THE

SONGS OF ENGLAND.

A FURTHER COLLECTION OF

72

ENGLISH MELODIES

AND

BALLADS,

POPULAR DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY

EATON FANING.

VOL. III.

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Come into the Garden, Maud.

Words by Tennyson.

CAVATINA.

Music by M. W. Balfe.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has down;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone,
I am here... at the gate a- lone.
And the woodbine spices are wait- ed abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown,
For a
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

breeze of morning moves, And the seat of Love is on high:

BEGINNING to faint in the light that she loves, On a bed of daffodil sky, To

faint in the light of the sun she loves, To faint in his light and to die.

COME! COME! COME into the garden, Maud, For the

black bat, night, has flown, Come into the garden, Maud, I am
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

here at the gate a- lone, I am here at the gate a- lone, I am
here at the gate a- lone!

Queen rose of the rose bud
garden of girls, Come hith- er, the dan- ces are done:
gloss of sat- in and glimmer of pearls, Queen, li- ly and rose, In

H. 532
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

one........ Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls. To the

riten: a piacere.

flow - ers and be . . . their sun. Shine out! Shine out! and be their sun.

Come in - to the gar - den, Maud, For the black bat, night, has

p p stacc.

flown: Come in - to the gar - den, Maud, She is

p p

com-ing, my own, my sweet, Were it e - ver so an-ry a

of p p accel.

H. 539.
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

tread, My heart would hear her and beat, Were it
d earth in an earth - y bed; Come, my own, my sweet.

Maud, Maud, come, I'm here at the gate a -

tone.

H. 532.
Phillis is my only joy.

Words by Sir Chas. Sedley.

Allegretto.

Music by J. W. Honea.

Phillis is my only joy, Faithless as the winds or seas; Sometimes forward,

sometimes coy, Yet she never fails to please, Yet........ she never

fails to please. If with a frown, I am cast down, Phillis smiling
PHILLIS IS MY ONLY JOY.

and beguiling, Makes me happier than before...

Phil-lis is my only joy, Faith-less as the

winds or seas, Sometimes forward, sometimes coy, Yet she never

fails to please, Sometimes forward, some-times coy...

Yet she never fails to please, Yet... she ne-ver

II. 532.
Sad lib.

fails to please.

Colla parte. f leg. 

Sves. ad lib.

Though alas! too late I find, nothing can her fancy fix;

Yet the moment she is kind, I forgive her all her tricks, which

though I see, I can't get free; She deceiving, I believing,

cres.

What can lovers wish for more...
PHILLIS IS MY ONLY JOY.

a tempo.

Phil-lis is my only joy, Faith-less as the winds or seas;

Sometimes for-ward, some-times coy, Yet she ne-ver fails to please,

Sometimes for-ward,

Yet she ne-ver fails to please, Yet...... she ne-ver fails to please.

f lepato.

Svas, ad lib.

H. 552.
When Lubin sings of youth's delight.

CANTONET.

Words by J. Gill.
Music by J. W. Horns.

De-lia

1. When Lubin sings of youth's delight, His voice is soft and clear;
2. When evening falls we often meet, To watch the close of day;

Yet while his eyes are sparkling bright, Mine fill with many a tear.

Her

Sparkling bright, Mine fill with many a tear.

De-lia's

Half so sweet As Lubin's simple lay.

H. 532.
WHEN LUBIN SINGS OF YOUTH’S DELIGHT.

last! no sigh of love he wakes, A-mid his gen-tle strain; But
last! no breath of love e’er plays, A-mid his gen-tle strain; For

cres.

She

while my heart with an-guish breaks, He smiles, then sings a-gain; when I sigh or weep-ing gaze, He smiles, then sings a-gain;

She

But while my heart with an-guish breaks, He
For when I sigh or weep-ing gaze, He

colla voce.

colla voce. a tempo.

dim.

FINE.
The Tight little Island.

Nep-tune one day to Fre-edom did say, "If ev-er I live up-on dry land, The

spot I should hit on would be lit-tle Brit-ain," Says Fre-edom,"Why that's my own Is-land."

Oh! what a snug lit-tle Is-land, A right lit-tle, tight lit-tle Is-land!

T. DEBBAN.
THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

2.
Julius Caesar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
   Came by water, he couldn't come by dry land;
And Dane, Pict and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on,
   And all for the sake of our Island,
Oh! what a snug little Island,
   They'd all have a touch at the Island;
Some were shot dead—some of them fled,
   And some stay'd to live in the Island.

3.
Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
   Cried "Hang it! I never liked my land;
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
   And live on yon beautiful Island."
Says he, "'Tis a snug little Island,
   Shall we go visit the Island?"
Hop, skip and jump,—there he was plump,
   And he kick'd up a dust in the Island.

4.
Yet party deceit helped the Normans to beat,
   Of traitors they managed to buy land;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we never had been lick'd,
   Had they stuck to the King of the Island.
Poor Harold, the King of the Island,
   He lost both his life and his Island;
That's very true—what could he do?
   Like a Briton he died for his Island.

5.
Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade us,
   Quite sure if they ever came nigh land;
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
   And take their full swing in the Island.
Oh! the poor Queen and the Island,
   The drones came to plunder the Island,
But snug in her hive, the Queen was alive,
   And buzz was the word in the Island.

6.
These proud puffed-up cakes thought to make ducks
   and drakes,
Of our wealth: but they scarcely could spy land,
   Ere our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck,
And stoop to the lads of the Island.
   Huzza! for the lads of the Island;
The good wooden walls of the Island;
   Devil or Don, let'em come on,
But how'd they come off at the Island!

7.
I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
   Have since been oft tempted to try land,
And I wonder much less they have met no success,
   For why should we give up our Island?
Oh! 'tis a wonderful Island,
   All of'em long for the Island;
Hold a bit there, let'em take fire and air,
   But we'll have the sea and the Island.

8.
Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune
   In each saying, "This shall be my land
Oh the Army of England to all they could bring land,
   Would show'em some play for our Island.
We'd fight for our right to the Island,
   We'd give'em enough of the Island;
Invaders should just—bite at the dust
   But not a bit more of the Island.

H. 592.
Arise, ye subterranean winds.
ARISE, YE SUBTERRANEAN WINDS.

A - rise, a - rise ye sub - ter - ra - nean winds, More to dis - tract their guil - ty minds.

A - rise............ yo
ARISE, YE SUBTERRANEAN WINDS.

winds, a - rise ye winds, whose ra - pid force can

make All but the fix'd, all, all but the fix'd,..............

And so - - - - - - - solid cen - tre shake.

Come drive these wretch - es to........... that.....

H. 532
ARISE, YE SUBTERRANEAN WINDS.

part oth' Isle, Where Na - ture ne - ver, Where Na - ture ne - ver,

ne - ver yet did smile.

Cause fogs and damps, Whirl -

winds and earth - quakes there, There let them howl,

And lan -

H. 532.
ARISE, YE SUBTERRANEAN WINDS.

Rise and obey;

Rise and obey;

The pow'r full Prince o' th' air.

H. 532.
Once Again.

Words by LIONEL H. LEWIN.  

Music by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Andante espressivo.

Voice:

\[
\text{lin-g} \quad \text{ger round the ve-ry spot Where years a-go, we met, And}
\]

\[
\text{won-der when you quite for-got, Or if you quite for-got,......... And}
\]

\[
\text{ten} \quad \text{der year-nings rise a-new, For love that used to be, If}
\]

Piano:

H. 532.
you could know that I was true. And I that you were free. Ah!

Love, once again; meet me once again.

Old love is waking.

Shall it wake in vain? Love, once again.
ONCE AGAIN.


con forza.

Old love is waking, shall it wake in vain, shall it wake in vain?

Ped. * Ped. *

For ever yet my thoughts incline, And back my memory slips, I feel warm fingers lock'd in mine, I

H. 332.
see those qu'\'ring lips, Whose mur-
murs came like mu-

mine had set them free, That all the world was naught to you, Who

only want-ed me. Ah! Love, once a-

gain; meet me once a-

Old love is

H. 532.
ONCE AGAIN.

wa-king, shall it wake in vain?

Love, once a-

-again; meet me once a-gain...... Old love is

Ossia.

shall it wake, shall it wake in vain?

wa-king, shall it wake in vain? shall it wake in vain?

H. 532.
Let the Dreadful Engines.

Voice:

Recit.

Let the dreadful engines of e-ter-nal will, The thun-

Piano:

der roar, the crook-ed lightning kill; My rage is

hot, is hot, is hot as theirs, as fa-tal too, And dares as

horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid ex-e-cu-tion do.

Or let the frozen North... its ran-

cou show,
With in my breast far, far greater tempests grow,
Despairs........ more cold, more cold............... than all.

Moderato.

The winds can blow.

Can nothing, can nothing warm me?

Can nothing, can nothing warm me? Yes, yes, yes,

Yes, Lucinda's eyes;........ Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's

H. 592.
LET THE DREADFUL ENGINES.

eyes;..... Yes, yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin-da's eyes;..... There, there, there,

there, there Et - na, There, there, there, there Ve-su-vius lies to fur-nish hell with.

flames that mount - ing, mounting, reach the skies!.....

can nothing, can nothing warm me? Can nothing, can nothing warm me? Yes,

yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin-da's eyes;..... Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
LET THE DREADFUL ENGINES.

yes, Lu-cin-da's eyes;..... Yes, yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin-da's eyes.....

Recit.

Ye pow'rs! I did but use her name, And see how all, and see how all the meteors flame! Blue

light'ning flash-es round the court of Sol, And now the globe more fiercely burns than once at

Affettuoso.

Phae-ton's fall. Ah!

Ah! Ah! where, where are

H. 533.
now, where are now, where are now those flow'ry groves, Where Zephyr's fragrant winds did play; Ah! where are now, where are now, where are

now those flow'ry groves Where Zephyr's fragrant winds did play; Where,

guard-ed by a troop of loves, The fair, the fair Lu-cin-da sleep-ing bay?

There sung the night-ingale and lark, A-round us all was sweet and gay; We ne'er grow
LET THE DREADFUL ENGINES.

sad till it grew dark, And nothing feared but shortening day.

Recit.

I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate! Why must I burn, why must I

burn, why, why must I burn for this ingrate? Why,

Recit.

why must I burn for this ingrate? Cool, cool...

D.C. al Segno.

it then, cool... it then, and rail, Since nothing, nothing will prevail.

H. 532
The green trees whispered low and mild.

Words by LONGFELLOW.            Music by M. W. BALFE.

Andante cantabile.

dolce.

The green trees whisper'd low and mild, it

dolce.

dim, rall.

tempo.

The green trees were - per'd low and mild, it

was a sound of joy: They were my play-mates when a child, And

rock'd me in their arms so wild, Still they look'd at me and

H. 532.
As if I were a boy, o
And ever whisper'd
And ever whisper'd

The green trees whispered low and mild.

Slow. Animato molto quasi Allegro.

mild and low, mild and low, mild and low.
Come, be a child once more, 
Animato molto.

more, more, more,

H. 082.
THE GREEN TREES WHISPERED LOW AND MILD.

Come, be a child, a child once more, And wav'rd their long arms to and fro, And beck'nd sol-enn-ly and slow. Oh! I could not choose but go,

Into the wood-lands hour,

Into the wood-lands hour, Tempo I

The green trees whisper'd low and mild, It was a sound of
They were my play-mates when a child,
And rock'd me in their arms so wild,
Still they look'd at me and smil'd,
As if I were a boy,

Still they look'd at me and smil'd...

As if I were a boy.
Golden Days.

Words by LIONEL H. LEWIN.
Music by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Andante.

1. Once in the days of golden weather,
Days that were always fair;
Love was the world we walked together,
Care on the lips that curled with laughter,
Oh! what a love was there.

2. Ah! but the days brought changes after,
Clouds in the happy skies,
Tears in the radiant eyes.
Parted a-sunder,
Fresh as a flower when

PIANO.
Golden Days.

Rains are falling, Pure as a child that prays.
Worn with grieving, Wearily each one prays.

Once in the days, beyond recalling, Once in the golden days;
Ah! for the days, beyond retrieving, Ah! for the golden days;

Once in the golden days.
Ah!... for the golden days.

H. 532.
The Pilot.

Words by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

Music by S. NELSON.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Oh, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night, There's danger on the deck, We all are apt to slight, I'll come and pace the

2. Ah, Pilot! dangers raging waves But to subdue their might. It is not a pa...

cried, go down, This is no place for thee:...... Fear not! but trust in thy, he cried, That gives this strength to me:...... Fear not! but trust in

Più lento.}

Più lento.
THE PILOT.

ad lib.  Tempo 1mo.

Pro-vi-dence, Where-ve-r thou... may'st be.
Pro-vi-dence, Where-ve-r thou... may'st be.

Tremolando Agitato.

3. On such a night the sea en-
gulph'd My fa-
ther's life-
less...

form;
My on-
ly

H. 532.
brother's boat went down in

just so wild a storm;

be my fate, but still I say to thee.... Fear not! but trust in Providence, Where-

ev'er thou.... may'st be.
She wandered down the mountain side,
With measur'd tread, with measur'd tread, and
She heard the bells at even-tide,
Down in the vale below, the vale below.
A bird was singing its psalm of rest,
But she heeded not its song, for other

H. 522.
SHE WANDERED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

thoughts fill'd full her heart,... And she sang as she went a-

-Un poco piu lento.-

-I shall meet him where we al-ways meet; He is

wait-ing, wait-ing for me; My heart is full, I hear it

beat, I am com-ing, my love,... to thee; My

heart is full, I can hear it beat, I am com-ing. I am

H. 532.
SHE WANDERED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

Poor child! he's gone to his last rest,
A-lass! he

perish'd in a foreign land—
He nobly died with face to

foe,
Slain by a ruthless hand, a ruthless hand,
Ah me! she
SHE WANDERED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

knows not what they mean, For she heeds not, what they say;
And still at even-tide again she's seen, And she

Un poco più lento.

sings as she wends her way, ritard. "I shall meet him where we always meet—
He is waiting, waiting for me— My heart is

H. 592
full, I hear it beat,
I am coming, my love,

thee;
My heart is full, I can hear it beat, I am

coming, I am coming,
I am coming,

- - ing, oh! my love, to thee.................................

H. 532.
The Mistletoe Bough.

Words by THOMAS H. BAYLY.

Allegretto non troppo.

Music by HENRY R. BISHOP.

Piano.

dolce e semplice.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall, The holy branch shone on the old oak wall; And the Baron’s retainers were blithe and gay, And keeping their Christmas holiday, The Baron beheld, with a father’s pride, His beautiful child—young
THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

Lo-vell's bride; While she with her bright eyes, seem'd to be The star of the good-

company. Oh! the mist-le-toe bough!..... Oh! the mist-le-toe

colla voce.

a tempo.

bough!.....

cres.

"I'm wea-ry of danc-ing now," she cried; "Here tar-ry a mo-ment—I'll
hide, I'II hide! And Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace the
due to my secret lurking place." Away she ran—and her friends began: Each
tower to search, and each nook to scan; And young Lovell cried, "Oh!
where dost thou hide? I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
ad lib.  
Oh! the mistletoe bough! Oh! the mistletoe bough!...
They sought her that night! and they
sought her next day! And they sought her in vain, when a week pass'd away! In the
high-est, the low-est, the lone-liest spot, Young Lovell sought wildly, but
found her not. And years flew by, and their grief at last was told as a sorrowful
tale long past; And when Lo-vell ap-pear'd the chil-dren cried, "See! the old man weeps for his
fai-ry bide." Oh! the mis-tle-toe bough! Oh! the mis-tle-toe bough!
At length an oak chest that had long lain hid Was
found in the cas-tle— they rais'd the lid; And a ske-le-ton lay mouldring there, In the
bri-dal wreath of the la-dy fair! Oh! sad was her fate! in spor-tive jest she
hid from her lord in the old oak chest— It clos’d with a spring!—and her bri-dal bloom Lay
wi-ther-ing there in a liv-ing tomb. Oh! the mis-tle-toe bough!
Oh! the mis-tle-toe bough!
I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls.

Words by Alfred Bunn.

Adagio.

Music by M. W. Balfe.

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, With vassals and serfs at my side,
   That knights, up on bended knee,
   And of all who assembled with those walls

2. I dreamt that suitors sought my hand;
   And with vows no maiden heart could withstand.
   They pledged their faith to me;

H. 532.
I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

I had riches too great to count—could boast of a high and
and I dreamt that one of that noble host Came forth my
central name; But I also dreamt, which pleased me
hand to claim; But I also dreamt, which charmed me
most, That you loved me still the same, that you loved me, you loved me
most, That you loved me still the same, that you loved me, you loved me
still the same, That you loved me, you loved me still the same.
still the same, That you loved me, you loved me still the same.
Good night, Good night, Beloved!

Words by LONGFELLOW.

Allegretto moderato.

Music by M. W. RALPH.

Piano.

Good night, good night, good night, beloved!
GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT, BELOVED!

come,..... I come...... to watch o'er thee;..... I come,..... I

dim.
come...... to watch o'er thee; To be near thee,
to be

dim.

near thee, a - lone,....... a - lone,....... is peace for

me. To be near thee, to be near thee, a - 

H. 332.
GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT, BELOVED!

- lone,..... a lone....... is peace for me. Thine eyes are stars of

morn-ing. Thy lips are crim-son flow'rs... Good night, good night, be

lov-ed! Thine eyes are stars of morn-ing, Thy lips are crim-son

flow'rs.... Good night, good night, be lov-ed! While I
Ah! thou moon that shin'st silver clear above, all night long enlighten my sweet lady love, my lady love... Good night...
GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT, BELOVED!

Thine eyes are stars of morning, Thy lips are crimson flow'rs.

While I count the wavy-
GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT, BELOVED!

hours,.... while I count the wea-ry hours,.... Good night,

be-loved. To be near thee,

to be near thee, a-love, a-love, is peace, for

Allegro.

me. Good night, good night, good night, good night!
When other lips.

Words by Alfred Bunn.

Music by M. W. Balfe.

When other lips and other hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In language whose excess imparts The pow'r they feel so well, There may perhaps in

H. 532.
such a scene, Some recollection be,

Of days that have been happy been, And you'll remember

me, and you'll remember, you'll remember me.

cres.

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

H. 532. Ped.
If my mistress hide her face.


Andante.

1. If my dear mistress hide her face, Then the world is born of grace; For me the bloom hath left the flow'r.

2. Oh! kindly fortune smile on me. Thro' those bright eyes, and let it be. A world of sweet delights once more.

For me the light hath left the sunny hour. The light hath left the sunny hour. The

Their loving light may yet restore.

A world of sweet delights once more.
IF MY MISTRESS HIDE HER FACE.

music of the summer fields, Its charm... for me no

long - er yields, But only wakes with - in my breast,............. The

sigh that speaks its sad an - rest, The sigh, the

more dear to me, to me............. more dear.............
The Heart bowed down.

Words by ALFRED BUNY.
Larghetto cantabile.

Music by M. W. BALFE.

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe,
   To weakest hopes will cling;
   To thought and impulse, while they flow,
   That can no comfort bring.

2. The mind will, in its worst despair,
   Still ponder o'er the past;
   Too beautiful to last, that were too light that were
THE HEART BOWED DOWN.

can no com fort bring;
With those exci ting
beau ti ful to last.
To long de part ed

scenes will blend, O'er plea sure's path way thrown,
Its vi sions with them flown.
But mem'ry is the
For mem'ry is the

on ly friend That grief can call its own,
That grief can call its own.
That

D.C.al 8

H. 532.
By the simplicity of Venus' Doves.


Voice. Andante amoroso. By the simplicity of

Piano. mf Sostenuto.

Venus' Doves, by that which knitteth souls, and prospers, prospers

loves; in that same place, in that same place thou hast... appointed me, To

mor-row truly, mor-row truly, mor-row truly, truly, truly, truly

dolce.
BY THE SIMPLICITY OF VENUS' DOVES.

will I meet.... with thee!

By all the vows.... that ev-er men have broke, In num-ber, in

num-ber more than ev-er wo-man spoke, In that same place, in that same

place thou hast.... ap-point-ed me, To-morrow tru-ly, to-mor-row tru-ly, to-

con anima. accel.

-mor-row tru-ly, tru-ly, tru-ly will I meet.... with thee!

The Brave old Oak.

Words by H. F.チョリステ.
With boldness and animation.

Music by E. J. ローダ.

A song for the Oak, the brave old Oak, Who hath ru'd in the green-wood long; Here's health and re-zown to his broad green crown, And his

fif-ty arms so strong! There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down, And the

fire in the west fades out, And he shew-eth his might on a
THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

2. In the days of old when the spring with gold
   Was lighting his branches grey,
   Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet
   To gather the dew of May;
   And all that day to the rebeck gay
   They frolicked with lovesome swains—
   They are gone—they are dead—in the churchyard
   But the tree he still remains,
   Then sing to the Oak, &c.

3. He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
   Were a merry sound to hear,
   And the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
   Were full of good English cheer;
   Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
   And a ruthless king is he;
   But he never shall send our ancient friend
   To be toss'd on the stormy sea.
   Then here's to the Oak, &c.

II. 532.
The Better Land.

Words by Mrs. Hemans.

Andante con Espressione.

Music by W. Sterndale Bennett.

I hear thee speak of the Better Land, Thou call'st its children a happy band, Mother, where is that radiant shore? Shall we not seek it and weep no more? Shall we not seek it and weep no more?

Is it where the flower of the

H. 552.
THE BETTER LAND.

orange blows, And the fire-flies dance thro' the myrtle boughs? Not there, not there, my child!

ad lib.

Is it far away in some region old, Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold, Where the burning rays of the ruby shine, And the diamond lights up the

a tempo.

cres.

pp

H. S.

71
THE BETTER LAND.

secret mine, And the diamond lights up the secret mine.

Where the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—Is it there, sweet mother,

that Better Land? Not there, not there, my child! Not

ad lib.

there, not there, my child! a tempo.

A little slower.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy; Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;

H. 352.
THE BETTER LAND.

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair; Sor-row and death may not enter there.

Sor-row and death may not enter there.

Time does not breathe on its fade-less bloom, Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb—

It is there, 'tis there, my child! It is there, 'tis there, my child!

a tempo.

H. Saz
The Light of other Days.

Words by Alfred Bunn. Music by M. W. Balfe.

Andante cantabile. Con espress.

1. The light of other days is faded, And
   all their glories past, For grief with heavy wing lath
   shaded The hopes too bright to last:

2. The leaf which autumn tempests wither, 
      birds which then take wing, When winter’s winds are past, come
      brighter To welcome back the spring;

H. 532.
THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

world which morning's mantle
very l - ve - ry i - v - y on the ru - in, Shines forth with pur - er
cloud - ed, In gloom full life - dis -

rays; But the heart ne'er feels, in sor - row shroud - ed, The
plays; But the heart a - lone sees no re - new - ing, The
colla parte.

light of..... o - ther days, But the heart ne'er feels, in sor - row
light of..... o - ther days, But the heart a - lone sees no re -

shroud - ed, The light..... of o - ther days.
new - ing, The light..... of o - ther days.

Dal segno. S  Last time.

H. 532.
Yes! Let me like a Soldier fall.

Words by E. Fitzball. Music by W. Vincent Wallace.

1. Yes! let me like a soldier fall, Up
   On some open plain, This breast expanding for the ball, To
   Ends in blaze in me, To die, the last, and not disgrace it's
   Blot out every stain, Brave many hearts contriv for my doom, That
   Ancient chivalry! Tho' o'er my clay no banner wave, Nor

H. 532.
YEE! LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

Gentler ones may tell, How-e'er for-got, un-known my tomb, I
trum-pet re-quiem swell, E-nough they mur-mur o'er my grave, H

like a sol-dier fell, How-e'er for-got, un-
like a sol-dier fell, E-nough they mur-mur

- known my tomb, I like a sol-dier fell, I like a sol-dier
o'er my grave, He like a sol-dier fell, He like a sol-dier

fell, fell.

Dal segno. S

ff FINE.

H. 532.
Madoline.

Words by EDWARD J. GILL.

Music by S. NELSON.

1. I dream of thee, sweet Mad-o-line!
2. I dream of thee, dear Mad-o-line!

So through beauteous sad waste of years;
Like spring's sweet breath to

H. 383.
look of thine, With ev'ry thought of light.
flow's that droop. Thy beam'rg smile appears.

Thou art the music of my heart, That whispers through each:
When'er the world may cast its care, When sorrow near I....

day That speaks thy name in ev'ry breeze When
see, I fear no shade, for in my grief I

far from thee a-way. I dream of thee, sweet
turn a-gain to thee. I dream of thee, sweet

H. 553.
Madoline! So beautiful... and... bright; My

mem'ry weaves each look of thine, With ev'ry thought of

light. Madoline! Madoline! Madoline!

Sweet Madoline! Sweet Madoline!

H. 532.
Why are you wandering here, I pray?

Words by JAMES KENNEY.
Allegretto scherzando.

Music by J. NATHAN.

1. Why are you wan-d'ring here, I pray? An old man
    ask'd a maid one day; Look-ing for pop-pies so bright and
    red, Fa-ther, said she, I'm hi-th-er led. Fle. fle. she
     
    2. Tell me a-gain, the old man said, Why are you
    loit' ring here, fair maid? The night-in-gale's song so sweet and
    clear, Fa-ther, said she, I come to hear. Fle. fle. she

H. 532. Sees. ad lib.
WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE, I PRAY?

heard him cry, Pop-pies 'tis known to all who rove, Grow in the

field and not the grove, Not in the grove, not in the

night, and not by day, War-ble by night, war-ble by

Ped. * Ped.

Ped. * H. 532.
THIRD VERSE.

3. The sage look'd grave, the maids say, When Lubin jump'd over the style hard by; The sage look'd grav'er, the maid more.... glum, Lubin..... he twiddled his finger and thumb. Fie, fie, she heard him cry, Poppies like these I own are rare, And of such Nightingale's songs be ware, such Nightingale's songs, such Nightingale's songs, And of such Nightingale's songs, oh, be ware....

H. 532.
Philip the Falconer.

Words by W. H. Bellamy.

Music by E. J. Lodder.

Allegretto non troppo.

Piano.

1. Young Philip the Falconer's up with the day, With his mer-lin on his arm.
   And down the mill-meadows has taken his way, To still.
2. The Miller's to market to buy him some corn, For work it should never stand still.
   A maiden is loitering under the thorn In the

H. 532.
PHILIP THE FALCONER.

hawke and pray where's the harm? and pray where's the harm?
meadow below the mill, the meadow below the mill. And

Phil·lip is stal·wart, and Phil·lip is young. And Phil·lip, they say, has a
Phil·lip, grown tir'd of a ba·che·lor's life, Thinks the mill·ler's young sis·ter would

mu·si·cal tongue; The mill·ler's young sis·ter is fresh and is fair, And
make a good wife; And so comes a whis·per, and so comes a smile, And

Phil·lip he al·ways is hawk·ing there! For he vows and de·clares— be-
then a long leave-tak·ing o·ver the stile; Oh! when he re·turns from

H. 532.
-leave it or not—There is not in the kingdom for Her's such a spot, And market, I guess, The miller will find he's a sister the less! For

falcons, they say, To fly true to their prey, Should be train'd in the morning
maiden, they say, Do not always say "saw" When they're ask'd in the morning

early, Should be train'd in the morning early, When they're ask'd in the morning early.

Dal segno. 81

H. 532.
The Parting.

Bessy was a sailor's wife, And he was off to sea; Their only child was
by her side, And who so sad as she. "Forget me not, forget me not! When
thou art far from me, And whatso'er poor Bessy's lot, She will remember

H. 532.
A little faster.

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd a-way, As

my dolce.   dim.   p

it was told to me, When Wil-ly with a glad-some heart, Came home a-gain from

f con anima.  accelerando.  più lento.

sea;....... He bound-ed up the crag-gy path, And sought his cot-tage door, But

sf   f

lento.  ppp

his sweet child and love-ly wife Poor Wil-ly saw no more.

p

colla voce.  mf dolce.   dim.

H. SS2.
"Forget me not! Forget me not!" The words rang in his ear, He

ask'd the neighbours one by one—The answer was a tear; They

pointed to the old churchyard, And there his youthful bride And the

pretty child he loved so well, Were resting side by side..............
There is a flower that bloometh.

Words by E. Fitzball.

Music by W. Vincent Wallace.

There is a flow'rz that bloom - eth When au - tumn leaves are shed,

With the si - lent moon it weep - eth, The spring and sum - mer fled.

The ear - ly frost of
THERE IS A FLOWER THAT BLOOMETH.

Winter scarce hath overcast, Oh!

Pluck it ere it wither, 'Tis the memory of the past, Oh!

Pluck it ere it wither, 'Tis the memory, the memory of the past.

H. 532.
There is a flower that bloometh,
It wafteth perfume o'er us,
Which few can e'er forget,
Of the bright scenes gone by, Of

sweet.... though sad.... re-gret!
Let no heart brave its power.
By guilty thoughts o'er-cast,
For
THERE IS A FLOWER THAT BLOOMETH.

then a poison'd flower Is the mem'ry of the past,

For then a poison'd flower Is the mem'ry of the past.
When daisies pied.

Words from "As you like it."

Allegretto moderato.

Music by Dr. Arne.

1. When daisies pied and violets blue, And
2. When shepherds pipe on oat-en straws, And

ladies' frocks all silver white, And cuckoo buds of yellow hue, Do
merry larks are ploughmen's clocks, And turtles love and rooks and daws, And

paint the meadows with delight;
maidens bleach their summer frocks;

H. 532.
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, mocks married men,

Mocks married men, for thus sings he--
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,

O word of fear! O word of fear! Unpleasing to a married ear, Unpleasing to a married ear,

D.C. al segno

Fine.
The Diver.

Words by G. Douglas Thompson.

Andantino.

Music by Edward J. Loder.

In the caverns deep of the ocean cold
The diver is seeking a treasure of gold.

In the caverns deep of the ocean cold
The diver is seeking a
treasure of gold... Risking his life for the spoil of a wreck,

Taking rich gems from the dead on her deck; And fearful such sights to the

diver must be— Walking alone, walking alone,

Walking alone in the depths of the sea!
THE DIVER.

He is now on the surface, he's gasping for breath, So

pale that he wants but the stillness of death To look like the forms he has

left in the caves, Silent and cold 'neath the trembling waves, Silent and cold 'neath the
trembling waves. How fearful such sights to the diver must be

Walking alone in the depths of the sea. And Marmion's the master and
Man is the slave,
Tolling for weaals on the brink of the grave;

Leaving a world... of sunlight and sound...
For night-like gloom and a silence profound;
And fearful the death of the diver must be;

Sleeping alone, sleeping alone,
Sleeping alone in the depths... of the sea!

H. 532.
'Tis when to sleep.

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Piano.

Andante.

'Tis when to sleep the world re-tires, That forth the robber steals; The thirst of gain his heart in-spires, Nor fear his bo-som feels....

Ere we quit the cave profound, The si-ent watchword passes round; In whis-per'd sound, in..... whis-per'd sound: Then as we tread the se-cret dell, We

H. 632.
TIS WHEN TO SLEEP.

Allegro moderato.

Still as un-daunt-ed on we stray, Thro' ma-ny a tan-gled brake; We

pause to mark the si-lent way The cau-tious trav-lers take.

Allegro con spirito.

Then from each scabbard

dim.  

f  fp

H. 532.
Truth in Absence.

Words by Henry Brandreth.

Allegro.

Music by Edmund B. Harper.

1. I think of thee at morn, my love, when first I wake from sleep;
   tell me thou art gay, my love! yet why should I re-
   pine?

2. They
first I wake from sleep, why should I repine? And when beneath the care not what they

thorn, my love... say, my love... I sit at eve and weep.

I think of thee, I think of thee,
It was fifty years ago.

Words by H. W. Longfellow.

Moderato.

It was fifty years ago, In the pleasant month of May, In the beautiful Pays de Vaud, A child in its cradle lay, And Nature, the old nurse, Took the child upon her knee, Saying, "Here is a story-book Thy Father has written for thee."
wander with me," she said, "In to regions you untrod, And

cres... . . . . f

read what is still unread in the manuscripts of God."

f

And he

dim.

wander'd away and away With Nature, the dear old nurse, Who

elegate.

H. 532.
IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.
And when

ever the way seemed long, Or his heart began to fail, She would

sing a more wonderful song, Or tell a more marvellous tale.

H. 332.
IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

So she keeps him still a child, and will not let him go, though times his heart beats wild for the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Tho' at times he hears in his dreams... The Ranz des vaches of old...
IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

And the rush of mountain streams From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark! for his voice I listen and yearns; It is growing late and dark, And my boy does not return."

rall.  

al.  

fine.  

sempre \( \text{p e legato} \)  

dim.  \( \text{ppp} \)
Love was once a little boy.

1. Love was once a little boy,

Heigh ho! heigh ho! Then with him 'twas sweet to toy, Heigh ho! heigh ho!

He was then so innocent. Not as now, on mischief bent; Free he came, and harmless went,

Heigh ho! heigh ho!
2. Love is now a little man, Heigh ho! heigh ho! And a very saucy one, Heigh ho! heigh ho! He walks so gay and looks so smart, As ready told, Heigh ho! heigh ho! When he's dead and buried too.

3. Love, they say, is growing old, Heigh ho! heigh ho! Half his life's all if he ow'ld each maiden's heart; I wish he felt his own keen dart, Heigh ho! What shall we poor maids do? I'm sure I cannot tell—can you? Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
Over hill, over dale.

Words by SHAKESPEARE.
Allegro vivace e spiritoso.

Music by T. Cooke.

O-ver hill, o-ver dale, Thorough bush, thorough briar, O-ver
park, o-ver pale, Thorough flood, thorough fire; O-ver hill, o-ver dale, Thorough
bush, thorough briar, O-ver park, o-ver pale, Thorough flood, thorough fire, I do
OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

wan - der ev'ry -
cres. a poco.
f ff

where,
Swift-er than the moon's... sphere,

Swift-er than the moon's... sphere;
And I serve, I serve the

fai - ry queen, To daw her orbs up - on the green.

cres.

Swift-er than the moon's... sphere,
Swift-er than the moon's...

H. 532.
OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

The cowslips call her pensioners be, In their gold coats spot your eye;

See; I wander ev'rywhere, Swifter than the moon's sphere.

I do wander ev'rywhere,

Swifter than the moon's sphere; Swifter than the moon's

Sphere, Swifter than the moon's sphere. Over hill, over hill...
I do wander every where
Swift'er than the moon's sphere;
I do wander every where.

Swift'er than the moon's sphere.
The cow-slings tell her pensioners
In their gold coats spots you see; I do wander every where.
Over hill, over dale,

Where, swifter than the moon's sphere,

Swifter than the moon's sphere; I do wander everywhere, swifter than the moon's sphere,

Swifter than the moon's sphere,
OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

moon's sphere, I do wander ev'rywhere, Swift-er than the moon's sphere, I do

wander ev'-ry-where, Swifter than the moon's sphere, I do

ev'n.

H. 532.
Woman.

Words by G. Wither.

Moderato.

1. Shall I, wasting in despair, because a woman's fair? Shall my
   cheeks look pale with care, because another's rosy are? Be she
   no less well of me, what care I how fair she be? If she

2. Shall a woman's goodness move me to perish for her love? Or her
   worth in merits knows Make me quite forget my own? Be she
   meek, kind than the dove in meadow May; If she

Piano.

H. 532.
WOMAN.

think not well of me, What care I how fair she be?..... If she
be not so to me, What care I how fair she be?..... If she

think not well of me, What care I how kind she be?
be not so to me, What care I how kind she be?

Dal segno 8

3. Be she kind, or meek, or fair,.... I will ne-ver more des-pair;..... If she

love me, this be-lieve, I will die e’er she.... shall grieve. If she

H. 532.
slight me when I woo, I will scorn and let her go; If she
be not made for me, What care I for whom she be? If she
be not made for me, What care I for whom she be?..... If she
be not made for me, What care I for whom she be?

H. 532.
Scenes that are brightest.

Words by Alfred Bunn.

Music by W. Vincent Wallace.

Scenes that are brightest
May... charm...

while...

Hearts which are lightest, And...

eyes... that... smile;

Yet o'er them...
SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

Hove us, Though nature seems With

none to love us, How sad they...

seem, With none to love us, How...

sad they see!
Words cannot scatter The... thoughts... we...

...fear... For though they scatter, They...

mock... the... ear. Hope will still de...
The peace of the valley.


1. The peace of the valley is fled,
   The calm of its once happy bow'rs
disturb'd by the rude soldier's tread,
   While the gore of the brave stains its bow'rs.

2. The vine round the cottage door atays,
   Its wild boughs neglected and torn;
   From that door must the widow long;
   For a form that can never return;

Ped.
THE PEACE OF THE VALLEY.

young heart which beat but to love, Is blight - ed, for-saken and dead, The
sleeps far a-way 'mid the slain, His bro - ken she'el pl'ows his head, The

songs of the shep- herd are bush'd in the grove, The peace of the val - ley is
smiles of his chi - lder - no a - wait him in vain, The peace of the val - ley is

a tempo.

fled, fled, fled, fled, fled, fled, fled, fled.

The peace of the val - ley, The peace of the val - ley, is
The peace of the val - ley, The peace of the val - ley, is

D.C. al segno.

fled.

fled.

Fine.

ff. 532.
In this old chair my father sat.

Words by EDWARD FITZBALL.

Larghetto melancolico.

Music by M. W. BALFE.

1. Is this old chair my father when they were
2. And here, alas!

sate, In this my mother smiled; I hear their
gone, In bount'ry's own...... as ray, A pity-ing

blessings on me wait, And feel myself...... a
angel on me shone To chase each grief...... a

H. 532
IN THIS OLD CHAIR MY FATHER SAT.

Tempo.

child; I feel the kiss of their fond love, Oh, joy! oh,
-
way; But oh! it was de-lu-sive love, A-lex! too
-

joy too bright to last! Ah! why will cruel time re-
sweet, too pure to last, And if such dream time must re-

move, Or mem’ry paint the past, Or mem’ry paint the tie
move, Why mem’ry paint the past, Why mem’ry paint the tie

D.C. al Segno $^8$

past? past.

Fine.

E. 332.
'Tis the harp in the air.

Words by E. Fitzball.

Music by W. V. Wallace.

I hear it again, 'tis the harp,
in the air,

It hangs on the walls of the

H. 532.
"Tis the Harp in the Air.

Old Moorish halls. It hangs on the walls of the old Moorish halls. Tho' none know its ministrel or how it came there! Listen!

Es-ten! There! those!
faded and gone;... It tells of the brave, of the lovely and

fair,... Of warrior's grave... and of maiden's despair...)

There!... there!... there!... there!... there!...
The three ages of love.

Words by H. F. Chorley

Music by Edward J. Logan.

1. O the early time of love! When my fancy used to rove, From the black eyes to the blue, From the face for which I strove, From its cheek hath lost a rose, From its

2. O the manly time of love! Tho' the eyes one shade of blue, Tho' I see a furrow now On its mild and matron brow, The

newest and the youngest Was the fairest of them all, Years that dimm'd its beauty Have made its dearer too.

When I And my

H. 532.
lived in her sight, And lay awake all night. Ere I met her in the grove, I heard her heart it swells with pride. To see her by my side. Or to hear her singing tenderly.

Dewy noon of May, And a treasure passing rare. Was a stolen tress of hair. O old and simple lay. When the fire is burning bright. On stormy winter night. O

Merry days of youth! O merry days of youth! Twas a sin you could not stay! Twas a days of home delight! O days of home delight! Ye should never pass away. Ye should

D.C. al segno §

Sin you could not stay! Never pass away!

Piu lento.

3. But age comes creeping near. With his forehead bleak and sere. And his heavy, heavy ear. And his

Molto espressivo e semplice.
voice so small and shrill, When my step must totter slow, And my strength must dwindle low, Till a

baby with its little hand Can lead me where it will. But tho' manhood's prime be past, So

long as life shall last, Her gentle voice shall cheer me, Still her faithful arm sustain, And our

love shall even brave The parting of the grave! For I know there's bliss beyond, And

we shall meet again, For I know there's bliss beyond, And we shall meet again.

H. 532.
I'll be no submissive wife!


Moderato.

Piano.

1. I'll be no submissive wife! No, not No, not I'll be a slave for life! No, not I, no, not I'll be no submissive wife! No, not 2. I to dullness don't incline, No, not I to Go to bed at half-past nine! No, not I, no, not I to

H. 532.
I'LL BE NO SUBMISSIVE WIFE.

Think you on the wedding day That I said as others say—Love, and
Should a hum-drum husband say That at home I ought to say, Do you

 Honor and obey? Love, and honor
Think that I'll obey? Do you think that

and obey? No, no, no! no, no, no! no, no, no! not
I'll obey? No, no, no! no, no, no! no, no, no! not
cres.

f a tempo.

I!......... Love, and honor and obey.
I!......... Do you think......... that I'll obey?

H. 532.
I'LL BE NO SUBMISSIVE WIFE.

Love, and honour and... obey, No, no, no! no, no,
Do you think... fast I'd... obey? Na, no, no! no, no,

no, no, no, no! not I! No, no! no, no, no! no, no, no! not I! Ne, no, no,
no, no, no! not I! No, no! no, no, no! no, zo, no! not I! No, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no,... not I! not...
no, no, no, no, no,... not I! not...

D.C. al segno

I!
I!

ff

H. 592.
All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom, The Sun himself must die, Before this mortal shall assume its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep, That gave my spirit strength to sweep down the gulf of Time!

Words by THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Music by WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOFT

The last man.
THE LAST MAN.

Adam saw her prime! The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan. The skeletons of nations were around that lonely man!

Yet, prophetlike, that lone one stood, saying, This spirit shall return to Him That gave its
heav'n-ly spark; Yet think not, Sus, it shall be

dim When thou thy self art dark! When thou,

dim, when thou thy self art dark!

Allegro.

No! it shall live again, and shine in bliss unknown to

beams of time, By him recall'd to breath, Who

H. 532.
THE LAST MAN.

Who robbed the grave of Victory, And

took the sting from Death!

Rexcm., ad lib.

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up On Nature's awful

waste, To drink this last and bitter cup Of grief... that man shall taste;

Go, tell the night that hides thy face, Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race, On Earth's se

H. 532.
pechral clod, The darkening Universe de-

pp andante. 

dim. \text{f} \quad \text{f}

cres. 

To quench his immortality. Or

shake his trust in God! Or shake

His trust in God!
Deck not with Gems.

Words by T. H. Bayly.  
Music by W. Turnbull.

1. Deck not with gems  
   that  
   love-ly form for me,  
   They in my eyes  
   treas- es of thy hair,  
   I must have lov'd thee  
   I must have lov'd thee

2. How  
   oft, when half in tears,  
   can add no charm to thee;  
   shed from my heart, and I have smil'd;  
   tears and smiles to share,  
   must have lov'd thee  
   must have lov'd thee

3.  
   Time on that cheek his with-ring hand may press,  
   He may do all but make me love thee less;  
   The mind defies him, and thy charm lies there;  
   I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

H. 532.
Near the lake where drooped the willow.

Words by G. P. Morris.

Music by C. F. Horn.

Andante expressivo.

1. Near the lake where drooped the willow,
   Long time ago!

2. Rock and tree, and flowing water,
   Long time ago!

Where the rock threw back the willow,
   Brighter than snow;

Bird and bee, and blossom taught her,
   Love's spell to know!

H. 532.
NEAR THE LAKE WHERE DROOPED THE WILLOW.

- lov’d and cher-ish’d By high and low;
words she lis-ten’d, Mur-mur-ing low,

But with au-tumn’s leaf she pe-rish’d, Long time a-
Ten-der-ly her dove eyes glis-ten’d, Long time a-

D.C. al segno

- go!
- go!

3.

Mingled were our hearts for ever!
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her? Never!
No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow!
She’s the star I missed from heaven
Long time ago!

H. 532.
Long, long ago.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long ago,
2. Do you remember the path where we met, Long, long ago,

long, long ago; Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
long, long ago? Ah, yes! you told me you never would forget—

Long, long ago, long ago. Now you are gone all my
Long, long ago, long ago. Then to all others my

H. 532.
3.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were rais'd
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been prais'd,
Long, long ago, long ago.
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Best as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.

H. 532
Through the Wood.

CAVATINA.

Words by W. H. Bellamy.

Music by Charles E. Horn.

Voice.

Allegretto scherzando.

Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,

follow and find me, search ev'ry hollow, and dimple, and diril; I

leave not the print of a footstep behind me, so they that would see me, must

seek for me well.

Look in the Lily bell.
TROUGH THE WOOD.

ruf'tie the Rose, Under the leaves of the Vi-o-let peep;

Lull'd by a ze-phyr in cra-dles like those, All the day long you may

catch me asleep. Thro' the wood, thro' the wood, fol-low and find me, Search ev'ry hollow, and

din-gle, and dell; I leave not the print of a foot-step be-hind me, So

H. 532.
THROUGH THE WOOD.

they that would see me, must look for me well.

When the red sun sets at eve you may hear me, Sing-ing fare-well to his

rays as they fade; But as soon as the step of a mort-al is near me, I

take to my wings and fly off to the shade. Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,

fol-low and find me... Search ev-ry hol-low, and din-ge, and deli; I

H. 532.
leave not the print of a foot-step behind me, So they that would see me, must
seek for me well. Thro' the wood, thro' the wood, fol-low and find me,

Look in the Lily bell, ruf-fle the Rose; Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,
seek till you find me; Haste! for at night-fall the blos-soms will close.

Follow! follow! fol-low and find me. Follow! follow! fol-low and find me.
We may be happy yet.

Words by Alfred Bunn.

Music by M. W. Balfe.

1. O smile as thou wert wont to smile, Be
2. O ne'er name depart ed days Nor

fore the weight of care, Had crush'd thy heart and,

vows you whis her'd then, Round which too sad a

for... a while, Left only sorrow there. Some

feeling plays, To trust their tones again.
thoughts, per-chance, 'twere best to quell, Some impulse to for-
guard their shadows round thee cast, As if we ne'er had

- get, Our which should mem'ry cease to dwell, We may be hap-
net, And thus un-mind-ful of... the past, We may be hap-

yet, we may...... be hap-py, we may be hap-py
yet, we may...... be hap-py, we may be hap-py

yet. yet.

D.C. ai segno
The Outlaw.

Words by H. CARL SCHILLER.
Music by EDWARD J. LODEN.

PIANO.

1. Oh! I am the child of the forest wild, Where the red deer bound and free,
   And the ma- vis sings with un- caged wings To his mate in the greenwood tree.
   Oh! I range at will o'er meadow and hill, Or deep, or deep in the woodland shade,

2. The spark-ling brooks they mirror the looks Of the bright blue laugh-ing sky.
   And the sweet flow'res spring, and the gnarled oaks fling Their migh- ty limbs on high.
   With my love to roam in my fresh green home With our nut-brown maids, our for-eat maids, Or my

H. 532.
good yew bow in my hand, I go As free as the bird, or the wild red roe: And the bold, bold frères, who doff their cares Which the hol - low,..., world-lings seeks and shares! Then

woods ring out with song and shout, The woods ring out with song and shout! For I'm

king of the for - est glade! I'm king of the for - est glade! I'm king!..... I'm

a tempo.

king!..... I'm king of the for - est glade!

Ped.

3.
The franklin and priest, o's they love to feast
On the prime of the stalled steer;
But I am the lord of the free green sward,
And the best of the king's fat deer.
And the abbot should fast when Lent is past,
And the mass is sung and said,
Ere my frères and I lack malvoile.
To quaff a deep draught 'neath the greenwood tree

H. 532.

When the woods, &c.
Oh! where do fairies hide their heads?

(When green leaves come again.)

Words by T. Haynes Bayly.

Moderato con espress.

Music by Henry B. Bishop.

Oh!

where do fairies hide their heads,... When snow... lies on the hills?... When frost has spoilt their mossy beds.... And... crystallized their... rills?... Bo...

E. 532.
Oh! Where do Fairies hide their heads?

-neath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'ER the plain;
And
draughts of dew they cannot sip,
Till green leaves come again,
Till
green leaves come again,
Till green leaves come again;
Oh!
draughts of dew they cannot sip,
Till green leaves come again.

H. 532.
Oh! where do fairies hide their heads?

haps in small blue-diving bell;
haps in red—Vesuvius
haps in coral—shells.
haps in small blue-diving bell;
haps in coral—shells.
haps in red—Vesuvius
haps in coral—shells.
haps in small blue-diving bell;
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haps in coral—shells.
Oh! Where do fairies hide their heads?

Spirits thus till green leaves come again.

When they return there will be mirth, and music in the air, and

Fairies rings upon the earth, and mischief everywhere, the

Maids, to keep the elves aloof, will beat the doors in vain; no
key-hole will be fairy proof, When green leaves come again,
When green leaves come again, When green leaves come again.

key-hole will be fairy proof, When green leaves come again.
Take, oh! take those lips away.

Words by SHAKESPEARE. 

Music by HENRY R. BISHOP.

Andantino affetuoso.

Take, oh! take........... those

Lips a - way.... That...... so sweet-ly, that so sweet-ly are for -

sworn........ Take,...... oh! take............... those... lips a - - way,....

That...... so sweet-ly, that so sweet-ly are for - sworn. And those eyes, the break of

II. 532.
TAKE, OH! TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

day,... And those eyes, the break of day,... Lights which do mislead the

morn,... But my kisses... bring again... but my kisses... bring a-

gain... Seals of love... seals of love... Seals of love, thro' seal'd... in

vain, And those eyes, the break... of day,... And those eyes, the break... of

H. 222.
TAKE, OH! TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

ad lib.

day, Lights which do mislead........the morn................But my kis-ses... bring a-

-gain... But my kis-ses... bring a-gain... Seals............. of love, seals..... of

colla voce.

love... Seals of love, thou' seal'd....................... in

vain.

H. 532.
The Monks of old.

Words by William Jones.*

Allegretto e ben marcato.

Music by Stephen Glover.

1. Many have told of the monks of old, What a saintly race they were; But then they would jest at the love confess'd By many an artless maid, And what

'tis more true that a merrier crew could scarce be found elsewhere! For they, hopes and fears they had breath'd in the ears Of those who had sought their aid! And they

* By permission of Messrs. Bayley & Ferguson.
sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, And liv'd on the dain-ti-est cheer! For they 
sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, As they told of the tricks they had play'd; And they 

laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! And liv'd on the dain-ti-est cheer! 
laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! As they told of the tricks they had play'd.

Dal segno \( \S \)

3. And the ab-bot meck, with his form so sleek, Was the bear-ti-est of them all; And would
4. Then say what they will, we'll drink to them still, For a jov-i-ial band they were; And
take his place with a smiling face, When reflection bell would call; When they 'tis most true that a mariner crew could not be found elsewhere; For they

sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, Till they shook the old en wall! And they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, And liv'd on the daintiest cheer! For they

laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! Till they shook the old en wall! laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! And liv'd on the daintiest cheer!

Dal segno $^8$

FINE.

H. 532.
name d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've need a little service, Where mighty billows roll, and loud from my love to part, I first weigh'd an-chor, And she was sniv'ling seed on the
teun-pests blow; I've sail'd with gallant Howe, I've sail'd with noble Jer-vis, And in beech below, I'd like to catch my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see, to thank her, But I

va-liant Duncan's fleet I've sung out "Yo heave ho!" Yet more ye shall be know-ing, I was brought my sorrows up... with a "Yo heave ho!" For sail-ors, tho' they have their jokes, and
tom tough.

coxeen to bos-caw-en, and e-ven with brave hawke have i no-bly fac'd the foe: then love and feel like o-ther folks, their du-ty to ne-glect must not come for to go, so i

put round the mug, so we've that and our prog, we'll laugh in care's face, and sing seized the cap-stan bar, like a true ho-nest tar, and in spite of tears and sighs, sung out

"yo ho ho!" we'll laugh... in care's face and sing out "yo ho ho!
"yo ho ho!" and in spite of tears and sighs, sung out "yo ho ho!"

3. but the worst on't was the time, when the
4. and now at last laid up in a

lit-tle ones were sick-ly, and if they'd live or die, the doc-tor did not know; the de-cent-ist con-di-tion, for i've on-ly lost an eye, and got a tim-ber toe; but old
word was gov'd to weigh, so sud-den and so quickly, I thought my heart would break as I sung
ships must ex-pect in time to be out of commission, Nor a-gain the an-chor weigh, with a

"Yo heave ho!" For Poll's so like her mo-ther, And as for Jack, her bro-ther, The
"Yo heave ho!" So I smoke my pipe, and sing old songs; For my boys shall well re-venge my wrongs, And my

boy, when he grows up, will no-bly face the foe; But in Pro-vidence I trust, for you
girls will breed young sai-lors, no-bly for to face the foe! Then to coun-try and King, fate no

see what must be, must; So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out "Yo heave ho!" So my
dan-ger can bring, While the tars of Old Eng-land, sing out "Yo heave ho!" While the

sighs I... gave the winds, and sung out "Yo heave ho!"
Jeannette and Jeannot.

Words by CHARLES JEFFEYRS.

Moderato.

Music by CHARLES W. GLOVER.

1. You are going far away, far away from poor Jeannette, There is no one left to love me now, and you, too, may forget; But my heart will be with you wherever you may go! Can you look me in the face and say the same, Jeannot? When you General you'll be, The I'm proud to think of that, what will become of me? Oh! if

2. Or when glory leads the way you'll be madly rushing on, Ne-
wear the jack- et red and the beau- ti-ful cock-ade. Oh! I fear you will for- get... all the
I were Queen of France, or, still bet- ter, Pope of Rome, I would have no fight- ing men a- broad, no
pro- mi-ses you made; With the gun up- on your shoulder and the bayon- et by your side. You’ll be
weep- ing maids at home; All the world should be at peace; or, if kings must show their might, Why let

taking some proud la- dy and be making her your bride, You’ll be tak- ing some proud la- dy and be
them who make the quarrels be the on- ly men who fight, Yes, let them who make the quarrels be the

D.C. al segno 

mak- ing her your bride. on- ly men who fight.
I love the merry sunshine.

Words by J. W. Lake.

Musical by Stephen Glover.

Allegro vivace.

1. I love the merry, merry sunshine, It makes the heart so gay.
   To hear the sweet birds singing, On their summer holiday.
   With their show'ry, With its rosy smiles advancing, Like a beauty from her bow'r.

2. I love the merry, merry sunshine, Through the dewy morning's:
   Wild wood notes of duty, From hawthorn bush and tree,
   From the gift of duty, It sets the spirit free.

H. 632.
I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE.

makes the heart so gay, To hear the sweet birds singing On their summer holiday.

The merry, merry sun, the merry sun, the merry, merry sun for me, The merry, merry sun, the merry sun, the merry, merry sun for me!

D. C. al segno
Hearts and Homes.

Words by CHARLOTTE YOUNG. Music by JOHN BLOCKLEY.

Moderato.

1. Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure, Music breathing as ye fall; Making each the other's treasure, Once divided, losing all. Homes ye may be high or

2. Hearts and homes, sweet words reading, All most good and fair to see; Fitting shrines for purest feeling, Temples meet to bend the knee. Infant hands bright garlands

H. 532.
Hearts and Homes.

Lowly, hearts alone can make you holy,
Be the dwelling e'er so wreathing,
Happy voices incense breathing,
Emblems fair of realms a-

Having love it boasteth all,
Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure,
Music, "For Love is Heav'n, and Heav'n's Love." Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure,
Muse.

Breathing as ye fall,
Making each the other's treasure,
Once did, losing all!—Hearts and homes,
Hearts and homes.

Fine.

H. 532.
The Bells.

Words by H. W. Longfellow.

Moderato.

Music by J. L. Hayton.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

H. 332.
THE BELLS.

bel-fries of all Chris-ten-dom............. Had rol'd a-long..... th'unbro-ken

song..... Of peace on earth, good-will to men, Of peace on earth, good-will to

Till ring-ing, sing-ing on its way, The world revolv'd from night to

day; A voice, a chime, a chant sublimes, Of peace on earth, good-will to

H. 592.
THE BELLs.

con energa.

men! But wil - ful man now drew the

eras, molto. ff

sword: And war was rife, and can- nons roard, And with the

suarceto, > >

sound... the ca-rols drownd, Of peace on earth, good-will to men,

Of peace on

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

earth, good-will to men...-

dim.

Poco più lento.

And in des-pair I bow'd my head; "There is no peace on earth," I

pp
said: "For hate is strong... and mocks the song... Of peace on earth, good-will to
men!" Then peal'd the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep! The Wrong shall fall, the
Right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men, With peace on earth, good-will to
John Peel.

Old Hunting Song.

VOICE.

Allegro con spirito.

Piano.

ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D' ye ken John Peel at the

break o' the day, D' ye ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way With his

hounds and his horn in the morn-ing? For the sound of his horn brought

H. S32.
me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds, which he oft-times led,

Peel's "view hal-loo" would a-waken the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn-ing.

D.C. al segno

2.
Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True;
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.
For the sound of his horn, &c.

3.
Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl;
We'll follow John Peel, through fair and through foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.
For the sound of his horn, &c.

3.
D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He liv'd at Troutbeck once a day;
Now he has gone far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.
For the sound of his horn, &c.

H. 532.
The Sea.

Words by Barry Cornwall.

Music by Sigismund Neukomm.

Allegro.

The sea, the sea, the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free,
Without a mark, without a bound, It runneth the...
THE SEA.

earth's wise regions round. 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

sigh! I am where I would ever be, With the blue above, and the blue below, And

E. 382.
THE SEA.

si-lence where-e'er I go. If a storm should come and a-

- wake the deep, What mat-ter? what mat-ter?

I shall ride and sleep. What mat-ter? what mat-ter? I shall ride and

sleep.

(Bootsman's whistle)

H. 592.
I love,........  O how,........  I love to ride,...............  To ride on the
fierce, foaming, bursting tide:

When ev'-ry mad wave drowns the moon,  Or whistles a

loft his tempest tune:  And tells............ how goeth the

world................. below.  And why the sou'-west blast doth blow,  And
THE SEA.

why the sou'west blast doth blow?

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more, And backwards flew to her billowy breast, Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest; And a mother she was to me,
For I was born...
born on the open sea, for I was born on the open sea.

(Boatman's whistle.)

Sea: The waves were white, and red the morn, In the noisy hour, in the noisy hour, when I, when I was born.
THE SEA.

And the whale it whis-tled, the por-poise

roll'd, And the dolphins bar'd their backs of gold; And ne-ver was

heard........... such an out-cry wild As welcom'd to life the

o-sean child, As welcom'd to life the o-sean child.
I have lived since then in calm and strife,
Fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range.
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And Death, when ever he comes,
Shall come, shall come on the wild unbound-ed
sea.

And Death shall come on the wild unbounded sea.
Wake, my Love.

Words by GEORGE SOANE.
Music by EDWARD J. LONDON.

Voice:

Wake, my love, all life is

Piano:

stirring In the air, the wood, and lake... Flames the sun high o'er the mountain; Wake,

dear-est, wake, oh! wake... Wake, my love, all life is stirring In the air, the wood, and

lake... Flames the sun high o'er the mountain; Wake, dear-est, wake... oh! wake, wake, dearest,

H. 532.
Wake, wake, dearest, wake, dearest, wake, dearest, wake, dearest, wake, dearest,

Wake, wake, dearest, wake! Wake! Wake! Wake! Wake! a-wake! a-wake!

Come, my love, beneath thy lattice Must I still linger?

Weary minutes grow to hours... Come then, dearest, come to me... Come, my
Gaily I take my way.

1. Waking at early day......
2. Humble tho' be my fate......

Gaily I take my way......
Tripping some one - cient may......
As I stroll a -

Heath is a boon I share......
Little I dream of care......
As thro' life I

- long......
Youth - ful hearts I cheer......
Age delights to hear......

go......
None my steps most......
If fatigued, op - vest......

H. 532.
Gaily I take my way.

Gay and grave draw near...... While I sing my song......

'Neath some trees I rest...... And there for-get my woo-

Far.............. I've been.............. on dis-tant strand............ Where
All.............., some kind-ness show............ to me............ Wher-

Chris-tina war-riors felt;.............. Ma-ny a
-e'er.............. I chance to roam.............. Tho'.............. a

'tale.............. of ho-ly land.............. To gen-tle dames I
wait-ing life.............. I lead.............. I al-ways find.............. a

H. 532.
GAILY I TAKE MY WAY.

way....... Tril-ling some an cient lay....... As I stroll a long....... 

Youth ful hearts I cheer....... Age de-light to hear....... Gay and grave draw 

a tempo. 

near....... While I sing my song....... Tra....... la la la....... la la 

la, la la, la la la,....... Tra....... la la la,....... la la, la la, la la, la la 

D.C. al segno 

H. 532.
The Lovers' Controversy.

Andante affettuoso.

Piano.

1. Is it to try me That you thus fly........... me?
2. Should I believe thee, You might deceive...... me,

Will you deny.......... me Day after day?
And that would grieve...... me Ever and aye.

Have you no feeling, While I'm thus kneeling,
Men are gazing, Oft while they're smiling.

H. 532.
With truth revealing, All I can say?
Past reconciling, Day after day.

Or do you fear I'd lead you astray?
Maids should beware What lovers will say.

Is it to try me That you thus fly me?
Should I believe thee, You might deceive me.

Will you deny me Day after day?
And that would grieve me Ever and aye.

D.C. al segno
Fine

H. 582.
The true English Sailor.

Allegretto.

dance and sings, and is always content; In his vows to his lass he'll never fail her. His anchor's a trip when his money's all spent, And this is the life of a sailor.
THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

readily flies Where winds the tired vessel are flinging; Though sunk to the sea-gods or
tossed to the skies, Still Jack is found working and singing, Still Jack is found working and
singing. Long side of an enemy, boldly and brave He'll with broadside on broadside re-
gale her; Yet he'll sigh from his soul over that enemy's grave, So noble's the mind of a

H. 332.
sail-er.

Let cannons roar loud, burst their
sides let the bomb, let the winds a dread hur-
rri-cane ratt-le,
The

rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes, The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes, And

laughs at the storm and the bat-tle, Laughs, laughs at the storm and the bat-tle. In a

H. 522.
fost'ring pow'r while Jack puts his trust, As fortune comes smiling 'e'll hail her, Re-

sign'd still and man-ly, since what must be, must, And this is the mind of a sail-or.

Tho' care-less and heed-less, if dan-ger should press, And

rank'd among the free list of ro-vers, Yet 'e'll melt in-to tears at a tale of dis-tress, He'll
melt into tears at a tale of distress, And prove the most constant of lovers, And

prove the most constant of lovers. To ran-cour un-known, to no pas-sion a slave, Nor un-

man-ly, nor mean, nor a rail-er; He's gen-tle as mer-cy, as fer-li-tude brave. And

this is a true En-glish sail- or.
Thou art gone from my gaze.

George Linley.

Allegretto.

Thou art gone from my gaze
Like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain
By the meadow stream;
Oft I

Of the birds in thy bow'r
Now companions I make;
Every simple wild flower
I prize for thy sake;
The deep

H. 532.
breathe thy dear... name
To the winds float... ing... by,
But thy
woods and dark... wilds
Can a pleasure impart,
For their

santando. a tempo.

sweet voice is mute........ To my bosom's lone sigh.
In the solitude suits........ My sad, sorrow-worn heart. Thou art

stillness of night,..... When the stars mildly shine,
My
gone from my gaze,..... Yet I will not repine;
Ere

rall. c tempo.

heart fondly holds A communion with... thine,
For I
long we shall meet In the home that's now... thine,
For I
THOU ART GONE FROM MY GAZE.

feel........ thou art near, And where' er I may be, That thy
feel........ thou art near, And where' er I may be, That thy

Spirit of Love....... Keeps a watch over me, Thy
Spirit of Love....... Keeps a watch over me, Thy

Spirit of Love....... Keeps a watch over me.
Spirit of Love....... Keeps a watch over me.

D.C. al segno §

rit.

H. 532
The Flying Dutchman.

Words by Richard Ryan.

Music by John Parry, Junr.

1. 'Twas on a very stormy day, far southward of the Cape, When from a huge nor'west'er we had

2. Take in your flowing canvas, lads, our watchful master cried, To us and our ship's company great

just made our escape; Like an infant in its cradle each breeze was hush'd to sleep, And

the peril death be-tide. The billows cresting white with foam all angry do appear, The

H. 532.
peace-ful-ly we sail'd a-long the bo-som of the deep; And peace-ful-ly we sail'd a-long the wind springs up a hur-ri-cane, now Van-der-Decken's near! The wind springs up a hur-ri-cane, now

bo-som of the deep! At length the helmsman gave a shout of VanderDecken's near! He comes, the Fly-ing Dutch-man comes,

ter-ror and of fear, As if he just had gaz'd up-on some se-a-ten dan-ger near; We light o'er the lo-fi spray—Pre-cé-ded by the tem-pest dire, he makes for Ta bile Bay, With

look'd all round the o-cean, and just up-on our lee— We saw the Fly-ing Dutch-man come blind-like speed he's borne before the wild and howling blast, But ere he can cast anchor there, the

f animato. f colla voce.
bound-ing thro' the sea, We saw the Flying Dutchman come bounding thro' the sea!......
Bay, a-ha! is past, But ere he can cast anchor there, the Bay, a-ha! is past......

3. He scuds a-long too rapid-ly to mark his eagle flight, And, light'ning lit, the Dutchman's helm full
soon is out of sight. The crews of ships far dis-tant now shudder at the breeze, That

bears dread Vander-decken in fury o'er their seas, That bears dread Vander-deck-en in
The Flying Dutchman.

Fury o'er their seas.

Then mourned for the Flying Dutchman, for

Terrible's his doom, The ocean round the stormy Cape, it is his living tomb! There

Tempo primo.

Van der decken beats about for ever, night and day, And tries in vain his oath to keep by

Tempo primo.

Entering the Bay, And tries in vain his oath to keep by entering.... the Bay....

Colla voce.

Ped.
Friend of the brave.

Words by THOMAS CAMPBELL.
Music by DR. CALDWELL.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour, intrepid Virtue looks to thee for pow'r; to thee the heart its trembling homage yields, on stormy floods and carnage-cover'd fields; when front to front the banner'd hosts combine, Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
FRIEND OF THE BRAVE.

Maestoso ma non troppo presto.

When all is... still on Death's devoted soil, The march-worn

H. 532.
FRIEND OF THE BRAVE.

soldier mixtles for the toil; As rings his glist'ring touch tube, he lifts on high

The dauntless brow and spirit-speaking eye, The dauntless brow and spirit-speaking eye.
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come.

And hears thy storm-y music in the drum!

FRIEND OF THE BRAVE.
FRIEND OF THE BRAVE.

Hears thy storm-y music in the drum! Hears thy storm-y music in the drum!

Dolce.

Music, hears thy music, thy storm—

H. 532.
FRIEND OF THE BRAVE.

And hears thy stormy music

in the drum!

ad lib.
Rest, my child.

Words by S. J. Arnold.

Andantino.

Music by Henry R. Bishop.

Rest, my child!

thy little heart Shall soon forget the pang of sorrow, Sleep shall gentle

balm impart, And thou wilt careless wake tomorrow! Rest, nor fear lest

H. 592.
Harm be tide thee, For thy mother wakes beside thee! O....

dolce.

rest, rest, rest, rest, For thy mother wakes beside thee!

soave.

e sostenuto.

p dolce.

What can calm a parent's sigh, Long to thee and joy a stranger?

H. 592.
What can close a mother's eye,

Watching o'er her child in danger?

Rest, nor fear lest harm betide thee,
For thy mother wakes beside thee! O

Rest, rest, rest, rest,
For thy mother wakes, wakes beside thee!

H. 332.
He swore he'd drink old England dry.

Con spirito.

Sussex Song.

1. Drink round, brave boys, and never give o'er, Drink
2. Often times, often times old "Boney" he has said, If

round, brave boys as... I have said before; Old "Booney" he has sent to...
England would receive him no... taxes need be paid; Wed rather not believe him for...

us a fresh reply, And swears that he will come and drink old Eng-land dry.

fear that he should lie,— Should play the knave and come and drink old Eng-land dry.

Chorus.

Da Capo.

Dry, dry, boys, dry! He swears he'll come and drink old Eng-land dry, dry, dry!

'Twas Collingwood, of gallant renown,
Swore he'd fight for his king, his country and the crown;
For his crown, king and country, he would fight until he die,
Before that they should come and drink old England dry.

Cho.—Dry, dry, boys, dry.
He swears he'll come and drink old England dry, dry, dry.

If we meet his ships all on the high sea,
Ten thousand to one that we shall not agree;
Our cannons they shall rattle, and the bullets swiftly fly,
Before that he shall come and drink old England dry.

Cho.—Dry, dry, boys, dry.
He swore he'd come and drink old England dry, dry, dry.

H. 332.
The cold wave my love lies under.

Words from Moore’s “Lalla Rookh.”

Allegro agitato con molto espressione.

Music by Thomas Attwood.

VOICE.

Piano.

I come, I come, if in that tide Thou sleep’st to-night I’ll

sleep there too; In death’s cold wed-lock by thy side, In

depth’s cold wed-lock by thy side, In death’s cold wed-lock
dolce.

by thy side. Oh! I would ask no happier bed Than the cold wave my
THE COLD WAVE MY LOVE LIES UNDER.

love lies under. Sweeter to rest together dead, Sweeter to rest to-

gether dead, Far sweeter than to live a-sunder, to

live a-sunder, Sweeter to rest together dead, Far sweeter than to

rall. Larghetto.

live a-sunder, to live a-sunder. But no! Their hour is not yet come; A-

gain the sees his pin-nace fly, Wafting him fleetly to his home, Where-

H. 595
-ever that ill-star'd home... may lie, Where-er that ill-star'd home may lie.

And calm and smooth it seem'd to win Its moon-light way before the wind, As

dolce.

f  dim.  pp

if it bore all peace with-in, Nor left one breaking heart behind, Nor left one breaking

heart behind! Nor left one breaking heart behind, Nor left one breaking

heart behind!

vit.

H. 532.
Adieu to delight.

Words by Mrs. F. Plowden.

Music by J. G. Graeff.

Adagio.

1. A - dieu to de - light, for my charm - er is gone;
2. The sweet voice of pi - ty ne'er soothes to re - gret that is vor - tur'd, and to

My heart all alone;
I feel their lost

wretched but must not com - plain,
In thy
ADIEU TO DELIGHT.

How heart-felt the woe that in
clore; the dear joys we so

of

A sigh might re-

lieve, but it must be sup-
pres'd,

You on-

ly are lov'd,

You

sigh on-
cres.

ly can give

cres.

on-

ly are

pres'd.

lov'd.

H. 532.
Thus when the mariner inclined to sleep.

Thus when the mariner inclined to sleep, on a deceitful calm relief, suddenly the awful thunder...
Thus when the mariner inclined to sleep.

Roars! Sudden the forked lightning flies!

Sudden the awful, awful thunder roars!
And the loud storm appals the distant shores!

Whirlwinds and cataracts unite! Whirlwinds and cataracts unite!

Whirlwinds and cataracts unite! To fill the wretch with dire af-fright, To

fill the wretch with dire af-fright, And wan-tor o'er the bo-som of the
Thus when the mariner inclined to sleep,

Deep...

Or when the Indian, care-less of his foes,

March-es se-

Cure beneath the forest shade, Too soon the adverse

Shout be knows, In vain he

H. 532.
The White Squall.

1. The sea, was bright... and the bark rode well...... The breeze bore the tone..... of the hand....... where in beauty smiles..... The sunny shore... of the

2. They ne'er'd..... the

Vesper Bell; 'Twas a gallant bark...... with crew as

Greek Isles; All thought of home....... o' that welcome
THE WHITE SQUALL.

brave...... As ev - er launch'd... on the hea - ring wave...... As
dear...... Which soon should greet........... each wan - d'rer's ear........... Which

ev - er launch'd... on the hea - ving wave...... She shone in the
soon should greet........... each wan - d'rer's ear........... And in fan - cy

light...... Of de - cline - ning day........ And each sail was set and each
jol'd........ the so - cial throng In the fes - tive dance and the

heart... was... gay; She shone... in the light...... of de - cline - ning
joy - ous... song, And in fan - cy...... jol'd........ the so - cial

day...... And each sail was set...... and each heart was gay...........
strong...... In the fes - tive dance... and the so - cial

8va.................. loco.
THE WHITE SQUALL.

And each heart was gay.
And the joyous song.

3. A white cloud glides... thro' the azure sky.... What means... that

Andante (with expression.)

wild... despairing cry?... Fare-well the vision'd scenes of

Recit.

home. Fare-well the vision'd scenes of home, That cry is help where no help can

a tempo.

come, That cry... is help where no help.... can come, Fare-well the vision'd
THE WHITE SQUALL.

A tempo allegro.

For the White Squall rides.... on the surging wave, And the bark is

gulph'd in an ocean grave, For the White Squall rides on the surging

Wave.... And the bark is gulph'd in an ocean grave, For the

White Squall rides on the surging wave.... And the bark is

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gulph'd in an ocean grave, ... For the White Squall rides on the surging wave, And the bark... is gulph'd in an ocean grave, in an ocean grave, in an ocean grave...
The Self-banished.

Words by EDMUND WALLER.

Music by Dr. Blow.

1. It is not that....... I love you less....... Than
2. Who in the spring....... from the new sun....... Al -

when... be - fore....... your feet I lay, But to pre - vent...... the
- rea - dy... has....... a fe - ver got, Too late be - gins....... those

sad in - crease Of hope - less love....... I keep a - way.
shuts to shun Which Phoe - bus thro'....... his veins has shot.
In vain, alas! for every thing Which I have...
Too late, he would the... pain... as... suage, And to... thick... even.

known... belong... to you, Your form does to... my... shadow does... retire; About with him... he... may... bring, And makes... my old wounds bleed... a... bears... the rage, And... his taint... blood... the...

new! Absence is vam... for... every thing Which... fire; But vow'd I have... and... never... must Your
I... have... known... to... you; Your form does
ban... lah'd... serv... vant trou... ble you; For if I

to... my fan... cy bring. And makes... my... old wounds
break... you may... mis... trust The row... I... made-to....

bleed... a... new! love... you too.