita.

A SPANISH BALLAD.

By Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Piano.



Allegretto. *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked *Allegretto* and the dynamic is *mf*. A triplet of eighth notes is indicated in the right hand.

p

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain Ling'r-ing falls the south-ern moon;
2. When, in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a-gain,



p

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes with triplets. The dynamic is *p*.

Far o'er the mount-nin Breaks the day too soon!
And day-light beam-ing Prove thy dreams are vain,



The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note rhythmic pattern. The dynamic is *p*.

In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,



The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern. The dynamic is *p*.

JUANITA.

Slower.

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well!
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by?

Slower.

A tempo.

Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if we should part!
Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Let me ling - er by thy side!

A tempo.

Ni - ta! Jau - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Ni - ta! Jau - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride.

The Bloom is on the Rye.

FITZBALL.

BISHOP.

Andantino espressivo.

Dolce. *Sosten.*

1. My pret - ty Jane! my pretty Jane! . . . Ah! nev - er, nev - er look so
2. But name the day, the wedding day, . . . And I will buy the

shy, But meet me, meet me in the eve - 'ning, While the
ring. The lads and maids in fav - ors white, And

bloom is on the rye. . . . The spring is wan - ing
village bells, the village bell shall ring. . . . The spring is wan - inf

mf

THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

fast, my love, The corn is in the ear, The summer nights are
 fast, my love, The corn is in the ear; The summer nights are

com - ing love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pretty Jane, my
 com - ing love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pretty Jane, my

dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the
 dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy. But meet me, meet me in the

eve - - ning, While the bloom is on the rye. . . .
 eve - - ning, While the bloom is on the rye. . . .

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.

BALLAD

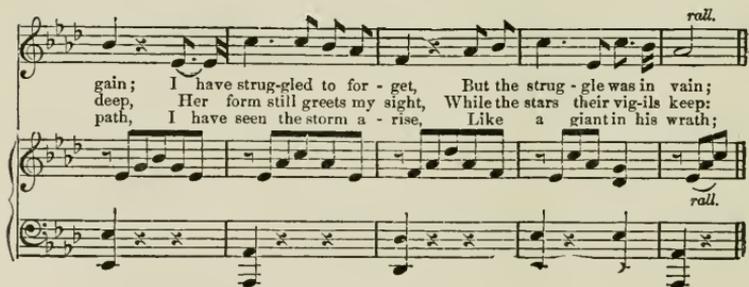
Poetry by J. E. CARPENTER.

Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.

With expression.



1. 'Tis years since last we met, And we may not meet a -
2. At the first sweet dawn of light, When I gaze up - on the
3. I've sail'd 'neath a - lien skies, I have trod the des - ert



gain; I have strug-gled to for - get, But the strug - gle was in vain;
deep; Her form still greets my sight, While the stars their vig-ils keep;
path, I have seen the storm a - rise, Like a giant in his wrath;

HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

a tempo.

For her voice lives on the breeze, And her spirit comes at will; In the
 When I close mine aching eyes, Sweet dreams my senses fill; And from
 Ev'ry dan - ger I have known, That a reckless life can fill; Yet her

a tempo.

rall. tr. *a tempo.*

mid - night, on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still. For her
 sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still. When I
 pres - ence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still. Ev'ry

rall. *ff* *a tempo.*

voice lives on the breeze, And her spir - it comes at will; In the
 close mine ach - ing eyes, Sweet dreams my sens - es fill; And from
 dan - ger I have known, That a reck - less life can fill; Yet her

mid - night, on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still.
 sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still.
 pres - ence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still.

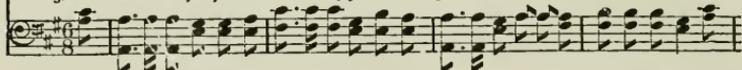
Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

Robert A. Smith.

Robert Tannahill



- Andante.*
 1. The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond, And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene; While
 2. She's modest as o - ny, and blithe as she's bonnie, For guileless simplicity marks her its ain; And
 3. How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie! The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain; I



lane - ly I stray in the calm simmer gloamin', To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane. How
 far be the villain, di - vested of feelin', Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane, Sing
 ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie, Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane. Tho'



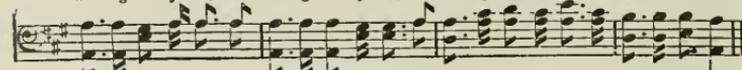
sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom, And sweet is the birk wi' its man - le o' green; But
 on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'e - nin', Thou'r't dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen, Sae
 mine were the station of loft - i - est grandeur, A - midst its pro - fu - sion I'd languish in pain, And



sweeter and fair - er, and dear to this bo - son - Is love - ly young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane, Is
 dear to this bo - som, sae artless and winnig, Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane, Is
 reckon as naething the height o' its splendor, If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane, If



love - ly young Jessie, Is love - ly young Jessie, Is love - ly young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
 charming young Jessie, Is charming young Jessie, Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
 wanting sweet Jessie, If wanting sweet Jessie, If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.



Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.

BEN JONSON.*

MOZART.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine.....
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much h'ouring thee.....

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;..... The
As giving it a hope that there It could not with - erod be;..... But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine;.....
thou thereon did'st on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me;.....

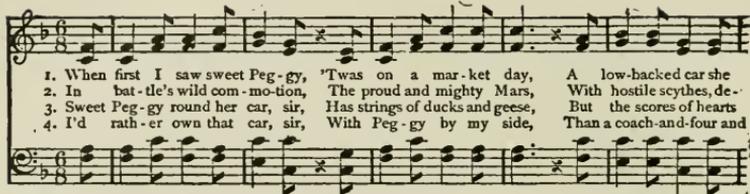
But might I of Love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine....
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.....

p
dim.
mf
pp

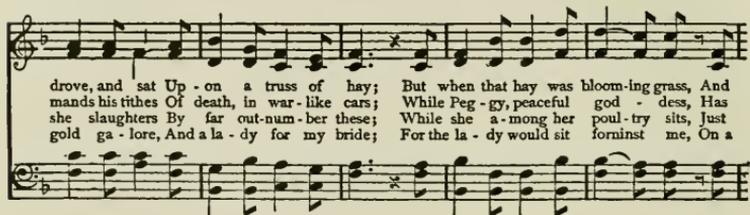
* The words of this old song are from Ben Jonson's "The Forest," translated from the Greek of Philostratus, who flourished in the second century of our era

The Low-Backed Car.

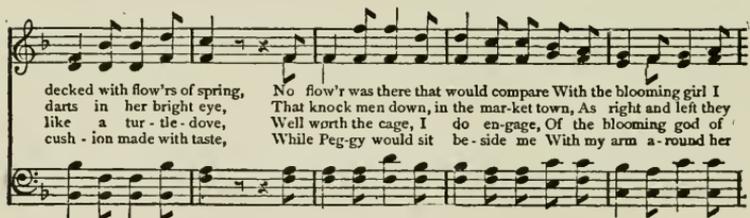
Samuel Lover.



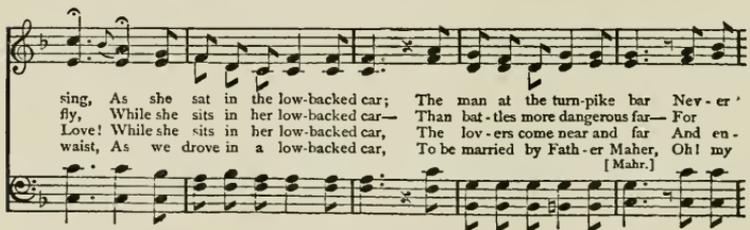
1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A low-backed car she
2. In bat-tle's wild com-mo-tion, The proud and mighty Mars, With hostile scythes, de-
3. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts
4. I'd rath-er own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my side, Than a coach-and-four and



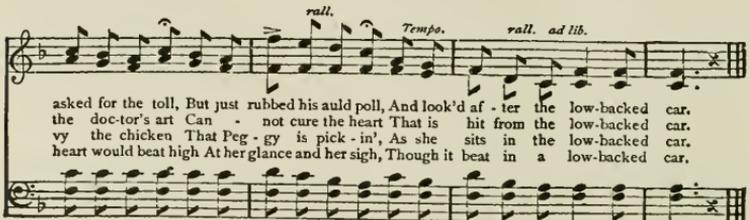
drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And
mands his tithes Of death, in war - like cars; While Peg - gy, peaceful god - dess, Has
she slaughters By far out-num-ber these; While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just
gold ga - lore, And a la - dy for my bride; For the la - dy would sit forinst me, On a



decked with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the blooming girl I
darts in her bright eye, That knock men down, in the mar-ket town, As right and left they
like a tur - tle - dove, Well worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the blooming god of
cush - ion made with taste, While Peg-gy would sit be - side me With my arm a-round her



sing, As she sat in the low-backed car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev - er
fy, While she sits in her low-backed car; Than bat - tles more dangerous far - For
Love! While she sits in her low-backed car, The lov - ers come near and far And en -
waist, As we drove in a low-backed car, To be married by Fath - er Mahr, Oh! my [Mahr.]



rall. *Tempo.* *rall. ad lib.*
asked for the toll, But just rubbed his auld poll, And look'd af - ter the low-backed car,
the doc-tor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-backed car.
vy the chicken That Peg - gy is pick - in', As she sits in the low-backed car,
heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Though it beat in a low-backed car.

Written by Samuel Lover, for his entertainment called "Irish Evenings."

Love's Young Dream.

Thomas Moore.

Andantino.

1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my
2. Tho' the bard to pur - er flame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he
3. Oh! that hal - lowed form is ne'er for - got, Which love first traced; Still it

dreams of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love; New hope may bloom, and
win the wise, who frowned before, To smile at last; He'll nev - er meet a
linger - ing haunts the green - est spot On mem - 'ry's waste! 'Twas o - dor fled as

days may come Of mild - er, calm - er beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life As
joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to wo - man's ear His
soon as shed; 'Twas morning's winged dream! 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On

love's young dream, Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.
soul - felt flame, And, at ev - 'ry close, she blushed to hear The once - loved name.
life's dull stream! Oh, 'twas light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.

Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright,
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love;
New hope may bloom, and days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream,
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Tho' the bard to purer flame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Tho' he win the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet a joy so sweet

In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at ev'ry close, she blushed to hear
The once-loved name.

Oh! that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,
Which love first traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On mem'ry's waste!
'Twas odor fled as soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream!
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh, 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

Maid of Athens.

G. Kjalmark.

Piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time. The music features a flowing melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. A fermata is placed over the first measure of the right hand.

1. Maid of Athens! ere we part, Give, oh give me back my heart!

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Or since that has left my breast, Keep it now and take the rest.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

Ah

P Smorza

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the final line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a *Smorza* (ritardando) effect, indicated by a wavy line above the staff. The piece concludes with a *sf* (sforzando) dynamic marking.

The Hour of Parting.

(FOR TWO VOICES.)

Words by E. A. White.

Music by Bellini.

Andante. espressivo.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and moving lines, with a *dim.* marking. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment, with a *cres.* marking.

1. Sad hour of parting, too quickly here, Spir - its to sev - er link'd by each thought,
2. O thou bless'd Spirit, bend kindly down! Droop-ing behold us 'neath adverse fate!

The first system shows the vocal lines and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern, marked *p*.

Bringing thy an-guish, thy bit-ter tear, thy bit - ter tear.
Shel-ter us from its with - er - ing frown, its with - 'ring frown.

The second system shows the vocal lines and piano accompaniment for the second two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern, marked *cres.* and *dim.*

THE HOUR OF PARTING.

Lonely we'll wander through the day, Hopeless must weep through night's delay;
To thy protection now we flee; Safe in thy shadow let us be!

cres. Our hearts are breaking with this farewell, with this fare-well! Fare-
dim. In sorrow part-ed by Fate's compel, by stern com-pel, Fare-
p

pp well! Oh, must we say fare-well? Fare - well! Oh, must we say fare-well?
pp well! It is our last fare-well! Fare - well! It is our last fare-well!
poco riten.

Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?

BALLAD.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By CLARIBEL.

1. You are not what you
2. On Sun-day af - ter

IANO.

were, Robin, Why so sad and strange? You once were blithe and gay, Robin,
church, Robin. I looked a round for you, I thought you'd see me home, Robin. As

What has made you change? You nev - er come to see me now As once you used to
once you used to do; But now you seem a - fraid to come, And al - most ev' - ry

WONT YOU TELL ME WHY, ROBIN?

do;..... I miss you at the wick-et gate, You al-ways let me through; Its
day..... I meet you in the meadows And you look the oth-er way— You

ve - ry hard to o - pen, But you nev - er come to try.....
nev - er bring me po - sies now, The last is dead and dry.....

Wont you tell me why, Robin? Wont you tell me why?.....

Wont you tell me why, Robin? Oh, wont you tell me why?

2 The other night we danced, Robin, beneath the hawthorn-tree,
I thought you'd surely come, Robin, if but to dance with me;
But Allan asked me first, and so I joined the dance with him,
But I was heavy-hearted, and my eyes with tears were dim,
And, oh, how very grave you looked, as once we passed you by.
Wont you tell me why, Robin? oh, wont you tell me why?

Touch the Harp Gently.

Written by SAMUEL N. MITCHELL. Composed by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

PIANO. *mp*

1 Just touch the harp gent-ly, my pret-ty Lou-ise, And sing me the songs that I love; They will
 2 Just touch the harp gent-ly, my pret-ty Lou-ise, And sing me the songs that I love; They'll re-

call back the days when to-geth-er we sat On the porch 'neath the nest of the dove There was
 call the bright days when we play'd in the wood, And watch'd the birds flitting a - bove..... There was

one that you sang, my pret-ty Lou-ise, It brings fond re-col-lec-tions to me, You re-
 one that you sang, my pret-ty Lou-ise, The words, I re-mem-ber them well, I

TOUCH THE HARP GENTLY.

mem - ber the mocking bird mimick'd it once As it perch'd on the syc - a - more tree; Just
lov'd it, and when you had finish'd each verse, I kiss'd you and said: "nev - er tell;" Just

ad lib.
touch the harp gently, my pret - ty Lou - ise, Just touch the harp gently, Lou - ise
touch the harp gently, my pret - ty Lou - ise, Just touch the harp gently, Lou - ise

pp

Oh! touch the harp gent - ly, my pret - ty Lou - ise, And sing me the songs that I

p

CHORUS, ad. lib.
love, They will call back the days, when together we sat On the porch 'neath the nest of the dove.

Highland Mary.

Robert Burns.

Lento.

1. Ye banks and braes, and streams around The cas - le o' Mont - gom - e - ry, Green
2. How sweet - ly bloom'd the gay green birk, How rich the hawthorn's blos - som, As
3. Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace, Our part - ing was fu' ten - der; And
4. O pale, pale now those ro - sy lips, I aft hae kissed sae fond - ly; And

be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your wa - ters nev - er drum - lie! There
un - der - neath their fra - grant shade I clasped her to my bos - om! The
pledg - ing aft to meet a - gain, We tore our - selves a - sun - der; But,
closed for aye the sparkling glance That dwelt on me sae kind - ly; And

sim - mer first un - faults her robes, And there they lang - est tur - ry, For
gold - en hours, on an - gel wings, Flew o'er me and my dear - ie; For
oh! fell death's un - time - ly frost That nipt my flower sae dear - ly! Now
molder - ing now in si - lent dust That heart that lo'ed me dear - ly! But

there I took the last fare - well O' my sweet High - land Ma - ry.
dear to me as light and life Was my sweet High - land Ma - ry.
green's the sod, and cauld's the clay That wraps my High - land Ma - ry.
still with - in my bos - om's core Shall live my High - land Ma - ry.

Araby's Daughter.

E. Kjalldmark.

Thomas Moore, 1817.

1. { Fare - well, O fare - well to thee,* Ar - a - by's daugh - ter! Thus war - bled a
No pearl ev - er lay un - der Omau's green wa - ter, More pure in its

Fe - ri be - oath the dark sea; { Oh, fal - as the sea - flow - er close to thee
shell than thy spir - it in thee. { Like wind of the south o'er a sum - mer lute

grow - ing, How light was thy heart till love's witch - er - y came, { But long, up - on
blow - ing, And hush'd all its mu - sic, and withered its frame! { Of her who lies

Ar - a - by's green sun - ny highlands, Shall maids and their lov - ers re - mem - ber the doom
sleep - ing a - mong the Pearl Islands, With naught but the sea - star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sunset will weep when thy story is told.
The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.
Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! forget thee,—
Tho' tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
In the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell! be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.
Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.
Farewell! O farewell! until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave, [tain,
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that moun-
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in the wave.

* From the Fire Worshipers, third story told in Lalla Rookh.

A Warrior Bold.

Words by EDWIN THOMAS.

Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.

In days of old, when knights were bold, And bar-ons held their sway, A
So this brave knight, in ar-mour bright, Wen gaily to the fray, fie

war-rior bold with spurs of gold, Sang mer-ri-ly his lay, sang
fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had pass'd a-way, His

mer-ri-ly his lay.— My love is young and fair, My
soul had pass'd a-way.— The plight-ed ring he wore, Was

love had gold-en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That
crush'd and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave-ly cried, I've

cres . . . *cen* . . . *do*.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

none with her compare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or
kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and

colla voce.
f

die, } So what care I. tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die
die, }

p
f

death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've fought for love,...

piu lento.
cres.
f

ad lib. *molto rallentando e dim.*
I've fought for love, for love, for love I die.

f
p *colla voce.*

Ever of Thee.

G. Linley.

Foley Cha.

Moderato.

1. Ev - er of thee I'm fond - ly dream - ing. Thy gen - tle voice my
 2. Ev - er of thee, when sad and lone - ly, Wand - ring a - far my

spir - it can cheer; Thou art the star that, mild - ly beam - ing, Shone o'er my path when
 soul joy'd to dwell; Ah! then I felt I loved thee on - ly, All seemed to fade be -

all was dark and drear: Still in my heart thy form I cher - ish,
 fore af - fec - tion's spell; Years have not chill'd the love I cher - ish,

Ev - 'ry kind tho't like a bird flies to thee. Ah! nev - er till life and mem - ry per - ish,
 True as the stars hath my heart been to thee. Ah! nev - er till life and mem - ry per - ish,

Can I for - get how dear thou art to me: Morn, noon and night, where'er I may be,
 Can I for - get how dear thou art to me: Morn, noon and night, where'er I may be,

ad lib.

Fond - ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee; Fond - ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee.
 Fond - ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee; Fond - ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee.

Come with the Gipsy Bride.

M. W. Balfa,

From "Bohemian Girl."

1st & 2d times *f*, 3d time *p*.

Come with the Gip - sy bride, And re - pair to the fair,

FIN.

Where the ma - zy dance Will the hours en - trance.

Duet.

Love is the first thing to clasp, But if he es - cape your grasp. Friendship will then be at

Solo.

hand, In the young rogue's place to stand; Hope, then, will be nothing loath To point out the way to

cres. *f* *D. C.*

both; Hope, then, will be nothing loath To point out the way to both.....

ff

In the Gipsy's life you read..... The life that all would like to lead;.....

D. C.

In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead. *D. C.*

Douglas, Tender and True.

Words by MISS MULOCK.

Music by LADY JOHN SCOTT.

soave. rit.

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music is marked 'soave.' and 'rit.'.

1. Could ye come back to me, Doug-las! Doug-las! In the old like-ness

p

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are '1. Could ye come back to me, Doug-las! Doug-las! In the old like-ness'. The piano part is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

that I knew, I would be so faith-ful, so lov-ing, Doug-las!

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'that I knew, I would be so faith-ful, so lov-ing, Doug-las!'. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line.

Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

DOUGLAS! TENDER AND TRUE.

2. Nev - er a scorn - ful word should pain you, I'd smile as sweet as
 3. Oh! to call back the days that are not; Mine eyes were blinded, your

An - gels do, Sweet as your smile on me shone ev - er;
 words are few; Do you know the truth now up in Hea - ven?

Doug - las! Doug - las! ten - der and true.
 Doug - las! Doug - las! ten - der and true.

4 I was not half worthy of you, Douglas!

Not half worthy the like of you,
 Now all men besides are to me like shadows,
 Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

5 Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas! Douglas!

Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew;
 As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas!
 Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

In the Gloaming.

Words by META ORRED.

Music by ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON.

Andante.

musical notation for piano introduction

cres.

1. In the gloam - ing oh, my dar - ling!
2. In the gloam - ing oh, my dar - ling!

when the lights are dim and low— And the qui - et
think not bit - ter - ly of me! Th. I passed a -

rall.

shad - ows fall - ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go—
way in st - lence, left you lone - ly, set - you free,

IN THE GLOAMING.

Agitato.

When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly with a gen - tle
For my heart was crushed with long - ing, what had been could

con anima.

un - known woe... Will you think of me and love me,
nev - er be, It was best to leave you thus, dear,

1st. rit. 2d. *rall.*

As you did once long a - go?
Best for you and best for me,— It was

1st. rit. 2d.

cres.

cres.

best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

How Can I Leave Thee?

SOLO OR DUET.

II. CRAMER.

Moderato.

p *fz*

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics range from piano (*p*) to fortissimo (*fz*).

Air.

1. How can I leave thee? Oh, it can nev-er be!

The vocal line is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It begins with a half rest followed by a quarter note G4, then a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are: "1. How can I leave thee? Oh, it can nev-er be!"

Alto.

p

The piano accompaniment for the second line is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features a steady accompaniment of chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The dynamics are marked piano (*p*).

All of my heart is thine, True, as I live.

The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "All of my heart is thine, True, as I live." The piano accompaniment continues with a similar harmonic structure, featuring chords and a melodic line in the right hand.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.

First system of musical notation. It consists of four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a second vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "All of my soul is thine, Whol - ly and sole - ly thine,"

Second system of musical notation. It consists of four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a second vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "My spir - it's min - strel - sy Breathes but for thee." The piano accompaniment includes the marking "cres." (crescendo).

Third system of musical notation. It consists of two staves: a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano accompaniment includes the markings "p" (piano) and "fz" (forzando).

2.
 Hid in the vine leaves,
 Sweet blows the vintage bud;
 Take it and cherish it:
 It speaks of me.
 What though the blossom fade
 Swiftly as hope decayed,
 Love, like the mortal fruit,
 Clings to its root.

3.
 Had I a dove's wings,
 How would I speed to thee
 Falcon and falconet
 Holding for naught.
 What if a feather'd dart
 Fell'd me upon thy heart!
 Under thy tearful eye
 I crave to die.

I Wandered by the Brookside.

James Hine.

Richard Monckton Milnes.
(Lord Houghton.)

1. I wan - der'd by the brookside, I wan der'd by the mill, I
 2. I sat beneath the elm tree, I watch'd the long, long shade, And
 3. He came not,—no, he came not,— The night came on a lone,— The lit -
 4. Fast, si - lent tears were flow - ing, When some thing stood be - hind; A

could not bear the brook flow, The noi - sy wheel was still; There
 as it grew still long - er, I did not feel a - fraid; For
 the stars sat one by one, Each on his gold - en throne; The
 hand was on my shoul - der, I knew its touch was kind; It

was no burr of grasshop - per, No chirp of a - ny bird, But the
 eve - ning air passed by my cheek, The leaves a - bove were stirred, But the
 drew me near - er—near - er— We did not speak one word, For the

beat - ing of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.
 4. beat - ing of our own hearts Was all the sound we heard.

I wander'd by the brookside,
 I wander'd by the mill;
 I could not hear the brook flow,
 The noisy wheel was still;
 There was no burr of grasshopper,
 No chirp of any bird,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
 I watch'd the long, long shade,
 And as it grew still longer,
 I did not feel afraid;
 For I listen'd for a foot-fall,
 I listen'd for a word,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
 The night came on alone.—
 The lit'te stars sat one by one,
 Each on his golden throne;
 The evening air passed by my cheek,
 The leaves above were stirred,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
 When something stood behind;
 A hand was on my shoulder,
 I knew its touch was kind;
 It drew me nearer—nearer—
 We did not speak one word,
 For the beating of our own heart
 Was all the sound we heard.

Those Endearing Young Charms.

Davenant.

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms. Which I gaze on so fond - ly to
2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's unprofaned by a

day,
tear,
Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet from my arms, Like
That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which

fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this
time will but make thee more dear, Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved,

mo - ment thou art: Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will, And a
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close: As the

round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart, Would entwine it - self ver - dantly still
sun - flower turns on her god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose.

When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear.

Words and Music by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

moderato.

PIANO.

1. When the
2. When the

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The tempo is marked 'moderato.' and the piano part is marked 'PIANO.'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics '1. When the' and '2. When the'.

corn is waving, An-nie dear, O meet me by the stile, To hear thy gentle
corn is waving, An-nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be-side the gentle,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'corn is waving, An-nie dear, O meet me by the stile, To hear thy gentle' and 'corn is waving, An-nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be-side the gentle,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

voice a-gain, And greet thy winning smile. The moon will be at full, love, The
flowing stream, That both our hearts know well; Where wild flow'rs in their beau-ty, Will

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'voice a-gain, And greet thy winning smile. The moon will be at full, love, The' and 'flowing stream, That both our hearts know well; Where wild flow'rs in their beau-ty, Will'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING, ANNIE DEAR

stars will bright-ly gleam, Oh come my Queen of night, love, And gra-se the beau-teur
scent the ev'-ning freeze, Oh haste! the stars are peep-ing, And the moon's behind the

CHORUS.

AIR. *mf*
ALTO. The corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Oh meet me by the
scene. trees.
TENOR. *mf*
BASS. *mf*

stile, To hear thy gen-tle voice a-gain, and greet thy win-ning smile. *Repeat ppp*
Repeat ppp
Repeat ppp

Sweet Love of Mine.

SONG.

Words by S. M. SAMUEL

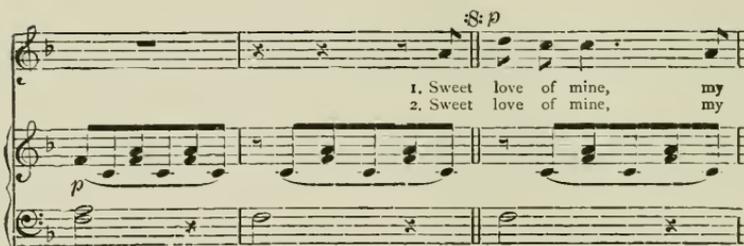
Music by FRED. COWEN

Molto andante.



mf *dim.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

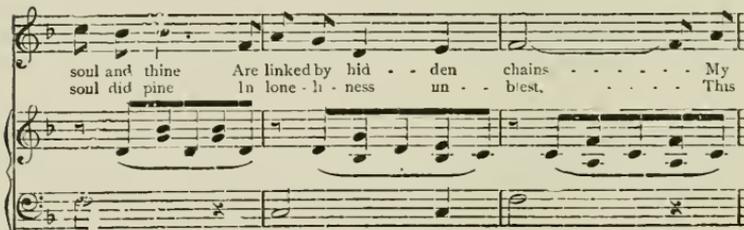


S: p

1. Sweet love of mine, my
2. Sweet love of mine, my

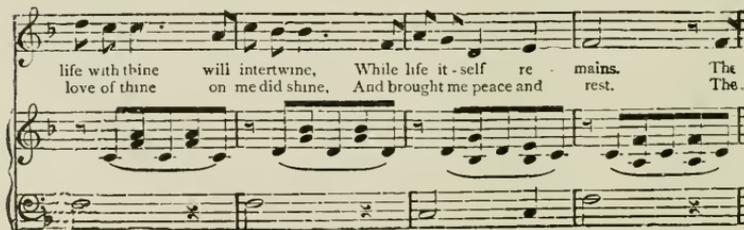
p

The vocal entry begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first two lines of music show the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the lyrics.



soul and thine Are linked by hid - den chains My
soul did pine In lone - li - ness un - - blest, This

The vocal melody continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.



life with thine will intertwine, While life it - self re - mains. The
love of thine on me did shine, And brought me peace and rest. The

The vocal melody concludes with the final lines of the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues to provide a steady accompaniment.

SWEET LOVE OF MINE.

cres.

ro - ses rare that scent the air, In win - ter fade a - way, . . . But
swal - low flies to kind - er skies, When ear - ly fades the day, . . . My

cres.

dim. *p*

joy or care with thee I'll share, My heart, my heart is thine al - way. . . . But
summer lies with - in thine eyes, My heart, my heart is thine al - way. . . . My

dim. *r.* *p*

rall. e dim.

joy or care with thee I'll share, My heart is thine al - way. . . .
summer lies with - in thine eyes, My heart is thine al - way. . . . *D.C.*

rall. e dim. *mf*

2

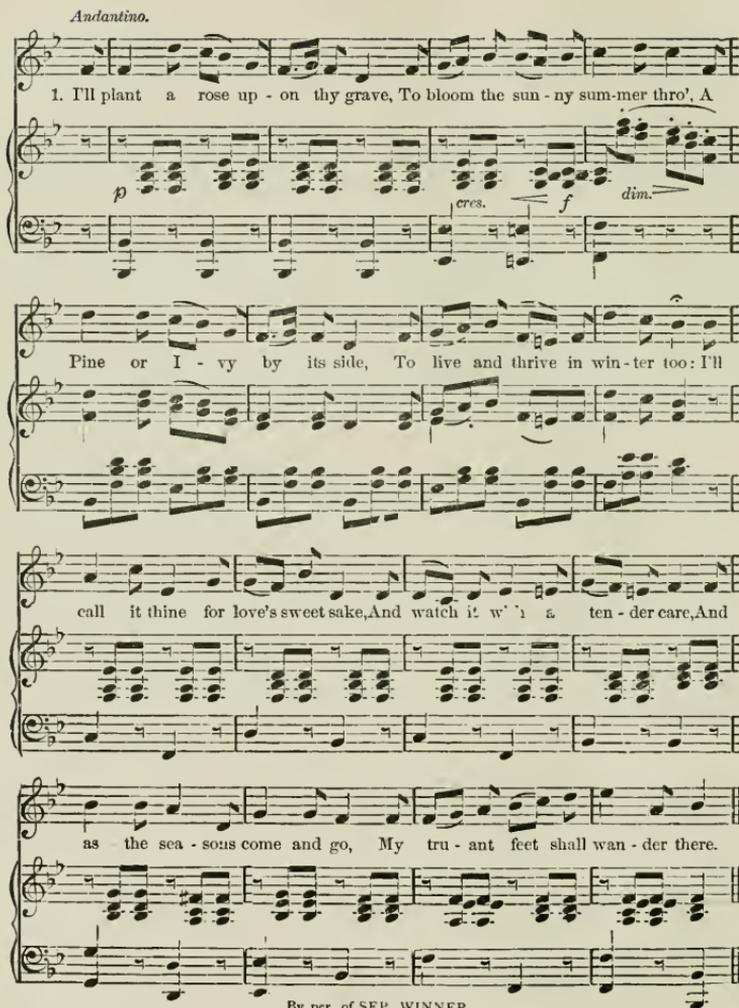
way, My heart my heart is thine al - way.

dim. colla voce *p*

I'll Plant a Rose Beside Thy Grave.

Words and Music by PERCY GUYER.

Andantino.



1. I'll plant a rose up - on thy grave, To bloom the sun - ny sum - mer thro', A
Pine or I - vy by its side, To live and thrive in win - ter too: I'll
call it thine for love's sweet sake, And watch it w' i a ten - der care, And
as the sea - sons come and go, My tru - ant feet shall wan - der there.

p *cres.* *f* *dim.*

By per. of SEP WINNER.

ILL PLANT A ROSE BESIDE THY GRAVE.

CHORUS.

Air.

I'll plant a rose be - side thy grave, To beau - ti - fy the

Alto.

Tenor.

I'll plant a rose be - side thy grave, To beau - ti - fy the

Bass.

Piano.

cres.

scene; The spot shall be my resting place, I'll see the sod kept fresh and green.

lone - ly scene,

lone - ly scene, The spot shall be my resting place, I'll see the sod kept fresh and green.

scene,

f

2.
I'll plant a rose upon thy grave,
A sweet white rose of early bloom,
To cheer the spot and glad the eye,—
To shed its shade and sweet perfume.
I'll wear a bud upon my breast,
For thou art buried in my heart,
Thy form is only resting there,
My soul from thine can never part.—*Cho.*

3.
I'll plant a rose beside thy grave,
To beautify the lonely scene;
The spot shall be my resting place,
I'll see the sod kept fresh and green.
But, ah! the rose will never seem
The same sweet flower it was to me;
The grass will never look as green,
Since I can wander not with thee.—*Cho*

Take Back the Heart.

Composed by CLARIBEL.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Take back the heart that thou ga - vest, What is my anguish to thee? . . .
 2. Then when at last o - ver ta - - ken, Time flings its fetters o'er thee, . . .

p

. Take back the freedom thou cra - vest, Leaving the fet-ters to
 Come with a trust still un-sba - ken, Come back a cap-tive to

sf *dim.*

me, Take back the vows thou hast spo - ken, Fling them a -
 me, Come back in sad-ness or sor - row, Once more my

TAKE BACK THE HEART.

side and be free, Smile o'er each pi - ti - ful to - - ken,
dar - ling to be, Come as of old, love, to bor - row.

rall.
Leaving the sorrow for me Drink deep of life's fond il - lu -
Glimpses of sunlight from me Love shall resume her do - min -
rall.

sion, Gaze on the storm-cloud and flee, . . . Swift-ly thro' strife and con -
ion, Striving no more to be free, . . . When on her world wea-ry

fu - sion, Leaving the burden to me.
pin - ion, Flies back my lost love to me.
rit.

Good Bye, Sweetheart, Good Bye.

JOHN L. HATTON.

Andante con moto.

MANO. *p*

The bright stars fade, the
The sun is up, the
legato.

p

morn is break - ing, The dew drops pearl each bud..... and leaf, And
lark is soar - ing, Loud swells the song of chan - ti - cleer; The

I from thee my leave am tak - ing, With bliss too brief, with
lev - ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor - ing, Yet I am here, yet

pp

bliss too brief, with blis..... too brief. How
I am here, yet I..... am here. For

GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD BYE.

sinks my heart with fond a - larms, The tear is hid - ing
since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo - ral

in my eye, For time doth thrust me from thine arms; "Good
lips doth hie, I could not leave thee, tho' I said, "Good

pp

bye, sweet-heart, good bye! Good bye, sweet-heart, good
bye, sweet-heart, good bye! Good bye, sweet-heart, good

con mo'o.

bye!" For time doth thrust me
bye!" I could not leave thee,

cres molto.

from thine arms, "Good bye, sweet - heart, good bye!"
tho' I said, "Good bye, sweet - heart, good bye!"

Love Not.

Mrs. Caroline Norton.

John Blockley.

Andantino con Espressione.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

1 Love not! love not! ye hap-less sons of clay,
The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is on two staves below, continuing the eighth-note pattern from the introduction.

Hope's gay-est wreatha are made of earth-ly flow'rs;
The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is on two staves below, with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning.

Things that are made to fade and fall a-way,
The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is on two staves below.

LOVE NOT,

Ere they have blos-som'd for a few..... short

hours, Ere they have blos-som'd for a

few..... short hours. Love not! love not!

2.

Love not! love not! the thing you love may die,
 May perish from the gay and gladsome earth,
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
 Beams on its grave, as once upon its birth.—Love not!

3.

Love not! love not! the thing you love may change,
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
 The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
 The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.—Love not

4.

Love not! love not! oh warning vainly said,
 In present hours, as in years gone by:
 Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
 Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.—Love not!

Little Maggie May.

Wards by G. W. MOORE.

Music by C. BLAMPHIN

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. The
2. Tho'
3. May

spring had come, the flow'rs in bloom, The birds sung out their lav, Down by a lit - cle
years roll'd on, yet still I lov'd With heart so light and gay, And nev - er will this
heav'n pro - tect me for her sake, I pray both night and day, That I ere long may

cres.

running brook, I first saw Maggie May; She had a rogu-ish jet blaek eye, Was
heart de-ceive My own dear Maggie May; When others thought that life was gone, And
call her mine, My own dear Maggie May; For she is all the world to me, Al-

LITTLE MAGGIE MAY.

singing all the day,..... And how I lov'd her none can tell, My lit-tle Maggie May
 death would tako a-way,..... Still by my side did lin-ger one, And that was Maggie May
 tho' I'm far a - way,..... I oft-times think of the running brook, And my little Maggie May...

CHORUS.

1st Tenor. *pp* *f*

Alto.

2d Tenor. *pp* *f*

Bass.

My lit - tle witching Maggie, Maggie sing - ing all the

PIANO.

p

day: Oh, how I love her none can tell, My lit - tle Maggie May.....

p

I Love Itly Love.

Words by C. MACKAY.

Music by C. PINSUTI

Allegretto Mod.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with triplets and slurs, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines. The piece concludes with the word 'Fine.' written above the final notes.

1 What is the meaning of the song, That rings so clear and loud,
 2 What is the meaning of thy thought, O mai-den fair and young,
 3 O hap-py words, at beau-ty's feet, We sing them ere our priune,

The first system of the vocal score shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first three lines of the lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

Thou nightingale amid the copse, Thon lark above the cloud? Thon lark a - bove the
 There is such pleasure in thine eyes, Such music on thy tongue, Such mu - sic on thy
 And when the early summers pass, And care comes on with time, And care comes on with

The second system of the vocal score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings of *p* (piano) and *un poco cres.* (un poco crescendo).

cloud? What says thy song thou joyous thrush Up in the walnut tree? What
 tongue, There is such glo - ry on thy face What can the meaning be? There
 time, Still be it ours in care's despite To join in chorus free, Still

The third system of the vocal score concludes the piece. It includes dynamic markings of *e leggiero. p* (eleggiero piano) and *rf* (ritardando forte), and a *molto legg.* (molto leggiero) marking for the piano accompaniment.

I LOVE MY LOVE.

says thy song thou joyous thrush Up in the walnut tree? What says thy song?
 is such glo - ry on thy face what can the meaning be? O maiden fair!
 be it ours in care's despite To join in chorus free The happy words,

un poco cres. *cres.* *f* *p*

what says thy song?.....
 O maid-en fair!.....
 the hap-py words!.....

Allegretto mod. *f* *p*

"I love my love, I love my love, be-cause I know my love loves me," I

f *p* *f*

love my love, "I love my love, be - cause I know my love loves me."
rall. *f* *D. S.*

f *col canto.* *f* *a tempo.*

Fly Forth, O Gentle Dove!

Poetry by F. E. WEATHERLY, B. A.

Music by GIRO PINSUTI

Andante grazioso.
p

1. I sent a let-ter to my love, Made bright with loving words and sweet; I
2. And when beneath her bow'r thou art, And see'st her leaning from above, Fly

rall.

gave it to a tender dove, To car-ry to my darling's feet.
upward straight into her heart, And nestle in the warmth thereof.

un poco rall. *a tempo.*

con grazia.

Fly forth, O gen-tle dove! I cried, Spread
My love will love thee for my sake, And

p

FLY FORTH, O GENTLE DOVE!

westward, spread thy pinions fleet, give thee welcome, happy dove! O'er hills and woods and meadows wide, And Then westward swift thy journey take, And

bear my letter to my sweet! bear my letter to my love! to my sweet! Fly Then bear my letter to my love! to my love! Then

forth, O gen-tle dove! I cried, westward swiit thy journey take; And bear my let-ter to my sweet! And

bear my letter to my love!

No, Sir!

SPANISH BALLAD.

Words and Music arranged by

A. M. WAKEFIELD.

VOICE.

Allegretto con spirito.

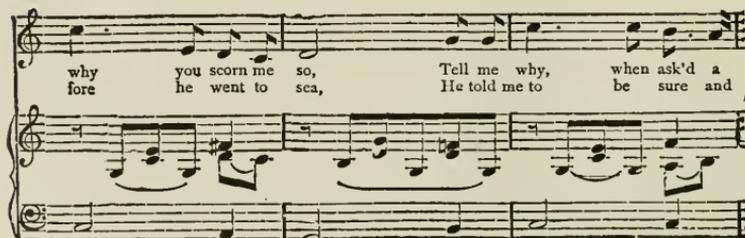
IANO.



1. Oh tell me one thing, tell me tru - ly, Tell me
2. My fa - ther was a Span - ish mer - chant, And be -



why you scorn me so, Tell me why, when ask'd a
fore he went to sca, He told me to be sure and



NO SIR!

piu mosso.

question. You will always answer no? No Sir!
 answer No! To all you said to me— No Sir!

no sir no sir! no sir!

no sir! no sir! no sir! no! FINE.

piu lento.

riten.

3. If when walking in the garden,
 Plucking flow'rs all wet with dew,
 Tell me will you be offended,
 If I walk and talk with you?
 No sir! etc.

4. If when walking in the garden,
 I should ask you to be mine,
 And should tell you that I love you,
 Would you then my heart decline?
 No Sir! etc.

UNDER THE SOD.

glow, My ten - der and beau - ti - ful lov - er. Far, far from my

earth - ly sight, Far from the heart that enshrined him, Dwell - ing a -

far in that world of light, O why do I lin - ger be - hind him?

- 2 Under the daisies my true love lies,
 With the pale mould for his pillow;
 Quenched is the glow of his love-lit eyes,
 And dreamless his rest 'neath the willow.
 Fair, fair, with a tender grace.
 The daisy and butter-cup fingers,
 Decking the sod of this hallow'd place
 With tender and delicate fingers.
- 3 Though the bright sun of his life had set,
 When from my presence they bore him,
 Still he is living, and loves me yet,
 And still in my heart I adore him.

Roll, roll, ye resistless years,
 Gather us quickly, pale Reaper;
 Safe are they sheltered from earthly fears,
 Each dreamless and motionless sleeper.

- 4 Tender and true was thy heart, my love,
 Loyal the truth that we pledged,
 Soon we shall meet in the mansions above,
 And meeting shall be reunited.
 Joy, joy to the wating heart,
 Life and its sorrows are over,
 Soon I shall clasp thee, no more to part,
 My tender and beautiful lover!

Time of Apple Blossom.

Words by H. B. FARNIE.

Music by FABIO CAMPANA.

Andante. *f* *roll.* *p* *sf*

1. In the time of ap-ple blos - - som, Ten - der love bloom'd in my
 2. Long a-go the fruit was gar - - nered That like stars hung in the

heart, Fair! so that in all the or - chard was not found its counter -
 green, And 'he promise of the spring - time, By the autumn kept hath

p con espress.

part! Dar - ling, thy smile was its sun - shine, And it knew no shadow
 been! So my heart, O darling, gath - er, Pluck it, for it is thine

dim. *dim.* *sf* *sf*

TIME OF APPLE BLOSSOM.

cold, So my love, like apple blos - - som, Stronger
own, Ripe - ly red from garden blos - - som, And to

cres.

f accel. *sf*
grew to rud - dy gold, So my love, like apple blos - som, Stronger
love's fruit has grown, Ripe - ly red from garden blos - som, And to

sf *sf*

rall. 1 2 *p dim.* *poco.*
grew to rud - dy gold! *con espress.* Thine that heart, and thine a -
love's..... fruit has (omit.) grown. *con espress. p*

p rall.

f *rall. assai. p*
- - lone, Thine that heart, and thine a - lone!

f *rall. assai.* *ppp ten.* *perdendosi.*

sf dim. p

My Blue Eyed Nelly.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Written and Composed by CHARLES BLAMPHIN

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning.

1. When the bird is on the bough, Re - tir - ing to its
2. That blessed lit - tle church, Down by yon sha - dy

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is shown.

rest, And the sun is gent - ly sink - - ing Down
lane, Its form is in my sight Where

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the previous system.

in the beau - teous west - I roam then with my
Nel - ly chang'd her name, We can - not boast of

The final system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

MY BLUE EYED NELLY.

Nel - ly My own, my bon - nie bride, And
rich - es, Which o - - thers may pos - sess, But

bless the hour of glad - ness When both our hearts were tied. . .
peace and hap - pi - ness is all We wish with to be blest. . .

ritard.

CHORUS.

Oh, charming Nel - ly, I'll e'er be true to thee, My

sweet, my blue eyed Nel - ly, Thou'rt all the world to me.

Embarrassment.

OR, PERPLEXITY.

English words by J. M. A.

FR. ABT.

Andantino. ♩ *pp*

1. I fain a tender word would tell thee Yet
 2. I fain would sing in plaintive meas-ure, A
 3. I fain would write a loving let-ter, That

now myself scarce can ex-press, And if its import thou shouldst
 song that to thy heart should go, But when I seek the tune-ful
 might to thee my heart un-fold, But e-ven here I fare no

ask me, My an-swer should be on-ly this; My
 treas-ure, A voice with-in me speaketh so; My
 bet-ter, For all my thoughts in this are told; My

f *pp* *poco rit.* *ny*

pp *poco rit.* *pp*

EMBARRASSMENT.

love for thee burns ar - dent - ly, For thee a - lone I

live, My love for thee burns ar - dent - ly, For

thee a - lone I live.

1st and 2d Verses.

live.....

Ending.

Some Day.

Words by Hugh Conway.

Music by Milton Wellings.

Moderato. 3/4

1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not when our eyes may
2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead, or are you

tempo. 3/4

meet, . . . What welcome you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or
live; . . . I know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead or who for

accel. *p* *rit.*

sweet: It may not be 'till years have pass'd, 'Till eyes are dim and tress-es
give. But when we meet some day, some day, Eyes clearer grown the truth may

accel.

f tempo. *rit.*

gray; The world is wide, but, love, at last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day,
see, And ev-'ry cloud shall roll away That darkens love 'twixt you and me.

SOME DAY.

L'istesso tempo.

Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you, Love, I know not

when or how, Love, I know not when or how; On - ly this, on - ly this,

ad lib.

this, that once you loved me, On - ly this, I love you now, I love you

colla voce.

rit.

now, I love you now.

a tempo.

rit.

now.

Only a Face.

By VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system features a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature and a bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody in the treble clef is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The second system continues the piece, ending with a *Fine.* marking.

dol.

1 On - ly a face	at the win-dow,	On - ly a face, nothing
2 On - ly a smile	of wel-come,	On - ly a smile as I
3 On - ly her love	I ask for,	On - ly her love, and

The first verse of the song is set in 6/8 time. The vocal line is written in a treble clef and includes three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is written in a bass clef, providing a steady harmonic support with chords and a simple melodic line.

eres.

more;	Yet the look	in the eyes,	as they meet mine,	Still
pass'd;	But that smile	will still	be re - member'd,	As
yet,	The sweet boon	I can - not	hope for,	And

The second verse of the song continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a bass clef. The piece concludes with a *res.* marking.

ONLY A FACE.

dim. *f*

comes to me o'er and o'er. On - ly a word of greet - ing,
 long as my life shall last. On - ly a wo-man you tell me!
 so I must strive to for - get. On - ly a word low - ly spo - ken,

On - ly a word, that was all; Yet all day, in my hear^d it
 On - ly a woman! to thee; But there's naught that this mere earth con-
 On - ly a "yes" would she say; It would give the sweet face at the

dim. §

echoed, Like the sound of an an - gel's call.
 taineth, Half so dear to this wo-man to me.
 window To be mine for - ev - er and aye.

colla voce.

Thy Face.

Words by R. LEJOINDRE.

Music by C. H. R. MARRIOTT.

mf

1. Thy face is al-ways near to me, Tho' thou art far a - way; It
2. The vis - ions bringeth me fond hopes Of bet - ter days in store, It
3. Thy face, ah me! 'tis al - ways near, 'Tis nev - er from my sight; It

p

is a bea - con bright and fair To cheer me on my way; It
whis - pers of a time to come, When we shall part no more. Then
haunts me thro' each long, long day, And fills my dreams at night; And

THY FACE.

is a star to guide me thro' This bus-y world of pain, A
 rest with me, oh, vis-ion bright! My on-ly hope thou art; My
 yet it is a source of joy, It is my heart's great wealth, And

bea-con bright to rest with me Un-til we meet a-gain..... } Thy
 on-ly joy, my on-ly grief Is when we are a-part..... }
 on-ly would I lose it for The vis-ion's own de-self..... }

rall.

a tempo.

face is al-ways near to me, Tho' thou art far a-way; It

is a bea-con bright and fair To cheer me on my way.

rall.

Only a Lock of her Hair.

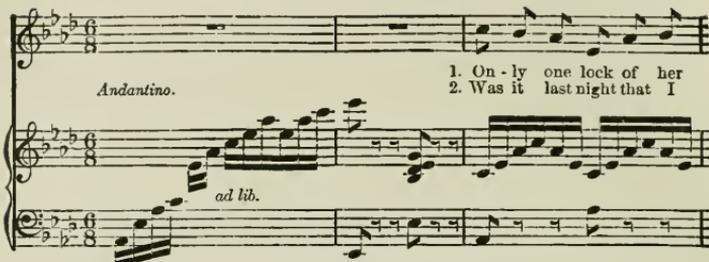
Words by Dr. CARPENTER.

Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.

Andantino.

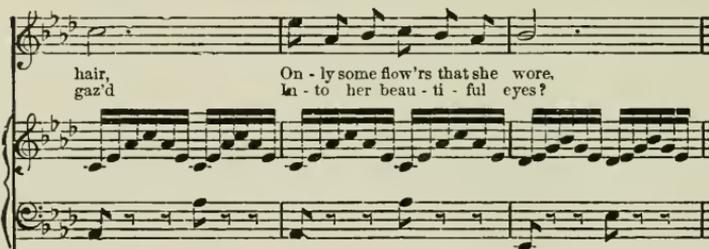
1. On - ly one lock of her
2. Was it last night that I

ad lib.



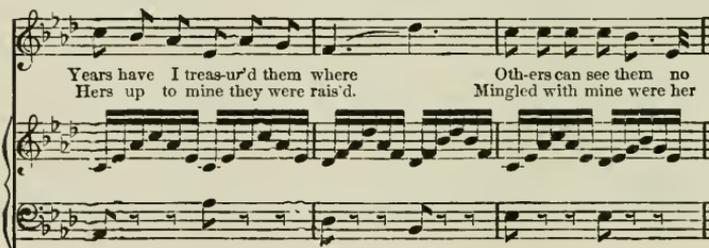
hair,
gaz'd

On - ly some flow'rs that she wore,
let - to her beau - ti - ful eyes?



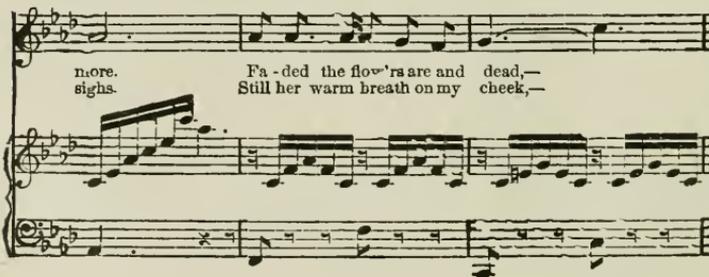
Years have I treas - ur'd them where
Hers up to mine they were rais'd.

Oth - ers can see them no
Mingled with mine were her



n.ore.
sighs.

Fa - ded the flow'rs are and dead, -
Still her warm breath on my cheek, -



ONLY A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

Beau - ti - ful still is the tress,
 Feel I in fan - cy, and hear

Oh! for the days that are
 The words that she trembled to

fled,
 speak,

Nev - er my love has been less.
 Yet told me to her I was dear.

rall. - -

Still in my dreams she ap - - pears,
 No! but in dreams she ap - - pears,

tempo primo.

Lov - ing and beau - ti - ful then,
 Lov - ing and beau - ti - ful there,

Mine aft - er wait - ing long
 Mine aft - er wait - ing long

rall. - -

years, -
 years, -

On - ly a lock of her hair.
 On - ly a lock of her hair.

The Broken Ring.

GERMAN SONG.

Andantino.

Voice.

p

1. A - down a wood-land val - ley Is heard the mill-wheel's
2. A ring she gave in to - ken That she would aye be

Piano.

p

sound, The maid I met so oft - en No long - er there is
true; But now her faith is brok - en, The ring is rent in

found, The maid I met so oft - en, No long - er there is found.
two; But now her faith is brok - en, The ring is rent in two.

THE BROKEN RING.

Andantino.

p
 3. I would I were a min - strel, To roam the hills a -
 4. I would I were a troop - er, And rush - ing to the

mong, From house to house to wan - der, And sing my tune - ful
 fight; Or by the watch - fire ly - ing, A - mid the storm - y

song, From house to house to wan - der, And sing my tuneful song.
 night, Or by the watch - fire ly - ing, A - mid the stormy night.

5.

And when I hear the mill-wheel,
 I feel a sudden thrill;
 Oh, death to me were welcome,
 This heart would then be still;
 Oh, death to me were welcome,
 This heart would then be still.

Looking Back.

Louisa Gray.

Arthur Sullivan.

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The music features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p*, *cres.*, *f*, and *p*. The piece concludes with a repeat sign.

1. I heard a voice long years a - go, A voice so wond'rous sweet and low, That
 2. But ere our sum - mer pass'd a - way, That gentle voice was hush'd for aye, I

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

trembling tears un-bidden rose, From the depths of love's re - pose,..... It
 watch'd my love's last smile, and knew, How well the angels lov'd her too,..... Then

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third and fourth lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with chords and a steady bass line. Dynamics include *dim.*

floated thro' my dreams at night, And made the darkest day seem bright, It whisper'd to my heart, "My
 silent but with blinding tears, I gather'd all the love of years, And laid it with my dreams of

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the fifth and sixth lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. Dynamics include *p*.

LOOKING BACK.

rall. *Un poco piu lento e*

love," And nestling there, for - got to rove }
 old Where all I lov'd slept white and cold } O my love, I

con mollo tenerezza. *f*

lov'd her so, My love that lov'd me years a - go, O..... my love,.....

tres. largement.

O..... my love, O my love, I lov'd her so, my love,

that loved me years ago.

colla voce. *ff*

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam, Softly it wove itself in - to our dream.
Still to the end when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

p a tempo.
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low, And the flick'ring shadows

softly come and go, Tho' the heart be wea-ry, sad the day and long,

Still to us at twi - light comes Love's old song, comes Love's old sweet song.

f rit.
sempre Ped.

Katy's Letter.

Composed for the Piano-Forte.

By LADY DUFFERIN.

Andante con espressione.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and slurs. The left hand (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

1. Och, girls dear, did yon ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al-

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "1. Och, girls dear, did yon ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al-". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

though he can-not read, sure I thought 'twas all the bet - ter; For why should he be

The second system of the song continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "though he can-not read, sure I thought 'twas all the bet - ter; For why should he be". The musical notation follows the same format as the first system.

KATEY'S LETTER.

pos-sled with hard spelling in the matter, When the man-ing was so plain that I

love him faith-ful - ly. I love him faith-ful - ly, And he

knows it, oh, he knows it, Without one word from me.

- 2 I wrote it, and I folded it, and put a seal upon it ;
 'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my best bonnet ;
 For I would not have the Postmaster make his remarks upon it,
 As I said inside the letter that I loved him faithfully.
 I love him faithfully,
 And he knows it, oh, he knows it ! without one word from me.
- 3 My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in,
 The neighbors know I love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffing ;
 So I dared not write his name outside, for fear they would be laughing
 So I wrote, " From little Kate to one whom she loves faithfully."
 I love him faithfully,
 And he knows it, oh, he knows it ! without one word from me.
- 4 Now, girls, would you believe it, that Postman, so consaited,
 No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited ;
 But maybe there mayn't be one for the reason that I stated,
 That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully.
 He loves me faithfully,
 And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.

The Letter in the Candle.

Written by J. CLARKE.

Composed by E. COOTE.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

1. There's a let-ter in the can-dle, It points di-rect to me; How the
 2. Hope and fear a-like perplex me; Oh! su-per-sti-tious dread; How
 3. How glad-ly I re-mem-ber, 'Tis two short months, no more, Since a

p

lit-tle spark is shining, From whomever can it be? It gets brighter still and brighter, Like a
 ma-n-y i-dle fan-cies You con-jure in my head. When those we love are absent, How
 let-ter in the can-dle Shone out as bright before. Then the darling messenger Came

cres.

lit-tle sun-ny ray, And I dare to guess the writer, For it drives suspense away.
 wan-ton-ly you play, Ev'-ry shadow seems a substance, And drives suspense away.
 prompt and safe to me, If this is on-ly from the same, How welcome it shall be.

p

CHORUS.

SOPRA. *mf*
 ALTO.
 TENOR. *mf*
 BASS.

Bright spark of hope, Shed your beams on me, And send a lov-ing

mf

message From far across the sea, Bright spark of hope,

Shed your beams on me, And speed the lov-ing mes-sage From far a-cross the sea.

Fairly Caught.

FRED. RAWKINS.

LOUIS DIEHL.

♩ Allegretto.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto*. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The tempo markings *poco rit.* and *a tempo.* are indicated.

1. A vil - lage cu - rate lov'd a maid, A lit - tle gay co -
 2. A let - ter to her par - ents came, 'nd this is what it
 3. But soon a - gain his wont - ed place, 'nat art - ful cu - rate

poco rall.

quette; Who with his heart at foot - ball play'd, And oft - en made him
 said: "Since Cla - ra would not change her name, A wid - ow I have
 sought; He saw the pret - ty pen - sive face, And whisper'd fair - ly

FAIRLY CAUGHT.

a tempo.

fret. The more he wooed her day by day, The more she teas'd him
wed." Sad heart - ed turn'd the maid a - side, And then her grief was
caught! Be mine, there's no - thing to - de - ter,—For - give my sim - ple

too: Un - til at length he went a - way, To see what that would
such, That all day long she cry - ing cried, "I lov'd him ver - y
plan:— 'Tis true, my dear, I mar - ried her, But to an - oth - er

do, "Ah! me," then sigh'd she "I am lone - ly as can
much," "Ah! me," then sob'd she, "I am wrtched as can
man," "Ah! me," then sang she, "I am hap - py as can

be; Well, well, maid - ens tell, Lov - ers sometimes break the spell.
be; Woe, woe, maid - ens know, Lov - ers oft - en serve us so."
be; Say, say,—maid - ens aye, Lov - ers al - ways find a way!

Nothing Else to Do.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

Words by HERBERT FRY.

Music by J. L. HATTON.

ALLEGRETTO.

PIANO.

brillante. *Ped.*

1. 'Twas a pleasant summer's
2. Off I start-ed through the

dim. *p*

morning, Just the day I like t'en-joy, When I woke and look'd out ear-ly, Puz-zled
meadows, Where the dew-beads pearl'd the spray, And re-spon-sive to the song-birds, I kept

NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

how my time t' employ; In such fine and splendid weather, I don't care for work, do
singing all the way; Quite surpris'd she was to see me Come so ear-ly there to

you? So I went to see my sweetheart, As I'd nothing else to
woo, Till I said I'd just walk'd o - ver, 'Cause I'd nothing else to

ad lib.
do, So I went to see my sweetheart, As I'd nothing else to
do, Till I said I'd just walk o - ver, 'Cause I'd nothing else to

colla voce.

do.

f *dim.*

3 Then we rambled forth together,
Down the lane beneath the trees,
While gently stir'd the shadows
Of their branches in the breeze;
And when'er our conversation
Languish'd for a word or two,
Why, of course, I kindly kiss'd her,
As I'd nothing else to do.

But before the day was over,
I'd somehow made up my mind,
That I'd pop the question to her,
If to me her heart inclined;
So I whisper'd, "Sweet, my darling,
Will you have me, Yes, or No?"
"Well," said she, "perhaps I may, my dear,
When I've nothing else to do."

Beautiful Nell.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By R. COOTE.

PIANO. *f*

1. Don't talk to me of pretty maids, Of handsome ladies, don't! I'H
2. She's but a lit-tle one indeed, With neat and ti-ny feet, And
3. We sometimes think in all the world There's none so fair as she— So

nev-er lis-ten to a word, I won't, no that I won't! There's not a bean-ty
wanders round the live-long day With songs di-vine-ly sweet; She dan-ces like a
love-ly as our dar-ling Nell—As sweet as she can be; But ev'-ry moth-er

cres. *f* *p*

BEAUTIFUL NELL.

in the land To match my pret-ty Belle; I'll tell you all a - bout her now, My
fai - ry child Up - on the gras - sy lawn, And slum - bers like an an - gel babe From
seems to think, And so its ve - ry well, Her lit - tle dar - ling's just as sweet As

cres.

TEMPO DI VALSE.

dar - ling lit - tle Nell. Beau - ti - ful child with beau - ti - ful eyes,
sun - set till the dawn. we do pretty Nell.

f

Bright as the morn - ing and blue as the skies; Beau - ti - ful teeth and

p

rall.
dim - ples as well, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Nell.

rall.

A Starry Night for a Ramble.

(KISS AND NEVER TELL.)

SONG AND CHORUS.

SAMUEL BAGNALL.

PIANO.

f

The first system of the piano introduction is in 6/8 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef, consisting of chords. The dynamic marking is *f*.

cres.

The second system of the piano introduction continues the melody and accompaniment. The dynamic marking is *cres.*.

1. I like a game at cro - quet, or bowl - ing on the green, I
2. I like to take my sweet - heart, "of course you would," said he, And
3. Tho' some will choose ve - lo - cipede, and o - thers take a drive, And

mp

The first system of the song and chorus features a vocal line with three verses and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is in 6/8 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The dynamic marking is *mp*.

like a lit - tle boat - ing, to pull a - gainst the stream; But of
soft - ly whis - per in her ear: "how dear - ly I love thee;"..... And
some will sit and mope at home, half dead and half a - live;..... And

The second system of the song and chorus features a vocal line with the chorus and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues in 6/8 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

A STARRY NIGHT FOR A RAMBLE.

all the games that I love best, to fill me with de - light,..... I
 when you pic - ture to yourselves, the scenes of such de - light,..... You'll
 some will choose a steam - boat, and oth - ers e - ven fight,..... But

like to take a ram - ble up - on a star - ry night.....
 want to take a ram - ble up - on a star - ry night.....
 I'll en - joy my ram - ble up - on a star - ry night.....

Chorus.

A star - ry night for a ram - ble, In a flow - 'ry dell.

f

Through the bush and bram - ble, Kiss and ne - ver tell.

Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth?

COMIC DUET.

JOHN PARRY.

Allegretto Moderato.

HORNS. CLAR'T.

FLUTE.

f

p

SIMON.

1. Dost thou love me, Sis - ter Ruth? Say, say, say!
2. Wilt thou prom - ise to be mine, maid - ea fair?
3. Love like ours can nev - er cloy, Humph! humph! humph!

The musical score is arranged in four systems. The first system shows the Horns and Clarinet parts. The second system shows the Flute part. The third system shows the piano accompaniment with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The fourth system shows Simon's vocal line with lyrics and a piano (p) dynamic marking for the accompaniment.

DOST THOU LOVE ME, SISTER RUTH?

RUTH.

As I fain would speak the truth, Yea, yea, yea!
 Take my hand, my heart is thine, There, there, there. (*Salutes her*)
 While no jeal - ous fears an - noy, Humph! humph! humph!

p *cres.* *f*

SIMON.

Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee, Pret - ty Sis - ter Ruth;
 Let us thus the oar - gain seal, O, dear me, heigh - ho!
 O, how blest we both should be. Hey down, ho down hey!

RUTH.

That has been the ease with me, Dear en - gag - ing youth!
 Lauk! how ver - y odd I feel! O, dear me, neigh ho!
 I could al - most dance with glee. Hey down, ho down hey!

f

Come In and Shut the Door.

Words by J. P. H.

Music by J. G. CALLCOTT.

Allegretto scherzando.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It begins with a treble and bass clef. The first system features a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* and *dim.*. The second system continues the piece with dynamics *ercs*, *cen*, *do.*, and *f*. A repeat sign with a first ending symbol is present. The third system includes the lyrics for three verses and the instruction *a tempo.* Dynamics *f* and *rall.* are used. The fourth system continues the accompaniment.

1. Oh! do not stand so
2. Nay, do not say, "no,
3. You say I did not

a tempo.

f *rall.* *p*

long out-side! Why need you be so shy? The peo-ple's ears are
thank you, Jane," With such a bash-ful smile; You said when la-dies
an-swer you, To what you said last night; I heard your ques-tion

COME IN AND SHUT THE DOOR

o - pen, John, As they are pass - ing by; You can - not tell what
whispered "no," They meant "yes," all the while! My fa - ther, too, will
in the dark, Thought on it in the light; And now my lips shall

they may think, They've said strange things be - fore; — And if you wish to
wel come you; I told you that be - fore; — It don't look well to
ut ter what My heart has said be - fore; — Yes, dear - est, I but

piu lento.

talk a while, Come in and shut the door. Come in, come
stand out here, Come in and shut the door. Come in, come
wait a while, Come in and shut the door. Come in, come

a tempo. *accel.*

in, come in, come in, come in, come in, come in and shut the door.

Tapping at the Garden Gate.

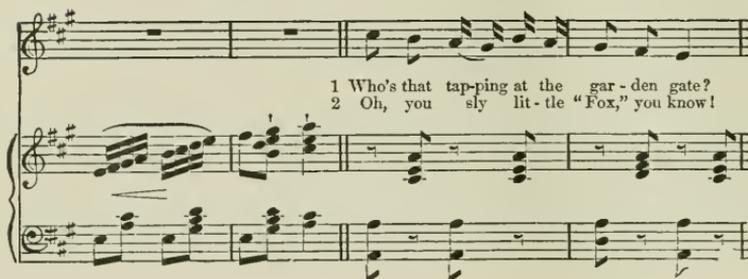
Words by J. LOKER.

Music by S. W. NEW.



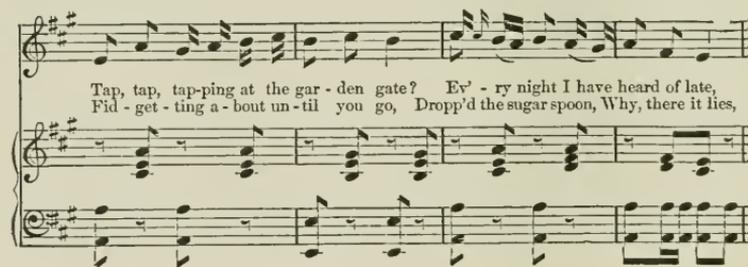
mf *f*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody in the right hand features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes.



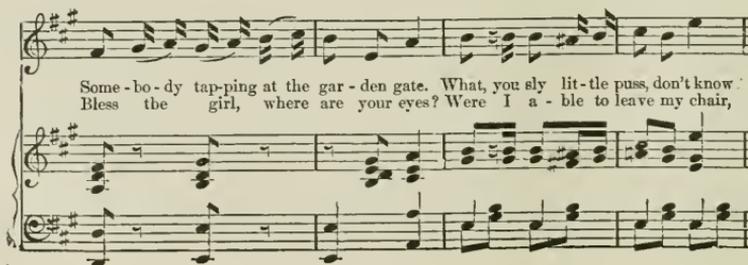
1 Who's that tap-ping at the gar - den gate?
2 Oh, you sly lit - tle "Fox," you know!

The first vocal entry is on a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues below, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic pattern.



Tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar - den gate? Ev' - ry night I have heard of late,
Fid - get - ting a - bout un - til you go, Dropp'd the sugar spoon, Why, there it lies,

The second vocal entry features a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is consistent with the previous section.



Some - bo - dy tap-ping at the gar - den gate. What, you sly lit - tle puss, don't know.
Bless the girl, where are your eyes? Were I a - ble to leave my chair,

The third vocal entry consists of a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece.

TAPPING AT THE GARDEN GATE.

Why do you blush and fal-ter so? What are you looking for un-der the chair? The
Soon would I find out who was there; Don't tell me you think it's the cat,

rall. tap, tap, tapping comes not from there; Ev' - ry night a - bout half-past eight, There's
p tempo. Cats don't tap, tap, tap, like that, Cats don't know when it's half-past eight, And
rall. *p tempo.*

tap, tap, tapping at the gar-den gate, Ev' - ry night about half-past eight, There's
come tap, tapping at the gar-den gate, Cats don't know when it's half-past eight, And
f

tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar - den gate.
come tap, tap-ping at the gar - den gate. *sva*.....
cres.

Meet Me in the Twilight.

Written and Composed by J. W. CHERRY.

Piano

f *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

Espress.

1. Wilt meet me in the
2. When faintly stars are

twi - light? Ah! thou know'st the lit - tle spot, Near where the streamlet
peep - ing, One by one from out the sky, When bird and bee doth

f *rall.* *dim.* *a tempo.*

wan - ders Past the dear old vine-clad cot: 'Tis there the soft - est breezes Linger
homeward In the deepening shadows fly; When day's departing glimmer In the

rall. *a tempo.*

MEET ME IN THE TWILIGHT.

rall.

lat-est in the bow'rs, To tell their tender love tales To the dreamy, nodding
west doth slowly steal, In the silence calm and ho-ly I would whisper what I

a tempo.

flow'rs. Then meet me in the twi-ght, I've a se-cret I would tell. Oh I
feel.

*Ped. a tempo. * Ped.*

rall.

meet me in the twilight, Near the cot-tage by the dell. Meet me,

rall. a tempo.

ercs.

meet me, meet me in the twi-ght, Near the cot-tage by the dell.

ercs.

Primrose Farm.

Words by F. E. Weatherley.

Music by Milton Wellings.

Moderto.

1. She
2. He has

mf

sat at quiet Prim-rose farm, In the old oak par-lor dim, And
nev-er come; he nev-er will; And we both are old folks now; She

out of the window one lit-tle arm Leant down the flow'rs to trim. I
waits for him, and I love her still, With the sil-ver on her brow. So

PRIMROSE FARM.

o - pen'd the wicket, I lov'd her so, I ask'd her my wife to be: "There was
near we were, yet so a - part; Her dream, like mine, is o'er; But I

rit.
some one else," she whis - per'd low, And her tears fell qui - et - ly. For
pray God bless her faith - ful heart, For ev - er and ev - er - more. For

L'istesso tempo.
hearts must love, but some must wait, And some will find their love too late; For
hearts must love, but some must wait, But ah! for the love that comes too late; For

ad lib
hearts must love, but some must wait, And some will find their love too late.
hearts must love, but some must wait, But ah! for the love that comes too late.

colla voce.

Oh, You Little Darling!

(HUMOROUS BALLAD.)

Written and Composed by J. Tabrar.

Arranged by Vincent Davie.

Viol.

1. Oh, what a thing it is to be A girl with lots of beaux, The
2. Al-though I don't in - tend to wed, To set - tle down in life, I've
3. Up - on my word, I don't in - tend To wear a wed - ding ring, While

Piano.

num - ber of young men I've got, Well, good - ness on - ly knows; When
prom - ised near - ly for - ty men That I will be their wife! Some
for a kiss they give to me No end of pret - ty things; When

e'er I'm walk - ing in the street, I'm near - ly al - ways sure to meet A
fel - lows tell me that I am Their dar - ling, lov - ing lit - tle lamb, While
e'er they kiss me once or twice, Al - though by some ti's call'd a vice, I

young man who will call me sweet, And then so gent - ly say;
some call me their bit of jam, And oth - er fel - lows say;
must con - fess I think it nice, Espec - ial - ly when they say:

OH, YOU LITTLE DARLING!

CHORUS.

Oh, you lit - tle dar - ling! I love you, Oh, you lit - tle dar - ling!

Sva. in octaves. 2d time.

p 1st. ff 2d.

are you true? If you real - ly love me as you ought to

cres.

do, Nothing in this world shall cut our love in two. two.

1 2

A Maiden Fair to See.

(PINAFORE.)

Andante moderato.

RALPH.

A maiden fair to see, The

Ped.

p

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is a vocal line in treble clef, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'A maiden fair to see, The'. It features a melodic line with a trill marked 'a' and a fermata. The lower staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, 4/4 time, with a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking and a dynamic marking of 'p'. The piano part consists of a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

pearl of minstrelsy, A bud of blushing beauty, For whom proud nobles sigh, And

con Sca.....

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The upper staff continues the vocal line with lyrics 'pearl of minstrelsy, A bud of blushing beauty, For whom proud nobles sigh, And'. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment with a 'con Sca.....' marking. The piano part features a steady rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

with each other vie, To do her menial's du - ty. A suitor lowly born, With

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The upper staff continues the vocal line with lyrics 'with each other vie, To do her menial's du - ty. A suitor lowly born, With'. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

hepless passion torn, And poor beyond concealing, Hath dar'd for her to pine, At

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The upper staff continues the vocal line with lyrics 'hepless passion torn, And poor beyond concealing, Hath dar'd for her to pine, At'. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE.

whose exalted shrine A world of wealth is kneeling. Unlearned he in aught, Save

that which love hath taught, For Love hath been his tutor. Oh! pity, pity me! Our

rall.

con. Sca....

captain's daughter, she, and I that lowly suit - or! Oh! pi - ty, pi - ty me, our

rall.

pp

con. Sca.....

cap - tain's daughter, she, And I that low - ly sui - or.

con. Sca..... i

Serenade to Ida.

English version by WILLIAM HILLS.

Music by WILLIAM WEINGAND

PIANO.



1 Night a - round is soft - ly
2 Tho' a - round these clois - ters



creep - ing, All the earth to rest is laid; Grief it -
night - ly, Spir - its awe the tim - id breast, Love fears



self lies calm - ly sleep - ing, Sleep - est thou, be - lov - ed
not, where slumb'ring light - ly, I - da lies in heav'n - ly

cres.

cres.

SERENADE TO IDA.

dol. *cres.*

maid? I - da, hear my lute's soft num - bers, Float - ing
 rest. Play - ful zeph - vrs gent - ly steal - ing, Up - ward

poco rit.

on the balm - y air, — Yet my lute, if I - da
 waft my song to thee, — May its tones, my love re -

poco rit.

f *dim.*

slum - bers, Hush! nor wake my la - dy fair.
 veal - ing, Fill thy dreams with thoughts of me.

f *dim.*

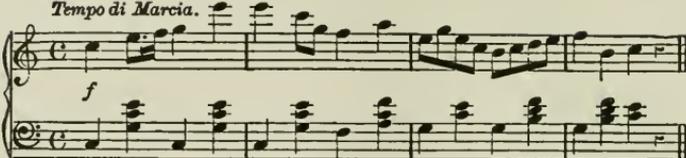
p

Wait Till the Moonlight Falls on the Water.

Words and Music by S. BAGNALL

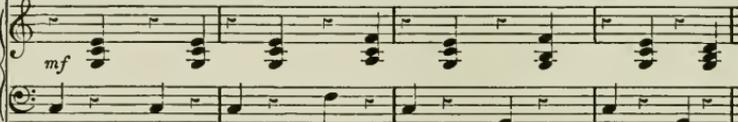
Tempo di Marcia.

PIANO. *f*

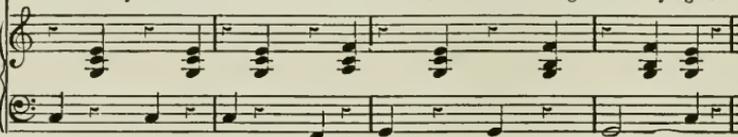


- 1 Cease your repin-ing, Bright eyes are shining, Fond hearts are melting with fervent love;
2 Soft - ly the moonlight Falls on the streamlet, Silv'ring each rip-ple with bril-liant ray;
3 Homeward re-treating, Sad heart a beat-ing, 'Cause she must bid you the last "good-night;"

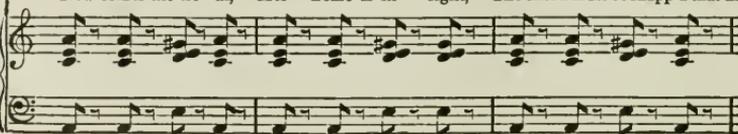
mf



Red cheeks are paling, Sweet heart bewailing, Tarry not a moment from the girl you love.
Out in the still night, making the heart light, Waking up the dicky birds before the break of day.
She fond-ly wish-es Those stolen kiss-es Would last till the morn-ing's broad day-light.



She's sure to cheer you, When she comes near you, She's ev-er waiting for the
Coquetting and flirt-ing, Kis-sing and teas-ing, Telling lots of lit-tle fibs, and
Now comes the tri-al, Her home is in sight, The chord must be snapp'd that us



WAIT TILL THE MOONLIGHT FALLS ON THE WATER.

sweet, sweet kiss; If you're inclined for a mid - night ram - ble,
 saying they are true; Some say it's naughty, but still it's ver - y pleas - ing,
 fond - ly u - nite; Her face she upturned for a last fare - well kiss,

CHORUS.

Tell me what you think about a scene like this. Wait till the moon-light
 Just wait a moment, and I'll tell you what to do. And she whisper'd some words which fill'd me with bliss.

f

falls on the wa - ter, Then take your sweetheart out for a walk; Mind what you say, boys;

that's how you court her; Tell her that you'll wed her when the days grow short.

Pull Down the Blind.

Words and Music by CHAS. McCARTHY.

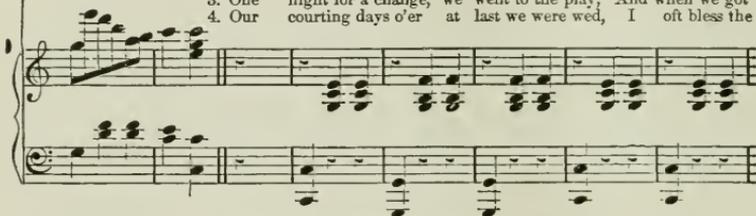
Arranged for Piano by J. HOLMES.

Tempo di valse.

PIANO.



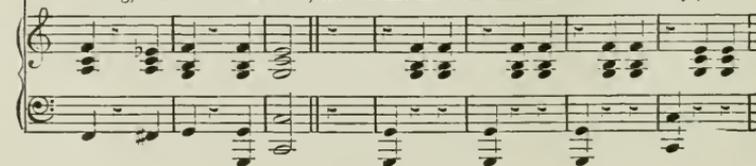
1. Did you ev-er make love? If not have a try: I courted a
2. How lov-ing we were, how co-sy we'd chat 'Bout one thing and
3. One night for a change, we went to the play, And when we got
4. Our court-ing days o'er at last we were wed, I oft bless the



girl once so bashful and shy A fair lit-tle crea-ture who, bye-the-bye, At coaxing and
t'other, and this thing and that, With my arm round her waist, how cosy we sat, Like two little
home she was awfully gar, She saw them make love and so learn'd the way, The piece was "Claude
hour when to church her I led, I now call her Mary, she calls me Ned, We're happy and



wheeling had such a nice way, Ev-e-ry night to her house I went, In
tur-tle doves perch'd on a tree; Such squeezing and teas-ing and pleasing we had, Such
Melnotte," and suited her fine; She call'd me her rosebud, her duck, and her dear, She
lov-ing, and never know strife; We've a fine handsome lass and two no-ble boys,



PULL DOWN THE BLIND.

harmless de - light our evenings were spent, She had a queer saying whatev - er it
woo - ing and coo - ing to make our hearts glad, With laughing and chaffing I near drove her
threr her arms round me, while fast fell each tear; She cried, oh don't leave me for sadly I
Trou - ble and sor - row ne'er us an - noys; Of life we're the sweets, and while tasting its

meant, For when - ev - er I enter'd the house she would say
mad; But still she was aw - ful - ly spoo - ney on me (*) Pull down the blind,
fear You don't love me tru - ly, say, will you be mine?
joys, I'm thankful I'm bless'd with a good fit - tle wife.

rall.

Pull down the blind - Pull down the blind, love, come don't be unkind, Tho' we're a -

lone, bear this in mind, Somebody's looking, love, Pull down the blind.

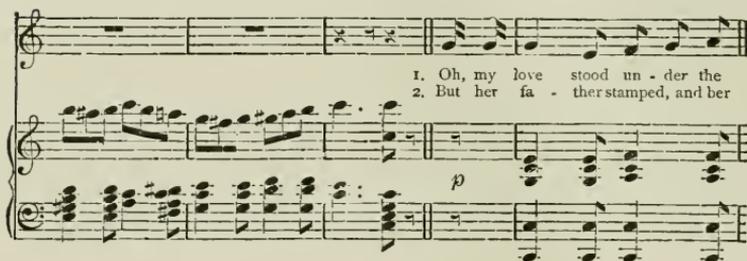
(*) **SPOKEN** After 2d And if that Soldier would only have left us alone, she would never have exclaimed, **CHORUS**
 " " 3d Just at that moment a Policeman passed and said
 " " 4th And should an angry word rise to my lips, with a meek smile on her face she'll explain.....

Over the Garden Wall.

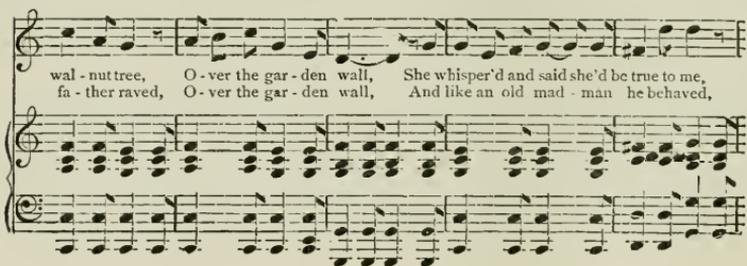
Words by HARRY HUNTER.

Music by G. D. FOX.

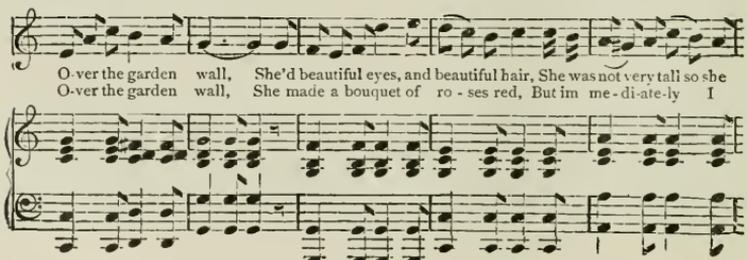
Vivace.



1. Oh, my love stood un - der the
2. But her fa - ther stamped, and her



wal - nut tree, O - ver the gar - den wall, She whisper'd and said she'd be true to me,
fa - ther raved, O - ver the gar - den wall, And like an old mad - man he behaved,



O - ver the garden wall, She'd beautiful eyes, and beautiful hair, She was not very tall so she
O - ver the garden wall, She made a bouquet of ro - ses red, But im - me - di - ate - ly I

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

stood on a chair, And ma-ny a time have I kissed her there
popped up my head, He gave me a buck-et of wa-ter in stead, O-ver the gar-den wall-
O-ver the gar-den wall.

CHORUS.

O-ver the gar-den wall, The sweet-est girl of all, There
f

nev-er were yet such eyes of jet, And you may bet, I'll nev-er for-get, The

night our lips in kiss-es met, O-ver the gar-den wall.

3. One day I jumped down on the other side,
Over the garden wall,
And she bravely promised to be my bride,
Over the garden wall,
But she scream'd in a fright, "here's father, quick,
I have an impression he's bringing a brick,"
But I brought the impression of half a brick,
Over the garden wall.

4. But where there's a will, there's always a way,
Over the garden wall,
There's always a night as well as day,
Over the garden wall,
We had'n't much money, but weddings are cheap,
So while the old fellow was snoring asleep,
With a lad and a ladder she managed to creep
Over the garden wall.

"Dolly Varden."

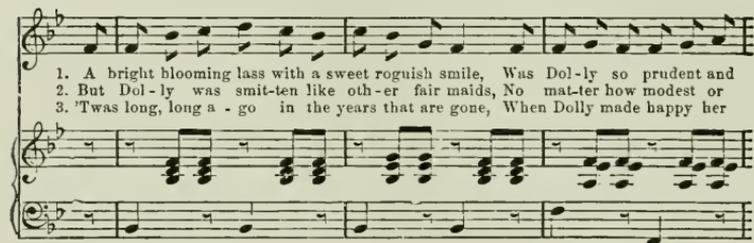
SONG AND CHORUS.

By SEP. WINNER.

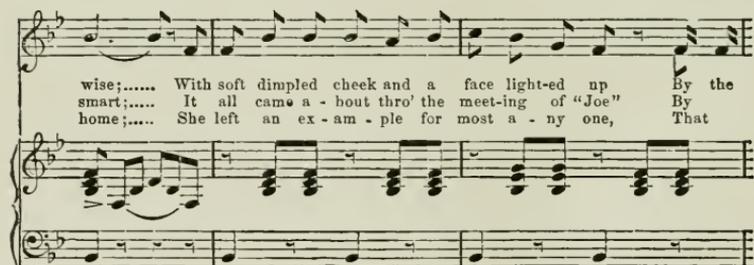
Cantabile.



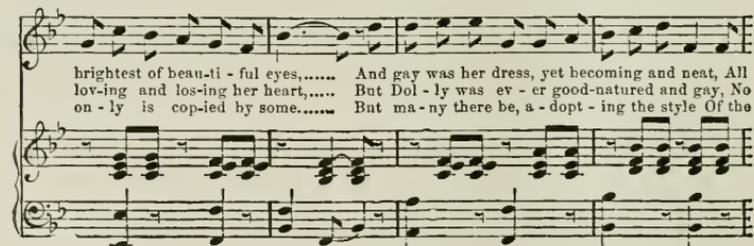
1. A bright blooming lass with a sweet roguish smile, Was Dol-ly so prudent and
2. But Dol-ly was smit-ten like oth-er fair maids, No mat-ter how modest or
3. 'Twas long, long a - go in the years that are gone, When Dolly made happy her



wise;..... With soft dimpled cheek and a face light-ed up By the
smart;..... It all came a - bout thro' the meet-ing of "Joe" By
home;..... She left an ex - am - ple for most a - ny one, That



brightest of beau-ti - ful eyes,..... And gay was her dress, yet becoming and neat, All
lov-ing and los-ing her heart,..... But Dol - ly was ev - er good-natured and gay, No
on - ly is cop-ied by some. But ma - ny there be, a - dopt - ing the style Of the



By permission of SEP. WINNER & SON.

DOLLY VARDEN.

made by her del - i - cate hand,..... A heart that was good and a
 mat - ter what sta - tion in life,..... And had a most win - ning and
 hat and the dress that she wore,..... O would they could fol - low her

tem - per most sweet, What more could a maid - en com - mand.....
 a - mia - ble way, As mai - den, or sweetheart, or wife.....
 vir - tues as well, Since Dol - ly her - self is no more.....

rit.

rit.

CHORUS.

Air.

Alto.
 Dol - ly, sweet Dolly, dear Dol - ly, Sweet is thy name to my ear.....

Tenor.
 Dol - ly, dear Dol - ly, Sweet is thy name to my ear, Dol - ly Var - den,

Bass.
 Dol - ly, dear Dol - ly, Sweet is thy name to my ear, Dol - ly Var - den,

Dol - ly, sweet Dolly, dear Dolly,..... Dol - ly Var - den for - ev - er so dear.....

Dol - ly, dear Dol - ly,..... Dol - ly Var - den for - ev - er so dear.....

What Will You Do, Love?

GENT.

LOVE.

“What will you do, love, when I am go - ing, With white sail flowing, The seas be-

yond? What will you do, love, when waves divide us, And friend may chide us for being

rall.

rall.

LADY.

fond? “Tho’ waves divide us and friends be chiding, In faith a - bid-ing I’ll still be

true. And I’ll pray for thee on the stormy o - cean, In deep devo - tion, That’s what I’ll do.”

P

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

GENT.

What would you do, love, if dis-tant tid - ings Thy fond con-fid - ings Should un - der-

rall.

mine; And I a - biding 'neath sultry skies, Should think other eyes Were as bright as

rall.

LADY. *Appassionata.* *Espress.*

thine?" Oh, name it not! tho' guilt and shame Were on thy name I'd still be

true. But that heart of thine should another share it, I could not bear it, What would I do?

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

GENT.

What would you do, love, when home returning, With hopes high burning With weal for

you, If my bark which bounded o'er foreign foam, Should be lost near home. Ah! what would you

LADY. *con anima.*

con tenera.

do? So thou wert snared, I'd bless the morrow, In want and sorrow, That left me

espress.

you! And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow, This heart thy pillow, That's what I'd do!

Part IX.

SONGS OF SENTIMENT.

MELODIES FROM MANY SOURCES.

IN this part are gathered many diverse strains, yet each has power to touch the heart. There should be a thought in every song, and if the thought has a moral character the song is the more likely to become popular, for the reason that it touches the inmost life.

Myriads of songs have been written which are now dead, and ought to be. They had no claim upon the popular heart. They did not speak to the human soul. Words and music were both empty. They had no more power to awaken the deepest emotions of our nature than the sound of a carpenter's hammer. They were composed by shallow pretenders who were under the delusion that noise is music. To be sure, music appeals to the ear. So does the creak of a countryman's ox-cart; so does the squeak of a cornstalk-fiddle; so does the squalling of a brat in the alley, yet we would hardly pay a dollar to hear it. True music is eloquent. Like the voice of the orator, its bewitching charm stirs the secret depths of the heart.

Our songs of sentiment are rich in variety. The pathetic, the merry, the humorous, are happily blended. Now the curtain is lifted and we look out upon bright scenes

in nature. Now the door closes and we are shut in with the pleasures of domestic life. Again we catch a wholesome lesson for our every-day life, and receive a strong impulse in the struggle to which none of us are strangers. Then the warm glow of friendship is quickened, and a quiver runs along the social ties binding heart to heart. It needs no labored effort to show the value of such high and noble sentiment in the home, especially where there are young persons whose characters are forming and are sure to be molded by surrounding influences.

A tearful song is "Mary of the Wild Moor." The words and music are English, and both very old, yet the song lives and each generation catches it from the preceding, because it is powerful to awaken human sympathies. The song, as it now appears, was arranged by Joseph Turner, and was published in 1845. The story is common enough, for it recites the fate of a beautiful girl whose devotion to her lover was disapproved by her parents. The lovers were married secretly; the youthful wife was soon deserted, and, seeking in her sorrow the home of other days, she died upon the threshold over which her young feet had so often tripped in childish glee.

It is a simple, pathetic tale, and the picture of Mary's grave, of the father pining away in grief, and of the ruined cottage with a willow drooping over the door, is one of the most sorrowful commemorated in song.

The name of Charles W. Glover is associated with some of our best music, and he gained an enviable reputation for his valuable contributions to the world of song. He became well known in London, and for a time shared with his brother, Stephen Glover, the reputation of being among the best song-writers of his time. He wrote the music of "Little Gypsy Jane," which appears in the following pages. The sentiment of the words and the attractive quality of the music are such that "Little Gypsy Jane" has long been a favorite, and will be for many years to come. Glover died in London in March, 1863.

Septimus Winner's name is well known among the lovers of song. He has been a resident of Philadelphia for many years, and his life has been unreservedly devoted to the profession in which he has gained a wide celebrity. His songs, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "What is Home Without a Mother?" "Only Friend and Nothing More," together with many others, have been very popular and have reached a large sale. "Alice Hawthorne," the *nom de plume* under which he formerly wrote, was his mother's maiden name. He is an enthusiast in his art, as every man must be in

whatever he undertakes if he would succeed. Mr. Winner has supplied music for a number of our best periodicals, and so has not only been a composer but an editor. His library is rich in materials relating to the popular music of the last forty years, and his reminiscences of song-writers and musicians are replete with interest.

Widely separated in character from the songs already mentioned is the one entitled "Wait for the Wagon." It was sung by the country boys and girls whose voices are now cracked and hoarse with age, and its popularity is attested, not only by the fact that everybody has heard it, but almost everybody has sung it. If we look for artistic merit we shall not find it, nor is such merit essential to the life and popularity of any song. The most silly and ridiculous words and music may have their run, and it is not only true that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men," but also true that nonsense often has a better chance than sense and easily comes out ahead. The music of "Wait for the Wagon" was composed by R. Bishop Buckley, who organized Buckley's Minstrels in 1843. He was born in England in 1810 and died in Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1867. It will be long before the song, which pictures the country swain taking a ride with his Phillis over the rough road in the old wagon which is entirely innocent of springs, will cease to have a charm for all lovers of rollicking jargon.

My Little Child.

W. T. WRIGHTON.

Espressivo.

VOICE.

1. Your lit - tle arms are round my neck, Your eyes of pur - est blue Are

gaz - ing fondly in - to mine, With childhood's love so true, With childhood's love so true. And

childhood's earliest words break forth Like music of the birds, While all a mother's heart wells o'er With

love too deep for words. My child, my dearest child, My child, my little child.

PIANO OR ORGAN

p

eres. *dim.* *rall.*

a tempo *rall.* *tempo.*

a tempo. *rall.*

rall. *ad lib.*

rall. *ad lib.*

Against my cheek your cheek is presse'd,
A rose-leaf soft and warm,
My arm is girdled round your waist
To shield your tender form;
Yet, in the far-off years to come,
What changes we may see;
I may become the feeble child,
Your arms encircle me.
My child, etc.

3. Tears, burning tears, may dim these eyes,
Dark cares o'ercloud my path;
For who can tell what smiles or tears
The unseen future hath?
So let them come, I will not shrink,
But still to God give praise,
If He but spare my little child
To cheer my latest days.
My child, etc.

Wait for the Wagon.

R. B. Buckley.

Ben marcato

1. Will you come with me, my Phillis dear, To you blue mountain free? Where the blossoms smell the
 2. Where the riv-er runs like sil-ver, And the birds they sing so sweet, I have a cab-in,
 3. Do you believe, my Phillis dear, Old Mike, with all his wealth, Can make you half so

sweet-est, Come rove a-long with me. It's ev-'ry Sun-day morning, When
 Phil-lis, And something good to eat. Come lis-ten to my sto-ry, It
 hap-py, As I with youth and health? We'll have a lit-tle farm, A

I am by your side, We'll jump in-to the wag-on, And all take a ride.
 will re-lieve my heart, So jump in-to the wag-on, And off we will start.
 horse, a pig, and cow, And you will mind the dai-ry, While I will guide the plough.

Wait for the wagon, Wait for the wagon, Wait for the wagon, And we'll all take a ride.

Will you come with me, my Phillis dear,
 To you blue mountain free?
 Where the blossoms smell the sweetest.

Come rove along with me.
 It's every Sunday morning.

When I am by your side,
 We'll jump into the wagon,
 And all take a ride.

Wait for the wagon,
 Wait for the wagon,
 Wait for the wagon,
 And we'll all take a ride.

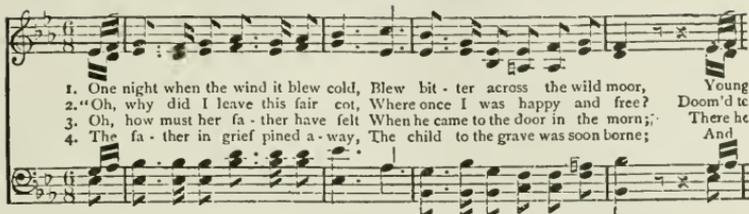
Where the river runs like silver,
 And the birds they sing so sweet,
 I have a cabin, Phillis,

And something good to eat.
 Come listen to my story,
 It will relieve my heart,
 So jump into the wagon,
 And off we will start.

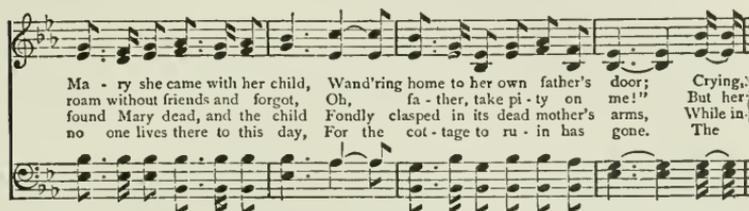
Wait for the wagon, etc.
 Do you believe, my Phillis dear,
 Old Mike, with all his wealth,
 Can make you half so happy.
 As I with youth and health?
 We'll have a little farm,
 A horse, a pig, and cow,
 And you will mind the dairy,
 While I will guide the plough.

Wait for the wagon, etc.

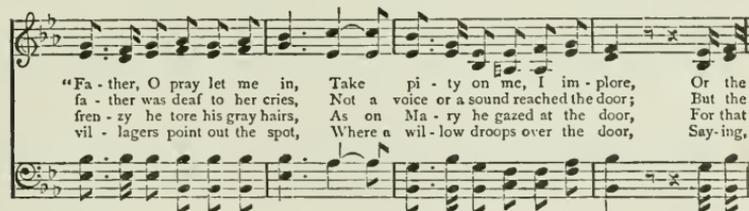
Mary of the Wild Moor.



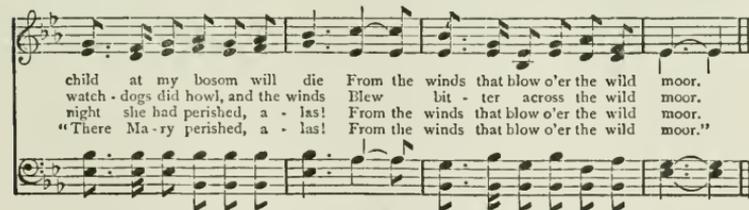
1. One night when the wind it blew cold, Blew bit - ter across the wild moor, Young
 2. "Oh, why did I leave this fair cot, Where once I was happy and free? Doom'd'te
 3. Oh, how must her fa - ther have felt When he came to the door in the morn'; There he
 4. The fa - ther in grief pined a - way, The child to the grave was soon borne; And



Ma - ry she came with her child, Wand'ring home to her own father's door; Crying,
 roam without friends and forgot, Oh, fa - ther, take pi - ty on me!" But her
 found Mary dead, and the child Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms, While in
 no one lives there to this day, For the cot - tage to ru - in has gone. The



"Fa - ther, O pray let me in, Take pi - ty on me, I im - plore, Or the
 fa - ther was deaf to her cries, Not a voice or a sound reached the door; But the
 fren - zy he tore his gray hairs, As on Ma - ry he gazed at the door, For that
 vil - lagers point out the spot, Where a wil - low droops over the door, Say - ing,



child at my bosom will die From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor.
 watch - dogs did howl, and the winds Blew bit - ter across the wild moor.
 night she had perished, a - las! From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor.
 "There Ma - ry perished, a - las! From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor."

One night when the wind it blew cold,
 Blew bitter across the wild moor,
 Young Mary she came with her child,
 Wand'ring home to her own father's door;
 Crying, "Father, O pray let me in,
 Take pity on me, I implore.
 Or the child at my bosom will die
 From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor.
 "Oh, why did I leave this fair cot,
 Where once I was happy and free?
 Doom'd to roam without friends and forgot,
 Oh, father, take pity on me!"
 But her father was deaf to her cries,
 Not a voice or a sound reached the door;
 But the watch-dogs did howl, and the winds
 Blew bitter across the wild moor.

Oh, how must her father have felt
 When he came to the door in the morn';
 There he found Mary dead, and the child
 Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms,
 While in frenzy he tore his gray hairs,
 As on Mary he gazed at the door,
 For that night she had perished, alas!
 From the winds that blew o'er the wild moor
 The father in grief pined away,
 The child to the grave was soon borne
 And no one lives there to this day,
 For the cottage to ruin has gone.
 The villagers point out the spot,
 Where a willow droops over the door,
 Saying, "There Mary perished, alas!
 From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor."

Speak to Me.

(ONLY BE KIND.)

Words by H. B. FARNIE.

Music by FABIO CAMPANA.

Sostenuto assai.

PIANO.

con espress. *rit.*

cantabile espress. e molto accentato.

1. Why turn a-way When I draw near? Why cold to-
2. One i-dle day Thou didst deplore Some cast a-

p a tempo.

day? Once I was dear! Then thy heart stirr'd, And flush'd thy brow;
way On de-sert shore; 'Twas but a tale By po-et feigned,

rall.

a tempo.

Nev-er a word Welcomes me now. Now thy hand lies List-less in
Yet thou didst pale, Silent and pained. And thou didst moan,— Sad, sad to

rall. col canto.

sf

SPEAK TO ME.

mine, Once its replies Spake love di - vine! Cold, as if we Never had
 be Ut - ter - ly lone By the bleak sea! My life is drear; I cast a-

sf

met, Can it then be Hearts can for-get? Ah! Speak to me,
 way; Give me the tear Thou shedd'st that day.

rall. *a tempo.*

sf *col canto.*

speak, Be my heart heard, Or will it break For one poor word.

a tempo.

No vow to bind, No pledge I seek, On - ly be kind, Speak to me, speak!
rall. col canto.

con grazia. *con grazia, rall.*

Call Her Back and Kiss Her.

Written by CHARLES LINDA.
Allegretto moderato.

Composed by CARLO MINAS.

PIANO. *f* *cres.* *f* *Spia*

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, starting with a forte (f) dynamic and a crescendo (cres.) leading to another forte (f) dynamic. The bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto moderato' and there is a 'Spia' (crescendo hairpin) above the final measure.

1 There's nothing half so charming As a hap-py married life, And nothing so a -
 2 A wife will sure - ly rule the roost, Of course that's very proper, And if she means to
 3 A woman's sure to have her way, For that we cannot blame her; The rem-e-dy! ah,
 4 That wo - man is our great-est joy, Let ev'-ry man re-lect; Don't treat her like a

Musical notation for the first verse, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a *p* (piano) dynamic. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef.

larm-ing as A vix-en for a wife. But as you make your bed you know, So
 rule you too, I don't think you can stop her; Be nev-er cru-el, always kind, Do
 then I say, "Tis kind-ness that will tame her;" Be al-ways gentle, never harsh, And
 worth-less toy, Nor slight her by ne-glect. If you possess a woman's love, What

Musical notation for the second verse, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a *rall.* (rallentando) marking. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef.

on it you must lie; 'Tis useless then to make a fuss, Take my advice, don't try.
 nothing that will tease her, And if you wish to happy live, You'll do your best to please her.
 mind you do not flout her, Remember you're but helpless men, And can not do without her.
 more does a - ny need? In sickness or in health she'll be, A comforter in - deed.

Musical notation for the third verse, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features *rall.* (rallentando), *colla voce.* (colla voce), and *riten.* (ritardando) markings. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef.

CALL HER BACK AND KISS HER.

CHORUS.

Moderato.

A wo - man's sure to go her way, But when she's

mf

gone, we miss her; So if you've had an an - gry

word, Why call her back and kiss her.

cres.

f *cres.* *Sra.*

I've no Mother, now I'm Weeping,

Written and Composed by T. Smith.

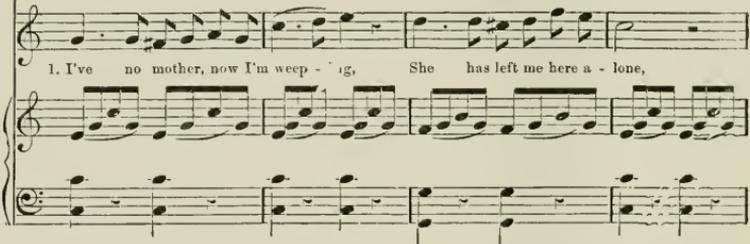
PIANO.



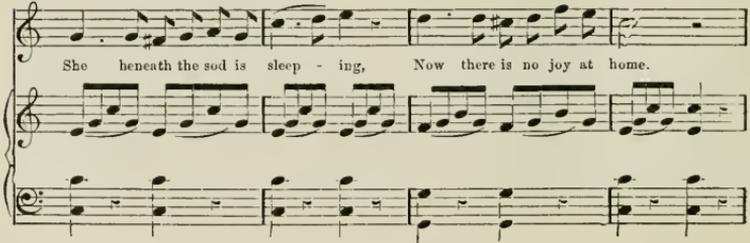
The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in C major, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, quarter notes A4-G4, and a final quarter note G4. The left hand plays a steady accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with G3 and A3, moving up to B3 and C4, then down to B3 and A3, and finally G3 and F3.



The second system continues the piano introduction. The right hand melody continues with quarter notes G4, quarter notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, quarter notes A4-G4, and a final quarter note G4. The left hand accompaniment continues with eighth notes, moving from G3-A3 to B3-C4, then down to B3-A3, and finally G3-F3.



The first system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line (right hand) begins with the lyrics "1. I've no mother, now I'm weep - ing, She has left me here a - lone,". The piano accompaniment (left hand) continues with the same eighth-note pattern as the introduction, starting with G3 and A3, moving up to B3 and C4, then down to B3 and A3, and finally G3 and F3.



The second system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line (right hand) continues with the lyrics "She beneath the sod is sleep - ing, Now there is no joy at home." The piano accompaniment (left hand) continues with the same eighth-note pattern, moving from G3-A3 to B3-C4, then down to B3-A3, and finally G3-F3.

I'VE NO MOTHER, NOW I'M WEEPING.

Tears of sorrow long have start - ed, Her bright smile no more I'll see,

All the lov'd ones too have part - ed, Where, oh, where is joy for me?

CHORUS.

Weep - ing lone - ly, she has left me here,

Weep - ing lone - ly for my motier, dear.

2 Oh, how well do I remember, "take this little flow'r," said she,
 "And when with the dead I'm number'd, place it at my grave for me."
 Dearest mother, I am sighing, on thy tomb I drop a tear;
 For the little plant is dying, now I feel so lonely here.—*Chorus.*

3 I've no mother, still I'm weeping, tears my furrow'd cheek now lave,
 Whilst a lonely watch I'm keeping, o'er her sad and silent grave;
 Soon I hope will be our meeting, then the gladness none can tell,
 Who for me will then be weeping, when I bid this world farewell?—*Chorus.*

Grandmother's Quair.

Written, Composed and Sung by JOHN READ.

f cres.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The music is marked with a forte dynamic and a crescendo.

1. My grand-mother she at the age of eighty three One day in May was taken ill and
2. I thot' it hard-ly fair, still I said I did not care, And in the ev'ning took the chair a

The first system of the song features a vocal line with two verses and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "1. My grand-mother she at the age of eighty three One day in May was taken ill and 2. I thot' it hard-ly fair, still I said I did not care, And in the ev'ning took the chair a".

died; And af-ter she was dead, the will of course was read, By a lawyer as we all stood by his
way; The neighbors they me chaff'd my brother at me laugh'd And said it will be useful John some

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "died; And af-ter she was dead, the will of course was read, By a lawyer as we all stood by his way; The neighbors they me chaff'd my brother at me laugh'd And said it will be useful John some".

side; To my brother it was found, she had left a hun-dred pounds, The
day; When you set-tle down in life, find some girl to be your wife, You'll

The final system of the song features the concluding vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "side; To my brother it was found, she had left a hun-dred pounds, The day; When you set-tle down in life, find some girl to be your wife, You'll". The piano part includes a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking.

GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

same un - to my sis - ter I de - clare, But when it came to me, the
find it ver - y handy I de - clare, On a cold and fros - ty night, when the

cres.

law - yer said, "I see, She has left to you her old arm chair."
fire is burn - ing bright, You can then sit in your old arm chair.

CHORUS.

And how they titter'd, how they chaff'd, How my brother and sis - ter laugh'd,

mf

When they heard the lawyer declare, Granny had on - ly left to me her old arm chair.

cres.

3. What my brother said was true, for in a year or two,
Strange to say, I settled down in married life;
I first a girl did court, and then the ring I bought,
Took her to church and when she was my wife;
The old girl and me, were as happy as could be,
For when my work was over I declare,
I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night would stay at home
And be seated in my old arm chair.—CHORUS
4. One night the chair fell down, when I pick'd it up I found
The seat had fallen out upon the floor;
And there to my surprise I saw before my eyes,
A lot of notes, two thousand pounds or more;
'When my brother heard of this, the fellow I confess,
Went nearly mad with rage, and tore his hair,
But I only laughed at him, then said unto him "Jem,
Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?—CHORUS.

The Merry Heart.

Melody: The Guard on the Rhine, by Wilhelm.

Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By JEAN LOUIS.

MARCH.

PIANO

f

1. 'Tis well to have a mer - ry heart Tho' short may be our
2. The sun may shroud it - self in cloud, The trumpet's wrath be-
3. Then laugh a - way, let oth - ers say Whate'er they will of

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a forte dynamic marking (*f*). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and also begins with a forte dynamic marking (*f*). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

stay, There's wisdom in a mer-ry heart, Whate'er, whate'er the world may
gin, It finds the spark to cheer the dark, Its sun, its sunlight is with-
mirth, Who laughs the most may truly boast, He's got, he's got the wealth of

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

THE MERRY HEART.

p dolce.
 say. There's beau - ty in a mer - ry heart. A mo - ral beau - ty,
 in: Phi - lo - so - phy may lift its head, And find out many a
 earth. 'Tis well to have a mer - ry heart, Tho' short may be our

p dolce.

f
 too,..... It shows the heart . . . is an hon - est
 flaw,..... But give to me, to me a mer - ry
 stay, ... There's wis - dom in a mer - ry

f *cres.* *sf* *sf*

ff
 heart And pays, and pays..... each man his due.
 heart That's hap - py, hap py with a straw.
 heart What - e'er, what-e'er..... the world may say.

sf *sf*

Let Me Dream Again.

STEVENSON.

SULLIVAN.

Andante espressivo.

1 The sun is set - ting and the hour is late, Once more I
2 The clock is strik - ing in the bel fry tow'r, And warns us

stand be - side the wick - - et gate; The bells are ringing out the
of the ev - er fleet - - ing hour; But nei - ther heeds the time that

dy - - ing day, The chil - - dren sing - ing on their home - ward
on - - ward glides, For time may pass a - - way, but love a.

way, And he is whisp'ring words of sweet in - tent, While I, half
bides. I feel his kiss - es on my fe - - ver'd brow! If we must

cres. *din.* *p*

cres. *din.* *p*

LET ME DREAM AGAIN.

rall. *un poco piu lento.* *pp*

doubting, whis - per a consent. } Is this a dream? Then
 part, ah! why should it be now? }

waking would be pain! Oh, do not wake me, let me dream again!

cres. *cres - - - cen - do.* *f*

Is this a dream? Then wak - ing would be pain! Oh, do not

ff *con forza.* *ad lib.* *D.C.*

wake me, do not wake me, let me dream a - gain! - gain!

Scenes that are Brightest.

FROM MARITANA.

Music composed by W. V. WALLACE.

PIANO

Ped. *pp* *

1 Scenes that are bright - est May charm..... a -
2 Words can - not seat - ter The thoughts..... we

while..... Hearts which are light - est, And
fear..... For tho' they flat - ter, They

eyes..... that smile: Yet o'er them, a -
mock..... the ear. Hopes wil, still de -

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

dim.

bove us, Tho'..... na - ture beam..... With
 ceive us, With..... tear - ful cost..... And

dolento.

none..... to love us, How sad..... they
 when..... they leave us, The heart..... is

seem..... With none..... to love us, How
 lost..... And when..... they leave us, The

sad..... they seem
 heart..... is lost

Fine

Humming Like the Bee.

Written by ALEXANDER KELVIE.

Composed by CHARLES BLAMPKIN.

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *p* and *f*.

1. When the woodland's fa - ry
 2. Ere the dew was off the
 3. I would love the Spring that

mf

nooks Are shadow'd o'er with bloom, And the moss-y banks and brooks Are
 spray, My morning hymn I'd sing; Or the sun's bright virgins ray Had
 brings New pleasures o'er a - gain; And the Sum-mer, for it flings Sweet

shed-ding forth per - fume; When the rose-bud's ten - der lips Smile
 glanc'd up - on my wing, I would roam the prin-rose waste, To the
 blossoms o'er the plain; I would lay by Autumn's store, And when

HUMMING LIKE THE BEE.

lov - ing - ly at me, Then the sweets of life I'd sip,
 heath-bell on the lea, Bringing treas-ures from their breast,
 Win-ter's cold to me, In my pal - ace live it o'er,

CHORUS.

Humming like a bee,
 Humming like the bee. Humming like a bee, Would I fly from flow'r to
 Humming like a bee.

flow'r, The sweets of life to see, While I pass'd each sun - ny

hour.

The Moon is Beaming o'er the Lake

John Blockley.

1. The moon is beam-ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca - noe; Sweet
2. The ves - per bell is peal - ing, From yon - der lone - ly tower; Its

sounds of mu - sic we'll a-wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue. In our
tones now gen - tly steal - ing, Pro - claim the ves - per hour. Sweet

light ca - noe, As mer - ry we row, O - ver the rip - pling sil - ver tide; While
sounds a - rise, To the tran - quil skies, Like one of earth's sweetest mel - o - dies; Now

free from care, Our spir - its are, As a - way we mer - ri - ly glide, The
sad, now gay, As it floats a - way, On the wings of the summer breeze, The

moon is beam - ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca - noe; Sweet
moon is beam - ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca - noe; Sweet

sounds of mu - sic we'll a-wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue.
sounds of mu - sic we'll a-wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue.

I've Brought Thee an Ivy Leaf.

Words by O. D. MARTIN.

Music by D. WOOD.

1. I've brought thee an I - vy leaf, on - ly an I - vy leaf, From the
 2. I'd have brought thee a flow - er, a beau - ti - ful flow - er, But
 3. I'd have brought thee a rose - bud, a fai - ry like rose - bud, To
 4. An I - vy leaf green, a beau - ti - ful I - vy leaf, Bright

and of the rose, where the wild heath - er grows, And the
 it would have sigh'd till it fad - ed and died, And have
 place in thy hair, and to per - fume the air, But
 type of true heart, of true friend - ship a part, Oh,

vi - o - let blos - soms in qui - et re - pose; I've brought thee an I - vy leaf,
 aroop'd in hu - man - i - ty's with - er - ing tide; So I brought thee an I - vy leaf,
 't like the flow - er would fade in de - spair; So I brought thee an I - vy leaf,
 wear it for - ev - er, love, near - est thy heart; I've brought thee an I - vy leaf,
colla parte. a tempo.

on - ly an I - vy leaf.
 on - ly an I - vy leaf.
 on - ly an I - vy leaf.
 on - ly an I - vy leaf.
di - min - u - en - do.

Sweet Birdie, Sing.

SONG.

Words by WALTER EGERTON.

Music by W. F. TAYLOR.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

mf

Sva.....

1 Sweet
2 Thy

both peds. *tre corde.*

Ped. *

Bir-die, sing a - gain, Thy song send up on high, Float thy glad melo-
song - speaks all of joy, For hap - pi - ness that's giv'n, 'Tis a glad song of

dy Up - on the sum - mer sky; Poised by thy flutt' - ring
thanks And praise sent up to Heav'n; Thy sweet notes then peal

SWEET BIRDIE, SING.

wings Up - on the li - qui' air, I love to hear thee
out Un - til the wel - kh. ring, I love to hear thy

cres.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A 'cres.' (crescendo) marking is placed below the piano part.

rall. *ad. lib.*
sing..... Thy song of beau - ty rare. Sweet Bir - die,
song A - gain sweet Bir - die sing.

colla voce.

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a more complex texture with sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand. A 'rall.' (rallentando) marking is above the first measure, and an 'ad. lib.' (ad libitum) marking is above the final measure. A 'colla voce.' (colla voce) marking is placed below the piano part.

Sweet Bir - die, Sing, oh sing a - gain.
Sva..... Sva.....

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The vocal line has a melisma 'Sva.....' before and after the phrase 'Sweet Bir - die, Sing, oh sing a - gain.'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns. The 'Sva.....' markings are placed below the vocal line.

both peds. *tre corde.*

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The piano part features a dense texture with many sixteenth notes. A 'both peds.' (both pedals) marking is placed below the piano part, and a 'tre corde.' (tre corde) marking is placed above the piano part.

Only Friends and Nothing More.

Words by ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Music by SEPTIMUS WINNER

PIANO.

1. We met as many have before Nor wish'd nor hoped to meet again; Ne'er
 2. We sat upon the trellised porch Full many an eve and pleasant day, In

dream - ing of our fate in store With days of pleasure or of pain. We
 cloud and sunshine off and oft, To wile the happy hours away. The

tempo.

met again with right good will Yet paus'd when parting at the door; We
 fleet - ing moments came and went Till months were numbered by the score And

By permission of SEP. WINNER & SON.

ONLY FRIENDS AND NOTHING MORE.

lin - ger'd with a sigh, but still As on - ly friends and nothing more, We
still our passing days were spent As on - ly friends and nothing more, And

Chorus.

lin - ger'd with a sigh, but still As on - ly friends and nothing more. We
still our passing days were spent As on - ly friends and nothing more.

met as ma - ny oft have met, And just as others have befor ; We

meet from time to time, and yet, As on - ly friends and nothing more.

Pulling Hard Against the Stream.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By M. HOBSON.

71440. *p*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and a dynamic marking of *p*. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. In the world I've gained my knowledge, And for it we've had to pay, Though I never
2. Many a bright, good-hearted fellow, Many a noble-minded man, Finds him-self in

The first system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are split across two lines. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

went to col-lege, Yet I've heard that po-ets say, Life is like a mighty riv-er
wa-ter shallow, Then as-sist him if you can; Some suc-ceed at ev'-ry turn-ing

The second system of the song continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are split across two lines. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM

Roll-ing on from day to day, Men are ves-sels launch'd upon it, Sometimes wreck'd and
Fortune fa-vors ev'-ry scheme, Oth-ers too, tho' mere de-serv-ing, Hlave to pull a-

CHORUS.

cast a-way. So then gainst the stream. So then Do your best for one an-oth-er, Mak-ing life a

pleasant dream, Help a worn and wea-ry brother Pull-ing hard a-gainst the stream.

3 If the wind is in your favor,
And you've weather'd ev'ry squall,
Think of those who luckless labor,
Never get fair winds at all.
Working hard, contented, willing,
Struggling through life's ocean wild,
Not a friend and not a shilling,
Pulling hard against the tide.—Chorus.

4 Don't give way to foolish sorrow,
Let this keep you in good cheer,
Brighter days may come to-morrow
If you try and persevere.
Darkest nights will have a morning,
Though the sky be overcast,
Longest lanes must have a turning,
And the tide will ~~turn~~ at last.—Chorus.

The Bright Waves are Dancing.

FRANZ ABT.

Lively. *mf*

1. The bright waves are danc - ing, the
 2. The clouds they are rov - ing, the
 3. For noth - ing is i - dle, for

mf *p*

bright waves are danc - ing, The white foam is leap - ing so
 clouds they are rov - ing, And o'er the sun's bright face they
 noth - ing is i - dle, To - geth - er then let us run,

high, so high, The branch - es are wav - ing the
 race, they race, The leaves that have fall - en, the
 jump, and sing, Thro' green woods and mead - ows, thro'

THE BRIGHT WAVES ARE DANCING.

branch-es are wav - ing, So grace - ful - ly nod - ding's the
leaves that have fall - en, So mer - ri - ly af - ter each
green woods and mead - ows, We'll rove while our voi - ces so

beau - ti - ful rye, So grace - ful - ly nod - ding's the
oth - er do chase, So mer - ri - ly af - ter each
loud - ly shall ring, We'll rove while our voi - ces so

beau - ti - ful rye,
oth - er do chase,
loud - ly shall ring.

Spring! Gentle Spring!

Words by J. H. PLANCHE.

Music by J. RIVIERE.

PIANO

Chorus. Spring! Spring! gen - tle

1 Spring! Spring! gen - tle
 2 Spring! Spring! gen - tle
 3 Spring! Spring! gen - tle

Spring! Young - est sea - son of the year, Life and joy to

Spring! Young - est sea - son of the year, Hith - er haste and
 Spring! Gus - ty March be - fore thee flies, Gloom - y win - ter
 Spring! Neath thy balm - y ver - nal show'rs Flow' - rets blow, and

Na - ture bring, Na - ture's dar - ling, haste thee, love! *Fine.*

with thee bring A - pril with her smile and tear;
 ban - ish - ing, Clear - ing for thy path the skies,
 bir - dies sing Car - ols to thy length' - ning hours.

SPRING! GENTLE SPRING!

Hand in hand with jo - cund May, Bent on keep - ing
 Flocks, and herds, and meads, and bow'rs For thy gra - cious
 Daf - fo - dil and vio - let blue, Cy - cla - men and

hol - i - day, With thy dai - sy di - a - dem,
 pres - ence long! Come, and fill the fields and flow'rs,
 Eg - lan - tine, For - get - me - not with a - zure blue,

And thy robe of bright - est green, We will wel - come
 Come, and fill the groves with song; Make the or - chard
 Ro - ses that with wood - bine twine, Pim - per - nel, and

cres. *D. C. Chorus.*
 thee and then, As ye've ev - er wel - com'd been.
 white with bloom, Bid the haw - thorn breathe per - fume.
 sweet wild thyme, Hasten to greet thy gift sub - lime.
cres.

Strangers Yet.

CLARIBEL.

Andante Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in a C major key signature, starting with a C major triad and moving through various chordal textures. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with a C major triad and moving through various chordal textures. The tempo is marked 'Andante Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

Ad lib *Tempo primo.*

The first part of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a C major key signature and has a tempo of 'Tempo primo'. The piano accompaniment is in a C major key signature and has a tempo of 'Tempo primo'. The dynamic is 'p'.

1. Strangers yet, af - ter years of life to-gether,
2. Strangers yet, af - ter child-hood's wir - ning ways,
3. Strangers yet, will it ev - er more be thus

The second part of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a C major key signature and has a tempo of 'Tempo primo'. The piano accompaniment is in a C major key signature and has a tempo of 'Tempo primo'. The dynamic is 'p'.

Af - ter fair and storm - y weather, Af - ter trav - el
Af - ter care and blame and praise, Conn - sel ask'd and
Spir - it's still im - per - vi - ous; Shall we nev - er

STRANGERS YET.

in far lands, Af - tertouch of wed - ded hands
 wis - dom given, Af - ter mu - tal prayer's to heaven
 fair - ly stand Soul to soul, as hand to hand?

Why thus joined, why ev - er met? If they must be
 Child and pa - rent scarce re - gret, When they part are
 Are the bonds e - ter - nal set To re - tain us

stran - gers yet, stran - gers yet,

Tranquillo.

strangers yet.

The Water Mill.

LOUIS DIEHL.

Allegretto.

♩

1. Lis - ten to the wa - ter
2. Take the les - son to your -

mf *p* *mf* *p* *p*

2nd v. ritard.

mill, All the live - long day, How the click - ing
self, Lov - ing heart and true, Gol - den years are

f

a tempo.

of the wheel, Wears the hours a - way; Lan - guid -
flect - ing by, Youth is pass - ing too. Strive to

ly the Au - tumn wind Stirs the green - wood leaves,
make the most of life, Lose no hap - py day,

f *f* *p*

THE WATER MILL.

From the field the reap - ers sing, Bind - ing up the sheaves,
Time will nev - er bring you back Chan - ces swept a - way; . .

p 2nd verse gradually slower to the end.

. . . And a mem - 'ry o'er my mind, As a spell is
. . . Leave no ten - der word un - said, Love, while love shall

pp

cast; . . . The mill will nev - er, nev - er grind With the water that is
last; . . . The mill will nev - er, nev - er grind With the water that is

cres. *f* *p*

1 2

past. . . . past.

dim.

Never A Care I Know.

SONG AND CHORUS.

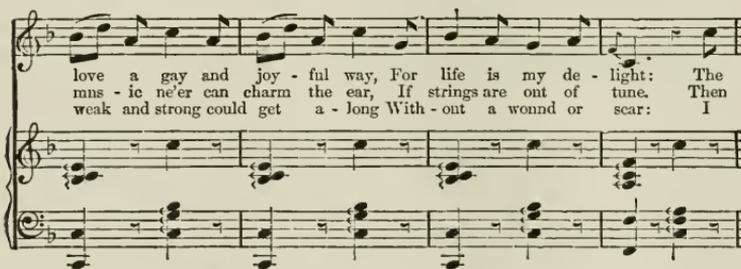
Arranged by SEP. WINNER.

Animato.

PIANO.



1. O I'm a hap - py crea - ture, Mer - ry from morn till night: I
2. Tho' clou - dy be the morn - ing, Sun - ny may be the noon: But
3. I wish there was no light - 'ing, Nev - er a speck of war, That



love a gay and joy - ful way, For life is my de - light: The
mns - ic ne'er can charm the ear, If strings are out of tune. Then
weak and strong could get a - long With - out a wound or scar: I



world is all be - fore me, Nev - er a care I know, Then
sing in cheer - ful meas - ure, Mer - ri - ly all the day; And
wish there was no sor - row, Nev - er a cause of woe, If

By Per. of SEP. WINNER.

NEVER A CARE I KNOW.

why should I de - spond or sigh, When pleasures free - ly flow :
 with a smile for - get a - while Your sor - rows while you may : For the
 on - ly we could all a - gree, How jol - ly times would go.

days roll on in the same old way : O give me then a

heart that is gay. The world is all be - fore me, Nev - er a care I
 O sing in cheer - ful meas - ure, Mer - ri - ly all the
 I wish there was no sor - row, Nev - er a cause of

know ; Then why should I de - spond or sigh, When pleasures free - ly flow.....
 day, And with a smile for - get awhile Your sor - rows while you may.....
 woe, If on - ly we could all a - gree, How jol - ly times would go.....

If my Wishes would Come True.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Music by SEP. WINNER.

Moderato.

PIANO.



Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a melodic line, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Moderato* and the dynamics are *p* (piano).



Musical notation for the first part of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* and *cres.*

1 If my wishes would come true..... I would wish thee joy to-day,
2 If my wishes would come true..... I would have thee near me now
3 If my wishes would come true..... What would be my heart's desire?



Musical notation for the second part of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include *p*.

Health and friends to cheer thee too;..... On a bright and happy way,
I would speak thy praises too;..... As I gazed up-on thy brow,
May I ask the same of you;..... Need I ven-ture to in-quire?



Musical notation for the third part of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final melodic flourish in the right hand. Dynamics include *p*.

I would wish that to thy life..... All the moments might be sweet,
I would have thee by my side..... Cheer-ing with thy gen-tle voice
If my wishes would come true.... I would wish thee mine a-lone,

By per. SEP. WINNER.

IF MY WISHES WOULD COME TRUE.

rall.

Free from care and void of strife..... Bles - sings fall - ing at thy feet.....
 Since thou art a - lone, my pride..... Mak - ing my sad heart re - joice.....
 Wish - ing still a wish a - new,..... Thou would' st take me as thine own....

p *rall.*

CHORUS.

a tempo.

AIR. If my wishes would come true,..... If my hopes were not in vain ;

ALTO.

PIANO. *p* *cres.*

rit - ard.

I would fondly wish that you..... that you, too Might the joys of life at - tain.....

p *rit - ard.*

f *p* *rit - ard.*

O Ye Tears!

SONG.

Words by DR. MACKAY.

Music by FRANZ ABT.

Andantino.

1. O ye
2. O ye
3. O ye

mf *dim.*

mf

tears! O ye tears! that have long re - fus' to flow, Ye are
tears! O ye tears! I am thank - ful that ye run, Tho' ye
tears! O ye tears! till I felt ye on my cheek, I was

con espress. *p*

wel - come to my heart,..... thaw - ing, thaw - ing like the snow; The
come from cold and dark..... ye shall glit - ter in the sun; The
self - ish in my sor - row; I was stub - born, I was weak. Ye have

O YE TEARS!

ice - bound cloud has yield - ed, and the ear - ly snow drops spring, And the
rain - bow can - not cheer us if the show'rs re - fuse to fall, And the
giv'n me strength to con - quer, and I stand e - rect and free, And

heal - ing foun - tains gush, and the wil - derness shall sing.
eyes that can - not weep are the sad - dest eyes of all.
know that I am human, by the light of sym - pa - thy.

O ye tears! O ye tears!
O ye tears! O ye tears!
O ye tears! O ye tears!

4. O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain,
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
Like the rock that Moses smote amid Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water, to make gladness in the land.
O ye tears! O ye tears!
5. There is light upon my path! there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart;
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago,
O ye tears! O happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.
O ye tears! happy tears!

When Autumn Leaves are Falling.

BALLAD.

Words by J. E. CARPENTER, Esq. Music by J. W. CHERRY.

Moderato con espress.

mf Dolce.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with chords and single notes.

Espress.

p

1. When the Au - tumn leaves are fall - ing, And the flow - ers have lost..... their

The second system continues the musical notation. The vocal line has a quarter rest followed by notes corresponding to the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are: "1. When the Au - tumn leaves are fall - ing, And the flow - ers have lost..... their".

prime; And the bird to his mate is call - ing, To

The third system continues the musical notation. The vocal line has a quarter rest followed by notes corresponding to the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are: "prime; And the bird to his mate is call - ing, To".

soar to a bright - er clime: The heart that is bow'd by

The fourth system continues the musical notation. The vocal line has a quarter rest followed by notes corresponding to the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are: "soar to a bright - er clime: The heart that is bow'd by".

WHEN THE AUTUMN LEAVES ARE FALLING.

The musical score is written in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "sor - row, Now sinks in a deep - er gloom;..... For we know that the coming mor - row, Must with - er some lin - ger - ing bloom, For we know that the coming mor - row, Must with - er some lin - ger - ing bloom." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. Performance markings include *tempo.*, *espress.*, *colla voce.*, *dim.*, *ritard.*, and *p*.

2. When the shadows of evening lengthen,
 And we muse o'er each present grief;
 The hopes that we strive to strengthen,
 We feel, like our joys, are brief;
 And the leaves as they fall aroun' us,
 Remind us how short our span;
 That the flowers which the Springtime found us,
 But fade like the hopes of man,

Wherefore?

Words and Music by SEP. WINNER.

Andantino.

Organ or Piano.

1. The ros - es all are

dead, And the li - lacs are no more; The cowslips, too, have fled, Yet the

dim.

sum - mer is not o'er; Wherefore, wherefore? know not I! Wherefore,

mf

p

By P^m of SEP. WINNER.

WHEREFORE?

wherefore, should I sigh?

p *cres.*

2. The dai-sies, too, are gone, All so ear-ly in the year; Of
 3. And thus is life's own day, Ere the morn of youth is gone; Our

tu-lips there are none, Tho' the summer still is here; Wherefore, wherefore,
 friends have passed a-way— We have lost them, one by one; Wherefore, wherefore,

mf

why com-plain? Wherefore, wherefore, sigh in vain?
 should I weep? Wherefore, wherefore? sweet their sleep!

p

I'm Called Little Buttercup.

SONG.

By ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

I'm called little But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle But-ter cup, Tho' I could nev-er tell why,

The first system of the musical score for the song. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "I'm called little But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle But-ter cup, Tho' I could nev-er tell why,". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

But still I'm call'd Butter-cup, Poor lit-tle But-ter-cup, Sweet lit-tle But-ter-cup,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "But still I'm call'd Butter-cup, Poor lit-tle But-ter-cup, Sweet lit-tle But-ter-cup,". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

I. I've snuff and to-bac-cy, And ex-cel-lent jac-ky; I've scis-sors and

The third system of the musical score, marked with a first ending bracket (I.). The vocal line begins with the lyrics "I've snuff and to-bac-cy, And ex-cel-lent jac-ky; I've scis-sors and". The piano accompaniment includes some chords with fermatas.

watches, and knives; I've ribbons and lac-es to set off the fac-es Of

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "watches, and knives; I've ribbons and lac-es to set off the fac-es Of". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

pret-ty young sweethearts and wives. I've trea - cle and tof - fee, I've

tea and I've cof - fee, soft tom-my and suc - cu - lent chops. I've

chickens and conies, And pret-ty po - lo-nies, And ex-cel-lent peppermint drops. . .

rall.

. . . Then buy of your But-ter-cup, Dear little Buttercup, Sailors should never be shy—

a tempo.

So buy of your Buttercup, Poor little Buttercup, Come, of your Buttercup buy. . . .

colla voce.

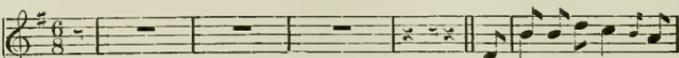
con Sca.

Paddle Your Own Canoe.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By M. HOBSON.

VOICE.

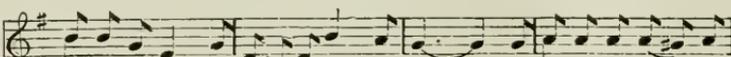


1. I've travell'd a-bout a
2. I have no wife to
3. It's all ver-y well to de-
4. If a hur-ri-cane rise in

PIANO.



bit in my time, And of troubles I've seen a few..... But found it bet-ter in
both-er my life, No lov-er to prove un-true,..... But the whole day long with a
pend on a friend, Tbat is, if you've prov'd him true,..... But you'll find it bet-ter by
the mid-day skies And the sun is lost to view,..... Move stead-i-ly by, with



ev-ry clime, To paddle my own ca-noe..... My wants are small, I
laugh and a song, I paddle my own ca-noe..... I rise with the lark, and from
far in the end, To paddle your own ca-noe..... To "borrow" is dear-er by
a stead-fast eye, And paddle your own ca-noe..... The dai-ses that grow in



PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

care not at all If my debts are paid when due,..... I drive a-way strife in the
 day-light till dark I do what I have to do,..... I'm careless of wealth, if I've
 far than to "buy," A max-im tho'old, still true,..... You nev-er will sigh, if you
 the bright green fields, Are blooming so sweet for you,..... So nev-er sit down with a

CHORUS.

o - cean of life, While I pad - dle my own ca - noe.....
 on - ly the health To pad - dle my own ca - noe..... } Then love your neigh - bor
 on - ly will try To pad - dle your own ca - noe.....
 tear or a frown, But pad - dle your own ca - noe.....

rit.

as your - self, As the world you go trav - el - ing through,..... And

nev - er sit down with a tear or a frown, But pad - dle your own ca - noe.....

Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel;

OR,

“A Motto for Every Man.”

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By HARRY CLIFTON.

1. Some people you've met in your time no doubt, Who never look happy or gay..... I'll
2. We can-not all fight in this bat-tle of life, The weak must go to the wall..... So

tell you the way to get jolly and stout, If you'll lis-ten a-while to my lay..... I've
do to each oth-er the thing that is right, For there's room in this world for us all.....

come here to tell you a bit of my mind. And please with the same if I can..... Ad-
“Credit refuse,” if you've money to pay, You'll find it the wis - er plan..... And “a
ritard.

PUR YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

vice in my song you will cer-tain-ly find, And a motto for ev-e-ry man.....
pen-ny laid by for a rain-y day' Is a motto for ev-e-ry man.....

C H O R U S.

So we will sing, and ban-ish mel-an-cho-ly, Trou-ble may

come..... we'll do the best we can..... To drive care a-way..... for

grieving is a fol-ly, Put your shoulder to the wheel is a motto for ev-ry man.....

3 A coward gives in at the first repulse,
A brave man struggles again,
With a resolute eye and a bounding pulse,
To battle his way amongst men;
For he knows he has only one chance in his time.
To better himself if he can.
"So make your hay while the sun doth shine,"
That's a motto for every man.—Chorus.

Waste not, Want not,

OR,

“You Never Miss the Water Till the Well Runs Dry.”

ROLAND HOWARD.

Moderato.

PIANO

When a child I liv'd at Lin - coln, with my
As years roll'd on I grew to be, a
When I ar - rived at man - hood, I em -
stud - ied strict e - con - o - my, and
Then I mar - ried now and hap - py, I've a

pa - rents at the farm, The les - sons that my moth - er taught, to
mis - chief mak - ing boy, De - struc - tion seem'd my on - ly sport, it
dark'd in pub - lic life, And found it was a rug - ged road, be
found to my sur - prise, My funds in - stead of sink - ing, ver - y
care - ful lit - tle wife, We live in peace and har - mo - ny, de

me were quite a charm, She would oft - en take me on her knee when
was my on - ly joy, And well do I re - mem - ber, when
strewn with care and strife; I spec - u - la - ted fool - ish - ly, my
quick - ly then did rise, I grasp'd each chance and al - ways struck the
void of care and strife, I For - tune smiles up - on us, we hav'

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

tired of child-ish play, And as she press'd me to her breast, I've
oft times well chas-tis'd, How - fu - ther sat be - side me then and
loss - es were se - vere, But still a ti - ny lit - tle voice kept
i - ron while 'twas hot, I seiz'd my op - por - tu - ni - ties and they
lit - tle chil-dren three, The les - son that I teach them, as they

heard my moth-er say
thus has me ad-vis'd
whisp'ring in my ear
nev - er once for - got
prat - tle 'round my knee

Waste not, want not, is a max - im I would teach,

Let your watchword be despatch, and practice what you preach, Do not let your chances, like

sunbeams pass you by, For you nev - er miss the wat - er till the well runs dry.

Wait for the Turn of the Tide.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which,
Taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."—SHAKESPEARE.

Written and Sung by H. CLIFTON.

Tempo di Valse.

1. In sail - ing a - long the riv - er of life, O - ver its wa - ters
 2. Why peo - ple sit fret - ting their lives a - way, I can't for a moment sur -
 3. Man is sent in - to the world we're told, To do all the good that he

wide..... We all have to bat - tle with trouble and strife, And wait for the
 - mise,..... If life is a lot - ter - y as they say, We can - not all
 can,..... Yet how man - y worship the chink of the gold, And nev - er once

time and the tide; Men of each oth - er are prone to be jealous,
 turn up a prize; A fol - ly it is to be sad and de - ject - ed, If
 think of the man; If you are poor, from your friends keep a distance,

WAIT FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

Hopes are il - lu - sions and not what they seem, Life and its pleasures, phil - os - o - phers
 "fortune shows favors" she's fic - kle be - side, And may knock at your door some day. un-ex-
 Hold up your head, though your funds are but small, Once let the world know you need its as-

Chorus.

tell us, Go float ing a - way like a leaf on the stream. Then try to be hap - py and
 - pected, If you patient - ly wait for the turn of the tide.
 - sistance, Be sure then you nev - er will get it at all.

gay, my boys, Re - member the world is wide, And Rome wasn't

Repeat ff

built in a day, my boys, So wait for the turn of the tide.

The May Breeze.

T. KREIPL.

Andantino.

mf *sf*

1. When first through young na - ture waft bree - zes of
2. And heart nev - er sad - dens when ro - ses once
3. Ev'ry year comes the spring when..... win - ter has

p

May, Then vio - lets *cres.* bloom sweet - ly and snow melts a -
 bud, For 'tis love's own time..... when fra - grance they
 gone, But man has no more..... but on - ly this

way; And birds which have slum - bered through win - ter's long
 spread; But though ro - ses blos - som so fresh ev - 'ry
 one; The swal - lows de - part and re - turn to home's

p

THE MAY BREEZE.

night, To life re - a - - wa - ken to
 May, Love buds on - - ly once..... and
 shore, But man, when once gone,..... re-

joy and de - light, To life re - a - wa - ken to
 then flees a - - way, Love buds on - ly once..... and
 turns nev - er - more, But man, when once gone,..... re-

joy and de - light, To life re - a - wa - ken to
 then flees a - - way, Love buds on - ly once..... and
 turns nev - er - more, But man, when once gone,..... re-

joy and de - - light.
 then flees a - - way.
 turns nev - er - - more.

The Wee Bird.

Words by W. JERDAN, Esq.

Music by G. LINLEY.

Moderato.

mf

piu lento. *tempo.*

1. I heard a wee bird sing-ing, In my cham - ber as I

rall.

lay, The case-ment o - pen swing-ing, As morn-ing woke the

rall.

THE WEE BIRD.

day, And the boughs around were twin - ing, The bright sun thro' them

shin - ing, And I had long been pin - ing For my Wil - lie, far a -

way; When I heard that wee bird sing - ing, When I heard that wee bird

sing - ing, That wee bird, that wee bird, When I heard that wee bird singing.

2 He heard the wee bird singing,
 For its notes were wondrous clear,
 As if wedding bells were ringing,
 Melodious to the ear:
 And still it rang, that wee bird's song,
 Just like the bells, ding-dong, ding-dong,
 While my heart beat time so quick and strong,
 I felt that he was near:
 Ah! he heard that wee bird singing,
 Ah! he heard that wee bird singing,
 That wee bird, that wee bird,
 Ah! he heard that wee bird singing.

2 We heard the wee bird singing,
 After many years had flown;
 And the true bells had been ringing,
 And Willie was my own.
 Oh, strolling thro' the forest glade,
 I mind him what the wee bird said,
 That morn when he no longer stray'd,
 But flew to me alone:
 Oh! we love the wee bird singing,
 Oh! we love the wee bird singing,
 That wee bird, that wee bird,
 Oh! we love that wee bird singing.

The Open Window.

Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY

Andante con molto espressione.

1. The old house by the lin-dens Stood si-lent in the

shade, And o'er the gravelled path - way The lights and shadows

THE OPEN WINDOW.

played, I saw the nurs - 'ry win - dow Wide o pen to the

piu lento.
air, But the fa - ces of the chil - dren, They were no lon - ger
piu lento.

there.
L. H.

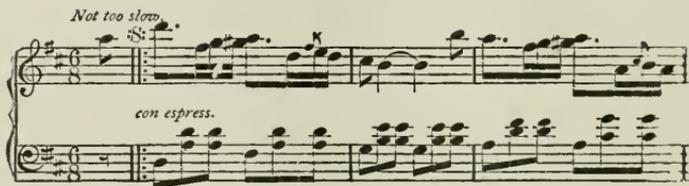
2.
The old Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door,
He looked for his little playmates
Who would return no more,
They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall,
But sorrow and silence and sadness
Were hanging over all.

3.
The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet familiar tone,
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone,
And the boy who walked beside me,
He could not understand,
Why closer in mine, ah, closer,
I press'd his warm soft hand,

I Built a Bridge of Fancies.

Words by Miss Mylne.

Music by Anne Fricke.



Not too slow.

con espress.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.



1. I built a bridge of fancies It
2. Yet stay! I do re-mem-ber 'Twas a

p

The first vocal entry is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves below, featuring a steady accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.



reached from earth to heaven, Yet scarce - ly ere com -
blind - ing storm of rain, Fell from my eye - lids

The second vocal entry continues the melody on a single staff. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous section.

I'd Be a Star.

Words by R. J. N. KEELING.

Music by CHARLES H. GERKEN.

PIANO.

Andantino.

p dolce.

cres.

f

dim.

1. I'd be a star, a lit - tle star, To
2. I'd be tbe wind, the sum - mer wind, That

I'D BE A STAR.

shine in yon dark vault a - bove; A sin gle ray to gleam a -
wan - ders o'er thy vel - vet cheek; So I might leave a kiss be -

far, Or a - ny thing that thou would'st love— A sin - gle
hind, And hear thy voice in kind - ness speak— So I might

ray to gleam a - far, Or a - ny thing that thou would'st love.
leave a kiss be - hind, And hear thy voice in kind-ness speak.

ff *dim.*

3 I'd be a flow'r, a little flow'r,
And only bloom to worship thee;
Content if thou for one short hour,
Would'st deign to look and smile on me.

4 I would be thine, I worship thee,
By all that is earthly, divine;
My ev'ry pulse heats but for thee,
I would be thine, I would be thine,

"Tired."

Words by MISS HELEN BURNSIDE.

Music by MISS M. LINDSAY.

PIANO.

1 "Tired," ah, yes, so tir - ed, dear, The day has been ve - ry long, But sha - dow - y gloam - ing
 2 It has seem - ed so long since morn - ing tide, And I have been left so lone, Young, smil - ing fa - ces

pp un poco piu lento.

draw - eth near, 'Tis time for the e - ven song. I'm read - y to go to rest at last,
 through'd my side When the ear - ly sun - light shone But they grew ti - red long a - go, And I

all.

Ready to say, "Good-night;" The sun - set glo - ry dark - ens fast, To - mor - row will bring me
 saw them sink to rest, With fold - ed hands, and brows of snow, On the green earth's moth - er

"TIRED."

light
breast.

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half rest, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a more complex pattern in the left hand.

Sing once a-gain, "A - bide with me," That sweet-est ev-'ning hymn, And now "Good-night," I

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a melodic line with some grace notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

pp languidamente.

can - not see, The light has grown so dim. "Tir - ed!" ah, yes, so ti - red, dear! I shal-

The third system is marked *pp languidamente*. The vocal line is more expressive, with a long note on "can - not see". The piano accompaniment is more delicate and slower in tempo.

f

sound - ly sleep to - night, With nev - er a dream, and nev - er a fear, To wako in the morning's light.

The fourth system is marked *f*. The vocal line has a more active melody. The piano accompaniment is more rhythmic and energetic, with a strong bass line.

Too Late to Marry.

Words by W. H. BELLAMY. Music by R. SIDNEY PRATTEN.

First system of piano introduction. Treble clef, bass clef, 6/8 time signature. Dynamics: *ff*.

Second system of piano introduction. Treble clef, bass clef, 6/8 time signature. Dynamics: *ff*.

First system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. Treble clef, bass clef, 6/8 time signature. The vocal line is in G major.

1. A maid - en fair and young, Went forth, one morn in May; Up -
2. A - way the maid - en went, And joined each fes - tive throng; On

Second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. Treble clef, bass clef, 6/8 time signature. The vocal line is in G major.

on a bough, there sang A bird, that seem'd to say, "Why
pleas - ures whirl in - tent, And lin - ger'd late and long; "I'll

TOO LATE TO MARRY!

wait? why wait? Soon, soon 'twill be too late." Tra,
wait, I'll wait," Sang she, with joy e - late.

la, la, la! tra, la, la, 'a, la! Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la, la! Tra,

la, la, la! tra, la, la, la, la! tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

3. Time flew as on she stray'd
Through Fashion's giddy round;
With many a heart she play'd,
And laughed at ev'ry wound.
"Too late! Too late!
Old Time itself shall wait!"
Tra, la, la, &c.

4. Then came the first grey hair,
And looks and hearts grew cold.
And wrinkles here and there,
Their tale unwelcome told!
Hard fate! Too late!
She sang, disconsolate!
Tra, la, la, &c.

The Farmer and the Pigeons.

W. TAUBERT.

Vivo grazioso.

leggiere.

1. A Pi - geon-house the ar - mer had, Out of it twen - ty
 2. The Far - mer thinks, oh! they will wait, But off they flew, he
 3. O, far - mer homeward bend thy staff, The pi - geons at these

p

pi - geons fled; How will he ev - er catch
 came too late, They will not let him catch
 on - ly laugh, And will not let thee catch

p

THE FARMER AND THE PIGEONS

them? How gts he o'er the
 them; The far - mer pants ex -
 them; At home they're calm - ly

hill, Sir? No wings has he, nor quill, Sir, How will he ev - er
 haust - ed, So wild - ly had he post - ed, And yet he can - not
 stop - ping, And with their wings they're flop - ping, While on a long pole

catch them, how will he, how will he, how will he ev - er
 catch them, he can - not, he can - not, he can - not, can - not
 hop - ping and flop - ping, they're hop - ping, they're flop - ping, flop - ping

catch them? Ha, ha!
 catch them, Ha, ha!
 hop - ping, Ha, ha!

Quaker Cousins.

Words by Samuel K. Cowan, M. A.

Music by J. L. Melloy.

Andantino e sempre tranquillo.

1. With a smile, slow quaint like an
2. O we roam'd for hours thro' the

old time saint, With a quaint soft "doth" for "does;" With a "thou" for "you" and a
woodbine bow'rs, Not a "doth" or "thou" or "thee," Till the sweet stars woke, not a

"nay" for "no," There is none like Quak - er Coz; Loves a now - day girl where a
word was spoke, By my Quak - er Coz to me; Then with eyes slow rais'd in mine

whim may whirl, And weds where fancy roves, But if love she does O my Quaker Coz Will
own she gaz'd And her spirit shone in both. "Does your spirit move, does your dear heart love?" As thou

QUAKER COUSINS.

wait till her spirit moves! With a "stay yea, thou!" or "away, nay, thou!" With an answer quaint for asketh, friend, it doth! "Does it say, 'stay thou!' or 'away, nay thou!' What, dear, does your spirit

thee; "not of gold hast thou! But of old wast thou, In thy spirit, friend for me." say?" "O it saith "yea thou, until death, stay thou!" Friend it

ritard.

saith "yea, stay for

aye!" Friend, it saith "yea, stay for aye!"

The Party at the Zoo.

(CHILDREN'S SONG.)

By Apsley Street.



1. One morning in the sum - mer time, The Birds out at the Zoo, Said
2. The Monkeys said they'd sure - ly come If they could get a chance, The
3. So ver - y soon, one sun - ny morn, They met up - on the lawn, The

they would give a par - ty, And in - vite the an - i - mals too, The
Kan - gar - oo said "he would too And have a lit - tle dance." The
Cock - a - too cried "how - de - doo" And scared the tim - id Fawn, The

Goose she made a lit - tle pen Out of a pret - ty quill, And
Li - on said he'd be a - round And bring the sly Ra - coon, The
El - e - phant and Nan - ny Goat With rib - bons on her horns, Went

THE PARTY AT THE ZOO

served the in - vi - ta - tions, Which she car - ried in her bill.
 big brown Bear said he'd be there, And hug the old Bab - loon.
 dan - cing 'round, and trod up - on The poor old Cam - el's corns.

REFRAIN.

Tra, la, la, la, la. Tra, la, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, la,

Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, la.

4.
 They had a supper, very nice,
 The Buffaloes ate hay;
 The Kittens gobbled up some mice.
 The Deer had grass all day.
 The Goats ate pop-corn paper, and
 The Frogs on worms were fed;
 The Monkeys munched fresh pea-nuts,
 And the Ducks had milk and bread.

5.
 Night came at last, the moon was up,
 And music was the thing,
 The Crickets, Owls, and Katy-did's,
 Then all began to sing.
 The Ducks and Geese began to quack,
 The Tiger shook his head;
 The Lion said, "let's say our prayers
 'Tis time to go to bed.

Moet and Chandon;

OR, THE NEW

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE.

Allegretto.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and a rising sixteenth-note run. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and eighth-note figures.

1. What care I if the world's turn'd 'round? No,

The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a rhythmic eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand.

let it turn and turn a - gain, No mat - ter if it's

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand.

up - side down, It still pro - du - ces good Cham-pagne.

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand.

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE.

Ne - ver care I how the times may go, Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!

Mo-et and Chandon still drowns each woe, Oh! I oh! I oh!

CHORUS.

Champagne Char - lie was my name, Cham - pagne drinking gained my fame;

So as of old when on the spree, Mo-et and Chandon's the wine for me.

2 White wines are pale and have no taste,
The red indeed have too much hue,
Moselle in pleasing often fails,
Still Hock's too slow and suits but few,
Burgundy, Sherry, Greek wines, Bordeaux
Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!
Like Port from Spain do but taste so, so,
Oh! I oh' ' oh!

3 Champagne's the wine for giving toasts,
Let husbands toast their buxom wives,
Whilst lovers drink to sweethearts true,
And bachelors to married lives,
They'll not keep single for long I know,
Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!
Bach'lors by "Cham" will be turn'd to beaux
Oh! I oh! I oh!

TEMPERANCE VERSION OF
Moet and Chandon;
OR, THE NEW
CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE.

Allegretto.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and a final flourish. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords.

1. What care I if the world turns 'round? It

The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic eighth-note pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present.

must, and will; that's one thing sure, No mat - ter if it's

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note rhythmic pattern.

up - side down, It still af - fords us wa - ter pure.

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern and ends with a final chord.

NEW CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE.

Ne-ver care I how the times may go, Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!

Wa-ter, pure wa-ter can bring na woe, Oh! I oh! I oh!

CHORUS.

Champagne Char-lie was my name, Cham-pagne drinking gained my fame;

Mo-et and Chan-don made me spree, But wa-ter to-day is the drink for me.

2 White wines are pale and have no taste,
The red indeed have too much hue,
Moselle in pleasing often fails,
Still Hock's too slow and suits but few,
Lager is heavy and thick you know,
Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!
Water is dainty and free to flow,
Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!

Chorus

3 Champagne's the wine for giving toasts,
For headaches, and for waste of wealth;
But water pure is better far
To quench the thirst or drink ones health.
Down on the banks where the lilies grow,
Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!
Sparkling and bright do the streamlets flow,
Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!

Chorus

Little Gypsy Jane.

Words by EDWARD FITZBALL.

Music by C. W. GLOVER

Allegretto.

Piano. *f*



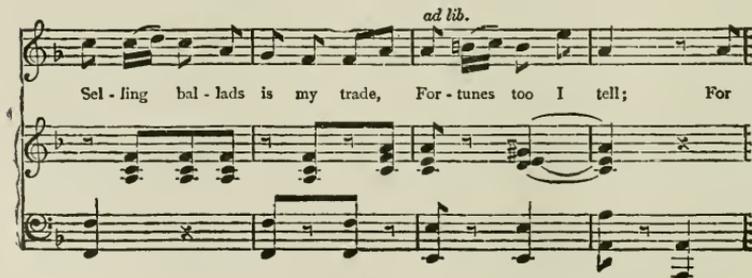
I'm a mer-ry Gip-sy Maid, From my tent in yon-det glade.

p



ad lib.

Sel-ling bal-lads is my trade, For-tunes too I tell; For



LITTLE GIPSY JANE.

vil - lage maids I've com - fort bland, Of sweethearts who com - plain, You've

a piacere.

on - ly just to cross the hand Of Lit - tle Gip - sy Jane.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

2. With the lark, I greet the morn,
 When the dew is on the rye;
 With the milk-maid, 'neath the thorn,
 Stealthily am I;
 For her, I've tales of house and land,
 And husbands rich to gain;
 She has but just to cross the hand
 Of Little Gipsy Jane.
 Tra la la la, &c

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

HAPPILY those Christian lyrics—
healing words and music—that
are most worthy of preservation
are the property, not of a Church
or of a country, but of the whole Christian
world.

“Old Hundred” or “Old Hundredth” is
the name given to the words and music of a
hymn that is probably sung more than any
other. Dr. Watts wrote the words, making
a paraphrase of the one hundredth Psalm
—the same one used in the “Jubilate Deo”
of the Episcopal and Anglican Church ser-
vices. John Wesley altered the stanzas
slightly, and the first and fourth which
Watts originally wrote are usually omitted.
The tune was composed by Guillaume
Frane, in 1554. The “Long-Meter Doxol-
ogy,” with which Frane’s melody is indis-
solubly associated was, says Jerome Hop-
kins, long attributed to Martin Luther.

Bishop Ken’s famous Morning and Even-
ing hymns originally formed part of a triad
of which one on “Midnight” formed the
third. The original of the “Evening
Hymn” contained twelve stanzas; as usually
sung the hymn has been reduced to five,
and several minor changes in the phrase-
ology have been introduced from time to
time. “Tallis’s Canon,” composed in 1565,
to which the “Evening Hymn” is sung, is

one of the oldest of modern psalm tunes.
The “Morning Hymn” originally had four-
teen stanzas. The tune was composed by
F. H. Bartholomew, who flourished 1742–
1808.

Thomas Ken was born in 1637; he was
educated at Oxford and ordained about
1666. In 1684 he became chaplain to
Charles II. and Bishop of Bath and Wells
in the same year. He died in 1710.

Another popular and widely-used hymn
is “Jesus, Lover of My Soul,” written by
Charles Wesley, and which appeared in his
“Hymns and Sacred Poems,” 1740. The
third stanza of the original is nowadays
omitted. The imagery is evidently bor-
rowed from the New Testament account of
Peter’s attempt to walk on the Sea of Gali-
lee, and, says Nutler, the author’s genius
and his rough experiences on the Atlantic
Ocean account for the rest. There are one
or two interesting stories concerning the
origin of the hymn, but the commentator
just named thinks they are apocryphal.
The music was composed by S. B. Marchi,
born 1798.

“From Greenland’s Icy Mountains” was
written by Reginald Heber about 1809. He
was, according to the story, staying with
his father-in-law, the dean of St. Asaph’s
Cathedral, when a gentleman present, who

was to preach a missionary sermon, said he would like to have a good hymn for the occasion. Heber went aside, and in a short time returned with three verses of the hymn, which he at once set to music. He added the fourth verse, and the hymn was sung the next day. Heber became Bishop of Calcutta, including India, Ceylon, and Australia, in 1823, and died in 1825. Lowell Mason wrote the music to what is now the famous "Missionary Hymn."

In Rev. John Keble's "The Christian Year" will be found the lines of the hymn known the world over as "Sun of my Soul." They are a part of a poem of fourteen stanzas entitled "Evening," and our hymn is made up from these. *The Christian Year* first appeared in 1827, and no less than ninety-six editions were called for up to the time of the author's death, in 1866. It is without doubt "the most popular volume of religious poetry issued in the nineteenth century." The music is by Dr. W. H. Mark, the English composer and organist.

Probably no hymn in our language has been the subject of more comment than the "Lead, Kindly Light," of John Henry Newman, who began life a broad Churchman, and died in 1890 a cardinal of Rome. To an English writer, a friend of Newman, we are indebted for the following authentic account of the hymn :

More than one hymn has come from the pen of John Henry Newman, but in this direction it is as the author of "Lead, Kindly Light," that he will be remembered. When the hymn first appeared in the *British Magazine* and in "Lyra Apostolica" (1836) it was under the heading "The Pillar and the Cloud," and with the note, "At sea, June 16, 1833." We all know what was in the mind of Newman at this time. Doubt and gloom were hanging, like a dense black cloud, before him and

the light for which he was so painfully wrestling. He had given up his college duties, and had gone abroad with his friend Hurrell Froude. While traveling in the interior of Sicily he caught a fever and became dangerously ill. Of course he was despondent as well as sick ; yet he tells us he knew he would not die. "I have a work to do in England," were the words he whispered into the ears of the servant who accompanied him.

It was at this time, then, and under these circumstances, that "Lead, Kindly Light," was written. "I was aching to get home," we read in "Apologia ;" "yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. At last I got off in an orange boat bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' which have since become well known. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. I was writing verses the whole time of my passage."

Further on the author writes : "And first I will say, whatever comes of saying it, for I leave inferences to others, that for years I must have had something of an habitual notion, though it was latent, and had never led me to distrust my own convictions, that my mind had not found its ultimate rest, and that in some sense or other I was on a journey. During the same passage across the Mediterranean in which I wrote 'Lead, Kindly Light,' I also wrote the verses which are found in the 'Lyra,' under the head of 'Providences,' beginning 'When I Look Back.' This was in 1833."

In 1853, Newman published a collection of "Verses on Various Occasions," in which "Lead, Kindly Light," is printed as No. xii., and with the heading "Grace of Congruity." As the hymn has been "doctored" by irresponsible individuals, it may be well to quote here the authentic version

as found in the volume just named. It is as follows :

“ Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on :

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone ;

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.”

Not many hymns are sung alike by Churchmen, Dissenters, and Catholics, but in “Jerusalem the Golden” we have one such example. It is part of a translation of a long Latin poem by Bernard of Cluny, from which several other Christian lyrics have been obtained, notably those beginning “The world is very evil,” “Brief life is here my portion,” and “For thee, O dear, dear country.”

Bernard was a monk of the twelfth century, born of English parents at Morlaix, in France. He became a member of the monastery at Cluny, and claimed that the Holy Spirit assisted him in the composition of his poem. Dr. Neale, the translator, says : “It would be most unthankful did I not express my gratitude to God for the favor he has given some of the centos made from the poem, but especially ‘Jerusalem the Golden.’” The tune was composed by Bishop Alexander Cening.

Reginald Heber in 1847 wrote a series of *Hymns for the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, wherein the Trinity hymn “Holy ! Holy ! Holy !” first found a place. He was a man of learning, piety, and energy,

and a voluminous writer ; but his fame rests mainly on his hymns. The words were set to music by John Bacchus Dykes, the English composer.

Many faithful ministers and congregations will appreciate this story of the Rev. John Fawcett, D.D., of Yorkshire, England, the author of the justly celebrated hymn, beginning “Blest be the tie that binds.” Dr. Fawcett was pastor of a small Baptist church in Yorkshire, from which he received only a meagre salary. Being invited to London to succeed the distinguished Dr. Gill, he accepted, preached his farewell sermon, and began to load his furniture on wagons for transportation.

When the time for departure arrived, his Yorkshire parishioners and neighbors clung to him and his family with an affection which was beyond expression. The agony of separation was almost heart-breaking. The pastor and his wife, completely overcome by the evidences of attachment they witnessed, sat down to weep. Looking into his face, while tears flowed like rain down the cheeks of both, Mrs. Fawcett exclaimed : “Oh, John, John, I can’t bear this ! I know not how to go ! “Nor I either,” said he ; “nor will we go ; unload the wagons, and put everything in the place where it was before !” The people who had cried with grief now began to cry with joy.

He wrote to the London congregation that his coming was impossible ; and so he buckled on his armor for renewed toils in Yorkshire on a salary less by two hundred dollars a year than that which he declined. To commemorate this incident in his history, Dr. Fawcett wrote that hymn. Although a Baptist, he was converted at the age of sixteen under a sermon preached by George Whitefield, and at first united with the Methodist Church. The words were set to music by Lowell Mason.

Sun of My Soul.

REV. JOHN KEEBLE, 1827.

W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My weary eye - lids gen - tly steep,

Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.</p> <p>4. If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.</p> | <p>5. Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.</p> <p>6. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.</p> |
|---|--|

Blest be the Tie that Binds.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

LOWELL MASON. "Boylston."

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Je - sus' love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour u - nit - ed prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;

The fel - low - ship of Christian minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one; Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows, The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4. When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.</p> | <p>5. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship raise
Throughout eternity.</p> |
|---|--|

Old Hundred.

From Psalm C.

GUILLAUME FRANC, 1554.

1. Be Thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glo - ry fills the sky,
2. With one con - sent let all the earth To God their cheer - ful voi - ces raise;
3. For He's the Lord, su - preme - ly good; His mer - cy is for ev - er sure;

So let it be on earth dis - played, Till Thou art here, as there, o - beyed.
Glad hom - age pay with aw - ful mirth, And sing be - fore Him songs of praise.
His truth, which al - ways firm - ly stood, To end - less a - ges shall en - dure.

Tallis' Evening Hymn.

Tallis' Canon.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN, 1709.

THOMAS TALLIS, 1565.

f
1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;
2. For - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Un - der Thine own Al - might - y wings.
That with the world, my - self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.
4. O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

5. When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
6. O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to Thee, eternal King.

Strong Tower and Refuge is our God.

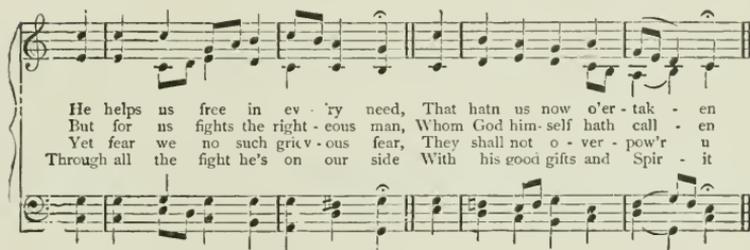
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.

PSALM XLVI.-- "Deus noster refugium et virtus."

Meady, 1529.



1. Strong tow'r and ref-uge is our God, Right, good-ly shield and wea - pon;
2. With our own might we noth-ing can, Soon are we lost and fall - en;
3. Though earth all full of dev-il were, Wide roar-ing to de - vour us;
4. His word they still shall let a - bide, And lit - tle thank have for it;



He helps us free in ev - ry need, That hatn us now o'er - tak - en
But for us fights the right - eous man, Whom God him - self hath call - en
Yet fear we no such griev - ous fear, They shall not o - ver - pow'r u
Through all the fight he's on our side With his good gifts and Spir - it



The old e - vil foe Means us dead - ly woe; Deep guile and great might
Ask ye, Who is this? Je - sus Christ it is, Our sole King and Lord,
This world's prince may still Scowl fierce as he will, He can harm us none
Take they then our life, Wealth, fame, child and wife, Let these all be gone,



Are his dread - arms in fight; On earth is not his e - qual
As God of Hosts a - dored; He holds the field for - ev - er.
He's judged; the deed is done; One lit - tle word can fell him.
No tri - umph have they won, The king - dom ours re - main - eth.

Abide with Me.

Mendelssohn.

H. F. Lyte, 1847. "Berlin."

1. A - bide with me! fast fall; the e - ven - tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a - bide;
 2. Swift to its close ebb's out life's it - tie day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, abide with me!
 Change and de - cay on all a - round I see; O thou who changes not, abide with me!
 Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, abide with me!

THE DEPARTED.

JAMES HINK.

p dolce.
 1. The de - part - ed! the de - part - ed! They vis - it us in dreams, And they glide up - on our
 2. I look around and feel the awe Of one who walks a - lone A - mid the wrecks of
 3. I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles Still on me sweetly fall; Their tones of love I

cres.
 mem - o - ries, Like shad - ows o - ver streams; But where the cheerful lights of home In
 for - mer days, In mourn - ful ru - in strown; I start to hear the stir - ring sounds A -
 faint - ly hear My name in sad - ness call; I know that they are hap - py now, In

p
 con - stant lustre burn, The de - part - ed, the de - part - ed, Can nev - er - more re - turn.
 mong the cypress trees, For the voice of the de - part - ed is borne upon the breeze.
 homes that Love hath won; But my heart is lone and wea - ry, To feel that they are gone.

I Love to Tell the Story.

Miss KATE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - love, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More won - der - ful it seems, Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love! I love to tell the
 all the gold-en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
 hun - ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes of

sto - ry! Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long-ings As
 sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I
 sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
 gle - ry, I sing the *New, New Song*, 'Twill be the *Old, Old Sto - ry*. That

CHORUS.

no - thing else would do, }
 tell it now to thee, } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
 God's own Ho - ly Word. }
 I have loved so long. }

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

Franz Abt.

Chas. Wesley, 1740.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; Leave, ah!
 3. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sin; Let the

bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide,
 leave me no - a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me! All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in! Thou of life the Fountain art,

Till the storms of life are past; Safe in to the ha - ven guide;
 All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head
 Free - ly let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart!

Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
 With the shad - ow of Thy wing! With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
 Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storms of life are past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh, receive my soul at last! ||

Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!

All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing! ||

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within!
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart!
 Rise to all eternity! ||

From Greenland's Icy Mountains

Lowell Mason.

Reginald Heber, 1823.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From India's cor - al strand, Where Af-ric's sun - ny
 2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though ev'-ry pros-pect
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light-ed With wis-dom from on high, Shall we, to men be -
 4. Wait, wait, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a sea of

foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand, — From ma - ny an ancient riv - er, From
 pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The
 night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion, oh, sal - va - tion! The
 glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The

ma - ny a palmy plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - or's chain.
 gifts of God are strown; The hea - then, in his 'blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
 joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mess - ah's name.
 Lamb for sin - ner's slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

"ITALIAN HYMN."
 C. WESLEY, 1757. GIARDINI, 1760.

1. Come, Thou Almight - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise:
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our prayer at - tend!
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear 'n this glad hour'

Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
 Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy word success; Spirit of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 Thou, who almight - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power.

Open the Pearly Gate.

Claribel.

Molto espress.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a 6/8 time signature, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo marking *f marcato* is present.

1. Drear - i - ly drift the
2. Life is a wea - ry

The piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

shad - ows, O - ver my life a - gain, Heav - i - ly in my
jour - ney, Time is so dark and cold, Vain - ly I've gras'p'd for

The piano accompaniment for the fourth line of lyrics. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

bos - om, Throbs the migh - ty pain O - ver earth's drear - y des - ert,
sun - beams Shadows are all I hold, Hearts that I've lov'd are faith - less,

OPEN THE PEARLY GATE.

lone-ly and un-ca-ress'd Roams my wea-ry spir-it
 lips that my own have press'd Lie in the tomb's sad si-lence,

Vain-ly seek-ing rest,..... Fear-ful-ly here I'm tread-ing,
 Where I, too, long to rest,..... Fear-ful-ly here I'm tread-ing,

Wea-ri-ly here I wait,..... Beauti-ful an-gel war-dens O-pen the pearly

gate.....

W'e'd Better Bide a Wee.

Written and Composed by CLARIBEL.

Andante moderato.

The

mp

Detailed description: This system contains the first musical notation. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff with a 6/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante moderato' and the dynamic is 'mp'. The vocal line begins with a whole note 'The'.

poor old folk at home, you mind, Are frail and fail - ing, sore, And

Detailed description: This system contains the second musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'poor old folk at home, you mind, Are frail and fail - ing, sore, And'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

well I knew they'd miss me, lad, When I came home no more, The

Detailed description: This system contains the third musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'well I knew they'd miss me, lad, When I came home no more, The'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the previous system.

WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

grist is out, the times are hard, The kine are on - ly three, I

can-not leave the old folk now, We'd better bids a wee, I cannot leave the

old folk now, We'd better bide a wee.

♩ When first we told our story, lad,
 Their blessings fell so free,
 They gave no thought to self at all,
 They did but think of me;
 But, laddie, that's a time away,
 And mother's like to die,
 I cannot leave the old folk now,
 We'd better bide a wee, etc.

♩ I fear me sore, they're failing both,
 For when I sit apart,
 They'll talk of Heaven so earnestly,
 It well nigh breaks my heart!
 So, laddie, do not urge me more,
 It surely will not be,
 I cannot leave the old folk now,
 We'd better bide a wee, etc.

Don't Forget to Say Your Prayers

(SONG AND CHORUS FOR THE GUITAR.)

Words and Music by Alice Hawthorne.

The musical score is presented in five systems. The first system is for the guitar, marked *Moderato* and *p*. The subsequent systems are for piano accompaniment, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: "1. Long years have fled and time hath told Life's sto - ry full and free, I re - collect some words of old That now oc - cur to me, 'Twas from a moth - er's lips they came, - A charge she bade me keep, - "Do not for - get to say your pray'rs Be - fore you go to sleep."

Guitar. *Moderato.*
p

1. Long years have fled and time hath told Life's sto - ry full and free, I
re - collect some words of old That now oc - cur to me, 'Twas
from a moth - er's lips they came, - A charge she bade me keep, - "Do
not for - get to say your pray'rs Be - fore you go to sleep."

DON'T FORGET TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS.

Air.

Ah! don't for - get to say your pray'rs Be - fore you sink to

Alto

Tenor.

Bass.

Guitar.

rest, to rest, For oh, how sweet the consciousness of trust - ing to be blest.

rest, For oh, how sweet the consciousness of trust - ing to be blest.

2.

There's comfort in the quiet thought,
 When worn with lurking care,
 That One, in mercy, deigns to hear
 The plainest simple prayer.
 When troubles crowd upon our way,
 Tho' light perhaps, and brief,
 There's something in the prayer we say
 That brings the heart relief.—CHORUS.

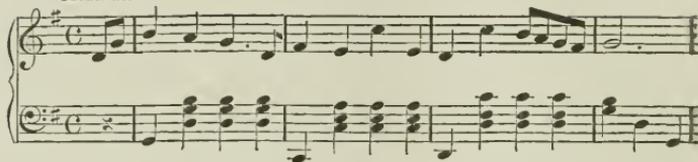
3.

Not all the good the world can give,
 Our losses to repay,
 Can compensate the stricken heart
 For that it takes away;
 But in the prayer we offer up,—
 If faith is in the heart,
 We find relief from sorrow's cup
 That hope seems to impart.—CHORUS

When the Mists have Cleared Away.

Composed by WM. J. WOLF.

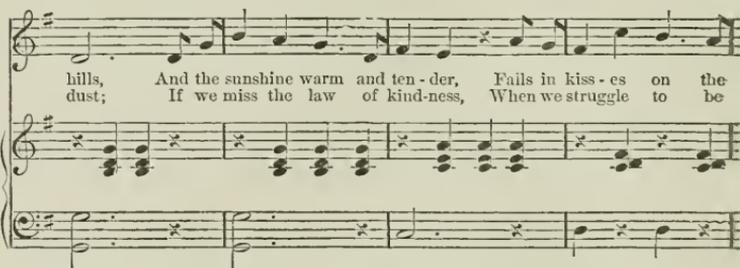
Moderato.



Piano introduction musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line in G major, and the bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment of chords.



Vocal and piano musical notation for the first line. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor, From the beau - ty of the 2. If we err in hu - man blind - ness, And for - get that we are



Vocal and piano musical notation for the second line. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the bass staff. The lyrics are: hills, And the sunshine warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the dust; If we miss the law of kind - ness, When we struggle to be



Vocal and piano musical notation for the third line. The vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the bass staff. The lyrics are: rills, We may read love's shin - ing let - ter, In the rain - bow of the just, Snowy wings of peace shall cov - er, All the an - guish of to-

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY

spray, We shall know each other bet-ter, When the mists have cleared away.
 day, When the weary watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd away.

REFRAIN.

We shall know as we are known nev-er more to walk a - lone In the

dawn - ing of the morn, When the mists have cleared a - way.

3.
 When the silver mists have veiled us,
 From the faces of our own,
 Oft we deem their love has failed us,
 And we tread our path alone;
 We should see them near and truly,
 We should trust them day by day,
 Neither love nor blame unduly,
 If the mists have cleared away.
 We shall know, etc.

4.
 When the mists have ris'n above us,
 As our Father knows his own,
 Face to face with those that love us,
 We shall know as we are known;
 Love, beyond the orient mansions,
 Floats the golden fringe of day;
 Heart to heart we'll bide the shadows,
 Till the mists have cleared away.
 We shall know, etc.

The Stray Dove.

Words and Music by BENJAMIN CROSS, Jr.

Moderato. *Sua.....*

f *p*

Ped. *

f *p*

Ped. *

f *p*

1. Hark! the ves - per bell is ring - ing, Sad - ly its vi -
 2. In the shad - ow of the or - gan, Nest - ling is a

f *p*

bra - tions fall; To the church up - on the hill - side
 snow - white dove, It has flown for - rest and shel - ter

Copyright, 1888, by J. Gib. Winner.

THE STRAY DOVE.

p

Come the sup - pliants at its call. Now the bell has
 To this ha - ven far a - bove. "Ho - ly spir - it

p

ceased its toll - ing And the or - gan's sol - emn peal
 Heav-en-ly dove" As the cho - ir sweet - ly sings

p

Ming - ling with the fra - grant in - cense O'er the sen - ses
 T'ward the stars through o - pen win - dow Flies the bird with

pp

faint - ly steal.
 Out-stretched wings.

pp *f*

Rest for the Weary, Rest.

Words by M. THORNTON.

Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.

St. Andante Con Moto.

1. Rest for the wea - ry,
2. For this we nerve our

rest, When all life's toils are o'er;
strength, For this we on - ward move;

rall.
Rest for the wea - ry, rest, . . . Up - on a tran - qui
Shame and reproach - es bear, . . . And take them all for
rall.

REST FOR THE WEARY, REST.

a tempo.

shore; Where sighs and tears, and pains, . . .
love: Count ev' - ry hour that flies, . . .

Once all in mer - cy sent, Will ne'er dis - turb a -
Watch ev' - ry sun go down, Still near - er to the

rall.

gain, The blest in - hab - i - tant.
skies, The robe, the palm, the crown.

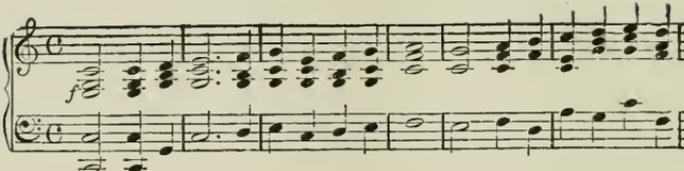
Slower.

Rest for the wea - ry, rest, Rest for the wea - ry, rest.
Rest for the wea - ry, rest, Rest for the wea - ry, rest.

Christians Awake.

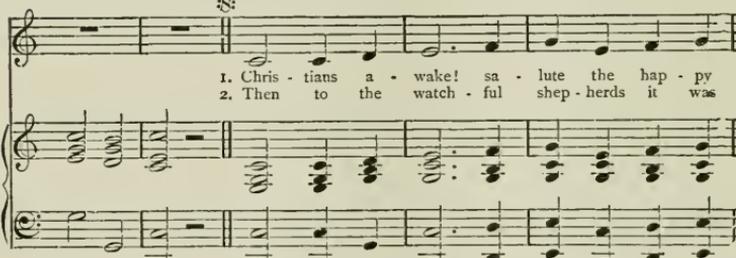
Arranged by Dr. A. S. Holloway.

Piano.



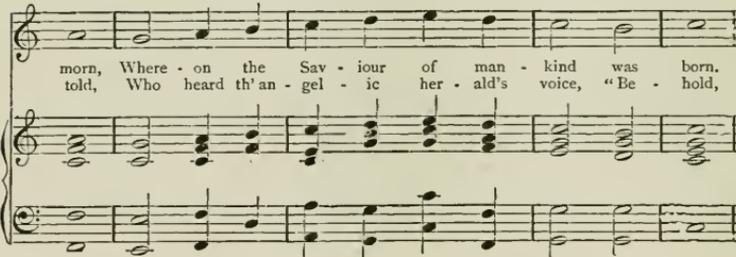
Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of a treble and bass staff with chords and a simple melodic line.

1. Chris - tians a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py
2. Then to the watch - ful shep - herds it was



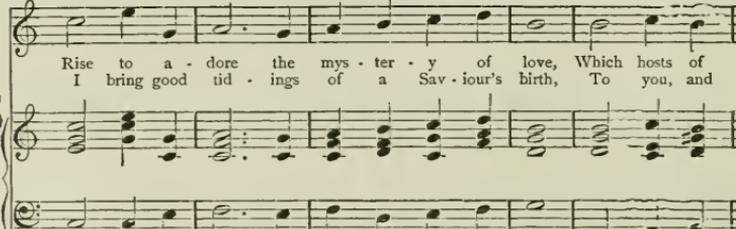
Musical notation for the first two verses, including a repeat sign and piano accompaniment.

morn, Where - on the Sav - iour of man - kind was born.
told, Who heard th' an - gel - ic her - ald's voice, "Be - hold,



Musical notation for the third verse, including piano accompaniment.

Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - y of love, Which hosts of
I bring good tid - ings of a Sav - iour's birth, To you, and



Musical notation for the fourth verse, including piano accompaniment.

CHRISTIANS AWAKE!

an - gels chant - ed from a - bove: With them the joy - ful
all the na - tions up - on earth, This day hath God ful -

tid - ings first be - gan, Of God In - car - nate and the Vir - gin's
fill'd His prom - ised word, This day is born a Sav - iour, Christ the

Son.
Lord." D.C.:8:

3.
He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang,
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto man good-will.

4.
To Bethlehem straight the enlighten'd shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man;
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn;
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first Apostles of the Saviour's fame.

5.
Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6.
Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng;
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

Christmas Prayer.

For Soprano or Tenor.

By I. E. Kochersperger.

Lento.

Voice

Thou Ho - ly! Thou Ho - ly, and

Orga.

mer - ci - ful bless - ing; O hear us! O hear us! and lead us to

Je - sus. Thou Ho - ly! Thou Ho - ly, and mer - ci - ful bless - ing, pro -

tect us, pro - tect us, pro - tect us all from sin. Love o - ver -

CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

cast - ing, Faith ev - er - last - ing, Thou hast all for

us when we love thee. Love o - ver - cast - ing, Faith ev - er -

last - ing, O bear us, hear us when we plead to Thee!

We plead to Thee! We plead to Thee!

We're Hearing the River.

SOLO

JAS. B. SYKES.

Moderato.

1. When on the mount the Pro-phet stood, Led by th'Al-migh-ty's hand, Be
 2. So we by faith discern sweet rest, Be-yond death's riv-er strand, A
 3. Thn' dark the waves that roll be-tween, This world and that so grand, Faith
 4. There sin and death can nev-er come, Nor sor-row's part-ing hand, To

yond the Jor-dan's rol-ling flood,..... He saw the Prom-ised Land,..... He
 bright-er realm where all are blest,..... In that dear Prom-ised Land,..... In
 o-ver-looks the si-lent stream,..... And sees the Prom-ised Land,..... And
 des-o-late that bless-ed home,..... With-in the Prom-ised Land,..... With-

ritard.

saw..... the Prom-ised Land, Sweet Prom-ised Land.
 that..... dear Prom-ised Land, Sweet Prom-ised Land.
 sees..... the Prom-ised Land, Sweet Prom-ised Land.
 in..... the Prom-ised Land, Sweet Prom-ised Land.

By permission of Sep. Winner.

Jerusalem the Golden.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1150, tr. Neale.

Alexander Ewing.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. And they who with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,
 4. Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - press'd.
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
 For - ev - er, and for - ev - er, Are clad in robes of white.
 Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, — oh, I know no, What joys a - wait me there,
 There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from toil re - leas'd,
 Oh, land that see'st no sor - row! Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest!

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
 Oh, roy - al land of flow - ers! Oh, realm and home of life!
 Who art, with God the Fath - er, And Spir - it ev - er blest.

Jerusalem the golden!
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppress'd.
 I know not,—oh, I know not,
 What joys await me there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.
 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 There is the throne of David,
 And there from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.

And they who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever,
 Are clad in robes of white.
 Oh, land that see'st no sorrow!
 Oh, state that fearest no strife!
 Oh, royal land of flowers!
 Oh, realm and home of life!
 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest!
 Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit ever blest.

Softly the Night is Sleeping.

A. T. Gardner.

Softly.

1. Soft - ly the night is sleep - ing On Bethle - hem's peace - ful
2. Day in the east is break - ing; Day o'er the crim - soned

hill; si - lent the shep - herds watch - ing, The
earth! Now the glad world is wak - ing, Glad

gen - tle flocks are still. But hark! The won - drous
in the Sav - iour's birth! See where the clear star

quicker.

mu - sic Falls from the ope - ning sky;
bend - eth O - ver the man - ger blest;

ritard.

SOFTLY THE NIGHT IS SLEEPING.

a tempo.

Val - ley and cliff re - ech - o Glo - ry to God on high,
See where the In - fant Je - sus Smiles up - on Ma - ry's breast!

Chorus.
Spirited.

For.te.
Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God!

Glo - ry to God it rings a - gain, Peace on earth!

Peace on earth! Peace on earth! Good will to men.

3. Come with the gladsome shepherds,
Quick hastening from the fold;
Come with the wise men, pouring
Incense, and myrrh, and gold:
Come to Him, poor and lowly
Around the cradle throng;
Come with your hearts of sunshine
And sing the angels' song.—**CHOR.**

4. Weave ye the wreaths unfading
The fir tree and the pine;
Green from the snows of winter,
To deck the Holy shrine.
Bring ye the happy children!
For this—is Christmas Morn,
Jesus, the sinless Infant,
Jesus, the Lord, is born.—**CHOR.**

Evening Song.

English version by J. E. Carpenter.

Music by Franz Abt.

Rather slow.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f *pp* *Legato.*

1. In the
2. In the

west the sun de - cli - ning, Sinks be - neath the moun - tain
wind the grass is bend - ing, Flowers now slum - ber in the

Cres.

height, Tints the clouds with gol - den li - ning, Sets the
shade; Birds to seek their nests are wend - ing, Flocks in

EVENING SONG.

hills with ru - by's shin - ing, Ther bids all the world good -
fold the shep - herds tend - ing, Home - ward hies the moun - tain

mf *mf*

night! Good - night, good-night !
maid. Good - night, etc.

Rull e dim. *dim.*

Good - night, good - night !

p *pp*

3 Bleaker winds the flowers benumbing;
On the hearth the cricket sings;
Home the laden bee flies humming,
And the drowsy bat is coming,
Darting on his leathern wings.
Good-night!

4 Man now seeks his peaceful dwelling,
Circles round the ruddy blaze,
Of the sweets of labour telling,
Till his heart with raptre swelling
Grateful gives his Maker praise.
Good-night!

Sunday Morning.

Franz Abt.

Moderato.

1. Morn hath woke the world a - gain;
2. Not an - oth - er sound is heard,

Ro - sy fresh - ness fills the air - But from la - bor
Save the mur - m'ring of the ri - And the song of

we re - frain, some sweet bird; For this is a day of prayer.
All a - round is calm and still.

SUNDAY MORNING.

mf

And the church bells seem to say, . . . "Sun - day, Sun - day,
 While the church bells seem to say, . . . "Sun - day, Sun - day.

mf

crec. *dim.*

ho - ly day!" And the church bells seem to say, "Sun - day, Sun - day,
 ho - ly day!" White the church bells seem to say, "Sun - day, Sun - day,

res. *dim.*

ho - ly day!"
 ho - ly day!"

1 2

1 2

Home so Blest!

Words by B. S. Montgomery.

Music by Franz Abt.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *p*. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first system shows the piano accompaniment. The second system introduces the vocal line with two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and some melodic lines. The third system continues the vocal line with more lyrics, and the piano accompaniment features some chords marked with an 'x'. The fourth system continues the vocal line, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The fifth system concludes the piece with a *mf* dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment includes some chords marked with an 'x'.

p

1. The swal-low leaves the young with - in her nest, To God's most ho - ly
2. The swal-low glad-ly wings her dis-tant way, Far o'er the shin-ing

care; Still soar-ing high where golden sunbeams rest, Far off 'mid re-gions
foam, And yet, and yet methinks her heart must stray Back to her dis-tant

mf

fair. She hears that clime where an-gels blest Bend ev - er low in
home. To that fair land where sunbeams play, And soft and balm-y

HOME SO BLEST!

f *p*

praise and prayer: O home so blest! O shelter'd nest! O land so
 zeph-yrs roam. O home so blest! O shelter'd nest! Far o'er the

f *p*

fair! When I must die, when I must die, Let me the
 foam! When I must die, etc.

rit. *f* *p*

p

swallow be; Soaring so high, beyond the sky, My soul shall then be free, My soul shall

dim.

then be free.

mf *dim.* *p*

Over the Stars is Rest.

(Ueber den Sternen ist Ruh.)

English words by Alice Hawthorne.

Music by Franz Abt.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. O - ver the stars is your rest! O - ver the stars is your rest!
2. O - ver the stars is your rest! O - ver the stars is your rest!

Hope-ful-ly dream in thy sor - - row, Cheerful-ly wait - ing the
Fear not the world so un - feel - - ing, Se - cret-ly sor - row con -

mor - - row, Pa - tient-ly learn - ing to bor - - row,
ceal - - ing, Trust thee to Heav - en when kneel - - ing,

OVER THE STARS IS REST.

Peace from the prom - ise so blest Wait tho' no
 Know-ing thou yet may be blest Sha - dows of

com - fort be near thee, Hope, with her whis - per, may
 gloom may dis - tress thee. Yet there is One who will

cheer thee; O - ver the stars is your rest
 bless thee:

pp
 O - ver the stars is your rest.
pp rit.

The Titany Hymn.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1815.

SPANISH CHANT.

1. Saviour when in dust to Thee, Low we bow th'ador - ing knee; When re - pest - ant,
 2. By Thy birth and ear - ly years, By Thy human griefs and fears, By Thy fast - ing
 3. By Thy con - flict with des - pair, By Thine ag - o - ny of pray'r, By The pur - ple
 4. By Thy deep ex - pir - ing groan, By the seal'd se - pulchral stone, By Thy tri - umph

to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; O, by all Thy pains and woe,
 and dis - tress In the lone - ly wil - der - ness, By Thy vic - t'ry in the hour
 robe of scorn, By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn, By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,
 o'er the grave, By Thy pow'r from death to save; Might - y God. as - cend - ed Lord,

Suffered once for man be - low, Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn lit - a - ny.
 Of the subtle tempter's pow'r; Jesus, look with pitying eye; Hear our solemn lit - a - ny.
 By Thy per - fect sac - ri - fice; Je - sus, look with pitying eye; Hear our solemn lit - a - ny.
 To Thy throne in heav'n restored, Prince and Saviour, hear our cry, Hear our solemn lit - a - ny.

Federal Street.

SIMON BROWNE, 1720.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Come gracious Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;
 2. The light of truth to us, dis - play, And make us know and choose Thy way;
 3. Lead us to Christ, the 'liv - ing way, Nor let us from His pre - cepts stray;
 4. Lead us to heav'n, that we may share Ful - ness of joy for - ev - er there:

Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er ev'ry thought and step pre - side.
 Plant ho - ly fear in ev'ry heart, That we from Thee may ne'er de - part.
 Lead us to ho - li - ness, the road That we must take to dwell with God.
 Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with Him for - ev - er blest.

CHOICE SELECTIONS

OF

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

CONTAINING

WALTZES, POLKAS, MARCHES, SONATAS, GAVOTTES
GALOPS, ETC., ETC.

SELECTED FROM THE RAREST GEMS OF THE WORLD'S
GREATEST COMPOSERS.



Madame Angot's Child.

(WALTZ.)

Charles Cooté.

No. 1.

p

p

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first system includes a fermata over the final note of the first staff. The score consists of five systems of two staves each, with various musical notations including slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

MADAME ANGOT'S CHILD

First system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *p*, *mf*, *p*, and *mf*.

Second system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *legato.*, *f*, and *p*.

Third system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *cres.* and *f*.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves. Includes the instruction "2." and "Last time." in the treble staff, and "CODA." in the bass staff. Dynamics include *f*.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves.

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves.

Girofle Girofla.

WALTZ.

CHAS. LECOCQ.

The musical score is arranged in six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a treble staff containing a melodic line and a bass staff with accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* and *cres.*. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with *p* and *cres.* markings. The third system features a more complex accompaniment with dynamics *f*, *ff*, and *p*. The fourth system includes first and second endings, marked with *p*, *Fine.*, and *p*. The fifth system shows a return to a simple accompaniment with dynamics *cres.*, *f*, and *pp*. The sixth system concludes the piece with dynamics *cres.*, *f*, and *pp*, ending with the instruction *D.S. al Fine.*

GIROFLE GIROFLA.

Introduction. *S. Walker.*

62

f *f*

f *Fine.* *mf*

cres. *f* *p*

f *mf*

p *f*

D. S. al Fine.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The introduction consists of several measures of chords and moving lines in both hands. At the end of the introduction, the vocal line enters with the lyrics "S. Walker." The piano accompaniment continues with a series of chords and moving lines. The score includes various dynamics such as *f*, *mf*, *p*, and *cres.* (crescendo). There are also first and second endings marked with "1." and "2.". The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction "D. S. al Fine." (Da Capo al Fine).

Boccaccio Waltz.

FRANZ VON SUPPÉ.

H. ALBERTI.

Valse.

dolce.

f

p

8va.....

MARCH.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the musical piece. The upper staff features a dynamic marking of *f* in the middle. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with consistent rhythmic patterns.

The third system shows the progression of the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff includes various musical ornaments and dynamics. The lower staff maintains the harmonic support.

The fourth system begins with a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) in the lower staff. The upper staff continues with melodic development.

The fifth system continues the musical notation. The upper staff shows melodic lines with some rests, while the lower staff provides a steady accompaniment.

The sixth system concludes the page's musical notation. It features a dynamic marking of *ff* in the lower staff. The upper staff ends with a melodic phrase, and the lower staff has several notes marked with an 'x', possibly indicating a specific performance instruction or a correction.

Perles et Dentelles.

(PEARLS AND LACES.)

Valse.

G. Ludovic

PIANO

f

p

cresc.

f

mf

Fine.

f

dolce.

PERLES ET DENTELLES.

The musical score consists of seven systems of piano accompaniment. Each system contains a treble and bass clef staff. The first system shows a melodic line in the treble and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass. The second system includes dynamic markings 'f' and 'V'. The third system features 'f' and 'p' markings. The fourth system has 'f' and 'V' markings. The fifth system includes 'ff', 'V', and 'dolce.' markings. The sixth system continues the melodic and accompaniment patterns. The seventh system concludes with 'f' and 'D.C.' markings.

Feast of Flowers.

(WALTZ.)

By F. H. H. Thomson.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of music. Each system contains a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The word "Piano." is written to the left of the first system. The score features a variety of musical notations, including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as 'x' and 'f'. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the fifth system.

FEAST OF FLOWERS WALTZ.

The image displays a musical score for a waltz, consisting of seven systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. A 'Fine.' marking is present in the second system. The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Fine.

Charming Waltz.

(TRES JOLIE.)

Arr. by E. MACK.

The musical score is arranged in six systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The second system continues the piece. The third system introduces a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and includes several accents (*acc*) over the notes. The fourth system features a key signature change to two sharps (F# and C#) and includes a trill (*tr*) in the treble staff. The fifth system continues with the new key signature. The sixth system concludes the piece with a final key signature change to one sharp (F#).

CHARMING WALTZ.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a whole note chord, followed by a half note, and then a series of eighth notes with slurs. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the second measure of the lower staff.

The second system continues the piece with similar melodic and harmonic patterns in both staves, maintaining the 3/4 time signature and one sharp key signature.

The third system shows further development of the waltz's melody and accompaniment, with the upper staff featuring more complex melodic lines and the lower staff providing a steady harmonic base.

The fourth system continues the musical progression, with the upper staff showing a series of half notes and the lower staff maintaining its accompaniment.

The fifth system features a melodic line in the upper staff consisting of half notes, while the lower staff continues with a consistent accompaniment.

The sixth system concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase in the upper staff and a corresponding accompaniment in the lower staff, ending with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Veri Waltzes.

Charles L'Albert.

No. 1.

p *Espress.*

The first system of music for 'Veri Waltzes' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature, and the lower staff is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and an *Espress.* (Espressivo) marking. The melody in the upper staff features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line provides a steady accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

cres. *f*

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff shows a crescendo (*cres.*) leading to a forte (*f*) dynamic. The bass line continues with a consistent accompaniment pattern.

f

Ped. * *Ped.* *

The third system features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The upper staff has a melodic line with some rests, and the bass line continues with chords. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) with asterisks are placed below the bass staff.

Ped. * *Ped.* *

D. C.

The fourth system continues with the forte (*f*) dynamic. The upper staff has a melodic line with some rests, and the bass line continues with chords. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) with asterisks are placed below the bass staff. The system ends with a *D. C.* (Da Capo) marking.

No. 2.

f *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

The first system of 'Veri Waltzes' No. 2 consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature, and the lower staff is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody in the upper staff features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line provides a steady accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) with asterisks are placed below the bass staff.

f

Ped. * *Ped.*

The second system of 'Veri Waltzes' No. 2 continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The upper staff has a melodic line with some rests, and the bass line continues with chords. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) with asterisks are placed below the bass staff.

PERI WALTZES.

Musical notation for the first system of the Peri Waltzes. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff begins with a melodic line that includes a first ending (marked '1') and a second ending (marked '2'). Dynamic markings include *cres.*, *ff*, and *ff*. An asterisk (*) is placed below the bass staff.

Musical notation for the second system of the Peri Waltzes. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a series of chords. A *Ped.* marking is present below the bass staff, along with an asterisk (*) indicating a pedal point.

Musical notation for the third system of the Peri Waltzes. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a series of chords. A *Ped.* marking is present below the bass staff, along with an asterisk (*) indicating a pedal point.

Musical notation for the fourth system of the Peri Waltzes. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff features a melodic line with first and second endings. The bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment.

Musical notation for the fifth system of the Peri Waltzes, labeled "No. 3.". It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff begins with a melodic line in 3/4 time, marked with *f* and *p*. The bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment.

Musical notation for the sixth system of the Peri Waltzes. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line. A *p* marking is present below the bass staff.

Musical notation for the seventh system of the Peri Waltzes. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line. Dynamic markings include *f*, *ff*, and *D. C.* (Da Capo).

The Black Hawk Waltz.

By MARY E. WALSH.

Spa.....

Spa.....CODA.

1 2 Dal Segno ♩ CODA. ⊕

Repeat in Octaves.

THE BLACK HAWK WALTZ

The musical score for 'The Black Hawk Waltz' is presented in a grand staff format, consisting of two staves per system. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into seven systems, each beginning with a 'Sra.' (Solo) marking. The first system shows a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. The second system includes a first ending bracket with a '2' above it, followed by a second ending. The third system features a melodic line with 'tr' (trills) in the right hand. The fourth system shows a melodic line with 'x' marks in the right hand, indicating a specific performance technique. The fifth system continues with 'x' marks in the right hand. The sixth system also features 'x' marks in the right hand. The seventh system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The page number '227' is located at the bottom center.

Tyrolienne Waltz.

The Sylphs. No. 2

F Spindler.

The first system of the piece consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The second system continues the piece. It features a repeat sign in the middle of the upper staff, followed by a first ending bracket. The lower staff continues with its accompaniment. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present in the lower staff towards the end of the system.

The third system contains several measures with pedaling instructions. The lower staff has markings: *Ped.*, * *Ped.*, *, and *Ped.* *. The upper staff continues with its melodic line, including some grace notes.

The fourth system shows the continuation of the piece. The lower staff has a *Ped.* * marking. The upper staff continues with its melodic line, maintaining the piano (*p*) dynamic.

The fifth system is the final one on the page. It concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat signs in both staves. The upper staff ends with a final chord, and the lower staff has a final bass note.

TYROLIENNE WALTZ.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass clef staff includes a *Ped.* marking and asterisks (*) indicating specific notes or chords.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents. The bass clef staff provides harmonic support with chords and a *Ped.* marking.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic theme. The bass clef staff includes a *Ped.* marking and a star symbol (*) below the staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff shows a melodic phrase with slurs and accents. The bass clef staff includes a forte (*f*) dynamic and several 'x' marks indicating specific notes.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass clef staff includes a *Ped.* marking and a key signature change to one sharp (F#).

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff concludes the piece with a melodic phrase. The bass clef staff includes a key signature change to two sharps (F# and C#).

Juliet Valse.

Charles Coote, Jr.

CORNET SOLO.

F. ANO. *p dolce con espress.*

Fine.

JULIET VALSE.

The first system of musical notation for the piece. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4 and B4, then a quarter rest, and continues with eighth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is placed above the bass staff in the final measure of this system.

The third system of musical notation. It begins with a repeat sign (double bar line with dots) in the treble staff. A dynamic marking of *ff* is placed above the bass staff in the first measure.

The fourth system of musical notation, continuing the piece with the same melodic and harmonic patterns.

The fifth system of musical notation. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the bass staff in the first measure.

The sixth and final system of musical notation. It concludes the piece. A dynamic marking of *D. C.* (Da Capo) is placed above the treble staff in the final measure.

Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz.

Arranged by SEP. WINNER.

Tempo di valse.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of music. Each system contains a treble staff and a bass staff. The first system is marked with the tempo *Tempo di valse.* and the dynamic *PIANO.*. The music features a waltz rhythm with a 3/4 time signature. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *Fine.* in the fifth system. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the sixth system.

BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE WALTZ.

The first system of the score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and a final measure with a fermata. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a rhythmic accompaniment of chords, primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line with a fermata in the second measure. The lower staff continues the chordal accompaniment with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

The third system shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff features a melodic line with a fermata in the second measure. The lower staff maintains the chordal accompaniment.

The fourth system is marked "TRIO" above the upper staff and "dolce." below the lower staff. The upper staff has a melodic line with a fermata in the second measure. The lower staff features a more active accompaniment with eighth notes and chords.

The fifth system continues the Trio section. The upper staff has a melodic line with a fermata in the second measure. The lower staff continues with the active accompaniment.

The sixth system continues the Trio section. The upper staff has a melodic line with a fermata in the second measure. The lower staff continues with the active accompaniment.

The seventh system concludes the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line with a fermata in the second measure. The lower staff continues with the active accompaniment. The piece ends with the marking "D. C." (Da Capo) in the bottom right corner.

Grafulla's Favorite Waltz.

Arranged by SEP. WINNER.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The upper staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a dynamic marking of *p dolce*. The upper staff has a melodic line with some slurs and a repeat sign. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with a mix of chords and moving lines.

The third system of musical notation shows further development of the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and a repeat sign. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with a mix of chords and moving lines.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and a repeat sign. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with a mix of chords and moving lines.

GRAFAULLS FAVORITE WALTZ.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves contain rhythmic accompaniment with various articulation marks such as accents and slurs.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody in treble clef. The lower staff continues the bass line in bass clef. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the lower staff.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff features a more melodic line with slurs and ties. The lower staff continues the bass line with rhythmic accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and ties. The lower staff continues the bass line with rhythmic accompaniment.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and ties. The lower staff continues the bass line with rhythmic accompaniment. The system concludes with the marking *D.C.* (Da Capo).

"Wild Flower."

POLKA REDOWA.

Moderato.

The musical score is presented in five systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked *Moderato.* The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system begins with a treble staff containing a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system features a *mf* dynamic marking. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and repeat signs.

WILD FLOWER

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and features a melody in the right hand with chords and a bass line in the left hand.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *f* and *p*.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *f*.

The sixth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *mf* and *D.C.*

L'Étoile—Schottisch.

By CHAS. D. RENTGEN.

Moderato.

PIANO. *p*

Repeat Sea. *mf*

Sea *p*

L'ETOILE SCHOTTISCH.

Sua.....

TRIO.
Sua..... loco. *Delicato.*

p

Anvil Polka.

A. PARLOW.

Piano.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of music. Each system contains a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The score begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The first system includes a fortissimo (*ff*) marking. The piece features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, characteristic of a polka. The final system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a double bar line.

AN VII. POLKA.

The first system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a series of chords and eighth-note patterns. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth-note figures.

The second system continues the piece with similar chordal and melodic structures. The upper staff has a melodic line with eighth notes, while the lower staff provides a steady accompaniment.

TRIO.
Dolce.

The third system is marked 'TRIO' and 'Dolce'. The upper staff features a more melodic line with slurs, while the lower staff has a simpler accompaniment.

f

The fourth system is marked 'f' (forte). The upper staff has a more active melodic line with slurs, and the lower staff has a more complex accompaniment with chords.

Dolce.

The fifth system is marked 'Dolce'. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs, and the lower staff has a simple accompaniment.

1. 2.

D. C. ♯

The sixth system concludes the piece with first and second endings. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs, and the lower staff has a simple accompaniment. The piece ends with a 'D. C. ♯' marking.

Gutschke Polka.

(HEEL AND TOE.)

LUDWIG STASNY

Introduction.

Piano

ff *mf* *dim.* *f*

sf *p* *sf* *p*

1st time. 2d time. *f*

p *f*

sf *p*

KUTSCHKE (HEEL AND TOE) POLKA.

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a forte (*f*) dynamic, and then a section marked *sf* (sforzando) and *p* (piano). There are several triplet markings (*3*) throughout the system.

The second system begins with a section labeled *TRIO.* above the staff, accompanied by a circled cross symbol. Below the staff, the instruction *To Coda.* is written. The music starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The time signature changes to 2/4.

The third system continues the musical piece with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It features a series of sixteenth-note patterns in both the treble and bass staves.

The fourth system continues the piece, featuring a forte (*f*) dynamic. The music is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note passages.

The fifth system continues the piece with a piano (*p*) dynamic, maintaining the sixteenth-note rhythmic texture.

The sixth system concludes the piece with a section labeled *CODA.* above the staff, accompanied by a circled cross symbol. The instruction *D.C.* (Da Capo) is written below the staff. The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a double forte (*ff*) dynamic. The word *FINE.* is written at the end of the system.

The Storm Polka.

(La Tempete.)

A. Wallerstein.

First system of musical notation. The piece is in 2/4 time and B-flat major. The left hand (bass clef) plays a steady accompaniment of eighth notes, while the right hand (treble clef) plays a melody of eighth notes. The system is marked with a piano dynamic *fz*, a *Ped.* (pedal) instruction, and an asterisk *** indicating a repeat sign. The word "POLKA." is written to the left of the first staff.

Second system of musical notation. The melody continues with a repeat sign. The system is marked with a piano dynamic *fz* and a *Ped.* instruction.

Third system of musical notation. The piece transitions to a Trio section, marked with *D. C. TRIO. Leggiero.* and a mezzo-forte dynamic *mf*. The key signature changes to B-flat major. The system is marked with a *Ped.* instruction.

Fourth system of musical notation. The piece continues with a repeat sign. The system is marked with *8 va.....loco.* and a *Ped.* instruction.

THE STORM POLKA.

The musical score for "The Storm Polka" is presented in a grand staff format, consisting of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The piece is in 2/4 time and features a variety of dynamic markings and performance instructions. The first system begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and includes four pedaling marks (*Ped.* *). The second system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes an 8va marking and a *loco.* instruction. The third system includes a *D. C.* marking and three pedaling marks. The fourth system includes one pedaling mark. The fifth system includes one pedaling mark. The sixth system includes an 8va marking, a *loco.* instruction, and two pedaling marks with a fortissimo (*fz*) dynamic. The page number 35 is located at the bottom left, and 545 is at the bottom center.

Springauf Polka.

Carl Faust.

LEITUNG.
Allegro.

The introduction consists of two staves of music in 2/4 time. The right hand starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The left hand starts with a bass clef. The music is marked with a forte *f* dynamic. The right hand features a series of eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

POLKA.

The first system of the polka consists of two staves. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The left hand has a bass clef. The music is marked with a piano *p* dynamic. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

The second system of the polka consists of two staves. It includes first and second endings, indicated by '1.' and '2.' above the right-hand staff. The music is marked with a forte *f* dynamic. The right hand continues the melodic line, and the left hand maintains the accompaniment.

The third system of the polka consists of two staves. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The left hand has a bass clef. The music is marked with a forte *f* dynamic. The right hand plays a melodic line with some grace notes, and the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment.

The fourth system of the polka consists of two staves. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The left hand has a bass clef. The music is marked with a forte *f* dynamic. The right hand plays a melodic line with some grace notes, and the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment.

SPRINGAU F POLKA.

1. 2. Trio.

p

2.

f

1. 2. ⊕ Schluss.

f

Polka. D. C. al. ⊕

German Polka.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By C. Faust.

Andante. *tr.*.....

p

tr......

fz *p*

ff

GERMAN POLKA.

p *D.S.*

TRIO.

ff *p*

f

f

Sva.....

p

D.C.
I. II.

La Violette.

Mazurka von Faust.

INTRODUCTION.

PIANO. *p*

The introduction consists of two staves of music in 3/4 time. The right hand features a melody with several triplet markings. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

MAZURKA.

mf Grazioso.

The Mazurka section begins with two staves. The right hand has a melodic line with triplet markings. The left hand has a bass line with chords and single notes. The tempo and dynamics are marked as *mf Grazioso*.

Continuation of the Mazurka section, showing the right and left hand staves with various musical notations including triplets and slurs.

Continuation of the Mazurka section, showing the right and left hand staves with various musical notations including triplets and slurs.

Continuation of the Mazurka section, showing the right and left hand staves with various musical notations including triplets and slurs. The piece concludes with a final chord marked *f*.

LA VIOLETTE.

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some grace notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

D. C. to Mazurka.

The second system includes a first ending bracket labeled "First time." and a second ending bracket labeled "Second." followed by the instruction "Tempo 1o." The treble staff has a dynamic marking of *ffz* and a fermata over the final note. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

The third system continues the musical piece with a treble staff melody and a bass staff accompaniment.

The fourth system continues the musical piece with a treble staff melody and a bass staff accompaniment.

The fifth system continues the musical piece with a treble staff melody and a bass staff accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* is present in the bass staff.

The sixth system concludes the piece with a treble staff melody and a bass staff accompaniment. The instruction *D. C. Mazurka.* is written above the treble staff.

Little Fairy Mazurka.

STREABBOG.

TEMPO DI MAZURKA.

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a piano (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes a 'Solo' marking above the treble staff. The third system also features a 'Solo' marking and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The fourth system starts with a piano (*f*) dynamic. The fifth system concludes the piece with a piano (*f*) dynamic. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns, slurs, and accents.

LITTLE FAIRY MAZURKA.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a melodic line featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, marked with accents and a forte (*f*) dynamic. A first ending bracket is shown above the staff, with a second ending bracket below it. The lower staff is in bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a key signature change to two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. It includes a key signature change (K) and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The third system continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. It includes a key signature change (K) and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The fourth system continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. It includes a first ending bracket (1) and a second ending bracket (2), a key signature change (K), and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The fifth system continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. It includes a key signature change (K) and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The sixth system continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. It includes a key signature change (K) and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The Black Key Polka Mazurka.

Composed for the Piano-Forte.

By A. Herzog.

Tempo di Mazurka.

PIANO. *f p stretto.*

f staccato. p pp

f p

THE BLACK KEY POLKA MAZURKA

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The piece features several musical notations:

- System 1:** Treble clef has triplet eighth notes. Bass clef has chords. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system.
- System 2:** Treble clef has triplet eighth notes. Bass clef has chords. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system.
- System 3:** Treble clef has triplet eighth notes. Bass clef has chords. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system.
- System 4:** Treble clef has triplet eighth notes. Bass clef has chords. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system.

 Dynamics include *p* (piano), *f* (forte), and *pp* (pianissimo). Performance markings include *V* (accents), *d* (fingerings), and *D. C.* (Da Capo). The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Minnchaka March.

Mrs. H. C. Whilldin.

PIANO.

f *f* *p* *p*

Sva.....

f *f* *p* *ff*

Sva..... Sva..... loco.

ff

D. C. *Sva.....*

p *mf*

Sva.....

MINNEHAWA MARCH.

Sva.....

p

Sva.....

ff

f *f* *p*

p

Repeat Sva. *Sva....*

f *p*

Sva.... *Sva....*

f *ff*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the Minnehawa March, arranged for piano. The score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of six systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The third system has a forte (*f*) dynamic in the bass and piano (*p*) in the treble. The fourth system is marked piano (*p*). The fifth system includes a 'Repeat Sva.' section and a 'Sva....' section, with dynamics of forte (*f*) and piano (*p*). The sixth system concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic in the bass and fortissimo (*ff*) in the treble. The notation includes various chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines.

Matinitza March.

FRANZ VON SUPPE.

Allegro Marciale.

The musical score is arranged in five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings. The dynamics range from *ff* (fortissimo) to *p* (piano). The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

ff

f *ff* *p*

cres. *ff*

ff

fp *p*

FATINIZZA MARCH.

The first system of the score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some grace notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

The second system continues the piece with similar melodic and harmonic patterns in both staves.

The third system continues the piece with similar melodic and harmonic patterns in both staves.

The fourth system begins with the word "TRIO." above the staff. It includes dynamic markings: "D.C." (Da Capo) above the first measure, "p" (piano) above the second measure, and "mf" (mezzo-forte) above the fifth measure.

The fifth system continues the piece with similar melodic and harmonic patterns in both staves.

The sixth system continues the piece with similar melodic and harmonic patterns in both staves.

The seventh system concludes the piece. It features a dynamic marking of "ff" (fortissimo) above the first measure and "D.C. al Fine." above the final measure.

Bank and File March.

Ulego moderato. *S.*

mf

mf

p scherzando

piu. f *f* *mf*

The musical score consists of five systems of piano accompaniment. Each system is written for a grand piano, with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The first system begins with the tempo marking 'Ulego moderato.' and a section sign 'S.'. The dynamics range from mezzo-forte (mf) to piano (p). The fourth system is marked 'p scherzando', indicating a playful character. The fifth system features dynamic markings for 'piu. f', 'f', and 'mf'. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

RANK AND FILE MARCH.

mf

f Dolce.

FINE.

risoluto.

f

mf

D.S.

Sharp-Shooters' March.

Composed for the Piano-Forte.

By CARL FAUST.

PIANO.

ff *p* *fz*

p *fz*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of two staves each. The first system is marked 'PIANO.' and begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The first staff of the first system is mostly empty, with some notes in the final measure. The second staff of the first system contains a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and ending with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the first staff and continues with a similar accompaniment. The third system features a forte (*fz*) dynamic in the first staff and includes a trill in the second staff. The fourth system concludes with a trill in the first staff and a final chord in the second staff.

SHARP-SHOOTERS' MARCH.

Sva......

ff

Sva......

Sva......

1 2 *D.C.*
p

TRIO.

p *p*

1 2 *D.C.*
f *p*

Swedish Wedding March.

Arr. by V. Benno Schreck.

Quick and light.

mf

ff ff pp

ff ff pp

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of six systems of music. The first system is marked "Quick and light." and "mf". The second system is marked "ff". The third system is marked "ff ff pp". The fourth system is marked "ff". The fifth system is marked "ff ff pp". The sixth system is marked "ff ff pp" and ends with a repeat sign. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, dynamics, and articulation marks.

SWEDISH WEDDING MARCH.

Trio.

p *dolce.*

f *p dolce.*

ff marcato.

p

ff marcato.

pp

Gelter Skelter Galop.

By Carl Faust.

PIANO.

ff *ffz* *fz* *fz* *fz* *p*

Sva.

ff

1 2

1 2

The musical score is written for piano in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It consists of five systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (piano) dynamic and includes markings for fortissimo (ff), fortissimo-zwischen (ffz), fortissimo-ritardando (fz), and piano (p). The second system continues the piece with various dynamics. The third system features a fortissimo (ff) dynamic and includes first and second endings. The fourth system is marked 'Sva.' (Sustained) and features a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The fifth system concludes the piece with first and second endings.

HELTER SKELTER GALOP.

The musical score is arranged in six systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *dol.* (dolce) articulation. The first system shows a melodic line in the treble and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass. The second system introduces a forte (*f*) dynamic and a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The third system continues the melodic and rhythmic patterns. The fourth system features a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *fz* (forzando) articulation, with a *p dol.* marking appearing later in the system. The fifth system shows a melodic line with a first ending bracket labeled '1' and a second ending bracket labeled '2'. The sixth system concludes with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

Tout a la Joie.

(FULL OF JOY.)

Galop.

Philippe Fahrbach.

First system of musical notation. The piece is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is written for piano. The first measure is marked *ff*. The melody features eighth and sixteenth notes with accents. The bass line consists of chords and eighth notes. The system concludes with the vocal-like exclamation "Ah! Ah! Ah!" written above the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with the vocal-like exclamation "Ah! Ah! Ah!" written above the treble staff. The dynamic marking *mf* appears at the end of the system.

Third system of musical notation. The melody includes first and second endings, indicated by "1" and "2" above the staff. The first ending leads back to an earlier section, while the second ending concludes the phrase. The dynamic marking *ff* is present in the first measure, and *mf* appears later in the system.

Fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with the vocal-like exclamation "Ah! Ah! Ah!" written above the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. The melody includes first and second endings, indicated by "1" and "2" above the staff. The dynamic marking *cres.* (crescendo) is present in the first measure, followed by *ff*. The system concludes with the vocal-like exclamation "Ah! Ah! Ah!" written above the treble staff. The dynamic marking *m* (mezzo) appears at the end of the system.

TOUT A LA JOIE.

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

TRIO.

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

p

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

f

1 2

p *p cresc.* *cres.*

1 2

do. *f*

Hit and Miss Galop.

On Herve's Comic Opera.

L'oeil Creve.

PIANG

Allegro.

f

GALOP. Vivo.

p

570

HIT AND MISS GALOP.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with five measures, each containing a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the piece with two staves. It includes a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. The notation includes triplets and various rhythmic patterns. The system concludes with the instruction "D. C." (Da Capo).

CODA.

The CODA section is marked with a double bar line and the word "CODA." to its left. It consists of two staves of music, primarily using chords and rhythmic accompaniment in the bass clef.

The fifth system of music features two staves with a melody in the treble clef and accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The sixth system continues the piece with two staves, showing a continuation of the melodic and rhythmic themes.

The seventh system consists of two staves, featuring a melody in the treble clef and accompaniment in the bass clef.

The eighth system is the final system on the page, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It includes a first ending bracket and concludes with the instruction "D. C." (Da Capo).

Jupiter Galop.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By Charles Coote, Jr.

PIANO.

p

ff

3 3 3 3

3 3

JUPITER GALOP.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with several triplet markings. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a rhythmic accompaniment of chords. The tempo marking *D. C.* is located at the end of the system.

TRIO.

The Trio section begins with two staves. The upper staff starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a tempo change to *2a time*, followed by a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The lower staff provides a dense chordal accompaniment.

The second system of the Trio section continues the melodic and harmonic development. The upper staff features a series of eighth-note patterns, while the lower staff maintains the chordal accompaniment.

The third system of the Trio section includes a repeat sign in the upper staff. The lower staff continues with the chordal accompaniment. The tempo marking *D. C.* is present.

The fourth system of the Trio section features a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic. The upper staff has a more active melodic line, and the lower staff accompaniment becomes more complex with many beamed notes.

The fifth system of the Trio section concludes the piece. The upper staff ends with a final melodic phrase, and the lower staff accompaniment ends with a series of chords. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Jolly Brothers Galop.

FRANZ BUDIK.

INTRODUCTION. GALOP.

PIANO. *f*

1.

2.

D. S. to S

JOLLY BROTHERS GALOP.

TRIC.

p

1. 2.

D.C.

The Minuet.

MOZART.

Moderato.

PIANO

p

The musical score consists of five systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The first system includes the word 'PIANO' and a dynamic marking 'p'. The second system continues the accompaniment. The third system features a prominent chordal texture in the right hand. The fourth system includes a dynamic marking 'p' and a 'V' marking. The fifth system concludes with a 'cres.' marking and a hairpin crescendo symbol.

THE MINUET.

First system of musical notation, measures 1-2. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The right hand features a complex rhythmic pattern with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the second measure.

Second system of musical notation, measures 3-4. The right hand continues with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *cres.* (crescendo) is placed above the second measure, with a hairpin symbol indicating the increase in volume.

Third system of musical notation, measures 5-6. The right hand has a more active melodic line. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the second measure.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 7-8. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth notes. The left hand has a more active eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* is placed above the second measure.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 9-10. The right hand continues with chords and eighth notes. The left hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 11-12. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *cres.* is placed above the first measure, with a hairpin symbol indicating the increase in volume.

Secret Love.

By JOHN RESCH.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of two staves each. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The score begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first system shows the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system continues the piece. The third system introduces a forte (*f*) dynamic in the right hand. The fourth system continues with the forte dynamic. The fifth system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

SECRET LOVE.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a melodic line featuring a dotted quarter note followed by eighth notes, then a half note, and continues with a series of eighth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the piece and includes dynamic markings: *sf* (sforzando), *sf*, and *p* (piano). It features first and second endings, indicated by the numbers '1' and '2' above the treble staff. The first ending leads back to an earlier section, while the second ending concludes the system. The bass staff has some notes marked with an 'x'.

The third system is marked 'TRIO. S:' and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It features a more active bass line with sixteenth-note patterns, while the treble staff continues with chords and a melodic line.

The fourth system continues the Trio section with a consistent rhythmic accompaniment in the bass and a melodic line in the treble.

The fifth system includes a *sf* (sforzando) dynamic marking. The musical texture remains consistent with the previous systems, featuring a steady bass accompaniment and a melodic treble line.

The sixth system concludes the piece with the word 'FINE' written at the end of the treble staff. The music ends with a final cadence in both staves.

The Turkish Reveille.

Composed by TH. MACHAELIS.

Arranged by D. KRUG.

Moderato. Tempo di Marcia.

ppp

Una corda.

To CODA.

pp

tre corda.

p

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef. It begins with a dynamic marking of *ppp* and the instruction *Una corda.* The tempo is marked *Moderato. Tempo di Marcia.* The score consists of six systems of two staves each. The first system includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet markings. The second system continues the melodic line in the treble and accompaniment in the bass. The third system is marked *To CODA.* and includes a *pp* dynamic. The fourth system shows a change in texture with more complex rhythmic patterns. The fifth system is marked *tre corda.* and *p*. The sixth system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

THE TURKISH REVEILLE.

The first system of the score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line with some grace notes and a first ending bracket. The lower staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The upper staff has a more active melodic line with slurs and accents. The lower staff accompaniment is also more rhythmic. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fourth system includes a *CODA* section. The upper staff has a melodic line that leads into a *ppp* (pianissimo) section. The lower staff has a dynamic of *f* (forte) before the *ppp* section. The instruction *una corda sempre.* is written below the staff.

The fifth system continues with a melodic line in the upper staff and a rhythmic accompaniment in the lower staff. The dynamics are not explicitly marked in this system.

The sixth system concludes the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line that ends with a fermata. The lower staff has a dynamic of *dim.* (diminuendo) leading to a *pppp* (pianississimo) section. The system ends with a double bar line.

Sonate in F.

H. Lichner.

Alegro Moderato.

p

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (F major) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the first measure of the lower staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the two-staff format. The upper staff has a melodic line with some rests. The lower staff continues the eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

p dol.

p dol.

The third system of musical notation continues the two-staff format. The upper staff has a melodic line. The lower staff continues the eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p dol.* (piano, *dol.*) is placed above the first measure of the lower staff.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the two-staff format. The upper staff has a melodic line. The lower staff continues the eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

p dol.

p dol.

The fifth system of musical notation continues the two-staff format. The upper staff has a melodic line. The lower staff continues the eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p dol.* (piano, *dol.*) is placed above the first measure of the lower staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

SONATE IN F.

The image displays a musical score for a Sonata in F, consisting of six systems of music. Each system includes a piano (p) part on the bottom staff and a violin (v) part on the top staff. The key signature is one flat (F major or D minor), and the time signature is 3/4.

The first system features a piano part with a steady eighth-note accompaniment and a violin part with a melodic line. Dynamics include *mf* in the piano part. Tempo markings *rit.* and *a tempo.* are present above the violin staff.

The second system continues the accompaniment, with dynamics *p* and *mf* in the piano part, and *p* in the violin part.

The third system shows a change in the piano part's texture, with dynamics *p* and *mf*. The violin part has a *rit.* marking and a *p* dynamic.

The fourth system features a more active piano part with dynamics *p* and *mf*. The violin part has a *p* dynamic.

The fifth system has a piano part with dynamics *p* and *mf*. The violin part has a *p* dynamic.

The sixth system concludes with a piano part featuring dynamics *p* and *pp*. The violin part has a *p* dynamic.

District Quickstep.

By Sep. Winner.

Animato.
f

Dolce.
p

f

f *ff* **FINE.**

By permission of Sep. Winner.

DISTRICT QUICK STEP.

The first system of music features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass clef accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble clef part shows a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef part maintains the eighth-note accompaniment with some chordal textures.

The third system introduces a forte (*f*) dynamic. The treble clef part features a more active melody with eighth notes. The bass clef part continues with a consistent eighth-note accompaniment.

The fourth system shows the melody and accompaniment continuing. The treble clef part has a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The bass clef part features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment with some chordal textures.

The fifth system continues the piece. The treble clef part has a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The bass clef part features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment with some chordal textures.

The sixth and final system of music concludes the piece. The treble clef part has a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The bass clef part features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment with some chordal textures. The system ends with a double bar line and the initials "D.C." (Da Capo).

Lily Gavotte.

Th. Giese.

The musical score for "Lily Gavotte" by Th. Giese is presented in five systems, each consisting of a treble and bass clef staff. The piece is in 3/4 time and G major. The first system is marked "Moderato" and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic. The third system continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fourth system is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fifth system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

LILY GAVOTTE

The first system of musical notation for 'Lily Gavotte'. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a melodic line in G major, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the bass staff in the third measure.

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melodic line with various rhythmic patterns. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines. There are no dynamic markings in this system.

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with some rests. The bass staff has a more active accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano) in the second measure and *cres.* (crescendo) in the fourth measure.

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff provides accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the bass staff in the second measure.

The fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with some rests. The bass staff has a more active accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the bass staff in the third measure.

The sixth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. The treble staff features a melodic line with some rests. The bass staff provides accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *f* (forte) in the second measure and *fz* (fortissimo) in the fourth measure.

Joyous Farmer.

R. Schumann.

PIANO.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains four measures of music, each with a pair of beamed eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C). It contains four measures of music, starting with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The first two measures feature a melodic line with a slur, and the last two measures feature a more active melodic line.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains four measures of music, each with a pair of beamed eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C). It contains four measures of music, starting with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The first two measures feature a melodic line with a slur, and the last two measures feature a more active melodic line.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains four measures of music, each with a pair of beamed eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C). It contains four measures of music, starting with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The first two measures feature a melodic line with a slur, and the last two measures feature a more active melodic line.

JOYOUS FARMER.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in 2/4 time. The music features a melody in the upper staff with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the lower staff with quarter and eighth notes. There are dynamic markings such as *v* and *f* throughout the system.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in 2/4 time. The music features a melody in the upper staff with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the lower staff with quarter and eighth notes. There are dynamic markings such as *v* and *f* throughout the system.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in 2/4 time. The music features a melody in the upper staff with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the lower staff with quarter and eighth notes. There are dynamic markings such as *v* and *f* throughout the system.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in 2/4 time. The music features a melody in the upper staff with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the lower staff with quarter and eighth notes. There are dynamic markings such as *v* and *f* throughout the system.

Tulip.

HEINRICH LICHNER.

Allegretto.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems. Each system contains a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, with a steady accompaniment in the bass. The first system begins with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fifth system.

TULIP.

A musical score for a piece titled "TULIP." The score is written for piano and consists of seven systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piece begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and includes various dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *ff* (fortissimo), and *sf* (sforzando). The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth-note runs and chords, with some sections marked with a letter 'A' above the notes. The score concludes with a final chord marked *sf*.

Confidence.

Mendelssohn.

Moderato.

p

Dolce.

mf *p* *f*

dimin. *p* *ff*

ff *p*

cresc. *al.* *ff* *dimin.* *p*

a tempo.

pp *p* *Ped.*



Sleep.

SLEEP! Sleep!
 Sleep, my dearie, sleep, and dream!
 Roaming where roses are rife,
 To sweeten the tear-fed stream
 That waters the tree of life;
 Take thou my song for a boat,
 And sail on my voice for a sea;
 There let it wander and float
 Where thou desirest to be.

As thou fearest, lift thine eyes,
 For mine are thy guiding star
 To light thee where heaven lies

Behind you fiery bar.
 There laughing and clapping of hands
 Bright angels with shining feet
 Run over the golden saud
 To greet thee, and meet thee, my sweet

Sleep! Sleep!
 When thou tirest for thy home,
 Weary for thy rest,
 Call love, and he shall come,
 And bear thee to his breast.
 So it is best.

MARY ROBINSON.



BOOKS FOR COMPANIONS.



A BOAT SONG.



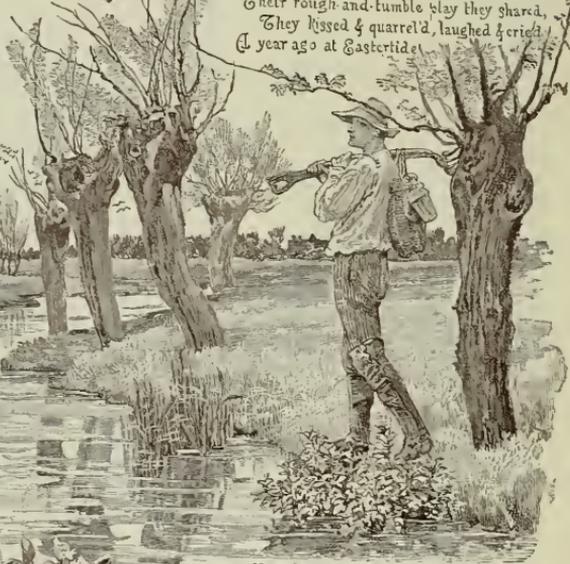
IT IS THE SEASON

It is the season now to go
About the country high & low,
Among the lilaes hand in hand,
And two by two in fairy-land.



② The brooding boy, the sighing maid,
Wholly fain and half afraid,
Do meet along the hazel'd brook,
To pass and linger, pause and look.

③ A year ago and, blithely paired,
Their rough and tumble play they shared,
They kissed & quarrel'd, laughed & cried,
A year ago at Easter-tide.



Her, whom with rude, uplifted hand
He did be threaten or command—
Her in a somewhat longer dress,
He now would tremble to caress.

⑤ Now by the stile ablage she stops,
And his demuror eyes he drops:
Now they exchange averted sighs,
Or stand & marry silent eyes,

⑥ And he to her a hero is,
And sweeter she than primroses:
Their common silence dearer far
Than nightingale & mavis are.

Now, when they sever wedded hands,
Joy trembles in their bosom-strands,
And lovely laughter leaps and falls
Upon their lips in madrigals.



Miss Havens



Ballade of a Choice of Ghosts

Now which are you anxious to see,
 A Boscie, a Sprite, or a Gnome?
 If a Spectre should drop in to tea,
 Would you like him to find us at home?
 Or a Mermaid with mirror and comb;
 In HER have you pienary faith?
 Or a Lemor of Classed Room,
 Or a common respectable Drailh?

There's the Vampire, or Broukala Ki,
 From his Grave in old Greece hath he clomb
 But perhaps he might bite us, and we
 Should be forced in his fashion to roam;
 Or a Ginn from a Mussulman dome,
 He might work such unmitigated scathe
 That we'd all turn as yellow as chrome,
 Or a common respectable Drailh!

From the Ghost of our youth would you flee,
 In his shroud that is dabbled with loam?
 Or a faithful ancestral Banshee?
 Or a Noctyr from some, cut-a-comb?
 Or a Wizard with magical tome,
 Whom his ceremonies becomingly smathe?
 Or a Will as fair as the foam?
 Or a common respectable Drailh?

ENVOY

Oh, the gloaming's beginning to loam,
 And (if Scotch is allowed) I am "latih"
 To encounter a Boscie or Gnome,
 Or a common respectable Drailh!

ANDREW LANG.





THE MORNING VISITORS.



WHAT SHALL THE ANSWER BE?



The Wife.

MIDSUMMER.

WHERE roseleaf shadow covers her
breast,

*Lightly breathing, and midsummer beams
Divide the rosy porch, her dreams
Are happy lifelong toil and rest.*

*Now Willie's scythe in fields away
Fells the completed crop of hay,
And, flashing in, at every pass
Sings hissing thro' the falling grass.
Blown hither from the spacious glade,
She hears his whetstone on the blade
Playing that old familiar tune
Our English mowers ever made
The music of the month of June.*

*Now havened cool in flowery hedge,
Their drinking-horns filled to the brim.
In wholesome ale the comrades pledge!
Successive swathes lie close and trim
Glimmering and lessening in the sun,
And well they know the work begun
Must stretch threefold ere day be done.*

*Her Willie from the flaming West
In sunlight clad will reappear
With lordly strides; as when at morn
Passing, as to another sphere,*

*He left her lonely, not forlorn,
Watching him from their sheltered nest.*

*He will return; for tho' the land
Claims fast his sinewed strength, his heart's
Responsive chord, attuned to home,
Holds converse there in silent speech,
And nerves to speed his hardened hand;
And thro' the sweltering day imparts
Bright pictures, while his fancies roam,
Of duties tended, following each
By sequence sure, in orderly
Exact and sweet monotony.*

*How soon will those stretched arms endose
The great strong joy that guards her life!
Who vows his ever-welcoming wife
Blushes more radiant than the rose;
And whose soft voice he ranks above
The note of thrush, or murmuring dove
That in the lofty elms hard by
Coos love's contentment tenderly.*

*His words are few, but each one
sweet
As 'neath of unseen violet;*

*Or sun-warmed scented mignonette.
Then stretches he his limbs to feel
The blessedness of perfect rest,
And notes fresh dainties for a treat
Adorn his cleanly evening meal;
Selecting portions of the best
She piles his plate, pours out his tea;
Then spreads the labour of the bee
On wholesome bread; telling him she
Oft heard his scythe's sharp, regular,
Clear ringing from the fields afar;
And how her feet could scarce refrain
From bearing her to him again!*





ITALIAN STYLE OF DRE. S.



TURKISH STYLE OF DRESS.

The Screen in the Lumber Room

Yes, here it is, behind the box,
That puzzle wrought so neatly—
That paradise of paradox—
We once knew so completely;
You see it? 'Tis the same, I swear,
Which stood, that chill September,
Beside your Aunt Lavinia's chair,
The year when....
...You remember?

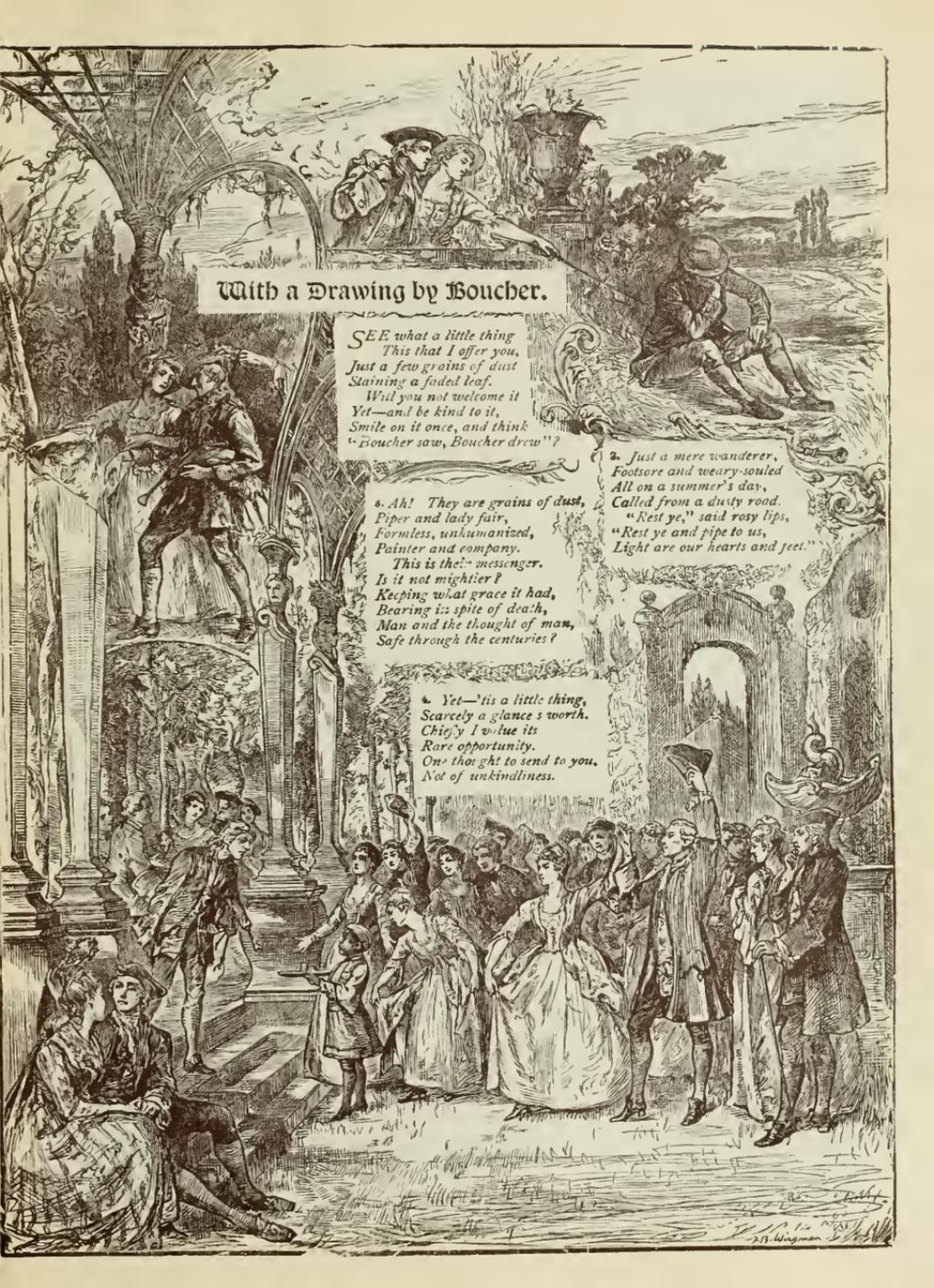
Look, Laura, look!
You must recall
This florid "Fairies Bower,"
This wonderful Swiss
And this, old
"Leaning Tower;"
And here's the "Maiden
of Cashmere,"
And here is
Bewick's Starling,
And here's the dandy
You thought was—such a
Darling!



Your poor, dear Aunt! you know her way
She used to say this figure
Reminded her of Count D'Orsay
"In all his youthful vigour!"
And here's the "cat beside the hill!"
"We chose for habitation
The day that... But I doubt if still!"
"You'd like the situation!"

"Too damp—by far. She little knew,
Your guileless Aunt Lavinia,
Those evenings when she slumbered through
"The Prince of Abyssinia,"
That there were two beside her chair,
Who both had quite decided
To see things in a rosier air
Than Rasselas provided!

Oh! men wore stocks in Britain's land
And maids short waists and tippets,
When this old-fashioned screen was planned
From hoarded scraps and snippets,
But more—far more. I think, to me,
Than those who first designed it,
'Tis this—in Eighteen-Seventy-three,
I kissed you first behind it!



With a Drawing by Boucher.

SEE what a little thing
This that I offer you,
Just a few grains of dust
Staining a faded leaf.
Will you not welcome it
Yet—and be kind to it,
Smile on it once, and think
"Boucher saw, Boucher drew"?

s. Ah! They are grains of dust,
Piper and lady fair,
Formless, unhumanized,
Painter and company.

This is their messenger.
Is it not mightier?
Keeping what grace it had,
Bearing in spite of death,
Man and the thought of man,
Safe through the centuries?

s. Yet—it is a little thing,
Scarcely a glance's worth.
Chic'y I value its
Rare opportunity.
Oh! thought! to send to you,
Not of unkindness.

s. Just a mere wanderer,
Footsore and weary-souled
All on a summer's day,
Called from a dusty road.
"Rest ye," said rosy lips,
"Rest ye and pipe to us,
Light are our hearts and feet."



FIRST NIGHT OF THE PLAY.

PAUL DEBRET



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA



SONNET

I WALKED a league alone beside
the sea,
I found a jewel lying on the strand;
I stooped and raised it with a careless
hand,
Not knowing what its hidden worth
might be.
And in an hour the jewel grew to me
Dearer than any other in the land—
And in an hour I lost it in the sand
Whereon the surges murmured cease-
lessly.

It may be there are others, rarely
set
And fashioned fairer, out for me I
know
There is but this one in the world;
and yet
Through all the years that shall here-
after flow
I shall not find it ever. And Regret
Moves mutely with me wheresoe'er
I go.

ADA LOUISE MARTIN.

Harvest Hymn.

Arranged by Sep. Winner.

Andantino.

No. 1.

First system of musical notation for No. 1. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The music is in 2/4 time and features a melody in the treble with accompaniment in the bass.

Second system of musical notation for No. 1. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

Third system of musical notation for No. 1. It concludes the piece with a final chord in the bass staff.

ECHO SONG.

Cantabile.

No. 2.

First system of musical notation for No. 2. It features a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff has a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The music is in 4/4 time and includes a crescendo leading to a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

Second system of musical notation for No. 2. It includes two instances of the word "ECHO." above the treble staff. The first echo begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, and the second with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The bass staff provides accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation for No. 2. It includes another instance of the word "ECHO." above the treble staff, which begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass staff continues with accompaniment, ending with a *p dim.* (piano diminuendo) marking.

Carnival Polka.

(FOUR HANDS.)

L. Streabbog.

recondo.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

1.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and a first ending bracket.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking, a "Fine." marking, and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking.

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef with a "D. C." marking.

Carnival Polka.

(FOUR HANDS.)

L. Streabbog.

Primo.

p

f

f

p

f *Fine.* *mf*

Sra.

Sra.

D. C.

Slumber Polka.

By Beyer.

Introduction:

PIANO

Polka.

p

f

SLUMBER POLKA.

Fine.

Trio.

f

1st.

2d.

D. C.

The musical score is written for piano and bass. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first system shows a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with chords. A *Fine.* marking is placed above the bass line. The second system is marked *Trio.* and features a more rhythmic, chordal texture. The third system continues this texture. The fourth system shows a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with chords. The fifth system features a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with chords. The sixth system is marked *f* and features a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with chords. The seventh system is marked *1st.* and *2d.* and features a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with chords. The eighth system is marked *D. C.* and features a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with chords.

Good Luck March.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By Carl Paust.

PIANO. *ff* *mf*

The first system of the piano score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. It begins with a melodic line marked *ff* (fortissimo) and later transitions to *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the piece with similar melodic and accompanimental lines. The upper staff features a melodic line with some slurs, and the lower staff continues with a dense accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

The third system shows the continuation of the march's melody and accompaniment. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs, and the lower staff provides a consistent rhythmic foundation.

The fourth system includes a repeat sign with two endings, labeled 'I.' and 'II.'. The upper staff has a melodic line that repeats. The lower staff has a rhythmic accompaniment. A *f* (fortissimo) dynamic marking is present in the lower staff towards the end of the system.

The fifth system concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase in the upper staff and a corresponding accompaniment in the lower staff. A *f* (fortissimo) dynamic marking is present in the lower staff.

GOOD LUCK MARCH.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including slurs and accents. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the bass staff.

The second system continues the musical notation from the first system, maintaining the same treble and bass staff arrangement with melodic and accompanimental lines.

TRIO.

The third system marks the beginning of the TRIO section. The treble staff has a more melodic line with slurs, while the bass staff features a dense, rhythmic accompaniment of chords. The instruction *Con Sca ad libitum.* is written below the treble staff.

The fourth system continues the TRIO section with the same melodic and accompanimental lines as the previous system.

The fifth system continues the TRIO section, featuring a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the bass staff.

The sixth system concludes the TRIO section with the final melodic and accompanimental lines.

Cecelia March.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By B. BILSE.

Musical notation for the first system. The right hand (treble clef) is labeled "March." and contains the melody. The left hand (bass clef) is labeled "Piano" and contains the accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first measure of the right hand is marked "Marsoille." and "f". The second measure of the right hand is marked "pp".

Musical notation for the second system. The right hand (treble clef) contains the melody. The left hand (bass clef) contains the accompaniment. The right hand has a "Ped." marking. The left hand has a "*" marking.

Musical notation for the third system. The right hand (treble clef) contains the melody. The left hand (bass clef) contains the accompaniment. The right hand has a "Ped." marking. The left hand has "*" and "Ped." markings.

Musical notation for the fourth system. The right hand (treble clef) contains the melody. The left hand (bass clef) contains the accompaniment. The right hand has "1mo." and "2do." markings. The left hand has "Ped." and "f" markings.

CECELIA MARCH.

First system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*). The bass line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The treble line contains a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and some grace notes. A first ending bracket is present over the final two measures of the system. The system concludes with an asterisk (***) and another pedaling instruction (*Ped.*).

Second system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). The piece continues with a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*) and an asterisk (***). The bass line maintains its eighth-note accompaniment. The treble line features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. A second ending bracket is present over the final two measures of the system. The system concludes with a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*), an asterisk (***), and the word *Fine.*

Third system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). The piece continues with a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic. The bass line maintains its eighth-note accompaniment. The treble line features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). The piece continues with a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*) and an asterisk (***). The bass line maintains its eighth-note accompaniment. The treble line features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). The piece continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*). The bass line maintains its eighth-note accompaniment. The treble line features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. A first ending bracket is present over the final two measures of the system. The system concludes with an asterisk (***) and another pedaling instruction (*Ped.*).

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). The piece continues with a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*), an asterisk (***), and another pedaling instruction (*Ped.*). The bass line maintains its eighth-note accompaniment. The treble line features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. A second ending bracket is present over the final two measures of the system. The system concludes with a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*), an asterisk (***), and the instruction *D.C. &*.

Attack Galop.

F. ZIKOFF.

Introduction. *Galop.*

PIANO.

f *fz* *p*

fz *p*

cres.

1. 2.

fz *ff*

ff con forza. *ff*

ff

ATTACK GALOP.

The first system of music features a treble and bass clef. The treble clef part begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a sixteenth-note triplet. The bass clef part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando) and *f* (forte).

The second system continues the piece. The treble clef part has a melodic line with some grace notes. The bass clef part maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *dolce* (softly).

The third system shows a change in the treble clef part's melody. The bass clef part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando).

The fourth system features a more active treble clef part with sixteenth-note runs. The bass clef part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando) and *p* (piano).

The fifth system shows a melodic flourish in the treble clef part. The bass clef part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo) and *f* (forte).

The sixth system concludes the piece. The treble clef part has a final melodic phrase. The bass clef part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte). The instruction *D. C. to Galop.* is written at the end.

Kugel und Kegel.

(BALL AND PIN.)

Fr. Zikoff

PIANO.

f *fz*

p

cres. *fz* *mf*

fz *mf*

fz *mf*

KUGEL UND KEGEL.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of two staves each. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (f, mf, p, dolce, fz), articulation (accents), and performance instructions (TRIO, D. C.).

System 1: First system of music. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes. The left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *f*.

System 2: Second system of music. The right hand has a melodic line with quarter notes and half notes. The left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *fz*, *p*, and *dolce*. The word "TRIO." is written above the staff.

System 3: Third system of music. The right hand has a melodic line with quarter notes and half notes. The left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *p*.

System 4: Fourth system of music. The right hand has a melodic line with quarter notes and half notes. The left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *f*, *f*, and *mf*. First and second endings are marked with "1." and "2." above the staff.

System 5: Fifth system of music. The right hand has a melodic line with quarter notes and half notes. The left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *p*.

System 6: Sixth system of music. The right hand has a melodic line with quarter notes and half notes. The left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *f*, *fz*, and *D. C.* (Da Capo). First and second endings are marked with "1." and "2." above the staff.

Shadow Dance.

From Dinorah.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO. *p*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/8 time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a series of eighth notes with a slur. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a steady accompaniment of eighth notes, with some chords and rests.

The second system continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns in both staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with eighth notes and a slur, while the lower staff provides a consistent accompaniment.

cres.

The third system shows a gradual increase in volume, indicated by the 'cres.' marking. The melodic line in the upper staff continues with eighth notes and a slur, and the accompaniment in the lower staff remains steady.

cres.

The fourth system concludes the piece with a further increase in volume, marked 'cres.'. The upper staff features a melodic line that ends with a flourish of eighth notes, while the lower staff continues its accompaniment.

SHADOW DANCE.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. A first ending bracket is placed over the first two measures. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and contains a series of chords and single notes, primarily in the lower register.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It includes dynamic markings: a forte (*f*) marking in the first measure and a piano (*p*) marking in the third measure. The treble staff continues with melodic lines, and the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and bass notes.

The third system of musical notation shows further development of the melody and accompaniment. It features dynamic markings for forte (*f*) and piano (*p*). The treble staff has a more active melodic line, while the bass staff maintains a steady accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation includes a dynamic marking of *dim.* (diminuendo) in the third measure. The treble staff shows a melodic line with some grace notes, and the bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

The fifth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a double bar line at the end of the first measure of the treble staff. Above the treble staff, the instruction "D.C. to ♩" is written. Below the bass staff, the instruction "D. C. to ♩" is written. The treble staff continues with a melodic line, and the bass staff provides a final accompaniment.

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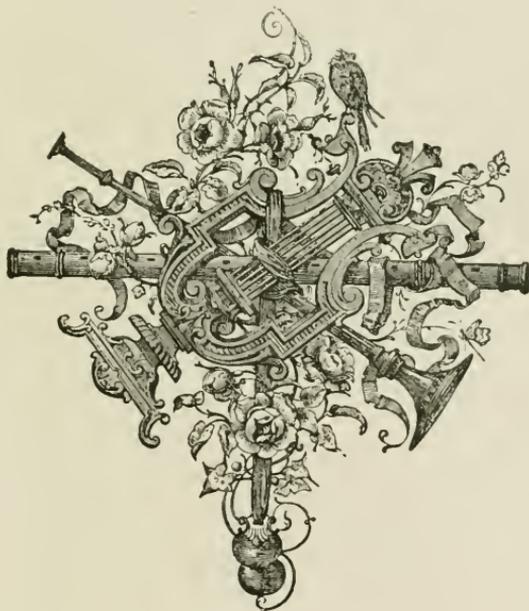
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