A GROUP OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS.
Elizabeth Hamilton, author of the words of "My Ain Fireside," was born in Belfast, Ireland. Her noble Scottish ancestors had left their country on account of religious opinions. Miss Hamilton's father died a year after her birth, leaving his widow destitute, with three children. An aunt in Scotland took the little Elizabeth, and when, soon after, the mother died also, permanently adopted her. The girl was carefully educated by this aunt, whose care she rewarded with the most faithful love. After the death of nearly all their kindred, Miss Hamilton and her sister made their home in Edinburgh. Here Mrs.—or, as she was by courtesy entitled, Mrs.—Hamilton, received the attention and friendship which she deserved, and which her then popular writings—among them, the story of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie"—naturally brought her. In youth, she formed an unfortunate attachment, and she never married. In hope of recovering her health, she visited the baths of Harrowgate, England, where she died in 1816.

At one time Mrs. Hamilton left her home, to take care of the motherless family of a nobleman. She remained with them six months, and it is said that she wrote the song, "My Ain Fireside."

1. O I hae seen great a'ns and sat in great hae's, 'Mang lords and 'mang la' dies a'
2. Ane ceair, heart'ns be prais'd I round my ain heart'ns in gle, Wi' the friends o' my youth I cor-
3. Nae false hood to dread, nae maip ice to fear, But truth to de-light me, and cov er'd wi braw's; But a sight nae de-light'ful I trow I ne'er spied As the
dial - by mis - gled; Nae ivon to com - pet me to seem wise or gled I may friend - ship to cheer; O' a roads to hap - pi - ness ever were tried There's
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 Coupé. 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 Burschenspiel which begins:

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum.
Wie grös 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 des-pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma-ry-land! My Ma-ry-land! His
2. Hark! to a wan-dering son's ap-peal, Ma-ry-land! My Ma-ry-land! My
3. Thou wilt not row-er in the dust, Ma-ry-land! My Ma-ry-land! Thy

\[ \text{Musical notation} \]
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 decked 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 give 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,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
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;
"Sic semper," 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

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

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! My Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland! My Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From h'ill to h'ill, 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, fife, and drum,
Maryland! My Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,
Huzzah! 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 Place, 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 Clovelly, 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 1836, 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 fish-ers went sail-ing out to the west, Out to the west as the
2. Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r, And they trim'd the lamps as the

Adagio.
BUGLE SONG.

John Leopold 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.

All'egro moderato.

1st Tenor. f

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

2nd Tenor. f

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

1st Bass. f

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

2nd Bass. f

shakes across the lakes. And the wild cat-a-ract leaps in glory... Blow, bugle, blow,

shakes across the lakes. And the wild cat-a-ract leaps in glory... Blow, bugle, blow,

shakes across the lakes. And the wild cat-a-ract leaps in glory... Blow, bugle, blow,
The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits o'er in story:
The long light微笑s across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying.
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

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

Oh, love, they dip in yon rich sky,
They float 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.
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. Weatherly, one of the most popular lyric writers of the present day, and several of the leading musical composers, including James L. Malloy and Stephen Adams. For the latter he wrote the words of "Nancy Lee," "The Midshipman," and other songs. His work with Malloy has been more extended, and includes the authorship of the words of some of that composer's most popular productions. Among these are "Folly," "Darby and Joan," "Rose-Marie," etc.

Moderate.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]
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 not 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 Émouville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. His melody has now been so long associated in our minds with its hymn-book title of “Greenville,” that it seems odd to connect it with this French love song. In Europe it is called “Rousseau's Dream.”

1. Days of absence, End and dreary, Clothed in sorrow's dark array; When the heart sighs, longs in vain, When this bosom case to mourn?

2. Bliss, too quickly vanished, When wilt thou come like thee return; Not till that loved voice can greet me,

Not till those sweet eyes can meet me,

Telling that I still am dear;

Days of absence then will vanish,

Joy will all my pains repay;

Soon my bosom’s idol banish,

Gloom, but felt when she’s away.

All my love is turned to mourning,

Absence pays the tender vow,

Hopes 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.
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; Der's no more trouble for me; I's wander'd many a day. I'm hearts so happy and light. I'se meadows covered wid green.
2. All o'er de land I've blow'd de horn And mind de corn, And sing a song De whole day long, And shoot de Boss, And de old greyhoss, All.
3. Fare well to de boys, Wid beat'en, broken and lean. Fare - well to de dog. Dat al - ways followed me.
4. Fare well to de hills De all de niggers am free. I've worked long in de fields; I'se hand - led ma - ny a dance de ju - ba at night. Fare - well to de fields. Oh cot - tie, ba - ca - co, and
hoe; I'll turn my eye, Before I die, And see de sugar cane grow....
low; My horn is dry, And I must lie, Whate'er she bade go...
all; I'm guine to hoe, In a bress ed row, Whate'er she bade grow and tall....
round; Old San cho' ll walk, 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 de burying ground,

Mas- sa, don't you cry....
Night is advancing, The Brigand's abroad;
Thou art the robber, The captive is he;
Tis Marsamini Him self who now sings—

Lonely Zitelha hath too much to fear;
Gentle Zitelha banish thy fear;
Gentle Zitelha banish thy fear;

Love's Ritornella she may not hear."
Love's Ritornella tardry and hear."
Love's Ritornella tardry and hear."
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 situate on the bank of Sweet Aften, a small river in Ayrshire. The melody to which Mr. J. E. Speelman 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, aid
2. Thou stock-dove, whose echo re-

mang thy green brae, flow gent-ly, till
sounds through the glen, ye wild whist-ling

sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma-
black-birds in you thren-y din, Tho's green erect-ed lap-wing, thy

mur-mur-ing stream, flow gent-ly, sweet Afton, dis-turb not her dream.
scream-ing for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
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, 'Marry, do you fancy me?' Words have been written to it, but they were ineffective, and left the air still in oblivion, while none had better fortune, and made this charming melody widely known; and I think it may be allowed to be perfectly pleasing to an author, that it is now known by the name of "The Angel's Whisper."

1. A baby was sleeping, In its
2. Her head while she sung she'd The
mother was weeping, For her baby still slumbered. And

heard was far, on the wide, raging sea, And the tempest was swelling. Round the
smiled in her face as she bent on her knee. "Oh, blessed be this warning, My

fisherman's dwelling, And she cried, "Darling, oh, come back to me!"
child, thy sleep a meaning. For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."
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 repairing them. He wrote an amazingly funny 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 line points of the composition, and the "heads" fell as it severed on the block. Stevens picked them up and stuck them on again, for a second round. Presto! All the features were in their right places, and every pun was as plain as the nose on 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 stark ancestors on this 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-drawn criticism is a distasteful thing, and nobody laughed with the disappointed comedian. The following is an extract from a letter which he wrote while lying, for debt, in Yarmouth jail:

"The week's rating finishes my last waistcoat; and next I must alone for my errors on bread and water. A wig has fed me two days; the trimming of a waistcoat as long; a pair of velvet breeches paid my washwoman; a ruffish shirt has found me in shaving. My coat I swallowed by degrees; the sleeves I breakfasted upon for two weeks; the body, a shirt, etc.

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 here could say something droll about a stomach; but it's ill josting with edged 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 picturesque of the song makes all but certain the claim of the actor-poet.

Stevens lived in an age of deep drinking; and as the bowl 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 carouse of his life which ended assembly 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 "Calypso," published in 1780. Inckston, the English vocalist, sang "The Storm" in this country with great effect.

\[ Muses, \text{bear a brother} \]
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 bookbinder, 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 cantatas, 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 esteemed 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 1885. 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 Dawn," "If Doughty Deeds," etc., and of such hymns as "Onward Christian Soldiers," "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.

1. O hush thee, my ba- bie! thy sire was a knight, Thy mother a la-dy both gen-tle and nice.

2. O hush thee, my ba- bie! thy sire was a knight, Thy mother a la-dy both gen-tle and nice.

3. O hush thee, my ba- bie! thy sire was a knight, Thy mother a la-dy both gen-tle and nice.
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

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 they 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 Swoon," "Collette," "Collie," "Darby and Joan," "Drifting Boat," "Golden Gleamed the River," "Jack's Farewell," "Jamie," "Kerry Dance," "London Bridge," "Polly," "The Postillion," "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.
JESSIE.

Francis Bret Harte, distinguished as a writer of stories of western life and character, but 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 1832 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 Crete, Germany, in 1878, and at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1880.

With grace and spirit.

1. Jessie is both young and fair, Dewy eyes and bosky hair; Will of yew; and heart of gold—Still her charms are scarce ever told. What remains not here compiled? Jessie is a little child! Jessie is a little child!

2. Jessie is both kind and true, Heart of gold and wis of yew; Still her charms are scarcer told. What remains not here compiled? Jessie is a little child! Jessie is a little child!

3. If she yet remain unming, Pret-ty, con-stant, do-cile young, What remains not here compiled? Jessie is a little child! Jessie is a little child!
Where the bee sucks there lurk I;
In a cow-slip's bell I lie;
There I couch 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.
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 overwhelmed them with a common sense wonder. Who was this stupendous stranger? A lad of Hebrew extraction, whose father had a curiositv-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 habit and power of distinct articulation; and the very composure which caused a shudder in the refined listener, awoke the enthusiasm of the throng.”

1. Some love to roam, o’er the dark sea’s foam, Where the shell winds whistle free; But a
2. The deer we mark, thro’ the forest dark, And the prowling wolf we track; And for
chosen band, in a mountain land, And a life in the woods for me, Right good cheer, in the wild woods here, oh! why should a hunter lack.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]
bol! bol! bol! bol! bol! bol!

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam, Where the

shril winds 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.
"The Rose that all are Praising" was written by Thomas Bayly 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 1866.
This exquisite song of Thomas Campbell's was set to music by Thomas Attwood.

Larghetto e sempre ad lib.

Our bu- gles sung truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd, And the sen-ti-nel stars set their

Larghetto

watch in the sky, And thousands had sunk on the ground o-verpower'd, The wea-ry to sleep, and the
THE PILOT.

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

1. 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."

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

3. On such a night, the sea en-gulf'd My father's life less form; My
   only brother's boat went down In just so wild a storm: And
down!" the sailor cried, "go down!" This is no place for thee; Fear
is not apathy," he cried, "That gives this strength to me. Fear
such, perhaps, may be my fate; But still I say to 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."
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,—To-morrow we'll get sober.

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 cures the gout,
The colic and phthisic;
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.

SPANISH CONVIVIALITY.
"MY HEART IS IN THE HIGHLANDS."
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 Coyley Fielding, if I recollect rightly, which hung on the wall—a wild waste of tidal sands, with here and there a line of skate-nets fluttering in the wind—a gray alond of rain sweeping up from the westward, through which low, red cliffs gleamed 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 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 flow of the tide and was found next day a corpse hanging among the stick-nets 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 thinking myself pacing the sands. "As I lay castle-building, 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 Boote. Mr. Boote has produced many fine songs by writing music for lyrics of Tennyson, Longfellow, Scott, Byron, Campbell, and others.

1. O Mary, go and call the cat to the home, And call the cat to the home, And
2. The creeping tide came up along the sand, And over and over the sand, And
O Mary! go 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'er, 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!

O Mary! go 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'er, 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 maiden's 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,
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 "Vah, Yah, Nix Cum Arrum, 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.

A d u n t a n t e.

1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bosom, Here, here hast thou thy throne;
2. Then, then, even 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 knownst that I love thee, Am I not fondly thine own?
Thou, thou knownst 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. Wehber; who, as a musician of considerable skill, the composer of many excellent songs, and an acceptable teacher of music, has had experience and reputation both at home and abroad. He was born in Charleston, 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 in Wells College, and then permanently settled in Boston as a teacher. The words of "Constancy" were written by Frank L. Spanton, 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 prefixed daily with at least one poem, although he frequently wrote four or five a day; not because they were required, but because they were waiting to be written. These verses, chiefly in dialect, were replete with the soul; 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.

It is something sweet when the world goes ill, To know you are faith-ful and
The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a
ripple,
Affording a chequered light;
The gay, jolly tars passed the word for a
bottle,
And the toast, for 'twas Saturday night.
Some sweetheart or wife, 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 our foes
Yield to English resolutions!"
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."
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 lost 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 lay upon a celebrated and picturesque stage-route, and we can fancy the quieter rolling of the rumbling wheels, and the loudy 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 bud, that became the far-famed “flower o’ Dumblane,” unfolded to the light. One 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 a composer, and student of Scottish airs, of which he made some of the sweetest. He set some of Tannahill’s best songs. He was born at Reading, Berkshire, England, November 16, 1780, and died in Edinburgh, January 3, 1829.

Andante.

1. The sun has gone down o’er the left - y Ben-Lomond, And left the red clouds to pre -
2. She’s mod - est as o - xy, and blithe as she’s bon - nie, For guile-less sim - pli - ci - ty seem’d
3. How lost were my days till I met wi’ my Jess - sie! The sports o’ the ci - ty seem’d
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! 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, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.
Ae fond kiss.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
Ae fond kiss.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure.
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Ae fond kiss.
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, Painsutti, 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 chorister, singer at the Park Theatre, conductor of music at Palmo's concert saloon, and a singer of English glees. There is no clue to the author of the words.

1. Fly a-way to my native land, sweet dove! Fly a-way to my native land, sweet dove!

2. O! fly to her bower, and say the chain. Of the tyrant is o-ver me now.

3. I shall miss thy vis- it at dawn, sweet dove! I shall miss thy vis- it at dawn, sweet dove!

land, And bear those lines to my lady love, That I've
now, That I ne-ver shall mount my steed a-gain, With

And bear those lines, And bear those lines, To my lady love.

But bring me a line from my lady love, And

true'd with a fee-ble hand, She mar-vels much at my long de-lay, A
hel-meved up on my brow; No friend to my lat-tice a sol-ace brings, Ex-

then I shall cease to grieve! I can bear in a dun-geon to waste away youth; I
Fly away to my native land, sweet dove!
Fly away to my native land,
And bear 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 mount my steed 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 by to her bower, sweet bird.
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.
surg- ing wave, And the bark is gulph'd in an o-
cean's grave, in........ an o-
cean'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 Saladino and Pellegrini fugues and classics; subsequently he was taught piano and orchestra at the Royal College, by Bonanno. In 1860 Paolo was attracted by the universal enthusiasm and left his music to follow Garibaldi; and in 1866 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 Mabellini, and oratorio and sacred music with Casamorata, President of the Musical Institute. His contact with such artists as Bazzini, Rubinstein, Von Bulow, Pietro Ronconi, Vieuxtemps, Verdi, Gounod, formed his taste. In the meantime Società Orchestrale Fiorentina performed the overture of his opera "Neuka" 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.

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"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." Cowper, in a letter dated August 4, 1783, 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.

1. "Twas when the seas were roaring, With hollow blasts of wind, A damsel lay decrepit,

2. "Twelvemonths are gone and o'er, And nine long tedious days: Why didst thou, venturous lover, Why didst thou trust the seas? Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean, And

3. "The merchant, robbed of pleasure, 'View a tempest in despair; But what's the loss of treasure To losing of my dear? Should you some coast be held 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 trembled o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, 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 despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?

Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maidens,
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 lover,
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 A vibrations 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 bells are hush'd, the world is still, The sounds of toil are heard no more, The bird has ceased his tuneful song, And now, to breathe a fond good-night, Be-

FRANZ WILHELM AERT.
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 purer 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, come hither,
To welcome back the spring;
The very ivy on the ruin
In gloomful life displays,
But the heart alone sees no renewing,
The light of other days.
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. BucaLosi, 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.

1. Beneath the trees together They wandering hand in hand, (Oh! it was summer)
2. Beneath the trees together They went a-long, a-part, (Oh! it was autumn)
Beneath the trees together
    They wandered 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 turned from heart,
Across the wood the air came cold,
Th' 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 fancy 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 see good bye!
ARE THERE TIDINGS?

The words of this favorite of former years are no 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 Circumstances of the 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, "opera, burletta, melodrama, incidental music to Shakespeare’s plays, patchings and adaptations of foreign opera, glee, 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 Mackay. 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 disorder, but by pecuniar troubles. He died, April 30, 1855.

1 Are there tid - ings in your ves - sel, Proudly bounding over the
2 Do not ask me why I have ten. To each ves - sel that ap-
3 Why in you over the that ap -

\[
\begin{align*}
1 & \text{Are there tid-ings in your vessel, Proudly bounding over the} \\
2 & \text{Do not ask me why I have ten. To each vessel that ap-} \\
3 & \text{Why in you over the that ap}.
\end{align*}
\]
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 frightened with fond 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 drowned 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.
now they are fled, they are fled far away,
I've seen the forest a-drown, lie and dark as they roll'd on their way.
O flexible fortune!

dorméd the foremost, why's the fairest bairn pleas'd and gay;
Saa, why this cruel sport-ing? Oh! why thus perplex us poor sons of a day?

bonnie was their blooming, their frowns can na cheer me, thy scent the air perfum-ing, But smile can na cheer me, Since the

now they are with'er'd and a' wede away,
flowers o' the forest are a' wede away.
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 3, 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 1860, 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 gnarled oak root, 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 die,
Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me.
Passing swains will say, and weep;
"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 account 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 affectit way that.' I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again.”

The air is an old one, with a very Scotch-y-sounding name of "Shame 's the gear and the bladhrie o'it."
Come, all ye 'jolly' shepherds,
That whistle through the glen!
I'll tell ye o' a secret
That courtiers di'ana ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame!

'Tis not beneath the burgeonet,
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 digs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the tupphest 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 blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pyn,
And the bonnie loken gowan
Has faultit up his en,
Then the taverock, free the blue lift,
Draps down and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

See wonder pawky shepherd,
That lingers on the hill;
His yowes are in tae fault,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
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 starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear
That the heart can hardly frame!
Wf a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

Then, since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Oh wha wad choose a crown,
Wf its perils an' its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.
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 vassals and serfs at my side, And of all who assembled with vassals and serfs at my side, And of all who assembled with

2. I dreamt that suitors sought my hand; That knighth on bended knee, And with vows no maid en...
same, That you loved me, you loved me still the same.
"Break, break, break,
On thy 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 9, 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 barked 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. Demster, 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 poetess, but an old and valued friend of the composer, who resided at Aberdeen, Scotland. Mr. Demster's character was well calculated to call forth life-long friendships. Mrs. Browning writes, "He was as amiable, kind, and warm-hearted a man as I ever knew, and his moral character was unexceptionable." Tennyson died at his home at Haslemere, Surrey, October 6, 1892.

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

\[ \text{Music notation here} \]

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!

break, break, break,
at the foot of thy crags, 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!
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 husk 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.
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 Johann 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 Gounod, 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 cantatas "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 Grey 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.

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Moderato.

\[ \text{Music notation here} \]

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WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS' songs have in them the something which lives in the memory and the heart. They show 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: "Riding 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 path, not far from Bloomingdale. 'Your object?' inquired I. 'Merely 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 and 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. To leaves are all off now, so you won't see to advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer, but I like it still as well 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
SWEET BIRDIE, SING.

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

Moderato.

Bir-die, sing a-gain, Thy song send up on high, Float thy glad me-lo-dy Up-
song speaks all of joy, For hap-pi-ness that's giver, Tis a glad song of thanks And

1. Sweet
2. Thy

tre msorde.
on the su-mmer sky; Prais'd by thy flut'-ring wings
praise sent up to Heav'n; Thy sweet notes then peal out
Up - on the li - quid air,
Un - til the we - lin ring,

love to hear thee
love to hear thy
Thy song of beau - ty rare
A - gain sweet Bir-die sing,
Sweet Bir-die,
Sweet Bir-die,

Sling, oh sling a - gain.
BOAT SONG.

"Lightly Row" was a tuneful companion of our fathers and mothers in the days of their childhood and youth. They sang it in the day-school and in the singing-school; and it timed their oars when they went "out rowing." The air is an old Spanish melody.

1. Light-ly row, light-ly row! Over the glass-y waves we go! Smooth-ly glide, smooth-ly glide,

2. Far a-way, far a-way, Echo in the rocks at play, Call-eth not, call-eth not,

On the si-lent tide! Let the winds and wa-ters be Ming-led with our mel-o-dy,
To this lone-ly spot, On-ly with the sea-bird's note Shall our dy-ing mu-sic float

Sing and float, sing and float, In our lit-tle boat! Light-ly row, light-ly row, Echo's voice is low.
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
trem, It's far too beautiful to be mine, but I'll never wish it less. The

out came.

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
proud and place won't fit your fire, and I am poor and low, But

a tempo.

looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.
looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.
blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go.

a tempo.
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 "Barnum 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 Mr. Bartlett's later and more important works are "Samuel," an oratorio, and the "Last Chieflain," 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.

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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, "so popular was 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 folk-songs like the one here presented?

The solo may be sung by a single voice, or, as is the custom with many concert companies by all the Trebles and Alts in unison. Let the Trebles clearly connect the words "home" and "swing" as indicated by the legato marks.

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GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

The words of this song are from Thomas Moore’s “Irish Melodies.” The music was composed by Halfran Kjerulf, a Swedish musician, who was born in Christiana, 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.
Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame eatest 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 caress 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 repos
On its lingering roses,
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,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee—
Then, oh! then remember me!
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. Adoniran-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 Église 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 barren isle, where the wild roaring billow,
   As sails the stern
2. Oh, shade of the mighty, where now are the glorious,
   That rush'd but to
3. Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
   For like thine own
On a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring billow,
Assails the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willow,
Like fond weeping mourners leans over the grave.
The lightnings may flash, and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh, shade of the mighty, where now are the legions,
That rushed but 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 combat, 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.
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 it 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 wavering image here.