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
BIOGRAPHTIES OF COMPOSERS AND SONG WRITERS
EDITED BY
HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON
FREDERIC DEAN
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SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS
REGINALD De KOVEN
GERRIT SMITH
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THE TWO GRENADEERS.

The words of this patriotic song were translated from the German by L. C. Eldon, an American pianist, composer and poet. He was born in Boston, Mass., 1848, and studied with Kreisler, Guggen, etc. He is the author of several important works on music, and on the curiosities of music.

The music to which these words are arranged is by the immortal Robert Alexander Schumann, the youngest of the trio of great masters in song-writing which includes Schubert and Mendelssohn. He was born in Zwickau, Saxony, June 8, 1810. The young Schumann early developed a refined poetical and musical taste, writing verses and harmonies and at the same time receiving lessons on the piano, before he was seven years old. He met with much opposition in his desire to devote himself to music, and was sent to a German law-school.

So intense was his ambition to achieve a perfect technique, that when going out on a pleasure excursion with his fellow students, he would take a dumb key-board with him in the carriage and practice as he enjoyed his ride. He also invented a plan by which the third finger was drawn back and kept still while the other fingers were exercising. But the result was that the tendons of the third finger were crippled and the whole right hand was injured. He recovered the use of his hand, but the third finger always remained inactive, thus rendering it impossible for him to become a virtuoso.

Rienzi seemed to pour into the musician's mind, profoundly original and poetic, so that he was led to abandon himself to the charms of song-writing. "I can hardly tell you," he says, "how delightful it is to write for the voice as compared with instrumental composition, and what a stir and tumult I feel within me when I sit down to it. I have brought forth quite new things in this line."

Schumann was above the middle height, full built, had a good constitution but a very nervous temperament. He was at one time in such a melancholy state that he threw himself into the Elbe, and his friends were obliged to consign him to the private insane asylum of De Richerz, near Bonn. Schumann died at Euderich, July 29, 1856.
Russian captivity, they heard:  As they the German camp slowly they drew,

Their heads were bowed down with grieving;  For there first they heard of a sorrowful tale,—Disaster their country had

slack on;  The army so brave had borne rout and defeat,  And the Emperor, the Emperor was taken.

Then sorrow'd to gather the Grenadiers,  Such dolorous news to hear.
burning; And one spoke out amidst his tears: "My woundsome gals are burning." The other

spoke: "The song is done; Would that I too were dying; Yet, I have wife and child at home, Oh

forbear reblying. Nor wife, nor child give care to me; What matter if they are for

val'en? Let them beg their food, if they hungry be, My Emp'ror, my Emp'ror is ta-ken! Oh,
pour a poor moan.

grant a last request to me; If here my life be o'er, Then

take that my bo' dy to France with thee; No soil but of France my cov' er. The

join me by the cross of hon' or within his hand, Leave on my bo' som ly - ing; My

must ' ket place within my hand, My dog - ger sound no ly - ing. Then
there shall I lie with in the tomb, A son of still and un-shining, Till the war of can you re-

sound thru its gloom, And tramp of the horses spurring. Then to the cry my King's swift over my grave, While

swords with clash are descending. While swords with clash are descending. Then will I arise, fullly

armed from my grave, My King's cry, my King's defend ing.
TO NIGHT.

The writer of this beautiful song, Louise Chandler Moulton, was first known under the nom de plume of "Ellen Louise;" over which signature she wrote as a young girl many good things in prose and in verse. Having received an excellent education, she moved to the best literary society; and at the age of twenty was married to Mr. William Moulton, a Boston publisher, and made Boston her home for a long time. Europe, however, was a never-failing source of delight to her; and thither she made frequent journeys, writing captivating sketches of her travels in France and England, which were eagerly printed by American journals. Her works comprise stories for children, novels, and a number of volumes of verse. Her songs have been set to music by some of the best English and American composers.

John Francis Gillock, to whom we are indebted for the appropriate setting of "To Night," is of a literary family, and is well known as an American musician. He was a pupil of William Mason, and a personal friend of Gottschalk, of whose music he is a representative interpreter. "To Night" is a charming melody, remarkable for the beautiful welding of music to words.
night, And give my spirit rest; Hold me to your deep breast, And

put old cares to flight. Give back the lost delight........ That caseway

soul possess, That once my soul possess, When love was lost - liest. When love was liest.

Bend low, O sweet - y night! Bend low, O sweet - y night!
Enfold me in your arms—The solemn embrace I crave
Until the lingering grave sheds me from life's alarms; I dare your sub-
O, strong to stay or save.
Enfold, enfold me in your arms.

Bend low, O dusky night,
And give my spirit rest;
Hold me to your deep breast,
And put old cares to flight.
Give back the lost delight
That once my soul possess;
When love was heavenly,
Bend low, O dusky night!

Enfold me in your arms—
The sole embrace I crave
Until the embraceing grave
Shield me from life's storms,
I dare your solution resume;
Your deepest spell I brave;
O, strong to stay or save,
Enfold me in your arms!
THE ANGEL CAME.

Frederick Seymour Cowen, to whose music are set these words by G. Clifton Bingham, is one of the most popular composers of England at the present time. Of a precocious genius, and taught by the best masters, he has for thirty years continuously added to the available treasures of the best music. He was born in 1862 in Kingston, Jamaica, of English parents. Going to England in 1866, he published, two years later, at the age of six, a waltz which, though remarkable chiefly for the tender age of its author, indicated a musical tendency which led to his beginning serious study under Sir Julius Benedict and Sir John Gross, in 1880, when he was eight years of age. In 1895 he went abroad and at Leipzig and Berlin studied further under Hauptmann, Morchesen and Reinecke. He has written several operas, the best known of which is "Pauline" (from Lotton's "Lady of Lyons," etc.) several cantatas, among which are "The Rose Maiden," "The Cossack," and "The Sleeping Beauty," several symphonies, overtures and other important works for the orchestra; and a great number of songs, which have had unbounded popularity. Some of the songs are: "It was a Dream," "The Carrier Dove," "Almost," "The Rainy Day," "The Better Land," "Never Again," "Tosca Love," "In Valli," etc.

He has given many orchestral works in public, has conducted the London Promenade Concerts, and at the various great musical festivals has led the orchestra during the performance of his own instrumental works, on which his permanent reputation as a musician it is thought will rest.
Peace on his brow, in his gaze deep love; He turn'd with a smile and bowed his head.
Tears in his eye, in his heart a sigh; "Ros--er, and thence in the path they trod."

mf piano.

"Not yet will I come!" the Angel said....

3. Two lovers sat in the dim--ow dim, Singing together as old love's hymn,

Poco rit.

Seeing together, in the likeness, Many a face of the long a--go.

dim.

p rit.

dim.
Then smiled the Angel, watching still, bearing the sigh, "Is it yet His will?" With wide opened arms and a low-breath'd cry, And a message of rest, the Angel came.
Dry up those glistening tears,
Oh, hush that heaving sigh;
'Tis not for summer years
To let life's roses die.
Young time is still our own,
Though hours have slipped away;
And pleasures yet unknown
May come tomorrow day.

Then why should we feel sad,
Or grieve for days gone by?
There's sunshine to be had,
However bleak the sky.
Cheer up thy heart with hope,
Let bygone griefs be past,
Till heaven its gate ope
To welcome us at last.

"DRY UP THOSE GLIST'NING TEARS."
DRY UP THOSE GLIST'NING TEARS.

This pretty song of love and hope was composed by H. H. Beadle, and is inscribed to Mrs. A. T. Whittemore.

**Moderato con espressione.**

1. Dry up those glis - ting tears,
2. Then why should we feel sad,

Oh, hush that 
Or grieve for

1. Jew - ling sigh; Th' day not 
2. There's sun - shine yours days gone by? 

To - let life's ro - ses die. Young time is

However bleak the sky. Cheer up thy

sun. 

sun.
still our own, heart with hope,
Though hours have slipped a way;
And pleasures
yet unknown may come to mor row
To welcome us...... at

sae. sae. sae. sae. sae. sae. sae. sae. sae.

D.S.

day.

D.S.
LOVE'S PROVING.

SATISFACTORY in both sentiment and melody, this song is composed by FRIEDRICH NICHOLAS LÖHR to the words of FRIEDRICH E. WEITHEELY. F. N. Löhr was born in January 1844, in Norwich, England, where he was pupil and assistant to Dr. Zechariah Hawk, the veteran organist and choirmaster at the Norwich Cathedral. He became well known as a conductor of concerts and musical societies, and as director of the work of the Plymouth Vocal Association. Numerous instrumental and vocal works of merit are among his compositions, and he has published several excellent text books and collections of songs.

1. What shall I say to thee, heart of my heart? How shall I prove thee my
2. Nay, do not speak to me, heart of my heart, Hold me not thus to thy

passion and pain? How can I tell thee that now we must part, Knowing I never shall
be seen again? How can I leave thee and bid thee to go, Take thy lips from me, love, take them a way,

Roncino.

express

pizzicato

pizzicato

pizzicato
Seeing I love thee, and worship thee so?
Lost is my anguish I bid thee to stay.

How can I love thee and bid thee to go,
Seeing I love thee, and worship thee where
by then a way.
Lost in my anguish, Lost in my anguish I bid thee to

So?

Stay.

When it is over, when thou art gone, Past all entertaining, all

p. Fine tone.
decresc.
dimin.

ff

sotto voce.
When thou art wander'd in dark, now alone, Why could I leave thee so.
SPEED AWAY! SPEED AWAY!

This is one of the familiar and popular part-songs that formed the musical staple of moonlight parties and young folks' gatherings, even to the present day, though it has done duty for two generations. The composer, ISAAC B. WOOLSEY, was one of the group of American musicians who did early service in awakening the musical taste of the people during the first half of the century. Themedium was usually hymn tunes and the singing school, and the music, though simple, was on the whole the best for the purpose. Woolsey was born at Beverly, Mass., in 1817, and lived until 1858. He was one of the organizers in 1839 of the Bay State Comic, a musical com pany which entertained the New England towns with part-singing. He subsequently settled in New York, where he contributed to musical journals and edited several church and Sunday School hymn and tune books. Among his published volumes of music were "The Delightens" and "Liber Musicae." He edited also "The Cyclics," and several instruction books for the voice, composition and thorough bass. His hymn tunes were many of them familiar and in their day popular. The best known were "Eucharist," "Seren," "Canon" and "Shams."

Allegretto vivace.

1. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! on thine errand of light! There's a young heart a-

3. And... oh! will thus tell her, best blest on the wing, That her moth - er hath wa - iting thy coming to-night; She will fondle the close, she will ask for the-

4. This... kind of the al - ter wing! let - ter now; Sleep not! thy bright ei - er a sad song to sing; That the stand - eth a - lone, in the still qui - et

2. Will then tell her, bright song - ster, the old chief is gone; That he his all the

2nd Bass.

3rd Bass.

2nd Bass.
Speed away! Speed away! on thine eternal light!
There’s a young heart awaiting thy coming to-night;
She will bide thee close, she will ask for the loved,
Who pined upon earth since the “Dav-Star” has roved.
She will ask if we miss her, so long is her stay.
Speed away! Speed away! Speed away!

Wilt thou tell her, bright songster, the old chief is lone;
That he sits all the day by his cheerless hearthstone;
That his touch have lies all un茅ed the while,
And his thin lips wreath ev’ry in one smileless smile;
That the old chiefman mourns her, and why will she stay?
Speed away! Speed away! Speed away!

And oh! wilt thou tell her, bluest bird on the wing,
That her mother hath ever a sad song to sing;
That she standeth alone, in the still quiet night,
And her fond heart goes forth for the being of light,
Who had slept in her bosom, but who would not stay?
Speed away! Speed away! Speed away!

Go, bird of the silver wing! feterless now;
Sooop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain’s brow;
But his thee away o’er rock, river and glen,
And find our young “Dav-Star” ere night close again.
Up! onward! let nothing thy mission delay.
Speed away! Speed away! Speed away!
THE MIDSHIPMITE.

The music of this cheery, spirited song was written by STEPHEN ADAMS, otherwise known as Michael Maybrick, an English baritone vocalist and composer, who was born in Liverpool in 1844. W. T. Best was his first teacher; later he studied at Leipzig, under Moscheles, Pabst, and Richter. He has sung at most of the important London festivals and is the author of many popular songs.

1. 'Twas in fifty-five, on a
2. We launched the cutter out
3. "I'm done for now; good-

...
Win'll go a-shore to-night," says he. "An' spike their guns a-long wi' me?" "Why, we made for the guns, sir, we rumm'd them tight, But the men lost shots once, left and right, An'" So we hol'ed him in, in a ter-cible plight, An' we pulled, ev'ry man with all his might, An'"

Bless 'ee, sir, come a-long!" says we. Cheerilly, my lads, yo' ho! Cheerilly, my lads, yo' ho! Cheerilly, my lads, yo' ho! Cheerilly, my lads, yo' ho!

roll

ho'.............. With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, ho'.............. With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, ho'.............. With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, ho'.............. With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,
Gaily, boys, make her go! Aho, we'll drink to-night To the

Midship-mate, Singing cheerily, hush, ye ho!...........
"I KNEW THE FLOWERS HAD DREAMED OF YOU."

MARGARET RUTHERFORD LANG was born in Boston, November 27, 1867. When about twelve years old she studied harmony with her father B. J. Lang, and later, the violin, with Mr. Louis Schmidt. For two winters she was in Munich studying counterpart, composition, and orchestra with Victor Glisde, and the violin with Dr. Adler and Abel. She has published over forty songs and a number of part-songs, among which "A Boatman's Holiday" and "The Maiden and the Butterfly" for male chorus, and "Love Plumes His Wings" for female voices, are perhaps the most noted. Her piano forte suite, "Petit Roman en Six Chapitres," was published by Schmid, and other piano pieces by Miliot. Among her unpublished compositions, Miss Lang has three overtures for full orchestra; the first of which, "Tulsa," has been performed a number of times by the Thorne orchestra, and the second, "Dramatic Overture," at the Boston Symphony concerts; the third, "Tops," has never been produced.

Among a number of other works Miss Lang has composed three arias with orchestral accompaniment entitled "Sappho's Prayer to Aphrodite," "Phoebe's Denunciation of the Furies at his Delphic Shrine," and "Armida's Lament." A string quartet, a cantata for chorus, solo and orchestra, a set of violin pieces and a number of songs are among the contributions from her pen. Her last song, the one here published entitled "I Knew the Flowers Had Dreamed of You," the words of which are by John B. Tabb, is one of the most charming of her smaller compositions.
know the winds had passed your way, Though not a sound the

and Dolores.

truth be-told; About their pins foes all the day A

sum-mer fra-grance stayed. And so a-waking or a-sleep, A mem-

Puf. 

*
I knew the flowers had dreamed of you,
And hailed the morning with regret;
For all their tears with the dew
Of vanished joy were wet.

I knew the winds had passed your way,
Though not a sound the truth betrayed;
About theirpinions all the day
A summer fragrance stayed.

And so awaking or asleep,
A memory of lost delight,
By day the sightless breezes keep,
And silent flowers by night.
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

It is a singular coincidence that the two most intimately associated named names in political and literary life in England, should be identical — the William and Mary who wielded the sceptre, and the William and Mary who wielded the pen. Mary Hewitt was born at Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, England, about 1604. Her young days were passed there, until she married. With her husband she studied, traveled, wrote and published in prose and poetry. She had children of unusual brightness, and we may fancy that it was for their delight and instruction she wrote "The Spider and the Fly." The name of it has been attributed to Henry Fussell, who used to sing it in his concerts; but it is an old English air, "Will you Come to the Bower?"

1. "Will you walk in to my parlor?" said a spider to a fly, "Is the ice and will you let me in?" said the spider to the fly.

2. "Will you grant me your sweet kiss?" said the spider to the fly. (To per chance our lips should meet, a wafer I would lay, Of)

---

walk in, Master Fly? Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Master Fly?"
"For the last time, now, I ask you, will you walk in, Mister Fly?"

"No; if I do, I may be shot, I'm off—so now, good bye!"

They up he springs, but both his wings were in the web caught fast.

The spider laughed, "Ha, ha, my boy, I've caught you safe at last."

"Will you, will you," etc.

Now all young men, take warning by this foolish little fly—

For pleasure is the spider's web, to catch you it will try;

And although you may think that my advice is quite a bore,

You're lost if you stand parrying outside of pleasure's door.

"Will you, will you," etc.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said a spider to a fly;

"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.

The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,

And I have many curious things to show when you are there."

"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain;

For who goes up your winding stair, can never come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little seat?" said the spider to the fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin;

And if you like to rest awhile, I'll simply tuck you in."

"Oh no, no!" said the little fly; "for I've often heard it said,

They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do,

To prove the warm affection, I've always felt for you?

I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"

"Or no, no!" said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be,

I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet suitors," said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise;

How handsome are your gaudy wings! how brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;

If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,

And bidding you good morning, now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,

For well he knew the silly fly would soon be back again;

So he wove a subtle thread in a little corner sly,

And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.

He went out to his door again, and merrily did sing.

"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;

Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest upon your head;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Ah, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,

Hearing his silly, fluttering words, came slowly fitting by;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then nearer, nearer drew—

Thought only on her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;

Thought only on her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last

Up jumped the cunning spider, and thereby held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,

Within his little parlor—but she never came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,

To him, silly, fluttering words, I pray you, ne'er give heed;

Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and eye,

And learn a lesson from this tale of the spider and the fly.
EMBARRASSMENT.

It is too often taken for granted that an English translation of a foreign song will answer its purpose if it be a correct literary rendering of the original. But this is so far from true that the chief difficulty in song translation lies in bringing the musical emphasis in the proper place without departing essentially from an accurate rendering of the mere words. As, indeed, providing the sentiment is retained, it is perhaps better to sacrifice literal translation rather than to ruin a song for singing by so misfitting words and music that the emphasis in the melody comes on unimportant words. When a thoroughly trained musician, like Louis C. Elson, furnishes English words for a German song, one may be sure that the musical requirements are not overlooked, while the literary work of translation is accurately done also. For this reason it is a satisfaction to know that American music publishers have put forth between two and three thousand songs, German, French and Italian, in which the English versions are the work of this accomplished writer, musician and critic, thus giving them the half-work of excellence. Mr. Elson was born in Boston of German parents in 1848. His musical education was begun when he was only six years old. His knowledge of the theory of music was gained chiefly during his sojourn in Leipzig, and the study of musical literature, to which his attention was early directed, has been thoroughly pursued. Mr. Elson has sung in the choirs of leading Boston churches, has taught in the New England Conservatory of Music, and has lectured extensively in this country on music and art. He has been connected, as contributor and editor, with many of the chief musical periodicals; his best known relation of the kind being an associate editorship of The Musical Herald. "Embarrassment" is one of the most popular compositions of FRITZ ABEY.
To tell thee something I am yearning,
Yet how to speak it, know not well,
Yet wouldn't thou still the else be learning,
I only could as answer tell:
To thee with joy would I be singing
A song which in my heart is heard,
But still my lips are only bringing
One soul-felt, tender, pleading word:
I'd write a letter to thee, telling
How deep and hidden are my sighs,
But from my breast, with passion swelling,
One simple word alone will rise:
I love thee, darling, faithfully,
Love thee, and only thee,
I love thee, darling, faithfully,
Love thee, and only thee!
INTEGER VITAE.

This exquisite elogy of "the man of upright life and pure from wickedness" is one of the most delicate of the odes of Horace, the Roman poet of the first century before Christ—the "Lauriger Horatius" or another college song. This song is always sung in the original Latin, because a rewritten version of it is almost impossible. It recounts how such a man is safe in the midst of countless dangers—from the treacherous climates of dreary countries; from the wolf in the Sabine wood or in a sun scorched desert; but always, secure is his freedom from all evil, may love his "sweetly smiling, sweetly sparkling Sabine." The musical setting to this ode, which is recognized as one of the most delightful compositions for male voices, was the basis of a permanent reputation for its composer, Friedrich Ferdinand Flemming. Under the name of "Flemming," the tune has found its way into numerous American hymn books. Flemming was a physician in Halle (born in Saxony in 1777), who took a keen interest in musical matters at the Prussian capital, and wrote many part songs for male voices for the use of the "Sing-Lehranstalt" founded by Zelter, the friend of Goethe and composer of music to his lyric songs. The similarity of melody of "Integer Vitae" to Samuel Wesley's "Glorious Apollo" has been pointed out; but as the latter was written at a date when Flemming could not have been familiar with it, the similarity was surely accidental. Some of Flemming's other compositions compare with this in merit, and be is known in musical history as the composer of "Integer Vitae." It has always been a prime favorite in American college singing, as well as with the students of German and English Universities.

1. Ina vi - tae no - le - du - que per - nas Nov e - ger
   Si - ve per Syr - tes ter ne - tu - o - ma, Si - ve fac

2. Ma - ri ja - v - is, nee - re - cu, Nee ne - re - na - ti
   Ta - res per in - lo - pi - ta - lem, Qu - en - um, vel que

3. Ex - vi de sa - get - in, Pa - ce, pla - te - tri,
   Lo - ca - sa - lo - sus, Lom - hit Hy - dra - pos

   Pone te, pigna ubi nulla campis

   Domum curas Lalagen et ultra
   Arbus sexvus remotius usque

   Tecnum curas vigat expeditus
   Quod laitas mundi nihilus malleoque

   Fugit inermem
   Jupiter argat:

   Quale portentus necque militaris
   Pone sub carnis eum quoque proponi

   Duo Jumenta Lalagen amabo,
   Domus domui neglecta.
THE BEND OF THE RIVER.

The composer of this extremely tuneful song, Jacques Blumenthal, was renowned equally as pianist and composer; and his musical compositions have been both vocal and instrumental. He was born in Hamburg, Germany, in 1829; studied at the Paris Conservatory of Music; and in 1848 settled in London as pianist and teacher. The artistic grace of his songs has won the highest praise from the most severe critics, and although many of them are so dramatic and so exciting as to reveal skill that they are beyond the reach of amateurs, others, of which "The Bend of the River" is a good example, are quite simple, yet move the less gracious and agreeable. The most celebrated of the songs of Blumenthal are "The Message," "The Requital," "My Queen," and "Unsullied." The words of "The Bend of the River" are by Frederick E. Weatherly. The song became popular as a favorite of Marie Rosé; a French operatic soprano whose patriotic use of her dramatic talent had endeared her to the hearts of her countrymen. When the war with Germany broke out, she was in Paris, and she remained there all through the siege and the Commune. Frequently she appeared in public to sing the "Harlem" or to recite some patriotic poem. She also organized concerts for the aid of the hospitals, and was so energetic in good works that several medals and a diploma were afterward conferred upon her by the Government.

Allegretto.

There's a bend of the

p legato

p legato

p legato
By the bank of the river, the trees bending o'er, And in old boat is moored to the green, shady shore, And so in the long summer, a long wait.

So the folks say, So the folks say; But what has he caught this long summer day? So the folks say,
so the folks say; But what has he caught this long summer day?

There's a path way that leads from the old village hill, To the

head of the river, cool, shady and still, To the bend of the river, cool, shady and still, And some say sits

painting, the long summer day, By the bend of the river, so the folks say,
So the folks say, so the folks say, so the folks say, but what has she painted the

long summer day? So the folks say. So the folks say. But what has she painted the long summer
day?

But what, if they sit side by side, in a dream, and his fishing rod floating a -
Way down the stream, And his fishing rod's floating away down the stream. They have found what they wanted the long, summer day. By the side of the river, so the folks say, so the folks say. So the folks say, so the folks say. Their hearts are as bright as the long summer day.
HOME TO OUR MOUNTAINS.

DUET. MEZZO SOPRANO AND TENOR.

This is one of the most popular and pleasing songs from the Opera "Il Trovatore," by Verdi. The English translation is by Charles Jeffery. The occasion of the opera on which the song is found is as follows: Azucena, a Gypsy woman, is described by rightful visions. Her supposed son, Manrico, the Troubadour, endeavors to soothe her with his lute. She falls into a dreamy state of slumber and sings of her native mountains, and his childhood; kneeling beside her couch he joins in her song, until apparently she falls asleep, and the music gradually dies away. The dramatic effect produced thereby is singularly pleasing and impressive.

MANRICO.

let's me. If yet my voice can move thee. Oh Moth-er its thy son. now implores thee; For 

get those dark her - oes and of sweet sleep now calm... thy soul to re-

pere. Yes, I am grief - worn and thin would

By permission at these phrases &c.
rest me,  but more than grief have and dreams op - press me;

Should that dread vis - ion rise in my slum - bers? Haste me! Its hor - rors

MAMMUH.

then may de - part. Rest thee, O mo - ther! I will watch o'er thee,

Sleep may re - store sweet peace to thy heart.
way. O charm, sore row away, O sing and

I pour forth my troubadour lay, Wills

morendo.

charm, sore row away, hail me to rest,

I with my troubadour lay, hail thee to rest,

morendo.
THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE FARM-HOUSE WINDOW.

The words of this charming song and chorus are by Mr. George Cooper; the melody and the arrangement for the organ or the piano are by Mr. J. P. Skilley.

1. There's a light in the farm-house window, That gleams over the vale a-
2. There's a light in the farm-house window, That homes to my heart so
3. There's a light in the farm-house window, A moth - er has placed it

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far!

And it waits
for the wind's
coming.

Alas
there!
Oh, the sight
of her boy's
returning.

True
as the
star!
In my
dreams
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There's a light in the farm-house window!
    That gleams o'er the vale afar,
And it waits for the wanderer's coming,
    As true as the Polar star!
In my dreams I again behold it,
    And sigh for its welcome glow;
For a mother so dear it waiting
    To welcome her boy I know!
There's a light in the farm-house window;
    It shines, like a star ever bright;
And a mother so fair
    Now waits for me there,
With a welcome of sweet delight!

There's a light in the farm-house window!
    This home to my heart so dear,
And it beams with a glow unshining,
    While sadly I linger here.
Oh, it speaks of a love unlying,
    Of days of my childhood sweet;
And a mother whose gentle kindness
    I never on earth may meet!

There's a light in the farm-house window!
    A mother has placed it there!
Oh, she sighs for her boys returning,
    Her kisses and love to share!
Though the night may be dark and stormy,
    It shines like a star to cheer;
And it ever will guide the wanderer
    To home and its joys so dear!
THE BRIDAL OF ANDALIA.

Contemporary literature has left us no pleasant picture of John Gibson Lockhart, the handsome and brilliant son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott. His pale, olive complexion, thin, curving lips, and supercilious manner, contrast strongly with the great-hearted, genial Sir Walter, and seem to ally him to the proud country whose ballads he gave us in some of the most spirited translations ever made. Lockhart was born in the name of Cambushan, Scotland, where his father was minister, on the 14th of July, 1794, and died at Abbotsford, on the 25th of November, 1854. His Spanish ballad, "The Bridal of Andalla," was set to music by Mrs. Aikman, the sister of Mrs. Hume.

1. Rise up, rise up, Xa - ri - fa, Lay your gol - den cushion down; Rise up, come to the
to - mor - row; And gaze with all the town; From gay gui - tar and vi - o - la, The
win - low; And gaze with all the town; From gay gui - tar and vi - o - la, The

2. A - rise, a - rise, Xa - ri - fa, I see... An - dal - la's face; He binds him to the
peo - ple, With a calm and princely grace; They all the land of Xa - ri - fa, And
all - we note are flow - ing; And the love - ly lips that speak between The trumpets lordly
lads of Ga - dul - gi - er, Bore forth the bridegroom so brave as he, So brave and love - ly

blowing; And can - not bear the bright of the light, Are car - ing ev - 'rywhere, And the
now - er; You shall place war - ing over his brow, Of a - rere mixed with white, I
"Rise up, rise up, Xarifa,  
Lay your golden cushion down;  
Rise up, come to the window,  
And gaze with all the town.

From gay guitar and violins,  
The silver notes are flowing;  
And the lovely tune doth speak between,  
The trumpets loudly blowing;

And banquet bright from lattice light,  
Are singing everywhere,  
And the tall, tall plumes of the gay bridegroom,  
Floats proudly in the air.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa,  
Lay your golden cushion down,  
Rise up, come to the window,  
And gaze with all the town."

"Arise, arise, Xarifa!  
I see Andialla's face;  
He beckons to the people,  
With a calm and princely grace;  
Through all the land of Xerros,  
And banks of Gondalpuri,  
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he,  
So brave and lovely never.

You tell thineовар к'ат' & his brow,  
Of ame mixed with white.  
I gaze through wretched by Zara,  
Whom he will wed to-night.  
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa!  
Lay your golden cushion down,  
Rise up, come to the window,  
And gaze with all the town."

"What aileth thee, Xarifa?  
What makes thine eye look down?  
Why stay ye from the window, far,  
Nor gaze with all the town?  
I've heard you say, on many a day,  
And say you said the truth,  
Andialla riseth without a peer,  
'Mong all Gonsala's youth;  
Without a peer he rideth,  
And thou milk-white horse doth go  
Beneath his stately master.

With a steady step and slow,  
Then rise,—oh, rise! Xarifa!  
Lay the golden cushion down:  
Unseen here through the lattice,  
You may gaze with all the town."

The Zargi lady rose not,  
Nor bid her golden cushion down,  
Nor cause she to the window,  
To gaze with all the town;  
And though her eyes dwelt on her knee,  
In vain her fingers strowed,  
And though her needle pierced the silk,  
No flower Xarifa wove.

One lovely roseshed she had traced,  
Before the noise grew hush;  
That rosebud now a tear caught,  
Slow drooping from her eye.

"No, no!" she cries, "Did I not rise,  
Nor lay my golden cushion down,  
To gaze upon Andialla,  
With all the gazing town."

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa—  
Nor lay your cushion down,  
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa—  
With all the gazing town?  
Hark! I hear the trumpets how they swell,  
And how the people cry!  
He stops at Zara's palace gate;  
Why sit you still, oh, why?"

"At Zara's gate, stops Zara's mate,  
In him shall I discover  
The dark-eyed youth who pledged his truth,  
With tears, and was my lover.  
I will not rise, with weary eyes,  
Nor lay my golden cushion down;  
To gaze on false Andialla,  
With all the gazing town."
DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

This is one of Moones's "Sacred Melodies." The music to which it is here set is the composition of OLIVER SHAW, born in 1778. He was a teacher of music, and followed that profession in Providence, R. I., where he died, November 15, 1848. His sacred compositions include "Mary's Tears," "Nothing But Heaven," "Arrayed in Clouds," and "Home of My Soul." A friend writes of him: "He was a man of phlegd disposition, modestive manners and truly Christian character, and was warmly devoted to his divine art."

1. As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean, sweet flow'ret are springing, no mortal can see; So deep in my faith, faith so true the dim sea, so true as I

2. As still, to the star of worship, the clouded, the needle points faith ful by "Home of My Soul," and "Nothing But Heaven." "Arrayed in Clouds," and "Home of My Soul." A friend writes of him: "He was a man of phlegd disposition, modestive manners and truly Christian character, and was warmly devoted to his divine art."

3. As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean, sweet flow'ret are springing, no mortal can see; So deep in my faith, faith so true the dim sea, so true as I

4. As still, to the star of worship, the clouded, the needle points faith ful by "Home of My Soul," and "Nothing But Heaven." "Arrayed in Clouds," and "Home of My Soul." A friend writes of him: "He was a man of phlegd disposition, modestive manners and truly Christian character, and was warmly devoted to his divine art."
As down in the sunless retreats of the room,
Sweet flowers are springing, no morose can see;
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee;
My God! silent to Thee!
Fire, warm, silent to Thee;
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee!

As still, to the star of its worship, tho' eluded,
The needly pointeth faithfully over the dim sea;
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world ashamed,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee;
My God! trembling to Thee!
True, fond, trembling to Thee!
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world ashamed,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee!
WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMeward FLY.

Tune tender dignify of this immortal composition by FRAKE AND not only has made its title a household word in the homes of all countries, but has lent to its adoption into the music of the churches, where it is frequently sung to the words of the hymn, "Rock of Ages." Not unlike the same composer's "O Ye Tears" in spirit, it has been far more popular; and probably no song by a foreign writer is better known or more sincerely loved than this.

1. When the swallow - low homeward
2. When the white - swan outspread
3. Hush, my heart! why thus com-

By, When the ro - ses scat - tered lie, When from morn - er hill nor vale, Chants on the plain, Thou must too thy wonted task; Though on earth no more we rear, Lord's - by
sighs *t he night in the skies. In those words my bleeding heart, Would to thee its grief im-
seen it gone to rest. In those words my bleeding heart, Would to thee its grief im-
breaking vows of love, Thou my heart must find relief, Yielding to these words be-

part, When I thus thy image lose, Can I, ahh! part, When I thus thy image lose, Can I, ahh!
lief, I shall see thy form again, Though to-

can I, ever know repose, Can I, ahh can I ever know repose, Can I, ahh can I ever know repose.
can I, ever know repose, Can I, ahh can I ever know repose, Can I, ahh can I ever know repose.
day we part in pain, Though to-day we part in pain.

Though to-day we part in pain.
THE STIRRUP-CUP.

Luigi Arditi, who wrote the spirited melody of this song, has been known for half a century all over the world, principally as a conductor of grand opera. Among his compositions are several operas which have had a fair measure of success, and numerous songs and light instrumental pieces, one of which is the ever popular "Il Barbi" waltz. Signor Arditi was born in Piedmont in 1825, and began his musical career as a performer on the violin. At the age of fifteen he composed an overture, and at sixteen an opera, "I Briganti," which was produced. He made his debut as an operatic conductor at Verdi's in 1841, and since that time he has been engaged in that capacity in various capitals of Europe and America. His European experience extended from Constantinople and St. Petersburg to London, and included several seasons in Germany, where he took his own company, with Pannonia as the prima donna. He crossed the ocean early as 1856, establishing the opera at Havana, where he wrote and produced his "Il Corsaro." From there he made trips to New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, bringing out his opera "Il Spag" at the New York Academy of Music in 1856. Soon after that date he settled in London as conductor of opera at Her Majesty's Theatre under various impresarios J. H. Mapleson, during his long continued course of American seasons, relied on the veteran Arditi, who was pronounced by a competent English authority to be the most accomplished conductor of his time. The words of this song are by Henry B. Farnie.
My charger is jangling his bit, ole and sorrow; yet courage, same own one, and if it be
In tempo.

chain. The must be near, dear love! we must serve; but

more. Out the wise, that thy lord may reign. A bet stirrup.

depth, hold remembrance, that she, who he filled. His but stirrup.

emp to his true, maiden ever! But pour out the wise, that the

cess. a poor...
Her may drain 
she who had fill'd
His last stice-cup cup to his true maiden

ever! His last stice-cup cup to his true maiden ever!

foot of chorus.

a pause.

[Image of a historical scene with soldiers and a horse.]
Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Held, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness.
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sappho let us sing,
Thou Sylvia, exceeding:
She exceed each mortal thing
Upon the dust earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.
**WHO IS SYLVIA?**

This song of Shakespearean song occurs in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," act IV., scene I. The setting is by Franz Schubert.

1. Who is Sylvia? What is she, That all our songs somehow concern her? O ly, fair, and beau ty lives with kind ness.

2. Is she kind, as she is fair? For Sylvia is excellent; To her eyes you love her.

3. Then to Sylvia let us sing, That Sylvia is pure. She ex ceels each mor tal thing. Up on the dull earth dwell ing; The hearts such grace did blind ness;
Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That all our songs commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise she is;
The heavens to such grace did lend her,
That adored she might be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness;
To her eyes love doth repel,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits them.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her garlands let us bring.
LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

This simple but highly popular song, which has not yet outlived its vogue though it has been before the public for forty years, was the happy inspiration of a moment at the part of one who is now a veteran American composer, SEXTUS WINNER—better known by the abbreviated name with which his compositions are signed, "SWoman." In a letter to the publisher of this work, Mr. Winner thus describes the circumstances under which the song was written. "About the year 1854, there was a Philadelphia street character known as "Whistling Dick," whose means of support was by singing and whistling in public society, to which end he was highly accomplished. One of his accomplishments was the imitation of a mocking bird which suggested a ballad of that character, and the famous "Listen to the Mocking Bird" was the result. It was written to suit the small compass of his voice, and learning to perform it with taste and ability, his constant performance did much to start it on its successful career. E. Hoffman, a celebrated pianist, and brother of Richard Hoffman, wrote brilliant variations upon the melody, which he performed before many audiences, which still further increased its popularity. By reason of a modesty which influenced him at that early stage in his career, Mr. Winner hesitated to sign the composition with his own name, and he substituted the maiden name of his mother, Alice Hawthorne, to whom the song has ever since been ascribed.

Sextus Winner was born in Philadelphia, in 1827. While a pupil at the High School of that city he took a few lessons on the violin, but with that exception he was self-taught in music. He however acquired a degree of proficiency that enabled him to turn to give instruction on the violin and guitar, as well as to serve in theatrical orchestras, as violonist, leader, and arranger of music. About 1852 he opened a music store the success of which, together with his teaching and song writing, afforded him a competence. His principal success, as well as the source of his reputation, was found in the songs which he produced with great rapidity, several hundred of them having appeared under his own name, that of Alice Hawthorne, and other names assumed for the purpose of publication. A series of instruction books for various instruments, some sixty volumes in all, and an exceptional measure of success; and many tasteful arrangements of familiar pieces were among his publications. With something of the universal genius about him, Mr. Winner invented an approved "keyless scale," and with his own hands engraved the plates from which were printed the songs of which he was the author of the words and the composer of the music. He was long the musical editor of Peterson's Magazine, an officer of the Board of Musical Trade, and a manager of the Musical Union.

His first popular song was "How Sweet are the Roses," which was published in 1850. In the same year appeared his first great success "What is Home without a Mother," which is still sung and admired. Excessive as was the circulation of this song it was surpassed by that of "Listen to the Mocking Bird," the first of the "Hawthorne Songs." This met with a specially warm reception in the South, and it is said that many Southern ladies who were born shortly before the war received the name of "Hallie" in commemoration of the first of this song. Mr. Winner's songs are chiefly lyrics of the domestic virtue, and even less of the popular kind than they deal with. Among these latter are: "Dreams that Charmed me when a Child," "Happiness of Home," "My Early Fireside," "Our Good Old Friends," "Dormant By," "I Set my heart upon a Flower," "Cotswold Round the Hearth," "Whispering Hope," "Farewell Song of Enoch Arden," etc. During the war Mr. Winner was not behind his fellow countrymen in producing songs for the occasion. The best known of these are: "Give us back our Old Command," "Has it up the Flag," and "The Areas of Alabama." One song by Mr. Winner which is not popularly known to be his, has perhaps enjoyed a celebrity greater than any of the others, since its character is such that its use is not limited to the musical. This is "Ten Little Injuns," which has been sung, and illustrated, and parodied, and imitated to an extent which indicates a true and enduring fame. This was composed as an impromptu for the amusement of an evening party, without thought of publication, but the local popularity it achieved quickly determined its fate, and it was soon sung everywhere. Mr. Winner is still living in Philadelphia, enjoying in a retired old age the fruits of his genius and early industry.
1. I'm dream-ing now of Hal-ly,,
   sweet Hal-ly,,
   sweet Hal-ly,,
   I'm
2. Ah! well I yet re-mem-ber,,
   re-mem-ber,,
   re-mem-ber,,
   Ah!
3. When the charms of spring a-wak-en,,
   a-wak-en,,
   a-wak-en,,
   When the

dream-ing now of Hal-ly,,
For the thought of her is one that nev-er dies;
She's
will I yet re-mem-ber,,
When we gath-er'd in the cot-ten side by side;
'Twas
charms of spring a-wak-en,,
And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing on the bough,
I
sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley. She's feel like one for sake-en, for sake-en, for sake-en. I

sleeping in the valley, And the mocking bird is singing where she lies, feel like one for sake-en, Since my Sally is no longer with me now.

CHORUS.

Listen is the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird. The mocking bird is still singing over her

Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.
QUARTETTE.

Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, The mocking bird still singing o'er her

Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, The mocking bird still singing o'er her

grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.
FORSKEN.

KOSCHAY's "Forsaken" has been a favorite with the singing world for years. There is in it a peculiarly harmonious union of verse and melody. It seems as if poet and composer had thought out the self same song and each tried to express it in the happiest and truest vein. The air sung by the contralto of the quartet gives the music a quaintness that the ordinary arrangement of part writing would not allow. The air has been justly so popular that it has been scored for single voice, for violin and for piano solo. The full orchestra plays it also, giving the melody to the brass instruments.

Soprano, pp loud.

1. For-sak-en, for-sak-en, For-
2. A mound in the churchyard, That

Tenor, pp

1. For-sak-en, for-sak-en, For-
2. A mound in the churchyard, That

Bass, pp

sak-en
blos-soms hang over It is there my love sleepeth: To wak-en no

sak-en
blos-soms hang over It is there my love sleepeth: To wak-en no

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Me... I go to the churchyard, My eyes filled with tears;
Tis there all my footsteps, My passions all媒;

And kneeling I weep there, Oh, my love, loved for years;
And there my heart turns ouch, I'm forsaken indeed.

Forsaken, forsaken,
Like the stone in the countryside,
My buried hopes die;
I go to the churchyard,
My eyes filled with tears;
And kneeling I weep there,
Oh, my love, loved for years.

A mound in the churchyard,
That blossoms being over;
It is there my love sleeps;
To weep no more;
Tis there all my footsteps,
My passions all lead;
And there my heart turns ouch;
I'm forsaken indeed.
FRANK E. SAUVER, the composer of this song, was born in Boston, Oct. 25th, 1872. He received his first musical instruction from his mother, who was an unusually accomplished pianiste. The early influences during his childhood and school days, passed in Malone, N.Y., were singularly conducive to love of all the arts, and numerous long stays in New York during the Opera seasons finally because his stimulus to enter upon a musical career. In 1880 he began serious studies in composition—under Mr. Dudley Buck, a master to whom every pupil is markedly loyal. Frank E. Sawyer was a song-writer particularly gifted: he composed solo quartets, a mad church and an entire Mass Solemn (Des Pauques) all of which are published and have had performances in various cities of the United States. He died in New York, January 1st, 1896. I cannot give the name of the writer of the words of this song.

In the lake the stars are gleam-ing, but the sky...
Night is falling on the dreaming hills and vales;

Let the boat glide through you dim gle, Where the fires dance and mingle.

There comes music that's a single Nightingale's, Nightingale's!

One begins and then another voice prevaileth, ...
Each a-wakes a sweet-tongued brother of the dales

One by one they wak- en, bring - ing Mu- sic like a fountain spring - ing.

Til the whole night rings with sing - ing Night - in - gales! Night - in - gales!
KATHLEEN AROON.

Two songs of FRANZ WILHELM ABB have enjoyed great popularity because of the ease with which they are universally understood, and a certain originality of melody which takes hold of the fancy and is retained by the memory. The example set by the greater song-writers of Germany, of making the song the vehicle for the dramatic expression of emotion, he never followed. His songs rather prompt than express emotion; and so surely do they do this, and that with a suggestion of pensive melancholy, that many of his melodies have found favor with the makers of hymn-books, where they appear as appropriate and sympathetic settings for devotional lyrics. Of the hundreds of songs he has written, few have the peculiar quality of "Kathleen Aroon;" the melody of which is so well adapted to the words to which the Irish term of endearment—"Aroon" means "frown of my heart"—gives character, that it might almost have been indigenous to the same soil. Simple and unassuming as it is, it is genuinely melodious, and bears the marks of musical culture characteristic of this composer. The words are by Mrs. CRAWFORD.
1. Why should we part ed be, Kathleen A - room! When thy feet
2. Give me the hand, Kathleen A - room! Come to the
3. Why should we part ed be, Kathleen A - room! When thy feet

heart's with me, Kathleen A - room! Come to those skies,
heart's with me, Kathleen A - room! Come over the waves with me,
heart's with me, Kathleen A - room! Old love these weeping skies,

Bright eyes we may meet! Old love these sea - ful eyes,
These hands shall weep for thee, This heart will faith - ful be,
Where man a mar - ry die, Come dry these sea - ful eyes,

Kathleen A - room!
Kathleen A - room!
Kathleen A - room!

D.C.
THE GALLANT TROUBADOUR.

This song, as well as "Dannis the Brave," formed part of a manuscript collection of French songs which were said to have been picked up on the field of Waterloo, by a gentleman whose daughter transferred them to Sir Walter Scott, who made the translations. Scott says they probably formed part of a collection made by an officer, and adds that the manuscript was so much stained with blood and clay as sufficiently to indicate the fate of the late captain.

1. Glowing with love, on fire for fame, A troubadour that hastened.
2. And while he marched, with helm on head, And harp in hand the descant.

nor - row, he saith his lady's window came, And thus he sung: As faith - ful to his fair - ette maid, The musicien sang his last good morrow: "My arm it is my country's right—My heart is in my lady's bow'—Gayly for love and fame to

This page contains a musical notation as well as the text of the song "The Gallant Troubadour." The text describes a troubadour in love and describes his dedication to his lady, using the imagery of a troubadour's song to express his devotion. The notation provides the musical setting for the song, indicating the melody, harmony, and rhythm that accompany the text.
Glowing with love, on fire for fame,
A troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sang his last good morrow:—

"My heart is in my true love's bow'r;—
Gaily for love and fame to fight,
Beats the gallant troubadour."

And, while he march'd, with helm on head,
And harp in hand the descent rang,
As faithful to his fair one mild,
The minstrel bards were in his ear:

"My arm it is my country's right;
My heart is in my lady's bow'r;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant troubadour."

E'en when the battle's roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hewed his way,
'Mid splintering lance and laceration sweep,
And still was heard the warrior lay:—

"My life is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bow'r;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Became the valiant Troubadour."

Aha! upon the bloody field
He fell, beneath the foe man's glaive,
But still, reclining on his shield,
Expiring sang th' exulting stave:—

"My life is my country's right;
My heart is in my lady's bow'r;
For love and fame to fall in fight
Became the valiant Troubadour."
BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

Among the fortunate musical inspirations in the numbers of an opera, few have more surely struck the popular taste than this song of Dr. Julius Benedict's, from his opera of "The Bride of Venice." It has become a familiar song in England and America, although the work from which it was taken achieved a very brief popularity after its original production in 1846. Both musically and sentimentally, this simple song contains material that fully accounts for its being a favorite with those who like a simple melody, full of grace and feeling.

1. By the
2. From my

sad sea wave, I listen while they miss A la ment of our graves of hope and pleasure gone, I was

saw last night, by happy sleep beguiled in the fair dreams light, my home unmet unkind.

young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the rising of the sun to the

sweet and the dew, Every flow'r that I knew, Breathed a gentle welcome back, to the
By the sad sea waves, I listen while they mourn
A lament o'er graves of hope and pleasure gone.
I was young, I was fair,
I had once not a care.

From the rising of the moon to the setting of the sun;
Yet I pine like a slave,
By the sad sea wave.

Come again bright day of hope and pleasure gone,
Come again, bright day.

From my care last night, by holy sleep beguiled
In the fair dream-light, my home upon me smiled.
O how sweet 'mid the dew,
Every flower that I knew, I weary child.

Breathed a gentle welcome back, to the worn and
I awoke in my grave
By the sad sea wave.

Come again, dear dream, so peacefully that smiled,
Come again, dear dream.
EVENING SONG.

"Lest yon swan entwine to weave."

FREDERICK GRANT GLEASON was born at Middletown, Conn., December 18th, 1848. Dudley Buck was his first instructor. Subsequently he pursued his education at Leipzig under Moscheles, Richter, and Pianify, and in Berlin under Carl Friedrich Weitzmann and Oscar Raff. In 1876 he went to Chicago and has been actively engaged in his work there ever since. Mr. Gleason has composed two romantic operas, "Otho Visconti" and "Montezuma," selections from which have been played by Theodore Thomas' orchestra; an "Overture Triumphant" for organ; two cantatas "God, Our Deliverer," and "The Gethsemane," with Drake's well-known poem as the text; the "Amusement Festival Ode," especially composed for, and sung at the dedication of the Auditorium, and also a "Praise Song to Harmony." In 1884 he was elected a member of the board of directors and an examiner of the American College of Musicians, an office which he held for some years. He was chosen to represent the American Music Teachers' National Association at the meeting of the English Society of Professional Musicians at Cambridge, England, and has been presented with a gold medal of honor by the Associazione dei Fumicenti Italiani, Palermo, Sicily, "for distinguished services in the cause of art." A number of his orchestral works were performed at the Columbian Exposition, including selections from "Otho Visconti," and "Montezuma," and a "Processional of the Holy Grail," from an unfinished opera.
all!
Like the eye... of God thou watch-est, Watchest si-lent-ly o'er
Soft falls the dew of evening, All nature rests in peace. Angel voices
softly whisper warm of tender love and hope. Words of tender love and hope.

In the distant forest hidden, Sleeps the storm which yet may burst,
spreading death and destruction. On our unprotected
CLOSE YOUR EYES, LENA, MY DARLING.

There was a time when this charming Lullaby was familiar throughout the length and breadth of this country, wherever songs were sung or verses were hummed or whistled. It was the time when Ennert's delicious impersonation of the happy hearted German youth in "Fritz, Our Cousin German" had taken the country by storm, as a characterization essentially new and altogether delightful and refreshing. The career of Joseph K. Ennert was varied, meteoric in its sudden rise and fall, and very sad in its ending—the going out in darkness of a life that could not withstand the temptations of prosperity. He was born March 13, 1841, in St. Louis, and began life as a drummer in a regimental band.

He died June 15, 1891. The "Lullaby" was written and composed by Ennert himself, and was introduced into one of the first of the "Fritz" productions.

Moderato.

1. Close your eye, Lena, my darling, While I sing your lulla-by, fear then to disturb, Lena, Lena,

2. Bright be your morning, my darling, You see your eyes, enchanted, as you count the Lena, Lena,

3. More still, dear Lena, my darling, For your breast is watching, night and day, Lena, Lena, Lena, Lena,

Peace be with thee, live, my darling; But I'll not, I'll not, I'll not, I'll not, Lena, Lena, Lena, Lena,

An evil guard thee, Lena, my darling. No evil can come near; Lena, Lena, Lena, Lena,

Birds sing their bright songs for thee, my darling. Full of sweet melody, Lena, Lena, Lena, Lena.

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Close your eyes, Lena, my darling,
While I sing your lullaby, fear thou no danger, Lena,
Move not, dear Lena, my darling,
For your kinder witches watch you, Lena dear.
Angels guard thee, Lena dear, my darling,
Nothing evil can come near;
Brightest flowers bloom for thee,
Darling sister, dear to me,
Go to sleep, etc.

Bright be the morning, my darling,
When you open your eyes, sunbeams shall glow all around you, Lena,
Peace be with thee, love, my darling,
Blue and cloudless be the sky for Lena dear.
Birds sing their bright songs for thee, my darling,
Fall of sweetest melody,
Angels ever hover near,
Darling sister, dear to me,
Go to sleep, etc.
CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

This following song of Tom Moonie was written during his journey down the river St. Lawrence. He says, in regard to its composition: "I wrote these words to an air which boatmen sung to us very frequently. The wind was so unfavorable, that they were obliged to row all the way; and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense heat during the day, and, at night, forced to take shelter from the days in any miserable hut upon the banks, that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties. Our voyagers had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins:

"Duns mon chausis, j'ai revendrai
Duns Canaïres bonbons mous.

And the refrain to every verse was,

"A l'odre d'un bai, je ne vais pas jorer,
A l'odre d'un bai, je ne vais pas dormir."

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common or trilling; but I remember when we have entered an instance upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the most compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage. The stanzas are supposed to be sung by those voyageurs who go the Grande Portage by the Unamow river. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in his account of the Fur Trade, says: "At the rapid of St. Anne, they are obliged to take out a part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyageurs."

\[\text{Music notation}\]
ours keep time, Our voices keep time, and our oars keep time;

Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn;

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

3. Why should we yet our sail unfurl? There is not a breath the breeze wave to curl, There
3. Turn wan's tide, this trembling moon Shall see us float o'er thy surging wave.
is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, O

Shall set us down, over the sur - ges soon; Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, O

a

et - ly well rest the wea - ry our; Blow, breeze - es, blow, the stream runs fast, The

grant in cool hour - es, and fervent airs!

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

Faithfully tolls the evening chimes,
Our voices keep time and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn;
Rapids, brothers, roar, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the day-light's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest the weary oar;
Blow, breeze, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the day-light's past.

Unwea's tide, this trembling moon
Shall say us that o'er thy surges soon,
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
O grant us cool heavens, and fervent airs!
Blow, breeze, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the day-light's past.
THE COLLEEN BAWN.

Although born a German—in Stuttgart, in 1804—Sir Julius Benedict, the composer of this song, was one of the fathers of English modern music, and was regarded as the dean of the fraternity of composers and conductors. Among whom he lived and worked to the great age of eighty-one, dying in 1885. He studied with Von Weber, and served as Kapellmeister in Vienna and in Naples before his coming to London, where he became a conductor of theatre and opera companies. In 1850-51 he made the American tour with Jenny Lind, and on his return to England, conducted the Italian opera for Colonel Mapleson's first temple. He established a series of popular concerts in London and directed the work of the Philharmonic Society of Liverpool. He was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1871, in recognition of his services and attainments. He composed many English operas, among which was "The Lily of Killarney," produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1852, and on the Continent as "The Rose of Erin." The following song is from his opera "The Colleen Bawn," founded on the play of the same name by Dion Boucicault.

"Colleen Bawn, the Colleen Bawn, From childhood I have known, I've seen that beauty in the dawn, Which now so bright has grown, Al..."
though her cheek is blanch'd with care, Her smile diff - us ses joy; Heaven

form'd in her a jew - el rare, Shall I....... that gem de - stroy? Shalt

The Col - leen Bawn, the Col - leen Bawn, From

child - hood I have known, I've seen....... that beauty in the dawn, That
not so bright has grown; I've seen that beauty in the dawn. That now so bright has grown.

Heaven form'd in her a jewel rare.

Shall I... that gem destroy? Shall I... shall I that gem destroy?
BY AND BY.

SONG FOR SOPRANO OR TENOR.

Joan Vance Cheney, the writer of this pretty song, was born in Groveland, N. Y., in 1849. After leaving school he taught for a time; was admitted to the bar in Massachusetts, and later practiced in New York and California. In San Francisco his attention was called to the needs of a good librarian for the Free Public Library, and he accepted the position soon after his arrival in that city. Later he became librarian of the Newberry Library of Chicago. Mr. Cheney has written many beautiful songs; among them a number contained in the volume entitled "Thistle Drift," and "Wood-Blooms."

"By and By" has been happily set to music by Summer Saltar, editor of The Preamble and librarian of The Manuscript Society of the United States. He was born in Burlington, Iowa, in 1850; was educated at Amherst; studied music in Boston; was organist of prominent churches in several cities; and settled in New York in 1889. The music of "By and By" is sung with charming effect by either a soprano or a tenor voice.
My love and I, My love and I.

But Fate says, "No!" He

hates us so That it were vain to try.

We will never be Neath the greenwood tree.
My love and I, My love and I.

But, O, one day We'll steal a-way; We'll cheat him, by and by;

A - sleep all sound 'Neath a mossy mound,
It was in Eliza Cook's girlhood that "The Old Arm-Chair" was made vacant by her mother's death; and the daughter's life was not very happy until, with the profits of her writings, she had bought a house and made herself a charming home. We think of her almost as the occupant of the old arm-chair herself; but it is not so many years since our countrywoman, Frances S. Osgood, wrote from London: "Eliza Cook is just what her noble poetry would lead you to imagine her—a frank, brave, and warm-hearted girl, about
twenty years of age, rather stolid and sturdy looking, with a face not handsome but very intelligent. Her hair is black, and very luxuriant, her eyes grey and full of expression, and her mouth indescribably sweet." As she is a little out of fashion now-a-days, we are always surprised to find how pleasant her writings are, and, especially, how spirited are some of her lyrics. She was born in London in 1817, and died in Winchendon, Sept. 23, 1889.

Henry Russell, the famous composer, who made the air to which "The Old Arm-Chair" is set, was born in England about 1815. He is said to have been of Jewish descent, but those who were intimate with him say that his features did not indicate it. He began his professional life as a music-teacher, and while he was pursuing that vocation in Birmingham, his talents so fascinated Miss Isabella Lloyd, daughter of a rich Quaker luminary, who possessed twenty-five thousand dollars a year in her own right, that she ran away from home and married him. Russell wrote music for some of Charles Mackey's spirited lyrics, and got up a series of concerts which were very popular throughout the British Islands. Authoritative respect for his voice; contemporary journals speak of its magnificent quality, and compass, while a trustworthy account says that he sang effectively without anything like a voice. He certainly had power to move audences, and much of his success came from his choice of simple and picturesque words, which he rendered with feeling and a perfectly distinct utterance. He sang the pathetic and the rollicking with equal success.

Russell visited the United States about 1845, and is still well remembered here. He carried home golden spoils; and after a few successful tours in the old world, gave up the stage entirely and devoted himself to a business more profitable even than that of a favorite singer. He became a bill-discounter, what we should call a "note-slaver," in London, and amassed an immense fortune.
I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sacred prize;
I've blessed it with song, and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound to a thousand bonds to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will part.
Would you learn the spell—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live,
She told me shame would never be mine,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lay my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were grey;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled.
And I turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Your's rolled on; but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I go on as now
With quivering breath and trembling brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, there she died;
And memory lingers with love's tide.
Say it is folly, and even me weep,
While the weeding drops run down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot part
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.
TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

Felicia Dorothia Browne was born in Liverpool, England, September 21, 1794. Her early days were passed amid the beautiful scenery of north Wales, which fostered her imaginative nature. When eighteen years old, she married Captain Hensman, who had lately recovered, with shattered health, from the hard-fought fields of Spain, and the fever-stricken mists of the Walcheren Expedition. Six years later, he left her with a family of five little boys, and went to reside in Italy. They never met again.

Mrs. Hensman was beautiful, with a fine and graceful form, blue eyes, and a profusion of auburn hair. It was on her portrait, painted by our countryman, Benjamin West, that she composed the poem which closes with the lines:

"Yet look thou still gently on,  
And if sweet thoughts there be,  
That when my song and my are gone  
Shall seek my fins in vain,  
Tell them of one for whom was lost  
To flee away and be a reed."

The sister who set many of Mrs. Hensman’s words to music was twice married. Her name was Hughes. At the time she wrote the biography of the poetess.

1. Come, come, come, Come to the sweet tree; The day is past and gone: The woodman’s axe lies
D.C.—Come, come, come, Come to the sweet tree; The day is past and gone: The woodman’s axe lies

2. Come, come, come, Sweet is the hour of rest. Prancest the woodcutter’s sight. And the gleanings of the
3. Come, come, come, Yes, in the wood, that sweet eternal song, And in the freshness
4. Come, come, come, There shall no tears be shed, No more nor winding path; There shall be no more

Fare

Come, and the singer’s song is done. (Out) And the woodman’s song is done.

West, And the turf whereon we lie. When the sun is dead and the
snow, No weary wandering feet; So we lift our trusting
Come, come, come,
Come to the sweet tree;
The day is past and gone,
The woodman's axe is free,
And the reaper's work is done.
The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given,
By the cool, soft evening hours.

Come, come, come,
Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaning of the west,
And the turf wherein we lie;
When the burdened and the bent
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door;

Come, come, come,
Yes, 'tis the timeful sound,
That dwells in whispering boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows;
But rest more sweet and still
Than ever night-fell gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

Come, come, come,
There shall be tempests o'er,
No searching moonlight's gaze;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet;
So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God;

Come, come, come, etc.
EHREN ON THE RHINE.

One of the songs upon which the reputation of its composer is chiefly based, this is the production, both words and music, of William Marshall Hutchison, the Scottish writer of music to whom we are indebted for the setting to Weirterly's "Pierrot". The tender sadness of the theme, the recurring refrain giving character to the composition, and the easy flow of the melody, are obvious elements in its popularity. Besides songs, Hutchison has written much dance music of an engaging sort, though that appears chiefly under various assumed names.

1. A d[...]

2. They marched a way, down the village street, The

bade his love a-dieu, His gun and knapsack at his feet, His company in
tunes float ing gay: The child-roamed for the tramp- ing feet, That went to war a-

view: With tears she kissed him once again, Then turned a-way her

way! But one a-mong them turned him round, To look but once her
head; He could but whis-per in his pain, And this is what he said: "Oh, gain; And tho' his lips gave out no sound, His heart sigh'd this re-frain: "Oh, love, dear love, be true, This heart is on- ly thine, When the war is o'er, We'll part no more At Eh-ren on the Rhine; Oh, love, dear love, be true!..... This heart is on-ly thine; When the war is o'er, We'll part no more At Eh-ren on the
Rhine;

but, de-light, the pale, co-cainoon Is, shadowed by peaceful light, And is shining down on a

soul that saw the world go to eternal flight; A said the dying, the soldier lay, A

comrade was close at hand; And he said, "When I am far away, And"
you in our native land, And you in our native land.

( Much slower than the previous refrain.)

say to my love, "Be true, be only, only mine.

My life is o'er, we'll meet no more, at Ehren on the Rhine,

At Ehren on the Rhine. 
THE ARETHUSA.

Prince Hallier, who wrote the words of "The Arethusa," was born in Bath, England, in 1755. His father was a painter, and the son studied the art with him, and became somewhat noted as a painter of portraits and historical pictures. He went to Rome to continue painting, but finally relinquished that pursuit, and adopted literature as a profession. In eleven years, he wrote twenty plays; some of them successful comic operas, and musical voices. One of these is "No Snow, No Supper," another is "Lock me Up." He died at Brighton, December 22, 1834.

The "Arethusa" was a frigate of 850 tons. She was built by the French, from whom she was captured, by two British frigates, in Audersee Bay, May 18, 1759. In 1778, she was commissioned for active service in the British navy, and sailed in the fleet of Admiral Keppel. In June, she fought a drawn battle with the French frigate, "Belle Poule," in which she lost eight men killed, and thirty-six wounded, and was so badly knocked to pieces that she had to be towed back to the fleet. Her antagonist lost forty-eight killed, and fifty wounded. In March, 1779, the "Arethusa," trying to escape a pursuing French line-of-battle-ship, struck in the night on a reef near Malines, in the British Channel, and went to pieces. All on board except one boat's crew were made prisoners.

The music of "The Arethusa" is attributed to William Shield, but has been ably paralleled by Carolan, an Irish minstrel.

Samuel Lover says it was composed by Carolan, an Irish minstrel, and "has been ably paralleled by Shield." Some collections of English music speak of it as arranged by Shield, from an ancient melody.

Allegro Con Spirito.

1. Come all ye sail-boys, Time is at hand;
   These brave men are in a goodly field,
   Whose hearts are cast in hon'-our's mould,
   While England's glory

\[\text{Musical notation image}\]
I am told, Huzza for the Arsenic! She is the frigate,
3. "Twas with the spring-breez she went out, The English Channel to canvas a boat, When four French sail in,  
On deck five hundred men did change, The stoutest they could find in France, We with two hundred  

Now so short, Bare down on the A - re - thu - ma.  
The ship's Bell, Paul, straight a- 
old admiral, On board of the A - re - thu - ma.  
Our captain build'd the  

head did lie, The A - re - thu - ma scarp'd to fly; Not a sheet, or a tack, Or a测算less slide she left, The Frenchmen, "Ho!" The Frenchmen they cried out, "ho!  Hear down, if ye see To our admiral." "No, no,"  

Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff, But they knew not the handful of men, so tough, On board of the A - re - thu - ma.  
Said the Frenchman, "that can't be!" Then I must lug you a long with me," Says the admiral A - re - thu - ma.
4. The light was off the Fearrnan's land, We drove them back upon their strand, For we fought till not a

stick would stand Of the gallant A - re - thun - so, And now we've driven the

foe a-shore, Never to fight with Britons more. Let such fill a glass to his fa - vor - ite lane, A

health to the captain and of Scots, true, And all that belong to the A - re - thun - so.
THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

The words of this song were written by Longfellow. The composer of the music, Michael William Balfe, was born in Dublin, Ireland, May 15, 1815. At the age of eight, he played a concerto on the violin at a public concert, and a year later he wrote a ballad, "The Lover's Mistake," which Madame Vestris introduced into the opera of "Paul Pry." In 1833 he went to London with Charles Edward Horn, as an articed pupil. He was soon engaged as principal violinist at the Drury Lane orchestra, and in the orchestra under Thomas Cooke. He was also cultivating his rich baritone voice. Conni Mazzara, fancying he resembled a son whom his wife had lost, took young Balfe to Rome, where the Countess received him tenderly. He studied in Rome, Milan, and Paris, and in the latter city, appeared as Figaro in the "Barber of Seville," and made a great success. He came to the United States with his wife, and sang in opera, and, returning to London, appeared in his own first opera, "The Siege of Rochelle." From that time he devoted himself especially to composition and produced his well-known operas, of which "The Bohemian Girl" is the most popular. Balfe died in London, October 20, 1870.

I shot an arrow into the air, it fell to earth, I know not where; For so swiftly it flew, The sight could not
follow it, The sight could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song

into the air, It fell to earth, I know not where;

For whose sight, so keen and strong, That it can follow the flight of a song?
For whomèight se keen and so strong,..... That it can fol-

song?

Long, long after wards, in an oak,.......

And the song from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend,
And the song from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend, I found again, I found again, I found again in the heart of a friend.
ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

ROMANCE.

Familiar wherever song-music is known, this is the most strikingly and the most permanently popular production of Joseph Ashe, the brilliant composer and pianist, who sacrificed a highly promising career to the fascinations of Parisian society, while he was pianist to the Empress Eugénie. The words were written by Wellington Greenway, an Irish composer, poet and librettist, who achieved a fair measure of success in many fields. The son of an officer in the British army, he was born at Mullingar, Ireland, in 1817, and died in London in 1895. While a boy he was a pupil in music of the celebrated Mendelssohn, at Léiden. He composed some excellent songs, of which the best known is "I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree," and several other works. But his chief contribution to song writing was the composition of words for the music of others, "Mary Blue" and "Alice, Where Art Thou?" being the most celebrated of these. During his eventful life he saw some service in the army, traveled extensively in foreign lands, and for forty years was an officer or a newspaper correspondent with nearly every British army that engaged in foreign wars. He was the travelling companion, in Guatemala and Chili, of the eccentric and restless composer, William Vincent Wallace, and was at one time engaged by the President of Paraguay as an engineer officer. His later years were spent in London, in literary and musical pursuits, and he was London correspondent of American newspapers. The sale of "Alice, Where Art Thou?" ran up into the hundreds of thousands, although, when it was first produced the manuscript was refused by several music publishers, who were unwilling to take it at the modest price of $5.

Melody was expressive.

1. The bird sleep - ing grant - ly, Sweet Ly - ra plum - eth.

2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing, Just as it fall - eth.

bright; Her rays shine the for - est, And all seem glad to - night, The
now; And all things sleep gently! Ah! Al - ice, where art thou? I've
wind-sighing by me, Cooling my for-ced brow; The stream flows as

ever. Yet Alice, where art thou? One year back this even. And

wild-wood. When winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in for-est, I'm

thou wast by my side; And thou wast by my

look-ing backward now; I'm look-ing for-ward

side. Now we'll go to love me, One

there mid the star-shine. We
CRADLE SONG.

As a distinct and noteworthy element among American musicians of the younger school, Reginald deKoven, within a very few years since he began his musical career, has acquired an enviable reputation in the fields of composition and musical criticism, the composer of several successful operas—one of which, "Robin Hood," reached its two-thousandth performance within five years after its first production; its lyric songs, which were graceful, scholarly, and characteristically original, were sung everywhere; and the musical critiques which he contributes to the periodical and daily press are regarded as the expression of sound and discriminating opinions on the current music of the day. To add to his musical study he had added a broad and liberal general culture, and these, with an engaging personality, and good social standing, stimulated an exceptional interest in the career of this composer of many delightful works.

He first came before the public as a composer in 1881, when he was in his twenty-second year. At this time appeared "Marjorie Dean," of which he wrote both words and music. During the next fifteen years he composed industriously, producing more than one hundred songs, half a score operas and many minor works.

Reginald deKoven was born in Middletown, Conn., in 1859. His musical ability was early recognized; and when fourteen years of age he was sent to Germany, where he studied the piano under Wilhelm Späth at Stuttgart. After a short period of devotion to musical studies he abandoned his original intention of becoming a professional pianist and entered St. John's College, Oxford, England, from which institution he graduated with honours in 1879. He then returned to the continent, resumed the study of the piano in Stuttgart, counterpoint in Frankfurt, and singing in Florence under the renowned Vannozzi.

His first operatic venture was "Cupid, Hymen & Co.," which was never publicly performed; but the "Begum," which followed, was produced under Col. McCaull's management and was highly successful. This so encouraged the young composer that he returned to Europe and studied operatic composition for a long time under Richard Genée in Vienna; and while under Genée's instruction he composed "Don Quixote." In June, 1890, his greatest work, and the work that has been called the greatest American opera, "Robin Hood," was finished, and this was followed by "The Knickerbockers," "The Fencing Master," in 1892 and "The Algerian," in 1893; and in the following year "Rob Roy" and "The Tigrane" appeared, making a total of six successful operatic productions in as many years. Among his principal songs are: "Oh! Promise Me," "A Winter's Lullaby," "A Persian Love Song," "Little Doris," "An Indian
Love Song; "My Love Will Come To-day;" and "Cradle Song." The words of the latter are by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

In 1884 Mr. DeKoven married the eldest daughter of Senator Farwell of Chicago, a lady of marked literary attainments. The home of the DeKovens is thus one of culture and refinement,—a literary and musical centre. In 1891 he became musical critic of the New York World.

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Sleep, sleep, sleep, So sleep......

Birds are sleeping in the nest,

On the swaying bough;=

Thus, against the mother's breast,
Ere the moon begins to rise,
Or a star to shine,
All the bluebells close their eyes;
So close thine,
Thine, dear, thine;
Sleep, love, sleep,
Stumber deep;
So sleep.

Birds are sleeping in the nest,
On the swaying bough;
Thus, against the mother's breast,
So sleep thou;
Sleep, so sleep;
So sleep.
AH! I HAVE SIGHED TO REST ME.

One of the most delicious and favorite numbers in Giuseppe Verdi's most popular opera "Trovatore" is the extremely tuneful serenade, in which Manrico sings farewell to Leonora from the tower in which he is confined; while she, unknown to him, listens without the wall, having come to save him by giving her hand to her rival, the Count di Luna, by whom he has been imprisoned. The English version of the words of this song, replete with passion and pathos, were written by Charles Jefferys, the veteran composer of songs, of whose work several examples appear in these pages.
rest me, But all in vain I crave, O fare thee well, my Le-o-

nocras, fare thee well! Ah! I have sigh'd for ever, Yet all in vain do I

crave, O fare thee well, my Le-o-no-ras, fare thee well!

no more, my Le-o-no-ras, fare thee well! Out of the sea I hear thee,
Yield I my life for thee, Ahi think of me, ahi think of me, my Leo-

us-ra, fare thee well! Tho' I no more behold then,

Yet is thy name a spell Yet is thy name, yet is thy name a spell, ever cast on-

Cheering my last lone hour, Leo-no-ra, fare-well......
A SONG OF MAY.

Sweetness and easy flow of melody, and a severe simplicity of harmonious arrangement, are prominently characteristic of nearly all the vocal music of the young American educator and composer to whom we are indebted for the setting of William Ganemee’s beautiful “Song of May.” Wilson G. Stith, whose name is identified with the advancement of music in Ohio, is a native of Elyria, and a graduate of the public schools of Cleveland, his adopted city. He studied music under Otto Singer in Cincinnati; and under Riel, Moskowski, Oscar Ralf, Scharsenka, and other eminent German masters, in Berlin. The composition of several songs and a few instrumental pieces was followed by “Hommage a Grieg,” consisting of arietta, capriccio, romanze, humoresque and manuscripts. This important work revealed to the musical world a peculiar characteristic of the young composer’s genius, in his ability to catch the spirit and individuality of others without servile imitation of their mere-contrivances, and a hearty commingling from the Scandinavian master to whom it was dedicated. He encouraged the American to publish his “Hommage a Schumann,” “Hommage a Chopin” and “Hommage a Schubert;” of each of which it has been said that it might have been written by the master himself. Another noteworthy achievement of this resourceful instrumentalist is a series of these two-piano transcriptions for concert use; in which a waltz (Les Syphides) by Beethoven, a Momento by Grieg, and the Vale a la Tyrolienne of Ralf, have been amplified, enfiled and embellished with remarkable success. His songs, among the best of which are “A Song of May,” “If I but knew,” and Hein’s “Du bist wie eine Blume,” are the work of a musician who possesses a genius for the invention of melody and a fine sense of harmonic propriety.

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Sing the whole day long,
Making hearts grow lighter
With each happy song.
For the happy day,
When again I'll meet you
In the month of May.

I am longing, sweetheart,
For the happy day,
When again I'll meet you in the month of May.
Roses will be opening.

And the violets blue
Will be sweetest, sweetheart, when I come for you.
THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY'S pathetic song of "The Mistletoe Bough," was founded upon a story which is embodied in the "Italy" of Samuel Rogers. The story runs that Ginevra, a beautiful girl of illustrious parentage, was wedded to a noble youth. Guests had assembled for the marriage-fest, when some one whispered that the bride was missing, and a boisterous throng ran through the company. All search for her was fruitless. A few weeks afterward, the heart-broken husband was killed in battle, in a self-sought encounter, while the lovely and grey-haired father was seen, year after year, seeking for his long-lost child. One day, after his death, a girl, as young and thoughtless as the bride had been, running through the dusty galleries of the castle, came upon a carved and massive chest. "Let's draw it out," said she gaily. She touched its side, when lo! it crumbled and fell wide apart, and with it fell what had been her life and beauty. Amid the ruins shone bright jewels, a wedding ring, and a small seal inscribed "Ginevra."

1. The mistletoe hung in the cas-tie hall, The fol-ly branch-esh on the old oak wall, and the
2. "I'm ready of dane-ing now," she cried. "Here tar-ry a mo-ment,—I'll hide, I'll hide!"

And

her eyes were blin-d and gay, And keep-ing their Christmas hol-i-day; The Lor-ell be sure thou'rt the first to true-love The due to thy se-cre-t heart-ing-place. A

1. Mistletoe hung in the cas-tie hall, The fol-ly branch-esh on the old oak wall, and the
2. "I'm ready of dane-ing now," she cried. "Here tar-ry a mo-ment,—I'll hide, I'll hide!"

And

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2. "I'm ready of dane-ing now," she cried. "Here tar-ry a mo-ment,—I'll hide, I'll hide!"

And

her eyes were blin-d and gay, And keep-ing their Christmas hol-i-day; The Lor-ell be sure thou'rt the first to true-love The due to thy se-cre-t heart-ing-place. A
Oh, the mistletoe bough! Oh, the mistletoe bough!

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain, till a week passed away!
In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
"See! the old man weep for his fairy bride."
Oh, the Mistletoe bough!

At length an old chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the Castle—they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay moldering there,
With a bridal wreath in her clustering hair.
She died in her beauty!—in spiritless rest,
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;
It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering in a living tomb.
Oh, the Mistletoe bough!

MARION MOORE.

JAMES G. CLARK, author of both words and music of the following song, was born in Constantia, New York, June 28, 1830. His mother was a very fine singer, and was possessed also of a poetical temperament. Mr. Clark spent much time in reading amongst the beautiful scenery about his home, and early began to write simple lyrics, which have travelled throughout the land in the poet's corner of newspapers. He has a fine voice, and before he could talk he could carry a simple air easily. He joined, as musical director, the concert troupes of Ossian E. Dodge, but in a few years left them, and since that time has given ballad concerts entirely unassisted. His repertoire comprises many pleasing songs of which both words and music are his own, and many also for which he has written the music only. He now resides at Traverse Lake, Minn.

1. Gone art thou, Mar - ri - on Moore! Gone like the
2. Bear with me, Mar - ri - on Moore! Dear is the
3. I will re - mem - ber thee, Mar - ri - on Moore! I shall re -
As the autumn that singeth,
Gone like the flower by the

As the member, na-la,
to regret thee,

Gone like the leaf of the ivy that
Sorrows, my life of its rose is

Gone the bane rock on a storm-beaten shore,
Wasting is all the glory of yore.

Gone like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth;
Gone like the rill to the ocean that floweth;
Gone as the day, from the grey mountain goeth,
 Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore—
Peace whiles the queeness of the earth cannot borrow,
Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with sorrow.
O! to be happy with thee on the mower,
Who would not fly from this desolate shore?
DOUGLAS GORDON.

One of the younger musicians of England, LAWRENCE KELLY, has made a gratifying success with the characteristic-drawing-room ballads of which he is the composer. They are so thoroughly individual as almost to constitute a distinct style of song, of which he is regarded as the inventor. A fine singer himself, and occasionally appearing in concerts, although in a non-professional way, he has introduced many of his own songs to the public by singing them. Some of his love songs have attained a degree of popularity that has amounted almost to a craze. "Douglas Gordon," the words of which are by FREDERICK E. WETHERLEY, is probably the best known of his compositions. Others are "I Had a Flower," "Love's Nocturne," "You Ask Me Why I Love."

1. "Row me o'er the strait, Doug - las
   2. "Give me a word of love, Doug - las

Gor - don, Gor - don, be - yond the lit - te Kirk by the old, old ty - sting tree.
Gor - don, Gor - don, be - yond the lit - te Kirk by the old, old ty - sting tree.

Doug - las Gor - don, My wed - ding ball, my love! but not for you and me. They
Doug - las Gor - don, My wed - ding ball, my love! but not for you and me. They

Ner - er a word spoke Doug - las Gor - don, But he looked in - to her eyes so ten - der,
Ner - er a word spoke Doug - las Gor - don, But he looked in - to her eyes so ten - der,

f for great.

f for great.

f for great.
And he set her at his side, and away across the

And she saw the tears run, in her lover's silent

They floated to the little Kirk, and the old, old trusting tree.

And the old, old trusting tree.

3. And it's never, never, never, Douglas,

Gordon, Never in this world that you may come to me, but tell me that you love me.
Douglas Gordon, and kiss me for the love of all that used to be?.... Then he

flung a-way his sail, his oars and rudder, and he took her in his arms so tenderly.

And they drifted on a main, and the bellmoy call in vain. For she and Douglas

Gordon are drowned in the sea!....
HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.

Probably no American composer has given celebrity to a greater variety of names than Septimus Winner, the composer of "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "What is Home without a Mother," "Too Little, Too Injurious," and numerous other farside favorites. The names of "Alice Hawthorne," "Mark Mason," "Paul Stanton," etc. have been used by him in his busy life of song-writing; and under the name de plume "Eastearn," to whom is ascribed "How the Gates Came Ajar," we may recognize the same industrious composer. The subject of this song was suggested by Elizabeth Sturz Phelps' striking book, "The Gates Ajar," and the words were composed by Helen L. Bestwick.
1. 'Twas whispered one morning in Heaven, How the little white angel
2. "I hear my dear mother three weeping, She is here by, she cannot
3. Then up a rose Mary the Blessed, Sweet Mary, the mother oh
4. "And this key for no further using, To my blessed Son shall be

May, Sat ever beside the portal, X
seen, A glimmer of light in the darkness, Where the Christ, Her hand on the head of the angel, * She given, Said Mary the mother of Jesus, Z

Sinners living all the day, How she said to the state by
laid, on her couch softened, One gleam of the gold on
Tenderest heart in Heaven's, Now see er a sad eye

war den, Z He of the golden bar— "Oh, war den, would shine so bright, But the
portal, O, war den, would shine so bright, But the
mother, But may catch the glory afar, Since
an-gel, sweet an-gel I pray thee,
Let the beau-ti-ful gates a-jar; Spoke
let in the lit-tle child's fin-ger,
Stood the beau-ti-ful gates a-jar; And
safe in the Lord Christ's bos-om,
Are the keys of the gates a-jar; Safe

O. an-gel, sweet an-gel, I pray thee,
Let the beau-ti-ful gates a-jar; Chorus

On-ly a lit-tle I pray thee,
Let the heav-en-ly gates a-jar; Chorus
let in the child's an-gel fin-ger,
Stood the heav-en-ly gates a-jar; Chorus
hid in the dear Christ's bos-om,
And the gates for ev-er a-jar; Chorus

CHORUS
"Twas whispered one morning in Heaven,
How the little white angel May,
Sat ever beside the portal,
Sorrowing all the day;
How she said to the stately warden,
He of the golden hair—
"O, angel, sweet angel I pray you,
Let the beautiful gates ajar;
Only a little I pray you,
Let the heavenly gates ajar."

"O, angel, sweet angel, I pray you, etc.

"I bear my dear mother there weeping,
She is lonely, she cannot see,
A glimmer of light in the darkness,
Where the gates closed after me;
One gleam of the golden splendor,
O, warden, would shine as far;"

But the angel he whispered, "I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar;"
Spake low as he answered, "I dare not
Let the heavenly gates ajar."

"O, angel, sweet angel, I pray you, etc.

Then up arose Mary the Blessed,
Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ,
Her head on the band of the angel,
She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Then turned was the key in the portal,
Fill ringing the golden bar,
And lo! in the little child's fingers,
Stood the beautiful gates ajar;
And lo! in the child's angel fingers,
Stood the heavenly gates ajar."

"O, angel, sweet angel, I pray you, etc.

"And this key for no further using,
'To my blessed Son shall be given,'
Said Mary the Mother of Jesus,
Tenderest heart in Heaven.
Now never a sad-eyed mother,
But may catch the glory alit,
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom,
Are the keys of the gates ajar;
Safe hid in the dear Christ's bosom,
And the gates forever ajar.

"O, angel, sweet angel, I pray you, etc.
WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

The two fortunate things in this renowned and familiar bit of jargon, are the melody and the name of Philis. Philis suggests all that is sweet-scented in wayside blooming, and the wagon bumps along through the music like a hay-cart over a country road.

The music was composed by E. Bishop Buckley, who was born in England about 1810. He came to the United States, and organized Buckley's Minstrels in 1843, of which he was the most attractive feature. He died in Quincy, Mass., in 1867.

1. Will you come with me, my Phil-is deary, To you blue-mountain tree. When the blossoms smell the sweetest, Come here a-long with me. It's ev'ry Sunday morning, When I am by your side, We'll jump in to the wagon, And all will take a ride.

3. Where the river runs like d'yer, And the birds they sing so sweet, I will relieve my heart, So jump in to the wagon, And off we will start. And you will mow the hay, While I will guide the plough.

Wait for the wagon, Wait for the wagon, Wait for the wagon, And we'll all take a ride.
**CHORUS.**

Will you come with me, my Phillis dear,
To your blue mountains free,
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest,
Come rove along with me.
It's every Sunday morning,
When I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon,
And all take a ride.
Wait for the wagon, etc.

Where the river runs like silver,
And the birds they sing so sweet,
I have a cabin, Phillis,
And something good to eat.
Come listen to my story,
It will relieve my heart.
So jump into the wagon,
And off we will start.
Wait for the wagon, etc.

Do you believe, my Phillis dear,
Old Mike, with all his wealth,
Can make you half so happy,
As I with youth and health?

We'll have a little farm,
A horse, a pig, and cow,
And you will mind the dairy,
While I will guide the plough.
Wait for the wagon, etc.

Your lips are red as poppies,
Your hair so sleek and neat,
All teaded up with dahlias,
And hollyhocks so sweet;
It's every Sunday morning,
When I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon,
And all take a ride.
Wait for the wagon, etc.

Together on life's journey,
We'll travel till we stop,
And if we have no trouble,
We'll reach the happy top;
Then, come with me, sweet Phillis,
My dear, my lovely bride,
We'll jump into the wagon,
And all take a ride.
Wait for the wagon, etc.
HOLY MOTHER, GUIDE HIS FOOT STEPS.

The opera of "Marianna," from which this prayer is selected, was written by one of the most erratic geniuses in the English art-world. It was written under peculiar circumstances. When, during a wandering life, Wallace returned to London, and appeared in an opera box wearing the sunbonnet and costume of a South American, he was recognized by an old friend who sought him out and proposed that he write an opera to a libretto just finished by FitzGerald, to whom he introduced Wallace. The bargain was made on the spot, and in two or three weeks Wallace produced the score of "Marianna," which has held the stage ever since, enjoying great popularity. William V. Wallace was born in 1812, the son of a Scotch landholder resident in Dublin. He was a natural musician, and played in his father’s orchestra in the Dublin Theatre, at times conducting it, dressed in his boy’s jacket. In 1834 he played on the violin a concerto of his own. Domestic difficulties, as a consequence of which his wife left him, made Wallace a wanderer over the civilized world. He went to Australia, and his neighbors were amazed to discover a wonderful violinist in the new comer into the Booth. At the request of the Governor he gave a concert, and received in payment one hundred sheep. He went to Tasmania and New Zealand, went on a whaling voyage, found his way to the East Indies, to Peru, Coba, Mexico and the United States. Then he returned (1845) to London and wrote "Marianna." Still restless he went for some years to Germany, where he wrote dreamy piano music and several operas. The great honor of a commission to write an opera for the Grand Opera at Paris was rendered barren by the failure of his eyes. He again visited America, lost his all in the failure of a piano factory, returned to London in 1853 and died in 1865. Among his operas were "Loreline" and "The Maid of Zurich."
Lazarillo.

Holy Mother guide his footsteps,

Maryana.

Let this guide them at a moment, at a moment,

Lazarillo.

wicked heart then perish, And the good, the good remains

wicked heart then perish, And the good, the good remains
guide,.............. his footsteps; Ah! guide them at a

Let the

moment, guide them at a moment sure,

wicked heart then perish. Let the wicked heart then

Let the wicked......... Let the wicked heart then
per - ish; Saint - ed Moth - er, oh! be-friend him.          And thy

per - ish; Saint - ed Moth - er, oh! be-friend him.          And thy

gen - test, and thy gen - test pi - ty lead him. Let the lead him, and thy

gen - test, and thy gen - test pi - ty lead him. lead him, and thy

gen - test, thy gen - test pi - ty lead him.

ngen - test, thy gen - test pi - ty lead him.
FISHING.

Alfred James Caldecott derived from a musical family decided predilections for a musical career, which he began as a chorister in the Cathedral at Worcester, England, in 1851, at the age of nine. He studied under the best masters in Germany, and in 1864 settled at Worcester as organist of St. Stephen’s and the Corporation. He conducted various musical society. Cambridge made him a Musical Bachelor in 1876. A number of prizes for songs and glees were awarded to him, and in 1884 he became a professor in the Royal College of Music at London, at the same time taking the organ at the Albert Patron, and editing Macley’s Part-Song Journal. He composed several cantatas (of which “The Widow of Nain” is the best known) and a great number of part-songs, glees, and songs. Among the latter are “Unleash,” “Red Letter Days,” “Lost Love,” “Parted,” “Unsidden,” “Question and Answer,” and “When all the World was Young.” He has shown unusual ability in the prosecution of music of a humorous character, avoiding all trace of vulgarity and yet giving a distinctly amusing turn to the composition. “Jack and Jill,” and other nursery rhymes, have to part afforded him the subject for this treatment. “Fishing” is one of his best songs. The words were written by T. M. Watson.

1. Draw sily turns the
2. Hen - er gers the
3. Draw sily runs the
720

old Mill-wheel
in the clear air
With the rest of the summer sleep.
You old mill when the stream is serene,
The home of the summer 

rede doth steal
With nary a whirl and clout;
Stretched on the bank the
flies doth fill
The air with a murmuring sound;
Still on the bank the

un-gler lies,
Where the deep-cut shade is thrown,
Lazily watching the
mill she trips With a step too certain and alert;
But the smile that played on her
un-gler lies,
But no sound ever greeted her:
Her lips he found more

softly

and more lies
As they danced while the stream runs on;
For fish there are plenty in
parted lines
Elongated to long drawn sighs;
For none there are plenty in

colla voce.

alllegro pizzicato.

alllegro pizzicato.
Drowsily turns the old Mill-wheel,
Drowsily runs the stream
That in and out the reeds doth steal,
With many a whirl and gleam;
Stretched on the banks the angler lies,
Where deepest shade is thrown,
Lazily watching the summer flies
As they dance while the stream runs on.

"For fish there are plenty in truth," quoth he;
"But how they are caught is a puzzle to me."

Heavier grows the sultry air
With the heat of the summer day.
Yet here is the Miller's daughter, fair
As an early rose in May;
Forth from the quaint old mill she trips
With a step uncertain and shy,
But the smile that played on her parted lips,
Is changed to a long drawn sigh.

"For fish there are plenty in truth," quoth she;
"But how they are caught is a puzzle to me."

Drowsily runs the stream, and still
The old mill-wheel goes round,
The burn of the summer flies doth fill
The air with a murmuring sound;
Still on the brink the angler lies,
But no longer gazing alone;
Her lips he found more killing than flies.
When they promised to be his own,
So maiden and fisherman fully agree
That fishing's not dull as it seemeth to be.
DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

For the music of this pleasant little song we are indebted to Mrs. S. M. Gorriss.

Dole Logue.

1. Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me? Would he an angel o’er my head?

2. When twilight approaches, the sun That woe is unred to song, Does

3. Do they set me a chair near the ble, When evening’s hush and the stars are bright, When

4. Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me At noon, at noon; at noon or at night? And

Know that the moment some few hours
Someone repeat my name o’er,
the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the em, em, em?
And when the “good night” were
In the gloom; that ray round them
That only my presence can light? Are joys less in - vil - ing - ly

Oh, you would be joy beyond
us, If, missed when my voice is a - way,
post - ed, And all by the dawn to their sleep,
and, And please, - less hate than he - fore, I

moon - are To know that they miss me at home,
walk - eth Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay? Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay?
each, Because I am with them no more? Because I am with them no more?
AS LOVE AND I WENT WALKING.

The reminiscent verses beginning “As Love and I Went Walking” first appeared in *Mussey’s Magazine* over the signature of Mr. FRANK BEMISTER SHERMAN, and were set to music by the eminent English-American composer and pianist RICHARD HOFFMAN. Professor Hoffman was born in Manchester in 1833, and came to this country in 1847. It is said that for many years he was the only pianist of a high class in the city of New York. His songs and instrumental compositions are very popular with educated musicians and with all lovers of elegant music.

Copyright, 1906, by George J. Lyons.
But once, in days long aye, We walked there, Love and I— The

waves had lost their laughter, The stars were hushed on high; And
such...—remembered only... A little voice—oh, years, How

long they are, and lonely! Oh, heart... how full of tears! How

long they are, and lonely... Oh, heart... how full of tears!
BIRDS SINGING SWEETLY.

This song, arranged as a duet, is from CONCONE.

1. Birds singing sweetly, On pinson's feet lightly
   All are rustling, joyously.

2. Now gayly meetings, All are rustling, joyously.
   Birds singing sweetly, On pinson's feet lightly.

Swing through the air on halcyon wing;
Fall'ry-like, songs in florid and simple.

Faithfully wooing, Doves are now cooing;
While it is sweetly, Like anglic, dreamingly.

Swallows bring joy in rosy-the Spring.
Fall'ry from flowers where dews are never fade.

While full of pleasure, The Linnet's sweet notes are, Comes to the ear, like the
While it is sweetly, Like anglic, dreamingly. Fall'ry from birds, where

Find sigh of love, the sigh of love, the final sigh of love.
Flow'rs never fade, where flow'rs never fade, where flow'rs never fade.
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As Man's ingratitude;
In truth, it is not so keen,
Because Thou art not seen,
Although Thy Breath Be Rude.
BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Although the period of his active professional life covered the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the compositions of Richard John Samuel Stevens are still popular among the singers of English glee. Born in London in 1757 and educated in St. Paul’s Cathedral Choir under Richard Savage, he distinguished himself as a gle composer, as an organist of the famous Temple Church, and as a professor of music at Gresham College. Two of his glees secured the coveted prizes offered for the best compositions by the “Kohlenmen’s and Gentlemen’s Choir Club,” which celebrated its centenary in 1801. George IV. was a member of this club, and invariably took his turn at presiding over the weekly dinners at the Thatched House Tavern, and sang lustily his part, especially when Webley’s “Hail! Star of Honour” and “The Mighty Conqueror,” composed in his honor, were on the programme. Stevens’ compositions were all glees, the best of them being, as in the present instance, settings of Shakespeare’s words. He died in 1837.
friend, as friend, re - mem - ber'd not, as friend, re - mem - ber'd not.
sharp, As friend re - mem - ber'd not, as friend, re - mem - ber'd not.
sharp as friend re - mem - ber'd not, as friend, re - mem - ber'd not.
sharp As friend re - mem - ber'd not, as friend re - mem - ber'd not.
THE VAGABOND.

This is one of the most felicitous of James Molloy's adaptations of a musical setting to the sentiment of a poem. The words are the production of Charles Lamb Kenney, a London barrister, who wrote musical criticism and was the author of a good "Memoir of Michael William Balfe." Except for the example here given, which has had an extended popularity, he is not known as a song writer. His literary work consisted chiefly of plays for the stage. Mr. Kenney died in 1881.

1. Homeless, rugged and bare'd, Under the changeful sky.
2. Nurs'd by hunger and want, Taught out of nature's page.

Who so free in the land, Who so contented as I? Ne'er need I quake lost
Barn'd by saintliness cast, Seeing by potochi's wage, Singing, I plod by

In time prove unkind... Ne'er... my heart break... that tow's been ceased to bind.
wayward fakery led... Trusting in God, who the sparrow still hath fed.
[Music notation]

Once ten-der love, Watch'd by my side, Now from a-

Her An-gel's my guide, When hea'en's a - love

Akes my last breath, An-gel's love, Smile on the Ve-g-a- bond's

dele; When hea'en's a-love, Akes my last breath,
Angel's love, smile on a vag-driven death, smile on a vag-driven death...

Ah!

Beneathless, ragged and tawd
Under the changeable sky

Who so free by the bond, Who so contented as I?...
THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

The words of "The Brave Old Oak" were written by Henry Fothergill Chisholm, who was born in Blackburn, Lancashire, England, on December 15, 1858. He was educated at the Royal Institution in a merchant's office, after which he was for thirty years a musical critic on the "Savoy," and published "Musical Records," "Memoir of Mrs. Hevans," "Music and Musicians in France and Germany," and one hundred songs. He died in London, February 16, 1872.

The music was written by E. J. Leder, an English composer, now deceased.

Stave:
1. A song for the oak, the
2. He saw the rare times, when the

...brave old oak, Who hath ruled in the green wood long; Here's...
heath and renown to his liest green crown. And his fifty must so strong!

There is fear in his frown, when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out,
And all the day, to the re-buck gay, They ear-sid with glad-some swains.

And he slow eth his might on a wild mid-night, When the storms thr's his branches shout,
They are gone, they are dust, in the church-yard laid, But the brave tree, he still remains.

Then sing to the oak, The brave old oak, Who stands in his pride al long;

And still flour-ish he, A hale green tree, When a hundred years are gone.
THY SENTINEL AM I.

This song is a great favorite among love-singers, because of its spirited though stately measure and the fine sentiment of the words. The author, EDWARD OXENFORD, has written many librettas and lyrical poems, which have been set to music by some of the best living composers. He is the son of John Oxenford; to whose versatile genius the world owes many stage plays, the librettos of numerous celebrated English operas of the last half century, English versions of the great works of Calderon, Moliere, Goethe, Eckerman and Wagner, and a knowledge of Schopenhauer.

The music is the composition of WILLIAM MICHAEL WATSON, a native of Newmarket, born in 1849, and the writer of numerous songs that have been popular and successful.
I.......I guard thee night and day;
Thy son - ti - nel am I!
I guard thee night and day;
Nor friend nor foe may come or go,
Whilst I command the way!
I love the watch.
Tis all in life to me;
The wind and rain both rage in vain,
My
thoughts are all of thee. The wind and rain both rage in vain. My thoughts are all of thee!

Thy spirit, am I........ And sweet the watch I keep, And sweet the watch I keep;

Not friend nor foe, may come or go, So sleep, so sleep, my lady, sleep!

Sleep, my lady, sleep! Sleep, my lady, sleep! Sleep, my lady, sleep, my lady, sleep!
There is a watchword, Thy sea-ti-nel am I... I guarded thee night and day; Look down and throw a smile below, Nor say me, dear one, nay. 

street, Thou giet-est from a -love, Tho eet the same, sly Un-pi'd's name,
The well-known poet of the South, Samuel Munters Peck, was born at Tuscaloosa in 1854, and was educated at the University of Alabama. He studied medicine in New York city; and it was his familiarity with the ways of medical people that put him in the way of writing such pleasing poems as "Beatie Brown, M. D.," ending with the lines:

"And I'm a raised man, I am,
Union—I feel the Doctor!"

Returning to Alabama from the North, he devoted himself to agriculture and to literary work. In 1886 his poems were published under the collective title of "Cup and Bell." His pretty verses entitled "My Little Girl" were set to appropriate music by Paolo La Villa.
Audubon moderate.

1. My lit - tle girl is nest - ed With - in..... her
2. A won - ry lit - tle mor - tal Has gone..... to

In my bed, With her ring - lets cov - er - ed A - round her chis - ty head; She
slumberland; The Pix - les at the por - tal Have caught her by the hand, She

Les so calm and still - ly, She breathes so soft and low...... She calls to mind a
dreams her bro - ken dol - ly Will soon be mend - ed there...... That looks so mel - an

Half hid - de in the snow, Half hid - de in the snow,
Up - on the rock - ing chair, Up - on the rock - ing chair,

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I kiss your wayward tresses, My dusky lithe queen; I

Know you have caresses From floating forms unseen; Oh,

Angels, oh, angels let me keep her To

Kiss, to kiss away my cares, a-way my cares, This
My little girl is napping
Within her tiny bed,
With amber ringslets crested
Around her dainty head;
She lies so calm and still,
She breathes so soft and low,
She calls to mind a lily
Half hidden in the snow.

A weary little mortal
Has gone to slumberland;
The Pixies at the portal
Have caught her by the hand.

She dreams her broken doll,
Will soon be mended there,
That looks so melancholy
Upon the rocking-chair.

I kiss your wayward tresses,
My drowsy little queen;
I know you have caresses
From floating forms unseen;
Oh, angels, let me keep her
To kiss away my cares,
This darling little sleeper
Who has my love and prayers.
"IF."

This is one of the songs of which it may be said that the melody without the words or the words merely read in a poem would give pleasure. In the sympathetic union of the words and music there is a combination of the exquisite grace characteristic of two art-geniuses—Cino Pissuti, one of the most poetic of composers, and ALEJANDRO CHARLES SWENBERG, one of the most melodious of the poets of the nineteenth century. The tuneful words of this sweet song have been set to music by many composers; the melodies of Paul Ambrose and Pissuti being perhaps the best.

Andante grazioso.

1. If love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf, Our
2. If I were what the words are, And love were like the tune, With

Love would grow to gether, In sweet or singing weather, Blown
Double sound and single, Delight our lips would mingle, With

Fields or trees no else, Given pleasure or grey grief; If love were what the
kiss or plot as birds are, That get sweet nut at noon; If I were what the

Tempo con poco rubato.

Tempo
I once was a cottage girl, And I loved a noble lord, And I loved a noble lord. I once was a cottage girl, And I threw my love for hours, And I threw my love for hours.

If love were a rose, As love were the rose is, As love were the rose is. If love were a rose, As love were the rose is, As love were the rose is.
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together,
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowered cloes,
Green pleasure or grey 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 buds are,
That sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were April's lady,
And I were kind in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw the days with flowers,
Till day like night were stilly,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were kind in May.
I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

The words of this song were written by Thomas Haynes Bayly, and the air was composed by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop.

1. You think I have a merry heart, Because my songs are gay; But oh, they all were taught to me By friends now far away.

2. I heard them first in that sweet home, I never more shall see; And each song of joy has got A plaintive turn for me.

3. Of all the friends I used to love, My harp remains alone; But the voice still seems to be An echo of my own.

4. The bird retains its silver note, Though bondage chains his wing; Each time I bend over it, Will fall upon its string; Yet those who hear me little think I'm saddest when I sing.

5. You think I have a merry heart, Because my songs are gay; But oh, they all were taught to me By friends now far away.

6. The bird retains its silver note, Though bondage chains his wing; Each time I bend over it, Will fall upon its string; Yet those who hear me little think I'm saddest when I sing.

7. Of all the friends I used to love, My harp remains alone; But the voice still seems to be An echo of my own.

8. The bird retains its silver note, Though bondage chains his wing; Each time I bend over it, Will fall upon its string; Yet those who hear me little think I'm saddest when I sing.

9. You think I have a merry heart, Because my songs are gay; But oh, they all were taught to me By friends now far away.

10. The bird retains its silver note, Though bondage chains his wing; Each time I bend over it, Will fall upon its string; Yet those who hear me little think I'm saddest when I sing.

11. Of all the friends I used to love, My harp remains alone; But the voice still seems to be An echo of my own.

12. The bird retains its silver note, Though bondage chains his wing; Each time I bend over it, Will fall upon its string; Yet those who hear me little think I'm saddest when I sing.

13. You think I have a merry heart, Because my songs are gay; But oh, they all were taught to me By friends now far away.

14. The bird retains its silver note, Though bondage chains his wing; Each time I bend over it, Will fall upon its string; Yet those who hear me little think I'm saddest when I sing.
GENTLE ANNIE.

This is one of the saddest and sweetest of the compositions of America's loved and lamented songster, Stephen Collins Foster.

1. Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,
2. We have nester, and oft did we meet in the
3. Ah! the hours grew sad while I

An-nie, Like a shower, when thy spirit did depart; Thou art gone, a-rose! like the
hour-s, When thy days - y cocks were in their bloom; Now I stand a-here and the
pow-der, Near the silent spot where thou art laid, And my heart bows down when I

(End by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Company, owners of the copyright.)
Many flow'rs, wild flow'rs,
While they min'ster love,
Shall we wander
By the streams and meads where we strayed,

Never more behold thee; Never hear thy winning voice again,
When the Spring time comes, gentle Annie,
When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain!
KITTY TYRELL.

CHARLES WILLIAM GLOVER, the composer of this lovely Irish ballad, and CHARLES JEFFREYS, the author of the words, were contemporaries, the dates of their birth and death, their residence and their occupations, very nearly coinciding. Glover was born in 1806 and died in 1883; the corresponding dates for Jeffreys being 1807 and 1865—all in London. Glover studied the violin under the celebrated "Tom Cooke," who was an expert violinist before he became the favorite balladist of his day, who played well nearly a dozen instruments, and who taught Sims Reeves to sing. Glover's career was a humble one, albeit respectable and Cornellly successful. He played the violin at Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, directed the orchestra at the Queen's Theatre, and composed many songs and stanzas which had great popularity. Among these were: "Jeanette and Jeannet," "Sieg Not that Song to Me," "Sweet Betsy," "Of Love, Pretty Maidens Beware," "The Better Land," "Fall of the Leaf," "Fond Love," "Choosing the Flowers," etc. A melody differing only slightly from that of "Kitty Tyrrell" is sung in the American colleges to the words of the celebrated song "Good Ale," written in the sixteenth century by the Rev. John Stith, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

1. You're looking as fresh as the morn, darling, You're looking as bright as the day— But
2. I've built up a nest little red, darling, I've raised and pecked in a nest; Or
3. You're looking and that's a good sign, darling, "I'm yours" and you'll be ever so very kind; Or
while on your charms I'm di - lat - ing,
You're stealing my poor heart a-way:
But
if you would rather be al - one,
You al-one'll take for your own:
That

keep it up I'm not go - ing to mourn;
Yet
all very well to have rich - er,
But I'm such a co - ver - t - ous one.

one heart's en - ough for a body,
can't help still sigh - ing for something,
week you may be Kit - ty Tyrrell,
Next week you'll be Mis - treas Ma - tune,

O' pray give me yours in re - turn.
That some - thing you know is your own.
You'll be my own Mis - treas Ma - tune.
O WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE.

A CHORUS FOR MALE VOICES.

Every Englishman knows this song, which is almost as much of a national possession as "Rule Britannia." The words are written in allusion to an event supposed to have taken place in the neighborhood of Winterborne, in Gloucestershire.

One Hickernell (or Hickory Sim as he is called by the common people,) who lies buried in the church there, is said to have been a knight who lived by pillage. He fell in love with a neighbor's daughter—won her affections—was refused by her parents; but, with the assistance of his friends, carried her off from her father's house. Such events were not uncommon in the middle ages. Its author, Robert L. Pearse, was one of those instinctively musical geniuses to whose English popular music is so largely indebted. He was born on a Gloucestershire farm in 1795, devoted himself to artistic pursuits throughout a long life which terminated in 1856. He was educated for the bar, but in 1825, after four years of practice, abandoned his profession for more congenial pursuits. He early manifested a talent for poetry and music, and when freed from the law set about a thorough development of his musical abilities under competent masters on the continent, where he also devoted himself to literary, artistic and archeological studies. During a visit to England, he was deeply impressed with the madrigal singing he heard in Bristol and London, and wrote a treatise on madrigals which he published in Germany, where he had been composing and practicing music. He retired in 1847 to a castle in Wartenswe, where he lived en grand seigneur, devoted to intellectual and artistic pleasures, and entertaining especially those who like himself were musical. He wrote many psalms, anthems and other church pieces, and composed a great number of choral songs and madrigals. The song here presented and "The Hardy Norcom" were the most popular of his productions. Had he made music his serious profession, instead of a recreation only, it has been thought he would have achieved a notable reputation as a composer.

\[
\text{Moderato,} \quad \text{ALTO.} \quad \text{BASS.}
\]

\[
1. \quad \text{O who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me ride, \textit{O who will up and}
\]

\[
1. \quad \text{O who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me ride, \textit{O who will up and}
\]

\[
1. \quad \text{O who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me ride, \textit{O who will up and}
\]

\[
1. \quad \text{O who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me ride, \textit{O who will up and}
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\[
\text{Moderato,} \quad \text{ALTO.} \quad \text{BASS.}
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Follow me, To win a blooming bride! Her father he has locked the door, Her mother keeps the key; But neither door nor bolt shall part My own true love from me!
2. I saw her bow'r at twilight grey, 'Twas guard-ed safe and sure, I saw her bow'r at
break of day, 'Twas guard-ed then no more! The var-lets they were all a-sleep, And
break of day, 'Twas guard-ed then no more! The var-lets they were all a-sleep, And
break of day, 'Twas guard-ed then no more! The var-lets they were all a-sleep, And
none was near to see. The greeting fair that passed there between my love and me.

3. I promised her to come at sight, With comrades brave and true, A gallant band with
sword in hand To break her prison through; I promised her to come at night, she's
sword in hand To break her prison through; I promised her to come at night, she's
sword in hand To break her prison through; I promised her to come at night, she's

wait ing now for me, And ere the dawn of morn ing light, I'll set my true love
wait ing now for me, And ere the dawn of morn ing light, I'll set my true love
wait ing now for me, And ere the dawn of morn ing light, I'll set my true love
O who will iver the downs so free,
O who will with me ride,
O who will up and follow me,
To win a blooming bride?
Her father he has locked the door,
Her mother keeps the key;
But neither door nor bolt shall part
My own true love from me!
I saw her bower at twilight grey,
"Twas guarded safe and sure,
I saw her bower at break of day,
"Twas guarded then no more!

The watchmen they were all asleep,
And none was near to see
The greeting fair that passed there
Between my love and me,
I promised her to come at night,
With comrades brave and true,
A gallant band with sword in hand
To break her prison through:
I promised her to come at night,
She's waiting now for me,
And ere the dawn of morning light,
I'll set my true love free!
ODE TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

As to whether TITY TIT or SWIFT wrote the famous Ode to Gulliver, the reader may decide; but the music is credited to the Lilliputian court composer Baskiri by no less an authority than Edger Stellman Kipple, whose version of the Glysbrid or national hymn occurs in his symphony "Gulliver." From Mr. Kelley's letter we quote:" Among those who have rendered themselves justly famous through their travels and adventures, Lemuel Gulliver stands in the front rank. Although his wanderings in Brobdingnag, Laputa, Lagnag and the country of the Houyhnhnms still continue to rivet the attention of the reader, yet, when the name of the distinguished traveller and author is mentioned, the picture of his capture by the Lilliputians rises before the mind's eye. It will be remembered that a poem in honor of Gulliver (whom they called Quibus Fletis, or Man Mountain) was written by TITY TIT, poet laureate to his majesty the Emperor of Lilliput. The text was rendered into English either by Gulliver himself or by one of his poet friends; but the music, by the Lilliputian court composer Baskiri, was never considered worthy of investigation until recently."

Mr. Kelley modestly proceeds to say that he only transcribed the melody and accompaniment from certain Lilliputian musical hieroglyphics which he was so fortunate as to obtain from a descendant of a friend of Gulliver; and concludes as follows: "As I am positive that this is the first attempt to render the Lilliputian musical manuscript in our notation, I hope that the public will appreciate its value."
"Love and Liberty."

This humorous song was one of the popular female character pieces of T. B. Pendergast, of Campbell's Minstrels. The words are by J. S. Terhune; the music by J. H. Ross.
1. They lock'd me in an upper room, And took a way the
2. They had a gild-ed cage in view, And thought the bird se-
3. They want-ed me to mar-ry rich, Un-mind ful of the
4. The night was dark, the win-dow mild, How could I an-ever
5. Not be-ing feed of sel-i-te, It had for me no

key, Be-cause I would not wed a man, Who ner-er suit-ed
curt, Sur-round-ed by the guards of pow'r, And ev-ery art ful
meas, To com-pel me with wealth and age, While I was in my
no? When that might be my on-ly chace, And Char-ley tuck'd me
chas, While I could knot a silk on cord To reach a love'er's

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They did not know the female heart
In any one like you;
No coaxing could prevail
An empty stage waiting
Yet half regretting thus to have
The would disapprove them

That locks were ever made to keep,
What I would do, for love and duty,
Possessed to place my soul,
What could I do but fly?
But schemes of watchful guardians,
Will some times fail, you know.

Resolved therefore, I would not stay
To be imposed upon.
Resolved therefore, I would not stay
To be imposed upon.
Resolved therefore, I would not stay
To be imposed upon.
Resolved therefore, I would not stay
To be imposed upon.
So while they thought I was secure, I was going, gone.

So while they thought I was secure, I was going, gone.

So while they thought I was secure, I was going, gone.

So while they thought I was secure, I was going, gone.
TAKE BACK THE HEART THAT THOU GAVEST.

The name of Claribel is perhaps as familiar to the singers of popular songs as that of any other writer, and it has appeared on the title of a number of songs that have been as widely sung as any modern compositions. The real name of this composer was Charlotte Allington Barnard, the wife of Charles Cary Barnard. She was born in England in 1830, and died (at Dover) in 1869. The period during which her songs appeared—a vast number in all—was comparatively brief, the eleven years between 1858 and the date of her death covering the period of her activity in composition. As specimens of technical music writing her songs have been criticized; but the melodies were usually pretty and well adapted to singing, while the verses, also composed by herself, treated sympathetically of homely and familiar themes, so that the qualities of popularity were generally to be found in what she published. She received slight preparation for musical writing in the way of scientific instruction, though her teachers in the art of singing were eminent, including Mme. Parey, Mme. Louise, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, and Signors Mario and Campana. She wrote also unaccompanied verse for publication which appeared in a volume of "Thoughts, Verses and Songs." Some of the more familiar songs by "Claribel" are: "By the Blue Alsatian Mountains," "Come Back to Erin," "Five o'clock in the Morning," "Golden Days," "Jamie," "Maggie's Secret," "Wot's you tell me why, Robin?" and "Take Back the Heart that Thou Gavest."
THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

The words of this sweet song are very characteristic of their author, Felicia Hemans. The second stanza commemorates the death of her brother, Claude Scott Brown, who was deputy commissary-general at Kingston, Canada, and died there in 1821. The song was a favorite with the Barker family, who gave popular concerts throughout the United States, forty years ago, and the music was arranged by Nathan Barker, one of the quartettes.

They grew in beauty side by side, They

They grew in beauty side by side;

They grew in beauty side by side, They

All one home with glee; Their graves are ever safe and wide,

All one home with glee; Their graves are ever safe and wide,

All one home with glee;
Mount, and stream, and sea;
The same fond heart beat at night
Over each fair sleeper's

Over each fair sleeper's

Mount, and stream, and sea;
The same fond heart beat at night
Over each fair sleeper's

Over each fair sleeper's

Brow,
She had each fold-ed flow'rin sight,
Where are those dream-ers

Brow,
She had each fold-ed flow'rin sight.
Where are those dream-ers

Brow
She had each fold-ed flow'rin sight.

Brow
She had each fold-ed flow'rin sight.
They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea;
The sun and moon and mother hunt at night
O'er each fair sleeper's brow,
She had each folded flower in sight,
Where are those dreamers now?
One, 'midst the forests of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade;
The sea, the blue, lone sea hath one—
He sleeps where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble shrine—
He wrapt his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain;
And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds flamed—
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright land!

And, parted thus, they rest who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee—
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth!—
Alas! for love, if thou art ail,
And naught beyond, O earth!
MAIDEN'S SONG.

The English translation from the German of Erik Meyer-Helmstedt's "Maidenfeld" is by George Cooper.

Allegretto.

Mother, dear, Oh, do not chide me, That I in the woods went straying:

Ah!... 

Mother, dear, Oh, do not chide me, For your wish I knew scarce any more: 
Mother, mother dear, while there I kindled, Butterflies, so pretty in sunbeams.

Play'd!

And I must a secret tell you: My true lover there I saw!

He's a young and dashing hunter, Whom I think of more and more!
Ah!

Mother, mother dear, then do not chide me,
For your wishes I'll obey!

Ah!

Mother, mother dear, while there I lived
Butterflies so pretty in summer shades.
CONNEL AND FLORA.

The most wandering of all Bohemians was the Scotch poet and American ornithologist, Alexander Wilson. He was born in Paisley, Scotland, July 6, 1766. His father was a tailor for the son, the parents aspired to the church. His mother died when he was but ten years old, and three years afterward his father married again, and he was apprenticed to a weaver. From his mother he had inherited a love for books and music, and he had made good use of school instruction. For several years he worked steadily at a distasteful occupation, writing poems all the time in secret. He was fond of Nature, and finally his trade became so intolerable that he sought her in a way not generally connected with revenue. He strapped a pedlar's pack across his shoulders, and began pilgrimages over valley, writing as the spirit seized him, and keeping a minute diary of all he saw. We recall the opinion of the sage Andrew Fairbairn, in "Rob Roy," as to the traveling merchant: "It's a creditable calling, and a gainful, and has long been in use at our folk."

When twenty-three years old, the wandering bard lost enough of the confidence of age and the enthusiasm of youth, to venture to offer his poems for publication. They were refused; but a year after their rejection, he had accumulated means enough to print them himself, and carried them around the country with his other wares. Money failed to roll in upon the tradesman who was "book-learning," and fame refused to come at the call of a poet who was wielding a yard-stick; so the wants of the man who was behind both, compelled him to return to the loom once more.

A society had been established in Edinburgh for debate from literary aspirants, and Mr. Wilson prepared a poem upon a subject appointed by the committee—the comparative merits of Ransby and Ferguson. He doubled his hours of toil to earn the money which carried him to the capital with his manuscript, entitled "The Laurel Disputed," arrived in time to repeat it in the "Forum," and remained several weeks trying to find a market for both poetry and prose, but returned to his workshop disappointed. Here he met Burns, and a year later he published a ballad called "Watty and Meg," which brought him into notice, and was pronounced worthy of Burns.

Scotland seems to have an unhappy faculty for getting rid of her brightest sons. A satire written in defense of the hand-bom operations of Paisley, so outraged their employers, that Wilson was imprisoned, and compelled to burn the poem publicly, in front of the jail. From that time, his path was so hunted that he fled the land. Like Burns, he was obliged to work hard for the money to carry him away from those who would some time be proudest to own him; but, unlike Burns, when four months of toil were over, no encouraging hand restrained him by a hearty touch upon the shoulder. He set sail for America, in 1784, and landed at New Castle, Delaware, July 14. With a gun on his shoulder, and a few shillings in his pocket, he set out to walk to Philadelphia. During the long journey, he shot a red-headed wood-pecker, and had time to examine it attentively. This was his first lesson in ornithology. He became a copper-plate printer in Philadelphia, then a weaver in New Jersey, where he kept his journals, as of old. He then turned schoolmaster, and was himself a student in the sciences. He formed the acquaintance of William Bartram, the naturalist, and Alexander Lawson, the engraver, and the result was a project to describe, with drawings, all the birds of the Middle States—finally, all in the Union. The plan was so large that everybody was frightened from it, except the indefatigable author. He transposed, and wrote, and drew, and colored, until the first volume was ready for publication. In the mean time, he had fallen upon a noble and liberal publisher, Samuel Bradford, of Philadelphia. The book contained the finest illustrations yet published in this country, and was eminently successful. Wilson continued his voyages alone, and in the midst of privations. One trip he took in a little skiff going the length of the Ohio River, through many perils, and writing poetry as he went. So he persevered, until seven volumes has been published. In preparing the eighth, he endangered his life by swimming in pursuit of a rare bird, and the result of the exposure was his death, August 29, 1813. His last wish was, that he be buried near some sunny spot, where the birds would come and sing.

The title to the air of his song is, "Good Morrow, fair Mistress."

Music
Dark lowers the night o’er the wide stormy main,
While bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,
Till mild, gray morning rise cheerful again;
He lies, to return to his Flera no more.
Also the moon returns to revisit the shore,
Ye light fleeting spirits that glide o’er the steep,
But Colonel returns to his Flera no more.
O would ye seat waft me across the wild deep;
For see, on you mountain, the dark cloud of death,
There fearless I’d mix in the battle’s loud roar,
O’er Colonel’s lone cottage, lies low on the heath;
Till die with my Colonel, and leave him no more.
THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

NATIONAL HYMN OF FRANCE.

"The Marseilles" is the composition of a captain in the French Army, named Roget De Lisle, who in a fit of patriotic fervor, composed both words and music on the night of April 24th, 1792. Roger had been expressed that there was no patriotic song to stir the blood of the young soldiers as they marched from Strasbourg to join Luxembourg's army. Young De Lisle was no musician and could only play the melody on his violin. The music was copied however, and played by the band as the review five days later, and on July 30th this army marched into Paris and attacked the Tuileries on the memorable 10th of August chauvinizing the now famous song as they marched. It was soon known from one end of France to the other and has been recognized as the National anthem ever since.

Verse.

1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glory! Hark! Hark! whence myriads bid you rise! Your chieftains, so grandly rare, Behold their tours and hear their bawdy rage; The dogs of war, let loose, are howling, And let our walls and cities burn!

2. Now, now the dam'ning-storm is rolling, Which tramples kings con- fidently. Behold, in - stan - tanea Our banners! and our foes they should make us cry; Let not the days of glory pass away! Like beasts of prey they would they rend in pieces. To wrong the world be wept, be wailing. That false-bred dog! give tyrants

3. With her u - ry and pride sur - rend'ed, The vile, in - stan - tanea des pots de feu! Can dan-gemonts and bas con - fine thee? Or shig's thy noble spirit?

4. Or shig's thy noble spirit?
beaut - ifg With bie - ling bows, a res - li - an hand, Af -
strick, Spreads des - o - la - tion for and wide, With

doe— But man is mun - and who is more? But
yield— But free - dom is our sword and shield, But

fright and des - o - late the land, While pense and lib - er - y be bleed - ing! To

des - o - la - tion for and wide, With crimes and blood his hands en - bra - ing? To

man is man— and who is more? Then shall they long - er lash and good us? To

free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - wait - ing. To

arms, to arms, ye brave! The a - veng - ing sword un - earth! March on, march

on, all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.
CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye brave! The venging sword unsheathed! March on, march

To arms, to arms, ye brave! The venging sword unsheathed! March on,

To arms, to arms, ye brave! The venging sword unsheathed! March on,

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what tyrants bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandfathers mourn;
Behold their tears and hear their cries,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants sacrifice bleeding
With hireling hosts, a sullen band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty be bleeding!
To arms, etc.

Now, now the dangerous storm is ruffling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling.
And lo! our walls and cities blue!
And shall we busy view the ruin,
While howling foes with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands envenoming?
To arms, etc.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
(Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To meet and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like good's wood bid their slaves adore—
But man is man—and who is more?
But man is man—and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, etc.

O liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy genial flame?
Can dangerous, holy and wise confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger creates woe—
But freedom is our sword and shield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, etc.
Hark! Hark! the lark!
Hark! Hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings.
And Phœbus' wings arise.
His steeds to water at those springs
Of chafed flowers that lie; And shining Mary-buds begin To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise.
Greece, arise!
HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

It has been said that Shakespeare has stimulated more composers to write music than any other English author. This does not refer merely to the musical settings to the songs which are scattered throughout his plays, though these have been great numbers of these, but also to great national works of which Shakespeare's masterpieces have been the inspiration. An entire work of Richard Wagner's, "Das Liebesverbot," was suggested by "Measure for Measure." "The Merry Wives of Windsor" gave the theme for Novello's opera of that name, and for Verdi's latest work, the opera of "Falstaff." Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," Thomas's "Hamlet," and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music are among the many compositions of the highest order that have been prompted by study of the chief poet of England. Moreover, nearly every one of the exquisite lyre verses appearing in the plays has been set to music by numerous composers. Franz Schubert has done a number of them, of which perhaps "Hark! Hark! the Lark!" is the best and most familiar. The circumstances under which this delightful music was written are interesting. In the summer of 1827, Schubert was strolling with friends in the suburbs of Vienna, and stopping at a little open-air restaurant they joined other acquaintances. One of these was reading a volume of Shakespeare's short poems and sonnets, which Schubert, ever on the lookout for words to set to music, took and ran over the pages. Suddenly he exclaimed, "If I only had music paper here! I have thought of the very melody to fit this poem!" One of the party took a restaurant bill of fare and drawing the requisite lines across its back, handed it to Schubert. "Then and there," says a writer in "The Lieder Book," "in the confusion of a Viennese restaurant, on a Sunday morning, and in the short space of time while the party were waiting for their breakfast, was prepared Schubert's "Hark! the Lark!" a setting which gives to Cottenham's morning serenade to Imogen a double immortality."

[Music notation]
O! THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING.

Mrs. Alice Mary Smith White, who wrote the air of this song, was an English composer of some note who wrote most prolifically during the last few years of her life. She had been a favorite pupil of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy and MacFarren and was honored by being elected to the position of Female Professional Associate of the Philharmonic Society in 1867, and in 1884 was made Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music. Her music to "O! That We Two Were Maying" ranks with the settings of the same words by Guinald and many other of the best modern composers. The words used are from "The Saint's Tragedy" by Charles Kingsley.

Baritone.

O........ that we two were may-ing, Down the

singers of the soft spring breezes, Like chil-dren with viol-lets play-ing In the

shade of the whispering trees. O........ that we two were

Contralto.

O........ that we two were

O........ that we two were

Baritone.

O........ that we two were

Baritone.
Maying. Born the stream...... of the soft spring breeze, Like

Maying. Born the stream...... of the soft spring breeze, Like

Children with violets playing In the shade...... of the whispering

Children with violets playing In the shade...... of the whispering

trees.

O...... that we two were maying.

trees.

O...... that we two were maying.
maying, O...... that we two were maying

O...... that we two were maying, O...... that we two were

In the shade of the willow tree. O...... that we two nat

maying Among the willow tree.

duo.

Dreaming........ On the strand........ of some deep-timbered land.

Watch

lying the white mist stealing O...... we're forever more and
town.

O,............ that we two sat dreaming.

dreaming On the swale of some down.

O,............ that we two sat
Soprano.

 огр. Ténor.

O that we...........were

O..............that we two were may ing. Down the stream of the soft spring

may ing. Like children with violets playing in the

may ing. Like children with violets playing in the

shade......of the whispering trees. O..............that we two were

shade......of the whispering trees. O..............that we two were
Maying, down the stream of the soft spring breeze,
Maying, down the stream of the soft spring breeze.

Chill-drew with violets playing in the shade of the whispering tree.
Chill-drew with violets playing in the shade of the whispering tree.

O that we were maying,
O that we were maying.

O that we were maying.
This song and chorus is well adapted for home-singing, a purpose to which the simplicity of the music and the gentle significance of the words admirably adapt it. The composition is by John Rogers Thomas, to whom we owe many favorite home ballads; and the words are by George Cooper. The song has been before the public since 1863, and it has been a continuous favorite.
1. Though our way is dark and drear-y, And we feel from day to day we turn, when all for - ward - ing. Here we nev - er look in vain, For the south - ing tun - nel wa - ke us back to joy and peace a - rain, Kind - ly words and soft - ily fa - ces, Gen - tle voi - ces as of love, For - get - ting kiss - es and en - bran - ces Ever wait us at the door.

day, Write the heart is still and dear - y, At our home shines a ray, Kind - ly words and soft - ily fa - ces, Gen - tle voi - ces as of love, For - get - ting kiss - es and en - bran - ces Ever wait us at the door.

2. Though we turn, yet in our soul - ness, Here's a shel - ter from the storm, Just as in our days of glad - ness, Here the hearts are true and

3. Though we turn, when all for - ward - ing. Here we nev - er look in

vain, For the south - ing tun - nel wa - ke us back to joy and peace a - rain, Kind - ly words and soft - ily fa - faces, Gen - tle voi - ces as of
CHORUS.

Kindly words and smiling faces, Gentle voices as of yore, Loving

Kisses and embrace, Ever wait on at the door.

Kiss and embrace, Ever wait on at the door.

Kiss and embrace, Ever wait on at the door.

Kiss and embrace, Ever wait on at the door.
THE HIGHWAYMAN.

The song of The Bold Brigand, or The Highwayman, is intended to be sung with fire and dash by a male voice. The words and music were written by F. G. Richmond.

1. Turn a coal and stare a sight........... The mettlesome plainsong height........ Whenum the
  2. The king of the night on

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val - ley on his steed he sped a - way............. His heart was light and free........ And wa - lping
free as an ea - gle in the air!................. I drank good spilling wine........ And bit of

mer - ri - ly............. No one in all the land........ seem'd half so gay!........
gold is mine............. So come and take it............. from me who dare!........

Copyright fo - r. By the break of day I am far a - way, And

lying all be - low!............. For he car'd not
up the moun - tain side............. To the home of


who he met face to face, Tho' it be friend of her who is one to me, So jealously I

I merci-ly fly by night, Ye' by moon and stars so bright;

My pistols ready, a' the morn I seem; I knew so

since life began! Oh, who so bold and proud as the high
SOFT MUSIC IS STEALING.

Of the many pretty verses to which the old German air "Am I not fondly thine own?" has been set, Mary Ann's "Soft music is stealing" are among the most popular.

1. Soft, soft music is stealing, Sweet, sweet lingereth there, Lead, lead now it is.
2. Join, Join, children of land and sea, Sound, sound near away! Now, now changing to.


paul - ing. Waking the echoes again. plnt - ness. Warbling a beau-tiful lay. slum - her. Thought in the bo-som that dwell.

Yes, yes, yes, Warbling a beau-tiful lay. Waking the echoes again.
NUT-BROWN MAIDEN.

There is an element of simplicity, and yet enough of melodic beauty, in this slight composition, to account for its popularity as a college song; and as such it has done duty for many years. When tenderly rendered by male voices, it is quite effective. The verses given here are only specimens; for the making of additional verses is a mere matter of exercising the faculty of turning complete in praise of love and beauty. The song originated in the German Universities, and may be found in all the collections of Student Songs, under the title of "Schwarzename Maidens," to which usually a facsimile is appended to the effect that "there may be many verses of the same sort, composed according to the different feminine charms." The melody is carried by the second tenor part, the first tenor being sung lightly as an alto. On the piano, the music of the upper parts should be played an octave lower than it is written.

1. Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a bright blue-eye for love, Nut-brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue-eye.
2. Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a ru-by lip to kiss, Nut-brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru-by lip,
3. Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a slender waist to classt, Nut-brown maid-en, Thou hast a slender waist,

A bright blue-eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love!
A ru-by lip is thine, love! The kiss-ing of it's mine, love!
A slender waist is thine, love! The arms around it's mine, love!

Thou hast a bright blue-eye.
Thou hast a ru-by lip.
Thou hast a slender waist.
LOVE, WHEN I GAZE.

Robert A. Kieser, the composer of this song, has for many years been identified with a leading music publishing house in New York City, where he was born (d. 1883). He has produced a number of songs and instrumental pieces that have been very popular. "Uncertainty," the first song he composed, was written as a musical inspiration, and the words were afterwards fitted to it. In 1883 he composed "America's Fair Women," written, and more recently "The Scottish" waltzes, both of which became popular. Among his songs are "Dearest in the World to Me," "Eyes of Sunny Spain," and "Love, when I gaze;" the words of this latter being a translation from the German of Heinrich Heine.

Love, when I gaze into those eyes, My deepest sorrows fly.

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when I kiss thy cheek so fair, Not thought of pain my

love doth spare.

And when beside thee I may rest, No dream of love's end

 See my breast. But when thine eyes they love, cast me, But when thine eyes they

See my breast.
Love, when I gazed into thine eyes,
My deepest sorrow from me flies,
But when I kiss thy cheek so fair,
No thought of pain my love doth share.

And when beside thee I may rest,
No dream of heav'n could be more blest,
But when thou sayest thou lovest me,
My tears are falling tenderly.
TENDER AND TRUE.

The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," wrote for the most part anonymously, the authorship of the novel mentioned being the only work she openly acknowledged, and this she did only when it was claimed by another. DOBIE MARIAE MELROSE, afterwards Mrs. Craig, was born in 1835, at Stokeson-Trent, in Staffordshire, and was a prolific and popular writer both of poetry and fiction. None of the novels, however, acquired the celebrity of "John Halifax," and of her poems the most widely known are the selection here presented and "Philip My King." Her first novel was published in 1848, "The Offering," and, like the others, was remarkable for its simple delineations of character. Her fugitive poems were collected and published in a volume in 1856. The music of "Tender and True," thoroughly in keeping with the touching humour of the words, is by MAIRDON.

1. Could ye come back to me, Douglas! Douglas! In the old celtic

that I knew, I'd be so loving, so faithful, Douglas! Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

Never a sorrow Edward would give me; I'd smile now as the angels do; Sweet as your smile shone

on me ever, Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.
2. Oh, to call back the days that are not! Mine eyes were blinded; your words were few. Do you know the truth now

up in Heaven! Doug-las! Doug-las! tender and true. I was not worthy of you, Douglas,

Not half worthy the like of you. Now all men seem to me as shad-ows, Doug-las! Doug-las!

ten-der and true. Stretch out your hand to me, Doug-las! Doug-las! And drop forgiveness from

heaven like dew. As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Doug-las! Doug-las! Doug-las! tender and true.
THE TRAIN FOR POPPY-LAND.

This delightful mother-song, already popular in the homes of England as well as of America, was written by Edgar Wade Abbott, and was set to music by Grenville D. Wilson, composer of that exquisite tone-picture: "The Shepherd Boy." Professor Wilson passed his early youth among the Berkshire Hills; where his father was actively interested in the promotion of sacred music. He studied music under his mother, a noted singer and pianist, and under teachers in Boston and New York. He adopted the profession of music early in life, and taught successfully in several seminaries for young ladies. In 1872 he settled permanently on the banks of the Hudson; and somewhat later he organized the Choral Society of Nyack, and became prominent as a promoter of musical enterprises.

\[\text{Sheet music}\]

The first train leaves at 6 P. M. For the land where the poppy blows, The

[Sheet music]

mother dear in the country town, And the passer-by laughs and smiles. The
pal - are our is the wrath - er's arms; The whistle a low, sweet strain; The passenger winks, and

nods, and blinks; And goes to sleep on the train.

At 8 P. M. the next train starts. For the poppy land a - far.

sun - down clear falls on the ear, "All a - board for the sleep - ing car!" But
what is the fare to pop-py land? I hope it is not too dear; The fare is thin—a

lug and a kiss—and life's paid to the en-gi-neer.

So I ask of Him who chil-dren took, On His knee in kind-ness great, "Take

charge, I pray, of the trains each day, That leave at 6 and 8. Keep
watch on the passengers, thus I pray, "For to me they are very dear; And

special word, O gracious Lord, O'er the gentle overseer."
SIMON THE CELLARER.

This jocund song was a great favorite with Charles Santley the great English baritone, who was a singer of ballads was equally famous in oratorio and opera. It was composed by John Lichfield Hatton, a pianist, composer and basso of great ability, who was born in Liverpool, Oct. 12th, 1809, and died at Margate, in 1886. His compositions were exceedingly popular, and consisted of operettas ("The Queen of the Thames," and "Love's Ransom"), a sacred drama "Herodiah," several cantatas, among which may be mentioned "Robin Hood," and many songs for parts and for the single voice. His part songs were regarded as the most effective work he accomplished. His "Songs for Solos" are very much in the style of Dibdin. "Simon the Cellarer," which is his best known song, was published in 1846, and achieved immediate popularity. The words were written by W. A. Bellamy.

1. Oh! Si - mon, the cell - ar - ey, keeps a cur - sory store; Or
2. Dan - er Mar - ge - ry sits in her own still room, And
3. Old Si - mon re - lines in his high-back'd chair, And

Mansion and Man - sel - le, And Oh, pel, and who can say how man - ny more? For a Ma - trom sage is she, from these oft at Cur -few it waft - ed a lute; She takes a boat taking a wife, And Mar - ge - ry is oft-en heard in de - clair, "She

cha - ry old soul is he, A cha - ry old soul is he,\textsuperscript{2} Says "It is rose - ma - ric," She says, "It is rose - ma - ric, But ought to be set - tied in life," "She ought to be set - tied in life," But
LOVE'S GARDEN.

Mr. ALONZO STONE, the composer of "Love's Garden," is a Philadelphian by birth. He gave strong evidence of great musical talent in his early boyhood, and wrote a number of piano pieces, and songs which became very popular, whilst yet in his "teens."

After a careful study in his own city he went to New York, where he studied the voice under the famous Brignoli, and then went to Europe. On his return to America he wrote "The Norsemen" a cantata for solo, chorus and orchestra, for which the University of Pennsylvania conferred on him the degree of Bachelor of Music. His more important works, whenever given have called forth the most enthusiastic admiration. The splendid Larghetto of his symphony in F. alone must place him in the first ranks of American composers; it is a work of wonderful beauty and tenderness, with all the dignity of the great classics.

Mr. Stone writes in the modern school, with a style that is always fresh and vigorous, yet refined and idealistic. He is still a young man and unquisitely has a great future before him. His most important works are symphony in F., Trio B. flat, "The Norsemen" cantata, Suite Orientale, Suite "Scenes from Marionette Life," published for organ and etc. Under the name of James H. he has written the words of a number of songs.

Allegro piano.

1. I wish that you and I could find Of all the world a home, Love's
2. In that fair garden which we seek, E'er adorning every way, The

lit - the gar - den where my dear I'd have - time for my own; There roses - eeping ev - ery - hand, And
bloom of Na - ture's fair, et flow'rs Will nev - er pass a way; To there beneath the gold - en sun, The

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ill - ier bloom a-round; I won - der love, if on this earth, Such realms of bliss are found. There
mount - fair all - bedsom, That thou shall reign, and thou a - lone, The Gar - den's on - ly queen.

hap - py birds at break of day, Sing from each arch - ing tree, Un - to the gen - tle sleep - yer ear, Sweet
wish that you and I my love, Of all the world a - lone, Could one Love's lit - tle Gar- den lie, And

song, of love and then, I wish that you and I my dear, Could make that place our home, That have it for our own, There stands the world be - fore the dream, That wrap the soul a - round, To

Gar - den where as Queen of Love, My love should reign a - lone! Thus my love, in Love's own home, Such - per - nal love is found! Thus there that you and
I love, This all e - ter - ni - ty Shall never, never part, In Love's fair gar - den, so lone thou

reign - est, Sweet sov - ereign of my heart! To there, then you and

I love, This all e - ter - ni - ty shall never, never part; In Love's fair gar - den thou reign - est, Sweet sov - ereign of my heart!
ALLAN WATER.

Matthew Gregory Lewis, who wrote the words of "Allan Water," was born in London, England, in 1775. His father was wealthy, and at one time held the office of Deputy Secretary-at-War. The son is best known as a writer of tales which are characterized by frightful and revolting picturefulness. He is so identified with the chief of these, "The Monk," that he is familiarly known as "Monk Lewis." He spent several years in Germany, but on his father's death, removed to inherited estates in Jamaica, West Indies. He was a genial, warm-hearted man. Byron says: "Lewis was a good man, a clever man, but a bore. My only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated bores especially,—Madame de Stael, or Hablot, for example. But I liked Lewis; he was the jewel of a man, had he been better set, I don't mean personally—but less tiresome; for he was tedious as well as contradictory to everybody and everybody. Poor fellow! he died a martyr to his new riches,—of a second visit to Jamaica:

I'd give the lands of Jorome
Dark Moscow were once again?

That is,

I would give away a morgue's
Mat Lewis were alive again?"

Sir Walter Scott says of Lewis: "How few friends one has whose faults are only ridiculous. His visit was one of humility, to ameliorate the condition of his slaves. He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature." Lewis died at sea in 1818.

His father was a noted German musician, but the son surpassed him. He enjoyed musical talent very early, because one of the finest baritone singers in London, wrote many operas, and composed some of the sweetest and most popular ballad airs of his day. Chorley speaks of him as "one of those delicious and refined English tone composers, to whom the time present offers no equivalent." Unfortunately for his airs, they were too often set to meaningless words, and so have perished. Horn came to the United States, and sang in the Park Theatre in New York, but lost his voice, and afterward kept a music store. His wife was also a well-known singer. He died in New York in 1849.

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1. On the banks of Allan Water, When the sweet spring-time did fall... Was the
2. On the banks of Allan Water, When brown all turn spread its snow,... There I
3. On the banks of Allan Water, When the winter snow fell fast... Still was

mil - her's lovely daughter, Fair-est of them all; For his bride a soldier
mil - her's lovely daughter; But should I no more; For the sun - nor grief had
mil - her's lovely daughter; Chilling blew the blast; Just the mil - her's lovely

---
sought her, And a win - ning tongue had she...... On the banks of Allan Wa - ter,
brought her, And the sed - die, fish was he...... On the banks of Allan Wa - ter,
daught - ter, Both from cold and care was free...... On the banks of Allan Wa - ter,
ERIN IS MY HOME.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY wrote the following song. The music is a popular German air, arranged by IONATE MOSCHELES, the eminent composer and pianist, who was born in Prague in 1794. He left his country for travel and study, and finally settled in London, where he died, March 10, 1870. His musical memoirs, edited by his wife, were published in New York, under the title "Recent Music and Musicians."

1. Oh! I have roamed in many lands, And made many friends I've met; Not one fair scene or kindled smile Can this fond heart forget; But I'll confess that I'm content, No cheer, And heart that ever glow. In Erin's isle I'd pass my time, No home, Her mountains I'd adore; The pleasant days in Erin's past, I

2. In Erin's isle there's never a heart, Nor bonnie pure as snow; In Erin's isle there's right good cheer, And heart that ever glow. In Erin's isle I'd pass my time, No home, Her mountains I'd adore; The pleasant days Erin's past, I

3. If Erin were my place of birth, I'd love her tranquil shore; If bonnie Scotland were my

more I wish to roam; Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, For Erin is my

home, Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, For Erin is my
GOOD-BYE.

The most widely known and perhaps the most popular of all the songs of Francesco Paolo Tosti, "Good-Bye" is also one of the most thoroughly characteristic of this composer. Musically it is melodious and marked by the elegance of style which largely accounts for the writer's popularity; and although simple of execution it is by no means trivial, but affords to an intelligent singer abundant opportunity for dramatic effect and for the expression of a tender pathos.

Fall-ing leaf and fade-ing tree, Lin-es of white in a sul-len sea, Shadow-ess ris-ing on

you and me, Shadow-ess ris-ing on you and me; The swallows are make-ing them read-y to fly,

Wheel-ing out on a wind-y sky.... Good-bye, Summer Good-bye, good-bye! Good-bye,
Sums-er! Good-bye, good-bye!

Hush! A voice from the far-away! Listen and hear, it seems to say:

All the to-morrows shall be as to-day, All the to-morrows shall be as to-day, Thereed is frayed, the crane is dry, The links must break, and the hemp must die..... Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!
Good-bye! Good-bye, good-bye! Good-bye to hope! Good-bye.

What are we waiting for?

Oh, my heart! Kiss me straight on the brow! and

Again! Again! my heart! my heart! What are we waiting for?
BEAUTY'S EYES.

The title, the words, and the music of this love song, the production of Watherly and Tosti, are redolent of the very life and sentiment of the old and oft repeated story.

Lento cioso. (\( \frac{3}{4} \).

1. I want no stars in heaven's sky.
2. I hear no birds at twilight.
3. I want no kingdom where thou

Guide me, I need no moon, no sun to shine, While I have you, sweetheart, be my all, I love, I want no throne to make me blest, While within thy tender

side me, While I know that you are mine. I need not fear what ever the heart, love, Thou wilt take my heart to rest. Kings must play a woman

side me, While I know that you are mine. I need not fear what ever the heart, love, Thou wilt take my heart to rest. Kings must play a woman
Complete sympathy of purpose marks the musical setting of this song and the pathetic, pleading words to which it is written. The melody has all the sweetness and simplicity, and the accompaniment all the originality, that characterize the compositions of Milton Wellings, by whom this is written. Mr. Wellings was born in Staffordshire, England in 1859, the son of Joseph Wellings, Esq., of Solo Park. He developed a musical bent so early in life that he had written several works before he was twelve years of age. Since then he has been an impetuous writer of songs of such great merit as to have placed him in the front rank of composers of this class of music, a position which he maintains and strengthens. His most notable successes were two songs which are known the world over—"At the Ferry" and "Some Day." Besides songs, he has composed a number of piano pieces which are quite worthy of his high reputation. The words were written by Mary Mark-Linton, the talented daughter of "Punch," who has produced many excellent verses for the music of the leading song-writers of the day.

Sometime I dream that smile oldx adjacent Far from the lawn where we huddle rest.

A regale

And in the twilight saunt beside my throst. That in life's ever singing shines serene and blest.

Each golden hope on wings spiriit to hearth. Each answer'd prayer made good and true by poet.
All break, and faith re-linked by one good word. Such is my dream.

Such is my dream. Such is my dream. Ah! do I dream in vain.

Sometimes I seem to hear up on the silence Words that you spoke when love so old was new.
a tempo.

That tell my heart your path is cast in shadow, and life has proved me faithful and untrue.

a tempo.

Then in the darkness turn your hands to me, now from the shadow turn to light again.

p piano.

Love that is true shines brightest in the shade, this is my dream, this is my dream.

This is my dream, ah! do I dream in rain? This is my dream, ah! do I dream in rain?
GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE.

Although the composer of this song, John L. Hatton, adapted his style to the popular comprehension, he yet maintained a high place among artistic musicians, never debasing his art to commonplace catchiness. His songs have consequently pleased the general public and the musically cultured as well, and are found in constant use everywhere, for private recreation and public performance. None of them has enjoyed a greater popularity than “Good-Bye, Sweetheart.” This song was especially commanded to the American public by its frequent use in concerts by Signor Brignoli, an Italian tenor who for nearly a decade during the ’fifties and ’sixties was the chief tenor of the Italian Opera in New York. His voice was a pure tenor of most delicious quality, which, in spite of his serious incompetency as an actor, enabled him to maintain his position as a popular favorite.

1. From distant towers the midnight chiming, As sinks the world to sleep.
2. The bright stars fade, the moon is breaking, The dew drops shed each
3. The sun is up, the lark is soaring, Loud wheels the song of

...
How love, thy cheek, where blooms,
Where blooms too brief, the rose.
I am here, yet I am not here;
For splendid joy fills the scene.
But night's fair hours too quickly fly.
Ah, since night's gems from heart's old fade,
And moro to floral lips doth lie.

Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye; Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.
I could not leave thee, though I said "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye;"
A-dieu, a-dieu, dear dream of love, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye;"
From distant towers the midnight chiming,
As sinks the world its calm repose;
The sweet, sweet breeze through lattice climbing,
Casts, love, thy cheek, where blooms the rose.
What splendor fills the scene above!
But night's fair hours too quickly fly,
Allay to the dear dreams of love;
Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye.
The bright stars fade, the moon is bekening,
The dew drops pearl each bud and leaf,
And I from thee my leave am taking,
With love too brief, with life too brief.

How sinks my heart with sad alarms,
The tear is blazing in mine eye;
For time shall thrust me from thine arms;
Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye.
The sun is up, the lark is soaring,
Loud swells the song of chasterer,
The levi'ton bounds over earth's soft flooring,
Yet I am here, yet I am here;
For since night's gone from heaven did fade,
And morn to floral lips doth lie,
I could not leave thee, though I said
"Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye."
BONNIE.

A good many college songs are of uncertain origin, a common source of the supply being the contributions of students who bring in their memories the words and music of taking ditties that were familiar to them at home; and often the result, as to both verses and melody, is quite different from the original. The college song books record these songs as they are commonly rendered by the students, without the information necessary to give credit to author or composer.

1. My Bonnie lies over the ocean,........ My Bonnie lies over the ocean;........
2. Oh, blow, ye winds over the ocean,........ And blow, ye winds over the ocean;........
3. The winds have blown over the ocean,........ The winds have blown over the ocean;........

CHORUS.

Bonnie to me;........ Bonnie to me;........ Bonnie to me;........ Bonnie to me;........

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to me;........ Bring back, bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me;........
OLD DOG TRAY.

Who is not familiar with "Old Uncle Sam," "Worms & Wipers," "Manna in the cold, cold ground," "Old Dog Tray," and "Oh, boys, carry me long?" But how many know anything of the life of the extraordinary man who wrote them? He must have passed unnoticed through the streets when from every lighted concert-room, from almost every family circle, from every hand-organ or running ballad-singer's lips, were poured forth his irresistible melodies. He wrote between two hundred and three hundred popular songs—more than any other American; and though they are not equal in popularity or merit, we have yet to hear one which is devoid of meaning in the words, or beauty in the air.

Stephen Collins Foster was born in Pittsburgh, Penn., July 4, 1826. He was a musician almost from his cradle, and at the age of seven had mastered the flageolet without a teacher. Every instrument in turn gave up its secrets to his touch; but he never ceased to become a distinguished performer. To compose the words and music of a song was his chief delight from childhood. He wrote the words first, and then hummed them over and over till he found notes that would express them properly. His first published song appeared in 1842, when he was a merchant's clerk in Cincinnati; a second was published the same year in Baltimore. The success of these impelled him to give up business and devote himself to composition for a livelihood. He returned to Pittsburgh, where he married. Mr. Foster had a wide range of culture, was an eager reader, and proficient in French and German, and was somewhat of a printer. The few who became his intimate friends, speak most enthusiastically of his varied powers; but he was retiring and sensitive. He attempted to illustrate one of his pathetic songs, and handed the sketch to the manuscript to his publisher, who looked at it a moment, and said pleasantly, "Oh! another comic-song, Mr. Foster?" The artist tore up the sketch, and made no more pictures for the public.

It has been said that Foster received $15,000 for "Old Folks at Home." This is incorrect; but one publishing house paid him nearly $20,000 for ten of his compositions which were issued by them. His songs have been translated into most of the European and some Asiatic languages.

Mr. Foster spent his last years in New York, where the most familiar sound was a strain of his own music, and the least familiar sight a face that he knew. He became somewhat imprudent, and would sell for a few dollars a song that brought a large sum to its purchaser. Several of his best were composed in a back room of an old down-town grocery, on pieces of brown wrapping-paper. He died in a hospital to which he had been carried from a hotel in the Boerum, January 13, 1864.

Of "Old Dog Tray," 125,000 copies were sold in eighteen months.

1. The moon of life is past, and ev'ry thing comes at last, it
2. The tears I shed are not, have run, shed one by one, The
3. When thoughts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast; 1

brings me a dream of once hap - py day, Of mer - ry times I've seen. Up
loved ones, the dear ones have all mov' d a way. Their hap - py smile has - born, Their
know that he feels what my broken heart would be; Al - though he can - not speak, I'll

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on the village green,  
Gentle He is kist;  
Old dog Tray is ever faithful,  
The farm I called my own,  
Sporting with my old dog Tray,  
Sporting with my old dog Tray,  
Gentle, He is kist;  
Old dog Tray is ever faithful,  
I'll never, never find  
I've nothing left but old dog Tray,  
A better friend than old dog Tray,  
A better friend than old dog Tray,  
Have vanished one by one,  
Their gentle voices gone;  
When thoughts recall the past,  
I know that he feels what my aching heart would say;  
Although he cannot speak,  
A better friend than old dog Tray,  
Their happy smiles have flown,  
Their gentle voices gone;  
His eyes are on me cast;  
I'll vainly, vainly seek.  
A better friend than old dog Tray,  
The loved ones, the dear ones have all passed away,
BOUNDING BILLOWS, CEASE YOUR MOTION.

The story of the authorship of the following song is one of the saddest and most romantic of all the curious tales.

Mary Derby, the daughter of an American sea captain, was born in Bristol, England, in 1758. As a child (as only one,) she was surpassingly beautiful and bright, and the utmost care was bestowed upon her education and accomplishments. Her home stood next to the Cathedral, and, when very young, she crept into the dim and solemn aisles, to drum and write little melancholy poems. Her mates, in a school kept by two sisters of Hannah More, were the future Mrs. John Kemble and a daughter of Mrs. Pritchard, the great actress. At this time, she says: "My clothes were sent for from London; my fancy was indulged to the extent of its caprices; I was flattered and praised into a belief that I was a being of a superior order. To sing, to play a lesson on the harpsichord, to recite an elegy, and to make dogged verses, made the extent of my occupations." Her father lost all his money in speculation, and, while he was at sea, Mrs. Derby removed to London, and opened a small school. The husband suddenly reappeared, broke up the school, which he was pleased to term a degradation of his name, and left again, without doing anything to support his family. Garrick saw the young girl, and was so delighted with her beauty and historic gifts, that he wanted her to play Cordelia, in "Lear." Mrs. Derby was horrified, and, just at this time, a young lawyer, named Robinson, found access to the house, and paid suit to Miss Mary. He brought tracts to the mother, and trinkets to the daughter. The mother urged her child's union to a youth so pious and wealthy, and when she was but fifteen years old, forced her into a marriage. Mary says: "My heart, even when I knelt at the altar, was as free from any tender impression, as it had been at the moment of my birth." Mr. Robinson wished the marriage kept secret from his family, but Mrs. Derby would not consent, and the pair were sent into Wales to visit them. A terrible visit it proved to the poor bride. She found that her husband was an illegitimate child, and the family had turned him off. They returned to London, where the husband added dissipation to wantoness, and soon their house was sold for debt, and Mr. Robinson was thrown into prison. Mary took up her abode there with him, bringing her infant daughter. Courty lovers had never forgotten the beauty of the young bride, and in her distress she was sought and sued; but, she says: "During nine months and three weeks, never once did I pass the threshold of our dreary habitation, though every effort was made to draw me from my sense of domestic attachment." Among her admirers, came the actors, and now the idea of going upon the stage for a livelihood presented itself. She appeared as Juliet, and "the beautiful Mrs. Robinson" became the rage. She had performed two seasons, with great success, when the king and queen summoned her to play for them, Pendilie, in the "Winter's Tale." As she appeared in the greenroom, there was a burst of admiration among the players, and the marked attention of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., then "the first gentlemen in Europe," confided and troubled her. From that time, the prince pursued her with daily letters, and every form of flattery; but for months she refused to see him, and worked on to support a husband whose ill-
treatment of her stood out in painful relief where everybody else was kind. At last came a miniature of the prince, with the motto, &c. or change guen, &c.; and she met him, only to love him with all the strength of her deep, but untamed nature. One more dark spot, on a character that has little relief of brightness, is seen in the prince's treatment of "Perdita." In the midst of lavish words of tenderness, came his "We meet no more;" and she is left to bear the hatred of the people, and actual want, without a sign from him.

Here is her own account of some of her experiences on the stage: "The greenroom and orchestra (where Mr. Garrick sat during the night) were thronged with critics. When I approached the side-room my head throbbed convulsively; I then began to feel my resolution would fail, and I leaned upon the nurse's arm, almost fainting. Mr. Sheridan and several other friends encouraged me to proceed; and at length, with trembling limbs and fearful apprehensions, I approached the audience. The thundering applause that greeted me, nearly overpowered all my faculties; I stood mute and trembling with alarm, which did not subside till I had feebly articulated the few sentences of the first short scene, during the whole of which I had never once ventured to look at the audience. The second scene being the mannequin, I had time to collect myself. I never shall forget the sensation which rushed through my bosom, when I first looked toward the pit. I beheld a gradual ascent of heads; all eyes were fixed on me; and the sensation they conveyed was awfully impressive; but the keen and penetrating eyes of Mr. Garrick, during their course from the centre of the orchestra, were beyond all others the objects most conspicuous. As I acquired assurance, I found the applause augment, and the night was concluded with praise of generous approbation. * * * The second character which I played was Wamba in 'A Trip to Scarborough.' The play was based upon Vanbrugh's 'Relapse,' and the audience supposing it was a new piece, on finding themselves deceived, expressed a considerable degree of disappointment. I was terrified beyond imagination, when Mrs. Yates, so eager able to bear the hissing of the audience, quitted the scene and left me alone to encounter the terrific tempest. I stood for some moments as though I had been petrified. Mr. Sheridan, from the side-room, desired me not to quit the buil's; the late Duke of Cumberland, from the side-box, bade me take courage—It is not you but the play, they hint'd and his Royal Highness. I excused, and that curiosity seemed to electrify the whole house, for a thundering peal of encouraging applause followed; the comedy was suffered to go on, and is to this hour a stock play at Drury-Lane Theatre."

At the age of twenty-four, while travelling abroad, she went to sleep in her carriage, with the windows open, and the result was a violent cold, rheumatism, and a complete paralysis of her limbs. A woman, writing some time after, gives this resemblance of a glimpse of her: "On a table, in one of the waiting-rooms of the opera-house, was seated a woman of fashionable appearance, still beautiful, but not in bloom of beauty's pride. She was not noticed, save by theory of pity. In a few moments two liveried servants came to her, and took from their pockets long, white sleeves, in which they drew on their arm; they then lifted her up and conveyed her to her carriage—It was the then helpless paralytic, 'Perdita.'"

She wrote novels and poetry, which she published under the pseudonym of "Perdita." Neglected by all her noble friends, after years of suffering, she died in 1799.

1. Bounding billows, cease your motion, Bear me not so swiftly o'er; Cess thy roaring,

2. Ash with in my bosom beat ing, Vary ing passions wild ly reign; Love, with proud re -

3. Proud has been my fa tal passion, Prone ing in jured heart shall be; With each thou -
Bounding billows, cease your motion,
Bear me not so swiftly o'er;
Cease thy roaring, foamy stream,
I will tempt thy rage no more.

Ah! within my bosom beating,
Varying passions wildly reign;
Love, with proud resentment meeting,
Throbs by turns with joy and pain.

Proud has been my fatal passion;
Proud my injured heart shall be;
While each thought and inclination,
Still shall prove me worthy thee.

Yet believe no servile passion,
Seeks to charm thy vagrant mind;
Well I know thy inclination,
Wavering as the passing wind.

Far I go, where fate may lead me;
Far across the troubled deep,
Where no strangers' e'er can heed me,
Where no eye for me shall weep.

Not one sigh shall tell my story;
Not one tear my cheek shall stain,
Silent grief shall be my glory—
Grief that stoops not to complain.

When with thee, what ill could harm me?
Then couldst every pang assuage;
But, when absent, nought could charm me—
Every moment seemed an age.
This song is a prime favorite of recent adaptation into the repertoire of college students. It has a very graceful and tuneful melody, which is carried by the baritone, or first bass, as a solo, while the tenor and second basses accompany it. The modern vogue of the whistler as an accepted element in music—or the "Silhhuet" as the ladies who essay that role in foreign drawing rooms are called—has caused provision to be made for this flute-like addition to song-accoutrement in more or less of the college music of the day. The whistling part in "Ching-a-Ling" introduces a very graceful and ornate effect, which comports well with the general character of the composition.

CHING-A-LING.

1. Wequeriel in song, in Spain we be long.
2. Wecharm and we trance, all in the dance.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
CHORUS.

Ching-a-ling-a-ling, ching-a-ling-a-ling. Ha, ha, ha! These were the words which we

heard from afar. Ching-a-ling-a-ling, ching-a-ling-a-ling.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! To the tune of our light guitar. Ha! ha!
ONLY.

Mary Ann Virginia Gabrieli, an English lady of some note as a composer was born in Battersea, Surrey, February 1825. She studied under Weihn, Dahlke, Thalberg and Melippe. In November 1874 she was married to George E. March the author of most of her librettos. This little song is one of her most popular ones. She died in London August 7, 1877 from the effects of a carriage accident.

Odes.

1. Only a few at the sign-tow,
2. Only a smile of welcome,
3. Only her love I ask for,

Only a few, nothing more; Yet the look in the eyes as they meet mine, Still
Only a smile as I pass; That smile will still be remembered As
Only her love, and yet; The sweet beam I cannot hope for, And

comes to me o'er and o'er; Only a word of greeting;
long as my life shall last; Only a word you tell me;
so I must strive to forget; Only a word you spoke on,
Only a word, that was all,
Yet all day in my heart it rested,
Like the

Only a sight, would she say,
It would give the sweet face at the window,
To be

sound of an angel's call,
dear is this woman to me.

Only a face at the window,
Only a smile, I scarce;
Yet the look in the eyes as they meet mine,
Still comes to me over and over.
Only a word of greeting;
Only a word, that was all.
Yet all day in my heart it echoed,
Like the sound of an angel's call.

Only a smile of welcome,
Only a smile as I passed;
But that smile will still be remembered
As long as my life shall last.
Only a woman, you tell me;
Only a woman, to thee;
But there's taught that this earth contains,
Half so dear as this woman to me.

Only her love I ask for,
Only her love, and yet;
The sweet boon I cannot hope for,
And so I must strive to forget.
Only a word only spoken,
Only a "yes!" would she say;
It would give the sweet face at the window,
To be mine forever and ever.
OUR LAST WALTZ.

The art of writing dance music has been regarded as requiring a peculiar faculty; yet surely, judged by this waltz-song, James L. Melloy, who has written so many deliciously quaint and tender songs, has the dance music faculty as well. So thoroughly has he caught the dance spirit in this composition that it is frequently played instrumentally for dancing only. But at the same time, it is a true song as well, and its rhythmic measures suggest romance as well as the ball-room. The words are written by Melloy’s frequent collaborateur, Frederick E. Weatherly.

1. Only this once, only this once,
After to-night, after to-night,

Dance with me, love, to-night...
What will tomorrow be?

Let us forget all our regret,
You in the light, I in the night.

2. Let us be gay and bright...
Out on the rolling sea...

Loved how the music
What is there left me,
tears as on; I Angola the och - re die......... Just as it
O my love? On - ly a wreath of yore......... A rose that is

rae, just as we sang. In the days that are gone
dead, a word that is said. And a feman that comes no more

REFRAIN.

On - ly to-night, On - ly to-night. Hark to the old re - frain....... Hark how it sings,

under - ly brings Back all the past a - guilt....... guilt....... 3. The
music is fading and die, When we dream, stand, There are tears in your pitying eyes, As I hold your hand,

Oh! love, for the last time, whisper sweet and low, Say you love me, during once before I go,
REFRAIN

On-ly to-night, on-ly to-night. Hark to the old re-frain.

On-ly to-night, just for to-night. But nev-er for me a-gain.
BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

These quaint and pleasing verses of the industrious and fertile-minded Frederick E. Weatherly are set to music by Joseph Lees and Robert, the youngest member of a distinguished musical family, born in London in 1838 of German parentage. His father, Joseph Lees, was born in 1785, educated the church for diplomacy and diplomacy for music, singing in opera, introducing German operas in Paris and later into England. His three sons followed him in successful musical careers. Joseph, the third son, studied in Weimar and Vienna, and then settled in England where he made a favorable impression as a teacher and a voluminous composer of songs. He wrote a number of cantatas which were well received. Among his published songs are "Beside the Sea," "Brude Bulk," "A Cannot Say Good-Bye," "The River and the Rose," and "Elise's Dream."

1. Rich and Dur - o - thy.
2. They wrangled and jang - led and

1. A husband and wife.
2. Led an un - com - mon - ly com - for - tless life.

1. For what the one thought of or felt and feared.
2. Till with one constant warfare their lives were consumed.

1. Their tongues were exhausted, their
2. Their tongues were exhausted, their

1. talk of, or said.
2. The oth - er one grounded at, threatened or chimed:

1. And life lost its shin - ings, and
2. And life lost its shin - ings, and

1. tempers were su - cceed - ed.
2. tempers were su - cceed - ed.

1. Because they had nothing to wrangle about.
2. Because they had nothing to wrangle about.

1. The neigh - bors were right; it was
2. The neigh - bors were right; it was

1. though it was vain.
2. though it was vain.

1. They wished them to see, sing, gain, and a gain!
2. They wished them to see, sing, gain, and a gain!

1. cer - tain - ly best.
2. cer - tain - ly best.

That birds of a feather should roost in one nest!
While as for the neighbors, they thought it was best,
That
For Rich and Dorothy ended their strife. By all

birds of a feather should roost in one nest,
Greeing to differ for the rest of their life.

Roost in one nest, (On it)

End ed their strife, By a greeing to differ for the rest of their life.
HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

This is one of the last songs of Robert Burns. It was addressed to Miss Jessie Lewars, of Dumfries, who assisted in taking care of him in his last illness, and was one of his widow's best friends. Burns wrote to Thomson: "I once mentioned to you an air which I have long admired, 'Here's a health to them that's awa', honey', but I forget if you took any notice of it; I have just been trying to suit it with verses, and I beg leave to recommend the air to your attention once more."

1. Here's a health to thee, I love thee dear, Here's a health to thee, I love thee dear; Thou art sweet as the smile when love is near, And soft as their parting tear, Jes-sie; Al-

2. I mean thee, the gay, genial day, As hopeless I muse on thy charm; But thine name never be mine, Al-the-er hope is de-nied; For the dear a-sleep a smile; I guess by the love-sick a-gut; But why

sweet-er for thee de-spair-ing Than aught in the world beside, Jes-sie! Sweet-er for thee de-spair-ing Than aught in the world beside, Jes-sie!
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