

COLE'S
Monster Music Series



FOLIO OF
Baritone
Songs



E. W. COLE,
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BARITONE SONGS

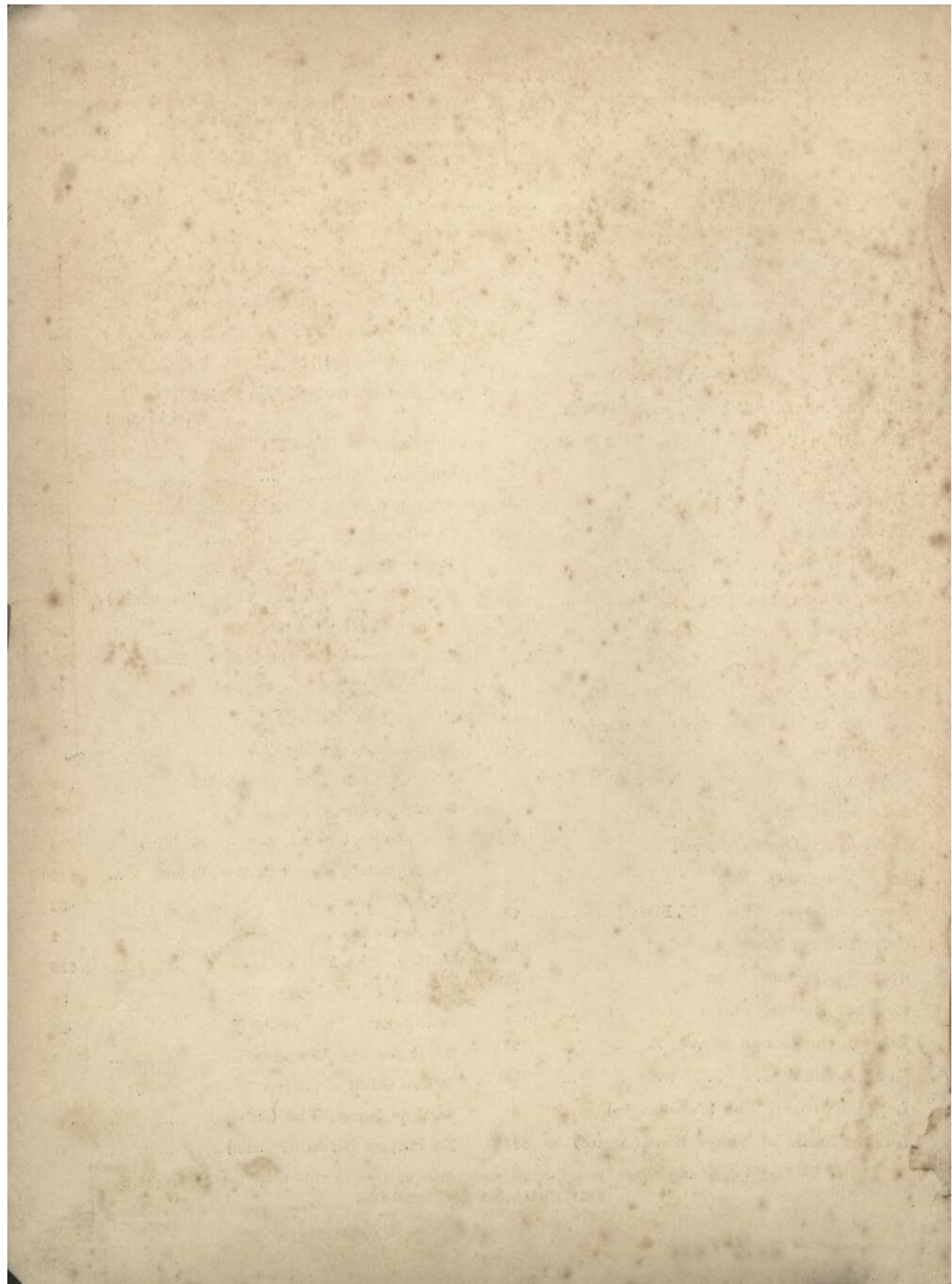
AND SONGS SUITABLE FOR BASS.

Compiled and Edited by Richard Blackaller.

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To Anthea.

WORDS BY HERRICK.

MUSIC BY J. L. HATTON.

Allegro.

Bid me to live, and I will live Thy Pro-tes-tant to

ff *Dim.*

be; Or bid me love, and I will give A lov-ing heart to...

p

thee:..... A heart as soft, a heart as kind, A heart as sound and

free,..... As in the whole world thou canst find, That heart I'll give thee,

Dim. *mf*

Bid

that heart stay, and it will stay, To honour thy decree; Or

Cres. *f* *p*

bid it languish quite a way, And't shall do so for thee. Bid

sempre p

me to weep, and I will weep, While I have eyes to see, And

Cres.

hav'ing none, yet I will keep A heart to weep for thee. Bid

f

me despair, and I'll des-pair, Un-der that Cy-press tree; Or

bid me die, and I will dare E'en Death, to die for thee. Thou

p *f* *sempre f*

art my life, my love, my heart, The ve-ry eyes of

cres: molto.

me: And hast com-mand of ev'-ry part, To

con passione. *ff*

live and die for thee.

colla voce *ff*

The Irish Emigrant.

WORDS BY LADY DUFFERIN.

MUSIC BY G. BARKER

rit

1. I'm sit-ting by the stile, Ma-ry, where we sat side by side, On a
 2. I'm ve-ry lone-ly now, Ma-ry, the poor make no new friends, But

bright May morn-ing long a-go, when first you were my bride; The
 oh! they love the bet-ter still the few our Fa-ther sends; And

corn was spring-ing fresh and green, and the lark sang loud and high, And the
 you were all I had, Ma-ry, my blessing and my pride, There's

red was on your lips, Ma-ry, and the love-light in your eye.
 no-thing left to care for now since my poor Ma-ry died.

The place is lit-tle chang'd, Ma-ry, the
slower I'm bid-ding you a long fare-well, my

day is bright as then The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green again, But I
 Ma-ry kind and true, But I'll not for-get you, dar-ling, in the land I'm go-ing to. They

rit.
 miss the soft clasp of your hand, and the breath warm on your cheek, And I'll
 say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines al-ways there, But I'll

rit.

p a tempo.
 still keep list-ning to the words you he-ver more may speak, you
 ne'er for-get old Ire-land, were it fif-ty times as fair, were it

p

1st time. never more may speak. *Last time.* *D.C. al %* fif-ty times as fair....

Loch Lomon'.

Key E2.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Slowly.
p dolce.

1. By

yon bon-nie banks and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch

mf

Lo - mon', Where I and my true love were ev - er wont to gae, On the

REFRAIN.

Piu mosso.

|| d, d.- : m, s.- | l : s, m | r : - | d || s, | d : d, r | m : m, r |

bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - - - mon'; O ye'll tak' the high road, and

|| d : d, l, s, : s, t, | d : d, d | d : m, s | l : - | s : s |

I'll tak' the low road, And I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye, But

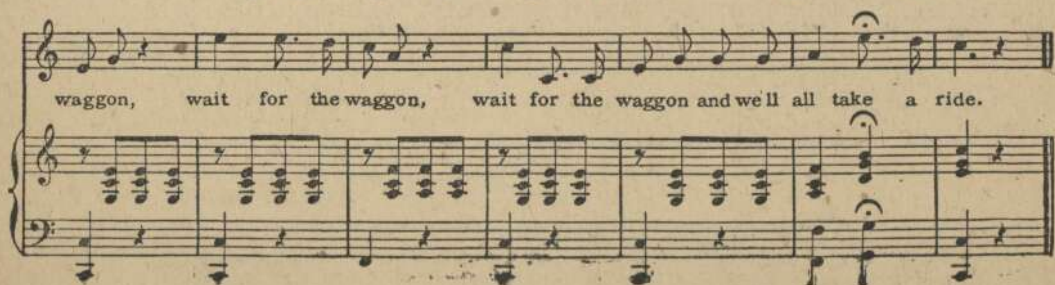
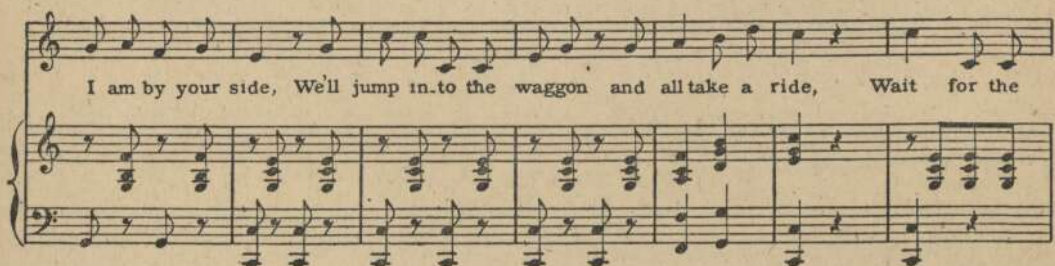
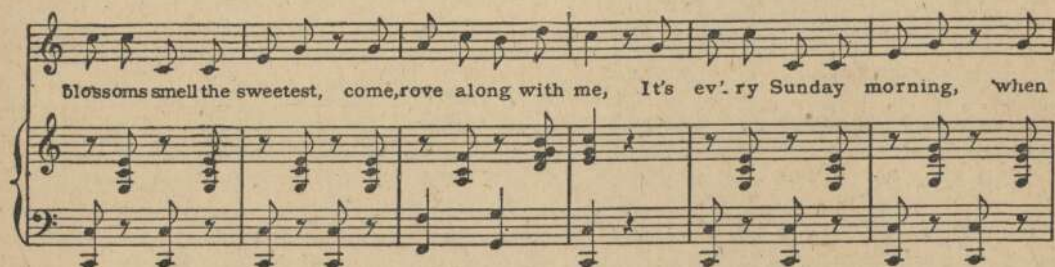
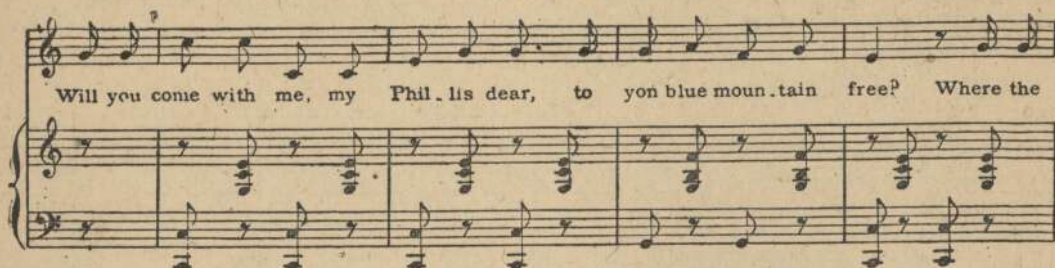
|| l : l, s | m : m, s | f, m : r, d | l, : s, t, | d, d.- : m, s.- | l : s, m | r : - : d D.C.

me and my true love will never meet again On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo - - - - mon'. fz fz D.C.

2. 'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
 Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
 And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.—O, ye'll tak' the high road, etc.
3. The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
 And in sunshine the waters are sleepin',
 But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
 Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'.—O, ye'll tak' the high road, etc.

Wait for the Waggon.

Allegretto.



CHORUS *to be repeated after each Verse.*

SOP. Wait for the waggon, Wait for the waggon, Wait for the waggon, and we'll all take a ride.

ALTO Wait for the waggon, Wait for the waggon, Wait for the waggon, and we'll all take a ride.

TENOR. Wait for the waggon, Wait for the waggon, Wait for the waggon, and we'll all take a ride.

BASS Wait for the waggon, Wait for the waggon, Wait for the waggon, and we'll all take a ride.

qua

2

Where the river runs like silver, and the birds they sing so sweet,
I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good to eat;
Come, listen to my story, it will relieve my heart;—
So jump into the Waggon, and off we will start.

Wait for the Waggon, &c.

3

Do you believe, my Phillis, dear, old Mike, with all his wealth,
Can make you half so happy as I, with youth and health.
We'll have a little farm, a horse, a pig, and cow;
And you will mind the dairy, while I do guide the plough.

Wait for the Waggon, &c.

4

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so slick and neat,
All braided up with dahlias, and hollyhocks so sweet,
It's ev'ry Sunday morning, when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the waggon, and all take a ride.

Wait for the Waggon, &c.

5

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 Waggon, and all take a ride.

Wait for the Waggon, &c.

* Here's a Health unto His Majesty.

Music by J. SAVILE, 1678.

1. Here's a health un-to His Ma-jes-ty, With a fal lal lal la la la la; Con-
 2. Here's a toast un-to His Ma-jes-ty, With a fal lal lal la la la la; Suc-
 ver-sion to his e-nemy, With a fal lal lal la la la la; And he that would not
 cess to all his po-li-cy, With a fal lal lal la la la la; And he that would not
 pledge his health, We'd wish him nei-ther health nor wealth, Nor yet a rope to hang him-self,
 pledge his health, We'd wish him nei-ther health nor wealth, Nor yet a pond to drown him-self, }

CHORUS.
 With a fal lal lal la la la la la la la, fallal lal lal la la la la la.

1st Verse. **last Verse.**

The Jolly Waggoner.

When first I went a wag-gon-ing, A wag-gon-ing did go, I

fill'd my pa-rents hearts' Full of sor-row, grief, and woe, And ma-ny were the

CHORUS.

hard-ships That I did un-der go. *rit.* Sing wo, my lads, gee wo, Drive *a tempo*

on my lads, he-ho, Who wouldn't lead the life of a jol-ly wag-gon-er?

2.

3.

4.

It is a cold and stormy night,
And I'm wet to the skin;
But I'll bear it with contentment
Till I get into the inn,
Then I will get drinking,
With the landlord and his friends.

Now, summer, it is coming,
What pleasure we shall see!
The small birds are singing,
In every green tree,
The blackbirds and the thrushes
Are whistling in the grove,

Now Michaelmas is coming,
What pleasures we shall find!
It will make the gold to fly my boys,
Like chaff before the wind;
And every lad shall take his lass,
And set her on his knee,

Sing wo, my lads, &c.

Sing wo, my lads, &c.

Sing wo, my lads, &c.

Life on the Ocean Wave.

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

Allegro.

Ses.

PIANO.

8 KEY G.

{ : s₁ : s₁ : d : d | d : - : r | m : - : - | - : d : r | m : m : m | f : - : m | r : - : - | - : r : t₁ }

1. A life on the o - cean wave, . . . A home on the roll - ing deep, . . . Where the
2. Once more on the deck I stand . . . Of my own sweet gli - ding craft, . . . Set
3. The land is no longer in view, . . . The clouds have be - gun to frown, . . . But

{ s₁ : (s₁) : t₁ | r : (r) : m | f : - : - | - : f : s | l : (s) : s | f : m : r | d : - : - | - : : | : : | : : }

scat - ter'd wa - ters rave, . . . And the winds their re - vels keep. . . .
sail, fare-well to land, . . . The gale blows fair a - baft. . . .
with a stout vessel and crew . . . We'll say let the storm come down . . .

{ : : | : d : r | m : m : m | f : - : m | r : - : - | - : r : t₁ | s₁ : (s₁) : t₁ | r : (r) : m | f : - : - | - : s : l }

A home on the roll - ing deep, . . . Where the scat - ter'd wa - ters rave, . . . And the
Of my own swift gli - ding craft, . . . Set sail, fare-well to land, . . . The
The clouds have be - gun to frown, . . . But with a stout vessel and crew . . . We'll

{ | 1 : (s) : s | f : m : r | d : - : - | ^ : d : t_1 | l_1 : (l_1) : t_1 | d : - : r | m : - : - | - : d : t_1 | l_1 : (l_1) : t_1 | d : - : r }

winds their re - vels keep. . . Like an ea - gle caged I pine . . . On this dull un - chang - ing
gale blows fair a - baft. . . We shoot thro' the spark - ling foam . . . Like an o - cean bird set
say let the storm come down . . . And the song of our hearts shall be . . . While the wind and the wa - ters

{ | m : - : - | - : (m) : m | m : m : m | m : - : m | m : - : - | - : m | m : m : m | m : - : m | f : ^ : - : - | s_1 : ^ : - : - ||

shore, . . . Oh! give me the flash - ing brine, . . . The spray and the tem - pest's roar. . .
free, . . . Like the o - cean bird our home, . . . We find far out on the sea. . .
rave, . . . A life on the heav - ing sea, . . . A home on the bound - ing wave. . .

CHORUS.

{ : s_1 | s_1 : d : d | d : - : r | m : - : - | - : d : r | m : m : m | f : - : m | r : - : - | - : r : t_1 }

A life on the o - cean wave, . . . A home on the roll - ing deep, . . . Where the

scat - ter'd wa - ters rave, . . . And the winds their re - vels keep. . . The winds, . . . the

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

winds their re - vels keep.

Dal. 8

*The Jolly Miller.

Old English tune and words. 17th Century.

Allegretto.

1. There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Livd on the riv - er Dee,.... He
 2. I live by my mill, she is to me Like pa - rent, child, and wife,... I

workd and sung from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he.... And this the bur - den
 would not change my sta - tion For a - ny o - ther in life.... No law - yer, surgeon or

of his song For e - ver used to be,.... I care for no - body, no, not I If
 doc - tor, E'er had a great from me,.... And I care for no - body, no, not I, If

no - bo - dy cares for me....
 no - bo - dy cares for me....

The Mill-Wheel.

(VOLKSLIED.)

Words by WM. JAMES PILLOW.

Moderato.

PIANO, *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, 4/4 time, starting with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and a half note G. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and a half note G.

The Mill - Wheel sings a mer - ry lay In yon - der charm - ing vale,..... Where
The Mill - Wheel once to me was dear, And sweet its round - e - lay,..... For

The first system of the song features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal melody is in G major, 4/4 time, and the piano accompaniment is in G major, 4/4 time.

beau - ty oft will wend her way, To list to lov - er's tale,..... Where
there my lov'd one vow'd to be Still mine though far a - way,..... For

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody is in G major, 4/4 time, and the piano accompaniment is in G major, 4/4 time.

beau - ty oft will wend her way To list to lov - er's tale,.....
there my lov'd one vow'd to be Still mine though far a - way,.....

The third system of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody is in G major, 4/4 time, and the piano accompaniment is in G major, 4/4 time.

The Mill-Wheel soon, alas! was sought
By other favoured swain,
To whom my lov'd one gave her heart,
While mine was rent in twain

The Mill-Wheel still, methinks, I hear,
But sad to me its song,
For each revolving murmur speaks
Reminding of my wrong.

Believe.

Words by
W. C. MC KIBBIN.

Music by
AUG. BEHRBÖHM.

Andante cantabile.

Be.

p *f* *f* *p*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

lieve that I love thee my far — dis — tant one. Be — lieve not my

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

si — lence — was cold — ness be — gun. Be — lieve that no

mf *mf*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

B. 52.

rag - ing of mea - sure - less sea. Can stay the sweet

p *appas.*

p *cresc.*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

sing - ing of my heart for thee My love 'tis the

dim. *sostenuto melodie marcato*

f *dim.* *f*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

eve - ning in these lone - ly lands, And tired is my

cresc. *f*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

brain love, And toil worn my hands: The work is un - ceas - ing and

rall. *a tempo*

dim. *prall.* *a tempo* *f* *dim.*

Red. * *Red.* *

pp meno

irk - some to me Be - lieve that 'tis sweetened By vi - sions of

p *pp*

pp *f con forzi* *rit.*

thee. — Then cheer thee my fond one and hope for the best, — And

pp *f* *rit.*

watch for the home ship that sails from the west; — For

f *dim.* *f*

mf

soon — as its tim - bers — shall cleve — the white foam, Be -

mf *f*

mf *f*

rall.

lieve — me re - joic - ing — with thee love at home. —

The Saucy May.

SEA SONG.

Words by
F. AMOS.

Music by
MORTON ELLIOTT.

Moderato.



A tight lit - tle craft is the Sau - cy May, Right
When out - ward bound we sail from the old stone quay, We
The voy - age near - ly o'er, boys, our hearts beat high, An'

well she rides o'er the roll - ing sea; An' with a fresh'ning breeze she can
hail our wives and sweethearts with a part - ing cheer; An' tho' 'tis hard to leave our loves an'
mer - ry are the songs we sing from morning until night; An' when at last the watch sings out the

show the way To oth - ers, built to car - ry twice the sail o' she. Our
brave the sea, We trust to Him who rules the main, an' off we steer; To
wel - come cry, We look a - head an' once a - gain our home's in sight! Ah!

Skipper an' our crew are staunch an' brave an' true, An' proud are we beneath her flag to sail. When distant lands we roam, an' far from friends at home, We sing o' dear old England ev'ry night; "Our loving hearts a - shore will beat with joy once more, To see the Saucy May ride in to port. An'

stormy winds blow drear, we've no thought of fear, For the Saucy May can weather out a loved ones far a - way, an' the Saucy May, That's the toast, the skipper gives us with de - join us too with glee in a three times three, To the lit - tle craft we love boys, as we

gale. light. When the winds blow free o'er the bright blue sea, Right gaily sails the Saucy May a - ought.

cross the bay, Mid' the sparkling foam, she's at once at home; What jol - ly, jol - ly times have we, when

sail - ing.

MARIETTA.

Words by G.W.B.

Arr. by RICH: BLACKALLE

Moderato.

VOICE.

1. By a fir - en - cir - cled lake - let, Nursed by
 2. By the lake - let in the moun - tains, Where the

PIANO.

moun - tains scarred and grey; There I met her slow - ly straying, As the
 storm-clouds screen the sky; Where the wa - ter creeps and shivers, And the

cresc.
 sun - light died a - way. 'Twixt the trees and pla - cid wa - ter, With the
 storm-blast rush - es by. There she brings me words of com - fort, Soft - er,

rust - ling boughs above; There my stam'ring tale I told her, there her
 sweet - er, sweet - er than of yore; There she meets me still, my darling, on that

eyes confess'd their love.
fir en_cir_cled shore.

rit. *tempo.* "Fe-li-ce not-te, Ma-ri-

et-ta, fe-li-ce not-te, Ma-ri-et-ta, fe-li-ce not-

rall. *rit.* te, Ma-ri-et-ta, Ma-ri-et-ta, Ma-ri

et-ta, Ma-ri-et-ta!

THE DESERT.

Words by J.F. SMITH. Esq.

Music by LOUIS EMANUEL

Allegro Agitato.

The musical score is written for piano and organ. It consists of six systems of music. The first system is marked *Allegro Agitato.* and features a piano part with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), and an organ part with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano part has a dynamic of *f* (forte) and the organ part has a dynamic of *sf* (sforzando). The second system continues the *Allegro Agitato.* tempo and features a piano part with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, and an organ part with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano part has a dynamic of *sf* and the organ part has a dynamic of *sf*. The third system continues the *Allegro Agitato.* tempo and features a piano part with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, and an organ part with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano part has a dynamic of *p* (piano) and the organ part has a dynamic of *p*. The fourth system continues the *Allegro Agitato.* tempo and features a piano part with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, and an organ part with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano part has a dynamic of *p* and the organ part has a dynamic of *f*. The fifth system is marked *Moderato.* and features a piano part with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, and an organ part with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano part has a dynamic of *p* and the organ part has a dynamic of *sf*. The sixth system is marked *Mysterioso.* and features a piano part with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, and an organ part with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano part has a dynamic of *p* and the organ part has a dynamic of *pp* (pianissimo). The tempo marking *rallent.* (rallentando) is also present in the sixth system.

A lone in the desert, a lone, I'm a lone, My good steed ex.

hausted, my false guide hath flown. My path to re-co-ver I've

sought all in vain Oh God! I am lost in this de-solate plain.

Moderato.
con passione.
No stream can I find, the cool waters to sip, Or wild fruit to moisten my blood, swollen lip; Still more faintly I draw the

con grand espressione.
life parting breath; No breeze but the Simoon, whose hot kiss is death. For assistance in vain my glance wildly I fling, Not a

speck in the air save the vulture's dark wing: Soon soon shall I feel his keen beak in my breast, And the desert's hot sands prove me

rall:

last couch of rest. I am here like some wreck by the fierce billows thrown, With

mf

f death and its terrors to struggle alone. In this contest with death, the deep pang that rends, Is the

Andante. affettuosa.

ff *p* *p*

thought of those dear ones, wife, children and friends, Must I die? must I die? see the vulture draws

con passione. *agitato e accelerando.*

p a tempo. *rall:*

near Hu - man - i - ty's form can no more cause him fear, Hu - man - i - ty's form can no more cause him fear.

rall:

*Allegro.
agitato.*

Still near - er he draws,

ff

sf

sf

He wheels o'er my head I

feel at his com - ing my last hope hath fled, The Vul - ture's fierce

Moderato.

scream mocks my cry of despair. And

mad - ness seems mingling its voice in my pray'r.

Allegretto.

pp scherzando.

tr

tr Hark! hark! 'tis a bell, faintly sound ing

Allegro con fuoco.

hear Some Arabs of the desert, and camels draw near! Oh God! mock me not with

con passione.

vain fleeting hope! If my false ear deceives me, life's last link is broke. I am saved! I am saved! friends, friends are

cres.

hand, They see me, they hear my lone cry on the sand. And near er, and nearer the ca mel bell

tr

rings. And the vulture sails from me with out-spread ing wings, I am saved =

friends are at hand - I am saved, friends are at hand - and

near - er and nearer the ca - mel-bell rings, And the vulture - sails from me with out - spreading

wings, I am saved, I am saved, I am saved, I am saved!

ff *Presto.*

The Sea King.

Words by
G. LINLEY.

E. J. Loder.

Edited by
H. B. HOO

Maestoso con spirito.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'PIANO.' and 'Maestoso con spirito.' The piano part features a driving bass line with chords and a more melodic upper line. The vocal line enters with the lyrics: 'Here in my sea girt cave My sov' reign-ty I hold And from the depths of ocean's wave, Call up my spi - rits bold, And from the depths of ocean's wave, Call up my spirits bold'. The score includes dynamic markings such as *ff*, *fz*, *p*, *cresc.*, and *f*. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

Here in my sea girt cave My sov' reign-ty I hold And from the depths of

o - cean's wave, Call up my spi - rits bold, And from the depths of

o - cean's wave, Call up my spirits bold No

sceptred pow'r be - longs to me, No gems, no gems my brow a - dorn, Yet

p

all, yet all o - bey yet all, yet all o - bey; And none there be, and

Andantino.

none there be, Who laugh my laws to scorn. When twi-light steals with

fp

ling' - ring pace, Like some fair bride to rest, — And the Mer-maid hides her

glow - ing face Be - neath the wa - ters breast — And the Mer - maid hides her

glowing face Be - neath the wa - ters breast, — Be - neath the wa - ters breast.

Tempo I.

Then round my rock-y throne, I bring the spi - rit of my will — And

all o - bey, For I am King, And none can work me ill — And all o - bey, for

I am King, And all o - bey for I — am King, And all o - bey —

for I — am King!

The Prodigal.

SACRED SONG.

THE WORDS ADAPTED BY
RICH: BLACKALLER.

COMPOSED BY
GUSTAV KRENKEL.

Andante Religioso.

VOICE.

PIANO.

ff con forza

sf

sf dim.

p

p Con passione e sostenuto

Hear me, I

cres. sf dim.

p

p

p

pray thee! O fath - er, hear my cry to thee!

rall.

fs

dim.

p

cres.

(c)

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* Published separately at 2/- net in keys to suit all voices.

f con gran forza.

Grant me thy bless - ing Vouch - safe thy lov - ing

Tempo.

f *cres.* *ff*

grace to me, thy lov - ing grace to me. O

p rall

cres. *dim. e rall.* *p* *p*

a tempo

fath - er! I have sin - ned, 'gainst Heav'n and be -

mf *mp*

fore thee, I have sin - ned 'gainst Heav'n - 'gainst

p *cres.* *poco* *a* *poco*

con fuoco.

Heav'n — and be-fore thee, And am no more —

Grandioso. meno mosso.

worth - y To be call - ed thy son. O

fath - er I have sin - ned 'gainst Heav'n — and in thy

sight. — I long that gen - tle voice to hear,

p Andante Maestoso.

Long thine hon - or'd name to bear — Take me to thy heart once *con forza.*

more! Lov - ing fath - er as of yore. — The *dim:*

fath - er heard that plain - tive cry, Saw his son as *ff* *rall dim:*

he drew nigh, — Ran and fell up - on his breast Then gent - ly *p* *Tempo con espress.* *melodia marcato* *pp* *accol.* *Tempo meno.* *sf* *cres.* *dim.* *p*

con passione. rall. Tempo piu mosso.

led him home to rest And with bright dance and lay They

rall. p mp³ coll voce. p

pass'd glad hours a way, For this, my son, the

coll voce rall. a tempo. accel.

fath-er said! Still lives, he is not dead, My

dim. p dim. p cres.

con passione.

son, the father said Still lives, he is not dead!

The Storm.

Words by Adelaide Procter.

Music by John Hullah.

PIANO.

fz *Con moto.*

1. The tempest rages wild and high, The waves lift up their voice and cry Fierce
 2. thunders roar, the lightnings glare, Vain is it now to strive or dare; A
 3. curtain'd was the lit-tle bed, Soft pil-low'd was the lit-tle head; "Th

fz *f*

à piacere. *a tempo primo.*

answers to the an-gry sky... Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne. Thro'the black night and
 cry goes up of great des-pair:. Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne. The stor-my voi-ces
 storm will wake the child" they said... Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne. Cow'ring among his

f *dim.* *colla voce.* *p*

Slentando.

driving rain A ship is struggling, all in vain To live upon the stor-my main;
 of the main, The moaning wind, and pelting rain Beat on the murs'ry win-dow pane,
 pil-lows white He prays his blue eyes dim with fright, "Father, save those at sea to night!"

cres. *mf* *fz*

gives

*a piacere.*D.C. 

Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne, Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne.
 Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne, Mi-se-re-re Do mi ne.
 Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne, Mi-se-re-re Do mi ne.

2. The
 3. Warm

*Colla voce.**slentando.**gues**gues**Un poco meno mosso.*

The morning shone all clear and gay On a ship at an-chor in the bay, And

a piacere.

on a lit-tle child at play: . . . *Pausa lunga.* Glo-ri-a Ti-bi

Pausa lunga

Do-mi-ne, Glo-ri-a Ti-bi Do-mi-ne . . .

But Thou did'st not Leave.

Composed by G. F. HANDEL

KEY C. *Lah is A.*
 RECITATIVE.

VOICE. *He was cut off out of the land of the liv - ing:*

PIANO. *p Sost.*

VOICE. *for the trans-gres-sion of my peo - ple was he strick - en.*

PIANO. *p ff*

AIR. *Andante.* KEY G.

VOICE. *But thou didst not leave his soul in hell;*

PIANO. *p expres. cres.*

VOICE. *But thou didst not leave his soul in hell;*

PIANO. *dim. p f*

{ | s : f . m . r . d | t₁ : . s₁ | f : m . r | r : . d^{D.t.} | d¹ : t . r¹ | s . s : - . d¹ | d : - . r | m . f : s . l }

thou didst not leave his soul in hell; nor didst thou suffer, nor didst thou suf - fer thy

p

{ | t . d¹ : r¹ . m¹ | l : - . r¹ | t : - . t | d¹ : d¹ | : | : | : | : }

Ho - ly One to see cor - rup - tion.

cres. *f*

{ | : | : . f.G. dolce. s₁ | r : r . t₁ | s₁ : . s | d : t₁ | l₁ : . l₁ | r : d | t₁ : . r }

But thou didst not leave his soul in hell; thou didst not leave, thou

p

{ | s : f | m : . s | t₁ : - . d | r : | : | : . m | f . m : f . r | m . r : m . d }

didst not leave his soul in hell; nor didst thou suf - fer thy

f *p*

Ho - - - ly One to see cor - rup - tion,

cres.

didst thou suf - fer, nor didst thou suf - fer thy Ho - ly One to see cor - rup - tion

cres.

nor didst thou suffer, nor didst thou suffer thy Ho - ly One, th

Cres.

Ho - ly One to see cor - rup - tion.

colla voce.

Cres.

f

Rit.

Be with Me Still.

Words adapted from
E. A. POE.

Music by
THOMAS ANDERTON.

Andante.

p

At morn at noon at....

twi - light dim, O Fa - - ther thou hast heard my hymn; In

joy..... and woe In.... good and ill Fa ther a - bove be

with me still!

*Also published separately in E, with Violin obbligato ad lib.

When the hours flew bright.ly by And not a cloud ob - scur'd the sky, My

soul, lest it should tru.ant be Thy grace and guide to..... thine and thee.....

Now when storms of fate o'er cast Dark - ly my pres.ent and my past Let my fu.ture

ra.diant shine With sweet hopes of thee and thine With sweet hopes of thee and

thine. At morn..... at

noon at... twi - light - dim O Fa - ther thou hast

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp). The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note 'noon', followed by a quarter note 'at...', then a half note 'twi -', a quarter note 'light -', and a half note 'dim'. This is followed by a half note 'O', a quarter note 'Fa -', a half note 'ther', and a quarter note 'thou', ending with a half note 'hast'. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a dense texture of chords in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

heard..... my hymn In joy..... and woe In... good..... and

The second system continues the vocal line with 'heard.....', 'my hymn', 'In joy.....', 'and woe', 'In...', 'good.....', and 'and'. The piano accompaniment maintains its chordal texture, with some melodic movement in the right hand.

ill Fa - ther a - bove be with..... me still

The third system continues the vocal line with 'ill', 'Fa - ther a - bove', 'be with.....', and 'me still'. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic chordal accompaniment.

Be with me still Be with me still Fa - ther a -

The fourth system continues the vocal line with 'Be with me still', 'Be with me still', and 'Fa - ther a -'. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic chordal accompaniment.

bove..... be... with..... me still.

The fifth system concludes the vocal line with 'bove.....', 'be...', 'with.....', and 'me still.'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

But the Lord is mindful of His Own.

Sacred Song from "St. Paul."

Written by W. BALL.

Composed by MENDELSSOHN.

Andantino. (♩ = 66).

KEY G.

VOICE.

PIANO.

{ | s₁ : l₁ | s₁ :- s₁ | f e₁ l₁ : d d | d : t₁ . | s₁ d : n s | s f : n r | r :-

But the Lord is mind-ful of His own..... He re - mem - bers His chil - -

{ | d : s₁ : l₁ | s₁ :- s₁ | f e₁ l₁ : d d | d : t₁ . | D. t. : s₁ | s :- n | s f : n r

dren. But the Lord is mind-ful of His own;.... the Lord re - mem - bers H

Ritard.

{ | r :- n | n : d | f :- | - n : r d | d : r d | d : | : | :

chil - - - dren, re - mem - - - bers His chil - - - dren.

mf

{ | : | : | *d.f.O. Lah is A.* :r :r .m | f :f .f | f :— | m : | 1 :— .1 | *cres.* :1 }

Bow down before Him, ye mighty, for the Lord is

p *cres.*

{ | m :— | m : | *D.t.m. Lah is B.* :r :r .m | f | f .f | f :— | m : }

near us! Bow down before Him, ye mighty:

f *p*

{ | 1 :— .1 | *cres.* :1 | *f* :— | — :— | m : | *f.G. p* :1 }

for the Lord is near us! yea, the

cres. *f* *dim.* *p*

{ | a₁ : - . a₁ | f a₁ . l₁ : d . d | d : t₁ . | a₁ . d : m . s | s . f : m . r | r : -

Lord is mind-ful of his own..... He re - mem - bers his chil -

{ | d : | . l₁ : d . d | d : t₁ | : d | d : t₁ | : m

- dren, Bow down be - fore Him, ye might - y, for

{ | f : - | - : a₁ | a₁ : - | - : - | a₁ : - | : | : | :

Lord is near us!

The Bell-Ringer.

Written by John Oxenford.

BALLAD.

Composed by W. Vincent Wallace.

Andante ma non troppo.

p

dolce.

decres. pp

set the bell a ring . . ing, When the bride to the al . . tar was
 set the bell a toll . . ing, When the bride to the church . yard was
 set the bell a . peal . . ing, When in sha . dow is bu . ried the

led borne day And I lov'd to hear it swing . . ing So
 And the dis . . mal notes went roll . . ing To
 And a won . . d'rous spell is steal . . ing O'er the

p

mer-ri-ly o-ver my head The chil-dren flung gay
 tell... of a heart... for-lorn; The won-d'ring chil-dren
 hearts of the grave.... and gay; The a-ged hear the

p

gar-lands round, While I sent forth the to-cund sound, Then
 stood a-ghost, As sa-ble mourn-ers them pass'd "And
 fun'-ral chime Of slow-ly, sure-ly ay-ing time, The

ma-ny tears were shed, but yet, The young lip smil'd while the
 she is gone, so fair, so young," Thus loud la-ment-ed the
 youth-ful hear a cheer ing strain, That tells them day will re-

pp *cres.* *rall. un poco.*

In Tempo.

cheek was wet Ah!..... me,
 i-ron tongue Ah!..... me,
 -vive a-gain Ah!..... me,

colla voce. *p*

8

ah! me, ah! me.... a song of
 ah! me, ah! me.... a song of
 ah! me, ah! me.... a song of

joy..... and hope, Was heard... a - far as I pull'd my
 per - ish'd hope, Was heard... a - far as I pull'd my
 grief..... and hope, Is heard a - far as I pull my

mf

8 8 8

1st & 2nd Verse. *p* Sotto voce.

rope, as I pull'd my rope.
 rope, as I pull'd my rope.

pp *dim.*

p *pp*

D.C. 3.

I
I

last verse. *cres.* *molto*

rope A song of grief and hope..... Is heard a. far as I

rall. pull— my rope.

colla voce. *rall. e dim.* *pp*

The Heart Bow'd Down.

Larghetto Cantabile.

M. W. BALFE.

mf

1. The

heart, bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak-est hopes will cling; To
mind will in its worst despair Still pon-der o'er the past, On

thought and in - pulse while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, That can That
moments of de - light that were Too beau - ti - ful to last, That were too

can no com - fort bring. With those ex - ci - ting scenes will blend, O'er
beautiful, too beautiful to last. To long de - part - ed years ex - tend, Its

pleasure's path - way thrown, But } mem'ry is the on - ly friend That
visions with them flown, For }

grief can call its own, That grief can call its own, That grief can call its

own. 1st time. Last time.

2. The FINE

Simon the Cellarer.

Words by W. H. BELLAMY.

Composed by JOHN L. HATT

Allegretto.

PIANO.

KEY D.

p || : s | d' : - . t : l | s . m : - : f | s : d : r | m : - : s | d' : t | l : m : - : fe | s : - : - | - : :

1. Old Si - mon the Cel - lar - er keeps a large store Of Malm-sey and Mal - voi - sie.....

|| l : - se : l | r' : - . de' : r' | s : - . fe | s : d' : - : s . s | s : - . f : m | f : - : f | f : - : - | m : - :

Cy - prus, and who can say how ma - ny more! For a cha - ry old soul is he.....

|| r : s : l | t : d' : l | s : - : - | - : : s | s : l | t : d' : m : s | l : s : fe | s : - :

cha - ry old soul.. is he..... Of Sack and Ca - na - ry he ne - ver doth fail,

all the year round there is brew - ing of ale, Yet he ne - ver ail - eth he

Sua.

a Tempo. quaint - ly doth say, While he keeps to his so - ber six fla - gons a day; But

sost.

ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go, But

ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.

mf

2 Dame Margery sits in her own still room,
And a matron sage is she;
From thence oft at Curfew is wafted a fume;
She says it is Rosemarie, she says it is Rosemarie,
But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair,
And the maids say they often see Margery there.
Now, Margery says that she grows very old
And must take a something to keep out the cold!
But, ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know
Where many a flask of his best doth go;
But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know
Where many a flask of his best doth go.

3 Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair,
And talks about taking a wife;
And Margery often is heard to declare,
She ought to be settled in life, she ought to be settled in life.
But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,
And she's not very handsome, and not very young;
So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,
And Simon then brews him a tankard instead!
While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow,
What marry old Margery? no, no, no,
While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow,
What marry old Margery? no, no, no!

The Friar of Orders Gray.

Allegro non troppo ma con spirito.

PIANO.

Key D.

{s | d' :- :d' | d' :t :d' | r' :- :s | d' :- :t | d' :t :l | s :f :m | r :- :d | t :- :r | s :l :s | s :- :l :s | s :- :l :t | d' :-

1. I am a fri-ar of Or-ders Gray, And down the val-lies I take my way; I pull not black-ber-ry, haw, or hip; G

A.t.

|| l :- :l | l :- :t :l | l :t :de' | r' :- :r's | f :r :f | m :d :m | r :- :t :s, | d :- :s | f :r :f | m :- :m | r :t :s, | d :- :

store of ven'-son does fill my scrip; My long bead-roll I mer-ri-ly chaunt, Wher-ev er I walk no mo-ney I want, Wh

f.D.

|| f, :- :s, l, | s, :- :m | r :d :t, | d :- : | : : | : : | : : | : : :d's | s :- :l :t | d' :- :d | d :- :m :fe | s :- :

- ev - er I walk no mo-ney I want.

And why I'm so plump, the rea-son I'll tell, W

ad lib. a tempo,

{ | 1 : - t : d' | t : - : m | m : - ba : se | 1 : - : m | 1 : - : l | d : - : f : - : r : - : m : - : m | m : - : l, : - : l : - : s | d' : - : r : d' | t : - : s

leads a good life is sure to live well, Who leads a good life is sure to live well !..... What ba - ron or squire, or

{ | 1 : - : t : l | s : - : m | f : - : s : f | m : - : r : d | f : - : m | r : - : s | d' : t : l | s : - : - | 1 : s : f | m : - : m | f : - : m : r | d : - : m : f

knight of the shire, Lives half so well as a ho - ly friar! Lives half so well, half so well, Lives half so well as a

{ | s : s | s : - | - : - : | - : - : | - : - : | - : s : f | m : r : m | d : r : m | f : m : f | r : m : f | s : f : s | m : f : s | l : s : l | t : l : t | d' : - : - : - : s

ho - ly friar,..... as a ho - ly friar,..... a

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'ho - ly friar,..... as a ho - ly friar,..... a' written below the notes. The Soprano part starts with a half note 'ho', followed by a quarter note 'ly', and then a half note 'friar'. The Alto and Tenor/Bass parts follow a similar pattern, with the Tenor/Bass part starting with a half note 'ho', followed by a quarter note 'ly', and then a half note 'friar'. The score ends with a double bar line.

{ d': t: l: s: f: m | l: s: f: m: r: d | f: m: r: d: t: l: s: - - l: - - - | r': - - l: t: - - s | d': - - l: - - f: s: - - l: - - s | d: - - l: - - - }

friar, Lives half so well as a ho - ly friar !.....

L'Allegretto

p

Dal 8

The Village Blacksmith.

Words by
LONGFELLOW

Allegro moderato

Music by
W. H. WEISS.

Under a spreading chesnut tree The vil - lage smithy stands; The smith a mighty

man is he, With large and sin - ewy hands; And the muscles of his braw - ny arms are

strong as i - ron bands. His hair is crisp, and black and long, His face is like the

tan; His brow is wet with ho - nest sweat, He earns what e'er he can And

looks the whole world in the face For he owes not a ny man.

Week in week out, from morn till night, You can hear his bellows

blow; You can hear him swing his heavy sledge; With measured beat and slow, Like a

sexton ringing the vil. lage bell, When the evening sun is low. And chil. dren coming

home from school Look in at the o. pen door; They love to see the flam. ing forge And

hear the bellows roar, And catch the burning sparks that fly Like chaff from a threshing floor...

He goes on Sun-day

to the Church and sits among his boys, He hears the parson pray and preach. He

hears his daughter's voice Singing in the vil-lage choir, And it makes his heart re-joice:- It

sounds to him like her mother's voice Sing-ing in Pa-ra-dise! He needs must think of

her once more How in the grave she lies; And with his hard, rough hand he wipes A

rall. tear out of his eyes. *f a tempo* Toiling, re-joicing, sor-row-ing, Onward through life he

pp colla voce

goes; Each morn-ing sees some task be-gun, each eve-ning sees it

close; Something at-tempted some thing done, Has earned a night's re- pose

The Diver.

DS BY G. DOUGLAS THOMPSON.

MUSIC BY EDWARD J. LODER.

Andantino.

mf

Cres

f

p

pp

Cres.

In the

ca - verns deep of the o - cean cold, The Di - ver is seeking a treasure of gold, In the

ca - verns deep of the o - cean cold, The Di - ver is seeking a treasure of gold;

Risking his life for the spoil of a wreck, Taking rich gems from the dead on her deck; And

fear - ful such sights to the Di - ver must be, Walking alone walking alone,
Cres. *pp*

Walking alone in the depths of the sea!
mf

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

pale that he wants but the still - ness of death To look like the forms he has left in the caves,
p

Silent and cold 'neath the trembling waves, Silent and cold 'neath the trembling waves. How
p

fear-ful such sights to the Di-ver must be --- Walking alone in the depths of the sea. And

Mam-mon's the mas-ter and Man is the slave, Toil-ing for wealth on the brink of the grave,

Leaving a world of sun-light and sound For night-like gloom and a silence profound; And

fear-ful the death of the Di-ver must be, Sleeping alone, sleeping alone,

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

*TINKER TOM.

WORDS BY BERNARD A. MASSEY.

MUSIC BY J. AUSTIN CAMERON.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO. *f*

mf

1. A jol - ly old fel - low is Tin - ker Tom, And he's known to the whole coun - try
3. And he always is welcome, is Tin - ker Tom, To sit by the bright fire.

side; And he carols a snatch of a quaint old catch, As he hammers his pans And his
side, - He can ral - ly the maids, And can chaff all the blades, Always e - qual the rest with a

ket - tles and cans. Thro' all sorts of weather he trudges a - long He's a merry old fellow is
sto - ry or jest; And rattles his hammer while trolling a song, Such a merry old fellow is

* Also published separately in B2 & C.

B.51.

poco rit. *a tempo.* *mf con spirito.*

Tin - ker Tom, is Tin - ker Tom! — Tra lan, tra lan, tra
Tin - ker Tom, is Tin - ker Tom! — Tra lan, tra lan, tra

poco rit. *a tempo.* *mf con spirito.*

lan - tan - tan, Not one can come near him at mending a pan: Tra lan, tra lan, tra
lan - tan - tan, There's no one can beat him at mending a pan; Tra lan, tra lan, tra

f

lan - tan - tan, He's a merry old fellow, A merry old fellow is Tin - ker
lan - tan - tan, He's a jol - ly old fellow, A jol - ly old fellow is Tin - ker

f

for last verse only. 1st verse.

Tom! — Tom! —
Tom! — Tom! —

Fine.

mf *p*

2. A ten - der heart has old Tin - ker Tom, For he once lov'd a comely young lass; In the

p

churchyard she lies, And his tears often rise; For it leaves a keensmart in his tender old heart; While the

mf *mf*

people all think as he trudges along, What a merry old fellow is Tin - ker Tom! Tra -

mf

poco rit.

- lan, tra - lan, tra lan - tan - tan, He tries to drown care as he hammers a pan; Tra lan, tra - lan, tra

mf *poco rit.*

quietly.

- lan - tan - tan, His troubles he keeps to him - self, — does Tom! —

p *colla voce.* *p* *mf*

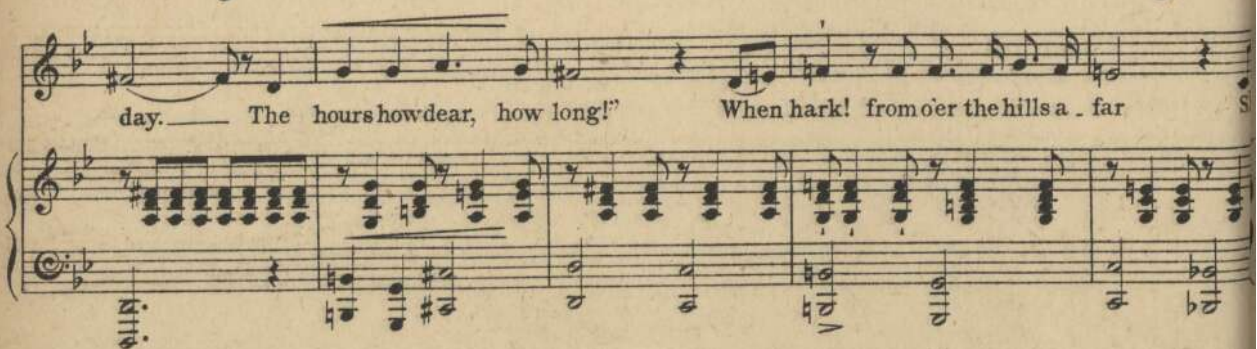
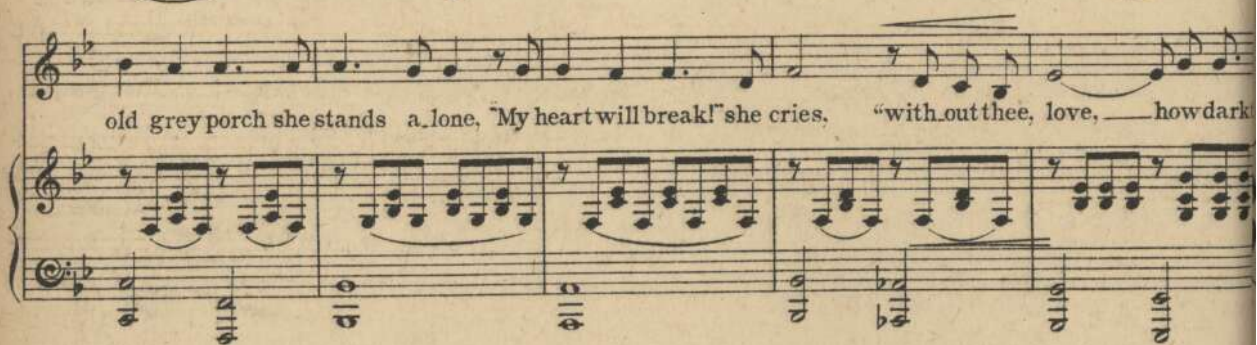
D.C. §

* I come to thee.

Words by
G. HUBI NEWCOMBE.

Music by
OSMAN JEROM

Andante affettuoso.



a tempo

"O love, my love! — my guid-ing star, — I'll come to thee — from lands a-

a tempo

far, When cowslips bloom — with breath of Spring, And soft south winds — the roses

bring, And in the glade — the woodbirds sing, — Then love, I'll come, — Then love, I'll

come, — I'll come, I'll come to thee! — *a tempo*

ff *p* *rall.* *col* *canto*

p a tempo

O'er the old greyporch the ro-ses bloom, The

p a tempo

flow - 'rets o'er the lea, With hope - ful heart the mai - de

mp sings, "Dear love! I wait for thee!" *cresc. accel.* When, ah! a step a down

mp *a tempo* path! It makes her heart re - joice, It is her love! her love at

meno f last! She hears the well known voice It

rall. is her love, her love at last! She hears the well known voice:

a tempo

O love, my love! my guid-ing star! I come to thee from lands a-

mp a tempo

far, The cowslips bloom with breath of Spring And soft south

p

winds the ro-ses bring, And in the glade the wood-birds

sing, O love! I come, O love! I come, I

f *ff*

rit. come, I come, to thee!"

rit. col canto f

* A DRINKING SONG.

Words by H. ERNEST HUNT.

Music by GERARD F. COBE

Allegro molto animato.

ben marcato.

PIANO.

f sempre animato, e non legato.

1. Ho! all ye that sit a - round! Come, let care in
2. Ho! all ye that drink a - round! Fill your bowls and

mf

drink be drowned; Here the best of wine is found,
pipes well browned, Let con-viv-ial jests re-sound,

cres.

From the cel-lar un-der-ground:-
Mirth and all good will a-bound.

f

poco slentando. So

cres. *ten.*

drink, jol-ly neigh-bours, drink and sing, We'll make the mer-ry

pizz. f

pizz. f

wel-kin ring, — The stew-ard still more wine doth bring, So

rit. *a tempo.*

rit. *a tempo.* *espress.* *poco rit.*

drink, jol-ly neigh-bours, drink and

poco pesante.

pesante. *ten.*

sing!

Tempo primo.

ff *f* *D.C. al fine*

3. Ho! all ye that lie a-round! Drink hath this good even-ing crowned,

f *f*

espress: rall - en - tan -

Pipes — and wine will ne'er be found When we're ten feet

espress: rall: sempre colla voce.

do.

f *Piu Vivace.*

un - der - ground. *poco slentando.* So drink, jol - ly neigh - bours,

a tempo.

cres *rit:* *a tempo.*

drink and sing, We'll make the mer - ry wel - kin ring, — The stew - ard still more

cres: *sf* *rit:* *a tempo.*

allargando. *ff a tempo.*

wine doth bring, So drink, jol - ly neighbours, drink — and

poco rit: *allargando.* *ten.* *ff a tempo.*

sing!

fff molto vivace. *sf*

ad.

*THE JESTER'S SONG.

WORDS BY FLORENCE HOARE.

Music by E. M. FLAVELL.

Brisk, and with spirit.

PIANO.

ff

Sing ho! for cap and bells, Sing ho! for mot - ly

gown — I live to laugh my raiment tells, And fear no monarch's frown. Think, sirs, I en - vy

cres. *mf*

you? — Who climb by guile and wile? — A fool a lone may speak the truth, And

rit. *f* *rit.*

rall. *tempo.*

greater fools must smile. Ho! Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Sing

rall. *tempo.*

* Also published separately in C. & F.

ho! for cap and vest and garb of mot - ley hue. The fool who makes his

dai - ly jest May sometimes laugh at you. Sing ho! for cap and vest And

garb of mot - ley hue. The fool who makes his dai - ly jest, May some - times laugh at you.

Ho! ho! my la - dyes faire, Who yawn thro' sum - mer shine, Me -

thinks the mask you have to wear, Is grim - mer far than mine. Tho' harsh the jes - ter's

ff *cres.* *rit.* *ff* *tempo.* *rit.* *ff* *mf*

bell's. For ev - er on the ring, The hon - eyed whis - pers of the false, Must

rud - er dis - cord bring. Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

ho! Sing ho! for cap and vest — And garb of mot - ley hue. The

fool who makes his dai - ly jest May some - times laugh at you. Sing ho! for cap and

vest, And garb of mot - ley hue: The fool who makes his dai - ly jest May

some - times laugh, may laugh at you

some - times laugh, may laugh at you

rit. ff presto vivace

rit. *f* *rit.* *rall.* *tempo.* *cres.* *rit.* *8va* *rit.* *ff* *presto vivace*

When Jack's at Sea.

Words by
THOMAS WARD.

Music by
GODFREY MARKS.



1. When Jack's a - way the
2. When Jack's a - way we

The vocal melody is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf) and forte (f). The piano part includes some figured bass notation (V) under the bass line.

house is dull. We miss him night and day, His
hear at night, The wind a - mong the trees And

The vocal melody continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf) and forte (f).

mer - ry face a - bout the place His laugh - ter
think with lov - ing heart of him Up - on the

The vocal melody concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf) and forte (f).

✱

Published also in the keys of

{ D for Tenor.
B♭ for Baritone.
A♭ for Bass.

ring - ing gay; His laugh - ter ring - ing gay;
storm - y seas, Up - on the storm - y seas.

cresc. *f*

His cheer - y voice his friendly smile, His step so
On o - cean wild, on dis - tant lands Wher - ev - er

blythe and free We miss them all when he is
he may be, The hearts that love him watch and

gone, When Jack's a - way at sea, When
pray For Jack a - way at sea, For

rit. Jack's a way at sea. Then here's to Jack may he
 Jack a way at sea. Then here's to Jack may he

con spirito

rit. soon come back With the brave true heart of old, And his pocket full of
 gold; And here's to his ship May she have a jol - ly trip And

bring him safe - ly home A - cross the roll - ing foam.

colla voce

mf *D.C.*

The Longing Heart.

GOETHE.

English words by RICH: BLACKALLER.

P TSCHAIKOWSKY.

Andante non tanto.

PIANO *p espress.*

On - ly the long - ing heart can tell the an - guish —

— In which, cut off from ev - 'ry joy, I lan - - guish!

fin f

The Longing Heart

I gaze in -
un poco marcato.

to the heav'ns, at yon-der glist-ning star, And, yearning,

poco cres.

think of nought but one a way so far. On-ly the

dim. *pp* *cresc.* *mf*

long-ing heart can tell the sor-row, That ab-sence

p *cresc.*

f *cresc.*

lends to — each new mor - row, That ab - - - - - sence

cresc. *stringendo.*

ff *pp molto riten.*

lends — to each new mor - row! On - ly the

a tempo.

long - - - - - ing heart can tell the an - guish, — In which, out

espress.

off from ev - ry joy I languish!

pp

The Resting-Place.

(RELLSTAB.)

Edited, and with English words by RICH. BLACKALLER.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Allegro non troppo, ma con forza.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in the bass clef, while the left hand plays a simple melody. The tempo is marked 'Allegro non troppo, ma con forza'. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

The first vocal entry is on a single staff. The lyrics are: "Dark rushing stream, Mad-ly doth race; Weir'd bar-ren rock, My rest-ing". The piano accompaniment is on two staves below the vocal line, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The second vocal entry is on a single staff. The lyrics are: "place! Dark rushing stream, Mad-ly doth race— Weir'd bar-ren rock, My rest-ing". The piano accompaniment is on two staves below the vocal line.

The third vocal entry is on a single staff. The lyrics are: "place. Wave breaks o'er". The piano accompaniment is on two staves below the vocal line, featuring dynamics of *sf* (sforzando), *dim* (diminuendo), *p* (piano), and *mp* (mezzo-piano).

wave as they surge a - pace; Wave breaks o'er wave as they surge a -

pace; Just as the tears — the tears floweth down my face.

Just as the tears floweth down my face.

High in the trees beat the wind and the rain, Un - ceas - ing -

ly throbs my wea - ry brain; High in the trees beat the wind and the rain, Un - ceas - ing - ly throbs my

wea - ry brain, Un - ceas - ing - ly throbs my wea - - - - ry brain.

For like the rock's ev - er - last - - ing core, For like the

rock's ev - er - last - ing core, Sor - row doth dwell - - doth dwell with me ev - er - more,

f *dim.*

Sor-row doth dwell with me ev-er-more!

Dark rushing stream, Mad-ly doth race; Weir barren rock, My resting

decresc.

place! Dark rushing stream, Mad-ly doth race, Weir, barren rock, ——— My resting place;

f *ff* *mf*

cresc. *ff* *decresc*

mp

——— Weir, — barren rock, My rest-ing place! —

p *pp* *dim.*

Ever Thine.

Words by E. R.

Music by
FRANZ ABT. Op. 213. No 3.

Moderato.

VOICE. *p*

Where'er it be,.... in si - lent night,... Or
When grief and care.... my life as - sail,... My

PIANO. *p* *pp*

midst the bu - sy toil of day, Un - ceas - ing - ly,..... with
in - most soul re - mains at rest, And nev - er can..... its

pp *mf*

poco rit: *a tempo.*

con - scious might... My love holds pa - ra - mount... its sway. } I..... am
fate... be - wail.... While thou still lov'st, and lov'st... me best.

mf *poco rit:* *a tempo. pp*

*molto espressione.**cres:*

thine, ev - er thine,..... With heart and soul and ev' - ry

p

thought, I..... am thine, ev - er thine,... And with - out

f

thee..... would life be nought.

dim:

mf *f*

D.C. al §

pp

A

heav'n - born thought brings joy divine, And sheds its ma - gic o - ver

me: *p* That thou art mine, as I am thine, For

life and for e - ter - ni - ty! I am thine, ev - er

thine, With heart and soul and ev' - - ry

thought, I am thine, ev - er

thine, And with - out thee would life be nought.

I'm thine With heart and soul and ev' - ry

thought.

O Maiden, Wondrous Fair!

WORDS BY ELLIS WALTON.

MUSIC BY L. DENZA.

Andantino.

The piano introduction is in 9/8 time, marked Andantino. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note Bb4. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note Bb3. The piece concludes with a series of chords in the right hand and a single note in the left hand, marked with a 'rit.' (ritardando) and a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction.

1st & 2nd Ped.

The first vocal entry is marked with a 'p' (piano) and a 'rit.' (ritardando). The lyrics are: "1. When the flow'rs were all a sleep,..... When the birds were hid from sight,..... And the 2. Oh my heart, it was a dream,..... Not too bliss-ful for be-liev-ing, I a-". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with occasional chords.

The second vocal entry is marked with a 'p' (piano) and a 'rit.' (ritardando). The lyrics are: "earth was drink-ing deep..... Of the sweet-ness of the night;..... Then, be- wait its fair-ful fil-ment, For her face, I well di-vine,..... Was too". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern, with occasional chords and a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction.

The third vocal entry is marked with a 'p' (piano) and a 'rit.' (ritardando). The lyrics are: "- fore my tran-ced, gaze..... Stood a maid-en wondrous fair,..... With a ten-der to be cru-el, And too no-ble for de-ceiv-ing, So I". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern, with occasional chords and a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction.

The fourth vocal entry is marked with a 'p' (piano) and a 'rit.' (ritardando). The lyrics are: "ten-der smi-ling face,..... And the moon-shine on her hair..... I know that I shall meet again This lit-tle love of mine;..... Then the". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern, with occasional chords and a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction.

* Also publ in keys of Eb & G.

listen'd, wait - ed long,..... so long, for one faint word:..... She was
birds may wake and sing..... And the flow'rs be o - pend wide I shall

p

silent as the song..... In throat of sleep-ing bird;.... But her soft in - vit - ing
know not a - ny - thing,.... Save that we are side by side;.... I shall want no glance to

rit. *Cres: ed animando*

col canto. *cres: ed animando.*

glance; Her gen - tly wav - ing hand,.... "Come a - way," they seem'd to say,..... A
guide me I shall need no wav - ing hand,.... For my sweet, where'er we meet: There,

molto rit.

way to Love's own Land, to Love's own Land. Land, is

there is Love's own

1st time. *rit.* *Last time.*

col canto. *p* *D.C. al %*

Love's own Land.

p

The Wanderer.

(DER WANDERER.)

Allegro vivo e agitato. M. ♩ = 104.

A. FESCA.

VOICE. *f*

Wea-ry and lone - ly, onward I roam Far from my birth-place, far from my
Weit in der Fer - ne wandr'ich al - lein, kann mich der trau - ten Hei-math nicht

PIANO. *f*

dim.

home! Over the moun-tain's wild trackless way, Thro' deep ra-vines and val - leys I stray!
Heu! a-ber Ge - kluf - te geht mei-ne Bahn, Grün-de voll Grau - sen gäh - nen mich an;

p agitato e con dolcezza.

Still 'mid the dark - ness a - bove me I see . . . Hope's guid-ing star e - ver point - ing to thee!
doch es um - schwebt mich won - nig und mild, mei - ner Ge - lieb - ten zaub' - ri - sches Bild,

cres.

Still 'mid the dark - ness a - bove me I see Hope's guid-ing star e - ver point - ing to thee!
doch es um - schwebt mich won - nig und mild, mei - ner Ge - lieb - ten zaub' - ri - sches Bild

cres.

cres.

Still 'mid the dark-ness a - bove me I see Hope's guid-ing star . . e'er pointing to thee !
 loch es um-schwebt mich won - nig und mild, mei - ner Ge - lieb - ten zaub'-rich-es Bild!

cres. *f* *ff*

Sea.

Now o'er the
Und auf des

f

O - cean's wild billows' foam, 'Mid storm and tem - pest, on - ward I roam ! Lightning and
 O - cean's wo - gen - der Fluth, wie in des Wet - ters ver - heerender Wuth, selbst in des

dim.

thun - der wa - ken deep fear, No friend is nigh the dark hour to cheer;
 Ur - walds pfad - lo - sem Raum, wie an des Him - mels ent - fern - te - sten Saun,

p agitato e con dolcezza.

Still 'mid the dark-ness a-bove me I see . . . Hope's guid-ing star e-ver point-ing to thee!
 ä - ber - all sah ich won - nig und mild, . . . mei - ner Ge-lieb - ten . . . saub' - ri - sches Bild.

p

cres.

Still 'mid the dark-ness a-bove me I see Hope's guid-ing star ev - er point - ing to thee!
 ä - ber - all sah ich won - nig und mild, mei - ner Ge - lieb - - ten saub' - risches Bild,

cres.

cres.

Still 'mid the dark-ness a-bove me I see Hope's guid-ing star . . . e'er point-ing to thee!
 ä - ber - all sah ich won - nig und mild, mei - ner Ge-lieb - - ten saub' - ri - sches Bild!

cres. *f* *ff*

8va

Ye Happy Birds.

(O BITT EUCH LIEBE VÖGELEIN.)

F. GUMBERT.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

leggermente.

Ye happy birds, that round me
Wehl vie-le tan - send VÖ - ge -

sing Your varied songs of wild de - light, While gai-ly sport - ing on the wing, A-mid the
lein die sing-en hell im gru-nen Hain, sie ha-ben all swei Flüg - lein schön zu flieg-en

accelerando.

ra - dant fields of light; Oh would I had your wings so true, To wan-der
u - ber Land und See'n si ha-ben al - le süs - en Mund zu sing-en

cres.

Andante con molto espress.

'mid the a - sure blue! Then swift - ly o - ver land . . . and sea, Be -
 hell aus Her - sens - grund O bitt' each lie - be Vö . . . ge - lien, O

legato.

lov - ed, I would fly . . . to thee! Yea, I would fly . . . to
 bitt' each lie - be Vö - ge - lien, will keins, will keins . . . von

thee! . . . Be - lov - ed, I would fly . . . to thee!
 each . . . mein Bo - te, mein Bo - . . . te sein?

tr

From ev'-ry grove and wood-land
 Ich will each sen - den in ein

tr

p

bow'r, I ga-ther still thy fav'-rite flow'r, The wild birds trill the same sweet lay, But thou, a -
 Thal mit lust'gen Quel-len oh - ne Zahl, da blu - hen Blu - men süß und lind, und nei-gen

lea! art far a - way. O would that I, on pin - ions light, Could fol - low
 steh im A - bend wind, ich will euch sen - den vor ein Haus da lacht der

Andante con molto espress.
 in their track-less flight—Then swift - - - ly o - - - ver land . . . and sea, Be -
 Früh-ling selbst her - aus. O bitt' euch lie - - - be Vö - - - ge - lein, O

lov - - - ed, I would fly . . . to thee! I'd fly, I'd fly to
 bitt' . . . euch lie - - be Vö - - - ge - lein, will keina, will keina von

thee! Be - lov - ed, I would fly . . to thee! Be-lov-ed, I . . would fly to
 euch mein Bo - te, mein Bo . te sein? O bitt' euch lie - be Vö - ge -

thee!
 - lein, Be - lov - ed, I would fly to thee!
 O bitt' euch lie - be Vö . ge - lein.

FINE.

The Sailor nears the Land.

(DER SCHIFFER.)

Andante con moto.

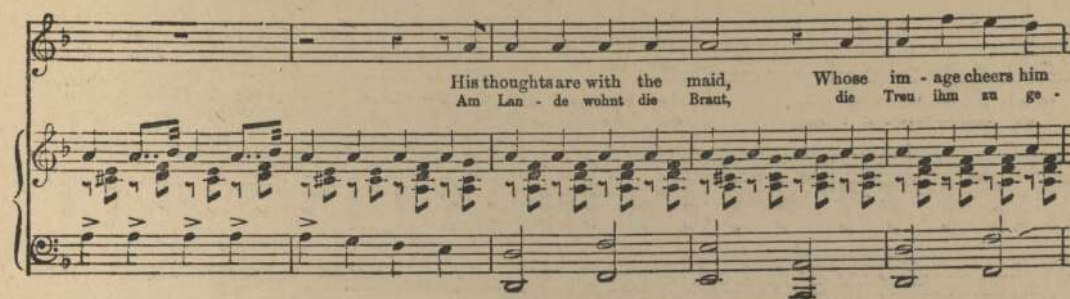
Music by F. CURSCHMANN.

VOCE.

The Sai-lor nears the land, With joy his heart is
 Der Schif-fer fährt zu Land, da hört er Glock-en

PIANO.

bound-ing; But hark, that sol-emn bell, Up - on the breeze re - sound - ing!
 lau - ten, es ist ihm un - be - kannt wass soll der Klang be - den - ten.



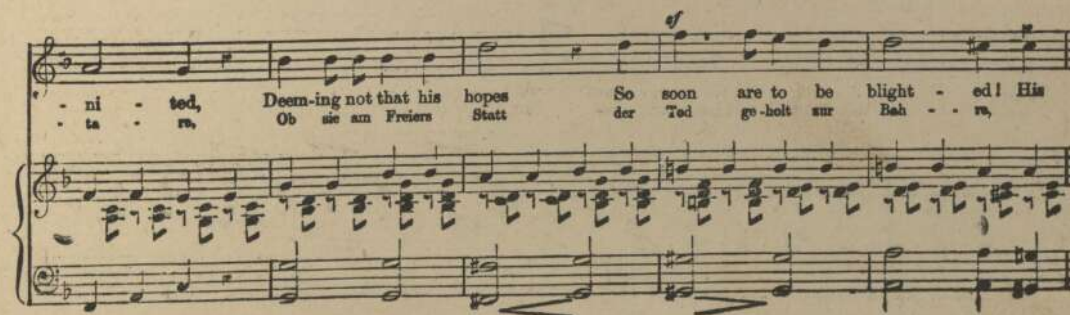
His thoughts are with the maid, Whose im - age cheers him
Am Lan - de wohnt die Brant, die Treu ihm zu ge -



ev - er, He comes to claim her hand, No more on earth to se - ver!
- schwo - ren ihm sagt der Glock - en Lant dass er die Brant ver - lo - ren.



He sees the vil - lage church, Where they should be u -
Ob sie ein An - drer hat ge - führt zum Trau - al -



- ni - ted, Deem - ing not that his hopes So soon are to be blight - ed! His
- ta - ra, Ob sie am Freiers Statt der Ted ge - holt sur Beh - re,

friends are clus-tring there, They kneel in sad de-vo-tion, Why blanch his cheeks with
 wie auch der Bräu-ti-gam, sich nen-nen, der's er-wor-ben, er fühl't's an sei-nem

fear? And why such deep e-mo-tion? He
 Gram, dass ihm das Glück ge-stor-ben. Er

ga-zes on the home, Where last from her he part-ed, Then seeks the storm-y
 sieht am Strand das Haus, und schlägt die An-gen nie-der, er fährt in's Meer hin-

wave, A-lone, and bro-ken-heart-ed.
 aus, und kelet zu Land nicht wie-dor.

pp *Morendo.*

The Outlaw.

POETRY BY H. CARL SCHILLER.

MUSIC BY EDWARD J. LODER.

Allegro maestoso.

1. Oh I am the child of the for est wild, Where the
 2. The spark ling..... brooks they... mir - ror the looks Of the
 3. The frank. lin and priest oh! they love.. to .. feast On the

red deer bound eth free; And the ma - vis sings with
 bright blue laugh ing sky: And sweet flow'rs spring, and the
 prime of the stall - ed steer, But I am the lord of the

un - caged wings, To his mate in the green - wood tree. I
 gnarld oak's fling Their migh - ty..... limbs on high. Oh! I
 free green sward, And the best of the king's fat deer And the

range at will o'er mead or hill, Or deep, or deep in the
 love to roam in my fresh green home, With our nut-brown maids, our
 abbot should fast when Lent is past, And the mass..... is

wood-land shade, With my good yew bow in my hand I go, As
 fo- rest maids, Or my bold bold freres who doff the cares, Which the
 sung and said, Ere my freres and me lack mal- voi- sie To

free as the bird or the wild red roe: And the } woods ring out with
 hol- low world- ling seeks and shares! Then }
 quaff a deep draught 'neath the green-wood tree! When the }

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

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

Ores
 f^z

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "The King of the Forest". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked "a tempo". The lyrics are: "king! I'm king! I'm king of the fo- rest glade!". The piano part features a prominent eighth-note pattern in the right hand, which is repeated multiple times. The score includes dynamic markings such as "ff" (fortissimo) and "f" (forte). The piece concludes with a "D.C." (Da Capo) instruction and a final "Last time." marking.

The Leather Bottel.

(OLD ENGLISH SONG.)

3. *(OLD ENGLISH SONG.)*

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time. The piano part features a complex, flowing melody with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The voice part enters with a simple melody. The piece concludes with a 'Fine' marking. Below the first system, the lyrics are provided for two verses. The second system of the score shows the piano accompaniment for the second verse, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The piano part consists of a steady, rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

1. When I sur. vey the world around, The wondrous things that do abound, The
2. Now what do you say to these cans of wood? Oh, no, in faith, they cannot be good, For

ships that on the sea do swim, To keepout foes, that none come in; Well
if the bear er fall by the way, Why on the ground your li. quor doth lay: But
let them all... say what they can 'Twas for one end, the use of man, So I
had it been a leather bot. tel, Although he had fallen all had been well, So I
wish him joy, where'er he dwell That first found out the leather bot. . tel...

3
Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein;
But had it been in a leather bottél,
And the stopper in, all had been well.
So I wish him joy, where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

4
Then what do you say to those black pots three?
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they tug and pull till their liquor doth spill,
In a leather bottél they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ache,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

5
At noon the haymakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown;
In summer, too, when the weather is warm,
A good full bottle will do them no harm.
Then the lads and lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they be without this bottle?
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

6
And when the bottle at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the sides you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take 'and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél,

Mother kiss'd me in my Dream.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.
Andante espressivo.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

VOICE.

1 Ly - ing on my dy - ing bed, Thro' the dark and si - lent night, Pray - ing for the coming
2 Com - rades, tell her when you write, That I did my du - ty well; Say, that when the bat - tle
3 Once a - gain I long to see, Home and kin - dred far a - way; But I feel I shall be

PIANO.

day, Came a vi - sion to my sight: Near me stood the forms I loved, In the sunlight's mellow
raged, Fighting, in the van I fell; Tell her, too, when on my bed, Slow - ly abd'd my be - ing's
dead, Ere there dawn an - o - ther day; Hope - ful - ly I bid the hour, When will fade life's fee - ble

gleam, Fold - ing me un - to her breast, Mother kiss'd me in my dream! Mother,
stream, How I knew no peace un - til Mother kiss'd me in my dream! &c.
beam, Ev - ry pang has left me now, Mother kiss'd me in my dream! &c.

mo - ther, Mother kiss'd me in my dream!

8va.....

The Sea is England's Glory.

WRITTEN BY J. W. LAKE.

COMPOSED BY STEPHEN GLOVER

Allegro con spirito.

PIANO. *ff* *sf* *cres. marcato.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady bass line. Dynamics include fortissimo (ff), sforzando (sf), and crescendo marcato (cres. marcato).

The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. The right hand features a more active melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand maintains a rhythmic bass line. A dynamic of fortissimo (ff) is indicated.

1. The sea is England's glo-ry! The bound ing waves her throne, For
 2. The sea is England's splendour! Her wealth the migh-ty main; She
 3. Thou love-liest land of beau-ty! Where dwells do mes-tic worth, Where

The vocal melody is written on a single staff. It features three verses of lyrics. The melody is in a major key with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It includes repeat signs at the beginning and end of the verses.

p

The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords, while the left hand plays a steady bass line. A dynamic of piano (p) is indicated.

a-ges bright in sto-ry, The ocean is her own In war the first, the
 is the world's de-fen-der; The humble to sus-tain; Her gal-lant sons in
 loy-al-ty and du-ty En-twine each heart and hearth! Thy rock in free-dom's

The vocal melody continues on a single staff. It includes the final lines of the lyrics. The melody is in a major key with a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

The piano accompaniment concludes with two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords, while the left hand plays a steady bass line. A dynamic of fortissimo (ff) is indicated.

rall. *allegro*

fearless Her standard leads the brave, In peace she reigns so peerless: The
 sto. ry Stand bravest of the brave, Oh! England's strength and glo. ry, Are
 pil. low The rampart of the brave, Oh! long as rolls the bil. low, Shall

colla voce. *allegro*

Em. press of the wave! The Empress of the wave! The Empress of the
 on her o. cean wave! Are on her o. cean wave! Are on her o. cean
 Eng. land rule the wave! Shall England rule the wave! Shall England rule the

wave! In peace she reigns so peerless, The Empress of the wave.
 wave! Oh! England's strength and glo. ry, Are on her o. cean wave
 wave! Oh! long as rolls the bil. low, Shall England rule the wave.

ff *DC* %

There is a Tavern in the Town.

SONG.

S. Andante.

SHOUTED.

1. There is a ta-vern in the town, in the town, And there my dear love sits him
2. He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark, Each Fri day night they used to
3. Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep. Put tomb-stones at my head and

down, sits him down, And drinks his wine 'mid.... laugh-ter free, And
spark, used to spark. And now my love once.... true to me, Takes
feet, head and feet, And on my breast carve a tur-tle dove, To

CHORUS.

nev-er, nev-er, thinks of me:
that dark damsel on his knee.
sig-ni-fy I died of love.

Fare thee well for I must leave thee, Do not

let the parting grieve thee, And re-member that the best of friends must part, must part, A.

dieu, adieu, kind friends, a dieu adieu adieu I can no longer stay with you, stay with you, I'll

poco rit.

hang my harp on a weeping willow tree, And may the world go well with thee. thee.

1st & 2nd Last.

D.C. 3.

Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen.

Allegro moderato.

1. Here's to the maid.en of bashful fif.teen Here's to the wi.dow of fif - - ty;

p

Here's to the flaunting ex - travagant quean, And here's to the house-wife that's thrif - ty

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass- I warrant she'll prove an ex-cuse for the glass.

CHORUS.

AIR.

ALTO.

Let the toast pass drink to the lass I war.rant she'll prove an ex-cuse for the glass.

TEN.

BASS.

2

Here's to the charmer, whose dimples we prize,
 Now to the maiden who has none, Sir;
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to the nymph with but one, Sir.
 Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;-
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Chorus- Let the toast pass &c.

3

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry,
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe
 And here's to the damsel that's merry
 Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;-
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Chorus- Let the toast pass &c.

LOVING SMILE OF SISTER KIND.

Words by
HENRY F. CHORLEY.

(Faust.)

Music by
CHARLES GOUNOD. 113

Andante.

PIANO.

mf

dim.



E - ven bra - vest heart may swell — In the mo - ment

of farewell, — Lov - ing smile of sis - ter kind, —

Qui - et home I — leave be - hind, — Oft shall I

think of you — When - e'er the wine-cup pass - es round,

When a lone my watch I keep, And my comrades
 lie a sleep Among their arms up on the tented battle-ground.
 But when danger to glory shall call me, I still will be first, will be
 first in the fray, As blithe as a knight in his bridal array,
 As a knight in his bridal array, Careless what fate may befall me,

cres: *dim:* *p* *colla voce.* *poco più animato* *p* *cres:* *f*

Careless what fate may be - fall me, When glo - ry shall call me.

dim:

Tempo 1mo

Yet the bravest heart may swell In the moment of farewell, — Lov - ing smile of

sis - ter kind, — Qui - et home I leave be - hind, —

cres:

Oft shall I sad - ly think of you when far a -

p *cres:* *f* *dim:*

Andante.

- way, — far a - way.

p *cres:* *ff*

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADY PLEASE.

Words by GRAHAM of GARTMORE.

Music by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Allegro con energia.

PIANO.

ff

1. If doughty deeds my lady please, Right soon I'll mount my
 2. But if fond love thy heart can gain, I nev - er broke a

steed; — And strong his arm, and fast his seat, That bears from me the
 vow; — No mai - den lays her skaith for me, I nev - er loved but

meed. I'll wear thy col - ours in my cap, Thy pic - ture at my
 you. For you a - lone I ride the ring, For you I wear the

p

heart; And he that bends not to thine eye, Shall rue it to his
blue, For you a lone I strive to sing, O tell me how to

p *cres.* *rit.*

colla voce.

smart! } Then tell me how to woo thee, love, O tell me how to woo thee! For
woo! }

p a tempo. *a tempo.*

thy dear sake no care I'll take, Tho' ne'er an o-ther trow me, For thy dear sake no

f *cres.* *f*

D.S. for 2nd Verse. *Last time.*

care I'll take, Tho' ne'er an o-ther trow me. trow me.

ff *ff*

THE STIRRUP CUP.

Written by H. B. FARNIE.

Composed by L. ARDITI.

Allegretto ma non troppo.

PIANO. *mf* *ben marcato.* *ff con brio.*

f *con spirito.*

The last sa-raband has been danced in the
I can - not ride off, I am heavy with

dim: e ritar: *sf-p*

hall, fears, The last pray'r breath'd by the mai - den ere sleep - ing. The
No gay dis-re - gard from the fla - gon I bor - row, I

f *cres:*

light of the cresset has died from the wall, Yet still a love-watch with my La - dy I'm
pledge thee in wine but 'tis mingled with tears - Twin-type of the Love that is sha - ded by

p *rall:*

keeping. My char - ger is jangling his bri - dle and chain, The mo - ment is
sorrow. Yet con - rage, mine own one, and if it be will'd That back from the

tempo. *sf* *p*

dim:

119

near - ing, dear love! — we must sever, But pour — out the wine, that thy lo - - ver may
red field thy gal - lant come never, In death — he'll re - mem - ber that she — who had

dim:

P marcato leggermente.

cres:

drain A last — stirrup - cup — to his true — maiden ever! — But pour — out the
filled His last — stirrup - cup — was his true — maiden ever! — In death — he'll re -

cres:

wine — that thy lo - - ver may drain A last — stirrup - cup — to his true — maiden
mem - ber that she — who had fill'd His last — stirrup - cup — was his true — maiden

ff *forza ed anima.*

stacc.
a piacere.

ever! A last stirrup-cup to his true mai - den ever!
ever! His last stirrup-cup was his true mai - den ever!

colla parte

f con brio.

1.

2.

I

dim:

p

DC.

O MISTRESS MINE.

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.Music by
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass line consists of a series of eighth notes. The introduction ends with a *dim:* (diminuendo) marking.

O mistress mine, Where are you roam - ing? O stay and

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line is in 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass line consists of a series of eighth notes. The accompaniment ends with a *p* (piano) marking.

hear, Your true love's com - ing. O stay and hear, Your true love's

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line is in 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass line consists of a series of eighth notes. The accompaniment ends with a *cres:* (crescendo) marking.

com - ing, That can sing, _____ that can sing both high and low.

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line is in 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass line consists of a series of eighth notes. The accompaniment ends with a *cres:* (crescendo) marking.

p
Trip no fur-ther, pret-ty sweet-ing, Journeys end in

dim: *p*

cres: *f un poco ritard.*
lov-ers meet-ing, Ev-'ry wise man's son doth know, Ev-'ry wise man's son doth

cres: *f colla voce.* *sf* *f*

know.

ff *dim:*

What is love? 'tis not here - af-ter, Pre-sent

p

mirth hath pre-sent laugh-ter; What's to come is still un-
 sure;— What's to come, what's to come is still un-
 sure. In de-lay there lies no plenty;
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twen-ty, Youth's a stuff will not endure, Youth's a stuff will
 not en-dure.

cres. *f*
cres. *f*
p
ff *dim.* *p*
cres. *rit.*
colla voce. *f*
a tempo.
sf *sf* *ff*

THE VALLEY.

123

Words by H.F. CHORLEY.

Music by CH. GOUNOD.

VOICE. *Andante quasi Adagio.* My

PIANO. *f* *dim.* *p* *f* *pp*

heart in need of rest, No long er hopes or ga - thers; Without will, with - out

pow'r — Further to strive or fly. Take me home to thy breast, — O

val - ley of my fa - thers, For one hour of re - pose, Before

lone - ly I die! —

p *mf* *cres.* *f* *dim.* *ff* *cres.* *f*

1. The

2. The

p

pp

look up on the past; As on a haunt for - sa - ken,
day draws to a close, Autumn winds are com - plain - ing, There's a

p

pp

Sha - dow'd with hea - vy clouds Like va - - pours o'er a stream;
mourn - ful, drea - ry cold, Not a star shows its ray;

p

pp

I be - lieved love could last, Now I no more can wa - ken, A
What are friends but de - ceit? What is pi - - ty but feign - ing? Go

p

pp

throb or a glow, That be - longed to my dream! —
on to thy grave, Down the dark lone - ly way!

f

poco rit.

Rest, wea-ry heart of mine, Way-ward, im-pa-tient ro-ver, Like
No! o'er the moun-tain's brow Morn will soon be steal-ing,
dolce.

tempo.

one arrived from far, With out bur-then or care, Who
 With her smile, with her smile and her song That did nev-er, nev-er be-tray. Wert thou

cres. *dim.* *cres.* *dim.*

pauses at the gate, When his journey is o-ver, To breathe for a while The balmy twilight air;—
 twice as forlorn, In Na-ture is healing, So long as the sun A-ri-seth ev-ry day!

cres. *rit. e dim. molto.* *pp tempo.*

On-ly to breathe for a while The balmy twilight air.
 Heav'n's bright and glo-rious sun That riseth ev-'ry day!

cres. *dim.* *rit. e molto.* *pp* *pp* *pp*

1st 2nd 8- *pp* *dim.* *pp* *pp*

dc. *pp* *pp* *pp*

"SPEED ON, MY BARK, SPEED ON."

Words by M.DEE, Esq:

Music by HENRY LESLIE.

Andantino.

PIANO.

mf

1. Speed on, my bark, speed on, speed on, The wind is blowing
 2. She tells of joy that once was ours, When she was all my

fresh and free. Oh! bear me to my dar - ling one Who dwells be - yond the
 hope and pride, She minds me of those hap - py hours When I was by her

p

sea. She says the skies are ev - er fair, The sun has ev - er
 side. Long years have rolled since last we met, But still she cries with

p

cres: *f* *dim:*

bright - ly shone, Yet still she is not happy there. Speed on, my bark, speed
sorrowing tone, "I can - not - wish not - to for - get?" Speed on, my bark, speed

cres: *f* *dim:*

p *f* *dim:*

on, Yet still she is not hap - py there, Speed on, my bark, speed
on, "I can - not - wish not - to for - get?" Speed on, my bark, speed

p *f* *dim:*

on.
on.

Agitato.

3. Speed on, my bark, the hour is come, No

cres: *f* *dim:*

more shall she in sor - row pine. I'll bear her to my

cres: *f* *dim:*

hap- py home, She'll be ——— for ev — er mine. We

colla parte.

meet a - gain no more to part. She can - not bear to

cres *cen*

do.
be a - lone, I long to press her to my heart, Speed

do. *f*

on, my bark, speed on, Speed on, Speed

on, my bark, speed on. *Morendo.*

I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

429

Words by
SHELLEY.

(Serenade.)

Music by
CHARLES SALAMAN.

Andante con molto espressione.

PIANO.

ppp

rit.

p

ppp

Both Peds.

night,
eye,

When the winds are breath-ing low —
And I a-las must weep —

And the stars, and the stars are burning
Thou know'st not, thou know'st not I am

bright.
nigh.

I a-rise from dreams of thee, of thee,
My cheek, my cheek is cold and wan,

I a-rise from dreams of
My heart, my heart beats

rit.

thee, of thee. And a spi - rit, a spirit in my feet hath led me who knows
 loud and fast. Oh! press it, oh! press it to thine own, Or it will break — at

< (con passione) >

Red *

how. — Hath led me to thy cham-ber win-dow, sweet Hath
 last. — Oh! press it, oh! press it to thine own, Or

pp

Red * *soft* *Red*

Misterioso.

led me to thy chamber window, sweet! { A spirit hath led me to thee, sweet, A
 it will break, or it will break at last! }

pp

Red * *Red* *

LAST VERSE.

thee

pp *rall:*

Red * *Red* *

spirit hath led me to thee.

mf

p
The wand'ring airs they faint on the dark, the silent stream, The Champak odours fail, — The

dim. *p*
Champak odours fail — like sweet thoughts in — a dream, — like sweet thoughts in a dream. The

a tempo. *cres.* *pp* *rit.*
night — in gale's complaint — it dies, — it dies — up on up — on her heart, As

a tempo. *rit.*
I — must on thine, as I — must on thine, be lov — ed as thou art, be lov — ed as thou

art. *dim.* *D.C. al §*

REVENGE.

Words by W. FITZBALL.

Music by J. L. HATTON.

Allegro feroce.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Allegro feroce'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *sf* (sforzando).

The fro-zen ser-pentin my breast ——— Wakes from its slumber cold, ——— A-
The heart I loved, the home I prized, ——— All, all are torn a-way, ——— My

The first line of the song. The vocal melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'The fro-zen ser-pentin my breast ——— Wakes from its slumber cold, ——— A-
The heart I loved, the home I prized, ——— All, all are torn a-way, ——— My'. The piano part includes chords and single notes, with dynamics like *f* and *sf*.

round my heart I feel it prest ——— With fiercely, fiercely burning fold, ——— Its
curse to live a wretch des-pised, ——— My vengeance, vengeance why de-lay? ——— The

The second line of the song. The vocal melody continues in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'round my heart I feel it prest ——— With fiercely, fiercely burning fold, ——— Its
curse to live a wretch des-pised, ——— My vengeance, vengeance why de-lay? ——— The'. The piano part includes chords and single notes, with dynamics like *f* and *sf*.

for- ked tongue with an- guish flows, Its fangs en- ven- oind tear, As if with li- quid
cru- el ones that scourge me still The wounds they cause shall share, Yes, blow for blow, be

The third line of the song. The vocal melody continues in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'for- ked tongue with an- guish flows, Its fangs en- ven- oind tear, As if with li- quid
cru- el ones that scourge me still The wounds they cause shall share, Yes, blow for blow, be'. The piano part includes chords and single notes, with dynamics like *f* and *sf*.

fire to rouse Thro' mis'-ry and des- pair, Thro' mis'-ry and des- pair, Thro' mis'-ry and des- pair.
what it may, Dis- hon-our or des- pair, Dis- hon-our or des- pair, Dis- hon-our or des- pair.

The fourth line of the song. The vocal melody continues in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'fire to rouse Thro' mis'-ry and des- pair, Thro' mis'-ry and des- pair, Thro' mis'-ry and des- pair.
what it may, Dis- hon-our or des- pair, Dis- hon-our or des- pair, Dis- hon-our or des- pair.' The piano part includes chords and single notes, with dynamics like *f* and *sf*. The piece ends with the marking *colla rocca*.

Re - venge! Re - venge! Re - venge I cry! Re - venge! Re - venge! Re -

venge! I cry! Re - - venge! Re - venge!

Re - - venge! Re - venge! Re -

venge! Re - venge! I cry! Re - venge! - ha, ha, ha, ha, Re - venge! - ha, ha, ha,

ha!

THE WILLOW SONG.

("Othello.")

Music by
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

PIANO. *Andante.*

p

And. * *And.* * *And.* * *And.* *

A poor soul sat sighing by a

sy - camore tree, Sing all - a green willow; Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee, Sing

wil - low wil - low wil - low; The fresh streams ran by her and murmur'd her moans, Her

cres: *f*

salt tears ran from her and soft - ened the stones, Sing wil - low, wil - low,

cres: *f*

wil - low, — Sing all a green willow must be my gar - land, Sing wil - low, wil - low,

pp *colla voce.* *pp*

wil - low. The fresh streams ran by her and

mf *mf*

cres: *f*
mur - mur'd her moans, Her salt tears ran from her and soft - ened the stones. Sing

cres:

wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, — Sing all a green willow must be — my gar -

f *pp* *p* *cres:* *f*

dim: *pp* *morendo.*
land, Sing wil - low, wil - low, wil - low. —

dim: *pp*

A BANDIT'S LIFE IS THE LIFE FOR ME.

Words by M. H.

Music by E. B. HARPER.

Allegretto con spirito.

PIANO.

Oh! a Bandit's life is the life for me! With a heart from care and sorrow free,

rule o'er spirits brave and bold, Who dwell in our mountain caverns old. At

dawn of morning forth we go And our carbines true o'er our shoulders throw; On

some rocky crag we a-wait our prey, And woe to the pilgrims that pass that way.

cen - - do.

Oh! a Bandit's life is the life for me! With a

cen - - do.

heart from care and sorrow free, I rule o'er spi - rits brave and bold, Who

dwell in our mountain caverns old,

Who dwell in our

moun - tain caverns old,

Who dwell in our

moun - tain cav - - - erns old.

We pocket their gold, and let them depart With

dim. *p*

pur.ses as light as the Brigand's heart; And when a fat Monk meets our view We

Andante.

crave his money and blessing too! "Be.ne.di.ci.te, Fa.ther mine! Lay thy gold at the

colla voce. *p*

ad lib.

Brigand's shrine; Sinners have need of money and pray'rs, O-ra pro no-bis!" Oh!

colla voce.

a tempo.

hor-ror, he swears! Oh! a

ff a tempo.

Ban-dit's life is the life for me! With a heart from care and sor-row free, I

p

rule o'er spi-rits brave and bold, Who dwell in our mountain caverns old,

ff

Whodwell in our moun-tain caverns old,

Whodwell in our moun-tain cav- - - - - erns old.

ff

ff

A SON OF THE DESERT.

JOHN P. WILSON.

WALTER A. PHILLIPS.

Allegro.

VOICE. 


A son of the desert am I.

PIANO. 


Allegretto.



The i - ron-clad hoofs of my horse spurn the sand, The

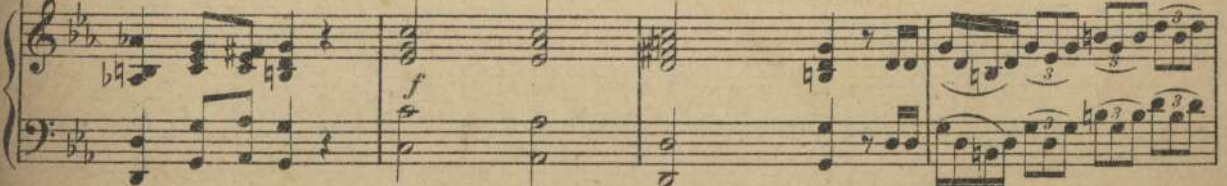


wide - spreading desert is peace - ful and grand; My good lance at rest, at my



ff ad lib.

side hangs my brand. My brave A. rab comrades come at my command.



ad lib.

For a son of the desert am I. None so

p colla voce.

p Tempo di Marcia.

dauntless and free on land or on sea, For a son of the desert am I. None so

f

dauntless and free on land or on sea, For a son of the desert am I.

Recit.

Allegro.

f

I scoff at the Sybarite's ease so secure, Lux

accel.

u-ri-ous life I could never endure: 'Tis freedom I love, tho' the world be obscure The

Grandioso.

desert's wild grandeur a - lone can allure, For a son of the desert am I. _____ None so

Tempo di marcia.

daunt - less and free on - land or on sea, For a son of the desert am I. _____ None so

daunt - less and free on land or on sea, For a son of the desert am I. _____

And I know - that Zu - li - ca a - waits, in her tent, The

fair - est in all the sun-kissed Or - i - ent; Whose form has the grace of the

palm heaven sent — She will wel — come her love — when the storm cloud is spent.

f Allegretto.

For a son of the desert am I, ——— For a son of the desert am I. ———

f Tempo di Marcia.

None so dauntless and free on land or on sea, For a son of the desert am I, ——— None so

dauntless and free on land or on sea, For a son of the desert am I. ———

Adagio.

1. The sun in the o - cean is sink - - ing, And
 2. While dark - ness on earth is still deep' - - ning, Th

day fast approaching its close, The din of the world too is dy - ing, And na - ture gives way to
 stars are on high growing bright, This heart which by day knows no glad - ness, Now soars to the hea - vens a

- pose. All those that were hop - ing and fear - ing, And striv - ing 'midst pain and de -
 night. Oh! send, ye bright orbs, sweetest slum - ber, To eyes that with wea - ri - ness

- light, In com - fort and peace are now sleep - ing, In the bal - my em - bra - ces of
 teem, Oh! free me for once from my an - guish; And show me but bliss in a

a piacere.

night, In the bal - my em - bra - ces of night.
 dream - And show me but bliss in a dream.

*dim.**colla voce.*

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(With Separate Violin Part.)

La Serenata	Braga
Caro mio ben	Giordani
Cavatina	Raff
Melody in F	Rubinstein
Andante in G	Butiste
Serenade	Schubert
Celebrated Largo in G	Handel
Traumerei	Schumann
Alice, Where art Thou?	Ascher
Serenade	Gounod
Gavotte Mignon	Thomas
Ave Maria	Bach-Gounod
Spring Song	Mendelssohn

No. 11—Popular Piano Solos.

The Siren's Song	Lindahl
Sultan's Grand March	Blake
The Joyful Peasant	Schumann
The Wayside Chapel	Wilson
Mocking Birds	Hoffmann
Les Cloches du Monastere	Weby
Shepherd's Evening Song	Blake
Moonlight on the Lake	Blake
Silvery Waves	Wyman
The Maiden's Prayer	Badarzewski
Sans Souci	Ascher
Voices from the Hillside	Rockstro
Swedish Wedding March	Sodermann

No. 12—Scotch Songs.

(Voice Part in Sol-fa and Old Notation.)

Afton Water	Annie Laurie
Auld Robin Gray	
Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond	
Bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle	
Bonnie Mary of Argyll	
Bonnie Scotland, I adore thee	
Cam' ye by Athole	
Gae bring me a pint o' wine	
Jessie's Dream	John Anderson my Jo

Laird o' Cockpen	Lochnagar
My love is like	Mary Morrison
O why left I my name?	Scotland Yet
Scottish Emigrant's Farewell	
The Auld House	
The Auld Scotch Songs	
The March of the Cameron Men	
Turn ye to me	
We Better Bide a Wee	
Ye Banks and Braes	

No. 13—Sacred Songs.

(Voice Part in Sol-fa and Old Notation.)

Abide with Me	Bohm
Come unto Me	Lindsay
Cotter's Lullies	Topliff
David Singing before Saul	Bordes
Father in Heaven (Largo)	Handel
Flie as a Bird	Dana
Guardian Angel	Gounod
He Wipes the Tear	Lee
Nazareth	Gounod
Ninety and Nine	Campion
O Rest in the Lord	Mendelssohn
Pulaski's Banner	Lindsay
Resignation	Lindsay
Rest	Lindsay
Ruth	Davis
Too Late	Lindsay

No. 14—Popular Piano Solos.

Adeste Fideles	Tipper
Berceuse	Ludwig Schutte
Confidence	Jules Schuffert
Dreams of Heaven	C. D. Blake
Fairy Footsteps	Langton Williams
Forest Murmurs	Lincke
Mennet Celebre	Boccherini
Sehnsucht (Longing)	Lange
Frühlingslied	Kjerulf
Tarantelle Brillante	Sydney Smith
The Echo of Lucerne	Drinley Richards
Yorkshire Bells	J. Pridham

No. 15—Vocal Duets.

(Voice Part in Sol-fa and Old Notation.)

Excelsior	M. W. Balfe
Flow on, thou Shining River	Stevenson
He Wipes the Tear	Arr. by E. A. Dick
Home to our Mountains	Verdi
I know a Bank	C. E. Horn
List to the Convent Bells	Blockley
Tell me, Gentle Stranger	Perry
Tell us, O, Tell us	Stephen Glover
The Moon has raised her Lamp	Benedict
The Sailor Sighs	M. W. Balfe
The Sea of Glass	Stephen Glover
Whispering Hope	Hawthorne

No. 16—Popular Pieces for Violin and Piano

(With Separate Violin Part.)

Bine Bells of Scotland	Farmer
Chansonette	Kjerulf
Come Back to Erin	Claribel
Heimweh	Jungmann
Home, Sweet Home	Farmer
Killarney	Balfe
Last Rose of Summer	Farmer
Melodie d'Amour	Engelmann
Narcissus	Nevin
Pilgrims' Chorus	Wagner
Sweet and Low	Barnby

No. 17—Easy Piano Pieces for Small Hands.

Afton Water	Hume
Alice, where art Thou	Ascher
Annie Laurie	Scott
And House, The	Scottish

Auld Lang Syne	Traditional
Banks and Braes	Scottish
Banks of Allan Water	Horn
Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz	Strauss
Castanet and Gay Guitar	Glover
Come back to Erin	Claribel
Dew Pearls	Sirano
Early one Morning	Ford
Garland of Evening Hymns	Arranged
He Wipes the Tear from every Eye	Lee
Home, Sweet Home	Bishop
Home to our Mountains	Verdi
I dream that I dwell in Marble	Balfe
11 Bacio	Arditi
In Sheltered Vale	German
Isle of Beauty	Rawlings
Jessie's Dream	Blockley
Joyous Greetings	Andre
Kathleen Mavourneen	Crouch
Last Rose of Summer, The	Irish
Mabel Waltz	Godfrey
March of the Cameron Men	Scottish
May Queen	Paoli
Meeting of the Waters	Irish
Men of Harlech	Welsh
Narrinyeri Corroboree	Australian
Old Folks at Home	Foster
Olga Mazourka	Goria
Scenes that are Brightest	Wallace
Since first I saw your Face	Forl
Solemn March	Traditional
Spanish Dance, The	Lascelles
Sweet and Low	Barnby
Sweet Lavender	Andre
Sweet Violets	Paoli
We'd better bide a wee	Claribel
When Evening's Twilight	Hutton

No. 18—Easy Piano Pieces Without Octaves.

Alice, where art Thou?	Ascher
Andante in C	Batiste
Blumenlied	Lange
Caro mio ben	Giordani
Come back to Erin	Claribel
Cradle Song	
Fairy Queen, The	
Gavotte Celebre	
Heimliche Liebe	
Il Corricolo	
Janita	
Killarney	
Largo Celebre	
L'Argentine	
La Serenata	
Le Desir	
Les Cloches du Monastere	
Maiblume	
March from Norma	
Mill, The	
Nocturne	
Polka	
Rocked in the Cradle	
Sweet and Low	
Thou art so near	
Valse Joyeuse	
Waves of the Ocean	
When all was young	

No. 19—Popular Piano Solos.

Melody of Love	Engelmann
Cascade of Roses	Ascher
Heather Bells	Rockstro
Rock of Ages	Ryder
Shells of Ocean	Grove
In Sheltered Vale	Arr. Moffat
Liquid Gem	Richards
Sailor's Dream	Pridham
Gipsy Rondo	Pridham
Andante	Mendelssohn
Adagio	Mendelssohn
Gavotte in G Minor	Bach
Grannie	Langer



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