THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC
EMBRACING
FAMOUS SONGS AND
THOSE WHO MADE THEM
FAMOUS
INSTRUMENTAL
SELECTIONS
AND THEIR
COMPOSERS
MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED SONGS
AND COMPOSITIONS FOR PIANO
FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS
BIOGRAPHIES OF COMPOSERS AND SONG WRITERS
EDITED BY
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WITH VERDURE CLAD.

This air is a gem from "The Creation," which has been pronounced the greatest composition of the greatest of all composers. FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN was born in 1732, at Rohrau, a village on the Austro-Hungarian boundary. Grumbling poverty and loss of voice were among the many obstacles that opposed the ambition of the young musician; but the energy of his genius overcame them, and at eighteen he found himself studying under Van Reyer at Vienna, and a little later under the old composer Metastasio. His earlier compositions attracted much attention; and the patronage of Prince Esterhazy gave him leisure for his work. After "The Creation," his oratorio "The Four Seasons" ranks among the highest of its class. Next to these may be counted his First Mass and his Third Mass. He died in 1809.
Beautiful is the charming sight.

Here grows her beloved flower, she plants the healing plant.
plant... the healing plant... Here shoots... the
heal - ing plant.
"GOOD-NIGHT, THE STARS APPEAR ABOVE."

SONG FOR TEAR.

It is not to be wondered at that the admirers of the author and composer of this song should ask, as they often do: 'Under whom did you study?' Nor is it unnatural that a born musician whose parents, bitterly opposed to his having anything to do with music, not only refused to give him any musical advantages, but prevented him from benefiting by such as chance might throw in his way; who, entirely self-taught—having never had a master or teacher in any branch of music—has become noted as a musical critic, composer, conductor, instrumentalist and teacher, should be somewhat piqued at the too frequent repetition of such a question. \textit{Carlo Primo} was born in Faversham, England, in 1843, and came to the United States in 1857. As conductor of grand opera in New York and Havana; as organist of leading churches in several of our largest cities; as critic on more than one musical journal; and as composer of instrumental music of a high grade and of popular songs, he has long been well and favourably known.
night! 

All angels guard and these thee, Ah!

........ you love-ly one! Good-night,........ good-night!

I'd fain re-peat, "Good-night," un-till the night be gone.

2. Good-night! The winds that lightly

3. Good-night! The winds that lightly
Good night, Good night,
Till the morning light
Shall give peace to the night
Till the night be done.

Good night, Good night,
Till the morning light
Shall give peace to the night
Till the night be done.
THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

The words of this song have proved so acceptable to the world of singers that many composers have been led to write musical settings for them. Among the solo compositions none is more acceptable than that of the French composer, Charles Felix Gounod, which is here given. The poem was written by Mrs. Cyril Francis Alexander, whose maiden name was Humphreys, born in Strabane, Ireland, in 1839, and in 1850 married to the Rev. William Alexander, afterwards Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, and himself a meritorious poet. Mrs. Alexander's poems were principally devotional writings and verses for children, many of which have been collected and published with illustrations as gift books. Between ten and twenty volumes from her pen have found acceptance with the public.

There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall.
Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all;

We may not know, we cannot tell What pains He had to bear.

But we believe it was for us He bore, and suffered there! He
died, that we might be forgiven! He died to make us good!
That we might go at last to Heaven, Saved by His precious blood!

There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin; He

Only could unlock the gate Of Heaven, and let us in! Oh,

Dear, dear, has He loved, And we must love Him too! And
trust in His redeeming blood, And trust in His redeeming blood, And

try His works to do, And try His works to do!

We must love Him, too! We must love Him, too, And

try His works to do! try His works to do!
WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?

The words and music of this sweet old song of home and mother were written by SEP. WINNER, under the pseudonym of "Alice Howthorne."

1. What is home without a mother? What are all the joys we
   Things we prize and first to van-ish; Hearts we love to pass a
   Old - er hearts may have their sor - rows, Griefs that quickly die a
   most, When her lov - ing smile no long - er Greet the com - ing of our
   way; And how soon, even in our child - hood, We be - hold her turn - ing, turn - ing
   way; But a mother lost in child - hood, Grieves the heart, the heart from day to

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What is home without a mother?
What are all the joys we meet,
Grows the coming, coming of one foot?
The days seem long, the nights are drear,
And oft how few are childhood’s pleasures,
When her gentle, gentle care is gone!
Things we prize are first to vanish;
Hearts we love to pass away;
And how soon, yea in our childhood,
We behold her turning, turning gray;
Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow;
Her joys of earth are past;
And sometimes we learn to know her,
She hath breathed on earth, on earth her last.
Older hearts may have their sorrows,
Griefs that quickly she away;
But a mother lost in childhood,
Grieves the heart, the heart from day to day;
We miss her kind, her willing hand,
Her food and earnest care;
And oh! how dark is life round us!
What is home without, without her there?
GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.

Both the words and the music of this song were made by Thomas Haynes Bayly.

1. Gai ly the Trou ba dour tocco bled his gui tas ...... When he was
2. She for the Trou ba dour hope less ly wept ...... Sad ly she
3. Hark! 'twas the Trou ba dour breath ing her name ...... Un der the
4. hast en ing home from the war: Sing ing "from Pa les tine, bith er I
thought of him when oth ers slept: Sing ing "in search of thee, would I might
hat tie mon soft ly he come: Sing ing "from Pa les tine, bith er I
5. La dye love! La dye love! wel come me home: Sing ing "from
6. come, Trou ba dour! Trou ba dour! come to thy home: Sing ing "in
7. La dye love! La dye love! wel come me home: Sing ing "from
8. Pa les tine bith er I come, La dye love! La dye love! wel come me home:
9. search of thee, would I might roam, Trou ba dour! Trou ba dour! come to thy home:
10. Pa les tine, bith er I come, La dye love! La dye love! wel come me home:"
WHEN THE NIGHT-WIND BEWAILETH.

The words of this song were written by Ephraim Sargent, and the music was composed by William R. Emerson.

1. When the night-wind be-wail-eth the fall of the year, And sweeps from the for-est the leaves that are bare; I wake from my slum-ber, and feel the east wind by my side! A

2. Through men-o-ry come the forms of the past, The joys of my childhood shall not die. The

3. The trees of the for-est shall know the sound of the wind, And the wild-ribb from the trees shall call me. A

spir-it, "No more, never more!" And it with to my spi-rit, "No more, never more!" To my heart seem to murmur "No more, never more!" A

Oh! never more! Oh! never more! Oh! never more! A

Oh! never more! Oh! never more! Oh! never more! A

Oh! never more! Oh! never more! Oh! never more! A

This song shall be joyful. No more, never more! A
COULD I?

The composer of this music, Francesco Paolo Tosti, achieved such eminence in his profession as a teacher of singing that he was selected vocal instructor of the Queen of Italy and also of the Royal Family of Great Britain. He was a master of the most perfect system of vocalization in the world—the Italian. He pursued the study of musical composition successfully, as is evidenced by the number of his published songs, and the degree of popularity achieved by them. Few singers have failed to learn Tosti's "Good Bye," and "Could I?" has enjoyed an almost equal popularity. Many of his songs are best known by their Italian names. Among his favorite compositions are "At Vespers," "Forever and Forever," "Mother," "Aprile" and many others.

Could I.... but come to thee—

Once but once on thy,

sit a lone so sad and lone—by.

With your head on your
roc-- no war-- ry heart-- ed. Lost in sweet dreams of hap-- py times de--

past-- ed. But once! But

MAGGIE
app. legg. to

come... to en-- ter there when night is fall-- ing. In the old sweet way,

app. cresc. to

just com-- ing at your call-- ing. And We an an-- gel bend-- ing down a--
f

born you, Tuba the in - to your ear "I love you, I love............. you!"

a tempo, cel estato. a tempo.

Could

dim.

I............ and come just once, with un - bound tress - es Blind - ing us

read in long for - gone arms - ed But just once to for
get...... that word was spok - en. That left two lives for - ever lost and

bro - ken, But once! But

Majestic.

once...... to en - ter there when sight is fall - ing. Is the old sweet way,

just com - ing at your call - ing. And, like an an - gel bend - ing down n -
Love you. To breathe into your ear "I love you. I love you."

To breathe into your ear, "I love you. I love you!"

Lento, ppp
ASK NOTHING MORE.

The music of this song was composed by the gifted Theophilus Milea, best known as the composer of "Twickenham Ferry." The words are by one of England's most famous contemporary poets, Algernon Charles Swinburne, who was born in 1867, the son of Admiral Charles H. Swinburne, of the English navy, and grandson (through his mother) of the Earl of Ashburnham. During the period of his studies at Eton and Oxford, and, indeed, during his earlier boyhood, he was an eager reader of poetry, which he loved for its music as well as for its thought. The taste thus developed led to his acquiring a knowledge of literature which was almost phenomenal, although he left the university without taking a degree. His active work as a literary producer began without delay, his first publications being two dramas, "The Queen Mother" and "Bosamsted," in 1886. His fame dates from the appearance in 1886 of "Analaia," a tragedy upon the severest Greek model. To fame was added notoriety when, in 1896, he published "Poems and Ballads," produced in America under the title of "Lands of the Lorn." The great merit of many of the poems in this volume was obscured by the reprehensibly erratic character of others, which was so strongly condemned that the original English publisher withdrew the book from circulation. Since then, Swinburne has written industriously, and with such a display of genius that he was for a time mentioned among the possible successors to the poet of "Fors Pauper." His most recent work is "All That I Ever Knew," "Bolmav," a Tragedy," and "Marino Faliero," etc. During this same period he published many critical works of great value. Not all of Swinburne's shorter poems are adapted to musical setting, but the limpid flow and rhythmical beauty of some of them make exquisite song material.
Ask nothing more, nothing more.

All things were nothing, nothing to give. Can to have sense of you more.

Touch you and dream of you, Sweet; Think you and brood they would live, Swept of your wings as you saw.

Tread on by chance, by chance of your feet, Treaden by chance, by chance of your feet, .......
1. who have love and no more,  Give you but love of you, Sweet,  He that hath more let him give,  

2. He that hath wings let him soar,  Mine is the heart at your feet,  Here that must love you to live,  

3. Here that must love you, love you to live!  

Passion,  

Passion,  

Quieter.  

Quieter.
WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM.

In the dark days of 1862 President Lincoln issued a proclamation asking for three hundred thousand volunteers to fill the stricken ranks of the army, and to make the cry of "On to Richmond" an accomplished fact. Immediately after this call, Mr. James B. Stone Gibbons, a native of Wilmington, Delaware, living in New York City, wrote:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

This must have contributed largely to the accomplishment of the military enterprise which it relates. The stanzas were first published anonymously in the New York Evening Post, of July 16, 1862. Owing to this fact, perhaps, its authorship was at first attributed to Ulysses S. Grant. Mr. Gibbons joined the abolition movement when only twenty years of age, and was for a time one of the editors of the Anti-Slavery Standard. When the Emancipation Proclamation was issued he illuminated his residence in New York City. A short time afterwards, during the draft riots, he was mobbed, and only by the assistance of friends was he able to save his life by escaping over the roofs of adjoining houses to another street, where a friend had a carriage waiting for him. He died October 17, 1892.
1. We're com-ing, Fa- ther
A-bram, our, Six hun-dred thou-sand more,
From
Long You'll
A -

2. Then look a-cross the
hill - tops That meet the north - ern sky,
Our

3. Then look all up the
val - ley, where The grow - ing har - vest shine,
Our

Miss - si - sou - pl’s
wind - ing stream And from New En - gland’s shore;
Our
Ard

see our star - cy
farm - er boys Fast form - ing in - to
Our
Ard

leave our plows and
now the wind an work - shops, Our
Our
Ard

now the wind an in - exact tears, The
Our
Ard

child - dren from their mother’s knee Are pull - ing at the weeds,
Our
Ard

hearts too full for con - ter - ance, With but one si - lent tear;
Our
Ard
dare not look be - hind us, But weep - ing At ev - ry cot - tage hour, We are
for the groups stand weep - ing At ev - ry cot - tage hour, We are

CHORUS.

We're com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra - ham, Our Uni - on to re - store; We're

We're com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra - ham, Six hun - dred thou - sand more.
We're coming, Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream
And from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and work-shops,
Our wives and children dear,
With loftier loftier resolve,
With not one silent tear;
We dare not look behind us,
But steadfastly before,
We are coming Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand more.

Then look across the hill-tops
That meet the northern sky,
Long rows of rising dust
Your vision may descry;
And now the wind an instant bears,
The cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag
In glory and in pride;
And young men in the sunlight glisten,
And hands brave nowise fear,
We are coming Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand more.

Then look all up our valleys, where
The growing harvests shine,
You'll see our sturdy farmer boys
Fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knee
Are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow,
Against their country's needs;
And farewell groups stand weeping
At every cottage door,
We are coming Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand more.

You've called us and we're coming,
By Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake,
Our brothers bore beside;
Or from soil treason's savage grasp
To wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes
Its fragments to pursue;
Six hundred thousand loyal men
And true have gone before,
We are coming Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand more.

We're coming, Father Abraham,
Strong hearts and resolute hands;
From river, lake and mountain
We are vanquishing our lands.
From boundless western prairie to
The old Atlantic shore
We're coming Father Abraham
Six hundred thousand more;
From boundless western prairie to
The old Atlantic shore
We are coming Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand more.
"TIS ALL THAT I CAN SAY."

Miss Hope Temple, whose complete success in enrolling herself among the leading song composers of England requires no qualification on account of her sex, has set the words of Tom Hood's poem to a melody as direct and simple and yet as sweet and comprehensive as the sentiment of the words—"I Love Thee; 'Tis All That I Can Say." All sentimental verse and song are merely amplifications of this one eternal theme, and in the present instance both poet and composer have come directly to the point, with an iteration of the phrase that has a power of its own.

1. I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say,
   It is my riah in the right, My love thee, is ever on my tongue,
   In all my prayers, Thou dream ing in the day, The very root of my heart, The blessing when I
   cho rus still is sung, It is the verdict of my eye A midst the gay and
I love thee, I love thee, 'Tis all that I can say.
I love thee, I love thee, 'Tis all that I can say.

I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, physicians, physicians, physicians.
I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, physicians, physicians, physicians.

3. I love thee, I love thee, The
bright and hazel glances;
The melody laps on those lips Whose

tender tones entranced; But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proof, That

D.S. for 2nd voice.
still those words en-
base,,,,,,,, I love thee, I love thee what

er - er be thy chance.
A SONG TO INSPIRE.
WANDERING WILLIE.

The beautiful old Scottish air called "Here awa, there awa," was an especial favorite with Burns. The original song written to it was very old, and thirty years before he wrote his beautiful words, with the added element of the possible grief which "love knows the secret of," the following three stanzas were all that had survived:

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie,  
Here awa, there awa, bones awa' hame;  
Long have I sought thee, dear have I sought thee,  
Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Through the lang mais I have followed my Willie,  
Through the lang mais I have followed him home;

Whate'er betide us, naught shall divide us,  
Love now rewards all my sorrows and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie,  
Here awa, there awa, hand awa' hame;  
Come, hies, hies me, marthing can grieve me,  
Lielan the pleasant when Willie's at hame.

1. Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
2. Winter winds blew loud and cold at our parting;  
   Tears for my Willie brought tears to my eye;  
   Welcome now, simmer, and welcome, my Willie,

   Come to my bosome, my Willie, the same.  
   Tell me thou bringst me my Willie the same.

3. Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
   Come to my bosom, my Willie, the same.
   Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Rust, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumber;  
How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
Wan'ta, ye breezes! now gently, ye blowers!  
And waft my dear laddie awa' nae to my arms.

But, oh! if he's faithless, and mends na his name,  
Flow still between us, thou dear ever waiting rain!  
May I never see it, my I never love it.

But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!
A KISS IN THE RAIN.

SONG FOR TENOR.

This sonorous poem is a gem of recent fugitive literature. Its tuneful setting is the composition of Peter A. Schaeffer, the famous organist of West Church, New York. The choir of West Church is composed of leading artists; indeed it is considered by some to be the leading metropolitan choir in point of artistic merit. Professor Schaeffer's popularity has been due largely to his wonderful facility of improvisation, to his adroit introduction of clearly varied movements, and to his brilliant playing. A great many of the songs, or "converted ditties," as some have chosen to call them, which have been sung by the quartet, have been of his composition. A melody by the organist of West Church, played by himself, is always enthusiastically received.

Moderato.

In a stormy morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town;
Her looks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown.

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yea stringends.

watched her, as she tripped along,
Till madness filled my brain. And

a slumber.

then—and then—I knew 'twas wrong—I kissed her in the rain.

a slumber.

rain-drops shining on her chest,
Like dew-drops on a rose.

little busy stream to speak,
My budding to oppose;

She.
strove in vain, and, quivering, Her finger stole in mine; And

then the birds begun to sing. The sun begun to shine......

Tempo primo.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above, My heart is light below; To

Tempo primo.

always summer when we love, How ever winds may blow; And
One stary morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town;
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown.
I watched her, as she tripped along,
Till madness filled my brain.
And then—and then—I knew I was wrong—
I kissed her in the rain.

With rain-drops shining on her cheek,
Like dew-drops on a rose,
The little lassie strove to speak,
My boldness to oppose;

She strove in vain, and, quivering,
Her finger stole in mine,
And then the birds began to sing,
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds growe dark above,
My heart is light below;
'Tis always summer when we love,
However winds may blow;
And I'm as proud as any prince,
All honors I disdain;
She says I am her rain-beau since
I kissed her in the rain.
FLY FORTH, O GENTLE DOVE.

One of the least pretentious compositions of Ciro Pinetti, this song has long been a favorite. In its simple directness the melody is in keeping with the joyous tendency of the verses, which are thoroughly characteristic of that deservedly popular writer of modern songs, Frederick E. Weatherly.

1. I sent a letter to my love, Made bright with loving words and sweet, I gave it to a tender dove, To carry to my dearest's feet!

2. And when he neath her bow's thou art, And sent her leaning from a bower, Fly upward straight to her heart, And nestle in the warmth thereof.

Fly forth, O gentle dove, I my love will love thee for my

end.
cried, O gentle dove, I cried, And bear my letter to my sweet! Fly forth, O gentle dove, I cried, And bear my letter to my sweet!
THE NIGHTINGALE’S SONG.

TYROLESE.

An immense popularity has attended the operatic compositions of Carl Zeller, a contemporary German composer. The most successful of those were “Der Obersteiger” and “Der Vogelhändler” (The Bird Fancier,) the latter of which had a long and successful series of performances on the Continent and in England. The words of this comic opera were written by M. Meis and L. Held. The most pleasing numbers, which obtained a wide circulation as separate songs, were a pantaloon song and chorus and the “Nightingale Song.” The latter was made familiar to the American public by Miss Marie Tessier, an English operatic singer, who introduced it into the piece in which she made her first appearance in New York. The song has the waltz movement which characterizes most of the music in the opera, a rhythm which not infrequently prevails in German comic opera, and though it is found by many to become monotonous during an entire evening, it often concludes to a ready reception of the music.

1. My respec... ed fete, at twelve... ty, All the hun... ter's bold... ness

2. My respec... ed fete, at seven... ty, Was en... rapt... ur'd with a

shored............ He em... bre'd his Rose by moon... light And a

maid............ And he said "Oh where's my Rose?............ to my

For a arrangement with other music (solo), source of the copyright.
The kiss he stowed. It was thus he heard the
youth with her I strayed. Tho' his voice with song was

Sing, sing of a charming night in gale. Voice of
triumbling Fret he shouted like a boy. Like the

Gladness softly warbling from the shady vale. Once a
night in gale he trilled, and softly sang for joy. Once a

Gain, once again, once again as you sang. As we sang in the
Gain, once again, once again as you sang. As we sang in the
Chorus.

Sing a - gain, once a - gain, once a - gain. As you sang in the moon - lit vale. (Hesitation.)

Solo.

Sing a - gain, once a - gain. As you sang in the moon - lit vale.
MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Patriotic Song of Wales.

"Men of Harlech!" is an old Welsh air and is charged with true military power. Sir Joseph Barnby, recognizing its great merits, harmonized it some years ago and had it sung at one of his choral festivals. His success was instantaneous and now it is a well known and true friend to every choral conductor who has an English-speaking body of singers about him. Barnby was one of England's greatest composers. For years he had steadily pursued the road to greatness and in some branches of composition had reached the pinnacle of success in his own land. Known and honored at home and abroad, his music lived and cherished wherever it is heard, Barnby died in his fifty-ninth year, one of the great favorites of England.

Queen Victoria had recently knighted him for his special services to art. He died in 1896.

Tenor and Bass.

1. Men of Harlech! in the hollow, Do ye hear, like rolling billow.
   Back to steep and pass on over row, Flash with speck and flight of arrow.

2. Wave on wave that surging roll, But they's distant sound! 'Tis the trump of the drum!
   Who would think of death or sorrow? Death is glory now! Hurl the red flag.

Sax-on for men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men, Be they knights, or lads, or women, horse-man o'er, Let the earth dead for men over! Rats of friend, of wife, of love or...
They shall bite the ground! Loose the folds a - mo - der. Flag we con - quered! The
Tears boil on a bow! Strands of life are rev - en; How for blow is giv - en. In

Planed sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun - der!
Doom - ly look, or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrinks to heav - en!

On - ward! His our coun - try needs us, It is brav - est, he who lends us!
Men of Har - lech young or hoar - ry, Would you win a name to stor - ry!
GOOD-NIGHT.

Now to all a kind good-night, Sweetly sleep till morning light, Till morning light, To all good-night; Sweetly sleep till morning light, Good-night, good-night, Good-night, good-night, Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night.
THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

The words of this song were written by R. S. Sharpe, an English song-writer, who was born in 1776, and died in 1822. The music was made by M. P. King, a favorite English composer, who began writing music early in this century. He wrote operas, oratorios, etc., and composed the music for Arnold's "Up All Night," in which this song was embodied as a duet. His sons were both noted as teachers of music, and performers on the organ and pianoforte. They came to this country when young, lived in New York City for many years, and died there about twenty-five years ago. The eldest was Charles King, who arranged numerous songs, glee, etc. The younger brother, W. A. King, was for many years organist and conductor of music in Grace Church, and was deemed the finest organist in New York. He also conducted and arranged at the fashionable concerts of thirty years ago; was distinguished as an accompanist, and as a solo performer on the pianoforte. His "Grace Church Collection of Sacred Music" was called the most meritorious publication of the kind that was ever issued in this country.

1st Verse.

Let him who sitteth in soliness here, Rejoice and know a friend is near.

What thrilling sounds are those I hear! What being comes the gloom to cheer?

Refrain.

1. When in the storm on Allicot's coast The right watch guard his duty post, From thought of danger free; He marks some vessel's dark form. And hears, nèéd the
Howling storm, The minute gun at sea. The minute gun at sea. And

hears, amid the howling storm, The minute gun at sea.

2. Swift on th'shore a bar'dy few. The lifeboat men with a gallant, gallant crew, And

dare the dangerous wave; Tho' the wild surf they cleave their way; Lost in the foam, nor

know dismay, For they go the crew to save; For they go the crew to save;

Lost in the foam, nor know dismay, For they go the crew to save.
But oh, what rapture fills each breast Of the hopeless crew of the ship distressed;

CHORUS.

Then, loud and loud, what joys to tell Of all the dangers that be fell; Then is heard no more By the watch on the shore, Then is heard no more by the watch on the shore, The minute gun at sea.

1st. Voice.
Let him who sighs in sadness here, Rejoice and know a friend is near.

2nd Voice.
What thrilling sounds are those I hear! What being comes the gloom to cheer?

When is the storm on Albion's coast The night-watch guards his weary post,
From thoughts of danger free; He marks some vessel's dusky Lem, And hears, amid the howling storm, The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardly few, The life-boat man with a gallant crew, And dare the dangerous wave; Then the wild surf they cleave their way;
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay, For they go the crew to save.

Solo.
But oh, what rapture fills each breast Of the hopeless crew of the ship distressed.

CHORUS.

Then, loud and loud, what joys to tell Of all the dangers that be fell; Then is heard no more By the watch on the shore, The minute gun at sea.
LOOKING IN THE RIVER.

The composer of the sprightly ballad "Looking in the River" is Samuel B. Whitney, an eminent American musical director, for about a quarter of a century organist of the Church of the Advent in Boston. His fame as an instrumentalist is due in great part to a pleasing and brilliant style, to a wonderful mastery of the preludes, fugues and toccatas of Bach, and to his rich and solid improvisations. He was born in Woodstock, Vt., in 1842; and was educated at the public schools of his native town and at the Vermont Episcopal Institute in Burlington. He studied music under Carl Wes of New York and under Professor Paine of Harvard University. He was successively organist of churches in Montpelier, Albany, and Burlington; and in 1871 he took charge of the choir of the Church of the Advent in Boston. The verses to which this beautiful tune is set were written by Mr. Whitney's old friend and townsman, Hon. Charles A. Eastman, a noted ante-bellum poet and journalist, founder of the Woodstock Spirit of the Age and of the Lamoille River Express, and long the publisher of the Vermont Patriot of Montpelier—where he died in 1880, at the age of forty-four.

1. Looking in the river, smiling to herself, Stands a little maiden, on a mossy shelf; 2. Looking in the river, with a dreamy stare, What may the maiden see before her there?

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Looking in the river,
Sailing to herself,
Stands a little maiden
On the mossy shelf;
Looking in the river,
What's the maiden see?
Than herself I'm certain,
Something it must be!
Looking in the river,
Where the shimmering sun,
Than the orb above her,
Seems another one;
Looking in the river
There the maiden sees,
Something than the heavens,
Or its mirrored tens.

Looking in the river
With a dreamy stare;
Wonder what the maiden
Can be seeing there?
Looking in the river
What if I should be?
Then I may be certain,
What the girl can see.
Looking in the river
Now, ah, but I know
What the little maiden
Gazed at below?
Looking in the river,
Now I understand,
Why the little maiden
Stands upon the land!
Looking in the river,
As the water rises,
There I see another
Face beside of hers!
Looking in the river,
Close beside her face,
There I see another
Face in shadow thrown;
Looking in the river,
Just behind the maid,
There I see her lover
In the maple shade!
Looking in the river,
Now I understand
Why the little maiden
Stands upon the land!
Looking in the river
With her other self,
Stands the little maiden
On a mossy shelf.
Looking in the river—
Maiden, never ran!
That's a thing, I'm certain,
All of us have done;
Looking in the river,
All of us have been
And can tell the summer;
We remember, when,
Looking in the river,
By the shadow thrown,
We have seen another
Face beside our own.
QUAKER COUSINS.

JAMES L. MOLLEY's "Quaker Cousins" was a favorite song with the great English baritone Charles Santley, whose singing of ballads will be remembered fully as long as his greater work in the English operatic or on the operatic stage. Indeed, the English ballad concert, at which the programme contains no other kind of music, is an institution peculiar to that country where the ballad is most carefully cultivated; and "Quaker Cousins," with its quaint oddity of situation, is well adapted to the purposes of such a singer as Santley, in whose repertoire "Simon the Cellarer," and songs of like character, were so delightful a feature. The words of this song were written by SAMUEL K. COWAN.

Adante e sempre tranquillo.

1. With a smile so quaint, like an old time Saint; With a quaint, soft "doth," fee, "doth,"
   old time Saint: With a quaint, soft "doth" for "does;" With a "thou" for "you;" and a "may" for "we;" "There is
   With a "thou" for "you;" and a "may" for "we;" "There is
   Till the sweet stars woke, not a word was spoken, by my
   "doth," "does;" "doth," "does;" "doth," "doth;"
   "doth," "doth;"
   "doth," "doth;"
   "doth," "doth;"

some like Quaker Cous. Love's a new-sly girl, where a whim may whirl, And o'de where fun'sy
Quaker Cous to me. Then with eyes so raised, in mine own she gazes, Another spin it showes in
rave: But if Love she loves, O my Qua-her Cox, Will wait till her spir-it moves! With a

Both, "Does your spir-it move, does your deerd heart love?" "As thou ask-eth, friend, it doth!" "Does it

"Stay—prolong!" or "A-way, say thou!" William is ever quiet for thee. Nor of gold hast thou! But "Of

say—"Stay thee," or "A-way, my true!" What dear does your spir-it say?" "O e saith—"Ven—thou, mis-

istead

...with thee, In the spir-it, friend, for me?"

...stay thee! Friend it saith—"Ven, stay for

2. Oh we aye!" Friend it saith—"Ven, stay for aye!"
CRADLE SONG.

The "Wesernfd" of Johann Brahms is one of the sweet little "sleep songs" to the drowsy embraces of which the nodding of the Fatherland are handed over into the land of happy dreams. The accompanying words are a nearly literal translation by L. L. Scaife.

Allegro con moto.

Rest they,

darling, good night, With cheeks so rosy

bright, As flow'rsclose a-bown, 'neath cover-let lies: And a gain, if God will

will, Shalt thou rise with the morn, And a gain, if God will, Shalt thou rise with the morn.
I'LL WAIT, LOVE, FOR THEE.

GEORGE COOPER, who wrote the words of hundreds of songs, being as well known in this capacity in America as F. E. Weatherly in England, produced the verses of this song on the theme given to him by the composer of the music, as appropriate to the melody he had conceived. The composer, John Van Loon, although for many years identified with musical matters in New York City, prefers to regard himself as an amateur composer; yet not for the reason that there is anything amateurish about his work, which is scholarly and effective. Many of his songs have been highly successful. Among these are "Why Do the Old Songslinger?" "The Highwayman," and "I'll Wait, Love, For Thee." As a tenor singer Mr. Van Loon has served for many years in various church choirs in New York, and has frequently appeared on the concert stage. His chief occupation, however, has been in connection with musical publications. He was for fifteen years with W. A. Pond & Co., previous to the establishment of a publishing and piano concern of his own.

The collection of musical literary curiosities has been a favorite diversion with him, and he has gotten together many treasures in the way of musical manuscript and autograph letters of musical celebrities, some of them of almost priceless value.

1. I'll wait, love, for thee, when the stars softly gleam,
   2. The birds will be sleeping in each downy nest,
   3. The flow'res will be dreaming, and all will be fair.

Down by the grove
Where the murmuring stream,
Come like a bird
to the one you love best;
Whose dreams are fall-ing o'er hill and o'er

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Meet me to-night,— Welcomethy glasses will be; When stars say a-

bow, to whisper of love, Dear one, in joy I'll be waiting for thee.

CHORUS.

Meet me, my dear one, oh! meet me to-night,— Welcomethy glasses will be; When

Meet me, my dear one, oh! meet me to-night,— Welcomethy glasses will be; When
I'll wait, love, for thee, when the stars softly gleam,
Down by the grove near the murmuring stream,
And there where the dewdrops shine over the fen,
Darkest, I'll fondly be waiting for thee!
Meet me, my dearest, meet me to-night,
Welcome thy glances will be;
When stars are above, to whisper of love,
Darkest, in joy I'll be waiting for thee.

The birds will be sleeping in each doory nest,—
Come like a bird to the one you love best;
When shadows are falling o'er hill and o'er fen,
Star of my life, I'll be waiting for thee!
For flowers will be dreaming, and all will be fair,—
Love would but whisper again its sweet prayer,
O darling, when snowbeams glance o'er the sea,
Hope of my heart, I'll be waiting for thee!
MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

The words of “My Mother's Bible” were written by George P. Morris. An English writer says of him: “You can hardly know the place General Morris has made himself among all classes here. His many songs and ballads are household words in every house in England. After all, what are all the throat-wartings in this world to one such heart-song as ‘My Mother's Bible’?”

R. P. Willis, General Morris's lifelong friend, wrote of him: “My dear sir. To ask me for my idea of Mr. Morris, is like asking the left hand's opinion of the dexterity of the right. I have lived so long with the ‘Brigades’—known him intensively—worked so constantly at the same ropes, and thought so little of ever separating from him (except by procedure of foraging over the States) that it is hard to show him from me to the perspective distance—and to shut my own partial eyes and look at him through other people's. I will try however, and as it is done, but one foot off the treadmill of my evanescent vision, you will excuse both slumberousness and brevity.

“Morris is the best known poet of the country—by intuition, not by criticism. He is just what poets would be if they sang like birds, without criticism; and it is a peculiarity of his fame that it seems as regardless of criticism as a bird in the air. Nothing can stop a song of his. It is very easy to say that they are very easy to do. They have a momentum somehow, that is difficult for others to give, and that speeds them to the far goal of popularity—the best proof consisting in the fact that he can in any moment get fifty dollars for a song unaided when the whole remainder of the American Poets could not sell one to the same buyer for a shilling. It may or may not be one secret of his popularity, but it is a truth that Morris's heart is at the level of most other people's and his poetry flows out by that door. He stands broad-high in the common stream of sympathy, and the fine oil of his poetic feelings goes from him upon an element it is its nature to float upon, and which carries it safe to other bosoms with little need of high-flying or deep diving. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful, and familiar; his language is pure and entirely natural, and he is prodigally full of the poetry of everyday feeling. These are days when poets try experiments; and while others succeed in taking the world's breath away with flights and plunges, Morris uses his feet to walk quietly with nature. Ninety-nine people in a hundred, taken as they come to the census, could find more to admire in Morris's songs than in the writings of any other American poet; and that is a part of the poetical Episcopacy: well worthy a wise man's nurture and praise.

“As is the man—Morris, my friend—I can hardly venture to 'turn loose on his mountaine,' as the French say—write his praises under his very nose—but as far off as Philadelphia, you may pay the proper tribute to his loyal nature and mindly excellence. His personal qualities have made him universally popular, but this overflow upon the world does not impoverish him for six friends. I have outlined a true poet and a true fellow, fit up the picture to your liking.”

The music of the song was composed by Henry Russell.
1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid - den start;
   With fal - ling lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart,
   For many genera - tions past, Here is our fam - ily tree.

2. Ah! well do I re - mem - ber thee Whose name these gen - erals bear.
   Who round the beth - le - hem bed to close At - er the eve - ning prayer.
   And speak of what these pages said, In tomes my heart would thrill.

3. My mother read this lovely book To bro - thers, sis - ters dear;
   How rare was my poor moth - er's book, Who learned God's word to bear.
   A - gain that little group is met With - in the halls of home.

This book is all that's left me now!
Tears will un-bidden start;
With falling lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.

For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible held;
She, dying, gave it me.

A - bh well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the beth - le - hem bed to close
After the evening prayer.

And speak of what these pages said,
In tomes my heart would thrill;
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How rare was my poor mother's book,
Who learned God's word to bear.

Thou best foreman ever knew,
The constancy I've tried;
Where all were slow, I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.

The name of earth as treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.
FLORIAN'S SONG.

BENJAMIN PABLO LOUIS GONARD was one of the leading French song composers of the latter end of the nineteenth century. His music possessed all the quaint and naive qualities characteristic of his school, and a certain delicate grace that appears only in the French songs of his period. He was born in Paris in 1849, and was educated at the Paris Conservatory of Music. He died in 1895 at Brussels. He was known as a composer and organist. Reger and Vieuxtemps were his instructors. He wrote several orchestral works, the dramatic symphony "La Fée," among them; several operas, including "Pédro de Zeulana" and "Jocelyn;" and many beautiful songs. Among the latter the most familiar are "Florian's Song," "L'Amour," "Dites-Moi" and "Arabian Song."
Mother, darling, be not angry,
To the forest I've been daily;
Mother, darling, bright the sun shone,
Tiny birds were singing gaily.

Mother, darling, be not angry,
Thee I ever with obey;
Mother, darling, bright the sun shone,
Butterflies were sporting light and gay.

Mother, I the truth will tell thee;
There my lover loves I met;
He's a haunter young and handsome,
And of him I'm thinking yet.
A MAIDEN'S SONG.

This is one of the early compositions of the Russian composer, Erik Mutter-Helmund, a producer of numerous successful vocal and instrumental works. The words, from a German popular song—"Mutter, Mutterchen, ach sei nicht Knecht!"—were rendered into English by Mrs. Louisa E. Cramer, a competent translator of Russian, much of whose work in various literary fields was published previous to her death, which occurred about 1880.
Mother, mother, chiding, be not angry, Then I, ever will obey; Mother, mother darling

bright the sun alone, Butterflies were sportive light and gay.

Mother, I the truth will tell thee; Then my lover

have I met; He's a hunter young and handsome, And of him I'm thinking yet!
Ah! Mother, mother darling, be not angry. Thou I ever
will obey, Mother, mother darling, bright the sun shines. Butterflies were sporting
light and gay.
KILLARNEY.

This song is a perpetual favorite, and one that with all their popularity the more modern songs do not displace. In this called, from the work entitled "Inisfallen" (the old name of Ireland,) the composer, the celebrated Michael William Balfe, has preserved the true flavor of the music of the Emerald Isle, and has produced a melody that seems naturally to go with the song in praise of "Beauty’s home, Killarney."

1. By Killarney’s lakes and falls,
2. In sun-shine, let’s go and dine,
3. No scene else can charm the eye
4. Most sweet are the hills, Esh o’ swell.

[Music notation provided]
In that Eden of the west,
There would be no long life's span,
Doubt if Eden were more fair,
Gleaming back soft light divine,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

Ever fair Killarney.
Ever fair Killarney.

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Emerald isles, and winding bays,
Mountain paths, and woodland dells,
Memory ever fondly strays;
Bounteous nature loves all lands;
Beauty wanders everywhere;
Footprints leaves on many strands;
But her home is surely there!
Angels fold their wings and rest
In that Eden of the west,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

In the fallen's ruined shrine
May suggest a passing sigh;
But man's faith can ne'er decline,
Such God's wonders floating by;
Castle Lough and Glory bay,
Mountains Tore, and Eagle's nest;
Still at Munros you must pray,
Though the mists are now at rest,
Angels wonder not that man
There would fare passing life's span,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints;
Every rock that you pass by,
Venture beavers or beattins;
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Every mead springs, sun, and snow;
Bright hard berries daff the moors,
Smiling winter's frown away,
Angels often pausing there,
Doubt if Eden were more fair,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

Music there for Echo dwells,
Makes each sound a harmony;
Many-voiced the chorus swells,
Till it faints in ecstasy;
With the charming tints below,
Seems the Heaven above to vie;
All rich colors that we know,
Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky.
Wings of angels so might shine,
Gleaming back soft light divine,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.
RULE, BRITANNIA!

The English anthem of "Rule Britannia" has long been accredited to James Thomson, author of "The Seasons," but it is by no means certain that it is his. The song first appeared in the masque of "Alfred," in 1740, which was written by David Mallet jointly with Thomson. In the masque, as altered by Mallet, in 1743, three of the six original stanzas were omitted, and three additional stanzas, written by Lord Bolingbroke, were substituted. An editor of Thomson's works writes the original ode to Mallet, "on so slight evidence." For a long time the song was not included in the collected works of either. In 1743 Mallet brought out his "Masque of Britannia," at Drury Lane Theatre, and it was received with great applause. The Monthly Review, a Scottish magazine of the time, in noticing it, says: "Britannia, a masque, set to music by Dr. Arne. Mr. David Mallet is its reputed author. His design was to amuse the sons of Britannia to vindicate their country's rights, and avenge her wrongs."

David Mallet was born in Criff, Perthshire, Scotland, about 1700. When very young, he was a junior of the High School at Edinburgh. He became tutor in a family residing near that city, and prosecuted his studies at the University.

The air of "Rule, Britannia" was composed by Dr. Thomas Arne, who was born in 1710, the son of a wealthy upholsterer in London. He was educated at Eton, and his father designed him for the law, but while pursuing his studies, the boy used to satisfy his craving for music by dressing in servant's livery and sitting in the upper gallery at the theatres. He learned to play with the strings of his father's musical instrument in a handkerchief. One day his father was shown into a gentleman's house where a musical party was in full swing, and to his amazement and disgust, his own son occupied the post of fiddler. From that time he was allowed to play at home, and soon the family became exceedingly proud of his achievements. He taught his sister to sing. She had a charming voice, and he wrote as opera for her which had a run of ten nights. She became the famous Mrs. Cibber. Arne wrote the first English music that rivalled Italian in compass and difficulty. His greatest work was the music to "Coram." He died March 9, 1778. While attempting to illustrate a musical idea, he sang an air in faltering tones; the sound grew fainter, until song and breathing ceased together.
a mere main, A rose, a rose a rose from out the

ty rants fall; Must in their turn... to

for eign stroke; As the loud blast that

a mere main, This was the char

ty rants fall; While thou shalt flour ish, And

rears the skies, App... to root....

Serves, Serves... tish great and tree.

Serves, Serves...

anus dian an... gets this strain: "Rule, Bel

dread and en... of them all: "Rule, Bel

t to root... thy an tive oak. "Rule, Bel... Bri

tan nia, rule the waves; Bri tons ne... er will be slaves."
When Britain first, at Heaven’s command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardians angels sang this strain:
Rule, Britannia! etc.
The nations not so vast as thou,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia! etc.
Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful than each foreign stroke;
As the last blast, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia! etc.

They, haughty tyrants, never shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
To work their woeful and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia! etc.
To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
All thine, shall be the subject main,
And every shore its cities, thine.
Rule, Britannia! etc.
The muse, still with freedom found,
Shall to the happy coast return;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And many hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia! etc.
THINE EYES SO BLUE AND TENDER.

SOPRANO OR TENOR.

The music of "Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender" is the production of Edward Lange, one of the leading composers of the nineteenth century. His German style of composition renders his songs singularly sweet and touching. The words of "Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender" are graceful and charming and are in perfect touch with the melody.

The words are a translation by George Cooper from the original German.

Very slow, with deep feeling.

1. Thy eyes so blue and tender, When their soft glance I seek, A waking vision of wonder, Thoughts that I may not dream.

2. Thy lips are crim-son roses, Under the sky's blue Heaven, all sweet-ness dies, How could I from them part?

3. They are so blue and tender, I see them ev-ery-where! Bright sunbeam, like love's rose, With, in the blue a soul is for-ger-nered. They

My soul, like waves, of a - coan. They

As some poor bird, that flutters, My

To wound my heart, for ever, To
Thine eyes so blue and tender,
When their soft glance I seek,
Awake me to visions of splendor,
Thoughts that I may not speak?

Dear eyes so blue and tender,
I see them everywhere!
My soul, like waves of ocean,
They drown in light so fair!

Thy soft and golden tresses,
Like a chain bind my heart!
So loving and sweet, their caresses
Never from me depart!

Ah! bright and silken tresses
That haunt me everywhere!
As some poor bird that flies
My spirit you ensnare!

Thy lips are crimson roses
Under the sky's blue dome!
Their beauty all sweetness discloses;
How could I from those eyes?

Oh, lips like lovely roses,
Within thee lies a thorn,
To wound my heart forever,
To make my life forlorn!
MASTER AND PUPIL.

A HUMOROUS DUET.

This is a bit of humorous dramatic song-writing; and while neither the humor nor the dramatic quality is of the highest grade, the duet will serve very well the purpose for which it was written, in furnishing an amusing episode in an evening's entertainment. There is a "plot" in the song, and even romance, and it affords opportunity for some dramatic effect. The composer is the veteran musician, John H. Hewitt, born in New York in 1807, but resident in Baltimore during the most of a long and industrious life, in the course of which he wrote songs, oratorios and even open music.

MASTER (in broken English.)

1. Come pretty Miss, your lesson re-learn, And mind that each note you read......... My

PUPIL.
cold is so bad, I'm sure it gets worse, I'll not der the mo-se in-deed, in-deed, I'll

M Master-

murder the mus-sic in-deed...... Your cold oh dear! go on, go on, You such affection Pl.

P.T.B (Sally)

saw; Well then if you will, I'll try to o-bey—An in-gly you know eng'd o' more

Po sol fa tu sol la si sol la si de la si do re mi do re mi fa re
Ma'fă sol mi, fa! fa! Var! you were by such low sounds, just same like the Agios.

Noisy hound; Try the cav-a ni na row, Aw! make no dis-cord an-y how.

Maestro. Pupil.

La mi do do... mi fa de la re sol ra re re re re re re re.

Maestro.

One, two, three, four, one, two, three, four! Good! Good! Mind the stress, Miss.
Do, do... re mi fa re fa re re... fa; sol la do la

One, two, three, four, swell boldly, smoothly, smoothly now; Soft ly, gently,

la fa re si sol do si re, do la sol fa mi re do si la do... re mi fa re re si re, si re.

mind the durs and let your voice out, one, two, three, four, short! One, two, three, four, good!

do.... sol.... fa.... si.... la do fa la

please, take care, Miss, good! good! Boldly now, Miss, mind the short duration
Glide down smoothly — by, one, two, three, four, sweet, soft now one, two, three, four, mind — charming.

beauti-ful! And turn a-way those wick-ed eyes, They shine like stars up in the skies! And

when those pret-ty lips I see, I think they ev-er, ev-er speak to me.
Can I believe you?

Did I no matter; Would I deceive you?

No, no, no, We'll live and love together, No sorrow shall be ours; We'll

No, no, no, We'll live and love together, No sorrow shall be ours; We'll

Bid young joy come hither, And strew our path with flowers. We'll live and love to-

Bid young joy come hither, And strew our path with flowers. We'll live and love to-
THE WIND IS AWAKE.

The American poet and essayist John Vance Cheney has given to the music-world a number of beautiful and happily adaptable verses, of which composers have not been slow to avail themselves. His "By and By" has been set to music by Sumner Slater; and Homer N. Bartlett has given musical expression to another of his beautiful poems, "The Wind is Awake." Professor Bartlett was born at Olive, N. Y., in 1846; and has been long identified with the progress of his art in New York, in which city he was educated. He has composed a great variety of vocal and instrumental works; notable among which is "La Valliere," a comic opera.
He will soon be leaping and plying to you,

2. The boy is a laddie; pretty
3. The way of the boy is the

mind, pretty mind, Be ware his soft words; I'm afraid, I'm afraid,........
way of the wind, As light as the leaves is dainty maid - kind........

Times many a score, He has said then be - fore, Times many a score, One to de - ceive, And the one to be - lieve, The one to de - ceive,
He has said them before, he died for a score, and his heart pricked through.
And the one to believe, 'Tis the old, old way of it, year after year.

through, And the very same death he will die, for you.
year, But I know you'll learn of it, too late, my dear.

The wind is awaked: pretty leaves, pretty leaves,
Hood not what he says; he deceives, he deceives,
Over and over
To the lovely lover.
He has lied to the same hole, (and forgotten it too),
He will soon be hoping and pleading to you.

The boy is abroad: pretty maid, pretty maid,
Beware his soft words, I'm afraid, I'm afraid,
Times many a score,
He has said them before.
He died for a score, ere his heart pricked through,
And the very same death he will die for you.

The way of the boy is the way of the wind,
As light as the leave is dainty maid-kind;
One to deceive,
And the one to believe,
'Tis the old, old way of it, year after year,
But I know you'll learn of it, too late, my dear.
ONCE AGAIN.

The words of this ballad are by Lionel H. Lewin; the music is by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

I. I linger round the very spot, Where years ago we met, And ever yet my thoughts return, And back my memory slips, I wonder when you quite for got, Or if you quite forget, I see those quivering lips, Whose

...
you could know that I was true, And I that you were free. Ah!

The world was naught to you Who once wanted me. Ah!

On the morrow

Love, once again, meet me once a

Gain

Ost love is waking,

Shall it wake in rain? Love, once a

ff poco piano
Old love is waking.

M. V. Shall it wake, shall it wake in vain?

Shall it wake in vain? shall it wake in vain?
"Holy Night! O Holy Night!"
LOVELY NIGHT.

PART-SONG FOR TWO TENORS AND TWO BASSES.

This favorite part-song for men's voices is perhaps the most popular of the simpler compositions of this class. Although brief and quite free from elaboration, it has possibilities in its rendering which make the execution of the song a good test of the skill of a quartette of singers. The composer, Franz Xavier Cannstatt, was a Bohemian, born in 1808 and died in 1870. Instructed by his father, he first appeared in public as a pianist when he was eight years of age, and from his fourteenth to his twenty-seventh year he taught music at Mosenburg. He then studied composition, and became a voluminous writer of music, chiefly for the piano forte, was a contributor to musical journals, and wrote several theoretical treatises. His essays in song-writing were comparatively few. His reputation in that particular is based principally on the popularity of "Lovely Night," and because of that most felicitous composition it is likely to endure.

1st Tenor.

Andantino.

1. Love-ly night! O love-ly night! Spread-ing o- ver hill and
   -
   -
   -

2. Ho-ly night! O ho-ly night! Plead-ing bright-er worlds be-
   -
   -
   -

3rd Tenor.

Andante.

1. Love-ly night! O love-ly night! Spread-ing o- ver hill and
   -
   -
   -

2. Ho-ly night! O ho-ly night! Plead-ing bright-er worlds be-
   -
   -
   -

Mezzo-soprano. Soft and slow, thy har- dy shad-ow; Soon our wa- ried
fore us, joy and presage then shall drop o'er us. O that we might

1st Bass.

Andante.

1. Love-ly night! O love-ly night! Spread-ing o- ver hill and
   -
   -
   -

2. Ho-ly night! O ho-ly night! Plead-ing bright-er worlds be-
   -
   -
   -

3rd Bass.

Andante. Soft and slow, thy har- dy shad-ow; Soon our wa- ried
fore us, joy and presage then shall drop o'er us. O that we might

1st Bass.

Andante. Soft and slow, thy har- dy shad-ow; Soon our wa- ried
fore us, joy and presage then shall drop o'er us. O that we might
lids close, And slumber in thy last re-pose, Soon our
never return To this dull earth, to weep and mourn, O that

weary lids close, And slumber in thy last re-pose. We might never return To this dull earth, to weep and mourn.

O that
ALLIE VANE.

This tenderly sentimental song, with chorus in parts, is the composition of John Rogers Thomas, the American singer and writer of so many songs and sacred pieces. The words were written by W. Dredge Satter, Jr., a well-known critic, poet and writer on musical topics, residing in Boston, where for many years he edited The Musical Herald.

There is a many a greenillow weeping
O'er the spot whereon she's long since slept,
And the shadow of the forest far, far lone,
Still the echo rings, 'Darling come home.'

Thou'st sought in the forest for Al-on,
In the sunlight near sleeping,
On the grave of the one we love best,
Where the waves of the almost-dreaming,
Yet she comes not to gladden our home.

Thou'st sought in the forest for Al-on,
In the sunlight near sleeping,
On the grave of the one we love best,
Where the waves of the almost-dreaming,
Yet she comes not to gladden our home.

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Birds sing at morn-ing of Al-ice, Who dwelt in the cot by the shore, And the
strew on ber-ry far-est flow-ers, When the stars gaz-ing down on our pain, Tell of
know she is hap-py for-ev-er, Where there com-sti no sor-row nor pain, And when

breeze chants a song thru’ the val-ley, Of one who shall come no-where more,
how past our life’s chang-ing hours, When we meet with our loved Al-ice Vane,
death from this life shall us sev-er, Then we’ll meet with our loved Al-ice Vane.

CHORUS.

Al-ice Vane, Al-ice Vane is in heav-en, In her hap-py and ne’er end-ing

Al-ice Vane, Al-ice Vane is in heav-en, In her hap-py and ne’er end-ing
There is many a green willow weeping
O'er the spot where our darling finds rest,
And the flowers in the sunlight are sleeping
On the grave of the one we love best;
Where the birds sing at morning of Allie,
Who dwell in the city by the Sea,
And the breeze chants a song through the valley,
Of one who shall come never more.

Chorus.
Allie Vane, Allie Vane is in heaven,
In her happy and never ending rest,
A sweet bud to our earth-garden given,
Then to bloom in the realms of the blest.

When at night the pale moonbeams are glowing,
And the shades of the forest blane,
And the waves of the ocean are dreaming,
Then we wander in grief to her tomb;
And we strew on her grave fragrant flowers,
When the stars are glistening down on our pain,
Tell of hope past our life's changing hours,
When we'll meet with our loved Allie Vane.

Chorus. Allie Vane, etc.
Though we seek in the forest for Allie,
Still the echo rings, "Darling one come;"
Though we walk in the moon through the valley,
Yet she comes not to gladden our home.
Still we know she is happy forever,
Where there cometh no sorrow nor pain,
And when death from this life shall us sever,
Then we'll meet with our loved Allie Vane.

Chorus. Allie Vane, etc.
THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

This deeply-loved song was made by Barony Nairne. It was written for an early friend of hers, Mr. Campbell Colquhoun, a beautiful woman, and an old love of Walter Scott's. It was called forth by the death of Mrs. Colquhoun's only child, and was originally longer. Two stanzas were gradually dropped, and, in later years, when Lady Nairne's whole life became an expression of her religious emotions, she added the stanzas:

"When she was young she was brought, John,
To the Land o' the Leal."

When Lady Nairne was growing old, a friend urged her to give some particulars of her companions. Of this she wrote: "The 'Land o' the Leal' is a happy rest for the mind in this dark pilgrimage.

Oh yes! I was present when it was asserted that Burns composed it on his death-bed, and that he had it Jean instead of 'John'; but the parties could not decide why it never appeared in his works, as his last song should have done. I never answered." The authorship of her poems was often discussed in her presence, and although she said once that she "had not Sir Walter's art of sleeping," she must have had more than ordinary control over her countenance and speech, as well as very faithful friends to keep her secrets: for although her songs were universal favorites, the source of many of them was unknown ever to her kindred, until the close of her life. The year before her death, when she had reached her seventy-ninth year, Lady Nairne was in Edinburgh, the home of her happy married life, and also of the friend for whom she wrote this song, when one evening a young kinswoman, telling her unconsciously that she was about to play what she felt sure would please her, read deep memories and hopes in the breast of the aged gentlewoman with her own exquisite song about "The Land o' the Leal."

When Burns sent Thomson's song of "Scots who ha' wi' Wallace bled," asking that it might be set to the air "Hey, tutt, tutt, tutt," he said that he had shown the air to Urbain, who was highly pleased with it, and had desired him to make soft verses for it. Burns never did say, but Lady Nairne's song is one of that very air which we associate with one of the most stirring songs in existence,—with only the addition of an opening note.

\[ \text{Musical notation:} \]
I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like swae-wrens in slaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa',
To the Land o' the Leal.
There's neither cauld nor care, John;
The day is nye fair
In the Land o' the Leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was bairn guid and fair, John;
And, oh! we grudged her sail
To the Land o' the Leal.
But sorrow's self years past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John;
The joy that's nye to last
In the Land o' the Leal.

Sae dear that joy was bught, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man's e'er bught
To the Land o' the Leal.
Oh! dry your glas' nin' e'v, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckons me
To the Land o' the Leal.

Oh! hush ye heid and true, John,
Your day's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome ye!
To the Land o' the Leal.
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
This world's cares ar vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain
In the Land o' the Leal.
SONG OF THE CAMP.

This song commemorates the celebrated Crimean campaign of 1854-5, when "Annie Laurie" was in full popularity among the English. The words were composed by Bayard Taylor, an American poet, journalist and traveler, who was born at Kennett Square, Pa., in 1825 and died in 1878. He began to write poetry in his youth, when he was a printer's apprentice at West Chester Pa., and at the age of nineteen (in 1841) he published, under the title of "Xinemos," a volume of verse most of which had appeared in periodicals. With his savings he made a pedlar tour through Europe, on his return from which, in 1864, he published his famous "Views Abroad," descriptive of what he had seen abroad. After various journalistic work, he became in 1887 associate editor and part owner of the N. Y. Tribune. The record of many foreign tours appeared in this paper and subsequently in several books of travel. His journeys took him to California, Mexico, Egypt, India, China, Africa, and to many countries less visited fifty years ago than now, and gave the author material for many volumes of prose and poetry suggested by his travels. In "Poems of Home and Travel" he published in 1855 all the verses written up to that time which he was willing to acknowledge.

The musical setting of the song is the composition of Gen. Horatio Collins King, a lawyer of Brooklyn, N.Y., born in Portland, Me., in 1837, the son of Horatio King, formerly Postmaster General of the United States. Gen. King was organist at an Episcopal Church in Washington D.C., which was his home and where he was stationed during a portion of his military service in the war, and also at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N.Y. He has composed a number of good songs which have become popular. Among these was a setting of Charles Kingsley's "The Sand of Dee," which was much admired by the author of the words, and is cited by Grose as one of the most successful songs in the repertoire of the great American contralto, Miss. Antonietta Sterling, for whose voice it was written.

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1. "Give us a song," the soldier cried, The outposts guard in sight; When the
2. Then was a pause. A master said: "We storm the fort to save a row; Sing
3. They sang of love, and not of fame, For got was Brit. men's gloomy Night

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*After last verse. By permission of W. A. Pond & Co.
Give us a song," the soldiers cried,
The outer terrors guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding:

"We storms the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the booming cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Rogers was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion

"Give us a song," the soldiers cried,
The outer terrors guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding:

The dark Redan, to silent scowl,
Lay grizzled and threatening <ed,
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff,
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storms the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the booming cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Rogers was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion

Roses like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-scarred confession.
Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,

Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sun's embers.

While the Cimmaron valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire like hell
Rained on the Russian quarters.

With screams of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
For a singer dumb and weary;

And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.
LOVE NOT.

MRS. CAROLINE NORTON'S sorrowful domestic experience might well have been the inspiration of her song "Love Not." The music was written by John Blockley.

1. Love not! love not! ye hapless sons of clay; Hope's gayest
   wreaths are muses of earth: by flowers— Things that are made to
   from the gay and gleam of earth; The si lent stars, the

2. Love not! love not! the thing you love may die— May perish
   fade, and fall away, Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours,
   blue and smiling sky. Born on its grave, as once up on its birth,

Love not! love not! ye hapless sons of clay; Hope's gayest wreaths are muses of earth: by flowers— Things that are made to fade, and fall away,
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours,
Born on its grave, as once up on its birth.

Love not! love not! the thing you love may die— May perish from the gay and gleam of earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Born o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.

Love not!
For many years this graceful little song has been a favorite, not only for private use but also as a selection for the stage, where it has afforded opportunities for performers skilled in dancing as well as in singing. It was very delightfully rendered by Mlle. Marie Aimée, the clever actress who for many years was the chief exponent of the French Opera in America. The words were written by George Cooper, and the music was composed by T. Bergamion Bishop. Bishop was long known in New York as a clever performer on the guitar and as the composer of a number of ballad tunes of the sentimental type in favor with the minstrel troupes; the best known of which were "Lev'ly Lev'ly the Roses Fall," "Kitty Wells" and "Pretty as a Picture." He engaged in business in New York and subsequently retired to a country home at Dundee, N. J.
1. Oh, my heart is gone, And I am away, A
   As we went a - long, The sweet kind - o' song Was
   When it was time to go, We talked so low The

dur - ling face has won me; Such a lo - ve - ly girl, With teeth of pearl, I
ring - ing o'er the meadow; And I could a row, You may suppose, To
ro - se scarlet could hear my; Then my heart in sport, Twas un - paid - caught, Like

met down by the break! She's the pret - ti - est, And she wit - ti - est, Her
fish - es nest the shore. So we'd gay - ly chat, While her gyp - sy hat Half

white.
Oh, my heart is gone, And I'm forlorn, A darling face is

yes, yes; Such a love-ly girl, With teeth of pearl, An angel without wings!
"ROBIN AND I."

The mellowly reminiscent verses entitled "Robin and I" were written by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, long the editor of St. Nicholas. The melody and arrangement are by Francisco Paolo La Villa.

Lyraches.

You-th-y day, the wind it moaned, the snow drove fast, the

forest groaned, Yet within all was brightness, My heart was light; The

birds were a-swing ing Their way through the singing; The gladness, summer

sky. It shone in his eye. For Robin was here, Robin, Robin, my dear! Ah.......

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Audiation.

Today I coo - ly sing it o'er, This flood of sun as the

Audiation.

As it glit - ters and trembles, And vain - ly dis - sem - ble The

more.

bird-song w ith - out Is dis - cove red and rant; And the sky looks me through With its - cold

more.

eye of blue; For Rob - in is gone— Rob - in, my own! Ao,
what does it matter how sparkling the weather?

Rob - in and I, and I cannot rumble,

rum-bie to-geth - er, to-geth - er? If Rob - in and I, and I run- -

run-bie to - geth - er?
OLD ROSIN THE BEAU.

This is an example of a popular American song based on an old English air but having words of an obviously local character. A large proportion of the songs that were current during the eighteenth century were thus adapted, and a number of the national patriotic songs of this country are thus found with airs of English origin. The original "Old Rosin," which is of considerable antiquity, was not a song, but a field time, and it was known as "Rosin the Bow." But its measures were inherently singable, and it was used as a setting for words of which a little play on the words of the title gave the theme. It is the last will and testament of a jovial old "mender," who in exceedingly interludicrous measures celebrates the glories of the "big behind bottle" and a life of reckless rollicking. Numerous Americanisms in the wording of the verses clearly localize the song in this country.

1. Live for the good of my Nation, And my sons are all growing fine, But I
2. In the pay-round of pleasure I've toiled, Nor will I bemoan my lot, And I
3. Oh when I am going to my grave, The children will all want to go, They'll

hope that my next generation Will resemble Old Rosin in the bean. Pre
when my com-passion are low and They will drink to old Rosin in the bean. But
run to the doors and the windows, Say "There goes old Rosin in the bean." Then

trav-cld this country all over, And now to the next I will go, For I
my life is drawn to a close, And all will at last be so, So well
pick me out six trust-y fellows, And let them all stand in a row, And
I live for the good of my Nation,
And my sons are all growing fine,
But I hope they'll be wise to moderate,
Will resemble Old Bosun the Bean.
I've travelled this country all over,
And now to the next I will go,
For I know that good quarters await me,
To welcome old Bosun the Bean.
In the gay round of pleasure I've travelled,
Nor will I behind leave a foe,
And when my companions are jovial,
They will drink to old Bosun the Bean.

But my life is drawing to a closing,
And all will at last be so,
So we'll take a full bumper at parting,
To the name of old Bosun the Bean.
Oh! when I am going to my grave,
The children will all want to go,
They'll run to the doors and the windows,
Saying, "There goes old Bosun the Bean!"
Then pick me out six trusting fellows,
And sit them all round in a row,
And dig a big hole in a circle,
And in it toss Bosun the Bean.
SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

THOMAS MOORE sang his own songs with such effect, that singer and listener often were together. He had selected the sweetest airs of his country, and had refined sentiments that would suit them, in a mood suggested by them, and it was a great trial to him that nothing soothed him when he most longed for self control. After the loss of his children he was often afraid to attempt pathetic music. The song of his which follows commences the love and sorrow of a beautiful girl, and her lover. The story was also Sarah Carran, and the lover was Robert Emmett. Washington Irving thus tells the story:

"Every one must recollect the tragic story of young Emmett, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—a brave—so everything that we are not to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so holy and unspotted. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to patriotism, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all have entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

"But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish bard. She loved him with the sincerest fervor of woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim armed itself against him; when sorrow, despair and danger darkened around his name, she loved him more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shot out in a cold and lonely world, where all that was most lovely and interesting had departed.

"To render her wretched situation more desperate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. The Irish are a people of quick and generous sympathies. The most delicate and chafing associations were felt by her in families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of vexation and annoyance to dissipate her grief, and wear her from the tragic story of her love. But it was all in vain. She never attempted to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude; walking about in a sad reverie, apparently unoccupied and unnoticed. She carried with her in heart and mind all the blindestiments of friendship, and tossed to the song of the doleful, harrow her most wistfully.

"The person who told me her story, had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of more elegance, more elegance and painful, than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spirit, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—so she it dressed out in the trappings of youth, and looking so woe and woebegone, if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After striding through the splendid room and gaily crowned, with an air of indescribable, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and, looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her incomparableness of a sickly heart, to tackling a little plaintive air. She had no exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

"The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who said his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irretrievably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

"He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the reminiscences of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and deploring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sank into the grave, the victim of a broken heart."
She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers around her are sighing;  
But oddly she turns from their note which he loved awaking;  
Ah! little they think, who de—

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwined him;  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he loved awaking;  
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeam's rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,  
From her own loved island of sorrow.
POOR JACK.

One of the first of a series of entertainments given by Charles Dickens, was called "The Whim of the Moment." In it "Poor Jack," made its appearance, and instantly caught the public eye. The song brought its publisher twenty-five thousand dollars. Dickens, of course, was its author and composer, and he says that he sold "Poor Jack," and eleven other songs, for three hundred dollars. The following incident is told of Dickens's powers. He was in the hair-dresser's hands, preparing for his evening entertainment, when the lamp-lighter mounted his ladder in front, sent a cheery flood of light upon the night. "A good notion for a song," he exclaimed, and, as soon as he could escape from the hair-dresser, he went to the piano and soon finished the words and music of "The Lamp-lighter," which he sang with fine effect upon the stage that very night.

While the name of "Poor Jack," forbids its exclusion, I cannot admit it here without a protest against its pernicious moral doctrine.

1. Go fast to habber and scold, sin you see, Bount danger, and fear, and the like, A
tight wa-ter boat, and good sea-room, rail, And cast to a little I'll strike. Whys the And
my timbers, what ingol'd coil and be-ry, Why was just as one so high Dutch, But he
saw the derrick and gazing your spy, Why, what a great fool you must be! Can't you
with her brave the world, without offering to flote. From the moment the anchor's a trip: As for

2. Why I heard thee chaplain paint it so dry, Bount souls, leaves mercy and such, A
And

3. Said to our Poll, for you see, she would cry, When last we weighed anchor for sea, What
And

4. Pyt laid low, a sail'er should be ever'ry tech All as one as a piece of the ship, And
And
shudder o'er each wilderness of wood—— Clear the wreck, row the yard, and hoist ev'ry thing tight, And out o' th' house there comes down below, And naught of the things that proved clearly to me. That for scenes and scenery ashore! And if to God Dad I would go, friend Poll, Why a trouble from hasty that springs. For my heart is my Poll's, and my soul is my friend's, And

Providence takes us in tow; For what be, do you mind me, let the crew ever so oft. Take the

When they all's a bust and done, don't be so soft. Perhaps,

As for my life, 'tis the king's,

Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft. As with

take en for tri-flies a-back—— For they set there's a Providence sits up a-left. For they top sail of sail-ens a-back—— There's a sweet little cherub that sits up a-left. There's a

I may bungling com-ing back—— For, dye see, there's a cher-bub sits smiling a-left. That same little cherub that sits up a-left. That

my there's a Providence sits up a-left. To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack——

sweet little cherub that sits up a-left. To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack——

see, there's a cherub sits smiling a-left. To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack——
WHEN SPARROWS BUILD.

The poems of Jean Ingelow have always been attractive to musical composers, and have stimulated the composition of some of the most delightful settings in modern music. Her gift of clear, strong, simple language and the definite purpose and generic sympathy of her poems explain their peculiar adaptability to the purposes of song. The signal success of a woman's writing of a woman's poem is of interest. The composer of the music, MARIA ANN VIRGINIA CABRÉ, who died in 1877 from the effect of a carriage accident, at the age of 82, wrote a number of songs of such merit that her name is universally recognized as that of a song writer.

When sparrow build, and the lark break forth, My old sorrow wakes and cries: For I know there is dawn in the far, far north, And a sun, yet, ham, shall rise. 

Like a

star, yet, high, the snow field spreads, And the icy footprints there. And the
set thy foot on the ship and sail To the ice fields and the snow......... Thou wert

sad, for thy love did taught a vail, And the sad I could not know...........

How could I tell I should love thee to-day, Whom that day I held not dear?...........

How could I know I should love thee a-way When I did not love thee aye?.......... We shall
With the sedentary soul... 
we shall stand no more
in the midst of the
earthly main... 
we shall part no more
in the noon and
therein, where the
last soul was... 
but perchance I shall meet thee
and know thee again... 
when the sun gives up her
death... when the
THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

Allan Ramsay was visiting the Earl of London; and one day, when they were walking together by the banks of Irvine water, at a place called Patie's Mill, both were struck by the appearance of a beautiful country-girl. The Earl remained that she would make a fine subject for a song. Ramsey stayed behind when they returned to the castle, and at dinner produced this song. The air is known to be at least as old as the middle of the seventeenth century.

I. The lass o' Patie's mill, 
Von low - tide little, and
Without the aid of art, 
Like flowers that grace the
world.

2. In spite of a' my skill, 
She stole my heart a - way. When
Her
She spoke or smiled. Her

3. She did her sweet em - por, 
When - ever she spok - e, and 
And ple - as - ure at my will. I'd

4. Bare - ful of the hay, 
Bare - fisted in the green, 
And none but hon - sul - she was to be

5. Halo's lock was so mild, 
And wanted in her eye, 
This must be the same for me.
THE GARDEN OLD.

Henry K. Halley, the composer of this sweet song, was born in Somerville, Mass., in 1871. His musical ability was early made manifest, and at the age of twelve he commenced composition. Stephen Emery of the New England Conservatory was Mr. Halley's first tutor; he afterward studied counterpoint with G. W. Chadwick, and the violin with C. N. Allen. During 1894 Mr. Halley went to Europe and located in Vienna, where he became pupil successively of Eugène Mandryewski and Herman Calleg. He pursued his studies with marked devotion for a year, when he returned to America to accept the position of Musical Director at St. Paul's School, Gunmen City, L. I. Mr. Halley's compositions comprise over seventy five songs, a string trio, a string quartette, a violin sonata, an opera, a concert overture, "Hector and Andromache," and two ballet suites for orchestra and three dramatic ballads for chorus and orchestra.
THE GARDEN OLD.

A SONG WITH VIOLIN, (ad lib.)

Viole.
(ad lib.)

The gar- den old, where we met, Was

Voices

re-do- lant of nigro- mate,........... Of too-ry-suck-te white and red, And

Piano

my- tle times that railed and spread A-love the well-grown vi-o-lot. When

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ro - se with the dew were wet. Or in the twilight's sil - le, we sought
tho - ugh

lo - vers' paths to tread. The gar - den old... Through life's long day is

near - ly set. It ends at shad - ows of re - gret; For
though the light of youth has fled, And blazes o'er the earth are dead,
My love and I can never forget The garden old.
BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

THE words of "Bingen on the Rhine" are by MRS. CAROLINE NORRIS. The air was composed by J. HUTCHINSON, of the well-known Hutchinson Family of singers. He was born about 1817, in Milford, New Hampshire. When he was an infant his mother observed him singing the old tune of "Greenvale" correctly. When but a lad, he earned enough money, by raising vegetables on his father's farm, to buy himself a violin. Fiddlers in those days were looked upon as the direct invention of the evil one, and Judson was not allowed to bring his treasure to the light. But when his father found him playing two parts upon it, and accompanying his performance with his melodious voice, his musical soul was stirred, and the fiddle became a necessary part of all the family concerts. His music and his own singing of Mrs. Norris's fine lyric, contributed largely to render the words familiar. Judson Hutchinson died about 1855.

1. A soldier of the legion, lay dying in Algiers. There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears; But a comrade stood be-forthim, while his life-blood ebbed away, and bent with pitying glances to buy what he might...
The dying soldier faltered as he took his comrade's hand, and he
said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land; Take a message and
token to some distant friend of mine; For I was born at Rügen, fair Rügen, on the Rhine."
"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet aro'round To hear my mournful
story, in the peasant vineyard ground, That we fought the battle bravely, and..."
when the day was done,
Full many a rose lay gently pale beneath the setting sun;
And when the dead and dying were some grey and old in war,
Some, with a death-wound on their gallant breast, the last of many years;
All had come from Bingen, from Bingen on the Rhine.
A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman’s nursing, there was death of woman’s tears,
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade’s hand,
And he said: “I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine;
For I was born at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.”

Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a rose lay gladsly pale beneath the setting sun;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in war—
The death-soaked on their gallant breast, the last of many scars;
But some were young and suddenly behold life’s morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen, from Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age,
For I was oar a trusty bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and when I was a child,
My heart leaped up to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died and left me to divide his empty heard,
I let them take what’er they would, but kept my father’s sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father’s sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

There’s another, not a sister: in the happy days gone by
You’d have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scattering—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life—for ere the moon be risen,
My body shall be out of pain, my soul be out of prison—
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sun’s light shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the stately hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine—
But we’ll meet no more at Bingen, loved Bingen on the Rhine.”

His voice grew faint and lower, his grasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak.
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled;
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead.
And the pale mound rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpse strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!
SOME DAY.

If "Hugh Conway" had not written "Called Back," he would have been known as the writer of the words of this song, which has had a popularity equal to that of the melody which brought the author fame and is likely to be even more enduring. John Frederick Fergus, whose death within two years after the appearance of "Called Back" was universally lamented, was born at Bristol, England, in 1847, the son of an architect at that place. He was sent to a school ship to be prepared for the merchant marine, but took to business instead, eventually succeeding to the control of his father's establishment. While still a clerk in an accountant's office, he began to write and publish the verses by which he became known as a song writer, but which he attributed to a fictitious name derived from the name of his old school ship, the "Conway."

"Some Day" was one of his early successes during this period. His first volume was "A Life's Idylls," published in 1875. "Called Back" appeared in 1882, and had a phenomenal success, which prompted the collection into a volume of several previously published stories, under the appropriate title of "Bound Together." In this same year (1884) appeared "Dark Days," a new work of such merit as to justify me hope that a new literary light had indeed arisen. But this promising career was cut off by the author's death in 1885. Mr. Fergus was a regular contributor to Blackwood's Magazine. The music of "Some Day" is one of the most felicitous efforts of Milwood Wellings.

1. I know not when the
golden light
2. I know not are you

Melodram.

\[ ... \]
day shall be, I know not when our eves may meet.,. What welcome you may give to me, Or
far or near, Or are you dead, or that you live;... I know not who the blame should bear, Or
will your words be sad or sweet. It may not be till years have passed... Till eyes are dim and rose on
who should plead for who for give; But when we meet someday, someday... Eyes clear or grown the truth may

gray... The world's wide but, love, at host,
see... And every cloud shall roll a-way
That dark-ness, love, twist you and me.

L'istens temps.

Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you, Love, I know not
I know not when the day shall be,
I know not when our eyes may meet,
What welcome you may give to me,
Or will your words be sad or sweet:
It may not be till years have passed,
Till eyes are dim and faces gray;
The world is wide, but love, at last,
Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day.

Some day, etc.

I know not are you far or near,
Or are you dead, or that you live;
I know not who the blame should bear,
Or who should plead or who forgive;
But when we meet some day some day,
Eyes clearer grown the truth may see
And every cloud shall roll away
That darkness, love, 'twixt you and me.

Some day, etc.
DO YOU REMEMBER, LOVE?

The words of this song were written by MEYER BECK and the music is ascribed to HENRY BONCY. But under the very foreign-sounding name the friends of the composer detect the identity of WARRICK CORNWALL, who, like Harriet Beecher, assumed a name that was an anagram of his own. Mr. Crosby is known favorably as an orchestral leader and composer of songs and instrumental music, who has produced, under various assumed names, a number of excellent songs. Among his compositions are "The Other Day," "La Tosca," and some very beautiful ballet music.

1. Do you re-mem-ber love, that day? In sun-ny flor-es-cence, span-gled May,
2. Do you re-mem-ber love, that day? So diff'rent from the balmy May,
3. When faith returned, but ding May,

Of all the world but you and I, That seemed to breathe beneath the sky, The
The el-der tress stood gauzy and bare. No blos-som there had grown through the air. The
And once a pair heart spoke to heart. Our hands were clasped no more to part, A.
gurled and an-cient cher-ry trees, Flung in- to the pas-sing breeze, And

vern-ing wind was cold and drear, The lead-on skies gave no cheer, And

pained the trees with blo-soms rare, Made rich with per-fume all the air, We

con- red all the grass be-low, With blo-soms white as the drizzle snow,

from one live the joy had sped, And from one heart all the love had fled.

knew the bit- ter pain was o'er, Our hearts were one for - er - er more.

Take Leda

1. Do you re-mem-ber, Love?............. Hap-py the skies a-

2. Do you re-mem-ber, Love?............. Dark were the skies a-

3. Do you re-mem-ber, Love?............. Hap-py the skies a-

born............. We were to-geth-er in sum-mer weath-er,

born............. No more to-geth-er, storm-y the weath-er,

born............. We were to-geth-er in sum-mer weath-er,
Do you remember love, that day?
In sunny flower-splashed May,
Of all the world let you and I,
That seemed to breathe beneath the sky,
The quivered and ancient cherry trees,
Flung incense to the passing breeze,
And covered all the grass below,
With blossoms white as the driven snow.

Do you remember love, that day?
So different from the balmy May,
The cherry trees stood giant and bare
No blossoms drifted through the air,
The morning wind was cold and strange,
The lowen skies gave birth to cheer,
And from our hearts the joy had sped,
And from our hearts all the love had fled.

Do you remember love, etc.
Do you remember, love, etc.
Do you remember love, that day?
When faith returned with budding May,
And once again heart spoke to heart,
Our hands were joined no more to part,
Again the trees with blossoms rare,
Made rich with perfume all the air,
We knew the bitter pain was o'er,
Our hearts were one forevermore,
Do you remember, love? etc.
I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

Rudolf Hess extemporized the words of this song, one evening, for a favorite cousin, who was visiting in the family. They were made to suit a march played by the lady, in which the sound of a military band were imitated.

I see them on their winding way, Against the pestering stores.

How their ranks the moonbeams play; Their clashing horns, they come, they come.

Left and right, and dur ing high, Read with the notes of victory; And

Rocky pass, over woods and steep, In long and glittering files they sweep; And

War cages, and banners bright, Are glowing in the
merry, merr y yet... more now, Their soft embold cho ruses

Are glowing, glowing in the

And low light, They're lost, and gone... the moon is past,

Meets the ear. Forth, forth, and meet...
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,
The trampling hoofs break no delay.
And with

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high,
Blend with the notes of victory;
And waving arms, and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light.
They're lost and gone, the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,
And fainter, fainter, fainter still
The march is rising o'er the hill.

Again, again the pealing drum,
The clashing horns, they come, they come,
Through rocky pass, over wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep;
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their softened echoes meet the ear.
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,
The trampling hoofs break no delay,
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And clashing horns, they come, they come.
THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

Charles Dibdin, the great English sea-song writer, was also an actor and a dramatist. But his other talents were overshadowed by the one for which he stands prominent. He was born at Southampton, England, in 1745, and was educated with a view to the church. When a boy, he sang in Winchester, and when sixteen years old, in London. He produced an opera called "The Shepherd's Arrows," which was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, of which he became musical manager seventeen years later. He wrote for the London stage with great industry for twenty years, and he says that for all that work, which included one hundred operas, he received, including his salaries and several benefits, only £25,000. Much of this filthiness he charges upon Garrick. In 1791, he gave the first of a series of entertainments of his own invention. They were entitled "The White of the Moment," and consisted of songs, recitations, etc. He built a little theatre in the Strand, called "Sans Souci." It was a gory; and Dibdin alone planned it, painted and decorated it, and wrote for its stage both the words and music of the recitations and songs which he gave there to an "organized piano-forte," which he had invented. It proved an immense success and song after song, of the thousand which he wrote, there awoke echoes that were never to die. Still, Dibdin had but little scientific musical education, and could not write accompaniments for his own exquisite airs, although he sang them gloriously. He somewhere says: "Those who get at the force and meaning of the words, and pronounce them as they sing, with the same sensibility and expression as it would require in speaking, possess an accomplishment in singing beyond what all the art in the world can convey; and such, even when they venture upon en.iunals and encores, will have better, because more natural, execution than those who fancy they have reached perfection in singing, by stretching and torturing their voices into mere instruments."

In the introduction to his collected songs, he says: "A friend of mine, one evening, dropped into a coffee-house, where a number of literary gentlemen were holding an impost over my murdered reputation. He humored the jest, and, before he had finished, proved to the satisfaction of every one that 'Poor Jack' was a posthumous work of Dr. Johnson; that the 'Race Horse' was written by the jockey who rode the famous 'Flying Children,' and that 'Blow High, Blow Low,' was the production of Admiral Keppel, who dictated the words to his secretary, as he lay in his cot, after the memorable battle of the 27th of July, 'waiting for the French to try their force with him handsomely next morning.'"

As, as well as words, of the "Jolly Young Waterman," are Dibdin's, and the song was produced in his entertainment of "The Waterman." Dibdin died July 25, 1814.

This piece was one of the most famous sung by Braham and Incledon.

1. And did you not hear of a jOLLY young wa- ter man, Who at Black-friars bridge
   Looked about with a thistledown curl. And his music it was grand.
   
2. What sights of fine folks he oft saw'd in As when 'clock struck ten, and so
   paint'd with all; He was a wayfaring man* when the fine et- ty his side In a
   nothing at all, He was put by a dun- nel so large of charm-ing. That she

   *The ellipsis indicates omitted words or phrases that would complete the sentence. The full text might be: "He was a wayfaring man when the fine etiquette his side in a nothing at all, he was put by a dun nel so large, so charming."

   "Wayfaring man" is a term that refers to a person who travels from place to place, often for work or trade, and in this context, it suggests a variety of people and activities associated with the Waterman's calling. The song celebrates the Waterman's role as a lively and engaging figure in the community.
Win-sing ealheart and de-light-soj each eye. To look't so neat, and row'd so stand-i-ly, pare to Be-ne-haps went, or Vaus-o-ull, And oth'times would they be giggling and leer -ing; smile, and most rightways in love he did fall; And would this young drossel but banish his sore-row.

The maid-es all flock'd in his boat so stand-i-ly; And he
But'twas all one to Tom, their gie -ing and jor - ing; For
He'd vol her to -night, be -fore she to -morr - er, And

eyed the young rogue with so charm -ing an air, He
lever or lik -ing he lit - the did care, For he
how should this wa - ter-man ev -er know care. And how should this wa - ter-man

charm -ing an air. That this wa - ter-man ev -er was in want of a fare.
lit - the did care. For this wa - ter-man ev -er was in want of a fare.
ev -er know care. When he's mar -ried and ev -er was in want of a fare.
AN EASTER SONG.

A happy and appropriate musical setting to many Maple Babies’ favorite “Easter Song” is that of the Chevalier Mauro, organist of the Church of the Assumption, of New York city. Edmundo Mauro is a Neapolitan by birth. He came to the United States about 1871; but returned to Italy to study composition; and settled permanently in America about 1881. His teachers in his native country were Miehli, Nardorone, and Petrusello. In 1884 he was made a Chevalier by the King of Italy; and the Royal Academy of Saint Cecilia elected him a member after a searching examination of his musical compositions. His songs are very popular.

Sing a song of Easter. A song of happy hours, Of dashing spray, and dandy play, And lovely springing flowers, Of birds come home again Beside the cottage.

Copyright, 1900, by George J. Johnson.
O'er waking buds, and rushing floods, And chime of rustling leaves

Sing a song of Easter, A song of happy hours, Of dashing spray, and

Slow now play, And lovely springing flowers.
2. Sing a song of Easter, A song that means a prayer Of want and love to

One a-love Who keeps His world in care; A song for all on this green earth, Fre
dawn comes passed a-way, Sing clear and strong the joy-ful song, The song of Easter Day.

A song, a song that means a prayer Of want and love to
3. Sing a song of Kast-er, A song of pure de-light, A song that starts in mer-ry hearts, And

swells from mor-til night; An Kast-er song that children lift, With-out a jar-sing chord, That
Sing a song of Easter,
A song of happy hours,
Of dancing spires, and shadow play,
And lovely springing flowers.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song that means a prayer
Of want and love to One above
Who keeps His world in care;

A song for all on this green earth,
Forsworn ones passed away,
Sing clear and strong the joyful song,
The song of Easter Day.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song of pure delight,
A song that starts in merry hearts,
And swells from morn till night;

An Easter song that children lift,
Without a parting chord,
That thrills afar from star to star,
To praise the children's Lord.
THE KERRY DANCE.

One of the most thoroughly characteristic of the unique songs of which James L. Mulloy was the author and composer, and popular throughout the English-speaking world, “The Kerry Dance” was started on its career of popularity by its being rendered at the London concerts by Miss Lenora Serrington. This lady, who was Miss Helen Serrington before her marriage with the Belgian organist and composer, Nicolas Jacques Lemmens, for many years reigned as the accepted representative English concert soprano, and enjoyed an immense popularity. She was born in 1834, and after studying at Rotterdam and Brussels she went in 1856 to England, where she at once took and maintained a leading place in the highest walks of art. Subsequently she was appointed an instructor in vocal music at the Conservatory at Brussels.
And the Ker-ry pí-pe's tun-ing, Made us long with will de-light;

Ah! the Ker-ry heart-ed laugh-er ring-ing thro' the hap- py glen!

O, to think of it, O, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears! O, the days of the
O, to think of it, O, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears! O, the days of the

Ker-ry dance-ing, O, the ring of the pí-pe's tune! O, for one of those hours of glad-ness,
Ker-ry dance-ing, O, the ring of the pí-pe's tune! O, for one of those hours of glad-ness,

Gone, a - he! like our youth, too soon!
Gone, a - he! like our youth, too soon!
3. Time goes on, and the happy years are dead. And one by one the mirthful hearts are

fold; Ni - bet now is the wild mirthful - ly glee, Where the bright glad laugh will

ever more in vain. On - ly dream-ing of days gone by, fills my heart with tears.

4. Lov-ing voices of old companions, Steal-ing out of the past once more,

And the sound of the dear old mirth, Soft and sweet as in days of yore.
When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night,

And the Kerry piper tuning, Made us long with wild delight;

Oh, to think of it, Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears! Oh, the days of the

Kerry dancing, Oh, the ring of the piper's tune! Oh, for one of those

hours of gladness, Gone, a loss! like our youth, too... now...
HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

This is the "Boat-song" in the second canto of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The song is intended to imitate the jottings, or boat-songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honor of a favorite chief. These boat-songs are adapted to the measure of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the quick, short stroke of a common boat, and those made to suit the long sweep of a gullet one.

The air of "Hail to the Chief" was written by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop.

1. Hail to the Chief who in triumph ad va ne'er! Honored and blest be the
   ever-green Pine!
   Long may the tree in his bower that glads us,
   Winter to fade;
   When the whist wind has swept every leaf on the mountain, The

2. Ours is no vain-sounding song by the fountain,
   Blooming at Bel-i-an, in
   Faur loch the shelter and glory of our land!
   Here's send it bough es Earth lend it
   more shall C.JScrollPane -o'éx sit on her shank.
   Moor'd in the rift rock, Far to the

3. Woe a-nce, Godly to how green and brailly to grow! While ev'ry Highland glen
   turnes postelock, Fionn er he cares him the rush it blow; Men - lieath and broucht, then,

   En - o his praise a- gen, "Red - er - lek, Red - er - lek, Red - er - lek Vich

5. Hail to the Chief who in triumph ad va ne'er! Honored and blest be the
   ever-green Pine!
   Long may the tree in his bower that glads us,
   Winter to fade;
   When the whist wind has swept every leaf on the mountain, The

6. Ours is no vain-sounding song by the fountain,
   Blooming at Bel-i-an, in
   Faur loch the shelter and glory of our land!
   Here's send it bough es Earth lend it
   more shall C.JScrollPane -o'éx sit on her shank.
   Moor'd in the rift rock, Far to the

7. Woe a-nce, Godly to how green and brailly to grow! While ev'ry Highland glen
   turnes postelock, Fionn er he cares him the rush it blow; Men - lieath and broucht, then,

   En - o his praise a- gen, "Red - er - lek, Red - er - lek, Red - er - lek Vich
Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honoured and blest be the evergreen pine!
Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth loud let it sap grow,
Gaily to business and broadly to grow?
While every Highland glen
Sends our shouts back again,
"Roderick Vich Alpine dhun, ho!iero!"

Ours is no sapling, snare-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beitham, in winter to fade; [mountain,
When the whistling hunts stripped every leaf on the
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Proof to the temper's shock,
Firmer he roots him the harder it blow;
Most oft and Beadsallane, then,
Echo his praise again,
"Roderick Vich Alpine dhun, ho!iero!"

Proudly our piper has thrilled in Glen Finne,
And Bannock's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smouldering in ruin,
And the bards of Loch Leven died on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid,
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Lennox
Shake when they hear again,
"Roderick Vich Alpine dhun, ho!iero!"

Row, valets, row, for the pride of the Highlands,
Stretch to your ears, for the evergreen pine!
Oh, that the roselate that graces you island,
Wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
Oh! that some swelling gem
Worthy such noble stem,
Honored and blest in their shadow might grow!
Lead should clan Alpine then
Ring from her deepest glen,
"Roderick Vich Alpine dhun, ho!iero!"
LULLABY.
FROM "ERMINIE."

A comic opera was produced in London in November, 1885, which took the town by storm, and was transplanted the following Spring to New York, where a like success awaited it. This was EUGÈNE JAKOBOWITZ'S "Erminie." Its popularity here was such that it remained for several years the permanent attraction at the Casino, where it made the reputations of several of the artists participating in its production and established them before the public as stars and popular favorites. Francis Wilson and Pauline Hall were conspicuous illustrations of this result of a phenomenal success. One of the favorite numbers in the opera was the "Lullaby," here given, which was sung by Miss Hall. Jakobowski, a composer living in London, wrote the music to the libretto by HARRY PAULTON, a well-known and successful English librettist. Another opera by the same composer is "Paula."

1. Dear mother, in dreams I see her,
   With her I'd live sweet and happy.

2. Ah! when her blessing she gave me,
   Her words were all of love.

Cling how she softly pressed me,
Of the tears in each glistening eye,
As her
ther. I heard you weeping,
And my
Bye, bye, draw-si-nas day tak-ing. Pre-tty lit-tle eye-lids sleep. Bye, bye.

-wait-ing till thou'rt wake-Ing. Dar-lings, be thy shee-p ber-sleep! bye, bye, bye---
SAY YES, MIGNON!

The composer of this song, Frederick Russell Burton, is well known in literary circles. Although he considers musical composition his avocation, he has devoted the most of his time to writing stories. He was born in Janesville, Michigan, February 23, 1881, and graduated from Harvard in 1882. His musical ability was developed in college and he won highest honors in the department devoted to the theory of music. On leaving college he embarked in a musical career; he lacked practice, however, and his theory was of little use to him. Having always inclined toward literary work, he naturally turned to writing, and was connected with leading Boston, New York and other daily papers. Mr. Burton has written a number of stories; but only one book, entitled “The Virgin of his Clothes,” does his name appear. Mr. Burton was one of the first to advocate the publication of music in newspapers. He has composed a number of songs, and the melody to the words of Frank L. Stanton’s poem “Say Yes, Mignon” is numbered among the best of them.

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stars some kind and o'er the wind piety on my woe. Ah! most I plead in vain, ma belle? Say no, Mignonne, say no, say no! Ever long the hour will come to break the web of dark, now through. Let
Across the gloom the grey morn speeds
To taste the midnight dew,
The drowsy biers tell their tale.
On resting of the wind.
The stars near kind and close the wind.
Blest ply on my woe.
Ah! meet I plead in vain, ma belle?
Say no, Mignon, say no.

Ever long the dawn will come to break
The web of darkness through.
Let not the heart unanswered set.
That beats alone for you.
Four casement ope and let me hope;
Give me one smile to beam!
A word will ease my pain, ma belle,
Say yes, Mignon, say yes.
APART.

Beardsley Van de Water, the composer of "Apart," was born in Oswego, N. Y. He has written many successful songs, among which may be mentioned: "Night-time," "Sweet Message," "First Dream," "Darling," "Elaine," "The Publius," "The Penitent," "A Night of Nights," "A Day of Days," "The Christ-Child," "Essex Song," and "One Quiet Night." He has also written many part songs. "Sunset" and "Amabel Lee" have been given by the prominent Musical Societies throughout this country and in England, as well as "The King of the Huntsmen," "A Babette," "Sheep Little Baby," and many other compositions. As well as a successful composer, Mr. Van de Water is a poet of no mean order, having written the words of most of his publications, as well as many characteristic poems which have appeared in the current literature of the day. He is also an accomplished organist and for some time past has been the Musical Director of the Westminster Presbyterian Church of New York, as well as the Westminster Choral Society.

Music notation follows.
peace - ful calm, or tem - pest tossed; And
He knows why we are a part; And

Only know the world is wide And we two are a part, That
may He al - ways watch o'er thee, For love, this is my prayer, And

Thou art ab - sent from my side, I know not where thou
keep thee safe - ly, ten - der - ly, For ev - er in His

art, My love! I on - ly know that was - ri - ly, And
care, My love! And may be you will think of me, Al -
HOMCE, CAN I FORGET THEE?

1. Home, home, can I forget thee? Dear, dear, dear-ly loved home? No, no, still I re-
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear friends, do not mourn. Home, home, one more re-

get thee, Too! I may far from thee roam, come me, quickly to thee I'll re-turn.) Home, home, home, home, dear-est and hap- pl- est home.
Eileen Aroon.

The author of the words of "Eileen Aroon," Gerald Griffin, was born in Limerick, Ireland, December 12, 1823. When he was seventeen years old, his family came to the United States without him. Having determined to become an author, young Griffin went to London with some papers, which failed them, but one of which, "Giuseppe," was produced most successfully after his death. He became a brilliant and distinguished writer for papers and magazines; but he won wide reputation until the appearance of his fine novel "The Colleen Bawn, or the College Girls." He died in Cork, June 13, 1849.

The air to which his song was set is old, and a great favorite—"Robin Adair;" but it is claimed in Ireland as well as by Scotland, where it is traced far back under the title of "Eileen Aroon." In the Irish form, the air is simplicity itself, but the Scottish form has an added "lift." Burns once wrote to Thomson: "I have tried my hand on 'Robin Adair,' and you will probably think with little success; but it is such a cursed, crumpl, out-of-the-way measure, that I despair of doing anything better to it."

Sir Walter Scott, quoting this remark of Burns, adds: "Now, the Irish air in its original purity, is as smooth as an unbroken ascending and descending scale can make it; it is anything but the 'curved, crumpl, out-of-the-way measure' which Burns' sensitive ear was so conscious in the Scotch form." The famous French opera, "La Dame Blanche," by François Adrien Boieldieu, is founded on this air.

\[\text{Music notation here}\]
Buds blush round the stem, Which is the fairest gem? Eileen arouse!
Soft as the stringed harp's strain, Oh, it is truth alone, Eileen arouse!

When, like the early rose,
Beauty in childhood blooms,
Eileen arouse!

When, like the rising day,
Love sends his early ray,
Eileen arouse!

Who is the song so sweet?
Eileen arouse!

Who in the dance so fleet?
Eileen arouse!

When were her charms to us,
Dearer her laughter—free,
Eileen arouse!

Were we no longer true,
Eileen arouse!

What should her lover do,
Eileen arouse?

Fly with his broken chain
Far o'er the sounding main,
Eileen arouse!

When, like the laughing eye,
Eileen arouse!

Is it the timid sigh,
Eileen arouse?

Who is the song so sweet?
Eileen arouse!

Is it the tender tone,
Eileen arouse!

Soft as the stringed harp's strain?
Oh, it is truth alone,
Eileen arouse!

I know a valley fair,
Eileen arouse!

I know a cottage there,
Eileen arouse!

Far in that valley's shade,
I know a gentle maid,
Eileen arouse!

Youth rust with time decay,
Eileen arouse!

Beauty must fade away,
Eileen arouse!

Cycles are marked in war,
Chirrums are scattered far,
Eileen arouse!

Truth is a fixed star,
Eileen arouse!
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

In the letter to Mr. Thomson, the Scottish song-collector, which accompanied the first copy of his song "A Man's a Man for a' That," Burns wrote: "A great critic, Aiken, on songs, says that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing; the following is one on neither subject, and consequently is no song, but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inversed into rhyme."

The world had decided against Mr. Aiken, and Berninger,—who is called the Burns of France,—need to say that this song was not a song for one age, but for an eternity. It seems to me that Burns describes it correctly.

1. Is there for bon-est per-son-s That hangs his head, an' a' that? The cow-ard slays we
2. What though' we ban-geous fire we else. Wear-hed. eng-gray, and a' that. She feels the-sil-ent
3. Ye see you birkie, ca'ed a hood, Wha' struts and dance, and a' that. Tho' him to high-er

pass his by. We dare be puir for a' that. For a' that, and a' that. Our
know their wine. A man's a man for a' that. For a' that, and a' that. Their
at his word. He's but a cow for a' that. For a' that, and a' that. He

A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's afeen his might,
Gude fith, he means nae fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pride o' sense, the pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that some it may,
As some it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.
A POLISH DANCE.

XAVIER SCHARFENKA, as a teacher and composer of music, has won international fame. He was born in Sauer, in the province of Posen, in 1856. When he was in his seventh year his parents removed to the capital of Posen; here Xavier showed such irresistible inclination for music that a tutor from one of the churches was engaged to instruct him on the pianoforte. In 1865 he entered as a pupil Kutles's famous academy at Berlin, where he afterwards became a professor. Mr. Scharfenka is regarded by the best critics of Europe and America as in the foremost rank of pianoforte virtuosi. His first public concert was given at the famous Sing-Akademie of Berlin, and his talent and ability received immediate recognition. In 1861, in company with his brother Philip, Xavier came to New York and opened a branch of their famous Berlin conservatory, which is one of the most important schools of music in Europe, and from which many of the most brilliant and promising American students have graduated during the past decade. His musical compositions are numerous, comprising concertos and sonatas that hold a high place in the best pianoforte repertories. Although born a Pole, his music is thoroughly German, retaining little of the Polish flavor. The "Polish Dance" here given, is numbered among his best compositions.
RAIN ON THE ROOF.

Coalton Kinsey, author of “Rain on the Roof,” was born in Yates County, N.Y., November 24, 1826. He obtained a liberal education, and became a teacher, an editor, and a lawyer. During the war, he was a paymaster in the national army, and at its close he left the service with the brevet of lieutenant-colonel. He was editor and proprietor of the Xenia, O., Post-Dispatch, in 1865-77, and editor-in-chief of the Cincinnati Times in 1868. He afterward practiced law in Xenia. He published two volumes of poems.

Mr. Kinsey gives this account of the origin of the song: “The verses were written when I was about twenty years of age, as nearly as I can remember. They were inspired close to the rafters of a little story-and-a-half frame house. The language, as first published, was not composed—it came. I had just a little more to do with it than I had with the coming of the rain. The poem, in its entirety, came and asked me to put it down, the next afternoon, in the course of a solitary and aimless squandering of a young man’s precious time along a no-whither road through a summer wood. Every word of it is a fact, and a tremendous heart-throb.”

The verses were sent to Emerson Bennett, at that time editor of The Columbian, at Cincinnati, who threw them aside, as not being quite up to the Columbian’s standard! A few days later, the publisher of the paper, Mr. Penrose Jones, rummaging in the drawers of rejected manuscripts, came across Mr. Kinsey’s, and, holding it up, wanted to know “What the dickens do you mean, Mr. Bennett, by putting this in here?” The next day it went into print in the Columbiana, and immediately afterward, to the surprise and disgust of Mr. Bennett, it went all over the world. These words have been set to music by various composers. We give here the version of James G. Clark.

1 When the 1 When the ho - lid ay 1 When the ho - lid ay 1 When the
sun - down - ing sun - down - ing sun - down - ing
| O - ver all the star - ry, O - ver all the star - ry, O - ver all the star - ry
| sphere, And the | sphere, And the | sphere, And the
| 2. Er - ry tin - kle on the shin - gles Has | 2. Er - ry tin - kle on the shin - gles Has | 2. Er - ry tin - kle on the shin - gles Has
| an e - cho in the hea - ven. And a | an e - cho in the hea - ven. And a | an e - cho in the hea - ven. And a
| she med, long years a - long, To re - | she med, long years a - long, To re - | she med, long years a - long, To re -

| mel - an - che - ly | mel - an - che - ly | mel - an - che - ly
| dark - ness Gen - tly weeps in rain - y tears, What a | dark - ness Gen - tly weeps in rain - y tears, What a | dark - ness Gen - tly weeps in rain - y tears, What a
| the daz - zling | the daz - zling | the daz - zling
| dreams Ere she left them till the dawn. O! I | dreams Ere she left them till the dawn. O! I | dreams Ere she left them till the dawn. O! I

| bliss to press the | bliss to press the | bliss to press the
| pil - low Of a cut - tage cham - ber bed And to | pil - low Of a cut - tage cham - ber bed And to | pil - low Of a cut - tage cham - ber bed And to
| thin - ned reed - of - the - tines Weave their air - threads in - to work, As I | thin - ned reed - of - the - tines Weave their air - threads in - to work, As I | thin - ned reed - of - the - tines Weave their air - threads in - to work, As I
| see her lean - ing on me, As I list to this re - train. Which is | see her lean - ing on me, As I list to this re - train. Which is | see her lean - ing on me, As I list to this re - train. Which is
CHORUS

Hear it pat-ter, thin-ke, mur-mur, as it falls up-on the roof, hear it.
Hear it pat-ter, thin-ke, mur-mur, as it falls up-on the roof, hear it.
Hear it pat-ter, thin-ke, mur-mur, as it falls up-on the roof, hear it.
Hear it pat-ter, thin-ke, mur-mur, as it falls up-on the roof, hear it.
When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry sphere,
And the endlessly darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their airy threads into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used, long years ago,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn:
O! I see her leaning o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her star-eyed cherub brother—
A serenely angelic pair!
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes, to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue;
And I think not, musing on her,
That her heart was all untrue:
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulse vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

Art hath taught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Wherein the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of Nature,
That subdues, soothing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.
ROBIN ADAIR.

ROBERT ADAIR was born in Ireland, about 1715. He was educated as a surgeon, and practised in Dublin; but, being involved in a scandalous affair, was expelled to quit the country, and went to England. Near Holyhead occurred the first of a series of incidents, which finally gave him the title of “the fortunate Irishman.” The carriage of a lady of fashion was overturned, and Adair ran to her assistance. Being somewhat hurt, she requested him to travel with her to London, and on their arrival there, she gave him a fee of a hundred guineas, and a general invitation to her house. There he met Lady Caroline Keppel, second daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle, and sister of the celebrated Admiral Keppel.

Lady Caroline is said to have fallen in love with Adair at first sight. Adair promptly followed up his advantage, to the dismay of her family, who tried every possible expedient to break off her attachment. These included several journeys, on one of which, at Bath, she is said to have written the words of this song, and set them to a tune which she had heard him sing. The air is claimed by both the Irish and the Scotch.

The family finally gave up their opposition, when they saw that her health was affected; the lovers were married. After a few happy years, the lady died, leaving three children. Adair (who never married again) was a favorite of George III., and was made, successively, Inspector General of Military Hospitals, Surgeon General, King’s Surgeon Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. He died in 1790. Their only son, the Right Honourable Sir Robert Adair, G. C. B., died in 1835, at the age of ninety-two. He was distinguished as a diplomatist, and is said to have been the original of the character of Roger, in Cowper’s “Rovers.”

ROBIN ADAIR.

1. What's this dull town to me? Robin's not near. What would I wish'd to see,
2. What made those eyes so brightly shine? Robin's A - dair. What made the bell so fine?
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Robin A - dair. But now thou'rt cold to me.

What would I wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town a
What is there? What, when the play was over, What made my
brain's on earth? Oh, they're all died with time, Robin A - dair.
heart so sore? Oh, it was parting with Robin A - dair.

Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town a
What made my
brain's on earth? Oh, they're all died with time, Robin A - dair.
heart so sore? Oh, it was parting with Robin A - dair.
BELLS OF SHANDON.

One of the most interesting and creative figures in the literary life of the Nineteenth Century, was the Rev. Francis Sylvester Mahoney—better known by his pen-name of Father Prout—who wrote the words of this well-known song. He was born at Cork, Ireland, in 1804. In opposition to his father's wishes, he followed his youthful desire to become a member of the Jesuit order, to which he was admitted at Rome, but was subsequently dismissed. In 1832 he took priest's orders at Cork, and presently went to London. But his clerical labors were brief—his interests proved to be chiefly literary. For several years he was an active contributor to Fraser, Bentley's Miscellany (during the editorship of Dickens) and other magazines. In 1858 he began to travel about the world; in 1846 was at Rome as correspondent of the London Daily News; and in 1848 went to Paris, where he lived the life of a recluse, but wrote for various literary journals of England, including The Globe, of which he was part owner. He died in Paris in 1866. His fame rests on his early contributions to Fraser, over the signature of "Father Prout." These consisted of entertaining comments on current literature, parodies on the poets of the day, and original lyrics—"The Bells of Shandon" being one of these. He had great facility in the writing of Latin verse and prose, and much of his English poetry was both thoughtful and graceful, though some of it came perilously close to being mere metrical jingle.

The music is the old air which has become known, from its association with Millikin's fantastic verses, as "The Groves of Blarney."

1. With deep af-
2. I've heard Bells

Dear and rest-ful-
I oft-en think of those Shan-don Bells,
Whose sound so
diss-ent any in the dead silence,
While at a

would in days of child-hood, Bind round my ear, their magic spells. On this I glims-rate brass-tuengs would at the hear, but all their un-told secrets like thine; For mon-ey

The music is the old air which has become known, from its association with Millikin's fantastic verses, as "The Groves of Blarney."
pon-der where'er I wander, And thus grow slow'er sweet Cork of thee; With thy Bells of dwelling so each proud swelling Of thy bel-bell swell-ing its bold notes free, Made the Bells of Shandon sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Shan-don, that sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the river Lee.
Shan-don, sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

With deep affection and recollection,
I often think of those Shandon Bells,
Whose sound so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my ear all their magic spells.

On thin I ponder, when'er I wander,
And thus grow tender sweet Cork of thee;
With thy Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard Bells chiming full many a calm in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glibbe rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke caught like thine;

For memory dwelling so each proud swelling
Of thy belf-bell swell-ing its bold notes free,
Made the Bells of Shandon sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "Old Adriano's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And symbols glorious, swelling apparitions,
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter, far the home of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
O! the Bells of Shandon sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, whilst on tower and kiosk, O,
In St. Sophia the Turkanan gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me,
To the Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.
Loch Lomond.

The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond.

The only sweet song "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond" is a genuine heather blossom. A Scottish editor, in a private letter, says that the tune is almost identical with that of "The Bonnie House of Airis," sung by Harris's gaé }}>er | in his novel "The Little Minister," and that it is the same as the tune used for "The Wells o' Worie." "The song," says this writer, "is a universal favorite with us. The last time I heard it sung was in Brooklyn, by Edith Ross of McFarlane's Scotch Company; and it brought the tears to the eyes of many of my countrymen."

1. By the bonnie banks, And by the
2. Twas then that we parted In
3. The wee ker-rie sang And the

You ben-nie heart, Where the sun shine bright on Loch Lo-mond, Where
You shad-ly grew, On the steep, steep side of Ben Lo-mond, Where
With flow-ers spring And in sun shine the wa-ters are sleep-ing. But the

\[\text{Music notation}\\]

1013
ne and my true love

Were we ever went to gae

On the purple hue

The Highland hills we view,

And the broken heart it knew

Now sec and Spring a-gain, Tho' the

bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-nond.

and my true love will ne'er meet a-gain

On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-nond.

But ye'll tak the high-road and I'll tak the low-road.

And I'll be in Scotland a'-fore ye.

But

me and my true love to see their greet- ing.
BARBARA ALLAN.

This famous ballad is very old, and is of Scottish origin. The paucity of a part of Scotland still sing more stanzas than have ever been in print. The English, or an English version of it, is called "Barbara Allan's Cradle;" or the Young Man's Tragedy." "Scots Town" is given as the home of Barborum, and plebeian Jenny Grove is substituted for Sir John Graham. I give both versions, as the English one is a curious example of how the gist of the words may be lost overhead, as a song floats down the stream of time; in that poem Barborum appears a monster indeed, as there is no mention of the fact, that the dying youth had formerly slighted her when she was the best of her kind.

Pope, in his Diary, under date of January 2, 1683, speaks of Mrs. Kipps (the actress) singing, of "her little Scotch song of Barborum, at Lord Broome's," and he adds, that he was "in perfect pleasure to hear her sing it." Goldsmith recounts more than once, his delight in the ballad. He says: "The music of the first singer is disagreeable, to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears, with 'Johnny Armstrong's Good-night'; or, 'The Cradle of Barborum.'" The song came over to our country with the early settlers, and Horace Greeley, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," speaks of remembering to have heard his mother sing "Barbara Allan."

The air is as old as the words, and the origin of both is unknown.
It was in and about the March's time,
When the green leaves were a fallin',
That Sir John Graham, in the west countrie,
Fell in love w' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwellin',
O haste and come to my master's best,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O, slowly, slowly rose she up,
To the place where he was lyin',
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think ye're spickin'."

"It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very, very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allan;
O, the better, for me ye're never be
Though your heart's blind were a-spillin'!"

"O, dinna ye mind, young man," she said,
"When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin',
That ye made the behinds gae round and round,
And sicke Barbara Allan?"

He turned his face ower the wai',
And death was with him dealin';
"A'leven, a'len, my dear friends a',
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighin', said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had nae gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bee ringin',
And every jot the dead-bee g'ot.
It cried, "Was to Barbara Allan."

"Oh, mother, mother, mak' my bed,
And mak' it soft and narrow;
Since my love died for me today,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

The English version is as follows:

In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
And every youth cried well a'mein;
Her name was Barbara Allan.

All in the merry months of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Johnny Gore on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allan.

He sent his man nae her then,
To the town where she did dwell in,
Saying, "You must come to my master,
If your name be Barbara Allan;
For death is printed on his face,
And o'er his heart he's stealin',
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allan."

"Though death be printed on his face,
And o'er his heart he's stealin',
You'll find another shall he be
For bonny Barbara Allan."

So slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came,
"Young man, I think your dying!"

He turned his face unto her strait,
With deadly sorrow sighing:
"O! pretty maid, cease pety me,
I'm on my death-bed lying."

"If on your death-bed you do lie,
What needs the tale your tellin',
I cannot keep you from your death—"
"Farewell!" said Barbara Allan.
THE DEAREST SPOT OF EARTH.

One of the most familiar of modern home ballads, this song has long been popular in England and America. The sentiment, the charm of the simple melody, and the hold it takes on the memory, sufficiently account for its popularity. It was one of a few highly successful compositions of an English musician of so early a day that he was old man when he died in 1880. This was W. T. Wraggton, who continues to be known by the song and the even more popular one, "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still."

1. The dearest spot of
2. Panted my heart the

earth to me Is Home, sweet Home!
The fair land I long to see Is
way to prize My Home, sweet Home!
I've learned to look with love's eyes On

in vain,

Home, sweet Home! There, bow charmed the scene of hearing! There, where love is
Home, sweet Home! There, where vows are tenderly sealed! There, where hearts are

so endearing! All the world is not so cheering as
so a settled! All the world beside I've slighted for
Home, sweet Home! The
Home, sweet Home! The
dear - est spot of earth to me. Is Home..... sweet Home. The fair - y land I long to see Is Home! sweet Home!
TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO.

The famous campaign song of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" was written by Alexander Cartman Ross. In the Zanesville Daily Courier, of June 7, 1873, in one of a series of articles on "The Boys of 1837," Judge Sherwood, of Zanesville, gives the following particulars of the origin of the song.

The great political storm that swept over the country in 1840, was one of the most remarkable events ever known in the history of our government. The Whig campaign, which carried Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, and Tyler into the presidential chairs, began as early as February. Business generally was at a stand-still; the currency was in such a confined state that specie to pay postage was almost beyond reach; banks had been in a state of suspension for a long time; mechanics and laboring men were out of employment or working for 62½, 39, or 51½ cents a day, payable in "orders on the store;" market money could be obtained with difficulty, and things generally had reached so low an ebb as to make any change seem desirable. As the Whigs promised "two dollars a day and roast beef" to laborers, working men were inclined to trust them.

On the 23d of February, Columbus was filled with a mighty throng of people. The rain came down in torrents, the streets were one vast sheet of mud, but the crowds paid no heed to the elements. A full-sized ship on wheels, canoes, log-boats, with inmates floating on corn-stove and hard cider, miniature forts, flags, bangers, drums and fife bands, bands of music, live coons, roosters crowing, and shouting men by the ten thousand, made a scene of attraction, confusion, and excitement such as has never been equalled. Signs were erected, and orators went to work; but the staid party-leaders failed to hit the keynote. Igniter speakers mounted store-boxes, and blazed away. It was made known that the Cleveland delegation, on their route to the city, had had the wheels stolen from some of their wagons by Lowo-foinon, and were compelled to continue their journey on foot. One of these enforced foot-passengers was something of a poet, and wrote a song descriptive of "oh Salt River," and was encored over and over again. On the spur of the moment, many songs were written and sung, the pent-up enthusiasm had found vent; but the song of the campaign had not yet been written. On the return of our delegation, a Tippecanoe club was formed, and a ycle club organized, of whom Ross was one. The club meetings were opened and closed with singing by the ycle clubs. Billy McKibben wrote "Ann Peddling Yokes," to be sung to the tune of "Yip, Yip, Yaiyaii," which proved very popular; he also composed "Hard Times," and "Martin's Lament." Those who figured in that day will remember the chorus:

"Oh, don't what will become of me?" 
"Oh, don't what shall I do?"
I am certainly doomed to be hanged
By the heroes of Tippecanoe!"

This song was well received, but there seemed something lacking. The wild outbreak of feeling demanded by the meetings had not yet been provided for. Tom Lauder suggested to Ross that the tune of "Little Piggy" would furnish a chorus just adapted for the meetings. Ross seized upon the suggestion, and on the succeeding Sunday, while he was singing as a member of a church choir, his head was full of "Little Piggy," and efforts to make a song fitting the time and circumstances. Oblivious to all else he had, before the service was finished, blocked out the song of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." The line, as originally composed by him, of "Yan, Yan, you're a nice little man," did not suit him, and when Saturday night came round he was engrossing his brain to amend it. He was absent at the meeting, and was sent for. He came, and informed the ycle club that he had a new song to sing, but that there was one line in it he did not like, and that his delay was occasioned by the desire to correct it.

"Let me hear the line," said Cumlerton. Ross repeated it to him.

"Thunder! said he, "make it—Yan's a neet-up won"—and there and then the song was completed.

The meeting in the Court House was a monster, the old Senate Chamber was crowded full to hear McKibben's new song "Martin's Lament," which was loudly applauded and encored. When the first speech was over, Ross leff off with "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," having furnished each member of the ycle club with the chorus. That was the song at last. Cheers, yells, and encored it. The next day, men and boys were singing the chorus in the street, in the work-shops, and at the table. Olois White came near to staying a hymn in the time in the radical church on South Street.

What the Marseilles Hymn was to the Frenchmen, "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" was to the Whigs of 1840.

In September, Mr. Ross went to New York City to purchase goods. He attended a meeting in Lafayette Hall, Prebates of Mississippi, Gallipolis of New York, and Ohio of Boston were to speak. Ross found the hall fill of enthusiastic people, and was compelled to stand near the entrance. The speech of a had not arrived, and several songs were sung to keep the crowd together. The stock of songs was soon exhausted, and the chairman (Charles Delavan, I think) arose and requested any one present who could sing, to come forward and do so. Ross said, "If I could get on the stand, I would sing a song," and hardly had the words out, before he found himself passing rapidly over the heads of the crowd, to be baled at length or the platform. Questions of "Who are you?" "What's your name?" come from every hand.
"I am a Buckeye from the Buckeye State," was the answer. "Three cheers for the Buckeye State!" cried out the president, and they were given with a will. Ross requested the meeting to keep quiet until he had sung three or four verses, and it did. But the enthusiasm swelled up to an uncontrollable pitch, and at last the whole meeting joined in the chorus, with a vim and vigor indescribable. The song was encored and sung again and again, but the same verses were not repeated, as he had many in mind, and could make them to suit the occasion. While he was singing in response to the third encore, the speakers Otis and Tallmadge arrived, and Ross improvised:

"We'll now stop singing, for Tallmadge is here, here, here, and Otis too. We'll have a speech from each of them, for Tippecanoe and Tyler, oh!"

He took his seat amid thundering applause, and three times-three for the Buckeye State. After the meeting was over, the crowds in the streets, in the saloons, everywhere, were singing "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." It traversed the Union, and was the most popular song of that campaign.

Mr. Ross was born in Zanesville, O., May 31, 1812, and resided there all his life. He was early noted for his interest in scientific inventions, and is said to have produced the first daguerreotype ever taken in America. He became a leading and enterprising business man in his native place, and died there February 29, 1883.
Oh! what has caused this great commotion, motion,

Oh! what has caused this great commotion, motion,

Our country through?

It is the ball that's rolling on,

Like the working of mighty waters, waters, waters,

And in its course will clear the way

See the Loo's standard tottering, tottering tottering,

And in its place we'll rear the flag,

The Bay State boys came out in thousands, thousands,

And at Bunker Hill, they set their scale

Now you hear the Vanjacks talking, talking, talking,

For all the world seems turning round

Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,

And Long Cabin too,

It will only help to speed the ball,

For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

His langetring hangs outside the door, door, door,

For it always was the custom of

He always has his tabloid set, set, set,

To ask you in to take a bite

See the spokeman and log treasurers, treasurers,

For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

Not long ago,

For well they know they stand no chance

And at Bunker Hill, they set their scale

Little Matty's days are numbered, numbered, numbered,

And out he must go

For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

And the Vanjacks talking, talking, talking,

Things look quite blue,

For in his place we'll put the good

Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.
THE MILL.

Adolph Jensen, composer of "The Mill," was born at Königsberg, Jan. 12, 1837. He was a pupil of Friedrich Wilhelm Marpurg. In 1859 he visited Russia, after which he paid a two-years' visit to Copenhagen, where he became intimate with the Danish composer Gade. 1860 to 1866 he spent in his native place; and during this period he produced a large proportion of his works. From 1866 to 1868 he was attached to Tausig's school as teacher of the piano. He died at Baden Baden, Jan. 23, 1879. His published sonatas and smaller pieces for the piano take high rank in his own country, and are much admired by musicians who are familiar with them. His genius is essentially that of a song-writer—full of delicate, tender feeling, but with no heights and depths. The score of an organ, "Turandot," was found among his manuscripts after his death.

Dolce, ma troppo lento.
A WARRIOR BOLD.

The writer of this song, Michael Maybrick, is well and favorably known to the English public as a baritone singer, who has appeared at the more important of their musical festivals and is highly popular in the ballad concerts. But in America, where the enormous popularity of his songs has made the name of their composer a household word, he is known only by the assumed name under which his works have been published—that of Stephen Adams. Born in Liverpool in 1844, he played the organ in a church in that city until he had completed his musical studies in England, when he went to Leipzig and studied further under the great masters of the conservatory there, as also in Milan, Italy. He made his first public appearance in the New Philharmonic Concerts, in London, in 1870. His compositions are chiefly songs, among the most widely known of which are “Nancy Lee,” “The Minstrel’s Love,” “The Blue Afghan Mountains,” and “The Tur’s Farewell.”

Knights were bold, and bravely their way,
A warrior bold with arms of gold,
Sang true our bright Went joyful to the fray;
He fought the fight, but on the night, Elo

1. In days of old when
2. In days of old when
mer - ri - ly his lay, Song mer - ri - ly his lay. My love is young and fair, My soul had pass'd a way, This soul had pass'd a way. The plighted ring she wore, Will love that gold - den hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her com - pare. So cruel and yet with love, Yea yet he died, he brav - ly cried, I've kept the vow I swore. So ever - on - do. Ever - on - do.

1st verse.

What care I, theo' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die. So what care I, theo' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die. But what care I, theo' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die. So what care I, theo' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die.

live for love or die. death be nigh. I've fought for love, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, I've fought for love.
love, for love I die, for hope I live.
BY NORMANDIE’S BLUE HILLS.

H. Thourhe, the composer of “In Old Madrid,” “Anthony,” an Irish song of much merit, and other favorites in modern song, celebrates still another locality in “Normandie’s Blue Hills.” He has been fortunate in this instance in having the collaboration of Clifton Burgum, whose words have been set to the compositions of many of the best English song writers.

Moderato con sent.

1. By Nor - man-die's blue hills in yore a gone. They
2. O'er Nor - man-die's blue hills long years have passed, The

laughed and played a lit-tle maid, With win-some face, and dan-ty grace. As
lit-tle maid at rest is laid; He came so near to that old shore. And,

sweet as ev-er sun-light shone up-on! And far a-cross the sea the
old her ten - der heart, it broke at last! But where she sleeps so calm-ly

roll a tempo. roll a tempo.
sweet day long. Her thoughts would fly, with a sigh.

all day long. The bright waves sigh, a lullaby,

And sea and shore, for

now du. roll. a tempo.

ev - er - more. Swayed sing - ing to her heart her love - er's song.

ev - er - more. Are whispering through her dreams her love - er's song.

now du. roll. a tempo.

"Ah!

now du. roll. a tempo.

Nor - man-die, my Nor - man-die, Far o'er the sea I come to thee.
I hear my sweet love call for me, I come, I come to

Nor, num-de! I come, I come, Far

Over the sea to thee, I come, I hear my sweet love call for me, I come, I come to Nor, num-de!...
"Sweet Hope" is the production of Heineich Ludwig Edmund Dorn, a representative musician of modern Germany. He was born at Königsberg, Prussia, Nov. 14, 1804. His turn for music showed itself early, and was duly encouraged and assisted, but not so as to interfere with his general education. He took the course in the Königsberg University, and after visiting Dresden, where he made Weber's acquaintance, he fixed himself at Berlin in 1834. After five years of residence there he went to Leipzig as conductor of a theatre, where he had the honor of giving instruction in counterpoint to Schumann. As a conductor he was one of the first of his day, with every quality of intelligence, energy, tact and industry required to fill that difficult position. His compositions include ten operas, many cantatas and symphonies, and other orchestral works; also many pianoforte pieces and songs. He died at Berlin in 1892.
Adagio con moto.

express.

rall.

rall.
THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

One of the most famous war songs of the South was "The Bonnie Blue Flag." Like " Dixie," it began its popular career in New Orleans. The words were written by an Irish Comedian, Mr. Harry McCarthy; and the song was first sung by his sister, Miss Marion McCarthy, in the Varsity Theatre in New Orleans, in 1861. The tune is an old and popular melody, "The Irish Jigging One." Patton the historian, enumerating the annoyances to which the Federal soldiers were subjected in New Orleans, during General Butler's administration, says: "Parties of ladies from balconies of houses would turn their faces when soldiers were passing; while one of them would run in to the piano, while they "The Bonnie Blue Flag" with frequency that lovely woman knows how to throw into a performance of that kind."

1. We are a band of broth-ers, and na-tive to the soil.
2. As long as the Cus-fors was faith-fil to her trust.
3. Pity, gal - hut South Carr - it - na

Test by any Agent with Ordinary Sharp Composed, care of the composure.
Fight for our liberty, with true men, blood and ball,
And then came All-a-ba-xun, who took her by the hand.

when our rights were threatened,
the cry rose men and far...........
We

quick--by Miss. is up--pi,
G. a. and F. i. d. a...........
All

rah..... for the Bonnie Blue
raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS.

Hur-rah..... Hur-rah..... for South ern Rights Hur-mid..... Hur-rah for the
We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty, with treason, blood and toil;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose east and west,
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star!

Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights Hurrah!

Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brethren kind were we and jest;
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We rest on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Chorus.—Hurrah! etc.

First, gallant South Carolina madly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Chorus.—Hurrah! etc.

Ye men of valor, gather round the Banner of the Right,
Texas and her Louisiana, join us in the fight;
Davis, our beloved President, and Stephens, Statesman rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Chorus.—Hurrah! etc.

And here's to brave Virginny! the Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate;
Inspired by her example, now another State prepares
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Chorus.—Hurrah! etc.

Then cheer, boys, raise the joyful shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rising cheer for Tennessee we give;
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven.

Chorus.—Hurrah! etc.

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer;
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven Star!
THE FIRST VOYAGE.

The words of this song, first published anonymously and widely copied in America and Great Britain, are by James L. Mollor, well known as a writer and composer. The melody is by Mrs. J. T. Draper, whose effective ballad music has been received with much applause in London and Paris.

Verse 1:

He went to sea to sea; He went to sea to sea; To sea he went to sea; To sea he went to sea;

Verse 2:

When the sea was not so calm, And the wind was not so strong; Then the sea was not so calm, And the wind was not so strong.

Copyright, 1868, by Josiah J. Wright.
The sea is great and our boat is small, but Heaven is greater than sea and all. Ave Maria!
THE VISIONS OF MORNING.

"The Visions of Morning," the Harvard Choral Song of 1879, commemorates the graduation of many famous Americans; among them being Oliver Wendell Holmes, its author, and Samuel Francis Smith, author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

1. Where, O where are the visions of morning, Where, O where are the visions of morning-

2. Where, 0 where are life's blessings to be found, Where, O where are life's blessings to be found-

3. Are a way dreams of ecstasy and emotion, Are a way dreams of ecstasy and emotion-

4. Yet, though the ebbing of Time's mighty river, Yet, though the ebbing of Time's mighty river-

Where, O where are the visions of morning? Fresh as the dew of our prime?

Where, O where are life's blessings to be found? Nursed in the gold of our soul?

Are a way dreams of ecstasy and emotion? Hopeful like young eagles at play.

Yet, though the ebbing of Time's mighty river, Leave our young blossoms to die.

Gone like suns that set without warning. Gone like suns that set with out warning,

Dead as the sunsets royal lit the Mo- n - me, Dead as the sunsets royal lit the Mo- n - me,

Vows of un-broken, of un-broken devotion, Vows of un-broken, of un-broken devotion,

Let him roll smooth in his current forever. Let him roll smooth in his current forever.

Vows of un-broken, of un-broken devotion, How ye have failed a way?

Let him roll smooth to his current forever. Till the last pebble is dry.
TO DIANEME

SWEET BE NOT PROUD OF THOSE TWO EYES,
WHICH STARLIKE SPARKLE IN THEIR SKIES,
NOR BE YOU PROUD THAT YOU CAN SEE
ALL HEARTS YOUR CAPTIVES YOURS YET FREE;
BE NOT YOU PROUD OF THAT RICH HAIR
WHICH WANTS WITH THE LOVE-SICK AIRE;
WHEN AS THAT RUBY WHICH YOU WEAR,
SUNK FROM THE TOP OF YOUR SOFT EARE,
WILL LAST TO BE A PRECIOUS STONE,
WHEN ALL YOUR WORLD OF BEAUTIE'S GONE.

HORNEK.
"TO DIANE ME."

SONG FOR TENOR.

The words of this song, to which Professor Peter A. Schindler has wedded an expressive and sympathetic tune, were written by Robert Herrick, one of the most exquisite of the early lyrical poets of England. He was born in London in 1591; and died at Dean Prior, in Devonshire, in 1674. Of this latter place he was vicar for about twenty years, from 1639; preaching, he says, to a "wild amphibious race, rude almost as savages, and cherish'd as the sons." He was ejected by the storms of the civil war; and was replaced, after the Restoration, at about the age of seventy. During the interim, he lived in his native London; where he published the wild, bounding, flowing verses that have come to us like the notes of a song which lingers in the mind and takes its place in the memory forever.

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes, Which,

Star-like, sparkle in their skies; Nor be you proud that you can see All hearts your captive; yours yet free;

Copyright, 1868, by Georges A. Fournier.
all your world of beauty's gone, When all your world of beauty's gone,
"THE MILLER AND THE MAID."

This pretty bit of good nature and song is the work of Théophile Jules Henry Marsais, the superintendent of music of the British Museum, whose verses and compositions are widely known and popular.

1. "Can't you stay one ti - ny mo - ment?" Said the
2. "Oh! that's not it at all," he Said - the
3. "You - ter Bob and croc - in Dob - his!" Said the

mill - ler to the maid, As she went a - long the shel - lows In the twi - lining at - der shade, "For mill - ler to the maid, And he tried to see her peet - ty face But - muth her bon - net shade;" I'm

I've so much to tell you, And you al - ways say me nay, And with such a peet - ty bon-net, oh! You oh! I'm so un - hap - py From that tomb - ty - third of May, When you came here for my wheaten bat, And dy - ing all for love of you, And what an I to do, If I can not get the marriage bills And

the breath a - way, For she say, you are so peet - ty" She turnd and as - wered so "That's stoe my heart a - way, For I love you, oh! so dea - ry" She turnd and tried to go; "That's go to church with you."

And it's now you know it all," he said, "It's bless you, dear, and go" — "Oh!"
THE INGLE SIDE.

HENRY AIKIN, author of "The Ingle Side," was born April 5, 1792, in Ayrshire, Scotland, where his father, like those of some poets of better fame, managed the estates of a nobleman. He was educated first by a private tutor, and then at a parish school. At the age of seventeen he was sent to Glasgow to study law—which he heartily hated. Then he obtained a clerkship in the General Register House in Edinburgh, and, later, became amanuensis to Dugald Stewart, whose last writings he copied.

In 1822, Aikin and his wife emigrated to the United States, to better their fortune. He bought a small farm in Rensselaer County, N. Y., but three years afterward he left it to try living with Robert Owen's community, at New Harmony, Indiana—a year of which thoroughly satisfied him. Next he formed a partnership with a company of brewers in Cincinnati. He built a brewery establishment in Louisville which was swept away by a flood; and another at New Albany, Indiana, which was destroyed by fire. He entered upon no more ventures of his own, but employed himself in superintending the enterprises of more fortunate men, living for a time in Jersey City, N. J. From some sketchy writing of his own, in a little volume of "Scottish Songs, Ballads, and Poems," which he published in New York, I make the following extract:

"In my fourteenth year I was taken from school on account of my health, and was put in the fields to labor on my own account. Among my companions I found a number of intelligent young men, who had got up, in a large grange, a private theatre, where they occasionally performed, for the benefit of the neighborhood, 'The Gentle Shepherd,' 'Douglas,' etc., and in due time I was, as my great joy, found tall enough, bashful-looking enough, and capable enough to take the part of the 'fair Jenny,' and the first relief I got for anything like sentimental song, was from learning and singing the songs in that poem; and ballads that my mother sang—and she sang many, and sang them well—having been all the poetry I had cared for.

"It was toward the end of this most pleasant period that I first 'burst into song,' and I am inclined to think that I broke into it wrong and unprofitably; sweet songs having sent me a wooing, instead of wooing having set me a sighing. Indeed, my planting companions strove to convince me that my 'sweet songs' were as silly as they were simple; but I loved both rhyme and reason, and kept scratching away. Well do I remember how I fell in love with the sweet 'Jenny' of one of my earliest lays. Being about my own age and size, she used to loan me some of her 'brown' to buck me up for my parts; and instruct me how to deport myself in gown and kerchief. Then her gentle hands would arrange my kerchief and fix flowers in my cap, her pretty face blossoming, and her sweet breath blowing all the time about my bewildered head, till,—how could I help it, Jenny?—I fell over the legs in love wit' thee?"

Mr. Aikin paid a visit to his native land, and, before returning, published a volume entitled "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns." He spent the last years of his life in St. Louis, where he died in March, 1858.

The music of "The Ingle Side" was composed by T. V. WId tremend, a German music-teacher, in Pennsylvania.

1. It's ran to see the burn-'ing breez', Like a bow-'er true the sea; It's fair to see the burn-ic kist The lip o' the flow'ry lea; An' fine it is on green hill side. Where seen-ed wars, That sin-networth can go; But the emm's heath where cousin met, An'
O COME, COME AWAY.

This familiar old song is by W. E. HICKSON.

1. O, come, come a-way, From la- bor now re-solv-ing. Let hu-man care a-
   nswer to the calling, That makes its way a-way, a-way.
   O come, a-way. Come, come, our so-cial joys re-new. And
   come, o-er the moun-tain's
   sum-mer's days.

2. From toil and from care, The hour of reprieve, For the toil of the day is o-ver, The
   The air is fresh and free. We'll a-way. Come, come, o-er
   the bright and di-vine.
   sweet re-prieve, O
   sun. We'll a-way. Come, come, o-er the moun-tain's sum-mer's days.

3. While o'er the hills we a-way. The moon and stars a-way. We'll a-way. Come, come, o-er
   o-er the moun-tain's
   bright and di-vine.

4. The bright day's gone, The moon and stars a-way. We'll a-way. Come, come, o-er the moun-tain's
   bright and di-vine.
   o-er the moun-tain's
   bright and di-vine.
RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

The happiness of Ireland under the early native kings, "Erin's honor and Erin's pride," has been a theme which Irish bards have never ceased of singing. The "Rich and Rare" of Thomas Moore's "Irish Melodies" was founded upon a tradition that, inspired by the great King Brian, with a spirit of honor, virtue and religion, the Irish people were placed beyond the temptations of avarice or the disposition to impose on the weak. In proof of this, a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, and bearing in her hand a richly jewelled wand, undertook alone a journey from one end of the kingdom to the other, unharmed in person and unspoil'd of her jewels. Thus were the laws and government of the monarch and the lofty honor of his people justified and made manifest.

Moderato.

1. Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

2. "Lady! dost thou not fear to stray, So

Bright gold ring on her wand she bore; Rich and rare were the

long and lovely thro' this bleak way? Lady! dost thou not

gems she wore. And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But,
Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

"Lady! hast thou not fear to stray,
So love and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand,

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm.
For, though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knights, they love honor and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green Isle;
And blest forever was she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.
ROARY O'MORE.

The name of "Rory O'More" has long suggested all that was impiously daring and bewitchingly tormenting in rural insubordination; but more than two centuries ago it was borne by a champion of the Irish people, and it applied to them everything that was sly and unseemly in a patriot. It was the country's proverb that the hope of Ireland was "an Irish, the Virgin, and Rory O'More!"

The words and music of this song are by NAMELESS LOVER, who says: "From an early period I had felt that Irish comic songs (so called) were but too generally coarse and vulgar, devoid of that mixture of fine and feeling so strongly blended in the Irish character—that a pig and a piker, expressive cales, hurritos, and 'wheeler-deeler'd,' made the staple of most Irish comic songs; and having expressed this opinion in a company where the subject was discussed, I was met with that taunting question which sometimes supplies the place of argument, 'Could you do better?' I said I would try; and 'Rory O'More' was the answer. Its popularity was immediate and extensive; so much so that on the occasion of her Majesty Queen Victoria's coronation, every seat along the line of procession to Westminster Abbey, played 'Rory O'More' during some part of the day, and, finally, it was the air the band of the Life Guards played as they escorted her Majesty into the park, on her return to Buckingham Palace. Being called upon to write a novel, I recalled myself of the popularity attaching to the name, and entitled my story 'Rory O'More.' The success of the novel induced the management of the Adelphi Theatre to apply to me to dramatize the story, and in this, its third form, 'Rory O'More' was again received by the public with such approbation that it was played one hundred and eight nights in the first season in London, and afterward universally throughout the kingdom."

Music:

1. Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen, her heart he won; "He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn." He walked in his heart pretty Kathleen, to please, and be worth her eye smile. The ground that I walk on, I'll be bound." says Grimes and Jim Bell; And I'm made my self, drink up your health, quite a haste. So I thought the best way to do, was to marry. "Now, Rory, be wise," said Ro-ry. "I'll call or love you more the ground." "Now, Ro-ry, I'll cry, if you think, for or that, I may talk to the priest;" Then Ro-ry, the rogue, stole his heart

*Paddy's mode of asking a girl to name the day.*
Kathleen would cry, don't let me go; Sure I shrank every night that I'm leaving you. "Oh!"

With your arm around her neck, so soft and so white, without speak or speak, and she

sticks I don't know, in truth, what I'm about. But if you're ever till I've put on my cloak in hiding out. "Oh!"

Ro-sy, that same moonlighted to hear, for dreams all shone by one shining my heart. Ok!

look in her eyes that were beamings with light, and he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right? Now,

jewel," says Ro-sy, "that same is the way, you're taking heart for the money a day, and its jewel," keeping along that same till you die, and bright morning will goest the night the black lie, and hit Ro-sy, don't off, sir, you'll beg me no more, that's right time to day that you're kiss blue his face. "Then

plaid that I am, and why not, to be sure? For 'twas all for good luck," says Ro-sy O'More. plaid that I am, and why not, to be sure? Since 'twas all for good luck," says Ro-sy O'More.

here you can't call me," says he, "to make sure. For there's luck in old numbers," says Ro-sy O'More.
THE YEOMAN'S WEDDING SONG.

This is one of several songs by the same composer which have had and deserved more than ordinary popularity. "Farewell, the Breeze Bows Fair," "For a Year and a Day," "The Flower Girl," and "Lover's Antidote," are among the better known of the songs of this writer. Joseph Michael Xavier Francis John, Prince Possatowski. Although Prince Possatowski was a man of the world and a diplomat, his devotion to music was so complete as to take him out of the ranks of the amateurs, and his accomplishments, both as a public singer and as a composer, were so considerable as to give him an extended reputation as a professional musician. He was born in 1816, at Rome, studied music in Florence, and there made his debut in opera as a tenor singer. In 1838 his first opera was produced, and for many years he supplied the theatres of Italy and Paris with new operas. He was involved in the revolution of 1848, and subsequently represented the Grand Duke of Tuscany in Paris, as plenipotentiary. He was a friend of Napoleon III., and became a senator under the Empire, following the Emperor to England after the defeat at Sedan, in 1870. He industriously wrote music during his life in England, producing operas at Covent Garden, and publishing numerous creditable works. He died in 1873, and was buried at Chislehurst, the house of the exiled Emperor whose fortunes he had followed. The Prince Possatowski, who was famous as one of the Marshals of the First Napoleon, and died at the battle of Leipzig, was his uncle.
day, will be now a - dorn - ing.

Though I've lit - th wealth, but sovereign health,
The sun is high in the morn - ing sky,

And it's only a yeo - mon we,
When heart... join hand

And no one in the land can be richer in joys than we,

gal - loip a - long, keep time to the beds as they ring.
Doug, we'll gallop along, All feys and doubling screeching, Ding-dong, we'll gallop along, All feys and doubling screeching. Thee' the val-ky we'll hunte, For we've no time to waste; As this is my wed-ding morn- ing.
Both the words and music of this song, the first line of which has become one of the most familiar of all "familiar quotations," were produced by J. AUGUSTUS WADE, an English composer, who died in London in 1875, aged seventy-five. He was extremely poor, and in his last days literally went begging among the music publishers.
Meet me by moonlight a love, and then I will tell you a
Daylight may do for the gay, the thoughts, the heart, the
tale must be told by the moonlight a love, in the
trees, there's something a bout the moon's rays, that is
grew at the end of the vale, you must promise to come,
for I sweeter to you and to me, oh! remember, be sure to be
said, I would show the sight, over their spires, no,
there, for though dearly a moonlight I prize, I
Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale,
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grave at the end of the vale;
You must promise to come, for I said
I would show the steeple-showers their queen,
Nay, turn not away that sweet head!
'Tis the lorest ever was seen!
Oh! meet me by moonlight alone,
Meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, the heartless, the free;
But there's something about the moon's ray,
That is sweeter to you and to me;
Oh! remember, be sure to be there.
For though dearly a moonlight I prize,
I care not for all in the air.
If I want the sweet light of your eyes!
So meet me by moonlight alone.
Meet me by moonlight alone.
WELCOME, PRETTY PRIMROSE.

The charm of Springtime and new life in the world of nature suffuses this song, one of the most popular as well as one of the most graceful and delicate of the compositions of Cino Pedrotti, the well-born Italian, a pupil of the great Rossini, and whose musical career has so long been identified with London and with English musical matters generally.

Allegretto Modesto.

1. Welcome, pretty primrose
2. Gaz-ing on the ear-ly flow-er
That comes when sunshine comes,
When rain-bows arch the sil-ver cloud.
Of every cloud that rains;
Oh, how the bird to sing!
And tells the bird to sing!

And tells the bird to sing!

joy to see thy primrose bloom, That tells of spring's new day; And in my thoughts as I dream, up dream is rife With thoughts akin to thee, Of glad spring light, a tempo.

he! I see. O'er sweet spring life, That's so my heart's a-way! Wel-come! Wel-come!

Allegretto moderato.

Wel-come! prim-rose flow'r! Wel-come, pret-ty prim-rose flow'r, To see thy com-ing seems To make a gain the spring ti-mer, With sun-shine in its dreams!
Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!
Welcome, pretty, pretty, pretty,
pretty primrose-flower, With sunshine in its dreams!
dreams!

ret. f ret. ret. cent. a tempo. D.S. sf
THE SHEPHERD BOY.

One of the most delightful examples of tone-painting is "The Shepherd Boy," by Grenville Dean Wilson, a prominent American composer, to whom the musical world is also indebted for the popular setting to Edgar Wade Abbott's pretty child-song "The Train for Poppy-Land."

"Like some vision olden, of far other time,
When the age was golden, in the young world's prime,
Is thy soft pipe singing, O lonely shepherd boy—
What song art thou singing, in thy youth so joyous?"—LAWSON.

\[\text{Musical notation image}\]
CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

This is a very old Scottish martial air.
FIRST LOVE.

The selection of this song for public singing by Pol Planco, the great basso of the Italian Opera in New York, not only suggested the merit of the composition but gave it a considerable vogue. It was composed by Mrs. E. Mairy Raymond, a musical amateur of New York City, where she occupied a good position in social life. She composed a number of excellent songs, and made some meritorious essays in the direction of operatic composition, one of her operas being produced at the Cygnet, "The Fairy Owl," "Suppose," and "At Last" are among her songs. The words of "First Love" are by Elizabeth Cherry Haine.

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night

Let one soft tear in every hour. The stars came out to light our way, across the mean, or we were o'er. Oh, love, oh, love, can that sweet day... Return no more, return no more? Oh, love, oh, love, can that sweet day... Return no more, return no more!
I could have but one dear boon to all my life it would be this: That hour that hour that I find so soon. The recollection of your first smile again.

O! life moves on and love grows cold and

Anl.
Oh, gray eyes full of love and full of light;
Look back with me to that blissful hour,
When daylight in the arms of night
Left one soft tear in every flower;
The stars came out to light our way,
Across the meadow we went o'er;
Oh, love, oh, love, can that sweet day
Return no more, return no more?

If I could have but one dear boon,
In all my life, it would be this:
That hour, that hour that fled so soon,
The ecstasy of your first kiss!
Oh, life moves on and love grows cold,
And oft, and oft my heart is sore,
Oh, love, oh, love, can that sweet day
Return no more, return no more?
WHEN THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT.

This melody is an ancient Swiss air, adapted as a song by FRANZ STOCKHAUSEN, a member of a well-known family of German musicians. His mother was Margaret Stockhausen, née Schmid, who gave concerts in England, 1828-1840, accompanied by her husband, Franz Stockhausen, who was a composer and harpist. The son, Franz, was born at Gebweiler in 1839, and was a musical conductor at Stuttgart. His brother Julius was a fine baritone singer, celebrated for his rendering of finde.

Ver. 1. When the day with rosy light In the morn-ing  
2. Oh! 'tis sweet at ear-ly day To climb a mount-a-ain's

Altem. land appears, And the sun's rays Of night Melt in dewy tears, rock'y steps, And hear the birds sing of day, Wakening from their hap-py sleep:
Up the sunny hills I run To bid good-morrow to the flowers, And wake them in their noon's bright glow; In the morning hand appear,

 Noon may have its sunny glare, Eve its twilight and its dew, Night its soft and cooling air.

Oh! 'tis sweet at early day
To clime a mountain's rocky steep,
And hear the birds and blossoms gay,
Wakening from their happy sleep;

To bid good-morrow to the flowers,
And wake, in their highland home,
The minstrels of the bowers.

But give me morning dew.
AT MY WINDOW.

The poem "At My Window," which first appeared over the signature "Yolia," has received various musical settings; of which the one here given is thought to be the best. It is the composition of Homer Newton Bartlett, whose name, as a composer of songs, is familiar in connection with Homer Green's evocative verses "What My Lover Said" and James Whitcomb Riley's "Old Trundle Bed" and "Days Gone by."

When the gold in morn is
Then the twilight shut-ten
break-ing
Then the mist that tell the
O-er dis-tant hill and

For the sun-sont, shone sur-round-ed,
For the song that comes to
With fear pros-pect for the fu-ture,
Crowned a 
censence clear and strong;
In its music ever 
hood.
Tis a bird that breaks the 
illy
Till my heart for very 
gladness.

So let a

With a sudden burst of
Sings with thee, my hon-

ere.
Oh happy bird! sing on for 
ye, Thy

cur-
cel little and live;
Thy music speaks of

give

love and home, Then sing, oh sing to 
me. Oh
When the golden moon is breaking
    Through the wisps that veil the loe,
    For the milkmaids cross the meadow,
    Ever the daisy stars awake,
Through my casement, flower surrounded,
    Comes a cadence clear and strong;
    'Tis a bird that breaks the silence,
    With a sudden burst of song.
    Oh happy bird sing on, etc.

Then the twilight shadows darken,
    Over distant hill and lea,
Then again I long to listen,
    For the song that comes to me;
With fair promise for the future,
    In its music ever heard,
Till my heart for very gladness,
    Sings with thee my bonnie bird.
    Oh happy bird sing on, etc.
THE SEA.

Britas Walter Procter ("Barry Cornwall,"
produced a great variety of literature, but he is most widely known and best appreciated for his exquisite songs. Of these, his song of "The Sea," is perhaps the best remembered. He was born in London, in 1790, spent a long and outwardly uneventful life there among wine, women, and song, and there died, October 6, 1874.

The air of this song was composed by a singular musical character, who went to London in 1830, and became very intimate with Procter. This was STERLING NEUNKORN, Cavaliere, a German composer, born at Nuremberg, July 10, 1778. He was musically educated by Joseph Hauck, who was his relative. He had opportunities for study and travel, and became so well-informed as to receive, among his friends, the nickname of "Cyclopedia." At the house of Ignaz Moscheles, in London, Neunkorn and Mendelssohn met frequently. Moscheles, in his diary, tells us, that although they became friendly, their mutual appreciation was confined to the social virtues; for Neunkorn thought Mendelssohn "too impetuous, noisy, and lavish in the use of wind instruments, too exacting in his tempo, and too restless in his playing," while the glorious young musical genius would turn impatiently on his heel, exclaiming, "If only that excellent man, Neunkorn, would write better music! He speaks so badly, his language and letters are so choice, and yet his music—how commonplace!"

Closer, in his music, resolutions, gives us a picture which makes us feel that Mendelssohn's judgment was far too severe. He says: "Of all the men of talent I have ever known, Cavaliere Neunkorn was the most deficient in turning to account every gift, every talent, every creature-comfort to be procured from others; within, shrewd, pleasant, universally educated beyond the generality of musical composers of his period.

A man who had been largely 'knocked about,' and had been husbanded into the habit of not knocking any one whom he could insinuate into believing in him. Never was any man more adept in catering for his own comforts—in administering vicissitude benevolence. Once having gained entrance into a house, he remained there, with a possession of self-possession the like of which I have never seen. There was no possibility of dodging him, save at his own deliberate will and pleasure. He would have rooms and ranges regulated in conformity with his own taste; and these were more regulated by individual whims than universal convenience. He must dine at one particular hour—at no other. Having embraced homoestupor to its fullest extent, he would have his own dinner expressly made and provided. The light must be regulated to suit his eyes—the temperature to suit his stomach. But, as steady fails to be the case, in this world of dry or sympathetic persons, he compelled obedience to his decrees; and, on the strength of a tender musical talent, a smooth, dapper manner, and some small insight into other worlds than his own, he maintained a place in his higher sphere as astounding and inartistic as that of the great Samuel Johnson, when he ruled the household of the Thrale's with a rod of iron.

Neunkorn had a dbsisscular vigor or skill to instil a lasting popularity for his music. It has past, and gone to the limits of oblivion. Yet, for some five years he held a first place in England, and was in boused request at every provincial music-meeting. He was at Manchester, at Derby, where, I think, his chorister of 'Moses Sinai' was produced; most prominent at Birmingham, for which he wrote his immortal 'David.' I question whether a man of his music lives in any man's recollection, unless it be 'The Sea,' to the spirited and stirring words of Barry Cornwall. This song made at once a striking mark on the public ear and heart. The spirited setting here sets the spirited words; and the spirited singing and saying, both, by Mr. Henry Phillips, had no small share in the brilliant success.

Neunkorn became partially blind in his latter years, and died in Paris, April 3, 1854.

Mr. Phillips, in an "Recollections," says: "Neunkorn sent me a note, saying he had composed a song for me and I should come to his apartments and hear it. He was then an attaché of the French Ambassadour, who resided in Portland Place. I accordingly went, was very kindly and politely received; he sat down to his pianoforte and played, and in his way sung the song. I was unable to make any remark upon it; for I was anything but pleased, and cruelly censure I thought he had written it to insult me. I brought the manuscript home, and on singing it over was strengthened in my former opinion. The more I tried it, the more displeased I was. I felt, however, that I was bound to sing it; I could not again refuse his offer. So I was sent for the next morning, and I was to introduce it at a grand morning concert given by Neunkorn at the Italian Opera Concert-room. I went very downcast, and felt assured that I should be hissed out of the company. This music-trimmed song was "The sea, the sea, the open sea." The orchestra led off the long symphony which preceded the air. In an instant I heard the master hand over the score; I felt suddenly inspired, sang it with all my energy, and gained a veritable encore. The whole congregation of the day was the magnificent song I had just sung. My friend Moric, who led the band, asked me if I thought he could obtain it for ten guineas. I told him I did not think five tens would purchase it. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll think of it.' He did; and while he was thinking, Mr. Frederick Beck called Neunkorn a visit, in anxious hope of obtaining the song, while Addison stood watching from the first-floor window over the Regent street, for Beck's return. Presently he caught sight of him, when Beck threw the manuscript triumphantly in the air; it was there, and realized a fortune. I believe they got it for fifty guineas."

*In the United States, it was remarkably successful.*
The Sun, the sea, the open sea!

Ever free, ever free!

Without a mark, without a bauld. It runs with the earth's side resounded.

It plays, with the clouds, it mocks, the skies. Or
like a cradled creature lies. Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the

Sea! I'm on the Sea! I am where I should ever be. With the

blue above, and the blue below. And silence where so ever. I
I love, Oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, busting tide!
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the salt-vest blast doth blow!
I never was on ship, name-shove,
But I loved the vast sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that sucketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the norm,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale's wail whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an ocean wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean child.
I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
Fell fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he came to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea.
HE HAS PLOUGHED HIS LAST FURROW.

(BAL LAD FOR BASS OR BARITONE.)

The composer of this song, Adam Giebel, has been known for some years as the writer of many charming songs and compositions for the piano. It is a remarkable circumstance that his musical education was acquired and his professional reputation established under the limitations resulting from a total blindness, which came upon him in early childhood. He was born in Germany in 1835 and came to America in 1862 with his parents, who settled in Philadelphia, the city where he follows his musical career. He was educated at the admirable Institution for the Blind of that city, where on the completion of his studies he was appointed an assistant teacher on the violin and organ, a position which he resigned in 1875. His musical instructor was D. D. Wood, a church organist and musical director who qualified his pupil for a similar position in one of the large city churches. Mr. Giebel's first composition was published in 1874, and since that time he has produced much music of exceptionally good quality. Some of his songs are: "Orange Blossoms" (waltz song) "The Fisherman's Bride," "Tis Better Thus to Part," "Bring Me a Letter from Home," "Beneath the Summer Skies," "The Birdie and the Violet," "On the Moonlit Stream," a fine "Centennial Ode," etc.

The words of this song are by Josiah D. Cassing.
1. On a green grassy bow'r, by the banks of the brook, That so long
   and so oft has wa - tered his flock, The old
2. You tree, that with fra - grance ill - u - lites the air, So rich
   with its blossoms, so
3. There's the well that he dug, with its wa - ter so cold, With its
   drippings bucket, so

   turf - er rests in his long and last sleep, While the
   mort - ey and old, No more

   wa - tered a brow - ing hil - laby - ren. He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No
   fire when his plan - er had moldered a-way, He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No
   "pitch - er is break - en," the old man is gone. He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No

   morn shall a - wake him to la - bor a - gain, No morn shall awake him to la - bor a - gain.
CHORUS

He has ploughed his last furrow, has reap'd his last grain; No more shall a-wake him to la-bor again.

ALSO.

He has ploughed his last furrow, has reap'd his last grain; No more shall a-wake him to la-bor again.
MINUET.

The "Menuet a l'Antique"—Op. 14, No. 1—is one of the most characteristic of the compositions of the great Polish pianist, Iosif Jan Paderewski.
LET ME DREAM AGAIN.

Every composer of songs, however popular and however prolific, is best known by a few productions which occur to the mind whenever his name is mentioned. "Let Me Dream Again" is among such reminiscences of Sir Arthur Sullivan, written many years before he gained the honor of knighthood. It is thoroughly characteristic of the composer, whose distinctive qualities are as apparent in his accompaniments as in his melodies, and ranks with his best contributions to lyric writing. The words were written by B. C. Stephenson.

1. The sun is setting and the hour is late, Once more I stand beside the wicket gate, The bells are ringing out the dying day, The children singing on their home-ward way, And he is whispering words of sweet -est tend, While pass a way, but love a while.

2. The clock is striking in the belfry tower, And warns us of the ever-por-ling hour, But ne'er her colds the time which onward glides, For time may pass a way, but love a while.

Andante con espressione
Is this a dream? then waking would be pain; Oh, do not wake me, let me dream again.

Is this a dream? then waking would be pain; Oh, do not wake me, do not wake me, let me dream again.
SHE WANDERED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

This beautiful song has long been one of the conspicuous favorites among modern ballads. Its popularity is due perhaps as much to the charming words by F. C. Stephenson as to the attractive melody by Fauré and Moulot. The composer is one of the best known of living English ballad writers. He was born in Paris in 1840, and became well known as a resident teacher and composer in London, where his first important production, an opera entitled "The Pirates' Isle," was produced in 1886. Since that time he has been continuously before the public as the composer of a series of excellent operatic works, cantatas, songs, etc. His music to Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" is not only one of his best productions, but one of the most acceptable and appropriate musical settings of a Shakespearean subject.

1. She wandered down the mountain side, With measured tread, with measured tread, and
2. Poor child! he's gone to his last rest, A - las! he per - ished in a for - eign

slow;  Se - cond verse: Be - low, the vale be - low, A - bird was sing - ing its warm of

Oh, of - lay died with face to see, Skin by a

run - less - hand, a run - less - hand, Ah, me! she knew not what they
rest, But she heed-ed, heed-ed not its song, For oth-er
mean, For she heed-s not,............., what they say, And still at

thoughts filled full her heart, And she song as she went a-
e-ventide a-gain she's seen, And she sings as she wends her

long: I shall meet him where we always meet, He is wait-ing, wait-ing for
way: I shall meet him where we always meet, He is wait-ing, wait-ing for

me; My heart is full, I hear it beat, I am com-ing my love, to
She wandered down the mountain side,
With measured tread, and slow;
She heard the bells of evenside,
Down in the vale below.
A bird was singing its theme of rest,
For she heeded not its song,
For other thoughts filled her heart,
And she sang as she went along.

Poor child! he’s gone to his last rest,
Alas! he perished in a foreign land;
He nobly died with face to foe,
Slain by a ruthless hand.
Ah, no! she knew not what they meant,
For she heeds not what they say,
And still at evenside again she’s seen,
And she sings as she strolls her way.

I shall meet him where we always meet,
He is waiting, waiting for me;
My heart is full, I hear it beat,
I am coming, my love, to thee!
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