

OUR FAMILIAR SONGS

AND

THOSE WHO MADE THEM

MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED STANDARD SONGS OF THE ENGLISH-
SPEAKING RACE, ARRANGED WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT,
AND PRECEDED BY SKETCHES OF THE WRITERS
AND HISTORIES OF THE SONGS

BY

HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON

*Sweet are familiar songs, though Music dips
Her hollow shell in Thought's forlornest wells*



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SHELF

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OUR FAMILIAR SONGS.

THEY 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.

John Howard Payne's magnificent monument only testifies to consideration that came too late. But for him, and for others even more deserving, ostentatious and costly monumental remembrance is not to be desired. Something with more of human sympathy in its expression should take its place.

“ Gi'e pillar'd fame to common men ;
Nae need o' cairns for ane like thee,”

says Lady Nairne, whose songs are her own most fitting memorial. “ Old Dog Tray” is as much a reality to us all as if we had never sung the song without his wagging tail to beat the time. Yet Stephen C. Foster, who drew that picture

of dumb devotion to man in his loneliness, was himself the saddest realization of the plaintive fancy. Epes Sargent was long a successful author and editor ; but thousands who never heard of him as either, know that somebody wrote " A Life on the Ocean Wave," with which they cheer their inland homes. Caroline Gilman is associated with her books for the young, but hardly with her " Trancadillo" chorus, which is sung by boating parties when all books are forgotten. Bulwer is known by his stately novels, but not by his song, " When Stars are in the Quiet Skies," though no moonlight ride is complete without it.

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, and Foster.

I take pleasure in expressing my indebtedness to Professor EDWARD S. CUMMINGS, of New York, for the skill and care with which he has edited the music in this volume. My thanks are also cordially returned for courtesies received from publishers who hold the copyright of songs included here : Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston ; William A. Pond & Co., New York ; G. Schirmer, New York ; Louis Meyer, Philadelphia ; and S. Brainerd's Sons, Cleveland ; as well as to the authors and composers. 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 these I can only make this general acknowledgment.

H. K. J.

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CONTENTS.

SONGS OF REMINISCENCE.

	AUTHOR.	COMPOSER.	PAGE
THE LONG AGO.....	<i>Bayly.</i>	<i>Bayly.</i>	3
OLD DOG TRAY.....	<i>Foster</i>	<i>Foster.</i>	4
AULD LANG SYNE.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Thomson</i>	7
BEN BOLT.....	<i>English</i>	<i>Kneass.</i>	9
I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.....	<i>Hood</i>	<i>Blockley.</i>	12
I REMEMBER.....	<i>Praed.</i>	<i>Fitzgerald</i>	14
OH, WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN!.....	<i>Lemon</i>	<i>Romer.</i>	16
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.....	<i>Woodworth</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	18
THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.....	<i>Cook.</i>	<i>Russell.</i>	20
WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.....	<i>Morris</i>	<i>Russell.</i>	25
WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.....	<i>Jefferys</i>	<i>Nicolo</i>	29
WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.....	<i>Norton.</i>	<i>Russell.</i>	30
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.....	<i>Moore.</i>	<i>Moore.</i>	32
THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.....	<i>Bunn.</i>	<i>Balfe.</i>	34
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.....	<i>Tennyson.</i>	<i>Dempster.</i>	37

SONGS OF HOME.

HOME, SWEET HOME.....	<i>Payne</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	41
THE INGLE SIDE.....	<i>Ainslie.</i>	<i>Wiesenthal.</i>	44
MY AIN FIRESIDE.....	<i>Hamilton.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	46
CASTLES IN THE AIR.....	<i>Ballantine.</i>	<i>Anonymous.</i>	47
WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.....	<i>Spencer</i>	<i>Old air</i>	50
THE WOODPECKER.....	<i>Moore.</i>	<i>Kelly</i>	52
RAIN ON THE ROOF.....	<i>Kinney.</i>	<i>Clark.</i>	56
THE BOATIE ROWS.....	<i>Ewen.</i>	<i>Ewen.</i>	59
O SWIFTLY GLIDES THE BONNIE BOAT!.....	<i>Baillie</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	60
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.....	<i>Foster</i>	<i>Foster.</i>	64
TAK' YER AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	66
DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	<i>Grannis.</i>	68
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.....	<i>Foster</i>	<i>Foster.</i>	69
ROCK ME TO SLEEP.....	<i>Allen</i>	<i>Mueller.</i>	71
THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.....	<i>Hemans.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	74

SONGS OF EXILE.

BAY OF DUBLIN.....	<i>Dufferin.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	79
THE OAK AND THE ASH.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	80
LOCHABER NO MORE.....	<i>Ramsay.</i>	<i>Reilly.</i>	82
THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.....	<i>Dufferin.</i>	<i>Dempster.</i>	85
ERIN IS MY HOME.....	<i>Bayly.</i>	<i>German air.</i>	88
PAT MALLOY.....	<i>Boucicault</i>	<i>Irish air.</i>	89
THE EXILE OF ERIN.....	<i>Campbell.</i>	<i>Irish air.</i>	91
ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL!.....	<i>Bayly.</i>	<i>Racflings.</i>	95

	AUTHOR.	COMPOSER.	PAGE
✓ MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Old air</i>	97
I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.....	<i>Bayly</i>	<i>Bishop</i>	98
IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE.....	<i>Heber</i>	<i>Nelson</i>	99
THE CARRIER DOVE.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	<i>Johnson</i>	100
O, TAKE ME BACK TO SWITZERLAND.....	<i>Norton</i>	<i>Norton</i>	102
THE PILGRIM FATHERS.....	<i>Hemans</i>	<i>Browne</i>	103
CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.....	<i>Mackay</i>	<i>Russell</i>	105

SONGS OF THE SEA.

THE SEA.....	<i>Procter</i>	<i>Neukomm</i>	109
BARNEY BUNTLINE.....	<i>Pitt</i>	<i>Old air</i>	114
THE WHITE SQUALL.....	<i>Johns</i>	<i>Barker</i>	115
THE STORM.....	<i>Stevens</i>	<i>Old air</i>	120
THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.....	<i>Sharpe</i>	<i>King</i>	122
BLACK-EYED SUSAN.....	<i>Gay</i>	<i>Leveridge</i>	125
'T WAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.....	<i>Gay</i>	<i>Handel</i>	128
A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.....	<i>Sargent</i>	<i>Russell</i>	130
A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.....	<i>Cunningham</i>	<i>Old air</i>	137
THE STORMY PETREL.....	<i>Procter</i>	<i>Neukomm</i>	139
ROCKAWAY.....	<i>Sharpe</i>	<i>Russell</i>	141
WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?.....	<i>Carpenter</i>	<i>Glover</i>	146
TRANCADILLO.....	<i>Gilman</i>	<i>Brown</i>	151
WAPPING OLD STAIRS.....	<i>Percy</i>	<i>English air</i>	153
THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.....	<i>Dibdin</i>	<i>Dibdin</i>	157
JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	<i>Covert</i>	159
THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR.....	<i>Dibdin</i>	<i>Dibdin</i>	160
POOR TOM.....	<i>Dibdin</i>	<i>Dibdin</i>	162
TOM BOWLING.....	<i>Dibdin</i>	<i>Dibdin</i>	163
THE ARETHUSA.....	<i>Hoare</i>	<i>Carolan</i>	167
CAPTAIN KIDD.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	<i>Old air</i>	171
THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.....	<i>Pearce</i>	<i>Shield</i>	173
THE BAY OF BISCAY.....	<i>Cherry</i>	<i>Davy</i>	175
POOR JACK.....	<i>Dibdin</i>	<i>Dibdin</i>	178
THREE FISHERS.....	<i>Kingsley</i>	<i>Hullah</i>	181
ARE THERE TIDINGS?.....	<i>Bayly</i>	<i>Bishop</i>	184
THE SANDS O' DEE.....	<i>Kingsley</i>	<i>Boott</i>	187
THE PILOT.....	<i>Bayly</i>	<i>Nelson</i>	190
TREASURES OF THE DEEP.....	<i>Hemans</i>	<i>Arkwright</i>	191
ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.....	<i>Willard</i>	<i>Knight</i>	194

SONGS OF NATURE.

THE BROOK.....	<i>Tennyson</i>	<i>Anonymous</i>	199
SOME LOVE TO ROAM.....	<i>Mackay</i>	<i>Russell</i>	202
CANADIAN BOAT SONG.....	<i>Moore</i>	<i>Old air</i>	204
BRING FLOWERS.....	<i>Hemans</i>	<i>English air</i>	206
A SOUTHERLY WIND AND A CLOUDY SKY.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	<i>Old air</i>	208
THE BRAVE OLD OAK.....	<i>Chorley</i>	<i>Loder</i>	209
THE IVY GREEN.....	<i>Dickens</i>	<i>Russell</i>	210
TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.....	<i>Hemans</i>	<i>Arkwright</i>	215

SONGS OF SENTIMENT.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.....	<i>Moore</i>	<i>Old air</i>	219
I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.....	<i>Bayly</i>	<i>Bayly</i>	221
THOSE EVENING BELLS.....	<i>Moore</i>	<i>Old air</i>	223

	AUTHOR.	COMPOSER.	PAGE
LET ERIN REMEMBER.....	Moore.....	Old air.....	224
DAYS OF ABSENCE.....	Rousseau.....	Rousseau.....	226
ERIN, THE TEAR.....	Moore.....	Old air.....	227
O, SAY NOT THAT MY HEART IS COLD.....	Wolfe.....	Old air.....	228
TWILIGHT DEWS.....	Moore.....	Moore.....	229
STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.....	Longfellow.....	Pease.....	230
MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.....	Wilde.....	Thibault.....	235
LOVE NOT.....	Norton.....	Blockley.....	236
COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR.....	Moore.....	Moore.....	237
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.....	Moore.....	Old air.....	238
WHEN THE NIGHT-WIND BEWAILETH.....	Sargent.....	Dempster.....	240
EILEEN AROON.....	Griffin.....	Old air.....	241
GO, FORGET ME !.....	Wolfe.....	Mozart.....	243
THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.....	Lover.....	Lover.....	244
THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.....	McNally.....	Hook.....	246
THE LASS O' GOWRIE.....	Reid.....	Scotch air.....	248
HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.....	Sheridan.....	Irish air.....	249
THE YOUNG MAY MOON.....	Moore.....	Irish air.....	250
LOVE'S RITORNELLA.....	Planche.....	Cooke.....	251
DOWN THE BURN.....	Crawford.....	Maigh.....	253
WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.....	Hogg.....	Scotch air.....	255
WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.....	Bulwer.....	Anonymous.....	258
KITTY NEIL.....	Waller.....	Irish air.....	259
FLY NOT YET.....	Moore.....	Irish air.....	260
TOO LATE I STAYED.....	Spencer.....	Irish air.....	262
'TIS MIDNIGHT HOUR.....	Anonymous.....	Anonymous.....	263
ROSLIN CASTLE.....	Hewit.....	Scotch air.....	264
COUNTY GUY.....	Scott.....	Mozart.....	266
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.....	Moore.....	Irish air.....	267
FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.....	Burns.....	Scotch air.....	268
MAID OF ATHENS.....	Byron.....	Nathan.....	269
O NANNIE, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?.....	Percy.....	Carter.....	272
NEAR THE LAKE.....	Morris.....	Horn.....	274
BLUE-EYED MARY.....	Anonymous.....	German air.....	275
THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.....	Bayly.....	Loder.....	276
'TWERE VAIN TO TELL THEE ALL I FEEL.....	Wade.....	Swiss air.....	277
THE CARRIER PIGEON.....	Percival.....	Moran.....	278
THE BLUE JUNIATA.....	Sullivan.....	Sullivan.....	279
WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?.....	Lover.....	Lover.....	280
SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.....	Bayly.....	Knight.....	281
I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE.....	Anonymous.....	Guernsey.....	284
THE INDIAN'S DEATH-SONG.....	Hunter.....	Anonymous.....	285
O BOYS, CARRY ME 'LONG.....	Foster.....	Foster.....	286
MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.....	Foster.....	Foster.....	287

SONGS OF HOPELESS LOVE.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.....	Barnard.....	Leeves.....	291
'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE.....	Thomas.....	Thomas.....	296
MARION MOORE.....	Clark.....	Clark.....	297
THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.....	Bayly.....	Bayly.....	299
ALLAN WATER.....	Lewis.....	Horn.....	300
MARY OF THE WILD MOOR.....	Turner.....	Turner.....	303
WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?.....	Blamire.....	Old air.....	304
WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE.....	Morris.....	Anonymous.....	305

	AUTHOR.	COMPOSER.	PAGE
ARABY'S DAUGHTER.....	<i>Moore</i>	<i>Kjallmark</i>	307
MARY'S DREAM.....	<i>Love</i>	<i>Old air</i>	309
CONNEL AND FLORA.....	<i>Wilson</i>	<i>Old air</i>	311
TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.....	<i>Lover</i>	<i>Lover</i>	313
JEANIE MORRISON.....	<i>Motherwell</i>	<i>Dempster</i>	314
AE FOND KISS.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Old air</i>	317
THERE'S NAE ROOM FOR TWA.....	<i>Danby</i>	<i>Satter</i>	318
THE WAEFU' HEART.....	<i>Blamire</i>	<i>Old air</i>	320
HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Old air</i>	321
AFTON WATER.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Spilman</i>	322
THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.....	<i>Tannahill</i>	<i>Old air</i>	324
THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.....	<i>Crawford</i>	<i>Old air</i>	326
BARBARA ALLAN.....	<i>Unknown</i>	<i>Old air</i>	327
SAVOURNEEN DEELISH.....	<i>Colman</i>	<i>Old air</i>	330
LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.....	<i>Campbell</i>	<i>Thomson</i>	331
KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.....	<i>Crawford</i>	<i>Crouch</i>	333
JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.....	<i>Jefferys</i>	<i>Glover</i>	338
THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.....	<i>Lockhart</i>	<i>Arkwright</i>	340
BONNIE DOON.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Old air</i>	343
BOUNDING BILLOWS, CEASE YOUR MOTION.....	<i>Robinson</i>	<i>Old air</i>	345
ROLL ON, SILVER MOON.....	<i>Turner</i>	<i>Turner</i>	347
WE MET, 'T WAS IN A CROWD.....	<i>Bayly</i>	<i>Bayly</i>	349
AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.....	<i>Blamire</i>	<i>Old air</i>	351
THOU HAST WOUNDED THE SPIRIT THAT LOVED THEE.....	<i>Porter</i>	<i>Porter</i>	352
OH, NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER.....	<i>Bayly</i>	<i>French air</i>	354
ROBIN ADAIR.....	<i>Keppel</i>	<i>Old air</i>	355
SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.....	<i>Moore</i>	<i>Old air</i>	357
HIGHLAND MARY.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Scotch air</i>	359

SONGS OF HAPPY LOVE.

THE BROOKSIDE.....	<i>Milnes</i>	<i>Hine</i>	363
ANNIE LAURIE.....	<i>Douglas</i>	<i>Scott</i>	364
THE WELCOME.....	<i>Davis</i>	<i>Irish air</i>	366
WANDERING WILLIE.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Old air</i>	368
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.....	<i>Carey</i>	<i>Old air</i>	369
JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.....	<i>Scott</i>	<i>Old air</i>	371
JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.....	<i>Tannahill</i>	<i>Smith</i>	372
MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.....	<i>Wade</i>	<i>Wade</i>	374
SAW YE MY WEE THING?.....	<i>Macneill</i>	<i>Old air</i>	376
THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.....	<i>Jefferys</i>	<i>Nelson</i>	379
KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.....	<i>Unknown</i>	<i>Old air</i>	380
I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.....	<i>Macneill</i>	<i>Old air</i>	381
MARY OF ARGYLE.....	<i>Jefferys</i>	<i>Nelson</i>	382
THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Old air</i>	384
THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.....	<i>Ramsay</i>	<i>Old air</i>	385
THE LEA RIG.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Old air</i>	386
THE BRAES O' BALQUHIDDER.....	<i>Tannahill</i>	<i>Smith</i>	387
OH, TAKE HER, BUT BE FAITHFUL STILL.....	<i>Jefferys</i>	<i>Nelson</i>	389
MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Old air</i>	390
THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.....	<i>Lover</i>	<i>Old air</i>	392
WE'RE A' NODDIN.....	<i>Unknown</i>	<i>Old air</i>	393
NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.....	<i>Adam</i>	<i>Old air</i>	394
TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME.....	<i>Procter</i>	<i>English air</i>	398
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Old air</i>	399

SONGS OF PLEASANTRY.

	AUTHOR.	COMPOSER.	PAGE
COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.....	<i>Unknown.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	403
THE LOW-BACKED CAR.....	<i>Lover.</i>	<i>Lover.</i>	404
GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.....	<i>Burns.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	406
MOLLY CAREW.....	<i>Lover.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	407
WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO'.....	<i>D' Urfey.</i>	<i>Hooke.</i>	410
WIDOW MACHREE.....	<i>Lover.</i>	<i>Lover.</i>	412
DUNCAN GRAY.....	<i>Burns.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	413
RORY O'MORE.....	<i>Lover.</i>	<i>Lover.</i>	415
THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.....	<i>Nairne.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	417
KATE KEARNEY.....	<i>Morgan.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	418
O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.....	<i>Burns.</i>	<i>Bruce.</i>	420
ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.....	<i>Grant.</i>	<i>Gou.</i>	421
LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.....	<i>Allingham.</i>	<i>Barker.</i>	423
COME, HASTE TO THE WEDDING.....	<i>Unknown.</i>	<i>Arne.</i>	426
WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW.....	<i>Unknown.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	428
WAIT FOR THE WAGON.....	<i>Unknown.</i>	<i>Buckley.</i>	429
THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.....	<i>Millikin.</i>	<i>Unknown.</i>	431
A FROG HE WOULD A WOOING GO.....	<i>White.</i>	<i>Scotch air.</i>	434
THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.....	<i>Hewer.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	435
OLD KING COLE.....	<i>Unknown.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	439
SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.....	<i>Bennett and Toleken.</i>	<i>Irish air.</i>	441
THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.....	<i>Leveridge.</i>	<i>Leveridge.</i>	442
BUY A BROOM.....	<i>Unknown.</i>	<i>German air.</i>	444
ROBINSON CRUSOE.....	<i>Cussans.</i>	<i>Unknown.</i>	444
THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.....	<i>Lover.</i>	<i>Irish air.</i>	446
THE CORK LEG.....	<i>Blewitt.</i>	<i>Blewitt.</i>	447

CONVIVIAL SONGS.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.....	<i>Hoffman.</i>	<i>Taylor.</i>	451
SMOKING AWAY.....	<i>Finch.</i>	<i>Taylor.</i>	453
BEGONE! DULL CARE.....	<i>Unknown.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	454
COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.....	<i>Fletcher.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	455
HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?.....	<i>Unknown.</i>	<i>Unknown.</i>	456
FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.....	<i>Moore.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	457
ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.....	<i>Moore.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	459
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.....	<i>Jonson.</i>	<i>Mozart.</i>	460
FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER.....	<i>Moore.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	461
THE MEETING.....	<i>Moore.</i>	<i>Moore.</i>	463
REASONS FOR DRINKING.....	<i>Morris.</i>	<i>Dibdin.</i>	464
OH, THINK NOT MY SPIRITS.....	<i>Moore.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	467
THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.....	<i>Dunlop.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	469

POLITICAL SONGS.

TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO.....	<i>Ross.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	473
JOHN BROWN'S BODY.....	<i>Hall.</i>	<i>Unknown.</i>	476
MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.....	<i>Randall.</i>	<i>German air.</i>	478
WAKE NICODEMUS.....	<i>Work.</i>	<i>Work.</i>	480
WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?.....	<i>Nairne.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	484
CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.....	<i>Nairne.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	486
WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?.....	<i>Unknown.</i>	<i>Unknown.</i>	488
WEARING OF THE GREEN.....	<i>Boucicault.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	488
YES, THE DIE IS CAST.....	<i>Pestel.</i>	<i>Pestel.</i>	491
TULLOCHGORUM.....	<i>Skinner.</i>	<i>Old air.</i>	492

MARTIAL AND PATRIOTIC SONGS.

	AUTHOR.	COMPOSER.	PAGE
BONNIE DUNDEE	<i>Scott</i>	<i>Old air</i>	497
HAIL TO THE CHIEF!	<i>Scott</i>	<i>Bishop</i>	499
THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND	<i>Grant</i>	<i>Jordan</i>	501
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME	<i>Unknown</i>	<i>Old air</i>	503
THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.....	<i>Bayly</i>	<i>Lee</i>	504
THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT.....	<i>Unknown</i>	<i>Bishop</i>	505
THE GALLANT TROUBADOUR.....	<i>Unknown</i>	<i>French air</i>	508
DUNOIS THE BRAVE	<i>Queen Hortense</i>	<i>Queen Hortense</i>	509
THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.....	<i>Campbell</i>	<i>Old air</i>	510
I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.....	<i>Heber</i>	<i>Old air</i>	512
THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.....	<i>Unknown</i>	<i>Old air</i>	513
TO GREECE WE GIVE OUR SHINING BLADES.....	<i>Moore</i>	<i>Bishop</i>	515
SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLEED.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Old air</i>	516
BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.....	<i>Scott</i>	<i>Old air</i>	518
THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Old air</i>	519
GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.....	<i>Bayly</i>	<i>Bayly</i>	521
THE MINSTREL'S RETURN.....	<i>Scott</i>	<i>Old air</i>	522
THE MINSTREL BOY.....	<i>Moore</i>	<i>Old air</i>	523
TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.....	<i>Kittredge</i>	<i>Kittredge</i>	524
THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.....	<i>Campbell</i>	<i>Attwood</i>	527
THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.....	<i>Hemans</i>	<i>Arkwright</i>	533
THE BATTLE PRAYER.....	<i>Körner</i>	<i>Himmel</i>	535
BINGEN ON THE RHINE.....	<i>Norton</i>	<i>Hutchinson</i>	537
THE HEATH THIS NIGHT.....	<i>Scott</i>	<i>Mazinghi</i>	541
THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.....	<i>Campbell</i>	<i>Hewitt</i>	543
THE DEATH OF WARREN.....	<i>Sargent</i>	<i>Dempster</i>	544
THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.....	<i>Wallace</i>	<i>Cobert</i>	552
THE DEATH OF NELSON	<i>Arnold</i>	<i>Braham</i>	553
THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.....	<i>Washburn</i>	<i>Heath</i>	558
THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.....	<i>Wolfe</i>	<i>Barnett</i>	560
ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.....	<i>Beers</i>	<i>Dayton</i>	563
AFTER THE BATTLE	<i>Moore</i>	<i>Old air</i>	565
WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.....	<i>Moore</i>	<i>Old air</i>	567
THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.....	<i>Moore</i>	<i>Old air</i>	568
FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.....	<i>Elliot</i>	<i>Old air</i>	569
THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.....	<i>Dublin</i>	<i>Reeve</i>	571
YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND	<i>Campbell</i>	<i>Callcott</i>	573
BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.....	<i>Campbell</i>	<i>Purday</i>	574
RULE, BRITANNIA!.....	<i>Mallet</i>	<i>Arne</i>	576
GOD SAVE THE KING.....	<i>Unknown</i>	<i>Bull</i>	578
DIXIE.....	<i>Pike</i>	<i>Unknown</i>	580
YANKEE DOODLE.....	<i>Unknown</i>	<i>Unknown</i>	583
HAIL, COLUMBIA!.....	<i>Hopkinson</i>	<i>Phyla</i>	586
ADAMS AND LIBERTY.....	<i>Paine</i>	<i>Arnold</i>	589
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.....	<i>Key</i>	<i>Arnold</i>	592
MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.....	<i>Smith</i>	<i>Unknown</i>	595

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS SONGS.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.....	<i>Howitt</i>	<i>Old air</i>	599
THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.....	<i>Cockburn</i>	<i>Unknown</i>	601
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.....	<i>Burns</i>	<i>Scotch air</i>	603
THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.....	<i>Mackay</i>	<i>English air</i>	604
CALLER HERRIN'.....	<i>Nairne</i>	<i>Gow</i>	606

CONTENTS.

xiii

	AUTHOR.	COMPOSER.	PAGE
THE ARROW AND THE SONG.....	<i>Longfellow</i>	<i>Balfe</i>	609
THE CARRIER BIRD.....	<i>Moore</i>	<i>Bruce</i>	613
THE BEGGAR GIRL.....	<i>Anonymous.</i>	<i>Piercy</i>	614
TOO LATE.....	<i>Tennyson.</i>	<i>Lindsay</i>	615
EVENING SONG TO THE VIRGIN.....	<i>Hemans.</i>	<i>Old air</i>	619
THE RAINY DAY.....	<i>Longfellow.</i>	<i>Dempster</i>	620
MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.....	<i>Morris.</i>	<i>Russell</i>	622
THE INQUIRY.....	<i>Mackay.</i>	<i>Gorin</i>	624
THE BETTER LAND.....	<i>Hemans.</i>	<i>Arkwright.</i>	628
THERE'S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.....	<i>Moore.</i>	<i>Shaw</i>	629
THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.....	<i>Noel.</i>	<i>Hutchinson.</i>	630
THE OLD SEXTON.....	<i>Benjamin.</i>	<i>Russell</i>	632
GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.....	<i>Anonymous.</i>	<i>Heffernan.</i>	636
ALL'S WELL!.....	<i>Dibdin.</i>	<i>Braham</i>	637
AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.....	<i>Moore.</i>	<i>Shaw</i>	639
WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?.....	<i>Unknown.</i>	<i>Doubtful.</i>	642
THE MESSENGER BIRD.....	<i>Hemans.</i>	<i>Arkwright</i>	644
THE LAND O' THE LEAL.....	<i>Nairne.</i>	<i>Old air</i>	648
GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'!.....	<i>Boswell</i>	<i>Old air</i>	649
INDEX.....			653

SONGS OF REMINISCENCE.

Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved.
— *Felicia Hemans.*

When time has passed, and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine,
And aye the song will maist delight
That minds ye o' lang syne.
— *Susanna Blamire.*

The portal soon was opened, for in the land of Song
The minstrel at the outer gate yet never lingered long,
And inner doors were seldom closed 'gainst wand'rers such as he;
For locks or hearts to open soon, sweet Music is the key.
— *Samuel Lover.*

Sing again the song you sung
When we were together young,
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.
Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
Though I know that never more
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.
— *George William Curtis.*

SONGS OF REMINISCENCE.

THE LONG AGO.

THE author of "The Long Ago" was a dramatist, novelist, and poet, but was preëminently 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 debits 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 22, 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.

1. { Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long, a - go, Long, long a - go.
D. C. Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear, (Omit.)

2. { Do you re-mem-ber, the path where we met, Long, long, a - go, Long, long a - go.
D. C. Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, (Omit.)

3. { Tho' by your kind-ness my fond hopes were rais'd, Long, long, a - go, Long, long a - go.
D. C. You, by more el - o - quent lips have been praised, (Omit.)
D. C. Blest, as I was when I sat by your side, (Omit.)

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a treble and bass staff with lyrics and musical notation. The lyrics are arranged in three systems, each with a first line and a double bar line followed by a second line. The first system includes the lyrics for the first two lines of the first system. The second system includes the lyrics for the first two lines of the second system. The third system includes the lyrics for the first two lines of the third system. The musical notation includes notes, rests, and bar lines.

Fine. *D.C.*

Long, long a - go, Long a - go, { Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved,
 Long, long a - go, Long a - go. { Let me for - get that so long you have roved,

Long, long a - go, Long a - go, { Then to all oth - ers, my smile you pre-ferred,
 Long, long a - go, Long a - go. { Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word.

Long, long a - go, Long a - go, { But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried,
 Long, long a - go, Long a - go. { Still to your ac - cents I lis - ten with pride.

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 and 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?

What were the pleasures you gathered at home,
 Long, long ago, long ago?
 Where were the meadows enticed you to roam
 Long, long ago, long ago?
 Mother, sweet mother, why starteth that tear?
 Tell me the tale you delighted to hear
 Told by the friends that to you were so dear,
 Long, long ago, long ago.

OLD DOG TRAY.

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

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

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

Mr. Foster spent his last years in New York, where the most familiar sound was a strain of his own music, and the least familiar sight a face that he knew. He became reckless and intemperate, and would sell for a few dollars a song that brought a large sum to its purchaser. Several of his best were composed in a back room of an old down-town grocery, on pieces of brown wrapping-paper. He died in a hospital to which he had been carried from a hotel in the Bowery, January 18, 1864.

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

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1. The morn of life is past, And ev - 'ning comes at last, It

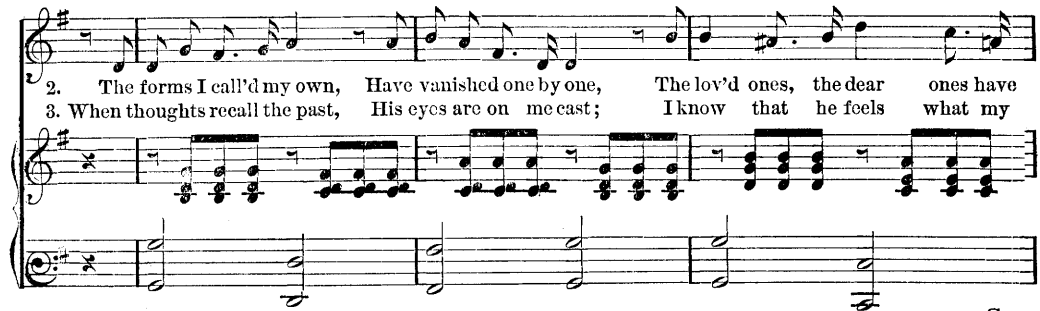
brings me a dream of a once hap-py day, Of mer - ry forms I've seen Up -

- on the vil - lage green, Sport - ing with my old dog Tray.

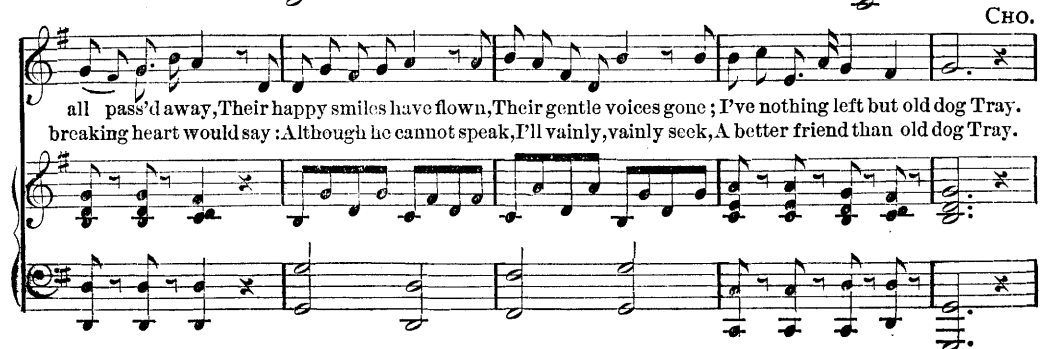
CHORUS.



Old dog Tray's e-ver faith - - ful, Grief can-not drive him a - way, He's
gen-tle he is kind; I'll nev-er, nev-er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

2. The forms I call'd my own, Have vanished one by one, The lov'd ones, the dear ones have
3. When thoughts recall the past, His eyes are on me cast; I know that he feels what my



all pass'd away, Their happy smiles have flown, Their gentle voices gone; I've nothing left but old dog Tray.
breaking heart would say: Although he cannot speak, I'll vainly, vainly seek, A better friend than old dog Tray.

CHO.

AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS was born near Ayr, Scotland, January 25, 1759, and died in Dumfries on the 21st day of July, 1796. His loves and his sorrows, his joys and his revelings, are as well known as his "Highland Mary" and his "Auld Lang Syne." Here is his own account of his first love and his first song: "You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion, I cannot tell; you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and, particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious rattan when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine I could make verses like printed ones composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love! and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moor-lands, he had no more scholar craft than myself."

Of the world-famous "Auld Lang Syne," only the second and third stanzas were written by Burns, although he retouched them all. A song bearing that title can be traced in broadsides to the latter part of 1600, and the phrase "auld lang syne," was current in the time of Charles I. Allan Ramsay wrote an inferior set of words to the original air, beginning—

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Though they return with scars?"

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated December 17, 1788, Burns says: "Your meeting, which you so well describe, with your old school-fellow and friend, was truly interesting. Out upon the ways of the world!—they spoil these 'social offspring of the heart.' Two veterans of the 'men of the world' would have met with little more heart-workings than two hacks worn out on the road. Apropos, is not the Scotch phrase, 'auld lang syne' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul; I shall give you the verses in the other sheet. Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment!" It is impossible to tell which set of words with this refrain Burns refers to in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop; for there are at least three which antedate his. Here is the best, given by Chambers, in his "Scottish Songs." It bears the date 1716:

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon,
The flames of love extinguished,
And fully past and gone?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On Old Long Syne?

Where are thy protestations,
Thy vows, and oaths, my dear,
Thou mad'st to me, and I to thee,
In register yet clear?
Is faith and truth so violate
To the immortal gods divine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On Old Long Syne?

In another letter, to George Thomson, who is intimately associated with Burns and Scottish music, dated September, 1793, Burns says: "One song more, and I have done—'Auld Lang Syne.' The air is but mediocre; but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air." Mr. Thomson set the words to an old Lowland melody, entitled "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas," and together they make our Old Long Since.

- Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev - er brought to min'? Should auld acquaintance

be for-got, And days o' lang - syne? For auld lang - syne, my dear, For

auld lang - syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang - syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, *etc.*

We twa hae paid't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, *etc.*

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, *etc.*

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
As surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, *etc.*

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, and that has always been given incorrectly.

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 has been a practising physician at Fort Lee, New Jersey, since 1848. 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 1845, 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*, asked 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. Dominick 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, Penn., called "The Battle of Buena 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 drama 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 ground 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 curbstome 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.

NELSON KNEASS (not Nicholas, as the name has been generally printed), came of a good family, but preferred a semi-vagrant 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, in true authorly fashion, never received anything, not even a copy of the published song, 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 Al-ice, Ben Bolt— Sweet Al - ice whose hair was so

brown, She 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 ob-scure and a-lone, They have fit-ted a slab of the

granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the stone, They have

Ad libitum.
fit- ted a slab of the gran- ite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the stone.
Ad libitum.

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 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 nigh 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 waded,
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;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
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 Warnford 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 poetie honey with trade wax—
Blogg Brothers—Milton—Grote and Prescott—Pope—
Bristles—and Hogg—Glyn Mills and Halifax—
Rogers—and Towgood—Hemp—the Bard of Hope—
Barilla—Byron—Tallow—Burns—and Flax!

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 Cockneydom, close to Bow Bells, London, May 23d, 1798. He died May 3d, 1845, and was buried in Kendall 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 shut out earthly flaw and fault!
Who lies below yon splendid tomb, that stretches out so broad and tall?
The worms will surely ne'er 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 Circus Hero, unexcelled,—on what strange stuff Ambition feeds!

The other guards the last repose of one who shone by juggling craft.
Methinks when such a temple rose, how Esculapius must have laughed.
And see that tomb beneath yon 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's—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 watchfire Genius leave no spark to note its ashes as divine?

Must strangers come to woo his shade, scanning 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 senate-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 sung 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 dearly 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 fret, but hold its own immortal torch.
 Poor Hood! for whom a people wreathes the heart-born flowers that never die;
 Poor Hood! for whom a requiem breathes in every human, toil-wrung sigh.

Let the horse-tamer's bed be known by the rich mausoleum-shrine;
 Give the bold quack his charnel throne—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 about 1820, and has been for some years associated with his brothers as a music publisher in London.

1. I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber The house where I was
 2. I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber The ros - es red and

born, The lit - tle win - dow where the sun Came peep - ing in at
 white, The vio - lets and the li - ly - cups, Those flow - ers made of

morn; He nev - er came a wink to soon, Nor brought too long a
 light; The li - lacs, where the ro - bin built, And where my bro - ther

day, But new I of - ten wish the night Had borne my breath a - way.
 set The la - bur - num, on his birth - day, And the tree is liv - ing yet.

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.

I REMEMBER.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, a classmate of Macaulay's at Cambridge University, and his friendly rival in the boyish turning of a Greek ode or a Latin epigram, was born in London, of wealthy parents, July 26, 1802. He was pleasing, brilliant and thoughtful. Besides his rhymed charades, which lifted that kind of literature above the plane of mere ingenious nonsense, he wrote many exquisite poems. He was happily married, and both he and his verse were favorites in society. He had been admitted to the Bar, served in Parliament, and was entering upon a promising literary career, when he died at the age of thirty-seven.

The words of the song "I remember," were written in June, 1833. The music was composed for them by LADY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

I re-mem-ber, I re-mem-ber How my child-hood fleet-ed by, The
 mirth of its De-cem-ber, and the warmth of its Ju-ly; On my

Con express.

brow, love, on my brow, love, There are no signs of care, But my

p

pleas - ures are not now, love, What child - hood's pleas - ures were. I re -

mem - ber, I re - mem - ber How my child - hood fleet - ed by, The

mirth of its De - cem - ber, And the warmth of its Ju - ly.

I remember, I remember
 How my childhood fled by,
 The mirth of its December,
 And the warmth of its July.
 On my brow, love, on my brow, love,
 There are no signs of care,
 But my pleasures are not now, love,
 What childhood's pleasures were.

Then the bowers, then the bowers
 Were as blithe as blithe could be,
 And all their radiant flowers
 Were coronals for me;
 Gems to-night, love, gems to-night, love,
 Are gleaming in my hair,
 But they are not half so bright, love,
 As childhood's roses were.

I was singing,—I was singing,
 And my songs were idle words;
 But from my heart was springing
 Wild music like a bird's.
 Now I sing, love—now I sing, love,
 A fine Italian air;
 But it's not so glad a thing, love,
 As childhood's ballads were.

I was merry, I was merry,
 When my little lovers came,
 With a lily, or a cherry,
 Or a new invented game;
 Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,
 To kneel before me there,
 But you know you're not so true, love,
 As childhood's lovers were.

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 beat his boys at leap-frog. 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 seemed as if he were trying to be young again. For that matter, he was young; he had a rich, unctuous voice, and a merry, catching 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 gentlemen.'"

While writing as busily, but 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 23d, 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 victors, 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.

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

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

Gold, at last, his prowess lost,
And when he departed,
Pleasure's lance was rarely crossed,
Pleasure grew faint-hearted.

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 is now a partner in a prosperous music firm in London. Here he has 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 a - gain, When life seem'd form'd of sun-ny years, And all the
2. 'Tis vain to mourn that years have shown How false these fai - ry vi-sions were, Or murmur
* O would I

heart then knew of pain Was wept a - way in transient tears, Was wept a -
that mine eyes have known The bur-then of a fleet-ing tear, The bur-then
were a boy a - gain, When life seem'd form'd of sun - ny years, When life seem'd

Rallen. *Fine. A tempo.*

- way in transient tears When ev'ry tale hope whisper'd then, My fan-cy deemed was on-ly
of a fleet-ing tear; But still the heart will fond-ly cling To hopes no long - er priz'd as
form'd of sunny years.

Colla voce *A tempo.*

* Sing Italics to close.

(2)

Cres.

truth, Oh, would that I could know a - gain The hap - py vi - sions of my youth.
 truth, And mem - ry still de - lights to bring The hap - py vi - sions of my youth.

Cres. *rit.*

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 class him in the list of the unappreciated great, who might have done more had more been done for them. Is it 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 13th, 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 chose 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 fancy, 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 euphemistically 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 vainly asked for work at the printing-offices along his route, and arrived in 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 Belles-Lettres Repository*, and was enthusiastically dedicated to the ladies. Perhaps the fair were highly flattered, but the brothers, lovers, and husbands failed to buy. A crash, of course, ensued, after which the creditors had the pleasure of reading a poem of six hundred 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 newspapers, 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. 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 Halcyon Luminary and 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 unrevised 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 hunted stray corners for his rhymed scraps, and solemnly asserted that "they wished no 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 summer 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."

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

At this suggestion, Woodworth seized his pen, and as the home 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; it is probably an old Scottish melody.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond re-col-
 The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan-gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved
 The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, the moss-cov-ered

FINE.

- lee - tion pre - sents them to view. } The wide - spread - ing pond, the
 spot which my in - fan - cy knew. } The cot of my fath - er, the
 buck - et that hung in the well.

D. C.

mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell,
 dai - ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood

When fond recollection presents them to view;
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
 The wide-spreading pond, the mill that stood by it,

The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
 The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well

Cho.—The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
 For often at noon when returned from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,

And quick to the white, pebbled bottom it fell,
 Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dropping with coolness it rose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy rim to receive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
 Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,

Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now, far removed from the loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

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

HENRY RUSSELL, the famous composer, who made the air to which "The Old Arm-Chair" is set, was born in England about 1812. He is said to have been of Jewish descent, but those who were intimate with him say that his features did not indicate it. He began his professional life as a music-teacher, and while he was pursuing that vocation in Birmingham, his talents so fascinated Miss Isabella Lloyd, daughter of a rich Quaker banker, who possessed twenty-five thousand dollars a year in her own right, that she ran away from home and married him. Russell wrote music for some of Charles Mackey's spirited lyrics, and got up a series of concerts which were very popular throughout the British Islands. Authorities differ respecting his voice; contemporary journals speak of its magnificent quality and compass, while a trustworthy account says that he sang effectively, without anything like a voice. He certainly had power to move audiences, and much of his success came from his selection of simple and picturesque words, which he rendered with feeling and a perfectly distinct utterance. He sang the pathetic and the rollicking with equal success.

Russell visited the United States about 1843, and is still well remembered here. He carried home golden spoils; and after a few successful tours in the old world, gave up the stage entirely and devoted himself to a business more profitable even than that of a favorite singer. He became a bill-discounter, what we should call a "note-shaver," in London, and amassed an immense fortune.

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are as follows:

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for loving that Old Arm Chair? I've
 treasured it long as a ho - ly prize, I've be-dew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs; 'Tis
 bound by a thou - sand bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would ye

learn the spell, a moth-er sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "learn the spell, a moth-er sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that". The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) in the right hand.

Old Arm Chair.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a rest for the first two measures. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) in the right hand, followed by *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano) in subsequent measures.

I sat and watch'd her ma - ny a day, When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray, And I

The third system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "I sat and watch'd her ma - ny a day, When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray, And I".

al-most worshipp'd her when she smiled, And turn'd from her bi - ble to bless her child.

The fourth system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics are: "al-most worshipp'd her when she smiled, And turn'd from her bi - ble to bless her child.".

Years roll'd on, but the last one sped, My i - dol was shatter'd, my earth star fled: I

The fifth and final system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Years roll'd on, but the last one sped, My i - dol was shatter'd, my earth star fled: I".

learnt how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics 'learnt how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that'. The piano accompaniment starts with a bass clef and includes dynamic markings of *f* and *p*.

Old Arm Chair.

The second system continues the piece. The vocal line is mostly silent, with the lyrics 'Old Arm Chair.' appearing below it. The piano accompaniment is more active, featuring a treble clef and dynamic markings of *p*, *mf*, and *p*. The bass line continues with a bass clef.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With quiver-ing breath, and throb - ing brow, 'Twas

The third system shows the vocal line with lyrics: ''Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With quiver-ing breath, and throb - ing brow, 'Twas'. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble staff with a busy melodic line and a bass staff with a steady accompaniment.

there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died; And mem-'ry flows with la - va tide.

The final system on the page contains the lyrics: 'there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died; And mem-'ry flows with la - va tide.' The vocal line and piano accompaniment conclude the piece with a treble clef and a bass clef respectively.

Say it is fol-ly, and deem me weak, While the scald-ing drops start down my cheek; But I

The first system of the musical score for 'The Old Arm-Chair'. It features a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 3/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a simple bass line. The lyrics are: 'Say it is fol-ly, and deem me weak, While the scald-ing drops start down my cheek; But I'.

love it, I love it, and can - not tear My soul from a mo - ther's

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'love it, I love it, and can - not tear My soul from a mo - ther's'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

Old Arm - Chair.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics: 'Old Arm - Chair.'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *p* (piano).

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with
sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you learn the spell?— a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

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

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

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops run down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS'S songs have in them the something which lives in the memory and the heart. They seem like happy accidents of a mind that could arrange and make available the talent of other men, rather than originate. General Morris was best known as a successful editor of journals of polite literature, when our country most needed such journalism. He is inseparably associated with N. P. Willis, with whom he conducted the *Mirror*, the *New Mirror*, and the *Home Journal*. Samuel Woodworth, whose "Old Oaken Bucket" is founded on the same sentiments that make Mr. Morris's songs popular, started the *Mirror* with him, when Morris was but twenty-one years old; but Woodworth very soon left the firm. General Morris was born in Philadelphia, October 10, 1802, but his life is entirely associated with New York City, where he died July 6, 1864.

The following is his own account of the way in which "Woodman, Spare that Tree" came to be written: "Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prospects a blight has recently come, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale. 'Your object?' inquired I. 'Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather, near a cottage that was once my father's.' 'The place is yours, then?' said I. 'No, my poor mother sold it;'—and I observed a slight quiver of the lip, at the recollection. 'Dear mother!' resumed my companion, 'we passed many, many happy days in that old cottage; but it is nothing to me now. Father, mother, sisters, cottage—all are gone!' After a moment's pause he added, 'Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is, I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the by-gone summer-time it was a friend indeed. Its leaves are all off now, so you won't see it to advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer, but I like it full as well in winter-time.' These words were scarcely uttered, when my companion cried out, 'There it is!' Near the tree stood an old man, with his coat off, sharpening an axe. He was the occupant of the cottage. 'What do you intend doing?' asked my friend, in great anxiety. 'What is that to you?' was the blunt reply. 'You are not going to cut that tree down, surely?' 'Yes, I am, though,' said the woodman. 'What for?' inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion. 'What for? Why, because I think proper to do so. What for? I like that! Well, I'll tell you what for. This tree makes my dwelling unhealthy; it stands too near the house. It renders us liable to fever-and-ague. 'Who told you that?' 'Dr. S——.' 'Have you any other reason for wishing it cut down?' 'Yes,—I am getting old; the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of some value to me to burn.' He was soon convinced, however, that the story about the fever-and-ague was a mere fiction, for there had never been a case of that disease in the neighborhood; and was then asked what the tree was worth for firewood. 'Why, when it's down, about ten dollars.' 'Suppose I make you a present of that amount, will you let it stand?' 'Yes.' 'You are sure of that?' 'Positive.' 'Then give me a bond to that effect.' I drew it up, it was witnessed by his daughter, the money was paid, and we left the place with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as a Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived."

HENRY RUSSELL composed the appropriate melody, and the tree which the woodman had spared was crowned with undying greenery. He says: "After I had sung the noble ballad of 'Woodman, spare that tree,' at Boulogne, an old gentleman among the audience, who was greatly moved by the simple and touching beauty of the words, rose and said, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Russell, but was the tree really spared?' 'It was,' said I. 'I am very glad to hear it,' said he, as he took his seat amidst the applause of the whole assembly. I never saw such excitement in any concert-room."

1. Wood - man, spare that tree!..... Touch not a sin - gle

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

bough; In youth it shel - tered me,..... And

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a quarter note G4, quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, followed by a quarter rest and then a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

I'll pro - tect it now; 'Twas my fore - fa - ther's

The third system continues the melody. The vocal line has a quarter note G4, quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, followed by a quarter rest and then a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

hand,..... That placed it near his cot, There,

The fourth system continues the melody. The vocal line has a quarter note G4, quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, followed by a quarter rest and then a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

wood - man let..... it stand,..... Thy axe shall harm..... it not!

The fifth system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a quarter note G4, quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, followed by a quarter rest and then a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and ends with a double bar line.

2D VERSE.

2. That old fa - mil - - iar tree,..... Whose glo - - ry and re -

nown, Are spread o'er land and sea,..... And

con anima.
wouldst thou hew it down? Wood - man, for-bear thy

stroke!..... Cut not its earth - bound ties; Oh,

spare that a - - ged oak,..... Now tow'r - ing to the skies.

3D VERSE.

3. When but an i - dle boy..... I sought its grate - ful shade; In
all their gush - ing joy,..... Here, too, my sis - ters played; My
mo - ther kissed me here; My fa - ther pressed my hand, For -
- give this fool - ish tear,..... But let that old oak stand.

4TH VERSE.

4. My heart-strings round thee cling,.... Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild - bird sing,..... And still thy branch - es bend.
Old tree the storm shall brave,..... And wood - man, leave the spot; While
I've a hand to save,..... Thy axe shall harm.... it not.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now;
'Twas my forefathers' hand,
That placed it near his cot,
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown,
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And would'st thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand,
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree the storm shall brave,
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

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 Nicolo's "Joconde" was revived in London, the long-sought origin of the air was found in that opera.

NICOLO (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.

Andantino.

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 fad - ing hours; And the
 3. We have lived and loved to - geth - - er Thro' ma - ny chang - ing years, We have

p

shar'd each oth - er's glad - - ness, And wept each oth - er's tears.....
 trai - tor smiles that dark - - en When the cloud of sor - row lowers.....
 shar'd each oth - er's glad - - ness, And wept each oth - er's tears.....

I have nev - er known a sor-row That was
 And tho' ma - ny such we've known, love, Too
 And let us hope, the fu-ture, As the

p dim.

Ral - len - tan - do.

long un-sooth'd by thee,..... That was long un-sooth'd by thee,.... For thy
prone a - las! to range,..... Too prone a - las! to range,.. We
past has been, will be,..... As the past has been, will be;.... I will

p
smile can make a sum - - mer Where dark-ness else would be..... For thy
both can speak of one, love, Whom time could nev - er change..... We
share with thee thy sor - - rows, And thou thy joys with me..... I will

smile can make a sum - - mer Where dark-ness else would be.
both can speak of one, love, Whom time could nev - er change.
share with thee thy sor - - rows, And thou thy joys with me.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH SHERIDAN was one of three daughters of Thomas Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She was born in 1808, and although her father died when she was very young, her mother was enabled to give her daughters a superior education, which she superintended with the greatest care. Caroline and her older sister, afterward Lady Dufferin, used to amuse themselves by writing prose and verse for each other's inspection, when they were very young. Before they were twelve years old, they had com-

posed and illustrated two little volumes of poetry. At the age of nineteen, Caroline married Hon. George Chapple Norton; but her life proved so unhappy that she separated from him. She devoted herself to writing, and much of her inspiration was drawn from her sympathy with suffering in many forms. Public abuses and private wrongs moved her kind heart and her ready pen. Her subjects are generally sad, but her nature was bright and genial. Dr. Moir, in one of his lectures on the "Poetical literature of the past half-century," said of Mrs. Norton: "Her ear for the modulation of verse is exquisite; and many of her lyrics and songs carry in them the characteristics of the ancient Douglasses, being alike 'tender and true.'" Mrs. Norton married Sir. William Sterling Maxwell, March 1, 1877, and on June 15th, of the same year, she died.

The music of "We have been friends together," is the composition of HENRY RUSSELL.

Andante.

1. We have been friends to - geth - er, In sun - shine and in shade,
 2. We have been gay to - geth - er; We laughed at lit - tle jests;
 3. We have been sad to - geth - er; We have wept with bit - ter tears,

Since first, be - neath the chest - nut tree, In in - fan - cy we played.
 For the fount of hope was gush - ing Warm and joy - ous in our breasts;
 O'er the grass-grown graves where slum - bered The hopes of ear - ly years.

But cold - ness dwells with - in thy heart, A cloud is on thy brow;
 But laugh - ter now hath fled thy lip, And sul - len glooms thy brow;
 The voi - ces which are si - lent there Would bid thee clear thy brow;

We have been friends to - geth - er, — Shall a light word part us now?
 We have been gay to - geth - er, — Shall a light word part us now?
 We have been sad to - geth - er, — O what shall part us now?

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

THOMAS MOORE'S well-known life began in a corner-grocery, on Angier street, Dublin, May 28, 1779. His father carried on his traffic 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 both had died, four thousand letters from him were found among his mother's papers. Moore's marriage to Miss Bessie 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 pote of all circles, and the darlint of his own." "The darlint" 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 at Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, Wiltshire, February 25th, 1852.

1. Oft in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound..... me,
 2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends so link'd to - geth - - - er

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one flat) and common time. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth-note chords. The bottom staff is the bass line, providing harmonic support with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Fond mem - 'ry brings the light Of o - ther days a - round me. The
 I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - try wea - - ther, I

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with the same three-staff format. The vocal line concludes the phrase with a melodic flourish. The piano accompaniment and bass line maintain the established harmonic and rhythmic structure.

smiles, the tears, of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spo - - ken, The
feel like one who treads a-lone Some ban-quet hall de- sert - - ed, Whose

eyes that shone, 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-part - - ed!

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

Sad mem-'ry brings the light Of o-ther days a-round me.

Off in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory 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 shone 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 treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

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

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

"THE Light of Other Days" is said to have been the most popular song of its time in England, and it was a great favorite in America. ALFRED BUNN, author of the words, was born about 1790. His life was spent in London, where he was for several years manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He published a volume of poems in 1816, a book called "The Stage, both before and behind the Curtain," in 1840, and in 1853, "Old England and New England," which records his impressions of and adventures in America. The excitement concerning the spirit-rappings was then at its height, and Mr. Bunn visited a "circle," where he was told the following particulars, known only to himself,—that his mother's name was Martha Charlotte, and that she died in Dublin, in 1833, at the age of seventy-three. Mr. Bunn being invited to lecture in Manchester, New Hampshire, in place of Theodore Parker, who was ill, gave an amusing talk, and when it was finished a gentleman in the audience, who supposed himself listening to Parker, said: "Now, my friend, are you convinced? Here is a man ascending the pulpit, and, instead of delivering pure and unmixed matter for the hearer's spiritual advantage, throws the congregation into horse-laughter by talking about Shakespeare and the players." At a lecture delivered in Newburyport, Bunn intended reciting the address to a skull, in "Hamlet," but on taking up the one furnished for the occasion, he discovered a sabre-cut on one side, and a bullet-hole on the other. It was impossible to apostrophize such a riddled pate with "Why might not this be the skull of a lawyer?" In life, it had been the thinking-apparatus of a soldier of the Mexican war. Mr. Bunn's was a familiar name in the daily newspaper life of London, forty years ago, and *Punch* used to take pleasure in a quiet smile at the slightly pompous and self-important figure which he cut. He died about 1860.

Henry Phillips, in his "Musical and Personal Recollections during Half a Century," tells the story of this song: "Mr. Bunn had introduced to the English stage Madame Malibran, who appeared in the 'Sonnambula,' and received one hundred guineas a night, which sum, great as was her talent, she did not draw to the theatre. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Bunn entered into a further engagement with her, and was very anxious to bring her out in a new opera. He consulted me upon the occasion, and, amongst other things, asked me if I thought Mr. Balfe had talent enough to write an opera for so great a vocalist. My reply was, that I believed he had talent enough for anything. This settled the question; and a subject was immediately decided on, and the opera christened 'The Maid of Artois.' Mr. Bunn wrote the libretto, which being handed over to Mr. Balfe, he commenced his music to it. All went on very well, till he conceived that beautiful recitative and air, 'The light of other days is faded.' A happier thought never inspired his brain; and on scoring it for the orchestra, an equally bright idea flashed across him, in giving the solo and obligato to the cornet-a-piston, an instrument then new to the public, and producing a most charming and sympathetic effect. . . . When I rehearsed 'The Light of other days,' Madame Malibran, listening to it, said, 'Oh, that is beautiful! I must have it in my part.' The composer, the dramatist, the manager, all assured her that it could not be. 'Don't tell me,' she said; 'I shall speak to Phillips. He is good-natured, and I am sure if he knows I prefer it in my character, he will let me have it.' Now, there is no doubt but Mr. Phillips was very good-natured, and would have done almost anything to oblige a lady, but he was too wise to part with so valuable a song as this, and therefore very politely declined. She was greatly annoyed, and said she would not play in the opera. Her name, however, having been announced, left her no possibility of escape. Every rehearsal increased the effect of my song, until the night of performance arrived, when my recitative and song was, like 'Farewell to the mountain,' most successful, and I had to sing it three times.

“The success of the whole work was great, and at its termination we supped with Mr. Balfe, at his lodgings in the Quadrant, and found there, assembled to meet us, many eminent artists. Malibran had arrived before me. I rang at the street door, but as when that was opened there was no light in the passage, I called out to the servant, to ascertain how far I was to ascend, when Malibran, hearing my voice, ran to the top of the stairs, and said, ‘Quick, quick, give me a candle!—here is “The light of other days” coming up in the dark.’”

1 The light of o - ther days is fa - ded, And all their glo - ries
 2. The leaf which au-tumn tem-pests with - er, The birds which then take

past, For grief with heav - y wing hath sha - - - ded, The
 wing, When win - ter's winds are past, come hith - - - er, To

hopes too bright to last; The world which morning's man - tle
 wel - come back the spring; The ve - - - ry i - vy on the

cloud - - - ed, Shines forth with pur - - er rays, But the
 ru - - - - in In gloom - ful life dis - plays, But the

Colla parte.

heart ne'er feels, in sor - row shroud - - ed, The light of oth - er
 heart a - lone sees no re - new - - - ing, The light of oth - er

pp

days, But the heart ne'er feels, in sor - row shroud - - - - ed, The
 days, But the heart a - lone sees no re - new - - - - ing, The

light of oth - er days.
 light of oth - er days.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

ALFRED TENNYSON, the first of living poets, is less known outside of his poetry, as a man among men, than almost any of his professional brothers. How he looks and speaks, what he loves and hates, what is his creed, religious or political, have not been revealed, even to his own countrymen. Mr. James T. Field's lecture on him has afforded almost the only glimpses we have of the huge and rather unkempt person, gruff manners, and egotistical conversation, which make up a somewhat unattractive picture. Even the date of Tennyson's birth, which took place in Somerby, Lincolnshire, where his father was rector, seems to be in doubt, being given as 1809 or 1810. He was the third of twelve children, and those who have heard Mr. Fields, will recall the amusing incident that reveals a family trait. A bold hunter had bearded the lion in his den, and on being shown into Tennyson's reception-room, saw a taciturn-looking gentleman sitting there, evidently at home. Approaching him, the visitor said blandly, "Have I the great pleasure of beholding Mr. Tennyson?" The tall figure drew itself up at full length, and in a gloomy voice replied, "I am not Alfred,—I am Septimus, the most morbid of them all." The perfect lyric "Break, break, break," was written to commemorate the same event that called forth "In Memoriam," the death of the author's early friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the historian of the "Middle Ages." The lament was given its appropriate musical expression, in the melody composed by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER, who set other lyrics of Tennyson's, which have become so well known, that a choice for this book was as difficult as it was necessary. "The May Queen," and "Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel," will readily recur. The music was dedicated to Mrs. Browning,—not the poetess, but an old and valued friend of the composer's, still residing at Aberdeen, Scotland. Mr. Dempster's character was well calculated to call forth life-long friendships. Mrs. Browning writes, "He was as amiable, kind, and warm-hearted a man as I ever knew, and his moral character was unexceptionable."

Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O

Sea! And I would that my tongue could utter The

thoughts that a - rise in me..... O well for the fish - er - man's

boy, That he shouts with his sis - ter at play! O

well for the sai - lor lad, That he sings in his boat on the

bay! Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.
 O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!
 Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.
 And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But, O for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!
 Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

SONGS OF HOME.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam ;
The world hath nothing to bestow, —
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

— *Nathaniel Cotton.*

The fireside wisdom that enrings,
With light from heaven, familiar things.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

SONGS OF HOME.

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 linger 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 "homely," 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 *Thespian 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 Norval, 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 "Brutus," 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 "Clari, 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 count 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 having 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 forsook 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-grounds were thine,
 With rustic seats o'ershadowed by the vine;
 No children grouped around thy chair in glee,
 Like blossoms clinging to the parent tree;
 No wife to cheer thy mission upon earth,
 And share thine hours of sorrow and of mirth,
 Or greet thy coming with love's purest kiss—
 Joy that survives the wreck of Eden's bliss.
 Hands of the stranger, ring the mournful knell—
 Homeless the bard who sang of home so well!

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 allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,
 The unsatisfied heart turns, and says 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 checkered with many a woe!
 Yet, tho' different our fortunes, our thro'ts are the same,
 And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,
 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 Pasta, the celebrated singer.

'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam,..... Be it

p

ev - - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home!.... A charm from the

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

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

pp

home! There's no..... place like home..... There's no place like..... home!

colla voce.

'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.

THE INGLE SIDE.

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

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

"In my fourteenth year I was taken from school on account of my health, and was put into the fields to harden my constitution. Amongst my companions I found a number of intelligent young men, who had got up, in a large granary, a private theatre, where they occasionally performed, for the benefit of the neighborhood, 'The Gentle Shepherd,' 'Douglas,' etc., and in due time I was, to my great joy, found tall enough, lassie-looking enough, and flippant enough to take the part of the pert 'Jenny,' and the first relish I got for anything like sentimental song, was from learning and singing the songs in that pastoral; auld ballads that my mother sung—and she sang many, and sang them well—having been all the poetry I had cared for.

"It was toward the end of this most pleasant period that I first 'burst into song,' and I am inclined to think that I broke into it wrong end foremost; sweet songs having sent me a wooing, instead of wooing having set me a singing. Indeed, my planting companions strove to convince me that my 'sweet songs' were as silly as they were simple; but I braved both rhyme and reason, and kept scratching away. Well do I remember how I fell

in love with the sweet Jessie of one of my earliest lays. Being about my own age and size, she used to loan me some of her 'braws' to busk me up for my parts, and instruct me how to deport myself in gown and kirtle. Then her gentle hands would arrange my kerchief and fix flowers in my cap, her pretty face bobbing, and her sweet breath blowing all the time about my bewildered head, till,—how could I help it, Jessie?—I fell owre the lugs in love wi' thee."

Mr. Ainslie paid a visit to his native land, and, before returning, published a volume entitled "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns." He spent the last years of his life in St. Louis, where he died in March, 1878.

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

1. It's rare to see the morn-ingleeze, Like a bonfire frae the sea, It's fair to see the
 2. Glens may be gilt wi' gow-ans rare, The birds may fill the tree; And haughs hae a' the

burn - ie kiss The lip o' the flow-ry lea; An' fine it is on green hill side, Where
 scent - ed ware, That sim-mer growth can gie: But the can-ty hearth where cronies meet, An'

hums the bon - ny bee, But rair - er, fair - er, fin - er far, Is the In-gle side for
 the darling o' our e'e, That makes to us a warl complete; O the In-gle side's for

me.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

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

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

1. O I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's, 'Mang lords and 'mang la - dies a'
 2. Anee mair, heav'n be prais'd! round my ain heartsome in - gle, Wif the friends o' my youth I cor -
 3. Nae false - hood to dread, nae mal - ice to fear, But truth to de - light me, and

cov - er'd wi' brows: But a sight sae de - light - ful I trow I ne'er spied As the
 dial - ly min - gle; Nae forms to com - pel me to seem wae or glad. I may
 friend - ship to cheer; O' a' roads to hap - pi - ness ev - er were tried There's

bon - nie blythe blink o' my ain fire - side, My ain fire - side, my
 laugh when I'm mer - ry, and sigh when I'm sad. My ain fire - side, my
 nae half sae sure as ane's ain fire - side; My ain fire - side, my

The image shows a musical score for the song 'My Ain Fireside'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with the lyrics: 'ain fire - side, O sweet is the blink o' my ain fire - side.' The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in the right hand, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in the left hand. The music is in a simple, folk-like style.

The old air to which these words are sung was called "Toddlin' Hame." Mrs. Hamilton's original words read:—

O, I hae seen great apes, and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lords and 'mang ladies a' covered wi'
braus:

At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
Where the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled
my e'en;

But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied,
As the bonnie, blythe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside!

O, cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside!
My ain fireside, my ain fireside!

O, there's nought to compare wi' my ain
fireside!

Ance mair, Gude be praised, round my ain
heartsome ingle,

Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad—
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm
sad;

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,

But truth to delight me and friendship to cheer.
O' a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside;
My ain fireside, my ain fireside!
O, there's nought to compare wi' my ain
fireside!

When I draw in my stool on my cosy hearth-
stane,

My heart louns sae light I scarce ken't for my
ain;

Care's down on the wind, it is clean out of sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams o' the
night.

There but kind voices, kind faces I see,
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e;
Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,—
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.

My ain ain fireside, my ain fireside!

O, there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain
fireside!

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

JAMES BALLANTINE, author of "Castles in the Air," was born in Edinburgh, June 11, 1808. His father, who was a brewer, died when James, his only son and youngest child, was but ten years old. A common school education was all the boy could obtain, before he felt that he must assist his mother and sisters. He was apprenticed to a house-painter, but when he was twenty years old, attended the University of Edinburgh, to study anatomy. He became interested in painting on glass, and a genuine revival of the beautiful art of decorative glass-painting followed his efforts. The Royal Commissioners of the Fine Arts awarded him their prize for the best specimens and designs for the painting of the windows of the House of Lords, and the entire work was entrusted him. He published a popular treatise on stained glass, a collection of his poems, and other works. He founded a large establishment in Edinburgh, where the most elaborate stained-glass work is designed and executed. His death took place in that city, December 18, 1877.

1. The bon - nie, bon - nie bairn, who sits pok - ing in the aes
 2. He sees..... muc - kle cas - - tles.... tow - 'ring to the moon!
 3. Sic a..... night in win - - ter..... may weel mak' him cauld;

Glow - 'ring in the fire wi' his wee rond..... face;
 He sees lit - tle sod - - - gers..... pu' - ing them a' doun!
 His chin up - on his buff - - y hand will soon mak' him auld;

Laugh - ing at the fuf - fin lowe,.... what.... sees he there?
 Worlds..... whomb - ling up and doun,.... bleez - ing wi' a flare, -
 His brow is brent sae braid, O..... pray that dad - dy Care

Hal the young.... dream - er's big - ging cas - tles in the air. His
 See..... how he loup! as they glim - mer in the air. For
 Wad let the wean a - lane wi' his cas - tles in the air. He'll

wee..... chub - by face, and his tou - zie cur - ly pow, Are
a' sae sage he looks,..... what can the lad - die ken? He's
glow - er at the fire!..... and he'll keek at the light! But

laugh - - - ing and nod - ding to the danc - ing lowe: He'll
think - ing up - on nae - thing, like mo - ny might - y men; - A
mo - - - ny spark - ling stars are swal - low'd up by night; Aul -

brown his ro - sy cheeks, and singe his sun - ny hair,
wee thing mak's us think, a..... sma' thing mak's us stare, There are
der een than his are glam - - our - ed by a glare, Hearts are

Glow - 'ring at the imps wi' their cas - tles in the air.
mair..... folk than him big - ging cas - tles in the air.
bro - - - ken, heads are tur'nd wi' cas - tles in the air.

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 wept over his poem, "Beth-Gelert, the Good Greyhound." This song was widely popular in American households during the early part of the present century.

Harmonized for this work by Edward S. Cummings.

Allegretto.

1. When the black - let - ter'd list to the gods was pre - sent - ed, The

list of what Fate to each mor - tal in - tends, At the long string of ills a kind

goddess re - lent - ed, And slipp'd in three blessings— wife, child - ron, and friends. In

vain, sur - ly Plu - to main - tained he was cheat - ed; For jus - tice di - vine could not

com - pass its ends; The scheme of man's pen - ance, he swore, was de - feat - ed; For

earth be - came heav'n with wife, chil - dren, and friends.

When the black-lettered list to the gods was presented, —

The list of what Fate to each mortal intends, —
At the long string of ills, 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,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of
glory,

For one happy day with wife, children, and
friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's waning
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.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan
hover, —

Though round him Arabia's whole fragrance
ascends,

The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that
cover

The bower where he sat with wife, children,
and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends:

But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow

No warmth from the smiles of wife, children,
and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish

The laurel which o'er her dead favorite bends;

O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedewed with the tears of wife, children, and
friends.

Let us drink, — for my song, growing graver and
graver,

To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;

Let us drink, pledge me high, — love and virtue
shall flavor

The glass which I fill to wife, children, and
friends.

THE WOODPECKER.

THIS ballad was written by THOMAS MOORE, during his travels in America. MICHAEL KELLY, who composed the music, was the son of a wine-merchant, in Mary street, Dublin, who was for many years master of ceremonies at the vice-regal castle. Michael was born in 1762. While very young, he showed great musical capacity, both as singer and player, and his father procured him the best musical advantages within his reach. It happened that the very best were embodied in the person of an Italian, who loved the merchant's wine as much as his boy's musical talent; and Michael relates, that many a night he was kept up until midnight before the professor was in a condition to give him the lessons by which he profited too much to lose. He was sent to Naples, and he tells in his "Reminiscences," that his father had a piano made for him, as pianos were scarce and high, especially in Italy. The journey took place during our Revolution, and although he was on board a neutral vessel, she was boarded by an American privateer. He says: "A sturdy ruffian began to break open my piano-case with a hatchet, which, when I saw, I manfully began to weep and cry out, 'Oh! my dear piano!' The cabin-boy, who was about my own age, called out, 'For God's sake, don't cry, Master Kelly!' The chief mate of the privateer, who was quietly perusing some of our captain's papers, on hearing these words, turned round, and looking steadfastly at me, said, 'Is your name Kelly?' I answered 'yes.' 'Do you know anything of a Mr. Thomas Kelly, of Mary street, Dublin?' said he. 'He is my father,' was my reply. The young man immediately started up, and, with tears in his eyes, said, 'Don't you remember me? I am Jack Cunningham, who, when you were a little boy, nursed you and played with you?' The piano was spared, but his Italian master would not allow him to use it, as it was thought to spoil the voice. Years afterward, Kelly was sitting near Lord Nelson, at Lady Hamilton's, when Lord Nelson said, "Mr. Kelly, I have often heard your old master speak of you with great affection, though he said you were as wild as a colt. He mentioned, also, your having given him your piano-forte, which, he said, nothing should induce him to part with."

Sir William Hamilton, the British Minister at Naples, assisted in procuring for him the best musical advantages, and as a tenor-singer, Kelly made a successful tour of the continent. In Vienna, he formed a close intimacy with Mozart, and he was for some time in the service of the Emperor Joseph. His first appearance in London was in 1787, at Drury Lane, where he held the position of first singer and musical manager, until he left the stage. He began the composition of music in 1797, and wrote upwards of sixty pieces, most of which were successful. The airs in Colman's "Blubeard" are Kelly's. His "Reminiscences" appeared a few months before his death, which took place in 1826. They were written by Theodore Hook, from Kelly's rough material.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in a treble clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 4/4. The lyrics are: "I knew by the smoke that so grace - ful - ly curl'd A - bove the green elms, that a". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in a treble clef, showing chords and melodic lines. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in a bass clef, showing the bass line. The score includes dynamic markings such as *pp* and *mf*, and various musical notations like slurs and ties.

cot - tage was near, And I said "if there's peace to be found in the world, A

pp

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part begins with a *pp* dynamic marking.

heart that was hum-ble might hope for it here, The heart that was hum-ble might

f

ad lib.

This system contains the next two staves of music. The piano part features a *f* dynamic marking. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano part includes a *ad lib.* marking.

hope for it here!" Ev-'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, But the

colla voce. *pp*

This system contains the next two staves of music. The piano part includes a *colla voce.* marking and a *pp* dynamic marking.

wood - peck-er tap-ping the hol-low beech tree, Ev-'ry leaf was at rest, and I

ad lib. *tempo.*

This system contains the next two staves of music. The piano part includes *ad lib.* and *tempo.* markings.

heard not a sound, Ev-'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, But the

rall. *tempo.*

This system contains the final two staves of music. The piano part includes *rall.* and *tempo.* markings.

wood-peck-er tap-ping the hol-low beech tree, But the wood-peck-er tap-ping the

ad lib.

hollow beech tree, The woodpecker tapping the hol-low beech tree.

colla voce. *mf dim.* *p*

“And here in this lone lit-tle wood,” I exclaim’d, “With a maid who was love-ly to

pp

soul and to eye, Who would blush when I prais’d her, and weep if I blam’d, How

pp

blest could I live, and how calm could I die! How blest could I live, and how

ad lib. *f*

calm could I die. Ev-'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, But the

p *pp*

ad lib. *tempo.*

wood - peck-er tap-ping the hol-low beech tree; Ev-'ry leaf was at rest, and I

heard not a sound, Ev-'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, But the

rall. *tempo.*

wood-peck-er tap-ping the hol-low beech tree, But the wood-peck-er tap-ping the

colla voce.

ad lib.

hollow beech tree, The woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

colla voce. *dim.*

(Opening of 2d Stanza :)

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around,
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf, &c.

(Last Stanza :)

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but mine.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

COATES KINNEY, author of "Rain on the Roof," was born in Yates County, N. Y., November 24, 1826. He obtained a liberal education, and has been a teacher, an editor, and a lawyer. During the war, he was a paymaster in the national army, and at its close he left the service with the brevet of lieutenant-colonel. He was editor and proprietor of the Xenia, O., *Torchlight*, in 1865-'7, and editor-in-chief of the Cincinnati *Times* in 1868, and is now practicing law in Xenia. He has published a small volume of poems.

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

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

1. When the hu-mid sha-dows ho-ver O-ver all the star-ry spheres, And the
 mel-an-cho-ly dark-ness Gent-ly weeps in rain-y tears, What a
 bliss to press the pil-low Of a cot-tage cham-ber bed And to

ad lib.

lis - ten to the pat - ter Of the soft rain o - ver-head!

8va.....

colla voce.

CHORUS.

Hear it pat - ter, tin - kle, mur - mur, as it

Hear it pat - ter, pat - ter, tin - kle, tin - kle, mur - mur, as it

Hear it pat - ter, pat - ter, tin - kle, tin - kle, mur - mur, as it

8va.....

falls up - on the roof, Hear it pat - ter, tin - kle,

falls up - on the roof, Hear it pat - ter, pat - ter, tin - kle, tin - kle,

falls up - on the roof, Hear it pat - ter, pat - ter, tin - kle, tin - kle.

8va.....

The musical score consists of six staves. The first two staves are vocal lines in treble clef, with lyrics: "mur - mur, as it falls..... up-on the roof.....". The third staff is a vocal line in bass clef with the same lyrics. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The fifth and sixth staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs respectively, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes.

When the humid shadows hover
 Over all the starry spheres
 And the melancholy darkness
 Gently weeps in rainy tears,
 What a bliss to press the pillow
 Of a cottage-chamber bed.
 And to listen to the patter
 Of the soft rain overhead !

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

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

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

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

Art hath naught of tone or cadence
 That can work with such a spell
 In the soul's mysterious fountains,
 Whence the tears of rapture well,
 As that melody of Nature,
 That subdued, subduing strain
 Which is played upon the shingles
 By the patter of the rain.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

BURNS says the author of the words of this song was JOHN EWEN, who was born at Montrose, Scotland, in 1741, and died at Aberdeen, which had been his home for many years, October 21, 1821. The air has had many variations, but the one in present use is the original.

1. O weel may the boat - ie row, And bet - ter may she speed; O

The first system of the score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, with lyrics: "1. O weel may the boat - ie row, And bet - ter may she speed; O". The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment, both in 2/4 time.

weel may the boat - ie row, That wins the bairns' bread. The boat - ie rows, the

The second system continues the piece with three staves. The vocal line has lyrics: "weel may the boat - ie row, That wins the bairns' bread. The boat - ie rows, the". The piano accompaniment continues. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed below the piano part. A repeat sign with first and second endings is present at the end of the system.

boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows fu' weel; And muckle luck at - tend the boat, The

The third system concludes the piece with three staves. The vocal line has lyrics: "boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows fu' weel; And muckle luck at - tend the boat, The". The piano accompaniment continues. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The musical score is for the song 'The Bonnie Boat'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'mur - lan and the creel'. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (f) dynamic and consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. The score includes a repeat sign at the beginning and ends with a double bar line.

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
 And fishes I caught nine;
 They're three to roast, and three to boil,
 And three to bait the line.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

O weel may the boatie row
 That fills a heavy creel,
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
 And buys our parritch meal.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vowed he wad be mine,
 And wan frae me my heart;
 O muckle lighter grew my creel!
 He swore we'd never part.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel;
 And muckle lighter is the lade
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
 And dressed mysel' fu' braw,
 I trow my heart was dowf and wae
 When Jamie gaed awa'.
 But weel may the boatie row,
 And lucky be her part;
 And lightsome be the lassie's care
 That yields an honest heart.

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janette
 Are up, and gotten lear,
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel;
 And lightsome be the heart that bears
 The murlan and the creel.

When we are auld and sair bowed down,
 And kirplin at the door,
 They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
 As we did them before:
 Then weel may the boatie row
 That wins the bairn's breed,
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

O SWIFTLY GLIDES THE BONNIE BOAT!

JOANNA BAILLIE, author of the words of the following song, was born in Bothwell, Lanarkshire, Scotland, September 11, 1762. She spent her early years on the romantic banks of the Clyde, and was noted in the country-side for her activity and courage in outdoor sports. One day, she and her brother were riding double on a horse, when the animal threw and hurt the brother, but could not unseat the sister, and a farmer in amazement exclaimed, "Look at Miss Jack! She sits her horse as if it were a bit of herself." She was once telling Lucy Aikin, that at nine she could not read plainly, when her sister checked her, and said, "At nine? Joanna, you could not read well at eleven." Joanna was sent

to boarding-school, and there became famous as a story-teller. Her tales would draw alternate tears and laughter from the schoolgirls. She also established a kind of private theatricals, in which she was playwright, costumer, scene-shifter, and principal actor. When she was about fifteen, her father became Professor of Divinity in Glasgow University. After his death, Dr. William Hunter, a bachelor uncle, settled the family upon a small estate in Lanarkshire. Here Joanna learned the writings of the British dramatists, especially Shakespeare, almost by heart, although she was not a wide reader, and here she wrote some Scottish songs, and adapted them to old melodies. The death of the uncle caused the family to remove to London, where Joanna's brother was a physician of distinction. There, in 1790, she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, which was not successful. Soon after, the conception of her first drama flashed into her mind, and with it the belief that she had found her true mode of expression. Her plays found favor slowly; and finally one of them, "De Montfort," was acted at Drury Lane, by John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, but their genius could not supply the lack of incident. She afterward wrote a tragedy, entitled "A Family Legend," which was acted in Edinburgh, with a prologue by Scott, an epilogue by Mackenzie, and Mrs. Siddons and Terry in the cast. It was favorably received through ten performances, and Sir Walter, writing to Miss Baillie about it, said: "You have only to imagine all you could wish, to give success to a play, and your conceptions will still fall short of the complete and decided triumph of the 'Family Legend.' The house was crowded to a most extraordinary degree; many people had come from your native capital of the west; everything that pretended to distinction, whether from rank or literature, was in the boxes; and in the pit, such an aggregate mass of humanity as I have seldom, if ever, witnessed in the same space." But Miss Baillie's plays, although pleasant dramatic poems, had not incident and action enough to keep the stage. Each play delineated a single passion of the human soul.

She is described as a woman who would have been personally attractive, had she had no reputation. She was religious and benevolent, and all the nobler virtues shone forth through an intelligent and pleasant face. Most of her songs occur in her plays. She lived quietly in Hempstead, for many years after all her friends were gone. In one of her later letters, she writes: "For me, the walking through our churchyard is no unpleasant thing; it cannot extinguish the lights beaming from the promised house in which are many mansions." She died, February 23, 1851.

The words of Miss Baillie's song, "O swiftly glides the bonnie boat," were probably adapted to the old Scottish melody by the author herself.

Allegretto Siciliano.

1. O swift-ly glides the bon-nie boat, Just part-ed from the shore, And
 2. The mer-maid on her rock may sing, The witch may wave her charm; Nor
 3. Now safe ar-rived on shore, we meet Our friends with hap-py cheer; And

mf

to the fish - ers' cho - rus note, Soft moves the dip - ping oar; These
wa - ter - sprite nor el - drich thing The bon - nie boat can harm. It

with the fish - ers' cho - rus greet All those we hold most dear; With

mf

toils are borne with hap - py cheer, And ev - er may they speed; That
safe - ly bears its sea - ly store Thro' many a storm - y gale; While

hap - py cheer the echo - ing cove Re - peats the chant - ed note; As

fee - ble age and help - mate dear, And ten - der bair - nies feed. We
joy - ful shouts rise from the shore, Its home - ward prow to hail. We

home - ward to our cot we move, Our bon - nie, bon - nie boat. We

cast our lines in Lar - go Bay, Our nets are float - ing wide; Our
cast our lines in Lar - go Bay, Our nets are float - ing wide; Our

cres - - - - *dim*

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with four staves. The top two staves of each system are for the vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes lyrics for the vocal parts and dynamic markings such as *f* and *mf*.

f

bon - nie boat, with yield - ing sway, rocks light - ly on the tide; And

bon - nie boat, with yield - ing sway, rocks light - ly on the tide; And

hap - py prove our dai - ly lot, Up - on the sum - mer sea, And

hap - py prove our dai - ly lot, Up - on the sum - mer sea, And

blest on land our kind - ly cot, Where all our treas - ures be.

blest on land our kind - ly cot, Where all our treas - ures be.

O swiftly glides the bonnie boat,
 Just parted from the shore,
 And to the fishers' chorus-note,
 Soft moves the dipping oar:
 These toils are borne with happy cheer,
 And ever may they speed!
 That feeble age and helpmate dear,
 And tender bairnies feed.

The mermaid on her rock may sing,
 The witch may wave her charm;—
 Nor water-sprite, nor eldrich thing
 The bonnie boat can harm.
 It safely bears its scaly store
 Through many a stormy gale;
 While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
 Its homeward prow to hail.

Now, safe arrived on shore, we meet
 Our friends with happy cheer;
 And with the fishers' chorus greet
 All those we hold most dear;
 With happy cheer the echoing cove
 Repeats the chanted note;
 As homeward to our cot we move
 Our bonnie, bonnie boat.

Cho—We cast our lines in Largo Bay,
 Our nets are floating wide;
 Our bonnie boat, with yielding sway,
 Rocks lightly on the tide;
 And happy prove our daily lot,
 Upon the summer sea,
 And blest on land our kindly cot,
 Where all our treasures be.

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 strains 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-da, du-da, da." 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.

Poco Adagio.

By special permission of William A. Pond & Co.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck - y 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 lit - tle cab - in floor, All
 mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'm by, hard times comes a

knocking at the door, Then, my old Kentuck - y home, good night!

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will

sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck - y home, far a - way.

2d. 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 cab - in door. The day goes by lik a sha - dow o'er the heart, With

sor - row where all was de - light; The time has come when the
dar - kies have to part, Then my old Kentuck - y home, good - night! CHORUS.

3d. Verse.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wherev - er the dark - ey may
go; A few more days, and the trouble all will end In the field where the su - gar - canes
grow; A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No
mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light, A few more days till we
tot - ter on the road, Then, my old Kentuck - y home, good night! CHORUS.

TAK' YER AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

THIS song, in its present form, was first printed in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscelany," in 1724, but its origin cannot be settled beyond a doubt. It is greatly in favor of a Scottish paternity that Bishop Percy admits such a probability, although he inserts in his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" an extra stanza found by him in a copy of the song written in old English. This stanza, the second in the version following, introduces the dialogue which forms the peculiarity and the spiciness of the poem. The song was known in England in Shakespeare's time. Iago, in the drinking scene in the second act of "Othello," delights the company with—

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear;
With that he called the tailor clown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree;
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee."

The air is known to be much older than the words,—indeed, it is conceded a great antiquity.

Marcato.
f

Quasi Recit.

In win - ter, when the rain rain'd cauld, And

frost and snaw on il - ka hill, And Boreas, with his blast sae bauld, Was threat'nin' a' our

kye to kill, Then, Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife, She said to me, right has - ti - ly, "Get

up, guidman, save Crummie's life, And tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye."

In winter, when the rain rained cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, with his blast sae bauld,
 Was threat'nin' a' our kye to kill,
 Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me, right hastily,
 "Get up, guidman, save Crummie's life,
 And tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne?
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin;
 It is so bare and overorne,
 A cricke he thereon cannot renn.
 Then I'll no longer borrow or lend—
 For once I'll new-apparell'd be;
 To-morrow I'll to town, and spend,
 For I'll have a new cloake about me.

“My Crummie is a usefu’ cow,
 And has come of a good kin’;
 Aft has she wet the bairns’ mou’,
 And I am laith that she shou’d tyne.
 Get up, guidman, it is fu’ time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak’ your auld cloak about ye.”

“My cloak was ance a guid grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now it’s scanty worth a groat,
 For I hae worn’t this thretty year.
 Let’s spend the gear that we hae won,
 We little ken the day we’ll dee;
 Then I’ll be proud, for I hae sworn
 To hae a new cloak about me.”

“In days when guid King Robert ran,
 His trews they cost but half-a-crown;
 He said they were a groat owre dear,
 And ca’d the tailor thief an’ loon.
 He was the King that wore the crown,
 And thou’rt a man o’ low degree;
 ’Tis pride puts a’ the country down,
 Sae tak’ your auld cloak about ye.”

“Ilka land has its ain lauch, [law]
 Ilk kind o’ corn has its ain hool;
 I think the warld is a’ gane wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 How they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hurklin in the asse?
 I’ll hae a new cloak about me.”

“Guidman, I wat it’s thretty year,
 Sin’ we did ane anither ken;
 And we hae had atween us twa,
 O’ lads and bonnie lasses ten.
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be;
 And if ye prove a guid husband,
 E’n tak’ your auld cloak about ye.”

“Bell, my wife, she lo’es nae strife,
 But she wad guide me, if she can;
 And to maintain an easy life
 I aft maun yield, tho’ I’m guidman.
 Nought’s to be gain’d at women’s han’
 Unless ye gie them a’ the plea;
 Then I’ll leave aff where I began,
 And tak’ my auld cloak about me.”

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

FOR the music of this pleasant little song we are indebted to MR. S. M. GRANNIS.

Dolce Legato.

1. Do they miss me at home, Do they miss me? 'Twould be an as-sur-ance most
 2. When twi-light approach - es, the sea - son That ev - er is sa - cred to
 3. Do they set me a chair near the ta - ble, When eve-ning's home pleasures are
 4. Do they miss me at home, Do they miss me At morning, at noon or at

dear, To know that this moment some lov'd one Were say - ing, "I wish he were
 song, Does some one re - peat my name ov - er, And sigh that I tar - ry so
 nigh, When the can - dles are lit in the par - lor, And the stars in the calm, azure
 nigh? And lin - gers one gloomy shade round them That on - ly my presence can

here;" To feel that the group at the fire - side Were think - ing of me as I
 long? And is there a chord in the mu - sic, That, missed when my voice is a -
 sky? And when the "good nights" are re - peat - ed, And all lay them down to their
 light? Are joys less in - vit - ing - ly wel - come, And pleasures less hale than be -

roam; Oh, yes, 'twould be joy be - yond meas - ure To
 - way, And a chord in each heart that a - wak - eth Re -
 sleep, Do they think of the ab - sent, and waft me A
 fore, Be - cause one is missed from the cir - cle, Be -

ad libitum.

know that they miss me at home, To know that they miss me at home.
 - gret at my wea - ri - some stay? Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay?
 - whis - per'd "good night" while they weep? A whisper'd "good night," while they weep?
 - cause I am with them no more? Be - cause I am with them no more?

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 COLLINGS FOSTER.

Moderato. By special permission of William A. Pond & Co.

1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,

Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are: "Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay." The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) and features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home." The musical notation follows the same format as the first system, with a vocal line and a two-staff piano accompaniment.

CHORUS.

All de world an sad and drear - y, Eb - ry where I roam.

The chorus section begins with the word "CHORUS." in all caps. The lyrics are: "All de world an sad and drear - y, Eb - ry where I roam." The musical notation includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment, maintaining the same style as the previous systems.

Oh! dar-keys, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from de old folks at home.

The final system of music on the page contains the lyrics: "Oh! dar-keys, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from de old folks at home." It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment, concluding the piece.

2d Verse.

All round de lit - tle farm I wan - der'd When I was young,
 Den ma - ny hap - py days I squan - der'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
 When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I,
 Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.

CHO.

3d Verse

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

CHO.

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, and she now resides in Portland, Maine.

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-columned article in the New York *Tribune*, and in the most absurd pamphlet ever written, attempted to prove that that 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 preëminently 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 apiece 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. He was born in Altenburg, Germany, June 19, 1842, received a musical education, and came to the United States in 1860. On 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, Penn., where he teaches music.

By special permission of Louis Meyer.

1. Back - ward, turn.... back - ward, O Time..... in your flight,
 2. Back - ward, flow.... back - ward, O tide..... of the years!

mf

Make..... me a child a-gain, just for to-night! Mo - ther, come....
 I..... am so wear - y of toil and of tears, Toil with-out....

p *f*

back from the ech - - - o - less shore, Take me a-gain..... to your
 re - com-pense, tears.... all in vain, Take them and give..... me my

cres. molto. *ff*

rit. *p*

heart, as of yore; Kiss..... from my fore - head the fur - rows of
 child - hood a - gain; I..... have grown wear - y of dust..... and de -

mf *poco stringendo.* *cres.*

care, Smooth..... the few sil - ver threads out..... of my hair,
 - cay, Wear - - y of fling - ing my soul..... weath a - way,

mf *poco stringendo.* *cres.*

p *cres* - - - *cen* - - - *do.*

O - - ver my slum - - bers your lov - - ing watch keep,
 Wear - - y of sow - - ing for oth - - ers to reap,

p *cres* - - - *cen* - - - *do.* *cres. molto*

f

Rock.... me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep,

f

p *dim. e rit.*

Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep.

p *dim. e rit.* *pp*

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
 Make me a child again, just for to night!
 Mother, come back from the echoless 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 slumbers 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 calms 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,
 For 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.
 Clasped 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 GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

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

Plaintively.

They grew in beau - ty side by side,..... They fill'd one home with

They grew in beau - ty side by side,..... They fill'd one home with

They grew in beau - ty side by side, They fill'd one home with

glee;..... Their graves are sev - er'd far and wide,..... By

glee; Their graves are sev - er'd far and wide,..... By

mount and stream and sea. The same fond mo - ther bent at

mount and stream and sea. The same fond mo - ther bent at

night..... O'er each fair sleep - er's brow..... She

O'er each fair sleep - er's brow..... She

night..... O'er each fair sleep - er's brow..... She

O'er each fair sleep - er's brow She

had each fold - ed flow'r in sight,..... Where are these dream - ers

ritard.
now? Where are those dreamers now?

ritard.
now? Where are those dreamers now?

ritard.

They grew in beauty side by side,
 They filled one home with glee;
 Their graves are severed far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea;
 The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeper's brow,
 She had each folded flower in sight.
 Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,
 By a dark stream is laid—
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar shade;
 The sea, the blue, lone sea hath one—
 He sleeps where pearls lie deep;
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep?

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

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

SONGS OF EXILE.

They trod the crowded streets of hoary towns,
Or tilled from year to year the wearied fields,
And in the shadow of the golden crowns
They gasped for sunshine and the health it yields.
They turned from homes all cheerless, child and man,
With kindly feelings only for the soil,
And for the kindred faces, pinched and wan,
That prayed, and stayed, unwilling, at their toil.
They lifted up their faces to the Lord,
And read his answer in the westering sun,
That called them ever as a shining word,
And beckoned seaward as the rivers run.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

From clime to clime pursue the scene,
And mark in all thy spacious way,
Where'er the tyrant, Man, has been,
There Peace, the cherub, can not stay,
In wilds and woodlands far away,
She builds her solitary bower,
Where only anchorites have trod,
Or friendless men, to worship God,
Have wandered for an hour.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon, upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more!"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam!"

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

SONGS OF EXILE.

BAY OF DUBLIN.

LADY DUFFERIN'S peculiar pathos is even more delicately apparent in this song of hers than in her better known "Irish Emigrant." The wail is set to the old melody for which Moore made his "Last Rose of Summer."

Sempre ad lib. con moltissimo espressione.

1. Oh! Bay of Dub - lin! my heart you're troub - lin', Your beau - ty
 2. Sweet Wick - low moun - tains! the sun - light sleep - ing On your green
 3. How oft - en when at work, I sit - tin', And mus - ing

Sempre colla voce.

haunts me like a fe - ver dream - Like fro - zen foun - tains that the sun sets
 banks is a pict - ure rare; You crowd a - round me like young girls
 sad - ly on the days of yore, I think I see my Ka - tie

bub - blin', My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name; And ne - ver
 peep - ing, And puz - zlin' me to say which is most fair; As tho' you'd
 knit - tin' And the chil - der play - in' around the cab - in door; I think I

poco - piu -

till this life - pulse ceas - es, My ear - liest, la - test thought will cease to
 see your own sweet fa - ces, Re - flect - ed in that smooth and sil - ver
 see the neigh - bors' fa - ces, All gath - er'd round, their long - lost friend to

Animato.

be..... There's no - one here knows how fair that
 sea..... My bles - sin' on those.... love - ly
 see!..... Tho' no - one here knows how fair that

*colla voce tempo
 primo con espress.*

place is, And no one cares how dear it is to me.
 pla - ces, Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.
 place is, Heav'n knows how dear my poor home was to me.

ritenuto.

col. canto.

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 muse, 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 opera airs ever minted by the capricious brain of an Italian *Mus. Doc.*

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

Andante.

A North-Country lass up to Lon-don did pass, Although with her na-ture it

did not agree; Which made her repent and so of-ten la-ment, Still wish-ing a-gain in the

North for to be. O! the oak and the ash, and the bon-ny i- vy tree, They

flour-ish at home in my own coun-try.

riten.

colla voce.

dim.

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

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!
 O the oak, and the ash, &c.

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, &c.

How oft have I 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, &c.

The ewes and their lambs, with the kids and
 their dams,
 To see in the country how finely they play;
 The bells they do ring, and the birds they do sing,
 And the fields and the gardens, so pleasant and
 gay.
 O the oak, and the ash, &c.

At wakes and at fairs, being void of all cares,
 We there with our lovers did use for to dance;

Then hard hap had I, my ill-fortune to try,
 And so up to London my steps to advance.
 O the oak, and the ash, &c.

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

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 face
 Of him that's allotted my love for to be.
 O the oak, the ash, &c.

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, &c.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

ALLAN RAMSAY, author of the words of "Lochaber No More," was one of the many Scottish poets who have sprung from humble life, and derived their intellectual strength from the maternal side. He also inherited from his mother a happy temperament, which was fostered by success. He worked at wig-making in early life, but after his poems began to bring him celebrity and money, he became a bookseller. In connection with his shop, he established the first circulating library that Scotland ever possessed. His pastoral, entitled "The Gentle Shepherd," won him wide popularity, and is considered by many the finest of its class in the language. Under the title of "Tea-Table Miscellany," he published a choice selection of Scottish and English songs, in four volumes (1724-'40), which proved very popular. He subjected himself to some censure by curtailing or altering, in many instances, the ancient lyrics.

Ramsay was born in Lanarkshire, October 15, 1686, and died in Edinburgh, January 7, 1758, in a picturesque house he had built for himself on the slope of Castle Hill, which still stands. His son, Allan Ramsay, the younger (1713-'84), became eminent as a painter.

The Scotch have long claimed the air of "Lochaber no more;" but Chappell has hinted, and Samuel Lover has proved, that its origin is Irish. It is to be found in a book in the British Museum, entitled "New Poems, Songs, Prologues and Epilogues, never before printed, by Thomas Duffet, and set by the most eminent musicians about the town. London, 1676." In this volume the air is called "The Irish Tune." The words which Duffet wrote for it were entitled "Since Coelia's my foe," and by that name the air was known in England for almost a century. Therefore, it was called in England "The Irish Tune," seventeen years before there is the first claim made to it by the Scotch. It was also found in a manuscript collection of airs written for the viola de gamba, 1683-'92, and was there entitled "King James's March into Ireland." In a late collection it is called "King James's March to Dublin." Twelve years after, the song was known in London as "The Irish

Tune," when there is evidence that Irish music was in favor at the court; King James went to Ireland with the strongest reason for wishing to excite Irish sympathy. How natural that the royal progress should be made to the sound of Irish airs. Singularly enough, the air can be traced in its journey into Scotland from its native land. Bunting, in his "Ancient Music of Ireland," without knowing of the since-discovered fact about "The Irish Tune," says: "Another eminent harper of this period was MYLES REILLY, of Killincarra, in the county of Cavan, born about 1635. He was universally referred to as the composer of the original 'Lochaber.' The air is supposed to have been carried into Scotland by Thomas Connallon, born five years later, at Cloonmahoon, in the county of Sligo. O'Neill calls him 'the great harper,' and says he attained city honors in Edinburgh, where he died." The song first appeared in its present form in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany," 1724. The melody is said to have so powerful an effect upon the Highlander in a foreign army, in a strange land, that military bands are forbidden to play it.

Affetuoso.

Fare-well to Loch-a-ber, fare-well to my Jean! Where heart-some wi'

thee I ha'e mo-ny days been; For Loch-a-ber no more, Loch-

-a-ber no more, We'll may-be re-tur-n to Loch-a-ber no more. These

tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, And no' for the

dan - gers at - tend - ing on weir; Tho' borne on rough seas to a.....

far dis - tant shore, May - be to re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
 Where heartsome wi' thee I ha'e many days been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And no' for the dangers attending on weir;
 Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,
 Maybe to return to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
 There's naething like leaving my love on the shore.

To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pained;
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave:
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse:
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
 And losing thy favour, I'd better not be.
 I gae, then, my lass, to win honour and fame;
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

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 songs, 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, 1867, Lady Gifford died also. The present Earl Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada, is her son.

The music which so exquisitely expresses 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.

I'm sit - tin' on the stile, Ma - ry, Where we sat side by side,..... On a

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: "I'm sit - tin' on the stile, Ma - ry, Where we sat side by side,..... On a".

bright May morn - in', long a - go, When first you were my bride..... The

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bright May morn - in', long a - go, When first you were my bride..... The".

corn was springin' fresh and green, And the lark sang loud and high,..... And the

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "corn was springin' fresh and green, And the lark sang loud and high,..... And the". The score includes performance markings such as *cres.* and *sotto voce.*

e con espress. *cres.*

red was on your lip, Ma-ry, And the love-light in your eye.... And the

Rall. ad lib.

red was on your lip, Ma-ry, And the love-light in..... your eye.....

3d VERSE.

'Tis but a step down yon-der lane, And the lit-tle church stands near,..... The

Staccato sempre.

Lento.

church where we were wed, Ma-ry, I see the spire from here; But the

Colla voce.

grave-yard lies be-tween, Ma-ry, And my step might break your rest,..... For I've

laid you, dar - ling, down to sleep, With your ba - by on your breast,.. For I've

laid you, dar - ling, down to sleep, With your ba - by on your breast.....

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side,
 On a bright May morning, long ago,
 When first you were my bride.
 The corn was springing fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high,
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day as bright as then,
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again!
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep listenin' for the words,
 You never more will speak.

'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 laid 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.

ERIN IS MY HOME.

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

mp Andante espressivo.

1. Oh! I have roam'd in ma - ny lands, And ma - ny friends I've met; Not
 2. In E - rin's isle there's manly hearts, And bos - oms pure as snow; In

3. If Eng - land were my place of birth, I'd love her tran - quil shore; If
 one fair scene or kindly smile Can this fond heart for - get; But
 E - rin's isle there's right good cheer, And hearths that ev - er glow. In
 bon - nie Scot - land were my home, Her mountains I'd a - dore; Tho'

I'll con - fess that I'm con - tent, No more I wish to roam; Oh!
 E - rin's isle I'd pass my time, No more I wish to roam; Oh!
 pleas - ant days in both I've pass'd, I dream of days to come; Oh!

steer my bark to E - rin's Isle, For E - rin is my home, Oh!
 steer my back to E - rin's Isle, For E - rin is my home, Oh!

steer my bark to E-rin's Isle, For E-rin is my home.

steer my back to E-rin's Isle, For E-rin is my home.

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a clear emphasis on the lyrics.

PAT MALLOY.

THE song of "Pat Malloy" occurs in the play of "Arrah na Pogue." Its author, DION BOUCICAULT, actor and dramatic writer, was born in Dublin, December 26, 1822. His father, a French refugee, was a merchant in that city. The son was educated in England. Among the multitude of plays which he has written or adapted, is the representation of "Rip Van Winkle," which Joseph Jefferson has made so popular. Boucicault has spent a great deal of time in this country, although London is his home.

1. At six-teen years of age, I was my moth-er's fair-hair'd boy, She
 2. Oh, Eng-land is a pur-ty place, of goold there is no lack, I
 3. From Ire-land to A-mer-i-ca a-cross the seas I roam, And

The first system of the musical score for "Pat Malloy" features a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are presented in three numbered lines, with the vocal melody following the text.

kept a lit-tle hux-ter shop, Her name it was Mal-loy; "I've
 trudged from York to Lon-don with my scythe up-on my back; The
 ev-ry shill-ing that I got, ah, sure I sent it home, Me

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are presented in three lines, with the vocal melody following the text.

four-teen chil-dren," Pat, says she, "which heav'n to me has sent, But
 Eng-lish girls are beau-ti-ful, their loves I don't de-cline, The
 moth-er could not write, but on there came from Fa-ther Boyce; "Oh,

The third system of the musical score concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are presented in three lines, with the vocal melody following the text.

chil - der aint like pigs, you know—they can't pay the rent!" She
 cat - ing, and the drink - ing too, is beau - ti - ful and fine; But
 heav'n bless you, Pat," says she— "I hear me..... moth - er's voice!" But

gave me ev' - ry shil - ling there was no - bo - dy in the till, And
 in a cor - ner of my heart, which no - bo - dy can see, Two
 now I'm go - ing home a - gain, as poor as I be - gan, To

kiss'd me fif - ty times or more, as if she'd nev - er get her fill, "Oh,
 eyes of I - rish blue are al - ways peep - ing out at me! Oh,
 make a hap - py girl of Moll, and sure I think I can. Me

heav'n bless you, Pat," says she, "and don't for - get, my boy, *That ould*
 Mol - ly, dar - lin, ne - ver fear, I'm still your own dear boy— *Ould*
 pock - ets they are emp - ty, but me heart is filled with joy; *For ould*

Ire - land is your coun - try, and your name is Pat Mal - loy!"
 Ire - land is me coun - try, and me name is Pat Mal - loy.
 Ire - land is me coun - try, and me name is Pat Mal - loy.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

WHEN THOMAS CAMPBELL had fairly set forth as a literary adventurer, he went over to Germany to acquaint himself with the men and manner of his chosen profession. The first incident of his journey that has a direct interest for posterity was his opportunity to watch the progress of the battle of Hohenlinden, which he has made better known to most American schoolboys than many of the engagements of our own Revolution. At Hamburg he met Anthony M'Cann, an Irishman, and a leader of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, who was then an exile from his home. From the sympathy which his lot, and that of his confederates, aroused in Campbell's kindly nature, came the beautiful lyric that follows. The air is the old Irish melody, "Savourneen Deelish."

1. There came to the beach a poor
3. "Oh! E - rin, my coun - try, tho'

Ex - ile of E - rin, The dew on his thin robe was hea - vy and chill, For his
sad and for - sak - en, In dreams I re - vis - it thy sea - beat - en shore; But, a -

coun - try he sigh'd, when at twi - light re - pair - ing, To wan - der a - lone by the
- las! in a far for - eign land I a - wak - en, And sigh for the friends who can

wind-beat-en hill; But the day - star at-tract - ed his eyes' sad de - vo - tion, For it
meet me no more. Ah! cru - el fate! wilt thou ne - ver re - place me In a

rose.... o'er his own na - tive isle of the o - cean, Where once in the fire of his
man - sion of peace, where no per - ils can chase me? Ah! ne - ver a - gain shall my

youth - ful e - mo - tion, He sang the bold an - them of E - rin go bragh.
bro - thers em - brace me! They died to de - fend me, or live to de - plore!

2. "Oh! sad is my fate!" said the
4. "Oh! where is my ca - bin door,

rall.

heart-bro - ken stran - ger, "The wild deer and wolf to a cov - ert can flee; But
fast by the wild wood? Sis - ters, and sire, did you weep for its fall? Oh!

I have no re - fuge from fa - mine and dan - ger, A home and a coun - try re -
 where is the moth - er that look'd on my child - hood? And where is the bo - som friend,

- main not to me; Ah! ne - er a - gain in the green sha - dy bow - ers, Where my
 dear - er than all? Ah, my sad heart! long a - ban - don'd by pleas - ure, Why

fore - fa - thers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours, Or cov - er my harp with the
 didst.... thou doat on a fast fad - ing trea - sure? Tears like the rain - drop may

wild - wo - ven flow - ers, And strike the sweet num - bers of E - rin go bragh.
 fail with - out meas - ure, But rap - ture and beau - ty they can - not re - call!

5. "But yet, all its sad re - col -

rall.

- lec - tions sup - press - ing, One dy - ing wish my lone bo - som shall draw, Oh!

E - rin! an ex - ile be - queaths thee his bless - ing! Dear land of my fore - fathers,

E - rin go bragh! Oh! bu - ried and cold, when my heart stills its mo - tion, Green

be..... thy fields, sweetest isle of the o - cean, And thy harp - strik - ing bards sing a -

- loud with de - vo - tion, Oh! E - rin, ma your - neen! E - rin go bragh!"

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he sighed when at twilight re-
pairing,

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the
ocean,

Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

"Oh! sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken
stranger,

"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me;
Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the
sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go
bragh.

"Oh! Erin, my country' tho' sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no
more.

Ah! cruel fate! will thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can
chase me?

Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me or live to deplore.

"Oh! where is my cabin door, fast by the wild-
wood?

Sisters and sires, did you weep for its fall?
Oh! where is the mother that looked on my child-
hood?

And where is the bosom friend dearer than all?
Ah, my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why didst thou doat on a fast fading treas-
ure?

Tears like the rain-drop may fall without meas-
ure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall!

"But yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw,
Oh! Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Dear land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh!
Oh! buried and cold, when my heart stills its
motion,

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with de-
votion,

Oh! Erin, mavourneen! Erin go bragh!"

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

THE words of this favorite of years were written by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, the English writer of so many singable poems. The music was composed by THOMAS A. RAWLINGS, who was the son of an eminent English musician, and was born in 1775. He became distinguished as a composer, and as performer upon various instruments, and died about 1833.

1. Shades of eve-ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone-ly bark a-while!
2. 'Tis the hour when hap-py fa-ces Smile a-round the ta-per's light;
3. When the waves are round me break-ing, As I pace the deck a-lone,

Morn, a - las! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant Isle;
 Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces? Who will sing our songs to - night?
 And my eye in vain is seek - ing Some green leaf to rest up - on;

Still, my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell;
 Thro' the mist that floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell;
 What would not I give to wan - der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell?

cres. *ritard e dim.*

pp
 Dark - er sha - dows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau - ty, Fare thee well!
 Like a voice from those who love us, Breath - ing fond - ly, Fare thee well!
 Ab - sence makes the heart grow fond - er, Isle of Beau - ty, Fare thee well!

pp
pp

Shades of evening, close not o'er us,
 Leave our lonely bark awhile!
 Morn, alas! will not restore us
 Yonder dim and distant isle;
 Still my fancy can discover,
 Sunny spots where friends may dwell;
 Darker shadows round us hover,
 Isle of Beauty, Fare thee well!

'Tis the hour when happy faces,
 Smile around the taper's light!
 Who will fill our vacant places!
 Who will sing our songs to night?

Thro' the mist that floats above us,
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell;
 Like a voice from those who love us,
 Breathing fondly Fare thee well!

When the waves are round me breaking,
 As I pace the deck alone,
 And my eye in vain is seeking
 Some green leaf to rest upon;
 What would not I give to wander,
 Where my old companions dwell?
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
 Isle of Beauty, Fare thee well!

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE first four lines of this song are from an old ballad called "The Strong Walls of Derry,"—which does not leave a great deal to be claimed by BURNS, who made the remainder.

The old melody to which it is set is called "Portmore." The song was a favorite in the repertoire of Henry Russell, set to music of his own.

Harmonized as a Quartette, by Edward S. Cummings.

Quartette

1. My heart's in the high - lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the

2. My heart's in the high - lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the

high - lands, a chas - ing the deer; A chas - ing the wild deer, and foll - 'wing the

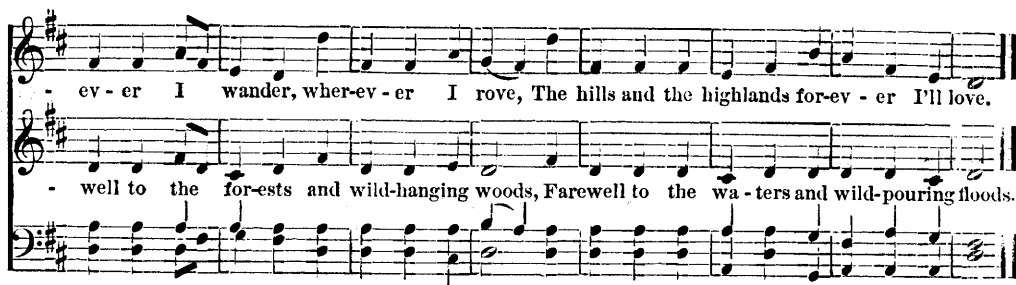
high - lands, a chas - ing the deer; A chas - ing the wild deer, and foll - 'wing the

roe, My heart's in the highlands, wherev - er I go. Farewell to the highlands, fare -

roe, My heart's in the highlands, wherev - er I go. Farewell to the mountains high,

- well to the north, The birth - place of val - or, the coun - try of worth; Wher -

cov - ered with snow, Fare - well to the straths and green val - lies be - low; Fare -




ev - er I wander, wher - ev - er I rove, The hills and the highlands for - ev - er I'll love,
well to the for - ests and wild - hanging woods, Farewell to the wa - ters and wild - pouring floods.

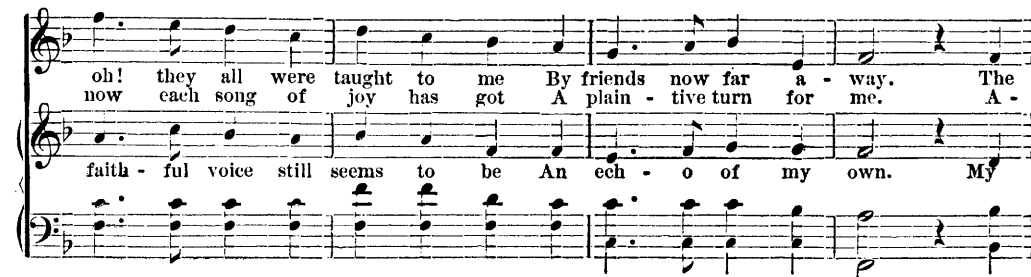
I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

THE words of this song were written by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, and the air was composed by SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.

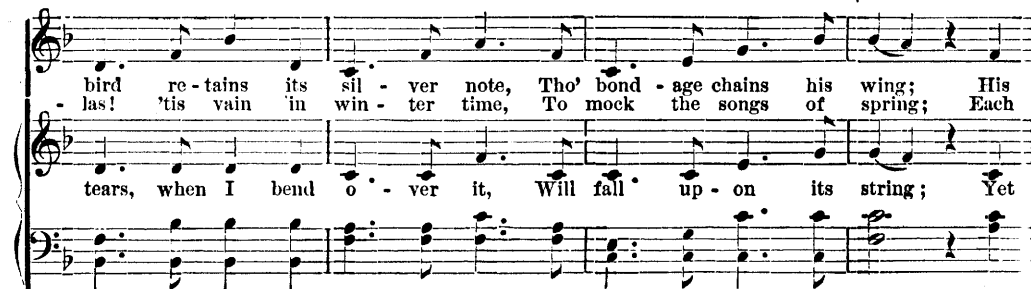
Andante.




1. You think I have a mer - ry heart, Be - cause my songs are gay; But
2. I heard them first in that sweet house, I nev - er more shall see; And
3. Of all the friends I used to love, My harp re - mains a - lone; Its



oh! they all were taught to me By friends now far a - way. The
now each song of joy has got A plain - tive turn for me. A -
faith - ful voice still seems to be An ech - o of my own. My



bird re - tains its sil - ver note, Tho' bond - age chains his wing; His
- las! 'tis vain in win - ter time, To mock the songs of spring; Each
tears, when I bend o - ver it, Will fall up - on its string; Yet



song is not a hap - py one; I'm sad - dest when I sing.
note re - calls some with - er'd leaf; I'm sad - dest when I sing.
those who hear me lit - tle think I'm sad - dest when I sing.

IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE.

REGINALD 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 Hodnut, 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 fast would eve - ning fall, In
 2. I miss thee at the dawn - ing gray, When, on our deck re - lined, In
 green Ben - gal - a's palm - y grove, List - ning the night - in - gale. If
 care - less ease my limbs I lay, And woe the cool - er wind. I
 thou, my love, wert by my side, My ba - bies at my knee, How
 miss thee, when by Gun - ga's stream My twi - light steps I guide; But
 gai - ly would our pin - nace glide O'er Gun - ga's mi - mic sea.
 most be - neath the lamp's pale beam, I miss thee from my side!

If thou wert by my side, my love,
 How fast would evening fail,
 In green Bengala's palmy grove
 List'ning the nightingale.

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
 My babies at my knee,
 How gaily would our pinnacle glide,
 O'er Gunga's mimic 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 stream,
 My twilight steps I guide;
 But most 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 meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
 Beholds 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 onward still;
 O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
 O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
 Nor wild Malwah detain:
 For sweet the bliss us 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 CARRIER DOVE.

DANIEL JOHNSON, the composer of the "Carrier Dove," was a music-teacher in New York, about 1850. He was a choral-singer at the Park Theatre, conductor of music at Palmo's concert saloon, and a singer of English glees. There is no clue to the author of the words.

1. Fly a - way to my na - tive land, sweet dove! Fly a -
 2. Oh! fly to her bower, and say the chain, Of the
 3. I shall miss thy vis - it at dawn, sweet dove! I shall

- way to my na - tive land, And bear these lines to my
 ty - rant is o - ver me now, That I nev - er shall mount my
 miss thy vis - it at eve! But bring me a line from my

la - dy love, That I've trac'd with a fee - ble hand. She
 steed a - gain, With hel - met up - on my brow; No
 la - dy love, And then I shall cease to grieve! I

mar - vels much at my long de - lay, A ru - mor of death she has
 friend to my lat - tice a sol - ace brings, Ex - cept when your voice is
 can bear in a dun - geon to waste away youth; I can fall by the conqueror's

heard, Or she thinks, per - haps, I false - ly stray, Then
 heard, When you beat the bars with your snow - y wings— Then
 sword; But I can - not en - dure She should doubt my truth— Then

fly to her bower, sweet bird.
 fly to her bower, sweet bird.
 by to her bower, sweet bird.

O, TAKE ME BACK TO SWITZERLAND.

THE words of this little song were written by MRS. NORTON, to a Tyrolese air. It was Jenny Lind's rendering of it which introduced it in the United States, and made it popular.

1. By the dark waves of the roll-ing sea, Where the white-sail'd ships are toss-ing free,
2. I see its hills, I see its streams Its blue lakes haunt my rest-less dreams;

3. For months a-long that gloom : shore. 'Mid sea bird's cry and o-ccean's roar,
Came a youth-ful maid-en, Pale and sor-row la-den, With a mourn-ful voice sang she: "Oh,
When the day de-clin-eth, Or the bright sun shin-eth, Pre-sent still its beau-ty seems: Oh,
Sang that mournful maid-en, Pale and sor-row la-den, Then her voice was heard no more. For

take me back to Switz-er-land, My own, my dear, my na-tive land; I'll
take me back to Switz-er-land, Up-on the moun-tain let me stand; Where
far a-way from switz-er-land, From home, from friends, from na-tive land: Where

brave all dan-gers of the main, To see my own dear land a-gain.
flow'rs are bright, and skies are clear, For oh! I pine, I per-ish here!
for-eign wild-flow'rs cold-ly wave, The bro-ken heart-ed found a grave.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

WE owe "The New England Hymn," the first Puritan lyric we have, to an English woman, FELICIA HEMANS, whose spirit was strongly susceptible to the religious romance and heroism that brought the pilgrims across the ocean in search of a new home. Why has no one set to music Holmes's lyric that closes :

" Yes, when the frowning bulwarks
That guard this holy strand,
Have sunk beneath the trampling surge —
In beds of sparkling sand;
While in the waste of ocean
One hoary rock shall stand,
Be this its latest legend —
Here was the Pilgrim's Land!"

The music of Mrs. Hemans's song was written by her sister, MISS BROWNE, and perhaps we owe our possession of this, and her other beautiful airs, to Sir Walter Scott and Moscheles. The latter was visiting Scott, and, upon leaving, promised Sir Walter that he would find a London publisher for "some pretty songs set to music by a Miss Browne, with words by her sister, Felicia Hemans." Moscheles' diary records their publication.

The break - ing waves dashed high, On a stern and rock - bound coast; And the
woods a - gainst a storm - y sky, Their gi - ant branch - es tossed,
And the heav - y night hung dark, The hills and wa - ters o'er, When a
band of ex - ilers moored their bark On the wild New Eng - land shore.
Not as the con - queror comes, They, the true - heart - ed, came;

Not with the roll of the stir-ring drums, Or the trum-pet that sings of fame;

Not as the fly-ing come, In si-lence and in fear, They

shook the depths of the des-ert's gloom, With their hymns of loft-y cheer.

A-midst the storm they sang! And the stars heard and the sea! And the sounding aisles of the

dim woods rang To the an-them of the free! The o-cean ea-gle soar'd From his

nest by the white waves' foam, And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd; This was their welcome home.

What sought they thus a-far? Bright jew-els, bright jew-els, bright jew-els of the mine? The

wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine. Aye! call it ho - ly ground, The spot where first they trod, They have left unstain'd what there they found, Freedom to wor - ship God! They have left un - stain'd what there they found, Free - dom to wor - ship God!

The breaking waves dashed high,
 On a stern and rock-bound coast;
 And the woods against a stormy sky,
 Their giant branches tossed:
 And the heavy night hung dark,
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moor'd their bark,
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came!
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 Or the trumpet that sings of fame;
 Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear,
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang!
 And the stars heard and the sea!
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang,
 To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white waves' foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
 This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band:—
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from childhood's land?
 There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine.
 Aye! call it holy ground,
 The spot where first they trod,
 They have left unstained what there they found,
 Freedom to worship God.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

THE words of this spirited song were written by CHARLES MACKAY; the music was composed by HENRY RUSSELL. In 1843, Russell went home, and sang with great success in England, Scotland, and France. During that visit he composed music for several songs of Charles Mackay's, which he rendered with great effect, at Niblo's, in New York, on his return. The London *Athenæum*, in 1856, said: "Dr. Charles Mackay has been voiceless for some years. Echoes of his old music are still common in the streets where youngsters delight to warble 'Cheer, boys, cheer!' and in merry meeting-places, where folks are fond of anticipating 'The good time coming.'"

Boldly

1. Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of i - dle sor - row, Cour - age, true hearts shall
 2. Cheer, boys, cheer, the stead - y breeze is blow - ing, To float us free - ly

bear us on our way; Hope points be-fore and shows the bright to - mor - row,
o'er the o - cean's breast; The world shall fol - low in the track we're go - ing,

Let us for - get the dark-ness of to - day. So, fare - well, Eng - land,
The star of Em - pire glit - ters in the West. Here we had toil and

much as we a - dore thee, We'll dry the tears that we have shed be - fore;
lit - tle to re - ward it, But there shall plen - ty smile up - on our pain;

Why should we weep to sail in search of for - tune? So, fare - well, Eng - land! fare -
And ours shall be the prai - rie and the for - est, And bound - less meadows ripe,

- well for - ev - er - more. Cheer, boys, cheer, for coun - try, mo - ther coun - try,
ripe with gol - den grain. Cheer, boys, cheer, for Eng - land, mo - ther Eng - land,

Cheer, boys, cheer, the will - ing strong right hand, Cheer, boys, cheer, there's
Cheer, boys, cheer, u - nit - ed heart and hand, Cheer, boys, cheer, there's

wealth for hon - est la - bour, Cheer, boys, cheer, for the new and hap - py land!

SONGS OF THE SEA.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!
— *Thomas Buchanan Read.*

Our country is our ship, d'ye see!
— *James Cobb.*

A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me.
— *Jean Ingelow.*

O calm, distant haven, where the clear starlight gleams
On the wild, restless waters, on the heart's restless dreams,
How oft, gazing upward, my soul yearns to be
In that far world of angels, where is no more sea!
— *Caroline Elizabeth Norton.*

SONGS OF THE SEA.

THE SEA.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER ("Barry Cornwall"), produced a great variety of literature, but he is most widely known and best appreciated for his exquisite songs. Of these, his song of "The Sea," is perhaps the best remembered. He was born in London, in 1790, spent a long and outwardly uneventful life there among warm friends and admirers, and there died, October 4, 1874.

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

Chorley, in his musical recollections, gives us a picture which makes us feel that Mendelssohn's judgment was far too lenient. He says: "Of all the men of talent I have ever known, Chevalier Neukomm was the most deliberate in turning to account every gift, every talent, every creature-comfort to be procured from others; withal, shrewd, pleasant, universally educated beyond the generality of musical composers of his period. A man who had been largely 'knocked about,' and had been hardened into the habit or duty of knocking any one whom he could fascinate into believing in him. Never was any man more adroit in catering for his own comforts—in administering vicarious benevolence. Once having gained entrance into a house, he remained there, with a possession of self-possession the like of which I have never seen. There was no possibility of dislodging him, save at his own deliberate will and pleasure. He would have hours and usages regulated in conformity with his own tastes; and these were more regulated by individual whimsy than universal convenience. He must dine at one particular hour—at no other. Having embraced homœopathy to its fullest extent, he would have his own dinner expressly made and provided. The light must be regulated to suit his eyes—the temperature to fit his

endurance. But, as rarely fails to be the case, in this world of shy or sycophantic persons, he compelled obedience to his decrees; and, on the strength of a slender musical talent, a smooth, diplomatic manner, and some small insight into other worlds than his own, he maintained a place, in its lesser sphere, as astounding and autocratic as that of the great Samuel Johnson, when he ruled the household of the Thrales with a rod of iron. Neukomm had no artistic vigor or skill to insure a lasting popularity for his music. It has past, and gone to the limbo of oblivion. Yet, for some five years he held a first place in England, and was in honored request at every provincial music-meeting. He was at Manchester, at Derby, where, I think, his oratorio of 'Mount Sinai' was produced; most prominent at Birmingham, for which he wrote his unsuccessful 'David.* I question whether a note of his music lives in any man's recollection, unless it be 'The Sea,' to the spirited and stirring words of Barry Cornwall. This song made at once a striking mark on the public ear and heart. The spirited setting bore out the spirited words; and the spirited singing and saying of both, by Mr. Henry Phillips, had no small share in the brilliant success." Neukomm became partially blind in his later years, and died in Paris, April 3, 1858.

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

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff in 6/8 time, with lyrics: "The Sea,..... the Sea,..... the o - pen Sea! The". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) features a melody with dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The left hand (bass clef) provides a steady accompaniment with dynamic markings of *p* and *f*.

* In the United States, it was remarkable successful.

blue, the fresh, the ev - er free, the ev - er, ev - er free!

Without a mark, with - out a

bound, It run-neth the earth's wide re - gions round. It

plays..... with the clouds,..... it mocks..... the skies, Or

like a cra - dled crea - ture lies, Or like a cra - dled crea - ture

lies.

f *sf* *sf* *sf*

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea! I

f *f*

am where I would ev - er be, With the blue a - bove, and the blue be - low, And

p

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

p *p*

come..... and a - wake..... the deep, What

cres. *f*

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

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

sf sf sf

Boatswain's whistle.
ff

I love, Oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide!
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blast doth blow!
I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

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

BARNEY BUNTLINE.

THE delightfully absurd song of "Barney Buntline" was written by WILLIAM PITT, Esq., of the British navy. He was master-attendant at Jamaica Dock-yard, and was afterward stationed at Malta, where he died in 1840. The air is an old English one, to which these words were set by JOHN DAVY, composer of the famous air, "Bay of Biscay."

Harmonized by Edward S. Cummings.

The musical score is arranged in five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

One night came on a hur - ri - cane, the sea was moun-tains roll - ing, When
 Bar - ney Bunt - line turn'd his quid, and said to Bill - ly Bow - ling: "A
 strong sou' - wes - ter's blow - ing, Bill, O can't you hear it roar now; God
 help 'em, how I pit - ies all un - hap - py folks a - shore, now!"

CHORUS.
 Bow, wow, wow, rum - ti id - dy, rum - ti id - dy, Bow, wow, wow.

One night came on a hurricane, the sea was mountains rolling,
 When Barney Buntline turned his quid, and said to Billy Bowling:
 "A strong sou'-wester's blowing, Bill, O can't you hear it roar now;
 God help 'em, how I pities all unhappy folks ashore, now!
 Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"Fool-hardy chaps as lives in towns, what danger they are all in!
 And now they're quaking in their beds for fear the roof should fall in.
 Poor creatures, how they envies us, and wishes, I've a notion,
 For our good luck in such a storm to be upon the ocean.
 Bow, wow, wow, &c.

“Then, as to them kept out all day on business
from their houses,
And, late at night, are walking home to cheer
their babes and spouses,
While you and I upon the deck are comfortably
lying,
My eye, what tiles and chimney pots about their
heads are flying!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

“And often have we seamen heard how men are
killed and undone,
By overturns in carriages, and thieves, and fires
in London;
We’ve heard what risks all landsmen run, from
noblemen to tailors,
So Bill, let us thank Providence, that you and I
are sailors.”
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

THE words of “The White Squall” were written by Captain JOHNS, of the Marines, British navy, and the air was made by GEORGE A. BARKER. The latter was a well-known English musician, and was first tenor in the Princess’ Theatre, London, thirty years ago. He died in Leychurch, in 1877.

1. The sea..... was bright..... and the bark rode well,..... The
 2. They near'd..... the land..... where in beau - ty smiles,..... The

breeze bore the tone.... of the ves - per bell! "Twas a gal - lant
 sun - - ny shore of the Gre - cian Isles. All thought of

bark.... with crew as brave As ev - er launch'd on the
 home, of that wel - come dear Which soon should greet..... on each

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are arranged in two columns, with the first column corresponding to the first vocal line and the second column to the second vocal line. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

heav - ing wave, As ev - er launch'd.... on the heav - ing
wan - d'r'er's ear,..... Which soon should greet..... each wan - d'r'er's

wave,.... She shone in the light.... of de - clin - ing day,.... And each
ear..... And in fan - cy join'd.... the so - cial throng, In the

f
f stacc. *f*

sail - was tive set, And each heart was gay; She..... shone.... in the
fes - tive dance And the joy - ous song, And..... in fan - cy

p

light.... of de - clin - ing day,.... And each sail - was set..... and each
join'd.... the so - cial throng.... In the fes - tive dance.... and the

8va.

heart was cial gay..... and each heart..... was
so - cial and the joy - - - - ous

8va loco *f*

gay...
song.....

A white cloud glides..... through the a - zure sky,..... What

means..... that wild..... des - pair - ing cry?.....

Andante con espressione.

Fare-well! the vision'd scenes of home, Fare-well, the vision'd scenes of

p

Recit. Ardito

home! That cry is "Heelp!" where no help can come, That cry is

f
stacc.
f

a tempo.

help, where no help.... can come; Fare - well, the vis - ion'd

ad lib.

scenes of home, Fare - well, the vis - ion'd scenes of home.

a tempo. Allegro.

For the white squall rides..... on the surg - ing wave, And the

bark is gulph'd.... in an o - cean's grave, For the

white squall rides on the surg - ing wave,..... And the

bark is gulph'd in an o - cean's grave, For the

white squall rides on the surg - ing wave,..... And the bark is

cres.

gulph'd in an o - cean's grave, For the white squall rides on the

surg - ing wave, And the bark.... is..... gulph'd

ff

in..... an o - - - cean's grave,

in..... an o - - - - cean's grave,

in..... an o - - - - cean's grave!....

ff

THE STORM.

THE authorship of this song has been disputed. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS was born in London, England, but the exact date is not known. He was an actor of no great power, and between poor playing and hard drinking, his finances were in a not very flourishing condition, when he hit upon a scheme for repairing them. He wrote an amazingly funny mixture of wit and nonsense, entitled it "A Lecture on Heads," and gave it to a friend to deliver. As might have been expected, the friend failed to catch the fine points of the composition, and the "heads" fell as if severed on the block. Stevens picked them up and stuck them on again, for a second round. Presto! all the features were in their right places, and every pun was as plain as the nose on a man's face. The lecture was an immense success, and became popular at once. Stevens delivered it amid "unbounded enthusiasm," in Great Britain and Ireland, and then brought it over to delight our staid ancestors on this side of the water. On going back to England, he attempted to lengthen out the joke by adding "half-lengths," and "whole-lengths," but an over-drawn witticism is a dismal thing, and nobody laughed with the disappointed comedian. The following is an extract from a letter which he wrote while lying, for debt, in Yarmouth jail:

"The week's eating finishes my last waistcoat; and next I must atone for my errors on bread and water. A wig has fed me two days; the trimming of a waistcoat as long; a pair of velvet breeches paid my washerwoman; a ruffle shirt has found me in shaving.

My coats I swallowed by degrees; the sleeves I breakfasted upon for two weeks; the body, skirts, &c., served me for dinner two months; my silk stockings have paid my lodgings, and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes. It is incredible how my appetite (barometer-like) rises in proportion as my necessities make their terrible advances. I here could say something droll about a stomach; but it's ill jesting with edged tools, and I am sure that is the sharpest thing about me."

The wonder of his composing so fine a lyric as "The Storm," has led to a doubt whether he really did do it; but, the truth is, that he wrote other songs so famous in their day, that they were printed by various booksellers, without his consent, and very much to his disadvantage. "The Storm" has been attributed to no one else except Falconer, author of "The Shipwreck," and the only ground of such a claim was, that he might have done it—that it was somewhat in his line. But Falconer is neither lyrical nor spirited, and the picturesqueness of the song makes all but certain the claim of the actor-poet.

Stevens lived in an age of deep drinking; and as the bowl was the especial inspirer of his verse, so it was the principal receiver of its praises. After several other unsuccessful attempts, he returned to the delivery of "Heads," which he was finally able to sell for money enough to pay for the last carousals of his life, which ended miserably in 1784.

The original air to which "The Storm" is set was called, with queer appropriateness to the author's state, "Welcome, brother debtor." It appeared in a collection of songs called "Calliope," published in 1730. Incedon, the English vocalist, sang "The Storm" in this country with great effect.

1. Cease, rude Bo - reas, blust'ring rail - er! List, ye land - men, all to

me; Messmates, hear a broth - er sai - lor Sing the dan - gers of the

sea; From bounding bil - lows first in mo - tion, When the dis - tant whirlwinds

rise, To the tem - pest trou - bled o - cean, Where the seas con - tend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—
 By topsail sheets and haulyards stand,
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
 Down your staysails, — hand, boys, hand!
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 Quick the topsail-sheets let go;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you at home in safety,
 Sheltered from the howling storm,
 Tasting joys by Heaven vouchsafed ye,
 Of our state vain notions form.
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fear our mind enthalls!
 Harder yet it blows, still harder,
 Now again the boatswain calls.

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course—
 Let the foresheet go—don't mind, boys,
 Though the weather should be worse.
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
 Reef the mizzen—see all clear—
 Hand up, each preventer-brace set—
 Man the foreyards—cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the awful thunder's rolling,
 Peal on peal contending clash;
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash:
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky;
 Different deaths at once surround us,
 Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone! cries every tongue, out
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out—
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick, the lanyards cut to pieces—
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
 Plumb the well—the leak increases—
 Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for our wives and children mourn;
 Alas, from hence there's no retreating!
 Alas, to them, there's no return!
 Still the danger grows upon us,
 Wild confusion reigns below;
 Heaven have mercy here upon us,
 For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys—
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown—
 To the pump, come, every hand, boys,
 See, our mizzenmast is gone.
 The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
 We've lightened her a foot or more;
 Up and rig a jury foremast— [shore.
 She rights!—she rights!—boys, wear off

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Heaven has spared our lives,
 Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives:
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to the lips a brimmer join;—
 Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
 None—our danger's drowned in wine.

THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

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

1st Voice.

Let him who sighs in sad - ness here, re - joice and know a friend is near.

2d Voice.

What thrill - ing sounds are those I hear! What be - ing comes the gloom to cheer?

Moderato.

1. When in the storm on Al - bion's coast The night - watch guards his

wea - ry post, From thoughts of dan - ger free; He marks some ves - sel's

dusk - y form, And hears, a - mid the howl - ing storm, The minute gun at

sea. The min - ute gun at sea. And hears, a - mid the

howl - ing storm, The min - ute gun at sea.

mf

2. Swift on the shore a har - dy few, The life - boat man with a

gallant, gallant crew, And dare the dang'rous wave; Thro' the wild surf they

cleave their way; Lost in the foam, nor know dis - may, For they go the crew to

save; For they go the crew to save; Lost in the foam, nor

know dis - may, For they go the crew to save.

Allegretto.

Solo.

Chorus.

But Oh, what rap - ture fills each breast Of the hope - less crew of the ship distress'd; Then,
Tenor Solo.

land - ed safe, what joys to tell Of all the dan - gers that be - fell; Then is heard no more By the
ad lib.

Andante.
watch on the shore, Then is heard no more by the watch on the shore, The minute gun at sea.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALTHOUGH JOHN GAY was the intimate friend of Pope and Swift, and wrote the best poetical fables in our language, he will be longest remembered by his few songs, the most famous of which is "Black-eyed Susan." He was born in Devonshire, England, in 1688. He was apprenticed to a silk-mercantile, hated the business, escaped from it to follow his literary inclinations, and made friends who encouraged and assisted him. His "Beggar's Opera," which had a first run of sixty-two nights, was immensely popular in city and country, and is still a favorite for its sweet songs. It was brought out at Lincoln's Inn Fields, under the management of Mr. Rich; and the joke was bandied about, that "The Beggar's Opera' had made Gay rich, and Rich gay." Its success gave rise to the English opera, which from that time disputed the stage with the Italian. Gay wrote a continuation of the "Beggar's Opera," in which he transferred his characters to America; but the Lord Chamberlain refused to allow it to be played. He published it, and the notoriety which its attempted suppression gave, caused him to realize more money than its successful representation would have been likely to. The Duchess of Marlborough gave two hundred and forty dollars for a single copy of it. Gay died suddenly, December 4, 1732. Upon Pope's letter to Swift, announcing the event, Swift wrote: "Received December 15, but not read until the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune." Pope wrote of Gay:

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child"

The ballad of "Black-eyed Susan" was magnificently set to a re-arranged old English ballad air, by RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

1. All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The stream-ers wav - ing in the
2. Wil - liam was high up - on the yard, Rock'd by the bil - lows to and

pp

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time. It features a vocal line with two verses of lyrics, a piano accompaniment in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand. The piano part begins with a *pp* dynamic marking.

wind, When black-ey'd Su - san came on board, "O where shall I my true love
fro, Soon as her well - known voice he heard, He sigh'd and cast his eyes be -

cres. *p*

The second system continues the musical score. It includes the vocal line, piano accompaniment, and bass line. The piano part features a *cres.* (crescendo) marking followed by a *p* (piano) marking.

find? Tell me, ye jo-vial sail-ors, tell me true, If my sweet Wil-liam, If my sweet
- low; The cord slides swift-ly thro' his glow-ing hands, And, quick as lightning, And, quick as

f *pp*

Wil-liam sails a-mong your crew?"
light-ning, on the deck he stands.

cres. *dim.*

3. "Be-lieve not what the lands-men say, Who tempt with doubts thy con-stant
4. "Oh, Su-san, Su-san, love-ly dear, My vows for ev-er true re-

pp

mind, They'll tell thee sail-ors, when a-way, In ev-'ry port a mis-tress
- main; Let me kiss off that fall-ing tear, We on-ly part to meet a-

cres. *p*

find; Yet, yes, be-lieve them when they tell thee so, For thou art pre-sent, For thou art
- gain; Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be The faith-ful com-pass, The faith-ful

pp

pre - sent where - so - e'er I go."
com - pass that still points to thee."

cres. *dim.*

5. The boatswain gave the dread-ful word, The sails their swell-ing bo-soms

pp

spread; No long-er must she stay on board: They kiss—she sigh'd—he hangs his

cres.

head: The less - 'ning boat un - will - ing rows to land, "A - dieu," she

pp

ad lib.

cries, "A - dieu," she cries, and waves her li - ly hand.

colla voce.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board:
 "O, where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
 Rocked with the billow to and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest: —
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear;
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landsmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
 They'll tell thee sailors when away,
 In every port a mistress find:
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white.
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;
 No longer must she stay aboard;
 They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
 "Adieu!" she cries, and waves her lily hand.

'T WAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

THE words of the following song were written by JOHN GAY. It was made for a tragi-comic play, entitled "What-d'-ye-call-it?" This was an entirely new style of piece, in which the action was apparently tragic, but the language absurd. Part of the audi-

ence, catching the latter but faintly, were ready to dissolve in tears, while the rest were so convulsed with laughter, that the drift of the piece was forgotten in the enjoyment. Campbell says of the author: "The works of Gay are on our shelves, but not in our pockets,—in our remembrance, but not in our memories. His fables are as good as a series of such pieces will, in all possibility, ever be. No one has envied him their production; but many would like to have the fame of having written 'The Shepherd's Week,' 'Black-eyed Susan,' and the ballad that begins, "'Twas when the Seas were Roaring.'" Cowper, in a letter dated August 4, 1783, says: "What can be prettier than Gay's ballad, or rather Swift's, Arbuthnot's, Pope's, and Gay's, in the 'What-d'-ye-call-it?'—"'Twas when the Seas were Roaring.' I have been well informed that they all contributed."

The music of the ballad is from HANDEL. Handel, among the other great composers, is seldom associated with song music, but the time was, in England at least, when no concert programme was complete without several of Handel's songs. Many of his most beautiful melodies are never heard.

Andantino.

'Twas when the seas were roar - ing With hol - low blasts of

wind, A dam - sel lay de - plor - ing, All on a rock re -

- cined. Wide o'er the foam - ing bil - lows She cast a wist - ful

look; Her head was crown'd with wil - lows, That trem - bled o'er the brook.

“Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days :
 Why didst thou, venturous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest —
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast !

“The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
 Views tempests in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear ?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'll find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

“How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain ;
 Why, then, beneath the water,
 Should hideous rocks remain ?
 No eyes these rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wandering lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.”

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wailed she for her dear ;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear :
 When o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spied,
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bowed her head, and died.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

EPES SARGENT, author of “A Life on the Ocean Wave,” was born in Gloucester, Mass., September 27, 1812. He is well known as the author of much graceful prose and verse, and the editor of several fine collections. He is a journalist by profession, and resides in Boston. I am indebted to Mr. Sargent for the following interesting history of the song :

“A Life on the Ocean Wave” was written for HENRY RUSSELL. The subject of the song was suggested to me as I was walking, one breezy, sun-bright morning in spring, on the Battery, in New York, and looking out upon the ships and the small craft under full sail. Having completed my song and my walk together, I went to the office of the *Mirror*, wrote out the words, and showed them to my good friend, George P. Morris. After reading the piece, he said, ‘My dear boy, this is not a song; it will never do for music; but it is a very nice little lyric; so let me take it and publish it in the *Mirror*.’ I consented, and concluded that Morris was right. Some days after the publication of the piece, I met Russell. ‘Where is that song?’ asked he. ‘I tried my hand at one and failed,’ said I. ‘How do you know that?’ ‘Morris tells me it won’t answer.’ ‘And is Morris infallible? Hand me the piece, young man, and let us go into Hewitt’s back room here, at the corner of Park Place and Broadway, and see what we can make out of your lines.’

“We passed through the music store. Russell seated himself at the piano; read over the lines attentively; hummed an air or two to himself; then ran his fingers over the keys, then stopped as if nonplussed. Suddenly a bright idea seemed to dawn upon him; a melody had all at once floated into his brain, and he began to hum it, and to sway himself to its movement. Then striking the keys tentatively a few times, he at last confidently launched into the air since known as ‘A Life on the Ocean Wave.’ ‘I’ve got it!’ he exclaimed. It was all the work of a few minutes. I pronounced the melody a success, and it proved so. The copyright of the song became very valuable, though I never got anything from it myself. It at once became a favorite, and soon the bands were playing it in the streets. A year or two after its publication, I received from England copies of five or six different editions that had been issued there by competing publishers.”

Il tempo vivace.

1 A life on the o - cean wave!..... A home on the roll - ing
 2 The land is no lon - ger in view,..... The clouds have be - gun to

deep!..... Where the scat - ter'd wa - ters rave,..... And the winds their rev - els
 frown..... But with a stout ves - sel and crew,..... We'll say, let the storm come

keep!
 down!

Spiritoso.
Sva.....

A home on the roll - ing
 The clouds have be - gun to

deep!..... Where the scat - ter'd wa - ters rave,..... And the winds their re - vels
 frown,..... But with a stout ves - sel and crew,..... We'll say, let the storm come

keep!..... Like an ea - gle cag'd I pine,..... On this dull, un - chang - ing
 down!....And the song of our hearts shall be,..... While the winds and the waters

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "keep!..... Like an ea - gle cag'd I pine,..... On this dull, un - chang - ing down!....And the song of our hearts shall be,..... While the winds and the waters". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand staff in treble clef and a left-hand staff in bass clef. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *ff* and *f*.

shore,..... Oh give me the flash - ing brine!..... The spray and the tem - pest
 rave,..... A life on the heav - ing sea!..... A home on the bound - ing

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "shore,..... Oh give me the flash - ing brine!..... The spray and the tem - pest rave,..... A life on the heav - ing sea!..... A home on the bound - ing". The piano accompaniment includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking.

roar!..... A life on the o - cean wave!..... A home on the roll - ing
 wave.....
Cads. ad lib. *Sva.*

The third system of music features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "roar!..... A life on the o - cean wave!..... A home on the roll - ing wave.....". Below the vocal line, there are markings for *Cads. ad lib.* and *Sva.* (Soprano). The piano accompaniment includes a *ff* (fortissimo) marking.

deep!..... Where the scatt - er'd wa - ters rave,..... And the winds their re - vels
Sva.

The fourth system of music features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "deep!..... Where the scatt - er'd wa - ters rave,..... And the winds their re - vels". Below the vocal line, there is a marking for *Sva.* (Soprano). The piano accompaniment includes a *ff* (fortissimo) marking.

keep!..... The winds,..... the winds,..... the winds their rev - els

Sva.

pp leggiero.

keep!..... The winds,..... the winds,..... the winds their re - vels

Sva.

keep!.....

Sva.

cres. - - - - - *f*

Sva.

tr

deces.

p *pp*

Once more on the deck I stand..... Of my own swift-glid - ing

craft;..... Set sail! fare-well to the land,..... The gale follows fair a -

- baft. *Spiritoso.* Of my own swift glid - ing

8va.....

craft,..... Set sail! fare - well to the land,..... The gale fol - lows fair a -

- balt..... We shoot thro' the spark-ling foam,.... Like an o - cean bird set

ff *f*

free,..... Like the o - cean bird our home..... We'll find far out on the

cres.

seal!..... A life on the o - cean wave!..... A home on the roll - ing

Cadz. ad lib. *8va.*

ff

deep!..... Where the scat - ter'd wa - ters rave,..... And the winds their re - vels

8va.

ff

keep!..... The winds,..... the winds,..... the winds their rev - els

Sva.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics: "keep!..... The winds,..... the winds,..... the winds their rev - els". Below it is a piano accompaniment with a trill (tr) in the right hand. The bottom staff is a bass line with chords.

keep!..... The winds,..... the winds,..... the winds their re - vels

Sva.

The second system of music is identical to the first system, featuring a vocal line with lyrics: "keep!..... The winds,..... the winds,..... the winds their re - vels", a piano accompaniment with a trill (tr), and a bass line with chords.

keep!.....

Sva.

cres.

The third system of music features a vocal line with a long note and lyrics: "keep!.....". Below it is a piano accompaniment with a trill (tr) and a crescendo (cres.) marking. The bottom staff is a bass line with chords.

Sva......*loco.*

tr

decrs.

p *pp*

The fourth system of music features a piano accompaniment with a trill (tr) and a decrescendo (decrs.) marking. The bottom staff is a bass line with chords, including dynamic markings *p* and *pp*.

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 at 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, absently passed 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 stone-mason'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 Chantry, 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, writing 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 him 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, *Le petit tambour*.

1. A wet sheet and a flow-ing sea, A wind that fol-lows fast, And
 2. O for a soft and gen-tle wind, I heard a fair one cry, But
 3. There's tem-pest in yon horn-ed moon, And light-ning in yon cloud, And

fills the white and rust-ling sail, And bends the gal-lant mast,
 give to me the snor-ing breeze, And white waves heav-ing high;
 hark! the mu-sic, mar-i-ners, The wind is pip-ing loud;

And bends the gal-lant mast, my boys! While like the ea-gle free, A -
 And white waves heaving high my boys! The good ship tight and free; The
 The wind is pip-ing loud, my boys! The lightning flashing free, While

- way the good ship flies, and leaves Old Eng-land on the lea.
 world of wa-ters is our home, And mer-ry men are we.
 the hol-low oak our palace is, Our her-i-tage the sea.

D.C.

D.C.

THE STORMY PETREL.

THE words of "The Stormy Petrel" were written by BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (Barry Cornwall). The air was composed by the Chevalier NEUKOMM. "The Chevalier," says Chorley, "was as cunning 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 classics 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 dawned on him that his share of the songs must have 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."

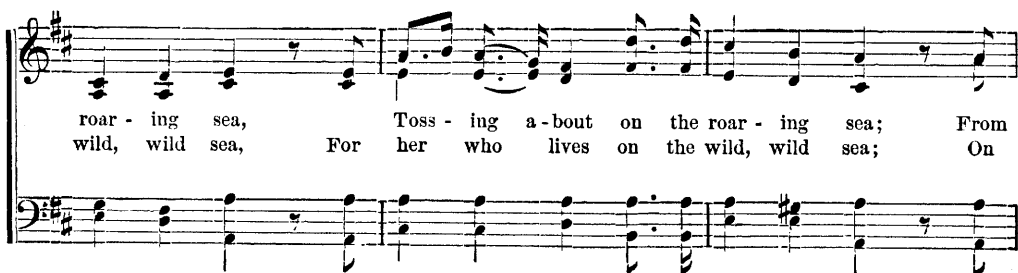
The Stormy Petrel is the bird known to sea superstition as "Mother Carey's Chicken." The name was first applied by Captain Carteret's sailors, and is supposed to refer to a mischievous old woman of that name; for the petrel is a bird of ill-omen.

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 thou - sand miles from land are we, Toss - ing a - bout on the
2. A home, if such a place can be, For her who lives on the



roar - ing sea, Toss - ing a - bout on the roar - ing sea; From
wild, wild sea, For her who lives on the wild, wild sea; On

bil - low to bound - ing bil - low cast, Like flee - cy snow in the
waves her rest, on waves her food, On lone - ly, wave - girt

stor - my blast, While the whale and shark and sword - fish sleep For - ty
rock her brood, And the sai - lor hates her well - known form, For it

fa - thoms beneath, far down the deep, fa - thoms be - neath, far down the
brings him news of a com - ing storm, It brings him news of com - ing

deep. } Yet here, a - mid the rest - less foam, The storm - y pet - rel finds a home.
storm. }

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the stormy sea,—
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scattered abroad 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 disown.

Up and down!—up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's
crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy petrel finds a home,—
A home, if such a place may be

For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm 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!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-
fish sleep,—
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet, he ne'er falters,—so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

ROCKAWAY.

THE song which recalls the days when Rockaway was a far-famed and fashionable watering place, was the joint production of HENRY JOHN SHARPE and HENRY RUSSELL. Mr. Sharpe, writer of the words, was a Philadelphia druggist, and also an amateur litterateur of forty years ago. These two men were associated in a piece of rhyme which appeared in Morris and Willis's *New Mirror*. The rhyme written by Sharpe recounts the incident that first induced Russell to visit the United States. It is called, "The Old Dutch Clock," and reads as follows:

At a lone inn, one dreary, dismal night,
It was my hapless fortune to alight.
The piercing wind howled round the chimney-tops;
Hark! how the hail against the lattice drops!

What sound is that—methinks I hear a knock—
'Twas but the ticking of an "Old Dutch Clock;"
I hate Dutch clocks—I know not why—it seems,
As if they were the harbinger of dreams.

Above the dial-plate a spectre stood,
True to the very life—though carved in wood,
A Saracen—whose huge, sepulchral eyes
Rolled to and fro—ah me! how slow time flies!

I sipped my punch—stirred up the smouldering fire,
And wrapped my cloak around me to retire,
Snugly ensconced upon an old arm-chair:
Tick, tick! how terribly those eye-balls glare!

Methinks they gazed at me, then at the bowl,—
"Meinheer, if thou art thirsty, by my soul,
I'll pledge thee true, if thou'lt but let me sleep,
By all the 'spirits of the vasty deep.'"

A sudden gust now shook the house around,
The old Dutch clock came tumbling to the ground,
The death-like ticking ceased—the eyes were still—
The fire was nearly spent—the air was chill.

Amidst the shower of flying atoms rose
Three phantom-spirits—hush! how hard it blows!
The first, the eagle, joined to human form,
Flapped his spread wings terrific with the storm.

He fixed his talons on my bosom fast,
And thus addressed me—"Slave! *I am the Past!*
What hast thou done that's worthy of a name,
On the high record of immortal fame?"

A statue next, of a gigantic height,
With lofty brow and eyes intensely bright,
In a sonorous voice distinctly said,
"Heed not the Past, he hath forever fled.

"I am *the Present*, list to what I say—
All doubts and dangers then will flee away;
The earth is stern and sterile—take this spade,
Compel her bounty if you seek her aid."

Soft music broke upon my slumbering ear,
Methought I heard a seraph's whisper near—
It was *the Future*, robed in virgin white;
In gentle woman's form it caught my sight.

"Awake! awake! from thy inglorious rest!
And seek thy fortune in the boundless West!"
Just then I woke—the pitiless storm was o'er,
The old Dutch clock still ticking as before.

Sempre moderato.

On old Long Is - land's sea - girt shore, Ma-ny an hour I've whil'd a - way, In

colla voce.

list - 'ning to the break - ers roar, That wash the beach at Rock - a - way. On

old Long Island's sea-girt shore, Many an hour I've whil'd away, In list'ning to the breakers roar, That

wash the beach at Rock - a - way. Trans - fix'd I've stood while nature's lyre, In

one har - mo - nious con - cert broke, And catching its pro - me - thean fire, My

Quasi andante.

colla voce.

in - most soul to rap - ture woke. Oh! On old Long Is - land's sea - girt shore,

sva.

Ma - ny an hour I've whil'd a - way, In list - 'ning to the break - er's roar, That

sva.

wash the beach at Rock - a - way. Oh,

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

how de-light - ful 'tis to stroll, Where murm'ring winds and waters meet, Marking the bil-lows as they roll, And

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a more melodic and flowing character, with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system, providing a rhythmic foundation.

break re-sist - less at your feet; To watch young I - ris, as she dips Her

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a slight upward inflection towards the end of the phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

man - tle in the spark-ling dew, And chas'd by Sol, a - way she trips, O'er

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a final note on a half note. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a final chord.

the ho - ri - son's quiv'ring blue, Oh! On old Long Is - land's sea - girt shore,

Sva.

Ma - ny an hour I've whil'd a - way, In list - 'ning to the break - ers' roar, That

Sva. *loco.*

wash the beach at Rock - a - way. To

a poco.

hear the startling night-winds sigh, As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep, While the pale moon reflects from high Her

im - age in the migh - ty deep. Ma - jes - tic scene, where na - ture dwells, Pro -

- found in ev - er - last - ing love, While her un - meas - ur'd mu - sic swells, The

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are "- found in ev - er - last - ing love, While her un - meas - ur'd mu - sic swells, The". The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

vault-ed firm - a - ment a - bove. Oh! On old Long Is - land's sea - girt shore,

Sva.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "vault-ed firm - a - ment a - bove. Oh! On old Long Is - land's sea - girt shore,". The piano accompaniment includes a section marked "Sva." (Svava) in the right hand, indicated by a dotted line above the staff, which features a more complex, rhythmic pattern. The system ends with a double bar line.

Ma - ny an hour I've whil'd a - way, In list - 'ning to the break - ers' roar, That

Sva......*loco.*

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "Ma - ny an hour I've whil'd a - way, In list - 'ning to the break - ers' roar, That". The piano accompaniment includes a section marked "Sva." (Svava) in the right hand, indicated by a dotted line above the staff, which features a more complex, rhythmic pattern. The system ends with a double bar line.

wash the beach at Rock - a - way.

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "wash the beach at Rock - a - way." The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the previous systems. The system ends with a double bar line.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

THE words of this beautiful duet, suggested by the well-known scene in "Dombey and Son," were written by DR. JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER; the music by STEPHEN GLOVER. Carpenter was born in London, November 2, 1813. He began his career as a song-writer, in 1828, and before he was seventeen years of age, London was ringing with his comic ballads. These included "That's the way the Money goes," "I'm quite a Ladies' man," "Going out a Shooting." In 1837 he went to reside in Leamington, where he was connected with the newspaper press. In 1851 he returned to London, and a year later appeared as a public singer and lecturer. He is now (1880) on the editorial staff of *Funny Folks*.

Dr. Carpenter has published two novels, half a dozen volumes of poems, about twenty dramas, operettas, and farces, and more than three thousand songs. He has also compiled several volumes of popular songs, and a series of "penny readings." His words have been set to music by nearly every prominent English composer of the last half century.

STEPHEN GLOVER was born in London, in 1813. He composed music correctly at the age of nine, and his life was devoted to the art. His instrumental music has had an immense circulation, and some of his songs have been widely popular. His own favorites were his adaptations of Scripture words, which breathe a simple trust in the Christian faith—the ruling principle of his life. His themes were characterized by a melodious sweetness, and were pathetic, lively, or tender, in accordance with the words of the song, to which they were always carefully suited. Mr. Glover was passionately fond of country life, and most of his compositions were written in rural retirement. During a visit to the seaside in 1867, he met with a severe accident, from the effects of which he never recovered, and which virtually closed his musical career. He travelled from place to place, in search of health, and died on the 7th of December, 1870. A memoir of him, published in an English journal, closes with this paragraph: "The editor can not allow this brief notice to go forth without bearing his testimony to the gentleness, the courtesy, the manifold Christian virtues of his departed friend. To the great ability which has secured for his compositions a world-wide fame, Mr. Glover added that self-negation which is even more rare than the exquisite skill of the sweet singer."

PAUL.

1. What are the wild waves say - ing, Sis - ter, the whole day
 2. Yes! but the waves seem ev - er Sing - ing the same sad

long, That ev - er a - mid our play - ing, I
 thing; And vain is my weak en - dea - vor, To

Agitato. cres.

.... hear but their low, lone song? Not by the sea - side
 guess what the sur - ges sing! What is that voice re -

cres.

dolce.

on - ly, There it sounds wild and free; But at
 - peat - ing, Ev - er by night and day?

cres. *dim.*

night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In dreams it is still with
 Is it a friend - ly greet - ing, Or a warn - ing that calls a -

p

me..... But at night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In
 - way?..... Is it a friend - ly greet - ing, Or a

FLORENCE. *piu animato.*

dreams it is still with me..... Brother! I hear no
warn - ing that calls a - way?..... Brother! the in - land

dim. *p*

sing - ing! 'Tis but the roll - ing wave,.....
moun - tain, Hath it not voice and sound?.....

Ev - er its lone course winging O - ver some o - cean cave!.....
Speaks not the drip - ping fountain, As it be - dews the ground?....

Agitato.

'Tis but the noise of wa - ter Dashing a - gainst the shore, And the
E'en by the household in - gle, Curtained and closed and warm,

cres. *cen - do.* *f*

wind from some bleak - er quar - ter Ming - ling with its
Do not our voi - ces min - gle, With those of the dis - tant

roar, And the wind from some bleak - er quar - ter Ming - ling,
storm? Do not our voi - ces min - gle With those

ming - ling with its roar..... 1. No! no, no, no! No! no,
of the dis - tant storm?.... 2. Yes! yes, yes! Yes!

FLORENCE. *Lento.* *rall.*

PAUL.

p *Tremolo.* *Lento.* *rall.*

a tempo.
no! it is some - thing great - er, That speaks to the heart a -
yes, but there's something great - er,

a tempo.
p

- lone, The voice of the great Cre - a - - - tor.....

- lone; The voice of the great Cre - a - - - tor.....

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major with a key signature of one flat (F major). The lyrics are: "- lone, The voice of the great Cre - a - - - tor....." and "- lone; The voice of the great Cre - a - - - tor.....". The piano accompaniment is on the bottom two staves, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Dwells in that migh- y tone! The voice of the great Cre -

Dwells in that migh- y tone! The voice of the great Cre -

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines with the lyrics: "Dwells in that migh- y tone! The voice of the great Cre -" and "Dwells in that migh- y tone! The voice of the great Cre -". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

- a - - - tor..... Dwells in that might- y tone!

- a - - - tor..... Dwells in that might- y tone!

rall.

rall.

rall. *sf*

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines with the lyrics: "- a - - - tor..... Dwells in that might- y tone!" and "- a - - - tor..... Dwells in that might- y tone!". The piano accompaniment includes performance markings: *rall.* (ritardando) above the first vocal line, *rall.* above the second vocal line, and *rall.* and *sf* (sforzando) below the piano accompaniment staves.

"What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long,
That ever amid our playing,
I hear but their low, lone song?
Not by the seaside only,
There it sounds wild and free;
But at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,
In dreams it is still with me."

"Brother! I hear no singing!
'Tis but the rolling wave,
Ever its lone course winging
Over some lonesome cave!
'Tis but the noise of water
Dashing against the shore,
And the wind from some bleaker quarter
Mingling, mingling with its roar."

"No! It is something greater,
That speaks to the heart alone;
The voice of the great Creator,
Dwells in that mighty tone."

"Yes! But the waves seem ever
Singing the same sad thing,
And vain is my weak endeavor
To guess what the surges sing!
What is that voice repeating,
Ever by night and day?
Is it a friendly greeting,
Or a warning that calls away?"

"Brother! the inland mountain,
Hath it not voice and sound?
Speaks not the dripping fountain,
As it bedews the ground?
E'en by the household ingle,
Curtained and closed and warm,
Do not our voices mingle
With those of the distant storm?"

"Yes! But there 's something greater,
That speaks to the heart alone;
The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone!"

TRANCADILLO.

THE words of this song were written by CAROLINE GILMAN, neé Howard, who was born in Boston, Mass., October 8, 1794. When sixteen years old, she wrote a poem on "Jairus' Daughter," which was published in the *North American Review*. In 1819, she married Rev. Samuel Gilman, and removed to Charleston, South Carolina. She published a series of volumes of prose and poetry, most of which are embodied in her last book, "Stories and Poems by a Mother and Daughter" (1872). Since the war, Mrs. Gilman has resided in Cambridge, Mass. Of her little song, "Trancadillo," she writes: "The following graceful harmony, long consecrated to Bacchanalian revelry, has been rescued for more genial and lovely associations. The words were composed for a private boat-party at Sullivan's Island, South Carolina, but the author will be glad to know that the distant echoes of other waters awake to the spirited melody. A portion of the original chorus has been retained, which, though like some of the Shakesperian refrains, seemingly without meaning, lends animation to the whole."

The air of "Trancadillo" was composed by FRANCIS H. BROWN, a New York composer and music-teacher, who now resides in Stamford, Connecticut.

The musical score for "Trancadillo" is presented in four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a clear 3/4 beat structure. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Oh, come, maid - ens, come o'er the blue, roll - ing wave, The

Oh, come, maid - ens, come o'er the blue, roll - ing wave, The

love - ly should still be the care of the brave. Tran - ca -

love - ly should still be the care of the brave. Tran - ca -

mp

- dil - lo, Tran - ca - dil - lo, Tran - ca - dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo, With

- dil - lo, Tran - ca - dil - lo, Tran - ca - dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo, With

moon - light and star - light we'll bound o'er the bil - low, Bright

moon - light and star - light we'll bound o'er the bil - low, Bright

Legato.

bil - low, gay bil - low, the bil - low, bil - low, bil - low, bil - low, With

bil - low, gay bil - low, the bil - low, bil - low, bil - low, bil - low, With

pp

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are: "moon - light and star - light we'll bound o'er the bil - low." The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment in bass clef. The first staff has a *Cres.* marking and the second has a *dim.* marking. The music is in 4/4 time and ends with a double bar line.

Oh, come, maidens come, o'er the blue rolling wave,
The lovely should still be the care of the brave.

Trancadillo, Trancadillo, &c.

With moonlight and starlight we'll bound o'er the billow,

Bright billow, gay billow, &c.

With moonlight and starlight we'll bound o'er the billow.

The moon 'neath yon cloud hid her silvery light—

Ye are come—like our fond hopes she glows in your sight.

Trancadillo, Trancadillo, &c.

With moonlight and lovelight we'll bound o'er the billow,

Bright billow, gay billow, &c.

With moonlight and lovelight we'll bound o'er the billow.

Wake the chorus of song, and our oars shall keep time,

While our hearts gently beat to the musical chime.

Trancadillo, Trancadillo, &c

With oar-beat and heart-beat we'll bound o'er the billow,

Bright billow, gay billow, &c.

With oar-beat and heart-beat, we'll bound o'er the billow.

As the waves gently heave under zephyr's soft sighs,
So the waves of our hearts 'neath the glance of your eyes.

Trancadillo, Trancadillo, &c.

With eye-beam and heart-beam, we'll bound o'er the billow,

Bright billow, gay billow, &c.

With eye-beam and heart-beam we'll bound o'er the billow.

See, the helmsman looks forth to yon beacon-lit isle;

So we shape our hearts' course by the light of your smile.

Trancadillo, Trancadillo, &c.

With love-light and smile-light we'll bound o'er the billow,

Bright billow, gay billow, &c.

With love-light and smile-light we'll bound o'er the billow.

And when on life's ocean we turn our slight prow,

May the light-house of Hope beam like this on us now.

Life's billow, frail billow, &c.

With hope-light, the true-light, we'll bound o'er life's billow,

Life's billow, frail billow, &c.

With hope-light, the true light, we'll bound o'er life's billow.

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

"WAPPING OLD STAIRS," on the Thames, has witnessed innumerable partings between Billy Bowlegs and his sweetheart, with her face hidden under his broad brim. The term *old stairs* is used simply to distinguish the place from the new stairs at Wapping, which also descend to the water, where, no doubt, the same scenes are enacted; for the water-

worn, rat-gnawed steps are not older than love, while the new plank, thrown out to-day for parting friends to cross, is not more fresh and bright. The song was written by JOHN PERCY, an eminent English ballad-composer of the latter half of the last century. The song ended with a cloud resting upon the fair fame of sailor Tom; but JAMES POWELL added the stanza beginning:

“‘Dear Molly,’ cried Tom, as he heaved a deep sigh.”

Mark Lemon's wife, who was a fine vocalist, used to sing this old favorite of her husband's, while the fire burned bright, and he beat on his chair with his pipe for her sole accompaniment.

Andante con espress.

Your Mol-ly has nev-er been false, she de-clar-es, Since
 last time we parted at Wapping old stairs, When I swore that I still would contin-ue the same, And
 gave you the 'bac-co-box mark'd with my name, And gave you the 'bac-co-box
 mark'd with my name. When I pass'd a whole fortnight be-tween decks with you, Did I

p *pp* *sosten.* *mf* *pp*

ad lib.

e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew? To be use-ful and kind, with my

colla voce.

ad lib.

Thom-as I stay'd; For his trow-sers I wash'd, and his grog, too, I made.

tempo.

Tho' you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the Mall, With

mf p sosten. pp

Su-san from Deptford, and likewise with Sal, In si-lence I stood, your un-kind-ness to hear, And

on - ly up-braid - ed my Tom with a tear, And on - ly up - braid - ed my

mf

Tom with a tear. Why should Sal, or should Su - san than me be more priz'd? For the

pp

heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be de - spis'd. Then be con - stant and kind, nor your

colla voce.

Mol - ly for - sake, Still your trow - sers I'll wash, and your grog, too, I'll make.

“Dear Molly!” cried Tom, as heaved a deep sigh,
 And the crystalline tear stood afloat in each eye,
 “I prithee, my love, my unkindness forgive,
 And I ne'er more will slight thee as long as I live:
 Neither Susan nor Sal shall again grieve my dear,
 No more from thine eye will thy Tom force a tear:
 Then be cheerful and gay, nor thy Thomas forsake,
 But his trousers still wash, and his grog, too, still make.”

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

CHARLES DIBDIN, the great English sea-song writer, was also an actor and a dramatist. But his other talents were overshadowed by the one for which he stands preëminent. He was born at Southampton, England, in 1745, and was educated with a view to the church. When a boy, he sang in Winchester, and when sixteen years old, in London. He produced an opera called "The Shepherd's Artifice," which was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, of which he became musical manager seventeen years later. He wrote for the London stage with great industry for twenty years, and he says that for all that work, which included one hundred operas, he received, including his salaries and several benefits, only £5,500. Much of this illiberality he charges upon Garrick. In 1791, he gave the first of a series of entertainments of his own invention. They were entitled "The Whim of the Moment," and consisted of songs, recitations, etc. He built a little theatre in the Strand, called "Sans Souci." It was a gem; and Dibdin alone planned it, painted and decorated it, and wrote for its stage both the words and music of the recitations and songs which he gave there to an "organized piano-forte," which he had invented. It proved an immense success, and song after song, of the thousand which he wrote, there awoke echoes that were never to die. Still, Dibdin had but little scientific musical education, and could not write accompaniments for his own exquisite airs, although he sang them gloriously. He somewhere says: "Those who get at the force and meaning of the words, and pronounce them as they sing, with the same sensibility and expression as it would require in speaking, possess an accomplishment in singing beyond what all the art in the world can convey; and such, even when they venture upon cantabiles and cadences, will have better, because more natural, execution than those who fancy they have reached perfection in singing, by stretching and torturing their voices into mere instruments."

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

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

The musical score is presented in three systems. The first system shows the vocal line in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is: G4-A4-B4-A4-G4 | F#4-G4-A4-B4-A4-G4 | F#4-G4-A4-B4-A4-G4 | F#4-G4-A4-B4-A4-G4. Below the vocal line are three numbered lyrics: 1. And did you not hear of a jol - ly young wa - ter-man, Who at Black - fri - ar's bridge; 2. What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wher-ry; 'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so; 3. And yet, but to see how strangely things hap-pen, As he row'd a - long, thinking of. The second system shows the piano accompaniment in a treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is: G4-A4-B4-A4-G4 | F#4-G4-A4-B4-A4-G4 | F#4-G4-A4-B4-A4-G4 | F#4-G4-A4-B4-A4-G4. The third system shows the piano accompaniment in a bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is: G3-A3-B3-A3-G3 | F#3-G3-A3-B3-A3-G3 | F#3-G3-A3-B3-A3-G3 | F#3-G3-A3-B3-A3-G3.

used for to ply; And he feath-er'd his oars with such skill and dex-ter-i-ty,
 paint-ed with-al; He was al-ways "first oars" when the fine ci-t-y la-dies In a
 noth-ing at all, He was ply'd by a dam-sel so love-ly and charming, That she

Winning each heart and de-light-ing each eye. He look'd so neat, and row'd so stead-i-ly,
 par-ty to Ra-ne-lagh went, or Vauxhall. And oft-times would they be giggling and leer-ing;
 smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall; And would this young damsel but ban-ish his sor-row,

The maid-ens all flock'd in his boat so read-i-ly; And he
 But 'twas all one to Tom, their gib-ing and jeer-ing; For
 He'd wed her to-night, be-fore e'en to-morrow, And

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

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

JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA.

THERE is no clue whatever to the authorship of these words. The music was composed by BERNARD COVERT, now a very aged man, but hale and hearty, living at Jamaica, Long Island, where he was born. He dresses quaintly, like an old Continental, and with voice unimpaired still sings his own songs to perfection. Within a few years, he has travelled with a concert company.

1. Ere the twi - light bat was flit - ting, In the sun - set, at her knit - ting,

Sang a lone - ly maid - en, sit - ting Un - der - neath her thres - hold tree.

And as day - light died be - fore us, And the ves - per stars shone o'er us.
 And her eve - ning song as - cend - ing, With the scene and sea - son blend - ing,

Fit - ful rose her ten - der cho - rus, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea."
 Ev - er had the same low end - ing, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y 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,
 Fitful 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,
 Finer rose the notes, and clearer;
 Oh! 'twas charming thus to hear her, —
 "Jamie's on the stormy sea."

Blow, thou west wind, blandly hover,
 Round the bark 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'ercame me,
 "Grieve no more, love, I am Jamie,
 Home returned to love and thee."

THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR.

THIS song, of which both words and music were his, was the last that CHARLES DIBDIN wrote. He died in 1814, and his son, Thomas Dibdin, wrote the following stanzas upon his monument, at Greenwich :

Stop! shipmate, stop! He can't be dead,
 His lay yet lives to memory dear:
 His spirit, merely shot ahead,
 Will yet command Jack's smile and tear!
 Still in my ear the songs resound,
 That stemmed rebellion at the Nore!
 Avast! each hope of mirth's aground,
 Should Charley be indeed no more!

The evening watch, the sounding lead,
 Will sadly miss old Charley's line.
 "Saturday Night" may go to bed, —
 His sun is set, no more to shine!
 "Sweethearts and Wives," though we may sing,
 And toast, at sea, the girls on shore;
 Yet now, 'tis quite another thing,
 Since Charley spins the yarn no more!

"Jack Rattlin's" story now who'll tell?
 Or chronicle each boatswain brave?
 The sailor's kind historian fell
 With him who sung the "Soldier's Grave!"

"Poor Jack!" "Tom Bowling!" but belay!
 Starboard and larboard, aft and fore,
 Each from his brow may swab the spray,
 Since tuneful Charley is no more!

The capstan, compass, and the log
 Will oft his Muse to memory bring;
 And when all hands wheel round the grog,
 They'll drink and blubber as they sing.
 For grog was often Charley's theme,
 A double spirit then it bore;
 It sometimes seems to me a dream,
 That such a spirit is no more.

It smoothed the tempest, cheered the calm,
 Made each a hero at his gun;
 It even proved for foes a balm,
 Soon as the angry fight was done.
 Then, shipmate, check that rising sigh
 He's only gone ahead before;
 For even foremost men must die,
 As well as Charley, now no more!

1. The moon on the ocean was dim'd by a ripple, Af-ford-ing a che-quer'd

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one sharp) and common time. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in G major. The bottom staff is the bass line in G major. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

light; The gay, jol - ly tars pass'd the word for a tip - ple, And the

toast, for 'twas Sat - ur - day night. Some sweet - heart or wife, He

lov'd as his life, Each drank, and wish'd he could hail her; But the standing toast that

pleas'd the most, Was "the wind that blows, the ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sai - lor."

Some drank "the Queen," some "our brave ships,"
 And some "the Constitution;"
 Some, "may our foes and all such rips
 Yield to English resolution!"
 That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
 And that they soon might hail her;
 But the standing toast that pleased the most,
 Was "the wind that blows, the ship that goes,
 And the lass that loves a sailor."

Some drank "the Prince," and some "our land,"
 This glorious land of Freedom;
 Some, "that our tars may never want
 Heroes bold to lead them;"
 That she who's in distress may find
 Such friends that ne'er will fail her;
 But the standing toast that pleased the most,
 Was "the wind that blows, the ship that goes,
 And the lass that loves a sailor."

POOR TOM.

THIS song of DIBDIN's was composed for his entertainment of "The Waterman," one of the series he gave in his own theatre. One can hardly sing it without recalling Silas Wegg's unspeakably ridiculous application of it, when he dropped into poetry in Boffin's Bower.

1. Then, fare-well! my trim-built wher-ry, Oars, and coat, and badge, fare-well! Nev-er-
 2. But to hope and peace a stran-ger, In the bat-tle's heat I'll go, Where, ex-
 3. Then, may-hap, when homeward steer-ing, With the news my messmates come, E-ven

- more at Chel-sea fer-ry, Shall your Thom-as take a spell; Then, fare-
 - pos'd to ev-'ry dan-ger, Some friend-ly ball may lay me low, But to
 you, my sto-ry hear-ing, With a sigh, may cry "poor Tom!" Then, may-

- well! my trim-built wher-ry, Oars, and coat, and badge, fare-well! Nev-er-
 - hope and peace a stran-ger, In the bat-tle's heat I'll go, Where, ex-
 - hap, when home-ward steer-ing, With the news my mess-mates come, E-ven

- more at Chel-sea fer-ry Shall your Thom-as take a spell,..... Shall your
 - pos'd to ev-'ry dan-ger, Some friendly ball.... may lay me low,..... Some friend-ly
 you, my sto-ry hear-ing, With a sigh,.... may cry "poor Tom!"..... With a

riten.

Thom - as take a spell.
ball may lay me low.
sigh, may cry "poor Tom!"

colla voce. *p* *dim. e rall.*

TOM BOWLING.

"TOM BOWLING" is one of CHARLES DIBDIN'S most characteristic productions. The original of the song was his oldest brother, Tom, many years his senior. He was a noble tar, and was for a long time captain of a vessel in the India service. He married in Calcutta, after obtaining the first marriage license ever granted in India. His wife says in one of her letters: "I name him, and think him, my Tom of ten millions; ten thousand is not giving him his full value." He died while his famous brother Charles was still very young; but his memory will long live in "Tom Bowling." The song, of which the air also is Dibdin's, was introduced into the author's play called "The Oddities."

May not Tom Bowling have been the model of the so-called new "school" of poetry, in which Bret Harte and John Hay are the most conspicuous pupils?

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, The dar - ling of our crew; No

pp

more he'll hear the tem - pest howl - ing, For death has broach'd him to. His

sempre. pp *mf*

form was of the man - liest beau - ty, His heart was kind and soft;....

cres. *sf* *p*

Faith - ful be - low, he did his du - ty, But now he's gone a - loft,..... But

ad lib
pp

now he's gone a - loft.....

colla voce. *mf* *pp ritard.*

2. Tom nev - er from his word de - part - ed, His vir - tues were so rare;.... His

friends were ma - ny, and.... true - heart - ed, His Poll was kind and fair;.... And

sempre. pp *mf*

then he'd sing so blithe and jol-ly, Ah! ma-ny's the time and oft;..... But

cres. *sf* *p*

mirth is turn'd to mel-an-cho-ly, For Tom is gone a-loft,..... And

ad lib. *pp*

now he's gone a-loft.....

colla voce. *mf* *pp ritard.*

3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleas-ant weather, When He, who all com-mands, Shall

give, to call life's crew to - geth - er, The word to pipe all hands; Thus *f*

death, who kings and tars des - patch-es, In vain Tom's life hath doff'd,... For *mf*

though his bo - dy's un - der hatch-es, His soul is gone a - loft,..... His *ad lib*

soul is gone.... a - loft..... *colla voce.* *dim.* *pp*

sempre. pp

cres. *sf* *p*

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broached him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft;
 Faithful below, he did his duty,
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare;
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair;

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah! many's the time and oft;
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He, who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands;
 Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
 In vain Tom's life hath doff'd,
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

THE ARETHUSA.

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

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

The music of "The Arethusa" is attributed to WILLIAM SHIELD; but Samuel Lover says it was composed by CAROLAN, an Irish minstrel, and "has been shabbily purloined by Shield." Some collections of English music speak of it as arranged by Shield, from an ancient melody.

*Allegro.
Con Spirito.*

1. Come all ye jol - ly sai - lers bold, Whose hearts are cast in hon - or's mould, While

Eng - land's glo - ry I un - fold, Huz - za for the A - re - thu - sa!

She is a fri - gate, tight and brave, As ev - er stemm'd the

dashing wave; Her men are staunch to their fav - 'rite launch, And when the foe shall

meet our fire, Soon - er than strike, we'll all ex - pire, On board of the A - re -

- thu - sa.

2. 'Twas with the spring fleet she went out, The Eng - lish Channel to cruise a - bout, When
3. On deck five hun - dred men did dance, The stout - est they could find in France, We

four French sail, in show so stout, Bore down on the A - re - thu - sa.
with two hun-dred did ad-vance, On board of the A - re - thu - sa.

The fam'd Belle Poule straight ahead did lie, The A - re - thu - sa
Our cap - tain hail'd the Frenchmen, "ho!" The French-men they cried

scorn'd to fly; Not a sheet, or a tack, Or a brace did she slack, Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and
out, "hel-lo!" "Bear down, d'ye see, To our ad - miral's lee." "No, no," said the Frenchmen,

thought it stuff. But they knew not the hand - ful of men, so tough, On board of the A - re -
"that can't be;" "Then I must lug you a - long with me," Says the sau - cy A - re -

- thu - sa.
thu - sa.

4. The fight was off the Frenchman's land, We drove them back up - on their strand, For we

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "4. The fight was off the Frenchman's land, We drove them back up - on their strand, For we". The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment, starting with a piano (*f*) dynamic. The piano part features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

fought till not a stick would stand Of the gal - lant A - re - thu - sa.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has lyrics: "fought till not a stick would stand Of the gal - lant A - re - thu - sa." The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

And now we've driv'n the foe a - shore, Nev - er to fight with

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line has lyrics: "And now we've driv'n the foe a - shore, Nev - er to fight with". The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo hairpin in the right hand.

Britons more, Let each fill a glass to his fav - 'rite lass, A health to the captain, and

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal line has lyrics: "Britons more, Let each fill a glass to his fav - 'rite lass, A health to the captain, and". The piano accompaniment concludes the piece.

of-fi-cers, true, And all that be-long to the jo-vial crew, On board of the A-re-

-thu-sa.

f *sf*

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment has a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, with dynamics *f* and *sf* indicated. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

CAPTAIN KIDD.

CAPTAIN KIDD was not named Robert, and was not a pirate,—so say the historians of latest date, in spite of tradition and old songs. His name was William, and he was born in Greenock, Scotland, in 1650. He followed the sea from his youth, and was sent by the British government against pirates. He was finally accused of turning pirate himself, and of murdering one of his men. He landed at Boston, and was arrested by the Governor, and sent to England. There he received a scandalously unfair trial; being allowed no counsel, and no opportunity to send for witnesses or papers, although he stoutly protested his innocence, and his ability to clear himself from both charges. He was hanged, with nine of his associates, in London, May 24, 1701. The wonderful tales of his treasure, hidden somewhere on the American coast, have gone from lip to lip for more than a century; and every school-boy still feels an impulse, at some time, to start off with spade and pickaxe, in search of the buried gold. Poe's ingenious story of "The Gold Bug" is founded upon this legend. I can learn nothing of the history of the ballad, but it is evidently of English origin.

1. You cap-tains bold and brave, hear our cries, hear our cries, You

The musical score is for a single system in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. You cap-tains bold and brave, hear our cries, hear our cries, You". The piece ends with a double bar line.

cap - tains, bold and brave, hear our cries; You cap-tains, brave and bold, tho' you
seem un - con - trolled, :|| Don't, for the sake of gold, lose your souls.:|

You captains, bold and brave, hear our cries, hear
our cries,

You captains, bold and brave, hear our cries ;
You captains, brave and bold, tho' you seem
uncontrolled,

Don't, for the sake of gold, lose your souls.

My name was Robert Kidd, when I sailed, when
I sailed,

My name was Robert Kidd, when I sailed ;
My name was Robert Kidd, God's laws I did for-
bid,

And so wickedly I did, when I sailed.

My parents taught me well, when I sailed, when
I sailed,

My parents taught me well, when I sailed ;
My parents taught me well, to shun the gates of
hell,

But against them I rebelled, when I sailed.

I cursed my father dear, when I sailed, when I
sailed,

I cursed my father dear, when I sailed ;
I cursed my father dear, and her that did me
bear,

And so wickedly did swear, when I sailed.

I made a solemn vow, when I sailed, when I
sailed,

I made a solemn vow, when I sailed ;
I made a solemn vow, to God I would not
bow,

Nor myself one prayer allow, as I sailed.

I'd a bible in my hand, when I sailed, when I
sailed,

I'd a bible in my hand, when I sailed ;
I'd a bible in my hand, by my father's great
command,

And sunk it in the sand, when I sailed.

I murdered William Moore, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I murdered William Moore, as I sailed ;

I murdered William Moore, and left him in his
gore,

Not many leagues from shore, as I sailed.

And being cruel still, as I sailed, as I sailed,
And being cruel still, as I sailed ;

And being cruel still, my gunner I did kill,
And his precious blood did spill, as I sailed.

My mate was sick and died, as I sailed, as I sailed,
My mate was sick and died, as I sailed ;

My mate was sick and died, which me much
terrified,

When he called me to his bedside, as I sailed.

And unto me did say, see me die, see me die,
And unto me did say, see me die ;

And unto me did say, take warning, now, by me,
There comes a reckoning day, you must die.

You cannot then withstand, when you die, when
you die,

You cannot then withstand, when you die.
You cannot then withstand the judgment of God's
hand,

But, bound then in iron bands, you must die.

I was sick, and nigh to death, as I sailed, as I
sailed,

I was sick, and nigh to death, as I sailed ;
I was sick, and nigh to death, and I vowed at
every breath,

To walk in wisdom's ways, as I sailed.

I thought I was undone, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I thought I was undone, as I sailed ;

I thought I was undone, and my wicked glass had
run,

But health did soon return as I sailed.

My repentance lasted not, as I sailed, as I sailed,
 My repentance lasted not, as I sailed ;
 My repentance lasted not, my vows I soon forgot,
 Damnation's my just lot, as I sailed.

I steered from sound to sound, as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I steered from sound to sound, as I sailed ;
 I steered from sound to sound, and many ships I found,
 And most of them I burned, as I sailed.

I spied three ships from France, as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I spied three ships from France, as I sailed ;
 I spied three ships from France, to them I did advance,
 And took them all by chance, as I sailed.

I spied three ships of Spain, as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I spied three ships of Spain, as I sailed ;
 I spied three ships of Spain, I fired on them amain,
 Till most of them was slain, as I sailed.

I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sailed,
 I'd ninety bars of gold, and dollars manifold ;
 With riches uncontrolled, as I sailed.

Then fourteen ships I see, as I sailed, as I sailed,
 Then fourteen ships I see, as I sailed ;
 Then fourteen ships I see, and brave men they be,
 Ah! they were too much for me, as I sailed.

Thus, being o'ertaken at last, I must die, I must die,

Thus being o'ertaken at last, I must die ;
 Thus, being o'ertaken at last, and into prison cast,
 And sentence being passed, I must die.

Farewell the raging sea, I must die, I must die,
 Farewell the raging main, I must die ;
 Farewell the raging main, to Turkey, France and Spain,
 I ne'er shall see you again, I must die.

To Newgate now I 'm cast, and must die, and must die,
 To Newgate now I'm cast, and must die ;
 To Newgate I am cast, with a sad and heavy heart,
 To receive my just desert, I must die.

To Execution Dock I must go, I must go,
 To Execution Dock I must go ;
 To Execution Dock will many thousands flock,
 But I must bear the shock, I must die.

Come all ye young and old, see me die, see me die,
 Come all ye young and old, see me die ;
 Come all ye young and old, you're welcome to my gold,
 For by it I've lost my soul, and must die.

Take warning, now, by me, for I must die, for I must die,
 Take warning now by me, for I must die ;
 Take warning now by me, and shun bad company,
 Lest you come to hell with me, for I must die.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

"THE Heaving of the Lead" was written for the operatic farce called "Hertford Bridge." JAMES PEARCE, author of the words, was an English composer and song-writer of the last half of the eighteenth century. He wrote a comic opera, "Netley Abbey," into which Shield introduced "The Arethusa," to be sung by Incedon. George III. was so fond of this opera, that he called for it more frequently than for any other afterpiece.

WILLIAM SHIELD, who composed the air, was a musician of note, born at Smalwell, county of Durham, England, in 1754. His father was a singing-teacher, and instructed his son in the art of music. On his death, William, then nine years old, was apprenticed to a boat-builder. The boy's evenings were given to music, and he started subscription concerts in the little town. He composed a sacred piece for the consecration of a church, which was much admired, and led to his promotion. He went to London, in 1779, joined the orchestra of the King's band, and became the composer for Covent Garden Theatre. In 1817 he went to Italy to perfect himself in his art. He re-introduced the minor key, which had been almost dropped from English music. He was a favorite in private life, being amiable and benevolent. His death took place in London, January 16, 1829.

1. For Eng - land, when with fav' - ring gale, Our gal - lant ship up
 2. And bear - ing up to gain the port, Some well-known ob - ject
 3. And, as the much - loved shore drew near, With trans - port we be -

chan - nel steer'd; And scud - ding un - der ea - sy sail, The high, blue west - ern
 kept in view; An Ab - bey Tow'r, a ru - in'd Fort, Or Bea - con, to the
 - held the roof, Where dwelt a friend, or part - ner dear, Of faith and love, a

land ap - pear'd;
 ves - sel true;
 match - less proof;
 To heave the lead the
 While off the lead the
 The lead, once more, the

sea - man sprung, And to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung, "By the deep, nine!
 sea - man flung, And to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung, "By the mark, seven!
 sea - man flung, And to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung, "Quar - ter, less five!"

ad lib.
colla voce. **f**

tempo.

“By the deep, nine!” To heave the lead the sea - man sprung, And
 “By the mark, seven!” While off the lead the sea - man flung, And
 “Quar - ter, less five!” The lead, once more, the sea - man flung, And

pp

ad lib.

to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung, “By the deep, nine!”
 to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung, “By the mark, seven!”
 to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung, “Quar - ter, less five!”

cres. *p colla voce.* *mf*

cres. *f* *ten.*

The musical score is written in a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, and Bass). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece begins with a vocal line marked 'tempo.' and piano accompaniment marked 'pp'. The lyrics are arranged in three systems. The second system includes the instruction 'ad lib.' above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings 'cres.', 'p colla voce.', and 'mf'. The final system includes 'cres.', 'f', and 'ten.' markings.

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 afterward 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 violoncello. 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 clanging octave, after the fashion of the village chimes. 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. Incedon, 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 founded upon it the air of the "Bay of Biscay." Incedon used to sing the song with marvellous effect. Davy died in 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 those 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 tar, 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."

Moderato.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a steady quarter-note accompaniment in the piano part. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

1. Loud roar'd the dread - ful thun - der, The rain a del - uge show'rs, The
 2. Now dash'd up - on the bil - low, Her op - 'ning tim - bers creak, Each

clouds were rent a - sun - der, By light - ning's vi - vid pow'rs. The night was drear and
 fears a wa-t'ry pil - low, None stop the dread - ful leak. To cling to slipp'ry

dark, Our poor, de - vot - ed bark, Till next day, there she lay In the
 shrouds, Each breath - less sea-man 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 mor - row Broke thro' the ha - zy sky, Ab -
 4. Her yield - ing tim - bers sev - er, Her pitch - y seams are rent, When

- sorb'd in si - lent sor - row, Each heav'd a bit - ter sigh; The dis - mal wreck to
Heav'n, all bounteous ev - er, Its bound - less mer - cy sent, A sail in sight ap -

view, Struck 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!

POOR JACK.

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

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

Arranged by Edward S. Cummings.

1. Go pat - ter to lub - bers and swabs, do ye see, 'Bout dan - ger, and fear, and the

like; A tight wa - ter boat, and good sea - room, give me, And

t'ant to a lit - tle I'll strike. Tho' the tem - pest, top - gal - lant masts,

smack smooth should smite, And shiv - er each splin - ter of wood, And

shiv - er each splin - ter of wood;..... Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouze

ev - 'ry - thing tight, And un - der reef'd fore - sail we'll scud; A -

vast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft, To be tak-en for tri - fles a -

back,..... For they say there's a Prov - i - dence sits up a - loft, They

say there's a Prov - i - dence sit's up a - loft, To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight water boat, and good sea-room give me;
 And t'ant to a little I'll strike.
 Tho' the tempest, topgallant-masts smack smooth
 should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouze
 ev'rything tight,
 And under reef'd forsail we'll scud:
 Avast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles aback;
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy and such,
 And, my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and belay,
 Why 'twas just all as one as high Dutch!
 But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye
 see,
 Without orders that comes down below,
 And many fine things, that proved clearly to me,
 That Providence takes us in tow.
 For says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er
 so oft
 Take the topsail of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for, you see, she would cry.
 When last we weighed anchor for sea,
 What argufies sniveling and piping your eye?
 Why, what a great fool you must be!
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room
 for us all,
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore!
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
 Why you never will hear of me more:
 What then, all's a hazard, come, don't be so
 soft,
 Perhaps, I may laughing coming back;
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world, without offering to
 finch,
 From the moment the anchor's a trip:
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my
 friend's,
 And as for my life, 'tis the king's.
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As with grief to be taken aback:
 That same little cherub that sits up aloft,
 Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

THREE FISHERS.

THE great English preacher, novelist, and poet, CHARLES KINGSLEY, was born at Holne Vicarage, Devonshire, June 12, 1819. He was a distinguished student at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and became rector of Eversley, in Hampshire. In 1859 he was appointed Professor of Modern History, at Cambridge, which chair he resigned to become Canon of Westminster, and Chaplain to the Queen. His tour in the United States, in 1873-'4, will long be pleasantly remembered. He died in London, January 23, 1875.

While Mr. Kingsley was a boy, his father was rector of the parish of Clovelly, and from that little fishing village he had often seen the herring fleet put to sea. On such occasions, it was his father's custom to hold a short religious service on the quay, in which not only the fishermen, but their mothers, wives, sweethearts and children joined fervently. Years afterward, at the close of a weary day's work, remembering these scenes, he wrote the song.

"Three Fishers" was set to its most familiar air by JOHN HULLAH, who was born in Worcester, England, in 1812. His comic opera, "The Village Coquettes," written in conjunction with Dickens, and brought out in 1836, first made him known to the public. He wrote a few more operas, and then gave his attention to establishing in England a style of popular music school, which had proved successful in Paris. A spacious hall was built for him, but was burned down in 1860. He was Professor of Vocal Music and Harmony in King's, Queen's and Bedford colleges, London; organist of the Charter-house; conductor of the orchestra and chorus in the Royal Academy of Music; Musical Inspector for the United Kingdom, and a musical writer of repute. He died in 1875.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andantino' and the dynamics are 'pp'. There are repeat signs at the beginning of both the vocal and piano parts.

1. Three fish-ers went sail-ing out in-to the west, Out
 2. Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r, And they

in - to the west as the sun went down; Each tho't on the wo-man who lov'd him the best, And the trim'd the lamps as the sun went down; They look'd at the squall and they look'd at the show'r, And the

mf *fz*

un poco rall. *A tempo.*

chil - dren stood watch - ing them out of the town; For men must work, and night - rack came roll - ing up, rag - ged and brown; But men must work, and

p *pp*

wo - men must weep, And there's lit - tle to earn, and ma - ny to keep; Tho' the wo - men must weep, Tho' storms be sudden and wa - ters deep; And the

fz

Cres. *f* *Dim.* *fz* *pp*

har - bor bar be moan - - - - - ing.

un poco meno mosso.

3. Three corp-ses lay out on the shin - ing sands, In the morn - ing gleam, as the

un poco meno mosso.

Accel.

tide went down, And the wo - men are weep - ing and wring - ing their hands For

mf

fz

rall.

A tempo.

those who will nev - er come back to the town; For men must work, and

p

pp

wo - men must weep, And the soon - er it's o - ver, the soon - er to sleep, And good -

fz

Cres.

f

- bye to the bar and its moan - - - - - ing.

Dim.

Cres.

fz

p



Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
 Out into the west as the sun went down;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the
 best,

And the children stood watching them out of
 the town;

For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep;
 Tho' the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went
 down;
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
 shower,

And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and
 brown :

But men must work, and women must weep,
 Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep :
 And the harbor bar be moaning,

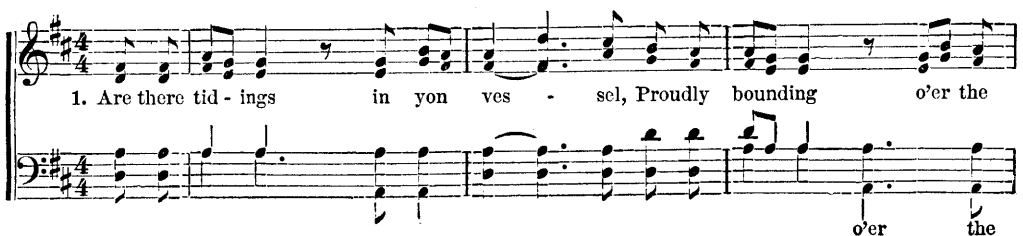
Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are weeping and wringing their
 their hands,

For those who will never come back to the
 town;

For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

ARE THERE TIDINGS?

THE words of this favorite of former years are no doubt of English origin; but I have no clue to their authorship. The air is by the well-known musician, SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP, who was born in London, in 1786, and was carefully educated there under Italian music-masters. His first noticeable composition was "The Circassian Bride," which was destroyed in the burning of the Drury Lane Theatre, the day after a most successful production upon its stage. Bishop was for fourteen years director of music at Covent Garden Theatre, and for thirty years thereafter he was a leader in London musical matters. Besides, to use his own words, "operas, burlettas, melodramas, incidental music to Shakespeare's plays, patchings and adaptations of foreign operas, glees, ballads, canzonets, and cantatas," he wrote more than fifty operas, including "Guy Mannering," and others that still hold their place; was for years director of the famous "Ancient Concerts," was first director of the Philharmonic concerts, and composed for the sacred musical festivals. He succeeded Sir John Stevenson in arranging Moore's "Irish melodies," and edited several musical publications, including "Melodies of Various Nations," and the closing volumes of Thomson's "Scottish Songs," and also set many old English airs to words by Charles Mackay. In 1842 he was knighted. At the time of his death, he held the professorship of music at Oxford. In 1831, he married Anna Riviere, who became the well-known vocalist, Madame Anna Bishop. In spite of the apparently great success of his career, his closing days were clouded not only by bodily and mental disorder, but by pecuniary troubles. He died, April 30, 1855.



wave, Are there tid - ings for a moth - er, Who is mourning for the

for the

brave? No, no, no! She is freight - ed with fond tid - ings; But no

p
tid - ings from the grave, But no tid - ings from the grave.
from the grave, from the grave.

2. Do not ask me why I has - ten To each ves - sel that ap -

- pears; Why so anx - ious, and so wild - ly, I wait the cherished hope of

years; No, no, no! Though my search prove un - a - vall - ing, What have

p
I..... to do with tears, What have I.... to do with tears?
p

3. Do not blame me when I seek him, With these worn and wea-ry

eyes; Can you tell me where he per-ished, Can you show me where he

lies? No, no, no! Yet there sure-ly is some re-cord, When a

youth-ful sai-lor dies, When a youth-ful sai-lor dies.

4. Had I watch'd him by his pil-low, Had I seen him on his

bier, Had my grief been drown'd in weep-ing;— But I can-not shed a

tear. No, no, no! Let me still think I shall see..... him, Let me

still think he is near, Let me still think he is near.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. It contains a melody with lyrics underneath. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the first measure of the upper staff.

THE SANDS O' DEE.

THIS exquisite song, by CHARLES KINGSLEY, occurs in his novel of "Alton Locke." The hero says: "After singing two or three songs, Lillian began fingering the keys, and struck into an old air, wild and plaintive, rising and falling like the swell of an Æolian harp upon a distant breeze. 'Ah! now,' she said, 'if I could get words for that! What an exquisite lament somebody might write to it.' * * * My attention was caught by hearing two gentlemen, close to me, discuss a beautiful sketch by Copley Feilding, if I recollect rightly, which hung on the wall—a wild waste of tidal sands, with here and there a line of stake-nets fluttering in the wind—a gray shroud of rain sweeping up from the westward, through which low, red cliffs glowed dimly in the rays of the setting sun—a train of horses and cattle splashing slowly through shallow, desolate pools and creeks, their wet, red and black hides glittering in one long line of level light. One of the gentlemen had seen the spot represented, at the mouth of the Dee, and began telling wild stories of salmon-fishing and wild-fowl shooting—and then a tale of a girl, who, in bringing her father's cattle home across the sands, had been caught by a sudden flow of the tide, and was found next day a corpse hanging among the stake-nets far below. The tragedy, the art of the picture, the simple, dreary grandeur of the scenery, took possession of me, and I stood gazing a long time, and fancying myself pacing the sands. * * * As I lay castle-building, Lillian's wild air still rang in my ears, and combined itself somehow with the picture of the Cheshire Sands, and the story of the drowned girl, till it shaped itself into a song."

Lillian's fancied "wild air" could hardly have been finer or more delicately appropriate than this one, composed for the poem by FRANCIS BOOTT. Mr. Boott has produced many fine songs by writing music for lyrics of Tennyson, Longfellow, Scott, Byron, Campbell, and others.

1. O Ma - ry, go and call the cat - tle home, And call the cat - tle
2. The ereep - ing tide came up a - long the sand, And o'er and o'er the

The musical score for "The Sands o' Dee" features three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a common time signature. It contains a melody with two verses of lyrics underneath. The middle staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a further harmonic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the first measure of the bottom staff.

home, And call the cat - file home, A - cross the sands of
sand, And round and round the sand, As far as eye could

Dee, The west - ern wind was wild and dank, The west - ern wind was
see; The blind - ing mist came pour - ing down, The blind - ing mist came

accl. *f* *agitato.*

wild and dank, was wild and dank with foam; And all a - lone went she.
pour - ing down, Came down and hid the land, And nev - er home came she.

3. Oh! is it weed, or fish, or float - ing hair? A tress o' gol - den

f

hair, O' drown - ed maid - en's hair, A - bove the nets at

sea! Was nev - er weed or fish that shone; Was nev - er weed or

fish that shone, that shone so.... fair, Among the stakes on Dee.

dim. *p a tempo.*

4. They row'd her in a - cross the roll - ing foam, The cru - el, crawl - ing

f

foam, The cru - el, hun - gry foam, To her grave be - side the

p

sea; But still the boat - men hear her call, But still the boat - men

hear her call, Call the cat - tle home, Across the sands o' Dee.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "hear her call, Call the cat - tle home, Across the sands o' Dee." The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a piano (p) dynamic. The bottom staff is the bass line.

O Mary! go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands of Dee.
 The western wind was wild and dank.
 The western wind was wild and dank,
 Was wild and dank with foam;
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er, and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see;
 The blinding mist came pouring down,
 The blinding mist came pouring down,
 Came down and hid the land,
 And never home came she!

Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair!
 A tress o' golden hair!
 O' drowned maiden's hair,
 Above the nets at sea?
 Was never weed or fish that shone,
 Was never weed or fish that shone,
 That shone so fair
 Among the stakes on Dee!

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel, crawling foam,
 The cruel, hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea;
 But still the boatmen hear her call,
 But still the boatmen hear her call,
 Call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee.

THE PILOT.

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

1. "Oh! pi - lot, 'tis a fear - ful night, There's dan - ger on the deep! I'll
 2. "Ah! pi - lot, dan - gers of - ten met We all are apt to slight, And
 3. On such a night, the sea engulph'd My fa - ther's life - less form; My

The musical score for 'The Pilot' is in G major, 4/4 time. It features a vocal line with three verses of lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. 'Oh! pi - lot, 'tis a fear - ful night, There's dan - ger on the deep! I'll / 2. 'Ah! pi - lot, dan - gers of - ten met We all are apt to slight, And / 3. On such a night, the sea engulph'd My fa - ther's life - less form; My".

come and pace the deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep." "Go
 thou hast known these rag - ing waves But to sub - due their might;" "It
 on - ly broth - er's boat went down In just so wild a storm: And

down!" the sail - or cried, "go down! This is no place for thee; Fear
 is not ap - a thy," he cried, "That gives this strength to me, Fear
 such, per - haps, may be my fate, But still I say to thee, Fear

not, but trust in Prov - i - dence, Wher - ev - er thou mayst be."

TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

It is always pleasant to think of the gifted sisters, MRS. HEMANS and MRS. ARKWRIGHT, supplementing each other's work. In this song, they seem to have been unusually happy: it is one of the finest of their joint compositions.

1. What hid'st thou in thy treasure - caves and cells,

Thou ev - er sound - ing and mys - te - rious main? Pale, glist - 'ning

pearls, and rainbow - col - our'd shells, Bright things which gleam un -

- reek'd-of, and in vain! Keep, keep thy rich-es, mel - an - cho - ly

sea!... We ask not, we ask not such from thee.

4. But more, the billows and the depths have more!

High hearts and brave are gather'd to... thy breast! They hear not

now the boom-ing wa - ters roar, The bat - tle thun - ders

will not break their rest. Keep thy red gold and gems, thou storm - y

grave! Give back, give back the true and brave!

6. To thee, the love of wo - man hath gone down;
 Dark roll thy tides o'er manhood's no - ble head, O'er youth's bright
 locks, and beau - ty's flow - 'ry crown, Yet must thou hear a voice— re -
 - store the dead! Earth shall re - claim her pre - cious things from
 thee! Re - store, re - store the dead, thou sea!

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!
 —Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored
 shells,
 Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain;
 —Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more! — what wealth
 untold,
 Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal argosies!
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main:
 Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more! thy waves have
 rolled
 Above the cities of a world gone by!
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
 —Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play,
 Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
 High hearts and brave, are gathered to thy
 breast!

They hear not now the booming waters roar,
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
 —Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
 Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! — those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless
 gloom,

And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song.
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
 But all is not thine own

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
 Dark flew thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery
 crown,

—Yet must thou hear a voice—restore the dead!
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!
 —Restore the dead, thou sea!

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 25, 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.

The musical score is written in a three-staff system. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 3/4 time, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Rock'd in the cradle of the deep..... I lay me down..... in peace to". The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bottom staff includes a trill (*tr*) and a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic marking. The lyrics continue: "sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the wave,..... For thou O!". The score concludes with a double bar line.

Lord, hast pow'r to save. I know thou wilt not slight my

call, For thou dost mark the spar-row's fall! 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.

And such the trust that still were mine,..... Tho' storm-y winds..... swept o'er the

ff

brine, Or tho' the tempest's fie - ry breath,..... Rous'd me from

tr *ff*

sleep to wreck and death! In o - cean cave still safe with

p

Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty; And

tr

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

pp

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

tr *tr* *tr* *tr*

pp

SONGS OF NATURE.

And, loving still, these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng,
I feel the freshness of the streams
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.
— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet;
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, — like the voice and the instrument.
— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Song should breathe of scents and flowers!
Song should like a river flow!
Song should bring back scenes and hours
That we loved — ah, long ago!
— *Bryan Waller Proctor.*

I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the haying;
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing.
— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

SONGS OF NATURE.

THE BROOK.

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 ma-ny a curve my banks I fret, By ma-ny a field and fallow; And
2. I wind a-bout, and in and out, With here a blos-som sailing; And
3. I steal by lawns and grass-y plots, I slide by ha-zel covers; I

ma-ny a fai-ry fore-land set With wil-low, weed, and mallow. I
here and there a lust-y trout, And here and there a grayling. And
move the sweet for-get-me-nots, That grow for hap-py lov-ers. I

slip, I slide, I gleam, I glance, A - mong my skimming swallows: I
 here and there a snow - y flake Up - on me as I trav - el, With
 mur - mur un - der moon and stars In bram - bly wilder - ness - es: I

Sva.....

make the netted sunbeams dance A - gainst my sand - y shal - lows; I
 ma - ny a silver wa - ter - break A - bove the gold - en grav - el; And
 lin - ger by my shin - gly bars, I loi - ter round my cress - es, And

Sva.....

rall. *fz*

chat - ter, chatter, as I flow To join the brimming riv - er. For
 draw them all along, and flow, &c.
 out again I curve and flow, &c.

p A tempo.

men may come, and men may go, But I go on for ev - er, ev - er,

f *p*

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with the lyrics "I go on for - ev - er, ev - er, I go on for ev - er." The middle staff is a piano accompaniment featuring a continuous stream of eighth notes, with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a hairpin crescendo. The bottom staff is a bass line accompaniment, also featuring a continuous stream of eighth notes.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker 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 babble 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.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gleam, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again, I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

CHARLES MACKAY, author of this lyric, was born in 1812, in Perth, Scotland, of an ancient and honorable family. His life has been spent mainly in London, where he has been an editor of newspapers, reviews, and books of antiquarian research, a writer of prose, and a maker of songs. He composed many of the airs for the latter, and, in connection with Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, arranged one hundred of the choicest English melodies. He visited the United States in 1857, and delivered a lecture in Boston, on "Songs: national, historical, and popular."

The music of this song is the composition of HENRY RUSSELL. Of this singer, a competent judge and a fair critic, Mr. Henry Phillips, says: "At the same period (about 1840), a singer was gradually, but with the most decided certainty, gaining ground as a musical entertainer. Belonging to no particular school, possessing no particular voice, not particularly gifted as a musician, as a declaimer not particularly refined,—still, on he came, and day by day advanced in public favor, casting into shadow the most accomplished vocalists, and seizing with vigor and firmness subjects that enthralled the audience, held them firm within his grasp, and overwhelmed them with a common sense wonder. Who was this stupendous stranger? A lad of Hebrew extraction, whose father had a curiosity-shop near Covent Garden, who sang when a little boy at the Surrey Theatre, in a piece called "Gulliver and the Lilliputians," and who from that time had scarcely been heard of, till he came, the herald of an enormous reputation, the most popular singer of the multitude in England; a man who in due time eclipsed even John Parry in everything but refinement. This wondrous person was Mr. Henry Russell, whose name, long after he had retired, held sway over the minds and hearts of the multitude. Let us see how all this popularity was attained. It was not by voice, appearance, elegance, or knowledge, but by that uncommon circumstance possessed by so few—common sense. He adapted his themes to his powers: he chose subjects well understood by the general public; he gained the habit and power of distinct articulation; and the very coarseness which caused a shudder in the refined listener, awoke the enthusiasm of the throng."

Some love to roam, o'er the dark sea's foam, Where the shrill winds whistle
The deer we mark, thro' the forest dark, And the prowling wolf we

free; But a chosen band, in a mountain land, And a life in the woods for
track; And for right good cheer, in the wild woods here, Oh! why should a hunter

me. lack. Where the shrill winds whis - tle
And the prow - ing wolf we

free; track, But a cho - sen band in a mountain land, And a life in the woods for
And for right good cheer, In the wild woods here, Oh! why should a hun - ter

me. lack? When morn - ing beams o'er the moun - tain streams, Oh! mer - ri - ly forth we
For with stea - dy aim, at the bound - ing game, And hearts that fear no

go, To fol - low the stag to his slip - pery crag, And to chase the bound - ing
foe; To the dark - some glade, in the for - est shade, Oh! mer - ri - ly forth we

roe, To fol - low the stag to his slip - per - y crag, And to chase the bound - ing
go, To the dark - some glade, in the for - est shade, Oh! mer - ri - ly forth we

roe. } Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

hol hol hol hol hol hol hol hol hol hol hol hol hol hol.....

.... Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam, Where the shrill winds whis - tle

free; But a cho - sen band in a mountain land, And a life in the woods for

me, And a life in the woods for me, And a life in the woods for me.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

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

*' Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux Cavaliers tres-bien montés.'*

And the refrain to every verse was,

*' A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.'*

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which asso-

ciation gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common or trifling; but I remember when we have entered at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all these new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage. The stanzas are supposed to be sung by those voyageurs who go the Grande Portage by the Utawas river. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in his account of the Fur Trade, says: 'At the rapid of St. Ann, they are obliged to take out a part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyagers.'

Faint - ly as tolls the eve - ning chime, Our voi - ces keep tune and our

oars keep time, Our voic - es keep tune, and our oars keep time;

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

Row, broth - ers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap - ids are near, and the

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

2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue
 3. U - ta - wa's tide, this tremb - ling moon Shall see us float o'er thy

wave to curl, There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
 sur - ges soon, Shall see us float o'er the sur - ges soon;

But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh! sweetly we'll rest the wea - ry oar;
 Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, O grant us cool heav - ens, and fav'ring airs!

Blow, breez-es, blow, the stream runs fast, The rap - ids are near, and the

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

BRING FLOWERS.

MRS. HEMANS'S song, "Bring Flowers," must have been touched up by the same teetotaller 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 poured.
 [To crown the feast that the fields afford,]
 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."
 [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.

mp
1. Bring flow'rs..... young flow'rs.... for the fes - tal board,..... To
2. Bring flow'rs..... to strew.... in the conqueror's path,..... He hath

wreath - en the cup..... ere the wine is pour'd, Bring flow'rs! they are
shak - en on thrones..... with his storm-y wrath; He comes with the

spring - ing in wood.... and vale, Their breath..... floats out on the
spoils..... of na - tions back, The vines..... lie crushed in his

south - ern gale; *mf* And the touch of the sun - beam hath waked the
chari - ots' track; The turf.... looks red where he won the

mf
rose,..... To deck..... the hall..... where the bright wine flows.
day,..... Bring flow'rs..... to die..... in the con - queror's way!

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free, blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And the dream of his youth — bring him flowers,
wild flowers,

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining 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;
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young
bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead;
For this its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift — bring ye flowers, pale
flowers!

Bring flow'rs to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is *there!*
They speak of hope to the fainting 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!

A SOUTHERLY WIND AND A CLOUDY SKY.

THIS is an old English hunting-song. It was first published in this country in the New York *Mirror*, where it appeared in 1832. I give the air to which it was sung in England, and also the "round" with which many American readers will be more familiar.

Spiritoso.

A south-er - ly wind and a cloud - y sky Pro - claim a hunt - ing morn - ing; Be -
 fore the sun ri - ses, we nim - bly fly, Dull sleep and a down - y bed scorn - ing.
 To horse! my boys! to horse, a - way! The chase ad - mits of no de - lay!
 ... On horse-back we've got, to - geth - er we'll trot; On horse-back we've got, to - geth - er we'll
 trot; Leave off your chat, see the cov - er ap - pear; The hound that strikes first, cheer him without
 fear; Drag on him! ah, wind him! my steady good hounds; Drag on him! ah, wind him! the cover resounds!

How complete the cover and furze they draw!
 Who talks of Barry or Maynell?
 Young Lasher, he flourishes now through the shaw,
 And Sauce-box roars out in his kennel.
 Away we fly, as quick as thought;
 The new-sown ground soon makes them fault;
 Cast round the sheep's train, cast round, cast round!
 Try back the deep lane,—try back, try back!
 Hark! I hear some hound challenge in yonder
 spring sedge;
 Comfort bitch hits it there, in that old thick hedge.
 Hark, forward! hark, forward! have at him, my
 boys!
 Hark, forward! hark, forward! zounds, don't
 make a noise!

A stormy sky o'ercharged with rain,
 Both hounds and huntsmen opposes;
 In vain on your mettle you try, boys,—in vain,—
 But down, you must, to your noses.
 Each moment now the sky grows worse,
 Enough to make a parson curse:
 Pick thro' the ploughed ground, pick thro', pick
 thro';—

Well hunted, good hounds,—well well hunted,
 hunted!
 If we can but get on, we shall soon make him
 quake,—
 Hark! I hear some hounds challenge, in the midst
 of the brake.
 Tally ho! tally ho, there! across the green plain:
 Tally ho! tally ho, boys! have at him again!
 Thus we ride, whip and spur, for a two-hours'
 chase,—
 Our horses go panting and sobbing:
 Young Madcap and Riot begin now to race,—
 Ride on, sir, and give him some mobbing.
 But, hold,—alas! you'll spoil our sport,
 For tho' the hound you'll head him short,
 Clap round him, dear Jack,—clap round, clap
 round!
 Hark, Drummer! hark, hark, hark, hark, hark,
 back!
 He's jumping and dangling in every bush;
 Little Riot has fastened his teeth in his brush!
 Who-hoop! who-hoop! he's fairly run down!
 Who-hoop, &c.

1. *Allegretto.*

A south-er - ly wind and a cloud - y sky Pro-claim a hunt-ing morn-ing;
Be-fore the sun ris - es, a - way we fly, Dull sleep and a drow-sy bed scorn-ing.

2.

To horse! my brave boys, and a - way!.... Bright Phœ-bus the hills is a - dorn - ing!
The face of all na-ture looks gay,.... 'Tis a beau-ti - ful scent-lay - ing morn - ing!

3. *ff*

Hark! hark! for-ward! Tan-ta - ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta - ra!
Hark! hark! for-ward! Tan-ta - ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta - ra!

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

THE words of "The Brave Old Oak" were written by HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY, who was born in Blackleyhurst, Lancashire, England, December 15, 1808. He was educated at the Royal Institution, in Liverpool, and spent a few years in a merchant's office, after which he was for thirty years musical critic on the *Athenæum*. He acquired literary as well as musical reputation, and published "Musical Recollections," "Music and Manners in France and Germany," a "Memoir of Mrs. Hemans," and one hundred songs. He died in London, February 16, 1872.

The music was written by E. J. LODER, an English composer, who died a few years ago.

Slow.

1. { A song for the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath ruled in the greenwood long; }
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown, And his fif - ty arms so strong!
2. { He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes were a mer - ry sound to hear, }
And the squire's wide hall, and the cot - tage small, Were full of En - glish cheer. }

There is fear in his frown, when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out, And the
And all the day, to the re-beck gay, They car-ol'd with glad some swains. They are

f *Ritard espress.*

show - eth his might on a wild mid-night, When the storms thro' his branches shout.
gone, they are dead, in the church - yard laid, But the brave tree, he still re - mains.

Then sing to the oak, The brave old oak, Who stands in his pride a - lone; And

still flour - ish he, A hale green tree, When a hun - dred years are gone.

THE IVY GREEN.

CHARLES DICKENS was born at Landport, a suburb of Portsmouth, England, February 7, 1812, and died at his place of Gad's Hill, near Rochester, Kent, on the 9th of June, 1870. He wrote several lyrics, of which "The Ivy Green," which appeared originally in the "Pickwick Papers," is the only one that has become familiar. It was first published, as a song, in this country, and when a London publisher wished to reproduce it in England, Dickens refused to allow him to do so, unless he paid ten guineas to the composer, HENRY RUSSELL. In his melody, it seems to me, the composer has failed to catch the poet's meaning. Dickens's words are as sombre and tender as the vine that deepens the shadows and softens the ruggedness of decaying grandeur; while Russell's music is as free and sturdy as the heartiest oak.

ad lib. *a tempo.*

1. A dain - ty plant is the I - vy green, That creepeth o'er ru - ins old,.... Of

right choice food are his meals, I ween, In his cell so lone and cold; The

fz

wall must be crumbled, the stones decay'd, To pleasure his dain - ty whim, And the

Quasi pp a colla voce.

ad lib.

mould'ring dust that years have made Is a mer-ry meal for him.

fz *pp* *8va.* *pp dol.*

Creep - ing where no life is seen, A rare old is the I - vy green.

8va.

pp

ad lib.

Creep - ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green,

8va... *loco.*

8va

pp dol.

Creep - ing, creep - ing, creep - ing where no

8va

life is seen, Creep - ing, Creep - ing, A

8va

rare old plant is the I - vy green.

8va... *loco.*

8va

p

8va......*loco.*

2. Fast he steal - eth on, tho' he wears no wings, And a staunch old heart has he.... How
3. Whole a - ges have fled, and their works decay'd, And nations have scat - ter'd been; But the

closely he twineth, how tight he clings To his friend, the huge oak tree! And
stout old I - vy shall nev - er fade, From its hale and heart - y green; The

sly - ly he trail-eth a - long the ground, And his leaves he gent - ly waves, As he
brave old plant, in its lone - ly days, Shall fatten up - on the past; For the

joyous - ly twines, and hugs a - round, The mould of dead men's graves.
stat - li - est build - ing man can raise Is the I - vy's food at last.

Creep - ing where grim death has been, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
 Creep - ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.

Sva.

pp

Creep - ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green,

Sva......*loco.*.....*Sva.*

ad lib.

pp dol.

Creep - ing, creep - ing, creep - ing where no

Sva.

life is seen, Creep - ing, Creep - ing, A

Sva.

rare old plant is the I - vy green.

8va... loco.

f

p Ped.

8va... loco.

pp

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

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

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

“ Yet, look thou still serenely on,
 And if sweet friends there be,
 That when my song and soul are gone
 Shall seek my form in thee,
 Tell them of one for whom 'twas best
 To flee away and be at rest.”

The sister, who set many of Mrs. Hemans's words to music, was twice married. Her name was Hughes at the time she wrote the biography of the poetess.

1. Come, come, come, Come to the sun - set tree; The day is past and
 * D.C. Come, come, come, Come to the sun - set tree; The day is past and

2. Come, come, come, Sweet is the hour of rest, Pleas - ant the wood's low
 3. Come, come, come, Yes, 'tis the tune - ful sound, That dwells in whis - p'ring

3. Come, come, come, There shall no tem - pests blow, No scorch - ing noon - tide

gone; The wood-man's axe lies free, And the reap-er's work is done.
gone; The wood-man's axe lies free, (*Omit.*).....

sigh, And the gleam-ing of the west, And the turf where-on we lie;
boughs, Wel-come the fresh-ness round, And the gale that fans our brows;

beat; There shall be no more snow, No wea-ry, wan-d'ring feet;

Fine.

And the reap-er's work is done. The twi-light star to heav'n, And the

When the bur-then and the heat Of
But rest more sweet and still Than

So we lift our trust-ing eyes, From the

D.C.

sum-mer dew to flow'rs, And rest to us is given, By the cool, soft eve-ning hours;

la-bor's task are o'er, And kind-ly voi-ces greet The tired one at his door:
ev-er night-fall gave, Our yearn-ing hearts shall fill In the world be-yond the grave:

hills our fa-thers trod, To the qui-et of the skies, To the Sab-bath of our God;

SONGS OF SENTIMENT.

Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

— *William Wordsworth.*

By the waters of life we sat together,
Hand in hand, in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When hours were anthems, and speech was praise.

— *Richard Realf.*

And never seemed the land so fair
As now, nor birds such notes to sing,
Since first within your shining hair
I wove the blossoms of the spring.

— *Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

I played a soft and doleful air;
I sang an old and moving story —
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

— *Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

SONGS OF SENTIMENT.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

THIS is one of the most exquisite, as well as one of the most widely popular of the songs which MOORE wrote for old airs, and published under the general title of "Irish Melodies." Its air is altered from an old one called "The Groves of Blarney."

Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the "Burial of Sir John Moore," who had a passionate fondness for the Irish national melodies, especially admired "The Last Rose of Summer," and wrote the following little story as an introduction to it.

This is the grave of Dermid. He was the best minstrel among us all,—a youth of romantic genius and of the most tremulous and yet the most impetuous feeling. He knew all our old national airs, of every character and description. According as his song was in a lofty or a mournful strain, the village represented a camp or a funeral; but if Dermid were in his merry mood, the lads and lasses were hurried into dance with a giddy and irresistible gaiety.

One day, our chieftain committed a cruel and wanton outrage against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid's harp was in his hand when he heard it. With all the thoughtlessness and independent sensibility of a poet's indignation, he struck the chords that never spoke without response, and the detestation became universal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended our banished minstrel into the wide world.

For three years there were no tidings of Dermid, and the song and dance were silent,—when one of our little boys came running in, and told us that he saw Dermid approaching at a distance. Instantly the whole village was in commotion; the youths and maidens assembled on the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of their poet with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for them,—it was the merriest of his collection.

The ring was formed; all looked eagerly toward the quarter from which he was to arrive, determined to greet their favorite bard with a cheer. But they were checked the instant he appeared. He came slowly, and languidly, and loiteringly along; his countenance had a cold, dim, and careless aspect, very different from that expressive tearfulness which marked his features, even in his more melancholy moments. His harp was swinging heavily upon his arm; it seemed a burden to him; it was much shattered, and some of the strings were broken. He looked at us for a few moments; then, relapsing into vacancy, advanced, without quickening his pace, to his accustomed stone, and sat down in silence. After a pause, we ventured to ask him for his friends. He first looked up sharply in our faces, next down upon his harp, then struck a few notes of a wild and desponding melody, which we had never heard before; but his hand dropped, and he did not finish it. Again we paused. Then, knowing well that if we could give the smallest mirthful impulse to his feelings, his whole soul would soon follow, we asked him for the merry air we had chosen.

We were surprised at the readiness with which he seemed to comply; but it was the same wild and heart-breaking strain he had commenced. In fact, we found that the soul of the minstrel had become an entire void, except one solitary ray, that vibrated sluggishly through its very darkest part. It was like the sea in a dark calm, which you only know to be in motion by the panting which you hear. He had totally forgotten every trace of his former strains, not only those that were more gay and airy, but even those of a more pensive cast; and he had got in their stead that one dreary, single melody. It was about a lonely rose that had outlived all his companions. This he continued singing and playing from day to day, until he spread an unusual gloom over the whole village. He seemed to perceive it, for he retired to the churchyard, and remained singing it there to the day of his death. The afflicted constantly repaired to hear it, and he died singing it to a maid who had lost her lover. The orphans have learned it, and still chant it over poor Dermid's grave.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a - -
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
 3. So soon may I fol - low When friend - ships de - -

- lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fa - ded and
 stem; Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go, sleep thou with
 - cay, And from Love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a -

gone; No flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
 them. Thus kind - ly I seat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
 - way! When true hearts lie with - er'd, And fond ones are

nigh,..... To re-flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh-
 bed..... Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead.
 flown,..... Oh!.... who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone?

'Tis the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh!
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them;

Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie withered,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh, who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone? |

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY and his bride were visiting Lord Ashtown, 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 laughs 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 moment written. Mrs. Bayly composed an air, and it was sung that evening to 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 Ashtown 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 loves that flutter in the gale;
 Of spring, or summer's genial ray,—
 To me, who hasten to decay?

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

1. I'd be a but-ter-fly, born in a bow'r, Where ro-ses and lil-ies, and

vi - o - lets meet; Rov - ing for - ev - er from flow - er to flow - er, and

kiss - ing all buds that are pret - ty and sweet. I'd nev - er lan - guish for

lento.
wealth or for pow - er, I'd nev - er sigh to see slaves at my feet;

I'd be a but - ter - fly, born in a bow'r, And kiss - ing all buds that are

pret - ty and sweet, I'd be a but - ter - fly, I'd be a but - ter - fly,
Sua...

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with the lyrics "kiss-ing all buds that are pretty and sweet." It includes a trill marked "Sua....." and a cadenza marked "loco." The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

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.

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 toil to discover
 Means of procuring a weary delay:
 I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away.

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 Pliny,
 (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,
 Turning his rhymes into extravaganzas,
 Laugh at his harp, and then pilfer its strings!

When a poll-parrot can croak the cadenza
 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.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOMAS MOORE is the author of this song, which is one of the "National Melodies." The air to which he arranged the words is called "The Bells of St. Petersburg."

The musical score is in 2/4 time and consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line with three verses of lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment, featuring a simple harmonic structure with chords and moving lines.

1. Those ev'n - ing bells, those ev'n - ing bells, How ma - ny a
 2. Those joy - ous hours are past a - way, And ma - ny a
 3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - ful

tale.... their mu - sic tells.... Of youth and home and that sweet
 heart,... that then was gay,... With - in..... the tomb now dark - ly
 peal..... will still ring on,... While oth - er bards shall walk these

time, When last I heard their sooth - ing chime! Of youth and
 dwells, And hears no more those ev'n - ing bells! With - in..... the
 dells, And sing your praise, sweet ev'n - ing bells! While oth - er

home and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth - ing chime!
 tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those ev'n - ing bells!
 bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet ev'n - ing bells!

dim. *pp*

LET ERIN REMEMBER.

THOMAS MOORE, in this song, refers to an old historical fact, and an old tradition of his country. Malachi was King of Ireland, in the tenth century. In a battle with the Danes, he successively defeated two champions, in a hand-to-hand encounter, and took from one his sword, from the other his collar of gold. The second stanza refers to a fisherman's tradition, that when the waters of Lough Neagh was clear, they could see in its depths the spires of towns that had once stood upon its banks. The air is called "The Red Fox."

1. Let E - rin remem - ber the days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be -
 2. On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear, cold eve's de -

- trayed her; When Ma - la - chi wore the col - lar of gold, Which he
 - cli - ning, He sees the round tow - ers of oth - er days In the

won from her proud in - va - der; When her kings, with stan - dard of
 wave be - neath him shin - ing; Thus shall mem - 'ry oft - en, in

green un - furl'd, Led the Red - Branch knights to dan - ger;—Ere the
 dreams sub - lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o - ver; Thus

em - 'rald gem of the west - ern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.
sighing, look thro' the waves of time, For the long fa - ded glo - ries they cov - er.

DAYS OF ABSENCE.

THE melody, and probably the words of the thrice-familiar song which follows, were written by JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, the celebrated French author, in 1775. He was born in Geneva, June 28, 1712, and was descended from a family of Paris booksellers and Protestant refugees. His mother, the daughter of a clergyman, died when he was born, and his grief that he should have met so bitter a loss was often referred to by him. Although he was a very delicate boy, before he was nine years old, he had spent whole nights in reading novels with his father, who had a visionary and restless disposition. From an engineer, a lawyer, and an engraver, with whom he lived successively, he picked up a varied fund of information. After a series of adventures of the most romantic and miserable sort, he devoted himself to the study of music, which he afterward taught, and invented a new system of musical notation. He published several operas and musical works, before he turned his whole attention to the writings for which he is chiefly known. Rousseau died at Ermonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. His melody has now been so long associated in our minds with its hymn-book title of "Greenville," that it seems odd to connect it with this French love song. In Europe it is called "Rousseau's Dream."

Fine.

1. { Days of ab - sence, sad and drear - y, Cloth'd in sor - row's dark ar - ray; }
Days of ab - sence, I am wea - ry, She I love is far a - way. }
When the hea - vy sigh be ban - ish'd; When this bos - om cease to mourn?

D.C.

Hours of bliss, too quick - ly van - ish'd, When will aught like you re - turn;

Not till that loved voice can greet me,
Which so oft has charmed mine ear,
Not till those sweet eyes can meet me,
Telling that I still am dear:
Days of absence then will vanish,
Joy will all my pangs repay;
Soon my bosom's idol banish
Gloom, but felt when she's away.

All my love is turned to sadness,
Absence pays the tender vow,
Hopes that filled the heart with gladness
Memory turns to anguish now;
Love may yet return to greet me,
Hope may take the place of pain;
Antoinette with kisses meet me,
Breathing love and peace again.

ERIN! THE TEAR.

THE following song of THOMAS MOORE'S is one of the many which SIR JOHN ANDREW STEVENSON arranged to old Irish airs. Stevenson was born in 1761, in Dublin, Ireland, where his father was a professor of music. When ten years old, he was received into the choir school of Christ Church, where he soon gave promise of the fine abilities that afterward distinguished him. He was made choral-vicar of Dublin Cathedral, and was knighted. He produced an oratorio entitled "The Thanksgiving," and anthems and glees that are still popular. He died, September 14, 1833. The air to which "Erin! the Tear" is sung is "Aileen Aroon," which is the true old Irish form of the beautiful "Robin Adair."

E - rin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes;
E - rin! thy si - lent tear nev - er shall cease;

Blend like the rain - bow that hangs in thy skies!
E - rin! thy lan - guid smile ne'er shall in - crease,

Shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream, Sad - d'ning thro' pleas - ure's beam,
Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Thy suns with doubt - ful gleam Weep while they rise!
 And form in Hea - en's sight One arch of peace!

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system shows the piano accompaniment concluding with a double bar line and repeat signs.

O SAY NOT THAT MY HEART IS COLD!

WHEN CHARLES WOLFE had written this song, and was arranging it to the exquisite old Irish melody called "Grammachree," his feelings so overpowered him, that to give them expression he immediately wrote the well-known poem, "To Mary," which begins—

"If I had thought thou could'st have died,
 I might not weep for thee;
 But I forgot, when by thy side
 That thou could'st mortal be."

1. O say not that my heart is cold To aught that once could warm it—That
 2. Still oft those sol - emn scenes I view In wrapt and dream - y sad-ness—Oft
 3. Stern Du - ty rose, and, frown - ing, flung His lead - en chain a - round me; With

Na - ture's form, so dear of old, No more has power to charm it; Or
 look on those who loved them too. With fan - cy's i - dle gladness; A -
 i - ron look and sul - len tongue, He mut - ter'd as he bound me,—“The

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system shows the piano accompaniment concluding with a double bar line and repeat signs.

that th'un-gen-erous world can chill One glow of fond e-motion, For
-gain I longed to view the light In Na-ture's feat-ures glow-ing. A-
mount-ain breeze, the bound-less heav'n, Un-fit for toil the creature; These

those who made it dear-er still, And shared my wild de-vo-tion.
-gain to tread the mount-ain's height, And taste the soul's o'er-flow-ing.
for the free a-lone are given— But what have slaves with na-ture!"

TWILIGHT DEWS.

BOTH the words and the music of this song, which has long been a favorite serenade, were written by THOMAS MOORE.

1. When twi-light dews are fall-ing fast, Up-on the ro-sy lea, I
2. There's not a gar-den walk I take, There's not a flower I see, But

watch that star whose beam so oft, Has light-ed me and thee.
brings to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee;

And thou, too, on that orb so dear, Ah! dost thou gaze at even, And
 And still I wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for-given, The

think, tho' lost for - ev - er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n?
 pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, May turn to smiles in heav'n.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

THESE peculiarly melodious words are from LONGFELLOW'S "Spanish Student," and the air which suits them so finely, was written by ALFRED H. PEASE, one of the most successful of living American composers. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, about 1838, and when very young, manifested great love for music, and considerable power of producing it. Before he was six years old, he could play melodies upon the piano, with accuracy, improvising unique variations. Yet his friends were so opposed to his becoming a professional musician, that he was educated without reference to this inclination. At the age of eighteen he left college, and went to Europe for his health. His studies were completed in Germany, in whose musical atmosphere his ruling passion became so strong, that the consent of his parents was finally obtained, and he devoted himself to music under the most eminent masters. He has composed the music of more than eighty songs, but is best known as a writer of opera and orchestral music, and as an accomplished pianist. He now resides in New York city.

Allegretto. By special permission of George Schirmer, publisher.

Stars of the sum - mer night! Far in yon a - zure deeps,

p

cres. *p*

Hide, hide your gold - en light! She sleeps!..... my la - dy sleeps!

cres. *p* *pp*

sleeps!..... sleeps!....

pp

Moon of the sum - mer night! Far down you

p

west - tern steeps, Sink, sink in sil - ver light! She sleeps!.... my

sempre. p

la - dy sleeps! sleeps! sleeps!

pp

Winds of the sum - mer night! Where yon - der

p

wood - bine creeps, Fold, fold your pin - ions light! She sleeps!.... my

p

la - dy, sleeps! sleeps!

pp

Dreams of the sum - mer night! Tell her, her lov - er keeps

p

Watch, while in slum - bers light She sleeps!..... my

cres.

22

cres

pp

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "la - dy sleeps!..... sleeps!.....". The piano accompaniment features chords and arpeggiated figures. Dynamic markings include *pp*, *morendo.*, and *ppp*.

Stars of the summer night!
 Far in your azure deeps,
 Hide, hide your golden light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
 Far down yon western steeps,
 Sink, sink in silver light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,
 Fold, fold thy pinions light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
 Tell her, her lover keeps
 Watch, while in slumbers light
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE, author of "My Life is like the Summer Rose," was born in Dublin, Ireland, September 24, 1789. Just after his birth, the family came to this country, and suffered the total loss of a considerable fortune. Mr. Wilde died, and his widow opened a milliner's store in Augusta, Georgia. Her little son, Richard Henry, was her clerk by day, and her pupil at night. He studied with delight, and rapidly developed remarkable powers. Italian literature gave him peculiar pleasure, and after serving two terms in Congress, he went to Italy, where he discovered valuable documents which threw light upon the life and times of Dante. He also learned that there was upon the wall of the chapel of Barghello, a painting by Giotto, and, finally, obtained money and permission to investigate. The whitewash had been carefully removed from two sides without result, but upon the third the painting was discovered. Wilde returned to this country, practiced law very successfully in New Orleans, and held the professorship of common law in the University of Louisiana. He died in New Orleans, September 10, 1846.

The following lyric was the subject of a long literary debate. The *North American Review* made a bold charge of plagiarism, because a Greek ode had come to light, purporting to have been written by Alcæus, which contained the ideas expressed in Mr. Wilde's poem. The same article said that an almost verbatim copy of the English version had been published as originating with O'Kelly, author of the "Curse of Doneraile." The reviewer supposed both to have been translated from the Greek ode. The charge became so serious and wide-spread, that Mr. Wilde wrote to the gentleman who, he understood, had translated his song into Greek, and received in reply from Mr. Anthony Barclay, for many years a resident of Savannah, the following statements:

“I was not apprised, when I addressed you on the 9th inst., nor for some days after, that my prose translation into Greek, of your beautiful ode, beginning—

‘My life is like the summer rose’

had been published. It was written for individual amusement with exclusively half a dozen acquaintance in Savannah, and without the slightest intention of its going farther. This assertion will account for the abundant defects, and they will vouch for its truth.”

In a letter dated from New Orleans, February 14, 1846, and addressed to a lady in New York, Mr. Wilde explains the origin of the song. I am indebted to the lady’s daughter, Mrs. Loyall Farragut, for the kind permission to copy it.

“Since you have requested it, to whom I should be ashamed to deny anything of much more consequence, I send you the lines inclosed; premising, to forestall the suspicion of vanity—that vice which so easily besets all men, especially the *irritable genus*—that my estimate of their value is very different from yours. They were written very long ago, before I had forsworn rhyming, though not before I was aware how little it contributes to one’s success in life, or rather, how often it impairs one’s usefulness and reputation.

“These stanzas were originally designed as part of a longer poem, which, like the life of him for whose sake I projected it, was broken off unfinished, and are far from containing, however the contrary may have been supposed, any allusion to myself. They were suggested by the story of Juan Ortez’s captivity among the Indians—the last survivor of Panfilo de Narvaez’s ill-fated expedition, as the locality of Tampa will evince; but finding their way to the press without my consent, and much to my annoyance, even the place was changed to Tempe, and the scene thus transferred, not without a blunder, from the sea-coast of Florida to the interior of Greece.

“I never could account for the interest the public has taken in this fragment, except from the circumstance that, after having long circulated unclaimed and unacknowledged, it all at once found almost as many to confess to its paternity as the ‘Child of Thirty-six Fathers!’ Besides its putative parents, Alcæus and O’Kelly, Captain Basil Hall has been kind enough to find a mother for it in the person of the Countess Purgstall—see his ‘Schloss Hainfelt,’—which remains to this moment uncontradicted; for who would forfeit their reputation for gallantry, by robbing a dead lady’s grave of one sprig of bay?”

To the autograph copy of the verses which accompanies the letter, Mr. Wilde affixes the date, 1815.

In a letter from Mr. Wilde to the New York *Mirror*, of February 28, 1835, are the following additional particulars: “My brother, the late James Wilde, was an officer of the United States, and held a subaltern rank in the expedition of Colonel John Williams against the Seminole Indians, of Florida, which first broke up their towns and stopped their atrocities. When James returned, he amused my brother, my sisters, and myself, with descriptions of the orange groves and transparent lakes, the beauty of the St. John’s river, and of the woods and swamps of Florida,—a kind of fairyland, of which we then knew little, except from Bartram’s ecstasies—interspersed with anecdotes of his campaign and companions. I used to laugh, and tell him I’d immortalize his exploits in an epic. Some stanzas were accordingly written, for the amusement of the family at our meeting. That, alas! was destined never to take place. He was killed in a duel. His violent and melancholy death put an end to my poem; the third stanza of the first fragment, which alludes to his fate, being all that was written afterward:

'I, too, had once a brother; he was there
 Among the foremost, bravest of the brave;
 To him this lay was framed with fruitless care;
 Sisters for him the sigh in secret gave;
 For him a mother poured the fervent prayer.
 But sigh or prayer avaleth not to save
 A generous victim in a villain's snare:
 He found a bloody but inglorious grave,
 And never nobler heart was racked by baser glaive.'

The verses, particularly the 'Lament of the Captive,' [the other title for this lyric], were read by the family and some intimate acquaintances; among the rest, the present Secretary of State, and a gentleman, then a student of medicine, now a distinguished physician in Philadelphia. The latter after much importunity procured from me, for a lady in that city, a copy of 'My life is like the summer rose,' with an injunction against publicity,—which the lady herself did not violate; but a musical composer to whom she gave the words for the purpose of setting them, did, and they appeared, I think, first in 1815 or 1816, with my name and addition at full length, to my no small annoyance. Still, I never avowed them; and though continually republished in the newspapers with my name, and a poetical reply, I maintained that newspapers were no authority, and refused to answer further." Mr. Wilde also points to the fact that the description of the "rose" applies to a species of Florida rose, which "opens, fades, and perishes during the summer in less than twelve hours."

The music was composed by CHARLES THIBAUT.

My life is like... the summer rose,.... That o-pens to the morn - ing
 sky, But ere the shades of evening close, Is scatter'd on the ground to
 die; Yet on the ro - ses' hum - ble

bed, The sweetest dews of night are shed, As if she wept the waste to

see, But none shall weep a tear for me!.... But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die:
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see,
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!

Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand—
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
His track will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none shall e'er lament for me!

LOVE NOT.

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

Love not! love not! ye hap - less sons of clay; Hope's gay - est
Love not! love not! the thing you love may die,— May per - ish

wreaths are made of earth - ly flowers— Things that are made to
from the gay and glad - some earth; The si - lent stars, the

fade, and fall a - way, Ere they have blos-somed for a few.... short hours,
blue and smil - ing sky, Beam on its grave, as once up - on.... its birth,

Ere they have blos-somed for a few.... short hours. Love not! love.... not!
Beam on its grave, as once up - on its -birth. Love not! love.... not!

Love not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly
flowers —
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.
Love not!

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

Love not! the the thing ye love may change;
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true!
Love not!

Love not! O warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by!
Love flings a halo round the dear ones' head
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not!

COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR.

THOMAS MOORE wrote, and often sang this familiar song. He could sing his own songs as no artist has been able to sing them, and Byron, Scott, and many others have testified to their great delight in hearing him. The melody is from a German Waltz.

1. Come, play me that sim - ple air a - gain, I used so to love in life's young day. And
2. Sweet air! how ev - ry note brings back Some sun - ny hope, some day-dream bright. That
3. But sing me the well-known air once more, For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain, Like

Fine.

bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then Were wak-en'd by that sweet lay.
 shin - ing o'er life's ear - ly track, Fill'd ev - en its tears with light.
 charms of some far fai - ry shore We're nev - er to see a - gain.

The ten - der gloom its strain, Shed o'er the heart and brow, Grief's
 The new - found life that came, With love's first ech - oed vow; The
 Still those loved notes pro - long, For sweet is that old lay, In

D. C.

shad - ow, without its pain, Say where, where is it now?
 fear, the bliss, the shame, Say where, where are they now?
 dreams of love and song, To breathe life's love a - way.

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 Rothe'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 Beau - ty bright My heart's chain
 2. Tho' the bard to pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's
 3. Oh! that hal - low'd form is ne'er for - got, Which first love

wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still
 past; Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd be-fore, To smile at
 traced; Still it, lin-g'ring, haunts the green-est spot On mem-ry's

love. New hope may bloom, And days may come Of mild-er, calm-er
 last, He'll nev-er meet A joy so sweet, In all his noon of
 waste. 'Twas o-dor fled As soon as shed; 'Twas morn-ing's wing-ed

beam, But there's no-thing half so sweet in life As love's young
 fame, As when first he sung to wo-man's ear, His soul-felt
 dream; 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a-gain On life's dull

lento. *a tempo.*

dream; No, there's no-thing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.
 flame, And, at ev'-ry close, she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name.
 stream: Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine a-gain On life's dull stream.

WHEN THE NIGHT-WIND BEWAILETH.

THE words of this song were written by EPES SARGENT, and the music was composed by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

1. When the night-wind be-wail-eth the fall of the year, And sweeps from the
 2. Through mem-o-ry's chambers, the forms of the past, The joys of my
 3. The trees of the for-est shall blos-som a-gain; And the wild bird shall

for-est The leaves that are sere;... I wake from my slum-ber, And
 child-hood Rush by with the blast!... And the lost one whose beau-ty I
 car-ol A soul-thrill-ing strain;... But the heart, fate has with-er'd, No

list to the roar; And it saith to my spir-it, "No more, nev-er
 used to a-dore, Seems to sigh with the night breeze, "No more, nev-er
 spring shall re-store, And its songs shall be joy-ful No more, nev-er

more!" And it saith to my spir-it, "No more, nev-er more! nev-er more!
 more!" To my heart seems to murmur "No more, nev-er more! nev-er more!
 more! And its songs shall be joy-ful No more, nev-er more! nev-er more!

Oh!..... nev - er more!".....
 Oh!..... nev - er more!".....
 Oh!..... nev - er more!".....

rall. p

cres. rall. p dim. p

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It features a vocal line at the top with lyrics and two piano accompaniment lines below. The vocal line starts with a 'rall. p' (rallentando piano) marking. The piano accompaniment includes markings for 'cres.' (crescendo), 'rall. p' (rallentando piano), and 'dim. p' (diminuendo piano). The music is written in a key with one flat and a 3/4 time signature.

EILEEN AROON.

THE author of the words of "Eileen Aroon," GERALD GRIFFIN, was born in Limerick, Ireland, December 12, 1803. When he was seventeen years old, his family came to the United States without him. Having determined to become an author, young Griffin went to London with some plays, which failed then, but one of which, "Gisippus," was produced most successfully after his death. He became a brilliant and distinguished writer for papers and magazines; but he won no wide reputation until the appearance of his fine novel "The Colleen Bawn, or the Collegians." He died in Cork, June 12, 1840.

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

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

Andante.

1. When, like the ear - ly rose, Ei - leen a - roon! Beau - ty in

espressivo.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the song 'Eileen Aroon'. It features a vocal line and two piano accompaniment lines. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the mood is 'espressivo.' The music is in a key with two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The vocal line begins with the lyrics '1. When, like the ear - ly rose, Ei - leen a - roon! Beau - ty in'. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass line.

child-hood's blows, Ei - leen a - roon! When, like a di - a - dem,

Buds blush a - round the stem, Which is the fair - est gem? Ei - leen a - roon!

When, like the early rose,
Eileen aroon!
Beauty in childhood blows,
Eileen aroon!
When, like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?
Eileen aroon!

Is it the laughing eye,
Eileen aroon!
Is it the timid sigh,
Eileen aroon!
Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed harp's moan?
Oh, it is truth alone,
Eileen aroon!

When, like the rising day,
Eileen aroon!
Love sends his early ray,
Eileen aroon!
What makes his dawning glow
Changeless through joy and woe?
Only the constant know —
Eileen aroon!

I know a valley fair,
Eileen aroon!
I knew a cottage there,
Eileen aroon!

Far in that valley's shade,
I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of a hazel glade,
Eileen aroon!

Who in the song so sweet?
Eileen aroon!
Who in the dance so fleet?
Eileen aroon!
Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter — free,
Dearest her constancy,
Eileen aroon!

Were she no longer true,
Eileen aroon!
What should her lover do?
Eileen aroon!
Fly with his broken chain
Far o'er the sounding main,
Never to love again,
Eileen aroon!

Youth must with time decay,
Eileen aroon!
Beauty must fade away,
Eileen aroon!
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star,
Eileen aroon!

GO! FORGET ME!

REV. CHARLES WOLEE 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! for-get me! why should sor-row O'er that brow a shad-ow fling?

The first system of the musical score is in G major and 2/4 time. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Go! for-get me! and, to-mor-row, Bright-ly smile and sweet-ly sing.—

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system, providing a rhythmic foundation for the vocal line.

Smile tho' I shall not be near thee; Sing tho' I should nev-er hear thee:.....

The third system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a more active texture with chords in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The vocal line ends with a final note and a fermata.

May thy soul with pleas - ure shine, Last - ing as the gloom of mine.

Go, forget me, why should sorrow,
O'er 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.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

THIS song is one of a series upon the "Superstitions of Ireland," written by SAMUEL LOVER, who also made the music. The four-leaved shamrock, so rarely found, is supposed to endue the finder with magic power. Moore somewhere says, it is traditionally related that St. Patrick made use of the species of trefoil called the shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish, and thus it was adopted as the national emblem: and Miss Beaufort, in the "Transactions of the Royal Academy," remarks that "it is a curious coincidence the trefoil plant (shamroc and shamrakh, in Arabic) having been held sacred in Iran, and considered emblematical of the Persian Triad."

1. I'll seek a four - leav'd shamrock, In all the fai - ry dells, And
2. To worth, I would give hon - or, I'd dry the mourner's tears, And
3. The heart that had been mourning, O'er van - ish'd dreams of love, Should

if I find the charmed leaves, Oh! how I'll weave my spells;..... I
to the pal - lid lip re - call, The smile of hap - pier years,..... And
see them all re - turn - ing, Like No - ah's faith - ful dove,..... And

colla voce.

would not waste my mag - ic might On dia - mond, pearl, or gold, For
hearts that had been long es - trang'd, And friends that had grown cold, Should
hope should launch her bless - ed bark On Sor - row's dark' - ning sea, And

ritard. *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

treas - ure tires the wea - ry sense, Such tri - umph is but cold; But
meet a - gain like part - ed streams, And min - gle as of old; Oh!
Mis' - ry's child - ren have an ark, And sav'd from sink - ing be; Oh!

colla voce.

I would play th' enchanter's part, In cast - ing bliss a - round, Oh!
thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, Thus scat - ter bliss a - round, And
thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, Thus scat - ter bliss a - round, And

ad lib

not a tear nor ach - ing heart, Should in the world be found, Should
in the world be found

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 crowns resign to 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, 1752), 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 16th 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, afterward 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 zeph - yrs gay that fan the air, And wan - ton thro' the grove, O
3. How hap - py will the shep - herd be, Who calls this nymph his own; Oh!

charms all oth - er maids sur - pass; A rose with - out a thorn. This lass so neat, with
 whisper to my charm - ing fair, "I die for her I love." This lass so neat, with
 may her choice be fixed on me, Mine's fixed on her a - lone. This lass so neat, with

smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will,.... I'd crowns re - sign to call thee mine, Sweet

f sf sf sf p

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

pp

Hill, I'd crowns re - sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond

f ad lib. mf colla voce. sf

Hill!.....

The first system of the musical score for 'The Lass o' Gowrie'. It features a vocal line in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'Hill!.....'. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of a right-hand treble clef and a left-hand bass clef, both in G major and 4/4 time. The piano part includes a dynamic marking 'f'.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

THE first stanza of the present form of this old Scottish song, which was a great favorite with our forefathers, was written by LADY NAIRNE, and the remaining ones seem to be altered from a song written by WILLIAM REID, entitled "Kate o' Gowrie." The air is an adaptation from a favorite old melody, "Loch Erroch Side," for which Mr. Reid's words were written.

1. 'Twas on a sim-mer's af - ter - noon, A wee be - fore the sun gaed doun, My
 2. I had nae thought to do her wrang, But 'round her waist my arms I flang, And
 3. Saft kiss - es on her lips I laid, The blush up - on her cheeks soon spread, She

las - sie, in a brow new gown, Cam' o'er the hills to Gow - rie. The
 said, " my las - sie, will ye gang, To see the Carse o' Gow - rie? I'll
 whisper'd mod - est - ly and said, "I'll gang wi' you to Gow - rie." The

rose - bud, wash'd in summer's show'r, Bloom'd fresh with - in the sun - ny bow'r, But
 tak' ye to my fath - er's ha', In yon green field be - side the shaw, And
 auld folk soon gie'd their con - sent, Syne for Mess John they quick - ly sent, Wha

The second system of the musical score for 'The Lass o' Gowrie'. It features a vocal line in G major and 4/4 time, with three verses of lyrics. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of a right-hand treble clef and a left-hand bass clef, both in G major and 4/4 time. The piano part includes a dynamic marking 'p'.

Kit - ty was the fair - est flow'r That ev - er bloom'd in Gow - rie.
 mak' ye la - dy o' them a' - The brow - est wife in Gow - rie.
 tied them to their heart's con - tent, And now she's La - dy Gow - rie.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, dramatist, orator, wit, and poet, is author of the song which follows. His eventful history is as well known as his "School for Scandal," and "Rivals." He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in September, 1751, but was educated at Harrow, England, and always remained in that country. His first wife was Miss Linley, a beautiful singer, and he fought two duels on her account, with a disappointed rival. Sheridan died July 7, 1816.

The song "Had I a Heart for Falsehood framed" is contained in "The Duenna," a comic opera, which had a great run. Moore says of the song: "These verses, notwithstanding the stiffness of the word 'framed,' and one or two slight blemishes, are not unworthy of living in recollection with the matchless air to which they are adapted." The air is "Grammachree," to which Moore wrote "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."

1. Had I a heart for false - hood framed, I ne'er could in - jure
 2. But when they learn that you have blessed An - oth - er with your
 you, For though your tongue no prom - ise claim'd, Your
 heart, They'll bid as - pir - ing pas - sion rest, And

charms would make me true; Then, la - dy, dread not
 act a broth - er's part. Then, la - dy, dread not

here de - ceit, Nor fear to suf - fer wrong, For

friends in all the aged you'll meet, And lov - ers in the young.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THIS is a song of MOORE'S, and the old Irish air to which it is sung is entitled "The Dandy, oh!"

1. The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam - ing, love, How
 2. Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep - ing, love, And

ad lib. *a tempo.*

sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, When the drow - sy world is dream - ing, love! Then a -
I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that casement peep - ing, love! Then a -

- wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear, 'Tis nev - er too late for de - light, my dear; And the
- wake! till rise of sun, my dear, The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear; Or, in

rall. *a tempo.*

best of all ways To lengthen our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.
watching the flight Of bod - ies of light He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

rall.

LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

A Ritornella is a symphony before, between, or following a melody. "Love's Ritornella" was written by JAMES ROBINSON PLANCHE, the well-known English author and musical critic, who was born in London, February 27, 1796. He prepared for the stage two hundred pieces, original or translated, and published various works, one of the latest of which is a professional autobiography. He died in London, May 29, 1880. A London friend says of him: "Late in life, when he had hoped to repose on his laurels, his daughter was left a widow, and other misfortunes threw his children's children largely on his hands. But he bravely accepted the position, and without a murmur; and possibly to this very fact the world may owe the two latest and ripest productions of his green old age."

The song appeared originally in the melodrama entitled "The Brigand."

THOMAS COOKE, invariably spoken of by his contemporaries as Tom Cooke, the composer of the music, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1781. He had an exceedingly versatile musical genius, and had mastered almost every known instrument before he became singer, musical director, leader, and composer at Drury Lane Theatre, London, which post he held for years. He had neither a powerful nor a very sweet voice; but judicious management of it made him a favorite singer, and in social life, his pleasant ways and ready wit won him many friends. He died in 1848.

"Love's Ritornella" became very popular by being sung in New York by James W. Wallace, in a play called "The Brigand."

1. "Gen - tle Zi - tel - la, whith - er a - way?
2. "Charm - ing Zi - tel - la, why should'st thou care?
3. "Sim - ple Zi - tel - la, be - ware! oh! be - ware!

Love's Ri - tor - nel - la, list, while I play!"
Night is not dark - er, than thy ra - ven hair,
List ye no dit - ty, grant ye no pray'r!

"No! I have lin - ger'd too long on the road,
And those bright eyes - if the Bri - gand should see,
To your light foot - steps let ter - ror add wings

Night is ad - vanc - ing, The Bri - gand's a - broad;
Thou art the rob - ber, The cap - tive is he;
'Tis Mas - sa - ro - ni Him - self who now sings—

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

System 1:

Lone - ly Zi - tel - la hath too much to fear;
 Gen - tle Zi - tel - la ban - ish thy fear;
 Gen - tle Zi - tel - la ban - ish thy fear;

System 2:

Love's Ri - tor - nel - la she may not hear."
 Love's Ri - tor - nel - la tar - ry and hear."
 Love's Ri - tor - nel - la tar - ry and hear."

DOWN THE BURN.

THIS song first appeared in Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany." The two original stanzas were written by ROBERT CRAWFURD, who was a cadet of the house of Drumsay, in Renfrewshire, Scotland. He was born in 1695, but spent most of his time in France, and was drowned when returning from there in 1732-'3. He was supposed to have been a friend of William Hamilton, author of "The Braes of Yarrow," as it was through his influence that Crawford's poems found entrance to Ramsay's collection, and a song of Crawford's is addressed to Mrs. Hamilton. The stanza given below was added by Burns, who says that neighborhood tradition gave the composition of the air to DAVID MAIGH, keeper of the blood-hounds to the Laird of Riddell, in Roxburghshire.

As down the burn they took their way,
 And through the flowery dale,
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And love was aye the tale.
 With, "Mary, when shall we return,
 Sic pleasure to renew?"
 Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn,
 And aye will follow you."

1. When trees did bud, and fields were green, And broom bloom'd fair to
 2. Now, Da - vy did each lad sur - pass That dwelt on this burn
 3. Her cheeks were ro - sy red and white, Her een were bon - ny

see,..... When Ma - ry was com - plete fif - teen, And
 side,..... And Ma - ry was the bon - niest lass,— Just
 blue,..... Her locks were like Au - ro - ra bright, Her

love laugh'd in her e'e. Blithe
 meet to be a bride.
 lips like drop - ping dew.

Da - vy's blinks her heart did move To speak her mind thus free:— "Gang

down the burn, Da - vy love, down the burn, Da - vy love, Down the burn, Da - vy love, and

The first system of the musical score for 'Down the Burn' consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle and bottom staves are for piano accompaniment, with the middle staff showing chords and the bottom staff showing a bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

I will fol - low thee. Down the burn, Da - vy love, down the burn, Da - vy love,

rall.

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It features the same three-staff format. The lyrics 'I will fol - low thee. Down the burn, Da - vy love, down the burn, Da - vy love,' are written below the vocal staff. A 'rall.' (rallentando) marking is placed below the first measure of the vocal line.

down the burn, Da - vy love, Gang down the burn, Da - vy love, And I will fol - low thee."

rall.

The third and final system of the musical score concludes the piece. It features the same three-staff format. The lyrics 'down the burn, Da - vy love, Gang down the burn, Da - vy love, And I will fol - low thee.'" are written below the vocal staff. A 'rall.' marking is placed below the final measure of the vocal line.

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

THE precise date of the birth of JAMES HOGG, author of the following song, is not known. He believed that he was born January 25, 1772, but the baptismal register of Ettrick, his native parish, records his baptism as occurring December 9, 1770. At six years old, he was bound out as cow-boy, and was paid for his first year's service in "one ewe lamb, and a pair of shoes." He had but six months' schooling, and when eighteen years old, taught himself to read. For practice in writing, he copied the Italian alphabet upon a paper spread on his knees, his ink-bottle being hung at his button-hole; for he was on the hill-side watching his sheep. When at last he ventured to write out the verses that had formed themselves in his mind, he flung off his coat and vest for the effort, and could put down but few lines at a sitting. He died November 21, 1835. In 1860, a monument was raised to his memory, on the margin of St. Mary's Lake, in Ettrick Forest, where his

early days were passed. It consists of a statue that represents the poet sitting on a gnarled oak root, in deep contemplation. The figure is on a lofty pedestal, which bears appropriate inscriptions,—among them, this from one of his own poems :

Flow, my Ettrick ! it was thee
 Into life that first did drop me ;
 Thee I'll sing, and when I dee,
 Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me.
 Passing swains will say, and weep,
 " Here our Shepherd lies asleep."

To his pastoral song, which was first published in his novel entitled "The Three Perils of Man," Hogg gave the name "When the kye comes hame," and he says: "I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar, in the title and chorus, than a Scottish phrase so common that when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweet-heart account it nonsense. I was once singing at a wedding in great glee, 'When the kye come hame,' when a tailor, scratching his head, said it was a 'terrible affectit way that.' I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again."

The air is an old one, with a very Scotch-sounding name of "Shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't."

1. Come, all ye jol - ly shepherds that whis - tle thro' the glen, I'll

tell ye o' a se - cret that courtiers din - na ken: What is the great - est bliss that the

§: CHORUS.
 tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to woo a bon - nie las - sie when the kye comes hame. When the

The image shows a musical score for the song 'When the Kye Comes Hame'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has three staves: a vocal line (treble clef) with lyrics, a piano accompaniment (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The lyrics are: 'kye comes hame, when the kye comes hame, 'Tween the gloam-in' and the mirk, When the'. The second system also has three staves. The vocal line (treble clef) has lyrics: 'kye comes hame.' and a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment (treble clef) includes a 'dim.' marking. The bass line (bass clef) features a long, low note with a fermata.

Come, all ye jolly shepherds,
 That whistle through the glen!
 I'll tell ye o' a secret
 That courtiers dinna ken:
 What is the greatest bliss
 That the tongue o' man can name?
 'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
 When the kye comes hame!

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
 Nor yet beneath the crown;
 'Tis not on couch o' velvet,
 Nor yet in bed o' down:
 'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
 In the glen without the name,
 Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
 When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
 For the mate he lo'es to see,
 And on the tapmost bough
 Oh, a happy bird is he!
 There he pours his melting ditty,
 And love is a' the theme;
 And he'll woo his bonnie lassie,
 When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
 And the daisy turns a pea,
 And the bonnie lucken gowan
 Has fauldit up his ee,

Then the laverock, frae the blue lift,
 Draps down and thinks nae shame
 To woo his bonnie lassie,
 When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd,
 That lingers on the hill;
 His yowes are in the fauld,
 And his lambs are lying still;
 Yet he downa gang to bed,
 For his heart is in a flame,
 To meet his bonnie lassie,
 When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
 Rises high in the breast,
 And the little wee bit starn
 Rises red in the east,
 Oh, there's a joy sae dear
 That the heart can hardly frame!
 Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
 When the kye comes hame.

Then, since all nature joins
 In this love without alloy,
 Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
 To Nature's dearest joy!
 Oh wha wad choose a crown,
 Wi' its perils an' its fame,
 And miss his bonnie lassie,
 When the kye comes hame?

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

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

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 sea! For thoughts, like waves that glide by night, Are stillest when they shine; Mine earth-ly love lies hush'd in light Be - neath the heav'n of thine; Mine earth-ly love lies hush'd in light Be - neath the heav'n of thine. *ad lib.*

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!
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch on men,
When coarser 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 shouldst be by my side.

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.

KITTY NEIL.

THE words of "Kitty Neil" were written by JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, an Irish lawyer, author, and poet, who was born in Limerick, 1810. He is highly educated, has written much, and for many years edited the *Dublin University Magazine*, to which he contributed largely under the *nom de plume* of "Jonathan Freke Slingsby." He is still a barrister in Dublin.

The music of the song is a favorite Irish melody, entitled "Huish the Cat from under the Table."

"Ah, sweet Kit - ty Neil, rise up from your wheel, Your neat lit - tle foot will be

wea - ry from spinning; Come, trip down with me to the syc - a - more tree, Half the

par - ish is there, and the dance is be - gin - ning; The sun is gone down, but the

full har - vest - moon Shines sweet - ly and cool on the dew - whit - en'd val - ley, While



all the air rings with the soft, loving things, Each little bird sings in the green shaded al-ley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up, the while
 Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
 'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
 So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
 And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
 Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
 And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
 Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now, Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
 And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
 With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—
 The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.

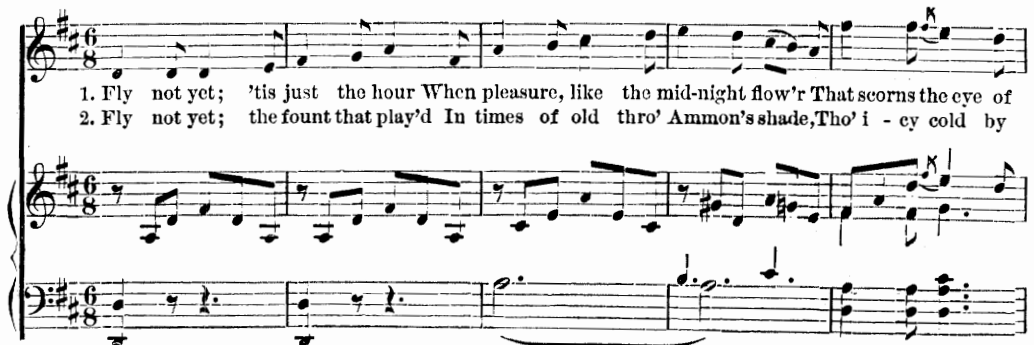
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's—
 Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;
 Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
 No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
 Beaming humbly through their dark lashes so mildly,
 Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
 Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?

Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
 Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
 The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
 "Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love."

FLY NOT YET.

WHEN THOMAS MOORE was in this country, a company assembled in a Philadelphia parlor to meet him, and when there was a suggestion of "departing-time," Moore said, that if the guests would stay he would write them a song and sing it on the spot. "Fly Not Yet" was the result, sung to an old melody called "Planxty Kelly."



1. Fly not yet; 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the mid-night flow'r That scorns the eye of
 2. Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Ammon's shade, Tho' i - ey cold by

vul - gar light, Begins to bloom for sons of night, And maids who love the moon. 'Twas
day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, be - gan, To burn when night was near. And

but to bless these hours of shade, That beau - ty and the moon were made, 'Tis then their soft at -
thus should woman's hearts and looks, At noon be cold as win - ter brooks, Nor kin - die till the

- trac - tions glowing, Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. Oh, stay! Oh, stay!
night, re - turn - ing, Brings their ge - nial hour for burn - ing. Oh, stay! Oh, stay!

Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain, Like this to - night that oh! 'tis pain To
When did morn - ing ev - er break, And find such beam - ing eyes a - wake, As

break its links so soon. Oh! stay, Oh! stay; Joy so sel - dom
 those that spar - kle here? Oh! stay, Oh! stay; When did morn - ing

rall. *lento.*

weaves a chain Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.
 ev - er break, And find such beam-ing eyes a-wake As those that spar - kle here?

rall e colla voce.

TOO LATE I STAYED.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER, author of the following song, was born in 1770. He was the grandson of two dukes, the cherished light of an elegant circle, and the warm friend of Thomas Moore, who addressed an enthusiastic poem to him from Niagara Falls. As a test of memory, for a wager, Spencer once learned the whole contents of a newspaper by rote, and repeated them without the omission of a single word. He held the office of Commissioner of Stamps; but at last died in great poverty in Paris, in 1834. The old Irish melody which forms the basis of his favorite song, was entitled "The Slender Coat."

1. Too late I staid— for - give the crime; Un - heed - ed flew the
 2. And who to so - ber meas - ure-ment Time's hap - py swift - ness

hours;..... For noise - less falls the foot of time That
 brings,..... When birds of par - a - dise have lent The

on - ly treads on flow'rs..... Oh! who, with clear ac-
 plu - mage of their wings..... Too late I stay'd - for-

-count, re - marks; The eb - bing of his glass;..... When
 -give the crime; Un - heed - ed flew the hours;..... For

all its sands are diamond sparks That daz - zle as they pass?
 noise - less falls the foot of time That on - ly treads on flowers.

'TIS MIDNIGHT HOUR.

THIS, one of the most familiar of songs, is an orphan and a waif. I have been unable to gain any clue to author or composer. The melody is probably an old English one.

1. 'Tis mid - night hour, the moon shines bright, The dew - drops blaze be-
 2. 'Tis mid - night hour, from flow'r to flow'r The way - ward zeph - yr

-neath her ray; The twink - ling stars in their trem - bling light Like
floats a - long, Or lin - gers in the shad - ed bow'r To

beau - ty's eyes dis - play. Then sleep no more, tho'
hear the night - bird's song. Then sleep no more, tho'

round thy heart Some ten - der dream may i - dly play, For
round thy heart Some ten - der dream may i - dly play, For

ritard. *ad lib.*
mid-night song, with ma - gic art, Shall chase that dream a - way.
mid-night song, with ma - gic art, Shall chase that dream a - way.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

THE following sweet old Scottish song was a great favorite in this country in early days. The words were written by RICHARD HEWIT, a native of Cumberland, England. He was employed as an amanuensis by Dr. Thomas Blacklock, the blind poet, who was the first to encourage Robert Burns, and later he became secretary to Lord Wilton. He died in 1764.

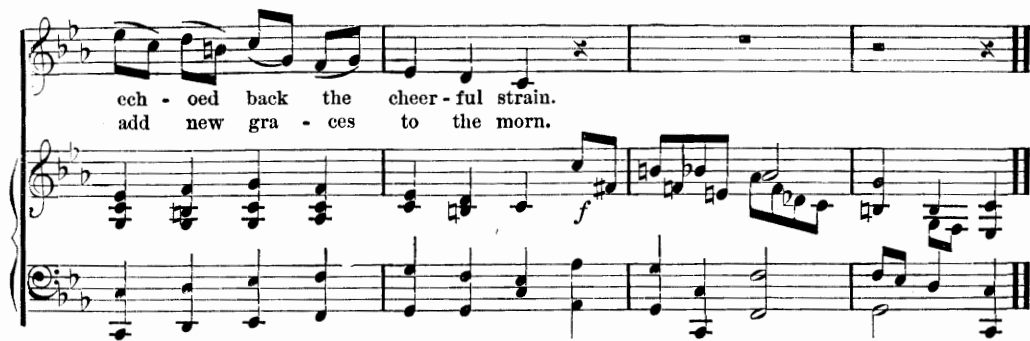
James Oswald, who made a volume entitled "A Collection of Scots Tunes," and gave among them many of his own, was long supposed to have composed this one, although in the collection it lacked the asterisk by which he designated his own. It has since been discovered in a book which was old in Oswald's day, under the title "The House of Glams." Roslin Castle stands on the banks of the river Esk, a few miles from Edinburgh.

1. 'Twas in the sea - son of the year, When all things gay and
 2. A - wake, sweet Muse! the breath - ing spring With rapt - ure warms, a -

sweet appear, That Co - lin, with the morn - ing ray, A - rose and sung his
 - wake and sing; A - wake and join the vo - cal throng, Who hail the morn - ing

ru - ral lay: Of Nan - nie's charms the shep - herd sung, The hills and dales with
 with a song! To Nan - nie raise the cheer - ful lay; Oh! bid her haste and

Nan - nie rung; While Ros - lin cas - tle heard the swain, And
 come a - way: In sweet - est smiles her - self a - dorn, And



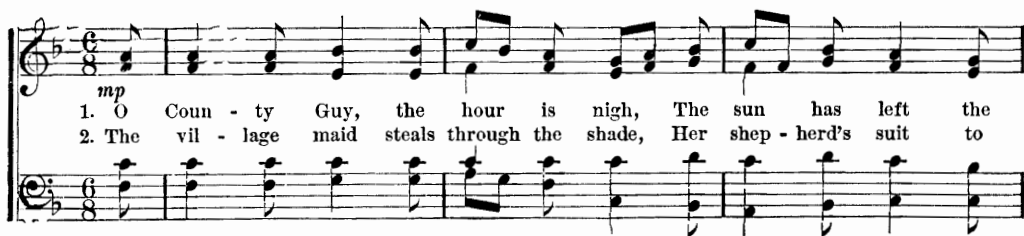
ech - oed back the cheer - ful strain.
add new gra - ces to the morn.

O hark, my love! on every spray,
Each feathered warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravished throng,
And love inspires the melting song.
Then let my raptured notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

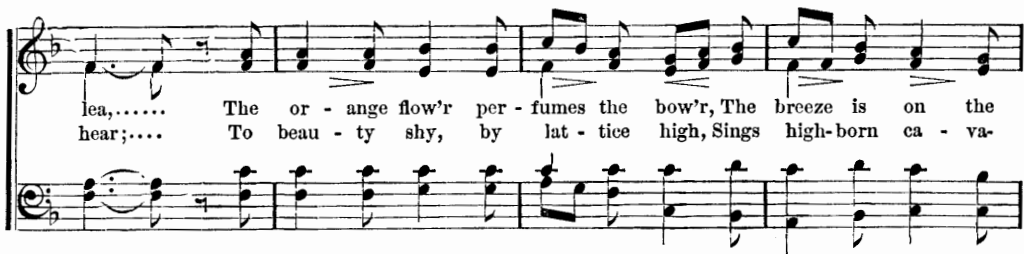
O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls; O come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty, blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravished heart of mine!

COUNTY GUY.

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



mp
1. O Coun - ty Guy, the hour is nigh, The sun has left the shade, Her shep - herd's suit to
2. The vil - lage maid steals through the shade, Her shep - herd's suit to



lea,..... The or - ange flow'r per - fumes the bow'r, The breeze is on the
hear;.... To beau - ty shy, by lat - tice high, Sings high-born ca - va -



mf
sea;..... The lark his lay who trill'd all day, Sits hush'd, his part - ner
- lier;..... The star of love, all stars a - bove, Now reigns o'er earth and

nigh; Breeze, bird, and flow'r, con - fess the hour, But where is Coun - ty Guy?
 sky; And high and low the influence know, But where is Coun - ty Guy?

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THE following song was suggested to its author, THOMAS MOORE, by a visit, in the summer of 1807, to the romantic spot in the county Wicklow, where the waters of the Avon and the Avoca are blended.

The air, which is called "The Old Head of Dennis," was an especial favorite with Moore.

1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet, As that
 2. Yet it was not that Na - ture had shed o'er the scene, Her

vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the
 pu - rest of crys - tal and bright - est of green; 'Twas

last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that valley shall
 not her soft ma - gie of streamlet or hill, Oh! no— it was something more

fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart.
ex-qui-site still, Oh! no—it was something more ex-qui-site still.

pp

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene,
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

ROBERT BURNS wrote these verses, all but a line or two, which belonged to a very indifferent old Jacobite song. The air to which they are now sung is called "The Highland Watch's Farewell."

1. My heart is sair, I daur-na tell, My heart is sair for some-bo-dy;
2. Ye pow'rs that smile on vir-tuous love, O! sweet-ly smile on some-bo-dy;

p

I could wake a win-ter night, For the sake o'some-bo-dy. Oh hon, for some-bo-dy!
Frae ilka dan-ger keep him free, And send me safe my some-bo-dy. Oh hon, for some-bo-dy!

Oh hey, for some - bo - dy! I could range the world around, For the sake o' some - bo - dy.
 Oh hey, for some - bo - dy! I wad do— what wad I not, For the sake o' some - bo - dy.

mf

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 Black, who resided in her native city. In a note appended to the poem, Byron says: "The closing line of each stanza, *Ζώη μου, σάς αγαπώ*, is a Romaic 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, begging pardon of the learned. It means, 'My life, I love you!' which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day, as Juvenal tells us the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Heilenized." 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 Ath - ens, 'ere we part, Give, oh, give me back my heart!
 2. By those tress - es, un - con - fined, Woo'd by each Æ - gean wind;

Or since that has left my breast, Keep it now and take the rest!
By those lids whose jet - ty fringe, Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge; By

Hear my vow be - fore I go, Hear, hear, hear,
those wild eyes, like the roe, like the roe,

hear my vow be - fore I go: My life, my life, I
By those wild, eyes like the roe, My life, my life, I

love you, I love you, My life, my life I love you.
love you, I love you, My life, my life I love you.

Hear my vow be - fore I go: My life, my life, I love you.
By those eyes,..... like the roe, My life, my life, I love you.

3. By that lip, I long to taste; By that zone en - cir - cl'd waist; By
 4. Maid of Ath-ens, I am gone; Think of me, sweet, when a - lone.

all the to - ken - flow'rs that tell What words can nev - er speak so well; By
 Though I fly to Is - tam - bol, Ath - ens hold my heart and soul;

love's al - ter - nate joy and woe, joy..... and woe, By
 Can I cease to love.... thee? no, no, no!

love's al - ter - nate joy and woe, My life, my life, I
 Can I cease to love thee? no! My life, my life, I

love you, I love you, My life, my life I love you. By
 love you, I love you, My life, my life I love you.

love's al - ter - nate joy and woe, My life, my life, I love you.
Can I cease to love thee? no! My life, my life, I love you.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest?
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζῶη μου σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses, unconfined,
Wooded by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes, like the roe,
Ζῶη μου σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζῶη μου σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul;
Can I cease to love thee? **No!**
Ζῶη μου σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

O, NANNIE, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

THOMAS PERCY, author of "Nannie, wilt Thou Gang wi' Me," was born at Bridgenorth, Shropshire, England, April 13, 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 estrays 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 30, 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.

O, Nan - nie, wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave the

flaun-ting town? Can si - lent glens have charms for thee, The low - ly cot, And

rus - set gown? No long - er drest in silk - en sheen, No long - er deck'd with

jew - els rare, 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,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer decked with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

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

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to go?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert 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
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;
Nor then regret those scenes so gay
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

NEAR THE LAKE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS 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 stanzas beginning—

“Way down in the raccoon hollow,”

The melody was arranged first as a glee for four voices, to be sung by negro minstrels to the inspiring words, “As I was gwine 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 wil - low, Long time a - go!
Dwelt a maid be - loved and cher - ished By high and low;
2. { Rock, and tree, and flow - ing wa - ter, Long time a - go!
While to my fond words she list - ened, Mur - mur - ing low;
3. { Min - gled were our hearts for - ev - er, Long time a - go!
To her grave these tears are giv - en, Ey - er to flow!

Where the rock threw back the bil - low, Bright - er than snow! }
But with au - tumn's leaf she per - ished, Long time a - go! }
Bird, and bee, and dros - som, taught her Love's spell to know, }
Ten - der - ly her dove - eyes glis - tened, Long time a - go! }
Can I now for - get her? nev - er! No, lost one, no! }
She's the star I missed from hea - ven, Long time a - go! }

BLUE-EYED MARY.

So far as the words are concerned, this very well-known song is "without friends or home." The music was an old German convivial song for four voices.

1. "Come, tell me, blue-eyed stran-ger, Say, whith-er dost thou
2. Come here, I'll buy thy flow-ers, And ease thy hap-less

room?..... O'er this wide world a ran-ger, Hast thou no friends, no
lot;..... Still wet with ver-nal show-ers, I'll buy for-get-me-

home? "They call'd me, blue-eyed Ma-ry, When friends and for-tune
-not. "Kind sir, then take these po-sies,—They're fad-ing, like my

smiled; But, ah! how for-tunes va-ry!— I now am Sor-row's child."
youth; But nev-er, like these ros-es, Shall with-er Ma-ry's truth!"

"Kind sir, then take these posies,
They're fading like my youth;
But never, like these roses,
Shall wither Mary's truth.

"Born thus to weep my fortune,
Though poor, I'll virtuous prove;
I early learned this caution,
That pity is not love.

Look up, thou poor forsaken,
I'll give thee house and home,
And if I'm not mistaken,
Thou'lt never wish to roam.

"Once more I'm happy Mary,
Once more has fortune smiled;
Who ne'er from virtue vary,
May yet be fortune's child."

THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.

"THE ROSE that all are Praising" was written by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, and set to music by EDWARD J. LODER, a well-known English musician and composer. His father was a celebrated musical leader and tenor singer in London. The son was born in 1817, and died in 1865.

1. The rose that all are prais - ing, Is not the rose for me;..... Too
2. The gem a king might cov - et Is not the gem for me;..... From
3. Gay birds in cag - es pin - ing, Are not the birds for me;..... The

ma - ny eyes are gaz - ing, Up - on the cost - ly tree;..... But
dark - ness who would move it, Save that the world may see;..... But
plumes so bright - ly shin - ing, Would fain fly off from thee;..... But

there's a rose in yon - der glen, That shuns the gaze of oth - er men; For
I've a gem that shuns dis - play, And next my heart worn ev' - ry day, So
I've a bird that gai - ly sings, Though free to rove, she folds her wings, For

me its blos - som rais - ing, Oh! that's the rose for me;..... Oh!
dear - ly do I love it; Oh! that's the gem for me;..... Oh!
me her flight re - sign - ing, Oh! that's the bird for me;..... Oh!

that's the rose for me,..... Oh! that's the rose for me.....
 that's the gem for me,..... Oh! that's the rose for me.....
 that's the bird for me,..... Oh! that's the bird for me.....

'TWERE VAIN TO TELL THEE ALL I FEEL.

THE words of this song were written by J. AUGUSTUS WADE, an Englishman, who was born in 1800, and died in London in 1875. He enjoyed in his day considerable reputation as a song-writer and composer, but in his last years he was extremely poor, and went begging among the music-publishers.

These verses were set by F. STOCKHAUSEN, to a favorite Swiss air, which has probably kept them in memory. Stockhausen has composed many melodies.

1. 'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel,.... Or say for thee I'd die, or say for
 2. Thou'st oft-en called my voice a bird's,.... Whose mu-sic, like a spell, whose mu-sic,

thee I'd die; I find that words will but con - ceal What my soul would wish to
 like a spell, Could change to rapt - ure e'en the words Of our slow and sad fare-

sigh. Ah, well-a-day! the sweet-est mel - o - dy Could nev - er, nev - er say one half my love for
 -well. But, ah, well-a-day! the sweetest mel - o - dy Could nev - er, nev - er say one half my love for

thee, for thee, Then let me si - lent - ly re - veal What my soul would wish to see.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

THE author of the following song, JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, an American poet, was born at Berlin, Connecticut, September 15, 1795. He was educated at Yale College, and studied medicine in Philadelphia. He left its practice for literary pursuits, but in later life he was assistant-surgeon in the army, and Professor of Chemistry at the West Point Military Academy. He was afterward an army-surgeon in Boston. He was sent with a scientific exploring party to Wisconsin, where he died, May 2, 1857.

The music of "The Carrier Pigeon" was adapted from an Irish air, by P. K. MORAN, one of the earliest music-teachers in New York city. He composed many airs of similar character.

1. Come hi - ther thou beau - ti - ful ro - ver, Thou wand'r'er of earth and of
 2. Here is bread of the whit - est and sweet - est, And there is a sip of red
 3. I have fasten'd it un - der thy pin - ion. With a blue rib - bon round thy soft

air, Who bear - est the sighs of a lov - - - ver, and
 wine: Tho' thy wing is the light - est and fleet - - - est. 'Twill be
 neck; So, go from me, beau - ti - ful min - ion, While the

bring - est him news of his fair; Bend hi - ther thy light way - ing
 fleet - er when nerv'd by the vine; I have writ - ten on rose - scent - ed
 pure eth - er shows not a speck; Like a cloud in the dim dis - tance

pin - ion, And show me the gloss of thy neck; Oh,
 pa - per, With thy wing a soft bil - let - doux, I have
 fleet - ing, Like an ar - row he hur - ries a - way; And

perch on my hand, dear - est min - ion, And turn up thy bright eye and peck.
 melt-ed the wax in love's tap - er, 'Tis the col - or of true hearts, sky blue.
 farth-er and farth-er re - treat - ing, He is lost in the clear blue of day.

THE BLUE JUNIATA.

BOTH words and music of the following song were written by MRS. M. D. SULLIVAN.

1. Wild roved an In - dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the
 2. Gay was the mount-ain song Of bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the

wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Swift as an an - te - lope,
 wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Strong and true my ar - rows are,

Thro' the for - est go - ing, Loose were her jet - ty locks, In wa - vy tress - es
In my paint - ed quiv - er, Swift goes my light ca - noe A - down the rap - id

flow - ing.
riv - er.

Bold is my warrior good,
The love of Alfarata,
Proud waves his snowy plume,
Along the Juniata.
Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then his war-cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding.

So sang the Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.
Fleeting years have borne away
The voice of Alfarata,
Still sweeps the river on,
Blue Juniata.

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

BOTH the words and the music of this song were written by SAMUEL LOVER, for his entertainment called "Irish Evenings."

1. "What will you do, love, when I am go - ing, With white sail flow - ing, The seas be -
2. "What would you do, love, if dis - tant tid - ings, Thy foud con - fid - ings Should under -
3. "What would you do, love, when home re - turn - ing, With hopes high burning, With wealth for

-yond? What will you do, love, when waves di- vide us, And friends may chide us for be- ing
- mine? And I a- bid- ing 'neath sul-try skies, Should think oth-er eyes were as bright as
you, If my bark, which bound'd o'er foreign foam, Should be lost near home—Ah! what would you

rall.

fond?" "Tho' waves di- vide us and friends be chid- ing, In faith a- bid- ing, I'll still be
thine?" "Oh, name it not!... tho' guilt and shame Were on thy name, I'd still be
do?" "So thou wert spar'd, I'd bless the mor- row, In want and sor- row, that left me

true, And I'll pray for thee on the stormy o- cean, In deep de- vo- tion—That's what I'll do."
true, But that heart of thine should anoth-er share it, I could not bear it—What would I do?"
you! And I'd welcome thee from the wasting bil- low, This heart thy pil- low—That's what I'd do!"

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

THE words of this song were written by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, and the music was composed by JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.

1. She wore a wreath of ros - es The first night that we met, Her
2. A wreath of or - ange blos - soms When next we met she wore; Th'ex-

love - ly face was smil - ing Be - neath her curls of jet; Her
 - pres - sion of her feat - ures Was more thought - ful than be - fore; And

foot - step had the light - ness, Her voice the joy - ous tone, The
 stand - ing by her side was one Who strove, and not in vain, To

Rall. *a tempo.*
 to - kens of a youth - ful heart Where sor - row is un - known; I
 soothe her, leav - ing that dear home She ne'er might view a - gain; I

Rall.

cres.
 saw her but a mo - ment - Yet me - thinks I see her now, With the
 saw her but a mo - ment - Yet me - thinks I see her now, With the

cres.

wreath of sum - mer flow - ers Up - on her snow - y brow.
 wreath of or - ange blos - soms Up - on her snow - y brow.

Piu lento e con molto espressione.

And once a - gain I see that brow, No bri - dal wreath is there, The

wid-ow's som - bre cap conceals Her once lux - u - riant hair; She

weeps in si - lent sol - i - tude, And there is no one near, To

press her hand with - in his own, And wipe a - way the tear; I

see her brok - en - heart - ed! Yet me - thinks I see her now, In the



pride of youth and beau - ty, With a gar - land on her brow.

I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE.

THERE is an absurd tradition that this familiar old ballad romance was written by a nobleman, who had the misfortune to lose his heart for Queen (then Princess) Victoria, and who poured forth the suicidal song when she received the diadem on her brow.

The music was arranged by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY, who is the author of some charming songs, set by various composers.



1. I'll hang my harp on a wil - low tree, I'll off to the wars a - gain; My
2. She took me a - way from my war - like lord, And gave me a silk - en suit; I

peace - ful home has no charms for me, The bat - tle field no pain; The
thought no more of my mas - ter's sword, When I play'd on my mas - ter's lute; She

la - dy I love will soon be a bride, With a di - a - dem on her brow; Oh!
seem'd to think me a boy a - bove Her pa - ges of low de - gree; Oh!

dim.

why did she flat-ter my boy-ish pride, She's go-ing to leave me now, Oh!
had I but lov'd with a boy-ish love, It would have been bet-ter for me, Oh!

why did she flat-ter my boy-ish pride, She's go-ing to leave me now!...
had I but lov'd with a boy-ish love, It would have been bet-ter for me.....

Then I'll hide in my breast every selfish care,
I'll flush my pale cheek with wine,
When smiles awake the bridal pair,
I'll hasten to give them mine;
I'll laugh and I'll sing, though my heart may bleed,
And I'll walk in the festive train,
And if I survive it, I'll mount my steed,
And I'll off to the wars again.

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine
In my helmet's sable plume,
And then on the field of Palestine,
I'll seek an early doom;
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall,
'Mid the noble and the brave,
A tear from my lady-love is all
I ask for the warrior's grave.

THE INDIAN'S DEATH SONG.

THE following song was written by MRS. JOHN HUNTER, wife of the eminent surgeon and sister of Sir Everard Home. She was born in Scotland, in 1742. She wrote several songs which Haydn set to music, and her verses were very widely known. This song was exceedingly popular in New England in the beginning of the present century. The author says: "The idea was suggested several years ago, by hearing a gentleman who had resided many years ago in America, among the tribe called 'Cherokees,' sing a wild air which he assured me it was customary for those people to chaunt with a barbarous jargon, implying contempt of their enemies, in the moments of torture and death."

The sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day, But glo-ry re-

-mains when the light fades a-way. Be-gin, ye tor-men-tors, your

threats are in vain, For the son of Alk - no - mook shall nev - er com - plain.

The sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day
But glory remains when the light fades away;
Begin, ye tormenters, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low;
Why so slow? do you wait till I shrink from my pain?
No! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay, [away;
And the scalps which we bore from your nation
Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain,
But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I'll go to the land where my father is gone.
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son;
Death comes like a friend to relieve me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorn'd to complain.

O, BOYS, CARRY ME 'LONG!

THIS is one of the "Plantation melodies" of STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER. Both words and music are by him. It was produced in 1851.

Moderato.

1. Oh! ear - ry me 'long;..... Der's no more trou-ble for me;..... I's
2. All o - ber de land..... I've wan - der'd ma - ny a day;..... To
3. Fare - well to de boys;..... Wid hearts so hap - py and light;..... Dey
4. Fare - well to de hills;..... De mead - ows cov - ered wid green;.... Old

guine to roam In a hap - py home, Where all de nig - gas am free;..... I've
blow de horn And mind de corn, And keep de pos - sum a - way;.....
sing a song De whole day long, And dance de ju - ba at night;.....
brin - die Boss, And de old grey - hoss, All beat - en, brok - en and lean;.....

worked long in de fields;..... I've hand - led man - y a hoe;..... I'll
No use for me now;..... So, dar - kies, bu - ry me low;..... My
Fare - well to de fields;..... Ob cot - ton, 'bac - co, and all;..... I's
Fare - well to de dog;..... Dat al - ways followed me round;.... Old

turn my eye, Be - fore I die, And see de su - gar-cane grow.....
 horn is dry, And I must lie, Wha de pos - sum neb - ber can go.....
 guine to hoe, In a bress - ed row, Wha de corn grows mel - low and tall.....
 San - cho'll wail, And droop his tail, When I am un - der de ground.....

CHORUS.

Oh! boys, car - ry me 'long; Car - ry me till I die;.....

Car - ry me down to de bu - ry - in' groun', Mas - sa, don't you cry.....

MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

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

Poco lento.

1. Round de mead-ows am a ring - ing, De dark-ey's mourn - ful song,
 2. When de au-tumn leaves are fall - ing, When de days are cold, 'Twas
 3. Mas - sa make de dark-eyes love him, Cayse he was so kind,

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 sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be - hind. I

Where de i - vy am a creep - ing O'er the grass - y mound,
 Now de or - ange trees am bloom - lng On de sand - y shore,
 can - not work be - fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow, I

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.

CHORUS. 1st and 2d Voices.

Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mourn - ful sound:

All de dark - eyes am a weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

SONGS OF HOPELESS LOVE.

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Death forerunneth Love, to win
Sweetest eyes were ever seen.
— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No— she never me loved truly, love is love for ever more.
— *Alfred Tennyson.*

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

SONGS OF HOPELESS LOVE.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

GRACE, accomplishments, exquisite sensibility, benevolence, and devotion, all belonged to the character of LADY ANNE LINDSAY, authoress of "Auld Robin Gray." She was born at Balcarres, Fifeshire, Scotland, November 27, 1750, and was "the daughter of a hundred earls." Her father, at the time of her birth, was the representative of this long line, and his eldest daughter, Anne, received careful training in all that constituted the finished education of a gentlewoman of her day. Of course, music formed a large part of her culture, and she very early wrote rhymes for her favorite airs, which never saw the light. At the age of forty-three, she married Andrew Barnard, Esq., son of the Bishop of Limerick, and secretary to the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. She accompanied him thither, where, after fifteen years of most happy life, her husband died. Lady Anne established herself with a sister, in a house in Beverly Square, London, where she died, May 6th, 1825.

When Lady Anne was twenty-one, the sister with whom she afterwards lived, married and removed to London. Lady Anne was very lonely, and to amuse herself she composed ballads. Her mother had in the house, as attendant, an old woman, who sang the ancient melodies with fine effect. Among them was one called "The Bridegroom greets when the sun gangs down." There was also an old herdsman on her father's estate, named Robin Gray. In a letter written to Sir Walter Scott, in which she acknowledges her authorship, and gives the facts we have just recorded, she says: "I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes; I have already sent her Jamie to the sea, and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover,—but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one?' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed." She showed it to her mother and family friends under the promise of secrecy, and well did they keep faith with her; for, although after the song attained celebrity, her mother was very proud of it, she contented herself with reciting the words as anonymous to all within her reach. For fifty years the author's name was unknown to the world in general. She says that at first she concealed the fact of her being an author at all, "perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing." During the time of this concealment, the song was sung in every corner of Scotland, and soldiers and sailors carried it to India and America. A romance was founded upon it by an eminent writer; it was made the subject of a play, and an opera, and a pantomime: it was claimed by others; a sequel to it was written by some cobbler in rhyme, and it was at once printed as his production.

An intimate friend, who suspected the authorship, said to her, "By the by, Lady Anne, we have a very popular ballad down in Scotland, which everybody says is by you, 'Auld Robin Gray,' they call it. Is it yours?"

"Indeed," she answered, "I dinna think it was me; but if it was, it's really sae lang syne, that I've quite forgot."

A gentleman named Atkinson, who was in love with her before her marriage, was much older than she, and very rich. He used to say that if Lady Anne would take him as an "Auld Robin Gray," she might seek for a Jamie after he was gone.

But the anecdote which Lady Anne best enjoyed telling, was this: "I must mention the Laird of Dalziel's advice, who in a tête-à-tête afterwards, said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and instead of singing "To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea," say "to make it twenty merks," for a Scottish pound is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na such a gowk as to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line (whispered he) that tells me that song was written by some bonnie lassie that did na ken the value of the Scots' money quite as well as an auld writer of the town of Edinburgh would have kent it.'"

The Society of Antiquaries made earnest investigations, and even sent their secretary to inquire of Lady Anne. She confesses that she should have admitted the authorship frankly, if the questioner had not tried to entrap her into doing so. She adds that "the annoyance of this important ambassador from the antiquaries was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing dogs, under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in obscurity." Her final revelation recalls another curious literary concealment. A copy of the ballad, in her own handwriting, an account of its composition, and a sequel which she also wrote, were sent to her friend, Sir Walter Scott, with permission to "inform his personal friend, the author of Waverley." The sequel is far inferior to the song, and so Lady Anne knew it to be. She only wrote it, she said, to gratify her mother, who was always desirous to know how "the unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended." The sequel never became popular. Scott, in "The Pirate," likens the condition of Mina to that of Jeanie Gray, in the Lady Anne's sequel:

"Nae longer she wept, her tears were a' spent;
Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she drooped like a snow-drop broke down by the hail!"

Very deep must have been this woman's antipathy to loud-mouthed fame; for after she had entrusted Scott with a volume of lyrics written by herself, and others of her house, and they had been printed, and were on the eve of publication, she withdrew her consent. The book was entitled, "Lays of the Lindsays." It was destroyed, and but a single poem remains which is known to belong to it. This begins, "Why tarries my love?" and is attributed to Lady Anne.

While the authoress was "hugging her obscurity," her lines were set to a new air, the original composition of REV. WILLIAM LEEVES, Rector of Wrington, Somersetshire, England, who died in 1828. It was so fine, that it replaced the old one, to which only the first stanza is now sung, and that is generally omitted altogether. I include both airs.

Andante.

1. Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, And sought me for his bride, But
2. My fa - ther could - na work— My mith - er could - na spin; I

sav - ing a crown, he had nae-thing else be - side; To make the crown a pound, my
toil'd day and night, but their bread I could - na win; Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi'

Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me. He
tears in his e'e, Said "Jenny, for their sakes, will ye no' mar - ry me?" My

had - na been gane a week but on - ly twa, When my fa - ther brake his arm, and our
heart it said na, for I look'd for Ja - mie back; But the wind blew high, and the

con dolore. *cres.*

cow was stown a-wa; My mith-er she fell sick, and my Ja - mie at the sea, And
ship it was a wrack, The ship it was a wrack! Why did - na Jen - ny dee? Oh,

mf *p*

auld Ro-bin Gray cam a court-ing me.
why do I live to say, Oh, wae's me.

mf *dim.*

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel and sought me for
his bride,

But saving a crown, he had naething else beside;
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
He had na been gane a week but only twa,
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was
stown awa;
My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam' a courting me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna
win;

Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears
in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you no marry
me?"

My heart it said na, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wrack;

The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?
Oh, why do I live to say, Oh wae's me!

My father argued sair — my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like
to break;

They gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the
sea:

And auld Rohin Gray is gudeman to me.
I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the
door,

I saw my Jamie's ghaist — I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry
thee!"

Oh sair did we greet, and mickel did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves
away.

I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to
dee;

Oh why do I live to say, Oh wae's me!
I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be;
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

(OLD MELODY.)

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye.... at hame, And

p

The musical score consists of two systems of three staves each. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

a'..... the world to sleep are gane, The waes o' my heart fa' in
 showers frae my e'e, When my.... gude-man lies sound by me.

SEQUEL TO AULD ROBIN GRAY.

The winter was come, 'twas simmer nae mair,
 And trembling, the leaves were fleeing thro' th'
 air;
 "O winter," says Jeannie, "we kindly agree,
 For the sun he looks wae when he shines upon
 me."

Nae longer she mourned, her tears were a' spent,
 Despair it was come, and she thought it content—
 She thought it content, but her cheek it grew
 pale,
 And she bent like a lily broke down by the
 gale.

Her father and mother observed her decay;
 "What ails ye, my bairn?" they oftentimes would say;
 "Ye turn round your wheel, but you come little
 speed,
 For feeble's your hand and silly's your thread."

She smiled when she heard them, to banish their
 fear,
 But wae looks the smile that is seen through a
 tear;
 And bitter's the tear that is forced by a love
 Which honor and virtue can never approve.

Her father was vexed, and her mother was wae,
 But pensive and silent was auld Robin Gray;
 He wandered his lane, and his face it grew lean,
 Like the side of a brae where the torrent has
 been.

Nae questions he spiered her concerning her
 health,
 He looked at her often, but aye 'twas by stealth:
 When his heart it grew grit,* and often he feigned
 To gang to the door to see if it rained.

He took to his bed—nae physic he sought,
 But ordered his friends all around to be brought;
 While Jeannie supported his head in its place,
 Her tears trickled down, and they fell on his face.

"Oh, greet nae mair, Jeannie," said he, wi' a
 groan,
 "I'm no worth your sorrow—the truth maun be
 known;
 Send round for your neighbors, my hour it draws
 near,
 And I've that to tell that it's fit a' should hear.

"I've wronged her," he said, "but I kent it
 ower late;
 I've wronged her, and sorrow is speeding my
 date;
 But a' for the best, since my death will soon free
 A faithful young heart that was ill-matched wi'
 me.

"I lo'ed and I courted her mony a day,
 The auld folks were for me, but still she said
 nay;
 I kentna o' Jamie, nor yet of her vow,
 In mercy, forgive me—'twas I stole the cow."

*Great, swollen.

“I cared not for Crummie, I thought but o’ thee—
I thought it was Crummie stood ’twixt you and
me;

While she fed your parents, oh, did you not say
You never would marry wi’ auld Robin Gray?

“But sickness at hame, and want at the door—
You gied me your hand, while your heart it was
sore;

I saw it was sore, — why took I her hand?
Oh, that was a deed to my shame o’er the land!

“How truth soon or late comes to open daylight!
For Jamie cam’ back, and your cheek it grew
white—

White, white grew your cheek, but aye true unto
me—

Ay, Jennie, I’m thankfu’ — I’m thankfu’ to dee.

“Is Jamie come here yet?”—and Jamie they
saw—

“I’ve injured you sair, lad, so leave you my a’;

Be kind to my Jeanie, and soon may it be ;
Waste nae time, my dauties,† in mourning for
me.”

They kissed his cauld hands, and a smile o’er his
face

Seemed hopefu’ of being accepted by grace;
“Oh, doubtna,” said Jamie, “forgi’en he will
be—

Wha wouldna be tempted, my love, to win thee?”

* * * * *

The first days were dowie while time slipt awa’.
But saddest and sairest to Jennie o’ a’,
Was thinkin’ she couldna be honest and right,
Wi’ tears in her e’e while her heart was sae light.

But nae guile had she, and her sorrow away,
The wife o’ her Jamie, the tear couldna stay ;
A bonnie wee bairn — the auld folks by the fire —
Oh, now she has a’ that her heart can desire.

† Darlings.

’TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE.

FREDERICK WILLIAM THOMAS, author of the song which follows, was born in Providence, Rhode Island, October 25, 1808. He passed his infancy in Charleston, South Carolina, and his youth in Baltimore. In 1830, he removed to Cincinnati. Later he removed again to the South. He has been a lawyer, an editor, a professor, a Methodist minister, a librarian, a lecturer, and a stump speaker; and through and amid all of these callings, he has been a very prolific writer of prose and verse. At the close of the war he was editing *The South Carolinian*, at Columbia.

The familiar verses “’Tis said that absence conquers love,” appeared about 1830, and were set to music by E. THOMAS.

1. 'Tis said that ab - sence con - quers love; But oh, be - lieve it not! I've
2. I plunge in - to the bu - sy crowd, And smile to hear thy name; And

tried, a - las! its pow'r to prove, — But thou art not for - got! La -
yet, as if I thought a - loud, They know me still the same. And

dy, though fate has bid us part, Yet still thou art as dear, As
when the wine-cup pass-es round, I toast some oth-er fair; But

fix'd in this de-vot-ed heart, As when I clasp'd thee here.
when I ask my heart the sound, Thy name is ech-oed there.

And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return,
Like the returning dove.
In vain, I never can forget,
And would not be forgot;
For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favorite bower to die,
So, lady, I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh.
'Tis said that absence conquers love;
But, oh! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove
But thou art not forgot.

MARION MOORE.

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

By special permission.

1. Gone art thou, Ma - ri - on, Ma - ri - on Moore!
2. Dear wert thou, Ma - ri - on, Ma - ri - on Moore!
3. I will re - mem - ber thee, Ma - ri - on Moore!

Gone like the bird in the Au - tumn that sing - eth,
 Dear as the tide in my bro - ken heart throb - bing,
 I shall re - mem - ber, a - las, to re - gret thee,

Gone like the flower by the way - side that springeth,
 Dear as the soul o'er thy mem - o - ry sobbing,
 I will re - gret when all oth - ers for - get thee,

Gone like the leaf of the I - - vy that clingeth
 Sor - row in my life of its ros - es is rob - bing,
 Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee,

Round the lone rock on a storm - bea - ten shore.
 Wast - ing is all the glad beau - ty of yore.
 Lin - ger and burn till life's fe - ver is o'er.

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

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore,—
 Peace which the queens of the earth cannot
 borrow;
 Peace from a kingdom that crown'd thee with
 sorrow.
 O! to be happy with thee on the morrow,
 Who would not fly from this desolate shore?

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

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

1. The mistletoe hung in the cas - tle hall, The holly branch shone on the old oak wall, And the
 2 "I'm wea-ry of danc-ing now," she cried; "Here tar-ry a moment,—I'll hide, I'll hide! And,

bar-on's re-tain-ers were blithe and gay, And keep-ing their Christ-mas hol-i-day; The
 Lov-ell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace The clue to my se-cret lurking-place." A-

bar-on be-held, with a fa-ther's pride, His beau-ti-ful child, young Lov-el's bride; While
 -way she ran,—and her friends be-gan Each tow-er to search, and each nook to scan; And young

rf

she, with her bright eyes, seem'd to be The star of the good - ly com - pa - ny.
 Lov - el cried, "Oh, where dost thou hide? I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride!"

ad lib.

Oh, the mis - tle - toe bough!.... Oh, the mis - tle - toe bough!....

colla voce.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system is marked *rf* and features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system is marked *ad lib.* and *colla voce.*, showing a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various chords and melodic lines.

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

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

ALLAN WATER.

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

'T'd give the lands of Deloraine
 Dark Musgrave were alive again!

That is,

I would give many a sugar-cane,
 Mat Lewis were alive again!"

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

The familiar music is the composition of CHARLES EDWARD HORN. He was born in London, in 1786. His father was a noted German musician, but the son surpassed him. He evinced musical talent very early, became one of the finest baritone singers in London, wrote many operas, and composed some of the sweetest and most popular ballad airs of his day. Chorley speaks of him as "one of those delicious and refined English tune composers, to whom the time present offers no equivalent." Unfortunately for his airs, they were too often set to meaningless words, and so have perished. Horn came to the United States, and sang in the Park Theatre in New York, but lost his voice, and afterward kept a music store. His wife was also a well-known singer. He died in New York in 1849.

1. On the banks.... of Al - lan Wa - ter, When the sweet spring-time did
 2. On the banks.... of Al - lan Wa - ter, When brown au - tumn spreads its

fall,..... Was the mil - ler's love - ly daugh - ter, Fair-est of them
 store,.... There I saw.... the mil - ler's daugh - ter, But she smil'd no

all; For his bride a sol - dier sought her, And a win - ning tongue had
 more; For the sum - mer grief had brought her, And the sol - dier, false was

ad lib. *f*

he;..... On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, None so gay as
 he;..... On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, None so sad as

colla voce. f *sf sf sf*

she.....
 she.....

sf mf *f* *p*

pp

3. On the banks.... of Al-lan Wa-ter, When the win-ter snow fell

pp

fast,.... Still was seen.... the mil-ler's daugh-ter; Chill-ing blew the

blast; But the mil-ler's love-ly daugh-ter, Both from cold and care was

ad lib. *p* *lento.*

free;..... On the banks..... of Al- lan Wa - ter,

colla voce. *p* *lento.*

rall. molto.

There a corse lay she!

colla voce. *dim. e rall. al fine.*

MARY OF THE WILD MOOR.

THE following song is a combination of old English words and music. They are both very old; but had never been linked together until JOSEPH W. TURNER united them, added a few lines, and adapted them with a piano accompaniment, which we give. In this form they appeared about 1845. Mr. Turner says, in a note attached to the music, that the song recites the fate of a beautiful girl, wooed by a young man whose suit was disapproved by her parents. The lovers were secretly married, and when, a year later, the young wife was deserted, she made her way to her old home, only to die upon the threshold. The song is so poor as poetry, that it has depended for its popularity solely upon the plaintive beauty of an air well suited to the mournful tale whose burden it repeats.

1. One night when the wind it blew cold, Blew bit - ter a - cross the wild moor; Young
 2. "Oh, why did I leave this fair cot, Where once I was hap - py and free; Doom'd to

Ma - ry she came with her child, Wand'ring home to her own fa - ther's door;.... Crying
 roam without friends and for - got, Oh,.... fa - ther, take pi - ty on me!..... But her

Fa - ther, O pray let me in. Take pi - ty on me, I im - plore, Or the
 Fa - ther was deaf to her cries, Not a voice or a sound reach'd the door; But the

child at my bo - som will die, From the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor....
 watch-dogs did howl, and the winds Blew bit - ter a - cross the wild moor....

Oh, how must her father have felt
 When he came to the door in the morn;
 There he found Mary dead, and the child
 Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms,
 While in frenzy he tore his gray hairs,
 As on Mary he gazed at the door,
 For that night she had perished and died,
 From the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor.

The father in grief pined away,
 The child to the grave was soon borne;
 And no one lives there to this day,
 For the cottage to ruin has gone.
 The villagers point out the spot,
 Where a willow droops over the door;
 Saying, "There Mary perished and died,
 From the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor."

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

SUSANNA BLAMIRE, author of the following lyric, was born January 12, 1747, at Carden Hall, near Carlisle, England. She went to Scotland when young, and remained there many years. Her poems were long scattered about unclaimed. She is described as having a graceful form, somewhat above middle size, and a face slightly marked with small-pox, but beaming with kindness, and sparkling, dark eyes. She was called "a bonnie and verra lish young lass," which means a beautiful and very lively young girl. She returned to Carlisle, and died there, April 5, 1794.

The old melody of the song is called "My dearie, an' thou dee."

Largo.

1. What ails this heart o' mine? What means this wa - t'ry e'e? What
 2. When I gae out at e'en, Or walk at morn - ing air, Ilk

gars me aye turn cauld as death, When I take leave o' thee? When thou art far a - wa, Thou'lt
rustling bush will seem to say, I us'd to meet thee there. Then I'll sit down and cry, An'

dear - er grow to me; But change o' place and change o' folk May gar thy fan - cy jee.
live aneath the tree, An' when a leaf fa's in my lap, I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower,
That thou wi' roses tied,
An' where, wi' mony a blushing bud,
I strove mysel' to hide.
I'll doat on ilka spot,
Where I ha'e been wi' thee,
An' ca' to mind some kindly word,
By ilka burn and tree.

Wi' sic thoughts in my mind,
Time thro' the world may gae,
And find my heart in twenty years
The same as 'tis to-day.
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul,
An' keep friends in the e'e;
An' gin I think I see thee aye
What can part thee and me?

WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE.

THIS little song, first published in 1846, was written by GEORGE P. MORRIS. The music has been attributed confidently to Mrs. Esling, of Philadelphia (*née* Catherine R. Waterman), a friend of Morris's, and a contributor to his periodical; but in reply to a letter of inquiry, she writes me that she has no connection whatever with the song. I have no clue to its composer, except the misleading initials, "C. R. W.," which accompany the sheet music.

1. When oth - er friends are round thee, And oth - er hearts are thine; When
2. Yet do not think I doubt thee, I know thy truth re - mains; I

oth - er bays have crown'd thee, More fresh, more green than mine, Then
would not live with - out thee For all the world con - tains. Thou

think, oh, think how lone - ly This thro - bing heart must be, Which,
art the star that guides me A - cross life's trou - bled sea, And what

while it beats, beats on - ly, Be - lov - ed one, for thee, Which,
-ev - er fate be - tides me, This heart will turn to thee, And what-

while it beats, beats on - ly, Be - lov - ed one, for thee.
-ev - er fate be - tides me, This heart will turn to thee.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

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.

mp

1 Fare - well, fare - well to thee, A - ra-by's daughter (Thus war - bled a Pe - ri be -

-neath the dark sea.), No pearl ev - er lay un - der O - man's green wa - ter, More

pia.

pure in its shell than thy spir - it in thee; A - round thee shall glis - ten the

Cres. f . . . *p*

lov - li - est am - ber That ev - er the sor - row - ing sea - bird has wept; With

ma - ny a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber We Pe - ris of ocean by moonlight have slept.

2. Nor shall I - ran, be-loved of her He - ro! for - get thee, Tho' ty - rants watch o - ver her

tears as they start; Close, close by the side of that he - ro she'll set thee, Em-

balmed in the in - ner - most shrine of her heart; A - round thee shall glis - ten the

lov - li - est am - ber That ev - er the sor - row - ing sea - bird has wept; With

ma - ny a shell in whose hol - low - wreath'd chamber, We Pe - ris of o - cean by

smorz. *ad lib. pp*
moon - light have slept. Fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.....

Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby'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 hushed all its music, and withered its
 frame!

But long, upon Araby's green, sunny highlands,
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the
 doom
 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 amber
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
 With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd
 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.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE poor, but sensitive and cultivated tutor, falling into hopeless love with his fair pupil, has furnished a theme for numberless romances. The true story of the author of "Mary's Dream" affords us a variation from it. Nothing is wanting but a proper denouement, to make this bit of history just like a story-book. We can now imagine the lady true always to the betrothed husband who comes in a dream to comfort her, and a poet friend, with feeling and fancy enough to put the visitation into tender words, who has not usurped the place of the lost lover.

JOHN LOWE was born in Galloway, Scotland, in 1750. His father was a gardener, and after gleaning a little education at the parish school, the son showed good talent for music, and devoted himself to the art. He was fondest of sacred music, which he taught for his support. He finally succeeded in going through the University of Edinburgh, and soon after became tutor to Miss McGhie, daughter of a Scottish gentleman. While he was in the family, the accepted lover of the young lady, Alexander Miller, was drowned at sea, and on the sorrowful event this song was written. Lowe also composed a beautiful air to it, which has been supplanted.

He came to the United States, and opened a school in Fredericksburgh, Virginia, and afterwards took orders in the Episcopal Church. Domestic and other troubles brought him to his grave in 1798.

This song has had more true lovers than almost any other. Washington Irving, in his old age, loved to recall his sister's singing of the ballad. "How constantly it made me weep," he used to say, "and yet how constantly I begged of her to sing it."

1. The moon had climb'd the high - est hill, Which ris - es o'er the
2 She from her pil - low gent - ly rais'd Her head, to ask who

source of Dee, And from the east - ern sum - mit shed Her sil - ver light on
there might be— She saw young San - dy shiv - ring stand, With vis - age pale and

tow'r and tree; When Ma - ry laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on San - dy
hol - low e'e:— "O Ma - ry dear! cold is my clay, It lies far be - neath a

rall.

far at sea; When soft and low a voice was heard Say, "Ma - ry, weep no more for me."
storm - y sea; Far, far from thee, I sleep in death, So "Ma - ry, weep no more for me."

The moon had climbed the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea;
When soft and low, a voice was heard,
Say, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be—
She saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow e'e;—
"O, Mary, dear! cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;—
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,—
But all our striving was in vain.
E'en then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee;
The storm is past, and I at rest;—
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"O, maiden, dear, thyself prepare,—
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more."
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

CONNEL AND FLORA.

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

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

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

Scotland seems to have an unhappy faculty for getting rid of her brightest sons. A satire written in defence of the hand-loom operators of Paisley, so outraged their employ-

ers, that Wilson was imprisoned, and compelled to burn the poem publicly, in front of the jail. From that time, his path was so hunted that he fled the land. Like Burns, he was obliged to work hard for the money to carry him away from those who would some time be proudest to own him; but, unlike Burns, when four months of toil were over, no encouraging hand restrained him by a hearty touch upon the shoulder. He set sail for America, in 1794, and landed at Newcastle, Delaware, July 14. With a gun on his shoulder, and a few shillings in his pocket, he set out to walk to Philadelphia. During the long journey, he shot a red-headed wood-pecker, and had time to examine it attentively. This was his first lesson in ornithology. He became a copper-plate printer in Philadelphia, then a weaver, then a pedler in New Jersey, where he kept his journal, as of old. He then turned schoolmaster, and was himself a student in the sciences. He formed the acquaintance of William Bartram, the naturalist, and Alexander Lawson, the engraver, and the result was a project to describe, with drawings, all the birds of the Middle States—finally, all in the Union. The plan was so large that everybody was frightened from it, except the indefatigable author. He tramped, and wrote, and drew, and colored, until the first volume was ready for publication. In the mean time, he had fallen upon a noble and liberal publisher, Samuel Bradford, of Philadelphia. The book contained the finest illustrations yet published in this country, and was eminently successful. Wilson continued his voyages alone, and in the midst of privations. One trip he took in a little skiff, going the length of the Ohio River, through many perils, and writing poetry as he went. So he persevered, until seven volumes had been published. In preparing the eighth, he endangered his life by swimming in pursuit of a rare bird, and the result of the exposure was his death, August 23, 1813. His last wish was, that he be buried near some sunny spot, where the birds would come and sing.

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

Arranged by Edward S. Cummings.

Slow.

Dark low - ers the night o'er the wide, storm - y main, Till

mild ro - sy... morn - ing rise cheer - ful a - gain;

A - las! morn re - turns to re - vis - it the shore, But

Con - nel re - turns to his Flo - ra no more.

Dark lowers the night o'er the wide stormy main,
Till mild, rosy morn rise cheerful again;
Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore,
But Connel returns to his Flora no more.

While bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,
He lies, to return to his Flora no more.

For see, on yon mountain, the dark cloud of death,
O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on the heath;

Ye light floating spirits that glide o'er the steep,
O would ye but waft me across the wild deep;
There fearless I'd mix in the battle's loud roar,
I'd die with my Connel, and leave him no more.

TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.

THE incident which gave rise to the following song, by SAMUEL LOVER, has been the foundation of several other ballads, some of them translated from the ancient Irish. The story runs that Carolan, a blind harper, recognized his early love, Bridget Cruise, by the touch of her hand, although he had not met her for twenty years.

The old lover was playing by the water, when a ferry-boat drew near, and he chanced to assist the lady to alight. TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN, the bard, was one of the characters of Ireland. He was born in Nobber, county Westmeath, in 1670, and was the last of the ancient race of Irish bards. He lost his eyesight at the age of sixteen. He made very beautiful words, but was chiefly noted for his exquisite melodies. Goldsmith, who had seen him in his boyhood, wrote in later life: "His songs may be compared to those of Pindar, they bearing the same flight of imagination."

1. "True love can ne'er for - get, Fond - ly as when we met, Dear - est I
Thus sung a min - strel gray, His sweet, im - pass - ioned lay, Down by the
2. "Long years are past and o'er, Since from this fa - tal shore, Cold hearts and
Scarce - ly the min - strel spoke, When forth, with flash - ing stroke, Light oars the
3. Where min - strel sat a - lone, That la - dy - fair hath gone; In his hand she
With lips whence bless - ings came, He kissed with tru - est flame Her hand, and

Fine.

love thee yet, My darl - ing one!" } With-ered was the min - strel's sight,
o - cean's spray, At set of sun. }
cold winds bore My love from me. } Soon up - on her na - tive strand
si - lence broke, O - ver the sea. } True love can ne'er for - get
placed her own - He bowed his knee. }
named her name, He could not see. }

D.C.

Morn to him was dark as night; Yet his heart was full of light, As he this lay be - gun;
Doth a love - ly la - dy land, While the minstrel's love-taught hand Did o'er his wild harp run;
Fond - ly as when they met, He loved his la - dy yet, His darl - ing one!

JEANIE MORRISON.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL was but fourteen years old when he made the first draft of "Jeanie Morrison." The boy's nature was unusually delicate, and throughout his short life he was lovable and gentle. He was born in Glasgow, October 13, 1797. His father was an ironmonger. The family were in comfortable circumstances, and the poet received a fine education. He held some small government offices, and then became a newspaper editor. He had charge of three journals, and meantime edited his well-known "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," an edition of Burns, in connection with Hogg, a collection of "Scottish Songs," and "Scottish Proverbs." He also collected his own poetry, of which a few pieces are among the best loved in our language. He died at the age of thirty-eight.

While Motherwell was still very young, his parents moved to Edinburgh, and he was sent to school to William Lennie. To the same school came the pretty Jeanie Morrison, and we have the master's own quaint account of the "twa bairnies":

"William Motherwell entered my school, then kept at No. 8 Crichton street, in the neighborhood of George Square, on the 24th of April, 1805, and left it for the High School, on the 7th day of October, 1808. He was between seven and eight years old when he joined; an open-faced, firm, and cheerful-looking boy. He began at the alphabet, and though he did not, at first, display any uncommon ability, his mind soon opened up, and as he advanced in his education, he speedily manifested a superior capacity, and ultimately became the best scholar in the school; yet he never showed any of that petulant or supercilious bearing which some children discover, who see themselves taken notice of for the quickness of their parts. He was, on the contrary, kind and accommodating; always ready to help those who applied to him for assistance, and a first-rate hand for carrying on sport during the hours of recreation.

"Jane (Jeanie) Morrison was the daughter of one of the most respectable brewers and corn-factors then in Alloa. She came to Edinburgh, to finish her education, and was in my school, with William Motherwell, during the last year of his course. She was about

the same age with himself, a pretty girl, and of good capacity. Her hair was of a lightish brown, approaching to fair; her eyes were dark, and had a sweet and gentle expression; her temper was mild, and her manners unassuming. Her dress was also neat and tidy. In winter she wore a pale blue pelisse, then the fashionable color, and a light-colored beaver, with a feather. She made a great impression on young Motherwell, and that it was permanent, his beautiful ballad shows. At the end of the season, she returned to her parents, at Alloa, with whom she resided until the time of her marriage. She is now a widow, with a family of three children." Jeanie Morrison's married name was Murdoch. Her husband was a merchant in Glasgow. She is described in after life as very elegant in personal appearance, and always characterized by the gentle manners which won the sensitive-hearted boy poet, of whose romantic devotion she was wholly unconscious.

WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER set the poem to music, and used to render it finely at his concerts.

Andantino.

1. I've wan-dered east, I've wan-dered west, Thro' mon - y a wea - ry way; But

nev - er, nev - er... can... for - get, The luv - e o' life's young day! The

fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en May weel be black gin Yule; But black - er fa' a -

- waits the heart, But black - er fa' a - waits the heart, Where first fond luv - e grows cule.

ad lib.

colla voce.

I've wandered east — I've wandered west,
 Through mony a weary way;
 But never, never can forget
 The luv o' life's young day!
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
 May weel be black gin Yule;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luv grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygone years
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,
 And blind my een wi' tears;
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part;
 Sweet time — sad time! twa bairns at scule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To leir ilk ither lear;
 And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
 Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
 What our wee heads could think.
 When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
 We cleecked thegither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
 (The scule then skail't at noon,)
 When we ran off to speel the braes, —
 The broomy braes o' June.

My head rins round and round about,
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back
 O' scule-time, and o' thee.
 O mornin' life! O mornin' luv!
 O lightsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts
 Like simmer blossoms sprang.

O, mind ye, luv, how aft we left
 The deavin', dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its waters croon?
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin' o' the wood
 The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees, —
 And we, with nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knowe abune the burn,
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trickled doun your cheek
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak!
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gushed all feelings forth
 Unsyllabled — unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me!
 O, tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine!
 O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne!

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot,
 But in my wanderings far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart
 Still travels on its way,
 And channels deeper, as it rins,
 The luv o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young,
 I've never seen your face nor heard
 The music o' your tongue;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I dee,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygone days and me!

AE FOND KISS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S saying that "the four lines beginning 'Had we never loved sae kindly,' contained the essence of a thousand love-poems," is almost as well known as the song itself, which is BURNS at his sweetest.

Arranged by Edward S. Cummings.

1st Voice.

2d Voice.

1. Ae fond kiss, and then we sev - er; Ae fare-well, a - las! for -
 2. I'll ne'er blame my par - tial fan - cy, Nae - thing could re - sist my

- ev - er; Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Nan - cy; But to see her, was to love her,

War - ring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. Who shall say that for - tune
 Love but her, and love for - ev - er. Had we nev - er loved sae

grieves him, While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheer-fu' twin-kle
 kind - ly, Had we nev - er loved sae blind - ly, Nev - er met—or nev - er

lights me, Dark despair around be - nights me. Ae fond kiss.
part - ed, We had ne'er been broken - heart - ed. Ae fond kiss.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! forever;
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee,
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.
Ae fond kiss.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever,
Had we never loved sae kindly,

Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
Ae fond kiss.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-the-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Ae fond kiss.

THERE'S NAE ROOM FOR TWA.

THE following Scotch-sounding ballad dates back to 1852, and is attributed to GERTRUDE DANBY and GUSTAVE SATTER. Of the former, the author of the words, I can learn nothing. Mr. Satter is a well-known musician, who was born in Trieste about 1825, and came to New York city many years ago. He gave his first concert in the music store of G. Schirmer, on Broadway. He exhibited much musical genius, and was especially famed for the ease and rapidity with which he read music at sight. He has long been absent from New York, much of the time in Europe, and he now resides in Savannah, Georgia.

1. It was in sim-mer time o' year, An' sim-mer leaves were sheen; When
2. A weel a day my heart leaped high, When walk-in', by his side; Sic

I and Kit - ty walked a - braid, An' Ja - mie walked a - tween. We
 thoughts, a - las! are i - dle now, For Kit - ty is his bride. He

pp *pp*

reached the brig o'er yon wee linn, Our bon - ny brig sae sma';
 could na', an' he wad hae baith, For that's for - bid by law;

p *pp* *pp*

piu lento. *tempo.*

"Jenny," said Jem, "maun walk be - hin," There's nae room for twa," "There's
 In wed - ded life, an' wed - ded love, There's nae room for twa," "There's

colla voce. *mf tempo.*

(a very little faster.)

nae room for twa," said he, "There's nae room for twa," O,.....
 nae room for twa," ye ken, "There's nae room for twa." So! I....

p

ad lib.

Jamie's words went to my heart, "There's nae room for twa."
hae gang'd my gate a-lane, "There's nae room for twa."

Dear Kitty! on thy bonnie brow,
The simmer sun shall shine;
While wintry clouds and winter's gloom
Are gathering dark o'er mine.
I'll gie to God my lingerin' hours,
An' Jamie drive awa',
For in this weary, wasted heart
There's nae room for twa.

The creepin' years hae slowly pass'd,
An' I hae struggled strang,
Wi' a broken hope, an' a broken heart,
But it is nae now for lang;
My thread o' life is a' but span,
An' I maun gang awa',
An' moulder in the clay cauld ground,
Where's nae room for twa.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

THESE beautiful words were written by SUSANNA BLAMIRE, to a Scottish air, called "The wae fu' Heart."

1. Gin liv - ing worth could win my heart, You would - na speak in vain;..... But
2. Yet, oh! gin Heav'n in mer - cy soon Would grant the boon I crave,..... And
3. "I come, I come, my Ja - mie dear, And, oh! wi' what gude - will,..... I

in the dark - some grave it's laid, Nev - er to rise a - gain. My
tak' this life, now nae - thing worth, Sin' Ja - mie's in his grave. And
fol - low whaur - so - e'er ye lead, Ye can - na lead to ill." She

wae - fu' heart lies low wi' his Whose heart was on - ly mine;..... And
 see, his gen - tle spir - it comes To show me on my way!..... Sur-
 said, and soon a dead - ly pale Her fad - ed cheek pos - sess'd!.... Her

oh! what a heart was that to lose, But I maun ne'er re - pine.
 -pris'd, nae doubt, I still am here, Sair won - d'ring at my stay.
 wae - fu' heart for - got to beat, Her sor - row sunk to rest.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

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

1. Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear; Thou art
 2. I mourn thro' the gay, gau-dy day, As hope - less I muse on thy charms; But

sweet as the smile when fond lov - ers meet, And saft as their part - ing tear, Jes-sie; Ah-
 wel - come the dream o' sweet slum-ber, For then I'm lock'd in thy arms; Jes-sie; I

(21)

- tho' thou maun nev-er be mine, Al - tho' ev - en hope is de - nied;.... 'Tis
guess by the dear an - gel smile: I guess by the love-roll - ing e'e;.... But why

sweet - er for thee de - spair - ing, Than aught in the world be - side, Jessie!
urge the ten - der con - fes - sion, 'Gainst for - tune's fell, cru - el de - cree? Jessie!

AFTON WATER.

THE following song was written by BURNS in honor of Mrs. Dugald Stewart, the first person of high position who noticed or encouraged him. Mrs. Stewart inherited Afton Lodge, which was situated on the bank of Sweet Afton, a small river in Ayrshire.

The melody to which MR. J. E. SPILMAN set these plaintive words, is so sweet and so familiar, that I give it in addition to the more elaborate Scottish air.

1. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, Flow
2. Thou stock - dove, whose ech - o re - sounds through the glen, Ye

gent - ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My
wild whist - ling black - birds in yon thorn - y den, Thou

Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow
green - crest - ed lap - wing, thy scream - ing for - bear, I

gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.

QUARTET.

1. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow gent - ly, I'll
3. How loft - ty, sweet Af - ton, thy neighbour - ing hills, Far marked with the

sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
cours - es of clear - wind - ing rills; There dai - ly I wan - der, as

mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. 2. Thou
morn ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. 4. How

stock - dove, whose ech - o re - sounds from the hill, Ye wild whist - ling
pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be - low, Where wild in the

black - birds in yon thorn - y den, Thou green - crest - ed lap - wing, thy
wood - lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild eve - ning creeps

scream - ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
o - ver the lea, The sweet - scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear
wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

THIS song was written by ROBERT TANNAHILL, to the air called "Bonnie Dundee," which, it seems, can be roared to you like a lion, or cooed to you as soft as a sucking dove. The Braes were a tract of country near the poet's home, and they were sometimes known as the Stanley Braes. Robert Dinsmoor, who published under the *nom de plume* of "Rustic Bard," and who was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, in 1757, included this song in a volume of poems, as his own.

Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Glen - if - fer, The

mf *p*

auld cas - tle tur - rets are cov - er'd wi' snaw; How chang'd frae the time when I

met wi' my lov - er, A - mang the broom bush - es by Stan - ley green shaw! The

wild flow'rs o' sim - mer were spread a' sae bon - nie, The ma - vis sang sweet frae the

green birk - en - tree; But far to the camp they hae marched my dear John - nie, And

now it is win-ter wi' na - ture and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and
cheerie,

Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling
drearie,

And naething is seen but the wide-spreading
snaw;

The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and
dowie, —

They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as
they flee;

And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my
Johnnie, —

'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld, fleecy cloud skiffs along the bleak
mountain,

And shakes the dark firs on the steep, rocky
brae,

While down the deep glen brawls the snaw-
flooded fountain,

That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and
me;

It's na the loud roar, on the wintry winds
swellin',

It's na the cauld blast brings the tear to my
ee;

For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scot's callan
The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

THIS song was written by ROBERT CRAWFORD, a Scottish author of considerable learning and importance, who wrote "Down the Burn, Davie, Love." "The Bush Aboon Traquair" was first published in Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," in 1724, and afterward, with the music, in the "Orpheus Caledonius." The exquisite opening melody in Boildieu's opera of "La Dame Blanche," is this sweet old Scottish air. It is in remembrance of this melody that Dr. Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood*, says:

"In realms beyond the separating sea,
The plaided exile, 'neath the evening star,
Thinking of Scotland, scarce forbears to weep."

1. Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev' - ry swain, I'll tell how Peg - gy grieves me; Tho'
2. That day she smil'd, and made me glad, No maid made seem'd ev - er kinder; I

thus I lan - guish and com - plain, A - las! she ne'er be - lieves me, My
thought my - self the luck - iest lad, So sweet - ly there to find her, I

vows and sighs, like si - lent air, Un - heed - ed nev - er move..... her; The
tried to soothe my am - 'rous flame, In words that I.... tho't ten - der; If

bon - nie bush a boon,..... Tra - quair, 'Twas there I first did love her.
more there pass'd, I'm not..... to blame, I meant not to.... of - fend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonnie bush bloomed fair in May,
Its sweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

BARBARA ALLAN.

THIS famous ballad is very old, and is of Scottish origin. The peasantry of a part of Scotland still sing more stanzas than have ever been in print. The English, or an English version of it, is called "Barbara Allan's Cruelty; or the Young Man's Tragedy." "Scarlet Town" is given as the home of Barbara, and plebeian Jemmy Grove is substituted for Sir John Graham. I give both versions, as the English one is a curious example of how

the gist of the words may be lost overboard, as a song floats down the stream of time; in that, poor Barbara appeared a monster indeed, as there is no mention of the fact, that the dying youth had formerly slighted her when the healths went round.

Pepys, in his Diary, under date of January 2, 1665, speaks of Mrs. Knipp's (the actress's) singing, of "her little Scotch song of Barbary Allan, at Lord Brounker's," and he adds, that he was "in perfect pleasure to hear her sing it." Goldsmith recounts more than once, his delight in the ballad. He says: "The music of the first singer is dissonance, to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears, with 'Johnny Armstrong's Good night;' or, 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allan.'" The song came over to our country, with the early settlers, and Horace Greeley, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," speaks of remembering to have heard his mother sing, "Barbara Allan."

The air is as old as the words, and the origin of both is unknown.

Larghetto.

1. It was in and a-bout the Mart - 'mas time, When the green leaves were a -
 2. O, slow - ly, slow - ly rase she up, To the place where he was

- fal - in', That Sir John Gra-ham, in the west coun-trie, Fell in love wi' Bar - b'ra
 ly - in', And when she drew the cur - tain by, Young man, I think ye're

Al - lan. He sent his man down thro' the town, To the place where she was
 dy - in'. It's oh, I'm sick, ve-ry, ve - ry sick, And it's a' for Bar - b'ra

dwal - lin', Oh, haste and come to my mas - ter dear, Gin ye be Bar - b'ra Al - lan.
 Al - lan; Oh, the better for me ye'se nev - er be, Tho' your heart's bluid were a - spill - in'.

It was in and about the Mart'mas time,
When the green leaves were a fallin',
That Sir John Graham, in the west countrie,
Fell in love wi' Barbara Allan.

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

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

"It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very, very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allan;
O, the better, for me ye'se never be
Though your heart's bluid were a-spillin'."
"O, dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin',

That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slichtit Barbara Allan."

He turned his face unto the wa,
And death was with him dealin';
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

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

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell ringin',
And every jow the deid-bell gi'ed,
It cried, "Wae to Barbara Allan."

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

The English version is as follows :

In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
And every youth cried well awa';
Her name was Barbara Allan.
Her name was Barbara Allan,
Her name was Barbara Allan,
All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swelling,
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allan.

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

"Though death be printed on his face,
And o'er his heart be stealin',
Yet little better shall he be
For bonny Barbara Allan."
So slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came,
"Young man I think your dying!"

He turned his face unto her straight,
With deadly sorrow sighing:
"Oh! pretty maid, come pity me,
I'm on my death-bed lying"
"If on your death-bed you do lie,
What needs the tale your tellin',
I cannot keep you from your death;—
Farewell!" said Barbara Allan.

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealin',
"Adieu, adieu, my friends all,
Adieu to Barbara Allan."
As she was walkin' o'er the fields,
She heard the bells a' knellin',
And every stroke did seem to say,
"Unworthy Barbara Allan."

She turned her body round about,
And spied the corpse a coming;
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,
"That I may look upon him."
With scornful eyes she looked down;
Her cheeks with laughter swellin',
Whilst all her friends cried out amain,
"Unworthy Barbara Allen"

When he was dead and in his grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow;
"O mother, mother make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow.
Hard-hearted creature, him to slight,
Why loved me so dearly,
O! that I'd been more kind to him,
When he was alive and near me."

She on her death-bed as she lay,
Begg'd to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the day,
That she did e'er deny him.
"Farewell!" she said, "ye virgins all
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allan."

SAVOURNEEN DEELISH.

Savourneen dheelish Elleen ogue, "Darling, dear young Ellen," is the refrain of a song which is often attributed to Thomas Campbell, but was written by GEORGE COLMAN the younger, and formed part of his musical drama entitled, "The Surrender of Calais." George Colman the younger, who, like his father, was an English comic dramatist, was born October 21, 1762. He became manager of the Haymarket Theatre, and wrote more farces, comedies, etc., than any modern dramatist, but most of them were unsuccessful, and none survive. After the condemnation of his play, "The Iron Chest," he added to his name, "the younger," saying, in explanation, "Lest my father's memory may be injured by mistakes, and in the confusion of after-time, the translator of Terence, and the author of the 'Jealous Wife,' should be supposed guilty of 'The Iron Chest,' I shall, were I to reach the patriarchal longevity of Methuselah, continue (in all my dramatic publications) to subscribe myself, George Colman *the younger*."

O'Carrol, a fine Irish singer, used to sing Colman's song to the old melody, "Savourneen Dheelish."

1. O! the mo - ments were sad when my
 2. When the word of com - mand put our
 3. I fought for my coun - try, far

rall

love and I part - ed, Sa - vour - neen dhee - lish El - leen ogue; I
 troops all in mo - tion, Sa - vour - neen dhee - lish El - leen ogue; I
 far, from my true love, Sa - vour - neen dhee - lish El - leen ogue; My

kiss'd off the tear, and was nigh broken - heart - ed, Sa - vour - neen dhee - lish
 clasp'd on my knap - sack to cross the wide o - cean, Sa - vour - neen dhee - lish
 pay and my boot - y, I hoarded for you, love, Sa - vour - neen dhee - lish

El - leen ogue; Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder; Damp
 El - leen ogue; Brisk were our troops, roar - ing like thun-der, Pleas'd
 El - leen ogue; Peace was pro - claim'd— I es - cap'd from the slaughter, Land -

was her hand, and no mar - ble was cold - er. I thought in my soul that I ne'er
 with their voy - 'age, im - pa - tient of plun-der, Whilst my poor heart with grief was almost
 - ed at home, my sweet girl I sought her, But sor - row, a - las! to her cold

more should be - hold her, Sa - vour - neen dhee - lish El - leen ogue.
 torn a - sun - der— Sa - vour - neen dhee - lish El - leen ogue.
 grave had brought her, Sa - vour - neen dhee - lish El - leen ogue.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THE author of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," THOMAS CAMPBELL, although boasting of high Scottish ancestry, might have been an American, if the Bostonians had not upset the tea that was passed to them without sugar; for when the Revolution broke out, his father was a prosperous merchant in Virginia. He returned with his family to Glasgow, where his son Thomas was born, in July, 1777. The poet's life is too well known to need repetition. This ballad of the Highlands of Scotland, was one of the every-day favorites of our grandparents and great-grandparents.

The music is by GEORGE THOMSON, the collector of Scottish melodies. In connection with Burns, he did for Scottish music what Sir John Stevenson, in connection with Thomas Moore, did for Irish music. He was born in Fifeshire, about 1760, and died in Edinburgh, Feb. 16, 1853.

1. A chief - tain to the high - lands bound, Cries, "Boat - man do not
2. "And fast be - fore her fa - ther's men, Three days we've fled to -
3. Out - spoke the har - dy high - land wight, "I'll go, my chief, I'm

tar - ry! And I'll give thee a sil - ver pound To row us o'er the
geth - er, For should he find us in the glen, My blood would stain the
read - y; It is not for your sil - ver bright, But for your win - some

fer - ry." "Now who be ye would cross Loughgyle this dark and storm - y
heather; His horse - man hard be - hind us ride, should they our steps dis -
la - dy; And by my word, the bon - my bird in dan - ger shall not

wa - ter?" "Oh! I'm the Chief of Ul - va's Isle, And this Lord Ul - lin's daugh - ter.
cov - er, Then who will cheer my bon - ny bride, When they have slain her lov - er?"
tar - ry, So, though the waves are rag - ing white, I'll row you o'er the fer - ry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking,
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark, as they were speaking;
But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father!"
The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, Oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing,
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.
For sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover,
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back, come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this raging water,
And I'll forgive your highland chief,
My daughter! Oh, my daughter!"
'Twas vain, the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing,
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting!

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

THE words of this tender and sweet old song are by MRS. CRAWFORD, an Irish lady, who died about 1855. The air was composed by Mr. F. W. NICHOLLS CROUCH, who was born in England, about 1800. In 1817, he was violincellist in King's Theatre, London. Afterward he taught music at Plymouth, where he composed this song, for the copyright of which he received £5. He came to the United States with an Italian opera troupe in 1848, and settled in Portland, Maine. There he made many friends, and became the instructor of some of the best singers. He was something of a naturalist, and ornamented his rooms with cages of live snakes. He was a sportsman also, and his game dinners and his wife's matinées were equally celebrated. He brought out Locke's music to "Macbeth," and gave concerts with Arthurson, Frazier, and others. There is an answer to "Kathleen Mavourneen," entitled "Dermot Asthore"—the music by Crouch, and the words by his friend, Desmond Ryan.

Crouch set to music a song written by Augustine J. H. Duganne, entitled "Her I Love," and was foolish enough to claim the authorship of the words also. He called it "a madrigal, after the style of the sixteenth century," and affected the ancient spelling. The first stanza ran as follows :

I knowe a lyttle hande ;
 'Tys ye softest yn ye lande,
 And I feel yts pressure blande,
 Whyte I syng ;
 Lylie whyte and restyng nowe
 Lyke a rose-leave on my browe,
 As a dove myght fanne my browe
 Wythe yts wyng.
 Welle I prize all handes above,
 Thys deare hande of herre I love.

The song was brought out by Arthurson, and became somewhat famous.

Crouch was utterly improvident. He was very free with his money whenever he had it, and consequently seldom had any. It is said that he once assisted a needy Italian in giving a concert, and finding that the receipts were rather meagre, amended the deficiency somewhat by casting in his last ten-dollar bill. From Portland he went to Philadelphia, where he established a sort of musical association. Just before the war he was teaching music in Washington, and he is said to have died in Baltimore during the war,—but as to this, there seems to be some doubt.

When Mlle. Titiens sang in New York, she gave "Kathleen Mavourneen," in response to an encore. Thereupon, a fellow, who in all probability was an impostor, made his way to the stage, introduced himself as Crouch the composer, and with plentiful tears gave her his thanks for rendering the song so finely.

The musical score is presented in three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a *mf* dynamic and features a melodic line with a crescendo. The lyrics are: "Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! the grey dawn is break - ing,..... The". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, also in a treble clef, providing a harmonic support with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The bottom staff is the bass line, in a bass clef, consisting of a simple bass accompaniment with dotted rhythms. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass line.

horn of the hun - ter, is heard.... on the hill, The

lark, from her light wing, The bright..... dew is shak - ing,

Káth - leen..... Ma - vour - neen!..... what! slum - b'ring still?

Oh hast thou for -

mf

espress e legato.

mf

- got - ten how soon we must sev - er? Oh, hast thou for -

- got - ten, this day, we must part? It may be for years, and it

colla voce.

p

may be for - ev - er, Oh, why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my

heart? It may..... be for years, and it may be for -

cres. *mf*

- ev - er, Then why..... art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?

OUR FAMILIAR SONGS.

mf Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! A - wake from thy slum - bers,..... The

blue mountains glow in..... the sun's gold - en light; Ah!

where is the spell that once hung on my numbers, A -

- rise in thy beau - ty, thou star of my night, A -

rise..... in thy beau - ty, thou star..... of my night. *tempo.*

Slentando.

cres.

mf con amore affetto.

Ma - vour - neen, Ma -

rall.

f

mf

- vourneen, my sad tears are fall - ing, To think that from

fz

mf

E - rin, and thee I must part; It may be for years, and it

pp
sempre legato.

mf

may be for - ev - er, Then why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my

Simpli. mf *mf* *mf*

heart? It may..... be for years, and it may be for -

- ev - er, Then why..... art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?

rall *dim.* *p*

JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

THIS thoroughly Frenchy little song is the production of two Englishmen. CHARLES JEFFERYS, who wrote the words, was born January 11, 1807, and died in London, June 9, 1865. In early life, he was clerk and book-keeper in a wine-merchant's office, but in 1835 he established a music-publishing business, which his sons still carry on. He wrote a great number of songs and lyrics, and was prominent in English musical affairs for a quarter of a century. He says in a memorandum, "The first guinea (literally a guinea, which I sold for nineteen and sixpence), was paid me for 'Life is a River,' in 1831."

"Jeannette and Jeannot" was suggested by a little bronze group, which Mr. Jefferys afterward purchased, and which is still in the possession of the family. The English copies of the song bear on the title-page an engraving representing this group.

CHARLES W. GLOVER, who set these words to music, was a brother of Stephen Glover. He was a pupil of Thomas Cooke, a violin-player at Drury Lane, and finally musical director of the Queen's Theatre. He was known in connection with much excellent musical work, writing the words of a few, and the notes of innumerable songs. He was born in 1807, and died in London, March, 1863, being precisely contemporary with his friend and co-laborer, Jefferys.

Moderato.

1. You are go - ing far a - way, Far a - way from poor Jeannette, There is
2. Or when glo - ry leads the way, You'll be mad - ly rush - ing on, Nev - er

p

no one left to love me now, And you too may for - get; But my
think - ing if they kill you That my hap - pi - ness is gone: If you

heart will be with you, Wher - ev - er you may go, Can you
win the day, per - haps, A gen - er - al you'll be, Tho' I'm

look me in the face, And say the same,..... Jean - not? When you
proud to think of that, What will be - come..... of me? Oh! if

wear the jack - et red, And the beau - ti - ful cock - ade, Oh, I fear you will for -
I were Queen of France, Or, still bet - ter, Pope of Rome, I would have no fight - ing

-get; All the prom-is - es you made; With the gun up-on your shoulder, And the men a-broad, No weeping maids at home; All the world should be at peace, Or if

bay' - net by your side, You'll be tak - ing some proud la - dy, And be mak - ing her your kings must show their might, Why let them who make the quar - rels Be the on - ly men to

bride; You'll be tak - ing some proud la - dy, And be mak - ing her your bride. fight; Yes, let them who make the quar - rels Be the on - ly men to fight.

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

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

1. Rise up, rise up, Xa - ri - fa, Lay your golden cush - ion down; Rise
 2. A - rise, a - rise, Xa - ri - fa, I see..... An - dal - la's face; He

up, come to the win - dow; And gaze with all the town; From
 bends him to the peo - ple, With a calm and prince - ly grace; Thro'

gay gui - tar and vi - o - lin, The sil - ver notes are flow - ing; And the
 all the land of Xe - ras, And banks of Gua - dal - quiv - er, Rode

love - ly lute doth speak be - tween The trum - pets lord - ly blow - ing; And
 forth bridegroom so brave as he, So brave and love - ly, nev - er: Yon

cres. *f*

ban - ners bright from lat - tice light, Are wav - ing ev' - ry - where, And the
 tall plume wav - ing o'er his brow, Of a - zure mix'd with white, I

p

tall, tall plume Of the gay bridegroom, Floats proud - ly in the air. Rise
 guess 'twas wreath'd by Za - ra, Whom he will wed to - night. Rise

up, rise up, Xa - ri - fa, Lay your gol - den cush - ion down; Rise

up, come to the win - dow; And gaze with all the town;

“Rise up, rise up, Xarifa,
 Lay your golden cushion down;
 Rise up, come to the window,
 And gaze with all the town.
 From gay guitar and violin,
 The silver notes are flowing;
 And the lovely lute doth speak between,
 The trumpet's lordly blowing;
 And banners bright from lattice light,
 Are waving everywhere,
 And the tall, tall plume of the gay bridegroom,
 Floats proudly in the air.
 Rise up, rise up, Xarifa,
 Lay your golden cushion down,
 Rise up, come to the window,
 And gaze with all the town.”

“Arise, arise, Xarifa!
 I see Andalla's face;
 He bends him to the people,
 With a calm and princely grace;
 Through all the land of Xeres,
 And banks of Guadalquivir,
 Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he,
 So brave and lovely, never.
 Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow,
 Of azure mixed with white,
 I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara,
 Whom he will wed to-night.
 Rise up, rise up, Xarifa,
 Lay your golden cushion down,
 Rise up, come to the window,
 And gaze with all the town.”

“What aileth thee, Xarifa?
 What makes thine eyes look down?
 Why stay ye from the window, far,
 Nor gaze with all the town?
 I’ve heard you say, on many a day,
 And sure you said the truth,
 Andalla rides without a peer,
 ’Mong all Granada’s youth;
 Without a peer he rideth,
 And yon milk-white horse doth go
 Beneath his stately master,
 With a stately step and slow:—
 Then rise—oh, rise! Xarifa,
 Lay the golden cushion down;
 Unseen here through the lattice,
 You may gaze with all the town.”

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

One lovely rosebud she had traced,
 Before the noise grew nigh,
 That rosebud now a tear effaced,
 Slow dropping from her eye.
 “No, no!” she cries, “bid me not rise,
 Nor lay my golden cushion down,
 To gaze upon Andalla,
 With all the gazing town.”

“Why rise ye not, Xarifa—
 Nor lay your cushion down,
 Why gaze ye not, Xarifa—
 With all the gazing town?
 Hark! hear the trumpets how they swell,
 And how the people cry!
 He stops at Zara’s palace gate!
 Why sit you still, Oh why?”
 “At Zara’s gate, stops Zara’s mate,
 In him shall I discover,
 The dark-eyed youth who pledged his troth,
 With tears, and was my lover.
 I will not rise, with weary eyes,
 Nor lay my golden cushion down;
 To gaze on false Andalla,
 With all the gazing town.”

BONNIE DOON.

IN a letter to Mr. Thomson, BURNS 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 piper, 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 conversing, “The music of England is execrable! They have only one good melody—‘Ye Banks and Braes O’ Bonnie 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 sae fu' o' care?

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou mindst me o' the happy days
When my fause love was true.

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

For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist nae o' my fate.

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

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause lover staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

The heroine of "Bonnie Doon" was Miss Kennedy, of Dalgarrock, whose false lover was one M'Dougal, of Logan.

Andante.

1. Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
2. Oft hae I rov'd by bon-nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine; When

can ye chaunt, ye lit-tle birds, And I sae wea-ry, fu' of care? Thou'lt
il-ka bird sang o' its love, And fond-ly sae did I o' mine. Wi'

break my heart, thou warb-ling bird, That wan-tons through the flow'-ry thorn, Thou
light-some heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up-on its thorn-y tree; But

mf *p dolce.*

mindst me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.
 my fause lov - er stole my rose, And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

BOUNDING BILLOWS, CEASE YOUR MOTION.

THE story of the authoress of the following song, is one of the saddest and most romantic of all the o'er-true tales.

Mary Derby, the daughter of an American sea-captain, was born in Bristol, England, in 1758. As a child (an only one), she was surpassingly beautiful and bright, and the utmost care was bestowed upon her education and accomplishments. Her home stood next to the Cathedral, and, when very young, she crept into the dim and solemn aisles, to dream and write little melancholy poems. Her mates, in a school kept by two sisters of Hannah More, were the future Mrs. John Kemble and a daughter of Mrs. Pritchard, the great actress. At this time, she says: "My clothes were sent for from London; my fancy was indulged to the extent of its caprices; I was flattered and praised into a belief that I was a being of a superior order. To sing, to play a lesson on the harpsichord, to recite an elegy, and to make doggerel verses, made the extent of my occupations." Her father lost all his money in speculation, and, while he was at sea, Mrs. Derby removed to London, and opened a small school. The husband suddenly re-appeared, broke up the school, which he was pleased to term a degradation of his name, and left again, without doing anything to support his family. Garrick saw the young girl, and was so delighted with her beauty and histrionic gifts, that he wanted her to play Cordelia, in "Lear." Mrs. Derby was horrified, and, just at this time, a young lawyer, named Robinson, found access to the house, and paid suit to Miss Mary. He brought tracts to the mother, and trinkets to the daughter. The mother urged her child's union to a youth so pious and wealthy, and when she was but fifteen years old, forced her into a marriage. Mary says: "My heart, even when I knelt at the altar, was as free from any tender impression, as it had been at the moment of my birth." Mr. Robinson wished the marriage kept secret from his family, but Mrs. Derby would not consent, and the pair were sent into Wales to visit them. A terrible visit it proved to the poor bride. She found that her husband was an illegitimate child, and the family had turned him off. They returned to London, where the husband added dissipation to meanness, and soon their home was sold for debt, and Mr. Robinson was thrown into prison. Mary took up her abode there with him, bringing her infant daughter. Courtly lovers had never forgotten the beauty of the young bride, and in her distress she was sought and sued; but, she says: "During nine months and three weeks, never once did I pass the threshold of our dreary habitation, though every effort was made to draw me from my scene of domestic attachment." Among her admirers, came the actors, and now the idea of going upon the stage for a livelihood presented itself. She appeared as Juliet, and "the beautiful Mrs. Robinson" became the rage. She had

performed two seasons, with great success, when the king and queen summoned her to play for them, Perdita, in the "Winter's Tale." As she appeared in the greenroom, there was a burst of admiration among the players, and the marked attention of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., then "the first gentleman in Europe," confused and troubled her. From that time, the prince pursued her with daily letters, and every form of flattery; but for months she refused to see him, and worked on to support a husband whose ill-treatment of her stood out in painful relief where everybody else was kind. At last came a miniature of the prince, with the motto, *Je ne change qu'en mourant*, and she met him, only to love him with all the strength of her deep, but untrained nature. One more dark spot, on a character that has little relief of brightness, is seen in the prince's treatment of "Perdita." In the midst of lavish words of tenderness, came his "We meet no more;" and she is left to brave the hatred of the people, and actual want, without a sign from him.

Here is her own account of some of her experiences on the stage: "The greenroom and orchestra (where Mr. Garrick sat during the night) were thronged with critics. When I approached the side-wing my head throbbed convulsively; I then began to feel my resolution would fail, and I leaned upon the nurse's arm, almost fainting. Mr. Sheridan and several other friends encouraged me to proceed; and at length, with trembling limbs and fearful apprehension, I approached the audience. The thundering applause that greeted me, nearly overpowered all my faculties; I stood mute and bending with alarm, which did not subside till I had feebly articulated the few sentences of the first short scene, during the whole of which I had never once ventured to look at the audience. The second scene being the masquerade, I had time to collect myself. I never shall forget the sensation which rushed through my bosom, when I first looked toward the pit. I beheld a gradual ascent of heads; all eyes were fixed on me; and the sensation they conveyed was awfully impressive; but the keen and penetrating eyes of Mr. Garrick, darting their lustre from the centre of the orchestra, were beyond all others the objects most conspicuous. As I acquired courage, I found the applause augment, and the night was concluded with peals of clamorous approbation. * * * The second character which I played was Amanda in 'A Trip to Scarborough.' The play was based upon Vanbrugh's 'Relapse,' and the audience supposing it was a new piece, on finding themselves deceived, expressed a considerable degree of disapprobation. I was terrified beyond imagination, when Mrs. Yates, no longer able to bear the hissing of the audience, quitted the scene and left me alone to encounter the critic tempest. I stood for some moments as though I had been petrified. Mr. Sheridan, from the side-wing, desired me not to quit the boards; the late Duke of Cumberland, from the side-box, bade me take courage—"It is not you but the play, they hiss," said his Royal Highness. I curtsied, and that curtsy seemed to electrify the whole house, for a thundering peal of encouraging applause followed; the comedy was suffered to go on, and is to this hour a stock play at Drury-Lane Theatre."

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

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

1. Bounding billows, cease your mo-tion, Bear me not so swift - ly o'er; Cease thy roar - ing,
 2. Ah! with-in my bo-som beating, Varying pas-sions wild - ly reign; Love, with proud re-
 3. Proud has been my fa - tal pas-sion; Proud my injured heart shall be; While each tho't and

foam - y o - cean, Cease thy roar - ing, foam - y o - cean, I will tempt thy rage no more.
 - sent - ment meet - ing, Love with proud re - sentment meeting, Throbs by turns with joy and pain.
 in - cli - na - tion, While each tho't and in - cli - na - tion, Still shall prove me worth - y thee.

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

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

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

When with thee, what ill could harm me?
 Thou couldst every pang assuage;
 But, when absent, nought could charm me—
 Every moment seemed an age.

ROLL ON, SILVER MOON.

ONE of the most familiar of all familiar songs, is the plaintive little one which follows. It is of English origin, and, while both words and air are old, the former, except in a few lines, are very ancient. But we really owe the song to an American, JOSEPH W. TURNER, of Boston; for the words had never been set to, or associated with the melody until, about 1842, he united them, and adapted them to the voice and the piano-forte. So that, earlier than that, it was not the present "Roll on, Silver Moon." It was published in 1847.

Mr. Turner, was born in Charlestown, Mass., July 9, 1818. From childhood, he was excessively fond of music, but circumstances were unfavorable to a development of that taste, or to his securing the necessary education. He was the ninth child in a family of eleven; and, when fourteen years old, he began to work in the Boston Type-Foundry. Two years later, he assumed the care of the family, and continued to maintain it, until the death of his parents, fourteen years later, caused a separation of the household.

Meantime, he was prosecuting musical and other studies, and, in 1851, he accepted the post of music-teacher, in the Melrose Classical Seminary, which he held until the seminary was removed to Reading. He was also church organist during that time, and many of his evenings were devoted to giving concerts in aid of charitable objects. In 1857, Mr. Turner became musical editor of the *Waverley Magazine*; he afterward returned to the foundry, but since 1863 has given his entire time to the study and practice of his art, as a teacher and composer of vocal and instrumental music. In 1852, he published a small volume of songs, ballads, and music for the flute and violin, entitled, "The

Minstrel's Gift." During the war, a large number of Northern troops, who were prisoners near Tyler, Texas, organized a company of sappers and miners, and had a tunnel in progress, when news came that Banks was within one hundred and fifty miles. Fifteen adventurous souls, feeling that the under-ground route was too tedious, completed the undermining of one of the great logs that composed the stockade, and succeeded, on a rainy evening, in fastening a rope around the log. A band of musical comrades gathered in a distant part of the encampment, and, just as the rope was drawn in, and the men rushed through the opening, the clouds rolled away, and the singers broke out into:—

"Roll on, Silver Moon,
Guide the traveller on his way."

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score includes three systems of music with lyrics underneath. The first system contains three numbered verses. The second system continues the lyrics. The third system includes the instruction 'Cres. f' and 'dim.'.

1. As I stray'd from my cot at the close of the day, 'Mid the rav-ishing beau-ties of June, 'Neath a
 2. As the hart on the mountain my lov-er was brave, So no-ble and man-ly and clev-er, So
 3. But, a-las! he is dead, and gone to death's bed,—Cut down like a rose in full bloom; And a-

Andante.

jes-samine shade I es-pied a fair maid, And she plain-tive-ly sigh'd to the moon.
 kind and sin-cere, and he loved me full dear, Oh, my Edwin, his e-qual was nev-er!
 -lone doth he sleep, while I thus sad-ly weep 'Neath thy soft sil-ver light, gen-tle moon.

Roll on, silver moon, point the trav'ler his way, While the nightingale's song is in tune; I

Cres. f *dim.*
 nev-er, never more with my true love will stray By thy soft sil-ver beams, gen-tle moon.

His lone grave I'll seek out until morning
 appears,
 And weep o'er my lover so brave;
 I'll embrace the cold sod, and bathe with my tears,
 The sweet flowers that bloom o'er his grave.

Ah, me! ne'er again may my bosom rejoice,
 For my lost love I fain would meet soon;
 And fond lovers will weep o'er the grave where
 we sleep,
 'Neath thy soft silver light, gentle moon.

WE MET, 'T WAS IN A CROWD.

BOTH the words and the music of this song, are the composition of THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

1. We met— 'twas in a crowd— And I thought he would shun me; He
 2. And once a-gain we met, And a fair girl was near him; He

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is shown in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

came— I could not breathe, For his eye was up - on me; He
 smil'd and whis - per'd low, As I once used to hear him; She

The second system continues the musical notation with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "came— I could not breathe, For his eye was up - on me; He smil'd and whis - per'd low, As I once used to hear him; She".

spoke, his words were cold, And his smile was un - al - ter'd; I
 leant up - on his arm— Once 'twas mine, and mine on - ly— I

The third system continues the musical notation. The lyrics are: "spoke, his words were cold, And his smile was un - al - ter'd; I leant up - on his arm— Once 'twas mine, and mine on - ly— I".

knew how much he felt, For his deep-toned voice fal - ter'd; I
 wept, for I de - serv'd To feel wretch - ed and lone - ly; And

The fourth system concludes the musical notation on this page. The lyrics are: "knew how much he felt, For his deep-toned voice fal - ter'd; I wept, for I de - serv'd To feel wretch - ed and lone - ly; And".

wore my bri - dal robe, And I ri - val'd its white-ness! Bright
she will be his bride! At the al - tar he'll give her, The

gems were in my hair, How I hat - ed their bright - ness! He
love that was too pure For a heart - less de - ceiv - er; The

call'd me by my name— As the bride of an - oth - er— Oh!
world may think me gay, For my feel - ings I smoth - er— Oh!

ad lib.

thou hast been the cause of this an - guish, my moth - er!
thou hast been the cause of this an - guish, my moth - er!

colla voce.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

THE words of this song are by SUSANNA BLAMIRE, who wrote "What ails this Heart o' mine?" and they are set to the favorite Scottish air of "The Siller Crown."

1. And ye shall walk in silk at-tire, And sil-ler ha'e to spare,.... Gin
 2. The mind whose mean-est wish is pure, Far dear-er is to me;..... And
 3. His mind and man-ners wan my heart, He grate-fu' took the gift,..... And

ye'll con-sent to be my bride, Nor think on Don-ald mair.... O,
 ere I'm forced to break my faith, I'll lay me down and dee.... For
 did I wish to see it back, It wad be waur than theft;... For

wha wad buy a silk-en gown, Wi' a poor brok-en heart?..... Or
 I ha'e vow'd a vir-gin's vow, My lov-er's fate to share:..... And
 lang-est life can ne'er re-pay The love he bears to me,..... And

what's to me a sil-ler crown, Gin frae my love.... I part?....
 he has g'iven to me his heart, And what can man.... do mair?....
 ere I'm forced to break my faith, I'll lay me down... and dee.....

moth-er, Its ear - li - est pin - ions to try,..... 'Round the
fond-ly, And dream of sweet mem - o - ries past,..... Yet

nest will still lin - ger - ing hov - er, Ere its tremb - ling wings can
hope, like the rain - bow of sum - mer, Gives a promise of Lethe at

fly;..... As a young bird, when left by its moth-er, Its
last,..... Tho' this heart may still cling to thee fond-ly, And

ear - li - est pin - ions to try,..... 'Round the nest will still lin - ger - ing;
dream of sweet mem - o - ries past,..... Yet hope, like the rain - bow of

ho - ver,
summer,

Ere its trem - bling wings can fly.....
Gives a prom - ise of Lethe at last.....

OH NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY wrote this little song after he had been repulsed by the parents of his first love. Each afterward married "another." Henry Phillips, the English singer, says in his pleasant "Recollections," that Mr. Bayly called his attention to the ballad, and adds: "The poetry was well adapted to my feelings, for I was desperately in love, at that time, with at least a dozen whose names were never heard. I felt I could give full expression to the ballad, so sang it, and the effect it produced was indeed great; I was always encored in this song. It was evident to all that I sang it with peculiar pathos, and I seemed so deeply affected, that the audience invariably brought me back again, to witness my misery! This ballad put thousands of pounds into the pockets of the publisher; a profit in which, I am sorry to say, I did not in any degree participate." The song has been rendered into German, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, by different translators. Archdeacon Wrangham, who made the Latin translation, turned many others of Mr. Bayly's songs into the same language. The air to which it is set is French, and was arranged by SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.

1. Oh, no, we nev-er men-tion her! Her name is nev-er heard; My
2. They bid me seek, in change of scene, The charms that others see, But,

lips are now for-bid to speak That once fa-mil-iar word. From
were I in a for-eign land, They'd find no change in me. 'Tis

sport to sport they hur - ry me, To ban - ish my re - gret, And
true that I be - hold no more The val - ley where we met, I

when they win a smile from me, They think that I for - get.
do not see the haw - thorn tree, But how can I for - get?

ad lib.

mf p

For oh! there are so many things
Recall the past to me;
The breeze upon the sunny hills,
The billows of the sea;
The rosy tint that decks the sky,
Before the sun is set,
Aye, every leaf I look upon,
Forbids me to forget.

They tell me she is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets me,
But heed not what they say:
Like me, perhaps, she struggles
With each feeling of regret,
But if she loves as I have loved,
She never can forget!

ROBIN ADAIR.

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

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

The family finally gave up their opposition, when they saw that her health was affected; the lovers were married. After a few happy years, the lady died, leaving three children. Adair (who never married again) was a favorite of George III., and was made, successively, Inspector General of Military Hospitals, Surgeon General, King's Sergeant Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. He died in 1790. Their only son, the Right Honorable Sir Robert Adair, G. C. B., died in 1855, at the age of ninety-two. He was distinguished as a diplomatist, and is said to have been the original of the character of *Rogero*, in Canning's "Rovers."

1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near.
 2. What made th' as - ssembly shine? Ro - bin A - dair.
 3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair.

What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear?
 What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there.
 But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair,

Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all
 What, when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore? Oh, it was
 Yet he I lov'd so well Still in my heart shall dwell; Oh, I can

f *dim.*

fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.
 part - ing with Ro - bin A - dair.
 ne'er for - get Ro - bin A - dair.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

THOMAS MOORE sang his own songs with such effect, that singer and listener often wept together. He had selected the sweetest airs of his country, and had versified sentiments that would suit them, in a mood suggested by them, and it was a great trial to him that choking sobs would overwhelm him when he most longed for self-control. After the loss of his children he was often afraid to attempt pathetic music. The song of his which follows commemorates the love and sorrow of a beautiful girl, and her lover. The lady was Miss Sarah Curran, and the lover was Robert Emmet. Washington Irving thus tells the story:

“Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

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

“To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father’s displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. The Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain.

She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude; walking about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and 'heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.'

"The person who told me her story, had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness, more striking and painful, than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd, with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and, looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

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

"He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away, in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart."

1. She is far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, And
 2. She sings the wild songs of her dear na - tive plains, Ev' ry

lov - ers a - round her are sigh - ing; But cold - ly she turns from their
 note which he loved a - wak - ing; Ah! lit - tle they think, who de-

gaze, and weeps, for her heart in his grave is ly - ing.
-light in her strains, How the heart of the min - strel is break - ing.

teneramente.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a *teneramente* marking. The bottom staff is the bass line. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

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

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

HIGHLAND MARY.

THE true "Highland Mary" of ROBERT BURNS was Mary Campbell, a servant in a gentleman's family in Mauchline. She had unusual mental gifts, and a sweet disposition. Burns describes the last parting which took place between them: "After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of Ayr, where we spent a day in taking farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave before I could even hear of her illness."

Allan Cunningham tells us still further: "The adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonies which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions, and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other." The Bible is preserved in a room which occupies the lower portion of Burns's monument on the River Doon.

In 1842, twelve thousand people assembled at Greenock, to witness the laying of the corner-stone for a monument to "Highland Mary." Burns says of the song: "It pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner. You will see at first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days, and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would ensure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, 'tis the still growing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the composition."

The poet has gained the "prejudice" of all hearts, as is attested by Whittier's sentiment:

Give lettered pomp to teeth of time,
So "Bonnie Doon," but tarry;
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his "Highland Mary."

Lento.

1. Ye banks and braes, and streams a-round The eas - tle o' Mont - gom - e - ry, Green
 2. How sweet - ly bloom'd the gay green birk How rich the hawthorn's blos - som, As

be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your wa - ters nev - er drum - lie! There
 un - der-neath their fra - grant shade I clasp'd her to my bos - om! The

sim - mer first un - faultd her robes, And there they lang - est tar - ry, For
 gold - en hours, on an - gel wings, Flew o'er me and my dear - ie; For

there I took the last fare - well O' my sweet High - land Ma - ry.
 dear to me as light and life Was my sweet High - land Ma - ry.

pp *mf*

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder:
 But, oh! fell death's untimely frost
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly;
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly;
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.