HOME, SWEET HOME.

Though in later years John Howard Payne became the "homeless bard of home," the home of his childhood must have been delightful. He was born in New York City, June 9, 1792, and was one of a large group of brothers and sisters.

While he was a little fellow, his father moved to East Hampton, the most easterly town in Long Island, situated upon its jutting southern fork. It was a romantic place, settled by fine New England families, who lived in amicable relations with the red men that lingered long and linger still about this ancient home of the Montauk tribe. Rev. Lyman Beecher was preaching in the church upon the one wide village street, when Mr. Payne went there to become principal of the Clinton Academy, then a flourishing school, one of the earliest upon the island. In this town the little Paynes roamed among pleasures, though not among palaces, and their home, which is still kept intact by the inhabitants of the quaint old place, although "lonely" indeed, to modern eyes, must have been quite fine enough in its day. The Payne family held a high position, and the children had the advantage of cultured society abroad as well as at home. The family moved to Boston, where the father became an eminent teacher. John Howard was a leader in sports and lessons too. He raised a little military company, which he once marched to general training, where Major-General Elliot extended a formal invitation to the gallant young captain, who led his troop into the ranks to be reviewed with the veterans of the Revolution.

Mr. Payne was a fine orator, and is the "speaking," which formed a prominent part of the school programme, his son, John Howard, soon excelled. Literary tastes cropped out also, and he published boyish poems and sketches in the *The Fly*, a paper edited by Samuel Woodworth.

When thirteen years old, Payne became clerk in a mercantile house in New York. He secretly edited a little paper called the *Theopan Mirror*. Dr. Francis, in his "Old New York," says of him at this period: "A more engaging youth could not be imagined; he won all hearts by the beauty of his person, his captivating address, the premature richness of his mind, and his Chase and flowing utterance." A benevolent gentleman, who learned the fact, and saw indications of great promise, sent young Payne to Union College at his own expense. His career there was suddenly closed by the death of his mother and penurious losses of his father. He decided to try the stage in hopes of assisting the family, and when seventeen years old he achieved a wonderful success as Young Nerval, at the Park Theatre, in New York. He then played in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and was acting in his old home, Boston, when his father died. He soon sailed for England, and appeared in Drury Lane Theatre, when but twenty years of age. In 1826 he edited a London dramatic paper, called *The Opera Glass*, and for twenty years he experienced more than the ordinary mingling of pleasant
Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly, thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call;
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile,
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.

To thee I'll return, over-burdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.
BEN BOLT.

The name of Dr. Thomas Dunn English is familiar to the readers of the past forty years; but I think it has not generally been associated with this widely popular song. The music appeared with only the composer's name attached.

Dr. English was born in Philadelphia, June 29, 1813. He received the degree of M. D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1838, was called to the bar in 1842, and was a practicing physician at Fort Lee, New Jersey, from 1850 till he retired a few years ago. He was for years devoted to literary pursuits, as author, editor, and contributor to various periodicals. His vigorous poem, "The Gallows-Goers," made a great sensation about 1845, when capital punishment was an exciting subject of popular debate. A selection from his historical poems has recently (1880) been published in New York, under the title of "American Ballads."

"Ben Bolt" was written in 1842. Its author was visiting in New York, and N. P. Willis, who with George P. Morris was editing the New Mirror, asking him for a gratuitous contribution, and suggested that it be a sea-song. Dr. English promised one, and on returning to his home, attempted to make good his word. Only one line that spoke of the sea came at his bidding; but at a white heat he composed the five stanzas of "Ben Bolt," as it now reads, betraying the original intention in the last line of the last stanza. Within a year the poem had been reprinted in England, and its author then thought it might be a still greater favorite if set to appropriate music. Dominick M. H. Bay wrote an air for it, which was never printed; and Dr. English wrote one himself, which, although printed, had no sale. It was written entirely for the black keys. In 1848, a play was brought out in Pittsburgh, Penna., called "The Battle of Buena Vista," in which the song of "Ben Bolt" was introduced. A. M. Hunt, an Englishman, connected with western journalism, had read the words in an English newspaper, and gave them from memory to Nelson Kneass, filling in from his imagination where his memory failed. Kneass adapted a German melody to the lines, and they were sung in the play. The drama died, but the song survived. A music publisher of Cincinnati obtained the copyright, and it was the business success of his career. In theatres, concert-rooms, minstrel-shows, and private parlors nothing was heard but "Bea Bolt." It was sung on hand-organ, and whistled in the streets, and "Sweet Alice" became the pet of the public. A steamboat in the West, and a ship in the East, were named after her. The steamer was blown up, and the ship was wrecked; but Alice floated safely in the fragile bark of song. The poem went abroad, and obtained great popularity in England. The streets of London were flooded with parodies, answers, and imitation, printed on broadsides, and sung and sold by ballad-sellers. A play was written, based upon it, and as late as 1877 a serial novel ran through a London weekly paper of note, in which the memories evoked by the singing of "Bea Bolt" played a prominent part in evolving the catastrophe. The song was again brought into general notice recently by being quoted in Du Maurier's novel "Trilby."

Nelson Kneass (not Nicholas, as the name has been generally printed,) came of a good family, but preferred a semi-vagabond life. He was a teacher of music in New York, and a singer in the Park Theatre, and afterward

Dr. Thomas Dunn English
I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
It never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the sight
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
When I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallow on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
The slumber pool could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light;
The lilies where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum, on his birthday,
And the tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close again the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven,
Than when I was a boy.
far above all earthly pleasure I love but thee, I

love but thee, Thro' time I love thee and eternity, Thro'

time I love thee and eternity!
OLD BLACK JOE.

Written and composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

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TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

WALTER KITTEDGE was born in the town of Merrimack, Hillsboro Co., New Hampshire, October 8, 1832. His father was a farmer, and Walter was the tenth of eleven children. His education was received at the common school. He showed a strong predilection for music at a very early age, but never had a teacher in that art. He says in one of his letters: "My father bought one of the first cornetines made in Concord, N. H., and well do I remember when the man came to put it up. To hear him play a simple melody was a rich treat, and this event was an important epoch in my child life." Kittredge began giving ballad concerts alone in 1852, and in 1856 in company with Joshua Hutchinson, of the well known Hutchinson family. In the first year of the civil war he published a small, original, Union song-book. In 1862 he was drafted, and while preparing to go to the front, he wrote in a few minutes both words and music of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." Like so many other good things in literature and art, this song was at first refused publication; but an immense popularity sprang at once from the author's own rendering of it, so that a Boston publisher employed somebody to write a song with a similar title, and in no long time the Messrs. Ditson brought out the original. Its sale has reached the hundred thousands, and it is still selling. Mr. Kittredge has written numerous other songs. He spent his winters in travelling and singing with Joshua Hutchinson, and his summers at his pleasant home of Pine Grove Cottage, near Reed's Ferry, New Hampshire, during the latter part of his life.

1. "We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are dead and
4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are ly-ing
Many are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

Tonight, tonight, Tonight tonight,

Verses 1, 2, 3.

Tenting on the old camp ground.

Last time ppp

Dying on the old camp ground.

Tennyson’s poem of “The Brook” has been set to music so appropriate, by an English lady, that it has become a drawing-room favorite, and I insert the song, although I cannot give the name of the composer.

1. With many a curve my banks I fret, My many a steep and fell-side; And
2. I wind a-boat, and in and out, With here a blossom sailing; And
3. I steal by lawns and gram-ny plots, I slide by hazel covers; I

Many a fairy haunt I set With willow, weed, and mal-low, I
here and there a last-y wood, And here and there a grayling, And
more the sweet for-get-me-nots, That grow for happy lovers, I
I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To ladder down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thors, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last, by Philip's farm I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I bubble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy forest
With willow-wood and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foamy flake,
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break,
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.
SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

FOR MALE VOICES.

Translated from the German, by
L. C. ELSON.

1st & 2d Tenor.

Johanna Kinkel.

p. Andante.

poco ritm.

Crescendo e poco acci. al. f

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One parting kiss I give thee; And then whate'er befalls me, I

2. Never more may I be hold thee, Or to this heart enfold thee; With spear and pen non glancing, I

3. I think of thee with longing, Think thy, when tears are thronging, That with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll

1st & 2d Bass.

tempo 2no tranquillo e molto espress.

See the foe ad-vancing, whisper soft, wistfully ing.

Fare-well, farewell, my own true love, Fare-well, farewell, my own true love.

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THE OLD TRundle-BED.

James Whitcomb Riley was born at Greensfield, Indiana, in the year 1853. But, says an intimate friend and sympathetic writer, the significance of his birth lay not in accidents of time and place, but in the genius of the life that sprang into being equipped with the powers of the true singer and poet. Little is known of his youth—nothing foreshadowing the future. The schools of his birthplace reveal no records of their having done anything for his education. Fortunately their rigors and methods failed to cripple his genius, or warp the poetic tendencies of his nature, as possibly the benches and books of the schoolroom sometimes do with the quickening and impressible mind. Indeed the finest products of Riley's genius illustrate the fact that the true poet gathers that which stimulates and inspires from the open pages of nature and from human nature rather than from books. It was of no avail that his father, a lawyer, sought to make a lawyer of the young Riley, or that his teachers at school sought to fill his mind with "useful" knowledge. While yet a boy he fled from the bonds of such environments. He lived, at will, a nondescript life, travelling with a show, "Whither he went nobody knows. He does not know himself," for, times, places, and circumstances made no permanent impressions on his memory. At this time his natural love for music was cultivated in many directions and found active exercise and free play, and other signs of artistic leanings and tastes began to appear. They were doubtless urged into view in his efforts to support himself. His hands fell naturally into ways of doing anything agreeable to such tastes and inclinations, as his varying fancies led him on in his vagrant life, wandering through many states. His life thus grew up in a practical schooling, a true self-education, although at random. His intellectual passions did not lack a rougher, strengthening discipline. He found pleasure in doing the work of artisans—painting signs, and even picking fences. But, as manhood approached, home and neighborhood ties asserted themselves, and drew him back to his native place. The "coffee like as mother made" was an inspiring recollection, and came to mind as a renewing experience.

The literary passion had been a growing fire throughout all the vicissitudes of his wandering life. Now he began "to write for the papers," and soon was an editor on a country newspaper. "There it was that he became a poet," says the intimate friend before mentioned. But not so, Riley was growing into his birthright of poetic genius long before. It is true that now he found a way of singing the songs already in his heart, and very soon other newspapers of larger growth and wider influence than his own gladly printed his poetry.

The musical setting of "The Old Trundle-Bed" was written by Homer N. Bartlett.
ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Mrs. Emma Willard was an eminent teacher, and author of several well-known school-books. But everything she wrote seems already antiquated, except this noble song. Mrs. Willard's maiden name was Hart. She was born in Berlin, Connecticut, February 25, 1787, and died in Troy, New York, April 16, 1870. Dr. John Lord has written her biography, which is accompanied by two fine presentations of her striking face.

"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" was written during Mrs. Willard's passage home from Europe, in 1832. The Duke de Choiseul was on board the vessel, and hearing her repeat the first two lines, urged her to finish the song. He composed music for it, but his air has been supplanted by the more appropriate melody of Joseph Philip Knight, with which alone it is now associated. Mr. Knight is an Englishman, and has composed many fine songs, especially those that relate to the sea. He taught music in Mrs. Willard's school, and also in New York city, but fled the country in disgrace.

\[\text{Music notation for the song} \]

Rocked in the cradle of the deep...... I lay me down...... in peace to sleep; Se-

cure I rest upon the wave........ For thou O! Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
sleep, to wreck and death! In oceano cave still safe with

Thee, The germ of immortality; And

calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the deep; And

calm, and peaceful is my sleep,

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

1. Oft in the still-y night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, 

2. When I re-member all The friends so link’d to-gether, 

Fond mem’ry brings the light Of other days a-round me, The

THOMAS MOORE's well-known life began in a corner-grocery, on Angier street, Dublin, May 28, 1779. His father carried on his trade below stairs, while his mother, a woman of more than ordinary intellect and loveliness, tended her handsome baby upstairs. To the close of her days she received the undiminished devotion of her gifted son, and when both had died, four thousand letters from him were found among his mother's papers. Moore's marriage to Miss Bessie Dyke, a young actress, was a happy one. Loved as he was, and courted by the great as he became, he used to say that no applause ever greeted his ear so pleasantly as that which was evoked by a young fellow, who planted himself on the quay, in Dublin, and called out in fine brogue, Byron's dictum, "Three cheers for Tommy Moore, the pote of all circles, and the darlint of his own." "The darlint" of all circles he was also, and funny stories are told of his never-ceasing blunders regarding his invitations. He was always popping in at my Lord's or my Lady's, on the days when he was not expected.

Moore's eldest son proved a renegade; his second son died young, and his only daughter met a tragic fate. She was kissing her hand down the stairs as her father was going out to dine, when she fell over the balusters, and was killed. Moore was as tender-hearted as he was genial and jovial, and after the death of his children he could never command himself enough to sing in public. "Oft in the Stilly Night," he sang with entrancing tenderness. The song has been unmercifully parodied, and "fond memory" has been invoked to call up all manner of nightmares; but the phrase is nevertheless as beautiful as ever, and this remains a perfect poem and a perfect song. Moore died at his home, Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, Wiltshire, February 26th, 1852.
The only version of the famous song of "Dixie" which has the least literary merit is the original one we give, which was written by General Albert Pike. It is worthy of notice that the finest Puritan lyric we have was written by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Hemans, and the most famous if not the finest Southern war-song was written by a native of Massachusetts. Albert Pike was born in Boston, December 29, 1809, but most of his boyhood was spent in Newburyport. He became a teacher, but in 1831 visited the then wild country of the Southwest with a party of trappers. He afterward edited a paper at Little Rock, and studied law. He served in the Mexican war with some distinction, and on the breaking out of the Rebellion enlisted on the Confederate side, a force of Cherokee Indians, whom he led at the battle of Pea Ridge. After the war he edited the Memphis Appeal till 1868, when he settled in Washington as a lawyer. His "Hymns to the Gods," published in Blackwood's Magazine, gave him a place among the earlier American poets. The original song of "Dixie" was the composition of Dan D. Emmett, of Bryant's minstrels, and was first sung in New York in 1860. A writer in the Charleston Courier, under date of June 11, 1861, says it is an old Northern negro air, and that the words referred to one Dix, or Dicky, who had an estate on Manhattan Island, now New York city. Another theory is, that the name Dixie's Land was suggested by Mason and Dixon's line, of which so much was said in the days of slavery agitation. The first words for the song in the South were from a poem entitled "The Star of the West," published in the Charleston Mercury early in 1861.

1. Southron, hear your coun-try call you! Up! lest worse than death befall you! To
2. For Dix-ie's land we take our stand, And live or die for Dix-ie! To
3. Hear the North-ern than-ders mut-t-er! North-ern flags in South wind flutter, To
SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Charles Fenno Hoffman, author of "Sparkling and Bright," was born in the city of New York in 1806. When he was eleven years old, he was one day down upon the Cortlandt Street pier watching a steamboat coming in. He sat with his feet swinging over the side, and one of his legs was crushed by the boat; yet he afterward became noted for grace in outdoor sports. Mr. Hoffman was graduated at Columbia College, studied and practised law in New York, and established the Kniickerbocker Magazine, which he edited for a while. He devoted himself to literature until about 1850, when he was attacked by a mental disorder and became an inmate of an insane-hospital. He died in Harrisburg, Penn., June 7, 1884. The music with which "Sparkling and Bright" has always been associated was composed for these words by James B. Taylor.

1. Sparkling and bright in gill bright light, Does the wine our goblets gleam in, With
2. Oh! if mirth might arrest the flight Of Time thro' Life's season's loss, We

haze as red as the rosy red bed, Which a bee would choose to dream in, here a while would now be guile The gray beard of his pinions.
WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON, who wrote these dainty lines, was an historian and a poet, although preeminent as a novelist; being author of about twenty romances. He wrote a few plays, among which is "Lady of Lyons," one of the favorites of the stage. He was born in May, 1816, and died in London, January, 1873.

EDWARD BULWER, (LORD LYTTON.)

1. When stars are in the quiet skies, Then most I pine for thee;
   Bend on me then thy tender eyes, As stars look on the sea!
   For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
   Are stillest when they shine;
   Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light
   Beneath the heaven of thine.

2. There is an hour when holy dreams
   Through slumber, fairest, glide,
   And in that mystic hour it seems
   Thou shouldst be by my side.
   The thoughts of thee too sacred are
   For daylight's common beam;
   I can but know thee as my star,
   My angel, and my dream!
   When stars are in the quiet skies,
   Then most I pine for thee;
   Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
   As stars look on the sea.

   There is an hour when holy dreams
   Through slumber, fairest, glide,
   And in that mystic hour it seems
   Thou shouldst be by my side.
   The thoughts of thee too sacred are
   For daylight's common beam;
   I can but know thee as my star,
   My angel, and my dream!
   When stars are in the quiet skies,
   Then most I pine for thee;
   Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
   As stars look on the sea.
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

This song is the twentieth of Stephen C. Foster's "Plantation Melodies." I do not know that it is true, but I cannot help feeling that it was the intrinsic beauty and merit of these songs that lifted the Christy Minstrels from the low position usually occupied by such troupes to something like that of a respectable concert-room, both in this country and in England. Foster caught his idea of writing his, so-called, negro melodies from listening to the absurdities then in vogue with the burnt-cork Garraty. He walked home from one of their concerts in Baltimore, with the banjo strains ringing in his ears, and before he slept he had composed the ridiculous words and taking air called "Camptown Races," with its chorus of "Du-da, du-da, da." He passed from one finer tone to another, until he reached the perfection of simple pathos in "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the cold, cold ground," "O, Boys, carry me 'long," and "My Old Kentucky Home." The music is his own.

Poco Adagio.

The sun shines bright in the

old Kentucky home, In

summer, the darkness are

gay; The corn tops ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the

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day. The young folks roll on the little cot-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and

bright. By'm by, hard times comes a-

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
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.

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 day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin door,  
All merry, all happy and bright;  
By'm by, hard times comes a knocking at the door,  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

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 cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight;  
The time has come when the darkies have to part,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,  
Wherever the darky may go;  
A few more days, and the trouble all will end  
In the field where the sugarcanes grow;  
A few more days for to tote the weary load,  
No matter, 'twill never be light;  
A few more days till we totter on the road,  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!
ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, first known to the literary world under the nom de plume of Florence Perry, was born in Strong, Franklin County, Maine, October 9, 1832. In 1860, she married Paul Akers, the sculptor, who died within a year. She afterwards married E. M. Allen, of New York.

While in Italy, she sent to the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post her song of "Rock me to Sleep." It was published, and immediately became immensely popular. Within six years from that time, several persons had so identified themselves with the favorite as to imagine that it had been evolved from their own inner consciousness. The most persistent and furious of these claimants was one Hon. Mr. Ball, of New Jersey, who in a many-columned article in the New York Tribune, and in the most absurd pamphlet ever written, attempted to prove that the mother was his mother, and the lullaby was one she sang, or might have sung to him. In a wily and convincing reply in the New York Times May 27, 1867, the lady's claim is not so much insisted upon, which was deemed unnecessary, as the Hon. Mr. Ball's "title to Mrs. Akers's mansion in the literary skies" is disposed of forever. The reply was written by William D. O'Connel, of Washington, who apprised Mrs. Allen of his friendly act only after the manuscript had been sent to the printer.

This prematurely Womanly song has been set to music by many composers, and made merchandise by as many publishers, but its author has never received for it any compensation except the five dollars paid her by the journal in which it originally appeared. Russell & Co., of Boston, who published the well-known air to it, composed by Ernest Leslie, acknowledged that they had made more than four thousand dollars on the song, and sent a messenger to Mrs. Allen, offering five dollars apiece for as many songs as she would write for them, which should be equally popular with "Rock me to Sleep!" The offer was not accepted then; but when Mrs. Allen was a homeless widow, with two children in her arms, she sent the firm a little song—what promptly rejected, with the simple comment that they "could make nothing of it." The firm has since become bankrupt.

The air given here is the production of J. Max Mueller, son of C. G. Mueller, a noted German composer. He was born in Altenburg, Germany, June 15, 1842, received a musical education, and came to the United States in 1860. At the breaking out of the war in 1861, he enlisted in the Twenty-ninth New York Volunteers, and subsequently was an Aid to General Steinwehr. He participated in many of the battles of the Army of the Potomac, and composed many songs while in the field. Since 1866, he has resided in West Chester, Penna., where he was a teacher of music.
Make... me a child a-gain, just for to-night!  Mother, come....

I........ was so wear - y of toll and of tears, Toll with-out.....

back from the ech - o-less shore, re - compense, tears... all in vain,

Take me a - gain..... to your heart, as of yore; Kiss..... from my fore - head the fur - rows of

child - hood a - gain; I........ have grown wear - y of dust..... and de -
Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
Make me a child again, just for to-sight!  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!  
I am so weary of toil and of tears,  
Toll without repose, tears all in vain,  
Take them and give me my childhood again;  
I have grown weary of diet and decay,  
Weary of slumbering my soul-wealth away;  
Weary of sowing for others to reap,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you;  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed and faded, our faces between,  
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,  
Long I to-night for your presence again.  
Come from the silence so long and so deep,—  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart, in days that are flown,  
No love like mother-love ever has shone;  
No other worship abides and endures  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yore;

None like a mother can charm away pain  
From the sick soul and the world-wearied brain;  
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,—  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,  
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;  
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the light,  

or with its sunny-edged shadows once more  
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;  
Lovingly, softly, its  
bright billows swept,—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,  
rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long  
Since I last listened your lullaby song;  
Sing, then, and unto my soul its shall seem  
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.  
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,  
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,—  
Never henceforth to wake or to weep,—  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The public that has so often slighted the names of its pleasantest comforters, has occasionally sought to raise from obscurity one to whom its debts were infinitely less. Samuel Woodworth, indeed, from his fellow men nothing more than the common decency of life, until he chanced, by mere persistence of scribbling, to produce something which, though 'tis tolerable as poetry, touched the universal heart. Popular impression seems to class him in the list of the unappreciated great, who might have done more had more been done for them. Is it commonly remembered that a volume of his was published in New York, with an eulogistic introduction by George F. Morris, which contained one hundred poems, save one—and the lacking one is the only real one that Woodworth ever wrote—"The Old Oaken Bucket," which was not then in existence.

He was born in Scituate, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, January 13, 1785. His father was a farmer, and very poor. At fourteen, Samuel had picked up but little reading, writing and arithmetic, when he began to make rhymes which the village authorities,—the minister, and the school-master,—saw and pronounced remarkable. The minister took him into his own family, and instructed him in English branches and Latin; but verse-making kept him from study, and the love of it. The minister tried to raise money enough to carry him through college; but the undertaking failed, and the spirit which inspired many youths of his day to get an education through their own efforts, was not possessed by our hero. He chose the calling of a printer, but at the end of his apprenticeship in a Boston office, he had wearied of the arduous work. He formed a preposterous plan for making a tour over the whole country, in order to write a description of his travels. But again people were reluctance to invest for his benefit; and as the economical and health-giving method of walking did not tempt his fancy, his biographer touchingly records, that when that hope had failed him also, he returned to the printer's case. Soon after, he engaged in a wild speculation, and the same friendly hand euphemistically reports, that "the unfortunate result rendered a temporary absence from his native State necessary to the preservation of his personal liberty." He then planned a journey to the South, and a friend who had often given him the same kind of assistance, supplied a purse that would take him a little way. He vainly asked for work at the printing-offices along his route, and arrived at New Haven with blistered feet and an empty purse. With additional funds from his generous friend, he continued his journey to New York, where he found work, and a still further loan awaiting him. But verse-making and love-making claimed most of his time, and in nine months he abandoned the employment that had once given him the means of support and left him leisure for literary pursuits. He then established a newspaper, procuring an outfit upon credit. It was called The Bollus-Lettres Repository, and was enthusiastically dedicated to the ladys. Perhaps the fair were highly flattered, but the brothers, lovers, and husbands failed to buy. A crisis, of course, ensued, after which the creditors had the pleasure of reading a poem of six hundred lines, which the publisher and editor wrote to relieve his feelings.

He worked in Hartford a few weeks, and then went back to his early home. Once more he set out, on foot, in search of fame and fortune. He wandered to Baltimore, paying his way by writing for the newspapers, and he never lacked a market for his rhymes. But, poor as ever, he returned to New York, and involved other lives in the needless bitterness of his own life. He married, and four little ones were born to, and amid the miseries of his poverty.

During the war of 1812-'15, Mr. Woodworth conducted a weekly newspaper called The War, and a monthly magazine called The Helogen Luminarional Theological Repository. The latter was devoted to the doctrine of Swedenborg, of whom Woodworth was a follower. More debt was all that resulted to him through his enterprise. He had no difficulty in obtaining employment in a printing-office, and, while working there, he was asked to write a history of the war with England, in the style of a romance, to be entitled "The Champions of Freedom." So eager was the public for this story, which nobody now reads, that the author was often compelled to send twelve unrevised lines at a time to the press. The printing was begun when but two sheets were written.
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Henry Carey, author of "Sally in our Alley," was born about 1663, and was a natural son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, whose family granted Carey a handsome annuity. He adopted the musical profession; but, although he had musical advantages, he never rose to eminence. For many years, he taught music in schools and families of the middle rank. He was a prolific writer of songs, and in 1729 published two volumes of poems, many of which are good, and one or two of which are widely known. His fame must rest upon the one song which touched the popular heart.—"Sally in our Alley;" for his claim to the authorship of "God save the King" is too strongly denied, to add anything to it.

He seems to have been a man of very good qualities and character. He was the principal projector of the fund for decayed 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 admiral 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 multitude 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's devils, with their proper instruments. Here the two bodies of music and poetry are joined by the brothers of the pence, where, after taking some refreshments at the Bedford Arms, they march in solemn procession to the theatre, amidst an innumerable crowd of spectators."

"Sally in our Alley" was one of the most popular songs ever made in England. In the third edition of his poems, Carey gives an account of the manner in which it came to be written. He says: "The real occasion was this: A shoemaker's practice, making a holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying-chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields; from whence proceeding to the Yarthing-pie-house, he gave her a solatium of buns, cheese, cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale; through all which scenes the author dodged them (!). Simplicity of their courtship, from 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."

Endless were the answers, parodies, and imitations of the favorite song. One of the liveliest of the former began:

"Of all the lads that are so smart,
There's none I love like Billy;
He is the darling of my heart,
And he lives in Piccadilly."

Another contained the following:

"I little thought when you began,
To write of charming Sally;
That every brain would sing so soon,
'She lives in our alley.'"

Carey committed suicide in a fit of despair, October 4, 1743, at his house in Warner street, Coldbath-fields,—or, to quote a quintet account, "by means of a halter he put a period to his life which had been led without reproach." Like all who took their lives in that day, he was buried at a cross-roads, and his grave is unknown.

Carey composed the original air to his song, and it was immensely popular for fifty years, when suddenly it was dropped, and "Sally" was set in motion to a fine old ballad air, called "The Country Lane."
"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men
Moaning out all alone the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the
And thinks of the two in the low
Trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face dark
And grim,
Glows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep;
For their mother—may heaven de-
The moon seems to shine just as bright-
ly as then,
That night when the love yet un-
Leaped up to his lips, when low, mur-
mured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over
his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to his side.
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He pauses the fountain, the blasted pines tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes through the brook
belt of light,
Dreamy.
Toward the shade of the forest so
Hark! was it the night-wind that rust-
led the leaves,
Flashing?
Was it moonlight so wondrously
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary,
good-bye."
And the life-blood is ebbing and

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
The picket's off duty forever.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously phrasing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye."
And the life-blood is ebbing and flashing.
O NANNIE, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

THOMAS PERCY, author of "Nannie, wilt Thou Gang wi' Me," was born at Bridgnorth, Shropshire, England, April 13, 1725. He became chaplain-in-ordinary to the king, and afterward Bishop of Dromore, in the county Down, Ireland. His greatest literary work was the "Reliques of English Poetry." He gathered strays with infinite pains, and touched up all those which had hopelessly missing lines and other blunders. He became totally blind, and died at Dromore, September 30, 1811.

THOMAS CARTER, who composed the air of "Nannie, wilt Thou Gang wi' Me," was born in Ireland in 1768. He received his musical education in Italy, and was a singer, patron, and composer. Once, being terribly cramped for money, he set Handel's signature upon a manuscript of his own, and sold it for a large sum. The piece still passes as a genuine production of the great musician's. Carter died in 1804.

1. O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave the haunting tow'rz? Can silent tears have charms for thee? The wild oats show, Nor

2. O Nannie, when thou'rt far a-wa', Wilt thou not cast a look behind? Say, canst thou face the bleak snow, Nor

\[\text{Music notation} \]

\[\text{Music notation} \]
THE BAY OF BISCAY.

ANDREW CHERRY, author of the words of "The Bay of Biscay," 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 apprenticed to a printer. He became a comic actor, and afterwards 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 in 1812.

The air was composed by JOHN DAVY, who was born in 1765, near Exeter, England. When three years old, he was thrown almost into fits from fright at hearing a violoncello. He was shown that the instrument was harmless, and strumming 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 open, "What a Blunder!" and other successful pieces. Incledon, the famous tenor singer, was waiting for a friend in a public house at Wapping, 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." Incledon used to sing the song with marvellous effect. Davy died 1824.

Mr. Henry Phillips says: "One thing connected with the song, 'The Bay of Biscay,' always perplexed me; namely, why it was called 'The Bay of Biscay?" I enquired, but no one could explain the mystery to me. I looked into my geography 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, enquired their whereabouts by saying 'Is this the Bay of Biscay?—Oh!' This appeared so very likely, that I adopted it as a fact." Phillips made his debut with this song when he was but eight years old, in a country theatre. The little tail of his jacket was sewed up, to turn him into a tar, and directions were given not to let the audience see the bunip on the back, produced by this ingenious method of creating a British seaman. He says: "The scene was set: an open sea, painted on the back of some other scene; where the wood-work was more prominent than the water, and unmistakable evidence of a street door appeared in the middle of the ocean. All was ready; sandle went the bell; up went the curtain, and the glorious orchestra, which consisted of two fiddles and a German flute, struck up the symphony. As I struttéd on, in the midst of a flash of lightning—produced by a candle and a large pepper-box filled with the dangerous elements—I began my theme—'Loud roared the dreadful thunder,' pointing my finger toward
IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE.

Reginald Heber was born at Melpas, Cheshire, England, April 21, 1783. He took high honors at Oxford University, and afterward was distinguished for learning and piety. He was settled in the living of Hodmat, when he accepted the bishopric of Calcutta. He was unwearied in his missionary work, and it was while he was travelling on the Ganges, to visit the mission stations, that the following lines to his wife were written. Bishop Heber died in India, April 20, 1826.

The music of the song was composed by Sidney Nelson.

1. If thou wert by my side, my love, How
2. I miss thee at the dawning gray, When,

Last would even fall, In

Green Ben-gal's palm grove, List-
care less ease my limbs I lay, And

Bring the night-in-gale, If

Thee, my love, wert by my side, My

Miss thee, when by Gum-ga's stream My

How

Twilight steps I guide; But

Most beneath the lamp's pale beam, I miss thee from my side!
If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail,
In green Bengal's palmy grove
List'ning the singing-sale.

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide,
O'er Gunga's mimic sea.

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my lips I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee, when by Gunga's stream,
My twilight steps I guide;
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
I miss thee from my side!

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer;

But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.
But when of morn and eve the star
Behold me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on, then on, where duty leads,
My course be onward still;
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain:
For sweet the bliss us both awaits,
By yonder western main!

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee.
GO! FORGET ME!

Rev. Charles Wolfe wrote the words of the following song. The music is from Mozart, who wrote many pleasing songs.

Wolfgang Mozart is a rare instance of an infant prodigy, whose intellectual powers grew with the boy's growth to manhood. At four years old, he could play the harpsichord correctly, and in that year he made a concerto to be played upon it. A year later, he, with his musical litter sister, was the wonder of the Imperial Court. At eight, he played the organ at the English court, and only his compositions were played in public concerts. The facts of his troubled life are familiar: "Ilomeneo," the opera which won him the lady he loved, is one of his favorite compositions; but perhaps "Don Giovanni" is considered his greatest dramatic work. When it was being rehearsed in Prague, he said to the chapel-master, who was praising the work: "People err if they think my art has cost me no trouble; I assure you, my dear friend, no one has taken such pains with the study of composition as I. There is hardly a celebrated master in music whom I have not carefully and, in many cases, several times, studied through!" Mozart was born in Salzburg, Germany, January 27, 1756, and died in Vienna, December 5, 1791. The air of "Go! forget me!" like "Days of Absence," is familiar in sacred music.

1. Go! forget me! why should sorrow o'er that brow a

shed - ow fling? Go! forget me! and, to- mor - row,

\[ \text{Music notation}\]
JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

I HAVE been able to obtain but meagre information about the famous refrain which became the marching song of the nation. The stern, almost religious enthusiasm of the words blended with the stirring tread of the music, and suited well the spirit in which Patriotism went forth to meet its foes. The words, except the first stanza, were written by CHARLES S. HALL, of Charleston, Mass. Thane Miller, of Cincinnati, heard the melody in a colored Presbyterian church in Charleston, S. C., about 1859, and soon after introduced it at a convention of the Y. M. C. A. in Albany, N. Y., with the words,

"Say, brothers, will you meet me?"

JAMES E. GREENLEAF, organist of the Harvard Church in Charlestown, found the music in the archives of that church, and fitted to it the first stanza of the present song. This became so great a favorite with the Glee Club of the Boston Light Infantry, in 1861, that they asked Mr. Hall to write additional stanzas. The Post Mall Gazette of October 14, 1865, said: "The street boys of London have decided in favor of 'John Brown's Body,' against 'My Maryland,' and 'The Bonnie Blue Flag.' The somewhat lugubrious refrain has excited their admiration to a wonderful degree, and threatens to extinguish that hard-worked, exquisite effort of modern minstrelsy, 'Slap Bang.'"

1. John Brown's bod-y lies a-mould-ring in the grave,

2. The stars of heav-en are look-ing kind-ly down,

* Small note for 14 and 16 measures.*

By special permission of Crown, Oliver Ditson & Co.
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 is marching on!
CHO.—Glory, etc.

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!
CHO.—Glory, 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 is marching on.
CHO.—Glory, 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 is marching on.
CHO.—Glory, etc.

The following words were written by HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL, who died at Hartford, Conn., October 31, 1872, aged fifty-two. Mr. Brownell entitled his poem, "Words that can be sung to the Hallelujah chorus," and says, "If people will sing about Old John Brown, there is no reason why they shouldn't have words with a little meaning and rhythm in them."

Old John Brown lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
Old John Brown lies a-mould'ring in the grave—
But John Brown's soul is marching with the brave,
                               His soul is marching on.
                               Glory, glory, hallelujah!
                               Glory, glory, hallelujah!
                               Glory, glory, hallelujah!
                               His soul is marching on.

He has gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,
He is sworn as a private in the ranks of the Lord—
He shall stand at Armageddon with his brave old sword—
                               When Heaven is marching on.
                               Glory, etc.
                               For Heaven is marching on.

He shall file in from where the lines of battle form—
He shall face to front when the squares or battle form—
Time with the column, and charge with the storm,
                               Where men are marching on.
                               Glory, etc.
                               True men are marching on.

Ah, foul tyrants! do ye hear him where he comes?
Ah, black traitors! do ye know him as he comes?
In thunder of the cannon and roll of the drums,
                               As we go marching on.
                               Glory, etc.
                               We all go marching on.

Men may die, and moulder in the dust—
Men may die, and rise again from dust,
Shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of the Just,
                               When Heaven is marching on.
                               Glory, etc.
                               The Lord is marching on.
WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.

The words of this song are commonly attributed to Mrs. Norton, probably because it was published about the time of her separation from her husband. But they were written by Charles Jefferys, who found the melody on a scrap of paper that came home around some groceries, and wrote the words to suit it. Neither he nor any of his musical friends could tell where this melody was from; but years afterward, when Nicolo's "Joconde" was revived in London, the long-sought origin of the air was found in that opera.

Nicolo (Nicolas Bouvard) was born in Malta in 1777. He completed his studies in Naples, and when the French evacuated Italy, went with them, as private secretary to General Vaubois. The remainder of his life was devoted to musical art in Paris, where he died in 1818.

Anatema.

1. We have lived and loved to - geth - er Thro' man - ny chang - ing years, We have
2. Like the leaves that fall a - round us, In An - tares fall - ing hours; And the
3. We have lived and loved to - geth - er Thro' man - ny chang - ing years, We have

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{\underline{\text{Andante.}}} \\
1. \quad & \text{We have lived and loved to - geth - er Thro' man - ny chang - ing years, We have} \\
2. \quad & \text{Like the leaves that fall a - round us, In An - tares fall - ing hours; And the} \\
3. \quad & \text{We have lived and loved to - geth - er Thro' man - ny chang - ing years, We have}
\end{align*}
\]
A CONVIVIAL SONG IN THE TYROL.
THE OAK AND THE ASH.

This is a song of the seventeenth century. The air is from Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book," where it is entitled "The Quelling's Delight." The hero of Scott's "Rob Roy," speaking of his old Northumbrian nurse, says: "I think I see her look around on the brick walls and narrow streets which presented themselves from our windows, as she concluded with a sigh the favourite old ditty, which I then preferred, and—why should I not tell the truth?—"

which I still prefer to all the opera airs ever misted by the capricious brain of an Italian Miss. Doc.

"Oh, the oaks, the ash, and the bony ivy tree. They flourish best at home in the North Country."

\[
\text{Nord COUNTRYNESS up to London did pass, Although with her nature it did not agree, Which made her repent and so often lament, still wishing again in the North for to be. O! the oak and the ash, and the bony ivy tree. They...}
\]
A North Country lass up to London did pass,
Although with her nature it did not agree;
Which made her repent, and so often lament,
Still wishing again in the North for to be.

O the oak, and the ash, and the bony ivy-tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.
Fain would I be in the North Country,
Where the lads and the lasses are making of hay;
There should I see what is pleasant to me;—
A mischief light on them enticed me away!

O the oak, and the ash, etc.

I like not the court, nor the city resort,
Since there is no fancy for such maids as me;
Their pomp and their pride, I can never abide,
Because with my humor it doth not agree.

O the oak, and the ash, etc.

How oft have I been in the Westminster green,
Where the young men and maidens resort for to play,
Where we with delight, from morning till night,
Could feast it and frolic on each holiday.

O the oak, and the ash, etc.

The ewes and their lambs, with the kids and their dams,
To see in the country how finely they do sing,
And the fields and the gardens, so pleasant and gay.

O the oak, and the ash, etc.

At wakes and at fairs, being void of all cares,
To dance; we there with our lovers did use for to advance.
And so up to London my steps to:

O the oak, and the ash, etc.

But still I perceive, I a husband might have,
If to the city my mind could but have,
But I'll have a lass that is North-Country bred,
[that I am]
Or else I'll not marry in the mind
O the oak, and the ash, etc.

A maiden I am, and a maid I'll remain,
Until my own country again I do see;
For here in this place I shall ne'er see the face
Of him that's allotted my love for to be.

O the oak, and the ash, etc.

Then, farewell, my daddie, and farewell, my mammy,
Until I do see you, I nothing but mourn;
Remembering my brothers, my sisters and others,

In less than a year, I hope to return.
Then the oak, and the ash, etc.
THE OLD SEXTON.

PARK BENJAMIN, author of the words of "The Old Sexton," was born in Demerara, British Guiana, August 14, 1809. His parents had removed there from New England, and, on account of illness in his infancy, which resulted in serious lameness, Park was sent to his father's home in Connecticut for medical treatment. He studied at Trinity and Harvard Colleges, and began to practice law in Boston. He soon left the profession, devoted himself to literary pursuits, and became founder, editor, and contributor of several American magazines. His lyrics attained wide popularity, but have never been collected; some of them, it is said, have not even been in print, but have descended from schoolboy to schoolboy as declamations. Mr. Benjamin died in New York City, September 12, 1864. "The Old Sexton" was written expressly for HENRY RUSSELL, who composed the music.

1. Night to a grave that was newly made, Lean'd a sexton old, on his earth-worn spade, His
   Many are with me, but still I'm a-lone, I'm king of the dead—and I make my throne on a

   Staccato
   Ofta voice

2. work was done, and he passed to wait, The fun'ral train thro' the open gate; A
   monument slab of marble cold, And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold;

   Staccato
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

For its age, this is one of the best known songs in the world. Four hundred thousand copies of it were sold, and E. P. Christy, of minstrel fame, paid four hundred dollars for the privilege of having his name printed upon a single edition as its author and composer. The true author and composer was STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

Moderato.

1. Way down upon de Swannee ribber,

Far, far a-way,

Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing ober, Dere's wha de old folks stay.

By special permission of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co.
Oh! take me to my kind old mother, Dere let me live and die.—Chorus.

One little hut among the bushes, One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes, No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees humming All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo humming Down in my good old home.—Chorus.

Way down upon de Swanne river,
Far, far away,
Dere's was my heart is turning oover,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roan,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus.
All de world am sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roan;
Oh, darkey's how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo humming,
Down in my good old home?
love's alternate joy and woe, joy and woe, Can I cease to love thee? no, no, no! Can I cease to
my life, my life, I love you, I love you, My life, my life, I love you, I love you, My life, my life, I love you, I love you.

By love's alternate joy and woe, My life, my life, I love you, My life, my life, I love you.
Can I cease to love thee? no! My life, my life, I love you, My life, my life, I love you.

love you.
THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

This song is altered from an old ballad, entitled "The old and the young Courier." Pope writes in his Diary, June 16, 1668: "Come to Newbury, and there dined—and musick: a song of the 'Old Courier of Queen Elizabeth,' and how he was changed upon the coming in of the King, did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out." The old ballad begins:

An old song made by an aged old pate
Of an old woorshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a beautiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the Queen's
And the Queen's old courtier.

The "Fine old English Gentleman" was made the subject of a curious copyright trial, an account of which is given by Mr. Henry Phillips, in his "Recollections." He says: "Having been invited to an evening party in the City, where music was to be the presiding deity, I met (I believe for the first time) an amateur of some celebrity, Mr. Crewe, who was a bookseller in Lamb's, Conduit Street, and possessed of a beautiful voice. He sang the Irish melodies charmingly, generally without accompaniment, which gave them a wildness and originality, that at times was quite enchanting. 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore,' was one of his great songs; in fact, I think he rarely escaped without singing it. This evening he threw off his bardic mantle, and sang a song we had never heard before, 'The old English Gentleman.' All were in raptures with it; 'Whose is it?' 'Where did it come from?' 'How did you obtain it?' were the questions put from all quarters, terminating with, 'Do sing it again!' As for me, I was in ecstasies; I saw in an instant what I could do with it, and eagerly inquired where it could be obtained. Whether I might introduce it to the public, I felt it was a fortune to me if I could be the person to do so. Mr. Crewe informed me it was a very old song, and that no one had a right to it. With this, I begged a copy, which he said he would send me the next day. In strict accordance with his promise, I received and immediately began to study it. My conception of the reading was rapid in the extreme, and I soon gained the confidence necessary for its production; but one thing presented itself as an obstacle to success, which was, that the third verse related to the death of the old gentleman. 'This won't do,' thought I; 'the living multitudes do not like to hear of the old gentleman dying, so I wrote a fourth verse myself, which ran thus:

'These good old times have passed away, and all such customs fled,
We're now no fine old gentlemen, or young ones in their stead;
Necessity has driven hope and charity away,
Yet may we live to welcome back that memorable day.
Which reared those fine old gentlemen, all of the olden time.'

"The first time I sang it in public, was at a grand concert given on the stage of her Majesty's Italian Opera in the Haymarket, where Sir George Smart conducted. We had a very large orchestra, led by Mari, and nearly all the first Italian and English singers appeared during the evening. Towards the end of the first act, I sat down to the grand piano-forte, and commenced 'The old English Gentleman.' At the end of the
I'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 opened house to all,
And, though three score and ten his years, he feastly led the hall;
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.
A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

The name of Allan Cunningham, author of the song which follows, suggests one of the pleasantest characters among the producers of lyric poetry. He was born at Blackwood, in Nithside, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, December 7, 1784. At the time of his birth, his father was a land-steward. His mother was a lady of fine accomplishments. Allan was the fourth of eleven children, and, after an elementary education, was apprenticed to an older brother, who was a stonemason. Every spare moment was spent in poring over books, or listening to the legends that his mother knew how to set forth picturesquely.

A little river divided the lands which his father superintended, from the farm of Burns; and the young Allan received indelible impressions from the poet who putted his childish head. The Etrick Shepherd, too, was feeding his master's flock on the hills near by. Allan had long admired him in secret, and one day, with his brother James, he started to pay his hero a visit. It was on an autumn afternoon, and the shepherd was watching his sheep on the great hill of Queensbury, when he saw the brothers approaching. James stepped forward and asked if his name was Hogg, saying that he was Cunningham. He turned toward Allan, who was lingeringbashfully behind, and said to the shepherd that he had brought to see him the greatest admirer he had on earth, himself, a young, aspiring poet of some promise. Hogg received them warmly, and they passed a levee afternoon. From that time, Hogg was a frequent visitor at the Cunningham's. Before this time, Mr. Cunningham had died, and the young Allan was giving his whole strength to assist in the support of the family. Busy as he was, he could write little, but he read at every opportunity. The Lay of the Last Minstrel appeared, and Allan saved his pennies until he had the vast sum of twenty-four shillings to invest in the poem, which he committed to memory. When Marmion was published, he was wild with delight, and could not restrain himself until he had traveled all the way to Edinburgh to look upon the marvelous poet. Arrived there, he was impatiently walking back and forth before Scott's house, when he was called from the window of the one adjoining. A lady of some distinction, from his native town, had recognized his face. He had but just told her his desires, when the bard came pacing down the street, absent to pass his own door, and ascended the steps of the house whence his enthusiastic admirer was watching him. Scott rang, was admitted,—or rather stepped directly in as the door was opened, but stared back at the unfamiliar sight of a row of little bonnets, and beat a hasty retreat. He afterward spoke with the greatest warmth of Cunningham's poetry, and always called him "honest Allan." When Cunningham was twenty-five years old, and had published a few beautiful poems, Mr. Crown, the London engraver and antiquarian, visited Scotland, and was sent to Allan Cunningham, as just the one to assist him in his search for Reliques of Burns. He asked to see some of Allan's writings. The pedantic antiquary gave a little grudging praise, but advised him to collect the old songs of his district, instead of writing new stuff. An idea shot into the poet's brain, and in due time a package labeled "old songs," reached Crown. The antiquary was charmed, and urged Allan to come to London to superintend the forthcoming volume, which he did. The collection of quaint and beautiful verse made a decided impression. Hogg, John Wilson, and other discerning critics saw the clever deception, but Crown did not live to have his confidence in himself and human nature shaken by "honest Allan."
ACROSS THERE AT THE WINDOW.

This is a popular German love song by F. Möhring. The name of the writer of the words is not known.

1. Across there, at the window, I see a rose so fair; Across there is a bird too, Whose song is rich and
Across there, at the window,
I see a rose so fair;
Across there is a bird too,
Whose song is rich and rare.
Oh, my beloved!

And where the rose is blooming,
And where the bird I hear,
Across there, at the window,
Two loving eyes appear.
Oh, my beloved!

There lived a lovely maiden,
Behind the window there.
Oh, would I were the birdling!
Would I the rose-tree were!
Oh, my beloved!
Softly breathe on my child, Mother pine, Mother pine.
MARY OF ARGYLE.

The words of "Mary of Argyle" were written by Charles Jefferys, and the melody was composed by Sidney Nelson.

1. I have heard the morning singing, His love-song to the morn; I have
2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine eye its brightness too; Tho' thy
The words of "Araby's Daughter" occur in Moore's "Fire Worshippers," the third story told in "Lalla Rookh."

The air was composed by E. Kiällmark, an English musician, who was born at King's Lynn, Norfolk, in 1781. He was left an orphan at a very early age, but kind relatives cared for him, and fostered his fondness for music, and he became celebrated as a teacher of the art. When twenty years old, he married a Scotch girl, and he afterward arranged some of the most exquisite Scottish music,
Farewell—be it yours to embellish thy pillow
With everything bounteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illuminate thy sleep.

Around thee shall glister 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.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the roseate stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the waters of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave.
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.
OH, WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN!

The song which follows is characteristic of its author, Mark Lemon, founder and editor of London Punch. Youth's best gifts, hope and enthusiasm, were never lost to him, and the man of gigantic proportions was at heart a perpetual boy. Sympathetic, generous, modest, and true-hearted, he was universally beloved, though his virtues were most apparent and best appreciated in his own home. He formed a love-match while young and poor, and although he was never substantially wealthy, and died leaving very little to his family, he had one of the happiest homes on earth. He played a royal game of romps, and could beat his boys at leap-frog. Mr. Joseph L. Hatton, in his pleasant volume of reminiscences of Mark Lemon, says: "Years hence, it may seem almost beyond belief that the founder of Punch died without deserving the enmity of any man, beloved by all who had labored with him, respected by men of all creeds and parties; being, nevertheless, one who had never sacrificed the independence of his paper."

Lemon had a Falstaffian appearance, and an aptitude for representation, and he played the part of the redoubtable knight in the private theatricals which Dickens and kindred spirits enacted, and which became famous in London. Lemon formed a small theatrical company of his own, with which he played throughout England, and made the tour of Scotland. The little amateur party named itself "The Show." Mr. Hatton, who was a member of the company, says: "The grave and reverend chief, sweet Jack Falstaff, raw Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, smiled benignantly upon our frolicsome notions. He gave himself up to all our whims and fancies. It seemed as if he were trying to be young again. For that matter, he was young; he had a rich, tuneful voice, and a merry, catching laugh. Not fame, but money for his family, was the object which he sought. He made careful study of Falstaff, and he always insisted that old Sir John was not a buffoon, but a gentleman; the sight of the general degeneracy of the times, but, nevertheless, a gentleman." 

While writing as busily, but not as readily as ever, Mark Lemon says: "It seems out of character for an old boy like me to be telling love-stories. I don't know that I have lost faith, nor sentiment either, but I hurry over love-scenes as if I had no business with them." The description of Falstaff's death had always moved the nobler man who played his part. Falstaff in dying "dabbled of green fields," and Mark Lemon, in his last moments, wandered back in fancy to the loved and unforgotten scenes of his boyhood's home.

He was born in London, November 30th, 1809, and died at Crawley, Sussex, May 23rd, 1870. Besides his editorial work on Punch, and writings for other periodicals, he wrote forty plays, a few novels, and hundreds of ballads. His last, unfinished, and intended as the second of a series, was found scratched in lead pencil on a sheet of blue foolscap paper, and had no title. Youth and Love were the visions as they had always been with him. It reads:
THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

1. It is the miller's daughter, And she is grown so dear, so dear, That I would be the gir - dle About her dain - ty, dain - ty waist, And her heart would beat so -

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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, author of the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner," was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 1, 1779. His family were among the earliest settlers, and his father was an officer in the Revolutionary army. Francis was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, and became a lawyer in his native town. He wrote several lyrics, with no thought of publication. They were screwed upon the backs of letters and so many old scraps of paper that the sequence of the verses was a puzzle to the friends who, after his death, attempted to gather all that had been written by the author of our national song. Mr. Key was District Attorney of Washington, D. C., and died in that city, January 11, 1843.

During the war of 1812-'15, when the British fleet lay in Chesapeake Bay, Mr. Key went out from Baltimore in a small boat, under a flag of truce, to ask the release of a friend, a civilian, who had been captured. Lord Cockburn had just completed his plans for an attack upon Fort McHenry, and instead of releasing one, he retained both. The bombardment of the fort was begun on the morning of the 13th of September, 1814, and continued for twenty-four hours. Key's little boat lay moored to the commander's vessel, and through a day and a night, exposed to fire from his friends, he watched the flag which Lord Cockburn had boasted would "yield in a few hours." As the morning of the 14th broke, he saw it still waving in its familiar place. Then, as his fashion was, he snatched an old letter from his pocket, and laying it on a barrel-head, gave vent to his delight in the spirited song which he entitled "The Defence of Fort McHenry." The Star-Spangled Banner" was printed within a week in the Baltimore Patriot, under the title of "The Defence of Fort McHenry," and found its way immediately into the camps of our army. Ferdinand Durarny, who belonged to a dramatic company, and had played in a Baltimore theatre with John Howard Payne, read the poem effectually to the soldier encamped in that city, who were expecting another attack. They begged him to set the words to music, and he hunted up the old air of "Adams and Liberty," set the words to it, and sang it to the soldiers, who caught it up with tremendous applause. Durarny died in Baltimore in 1818.

The Washington National Intelligencer of January 6, 1815, has this advertisement conspicuously displayed on the editorial page:

"The Star-Spangled Banner and Ye Seamen of Columbia—
Two favorite patriotic songs, this day received and for sale by RICHARDS & MALLORY, Ridge Street, Georgetown.

It is said that the particular flag which inspired the song was a new one that Gen. George Armistead, the defender of Fort McHenry, had made to replace the old one, which was badly tattered. The new banner was flung to the breeze for the first time on the morning that his daughter Georganna was born, which event took place within the fort, during the bombardment. By permission of the general government the
THE STORMY PETREL.

The words of "The Stormy Petrel," were written by BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR (Barry Cornwall). The air was composed by the Chevalier NEUKOMM. "The Chevalier," says Charley, "was as running in his generation as his poet was the reverse. On the strength of this success and his partner's simplicity, the musician besought the poet to write some half hundred lyrics for music, the larger number of which are already among the classics of English song, in grace and melody, recalling the best of our old dramatists, and surprisingly little touched by conceit. Will it be believed that for such admirable service the nobly-hearted poet was never even offered the slightest share in gains which would have had no existence, save for his suggesting genius, by the miserable Chevalier? It only dawned on him that his share of the song must have had some value, when the publishers, without hint or solicitation, in acknowledgment of the success, sent a slight present of jewelry to a member of his family?"

The Stormy Petrel is the bird known to sea superstition as "Mother Carey's Chicken." The name was first applied by Captain Carret's sailors, and is supposed to refer to a mischievous old woman of that name; for the petrel is a bird of ill-omen.

The song was written for Henry Phillips, who in his pleasant "Recollections," gives the incident of his voyage to America: "It was a glorious, bright day, and we were skimming before a lovely breeze, watching the flocks of little petrels at the stern of the vessel, when the captain, having taken his observation at the meridian, announced in a loud voice that we were just a thousand miles from land. On the instant, Barry Cornwall's beautiful words occurred to me, and Neukomm's admirable music to the song he wrote for me, 'The Stormy Petrel.' 'Come,' said I, to my fellow passengers, 'come down into the saloon, and I'll tell you all about it, in music.' Away we went. I sat down to the pianoforte, and sang—"

"A thousand miles from land are we, Tossing about on the roaring sea."

1. A thousand miles from land are we, Tossing about on the roaring sea, 7
2. A home, if such a place can be, For she who lives on the wild, wild sea, Far
MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

This is one of Foster's "Plantation Melodies," set to one of his characteristically plaintive melodies. It was written in 1832.

Poco lento.

1. Round de meadow am a ring ing, De dark-ey's mourn-ful song,
2. When de au-tumn leaves are fall ing, When de days are cold,
3. Mas-sa make de dark-eyes love him, Cause he was so kind,

By special permission of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co.
While de mock-ing-bird am sing-ing, Happy as de day am long,

Hard to hear old mas-sa call-ing, 'Cuz he was so weak and old.

Now, dey sad-ly weep a-bove him, Mourning 'cuz he leave dem be-hind.

Where de ivy am a-creep-ing,

Now de orange-trees am blooming can-not work before to-mor-row,

O'er the grass-y mound,

On de sand-y shore,

Cayse de tear-drop flow, I

Dare old mas-sa am a sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground,

Now de sum-mer days am com-ing, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.

try to drive a-way my sor-row, Pick-in' on de old ban-jo.
"WAND'RING ALONG."

The professional visit recently made to this country by the great Polish pianist, Paderewski, have marked an era in the musical annals of America. Of the famous pianists who have come to the new world—Rubinstein, Von Bulow, Feuchtwang, Yé Albé and Josephy—Paderewski can properly be compared with Rubinstein alone, since these two only were great creative as well as great interpretive geniuses. Since the death of Rubinstein, certainly, Paderewski is universally regarded as the greatest of living pianists. And it has been said that Paderewski, while approaching closely to Rubinstein in emotional power, and the equal of Von Bulow in intellectuality has surpassed them both in his remarkable combination of both qualities. Adding to this his possession of a wonderful technique, a wide general culture, a romantic history and an engaging personality, we have characteristics that interest us as well as skill that arouses our enthusiasm.

Ignae Jan Paderewski was born Nov. 6, 1860, in Podolia, a fertile and salubrious province of Russian Poland, where his father, a man of good family, was a gentleman farmer. Falling under suspicion of the Russian police, the father, who was an ardent patriot, was banished to Siberia when the son was three years old, and, returning after several years he lived a broken life until 1884, his chief solace in his declining years being derived from the growing fame of the son.

The misfortunes of his father and the death of his mother during his childhood threw Ignace on his own resources for a livelihood. His musical genius developed early, sensitiveness to musical sounds appearing in boyhood and he quickly learned all that the stray musicians who visited the remote farm could teach him. At twelve he was sent to the conservatory at Warsaw, and in this centre of intellectual and artistic Poland he utilized his advantages, not only for the study of music, but for laying the foundations of general culture and associating with instructive compositions. At sixteen, he made his first tour as a pianist through Russia provinces playing his own compositions as well as those of others. After two years of further study at Warsaw, he was appointed, at the age of eighteen (18), a professor in the conservatory. At nineteen he married a Polish girl, but she lived only a year, and, dying, left him a son, mentally attractive but physically paralyzed, his fatherly devotion to whom has been beautiful and touching. More than ever absorbed in his art, Paderewski now went to Berlin where he so improved his increased opportunities for study that, at the age of twenty three he was appointed a professor in the Strasbury Conservatory of Music.

There followed a period of several years given up to teaching, but without interrupting his determined efforts to perfect his mastery of the piano. It was during this time that he met, at a mountain resort in Germany, his great country woman, Mme. Helena Modjeska, the encourager and patroness of so many great artists, and especially those of Poland. She recognized as did most of his intimates, his genius for the piano, and it was owing to her influence that he resigned his Strasbury professorship, abandoned teaching, and went to Vienna, where he placed himself under the instruction of his countryman Leschetitzky, the teacher, and afterwards the husband of the famous Russian pianist, Eistoff, and said to have been next to Liszt, the most successful trainer of famous pianists. From this master he acquired in seven months the "finish, security and virtuosity" as he himself expressed it—which alone were lacking in his professional equipment. Thus prepared, he made his debut in Vienna, in 1887, achieving satisfactory success. But it was not till his appearance in Paris, a few years later, that he crossed the threshold of his greatest fame. His reception in the French capital was so enthusiastic that his reputation as a virtuoso preceded him to London, where he appeared in the spring of 1890, and quickly justified by his performance the high anticipations that had been excited. In London, as subsequently in America, the furor over him was not a blind enthusiasm over a loudly heralded prodigy, but the result of a critical judgment, formed after a series of concerts which began with only moderate success. In each case the result was the same—a complete surrender by the musical public, to the genius of one of the greatest pianists the world has known.
WAKE NOT, BUT HEAR ME, LOVE.

The words of this song are taken from one of the most notable contributions made to American literature during the past twenty years—the story of "Ben Hur," by General Lew Wallace. The literary value of this work was paralleled by its commercial success, which was immediate and enormous. The author had lived a long, and useful life before he turned to literature, and had a further distinguished career still before him.

General Wallace was born in Brookville, Indiana, April 10, 1827, the son of a graduate and former professor at the Military Academy at West Point. He was supplementing a common school education with a course of law study, when the Mexican war occurred, and he engaged in the struggle as First Lieutenant in an Indiana regiment. He practised law on his return from the war, and served four years in the Senate of his State. When the war of the Rebellion broke out, he was appointed Adjutant-General of Indiana, and soon after went to the front as colonel of a regiment, serving with such gallantry that within six months he became a Brigadier-General. His military service was eminent throughout the war. At its close he sat on the court martial that tried the assassins of President Lincoln and Captain Wirtz of the Andersonville prison. He served as Territorial Governor of Utah, 1878–81, and in the latter year was appointed U. S. Minister to Turkey. Some years previously, in 1873, he had published his first novel, "The Fair God." This was followed in 1881 with "Ben Hur." In 1888 he wrote the life of Benjamin Harrison, and in the same year published "The Boyhood of Christ." The fruits of his residence in Turkey appeared in the publication of "The Prince of India" in 1893.

The music of this song is the composition of George Lauritz Osgood, an American tenor singer, composer and teacher of vocal music. Mr. Osgood was born in Chelsea, Mass., in 1844. In early manhood he began to utilize professionally an excellent tenor voice. After studying the organ and counterpoint with the veteran Prof. J. K. Paine, he went to Europe for further study with eminent teachers, among whom his instructor in the German Lied was the great master of that form of music, Robert Franz. A successful concert tour in Germany preceded his return in 1892 to America, where for two seasons he sang in the concerts given by Theodore Thomas. Since that time he has taught music in Boston, has conducted the Boyston Club since 1875, has been the choir master at Emmanuel Church since 1882, and has written many songs which have had and have met with success.

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Wake not, but hear me, love!
A-drift, a-drift on slumber's
Wake not, but hear me, love!
Of all the world of dreams'tis

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LITTLE MAID OF ARCADIA.

The collaboration in English opera between Sir Arthur S. Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert is one of the celebrated partnerships of art. Sullivan had written several operas before "Trial by Jury" which was the first "Gilbert and Sullivan" production, in 1875. Then followed "The Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," "The Mikado," and the long list of popular successors, in rapid succession. The humor of Gilbert had a quality quite peculiar to that writer, and the music of Sullivan was equally characteristic. The popularity of the operas was so great as to justify the building of a theatre in London for their sole production. Mr. Gilbert was born in 1836 and was educated for the law. His father, William Gilbert, born 1804, died 1888, was a well known and prolific writer of England. W. S. Gilbert was already celebrated as a writer of plays before he wrote for Sullivan's music, his best known production in that line being "Sweetheart," "Engaged," and "Gretchen." He published in 1868 a volume of "Bob Ballads," reprinted from "Rudolph," one of which contained the germ of the opera of "Patience." Besides their more important work together, these gifted writers have combined their talents in the production of a number of songs of which the "Little Maid" here printed is a good example. Simple, naive, and thoroughly good in technical construction, their work is not only universally popular but critically commendable as well.

Allegretto moderato.

Little maid of Arcadie

Sat on Louis in Rob - lin's knee,
The words of this ballad are by Sir Walter Scott. Mary Russell 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 one forgotten, as though they had never been. Scott's spirited ballad, 'The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee,' is a case-in-point. Several persons (among the rest, Mrs. Hughes, the valued friend of the author) have complained to me, not only that it is not included amongst Sir Walter's ballads, but that they were unable to discover it elsewhere. Upon mentioning this to another dear friend of mine, the man who, of all whom I have known, has the keener 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 Devergoil," 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.

\[\text{Allegretto}\]

1. To the Lords of Caun-ter (twas Clan-der) spoke; Ere the King's crown go down there are

2. Dundee he is mount-ed, he rides up the street, The bells they ring back-ward, the

crowns to be broke, Then each cav-a-ler who loves hon-or and me, Let him
dress they are beat, But the pro-vost (dunce man) said, "Just e'en let it be, For the
AIRY, FAIRY LILIAN.

The words of this pleasing little song are by Tennyson. The music was composed by Frank Elmore.
Mrs. Hemans' song, "Bring Flowers," must have been touched up by the same teetotaler who revised the celebrated convivial poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes. In some versions, the second and last lines of the first stanza are replaced by those which here follow them in brackets:

"Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board, To wreathe the cups ere the wine is pour'd. [To crown the feast that the fields afford.] Bring flowers; they are springing in wood and vale, Their breath floats out on the southern gale. And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose, To deck the hall where the bright wine flown."
[The banquet to deck where the warm heart glows.] The song was from the poem of "The Bride of the Greek Isle." The air is French.
THE OWL SONG.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

Allegro con spirito.

STEPHEN ADAMS.

1. There
2. There

past'd a man by an old oak tree, To-who! said the owl, to-who!
His hair was wild and his

past'd a man by the old oak tree, To-who! said the owl, to-who!
His face was as long as

Misterious:

guit was free, "He must be a lover," said the owl in the tree, To-who, to-who, to-
long could be, "He must be married," said the owl in the tree, To-who, to-who, to-
Several Scottish poets have rung the changes upon both the air and words of "Charlie is my darling." Burns has a version, Hogg a version, Captain Charles Grey a version, and there are still others of lesser celebrity. But the words most in use were written by the Baroness Nairne, although her authorship was not then known, and stanzas from the other versions were generally mingled with hers. I give her version entire. The song is, of course, a Jacobite effusion, and Lady Nairne's family were Jacobites of the Jacobites, nearly all the kith and kin having been in trouble or exile on that account. A lock of Prince Charlie's hair, his bonnet, spurs, cockades, and crucifix, were cherished relics among them. The "Auld Laird," Lady Nairne's father, refused to acknowledge King George, and dismissed the family chaplain for taking the oath of fealty to him after the death of Charles Edward. The King, who had graciously allowed him to return and spend his age in his old home, sent this message to his obstinate subject: "The Elector of Hanover's compliments to the Laird of Gask, and wishes to tell him how much the Elector respects the Laird for the steadiness of his principles."

In his "Forty Years' Recollections," Charles MacKay, the song-writer, relates the following anecdote of his childhood: "Grace Threlkeld, or as her husband always called her, 'Gizzie,' taught me the alphabet, together with the tunes of many scores—I may say hundreds—of Scotch songs which she was fond of singing. Among the rest was the old Jacobite song of "Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier." I imagined at the time that this was a song about myself, and that I was the veritable young Chevalier. I well remember my astonishment, when I was about six years old, at hearing a blackbird, whose cage hung from a window in Powis Street, Woolwich, pipe this tune very correctly as I passed along with a playmate. I looked at the bird with infantine bewilderment, thinking that the creature was, as the Scotch say, 'noannie,' and that the foul fiend himself had taken up his abode in his tiny throat. The good Gizzie laughed at my terror, but it was many weeks before I was quite reconciled to the possession of musical abilities by so small a creature, or quite satisfied that it had not formed a deliberate purpose by whistling that particular song, to turn me into ridicule."
For a full generation past, young men have found their introduction to the best class of part songs through an excellent collection made by John D. Willard in 1863, and entitled "The Aria." It is still in use among collegians and part-singers generally. It contains selections from the best German and English composers, and includes classics, like "Gaudamus," "Integer Vitae," "Lovely Night," and a number of operatic choruses and part-songs. One of the gems of this well-tried collection, and perhaps the one most generally familiar is Wagner's "Two Roses." The sweet simplicity of the music and the grace of the sentiment doubtless account for the popularity of this song.
NELLY WAS A LADY.

This well-known and popular song was written and composed by Stephen C. Foster.

Down on de Mis'-sip'-pi floating, Long time I trabb-le can de way.

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20th VERSE.

Now I'm un-hap-py and I'm weep-ing Can't tote de cot-ton-wood no more;

Chorus.

Last night, while Nel-ly was a sleep-ing, Death came a knock-in' at de door.

3rd VERSE.

When I saw my Nel-ly in de morn-ing, Smile till she o-pen'd up her eyes,

Chorus.

Seem'd like de light ob day a dawn-ing, Just 'fore de sun be-gin to rise.

4th VERSE.

Close by de margin ob de wa-ter,

Chorus.

Whar de lone weep-ing willow grows

Dar'sh'd Vir-gin-ny's lub-ly daugh-ter;

Chorus.

Dar she in death may find re-pose.

5th VERSE.

Down in de mead-ow mong de cyp-press,

Walk wid my Nelly by my side;

Chorus.

Now all un-hap-py days am o-ver,

Fare-well my deark Vir-gin-ny bride.