Contribution to Famous Songs.

A GROUP OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS.
THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC

EMBRACING

FAMOUS SONGS AND
THOSE WHO MADE THEM

FAMOUS
INSTRUMENTAL
SELECTIONS
AND THEIR
COMPOSERS

MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED SONGS
AND COMPOSITIONS FOR PIANO

FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS
BIOGRAPHIES OF COMPOSERS AND SONG WRITERS

EDITED BY
HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON
FREDERIC DEAN

VOLUME 2

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS
REGINALD DE KOVEN
GERRIT SMITH

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
78 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK
JUST AS IT USED TO DO.

VICTOR HARRIS, the composer of this song, was born April 27, 1869. He is one of our younger American composers. His first introduction to music was a five year's experience as a boy soprano in a prominent New York church, during which time he did the solo work in a large repertoire of oratorios and cantatas. He has a reputation as teacher, as organist, and especially as accompanist, having assisted as such many of the prominent artists who have visited America for the past five years. Mr. Harris acted during the Summer of 1895 as Assistant Conductor to Anton Scidl in his concerts. He began composing when he was sixteen, and is best known by his songs, but has written much for mixed, male and female voices, and is now beginning to devote himself to writing for the orchestra in larger forms.

In moderate tempo, but with much freedom.

Copyright, 1886, by Bryan, Taylor & Co.
sun will kiss the sea.... The winds to the trees will whisper. The winds to the trees will whisper;
And laugh at you and me.
Yet the sun will not shine so bright,
So bright as it used to do.... The clouds will not seem so white... The
clouds will not seem so white... To one as they would to
two... So I think you had better be kind... And I... had best be
ture, And let the old love go on... And let the old love go on... Just as it used to do, Just as it used to do.
family of a nobleman. She remained with them six months, and it was on returning to her own hearth-

1. O I have seen great aces and sat in great lab's, "Many lords and many ladies a'\n2. Ane man, heaven be praise'd! round my aie heart-sono in glee, Wi' the friends o' my youth I care\n3. Nee false-hood to dread, nee mal-ice to fear, But truth to de-light me, and\n
cover'd wi' braun: But a sight aee de-light-ful I trow I ne'er siged As the\ndial-ly mingled; Nae forms to com-pel me to seem wae or glad, I may friend-ship to cheer; O' a' roads to hap-pi-ness ever were tried There's
O, I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
'Mang bards and 'mang ladies a' covered wi' braws:
At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
Where the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my e'en;
But a sight sae delightful I trow I ne'er spied,
As the bonnie, blythe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside!
O, cherry's the blink o' my ain fireside!
My ain fireside, my ain fireside!
O, there's nought to compare wi' my ain fireside!

Ane mair, God be praised, round my ain heart-someingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially ningle;
Nae formes to compel me to seem wae or glad—
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad;
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,

But truth to delight me and friendship to cheer,
O' a' reads to happiness ever were tried,
There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fireside;
My ain fireside, my ain fireside!
O, there's nought to compare wi' my ain fireside!

When I draw in my stool on my cosy hearth stone,
My heart loops sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's down on the xind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
There but kind voices, kind faces I see,
And mark nae affection glent frae ilk e'e;
Nae fleecings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,—
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside!
O, there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside!
GOD SAVE THE KING.

The origin of this national song of Great Britain has been matter for endless discussion. The most generally accepted theory seems to be, that the words were written by Henry Carey, author of "Sally in our Alley," for James II., the exiled King, and that it was revived and sung during the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and then silenced by the failure of the Jacobites, until it reappeared with the reading "God save Great George, our King," substituted for the original one, which is admitted to be "God save Great James our King." On no other hypothesis could a meaning be found for the lines:

"Send him victorious,  
Long to reign over us,"

"O Lord, our God, arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall,  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks," etc.

Even this interpretation hardly explains the allusions of the last two lines given, which probably refer to the gunpowder plot.

Richard Clark, a well-known English composer, wrote a defence of Carey's claim, but subsequently was shaken in his belief, and devoted eight years to research on the subject, when he published a book (London, 1821) in which he asserts that the anthem was written in the reign of James I., by Ben Jonson, who was Poet Laureate. He says it was written at the particular request of the Merchant Tailors' Company, and was sung in their hall at the first public appearance of King James after the discovery of the gunpowder plot. He emphasizes the "knavish tricks," and the political enemies who connived at them, and shows that these very forms of expression were introduced into the Church's thanksgivings and prayers for the monarch's escape and continued safety; but he does not explain the force of having the King "sent victorious." He accounts in two ways for the want of certainty on this point, by showing that the property of the hall was destroyed in the great fire of 1666, or by the supposition that Jonson may have destroyed the anthem himself; for, after his duel with Spencer, the actor, he was committed to prison, where he was converted to Catholicism, in which faith he remained for twelve years, during which time the monarch who had ordered the translation of our present English Bible, would be less glorious in his eyes. One thing which seems to favor this rather startling theory, is, that the music is attributed by nearly all authorities to Dr. Bull, who was a famous composer of that reign, and some of whose music was known to have been produced at this meeting in the Tailors' Hall.

Is it not possible that Ben Jonson did write the anthem, with a different fourth line in the first stanza, and that, being a genuine poet, he thought so slightly of a production which is utterly worthless as poetry, that he did not take the trouble to claim it? And when he changed his faith, he might have been glad that his wretched verses had been burned, and only wished that the many similar ones he must have written, as laureate, had shared their fate. But these had been sung by a great chorus of "the gentlemen and children of the royal chapel." These children would remember a song learned for so great an occasion, and from them it would descend orally. Perhaps, then, Henry Carey took the song, which it has never been shown that he personally claimed, wrote a new line to give an especial Jacobite twist to the sentiments, and set it alight to the praise of the exiled house of Stuart. It is believed that he sang it in public at this time, and in 1714, when Dr. Arne is known to have re-arranged the air; it is certain that he sang it again publicly, with "Great George our King" substituted, but with all the other incongruities remaining; for the accession of George I. was peaceful and undisputed. Carey's life of eighty years extended through the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Queen Anne, and two of the Georges.
Carey's son, born in the year of his father's death, stoutly contended for his father's authorship of music as well as words, and made an attempt to get a pension on the strength of it, which attempt he thus describes:

"Reflecting on its utility, and convinced of its having been written by my father, I thought there could be no harm in endeavoring through some medium or other, to make myself known at Windsor as son of the author of 'God save the King,' and as great silvics create great want, it is natural to wish for some little relief. Accordingly, I was advised to beg the interference of a gentleman residing in the parishes of the Castle, and who is forever seen bowing and scraping in the King's walks, that he would be kind enough to explain this matter rightly to the sovereign, thinking it was not improbable but that some consideration might have taken place and some little compliment been bestowed on the offspring of one who had done the state some service." But, alas! no sooner did I move in the business with the greatest humility to this demi-cannon, but he opened his copious mouth as wide as a four-and-twenty pounder, bursting as broadly upon me as the largest piece of ordnance, with his chin cocked up, like the little centre figure, with his cauliflower-eig, in Banbury's Country Club, exclaiming, 'Sir, I do not see, because your father was the author of 'God save the King,' that the King is under any obligation to his son.' I am convinced, had my plan been fairly stated at a great and good man's house, I should have had a precisely answer; but in respect to myself, I may have by-and-by to say, like Cardinal Wolsey, that

'I am weary and old, left to the needy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.'

1. God save our gra-cious King, Long live our no-ble King,
2. O Love our God a-rise, Scat-ter his en-e-mies,
3. Thy choicest gifts in store, On him be pleased to pour,

God save the King! Send him rie-to-ri-cous, Happy and
And make them fall. Con-found their pol-i-tics, Front-state their
Long may he reign! May he de-fend our laws, And se-ver

glo-ri-ous, Long to reign o-ver us, God save the King.
knar-ry tricks; Or Thee our hopes we fix; God save the King.
give us cause, To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.
THE MINUET.

MARY MAPES DODGE, the writer of the words of this song, has been the editor and conductor of St. Nicholas Magazine during its publication. Its great success is chiefly due to her management and skill in what may be regarded as a new field, comparatively, children's literature. Her own writings, poetry and prose, are filled with sympathy with children's minds. This is the rarest of gifts in teacher and writer. St. Nicholas has done the work of many teachers. It has found the children in their homes as well as in their schoolrooms, and for a score of years inspired each new generation with fresh impulses, prompting to the pure and good in life. Especially is it true that Mary Mapes Dodge in her own personal work has appreciated the true dignity of childhood and avoided the weak and infantile ways of many would be teachers and writers for children. With the poet who is by common nature's most sympathetic interpreter she sees that, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and for us would extend the horizon of that "Heaven" till youth merges into manhood. Mrs. Dodge inherited from her father a taste for literature. She was one of the first contributors to "Hearth and Home," a magazine conducted by Donald G. Mitchell (Ike Marvel) and Harriet Beecher Stowe. In 1864 she published a volume of "Irvington Stories" which met with success. This was followed in 1865 by her best known work, "Hans Brinker," or the "Silver Skates," which was translated into French, German, Dutch, Russian, and other languages. It is a juvenile story of life in Holland and quickly became a classic.

It was in 1873 that Mary Mapes Dodge undertook the editorship of St. Nicholas. No more benificent literary work has been done for the minds and hearts of the youth of this land. Summer and Winter, Spring and Autumn, there have gone forth to the children and youth dozens and scores, "Rhymes and Jingles," affording instruction, giving pleasure, exciting mirth. From year to year this work has been renewed without palling the appetites of ever hungry minds.

The melody of "The Minuet" is by JOSEPH MOSENTHAL.

Sheet music image
Grandma told me all about it,
Told me, so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced — my grandma danced —
Long ago, Long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
Turning out her little toes;
How she slowly leaned and rose —
Long ago, Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimples cheeks, too, — oh, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago, Long ago.
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago, Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago, Long ago.
Brave but modest, grandly shy—
She would like to have us try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago, Long ago.
WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE.

This little song, first published in 1846, was written by Geo. P. Morris. The music has been attributed confidently to Mrs. Epling, of Philadelphia, (see Catherine R. Waterman), a friend of Morris', and a contributor to his periodical; but in reply to a letter of inquiry, she writes me that she has no connection whatever with the song. I have no clue to its composer, except the misleading initials, "C. R. W.,” which accompany the sheet music.

1. When oth-er friends are round thee, And oth-er hearts are thine; When

2. Yet do not think I doubt thee, I know thy truth re-mains; I

oth-er boys have crown’d thee, More fresh, more green than mine, More
would not live with-out thee For all the world con-tains. Thou art the star that

lone-ly This throbbing heart must be, Which, while it beats, beats on-ly, Be-
guides me A-cross life’s troubl-ed sea, And what-er fate be-tides me, This

lov-ed one, for thee, Which, while it beats, beats on-ly, Be-lov-ed one, for thee. This
heart will turn to thee, And what-er fate be-tides me, This heart will turn to thee.
COLLEGE SONGS.

The songs that are sung by collegians in this country are so varied in their character that it is difficult to classify them broadly or in a few words. Comparatively few of them were originally peculiar to the colleges, even as to the words, and almost none of them are set to original music. The songs that one hears when students gather in the moonlight on the campus are derived from many sources. The popular ballads of the day; the songs imported from the German universities, usually with Latin words; college words set to familiar tunes derived from the folk-music of this and other countries, from the repertoire of the burnt-cork minstrels, from operas, from the variety stage, and even from the church hymn-books have formed the staple of college singing. And yet many of these, forgotten by the general public, have been kept in use through college traditions and in college society rituals, and have come, properly enough, to be regarded as peculiar college songs and to be prized in collections of "German Collegians."

It is doubtful if in the early days of American universities there was much choir singing among the students, however they may have indulged in the solo singing of sentimental ditties. Even so late as 1788, which is the date of the earliest record of a singing society at Harvard, the list of music purchased indicates that the students chiefly "courted the muse of New England pleasantly," with the "Worcester Collection" in the lead. Half a century later they found pleasure in singing Tom Moore's "sentimental melodies, among which "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Amby's Daughter," and "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls" were the favorites. The same dependence on the songs that were in familiar use out of college existed at Yale until 1847. In that year Richard Norris Willis, a brother of N. P. Willis and a Yale graduate of 1841, returned from Germany, where he had been studying music, and brought home with him several of the student songs of the German universities. Some of these were classical Latin lyrics, like "Integer Vitae," "Cantans Littare," and "Lauriger Horatius," while others were chosen from the bizarre and nonsensical songs of the German student "Chores," among which were "Crambambuli," "Co-ca-ca-luk," etc. These became immediately popular with the students, and several of the tunes were fitted with new words, celebrating the American student life. From Yale these songs were quickly taken up in other colleges, and it may perhaps be said that in then the distinctively "College Song" came into use in this country.

Other songs, particularly in the humorous or peculiar vein, were introduced, with additional examples from Germany, and others of which the origin is obscure. Such were "Laboria," "Rig-a-jig-a-jig," "Henny Harvors," (introduced in 1854 from West Point) "Updeles" (a German dirge to which the words of Long-fellow's "Excelsior" were inerently adapted), "Ringo," "I-Ed" (in celebration of Elwin Yale) and "School." All the foregoing were in full favor a third of a century ago, and although they are still familiar their use is infrequent at the present time, later favorites of a type more popular just now having replaced them. College poets were busy in those first days of the new-born college minstrelsy with the writing of college verses to be sung to the familiar tunes of songs that were popular everywhere, and of some of them it may be said the college adaptation gave a new lease of life to the tunes. Except for their vogue as college songs, who now would be singing "Sparkling and Bright," "Vive L'Amour," "The Last Cigar," "Good Night, Ladies," "Leadfoot, Fill the Flowered Bowl," "A Little More Cider, Too," "We Won't Go Home till Morning," and many others. Yet even these are losing ground in these days, when the writers of "topical songs" and the variety minstrels are furnishing so many new and taking melodies of a type quite suited to the rollicking student humor.

Not a few of the student songs of the fifties were set to hymn-tunes, several of them with words rather jovial in character; but in some cases no irreverence was intended, the hymn-makers and the students having taken the originals from the same source—the German college songs—many of these derived in turn from the folk-songs of the Fatherland.

Student singing, like student songs, is of varying kind and quality. Generally speaking, the singing is of two kinds, that which is attempted by the musically inclined and vocally trained among the collegians, and that in which all can join without much need of vocal skill. For the acceptable rendering of songs like "Integer Vitae," "There's Music in the Air," (a perennial favorite for serenading purposes) "Stars of the Summer Night," and some of even the simpler part-songs in the "Arian" collection, a degree of skill is requisite as well as practice. But the popular ballads and the songs which from their singing rhythm are useful as marching songs, can be delivered with considerable effect by any number of intelligent young men, as they parade through the streets or sit in the twilight on the "fence." Even some of the measurably difficult songs are so frequently sung in the college societies which have appropriated them for society purposes, that they get to be within the range of the less musical students. For twenty-five years past considerable attention has been given to college singing by the glee clubs which are organized in all the colleges for practice and public performance. Very few of these clubs, however, attain to the singing of "glee" properly
so-called, and the singing of madrigals would be quite beyond their usual powers. But selections of increasing difficulty appear on their concert programmes, which are varied by the introduction of a few of the old "College songs." Better facilities for voice culture are now to be had in all the university towns than heretofore, and more ambitious work is undertaken.

But for the genuine college singing one must still go where the general body of students gathers for an hour's recreation. The volume of many fresh young voices, singing in parts the songs they well know, is very rich in tone, and much spirit is infused into the singing. Objection has been made that student singing is too indiscriminately spirited, and the objection is valid. Even the trained glee clubs render most of their songs with an excess of vigor and a lack of musical light and shade. The songs of the present day would seem unfamiliar to the graduate of a few decades ago. The student appropriates what pleases him from the songs of the period in these days as in the past; and just as Moore's Melodies had their day of popularity, so also did "There's Music In the Air," the War Songs of 1861-5, "Champagne Charlie," "Tommy, Make Room For Your Uncle," "Annie Rooney," and so down to the last successful hit at the "continuous performance," "Tempora Mutantur," and our songs change with them. But there is gradually sifted from the mass of temporary favorites a few that for various reasons continue to be sung, and thus the collection of recognized student songs will continue to grow, as it has grown in the past. During the last few years the improvement in musical training at colleges has developed student composers as well as singers, and the time may come when American student music will be as original as that which during the centuries has accumulated in the collections of the German Universities.

BINGO.

A MARCHING OR STREET SONG.

"Bingo" is the favorite marching song of the students in all American colleges. The cause of this is sufficiently apparent in the strongly marked emphasis of the musical measures. But another reason lies in the facility with which the verses can be almost indefinitely increased, so as to last as long as the procession continues to move. For, just as the song is readily adapted to the use of any college by substituting its name in the opening line—as, "Here's to Good Old Harvard," "Here's to Good Old Princeton," and so on,—in like manner the students can celebrate with impromptu inventions their class (as "Here's to ninety-five," etc.) their fellow students, or any cause to which they are willing to "drink it down."

The song first appeared at Yale, and was generally adopted by the other colleges. It is not known to have been imported from abroad, and is probably a genuine original American College song.

CHORUS.

Tenor. F. tempo di Marcia.

Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down,
Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down,
Here's to good old Yale, she's so hearty and so hale, drink it down.
down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down. Balm of Gilead, Gilead,

Balm of Gilead, Gilead, Balm of Gilead, way down on the Bingo farm. We

won't go home a-nymore, We won't go home a-nymore, We won't go home a-nymore. Way

down on the Bingo farm. Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo,

Bingo, Bingo, way down on the Bingo farm. B, I, N, G, O, y per "Fool!"

* or "fool!" = "harvard!" or other adversary.
MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

James Ryder Randall, author of the words of "Maryland, my Maryland," was born in Baltimore, on New Year's day, 1839. He was educated at Georgetown College, District of Columbia, and when quite young went to Louisiana and edited a newspaper at Point Coupee. From there he went to New Orleans, where he was engaged upon The Sunday Delta, and in April, 1861, he wrote his song, "Maryland, my Maryland." At the close of the war he became editor of The Constitutionalist, published at Augusta, Georgia.

"Maryland, my Maryland," first published in Baltimore, was set to the fine German Burschenlied which begins:

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Wie grün sind deine Blätter!

Longfellow's translation of which "O hemlock tree," etc., is well known. "My Maryland" became the finest battle-song of the Southern Confederacy during the war.

1. The desp'ts heel is on thy shore,  
Ma'-ry-lan! My Ma'-ry-lan! His
2. Hark! to a wan-d'ring son's ap-peal,  
Ma'-ry-lan! My Ma'-ry-lan! My
3. Thou wilt not cow'er in the dust,  
Ma'-ry-lan! My Ma'-ry-lan! Thy
touched is at thy tem- ple door, Ma- ry-land! My Ma- ry-land! A-
Moth- er State, to thee I kis- se, Ma- ry-land! My Ma- ry-land! For
beam-ing awed shall nev- er rust, Ma- ry-land! My Ma- ry-land! Re-

venge the pa- tri- ot- ic gore That fiesck'd the streets of Bal- ti- more, And
life and death, for woe and west, Thy peer-less chiv-al ry re-veal, And
mem-ber Car- roll's sa-cred trust, Re- mem-ber How ard's war-like thrust, And

be the bat-tle queen of yore, Ma- ry-land! My Ma- ry-land!
and thy beau-tious limbs with steel, Ma- ry-land! My Ma- ry-land!
all thy shum- berers with the jest, Ma- ry-land! My Ma- ry-land!

CHORUS.

And be the bat-tle queen of yore, My Ma- ry-land! My Ma- ry-land!
The despot's heel is on thy shore,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
Hark! to a wandering son's appeal,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
My Mother-State, to thee I kneel,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
  Maryland! My Maryland!

Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's war-like thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain;
  "Si semper," 'tis the proud refrain
That bullets minions back again,
  Maryland! My Maryland!

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And give a new key to the song,
  Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely beek,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
  Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
  Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, sile, and drum,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deft, nor dumb,
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—she burns! she'll come!
she'll come!
  Maryland! My Maryland!
THREE FISHERS.

The great English preacher, novelist, and poet, CHARLES KINGSLEY, was born at Holne Veanage, Devonshire, June 12, 1819. He was a distinguished student at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and became rector of Eversley, in Hampshire. In 1859 he was appointed Professor of Modern History, at Cambridge, which chair he resigned to become Canon of Westminster, and Chaplain to the Queen. His tour in the United States, in 1873-4, will long be pleasantly remembered. He died in London, January 23, 1875.

While Mr. Kingsley was a boy, his father was rector of the parish of Chevally, and from that little fishing village he had often seen the herring fleet put to sea. On such occasions, it was his father's custom to hold a short religious service on the quay, in which not only the fishermen, but their mothers, wives, sweethearts and children joined fervently. Years afterward, at the close of a weary day's work, remembering these scenes, he wrote the song.

"Three Fishers" was set to its most familiar air by JOHN HULLAH, who was born in Worcester, England, in 1812. His comic opera, "The Village Coquettes," written in conjunction with Dickens, and brought out in 1856, first made him known to the public. He wrote a few more operas, and then gave his attention to establishing in England a style of popular music school, which had proved successful in Paris. A spacious hall was built for him, but was burned down in 1860. He was Professor of Vocal Music and Harmony in King's, Queen's and Bedford Colleges, London; organist of the Charter-house; conductor of the orchestra and chorus in the Royal Academy of Music; Musical Inspector for the United Kingdom, and a musical writer of repute. He died in February, 1884.

1. Three fishers went sailing out into the west, Out into the west as the

2. Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower, And they trim'd the lamps as the
sun went down; Each tho' on the woman who lov'd him the best. And the children stood watching them
sun went down; They look'd at the squall and they look'd at the show. And the night came rolling up.

out of the town; For men must work, and women must weep. And there's little to earn, and
stayed and brown; But men must work, and women must weep. The storms be sudden and

many to keep; Tho' the harbor bar be moan ing.
waters deep; And the harbor bar be moan ing.

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

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep;
Tho' the harbor bar be moaning.
Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up, rugged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
The storms be sudden and waters deep;
And the harbor bar be moaning.
Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.
John Leiphot Hatton, the composer of the "Bugle Song," has made his mark in the field of music by consenting to spend his life writing small works. He is an acknowledged authority on part-songs and some of the best examples of English part writing have come from his pen. He has written incidental music to a number of Shakespeare's plays including "Macbeth," "Richard II," "The Merchant of Venice," "King Lear," and "Much Ado about Nothing." In 1848 Mr. Hatton visited America and has always been interested in American singers, most of whom know and love his songs. His "Bugle Song" is one of the most popular of his part-songs for male voices. The words are by Tennyson.

Allegro moderato.

1st Tenor.

1. The splendor falls on castle walls, And snowy summits, old in story. The long light

2nd Tenor.

1. The splendor falls on castle walls, And snowy summits, old in story. The long light

1st Bass.

1. The splendor falls on castle walls, And snowy summits, old in story. The long light

2nd Bass.

1. The splendor falls on castle walls, And snowy summits, old in story. The long light

shakes across the lakes, And the wild cataract leaps in glory...

f cres. muted.

f cres. muted.

f cres. muted.

shakes across the lakes, And the wild cataract leaps in glory...

shakes across the lakes, And the wild cataract leaps in glory...

shakes across the lakes, And the wild cataract leaps in glory....
Blow, bugle, blow!
Set the wild echoes flying!

Blow, bugle, blow, Blow, bugle, blow!
Set the wild echoes flying!

Blow, bugle, blow,
Blow, bugle, blow! Set the wild echoes flying!

Blow, bugle, blow, bugle blow, echoes dying.
Blow, bugle,

Blow, bugle, blow, bugle blow, echoes dying.
Blow, bugle,

Blow, blow, echoes dying.
Blow, blow,

Blow, bugle, blow, Blow, bugle, blow! answer! echoes dying
Blow, bugle, blow.

blow, bugle. Answer! echoes dying, dying, dying,

blow, bugle. Answer! echoes dying, dying, dying,

blow, dying, dying, dying,

blow, bugle, blow! Answer! echoes dying, dying, dying,

blow, bugle, blow!
2. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear, And thinner, clear-er, far-ther go-ing! O sweet and far... from cliff and scar, The horns of Elf-land faint-ly blow-ing! Blow, ba-gle, blow,

far... from cliff and scar, The horns of Elf-land faint-ly blow-ing! Blow, ba-gle, blow,

far... from cliff and scar, The horns of Elf-land faint-ly blow-ing! Faint-ly blow-ing!

Blow, ba-gle, blow! Let us hear the pur-ple glens re- ply-ing!

Blow, ba-gle, blow, Blow, ba-gle, blow! Let us hear the pur-ple glens re- ply-ing!

Blow, ba-gle, blow, Blow, ba-gle, let us hear the pur-ple glens re- ply-ing!
roll... from soul to soul, ... And grow forever, and forever.

Blow, bugle, blow,
Blow, bugle, blow,
Blow, bugle, blow,

Set the wild echoes flying!
Set the wild echoes flying!
Set the wild echoes flying!

Blow, bugle, blow, bugle blow, echoes dying.
Blow, bugle, blow, bugle blow, echoes dying.
Blow, bugle, blow, echoes dying.

Blow, bugle, blow, bugle blow, answer! echoes dying.
Blow, bugle, blow.
The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild carnation leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, loud, oh, clear, how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elliland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in you rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
"The Low-Backed Car" was one of the songs which Samuel Lover wrote and composed for his entertainment called "Irish Evenings."

1. When first I saw sweet Peggy, 'Twas on a market day, A low-backed car she drove, and sat Up on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there, that could compare, To the blooming girl I sing!

2. In battle's wild commotion, The proud and mighty Mars, With hos'tile scythes demands his tythes Of death in war-like cars. But Peggy, peaceful goddess, Has darts in her bright eye. That knock men down in the market town, As right and left they fly! While she
When first I saw sweet Peggy,  
Twas on a market day,  
A low-backed car she drove, and sat  
Upon a truss of hay;  
But when that hay was blooming grass,  
And decked with flowers of spring,  
No flower was there, that could compare,  
To the blooming girl I sing!  
As she sat in her low-backed car,  
The man at the turnpike bar,  
Never asked for the toll,  
But just rubbed his and poll,  
And looked after the low-backed car!

In battle's wild commotion,  
The proud and mighty Mars,  
With hostile scythes demands his tythes  
Of death in war-like cars,  
But Peggy, peaceful goddess,  
Has darts in her bright eye,  
That knock men down in the market town,  
As right and left they fly!  
While she sits in her low-backed car,  
Than battle more dangerous far,  
For the doctor's art,  
Cannot cure the heart  
That is hit from the low-backed car!

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,  
Has strings of ducks and geese,  
But the scores of hearts she slaughters,  
By far outnumber these.  
While she among her poultry sits,  
Just like a turtle dove,  
Well worth the cage, I do engage,  
Of the blooming god of Love.  
While she sits in her low-backed car  
The lovers come near and far,  
And envy the chicken,  
That Peggy is pickin',  
While she sits in her low-backed car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,  
With Peggy by my side,  
Than a coach-and-four, and gold galore,  
And a lady for my bride;  
For the lady would sit forsnince me,  
On a cushion made with taste,—  
While Peggy would be beside me,  
With my arm around her waist.  
As we drove in a low-backed car,  
To be married by Father Maher,  
Oh! try heart would beat high,  
At her glance and her sigh,  
Though it beat in a low-backed car.
ROSE-MARIE.

The Collaboration of sympathetic authors and musical composers is not only the source of some of the most thoroughly genuine songs of the day, but is itself a subject of popular interest. Hardly less known than the celebrated co-operation of Gilbert and Sullivan, is the relation subsisting between Frederic E. Weatherley, one of the most popular lyric writers of the present day, and several of the leading musical composers, including James L. Molloy and Stephen Adams. For the latter he wrote the words of "Nancy Lee," "The Musketeer," and other songs. His work with Molloy has been more extended, and includes the authorship of the words of some of that composer's most popular productions. Among these are "Polly," "Darby and Jean," "Rose-Marie," etc.

\[ \text{Moderato.} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Moderato.} & \quad \text{Moderato.} \\
\text{\begin{align*}
E & E \\
E & E
\end{align*}} & \quad \text{\begin{align*}
E & E \\
E & E
\end{align*}}
\]
Over the hills and far away
In a village by the sea,
A small sweet rose of a maid en dwells
Who is dear, so dear to me,
With loving lips and true gray eyes I call her my Rose-Marie.

Over the hills and far away,
Dwells my love, my Rose-Marie.

Over the hills and
far away, Fly bonny bird, fly to the sea, Blow soft and kind, O

western wind, Speak to my love, my love of me, O western wind, O

happy bird, Speak! speak to my love of me. O ver the hills and

far away, Fly bonny bird to Rose Marie.

O ver the hills and far away
To the village by the sea, I come to bring my bride from the west, to bring home my sweet to me, O leave thy home beside the foam, Come, come sweet love to me Over the hills and far away, Come to me, come my Rose Marie.
DAYS OF ABSENCE.

The melody, and probably the words of the thrice-familiar song which follows, were written by Jean Jacques Rousseau, the celebrated French author, in 1775. He was born in Geneva, June 28, 1712, and was descended from a family of Paris booksellers and Protestant refugees. His mother, the daughter of a clergyman, died when he was born, and his grief that he should have met so bitter a loss was often referred to by him. Although he was a very delicate boy, before he was nine years old, he had spent whole nights in reading novels with his father, who had a visionary and restless disposition. From an engineer, a lawyer, and an engraver, with whom he lived successively, he picked up a varied fund of information. After a series of adventures of the most romantic and miserable sort, he devoted himself to the study of music, which he afterward taught, and invented a new system of musical notation. He published several operas and musical works before he turned his whole attention to the writings for which he is chiefly known. Rousseau died at Ermenonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. His melody has now been so long associated in our minds with its hymn-book title of "Greeneville," that it seems odd to connect it with this French love song. In Europe it is called "Rousseau's Dream."

Not till that loved voice can greet me,
Which so oft has charmed mine ear;
Not till those sweet eyes can meet me,
Telling that I still am dear;
Days of absence thee will vanish;
Joy will all my pangs repay;
Soon my bosom's idol banish;
Gloom, but felt when she's away.

All my love is turned to sadness,
Absence pays the tender vow,
Hope that filled the heart with gladness,
Memory turns to anguish now;
Love may yet return to greet me,
Hope may take the place of pain;
Antoinette with kisses meet me,
Breathing love and peace again.
AN EGYPTIAN SINGING GIRL.
ALLIE DARLING.

HART PEASE DANKS, who composed the music of this song, to the words of J. T. RUTLEDGE, has the curious distinction of being almost equally well-known as a church singer, a writer of effective church music, and the composer of songs which are popular on the street and on the minstrel stage. Several of these songs have had a phenomenal success, "Silver Threads Among the Gold" having not only had a sale of about half a million copies, but having almost added a phrase to the English language in popular use. So industriously has Mr. Danks composed, not far from fifteen hundred separate works have been published. Some of these have appeared under names assumed for the purpose, "Arthur Dunn," "H. Leighton," "George Randall," and "Charles Dupont," being among them. An opera, "Pauline" (1872) is one of his secular works. As a writer of church music he has perhaps done his best work musically, and many of his anthems are in extensive use by the choirs of this country. Mr. Danks was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1834. Having studied music in Saratoga, N. Y., he settled in Chicago as a choir leader and conductor of choral societies. Removing East in 1884, he appeared frequently as a bass singer on the concert stage and filled choir positions in many churches in New York and Brooklyn. As a composer he is self-taught, and achieved success by attempting to produce effects which his practical experience as a performer taught him were possible and desirable.

1. Al - lie dar-ling, blue-eyed Al - lie,  
   Do you not re-mem-ber well,
2. Son - shingled on the wa - ters  
   Of the lit - tle pur - ling stream,
3. Tis a year since last we part - ed,  
   And I mus - le you promise this:—

In you lit - tle vine-clad cot - tage,  
Birds were sing - ing in the tree - tops,  
That you'd al - ways love me, dar - lling—

Lov - ing sto - ries we did tell?  
Mak - ing life a pleas - ant dream;  
Then I seal'd it with a kiss;

Under arrangement with Oliver Ditson Company, owners of the copyright.
Sweetest flowers bloom around us—
And a night so still, so calm;
May our life be one of pleasure,
As it was in days gone by.

Bid fair a happy future,
Stars weep shining o'er us, darling,
May sorrow never take us,
Al—lie dear, for you and I.

CHORUS.
Al—lie, darling, blue-eyed Al—lie,

Al—lie, darling, blue-eyed Al—lie,
Al—lie, blue-eyed Al—lie,
Al—lie, blue-eyed Al—lie,
Al—lie, blue-eyed Al—lie,
Al—lie, blue-eyed Al—lie,
Al—lie, blue-eyed Al—lie,
Al—lie, blue-eyed Al—lie,
Quick-ly did those days pass by; But a-gain we will be

Quick-ly did those days pass by, those days pass by; But a-gain we will be

Quick-ly did those days pass by, those days pass by; But a-gain we will be

Quick-ly did those days pass by,.............. But a-gain we will be

hap- py,.............. Al- lie, dar- ling, you and I.

hap- py, will be hap- py, Al- lie, dar- ling, you and I, you and I.

hap- py, will be hap- py, Al- lie, dar- ling, you and I, you and I.

hap- py, will be hap- py, Al- lie, dar- ling, you and I.

8. Ending.
"ONLY A SONG."

A leading New York Daily Newspaper recently published a little poem entitled "Only a Song." It was followed by a note stating that it was "borrowed from that prolific poet, Anonymous." This little poem is set to music by D. M. LEVETT of New York City.

Mr. Levett was born in New York in 1844, and is the son of a famous dentist. He was educated in the public schools of his native state. His first steps in musical culture were guided by S. B. Mills. He afterwards entered the Leipzig Conservatory, where he remained three years. Mr. Levett has written several compositions for orchestra, besides a large number of piano and vocal compositions. Several of them, including his melodramatic music to the poem "Curfew shall not Ring To-night," have met with great success. At present he holds a professorship at the New York College of Music, where he is doing excellent educational work.
tender And sweet as with love un-told; Surely those hearts were hard-ened,

That it left so proud and cold. She sang of a wondrous

glory That touches the woods in spring; Of the strange, soul-stir-ring

voices When the "hills break forth and sing;" Of the happy birds sing-
joy-fal-ly, of the hap-py birds sing-ing joy-fal-ly. The re-quiem of the day.

And the si-lence of the val-leys in the dark of... the ghost-ing gray.

Tempo adagio.

And one in a dis-tant cor-ner—A wo-man worn with

strife—Heard in that song a mes-sage From the spring-line of her
From the spring-time of her life

Tempo fero, poco più mosso.

Fair forms rose up before her, from a mist of vanished years; she sat in a happy blindness, her eyes were veiled in tears. She sat in a happy blindness, she sat in a happy
blindness, Her eyes were veiled in tears, Her eyes were veiled in

Tempo Isto.

tears............ Then when the song was

ended, And hushed the last sweet tone, The listener rose up

softly, And went on her way alone. Once more to her life of
labor she passed but her heart was strong. And she prayed

"God to bless the singer, And she prayed God to

bless..... the singer, And oh, thank God for the song! And oh, thank God

for the song!"
O, BOYS, CARRY ME 'LONG!

This is one of the "Plantation melodies" of Stephen Collins Foster. Both words and music are by him. It was produced in 1851.

Moderato.

1. Oh! carry me long; De's no more trouble for me;........ I'm going to roam In a happy home, Where blow de corn, And sing a song De whole day long, And turn de lope, And de old greyhounds, All

2. All o'er de land I've wander'd many a day;........ To hearts so happy and light,........ Dey meadows covered wid green;........ Old

3. Fare well to de boys, Wilt keep de possum a way;........ No use for me now;........ So, dar kin, bur-y me

4. Fare well to de hills De' beat'en, broken and lean;........ Fare well to de dog;........ Dat al ways followed me

all de niggas am free;........ I've worked long in de fields;........ I've hand - led ma - ny a
I'll turn my eye, Before I die, And see the sugar-cane grow.
My horn is dry, And I must lie, Where the possum never can go.
I'll gain to hoe, In a broad row, Where the corn grows yellow and tall.
Old Sam, he'll talk, And droop his tail, When I am under the ground.

CHORUS.

Oh! boys, carry me long; Carry me till I die.

Carry me down to die, burying ground.

Massa, don't you...
LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

A Ritornella is a symphony before, between, or following a melody. "Love's Ritornella" was written by JAMES ROBINSON FLANCHE, the well-known English author and musical critic, who was born in London, February 27, 1796. He prepared for the stage two hundred pieces, original or translated, and published various works, one of the latest of which is a professional autobiography. He died in London, May 29, 1889. A London friend says of him: "Late in life, when he had hoped to repose on his laurels, his daughter was left a widow, and other misfortunes threw his children's children largely on his hands. But he bravely accepted the position, and without a murmur; and possibly to this very fact the world may owe the two latest and ripest productions of his green old age."

THOMAS COOKE, invariably spoken of by his contemporaries as Tom Cooke, the composer of the music, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1781. He had an exceedingly versatile musical genius, and had mastered almost every known instrument before he became singer, musical director, leader, and composer at Drury Lane Theatre, London, which post he held for years. He had neither a powerful nor a very sweet voice; but judicious management of it made him a favorite singer, and in social life, his pleasant ways and ready wit won him many friends. He died in 1848.

"Love's Ritornella" became very popular by being sung in New York by James W. Wallack, in a play called "The Brigand."

1. "Gentle Zitelis, whither away?
2. "Charming Zitelis, why should't thou care?
3. "Simple Zitelis, beware! oh! beware!

Love's Ritornella, list, while I play!
Night is not darker than thy raven hair,
List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer!

"No! I have lingered too long on the road,
And those bright eyes, if the Brigand should see,
To your light footsteps let terror add wings"
Night is advancing, The Brigand's abroad;
Thou art the robber, The captive is he;
Tis Masaro He himself who now sings—

Lonely Zitel-la hath too much to fear;
Gentle Zitel-la banish thy fear;
Gentle Zitel-la banish thy fear;

Love's Ritor-la she may not hear."
Love's Ritor-la tarry and hear."
Love's Ritor-la tarry and hear."

[Image of a person in a traditional setting]
AFTON WATER.

The following song was written by Robert Burns in honor of Mrs. Dugald Stewart, the first person of high position who noticed or encouraged him. Mrs. Stewart inherited Afton Lodge, which was situated on the bank of Sweet Afton, a small river in Ayrshire.

The melody to which Mr. J. E. Spilman set these plaintive words, is so sweet and so familiar, that I give it in addition to the more elaborate Scottish air.

1. Flow gently, sweet Afton, a-
2. Thou stock-dove, whose echo re-

sung thee a song in thy praise; My Mary's asleep by thy
black-birds in your thorny dews, Thou green-crested lapwing, fly

murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
screaming for bear, I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.
QUARTET.

1. Flow gently, sweet A'r'on, among thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
song in thy praise; My Mary's asleep by thy murmur-ing stream, Flow
clear wind-ing rills; There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My

2. How loft-y, sweet A'r'on, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-ing of
gent-ly, sweet A'r'on, dis-turb not her dream. 2. Thou stock-dove, whose echo re-
flows and my Mary's sweet cot is my eye. 4. How pleas-ant thy banks and green

sound from the hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in the val-ley blow, There off, as mild
lap-ving, thy screeching for bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-bur- ing fair.
eve-ring creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed bird shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, A'r'on, how lovely it glides
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wants thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowers, she seems thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet A'r'on, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet A'r'on, disturb not her dream.
THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

SAMUEL LOVER wrote a series of poems upon the superstitious fancies of the Irish people, and this song is one of them. Most of the traditions which he embodies, are common to various nations, and we are all familiar with the pretty one upon which "The Angel's Whisper" is founded. The fancy is, that when a child smiles in its sleep, angels are talking with it.

Of the music, Lover says: "The song was written to an old Irish air (one of the few Moore left untouched,) entitled, 'Mary, do you fancy me?' Words have been written to it but they were ineffective, and left the air still in oblivion, while mine had better fortune, and made this charming melody widely known; and I think it may be allowed to be pardonably pleasing to an author, that it is now known by the name of 'The Angel's Whisper.'"

1. A baby was sleeping, Its
   2. Her head while she numbered The
   moth·er was weeping, For her
   bus·band was far on the wild· rag·ing sea; And the tem· pest was swell·ing Round the
   hus·band's dwelling. And she cried, "De·mod, dar·ling, oh, come back to me!"
   child, thou sleep a·dorn·ing. For I know that the an·gel·s are whispering with thee."
A baby was sleeping,  
Its mother was weeping,  
For her husband was far on the wild-cashing sea,  
And the tempest was swelling.  
Round the fisherman's dwelling,  
As she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,  
The baby still slumbered,  
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:  
"Ah, blessed be that warning,  
My child, thy sleep adorning—  
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping,  
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping.  
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me—  
And say thou would'st rather  
They watch o'er thy father,  
For I know that the angels were whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning,  
Saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,  
And closely pressing  
Her child with a blessing,  
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME.

This is one of Bryan Waller Procter's (Barry Cornwall) songs, and very characteristic of his gentle, winsome style it is.

1. Touch us gently, gently, Time! Let us glide down thy stream Gently, as we sometimes glide, Thro' a quiet, quiet dream; Humble voyagers are

2. Touch us gently, gently, Time! We're not proud nor soaring wings; Our am

we, Husband, wife, and child, over the deep, One is lost—an angel 
we O'er life's dim, un-sound, over head, Touch us gently, O gentle Time! 
calm elime; Touch us gently, gently, Time, Touch us gently, O gentle Time!
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

This is one of the most exquisite, as well as one of the most widely popular of the songs which Moore wrote for old airs, and published under the general title of "Irish Melodies." Its tune is altered from an old one called "The Groves of Blarney."

Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the "Burial of Sir John Moore," who had a passionate fondness for the Irish national melodies, especially admired "The Last Rose of Summer," and wrote the following little story as an introduction to it:

This is the grave of Dermid. He was the best minstrel among us all,—a youth of romantic genius and of the most tuneful and yet the most impassioned feeling. He knew all our old national airs, of every character and description. According as his song was in a lullaby or a mournful strain, the village represented a church or a funeral; but if Dermid were in his merry mood, the lads and lasses were herded into dancings with a giddy and irresistible gaiety.

One day, our chieftain committed a cruel and warrantable outrage against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid’s harp was in his hand when he heard it. With all the thoughtlessness and independent sensibility of a poet’s indignation, he struck the chords that never spoke without response, and the desolation became universal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended our banished minstrel into the wild world.

For three years there were no sightings of Dermid, and the song and dance were silent,—when one of our little boys came running in, and told us that he saw Dermid approaching at a distance. Instantly the whole village was in commotion; the youths and maidens assembled on the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of their poet with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for them,—it was the merriest of his collections.

The ring was formed; all looked eagerly toward the quarter from which he was to arrive, determined to greet their favorite bard with a cheer. But they were checked the instant he appeared. He came slowly, and languidly, and laboriously along; his countenance had a cold, dim, and careless aspect, very different from that expressive terrine which marked his features, even in his more melancholy moments. His harp was swinging heavily upon his arm; it seemed a burden to him; it was much shattered, and some of the strings were broken. He looked at us for a few moments; then, relapsing into vacancy, advanced, without quickening his pace, to his accustomed stone, and sat down in silence. After a pause, we ventured to ask him for his friends. He first looked up sharply in our faces, then down upon his harp, then struck a few notes of a wild and despairing melody, which we had never heard before; but his hand dropped, and he did not finish it. Again we passed. Then, knowing well that if we could give the smallest mirthful impulse to his feelings, his whole soul would soon follow, we asked him for the merry air we had chased.

We were surprised at the readiness with which he seemed to comply; but it was the same wild and heart-breaking strain he had commenced. In fact, we found that the soul of the minstrel had become an entire void, except one solitary ray, that vibrated sluggishly through its very darkest part. It was like the sea in a dark calm, which you only know to be in motion by the painting which you bear. He had totally forgotten every trace of his former strain, not only those that were gay and airy, but even those of a more pensive cast; and he had got in their stead that one dreary, single melody. It was about a lonely rose that had outlived all its companions. This he continued singing and playing from day to day, until he spread an unusual gloom over the whole village. He seemed to perceive it, for he retired to the claymore, and remained singing it there to the day of his death. The afflicted continually repaired to hear it, and he died singing it to a maid who had lost her lover. The ephebe has learned it, and still chants it over poor Dermid’s grave,
Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kinred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;

Thus kindly I scatter
The leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie senseless and dead.
So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?
THE STORM.

The authorship of this song has been disputed. George Alexander Stevens was born in London, England, but the exact date is not known. He was an actor of no great power, and between poor playing and hard drinking, his finances were in a not very flourishing condition, when he hit upon a scheme for reclaiming them. He wrote an amusingly narrow mixture of wit and nonsense, entitled it "A Lecture on Heads," and gave it to a friend to deliver. As might have been expected, the friend failed to catch the fine points of the composition, and the "heads" fell as if severed on the block. Stevens picked them up and stuck them on again, for a second sound. Presto! all the features were in their right places, and every pout was as plain as the nose on a man's face. The lecture was an immense success, and became popular at once. Stevens delivered it amid "unbounded enthusiasm," in Great Britain and Ireland, and then brought it over to delight our staid ancestors on the side of the water. On going back to England, he attempted to lengthen out the joke by adding "half-lengths," and "whole-lengths," but an over-done witicism is a distasteful thing, and nobody laughed with the disappointed complainer. The following is an extract from a letter which he wrote while lying, for debt, in Yarmouth jail:

"The week's eating finishes my last waistcoat; and now I must alone for my errors on bread and water. A wig has fed me two days; the trimming of a waistcoat long; a pair of velvet breeches paid my washerwoman; a ruffle shirt has found me in shaving. My coat I swallowed by degrees; the sleeves I breakfasted upon for two weeks; the body, skirts, &c., served me for dinner two months; my silk stockings have paid my lodgings, and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes. It is incredible how my appetite (barometer-like) rises in proportion as my necessities make their terrible advances. I have my dream about a stomach; but it's ill josting with edict tools, and I am sure that is the sharpest thing about me."

The wonder of his composing so fine a lyric as "The Storm," has led to a doubt whether he really did do it; but, the truth is, that he wrote other songs so famous in their day, that they were printed by various booksellers, without his consent, and very much to his disadvantage. "The Storm" has been attributed to no one else except Falconer, author of "The Shipwreck," and the only ground of such a claim was, that he might have done it—that it was somewhat in his line. But Falconer is neither lyrical nor spirited, and the picturesqueness of the song makes all but certain the claim of the actor-poet.

Stevens lived in an age of deep drinking; and as the bowler was the especial inspirer of his verse, so it was the principal receiver of its praises. After several other unsuccessful attempts, he returned to the delivery of "Heads," which he was finally able to sell for money enough to pay for the last enormities of his life which ended miserably in 1784.

The original air to which "The Storm" is set was called, with queer appropriateness to the author's state, "Welcome, brother debtor." It appeared in a collection of songs called "Calliope," published in 1730, and included the English vocalist, sang "The Storm" in this country with great effect.
Song of the Sea

Sailors, sing the dangers of the sea; From bounding billows first in motion, When the dis - tant whirlwinds rise, To the tempest troubled ocean, Where the waves contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely calling,—
By topgallant sheets and halyards stand,
Down top-gallant quick be hearing,
Down your staysails—hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
Quick the topgallant-sheet let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make any false,
Up your topsails nimble clew.

Now all you at home in safety,
Sheltered from the howling storm,
Tasting joys by Heaven vouchsafed ye,
Of our state rain notorious form.
Roused us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our mindenthralles!
Harder yet it blows, still harder,
Now again the boatswain calls.

The topgallant-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all close to red each course—
Let the foresail go—don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fare and aft the spirt-sail yard set,
Bred the mizzen—see all clear—
Hand up, each preventer-brace see—
Man the foreyards—cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the awful thunder's rolling,
Peal on peal contending clash;
On our heads force rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash:

Cow, rude Boreas, blustering gale!
List, ye landmen, all to me;
Messmates, bear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest troubled ocean,
Where the waves contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely calling,—
By topgallant sheets and halyards stand,
Down top-gallant quick be hearing,
Down your staysails—hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
Quick the topgallant-sheet let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make any false,
Up your topsails nimble clew.

Now all you at home in safety,
Sheltered from the howling storm,
Tasting joys by Heaven vouchsafed ye,
Of our state rain notorious form.
Roused us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our mindenthralles!
Harder yet it blows, still harder,
Now again the boatswain calls.

The topgallant-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all close to red each course—
Let the foresail go—don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fare and aft the spirt-sail yard set,
Bred the mizzen—see all clear—
Hand up, each preventer-brace see—
Man the foreyards—cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the awful thunder's rolling,
Peal on peal contending clash;
On our heads force rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash:

One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Different death at once surround us,
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?
The forecast's gone! cries every tongue, out
Over the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out—
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, the mainyard cut to pieces—
Come, my heart's, be stout and bold!
Plumb the well—the leak increases—
Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for our wives and children mourn;
Alas, from hence there's no retreating!
Alas, to thee, there's no return!
Still the danger grows upon us,
Wild confusion reigns below;
Heaven here mercy here upon us,
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam in the lead, boys—
Let the guns overboard be thrown—
To the pump, come, every hand, boys,
See, our mizzenmast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lightened her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury forecast—
She rights!—she rights! boys, wear off shore.

Now one more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Heaven has spared our lives,
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives;
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to the lips a brimstone join,—
Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
None—our danger's drowned in wine.
"THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME."

The popularity of the "Bohemian Girl," the opéra from which this song is taken, when first produced, and its influence upon society, were unparalleled. Everything was tinged with a gypsy complexion. Numbers of songs of gypsy life were published. Society wore brilliant gypsy colors in its costumes, and affected traits belonging to the wandering tribe. And not only was London gypsy mad, but so were also numerous towns on the Continent. Sixteen had three theatres where the opera was being sung at the same time, and in Florence and Paris the work was given in Italian and French dress. A young tenor, by the name of Harrison, first sang this song at the first performance of the opera on the 27th of November, 1843, and was compelled on that occasion to twice repeat it. During its first run of 100 nights the opera had no more popular number than this song. The composer is M. W. Balfe.
oth-er lips and oth-er hearts Their tales of love shall tell,
cold-ness or de-ciet shall slight The beau-ty now they prize,

lan-guage whose ex-cess im-parts The pow'r they feel so
deen it but a fa-de' light Which beams with-in your

well, There may per-haps in such a scene, Some
eyes, When hol-low hearts shall wear a mask, 'Twill

rec-o-llec-tion be, Of days that have as
break your own...... to see, In such a mo-ment
When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well,
There may perhaps in such a scene,
Some recollection be,
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faked light
Which beams within your eyes,
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask,
That you'll remember me.
OH HUSH THEE, MY BABIE!

It is scarcely possible in the limits of a paragraph to give even an outline of the strikingly full and successful musical career of Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, the composer of this song. Born in London in 1842, the son of a bandmaster, his first effort was as a boy singer in a choir, from twelve to fifteen years of age, during which period he composed small pieces, some of which were published. Taking the Mendelssohn Scholarship in 1856 he was admitted to the privileges of the Royal Academy of Music and afterwards continued his studies in Leipzig, his return from whence was the occasion of a great musical and social success. For more than thirty years he has been eminent in the musical world, composing oratorios, ballet music, symphonies, important works for the great musical festivals and noted occasions; publishing numerous songs which have attained enormous popularity; editing hymn collections and contributing to them tunes which have become endeared to the whole Christian world—every material contribution he has made to the musical composition of his time being produced as a signal event in musical progress. His widest vogue and popularity has undoubtedly been based on the series of English operas for which he composed the music to the words of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, among which were "Pinafore," "Patience," "The Mikado," etc. He has filled many important positions as organist of churches, conductor of musical festivals, and director of musical education. His abilities and services were recognized by the honor of Knighthood in 1883. The list of even his widely popular compositions is too long for reproduction. But the composer of the operas mentioned, of such songs as "The Lost Chord," "Orpheus with His Lute," "O Fair Dove," "It Doughty Deeds," etc., and of such hymns as "Obedient Christian Soldiers," "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," "Heaven is my Home," etc., is not only honored while he is yet laboring among his fellows, but will live in the future with posterity.
bright, both gentle and bright; The woods and the glens from the town which we see, They are

bright, both gentle and bright; The woods and the glens from the town which we see,

bright, both gentle and bright; The woods and the glens from the town which we see,

all belonging, dear baby, to thee. They are all belonging, dear baby, to thee

They are all belonging to thee. They are all belonging, dear baby, to thee. O

They are all belonging to thee. They are all belonging, dear baby, to thee. O

They are all belonging to thee. They are all belonging, to thee. O hush thee, O

hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby.

hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby.

hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby.

hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby.
2. O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows; It calls but the ward-ers that guard thy re-
pose, that guard thy re-pose. Their bows would be bend-ed; their blades would be red re the
pose, that guard thy re-pose. Their bows would be bend-ed; their blades would be red,
pose, that guard thy re-pose. Their bows would be bend-ed; their blades would be red,
step of a foe-man draws near to thy bed, Ere the step of a foe-man draws near to thy bed. O
Ere the step of a foe-man draws near, Ere the step of a foe-man draws near to thy bed. O
Ere the step of a foe-man draws near, Ere the step of a foe-man draws near. O hush thee, O
O hush, hush, hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby.

Hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby.

Hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby, O hush thee, my baby.

3. O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum, by trumpet and drum; Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may. For a time great, and a time small, And the ways of the Lord are vast, and wide, and long.

O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum, by trumpet and drum; Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may. For a time great, and a time small, And the ways of the Lord are vast, and wide, and long.
It is due to a variety rather than a sameness of quality, that the songs of J. L. Molloy, have attained the degree of popularity they have achieved. For although there are in musical style, as in literary style, certain shades of individuality that indicate the source of particular words, the originality of a prolific writer must continue if his works are to hold their place as favorites of the public. The scope of Molloy's work is indicated by the following citation of his best known songs, which range “from grave to gay”—"Blue Eyes," "By the River," "Clang of the Wooden Shoon," "Clochette," "Colleen," "Darby and Joan," "Drifting Boat," "Glen and Gleen," "Gleaning the River," "Jack's Farewell," "Janie," "Kerry Dance," "London Bridge," "Polly," "The Potlillion," "Thady O'Flynn," "The Vagabond," "Wandering Jew," and "Will O' the Wisp." The tenderness of his style is well illustrated in the selection here given "Love's Old Sweet Song." The words are by G. Clifton Bingham.
Once in the dear dead days beyond recall, When our world the mists began to fall,

Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng Low to our hearts Loosed an old sweet song,

And in the dusk where fell the first light gleam Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low, And the flick'ring shadows,

_f_ softly come and go, Tho' the heart be wea'ry, and the day so long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song, comes Love's old sweet song.

Even to-day we hear Love's song of yore. Deep in our hearts it dwells for evermore.

Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way. Still we can hear it at the close of day.

So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
a tempo.

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring

p cantando.

sungrec Ped. Ped.

shadows softly come and go;
Theo' the heart be wea-ry

ped. ped.

sad the day and long,
Still to us at twi-light comes Love's old song, comes

ad lib.

Love's old sweet song.

Animato. rit.

Ped. Ped.
WALTER LEARNED, who wrote the words of this song, was born in New London, Conn. After graduating from school in that city he secured employment in the City Savings Bank, where he is now acting as treasurer. As a boy Mr. Learned showed talent for verse writing. He is now a regular contributor to various magazines. His collected poems, entitled "Between Times," was published in 1880. It contains songs well suited to the needs of the musician. Many of them have been set to music. The musical setting of "I Long For You," is by W. P. Brown, a well known composer, and a member of the Manuscript Society of the United States.

Though per-fumes scent the air, And skies are soft and blue; Though:

shores be fresh, be fresh and fair I long for you, for you,

I sigh for cold grey skies, And the chill sleet slant-ing through; It is

Copyright, 1905, by Oliver J. Haynes.
fair, it is fair but I close my eyes And I long for you I

long........ for you.
JESSIE.

FRANCIS BRET Harte, distinguished as a writer of stories of western life and character, has also given us many poems of merit; of which the beautiful child-song "Jessie" is an example worthy of the appropriate musical setting of Dr. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH. Bret Harte was born in 1839 at Albany, N. Y., where his father was president of a female college. He removed in early life to California; where he became prominent as a journalist and novelist. He returned to the East in 1871; was appointed United States consul at Crefeld, Germany, in 1878, and at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1880.

With grace and spirit.

1. Jes-sie is both young and fair, Dew-y eyes and sun-ny hair;
2. Jes-sie is both kind and true, Heart of gold and will of yew;
3. If she yet re-main un-song, Prett-ty, con-stant, do-ele young.

Sun-ny hair and dew-y eyes Are not where her beau-ty lies, Are not where her beau-ty lies.
Will of yew; and heart of gold—Still her char-ax are scarce-ly told, Still her char-ax are scarce-ly told.
What re-mains not here com-pil-ed? Jes-sie is a lit-tle child! Jes-sie is a lit-tle child!

(Copyright by The Century Co.; published by permission.)
A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

A sentimental song, offering few difficulties to voices of moderate compass, this is one of the most recent productions of FLOYD McKEE MozY SCHROOMAKER, an American composer of to-day. The words are by WALTER PLEHVIN. The range from sentiment to tragedy and mourning affords excellent opportunity for variety of expression in rendering the song.

1. Out in the moon - let gar - dens,  
   Far from the ball - room

2. Up - on the field of bat - tle  
   A sol - dier has been
(3) brought her the fail - ed vio - lets,  
   Up - on her wed - ding

bright,..........  
   Far from the mu - sic play - ing,  
   They stroll in the

shain,..........  
   A bunch of with - ered flow - ers,  
   Up - on... his
day,..........  
   An old man's gold had won her  
   From the left - er
sum - met\night..............\To - mor - row he must leave her; She
breast\bath\lain..............\He gives them to a con - 
far\a\way..............\But thro' a mist of tear - - - drops She

vows\she\will....\be\true..............\And\from\her\breast\she
life - blood\ebbing\fast..............\And\whis - per "take\them
sees\the\soldier\call..............\Who\laid\her\vio

\to\him\A\bunch\of\flowers\blue..............
gives\back\and\say,\I\wore\them\to\the\ball..............
next\his\heart\One\even - ning\at\the\ball..............

CHORUS.
\Only\a\bunch\of\vio - lets,\of\vio - lets so
blue, fragrance and dignity with
dew; only a bunch of
violets he places next his heart, and swears to
violets, their beauty now is fled, while far a
side, what e'er betide. He never with them will part,
war, at close of day, a valiant youth lies dead,
soldier lad, they long and weary years.
WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

Both the words and the music of this song were written by Samuel Lover, for his entertainment called "Irish Evenings."

1. "What will you do, love, when I am going, With white sail flowing, The sea be-
2. "What would you do, love, if distant tidings, Thy fond confidings Should under-
3. "What would you do, love, when home returning, With hopes high burning, With wealth for

yond? What will you do, love, when waves divide us, And friends may chide us for being mine? And I a bidding heathen sky to skies, Should think other eyes were as bright as you, If my bark, which bolder o'er foreign foam, Should be lost near home— Ah! what would you

found?" "Thou waves divide us, and friends be chiding, In faith a bidding, I'll still be this?" "Oh, name it not, the guilt and shame Were on thy name, I'd still be do?" "So thou wert spared, I'd bless the morn, To want and sorrow, that left me

true, And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean, In deep devotion. That's what I'll do," true, But that heart of thine should another share it, I could not bear it—What would I do?" you! And I'll welcome thee from the wasting blast, This heart thy pity—What's what I'll do!"
Where the bee sucks there
bark 1:
In a cow-slip's bell I lie;
There I catch when owls do
cry;
On the bat's back do I fly
After sunset merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live
now,
Under the blossom which hangs
on the bough.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.
"WHERE THE BEE SUCKS."

This is one of the best known of Shakespeare's songs set to music by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Allegro vivace e gioioso.

Fl.

Sopr.

p Timp.

sosten.

sf

Where the bee sucks there lark I;

pp

pp

In a cow-slip's bell I lie:

p

There I couched when owls do cry

On the bat's back do I

Vio., pizz.

Vio., pizz.

Vio., pizz.

Vio., pizz.

Vio., pizz.

Vio., pizz.

Vio., pizz.

Vio., pizz.
fly
After sunset merrily After sunset
we poor will.

merrily:

Where the bee sucks
we poor will.

There lurk I; In a cowslip's bell I lie: There I conch when

owls do cry. On the bat's back do I fly...
Merri-ly, merri-ly, shall I live now, Under the blossom which hangs on the bough... Merri-ly, merri-ly, merri-ly, merri-ly,
shall I live now Under the blossom which hangs on the bough.
Under the blossom which hangs on the bough

Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

CHARLES MACKAY, author of this lyric, was born in 1812, in Perth, Scotland, of an ancient and honorable family. His life has been spent mainly in London, where he has been an editor of newspapers, reviews, and books of antiquarian research, a writer of prose, and a maker of songs. He composed many of the airs for the latter, and, in connection with Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, arranged one hundred of the choicest English melodies. He visited the United States in 1857, and delivered a lecture in Boston, on "Songs: national, historical, and popular."

The music of this song is the composition of Henry Russell. Of this singer, a competent judge and a fair critic, Mr. Henry Phillips, says: "At the same period (about 1840), a singer was gradually, but with the most decided certainty, gaining ground as a musical entertainer. Belonging to no particular school, possessing no particular voice, not particularly gifted as a musician, as a declaimer not particularly refined—still, on he came, and day by day advanced in public favor, casting into shadow the most accomplished vocalists, and seizing with vigor and firmness subjects that enthralled the audience, held them firm within his grasp, and overcame them with a cunning sense wonder. Who was this stupendous stranger? A lad of Hebrew extraction, whose father had a curiosity-shop near Covent Garden, who sang when a little boy at the Surrey Theatre, in a piece called "Gulliver and the Lilliputians," and who from that time had scarcely been heard of, till he came, the herald of an enormous reputation, the most popular singer of the multitude in England; a man who in due time eclipsed even John Parry in everything but refinement. This wondrous person was Mr. Henry Russell, whose name, long after he had retired, held sway over the minds and hearts of the multitude. Let us see how all this popularity was attained. It was not by voice, appearance, elegance, or knowledge, but by that uncommon circumstance possessed by so few—common sense. He adapted his themes to his powers; he chose subjects well understood by the general public; he gained the latent and power of distinct articulation; and the very earnestness which caused a shudder in the refined listener, awoke the enthusiasm of the throng."

1. Some love to roam, 'mid the dark sea's foam, Where the shrill winds whistle free; But a
2. The deer we mark, thro' the forest dark, And the prowling wolf we track; And for

chosen hand, in a mountaineland, And a life in the woods for the right good cheer, in the wild woods here, Oh! why should a hunter lack.
Where the shrill winds whistle free; But a chosen band in a mountain land, And a
And the prowling wolf we track, And for right good cheer, in the wild woods here, Oh!
life in the woods for me. When morning beas't der the mountain streams, Oh! mer ri ly forth we
why should a hunt er lack? For with steady aim, at the bounding game, And hearts that fear no
go, To fol low the stag to his slip per y crag, And to chase the bounding roe, To
he; To the dark some glade, in the for est shade, Oh! mer ri ly forth we go, To the
fol low the stag to his slip per y crag, And to chase the bounding roe.) Ho! ho! ho!
dark some glade, in the for est shade, Oh! mer ri ly forth we go.) Ho! ho! ho!
Some lore to roam over the dark sea foam, Where the
shriek winch whistle free; But a chosen band in a mountain land, And a life in the woods for
me, And a...... life in the woods for me, And a...... life in the woods for me.
THOU ART LIKE UNTO A FLOWER.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, who has immortalized the words of this song by his musical setting, will ever be remembered as one of the greatest of modern time composers, and as a pioneer in his art in his native country—Russia. It is due to his efforts that Russia has to-day a position among the National music Schools of the world. Rubinstein was once asked by the local authorities his occupation and answered at once “musician.” “Are you a player in the orchestra?” “No.” “Are you a teacher in the Royal Family?” “No, I am a musician” he replied. “In Russia there is no such class of people” said the official, and asking his father’s occupation entered Rubinstein’s name as that of the son of a member of the Second Guild. Rubinstein left the official with a determination to make for the Russian composer a distinctive title. He organized the celebrated St. Petersburg Conservatory in 1862, and had the satisfaction of knowing in his last days that his mission was accomplished. To-day there is such a thing as a Russian “musician.” Rubinstein was born in 1829, and died in 1885. He was well known as a pianist and composer, and exhibited his marvellous skill all over Europe and Great Britain, and came to America twenty years ago playing with great success in the great cities of the United States. Rubinstein essays nearly every form of composition, many of the great works of modern times having come from his pen; the “Ocean Symphony” is known wherever orchestral music is known. His operas “Nero” and his sacred dramas “Moses” and “Tower of Babel” have received frequent representation in the musical countries of the world. But it is his songs that have made Rubinstein’s name a household word. They are sung in every land, and in every language. “Thou art like unto a flower” has been set to music by thirty-seven different composers.

[Music notation]
in my heart I flud,.......... It seems as though I must lay

then My hand up - on thy brow,.......... Pray - ing that God may pre -

serve thee. As pure and fair....... as now,......... Pray - ing that

God may pre - serve thee. As pure and fair,.......... as
Thou art so like a flower,
So pure, and fair, and kind,
I gaze on thee, and sorrow
Then in my heart I find,
It seems as though I must lay then
My hand upon thy brow,
Praying that God may preserve thee,
As pure and fair as now.
THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.

"The Rose that all are Praising" was written by Thomas Haynes Bayly, and set to music by Edward J. Loder, a well-known English musician and composer. His father was a celebrated musical leader and tenor singer in London. The son was born in 1817, and died in 1865.
1. The rose that all are praising, Is not the rose for me;... Too much 
2. The gem a king might covet Is not the gem for me;... From darkness who would move it, Save that the world may see;... But 
3. Gay birds in cages pinning, Are not the birds for me;... The many eyes are gazing, Up on the eastly tree;... But 

there's a rose in yonder glen, That shuns the gaze of other men; For I've a gem that shuns display, And next my heart worn ev'ry day, So I've a bird that gaily sings, Though free to rove, she folds her wings, For 

its blossom raising, Oh! that's the rose for me;... Oh! dearly do I love it; Oh! that's the gem for me;... Oh! see her flight resigning, Oh! that's the bird for me;... Oh!

that's the rose for me;... Oh! that's the rose for me;... that's the gem for me;... Oh! that's the gem for me;... that's the bird for me;... Oh! that's the bird for me;...
IF LOVE WERE WHAT THE ROSE IS.

The music of this song is by Paul Ambrose. He is the son of the well-known Canadian composer, R. S. Ambrose, and was born in Hamilton, Ontario, in 1868. When he was but twenty years of age he was appointed organist of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, which position he retained for four years. In 1892 he left this position to accept a similar one at St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, in the same city. This position he still retains. Mr. Ambrose has composed numerous songs, part-songs, piano solos, a Mass in D flat, two string quartettes, Air de Ballet for string orchestra, and is at present writing an opera. The words of this song are by Algernon Swinburne.

\[\text{Music notation}\]
fields or flow'ral clo'ses, Green pleas'ure or gray grief; If

love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are, And love were like the tune, With
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Down fields or flowery slopes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Down fields or flowery slopes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single,
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are,
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.
PAT MALLOY.

The song of "Pat Malloy" occurs in the play of "Arrah na Pogue." Its author, Dion Boucicault, actor and dramatic writer, was born in Dublin, December 26, 1822. His father, a French refugee, was a merchant in that city. The son was educated in England. Among the multitude of plays which he has written or adapted, is the representation of "Rip Van Winkle," which Joseph Jefferson has made so popular. Boucicault has spent a great deal of time in this country, although London is his home.

1. At six-teem years of age, I was my mother's fair-haired boy.
2. Oh, England is a merry place, of good there is no lack.
3. From Ireland to America, across the seas I roam,

kept a little bix-ter shop, Her name it was Mal-loy;
I've trauged from York to Lon-don with my scythe up-on my back;
The ev'-ry shilling that I got, ah, sure I sent it home,

fourteen child-dren, Paddy says she, "what heav'n to me has sent, But English girls are beau-ti-ful, their loves I don't de-cline, The mother could not write, but on there came from Fa-ther Boyee; "Oh,
chil-der ain't like pigs, you know—they can't pay the rent! She gave me ev-ery
eat-ing, and the drink-ing too, is beau-ti-ful and fine;

But in a cor-ner
heaven's bless you, Pat," says she—"I hear me.... moth-er's voice!" But now I'm go-ing

shil-ling there was in the till, And kiss'd me fif-ty times or more, as
of my heart, which no one can see, Two eyes of I-rish blue are al-ways

mon a - gain, as poor as I be-gan, To make a hap-py girl of Moll, and

if she'd nev-er get her fill— "Oh, heaven bless you, Pat," says she, "and don't for-get, my
peep-ing out at me! Oh, Moll-y, dar-lin', nev-er fear, I'm still your own de-
sure I think I can. Me peck-ets they are emp-ty, but me heart is filled with

boy. That old Ire-land is your coun-try, and your name is Pat Mal-loy!
boy. Old Ireland is my coun-try, and my name is Pat Mal-loy.
joy. For old Ireland is my coun-try, and my name is Pat Mal-loy.
SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

The words of this popular ballad were written by Eben Eugene Rexford, an American author and song-writer, who was born at Johnson, N. Y., in 1848. The melody is by Hart Pease Daniels; who was born in New Haven in 1824, and was educated at Saratoga Springs. He removed in 1851 to Chicago; and in 1864 to New York. His collection of church music is extensive; and some of his sacred songs have had an immense sale. "Not A filmm of Christ," published in 1873, has been pronounced one of the best of its kind ever written. "Lake Street," a psalm tune, published by Bradbury, was his first composition; but as early as 1856 he had written the music to several sentimental songs, "The Old Lane" and "Anna Lee" being the first published. His compositions of all kinds number about fifteen hundred; of which the present selection is perhaps the most popular; having had, it is said, a larger sale than any other copyrighted song ever published in the United States.

1. Dur-ing, I am growing old,...... Sil-ver threads among the gold,
2. When your hair is sil-ver white...... And your cheeks so long-er bright;
3. Love can nev-er more grow old,...... Locks may lose their tawn and light.

Shine up-on my brow to-day,...... Life is fading fast a-way;
With the roses of the May,...... I will kiss your lips, and say--
Cheeks may fade and hol-low grow,...... But the hearts that love will know,

Copyright 1874, by C. W. Sherrill; published by permission.
But, my darling, you will be, always young and fair to me.
Oh! my darling, mine alone, You have never old or grown.
Never winter's frost and chill; Summer warmth is in them still.

Yes! my darling, you will be, always young and fair to me.
Yes! my darling, mine alone, You have never old or grown!
Never winter's frost and chill, Summer warmth is in them still.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

Darling, I am growing, growing old, Silver threads among the gold,

ALTO.

Darling, I am growing old, Silver threads among the gold,

TENOR.

Darling, I am growing old, Silver threads among the gold,

BASS.

Darling, I am growing old, Silver threads among the gold,
Shine up on my brow to-day; Life is fading fast away, 
Shine up on my brow to-day; Life is fading fast away, 
Shine up on my brow to-day; Life is fading fast away.

Darling, I am growing old, 
Love can never more grow old, 
Silver threads among the gold, 
Locks may lose their brown and gold; 
Shine upon my brow to-day; 
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow, 
Life is fading fast away; 
But the hearts that love will know, 
But, my darling, you will be, 
Never winter's frost and chill; 
Always young and fair to me,— 
Summer warmth is in them still— 
Yes! my darling, you will be 
Never winter's frost and chill, 
Always young and fair to me. 
Summer warmth is in them still.

When your hair is silver white,— 
Love is always young and fair,— 
And your cheeks no longer bright, 
What to us is silver hair; 
With the roses of the May, 
Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow, 
I will kiss your lips, and say— 
To the heart that beats below? 
Oh! my darling, mine alone, 
Since I kissed you mine alone, 
You have never older grown,— 
You have never older grown,— 
Yes! my darling, mine alone. 
You have never older grown!
THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

This exquisite song of Thomas Campbell's was set to music by Thomas Attwood.

\[ \text{Larghetto e soso ad lib.} \]

Our bagpipes sang truce, for the night came hollow'd, And the sea-stemmed stars set their

\[ \text{Fin moto} \]

watch in the sky, And thousand's had sunk on the ground o'erpower'd, The weary to sleep, and the
wounded to die; When repose that night on my pallet of straw, By the
wolf - scz - ing fag - ot that guarded the slain, At the
dead of the night a sweet vision I saw, And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again, Me -
thought, from the battle field's
dread - ful array, Far,
far

I had sam'd on a des-o-late track, Twas

Moderato dolce

Autumn wald sunshine arose on the way To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back; I

Allegretto.

flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so In life's morning march when my

bo-som was young; I heard my own mountain goats bleating a-loft, And

knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung, And
knew the sweet strain that the corn - reap - ers sung.


Allegro.

flow to the pleas - ant fields, traversed so oft In life's mourn - ing march when my

bosom was young; I heard my own moun - tain goats bleat - ing a - lof, And

knew the sweet strain that the corn - reap - ers sung, And
knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung. Then

pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore From my home and my weeping friends never to part. My

thrice kist’d me, a three times o’er, And by wife sobb’d aloud in her fullness of heart. "Stay,

stay with us, rest thou art weary and worn," And bide was the war-broken soldier to stay, But nor-” or retur’d with the

dawning of morn, And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away, melted away, melted away.
THE PILOT.

This song was written by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. The music is the composition of SYDNEY NELSON, a noted English song composer, who was born in 1800, and died in 1862. Carrie Nelson and Mrs. Craven, the actresses and singers, are his daughters.

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

...come and pace the deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep." "Go then hast known these rag-ing waves But to sub due their might;" "It only on-ly crost-er's boat went down In just so wild a storm; And...
down!" the sailor cried, "go down! This is no place for thee, Fear not, but trust in Providence, Wherever thou mayst be."

"Oh! pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep!
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep."

"Go down!" the sailor cried, "go down!
This is no place for thee;
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be."

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

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

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

A SCHOOL fellow of Lord Byron, and Sir Robert Peel at Harrow, and favored throughout a long and productive literary life with the generous appreciation of his fellow craftsmen, the critics and the public, Barry Cornwall, the writer of the words of this song, had a career of exceptional fertility. "Barry Cornwall, Poet" comes pretty near being a perfect anagram for this writer's real name, which was Bryan Waller Procter—a name which has been familiarized anew to the present generation of song lovers by the exquisite lyrics of his daughter, Adelaide Anne Procter, author of "The Lost Coin." Mr. Procter adopted this pseudonym for his earlier works in a day when a reputation for the writing of poetry was not the best recommendation for a lawyer and a gentleman of social standing, and he thus concealed an identity which was afterwards disclosed.

The music of this song is by Frederick H. Cowen, one of the younger, yet one of the most successful of English composers. His songs have been enormously popular, his more serious compositions well received, and his career as a conductor brilliant. Born of English parents at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1832, he became a pupil of Sir Julius Benedict and foreign masters. While a very young man he was chosen to fill the responsible position of conductor of the London Philharmonic Society, and in this work so established his reputation that he was selected as director of the music at the centennial exposition held in Marboorne, Australia, a service for which he received the handsome fee of five thousand pounds. Although better known to the musical public for his songs, he has composed also many operettas and cantatas, as well as several symphonies for orchestra.

\[\text{Allegro vivace.} \quad \frac{4}{4} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{capella.} \]

**Love me if I live.**

\[\text{dim e poco rit.} \quad \text{d} \quad \text{a tempo.} \]

**Love me if I die; What is life or death to me, So that thou art**

\[\text{dim e poco rit.} \quad \text{a tempo.} \]

**nigh. Once I loved thee rich, Now I love thee poor;**
Ah! what is there I could not, For thy sake endure, "cello mouc

Ah! what is there I could not, For thy sake endure. Rud. a tempo.


Pay me for my pain; Come and war — war is mine ear. dim.
How thou lov'st a gain.

Come and murmur in mine ear.

How thou lov'st a gain!

Love me if I live.

Love me if I die;

What is life or death to me,

So that thou art nigh;

What is life or death to me,
What is life or death to me,
So that thou art nigh,
COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

This is an old English convivial song. It was formerly known as "The Jolly Fellow," and the present words are founded on an old song in Fletcher's play, "The Bloody Brother, or Robert, Duke of Normandy."

The first eight measures may be sung as a glee.

1. Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl, Until it does run over. Come,
2. He that drinketh strong beer, And goes to bed right low.—Lives
3. He that drinketh small beer, And goes to bed so sober.—Falls

landlord, fill the flowing bowl Until it does run over.
as he ought to live, And dies a hearty fellow.
as the leaves do fall, That die in dull October.

CHORUS.

For tonight we'll merry, merry be, For tonight we'll merry, merry be.
He that drinketh small beer,
And goes to bed sober,—
Falls as the leaves do fall,
That die in dull October.
Come, landlord, etc.

Punch eures the gout,
The colic and pleurisy;
So it is to all men
The best of physic.
Come, landlord, etc.

He that courts a pretty girl,
And courts her for his pleasure,—
Is a knave unless he marries her
Without store or treasure.
Come, landlord, etc.

So now let us dance and sing,
And drive away all sorrow,—
For perhaps we may not
Meet again to-morrow.
Come, landlord, etc.
LOCHABER NO MORE.

ALLAN RAMSAY, author of the words of "Lochaber No More," was one of the many Scottish poets who have sprung from humble life, and derived their intellectual strength from the maternal side. He also inherited from his mother a happy temperament, which was fostered by success. He worked at wig-making in early life, but after his poems began to bring him celebrity and money, he became a bookseller. In connection with his shop, he established the first circulating library that Scotland ever possessed. His pastoral, entitled "The Gentle Shepherd," won him wide popularity, and is considered by many the finest of its class in the language. Under the title of "The Poet's Miscellany," he published a choice selection of Scottish and English songs, in four volumes (1724-'10), which proved very popular. He subjected himself to some censure by curtailing or altering, in many instances, the ancient lyrics.

Ramsay was born in Lanarkshire, October 15, 1686, and died in Edinburgh, January 6, 1758, in a picturesque house he had built for himself on the slope of Castle Hill which still stands. His son, Allan Ramsay, the younger (1713-'84), became eminent as a painter.

The Scotch have long claimed the air of "Lochaber no more;" but Chappell has hinted, and Samuel Lover has proved, that its origin is Irish. It is to be found in a book in the British Museum, entitled "New Poems, Songs, Prologues and Epilogues, never before printed, by Thomas Duffet, and as by the most eminent musicians about the town. London, 1676." In this volume the air is called "The Irish Tune." The words which Duffet wrote for it were entitled "Since COLUM's my foe," and by that name the air was known in England for almost a century. Therefore, it was called in England "The Irish Tune," seventeen years before there is the first claim made to it by the Scotch. It was also found in a manuscript collection of airs written for the violin de gamba, 1683-'92, and was there entitled "King James's March into Ireland." In a late collection it is called "King James's March to Dublin." Twelve years after, the song was known in London as "The Irish Tune," when there is evidence that Irish music was in favor at the court; King James went to Ireland with the strongest reason for wishing to excite Irish sympathy. How natural that the royal progress should be sung to the sound of Irish airs. Singularly enough, the air can be traced in its journey into Scotland from its native land. Bunting, in his "Ancient Music of Ireland," without knowing of the since-discovered fact about "The Irish Tune," says: "Another eminent harper of this period was MYLES REILLY, of Killucarra, in the county of Cavan, born about 1635. He was universally referred to as the composer of the original 'Lochaber.'" The air is supposed to have been carried into Scotland by Thomas Corson, born five years later, at Cnoc-nao'n, in the county of Sligo. O'Neil calls him "the great harper," and says he attained city honors in Edinburgh, where he died." The song first appeared in its present form in Ramsay's "Poet-Table Miscellany," 1724. The melody is said to have so powerful an effect upon the Highlanders in a foreign army, in a strange land, that military bands are forbidden to play it.

Afternoon.

Farewell to Loch-a-bheir, farewell to my Jean! Where heart-some will thee I be't

Many days been; For Loch-a-bheir no more, Loch-a-bheir no more, We'll
Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,  
Where handsome wert thee I ha'e many days been;  
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.  
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
And no for the dangers attending on weir;  
Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,  
Maybe to return to return to Lochaber no more.  

Tho' hurricanes rise, and ride every wind,  
They'll never make a tempest like that in my mind;  
Tho' loudest of thunders on hunder waves roar,  
There's nothing like leaving my love on the shore.  

To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pained;  
But by grace that's inglorious so fame can be gained;  
And beauty and see's the reward of the brave;  
And I mean deserve it before I can crave.  

Then glory, my Jeanie, may plaid my course;  
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;  
And losing thy favour, I'd better not be.  
I gae, then, my love, to win honour and fame;  
And if I should chance to come glorious hame  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.
LAURIUS HORMATIUS.

This is a continuous favorite for college singing of the more quiet sort. It is a song in praise of love and pleasure, upon the theme "duo vivimini, vivamus"—while we live let us live. A free version made by L. W. Fitch, of the class of 1840, is frequently sung at Yale, in place of the original Latin words. It is as follows:

Post of the Laurel wreath,
Hesper, true thy saying:
"Tempt of the tempest's breath,
For no mortal staying.”

CHORUS.

Bring me cups that Bacchus crowns,
Cups on nirth attending;
Give me blushing wantless frowns,
Frowns in kisses ending.

1. Lauri - ger Hor - at - us, Quam dix - i - ti ve - rum,
2. Cre - scet u - va molli - ter Et pa - el - la crece - it,
3. Quid fo - vat ne - ter - ti - tas Nos - ti - mil; a - na - re.

Fa - git Eu - ro ei- ti - ve Tem - pur - e - da - x re - tum,
Sed poe - na - ter - mi - ter Si - ti - ens ca - pes - et,
Ni - si ter - ene fil - i - a Li - ce -t, et poe - ta - re.

CHORUS.

O, pae - n - la, Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le,

Rit - x pac et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tis pa - el - la.
MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The first four lines of this song are from an old ballad called "The Strong Walls of Derry"—which does not have a great deal to be claimed by Burns, who made the remainder.

The old melody to which it is set is called "Portmore." The song was a favorite in the repertoire of Henry Russell, set to music of his own.

Harmonized as a Quartet, by EDWARD S. CUMNINGS.

QUARTETTE.

1. My heart's in the high-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the high-lands, a
   chasing the deer; A chasing the wild deer, and following the high-lands, a
   chasing the deer; A chasing the wild deer, and following the roe.

2. My heart's in the high-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the high-lands, where-er I go.
   Fare-well to the highlands, fare-well to the north, The birth-place of val-or, the country of worth: Where-
   ever I wander, where-er I love, The hills and the high-lands for-ev-er I'll love.

Fare-well to the straths and green val-lies be-low; Fare-
well to the mountains high,
A CREOLE LOVE SONG.

Some of the most familiar music, as well as words, in recent English song, has been the composition of Marzius, the writer of the words of this song. The composer of "Twickeham Ferry" and "Three Sailor Boys" is widely known and popular; and yet his composition has been only an incident in a busy and scholarly life. Theophilus Marzius is a Belgian, born in Brussels in 1859. His musical studies were so thoroughly mastered, that in his twentieth year he was called to the important post of superintendent of the musical department of the British Museum, which he has now held for twenty-five years. Admireable, and deservedly popular as are his melodies, the poems that are set to them are not inferior in merit, and a volume of highly creditable verse, attests the fact that his verse-making is inspired by impulses quite independent of the production of singable songs.

The music of "A Creole Love Song" is by Mrs. Moncrieff.
Come, my beloved, come, Oh! heart of my heart, my own, Oh!

Star of my twilight, come, I am wearily waiting for thee, alone. But

Oh, if my heart had wings, To fly like a bluebird far,
Oh, that my heart had wings, The wings of the evening breeze, To,

Way, and away to the end of the day, where the cool and the palm-trees are. A.
By far away to the end of the day, to the cool and the tall green trees A.
way to a-wake my love, Who swings in her hammock there, If
way to a-wake my

on-ly to breathe at her sweet, sweet ear, Or to die like a kiss on her

a tempo.

hair...... love, Who swings in her hammock there, If

a tempo.

on-ly to breathe on her sweet, sweet ear or to die............. like a kiss on her
I gazed all day on the burning plain,
And I long, I long for the cool again,
I am sad and faint with the noonday heat,
And I would! I would, I were near my sweet.
Oh! come, my beloved, come,
Oh! heart of my heart, my own,
Oh! star of my twilight, come,
I am weary waiting for thee, alone.
But oh, if my heart had wings,
To fly like a blue-bird far,
Away, and away to the end of the day,
Where the cool and the palm-trees are.
Away to awake my love,
Who swings in her hammock there,
If only to breathe on her sweet, sweet ear,
Or to die like a kiss on her hair.

Will no cloud gather, will no breath blow
From the far, far hill and the far faint snow,
The sun burns white in the noon above,
And my heart is burnt like a flame of love.
Oh! come, my beloved, come,
Oh! heart of my heart, my own,
Oh! star of my twilight, come,
I am weary waiting for thee, alone.
But oh, that my heart had wings,
The wings of the evening breeze,
To fly far away to the end of the day,
To the cool and the palm-trees are.
Away to awake my love,
Who swings in her hammock there,
If only to breathe on her sweet, sweet ear,
Or to die like a kiss on her hair.

Oh! come, my beloved, come,
Oh! heart of my heart, my own,
Oh! star of my twilight, come,
I am weary waiting and I alone.
THE SANDS O' DEE.

This exquisite song, by CHARLES KINGSLEY, occurs in his novel of "Alton Locke." The hero says:

"After singing two or three songs, Lillian began fingering the keys, and struck into an old air, wild and plaintive, rising and falling like the swell of an Eolian harp upon a distant breeze. 'Ah! now,' she said, 'if I could get words for that!' What an exquisite lament somebody might write to it!' 

My attention was caught by hearing two gentlemen close to me, discuss a beautiful sketch by Copley Fielding, if I recollect rightly, which hung on the wall—a wild waste of tidal sands, with here and there a line of stakes sticking in the wild—a gray shroud of rain sweeping up from the westward, through which low, red cliffs glowed dimly in the rays of the setting sun—a train of horses and cattle splashing slowly through shallow, desolate pools and creeks, their wet, red and black hides glittering in one long line of level light. One of the gentlemen had seen the spot represented, at the mouth of the Dee, and began telling wild stories of salmon-fishing and wild-fowl shooting—and then a tale of a girl, who, in bringing her father's cattle home across the sands, had been caught by a sudden flood of the tide, and was found next day a corpse hanging among the stakes far below. The tragedy, the art of the picture, the simple, dreary grandeur of the scenery, took possession of me, and I stood gazing a long time, and fineying myself pacing the sands. "As I lay cast-lying, Lillian's wild air still rang in my ears, and combined itself somehow with the picture of the Cheshire Sands, and the story of the drowned girl, till it shaped itself into a song."

Lillian's fancied "wild air" could hardly have been finer or more delicately appropriate than this one, composed for the poem by FRANCIS BOOTT. Mr. Boott has produced many fine songs by writing music for lyrics of Tennyson, Longfellow, Scott, Byron, Campbell, and others.

[Music notation]

Used by arrangement with Henry Schirmer Co., owners of the copyright.
call the cat to home, across the sands of Dee,
round and round the sand, as far as eye could see;
The western wind was wild and dank,
The blind-sea mist came pouring down.

western wind was wild and dank, as wild and dank with foam;
And all alone went she.
Blind-sea mist came pouring down, came down and hit the land,
And never home came she.

3. Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair? A tree of golden hair, O'
4. They row'd her in across the rolling foam, The cara-el, cara-el foam, The

drowned-maiden's hair, above the nets at sea!
was never west or fish that alone;
was never west or fish that alone; But

To her grave beside the seat
But still the boatsmen hear her call.
O Mary! go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.
The western wind was wild and dank,
The western wind was wild and dank,
Was wild and dank with foam;
And all alone went she.
The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'r, and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came pouring down,
The blinding mist came pouring down,
Came down and hid the land,
And never home came she!

Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair!
A tress o' golden hair!
O' drowned maidens hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never weed or fish that shone,
Was never weed or fish that shone,
That shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee!
They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call,
But still the boatmen hear her call,
Call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.
AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?

This is an old German folk-song, which is rendered here from the original. It has been adopted into the student songs of the German universities, where folk-songs are usually sung as they are written; but American college students have taken liberties with this, as with so many old songs, and while keeping the tune have united absurd words with it. It is known among them, therefore, as “Yah, Yah, Xix Cun Arous, Lager Bier.” But while the melody may be sung thus with vigor, it is much better adapted to the more tender sentiment expressed in the original words, of which those here given are a very good version.

Accom.: 

1. Thou, thou reignest in my bosom, Here, here hast thou thy throne; 
2. Then, then, c'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? 
3. Speak, speak, love, I implore thee; Say, say hope shall be mine;

Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Am I not fondly thine own? Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love, Say wilt thou cherish for me?
Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Say but that thou wilt be mine;

Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fondly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say wilt thou cherish for me?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say but that thou wilt be mine.
CONSTANCY.

The composer of this song is CHARLES F. WEBER; who, as a musician of considerable skill, the composer of many excellent songs, and as an acceptable teacher of music, has had experience and reputation both at home and abroad. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1853, and studied in Boston and Paris. His talents are varied, including the mastery of the piano and violoncello, and much ability as a tenor singer. He taught vocal music in several American cities, as well as in London and Paris, was for some time an instructor in music in the Syracuse, N. Y., University and Wells College, and then permanently settled in Boston as a teacher. The words of "Constancy" were written by FRANK L. STANTON, a poet of the South who, in a few short years, established a reputation for lyric writing of a genuinely original character. As a journalist he conducted a special column in the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution, which he prefaced daily with at least one poem; although he frequently wrote four or five in a day; not because they were required, but because they were waiting to be written. These verses, chiefly in dialect, were redolent of the soil; happy, joyous effusions, instinct with the sunshine of his native South. In 1895 he published a volume of these poems, entitled "Songs of the Soil," to which an appreciative introduction was written by Joel Chandler Harris. The wide circulation of his verses, which were copied into other newspapers than his own, brought his work to the attention of foreign critics, who quickly recognized that a new poet of no mean ability had risen in the New World.

\[ \text{Music notation.} \]

It is something sweet when the world goes ill, To know you are faithful and
love me still; To feel when sun-shine has left the skies, That the light is shining in
your dear eyes; Beautiful eyes, more dear to me, Than all the wealth of the world could be.

Sometimes, dear est, the world goes wrong, For God gives grief with his gift of song. And
poetry too, but your love is more To me than riches and golden stores. Beautiful love, until
death shall part; It is mine as you are my own sweetheart.
OLD FRIENDS, TRUE FRIENDS.

It has been impossible to find the name of the writer of the words of this song. The melody is by S. G. Pratt, composer of "Zenobia" and the "Allegory of the War."

1. We just shake hands at meeting...... With many that come
3. "The many" can not know us...... They only pace the

nigh. We nod the head in greeting To many that go by...... But we welcome thee the
strand Where at our worst we show us, The waters thick with sand... But out beyond the

gate-way Our few old friends and true; Their hearts leap up and straightway There's open house for
leaping Blue surge "his clear and blue," And there, old friends, we're keeping A waiting calm for

Copyright, 1868, by Bryan, Frye & Co.
you, Then hearts leap up and straightway There's a pen house for you. Old friends, true friends.

you And there, old friends, we're keeping A waiting calm for you. Old friends, true friends.

In the state of a revelation.)

2. The surface will be sparkling, Let let a sun-beam shine, But in the deep lies dark-ly the
tru e life of the wine. The froth is for the many, The wine is for the few; Un-
REFRAIN.

Old friends, true friends, We keep the best for you......

a tempo.

Old friends, true friends, The very best for you........

We just shake hands at meeting
With many that come nigh,
We nod the head in greeting
To many that go by.
But we welcome through the gateway
Our few old friends and true;
Then hearts leap up and straightway
There's open house for you,
Old friends,
Wide open house for you.
The surface will be sparkling,
Let but a sunbeam shine,
But in the deep lies darkling
The true life of the wine.
The froth is for the many,
The wine is for the few;
Unseen, untouched of any,
We keep the best for you,
Old friends,
The very best for you.
"The many" cannot know us,
They only pace the strand
Where at our worst we show us,
The waters thick with sand;
But out beyond the leaping
Dim surge "tis clear and blue,
And there, old friends, we're keeping
A waiting calm for you,
Old friends,
A sacred calm for you.
THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR.

This song, of which both words and music were his, was the last that Charles Dibdin wrote. He died in 1814, and his son, Thomas Dibdin, wrote the following stanzas upon his monument, at Greenwich:

Stop! shipmate, stop! He can't be dead,
His lay yet lives in memory dear;
His spirit, merely shone abroad,
Will yet command Jack's smile and tear!
Still in my ear the songs resound,
That stemmed rebellion at the Moore!
Ave! each hope of martial's accord,
Should Charley be indeed no more!

The evening watch, the sounding lead,
Will sadly miss old Charley's line.
"Saturday night!" may go to bed,—
His son is set, no more to shine.
"Sweethearts and Wives," though we may sing,—
And toast, at sea, the girls on shore;
Yet now, his guitar another thing.
Since Charley spins the yarn no more!

"Jack Rattlin' s" story now who'll tell?
Or chronicle each bowseman brave?
The sailor's kind historian felt
With him who sang the "Soldier's Grave!"

"Poor Jack!" "Tom Bowling!" but they live!
Starboard and larboard, left and right,
Each from his bow may swab the spay,
Since tuneful Charley is no more!

The captain, compass, and the log
Will oft his Muse to memory bring;
And when all hands wheel round the gong,
They'll drink and blather as they sing.
For spay was often Charley's theme,
A double spirit then it bore;
It sometimes seems to me a dream,
That such a spirit is no more.

It smoothed the tempest, cheered the calm,
Made each a hero at his gun; It even proved for Joan a balm.
Soon as the angry fight was done.
Then, shipmate, check that rising sigh.
He's only gone ahead before.
For even foremost men must die,
As well as Charley, now no more!
The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple,
Affording a chequered light;
The gay, jolly tars passed the word for a ripple,
And the toast, for 'twas Saturday night.
Some sweethearts or wives, He loved as his life,
Each drank, and wished he could hail her;
But the standing toast that pleased the most,
Was "the wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor."

Some drank "the Queen," some "our brave ships,"
And some "the Constitution;"
Some, "may our foes and all such rips
Yield to English resolution!"
That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
And that they soon might hail her;
But the standing toast that pleased the most,
Was "the wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor."

Some drank "the Prince," and some "our land,"
This glorious land of Freedom;
Some, "that our tars may never want
Heroes bold to lead them;"
That she who's in distress may find
Such friends that ne'er will fail her;
But the standing toast that pleased the most,
Was "the wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor."
THE BROOKSIDE.

The author of this drawing-room favorite of twenty years ago is Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), the English poet, politician and prose-writer. He was born in Yorkshire, June 18, 1809. He was graduated at Cambridge, and entered Parliament, where he soon espoused the liberal side, advocating popular education, religious equality, reform for criminals, etc. He visited this country in 1875, and died in London, Aug. 17, 1888.

The melody which suits these picturesque words so well, was composed by James Hine.

1. I wandered by the brook side, I wandered by the brook side,
2. I sat beneath the elm tree, I watched the long long still;

...could not hear the brook flow, The shade,
And as it grew still longer, I

noisy wheel was still; There was no brrrr of
did not feel a fruit; For I listened for a

grass hopper, No chirp of any bird, But the foot fall; I listened for a word, But the
I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,—
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no buzz of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree:
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on its golden throne;
The evening air passed by my deck,
The leaves above were stirred,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,—
I knew its touch was kind:
It crept me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

---

ANNE LAURIE.

They sung of love, and yet of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart named a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Annie Laurie has come to mean, the universal soldier's sweetheart, "The girl he loved behind him," and it is pleasant to know that there really was an Annie Laurie, once; two centuries ago, she was a blooming lassie. Here is the record, exactly as it was made in a trustworthy old "Ballad-Book," collected by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of Holdam: "Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of the Maxwellton family (created 27th March, 1885), by his second wife, a daughter of Riddelho, Minto, had three sons, and four daughters, of whom Annie was much celebrated for her beauty, and made a conquest of Mr. Douglas, of Finlathen, who composed the following verses, under an unlucky star—for the lady married Mr. Ferguson, of Craigharoch."

These are the original words:

Maxwellton boys are bonnie,
Where early's the dew;
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die.

She's backlit like the poxwrick,
She's braided like the cow;
She's jump about the middle,
Her waist ye weed metha span;
Her waist ye weed metha span,
And she has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'll lay me down and die.

The present air of "Annie Laurie," is the composition of Lady John Scott, authors of both words and music of many songs, which have become popular in her own country. Her maiden name was Áedh Anna Spottwoodie. She married, in 1836, Lord John Douglas Scott, a son of the Duke of Buccleuch.

A collection of Lady Scott's musical compositions has been published in London.
1. Max-well-toe blooms are bonnie,
Where ear-ly fohn... the
2. Her brow... is like the snow-drift,
Her neck is like... the
3. Like dew on the go-wan ly-ing,
Is the fa' o' her fa-ry
dew,
And's there that An-nie Lau-ré, Glee-d me her prom-le
swan,
Her face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone
feet;
And like winds in sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and
true,
Gie'd me her prom-i-se true,
Which ne'er for-got will be;
con-
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e';
sweet-
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-ré I'd lay me doon and die.
THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

ANNE McVINNOR was born in Glasgow, Scotland, February 21, 1795. Her father was an officer in the British army, and the fortunes of the service brought him to America when his daughter was two years old. One day the little Annie was found trudging along a mile from home, and when a friend picked her up she said, "I am going to America, to see papa." A year later, the mother and daughter landed at Charleston, and rejoined the soldier father in a fort at Albany. Here Annie grew to girlhood. She had a play-room in which she kept two treasures beside Indian trinkets and relics of Scotland—Milton, and a dictionary. The "Paradise Lost" she knew by heart, and the good and evil angels were her playmates, instead of French dolls. A singularly apropos quotation from Milton so delighted Madame Schuyler, then the Lady of the Land, that she took the little girl under her own roof. When Annie was thirteen years old, the family returned to Scotland, and spent three years on the banks of the Cunt, near Glasgow, when they moved to Fort Augustus. Here Miss McVinor married Rev. James Grant, chaplain of the fort, who was appointed minister at Inverness-shire. Mr. Grant died, leaving his wife with eight children dependent upon her. In this emergency, her old crone at rhyming came into her mind, and she collected her poems and published them successfully by subscription. A few years later she published three volumes entitled "Letters from the Mountain," which passed through several editions. Two years afterward she brought out the "Memoirs of an American Lady," the most interesting of her works. Other volumes of prose and verse followed, and, with a pension granted her by the government, she passed the rest of her days in comfort, surrounded by warm friends, in the city of Edinburgh. She reached the age of eighty-four, with faculties almost unimpaired. Professor Andrews Norton, of Cambridge, writes her from this country, "It was delightful to find you in old age, after such severe trials, so supported and strengthened by the power of God—not resigned meekly, possessing not the calm benevolence of age alone, but the kindlier feelings in their freshness and flower which, beautiful as they are in youth, become so much more deeply interesting when we know that care and sorrow had no power to wither them." Mrs. Grant died November 7, 1838. She wrote "O, where, tell me where?" on the occasion of the departure of the Marquis of Huntly for the continent with his regiment, in 1799. Rison, in his "North Country chorister," printed in 1802, has this song under the title "The New Highland Lad." He says, "The song has been lately introduced upon the stage. It was originally 'The Bells of Scotland,' but was revised by Mrs. Jordan, who altered the words and sang them to a tune of her own, which superseded the old air." When Charles Mackay and Sir Henry Rowley Bishop were arranging old English airs, this song came under discussion. Mackay says, "The Blue Bells of Scotland is almost invariably spoken of as a Scottish air; but Sir Henry found reason to suspect that it was English, and urged me to write new words to it, to dispossess, if possible, the old song of Mrs. Jordan. He was induced to form this opinion by receiving from Mr. Fitzgerald, 'a Sussex tune' to a song commencing: 'Oh, I have been a lover this many a long day.' Three or four bars of the melody were almost identical with the second bar of 'The Blue Bells of Scotland,' but as he remained bore no resemblance to that popular favorite, and the whole tune was so beautiful that it was well worth preserving. I so far complied with Sir Henry's wish as to write 'The Magic Harp' in Mr. Fitzgerald's kind contribution to our work. Sir Henry wrote under date of the 23rd of October, 1859, 'I am strongly of opinion that when Mrs. Jordan composed 'The Blue Bells of Scotland' she founded her air upon that rescued from oblivion for us by Mr. Fitzgerald,—or rather that she originally intended to sing it to that tune, but finding some parts of it too high for her voice, which was of a very limited compass, she altered them, and the air became that of 'The Blue Bells of Scotland.'"

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your High-land lad-i-die gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your High-land lad-i-die stay? Oh! where, tell me where did your
3. Oh! what, tell me what does your High-land lad-i-die wear? Oh! what, tell me what does your

\[\text{Music notation for the song 'The Blue Bells of Scotland'}\]
Highland lad - die gone? "He's gone with streaming ban - ners, where no - ble deeds are done, And my
Highland lad - die stay? "He dwelt beneath the holy trees, Be - sides the rap - id Spey, And
Highland lad - die wear? "A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gal - lant badge of war. And a
sad heart will trem - ble, till he com - safe - ly home, He's gone with streaming ban - ners where
many a bless - ing fol - lowed him the day he went a-way, He dwelt beneath the holy trees, he -
plaid across the man - ly breast that yet shall wear a star, A bonnet with a lofty plume, the
no - ble deeds are done, And my sad heart will trem - ble, till he com - safe - ly home," side the riv - er Spey, And many a bless - ing fol - lowed him the day he went a-way,?
gal - lant badge of war, And a plaid across the man - ly breast that yet shall wear a star?"

Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel cruel wound
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonne bounds,
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound;
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonne bounds;
"The pipe would play a cheerful march, the
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
bonnets round him fly,
While wide through all Highland hills his warlike name resounds."
And for his king and country dear with pleasure would he die.

The following altered version of Mrs. Grant's song became even more popular than the original.

1. Oh, where, and oh where is your High - land lad - die gone? He's gone to fight the
2. Oh, where, and oh where does your High - land lad - die dwell? He dwells in mer - ry

French for King George up - on the throne; And it's sh, in my heart, how I wish him safe at home.
What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?
Suppose, oh, suppose that your Highland lad should die?
His bonnet's of the Saxo - n green, His waistcoat's of the plaid;
The bagpipes shall play over him, I'll lay me down and cry;
And it's sh in my heart, that I love my Highland lad.
And it's oh! in my heart, that I wish he may not die!
"SWEETHEART, FAREWELL!"

The musical setting of this song is by HERVE D. WILKINS, a well known and talented American composer. The name of the writer of the words is not known.

Andante molto espressioni.

Beneath the whispering trees we lingered late, Hand clasped in hand, my dearest love and I; He breathed the words I never can forget, Until I die, Until I die.
And eyes then told what lips would fail to tell,
Sweetheart, farewell! Sweet

With soul caress, he clasped me to his heart,
And looked upon me

With that tender glance, And kissed away the tears that pain would start.
Ah! bitter chance, that bade our parting lips the words to tell, Sweetheart, farewell, sweetheart, farewell.

Come back to me, my love, and ever be, Of nights the cheer, of days the light.
The hours are fleet when thou art by my side; no ills be-

tide,........... No ills be-tide Since thou those fate-
ful
words no more shalt tell. Sweetheart, fare-well, sweet-
heart, fare-

well.
SWAN SONG.
QUARTETTE FOR MALE VOICES.

FRIEDRICH H. TRÜHN who wrote the music of the “Swan Song” belongs to the little group of composers that followed in the footsteps of Franz Abé. He was a pupil of Mendelssohn and has been successful chiefly with his music for male voices. Trühn produced his opera, entitled “Trilby” in 1835, just sixty years before Du Maurier’s book of the same name created so great a sensation.

1st TENOR. Adagio.

Before he down the azure tide has fluttered,

Before he down the azure tide has fluttered,

1st BASS.

Before the swan his dying note has uttered,

Before the swan his dying note has uttered, of summer tired, of
summer tired, earth's beauties expire, to ripened clusters leaving all her

fire. The setting sun with radiant light is glowing, upon the

earth a parting splendor throwing,

earth, up on the earth a parting splendor throwing,
us, and wondrous night her glory spreads before us.

us, and wondrous night her glory spreads before us.

us, and wondrous night her glory spreads before us.
JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL was the author of this beautiful song. The last stanza, beginning "How fast were my days till I met with my Jessie," was not in the original song, and it is so commonplace that it is difficult to believe Tannahill added it.

The heroine of the song has been much speculated about. Each Jessie, in the old town, had the honor of being represented as the "blooming fair." Dumblane by upon a celebrated and picturesque stage-route, and we can fancy the quieter rolling of the rumbling wheels, and the louder rolling of the driver's voice, who, with his long whip, used to point out to each fresh load of sight-seeking and story-loving passengers, the humble cottage where the tiny bird, that became the far-famed "flower o' Dumblane," unfolded to the light.

Our enthusiastic traveller published an account of his interview with the bonnie lassie, then a decidedly plain old lady. Alas! for the truthfulness of this historian. Jessie was but a poet's dream. Tannahill never was in Dumblane; had he been, he would have known that from there the sun could not be seen going down "o'er the lofty Ben Lomond." The only fancies of the poet's short life were for two young women of his native town of Paisley.

The exquisite air was made by ROBERT ARCHIBALD SMITH, who is celebrated as accompanist, and student of Scottish airs, of which he made some of the sweetest. He set some of Tannahill's best songs. He was born at Reading, Berkshire, England, November 16, 1780, and died in Edinburgh, January 3, 1829.

\[\begin{align*}
1. & \text{The sun has gone down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond, And left the red clouds to pres-} \\
2. & \text{She's meek and still as a ny, and blithe as she's bonnie, For guileless sim-ple cl-te-ry}
\end{align*}\]
side o'er the scene; While

marched her its aim; And far be the vil

fool-ish and vain; I never saw a nymph I would ca'

mine on sweet Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dum-blane. How sweet is the brier wi'

blight in its blow the sweet flow'r o' Dum-blane. Sing on, then sweet may

charmed wi' sweet Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dum-blane. Tho' mine were the sta

south faying blos-

And sweet is the kirk wi' its man-tle o' green; But

loft - i est gran deur, A - midst its pro-fa-

sweet - er and far - er, and dear to this bo-

dear to this bo-

sweet - er and young Jes-sie, the

dear - less and win-

cham - ing young Jes-sie, the

rock - on as march - ing the height o' its splen - der; If want - ing sweet Jes-

love-ly young Jes-sie, the

image - less and win-

cham - ing young Jes-sie, the

rock - on as march - ing the height o' its splen - der; If want - ing sweet Jes-

love-ly young Jes-sie, the
flow'r o' Dunblane, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, Is
flow'r o' Dunblane, If want-ing sweet Jes-sie, If want-ing sweet Jes-sie, If

love-ly young Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.
char-ming young Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.
want-ing sweet Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

The sun has gone down o'er the lofty Ben-Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene;
While lonely I stray in the calm summer gloamin',

To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane,
How sweet is the brier wi' its soft fumbling blossom,
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle of green;
But sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,

Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.
She's modest as oon, and blithe as she's bonnie,
For guileless simplicity marks her air;
And fair the villain, divested of feeling,

What'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,

Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.
How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,

Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
Though mine were the station of loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,

If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.
Ae FOND KISS.

Sir Walter Scott's saying that "the four lines beginning 'Had we never loved sae kindly,' contained the essence of 2 thousand love-poems," is almost as well known as the song itself, which is Burns at his sweetest.

Arranged by Edward S. Cummings.

1. Ae fond kiss, and then we sever; Ae fare-well, a last for ev'er;  
   2. I'll never blame my partial fancy, Nae-thing could res-sist my Nan-ey.

   Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, War-ning sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
   But to see her, was to love her, Love but her, and love for ev'er.

   3. Who shall say that fortune grieves him, What the star of hope she leaves him?  
       Had we never loved sae kind-ly, Had we never loved sae blind-ly.

   4. Ne'er cheerfu' twinkle lights me, Dark despair around be-nighted.  
       Ne'er met—or never parted. We had been broken-hearted.  
       Ae fond kiss.  
       Ae fond kiss.
Ac fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ac farewell, ah! forever;
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee,
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nay check 'tis twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around beights me.
Ac fond kiss.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Nothing could resist my Nancy;
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had never been broken-hearted.

Ac fond kiss.

Fare-thee-well, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-well, thou best and dearest!
Thine be like joy and treasure.
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!
Ac fond kiss and then we sever;
Ac farewell, ah! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Ac fond kiss.
“HANNAH’S AT THE WINDOW BINDING SHOES.”

LUCY LARCUS.

A. B. HUTCHINSON.

1. Poor lone Hannah! sitting at the window binding shoes,
   Faded, wrinkled,
   sitting, stitching, in a mournful mood;
   “Is there from the fishers any news?”

2. Not a neighbor passing, nor answer will refuse,
   To her whisper,
   Bright-eyed beauty once was she
   Oh! her heart’s afloat with one,

When the bloom was on the tree,
On an endless voyage gone;

Hannah’s at the window binding shoes,
Hannah’s at the window binding shoes.
3. Fair young Han-nah, Ben the sun-burnt fish-er gai-ly woes;

Tall and clever, For a willing heart and hand he uses.

May day skies are all a-glow. And the waves are laughing so!

For her wedding Han-nah leaves her win-dow and her shoes. For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes. May is passing.—

'Mong the apple boughs a pigeon coo.— Hannah shuld-der!

For the wild sow-wester mischief brews.— 'Round the rocks of Marble-head.

Outward bound, a schooner sped, 'Round the rocks of Marble-head, Outward bound, a schooner sped;
silent, lone some, Han nah's at the win dow bind ing shoes.

'Tis No vem ber; Now no tear her wast ed cheek be dews;

From New found land not a sail re turn ing will she lose; Whisp'ring horse y

"Oh fish er man have ye heard of Ben? Oh! fish er man have ye heard of Ben?"
Old with watch-leg,— Han-nah's at the wind-dow bind-ing shoes.

Twen-ty win-ters rear and tear the rag-ged shoes she views; Twen-ty sum-mers, nev-er one has

brought her any news:— Still her dim eyes si-lent-ly chase the white-sails o'er the sea;

Hap-less, faith-ful Han-nah's at the wind-dow bind-ing shoes.
YANKEE DOODLE.

The air of "Yankee Doodle" is claimed by several nations. It is said to be an old vintage-song of the south of France. In Holland, when the laborers received for wages "as much buttermilk as they could drink, and a tenth of the gruels," they used to sing as they worked, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," the words:

"Yankee, doodle, doodle down,
Diddle, doodle, number,
Yankee Doodle, bring ye round,
Buttermilk and tankard."

A letter from the American Secretary of Legation, dated Madrid, June 3, 1858, says: "The tune of "Yankee Doodle," from the first of my arrival here, has been acknowledged, by persons acquainted with music, to bear a strong resemblance to the popular air of Espany; and yesterday a professor from the north recognized it as being much like the ancient sword-dance played on solemn occasions by the people of San Sebastian. He says the tune varies in those provinces. Our national air certainly has its origin in the music of the fife and drum. The words are identical to those of the lascive Danza Esporta of the brave old Espany."

The song was sung in England in the reign of Charles I., to a rhyme which is still alive in our nurseries:

"Lucy Locket has her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it—
Nothing in it, nothing on it,
But the binding round it."

After the uprising of Cromwell against Charles, the air was sung by the cavaliers in ridicule of Cromwell, who was said to have ridden into Oxford on a small horse, with his single plume fastened into a sort of a knot, which was derisively called a "macaroni." The words were:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his cap,
Upon a macaroni."

The tune first appeared in this country in 1755. The British general, Braddock, was assembling the colonists near Albany, for an attack on the French and Indians at Fort Niagara and Frantence. In marched

The old Continentals,
In their ragged regimentals,
or in no regimentals at all; but wearing all the fashions of two hundred years, and with arms as quaint.
The martial band to which they took their merriments played music that the British soldiers might have heard their grandfathers speak of. For generations the swords of our noble ancestors had been turned to pruning-hooks, and they had forgotten war and the fashions of it.

There was in the British camp a Dr. Richard Snodthorp, regimental surgeon, afterward appointed Secretary of Indian affairs by Sir William Johnson. This piece of broken humanity was a wit and a musical genius, and the patchwork appearance of these new subjects amused him mightily. As they marched into the bandbox and orderly British lines, the traditional picture of Cromwell on the Kentish pony, with a macaroni to hold his single plume, came into mind in contrast with the extravagant elegance of Charles and his cavaliers, and he planned a joke upon the instants. He set down the notes of "Yankee Doodle," wrote along them the lively traveley upon Cromwell, and gave them to the mellow music as the latest martial music of England. The band quickly caught the simple and contagious air, and soon it sounded through the camp and the laughter of the British soldiers.

It was a prophetic piece of fun, and its significance became apparent twenty-five years later, when, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," Lord Coburnall marched into the lines of these same old Continentals to surrender his army and his sword. What Cromwell proved to the godless army of Charles, with—

"Their perfumed satin clothes, their cockles and their coats,
Their stage-plays and their wassails, their diamonds and their spades,

that our ancestors were to the royal oppressors of liberty. With Cromwell's rout, our soldiers could exclaim—

"The King's in England is safe, still trouble where they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the House and the World."

Throughout our Revolution the song that tyranny had made to ridicule the shamspia of religious and political freedom, was the march to greater victories of the same principles.
1. Father and I went down to camp Along with Cap'n Goodin', And there we saw the men and boys As thick as hasty pudding, Yankee Doodle, keep it up.

2. And there we see a thousand men, As rich as Squire Davet; And what they want is ev'ry day, I wish it could be served. Yankee Doodle, keep it up.

3. The 'lasses they eat ev'ry day, Would keep a house a win-ter; They have so much that I'll be bound, They eat it when they're mind ter. Yankee Doodle, keep it up.

Yankee Doodle dandy, Mind the music and the step, And with the girls be handy.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step, And with the girls be handy.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Goodie,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pardin'.

Chorus.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wanted ev'ry day,
I wish it could be saved.

Chorus.

The 'lasses they eat ev'ry day,
Would keep a house a-winter;
They have so much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they've mind to.

Chorus.

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

Chorus.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

Chorus.

I went as nigh to one myself
As Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Chorus.

 Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
I scared me so I shrinked it off
And hung by father's pocket.

Chorus.

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

Chorus.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's kumson;
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

Chorus.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked upon it with little clubs
And called the folks together.

Chorus.

And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tinnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.

Chorus.

He got him on his meeting clothes
Upon a shapping stallion,
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

Chorus.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tanning fine, oh,
I wanted dreadfully to get
To give to my Jewinia.

Chorus.

I see another man of men
A digging genius, they told me,
So 'tinnal long, so 'tinnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

Chorus.

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

Chorus.
THE CARRIER DOVE.

A favorite theme in poetry, particularly effective in the writing of songs, is apostrophe to a bird. Variety, as well as delicacy of sentiment is readily conceived in the treatment of this theme, of which Weatherly, Rosetti, Hutchinson, and others have made excellent use.

Daniel Johnson, the composer of the "Carrier Dove," was a music-teacher in New York, about 1850. He was a choral-singer at the Park Theatre, conductor of music at Palmo's concert saloon, and a singer of English glee. There is no clue to the author of the words.

1. Fly away to my native land, sweet dove! Fly away to my native land, sweet dove!
2. Oh! fly to her bower, and say the chain, Of the tyrant is over me
3. I shall miss thy vis-à-vis at dawn, sweet dove! I shall miss thy vis-à-vis at dawn, sweet dove!

And bear these lines to my lady love. That I never shall mean my steed a gain, With ever!

She marvels much at my long delay. A helmet up on my brow; No friend to my late-late a solace brings. Except when I shall cease to grieve! I can bear in a dungeon to waste away youth;
Fly away to my native land, sweet dove!
Fly away to my native land,
And hear these lines to my lady love,
That I've traced with a feeble hand,
She marvels much at my long delay,
A rumor of death she has heard,
Or she thinks, perhaps, I falsely stray,
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

Oh! fly to her bower, and say the chain,
Of the tyrant is over me now,
That I never shall meet my swan again,
With helmet upon my brow;
No friend to my lattice a solace brings,
Except when your voice is heard,
When you beat the bars with your snowy wings—
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

I shall miss thy visit at dawn, sweet dove!
I shall miss thy visit at eve!
But bring me a line from my lady love,
And then I shall cease to grieve!
I can bear in a dungeon to waste away youth;
I can fall by the conqueror's sword;
But I cannot endure she should doubt my truth—
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.
WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

The most familiar song has been long, though vaguely, associated with the early days of two of America's oldest colleges, Dartmouth and Williams. I quote below the letter which an eminent educator in Massachusetts wrote to The Dartmouth, a periodical published by the students of that college. "The legend of the Old Pine, on the hill back of the college, in Hanover, was told me when I was a child, more than fifty years ago; and yet a graduate of Dartmouth recently said he had never heard it! The story is that three Indians, on the day they left Dartmouth, met in a grove, of which the youthful pine, now a venerable tree, was one of the trees, and sang the song, 'When shall we three meet again?'" The words and music were composed by one of their number. My mother told me the story, and from her lips I learned both the words and the music, a very plaintive minor strain. The only commencement I ever attended at Dartmouth was in 1853, when I heard Chaucer's elegy of Webster. On the evening of that day I was walking on the hill, for the sake of the prospect, and the pine tree was pointed out to me, which was said to be older than the college. While we were standing there, a company of four or five rather young men, evidently aboriginal, sang the very song, in the very strain, which I had learned when I was a child, living in Connecticut."

The late President Smith of Dartmouth, said in a letter to me: "I do not believe, with Artemus Ward, that 'Indians is pizen wherever you meet 'em,' but that any Indian undergraduate, so Indian just graduate, ever wrote so beautiful a lyric as that you enquire about, I am slow to think." On the other hand, a New Hampshire poet gives me the following account of his memory and opinion: "I think there must be something in the legend, because I distinctly remember that, in 1839, one Peters, an Indian (Cherokee) of the class of 1840, came to my home (Newport, N. H.) with a cousin of mine who was in the same class, to spend a few days of his vacation, and was at my mother's house, and I remember that he sang this same song, and that my younger sister learned both the words and the music, from whom I learned them. Some of the Indian graduates at Dartmouth were smart fellows— I think fully equal to the writing of this song. It is not perfect in its construction, by any means; for instance, the third stanza, which is somewhat incoherent, although a very sweet, pretty thing. The first line of the same stanza is strong evidence of Indian origin, as Indians' hair is always a 'burnished' black, and here were three black-hatted fellows." From still another quarter comes the legend that the song originated from Williams College, and that it was sung by three young men, just graduating there, who had met in a meadow, in the shade of a great hay-stack, to coinserate themselves to the work of foreign missions among the earliest that America had known. One of their number was said to have composed the song entire, and the especial proof lay in the second stanza:

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Enchanted beneath a hostile sky;
Though through the deep beneath us rolls—
Friendship shall unite our souls.

But in fancy's rich domain,
Oh shall we three meet again.

Three standard English collections, published within the past sixty years, have contained the song without the stanza to which tradition points in proof of Indian origin. No authorship of the words is given, but the air is spoken of in one place as the work of Samuel Wesley, in another as the work of Dr. William Horsey. Samuel Wesley was an English composer, born in London in 1740. His father, who was wealthy, died suddenly when about to assume a government office in Minorca, and the property was taken from his widow and infant son. Mrs. Wesley was rendered so destitute that she was obliged to deny her son education, and when he was but eleven years old to apprentice him to a cabinet-maker. This business he hated, and though he knew not a note of written music, his fondness for the art led him to undertake to copy it. He copied from five in the morning till midnight. He also studied French, Hebrew, German, and Latin, and finally employed an Italian music-master, after which he attempted composition. His music was received warmly, and he became a favorite teacher. He made numberless songs, anthems, masses, including the melody of "When shall we three meet again?" which is spoken of as his "celebrated" glea.

Dr. Horsey was a well-known English composer, born thirty years later than Wesley, whose pupil he was. He either made a new composition for the words of this song, or re-arranged his teacher's air. The former supposition is more probable, as the different airs are given.

Where the song appears in these English collections there is no definite information as to the authorship of the words; but one of the three attributes them to "a lady." Is it not probable that the glea was written before the words which accompanied it? The words seem like those of some one having home for a foreign land, expecting years of absence. May it not be that they were written by the wife of an English missionary who was about to accompany her husband to his distant work? At any rate, the song was no song
written in England and brought to this country when Dartmouth College was in its infancy. The first Indian graduates, met in the "boxer" for their farewell, might recall the song, but would desire to have something a little more expressive of their circumstances. One of their number would write the stanza which indicates Indian origin, and the song might pass as his own, without such intention on his part. In exprobration of this, is the fact that that stanza is not contained in the English versions, and is very greatly inferior to the rest in poetic merit. The song was no doubt sung again at Williams-town, and by the same method by which a shrewd saying has been fastened in turn upon each college president in the country, it would be easy to transmit the supposed authorship of this song from the Dartmouth students who added a stanza to the Williams students who sang it on a memorable occasion.

Harmonized by EDWARD S. CUMMINGS.

1. When shall we three meet again? When shall we three meet again?
2. Thou in distant lands we sigh, Parch'd beneath the burning sky;
3. When a rosy the youthful pine Moss shall creep, and ivy twine;

Oft shall glowing hope expire, Oft shall wearied love retire,
Thou in Fancy's rich domain Oft shall we three meet again.

When shall we three meet again? When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire, Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we three shall meet again.

Still in Fancy's rich domain Oft shall we three meet again.
May this long-loved bower remain, Here may we three meet again.

When around the youthful pine
Moss shall creep, and ivy twine;
When these burnished locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toilsome day,
May the long-lived bower remain,
Here may we three meet again.

When in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the burning sky;
Though the deep beneath us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Still in Fancy's rich domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.
O MORNING LAND!

DUET. MEZZO SOPRANO AND TENOR.

This is a duet for mezzo soprano and tenor, easy of execution and limited in compass. The words, which, as well as the music, are composed by Edward H. Phelps, are infused with a religious sentiment, and breathe of aspiration, hope and faith.

Mezzo Soprano.

1. Some day, we say, and turn our
2. Some day, our ears shall hear the

Copyright, by Wm. A.不会有 & Co.; published by permission.
eyes Toward the fair isles of Paradis; Some day some time, a sweet new rest Shall blossom,
song Of triumph o'er sin and wrong; Some day, some time, but oh! not yet; But we will

flow't like, in each breast; Some time, some day, our eyes shall see The face kept in memory!
wait and not forget That some day all these things shall be, And rest be given to you and me.

The face kept in memory!

Some time, some day, our eyes shall see The face kept in memory!
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be given to you and me.
Some day their hands shall clasp our hands, just o-ver in the morn-ing
So wait, my friends, though years move slow, The hap-py time will come, we

lands, Just o-ver in the morn-ing lands, Some-day their hands shall clasp our hands, Just o-ver
know, The hap-py time will come, we know, So wait, my friends, though years move slow, The hap-py

in the morn-ing lands, O morn-ing land! O morn-ing land! O morn-ing land!

D.S.
THE WHITE SQUALL.

The words of "The White Squall" were written by Captain Johns, of the Marines, British navy, and the air was made by George A. Barker. The latter was a well-known English musician, and was first tenor in the Princess' Theatre, London, thirty years ago. He died in Leychurch, in 1877.

1. The sea... was bright... and the bark rode well... The breeze bore the
tone... of the ves-per bell! Twas a glad last bark... with
shore... of the Grecian Isle. All thought of home... of that
crew as brave... As ever launch'd on the heaving
welcome dear... Which soon should greet... each wan-d'r's
wave... As ever launch'd on the heaving wave... She
can... Which soon should greet... each wan-d'r's ear... And
shone in the light... of de-clining day, And each sail was set. And each heart was gay; She stood in the light... of de-clining day... And each sail was

song, And... in... fan-cy join'd the so-cial throng. In the fes-tive dance... And the joy-ous

set... and each heart was gay, and each heart... was
dance... and the so-cial throng... and the joy-ous

song... A white cloud glides... thro' the
a - zure sky,....... West means....... that wild....... do - spir - ing cry!....

Fare - well! the vision'd scenes of home, Fare - well, the vision'd scenes of home! That cry is

"Help" where to help can come, That cry is help, where no help .... can come; Fare-

well, the vision'd scenes of home, Fare - well, the vision'd scenes of home.
a tempo. Allegro.

For the white squall rides on the surging wave,
And the bark is gulped in an ocean's grave,
For the white squall rides on the surging wave,
And the bark is gulped in an ocean's grave,
For the white squall rides on the surging wave,
surg ing wave, And the bark is gulph'd in an o-
cean's grave, in an ocean's grave.
in an o-
cean's grave...
"THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES."
THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES.

SONG FOR MEZZO SOPRANO.

The melody of this song is by Francesco Paolo La Villa, a musician and composer, residing at the present time in New York City. He was born in Palermo, Italy. His father, a professor of the violin, seeing the indication of talent shown at an early age by his son, sent him to the Cathedral to study the organ under the organist Juvene. At the same time young La Villa was instructed on the violin by the celebrated musician, Muratori. Afterwards he studied harmony with Alfano, and with Salabino and Pellegrini fugues and classics; subsequently he was taught piano and orchestration at the Royal College, by Bonanno. In 1880 Paolo was attracted by the universal enthusiasm and left his music to follow Gatti; and in 1883 he was conscripted and ordered to join his regiment in Florence, where he returned after Italy was united, and the troops disbanded. Making that city the starting place for his career, he continued his studies, the composition of lyric opera with Melibelli, and oratorio and sacred music with Casanovata, President of the Musical Institute. His contact with such artists as Bazzini, Rubinstein, von Bulow, Piccini, Romani, Vieuxtemps, Verdi, Gounod, formed his taste. In the metemps Society Orchestrale Firenze he performed the overtures of his opera "Nonka" and occasionally produced songs and romances that made him known as one of the most promising young composers of Italy. In 1877 his marriage with an American lady brought him to this country; when he was engaged by Theodore Thomas as Director of the vocal department of the Cincinnati College of Music.

Francis William Bourdillon, an eminent English educator and poet, for some years private tutor to the children of Prince Christian, is the author of the words of this song.
Yet... the light... of the whole world dies... With... the

dy-ing, dy-ing sun. The mind has a thou-sand

eyes,... The mind has a thou-sand eyes,... And the

heart but one, And the heart but one,...
Yet the light of a whole life dies. When love is done, is done.

The night has a thousand eyes, and the day but one, but one.

Yet... the light of the whole world dies. With... the

ring...
THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE, author of "The Sword of Bunker Hill," was born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1819. He was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. After completing a college course, he studied law; but having been successful with some poetical ventures, he went to New York, where he long resided, devoting himself to the most ephemeral kind of literature, and died in 1883. He published several volumes of poetry. The music of this song was composed by BERNAARD COVENTRY.

1. He lay upon his dying bed; His eye was growing dim, When with a feeble voice he call'd His weeping son to him: "Weep not, my boy!" the rev'rend man said. "Tell me, what is richer still, I leave you mark me now—The Sword of Bunker Hill; But quickly from you ant-lers being The Sword of Bunker Hill; And leave you mark me now—The Sword of Bunker Hill.

2. The sword was here, the soldier's eye Lit with a sudden flame; And as he grasped the ancient blade, He summoned Bunker's name: Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold—but...

3. "Twas on that dread, immortal day, I dared the Briton's hand, A captain seized this blade on me— I tore it from his hand; And while the glorious battle raged, It lightened freedom's will— For, boy, the God of freedom blessed The Sword of Bunker Hill.

4. "Oh, keep the sword!"—his accents broke— A smile—and he was dead— But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade Upon that dying bed. The son remains; the sword remains— Its glory growing still— And twenty millions bless the sires, And Sword of Bunker Hill.
TWAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

The words of the following song were written by John Gay. It was made for a tragic-comic play, entitled "What-d'-ye-call-it?" This was an entirely new style of piece, in which the action was apparently tragic, but the language absurd. Part of the audience, catching the latter but faintly, were ready to dissolve in tears, while the rest were so convulsed with laughter, that the drift of the piece was forgotten in the enjoyment.

Campbell says of the author: "The works of Gay are on our shelves, but not in our pockets,—in our remembrance, but not in our memories. His fables are as good as a series of such pieces will, in all possibility, ever be. No one has envied him their production; but many would like to have the fame of having written 'The Shepherd's Week,' 'Black-eyed Susan,' and the ballad that begins, 'Twas When the Seas Were Roaring.'" Cooper, in a letter dated August 4, 1788, says: "What can be prettier than Gay's ballad, or rather Swift's, Arbuthnot's, Pope's, and Gay's, in the 'What-d'-ye-call-it?'—'Twas When the Seas Were Roaring.' I have been well informed that they all contributed."

The music of the ballad is from Handel. Handel, among the other great composers, is seldom associated with song music, but the time was, in England at least, when no concert programme was complete without several of Handel's songs. Many of his most beautiful melodies are now seldom heard.

---

TWAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

1. "Twas when the seas were roaring With hollow blasts of wind, A man was laid de-
   2. Twelve months are gone and o'er, And nine long tedious days: Why dost thou, vengeous
   3. The merchant, robbed of pleasure, Views ten-pots in despair; But what's the loss of

ploring, All on a rock reclined. Wile ever the foaming billows She
love'er, Why didst thou trust the seas? O cease, cease, thou canst el cease, And
treasure To losing of my dear? Shouldst thou some coast be laid on, Where
"Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploiring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows,
That troubled o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturesome lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Case, case, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest—
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast!

"The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
Views tempests in deeper;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?

Should you some coast be hid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so."

"How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why, then, beneath the water,
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering rover,
And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied,
Then like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head, and died.
"SLEEP WELL" is one of the most famous, as it is one of the most romantic, of all the songs with which FRANZ WILHELM AIR has enriched the music of the world. And that is well said, for his songs are sung not only in his native Germany, but wherever music is known and appreciated. There is a simplicity about his songs that renders them "popular" indeed, both because of their genuine appeal to the universal emotions and because they are within the compass of amateur singers.

Moderato.

1. The

... are hush'd, the world is still, The sounds of toil are heard no more...

... And now, to breathe a sound good-night, Be...
heart's with stars is span - ged o'er.
side thy door I lin - ger still.
Sleep well, sleep well,
Sleep well, sleep well,
And

let thy love - ly eye be close,
Sweet be thy re - pose.
Sleep well, sleep well.
Sleep well, sleep well.
Dear an - gel.

2. Oh!
There comes to thee from heav'n-ly realms, A ho-ly mes-sen-ger to

night, He brings you bright and peace-ful dreams, Till

you a-wake in morn-ing's light. Sleep, well, sleep

well, And let thy love-ly eye-lids close. Sleep
well, sleep well, Dear angel, sweet be thy repose.
The bells are hushed, the world is still, The thought of thee my heart contemplates,
The sounds of toil are heard no more, And now, to breathe a fond good night,
The bird has ceased his tuneful song, Beside thy door I linger still,
And heav’n with stars is spangled o’er. Sleep well, sleep well,
Sleep well, sleep well, And let thy lovely eyelids close,
Sleep well, sleep well, Sleep well, sleep well,
Dear angel, sweet be thy repose.

Oh! didst thou think of me to-day? Dear angel, sweet be thy repose.
The thought of thee my heart contemplates, And let thy lovely eyelids close,
And now, to breathe a fond good night, Sleep well, sleep well,
Beside thy door I linger still. Sleep well, sleep well,
Sleep well, sleep well, And let thy lovely eyelids close,
Sleep well, sleep well, Sleep well, sleep well,
Dear angel, sweet be thy repose.
THE DUSTMAN.

Whoever knows the wonderfully beautiful illustrated literature for children of these happy days, is familiar enough with the name of Frederick E. Weatherly, for he has contributed the letter-press to not less than fifty of the most popular of these volumes during the past twenty years. He is the writer of the words of this song. The variety and quaintness of the subjects that have caught his fancy, and the magical touch he brings to even the most commonplace and seemingly unpoeetic feature of every day life, afford as much pleasure to the most critical and "grown up" reader as do his delicate fairy fancies to the youngest. He was born in Somersetshire, England, in 1848, and was graduated in 1871 from Oxford University, receiving soon after the degree of Master of Arts. He makes the law the serious business of his life, although the meridional work of writing the books in which he finds his own recreation while he affords recreation to others has been prolific enough to have served for the single occupation of a less industrious writer. Among the most acceptable contributions to literature from his pen are the songs which have been sympathetically set to the music of a kindred spirit, J. L. Molloy.

When the days are growing weary and the twilight gathers in,

سور را ركز و ورود که کودکانه میری دین

Then un.
heard, un-seen, un-noticed, comes an old man up the stair, Lightly to the children

passing, lays his hand upon their head.

Softly smiles the good old Dust-man, in their eyes the dust lie

thrown, Till their little heads are falling, and their merry eyes must close: Then she
Dustman very gently takes each little dimpled hand, Leads them through the sweet green forests far away in slumber land, far away in slumber land.

When the toys are growing weary and the twilight gathers in,
When the nursery still reeches to the children's merry diet,
Then unheard, unseen, unnoticed, comes an old man up the stair,
Lightly to the children passes, lays his hand upon their hair.

Softly smiles the good old Dustman, in their eyes the dust he throws,
Till their little heads are falling, and their merry eyes must close;
Then the Dustman very gently takes each little dimpled hand,
Leads them through the sweet green forests far away in slumber land.
THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

"The Light of Other Days" is said to have been the most popular song of its time in England, and it was a great favorite in America. Alfred Bunn, author of the words, was born about 1790. His life was spent in London, where he was for several years manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He published a volume of poems in 1816, a book called "The Sage, both before and behind the Curtain," in 1840, and in 1853, "Old England and New England," which records his impressions of and adventures in America. The excitement concerning the spirit-mappings was then at its height, and Mr. Bunn visited a "circle," where he was told the following particulars, known only to himself—that his mother's name was Martha Charlotte, and that she died in Dublin, in 1833, at the age of seventy-three. Mr. Bunn being invited to lecture in Manchester, New Hampshire, in place of Theodore Parker, who was ill, gave an amusing talk, and when it was finished a gentleman in the audience, who supposed himself listening to Parker, said: "Are, my friend, are you convinced?" Here is a man ascending the pulpit, and, instead of delivering pure and unmixed matter for the hearer's spiritual advantage, throws the congregation into horse-laughter by talking about Shakespeare and the players." At a lecture delivered in Newburyport, Bunn intended reading the address to a skull, in "Hamlet," but on taking up the one furnished for the occasion, he discovered a score-ent on one side, and aabit-bit in the other. It was impossible to apostrophize such a riddled pate with "Why might not this be the skull of a lawyer?" In life, it had been the thinking-appratus of a soldier of the Mexican war. Mr. Bunn's was a familiar name in the daily newspaper life of London, forty years ago, and Pudding used to take pleasure in a quiet smile at the slightly pomposo and self-important figure which he cut. He died about 1860.

Henry Phillips in his "Musical and Personal Recollections during Half a Century" tells the story of this song: "Mr. Bunn had introduced to the English stage Madame Malibran, who appeared in the "Sonambula," and received one hundred guineas a night, which sum, great as was her talent, she did not draw to the theatre. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Bunn entered into a further engagement with her, and was very anxious to bring her out in a new opera. He consulted me upon the occasion, and, amongst other things, asked me if I thought Mr. Balfe had talent enough to write an opera for so great a vocalist. My reply was, that I believed he had talent enough for anything. 'This settled the question,' and a subject was immediately decided on, and the opera christened 'The Maid of Artois.'" Mr. Bunn wrote the libretto, which being handed over to Mr. Balfe, he commenced his music to it. All went so very well, till he conceived that beautiful recitative and air, "The light of other days is faded." A happier thought never inspired his brain; and on scoring it for the orchestra, an equally bright idea flashed across him, in giving the solo obligato to the cornet-player, an instrument then new to the public, and producing a most charming and sympathetic effect. When I referred 'The Light of other days,' Madame Malibran, listening to it, said, 'Oh, that is beautiful! I must have it in my part.' The composer, the dramatist, the manager, all assured her that it could not be. 'Don't tell me,' she said; 'I shall speak to Phillips. He is good-natured, and I am sure if he knows I prefer it in my character, he will let me have it.' Now, there is no doubt but Mr. Phillips was very good-natured, and would have done almost anything to oblige a lady, but he was too wise to part with so valuable a song as this, and therefore very politely declined. She was greatly annoyed, and said she would not play in the opera. Her name, however, having been announced, left her no possibility of escape. Every rehearsal increased the effect of my song, until the night of performance arrived, when my recitative and song was, like 'Farewell to the mountain,' most successful, and I had to sing it three times.

"The success of the whole work was great, and at its termination we supper'd with Mr. Balfe, at his lodgings in the Quadrant, and found there assembled to meet us, many eminent artists. Malibran had arrived before me. I rang at the street door, but as when that was opened there was no light in the passage, I called out to the servant, to ascertain how far I was to ascend, when Malibran, hearing my voice, ran to the top of the stairs, and said, 'Quick, quick, give me a candle!—here is 'The light of other days' coming up in the dark.'"
past, For grief with heavy wing hath shaded, The
wing.
When winter’s winds are past, come hither, To

hopes too bright to last; The world which morning’s mantle
welcome back the spring; The very ivy on the
clouded, Shines forth with perpetual rays, But the
ruined in gloomful life displays, But the

heart never feels, in sorrow shrouded, The light of other
heart a lone sees no renewing, The light of other

Cello parte.

PP
The light of other days is faded,
And all their glories past,
For grief with heavy wing hath shaded,
The hopes too bright to last;
The world which morning's mantle clouded,
Shines forth with parer rays.
But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow shrouded,
The light of other days.

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,
The birds which then take wing,
When winter's winds are past, some fither,
To welcome back the spring;
The very ivy on the rock
In pious and shine displays,
But the heart alone sees no renewing,
The light of other days.
IF I WERE A VOICE.

A natural impulse towards a musical career, for which he was virtually self-taught, separated ISAAC BRENNER WOODFORD in early life from a mechanical trade; and his talent and industry brought him to the few years of life that were vouchsafed to him a reputation among the composers of America. He was born at Beverly, Mass., in 1819, and in his youth was apprenticed to a blacksmith. He devoted his spare time to developing his native taste for music, and in 1839 he joined the "Bay State Glee Club," a traveling company which gave vocal concerts throughout New England. His success was such as to justify his going abroad in 1851 for a year's study in Europe. On his return he settled in New York, and devoted himself to composition, conducting, and the preparation of Church and Sunday School collections. He also wrote frequently for musical journals. The best known of his compositions are hymn-tunes, among which were "Rakay," "Eucharist," "Selen," "Tamar" and "Sibam." He died in 1858, at Columbia, S. C.

1. If I were a voice, a persevering voice, This could travel the wide world through.

2. If I were a voice, a consoining voice, I'd fly on the wings of wind.

3. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I'd fly on the wings of wind.

4. If I were a voice, an immortal voice, I'd fly the earth a


1. If I were a voice, a persevering voice, This could travel the wide world through. The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truth I'd seek."

2. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I'd fly on the wings of wind. And wherever I saw the nations torn by war, fare, and sorrow.

3. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I'd fly on the wings of wind. And wherever I saw the nations torn by war, fare, and sorrow.

4. If I were a voice, an immortal voice, I'd fly the earth anew. And wherever I saw the nations torn by war, fare, and sorrow.

Used by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Company, owners of the copyright.
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town.
I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day.

Telling a tale, or
In to the heart of
Then with their evil
Bid the sad dont

Save them from despair.
I would fly, I would fly.
I would fly on the

A human heart might be,
In to the light down,
To their kindled, by some flash.

A land and sea, Where-ever a
A crowded town, And drop like the happy
Then the crash, And in to their kindled
Wings of day,Proclaiming peace on

Suffering men, And teach them to look up again.
I would fly.

Thoughts subdued, I'll teach them Christian brevity.
I would fly.

earth rejoice, If I were a voice, an immortal voice.
I would fly.
LOVE, I WILL LOVE YOU EVER.

As an example of a popular dance composition adapted to the purpose of a song, this is very happily conceived. The composer, P. Bucalossi, is a well known conductor of theatrical orchestras in London, whose name has been associated with the writing of dance music that has caught the popular fancy. One of his most successful compositions is "My Queen Waltz," the melodies of which have been utilized for this song. The words were written by F. Desprez.

Slowly, with Feeling.

1. Beneath the trees together They wandered hand in hand, Oh! it was summer
2. Beneath the trees together They went a-long, a part, Oh! it was autumn

[Musical notation follows the text]
weather, And love was in the land, Their hearts were light, the sun shone bright, And weather, And heart had turned from heart, Across the wood the air came cold, The

as they went along, With voices sweetly blending, They sung the same old song, Mists rose dull and gray, And in their ears like a mocking voice, They heard the well-known lay.

CHORUS.

Love, I will love you ever, Love, I will leave you never; Ever to me, Precious to be, Never to part; Heart bound to heart,
Love, I will love you ever,
Love, I will leave you never;

Faithful and true, Ever am I,
Never to say good-bye!

Yet, still while o'er the heather, They go their way a lone,
(Oh! it is wintry
weath' er,) And all the sum' - mer's gone, They hear the air they love the most, Yr -

on their fan - cy fall, "Tis bet - ter to have lov'd and lost, Than not have lov'd at all."

Beneath the trees together
They wander'd hand in hand,
(Oh! it was summer weather,) And love was in the land,
Their hearts were light, the sun shone bright,
And as they went along,
With voices sweetly blending,
They sang the same old song.
Beneath the trees together
They went along, apart,
(Oh! it was autumn weather,) And heart had turn'd from heart,
Across the wood the air came cold,
The mists rose dull and gray,
And in their ears like a mocking voice,
They heard the well known lay.
Yet, still while o'er the heather,
They go their way alone,
(Oh! it is wintry weather,) And all the summer's gone,
They hear the air they love the most,
Upon their furry fall,
"Tis better to have lov'd and lost,
Than not have lov'd at all."
Love, I will love you ever,
Love, I will leave you never;
Ever to me, Precious to be,
Never to part; Heart bound to heart,
Love, I will love you ever,
Love, I will leave you never,
Faithful and true, ever am I,
Never to say good bye!
THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOON.

The versatility of James L. Molloy, whose songs are so widely popular, is such that while many of his compositions are settings for the words of others, he frequently writes words to his own music. One of the most felicitous examples of this is "The Clang of the Wooden Shoon," in which the spirit of the words and that of the music are singularly in harmony. The free abandon to an unrestrained impulse is a characteristic feature of not only this song, but also other compositions by Molloy, notably "The Kerry Dance."

1. Oh! the clang of the wooden shoon,
   2. "Now my lads, with a merry will,

Oh! the dance and the merry tune,
Happy sound of a by-gone day, It rings in my heart for aye, When the Up with hatch and the barkeet fill, Wise some lassies bore ye stand, Read-y with eag'er hand, Then the

boats came in, With the sail-ors all a-glow, And the moons above the sails came down, And all was tant and clear, And a wild, glad dance lit
glin-tening tide be-low,......... Oh! the clang of the wood-en shoon,
up the wood-en pier,......... Oh! the rash of the trip-ping feet,

Oh! the dance and the mer-ry tune; Hap-ry sound of a by-gone day, It
Oh! the light-some hearts that beat; Wild and sweet the mer-ry tune and the

rings in my heart for age........
clang of the wood-en
3. But they are gone a weary while, ah me.... And he, my own, came home no more from sea. The sea looks black, The waves have all a mean, And I am left to sit and dream alone, To sit and dream alone...

Still I see them on the pier, All the kind-ly faces near, Hear the wild
merry tune, And the clang of the wooden schoon. When the boats came in, with the sailors all a-glow, And the moon shone down on the rippling tide below.

Oh! the clang of the wooden schoon, Oh! the dance and the merry tune; Happy sound of a by-gone day, It rings in my heart for aye. For aye.
THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

The words of this famous National Hymn of Germany were written over half a century ago. Patriotism Germany always is, and when in 1849 France was threatening the left bank of the Rhine, an excellent opportunity was given for the expression of love for the Fatherland. Among the numerous poems written by the verse-makers of the day was this one by MAX SCHERBENBURGER, a manufacturer, living in Würtemburg. His poem was at once seized upon by the composers as eminently suited to a true martial air, and a friendly rivalry soon sprang up among them as to who should be the one whose music would be sung to the now famous poem. CARL WILHELM, a pupil of the famous violinist Louis Spohr, and conductor for twenty-five years of a celebrated band of singers in his native town, wrote a part-song for his chorus and set it to these words. Its success was instantaneous, and it was soon known and sung throughout Germany. At the time of the Franco-German War a national hymn was needed, and what more appropriate than the words and music here wedded! The popular folk-song became the rallying cry of the Prussian Army. The battle was fought, and won, with the strains of the "Watch on the Rhine" ringing in the ears of the combatants. In 1871 the Emperor presented Wilhelm with a pension for life, which the poor fellow did not live long to enjoy, for two years after the Emperor's gift he laid down his pen forever. The "Watch on the Rhine" was made the subject of a famous National Statue erected near Bingen on the Rhine, and unveiled by the Emperor in 1883.

1. A roar like thunder strikes the ear, Like clang of swords o'er Rhine near, Rush
2. A burn'nd maunt o'er men's hearts beat high, The flash darts forth from ev'ry eye, Kneel
3. When heav'n-wants as o'er the eye, Our lone'rs' ghosts look down from high; We
4. As long as Ger-man blood still flows, The Ger-man sword strikes might-y blow, The
5. We take the pledge, the stream runs high, Our ban-ne'rs proud are wave'ring high; On

Allegro energico.
for - ward for the Ger - man Rhine! Who shields thee, dear be - lov - ed Rhine?
Ten - tons brave, in - trenched by toil, Pro - tect their coun - try's ho - ly soil.
swear to guard our dear be - quest, And shield it with the Ger - man breast.
Ger - man marks - man take their stand, No foe shall tread our na - tive land!
for the Rhine, the Ger - man Rhine, We all die for our na - tive Rhine.

CHORUS.

1-4. Dear Fa - ther-land, thou need' st not fear, Thy Rhine-land watch stands firm - ly here! Dear land, dear
5. Hence, Ya - ther-land, be of good cheer, Thy Rhine-land watch stands firm - ly here! Dear land, dear

Fa - ther-land, thou need' st not fear, Thy watch, thy Rhine-land watch stands firm - ly here!

A roar like thunder strikes the ear,
Like clang of arms or breakers near,
Rush forward for the German Rhine!
Who shields thee, dear beloved Rhine?

Dear Fatherland, thou need' st not fear,
Thy Rhine-land watch stands firmly here!
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need' st not fear,
Thy watch, thy Rhine-land watch stands firmly here!

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
The flash darts forth from every eye,
For Teutons brave, jutted by toil,
Protect their country's holy soil.

Dear Fatherland, etc.

When heavenward ascends the eye,
Our heroes' ghosts look down from high;
We swear to guard our dear bequest,
And shield it with the German breast.

Dear Fatherland, etc.

As long as German blood still glows,
The German sword strikes mighty blows.
The German marksman takes their stand,
No foe shall tread our native land!

Dear Fatherland, etc.

We take the pledge, the stream runs high,
Our banners grand are waving high;
On for the Rhine, the German Rhine,
We all die for our native Rhine.

Hence, Fatherland, be of good cheer, etc.
ARE THERE TIDINGS?

The words of this favorite of former years are in doubt of English origin; but I have no clue to their authorship. The air is by the well-known musician, Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, who was born in London, in 1786, and was carefully educated there under Italian music-masters. His first noticeable composition was "The Circassian Bride," which was destroyed in the burning of the Drury Lane Theatre, the day after a most successful production upon its stage. Bishop was for fourteen years director of music at Covent Garden Theatre, and for thirty years thereafter he was a leader in London musical matters. Besides, to use his own words, "operas, burlettas, melodramas, incidental music to Shakespeare's plays, partings and adaptations of foreign operas, glees, ballads, canzonets, and cantatas," he wrote more than fifty operas, including "Guy Mannering," and others that still hold their place; was for years director of the famous "Ancient Concerts," was first director of the Philharmonic concerts, and composed for the sacred musical festivals. He succeeded Sir John Stevenson in arranging Moore's "Irish melodies," and edited several musical publications, including "Melodies of Various Nations," and the closing volumes of Thomson's "Scottish Songs," and also set many old English airs to words by Charles Munchay. In 1842 he was knighted. At the time of his death, he held the professorship of music at Oxford. In 1831, he married Anna Riviere, who became the well-known vocalist, Madame Anna Bishop. In spite of the apparently great success of his career, his closing days were clouded not only by bodily and mental disorders, but by pecuniary troubles. He died, April 30, 1855.
wave, Are there tiding for a mother, Who is mourning for the brave? No, no, no! She is for the brave?

pears; Why so anxious, and so wildly, I wait the cherished hope of years; No, no, no! Tho' my

wave? Hope of years?

freighted with foul tidings; But no tidings from the grave, But no tidings from the grave, What have I to do with tears, What have I to do with tears?

search prove un - a - vailling, What have I...... to do with tears, What have I...... to do with tears?

Are there tidings in your vessel, Proudly bounding o'er the wave?
Are there tidings for a mother, Who is mourning for the brave?
No, no, no! She is freighted with foul tidings;
But no tidings from the grave.

Do not ask me why I hasten To each vessel that appears;
Why so anxious, and so wildly, I wait the cherished hope of years;
No, no, no! Though my search prove unavailing, What have I to do with tears?

Do not blame me when I seek him, With these worn and weary eyes;
Can you tell me where he perished? Can you show me where he lies?
No, no, no! Yet there surely is some record, When a youthful sailor dies.

Had I watched him by his pillow, Had I seen him on his bier, Had my grief been drown'd in weeping;-- But I cannot shed a tear.

No, no, no! Let me still think I shall see him, Let me still think he is near.
THE HONEYMOON.

This quaint song is one of the happy joint productions of Frederick E. Weatherly and James L. Molloy.

*Allegretto.*

\[ \text{Music notation of the song.} \]

1. The moon look'd down on the shore below, Two lovers wan't by: Their eyes were wild, and their walk was slow; "I suppose," said the moon, "it must be so, But what is the reason why?" "Sweet-drear-y game of "yes" or "no," An interchange of stares. She

*Allegretto moderate.*

\[ \text{Music notation of the song.} \]

moon look'd down on the world below. Two lovers on two chairs, Their conversation did not flow. A
heart, cried the lover, "my life shall be, A long, long honey-moon, my own, with thee." "Oh, read the pattern that was on the floor, He look'd with longing at the open door, And

ho!" said the moon, for she understood. And being a lady, ears were good. "With "ah!" yawn'd she, and "oh!" sighed she. While the moon look'd down a-musedly. "These moons of honey in the world," quoth she, "There's not much need of moons like me, moons of honey," said the moon with a smile, "They don't seem to last a very long, long while. They

very little need, very little need. There's not much need of don't seem to last, don't seem to last. Not a very long, long,
moons like me, And if Love is blind as all the folks do say, He
long, long while, And I

wants no light to shew him on his way. think that perhaps it's just a

bit too soon, For the world to be lighted by a honey moon.

The moon looked down on the shore below,
Two lovers wandered by;
Their eyes were wild and their walk was slow;
"I suppose," said the moon, "it must be so,
But what is the reason why?"
"Sweetheart," cried the lover, "my life shall be,
A long, long honeymoon, my own, with thee."
"Oh ho!" said the moon, for she understood,
And being a lady, ears were good.
"With moons of honey in the world," quoth she,
"There's not much need of moons like me,
Very little need, very little need,
There's not much need of moons like me,
And if Love is blind as all the folks do say,
He wants no light to shew him on his way."

The moon looked down on the world below,
Two folks sat on two chairs,
Their conversation did not flow,
A dreary game of "yes" or "no,"
An interchange of stars,
She read the pattern that was on the floor,
He looked with longing at the open door,
And "ah!" yawn'd he, and "oh!" sigh'd she,
While the moon looked down amusedly,
"These moons of honey," said the moon with a smile,
They don't seem to last a very long, long while,
They don't seem to last, don't seem to last,
Not a very long, long, long while,
And I think that perhaps it's just a bit too soon,
For the world to be lighted by a honeymoon.
IT WAS A DREAM.

EDUARD LASSEN, to whom we owe the music of this exquisite song, was one of the leading composers of his time, and while a number of his operas, symphonies and other choral and orchestral works have met with substantial success, his permanent fame will rest on his delightful settings of lyrical poems. He was Danish by nationality, born at Copenhagen, April 13, 1830, but German by education and association as well as in his musical style. He was taken in his infancy to Brussels, when his musical training began. At the age of fourteen he took the first of a series of prizes which marked his exceptional proficiency, culminating in his securing the Belgian government prize in 1857. For many years preceding his death which occurred in 1885, he held the honorable and responsible position of Kapellmeister at Weimar, where he was in close touch with the progressive spirit of modern German music. The lyric poems of HEINRICH HEINE, the great German poet, have had an irresistible attraction for translators and musical composers. Of them all, (with the possible exception of "Du bist wie eine Blume"—Thou'rest Like Unto a Flower") none has been so often rendered into English and set to music as "It Was a Dream," and of all the musical settings that by Lassen has the favorite. The English version here given, which is peculiarly felicitous both in its fidelity to the original and in grace of rhythm and diction, was made expressly for this work by CHARLES HARVEY GENSING, an accomplished literateur of New York, who was born in Brooklyn in 1821, was graduated at Columbia College, and spent some years in study at the University of Berlin and in close intercourse with German literary men. He is a member of the Goethe Society. He has made a special study of German lyric, and has produced English versions of many of the poems of Heine. "It was a Dream" was left by Heine as a fragment, the first and third verses only being his work. The second verse, which is necessary to the continuity of the thought, was supplied by other hands.

Very slowly, with tender feeling.

\[ \text{Staff notation of the music} \]

Copyright, 1861, by G. J. Bryan.
THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

The author of the words of the following song, Alison Rutherford, was born at Fairmile, Selkirkshire, Scotland, 1712. In writing to the Rev. Dr. Douglas, she says: “I can this minute figure myself running as fast as a greyhound, in a hot summer day, to have the pleasure of plunging into the Tweed to cool me. I see myself wrapt in my petticoat, on the declivity of the hill at Fairmile, letting myself roll down to the bottom, with infinite delight. As for the chase of the silver spoon at the end of the rainbow, nothing could exceed my ardor, except my faith which created it. I can see myself the first favorite at Lamothë’s dancing, and remember turtling pike and roe with the ambition of applause. I am not sure if ever I was so vain of any lover or admirer as I was of the heavenly affection of your predecessor, whom, by his own designation, I rode over from Fairmile at six in the morning to meet.”

He enrobed me with fervor, and said I would not repent losing some hours sleep to see for the last time an old man, who was going home. He naturally fell into a description of his malady, chocked himself, and said it was a shame to complain of a bad road to a happy home; ‘and there,’ said he, ‘is my passport, pointing to the Bible; ‘let me beg, my young friend, you will study it: you are not yet a Christian, but you have an inquiring mind, and cannot fail to become one.’”

Miss Rutherford was one of the beauties of the circle that counted among its members Lady Anne Lindsay and Jane Elliot, of Minto. Her correspondence shows her to have been a brilliant and noble woman. In 1732 she married Patrick Cockburn, of Ornston. Of this event she afterward wrote: “I was married, properly speaking, to a man of seventy-five—my father-in-law” (step-father) and at another time she says: “I was twenty years united to a lover and a friend.” Mrs. Cockburn was forty-one years old when her husband died, and her home in Edinburgh was the gathering-place for some of the finest literary minds of the day. She died in that house, November 22, 1794.

There was a tradition in the family that Mrs. Cockburn’s song, “The Flowers of the Forest,” was in some way connected with the name or fife of a young lover who died about the time she was married. The song was supposed to refer to the noblemen who fell at Flodden, and with them many of the most gallant archers of the Forest, the home of Mrs. Cockburn, in Selkirkshire. Mr. Chalmers, an intimate friend of Mrs. Cockburn, in an account of her says the song was occasioned by a commercial disaster, by which seven noblemen of the Forest were rendered insolvent in one year; but Mrs. Cockburn’s correspondence seems to indicate that the verses she wrote for the occasion were different, and that this song was written long before the financial calamity, and did refer to the eventful battle of Flodden. Mrs. Cockburn’s song has been spoken of in some collections, as an imitation of Jane Elliot’s “Flowers of the Forest.” The fact is, Mrs. Cockburn’s song was written many years earlier than that of Miss Elliot, who was fifteen years her junior.

The air to which the words were first set was three centuries old, but it has been superseded by a more modern one.

1. I’ve seen the smiling of the tune beguiling, I’ve felt all its favors, and
2. I’ve seen the morning with gold the hills adorn ing, And loud tempest storming be

found its decay; sweet was her blessing and kind her care lessing. But
fore the mid-day; I’ve seen Tweed forest stream a-sipping in the sun’s beams. Grow
now they are blow'd, they are all far away.

I've seen the forest drear and dark as they roll'd on their way.

Oh! beck he for tune!

dorn-ed the forest, why flow'res of the fair-est youth pleas-ant and gay. She
why this cruel sport-ing? Oh! why thus per-plex us poor sons of a day?

Thy

now they are with-er'd and all fade away.

flowers of the forest are all fade away.

Bonnie was their bloom-ing, their frown can na cheer me, lily

scent the air per-fect, but smile can na cheer me, since the
KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

The words of this song are by Annie (Harry) Crawford, an English actress, who was born in Bath in 1731, and died in 1801. The air is by F. W. Nicholls Crouch, born in England, about 1800. In 1817, he was violinist in King's Theatre, London. Afterward he taught music at Plymouth, where he composed this song, for the copyright of which he received £5. He came to the United States with an Italian opera troupe in 1848, and settled in Portland, Maine. There he made many friends, and became the chief instructor of some of the best singers. He was something of a naturalist, and ornamented his rooms with cages of live snakes. He was a sportsman also, and his game dinners and his wife's matinees were equally celebrated. He brought out Locke's music to "Macbeth," and gave concerts with Arthursone, Frazier, and others. There is an answer to "Kathleen Mavourneen," entitled "Dornot Ashore"—the music by Crouch, and the words by his friend, Desmond Ryn.

Crouch set to music a song written by Auguste J. H. Deganne, entitled "Her I Love," and was foolish enough to claim the authorship of the words also. He called it "a madrigal, after the style of the sixteenth century," and affected the ancient spelling. The first stanza ran as follows:

I know a lytles hande;
Tyss ye softest yn ye hande,
And I see ys presure hande,
Whyle I syng.

Lyon whye and rethyng ynowe
Lyke a know-lynde on my hewe,
As a leve might flame my browe
Whyle yts syng

Well I prisse ad hajes above,
Thys care havishes of herre I love.

The song was brought out by Arthursone, and became somewhat famous.

Crouch was utterly impovient. He was very free with his money whenever he had it, and consequently seldom had any. It is said that he once assisted a needy Italian in giving a concert, and finding that the receipts were rather meager, amended the deficiency somewhat by casting in his last ten dollar bill. From Portland he went to Philadelphia, where he established a sort of a musical association. Just before the war he was teaching music in Washington, and he is said to have dined in Baltimore during the war—but as to this, there seems to be some doubt.

When Mlle. Thien sung in New York, she gave "Kathleen Mavourneen," in response to an encore. Thereupon, a fellow, who in all probability was an impostor, made his way to the stage, introduced himself as Crouch the composer, and with plentiful tears gave her his thanks for rendering the song so finely.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Kath-leen Mavour-neen! the grey dawn is breaking,} \\
\text{The hero of the} \\
\text{hunter is heard on the hill,} \\
\text{The lark from her light wing, The}
\end{align*}
\]
bright.... dew is shaking. Kathleen.... Ma-vour-noon!.... what! slum-bing

still?   Oh, hast then for-

got-ten how soon we must serv-er? Oh, hast then for-got-ten, this

day, we must part? It may be for years, and it may be for-

ends more.
ever, oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

may be for years, and it may be forever. Then why art thou

silent, kathleen mavourneen? kathleen mavourneen! awake from thy

slumber, the blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light; ah!
where is the spell that once hung on my numbers, A rise in thy beauty, thou star of my night, A rise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.

Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, my sad tears are falling, To
think that from Erin and thee I must part; It may be for
years, and it may be forever, Then why art thou silent, thou
voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it may be for-
ever, Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Ma voy-nee?
WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

The precise date of the birth of James Hogg, author of the following song, is not known. He believed that he was born January 25, 1772, but the baptismal register of Ettrick, his native parish, records his baptism as occurring December 9, 1770. At six years old, he was bound out as cow-boy, and was paid for his first year's service in "one ewe lamb, and a pair of shoes." He had but six months' schooling, and when eighteen years old, taught himself to read. For practice in writing, he copied the Italian alphabet upon a paper spread on his knees, his ink-bottle being hung at his button-hole; for he was on the hill-side watching his sheep. When at last he ventured to write out the verses that had formed themselves in his mind, he flung off his coat and vest for the effort, and could put down but few lines at a sitting. He died November 21, 1835. In 1869, a monument was raised to his memory, on the margin of St. Mary's Lake, in Ettrick Forest, where his early days were passed. It consists of a statue that represents the poet sitting on a quarried oak seat, in deep contemplation. The figure is on a lofty pedestal, which bears appropriate inscriptions,—among them, this from one of his own poems:

Flow, my Ettrick! It was thee
Into life that first did drop me;
Thee I'll sing, and when I see,
Thou wilt lend a nod to hap me.
Praising swine's will say, "Sheep,
"Here our Shepherd lies asleep."

To his pastoral song, which was first published in his novel entitled "The Three Perils of Man," Hogg gave the name "When the kye comes hame," and he says: "I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar, in the title and chorus, than a Scottish phrase so common that when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart accounts it nonsense. I was once singing at a wedding in great glee, 'When the kye come hame,' when a tailor, scratching his head, said it was a 'terrible affective way that.' I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again.

The air is an old one, with a very Scotch-sounding name of "Shame fa' the year and the blathrie olt."
1. Come, all ye jolly shepherds That whistle thro' the glen.
   I'll tell ye o' a secret That courtiers din-na ken:
   What is the greatest bliss That the tongue o' man can name?
   'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie When the kye comes hame.

2. CHORUS.
   When the kye comes hame, When the kye comes hame,
   'Tween the
Come, all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle through the glen!
I'll tell ye o' a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame!

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
Nor yet beneath the crown;
'Tis not on coach o' velvet,
Nor yet in bed o' down;
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird sings his nest
For the mate he loves to see,
And on the tassel bough
Oh, a happy bird is he!
There he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme;
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

When the bowerbeart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie bucken gowan
Has fauldit up his ee,
Then the haverock, frae the blue lift,
Drops down and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd,
That rogers on the hill;
His crooks are in the fankl,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he down gaun to bed,
For his heart is a' in a hame,
To meet his bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit stern
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear
That the heart can hardly frame!
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

Then, since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, who wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Oh who wad choose a crown,
WT its perils an' its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame?
THOU HAST WOUNDED THE SPIRIT THAT LOVED THEE.

One of the most familiar of all familiar songs is the one beginning "Thou hast wounded the Spirit that loved thee." It was written and composed by Mrs. Porter, the mother of the late Admiral of the United States Navy. She not only concealed her authorship of the song, but even modestly withheld from publication a stanza which, from its beauty, I take special pleasure in restoring to its place. I am indebted for the lines to the excellent memory of Mrs. Farragut, widow of the Admiral.

Like the sunbeams that play on the ocean,
In trophic tears of light,
In the heart in its early emotion,
Illumined with visions as bright,
Yet stilled beneath the waves swelling,
A tempest will suddenly come,
Alas rude! and wildly dispersing
The love of the happiest home.

1. Thou hast wounded the spirit that lov'd thee, And cherish'd thine image for
2. Thus we're taught in this cold world to smooth, Each feeling that once was so

years; Thou hast taught me at last to forget thee, In dear;
Like that young bird, I'll seek to discover, A

secret, is lonely and torn; As a young bird when left by its mother, Its
home of affection elsewhere; This heart may still cling to thee fondly, And
earliest pinions to try,
Round the nest will still linger
dream of sweet memories past,
Yet hope, like the rainbow of

hover,
Ere its trembling wings can fly;
As a summer,
Gives a promise of Lethe at last.
The

young bird, when left by its mother,
Its earliest pinions to try,
Round the heart may still cling to thee fondly,
And dream of sweet memories past.
Yet

nest will still linger hover,
Ere its trembling wings can fly,
Hope, like the rainbow of summer,
Gives a promise of Lethe at last.
THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

We owe "The New England Hymn," the finest Puritan lyric we have, to an English woman, Felicia Hemans, whose spirit was strongly susceptible to the religious romance and heroism that brought the pilgrims across the ocean in search of a new home.

The music of Mrs. Hemans' song was written by her sister, Miss Browne, and perhaps we owe our possession of this, and her other beautiful airs, to Sir Walter Scott and Moxeyles. The latter was visiting Scott, and, upon leaving, promised Sir Walter that he would find a London publisher for "some pretty songs set to music by Miss Browne, with words by her sister, Felicia Hemans." Moxeyles' diary records their publication.

The breaking waves dashed high, On a sterna and rock-bound coast; And the woods against a

stormy sky, Their giant branches tossed, And the heavy night hung dark, The hills and waters

o'er, When a band of exiles moored their bark On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror come, They, the true hearted come; Not with the roll of the

stirring drums, Or the trumpet that sings of fame; Not as the flying come, In
silence and in fear, They shook the depths of the desert's gloom, With their hymn of lofty cheer.

Amidst the stern they sang! And the stars heard and the sea! And the sounding aisles of the

ding woods rang To the anthem of the free! The ocean eagle sound'd From his

nest by the white waves' foam, And the rocking pines of the forest round; This was their welcome home.

What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels, bright jewels, bright jewels of the mine? The

wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine. Aye! call it holy ground, The
The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark.
Tie hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark,
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came!
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
Or the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang!
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang,
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serene and high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Aye! call it holy ground;
The spot where first they trod,
They have left unainted what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

**CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.**

The words of this spirited song were written by Charles Mackay; the music was composed by Henry Russell. In 1843, Russell went home, and sang with great success in England, Scotland, and France. During that visit he composed music for several songs of Charles Mackay's, which he rendered with great effect, at Niblo's, in New York, on his return. The London Athenaeum, in 1856, said: "Dr. Charles Mackay has been voiceless for some years. Echoes of his old music are still common in the streets where young men delight to warble 'Cheer, boys, cheer!' and in merry meeting-places, where folks are fond of anticipating 'The good time coming.'"
bear us on our way; Hope points before and shows the bright to-morrow, Let us forget the
cr over the ocean’s breast; The world shall follow in the track we're going. The star of Em-
pire

darkness of to-day. So, fare well, England, much as we adore thee,
glitters in the West. Here we had toil and little to reward it,

We'll dry the tears that we have shed before; Why should we weep to
But there shall plenty smile up on our pain; And ours shall be the

sail in search of fortune? So, fare well. England! fare well forevermore.
penitence and the forever. And boundless meadows ripe, ripe with gold and grain.

Cheer, boys, cheer, for country, mother country. Cheer, boys, cheer, the willing strong right hand,
Cheer, boys, cheer, for England, mother England. Cheer, boys, cheer, ultimate heart and hand,

Cheer, boys, cheer, there’s wealth for honest labor. Cheer, boys, cheer, for the new and happy land;
I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

The writer of this exceedingly beautiful song is William Wallace BALFE, who was born in Dublin, in 1808. His greatest success, "The Bohemian Girl," in which occurs "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls," was produced in 1843. The Opera has been translated into almost every European language. When in 1869, it was given in Paris, Balfe was decorated with the ribbon of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor of France, and was made Commander of the Order of Carlos III, by the Regent of Spain.

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, With

2. I dreamt that suitors sought my hand; That

vo-sals and serfs at my side,...... And of all who as-sisted with
knights up on bended knees......... And with vows no maid - es
in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride............ I had heart could with - stand, They pledged their faith to me............ And I

riches too great to court, Could boast of a high an - ces - tral dreamt that one of that no - ble host came forth my hand to

name........... But I al - so dreamt, which pleased me most, That you claim........... But I al - so dreamt, which charmed me most. That you

loved me still the same, That you loved me, you loved me still the

same, That you loved me, you loved me still the same.
"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.
ON THE COLD GRAY STONES, O SEA!"
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

ALFRED TENNYSON was less known, except in his poetry, as a man among men, than almost any of his professional brothers. How he looked and spoke, what he loved and hated, what was his creed, religious or political, were not revealed except by inference. Mr. James T. Fields' lecture on him afforded one of the few glimpses we have of the huge and rather unkempt person, gruff manners, and egotistical conversation, which make up a somewhat unattractive picture. The date of Tennyson's birth, which took place in Somersby, Lincolnshire, where his father was rector, was August 6, 1809. He was the third of twelve children; and those who have heard Mr. Fields, will recall the amusing incident that reveals a family trait. A bold hunter had beared the lion in his den, and on being shown into Tennyson's reception-room, saw a taciturn-looking gentleman sitting there, evidently at home. Approaching him, the visitor said blandly, "Have I the great pleasure of beholding Mr. Tennyson?" The tall figure drew itself up at full length, and in a gloomy voice replied, "I am not Alfred,—I am Septimus, the most morbid of them all." The perfect lyric "Break, Break, Break," was written to commemorate the same event that called forth "In Memoriam," the death of the author's early friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the historian of the "Middle Ages." The lament was given its appropriate musical expression, in the melody composed by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER, who set other lyrics of Tennyson's, which have become so well known, that a choice for this book was as difficult as it was necessary. "The May Queen," and "Turn, Fortune, Turn thy Wheel," will readily recur. The music was dedicated to Mrs. Browning,—not the poëtess, but an old and valued friend of the composer's, who resided at Aberdeen, Scotland. Mr. Dempster's character was well calculated to call forth life-long friendships, warm-hearted a man as I ever knew, and his moral character was unexceptionable." Tennyson died at his home at Hacemore, Surrey, October 6, 1892.

1. Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could

utter The thoughts that arise in me, O well for the fisherman's boy, That he
Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!
Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But, O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
THE GARDEN OF SLEEP.

Isidore de Lara is the composer of the music to which are sung the lines in which the author, Clement Scott, has expressed his strange fancy in this song. Clement William Scott has been for many years identified with dramatic criticism, play-production, journalism and general literary work in London. Born in 1841, he became a clerk in the War Office on graduating from Marlborough College in 1860. He began writing for the papers almost immediately, and on his retirement from the civil service in 1879, he became dramatic critic on the Daily Telegraph, and assumed the editorship of The Theatre. His published works include "Drawing Room Plays" 1869; "Lays of a Londoner" 1882; "Poems for Recitation" 1883;" "Lays and Lyrics" 1888. He has adapted many plays from the French and from other sources.

1. On the grass of the cliff, at the edge of the steep, God planted a
2. In my garden of sleep, where red poppies are spread, I wait for the

garden, a garden of sleep! Neath the blue of the sky, in the green of the
living, alone with the dead! For a tower in ruins stands guard o'er the

com, It is there that the regal red poppies are born! Brief days of death,
At whose feet are green graces of dear women a sleep! Did they love as
sire, and long dreams of delight, They are mine when my poppy-land cometh in
I love, when they liv'd by the sea? Did they wait as I wait for the days that may

sight. O! heart of my heart! where the poppies are born, I am waiting for
be? O! Life of my life! on the cliffs by the sea, By the graves in the
cold earth.

then, in the hush of the corn, O heart of my heart! where the poppies are
grass, I am waiting for thee! O Life of my life! on the cliffs by the

born, I am waiting am waiting for thee, in the hush of the
sea, By the graves in the grass I am waiting am waiting for
On the grass of the cliff, at the edge of the steep,
God planted a garden, a garden of sleep!
'Neath the blue of the sky, in the green of the corn,
It is there that the regal red poppies are born!
Brief days of desire, and long dreams of delight,
They are mine when my poppy-land cometh in sight.
O! heart of my heart! where the poppies are born,
I am waiting for thee, in the bush of the corn.

In my garden of sleep, where red poppies are spread,
I wait for the living; alone with the dead!
For a tower in ruins stands guard o'er the deep,
At whose feet are green graves of dear women asleep?
Did they love as I love, when they lived by the sea?
Did they wait as I wait for the days that may be?
O! life of my life! on the cliffs by the sea.
By the graves in the grass I am waiting for thee.
INCLUSIONS.

CARL BUSCH was born in Jutland, Denmark, March 29, 1862, but is practically an American musician, since all of his musical writing has been done since he came to the United States in 1887. After several years of private instruction he entered the conservatory of Copenhagen, where he remained three years, studying with Niels W. Gade, Toffe and Hartman. He also played in the Philharmonic orchestra of which Johans Svendsen was the conductor, and in the Music Verein, under Gade's baton. Later he won a scholarship in the Brussels conservatory, and played in Paris under the direction of Godard, Godard and others. Soon after his return home in 1887 he embarked for America where he attained distinction as an orchestral composer as well as a writer of songs. His orchestral compositions were played by Theodore Thomas at the Music Teacher's National Association concerts in Berlin, Hamburg, Leipzig, Dresden and Weimar. Among his other compositions are the cantata "The Lady of Shalott," "Ode to the Wild West Winds," "King Olaf's War Horns," for baritone, mixed chorus and orchestra; "The Voice of Spring," for tenor, female chorus and piano; and his opera "The Gay Nun," all well known. His lesser works include numerous songs and pieces for violin, viola, cello and piano. The words of the beautiful song "Inclusions" are by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Copyright, 1888, by George J. Breyer.
lie along in thine? As a little stone in a running stream it seems to lie and

pine; Now drop the poor, pale hand, dear! unfit to plight with me. Oh,

wilt thou have my cheek, dear, drawn closer to thine own? My cheek is white, my

check is worn by many a tear run down........ Now leave a little space, dear, lest
It should wet thine own.
Oh, must thou, oh, must thou, oh, must thou. Have my soul, oh, dear! Oh, dear! Commingled with thy soul?
Red grows the cheek and warm the hand, the part is in the whole; Nor hands nor cheeks keep pace when soul is joined to soul.
WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS' songs have in them the something which lives in the memory and the heart. They seem like happy accidents of a mind that could arrange and make available the talent of other men, rather than originate. General Morris was best known as a successful editor of journals of polite literature, when our country most needed such journalism. He is inseparably associated with N. P. Willis, with whom he conducted the Mirror, the New Mirror, and the Home Journal. Samuel Woodworth, whose "Old Oaken Bucket" is founded on the same sentiments that make Mr. Morris' songs popular, started the Mirror with him, when Morris was but twenty-one years old; but Woodworth very soon left the firm. General Morris was born in Philadelphia, October 10, 1802, but his life is entirely associated with New York City, where he died July 6, 1864.

The following is his own account of the way in which "Woodman, Spare that Tree" came to be written: "Rising out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prospects a blight has recently come, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale. 'Your object?' inquired I. 'Nerdy to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather, near a cottage that was once my father's.' 'The place is yours, then?' said I. 'No, my poor mother sold it,'—and I observed a slight quiver of the lip, at the recollection. 'Dear mother! resumed my companion, 'we passed many, many happy days in that old cottage; but it is nothing to me now. Father, mother, sisters, cottage—all are gone!' After a moment's pause he added, 'Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is, I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the by-gone summer-time it was a friend indeed. Its leaves are all off now, and you won't see to advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer, but I like it well enough in winter-time.' These words were scarcely uttered, when my companion cried out, 'There it is!' Near the tree stood an old man, with his coat off, sharpening an axe. He was the occupant of the cottage. 'What do you intend doing?' asked my friend, in great anxiety. 'What is that to you?' was the blunt reply. 'You are not going to cut that tree down, surely?' 'Yes, I am, though,' said the woodman. 'What for?' inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion. 'What for? Why, because I think proper to do so. What for? I like that! Well, I'll tell you what for. This tree makes my dwelling unhealthy; it stands too near the house. It renders us liable to fever-and-ague. 'Who told you that?' 'Dr. S——,' 'Have you any other reason for wishing it cut down?' 'Yes,—I am getting old; the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of some value to me to burn.' He was soon convinced, however, that the story about the fever-and-ague was
a mere fiction, for there had never been a case of that disease in the neighborhood; and we then asked what the tree was worth for firewood. Why, when it's down, about ten dollars. 'Suppose I make you a present of that amount, will you let it stand?' 'Yes.' 'You are sure of that?' 'Positive.' 'Then give me a bond to that effect.' I drew it up, it was witnessed by his daughter, the money was paid, and we left the place with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as a Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived.'

Henry Russell composed the appropriate melody, and the tree which the woodman had spared was crowned with lovely greenery. He says: 'After I had sung the noble ballad of 'Woodman, spare that tree,' at Boulogne, an old gentleman among the audience, who was greatly roved by the simple and touching beauty of the words, rose and said, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Russell, but was the tree really spared?' 'It was,' said I. 'I am very glad to hear it,' said he, as he took his seat amidst the applause of the whole assembly. I never saw such excitement in my concert-room.'

1. Woodman, spare that tree! Touch not a single bough; In youth, it sheltered me, And I'll protect it now; 'Twas my fore-father's hand, That placed it near his cot, There, woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it no!
3d VERSE.

2. That old fa\-miliar tree, Whose glo\-ry and re\-nown, Are spread o\'ver land and

sea, And wouldst thou hew it down? Wood\-man, for\-bear thy stroke! Cut

not its earth-bound ties; Oh, spare that a\-ged oak, Now towering to the skies.

4th VERSE.

3. When but an i\-dle boy I sought its grate\-ful shade; In all their gush\-ing

joy Here, too, my sis\-ters played; My moth\-er kissed me here; My

fa\-ther pressed my hand, For\-give this fool\-ish tear, But let that old oak stand.

4. My heart-string\'s round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend! Here shall the wild-bird

sing, And still thy branch\-es bend, Old tree the storm shall brave, And

wood\-man, leave thee, While I\'ve a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm, it not.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I\'ll protect it now;
'Twas my forefathers\' hand,
That placed it near his cot,
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown,
Are spread o\'ver land and sea,
And wo\-uldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, for\-bear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand,
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-string\'s round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree the storm shall brave,
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I\'ve a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.
SWEET BIRDIE, SING.

The words of this song are by Walter Egerton; the music is by W. F. Taylor.

_Birdie, sing a-gain, Thy song send up on high, Float-eth glad mel-o-dy Up-

song speaks all of joy, For hap-pi-ness that's giv'n, 'Tis a glad song of thanks And_
on the sum - mer sky, Poised by thy fast - ring wings. 
praises up to Heav'n; Thy sweet notes then peal out Un - til the weal - kin ring.

love to hear thee sing. Thy song of beau - ty rare. ) Sweet Bird, Sweet Bird,
love to hear thy song. Again sweet Bird sing. J Sweet Bird, Sweet Bird,

Sing, oh sing a - gain.
THE GERMAN WATCHMAN’S SONG.

It is the custom of some of the watchmen in Germany to sing songs during the night, a stanza of a national, amusing, or devotional song, for a kind of “All’s well,” as they announce each hour. The following was one of the special favorites.

The music was composed by J. Heffernan.

1. Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell, Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!

2. Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—Eleven sounds on the belfry bell! Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!

Ten are the holy commandments given, To man below, from God in hear’n,
Heaven in heart, and in the earth, Taught the gospel to man-kind.

Human watch from harm can’t ward us: God will watch, and God will guard us.

He, through his eternal might, Grant us all a blessed night.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—Twelve resounds from the belfry bell! Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve Disciples to Jesus came, Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour’s name. Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour’s name.

Human watch, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—One has pealed on the belfry bell! One has pealed on the belfry bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed, Who bears us up in hour of need. Who bears us up in hour of need.

Human watch, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—Two now rings from the belfry bell! Two now rings from the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free, Neighbor, oh, choose the best for thee! Neighbor, oh, choose the best for thee!

Human watch, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—Three now sounds on the belfry bell! Three now sounds on the belfry bell!
Threefold reigns the heavenly Host, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Human watch, etc.
Contributors to Famous Songs.

A GROUP OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS.
Palm Branches.

Jean Baptiste Faure, the writer of this celebrated song, is the idol of all Paris. He has made his mark as composer, teacher, singer, and actor, and is content to spend the rest of his days in his home city surrounded by all that makes life pleasurable. For he has amassed a fortune with his various lines of work; he is a man of great culture, and has one of the best collections of pictures owned by a private individual in Paris. Faure was born in 1835, and was a student of the famous Paris Conservatory when a lad of thirteen. He took the first prizes for singing and for opera comique, and made his public debut in 1852. For over a quarter of a century he was a most prominent figure on the operatic stage, creating many of the great baritone roles of modern opera. Of his songs "The Palms" is the best known. For many years it was sung annually by the composer on Palm Sunday in Paris, and always to the most enthusiastic auditors. The writer of the sketch had the pleasure of hearing Monsieur Faure sing "The Palms" on one of these festival occasions in Paris, when the audience demanded six repetitions of the last verse before they were satisfied.

1. O'er all the way, green palms and blossoms gay.

And strews this day in festive preparation,
Where Jesus comes, to wipe our tears away.

E'en now the throng to welcome Him prepare;

Join all and sing, His name declare,

Let every voice resound with acclamation, Ho-
2. His word goest forth and peoples by its might..... Once more re-gain free-dom from

3. Sing and rejoice, ob-lust Je-ra-sa-lem...... Of all thys sons sing the e-

deg-ra- da-tion, Hu-man-i-ty doth give to each his right.....

man-ci-pa-tion— Through bound-less love, the Christ of Beth-le-hem.....

While those in dark-ness find re-stored the light, Join all and sing, His

Brings faith and hope to thee for-ev-er-more. Join all and sing, His
name declare, Let every voice resound with acclamation Ho-

saunna! Praised be the Lord! Bless Him who cometh to bring us sal-

Largo.

va-

tion!........

Largo.

Im & ff. 3rd or last time.
SWEET AND LOW.

LULLABY, FOR MALE VOICES.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON.  Music by J. BARNBY, Arr. by W. D.

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west- ern sea, Low, low, breathe and blow,

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west-ern sea, Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the west-ern sea, Over the roll-ing wa ters go, Come from the dying

Wind of the west-ern sea, Over the wa ters go, Come from the

Wind of the west-ern sea, Over the roll-ing wa ters go, Come from the dying

Wind of the west-ern sea, Over the roll-ing wa ters go, Come from the

Moon, and blow, Blow him again to me, While my lit- tle one, while my lit-tle one sleeps,

Moon, and blow, Blow him again to me, While my lit-tle one, while my lit-tle one sleeps,
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon, Rest, rest on mother's breast.

Father will come to thee soon, Father will come to his babe in the nest, Silver sails all.

Father will come to thee soon, Father will come to his babe, Silver sails out.

Father will come to thee soon, Father will come to his babe in the nest, Silver sails all.

Father will come to thee soon, Father will come to his babe in the nest, Silver sails out.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon, Rest, rest on mother's breast.

out of the west, Under the silver moon, Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

of the west, Under the silver moon, Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

out of the west, Under the silver moon, Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

of the west, Under the silver moon, Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.
BOAT SONG.

"Lightly Row" was a tuneful companion of our fathers and mothers in the days of their childhood and youth. They sung it in the day-school and in the singing-school; and it timed their ears when they went "out roving." The air is an old Spanish melody.

1. Lightly row, lightly row! Over the glassy waves we go! Smoothly glide, smoothly glide,

2. Far a-way, far a-way, Echo in the rocks at play; Call-aht out, call-aht out,

On the silent tide! Let the winds and waters be mingled with our melody.
To this lovely spot, On-ly with the sea-bird's note Shall our dying music float.

Sing and float, sing and float, In our little boat! Lightly row, lightly row, Echo's voice is low.
LOVELY MARY DONELLY.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, who wrote the words of this song, was born in Ballyshannon, Ireland, in 1828. His father was a bank cdr in that town, and the son received a good education and became a poet of acknowledged ability. In his "English Note-Books," under date of February 23, 1854, Hawthorne says: "There came to see me the other day, a young gentleman, with a mustache and a blue coat, who announced himself as William Allingham, and handed me a copy of his poems, a thin volume, with paper covers, published by Routledge. I thought I remembered hearing his name, but had never seen any of his works. His face was intelligent, dark, pleasing, and not at all John-Bollish. He said that he had been employed in the Customs in Ireland, and was now going to London to live by literature,—to be connected with some newspaper, I imagine. He had been in London before, and was acquainted with some of the principal literary people,—among others, Tennyson and Carlyle. He seemed to have been on rather intimate terms with Tennyson... We talked awhile in my dingy and dusty Consulate, and he then took leave. His manners are good, and he appears to possess independence of mind." Allingham has done much and varied literary work, including several volumes of poems, and since 1874 has been the editor of Fraser's Magazine.

The music of this song was written by THEODORE T. BARKER.

1. O lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best! If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest, Be what it may, the time of day, the
miles a sound was missing from the floor; But Mary kept the belt of love, and
2. The dance of last Whit Monday's past is not before, No pretty girl for
oh, you're the flower of mankind, in country or in town; The higher I ex-
3. Oh, where is my beauty bright, And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but
place be where it will, Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me
Oh! but she was gay! She danced a jig, she sang a song, that took my heart a-
still. Her eyes like mountain water
way. When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
right. O! might we live to gather in royal palace hall,

where they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock.
know she nearly killed itself to listen to her feet;
joyful music rises and where scarlet curtains fall!

sunshine, and wetted with a shower,
kindness, he heard her so much praised,
gather, in a cottage mean and small,

has me in its power, O lovely Mary, Mary,
love you Mary, Mary,
love you Mary, Mary, your beauty's my delight.

roll, a tempo,
roll, a tempo,
best! If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest. Be
best! If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest. Be
cross, It's far too handsome to be mine, but I'll never wish it less. The

what it may, the time of day, the place be where it will. Sweet
what it may, the time of day, the place be where it will. Sweet
proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low. But

bells of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still,
bells of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still,
blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go.
WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

HOMER GREENE, the author of "What my Lover Said" is a lawyer and civil engineer, residing at Honesdale, Pennsylvania. He was born on the 10th of January, 1853, in Ariel, Pennsylvania, was graduated with honors from Union College and showed marked literary ability at an early age. The two dramas from his pen "The Blind Brother" and "Bomham Breaker" were both published in Eighty-seven, and since then he has written a number of choice poems.

HOMER NEWTON BARTLETT, a prominent New York musician and composer, was born on the 28th of December, 1846. At the age of five he played the violin with considerable skill, and at fourteen was organist in one of the churches of his native town. Later on he was organist of the Collegiate Reform Church in New York, and has been for many years organist and choirmaster of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church in the same city. Among Mr. Bartlett's later and more important works are "Saloon," an oratorio, and the "Last Chieftain," a cantata for male voices and orchestra. Mr. Bartlett has composed many beautiful and popular songs, and is considered one of America's finest orchestral tone poets.

Copyright 1905, by E. P. T. Taylor & Co.

1. By the wet chanoes, in the twilight gloom, In the
2. In the high, wet grass Went the path to hide, And the
3. I am sure he knew, when he held me fast, That I

Aunace.

La melodia sonneta.
orch- and path he met me; In the tall, wet grass, with its
low wet leaves hung o-ver; But I could not pass up-on
must be all un-will-ing; For I tried to go, and I

faint per-fume, And I tried to pass, but he made no room, Oh I
either side, For I found my self, when I rain-ly tried, In the
would have passed, As the night was come with its dew at last, And the

tried, Oh I tried, Oh I tried but he would not
arms in the arms, In the arms of my steady fast
sky, and the sky, And the sky with its stars was

let me, So
lov-er, And he
fill-ing, But he
By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
Oh I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said;)
Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!)
In the high, the wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,
To listen to all that my lover said;)
Oh, the leaves hanging lovely o'er me!)
Had he moved aside but a little way,
I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
To listen to all that my lover said;)
Oh, the whispering wind around us!)
I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling.
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out where the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said;)
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)
I knew that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry my secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the soul-speaking lips of my lover;
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dewy-laden clover,
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.
IN THY DREAMS.

DUDLEY BUCK, to whom we are indebted for the music to this sweet song, is one of the foremost composers of this country. He has attempted every form of composition and is well known as a writer of songs, of orchestral works, of cantatas, of organ pieces and church anthems and services. No better settings of the hymns "Rock of Ages," and "Lead, Kindly Light," and no more popular church music have been written by an American.

Mr. Buck has been connected with many of the more prominent movements for the advancement of music in America, and has given his time and his talent in many directions for the furthering of this cause. Born in Hartford, Conn., in 1839, he was destined by his father to a commercial life, but the boy would have none of it. Music and music only was to be his life work, and none too soon could he begin his apprenticeship to his beloved art.

As a boy of sixteen he studied with a Mr. Babcock of his native place, having already proved to his father, by his familiarity with the works of the great masters, that he was equal to the best teachers he could furnish him. For three years he worked and studied at home, spending much of the time at Trinity College, where he laid the foundation of the broad, liberal education for which he is noted. Next came a trip to Europe that consumed four years more. At Leipzig he had for teachers, Richter, Hauptmann, Moscheles, and Pahud, and for fellow-classmates at the conservatory, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Carl Rosa. Dresden had at this time both Reitz and Schneider, and thither went Mr. Buck for further work under these masters.

And now comes a period in Buck's life that has tinged his whole career and made one form of his composition—that of church music—so famous throughout the country. On his return from Europe he was appointed organist of the Park Church; and finding but little that was suitable for his choir, he composed, arranged and adapted until the Park Church Choir had a repertoire second to none. The edifice was thronged with listeners and it was not long before Dudley Buck’s church music was sung throughout the entire country.

In 1867 Mr. Buck's father died and he was ensconced to move to Chicago, but returned East in 1871, after the great fire, and settled in Boston where for three years he was organist of St. Paul's, of Music Hall, and of the Shawmut Avenue Church. Mr. Theodore Thomas invited him to come to New York in 1874 and the invitation he accepted, becoming assistant conductor to Thomas and continuing his church work both as organist and composer.


The words of "In Thy Dreams" are a translation from the German by J. S. Dwight.

---

(*Music notation*)

End by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Co., owners of the copyright.
hearest
Raps on the window-pane;
Then shall the Wind say: "Dearest! dearest!

'tis
O let me in!
Thy lover is so shy of thee,

song, the kiss, by me.
Slumber sweet, darling dear, slumber!"
dreaming. Why shines the light so clear,
Then will the Moon bright beam, ing, bright

bending, Sing: "I,.......... yes, I,........ would enter thee! I come from one who watch doth

keep, And pray for thee, while thou'rt asleep; Shame, bess, sweet, dar'ing dear.

shame - bee!"
If they thy dreams are ringing, sweet echoes from the vale, To thee a bird is
singing, singing: "Tis I, tis I, tis the nightingale!
I love and longing will I sing, Till dawn to thee good morn now bring. Shun-her sweet,
darling dear, shun-her!"
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.

This is one of the celebrated "Jubilee Songs," first sung in public by pupils of Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, a school founded soon after the close of the War, for the education of colored men and women. In 1866, a teacher in the University, Professor George L. White, gave a public concert with ex-slave children. The proceeds of this beginning of what afterwards grew into a wonderful missionary success, was four hundred dollars. Two years later Professor White, with a selected company of colored singers, gave a concert in Memphis at the Opera House. Perhaps no more gratifying success was achieved by Professor White than at the meeting of the National Teachers' Association in 1867. The writer of this sketch was at the meeting, and participated in its proceedings, and can testify to the truth of another's statement that, "no popular war Mr. White's colored choir that their services were demanded for all the meetings during the occasion."

Thus began the "Jubilee Singers." But who shall do justice to the origin, growth and production, in a manner pleasing to a wondering public, of these weirdly beautiful and fascinating folksongs like the one here presented?

The solo may be sung by a single voice, or, as is the custom with many concert compositions by all the Tenors and Altos in unison.

Let the Treble closely connect the words "house" and "sway" as indicated by the legato mark.
Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Coming for to car-ry me home; Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Coming for to car-ry me home.

1. I looked o-ver Jor-dan, what did I see, Coming for to car-ry me home. A
2. If you get there be-fore I do, Coming for to car-ry me home, Tell
REFRAIN.

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, what did I see,
Comming for to carry me home,
A band of angels comming after me,
Comming for to carry me home.
Swing low, etc.

The brightest day that ever I saw,
Comming for to carry me home—
Where Jesus washed my sins away,
Comming for to carry me home.
Swing low, etc.

If you get there before I do,
Comming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm comming too,
Comming for to carry me home.
Swing low, etc.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Comming for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Comming for to carry me home.
Swing low, etc.
GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

The words of this song are from THOMAS MOORE'S "Irish Melodies." The music was composed by HALFDAN KJERULF, a Swedish musician, who was born in Christiania, in 1818, and died at the same place in 1868. He composed industriously all his life, devoting himself chiefly to the production of pianoforte music and popular songs and part songs.
1. Go where glory waits thee, But while fame endures thee, Still, oh! still, oh! still... remember me! When the praise thou hast bestowed, To thine ear is sweetest, Then, oh! then remember me!

2. When at eve thou rovest, By the star thou lovest, Then, oh! then... remember me! When the light that shines o'er thee, Bright we've seen it burning, Then, oh! then remember me!

3. When around the dying Autumn leaves are lying, Then, oh! then... remember me! When the song of the morning, On the gay hearth, And, at night, when gazing... remember me!
If other arms may press thee, dearer friends may press thee, all the
love, as summer closes, when thine eye resumes, co in its
Thee should nurse, stealing all the soul of feeling, to thy

bless thee, sweet farewell may
lingering roses, once so loved by
heart appealing, draw one tear from

be.
But when friends are next, and when joys are
then, think of her who were then, he who made thee
Then let memory bring thee Strauss I used to

dear, then remember me, then remember me.
sing, then remember me, then remember me!
Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame chases thee,
Still, oh! still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,
Then, oh! then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends courts thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be.
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Then remember me!

When at eve thou rovest,
By the star thou loves,
'Then, oh! then remember me!
Think when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Then, oh! then remember me!

Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye repose
On its lingering view,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Then remember me!
When around the dying
Autumn leaves are lying,
Then, oh! then remember me!
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Still, oh! still remember me!
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
'Then, oh! then remember me!

Then, oh! then remember me!
A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

EVERS SARGENT, author of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," was born in Gloucester, Mass., September 27, 1812. He is well known as the author of much graceful prose and verse, and the editor of several fine collections. He was a journalist and long resided in Boston, where he died in December, 1880. I am indebted to him for this history of the song:

"A Life on the Ocean Wave was written for HENRY RUSSELL. The subject of the song was suggested to me as I was walking, one breezy, sun-bright morning in spring, on the Battery, in New York, and looking out upon the ships and the small craft under full sail. Having completed my song and my walk together, I went to the office of the Mirror, wrote out the words, and showed them to my good friend, George P. Morris. After reading the piece, he said, 'My dear boy, this is not a song; it will never do for music; but it is a very nice little lyric; so let me take it, and publish it in the Mirror.' I consented, and concluded that Morris was right. Some days after the publication of the piece, I met Russell. 'Where is that song?' he asked. 'I tried my hand at one and failed,' said I. 'How do you know that?' 'Morris tells me it won't answer.' 'And is Morris infallible? Hand me the piece, young man, and let us go into Hewitt's back room here, at the corner of Park Place and Broadway, and see what we can make out of your lines.'

"We passed through the music store, Russell seated himself at the piano; read over the lines attentively; hummed an air or two to himself; then ran his fingers over the keys, then stopped as if nonplussed. Suddenly a bright idea seemed to dawn upon him; a melody had all at once floated into his brain, and he began to hum it, and to sway himself to its movement. Then striking the keys tentatively a few times, he at last confidently launched into the air since known as 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.' 'I've got it!' he exclaimed. It was all the work of a few minutes. I pronounced the melody a success, and it proved so. The copyright of the song became very valuable, though I never got anything from it myself. It at once became a favorite, and soon the bands were playing it in the streets. A year or two after its publication, I received from England copies of five or six different editions that had been issued there by competing publishers."

1. A life on the ocean wave! A home on the rolling
   deep! Where the scattered waters rave! And the winds their terrors frown.

2. The land is no longer in view! The clouds have begun to
   But with a stout vessel and crew! We'll say, let the storm come
keep! A home on the rolling deep!..... Where the
down! The clouds have begun to frown..... But with

Spirito.

scattered waters rave..... And the winds their revels keep!..... Like an eagle eag'd I
a stony vessel and crew..... We'll say, let the storm come down! And the song of our hearts shall

pin..... On this dull, unchanging shore..... Oh give me the flashing bough!..... The
be..... While the winds and the waters rave..... A life on the heaving sea!..... A

Cresc.

spray and the tempest roar!..... A life on the ocean wave!..... A home on the rolling

home on the bounding wave..... Cresc. and fff
deep! Where the scattered waters rave, And the winds their revels keep! The

wind, the winds, the winds their revels keep! The winds, the

pp legato.

winds, the winds their revels keep!

solo.

cres. f

decres.
Once more on the deck I stand..... Of my own swift-gilding craft..... Set sail! farewell to the

land..... The gale follows fair a-baft.

Of my own swift-gilding

craft..... Set sail! farewell to the land..... The gale follows fair a-baft..... We shoot thru' the sparkling

foam..... Like an o-cean bird set free..... Like the o-cean bird our home..... We'll
find far out on the sea
A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scatt'rd waters rave,
And the winds their rev'ls keep!
The winds, the winds their rev'ls keep!
The winds, the winds their rev'ls keep!

Coda, ad lib
O SAY NOT THAT MY HEART IS COLD!

WHEN CHARLES WOLFE had written this song, and was arranging it to the exquisite old Irish melody called "Granuaile," his feelings so overpowered him, that to give them expression he immediately wrote the well-known poem, "To Mary," which begins—

"If I had thought thou couldst have said,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forget, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be."

1. O my not that my heart is cold To aught that once could warm it— That
2. Still oft those scene, scenes I view In Weep and dream—y and—ness— Oft
3. Stern Dappy rose, and, frowning, sung His lead—en chain a—round me; With

Nature's form, so dear of old, No more has power to charm it; Or
look on those who loved them too, With fan—cy's idle glad—ness, A
iron look and sul—len tongue, He must be bound me,— "The

that the—gen—er—ous world can chill One glow of fond emo—tion, For
gain I longed to view the light In Na—ture's fea—ures glow—ing, A
mount—a—in breeze, the bound—less heav'n, Un—fit for tell the crea—ture; These

those who made it dear—er still, And shared my wild de—vo—tion,
gain to tread the mount—ain's height, And taste the soul's over—flowing,
for the free a—lone are given—But what have slaves with na—ture!"
THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

Henry S. Washburn, who wrote the words of this song, is a native of Plymouth, Mass. He was educated at Brown University, and went into business in Worcester, and afterwards at East Boston, as a manufacturer of wire. He has been a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and now resides in Boston. Among his numerous fugitive poems, one on the burial of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, on the island of St. Helena, was set to music by Mr. Heath, and has enjoyed considerable celebrity.

Lyman Heath, composer of the music, was born in Bow, New Hampshire, August 24, 1804, and was a noted vocalist and composer. He died in Nashua, which had been his home for thirty-five years, June 30, 1870.

The "lone barren isle" of St. Helena was not, however, destined to be the last earthly resting-place of Bonaparte: for in 1840 the grave was opened and the body of the emperor was removed to Paris. The tomb, constructed by Visconti, is situated beneath the Dome of the Eglise des Invalides; from the pavement of which rises the sarcophagus, thirteen feet long, nearly seven feet wide, and fourteen and a half feet high, consisting of a single huge block of reddish-brown granite weighing nearly one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

The accompanying portrait of Napoleon is from the celebrated painting by Paul Delaroche, to whom historical pictures are mainly indebted for their popularity in France.

1. On a lone barn-a-ric isle, where the wild roar-ing billows, As o'er the stern
2. Oh, shade of the mighty, where now are the legions, That rush'd but to
3. Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb can not bind thee, For like thine own
rock, and the loud tempests rave, The hero lies still, while the dew-dropping
conquer when thou ledst them on; Ahas they have perished in far by
en-gle, that soar'd to the sun, Thea spring-est from bondage, and leavest be-

willow, Like foul weeping mourners weep o'er the grave. The light-suns may
regions, And all save the fame of their triumph is gone. The trumpet may
kind thee, A name which before thee no mortal had won. Thou may'st

flash, and the loud thunder rattle, He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all
sound and the loud cannon rattle, They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all
combat, and war's thunder rattle, No more on the steed will thou sweep o'er the

pain; He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle, No sound can a-
pain; They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle, No sound can a-
plain; Thou shalt thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle, No sound can a-
wake him to glo-ry a-gain, No sound can a-wake him to
wake them to glo-ry a-gain, No sound can a-wake them to
wake thee to glo-ry a-gain, No sound can a-wake thee to

go-ry a-gain.
g-o-ry a-gain.

Oh, shade of the mighty, where now are the legions,
That rushed out to conquer when thou ledst them on;
Alas, they have perished in far hilly regions,
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.
The trumpet may sound and the loud cannon rattle,
They heed not, they bear not, they’re free from all pain;
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again.

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
For like thine own eagle, that soared to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee,
A name which before thee no mortal had won.
Though nations may condestr, and war’s thunders rattle,
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o’er the plain;
Thou sleep’st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.
THE BRIDGE.

The poets of New England have immortalized in their verse many of the localities about their homes, as well as the customs of New England and the history of the Pilgrim Fathers. This poem of Longfellow's, more familiar perhaps, by its first line, "I stood on the bridge at midnight," than by its title, was originally called by the poet "The Bridge over the Charles"—the Charles River, which flows between Boston and Cambridge, having inspired more than one of the Boston literati: to reflections in prose or poetry, Longfellow himself having written several poems on the same theme. The title was subsequently changed in his collected works because it was rather in the universality of the thought than in its special application that the interest was found to lie. It is a poem of humanity by one of the most sympathetic of American poets. The lyric simplicity of much of Longfellow's poetry adapts it peculiarly well to musical setting. The music here given, by Miss M. Lindsay, is particularly appropriate to Longfellow's words.

1. I stood on the bridge at midnight, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the moon rose over the city, Behind the dark church-tower.

2. For my heart was hot and restless, And my life was full of toil. And the burden laid upon me, Seemed greater than I could bear. But now it has fallen from me, It is
mong the wood - en pier, A flood of thoughts came
bar - ried in the sea, And only the sor - row of

o'er me That filled my eyes with tears, How
others Throws its shad - ow o - ver me. Yet when

oft - en, O how oft - en, In the days that had gone
ever I cross the riv - er, On its bridge with wood - en

by, I had stood on that bridge at mid - night And
pier, Like the o - dor of brine from the o - cean Comes the
gazed on that wave and sky! How often, O how
thought of other years. And forever, and for-

often, In the days... that had gone by, I had
ever, As long as the river flows, As

stood on that bridge at midnight, And gazed on that wave and
long as the heart has passions, As long..... as life has

sky! How often, O how often, I had
woes, The moon and its broken reflection, And its
I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now 't has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its waver ing image here.
TO GREECE WE GIVE OUR SHINING BLADES.

This is the opening song in Thomas Moore's "Evenings in Greece." Sir Henry Rowley Bishop arranged the air.

1. The sky is bright, the breeze is fair, And the main-sail flowing full and free, 
   Our parting word is woman's prayer, And the sea, foaming sea.
   Hope before us—liberty! Liberty!
   Farewell! To Greece we give our shining blades, our shining blades.

2. The moon is in the heaven above, And the wind is on the foaming sea; 
   Thus shines the star of woman's love, On the glowing strains of liberty! liberty!
   Farewell! Our hearts to you, young Ze-phan maids; young Ze-phan maids!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ace Fond Kiss</td>
<td>439</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Afton Water</td>
<td>334</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allie Darling</td>
<td>321</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Am I Not Fondly Thine Own?</td>
<td>413</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angel's Whisper, The</td>
<td>336</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annie Laurie</td>
<td>424</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are There Tidings?</td>
<td>494</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bingo</td>
<td>596</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blue Bells of Scotland, The</td>
<td>426</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boat Song</td>
<td>544</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Break, Break, Break</td>
<td>521</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bridge, The</td>
<td>572</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brookside, The</td>
<td>423</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bungle Song</td>
<td>366</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bunch of Violets, A</td>
<td>359</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Currier Dove, The</td>
<td>449</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheer, Boys, Cheer</td>
<td>514</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cloag of the Wooden Shoon</td>
<td>488</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl</td>
<td>398</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constancy</td>
<td>414</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creole Love Song</td>
<td>400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Days of Absence</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dustman, The</td>
<td>474</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flowers of the Forest</td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garden of Sleep, The</td>
<td>523</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>German Watchman's Song, The</td>
<td>534</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go Where Glory Waits Thee</td>
<td>539</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grave of Bonaparte, The</td>
<td>529</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hannah's at the Window Binding Shoes</td>
<td>447</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honeymoon</td>
<td>496</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls</td>
<td>516</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If I Were a Voice</td>
<td>482</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If I Were a Voice</td>
<td>482</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If Love Were What the Rose Is</td>
<td>377</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If You, Long</td>
<td>356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Remember</td>
<td>377</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inclusions</td>
<td>526</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It Was a Dream</td>
<td>522</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jessie</td>
<td>358</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane</td>
<td>436</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Just as It Used to Do</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kathleen Movournceen</td>
<td>502</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lass that Loves a Sailor, The</td>
<td>471</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last Rose of Summer, The</td>
<td>339</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauriger Horatius</td>
<td>402</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life on the Ocean Wave, A</td>
<td>563</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light of Other Days, The</td>
<td>479</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lochaber No More</td>
<td>400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love, I Will Love You Ever</td>
<td>484</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lovely Mary Donnelly</td>
<td>515</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love Me if I Live</td>
<td>394</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love's Old, Sweet Song</td>
<td>352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love's Riorntella</td>
<td>331</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Low-Backed Car, The</td>
<td>312</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maryland, My Maryland</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minuet, The</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Ain Fireside</td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Heart's in the Highlands</td>
<td>405</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night Has a Thousand Eyes, The</td>
<td>493</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, Hash Thee, My Baby</td>
<td>347</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, Boys, Carry Me Long</td>
<td>339</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Friends, True Friends</td>
<td>416</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Morning Land</td>
<td>453</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Only a Song</td>
<td>374</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Say Not that my Heart is Cold</td>
<td>568</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palm Branches</td>
<td>537</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pat Malloy</td>
<td>380</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilgrim Fathers</td>
<td>512</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilot, The</td>
<td>397</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rose Marie</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rose that All Are Praising, The</td>
<td>375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sands o' Dee, The</td>
<td>410</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silver Threads Among the Gold</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleep Well, Thon Sweet Angel</td>
<td>470</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldier's Dream, The</td>
<td>387</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some Love to Roam</td>
<td>399</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Storm, The</td>
<td>348</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swan Song</td>
<td>432</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet and Low</td>
<td>542</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Birdie, Sing</td>
<td>532</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweetheart, Farewell !</td>
<td>428</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swing Low, Sweet Chariot</td>
<td>536</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sword of Bunker Hill, The</td>
<td>467</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then You'll Remember Me</td>
<td>342</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou Art Like unto a Flower</td>
<td>372</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou Hast Wounded the Spirit that Loved Thee</td>
<td>510</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Fishers</td>
<td>303</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Greece We Give Our Shining Blades</td>
<td>526</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Touch Us Gently, Time</td>
<td>337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Twas When the Seas Were Rearing</td>
<td>468</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watch on the Rhine</td>
<td>492</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What My Lover Said</td>
<td>548</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Will You Do, Love?</td>
<td>362</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Other Friends are Round Thee</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Shall We Three Meet Again?</td>
<td>451</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the Kye Comes Hame</td>
<td>507</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where the Bee Sucks</td>
<td>568</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Squall, The</td>
<td>436</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodman, Spare That Tree</td>
<td>529</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yankee Doodle</td>
<td>446</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>