THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC
EMBRACING
FAMOUS SONGS AND
THOSE WHO MADE THEM
FAMOUS INSTRUMENTAL
SELECTIONS
AND THEIR
COMPOSERS

MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED SONGS
AND COMPOSITIONS FOR PIANO

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

EDITED BY
HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON
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VOLUME 1

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Famous Songs

ANY of the songs in this collection need no introduction: they come with the latch-string assurance of old and valued friends, whose separate welcomes have encouraged them to drop in all together. They are not popular songs merely, nor old songs exclusively, but well-known songs, of various times, on almost every theme of human interest. They are the songs we have all sung, or wished we could sing; the songs our mothers crooned over our cradles, and our fathers hummed at their daily toil; the songs our sisters sang when they were the prima donnas of our juvenile world; the songs of our sweethearts and our boon companions; the songs that have swayed popular opinion, inspired armies, sustained revolutions, honored the king, made presidents, and marked historical epochs.

Very great songs—great in all respects—are comparatively few. Perhaps a continued and warmly-expressed interest in the makers of familiar songs—equivalent to that which other artists enjoy—would render those who are willing to make the songs of a nation quite as numerous as those who are anxious to make its laws. The revival of degenerate song begun by Burns was a new inspiration; and although several Scottish ladies, immediately following him, kept themselves sedulously hidden from public view, while they produced some of the finest songs ever written, a deep personal interest became manifest toward the writers of lyric verse in Scotland. The result is, that no other people possesses such an array of poets whose rhyme can be echoed in written melody, and there is more popular knowledge of Scotland's song-writers than of those of any other nation. In England little interest has been manifested in this portion of the tuneful guild, and still less has our own country troubled itself about its singing men and singing women.

This volume contains not only old and long famous songs, but also the very best that have been written in the past twenty-five years. These selections seem to the
INTRODUCTION

editors to possess such merit that they should be placed thus beside the older ones. The collection also contains about sixty musical compositions by the best American composers—members of the Manuscript Society of the United States. The words to which these tunes are set are mainly by American poets, most of whom are still living; and we have endeavored to be so careful in the selection that every one of them shall be worthy of the company in which it is placed.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say, in regard to the biographical sketches, that it has been my purpose to make them full in the case of authors little known, but not to cumber the book with the familiar details of the lives of more famous men. It is assumed that the ordinary reader knows, or can readily turn to, the history of authors like Ben Jonson, Lord Byron, Longfellow and Tennyson, while he would be glad to find, in this connection, information about such as Tannahill, Bayly, Dempster, Ainslie, Foster, Riley, Howells, Carleton, Aldrich, and Lathrop.


For much of the information which here appears in print for the first time, I am indebted to the personal kindness of friends and relatives of the authors, retired music publishers and others, both here and in England, in whose memories alone were to be found any records of some of the writers of immortal songs. I regret that to all of these I can only make this general acknowledgment.

H. K. J.
HOME, SWEET HOME.

Though in later years John Howard Payne became the "homeless bard of home," the home of his childhood must have been delightful. He was born in New York City, June 9, 1792, and was one of a large group of brothers and sisters.

While he was a little fellow, his father moved to East Hampton, the most easterly town in Long Island, situated upon its jutting southern fork. It was a romantic place, settled by fine New England families, who lived in amicable relations with the red men that lingered long and lingered still about this ancient home of the Montauk tribe. Rev. Lyman Beecher was preaching in the church upon the one wide village street, when Mr. Payne went there to become principal of the Clinton Academy, then a flourishing school, one of the earliest upon the island. In this town the little Paynes roamed among pleasures, though not among palaces, and their home, which is still kept intact by the inhabitants of the quaint old place, although "homey" indeed, to modern eyes, must have been quite fine enough in its day. The Payne family held a high position, and the children had the advantage of cultured society abroad as well as at home. The family moved to Boston, where the father became an eminent teacher. John Howard was a leader in sports and lessons too. He raised a little military company, which he once marched to general training, where Major-General Elliot extended a formal invitation to the gallant young captain, who led his troop into the ranks to be reviewed with the veterans of the Revolution.

Mr. Payne was a fine elocutionist, and in the "speaking," which formed a prominent part of the school programme, his son, John Howard, soon excelled. Literary tastes cropped out also, and he published boyish poems and sketches in the *The Fly*, a paper edited by Samuel Woodworth.

When thirteen years old, Payne became clerk in a mercantile house in New York. He secretly edited a little paper called *the Theban Mirror*. Dr. Francis, in his "Old New York," says of him at this period: "A more engaging youth could not be imagined; he won all hearts by the beauty of his person, his captivating address, the premature richness of his mind, and his chaste and flowing utterance." A benevolent gentleman, who learned the fact, and saw indications of great promise, sent young Payne to Union College at his own expense. His career there was suddenly closed by the death of his mother and pecuniary losses of his father. He decided to try the stage in hopes of assisting the family, and when seventeen years old he achieved a wonderful success as Young Nareal, at the Park Theatre, in New York. He then played in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and was acting in his old home, Boston, when his father died. He soon sailed for England, and appeared in Drury Lane Theatre, when but twenty years of age. In 1826 he edited a London dramatic paper, called *The Opera Glass*, and for twenty years he experienced more than the ordinary mingling of pleasant
and evil fortune. Payne was much praised, but on the whole his life was sorrowful and hard. He wrote several successful dramas, and his tragedy of "Britten," which was written for Edmund Kean, is still played occasionally. While Charles Kemble was manager of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1823, he bought a quantity of Payne's writings. Among them was a play entitled "Clar, the Maid of Milan." Payne was almost starving in an attic in the Palais Royal, Paris, when at Kemble's request, he altered this play into an opera, and introduced into it the words of "Home, Sweet Home." It contained two stanzas—a third and fourth—which have since been dropped. Miss Tree, elder sister of Mrs. Charles Kean, was the prima donna of the opera, and sang the song. It won for her a wealthy husband, and enriched all who handled it, while the author did not receive even the £25 which he reckoned as the share that this opera should cost in the £230 for which he sold his manuscripts. One hundred thousand copies of the song were sold in a single year, and it brought the original publisher two thousand guineas (over $10,000) within two years from its publication. Payne returned to this country in 1832, and nine years later he received the appointment of American Consul at Tunis. The brief sketches of Payne's life in the usual sources of information are silent about any removal from this office, but here are his own words: "How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing or hand-organs playing 'Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head! The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age, I have to submit to humiliation for my bread." With due consideration for the sorrows of his career, we cannot forget that the carefully educated youth foresaw his old home and associations and voluntarily attached himself to the fortunes of a class of literary adventurers who lived by their wits. He died at Tunis, April 10, 1852. The singular antithesis between his fame and his fate has often been pathetically dwelt upon, but never better expressed than by William H. C. Hosmer in these lines:

Unhappy Payne!—no pleasure-grasped were shine,
With wreath sweet wreath o'enkoveted by the Vince;
No children grouped around thy chair in glee,
Like blossoms clinging to the parent tree;
No Wife to cheer thy mission upon earth,
And shire thine hour of sorrow and of sigh,
O dear thy coming with love's parent kiss—
Joy that sustains the world of Eden's bliss,
Hans of the stranger, ring the mournful knell—
Homeless the hard who sang of home so well?

In 1883 Payne's remains were brought to the United States. They lay in state in New York, and were then taken to Washington and entombed, with appropriate ceremonies. The incident recalled to an old concert-goer a scene in that city in December, 1850, when Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home," with Payne in a front seat.

Payne wrote two additional stanzas to "Home, Sweet Home" for an American lady in London. They are unfamiliar, and unworthy of notice as poetry; but for that matter, what can we say of the real merit of the original? If we did not love it, we should laugh at it. Here are the lines:

To us, in despite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of home still appears;
From alluring scenes abroad, which yet flatter the eye,
The insatiated heart turns, and sighs with a sigh,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home!

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow;
But mine has been checked with many a check!
Yet, the different our fortunes, our joys are the same,
And both, as we think of Columbia, exulting,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home!

Parke, in his "Musical Memoirs," says that the air to which "Home, Sweet Home" is set, is from a German opera; but all other authorities agree in calling it a Sicilian air adapted by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop. Donizetti introduced a slightly altered form of the air into his opera of "Anna Bolena," at the suggestion of Madame Patti, the celebrated singer.

\[ Mid plea - sures and pal - aces, though we may roam. . . . . , Be it \]
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home!...... A charm from the

skies seems to hal - low us there....... Which, seek through the world, is n'er

met with else - where. Home! home!....... sweet, sweet

home! There's no..... place like home....... There's no place like............. home!
'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call;
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile,
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.

To thee I'll return, over-burdened with care.
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.
A SERENADE.
SONG FOR TENOR.

A FAMILIAR adage is seldom so perfectly exemplified in a single instance as is the saying, “A poet is born, not made,” in the career of RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. Recognized as a true poet by Dr. Rufus N. Griswold, who was the literary dictator of a former generation, he came to the writing of poetry through an uncontrollable instinct that asserted itself against conditions wholly adverse. Born in Hingham, Mass., in 1825, and coming in early youth to New York with a widowed mother, he found it necessary after brief instruction in the public schools to earn his bread by the work of his hands, and opportunity for this he found only in an iron foundry. Only his dominating passion for higher things diverted his career from the common-place direct-ion thus indicated. The drudgery of the smithy he offset with continuous reading of the best authors, with a mind so open to their influence that even while he was yet a moulder of iron his creative literary talent found frequent expression in credible verse.

In his twenty-fifth year (1849) he published his first poems in a volume entitled “Foot-prints;” but he so rapidly outgrew the celebrity this brought him that he withdrew and destroyed the edition, copies of which are now among the rarities for which collectors pay great prices. His talents brought him into friendly intimacy with the leading literary men of his time, his closest friend being Bayard Taylor. He contributed to the magazines and brought out successive volumes of poetry of a high order—“Songs of Summer,” “The King’s Bell and Other Poems,” “The Book of the East,” “In Memoriam,” and “The Lion’s Cub” being the most widely known of these; while of his single poems those on “Abraham Lincoln,” “History,” and the Centennial Ode of 1876 are the most highly appreciated. An industrious literary worker, he produced many works in other fields than poetry and edited many books, including “Poets of America” and the “Bric-a-Brac Series.” Like Hawthorne, he entered the public service, Hawthorne himself proving him a post in the Custom House (1852) to which sundry minor offices succeeded. Since 1870 he has contributed to current literary criticism, as book reviewer of the World and the Mail and Express.

His poetry is characterized by forcible directness and marked simplicity, both of thought and expression. Thoroughly original in his conceptions; scholarly and masterful in the poetic art; skillful to excite the emotions and to satisfy the intellect; appealing to the learned and also to those who know only the essential truths of life; writing prose that Bryant praised for its purity, and verse of an absolutely spontaneous felicity; he rises above the merely skilled maker of verses through the possession of the divine in-born qualities of a sincerely poetic nature. His variety is such that, although he is essentially reflective, didactic and descriptive, he is also truly lyrical, and much of his verse can be fitly married to music.

The music for this song was composed by LOUIS R. DRESSLER.

\[
\text{Audax moderate.}\]

\[
\text{The moon is muf-fled in a cloud That folds the lover’s star;... But}\]

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still beneath thy balcony I touch my soft guitar. If

thou art waking, lady dear, The fairest in the land, Un-

bar thy wrenched lattice now, And wave thy snowy hand.

She hears me not, her spirit lies In
traneous mute and deep. But music has a golden key. That
opens the gate of sleep. Then let her sleep, and if I fail To
set her spirit free. My song will mingle in her dream, And
she will dream of me.
YES! THE DIE IS CAST.

PAUL POSTEL was born in 1744. He was of German descent, and was Colonel commanding a Russian regiment of infantry. He allied himself with a secret society which had for its object the overthrow of the empire, and soon became its most zealous supporter. His schemes were discovered and reported to the Emperor Nicholas, and Postel was immediately chained in a dungeon, where he remained until his execution, July 11, 1826. There seems to be no reason for disbelieving the statement that shortly before his death, he composed, and with a link of his chain rudely carved upon his dungeon wall, the words and music of this famous song.

[Music notation]

1. Yes! the die is cast! The turbid dream of life is waning, The
   gulf will soon be past, The soul immortal joy attaining.

2. Hark! the fatal bell, Each passing hour the dungeon waking.
   Chimes a sad farewell; In solemn tones the silence breaking.

Thus then I fall, my native land to save, Shall I live a slave? Not the free and brave.
Fell surer, know thy savage tyranny Soon will set me free; Thwarted thou shalt be, For

[Music notation]

At the end of 2d verse D.C. from J to Fine.

shall sworn to yield, My country's flag shall wave 'round the patriot's grave!
I shall rise a hero in e'er useful, Immortal life thou giv'st to me.
BEN BOLT.

The name of Dr. Thomas Dunn English is familiar to the readers of the past forty years; but I think it has not generally been associated with this widely popular song. The music appeared with only the composer’s name attached.

Dr. English was born in Philadelphia, June 29, 1819. He received the degree of M. D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1839, was called to the bar in 1842, and was a practising physician at Fort Lee, New Jersey, from 1850 till he retired a few years ago. He was for years devoted to literary pursuits, as author, editor, and contributor to various periodicals. His vigorous poem, “The Gallows-Goers,” made a great sensation about 1846, when capital punishment was an exciting subject of popular debate. A selection from his historical poems has recently (1880) been published in New York, under the title of “American Ballads.”

“Ben Bolt” was written in 1842. Its author was visiting in New York, and N. P. Willis, who with George P. Morris was editing the New Mirror, asking him for a gratuitous contribution, and suggested that it be a sea-song. Dr. English promised one, and on returning to his home, attempted to make good his word. Only one line that smacked of the sea came at his bidding; but at a white heat he composed the five stanzas of “Ben Bolt,” as it now reads, betraying the original intention in the last line of the last stanza. Within a year the poem had been reprinted in England, and its author then thought it might be a still greater favorite if set to appropriate music. Doninick M. H. Hay wrote an air for it, which was never printed; and Dr. English wrote one himself, which, although printed, had no sale. It was written entirely for the black keys. In 1848, a play was brought out in Pittsburgh, Penna., called “The Battle of Blaea Vista,” in which the song of “Ben Bolt” was introduced. A. M. Hunt, an Englishman, connected with western journalism, had read the words in an English newspaper, and gave them from memory to Nelson Kneass, filling in from his imagination where his memory failed. Kneass adapted a German melody to the lines, and they were sung in the play. The dramatist died, but the song survived. A music publisher of Cincinnati obtained the copyright, and it was the business success of his career. In theatres, concert-rooms, minstrel-shows, and private parlors—nothing was heard but “Ben Bolt.” It was sung on hand-organs, and whistled in the streets, and “Sweet Alice” became the pet of the public. A steamboat in the West, and a ship in the East, were named after her. The steamer was blown up, and the ship was wrecked; but Alice floated safely in the fragile bark of song. The poem went abroad, and obtained great popularity in England. The streets of London were flooded with parodies, answers, and imitations, printed on broadsides, and sung and sold by cursive minstrels. A play was written there, based upon it, and as late as 1877 a serial novel ran through a London weekly paper of note, in which the memories evoked by the singing of “Ben Bolt” played a prominent part in evolving the catastrophe. The song was again brought into general notice recently by being quoted in Du Maurier’s novel “Trilby.”

Nelson Kneass (not Nicholas, as the name has been generally printed,) came of a good family, but preferred a singing life. He was a teacher of music in New York, and a singer in the Park Theatre, and afterward.
became a negro minstrel. He married a Mrs. Sharpe, who lost her life by falling overboard from a Mississippi steamboat. He was a jolly, companionable fellow, "nobody's enemy but his own," and ended a precarious existence in poverty. He always complained that he received but a trifle for the music. The author of the words, never received anything, and when he complained of mutilation in the words, he was told that they were decidedly improved! I give the original stanzas complete.

1. Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown, Who wept with delight, when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown. In the old church yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner obscure and alone, They have fitted a slab of the
Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And thrilled with fear at your frown!
In the old church-yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone!

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noon-day shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which migh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook by the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
There never was change in you.
Twelve-months twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale!
I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

Other lyrics of Thomas Hood's have been set to music; but none have been familiarly sung except the one that follows. The story of Hood's life,—of his poverty, his extreme and constant bodily suffering, his domestic love and loss, his manly struggles and his boyish mirth,—is a twice-told tale. He tells us, in his "Literary Reminiscences," that he—

sat upon a lofty stool,  
At lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen
Began each morning, at the stroke of ten,  
To write in Bell & Co.'s commercial school;  
In Wardour Court, a shady nook and cool,  
The favorite retreat of merchant men;  
Yet would my quill turn vagrant even then,

And take stray dips in the Castalian pool.
Now double entry—now a flowery trope—
Mingling poetic honey with trade wax—
Begg Brothers—Milton—Grinse and Prescott—Pope—
Brice—Brice—and Hagg—Glyn Mills and Halifax—
Rogers—and Tawgood—Hemp—the Bard of Hope—
Barilla—Byron—Talhoun—Burns—and Flux!

And in a characteristic letter to Bulwer, he says: "I must die in harness, like a hero or a horse." Hood, who thought that "next to being a citizen of the world, it must be the best thing to be born a citizen of the world's greatest city," was so born, in real Cockneydum, close to Bow Bells, London, May 22d, 1798. He died May 3d, 1845, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. Eliza Cook visited his grave, and found it entirely unmarked. Nine years were suffered to pass before there was anything to note a tomb except the too familiar rounded heap of sod. Then, amid a vast multitude of sad and silent spectators, Hood's statue was unveiled there. The graceful vigor of Miss Cook's lines, no less than their subject, justifies their citation in full.

What gorgeous cenotaphs arise of Parian shrine and granite vault;
What blazoned claims on purer skies, that shot out earthly flame and lust!
Who lies below you splendid tomb, that stretches so broad and tall?
The worms will surely never exhume a sleeper locked within such wall.

And see that other stately pile of chiselled glory, staring out!
Come, sexton, leave your work awhile, and tell us what we ask about.
So! one belongs to him who held a score of trained and tortured steeds—
Great Cincinnatus, excelling,—no what strange stuff Ambition feeds!

The other guards the last repose of one who shone by juggling craft.
Methinks when such a temple rose, Horace Eschlonus must have laughed.
And see that tomb beneath you tree!—but, sexton, tell us where to find
The grave of him we came to see:—is it not here, or are we blind?

We mean poor Hood,—the man who made that song about the "Bridge of Sighs."
You know the song; well, leave your spade, and please to show us where he lies.
What! there! without a single mark—without a stone—without a line—
Does watchful Genius leave no spark to note its ashes as divine?

Most strangers come to woo his shade,descending rare beauties as they pass;
And when they pause where he is laid, stop at a trodden mound of grass?
And is it thus? Well, we suppose, England is far too poor to spare
A slab of white, where Truth might write the title of her Poet Heir.

Let us adorn our city walks with senator-form and soldier-chief—
Carve toga-folds and laurel stalks,—let marble shine in robe and leaf.
But Hood,—"poor Hood!"—the poet fool, who sang of women's woes and wrongs,
Who taught his Master's golden rule,—give him no statue for his songs!
Give him the dust beneath his head, give him a grave—a grave alone;
In life he daily won his bread, in death he was not worth a stone.
Perhaps we rightly think that he who flung God's light round lowly things,
Can soar above in memory's love, supported by his own strong wings.

Our Shakespeare can be only met within a narrow play-house porch!
So, Hood, thy spirit need not rest, but hold its own immortal torch.
Poor Hood! for whom a requiem breathes in every human, soul-wrung sigh.

Let the horse-tamer's bed be known by the rich mausoleum-shrine;
Give the bold quack his charnel thrones—their works were worthier far than thine.
And let thy soul serenely sleep, while pilgrims stand, as I have stood,
To worship at a nameless heap, and fondly, sadly say, "Poor Hood!"

The music of Hood's song, "I remember," was made by John Blockley, an English composer, author of many beautiful airs, who was born in 1800, and was for many years associated with his brothers as a music publisher in London. He died Dec. 24, 1882.
I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum, on his birthday,
And the tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
The summer pool could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close again the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven,
Than when I was a boy.
AN APRIL GIRL.

M. N. D.

J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

By special permission of The Century Company.

Allegro.

1. The girl that's born on an April day, Has a right to be merry, light-some, gay; And
2. The girls of March love noise and fray; And sweet as blossoms are the girls of May; But
3. Heigh-o! hurrah! for an April day, Its cloud, its sparkle, its skip and stay! I

that is the reason! dance and play, And frisk like a note in a sunny ray, Wouldn't you Do it,
I rejoice in a sunny spray Of smiles and tears and hap-a-day, Wouldn't you Do it,
mean to be happy whenever I may, And cry when I must; for that's my way, Wouldn't you Do it,

too, If you had been born on an April day, If you had been born on an April day?
"I LOVE THEE."

The words of this song are by Hans Christian Andersen, one of the greatest of story-tellers, and especially famous in child literature. He early discovered a talent for poetry. This talent afterward found expression in many directions—in drama, in story, and in song. The song here presented has attained a wide celebrity in many languages. In early life Andersen was known in his native place as the "Comedy-writer." He tried to become a singer, but the quality of his physical organs was found inefficient for the purpose. The "Dying Child" was among the first of his poems received favorably.

He had to contend against poverty, but was assisted in his struggles by sympathetic admirers, although at the outset ridiculed by his critics. The King of Denmark pensioned him, which enabled him to travel. Finally in his "Improvisation" public opinion throughout Europe acknowledged his merits. Andersen's imaginative powers attain great success in his Picture-book without pictures.

His poem "I Love You" lives in the heart of the people. It was set to music by Edward Grieg, a Norwegian composer, and pianist, who was a thorough and enthusiastic student of music under the best masters. He was a pupil of Moscheles in piano-playing. But his tendencies finally inclined him to Danish, Swedish and Norwegian dance-music and songs. In the music to "I Love You" we have a fine example of his musical bent.
far above all earthly pleasure I love but thee, I

love but thee, Thro' time I love thee and eternity, Thro'
THE LOST CHORD.

The author of the words of this very beautiful and popular song, Adelaide Anne Proctor, was the daughter of Bryan Waller Proctor, (better known in poetical literature under the pseudonym of Harry Cornwall). She was born in London in 1829 and died in 1864. Mrs. Proctor published in succession two volumes of "Legends and Lyrics." These were afterward (1865) published in a single volume with an introduction by Charles Dickens.

Much interest attaches to the name of the composer of the music of this song, Sir Arthur Sullivan, who was the son of a London hand-caster. Distinguished as a dramatic composer, he is most famous as the author of comic operettas and songs, among the former "The Pirates of Penzance" and the "Mikado," and among the latter "Will it Be Come," and "The Lost Chord," the words of both songs being poems by Miss Proctor. The song compositions of Sullivan were almost always pathetic—tender and sentimental. His music, whatever the theme, is always refined. Even in comic opera it does not degenerate into coarseness.

Mr. Sullivan was knighted by Queen Victoria.

Andante andante.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Sot} & \quad \text{ed one day at the organ, I was weary, and I at ease, And my fingers wonder'd idly over the lightly keys; I know not what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then, But I}
\end{align*}
\]
struck one chord of music, Like the sound of a great Amen, Like the

poco rall.

sound of a great..... Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight, Like the close of an Angel's Psalm, And it

lay on my fever'd spirit, With a touch of infinite calm, It
qui- et- ed pain and sor- row, Like love o- ver- com- ing strife; It

seem’d the har- mo- nious cel- o From our dis- cord- ant life, It

tranquil- ly sang,

link’d all per- plex- ed mean- ings, In- to one per- fect peace, And

poco a poco più animato.

trem- bled a- way in- to si- lence, As if it were loth to cease; I have
sought, but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord divine,

came from the soul of the organ, And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright Angel, Will speak in that chord again; It may be that only in Heaven, I shall
Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary, and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys;
I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm,
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;

It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life,
It linked all perplexed meanings,
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease;
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.
It may be that Death's bright Angel,
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven,
I shall hear that grand Amen.
OLD BLACK JOE.

Written and composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio

By special permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co.
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the cotton fields a-way,

Gone from the earth to a better land, I know, I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS.

I'm coming, I'm coming, For my head is bending low; I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

ALTO.

I'm coming, I'm coming, For my head is bending low; I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

BASS.

ACCOMP.
2. Why do I weep, when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh, that my friends come not again,

3. Where are the hearts once so happy and so free? The children so dear, that I held up on my knee?

Grieving for forms now departed long ago, I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

WALTER KITTREDGE was born in the town of Merrimack, Hillsboro Co., New Hampshire, October 8, 1832. His father was a farmer, and Walter was the tenth of eleven children. His education was received at the common school. He showed a strong predilection for music at a very early age, but never had a teacher in that art. He says in one of his letters: "My father bought one of the first harmonines made in Concord, N. H., and well do I remember when the music came to put it up. To hear him play a simple melody was a rich treat, and this event was an important epoch in my life." Kittredge began giving ballad concerts alone in 1852, and in 1856 in company with Joshua Hutchinson, of the well known Hutchinson family. In the first year of the civil war he published a small, original, Union song-book. In 1862 he was drafted, and while preparing to go to the front, he wrote in a few minutes both words and music of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." Like so many other good things in literature and art, this song was at first refused publication; but an immense popularity sprang at once from the author's own rendering of it, so that a Boston publisher employed somebody to write a song with a similar title, and in no long time the Messrs. Dinson brought out the original. Its sale has reached the hundred thousands, and it is still selling. Mr. Kittredge has written numerous other songs. He spent his winters in travelling and singing with Joshua Hutchinson, and his summers at his pleasant home of Pine Grove Cottage, near Reed's Ferry, New Hampshire, during the latter part of his life.

1. We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to
2. We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Many are dead and
4. We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground, Many are lying

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cheer
by,
Our
wea
-
ry
hearts,
a
song
of
home,
And

by,
Of
the
lov'd
ones
at
home
that
gave
us
the
hand,
And

gone,
Of
the
heave
and
true
who've
left
their
homes.

near;
Some
are
dead,
and
some
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ing.

CHORUS.

friends
we
love
so
dear,

bear
that
said
"good
-
bye!"

Others
been
wound
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ed
long.

Many
are
in
tears.

wea
-
ry
to
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night,
Wash
-
ing
for
the
war
to
cease.
Many are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night.

Verses 1, 2, 3.

Tenting on the old camp-ground.

Lost time ppp.

Dying on the old camp-ground.
THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

In the memoirs of Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, Lord Stourton says that her beauty was celebrated in a popular song, which refers to the addresses of the heir apparent.

"I'd crown a rose or call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill."

A letter published in the London Times, and dated from the Garrick Club, March 30, 1856, signed "The Grandson of the Lass of Richmond Hill," says: Lord Stourton is wrong. This popular song was written by Leonard McNally (born September 27, 1732), a man of some repute in his day, as a barrister as well as an author. "The Lass of Richmond Hill," was written in honor of Miss Janson, the daughter of Mr. William Janson, of Richmond Hill, Leybourne, Yorkshire, a lady to whom he was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 15th of January, 1787. In addition to "The Lass of Richmond Hill," Leonard McNally wrote various ballads and romances of great merit."

The music of this song, which was long popularly ascribed to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., is the composition of Mr. Hook, father of Theodore Hook. The tune was in vogue when Handel was in London, and many have observed the similarity between it and the first passage of "The Heavens are Telling." The song was a favorite with George III.

1. On Richmond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May-day morn, Whose
2. Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air, And warble on the grove, O
3. How happy will the shepherd be, Who calls this nymph his own, Oh!

charms all others, mine surpass; A rose with out a thorn. This
whisper to my charming fair, "I die for her I love." This
may her choice be fixed on me, Mine's fixed on her love. This

last so sweet, with smile so sweet, Has won my right good will, ... I'd
crows resigne to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill,

Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill,

I'd
THE LONG AGO.

The author of "The Long Ago" was a dramatist, novelist, and poet, but was preeminently successful as a writer and composer of sweet and singable songs. His verse is tuneful and tender, his airs musical and delicate, and both are pervaded by a spirit of purity.

Thomas Haynes Bayly was born at Bath, England, on the 13th of October, 1797, and was the only child of wealthy parents. At the age of seven he delighted an admiring circle of titled relations by writing rhymes, which were unusually good. As a schoolboy the young poet was a comparative failure, if judged by the debts and credits of the teacher's record; he loved only to dramatize his history lessons and rhyme the rules of his arithmetic.

At seventeen, he resisted his father's attempt to make him a lawyer, and after several years of home life, during which he produced literary work that gained popular favor to some extent, he went to Oxford to study for the church. But the theological student proved as wayward as the schoolboy, and the deeper romance of love took the place of his early rhymings. Mr. Bayly married a wealthy and gifted lady, and for six years they lived in a charming country house, when their little boy was taken from them, and they were overwhelmed by financial ruin. The poet's health was shattered by these disasters; and when the exercise of his pen, which had been a pastime, became a necessity, it would not move with its accustomed freedom. They had two daughters, and the constant fear that he should lose entirely the power to compose the little songs of love and pathos and social life, which now furnished their support, so wrought upon him that the worst was realized. He was attacked by brain fever, from which he rallied only to sink beneath another painful disease. The beauty of his soul shone forth amid the sufferings of mind and body, and the loving spirit of one of England's sweetest song-writers rested in peace and joy when he was but forty-two years of age, April 22d, 1839.

Mr. Bayly's poems were first collected in this country, and edited by Rufus W. Griswold (Philadelphia, 1843). The edition was incomplete, but it was a long time before his own country possessed one as good. Many of the songs were written originally for publishers or composers who held the copyright. Mrs. Bayly finally published her husband's poems, with a biography, in two volumes.

There is another familiar set of words which seems to be altered from Mr. Bayly's, and is sung to the same air.

Tell me the tale of the friends you have loved,  
Long, long ago, long ago.  
Tell me of those by whose side you have roved,  
Long, long ago, long ago.

Say were your playmates as blithe as gay,  
Joyous as those I have been with to-day?  
Who were the children you met in your play,  
Long, long ago, long ago?
Tennyson's poem of "The Brook," has been set to music so appropriate, by an English lady, that it has become a drawing-room favorite, and I insert the song, although I cannot give the name of the composer.

1. With many a curve my banks I fret, By many a field and fallow; And
2. I wind about, and in and out, With here a blossom smiling; And
3. I steal by lawns and grassy plots, I slide by hazel covers; 1

many a fairy land set With willow, weed, and mallow. I
here and there a lusty treat, And here and there a gay-sing. And
move the sweet forget-me-nots, That grow for happy lovers. 1
slip, I slide, I gleam, I glance,
A-mong my skimming swallow-tails;
here and there a snowy flake
Up-on me as I traveled;
With murmur under moon and stars
In bramble willow ness-es;
I

make the netted sun-beams dance
Against my sandy shallows;
many a silver water-break
Above the golden gravel;
And lingering by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresces,
And

chatter, chatter, as I flow,
Draw them all along, and flow;
To join the brimming river.
For

men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever,

p a tempo.
I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To licker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last, by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I bubble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foamy flake,
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break,
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.
JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA.

There is no clue whatever to the authorship of these words. The music was composed by Bernard Covert.

Ere the twilight bat was flitting,
In the sunset, at her knitting,
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
Underneath her threshold tree.

And as daylight died before us,
And the vesper star shone o'er us,
Fitting rose her tender chorus,
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

Ere the twilight bat was flitting,
In the sunset, at her knitting,
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
Underneath her threshold tree;
And as daylight died before us,
And the vesper star shone o'er us,
Fitting rose her tender chorus,
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

Curfew bells, remotely ringing,
Mingled with that sweet voice singing,
And the last red ray seemed clinging
Lingeringly to tower and tree.
Nearer as I came, and nearer,
Fitter rose the notes, and clearer;
Oh! 'twas charming thus to hear her,—
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

Blow, thou west wind, blandly lover,
Round the bough that bears my lover;
Blow, and waft him softly over
To his own dear home and me;
For when night winds rend the willow,
Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,
Thinking of the raging billow,—
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

How could I but list, but linger,
To the song, and near the singer,
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her
Jamie from the stormy sea.
And while yet her lips did name me,
Forth I sprang, my heart o'erflame me,
"Grieve no more, love, I am Jamie,
Home returned to love and thee."
CRADLE SONG.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

F. G. HILSEY.

Swing-eth the ba-by's cra-dle O! Still he lies———— With laughing eyes,
The twinkling stars are in the sky, Soft snows fall———— While robins call,

And will not in-to Dream-land go, 3. Sleep, oh,... sleep!... In slumber deep———— Sweet dreams a-cross thine eyes———— shall creep————

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And all night... The soft moon light... With in thy curtained

...cresc...

4. Hush! he sighs... The laughter dies. All swiftly from his

roll.

...a tempo.

drowsy eyes. To and fro... More soft—more slow. And fast a sleep the

...more...

hu—by lies. Lol—la—by! Lol—la—by!...
THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHARLES WOLFE, author of the following lyric, was born in Dublin, Ireland, December 14, 1791. He was educated partly in England, and partly at Trinity College, Dublin. At the latter place he wrote the poems which have made him famous. He was naturally studious and thoughtful, and took orders in the Established Church. He died Feb. 21, 1823.

Shelley, in his "Conversations of Lord Byron," tells of a discussion that Byron and others held as to which was the most perfect ode in the language. Shelley contended for Coleridge's on Switzerland, and, after Campbell and others had been canvassed, Byron said:

"I will show you an ode you have never seen, that I consider little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth." He left the table, and returned with a manuscript from which he read "The Burial of Sir John Moore." After closing, he repeated the third stanza, and said it was perfect, particularly the lines:

"But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

"I should have taken the whole for a rough sketch of Campbell's," said Shelley.

"No," replied Byron, "Campbell would have claimed them if they had been his."

The historian says it was daylight when Sir John Moore was buried; but the "struggling moonbeams," and the "lanters dimly burning," will be forever present to the mind. Rev. H. J. Symonds, who performed the funeral service, says the officers of the staff carried the body to the grave which had been prepared for it on one of the bastions of the citadel, and, in being daybreak, the enemy discovered that the troops had been withdrawing and embarking during the night. A fire was opened upon the ship, the brief funeral service was said, under fire of the guns, and the body was silently lowered in its "martial cloak." The poem was first published, anonymously, in the Nevery Telegraph.

The music is the composition of John Barnett, an eminent English composer, who was born in Belford in 1802. His father was a London jeweller, who when he saw his son's musical capacity, placed him under the tuition of Mr. Arnold, then manager of Drury Lane. Barnett developed a fine voice and taste, and was soon given the first place in oratorios. He lost his voice, and was obliged to devote himself entirely to instrumental music, and became teacher in musical composition and the piano, as well as a successful composer. The London Athenaeum in 1834 said of Mr. Barnett's setting of an opera libretto called "The Mountain Sylph": "We could begin at the beginning, go through to the end, praise everything more or less, and pause to give a reason for the facts that is in us; but we must content ourselves with saying that Mr. Barnett has surpassed himself in the ballads, that he has rivalled the ballet in the concerted pieces and choruses, and that he has shown himself to be excelled by no living English composer in instrumentation."

1. Not a drum was heard, not a fatal note, As his corse to the ramparts we bore.

Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot Over the

2. Not a soldier's muffled step Was heard among the wasted leaves, As the dirge of the night was ended With the peal of the drum!
Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave, where our hero we buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The turf with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lanterns dimly burning;

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe or the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the hilltop,
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But nothing he'll hear if they'll let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!
But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and measured gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory—
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!
SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

FOR MALE VOICES.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

Translated from the German, by
L. C. ELSON.

1st & 2d Tenor.

p - cresc.

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One parting kiss I give thee; And then whate’er befalls me, I
2. Nevermore may I behold thee, Or to this heart enfold thee; With spear and sword encircling, I
3. I think of thee with longing; Think then, when tears are thronging, That with my last faint sighing, I

1st & 2d Bass.

Tempo lento tranquilla e molto espress.

...see the be advance-ing, Fare-well, farewell, my own true love, Fare-well, farewell, my own true love.

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THE OLD TRUNDLE-BED.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY was born at Greenfield, Indiana, in the year 1852. But, says an intimate friend and sympathetic writer, the significance of his birth lay not in accidents of time and place, but in the genius of the life that sprang into being equipped with the powers of the true singer and poet. Little is known of his youth—nothing foreboding the future. The schools of his birthplace reveal no records of their having done anything for his education. Fortunately their rigors and methods failed to cripple his genius, or warp the poetic tendencies of his nature, as possibly the benches and books of the schoolroom sometimes do with the quickening and impressive mind. Indeed the finest products of Riley’s genius illustrate the fact that the true poet gathers that which stimulates and inspires from the open pages of nature and from human nature rather than from books. It was of no avail that his father, a lawyer, sought to make a lawyer of the young Riley, or that his teachers at school sought to fill his mind with “useful” knowledge. While yet a boy he fled from the bonds of such environments. He lived at will, a nondescript life, travelling with a show, “Whither he went nobody knows. He does not know himself;” for, times, places, and circumstances made no permanent impressions on his memory. At this time his natural love for music was cultivated in many directions and found active exercise and free play, and other signs of artistic leanings and tastes began to appear. They were doubtless urged into view in his efforts to support himself. His hands fell naturally into ways of doing anything agreeable to such tastes and inclinations, as his varying fancies led him on in his vagrant life, wandering through many states. His life thus grew up in a practical schooling, a true self-education, although at random. His intellectual passions did not lack a rougher, strengthening discipline. He found pleasure in doing the work of artisans—painting signs, and even picket-fences. But, as manhood approached, home and neighborhood ties asserted themselves, and drew him back to his native place. The “coffee like as mother made” was an inspiring recollection, and came to mind as a renewing experience.

The literary passion had been a growing fire throughout all the vicissitudes of his wandering life. Now he began “to write for the papers,” and soon was an editor on a country newspaper. “There it was that he became a poet,” says the intimate friend before mentioned. But not so, Riley was growing into his birthright of poetic genius long before. It is true that now he found a way of singing the songs already in his heart, and very soon other newspapers of larger growth and wider influence than his own gladly printed his poetry.

The musical setting of “The Old Trundle-Bed” was written by HOMER N. BARTLETT.
O the old trundle-bed where I slept when a boy!
What old trundle-bed, where I wonder saw
The old trundle-bed! O the old trundle-bed!
With its cramped king might not covet the joy?
The glory and peace of that slumber of mine,
Like a starr'd through the window, and listened with awe
To the sigh of the winds as they tremulously creep
Through plump lit - tle pil - low, and old fashioned spread;
Its snow - y white sheets, and the blankets a - bove;
Smoothed long gracious rest in the bosom of wine,
Trees where the rob - in so rest - less - ly slept;
Down and tucked round with the touch - es of love;
Quaint homely couch, hidden close from the light,
But daint - ly drawn from its hid - ing at sight.
O a hard the low, mur - murous chirp of the wren,
And the Kau - ty - old list - less - ly chir - rap a gain,
Till my voice of my moth - er to call me to sleep
With the old fa - ry - sto - ries my mem - o - ries keep
Still fresh

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nest of delight, from the foot to the head, was the queer little, dear little, old trundle-bed. Thro' the maze of the dreams of the old trundle-bed the lilies that bloom o'er the head. Once bowed o'er my own in the old trundle-bed.

D.S. End for last Verse.

2. O the old trundle-bed, O the old trundle-bed! Where I heard the low, murmurous chirp of the wren, And the Katydid listlessly chirrup again, Till my fancied grew faint and were drowsily led

Through the maze of the dreams of the old trundle-bed. O the old trundle-bed! O the old trundle-bed! With its plump little pillow, and old-fashioned spread;

Its snowy white sheets, and the blanket above, Smoothed down and tucked round with touches of love; The voice of my mother to lull me to sleep

The spokes through the window, and listened with awe With the old fairy-stories my memories keep Still fresh as the lilies that bloom o'er the head

Through the trees where the robin so restlessly slept: Once bowed o'er my own in the old trundle-bed.
ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Mrs. Emma Willard was an eminent teacher, and author of several well-known school-books. But everything she wrote seems already antiquated, except this noble song. Mrs. Willard’s maiden name was Hart. She was born in Berlin, Connecticut, February 28, 1787, and died in Troy, New York, April 15, 1870. Dr. John Lord has written her biography, which is accompanied by two fine presentations of her striking face.

“Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep” was written during Mrs. Willard’s passage home from Europe, in 1832. The Duke de Choiseul was on board the vessel, and hearing her repeat the first two lines, urged her to finish the song. He composed music for it, but his air has been supplanted by the more appropriate melody of Joseph Philip Knight, with which alone it is now associated. Mr. Knight is an Englishman, and has composed many fine songs, especially those that relate to the sea. He taught music in Mrs. Willard’s school, and also in New York city, but fled the country in disgrace.
know thou wilt not slight my call; For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!

And calm and peaceful is my sleep, . . . . Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,

And such the text that still were mine, . . . . Tho' stormy winds, . . . . swept o'er the

brine, Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath, . . . . Rous'd me from
sleep..... to wreck and death! In oceean cave still safe with

Thee, The germ of immor-tal-i-ty; And

calm and peaceful is my sleep,.... Rock'd in the cradle of the deep; And

calm and peaceful is my sleep.

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

THOMAS MOORE'S well-known life began in a corner-grocery, on Augier street, Dublin, May 26, 1779. His father carried on his trade below stairs, while his mother, a woman of more than ordinary intellect and loveliness, tended her handsome baby up-stairs. To the close of her days she received the undiminished devotion of her gifted son, and when he had died, four thousand letters from him were found among his mother's papers. Moore's marriage to Miss Bessia Dyke, a young actress, was a happy one. Loved as he was, and courted by the great as he became, he used to say that no applause ever greeted his ear so pleasantly as that which was evoked by a young fellow, who planted himself on the quay, in Dublin, and called out in fine brogue, Byron's dictum, "Three cheers for Tommy Moore, the poet of all circles, and the darling of his own." "The darling" of all circles he was also, and funny stories are told of his never-ceasing blunders regarding his invitations. He was always popping in at my Lord's or my Lady's, on the days when he was not expected.

Moore's eldest son proved a renegade; his second son died young, and his only daughter met a tragic fate. She was kissing her hand down the stairs as her father was going out to dine, when she fell over the balusters, and was killed. Moore was as tender-hearted as he was genial and jovial, and after the death of his children he could never command himself enough to sing in public. "Oft in the Stilly Night," he sang with entrancing tenderness. The song has been unmercifully parodied, and "fond memory" has been invoked to call up all manner of nightmares; but the phrase is nevertheless as beautiful as ever, and this remains a perfect poem and a perfect song. Moore died at his home, Slopeston Cottage, Devizes, Wiltshire, February 25th, 1852.

1. Oft in the still - ly night, Ere sham - ber's clasp has bound me, 2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends so list'ned to - geth - er,

Fond mem - ory brings the light Of oth - er days ' round me, The leaves in win - try weath - er, I

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{1. Oft in the still - ly night, Ere sham - ber's clasp has bound me,} \\
\text{2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends so list'ned to - geth - er,} \\
\text{Fond mem - ory brings the light Of oth - er days ' round me, The leaves in win - try weath - er, I}
\end{align*}
\]
smiles, the tears, of by- 
hood’s years, The words of love then spoken, The
feel like one who treats al- lone Some ban- quet hall de- ser-
ted, whose
eyes that shine, now dimm’d and gone, The cheer- ful hearts now bro- ken!
lights are fled, whose gar- land’s dead, And all but he de- parted!

Thus, in the still- ly night, Ere slum- ber’s chain has bound me...

Sad mem’ry brings the light of oth- er days a- round me,

Oft, in the still night,
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,
Foul mem’ry brings the light
Of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears, of boyhood’s years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shine now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

When I remember all
The friends so linked together

I’ve seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treats alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

Chor.—Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
DIXIE.

The only version of the famous song of "Dixie" which has the least literary merit is the original one we give, which was written by General Albert Pike. It is worthy of notice that the finest Puritan lyric we have was written by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Hemans, and the most famous if not the finest Southern war-song was written by a native of Massachusetts. Albert Pike was born in Boston, December 29, 1809, but most of his boyhood was spent in Newburyport. He became a teacher, but in 1831 visited the then wild country of the Southwest with a party of trappers. He afterward edited a paper at Little Rock, and studied law. He served in the Mexican war with some distinction, and on the breaking out of the Rebellion enlisted, on the Confederate side, a force of Cherokee Indians, whom he led at the battle of Pea Ridge. After the war he edited the Memphis Appeal till 1868, when he settled in Washington as a lawyer. His "Hymns to the Gods," published in Blackwood's Magazine, gave him a place among the earlier American poets.

The original song of "Dixie" was the composition of Dan D. Emmett, of Bryant's minstrels, and was first sung in New York in 1860. A writer in the Charleston Courier, under date of June 11, 1861, says it is an old Northern negro air, and that the words referred to one Dix, or Dixy, who had an estate on Manhattan Island, now New York city. Another theory is, that the name Dixie's Land was suggested by Mason and Dixon's line, of which so much was said in the days of slavery agitation. The first words for the song in the South were from a poem entitled "The Star of the West," published in the Charleston Mercury early in 1861.

1. Southron, hear your coun-try call you! Up! lest worse than death befall you! To
2. For Dix-ie's land we take our stand, And live or die for Dix-ie! To
3. Hear the North-ern thun-der's mut-ter? North-ern flags in South wind float-ter! To

(Staff notation for the song)

(Notation continued with copyrighed notice)
arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ie! Let all the bea-con fires are light-ed,
arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ie! And con-quer peace for Dix-ie, And
arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ie! Fear no dan-ger! shun no la-bor!

Let all hear-t's be now un-ited, To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ie!
con-quer peace for Dix-ie! To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ie!
Lift up ri-fle, pike, and sa-bre! To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ie!

CHORUS.

Ad-vance the flag of Dix-ie! Hur-rah! hur-rah! Ad-vance the flag of
And con-quer peace for Dix-ie! Hur-rah! hur-rah! And con-quer peace for
Lift up ri-fle, pike and sa-bre! Hur-rah! hur-rah! Lift up ri-fle, pike and

Dix-ie! Ad-vance the flag of Dix-ie! Hur-rah! hur-rah! Ad-
Dix-ie! And con-quer peace for Dix-ie! Hur-rah! hur-rah! And
sa-bre! Lift up ri-fle, pike and sa-bre! Hur-rah! hur-rah! Lift up
Advance the flag in Dixie! Hurrah! Hurrah! Advance the flag of Dixie!

Conquer peace for Dixie! Hurrah! Hurrah! And conquer peace for Dixie!

Rifle, pike and saber! Hurrah! Hurrah! Lift up rifle, pike, and saber!

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up! lest worse than death befall you:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

Lo! all beacon fires are lighted,
Let our hearts be now united:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in south wind flutter!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the cursed alliance!
To arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Fear no danger! shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and saber!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart hotter:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

How the South's great heart rejoices,
At your cannon's ringing voices:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Swear upon your country's altar,
Never to give up or falter;
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Halt not till our Federation,
Secures among earth's powers its station!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Then at peace, and crown'd with glory,
Hear your children tell the story:
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness.
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow;
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To live or die for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

The writer of this song, Mrs. Charlotte A. Barnard, was at one time very popular as a song and ballad composer. She was born in England, in 1830, and in 1854 was married to Charles Cary Barnard. Four years after she began to compose under the pseudonym of "Claribel" the songs that made her a wide reputation. In the science of Music she was a pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, pianist, himself a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music, and afterward a professor of Music. Mrs. Barnard was also a pupil of Pescia and Sainton Dolby, and of Mario and Campara. She generally wrote the words of her own compositions. She published a volume of "Thoughts, Verses and Songs;" also "Songs and Verses" for private circulation.

Moderato.

1. The poor and folk at home, ye mind, Are fruit, and fall.ing
2. When first we told our sto-ry, lad, Their bless-ing fell saw
3. I fear me said, they're fall-ing saith, For when I sit a

saw,....... And weel I ken they'd miss me, lad, Gin I came hame nae
free,....... They gave no tho't to self at all, They did but think of
part,....... They'll talk o' heat'n sae earn-est-ly, It well nigh breaks my
mair; the grist is out, the times are hard, the kine are on-
me; but laddie, that's a time a-wa', and mish'er's like to
heart; so, laddie, dinna urge me mair, it surely will na
three;

dee;

I canna leave the auld folk now, we'd better bide a
be;

I canna leave the auld folk now, we'd better bide a
wee;

wee;
SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Charles Fenno Hoffman, author of "Sparkling and Bright," was born in the city of New York in 1806. When he was eleven years old, he was one day down upon the Cortlandt Street pier watching a steamboat coming in. He sat with his feet swinging over the side, and one of his legs was crushed by the boat; yet he afterward became noted for grace in outdoor sports. Mr. Hoffman was graduated at Columbia College, studied and practised law in New York, and established the Knickerbocker Magazine, which he edited for a while. He devoted himself to literature until about 1850, when he was attacked by a mental disorder and became an inmate of an insane-hospital. He died in Harrisburg, Penn., June 7, 1884. The music with which "Sparkling and Bright" has always been associated was composed for these words by James B. Taylor.

1. Sparkling and bright in liquid light, Does the wine our goblets gleam in, With
2. Oh! if nighth might arrest the flight Of Time thro' Life's dominions, We

hue as red as the rosy bed, Which a bee would choose to dream in.
here a while would now beguile The gray-beard of his passions.
CHORUS.

Then drink tonight, with hearts as light, To loves as gay and fleeting, As!
To drink tonight, with hearts as light, To loves as gay and fleeting, As!

bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim, And break on the lips while meeting, Then

drink tonight, with hearts as light, To loves as gay and fleeting, As

...
SMOKING AWAY.

"Smoking Away," written by Francis M. Fyffe, has long been familiarly sung to the air of "Sparkling and Bright." Mr. Fyffe was born at Ilion, N. Y., was educated at Yale, and was admitted to the bar at his native town, where he has ever since practised. He is also author of the well-known poem called "A Nathan Hale," or sometimes, "The Patriot Spy," and of "The Blue and the Gray."

Sparkling and bright in liquid light,
Does the wine our goblets gleam in;
With hue as red as the rosy bud
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here a while would lose beguile
The graybeard of his pinions,
To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond Regret delay him,
Nor love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him
We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Floating away like the fountain's spray,
Of the snow-white plume of a maiden,
The smoke-wreaths rise to the starlit skies
With blissful fragrance laden.

Cho.—Then smoke away till a golden ray
Lights up the dawn of the morrow,
For a cheerful cigar, like a shield, will bar
The blows of care and sorrow.

The leaf burns bright, like the gems of light,
That flash in the breasts of beauty,
It warms each heart for the hero's part,
On the battle-plain of duty.

In the thoughtful gloom of his darkened room,
Sits the child of song and story,
But his heart is light, for his pipe burns bright,
And his dreams are all of glory.

By the blazing fire sits the gray-haired sire,
And infant arms surround him;
And he smiles on all in that quaint old hall,
While the smoke-curts float around him.

In the forest grand of our native land,
When the savage conflict's ended,
The "Pipe of Peace" brought sweet release
From toil and terror blessed.

The dark-eyed train of the maidens of Spain
'Neath their arbor shades trip lightly,
And a gleaming eclip, like a new-born star,
In the clasp of their lips burns brightly.

It warms the soul like the blushing bowl,
With its rose-red darden streaming,
And drenches it in bliss, like the first warm kiss
From the lips with love-buds teeming.

Then smoke away till a golden ray
Lights up the dawn of the morrow,
For a cheerful cigar, like a shield will bar
The blows of care and sorrow.
WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, who wrote these dainty lines, was an historian and a poet, although preeminent as a novelist; being author of about twenty romances. He wrote a few plays, among which is "Lady of Lyons," one of the favorites of the stage. He was born in May, 1805, and died in London, January, 18, 1873.

Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.

1. When stars are in the quiet skies, Then
   most I pine for thee; Bend on me
   then thy tender eyes, As stars look on the

   seal. For thoughts, like waves that glide by night, Are still-est when they shine; Mine earthly love lies hush'd in

   light. Beneath the hear'n of thine; Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light Beneath the hear'n of thine

1. When stars are in the quiet skies,
   Then most I pine for thee;
   Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
   As stars look on the seal.

   For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
   Are still-est when they shine;
   Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light
   Beneath the heaven of thine.

2. There is an hour when angels keep
   Familiar watch on men,
   When lesser souls are wrapped in sleep,
   Sweet spirit, meet me then.

   There is an hour when holy dreams
   Through slumber, fairest, glide,
   And in that mystic hour it seems
   Thou shouldest be by my side.

3. The thoughts of thee too sacred are
   For daylight's common beam;
   I can but know thee as my star,
   My angel, and my dream!

   When stars are in the quiet skies,
   Then most I pine for thee;
   Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
   As stars look on the sea.
AMERICA.

Silas G. Pratt, the composer of America, was born in Addison, Vermont, August 4th, 1846. In 1868 he went to Berlin and studied with Franz Beudel and Theodore Kullak, Richard Wuest and Frederick Kiel. While there his first symphony was performed by the Berliner, Sinfonie Kapelle. His second symphony "Prodigal Son" and the grand opera "Zenobia" are well known. "Zenobia" was performed the largest number of times any grand opera has ever been heard consecutively given in the United States. Mr. Pratt's "Allegory of War in Song" and "The Triumph of Columbus" are famous works of their kind.

At the World's Fair, in 1893, Mr. Pratt was given charge of the celebration of Independence Day, when he directed the music in which 75,000 people took part simultaneously. While abroad in the summer of 1894 Mr. Pratt gave a special "American Day" programme at the Antwerp Exposition. "Book of Browne Songs" and "Character and Action Songs" for children are both from Mr. Pratt's pen.

The writer of the words of this stirring song is Katherine Lee Bates,

1. O beau-ti-ful for bal- ey skies, Fat
   2. O beau-ti-ful for pil - grim feet, Whose
   3. O beau-ti-ful for glo - ry tale Of
   4. O beau-ti-ful for pa - triot dream That

num - ber waves of grain, For pur-ple mount - ain, maj - es - ties A - bove th' em - had - ed
stern, im - pas - sioned stress A thoroughfare for free-dom hear A - cross the wil - der -
lib - er - a - ting strife, When once or twice for man's a - vail, Men lav - ished pre - cious
sees be - yond the years Those al - a bas - ter sit - tes gleam Un - dimmed by hu - man

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plain! For purple mountain majesties
nest! A thoroughfare for free-dom beat
life! When once and twice, for man's a- Rail,
tears! Thine al-a-bas-ter city's gleam

REFRAIN.
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed his grace on thee, Till
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed his grace on thee, Till
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed his grace on thee, Till
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed his grace on thee, Till

souls wax fair as earth and air
And music-hearted sea!
paths be wrought thro' wilds of thought
By pilgrim foot and knee!
self-shed gain no long- ing strain
The ban-ner of the free!

O beautiful for halcyon skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the en- an- guished plain!
America! America!

O beautiful for glory-tale
Of liberating strife,
When once and twice, for man's avail,
Men lavished preci- ous life!
America! America!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Un-dimmed by human tears!
America! America!

God shed his grace on thee
Till nobler men keep once again
Thy white jubilee!
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

This song is the twentieth of Stephen C. Foster's "Plantation Melodies." I do not know that it is true, but I cannot help feeling that it was the intrinsic beauty and merit of these songs that lifted the Christy Minstrels from the low position usually occupied by such troupes to something like that of a respectable concert-room, both in this country and in England. Foster caught his idea of writing his so-called, negro melodies from listening to the absurdities then in vogue with the burnt-cork gentry. He walked home from one of their concerts in Baltimore, with the banjo strain ringing in his ears, and before he slept he had composed the ridiculous words and taking air called "Camptown Races," with its chorus of "Du-la, du-la, du." He passed from one finer tone to another, until he reached the perfection of simple pathos in "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the cold, cold ground," "O, Boys, carry me long," and "My Old Kentucky Home." The music is his own.

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day. The young folks roll on the little cul-i-na floor, All mer-ry, all happy and

bright. By'm by, hard times comes a-

knocking at the door, Then, my

do old Kentuck-y home, good night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la- dy, Oh! weep no more to-day! We will
sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far away.

3d Verse.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow over the heart, With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!—Chorus.

3d Verse.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Where'er the dark-eyed may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end In the field where the sugar-canes grow,
A few more days for to tote the weary load, No
The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'm by, hard times come a knocking at the door,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The load must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugarcanes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!
THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The words of this song are by Lady Naivee,—all but the last two stanzas, which were written by Miss Ferrier, a Scottish authoress, best known by her novel of "Marriage." The air is very old, and was once called "When she can't be, she bobbins." Still earlier it was entitled "Cockpen." The Laird of Cockpen was a companion-in-arms and attached friend of Charles II. He fought with him at Worcester, and formed one of the merry monarch's little court at the Hague. The Laird was famous for musical skill, and an air called "Brose and Butter," was an especial favorite with the exiled King. At the Restoration, the Laird's appeal for the return of the property he had lost in following the royal standard, was completely ignored. He was not even given an audience. Cockpen then obtained leave to play for a service which Charles attended. All went well until the closing anthem, when the ears of the retiring worshippers were saluted with the lively tune of "Brose and Butter." The King hastened to the organ-gallery, and declared that Cockpen had "almost made him dance." "I could dance, too, if I had my hands again," said the player. The request was granted, and the old air went only by his name.

Allegro.

1. The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud an' he's great, His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state; He want ed a wife his braw house to keep, But fa' your wi' was fashions to seek.

2. Down by the dyke-side a la- dy did dwell, At his ta ble head he thought she'd look well; M' Cleish's nee doch-ter a' Clair-est' ha' Lee, A pen- ni- less lass wi' a lang red i gree.

3. His wig was weel-putth in, as good as when new, His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue; He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat; And who could re fuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He mounted his mare, and rode amicably: An' rapped at the yett o' Clavers' ha' Lee. "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben: She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flow er wine— "What brings the Laird here at sic a like time?" She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown, Her muck wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' doon.

An' when she came ben, he bowed fu' low; An' what was his errand he soon let her know. Amazed was the Laird when the lady said— "Na."

An' wi' a laigh curtseie she turned awa'. Dumbfoundered was he—but mae sigh did he gie'; He mounted his mare, and rode amicably; An' aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen, "She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made; Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said; "Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten— I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and his lady were seen, They were gum arm in arm to the kirk on the green; Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tapet hen, But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen,
ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, first known to the literary world under the nom de plume of Florence Percy, was born in Strong, Franklin County, Maine, October 9, 1832. In 1860, she married Paul Akers, the sculptor, who died within a year. She afterwards married E. M. Allen, of New York.

While in Italy, she sent to the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post her song of "Rock me to Sleep." It was published, and immediately became immensely popular. Within six years from that time, several persons had so identified themselves with the favorite as to imagine that it had been evolved from their own inner consciousness. The most persistent and furious of these claimants was one Hon. Mr. Ball, of New Jersey, who in a many-coumned article in the New York Tribune, and in the most absurd pamphlet ever written, attempted to prove that the mother was his mother, and the lullaby was one she sang, or might have sung to him. In a witty and convincing reply in the New York Times of May 27, 1867, the lady's claim is not so much insisted upon, which was deemed unnecessary, as the Hon. Mr. Ball's "title to Mrs. Akers's mansion in the literary skies" is disposed of forever. The reply was written by William D. O'Connor, of Washington, who apprised Mrs. Allen of his friendly act only after the manuscript had been sent to the printer.

This preeminently womanly song has been set to music by many composers, and made merchandise by as many publishers; but its author has never received for it any compensation except the five dollars paid her by the journal in which it originally appeared, Russell & Co., of Boston, who published the well-known air to it, composed by Ernest Leslie, acknowledged that they had made more than four thousand dollars on the song, and they sent a messenger to Mrs. Allen, offering five dollars a piece for as many songs as she would write for them, which should be equally popular with "Rock me to sleep!" The royal offer was not accepted then; but when Mrs. Allen was a homeless widow, with two children in her arms, she sent the firm a little song—which was promptly rejected, with the simple comment that they "could make nothing of it." The firm has since become bankrupt.

The air here given is the production of J. Max Mueller, son of C. G. Mueller, a noted German composer, who was born in Altenburg, Germany, June 19, 1842, received a musical education, and came to the United States in 1860. At the breaking out of the war in 1861, he enlisted in the Twenty-ninth New York Volunteers, and subsequently was an Aid to General Steinwehr. He participated in many of the battles of the Army of the Potomac, and composed many songs while in the field. Since 1866, he has resided in West Chester, Penna., where he was a teacher of music.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,
Toil without...

back from the echoing shore,
recompense, tears... all in vain.

Take me again... to your
Take them and give... me my

heart, as of yore;
Kiss... from my forehead the furrows of
closed eyes.
I have grown weary of dust... and de-

---
Smooch... the few silver threads out of my hair,

Wear - y of fling - ing my soul... wealth a - way.

Over my slum - bers your lov - ing watch keep,

Wear - y of sow - ing for oth - ers to reap.

Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep,
Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the shallow shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumber your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them and give me my childhood again;
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you;
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between,
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep,—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart, in days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours;

None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber’s soft calls o’er my heavy lids creep,—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light,

Or with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep,—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood’s years have been only a dream.
Chased to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,—
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.
THE BABY AND THE FLY.

The music to this quaint song was the composition of J. S. Mollov.

THEODORE TILTON, author of the words of "The Baby and the Fly," began active life as a journalist, after graduating at the College of the City of New York (1855.) He was one year on the New York Observer, and then became an Editor of the Independent, with which he remained about twenty years. During the later part of this time he was its Editor in Chief. It is not too much to say that, to his talents as an eloquent and able writer the Independent, as a great religious journal, owes more than to any other man. During the last part of 1871, Mr. Tilton also edited the Brooklyn Union. He now severed his connection with these journals and established the Golden Age, an independent political and literary weekly, which was published two years ago.

Mr. Tilton was the author of many powerful, political and reformatory articles. He possessed fine oratorical powers and was a distinguished advocate of the anti-slavery cause, and of woman's rights. For twenty years he was famous as a lyceum lecturer, speaking in nearly every State of the Union.

Mr. Tilton has lived abroad since 1883. Among his published works are "The Sexton's Tale," and other poems; "Sancta Sanctorum," or "Proof-Sheets from an Editor's Table;" "Tempest Tossed," a novel; "Thou and I," poems; and "Swabian Stories," ballads.

\[\text{Allegretto.} \]

\[\text{sf} \]

\[\text{Bab'ly Bye, here's a fly; let us watch him, you and I, how he crawls up the wall, yet he never, never falls! I believe with six such legs,} \]

\[\text{poco rall.} \quad \text{a tempo.} \]
You and I could walk on eggs. There he goes On his toes, Tick-ling, tick-ling Baby’s nose.

Black and brown Is his gown, He can wear it up-side-down; It is laced Round his waist; I ad-mire his taste, I ad-mire his taste, I can show you, if you choose, Where to look to find his shoes—

Three small pairs; Made of hares; These he al-ways, al-ways wears.
He can eat Bread and meat; There's his mouth between his feet. That small speck Is his neck; See him, see him nod and beck, All wet flies. With their thighs, Thus they wipe their heads and eyes; Cats, you know, Wash just so, Then, oh, then their whiskers grow. Flies have hairs too short to comb, So they fly bare-headed home; But the great Wears a hat. Now do you believe in that? Now do you believe in that?
Flies can see more than we, so bright their eyes must be; little fly, ope your eye,

Spiders, spiders are near by. For a secret I can tell, spiders never use flies well.

Then away! Do not stay! Little fly, good day, good day! Then away! Do not stay!

Little fly, good day, good day! Then away! ah! Do not stay! Good day, good day!
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The public that has so often slighted the names of its pleasantest comforters, has occasionally sought to raise from obscurity one to whom its debts were infinitely less. Samuel Woodworth deserved from his fellow men nothing more than the common decencies of life, until he chanced, by mere persistency of scribbling, to produce something which, though but tolerable as poetry, touched the universal heart. Popular impression seems to place him in the list of the unappreciated great, who might have done more had more been done for them. Is it not commonly remembered that a volume of his was published in New York, with an eulogistic introduction by George P. Morris, which contained one hundred poems, save one.—and the lacking one is the only real one that Woodworth ever wrote—"The Old Oaken Bucket," which was not then in existence.

He was born in Scituate, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, January 15, 1785. His father was a farmer, and very poor. At fourteen, Samuel had picked up but little reading, writing and arithmetic, when he began to make rhymes which the village authorities,—the minister, and the school-master,—saw and pronounced remarkable. The minister took him into his own family, and instructed him in English branches and Latin; but verse-making kept him from study, and the love of it. The minister tried to raise money enough to carry him through college; but the undertaking failed, and the spirit which inspired many youths of his day to get an education through their own efforts, was not possessed by our hero. He chased the calling of a printer, but at the end of his apprenticeship in a Boston office, he had wearied of the arduous work. He formed a preposterous plan for making a tour over the whole country, in order to write a description of his travels. But again people were reluctant to invest for his benefit; and as the economical and health-giving method of walking did not tempt his nature, his biographer touchingly records, that when that hope had failed him also, he returned to the printer's case. Soon after, he engaged in a wild speculation, and the same friendly hand emphatically writes that "the unfortunate result rendered a temporary absence from his native State necessary to the preservation of his personal liberty." He then planned a journey to the South, and a friend who had often given him the same kind of assistance, supplied a purse that would take him a little way. He hastily asked for work at the printing-office along his route, and arrived at New Haven with blistered feet and an empty pocket. With additional funds from his generous friend, he continued his journey to New York, where he found work, and a still further loan awaiting him. But verse-making and love-making claimed most of his time, and in nine months he abandoned the employment that had once given him the means of support and left him leisure for literary pursuits. He then established a newspaper, procuring an outfit upon credit. It was called The Bellows-Repository, and was enthusiastically dedicated to the ladies. Perhaps the fair were highly flattered, but the brothers, lovers, and husbands failed to say. A crash, of course, ensued, after which the creditors had the pleasure of reading a poem of 600 lines, which the publisher and editor wrote to relieve his feelings.

He worked in Hartford a few weeks, and then went back to his early home. Once more he set out, on foot, in search of fame and fortune. He wandered to Baltimore, paying his way by writing for the newspaper, and he never lacked a market for his rhymes. But, poor as ever, he returned to New York, and involved other lives in the needless bitterness of his own life. He married, and four little ones were born to, and amid the miseries of his poverty.

During the war of 1812-15, Mr. Woodworth conducted a weekly newspaper called The War, and a monthly magazine called The Helicon Luminous Theological Repository. The latter was devoted to the doctrine of Swedenborg, of whom Woodworth was a follower. More debt was all that resulted to him through his enterprise. He had no difficulty in obtaining employment in a printing-office, and, while working there, he was asked to write a history of the war with England, in the style of a romance, to be entitled "The Champions of Freedom." So eager was the public for this story, which nobody now reads, that the author was often compelled to send twelve unprinted lines at a time to the press. The printing was begun when but two sheets were written.
Two publishing-houses simultaneously offered to collect, illustrate, and publish Woodworth's poems, and accompany them with a sketch of his life. They bountied away corners for his rhymed scraps, and solemnly asserted that "they wished to advantage to themselves, but were moved only by the desire to rescue from oblivion the fugitive productions of a native poet, who upon the other side of the water would have attained opulence, and to relieve an unfortunate author from pecuniary embarrassment;," adding that, if that effort met with success, a second volume would be forthcoming! Samuel Woodworth died December 9th, 1842.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written in the winter of 1817, when Mr. Woodworth, with his family, was living in Duane street, New York City. One hot day, he came into the house, and pouring out a glass of water, drained it eagerly. As he set it down, he exclaimed, "That is very refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good, long draught from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well, at home."

"Selin," said his wife, "wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?"

At this suggestion, Woodworth seized his pen, and as the horse of his childhood rose vividly to his fancy, he wrote the now familiar words. The name of Frederick Smith appears as composer of the air, but he was merely the arranger, as the melody is adapted from Kihlmark's music written for Moore's "Araby's Daughter."

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollected
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood, and ever loved spot which my infancy knew.

The wide-spreading pond, the nail that stood by it,
The bridge and rock where the cat a-pact fell,
Dated house nigh it, and even the rude bucket that hung in the well,

I found it the source of exquisite pleasure,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

How sweet from the green, weasy rye to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Too filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

For often at noon when returned from the field,
DOT LONG-HANDED DIPPER.

CHARLES FOLLEY ADAMS, better known as "Leedle Yawwey Strasse" from his famous poem of that name, is a merchant, who, with the exception of two years service in the civil war, has always resided in or near Boston, having been born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, on April 21st, 1842. Early in life he began writing humorous dialect poetry which has been published by many of the best known periodicals. His parody on the Old Oaken Bucket entitled "Dot Long-Handled Dipper" is one of the best of his well-known proclaxies. Sung to the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket" it is very amusing. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote an appreciative letter to Mr. Adams, in which he said, "I hope your genius and always welcome humor will long continue to delight the world to which you have already contributed so much enjoyment."

Der boot may sing off "Der Oldt Oaken Bookit,"
Und in schweetest langvich its virtues may tell;
Und how, when a boy, he mit eggysauce dook it,
When dripping but coolness it rose vom der cell.
I don't take some schrock in dot manner off trikkin!
It vas too much like horses und cattle, I tink.
Diere was more satisfactions, in my way off dinkin,
Mit dot long-handled dipper, dot hangy py der sink.

"How schweet vom der green mossy brim to receive it"—
Dot would soundt pootty goot—cef it only vas true—

Der vater schbillas offer, you petter believe it!
Und runs down your schleeve, und schlops into your shoe.
Dhen down on your nose comes dot oldt iron handle,
Und makes your eyes vater so gick as a vink.
I deels you dot bookit is don't hold a cindle
To dot long-handled dipper, dot hangy py der sink.

COUNTY GUY.

"COUNTY GUY" is a little song by Sir WALTER SCOTT, set to an air of MOZART'S.

1. O Coun-ty Guy, the hour is nigh, The sun has left the west, The or-age flow'ry va-
2. The vil-lage maid stands t'wo the shade, Her shep-herd's suit to hear; To be-

fimes the howl, The breeze is on the sea, The lark his har who tells all day, Sitc
lat-tice high, Sings high-hewn ca-

hush'd, his part-ner reigns o'er earth and sky; Breeze, bird, and flow'r, con-fess the hour, But where is Coun-

Bee-

low sky; And high and low the influence know, But where is Coun-

bly sky; By


SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

HENRY CAREY, author of "Sally in our Alley," was born about 1663, and was a natural son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, whose family granted Carey a handsome annuity. He adopted the musical profession; but, although he had unusual advantages, he never rose to eminence. For many years, he taught music in schools and families of the middle rank. He was a prolific writer of songs, and in 1729 published two volumes of poems, many of which are good, and one or two of which are widely known. His fame must rest upon the one song which touched the popular heart.—"Sally in our Alley;" for his claim to the authorship of "God save the King" is too stoutly denied, to add anything to it.

He seems to have been a man of very good qualities and character. He was the principal projector of the fund for decayed musicians, their widows, and children. In announcing a benefit concert to be given him, the London Daily Post of December 3, 1730, said: "At our friend, Harry Carey's benefit, to-night, the powers of music, poetry, and painting, assemble in his behalf; he being an admirer of the three arts. The body of musicians meet in the Haymarket, whence they march in great order, preceded by a magnificent moving organ, in form of a pageant, accompanied by all the kinds of musical instruments ever in use, from Tuba to Cembalo until the present day. A great multitude of book-sellers, authors, and printers form themselves into a body at Temple Bar, whence they march, with great decency, to Covent Garden, preceded by a little army of printer's devils, with their proper instruments. Here the two bodies of music and poetry are joined by the brothers of the pencil, where, after taking some refreshments at the Bedford Arms, they march in solemn procession to the theatre, amidst an immovable crowd of spectators."

"Sally in our Alley" was one of the most popular songs ever made in England. In the third edition of his poems, Carey gives an account of the manner in which it came to be written. He says: "The real occasion was this: A shoemaker's 'prentice, making a holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bellam, the puppet-shows, the flying-chairs, and all the gaieties of Moorfields; from whence proceeding to the Farthing-pie-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese, cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale; through all which excess the author dodged them (charmed with the simplicity of their courtship) from whence he drew this little sketch of nature; but being then young and obscure, he was very much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for this performance, which nevertheless made its way into the polite world, and amply compensated him by the applause of the divine Addison, who was pleased (more than once) to mention it with approbation."

Endless were the answers, parodies, and imitations of the favorite song. One of the liveliest of the former begins:

"Of all the lads that are so smart, There's none I love like Sally; He is the darling of my heart, And he lives in Pimlico."

Another contained the following:

"I little thought when you began, To write of charming Sally; That every heart would sing so soon, 'She lives in our alley.'"

Carey committed suicide in a fit of despair, October 4, 1743, at his house in Warner street, Coldbath-fields,—or, to quote a quaint account, "by means of a halter he put a period to a life which had been led without reproof." Like all who took their lives in that day, he was buried at a cross-roads, and his grave is unknown.

Carey composed the original air to his song, and it was immensely popular for thirty years, when suddenly it was dropped; and "Sally" was set in motion to a fine old ballad air, called "The Country Love"
1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pretty Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And lives in our alley; There is no lady in the land That's half so sweet as long To such as please to buy 'em; But sure such folks could never beget. So sweet a girl as Sally.

2. Her father he makes cabbage-nets, And through the streets does cry 'em; Her mother she sells boxes long To such as please to buy 'em; But sure such folks could never beget So sweet a girl as Sally! She is the darling of my heart, And lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week I dearly love but one day, And that's the day that comes betwixt The Saturday and Monday; For then I'm dress'd all in my best To walk abroad with Sally, She is the darling of my heart, And lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church, And often am I blamed Because I leave him in the lurch As soon as text is named; I leave the church in sermon-time, And sink away to Sally, She is the darling of my heart, And lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again, Oh, then I shall have money! I'll hear it up, and box and all, I'll give it to my honey; Oh, would it were ten thousand pound! I'd give it all to Sally; For she's the darling of my heart, And lives in our alley.
"OUR OWN."

Words by MARGARET E. SANGSTER,

ALTO SOLO.

M. A. SCHNECKER.

If I had known in the morning how weary all the day The words unkind Would trouble my mind, I said when you went away, I had been more careful, 

Darling, Nor given you need-less pain; But we were "our own" With look and tone We might never take back again. For though in the quiet evening You may give me the kiss of
peace, Yet well it might be That never for me The pain of the heart should cease.

How many go forth in the morning Who never come at night?

And hearts have broken For harsh words spoken That sorrow can never set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger, And smiles for the sometime
guest, But oft for "our own" The bitter tone, Tho' we love "our own" the best.......... Ah!

lip with the curve impatient; Ah! brow with that look of scorn, Twere a cruel fate Were the night too late To undo the work of morn.

If I had known in the morning
How woe fully all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet well it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.

How many go forth in the morning
Who never come at night;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can never set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.

Ah! lip with the curve impatient;
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.
ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

This famous song has had many claimants; but when the matter is looked into, only two remain about whose right to it there can be any serious discussion. These are LAMAR FONTAINE and MRS. EBEL, LYNN BEERS.

Mr. Fontaine was born at Guy Hill, Texas. In 1844 his father moved to Austin, and was secretary to General Lamar, after whom the son was named. The family removed again, and young Fontaine describes himself as fond of all the pastimes of a wild frontier life, and says it was his delight to slip away from home and live among the Indians. He became a major in the Confederate army. After the war he wrote:

"I have been endeavoring to eke out a living as pedagogue, with a helpless wife and child dependent upon my daily labors, with poor pay, and a cripple too; for I received eleven wounds during the war, and have lost my right limb."

In reply to a letter from Mr. Davidson, author of "Living Writers of the South," Mr. Fontaine says:

"Now, the poem in question was written by me while our army lay at Fairfax Court-House, or rather the greater portion, in and around that place. On the 24th day of August, 1861, I first read it to a few of my messmates, in Company J, 2d Virginia Calvary. During the month of August I gave away many manuscript copies to soldiers, and some few to ladies in and about Louisa Co., Va. In fact, I think that most of the men belonging to the 2d Virginia, then commanded by Colonel Radford, were aware of the fact that I was the author of it. I never saw the piece in print until just before the battle of Louisa (October 21, 1861), and then it was in a Northern paper, with the notice that it had been found on the dead body of a picket. I hope the controversy between myself and others, in regard to 'All Quiet along the Potomac to-night,' will soon be forever settled. I wrote it, and the world knows it; and they may howl over it, and give it to as many authors as they please. I wrote it, and I am a southern man, and I am proud of the title, and am glad that my children will know that the South was the birthplace of their fathers, from their generation back to the seventh."

Mr. Fontaine mentions other poems of his, which are "non-coming-atable just now," and he encloses a manuscript of the disputed poem which differs very slightly from its contestant.

Mr. Davidson also publishes a letter on the subject, written by Mr. Chandler Harris, of Georgia, in the course of which he says: "After a careful and impartial investigation of all the facts in my reach, I have come to the conclusion that Mrs. Beers, and not Mr. Fontaine, wrote the poem in question. My reasons for believing that Mr. Fontaine is not the author of 'All Quiet,' are several:

1. The poem appeared in Harper's Weekly for November 30, 1861, as 'The Picket Guard,' over the initials of Mrs. Ethel Beers, of New York. 2. It did not make its appearance in any Southern paper until about April or May, 1862. 3. It was published as having been found in the pocket of a dead soldier, on the battle-field. It is more than probable that the dead soldier was a Federal, and that the poem had been clipped from Harper. 4. I have compared the poem in Harper with the same as it first appeared in the Southern papers, and find the punctuation to be precisely the same. 5. Mr. Fontaine, so far as I have seen, has given elsewhere no evidence of the powers displayed in that poem. 6. I, however, remember noticing in the Charleston Courier, in 1863 or 1864, a 'Parode' (as Mr. L. F. read it) on Mrs. Norton's 'Bingen on the Rhine,' which was certainly the poorest affair I ever saw. Mr. Fontaine had just come out of a Federal prison, and some irresponsible editor, in speaking of this 'parode,' remarked that the poet's Pegasus had probably worn his wings out against the walls of his Northern dungeon.

'You probably know me well enough to excuse me, in this instance at least, of the charge of prejudice, I am jealous of Southern literature; and if I have any partiality in the matter at all, it is in favor of Major Lamar Fontaine's claim. I should like to claim this poem for that gentleman; I should be glad to claim it as a specimen of Southern literature but the facts in the case do not warrant it."

So much for Mr. Fontaine's claim. On the other hand, Mr. Alfred H. Gmeseys, for many years editor of Harper's Magazine, in a letter dated March 22, 1868, says: "The facts are just these: The poem bearing the title 'The Picket Guard,' appeared in Harper's Weekly for November 30, 1861. It was furnished by Mrs. Ethel Beers, a lady whom I think incapable of palming off as her own any production of another."

Mrs. Beers herself, speaking of the poem in a private letter to me, says: 'The poor 'Picket' has had so many authentic claimants, and willing sponsors, that I sometimes question myself whether I did really write it that cold September morning, after reading the stereotyped announcement 'All quiet,' &c., to which was added in small type 'A picket shot.'" This letter had the same effect upon me that the agonized cry of the real mother "Give her the living child!" had upon King Solomon, as he dangled the baby in one hand and flourished the sword in the other.
Mrs. Beers was born in Goshen Co., N. Y., and her maiden name was Ethelinda Eliot. She was a
descendant of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. Her first contributions to the press appeared under the
nom de plume of "Etuel Lynn," one easily and prettily suggested by her very Saxon Christian name. After
her marriage, she added her husband's name, and over the signature Ethel Lynn Beers published many
poems, among the best known of which are "Weighing the baby," "Which shall it be?" and "Baby look-
ing out for me." Mrs. Beers resided in Orange, New Jersey, where she died October 10, 1879, the day on
which her poems were issued in book form.

The music of her song was composed by J. DAYTON, who was leader of the band of the First Con-
necticut Artillery, and has composed several other melodies.

*Adagio,*

1. "All quiet along the Potomac," they say, "Except now and
then a straggle picking,
peacefully dreaming;
Their tests, in the rays of the
beast, to and fro, By a riderman lol in the thick
clear autumn moon, Or the light of the watchfires are gleam-
ing.

2. All quiet along the Potomac to-night, Where the soldiers lie
then a straggle picking;
Is shot, as he walks on his
their tests, in the rays of the
beast, to and fro, By a riderman lol in the thick
clear autumn moon, Or the light of the watchfires are gleam-
ing.

'Tis nothing; a private or two now and then Will not count in the
news of the battle;
not of her lost, only
softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their

A tremendous sigh, as the gentle night wind Through the forest leaves
All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the lights of the watch-fires are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard,—for the army is sleeping.

There’s only the sound of the lone sentry’s tread,
[ spoken, ]
As he ramps from the rock to the fountain,
And think’s of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack, his face dark and grin,
Glooms gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep;
[ thought, ]
For their mother—may heaven de-

The moon seems to shine just as bright-
ly as then,
That night when the love yet un-
Leaped up to his lips, when love, un
named vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to his side.
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
The picket’s off duty forever.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rite—"Ha! Mary, good-bye;"
And the life-blood is ebbing and
THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

From "Bohemian Girl."
Longatto Ensemble.

1. The heart, bow'd down by weight of woe, To weakest hopes will cling;
2. The mind will in its worst despair, Still ponder over the past,
   To thought and impulse, while they flow, That can no comfort bring, that can, That can no comfort bring, that can, That can so comfort
   On moments of delight, that were too beautiful, to last, that were too beautiful, too beautiful to bring—

With those exciting scenes will blend, Over its
pleasure's pathway thrown; But memory is the
visions with them flown, For memory is the

only friend, That grief can call its own, That

grief can call its own, That grief can call its

own.
O NANNIE, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

THOMAS PERSY, author of "Nannie, wilt Thou Gang wi' Me," was born at Bridgenorth, Shropshire, England, April 18, 1728. He became chaplain-in-ordinary to the king, and afterward Bishop of Dromore, in the county Down, Ireland. His greatest literary work was the "Reliques of English Poetry." He gathered strains with infinite pains, and touched up all those which had hopelessly missing lines and other blemishes. He became totally blind, and died at Dromore, September 20, 1811.

THOMAS CARTER, who composed the air of "Nannie, wilt Thou Gang wi' Me," was born in Ireland in 1768. He received his musical education in Italy, and was a singer, pianist, and composer. Once, being terribly cramped for money, he set Handel's signature upon a manuscript of his own, and sold it for a large sum. The piece still passes as a genuine production of the great musician's. Carter died in 1804.

1. O Nan-nie, wilt thou
   Gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave the
   Haunting town? Can
   Si-
   le-
   n-
   t
   glens have charm for thee, The
   far a- wa', Wilt thou not cast a
   look be-hind? Say,
   cast thou face the
   flak - y snow, Nor

2. O Nan-nie, whee, thou'rt

   Nan-nie, wilt thou
low-ly cot, And rus-set gown? No long-er drest in silk-en sceen, No long-end-ec'd with shrink be-fore the win-te wind? Oh, can that soft and gen-tle mien Sev-er-est hard-ships

say, canst thou quit each court-ly scene, Where thou wert fair-est of the fair, Say, canst thou quit each court-ly scene, Where thou wert fair-est of the fair? Say, canst thou quit each court-ly scene, Where thou wert fair-est of the fair? Say, canst thou quit each court-ly scene, Where thou wert fair-est of the fair? Where thou... wert fair-est, where thou... wert fair-est, Where thou... wert fair-est of the fair?
O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nae sigh to leave the flantering town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lovely cot and rasset grown?
No longer dreid in silken sheen,
No longer decked with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit such courtly scene,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa',
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky anaw,
Nor, shrink before the winter wind?
Oh, cast that soft and gentle mien
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,
Through perks keen wi' me to go?
Or when thy swain misap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of weep?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Soothe flowers, and drop the tender tear;
Nor then regret those scenes so gay
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

NEAR THE LAKE.

George P. Moore was the author of the words of the following song. The music was arranged by Charles Edward Horn, from a Southern negro melody which was sung to stanza's beginning—

"Way down in the pecan yelloo."

The melody was arranged first as a glee for four voices, to be sung by negro minstrels to the inspiring words, "As I was gaiting down Shin-bone alley," and it took a genius like Horn's to think of subduing it to a sweet and plaintive song.

1. Near the lake where drooped the willow,
   Long time ago!
2. Sweet a maid be loved and cherished by high and low;
3. When my fond words she heard, but now, she is low.

1. Min gled were our hearts for ever, Long time ago!
2. To her grave these tears are given, Ev’ry tear to flow!
3. Where the rock threw back the billow, Brighter than now!

Where the rock threw back the billow, Brighter than now!
But with an emma's leaf she perished, Long time ago!

Bird, and bee, and blossom taught her Love's spell to know!
Then o'er her dove eyes gleamed, Long time ago!

Can I now forget her? Never! No, lost one, no!
She's the star I missed from heaven, Long time ago!

[Music notation]

-2-2
-2-2
-2-2
-2-2
THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Andrew Cherry, author of the words of "The Bay of Biscay," was born in Limerick, Ireland, January 11, 1762. He received a respectable education there, and was intended for holy orders, but in consequence of family misfortunes was apprenticed to a printer. He became a comic actor, and afterwards went to London, where he was manager of the theatre in which Edmund Kean made his first appearance. Cherry produced two dramatic pieces, and a few fine songs. He died in 1812.

The air was composed by John Davy, who was born in 1765, near Exeter, England. When three years old, he was thrown almost into fits from fright at hearing a violincello. He was shown that the instrument was harmless, and strumming upon it soon became his greatest delight. At the age of four, he played quite correctly. Before he was six years old, he used to frequent a blacksmith's shop in the neighborhood. The smith began to miss horseshoes, and, finally, thirty were gone. He had tried in vain to find the thief, when one day, he heard musical sounds proceeding from the top of the building. He followed the notes, and lighted upon little Davy, sitting between the ceiling and the thatched roof, with a fine assortment of horseshoes strewn about him. Of these, he had selected eight, and suspended them by cords so that they hung free, and with a little iron rod he was running up and down his changing octave, after the fashion of the village chimneys. The incident became known, and resulted in his obtaining thorough musical training. After finishing a course of study with a famous organist of Exeter Cathedral, he went to London, and became performer in the orchestra at Covent Garden Theatre, giving lessons at the same time. He wrote the music to Holman's opera, "What a Blunder!" and other successful pieces. Includon, the famous tenor singer, was waiting for a friend in a public house at Wapping, when he heard some sailors singing an air that struck his fancy. He hummed it to Davy, who finished it upon the air of the "Bay of Biscay." Includon used to sing the song with marvellous effect. Davy died 1824.

Mr. Henry Phillips says: "One thing connected with the song, 'The Bay of Biscay,' always perplexed me; namely, why it was called 'The Bay of Biscay O!' I enquired, but no one could explain the mystery to me. I looked into my geography book, and did not find it there. Some one, at length, proposed a solution of the enigma, by saying, that the marines—who were not good sailors—might have crossed these waters, and feeling very ill from the roughness of the passage, enquired their whereabouts by saying 'Is this the Bay of Biscay?—Oh!?' This appeared so very likely, that I adopted it as a fact." Phillips made his début with this song when he was but eight years old, in a country theatre. The little tail of his jacket was sewed up, to turn him into a ter, and directions were given not to let the audience see the hump on the back, produced by this ingenious method of creating a British seaman. He says: "The scene was set: an open sea, painted on the back of some other scene, where the wood-work was more prominent than the water, and unmistakable evidence of a street door appeared in the middle of the ocean. All was ready; tinkle went the bell; up went the curtain, and the glorious orchestra, which consisted of two fiddles and a German flute, struck up the symphony. As I strutted on, in the midst of a flash of lightning—produced by a candle and a large pepper-box filled with the dangerous elements—I began my theme—'Loud roared the dreadful thunder,' pointing my finger toward
the left-hand side of the stage, as if the storm came from that direction, which unfortunately it did not. At the termination, I was loudly applauded; the whole company shook hands with me, all the ladies kissed me, and, in fact, I was the lion of the evening." The syllable comes from the Spanish form of the word "Vizcaya," being retained because the open vowel is of advantage to the singer.

Moderato.

1. Loud on the dread-fal thun-der, The rain a deluge shower, The
2. Now dash'd up on the billow, Her op'ning timbers creak, Each

Clouds were rent a sunder, By lightning's vivid power, The night was drear, and fears a wa'ry pillow, None stop the dreadfull leak, To cling to slippery

dark, Our poor, desolate bark, Till next day, there she lay, In the shrouds, Each breastless sea-men crowds, As she lay, till next day, In the

Bay of Bis-cay, O! Bay of Bis-cay, O!
3. At length, the wish'd-for morn'row Broke thro' the hazy sky, Ab
4. Her yiel'ding tim'bers sev'er, Her pitch'y seams are rent, When

world in si- lent sor-row, Each heart'd a bit-ter sigh; The de-mi wreck'd to
Heav'n, all bounteous er-er, Its bound-less mer-cy sent, A sail in sight ap-

view, Strewk hor-ror in the crew, As she lay all that day, In the
pears, We hail her with three cheers, Now we sail, with the gale, From the
Bay of Bis-cay, O!
Bay of Bis-cay, O!
BEWARE.

QUARTET FOR MALE VOICES.

Poetry by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

J. L. HATTON.

Moderato, Soprano.

1st Tenor.

I know a maiden fair to see, Take care! Take care! She

2nd Tenor.

I know a maiden fair to see, Take care! Take care! She

Bass.

I know a maiden fair to see, Take care! Take care! She

Accomp. *

* The right hand part must be played an octave lower.
SECOND VERS.

She has two eyes, so soft and brown, Take care! Take care! She

She has two eyes, so soft and brown, Take care! Take care! She

She has two eyes, so soft and brown, Take care! Take care! She
gives a side-glance and looks down: Beware!... Beware!

gives a side-glance and looks down: Beware!... Beware!

gives a side-glance and looks down: Beware!... Beware!

Trust her not, she is fooling thee! Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

Trust her not, she is fooling thee! Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

Trust her not, she is fooling thee! Trust her not, she is fooling thee!
IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE.

RognaLF Heber was born at Malpas, Cheshire, England, April 21, 1783. He took high honors at Oxford University, and afterward was distinguished for learning and piety. He was settled in the living of Holdnet, when he accepted the bishopric of Calcutta. He was unwearied in his missionary work, and it was while he was travelling on the Ganges, to visit the mission stations, that the following lines to his wife were written. Bishop Heber died in India, April 23, 1826.

The music of the song was composed by Sidney Nelson.

Moderato.

1. If thou wert by my side, my love, How
2. I miss thee at the coming gray,When,

fast would evening fall, In
on our deck reclined, In

green Bengal's palm-y grove, List-
...care...less ease my life I lay, And

's'ring the nightingale. If
...woe the cooler wind.

thou, my love, wert by my side, My
miss thee, when by Ganges' stream My
babies at my knee, How
...twilight steps I guide; But

Ganges' beautiful glide Ganges' mission sea.
If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fly,
In green Bengal’s palm grove
Lasting the nightingale.

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knees,
How gaily would our pranade glide,
O’er Gunga’s misic sea.

I miss thee at the Dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee, when by Gunga’s streams,
My twilight steps I guide;
But rest beneath the lamp’s pale beam,
I miss thee from my side:

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer;

But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy neck, attentive ear.

But when of mora and eve the star
Belolde me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on, then on, where duty leads,
My course ‘be crown’d still;
O’er broad Hindostan’s sultry roads,
O’er bleak Altaorah’s hill.

That course, nor Delhi’s kindly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss we both awaits,
By yonder western main!

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne’er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee.
THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN was born in Ireland in 1807. She inherited the wit and brilliance of her grandfather, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and was noted in fashionable circles for her beauty and accomplishments. Besides the words of the song, with which she occupied her leisure hours, she wrote music and considerable elegant literature, which has not survived like that of her sister, Mrs. Norton. When but eighteen years old, she married the Honorable Price Blackwood, afterward Lord Dufferin. He died in 1841, and twenty-one years afterward, when her old and intimate friend, the Earl of Gifford, was in his last illness, she became his wife, that she might be constantly by his side. He lived but two months, and five years later, June 13, 1897, Lady Gifford died also. The present Earl Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada, is her son.

The music which so exquisitely express the sentiment of Lady Dufferin's song, was composed by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER, and many will well remember hearing him sing it in this country.
eye, And the red was on your lip, Mary, And the love-light in your eye.

3rd Verse:

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, And the little church stands near, The church where we were wed, Mary, I see the minst from here; But the graveyard lies between, Mary, And my step might break your rest, For I'm
I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin', long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sung loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
For I hid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But Oh! they love them better far,
The few our father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the brave, good heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you for that same, Mary,
Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh, I am thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland
Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods,
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again,
To the place where Mary lies.
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side;
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

These are characteristic words by Thomas Moore; but the ancient Irish melody to which they are sung, is appropriately entitled "The Old Woman." In the Memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington, it is related that a lady of high rank, listening, as he poured out a melting love-ditty, laid her hand upon his arm, exclaiming, "For heaven's sake, Moore, stop, stop! this is not good for my soul." Moore himself was often so affected, that voice failed him. He writes in his diary, of a certain occasion, "If I had given way, I should have burst out a crying; as I remember doing many years ago at a large party at Lady Rehe's. No one believes how much I am affected in singing, partly from being touched myself, and partly from an anxiety to touch others."

1. Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright My heart's chain wore; When my
2. Tho' the hard to pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's past; Tho' he
3. Oh! that hal - low'd form is ne'er for - ges, Which first love traced; Still it,

dream of life, from morn till night, was love, still love. New hope may bloom, And
win the wise, who from'ld be - fire. To smile at last, He'll nev - er meet A
lin - g'ring haunts the green - est spot On mem - ry's waste. Twas o - dor fled As

days may come Of mist - er, calm - er beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life As
joy so sweet, in all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to wom - an's ear, Its
soon as seed; Twas morning's wish - ed dream; Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On

love's young dream; No, there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.
soul - felt flame, And, at ev - ry close, she blushed to hear The one lov'd name.
life's dull stream: Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.
GO! FORGET ME!

Revd. Charles Wolfe wrote the words of the following song. The music is from Mozart, who wrote many pleasing songs.

Wolfgang Mozart is a rare instance of an infant prodigy, whose intellectual powers grew with the boy's growth to manhood. At four years old, he could play the harpsichord correctly, and in that year he made a concerto to be played upon it. A year later, he, with his musical little sister, was the wonder of the Imperial Court. At eight, he played the organ at the English court, and only his compositions were played in public concerts. The facts of his troubled life are familiar.

"Idomeneo," the opera which won him the lady he loved, is one of his favorite compositions; but perhaps "Don Giovanni" is considered his greatest dramatic work. When it was being rehearsed in Prague, he said to the chapel-master, who was praising the work: "People err if they think my art has cost me no trouble; I assure you, my dear friend, no one has taken such pains with the study of composition as I. There is hardly a celebrated master in music whom I have not carefully and, in many cases, several times, studied through!" Mozart was born in Salzburg, Germany, January 27, 1756, and died in Vienna, December 5, 1791. The air of "Go! forget me!" like "Days of Absence," is familiar in sacred music.

1. Go! forget me! why should sorrow o'er that brow a
   shadowling? Go! forget me! and, tomorrow,
Brightly smile and sweetly sing—Smile tho' I shall not be near thee; Sing tho' I should never hear thee;

May thy soul with pleasure shine, Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Go, forget me, why should sorrow,
Over that brow a shadow fling;
Go, forget me, and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile, though I shall not be near thee;
Sing, though I should never hear thee;
May thy soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the meanest thing in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.

All things looked so bright about thee
That they nothing seem without thee;
By that pure and lucid mind,
Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming—
Hope and beauty, fare ye well!

Go, and all that once delighted,
Take, and leave me all benighted;—
Glory's burning, generous swell,
Fancy and the poet's shell.
"AS I'D NOTHING ELSE TO DO."

This beautiful song, the words of which were written by Mr. Herbert Fry, was composed by John Liphot Hatton, born in Liverpool, Eng., in 1809. In youth he was taught some of the rudiments of music, but beyond this was wholly self-instructed. Settling in London in 1832, he very soon earned a reputation as a composer. In 1844 while engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, he composed an opera, "The Queen of the Thames." About the same time he brought out in Vienna his opera "Pascal Brune." Returning to England he gained considerable success as a composer of songs, writing under the pseudonym of "Czapek." In 1848 he visited America. Among his more celebrated compositions (and he was a very fruitful composer) are "Froust and Marguerite," an overture; "Pezarro;" "Rose, or Love's Ransom," an opera given in Convent Garden, 1864; "Robin Hood," a cantata given at the Bradford Musical Festival. He published several books of part songs. One of his finest productions was the sacred drama of "Hosekiah" given at the Crystal Palace in Dec., 1877.

1. "Twa a pleasant sum-mer's morn-ing—Just the day I like ten-joy, When I
2. Oft I start-ed thro' the mead-ows, Where the dew-beads near'd the pray, And re-

woke, and look'd out ear-ly, Pur-sat how my time t'en-play; In such
spont-a-ve to the song-birds, I kept sing-ing all the way; Quite sur-
Then we strolled forth together,
Down the lane beneath the trees,
While so gently stirred the shadows
Of their branches in the breeze;
And whenever our conversation
Lengthen’d for a word or two,
Why, of course I kindly kissed her,
As I’d nothing else to do.

But before the day was over,
I’d somehow made up my mind,
That I’d pop the question to hear,
If to me her heart inclined;
So I whispered “Sweet, my darling,
Will you have me, Yes, or No?”
“‘Well,” said she, “perhaps I may say dear,
When I’ve nothing else to do.”

’Twas a pleasant summer’s morning—
Just the day I like to enjoy,
When I woke, and looked out early,
Puzzled how my time to employ;
In such fine and splendid weather,
I don’t care for work,—do you?
So I went to see my sweetheart,
As I’d nothing else to do.

Oft I started thro’ the meadow,
Where the dew-beads pearly’d the pray,
And responsive to the song-birds,
I kept singing all the way;
Quite surprised she was to see me
Come so early there to woo,
’Till I said I’d just walked over,
’Cause I’d nothing else to do.
JOHN BROWN’S BODY.

I have been able to obtain but meagre information about the famous refrain which became the marching song of the nation. The stern, almost religious enthusiasm of the words blended with the stirring tread of the music, and suited well the spirit in which Peretzion went forth to meet its foes. The words, except the first stanza, were written by CHARLES S. HALL, of Charleston, S.C., and the melody in a colored Presbyterian church in Charleston, S. C., about 1859, and soon after introduced it at a convention of the Y. M. C. A. in Albany, N. Y., with the words,

“Say, brothers, will you meet us?”

JAMES F. GREENLEAF, organist of the Harvard Church in Charleston, found the music in the archives of that church, and fitted it to the first stanza of the present song. This became so great a favorite with the Glee Club of the Boston Light Infantry, in 1861, that they asked Mr. Hall to write additional stanzas. The Foll Mall Gazette of October 14, 1865, said: “The street boys of London have decided in favor of John Brown’s Body,” against “My Maryland,” and “The Bonnie Blue Flag.” The somewhat lugubrious refrain has excited their admiration to a wonderful degree, and threatens to extinguish that hard-worked, exquisite effort of modern minstrelsy, “Slip Bang.”

1. John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the grave,

2. The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,

*Small notes for 14 and 15 voices.*

By special permission of Brevo, Oliver Ditson & Co.
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, John Brown's body lies a-

mouldering in the grave. His soul is marching on! His soul is marching on!

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down, The stars of heaven are look-

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down, On the grave of old John Brown.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry h al-le -lu - jab! Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry h al-le -lu - jab!

Glo-ry, glo-ry h al-le -lu - jab! His soul is marching on!

Glo-ry, glo-ry h al-le -lu - jab! His soul is marching on!
John Brown's body lies a-moulder'ing in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-moulder'ing in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-moulder'ing in the grave,
His soul is marching on!
Cho.—Glory, etc.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown!
Cho.—Glory, etc.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
His soul is marching on.
Cho.—Glory, etc.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
His soul is marching on.
Cho.—Glory, etc.

The following words were written by Henry Howard Brownell, who died at Hartford, Conn., October 31, 1872, aged fifty-two. Mr. Brownell entitled his poem, "Words that can be sung to the 'Hallelujah chorus,'" and says, "If people will sing about Old John Brown, there is no reason why they shouldn't have words with a little meaning and rhythm in them."
THE CHAPEL.

MALE QUARTETTE.

Collegians and musical youth generally owe a debt of gratitude to Conradsin Kreutzer, many of whose compositions are familiar to them in the "Arion" collection, for he redeemed the male part-songs from the triviality that characterized much of the rubbish written in that line before he raised the standard with his excellent work. He was a native of Baden, born in 1782, and became chorister of his birth-place, and served in a similar capacity in other towns. At the age of 17 he went to Freiburg to study medicine, but found his inclination so strong for music that he adopted it as a profession. His career began with five years in Switzerland as pianist, singer and composer. In 1804 he went to Vienna for further study, and began the composition of operas, the success of one of which gained for him the post of Kapellmeister to the King of Wurttemburg. He was subsequently called as Kapellmeister to various important musical centres, and conducted the orchestra at various theatres, a field of work which in Europe is musically important. His most successful operas, which still hold the stage, are "Der Verschwender" and "Nachtmage in Granada," produced in Vienna in 1834. He died in 1849, having composed a number of operas and much piano and chamber music. The permanent portion of his work consists of his "Lieder" for the single voice and partsongs for men's voices, which are very chaste and beautiful, of sterling merit as technical compositions, and recognized as standard in Germany and indeed throughout the musical world. "The Chapel" is perhaps the most familiar of them, and thoroughly characteristic.

1. What beams so bright from the mountain height, A midst the stars of the sober night?

What beams so bright from the mountain height, A midst the stars of the sober night?

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sober night? 'Tis the light on the holy chapel wall, Inviting the pilgrim to
pray in its hall; 'Tis the light on the holy chapel wall, Inviting the pilgrim to
pray in its hall; Inviting the pilgrim to pray in its hall.
God in heaven; 'Tis the holy choir in the hymn of even, Now chanting their praise to their
grim to rest; 'Tis the signal bell to the wandering guest, Now calling the wearied


God in heaven; 'Tis the holy choir in the hymn of even, Now chanting their praise to their
grim to rest; 'Tis the signal bell to the wandering guest, Now calling the wearied


What beams so bright from the mountain height,
Amidst the stars of the sober night?
'Tis the light on the holy chapel wall,
Inviting the pilgrim to pray in its hall.

Who breaks the sleep of the silent hour,
With songs so solemn of depth and power?
'Tis the holy choir in the hymn of even,
Now chanting their praise to their God in heaven.

What sound comes down upon the gale,
In measured beat thro' the misty vale?
'Tis the signal bell to the wandering guest,
Now calling the wearied pilgrim to rest.
WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.

The words of this song are commonly attributed to Mrs. Norton, probably because it was published about the time of her separation from her husband. But they were written by Charles Jefferys, who found the melody on a scrap of paper that came home around some groceries, and wrote the words to suit it. Neither he nor any of his musical friends could tell where this melody was from; but years afterward, when Nicoło's "Joconde" was revived in London, the long-sought origin of the air was found in that opera.

Nicoło (Nicolas Isouard) was born in Malta in 1777. He completed his studies in Naples, and when the French evacuated Italy, went with them, as private secretary to General Vaubois. The remainder of his life was devoted to musical art in Paris, where he died in 1818.

A modulation.

1. We have lived and loved to - geth - er Thro' ma - ny chang - ing years, We have
2. Like the leaves that fall a - round us, In Au - tumn's faid - ing hours; And the
3. We have lived and loved to - geth - er Thro' ma - ny chang - ing years, We have
Shared each other's gladness, And wept each other's tears,

I have never known a sorrow
That was long unwounded by thee,

And thou mayest never have known love,
Too prone a lad to range,

And let us hope, the future, As the past has been, will be.
As the

Boil as far as.

Long unwounded by thee, For thy smile can make a summer

We both can speak of one, love, Whom time could never change,

And there thy joys with me.

For thy smile can make a summer Where darkness else would be.

We both can speak of one, love, Whom time could never change,

And thou thy joys with me.
ON AN APRIL APPLE BOUGH.

Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang, the composer of this song, is a daughter of the celebrated composer and conductor, B. J. Lang, of Boston, Mass. Miss Lang has distinguished herself by her songs, which have been eagerly sought for by publishers here and abroad. One of the most attractive features of a concert given by the Manuscript Society during the Season of 1884-5 was a group of her songs, written for the Society. The words are by Sylvia.

Swing, little bird, on the bough; Sing!

Sing, and swing in the rain; The buds will burst and the
blow. 
Like drift on drift. 
of perfumed snow.

Over and over again.

Hark!

Hark! my heart, to the swelling song. 

Hash!
Hush, and ease thy pain; New love must rise
from the love laid low.— Breathe and blossom, and gleam and glow.
O—ver and o—ver a—gain.... O—ver and o—ver a—gain....

a tempo.
REASONS FOR DRINKING.

CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS, author of the following song, was born in Docking, England, in 1732. He served his country during the American Revolution, and afterwards entered the Life Guards. He was a great social favorite on account of his ready wit and lively songs. He wrote hundreds of ditties, and professed to attempt the reform of music generally heard around the convivial board. In his own language, he wrote, "to discipline anew the social bands of convivial life, to blend the sympathies of fellow-hearts, and wreath a sweeter, gayer garland for the brow of festivity from the divine plants of concord, gratitude, friendship and love." The author had attempted the impossible; those "divine plants" flourish only under a proper watering. And the author found it so; for Thackery, in his "George the Fourth," speaking of Morris, says: "This delightful boon companion of the prince's found a "weizen fair" to forego filling and drinking, saw the error of his ways, gave up the bowl and choirs, and died retired and religious."

Thomas Moore said: "Assuredly, had Morris written much that at all approached the following verse of his "Reasons for Drinking," few would have equalled him either in fancy or in that lighter kind of pathos which comes, as in this instance, like a few melancholy notes in the middle of a gay air, throwing a soft and passing shade over mirth."

Captain Morris died at Beckhams Lodge, Docking, in 1838. He had married the widow of Sir William Stanhope, and after his death she published four volumes of his poems.

The music of his "Reasons for Drinking" was composed by CHARLES DIBdin.

Arranged by EDWARD S. CUMMINGS.

1. I'm oft en ask'd by plaiding seals, And men of craft-y tongue, What joy I take in drain-ing wort, And tip-pling all night long; But that these cautious knives I scorn, For once I'll not drain———

2. 'Tis by the glow my bun-per gives, Life's pict-u're's mellow made; The fad-ing light then bright-ly lives, And soft-ly sinks the shade. Some hap-pi-er tint still ris-es there, With ev-ery drop I drain——— And
I'm often asked by plodding souls
And men of crafty tongue,
What joy I take in draining bowls
And tippling all night long.
But though these cautious knaves I scorn,
For once I'll not disdain
To tell them why I sit till morn
And fill my glass again.

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives,
Life's picture's mellow hue;
The fading light then brightens live,
And softly slits the shade,
Some happier tint still rises there,
With every drop I drain,
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

My Muse, too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flights will take
But round the bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round the lake.
Then, if each nymph will have her share,
Before she'll bless her swain,
Why, that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

In life, I've rang all changes through,
Run ev'ry pleasure down,
'Mid each extreme of folly, too,
And by'd with half the town:
For see, there's nothing new nor rare,
Till wine deceives my brain,
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

I find, too, when I stint my glass,
And sit with sober air,
I'm prov'd by some dull reasoning still,
Who treads the path of care;
Or, harder still, am doomed to hear
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain,
And that I'm sure's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

There's many a lad I knew is dead,
And many a lass grown old,
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold:
But wine awhile drives off despair,—
Nay, bids a hope remain;—
Why, that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.
THE words of this little song were written by Mrs. Norrox, to a Tyrolean air. It was Jenny Lind's rendering of it which introduced it in the United States, and made it popular.

SOPRANO

1. By the dark waves of the rolling sea, Where the white-sailed ships are tossing free,
2. I see its hills, I see its streams Its blue lakes haunt my restless dreams:

ALTO

3. For months along that gloomy shore Mid sea-bird's cry and ocean's roar,

TENOR & BASS

Came a youthful maid—en, Pale and sorrow laden, With a mournful voice she sang:

When the day declined, Or the bright sun shined, Present still its beauty seems:

Sang that mournful maid—en, Pale and sorrow laden, Then her voice was heard no more.

Oh, take me back to Switzerland, My own, my dear, my native land;

Oh, take me back to Switzerland, Up on the mountain let me stand;

For far away from Switzerland, From home, from friends, from native land;

Oh, take me back to Switzerland, My own, my dear, my native land;

Oh, take me back to Switzerland, Up on the mountain let me stand;

For far away from Switzerland, From home, from friends, from native land;

I'll brave all dangers of the main, To see my own dear land again.

Where flowers are bright, and skies are clear, For oh! I pine, I perish here!

Where foreign wild flowers coldly wave, The broken-hearted found a grave.

Where flowers are bright, and skies are clear, For oh! I pine, I perish here!

Where foreign wild flowers coldly wave, The broken-hearted found a grave.
THE OAK AND THE ASH.

This is a song of the seventeenth century. The air is from Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book," where it is entitled "The Quodling's Delight." The hero of Scott's "Rob Roy," speaking of his old Northumbrian nurse, says: "I think I see her look around on the brick walls and narrow streets which presented themselves from our windows, as she concluded with a sigh the favorite old ditty, which I then preferred, and—why should I not tell the truth?—"

which I still prefer to all the operas and odes written by the capricious brain of an Italian Maestro.

"Oh, the oak, the ash, and the bony ivy tree,
They flourish best at home in the North Country."

\[ \text{Mus. Dow.} \]
A North Country lass up to London did pass,
Although with her nature it did not agree;
Which made her repent, and so often lament,
Still wishing again in the North for to be.

Fain would I be in the North Country,
Where the lads and the lasses are making of hay;
There should I see what is pleasant to me;
A mischief light on them enticed me away!

I like not the court, nor the city resort,
Since there is no fancy for such maids as me;
Their pomp and their pride, I can never abide,
Because with my humor it doth not agree.

O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny hawthorn tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

How can I have been in the Westmoreland green,
Where the young men and maidens resort for to play,
Where we with delight, from morning till night,
Could feast it and frolic on each holiday.

O the oak, and the ash, etc.

The ewes and their lambs, with the
kids and their dams, play;
The bells they do ring, and the birds
they do sing, pleasant and gay.
And the fields and the gardens, so
O the oak, and the ash, etc.

At wakes and at fairs, being void of
all cares,
(to dance;
We there with our lovers did use for
Then hard hap had I, my ill-fortune
to try,
And so up to London my steps to
O the oak, and the ash, etc.

But still I perceive, I a husband might have,
frame;
If I to the city my mind could but
But I'll have a lad that is North-
Country bred, that I am,
Or else I'll not marry in the mind
O the oak, and the ash, etc.

A maiden I am, and a maid I'll remain,
Until my own country again I do see;
For here in this place I shall ne'er see
the fair
Of him that's allotted my love for
to be.
O the oak, and the ash, etc.

Then, farewell, my daddy, and farewell, my mammy,
Until I do see you, I nothing but
mourn;
Remembering my brothers, my sisters
and others,
In less than a year, I hope to return.
Then the oak, and the ash, etc.
KATEY'S LETTER.

This is one of the many songs written by Lady Dufferin.

Apart from the genuine sentiment and pathos of Lady Dufferin's songs, we are conscious of an interest in them derived from the association of the writer with the genius of a past and the talent of the present generation. The courtly Lord Dufferin, one of the most prominent, successful, tasteful and popular of the British diplomats of to-day, is her son. And she was the granddaughter of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the brilliant dramatist and statesman. But her popularity was based less on her inheritance of this illustrious name or even on the wit and mental attainments that accompanied it, than on her great beauty, graceful manners and varied accomplishments. Among the latter was a talent for music and literature, in which fields she produced several compositions that have outlived their author, "Katey's Letter," and the even more widely known "Irish Emigrant's Lament," being the most popular of them. Her songs were generally set to airs already familiar to the public. By her marriage at the age of 18 to Price Blackwood, who afterwards became Lord Dufferin, she acquired the title by which she is known.

Andante con Espressione.

1. Oh, girls, dear, did you ev' er hear, I wrote my love a letter. And although he can not read, sure I thought 'twas all the better. For why should he be puzzled with hard big, As the crown of my best bonnet; For I would not have the Postman make love him, and they're mighty fond of claf-fing; So I dar'd not write his name outside. For me, so long as I have waite'd; But may—there mayn't be one, for the
spelling in the matter. When the
his remarks upon it. As I'd said in side the letter, that I loved him faithfully.
reason that I stated. That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully.

I love him faithfully and he knows it, oh! he
I love him faithfully and he knows it, oh! he
He loves me faithfully; and I know where ever my

knows it without one word from me.

Och, girls dear, you ever hear, I wrote my love a letter,
And although he cannot read, are I thought 'twas all the better.
For why should he be puzzled with hard spelling in the matter,
When the meaning was so plain that I love him faithfully.

I wrote it, and I folded it, and put a seal upon it;
'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my best bonnet;
For I would not have the Postmaster make his remarks upon it,
As I'd said inside the letter, that I loved him faithfully.

My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in,
The neighbors know I love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffing;
So I dared not write his name outside for fear they would be laughing,
So I wrote "from little Kate to one whom she loves faithfully."

Now girls would you believe it, that Postman so conveyed
No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited;
But say—be there mayn't be one, for the reason that I stated,
That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully.
THE OLD SEXTON.

Park Benjamin, author of the words of "The Old Sexton," was born in Demerara, British Guiana, August 14, 1809. His parents had removed there from New England, and, on account of illness in his infancy, which resulted in serious lameness, Park was sent to his father's home in Connecticut for medical treatment. He studied at Trinity and Harvard Colleges, and began to practice law in Boston. He soon left the profession, devoted himself to literary pursuits, and became founder, editor, or contributor of several American magazines. His lyrics attained wide popularity, but have never been collected; none of them, it is said, have ever been in print, but have descended from schoolboy to schoolboy as declamation pieces. Mr. Benjamin died in New York city, September 12, 1867.

The Old Sexton was written expressly for Henry Russell, who composed the music.

1. Night to a grave that was newly made, Leaned a sexton old, on his earth-worn spade, His many are with me, but still I'm alone, In the land of the dead—and I make my throne On a

2. work was done, and he paused to wait, The funeral train thru' the open gate; A monument slab of marble cold, And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold;
Relic of bygone days was he, And his locks were white as the foamy sea; And
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall, Man - kind are my sub - jeets, all, all, all! Let them

these words came from his lips so thin: "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
loiter in pleas - ure, or toil fa - l - ly spin— "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,

I gather, gather, gather. I gather them in....
2. "I gath-er them in!" for man and boy, Year aft-er year of grief and joy, I've
4. "I gath-er them in, and their fi-nal rest Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast!" And the

build-ed the hous-es that lie a-round, In ev-ry nook of this bur-ial ground;
sex-ton ceased—for the fu-neral train Wound mute-ly o'er that sol-emn plain; And I

Mother and daugh-ter,—fa-ther and son, Come to my sol-i-tude one by one,—But
said to my heart—when time is told, A might-er voice than that sex-ton's old Will

come they stran-gers, or come they kin— "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
sound o'er the last trump's dread al din— "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade,
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train at the open gate.
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foam on sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin;
"I gather them in, I gather them in."

"I gather them in! for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy;
I've builded the houses that lie around,
In every nook of this burial ground;
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude, one by one,—
But come they strangers or come they kin—
"I gather them in, I gather them in."

"Many are with me, but still I'm alone.
I'm king of the dead—and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold;
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold;
Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, ah, all!
Let them loiter in pleasure or soulfully spin—
"I gather them in, I gather them in."

"I gather them in, and their final rest
Are here, down here, in the earth's dark breast?
And the sexton ceased, for the funeral train
Wound merrily o'er that solemn plain.
And I said to my heart, when time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din—
"I gather them in, I gather them in."
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

For its age, this is one of the best known songs in the world. Four hundred thousand copies of it were sold, and E. P. Christy, of minstrel fame, paid four hundred dollars for the privilege of having his name printed upon a single edition as its author and composer. The true author and composer was STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

1. Way down upon de Swanee ribber,

Moderato.

Far, far a-way,

As she appeared when singing "Old Folks at Home."

Here's where my heart is turn-ing e-b-e-ber, Here's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation, Sad ly I rout.

Still longing for de old plantation, And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world anew sad and dreary, Everywhere I roam.

Oh! dark-eyes, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

2nd Verses.

All round de little fama I wander'd When I was young,

Den many happy days I squander'd, Many de songs I sung.

When I was playing wid my brudder, Happy was I,
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.—Chorus.

3d Verse.

One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love,
Still sud-ly to my mem'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-hum-min' All round de comb?
When will I hear de ban-jo tinn-min' Down in my good old home.—Chorus.

Way down upon de Swance ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's whe de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Selly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus.

All de world am sud and dreary,
Eberywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rush-es,
No matter whe I rove.
When will I see de bees a-hummin'
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tinn-min' Down in my good old home?
THE HEATH THIS NIGHT.

"The Heath this night must be my bed," is the song of Norman in Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Several airs have been written for the song, but I think the one that follows is the work of Joseph, Count Mazzinghi. This distinguished composer was born in England in 1760. His mother was English, but his father was descended from an ancient Tuscan family. He developed musical ability so early, that he became director of the opera house when but eighteen years old, and he once restored the orchestral parts of a lost opera of Paisiello's from memory. His own operas—"Paul and Virginia," "The Blind Girl," "The Turnpike Gate," &c., were very popular, and Scott thanked him warmly for the manner in which he adapted several of his lyrics. Mazzinghi died in 1844.

1. The heath this night must be my bed, 
   The broken curtain
2. I may not, dare not, fancy now 
   The grief that clouds thy
3. A time will come with feeling fraught, 
   For if I fall in

for my head, My hal - las - be, the ward - er's tread, Far
love - ly brow, I dare not think up - on thy vow, And
bat - tle fought, Thy hap - less lov - er's dy - ing thought, Shall

far from love and thee,......... Mary.
all it prom - ised me,......... Mary.
be a thought on thee,......... Mary.
To-mor-row eve more still—y laid, My
No fond re-gret must Nor-man know; When
And if re-tumed from con-quered foes, How
Couch may be my blood-y plaid, My ves-per song thy
Bursts clan Al-pine on the foe, His heart must be like
Blithe-ly will the eve-nig close, How sweet the lin-net
Wall, sweet naid! It will not wak-en me, Mary!
Bend-ed bow, His foot like ar-row free, Mary!
Sing re-pose, To my young bride and me, Mary!
I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.

No fond regret must Nor-man know;
When bursts clan Al-pine on the foe,
His heart must be like bend-ed bow,
His foot like ar-row free, Mary!
A time will come with feel-ing fraught,
For if I fall in bat-tle fought,
Thy hap-less love-er's dy-ing thought,
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from con-dued foes,
How bli-the-ly will the eve-nig close,
How sweet the lin-net sing re-pose,
To my young bride and me, Mary.
A "MAID OF ATHENS"
MAID OF ATHENS.

Lord Byron wrote these stanzas while in Athens. The lady who inspired them was Theresa Macri, daughter of the English vice-consul, celebrated for her beauty. She afterwards married an Englishman named Beck, who resided in her native city. In a note appended to the poem, Byron says: "The closing line of each stanza, Ζηυ μοι, αετί δρακόντ, is a Roman expression of tenderness. If I translate it, I should affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I suppose they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconception on the part of the latter, I shall do so, beggining pardon of the learned. It means, 'My life, I love you!' which sounds very pretty in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece as this day, as Juvenal tells us the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenized." He says the line in the third stanza which reads:

"By all the token-flowers that tell,"

refers to a custom in the East (where ladies cannot write) of exchanging sentiments by means of flowers.

Lord Byron was born in London, January 22, 1788, and died at Missolonghi, Greece, April 19, 1824.

The music for the "Maid of Athens" was composed by Isaac Nathan, who was born in Canterbury, England, in 1792. He was intended for the Jewish priesthood, and was carefully educated, but turned his attention to music, and soon became a favorite composer of both secular and sacred works.

1. Maid of Athens, ere we part, Give, oh, give me back my heart!
2. By these tears, unconfined, Would my each gem wind;

Or since that has left my breast, Keep it sew and take the rest!
By these lids whose jetty fringe, Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge; By

Hear my vow before I go, Hear, hear, hear, hear, hear my vow before I go, those wild eyes, like the roe, like the roe, like the roe, By those wild,
I love you, My life, my life, I love you, My life, my life.

Hear my raw before I go: My life, my life, I love you.

3. By that lip, I long to taste; By that crowned, coifed waist; By

4. Maid of Athens, I am gone; Think of me, sweet, when alone.

Though I fly to Is- tan-bol, Athens held my heart and soul; By
THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

This song is alluded in a song ballad, entitled "The old and the young Courier." Pope's writes in his Diary, June 15, 1768: "Come to Newark, and there did—" and minstrel, a song of the "Old Courier of Queen Elizabeth," and how he was changed into the coming in of the Duke, did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hever to write it out." The old ballad begins:

An old song made by an aged pate
Of an old woeful old gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house, in a beautiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.
Like an old courier at the Queen's
And the Queen's old courier.

The "Fine old English Gentleman" was made the subject of a curious copyright trial, an account of which is given by Mr. Henry Phillips, in his "Recollections." He says: "Having been invited to an evening party in the City, where music was to be the presiding deity, I met (I believe for the first time) an amateur of some celebrity, Mr. Crewe, who was a bookseller in Lamb's, Coldbath Street, and possessed of a beautiful voice. He sang the Irish melodies charmingly, generally without accompaniment, which gave them a wildness and originality, that at times was quite exciting. 'Rich, rare were the gems she wore,' was one of his great songs; in fact, I think he rarely escaped without singing it. This evening he threw off a lassie mantle, and sang a song he had never heard before, "The old English Gentleman." All were in ecstasies with it; 'Whose is it?' "Where did it come from?" 'How could you obtain it?' were the questions put from all quarters, terminating with, 'Do sing it again!' As for me, I was in ecstasies; I saw in an instant what I could do with it, and eagerly inquired where it could be obtained. Whether it was worth a shilling to me if I could be the person to do so. Mr. Crewe informed me it was a very old song, that any one had a right to it. With this, I begged a copy, which he said he could send me the next day. In strict accordance with his promise, I received and immediately began to study it. My conception of the reading was rapid in the extreme, and I soon gained the confidence necessary for its production; but one thing presented itself as an obstacle to success, which was, that the third verse related to the death of the old English gentleman. This won't do," thought I; 'the living multitudes do not like to hear of the old gentleman dying, so I wrote a fourth verse myself, which ran thus:

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These good old times have passed away, and all such customs died,
We've now no fine old gentlemen, or young ones in their stead.
Necessity has driven hope and charity away,
Yet may we live to welcome back that memorable day.
Whose are the fine old gentlemen, all of the older time.

"The first time I sang it in public, was at a grand concert given on the stage of her Majesty's Italian Opera in the Haymarket, where Sir George Smart conducted. We had a very large orchestra, led by Mori, and nearly all the first Italian and English singers appeared during the evening. Towards the end of the first act, I sat down to the grand piano-forte, and commenced "The Old English Gentleman." At the end of the
first verse, the applause was great; at the termination of the second verse, still greater; at the third, it increased; and at the end such a storm arose that I was quite bewildered, and could not understand whether it meant condemnation of my song, or a re-demand. In my hesitation I hurried off the stage, and made for our ante-room at the back. Sir George listened after me, saying rather angrily, 'Why don't you come back?'

"What is it, Sir George?" said I. "Are they hissing me?"

"Hissing!" he replied; "no, it's a tremendous encore."

"And it was an encore, indeed, such as I had never received before, and never witnessed since. After that you may be sure I first saw at the 'Old English Gentleman' wherever I went. Next morning, my friend Mori asked me all about the song, as he was anxious to publish it. I told him all I knew, where I first heard it, showed him the manuscript copy sent to me by Mr. Croce, and that I understood from that gentleman it was a very old song, and the property of any one who liked to take it up. In less than a week it appeared with my name on the title-page, and a conjunction line saying no copy was correct or genuine but that published by Mori and signed by me. The song began to sell immensely, and for a few days promised an abundant harvest; when lo! out came an edition by Mr. Purday, of Holborn, and simultaneously with that, half-a-dozen other music shops issued their version; for it spread rapidly that I had said it was an old song and the property of any one. Mr. Purday fired the first shot by issuing a notice to all transgressors that the song was his property and his alone, and demanding the withdrawal of all other editions, and an accounting of all the copies that had been sold. A most unexcusable mark I stood in the midst of all this contention. I could do no more than repeat my information. Mr. Purday publicly questioned my veracity; and Mr. Mori threatened me with all sorts of vengeance for having deceived him; until, in the end, all was set Mr. Purday at defiance, and that gentleman having nothing left but to bring the case before a jury, an action was consequently commenced and fixed to take place, with as little delay as possible, in Westminster Hall. Mr. Purday everywhere asserted he had purchased the copyright, which was not then credited; for though he was not a very young-looking gentleman, we were quite sure he did not live during the reign of Elizabeth, at about which period we knew the words were written. So all remained a mystery till the trial, which was certainly a very droll one, and caused more laughter than is usually heard in courts of law.

"All the editions were now withdrawn, with the exception of that claimed by Mr. Purday, and, by the day fixed for the trial, every species of musical authority had been summoned, as it became evident to the legal advisers that the question must turn upon the originality of the melody. It would not be sufficient for even the author to make oath that it was his composition, if it was like something else, for people generally thought the air was familiar. All speculation at length ceased, and the musical world stood breathless, waiting the issue of this interesting inquiry. When the trial came on, the court was crowded with persons connected with such matters.

"After several eminent musicians had been called, but had failed to throw any light on the question, Mr. Tom Cooke was called. Up jumped Mr. Tom into the witness-box, as light as a fairy. Everyone seemed under the impression that his witness would turn the scale, though the barristers were much disposed to think, with Mr. Johnson, that 'saddles have no brains.'"

Counsel.—Your name is Thomas Cooke, I believe? Tom.—So I've always been led to believe. Counsel.—And a professor of music? Tom.—A professor of the divine art. Counsel.—We'll put the divinity aside, for the present, Mr. Cooke. Tom (with rage)?—Don't like music. Counsel.—Do you know a song called 'The old English gentleman'? Tom.—No! I do not; I've heard it. Counsel.—Don't know it, but have heard it, my Lord, I suppose, sir, if you were asked, you could sing it? Tom.—I'm not quite sure I could; I've a bad memory, unless I receive a refresher. A loud laugh went through the court. Usher.—Sir—I leave Counsel.—I see you're inclined to be very witty, Mr. Cooke. Tom.—Upon my honor, I'm not, I'm only telling the truth. (Another general laugh). Usher.—Sir—I leave Counsel.—Now, Mr. Cooke, attend particularly to this question. Do you or don't you believe that the melody in dispute is an ancient melody or a modern one? Tom.—Well, that you see, depends entirely on when it was written. It might be five hundred years old, or it may have been written yesterday. It's a mighty accommodating tune, and would do for either period. Counsel.—It really appears to me that there is no probability of coming to any definite conclusion, unless his Lordship and the Court were to hear it. We cannot ask you, Mr. Cooke, of course to sing it; but if you had an instrument, could you play it? Tom.—What at sight? (A roar of laughter). Counsel.—I don't know what you mean by at sight, sir, but if the tune were put before you, could you play it? Tom.—I think if my nerves do not fail me, I could. Counsel.—What instrument can we get you sir? Tom.—Oh, anything. Counsel.—Oh, anything. A Jew's-harp? Tom.—No; it might require a Jew's eye to read the music. Counsel.—Will a fiddle do, sir? Tom.—Yes. Counsel.—Let a fiddle be got.
“The fiddle was brought into court, and handed to the witness, who tuned it and played the music before him. A suppressed laugh ran through the court. Mr. Cooke had just produced the first note, when the usher called out, ‘Si—ence!’ Tom.—What! mustn’t I play it? Counsel.—Yes, yes; go on, sir. Mr. Cooke played it slowly and deliberately through. Judge.—Is that all? Tom.—It is, my Lord. Judge.—Well, that appears to be very simple and easy. Tom.—(Holding out the bow and violin.)—It is. Will your Lordship try it? This silly was followed by roars of laughter. Counsel.—Now, Mr. Cooke, as you profess to be a musician, will you tell us, in the first place, is that which you have just played, a melody? Tom.—Well, I really don’t think it is. The first part is merely ascending the scale, and the few bars afterwards I don’t think really amount to a melody. Counsel.—This is evading the question. Do you know what a melody is? Tom.—I’m an Irishman, and I think I do. Counsel.—Well, define it. Tom.—Define what? Both parties were now in a passion. Counsel.—Define, sir, what is a melody. Tom.—It’s impossible. Counsel.—Can you define a verb, sir? Tom.—I think I can. Counsel.—Do these. Tom.—(Seeming to think, and casting his eyes about him, with a satirical smile.)—I’m an ass, he’s an ass, and (pointing to the barrister) you’re an ass. (Roars of laughter, in which the Judge joined.) Counsel.—Let that witness stand down.

“All means and witnesses having failed to stamp the song as an original melody, the decision was left in the hands of the jury, who, under all the circumstances, declared in favor of Mr. Purday, and he became sole possessor of the ‘Old English Gentleman.’”
I'll sing you an old ballad that was made by an old gate,
Of a poor old English gentleman, who had an old estate;
He kept a brave old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

When winter cold brought Christmas old, he opened house to all,
And, though three score and ten his years, he fealty led the ball;
Nor was the houseless wanderer then driven from the hall,
For, while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the small—
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

His hall so old, was hung around with pikes, and guns, and bows,
With swords, and good old bucklers, that had stood 'gainst many foes;
And there his worship sat in state, in doublet and trunk-hose,
And quaffed a cup of good old wine, to warn his good old nose,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

But time, though old, is strong in flight, and years rolled swiftly by,
When autumn's falling leaf foretold this poor old man must die!
He laid him down right tranquilly, gave up life's latest sigh,
While heavy sadness fell around, and tears bedewed each eye—
For this good old English gentleman, all of the olden time.
SWEETHEART, SIGH NO MORE.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH’s life has been an almost unbroken literary career, successful and richly productive. While at no time achieving the highest rank as editor and author he yet walks with firmness and grace in paths where prophets and bards have strolled in their choicest moods. There is a flavor of the best things in both his prose and poetry. He comes into American literature when it begins a growth of its own independently of foreign models and secures from the most fastidious of English critics a recognition of the exquisite daintiness of his verse. This quality appears in one of his earliest poems "Baby Bell," (1856) which was written at the age of twenty and gained immediate and wide popularity.

Aldrich began a course of college training which was cut short by the death of his father. He attempted a business career in a New York counting room, where he remained but three years. At this time he commenced writing for various journals. Then came his beautiful poem "Baby Bell," and its reception by the public determined his career. Thus he became the architect of his own fame with but little aid from the artificial devices commonly known as education. *Poeta nascitur, non fit.* His literary work was now carried on through many channels. He contributed to Knickerbocker and Putnam's Magazine, was on the staff of The Home Journal at the time when N. P. Willis and Geo. P. Morris were associated in its publication, and was the Editor of Every Saturday while published, from 1870-1874.

Those were delightful and exhilarating days to some of us just let loose in these fresh and open fields of American periodical literature. How much we owe Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, Park Godwin, Geo. Wm. Curtis, John Burroughs and kindred workers in those fields! How sadly we regretted the passing away of Putnam's and Knickerbocker. But the Atlantic soon appeared to fill their places. For many years Aldrich wrote for its pages and then in 1881, became its Editor, continuing until 1890.

The writings of Aldrich in all, prose and verse, would make too long a list to barely name here. His works have been republished in England, France, and Germany. After forty years of labor to our profit and delight he still works among us; yet though he were gone the "Touch of his hand" and the "Sound of his voice would remain."

The melody of "Sweetheart, Sigh No More," is by HOMER N. BARTLETT.

*Andante.*

\[\text{Music notation}\]

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1. It was with doubt and trembling I whispered in her ear;
2. Sing it, sing it, tawn-y throat, Up on the way-side tree; How
3. Sing it, sing it, tawn-y throat, And through the summer long.

Go, take her answer, bind on bough, That all the world may see,
Fair—she is, how true she is, How dear she is to me—
The wires among the clover tops, And brooks, for all their hear—
Sweet-heart, sigh no more— Sweet-heart, sigh no more—
All my stops, Shall carry you the song— Sweet-heart,
dim.
cres.
dim.
cres. Piano.
cres. Piano.
dim.
cres. piano.
It was with doubt and trembling
I whispered in her ear.
Go, take my answer, bird-in-bough,
That all the world may hear—
Sweetheart, sigh no more!

Sing it, sing it, twany throat,
Upon the wayside tree,
How fair she is, how true she is,
Sweetheart, sigh no more!

How dear she is to me—
Sweetheart, sigh no more!
Sing it, sing it, twany throat,
And through the summer long
The winds among the clover-tops,
And brooks, for all their silver stops,
Shall envy you the song—
Sweetheart, sigh no more!
A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

The name of Allan Cunningham, author of the song which follows, suggests one of the pleasantest characters among the producers of lyric poetry. He was born in Blackwood, in Nithside, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, December 7, 1784. At the time of his birth, his father was a land-steward. His mother was a lady of fine accomplishments. Allan was the fourth of eleven children, and, after an elementary education, was apprenticed to an older brother, who was a stone-mason. Every spare moment was spent in poring over books, or listening to the legends that his mother knew how to set forth picturesquely.

A little river divided the lands which his father superintended, from the farm of Burns; and the young Allan received indelible impressions from the poet who patted his childish head. The Ettrick Shepherd, too, was feeding his master's flock on the hills near by. Allan had long admired him in secret, and one day, with his brother James, he started to pay his hero a visit. It was on an autumn afternoon, and the shepherd was watching his sheep on the great hill of Queensbury, when he saw the brothers approaching. James stepped forward and asked if his name was Hogg, saying that his own was Cunningham. He turned toward Allan, who was lingering bashfully behind, and told the shepherd that he had brought to see him "The greatest admirer he had on earth, himself; a young, aspiring poet of some promise." Hogg received them warmly, and they passed a lively afternoon. From that time, Hogg was a frequent visitor at the Cunningham's. Before this time, Mr. Cunningham had died, and the young Allan was giving his whole strength to assist in the support of the family. Busy as he was, he could write little, but he read at every opportunity. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared, and Allan saved his pennies until he had the vast sum of twenty-four shillings to invest in the poem, which he committed to memory. When "Marmion" was published, he was wild with delight, and could not restrain himself until he had travelled all the way to Edinburgh to look upon the marvelous poet. Arrived there, he was patiently walking back and forth before Scott's house, when he was called from the window of the one adjoining. A lady of some distinction, from his native town, had recognized his face. He had but just told her his desires, when the bard came pacing down the street, and opened his own door, and ascended the steps of the house whence his enthusiastic admirer was watching him. Scott rang, was admitted,—or rather stepped directly in as the door was opened, but started back at the unfamiliar sight of a row of little bonnets, and beat a hasty retreat. He afterward spoke with the greatest warmth of Cunningham's poetry, and always called him "honest Allan."

When Cunningham was twenty-five years old, and had published a few beautiful poems, Mr. Cromek, the London engraver and antiquarian, visited Scotland, and was sent to Allan Cunningham, as just the one to assist him in his search for "Reliques of Burns." He asked to see some of Allan's writings. The pedantic antiquary gave a little grudging praise, but advised him to collect the old songs of his district, instead of writing new stuff. An idea shot into the poet's brain, and in due time a package labelled "old songs," reached Cromek. The antiquary was charmed, and urged Allan to come to London to superintend the forthcoming volume, which he did. The collection of quaint and beautiful verse made a decided impression. Hogg, John Wilson, and other discerning critics saw the clever deception, but Cromek did not live to have his confidence in himself and human nature shaken by "honest Allan."
After Cromek's death, Cunningham was obliged to return to his stonemason's craft, and he is said to have laid pavement in Newgate Street, Edinburgh. He made an unsuccessful attempt at newspaper reporting, and then obtained a situation in the studio of the eminent English sculptor, Francis Chantrey, then just beginning his career in London. He spent the remaining thirty-two years of his life in a position of trust with this sculptor, writer industriously in all his leisure hours. By English critics, he is said to have the best prose style ever attained north of the Tweed, and the Scotch rank next to Hogg as a song-writer. He died in London, October 29, 1842.

Scott said that "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," was "the best song going." The music is the famous French military air, La petit tambour.  

1. A wet street and a flowing sea, A wind that follows feet, And fills the white and rustling sail, And bends the gallant mast.

2. O for a soft and gentle wind! I heard a fair one cry, But give to me the sorrowing breeze, And white waves heaving high.

3. There's tempest in you horse ed moon And lightning in you cloud, And white waves howing high, my boys! The good ship tight and free; The wind is piping loud, my boys! The lightning flashing free, While way the good ship flies, and leaves Old England on the lee.

4. And winds the gallant mast, my boys! While like the eagle free, A world of waters is our home, And merry men are we.

5. The wind is piping loud, my boys! The lightning flashing free, While the hollow oak our palace is, Our heritage the sea.
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

The author of this song is unknown. Previous to Christmas, 1756—7, when the English claim that it appeared in an English pantomime, an old familiar Scottish song was touched up by Burns, which referred to the fording of the little River Rye. It read:

Comin' through the Rye, poor body,
Comin' through the Rye,
She drank a' her petition,
Comin' through the Rye.
Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' through the Rye.
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the world ken?
O Jenny's a' wait, poor body,
Jenny's a' wait:
She drank a' her petition,
Comin' through the Rye.

So we see that the popular idea of the song, understood as having reference to passing through a field of grain, is erroneous. It furnishes a striking example of that popular compendium, or want of compendium, which so often catches at a word instead of an idea. In pictorial title-pages, and other ways, the song has been often illustrated—and always as an encounter in a waving field of rye. Recently the idea has been utilized by the manufacturers of a celebrated brand of rye whiskey, who have hung in every bar-room a finely executed chromo representing the lovers in the rye-field. The full significance of the song is apparent when we know that custom established a toll of kisses to be exacted from lasses who were met in crossing the stream or the stepping-stones. The first stanza of an old English song, reads:

If a body meet a body,
Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' through the Rye,
Comin' through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Gin a body kiss a body,
THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

About nine hundred years before Christ, Olave Fola, King of Ireland, founded schools of philosophy, astronomy, poetry, medicine, and history. He also organized a species of parliament, by a triennial assembly of chiefs, priests, and lords, at Tempor, or Tara, and the record of their laws was called "The Palter of Tara." Thomas Moore's song of the glories of his country's past, calls to mind the lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes on the death of Moore:

"Shine soft, ye trembling tears of light
That strew the mourning skies;
Hidden in the silent arms of night,
The harp of Erin lies.

What though her thousand years have past,
Of poets, saints, and kings,—
Her echoes only hear the last
That swept those golden strings."

"The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," is set to the plaintive old air of "Graumachree."

1. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The soul of music shone, Now hung as mute on Tara's walls, As if that soul were fled, So slow a tone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells. Thus sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's thrill is o'er, And from its wake, the only thrall she gives, Is hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more when some heart in digment breaks, To show that still she lives.

2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright! The harp of Tara swells, The chord so long, that breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells. Thus sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's thrill is o'er, And from its wake, the only thrall she gives, Is hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more when some heart in digment breaks, To show that still she lives.
ACROSS THERE AT THE WINDOW.

This is a popular German love song by F. Möhring. The name of the writer of the words is not known.

1. Across there, at the window, I see a rose so fair; A bird too, whose song is rich and true.

\[ \text{Allegro.} \]

\[ \text{dim.} \]

\[ p \]

\[ \text{cres.} \]
Across there, at the window,
I see a rose so fair;
Across there is a bird too,
Whose song is rich and rare.
Oh, my beloved!

And where the rose is blooming,
And where the bird I hear,
Across there, at the window,
Two loving eyes appear.
Oh, my beloved!

There lives a lovely maiden,
Behind the window there.
Oh, would I were the birdling!
Would I the rose-tree were!
Oh, my beloved!
AN INDIAN LULLABY.

PART SONG FOR FEMALE VOICES.

Miss H. H. A. Beach, of Boston, Massachusetts, has the reputation of being the first American woman, whose compositions were played by the Symphony Society of New York.

Owing to unusual evidences of musical ability, the musical training of Mrs. Beach was begun when she was four years old, and at the age of sixteen she played with full orchestra in Boston Music Hall.

Her capacity for composition also manifested itself during her childhood, and to-day she stands on a plane with the best composers of this country. Her better known works are a Mass in E Flat performed by the Handel & Haydn Society of Boston; a Concert Aria for contralto from "Mary Stuart" first sung at a concert of the New York Symphony Society; "Festival Jubilate" performed under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, and the "Minstrel and the King." She has published sixty-two compositions in addition to those already named, including works for piano alone, songs, duets, part-songs, anthems and responses. Among her works still in manuscript are a cycle of part-songs for female voices, a ballad for female chorus with soprano solo, and the Gaelic Symphony. In "An Indian Lullaby," Mrs. Beach has caught the mournful Indian rhythm to perfection.
And the long, long bushing song of the pine, Of the
And the long, long hush ing song... Of the pine... Of the
A tempo. mf

Send mighty spirit kind, Send not the
A tempo. mf

Send mighty spirit kind, Send not the rushing
A tempo. mf
piano. Breath fragrant as the rose.... From the tasseled branches blow.......

piano. Breath fragrant as the rose.... From tasseled branches blow,
Softly breathe up on my child, Mother pine.

Softly breathe up on my child, Mother pine, Mother pine.
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

There was a very ancient fragment of song which bore this name, and tradition points to the town pipe of Kelso, a famous wag, as the original John. The tune is very old. As early as 1578, it was found written in Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book." Some English authorities think it is a modification of an ancient English air, "I am the Duke of Norfolk." Moore altered it, and included it among his Irish melodies, under the title of "Crackin' Law." Only two stanzas really written by Burns are given here, although many by inferior hands have been added from time to time. Perhaps the one most familiarly associated with Burns's lines, is the following stanza, by William Reid, who was a bookseller in Glasgow, and a personal friend of Burns.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When Nature first began
To cry her ease by John,
Her masterpiece was man;
And you among them all, John,
She proved to be no journeyman.
John Anderson, my Jo.

1. John Anderson, my Jo, John, When we were last acquaint, Your locks were like the raven, You bonnie brow was bent; But now your brow is bald, John, Yez day, John, We're had wi' aith aither; Now we must totter down, John, But

2. John Anderson, my Jo, John, We climb the hil the gither, And many a canter

John Anderson, my Jo.
MARY OF ARGYLE.

The words of "Mary of Argyle" were written by Charles Jefferys, and the melody was composed by Sidney Nelson.

1. I have heard the mar-is sing-ing, His love-song to the morn; I have
2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweet-ness, And thine eye its bright-ness too; Tho' thy

[Music notation for the song]
seen the dew-drop clinging, To the rose just newly born; But a sweeter song has charmed me, At the step may lack its fleetness, And thy hair its sunny hue; Still to me wilt thou be dearer, Than

evening's gentle close; And I've seen an eye, still brighter, Than the all the world shall own; I have loved thee for thy beauty, But

dew-drop on the rose; Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary, And thine not for that alone; I have watched thy heart dear Mary, And its art less winning smile, That made this world an Eden, Bonny Mary of Argyll! goodness was the wife, That has made thee mine for ever, Bonny Mary of Argyll!
THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Thomas Haynes Bayly wrote the words of this song. The air was composed by Alexander Lee, an Irishman, son of Harry Lee, the famous boxer. Alexander resided for many years in London. He was at first a professional singer, but afterwards became successively manager of Drury Lane and other theatres. He realized large sums of money, but finally became very poor, and died in Kensington, in 1849, on the very evening when a concert was being given for his benefit. His ballads, which are very numerous, are characterized by great sweetness and simplicity.

1. Up on the hill he turn'd, To take a last fond look, Of the
2. Beside that cottage porch, A girl was on her knees, She......
3. He turn'd and left the spot, Oh! do not deem him weak, For......

val - by and the vil - lage church, And the cot - tage by the brook; He
held a lofty snow - y scarf, Which flut - ter'd in the breeze; She
daud - less was the sol - dier's heart, The tears were on his cheek; Go

listen'd to the sounds, So fa - mil - iar to his ear, And the
breath'd a prayer for him,.......... A pray'r he could not hear, But he
watch the fore - most ranks,.......... In dan - ger's dark ca - reer, Be......

sol - dier brand - ed up - on his sword, And wipe'd a - way a tear.
post'd to bless her as she knelt, And wipe'd a - way a tear.
sure the hand most dar - ling there Has wipe'd a - way a tear.
THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

The words of this song are by Edward Fitzball, and the music by Sir Henry R. Bishop, whose long and honorable service to the music of England brought to him the reward of knighthood in 1842, and secured to him the affectionate regard of the English people which lasted until his death in 1856. Mr. Bishop was born in London, in 1786, studied music, and at 18 produced compositions good enough to be acceptably performed in public. His industry as a composer continued uninterruptedly until his death. His first opera, "The Circassian Bride," was destroyed by the burning of the Drury Lane Theatre the very day after its highly successful first performance, in 1806. For fourteen years he was musical director at the Covent Garden Theatre, for which he composed a number of operas, one founded on "The Lady of the Lake," among them. "Guy Mannering," and "Clari" (introducing "Home, Sweet Home") were also produced during the engagement. He was afterwards drawn into similar service at Drury Lane, and in 1825 wrote the opera of "Aladdin" to compete with "Oberon," which Weber wrote for the management of Covent Garden. In 1840 he returned to Covent Garden. He was an original member of the Philharmonic Society of London, and took his turn in conducting it. In 1850 he became musical director of Vauxhall Gardens. And there was produced his song "My Pretty Jane," ("The Bloom is on the Rye") which reached an immediate popularity which it never has lost. Many orchestral compositions for the Philharmonic and occasional pieces for celebrations. A number of vocal songs as settings for Dr. Charles Mackay's verses, the re-editing of Moore's National Melodies, and musical professorships at Edinburgh and Oxford Universities, were included among the manifold labors of this veteran in music.

1. My pret - ty Jane, my pret - ty Jane! Ah! nev - er, nev - er look so shy, But
2. But name the day, the wedding day! And I will buy the ring. The

meet me, meet me in the evo - ning, While the bloom is on the rye, The
huds and maids in fav - or white, And village bells, the village bells shall ring. The
Spring is waning fast, my love, The corn is in the ear; The corn is in the ear; The corn is in the ear... 

Summer nights are coming love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then

Pretty Jane, my dearest Jane, Ah! never look so shy, But

Meet me, meet me in the evening, While the bloom is on the rye...
THE BLUE JUNIATA.

Both words and music of the following song were written by Mrs. M. D. SULLIVAN.

1. Wild roved an Indian girl, Bright Alfa-ta-ta, Where sweep the waters Of the blue Juni-ta.

2. Gay was the mount-ain song Of bright Aliza-ra-ta, Where sweep the waters Of the blue Juni-ta.

Swift as an an-te-lope,
Strong and true my ar-rows are,

Though the for est go-ing,
In my paint-ed quiv-er,

Loose were her jet-ty locks, In wa-vy tre-es
Swift goes my light ca-noe A down the rap-id flow-ing.
The words of "Araby's Daughter" occur in Moore's "Fire Worshippers," the third story told in "Lalla Rookh."

The air was composed by E. KIALLMARK, an English musician, who was born at King's Lynn, Norfolk, in 1781. He was left an orphan at a very early age, but kind relatives cared for him, and fostered his fondness for music, and he became celebrated as a teacher of the art. When twenty years old, he married a Scotch girl, and he afterward arranged some of the most exquisite Scottish music,
1. Farewell, farewell to thee, Assyby's daughter (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea.) No pearl ever by under Ocean's green water, More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee, Around thee shall glister the loveliestumber Than ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept; With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber We Peri of Ocean by moonlight have slept.

2. Nor shall I ran, beloved of her Hero! forget thee, Thou...
ty - rants watch o - ver her tears as they start; Close, close by the side of that

he - ro she'll set thee. En - balmed in the in - ner - most shrine of her heart; A -

round thee shall gis - teo the lov - est am - ber That ev - er the sor - row - ing

sea - bird has wept; With man - ny a shell in whose hol - low-wreath'd cham - ber, We

Pe - ris of o - cean by moon-light have slept. Fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.....

Farewell—farewell to thee, Amary's daughter,
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea,)
No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the South, o'er a summer lute blowing,
And bushed all its music, and withered its frame!

But long, upon Amary's green, sunny highlands,
Shall maidens and their lovers remember the doon
Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With naught but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her Hero! forget thee—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.
Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest arbor
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has swept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,
We Peris of ocean by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.
THE ROSE OF ALDANDLE
THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

This simple, familiar, Scottish-sounding ditty was written by Charles Jefferys, and the music was composed by his friend Sidney Nelson.

1. The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No breath came o'er the sea, When Mary left her highland cot, And wandered forth with me, The flowers decked the mountain side, And fragrance filled the vale.

2. Where'er I wandered, east or west, Though fate began to lower, A solace still was she to me, In sorrow's lonely hour. When tempests lashed our gallant bark, And rest her shivering sail, One life had been a wilderness, Unblest by fortune's gale.

3. And when my fevered lips were parched, On Africa's burning sand, She far the sweetest flow'ry there, Was the Rose of Al-landale, Was the maid en form withstood the storm, Twas the Rose of Al-landale, Twas the fate not linked my lot to hers, The Rose of Al-landale. The Rose of Al-landale, the Rose of Al-landale, By Rose of Al-landale, the Rose of Al-landale, One.

4. A Rose of Al-landale, the Rose of Al-landale, Had far the sweetest flow'ry there, Was the Rose of Al-landale. Was the fate not linked my fate to hers, The Rose of Al-landale.

5. A Rose of Al-landale, the Rose of Al-landale, Had far the sweetest flow'ry there, Was the Rose of Al-landale. Was the fate not linked my fate to hers, The Rose of Al-landale.
AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

JOSEPH HAYDN, the composer of "The Creation," and a number of other great oratorios was an exceedingly patriotic Austrian. During his visits to London he had often envied the English their National anthem "God Save the King," and lamented the fact that his own country had none worthy the name. The war with France inflamed his patriotism still more and he decided to write the music of a national hymn himself. A friend of his suggested his idea to the prime minister and a celebrated poet, HANSCHER, by name, was commissioned to write appropriate words for Haydn's music. The hymn was written in January, 1797, and on the Emperor's birthday, February 12th, was sung simultaneously at the chief theatres in Vienna and the surrounding cities. It has since become one of the best known national anthems of the world and is found in nearly every hymn book in the land set to sacred music.

Moderato.

1. God up-hold thee, might-y * Emperor, Mon-arch of our * East-ern land,
2. Hap-py flow-ry land! His seep-tre Rides o'er val-ley, mount and plain,
3. He de-lights the poor to cher-ish, He a-wakes the min-strrels lay;
4. He from hon-o-rage will de-liv-er, He will make us true-ly free!

Power and Wis-dom e'er at-tend thee, Right-eous-ness with thee shall stand,
Mind-ly, calm-ly, just-ly ruled, He the peo-ple's love would gain,
He would that a-ny per-ish, All ad-mire the gen-tle away,
In the Ger-mun heart shall ev-er He the bright-est men-t'r be.

Till with laud-er crow'd, a vic-tor, All hearts bow at thy com-mand-
Yet his wea-p'rd might, in splen-dor beams there! all the land a-must.
"He's re-ward him, God de-sire him," Thus we sing, and thus we pray,
Till in oth-er worlds, a wel-come Greets in blest e-ter-ni-ty.

* Persons familiar with the German language will prefer to use the word "Kaiser," as more emphatic. "Austen" or "Osterreich" means "Eastern Kingdom."
God uphold thee, mighty Emperor,
Monarch of our Austrian land,
Power and Wisdom e’er attend thee,
Righteousness with thee shall stand,
Till with laurel crowned, a victor,
All hearts bow at the command.
God uphold thee, and defend thee,
Emperor of our Austrian land!

Happy flowery land! His sceptre
Rules o’er valley, mount and plain,
Midnight, calmly, justly ruled,
He the people’s love would gain,
Yet his weaponed might, in splendor
Beams through all the land again.
Kaiser, Emperor, Monarch, Father,
Monarch of the Austrian land!

He delights the poor to cherish,
He awakes the minstrel’s lay,
He would not that any perish,
All admire the gentle sway;
“Heaven reward him, God defend him,”
Thus we sing, and thus we pray.
Kaiser, Emperor, Monarch, Father,
All thy peaceful rule obey!

He from bondage will deliver,
He would make us truly free!
In the German heart shall ever
He the brightest memory be,
Till in other worlds, a welcome
Greets in blest eternity.
God defend thee, God attend thee,
Emperor, Franz, all hail to thee!

ANVIL CHORUS.

The "Anvil Chorus" is a selection from Verdi’s most popular opera, "Il Trovatore," which has been a favorite with Americans for the last thirty years. The opera was first sung in the Apollo Theatre in Rome, on January 19th, 1853. The interest in the work was so great that on the day of the first performance men and women stood in line for hours to obtain seats. The opera became so great a popular success that the Roman youths were soon whistling the airs, and the Roman maidens playing and singing the catchy melodies. In this country the "Anvil Chorus" has always been a favorite selection. At the famous Boston jubilee, twenty-five years ago it was sung by a chorus of thousands with an accompaniment of brass bands, anvils and cannon.

Verdi, the oldest living composer, was born on October 9th, 1813. After having seemingly exhausted the field of grand opera, at the age of 80 he wrote a comic opera, "Falstaff," that has already become one of the operatic treasures of the world.
FULL CHOIR IN UNISON.

God of the nations, in glory enthroned, Upon our lov'd country Thy blessings pour;
Guide us and guard us from strife in the future, Let Peace dwell among us for evermore!

Proudly our

f CHORUS IN UNISON.
ban - citer now gleams with gold - en lust - rel Bright - ter each

star... ah! in the glo - rious clas - ter! Lib - er-

ty for - er - more! And Peace and Un - ion, And Peace and

Union throughout our hap - py land, land.
OH, WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN!

The song which follows is characteristic of its author, Mark Lemon, founder and editor of London Punch. Youth's best gifts, hope and enthusiasm, were never lost to him, and the man of gigantic proportions was at heart a perpetual boy. Sympathetic, generous, modest, and true-hearted, he was universally beloved, though his virtues were most apparent and best appreciated in his own home. He formed a love-match while young and poor, and although he was never substantially wealthy, and died leaving very little to his family, he had one of the happiest homes on earth. He played a royal game of romps, and could best his boys at leapfrog. Mr. Joseph L. Hatton, in his pleasant volume of reminiscences of Mark Lemon, says: "Years hence, it may seem almost beyond belief that the founder of Punch died without deserving the enmity of any man, beloved by all who had labored with him, respected by men of all creeds and parties; being, nevertheless, one who had never sacrificed the independence of his paper."

Lemon had a Falstaffian appearance, and an aptitude for representation, and he played the part of the redoubtable knight in the private theatricals which Dickens and kindred spirits enacted, and which became famous in London. Lemon formed a small theatrical company of his own, with which he played throughout England, and made the tour of Scotland. The little amateur party named itself "The Show." Mr. Hatton, who was a member of the company, says: "The grave and reverend chief, sweet Jack Falstaff, rare Jack. Falstaff, kind Jack. Falstaff, smiled benignantly upon our frolicsome notions. He gave himself up to all our whims and fancies. It seems as if he were trying to be young again. For that matter, he was young; he had a rich, aerial voice, and a merry, cooing laugh. Not fame, but money for his family, was the object which he sought. He made careful study of Falstaff, and he always insisted that old Sir John was not a buffoon, but a gentleman; fallen away in the general degeneracy of the times, but, nevertheless, a gentleman."

While writing as busily, yet not as readily as ever, Mark Lemon says: "It seems out of character for an old boy like me to be telling love-stories. I don't know that I have lost faith, nor sentiment either, but I hurry over love-scenes as if I had no business with them." The description of Falstaff's death had always moved the nobler man who played his part. Falstaff in dying "babbled of green fields," and Mark Lemon, in his last moments, wandered back in fancy to the loved and unforgotten scenes of his boyhood's home.

He was born in London, November 30th, 1809, and died at Crawley, Sussex, May 28th, 1870. Besides his editorial work on Punch, and writings for other periodicals, he wrote forty plays, a few novels, and hundreds of ballads. His last, unfinished, and intended as the second of a series, was found scratched in lead pencil on a sheet of blue foolscap paper, and had no title. Youth and Love were the visions, as they had always been with him. It reads:
We are two heroes come from strife:  
Where have we been fighting?  
On the battlefield of life,  
Doing wrong, wrong righting.

Round about the world we went;  
Ne'er were such true lances—  
Victors in each tournament,  
Winning beauty's glances.

Forth we went a gallant band—  
Youth, Love, Gold, and Pleasure;  
Who, we ask, can us withstand?  
Who dare lances measure?

FRANK ROMER, an Englishman, born about 1820, wrote the music of this song for Signor Giubilei, a noted Italian baritone, who appeared in opera in this country. Romer was never paid a penny for it, nor did he receive any very large sum for his numerous other songs. But he was wise enough to leave the business of composing for that of publishing, and became a partner in a prosperous music firm in London. Here he had a noble opportunity to give to struggling composers that encouragement in the way of appreciation and fair pay of which he himself felt the need in his younger days. "Oh, Would I were a Boy again!" was made still more popular by a minstrel troupe, who sang it every night for three years.

1. Oh, would I were a boy again, When life seemed form'd of sunny years, And all the heart then knew of

2. 'Tis vain to mourn that years have flown; How false those fairy visions were 

* O.would I were a boy a-

Fine

A tempo.

pian.  

When life seemed form'd of sunny years, When life seemed form'd of sunny years.

Collo sord.

A tempo.


then, My fancy dreams were only truth, Oh, would that I could know again

Oh! Oh! that I could know again, The happy visions of my youth.
'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER.

This is one of the most widely-known of the minor sentimental ballads of America, and the familiarity with it is not limited to musical people, but is universal. Its popularity is equally due to the sentiment of the words and the pretty melody to which the composer has set them. Although it is the best known, it is not the only poetical work of the author. Mrs. Howarth has published two volumes of poems—"The Wind Harp and other Poems" in 1864 (Philadelphia) and a volume of miscellaneous verse in 1867 (Newark). She began life in a most humble way, her father being a calico printer, and she herself being apprenticed to factory work at the age of seven. As she grew to womanhood her intellect developed more and more remarkably, and her literary work was a wonder to her friends. John Rogers Thomas, the composer of the melody, was for many years one of the best known of the musical fraternity of New York City, as a church singer, and a composer of church music and songs. He was born in 1830, in Wales, but came to New York in early life. For some time he was a member of the Signin Opera Company, but retired from the stage to devote himself to composition and teaching. Many of the most familiar anthems and arrangements sung by church choirs all over the country were by him. Of his songs the most popular were the example given here, "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," and "The Cottage by the Sea."

\[ \text{Music notation here} \]
may not to the world impart
The secret, the secret of its pow'r,
But

treasured in my inmost heart, I keep my faded flow'r, I keep my

fa - ded flow'r. 'Tis but a lit - - the fa - ded flow'r. But

oh! how fond - ly dear, Twill bring me back one gold-en hour, Through
many, through many a weary year.

Where is the heart that doth not keep,
With in its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep,
Of days of days that are no more.
Who hath not saved some trilling thing
More prized, more prized than jewels rare? A
faded flower, a broken ring, A tree of golden hair, a tree of
golden hair. 'Tis but a little faded flower,

oh! how fondly dear, Twill bring me back one golden hour, Through

many, through many weary years.
I'BD BE A BUTTERFLY.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY and his bride were visiting Lord Ashdown, when, on going to the drawing-room after dinner, one day, the gentlemen found it deserted, and Mr. Bayly went to the garden in pursuit of the ladies. Seeing him, they playfully hid themselves in the winding avenues. He followed floating laurels and laces a while, and then sat down in a tempting arbor. When the ladies joined him, he showed them the manuscript of "I'd be a Butterfly," that never written. Mrs. Bayly composed an air, and it was sung that evening in a large party assembled in their honor. When the song was afterward published in a little volume called "The Loves of the Butterflies," dedicated to their host, Lord Ashdown wrote the following reply:

The butterfly, in days of old,
Was emblem of the soul we're told;
This type to you may well belong—
Your butterfly's the soul of song;
Yet why to me address the tale
Of love that flutter in the gale;
Of spring, or summer's gentle ray,—
To me, who banish to decay?

Why not address the sporting song
To Helen, beautiful and young?
She well may claim a minstrel's skill;
Although a wife, a minstrel still.
Yet much the magic of your strain,
Methinks I live and love again;
Your voice recalls the pleasing themes
Of hope, and joy; and "Love's young Dream."

"I'd be a butterfly, born in a bow'r,
Where roses and lilies,

violets meet; Roving from flower to flower,

pretty and sweet, I'd never have wished

bratons.

I'd never sigh to see
Oh, could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,  
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;  
Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,  
They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.

Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,  
Power, alas! naught but misery brings;  
I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,  
Rocked in a rose when the nightingale sings.

Mr. Bayly afterwards made a little parody on his own song, which he entitled, "I'D BE A PARODY."

I'd be a parody, made by a ninny,  
On some little song with a popular tune,  
Not worth a halfpenny, sold for a guinea,  
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.

I'd never sigh for the sense of a Pinny,  
(Who cares for sense at St. James's in June?)  
I'd be a parody, made by a ninny,  
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.

Oh, could I pick up a thought or a stanza,  
I'd take a flight on another bard's wings,  
Tenting his rhymes into extravaganza,  
Laugh at his harp, and then pilfer its strings!

What though you tell me each gay little rover,  
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day;  
Surely, 'tis better when summer is over,  
To die, when all fair things are fading away.

Some in life's winter may fail to discover  
Means of procuring a weary delay:  
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,  
Dying when fair things are fading away.

When a parrot can crook the cadence  
A nightingale loves, he supposes he sings!  
Oh, never mind, I will pick up a stanza,  
Laugh at his harp, and then pilfer its strings!

What though they tell me each metrical puppy,  
Can make of such parodies two pair a day;  
Mocking-birds think they obtain by each copy  
Paradise plumes for the parodied lay.

Ladder of fame! if man can't reach the top, he  
Is right to sing just as high up as he may;  
I'd be a parody made by a puppy,  
Who makes of such parodies two pair a day.
THE DAYS GONE BY.

This song was written by James Whitcomb Riley. It is used by special permission of the author. The music is the composition of Homer N. Bartlett, a noted New York composer and musician.

by! O the days, the days gone by! The

Copyright, 1891, by Bryan, Frazier & Co.
The chirp of the robin, and the carrot seed, and the
dimpled eye.

The ripples of the river lipped the
childish faith is fair, is, and A.

As he piped across the
where the pheasant-eyed and

quail

high along the bank

simple, soul-repos-

mossed

tad-din's magic ring-

When the

Swiss sweet as any night in gale;

whisper

ing, glad believe in every thing,

When,.....

bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the

he was like a rosy,

tilting snake stood fear-less of the truant's wayward

eres...
O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through
the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was
in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over in the days gone by.
In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped
By the honey-mickle’s tangles where the water-lilies
dipped,
[the brink,
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along In the golden olden glory of the days gone by.

Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to
drink;
And the piping snipe stood fearless of the tramunt’s
wayward cry
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.
O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin’s magic
ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything.—
When life was like a story, holding neither sigh nor
sigh,
BONNIE DOON.

In a letter to Mr. Thomson, Bruce says: "There is an air called 'The Caledonian Hunt's Delight,' to which I wrote a song that you will find in Johnson. 'Ye banks and braes O' bonnie Doon,' might, I think, find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his nights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer, in your good town, was in company with our friend, Clarke; and, talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some sort of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that in a few days, Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the black keys; but this account I have just given you, Mr. Clarke informed me of several years ago. Now, to show you how difficult it is to trace the origin of our airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted that this was an Irish air; nay, I met with an Irish gentleman who affirmed that he had heard it in Ireland, among the old women; while, on the other hand, a countess informed me that the first person who introduced the air into this country, was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant pipe, in the Isle of Man. How difficult, then, to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music!"

The Emperor Napoleon, perhaps, could not be expected to appreciate English music; but it is rather amusing to read, that when on the island of St. Helena, he said one day to a lady with whom he was converse, "The music of England is execrable! They have only one good melody—'Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonny Doon.'"

Here are some stanzas which were found among Burns' papers, after his death. They are evidently the first form of "Bonnie Doon":

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I see fu' o' care?

Thou it break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
Thou sings upon the bough;
Then mind me o' the happy days
When my name love was true.

Thou it break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;

For me I sat, and saw I sang,
And was made o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine:
And like bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wit lichtsome heart I pr'y a rose,
Free aft its thorny tree;
And my fame lever saw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

The heroine of "Bonnie Doon" was Miss Kennedy, of Dalgarnock, whose false lover was one M'Donald, of Logan.
E'en ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae weary, fa' of care? Thou'lt
Ilka bird sang o' its love, And saold ly me did I o' mine. Wf'

Break my heart, thou warbling bird, That wast o'er the flow'ry thorn, Thou
Lightsome heart, I pu'd a rose, For sweet up on its thorn-y tree; But

Mist me o' departed joys, Departed never to return,
My false lover stole my rose, And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Ye bunks and brees o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little bird,
And I sae weary, fa' of care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wast o'er the flow'ry thorn,
Thou'lt mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
When ilka bird sang o' its love,
And saold ly me did I o' mine.
Wf' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet up on its thorn-y tree;
But my false lover stole my rose,
And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.
THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

1. It is the miller's
2. And I would be the

daughter, And she is grown so dear, so dear, That I would be the
gir - dle. About her chain - ty, chain - ty waist, And her heart would beat a -
Jew - et That tren - blues at her ear: For hil in ring - lets
gainst me, In sor - row and in rest: And I should know if

day and night, I'd touch her neck so warm and white, For hil in ring - lets
it beat right, I'd clasp it round so close and tight, And I should know if

day and night, I'd touch her neck so warm and white,
it beat right, I'd clasp it round so close and tight,

3. And I would be the
dabe.

3. And I would be the
dabe.
neck - lice, And all day long to fall and rise. Up - on her balm - y

bo - som, With her laugh - ter or her sighs, And I would lie so

light, so light, I scarce should be un - clasp'd at night, And

I would lie so light, so light, I scarce should be un - clasp'd at night.
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Francis Scott Key, author of the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner," was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 1, 1779. His family were among the earliest settlers, and his father was an officer in the Revolutionary army. Francis was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, and became a lawyer and jurist from youth. He wrote several lyrics, with no thought of publication. They were scrawled upon the backs of letters and many odd scraps of paper that the sequence of the verses was a puzzle to the friends who, after his death, attempted to gather all that had been written by the author of our national song. Mr. Key was District Attorney of Washington, D.C., and died in that city, January 11, 1843.

During the war of 1812-15, while the British fleet lay in Chesapeake Bay, Mr. Key went out from Baltimore in a small boat, under a flag of truce, to ask the release of a friend, a civilian, who had been captured. Lord Cockburn had just completed his plans for an attack upon Fort McHenry, and instead of releasing one, he detained both. The bombardment of the fort was begun on the morning of the 13th of September, 1814, and continued for twenty-four hours. Key's little boat lay moored to the commander's vessel, and through a day and a night, exposed to fire from his friends, he watched the flag which Lord Cockburn had boasted would "yield in a few hours." As the morning of the 14th broke, he saw it still waving in its familiar place. Then, as his vision was, he watched an old letter from his pocket, and laying it on a hawser's head, gave vent to his delight in the spirited song which he entitled "The Defence of Fort McHenry." "The Star-Spangled Banner" was printed within a week in the Baltimore Patriot, under the title of "The Defence of Fort McHenry," and found its way immediately into the camps of our army. Ferdinand Durany, who belonged to a dramatic company, and had played in a Baltimore theatre with John Howard Payne, read the poem effectively to the soldiers encamped in that city, who were expecting another attack. They begged him to set the words to music, and he hurried up the air of "Adams and Liberty," set the words to it, and sang it to the soldiers, who caught it up amid tremendous applause. Durany died in Baltimore in 1815.

The Washington National Intelligencer of January 6, 1815, has this advertisement conspicuously displayed on its editorial page:

The Washington National Intelligencer of January 6, 1815, has this advertisement conspicuously displayed on its editorial page:

"STAR SPANGLED BANNER and YE SEAMEN OF COLUMBIA—

Two favorite patriotic songs, this day received and for sale by RICHARDS & MALLORY, BRICK STREET, Georgetown.

It is said that the particular flag which inspired the song was a new one that Gen. George Armistead, the defender of Fort McHenry, had made to replace the old one, which was badly battered. The new banner was flung to the breeze for the first time on the morning that his daughter Georgiana was born, which event took place within the fort, during the bombardment. By permission of the general government the
hero of Fort McHenry was allowed to retain the flag, and he provided in his will that the "Star-Spangled Banner" should be the property of his daughter. This lady became the wife of W. S. Appleton, Esq., of New York, and died in 1878. The flag is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

In 1861 Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the additional stanza which follows:

When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dare to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her story!

We will keep her bright blazes forever sustained;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
While the hand of the free is the hand of the brave.
Compart we watched, were so gallantly streaming; And the

fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it

rosec set's red glair, the blows leantling in air, Gave

ev'ry the gloom, of the morning's first beam, In full

proof through the night that our flag was still there!
glory reflected, now shines in the stream;

CHORUS.

1. Oh! say, does that star span gled ban ner yet
2. 'Tis the star span gled ban ner O! long may it
3. And the star span gled ban ner in tri umph shall
4. And the star span gled ban ner in tri umph shall
5. And the star span gled ban ner in tri umph shall
1, 2, 3, 4 wave, Over the land of the free and the home of the brave!
5, wave, While the land of the free is the home of the brave!

3
And where is the land who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the breeze of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'll leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution,
No refuge could save the birling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
Over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4
Oh thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-sent land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

5
When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to delile
The flag of her stars and the page of her story!
By the millions chained when our birthright was gained,
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained!
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.
FOREVER AND FOREVER.

The words of this exquisite and once very popular song were written by Violet Fare. The
poetry is touchingly pathetic. It is not surprising that the celebrated Tosti made melody with the verse and
immortalized the lines.

1. I think of
2. Perchance if

all thou art to me, I dream of what thou canst not be;
we had never met, I had been spared this mad regret,
Thy endless striving to for-

thee, Forever and ever! My heart is full of grief and woe, I see thy
get, Forever and ever! Perchance if thou wert far away, Did I not

face whereso I go; I would, last it were not so, Forever and ever!
see thee day by day, I might again be blithe and gay, Forever and ever (Omit).
er! 3. Ah, no! I could not bear the pain of never seeing thee again! I

cling to thee with night and main. For ever and ever! Ai, leave me

not! I love but thee! Blessing or curse, which ever thou be, Oh! be as

thou hast been to me, For ever and ever!
THE STORMY PETREL.

The words of "The Stormy Petrel" were written by BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR (Barry Cornwall). The air was composed by the Chevalier NEUKOMM. "The Chevalier," says Chorley, "was as coming in his generation as his poet was the reverse. On the strength of this success and his partner’s simplicity, the musician beguiled the poet to write some half hundred lyrics for music, the larger number of which are already among the choicest of English song, in grace and melody, recalling the best of our old dramatists, and surprisingly little touched by conceit. Will it be believed that for such admirable service the noble-hearted poet was never even offered the slightest share in gains which would have had no existence, save for his suggesting genius, by the miserable Chevalier? It only dwelt on him that his share of the songs must have had some value, when the publishers, without hint or solicitation, ‘in acknowledgment of the success,’ sent a slight present of jewelry to a member of his family."

The Stormy Petrel is the bird known to sea superstition as "Mother Carey’s Chicken." The name was first applied by Captain Carew’s sailors, and is supposed to refer to a mischievous old woman of that name; for the petrel is a bird of ill-omen.

The song was written for Henry Phillips, who in his pleasant "Recollections," gives this incident of his voyage to America: "It was a glorious, bright day, and we were skimming before a lovely breeze, watching the flocks of little petrels at the stern of the vessel, when the captain, having taken his observation at the meridian, announced in a loud voice that we were just a thousand miles from land. On the instant, Barry Cornwall’s beautiful words occurred to me, and Neukomm’s admirable music to the song he wrote for me, ‘The Stormy Petrel.’ ‘Come,’ said I, to my fellow passengers, ‘come down into the saloon, and I’ll tell you all about it, in music.’ Away we went. I sat down to the pianoforte, and sang—

"A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea."

1. A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea,

2. A home, if such a place can be,
For her who lives on the wild, wild sea,
Tossing about on the roaring sea:

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea,—

From billows to bounding billow east,

From billow to bounding billow east, Like foamy snow on the stormy blast. The sails are scattered broad like weeds:
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds:
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains— They strain and they crack; and hearts like stone Their natural, hard, proud strength down.

Like her who lives on the wild, wild sea: On waves her nest, on waves her food, On

lies - cy saw in the storm - y blast. While the whale and shark and sword-fish sleep. For "

lone - ly, wave - get rock her brood, And the sails her well-known form, For it

fathoms beneath, far down the deep, fathoms beneath, far down the deep. Yet here, a midst the rest less foam, The stormy pel - rel finds a home.

For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,

For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,

On the craggy ledge, in the frozen air,

On the craggy ledge, in the frozen air. And only seeketh her rocky lair. To warn her young, and to teach them to spring, At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing! O'er the deep!—o'er the deep!

Over the deep!—o'er the deep!

Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep.— Outflying the blast and the driving rain, The pelrel teareth her tale—in vain; For the mariner creaseth the warning bird Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard! Ah! thus doth the prophet of good or ill Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still; Yet, he ne'er faltereth—so, pelrel, spring Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!
MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

This is one of Foster's "Plantation Melodies," set to one of his characteristically plaintive melodies. It was written in 1852.

\[ \text{Poco lento} \]

1. Round de meadow's am a ring ing, De dark ey's mourn ful song,
2. When de autumn leaves are fall ing, When de days are cold,
3. Mass eu make de dark ey's love him, C paso he was so kind,

\[ \text{By special permission of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co.} \]
While de mock- ing - bird am sing - ing,
Hap - py as de day am long,

hard to hear old mas-sa call - ing,
Cayse he was so weak and old,

Now, dey sud - ly weep a - bove him,
Mourn - ing cayse he leave dem be - hind. 1

Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing,
Now de orange - trees am bloomin' -
can - not work before to - mor - row,

Over de grass - y mound,
On de sand - y shore,
Cayse de tear - drop flow. 1

Dare old mas - sa am a sleep - ing,
Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground,

Now de sum - mer days am com - ing,
Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more,

try to drive a - way my sor - row,
Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.
Down in de cornfield, Hear dat mournful sound:

All de darkies am a-weeping, Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

Round de meadows am a-ringing,
De darkey's mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping
'Er de grassy mound,
Dose old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.
Down in de cornfield,
Hear dat mournful sound:
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
"Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange-trees am blooming
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa neber calls no more.

Massa make de darkies love him,
Cayse he was so kind,
Now, dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse de leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
Cayse de tear-drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow.
Plebin' on de old banjo.
Contributors to Famous Songs

A GROUP OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS.
The professional visits recently made to this country by the great Polish pianist, Paderewski, have marked an era in the musical annals of America. Of the famous pianists who have come to the new world—Rubinstein, von Ballow, Pachmann, Dr. Albert, and Josef—Paderewski can properly be compared with Rubinstein alone, since these two only were great creative as well as great interpretive geniuses. Since the death of Rubinstein, certainly, Paderewski is universally regarded as the greatest of living pianists. And it has been said that Paderewski, while approaching closely to Rubinstein in emotional power, and the equal of von Ballow in intellectuality has surpassed them both in his remarkable combination of both qualities. Adding to this his possession of a wonderful technique, a wide general culture, a romantic history and an engaging personality, we have characteristics that interest us as well as skill that arouses our enthusiasm.

Ignace Jan Paderewski was born Nov. 6, 1860, in Podolia, a fertile and sylvanous province of Russian Poland, where his father, a man of good family, was a gentleman farmer. Falling under suspicion of the Russian police, the father, who was an ardent patriot, was banished to Siberia when the son was three years old, and, returning after several years he lived a broken life until 1894, his chief solace in his declining years being derived from the growing fame of the son.

The misfortunes of his father and the death of his mother during his childhood threw Ignace on his own resources for a livelihood. His musical genius developed early, sensitivity to musical sounds appearing in boyhood and he quickly learned all that the stray musicians who visited the remote farm could teach him. At twelve he was sent to the conservatory at Warsaw, and in that centre of intellectual and artistic Poland he utilized his advantages, not only for the study of music, but for laying the foundations of general culture and associating with instructive companions.

At sixteen, he made his first tour as a pianist through Russian provinces playing his own compositions as well as those of others. After two years of further study at Warsaw, he was appointed, at the age of eighteen (18), a professor in the conservatory. At nineteen he married a Polish girl, but she lived only a year, and, dying, left him a son, mentally attractive but physically paralyzed, his fatherly devotion to whom has been beautiful and touching. More than ever absorbed in his art, Paderewski now went to Berlin where he so improved his increased opportunities for study that, at the age of twenty-three he was appointed a professor in the Strasburg Conservatory of Music. Then followed a period of several years given up to teaching but without interrupting his determined efforts to perfect his mastery of the piano. It was during this time that he met, at a mountain resort in Germany, his great country woman, Mrs. Helena Modjeska, the encourager and patroness of so many great artists, and especially those of Poland. She recognized, as did most of his intimates, his genius for the piano, and it was owing to her influence that he resigned his Strasburg professorship, abandoned teaching, and went to Vienna, where he placed himself under the instruction of his countryman Leschetitzky, the teacher, and afterwards the husband of the famous Russian pianist, Emppoff, and said to have been next to Liszt, the most successful trainer of famous pianists. From this master he acquired in seven months the "finish, security and virtuosity" as he himself expressed it—which alone were lacking in his professional equipment. Thus prepared, he made his debut in Vienna, in 1887, achieving satisfactory success. But it was not till his appearance in Paris, a few years later, that he crossed the threshold of his greater fame. His reception in the French capital was so enthusiastic that his reputation as a virtuoso preceded him to London, where he appeared in the spring of 1890, and quickly justified by bis performance the high expectations that had been excited. In London, as subsequently in America, the furor over him was not a blind enthusiasm over a loudly heralded prodigy, but the result of a critical judgment, formed after a series of concerts which began with only moderate success. In each case the result was the same—a complete surrender by the musical public, to the genius of one of the greatest pianists the world has known.
Paderewski came to the United States in November, 1891, and quickly captivated the critics as well as the public. During six months he gave one hundred and seventeen concerts, his reputation and his success growing rapidly. Returning for the season of 1892-3, he made a concert tour through the country, which, excepting possibly his own later success, was unexampled in musical history. The receipts for sixty-seven concerts reached the enormous sum of one hundred and eighty thousand ($180,000) dollars. Paderewski's desire to devote a year to composition prevented his return to America the following season, though he has now returned for 1894-5. There are well-informed critics who regard this still youthful genius as being greater as a composer than even as a virtuoso; and although his temptation must be great to continue to play as long as he can reap such rich rewards from public performances, there will be some compensation for the retirement of a great pianist, when, at some future time he may devote his matured genius to enriching the musical literature of the world by composition alone.

Those who are privileged to know Paderewski intimately are enthusiastic over the charm of his personality. He is described as genial, witty, cultured, broadly interested in the affairs of the world, and full of the gentler qualities of humanity, including even gratitude—for it is said that he remembers not only a melody but a kindness forever—and yet possessed of a modesty that all his success has not spoiled. The story is told of him, illustrating both his essentially kindly nature and his modesty, that to a lady who at the close of a concert at which he had probably received five thousand ($5000) dollars for two hours work begged him to give lessons to her daughter, he replied “Arist Madam, I have hardly time to teach myself!”

In his professional work he does not rely on genius to carry him through. To genius he has added unremitting practice and this he continues as seriously now as when he was fitting himself for public performance. So conscientiously does he prepare himself that he is said to lie awake for hours the night before a concert, mentally going over every note of the programme, to seize the inner meaning of the composition and fully interpret it to his audience. This not only emphasizes the extraordinary power of his memory—he plays entirely without notes—but also points out the possible cause of an early termination of his career as a performer; for the mental and physical strain of such work is almost beyond comprehension. But Paderewski’s early life as a gentleman’s son on the Polish farm laid the foundation for a physical strength beyond what would be looked for in one of such slight physique. Moreover, the absolute control of his muscles, such as one derives from the exercises of fencing, riding, dancing, etc., has been a potent factor in the successful development of his skill in piano playing. The art of performance on the piano, however, now that intelligent instruction, and diligent practice place all great players nearly on an equality in merely technical skill in striking the notes, is an art in which performances are differentiated rather by temperament and inspiration than by technique. And it is because Paderewski is so thorough a musician, has so sensitive and analytical a musical ear, is so learned in the annals of music, is a composer of genius, and has a true feeling for music, as well as a phenomenal power of making the instrument express every shade of his feeling and interpret every particle of his knowledge, that he surpasses all living pianists in delightful listeners of every degree of musical intelligence and appreciation, even those who cannot discern or define the reason.

Paderewski’s compositions have been chiefly for the piano and orchestra, but the few songs he has written are delightfully described as resembling Chopin’s Polish songs in spirit, though probably not equal in merit to his instrumental works. His first attempt at composition was made at the age of seven, when he wrote a set of Polish dances. These were subsequently published in Berlin in 1882. He wrote industriously during his boyhood studies, and has not omitted since to give some time to the writing of the piano music by which, for some years before he came to this country, he was favorably known in America.

Interesting anecdotes are told of this remarkable man, too many to be recorded here. As a boy he sought the piano and listened to the sound of the strings with a highly organized ear, striking the keys again and again until he secured the exact quality of sound that satisfied his acute and sensitive hearing. During his youthful Russian tour he was compelled in a small town to use a piano so ancient that the keys would not rise after he struck them; so he employed an assistant to whip the keys back with a switch, and the audience enjoyed this novel "duet" amazingly.

The genuineness of his musical inspiration is illustrated by the story of his undertaking, for the amusement of Mrs. Modjeska and her husband Count Bozetka, to extemporize on a theme in the manner of every great composer from Palestrina to Chopin. When he finished he developed the same theme, at their request, in the manner of Paderewski, and they declared they had altogether the most delightful of them all.

\[\text{Music notation image} \]
Un poco più lento.

Wander'ing along the Nile—men river From village unto city, Good folks I greet you now and ever, Roaming I sing my duty.
Un poco meno mosso.
con passione.

Tho'—all are hearing
Ab—my song bearing. None doth under-

stand its measure. None the hidden meaning treasure. Held in its

Tempo I.

keeping.

Tho' to them all,......
my song seems chee - ling, I wan - der on 'side weep - ing; I wan - der on ev - er

Yet one, some day my song com - pre - bend - ing, Shall shep her hands to her pa - lig low,
While I, in tears, before her bending, 
Never more shall roam from that place.

Tempo I.

shall roam................................. from that

Poi al fine.
CAUDEAMUS ICI TUR.

At the American Universities, this song of rejoicing—"Juvenes dum sumus," while we are young—is sung on such occasions as the music suits. But in the German Universities, whence it is taken, it is reserved for important ceremonials, although the spirit of joy is always uppermost when it is permitted by the strict code of etiquette which, in those universities, regulates all things. In the same mood, perhaps, in which military bands play quicksteps in returning from a military funeral, "Gaudemus" is appointed to be sung also when the German students return from a torch-light funeral—an honor occasionally granted to a beloved fellow student or honored professor—to "burn the toches."

It is the song of youth and life, life short and youth merry; and the song of loyalty, to "academia," "omnes virgines" and "respublica" while its "percat tristitia" is merely a Latin version of "Begone! Dull Care."

The following English verses preserve very well the spirit of the Latin original.

Let us now in youth rejoice; None can justly blame us; For, when golden youth has fled, And age our joys we leave. Then the sainted Saint claim us.

* * *

Where have all our fathers gone? Here we'll see them never: Seek the gods' serene abode— Cross the delicious Skye that food— There they dwell forever.

* * *

Bless we then the joyous shout, Life to Alma Mater: Life to each professor here, Life to all our country dear, May they leave us never.

Life to all the maidens fair, Maidens sweet and swelling; Life to gentle matrons, too, Ever kind and ever true, All our cares beguiling.

May our land forever bloom Endless wise direction: And this lovely classic ground In majesty abound, Yielding us protection.

Perish sadness, perish hate, And, ye scions, leave us! Perish every shade of woe, Devil and Pilgrimage, too, That would turn us aside.

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2. Ju-ve-nes dum su-mus; Post ju-com-dam ju-ven-tu-ten, Post mo-le-stu-

3. se-ca-tu-tem, Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus, Nos ha-be-bit hu-

Gaudamus igitar,
Juvanes dum sumus;
Post juvenes juvenatum,
Nos habitam humus.

ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuerat?
Transes ad superos
Ques si vit videare.

Vivat academia
Vivant professores
Vivat mater terrae
Semper sine labore.

Vivat omnes virgines
Faciles, formose
Vivant et multives
Teneare quilibet

Vivat et republica
Et qui illam regit
Vivat nova civitas
Maceratum spectat

Percat tristitia
Percant sosores
Percant sabulos
Quaevi antequam vivos
Atque irritave.
WAKE NOT, BUT HEAR ME, LOVE.

The words of this song are taken from one of the most notable contributions made to American literature during the past twenty years—the story of "Ben Hur," by General Lew Wallace. The literary value of this work was paralleled by its commercial success, which was immediate and continuous. The author had lived a long, and useful life before he turned to literature, and had a further distinguished career still before him.

GENERAL WALLACE was born in Brookville, Indiana, April 16, 1827, the son of a graduate and former professor at the Military Academy at West Point. He was supplementing a common school education with a course of law study, when the Mexican war occurred, and he engaged in the struggle as First Lieutenant in an Indiana regiment. He practiced law on his return from the war, and served four years in the Senate of his State. When the war of the Rebellion broke out, he was appointed Adjutant-General of Indiana, and soon after went to the front as colonel of a regiment, serving with such gallantry that within six months he became a Brigadier-General. His military service was eminent throughout the war. At its close he sat on the courts martial that tried the assassins of President Lincoln and Captain Wirz of the Andersonville prison. He served as Territorial Governor of Utah, 1878-81, and in the latter year was appointed U. S. Minister to Turkey. Some years previously, in 1873, he had published his first novel, "The Fair Girl." This was followed in 1881 with "Ben Hur." In 1888 he wrote the life of Benjamin Harrison, and in the same year published, "The Boyhood of Christ." The fruits of his residence in Turkey appeared in the publication of "The Prince of India" in 1888.

The music of this song is the composition of George Laurie Osgood, an American tenor singer, composer and teacher of vocal music. Mr. Osgood was born in Chelsea, Mass., in 1844. In early manhood he began to utilize professionally an excellent tenor voice. After studying the organ and counterpoint with the veteran Prof. J. K. Payne, he went to Europe for further study with eminent teachers, among whom his instructor in the German Lied was the great master of that form of music, Robert Franz. A successful concert tour in Germany preceded his return in 1892 to America, where for two seasons he sang in the concerts given by Theodore Thomas. Since that time he has taught music in Boston, has conducted the Belsey Club since 1875, has been the choir master at Emanuel Church since 1882, and has written many songs which have had and have merited success.
OUR LITTLE KING.

EUGENE FIELD, the writer of the words of this song, was born in St. Louis in the year 1850, and died in Chicago on the morning of November 4, 1895. His career, a bright and fruitful one, appeared to have been cut short of possible attainments. His work was well esteemed while living by a wide circle of friends, many of whom knew him only through the columns of the newspaper with which he was last connected. There is at present an increasing demand for his published works, especially the "Love-Songs of Childhood," the first edition of which sold rapidly. His life occupation was that of a journalist. The cast and fiber of his mind were those of a poet. In a large and happy sense he was a humorist. The critics will classify him with the "minor poets," but his admiring readers will give little heed to the distinction. Every true poet is a master to the hearts that are thrilled by his lines. The author of "Little Boy Blue" and "Binky, Binky and Nod" is above criticism in many censorious hearts. The most popular of his published works are "A Little Book of Western Verse," "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," and "Love-Songs of Childhood." His last work, "Echoes from a Sabine Farm" contained a collection of translations from the Latin and was issued as an Edition de Luxe, with illustrations by Edward H. Garrett. It was printed for private circulation.

Although partly educated in the East, and cosmopolitan in mind, Field's ruling tendencies were to Western ways and modes of thoughts. Yet we can readily understand how with his breadth of culture, other associations and surroundings might have inclined his powers in quite other channels. But the controlling habits and style of his thought are plain. Eves in one of his finest tales, "Ezra's Thanksgiving" out West," while Ezra is made to see in the shadows of his firelight on the hearth his former New England home with its fondly remembered scenes and Thanksgiving memories, the picture is yet a perfect reflection of many a Western home and its associations on Thanksgiving Day. At least such an one rises very clear in the memory of the reader, as he reads the beautiful reminiscence in Ezra's picture.

The new lesson in our literary and artistic life as a nation, teaches that there are distinctive features of Western life and experience which afford full inspiration to poetic minds in touch with them. They are a life and experience quite new to the world, or at least unlike anything that has hitherto found expression in poetic language. They differ from them in their freedom from the supernatural found in the fables and fables of the old time life of the world and brought into its art and literature. In them nature and human nature are released from illusions that in earlier time filled the imaginative works of poets and artists. Our native poet, born to the soil, into the light of modern days, sees things and life as they are, and in his not less gifted way, sings their actions and their qualities to melodious measure.

Such native poets are James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field. Their art wrought with the qualities of real life, of homely sentiments, of the pure passions of simple hearts, unmixed with fantasies of imaginary beings, when put into poetic numbers have a charm that only the true song in verse can give. This is a characteristic of Riley's songs. In the poetry and prose-poetry of Eugene Field we find too, everywhere, the same characteristics. But we meet with something more than the distinctive features of modern Western life in Field's songs. We find here, not only new, but old acquaintances. We find not only the plain, the rude and uncultivated life of the New World, but also the cultured life of the Old World. For Field had a mind trained in literary lore. He had a passion for and a knowledge of books. He makes intimate friends and acquaintances of them, and lives in them many happy hours. He sings their praise in many of his best verses. Eugene Field's most striking quality of mind, as poet and writer, seems to be his ability to adapt the culture and knowledge of a full and well-trained intellect to the plain and common as well as the so-called little things of life. There is no supererogation of genius than the power of a full grown mind, by virtue of its strength, to become as that of a little child. Everywhere in the works of Eugene Field, are seen the evidences of this singular gift.

MARY KNIGHT WOOD, the composer of the music of this song, lives in New York, surrounded by a very delightful circle of musical friends. She was born in Massachusetts and studied with P. J. Lang in Boston and with A. R. Panzoni and J. H. Cornell, in New York. Her songs are always popular and are all strongly characteristic.
Moderato.

When our babe he goeth walking in his garden,

A round his tinkling feet the sunbeams play. The

po-sies they are good to him, And how there as they should to him, As

far-eth him up- on his King-ly way, And bird- lings of the

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wood to him, make music, gentle music all the day.

When our babe he goeth walking in his garden

Where our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle.

night it looketh ever sweetly down.

The little stars are
When our babe he goeth walking in his garden,
Around his tinkling feet the sun-beams play;
The posies they are good to him,
And bow them as they should to him,
As far as him upon his kingly way;
And birdlings of the wood to him
Make music, gentle music all the day,
When our babe he goeth walking in his garden.

When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle,
The night's lullaby ever sweetly down;
The little stars are kind to him,
The moon she hath a mind to him,
And layeth on his head a golden crown,
And singeth then the wind to him,
A song, the gentle song of Bethlethem,
When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle.
LITTLE MAID OF ARCADEE.

The collaboration in English operas between Sir Arthur S. Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert is one of the celebrated partnerships of art. Sullivan had written several operas before "Trial by Jury," which was the first "Gilbert and Sullivan" production, in 1875. Then followed "The Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," "The Mikado," and the long list of popular successors in rapid succession. The humor of Gilbert had a quality quite peculiar to that writer, and the music of Sullivan was equally characteristic. The popularity of the operas was so great as to justify the building of a theatre in London for their sole production. Mr. Gilbert was born in 1836 and was educated for the law. His father, William Gilbert, born 1808, died 1869, was a well known and prolific writer of England. W. S. Gilbert was already celebrated as a writer of plays before he wrote for Sullivan's music. His best known production in that line being "Sweethearts," "Engaged," and "Gretchen." He published in 1863 a volume of "Bob Ballad," reprinted from "Judy," one of which contained the germ of the opera of "Pinafore." Besides their more important work together, these gifted writers have exhibited their talents in the production of a number of songs of which the "Little Maid," here printed, is a good example. Simple, naive, and thoroughly good in technical construction, their work is not only universally popular but critically commendable as well.
Thought his face and form and limb No body could e-quality him. He was rich, and she was fair;

Truly they made a pretty pair; Happy little maid—en she, Happy maid of Arcady!

Moment o’er as moments will, Rapidly e-nough; until

After, say, another two, Robin did as Robin do, Fickle as the month of May,
Jilted her and ran away! Wretched little maid-en she! Doleful maid of Arcade!

Doleful maid of Arcade! To her little home she crept, There she sat herdorn and wept;

Maid-en wept as maid-ens will, Grew so thin and pale and ill, Till another's

came to woo, Then again the roses grew. Happy little maid-en she! Happy maid of Arcade!

Happy little maid-en she! Happy maid of Arcade! Happy maid of Arcade!
The words of this ballad are by Sir Walter Scott. Mary Russell Mitford, writing of it, says: "Nothing seems stranger, among the strange fluctuations of popularity, than the way in which the songs and shorter poems of the most eminent writers occasionally pass from the highest vogue into the most complete oblivion, and are at once forgotten as though they had never been. Scott's spirited ballad, 'The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee,' came in point. Several persons (among the rest, Mrs. Hughes, the valued friend of the author) have complained to me, not only that it is not included amongst Sir Walter's ballads, but that they were unable to discover it elsewhere. Upon mentioning this to another dear friend of mine, the man who, of all whom I have known, has the keenest secret for literary game, he threw himself upon the track, and, failing to obtain a printed copy, succeeded in procuring one in manuscript, taken down from the lips of a veteran vocalist, not, as I should judge, from his recitation, but from his singing. * * * * At all events, the transcript is a curiosity. The whole ballad is written as if it were prose. I endeavored to restore the natural division of the verses; and having since discovered a printed copy, buried in the "Doom of Devorgilla," where of course nobody looked for it, I am delighted to transfer to my pages one of the most stirring and characteristic ballads ever written."

The air of "Bonnie Dundee," under that title, dates from 1628.

1. To the Lords of Conservation twas Ca - ver - home-spoke; See the King's Crown go down there are
2. Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring back-ward, the
3. Crowns to be broke, Then each rea - n - ler who loves hon - or and me, Let his
drums they are beast, But the pro - post (dunce man) said, "Just e'en let it be, For me
He spurred to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak two words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes,
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!"
Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are brave Daunnersals three thousand times three,
Will cry 'Hear for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There's hose on the target of barked en bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"Then aye to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks!
Ere I own a usurper I'll crooch with the fox;
And restless, false Whig, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnet and me."
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waves his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Raebelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee,
Died away the wild war-noises of Bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men,
Come open your gates and let me gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.
AIRY, FAIRY LILIAN.

The words of this pleasing little song are by TENNYSON. The music was composed by FRANK ELMORE.
Al - ry, fair - y Lil - ian,
Yi - ling, fair - y Lil - ian.

When I ask her if she love me, Claps her ti - ny hands a - bove me, Laugh - ing all she
can;........ She'll not tell me if she love me, Crea - el fe - de Lil - ian.

When my pas - sion
Seeks... Pleased in love sighs... She, looking through and thro' me,

Thoroughly to undo... me. Smiling, never speaks: Smiling, never speaks, So

a tempo.
innocent-arch, so cunning simple. From beneath her garland wimple Glance-ing with black-beaded eyes,

Till the lightning laughers dissolve The baby roses in her cheeks; Then a-way she flies.
Then a-way she flies.

Amensafe.

Pry-thee weep, May Lii-an!
Gay-e-ty with-out eclipse
Wear-ri-eth me, May

Lii-an;
Thro' my ve-ry heart it thrill-eth
When from crim-son-thread-ed lips
Silver-treble laughter trilled: Prythec weep, May Lilian. Pray all I can,..... If prayers will not hush thee, Airy Lilian, Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee.

Airy, fairy Lilian,
Fitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Clips her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can.
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruei little Lilian.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs
She, looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks:
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gathered wimple,
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,

Till the lightning laughter dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies.
Prythec weep, May Lilian!
Gayety without eclipse
Wearied me, May Lilian:
Tho' my very heart it thrilled,
When from crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilled:
Prythec weep, May Lilian.

Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.
TIT-WILLOW.

As is well-known, this song is one of the most captivating of the many artistic surprises in the "Mikado," the finest comic opera of its famous composer, Sir Arthur SULLIVAN.

The words are by Mr. W. S. GILBERT, the distinguished dramatic author, and the writer of many musical pieces in conjunction with Sullivan. Mr. Gilbert was classically educated, taking the degree of B.A. at the University of London. He was also a contributor to periodical literature and an author of several books. Mr. Gilbert was admitted to the Bar of the Queen's Temple in 1864, and was made a Magistrate for Middlesex, England, in 1891.

1. Oh! a tree by a riv - er a
2. He sleep'd at his chest as he
3. Now I feel just as sure as I'm

lit - de tom - tit Sang, "Wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!" And I said to him, "Dickybird, sat on that bough Singing "Wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!" And a cold per - spi - ra - tion be -

sure that my name, La - ut "Wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!" That was blighted af - fe - tion that

why do you sit Singing 'Wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!" Is't weak - ness of in - tel - lect, squinted his brow. 'Oh willow, tit - willo, tit - wil - low! He sobb'd and he sigh'd, and a

made him ex - claim, "Oh willow, tit - willo, tit - wil - low!" And if you re - main cal - low and

bir - de?" I cried, "Of a rath - er tough worm in your lit - the in - side?" With a

gur - gle he gave. Then he threw him - self is - to the hil - low - y wave. And an

ob - di - rate. I Shall per - ish as he did, and you will know why. Though I
shakes his poor little head he replied, "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
echoes from the sickle's grave—"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
probably shall not explain as I die, "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

**OH, TAKE HER, BUT BE FAITHFUL STILL.**

This song is a joint composition of Charles Jeffrey and Sidney Nelson.

*Adapted and arranged.*

1. Oh, take her, but be faithful still, And stay the bridal vow,
   The joys of childhood's happy hour, This home of ripened years,
   Her lot in life is fixed with thine, Its goods and ill to share;

2. Be sacred henceforth in after years, And warmly breathed as now;
The treasured scenes of early youth, In sunshine and in tears;
And well I know 'twill be her pride To soothe each sorrow there.

3. Remember, 'tis so common tie That bonds her youthful heart,
The purest hopes her bosom knew When her young heart was free,
Then take her, and may fleeting time Mark only joy's increase;

'Tis one that only truth should weave, And only death can part.
All these and more, she now resigns, To brave the world with thee.
And may your days glide sweetly on, In happiness and peace.
BRING FLOWERS.

Mrs. Hemans' song, "Bring Flowers," must have been touched up by the same teetotaler who revised the celebrated convivial poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes. In some versions, the second and last lines of the first stanza are replaced by those which here follow them in brackets:

"Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,  
To wreath the cups ere the wine is pour'd.  
[To crown the feast that the fields afford.]  
Bring flowers; they are springing in wood and vale,  
Their breath flutes out on the southern gale.  
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,  
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows."  
[The banquet to deck where the warm heart glows.]

The song was from the poem of "The Bride of the Greek Isle." The air is French.
Bring flowers young flowers for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is poured,
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale;
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her straining hair;
They were born to blush in her straining hair;
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side;
Her place is now by another's side;
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path,
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath;
He comes with the spells of matrons' back,
The vines lie crushed in his chariots' track;
The turf looks red where he won the day,
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, over the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead;
For this he leaves but the white rose bent,
For this he leaves but the white rose bent,
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we bowed in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is there!
They speak of hope to the failing heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part;
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers!
HAIL, COLUMBIA!

The author of the words of "Hail Columbia," Joseph Hopkinson, was born in Philadelphia, Penna., November 12, 1770. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and became a lawyer of distinction in his native city. He was a promoter of the cause of liberal education, and to his kindly personal traits we owe this famous national song. He died in Philadelphia, January 15, 1842. I quote his account of the origin of "Hail Columbia.

"This song was written in the summer of 1796, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable. Congress being then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility having actually occurred. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for one side or the other; some thinking that peace and duty required us to take part with republican France, as she then was called; others were for our connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to keep a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who exposed her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, as it did at that time, on that question. The theatre was then open in our city; a young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me on Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. He said he had twenty boxes taken, and his prospect was that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the President's March, then the popular air, he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of that march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued, night after night, for the rest of the whole season, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard, I may say, in every part of the United States.

"The object of the author was to get up an American spirit, which should be independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look to and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. Not an allusion is made to either France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to what was the most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties—at least, neither could show the sentiments it incited. It was truly American and nothing else, and the patriotic feelings of every American heart, responded to it.

"Such is the history of the song, which has endured infinitely beyond any expectation of the author, and beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit."

The music of "Hail, Columbia" was written as a march, and went at first by the name of "General Washington's March." Later it was called "The President's March," and it was played in 1789, when Washington came to New York to be inaugurated. A son of Prof. Phyfe of Philadelphia, who was one of the performers, says it was his father's composition. His statement is given by William McKay of Philadelphia. Mr. Curtis, the adopted son of Washington, mentions its having been composed in 1789 by a German named Payles, leader of the orchestra, and musical composer for the old John Street theatre, in New York, where he heard it played as a new piece on the occasion of General Washington's first visit at this playhouse. The two names (Phyfe and Payles) should, no doubt, be identical, and the stories do not materially contradict each other.
free-dom's cause. Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause. And when the storm of war was gone, En-
im-ploughed. Let no rude foe, with im-ploughed. Invade the shrine where sacred lies. Of
joyed the peace your val-our won; Let In-depen-dence be your boast, Ev er mind ful
toil and blood the well-earned prize; While off-ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place a
what it cost, Ev-er gra-ti-ful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies.
man-ly trust, That truth and jus- tice may pre-vail, And ev -'ry scheme of bou-dage fail!

CHORUS.

Firm, un -nit-ed, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib er - ty.

As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

Soul, sound the trump of fame!

Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.
Firm, united, etc.

Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat!
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty.
Firm, united, etc.
TOO LATE.

This song is sung by the "little maid" to Queen Guinevere, in Tennyson's poem of that name in "Idylls of the King." The music is by Miss Lindsay, an English lady.

Allegro Larghetto.

Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill! Late, late, so late! But we can enter still! Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we; for that we do repent, And, learning this, the
Bridgegroom will return—Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light! so late! and dark and chill the night, O let us in, that we may find the light.

Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now.
Too late! too late, ye cannot enter now.

Hast we not heard, the bridegroom is so sweet, O let us in, that we may kiss his feet.

O let us in, O let us in, O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet.

Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill!

Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.

Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now,

Too late—too late, ye cannot enter now.

No light had we—far that we do repent,

And learning this the bridegroom will relent.

Too late—too late, ye cannot enter now.

Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now—

No light! so late! and dark and chill the night,

O let us in, that we may find the light.

Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now,

Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard, the bridegroom is so sweet,

O let us in, that we may kiss his feet.

O let us in, O let us in,

O let us in, the' late, to kiss his feet!

No! no! too late, ye cannot enter now,

O let us in, that we may find the light.
THE OWL SONG.

F. E. WEATHERLY. STEPHEN ADAMS.

 Allegro con spirito.

   1. There
   2. There

 pleased a man by an old oak tree, To-whoo! said the owl, to-whoo! His hair was wild and his
 pleased a man by the old oak tree, To-whoo! said the owl, to-whoo! His face was as long as

  Misterioso.

gait was free, "He must be a bachelor," said the owl in the tree, To-whoo, to-whoo, to-
long could be, "He must be married," said the owl in the tree, To-whoo, to-whoo, to-
whoo! 'Which-er a-way? said the owl, as he pass'd, "Which-er a-way," fair
whoo! His guilt was neith-er free nor fast, He shook his fist at the

sir, so fast?" "I go," quoth he, "a maid to woo, A maid - en young, and
owl as he pass'd; "Oh! oh!" said the owl, "it's you! it's you!" "And haven't you been the

fair and true." "I go," quoth he, "a maid to woo, A maid - en young, and fair, and
maid to woo?" "Oh! oh!" said the owl, "it's you! it's you!" "And haven't you been the maid to
true," "To woo?" said the owl, "to woo!" Is an-y-bod-y true in the world? to-woo?" "To woo?" said the man, "to woo! There's no-bod-y young, or far, or

whoa!...... "Ha! ha!" laugh'd the lover, as a-way he sped, "That's just like an owl," he true!...... "Ha! ha!" laugh'd the owl as he went to bed, "That's just like a man," he

said "Ha! ha!" laugh'd the lover, as a-way he sped, "That's ver-y like an owl," he said "Ha! ha!" laugh'd the owl, as he went to bed, "That's ver-y like a man he

said, "So ver-y like an owl," he said, "So ver-y like a man" he said. "So ver-y like an owl" he

ad lib. omm do. caftte rec.
ANGEL'S SERENADE.
WITH VIOLIN OBLIGATO.

Originally destined for the church, the writer of the celestial music of this song was so absorbed by the musical portion of his necessary studies that he abandoned the prospect of clerical preferment for the life of a musician. GIOVAN BADA was born in Italy in 1829, and instead of leaving the Naples Conservatory at the completion of the course in vocal music prescribed for young clerics he remained there to master all branches of the musical art. He acquired special proficiency in performing on the violoncello and in musical composition, having in the latter branch the instruction of the celebrated Mercadante. He played the violoncello in important musical centres, and taught singing, meanwhile composing industriously. His first composition, a cantata entitled "Sadh," was followed by many dramatic works, which were performed in Vienna, Paris, etc. Among his lighter compositions were several albums of vocal pieces, with Italian, French and German words, from one of which this selection is taken. It is a Walladion song, originally entitled "Der Engel Liad."
LA FOGIA. The child, pp

What straits were those that wak'nd me

Softly and sweetly play - ing? Dost thou hear them, oh! mother, hither borne
On the wind's precious stray leg? Go to the door, I pray, this speed, And

PP, LA SMAR. (The mother.)

tell me whence these heaving sounds proceed. Calm thee, my darling, sought I see,

I hear no voice surprising. Only the nephys

Fugatissimo.

Fugatissimo.
"Facing by, Only the moon rising! Of that sweet
sung—poor floret weak and falling, Who could have sung it for
thee? No! No! No! No! No! No!"
It was no earthly melody That woke me, that
woke me, oh! mother tender! More.......... it resembled, far
more............. it seems to me, Such songs as angels render. To join their
ranks......... they're call- ing me, Good night, oh! dear- est moth- er! Sweet mel-o-

say, I fol- low thee!

That

bliss- ful song

That woke me, that woke me, oh! mother
tender
More

it resembled, far more

It seems to me
Such songs as angels render.
To join their ranks, they're

calling me
Good night, oh! dearest mother!
Sweet melody

end of scene.
dy, I fol-low thee! I fol-low thee! I fol-low thee!
SEVERAL Scottish poets have rang the changes upon both the air and words of "Charlie is my darling." Burns has a version, Hogg a version, Captain Charles Grev a version, and there are still others of less celebrity. But the words most in use were written by the Baroness Nairne, although her authorship was not then known, and stanzas from the other versions were generally mingled with hers. I give her version entire. The song is, of course, a Jacobite omission, and Lady Nairne's family were Jacobites of the Jacobites, nearly all the kids and kins having been in trouble or exile on that account. A lock of Prince Charlie's hair, his bonnet, spurs, cockade, and crumple, were cherished relics among them. The "Auld Laird," Lady Nairne's father, refused to acknowledge King George, and dismissed the family chaplain for taking the oath of fealty to him after the death of Charles Edward. The King, who had graciously allowed him, to return and spend his age in his old home, sent this message to his obdurate subject: "The Elector of Hanover's compliments to the Laird of Gask, and wishes to tell him how much the Elector respects the Laird for the steadfastness of his principles."

In his "Forty Years' Recollections," Charles Mackay, the song-writer, relates the following anecdote of his childhood: "Grace Threlkeld, or as her husband always called her, 'Girzie,' taught me the alphabet, together with the tunes of many scores—I nay say hundreds—of Scotch songs which she was fond of singing. Among the rest was the old Jacobite song of "Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier." I imagined at the time that this was a song about myself, and that I was the valiant young Chevalier. I well remember my astonishment, when I was about six years old, at hearing a blackbird, whose cage hung from a window in Powis Street, Woolwich, pipe this tune very correctly as I passed along with a playmate. I looked at the bird with infantine bewilderment, thinking that the creature was, as the Scotch say, 'no cannie,' and that the soul found itself had taken up his abode in his tiny throat. The good Girzie laughed at my terror, but it was many weeks before I was quite reconciled to the possession of musical abilities by so small a creature, or quite satisfied that it had not formed a deliberate purpose by whistling that particular song, to turn me into ridicule."
1. Oh! Char- lie is my dar- ling, My dar- ling, my dar- ling, Oh! Char- lie is my dar- ling, The

2. ('Twas on a Mon- day morn- ing, Right ear- ly in the year, When young Chev- a- lier.)
3. As he cam' marchin' up the street, the pipes play'd loud and clear; And
4. Wi' He- land bon-nets on their heads, and clay- mores bright and clear, They
5. Char- lie came to our town, The young Chev- a- lier.)

Oh! Char- lie is my dar- ling, my dar- ling, Oh! Char- lie is my dar- ling, The young Chev- a- lier.

They've left their bonnie He- land hills,
Oh! there were many beating hearts,
Their wives and fairies dear,
And many a hope and fear;
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
And many were the prayers put up
The young Chevalier.
For the young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie, etc.
Oh! Charlie, etc.
THE WAITING TIME.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG, composer of the musical setting of "The Waiting Time," was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 10, 1858. At the age of six years he commenced the study of music under a competent instructor. When eleven years old he entered St. Mark's Choir, then directed by James Pierce, Musical Bachelor of Oxford, under whom he studied for three years. At the age of fourteen he began the investigation of harmony, composition and pipe organ, guided by Doctor Hugh A. Clarke, of the University of Pennsylvania, continuing as his pupil for two years. Subsequently his musical education was prosecuted under direction of other eminent teachers.

As a result of earnest application and unusual experience, Frank L. Armstrong has won renown as a proficient organist and composer. His numerous secular and religious compositions—both vocal and instrumental—have been received with marked favor. Among them may be mentioned:—"The New American School for Parlor Organ," "Bible Days," "The Crowning Triumph," "Exalted Praise," "Golden Rays," and "The Helper."

The words of this poem are by SARAH DOUDNEY.

1. There are days of silent sorrow in the
dead of night;
2. Youth and love are oft impatient, seeking
wrong and pain;
3. We can bear the heat of conflict, through the
sea of life;

There are wild, despairing moments, There are
things beyond their reach;
but the heart grows sick of hope, Ere it
wants, crushing blow,
besting back our gathered fates, For a
hours of man-tal strife; There are times of stor-y a-sun, When the tears re-fuse to
learn what we can seek; For before the fruit be path-cred We must see the blossoms
no rush low; We may see again be-growth and. Now the weak for the

fall; But the wait-ing time, my broth-ers, Is the harri-est time of all.
fall; And the wait-ing time, my broth-ers Is the harri-est time of all.
fall; But the wait-ing time, my broth-ers, Is the harri-est time of all.

REFRAIN. (Quartette or Solo ad lib.)

There are days of si- lent sor-row In the sea-sons of our life,
There are days of si- lent sor-row in the sea-sons of our life,
There are days of silent sorrow
In the seasons of our life;
There are wild, despairing moments;
There are hours of mental strife;
There are times of stony anguish;
When the tears refuse to fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love are oft impatient,
Seeking things beyond their reach;
But the heart grows sick of hoping
For it learns what life can teach;
For before the fruit be gathered
We must see the blossom fall;
And the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,
Though the sudden, crushing blow,
Resting back our gathered forces,
For a moment lay us low;

We may rise again beneath it,
None the weaker for the fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

For it wears the eager spirit
As the salt waves wear the stone,
And the garb of hope grows threadbare
Till the brighter tides are drown;
Then amid youth's radiant tresses
Silent snows begin to fall;
Oh, the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all!

But at last we learn the lesson
That God, knoweth what is best;
For with wisdom cometh patience,
And with patience cometh rest.
Yet, a golden thread is shining
Through the tangled web of fate;
And our hearts shall thank him meekly,
That he taught us how to wait.
WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER, author of the following song, is a minor English poet, whose writings are principally descriptive of various phases of elegant life. Every school-girl has kept over his poem, "Beth-Gedert, the Good Greyhound." This song was widely popular in American households during the early part of the present century.

Arranged for this work by EDWARD S. CUMMINGS.

1. When the black-listed to the gods was present, The
2. The soldier whose deeds live in mortal story, Whom
3. Though space-breathing gales over his caravan tower,—Though

Yet of what Fate to each mortal intends, At the long string of ills a kind
Duty to far distant latitudes sends, With transport would bar whole
Round him a huge whole in grace ascends, The merchant still thinks of the

Godless relentless, And slip'd in three blessings—wife, children, and friends, In
A gasp of glory, For one happy day with wife, children, and friends, Though
Wood sides that corner The tower where he sat with wife, children, and friends. The
When the black-lettered list to the gods was presented,—
The list of what Fate to each mortal intoned,—
At the long string ofills, a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings: wife, children, and friends.
In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated;
For justice divine could not compass its ends:
The scheme of Man's penance, he swore, was defeated:
For earth became heaven with wife, children, and friends.
The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
When duty to far distant latitudes tends,
With transport would better whole ages of glory,
For one happy day with wife, children, and friends.
Though vale still glows in his life's wasting embers,
The death-wounded tar who his colors defends
Drops a tear of regret, as he, dying, remembers.
How blessed was his home with wife, children, and friends.
For a full generation past, young men have found their introduction to the best class of part songs through an excellent collection made by John D. Willard in 1892, and entitled "The Aethon." It is still in use among collegians and part-singers generally. It contains selections from the best German and English composers, and includes classics, like "Gaudamus," "integer Vita," "Lovely Night," and a number of opera choruses and part-songs. One of the gems of this well tried collection, and perhaps the one most generally familiar is Werner's "Two Roses." The sweet simplicity of the music and the grace of the sentiment doubtless account for the popularity of this song.
1. On a bank two roses fair, Wet with morning showers,
2. Thou in white art all array'd, Not a speck to mar thee;
3. Then art like the blush-ing cheek Which her love discloses;

Sweet to view in fragrance rare, I then pensively, full of care, Gaze'd o'er both the
Thus I found the spotless maid, Which a-dorns my lovely maid; Would the soon may
Nought with her can I compare, But of charms if I should speak, Ye'll be jaded

Flow-ers. Tell me, roses, truly tell, If my fair one loves me well,
Dew thy. Tell me, roses, truly tell, If my fair one loves me well,
ros-es. Tell me, roses, truly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
NELLY WAS A LADY.

This well-known and popular song was written and composed by Stephen C. Foster.

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All night de cot-tow-wood a toot-ing, Sing for my true-lab all de day.

CHORUS.

Nel-ly was a la-dy— Last night she died, Toll de bell for lub-ly Nel—My

Nel-ly was a la-dy— Last night she died, Toll de bell for lub-ly Nel—My

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Repeat Chorus.
5th Verse.

Last night, while Neb-ly was a sleeping, Death came a knockin' at de door.

3rd Verse.

When I saw my Neb-ly in de mornin', Smile till she o-pen'd up her eyes,

Seem'd like de ligh't ob day a dawm'gin', Just 'fore de sun be-gin' to rise.

4th Verse.

Close by de margin ob de wa-ter,

Whar de lone swep'ng willow grows

Darl'b'd Virginny's laddy daugh-ter;

Dar she's death may find repose.

5th Verse.

Down in de meadow mong the clover,

Walk wid my Nelly by my side;

Now all dem happy days am o-ver,

Fare-well my darl' Virginny bride.
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