

SONGS OF HAPPY LOVE.

Oh, there are looks and tones that dart  
An instant sunshine through the heart,  
As if the soul that minute caught  
Some treasure it through life had sought.

— *Thomas Moore.*

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“ And yet, my one lover,  
I’ve conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night.”  
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,  
And all the sweet speech I had fashioned, took flight.  
But I’ll love him more, more,  
Than e’er wife loved before,  
Be the days dark or bright.

— *Jean Ingelow.*

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Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,  
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love.

— *Joseph Brennan.*

# SONGS OF HAPPY LOVE.

## THE BROOKSIDE.

THE author of this drawing-room favorite of twenty years ago, is RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (Lord Houghton), the English poet, politician, and prose-writer. He was born in Yorkshire, June 19, 1809. He was graduated at Cambridge, and entered Parliament, where he soon espoused the liberal side, advocating popular education, religious equality, reform for criminals, etc. He visited this country in 1875.

The melody which suits these picturesque words so well, was composed by JAMES HINE.

1. I wan - - - - - der'd by the brook-side, I wan - - - - - der'd by the  
2. I sat..... beneath the elm tree, I watch'd..... the long, long

mill; shade, I... could not hear the brook-flow, The  
And as it grew still long - er, I

noi - sy wheel was still; There was no burr of  
did not feel a - fraid; For I lis - ten'd for a

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble and bass clefs), and lyrics. 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 piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more melodic treble line.

grass - hop - per, No chirp of a - ny bird,.... But the  
 foot - fall, I lis - ten'd for a word,.... But the

beat - ing of my own heart..... Was all the sound I heard.

The musical score consists of two systems of three staves each. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

I wandered by the brookside,  
 I wandered by the mill ;  
 I could not hear the brook flow,—  
 The noisy wheel was still.  
 There was no burr of grasshopper,  
 No chirp of any bird,  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree :  
 I watched the long, long shade,  
 And, as it grew still longer,  
 I did not feel afraid :  
 For I listened for a footfall,  
 I listened for a word,—  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,— no, he came not,—  
 The night came on alone,—  
 The little stars sat one by one,  
 Each on his golden throne ;  
 The evening air passed by my cheek,  
 The leaves above were stirred,  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,  
 When something stood behind :  
 A hand was on my shoulder,—  
 I knew its touch was kind :  
 It drew me nearer — nearer —  
 We did not speak one word,  
 For the beating of our own hearts  
 Was all the sound we heard.

## ANNIE LAURIE.

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

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,  
 For a singer dumb and gory ;  
 And English Mary mourns for him  
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Annie Laurie has come to mean, the universal soldier's sweetheart, "The girl he left behind him," and it is pleasant to know that there really was an Annie Laurie, once; two centuries ago, she was a blooming lassie. Here is the record, exactly as it was made in a trustworthy old "Ballad-Book," collected by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of Hoddam :



“Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of the Maxwellton family (created 27th March, 1685), by his second wife, a daughter of Riddello, Minto, had three sons, and four daughters, of whom Anne was much celebrated for her beauty, and made a conquest of Mr. DOUGLAS, of Fingland, who composed the following verses, under an unlucky star—for the lady married Mr. Ferguson, of Craigdarroch.” These are the original words:—

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew;  
Where me and Annie Laurie  
Made up the promise true;  
Made up the promise true,  
And never forget will I,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'll lay me down and die.

She's backit like the peacock,  
She's briedit like the swan;  
She's jimp about the middle,  
Her waist ye weel nicht span;  
Her waist ye weel nicht span,  
And she has a rolling eye,  
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I'll lay me me down and die.

The present air of “Annie Laurie,” is the composition of Lady JOHN SCOTT, authoress of both words and music of many songs, which have become popular in her own country. Her maiden name was Alicia Anne Spottiswoode. She married, in 1836, Lord John Douglass Scott, a son of the Duke of Buccleuch.

A collection of Lady Scott's musical compositions has been published in London.

*Andante.*

Ma - well - ton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the  
2. Her brow.... is like the snaw - drift, Her neck is like.... the  
3. Like dew & on the go - wan ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fai - ry

dew, And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie, Gie'd me her prom - ise  
swan, Her face it is the fair - est the sun shone  
feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and

true, Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will  
on - That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her  
sweet - Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to -

*cres.*

*cres.*

*sf p* *pp ad lib.*

he; }  
e'e; }  
me; }

And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.

*sf p* *pp colla voce.*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the song 'And for bon-nie Annie Laurie'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a forte (*sf*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic, and ends with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic and the instruction *ad lib.* The piano accompaniment also starts with *sf p* and ends with *pp colla voce.* The lyrics are: 'And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.' There are three vocal entries: 'he;', 'e'e;', and 'me;'.

## THE WELCOME.

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS was born in Mallow, County Cork, Ireland, in 1814. Until he was twenty-six years old, he was an enthusiastic student. After leaving Trinity College, Dublin, he was called to the Irish bar. The need of his country for an enlightened public journal, led him, in connection with two others, to establish *The Nation*, which, although he did not edit it, he inspired with his own noble enthusiasm. The editor, who well knew the force of patriotic song, and especially realized its power to move the susceptible hearts of his countrymen, wanted to publish a series of national ballads. Thomas Davis had never attempted rhyme, but the theme was so inspiring, that the lawyer found himself, perforce, turned verse-writer, and came to be recognized as one of his country's most genuine poets. That country's estimation of his character and services, has been thus expressed: "A more earnest and sincere man than Davis never lived. In his total abnegation of self, in his fiery genius, and generous impulses, he was 'his own parallel.' The characteristics of his nature, were a strict love of truth and right, and an exuberant, joyous spirit. His devoted love for Ireland knew no bounds; his fidelity to her interests has rarely been equaled; and he served her with intense zeal, without stint or reserve, for the sole gratification of doing good to his kind. His simplicity, and almost womanly tenderness, were beautifully blended with the severe integrity of his principles." Davis, died in Dublin, September 16, 1845. "The Welcome" is one his most popular poems.

1. Come in the ev'-ning, or come in the morn - ing, Come when you're look'd for, or  
2. I'll pull you sweet flow-ers to wear, if you choose them; Or, after you've kiss'd them, they'll

come with-out warn - ing, Kiss-es and welcome you'll find here be - fore you, And the  
lie on my bos-om. I'll fetch from the mount-ain its breeze to in - spire you; I'll

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the poem 'The Welcome'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The time signature is 6/8. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line has two verses. Verse 1: 'Come in the ev'-ning, or come in the morn - ing, Come when you're look'd for, or'. Verse 2: 'I'll pull you sweet flow-ers to wear, if you choose them; Or, after you've kiss'd them, they'll'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and simple melodic lines. The lyrics continue: 'come with-out warn - ing, Kiss-es and welcome you'll find here be - fore you, And the lie on my bos-om. I'll fetch from the mount-ain its breeze to in - spire you; I'll'.

off-ner you come here the more I'll a-dore you. Light is my heart since the  
 fetch from my fan- cy a tale that won't tire you. Oh! your step's like the rain to the

day we were plight - ed, Red is my cheek that they told me was blight - ed; The  
 sum-mer-vex'd farm - er, Or sa - bre and shield to a knight with-out ar - mor; I'll

green of the trees looks far greener than ev-er, And the linnets are singing, "true lovers don't sever."  
 sing you sweet songs till stars rise a-bove me, Then, wand'ring I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning;  
 Come when you're looked for, or come without  
 warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll  
 adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;  
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;  
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
 And the linnets are singing "True lovers don't  
 sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose  
 them!

Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my  
 bosom;

I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire  
 you;

I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.  
 Oh, your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed  
 farmer,

Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;  
 I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,  
 Then, wand'ring, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me

We'll look thro' the trees at the cliff and the eery;  
 We'll tread round the rath on the track of the  
 fairy;

We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the  
 river,

Till you ask of your darling what gift you can  
 give her.—

Oh, she'll whisper you, "Love, as unchangeably  
 beaming,

And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming;  
 Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,  
 As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;  
 Come when you're looked for, or come without  
 warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll  
 adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;  
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;  
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
 And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't  
 sever!"

## WANDERING WILLIE.

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

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,  
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;  
Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,  
Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Through the lang muir I have followed my Willie,  
Through the lang muir I have followed him hame;

Whatever betide us, naught shall divide us,  
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,  
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;  
Come, love, believe me, naething can grieve me,  
Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

1. Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der - ing Wil - lie, Here a - wa',  
2. Win - ter winds blew loud and cauld at our part - ing; Fears for my

there a - wa', haud a - wa' hame. Come to my bos - om, my  
Wil - lie brought tears to my e'e; Wel - come now, sim - mer, and

ain on - ly dear - ie, Tell me thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.  
wel - come, my Wil - lie, The sim - mer to na - ture and Wil - lie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slum -  
bers;

How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!

And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his  
Nannie,

Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!  
May I never see it, may I never trow it,

But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

## SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

Another contained the following:

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

Carey committed suicide in a fit of despair, October 4, 1743, at his home in Warmer street, Coldbath-fields,—or, to quote a quaint account, "by means of a halter he put a

period to a life which had been led without reproach." Like all who took their own lives in that day, he was buried at a cross-roads, and his grave is unknown.

Carey composed the original air to his song, and it was immensely popular for thirty years, when suddenly it was dropped, and "Sally" was set in motion to a fine old ballad air, called "The Country Lass."

1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret-ty Sal-ly; She  
2. Her fa-ther he makes cab-bage - nets, And through the streets does cry 'em; Her

*pp*

is the darl-ing of my heart, And lives in our al-ley; There is no la-dy  
moth-er she sells la-ces long To such as please to buy 'em; But sure such folks could

in the land That's half.... so sweet as Sal-ly; She is the darl-ing of my  
ne'er be-get So sweet.... a girl as Sal-ly; She is the darl-ing of my

*p*

heart, And lives in our al-ley....

*ten. dim. p*

Of all the girls that are so smart  
 There's none like pretty Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.  
 There is no lady in the land  
 That's half so sweet as Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,  
 And through the streets does cry 'em;  
 Her mother she sells laces long  
 To such as please to buy 'em;  
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
 So sweet a girl as Sally!  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,  
 I love her so sincerely;  
 My master comes like any Turk,  
 And bangs me most severely.  
 But let him bang his bellyful, —  
 I'll bear it all for Sally;  
 For she is the darling of my heart,  
 And lives in our alley.

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

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

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

## JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT wrote all except the first stanza of this ballad; that one he took from an old song called "Jock O' Hazelgreen." The present words were written for "Albyn's Anthology," published in 1816 and edited by Alexander Campbell. The air has been traced by Chappel, the English writer on song literature, to an old English song entitled "In January last," in a play of D'Urfey's called "The Fond Husband; or the Plotting Sisters," which was acted in 1676.

*Andante Moderato.*

1. Why weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll  
 2. Now let this wil - fu' grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale; Young

wed ye to my young - est son, And ye shall be his bride. And  
 Frank is chief of Err - ing - ton, And lord of Lang - ly - dale. His

ye shall be his bride, la - dye, Sne come - ly to be seen; But  
 step is first in peace - ful ha', His sword in bat - tle keen; But

*cres.* *f*

aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.

*p*

A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair,  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
 And you, the foremost o' them a',  
 Shall ride our forest queen—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning tide,  
 The taper glimmered fair,  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight are there.  
 They sought her baith by bower and ha',  
 The lady was not seen;  
 She's o'er the border and awa'  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

## JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL was the author of this beautiful song. The last stanza, beginning "How lost were my days till I met with my Jessie," was not in the original song, and it is so commonplace that it is difficult to believe Tannahill added it.

The heroine of the song has been much speculated about. Each Jessie, in the old town, had the honor of being represented as the "blooming fair." Dumblane lay upon a celebrated and picturesque stage-route, and we can fancy the quieter rolling of the rumbling wheels, and the louder rolling of the driver's voice, who, with his long whip, used to point out to each fresh load of sight-seeking and story-loving passengers, the humble cottage where the tiny bud, that became the far-famed "flower o' Dumblane," unfolded to the light. One enthusiastic traveller published an account of his interview with the bonnie lassie, then a decidedly plain old lady. Alas! for the truthfulness of this historian. Jessie was but a poet's dream. Tannahill never was in Dumblane; had he been, he would have known that from there the sun could not be seen going down "o'er the lofty Ben Lomond." The only fancies of the poet's short life were for two young women of his native town of Paisley.

The exquisite air was made by ROBERT ARCHIBALD SMITH, who is celebrated as a composer, and student of Scottish airs, of which he made some of the sweetest. He set some of Tannahill's best songs. He was born at Reading, Berkshire, England, November 16, 1780, and died in Edinburgh, January 3, 1829.



*Andante.*

1. The sun has gane down o'er the loft - y Ben - Lo-mond, And left the red clouds to pre-  
 2. She's mod - est as o - ny, and blithe as she's bon - nie, For guile - less sim - pli - ci - ty  
 3. How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jes - sie! The sports o' the ci - ty seem'd

*p*

-side o'er the scene; While lane - ly I stray in the calm sim - mer gloam - in' To  
 marks her its ain; And far be the vil - lain, di - vest - ed of feel - ing, Wha'd  
 fool - ish and vain; I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear las - sie, Till

muse on sweet Jes - sie, the flow'r of Dum - blane. How sweet is the brier wi' its  
 blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dum - blane. Sing on, thou sweet mav - is, thy  
 charm'd wi' sweet Jes - sie, the flow'r o' Dum - blane. Tho' mine were the sta - tion of

saft fauld - ing blos - som, And sweet is the birk wi' its man - tle o' green; But  
 hymn to the e'e - nin', Thou'rt dear to the ech - oes of Cal - der - wood glen; Sac  
 loft - i - est gran - deur, A - midst its pro - fu - sion I'd lan - guish in pain, And

sweet-er and fair-er, and dear to this bo-som, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the  
 dear to this bo-som, sae art-less and win-ning, Is charm-ing young Jes-sie, the  
 reck-on as naething the height o' its splen-dor, If want-ing sweet Jes-sie, the

flow'r o' Dum-blane, Is love-ly young Jes-sie. Is love-ly young Jes-sie, Is  
 flow'r o' Dum-blane, Is charm-ing young Jes-sie, Is charm-ing young Jes-sie, Is  
 flow'r o' Dum-blane, If want-ing sweet Jes-sie, If want-ing sweet Jes-sie, If

love-ly young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.  
 charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.  
 want-ing sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

### MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

BOTH the words and music of this song, the first line of which has become one of the most familiar of all "familiar quotations," were produced by J. AUGUSTUS WADE, an English composer, who died in London in 1875, aged seventy-five. He was extremely poor, and in his last days literally went begging among the music publishers.

1. Meet me by moon-light a-lone,..... And then I will  
 2. Day-light may do for the gay,..... The thought-less, the

tell you a tale,..... Must be told by the moon-light a -  
heart-less, the free;..... But there's some-thing a - bout the moon's

lone,..... In the grove at the end of the vale;.....  
ray,..... That is sweet - er to you and to me;.....

.... You must prom-ise to come, for I said..... I would show the night-  
.... Oh! re-mem-ber, be sure to be there,..... For though dear-ly a

*legato.*

- flow - ers their queen,..... Nay, turn not a - way that sweet  
moon-light I prize,..... I care not for all in the

*p*

*stacc.*

head!..... 'Tis the lov - li - est ev - er was seen!.....  
 air,..... If I want the sweet light of your eyes!.....

..... Oh! meet me by moon - light a - lone,.....  
 ..... So meet me by moon - light a - lone,.....

Meet me by moon - light a - lone!

*rall*

### SAW YE MY WEE THING?

HECTOR MACNEILL, author of the words of this song, was born into an old and honored Scottish family. His father, a retired army officer at the time of Hector's birth, was living in a beautiful villa near Roslin, amidst charming scenery. While Hector was quite young, his father's finances became involved, and the family removed to a farm on the picturesque shore of Loch Lomond. Hector wrote poems and dramas when very young. His father was not without discernment of the boy's talent, and pride in its exhibitions; but want of money compelled him to deny him the education he wanted. A rich relative offered to make the boy's fortune, and so the studious lad was pushed into a career which proved utterly uncongenial and unsatisfactory. He was shipped to the Island of St. Christopher's, with a view to showing how much sailor there was in him; but he was provided with letters to present, in case he did not wish to re-ship, after landing there. He took advantage of the alternative, and found employment there for a year. That failing, he

sailed for Guadaloupe, where he remained three years with an employer who turned him off with a small amount, when, in 1763, the island was ceded to the French. With difficulty he reached Antigua, where, reduced to utter penury, he worked a short time for a relative, with no recompense whatever. His general culture and abilities, with his knowledge of the French language, rescued him from this, and he became assistant to the Provost-Marshal of Grenada, for three years. On receiving news of the death of his mother and sister, he returned to Scotland. His father died soon after, leaving him a little property. This he invested in an annuity of £80, upon which small sum he hoped to be able to stay at home. But difficulty in obtaining even this, and an unfortunate attachment, sent him out again upon the ocean. As assistant-secretary on board a flag-ship he made two cruises, when he turned homeward; but he was persuaded to accept a position upon the flag-ship of Sir Richard Brinkerton, commander of the naval forces in India. In this position he suffered great hardships, and was in some naval engagements. He remained three years, though sick almost to death of his wanderings. He longed for quiet, and literary pleasures, and, although he had little money, he again attempted the experiment of supporting himself in Scotland by his pen. He fixed his abode in a farm-house near Stirling, where he composed diligently; but the slow-moving booksellers, and ready critics, proved too much for his patient industry. He must live, even though he wrote verses, and when the bottom of his purse was reached, he set sail once more. On a voyage to the island of Jamaica, he engaged himself to a collector of customs, who, finding afterward that he could dispense with the poet's services, dismissed him forthwith. Disheartened and homesick, he turned toward his native hills again. These he reached, with no money in his pocket, but a poem which he had written during the voyage, entitled, "The Harp, a Legendary Tale." This was published, but brought him no money. He lived with relatives, writing, until he was seized with a nervous disease which for six years rendered him incapable of physical exertion. When he recovered, he produced nearly all his best songs, and began at last to realize his dream. One poem gave him wide reputation, and went through fourteen editions in a year, and the one following was equally popular. He now went to Jamaica to recover health, and the light heart which he carried greatly assisted him. A friend in Jamaica settled upon him an annuity of £100, and he returned to Scotland, to leave it no more. He established himself in Edinburgh, received some legacies, wrote constantly, and was soon living in affluence, courted by fashion and culture. There was now but one drawback to his happiness—he was old. He writes, January 30, 1813: "Accumulating years and infirmities are beginning to operate very sensibly upon me now, and yearly do I experience their increasing influence. Both my hearing and my sight are considerably weakened, and, should I live a few years longer, I look forward to a state which, with all our love of life, is certainly not to be envied." Five years later, March 15, 1818, when seventy-one years old, his strange, wandering life closed in peacefulness and hope.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of three staves: a vocal line, a piano accompaniment (right hand), and a piano accompaniment (left hand). The vocal line has two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*.

1. Oh, saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?  
 2. I saw na your wee thing, saw na your ain thing; Nor

Saw ye my true love, down by yon lea? Cross'd she the mea-dow, yes -  
 saw I your true love down by yon lea; But I met the a bon - nie thing

- treen at the gloam - in'? Sought she the bur - nie whar flow'rs the haw-tree? Her  
 late in the gloam - in', Down by the bur - nie whar flow'rs the haw-tree? Her

hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white, Dark is the blue o' her  
 hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white, Dark was the blue o' her

saft, roll - ing e'e, Red, red her ripe lips, and sweet - er than ro - ses!  
 saft, roll - ing e'e, Red were her ripe lips, and sweet - er than ro - ses!

Whar could my wee thing hae wan - der'd frae me?  
 Sweet were the kiss - es that she ga'e to me!

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,  
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree :  
 Proud is her leal heart, an' modest her nature,  
 She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.  
 Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary ;  
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee :  
 Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,  
 Young bragger, she ne'er wad gi'e kisses to  
 thee.

It was, then, your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,  
 It was, then, your true love, I met by the  
 tree ;  
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,  
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek  
 grew,  
 And wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e ;  
 Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your  
 scorning !  
 Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie !

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling ; —  
 Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee ;  
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,  
 Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark, rolling e'e  
 Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?  
 Is it my true love here that I see?  
 O Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to me,  
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee !

## THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

THIS simple, familiar, Scottish-sounding ditty was written by CHARLES JEFFERYS, and the music was composed by his friend SIDNEY NELSON.

1. The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No breath came o'er the sea, When  
 2. Wher-e'er I wan-dered, east or west, Though fate be-gan to lower, A  
 3. And ' when my fev-ered lips were parched, On Af-ric's burn-ing sand, She

Ma-ry left her high-land cot, And wan-dered forth with me. The  
 sol-ace still was she to me, In sor-row's lone-ly hour. When  
 whis-pered hopes of hap-pi-ness, And tales of dis-tant land. My

flow-ers decked the mount-ain side, And fra-grance filled the vale, By  
 tem-pests lashed our gal-lant bark, And rent her shiv-'ring sail, One  
 life had been a wil-der-ness, Un-biest by for-tune's gale, Had

far the sweet-est flow-er there, Was the Rose of Al-lan-dale. Was the  
 maid-en form with-stood the storm, 'Twas the Rose of Al-lan-dale. 'Twas the  
 fate not linked my lot to hers, The Rose of Al-lan-dale. The

Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, By  
 Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, One  
 Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, Had

far the sweet - est flow - er there, Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.  
 maid - en form with - stood the storm, 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale.  
 fate not linked my fate to hers, The Rose of Al - lan - dale.

## KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

THIS song first appeared in David Herd's collection of Scottish melodies, in 1776. The original was a coarse old song, but the new words were adapted to modern ideas of decency.

*Moderato.*

1. Oh, Rob-in is my on - ly joe, For Rob-in has the art to lo'e; So  
 2. He's tall and son - sy, frank and free, He's loe'd by a', and dear to me; W'  
 3. But lit - tle kens she what has been, Me and my hon - est Rob be-tween, And

to his suit I mean to bow, Be - cause I ken he lo'es me. Oh,  
 him I'd live, wif him I'd dee, Be - cause my Rob - in lo'es me. My  
 in his woo - ing, Oh, how keen Kind Rob - in is that lo'es me. Then

hap - py, hap - py was the show'r That led me to his birk - en bow'r, Where  
 fly, ye la - zy hours, a - way, And hast - en on the hap - py day, When,



first of love I fand the pow'r, And kenn'd that Rob - in lo'ed me.  
I ere lang be made to see That Rob - in did - na lo'e me.  
"join your hands," Mess John shall say, And make him mine that lo'es me.

## I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

THE first stanza of this song, was written by REV. JOHN CHENIE, minister of Borthwick, in Mid-Lothian, who died in 1819, at the age of sixty-two. The remaining four stanzas were written by HECTOR MACNEILL. The air is an adaptation of the Irish melody, "My lodging is on the cold ground."

1. I lo'e na a lad-die but ane,.... He lo'es na a las-sie but me;..... He's  
2. Let ith - ers brag weel o' their gear,.... Their land, and their lord-ly de - gree,..... I

will - in' to make me his ain,..... And his ain I am will - in' to be.... He  
care na for ought but my dear,.... For he's il - ka thing lord - ly to me.... His

coft me a roke - lay o' blue,..... And a pair o' mit - tens o' green; He  
words mair than su - gar are sweet,.... His sense drives il - ka fear far a - wa'; I

vow'd that he'd ev - er be true,.... And I plight - ed my troth yes - teen....  
 lis - ten, poor fool, and I greet,.... Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!.....

"Dear lassie," he cries wi' a jeer,  
 "Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say.  
 Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear;  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
 Our laird hath baith honors and wealth,  
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;  
 Now we, though we've naething but health,  
 Are cantie and leal evermair.

"O, Menie! the heart that is true,  
 Has something mair costly than gear;  
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,  
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.

Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,  
 And tremble for fear aught ye tyne;  
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar and door,  
 True love is the guardian of mine."

He ends wi' a kiss an' a smile,  
 Wae's me, can I take it amiss?  
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,  
 He's free aye to daut and to kiss!  
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment  
 Your woovers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
 Play your pranks — I hae gi'en my consent,  
 And this night I'm Jamie's for life.

## MARY OF ARGYLE.

THE words of "Mary of Argyle" were written by CHARLES JEFFERYS, and the melody was composed by SIDNEY NELSON.

1. I have heard the mav - is sing - ing, His love-song to the morn; I have  
 2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine eye its bright - ness too; Tho' thy  
 seen the dew drop cling - ing, To the rose just new - ly born; But a  
 step may lack its fleet - ness, And thy hair its sun - ny hue; Still to

sweet - er song has cheer'd me, At the eve - ning's gen - tle close; And I've  
me wilt thou be dear - er, Than all the world shall own; I have

*cres.*

seen an eye, still brighter, Than the dew - drop on the rose; 'Twas thy  
lov'd thee for thy beau - ty, But not for that a - lone; I have

*mf*

*à tempo.*

voice, my gen - tle Ma - ry, And thine art - less win - ning smile, That  
watch'd thy heart dear Ma - ry, And its good - ness was the wile'. That has

*a tempo.*

*ad lib.*

made this world an E - den, Bon - ny Ma - ry of..... Ar - gyle!  
made thee mine for - ev - er, Bon - ny Ma - ry of..... Ar - gyle!

*ad lib.*

## THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

THIS song was written by BURNS, for the *Museum*, in September, 1787, while visiting the falls of Moness, near Aberfeldy, in Perthshire. The poet and his friend, William Nicol, were there on a tour in the Highlands. There was an old song, called "The Birks of Abergeldy," which had these stanzas:

Bonnie Lassie, will ye go,  
Will ye go, will ye go,  
Bonnie Lassie, will ye go,  
To the birks of Abergeldy?  
Ye sall get a gown of silk,  
A gown of silk, a gown of silk,  
Ye sall get a gown of silk,  
And a coat of callimankei.

Na, kind sir, I daur na gang,  
I daur na gang, I daur na gang,  
Na, kind sir, I daur na gang,  
My minnie wad be angry.  
Sair, sair wad she flyte,  
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte;  
Sair, sair, wad she flyte,  
And sair, sair would she ban me.

The air, which appeared in Playford's "Dancing Master," in 1657, is there called "A Scotch ayre."

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in treble and bass clefs. The first system has a tempo marking of 3/8. The second system has a tempo marking of 3/8 and a star symbol at the end of the vocal line. The third system has a tempo marking of 3/8. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go,

Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go To the birks of A - ber - fel - dy? { Now  
While  
The

sim - mer blinks on flow - 'ry braes, And o'er the crys - tal stream - let plays, Come  
o'er their heads the ha - zels hing, The lit - tle bird - ies blythe - ly sing, Or  
braes as - cend like loft - y wa's, The foam - ing stream deep roar - ing fa's, O'er-

let us spend the light - some days In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.  
 light - ly flit on wan - ton wing In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.  
 hung wi' fra - grant spread - ing shaws, The birks of A - ber - fel - dy.

\*The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,  
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
 And, rising, weets wi' misty showers  
 The birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonnie lassie, etc.

\*Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonnie lassie, etc.

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

ALLAN RAMSAY was visiting the Earl of Loudon; and one day, when they were walking together by the banks of Irvine water, at a place called Patie's Mill, both were struck by the appearance of a beautiful country-girl. The Earl remarked that she would make a fine subject for a song. Ramsay stayed behind when they returned to the castle, and at dinner produced this song.

The air is known to be at least as old as the middle of the seventeenth century.

*Andantino.*

1. The lass o' Pa - tie's mill,..... Sae bon - nie, blithe, and gay, In  
 2. With - out the aid of art,..... Like flow'rs that grace the wild, She  
 3. Oh, had I a' the wealth..... Hope-toun's high mount - ains fill, In-

*dolce. p*

spite of a' my skill,..... She ' stole my heart a - way, When ted - din' o' the  
 did her sweets im - part..... When - e'er she spoke or smiled, Her looks they were so  
 -sured long life and health..... And pleas - ure at my will, I'd prom - ise and ful -

hay..... Bare - head - ed on the green, Love 'midst her locks did  
 mild..... Free from af - fect - ed pride, She me to love be -  
 -fil..... That none but bon - nie she, The lass of Pa - tie's

play, An' wan - ton'd in her cen.  
 guiled; I wish'd her for my bride.  
 mill, Should share the same for me.

*dim.*

## THE LEA RIG.

THIS song, by BURNS, was written for an air called "The Lea Rig." The original song, which is poor, contained but two stanzas, and was written by ROBERT FERGUSSON.

1. When o'er the hill the east - ern star Tells bught - in' time is near, my jo; And  
 2. In mirk - est glen, at mid - night hour, I'd rove, and ne'er be e - erie, O, If  
 3. The hun - ter lo'es the morn - ing sun, To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; At

*p*

ow - sen frae the fur - row'd field, Re - turn sae dawf and wea - ry, O; Down  
 through that glen I gaid to thee, My ain..... kind..... dea - rie, O, Al -  
 noon the fish - er seeks the glen, A - long the burn to steer my jo; Gi'e

by the burn, where scent - ed birks W? dew are hang - ing clear, my jo; I'll  
 - though the night were ne'er sae wild, And I were ne'er sae wea - ry, O, I'd  
 me the hour o' gloam - in' gray, It mak's my heart sae chee - rie, O, To

meet thee on the lea - rig, My ain.... kind..... dear - ie, O.

## THE BRAES O' BALQUHIDDER.

As touching and sweet as the songs he wrote, but far sadder, is the story of ROBERT TANNAHILL. He was born June 3, 1777, in Paisley, Scotland; and, like his father, was a weaver at its famous looms. His mother possessed a poetic temperament, of which her fourth child inherited a double portion. He was a sweet and kindly boy, loved by all his schoolfellows. Lameness in early life, added to a natural delicacy of constitution, made him averse to the rough games of his mates, and, while they were romping, he sat on the play-ground, making rhymed riddles for them to guess in calmer moments, or little verses to amuse himself. He loved music intensely, and earned pocket-money by playing the fife at the Greenock parades. He was also master of the flute. After his simple education was acquired, and he was at daily work, whenever he could find an old or obscure air which pleased him, he fastened it to his loom, and composed original verses to suit it. He was an eager reader of poetry, but did not dream of becoming a great song-writer; he wrote to relieve the tameness of his employment, and read his work only to his little brother.

Tannahill wrote of love, but he knew it only through the grief it brought him. Jean King, the sister of a poet of his native town, was his first fancy. Years after she had married another wooer, her son used to say his mother always "feared that Rob would write a song about her," but he seems never to have considered her worthy of his lyre.

His next sweetheart, and his last, was also a poet's sister, Mary Allan. Whatever was the unknown motive which kept her from brightening his life, love does not seem to have been wanting; for many years she could not restrain her tears and lamentations at the mention of her lost lover's name.

ROBERT ARCHIBALD SMITH lived in Paisley for a time, and meeting stray songs of Tannahill's, and appreciating their beauty, while their author was unknown to him, he wrote music for some of them, which became popular at once. This led to an invitation to Tannahill to contribute to a metropolitan periodical, and later, to the publication of a volume of "Poems and Songs." Many of the latter became widely known. Tannahill's heart had now learned to "beat high for praise," and he wrote and re-wrote with care. But those that held the keys to present fame refused to turn them for the sweetest songwriter who had knocked since the bard of Ayr; and when, disappointed and disheartened, he turned away, a gloom settled down upon his spirit which forbade any further intellectual effort. At this time the Ettrick Shepherd made a journey to Paisley on purpose to form his acquaintance. The poets passed a happy night together, and on parting, Tannahill said, "Farewell, we shall never meet again. Farewell, I shall never see you more!"

He showed symptoms of mental disorder, and early one morning, when he was but thirty-six years old, he stole out to a little brook that had often rippled to his more musical thoughts, and in its mossy bed—

"The poor heart, in this vale of sorrow,  
By the storms of life beat sore,  
Lay down to a happier morrow,  
On the couch where it beat no more."

*Allegro.*

1. Let us go, lassie, go To the braes of Bal-quhiddy, Where the  
2. I will twine thee a bow'r, By the clear sil-ler fountain, And I'll

*p*

biae-ber-ries grow, 'Mang the bon-nie High-land heather; Where the deer and the  
cov-er it o'er Wi' the flow-ers o' the mountain; I will range through the

rae, Light-ly bound-ing to-gether, Sport the lang sim-mer day 'Mang the  
wilds, And the deep glens so drea-ry, And re-tur-n wi' the spoils To the



*animato.*

braes o' Bal-quhiddar. Will ye go, las - sie, go To the braes o' Bal -  
bower o' my dearie. Will ye go, las - sie, go To the braes o' Bal -

- quhiddar, Where the blae - ber - ries grow, 'Mang the bon - nie bloomin' heather?

When the rude wintry win'  
Idly raves round our dwelling,  
And the roar of the linn  
On the night-breeze is swelling;  
Sae merrily we'll sing  
As the storm rattles o'er us,  
Till the dear shieling ring  
Wi' the light liltin' chorus.  
Will ye go, etc.

Now the summer is in prime,  
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,  
And the wild mountain thyme  
A' the moorlands perfuming;  
To our dear native scenes  
Let us journey together,  
Where glad innocence reigns,  
'Mang the braes of Balquhiddar.  
Will ye go, etc.

## OH, TAKE HER, BUT BE FAITHFUL STILL.

THIS SONG IS A JOINT COMPOSITION OF CHARLES JEFFERYS AND SIDNEY NELSON.

*Andante con espress.*

1. Oh! take her, but be faith - ful still, And may the bri - dal  
2. The joys of child - hood's hap - py hour, This home of ri - per  
3. Her lot in life is fix'd with thine, Its good and ill to

vow, Be sa - cred hold in af - ter years, And warm - ly breath'd as  
years, The treasur - ed scenes of ear - ly youth, In sun - shine and in  
share; And well I know 'twill be her pride To soothe each sor - row

now;        Re - mem - ber, 'tis no common tie        That binds her youth - ful  
tears;        The pur - est hopes her bo - som knew        When her young heart was  
there.        Then take her, and may fleet - ing time        Mark on - ly joy's in -

heart,        'Tis one that on - ly truth should weave,        And on - ly death can part.  
free,        All these and more, she now re - signs,        To brave the world with thee.  
- crease;        And may your days glide sweetly on,        In hap - pi - ness and peace.

## MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

BURNS wrote this song for an old and lively tune called "My wife's a wanton wee thing." When sending it for publication, he said, in a letter dated November 8, 1792, "There is a peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, and a necessity of adapting syllables to the emphasis, or what I call the feature notes of the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties. For instance, in the air, 'My wife's a wanton wee thing,' if a few lines smooth and pretty can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made extempore to it; and though, on further study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air, so well as this random clink."

Burns wrote another song, which is always suggested by this one, although it is not so familiar. These are the lines:

Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel I should fine.  
Wistfully I look and languish,  
In that bonnie face o' thine;  
And my heart it stounds with anguish,  
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,  
In ae constellation shine!  
To adore thee is my duty,  
Goddess of this soul o' mine.  
Bonnie wee thing, canny wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel I should fine.

I do not know whether both songs were inspired by the same heroine, but Burns tells us that the "Bonnie wee thing" was "composed on my little idol, the charming, lovely Davies." Allan Cunningham says of this object of Burns's admiration, that "her education was superior to that of most young ladies of her station of life; she was equally agreeable and witty; her company was much courted in Nithsdale, and others than Burns respected her talents in poetic compositions." A disappointment in love brought this gifted and interesting young woman to an early grave.

Arranged by Edward S. Cummings.

*Lively.*

1. My wife's a win - some wee thing, She is a hand - some wee thing; She  
 2. She is a win - some wee thing, She is a hand - some wee thing; She

is a bon - nie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine.....  
 is a bon - nie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine.....

I nev - er saw a fair - er, I nev - er lo'ed a dear - er, And  
 The world's wrack we share o't, The wars - tle and the care o't, Wif

neist my heart I'll wear her, For fear my jew - el tine.....  
 her I'll blythe - ly bear it, And think my lot di - vine.....

## THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

SAMUEL LOVER wrote a series of poems upon the superstitious fancies of the Irish people, and this song is one of them. Most of the traditions which he embodies, are common to various nations, and we are all familiar with the pretty one upon which "The Angel's Whisper" is founded. The fancy is, that when a child smiles in its sleep, angels are talking with it.

Of the music, Lover says: "The song was written to an old Irish air (one of the few Moore left untouched), entitled, 'Mary, do you fancy me?'" Words have been written to it, but they were ineffective, and left the air still in oblivion, while mine had better fortune, and made this charming melody widely known; and I think it may be allowed to be pardonably pleasing to an author, that it is now known by the name of 'The Angel's Whisper.'"

1. A ba - by was sleep - ing, Its moth - er was weep - ing, For her  
2. Her beads while she num - ber'd The ba - by still slum - bered, And

hus - band was far on the wild - ra - ging sea; And the tem - pest was swelling 'Round the  
smiled in her face as she bend - ed her knee: "Oh, blessed be that warning, My

fish - er - man's dwell - ing, And she cried, "Der - mot, dar - ling, oh, come back to me!"  
child, thy sleep a - dorn - ing, For I know that the an - gels are whispering with thee."

A baby was sleeping,  
Its mother was weeping,  
For her husband was far on the wild-raging sea,  
And the tempest was swelling,  
'Round the fisherman's dwelling,  
As she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh! come back  
to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,  
The baby still slumbered,  
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:  
"Oh, blessed be that warning,  
My child, thy sleep adorning—  
For I know that the angels are whispering with  
thee.

"And while they are keeping,  
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me—  
And say thou would'st rather  
They watch o'er thy father,  
For I know that the angels are whispering with  
thee."

The dawn of the morning,  
Saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,  
And closely caressing  
Her child with a blessing,  
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering  
with thee."

## WE'RE A' NODDIN'.

THE song of "Nid, nid, noddin'" is old, and there are many versions. The melody has not been altered so much as the words. Baroness Nairne wrote a version which is good, but is not so well-known as the anonymous one we give. There is a familiar set of words, which is too absolute doggerel for repetition. The singers at our "old folks concerts" put themselves to sleep over this piece; being evidently under the impression that "nid, nid, noddin'" means, growing drowsy. Whereas, "noddin'" means joyous, and the sentiment is most lively; everybody is noddin' because "Jamie he's cam' hame."

*Moderato.*

1. And we're a' nod-din', nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' nod-din' at our house at hame. { Gude  
Oh,  
When he

e'en to ye, kimmer, And are ye a-lane? Oh, come and see how blithe are we, For  
sair ha'e I fought, Ear' and late did I toil, My bair-nies for to feed and clead, My  
knock-et at the door, I thocht I kent the rap, And lit-tle Ka-tie cried a-loud, "My

*Cres.*

Ja-mie he's cam' hame, And oh, but he's been lang a-wa', And oh, my heart was sair, As  
comfort was their smile! When I thocht on Ja-mie far a-wa', An' o' his love sa fain, A  
dad-die, he's cam' back!" A stoun gaed thro' my anxious breast, As thocht-fully I sat, I

2d time. *f*

I sobb'd out a lang fareweel, May be to meet nae mair. Noo we're a' nod - din',  
 bo - din' thrill cam' thro' my heart, We'd may be meet a - gain. Noo we're a' nod - din',  
 raise, I gazed, fell in his arms, And burst-ed out and grat. Noo we're a' nod - din',

nid, nid, nod - din', And we're a' nod - din' at our house at hame.

And we're a' noddin',  
 Nid, nid, noddin',  
 And we're a' noddin'  
 At our house at hame.

Gude e'en to ye, kimmer,  
 And are ye alane?  
 Oh, come and see how blythe are we,  
 For Jamie he's cam' hame.  
 And oh, he's been lang awa',  
 And oh, my heart was sair,  
 As I sobbed out a lang fareweel,  
 May be to meet nae mair.  
 Noo we're a' noddin', *etc.*

Oh, sair ha'e I fought,  
 Ear' and late did I toil,  
 My bairnies for to feed and clead,  
 My comfort was their smile!

When I thocht on Jamie far awa',  
 An' o' his love sa fain,  
 A bodin' thrill cam' thro' my heart,  
 We'd may be meet again.  
 Noo we're a' noddin', *etc.*

When he knocket at the door,  
 I thocht I kent the rap,  
 And little Katie cried aloud,  
 "My daddie, he's cam' back!"  
 A stoun gaed thro' my anxious breast,  
 As thochtfully I sat,  
 I raise, I gazed, fell in his arms,  
 And bursted out and grat.

Noo we're a' noddin',  
 Nid, nid, noddin',  
 And we're a' noddin'  
 At our house at hame.

## NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

THE authorship of this exquisite Scottish song has long been a subject of dispute. Conflicting claims are urged by the friends of WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, and JEAN ADAM. Mickle's claim rests upon the affirmation by Rev. John Sim, editor of Mickle's works, that Mrs. Mickle perfectly recollected her husband's giving her the ballad as his own production, and explaining to her English ears the unfamiliar Scottish words and phrases. Jean Adam's title to the honor is upheld principally by the statement of Mrs. Fullerton, a pupil of Miss Adam's, who had many times heard her repeat it, and distinctly claim the authorship.

In such a dilemma, we must resort to internal evidence. Mickle was born in Langholm, Dumfries, Scotland, and lived in Edinburgh and London, finally settling near Oxford. In all these places, he was far from the scenes of simple fisher-folk life, so graphically described in the song. His greatest work was a translation of the "Lusiad," from the Portuguese of Camoens. His style in the poem is described by Campbell, as "free, flowery, and periphrastical, comparatively spirited, but departing widely from the majestic simplicity of the original." In elaborate notes upon the poem, he defends all that has been called defective in the work he translates. Of Mickle's original "Syr Martin," Campbell says that "the simplicity of the tale is unhappily overlaid by a weight of allegory and obsolete phraseology, which it has not importance to sustain." Mickle's pretty ballad of "Cumnor Hall," the opening lines of which Walter Scott was fond of repeating, and which suggested to him the novel of "Kenilworth," is a descriptive poem, but does not contain a hint of the delicate homeliness that charms us in our song. Mickle was a scholar and a man of genius; he could describe a stately ruin in stately rhyme, and he wrote some pleasing ballads; but his hand had not

"The cunning to draw  
Shapes of things he never saw."

Allan Cunningham, in discussing Mickle's claim, says: "He has written nothing else in the peculiar style of that composition, and we know that the reputation of having written it was long enjoyed by another—Miss Jean Adam. Now the claim of Mickle depends on the conclusion we may choose to draw from the fact of the song, with variations, being found in his handwriting. Many of the songs which Burns transcribed, or dressed up for the *Museum*, have been mistaken for his own compositions, and, in like manner, Mickle may unwittingly have made another person's song his own, which he had only sought to correct or embellish." Twenty years had passed between Mrs. Mickle's marriage, the supposed date of the song, and the discovery of the copy by Sim, and during that time Mrs. Mickle had been attacked by paralysis, and, even in speaking of it, she frequently confounded this ballad with others of her husband's, in a totally different style. David Hume emphatically said, that "Mrs. Mickle was not a person whose evidence was of much consequence at any time."

Greenock, the well-known seaport town of the West of Scotland, was divided, by a wide bay, into two little settlements. In one of these, called Crawfurdsdyke, Jean Adam was born, about 1710. Her father was a ship-master, and Jean received a good education for the day and place. But her father died, and the girl went into the family of a clergyman near by, as a sort of nurse and teacher. She was an eager student in the minister's library, the results of which appeared in the subjects of a volume of original poems which she published by subscription shortly afterward. Among the titles are: "A Dialogue between Soul and Curiosity," "Curiosity and the Soul anent the keeping of the Ten Commandments," "On Creation," "On Abel," "On Astrea," "On Cleopatra." A long list of local names appears on the fly-leaves of the book—Crawfurds by the dozen; "Dame Margaret, of Castlemilk;" titled Temples and Montgomeries; baronets, and lairds; ministers, schoolmasters, and tradesmen of all grades. After leaving service, Jean opened a select school in the best portion of the town, known as the quay-head. Here she taught for years, with little external change or excitement. There is a tradition that she once closed her school for six weeks, and went to London, walking a great portion of the way. The principal inspiration of the journey, was the hope that she might see Richardson, author of "Clarissa Harlowe." There are also traditions of her reading Shakespeare aloud to her pupils, when the world about her looked upon him as a dangerous playwright, and of her singing her own songs now and then. In later life, she sent the surplus copies of her poems to

Boston, Mass., but she never received any return. Her slowly accumulated savings were in the venture, and in her old age the school-teacher poetess had to seek such employment as she could find about the neighborhood. She was nurse and general helper in sudden family emergencies. Mrs. Fullerton tells of having once given her clothing, which her independence forbade her to take away, but finally she returned for it when harder pressed by poverty. At last she wandered to Glasgow, and two of the baillies of Greenock found her admittance to the poor-house, as "a poor woman in distress, a stranger who had been wandering about." There she died the next day, April 3, 1765.

Burns says that "There's Nae luck about the house" came on the streets as a ballad about 1771-'2, ten or eleven years before Mrs. Mickle thinks her husband wrote it. Mrs. Fullerton not only left her testimony to having heard Jean Adam sing it as her own, with her daughter, who married a Crawford, but Mrs. Crawford says: "My aunt, Mrs. Crawford of Cartsburn, often sang it as a song of Jean Adam's."

The scenery and expressions of the song are suited to the location of the west of Scotland, and peculiarly to Greenock. The name of the hero, Colin, while almost unknown in other parts of Scotland, is very common in this; and the tradition of the town even points to a particular Colin and Jean—Colin and Jean Campbell,—as the originals of the song. In the local phrase, "Jean made a great work about her man," and even the exquisite fancy of the "foot with music in 't, as he comes up the stair," has an added picturesqueness from the fact, that from the quay up to the "quay-head," where the well-to-do people had their homes, there was a mighty stairway, built of sounding Norway deal.

1. And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is  
2. Rise up and mak' a clean fire-side, Put on the muc- kle pot; Gie

this a time to talk o' wark? Ye jades, fling by your wheel! Is  
lit - tle Kate her cot - ton gown, And Jock his Sun - day coat; And



this a time to think o' wark, When Co - lin's at the door? Gie  
mak' their shoon as black as slaes, Their hose as white as snaw; It's

me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And see him come a - shore. For there's  
a' to please my ain gude - man, For he's been lang a - wa.' For there's

nae luck a - bout the house, There's nae luck at a'; There's

lit - tle pleas - ure in the house, When our gude - man's a - wa'.

And are ye sure the news is true?  
 And are ye sure he's weel?  
 Is this a time to talk o' wark?  
 Ye jades, fling by your wheel!  
 Is this a time to think o' wark,  
 When Colin's at the door?  
 Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.  
 For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck at a';  
 There's little pleasure in the house  
 When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,  
 Put on the muckle pot;  
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his Sunday coat;  
 And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw;  
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's been lang awa'.  
 For there's nae luck, *etc.*

There are twa hens upon the bauk,  
 Been fed this month and mair,  
 Mak' haste and thraw their necks about  
 That Colin weel may fare:  
 And spread the table neat and clean,  
 Gar ilka thing look braw;  
 For wha can tell how Colin fared  
 When he was far awa'.  
 For there's nae luck, *etc.*

Come, gie me down my bigonet,  
 My bishop-satin gown;  
 And rin and tell the Bailie's wife  
 That Colin's come to town;

My Turkey-slippers they maun gae on,  
 My hose o' pearl blue;  
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.  
 For there's nae luck, *etc.*

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
 His breath like caller air!  
 His very foot has music in't  
 As he comes up the stair:  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, *etc.*

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
 That thirled through my heart,  
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,  
 Till death we'll never part;  
 But what's put parting in my head?  
 It may be far awa';  
 The present moment is our ain,  
 The neist we never saw!  
 For there's nae luck, *etc.*

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
 I hae nae mair to crave;  
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, *etc.*

## TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME.

THIS is one of BRYAN WALLER PROCTER'S (Barry Cornwall) songs, and very characteristic of his gentle, winsome style it is.

1. Touch us gent - ly, gent - ly, Time!      Let us glide a - down thy stream      Gent - ly,  
 2. Touch us gent - ly, gent - ly, Time!      We've not proud nor soar - ing wings;      Our am-

as we sometimes glide, Thro' a qui - et, qui - et dream: Humble voy - a - gers are  
bi - tion. our con - tent, Lies in sim - ple, sim - ple, things; Humble voy - a - gers are

we, Husband, wife, and chil - dren three, One is lost— an an - gel  
we O'er life's dim, un - sound - ed sea, Seek - ing on - ly some calm

fled To the a - zure o - ver head, Touch us gent - ly, O gen - tle Time!  
clime; Touch us gent - ly, gen - tle Time, Touch us gent - ly, O gen - tle Time!

Touch us gently, Time!  
Let us glide down thy stream  
Gently—as we sometimes glide  
Through a quiet dream.  
Humble voyagers are we—  
Husband, wife, and children three—  
(One is lost—an angel, fled  
To the azure overheard.)

Touch us gently, Time!  
We've not proud nor soaring wings;  
Our ambition, our content,  
Lies in simple things.  
Humble voyagers are we,  
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,  
Seeking only some calm clime—  
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

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

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When Nature first began  
To try her canny hand, John,  
Her masterpiece was man;  
And you amang them a', John,  
Sae trig frae tap to toe—  
She proved to be nae journeyman,  
John Anderson, my jo.

1. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent, Your  
 2. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill the-gith-er, And

locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - nie brow was brent; But  
 mony a can - tie day, John, We've had wi' ane a - nith - er; Now

now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow, Yet  
 we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go. And we'll

bles - ings on your frost - y pow, John An - der - son, my jo.  
 sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der - son, my jo.

SONGS OF PLEASANTRY.

Then is not he the wisest man  
Who rids his brow of wrinkles,  
Who bears his load with merry heart,  
And lightens it by half,  
Whose pleasant tones ring in the ear,  
As mirthful music trickles,  
And whose words are true and telling,  
Though they echo with a laugh?  
— *Anonymous.*

---

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,  
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, which the foot's stirring ;  
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,  
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.  
— *John Francis Waller.*

# SONGS OF PLEASANTRY.

## COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

THE author of this song is unknown. Previous to Christmas, 1795-'6, when the English claim that it appeared in an English pantomime, an old familiar Scottish song was touched up by Burns, which referred to the fording of the little River Rye. It read :

Comin' through the Rye, poor body,  
Comin' through the Rye.  
She draiglet a' her petticoatie  
Comin' through the Rye.  
Oh, Jenny's a' wat, poor body,  
Jenny's seldom dry;  
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,  
Comin' through the Rye.  
  
Gin a body meet a body,  
Comin' through the Rye,

Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?  
Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' through the glen,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need the world ken?

O Jenny's a' wat, poor body,  
Jenny's seldom dry;  
She draiglet a' her petticoatie.  
Comin' through the Rye.

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

If a body meet a body,  
Going to the fair,  
If a body kiss a body,  
Need a body care?

*Allegretto Moderato.*

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic structure with chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

1. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' thro' the Rye,  
2. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' frae the town,  
3. A - mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel'; But

Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy Need a bo - dy cry?  
 Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Need a bo - dy frown?  
 what his name, or whaur his hame, I din - na care to tell.

Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane, they say, hae I, Yet

*cres.*

a' the lads they smile at me, When com - in' thro' the Rye.

*p*

## THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

"The Low-Backed Car" was one of the songs which SAMUEL LOVER wrote and composed for his entertainment called "Irish Evenings."

*Lively, but not too fast.*

1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'Twas on a mar - ket day. A  
 2. In bat - tle's wild com - mo - tion, The proud and might - y Mars, With



low - back'd car she drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But  
 hos - tile scythes de - mands his tythes Of death in war - like cars. But

when that hay was bloom - ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No  
 Peg - gy, peace - ful god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye. That

flow'r was there, that could compare, To the bloom - ing girl I sing! As she  
 knock men down in the mar - ket town, As right and left they fly! While she

sat in her low - back'd car, The man at the turn - pike bar, Nev - er  
 sits in her low - back'd car, Than but - tle more dang'rous far, For the

*rall* *tempo.* *rall. ad lib.*  
 ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af - ter the low - back'd car!...  
 doc - tor's art, Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low - back'd car!...

*colla voce.* *colla voce.*

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,  
 Has strings of ducks and geese,  
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters,  
 By far outnumber these.  
 While she among her poultry sits,  
 Just like a turtle dove,  
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,  
 Of the blooming god of Love.

While she sits in her low-backed car  
 The lovers come near and far,  
 And envy the chicken,  
 That Peggy is pickin',  
 While she sits in her low-backed car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,  
 With Peggy by my side,  
 Than a coach-and-four, and gold galore,  
 And a lady for my bride;  
 For the lady would sit forninst me,  
 On a cushion made with taste,—  
 While Peggy would be beside me,  
 With my arm around her waist.

As we drove in a low-backed car,  
 To be married by Father Maher,  
 Oh! my heart would beat high,  
 At her glance and her sigh,  
 Though it beat in a low-backed car!

## GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

BURNS calls this song of his "a fragment." Its chorus he caught from an old song. He says: "I do not see that the turn of mind and pursuits of such a one as the above verses decribe—one who spends the hours and thoughts which the vocations of the day can spare, with Ossian, Shakespeare, Thomson, Shenstone, Sterne, &c.,—are in the least more inimical to the sacred interests of piety and virtue, than the even lawful bustling and straining after the world's riches and honors."

1. There's nought but care on ev'ry han', In ev'ry hour that pass-es, O! What  
 2. The world-ly race may rich-es chase, An' rich-es still may fly them, O! An'  
 3. Gie me a can-nie hour at e'en, My arms a-bout my dea-rie, O! An'

sig - ni - fies the life o' man, An' 'twere na' for the las - ses, O!  
 tho' at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er en - joy them, O!  
 world - ly cares and world - ly men May a' gae tap - sal - tee - rie, O!

Green grow the rash - es, O! green grow the rash - es, O! The

sweet-est hours that ere I spent Were spent a-mang the las-ses, O!

For you sae douce, wha sneer at this,  
 Ye're naught but senseless asses, O!  
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! *etc.*

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears  
 Her noblest works she classes, O!  
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! *etc.*

## MOLLY CAREW.

THE words of this song are by SAMUEL LOVER, who says they were "suggested by one of Carolan's finest bursts of melody, entitled, 'Planxty Reilly,' and its capricious measure may be guessed at by the unusual length and variety of the following metres." Lover adds: "The intensely Irish character of the air, stimulated me to endeavor that the words should partake of that quality, and the rapid replication of musical phrases made me strain after as rapid a ringing of rhyme, of which our early bards were so foud." "Weirasthu!" is an appeal to the Virgin,—“O Mary, have pity!” Francis Mahony (“Father Prout”) translated this song into Latin.

Och - hone! 1. Oh, what will I do? Sure my love is all crost, Like a  
 Och - hone! 2. But why should I spake Of your fore-head and eyes, When your

*ad lib.*  
 bud in the frost, And there's no use at all in my go-ing to bed, For 'tis  
 nose it de-fies Pad-dy Blake, the school-mas-ther, to put it in rhyme; Tho' there's

*colla voce.*

*espress.*

dhrames, and not sleep, that comes in - to my head; And 'tis all a - bout you, My sweet  
one Burke, he says, that would call it snub - lime. And then for your cheek, Troth 'twould

Mol - ly Ca - rew! And in - deed 'tis a sin and a shame!.... You're com -  
take him a week Its beau - ties to tell as he'd ra - ther; Then your

pla - ter than na - ture in ev - e - ry fa - ture. The snow can't com - pare with your  
lips! oh, ma - chree! in their beau - ti - ful glow They a pat - tern might be for the

forehead so fair! And I'd rath - er jist see but one blink of your eye Than the  
cher - rie to grow. 'Twas an ap - ple that tempt - ed our moth - er, we know, For

pur - ti - est star that shines out of the sky! And by this and by that! for the  
ap - ples were scarce, I sup - pose, long a - go; But at this time o' day, pon my

mat - ther o' that You're more dis - tant by far than that same. *Och - hone!*  
conscience, I'll say, Such cher - ries might tempt a man's fa - ther! *Och - hone!* *ad lib.*

*Wei - rasthru, Och-hone!* I'm a - lone, I'm a - lone in this world without you.

Ochone! and what will I do?  
Sure my love is all crost,  
Like a bud in the frost;  
And there's no use at all in my going to bed,  
For 'tis dhrames and not sleep that comes into  
my head;  
And 'tis all about you,  
My sweet Molly Carew,  
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame!  
You're complater than nature,  
In every feature;  
The snow can't compare  
With your forehead so fair;  
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye  
Than the purtiest star that shines out of the  
sky;  
And by this and by that,  
For the matter o' that,  
You're more distant by far than that same!  
Ochone! weirasthru!  
Ochone! I'm alone!  
I'm alone in this world without you.

Ochone! but why should I spake  
Of your forehead and eyes,  
When your nose it defies  
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme;  
Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would call it  
snublime.  
And then for your cheek,  
Troth 'twould take him a week  
Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather;  
Then your lips, oh, machree!  
In their beautiful glow,  
They a pattern might be  
For the cherries to grow.  
'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we  
know.  
For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago;  
But at this time o' day,  
'Pon my conscience, I'll say,  
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!  
Ochone! weirasthru;  
Ochone! I'm alone!  
I'm alone in this world without you.

Ochone! by the man in the moon,  
 You taze me always  
 That a woman can plaze,  
 For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat  
 Magee,  
 As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me.  
 Tho' the piper I bate,  
 For fear the old chate,  
 Wouldn't play you your favorite tune.  
 And when you're at mass,  
 My devotion you crass,  
 For 'tis thinking of you  
 I am, Molly Carew.  
 While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep  
 That I can't at your sweet, purty face get a  
 peep.  
 Och, lave off that bonnet,  
 Or else I'll lave on it,  
 The loss of my wandhering sow!  
 Ochone! weirasthru!  
 Ochone! like an owl,  
 Day is night, dear, to me without you!

Ochone! don't provoke me to do it;  
 For there's girls by the score  
 That loves me — and more :  
 And you'd look mighty quare if some morning  
 you'd meet,  
 My wedding all marching in pride down the street.  
 Troth, you'd open your eyes,  
 And you'd die with surprise,  
 To think 'twasn't you was come to it:  
 And faith, Katty Naile,  
 And her cow, I go bail,  
 Would jump if I'd say,  
 "Katty Naile, name the day."  
 And tho' you're fresh and fair as a morning in May,  
 While she's short and dark, like a cowl'd winter's  
 day,  
 Yet, if you don't repent  
 Before Easter, when Lent  
 Is over I'll marry for spite.  
 Ochone! weirasthru!  
 And when I die for you,  
 My ghost will haunt you every night!

## WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO'.

THIS song is a fine illustration of the immortality of a melody, whatever the words may be to which we are obliged to hum it. These words are a modern version of a song that appeared in 1698, called "Within a furlong of Edinburgh town," supposed to have been written by THOMAS D'URFEY, an English dramatist and musician, born in 1649. He performed his own music before Charles II., James, William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George, Prince of Denmark. He died in 1723.

The present striking air was composed by JAMES HOOK, father of Theodore Hook. James Hook was born in Norwich, England, in 1746. He received his first musical instruction there, and threw himself into the profession with an enthusiastic devotion which won him popularity. Besides sonatas, concertos, and other musical works, he is said to have composed two thousand song melodies, of which his English ballads were remarkably successful. He wrote many comic operas. He died in 1827.

The musical score is presented in two systems. The first system shows the vocal melody in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. Below the staff are three numbered lines of lyrics:

1. 'Twas with - in a mile of Ed - in - bo - ro town, In the ro - sy time of the
2. Jock - ie was a wag that nev - er wad wed, Though lang he had fol - low'd the
3. But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not

The second system shows the piano accompaniment. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The left hand plays a simple bass line with quarter notes, while the right hand plays chords, some marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The score ends with a double bar line.

year, Sweet flow - ers bloom'd, And the grass was down, And  
 lass; Con - tented she earn'd and ate her brown bread, And  
 few, She gie'd him her hand and a kiss be - side, And

each shepherd woo'd his dear. Bon-nie Jockie, blithe and gay,  
 mer - ri - ly turn'd up the grass. Bon-nie Jockie, blithe and free,  
 vow'd she'd for - ev - er be true. Bon-nie Jockie, blithe and free,

Kiss'd young Jennie mak-ing hay; The lassie blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win-na do; I  
 Won her heart right merri - ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win-na do; I  
 Won her heart right merri - ly; At kirk she no more frowning cried: "Na, na, it win-na do; I

can-na, can-na, wiuna, win-na, maunna buckle to."

## WIDOW MACHREE.

BOTH the words and the music of "Widow Machree" were written by SAMUEL LOVER.

1. Wid-ow Ma-chree, 'tis no won-der you frown, Och hone,  
 2. Wid-ow Ma-chree, now the sum-mer is come, Och hone,  
 3. Wid-ow Ma-chree, and when win-ter comes in, Och hone,

*Ritard.*

Wid-ow Ma-chree! Faith it ru- ins your looks, that same dirt- y black gown,  
 Wid-ow Ma-chree! When ev- 'ry-thing smiles, should a beau- ty look glum?  
 Wid-ow Ma-chree! To be pok-ing the fire all a- lone is a sin,

Och hone, Wid-ow Ma-chree! How al- ter'd your air, With that  
 Och hone, Wid-ow Ma-chree? See the birds go in pairs, And the  
 Och hone, Wid-ow Ma-chree! Why the shov- el and tongs To each

close cap you wear, 'Tis de- stroy- ing your hair That should be flow- ing free, Be no  
 rab- bits and hares—Why ev- en the bears now In cou- ples a- gree, And the  
 oth- er be- longs, And the kit- tle sings songs Full of fam- i- ly glee, While a-



*Rallen.* *Crying.*

long - er a churl Of its black silk - en curl, Och hone, Widow Ma-chree!  
 mute lit - tle fish, Tho' they can't spake, they wish, Och hone, Widow Ma-chree!  
 lone with your cup, Like a her - mit you sup, Och hone, Widow Ma-chree!

*Colla voce.*

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree,  
 But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the  
 cowl,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree!  
 With such sins on your head,  
 Sure your peace would be fed,  
 Could you sleep in your bed  
 Without thinking to see  
 Some ghost or some sprite,  
 That would wake you each night,  
 Crying, "Och hone! Widow Machree."

Then take my advice, darling widow Machree,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take  
 me,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 You'd have me to desire  
 Then to stir up the fire,  
 And sure Hope is no liar  
 In whispering to me,  
 That the ghosts would depart,  
 When you'd me near your heart,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

## DUNCAN GRAY.

THERE was an old song, of which BURNS has retained only the name and the chorus in his "Duncan Gray." He writes to Thomson, "the air is of that light-horse gallop that precludes sentiment. The ludicrous is its ruling feature." And Thomson replies, "Duncan is a lad of grace, and his humor will endear him to everybody." Hon. A. Erskine, writing to the poet, says: "Duncan Gray possesses native, genuine humor. 'Spak o' loupin' o'er a linn,' is a line that of itself should make you immortal."

*Allegro.*

1. Dun - can Gray cam' here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't; On  
 2. Dun - can fleech'd, an' Dun - can pray'd, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't;  
 3. Time and chance are but a tide, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't;

*mf*

blythe Yule night, when we were fu', Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't;  
 Meg was deaf as Ail - sa Craig, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't;  
 Slight - ed love is sair to bide, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't;

Mag - gie coost her head fu' heigh, Look'd a-sklent, and un - co skeigh,  
 Dun - can sigh'd baith out an' in, Grat his een baith blear'd an' blin',  
 "Shall I, like a fool," quo' he, "For a haugh-ty hiz - zie dee?"

Gart poor Dun - can stand a - beigh, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't.  
 Spak' o loup - in' o'er a linn, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't.  
 She may gae to—France—for me!" Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,  
 Ha, ha, the woin' o't;  
 Meg grew sick as he grew hale,  
 Ha, ha, the woin' o't.  
 Something in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief a sigh she brings;  
 And, oh! her een, they spak' sic things,  
 Ha, ha, the woin' o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
 Ha, ha, the woin' o't;  
 Maggie's was a piteous case,  
 Ha, ha, the woin' o't.  
 Duncan couldna be her death,  
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
 Now they're crouse and canty baith, —  
 Ha, ha, the woin' o't.

## RORY O'MORE.

THE name of "Rory O'More" has long suggested all that was impudently coaxing and bewitchingly tormenting in rural courtship; but more than two centuries ago it was worn by a champion of the Irish people, and it signified to them everything that was lofty and unselfish in a patriot. It was the country's proverb that the hope of Ireland was "in God, the Virgin, and Rory O'More."

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

*Lively.*

1. Young Ro - ry O' More court - ed Kath - a - leen bawn, He was bold as a hawk, and she  
 2. " In - deed, then," says Kathleen, " don't think of the like, For I half gave a prom - ise to  
 3. "Arrah, Kath-leen, my dar-lint, you've teas'd me enough, And I've thrash'd for your sake Din-ny

soft as the dawn; He wish'd in his heart pret - ty Kath-leen to please, And he  
 sooth - er - ing Mike; The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound." " Faith," says  
 Grimes and Jim Duff; And I've made my - self drink - ing your health quite a baste, So, I

thought the best way to do that was to tease; "Now, Ro - ry, be ais - y," sweet  
 Ro - ry, "I'd rath - er love you than the ground." "Now, Ro - ry, I'll cry, if you  
 think, aft - er that, I may talk to the priest;"\* Then Ro - ry, the rogue, stole his

*ad lib.*  
 Kathleen would cry, Re - proof on her lip—but a smile in her eye, "With your  
 don't let me go, Sure I dhrame ev' - ry night that I'm hat - ing you so!" "Oh!" says  
 arm 'round her neck, So soft and so white, without free - kle or speck, And he

*colla voce.*

tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm a - bout, Faith you've teas'd till I've put on my  
 Ro - ry, "that same I'm de - light - ed to hear, For dhrames al - ways go by con -  
 look'd in her eyes that were beam - ing with light, And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you

*colla voce.*

*espress.*  
 cloak in - side out." "Oh!" jew - el," says Ro - ry, "that same is the way, You've  
 thair - ies, my dear; Oh! jew - el, keep dream - ing that same till you die, And bright  
 think he is right? "Now, Ro - ry, leave off, sir,—you'll hug me no more, That's

*colla voce.*

\* Paddy's mode of asking a girl to name the day.

thrat-ed my heart for this ma-ny a day, And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why morning will give dirt - y night the black lie, And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why eight times to - day that you've kiss'd me be - fore;" "Then here goes an - oth - er," says

not, to be sure? For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Ro - ry O'More.  
 not, to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Ro - ry O'More.  
 he, "to make sure, For there's luck in odd num - bers," says Ro - ry O'More.

## THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

THE words of this song are by LADY NAIRNE,—all but the last two stanzas, which were written by MISS FERRIER, a Scottish authoress, best known by her novel of "Marriage."

The air is very old, and was once called "When she cam' ben, she bobbit." Still earlier it was entitled "Cockpen." The Laird of Cockpen was a companion-in-arms and attached friend of Charles II. He fought with him at Worcester, and formed one of the merry monarch's little court at the Hague. The Laird was famous for musical skill, and an air called "Brose and Butter," was an especial favorite with the exiled King. At the Restoration, the Laird's appeal for the return of property he had lost in following the royal standard, was completely ignored. He was not even given an audience. Cockpen then obtained leave to play for a service which Charles attended. All went well until the closing anthem, when the ears of the retiring worshippers were saluted with the lively tune of "Brose and Butter." The King hastened to the organ-gallery, and declared that Cockpen had "almost made him dance." "I could dance, too, if I had my lands again," said the player. The request was granted, and the old air went only by his name.

*Allegro.*

1. The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud an' he's great, His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state; He  
 2. Doun by the dyke-side a la-dy did dwell, At his ta-ble-head he thocht she'd look well; M-  
 3. His wig was weel-pouther'd, as gude as when new, His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue; He

want-ed a wife his braw house to keep, But fa-vour wi' woo-in' was fashious to seek.  
 Cleish's ae dochter a' Clav-ers'-ha' Lee, A pen-ni-less lass wi' a lang ped-i-gree.  
 put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat; And wha could re-fuse the Laird wi' a' that?

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

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

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

Dumbfounded was he — but nae sigh did he gie;  
 He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie;  
 An' aften he thocht, as he gaed through the glen,  
 "She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

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

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

## KATE KEARNEY,

ROBERT OWENSON, whom his daughter calls "as fine a type of an Irish gentleman as Ireland ever sent forth," was an actor, and manager of a theatre in Dublin, in the latter half of the last century. He played in England, and won the daughter of a wealthy English gentleman, whose parents never forgave the marriage. The early days of SIDNEY, daughter of the youthful pair, were spent in scenes of dire poverty; but as soon as she was able, the spirited girl began to plan means for bettering her situation. She became a governess, and soon an authoress. Her story of "The Wild Irish Girl" was immediately and immensely popular, and brought her money and reputation. DR. CHARLES MORGAN, an Englishman, who is described as "a tall, handsome student—a man of great erudition,

speculative power, and singular observation," fell in love with the gay, brave, bright girl, and married her. Dr. Morgan was knighted, and his ready-witted wife became a voluminous writer, and an entertainer of the literary and fashionable. They traveled on the continent, and then settled in London. Lady Morgan survived her husband for sixteen years, and while life lasted was a lively, interesting, indispensable woman of society;—eccentric, but full of charity and pleasant acts. She says:

"I know I am vain; but I have a right to be so. Look at the number of books I have written (more than seventy volumes). Did ever woman move in a brighter sphere than I do? My dear, I have three invitations to dinner to-day; one from a Duchess, another from a Countess, a third from a Diplomatist—I will not tell you who—a very naughty man, who, of course, keeps the best society in London. Now, what right have I, my father's daughter, to this? What am I? A pensioned scribbler! Yet I am given gifts that queens might covet. Look at that little clock; that stood in Marie Antoinette's dressing-room. Princes and princesses, and celebrities of all kinds, have presented me with the souvenirs you see around me, and they would make a wiser woman vain."

She used to say that she was born in "ancient ould Dublin," upon a Christmas day; but she always forgot to add the year. The best authorities say it was in 1777, and the cyclopædias say: "It is usually stated that she was born in 1786, but as she refuses to tell the date of her birth, 'because dates are so cold, false, and erroneous,' the reader of her autobiography will do well to add about ten years to her age." A literary friend said to her: "Lady Morgan, I bought one of your books to-day. May I tell you the date?" "Do," she answered, "but say it in a whisper." "Eighteen hundred and three!" She lifted her hand and looked unutterable things. Lady Morgan died, April 16, 1859.

Her song is set to an old Irish melody.

*Andante con espress.*

1. Oh! did you not hear of Kate Kear - ney? She  
 2. For that eye is so mo - dest - ly beam - ing, You

lives on the banks of Kil - lar - ney; From the glance of her eye, shun  
 ne'er think of mis - chief she's dream - ing; Yet, Oh! I can tell how

dan - ger, and fly, For fa - tal's the glance of Kate Kear - ney.  
fa - tal the spell That lurks in the eye of Kate Kear - ney.

Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,  
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,  
Beware of her smile, for many a wile  
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,  
Yet there's mischief in every dimple;  
And who dares inhale, the sigh's spicy gale,  
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

## O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU MY LAD.

THE words of this song are by ROBERT BURNS, but there is doubt as to the origin of the air, which was a great favorite with him. Ireland claims it, and has long known it under the title of "Noble Sir Arthur;" but one JOHN BRUCE, a Scottish fiddler, claimed it stoutly, and Burns said of him, "This I know, Bruce, who was an honest man, though a red-wud Highlander, constantly claimed it; and by all the old musical people in Dumfries he is believed to be the author of it." Burns wrote two sets of words for it.

*Allegro.*

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, O whis-tle, and I'll come to you my lad! Tho'  
fa - ther and mother and a' should gae mad, O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

1. But wa - ri - ly tent when ye come to court me, And come na un-less the back yett be a - jee; Syne
2. At kirk or at mar - ket, when'e'er ye meet me, Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flie. But
3. Aye vow and pro - test that ye care na for me, And whyles ye may lightly my beau-ty a wee; But



up the back style and let nae - bo - dy see, And come as ye were na com-in' to me. O  
steal me a blink o' your bon-nie black e'e, Yet look as ye were na look-in' at me. O  
court na an - ith - er, tho' jok - in' ye be, For fear that she'll wyle your fan-cy frae me. O

whis-tle, and I'll come to you, my lad, O whis-tle, and I'll come to you-my lad! Tho'

fa - ther and mother and a' should gae mad, O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

## ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

MRS. GRANT, author of this famous song, was born in Ireland, of Scottish parents. She married her cousin, Mr. Grant, of Carron, on the river Spey, and the name of her home was added to her own, to distinguish her from another Mrs. Grant, also Scotch, and a songwriter. She afterwards married Dr. Murray, of Bath, England, where she died about the year 1814.

Several rhymers, and even Burns, wrote rhymes for this air; but none have supplanted those of Mrs. Grant. I restore two stanzas which add to the originality of the conception and the sentiment of the song.

The air was composed by NEIL GOW, the famous Scottish piper and musician. It was called "The Ruffian's Rant," but since the publication of these words, it has been known only as "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch."

Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch,

Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I came o'er the braes o' Bal-loch? { She  
O,  
Her

vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me best of o - ny; But,  
she.... was a can - ty quean, Weel could she dance the High - land walloch; How  
hair sae fair, her een sae clear, Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie; To

oh! the fic - kle, faith - less quean, She's ta'en the Carle, and left her Johnnie.  
hap - py I, had she been mine, Or I'd been Roy of Al - di - val - loch.  
me she ev - er will be dear, Tho' she's for - ev - er left her Johnnie.

Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch,

Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I came o'er the braes o' Bal-loch?

The musical score consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system contains the first line of lyrics, and the second system contains the second line. Each system includes a vocal line in treble clef and two piano accompaniment lines in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, who wrote the words of this song, was born in Ballyshannon, Ireland, in 1828. His father was a banker in that town, and the son received a good education and became a poet of acknowledged ability. In his "English Note-Books," under date of February 23, 1854, Hawthorne says: "There came to see me the other day, a young gentleman, with a mustache and a blue cloak, who announced himself as William Allingham, and handed me a copy of his poems, a thin volume, with paper covers, published by Routledge. I thought I remembered hearing his name, but had never seen any of his works. His face was intelligent, dark, pleasing, and not at all John-Bullish. He said that he had been employed in the Customs in Ireland, and was now going to London to live by literature,—to be connected with some newspaper, I imagine. He had been in London before, and was acquainted with some of the principal literary people,—among others, Tennyson and Carlyle. He seemed to have been on rather intimate terms with Tennyson. . . . We talked awhile in my dingy and dusky Consulate, and he then took leave. His manners are good, and he appears to possess independence of mind." Allingham has done much and varied literary work, including several volumes of poems, and since 1874 has been the editor of *Frazer's Magazine*.

The music of this song was written by THEODORE T. BARKER.

1. O love - ly Ma - ry Don - nel - ly, it's you I love the best! If  
 2. The dance of last Whitmon - day-night ex - ceed - ed all be - fore, No  
 3. Oh, you're the flow'r o' wo - man - kind, in coun - try or in town; The

The musical score is in 2/4 time and consists of three systems. The first system contains the lyrics for three verses. The second system contains the piano accompaniment for the first two systems. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

fif - ty girls were round you, I'd hard - ly see the rest, Be  
 pret - ty girl for miles a - round was mis - sing from the floor; But  
 high - er I ex - alt.... you, the low - er I'm east down, If

*canto.*

what it may, the time of day, the place be where it will, Sweet  
 Ma - ry kept the belt of love, and Oh! but she was gay! She  
 some great lord should come this way, and see your beau - ty bright, And

*rall.*

*rall.*

looks of Ma - ry Don - nel - ly, they bloom be - fore me still. Her  
 danced a jig, she sang a song, that took my heart a - way. When  
 you to be his la - dy, I'd own it was but right. O!

*ad lib.*

*a tempo.* *ad lib.*

eyes like moun - tain wa - ter that's flow - ing on a rock, How  
 she stood up for danc - ing, her steps were so com - plete, The  
 might we live to - geth - er in lof - ty pal - ace hall, Where

*cres. un poco.*

clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock. Red  
 mu - sic near - ly kill'd it - self to lis - ten to her feet; The  
 joy - ful mu - sic ris - es and where sear - let cur - tains fall! O!

row - ans warm in sun - shine, and wet - ted with a shower, Could  
 fid - dler moaned his blind - ness, he heard her so much praised, But  
 might we live to - geth - er, in a cot - tage mean and small, With

*rall.*  
 ne'er ex - press the charm - ing lip, that has me in its pow'r. O  
 bless - ed him - self he wasn't deaf, when once her voice she rais'd. O  
 sods of grass the on - ly roof, and mud the on - ly wall. O

*rall.*

*a tempo.*  
 love - ly Ma - ry Don - nel - ly, it's you I love the best! If  
 love - ly Ma - ry Don - nel - ly, it's you I love the best! If  
 love - ly Ma - ry Don - nel - ly, your beau - ty's my dis - tress, It's

*a tempo.* *col.*

fif - ty girls were round you, I'd hard - ly see the rest. Be  
 far too beau - teous to be mine, but I'll nev - er wish it less. The

*canto.*

what it may, the time of day, the place be where it will, Sweet  
 proud - est place would fit your face, and I am poor and low, But

*rall.*

*rall.*

*a tempo.* *ad lib.*

looks of Ma - ry Don - nel - ly, they bloom be - fore me still.  
 bless - ings be a - bout you, dear, wher - ev - er you may go!

*a tempo.* *ad lib.*

## COME, HASTE TO THE WEDDING.

THE music of this old English song is said to have been composed by DR. THOMAS ARNE.

1. Come, haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbors, The lov - ers their bliss can no  
 2. Let en - vy, let pride, let hate and am - bi - tion, Still crowd to and beat at the  
 3. With rea - son we taste of each heart - stir - ring pleasure, With rea - son we drink of the

long - er de - lay, For - get all your sor - rows, your cares, and your la - bors, And  
 breast of the great, To such wretched passions we give no ad - mis - sion, But  
 full - flow - ing bowl; Are jo - cund and gay, but all with - in meas - ure, For

let ev' - ry heart beat with rapt - ure to - day. Ye vo - ta - ries all, at -  
 leave them a - lone to the wise ones of state. We boast of no wealth, But con -  
 fa - tal ex - cess will en - slave the free soul. Come, come at our bid - ding, To

tend to my call, Come, rev - el in pleas - ures that nev - er can cloy.  
 tent - ment and health, In mirth and in friend - ship our moments em - ploy. Come, see  
 this hap - py wed - ding, No care shall in - trude here our bliss to an - noy.

ru - ral fe - lic - i - ty, Which love and in - no - cence ev - er en - joy.

## WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW.

THE Americanized chorus of this pretty little song—

Light may the boat row, the boat row, the boat row,  
Light may the boat row that my lad's in—

is exceedingly familiar, and the movement of the air is a popular favorite. The first stanza of the original song reads:

As I came thro' Laudgate, thro' Laudgate, thro' Laudgate,  
As I came thro' Laudgate,  
I heard a lassie sing, O, well, etc.

The tune is altered slightly from an old melody called "Smiling Polly."

1. Oh, who is like my John - nie, Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bon - nie! He's  
2. He has nae mair o' learn - ing Than tells his week - ly earn - ing; Yet  
3. He wears a blue bon - net, Blue bon - net, blue bon - net, He

fore - most 'mang the mo - ny Keel lads o' coal - y Tyne. He'll set or row so  
right frae wrang dis - cern - ing, Tho' brave, nae bruis - er he. Tho' he no worth a  
wears a blue bon - net, A dim - ple's in his chin; And weel may the

tight - ly, Or in the dance sae spright - ly, He'll cut and shuf - fle sight - ly, 'Tis  
plack is, His ain coat on his back is; And nane can say that black is The  
keel row, The keel row, the keel row, And weel may the keel row That



♩:

true, were he not mine. } Weel may the keel row. The keel row, the  
 white o' John-nie's e'e. }  
 my..... lad's in.

keel row, Weel may the keel row, That my lad's in.

♩:

WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

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

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

♩:

1. Will you come with me, my Phil-lis dear, To von blue mountain free, Where the  
 2. Where the riv - er runs like sil - ver, And the birds they sing so sweet, I  
 3. Do you be-lieve, my Phil-lis dear, Old Mike, with all his wealth, Can

blos - soms smell the sweet - est, Come rove a - long with me. It's  
 have a cub - bin, Phil - lis, And some - thing good to eat. Come  
 make you half so hap - py, As I with youth and health? We'll

ev - 'ry Sun - day morning, When I am by your side, We'll  
 lis - ten to my sto - ry, It will re - lieve my heart, So  
 have a lit - tle farm, A horse, a pig, and cow, And

jump in - to the wag - on, And all take a ride.  
 jump in - to the wag - on, And off we will start.  
 you will mind the dai - ry, While I will guide the plough.

Wait for the wag - on, Wait for the wag - on.

Wait for the wag - on, And we'll all take a ride.

CHORUS.

<p>Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so slick and neat, All braided up with dahlias, and hollyhocks so sweet; It's every Sunday morning, when I am by your side, We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride. Wait for the wagon, <i>etc.</i></p>	<p>Together on life's journey, we'll travel till we stop, And if we have no trouble, we'll reach the happy top; Then, come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely bride, We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride. Wait for the wagon, <i>etc.</i></p>
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THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE author of this ridiculous song, with its significant title, RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN, an Irish poet and lawyer, was born in the county Cork, in 1757, and died in 1815. The "Groves of Blarney," except the fifth stanza, was written about 1798 or 1799, and is a most singular blending of fancy and fact. Castle Blarney was fortified in 1689, and really passed into the hands of the Jeffery family, and it was also besieged, but not by Cromwell, the Irish scapegoat. Lord Broghill captured the castle in 1646, and a published letter of his exists, dated "Blairney, August 1st." In the memoir attached to the poems of Millikin, is the following account of the origin of "The Groves of Blarney."

"An itinerant poet, with a view of being paid for his trouble, composed a song (in praise as he doubtless intended it) of Castle Hyde, the beautiful seat of the Hyde family, on the River Blackwater; but instead of the expected remuneration, the poor poet was driven from the gate by order of the then proprietor, who, from the absurdity of the thing, conceived that it could be only meant as mockery; and, in fact, a more nonsensical composition could hardly escape the pen of a maniac. The author, however, well satisfied with its merits, and stung with indignation and disappointment, vented his rage in an additional stanza, against the owner, and sang it wherever he had an opportunity of raising his angry voice. As satire, however gross, is but too generally well received, the song first became a favorite with the lower orders, then found its way into ballads, and at length into the convivial meetings of gentlemen. It was in one of these that Millikin undertook,

in the gaiety of the moment, to produce a song that, if not superior, should be at least equal in absurdity to 'Castle Hyde,' and accordingly, taking Blarney for his subject, he soon made good his promise."

The fifth stanza, beginning "'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a fitch in," was not written by Milliken. It was added at an electioneering dinner in the south of Ireland, and is (probably incorrectly) attributed to JOHN LANDER. It was evidently intended as an insult to Lord Donoughmore, who happened to be present, and turned its point by applauding the verse, and then, in a humorous speech, winning the company.

After Millikin's death, the following fragment was found among his papers:

O, Blarney, in my rude, unseemly rhymes,  
 Albeit abused, lo! to thy bowers I come —  
 I come a pilgrim to your shades again,  
 And woo thy solemn scenes with votive pipe.  
 Shut not your glades, nymphs of the hollow rock,  
 'Gainst one who, conscious of the ill he did,  
 Comes back repentant! Lead me to your dens,  
 Ye fays and sylvan beings — lead me still  
 Through all your wildly-tangled grots and groves,  
 With Nature, and her genuine beauties full;  
 And on an another stop, a stop thine own,  
 I'll sound thy praise, if praise of mine can please, —  
 A truant long to Nature, and to thee!

FRANCIS MAHONY ("Father Prout") added a stanza, to introduce the appropriate figure of the "Blarney Stone" into the otherwise perfect scenery:

There is a stone there,  
 That whoever kisses,  
 Oh! he never misses  
 To grow eloquent;  
 'Tis he may clamber  
 To a lady's chamber,  
 Or become a member  
 Of Parliament.

A clever spouter  
 He'll soon turn out, or  
 An out-and-out-er,  
 "To be let alone."  
 Don't hope to hinder him,  
 Or to bewilder him,  
 Sure's he's a pilgrim  
 From the Blarney Stone.

1. The groves of Blar-ney, they look so charming, All by the purl-ing of sweet si-lent  
 2. 'Tis La-dy Jef-freys that owns this sta-tion, Like Al-ex-an-der or Queen Hel-en

streams, Being bank'd with po-sies that spon-ta-neous grow there, Plant-ed in  
 fair, There's no com-mand-er throughout the na-tion, For em-u-

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are interspersed between the musical lines.

or - der by the sweet rock close; 'Tis there the dai - sy and the sweet car -  
 la - tion can with her com - pare; She has cas - tles round her that no nine -

na - tion, The bloom - ing pink and the rose so fair,.... The daf - fy - down -  
 pound - er Could dare to plun - der her place of strength, But O - li - ver

- dil - ly, be - side the li - ly, Flow'rs that scent the sweet, fra - grant air.  
 Crom - well, he did her pum - mel, And made a breach in her bat - tle - ment.

The groves of Blarney, they look so charming,  
 All by the purling of sweet, silent streams,  
 Being bank'd with posies that spontaneous grow  
 there,

Planted in order by the sweet rock close :  
 'Tis there the daisy and the sweet carnation,  
 The blooming pink and the rose so fair ;  
 The daffy-down-dilly, beside the lily,  
 Flowers that scent the sweet, fragrant air.

'Tis Lady Jeffreys that owns this station,  
 Like Alexander or Queen Helen fair,  
 There's no commander throughout the nation,  
 For emulation can with her compare :  
 She has castles round her that no nine-pounder  
 Could dare to plunder her place of strength ;  
 But Oliver Cromwell, he did her pummel,  
 And made a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel walks there for speculation,  
 And conversation in sweet solitude ;  
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or  
 The gentle plover in the afternoon ;  
 And if a young lady should be so engaging  
 As to walk alone in those shady bow'rs,  
 'Tis there her courtier he may transport her  
 In some dark fort or underground.

For 'tis there's the cave where no daylight  
 enters,

But bats and badgers are for ever bred ;  
 Being moss'd by nature that makes it sweeter  
 Than a coach-and-six, or a feather bed ;  
 'Tis there's the lake that is stor'd with perches,  
 And comely eels in the verdant mud,  
 Beside the leeches and the groves of beeches,  
 All standing in order to guard the flood.

'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a fitch in,  
 With the maids a stitching on the stair ;  
 The bread and biske', the beer and whiskey,  
 Would make you frisky, if you were there ;  
 'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter,  
 A washing *prates*, forenent the door,  
 With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,  
 All blood relations to Lord Donoughmore.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,  
 All heathen goddesses so fair ;  
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,  
 All standing naked in the open air.  
 So now to finish this brave narration,  
 Which my poor geni could not entwine,  
 But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,  
 'Tis in ev'ry feature I would make it shine.

## A FROG HE WOULD A WOOING GO.

"THE Froggie came to the mill door" was one of the songs in Wedderburn's 'Complaynt of Scotland,' 1548. On November 21, 1580, a license was granted to E. WHITE, of a "ballad of a most strange wedding of the froggie and the mousie."

1. A frog he would a woo - ing go, Heigh - ho! said Row-ly, A  
 2. Off he sat with his op - era hat, Heigh - ho! said Row-ly,

frog he would a woo - ing go, Whether his mother would let him or no, With a  
 Off he sat with his op - era hat, On the road he met with a rat, With a

Row - ly pow - ly, gammon and spinach, Heigh - o! said An - tho - ny Row-ly.

They soon arrived at the mouse's hall,  
 Heigho, *etc.*

They gave a loud tap, and they gave a loud call!  
 With a rowly powly, *etc.*

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within,  
 Heigho, *etc.*

Yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin,  
 With a rowly powly, *etc.*

Come, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,  
 Heigho, *etc.*

That froggy and I may have some cheer,  
 With a rowly powly, *etc.*

Pray Mr. Frog will you give us a song,  
 Heigho, *etc.*

Let the subject be something that's not very long,  
 With a rowly powly, *etc.*

Indeed, Mrs. Mouse, replied the frog,  
 Heigho, *etc.*

A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog,  
 With a rowly powly, *etc.*

Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog, mousy said.  
 Heigho, *etc.*

I'll sing you a song that I have just made,  
 With a rowly powly, *etc.*

As they were in glee and a merry making,  
 Heigho, *etc.*

A cat and her kittens came tumbling in,  
 With a rowly powly, *etc.*

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,  
 Heigho, *etc.*

The kittens they pull'd the little mouse down,  
 With a rowly powly, *etc.*

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,  
 Heigho, *etc.*

He took up his hat and he wished them good night,  
 With a rowly powly, *etc.*

As froggy was crossing it over a brook,  
 Heigho, *etc.*

A lily white duck came and gobbled him up,  
 With a rowly powly, *etc.*

So here is an end of one, two and three,  
 Heigho, *etc.*

The rat, the mouse and little Froggy,  
 With a rowly powly, *etc.*

## THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

THIS song is altered from an old ballad, entitled "The old and young Courtier." Pepys writes in his Diary, June 16, 1668: "Come to Newbery, and there dined—and musick: a song of the 'Old Courtier of Queen Elizabeth,' and how he was changed upon the coming in of the King, did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out." The old ballad begins:

An old song made by an aged old pate  
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,  
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,  
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;  
Like an old courtier of the Queen's  
And the Queen's old courtier.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Counsel.*—Your name is Thomas Cooke, I believe? *Tom.*—So I've always been led to believe. *Counsel.*—And a professor of music? *Tom.*—A professor of the divine art. *Counsel.*—We'll put the divinity aside, for the present, Mr. Cooke. *Tom (sotto voce).*—Don't like music. *Counsel.*—Do you know a song called "The old English gentleman?" *Tom.*—No! I do not; I've heard it. *Counsel.*—Don't know it, but has heard it, my Lud. I suppose, sir, if you were asked, you could sing it? *Tom.*—I'm not quite sure I could; I've a bad memory, unless I receive a refresher. A loud laugh went through the court. *Usher.* Si—lence! *Counsel.*—I see you're inclined to be very witty, Mr. Cooke. *Tom.*—Upon my honor, I'm not, I'm only telling the truth. (Another general laugh). *Usher.* Si—lence! *Counsel.*—Now, Mr. Cooke, attend particularly to this question. Do you or do you not believe that the melody in dispute is an ancient melody, or a modern one?



*Tom.*—Well, that, you see, depends entirely on when it was written. It might be five hundred years old, or it may have been written yesterday. It's a mighty accommodating tune, and would do for either period. *Counsel.*—It really appears to me that there is no probability of coming to any definite conclusion, unless his Lordship and the Court were to hear it. We cannot ask you, Mr. Cooke, of course, to sing it; but if you had an instrument, could you play it? *Tom.*—What! at sight? (A roar of laughter). *Counsel.*—I don't know what you mean by at sight, sir, but if the tune were put before you, could you play it? *Tom.*—I think, if my nerve does not fail me, I could. *Counsel.*—What instrument can we get you, sir? *Tom.*—Oh, anything. *Counsel.*—Oh, anything. A Jew's-harp? *Tom.*—No; it might require a Jew's eye to read the music. *Counsel.*—Will a fiddle do, sir? *Tom.*—Yes. *Counsel.*—Let a fiddle be got.

“The fiddle was brought into court, and handed to the witness, who tuned it and placed the music before him. A suppressed laugh ran through the court. Mr. Cooke had just produced the first note, when the usher called out, ‘Si — lence!’” *Tom.*—What! mustn't I play it? *Counsel.*—Yes, yes; go on, sir. Mr. Cooke played it slowly and deliberately through. *Judge.*—Is that all? *Tom.*—It is, my Lord. *Judge.*—Well, that appears to be very simple and easy. *Tom.*—(Holding out the bow and violin.)—It is. Will your Lordship try it? This sally was followed by roars of laughter. *Counsel.*—Now, Mr. Cooke, as you profess to be a musician, will you tell us, in the first place, is that which you have just played, a melody? *Tom.*—Well, I really don't think it is. The first part is merely ascending the scale, and the few bars afterwards I don't think really amount to a melody. *Counsel.*—This is evading the question. Do you know what a melody is? *Tom.*—I'm an Irishman, and I think I do. *Counsel.*—Well, define it. *Tom.*—Define what? Both parties were now in a passion. *Counsel.*—Define, sir, what is a melody. *Tom.*—It's impossible. *Counsel.*—Can you decline a verb, sir? *Tom.*—I think I can. *Counsel.*—Do, then. *Tom.*—(Seeming to think, and casting his eyes about him with a satirical smile.)—I'm an ass, he's an ass, and (pointing to the barrister) you're an ass. (Roars of laughter, in which the Judge joined.) *Counsel.*—Let that witness stand down.

“All means and witnesses having failed to stamp the song as an original melody, the decision was left in the hands of the jury, who, under all the circumstances, declared in favor of Mr. Purday, and he became sole possessor of the ‘Old English Gentleman.’”

*Quasi recitativo*

1. I'll sing you an old bal-lad that was made by an old pate, Of a  
 2. His hall so old, was hung a-round with pikes, and guns, and bows, With

poor old Eng-lish gen-tle-man, who had an old es-tate; He  
 swords, and good old buck-lers, that had stood 'gainst ma-ny foes; And

kept a brave old man - sion at a boun - ti - ful old rate, With a  
there his wor - ship sat in state, in doub - let and trunk-hose, And

good old por - ter to re - lieve the old poor at his gate, Like a  
quaff'd a cup of good old wine, to warm his good old nose, Like a

fine old Eng - lish gen - tle - man, all of the old - en time.

When winter cold brought Christmas old, he  
opened house to all,  
And, though three score and ten his years, he  
featly led the ball;  
Nor was the houseless wanderer then driven from  
the hall,  
For, while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot  
the small —

Like a fine old English gentleman,  
all of the olden time.

But time, though old, is strong in flight, and  
years roll'd swiftly by,  
When autumn's falling leaf foretold this poor old  
man must die!

He laid him down right tranquilly, gave up life's  
latest sigh,

While heavy sadness fell around, and tears be-  
dewed each eye —

For this good old English gentle-  
man, all of the olden time.

OLD KING COLE.

It seems to be established that there was an ancient king of Britain named King Cole, and tradition places him in the third century. There was a famous cloth-manufacturer, of Reading, England, whose nickname of King Cole became proverbial through an apparently popular story-book of the sixteenth century, and "Old Cole" was a standing nickname among the dramatists of the Elizabethan age. So it is not to be wondered at that the name should be celebrated in a ballad. The original song probably gave birth to the idea of "Johnny Schmoker;" for there were innumerable stanzas, with words to imitate the instrument called for, and the whole list was repeated at the close of each stanza.—

"The harpers three, twang-a-twang,"  
 "The armorers three, rub-a-dub," etc.

Two stanzas of the modern song run thus :

Old King Cole, though a merry old soul,  
 Nor read nor write could he;  
 For to read and write, 'twere useless, quite,  
 When he kept a secretary.  
 So his mark for "Rex" was a single "X"  
 And his drink was ditto double;  
 For he scorned the fetters of four-and-twenty letters,  
 And it sav'd him a vast deal of trouble.  
 For Old King Cole, etc.

On Old King Cole's left cheek was a mole,  
 So he called for his secretary;  
 And he bade him look in a fortune-telling book,  
 And read him his destiny.  
 And the secretary said, when his fate he had read,  
 And cast his nativity,  
 A mole on the face boded something would take place,  
 But not what that something might be.  
 For Old King Cole, etc.

1. Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he, He  
 2. Old King Cole tho' a mer-ry old soul, Nor read nor write could he; For to

call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid - dlers three, And  
 read and write, 'twere use - less quite, When he kept a sec - re - ta - ry. So his

ev - ry fid - dler had a fine fid - dle, And ev - ry fiddler had a fine fiddle, And a  
 mark for "Rex" was a sin - gle "X"— And his drink was dit - to double, For he

This system contains the first two lines of the song. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment with chords and bass lines, and a treble clef staff with a melodic line. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

ve - ry find fid - dle had he; And a ve - ry fine fid - dle had he, For  
 scorn'd the fet - ters of four - and - twenty letters, And it sav'd him a vast deal of trouble, For

This system contains the next two lines of the song. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. A dynamic marking 'f' (forte) is present in the piano part.

Old King Cole, was a merry old soul, and a mer - ry old soul was he; He

This system contains the third line of the song. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth notes.

call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl. And he call'd for his fid - dlers three.

This system contains the final line of the song. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

It is contended by some, that Saint Patrick was not even a man, let alone being a gentleman. He is said to be as much a myth as the bogle that points out the gold by moonlight, or the banshee that has frightened our young wits in the story-books. And so, we suppose, he never preached his sermon, and Irishmen never learned how to drink whiskey, and old Ireland has as many clusters of snakes as a Southern swamp in June. Alas, for the sweet old faith!

The song has not recorded its own genealogy as carefully as it has that of the saint; but we know that the three stanzas of which it originally consisted—the first, second, and fifth—were the joint impromptu production of Mr. HENRY BENNETT and Mr. TOLEKEN, of Cork. They were written in the winter of 1814, to be sung by the authors at a masquerade, where they appeared as ballad-singers, and sang alternate lines. The song became an immediate favorite, and, at the request of Webbe, the comedian, Toleken wrote the sixth stanza. The third and fourth are of unknown origin.

1. Saint Pat-rick was a gen-tle-men, and he come of de-cent peo-ple, In  
 2. There's not a mile in Ireland's isle, where the dirt-y ver-min mus-ters, Where-  
 3. Nine hundred thou-sand rep-tiles blue, he charm'd with sweet dis-cours-es, And  
 4. No won-der that those I-rish lads should be so gay and frisk-y, For Saint

Dub-lin town he built a church, and he put a'-pon't a stee-ple. His  
 e'r he put his dear fore-foot, he mur-der'd them in clus-ters. The  
 dined on them at Kil-la-loe, in soups and sec-ond cours-es. When  
 Pat-rick taught them first the joys of tip-pling the whis-key. No

fa-ther was a Wol-lo-gan, his moth-er was a Gra-dy, His  
 toads went hop, the frogs went flop, slap dash in-to the wa-ter, And the  
 blindworms crawl-ing in the grass, dis-gust-ed all the na-tion, He  
 won-der that the saint him-self to taste it should be wil-ling, For his

aunt she was a Kin - ni - gan, and his wife the wid - ow Bra - dy. } Then suc-  
 snakes com - mit - ted su - i - cide to save them - selves from slaugh - ter. }  
 gave them a rise, which ope'd their eyes to a sense of their sit - u - a - tion. }  
 moth - er kept a she - ban shop, in the town of En - nis - kil - len. }

cess to bold Saint Pat - rick's fist, For he was a saint so elev - er, He

gave the snakes and toads a twist, And ban - ish'd them for - ev - er.

The Wicklow hills are very high, and so's the  
 hill of Howth, sir,  
 But there's a hill much higher still, ay, higher  
 than them both, sir;  
 'Twas on the top of this high hill St. Patrick  
 preached the sarment,  
 He drove the frogs into the bogs, and bother'd  
 all the varment.

Then success, *etc.*

Oh! was I but so fortunate as to be back in  
 Munster,  
 'Tis I'll be bound that from that from that ground  
 I never more would once stir.  
 For there St. Patrick planted turf, and plenty of  
 the praties,  
 With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store, and cab-  
 bages — and ladies!

Then success, *etc.*

## THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

THIS song first appeared in Walsh's "British Miscellany," about 1740. It was, except the first two verses, which are Fielding's written and composed by RICHARD LEVERIDGE, one of the most famous of English singers. The country and parentage of Leveridge are unknown. About 1726, he opened a coffee-house in London, which was a popular resort for the hail-fellows of his time. He had a bass voice of wonderful compass and power, and composed song melodies which became immense favorites. He also composed opera music, and published two pocket volumes of songs; but his great work is the music in the

play of "Macbeth," which is almost universally attributed to Lock. Leveridge's music was performed January 25, 1704. Lock's music, which was composed half a century earlier, is entirely different.

When Leveridge was over sixty years old, he thought his voice still so good that he offered a wager of a hundred guineas, to sing a bass song with any man in England. He sang in pantomime when over eighty, personating Pluto, Neptune, and other heathen divinities. His companions secured an annual sum for his support until his death, March 22, 1758, at the age of eighty-eight.

*Allegro.*

1. Since might - y roast beef is an En - glishman's food, It ac - counts for the free - dom that  
2. But since we have learn'd from ef - fem - i - nate France To eat their ra - gouts, as

runs in his blood, For gen - er - ous liv - ing's the step to all good.  
well as to dance, We are fed up with noth - ing but vain com - plais - ance.

Oh! the roast beef of old Eng - land! And oh! the old Eng - lish roast beef!.....

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,  
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,  
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this  
song,

Oh! the roast beef, *etc.*

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,  
Ere coffee and tea and such slipslops were known,  
The world was in terror if e'en she did frown.

Oh! the roast beef, *etc.*

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,  
They seldom or never return'd back again;  
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.

Oh! the roast beef, *etc.*

Oh, then we had the stomachs to eat and to fight,  
And when wrongs were cooking, to set ourselves  
right,

But now we're a—hum!—I could, but—good night!

Oh! the roast beef, *etc.*

## BUY A BROOM.

THE ballad of "Buy a Broom" is spoken of as Bishop's, by Parke, in his "Musical Memoirs." The air is an old, familiar, German melody, called "Lieber Augustin." Hans Christian Andersen refers to the old song in his characteristic story of "The Swineherd." The burden of the chorus was

"Ach du lieber Augustin,  
Alles ist weg, weg, weg!"

"Oh, thou dear Augustin,  
All is gone, gone, gone!"

1. From Teuteland I came with my light wares all laden, To dear, hap - py  
2. To brush a - way in - sects that sometimes an - noy you, You'll find it quite  
3. Ere win - ter comes on, for sweet home soon de - part - ing, My toils for your

Eng - land, in sum - mer's gay bloom, Then lis - ten, fair la - dy, and  
han - dy, to use night and day; And what bet - ter ex - er - cise,  
fa - vor a - gain I'll re - sume, And while grat - i - tude's tear in my

young pret - ty maid - en, Oh! buy of the wand'ring Ba - va - rian a broom.  
pray can em - ploy you, Than to sweep all vex - a - tious in - tru - ders a - way.  
eye - lid is start - ing, Bless the time that in Eng - land, I cried buy a broom.

Buy a broom! buy a broom! Oh! buy of the wand'ring Ba - va - rian a broom!  
Buy a broom! buy a broom! Than to sweep all vex - a - tious in - tru - ders a - way.  
Buy a broom! buy a broom! Bless the time that in Eng - land, I cried by a broom!

## ROBINSON CRUSOE.

JACK CUSSANS, a singer, and a clever English vagabond, who lived in the early part of this century, wrote for his own singing the words of "Poor Robinson Crusoe." The air was taken from a pantomime called "Robinson Crusoe, or Harlequin Friday," which was acted in Drury Lane Theatre, in 1781, and was said to have been devised by Sheridan. It was revived successfully at the same theatre, in December, 1808.



1. When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad, My grandfa-ther I did  
 2. P'raps you've read in a book Of a voy-age that he took, And how the raging whirl-wind

lose O; I'll bet you a can, You have heard of the man,— His  
 blew so, That the ship with a shock drove plump on a rock, Near

name it was Rob-in-son Cru- - soe! O! Rob-in-son Cru- - soe,  
 drowning poor Rob-in-son Cru- - soe! O! Rob-in-son Cru- - soe,

O! poor Rob-in-son Cru- - soe! Tink a tink tang,

Tink a tink tang; O! poor Rob-in-son Cru- - soe!

Poor soul! none but he  
Remain'd on the sea;  
Ah! fate, fate, how could you do so!  
Till ashore he was thrown,  
On an island unknown;  
Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe!

He wanted something to eat,  
And he sought for some meat,  
But the cattle away from him flew so,  
That, but for his gun,  
He'd been surely undone;  
Oh! my poor Robinson Crusoe!

But he sav'd from aboard  
An old gun and a sword,  
And another odd matter or two, so  
That, by dint of his thrift,  
He manag'd to shift;  
Well done, Robinson Crusoe,

And he happen'd to save  
From the merciless wave  
A poor parrot; I assure you, 'tis true! so  
That when he'd come home  
From a wearisome roam,  
She'd cry out, "Poor Robinson Crusoe!"

He got all the wood  
That ever he could,  
And stuck it together with glue, so  
That he made him a hut,  
In which he might put  
The carcase of Robinson Crusoe.

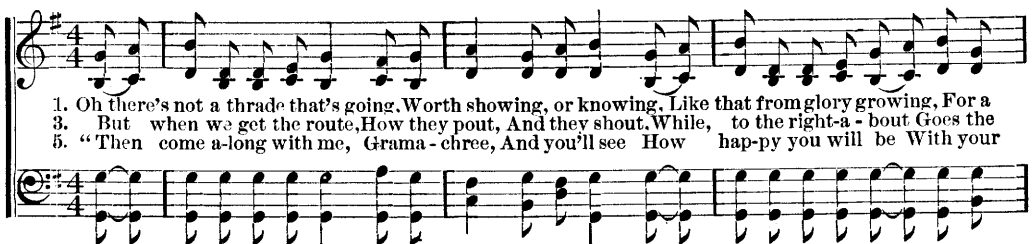
He us'd to wear an old cap,  
And a coat with long flap,  
With a beard as long a Jew, so  
That, by all that is civil,  
He look'd like a devil  
More than like Robinson Crusoe.

And then his man Friday,  
Kept the house neat and tidy—  
To be sure, 'twas his business to do so—  
They liv'd friendly together  
Less like servant than neighbor,  
Liv'd Friday and Robinson Crusoe.

At last, an English sail  
Came near within hail;  
Then he took to his little canoe, so  
That, on reaching the ship,  
The captain gave him a trip  
Back to the country of Robinson Crusoe.

## THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.

SAMUEL LOVER, who wrote a multitude of fine characteristic Irish songs, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1797. Although not classically educated, he was an eager reader of good literature, and that which he made himself has wide renown. Besides being composer of both words and music of many songs, and a novel, sketch, and play writer, he was a portrait painter of such eminence that the office of court painter was tendered him. Illness in his family forbade his acceptance, and, oddly enough, the post declined by Lover, was immediately filled by an artist named Hayter. When twenty-one years old, at a public dinner given to Tom Moore, Lover was called on for a song, and gave one of his own, which was received with great enthusiasm. In later life, when the double strain of pen and pencil had seriously affected his eyesight, the remembered success of that time suggested the establishment of an entertainment called "Irish Evenings," which consisted of mingled reading, recitation, and singing of his own compositions. He travelled through Great Britain and the United States, and in both countries met with triumphant success. His genial nature rendered him a delightful guest, and his visit furnished new and pleasant material for continued popularity at home. Lover died, July 6, 1868.



1. Oh there's not a thrade that's going, Worth showing, or knowing, Like that from glory growing, For a  
3. But when we get the route, How they pout, And they shout, While, to the right-a-bout Goes the  
5. "Then come a-long with me, Grama-chree, And you'll see How hap-py you will be With your

bowld so - jer boy! Where right or left we go, Sure you know, Friend or foe, Will  
 bowld so - jer boy! 'Tis then that la - dies fair, In des - pair Tear their hair, But the  
 bowld so - jer boy! "Faith if you're up to fun, With me run, 'Twill be done In the

*p*

have the hand or toe, From the bowld so - jer boy. 2. There's not a town we march thro', But  
 divl' a one I care, Says the bowld so - jer boy. 4. For the world is all be - fore us, Where the  
 snapping of a gun," Says the bowld so - jer boy. 6. "And 'tis then that with - out scan - dal, My -

*f dim. cres.*

la - dies, look - ing arch, thro' the win - dow panes will sarch Thro' the ranks to find their joy, While  
 land - la - dies a - dore us, And ne'er 'fuse to score us, But chaks us up with joy. We  
 self will proud - ly dan - dle The little farthing can - dle Of our mu - tual flame, my joy, May

*sempre. p*

up the street, each girl you meet, With looks so sly Will cry "My eye! oh! isn't he a darling, The bowld sojer boy!"  
 taste her tap, We tear her cap, "Oh that's the chap for me," says she, "Oh! isn't he a darling, The bowld sojer boy!"  
 his light shine As bright as mine, Till in the line He'll blaze, And raise The glory of his corps, like a bowld sojer boy!"

THE CORK LEG.

OF this old air, we only know that JONATHAN BLEWITT blew it, and a wild hurricane he made of it, too. He also blew various other airs which are much more zephyr-like. He received his first inspiration of any air whatever in London, in the year 1782, and breathed his last air in 1853, having been in the mean while, for some years, director of the Royal Theatre of Dublin.

*Allegretto.*

1. I'll tell you a tale now with - out an - y flam, In Holland there dwelt Myn -  
 2. One day, he had stuff'd as full as an egg, When a poor re - la - tion -  
 3. A sur - geon, the first in his vo - ca - tion, Came and made a long

- heer Von Clam, Who ev - 'ry morn - ing said, I am the rich - est merchant in  
came to beg, But he kick'd him out without broaching a keg, And in kicking him out he  
o - ra - tion, He wanted a limb for an - a - tomiza - tion, So he finished the job by

Rot - ter - dam. }  
broke his own leg. } Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu, Ri tu, di ni nu, ri  
am - pu - ta - tion. }

tu, di nu, ri na.....

Said Mynheer, when he'd done his work,  
"By your knife I lose one fork,  
But on two crutches I never will stalk,  
For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."

An artist in Rotterdam, 'twould seem,  
Had made cork legs his study and theme,  
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam, [steam.  
The works were a compound of clockwork and

The leg was made, and fitted right,  
Inspection the artist did invite,  
Its fine shape gave Mynheer delight,  
And he fixed it on and screw'd it tight.

He walk'd thro' squares and pass'd each shop,  
Of speed he went to the utmost top;  
Each step he took with a bound and a hop,  
Till he found his leg he could not stop!

Horror and fright were in his face,  
The neighbors thought he was running a race;  
He clung to a post to stay his pace,  
The leg remorseless kept up the chase.

He call'd to some men with all his might,  
"Oh! stop this leg or I'm murder'd quite!"  
But though they heard him aid invite,  
He, in less than a minute, was out of sight.

He ran o'er hill and dale and plain;  
To ease his weary bones, he fain  
Did throw himself down,—but all in vain,  
The leg got up and was off again!

He walk'd of days and nights a score,  
Of Europe he had made the tour,  
He died—but though he was no more,  
The leg walk'd on the same as before!

In Holland sometimes he comes in sight,  
A skeleton on a cork leg tight.  
No cash did the artist's skill requite,  
He never was paid—and it sarv'd him right.

My tale I've told both plain and free,  
Of the richest merchant that could be,  
Who never was buried—though dead, ye see,  
And I've been singing his L. E. G. elegy.

CONVIVIAL SONGS.

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet  
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,  
So, through life's desert, springing sweet,  
The flower of friendship grows;  
And as, where'er the roses grow,  
Some rain or dew descends,  
'Tis nature's law that wine should flow  
To wet the lips of friends.  
— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

---

Old Time and I the other night, had a carouse together;  
The wine was golden, warm, and bright — aye, just like summer weather.  
Quoth I, "Here's Christmas come again, and I no farthing richer;"  
Time answered, "Ah! the old, old strain! — I prithee pass the pitcher.

"Why measure all your good in gold! no rope of sand is weaker;  
'Tis hard to get, 'tis hard to hold,— come, lad, fill up your beaker.  
Has thou not found true friends more true, and loving ones more loving?"  
I could but say, "A few, a few! so keep the liquor moving."

"Hast thou not seen the prosperous knave come down a precious thumper?  
His cheats disclosed." "I have, I have!" "Well, surely, that's a bumper!"  
"Nay, hold awhile, I've seen the just find all their hopes grow dimmer;"  
"They will hold on, and strive, and trust, and conquer." "That's a brimmer."

"'Tis not because to-day is dark, no brighter day's before 'em:  
There's rest for every storm-tossed bark." "So be it, pass the joram!"  
"Yet I must own, I would not mind to be a little richer."  
"Labor and wait, and you may find —" "Halloah! an empty pitcher."  
— *Mark Lemon.*

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This song of mine is a song of the vine,  
To be sung by glowing embers  
Of wayside inns, when the rain begins  
To darken the drear Novembers.  
— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

# CONVIVIAL SONGS.

## SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, author of "Sparkling and Bright," was born in the city of New York in 1806. When he was eleven years old, he was one day down upon the Cortlandt Street pier watching a steamboat coming in. He sat with his feet swinging over the side, and one of his legs was crushed by the boat; yet he afterward became noted for grace in out-door sports. Mr. Hoffman was graduated at Columbia College, studied and practised law in New York, and established the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, which he edited for a while. He devoted himself to literature until about 1850, when he was attacked by a mental disorder and became an inmate of an insane hospital.

The music with which "Sparkling and Bright" has always been associated was composed for these words by JAMES B. TAYLOR.

1. Sparkling and bright in li - quid light, Does the wine our gob - lets gleam in, With  
2. Oh! if mirth might ar - rest the flight Of Time thro' Life's do - min - ions, We

*mp*

hue as red as the ro - sy bed, Which a bee would choose to dream in.  
here a - while would now be - guile The gray - beard of his pin - ions,

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *mp* (mezzo-piano). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, with two verses. The first verse is: "1. Sparkling and bright in li - quid light, Does the wine our gob - lets gleam in, With 2. Oh! if mirth might ar - rest the flight Of Time thro' Life's do - min - ions, We". The second verse is: "hue as red as the ro - sy bed, Which a bee would choose to dream in. here a - while would now be - guile The gray - beard of his pin - ions,". The score ends with a double bar line.

## CHORUS.

*Allegro.*

Then drink to - night, with hearts as light, To loves as gay and fleet - ing, As  
To drink to - night, with hearts as light, To loves as gay and fleet - ing, As

*mf*

bub - bles that swim on the beak - er's brim, And break on the lips while meet - ing, Then

drink to - night, with hearts as light, To loves as gay and fleet - ing, As



The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with the lyrics written below the notes. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'bub-bles that swim on the beak-er's brim, And break on the lips while meet-ing,'

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

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight  
Of Time through Life's dominions,  
We here a while would now beguile  
The graybeard of his pinions,

To drink to-night, with hearts as light,  
To loves as gay and fleeting  
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,  
And break on the lips while meeting.

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

### SMOKING AWAY.

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

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

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

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

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

By the blazing fire sits the gray-haired sire,  
And infant-arms surround him;

And he smiles on all in that quaint old hall,  
While the smoke-curles float around him.

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

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

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

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

## BEGONE! DULL CARE.

THIS song dates from the sixteenth century, when it was entitled "Begone, Old Care!" The tune was altered from "The Queen's Jig." Its popularity dates from its revival in its present form in a pantomime ballet called "William Tell," performed in 1792, at Sadler's Wells, the oldest theatre in London.

1. Be - gone! dull care,..... I pri - thee be - gone from me,..... Be -  
 2. Too much care,..... Will make a young man turn grey,..... And  
 3. Be - gone! dull care,..... I'll none of thy com - pa - ny;..... Be -

- gone! dull care, You and I shall nev - er a - gree,..... Long  
 too much care,..... Will turn an old man to clay ..... My  
 - gone! dull care,..... Thou art no pair for me ..... We'll

time hast thou been tar - rying here, And fain thou wouldst me kill,..... But I  
 wife shall dance and I will sing, So mer - ri - ly pass the day,..... For I  
 hunt the wild boar through the wold, So mer - ri - ly pass the day,..... And

faith, dull care,..... Thou nev - er shalt have thy will.....  
 hold it one of the wis - est things To drive dull care a - way.....  
 then at night, o'er a cheer - ful bowl, We'll drive dull care a - way.....

*cres.* *f*

# COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

THIS is an old English convivial song. It was formerly known as "The Jolly Fellow," and the present words are founded on an old song in FLETCHER'S play, "The Bloody Brother, or Robert, Duke of Normandy."

The first eight measures may be sung as a Solo.

1. Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it does run o - ver, Come,  
 2. He that drink - eth strong beer, And goes to bed right mel - low, — Lives

land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl Un - til it does run o - ver.  
 as he ought to live, And dies a heart - y fel - low.

CHORUS.

For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,



For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be,— To - mor - row we'll get so - ber.

He that drinketh small beer,  
And goes to bed sober,—  
Falls as the leaves do fall,  
That die in dull October,  
Come, landlord, *etc.*

Punch cures the gout,  
The colic and phthisic;  
So it is to all men  
The best of physick.  
Come, landlord, *etc.*

He that courts a pretty girl,  
And courts her for his pleasure,—  
Is a knave unless he marries her  
Without store or treasure.  
Come, landlord, *etc.*

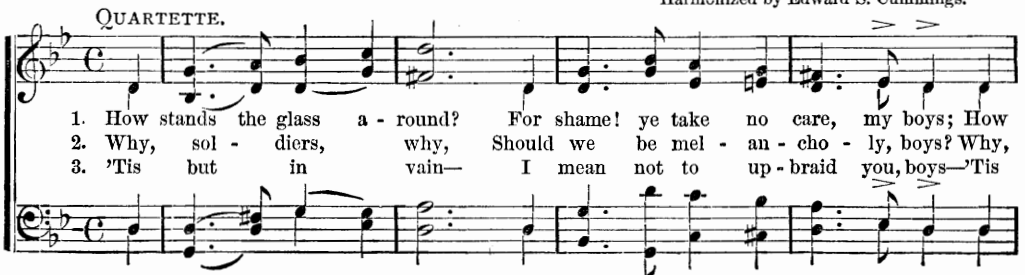
So now let us dance and sing,  
And drive away all sorrow,—  
For perhaps we may not  
Meet again to-morrow.  
Come, landlord, *etc.*

## HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

THE writer and composer of this song are unknown. It appeared as a broadside in 1710. In 1729 it was produced at a little theatre in the Hay Market, London, under the title "Why, Soldiers, why?" in "The Patron, or the Statesman's Opera." Collections made in 1775 have both words and music, and Shield introduced the song into "The Siege of Gibraltar." It is usually called "General Wolfe's song," and is said to have been sung by him on the eve of the battle of Quebec. There is a story, which seems to be authentic, that as his night expedition against the city was floating down the St. Lawrence, he repeated several stanzas from Gray's "Elegy," and remarked that he "would rather have written that poem than take Quebec to-morrow." It is not unlikely that this anecdote, together with the fact that he had sometimes sung "How stands the glass around?" was what gave rise to the story which makes it his death-song.

Harmonized by Edward S. Cummings.

QUARTETTE.



1. How stands the glass a - round? For shame! ye take no care, my boys; How  
2. Why, sol - diers, why, Should we be mel - an - cho - ly, boys? Why,  
3. 'Tis but in vain— I mean not to up - braid you, boys—'Tis

stands the glass a-round? Let mirth and wine a-bound!  
 sol-diers, why? Whose bus-i-ness 'tis to die!  
 but in vain For sol-diers to com-plain:

SOLO.

The trum-pets sound:- the col-ors they are fly-ing, boys-To fight, kill, or wound,  
 What! sigh-ing? fie! Don't fear; drink on; be jol-ly, boys!'Tis he, you, or I!  
 Should next cam-paign Send us to Him who made us, boys, We're free from pain;

QUARTETTE.

May we still be found Con-tent with our hard fate, my boys, On the cold ground!  
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry, We're always bound to fol-low, boys, And scorn to fly!  
 But, if we re-main, A bot-tle and a kind landlady Cure all a-gain!

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

"FILL the Bumper fair" is one of TOM MOORE'S "Irish Melodies." The old air to which the words are set was called "Bob and Joan."

*Delicato.*

1. Fill the bum-per fair! Ev-'ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of care,  
 2. Sa-ges can, they say, Grasp the lightning's pinions, And bring down its ray,

Smooths a - way a wrin - kle. Wit's e - lec - tric flame, Ne'er so swift - ly pass - es,  
From the starr'd do - min - ions; So we, sa - ges, sit, And 'mid bump - ers bright'ning

As when thro' the frame, It shoots from brimming glass-es. { Would'st thou know what first  
From the heav'n of wit, Draw down all its lightning. } 3. { chanced up - on that day,  
CHORUS. Fill the bum - per fair!

Made our souls in - her - it This en - nobling thirst For wine's ce - les - tial spir - it? It }  
When as bards in - form us, Prome - theus stole a - way The liv - ing fires that warm us. }  
Ev - ry drop we sprin - kle O'er the brow of care Smooths a - way a wrin - kle.

*delicato.*

The careless youth when up  
To Glory's fount aspiring,  
Took nor urn nor cup  
To hide the pilfered fire in.—  
But, oh, his joy! when, round  
The halls of heaven spying  
Amongst the stars he found  
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

*Cho.*—Fill the bumper fair!  
Every drop we sprinkle,  
O'er the brow of care  
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Some drops were in the bowl,  
Remains of last night's pleasure,  
With which the sparks of soul  
Mix'd their burning treasure!  
Hence the goblet's shower  
Hath such spells to win us—  
Hence its mighty power  
O'er that flame within us.

*Cho.*—Fill the bumper fair!  
Every drop we sprinkle  
O'er the brow of care  
Smooths away a wrinkle.

## ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

THIS SONG OF THOMAS MOORE'S IS SET TO THE AIR OF "MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING."

1. One bum - per at part - ing! tho' ma - ny Have cir - cled the board since we met, The  
 2. As on - ward we jour - ney, how pleasant To pause and in - hab - it a - while, Those  
 3. We saw how the sun look'd in sink - ing, The wa - ters be - neath him how bright, And

full - est, the sad - dest of a - ny Re - mains to be crown'd by us yet. The  
 few sun - ny spots, like the present, That 'mid the dull wild - der - ness smile! The  
 now let our fare - well of drinking, Re - sem - ble that fare - well of light. You

sweetness that pleas - ure hath in it Is al - ways so slow to come forth, That  
 Time, like a pi - ti - less mas - ter, Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours— Ah,  
 saw how he fin - ished, by dart - ing His beam o'er a deep bil - low's brim— So

sel - dom, a - las, till the min - ute It dies, do we know half its worth. But  
 ne - ver doth Time tra - vel fast - er Than when his way lies a - mong flow'rs. But  
 fill up, let's shine at our part - ing, In full li - quid glo - ry, like him. And

come—may our life's hap - py measure Be all of such mo - ments made up; They're  
oh! may our life's hap - py measure Of mo - ments like this be made up; 'Twas

born on the bo - som of Pleasure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.  
born on the bo - som of Pleasure, It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

## DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

THIS song is from a poem entitled "The Forest," written by Ben Jonson, the English dramatist, who was born in 1574 and died in 1637. The air is from MOZART, and is the same as that to which "County Guy" is sung.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,.....  
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee,.....

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;..... The  
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - er'd be;..... But



thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di-vine,.....  
 thou there-on did'st on-ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,.....

*mf*

But might I of Love's nec-tar sip, I would not change for thine.....  
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it-self but thee.....

*pp*

## FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

A SONG of THOMAS MOORE'S, set to the air of "Moll Roone."

1. Farewell!—but whenev-er you welcome the hour That a-wa-kens the night-song of  
 2. And still on that eve-ning, when pleasure fills up To the high-est top spar-kle each  
 3. Let Fate do her worst, there are rel-ies of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she

*pp*

mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once wel-com'd it too, And for-  
 heart and each cup, Wher-e'er my path lies, be it gloom-y or bright, My  
 can-not de-destroy, Which come in the night-time of sor-row and care, And

- got his own griefs to be hap-py with you. His griefs may re - turn, not a soul, hap - py friends, shall be with you that night; Shall join in your rev - els, your bring back the fea - tures that joy used to wear. Long, long be my heart with such

hope may re - main Of the few that have brighten'd his path - way of pain, But he sports, and your wiles, And re - turn to me beaming all o'er with your smiles, Too mem - o - ries fill'd! Like the vase in which ro - ses have once been dis - till'd— You may

*dim.* *ad lib.*

*colla voce.*

*a tempo.*

ne'er will for - get the short vi - sion that threw Its en - chant - ment a - round him, while blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer, Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I break, you may shat - ter the vase, if you will, But the scent of the ro - ses will

*pp*

lin - g'ring with you,  
wish he were here!"  
hang round it still.

## THE MEETING.

THOMAS MOORE wrote this song, and Byron mentions that Moore's own singing of it at Hodgson's, one evening brought tears to the eyes of both singer and hearers.

Arranged by Edward S. Cummings.

1. And doth not a meet-ing like this make a-mends For all the long years I've been  
 2. What soft-en'd re-mem-bran-ces come o'er my heart, In gaz-ing on those we've been  
 3. And thus, as in mem-o-ry's bark we shall glide To vis-it the scenes of our

wan-d'ring a-way, To see thus a-round me my youth's ear-ly friends, As  
 lost to so long! The sor-rows and joys, of which once they were part, Still  
 boy-hood a-new; Tho' oft we may see, look-ing down on the tide, The

smil-ing and kind as in that hap-py day? Tho' hap-ly o'er some of your  
 round them like vis-ions of yes-ter-day throug. As let-ters some hand hath in-  
 wreck of full ma-ny a hope shin-ing through— Yet still, as in fan-cy, we

brows, as o'er mine, The snow-fall of time may be steal-ing,— what then? Like  
 -vis-i-bly traced, When held to the flame, will steal out on the sight; So  
 point to the flow'rs That once made a gar-den of all the gay shore, De-

Alps in the sun - set, thus light-ed by wine, We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses a-gain.  
 ma - ny a feel - ing, that long seem-d effaced, The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.  
 -ceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours, And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends,  
 For all the long years I've been wandering away,  
 To see thus around me my youth's early friends,  
 As smiling and kind as in that happy day?  
 Tho' haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,  
 The snow-fall of time may be stealing, what then?  
 Like Alps in the sunset, thus light-ed by wine,  
 We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er my heart  
 In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!  
 The sorrows and joys, of which once they were part,  
 Still round them like visions of yesterday throng.  
 As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,  
 When held to the flame, will steal out on the sight;  
 So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced,  
 The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide  
 To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew;  
 Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,  
 The wreck of full many a hope shining through —

Yet still as in fancy we point to the flowers  
 That once made a garden of all the gay shore,  
 Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,  
 And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,  
 Is all we can have of the few we hold dear.  
 And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,  
 For want of some heart that could echo it, near.  
 Ah well may we hope, when this short life is gone,  
 To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,  
 For a smile and a grasp of the hand hastening on,  
 Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come — the more rare such delights to the heart.  
 The more we should welcome, and bless them the  
 more —  
 They're ours when we meet—they are lost when we part,  
 Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.  
 Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,  
 Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,  
 That fast as a feeling but touches one link,  
 Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

## REASONS FOR DRINKING.

CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS, author of the following song, was born in Dorking, England, in 1739. He served his country during the American Revolution, and afterwards entered the Life Guards. He was a great social favorite on account of his ready wit and lively songs. He wrote hundreds of ditties, and professed to attempt the reform of music generally heard around the convivial board. In his own language, he wrote "to discipline anew the social bands of convivial life, to blend the sympathies of fellow-hearts, and wreath a sweeter, gayer garland for the brow of festivity from the divine plants of concord, gratitude, friendship and love." The author had attempted the impossible; those "divine plants" flourish only under a purer watering. And the author found it so; for Thackeray, in his "George the Fourth," speaking of Morris, says: "This delightful boon companion of the prince's found 'a reason fair' to forego filling and drinking, saw the error of his ways, gave up the bowl and chorus, and died retired and religious."

Thomas Moore said: "Assuredly, had Morris written much that at all approached the following verse of his 'Reasons for Drinking,' few would have equalled him either in fancy or in that lighter kind of pathos which comes, as in this instance, like a few melancholy notes in the middle of a gay air, throwing a soft and passing shade over mirth. Captain Morris died at Brockham Lodge, Dorking, in 1838. He had married the widow of Sir William Stanhope, and after his death she published four volumes of his poems.

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

Arranged by Edward S. Cummings.

*Vivace.*

1. I'm oft - en ask'd by plod - ding souls, And men of craft - y  
2. 'Tis by the glow my bum - per gives, Life's pict - ure's mel - low

tongue,..... What joy I take in drain - ing bowls, And tip - pling all night  
made;..... The fad - ing light then bright - ly lives, And soft - ly sinks the

long;  
shade. But tho' these cau - tious knaves I scorn, For  
Some hap - pi - er tint still ris - es there, With

once I'll not dis - dain..... To tell them why I sit till morn, And  
ev' - ry drop I drain,..... And that I think's a rea - son fair - To

fill my glass a - gain,..... To tell them why I sit till morn, And  
fill my glass a - gain,..... And that I think's a rea - son fair, To

fill my glass a - gain, And fill my glass a - gain.....  
fill my glass a - gain, To fill my glass a - gain.....

I'm often asked by plodding souls  
And men of crafty tongue,  
What joy I take in draining bowls  
And tipping all night long.  
But though these cautious knaves I scorn,  
For once I'll not disdain  
To tell them why I sit till morn  
And fill my glass again.

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

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

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

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

There's many a lad I knew is dead,  
And many a lass grown old,  
And, as the lesson strikes my head,  
My weary heart grows cold :  
But wine awhile drives off despair,—  
Nay, bids a hope remain ;—  
Why, that I think 's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

## OH, THINK NOT MY SPIRITS!

THIS is another of THOMAS MOORE's songs, written for the "Irish Melodies." The name of the melody is "John O'Reilly the active." Nothing like a collection of "convivial" songs suggests the real dreariness of all attempts to be light-hearted over the sparkling cup or the crimson bowl. This song of Moore's brings to mind the description of one who saw him just before his intellect began to fail. As Moore was leaving a hatter's store, he turned eyes in which the tears were brimming to the western sky as he said: "They are all gone,—every friend I had in the world; I am like a stranger now in a strange land."

1. Oh! think not my spir-its are al-ways as light, And as free from a pang as they  
2. The thread of our life would be dark, Heav-en knows! If it were not with friendship and

seem to you now; Nor ex - pect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night Will re-  
love intertwin'd; And I care not how soon I may sink to repose When these

turn with to - mor - row to bright-en my brow. No; life is a waste of  
blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind. But they who have lov'd the

wea - ri - some hours Which sel - dom the rose of en - joy - ment a - dorns; And the  
fond - est, the pur - est, Too of - ten have wept o'er the dream they be - lieved; And the

heart that is soon - est a - wake to the flow'rs Is al - ways the first to be  
heart that has slumber'd in friend-ship se - cu - rest Is hap - py in - deed if'twas

## CHORUS.

touch'd by the thorns. But send round the bowl, and be hap - py a - while;— May we  
nev - er deceiv'd. But send round the bowl, while a rel - ie of truth Is in

nev - er meet worse, in our pil - grimage here, Than the tear that en - joy - ment may  
man or in wo - man, this pray'r shall be mine,— That the sunshine of love may il -



*lento.* *espress.*

gild with a smile, And the smile that com - pas - sion can turn to a tear.  
- lu - mine our youth, And the moon - light of friendship con - sole our de - cline.

## THE YEAR THAT'S AWA.

JOHN DUNLOP, who wrote the words of the song that follows, was born in the parish of Old Monkland, county of Lanark, Scotland, in November, 1755. He was a merchant in Glasgow, became Lord Provost of the city, and later Collector of customs at Port Glasgow. He wrote several volumes of poetry which he left in manuscript, and sang Scottish airs finely. He was a man of eminent social qualities and amiable character. He died at Port Glasgow, in October, 1820.

The title of the air is "Tis good to be aff wi' the old love."

1. Here's to the year that's a - wa'! We'll drink it in strong and in sma'; And  
2. Here's to the sol - dier who bled— To the sail - or who brave - ly did fa'! Their  
3. Here's to the friends we can trust When the storms of ad - ver - si - ty blow! May

here's to ilk bonnie young las - sie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a -  
fame is a - live, tho' their spir - its have fled On the wings of the year that's a -  
they live in our song, and be near - est our hearts, Nor de - part like the year that's a -

*ad lib. a tempo.*

- wa'!                    And here's to    ilk bon-nie young las-sie we lo'ed,    While  
 - wa'!                    Their fame is    a - live, tho' their spir-its have fled,    On the  
 - wa'!                    May they live    in our song, and be near-est our hearts,    Nor de -

*f*

swift flew the year that's a - wa'.....  
 wings of the year that's a - wa'.....  
 - part like the year that's a - wa'.....

*dim.*

POLITICAL SONGS.

I knew a very wise man that believed if a man were  
permitted to make the ballads, he need not care who  
should make the laws of a nation.

— *Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun.*

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“Come, gie’s a sang,” Montgomery cried,  
“And lay your disputes all aside:  
What signifies for folks to chide  
For what’s been done before ’em?  
Let Whig and Tory all agree  
To drop their whig-mig-mo-rum,  
To spend the night in mirth and glee,  
And cheerful sing, alang wi’ me,  
The reel of Tullochgorum.”

— *John Skinner.*

# POLITICAL SONGS.

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## TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO.

THE famous campaign song of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" was written by MR. A. C. ROSS, of Zanesville, Ohio. In the *Zanesville Daily Courier*, of June 7, 1873, in one of a series of articles on "The Boys of 1825," Judge Sherwood, of Zanesville, gives the following particulars of the origin of the song.

The great political storm that swept over the country in 1840, was one of the most remarkable events ever known in the history of our government. The Whig campaign, which carried Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, and Tyler into the presidential chairs, began as early as February. Business generally was at a stand-still; the currency was in such a confused state that specie to pay postage was almost beyond reach; banks had been in a state of suspension for a long time; mechanics and laboring men were out of employment or working for 62½, 75, or 87½ cents a day, payable in "orders on the store"; market money could be obtained with difficulty, and things generally had reached so low an ebb as to make any change seem desirable. As the Whigs promised "two dollars a day and roast beef" to laborers, working men were inclined to trust them.

On the 22d of February, Columbus was filled with a mighty throng of people. The rain came down in torrents, the streets were one vast sheet of mud, but the crowds paid no heed to the elements. A full-rigged ship on wheels, canoes, log-cabins, with inmates feasting on corn-pone and hard cider, miniature forts, flags, banners, drums and fifes, bands of music, live coons, roosters crowing, and shouting men by the ten thousand, made a scene of attraction, confusion, and excitement such as has never been equalled. Stands were erected, and orators went to work; but the staid party-leaders failed to hit the keynote. Itinerant speakers mounted store-boxes, and blazed away. It was made known that the Cleveland delegation, on their route to the city, had had the wheels stolen from some of their wagons by Loco-focos, and were compelled to continue their journey on foot. One of these enforced foot-passengers was something of a poet, and wrote a song descriptive of "up Salt River," and was encored over and over again. On the spur of the moment, many songs were written and sung, the pent-up enthusiasm had found vent; but the song of the campaign had not yet been written. On the return of our delegation, a Tippecanoe club was formed, and a glee club organized, of whom Ross was one. The club meetings were opened and closed with singing by the glee club. Billy McKibbin wrote "Amos peddling yokes," to be sung to the tune of "Yip, fal, lal," which proved very

popular; he also composed "Hard Times," and "Martin's Lament." Those who figured in that day will remember the chorus:

"Oh, dear! what will become of me?  
Oh, dear! what shall I do?  
I am certainly doomed to be beaten  
By the heroes of Tippecanoe."

This song was well received, but there seemed something lacking. The wild outburst of feeling demanded by the meetings had not yet been provided for. Tom Launder suggested to Ross that the tune of "Little Pigs" would furnish a chorus just adapted for the meetings. Ross seized upon the suggestion, and on the succeeding Sunday, while he was singing as a member of a church choir, his head was full of "Little Pigs," and efforts to make a song fitting the time and the circumstances. Oblivious to all else he had, before the sermon was finished, blocked out the song of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." The line, as originally composed by him, of

"Van, Van, you're a nice little man,"

did not suit him, and when Saturday night came round he was cudgelling his brains to amend it. He was absent from the meeting, and was sent for. He came, and informed the glee club that he had a new song to sing, but that there was one line in it he did not like, and that his delay was occasioned by the desire to correct it.

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

"Thunder!" said he, "make it—Van's a *used-up man!*"—and there and then the song was completed.

The meeting in the Court House was a monster, the old Senate Chamber was crowded full to hear McKibbon's new song "Martin's Lament," which was loudly applauded and encored. When the first speech was over, Ross led off with "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," having furnished each member of the glee club with the chorus. That was the song at last. Cheers, yells, and encores greeted it. The next day, men and boys were singing the chorus in the street, in the work-shops, and at the table. Olcott White came near to starting a hymn to the tune in the radical church on South street. What the Marseilles Hymn was to Frenchmen, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" was to the Whigs of 1840.

In September, Mr. Ross went to New York City to purchase goods. He attended a meeting in Lafayette Hall. Prentiss of Mississippi, Tallmadge of New York, and Otis of Boston were to speak. Ross found the hall full of enthusiastic people, and was compelled to stand near the entrance. The speakers had not arrived, and several songs were sung to keep the crowd together. The stock of songs was soon exhausted, and the chairman (Charley Delavan, I think) arose and requested any one present who could sing, to come forward and do so. Ross said, "If I could get on the stand, I would sing a song," and hardly had the words out, before he found himself passing rapidly over the heads of the crowd, to be landed at length on the platform. Questions of "Who are you?" "What's your name?" came from every hand.

"I am a Buckeye from the Buckeye State," was the answer. "Three cheers for the Buckeye State!" cried out the president, and they were given with a will. Ross requested the meeting to keep quiet until he had sung three or four verses, and it did. But the enthusiasm swelled up to an uncontrollable pitch, and at last the whole meeting joined in the chorus, with a vim and vigor indescribable. The song was encored and sung again and again, but the same verses were not repeated, as he had many in mind, and could make them to suit the occasion. While he was singing in response to the third encore, the speakers Otis and Tallmadge arrived, and Ross improvised:

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

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

The authorship has always been given to the late John Greiner, and I have myself aided in assigning him the credit of it, thus doing great injustice to Mr. Ross. On learning that he was its author I resolved to make the amende honorable by giving the real history of the song to the public.

AIR.

1. Oh! what has caused this great com-mo-tion, -mo-tion, -mo-tion, Our coun-try

2. Like the working of might-y wa-ters, wa-ters, wa-ters, On it will

through? It is the ball that's roll-ing on, For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For

go; And in its course will clear the way For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For

Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, And with them we'll beat lit-tle Van, Van,

Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, And with them we'll beat lit-tle Van, Van,

Van, Van, oh! he's a used-up man, And with them we'll beat lit-tle Van.

Van, Van, oh! he's a used-up man, And with them we'll beat lit-tle Van.

<p>See the Loco's standard tottering, tottering tottering, Down it must go, And in its place we'll rear the flag, Of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, <i>etc.</i></p> <p>The Bay State boys turned out in thousands, thousands, thousands, Not long ago, And at Bunker Hill, they set their seals For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, <i>etc.</i></p> <p>Now you hear the Vanjacks talking, talking, talking, Things look quite blue, For all the world seems turning round For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, <i>etc.</i></p> <p>Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider, And Log Cabins too, It will only help to speed the ball, For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, <i>etc.</i></p>	<p>His latchstring hangs outside the door, door, door, And is never pulled in, For it always was the custom of Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too, <i>etc.</i></p> <p>He always has his table set, set, set, For all honest and true, To ask you in to take a bite, With Tippecanoe and Tyler too, <i>etc.</i></p> <p>See the spoilsmen and leg treasurers, treasurers, treasurers, All in a stew, For well they know they stand no chance With Tippecanoe and Tyler too, <i>etc.</i></p> <p>Little Matty's days are numbered, numbered, numbered, And out he must go, For in his place we'll put the good Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too,</p>
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## JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

I HAVE been able to obtain but meagre information about the famous refrain which became the marching song of the nation. The stern, almost religious enthusiasm of the words blended with the stirring tread of the music, and suited well the spirit in which Patriotism went forth to meet its foes. The words were written and the air also, I believe, by CHARLES HALL, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, whose father was a well-known dyer, and had his office near the head of Hanover Street, Boston. It is hard to say just how many stanzas the original song contained, but I feel certain that the familiar one beginning:

"His pet lambs will meet him on the way"

as well as

"They'll hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple tree,"

and

"Let's give three rousing cheers for the Union,"

were added by later hands. The *Pall Mall Gazette* of October 14, 1865, said: "The street boys of London have decided in favor of 'John Brown's Body,' against 'My Maryland,' and 'The Bonnie Blue Flag.' The somewhat lugubrious refrain has excited their admiration to a wonderful degree, and threatens to extinguish that hard-worked, exquisite effort of modern minstrelsy, 'Slap Bang.'"

The musical score is written in G major (one flat) and common time (C). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a simple, rhythmic melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

1. John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould-'ring in the grave,  
2. The stars of hea - ven are look - ing kind - ly down,



John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave,  
The stars of hea-ven are look-ing kind-ly down,

John Brown's bo - dy lies a  
The stars of hea-ven are

mould'ring in the grave,  
look - ing kind - ly down,

His soul.... is march - ing on!  
On the grave.... of old John Brown!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march - ing on!

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

*Cho.—Glory, etc.*

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!  
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!  
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!  
His soul is marching on.

*Cho.—Glory, etc.*

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

Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
 Old John Brown lies slumbering in his grave —  
 But John Brown's soul is marching with the brave,  
     His soul is marching on.  
 Glory, glory, hallelujah !  
 Glory, glory, hallelujah !  
 Glory, glory, hallelujah !  
     His soul is marching on.

He has gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,  
 He is sworn as a private in the ranks of the Lord —  
 He shall stand at Armageddon with his brave old sword,  
     When Heaven is marching on.  
 Glory, *etc.*  
     For Heaven is marching on.

He shall file in front where the lines of battle form —  
 He shall face to front when the squares of battle form —  
 Time with the column, and charge with the storm,  
     Where men are marching on.  
 Glory, *etc.*  
     True men are marching on.

Ah, foul tyrants! do ye hear him where he comes?  
 Ah, black traitors! do ye know him as he comes?  
 In thunder of the cannon and roll of the drums,  
     As we go marching on.  
 Glory, *etc.*  
     We all are marching on.

Men may die, and moulder in the dust —  
 Men may die, and arise again from dust,  
 Shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of the Just,  
     When Heaven is marching on.  
 Glory, *etc.*  
     The Lord is marching on.

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## MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL, author of the words of "Maryland, my Maryland," was born in Baltimore, on New Year's day, 1839. He was educated at Georgetown College, District of Columbia, and when quite young went to Louisiana and edited a newspaper at Point Coupée. From there he went to New Orleans, where he was engaged upon *The Sunday Delta*, where in April, 1861, he wrote his song, "Maryland, my Maryland." At the close of the war he became editor of *The Constitutionalist*, published at Augusta, Georgia.

"Maryland, my Maryland," first published in Baltimore, was set to the fine German Burschenlied which begins :

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,  
 Wie grün sind deine Blätter!—

Longfellow's translation of which, "O hemlock tree," *etc.*, is well known. "My Maryland" became the finest battle-song of the Southern Confederacy during the war.

1. The des - pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land! His  
 2. Hark! to a wan - d'ring son's ap - peal, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land! My  
 3. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land! Thy

torch is at thy tem - ple door, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land! A -  
 Moth - er - State, to thee I kneel, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land! For  
 beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land! Re -

venge the pat - ri - ot - ic gore That fleck'd the streets of Bal - ti - more, And  
 life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal, And  
 mem - ber Car - rol's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust, And

be the bat - tle queen of yore, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land!  
 gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land!  
 all thy slum - berers with the just, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land!

CHORUS.

And be the bat - tle queen of yore, My Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land!

*mf* *cres.* *ff* *dim.* *e rall.*

Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day, Maryland!	I see the blush upon thy cheek, Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array, Maryland!	But thou wast ever bravely meek, Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray, With Watson's blood at Monterey, With fearless Lowe and dashing May, Maryland! My Maryland!	But lo! there surges forth a shriek From hill to hill, from creek to creek— Potomac calls to Chesapeake, Maryland! My Maryland!
Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain, Maryland!	Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll, Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain, Maryland!	Thou wilt not crook to his control, Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain; "Sic semper," 'tis the proud refrain That baffles minions back amain, Maryland! My Maryland!	Better the fire upon thee roll, Better the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than crucifixion of the soul, Maryland! My Maryland!
Come, for thy shield is bright and strong, Maryland!	I hear the distant thunder hum, Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong, Maryland!	The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum, Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng, That stalks with liberty along, And give a new key to thy song, Maryland! My Maryland!	She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb, Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum! She breathes—she burns! she'll come! she'll come! Maryland! My Maryland!

## WAKE NICODEMUS.

BOTH author and composer of many well-known songs is HENRY C. WORK, maker of this one. "Grafted into the army," "Kingdom coming," and "Marching through Georgia," are among the lyrics which patriotism called forth from him during the civil war, while "My Grandfather's Clock" is a later production whose immense popularity is shown by the fact that a year ago the royalty paid him on it had reached four thousand dollars.

Mr. Work was born in Middletown, Connecticut, October 1st, 1832. The family is of Scottish origin, and the name is thought to have come from a castle, "Auld Wark upon the Tweed," famed in the border wars. When Henry was very young, his father removed to Illinois, and the boy received but an irregular education. He relates that when eleven years old he thought that, as Greek and Latin had proved of great service to the world, it would be a noble enterprise to invent a few new languages. Accordingly he invented two, one in which he used the English alphabet inverted, and one for which he made an entirely new alphabet. Only the difficulty of obtaining writing-paper on the prairie prevented them from becoming literatures as well as languages. Two years after his invention of letters, young Work was taken back to Connecticut, and, greatly to his delight, apprenticed to a printer. While working faithfully at the case, he also found time to study harmony, and to make modest contributions to poet's corners. His first song, which brought him twenty-five dollars, belongs to this epoch. In 1865 Mr. Work went abroad, and on his return he invested his then considerable fortune in the fruit-growing enterprise in Vineland, New Jersey. But financial and domestic misfortunes overwhelmed him, and for several years he left all the familiar scenes and associations, after which he returned to New York city, where in 1875 he connected himself, as composer, with Mr. Cady of the former firm of Root and Cady, music publishers, who had held the copyrights of all his songs, and had lost them with their other property in the great fire in Chicago. Mr. Cady was reëstablishing business in New York, and brought out in quick succession songs of Mr. Work's, which have had large sales. The song-writer has also become a somewhat successful inventor, and a patented knitting-machine, a walking doll, and a rotary engine are among his possessions. He now resides in New York city.

*Died in Hartford, Conn., June 8, 1864.*

1. Nic - o - de - mus, the slave, was of Af - ri - can birth, And was  
 2. He was known as a proph - et— at least was as wise— For he  
 3. Nic - o - de - mus, was nev - er the sport of the lash, Though the  
 4. 'Twas a long wea - ry night— we were al - most in fear That the

bought for a bag - ful of gold; He was reck - on'd as part of the  
 told of the bat - tle to comes; And we trem - bled with dread when he  
 bul - let has oft cross'd his path; There were none of his mas - ters so  
 fu - ture was more than he knew; 'Twas a long wea - ry night— but the

salt of the earth, But he died years a - go, ver - y old. 'Twas his  
roll'd up his eyes, And we heed - ed the shake of his thumb. Tho' he  
brave or so rash, As to face such a man in his wrath. Yet his  
morn - ing is near, And the words of our proph - et are true. There are

last sad re - quest— so we laid him a - way In the  
clothed us with fear, yet the gar - ments he wore Were in  
great heart with kind - ness was fill'd to the brim— He o -  
signs in the sky that the dark - ness is gone— There are

trunk of an old hol - low tree. "Wake me up!" was his charge, "at the  
patch - es at el - bow and knee; And he still wears the suit that he  
beyed who was born to com - mand; But he long'd for the morn - ing which  
to - kens in end - less ar - ray; While the storm which had seem - ing - ly

first break of day— Wake me up for the great ju - bi - lee!"  
used to of yore, As he sleeps in the old hol - low tree.  
then was so dim— For the morn - ing which now is at hand.  
ban - ished the dawn, On - ly hast - ens the ad - vent of day.

CHORUS.

The GOOD TIME COMING is al - most here! It was long, long, long on the

way! Now run and tell E - li - jah to hur - ry up Pomp, And

meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp, To wake Nic - o - de - mus to - day.

## WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

CAROLINA OLIPHANT was born in Gask, Perthshire, Scotland, July 16, 1766. She was descended from an old and noble family, of strong Jacobite proclivities, and their third daughter was named Carolina, as one more tribute of loyalty to "Charlie over the Water." She is described as delicate, graceful, accomplished, the "pretty Miss Car" of the school-room, and the "Flower of Strathearn" in young womanhood. She began very early to write rhymes in secret for her favorite melodies. Once, on the fair-ground, she ordered the coachman to get for her one of the pamphlets which she saw circulating. It was a collection of the coarse songs of the time; and from that day she resolved to use her love for songs and her power to make them, in purifying those already in existence. She re-wrote one called "The Ploughman," which was sung with fine effect at a dinner given by her brother to the Gask tenantry, and it was rolled out by the whole country side with no suspicion that the young Laird's sister was the author. She was a favorite with high and low, and was exceedingly gay and pleasure-loving. Her hand was sought by many suitors, but had been early pledged to Captaine NAIRNE, her cousin. The Jacobite zeal of his family had stripped him of his estates, and he was obliged to wait for promotion before his income allowed them to marry. When he was almost fifty, and she was forty-one, Captain Nairne became a Major, and they were married and removed to Carolina cottage in Edinburgh, where they spent twenty-four happy years, in the course of which Major Nairne was restored to his rank in the peerage. The idol of their home was an only son. Long before her marriage, Lady Nairne had become deeply and joyously religious, and much of her income was spent in charity. After the death of her husband, she writes:

" His staff's at the wa'.  
Toom, toom is his chair!  
His bannet an' a'  
An' I maun be here!  
But oh! he's at rest,  
Why s'ud I complain?"

'Gin my soul be blest,  
I'll meet him again,  
Oh! to meet him again,  
Where hearts ne'er were sair!  
Oh! to meet him again,  
To part never mair!

....

Mr. Purdie, a bookseller of Edinburgh, planned a collection of the best songs of Scotland, and engaged R. A. Smith to edit them. A lady friend who knew of Lady Nairne's writings, begged her to contribute, and she promised to do so under a pledge of strict secrecy. Her contributions were signed "B. B.," and the friend whispered in Mr. Purdie's ear that the author was "Mrs. Bogan of Bogan." The numerous issues of the collection ran through three years, and dressed in a well-designed disguise, Lady Nairne had many talks with Mr. Purdie. As one reason for wishing concealment, she writes: "I beg the publisher will make no mention of a lady; as you observe, the more mystery the better, and still the balance is in favor of the lords of creation. I cannot help in some degree undervaluing beforehand what is said to be a feminine production." After the death of her husband, Lady Nairne travelled in search of health for her delicate son, who, however, died at the age of twenty-one. She spent several years abroad, and returned to her old home at Gask but two years before her death, which took place there, October 26, 1845. During her later years she wrote some of her sweetest lyrics. The one which begins:

Would you be young again?  
So would not I—  
One tear to memory given,  
Onward I hie.  
Life's dark flood forded o'er,  
All but at rest on shore,  
Say, would you plunge once more,  
With home so nigh?



was written in her seventy-sixth year. Another closes with these lines:

Where souls angelic soar,  
 Thither repair;  
 Let this vain world no more  
 Lull and ensnare.  
 That heaven I love so well  
 Still in my heart shall dwell;  
 All things around me tell  
 Rest is found there.

The air of "Wha'll be king but Charlie?" is found in an old collection called "Airs and melodies peculiar to the Highlands."

1. The news frae Moi-dart can' yes-treen, Will soon gar mo-ny fer-lie; For  
 2. The High-land clans wi' sword in hand, Frae John o' Groat's to Air-lie, Hae  
 3. The Low-lands a' baith great and sma', Wi' mo-ny a lord and laird, hae De-

ships o' war hae just come in, And land-ed Roy-al Char-lie! } Come  
 to a man de-clared to stand, Or fall wi' Roy-al Char-lie! }  
 clared for Scot-land's king and law, An' spier ye, wha but Char-lie? }

through the heath-er, a-round him gath-er, Ye're a' the wel-com-er ear-ly; A-

round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but Char-lie? Come

through the heath-er, a - round him gath- er, Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegith-er, And

crown your right - fu', law - fu' king; For wha'll be king but Char - lie?

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land  
 But vows baith late and early,  
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand  
 Who wadna fight for Charlie.  
 Come through, *etc.*

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
 And be't complete and early;  
 His very name my heart's blood warms —  
 To arms for Royal Charlie!  
 Come through, *etc.*

## CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

SEVERAL Scottish poets have rung the changes upon both the air and words of "Charlie is my darling." Burns has a version, Hogg a version, Captain Charles Grey a version, and there are still others of less celebrity. But the words most in use were written by the BARONESS NAIRNE, although her authorship was not then known, and stanzas from the other versions were generally mingled with hers. I give her version entire. The song is, of course, a Jacobite effusion, and Lady Nairne's family were Jacobites of the Jacobites, nearly all the kith and kin having been in trouble or exile on that account. A lock of Prince Charlie's hair, his bonnet, spurs, cockades, and crucifix, were cherished relics among them. The "Auld Laird," Lady Nairne's father, refused to acknowledge King George, and dismissed the family chaplain for taking the oath of fealty to him after the death of Charles Edward. The King who had graciously allowed him to return and spend his age in his old home, sent this message to his obstinate subject: "The Elector of Hanover's compliments to the Laird of Gask, and wishes to tell him how much the Elector respects the Laird for the steadiness of his principles."

In his "Forty Years' Recollections," Charles Mackay, the song-writer, relates the following anecdote of his childhood: "Grace Threlkeld, or as her husband always called her, 'Girzie,' taught me the alphabet, together with the tunes of many scores—I may say hundreds—of Scotch songs which she was fond of singing. Among the rest was the old Jacobite song of "Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier." I imagined at the time that this was a song about myself, and that I was the veritable young Chevalier. I well remember my astonishment, when I was about six years old, at hearing a blackbird, whose cage hung from a window in Powis Street, Woolwich,

pipe this tune very correctly as I passed along with a playmate. I looked at the bird with infantine bewilderment, thinking that the creature was, as the Scotch say, 'no cannie,' and that the foul fiend himself had taken up his abode in his tiny throat. The good Girzie laughed at my terror, but it was many weeks before I was quite reconciled to the possession of musical abilities by so small a creature, or quite satisfied that it had not formed a deliberate purpose by whistling that particular song, to turn me into ridicule."

1. Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, My dar-ling, my dar-ling, Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, The

young Che-va-lier. { 1. 'Twas on a Mon-day morn-ing, Right ear-ly in the year, When  
2. As he cam' march-in' up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear; And  
3. W<sup>h</sup> Hie-land bon-nets on their heads, And claymores bright and clear, They

Char-lie came to our town. The young Chev-a-lier. } Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, my  
a' the folk cam' rinnin' out To meet the Chev-a-lier.  
cam' to fight for Scotland's right, And the young Chev-a-lier.

dar-ling, my dar-ling, Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, The young Chev-a-lier.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,  
Their wives and bairnies dear,  
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,  
The young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie, etc.

Oh! there were many beating hearts,  
And mony a hope and fear;  
And mony were the prayers put up  
For the young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie, etc.

## WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

THE origin of this Jacobite song is unknown. It appeared about 1745, and was first made familiar to American ears in the Scottish concerts of the Misses Cumming, about 1850. Of course the first line, divested of its dialect form, would read: "What's all the stir, comer" (stranger)?

*Allegro.*

1. "What's a' the steer, kimmer, What's a' the steer?" Charlie he is land - ed, And  
 2. I'm right glad to hear't, kimmer, I'm right glad to hear't; I hae a gude braid claymore, And

faith he'll soon be here; The win' was at his back, Carle, The  
 for his sake I'll wear't; Sin' Char - lie, he is land - ed, We

win' was at his back, I care - na, sin' he's come, Carle, We were na worth a plack.  
 ha'e nae mair to fear, Sin' Char - lie he is come, kimmer, We'll ha'e a jub - 'lee year.

## WEARING OF THE GREEN.

OF the many songs which have been written with this title and sentiment, this one by DION BOUCICAULT is best known in this country. It is the song of "Shaun the Post," in the play of "Arrah na Pogue." There was an old revolutionary street ballad in Ireland, in which a conversation was imagined between Bonaparte and an Irishman. Bonaparte inquires,

And how is ould Ireland, and how does she stand?

and the reply is,

'Tis a poor distressed coun-the-ry, oh, poor I-ar-land!

1. Oh! Pad - dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go - in' round, The  
 2. Then since the col - or we must wear, is Eng - land's cru - el red, Sure  
 3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart, Her

Sham-rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground; Saint  
 Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get, the blood that they have shed; You may  
 sons with shame and sor - row from the dear old soil will part; I've heard

Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, His col - or can't be seen, For  
 take the Sham - rock from your hilt, and cast it on the sod, But  
 whis - per of a coun - try that lies far be - yant the say, Where

there's a blood - y law a - gin' the Wear - in' o' the Green; I....  
 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der - foot 'tis trod; When the  
 rich and poor stand e - qual, in the light of free - dom's day; Oh,

met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he tuk me by the hand, And he  
law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow, And  
E - rin must we lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand, Must we

said "how's poor ould Ire - land, and how does she stand?"  
when the leaves in sum - mer time their ver - dure dare not show;  
ask a moth - er's wel - come from a strange but hap - py land?

She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try, that ev - er you have seen; They're  
Then I will change the col - or I wear in my cau - been, But  
Where the cru - el cross of Eng - land's thral - dom nev - er shall be seen, And

*Repeat as Chorus.*

hang - ing men and wo - men there for wear - ing of the green.  
'till that day, please God, I'll stiek to wear - ing of the green.  
where, thank God, we'll live and die, still wear - ing of the green.

YES! THE DIE IS CAST.

PAUL PESTEL was born in 1794. He was of German descent, and was Colonel commanding a Russian regiment of infantry. He allied himself with a secret society which had for its object the overthrow of the empire, and soon became its most zealous supporter. His schemes were discovered and reported to the Emperor Nicholas, and Pestel was immediately chained in a dungeon, where he remained until his execution, July 11, 1826. There seems to be no reason for disbelieving the statement that shortly before his death, he composed, and with a link of his chain rudely carved upon his dungeon wall, the words and music of this famous song.

*Andante.*

1. Yes! the die is cast! The tur-bid dream of life is wan-ing, The  
 2. Hark! the fa-tal bell, Each pass-ing hour the dun-geon wak-ing;

gulf will soon be past, The soul im-mor-tal joy at-tain-ing.  
 Chimes a sad fare-well; In sol-lemn tones the si-lence break-ing. *Fine.*

Thus then I fall, my na-tive land to save, Shall I live a slave? No! the free and brave  
 Fell u-surp-er, know thy sav-age ty-ran-ny Soon will set me free; Thwarted thou shalt be, For

*At the end of 2d verse D.C. from ♯; to Fine.*

shall scorn to yield, My country's flag shall wave A-round the pa-triot's grave!  
I shall rise a-bove thee in e-ter-ni-ty, Im-mor-tal life thoug'iv'st to me.

## TULLOCHGORUM.

THE author of this song, REV. JOHN SKINNER, was born at Balfour, Scotland, October 3, 1721. He was liberally educated, and had been given to rhyming from childhood. He became a clergyman, and joined himself to the party of the Episcopal or non-juring clergy. Still, he could not have been a very strong partisan, for his song of "Tullochgorum" was made expressly to assist in reconciling contending factions. Mr. Skinner was at the house of Mrs. Montgomery, with a company, when a dispute arose on the subject of Whig and Tory politics, which became unpleasantly exciting. The hostess called upon Mr. Skinner to suggest appropriate words for the "Reel of Tullochgorum," whereupon he then and there made the song which Burns called "the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw."

*Allegro.*

1. "Come gie's a sang," Montgom-ery cried, "And lay your dis-putes a' a-side; What  
2. Oh! Tul-loch-go-rum's my de-light, It gars us a' in ane u-nite, And

sig-ni-fiest for folks to chide For what's been done be-fore them? Let  
o-ny sumph that keeps up spite, In con-science I ab-hor him. For



Whig and To - ry a' a - gree, Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry,  
blithe and mer - ry we'll a' be, Blithe and mer - ry, blithe and mer - ry,

Whig and To - ry a' a - gree To drop their Whig - mig - mo - rum, Let  
Blithe and mer - ry we'll be a', And make a cheer - fu' quo - rum, For

Whig and To - ry a' a - gree To spend the night with mirth and glee, And  
blithe and mer - ry we'll be a', As lang as we hae breath to draw, And

cheer - fu' sing a - lang wi' me The reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.  
dance till we be like to fa', The reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.

There needs na be sae great a fraise,  
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;  
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys  
     For hauf-a-hunder score o' them.  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
 Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
     Wi' a' their variorum.  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
 Their *Allegros* and a' the rest:  
 They canna please a Highland taste,  
     Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress  
 Wi' fears o' want and double cess,  
 And silly sots themselves distress  
     Wi' keeping up decorum.  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit?  
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,  
 Sour and sulky shall we sit,  
     Like auld Philosophorum?  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 Nor ever rise to shake a fit  
     To the reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings aye attend  
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,  
     And a' that's gude watch o'er him.  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
 Peace and plenty be his lot,  
     And dainties a great store o' 'em;  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by ony vicious blot,  
 And may he never want a groat,  
     That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the discontented fool  
 Who loves to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy know his rotten soul,  
     And discontent devour him!  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,  
 Dool and sorrow be his chance,  
     And nane say, wae's me for him;  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Whae'er he be that winna dance  
     The reel o' Tullochgorum.

MARTIAL AND PATRIOTIC SONGS.

“ *Qui vive!* ” And is the sentry’s cry,—  
The sleepless soldier’s band,—  
Are these—the painted folds that fly  
And lift their emblems, printed high  
On morning mist and sunset sky—  
The guardians of a land?  
No! if the patriot’s pulses sleep,  
How vain the watch that hirelings keep,  
The idle flag that waves,  
When Conquest, with his iron heel,  
Treads down the standards and the steel  
That belt the soil of slaves!  
— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country’s wishes blest!  
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy’s feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.  
— *William Collins.*

# MARTIAL AND PATRIOTIC SONGS.

## BONNIE DUNDEE.

THE words of this ballad are by SIR WALTER SCOTT. Mary Russell Mitford, writing of it, says: "Nothing seems stranger, among the strange fluctuations of popularity, than the way in which the songs and shorter poems of the most eminent writers occasionally pass from the highest vogue into the most complete oblivion, and are at once forgotten as though they had never been. Scott's spirited ballad, 'The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee,' is a case in point. Several persons (among the rest, Mrs. Hughes, the valued friend of the author) have complained to me, not only that it is not included amongst Sir Walter's ballads, but that they were unable to discover it elsewhere. Upon mentioning this to another dear friend of mine, the man who, of all whom I have known, has the keenest scent for literary game, he threw himself upon the track, and, failing to obtain a printed copy, succeeded in procuring one in manuscript, taken down from the lips of a veteran vocalist, not, as I should judg e, from his recitation, but from his singing. \* \* \* \* At all events, the transcript is a curiosity. The whole ballad is written as if it were prose. I endeavored to restore the natural division of the verses; and having since discovered a printed copy, buried in the "Doom of Devorgoil," where of course nobody looked for it, I am delighted to transfer my to pages one of the most stirring and characteristic ballads ever written."

The air of "Bonnie Dundee," under that title, dates from 1628.

*Allegretto.*

1. To the Lords of Conven - tion 'twas Claverhouse spoke; Ere the King's crown go down there are  
2. Dun - dee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring backward, the

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, 6/8 time, marked *Allegretto*. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, 6/8 time, marked *p*. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, 6/8 time. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with two verses provided.

crowns to be broke, Then each cav - a - lier who loves hon - or and me, Let him  
drums they are beat, But the pro - vost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be, For the

fol - low the bon - nets of Bon - nie Dun - dee. Come fill up my cup, come  
toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun - dee." Come fill up my cup, come

*mf*

fill up my can, Come sad - dle my hors - es, And call out my men! Un -

- hook the west port, And let us gae free, For its up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

*p*

He spurred to the foot of the proud castle rock,  
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:  
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak two  
words or three,  
For the love of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee."  
Come fill up my cup, *etc.*

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes.  
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!  
Your grace in short space shall hear tidings  
of me,  
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee."  
Come fill up my cup, *etc.*

“There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands  
beyond Forth,  
If there’s lords in the Lowlands, there’s chiefs in  
the North;  
There are brave Duinnewassals three thousand  
times three,  
Will cry ‘Hey for the bonnet of Bonnie  
Dundee.’

Come fill up my cup, *etc.*

“There’s brass on the target of barked bull-  
hide:

There’s steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;  
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall  
flash free,

At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, *etc.*

“Then awa’ to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks!  
Ere I own a usurper I’ll crouch with the fox;  
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst o’ your glee,  
Ye hae no seen the last o’ my bonnet and me.”

Come fill up my cup, *etc.*

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were  
blown,

The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen  
rode on,

Till on Ravelston’s cliffs and on Clermiston’s lea  
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,

Come saddle the horses and call up the men,

Come open your gates and let me gae free,

For it’s up wi’ the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

## HAIL! TO THE CHIEF.

THIS is the “boat-song” in the second canto of SCOTT’S “Lady of the Lake.” The song is intended to imitate the jorrans, or boat-songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honor of a favorite chief. These boat-songs are adapted to the measure of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the quick, short stroke of a common boat, and those made to suit the long sweep of a galley oar.

The air of “Hail to the Chief” was written by SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.

*f Moderato.*

1. Hail to the chief! who in tri - umph ad - van - ces! Hon - our'd and  
2. Ours is no sap - ling, chance-sown by the foun - tain, Bloom - ing at

blest be the ev - er - green Pine! Long may the tree in his  
Bel - tane, in win - ter to fade; When the whirl - wind has stripp'd

ban-ner that glanc-es, Flour-ish the shel-ter and grace of our line!  
 ev'ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan - Al - pine ex - ult in her shade.

*p* Heav'n send it hap - py dew, Earth lend it sap - a - new, Gai - ly to  
 Moor'd in the rift - ed rock, Proof to the tem - pest's shock, Firm - er he

*cres.*

bour - geon, and broad - ly to grow! While ev - 'ry high - land glen  
 roots him the ru - der, it blow; Men - teith and Breadalbane, then,

*ff* Sends our shout back a - gain, "Rod - er - ick, Rod - er - ick, Rod - er - ick Vich  
 Ech - o his praise a - gain, "Rod - er - ick, Rod - er - ick, Rod - er - ick Vich

*p* Al - pine dhu ho! ie - roe!..... *pp* ho! ie - roe!.....

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,  
 And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied;  
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in  
 ruin,  
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her  
 side.

Widow and Saxon maid,  
 Long shall lament our raid,  
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;  
 Lennox and Leven-glen  
 Shake when they hear again,  
 "Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the High-  
 ands,

Stretch to your oars, for the evergreen Pine!  
 Oh, that the rosebud that graces yon island,  
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to  
 twine!

Oh! that some seedling gem  
 Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honored and blest in their shadow might grow!  
 Loud should clan Alpine then  
 Ring from her deepest glen,  
 "Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero!"



## THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

ANNIE McVICAR was born in Glasgow, Scotland, February 21, 1755. Her father was an officer in the British army, and the fortunes of the service brought him to America when his daughter was two years old. One day the little Annie was found trudging along a mile from home, and when a friend picked her up she said, "I am going to America, to see papa." A year later, the mother and daughter landed at Charleston, and rejoined the soldier father in a fort at Albany. Here Annie grew to girlhood. She had a play-room in which she kept two treasures besides Indian trinkets and relics of Scotland—Milton, and a dictionary. The "Paradise Lost" she knew by heart, and the good and evil angels were her playmates, instead of French dolls. A singularly apropos quotation from Milton so delighted Madam Schuyler, then the Lady of the Land, that she took the little girl under her own roof. When Annie was thirteen years old, the family returned to Scotland, and spent three years on the banks of the Cart, near Glasgow, when they removed to Fort Augustus. Here Miss McVicar married Rev. James Grant, chaplain of the fort, who was appointed minister at Laggan, in Inverness-shire. Mr. Grant died, leaving his wife with eight children dependent upon her. In this emergency, her old knack at rhyming came into her mind, and she collected her poems and published them successfully by subscription. A few years later she published three volumes entitled "Letters from the Mountains," which passed through several editions. Two years afterward she brought out the "Memoirs of an American Lady," the most interesting of her works. Other volumes of prose and verse followed, and, with a pension granted her by the government, she passed the rest of her days in comfort, surrounded by warm friends, in the city of Edinburgh. She reached the age of eighty-four, with faculties almost unimpaired. Professor Andrews Norton, of Cambridge, writes her from this country, "It was delightful to find you in old age, after such severe trials, so supported and strengthened by the power of God—not resigned merely, possessing not the calm benevolence of age alone; but the kindlier feelings in their freshness and flower which, beautiful as they are in youth, become so much more deeply interesting when we know that care and sorrow had no power to wither them." Mrs. Grant died November 7, 1838. She wrote "O where, tell me where" on the occasion of the departure of the Marquis of Huntly for the continent with his regiment, in 1799. Ritson, in his "North Country Chorister," printed in 1802, has this song under the title "The New Highland Lad." He says, "The song has been lately introduced upon the stage. It was originally 'The Bells of Scotland,' but was revised by Mrs. Jordan, who altered the words and sang them to a tune of her own, which superseded the old air." When Charles Mackay and Sir Henry Rowley Bishop were arranging old English airs, this song came under discussion. Mackay says, "The Blue Bells of Scotland is almost invariably spoken of as a Scottish air; but Sir Henry found reason to suspect that it was English, and urged me to write new words to it, to dispossess, if possible, the old song of Mrs. Jordan. He was induced to form this opinion by receiving from Mr. Fitzgerald, 'a Sussex tune' to a song commencing: 'Oh, I have been a forester this many a long day.' Three or four bars of the melody were almost identical with the second part of 'The Blue Bells of Scotland,' but as the remainder bore no resemblance to that popular favorite, and the whole tune was so beautiful that it was well worth preserving, I so far complied with Sir Henry's wish as to write 'The Magic Harp' to Mr. Fitzgerald's kind contribution to our work. Sir Henry wrote under date of the 22d of October, 1852, 'I am strongly of opinion that when Mrs. Jordan composed "The Blue Bells of Scotland" she founded her air upon that rescued from oblivion for us by Mr. Fitzgerald,—or rather that she originally intended to sing it to that tune, but finding some parts of it too high for her voice, which was of a very limited compass, she altered them, and the air became that of the "Blue Bells of Scotland."'"

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your highland lad-die gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your  
 2. Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie stay? Oh! where, tell me where did your  
 3. Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear? Oh! what, tell me what does your

Highland lad - die gone? "He's gone with streaming banners, where no - ble deeds are done, And my  
 Highland lad - die stay? "He dwelt beneath the holly trees, Be - side the rap - id Spey, And  
 Highland lad - die wear? "A bon-net with a loft-y plume, the gal-lant badge of war, And a

*p*

*cres.*

sad heart will tremble, till he come safe-ly home, He's gone with streaming banners where  
 many a blessing followed him the day he went a - way, He dwelt beneath the holly trees, be-  
 plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star, A bon-net with a lofty plume, the

*cres.*

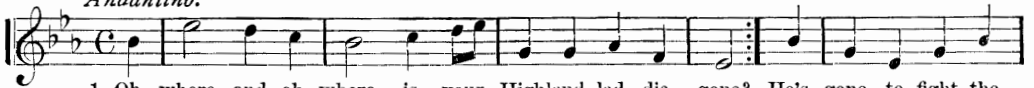
no - ble deeds are done, And my sad heart will trem - ble till he come safe-ly home."  
 side the riv - er Spey, And many a blessing fol-lowed him the day he went a - way."  
 gal-lant badge of war, And a plaid across the man - ly breast that yet shall wear a star."

Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel  
 wound  
 Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your  
 hopes confound;  
 "The pipe would play a cheering march, the  
 banners round him fly,  
 And for his king and country dear with pleasure  
 would he die.

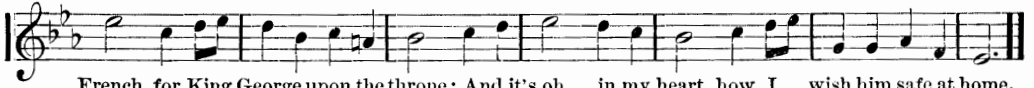
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's  
 bonnie bounds,  
 But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's  
 bonnie bounds;  
 His native land of liberty shall nurse his  
 glorious wounds,  
 While wide through all our Highland hills his  
 warlike name resounds."

The following altered version of Mrs. Grant's song became even more popular than the original.

*Andantino.*



1. Oh where, and oh where is your Highland lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the  
2. Oh, where, and oh where does your Highland lad-die dwell? He dwells in mer-ry



French for King George upon the throne; And it's oh, in my heart, how I wish him safe at home.  
Scot-land, at the sign of the Blue Bell. And it's oh, in my heart, that I love my lad-die well.

<p>What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad? His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat's of the plaid; And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my Highland lad.</p>	<p>Suppose, oh, suppose that your Highland lad should die? The bagpipes shall play over him, I'll lay me down and cry; And it's oh! in my heart, that I wish he may not die!</p>
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### THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

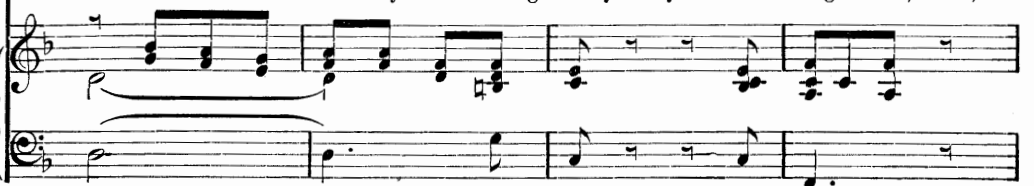
"The girl I left behind me" is no doubt of Irish origin. It has been found in a manuscript dated about 1770. "The air was also taken down," says Bunting, "from A. O'Neil, harper, A. D. 1800—author and date unknown. The air was written for a march, and the English version of the words, called 'Brighton Camp,' differs considerably from these." Chappell, while he puts in an English claim to the air, admits that it may be Irish. He thinks it was probably written in 1758, when there were encampments along the coast—at Brighton among the rest—where many tunes of this sort originated. Wherever it was first played, it is now almost a century since it became the soldier's and sailor's loathe-to-leave, and it has so long been played on every man-of-war as she weighed anchor, and for every regiment as it quitted a town where it had been stationed, that an omission would be thought a slight upon the ladies.



1. The dames of France are fond and free, And Flem-ish lips are will-ing, And  
2. For she's as fair as Shannon's side, And pu-rer than its wa-ter, But



soft the maids of I-ta-ly, And Span-ish eyes are thrill-ing; Still,  
she re-fus'd to be my bride Though many a year I sought her; Yet,



though I bask be - neath their smile, Their charms fail to bind me, And my  
since to France I sail'd a - way, Her let - ters oft re - mind me, That I

heart falls back to E - rin's Isle, To the girl I left be - hind me.  
pro - mis'd nev - er to gain - say The girl I left be - hind me.

She says, " My own dear love come home,  
My friends are rich and many,  
Or else, abroad with you I'll roam,  
A soldier stout as any;  
If you'll not come, nor let me go,  
I'll think you have resigned me,"  
My heart nigh broke when I answered " No,"  
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave  
A life of war and toiling,  
And never as a skulking slave  
I'll tread my native soil on;  
But were it free or to be freed,  
The battle's close would find me  
To Ireland bound, nor message need  
From the girl I left behind me.

### THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

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

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

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

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

sol - dier leant up - on his sword, And wip'd a - way a tear.  
pau's'd to bless her as she knelt, And wip'd a - way a tear.  
sure the hand most dar - ing there Has wip'd a - way a tear.

## THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT.

THE music of "The Dashing White Sergeant" was composed by SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP. The author of the words is unknown.

*Allegro a la militaire.*

1. If I... had a beau, For a sol - dier who'd go, Do you think I'd say no? No,  
2. When my sol - dier is gone, Do you think I'd take on, Or sit moping for - lorn? No,

no, not I! For a sol - dier who'd go, Do you think I'd say no? No,  
no, not I! Do you think I'd take on, Or sit moping for - lorn? No,

*f* *p*

no, no, no, no, no, not I!..... When his  
no, no, no, no, no, not I!..... His

*mf* *f*

red coat I saw, Not a tear would it draw, But I'd  
fame my concern, How my bo-som would burn, When I

*p* *f* *p* *f*

give him e - clat for his bra - ve - ry! If an ar - my of Am - azons e'er  
saw him re - turn crown'd with vic - to - ry! If an ar - my of Am - azons e'er

*ad lib.*  
*mf* *f* *pp*

came in play, As a dashing white ser-geant I'd

*f* *p*

march a - way, A dash-ing white ser - geant I'd

*f* *p*

march a - way, march a - way, march a - way, march a - way,..... march a - way,

*p*  
*mf* *f* *pp*

march a - way,..... march a - way, march a - way,..... march a - way.....

*cres.*

march a - way.....

*sf sf ff rf rf*

This musical score is for the piece 'march a way'. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part includes dynamic markings: *sf*, *sf*, *ff*, *rf*, and *rf*.

THE GALLANT TROUBADOUR.

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

1. Glow-ing with love, on fire for fame, A trou - ba-dour that hat - ed  
 2. And, while he march'd, with helm on head, And harp in hand the des - cant

sor - row, Beneath his la - dy's win - dow came, And thus he  
 rang,..... As faith - ful to his fav' - rite maid, The minstrel

sang his last good morrow;— "My arm it is my coun - try's right— My  
 bur - then still he sang:— "My arm it is my coun - try's right; My

This musical score is for 'THE GALLANT TROUBADOUR'. It consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are provided below the vocal line of each system.



heart is in my true love's bow'r;—Gayly for love and fame to  
heart is in my lady's bow'r; Resolved for love and fame to

fight,..... Be - fits the gal - lant trou - ba - dour.  
fight,..... I come, a gal - lant trou - ba - dour.

E'en when the battle's roar was deep,  
With dauntless heart he hewed his way,  
'Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,  
And still was heard the warrior lay:—  
"My life it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my lady's bow'r;  
For love to die, for fame to fight,  
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

Alas! upon the bloody field  
He fell, beneath the foeman's glaive,  
But still, reclining on his shield,  
Expiring sang th' exulting stave:—  
"My life it is my country's right;  
My heart is in my lady's bow'r;  
For love and fame to fall in fight  
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

## DUNOIS THE BRAVE.

HORTENSE EUGÉNIE BEAUHARNAIS, mother of Napoleon III., has long enjoyed the reputation of being both author and composer of the following song. Under its original title of "Partant pour la Syrie," it became a favorite French national melody; and under the title of "Dunois the Brave," Sir Walter Scott's translation of it was one of the drawing-room favorites in America fifty years ago. It was written and composed upon the departure for Syria of the Count of Flahaut, one of the flatterers of Queen Hortense. Drouet, who was her musical secretary, has left laughable accounts of the way in which he was compelled by her imperious Majesty to reduce her crude airs to rhythm and melody, and if the truth were ever told of royal highnesses, this fine air might perhaps own an humbler origin. Queen Hortense, of Holland, daughter of Alexandre and Josephine Beauharnais, was born in Paris, April 10, 1783, and died at Arenberg, Switzerland, October 5, 1837.

1. It was Du-nois, the young and brave, Was bound for Pal - es - tine, But  
2. His oath of hon - our on the shrine he grav'd it with his sword, And

first he made his o - ri - son be - fore Saint Ma - ry's shrine: "And  
fol - low'd to the Ho - ly Land the ban - ner of his lord; Where,

grant, im - mor - tal queen of heav'n," Was still the sol - dier's pray'r, "That  
faith - ful to his no - ble vow, his war - cry fill'd the air, "Be

I may prove the brav - est knight, and love the fair - est fair."  
hon - or'd aye the brav - est knight, be loved the fair - est fair."

<p>They owned the conquest of his arm, and then his liege lord said: "The heart that has for honor beat by bliss must be repaid, My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair, For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair.</p>	<p>And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's shrine, That makes a paradise on earth if hearts and hands combine: And every lord and lady bright that were in chapel there, Cried, "Honored be the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."</p>
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## THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

THE name of the authoress of "The March of the Cameron Men" was long unknown. The song was written in her youth by Miss MARY MAXWELL CAMPBELL, who shared the Scottish mania for concealment. Miss Campbell's home was at Pitfour, Fifeshire. Her father was Dugald Campbell, of Skerrington, Ayrshire. The song had been long assigned to others, when Miss Campbell confessed its source and said that she composed it "after travelling from morning to night through Highland scenery, with a member of the family of Lochiel." It alludes to the rising in 1745, and the chief who inspires it is Donald Cameron of Lochiel, made immortal by Campbell's lyric. He was the head of the powerful clan Cameron, and was devotedly loved for his social virtues as well as his prowess. The "gentle Lochiel," as he was named, did not, however, die at Culloden; he escaped to France with a wound, and afterward commanded a regiment in the French service. When Prince Charles landed for that fatal encounter, Lochiel tried to dissuade him from his purpose for the present, but, failing in that, he placed himself and his powerful following at the Prince's service. There is a ballad called "Tranent Muir," written by Mr. Skirving, which says:

The great Lochiel, as I heard tell,  
Led Camerons on in cluds, man:  
The morning fair, and clear the air,  
They loos'd wi' devilish thuds, man.

Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,  
And soon did chase them aff, man:  
On Seaton Crafts they buff'd their chafts,  
And gar'd them rin like daft, man.

1. There's ma - ny a man of the Ca - me - ron clan, That has  
 2. Oh! proud - ly they walk, but each Ca - me - ron knows, He may  
 3. The moon has a - ris - en, It shines on that path,..... Now

fol - low'd his chief to the field;..... He has sworn to sup - port him, or  
 tread on the heath - er no more,..... But bold - ly he fol - lows his  
 trod by the gal - lant and true;..... High, high are their hopes, for their

die by his side, For a Ca - me - ron nev - er can yield.....  
 chief to the field, Where his lau - rels were gath - er'd be - fore.....  
 chief - tain has said, That what - ev - er men dare they can do.....

I hear the Pib - roch sound - ing, sound - ing, deep o'er the mountain and glen .... White

light-springing footsteps are trampling the heath, 'Tis the march of the Ca - me-ron men....

## I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

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

*Allegretto.*

1. I see them on their wind - ing way, A - bout their ranks the moon-beams play; Their  
2. A - gain, a - gain the peal - ing drum, The clash - ing horn, they come, they come, Thro'

lof - ty deeds and dar - ing high, Blend with the notes of vic - to - ry; And  
rock - y pass, o'er wood - ed steep, In long and glitt - ring files they sweep; And

way - ing arms, and ban - ners bright, Are glanc - ing in..... the  
near - er, near - er, yet..... more near, Their soft - en'd cho - rus

Are glanc - ing, glancing in the  
Their soft - en'd, soften'd cho - rus

mel - low light. They're lost..... and gone.... The moon is  
meets the ear. Forth, forth,..... and meet.... them on their

mel - low light, They're lost and gone....  
meets the ear, Forth, forth, and meet,....

past, The wood's..... dark shade is o'er them cast, is o'er them cast, And  
way, The tramp - ing hoofs brook no de - lay, brook no de - lay, With

The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,  
The tramp-ing hoofs brook no de - lay,

*dim.* *cres.*

faint - er, faint - er, faint - er still The march is ris - ing o'er the hill,  
thrill - ing fife and peal - ing drum, And clash - ing horn, they come, they come, they

ris - ing o'er the hill,..... they ris - ing o'er the hill..... I  
come, they come, they come,.... they come, they come, they come..... I

see them on their wind - ing way, A - bout their ranks the moon-beams play; Their

lof - ty deeds and dar - ing high, Blend with the notes of vic - to - ry.

## THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

"Few names deserve more honorable mention in the history of Scotland, during the memorable year 1715, than that of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. Soaring above the petty distinctions of faction, his voice was raised for those measures which were at once just and lenient." Thus writes Walter Scott in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." Pope alludes to—

"Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,  
And shake alike the senate and the field."

These quotations both refer to John Campbell, the "Great Argyle" of this familiar song. The martial air "The Campbells are comin'" is very old.

♩: 8:

1. The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in', o -

-ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in' To bon - nie Loch - le - ven: The

Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho. { 1. Up - on the Lo-monds I  
2. Great Ar - gyle, goes be-  
3. The Camp - bells they are

lay, I lay, Up - on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay, I  
fore, be - fore, He makes the can - nons and guns to roar; Wi'  
a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi'

look - ed down to bon-nie Loch-le-ven, And saw three bon - nie pi - pers play.  
 sound o' trum - pet, pipe, and drum, The Campbells are com - in', o - ho, o - ho.  
 ban - ners rat - tlin' in the wind. The Campbells are com - in', o - ho, o - ho.

TO GREECE WE GIVE OUR SHINING BLADES.

THIS is the opening song in THOMAS MOORE'S "Evenings in Greece." SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP arranged the air.

*mp*

1. The sky is bright, the breeze is fair, And the main - sail flow - ing full and  
 2. The moon is in the heav'n a - bove, And the wind is on the foam - ing  
 free, full and free;... Our part - ing word is wo - man's pray'r, And the  
 sea, foam - ing sea;... Thus shines the star of wo - man's love, On the  
 hope be - fore us - lib - er - ty! lib - er - ty! } Fare - well!  
 glo - rious strife of lib - er - ty! lib - er - ty! }  
*p*  
 Fare - well!... To Greece we give our shin - ing blades, our shin - ing

blades, And our hearts to you, young Ze - an maids, young Ze - an maids! Our

hearts to you, our hearts to you, young Ze - an maids!.....

### SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED.

On the 30th of July, 1793, ROBERT BURNS and a friend, Mr. Syme, were travelling on horseback, "by a moor road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around." "The sky," says Mr. Syme, "was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark, the hollow winds sighed, the lightnings gleamed, the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene; he spoke not a word, but seemed wrapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day he produced the following address of Bruce to his troops."

Burns says, in a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated September, 1793: "I borrowed the last stanza from the common stall edition of Wallace:—

' A false usurper sinks in every foe,  
And liberty returns with every blow' —

a stanza worthy of Homer." In another letter he says: "I do not know whether the old air of 'Hey tuttie taittie,' may rank among this number; but well I know that, with Fraser's hautboy, it has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition which I have met with in many places in Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning. So may God ever defend the cause of truth and liberty as he did that day! Amen. P. S.—I showed the air to Urbani, who was highly pleased with it, and begged me to make soft verses for it; but I had no idea of giving myself any trouble upon the subject, till the accidental recollection of that glorious struggle for freedom, associated with the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature, not quite so ancient, roused my rhyming mania."

Thomson answers: "Your heroic ode is to me the noblest composition of the kind in the Sottish language. I happened to dine yesterday with a party of your friends, to whom I read it. They were all charmed with it, entreated me to find a suitable air for it, and reprobed the idea of giving it a tune so totally devoid of interest or grandeur as 'Hey tuttie taittie.'"



This decision led to a wretched lengthening of the concluding line of every stanza—"or to glorious victory"—"Edward, chains, and slavery"—"Traitor, coward, turn and flee," etc., to adapt it to an air called "Lewie Gordon," which it never suited. The poet's instinct was the true one, and the ode only became successful as a song when it was reset to the air of "Hey tuttie taittie," to which alone it is ever sung.

1. Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wal - lace bleed, Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led,  
 2. Wha' will be a trai - tor knave? Wha' will fill a cow - ard's grave?  
 3. By op - pres - sion's woes an' pains, By your sons in ser - vile chains,

*p*

Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie!  
 Wha' suc base as be a slave? Let him turn an' flee!  
 We will drain our dear - est veins, But they shall be free.

*mf*

Now's the day an' now's the hour, See the front of bat - tle lour;  
 Wha, for Scot - land's king an' law, Free - dom's sword will strong - ly draw,  
 Lay the proud u - surp - ers low! Ty - rants fall in ev - 'ry foe!

See ap - proach proud Ed - ward's pow'r, Chains and sla - ve - rie!  
 Free - man stand, or free - man fa', Let him fol - low me!  
 Lib - er - ty's in ev - ry blow! Let us do or dee!

# BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT founded this song, which first appeared in his novel "The Monastery," upon an old one called "General Leslie's March to Long-Marston Moor," which appeared in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany" marked as ancient and of unknown origin. It furnishes so good an example of the way in which Scott, Burns, and other Scottish poets built up fine songs from poor shreds of material, that I copy it:

March, march, why the dell diuna ye march?  
 Stand to your arms, my lads, fight in good order!  
 Front about, ye musketeers all,  
 Till ye come to the English Border.  
 Stand till't and fight like men,  
 True gospel to maintain;  
 The Parliament's blythe to see us a-coming.  
 When to the kirk we come,  
 We'll purge it ilka room  
 Fra Popish relics and a' sic innovation,  
 That a' the world may see  
 There's nane in the right but we  
 Of the auld Scottish nation.

Jenny shall wear the hood,  
 Joekie the sark of God;  
 And the kist fu' o' whistles that mak's sic a cleiro,  
 Our piper braw  
 Shall hae them a'  
 Whate'er come on it:  
 Busk up your plaids, my lads,  
 Cock up your bonnets.

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble and bass clef staff with lyrics: March! March! Ett-rick and Te-viot-dale, Why, my lads, din-na ye march

Musical notation for the second system, including a treble and bass clef staff with lyrics: for-ward in or-der? March! march! Esk-dale and Lid-des-dale, All the blue bonnets are

*Fine.*

o-ver the bor-der. { 1. Ma-ny a han-ner spread, flut-ters a-bove your head  
 2. Come from the hills where your hir-sels are graz-ing,  
 3. Trumpets are sound-ing, war steeds are bound-ing,

Ma - ny a crest that is fa - mous in sto - ry; Mount and make read - y, then,  
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe; Come to the crag where the  
 Stand to your arms, and march in good or - der; Eng - land shall many a day

sons of the mountain glen, Fight for your Queen and the old Scott - ish glo - ry.  
 bea - con is blaz - ing, Come with the buck - ler, the lance and the bow.  
 tell of the blood - y fray, When the blue bon - nets came o - ver the bor - der.

### THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

ONE summer evening BURNS was sitting with two friends in the inn at Brown Hill, when, seeing a way-worn soldier pass the door, he called him in, and got him to relate his adventures. The recital resulted in the production of this song, after a fit of the abstraction which always preceded Burns's composition.

Mr. Thomson having written that he should get Sir William Allan to paint a picture for the song, Burns wrote to him: "As to the point of time for the expression in your proposed print of my 'Sodger's Return,' it must certainly be at 'she gazed, she reddened like a rose.' The interesting dubiety and suspense taking possession of her countenance, and the gushing fondness, with a mixture of roguish playfulness in his, strike me as things of which a master will make a great deal."

The name of the old air of this song is "The Mill, Mill O." It is found in the "Crockett Manuscript," written in the beginning of the last century.

1. When wild war's dead - ly blast was blawn, And gen - tle peace re - turn - ing, Wi'  
 2. A leal light heart beats in my breast, My hands un - stain'd wi' plun - der; And

mony a sweet babe fa - ther - less, And mo - ny a wi - dow mourn - ing; I  
for fair Sco - tia hame a - gain, I chee - ry on did wan - der. I

left the lines and tent - ed field, Where lang I'd been a lodg - er; My  
tho't up - on the banks o' Coil, I thought up - on my Nan - ey; I

hum - ble knap - sack a' my wealth, A poor and hon - est sodg - er.  
thought up - on the witch - in' smile, That caught my youth - ful fan - ey.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen  
Where early life I sported;  
I pass'd the mill and trystin' thorn  
Where Nancy oft I courted.  
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid  
Down by her mother's dwelling!  
And turned me round to hide the flood  
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' altered voice, quo'th I, "Sweet lass,  
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom;  
Oh! happy, happy may he be  
That's dearest to thy bosom!  
My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
And fain wad be thy lodger,  
I've served my king and country lang;  
Tak' pity on a sodger."

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,  
And lovelier was than ever;  
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,  
Forget him shall I never!  
Our humble cot and hamely fare,  
Ye freely shall partake it;  
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gazed — she reddened like a rose,  
Syne pale as ony lily;  
She sank within my arms, and cried,  
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"  
"By Him who made yon sun and sky,  
By Whom true love's regarded,  
I am the man! and thus may still  
True lovers be rewarded.

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
And find thee still true-hearted;  
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
And ma'r we'se ne'er be parted."  
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,  
A mailin' plenish'd fairly;  
Then come, my faithfu' sodger lad,  
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly."

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor,  
But glory is the sodger's prize,  
The sodger's wealth is honor.  
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger;  
Remember he's his country's stay,  
In day and hour o' danger.

## GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.

BOTH the words and the music of this song were made by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

1. Gai - ly the Trou - ba - dour touch'd his gui - tar,..... When he was  
 2. She for the Trou - ba - dour hope - less - ly wept,.... Sad - ly she  
 3. Hark! 'twas the Trou - ba - dour breath - ing her name,.... Un - der the

hast - en - ing home from the war: Sing - ing "from Pa - les - tine, hith - er I  
 thought of him when oth - ers slept: Sing - ing "in search of thee, would I might  
 bat - tle - ment soft - ly he came: Sing - ing "from Pa - les - tine, hith - er I

*legato*

come, La - dye love! La - dye love! welcome me home." Sing - ing "from  
 roam, Trou - ba - dour! Trou - ba - dour! come to thy home." Sing - ing "in  
 come, La - dye love! La - dye love! welcome me home." Sing - ing "from

Pa - les - tine hith - er I come, La - dye love! La - dye love! welcome me home."  
 search of thee, would I might roam, Trou - ba - dour! Trou - ba - dour! come to thy home."  
 Pa - les - tine, hith - er I come, La - dye love! La - dye love! welcome me home."

## THE MINSTREL'S RETURN.

THE words of "The Minstrel's Return" were written by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Harmonized by Edward S. Cummings.

1. The min-strel's return'd from the war, With spir - its as buoy - ant as air; And  
 2. The min-strel his suit warm-ly press'd, She blush'd, sigh'd, and hung down her head; Till  
 3. But fame call'd the youth to the field, His ban - ner waved o - ver his head; He

thus on his tune - ful gui - tar, He sings in the bow-er of his fair, He  
 conquer'd, she fell on his breast, And thus to the hap - py youth said, And  
 gave his gui - tar for a shield, But soon he lay low with the dead, But

sings in the bow-er of his fair. "The noise of the bat - tle is o - ver, The  
 thus to the hap - py youth said: "The bu - gle shall part us, love, nev - er; My  
 soon he lay low with the dead. While she, o'er her young he-ro bend - ing, Re-

bu - gle no more calls to arms; A sol - dier no more, but a lov - er, I  
 bos - om thy pil - low shall be; Till death tears thee from me for - ev - er, Still  
 ceived his ex - pir - ing a - dieu; "I die, while my coun - try de - fend - ing, With a

kneel to the pow'r of thy charms! Sweet la - dy, dear la - dy, I'm thine, I  
 faith - ful, I'll per - ish with thee." "Sweet la - dy, dear la - dy, I'm thine, I  
 heart to my la - dy love true." "O Death!" then she sigh'd, "I am thine; I

bend to the ma-gic of beau-ty; Tho' the hel-met and ban-ner are  
 bend to the ma-gic of beau-ty; Tho' the hel-met and ban-ner are  
 tear off the ma-gic of beau-ty; For the grave of my he-ro is

mine, Yet love calls the sol-dier to du-ty."  
 mine, Yet love calls the sol-dier to du-ty."  
 mine, He died true to love and to du-ty."

## THE MINSTREL BOY.

"THE MINSTREL BOY" is one of THOMAS MOORE'S "Irish Melodies." It is set to the old Irish air called "The Moreen." A gentleman who had often heard Moore sing his own melodies, one evening asked him to copy a song to give him. "Which shall it be?" asked Moore, and when the gentleman replied, "The Minstrel Boy"—"Well, I think it is about the best of them," said Moore.

1. The min-strel-boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll  
 2. The min-strel fell—but the foe-man's chain Could not bring his proud soul

find..... him; His fa-ther's sword he has gird-ed on, And his  
 un-der; The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a-gain, For he

wild harp slung be - hind..... him. "Land of song!" said the  
tore its chords a - sun - der, And said, "No chains shall

war - rior - bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays..... thee, *One*  
sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - er - y! Thy

sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, *One* faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"  
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - er - y!"

## TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

WALTER KITTREDGE was born in the town of Merrimack, Hillsboro Co., New Hampshire, October 8, 1832. His father was a farmer, and Walter was the tenth of eleven children. His education was received at the common school. He showed a strong predilection for music at a very early age, but never had a teacher in that art. He says in one of his letters: "My father bought one of the first seraphines made in Concord, N. H., and well do I remember when the man came to put it up. To hear him play a simple melody was a rich treat, and this event was an important epoch in my child life." Kittredge began giving ballad concerts alone in 1852, and in 1856 in company with Joshua Hutchinson, of the well known Hutchinson family. In the first year of the civil war he published a small, original, Union song-book. In 1862 he was drafted, and while preparing



to go to the front, he wrote in a few minutes both words and music of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." Like so many other good things in literature and art, this song was at first refused publication; but an immense popularity sprang at once from the author's own rendering of it, so that a Boston publisher employed somebody to write a song with a similar title, and in no long time the Messrs. Ditson brought out the original. Its sale has reached the hundred thousands, and it is still selling. Mr. Kittredge has written numerous other songs. He spends his winters in travelling and singing with Joshua Hutchinson, and his summers at his pleasant home of Pine Grove Cottage, near Reed's Ferry, New Hampshire.

By permission of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co.

1. We're tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to  
 2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone  
 3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are dead and  
 4. We've been flight - ing to - day on the old camp ground. Ma - ny are ly - ing

cheer Our wea - ry hearts, a song of home, And  
 by, Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the  
 gone, Of the brave and true who've left their homes,  
 near; Some are dead, and some are dy - ing,

CHORUS.

friends we love so dear.  
 tear that said "good bye!" }  
 Oth - ers been wound - ed long. } Ma - ny are the hearts that are  
 Ma - ny are in tears. }

wea - ry to - night, Wish - ing for the war to cease,

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "wea - ry to - night, Wish - ing for the war to cease,". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and some melodic fragments.

Ma - ny are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

The second system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Ma - ny are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace." The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines.

Tent - ing to - night, Tent - ing to - night, Tent - ing on the old camp  
last v. Dy - ing to - night, Dy - ing to - night, (Omit.)

The third system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Tent - ing to - night, Tent - ing to - night, Tent - ing on the old camp" and "last v. Dy - ing to - night, Dy - ing to - night, (Omit.)". The piano accompaniment includes chords and a more active melodic line in the right hand.

*Last time ppp*

ground. Dy - ing on the old camp ground.

*pp* *ppp*

This musical score is for the song 'Tenting on the Old Camp Ground'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'ground. Dy - ing on the old camp ground.' The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *pp* and *ppp*.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THIS exquisite song of THOMAS CAMPBELL'S was set to music by THOMAS ATTWOOD.

*Larghetto e sempre ad lib.*

*p*

*Piu moto.*

Our bu - gles sung truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd, And the sen - ti - nel stars set their

*p* *p*

The first system of the musical score for 'The Soldier's Dream' is in common time (C). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Larghetto e sempre ad lib.* and the dynamics are *p* and *Piu moto.*

*ppp* *Larghetto.*

watch in the sky, And thousands had sunk on the ground o-verpower'd, The wea - ry to sleep, and the

*ppp* *pp* *f*

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo remains *Larghetto.* and the dynamics include *ppp*, *pp*, and *f*.

*Andante moderato.*

wound - ed *pp* to die; When re - pos - ing that night on my pal - let of straw, By the *Dolce.* *pp*

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The tempo is marked *Andante moderato.* and the dynamics include *pp*, *Dolce.*, and *pp*.

wolf - scar - ing fag - ot that guard - ed the slain, At the

dead of the night a sweet vis-ion I saw, And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it a-gain. Me-

*pp* *mf*

*Agitato.*

thought, from the bat - tle field's

*f* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

dread - ful ar - ray, Far,

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

far I had roam'd on a des - - o - late track, 'Twas

*Dim.* *pp*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*Moderato dolce.*

Autumn, and sunshine a - rose on the way To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back; I

*Dolce.*

*Allegretto.*

flew to the pleas - ant fields, traversed so oft In life's morning march when my

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

bo-som was young; I heard my own mount-ain goats bleat-ing a - loft, And

*Sva* .....

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

knew the sweet strain that the corn - reap - ers sung, And

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with the lyrics "knew the sweet strain that the corn - reap - ers sung, And". The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, featuring a complex, flowing melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment, consisting of simple chords and bass notes.

knew the sweet strain that the corn - reap - ers sung.

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "knew the sweet strain that the corn - reap - ers sung." The piano accompaniment continues with the same intricate right-hand part and simpler left-hand part.

*Sva*.....

*Ped.*

The third system begins with a fermata over the vocal line, labeled "Sva.....". Below the piano accompaniment, there is a "Ped." marking. A first ending bracket labeled "I" spans the end of the system.

*Allegretto.*

flew to the pleas - ant fields, traversed so oft In life's morning march when my

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

The fourth system starts with a new tempo marking "Allegretto." and a key signature change to one flat. The vocal line has the lyrics "flew to the pleas - ant fields, traversed so oft In life's morning march when my". The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. There are five "Ped." markings with asterisks at the bottom of the system.

bo-som was young; I heard my own mount-ain goats beat-ing a-loft, And

*Sva* .....

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'bo-som was young; I heard my own mount-ain goats beat-ing a-loft, And'. The piano accompaniment consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. A dynamic marking '*Sva* .....' is placed above the piano part.

knew the sweet strain that the corn-reap-ers sung, And

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The vocal line has the lyrics 'knew the sweet strain that the corn-reap-ers sung, And'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

knew the sweet strain that the corn-reap-ers sung. Then

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'knew the sweet strain that the corn-reap-ers sung. Then'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

*Piu moto.* pledged we the wine-cup, and fond-ly I swore From my home and my weep-ing friends

*Lento.*

*sf*

The fourth system of the musical score. It begins with the tempo marking '*Piu moto.*' and the lyrics 'pledged we the wine-cup, and fond-ly I swore From my home and my weep-ing friends'. The tempo then changes to '*Lento.*'. The piano accompaniment features a more melodic line in the right hand and chords in the left hand. A dynamic marking '*sf*' (sforzando) is placed at the end of the system.

## OUR FAMILIAR SONGS.

*Piu moto.* *Lento.*

nev - er to part, My lit - tle ones kiss'd me a thou - sand times o'er, And my

*Con espressione.*

wife sobb'd a - loud in her full - ness of heart. "Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art

*sf* *f* *p*

wea - ry and worn;" And fain was the war - brok - en sol - dier to stay, But

*pp* *f*

*Ritard e dim.* *f*

sor - row re - turn'd with the dawn - ing of morn, And the voice in my dream - ing ear

*p* *f*



melt - ed a - way, melt - ed a - way,..... melt - ed a - way,

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

THE words of "The Captive Knight" were written by MRS. HEMANS, and the music was composed by her sister, MRS. ARKWRIGHT. The music was very popular, as the stirring march of the approaching army was given, and an interlude which imitated the distant sounds of its heavy tread, before the plaintive words were sung, "They are gone! They have all passed by," &c. The poem was suggested to the author by Scott's lines in "The Lady of the Lake":

The prisoned thrush may brook the cage.  
The captive eagle dies for rage,

*animato.*

1. 'Twas a trum - pet's peal - ing sound!	And the knight look'd down from the
2. I knew 'twas a trum - pet's note!	And I see my breth - ren's
3. I am here with my hea - vy chain!	And I look on a tor - rent
4. Must I pine in my fet - ters here?	With the wild waves' foam and the

Pay - nim's tow'r, And a Chris - tian host, in its pride and pow'r, thro' the  
 lanc - es gleam, And their pen - nons wave by the mount - ain stream, and their  
 sweep - ing by, And an ea - gle rush - ing to the sky, and a  
 free bird's flight, And the tall spears glanc - ing on my sight, and the

*After each verse.*

pass be - neath him wound. }  
 plumes to the glad wind float. }  
 host to its bat - tle plain. }  
 trum - pet on my ear. }

Cease a - while, clar - ion,

clar - ion wild and shrill! Cease! let them hear the

cap - tive's voice:— Be still! be..... still!

*Andante espressivo.*

5. They are gone! they have all pass'd by! They in whose wars I had borne my part;

They that I loved with a broth-er's heart, They have left me here to die!

Sound a-gain, clar-ion! Cla-rion, pour thy blast!

Sound! for the capt-ive's dream of hope..... is..... past!"

### THE BATTLE PRAYER.

KARL THEODORE KÖRNER was born in Dresden, September 23, 1791. Schiller and other literary men were constant visitors at his father's, and Körner early showed a passion for poetry. He joined the army to fight the French, and such was the bravery of the corps in which he was a lieutenant, that in a succeeding contest Napoleon laid a special plan for cutting them off. On the morning before Körner's first battle, he composed this "Prayer." A little later, while waiting in a wood through the night, watching for a detachment of the French troops, he composed his "Sword Song." In the morning they received the expected attack, and while repulsing and pursuing the enemy, Körner was exposed to the fire of both sides, and fell mortally wounded. His "Farewell to Life" is said to have been written just before he expired, August 16, 1813.

The music to the "Battle Prayer" is the composition of FRIEDRICH HEINRICH HIMMEL, who was born in Brandenburg, Germany, in 1765. He studied theology at Halle, but abandoned that to devote himself to music. He was a reputed son of Frederick William II., whose chapel-master he became. He composed both secular and sacred music, much of which is still popular in Germany.

Alto or Tenor.

1. Fa - ther, on Thee I call! Dark - ly the clouds of the  
1st. Tenor.

2. Fa - ther, be Thou my guide! Lead me to death or to  
2d. Tenor.

3. Fa - ther, Thy pow'r I own! As in the fall of the  
1st & 2d. Bass.

bat - tle surround me; Fierce - ly the sword of the foe flash - es round me.  
vic - to - ry lead me, Wher - e'er the cause of my coun - try may need me.  
leaves in the for - est, So when we yield to the war's i - ron tem - pest.

God of the bat - tle, on Thee I call, Fa - ther, be thou my guide.  
Lord, where Thou wilt, but be Thou my guide, Fa - ther, Thy pow'r I own!  
Foun - tain of glo - ry, Thy pow'r I own, Fa - ther, Oh, bless Thy son!

Father, oh bless Thy son!  
Calmly my life to Thy hand I deliver  
Be Thou its Guardian as Thou wast its giver,  
Living or dying, yet bless Thy son!  
Father, for this I pray.

Father, to thee I pray,  
'Tis for no treasures of earth we're contending,  
Holiest of rights with the sword we're defending,  
Victor or vanquished, to thee I pray—  
Battling, I dare to pray.

## BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

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

A sol - dier of the le-gion, lay dy-ing in Al-giers, There was

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clefs) with a 6/8 time signature. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are: "A sol - dier of the le-gion, lay dy-ing in Al-giers, There was".

lack of wo - man's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears; But a

The second system of musical notation. It continues the three-staff format from the first system. The lyrics are: "lack of wo - man's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears; But a".

comrade stood be - fore him, while his life-blood ebb'd a - way, And

The third system of musical notation, concluding the piece. It continues the three-staff format. The lyrics are: "comrade stood be - fore him, while his life-blood ebb'd a - way, And".

bent with pi-ty-ing glan-ces to hear what he might say. The

The first system of music 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: "bent with pi-ty-ing glan-ces to hear what he might say. The".

dy-ing soldier falt-ered as he took that com-rade's hand, And he

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "dy-ing soldier falt-ered as he took that com-rade's hand, And he".

said, "I nev-er more shall see my own, my na-tive land; Take a

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "said, 'I nev-er more shall see my own, my na-tive land; Take a".

mes-sage and a to-ken to some dis-tant friends of mine; For

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "mes-sage and a to-ken to some dis-tant friends of mine; For".

*rit.*  
I was born at Bin-gen, fair Bin-gen, on the Rhine."

The fifth system concludes the piece with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking *rit.* (ritardando) is placed above the first measure. The lyrics are: "I was born at Bin-gen, fair Bin-gen, on the Rhine.".

“Tell my brothers and com - panions, when they meet and crowd a - round To

hear my mourn - ful sto - ry, in the pleas - ant vine - yard ground, That we

fought the bat - tle brave - ly, and.... when the day was done, Full

ma - ny a corse lay ghast - ly pale be - neath the set - ting sun; And

'midst the dead and dy - ing, were some grown old in wars, The....

death-wound on their gal-lant breasts, the last of ma-ny scars; But

some were young and sud-den-ly be-held life's morn de-cline, And

one had come from Bin-gen, from Bin-gen on the Rhine.

*rit.*  
Bin-gen, Bin-gen, oh..... Bingen on the Rhine.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears,  
 But a comrade stood before him, while his life-blood ebbed away,  
 And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.  
 The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,  
 And he said "I never more shall see my own, my native land;  
 Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine;  
 For I was born at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

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



- “Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,  
 And I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;  
 For my father was a soldier, and when I was a child  
 My heart leaped up to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;  
 And when he died and left us to divide his scanty board,  
 I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;  
 And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine  
 On the cottage wall at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine.
- “Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head  
 When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;  
 But look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,  
 For her brother was a soldier, and not afraid to die.  
 And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name  
 To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,  
 And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),  
 For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.
- “There's another, not a sister, in the happy days gone by  
 You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;  
 Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning —  
 Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!  
 Tell her the last night of my life — for ere the moon be risen  
 My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison —  
 I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine  
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.
- “I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, I heard or seemed to hear  
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear,  
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,  
 The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;  
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,  
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk.  
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine —  
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the Rhine.”
- His voice grew faint and hoarser, his grasp was childish weak,  
 His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak.  
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled;  
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead.  
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down  
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn.  
 Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,  
 As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

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## THE HEATH THIS NIGHT.

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

1. The heath this night must be my bed, The brack - en cur - tain  
 2. I may not, dare not, fan - ey now The grief that clouds thy  
 3. A time will come with feel - ing fraught, For if I fall in

for my head, My lull - a - by, the war - der's tread, Far  
 love - ly brow, I dare..... not think up - on thy vow, And  
 bat - tle fought, Thy hap - less lov - er's dy - ing tho't, Shall

far from love and thee..... Ma - ry.  
 all it prom - is'd me..... Ma - ry.  
 be a thought on thee..... Ma - ry.

*rit.* *a tempo.*

To mor - row eve' more stil - ly laid, My  
 No fond re - gret must Nor - man know; When  
 And if re - turned from conquered foes, How

*cres.*

couch may be my blood - y plaid, My ves - per song.... thy  
 bursts clan Al - pine on the foe, His heart must be.... like  
 blithe - ly will the eve - ning close, How sweet the lin - net

*ff*

*ritard* *a tempo.* *ad lib.*

wail, sweet maid! It will not wak - en me..... Ma - ry!  
 bend - ed bow, His foot like ar - row free,..... Ma - ry!  
 sing re - pose, To my young bride and me..... Ma - ry!

*fz* *rit.* *a tempo.*

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

THE words of this song were written by THOMAS CAMPBELL, and the music was composed by D. C. HEWITT, a Scotsman by birth, whose musical career has been principally in London, where he settled in 1819. He wrote a valuable work on musical harmony.

John Black, the well-known editor, in a letter to Dr. Charles Mackay, under date of June 25, 1852, says: "Your friend, Tom Campbell, affected to be annoyed when his 'Wounded Hussar' superseded every other ballad in the streets of Edinburgh, something more than fifty years ago."

*poco lento.*

1. A - lone on the banks of the dark rolling Danube, Fair A - de-laide hied when the  
 2. From his ho - som that heav'd the last tor-rent was streaming, And pale was his vis-age, deep  
 3. "Thou shalt live" she replied, "Heaven's mer - cy re - liev-ing, Each an - guishing wound shall for-

bat - tle was o'er, "Oh, with - er" she cried, "hast thou wander'd, my lov - er, Or  
 mark'd with a scar, And dim was that eye, once ex - press - ive - ly beaming, That  
 bid me to mourn," "Oh no, the last pang in my bo - som is heav-ing, No

where dost thou wel-ter and bleed on the shore? What voice have I heard? 'twas my  
melt-ed in love or that kin-dled in war; How smit was fair A - de - laide's  
light of the morn shall to Hen - ry re - turn; Thou charm - er of life ev - er

Hen - ry's that sigh'd." All mournful she hasten'd nor wander'd she far, When  
ten - der and true, How bit - ter she wept o'er the vic - tim of war. "Hast thou  
Ye babes of my love that a - wait me a - far." His

bleed - ing and low on the heath she desiered By the light of the moon, her poor  
come, my fond love, this last sor - row - ful night, To cheer the lone heart of your  
falt - er - ing tongue scarce could mur - mur a - dieu, Then he sank in her arms—the poor

wound-ed Hus - sar, By the light of the moon her poor wound-ed Hussar.  
wound-ed Hus - sar, To cheer the lone heart of your wound-ed Hussar?"  
wound-ed Hus - sar, Then he sank in her arms—the poor wound-ed Hussar.

## THE DEATH OF WARREN.

"THE death of Warren" was written by EPES SARGENT, expressly for the music and singing of WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

General Joseph Warren, then but thirty-five years old, was President of the Provincial Congress, and at the time of the battle of Bunker Hill, had just been made a Major-General. At a meeting of the committee of safety held before the engagement, his friends earnestly strove to dissuade him from exposing himself. "I know that I may fall," said Warren, "but where is the man who does not think it glorious and delightful to die for his country?" He took a musket, and went unattended to the battle-field. General Putnam immediately offered him the command; but he answered, "I have come to take a lesson of a veteran soldier in the art of war. Tell me where I can be useful." "Go to the redoubt," said Putnam; "you will there be covered." "I came not to be covered," he replied; "tell me where I shall be in most danger; tell me where the action will be hottest." When Colonel Prescott gave the order to retreat, Warren did not obey. He lingered till the very last, and was reluctantly retreating, when Major Small, of the British army, called out to him by name, begging him to surrender, and ordering his men to cease firing. On hearing this demand, Warren turned his face to the foe disdainfully, received a shot in his forehead, and died instantly. The British General said that Warren's death would offset the loss of five hundred of his own troops.

With all these facts in view, does not the far-famed and much-praised action of General Warren seem the merest hardihood and boyish rashness, and the sacrifice of his life most inexcusable? Had he really "learned the art of war from a veteran," the result would have been very different. At that critical time, his life was invaluable to his country, while nothing whatever was gained by his death.

*a tempo.*

When the war - cry of lib - er - ty rang through the land, To

arms sprang our fa - thers, the foe to with - stand; On old Bun - ker

Hill their entrenchments they rear, When the ar - my is joined by a

*rall.*

young vol - unteer. "Tempt not death!" cried his friends; but he bade them good-bye, Saying—

*p* *f* *f* *ad lib.* *p* *dolce.*

*p* *f* *f* *colla voce.* *p*

*a tempo.*

"Oh! it is sweet for our coun - try to die! Say - ing—

*p*

"Oh! it is sweet for our coun - try to die."

*ff*  
The tem - pest of bat - tle now ra - ges and  
*Agitato con brio.*

swells, 'Mid the thun - der of can - non, the peal - ing of bells; And a

light, not of bat - tle, il - lumes yon - der spire— Scene of

woe— Scene of woe, 'tis Charles - town on fire! The

*rall.*

young vol - un - teer heedeth not the sad cry, But

*a tempo. e dolce.*

mur - murs, 'tis sweet for our coun - try to die!" "Tis

*pp rall colla voce.*

sweet, Oh! 'tis sweet for our coun - try to die!"

*rall. p*

*colla voce. p*

*Agitato.*

*f*

With trum - pets and ban - ners the foe draw - eth

near; A vol - ley of mus - ket - ry checks their ca - reer! With the

dead and the dy - ing the hill - side is strown, And the

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are "dead and the dy - ing the hill - side is strown, And the". The piano accompaniment starts with a forte dynamic (*f*) and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a more melodic line in the left hand.

*f*  $\frac{2}{2}$  *Moderato.*

shout thro' our line is, "the day is our own. "Not yet," cries the

The second system continues the musical score. It begins with a tempo change to *Moderato* and a time signature change to  $\frac{2}{2}$ . The vocal line starts with a forte dynamic (*f*) and the lyrics are "shout thro' our line is, 'the day is our own. 'Not yet,' cries the". The piano accompaniment features a strong rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

*f* *ff* *rall.*

young vol-un - teer. "Do they fly! Stand firm! stand firm! 'tis

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal line has dynamics of *f*, *ff*, and *rall.* The lyrics are "young vol-un - teer. 'Do they fly! Stand firm! stand firm! 'tis". The piano accompaniment maintains a consistent rhythmic pattern with some dynamic variations.

*a tempo. e dolce.*

sweet Oh! 'tis sweet for our coun - try to die! "Tis

*p colla voce.*

The fourth system continues the musical score. It begins with the tempo and mood marking *a tempo. e dolce.* The vocal line has a dynamic of *p* and the lyrics are "sweet Oh! 'tis sweet for our coun - try to die! 'Tis". The piano accompaniment is marked *p colla voce.* and features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment.

*rall. p* *p* *Agitato.*

sweet, Oh! 'tis sweet for our coun - try to die!"

The fifth system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has dynamics of *rall. p* and *p*. The lyrics are "sweet, Oh! 'tis sweet for our coun - try to die!". The piano accompaniment ends with a tempo change to *Agitato* and a final chord.



*f*

Now our pow - der is spent and they ral - ly a -

- gain; "Re-treat!" says our chief, "since un - armed we re - main." But the

young vol - un - teer lin - gers yet on the field, Re -

luc - tant to fly and dis - dain - ing to yield. A shot!

*f f ff ff Ped.*

*Adagio con molto, pp* *ff* *rall.*

Ah!..... he falls! but his life's la - test sigh Is, "'tis

*a tempo con espressione.*

sweet Oh! 'tis sweet for our coun - try to die! "Tis

*colla voce.*

sweet, Oh! 'tis sweet for our coun - try to die!"

*rall.* *pp* *ppp*

*rall.* *ppp*

And thus War-ren fell! hap - py death! no - ble

*ppp Adagio.* *f* *f*

*con anima.*

fall! To per - ish for coun - try at Lib - er - ty's call! Should the

*mp rall. ad lib.* *f* *colla voce. mp* *mp* *mp* *mf* *colla voce.*

flag of in - va - sion pro - fane ev - er - more, The

*f*

blue of our seas, or the green of our shore, May the

*f*

hearts of our peo - ple re - ech - o that cry, "'Tis

*f*

sweet Oh! 'tis sweet for our coun - try to die! "'Tis

*p*

sweet, Oh! 'tis sweet for our coun - try to die!".....

*f*

*d.m.*

*dim.* *p* *pp*

## THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE, author of "The Sword of Bunker Hill," was born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1819. He is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. After completing a college course, he studied law; but having been successful with some poetical ventures, he went to New York, where he has since resided, devoting himself to the most ephemeral kind of literature. He has published several volumes of poetry.

The music of the song was composed by BERNARD COVERT, who still appears occasionally in concerts, and especially delights in singing this song.

*Allegretto.*

1. He lay up - on his dy - ing bed; His eye was growing dim, When  
2. The sword was brought, the sol - dier's eye Lit with a sud - den flame; And

with a fee - ble voice he call'd His weep - ing son to him: "Weep  
as he grasp'd the an - cient blade, He mur - mured WAR - REN'S name: Then

not, my boy!" the vet' - ran said, "I bow to Heav'n's high will, - But  
said, "My boy, I leave you gold, - But what is rich - er still, I

quick - ly from you ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; But  
leave you, mark me, mark me now - The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; And

quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The sword of Bun - ker Hill."  
 leave you, mark me, mark me now— The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Sword of Bunker Hill." It consists of three staves: a vocal line at the top, a piano accompaniment in the middle, and a bass line at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

"'Twas on that dread, immortal day,  
 I dared the Briton's band,  
 A captain raised this blade on me—  
 I tore it from his hand;  
 And while the glorious battle raged,  
 It lightened freedom's will—  
 For, boy, the God of freedom blessed  
 The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh, keep the sword!" — his accents broke —  
 A smile — and he was dead —  
 But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade  
 Upon that dying bed.  
 The son remains; the sword remains —  
 Its glory growing still—  
 And twenty millions bless the sire,  
 And sword of Bunker Hill.

## THE DEATH OF NELSON.

THE words of this song were written by MR. S. J. ARNOLD, who was proprietor of the English opera, in London, and manager of Drury Lane Theatre, where he first brought out Edmund Kean.

The music was composed by JOHN BRAHAM, who was born in London, of Jewish parents, in 1774. He was early left an orphan, but found friends who helped him to cultivate his musical talent until he became a teacher of the pianoforte. His taste was especially for vocal music, and in 1794 he made his first appearance in Bath as a tenor-singer. In the same year he first exhibited his wonderful powers to London audiences. Anxious to perfect his singing, he started for Italy, giving successful concerts by the way. He returned to London and appeared in Covent Garden Theatre in 1801, and from that time held the first rank among English singers. He also stood high among composers of opera and song music. Braham possessed a fine character. Henry Phillips says of him: "He was, take him altogether, a most extraordinary personage, highly gifted, and better educated than musicians generally; he had an expansive and creative mind, was gifted with a glorious voice, full, round, and flexible, master of many languages, whilst as a musical declaimer he was perfect."

When sixty-three years old, he visited America, and gave entertainments in Boston, of which the papers of the time speak with the utmost enthusiasm. Returning to England, he still made the concert-rooms ring with his clarion tones when he was nearly eighty years of age, and he filled Exeter Hall with admiring throngs even after that period. "Scots, wha hae," "Blue Bonnets over the border," "Bay of Biscay," the "Marsellaise," "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," "The Soldier's Dream," and "Robin Adair," besides this song of his own composition, were among his favorites. Braham died February 17, 1856.

RECIT. *Larghetto.*

O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief op- prest, Britannia mourns her he-ro! now at rest: But those bright

lau- rels will not fade with years, Whose leaves are wa-ter'd by a na- tion's tears.

Trumpets.

*Allegro maestoso. ff*

Trumpets.

*ff* *f*

*Cres.* *ff*

*mf* ARIA.

1. 'Twas in Tra-fal-gar's bay We saw the foe-men lay; Each  
2. And now the can-nons roar A - long th'affright-ed shore, Our

heart was bound - ing then; We scorn'd the for - eign yoke, For our  
 Nel - son led the way; His ship, the Vic - t'ry named; Long

*f*

*p* *ff*

ships were Brit - ish oak, And hearts of oak our men! Our  
 be that vic - t'ry famed, ..... For vic - t'ry crown'd the day! But

*ff*

Nel - son mark'd them on the wave, Three cheers our gal - lant sea - men gave, Nor  
 dear - ly was that con - quest bought, Too well the gal - lant he - ro fought, For

*ad lib.*

*p* *colla voce.*

thought of home or beau - ty, Nor thought of home, or beau - ty, A -  
 Eng - land, home, and beau - ty, For Eng - land, home, and beau - ty." He

*p legato.* *Cres.*

long the line the sig - nal rang, } "Eng - land ex - pects that ev' - ry  
cried, as 'midst the fire he ran, }

man This day will do his du - ty, This day will... do his du - ty.

*mf* *ten.* *ff*

*Slower.*

At last the fa - tal wound, Which spread dis - may a - round, The he - ro's

breast, the..... he - ro's breast re - ceiv'd; "Heav'n fights up - on our side! The



*tempo primo.*

day's our own," he cried! "Now long e-nough I've lived! In

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo marking is *tempo primo.* The lyrics are: "day's our own," he cried! "Now long e-nough I've lived! In". The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf*.

*slentando.*

hon-or's cause my life was pass'd, In hon-or's cause I fall at last, For

*p colla voce.*

The second system continues the musical score. The tempo marking is *slentando.* The lyrics are: "hon-or's cause my life was pass'd, In hon-or's cause I fall at last, For". The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p colla voce.*

Eng-land, home, and beau-ty, For Eng-land, home, and beau-ty." Thus

*p legato.* *Cres.*

The third system continues the musical score. The lyrics are: "Eng-land, home, and beau-ty, For Eng-land, home, and beau-ty." Thus. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *p legato.* and *Cres.*

end-ing life as he be-gan, Eng-land con-fess'd that ev'-ry

*f ff f*

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The lyrics are: "end-ing life as he be-gan, Eng-land con-fess'd that ev'-ry". The piano part includes dynamic markings of *f ff f*.

man That day had done his du - ty, That day had done his du - ty.

## THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

HENRY S. WASHBURN, who wrote the words of this song, is a native of Plymouth, Mass. He was educated at Brown University, and went into business in Worcester, and afterwards at East Boston, as a manufacturer of wire. He has been a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and now resides in Boston. Among his numerous fugitive poems, one on the burial of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, on the island of St. Helena, was set to music by Mr. Heath, and has enjoyed considerable celebrity.

LYMAN HEATH, composer of the music, was born in Bow, New Hampshire, August 24, 1804, and was a noted vocalist and composer. He died in Nashua, which had been his home for thirty-five years, June 30, 1870.

1. On a lone bar - ren isle, where the wild roar - ing bil - low, As -  
 2. Oh, shade of the might - y, where now are the le - gions, That  
 3. Yet, spir - it im - mor - tal, the tomb can - not bind thee, For

sails the stern rock, and the loud tem - pests rave, The he - ro lies  
 rush'd but to con - quer when thou ledst them on; A - las they have  
 like thine own ea - gle, that soar'd to the sun, Thou spring - est from

still, while the dew - droop-ing wil - low, Like fond weeping mourn - ers leans  
per - is'd in far hil - ly re - gions, And all save the fame of their  
bond - age, and leav - est be - hind thee, A name which be - fore thee no

o - ver the grave. The light - nings may flash, and the loud thunders rat - tle, He  
tri - umph is gone. The trum - pet may sound and the loud can - non rat - tle, They  
mor - tal had won. Tho' na - tions may com - bat, and war's thunders rat - tle, No

heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain; He sleeps his last  
heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain; They sleep their last  
more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain; Thou sleep'st thy last

sleep, he has fought his last bat - tle, No sound can a -  
sleep, they have fought their last bat - tle, No sound can a -  
sleep, thou hast fought thy last bat - tle, No sound can a -

wake him to glo - ry a - gain, No sound can a - wake him to  
 wake them to glo - ry a - gain, No sound can a - wake them to  
 wake thee to glo - ry a - gain, No sound can a - wake thee to

glo - ry a - gain

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system features a vocal line with three verses of lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment and includes the lyrics 'glo - ry a - gain'.

## THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The music is the composition of JOHN BARNETT, an eminent English composer, who was born in Bedford in 1802. His father was a London jeweller, who when he saw his son's musical capacity, placed him under the tuition of Mr. Arnold, then manager of Drury Lane. Barnett developed a fine voice and taste, and was soon given the first place

in oratorios. He lost his voice, and was obliged to devote himself entirely to instrumental music, and became teacher in musical composition and the piano, as well as a successful composer. The London *Athenæum* in 1834 said of Mr. Barnett's setting of an opera libretto called "The Mountain Sylph": "We could begin at the beginning, go through to the end, praise everything more or less, and pause to give a reason for the faith that is in us; but we must content ourselves with saying that Mr. Barnett has surpassed himself in the ballads, that he has rivalled the ballet in the concerted pieces and choruses, and that he has shown himself to be excelled by no living English composer in instrumentation."

*Andante.*

Not a drum was heard, not a fu - neral note, as his corse to the ram - parts we

hur - ried; Not a sol - dier dis - charged his fare - well shot O'er the

grave, where our he - ro we bu - ried. We bu - ried him dark - ly at

dead of night, The turf with our bay - o - nets turn - ing, By the

strugg - ling moon - beam's mis - ty light, And the lan - terns dim - ly

burn - ing; By the strugg - ling moon - beam's mis - ty light, And our

lan - terns dim - ly burn - ing.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave, where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The turf with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lanterns dimly burning.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.

No useless coffin confined his breast;  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him —  
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him!

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow, [head,  
That the foe or the stranger would tread o'er his  
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him —  
But nothing he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half our heavy task was done,  
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory —  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory!

## ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

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

Mr. Fontaine was born at Gay Hill, Texas. In 1840 his father moved to Austin, and was secretary to General Lamar, after whom the son was named. The family removed again, and young Fontaine describes himself as fond of all the pastimes of a wild frontier life, and says it was his delight to slip away from home and live among the Indians. He became a major in the Confederate army. After the war he wrote: "I have been endeavoring to eke out a living as pedagogue, with a helpless wife and child dependent upon my daily labors, with poor pay, and a cripple too; for I received eleven wounds during the war, and have lost my right limb."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Beers, herself, speaking of the poem in a private letter to me, says: "The poor 'Picket' has had so many authentic claimants, and willing sponsors, that I sometimes question myself whether I did really write it that cool September morning, after reading the stereotyped announcement 'All quiet,' &c., to which was added in small type 'A picket shot.'" This letter had the same effect upon me that the agonized cry of the real mother "Give her the living child!" had upon King Solomon, as he dangled the baby in one hand and flourished the sword in the other.

MRS. BEERS was born in Goshen, Orange Co., N. Y., and her maiden name was Ethelinda Eliot. She was a descendant of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. Her first contributions to the press appeared under the *nom de plume* of "Ethel Lynn," one easily and prettily suggested by her very Saxon Christian name. After her marriage, she added her husband's name, and over the signature Ethel Lynn Beers published many poems, among the best known of which are "Weighing the baby," "Which shall it be?" and "Baby looking out for me." Mrs. Beers resided in Orange, New Jersey, where she died, October 10, 1879, the day on which her poems were issued in book form.

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

*Adagio.*

1. "All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac," they say, "Ex - cept now and  
2. All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac to - night, Where the sol - diers lie

then a stray pick - et Is shot, as he walks on his  
peace - ful - ly dream - ing; Their tents, in the rays of the

beat, to and fro, By a ri - fle - man hid in the thick - et.  
clear au - tumn moon, Or the light of the watch - fires are gleam - ing.



'Tis noth - ing: a pri - vate or two now and then Will not count in the  
A trem - u - lous sigh, as the gen - tle night wind Through the for - est leaves

news of the bat - tle; Not an of - fi - cer lost, on - ly  
soft - ly is creep - ing: While stars up a - bove, with their

one of the men Moaning out all a - lone the death rat - tle."  
glit - ter - ing eyes, Keep guard,—for the ar - my is sleep - ing.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,

As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,  
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,  
Far away in the cot on the mountain.  
His musket falls slack, his face dark and grim,  
Glow's gentle with memories tender,  
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep;  
For their mother — may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,

That night when the love yet unspoken,  
Leaped up to his lips, when low, murmured vows  
Were pledged to be ever unbroken;  
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,  
He dashes off tears that are welling,  
And gathers his gun closer up to his side.  
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,  
The footstep is lagging and weary,  
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,  
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.  
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves,  
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?  
It looked like a rifle — "Ha! Mary, good-bye,"  
And the life-blood is ebbing and flashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
No sound save the rush of the river;  
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,  
The picket's off duty forever.  
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves,  
Was it moonlight so wondrously plashing?  
It looked like a rifle — "Ha! Mary, good-bye,"  
And the life-blood is ebbing and flashing.

### AFTER THE BATTLE.

THIS martial lyric is one of two written by THOMAS MOORE, entitled "Before the Battle," and "After the Battle." The air to which it is set is called "Thy Fair Bosom."

1. Night closed a-round.... the conq'u'ror's way, And lightnings show'd the dis-tant hill, Where  
2. The last sad hour.... of freedom's dream, And val-or's task moved slow-ly by, While

those who lost.... that dread-ful day.. Stood few and faint, but fear-less still. The sol-dier's  
mute they watch'd till morning's beam Should rise and give them light to die. There's yet a

hope, the pa-triot's zeal,.... For ev - er dimm'd, for - ev - er crost— Oh!  
world where souls are free,.... Where ty-rants taint not na-ture's bliss; If

who shall say.... what he-roes feel When all but life and hon-or's lost?  
death that world's bright op'-ning be, Oh! who would live a slave in this?

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

THE words of this song were written by THOMAS MOORE. The air is the old Irish melody called "Paddy Whack."

1. While his - to - ry's muse the me - mo - rial was keep - ing, Of all that the dark hand of  
 2. "Hail star of my isle!" said the Spir - it, all spark - ling, With beams such as break from her  
 3. "Yet still the last crown of thy toils is re - main - ing, The grand - est, the pu - rest, ev'n

des - ti - ny weaves, Be - side her the gen - ius of E - rin stood weeping, For  
 own dew - y skies, "Thro' a - ges of sor - row, de - sert - ed and dark - ling, I've  
 thou hast yet known; Tho' proud was thy task, o - ther na - tions un - chain - ing, Far

hers was the sto - ry that blot - ted the leaves. But oh! how the tears in her  
 watch'd for some glo - ry like thine to a - rise. For, tho' he - roes I've num - ber'd, un -  
 proud - er to heal the deep wounds of thy own. At the foot of that throne for whose

eye - lids grew bright, When, af - ter whole pa - ges of sor - row and shame, She saw  
 blest was their lot, And un - bal - low'd they sleep in the cross - ways of fame; But  
 weal thou hast stood, Go, plead for the land that first cra - dled thy fame; And

His - to - ry write, With a pen - cil of light That il - lum'd the whole vol - ume, her  
oh! there is not One dis - hon - or - ing blot, On the wreath that en - cir - cles my  
bright o'er the flood Of her tears and her blood, Let the rain - bow of Hope be her

Well - ing - ton's name!

## THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

ABOUT nine hundred years before Christ, Ollav Fola, King of Ireland, founded schools of philosophy, astronomy, poetry, medicine, and history. He also organized a species of parliament, by a triennial assemblage of chiefs, priests, and bards, at Teamor, or Tara, and the record of their laws was called "The Psalter of Tara." THOMAS MOORE'S song of the glories of his country's past, calls to mind the lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes on the death of Moore :

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

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

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

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now  
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The

hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled. So  
 chord a - lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus

sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And  
 Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is

hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.  
 when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line in the treble clef with lyrics underneath, and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system ends with a double bar line, the second with a double bar line, and the third with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

"THE FOREST" was a tract which comprehended the county of Selkirk, with portions of Peebleshire and Lanarkshire. It was a hunting forest of the Scottish kings, and at the battle of Flodden, the famed archers of the forest fell almost to a man.

MISS JEAN ELLIOT, author of the following song, was born at Minto in 1727. She was a quiet, elegantly cultivated girl, and at the age of nineteen, during the stormy days of the rebellion of 1745, she received with so much composure a party of Jacobites who came to arrest her father, Sir Gilbert Elliot, Lord Justice, a staunch Whig, that the men rode off, convinced that he was well out of the way, — when he was within a stone's throw of the house. The family removed to Edinburgh, and there she continued to lead the life of a retired gentlewoman, the last of her generation who kept a sedan chair, in which she was carried out for her daily airings on the shoulders of caddies. She died March 29, 1805.

When Miss Jean was about thirty years old, she was riding through the Forest one evening, and talking of Flodden, when her brother laid a wager that she could not write a ballad on the subject. Two lines of an old song came to her memory, and before she reached home she had fitted to it some new ones of her own, which were so old in form, that the public instantly referred them to one of the elder bards. Burns, who discovered the truth, said: "the manners indeed are old; but the language is of yesterday."

*Larghetto.*

1. I've heard the lilt - in' at our ewe - milk - in',

Lass - es a - lilt - in' be - fore dawn o' day; Now there's a moan - in' on

il - ka green loan - in', The flow'rs of the for - est are a' wede a - way. At

buchts in the morn - in', nae blythe lads are scorn - in', Lass - es are lane - ly, and

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has a vocal line with lyrics: "dow - ie, and wae; Nae daf-fin', nae gab - bin', but sigh-in' and sab - bin', Ilk". The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics: "ane... lifts her leg - lin and hies her a - way." The piano accompaniment is shown in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C).

In har'st at the shearin', nae youths now are  
 jeerin',  
 The bandsters are runkled, and lyart, and gray,  
 At fair or at preachin', nae woin' nae fleechin',  
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.  
 At e'en, in the gloamin', nae swankies are  
 roamin',  
 'Bout stacks, 'mang the lassies, at bogle to play;  
 But each ane sits dreary, lamenting her dearie,  
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the  
 border,  
 The English for ance by guile wan the day:  
 The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the  
 foremost,  
 The prime o' our land now lie cauld in the clay.  
 We'll hear nae mair liltin' at our ewe-milkin',  
 Women and bairns are dowie and wae,  
 Sighin' and moanin', on ilka green loanin',  
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

## THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

THOMAS DIBDIN, author of "The Tight Little Island," was the eldest son of the great English sea-song writer, and was born in London, in 1771. Garrick was his god-father, and when he was four years old he appeared on the stage as Cupid. He became actor, author, and composer, and wrote more than a thousand songs, few of which have outlived him. His farce of "Mother Goose" brought the managers of Covent Garden Theatre a hundred thousand dollars, and "The High-Mettled Racer" made a clear profit of sixteen thousand dollars for its proprietors; but Dibdin died in poverty while compiling an edition of his father's songs, September 16, 1841.

WILLIAM REEVE, who arranged the music for "The Tight Little Island" from the air of "The Rogue's March," was born in London in 1775. He was for a time an organist in Devonshire, but returned to London, where he was an actor and musician in theatres, and a successful dramatic composer, especially of comic pieces.

Arranged by Edward S. Cummings.

The musical score is in 6/8 time and marked "Moderato". It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment in grand staff notation. The lyrics are: "1. Daddy Neptune one day un-to Freedom did say, 'If ev-er I lived up-on dry land, The 2. Julius Caesar, the Roman, who yielded to no man, Came by water, he could not come by land, And".

spot I should hit on would be lit - tle Brit-ain." Says Freedom, "why, that's my own Is - land."  
Dane, Pict, and Sax-on, their homes turn'd their backs on, And all for the sake of our Is - land.

## CHORUS.—

Oh! what a snug lit - tle Is - land, A right lit - tle, tight lit - tle Is - land,  
Oh! what a snug lit - tle Is - land, They'd all have a touch at the Is - land,

All the globe round, None can be found So hap - py as this lit - tle Is - land.  
Some were shot dead, Some of them fled, And some stayed to live in the Is - land.

Then a very great warman, called Billy the Norman,  
Cried "hang it, I never liked my land;  
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,  
And live on yon beautiful Island."  
Says he, "'tis a snug little Island,  
Sha'n't us go visit the Island?"  
Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,  
And he kicked up a dust in the Island.

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

Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade her,  
Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,  
They could not do less than tuck up Queen Bess,  
And take their full swing in the Island.  
The drones came to plunder the Island,  
Oh! the poor Queen of the Island,  
But snug in her hive the Queen was alive,  
And buz was the word at the Island.

These proud puffed up cakes thought to make Ducks  
and Drakes  
Of our wealth, but they scarcely could spy land,  
Ere our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck,  
And stoop to the lads of the Island.  
The good Wooden Walls of the Island,  
Huzza! for the lads of the Island,  
Foes, one by one, let 'em come on,  
But how'd they come off at the Island!

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

Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept  
tune  
In each saying "This shall be my land,"  
And the men of old England be true to their kingland,  
We'd show them some play for the Island.  
We'd fight for our right to the Island,  
We'd give them enough of the Island,  
Invaders should just bite at the dust,  
But not a bit more of the Island.



## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

IN his life of THOMAS CAMPBELL, Dr. Beattie says: "Mrs. Ireland, who saw much of Campbell at this time (1799) mentions that it was in the musical evenings at her mother's house that he appeared to derive the greatest enjoyment. At these soirées his favorite song was 'Ye Gentlemen of England,' with the music of which he was particularly struck, and determined to write new words for it. Hence this noble and stirring lyric of 'Ye Mariners of England,' part of which, if not all, he is said to have composed after one of these family parties. It was not, however, until after he had retired to Ratisbon, and felt his patriotism kindled by the announcement of war with Denmark, that he finished the original sketch, and sent it home to Mr. Parry, of the *Morning Chronicle*."

After Campbell had visited Germany, and met the Irish exiles who had inspired his "Exile of Erin," he returned to London, and thence to Scotland. In Edinburgh he was arrested for high treason, on suspicion of complicity with the Irish exiles. His trunk was seized, but the search through its contents, instead of bringing to light treasonable papers, revealed the first draft of "Ye Mariners of England," which of course amply vindicated his loyalty.

The music of "Ye Gentlemen of England" was composed by JOHN WALL CALLCOTT, who was born at Kensington, England, in 1766. He early developed a fondness for music, and when thirteen years old he attempted composition, and wrote pieces for a private play. He sent one hundred original compositions to compete for a prize offered by the Nobleman's Catch Club. When the club decided to accept but three pieces of a sort, Callcott sent twelve, four of which gained the four medals. By himself he studied French, Italian, Hebrew, and Syriac. He became joint organist of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and studied instrumental music with Haydn. Dr. Callcott began to compile a musical dictionary, and while proceeding with it, formed a military band for which he composed and arranged the music, and personally drilled the performers. He also wrote a musical grammar. For fifteen years before his death, which took place May 15, 1821, his mind was deranged. The music of the song is arranged as a trio for men's voices.

## Trio for Male Voices.

1. Ye mar - i - ners of Eng - land, That guard our na - tive seas, Whose  
2. The spir - its of your fa - thers Shall start from ev - 'ry wave! For the

flag has brav'd a thou - sand years, The bat - tle and the breeze, Your  
deck it was their field of fame, And the o - cean was their grave. Where

glo - rious stand - ard launch a - gain, To match an - oth - er foe!.....  
Blake and migh - ty Nel - son fell, Your man - ly hearts shall glow,.....

And sweep thro' the deep, While the storm - y winds do  
As ye sweep thro' the deep, While the storm - y winds do

blow, While the storm - y winds do blow; While the

CHORUS.

bat - tle rag - es loud and long, And the storm - y winds do blow,..... While the

bat - tle ra - ges loud and long, And the storm - y winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep:  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below,—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow:  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

## BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

THIS is another of CAMPBELL'S naval lyrics. The music was arranged by C. H. PURDAY, a contemporary English composer, who has written many melodies, and edited and arranged the music of the "Royal Naval Song Book," one of the best collections of its kind ever published.

1 Of... Nel - son and the North Sing the glo - rious day's re - nown, When to  
2. Like le - vi - a-thans a - float, Lay their bul - warks on the brine, While the

bat - tle fierce came forth All the might of Den - mark's crown, And her  
sign of bat - tle flew, On the loft - y Brit - ish line; It was

arms a - long the deep, proud - ly shone. By each gun the light - ed brand, In a  
ten of A - pril morn by the chime; As they drift - ed on their path, There was

bold, de - ter - mined hand, And the prince of all the land Led them on.....  
si - lence deep as death; And the bold - est held his breath, For a time.....

But the might of England flushed  
To anticipate the scene;  
And her van the fleeter rushed  
O'er the deadly space between.  
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when each  
gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back:  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—  
Then ceased,—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail;  
Or, in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom.

Outspoke the victor then,  
As he hailed them o'er the wave;  
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save!  
So peace instead of death let us bring;  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As Death withdrew his shades from the day,  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;  
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died  
With the gallant, good Riou:  
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave,  
While the billow mournful rolls  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave!

## RULE, BRITANNIA!

THE English anthem of "Rule Britannia" has long been accredited to JAMES THOMSON, author of "The Seasons;" but it is by no means certain that it is his. The song first appeared in the masque of "Alfred," in 1740, which was written by David Mallet jointly with Thomson. In the Masque, as altered by Mallet in 1751, three of the six original stanzas were omitted, and three additional stanzas, written by Lord Bolingbroke, were substituted. An editor of Thomson's works ascribes the original ode to Mallet, "on no slight evidence." For a long time the song was not included in the collected works of either. In 1755 Mallet brought out his "Masque of Britannia," at Drury Lane Theatre, and it was received with great applause. The *Monthly Review*, a Scottish magazine of the time, in noticing it, says: "Britannia, a masque, set to music by Dr. Arne. Mr. David Mallet is its reputed author. His design was to animate the sons of Britannia to vindicate their country's rights, and avenge her wrongs."

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

The air of "Rule, Britannia" was composed by DR. THOMAS ARNE, who was born in 1704, the son of a wealthy upholsterer in London. He was educated at Eton, and his father designed him for the law, but while pursuing his studies, the boy used to satisfy his craving for music by dressing in servants' livery and sitting in the upper gallery at the theatres. He learned to play with the strings of his spinet muffled in a handkerchief. One day his father was shown into a gentleman's house where a musical party was in full blast, and to his amazement and disgust, his own son occupied the post of first fiddler. From that time he was allowed to play at home, and soon the family became exceedingly proud of his achievements. He taught his sister to sing. She had a charming voice, and he wrote an opera for her which had a run of ten nights. She became the famous Mrs. Cibber. Arne wrote the first English music that rivalled Italian in compass and difficulty. His greatest work was the music to "Comus." He died March 5, 1778. While attempting to illustrate a musical idea, he sang an air in faltering tones; the sound grew fainter, until song and breathing ceased together.

*Maestoso.*  
*mp.*

1. When Bri - tain first,..... at Heav'n's com - mand, A -  
2. The na - tions not..... so blest as thou, Must

rose..... from out the a - zure main, A - rose, a - rose a - rose from out the  
in..... their turn to ty - rants fall, Must in their turn..... to

a - zure main, This was the charter, the char - ter of the land, And  
ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flourish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The

guar - dian an - - gels sang this strain; "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -  
dread and en - - vy of them all. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -

tan - nia, rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - er will be slaves."

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Rule, Britannia!'. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with lyrics written below them. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in G major and 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'ff' (fortissimo). The lyrics are: 'Rule, Britan-nia! Bri-tan-nia, rule the waves; Bri-tons nev-er will be slaves.' The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;  
 As the loud blast, that tears the skies,  
 ||: Serves but to root thy native oak. :||  
 Rule, Britannia! *etc.*

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;  
 All their attempts to bend thee down,  
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
 ||: To work *their* woe, and *thy* renown. :||  
 Rule, Britannia! *etc.*

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
 All thine, shall be the subject main,  
 ||: And ev'ry shore it circles, *thine*. :||  
 Rule, Britannia! *etc.*

The muses, still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;  
 Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
 ||: And manly hearts to guard the fair. :||  
 Rule, Britannia! *etc.*

## GOD SAVE THE KING.

THE origin of this national song of Great Britain has been matter for endless discussion. The most generally accepted theory seems to be, that the words were written by HENRY CAREY, author of "Sally in our Alley," for James II., the exiled King, and that it was revived and sung during the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and then silenced by the failure of the Jacobites, until it reappeared with the reading "God save Great George, our King," substituted for the original one, which is admitted to be "God save Great James, our King." On no other hypothesis could a meaning be found for the lines :

"Send him *victorious*  
 Long to reign over us,"

"O Lord, our God, arise,  
 Scatter his *enemies*,  
 And make them fall.  
 Confound their politics,  
 Frustrate their knavish tricks," *etc.*

Even this interpretation hardly explains the allusions of the last two lines given, which probably refer to the gunpowder plot.

Richard Clark, a well-known English composer, wrote a defence of Carey's claim, but subsequently was shaken in his belief, and devoted eight years to research on the subject, when he published a book (London, 1821) in which he asserts that the anthem was written in the reign of James I., by Ben Jonson, who was Poet Laureate. He says it was written at the particular request of the Merchant Tailors' Company, and was sung in their

hall at the first public appearance of King James after the discovery of the gunpowder plot. He emphasizes the "knavish tricks," and the political enemies who concocted them, and shows that these very forms of expression were introduced into the Church's thanksgivings and prayers for the monarch's escape and continued safety; but he does not explain the force of having the King "sent victorious." He accounts in two ways for the want of certainty on this point, by showing that the property of the hall was destroyed in the great fire of 1666, or by the supposition that Jonson may have destroyed the anthem himself; for, after his duel with Christopher Marlowe, he was committed to prison, where he was converted to Catholicism, in which faith he remained for twelve years, during which time the monarch who had ordered the translation of our present English Bible, would be less glorious in his eyes. One thing which seems to favor this rather startling theory, is, that the music is attributed by nearly all authorities to Dr. Bull, who was a famous composer of that reign, and some of whose music was known to have been produced at this meeting in the Tailors' Hall.

Is it not possible that Ben Jonson did write the anthem, with a different fourth line in the first stanza, and that, being a genuine poet, he thought so slightly of a production which is utterly worthless as poetry, that he did not take the trouble to claim it? And when he changed his faith, he might have been glad that his wretched verses had been burned, and only wished that the many similar ones he must have written, as laureate, had shared their fate. But these had been sung by a great chorus of "the gentlemen and children of the royal chapel." These children would remember a song learned for so great an occasion, and from them it would descend orally. Perhaps, then, Henry Carey took the song, which it has never been shown that he personally claimed, wrote a new line to give an especial Jacobite twist to the sentiments, and set it afloat to the praise of the exiled house of Stuart. It is believed that he sang it in public at this time, and in 1714, when Dr. Arne is known to have re-arranged the air, it is certain that he sang it again publicly, with "Great George our King" substituted, but with all the other incongruities remaining; for the accession of George I. was peaceful and undisputed. Carey's life of eighty years extended through the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Queen Anne, and two of the Georges.

Carey's son, born in the year of his father's death, stoutly contended for his father's authorship of music as well as words, and made an attempt to get a pension on the strength of it, which attempt he thus describes: "Reflecting on its utility, and convinced of its having been written by my father, I thought there could be no harm in endeavoring, through some medium or other, to make myself known at Windsor as son of the author of 'God save the King,' and as great families create great wants, it is natural to wish for some little relief. Accordingly, I was advised to beg the interference of a gentleman residing in the purlieu of the Castle, and who is forever seen bowing and scraping in the King's walks, that he would be kind enough to explain this matter rightly to the sovereign, thinking it was not improbable but that some consideration might have taken place and some little compliment been bestowed on the offspring of one 'who had done the state some service.' But, alas! no sooner did I move in the business with the greatest humility to this demi-cannon, but he opened his copious mouth as wide as a four-and-twenty pounder, bursting as loudly upon me as the largest piece of ordnance, with his chin cocked up, like the little centre figure, with his cauliflower-wig, in Banbury's Country Club, exclaiming, 'Sir, I do not see, because your father was the author of 'God save the King,' that the King is under any obligation to his son.' I am convinced, had my plea been fairly stated at a great and good man's house, I should have had a princely answer; but in respect to myself, I may have by-and-by to say, like Cardinal Wolsey, that

'I am weary and old, left to the mercy  
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.'

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,  
 2. O Lord our God a - rise, Scat - ter his en - e - mies,  
 3. Thy choic - est gifts in store, On him be pleas'd to pour,

God save the King! Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and  
 And make them fall. Con - found their pol - i - ties, Fru - strate their  
 Long may he reign! May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er

glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King.  
 quav - ish tricks; On Thee our hopes we fix; God save the King.  
 give us cause, To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.

## DIXIE.

THE only version of the famous song of "Dixie" which has the least literary merit, is the original one we give; which was written by GENERAL ALBERT PIKE. It is worthy of notice that the finest Puritan lyric we have was written by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Hemans, and the most famous if not the finest Southern war-song was written by a native of Massachusetts. Albert Pike was born in Boston, December 29, 1809, but most of his boyhood was spent in Newburyport. He was a student in Harvard College a short time, and then devoted himself to teaching. In 1831 he suddenly left his home and profession to visit the then wild country of the Southwest in company with a party of trappers. With four others he left the party and travelled five hundred miles on foot, arriving at Fort Smith, Arkansas, in a condition of terrible destitution. He soon opened a little school in the region, and began writing for the *Arkansas Advocate*, published at Little Rock, of which he soon became editor and proprietor. He also studied law, was admitted to the bar, and gave up the paper to devote himself entirely to that profession. During the Mexican war he served with some distinction. On the breaking out of the Rebellion, he enlisted, on the Confederate side, a force of Cherokee Indians, and led them at the battle of Pea Ridge. After the war closed, General Pike became editor of the *Memphis Appeal*. In 1868 he went to Washington, where he has since continued in practice of the law. He has a place among the earlier American poets, which he gained chiefly by his "Hymns to the Gods," published in *Blackwood's Magazine*.



1. Southrons, hear your coun-try call you! Up! lest worse than death be-fall you! To  
 2. For Dix-ic's land we take our stand, And live or die for Dix-ic! To  
 3. Hear the North-ern thunders mut-ter! Northern flags in South wind flutter; To

arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ic! Lo! all the bea-con-fires are light-ed,  
 arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ic! And con-quer peace for Dix-ic, And  
 arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ic! Fear no dan-ger! shun no la-bor!

Let all hearts be now u-nit-ed, To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ic!  
 con-quer peace for Dix-ic! To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ic!  
 Lift up ri-fle, pike, and sa-bre! To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix-ic!

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Southrons, hear your country call you!  
Up! lest worse than death befall you:  
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!  
Lo! all beacon fires are lighted,  
Let our hearts be now united:  
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## YANKEE DOODLE.

THE air of "Yankee Doodle" is claimed by several nations. It is said to be an old vintage-song of the south of France. In Holland, when the laborers received for wages "as much buttermilk as they could drink, and a tenth of the grain," they used to sing as they reaped, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," the words :

"Yanker, dudel, doodle down,  
Diddle, dudel, lanther,  
Yanke viver, voover vown,  
Botermilk und tanther."

A letter from the American Secretary of Legation, dated Madrid, June 3, 1858, says : "The tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' from the first of my showing it here, has been acknowledged, by persons acquainted with music, to bear a strong resemblance to the popular airs of Biscay; and yesterday a professor from the north recognized it as being much like the ancient sword-dance played on solemn occasions by the people of San Sebastian. He says the tune varies in those provinces. Our national air certainly has its origin in the music of the free Pyrenees; the first strains are identically those of the heroic Danza Esparta of brave old Biscay."

The tune was sung in England in the reign of Charles I., to a rhyme which is still alive in our nurseries :

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,  
Kitty Fisher found it —  
Nothing in it, nothing on it,  
But the binding round it."

After the uprising of Cromwell against Charles, the air was sung by the cavaliers in ridicule of Cromwell, who was said to have ridden into Oxford on a small horse, with his single plume fastened into a sort of knot, which was derisively called a "macaroni." The words were :

"Yankee Doodle came to town,  
Upon a Kentish pony;  
He stuck a feather in his cap,  
Upon a macaroni."

The tune first appeared in this country in June, 1755. The British general, Braddock, was assembling the colonists near Albany, for an attack on the French and Indians at forts Niagara and Frontenac. In marched

The old Continentals,  
In their ragged regimentals,

or in no regimentals at all; but wearing all the fashions of two hundred years, and with arms as quaint. The martial band to which they took their uneven steps played music that the British soldiers might have heard their great-grandfathers speak of. For generations the swords of our noble ancestors had been turned to pruning-hooks, and they had forgotten war and the fashion of it.

There was in the British camp a Dr. Richard Shuckburg, regimental surgeon, afterward appointed Secretary of Indian affairs by Sir William Johnson. This piecer-up of broken humanity was a wit and a musical genius, and the patchwork appearance of these new subjects amused him mightily. As they marched into the handsome and orderly British lines, the traditional picture of Cromwell on the Kentish pony, with a macaroni to hold his single plume, came into mind in contrast with the extravagant elegance of Charles and his cavaliers, and he planned a joke upon the instant. He set down the notes of "Yankee Doodle," wrote along them the lively travesty upon Cromwell, and gave them to the uncouth musicians as the latest martial music of England. The band quickly caught the simple and contagious air, and soon it sounded through the camp amid the laughter of the British soldiers.

It was a prophetic piece of fun, and its significance became apparent twenty-five years later, when, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," Lord Cornwallis marched into the lines of these same old Continentals to surrender his army and his sword. What Cromwell proved to the godless army of Charles, with —

"Their perfumed satin clothes, their catches and their oaths,  
Their stage-plays and their sonnets, their diamonds and their spades,"

that our ancestors were to the royal oppressors of liberty. With Cromwell's rout, our soldiers could exclaim —

"The Kings of earth in fear, shall tremble when they hear  
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word."

Throughout our Revolution the song that tyranny had made to ridicule the champion of religious and political freedom, was the march to greater victories of the same principles.

1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap'n Good - in', And  
2. And there we see a thou - sand men, As rich as Squire Dav - id; And  
3. The 'lass - es they eat ev - 'ry day, Would keep a house a win - ter; They

there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.  
what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.  
have so much that, I'll be bound, They eat it when they've mind ter.

Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

CHORUS.

Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

And there I see a swamping gun,  
 Large as a log of maple,  
 Upon a deuced little cart,  
 A load for father's cattle.

*Cho.*

And every time they shoot it off,  
 It takes a horn of powder,  
 And makes a noise like father's gun,  
 Only a nation louder.

*Cho.*

I went as nigh to one myself  
 As 'Siah's underpinning;  
 And father went as nigh agin,  
 I thought the deuce was in him.

*Cho.*

Cousin Simon grew so bold,  
 I thought he would have cocked it;  
 It scared me so I shrunk it off  
 And hung by father's pocket.

*Cho.*

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,  
 He kind of clapt his hand on't,  
 And stuck a crooked stabbing iron  
 Upon the little end on't.

*Cho.*

And there I see a pumpkin shell  
 As big as mother's bason;  
 And every time they touched it off  
 They scampered like the nation.

*Cho.*

I see a little barrel too,  
 The heads were made of leather ;  
 They knocked upon 't with little clubs  
 And called the folks together.

*Cho.*

And there was Cap'n Washington,  
 And gentle folks about him ;  
 They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud,  
 He will not ride without 'em.

*Cho.*

He got him on his meeting clothes  
 Upon a slapping stallion,  
 He set the world along in rows,  
 In hundreds and in millions.

*Cho.*

The flaming ribbons in his hat,  
 They looked so taring fine, ah,  
 I wanted dreadfully to get  
 To give to my Jemima.

*Cho.*

I see another snarl of men  
 A digging graves, they told me,  
 So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep,  
 They 'tended they should hold me.

*Cho.*

It scared me so I hooked it off,  
 Nor stopped, as I remember,  
 Nor turned about till I got home,  
 Locked up in mother's chamber.

*Cho.*

## HAIL, COLUMBIA!

THE author of the words of "Hail Columbia," JOSEPH HOPKINSON, was born in Philadelphia, Penn, November 12, 1770. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and became a lawyer of distinction in his native city. He was a promoter of the cause of liberal education, and to his kindly personal traits we owe this famous national song. He died in Philadelphia, January 15, 1842. I quote his account of the origin of "Hail Columbia." "This song was written in the summer of 1798, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable, Congress being then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility having actually occurred. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for one side or the other; some thinking that policy and duty required us to take part with republican France, as the war was called; others were for our connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to keep a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, as it did at that time, on that question. The theatre was then open in our city: a young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me on Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. He said he had twenty boxes untaken, and his prospect was that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the 'President's March,' then the popular air, he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of that march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to

excess, and so continued, night after night, for the rest of the whole season, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard, I may say, in every part of the United States.

"The object of the author was to get up an American spirit, which should be independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. Not an allusion is made to either France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to what was the most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties—at least, neither could disown the sentiments it inculcated. It was truly American and nothing else, and the patriotic feelings of every American heart responded to it.

"Such is the history of the song, which has endured infinitely beyond any expectation of the author, and beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit."

The music of "Hail, Columbia" was written as a march, and went at first by the name of "General Washington's March." Later it was called "The President's March," and it was played in 1789, when Washington came to New York to be inaugurated. A son of Prof. PHYLA of Philadelphia, who was one of the performers, says it was his father's composition. His statement is given by William McKay of Philadelphia. Mr. Custis, the adopted son of Washington, mentions its having been composed in 1789 by a German named FAYLES, leader of the orchestra, and musical composer for the old John street theatre, in New York, where he heard it played as a new piece on the occasion of General Washington's first visit at this play-house. The two names (Phyla and Fayles) should, no doubt, be identical, and the stories do not materially contradict each other.

1. Hail, Colum - bia, hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes, heaven-born band! Who  
 2. Im - mor - tal Pa - triots! rise once more! De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore; Let

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And  
 no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, In -

when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won; Let  
vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood the well earned prize; While

In - de - pen - dence be your boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost,  
off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.  
truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bon - dage fail!

CHORUS.

Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty,

As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.



Sound, sound the trump of fame!  
 Let Washington's great name  
 Ring through the world with loud applause!  
 Ring through the world with loud applause!  
 Let every clime, to freedom dear,  
 Listen with a joyful ear;  
 With equal skill, with steady power,  
 He governs in the fearful hour  
 Of horrid war, or guides with ease  
 The happier time of honest peace.  
 Firm, united, *etc.*

Behold the chief, who now commands,  
 Once more to serve his country stands,  
 The rock on which the storm will beat,  
 The rock on which the storm will beat!  
 But armed in virtue, firm and true,  
 His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you;  
 When hope was sinking in dismay,  
 When gloom obscured Columbia's day,  
 His steady mind, from changes free,  
 Resolved on death or Liberty.  
 Firm, united, *etc.*

## ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR., author of "Adams and Liberty," was born in Taunton, Mass., December 9, 1778. His father was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Paine's name was originally Thomas; but he appealed to the Legislature to allow him to take that of his father, Robert, on the ground that since Tom Paine had borne it he "had no Christian name." He was graduated at Harvard, and gave promise of an unusually bright intellect. But he was vain, lazy, and vicious, and would do no work, even with his pen, except when compelled by poverty. He married an actress, and was denied his father's house and purse. He received enormous sums for his productions. His "Invention of Letters" brought him five dollars a line; and for "Adams and Liberty" he received seven hundred and fifty dollars, a fabulous sum for the time. Paine died in the attic of his father's house, November 11, 1811.

After "Adams and Liberty" was written, Paine was dining with Major Benjamin Russell of the *Sentinel*, when he was told that his song had no mention of Washington. The host said he could not fill his glass until the error had been corrected, whereupon the author, after a moment's thinking, scratched off the last stanza of the song as it now stands.

The air to which the words were written is an old English hunting-tune entitled "Anacreon in Heaven." It was composed by SAMUEL ARNOLD who was born in Oxford, England, August 10, 1740, received a fine musical education, and before he was twenty-three years old was composer for Covent Garden Theatre. He became organist to the King, composer for the chapels royal, and conductor of the Academy of Ancient Music. He died October 22, 1802.

1. Ye sons of Co - lum - bia, who brave - ly have fought For those  
 2. In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world, Whose  
 3. The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway, Had

rights which un - stain'd from your sires have de - scend - ed, May you long taste the  
shores are un - shak - en by Eu - rope's com - mo - tion, The tri - dent of  
just - ly en - no - bled our na - tion in sto - ry, Till the dark clouds of

bles - sings your val - or has bought, And your sons reap the soil which your  
com - merce should nev - er be hurl'd To in - crease the le - git - i - mate  
fac - tion ob - scured our young day, And en - vel - op'd the sun of A -

fa - thers de - fend ed; 'Mid the reign of mild peace, May your na - tion in -  
pow'rs of the o - cean; But should pi - rates in - vade, Tho' in thun - der ar -  
mer - i - can glo - ry; But let trai - tors be told, Who their coun - try have

crease, With the glo - ry of Rome, and the wis - dom of Greece;  
ray'd, Let your can - non de - clare the free char - ter of trade;  
sold, And bar - ter'd their God for his im - age in gold,

And }  
For } never shall the sons of Co - lum - bia be  
That }



slaves, While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,  
 And society's base threats with wide dissolution,  
 May peace, like the dove who returned from the flood,  
 Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution.  
 But though peace is our aim,  
 Yet the boon we disclaim,  
 If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame;  
 For ne'er shall the sons, *etc.*

'Tis the fire of the flint each American warms;  
 Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision;  
 Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms,  
 We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a provision.  
 While with patriot pride  
 To our laws we're allied,  
 No foe can subdue us, no faction divide;  
 For ne'er shall the sons, *etc.*

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak,  
 Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourished;  
 But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,  
 Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.  
 Should invasion impend,  
 Every grove would descend  
 From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend;  
 For ne'er shall the sons, *etc.*

Let our Patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm,  
 Lest our liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion;  
 Then let clouds thicken round us — we heed not the storm;  
 Our realm fears no shock but the earth's own explosion;  
 Foes assail us in vain  
 Though their fleets bridge the main,  
 For our altars and laws, with our lives we'll maintain;  
 For ne'er shall the sons, *etc.*

Let fame to the world sound America's voice:  
 No intrigue can her sons from the government sever;  
 Her pride are her statesmen — their laws are her choice,  
 And shall flourish till Liberty slumbers forever.  
 Then unite heart and hand,  
 Like Leonidas' band,  
 And swear to the God of the ocean and land  
 That ne'er shall the sons, *etc.*

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,  
 Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;  
 For unmoved at its portals would Washington stand,  
 And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder:  
 Of its scabbard would leap,  
 His sword from the sleep  
 And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep!  
 For ne'er shall the sons, *etc.*

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

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

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

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

STAR SPANGLED BANNER and YE SEAMEN OF COLUMBIA—  
 Two favorite patriotic songs, this day received and for sale by  
 RICHARDS & MALLOY, BRIDGE STREET, Georgetown.

It is said that the particular flag which inspired the song was a new one that Gen. George Armistead, the defender of Fort McHenry, had had made to replace the old one, which was badly tattered. The new banner was flung to the breeze for the first time on the morning that his daughter Georgeanna was born, which event took place within the

fort, during the bombardment. By permission of the general government the hero of Fort McHenry was allowed to retain the flag, and he provided in his will that the "Star-Spangled Banner" should be the property of his daughter. This lady became the wife of W. Stuart Appleton, Esq., of New York, and died in 1878. The flag is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

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

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

1. Oh!..... say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so  
 2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep Where the

proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light's last gleam-ing, Whose  
 foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is

stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the  
 that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it

ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing; And the  
fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clo - ses? Now it

rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave  
catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!  
glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream;

*f* CHORUS.

1. Oh!.... say, does that star span - gled ban - ner yet  
2. 'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner, Oh! long may it  
3, 4. And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth  
5. And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall

1,2,3, 4. wave,  
5. wave,

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
While the land of the free is the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,  
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

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

## MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

THE author of the words of "America" is SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D.D., who was born in Boston, October 21, 1808, and was for many years pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newton, Mass. Since his resignation he has been devoted to literary and religious pursuits. It is of him that Oliver Wendell Holmes says, in his poem entitled "The Boys:—"

"And there's a nice fellow of excellent pith,—  
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,  
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—  
Just read on his medal, 'My Country, of thee!'"

In a letter dated Newton Centre, Mass., June 11, 1861, Dr. Smith says: "The song was written at Andover during my student life there, I think in the winter of 1831-2. It was first used publicly at a Sunday-school celebration of July 4th, in the Park Street Church, Boston. I had in my possession a quantity of German song-books, from which I was selecting such music as pleased me, and finding 'God save the King,' I proceeded to give it the ring of American republican patriotism."

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of Lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble free,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died; Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and

pil - grim's pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.  
tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring among the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of liberty!  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!



MORAL AND RELIGIOUS SONGS.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.  
— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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Then all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.  
— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

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Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies,  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals  
The holy melodies of love arise.  
— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

# MORAL AND RELIGIOUS SONGS.

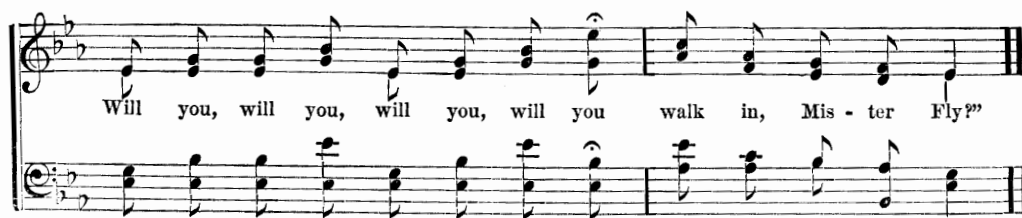
## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

It is a singular coincidence that the two most intimately associated married names in political and literary life in England, should be identical—the William and Mary who wielded the sceptre, and the William and Mary who wielded the pen. MARY HOWITT was born at Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, England, about 1804. Her young days were passed there, until she married. With her husband she studied, travelled, wrote and published in prose and poetry. She had children of unusual brightness, and we may fancy that it was for their delight and instruction she wrote “The Spider and the Fly.” The music for it has been attributed to Henry Russell, who used to sing it in his concerts; but it is an old English air, “Will you come to the bower.”

1. { “Will you walk in - to my par - lor?” said a spi - der to a fly, “Tis the  
 2. { “Will you grant me one sweet kiss?” said the spi - der to the fly; “To  
 if, per-chance our lips should meet, a wa - ger I would lay, Of

pret - tiest lit - tle par - lor that ev - er you did spy; You have  
 see so ma - ny cu - rious things you nev - er saw be - fore;— *Omit 2d time.*  
 taste your charm - ing lips I've a cu - ri - os - i - ty; But.  
 ten to one you would not oft - en let them come a - way,— *Omit 2d time.*

Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly?



“For the last time, now, I ask you, will you walk in, Mister Fly?”  
 “No; if I do, I may be shot, I’m off—so now, good bye!”  
 Then up he springs, but both his wings were in the web caught fast.  
 The spider laughed, “Ha, ha, my boy, I’ve caught you safe at last.”  
 “Will you, will you,” *etc.*

Now all young men, take warning by this foolish little fly,—  
 For pleasure is the spider’s web, to catch you it will try;  
 And although you may think that my advice is quite a bore,  
 You’re lost if you stand parleying outside of pleasure’s door.  
 “Will you, will you,” *etc.*

“Will you walk into my parlor?” said a spider to a fly;  
 ’Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.  
 The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,  
 And I have many curious things to show when you are there.”  
 “Oh no, no!” said the little fly, “to ask me is in vain;  
 For who goes up your winding stair, can ne’er come down again.”

“I’m sure you must be weary with soaring up so high;  
 Will you rest upon my little bed?” said the spider to the fly.  
 “There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin;  
 And if you like to rest awhile, I’ll snugly tuck you in.”  
 “Oh no, no!” said the little fly, “for I’ve often heard it said,  
 They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed.”

Said the cunning spider to the fly, “Dear friend, what shall I do,  
 To prove the warm affection, I’ve always felt for you?  
 I have, within my pantry, good store of all that’s nice;  
 I’m sure you’re very welcome—will you please to take a slice?”  
 “Oh no, no!” said the little fly, “kind sir, that cannot be;  
 I’ve heard what’s in your pantry, and I do not wish to see.”

“Sweet creature,” said the spider, “you’re witty and you’re wise;  
 How handsome are your gauzy wings! how brilliant are your eyes!  
 I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;  
 If you’ll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself.”  
 “I thank you, gentle sir,” she said, “for what you’re pleased to say,  
 And bidding you good morning, now, I’ll call another day.”

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,  
 For well he knew the silly fly would soon be back again;  
 So he wove a subtle thread in a little corner sly,  
 And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.  
 He went out to his door again, and merrily did sing,  
 “Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;  
 Your robes are green and purple, there’s a crest upon your head;  
 Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead.”

Alas, alas ! how very soon this silly little fly,  
 Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by :  
 With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then nearer, nearer drew —  
 Thought only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue ;  
 Thought only of her crested head,— poor foolish thing ! At last  
 Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den  
 Within his little parlor — but she ne'er came out again !  
 And now, dear little children, who may this story read,  
 To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you, ne'er give heed :  
 Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and eye,  
 And learn a lesson from this tale of the spider and the fly.

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## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

THE author of the words of the following song, ALISON RUTHERFURD, was born at Fairnalee, Selkirkshire, Scotland, 1712. In writing to the Rev. Dr. Douglas, she says: "I can this minute figure myself running as fast as a greyhound, in a hot summer day, to have the pleasure of plunging into the Tweed to cool me. I see myself wrapt in my petticoat, on the declivity of the hill at Fairnalee, letting myself roll down to the bottom, with infinite delight. As for the chase of the silver spoon at the end of the rainbow, nothing could exceed my ardor, except my faith which created it. I can see myself the first favorite at Lamothe's dancing, and remember turning pale and red with the ambition of applause. I am not sure if ever I was so vain of any lover or admirer as I was of the heavenly affection of your predecessor, whom, by his own assignation, I rode over from Fairnalee at six in the morning to meet. \* \* \* He embraced me with fervor, and said I would not repent losing some hours sleep to see for the last time an old man, who was going home. He naturally fell into a description of his malady, checked himself, and said it was a shame to complain of a bad road to a happy home; 'and there' said he, 'is my passport,' pointing to the Bible; 'let me beg, my young friend, you will study it: you are not yet a christian, but you have an inquiring mind, and cannot fail to become one.'"

Miss Rutherford was one of the beauties of the circle that counted among its members Lady Anne Lindsay and Jane Elliot, of Minto. Her correspondence shows her to have been a brilliant and noble woman. In 1731 she married Patrick Cockburn, of Ormiston. Of this event she afterward wrote: "I was married, properly speaking, to a man of seventy-five—my father-in-law" [step-father]; and at another time she says: "I was twenty years united to a lover and a friend." Mrs. Cockburn was forty-one years old when her husband died, and her house in Edinburgh was the gathering-place for some of the finest literary minds of the day. She died in that house, November 22, 1794.

There was a tradition in the family that Mrs. Cockburn's song, "The Flowers of the Forest," was in some way connected with the name or fate of a young lover who died about the time she was married. The song was supposed to refer to the noblemen who fell at Flodden, and with them many of the most gallant archers of "The Forest," the home of Mrs. Cockburn, in Selkirkshire. Mr. Chambers, an intimate friend of Mrs. Cockburn, in an account of her says the song was occasioned by a commercial disaster, by which seven noblemen of the Forest were rendered insolvent in one year; but Mrs. Cockburn's corres-

pondence seems to indicate that the verses she wrote for the occasion were different, and that this song was written long before the financial calamity, and did refer to the eventful battle of Flodden. Mrs. Cockburn's song has been spoken of in some collections, as an imitation of Jane Elliot's "Flowers of the Forest." The fact is, Mrs. Cockburn's song was written many years earlier than that of Miss Elliot, who was fifteen years her junior.

The air to which the words were first set was three centuries old, but it has been superseded by a more modern one.

*Larghetto.*

1. I've seen the smiling of fortune be - guil - ing, I've  
 2. I've seen the morn - ing with gold the hills a - dorn - ing, And

felt all its fa - vors, and found its de - cay; Sweet was her bless - ing and  
 loud tempests storm - ing be - fore the mid - day; I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glit -

kind her ca - ress - ing, But now they are fled, they are fled far a - way.  
 I've seen the sunny beams, Grow drum - lie and dark as they roll'd on their way.

I've seen the for - est a - dorn - ed the fore - most, With flow'rs o' the fair - est baith  
 O' fick - le for - tune! why this cru - el sport - ing? Oh! why thus per - plex us poor

pleas - ant and gay, Sae bon-nie was their blooming, their scent the air per - fum - ing, But  
sons of a day? Thy frown can - na fear me, thy smile can-na cheer me, Since the

now they are with - er'd and a' wede a - way.  
flow'rs o' the for - est are a' wede a - way.

## A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

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

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

1. Is there for hon-est pov - er - ty That hangs his head, an' a' that? The cow-ard slave we  
2. What though on hamely fare we dine, Wear hod-den-gray, and a' that, Gie fools their silks, and  
3. Ye see yon birk - ie, ca'ed a lord, Wha struts and stares, and a' that, Tho' hundreds worship

pass him by, We daur be puir for a' that. For a' that, and a' that, Our  
 knaves their wine; A man's a man for a' that. For a' that, and a' that, Their  
 at his word, He's but a coof for a' that. For a' that, and a' that, His

toils obscure, and a' that; The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.  
 tin - sel show and a' that, The hon-est man, tho' e'er sae puir, Is king o' men for a' that.  
 rib-bon, star, and a' that, The man of in - de-pend-ent mind Can look and laugh at a' that.

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

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

## THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

JOHN BLACK, long and widely known as editor of the London *Morning Chronicle*, writing to CHARLES MACKAY, says: "I think I have heard during the last half-dozen years your song of 'There's a good time coming,' oftener sung by the people, than I have ever heard any one song sung during the course of my life." At the close of Mackay's first visit to America, Oliver Wendell Holmes addressed to him the exquisite poem beginning:

"Brave singer of the coming time,  
 Sweet minstrel of the joyous present,  
 Crowned with the noblest wreath of rhyme,  
 The holly-leaf of Ayrshire's peasant,  
 Good bye! Good bye! — Our hearts and hands,  
 Our lips in honest Saxon phrases,  
 Cry, God be with him, till he stands  
 His feet among the English daisies!"

1, 2. There's a good time com-ing, boys, A good time coming, There's a good time



com-ing, boys, Wait a lit - tle long - er. { We may not live to see the day, But  
The pen shall su - per - sede the sword, And

earth shall glis - ten in the ray Of the good time coming, Can - non balls may  
right, not might, shall be the lord In the good time coming. Worth, not birth, shall

*ad lib.* *tempo.*

aid the truth, But thought's a wea - pon strong - er; We'll win our bat - tle by its aid,  
rule man - kind, And be acknowledged strong - er; The prop - er im - pulse has been giv - en,

Wait a lit - tle long - er. Oh! There's a good time coming, boys, A good time

*ad lib.* *tempo.*

com-ing, There's a good time com-ing, boys, Wait a lit-tle long-er.

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves in bass and treble clefs respectively, also in two sharps and common time. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a final fermata on the word 'er'.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming :  
 Hateful rivalries of creed,  
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed,  
 In the good time coming.  
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,  
 And flourish all the stronger ;  
 And charity shall trim her lamp—  
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming ;  
 War in all men's eyes shall be  
 A monster of iniquity,  
 In the good time coming.  
 Nations shall not quarrel, then,  
 To prove which is the stronger ;  
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—  
 Wait a little longer.

## CALLER HERRIN'.

THIS SONG of LADY NAIRNE'S illustrates the power of imagination in an odd way. Lady Nairne kept her authorship scrupulously concealed, and she sent this song to its destination by the only friend who was in her secret. It was written for the benefit of Nathaniel Gow, a musical composer, son of the celebrated Neil Gow. He did not know its source, and as the song, set to an air which his father had made, became a favorite wherever the musician played it, there was much speculation as to its origin. The whole production was attributed to Neil Gow, and accounted for by the story that it was suggested to him while listening to the bells of St. Andrew's Church in Edinburgh, mingled with the cries of the fish-women who vend their herrings in the street. These women are notorious for their exorbitant demands, and as the purchaser offers about one third of the price asked, there is much higgling before the bargain is concluded, which generally ends with the irresistible appeal alluded to in the song, "Lord bless ye, mem ! it's no fish ye're buying, it's the lives o' honest men !"

*Moderato.*

Wha'll buy cal-ler her-rin'? They're bonnie fish and halesome far-in'; Buy my cal-ler her-rin',

The musical score is in common time and features a melody in the treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The piano accompaniment is in bass and treble clefs, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a lively, rhythmic feel.

♩

New drawn frae the Forth. { When ye were sleeping on your pillows, Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,  
And when the creel o' herrin' pass-es, La - dies clad in silk and lac - es,  
Noo, neebor' wives, come tent my tellin', When the bon-nie fish ye're sellin',

Dark - ling as they face the bil - lows, A' to fill our wo - ven wil - lows.  
Gath - er in their braw pe - lis - ses, Cast their heads and screw their fa - ces.  
At a word be aye your deal - in', Truth will stand when a' things fail - in'.

Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin'? They're bonnie fish and halesome far - in'; Buy my cal - ler her - rin',

New drawn frae the Forth, Wha'll buy my cal - ler her - rin'? They're no brought here without brave darin',

*cres.*

Buy my cal - ler her - rin', Ye lit - tle ken their worth. Wha'll buy my cal - ler her - rin'? O

*dim.*

ye may ca' them vul - gar fa - rin' Wives and mith - ers maist despair - in', Ca' them lives o' men.

This recalls the following anonymous Scottish poem, which uses the refrain that gave rise to Lady Nairne's song :—

The farmer's wife sat at the door, a pleasant sight to see;  
And blithesome were the wee, wee bairns that played around her knee.

When, bending 'neath her heavy creel, a poor fish-wife came by,  
And, turning from the toilsome road, unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green, and spread its scaly store,  
With trembling hands and pleading words she told them o'er and o'er.

But lightly laughed the young guidwife, " We're no sae scarce o' cheer;  
Tak' up your creel, and gang your ways, — I'll buy nae fish sae dear."

Bending beneath her load again, a weary sight to see;  
Right sorely sighed the poor fish-wife, " They're dear fish to me!

" Our boat was oot ae fearfu' night, and when the storm blew o'er,  
My husband, and my three brave sons, lay corpses on the shore.

" I've been a wife for thirty years, — a childless widow three;  
I maun buy them now to sell again, — they're dear fish to me!"

The farmer's wife turned to the door, — what was't upon her cheek?  
What was there rising in her breast, that then she scarce could speak?

She thought upon her ain guidman, her lightsome lad lies three;  
The woman's words had pierced her heart, — " They're dear fish to me!"

" Come back," she cried, with quivering voice, and pity's gathering tear;  
" Come in, come in, my poor woman, ye're kindly welcome here.

" I kentna o' your aching heart, your weary lot to dree;  
I'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words: ' They're dear fish to me!'"

Ay, let the happy-hearted learn to pause ere they deny  
The meed of honest toil, and think how much their gold may buy, —

How much of manhood's wasted strength, what woman's misery, —  
What breaking hearts might swell the cry: " They're dear fish to me!"

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

THE words of this song were written by LONGFELLOW. The composer of the music, MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE, was born in Dublin, Ireland, May 15, 1808. At the age of eight, he played a concerto on the violin at a public concert, and a year later he wrote a ballad, "The Lover's Mistake," which Madame Vestris introduced into the opera of "Paul Pry." In 1823 he went to London with Charles Edward Horn, as an articled pupil. He was soon engaged as principal violinist at the Drury lane oratorios, and in the orchestra under Thomas Cooke. He was also cultivating his rich baritone voice. Count Mazzara, fancying he resembled a son whom his wife had lost, took young Balfe to Rome, where the Countess received him tenderly. He studied in Rome, Milan, and Paris, and in the latter city, appeared as Figaro in the "Barber of Seville," and made a great success. He came to the United States with his wife, and sang in opera, and, returning to London, appeared in his own first opera, "The Siege of Rochelle." From that time he devoted himself especially to composition, and produced his well-known operas, of which "The Bohemian Girl" is the most popular. Balfe died in London October 20, 1870.

I shot an ar-row in-to the air,..... It fell to earth, I

know not where; For so swift-ly it flew, The sight could not

fol-low it, The sight could not fol-low it in its flight.

I breath'd a song

*cres.* *dim.* *pp*

in - to the air,..... It fell to earth, I know not where;

*cres.*

For who has sight..... so keen and strong, That it can fol - low the

*p*

flight of a song? For who has sight so keen and so strong,....

*cres.*

..... That it can fol - - low the flight of a song?

*dim.* *p* *p*

This system contains the first vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a dotted line and the lyrics "..... That it can fol - - low the flight of a song?". The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings *dim.*, *p*, and *p*.

Long, long af - terwards,

*cres.* *dim.* *pp*

This system contains the second vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a long rest followed by the lyrics "Long, long af - terwards,". The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings *cres.*, *dim.*, and *pp*.

... in an oak..... I found the ar - row still un - broke;

*cres.* *>*

This system contains the third vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a dotted line and the lyrics "... in an oak..... I found the ar - row still un - broke;". The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings *cres.* and *>*.

And the song from be-ginning to end, I found a-gain in the heart of a friend,

This system contains the fourth and final vocal line and piano accompaniment on this page. The vocal line has the lyrics "And the song from be-ginning to end, I found a-gain in the heart of a friend,". The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

And the song from be - gin - ning to end, I found a - gain in the

*dim.*

*pp* *f* *dim.*

heart of a friend, I found a - gain, I found a - gain,

*cres.*

*p* *cres.*

I found a - gain in the heart..... of a friend!

*cres. riten. ff*

*cres. riten. ff tempo*

*dim.* *p* *pp* *ppp*



## THE CARRIER BIRD.

THE carrier dove of the East has long been one of the romantic objects of song and story; but it is always associated with messages of love or warning except in this simple instance, in which MOORE uses it to point a pleasant moral. The duet to which "The Carrier Bird" is set, was composed by SILAS BRUCE.

1. The bird let loose in east-ern skies, When hast-'ning fond-ly home,..... Ne'er  
2. So grant me, God, from ev'-ry care And stain of pas-sion free,..... A-

stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where i-dle war-blers roam;..... But  
loft, through Vir-tue's pur-er air, To hold my course to Thee!..... No

high she shoots thro' air and light, A-bove all low de-lay,..... Where  
sin to cloud, no lure to stay My soul, as home she springs:.... Thy

*ad lib.*  
noth-ing earth-ly bounds her flight, Nor shad-ow dims in her way.....  
sun-shine on her joy-ful way, Thy free-dom in her wings.....

## THE BEGGAR GIRL.

THIS little English ballad has enjoyed great popularity. Among other notices of it there is a minute account of its having been sung with a wonderful effect by a military officer at an anniversary dinner given at the sea-bathing infirmary, at Margate, in August, 1807.

The melody was composed by PIERCY.

*Grazioso.*

1. O - ver the mount - ain and o - ver the moor, Hun - gry and bare - foot I  
 2. Call me not la - zy - back beg - gar, and bold e - nough, Fain would I learn both to  
 3. Oh! think, while you rev - el so care - less and free, Se - cure from the wind, and well

wan - der for - lorn, My fa - ther is dead, and my moth - er is poor, And she  
 knit and to sew; I've two lit - tle broth - ers at home, when they're old e - nough,  
 cloth - ed and fed, Should for - tune so change it, how hard it would be To

grieves for the days that will nev - er re - turn.  
 They will work hard for the gifts you be - stow.  
 beg at a door for a mor - sel of bread!

SOLO.

Pi - ty, kind gen - tle - men, friends of hu - man - i - ty,

Cold blows the wind, and the night's com - ing on; Give me some food for my  
moth - er for char - i - ty, Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

*p*

*p*

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a double bar line.

## TOO LATE.

THIS song is sung by the "little maid" to Queen Guinevere, in TENNYSON'S poem of that name in "Idyls of the King." The music is by MISS LINDSAY, an English lady.

*Andante Larghetto.*

Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill! Late, late, so late! But  
we can en-ter still! Too late! too late! ye cannot en-ter

*sf* *sf*

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a double bar line.

now, Too late— too late, ye cannot en-ter now.

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "now, Too late— too late, ye cannot en-ter now." The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

No light had we; for that we do re-pent, And, learn - ing this, the

The second system continues the musical score with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "No light had we; for that we do re-pent, And, learn - ing this, the". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic structure as the first system.

bridegroom will re-lent— Too late! too late! ye cannot en-ter

The third system of the musical score features the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "bridegroom will re-lent— Too late! too late! ye cannot en-ter". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *sf* (sforzando) in the right hand.

now, Too late, Too late, ye cannot en-ter now.

The fourth and final system of the musical score on this page shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "now, Too late, Too late, ye cannot en-ter now." The piano accompaniment continues with the established rhythmic pattern.

No light! so late! and dark and chill the night, O let us in, that

we may find the light, O let us in, that we may find the light.

Too late, too late, ye cannot en-ter now.

Too late, too late, ye cannot en-ter now.

Have we not heard, the bridegroom is so sweet, O let us in, that

*> supplicando.*  
we may kiss his feet. O let us in, O let us in,

*ral - len - tan - do.*  
O let us in, tho' late, to kiss.... his feet.

*ral - len - tan - do.*

No! no! Too late, ye can-not en-ter now.

Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill!	O let us in, that we may find the light,
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.	Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now,
Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now,	Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now.
Too late — too late, ye cannot enter now.	Have we not heard, the bridegroom is so sweet,
No light had we: — for that we do repent,	O let us in, that we may kiss his feet.
And learning this the bridegroom will relent.	O let us in, O let us in,
Too late — too late — ye cannot enter now.	O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now —	No! no! too late, ye cannot enter now.
No light! so late! and dark and chill the night,	O let us in, that we may find the light.

## EVENING SONG TO THE VIRGIN.

THE words to the following sweet and familiar air, were written by MRS. HEMANS. It is the hymn sung by a Roman Catholic wife, and is contained in "The Forest Sanctuary." The listening woman says:

Thy sad, sweet hymn, at eve, the seas along, —  
 Oh! the deep soul it breathed! — the love, the woe,  
 The fervor, poured in that full gush of song,  
 As it went floating through the fiery glow  
 Of the rich sunset! — bringing thoughts of Spain,  
 With all her vesper-voices, o'er the main,  
 Which seemed responsive in its murmuring flow.  
 "Ave sanctissima!" — how oft 'hat lay  
 Hath melted from my heart the martyr-strength away.  
 "Ora pro nobis, Mater!" What a spell  
 Was in those notes, with day's last glory dying  
 On the flushed waters — seemed they not to swell  
 From the far dust, wherein my sires were lying  
 With erucifix and sword? — Oh! yet how clear  
 Comes their reproachful sweetness to mine ear!  
 "Ora," — with all the purple waves replying,  
 All my youth's visions rising in the strain —  
 And I had thought it much to bear the rack and chain!

A - ve Sanc - tis - si - ma, We lift our souls to thee; O - ra pro  
 no - bis, 'Tis night - fall on the sea. Watch us while shad - ows lie,  
 Far o'er the wa - ter spread, Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh, Thine too hath bled.

Thou that hast look'd on death, Aid us when death is near; Whis - per of

heav'n to faith, Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear! O - ra pro no - bis, The

wave must rock our sleep, O - ra, Ma - ter, O - ra, Star of the deep.

## THE RAINY DAY.

THE author of "The Rainy Day," HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was for many years professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard, and still resides in Cambridge.

The music is by WILLIAM RICHARDSON DEMPSTER, who was born in Keith, Scotland, in 1809. He spent his early life in Aberdeen, where he was apprenticed to a quill-maker, but simply followed the bent of his own genius in quitting his trade and devoting himself to music. He emigrated to the United States, remained several years here, and afterward, by frequent voyages, spent his life about equally on the two sides of the Atlantic.

One of his earliest successful publications was his music for Tennyson's "May Queen," and the frequent songs introduced in Tennyson's longer poems became his especial favorites for composition; indeed, his musical setting of these is the work by which he is best known, and his own singing of them constituted the chief attraction of his concerts. Their popular success was much greater in America than in Great Britain. His voice lacked the strength and volume necessary in a large hall, but in parlor singing his performances were exquisitely effective.

In his early professional life Mr. Dempster was greatly aided and encouraged by Mrs. Isabella Browning, a pianist of note, who at that time was at the head of musical affairs in Aberdeen. In his later years the income from his published music made him independent. He died in London, March 7, 1871, surrounded by friends to whom he had long endeared himself by his warm-hearted and genial disposition, no less than by his strict morality.



*Andante.*

1. The day is cold, and dark, and drear - y; It rains, and the  
 2. My life is cold, and dark, and drear - y; It rains, and the  
 3. Be still, sad heart! and cease re - pin - ing; Be - hind the

wind is nev - er wea - ry; The vine still clings to the  
 wind is nev - er wea - ry; My thoughts still cling to the  
 clouds the sun is shin - ing; Thy fate is the com - mon

mould - 'ring wall, But at . ev' - ry gust the dead leaves  
 mould - 'ring past, But the hopes of youth fall thick in the  
 fate of all, In - to each life some rain must

fall, And the day is dark and drear - y,..... And the  
 blast, And the days are dark and drear - y,..... And the  
 fall, Some days must be dark and drear - y,..... Some

*pp*

day is dark and drear-y, ..... And the day is dark and drear - y.  
 days are dark and drear-y, ..... And the days are dark and drear - y.  
 days must be dark and drear-y. .... Some days must be dark and drear - y.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
 The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary :  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary.

My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,  
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining ;  
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
 Into each life some rain must fall,  
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

## MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

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

N. P. Willis, General Morris's life-long friend, wrote of him: "My dear sir: To ask me for my idea of Mr. Morris, is like asking the left hand's opinion of the dexterity of the right. I have lived so long with the 'Brigadier'—known him so intimately—worked so constantly at the same rope, and thought so little of ever separating from him (except by precedence of ferrige over the Styx), that it is hard to shove him from me to the perspective distance—hard to shut my own partial eyes and look at him through other people's. I will try, however, and as it is done with but one foot off the treadmill of my ceaseless vocation, you will excuse both abruptness and brevity.

"Morris is the best known poet of the country,—by acclamation, not by criticism. He is just what poets would be if they sang like birds, without criticism; and it is a peculiarity of his fame that it seems as regardless of criticism as a bird in the air. Nothing can stop a song of his. It is very easy to say that they are very easy to do. They have a momentum somehow, that is difficult for others to give, and that speeds them to the far goal of popularity—the best proof consisting in the fact that he can at any moment get fifty dollars for a song unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for a shilling. It may or may not be one secret of his popularity, but it is a truth that Morris's heart is at the level of most other people's and his poetry flows out by that door. He stands breast-high in the common stream of sympathy, and the fine oil of his poetic feelings goes from him upon an element it is its nature to float upon, and which carries it safe to other bosoms with little need of high-flying or deep diving. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful, and familiar; his language is pure and eminently

musical, and he is prodigally full of the poetry of every-day feeling. These are days when poets try experiments; and while others succeed in taking the world's breath away with flights and plunges, Morris uses his feet to walk quietly with nature. Ninety-nine people in a hundred, taken as they come in the census, would find more to admire in Morris's songs than in the writings of any other American poet; and that is a parish in the poetical Episcopate well worthy a wise man's nurture and prizing.

"As to the man — Morris, my friend — I can hardly venture to 'burn incense on his moustache,' as the French say — write his praises under his very nose — but as far off as Philadelphia, you may pay the proper tribute to his loyal nature and manly excellences. His personal qualities have made him universally popular, but this overflow upon the world does not impoverish him for his friends. I have outlined a true poet and a fine fellow, fill up the picture to your liking."

The music of this song was composed by HENRY RUSSELL.

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid - den start; With  
 2. Ah! well do I re - mem - ber those Whose name these rec - ords bear: Who

falt - ring lip and throbb - ing brow, I press it to my heart. For  
 round the hearth - stone used to close Aft - er the ev' - ning pray'r. And

ma - ny gen - er - a - tions past, Here is our fam - 'ly tree: My  
 speak of what these pa - ges said, In tones my heart would thrill! Though

mo - ther's hands this Bi - ble clasp'd; She, dy - ing, gave it me.  
 they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.

My father read this holy book  
 To brothers, sisters dear;  
 How calm was my poor mother's look,  
 Who leaned God's word to hear.  
 Her angel face — I see it yet!  
 What thronging memories come!  
 Again that little group is met  
 Within the halls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
 Thy constancy I've tried;  
 Where all were false, I found thee true,  
 My counsellor and guide.  
 The mines of earth no treasure give  
 That could this volume buy;  
 In teaching me the way to live,  
 It taught me how to die.

## THE INQUIRY.

THE words of the following beautiful but dreadfully be-parodied song were written by CHARLES MACKAY, and the music was composed by CIPRIANO GORRIN. Gorrin was of Spanish descent, was a fine musician, and for some years was a teacher of music in the city of New York.

1. Tell me, ye wing-ed winds..... That round my pathway roar,.....

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics: "1. Tell me, ye wing-ed winds..... That round my pathway roar,.....". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The bottom staff is the bass line, consisting of simple chords.

Do ye not know some spot Where mor - tals weep no more? Some

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has lyrics: "Do ye not know some spot Where mor - tals weep no more? Some". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern. The bottom staff shows the bass line with chords.

lone and pleas - ant, pleas - ant dell, Some val - ley in the west, Where

The third system continues the melody. The vocal line has lyrics: "lone and pleas - ant, pleas - ant dell, Some val - ley in the west, Where". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The bottom staff shows the bass line with chords.

free from toil and pain, Where free from toil and pain, Where

The fourth system concludes the melody. The vocal line has lyrics: "free from toil and pain, Where free from toil and pain, Where". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The bottom staff shows the bass line with chords.

free from toil and pain,..... The wea - ry soul may rest?

2. Tell me, thou mighty deep, Whose billows round me play,

Know'st thou some fa-vor'd spot,.... Some is - land far a - way, Where

wea - ry, wea - ry man may find The bliss, the bliss for which he sighs, Where

sor - row nev - er lives,      Where sor - row nev - er lives,      Where

sor - row nev - er, nev - er lives,      And friend - ship nev - er, nev - er dies?

3. And thou,    se - ren - est moon,.....    That with such ho - ly face.....    Dost

look up - on the earth,....    A - sleep in night's em - brace,    Tell

me, tell me in all thy round, Hast thou not seen some spot, some spot Where

mis - er - a - ble man, Where mis - er - a - ble man, Where

mis - er - a - ble man Might find a hap - pier lot?

Dr. Mackay's poem, as sometimes happens, has suffered loss of sense in being set to music. By discarding the refrain, the composer obscures the main point. The last stanza is:—

Tell me, my secret soul,  
 O tell me, Hope and Faith,  
 Is there no resting-place  
 From sorrow, sin and death?  
 Is there no happy spot  
 Where mortals may be blest—  
 Where grief may find a balm,  
 And weariness a rest?

*Faith, Hope, and Truth—best boons to mortals given—  
 Waved their bright wings, and answered, "Yes, in heaven."*

## THE BETTER LAND.

THE words of this song were written by MRS. HEMANS; the music was composed by her sister, MRS. ARKWRIGHT.

1. I hear thee speak of the bet - ter land, Thou call'st its children a  
 2. Is it where the feath - er - y palm-trees rise, And the date grows ripe under

hap - py hand; Or Moth-er, oh! where is that ra - diant shore?  
 sun - ny skies? Or midst the green is - lands of glit - t'ring seas; Where

Shall we not seek it and weep no more? Is it where the flow'r of the  
 fra - grant for - ests per - fume the breeze, And strange, bright birds on their

or - ange blows, And the fire - flies dance in the myr - tle boughs? } Not  
 star - ry wings, Wear the rich hues of all glo - rious things? }



there! Not there! my child,..... Not there! Not there! my child!.....

I hear thee speak of the better land,  
 Thou call'st its children a happy band;  
 Mother, oh! where is that radiant shore?  
 Shall we not seek it and weep no more?  
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
 And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle boughs?  
 Not there! not there! my child.

Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,  
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,  
 Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
 And strange bright birds on their starry wings  
 Wear the rich hues of all glorious things?  
 Not there! not there! my child.

Is it far away in some region old,  
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,  
 And the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine?  
 And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand,  
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?  
 Not there! not there! my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,  
 Ear hath not heard its sweet songs of joy;  
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,  
 Sorrow and death may not enter there,  
 Time may not breathe on its fadeless bloom;  
 For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,  
 It is there! it is there! my child.

## THERE'S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.

THIS most familiar of all semi-religious songs is one of TOM MOORE'S "Sacred Melodies." I should have been glad to include in this collection much fine and well-known sacred music; but it was impossible to enter that great field of song, from which enough for a separate volume would have to be taken.

1. This world is all a fleet - ing show, For man's il - lu - sion giv'n; This  
 2. And false the light on glo - ry's plume, As fad - ing hues of ev'n; And  
 3. Poor wan-d'rers of a storm - y day! From wave to wave we're driv'n; Poor

world is all a fleet - ing show, For man's il - lu - sion giv'n....  
 false the light on glo - ry's plume, As fad - ing hues of ev'n;....  
 wan-d'rers of a storm - y day! From wave to wave we're driv'n;....

The smiles of joy, the tears of woe, De-  
 And love and hope, and beau - ty's bloom, Are  
 And fan - cy's flash, and rea - son's ray, Serve

ceit - ful shine, de - ceit - ful flow,  
 blos - soms gather'd for the tomb,  
 but to light the trou - bled way,

There's noth - ing true but heav'n, There's noth - ing true....  
 There's noth - ing bright but heav'n, There's noth - ing bright..  
 There's noth - ing calm but heav'n, There's noth - ing calm....

..... but heav'n, There's noth - ing true..... but heav'n.....  
 ..... but heav'n, There's noth - ing bright..... but heav'n.....  
 ..... but heav'n, There's noth - ing calm..... but heav'n.....

This world is all a fleeting show,  
 For man's illusion given;  
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,  
 There's nothing true but heaven.  
 And false the light on glory's plume,  
 As fading hues of ev'n;  
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,

Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—  
 There's nothing bright but heaven.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!  
 From wave to wave we're driven;  
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray  
 Serve but to light the troubled way;  
 There's nothing calm but heaven.

## THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THOMAS NOEL, author of the words of this quaint song, was an Englishman. In 1841 he published a volume of "Rhymes and Roundelays." He lived in a romantic home on the Thames, and among his poems is a pretty song about that river. The idea of "The Pauper's Drive" was suggested to him by seeing a funeral where the body was borne upon a cart driven at full speed.

The music of the song is the composition of J. J. HUTCHINSON.

1. There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jol - ly round trot; To the church-yard a pau - per is  
 2. Oh, where are the mourn-ers? a - las! there are none: He has left not a gap in the

go - ing, I wot: The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs, And  
 world, now he's gone; Not a tear in the eye Of child, wo - man, or man, To the

*All the voices in unison.*

hark to the dirge which the sad driv - er sings: } "Rat - tle his bones  
 grave with his car - cass as fast as you can. }

*Accomp.*

o - ver the stones: He's on - ly a pau - per whom no - bo - dy owns!

*In harmony.*

Rat - tle 'his bones o - ver the stones: He's on - ly a pau - per whom no - bo - dy owns!"

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,  
 To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot.  
 The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,  
 And hark to the dirge which the sad driver sings:  
 "Rattle his bones over the stones:  
 He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

Oh, where are the mourners? alas! there are none:  
 He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone;  
 Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man,  
 To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can.  
 "Rattle his bones over the stones;  
 He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

What a jolting, and creaking, and plashing, and  
din;  
The whip how it cracks! and the wheels how  
they spin!  
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is  
hurled!  
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!  
"Rattle his bones over the stones:  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some  
approach  
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a  
coach!  
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,  
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.  
"Rattle his bones over the stones;  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad  
To think that a heart, in humanity clad,  
Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,  
And depart from the light, without leaving a  
friend!

"Bear soft his bones over the stones;  
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker  
yet owns!"

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother con-  
veyed—

Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!  
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid  
low,

You've a chance to the grave like a gemman  
to go!

"Rattle his bones over the stones;  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

## THE OLD SEXTON.

PARK BENJAMIN, author of the words of "The Old Sexton," was born in Demerara, British Guiana, August 14, 1809. His parents had removed there from New England, and, on account of illness in his infancy, which resulted in serious lameness, Park was sent to his father's home in Connecticut for medical treatment. He studied at Trinity and Harvard Colleges, and began to practice law in Boston. He soon left the profession, devoted himself to literary pursuits, and became founder, editor, or contributor of several American magazines. His lyrics attained wide popularity, but have never been collected; some of them, it is said, have not even been in print, but have descended from school-boy to school-boy as declamations. Mr. Benjamin died in New York city, September 12, 1864. "The Old Sexton" was written expressly for HENRY RUSSELL, who composed the music.

1. Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made, Leaned a sex - ton old, on 'his  
3. Ma - ny are with me, but still I'm a-lone, I'm king of the dead—and I

*Staccato.* *Colla voce.*

earth - worn spade, His work was done, and he paused to wait The  
make my throne On a monu - ment slab of mar - ble cold, And my

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes markings for *Staccato.* and *Colla voce.* The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

fun' - ral train through the o - pen gate; A rel - ic of by - gone  
 scap - tre of rule is the spade I hold; Come they from cottage, or

days was he, And his locks were white as the foam - y sea; And  
 come they from hall, Man - kind are my sub - jects, all, all, all! Let them

these words came from his lips so thin: "I gath - er them in, I  
 loit - er in pleas - ure, or toil - ful - ly spin - "I gath - er them in, I

gath - er them in, gath - er, gath - er,  
*Sua*.....

gath - er, I ga - ther them in.".....  
*8va*.....

*8va*.....

2. "I gath - er them in! for man and boy,.... Year aft - er year of  
 4. "I gath - er them in, and their fi - nal rest Is here, down here, in the

*Staccato.* *Colla voce.*

grief and joy, I've build - ed the houses that lie a - round, In  
 earth's dark breast!" And the sex - ton ceased—for the fu - neral train Wound

ev - 'ry nook of this bu - rial ground; Moth-er and daugh-ter, -  
 mute - ly o'er that sol - emn plain; And I said to my heart—when

fa-ther and son, Come to my sol - i-tude, one - by one, - But  
 time is told, A might - ier voice than that sex - ton's old Will

come they stran - gers, or come they kin - "I gath - er them in, I  
 sound o'er the last trump's dread - ful din - "I gath - er them in, I

gath - er them in, gath - er, gath - er,  
*8va*.....

The image shows a musical score for the song "I gather them in." It consists of two systems of music. The first system has three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics "gath-er, I ga-ther them in."....., a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The second system also has three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with the instruction "8va.....", a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music is in a minor key and 3/4 time.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made,  
 Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade,  
 His work was done, and he paused to wait  
 The funeral train at the open gate.  
 A relic of bygone days was he,  
 And his locks were white as the foamy sea;  
 And these words came from his lips so thin:  
 "I gather them in: I gather them in.

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

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

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

## THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

It is the custom of some of the watchmen in Germany to sing songs during the night, a stanza of a national, amusing, or devotional song, for a kind of "All's well," as they announce each hour. The following was one of the especial favorites.

The music was composed by I. HEFFERNAN.



1. Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell, Ten now strikes on the bel - fry bell!  
 2. Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell, — E - lev - en sounds on the bel - fry bell! E -

Ten are the ho - ly com - mandments given, To man be - low, from God in heav'n.  
 lev - en A - pos - tles of ho - ly mind, Taught the gos - pel to man - kind.

Hu - man watch from harm can't ward us: God will watch, and God will guard us;

He, through his E - ter - nal might, Grant us all a bless - ed night.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell —  
 Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!  
 Twelve Disciples to Jesus came,  
 Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.  
 Human watch, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell —  
 One has pealed on the belfry bell!  
 One God above, one Lord indeed,  
 Who bears us up in hour of need.  
 Human watch, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell —  
 Two now rings from the belfry bell!  
 Two paths before mankind are free,  
 Neighbor, Oh, choose the best for thee!  
 Human watch, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell —  
 Three now sounds on the belfry bell!  
 Threefold reigns the heavenly Host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
 Human watch, etc.

ALL'S WELL.

THE following song was written by THOMAS DIBDIN, and was sung in "The English Fleet," an opera written by S. J. Arnold. The music is by JOHN BRAHAM, the great English tenor. Braham was of Hebrew parentage, and on one occasion when he was singing in his most glorious manner a passage from "Israel in Egypt, —" for the horse of Pharaoh went with his chariots and with his horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought

again the waters upon them, but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea," Tom Cooke pulled his coat-tail gently, and whispered, "It's lucky for you that they did, or you would not have been singing here." Braham was a wag himself, as well as a fine mimic. Catalini was in the height of her glory at the time I write of, and the great singer off the stage would walk about the room saying: "You see dis brooch? De Emperor of Austria gave me dis. You see dese earrings? De Emperor of Russia gave me dese. You see dis ring? De Emperor Napoleon gave me dis," etc. Mr. Braham would quietly circle round the room saying in her very tone, "You see dis umbrella? De Emperor of China gave me dis. You see dese teeth? De King of Tuscany gave me dese."

*First voice Adagio*

1. De - sert - ed by the wan - ing moon, When skies pro - claim night's

*Second voice.*

2. Or, sail - ing on the mid - night deep, While wea - ry mess - mates

cheer - less noon, On tow - er, fort, or tent - ed ground, The sen - try walks his

sound - ly sleep, The care - ful watch pa - trols the deck, The care - ful watch pa -

lone - ly round, The sen - try walks his lone - ly round, The sen - try

trols the deck, To guard the ship from foes or wreck, To guard the

*Allegro.*

walks his lone - ly round. And should some foot-step hap - ly stray, Where cau - tion marks the

ship from foes or wreck; And, while his thoughts oft homeward veer, Some friendly voice sa -

guard-ed way, Where caution marks the guard-ed way, the guard-ed way, who goes there?  
 lutes his ear—Some friendly voice sa-lutes his ear, sa-lutes his ear— what cheer?

*Adagio.*

Stran-ger, quick-ly tell— A friend! The word? Good night! All's.....  
 Broth-er, quick-ly tell— A-bove— be-low— Good night! All's.....

well; All's..... well; The word? Good night! All, all's well.  
 well; All's..... well; Good night! Good night! All, all's well.

## DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

THIS is one of MOORE'S "Sacred Melodies." The music to which it is here set is the composition of OLIVER SHAW, born in 1778. He was a teacher of music, and followed that profession in Providence, R. I., where he died, December 31, 1848. His sacred compositions include "Mary's Tears," "Nothing true but Heaven," "Arrayed in Clouds," and "Home of my Soul." A friend writes of him: "He was a man of placid disposition, unobtrusive manners and truly Christian character, and was warmly devoted to his divine art."

1. As down in the sun-less re-treats of the o-cean, Sweet flow-ers are  
 2. As still, to the star of its wor-ship, tho' cloud-ed, The nec-dle points

spring - ing, no mor - tal can see; Sweet  
 faith - ful - ly o'er the dim sea; The

flow - ers are spring - ing, no mor - tal can see;  
 nee - dle points faith - ful - ly o'er the dim.... sea;

*Espressivo.*

So, deep in my soul the still pray'r of de - vo - tion, Un -  
 So, dark as I roam, in this win - try world shroud - ed, The

heard by the world, ris - es si - lent to Thee;  
 hope of my spir - it turns tremb - ling to Thee:

*ad lib.*

My God! si - lent to Thee; Pure, warm, si - lent to  
 My God! trembling to Thee; True, fond. trembling to

*Espressivo.*

Thee! So, deep in my soul the still pray'r of de - vo - tion, Un -  
 Thee! So, dark as I roam, in this win - try world shroud - ed, The

*cres.*

heard by the world, ris - es si - lent to Thee; Un -  
 hope of my spir - it turns tremb - ling to Thee: The

*cres.*

heard by the world; ris - es si - lent to Thee!  
 hope of my spir - it turns tremb ling to Thee!

## WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

THIS most familiar song has been long, though vaguely, associated with the early days of two of America's oldest colleges, Dartmouth and Williams. I quote below the letter which an eminent educator in Massachusetts wrote to *The Dartmouth*, a periodical published by the students of that college. "The legend of the Old Pine, on the hill back of the college, in Hanover, was told me when I was a child, more than fifty years ago; and yet a graduate of Dartmouth recently said he had never heard it! The story is, that three Indians, on the day they left Dartmouth, met in a bower, of which the youthful pine, now a venerable tree, was one of the trees, and sang the song, 'When shall we three meet again?' The words and music were composed by one of their number. My mother told me the story, and from her lips I learned both the words and the music, a very plaintive minor strain. The only commencement I ever attended at Dartmouth, was in 1853, when I heard Choate's eulogy of Webster. On the evening of that day I was walking on the hill, for the sake of the prospect, and the pine tree was pointed out to me, which was said to be older than the college. While we were standing there, a company of four or five rather young men, evidently alumni, sang the very song, in the very strain, which I had learned when a child, living in Connecticut."

The late President Smith of Dartmouth, said in a letter to me: "I do not believe, with Artemus Ward, that 'Indians is pizen wherever you meet 'em,'—but that any Indian undergraduate, or Indian just graduate, ever wrote so beautiful a lyric as that you enquire about, I am slow to think."

On the other hand, a New Hampshire poet gives me the following account of his memory and opinion: "I think there must be something in the legend, because I distinctly remember that, in 1839, one Pierce, an Indian (Cherokee) of the class of 1840, came to my home [Newport, N. H.] with a cousin of mine who was in the same class, to spend a few days of his vacation, and was at my mother's house, and I remember that he sang this same song, and that my younger sister learned both the words and the music, from whom I learned them. Some of the Indian graduates at Dartmouth were smart fellows—I think fully equal to the writing of this song. It is not perfect in its construction, by any means; for instance, the third stanza, which is somewhat incoherent, although a very sweet, pretty thing. The first line of the same stanza is strong evidence of Indian origin, as Indians' hair is always a 'burnished' black, and here were *three* black-haired fellows."

From still another quarter comes the legend that the song emanated from Williams College, and that it was sung by three young men, just graduating there, who had met in a meadow, in the shade of a great haystack, to consecrate themselves to the work of foreign missions among the earliest that America had known. One of their number was said to have composed the song entire, and the especial proof lay in the second stanza:

Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parched beneath a hostile sky;  
Though the deep between us rolls,—  
Friendship shall unite our souls,  
Still, in Fancy's rich domain,  
Oft shall we three meet again.

Three standard English collections, published within the past sixty years, have contained the song without the stanza to which tradition points in proof of Indian origin. No authorship of the words is given, but the air is spoken of in one place as the work of Samuel Webbe, in another as the work of Dr. William Horsley. SAMUEL WEBBE, was an English composer, born in London in 1740. His father, who was wealthy, died suddenly when about to assume a government office in Minorca, and the property was taken from

his widow and infant son. Mrs. Webbe was rendered so destitute that she was obliged to deny her son education, and when he was but eleven years old to apprentice him to a cabinet-maker. This business he hated, and though he knew not a note of written music, his fondness for the art led him to undertake to copy it. He copied from five in the morning till midnight. He also studied French, Hebrew, German, and Latin, and finally employed an Italian music-master, after which he attempted composition. His music was received warmly, and he became a favorite teacher. He made numberless songs, anthems, masses, etc., including the music of "When shall we three meet again?" which is spoken of as his "celebrated glee."

DR. HORSLEY was a well-known English composer, born thirty years later than Webbe, whose pupil he was. He either made a new composition for the words of this song, or re-arranged his teacher's air. The former supposition is more probable, as two different airs are given.

Where the song appears in these English collections there is no definite information as to the authorship of the words; but one of the three attributes them to "a lady." Is it not probable that the glee was written before the words which accompanied it? The words seem like those of some one leaving home for a foreign land, expecting years of absence. May it not be that they were written by the wife of an English missionary who was about to accompany her husband to his distant work? At any rate, the song was no doubt written in England and brought to this country when Dartmouth College was in its infancy. The first Indian graduates, met in the "bower" for their farewell, might recall the song, but would desire to have something a little more expressive of their circumstances. One of their number would write the stanza which indicates Indian origin, and the song might pass as his own, without such intention on his part. In corroboration of this, is the fact that that stanza is not contained in the English versions, and is very greatly inferior to the rest in poetic merit. The song was no doubt sung again at Williamstown, and by the same method by which a shrewd saying has been fastened in turn upon each college president in the country, it would be easy to transmit the supposed authorship of this song from the Dartmouth students who added a stanza to the Williams students who sang it on a memorable occasion.

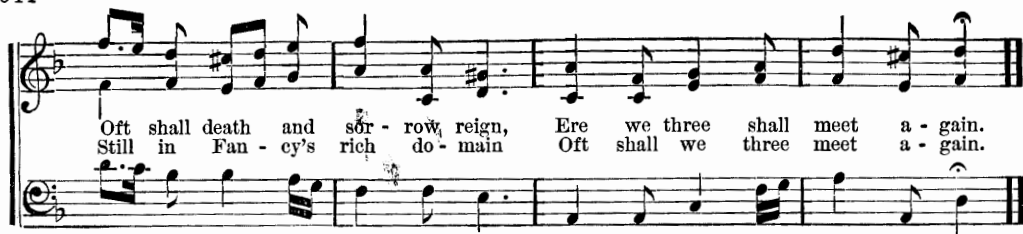
Harmonized by Edward S. Cummings.

1. When shall we three meet a - gain? When shall we three meet a - gain?  
 2. Tho' in dis - tant lands we sigh, Parch'd be - neath the burn - ing sky;

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system shows the vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, with two stanzas of lyrics. The second system shows the bass line in G major, 6/8 time, with lyrics for a third stanza.

Oft shall glow - ing hope ex - pire, Oft shall wear - ied love re - tire,  
 Tho' the deep be - neath us rolls, Friendship shall u - nite our souls;

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system shows the vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, with lyrics. The second system shows the bass line in G major, 6/8 time, with lyrics.



Oft shall death and sor-row reign, Ere we three shall meet a-gain.  
 Still in Fan-cy's rich do-main, Oft shall we three meet a-gain.

When shall we three meet again?  
 When shall we three meet again?  
 Oft shall glowing hope expire,  
 Oft shall wearied love retire,  
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
 Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,  
 Parched beneath the burning sky;  
 Though the deep between us rolls,  
 Friendship shall unite our souls;  
 Still in Fancy's rich domain  
 Oft shall we three meet again.

When around the youthful pine  
 Moss shall creep, and ivy twine;  
 When these burnished locks are gray,  
 Thinned by many a toil-spent day,  
 May this long-loved bower remain,  
 Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,  
 When its wasted lamp is dead;  
 When in cold oblivion's shade  
 Beauty, Wealth, and power are laid,  
 Where immortal spirits reign,  
 There shall we three meet again.

## THE MESSENGER BIRD.

THE familiar duet which follows is still another joint production of MRS. HEMANS and MRS. ARKWRIGHT,—the former being the author of the words, and the latter of the music. An American lady wrote an answer to the song, in 1827, which is included in some editions of Mrs. Hemans's works.

*Espressivo.*



Thou art come from the spi-rit's land, thou bird! thou art come from the spirit's  
 land, Thro' the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard, And



tell of the shadowy band, tell of the shadowy band.

The first system of the score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics 'tell of the shadowy band, tell of the shadowy band.' The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music is in a minor key and features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment.

We know that the bow'rs are green and fair, In the

The second system continues the piece with three staves. The vocal line has lyrics 'We know that the bow'rs are green and fair, In the'. The piano accompaniment includes a *pp* (pianissimo) marking in the left hand.

light of that summer shore, And we know that the friends we have

*espress.*

The third system continues with three staves. The vocal line has lyrics 'light of that summer shore, And we know that the friends we have'. The piano accompaniment features a *espress.* (espressivo) marking.

lost are there, They are there, they are there, And they weep no more.

The final system consists of three staves. The vocal line has lyrics 'lost are there, They are there, they are there, And they weep no more.' The piano accompaniment concludes the piece.

*Molto espress.*

But tell us, but tell us, Tell us, thou bird of the

sol - emn strain, Can those who have lov'd for-get? We call and they

an - swer not a - gain, We call, and they an - swer not a - gain; Oh!

say do they love us yet, do they love us yet, do they love us yet?

We call them far thro' the si - lent night, And they speak not from cave nor

hill, We know, thou bird! that their land is bright, But say, Oh! say do they

love there still, do they love there still, do they love there still?

Thou art come from the spirits' land, thou bird!  
 Thou art come from the spirits' land:  
 Through the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard,  
 And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair  
 In the light of that summer shore, [there,  
 And we know that the friends we have lost are  
 They are there — and they weep no more!

[thirst  
 And we know they have quenched their fever's  
 From the fountain of youth ere now;  
 For *there* must the stream in its freshness burst  
 Which none may find below!

And we know that they will not be lured to earth  
 From the land of deathless flowers,  
 By the feast, or the dance, or the song of mirth,  
 Though their hearts were once with ours.

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,  
 And bent with us the bow,  
 And heard the tales of our fathers' days,  
 Which are told to others now!

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain!  
 Can those who have loved forget?  
 We call — and they answer not again —  
 Do they love — do they love us yet?

Doth the warrior think of his brother *there*,  
 And the father of his child?  
 And the chief of those that were wont to share  
 His wandering through the wild?

We call them far through the silent night,  
 And they speak not from cave or hill;  
 We know, thou bird! that their land is bright,  
 But say, do they love there still?

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

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

“ Sae dear that joy was bought, John,  
Sae free the battle fought, John,  
That sinfu' man e'er brought  
To the Land o' the Leal.”

When Lady Nairne was growing old, a friend urged her to give her some particulars of her composition. Of this one she wrote: “The ‘Land of the Leal’ is a happy rest for the mind in this dark pilgrimage. . . . Oh yes! I was young then. . . . I was present when it was asserted that Burns composed it on his death-bed, and that he had it *Jean* instead of ‘John’; but the parties could not decide why it never appeared in his works, as his last song should have done. I never answered.”

The authorship of her poems was often discussed in her presence, and although she said once that she “had not Sir Walter's art of denying,” she must have had more than ordinary control over her countenance and speech, as well as very faithful friends to keep her secrets; for although her songs were universal favorites, the source of many of them was unknown even to her kindred, until the close of her life. The year before her death, when she had reached her seventy-ninth year, Lady Nairne was in Edinburgh, the home of her happy married life, and also of the friend for whom she wrote this song, when one evening a young kinswoman, telling her unconsciously that she was about to play what she felt sure would please her, stirred deep memories and hopes in the breast of the aged gentlewoman with her own exquisite song about “The Land o' the Leal.”

When Burns sent Thomson his song of “Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,” asking that it might be set to the air called “Hey, tuttie, taittie,” he said that he had shown the air to Urbani, who was highly pleased with it, and begged him to make soft verses for it. Burns never did so; but Lady Nairne's words are sung to that very air which we associate with one of the most stirring songs in existence, — with only the addition of an opening note.

*Adagio.*

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The tempo marking is *Adagio*. The first two staves are marked with *pp* (pianissimo) and the third staff is marked with *legato*. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

1. I'm wear - in' a - wa', John, like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John, I'm wear - in' a -  
2. Our bon-nie bairn's there, John, She was both guid and fair, John; And, oh! we grudged her

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final two lines. The score includes a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment in the right hand, and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

wa' To the land o' the leal. There's nae sor-row there, John, There's  
sair To the land o' the leal. But sorrow's sel' wears past, John, And

neith-er could nor care, John, The day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.  
joy's a-com-in' fast, John, The joy that's aye to last In the land o' the leal.

I'm wearin' awa', John,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John ;  
I'm wearin' awa'  
To the Land o' the Leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, John,  
There's neither could nor care, John ;  
The day is aye fair  
In the Land o' the Leal.

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

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,  
Sae free the battle fought, John,  
That sinfu' man e'er brought  
To the Land o' the Leal.  
Oh ! dry your glist'nin' e'e, John,  
My saul langts to be free, John,  
And angels beckon me  
To the Land o' the Leal.

Oh ! haud ye leal and true, John,  
Your day's wearin' through, John,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the Land o' the Leal.  
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,  
This world's cares are vain, John,  
We'll meet, and we'll be fain  
In the Land o' the Leal.

## GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

TIME out of mind this tune has been played at the breaking up of social parties in Scotland, and some of her ablest song-writers have written words to be sung to it, all of them founded upon an old farewell melody called "Armstrong's Good-Night."

The most familiar version is that of SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Bart. He was the eldest son of the biographer of Dr. Johnson, and was born in Scotland, October 9, 1775, and was educated

at Oxford. When he was twenty years old his father died, leaving him a large estate. With literary taste and leisure he spent several years in travel, and then took up his permanent abode in his Scottish home of Auchinleck. He wrote both prose and verse, and some of his poems were reprinted in London. Sir Alexander suggested the erection of a monument to Burns on the banks of the Doon, and advertised that a meeting would be held to discuss the matter. The day arrived, and the hour,—yes, and the man, just one. Sir Alexander took the chair, and his friend became clerk. Suitable resolutions were proposed, seconded, and recorded, and the meeting broke up in perfect harmony. The resolutions were immediately printed and widely circulated, and the result was a public subscription of two thousand pounds, and Sir Alexander laid the corner-stone of the monument. He died from the effects of a shot received in a political duel, on the 27th of March, 1822.

“Johnny Armstrong’s Good Night,” the famous old air to which the parting songs are set, was called “Fare-thou-well, Gilk-nock-hall.” In “The Complaint of Scotland,” the tune is mentioned as one of the dances to which the “lycht lopene” shepherds tripped the green, said in the “Complaint” to be “ane celest recreation to behold, and called “Thonne Ermistrange’s dance.” Gilknock-hall, in Liddesdale, was the ancient seat of the Armstrongs. The Armstrong to whom the words of the later songs refer, was named Thomas, and was said to have been executed in 1601, for the murder of Sir John Carmichael, of Edrom, Warden of the Middle Marches. The words which he was said himself to have made and sung were these:

“This night is my departing time,  
The morn’s the day I mun awa’;  
There’s no a friend or fae of mine,  
But wishes that I were awa.

“What I hae done for lack o’ wit  
I never, never can reca’;  
I trust ye’re a’my friends as yet—  
Gude night, and joy be wi’ ye a’!”

Goldsmith was so touched by this song in his youth, that nothing he heard sung in after years could charm him like it. In a letter to Hodson he says: “I go to the opera, where Signor Columba pours out all the mazes of melody. I sit and and sigh for Lishoy’s fireside, and ‘Johnny Armstrong’s last good-night’ from Peggy Golden.”

Benjamin Franklin, while travelling beyond the Alleghany Mountains, stayed for a while with a Scottish family living in a lonely place. One evening as they sat in the front door, the lady of the house sang “Sae happy as we a’ hae been,” in a way so touching that tears came to the eyes of the philosopher, and thirty years afterward he used to speak of the strong impression it made upon him.

Arranged by Edward S. Cummings.

*Moderato.*

The musical score is arranged for voice and piano. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score consists of three systems. The first system is a single melodic line for the voice. The second system shows the piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a simple bass line. The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the first system of the music.

1. Good night, and joy be wi’ you a’, Your harm - less mirth has cheer’d my heart; May  
2. When on you muir our gal - lant clan Frae boast - ing foes their ban - ners tore, Who  
3. The auld will speak, the young maun hear, Be can - tie, but be guid and leal; Your

life's fell blasts out o'er ye blow, In sor - row may ye nev - er part.  
 show'd him - sel' a bet - ter man, Or fier - cer waved the red clay - more?  
 ain ills aye ha'e heart to bear, A - nith - er's aye ha'e heart to feel.

My spir - it lives, but strength is gone, The mount - ain fires now blaze in vain: Re -  
 But when in peace—then mark me there, When through the glen the wan - d'r'er came, I  
 So, ere I set, I'll see you shine, I'll see you triumph e'er I fa'; My

mem - ber, sons, the deeds I've done, And in your deeds I'll live a - gain.  
 gave him o' our hard - y fare, I gave him here a wel - come hame.  
 part - ing breath shall boast you mine, Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a',  
 Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart;  
 May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blow,  
 In sorrow may ye never part.  
 My spirit lives, but strength is gone,  
 The mountain fires now blaze in vain;  
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,  
 And in your deeds I'll live again.

## OUR FAMILIAR SONGS.

When on yon muir our gallant clan  
 Frae boasting foes their banners tore,  
 Who showed himsel' a better man,  
 Or fiercer waved the red claymore?  
 But when in peace — then mark me there,  
 When through the glen the wanderer came,  
 I gave him o' our hardy fare,  
 I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear,  
 Be cantie, but be guid and leal;  
 Your ain ills aye ha'e heart to bear,  
 Anither's aye ha'e heart to feel.  
 So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,  
 I'll see you triumph e'er I fa';  
 My parting breath shall boast you mine,  
 Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

Burns, in a letter written at the happiest period of his life, says: "Ballad-making is now as completely my hobby as ever fortification was Uncle Toby's; so I'll e'en canter away till I come to the limit of my race (God grant that I may take the right side of the winning-post), and then, cheerfully looking back on the honest folks with whom I have been happy, I shall say or sing 'Sae merry as we a' ha'e been,' and raising my last looks to the whole of the human race, the last words of the voice of Colia shall be 'Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.'"

This is the closing stanza of Lady Nairne's version of the song:

My harp, fareweel! thy strains are past,  
 Of gleefu' mirth, and heartfelt wae;  
 The voice of song maun cease at last,  
 And minstrelsy itsel' decay.  
 But, oh! where sorrow canna win,  
 Nor parting tears are shed ava',  
 May we meet neighbor, kith and kin,  
 And joy for aye be wi' us a'!



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