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Vol. 1



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FAMILY CIRCLE GLEE BOOK.

I.

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WITH

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COMPILED BY ELIAS HOWE.

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Larghetto.

1. It is not long since last we met, and you are still the same; Yet Oh! I saw you knew me not un-til I told my name! You mourn the change, and

2. I grieve to think my looks betray The anguish of my heart; In death I'd proudly still deny That I had felt the dart. As - sum - ing smiles a -

3. Yet do not heed my selfish boast, A mo - tive far more pure Would make me struggle to conceal The anguish I en - dure; I'd rath - er mourn in

well you know How deep my grief has been; For you were with me when I won The love of Rose Aileen, For you were with me when I won The love of Rose Aileen.

mid the gay I fain would still be seen; I would not have the world believe I sigh for Rose Aileen, I would not have the world believe I sigh for Rose Aileen.

solitude, Unpitted and unseen, Than that my gloom should seem to chide The smiles of Rose Aileen, Than that my gloom should seem to chide The smiles of Rose Aileen.

THE WINGS OF A DOVE.

1. Oh! had I wings like a Dove, I would fly A - way from this world of care; My soul would mount to the realms on high, And seek for a re - fuge

2. Oh! is it not written "Be - lieve and live;" The heart by bright hope al - lur'd, Shall find the comfort these words can give, And be by its faith as -

3. There is! there is! in thy ho - ly word, Thy word which can ne'er depart; There is a promise of mer - cy stor'd For the low - ly and meek

there; But is there no haven here on earth, No hope for the wounded breast; No favour'd spot where content has birth, In which I may find a rest.

sur'd; Then why should we fear the cold world's frown, When truth to the heart has giv'n The light of religion to guide us on, In joy to the paths of heav'n.

of heart; "My yoke is easy, My burden light, Then come unto me for rest;" These, these are the words of promise stor'd, For the wounded and wearied breast.

WHY DO I LOVE THEE YET?

G. LINLEY.

Andante Expressivo.

1. Why do I love thee yet? Still o'er thy absence grieve? Why should I thee regret? Thou who couldst so deceive! Cold as the frozen foun - tain,

2. Why do I love thee yet? Still joy thy name to hear? Why, when hope's star is set, Shed I for thee one tear. Mem'ry must fade for-ev - er

Colder this heart must be, Ere I a love for - get, Cherish'd so long for thee. Would we ne'er had met, nor parted, Why do I love thee yet?

Silent this pulse must be, Ere I a love for - get, Cherish'd in vain for thee. Would we ne'er had met, nor parted, Why do I love thee yet?

OVER THE SUMMER SEA.

From the Opera of RICOLETTA,
by VERDI.

Allegretto.

1. O - ver the Summer Sea, With light hearts gay and free, Join'd by glad minstrelsy Gai - ly we're roam - ing ; } Fond hearts en - twin - ing,
Swift flows the rippling tide, Light - ly the zephyrs glide, Round us on ev'ry side Bright crests are foam - ing. }

2. List ! there's a bird on high, Far in yon azure sky, Flung-ing sweet melo - dy Each heart to glad - den. } Fond hearts en - twin - ing,
Hark ! its song seems to say, " Ban - ish dull care away; Nev - er let sorrow stay, Brief joys to sad - den." }

Cease all re - pin - ing, Near us is shining, Beauty's bright smile. Ah..... Beauty's bright smile.

Who'd be re - pin - ing, While near is shining Beauty's bright smile ? Ah..... Beauty's bright smile.

WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.

HENRI HERZ.

Andantino.

1. We have lived and loved to-gether, Thro' ma - ny changing years, We have shared each other's gladness, And wept each other's tears. I have never known a sor - row,

2. Like the leaves that fall a-round us, In Autumn's fading hours, Are the trai-tor smiles that darken, When the cloud of sorrow low'rs. And tho'many such we've known, love,

That was long unsooth'd by thee, That was long unsooth'd by thee, For thy smile can make a sum-mer, Where darkness else would be, For thy be.

Too prone a-las! to range, Too prone a-las! to range, We both can speak of one, love, Whom time could never change, We change.

ANNIE LAWRIE.

8

1. Max-wel-ton's banks are bon-ny, where ear-ly falls the dew; And 'twas there that An-nie Law-rie gave me her prom-ise true Gave

2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, her throat is like the swan, Her face is as the fair-est that e'er the sun shone on. That

3. Like dew on the gowan ly-ing is the fa'o'ber fai-ry feet, And like winds in sum-mer sigh-ing, her voice is low and sweet. Her

me her prom-ise true. And ne'er for-get will I, But for bon-nie An-nie Law-rie I'd lay me down and die.

e'er the sun shone on. And dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Law-rie I'd lay me down and die.

voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Law-rie I'd lay me down and die.

BLANCHE ALPEN.

1. You speak of sun-ny skies to me, Of orange grove and bower; Of winds that wake soft mel-o-dy, From leaf and blooming flower; And you may prize those far-of skies But

2. You tell me oft of rivers bright, Where golden gal-leys float; But have you seen our lakes by night, Or sailed in Al-pine Boat? You speak of lands where hearts and hands, Will

3. Had you been reared by Al-pine hills, Or loved in Al-pine dells, You'd prize like me our mountains rills, Nor fear the tor-rent swells: It matters not how drear the spot, How

tempt not me to roam: In sweet content my days are spent, Then wherefore leave my home, wherefore leave my home, In sweet content my days are spent, Then, &c.

greet me as I come, But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kinder still at home, wherefore leave my home, But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kinder still at home.

proud or poor the dome, Love still retains some deathless chains. That binds the heart to home, Love still retains some deathless chains, That bind, &c.

wherefore leave my home, In

JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

1. You are go-ing far a - way, far a - way from poor Jean - nette, There's no one left to love me now, and you, too, may for-get; But my

2. Or when glo - ry leads the way, You'll be mad-ly rushing on, Nev - er thinking, if they kill you, that my hap - pi-ness is gone, If you

heart will be with you, Wher-ev - er you may go, Can you look me in the face, and say the same, Jeannot? When you wear the jack-et

win the day, per-haps a Gen - e - ral you'll be, Tho' I'm proud to think of that, what will be - come of me; Oh, if I were Queen of

red, and the beau-ti-ful cock-a-de, Ob, I fear you will for-get all the prom-i-ses you've made, With the gun upon your shoul-der, and the

France, or still bet-ter, Pope of Rome, I would have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home, All the world should be at peace, Or if

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is the vocal line, followed by a piano accompaniment staff with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

bayonet by your side, You'll be taking some great la-dy and be making her your bride, You'll be taking some great la-dy, and be making her your bride.

Kings must show their might, Why let them who make the quarrels be the on-ly men who fight, Yes, let them who make the quarrels, be the on-ly men who fight.

The second system of the musical score also consists of five staves, following the same layout as the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Allegretto non Troppo.

1 To be happy, and pass life with plea - sure, Is a se - cret 'twere well all would treasure, If the sky be se - rene or o'er - shad - ed, If the

2. Tho' our pathway with thorns may be crowd - ed, And the pros - pect a - round dark and cloud - ed, Shall we yield to des - pair or to sor - row, While a

bloom from the ro - ses have fa - ded ; Tho' of fortune the Fates may brea - ve me, I re - solve to be mer - ry and gay, For Time travels too fast To be

com - fort from hope we can bor - row ? In each cup there's some bit - terness flow - ing, Let us taste of life's stream when we may ; And the wisest are those Who for -

And. *Poco più mosso.* *Tempo.*

sad or o'ercast, It is wisdom to laugh while we may..... Not a care for to-mor-row shall grieve me, While joy

get all their woes, And re-solve to be hap-py and gay..... Not a care on to-mor-row be - stow - ing, While joy

beams on me bright-ly to - day, While joy beams on me bright-ly to - day, While joy beams on me bright-ly to - day.

beams on them bright-ly to - day, While joy beams on them bright-ly to - day, While joy beams on them bright-ly to - day.

OH HASTE CRIMSON MORNING.

O So - le piu ra - to, A sorg - er tap - pres - te, ti cing - a di san - gue ghir - lan - da fu - nes - ta, Con quel - la res -

Oh haste crimson morn - ing, Bright sun of the mor - row, Let red clouds give warn - ing, A - round thee of sor - row, Like snails how ye

chi - ara, L'or ri - bi - le ga - ra, D'un o - dio mor - tal - e, d'un cie - co fu - ro - re, Fa - ra dinostr' al me a tro - ce go -

lin - ger, Slow moments de - lay - ing, That long the a - ven - ger From vengeance straying. Oh haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the

Ritard.

Ritard.

ver - no, Gri-dan - do ven - det - ta, Lo spir - to d'a - ver - no Del tuo - no che mug - ge del mem - bo che rug - ge piu l'i ra etre -
 mor - row, Let red cloud give warn - ing, a - round thee of sor - row, Like snails how ye lin - ger, Slow moments de - lay - ing, That long the a -

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top three staves are vocal lines for a soprano, alto, and tenor. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in a major key with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with some words in Italian and some in English. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line.

men - da che m'ar - de nel core. O So - le piu rat - to ri - sor - ge e' rischiera, Haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the
 veng - er, from, vengeance stay - ing. Oh haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the morrow, Oh haste crimson morn - - - ing, Bright sun of the

The second system of the musical score also consists of five staves. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. A "Ritard." marking is placed above the piano staff in the middle of the system. The lyrics continue, with the English text "Haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the morrow" appearing at the end of the system. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with some melodic flourishes in the treble clef.

OH HASTE CRIMSON MORNING. CONCLUDED.

morrow, O haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the morrow, Haste bright sun, Haste bright morning, thy dawning I
 Oh haste bright sun, Oh haste bright
 morrow, O haste, oh haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the morrow, Haste bright sun, Haste bright morning, thy dawning I
 morning, Oh haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the morrow, Oh haste bright sun, Oh haste bright

wait, thy dawn - ing I wait my vengeance to sate ; Oh haste bright morn - ing, my ven - geance to sate, oh, haste.
 wait, thy dawn - ing I wait my vengeance to sate ; Oh haste bright morn - ing, my ven - geance to sate, oh, haste.

Andantino.

1. I won her hand, I won her heart Eie the sum - mer birds had flown ; I never dreamt that I should part from her my loved, my own.

2. The winter wind blew shrill and loud Midst the branches gaunt and bare ; The snow was driving fierce and wild Thro' thick and murky air.

3. Like an an - gel tak - ing flight, Her sweet spir - it passed a - way, And of - ten in the silent night Thro' greenwood shades I stray,

Time passed on with stealthy tread, The leaves a-round as thickly fell, As gentle blessings on the head Of my own sweet Lylie Bell.

Death's cold hand was on her brow. The midnight chimes rang out the knell Of her my loved and lost one, My poor, dying Lylie Bell.

To the tomb of one so dear, Far down in the lone - ly dell, To breathe a sigh, to drop a tear On the grave of Lylie Bell.

[3]

1. Look now the rays of the sun streaming bright, Sheds its radiance around, let's be up and doing; Morning invites us to labor; the night We'll devote to our

2. E'en in our wine doth the sun send a ray, And reflect back the golden beams of morning, Let us then hasten, nor lingering stay; Till the sun is on

love, and our fair ones wooing. To work let's hasten. With hammers,

Now then,

high, and the day past dawning. To work let's hasten. With hammers,

ANVIL CHORUS. CONCLUDED.

Who when the day departs, and we with care o'er-la - den, Who then doth soothe our hearts, who but the gip-sy maiden, Who,

Who when the day departs, and we with care o'er-la - den, Who then doth soothe our hearts, who but the gip-sy maiden, Who,

who, who then doth soothe our hearts, With care o'er-la - den, With care o'er-la - den, The gip-sy maid - - en.

who, who then doth soothe our hearts. The gip-sy maid - - en.

With care o'er-la - den, With care o'er-la - den,

Tutti. Forz.

Scherzando.

1 Day is flash-ing from the hills, Dancing on the lit-tle rills: Rouse we then my brothers all, Cheerly to each-oth-er call.

2. Welcome back the friendly sun, He a long night's work has done, He has been while we have slept, Been where ma-ny waked and wept.

3. Now the bird for-sakes his nest, Proudly swells his lit-tle breast, As he mounts so high, so high, Rev'ling in the clear blue sky.

4. We have sung it oft and long, But our hear-ty morning song, Eve-ry morn is fresh and new, As you pear-ly sparkling dew.

Friends good morn-ing, Friends good morn-ing, Good morn-ing.

Friends good morn-ing, Friends good morn-ing, Good morning.

Friends good morn-ing, Friends good morn-ing, Good morning.

Friends good morn-ing, Friends good morn-ing, Good morn-ing.

Day is flash ing from the hills, Dancing on the lit - tle rills : Rouse we then my brothers all, Cheerly to each oth - er call.

Day is flash - ing from the hills, Dancing on the lit - tle rills : Rouse we then my brothers all, Cheerly to each oth - er call.

The musical score for 'Day is Flashing' consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 2/4 time, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

THE BRIGHT ROSY MORNING.

1. The bright rosy morning peeps over the hills, } [day.
With blushes a - dorning the meadows and fields ; } While the merry, merry, merry horn, calls come, come away, Awake from your slumbers, and hail the new

2. The stag roused before us, a - way seems to fly. }
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry ; } Then follow, follow, follow, follow, The musical chase, Where plea - ure and vigor and health all embrace.

3. The day's sport when over, makes blood eirele right, } [crown the day.
And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night ; } Then let us, let us now enjoy all we can while we may ; Let love crown the night, boys, as our sports

The musical score for 'The Bright Rosy Morning' consists of three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in G major (one sharp) and 3/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 3/8 time, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

ON TO THE FIELD.

Allegretto.

1. On to the field! the foe is there, Flaunt-ing his banners kiss the air:— On to the field! with sword and brand, And

2. Peace blest each homestead, Plen - ty's smile Beam'd in the eyes of hon - est toil, Love told to love its truth - ful tale, And

drive him from our father-land! Shame not the deeds your Sires have done, Blight not the wreaths they won; No! Free-dom forbid! for

songs of joy rang thro' the vale! Rest now the ploughshare, grasp the sword, Breathe not of love a word, No! Sons of the mountain

not to be, Were bet-ter far than want-ing thee: Steady of heart, and firm of band, Strike! for our glorious fatherland.

leave your spoil! Sons of the val-ley, cease your toil! Steady of heart, and firm of band, Strike! for our glorious fatherland.

COME PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR AGAIN.

T. MOORE.

1. Come, play me that simple air a-gain, I used so to love in life's young day, And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then, Were awakened by

2 Sweet air, how every note brings back Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright, That shining o'er life's ear-ly track, Filled even its

that sweet lay. The tender gloom its strain Shed o'er the heart and brow, Grief's shadow, without its pain, Say, where, where is it now?

tears with light. The new-found life that came With love's first echoed vow, The fear, the bliss, the shame, Say, where, where are they now?

The musical score for the first system consists of five staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand in G major and the left hand in C major. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

But play me the well-known air once more, For tho'ts of youth still haunt its strain, Like dreams of some far fai-ry shore, We're never to see a - gain.

But still the same loved notes prolong, For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay, In dreams of youth and love and song, To breathe life's hour a - way.

The musical score for the second system consists of five staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand in G major and the left hand in C major. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Allegro Moderato.

1. A life on the o-c-ean wave, A home on the roll-ing deep, Where the scat-tered wa-ters rave, And the winds their rev-els keep!
 2. Once more on the deck I stand, Of my own swift glid-ing craft; Set sail! fare-well to the land, The gale follows far a-baft.
 3. The land is no long-er in view, The clouds have began to frown; But with a stout vessel and crew, We'll say, let the storm come down!

All Segno *sf* To be sung the 21 time only.

Fine.

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

D. C.

Like an ea-gle caged, I pine, On this dull, un-changing shore; O give me the flash-ing brine, The spray and the tem-pest roar!.....
 We shoot thro' the spark-ling foam, Like an o-c-ean bird set free; Like the o-c-ean bird, our home We'll find, far out on the sea!.....
 And the song of our hearts shall be, While the winds and the waters rave, A life on the heav-ing sea, A home on the bounding wave!.....

Moderato.

1. Eve-ry day hath toil and trouble, Every heart bath care; Meckly bear thine own full mea-ure, And thy brother's share. Fear not, shrink not,

2. Pa-tient-ly en-dur-ing, e-ver Let thy spir-it be Bound, by links that cannot sever, To hu-man-i-ty. Labor! wait! thy

3. Labor! wait! though midnight shadows Gather round thee here, And the storm a-bove thee lowering Fill thy heart with fear,— Wait in hope! the

though the bur-den Heav-y to thee prove; God shall fill thy mouth with gladness, And thy heart with love. Fear not, shrink not.

Mas-ter per-ish-ed Ere his task was done: Count not lost thy fleet-ing moments, Life hath but be-gun. La-bor! wait! thy

morn-ing dawn-eth When the night is gone, And a peace-ful rest a-waits thee When thy work is done. Wait in hope! the

though the bur den Heav-y to thee prove, God shall fill thy mouth with gladness, And thy heart with love, And thy heart with love

Mas-ter per-ished Ere his task was done. Count not lost thy fleet-ing moments, Life hath but be-gun, Life hath but be-gun.

morn-ing dawn-eth When the night is gone, And a peace-ful rest a-waits thee When thy work is done, When thy work is done.

The musical score consists of four systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and two piano accompaniment staves. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

SWISS BOY.

1. Come arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy, Take thy pail and to labor away. The sun is up with ruddy beam; The kine are thronging to the stream.

2. Am not I, am not I, a mer-ry Swiss boy, When I hie to the mountain away? For there a shepherd maiden dear, A-waits my song with listening ear.

3. Then at night! then at night, Oh a gay Swiss boy! I'm away to my comrades, a-way! The cup we fill, the wine is passed In friendship round until at last,

With good night! and good night! goes the happy Swiss boy To his home and his slumbers, away.

The musical score consists of four systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and two piano accompaniment staves. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

THE DEAREST SPOT OF EARTH TO ME.*

Andante. *Fine.*

1. The dear - est spot of earth to me Is home, sweet home : The fai - ry land I've long'd to see, Is home, sweet home,

2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home. I've learned to look with lover's eyes On home, sweet home,

The score consists of two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment consisting of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the piece ends with a 'Fine' marking.

D. C.

There how charm'd the sense of hearing, There where hearts are so en-dear - ing, All the world is not so cheering As home, sweet home.

There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are so u - nit - ed, All the world besides I've slighted For home, sweet home.

The score continues with two vocal staves and piano accompaniment. It features a double bar line followed by the instruction 'D. C.' (Da Capo). The key signature remains one flat and the time signature is common time.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

ROBERT BURNS.

29

Scherzando.

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?

2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?

3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly lo'e my-sel', But, what's his name or where's his hame, I din-na choose to tell.

The first system consists of three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked 'Scherzando'.

Ev'-ry las-sie has her lad-die, Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When com-in' thro' the' rye.

Ev'-ry las-sie has her lad-die, Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When com-in' thro' the' rye.

Ev'-ry las-sie has her lad-die, Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When com-in' thro' the' rye.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. It features three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment, maintaining the same musical notation as the first system. The lyrics are repeated for three different vocal parts.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

Andantino.



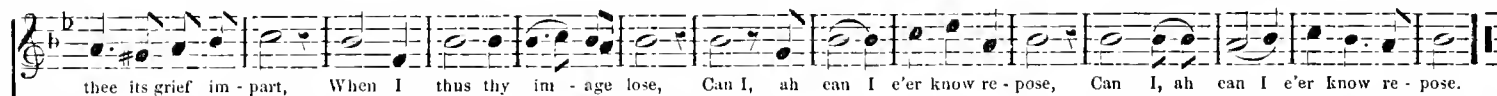
1. When the swallows homeward fly, When the roses scattered lie, When from neither hill nor dale, Chants the silvery nightin-gale, In these words my bleeding heart, Would to



2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the orange groves, When the red tints of the West, Prove the sun has gone to rest, In these words my bleeding heart, Would to



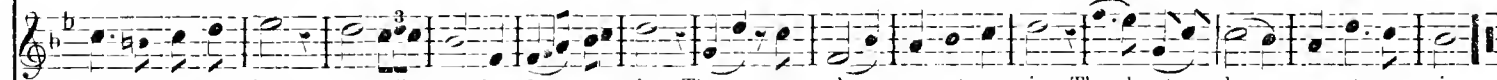
3. Hush my heart! why thus complain, Thou must too thy woes contain, Tho' on earth no more we rove, Loudly breathing vows of love, Thou my heart must find relief, yielding



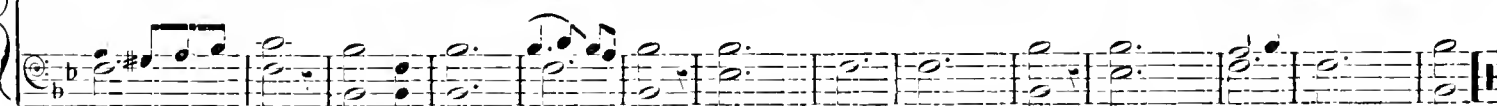
thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose, Can I, ah can I e'er know re- pose, Can I, ah can I e'er know re- pose.



thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose, Can I, ah can I e'er know re- pose, Can I, ah can I e'er know re- pose.



to these words belief; I shall see thy form a- gain, Though to- day we part a- gain, Though to day we part a- gain.



1. Call me pet names, dearest, call me a bird, That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word, That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of

2. Call me fond names, dearest, call me a star, Whose smiles beaming welcome thou feel'st from a far, Whose light is the clear-est the true-est to

3. Call me sweet names, darling, Call me a flow'r, That lives in the light of thy smile each hour, That droops when its heaven, thy love grows

4. Call me dear names, darling, call me thine own, Speak to me al-ways in love's low tone; Let not thy look nor thy voice grow

flight, That ten-der-ly sings there in loving de-light; Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for one fond word; Call me pet names, dearest, call me a bird!
 there, When the 'night time of sorrow' steals over life's sea; Oh! trust thy rich bark where its warm rays are; Call me pet names, darling, call me a star!

cold, That shrinks from the wicked, the false and bold; That blooms for thee on-ly, thro' sun-light and shower; Call me pet names, darling, call me a flower.

cold, Let my fond wor-ship thy being en-fold; Love me for-ev-er, And love me a-lone! Call me pet names, darling, call me thine own.

Andante.

1. When stars are in the quiet skies, Then most I pine for thee; Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes, As stars look on the sea! For thoughts, like waves that glide by

2. There is an hour when Angels keep Fa-mil-iar watch on men, When coarser souls are wrapp'd in sleep—Sweet spirit, meet me then; There is an hour when holy

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

night, Are still-est when they shine; Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light, Beneath the heav'n of thine, Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light, Beneath the heav'n of thine.

dreams, Thro' slum-ber, fairest glide, And in that mys-tic hour it seems Thou should'st be by my side, And in that mystic hour it seems Thou should'st be by my side.

skies, Then most I pine for thee; Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes, As stars look on the sea! Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes, As stars look on the sea!

mf Allegretto con Moto. *Cres.*

1. I would that my love Could si-lent - ly flow in a single word! I'd give it the merry breezes; They'd waft it a-way in

mf *Cres.*

mf *Cres.*

sf *f* *p*

sport; I'd give it the mer-ry breez-es, They'd waft it a-way in sport, A-way in sport, They'd waft it a-way in sport.

sf *p*

A-way in sport,

sf *f* *p*

2 To thee on the wings, my fairest,
That soul-felt word they would bear;
Should'st hear it at every moment,
And hear it everywhere,
Should'st hear it, &c.

3 At night when thine eye-lids in slumber have closed,
Those bright heavenly beams;
Still there my love it will haunt thee,
E'en in thy deepest dreams,
Still there my love, &c.

ROBIN RUFF.

If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green! If I had but a thousand a year, What a man would I be, and what sights would I see, If I
I'd do — I searely know what, Gaffer Green—I'd go, faith I hardly know where, I'd seatter the chink and leave others to think, If I

had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green! If I had but a thousand a year! The best wish you could have, take my word, Robin Ruff, Would seare
had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green! If I had but a thousand a year! But when you are aged and grey, Robin Ruff, And the

find you in bread or in beer; But be honest and true, and say what would you do If you had but a thousand a year, Robin Ruff? If you had but a thousand a year?
day of your death it draws near, Say what with your pains would you do with your gains, If you then had a thousand a year, Robin Ruff? If you then had a thousand a year?

ROBIN RUFF.

I searely can tell what you mean, Gaffer Green, For your questions are always so queer, But as other folks die, I suppose so must I—

GAFFER GREEN.

What, and give up your thousand a year, Robin Ruff? And give up your thousand a year? There's a place that is better than this, Robin Ruff. And I

The musical score for 'Gaffer Green' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics: 'What, and give up your thousand a year, Robin Ruff? And give up your thousand a year? There's a place that is better than this, Robin Ruff. And I'. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

Both together in Octaves.

hope in my heart you'll go there, Where the poor man's as great though he hath no estate, Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin Ruff, Aye as if he'd a thousand a year.

This section continues the musical score with the instruction 'Both together in Octaves'. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown in an octave higher than the previous section. The lyrics are: 'hope in my heart you'll go there, Where the poor man's as great though he hath no estate, Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin Ruff, Aye as if he'd a thousand a year.' The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM.*

1. Of all the mighty nations In the East or in the West, O this glorious Yankee nation Is the greatest and the best, We have room for all crea - tion And our
 2. St. Lawrence marks our Northern line As fast her waters flow; And the Rio Grande our Southern bound, "Way down to Mexico." From the great Atlantic Ocean, Where the
 3. While the South shall raise the Cotton, And the West, the Corn and Pork, New England Manufactories Shall do up the finer work; For the deep and flowing waterfalls That
 4. Our fathers gave us Liberty, But lit - tle did they dream, The grand results that pour a-long This mighty age of Steam; For our mountains, lakes and rivers, Are
 5. Yes! we're bound to beat the nations, For our motto's "Go ahead," And we'll tell the foreign paupers That our people are well fed; For the nations must re-mem-ber Un-cle

The musical score for 'Uncle Sam's Farm' is in G major and 4/4 time. It features a vocal line with five verses of lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. Of all the mighty nations In the East or in the West, O this glorious Yankee nation Is the greatest and the best, We have room for all crea - tion And our / 2. St. Lawrence marks our Northern line As fast her waters flow; And the Rio Grande our Southern bound, "Way down to Mexico." From the great Atlantic Ocean, Where the / 3. While the South shall raise the Cotton, And the West, the Corn and Pork, New England Manufactories Shall do up the finer work; For the deep and flowing waterfalls That / 4. Our fathers gave us Liberty, But lit - tle did they dream, The grand results that pour a-long This mighty age of Steam; For our mountains, lakes and rivers, Are / 5. Yes! we're bound to beat the nations, For our motto's "Go ahead," And we'll tell the foreign paupers That our people are well fed; For the nations must re-mem-ber Un-cle'. The piano accompaniment consists of a rhythmic bass line and chords in the right hand.

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Chorus.

banner is unfur'd, Here's a gen-ral in - vi - ta - tion To the peo-ple of the world. Then come along, come along, make no delay ;
 sun begins to dawn, Leap a-cross the Rocky mountains, Far a - way to O - re - gon. Then come along, come along, make no delay ;

course a - long our hills, Are just the thing for washing Sheep, and driv-ing Cotton Mills. Then come along, come along, make no delay ;

all a blaze of fire. And we send our news by lightning, On the tel - e - graph - ic wires. Then come along, come along, make no delay ;

Sam is not a fool, For the peo-ple do the vot - ing, And the children go to school. Then come along, come along, make no delay ;

The musical score for the chorus consists of five vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with the chorus label centered above the first line.

Come from ev'ry nation, Come from ev'ry way, Our lands, they are broad enough, Don't be alarm'd, For Uncle Sam is rich enough To give us all a farm.

Come from ev'ry nation, Come from ev'ry way, Our lands, they are broad enough, Don't be alarm'd, For Uncle Sam is rich enough To give us all a farm.

The musical score for the final verse consists of five vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

1. Why seeks that fair, that love - ly maid, The eloi - ster's chil - ling gloom, To shroud that beau - ty's ra - diant rose With -

2. Why droops in grief that a - ged form, That hon - or'd sire? ah! say! Why wear those high and lord - ly tow'rs The

3. Ye gold - en stars, that high in air In bound - less rev - el glow! Think ye at all of gen - tle hearts That

in a liv - ing tomb? That scarf she bears, her dear one wore, 'Tis with his life - blood dyed; A brav - er heart, a

hues of lone de - cay? In child - less sor - row fades his days, His val - iant heir is slain; That home of love with

suf - fer here be - low? Ah! no, the woes o'er which we sigh—'A - las! why should they be?— Leave, as I view your

GOLDEN STARS. CONCLUDED.

bold-er hand, Ne'er dared the bat-tle tide, Ne'er dared the bat-tle tide, Ne'er dared the bat-tle tide.

wouted joy Will ne'er re-sound a-gain, Will ne'er resound a-gain, Will ne'er re-sound a-gain.

bright-ning smiles, But wond'-ring tears for me, But wond' ring tears for me, But wond' - ring tears for me.

MELODIES OF MANY LANDS.

Moderato.

1. The mel-o-dies of ma-ny lands Ere-while have charmed my ear; Yet there's but one a-mong them all, Which

2. Its words, I well re-mem-ber now, Where fraught with pre-cepts old; And eve-ry line a max-im held. Of

3 It told me, in the hour of need, To seek a sol-ace there, Where on-ly striek-en hearts could find Meet

still my heart holds dear: I heard it first from lips I loved, My tears it then be - guiled; It was the song my
 far more worth than gold; A les - son 'twas, tho' sim - ply taught, That can-not pass a - way; It is my guid-ing
 an - swer to their prayer. Ah! much I owe that gen - tle voice, Whose words my tears be - guiled; That song of songs my

moth - er sang, When I was but a child, It was the song my moth - er sang, When I was but a child.
 star by night, My com - fort in the day, It is my guid - ing star by night, My com - fort in the day.
 moth - er sang, When I was but a child, That song of songs my moth - er sang, When I was but a child.

PRAYER FROM MOSES IN EGYPT.

Bow down thine ear."
By ROSSINI.

BASS FIRST TIME. 1. Bow down thine ear, O Lord O Lord, and hear thou

TENOR 2D TIME. 2. Be gra - cious Lord to me..... be gra - cious Lord to

TREBLE 3D TIME. 3. Give ear, O Lord, to me..... O Lord give ear to

me, For dai - ly I will call..... O Lord, will call on thee.

me..... For dai - ly I will call..... O Lord, will call on thee.

me..... For dai - ly I will call..... O Lord, will call on thee.

CHORUS. 3-4 time.

For dai - ly I will call, O Lord, will call on thee, O Lord on thee. thee, And I will thank thee, Lord, will

For dai - ly I will call, O Lord, will call on thee, O Lord on thee. thee, And I will thank thee, Lord, will

thank thee, O my God, And I will praise thy name, O Lord for-ev - er-more, thy name, thy name, thy name, O Lord.

thank thee, O my God, And I will praise thy name, O Lord for - ev - er - more, will praise thy name, O Lord, will praise thy name, O Lord.

The musical score consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in G major and 4/4 time. The first vocal line includes the lyrics: "thank thee, O my God, And I will praise thy name, O Lord for-ev - er-more, thy name, thy name, thy name, O Lord." The second vocal line includes: "thank thee, O my God, And I will praise thy name, O Lord for - ev - er - more, will praise thy name, O Lord, will praise thy name, O Lord." The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern with some melodic flourishes, including a triplet in the right hand.

I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE.

An-lute Moderato.

1. I'll hang my harp on a wil - low tree, I'll off to the wars a - gain; My peace - ful home has no

2. She took me a - way from my war - like lord, And gave me a silk - en suit; I thought no more of my

3. But one gold - en tress of hair I'll twine, In my hel - met's sa - ble p'ume, And then on the field of

The musical score is for three vocal parts and piano accompaniment. It is in G major and 4/4 time, marked "An-lute Moderato." The vocal staves are in treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "1. I'll hang my harp on a wil - low tree, I'll off to the wars a - gain; My peace - ful home has no" "2. She took me a - way from my war - like lord, And gave me a silk - en suit; I thought no more of my" "3. But one gold - en tress of hair I'll twine, In my hel - met's sa - ble p'ume, And then on the field of". The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern with some melodic flourishes.

I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE. CONCLUDED.

charms for me, The bat - tle field no pain ; The la - dy I love will soon be a bride, With a
 mas - ter's sword When I played on my mas - ter's lute ; She seemed to think me a boy, a - bove Her
 Pal - es - tine, I'll seek an ear - ly doom ; And if by the Sar - a - eens' hand I fall, 'Mid

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

di - a - dem on her brow ; Oh ! why did she flat - ter my boy - ish pride, She's go - ing to leave me now.
 Pa - ges of low de - gree ; Oh ! had I but loved with a boy - ish love, It would have been better for me.
 the no - ble and the brave, A tear from my la - dy love is all I ask for the war - rior's grave

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, following the same layout as the first system. It concludes the piece with a double bar line at the end of the final measure.

p Allegretto.

1. In Car - li - na's clime I spent a happy time, With my gentle Rho - dy Gray: In a lit - tle vale, 'midst the corn - field's prime, Our sweet lit - tle cot - tage lay.

2. Poor Rho - dy Gray has pass'd a - way; 'Twas on a sum - mer night, Death's i - ey hand her spirit took away To a home more happy and bright.

3. They laid her down in the cold, cold ground; Ever sad - ly now I roam; But it seems to me, still her form I see In that sweet lit - tle valley home.

p

f Chorus after each verse.

That cherish'd spot is ne'er for - got, No mat - ter where I roam: Ma - ny suns may set, still I ne - ver shall forget That sweet lit - tle val - ley home.

That cherish'd spot is ne'er forgot, No mat - ter where I roam: Ma - ny suns may set, still I ne - ver shall forget That sweet lit - tle val - ley home.

That cherish'd spot is ne'er forgot, No mat - ter where I roam; Ma - ny suns may set, still I never shall forget That sweet lit - tle val - ley home.

GREEN HILLS OF TYROL.

ROSSINI.
From "Cinderella."

Allegretto.

1 Green hills of Tyrol! a-gain I see, The home of childhood so dear to me, Again I press your verdant shade, Where oft my footsteps wildly stray'd; Once more I am near him, My

2. Haste, haste my love! why linger now? The sun is shedding his parting glow; The chamois seeks his peaceful glade, And homeward wanders the mountain maid; Oh! come, then [and cheer me, My

The first system consists of five staves. The top two staves are vocal parts in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef.

own one! my fond one! A-gain I shall hear him Love's ac-cents repeat; While to his sighs, My heart replies, And every glance is soft and sweet, Green hills of Tyrol, again I

own one! my fond one! A-gain thou shalt hear me Sing love's ten-der strain, While every note, my lips repeat, And soft and sweet thou'lt breathe again; Then haste my love, [why linger

The second system also consists of five staves, following the same layout as the first system. It continues the vocal and piano parts.

see, The home of childhood so dear to me ; A gain I press your verdent shade, Where oft my footsteps have wildly stray'd. From yonder woodlands, sounding clear, his merry bugle note I hear ; With eye of
 now? The sun is shedding his parting glow ; The chamois seeks his peaceful glade, And homeward wander the mountain maid. Hark, hark, I hear his well-known cry, While answering echo utters reply, Now, now, he

hawk, and falchion keen, He comes, he comes, my Ty-ro-lien ! Once more I be - hold him, My dear one! my fond one, To my bo-som I'll fold him, My own Ty - ro - lien!
 waves his scarf of green; He comes, he comes, my Tyrolien, Once more I be - hold him, My dear one, my fond one, To my bosom I'll fold him, My own Ty - ro - lien!

I'D OFFER THEE THIS HAND OF MINE.

p

1. I'd of - fer thee this hand of mine, If I could love thee less; But hearts as warm and pure as thine, Should nev - er know dis -

2. I leave thee in thy hap - pi - ness, As one too dear to love; As one I think of but to bless, As wretched - ly I

p

3. And now my dreams are sad - ly o'er: Fate bids them all de - part; And I must leave my na - tive shore, In brok - en - ness of

tress. My for - tune is too hard for thee, 'Twould chill my dearest joy; I'd rath - er weep to see thee free, Than win thee to de - stroy.

rove. But oh! when sorrow's cup I drink, All bit - ter though it be, How sweet 'twill be for me to think, It holds no drop for thee!

heart. Then oh! dear one, when far from thee, I ne'er know joy a - gain, I would not that one thought of me Should give thy bo - som pain.

AMID THIS GREENWOOD SMILING.

S. THALBERG.

47

p Andante. With expression.

1. A - mid this greenwood smiling, Once stood a lovely cot; A huntsman's blooming laughter Shed beauty o'er the spot; And

2. The huntsman hath de - part-ed, The maiden, too, is gone, The cot, in ru - ins fall-ing, Is des - o - late and lone; A

when abroad she wander'd, Then I was ev - er nigh; When friendly I ad - dress'd her, So sweet was her re - ply.

will - low shall be plant - ed Up - on this or - phan ground, Oh, tree! may'st thou still flourish, And bloom all fresh and sound!

POP, GOES THE QUESTION.

3d v. Tenor Solo.

1. List to me, sweet maiden, pray, Pop, goes the question! Will you marry me, yea, or nay? Pop, goes the question!

2d v. Alto Solo.

2. "Ask pa-pa," Oh! fiddle dedee, Pop, goes the question! Fathers and lovers can ne'er a-gree; Pop, goes the question!

1st v. Soprano Solo.

3. I think we'd make such a charming pair, Pop, goes the question! For I'm good-looking, and you're very fair; Pop, goes the question! We'll

4th v. Base Solo.

4. If we don't have an enchanting time, Pop, goes the question! I'm sure it will be no fault of mine, Pop, goes the question! To be
5. Then answer me quickly, darling, pray, Pop, goes the question! Will you marry me, yea, or nay? Pop, goes the question!

I've no time to plead or sigh, No patience to wait for by-and-by; Snare me now, or I'm sure to fly; Pop, goes the question!

He can't tell what I want to know, Whether you love me, sweet, or no; To ask him, that would be ve-ry slow; Pop, goes the question!

travel life's round in gallant style, And you shall drive every oth-er mile, Or, if it please you, all the while, Pop, goes the question!

sure my funds make a fee-ble show, But love is nourishing food, you know, And cot-tages rent un-com-monly low; Pop, goes the question!
I've no time to plead or sigh, No patience to wait for by-and-by; Snare me now, or I'm sure to fly; Pop, goes the question!

1. 'Twas ten o'clock one moonlight night, I ever shall remember, And every star shone sparkling bright, In gloomy cold December. When at my window

2. Now Mam sat dozing by the fire, And Dad his pipe was smoking; I dare not for the world retire, And was not that provoking? At last the old folks

3. But did I need the hint so sweet? No, no, for mark the warning, Which meant that we at church should meet, At ten o'clock next morning, And there we met, no

tap, tap, tap, I heard his gentle, well-known rap, And with it too these words most clear, Remember ten o'clock my dear, Remember, love, re-mem-ber.

fell asleep, I hasten'd my promis'd vow to keep, But he his absence to denote, Had on the window-shutter wrote, Re-mem-ber, love, re-mem-ber.

more to part, There join'd together hand and heart, And since the day in wedlock joined, The window-shutter brings to mind, Remember, love, remember.

SHIP AHOY.

Moderno.

1. When o'er the si - lent seas a - lone, For days and nights we've cheer - less gone, Oh! they who've felt it know how sweet, Some

p

2. When o'er the o - cean's drea - ry plain, With toil her des - tined port to gain, Our gal - lant ship has neared the strand, We

p

sun - ny morn a sail to meet, Some sun - ny morn a sail to meet! Sparkling on deck is eve - ry eye, Ship a - boy! ship a boy! our

claim our own, our na - tive land; We claim our own, our na - tive land; Sweet is the seaman's joyous shout; "Land ahead! Land ahead! look

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system contains vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mp*, *pp*, *mf*, *f*, and *ff*, and performance directions like "2nd verse forte." and "2nd verse." with a fermata. The lyrics are: "joy - ful ery. When aus-nering back we faintly hear; Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! What cheer! What cheer! Now sails aback, we nearer come; Kind words are said of out! look out!" A - round oh deck we gai - ly fly; "Land a-head! land a-head!" with joy we cry; Yon beacon's light directs our way, While grateful vows to friends and home, But soon, too soon, we part in pain, To sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain, To sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain. heaven we pay, And soon our long lost joys re - new, And bid the boist' - rous main a - dieu, And bid the boist' - rous main a - dieu.

mp 2nd verse forte. 2nd verse. *ff* *mf*

joy - ful ery. When aus-nering back we faintly hear; Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! What cheer! What cheer! Now sails aback, we nearer come; Kind words are said of

mp *pp* *mf*

out! look out!" A - round oh deck we gai - ly fly; "Land a-head! land a-head!" with joy we cry; Yon beacon's light directs our way, While grateful vows to

2nd verse forte. 2nd verse. *ff* *mf*

friends and home, But soon, too soon, we part in pain, To sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain, To sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain.

heaven we pay, And soon our long lost joys re - new, And bid the boist' - rous main a - dieu, And bid the boist' - rous main a - dieu.

SWITZER'S SONG OF HOME.

Trio or Quartett.

1. "Why, ah! why my heart this sad - ness? Why, 'mid scenes like these decline? Where all, tho' strange, is joy and glad - ness,

Say, what wish can yet be thine?.....Oh! say, what wish can yet be thine.

2

All that's dear to me is wanting,
Lone and cheerless here I roam;
The stranger's joys how'er enchanting,
To me can never be like home,
To me can never be like home.

3

Give me those, I ask no other,
Those that bless the humble dome
Where dwell my Father and my Mother,
Give, oh! give me back my home,
My own, my dear native home.

With *f* *climz.*

1. Be lieve me, if all those endearing young eharus, Which I gaze on so fondly to-day, Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like fai-ry gift fading a -

2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear, That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

wav. Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy loveliness fade as it will; And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart, would entwine itself verdantly still.

dear, Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets, But as truly loves on to the close, As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

O! DEAR IS MY COTTAGE.

Allergretto.

1. O dear is my cot-tage un-cloud-ed by sor-row, And sweet is the bow-er my Em-e-line wove; Ah!

2. The small birds re-joice in the green leaves a-dorn-ing, The mur-mur-ing stream-let runs clear thro' the vale, The

3. The morn-ing a-wakes me to health and to la-lor, The lark points to heav-en as first to be praised; The

nought from the gay or the weal-thy I'd bor-row, While bless'd with the smile of con-tent-ment and love; The

prim-ros-es blow in the dew of the morn-ing, And wild scat-ter'd eow-slips be-deck the green dale; But

eve-ning pro-cures me my friend and my neigh-bor, To join in the trib-ute by grat-i-tude raised; And

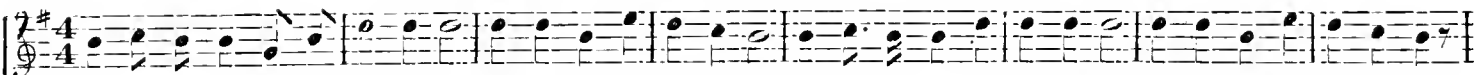
nirth of my chil - dren, their play - ful ea - ress - es, Un - ceas - ing de - light to a pa - rent must prove; Then
 what can give pleas - ure? or what can seem fair? When lin - ger - ing mo - ments are numbered by care? No,
 while with such mu - sic re - ech - oes my dwell - ing, While har - mo - ny lin - gers a - mid the sweet grove; O

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) with lyrics underneath. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is in a major key and features a simple, homophonic style.

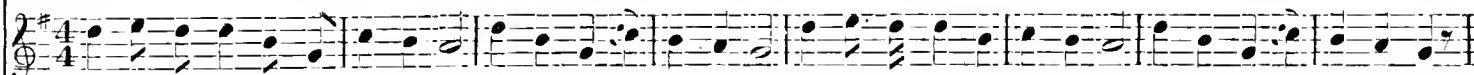
talk not of him who more splen - dor pos - sess - es, My weath is the smile of con - tent - ment and love.
 if there's a bliss such en - joy - ment ex - cell - ing, It lies in the smile of con - tent - ment and love.
 if there's a bliss such en - joy - ment ex - cell - ing, It lies in the smile of con - tent - ment and love.

The second system of the musical score also consists of five staves. The top three staves are vocal parts with lyrics underneath. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music continues with the same homophonic style as the first system.

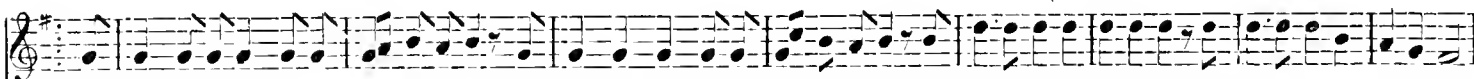
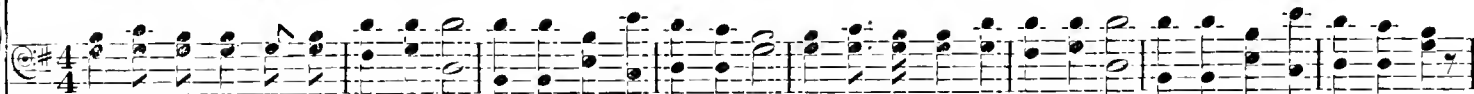
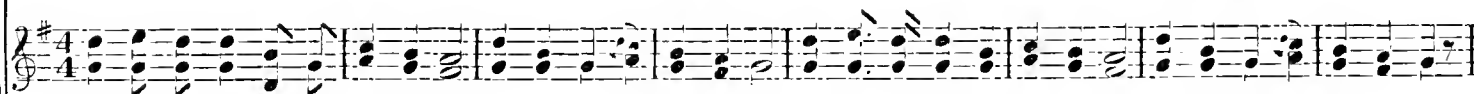
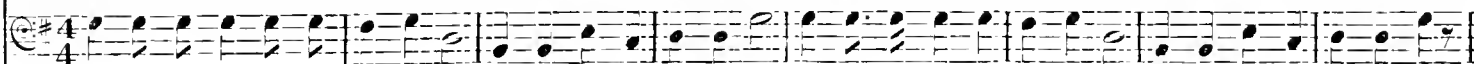
THE MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG.



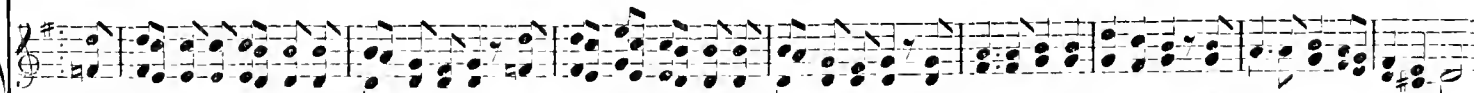
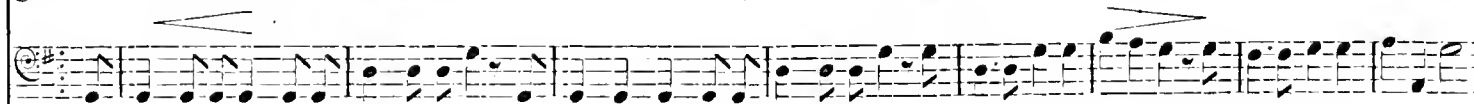
1. See, brothers see, how the night comes on, Slowly sinks the set-ting sun; Hark, how the sol-enn vespers sound, Sweetly falls up-on the ear;



2. See how the tints of day-light die, Soon we'll hear the ten-der sigh; For when the toil of labor's o'er, We shall meet our friends on shore;



Then haste, let us work till the day-light is o'er, And fold our nets as we row to the shore, Our toil and labor being done, How sweet the Boatman's welcome home.



To be sung at the end of the 2d verse.

Home, home, home, The Boatman's welcome home, Sweet, oh sweet the Boatman's welcome home; Welcome home, welcome home, welcome, home.

THE SWABIAN BEGGAR'S SONG.

Trio. Allegretto.

1. I and my las - sie there, Gai - ly we trudge it; She with her light - er ware, I with my budg - et.
 2. And when the day is gone, Good cheer sur - - round - ing; Oh! then bow ripe for fun, Through the dance bounding.
 3. We live most roy - - al - ly, No rule we own, sir; For we like king o - - bey Our will a - lone, sir.

1. Pledge me in a lus - ty howl, And brimming, brimming let it be, Sparkling, sparkling! Like Jean - nie's e'e.
 2. Pledge me, &c.
 3. Pledge me, &c.

PESTAL, OR, THE PRISON SONG.

Da Capo. after the second verse.

Fine.

Andante.

1. Yes! the die is cast! The turbid dream of life is wan - ing, The gulf will soon be past, The soul im - mor - tal joy at - tain - ing;

2. Hark! the fa - tal bell! Each passing hour, the dungeon wa - king, .. Chimes a sad fare - well, In solemn tones the silence break - ing.

3. Yes! the die is cast! The turbid dream of life is wan - ing, The gulf will soon be past, The soul im - mor - tal joy at - tain - ing.

Thus then I fall, my native land to save: Shall I live a slave? No! the free and brave, Will scorn to yield, my country's flag shall wave Around the patriot's grave!

Fell usurper, know thy savage ty - ra - ny, Soon will set me free; Thwarted shall thou be, For I shall rise above thee in eternity, Immortal life thou givest to me.

1. Dream on, in life's bright ro - sy day, When hope is deck'd with flowers, When all is gladness as the ray, Which shines o'er beau-ty's

p bowers, Dream on, *f* dream on, dream on, dream on. *p*

p bowers, Dream on, dream on, dream on..... *f*

2
 Dream on, when riper years have come,
 O'ershading with their wings,
 Each idol of the heart's deep home
 To which the memory clings.
 Dream on.

3
 Dream on, in spite of coming years
 That hasten to destroy ;
 And bury, 'mid the tide of tears,
 All trace of present joy.
 Dream on.

4
 Dream on, upon the waking soul,
 Hope's rainbow hues are cast ;
 And waves of blissful sunlight, roll
 Upon the darksome past.
 Dream on.

THE MINSTREL'S RETURN FROM THE WAR.

1 The min-strel's return'd from the war, With spir - its as buoy - ant as air; And thus on his tune - ful gui - tar, He

2. The min-strel, his suit warm - ly press'd, She blush'd, sigh'd, and hung down her head; Till conquer'd she fell on his breast, And

3. But fame call'd the youth to the field, His ban - ner wav'd o - ver his head; He gave his gui - tar for a shield, But

sings in the bower of his fair, He sings in the bower of his fair. The noise of the bat - tle is o - ver, The bu - gle no more calls to

thus to the hap - py youth said, And thus to the hap - py youth said—"The bu - gle shall part us, love, nev - er, My bo - som thy pil - low shall

soon he laid low with the dead, But soon he laid low with the dead; While she o'er her young he - ro bend - ing, Received his ex - pir - ing a -

arms, A sol-dier no more but a lov - er, I kneel to the power of thy charms! Sweet la - dy, dear la - dy, I'm thine, I
 be; Till death tears thee from me for - ev - er, Still faith-ful, I'll per - ish with thee." Sweet la - dy, dear la - dy, I'm thine, I
 dieu; "I die while my coun-try do - fend - ing, With a heart to my la - dy love true." "Oh death!" then she sigh'd, "I am thine; I

bend to the mag - ie of beau - ty; Tho' the hel - met and ban - ner are mine, Yet love calls the sol - dier to du - ty.
 bend to the mag - ie of beau - ty, Tho' the hel - met and ban - ner are mine, Yet love calls the sol - dier to du - ty.
 tear off the ros - es of beau - ty; For the grave of my he - ro is mine, He died true to love and to du - ty.

1. What fair - ry - like mu - sic steals o - ver the sea, En - trac - ing the sens - es with charm'd mel - o - - dy ;

2. The winds are all hush'd and the wa - ters at rest, They sleep like the pas - sion in in - - fan - cy's breast ;

'Tis the voice of the mermaid, that floats o'er the main, As she mix - es her song with the gen - do - lier's strain.

Till storms shall un - chain them from out their dark cave, And break the re - pose of the soul and the wave.

1. Love not! Love not! Ye hap-less sons of clay, Hope's gay-est wreaths are made of earth-ly flowers; Things that are made to

2. Love not! love not! the thing you love may die, May per-ish from the gry and glad-som earth, The si-lent stars, the

3. Love not! love not! the thing you love may change, The ro-sy lip may cea-se to smile on you, The kind-ly beam-ing

4. Love not! love not! oh warn-ing vain-ly said In pres-ent hours, as in years gone by; Love flings a ha-lo

fade and fade away, Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours, Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours. Love not! Love not!

blue and smiling sky, Beams on its grave, as once up - - on its birth, Beams on its grave, as once up - on its birth. Love not! Love not!

eye grow cold and strange, The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true, The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true. Love not! Love not!

round the dear one's head, Faultless, im-mor-tal till they change or die, Faultless, im - mor-tal till they change or die. Love not! Love not!

Ad lib.

* This bar should be sung in even notes, to the second and third verses

Andantino con moto.

1. Sleep in sweet re - pose! Sleep! thine eye - lids close: Hear the heav - y fall - ing rain, Hear the neighbor's dog again,

2. Hush, my dar - ling child! Hush! the wind is wild; From the grass in si - lent fear Peeps the hare with startled ear.

3. Sleep! thy cheek so fair Ne'er hath known a care.— Slow the dove flies o'er the plain, Searching for the ti - ny grain,

4. Hush! thine eyelids close.— Home the wand' - rer goes.— Crouch - ing in her bed of thorn Sleep the hare a - mid the corn;

Bark - ing loud, some beg - ger sear - ing And his tat - tered cloth - ing tear - ing, 'Till the poor man fright - ened goes! — Sleep in sweet re - pose.

O'er the mea - dow wide she's rac - ing With the green - clad hun - ter chas - ing. See, she run - neth, swift and wild! Hush my dar - ling child.

While her tim - id young are say - ing, "E'en till sun - set moth - er's stay - ing," Frightened at its ro - sy glare, Sleep! thou hast no care.

Lit - tle birds have ceased their sing - ing, Neath their mother's wings are cling - ing. All the wea - ry seek re - pose; Hush! thine eyelids close.

Rall.

1. Scorn ro-man-tic Po-et's die-tion, Eas-tern bow'rs and sun-ny skies; Smiling houris, worlds of fic-tion, E-qual not Sa-lo-pean joys.

2. Matchless youth, whose sword ne'er falters, Shrinks to foe or quails to fear, Peerless dames, whose lovely daughters Crown the ev-er blooming year.

3. If true bliss, be worth thy seeking, Find this flow'ry verdant shade; Hearts ne'er found, but left it breaking, For those sunny banks they've stray'd.

If love's lay can cheer thy breast, 'Tis in these val-leys speaking, love! The world hast not a land so blest, As bloom around the Wreaken, love!

Crystal stream and flow'ry vales, Where bees are honey-sucking, love! Sweet nightingales can tell thee tales, While roaming round the Wreaken love!

There sweeter falls the summer dew, But day I see is breaking, love! To all my friends I bid adieu, To dream about the Wreaken, love!

Fai - ry forms with ar - dent wish - es, Warbling songs that nev - er cloy; Evening dance, and true love's kisses, E - qual not Sa - lo - pean joys.

Fai - ry forms with ar - dent wish - es, Warbling songs that nev - er cloy; Evening dance, and true love's kisses, E - qual not Sa - lo - pean joys.

The musical score consists of five staves. The first two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth staves are a grand piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

1. She wore a wreath of 'ro - ses, The night that first we met, Her love - ly face was smil - ing Be - neath her curls of

2. A wreath of or - ange blos - soms, When next we met, she wore; Th' ex - pression of her features Was more thoughtful than be -

3. And once again I see that brow, No bri - dal wreath is there; The widow's som - bre cap conceals Her once lux - u - riant

The musical score consists of five staves. The first three staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The fourth and fifth staves are a grand piano accompaniment. The key signature is two sharps (D major), and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

jet; Her foot-steps had the lightness, Her voice the joy-ous tone, The to-kens of a youthful heart, Where sor-row is un-
 fore; And stand-ing by her side was one Who strove, and not in vain, To soothe her, leav-ing that dear home She ne'er might view a-
 hair; She weeps in si-lent sol-i-tude, And there is no one near To press her hand with-in his own, And wipe a-way a

known; I saw her but a mo-ment, Yet me-thinks I see her now; With the wreath of sum-mer flow-ers, Up-on her snow-y brow.
 gain. I saw her but a mo-ment, Yet me-thinks I see her now; With the wreath of or-ange blossoms, Up-on her snow-y brow.
 tear; I see her brok-en hear-ted, Yet, me-thinks I see her now, In the pride of youth and beau-ty, With a gailand on her brow.

THEY SAID MY LOVE WOULD CHANGE WITH TIME.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

1. They said my love would change with time, That all the spell would break and die For future years, a fleeting

2. They said my love would change with time, A thoughtless dream of way-ward youth And die, as from the ear a

chime, To which the heart would not re - ply. Oh! little could such beings know, The ear-liest love is still the best, Its

rhyme, Which bears not with its beau - ty, truth : They know not how my spirit turns, Still yearn-ing, to that life-fed ray, Whose

echo in the heart will grow, Nor fade a - way to dreamless rest ; An ech-o that with time will grow, In sorrowing beauty with its

only change is that it burns Still brighter each . . succeed-ing day ; A star of love thro' life to glow, A voice-ful joy, an ech-o

This system contains the first two stanzas of the song. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part includes a variety of textures, from simple chords to more complex arpeggiated figures.

chime, A spell those hearts could never know, Who said my love would change with time, Who said my love, my love would change with time.

chime, A spell those hearts could never know, Who said my love would change with time, Who said my love, my love would change with time.

This system contains the final two stanzas of the song. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature remains B-flat major, and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part includes a variety of textures, from simple chords to more complex arpeggiated figures. The word "Ritard." is written below the piano part in the final measures of both stanzas.

YE HIGH-BORN SPANISH NOBLEMEN.

1. Ye high - born Span - ish No - ble - men, Ye Dons and Cav - a - liers, Ah, lit - tle do you think up - on the

This system contains the first four staves of music. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble clef, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "1. Ye high - born Span - ish No - ble - men, Ye Dons and Cav - a - liers, Ah, lit - tle do you think up - on the".

low - ly Mu - le - teers; To earn an hon - est live - li - hood, what toils, what care we know, Small our gains, great our pains, O'er the

This system contains the next four staves of music. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble clef, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "low - ly Mu - le - teers; To earn an hon - est live - li - hood, what toils, what care we know, Small our gains, great our pains, O'er the".

Pareh'd with heat, drench'd with
 hills o'er the plain, Pareh'd with heat, drench'd with rain, Still the mu - le-teers must go, Pareh'd with heat, drench'd with
 Pareh'd with heat, drench'd with rain, the mu - le - teers must go. drench'd with

rain, Still the mu - le - teers must go, Still the mu - le - teers must go.
 rain, Still the mu - le - teers must go, Still the mu - le - teers must go.
 rain, &c.

2

When darkness overtakes us,
 Our mules to droop begin ;
 Fatigu'd and spent, what joy we feel
 To reach the wished for Inn.
 We drain the wine keg jollily,
 We toss it to and fro ;
 While to sleep, as we creep,
 Maritones may weep,
 That when day-light does peep,
 Then the Muleteers must go.

1. Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch! Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch! Wat ye how she cheat-ed me, As I came o'er the braes of Balloch!

2. She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me best of o-ny; But ah the fickle, faithless queen, She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.

2. O, she was a can-ty quean, Weel could she dance the Highland walloch; How happy I, had she been mine, Or I been Roy of Al-di-val-loch!

3. Her hair, sae fair, her e'en sae clear, Her wee bit mon' sae sweet and bonnie, To me she ev-er will be dear, Though she's forever left her Johnnie.

1 Duncan Gray came here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't, On new year's day when we were fou, Ha, ha, the wooing o't. Maggie cuist her head fu' high,

2. Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't, Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't. Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,

3. Time and chance are but a tide, Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't, Slighted lovc is fair to'hide, Ha, ha, the wooing o't. Shall I like a fool, quoth he,

Look'd ask-lent and un-co skiegh Gart poor Duncan stand a biegh Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Grat his c'en balth bleer't and blin', Spak' o' louping o'er a linn; Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

For a haughty hiz-zie dee! She may gae to France for me! Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

4

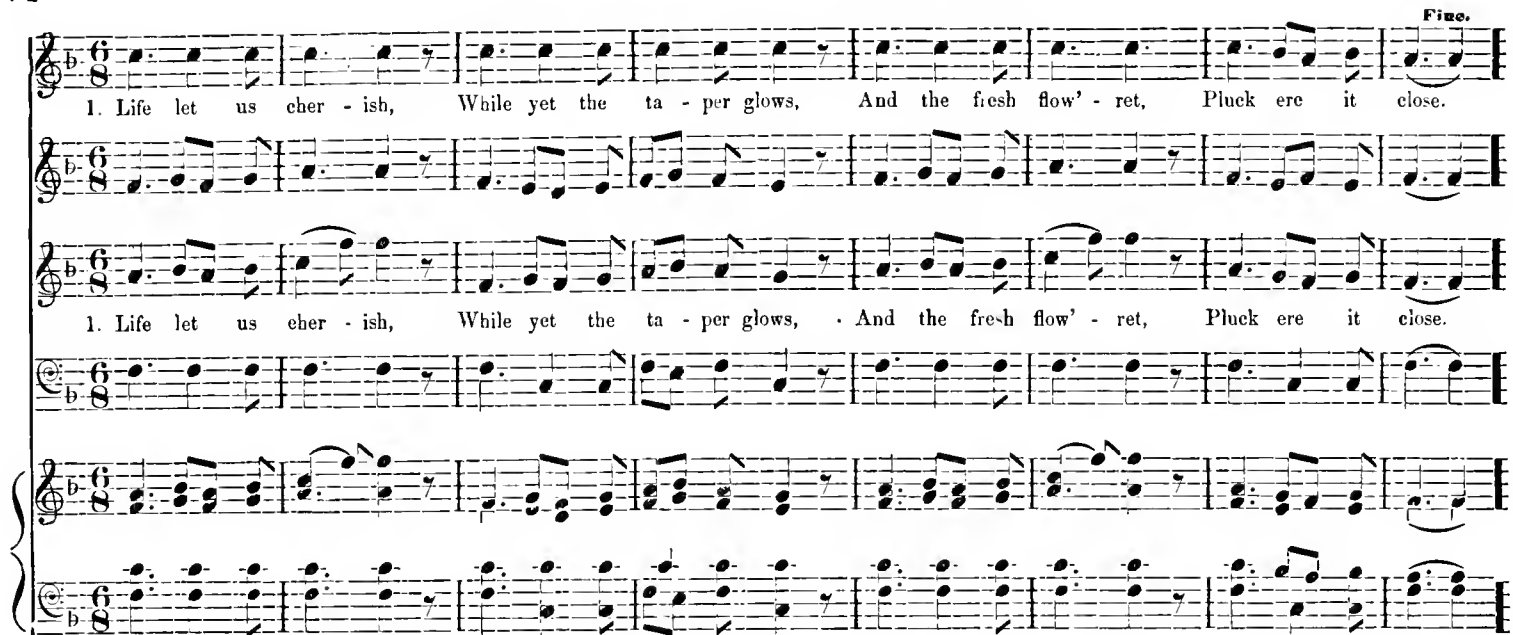
How it comes, let Doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Meg grew sich, as he grew well,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And oh! her een they spak' sic things,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

5

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

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

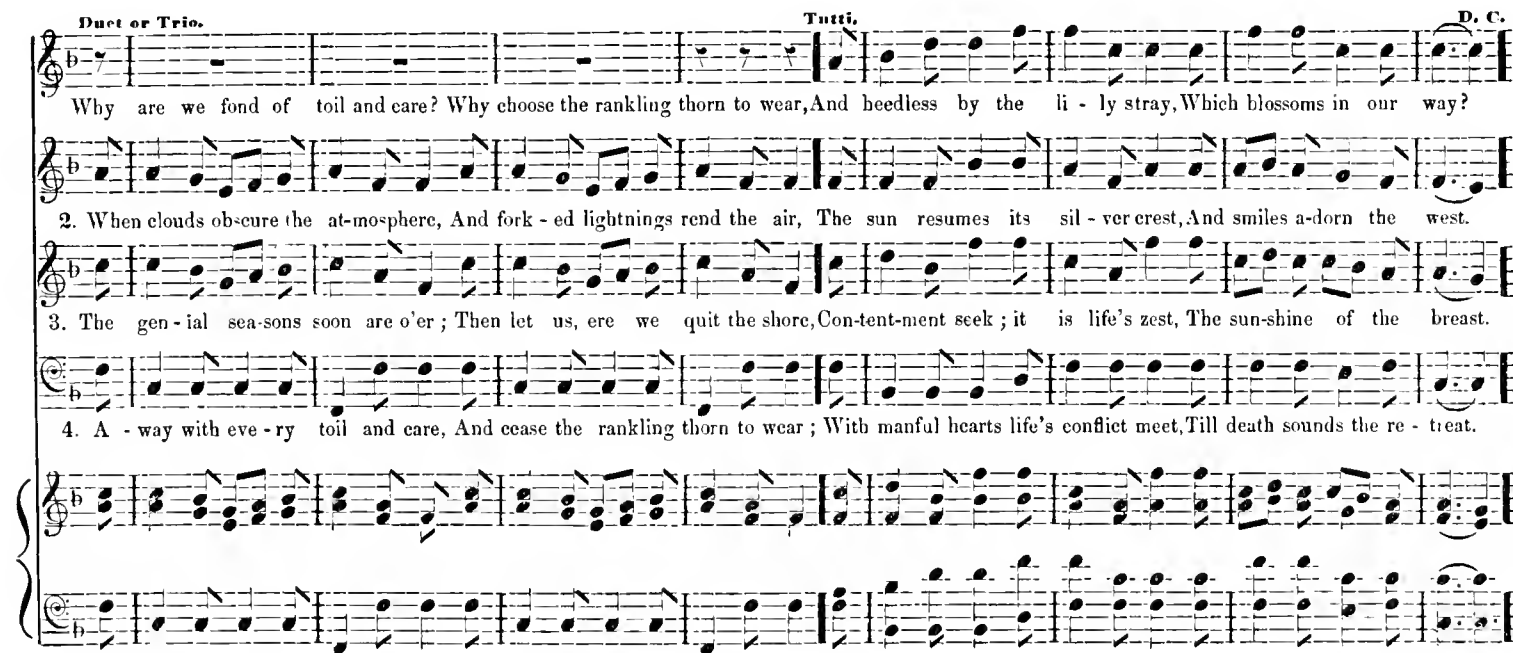
Fine.



1. Life let us cher-ish, While yet the ta-per glows, And the fiesh flow'-ret, Pluck ere it close.

1. Life let us eher-ish, While yet the ta-per glows, . And the fre-h flow'-ret, Pluck ere it close.

Duet or Trio. **Tutti.** **D. C.**



Why are we fond of toil and care? Why choose the rankling thorn to wear, And heedless by the li-ly stray, Which blossoms in our way?

2. When clouds ob-cure the at-mosphere, And fork-ed lightnings rend the air, The sun resumes its sil-ver crest, And smiles a-dorn the west.

3. The gen-ial sea-sons soon are o'er; Then let us, ere we quit the shore, Con-tent-ment seek; it is life's zest, The sun-shine of the breast.

4. A-way with eve-ry toil and care, And cease the rankling thorn to wear; With manful hearts life's conflict meet, Till death sounds the re-treat.

1. Ye banks and braes of bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sa fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt ye lit-tle birds, While I'm so wae, and full of care?

2. Oft have I roam'd by bonnie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine, Where ilka bird sung o'er its note, And cheerful-ly I join'd with mine.
2. Ye roses blaw your bonnie blooms, And draw the wild birds by the burn, For Luman promis'd me a ring, And ye maun aid me should I mourn.

3. My Luman's love, in bro-ken sighs, At dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear; And mid-day, by the willow green, For him I'd shed a si-lent tear.

Ye'll break my heart, ye lit-tle birds, That wan-der thro' that flow'ring thorn. Ye mind me of de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev-er to return.

Wi' heartsome glee i' pu'd a rose, A rose out of yon thorny tree; But my false love has floun the rose, And left the thorn be-hind me.
Ah! na, na, na, ye need na mourn, My een are dim and drowsy worn; Ye bonnie birds ye need na sing, For Lu-man nev-er can return.

Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pi-ty me, And join me wi' a plaintive sang, While echo wakes and joins the mane, I make for him I lo'ed sae lang.

I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my side, And of all who as - sembled with -

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/8. The lyrics are: "1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my side, And of all who as - sembled with -"

Solo.

in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride; I had rich - es too great to count, could boast Of a high an -

This system contains the second two staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats, and the time signature is 3/8. The lyrics are: "in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride; I had rich - es too great to count, could boast Of a high an -". The word "Solo." is written above the first measure of the vocal line.

Chorus

ces - tral name, But I al - - so dreamt, which pleas'd me most, That you loved me still the same, That you loved me, you

loved me still the same, That you loved me, you loved me still the same.

2

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand,
 That knights upon bended knee,
 And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
 They pledged their faith to me ;
 And I dreamt that one of that noble host,
 Came forth my hand to claim ;
 But I also dreamt, which charm'd me most,
 That you loved me still the same.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

1. I am thy guardian an-gel, sweet maid, and I rest In my own cho-sen tem-ple, thy in-no-cent breast; At midnight I

2. The thoughts of thy heart are re-cord-ed by me; There are some, which, half breath'd, half acknowledged by thee, Steal sweet-ly and

3. I breathe o'er thy slumbers, sweet dreams of de-light, Till you wake but to sigh for the vis-ions of night. Then re-mem-ber

The first system of the musical score consists of three vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with line numbers 1, 2, and 3 corresponding to the three lines of text.

steal from my sa-cred re-treat, When the cords of thy heart in soft u-ni-son beat; When thy bright eye is clos'd, when thy dark tres-ses

si-lent-ly o'er thy pure breast, Just ruf-fling its calmness, then murm'ring to rest, Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breathless-ly

where'er your path-way may be, Be it clouded with sorrow, or bril-liant with joy, My spir-it shall watch thee, wher-ev-er thou

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. It features three vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, continuing the text from the previous system.

flow, In beau-ti-ful wreaths o'er thy pil-lows of snow; O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art, And lis-ten to
 lies, With its own nim-ie mountains and star spangled skies; I stretch my light pin-ions a-round thee when sleeping, To guard thee from
 art, My in-cense shall rise from the throne of thy heart, Fare-well! for the shadows of evening are fled, And the young rays of

mu-sic which flows from my heart. O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art, And lis-ten to mu-sic which flows from thy heart.
 spir-its of sor-row and weeping, I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping, To guard thee from spir-its of sor-row and weeping.
 morning are wreath'd round my head. Farewell! for the shadows of evening are fled, And the young rays of morning are wreath'd round my head.

AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld ae-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind, Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang

2. We twa ha'e run a - bout the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine; But we've wandered mony a weary foot, Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

3
We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ba'e roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

4
And there's a hand my trustie feire,
And gi'es a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

5
And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

1. Come, oh come with me, the moon is beaming; Come, oh come with me, the stars are gleaming; All a-round, a-bove, with beau-ty

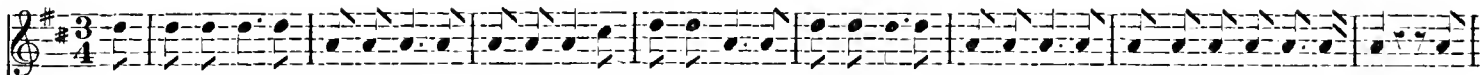
2. My skiff is on the shore, she's light and free; To ply the feathered oar is joy to me; And while we glide a-long, my song shall

Fine.

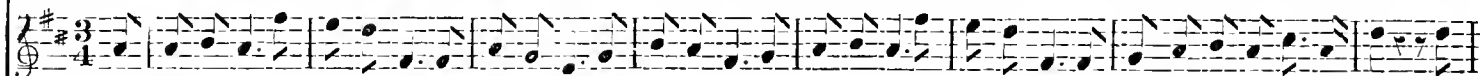
teeming; Moonlight hours are meet for love. Tra la la la lu la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la, la.

be, My dear-est maid, I love but thee. Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la, la.

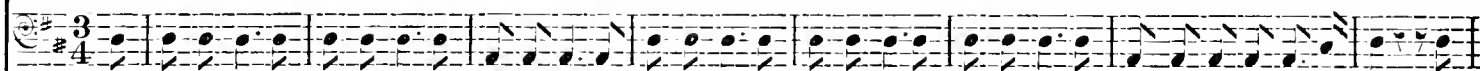
D. C.



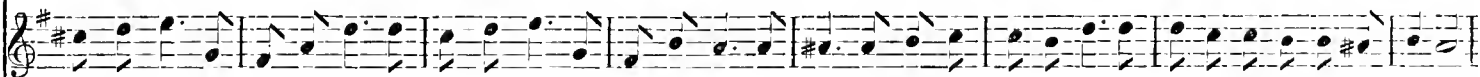
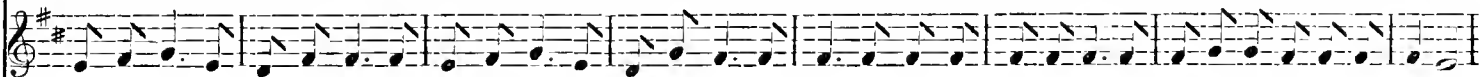
1. The dream is past, and with it fled The hopes that once my passion fed; And darkly die, 'mid grief and pain, The joys which gone, come not again; My



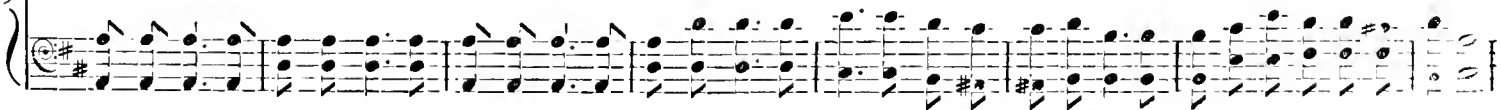
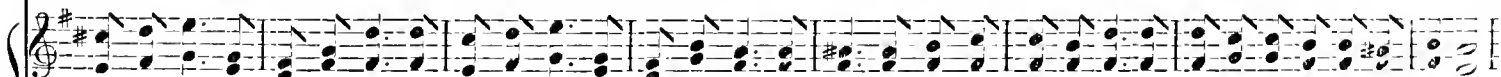
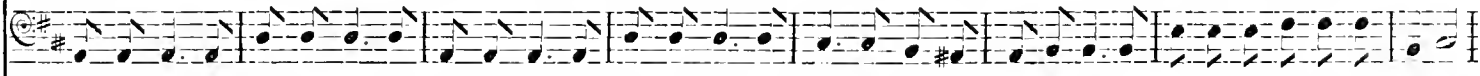
2. They cannot see the silent tear, That falls uncheck'd when none are near; Nor do they mark the smother'd sigh, That leaves my breast when they are by. I



soul in si - lence and in tears, Has cherish'd now for ma - ny years, A love for one, who does not know The tho'ts that in my bosom glow. Oh!



know my cheek is pa - ler now, And smiles no lon-ger deck my brow; 'Tis youth's de-cay, 'twill soon begin, To tell the tho'ts that dwell within. Oh!



ease my heart, thy throbbing hide, A - noth - er soon will be his bride; And hope's last faint, but cheering ray, Will then for ev - er pass a - way.

let me rouse my sleeping pride, And from his gaze, my feelings hide; He shall not smile, to think that I, With love for him could pine and die.

The musical score consists of five systems. The first system contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics. The third system contains the third line of lyrics. The fourth and fifth systems are piano accompaniment for the first and second lines of lyrics, respectively.

SAD HOUR OF PARTING.

BELLINI.

Andante con espressione.

Sad hour of part - ing ! too quickly here ! Spir - its to se - ver link'd by each thought Bringing thy anguish ! thy bitter tear ! thy bit - ter

2. Oh, thou Bless'd spirit ! bend kindly down Drooping, Behold us ! 'neath adverse fate. Shel - ter us from its with - ering frown, its with'ring

The musical score consists of five systems. The first system contains the first line of lyrics and is marked 'Andante con espressione'. The second system contains the second line of lyrics. The third system contains the third line of lyrics. The fourth and fifth systems are piano accompaniment for the first and second lines of lyrics, respectively. The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of 'p'.

SAD HOUR OF PARTING. CONCLUDED.

tear | Lonely we'll wander thro' the day, Hopeless must weep thro' night's delay ; Our hearts are breaking with this farewell !

frown. To thy pro-tee-tion now we flee, Safe in thy shadow let us be ! In sorrow part-ed by fate's compel !

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "tear | Lonely we'll wander thro' the day, Hopeless must weep thro' night's delay ; Our hearts are breaking with this farewell ! frown. To thy pro-tee-tion now we flee, Safe in thy shadow let us be ! In sorrow part-ed by fate's compel !"

with this fare - well ! Fare - - - well ! Oh ! must we say farewell ! Fare - - - well ! Oh ! must we say fare - well !

by stern com - pel ! Fare - - - well ! It is our last farewell, Fare - - - well ! It is our last fare - well !

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "with this fare - well ! Fare - - - well ! Oh ! must we say farewell ! Fare - - - well ! Oh ! must we say fare - well ! by stern com - pel ! Fare - - - well ! It is our last farewell, Fare - - - well ! It is our last fare - well !". The word "Rit." (Ritardando) is written above the vocal line in the third measure of the third staff and below the piano line in the fourth measure of the fifth staff.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

SLOW.

1. Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright, My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love! New hopes may bloom, and

2. Tho' the bard to a pur - er flame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before, To smile at last; We'll nev - er meet a

3 Oh! that hallowed form is ne'er for - got, Which love first traced; Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot, On memory's waste! 'Twas o - dor fled as

days may come, Of milder, calmer beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life, As love's young dream, Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life, As love's young dream

joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to woman's ear His soul - felt flame, And, at eve - ry close, she blushed to hear The once-loved name.

soon as shed; 'Twas morning's winged dream! 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream! Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine a - gain, On life's dull stream.

BORY O'MOORE.

1. Young Ro - ry O'Moore courted Kath - a - leen Bawn; He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn; He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathaleen to please. And he

2. "In - deed, then," says Kathaleen, "dont think of the like, For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike; The ground that I walk on, he loves, I'll be bound," 'Faith,' says

3. "Arrah, Kathaleen, my darlint, you've teaz'd me enough, And I've thrash'd for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff; And I've made myself drinking your health, quite a baste, So I

tho't the best way to do that, was to teaze. Now, Ro - ry, be aisy, sweet Kathaleen would cry, Reproof on her lip, but the smile in her eye, "With your

Ro - ry, 'I'd rather love you than the ground.' 'Now Ro - ry, I'll ery, if you don't let me go, Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so.' 'Oh!' says

think, af - ter that, I may talk, to the praste." Then Ro - ry, the rogue, stole his arms round her neck, So soft and so white, without freckle or speck, And he

tricks I don't know in truth what I'm about, Faith, you've teas'd till I've put on my elcloak inside out." 'Oh, jewell,' says Ro-ry, 'that same is the way, You've

Ro - ry, ' that same I'm de - light - ed to hear, For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear; Oh, jewell ! keep dhraming that same till you die, And

looked in her eyes that were beaming with light, And he kissed her sweet lips, Don't you think he was right? Now Rory leave off, -ir, you'll hug me no more, That's

The first system of the musical score for 'Rory O'Moore'. It consists of four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and two bass lines (bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

thra - ted my heart for this ma - ny a day, And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not to be sure? For, 'tis all for good luck, ' says bold Rory O'Moore.

morn - ing, will give dir - ty night the black lie ; And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not to be sure, Since 'tis all for good luck, ' says told Rory O'Moore.

eight times to - day that you've kissed me be - fore. 'Then here goes a - nother,' says he, ' to make sure, For there's luck in odd numbers,' says Rory O'Moore.

The second system of the musical score. It continues with four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and two bass lines (bass clef). The key signature remains B-flat major and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

THE SUNNY HOURS OF CHILDHOOD.

1. The sun-ny, sun - ny hours of childhood, How soon, how soon they pass a - way, Like flow'rs, like flow'rs in the wildwood, That once bloom'd fresh and

2. The friends, the friends we saw a-round us, In boyhood's hap-py, hap - py days, The fai - ry, fai - ry links that bound us, No feel-ing now dis -

gay, But the per-fume of the flow - ers, And the freshness of the heart, Live but a few brief hours, And then for aye de - part. The

plays, For time hath chang'd for - ev - er, What youth can-not re - tain, And we may know ah never, Those sun-ny hours a - gain. The

sun-ny, sun-ny hours of child-hood, How soon they pass a-way, Like flow'rs, like flow'rs in the wild-wood, That once bloom'd fresh and gay.

sun-ny, sun-ny hours of child-hood, How soon they pass a-way, Like flow'rs, like flow'rs in the wild-wood, That once bloom'd fresh and gay.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

Allegretto. *F. inc.* *D. C.*

1. As beau-ti-ful Kit-ty one morning was tripping, With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine. } Oh, what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now, Shure, shure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled, And all the sweet butter-milk water d the plain. } [meet again,
'Twas the pride of my dairy, O Bar-ney M' Clea-ry, You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

2. I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her, That such a misfortune should give her such pain, }
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her, She row'd for such pleasure she'd break it again. } 'Twas hay-making season, I cant tell the reason, Misfortune will over come single, 'tis plain,
For re-ry soon after poor Kitty's dis-as-ter, The dev-il a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

Poco Allegretto.

1. I've come across the sea, I've brav'd every dan - ger, For a broth - er dear to me, from Swissland a ranger; Then pi - ty, as - sist and pro-ject the poor

2. Come round me Ladies fair, I've ribbands and la - ces, I've trink - ets rich and rare to add to the gra - ces, Of waist, neck or arm, or your pret - ty

3. I've paint and I've per - fume, for those who may choose them, Young la - dies I pre - sume you all will refuse them, The bloom on your cheek shews that you never

4. I've a cross to make you smart, On your breast you may bear it, Just o'er your lit - tle heart I ad - vise you to wear it; I hope that no oth - er cross e'er will come

stranger, And buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne, Then buy a toy, buy a toy, Then buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

fa - ces; Then buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne, Then buy a lit - tle toy, buy a lit - tle toy, Then buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

use them; Yet buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne, Yet buy a lit - tle toy, buy a toy, Yet buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

near it, Yes I do, so buy a toy of poor Rose of Lucerne. Ah! yes I do, yes I do, So buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

1. I wan-dered by the brook-side, I wan-dered by the mill; I could not hear the brook flow; The noi-sy wheel was

2. I sat beneath the elm tree, I watch'd the long, long shade, And as it grew still long-er, I did not feel a -

3. He came not, no, he came not, The night came on a-lone; The lit-tle stars set one by one, Each on his gold-en

4. Fast si-lent tears were flowing, When something stood be-hind, A hand was on my shoulder, I knew its touch was

still; There was no sound of grass-hop-per, No chirp of a-ny bird, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

fraid, For I listened for a foot-fall, I listened for a word, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

throne; The evening air pass'd by my cheek. The leaves above were stirred, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

kind; It drew me near, near-er, We did not speak one word, For the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

I'VE LEFT THE SNOW-CLAD HILLS.

1. I've left the snowclad hills, Where my father's hut doth stand, My own, my dear Dal - kar - lia, for a stran - ger land, A

2. Be - side those snow-clad hills, Where my father's hut doth stand, Dwells one to whom I'm plight - ed To be - stow my hand,

Be -

stran - ger land, I'm but a poor young girl, In my sim - ple peas - ant guise, Unskill'd in all the arts and wiles, That worldlings prize, that

But not with - out a heart Would I pledge with word or vow, And I've no heart to give him, For he has it now,

- - stow my hand,

worldlings prize. I trill my mountain lay, Ev' - ry where I chance to roame, Oh sweet the song to me, For it takes me back to

That youth, he is so no - ble, That youth he is so brave, Oh soon - er than de - sert him, I'd lie me in my

has it now.

The first system of the musical score consists of four vocal staves and a grand piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with some words in italics. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings.

home, No place can ev - er be to me Like that dear home, Like that dear home, My own sweet home, My own be - lov - ed home.

grave, No won - der I am pin - ing, then, For that dear home, For that dear home, My own sweet home, My own be - lov - ed home.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. It features the same four vocal staves and piano accompaniment as the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with some words in italics. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns and melodic lines, ending with a double bar line and repeat signs.

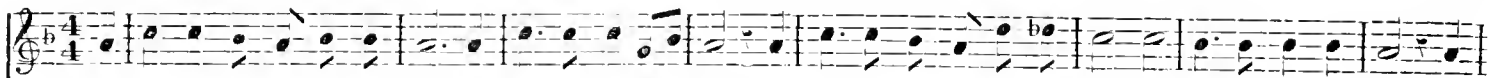
SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

I. Scenes that are brightest may charm a - while, Hearts which are lightest, And eyes that shine, Yet o'er them, a - bove us,

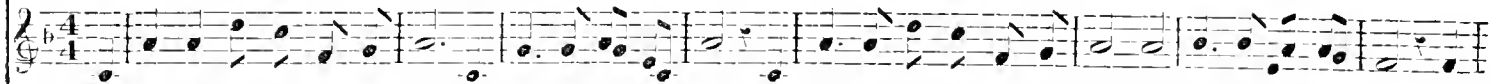
2. Words can - not scat-ter, the thoughts we fear, For tho' they flat-ter, They mock the ear, Hopes will still de - ceive us,

Though na-ture beam with none to love us, How sad they seem With none to love us, How sad they seem.

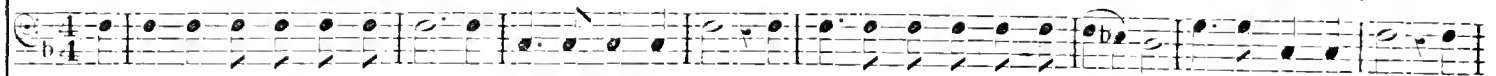
With tear - ful cast, and when they leave us, The heart is lost, And when they leave us, The heart is lost.



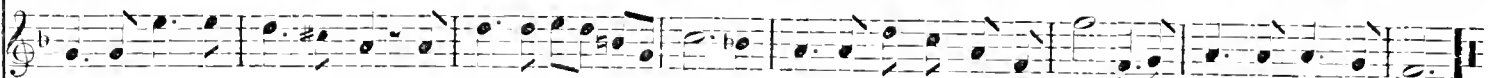
1. In hap-py moments day by day, The sands of life may pass In swift but tranquil tide a - way, From time's unerring glass, Yet



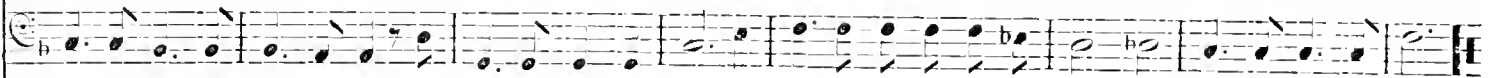
2. Tho' anxious eyes up-on us gaze, And hearts with fondness beat, Whose smile upon each feature plays, With truthfulness re - plete. Some



hopes we used as bright to deem, Remembrance will re - call, Whose pure and whose unfading beam, Is dearer than them all.



thoughts none oth - er can replace, Remembrance will re - call, Which in the flight of years we trace, Is dearer than them all.



UP, UP, TO THE ALPS.

1. Up, up, to the Alps, lads, the day is be - fore you; Hil - li - ho, hil - li - ho, hil - li, hil - li - ho, . . . Hil - li - ho, Hil - li - ho,
 There bright shining summits are streaming with glo - ry;
 Are prane - ing a - way in the re - gion of snow. Hil - li - ho, hil - li - ho, hil - li, hil - li - ho . . . Hil - li - ho, Hil - li - ho,

Fine. *D. C.*
 2. hil - li, hil - li - ho, Up, up to the spot where the buck and the doe,
 Te grace our loved home, see what splendors are given,
 Above, and around, making earth like a heaven;
 Hilliho, hilliho, &c.
 With fellowship worthy the boon let us go,
 And join in the chase, first of pleasures below.
 3. hil - li, hil - li - ho.
 Leek down on the vale, where our dear ones are dwelling,
 Or hither at eve, with our glad music swelling,
 Hilliho! hilliho, &c.
 We'll haste, of our skill the wild trophies to shew,
 And reuse hill and dale with our homeward halle.

WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.

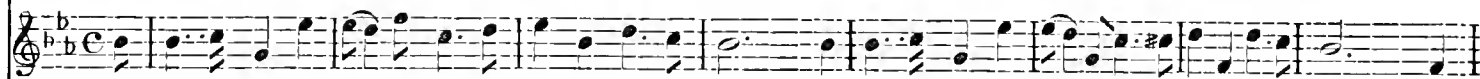
M. W. BALFE.

97

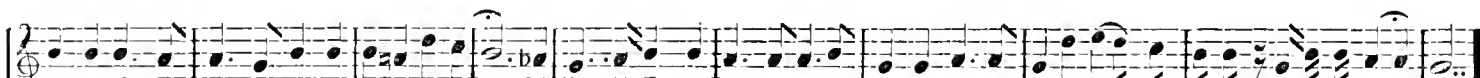
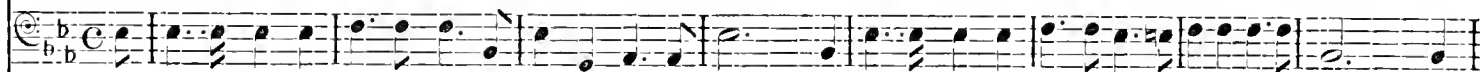
Larghetto Cantabile.



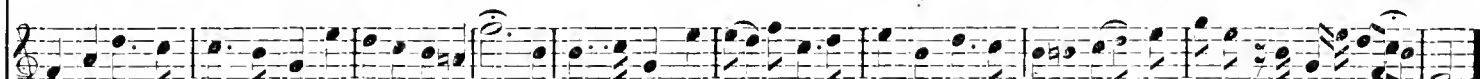
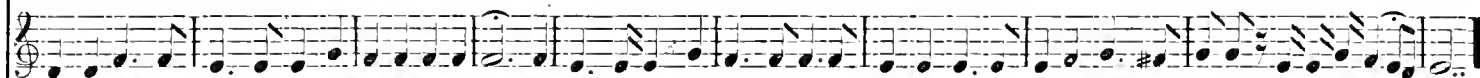
1. O smile as thou wert wont to smile, Be - fore the weight of care Had crush'd thy heart, and for a while Left only sorrow there, Some



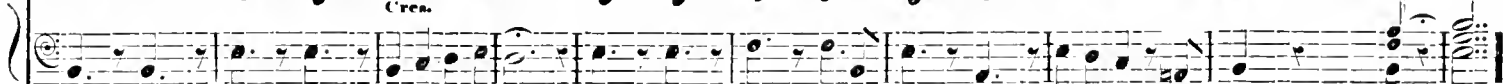
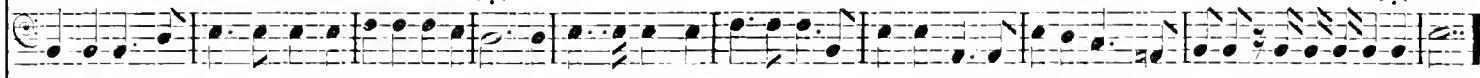
2. O nev - er name de - part-ed days, Nor vows you whispered then, Round which too sad a feeling plays, To trust their tones again, Re-



thoughts perchance 'twere best to quell, Some impulse to forget, O'er which should mem'ry cease to dwell, We may be happy yet, we may be happy, we may be happy yet



gard their shadows round thee cast, As if we ne'er had met, And thus un-mind-ful of the past, We may be hap-py yet, we may be happy, we may be happy yet.



Andante con moto.

1. Oh! whis-per what thou feel-est that no un-hal-low'd ear, May list-en to the Mu-sie of words to me so dear! But

2. The bash-ful bird of e-ven that shuns the plum-ed throng, Pours forth her plaintive ma-gie, When none can hear her song, And

if their tones should fal-ter, And on thy lip should die, Oh let their hon-ied sweetness Be gather'd from thy sigh. Oh! whisper what thou

so do thou but whis-per the sounds that I would hear, When their en-chanting soft-ness can reach none o-ther ear. Oh! whisper what thou

feel - est, that no un - hal - low'd ear, May list - en to the mu - sic, of words to me so dear!

feel - est, that no un - hal - low'd ear, May list - en to the mu - sic, of words to me so dear!

The musical score consists of six staves. The first two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The remaining four staves are instrumental accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

ROW GENTLY HERE.

Fine. *D. C.*

1. Row gent - ly here, my gon - do - lier, So soft - ly wake the tide ! } Had heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As star - ry eyes to see,
That not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we glide : }
Oh ! think what tales 'twould have to tell Of wand'ring youths like me.

2. Now rest thee here, my gon - do - lier, Hush, hush, for up I go, } Oh! did we take for heav'n a - bove But half such pain as we
To climb yon light pi - azza's height, While thou keep'st watch below ; }
Take day and night, for woman's love, What an - gels we should be.

D. C.

The musical score consists of six staves. The first two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The remaining four staves are instrumental accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piece concludes with a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

O DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

1. O dear! what can the mat - ter be, Dear! dear, what can the matter be! O dear, what can the matter be, Johnny's so long at the fair! He promis'd to bring me a

2. O dear! what can the mat - ter be, Dear! dear, what can the matter be! O dear, what can the matter be, Johnny's so long at the fair! He promis'd to bring me a

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third and fourth staves are a grand piano accompaniment. The fifth staff is a bass line. The system concludes with a double bar line.

fairing would please me, And then for a kiss O! he vow'd he would tease me; He promis'd to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons To tie up my bonny brown hair.

bas - ket of po - sies, A gar - land of lil - ies, a gar - land of ro - ses; A lit - tle straw hat to set off the blue ribbons That tie up my bonny brown hair.

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third and fourth staves are a grand piano accompaniment. The fifth staff is a bass line. The system concludes with a double bar line.

A HOME WITHOUT A WIFE.*

J. H. LEVISON.

101

Andantino.

1. A home without a mother A dreary spot must be, No matter when we lose her, In age or in fancy, But

2. A home without a mother I never can forget, Her cherished form, her look of love, Are present with me yet, And

3. A home without a mother; Her gentle spirit's flown; And in this dreary world, alas! I find myself alone, And

next to this no care I vow, Can so distress our life, As day by day, to travel to A home without a Wife.

but for this no earth-ly care Can so distress our life, As day by day, to travel to A home without a Wife.

but for this no care I vow, Can so distress our life, And I'll no longer travel to A home without a Wife.

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THERE IS NO HOME LIKE MY OWN.

1. In the wild cha-mois track, at the breaking of morn, With a hunt-er's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the

2. I have cross'd the proud alps, I have sail'd down the Rhone, And there is no spot Like the sim-ple cot, And the hill and the val-ley I

The first system of the score consists of two verses of music. Each verse is written on a four-staff system: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

Al-pine horn, Tra la la la la la la la, O that voice to me, Is a voice of glee, Wherev-er my footsteps roam, And I

call my own, Tra la la la la la la la la, There the skies are bright, And our hearts are light, Our bo-soms without a fear; For our

The second system of the score continues the music from the first system. It follows the same four-staff format. The vocal line includes the lyrics and features a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above it. The piano accompaniment and grand staff continue with the same rhythmic and harmonic patterns as the first system.

long to bound, When I hear that sound, A-gain to my moun-tain home. In the wild Chamois track, at the break-ing of morn. With a
 toil is play, And our sport the fray. With the mountain roe or deer. In the wild Chamois track at the break-ing of morn. With a

This system contains six staves of music. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal part without lyrics. The last three staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4.

hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn, Tra la.

hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn, La la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la.

Tra la.

This system contains six staves of music. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal part with lyrics. The last three staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4.

HOURS THERE WERE.

1. Hours there were, to memory dearer, Than the sun-bright scenes of day ; Friends were dearer, joys were nearer, But a - las, they've fled a - way.

2. Oft when evening fad - ed mildly, O'er the wave our bark would rove ; Then we've heard the night-bird wildly, Breathe his vesper tale of love.

3. But in dreams let love be near me, With the joys that bloomed before ; Slumb'ring then 'twill sweetly cheer me, Calm to live my pleasures o'er ;

Oh ! 'twas when the moonlight playing, O'er the val-ley's si-lent grove, Told the blissful hour for straying, With my fond, my si-lent love.

Songs like his, my love would sing me, Songs that war-ble round me yet ; Ah ! but where does mem'ry bring me, Scenes like those I must forget.

Then per-haps some hope may waken, In this heart de-press with care, And like flowers in vale for-saken, Live a lone-ly beauty there.

Andante Cantabile.

1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts, Their tales of love shall tell, In language whose ex - cess in - parts The power they feel so well; There

2. When coldness or de - ceit shall slight The beauty now they prize, And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams within your eyes, When

CHORUS.

may perhaps in such a scene, Some recol - lec - tion be, Of days that have as happy been, And you'll remember me, and you'll remember, you'll remember me.

SOLO.

hol - low hearts shall wear a mask, 'Twill break your heart to see, In such a moment I but ask, That you'll remember me, That you'll remember, you'll remember me.

THE CARRIER DOVE.

1. Fly a - way to my native land sweet dove, Fly away to my na - tive land, And bear these lines to my lady-love, That I've traced with a feeble hand. She

2. Oh! fly to her bower and say the chain Of the tyrant is on me now; That I never shall mount my steed again With hel - met on my brow; No

3. I shall miss thy vis - it at dawn, sweet dove, I shall miss thy visit at eve: But bring me a line from my lady love, And then I shall cease to grieve; I can

marvels much at my long delay, A rumor of death she has heard, Or she thinks perhaps I falsely stray, Then fly to her bower sweet bird.

friend to my lattice a sol - ace brings, Ex - cept when your voice is heard; When you beat the bars with your snowy wings, Then fly to her bower sweet bird.

bear in a dungeon to waste a-way youth, I can fall by the conq'ror's sword; But I cannot endure she should doubt my truth, Then fly to her bower sweet bird.

WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

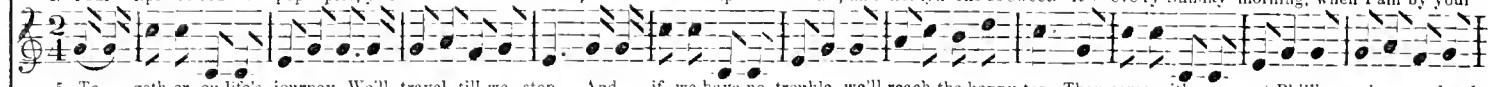
Allegretto.



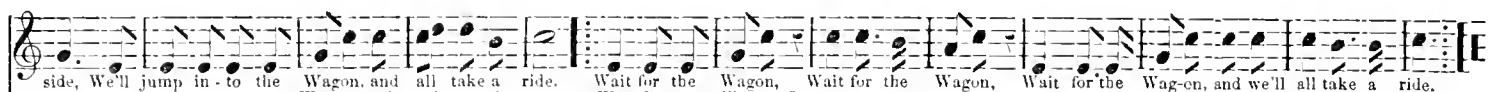
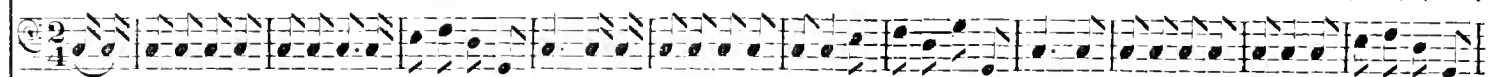
1. Will you come with me my Phillis, dear, to yon blue mountain free, Where the blossoms smell the sweetest, come rove along with me, It's every Sunday morning when I am by your
 2. Where the river runs like silver, and the birds they sing so sweet, I have a cab-in Phil lis, and something good to eat Come listen to my sto-ry, it will relieve my



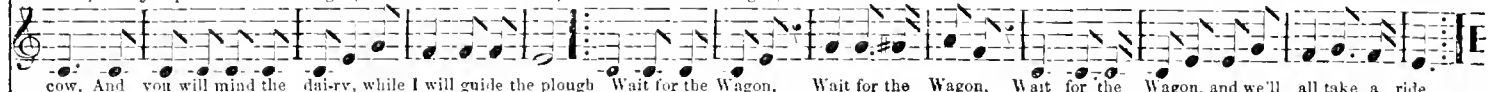
3. Do you believe my Phillis dear, old Mike with all his wealth, Can make you half so happy, as I with youth and health? We'll have a little farm, a horse, a pig and
 4. Your lips are red as pop - pies, your hair so slick and neat, All braided up with dahlias, and hol-lyhocks so sweet. It's eve-ry Sunday morning, when I am by your



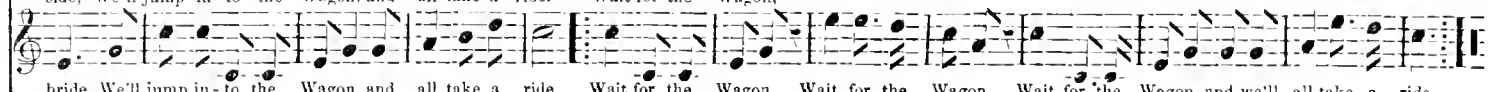
5. To - geth-er on life's journey, We'll travel till we stop, And if we have no trouble, we'll reach the happy top. Then come with me sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely



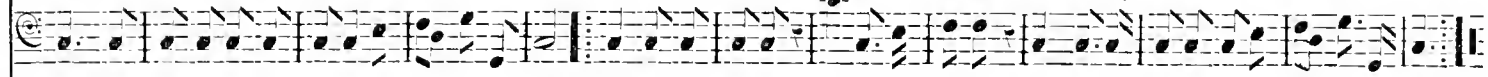
side, We'll jump in - to the Wagon, and all take a ride. Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wag-on, and we'll all take a ride.
 heart, So jump in - to the Wagon, and off we will start, Wait for the Wagon, &c.



cow, And you will mind the dai-ry, while I will guide the plough Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wagon, and we'll all take a ride.
 side, We'll jump in - to the Wagon, and all take a ride. Wait for the Wagon,



bride, We'll jump in - to the Wagon, and all take a ride. Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wagon, and we'll all take a ride.



CHEER UP, MY OWN JEANNETTE.

1. Cheer up, cheer up, my own Jeannette, Tho' far a - way I go, In all the changes I may see, I'll be the same Jean - not, And,

2 Why ev - er since the world be - gan, The sur - est road to fame Has ev - er been the field, where men Might win themselves a name, And

if I win both fame and gold, Ah! be not so un - kind To think I could for - get you, And the home I leave be - hind. There's

well I know the bright - est eyes Have ev - er bright - er shone, When look - ing at some war - rior bold Re - turned from bat - tles won; And

not a la - dy in the land, E'en if she were the Queen, Could win my heart from you, Jeannette, So true as you have been, They

you would put an end to deeds Which la - dies love so well, And have no tales of val - or left For his - to - ry to tell; The

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are the piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth staves are the grand piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The system concludes with a double bar line.

must have gal - lant warriors, chance hath cast the lot on me, But mind you this, the sol - dier, love, Shall no de - - sert - - er be.

soldier's is a no - ble trade, Then, Jeannette, rail no more, Were on - ly kings al - lowed to fight. There's be an end to war.

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are the piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth staves are the grand piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Allegretto.

1. Oh there's not a thrade that's go - - iog Worth show - ing, Or know - ing, Like that from glo - ry grow - ing, For a

m

2. But when we get the route, How they pout And they shout, While to the right a - bout, Goes the

bowl'd so - ger boy! Where right or left we go, Sure you know, Friend or foe, Will have the hand or toe From the

p

bowl'd so - ger boy! 'Tis then that la - dies fair In de - spair Tear their hair, But the Div'l a one I care, Says the

Cres.

bow'l'd so - ger boy, There's not a town we march thro', But la - dies look - ing arch thro' The win - dow panes will sarch Thro' the

Cres. mf Dim. Cres. Molto. f Dim.

bow'l'd so - ger boy, For the world is all be - fore us, Where the land - la - dies a - dore us, And ne'er 'fuse to score us, But

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff contains performance markings: *Cres.*, *mf*, *Dim.*, *Cres.*, *Molto.*, *f*, and *Dim.*. The third staff continues the vocal line. The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment for the right and left hands, respectively.

ranks to find their joy, While up the street, each girl you meet, With looks so sly, Will cry, " My eye! oh! is n't he a darling, The bowl'd so-ger boy!"

Cres. tempo. p

chalks us up with joy, We taste her tap, We tear her cap, " Oh that's the chap for me," says she, " Oh! is n't he a darling, The bowl'd so-ger boy!"

The second system of the musical score also consists of five staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff contains performance markings: *Cres.*, *tempo.*, and *p*. The third staff continues the vocal line. The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment for the right and left hands, respectively.

THE HAPPY DAYS OF LIFE ARE O'ER.

1. The hap - py days of life are o'er, The hopes they nursed as well ; The hopes they nursed as well, And she is gone who o'er them cast

2. The throbbing pulse, the fever'd brain, And her the cause of all, And her the cause of all, The dreams of bliss now sought in vain

Her all re-sist-less spell, Her all re - - sist - less spell. Poor Pi - rate, now thy course is sped, Seek once a - gain the sea, Seek once a -

'Twere i - dle to re-call, 'Twere i - dle to re - call. Poor Pi - rate, now thy course is sped, Seek once a - gain the sea, Seek once a -

gain the sea, That ingrate heart will nev-er shed, will nev-er shed a single tear for thee, A single tear for thee.

gain the sea, That ingrate heart will nev-er shed, will nev-er shed a single tear for thee, A single tear for thee.

I HAVE COME FROM A HAPPY LAND.

1. I have come from a happy land, Where care is un-known, }
 I have part-ed a merry band, To make thee mine own. }
 2. The summer has its hea-ry cloud, The rose-leaf will fall; }
 But in our home joy wears no shroud, Never does it pall, }
 3. Is trouble on my youthful brow, Sorrow on thy soul? }
 O heed them not who for thee now Wreath the midnight bowl. }
 4. But the touch of a gentle hand Trouble can re-move, }
 And pain will cease when lightly fanned By the breath of love. }
 5. Then hence to the happy land, Where care is un-known, }
 And first in a merry band, I'll make thee mine own; }
 Hasten, hasten, fly with me, Where Love's banquet waits for thee; Thine its sweets shall be, Thine, thine a-lone.
 Each new morning ray, Leaves no sigh for yes-ter-day, No smile pass'd a-way, Would we re-call.
 There you'll seek in vain For a balm to banish pain: Nought your lip can drao Will grief con-trol.
 And when fond hearts meet, Together, sorrow must retreat. Touch'd by music meet For realms a-bove.
 Hasten! hasten! fly with me, For love's ban-quet waits for thee. Thine its sweets shall be, And thine a-lone.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

1. Will you walk in - to my parlor, said a spi-der to a fly, 'Tis the prettiest lit-tle par - lor that you ev - er did spy, }
You have on - ly got to pass your bead with - in side of the door, You'll see so man - y curious things, You nev - er saw be - fore. }

2. Will you grant me one sweet kiss, said the spi-der to the fly, To taste your charming lips, I've a cu - ri - os - i - ty, }
But, if, perchance, our lips should meet, a wa - ger I would lay, Of ten to one, you would not of - ten let them come a - way. }

3. For the last time, now, I ask you, will you walk in, Mister fly; No, if I do, I may be shot, I'm off, so now good bye, }
Then up be springs, but both his wings were in the web caught fast, The spi-der laugh'd, ha, ha, my boy, I've caught you safe at last. }

4. Now all you men take warning by this foolish lit - tle fly; For pleasure is the spider's web to catch you it will try, }
And although you may think that my ad-vice is quite a bore, You're lost if you stand par-ley - ing out - side of pleasure's door. }

Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly? Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly?

Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly? Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly?

OH! I HAVE ROAMED IN MANY LANDS.

115

Andante espressivo.

1. Oh! I have roam'd in ma-ny lands, And ma-ny friends I've met; Not one fair scene or kind-ly smile, Can

mp

2. If England were my place of birth, I'd love her tran-quil shore; And if Co-lum-bia were my home, Her

this fond heart for-get; But I'll confess that I'm con-tent, No more I wish to roam; Oh! steer my bark to E-rin's

freedom I'd a-dore; Tho' pleasant days in both I've pass'd, I dream of days to come; Oh! steer my bark to E-rin's

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

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

The musical score consists of six staves. The first two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth staves are a grand piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

WOMAN'S HEART.

1. A youthful knight whose hopes were bent On glo-ry's bright ea - reer, Ar - ray'd himself and forth he went, A gal - lant cav - a -

2. The no - ble youth still un-dis-mayed, De - termin'd not to flee, Tho' if the truth be told, a - fraid That he might conquer'd

The musical score consists of six staves. The first two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth staves are a grand piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

ff

... lier, A gal-lant cav-a-lier, A-gainst each foe, up-on each field, He bore a gal-lant part, But there was one who

be, That he might conquer'd be. Oh, nev-er be it said, he cried, I bore a recreant part, and fighting still for

would not yield, Yes, one that would not yield, But there was one who would not yield, And that was wo-man's heart.

what he sighed, And fight-ing for what he sighed, And fight-ing still for what he sighed, He cap-tured woman's heart.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the remaining two lines of the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of chords and arpeggiated figures in both hands. The vocal line is marked with a forte (ff) dynamic. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Allegro Moderato.

1. No more shall children of Ju - dah sing, Tho lay of a hap - pier time; Or strike the harp with the golden string 'Neath the

2. O where are the sons of mine An - cient race, Who born but the jav'lin to bear; How fall'n is that ci - ty whose wreck I trace, Though once

Fine.

sun of an eastern clime; Or strike the harp with the golden string 'Neath the sun of an eas - tern clime; This, this was the lay of a

it was lovely and fair: The green grass grows on that fer - tile spot, Where once grew sweetest flow'rs; Thou Land of my kindred thou't

Al Segno.

Jew - ish Maid, But not in her fa - ther's bow'r's; So sweetly she sang, as in silence she stray'd, O'er the ruins of Babylon's tow'rs.

that fer - tile spot, Where once grew sweetest flow'rs; Thou land of my kindred thou'lt ne'er be forgot, While a ruin remains of thy tow'rs.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is written in two staves, with the right hand in a treble clef and the left hand in a bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Al Segno'.

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER!

1. What's a' the steer, Kimmer, what's a' the steer? Ja - mie is landed, and soon he will be here, O lace your boddiee blue, lassie,

2. Where's Donald Tod, lassie, rin, feteh him here, Bid him bring his pipes, lassie, Bid him tune right clear, For we'll taste the barley mow, foot it

The musical score is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). It includes two verses of lyrics. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a strong emphasis on the first and third beats of each measure. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

lace your boddie blue, Put on your Sunday clothes, And trim your cap a - new, For I'm right glad a' heart, Kimmer, right glad a' heart, I

too and fro', Sin Ja-mie is come home, We'll gie him heart-y cheer, And it's whata' the steer, Kimmer, What's a' the steer, Ja-

hae a bonny breast-knot, and for his sake I'll wea't, Sin' Jamie is come home we hae na' care to fear, Bid the neighbors a' come down, And welcome Jamie here.

mie is landed, and soon he will be here, Bid Allan Rausay run, bid him kill a fatted deer, O the neighbors little ken, how welcome Jamie's here.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The score is divided into two systems, each with four staves. The first two staves of each system are for the voice, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

HOME, PEACEFUL HOME.

Celebrated Prison Song from the Opera of
'IL TROVATORE.'

121

Andantino.

Come then with me love, back to our mountains, Ne-ver to leave a-gain our peaceful home ; Ah why did I wan - der far from my loved home,

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The lyrics are: 'Come then with me love, back to our mountains, Ne-ver to leave a-gain our peaceful home ; Ah why did I wan - der far from my loved home,'

Shall I e'er hear a - gain songs that I love? Come then with me love, back to our mountains, Ne-ver to leave me, nev-er to roam ;

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The tempo remains 'Andantino'. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The lyrics are: 'Shall I e'er hear a - gain songs that I love? Come then with me love, back to our mountains, Ne-ver to leave me, nev-er to roam ;'

O when shall hope breathe in - to my ear, Sweet sounds of peace, the pleasures of home?

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

of home, of home..... O peace - ful home, home, peaceful home!

This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Fine.

1. Give me your hand, my own Jeannette, The wars at length are o-ver, And mer-ry are the wedding bells That welcome back the rover,
The song of peace is on our hills, And all is cheer-ful la-bour, Where late we heard the din of strife, The war-pipe and the ta-bour,

2. Rich fields of wav-ing corn are seen. Where hostile flags were streaming, And where the sword was flashing, Now the sickle bright is gleaming;
Lie still ye brawling hounds of war, Let peace our hearts enlight-en; Rest sword and rust with-in your sheath, But let the plough-share brighten,

The first system of the score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics for two verses. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

D. C.

Good o-mens bless this hap-py day, The sun's bright rays are shedding, This lov-ing light of hope and joy, a-round the Soldier's dwelling.

Good o-mens bless this hap-py day, The sun's bright rays are shedding, This lov-ing light of hope and joy, a-round the soldier's dwelling.

The second system of the score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics for two verses. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, continuing the rhythmic pattern from the first system.

Moderato Con Expressione.

1. One summer eve, with pensive thought, I wander'd on the sea-beat shore, Where oft in heed - less in-fant spot I gather'd

2. I stoop'd up-on the peb-bly strand To cull the toys that round me lay, But as I took them in my hand, I threw them

shells in days be-fore, I gather'd shells in days be-fore. The plashing waves like mu-sic fell, Re-sponsive to my fan-cy

one by one a - way, I threw them one by one a - way; Oh! thus, I said, in ev'ry stage By toys our fan - ey is be-

wild. A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain a child, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was again, again a child.

guild, we gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them like a child, We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them like a child.

The musical score consists of five systems. The first system has two vocal staves with lyrics. The second system has two vocal staves with lyrics. The third system has two vocal staves with lyrics. The fourth system has a grand staff (piano and bass) with accompaniment. The fifth system has a grand staff with accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

THE DREAM OF YOUTH.

BELLINI.

mf *Invitingly.*

1. Come to the home of youth, dearest love, Come to the shade of childhood's tree; Sweet are the winds that whisper above, Here we will ev - er hap - py

mf

2. Dark were the clouds that pass'd over thee; Rude were the storms that round me blew; But now we come to the shell'ring tree. Where love with early pleasures

mf

The musical score for 'The Dream of Youth' consists of five systems. The first system has two vocal staves with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system has two vocal staves with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The third system has two vocal staves with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system has two vocal staves with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The fifth system has two vocal staves with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

ff *>* *pp* *f* *mp*

be. Birds singing gai-ly now as then, Flit thro' the wood and glen; Hark! Loud is the voice of the wa-ter-fall,

ff *>* *pp* *f* *mp*

grew; All looks as cheer-i-ly and gay, As in that calm-er day. Yes! Here is the home of youth, dear-est love,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music features various dynamics including fortissimo (ff), pianissimo (pp), and mezzo-piano (mp). There are also accents (>) and slurs over the notes.

f

Dashing a-gainst its rock-y wall, Just as it ran in days of yore, When we were shouting to its roar. to its roar.

f

Here is the shade of childhood's grove, Hopes bo-ver round and hearts are free, And we will ev-er hap-py be, hap-py be.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music features various dynamics including fortissimo (ff), pianissimo (pp), and mezzo-piano (mp). There are also accents (>) and slurs over the notes.

"OH! I SHOULD LIKE TO MARRY."

J. GRAVEN.

127

Allegretto.

1. GENT. Oh! I should like to mar - ry, If that I could find A - ny pret - ty la - dy, Suit - ed to my
 1. LADY. Oh! I should like to mar - ry, If that I could find A - ny hand - some fel - low, Suit - ed to my

2. GENT. Oh! I should like her hair To clus - ter like the vine, I should like her eyes To look like sparkling
 2. LADY. Oh! I should like his hair As Truffi's wigs di - vine, The sort of thing each fair Would en - vy being

3. GENT. Oh! let her feet be near - ly Like to the Chi - nese, Who lit - tle feet to make, In wooden shoes do
 3. LADY. His Cab, too, he must drive With a tiny tiger dear; And a Phaeton and a Brougham, And then thousand pounds a

4. GENT. Oh! now my fair young la - dies, Do not be un - kind. For it would be a fa - vor Such a one to
 4. LADY. I'm sure he'll nev - er grumble, But live a life of ease. That is on one con - di - tion, I'm to do what'er I

Fine.

D. C.

mind, Oh! I should like her wit - ty, Oh! I should like her good, With a lit - tle mon - ey, Oh yes, in - deed I should.
 mind, Oh! I should like him dash - ing, Oh! I should like him gay, The lead - er of the fash - ion, And dan - dy of the day.

wine, And let her brows resemble Sweet Di - a - na's cres - cent, Let her voice to me Be al - ways soft and pleas - ant.
 mine! He mustn't be too short— He mustn't be too bur - ly— But slim and tall, and straight, With mon - stache and whiskers cur - ly.

squeeze, Oh! let her form be upright, Both el - e - gant and free; With a gen - tle tem - per, Oh then we shall a - gree.
 year! He mustn't wish to have All things just his own way; He must mope when I am grave And be gay when I am gay.

Fine.

find; And now I'll bid a - dieu And bless you all I say, And if you don't ob - ject We'll meet an - oth - er day.
 please! Now isn't this good natur'd, And don't you all a - gree, This little ti - ny priv - i - lege Is not too much for me?

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

1. From the field of glo-ry turning, With a soldier's fame I come, At your feet to lay my lau-rels, And to share with you my home, Dear Jean-

2. Why not sing, Jeannette, in glo-ry, I might soon re-turn a - gain? I shall weep, because in glo-ry, You might soon perhaps be slain, But what

pp

nette the day we parted, How the tears from both did pour, Now we gladly sing together, Vive la guerre, and vive l'amour, Vive la guerre, vive la guerre, and vive l'amour, Ah! Jean-

hon-or waits the he-ro Who survives the battle's fray, Now let's gladly sing together, Vive la guerre, and vive l'amour, Vive la guerre, vive la guerre, and vive l'amour, Ah! Jean-

ff

not the danger's o - ver, All the fears we had are fled, And we now can laugh while meeting, At the parting, tears we shed: But sup-pose, now, that, to-

nette, the danger's o ver, All the fears we had are fled, And we now can laugh while meeting, At the parting, tears we shed; But sup-pose, now that, to-

The first system of the musical score consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in a 2/4 time signature and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

mor-row, They should beat the drum for war, Should we laugh and sing to - geth - er, Vive la Guerre, and Vive l'amour, Vive l'amour, Vive la Guerre, and Vive l'amour?

mor-row, They should beat the drum for war, Should we laugh and sing to - geth - er, Vive la Guerre, and Vive l'amour, Vive l'amour, Vive la Guerre, and Vive l'amour ?

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It features the same vocal and piano parts as the first system. The lyrics are repeated for both vocal parts. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

p *pp* *f* *p* *f*

1. In this old chair my fa-ther sat, In this my mo-ther smil'd, I hear their blessings on me wait, And feel my-self a child; I feel the

p *pp* *f* *p* *f*

2. And here, a-las! when they were gone in beauty's own ar-ray, A pitying an-gel on me shone, To chase each grief a-way; But Oh! it

p *f* *p*

kiss of their fond love, Oh, joy! Oh, joy! too bright to last; Ah! why will cru-el time re-move, Or mem'-ry paint the past? Or mem'-ry paint the past?

p *f* *p*

was de-lu-sive love, A-las! too pure, too sweet to last; And if such dream time must remove, Why mem'-ry paint the past. Why mem'-ry paint the past.

BILLY BOY.

EDWARD L. WHITE.
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Allegretto.

1. Oh where have you been Billy boy, Billy boy, Oh, where have you been, charming Billy? I have been to seek a wife, She's the joy of my life, She's a

2. Did she bid you to come in, Billy boy, Billy boy, Did she bid you to come in, charming Billy? Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a dimple in her chin, She's a

3. Did she set for you a chair, Billy boy, Billy boy, Did she set for you a chair, charming Billy? Yes, she set for me a chair, She has ringlets in her hair, She's a

4. Can she make a cherry pie, Billy boy, Billy boy, Can she make a cherry pie charming Billy? She can make a cherry pie Quick as a cat can wink her eye; She's a

young thing and cannot leave her mother.

young thing and cannot leave her mother.

young thing and cannot leave her mother.

young thing and cannot leave her mother.

5

Is she often seen at church, Billy boy, Billy boy,
Is she often seen at church charming Billy?
Yes she's often seen at church
With a bonnet white as birch;
She's a young thing, &c.

6

How tall is she, Billy boy, Billy boy,
How tall is she charming Billy?
She's as tall as any pine,
And as straight as a pumpkin vine,
She's a young thing, &c.

7

Are her eyes very bright, Billy boy, Billy boy,
Are her eyes very bright, charming Billy?
Yes her eyes are very bright,
But alas, they're minus sight,
She's a young thing, &c.

8

How old is she, Billy boy, Billy boy,
How old is she, charming Billy?
She's three times six, four times seven,
Twenty-eight and eleven,
She's a young thing, &c.

p

1. By the sad sea waves I lis - ten while they moan; A la - ment o'er graves of hope and pleasure gone; I was

p

2. From my care last night, by ho - ly sleep be - guiled, In the fair dreamlight, my home up - on me smil'd; O how

p

Cres. *f* *p* *Ritl.* *pp*

young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the ris - ing of the morn to the set - ting of the sun; Yet I

n little slow.

f *p* *pp*

sweet 'mid the dew; Ev' - ry flow'r that I knew, Breath'd a gen - tle wel - come back to the worn and weary child. I a -

n little slow.

p *Ritl.* *pp*

f *Animato. Tempo.* *ff* *p* *Slow.*

pine like a slave, By the sad sea waves. Come again, bright days of hope and pleasure gone. Come again bright days, Come again, come a - gain.

wake in my grave by the sad sea waves. Come again, dear dream, so peace-ful-ly that smil'd. Come again dear dream, Come a - gain, come a - gain.

The musical score consists of five systems. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line. The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth systems show the piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

NEAR THE LAKE WHERE DROOPED THE WILLOW.

Larghetto.

Near the Lake where drooped the wil - low, Long time a - go! Where the rock threw back the bil - low, Bright-er than snow!
Dwelt a maid, be-loved and eber-ished, By high and low; But with au-tumn's leaf she per-ished, Long time a - go!

Rock, and tree, and flow - ing wa - ter, Long time a - go! Bird, and bee, and blos-som taught her Love's spell to know.
While to my fond words she lis-tened, Mur-mur - ing low, Ten - der - ly her blue-eyes glist-ened, Long time a - go!

Ming-led were our hearts for - ev - er, Long time a - go! Can I now for - get her? nev-er! No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears were giv - en, Ev - er to flow! She's the star I missed from hea-ven, Long time a - go!

The musical score consists of five systems. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line. The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth systems show the piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

p Moderately.

1. Seek not to know the fu - ture, Be hap - py while you may, Nor cloud with dark fore - knowl - eige The sun - shine of to -

2. I will not cheat you, Maid - en, My Gip - sy skill you seek, This on - ly of the fu - ture The Gip - sy girl can

Detailed description: This system contains the first two vocal lines and the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderately' and the dynamic is 'p' (piano). The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef part with chords and moving lines.

mf *f* *p* *f*

day; I see that you are hope - ful, I read it in your eyes, And I can learn no more from The

mf *f* *p* *f*

speak; When flip - pant world - lings flat - ter, Let then your doubts be - gin, Take, mai - den, for your coun - sel The

mf *f* *p* *f*

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score with two more vocal lines and piano accompaniment. It features dynamic markings of mezzo-forte (mf), forte (f), and piano (p). The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

p stars that gem the skies; Trust not the out-ward seem-ing Of all who speak you fair; What has been, maiden, may be; *mf* Be watch-ful and be- *f*

p "still small voice with-in;" If weak the heart of wo-man, Her stronghold too, is there; Guard then the fortress, Conscience! *mf* Be watch-ful and be- *f*

p *mf* *f*

ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware!

Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware!

ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, be watch-ful and be-ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, be watch-ful and be-ware!

Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware! Be watch-ful, be watch-ful, watch-ful and be-ware!

1. My boat's by the tower, my bark's in the bay, And both must be gone ere the dawn of the day. The

2. For - give my rough mood, unac - cus - tomed to sue, I woo not per - haps as your land lov - ers woo, My

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 6/8. The vocal line begins with the lyrics '1. My boat's by the tower, my bark's in the bay, And both must be gone ere the dawn of the day. The' and continues with '2. For - give my rough mood, unac - cus - tomed to sue, I woo not per - haps as your land lov - ers woo, My'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line.

moons in her shroud, but to guide thee a - far, On the deck of the dar - ing's a love - light - ed star. Then

voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun, That star - tle the deep, when the com - bat's be - gun; And

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'moons in her shroud, but to guide thee a - far, On the deck of the dar - ing's a love - light - ed star. Then' and 'voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun, That star - tle the deep, when the com - bat's be - gun; And'. The musical notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.

wake la - dy, wake, I am waiting for thee, And this night or nev-er my bride thou shalt be. Then wake la - - dy, wake, I am

hea - vy and hard is the grasp of that hand Whose glove has been ev-er the guard of the hand. But think not of these and this

Detailed description: This system contains the first two stanzas of the song. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is written on five staves: a vocal staff and four piano staves (treble and bass clefs).

wait - ing for thee, And this night or never my bride thou shalt be.

mo - ment be mine, And the plume of the proudest shall low-er to thine.

3 One hundred shall serve, the best of the brave,
And the Chief of a thousand shall kneel to thy slave,
And thou shalt reign Queen, and thine empire shall last,
Till the red flag by inches is torn from the mast.
Oh, islands there are on the face of the deep,
Where the leaves never fade and the skies never weep,
And there, if thou wilt, our love bowers shall be,
When we leave for the green-wood, our home on the sea.

4 And there thou shalt sing of the deeds that were done,
When we loosed the last blast, and the last battle won,
Ah! haste love, haste, for the fair breezes blow,
And my ocean bird poises her pinions of snow.
Now fast to the lattice these silken cords twine,
They are meet for such feet and fingers as thine,
The signal, my mates, ho! hurrah! for the sea,
This night, and forever, my bride thou shalt be.

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth stanzas of the song. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is written on five staves: a vocal staff and four piano staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are arranged in two columns, with the vocal line on the left and the piano accompaniment on the right.

Maestoso.

1. Ye sons of Freedom wake to glo-ry, Hark! hark, what miriads bid you rise; Your children, wives and grandsires ho-a-ry, Behold their

2. Oh, lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once having felt thy glorious flame? Can tyrants' bolts and bars con - fine thee, And thus thy

tears and hear their cries! Behold their tears, and hear their cries, Shall lawless tyrants mis - chief breed - ing, With hireling host, a ruf - fian

no-ble spir - it tame, And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame, Too long our country wept, be - wail - ing The blood-stain'd sword our conq'rors

band Af - fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave, The

wild, But freedom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave, The

pa-triot sword unsheath, March on, March on, all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death, March on, March on, all hearts resolved on lib - er - ty or death.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

1. A song for the Oak, the brave old Oak, Who hath rul'd in the greenwood long, Here's health and renown to his broad green crown, And his fifty arms so

2. In the days of old, when the spring with gold, Was lighting his branches grey, Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet, To gather the dew of

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system contains two vocal staves (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The second system contains two vocal staves (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

strong! There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out, And he showeth his might, On a wild midnight, When storms thro' his branches

May. And all that day to the rebeck gay, They frolicked with love - some swains, They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid, But the tree he still re-

The musical score continues with two systems. The first system contains two vocal staves (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The second system contains two vocal staves (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

shout. Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who stands in his pride alone, And still flourish he, a hale green tree: When a hundred years are gone.

mains. Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who stands in his pride alone, And still flourish he, a hale green tree. When a hundred years are gone.

The musical score consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, also in one sharp. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

SWEET MEMORIES OF THEE.*

Slow and Plaintive. *Caludo.*

1. When soft stars are peeping Thro' the pure azure sky, And southern gales sweeping Their warm breathings by, Like sweet music pealing Far o'er the blue sea, There came o'er me stealing Sweet mem'ries of thee.

2. The bright rose, when fold, Flings forth o'er its tomb Its velvet leaves, laden With silent perfume; Thus round me will hover, In grief or in glee, Till life's dream be over, Sweet mem'ries of thee.

3. As a sweet lute, that lingers In silence alone, Unswept by light fingers, Scarce murmurs a tone; My young heart resembled That lute light and free, Till o'er Its chords trembled Those mem'ries of thee.

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. It features three verses of lyrics. The tempo is marked 'Slow and Plaintive' and the ending is marked 'Caludo'. The score includes vocal staves and piano accompaniment in a grand staff.

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HAIL COLUMBIA.

1. Hail Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in

2. Im-mor-tal Patriots! rise once more! Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with

The first system of the musical score for 'Hail Columbia' consists of two vocal parts and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal parts are written on treble clefs, and the piano accompaniment is written on grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are split across two lines of music.

free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the peace your val-or won. Let In-de-pendence be your boast, Ev-er mindful

im-pious band In-vade the shrine, where sa-cred lies Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize; While offering peace sincere and just In heaven we place a

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment. It features triplet markings (indicated by a '3' below the notes) in both the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics continue across two lines of music.

what it cost. Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies. Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our

man - ly trust, That truth and justice may pre - vail, And eve - ry scheme of bondage fail Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our

The first system of the musical score for 'Hail Columbia' consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'what it cost. Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies. Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our man - ly trust, That truth and justice may pre - vail, And eve - ry scheme of bondage fail Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our'.

lib - er - ty! As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safety we shall find.

lib - er - ty! As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safety we shall find.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'lib - er - ty! As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safety we shall find. lib - er - ty! As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safety we shall find.' There are triplets in the piano accompaniment.

3

Sound, sound the trump of fame,
 Let Washington's great name
 Ring thro' the world with loud applause! (Twice.)
 Let every clime, to freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear;
 With equal skill, with steady power,
 He governs in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
 The happier time of honest peace. Firm, united, &c.

4

Behold the chief, who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country, stands,
 The rock on which the storm will beat! (Twice.)
 But armed in virtue, firm and true,
 His hopes are fixed on heaven and you;
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind from changes free,
 Resolved on death or Liberty. Firm, united, &c.

WHEN NIGHT COMES O'ER THE PLAIN.

Duet.

Duet.

1. When night comes o'er the plain, And moonlight o'er the sea, Oh! meet me once a - gain, Where oft I've welcomed thee. When first the glow-worm's

2. At eve-ning's qui-et hour, O leave thy mountain home, And seek the peace-ful how'r, To which we used to roam. I'll sing the old-en

ray, Il - lumes the ver-dant lea, I'll leave my lone - ly way, And wan-der forth with thee. How dear is eve - ry spot, Where

songs The long neg - lect - ed lays, Whose brightest theme be - longs, To youth's de - part - ed days. How dear is eve - ry spot, Where

CHORUS.

The mountain and the eot, The streamlet and the glade. The tree whose branches hung, A - bove the flow - ing

oft in youth we stray'd; The tree whose branches hung, A - bove the flow - ing

This system contains the first two staves of the chorus. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "The mountain and the eot, The streamlet and the glade. The tree whose branches hung, A - bove the flow - ing". A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' above it. The second staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics: "oft in youth we stray'd; The tree whose branches hung, A - bove the flow - ing".

rill; Up - on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still, The tree whose branches hung, A - bove the flow - ing rill;

rill, Up - on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still, A - bove the flow - ing rill; Up - on whose banks we

This system contains the next two staves of the chorus. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "rill; Up - on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still, The tree whose branches hung, A - bove the flow - ing rill;". The second staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics: "rill, Up - on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still, A - bove the flow - ing rill; Up - on whose banks we".

The tree whose branches hung A - bove the flowing rill ; Up-on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still.

The songs that haunt me still ;

sung, The songs that haunt me still ; The tree whose branches hung A - bove the flowing rill, Up - on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "The tree whose branches hung A - bove the flowing rill ; Up-on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still." The piano part consists of chords and arpeggiated figures in both hands.

HEARTS AND HOMES.

J. BLOCKLEY.

1. Hearts and Homes, sweet words of pleasure, Music breathing as ye fall ; Making each the oth-er's treasure, Once di vid-ed los-ing all, Homes ye

2. Hearts and Homes, sweet words revealing, All most good and fair to see, Fit-ting shrines for pur-est feel-ing, Temples meet to bend the knee, In-fant

Detailed description: This is a musical score for two verses of a song. The key signature has two sharps (D major), and the time signature is 3/4. The first verse lyrics are: "1. Hearts and Homes, sweet words of pleasure, Music breathing as ye fall ; Making each the oth-er's treasure, Once di vid-ed los-ing all, Homes ye". The second verse lyrics are: "2. Hearts and Homes, sweet words revealing, All most good and fair to see, Fit-ting shrines for pur-est feel-ing, Temples meet to bend the knee, In-fant". The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *Cres.* (Crescendo), and *f* (forte). The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

may be high or low - ly, Hearts a - lone can make you ho - ly, Be the dwell - ing e'er so small; Having love it boasteth all, Hearts and Homes sweet words of

bands bright garlands wreathing, Happy voi - ces in cease breathing, Emblems fair of realms above, ' For love is heav'n, and heav'n is all! Hearts and Homes, sweet words of

p *f* *p* *Do!*

p *f* *p* *Do!*

p *f* *p* *Do!*

pleasure, Mu - sic breathing as ye fall; Mak - ing each the oth - er's treasure, Once di - vid - ed, los - ing all. Hearts and homes, Hearts and Homes.

pleasure, Mu - sic breathing as ye fall; Mak - ing each the oth - er's treasure, Once di - vid - ed, los - ing all. Hearts and homes, Hearts and Homes.

pleasure, Mu - sic breathing as ye fall; Mak - ing each the oth - er's treasure, Once di - vid - ed, los - ing all. Hearts and homes, Hearts and Homes.

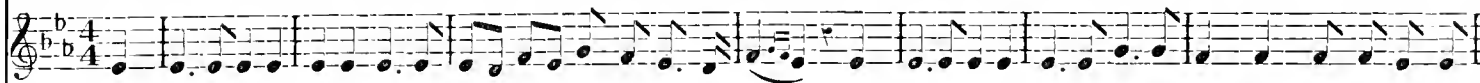
f *Dim.* *f* *pp* *Stow.*

f *Dim. Rall.* *f* *pp*

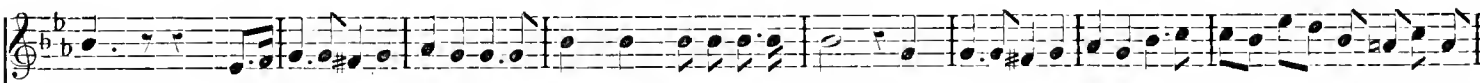
f *Dim.* *f* *pp*

Moderato.

1. I'll not be-guile thee from thy home, For me thou shalt not friends re - sign ; Or exil'd from thy kindred roam, In oth - er climes to grieve and



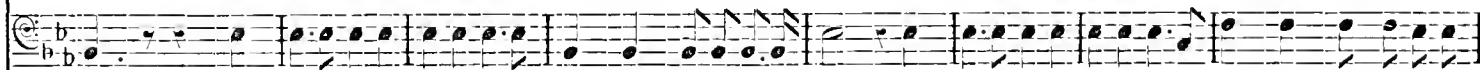
2. Tho' losing thee I bid farewell, To ev' - ry hope and ev' - ry joy; Think not I wish thee here to dwell If 'twould thy hap - pi - ness des-



pine, no, no, no, no ; I'll not beguile thee from thy home, For me thou shalt not friends resign ; Or exil'd from thy kindred roam, In oth - er climes to grieve and



troy, no, no, no, no ; Tho' losing thee, I bid farewell, To ev' - ry hope and ev'ry joy ; Think not I'd wish thee here to dwell If 'twould thy hap - pi - ness des-



pine. In oth - er climes to grieve and pine. Too dear-ly do I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee! I'll not beguile thee from thy

troy, If 'twould thy hap-pi-ness des-roy. Too dear-ly do I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee! I would not wish thee here to

The first system of the musical score consists of six staves. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The bottom four staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet markings in the piano part.

home; no, no, no; Too dear-ly do I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee!

dwell; no, no, no; Too dear-ly do I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! Too dear-ly do I love thee!

The second system of the musical score consists of six staves. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The bottom four staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature remains B-flat major, and the time signature is 2/4. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns and includes a final cadence at the end of the system.

1 Young Agnes, beauteous flow - er! Sweet as bloom - ing May! One eve - ning from her tow'r Thus poured her ten - der

Cres. *p* *Cres.*

2. The si - lent hour in - vites thee, No star sheds its ray No dan - ger, love, affrights thee, Where - fore then dost thou

lay : The night now hath spread its shade, And 'twill hide thee from all; Then haste to thy faith - ful maid;

Cres. *m* *Cres.*

stay? When sun - beams il lume the sky, Guar - dians then may ap - pal, But now elosed is eve - ry eye,

Cres. *m* *Cres.*

Dark-ness veils bower and hall; Oh! haste be-neath her tow-er, Dost thou not hear love's call.....

Let thy steps gent-ly fall! The si-lent hour in-vites thee, Dost thou not hear love's call.....

..... Dost thou not hear love's call Dost thou not hear love's call.

..... Dost thou not hear love's call..... Dost thou not hear love's call.

p *Cres.* *Dim.* *p* *Cres.* *Molto.*

AH! FOR WINGS! OR PRIMA DONNA SONG.

p Fine.

1. Ah! for wings to soar O'er the dark blue sea, Speed-ing from this ex - ile shore, To live and die with thee.

2. Ah! for one sweet word, Whisper'd in mine ear, Stir - ring, as it oft hath stirr'd, My heart with mem'ries dear.

3. Ah! for one sweet smile, Full of love's sweet art, Strong to cheer and eharmed to wile, Each sor - row from the heart.

p

f D. C.

The years seem bright when hope's soft star Shone out its light a - cross our way, And eve - ry hill and vale a - far Was gladdened with its ray.

The years roll on, and hope once strong Grows faint and wea - ry with de - lay. Ah, me! how earn - est - ly I long To thee to fly a - way!

No stranger's words can eom - fort bring, No stranger's smile give joy to me; Oh! for some sea - bird's buoyant wing To bear me home to thee!

f D. C.

1. 'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel, Or say I'd die for thee, or say for thee I'd die, I find that words will but conceal, what my soul would wish to sigh, Ah well-a

2. Thou'st often called my voice a birds, Whose music like a spell, whose music like a spell, Could change to rapture e'en the words of our slow and sad farewell, But ah well a

day, the sweetest mel-o-dy, Could never, never say one half, my love for thee, Then let me si-lent-ly re-veal, What my soul would wish to see.

day, the sweetest mel-o-dy, Could never, never say one half, my love for thee, Then let me si-lent-ly re-veal, What my soul would wish to see.

BONNIE MARY GRAY.

A. LEE.

Moderately. p *Cres.* *p* *Dim.*

1. As I went forth to view the plain, Up-on a morning ear-ly, With May's sweet scent to cheer my brain, When flow'rs grew fresh and

p *Cres.* *p* *Dim.*

2. Oh, would I were a shep-herd swain, To feed my flocks be-side thee, And gang with thee a-long the plain, At ma-tin to a-

p *Cres.* *p* *Dim.*

fair-ly, A-ve-ry pret-ty maid I spied, Who smil'd so blithe and gay. I ask'd her name, kind sir, she said, My name is Ma-ry

Cres. *f* *mp*

bide thee, Such na-tive sweetness she display'd, Like flow-ers of the May, Di-a-na's self was ne'er array'd, Like my sweet Ma-ry

Cres. *f* *mp*

pp Dolce. *Ad Lib.*

Gray. Oh, bon-nie, bon-nie Ma-ry Gray; More rich and hap-py I could be, Than he who does his thousands see, With bon-nie Ma-ry Gray.

Gray. Oh, bon-nie, bon-nie Ma-ry Gray: More rich and hap-py I could be, Than he who does his thousands see, With bon-nie Ma-ry Gray.

pp Dolce. *Ad Lib.*

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song 'Bonnie Mary Gray'. It features two systems of music. The first system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system also includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The tempo and dynamics are marked 'pp Dolce' and 'Ad Lib.'.

GIVE ME A COT.

1. Give me a cot in the val-ley I love, A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove; I care not how humble, for hap-py 'twill be, If

2. Lov'st thou to lis-ten to mu-sic's sweet voice? O come to the woods where the bird's song rejoice, Or would'st thou be free? to the for-est re-pair, The

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song 'Give Me a Cot'. It features two systems of music. The first system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system also includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/8.

GIVE ME A COT. CONCLUDED.

Fine.

one faith-ful heart will but share it with me. Our hearts shall be nature's own beau-ti-ful bow'rs, Our gems shall be nature's own beau-ti-ful flow'rs, These stag in his freedom bounds merri-ly there. When summer is gone, and the winter's chill hours, Have ri-fled the greenwood and blighted the flow'rs, Tho'

This system contains the first two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more active melody in the right hand.

would by the sunshine, and kissed by the gale, The proudest might en-vy our home in the dale, The proudest might sigh for our home in the vale, Then ice-bound the brook, and snow-covered the dale, The proudest might en-vy our home in the dale, The proudest might sigh for our home in the vale, Then

This system contains the second two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same accompaniment style as the first system. The system concludes with the markings *Ritard.* and *D. C.*

1. I've gaz'd on beau-ty's brow, Wher - ev - er man might rove, To turn a - way and sigh, And think of her I love, For, 'mid earth's daughters

2. I've watch'd each rising star, Thro' yon pale a-zure sky, To trace that face in heaven, Which earth could not reveal, But Oh! there is no

The first system of the musical score consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The first vocal line contains the lyrics for the first line of the song, and the second vocal line contains the lyrics for the second line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support for the vocal lines.

none, Tho' ex - quis - ite they seem, Can vie with her, So beau - ti - ful, beau-ti-ful, But still a - las! a dream! a dream!

form Of earth or heaven can beam, Like her dear im - age, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful, But still a - las! a dream! a dream!

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment from the first system. It contains two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The first vocal line contains the lyrics for the third line of the song, and the second vocal line contains the lyrics for the fourth line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support for the vocal lines.

MAKE ME NO GAUDY CHAPLET.

1. Make me no gau-dy chap - let— Weave it of simple flow - ers; Seek them in low - ly val - lies, Af - ter the gen - tle show - ers, Bring me no dark red ros - es,

2. Bring not the prond eyed blossom, Darling of eastern daughters; Bring me the snow - y li - ly, Floating on silent wa - ters, Gems of the lowly val - ley,

Gay in the sun - shine glow - ing: Bring me the pale moss - rose - bud, Be - neath the fresh leaves grow - ing; Bring me the pale moss - rose - bud, Beneath the fresh leaves grow - ing.

Buds which the leaves are shading, Lil - ies of peace - ful wa - ters, Em - blems be mine un - fad - ing, Lil - ies of peace - ful wa - ters, Em - blems be mine un - fad - ing.

NO, NE'ER CAN THY HOME BE MINE.

T. H. BAYLEY, Esq.

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Moderately.

1. I have told thee how sweet the roses are, In my home beyond the sea: Where the dark eyed maid with her sweet guitar, Sits under the orange
 2. I have heard thee tell of a sky more blue, And a sun more warm than this, And I've sometimes thought if thy tale be true, To dwell in that clime were

3. I will sing to thee, if with me thou'lt rove, The songs of the olden time; Thou wilt never compare with my ardent love, The love of this cold-er
 4. A - las! 'tis plain that my mountain home Must ever be scorn'd by thee; And may I not fear that a time will come, When thou wilt have scorn for

f tree; Then fly, Oh, fly from this Isle of storm, Where all that is fair must pine, To a sky more blue and a sun more warm. Henceforth let my home be thine.
p bliss; But Oh, when I gaze on my tranquil cot, Where the clematis boughs entwine, The land of the stranger tempts me not; No, ne'er can my home be thine.

clime! Thou wilt scorn the fruits of thy mountain home, Be-hold-ing the purple vine: Then come to the land of my birth, Oh, come, Henceforth let my home be thine.
f
p me! And Oh, there is one who loves me here, Whose voice if less sweet than thine, To my simple taste is far more dear; No, ne'er can thy home be mine.

THE SPOT WHERE I WAS BORN.

1. I have wandered on through many a clime, Where flowers of beauty grew, Where all was bliss-ful to the heart, And love-ly to the view;

2. I have wandered on through many a clime, And gazed on pal - ace walls : Yet nev-er wished that step of mine, Should tread those state-ly balls ;

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system contains the first two verses of the song. Each verse is written on a vocal line (treble clef, 4/4 time) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef, 4/4 time). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment for the first verse.

I have seen them in their twilight pride, And in the dress of morn, But none appeared so sweet to me, As the spot where I was born,

For, midst the pomp that cir-cled me, I still should be for - lorn, Give me, give me the low - li - est cot, The spot where I was born,

The musical score continues with two systems. The first system contains the continuation of the first verse, with a triplet of eighth notes in the vocal line. The second system contains the second verse, also featuring a triplet of eighth notes in the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

But none appeared so sweet to me, As the spot where I was born, But none appeared so sweet to me, As the spot where I was born.

Give me, give me the lowliest eot, The spot where I was born, Give me, give me the lowliest eot, The spot where I was born.

The musical score consists of five systems. The first system has a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line. The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth systems are grand staff piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. There are several triplet markings (3) and fermatas throughout the score.

THE GIPSEY GIRL.

1. They wiled me from my greenwood home, They won me from the tent, And slightly they spake of scenes, Where my young days were spent, They dazzled me with halls of light, But

2. They gave me gems to bind my hair, I longed the while for flowers, Fresh gathered by my Gipsey freres, From nature's wildest bowers, They gave me books, I loved alone to

The musical score consists of five systems. The first system has a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line. The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth systems are grand staff piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. There are several triplet markings (3) and fermatas throughout the score.

tears would sometimes start; They tho't 'twas but to charm the eye, And they might win the heart; They little knew what ties of love had bound me in their spell; The greenwood was my

read the star-ry skies, They taught me songs, the songs I loved were nature's mel-o-dies; I never heard a captive bird, but panting to be free, I longed to burst the

The musical score for the first system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

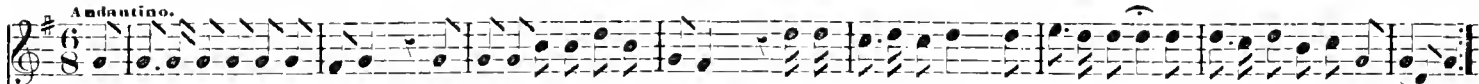
happiest home, And there I longed to dwell, The greenwood was my happiest home, And there I longed to dwell, The greenwood was my happiest home, and there I longed to dwell.

prison-door, And set the cap-tive free, I longed to burst the prison-door, And set the captive free, I longed to burst the prison-door, And share his lib-er-ty.

The musical score for the second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

3 'Twas kindly meant, and kindly hearts
 Were there who bade me roam
 From nature and her forests free
 To share their city home—
 The woods are green, the hedges white
 With leaves and blossoms fair;
 There's music in the forest now,
 And I too must be there—

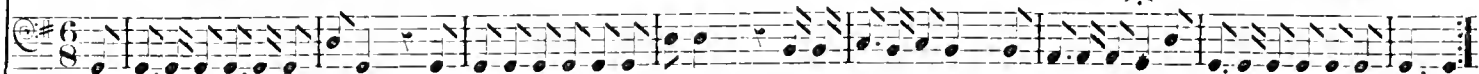
O do not chide the Gipsy girl,
 O call me not unkind;
 I ne'er shall meet so dear a friend
 As her I leave behind—
 Yet I must to the greenwood go,
 My heart has long been there,
 And nothing but the greenwood now
 Can save me from despair.

Andantino.

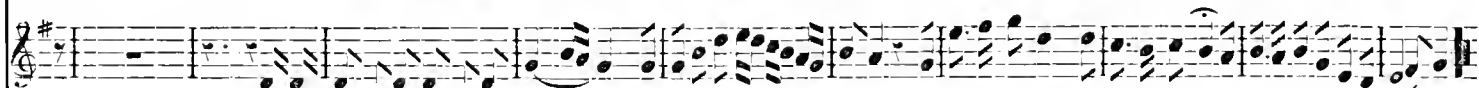
1. Oh! did you not hear of Kate Kearney, She lives on the banks of Killarney, From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly, For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.



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

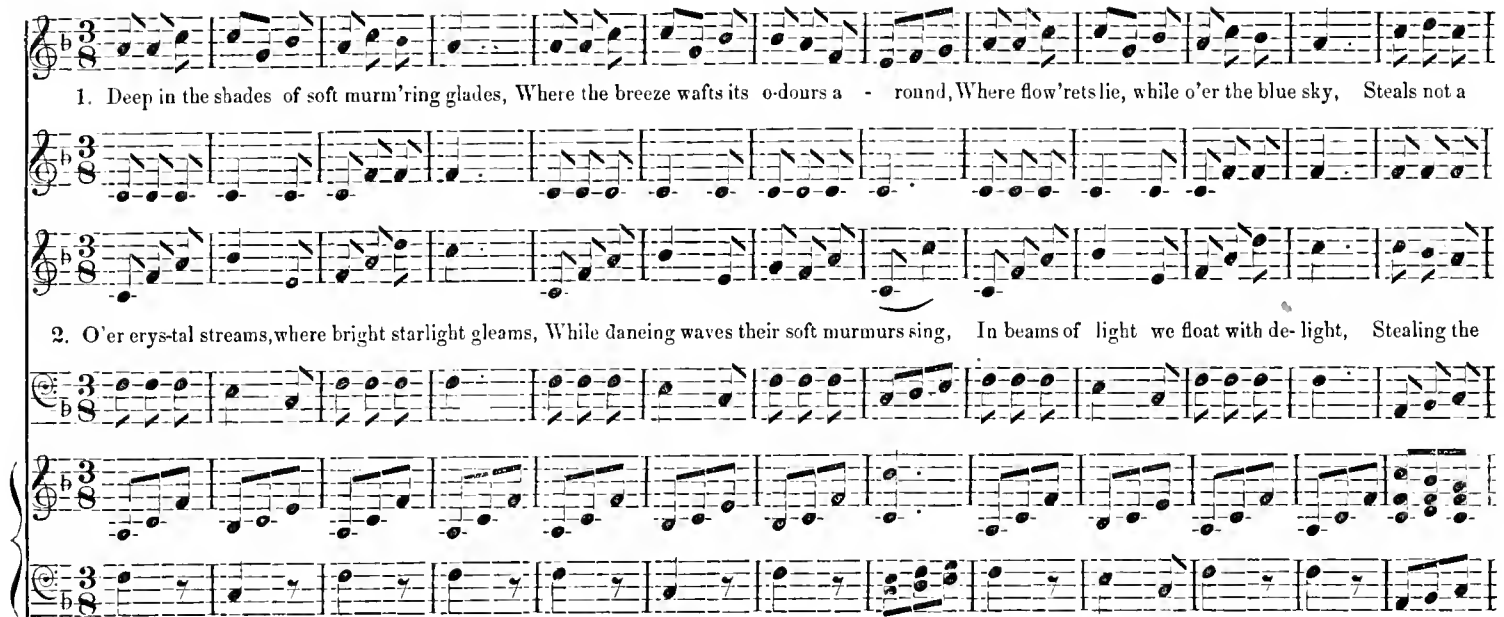


For that eye is so modestly beaming, You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming, Yet Oh! I can tell how fatal's the spell, That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.



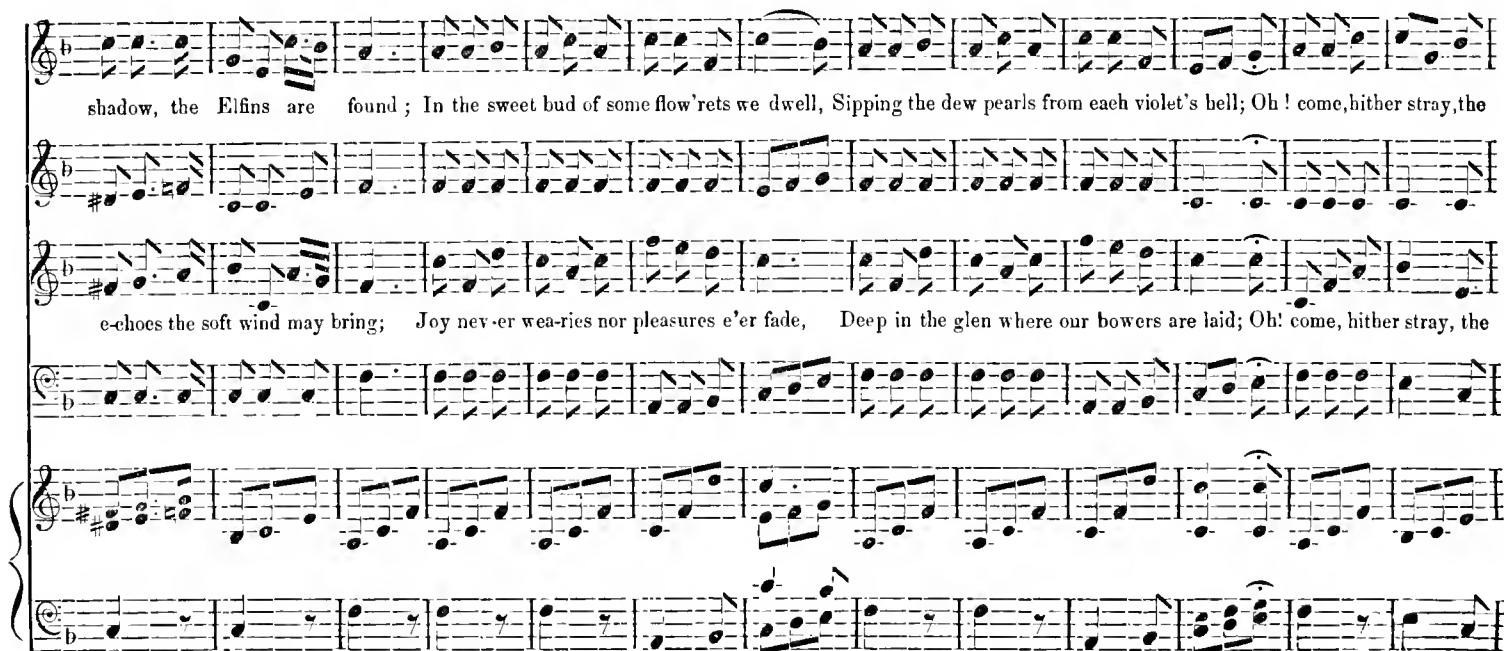
Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple, Yet there's mischief in every dimple, And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale, Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.





1. Deep in the shades of soft murm'ring glades, Where the breeze wafts its o-dours a - round, Where flow'rets lie, while o'er the blue sky, Steals not a

2. O'er erys-tal streams, where bright starlight gleams, While daneing waves their soft murmurs sing, In beams of light we float with de- light, Stealing the



shadow, the Elfins are found; In the sweet bud of some flow'rets we dwell, Sipping the dew pearls from each violet's bell; Oh! come, hither stray, the

e-choes the soft wind may bring; Joy nev-er wea-ries nor pleasures e'er fade, Deep in the glen where our bowers are laid; Oh! come, hither stray, the

Elfins now play, Morn brings its sunshine, the Elfs glide a - way. Oh! come, come hith-er stray; Oh! come, come hith - er stray.

Elfins now play, Morn brings its sunshine, the Elfs glide a - way. Oh! come, come hith-er stray; Oh! come, come hith - er stray.

The musical score consists of two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are repeated on both vocal staves.

KITTY CLYDE.*

L. V. H. CROSBY.

Andantino.

1. O who has not seen Kitty Clyde, She lives at the foot of the hill, In a sly little nook by the babbling brook, That carries her father's old mill, O

2. With a basket to put in her fish, Every morning with line and a hook, This sweet little lass, Through the tall heavy grass, Steals along by the clear running brook, She

3. How I wish that I was a bee, I'd not gather honey from flowers, But would steal a dear sip From Kitty's sweet lip, And make my own hive in her bowers. Or,

The musical score consists of two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo marking is *Andantino*.

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who does not love Kitty Clyde, That sunny cy'd ro-sy cheek'd lass, With a sweet dimpl'd chin that looks roguish as sin, With always a smile as you pass Sweet
throws her line into the stream, And trips it a - long the brook side, O how I do wish That I was a fish, To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde. Sweet
if I was some little bird, I would not build nests in the air, But keep close by the side Of sweet Kitty Clyde, And sleep in her soft silken hair. Sweet

Kit - ty, Dear Kit - ty, My own sweet Kitty Clyde, In a sly little nook by the babbling brook, Lives my own sweet Kitty Clyde.
Kit - ty, Dear Kit - ty, My own sweet Kitty Clyde, In a sly little nook by the habbling brook, Lives my own sweet Kitty Clyde.
Kit - ty, Dear Kit - ty, My own sweet Kitty Clyde, In a sly little nook by the babbling brook, Lives my own sweet Kitty Clyde.

ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

NELSON.

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Con Espressione.

1. The morn was fair, the sky was clear, No breath came o'er the sea,
 2. Where'er I wandered east or west, Tho' fate began to lower,
 3. And when my fevered lips were parch'd, On Afric's burning sand;

When Ma-ry left her high-land cot, And wandered forth with me. Tho'
 A sol-ace still was she to me, In sorrow's lone-ly hour; When
 She whispered hopes of hap-pi-ness, And tales of dis-tant land: My

flowers deck'd the mountain side, And fragrance filled the vale, By far the sweetest flow-er there, Was the rose of Al-lan-dale. Was the
 tem-pests lash'd our gal-lant bark, And rent her shivering sail, One maiden form with-stood the storm, 'Twas the rose of Al-lan-dale. 'Twas the
 life had been a wil-der-ness, Un-blest by for-tune's gale; Had fate not link'd my lot to hers, The rose of Al-lan-dale. The

rose of Al-lan-dale, The rose of Al-lan-dale, By far the sweet-est flow-er there, Was the rose of Al-lan-dale.
 rose of Al-lan-dale, The rose of Al-lan-dale, By far the sweet-est flow-er there, Was the rose of Al-lan-dale.
 rose of Al-lan-dale, &c.

“MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT, ALONE.”

1. Meet me by moonlight, a - lone And then I will tell you a tale, a tale, Must be told by the

2. Day-light may do for the gay The thoughtless, the heartless, the free, the free, But there's some - thing a -

moonlight a - lone In the grove, at the end of the vale You must promise to come, for I said

about the moon's rays That is sweet - er to you and to me Oh, re - mem - ber, be sure to be there,

I would show the night flowers their queen Nay, turn not a - way thy sweet head, . . . 'Tis the love - li - est

For though dearly a moonlight I prize I care not for all in the air If I want the sweet

ev - er was seen Oh, meet me by moonlight, a - lone . . . Meet me by moon-light, a - lone . . .

light of your eyes So meet me by moonlight, a - lone . . . Meet me by moonlight, a - lone

THE HEART THAT KNOWS NO SORROW.

GUNG'L.

p *Slow.* *f*

1. The heart that knows no sor - row, That is ev - er light and gay, That cares not for the mor - row, If there's hap - pi - ness to -

2. The heart whose depths are meas - ured By each i - dle pass - er - by, That hath no beau - ties treas - ured, That meet not eve - ry

3. The heart that trusts me on - ly When no doubt of me is heard, But leav' - st me sad and lone - ly, At sus - pi - cion's light - est

f *p* *f*

day; That throbs not with e - mo - tion, Yet bounds with child - like glee, That swells not with de - vo - tion, Is not the heart for me.

eye; The heart whose faith a - bid - eth When it can no tri - al see, But from the darkness hid - eth, Is not the heart for me.

f *p* *f*

word; Whose love is not sin - cer - est, When all oth - ers from me flee, That draws not then the near - est— Is not the heart for me.

THE LONELY ROSE

BALFE.

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1. A rose gazed from her bower green Up - on the summer light, And never had eye - a - tion seen A flow'r so fair and bright, a flow'r so fair and

2. But soon a storm dark o'er the vale, Its mountain fu - ry shed, And shrouded in the twilight pale, The lonely rose lay dead, the lonely rose lay

The first system of the score consists of two verses of music. Each verse is written for a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features various dynamics such as *f* (forte) and *Dim.* (diminuendo), and includes accents and slurs. The piano part provides a harmonic and rhythmic foundation for the vocal melody.

bright Her modest form so soft, so meek, with morning radiance dy'd, Beam'd like the lovely blushing cheek, of some young village bride, The blushing cheek of some young bride.

dead. And so it is a gentle mind sinks under scrow's dart, The storm may pass, but leaves behind too of: a blighted heart, too oft, too oft a blighted heart.

The second system of the score continues the musical composition. It maintains the same instrumental and vocal parts as the first system. The lyrics are split across two lines of music. The piano accompaniment continues to support the vocal line with chords and melodic fragments. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs at the end of each line.

1. O Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free; The shrine of each patriot's de-

2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foun-

3. The wine cup, the wine cup bring hith - er, And fill you it true to the brim; May the wreaths they have won nev - er

votion, A world offers homage to thee; Thy mandates make he - roes as - semble, When lib - er - ty's form stands in

da - tion, Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With her garlands of vie - tory a - round her, When so proudly she bore her brave

whith - er, Nor the star of their glo - ry grow dim; May the serviee u - nit - ed ne'er sever, But they to their col - ors prove

view, Thy Banners make tyr - an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue. When borne by the red, white and blue, When crew, With her flag proudly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, The true, The Na - vy and Ar - my for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three

borne by the red, white and blue, Thy Banners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue. boast of the red, white and blue, With her flag proudly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue. cheers for the red, white and blue, The Na - vy and Ar - my for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

THE MARRIAGE BELL.

f **Cheerfully.** *p* *f* *p* *f*

1. Hark! 'tis the Marriage-Bell I hear; How sweet its merry sound! Lo! now the hour of bliss is near! Our hopes will soon be crown'd. Then to the altar let us haste,

2. Hark! now resounds the li-nal toll, No longer now de-lay; How sweetly thrills the rap-tur'd soul! Trembling, we yet o-bey. Yet in con-fu-sion lin-ger still,

ff

While rings the summons thro' the sky; There's not a moment now to waste, While love is flutt'ring by; No! while love is flutt'ring by, No! while love is flutt'ring by.

ff

In view of our enchanting prize; But now we hasten to ful-fill Sweet hopes of by-gone years; Yes! sweet hopes of by-gone years, Yes! sweet hopes of by-gone years.

p Tempo. Giusto.

1. Dear Kate, I do not swear or rave, Or sigh sweet things, as many can; But though my lips ne'er play'd the slave, My heart will not disgrace the man.

2. I do not promise that our life Shall know no shade on heart or brow; For human lot and mortal strife Would mock the falsehood of such vow:

3. We love each other, yet perchance The murmurs of dissent may rise; Fierce words may chase the tender glance, And angry flashes light our eyes:

4. You must not like me less, my Kate, For such an honest strain as this; I love thee dearly, but I hate, The puling rhymes of "kiss" and "bliss."

D. C. 1st verse each time.

I prize thee, ay, my bonnie Kate, So firmly fond this breast can be, That I could brook the stearnest fate, If it but left me health and thee.

But when the clouds of pain and care Shall teach us we are not divine, My deepest sorrows thou shalt share, And I will strive to lighten thine.

But we must learn to check the frown, To reason rather than to blame; The wisest have their faults to own, And you and I, girl, have the same.

There's truth in all I've said or sung; I woo thee as a man should woo; And though I lack a honey'd tongue, Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

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KITTY CLOVER.

Moderato. *Fine.*

1. Sweet Kitty Clover she bother'd me so, oh! oh! oh! oh! Sweet Kitty Clover she bother'd me so, oh! oh! oh! oh!

2. Sweet Kitty in person is rather low, oh! oh! oh! oh! She's three feet tall, and that I prize, oh! oh! oh! oh!

D. C.

Her face is round, and red, and fat, Like pulpit cushion, or redder than that, Oh!

3

Where Kitty resides, I'm sure to go, oh, oh, oh.
One moonlight night, ah, me what bliss;
Through a hole in a window, I gave her a kiss,
Oh sweet Kitty Clover you bother me so, oh, oh, oh.

As just a fit wife for a man of my size; Oh sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, oh!

D. C. 4

If Kitty to kirk with me would go, oh, oh, oh.
I think I should never be wretched again,
If after the parson she'd say amen;
Then Kitty would ne'er again bother me so, oh, oh, oh.

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY, DEAREST.

Allegretto.

1. A place in thy mem-o-ry, dear-est, Is all that I claim; } An-oth-er may woo thee nearer, An-
To pause and look back when thou hear-est The sound of thy name. }

2. Re-mem-ber me not as a lov-er Whose hope has ben crossed, } As the young bride remembers the mother She
Whose bo-som can nev-er re-cov-er The light it hath lost. }

3. Could I be thy true lov-er, dear-est, Couldst thou smile on me, } But a cloud on my pathway is glooming, That
I would be the fond-est and near-est That ev-er loved thee; }

4. Re-mem-ber me then, oh re-mem-ber My calm, light love; } That life will, tho' lone-ly, be sweet, If its
Tho' bleak as the blast of No-vem-ber My life may prove; }

-oth-er may win and wear; I care not tho' he be dearer, So I am re-mem-ber-ed there.

loves, tho' she never may see; As a sis-ter re-mem-bers a brother, Oh, dear-est re-mem-ber me.

nev-er must burst up-on thine; And hea-ven, that made these all blooming, Ne'er made thee to with-er on mine.

bright-est en-joyment should be A smile and kind word when we meet, And a place in thy mem-o-ry.

KATY DARLING.

Andante.

1. Oh! they tell me thou art dead, Ka-ty Dar-ling, That thy smile I may never more be-hold, Did they tell thee I was false, Katy Darling, Or my love for thee hast e'er grown cold? Oh! they

2. I am kneeling by thy grave, Ka-ty Dar-ling, This world is all a blank world to me, Oh, could thou hear my wailing, Ka-ty Dar-ling, Or think, love, I'm sighing for thee: Oh! me -

3. 'Tis use-less all my weeping, Ka-ty Dar-ling, But I'll pray that thy spir-it be my guides, And that when my life is spent, Ka-ty Darling, They will lay me down to rest by thy side, Oh! a

knew not the loving Of the hearts of E-rin's sons; When a love like to thine, Ka-ty Dar-ling, Is the goal to the race that he runs. Oh! hear me, sweet Katy, For the

thinks the stars are weeping, By their soft and lambent light; And thy heart would be melting, Katy Darling, Couldst thou see thy lone Dermot this night. Oh! listen, sweet Katy, For the

hugo great grief I'm bearing, Though I scarce can heave a sigh, And I'll ev-er be dreaming, Katy Dar-ling Of thy love eve-ry day till I die. Oh! hear me, sweet Ka-ty, For the

wild flowers greet me, Katy Dar-ling, And the love-birds are singing on each tree; Will thou nevermore hear me, Ka-ty Dar-ling; Be-hold, love, I'm waiting for thee.

wild flow'rs are sleeping, Ka-ty Dar-ling, And the love-birds are nest'ling in each tree; Will thou nevermore hear me, Ka-ty Dar-ling; Or know, love, I'm kneeling by thee.

wild flow'rs will blossom, Ka-ty Dar-ling, And the love-birds nestle on each tree; But in heaven I shall meet thee, Katy Dar-ling; For there, love, thou'rt waiting for me.

I LOVE THE MERRY SPRING.

Fine.

1. The Mer-ry Spring, The bright, bright Spring, What joys she shakes from her flow'ry wing! When the young bird sings from its leafy nest, How hap-py it sleeps on its lov'd one's breast;

2. At Mer-ry morn, or even-ing still how sweet to roam by the balmy hill, To cull a wreath of flow'rets rare, To cull a wreath of flow'rets rare, To twine 'mid the locks of a maiden's hair;

How sweet to roam at beau-ty's side, Thro' glens and dells and woodlands wide; How sweet to sit by a fountain clear, And whisper love to a maiden's ear, And whisper love to a maiden's ear.
How sweet to fly from care and strife, And the dull, cold round of city life; To stray thro' wood and sha-dy grove, And plight our troth to the maid we love, And plight our troth to the maid we love.

p

1. Shades of Evening close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly bark a - while! Morn, a - las! will not restore us Yonder dim and dis - tant Isle;

2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces, Smile around the ta - per's light; Who will fill our vacant places! Who will sing our son - s to - night?

p

3. When the waves are round us breaking, As I pace the deck a - lone, And my eye in vain is seeking Some green leaf to work up - on;

Ritard. *Espress e Ritard.*

Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sunny spots where friends may dwell; Darker shadows round us hover, Isle of beauty, "Fare thee well!"

Through the mist that floats a - bove us, Faintly sounds the vesper bell; Like a voice from those who love us, Breathing fondly, "Fare thee well!"

Cres. *Ritard e Dim.* *pp*

What would I not give to wander Where my old companions dwell; Absence makes the heart grow warmer, "Isle of Beauty, "Fare thee well!"

1. Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll

2. Why should we yet our sail unfurl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl; There is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh!

cheerfully sing our parting hymn; Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the daylight's past, The rap-ids are near, and the daylight's past.

sweetly we'll rest the wea-ry oar; Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the daylight's past, The rap-ids are near, and the daylight's past.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

1. 'Tis the last rose of Summer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com - panions Are fad - ed and

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the love - ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with

gone; No flow'r of her kindred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re - fleet back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.

them: Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er thy bed, Where thy mates of the garden Lie scent - less and dead.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta-ra's halls, The soul of mu-sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta-ra's walls; As if that soul had fled. So

2. No more to chiefs and la-dies bright, The harp of Ta-ra swells; The chord a-lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru-in tells Thus

sleeps the pride of former days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

free-dom now so sel-dom wakes; The on-ly thro she gives, Is when some heart in-dig-nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

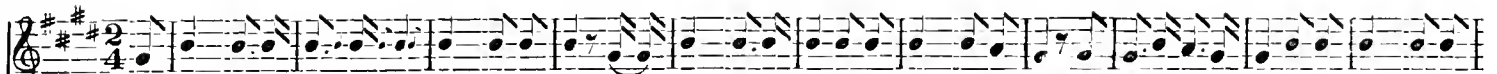
COME WITH THE GIPSY BRIDE.

Musical score for the first system of "Come with the Gypsy Bride". It consists of five staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 6/8 time. The second staff contains the lyrics: "Come.... with the Gyp-sy bride, and re-pair to the fair, When.... the ma-zy dance, will the hours en-trance,....". The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment, and the fifth staff is the grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

Musical score for the second system of "Come with the Gypsy Bride". It consists of five staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 6/8 time. The second staff contains the lyrics: "Love is the first thing to clasp, but if . he es-cape your grasp, Friendship will then be at hand, in the young rogue's place to stand,". The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment, and the fifth staff is the grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

Hope them will be nothing loath To point out the way to both ; Hope them will be nothing loath To point out the way to both

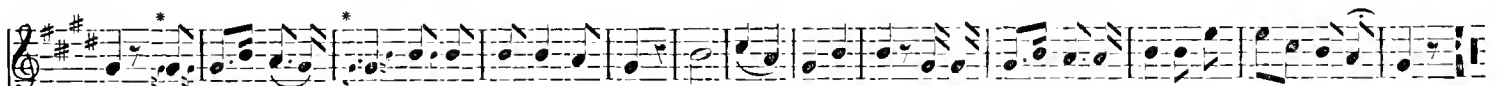
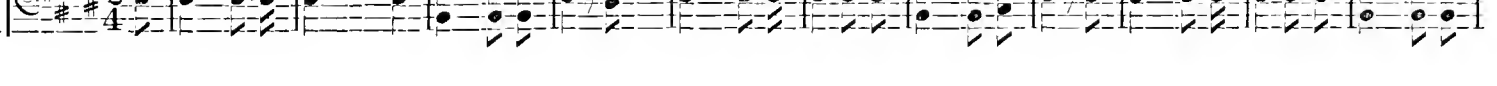
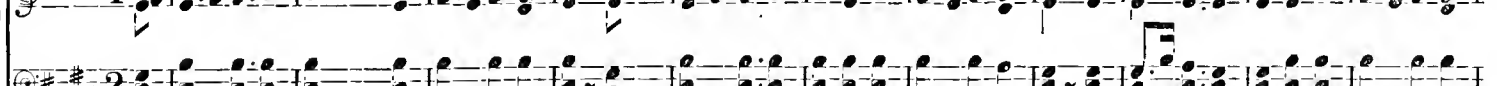
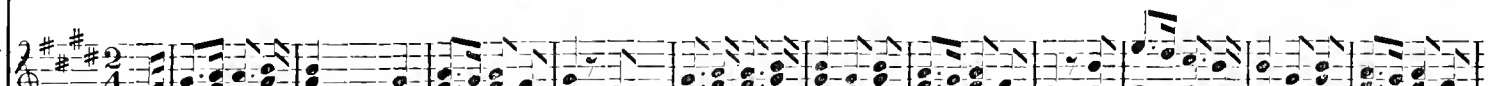
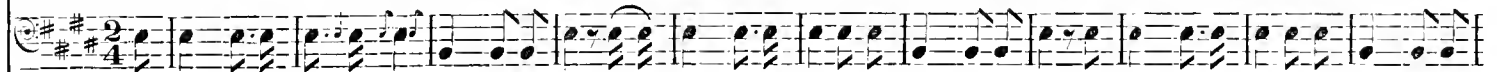
Come with the Gyp - sy bride, and re - pair to the fair, When the ma - zy dance, will the hours en - trance.



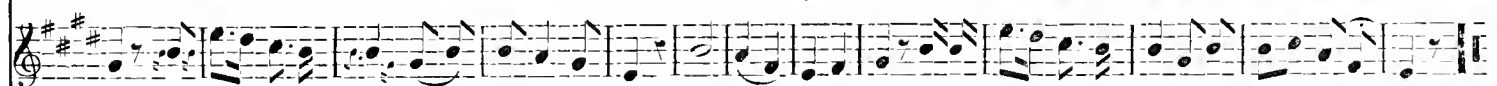
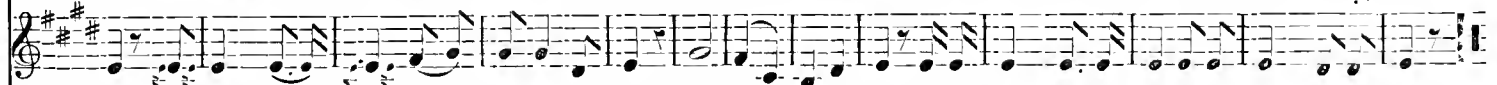
1. Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces, tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us



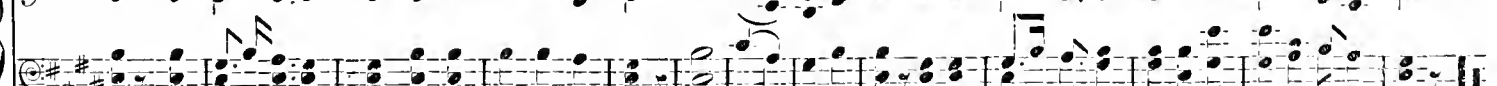
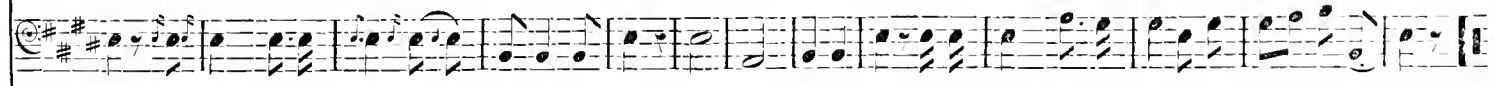
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage a - gain, The birds singing gai - ly, that come at my



there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home.



call; Give me them, sweet peace of mind, dearer than all. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home.



* The Small Notes in this Bar are to be sung to the second verse.

1. Hail! all hail! thou merry month of May; We will hasten to the woods a - way, Among the flow'rs so sweet and gay, Then a -

2. Hark! hark! hark! To hail the month of May; How the songsters warble on each spray? And we will be as blithe as they, Then a -

- way to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry May, The mer-ry, mer-ry May; Then a - way, to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry month of May.

- way to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry May, The mer-ry, mer-ry May; Then a - way, to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry month of May.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

1. { Fare - well, fare-well to thee, Ar - a - by's daughter! Thus warbled a Pe - ri beneath the dark sea; } Oh! fair as the sea flower close to thee growing, How
 { No pearl ev - er lay, un - der O - man's green water, More pure in its shell than thy spir - it in thee. }

2. { But long up - on Ar - a - by's green sunny highlands, Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom } And still, when the merry date season is burning, And
 { Of her who lies sleeping among the pearl Islands, With nought but the sea - stars to light up her tomb. }

3 { The young vil - lage maid with flowers she dresses Her dark - flow - ing hair, for some fes - ti - val day, } Nor shall IRAN, belov'd of her hero forget thee, Tho'
 { Will think of thy fate, till neg - lect - ing her tresses, She mournful - ly turns from the mir - ror a - way; }

4. { Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pil - low With eve - ry thing beau - te - ous that grows in the deep, } A - round thee shall glisten the loveli - est am - ber That
 { Each flow'r of the rock, and each gem of the bil - low Shall sweeten thy bed, and il - lum - ine thy sleep. }

5. { We'll dive where the gardens of co - ral lie darkling, And plant all the ro - si - est stems at thy head; } Farewell—farewell—untill Pity's sweet fountain Is
 { We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian lie sparkling, And gather their gold to strew o - ver thy bed. }

light was thy heart till love's witch - er - y came, Like the wind of the South o'er a sum - mer lute blowing And hush'd all its mu - sic and wither'd its fame.

calls to the palm - groves the young and the old, The hap - pi - est there, from their pastime return - ing, At sun - set, will weep when thy story is told.

ty - rants watch o - ver her tears as they start; Close, close by the side of that he - ro she'll set thee, Embalm'd in the in - nermost shrine of her heart.

ev - er the sor - row - ing sea - bird has wept; With ma - ny a shell in whose hol - low - wreath'd chamber, We, Peri's of ocean, by moonlight have slept.
 lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave, They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain, They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.

The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven, The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!

The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven, The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!

Detailed description: This system contains three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a rhythmic melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with the lyrics 'The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!' repeated across the staves.

Up - on the Lemons I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lemons I lay, I lay, I looked down to bonnie Loch-le - ven, And heard the bon - ny pi-brochs play.

2 Great Argyle he goes before, He makes his cannons loudly roar; Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum, The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!

3. The Campbells, they are a' in arms, Their loyal faith and truth to show! Wi' banners rat - ling in the wind, The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score with three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. It includes three numbered verses. Verse 1: 'Up - on the Lemons I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lemons I lay, I lay, I looked down to bonnie Loch-le - ven, And heard the bon - ny pi-brochs play.' Verse 2: '2 Great Argyle he goes before, He makes his cannons loudly roar; Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum, The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!' Verse 3: '3. The Campbells, they are a' in arms, Their loyal faith and truth to show! Wi' banners rat - ling in the wind, The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!' The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes.

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

Solo.

1. Fare thee well! what tho' I leave thee, A mother's prayers will still be thine; And to hear of thy heart's gladness Will be balm and joy to mine. Memory

2. As I watch'd thy infant slumbers, My tears of joy I strove to hide; While to think upon the future Filled the mother's heart with pride. 'Tis the

CHORUS.

in my brain is crowding, Many tho'ts now pass'd a - way, All, save Love shall be for - got - ten, In thy mother's part - ing lay.

first time we have parted, And a grief is on my heart, . . Yet the hope within me whispers We shall meet, no more to part.

Inst.

Voice.

1. A - way with mel - an - chol - y, Nor dole - ful changes ring, On life and hu - man fol - ly, But mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing, Fal la :

2. Then what's the use of sigh - ing, While time is on the wing ; Can we pre - vent his fly - ing ? Then mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing, Fal la.

3. The rose its bloom re - fu - ses, If pluck'd not in the spring ; Life soon its fragrance los - es, Then cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sing, Fal la.

Come on, ye ro - sy hours, Gay smil - ing mo - ments bring ; We'll strew the way with flow - ers, And mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing, Fal la.

If griefs, like A - pril showers, A moment's sadness bring, Joys soon suc - ceed like flow - ers, Then cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sing, Fal la.

Fly, fly, all dull e - mo - tion, All care a - way we fling ; Pure joy is our de - vot - ion, Then cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sing, Fal la.

Fine.

1. Oft in the stil - ly night, When slumber's chain has bound thee, Fond mem'ry brings the light of o - ther days a - round me.
Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'ry brings the light of o - ther days a - round me.

2. When I re - member all The friends so link'd to - geth - er, I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - ter weather,
Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'ry brings the light of o - ther days a - round me.

D. C.

The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years, The words of love then spoken, The eyes that shone now dim'd and gone, The cheerful hearts now broken !

I feel like one who treads alone, Some banquet hall de - sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, And all but me de - part - ed.

1. "Come tell me blue eyed stranger, Say whither dost thou roam; O'er this wild world a ranger; Hast thou no friends nor home?" They call me blue eyed

2. "Come here, I'll buy thy flowers, And ease thy hap-less lot; Still wet with morn-ing showers, I'll buy, "forget me not." Kind sir, then take those

Ma-ry When friends and for-tune smil'd; But ah! how for-tunes va-ry! I now am sorrow's child.

posies. They're fad-ing like my youth; But nev-er like these..... ro-ses, shall with-er Mary's truth.

1st. time.

2nd. time.

THE WATCHER.

1. The night was dark and fearful, The blast swept wailing by, A watcher pale and tearful, Look'd forth with anxious eye, How wistfully she gazeth, no gleam of morn is there, Her

2. With-in that dwelling lonely, Where want and darkness reign, Her precious child, her only, Lay moaning in his pain, And death alone can free him, She feels that this must be, But

3. A hundred lights are glancing In yonder mansion fair, And merry feet are dancing, They heed not morning there. O young and joyous creatures, One lamp from out your store, Would

4. The morning sun is shining, She heedeth not its ray; Beside her dead reclining, The pale dead mother lay. A smile her lips were wreathing, A smile of hope and love, As

eyes to heaven she raiseth in ag - o - ny of prayer; How wistfully she gazeth, no gleam of morn is there, Her eyes to heav'n she raiseth, In ag - o - ny of pray'r. *Ad lib.*

oh for morn to see him Smile once again on me, And death alone can free him, She feels that this must be, But oh for morn to see him Smile once a - gain on me.

give that poor boy's features, To his mother's gaze once more, O young and joyous creatures, One lamp from out your store, Would give that poor boy's features To his mother's gaze once more.

tho' she still were breathing, There's light for us above. A smile her lips were wreathing, A smile of hope and love, As tho' she still were breathing, There's light for us above. *Ad lib.*

§

Fine.

1. I give thee all, I can no more, Tho' poor the off'ring be; My heart and lute are all the store That I can bring to thee.

2. Tho' love and song may fail, a-las! To keep life's clouds a-way, At least 'twill make them ligh-ter pass, Or glad them if they stay.

Da! Segno. §

A lute, whose gentle song re-veals, The soul of love full well; And bet-ter far, a heart that feels Much more than lute can tell. I

If ev-er care his dis-cord flings, O'er life's enchanted strain, Let love but gen-ly touch the strings, 'Twill all be sweet a-gain. I

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

1. Up - on the hill he turned To take a last fond look Of the val - ley and the vil - lage church And the cot - tage by the

2. Be - side that Cot - tage Porch, A girl was on her knees; She held a - loft a snow - y scarf Which flutter'd in the

3. He turn'd and left the spot, Oh! do not deem him weak, For daunt - less was the Soldier's heart, Tho' tears were on his

brook. He lis - ten'd to the sounds so fa - mil - iar to his ear, And the Soldier leant up - on his sword, And wiped a - way a tear.

breeze; She breath'd a prayer for him, A pray'r he could not hear, But he paused to bless her as she knelt, And wiped a - way a tear.

cheek; Go - watch the fore - most ranks In dan - ger's dark ca - reer, Be sure the hand most dar - ing there, Has wiped a - way a tear.

nd lib.

nd lib.

1. Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a-mong thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy

2. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my Ma-ry re - sides; There, oft as mild evening weeps

murmuring stream; Flow gently, sweet Afton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou dove, whose soft e - cho re - sounds from the hill, Thou green-crested

o - ver the lea, Thy sweet-scented groves shade my Ma-ry and me. Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow gently, sweet

lap-wing, with noise loud and shrill, Ye wild whistling warblers, your mu-sic for - bear, I charge you dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.

riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, dis-turb not her dream.

The musical score consists of five staves. The first two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth staves are a grand piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

ALICE GRAY.

1. She's all my fan - ey paint - ed her, She's love - ly, she's di - vine; But her heart it is a - nother's, She

2. Her dark brown hair is braid - ed o'er A brow of spot - less white; Her soft blue eye now lan - guish - es, Now

2. I've sunk be - neath the sun - mer's sun, And trem - bled in the blast: But my pil - grim - age is near - ly done, The

The musical score consists of five staves. The first two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth staves are a grand piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

nev - er can be mine. Yet lov'd I as man nev - er lov'd. A love with-out de - cay, Oh ! my heart, my heart is
 flash-es with de - light : The hair is brai-ded not for me, The eye is turn'd a - way, Yet my heart, my heart is
 wea - ry con - flict past : And when the green sod wraps my grave, May pi - ty hap - ly say, " Oh ! his heart, his heart is

breaking, for the love of Al - - ice Gray, Oh ! my heart, my heart is breaking, for the love of Al - ice Gray,
 breaking, for the love of Al - - ice Gray, Yet my heart, my heart is breaking, for the love of Al - ice Gray,
 brok - en, for the love of Al - - ice Gray, Oh ! his heart, his heart is brok - en, for the love of Al - ice Gray.

DAYS OF ABSENCE.

1. Days of absence, sad and dreary, Clothed in sorrow's dark ar - ray ; Days of absence, I am wea - ry, Her I love is far a - way.

2. Not till that lov'd voice can greet me, Which so oft has charm'd mine ear, Not till those sweet eyes can meet me, Telling that I still am dear ;

3. All my love is turn'd to sadness, Absence pays the ten - der vow, Hopes that fill'd the heart with gladness, Mem'ry turns to an - guish now,

Hours of bliss too quickly vanished, When will aught like you re - turn ; When the heavy sigh be banished, When this bosom cease to mourn.

Days of absence then will vanish, Joy will all my pangs re - pay ; Soon my bosom's i - dol banish Gloom, but felt when she's a - way.

Love may yet return to greet me, Hope may take the place of pain ; Antoinette with kisses meet me, Breathing love and peace a - gain.

DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, BY THE AUTHOR.

Con Anima.

1 Come join with me in noble song, And let us be sin-cere; Our native land shall be the theme; Our hearts shall have no fear. Since Monarchs do not

2. What inspiration prompts the heart To such a glorious cause? The freedom that we now enjoy, It merits our ap-prise. And God, the Fa-ther

3. Let Youth and Age with mingled voice The joyful strain awake! Let true devotion fire each soul, While forth the paeans break! Great God of all the

Tutti p

rule our soil With power and command, We'll sing most free in praise of thee, Our own, our na-tive land, Our own, our na-tive land.

of us all, With his pro-tect-ing hand, Will bless us while we praise in song Our own, our na-tive land, Our own, our na-tive land.

Tutti p

u - ni - verse, With thy pro-ect-ing hand O guard the soil that gave us birth—Our own, our na-tive land, Our own, our na-tive land.

[26]

Moderato. Solo.

1. O, the Rose of Gra-na-da was bloom-ing full blown, And she laughed at the sui-tors who thought her their
2. He sang from his sad-dle, of war and of love, With a voice that was soft as the hou-ries' a-
3. She smiled in his face as she ne'er smiled be-fore, And the sui-tors went trooping a-way from her
4. The sui-tor went mut-ter-ing, by day and by night, 'Our Rose will be sto-len a-way in our
5. 'She is one of a hundred— te tell you's but fair; Who'll tilt for the la-dy I've left in des-

own, Till there came from Mo-ro-e-co the Moor, A-la Jaeer, And he tossed from his spear-head the horse-tails in air.
bove; And he sang to his git-tern of love and of war, With one foot in his stirrup and one in her door;
door; But they saw from a spear dri-ven deep in the plain, Where a barb had been tied by his gold-bit-ted rein.
sight,' Till the Moor, A-la Jaeer, from her por-tals one morn Stepped, shak-ing the horse-tails in tri-umph and scorn;
pair?' With a scowl on his brow, and a sneer on his mouth; The horse-tails went danc-ing a-way towards the south.

CHORUS.*Ritard.*

Say-ing 'List to me, la-dy; For hith-er I've flown, O Rose of Gra-na-da, To make thee my own.'
Sing-ing, 'Look from thy lat-tiee; I ne-ver will rove, O Rose of Gra-na-da, For war yields to love.'
That the horse-tails were wav-ing, Now hith-er, now there; For the Rose of Gra-na-da Had fallen in the snare.
A-way, to your la-dy, And tend her, I pray, For the Rose of Gra-na-da Is fad-ing a-way.
But the sui-tors were whispering, Ere day-light was gray, 'O, the Rose of Gra-na-da Has fad-ed a-way!'

Adoroso.

1. Where sweet wavelets in their gladness Break up - on the pebbly shore, Making mu - sic in their madness, Like the sound of Ocean's roar.

2. Bright in her young beau - ty glowing—Fair and beau - ti - ful was she, As the sparkling waters, showing Beauty in the whisp'ring sea.

3. And they told her of those regions, In that blessed land of rest, Where the countless seraph legions, Bend un - to their Maker blest.

Rose a cot-tage—and a maid-en By the blue wave might be seen, With a wealth of gold curls lad-en, Love-ly, joy-ous Mag - da - lene.

She, her fa-ther's pride and on - ly—Fair as Ocean's fabled queen—Of-t-times sought the sea - side lone-ly ; Angels walked with Mag-da - lene.

Gone from earth—there's no more sadness, Life to her all love hath been ; Gone to heaven—where joy and gladness Lights the face of Mag-da - lene.

FOLLOW ME, A SERENADE.

Words and Arrangement by
J. W. TURNER.

Moderato. Solo.

1. A - wake my love, and haste a - way Be - fore the dawn - ing of the
2. My bark is read - y in the bay, To bear us, loved one, far a -

mp

day, For while the moon shines bright and clear, We must not long - er tar - ry here; But
way, All dan - ger we will no - bly brave While sail - ing on the o - cean wave. Then

CHORUS.

fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, Dear - est maid - en, to the sea.
fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, Dear - est maid - en, to the sea.

Andante. Dolce e Legato.

1. They grew in beauty side by side, They fill'd one home with glee; Their graves are severed far and wide By mount, and stream, and sea. The Soli.

2. One midst the forest of the west By a dark stream is laid; The Italian knows his place of rest Far in the cedar shade. The Soli.

3. One sleeps where southern vines are dressed, Above the noble slain; He wound his colors round his breast,— On a blood-red field of Spain, And

4. And parted thus, they rest, who played Beneath the same green tree; Whose voices mingled as they prayed Around one parent knee. They

same fond mother bent at night, O'er each fair sleeping brow, She had each folded flower in sight—Where are those dreamers now? Tutti.

sea, the blue lone sea bath one, He lies where pearls lie deep; He was the loved of all, yet none O'er his low bed may weep. Tutti.

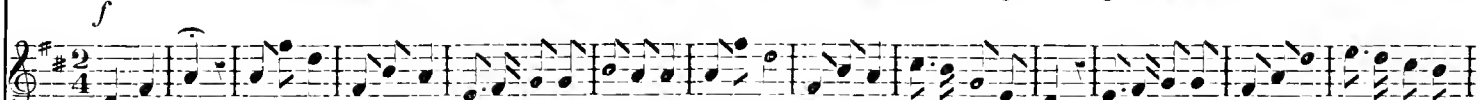
one o'er her the myrtle showers Its leaves by soft winds fanned; She folded midst Italian flowers, The last of that fair band.

that with smiles lit up the hall, And cheered with song the hearth,—A - las! for love, if thou art all, And nought beyond, oh earth!

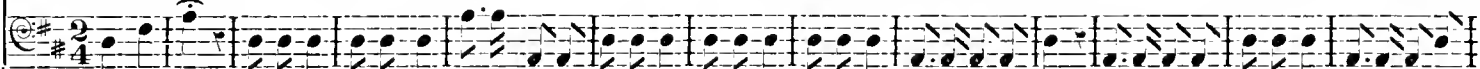
Allegretto.



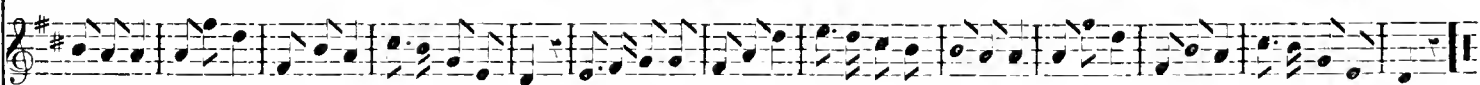
1. Wake! wake! wake! Morning beams; wake from dreams, While the sun now brightly gleams; Haste away, for the day Bright and joyous seems! Birds are singing merrily, Lads are tripping



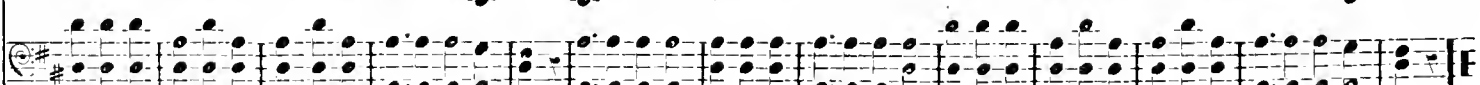
2. Wake! wake! wake! To our toil let's repair, While sweet zephyrs fill the air; Ever may, night and day, Blessings be our share! O, 'tis sweet, at early dawn, When to labor



o'er the sea; O'er the hills, o'er the rills, See the sun's bright ray! Tra la la la, la la la, Tra la la la, la la la, O'er the hills, o'er the rills, See the sun's bright ray!



we away, O'er the hills, by the rills, In the sun's bright ray! Tra la la la, la la la, Tra la la la, la la la, O'er the hills, by the rills, In the sun's bright ray!



NATIONAL SCHOTTISCH SERENADE.

Words and Arrangement by
J. W. TURNER.

207

Moderato e Staccato.

Fine.

la la.

Tra la, la.

la la.

1. O la - dy, wake; the moon shines bright; It is a lovely summer night; Then let us by the light a - way; O la - dy, come with me!

Andante. Solo.

1. I kissed her lip and left her side, In Spring's young balm - y time, When
2. When Win - ter from its si - lent wing Had shed the stain - less snow, And
3. She sleeps be - neath the withered grass, And knows not I am here, To

ev - 'ry blos - som seems a bride, And wa - ters flow in rhyme ;
crowned each for - est tree a king, And sealed the wild brook's flow,
cheat the tar - dy hours that pass, And moan my sor - row's prayer.

CHORUS.

The birds were warbling in the bowers, The dew slept on the spray, And na - ture sought in vain with flowers To ri - val Agnes May.
My footsteps sought her qui - et home, But sad - ly turned a - way, A - las! that I should live to come And find not Agnes May!
They say a - gain the spring shall be, And make the mourners gay— A - las! that were no spring to me That brought not Agnes May.

WHEN THOU ART AFAR.

Arranged by
J. W. TURNER.*p* *Moderato.*

1. My heart beat - eth sad - ly, and seem - eth a - lone, And wea - ried with yearn - ing a - gain for its home, When
2. And yet I have joy - ance, for mem - o - ries blest Will nes - tle like an - gels of peace in my breast; Yes,
3. They come like sweet dreamings, when, sad and a - lone, I yearn for the foot - fall of one that is gone; They
4. God bless thee, my dear one, by night and by day, And send pur - est an - gels to stand round the way, To

p

thou art a - far, though ma - ny are near, To speak to me kind - ly, and giv - ing love cheer.
mem - o - ries sun - ny and glow - ing of thee, That speak to me soft - ly wher - ev - er I be.
cheer me, they soothe me with lights of the past, Till joy - wak - ing sun - shine a - round me is cast.
hear the heart prayers that as - cend from my home, Ask - ing for bless - ings on one that is gone

Cres. *Dim.*

Cres. *Dim.*

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

Arranged by
J. W. TURNER.

211

Scherzando. *S*

Come, chase that starting tear a-way, Ere mine to meet it springs: To-night, at least, to-night be gay, Whate'er to-mor-row brings. Like

mf

2. To gild the deep'ning gloom, if Heaven But one bright hour al-low, Oh, think that one bright hour is given, In all its splendor, now. Let's

mf

f

Fine.

sun-set gleams, that lin-ger late When all is dark'ning fast, Are hours like these we snatch from Fate—The brightest, and the last. Then, &c.

live it out—then sink in night, Like waves that from the shore, One min-ute swell, are touch'd with light, Then lost for ev-er-more! Come, &c.

D. C. S

D. C. S

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

Arranged by
J. W. TURNER.

Con Moto.

1. She is far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, And lov - ers are round her, sigh - ing: But

2. She sings the wild song of her dear na - tive plains, Ev'ry note which he loved un - changing; Ah.

3. He had lived for his love, for his coun - try he died, They were all that to life had en - twined him; Nor

4. Oh! make her a grave where the sun - beams rest, When they prom - ise a glo - rious mor - row; They'll

cold - ly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - ing.

lit - tle they think who de - light in her strains, How the heart of the Min - strel is break - ing.

soon shall the tears of his coun - try be dried, Nor long will his love stay behind him.

shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West, From her own loved is - land of sor - row.

HOOP! HOOP! HURRAH!

Words and Arrangement by
J. W. TURNER.

A Piccolo. Solo.

1. As hoops are all the rage, now you mustn't think it strange, If I say a few words all a -
 2. They say, the oth - er day, that a la - dy on the street Had hoops of such very large di -
 3. One cold, blust' - ring day, when the wind blew ver - y high, A lady thought she'd venture out a
 4. Since the good days of Eve, O, it is ver - y true That ladies all have ever been good
 5. O la - dies, please ex - cuse me, and do not take of - fence At what I have ever seen fit to

- bout them ; For the safety of our race I should like to see a change ; Why can't the la - dies get a - long with - out them ?
 - mension, That they sud - den - ly burst, threw some gents off their feet ! O, they cried, " What a hor - ri - ble in - ven - tion !"
 walking ; A sud - den gust took her - you'd a laughed to've seen her fly ! It was fun - ny ! O, there's no use a talk - ing !
 looking ; And I think it rather queer, now, la - dies dear, that you Can't get a - long without such a hoop - ing !
 mention ; Don't come with a " cooper shop " in self - de - fence, Or de - nounce me at a " wo - man's right " con - ven - tion !

CHORUS.

Hoop, hoop, hurrah ! shall be my theme ; O, 'tis a good thing for discussion ; O, whether I'm awake or whether in a dream, I'm in fear of a hoop, hoop concussion, I declare !

Con Viverzza.

1. The moon is up, and the stars shine bright O'er the si-lent sea, And thy la-dy love, be-neath their light, Waits a-lone for thee. O,

2. O, she has left her harp and bower, Though so dear they be, To wan-der at this lone-ly hour On the shore with thee. O,

sweet the tones of the lute may sound, To the lov - er's list'ning ear; But wilder and faster his pulse will bound At the voice of his la-dy dear. Then

sweet the tones of the lute may sound To the lov - er's list'ning ear, But wilder, and faster his pulse will bound, At the voice of his la-dy dear. Then

come with me while the stars shine bright, O'er the silent sea, And thy la-dy love be-neath their light, Waits a-lone for thee.

come with me while the stars shine bright, O'er the silent sea, And thy la-dy love be - neath their light, Waits a-lone for thee.

The score consists of three vocal staves and a grand piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "come with me while the stars shine bright, O'er the silent sea, And thy la-dy love be-neath their light, Waits a-lone for thee."

GOING HOME.

Composed and Arranged by
J. W. TURNER.

Andante Con Moto.

1. With joy I leave the sun-ny land That tempted me to roam, A last farewell, bright golden strand, For I am go-ing

mp

2. Oh, there is one for whom my soul Hath never ceased to yearn; My mother! be thou first to greet The pro-di-gal's re -

3. Dear, joyous Will, and darling Kate—Links in our household chain— My heart throbs wild to clasp you In these strong arms a -

The score consists of three vocal staves and a grand piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "1. With joy I leave the sun-ny land That tempted me to roam, A last farewell, bright golden strand, For I am go-ing", "2. Oh, there is one for whom my soul Hath never ceased to yearn; My mother! be thou first to greet The pro-di-gal's re -", "3. Dear, joyous Will, and darling Kate—Links in our household chain— My heart throbs wild to clasp you In these strong arms a -".

Tutti.

home. No longer can the gold-god keep My feet on stranger ground; P'lay on, play on, ye billows wild, For I am homeward

Soli. turn. My father — soft! spoke low the word, No answer back can come; An angel's beckoned him away To his e-ter-nal

Soli. gain. Blow, Boreas, blow! I care for naught! Ye raging billows foam, I care not for your kingly might, For I am going

Tutti.

bound. With joy I leave the sun-ny land That tempted me to roam, A last farewell, bright golden strand, For I am going home.

home. With joy I leave the sun-ny land That tempted me to roam, A last farewell, bright golden strand, For I am going home.

home. With joy I leave the sun-ny land That tempted me to roam, A last farewell, bright golden strand, For I am going home.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The score is divided into several systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes lyrics and performance markings such as 'Tutti.', 'Soli.', and 'p'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings like 'p' and 'ff'. The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

Con Impeto.

1. Fly! swift to the highlands, my faith-ful eom-pan-ion, No hard-hearted stranger claims service from thee; Too long hast thou
2. My captors are sleeping—I haste to un-loose thee; Go, leave me to groan 'neath the Turk's i-ron band: Go, tell my loved

3. Haste quick to the tent where my loved ones a-wait us, A-gain lick the hands which will wel-come thee home; Go, cleave with thy
4. What! dost thou not cov-et the breez-es of E-gypt? 'Neath the roof of a khan wouldst thou choose, then, to die? Will thy proud spirit

5. 'Nay, mas-ter! nor yet will thy old friend de-sert thee, While thou art a slave, he can nev-er be free; But will drain his last
6 Then quick with his teeth by his raiment he raised him, And swift to the mountains of Ar-a-by hied; Nor fal-tered un-

7. Long and deep did the tribe of the A-rab de-lore him, And weep o'er the fate of his res-cu-er bold; And his name was en-

guarded my life a-mid dan-ger, Though I am a slave, yet thou shalt be free, Though I am a slave, yet thou shalt be free.
wife and my fond dot-ing ehil-dren, I serve the proud Aga or die by his hand! I serve the proud Aga or die by his hand!

bosom the waters of Jordan, And feed from the hills where free thou didst roam, And feed from the hills where free thou didst roam.
yield to the rein of the stranger, Ever 'neath the rude lash of the tyrant to sigh? Ever 'neath the rude lash of the tyrant to sigh?

drop of red blood for thy res-ene, And glorious-ly die, to bring freedom to thee! And glorious-ly die, to bring freedom to thee!
til at the tent-door he laid him, Then dead with fatigue fell the steed at his side! Then dead with fa-tigue fell the steed at his side!

rolled in the book of the faithful, While the tale of his valor by po-ets was told, While the tale of his valor by po-ets was told.

Andante e Staccato.

1. Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note, As his corse to the ramparts we hurried, Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the

2. But few and short were the pray'rs we said, And we spoke not a word of sor-row, But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead! And we

p

3. We thought as we heap'd his narrow bed, And smooth'd down his lone-ly pil-low, That the foe and stranger would tread o'er his head, And we

4. But half our hea-vy task was done, When the clock told the hour for re-tir-ing, And we heard by the distant and ran-dom gun, That the

p Soto. grave where our He-ro we buried. We buried him dark-ly at dead of night, The turf with our bay-nets turn-ing, By the struggling moonbeams

bit-ter-ly thought on the morrow! No useless cof-fin confin'd his breast, Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him, But he lay like a war-rior

p Soto. far a-way on the billow. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone! And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, But nothing he'll reck if they

foe was sudden-ly firing. Slowly and sadly we laid him down, From the field of his fame fresh and go-ry; We carv'd not a line we

p

Tutti.

* A celebrated monody on the death of Sir John Moore.

mis - ty light, And our lanterns dimly burning, By the struggling moonbeam's wis - ty light, And our lanterns dim - ly burning.

taking his rest, with his Martial Cloak a — round him! But he lay like a Warrior taking his rest, with his Martial Cloak a — round him!

let him sleep on, In the grave where a Briton laid him. But nothing he'll reek if they let him sleep on, In the grave where a Briton laid him.

rais'd not a stone, But we left him in his glo - ry! We carv'd not a line we rais'd not a stone, But we left him in his glo - ry!

IN POSSUM VALLEY.

Arranged by
J. W. TURNER.

Very Pathetic.

1. In Possum val-ley there doth dwell, A comely lass I knew full well; Her home is in a pleasant dell—The sweet one's name is Mollie Ell!

2. Yet I am sorely grieved to think, She brought me nigh to ruin's brink, In telling me my hope is vain—That she will never love a swain.

3. Ah, me! poor me! I am undone, She has my heart and I have none; Now heartless I the world must roam, An exile, banished from her home!

4. But do not think that I will grieve, Nor sad - ly thus my heart deceive; In thinking I no more can find, A maiden suited to my mind.

5. No, rather, than be such a fool I'll drown myself in a dry pool, Or hang my-self by the great toes, To be a scare-crow for the crows

6. And now to you a kind farewell, My sweet, my dearest, Mollie Ell; Hoping that you indeed may find, A lover suited to your mind.

p *Con Dolore. Legato.*

1. When I am passing to the land of rest, Let mu - sic sweet - ly fall up - on my ear; Then

2. O, grant me this; full ma - ny, ma - ny years Has mu - sic been my theme of bliss - ful joy, A

3. Break forth, sweet strains, as oft ye have be - fore, When youth and health glowed on my sun - ny brow; En-

p

pp *Rall.*

I shall feel that I am doub - ly blest, If har - mo - ny my dy - ing sen - ses cheer.

sol - ace when my soul was bathed in tears, A plea - sure from the spring - time of a boy.

pp

trance me with your mag - ic spell once more; I hear the tones— I'm dying hap - py now!

pp *Rall.*

MOTHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Composed and arranged by J. W. TURNER.

p *Dolcemente.*

1. Mother, watch the lit-tle feet, Climbing o'er the gar - den wall, Bounding through the bu - sy street, Ranging cel - lar, shed and hall.

2. Mother, watch the lit-tle hand Picking berries by the way, Making houses in the sand, Tos-sing up the fragrant hay.

3. Mother, watch the lit-tle tongue, Prattling el - o - quent and wild, What is said and what is sung, By the joy - ous, hap - py, child.

4. Mother, watch the lit-tle heart, Beating soft and warm for you, Wholesome lessons now impart; Keep, O! keep that young heart true.

Rall.

Never count the moments lost, Nev - er mind the time it costs, Lit - tle feet will go a-stray, Guide them, mother, while you may.

Never dare the question ask, "Why to me the weary task?" These same lit - tle hands may prove, Messengers of Light and Love.

Catch the word while yet unspoken, Stop the vow be - fore 'tis broken; This same tongue may yet proclaim Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Ex - tri - ca - ting every weed, Sowing good and precious seed, Harvest rich you then may see Ri - pen for e - ter - ni - ty.

Rall.

Moderato con espressione.

1. John An-der - son, my Jo, John, when na-ture first be-gan To try her can-ny hand, John, her mas-ter work was man; And

2. John An-der - son, my Jo, John, ye were my first con-ceil: I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late; They

3. John An-der - son, my Jo, John, when we were first ac-quaint, Your locks were like the ra - ven, your bon - ny brow was brent; But

4. John An-der - son, my Jo, John, we clamb the hill to-gither, And ony a can - ty day, John, we've had wi' ane a-nither; Now

you amang them a' John, so trig from top to toe, She proved to be nae journey-work, John An-der - son, my Jo.

say ye're turning auld, John, and what tho' it be so, Ye ay' the same kind man to me, John An-der - son, my Jo.

now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow: Yet blessings on your fros-ty pow, John An-der - son, my Jo.

we maun tot - ter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go, And we'll sleep together at the foot, John An-der - son, my Jo.

AWAY NOW, OR TRAB, TRAB.

DUCKEN.

223


mp *Allegretto e Sincato.*

Ritard.

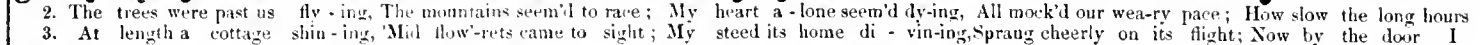
A Tempo.



1. A - way, now joy-ful rid - ing, With heart and hope so light, My foaming steed now chiding, Then cheering his quick flight. Now! urge thee still more



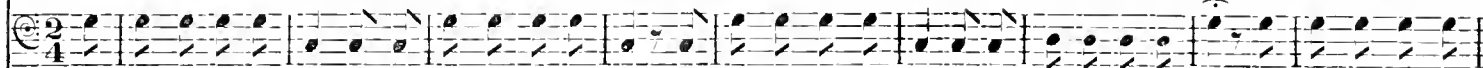
2. The trees were past us fly - ing, The mountains seem'd to race; My heart a - lone seem'd dy - ing, All mock'd our wea - ry pace; How slow the long hours



3. At length a cottage shin - ing, 'Mid flow' - rets came to sight; My steed its home di - vin - ing, Sprang cheerly on its flight; Now by the door I



4. Now by the warm hearth smiling, There's one, the star of home, With gen - tle words be - guil - ing, She bids me ne'er to roam; I can - not now say



fleet! We'll have a smile most sweet; Trot, trot, trot, trot, my friendly steed, 'Tis love and home to meet; Trot, trot, trot, trot, my friend - ly steed, 'Tis love and home to meet.



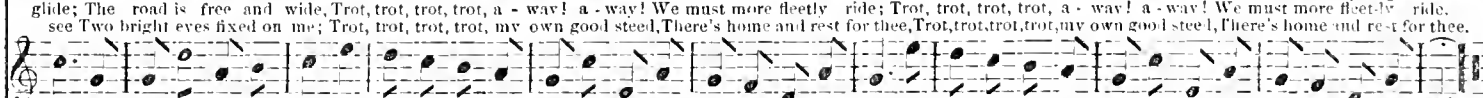
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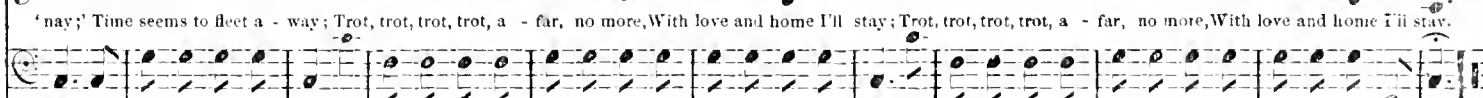
glide; The road is free and wide, Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - way! a - way! We must more fleetly ride; Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - way! a - way! We must more fleetly ride. see Two bright eyes fixed on me; Trot, trot, trot, trot, my own good steed, There's home and rest for thee, Trot, trot, trot, trot, my own good steed, There's home and rest for thee.



'nay; Time seems to fleet a - way; Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - far, no more, With love and home I'll stay; Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - far, no more, With love and home I'll stay.



glide; The road is free and wide, Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - way! a - way! We must more fleetly ride; Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - way! a - way! We must more fleetly ride. see Two bright eyes fixed on me; Trot, trot, trot, trot, my own good steed, There's home and rest for thee, Trot, trot, trot, trot, my own good steed, There's home and rest for thee.



'nay; Time seems to fleet a - way; Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - far, no more, With love and home I'll stay; Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - far, no more, With love and home I'll stay.



LONG, LONG AGO.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go : Sing me the songs I de -

2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go : Ah, yes, you told me you

3. Tho' by your kind - ness my fond hopes were rais'd, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go : You, by more el - o - quent

- light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go. Now you are come, all my grief is re - moved,

ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a - go. Then to all oth - ers my smile you pre - ferred,

lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go. But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried,

Let me for-get that so long you have rov'd, Let me believe that you love as you lov'd, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word, Still my heart treasures the praises I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Still to your accents I lis ten with pride, Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

The musical score consists of four vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

IN THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT GIPSEYING.

1. In the days when we went Gipsying, A long time a - go, The lads and lasses in their best Were dress'd from top to toe : We dane'd and sung the

2. All hearts were light, and eyes were bright, While nature's face was gay ; The trees their leafy branches spread, And perfume fill'd the way. 'Twas there we heard the

3. We fill'd a glass to eve-ry lass, And all our friends most dear ; And wish'd them many happy days, And many a happy year. To friends a-way we

The musical score is in 2/4 time and features three verses of lyrics. It includes four vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

jo-cund song, Up - on the for-est green ; And nought but mirth and jol - li - ty A-round us could be seen ; And thus we pass'd a pleasant time, Nor
 cuckoo's note, Steal soft - ly thro' the air, While eve - ry scene a - round us look'd Most beau-ti - ful and clear, And thus we pass'd a pleasant time, Nor
 turn'd our tho'ts, With feelings kind and free ; And oh ! we wish'd them with us there, Be-neath the for - est tree, And thus we pass'd a pleasant time, Nor

thought of care or wo, In the days when we went gip-sey-ing, A long time a - go, In the days when we went gipseying, A long time a - go.
 thought of care or wo,
 thought of care or wo, In the days when we went gipseying, A long time a - go, In the days when we went gipseying, A long time a - go.

1. O-ver the mountain wave See where they come ; Storm-cloud and wintry wind Welcome them home ; Yet where the sounding gale Howls to the sea,

2. Eng-land hath sun -ny dales, Dear-ly they bloom ;—Scotia hath heather-hills, Sweet their per-fume : Yet thro' the wil -derness Cheerful we stray,

3. Dim grew the for - est path,—Onward they trod ;—Firm beat their no-ble hearts, Trusting in God ! Gray men and blooming maids, High rose their song,

4. Not theirs the glory-wreath Torn by the blast ; Heavenward their holy steps, Heavenward they past, Green be their mossy graves ! Ours be their fame,

Chorus.

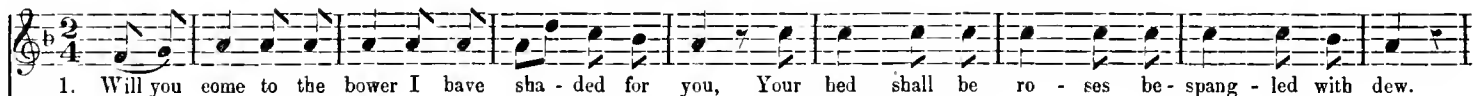
There their song—peals along, Deep toned and free : Pilgrims and wan - der - ers, Hith - er we come ;—Where the free—dare to be,—This is our home !

Na - tive land—native land, Home far a - way ! Pilgrims, &c.

Hear it sweep, Clear and deep. Ev - er a - long ;—Pilgrims, &c.

While their song, peals along, Ev - er the same ;—Pilgrims, &c.

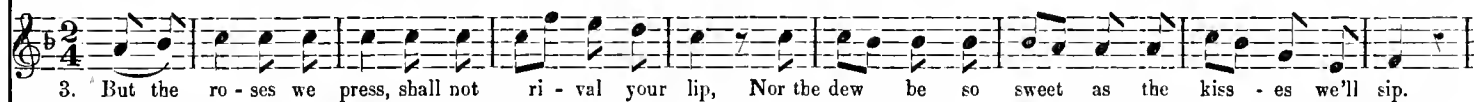
WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?



1. Will you come to the bower I have sha - ded for you, Your bed shall be ro - ses be - spang - led with dew.



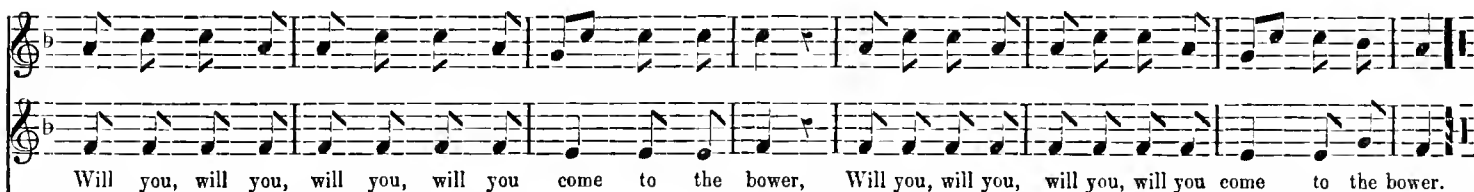
2. There un - der the bow'r on soft ro - ses you lie, With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye.



3. But the ro - ses we press, shall not ri - val your lip, Nor the dew be so sweet as the kiss - es we'll sip.



4. And O! for the joys that are sweet - er than dew, From lan - guish - ing ros - es or kiss - es from you.

Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bower, Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bower.




1. Oh where, tell me where, does your highland lad-die dwell? Oh where, tell me where, does your highland laddie dwell? He dwells in mer - ry

2. Oh where, and oh where has your Highland lad-lie gone? Oh where, and oh where has your Highland lad-die gone? He has gone to fight the

3. In what clothing, in what clothing is your highland laddie elad? In what clothing, in what clothing is your highland laddie elad? His bonnet's of the

4. Sup - pos - ing, sup - pos - ing your high - land lad should die! Sup - pos - ing, sup - pos - ing your highland lad should die! The bagpipes would play

Scotland, at the sign of the blue bell, And 'tis oh in my heart that I love my lad - die well.

French, for King George up - on the throne, And 'tis oh in my heart that I wish him safe at home.

Sax-on green, his waist - coat of the plaid, And 'tis oh in my heart that I love my highland lad.

o-ver him, I'd sit me down and cry, And 'tis oh in my heart, that I hope he may not die.

LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

1. HE. Gen-tle Zi - tel - la, whith-er a - way, Love's ri - tor - nel - la, list while I play. SHE. No, I have lingered too long on my

2. HE. Charming Zi - tel - la, why shouldst thou care, Night is not dark - er than thy raven hair! And those bright eyes, if the brigand should

3. SHE. Sim-ple Zi - tel - la, be-ware, ah beware! List ye no dit - ty, grant ye no prayer. HE. To your light foot-steps let ter - ror add

road, Night is ad - vanc-ing, the brig-and's a - broad! Lone-ly Zi - tel - la has too much to fear: Love's ri - tor - nel - la, she may not hear.

see, Thou art the rob-ber, the cap-tive is he! Gen - tle Zi - tel - la, ban - ish thy fear, Love's ri - tor - nel - la, tar - ry and hear.

wings! 'Tis Mas - sa - ro - ni him - self who now sings! Gen - tle Zi - tel - la ban - ish thy fear, Love's ri - tor - nel - la, tar - ry and hear.

1. A ba - by was sleeping, Its mother was weeping. For her husband was far on the wild raging sea, And the

2. Her beads while she numbered, The ba - by still slumbered, And smiled in her face as she bend - ed her knee, "Oh,

3. And while they are keeping Bright watch o'er thy sleeping. Oh, pray to them soft - ly, pray ba - by with me, And

4. The dawn of the morning, Saw Dermont re - turn - ing, And the wife wept with joy, her babe forth to see, And

tempest was swelling, Round the fish-er-man's dwelling, And she cried, 'Dermont darling, oh come back to me!'"

blest'd be that warning, My child, thy sleep adorn-ing, For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

say thou would'st rather They'd watch o'er thy fa - ther, For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

elously ea - ress-ing Her child with a blessing, Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering to thee."

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* The idea prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is talking to angels.

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start; With faltering lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart; For

2. Ah! well do I remember those Whose names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close, After the evening prayer, And

3. My fa-ther read this holy book, To brothers, sisters, dear; How calm was my poor mother's look, Who lean'd God's word to hear. Her

4. Thou truest friend man ev - er knew, Thy con-stant-y I've tried; Where all were false, I've found thee true, My counsellor and guide. The

ma - ny gen - er - a - tions pass'd Here is our fam - ily tree; My mother's hands this bible clasp'd; She dying, gave it me.

speak of what these pages said, In tones my heart would thrill! Though they are with the silent dead, Here are they liv - ing still;

an - gel face, I see it yet! What thronging memories come! A - gain that lit - tle group is met, With - in the walls of home.

mines of earth no treasure give, That could this volume buy; In teaching me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bosom, There, there hast thou thy throne; Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Am I not fond-ly thine

2. Then, then, e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love, Say wilt thou cherish for

3. Speak, speak, love, I implore thee, Say, say, hope shall be thine; Thou, thou know'st that I love thee. Say but that thou wilt be

own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own?

me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish for me?

mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but that thou wilt be mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but that thou wilt be mine!

TWILIGHT DEWS.

1. When twi-light dews are fall-ing fast, Up - on the ro - sy sea; I watch that star, whose beam so oft Has light-ed me to

2. There's not a gar - den walk I tread, There's not a flow'r I see, But brings to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with

thee; And thou too on that orb so dear, Ah! don't thou gaze at ev'n, And think tho' lost for - ev - er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n!

thee; And still I wish that hour was near, When friends and foes forgiven, The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, May turn to smiles in heav'n!

pp Andante con espressione.

1. Oh, Pi - lot ! 'tis a fear - ful night, There's dan - ger on the deep ; I'll come and pace the deck with thee, I do not dare to

2. On such a night the sea engulf'd My Father's life - less form ; My on - ly brother's boat went down, In just so wild a

pp

f sleep. Go down ! the sail - or cried, go down ! This is no place for thee ; Fear not ! but trust in Prov - i - dence, Wherever thou may'st be.

pp Ritard.

f storm. And such, per - haps, may be my fate, But still I say to thee, Fear not ! but trust in Prov - i - dence, Wherever thou may'st be.

pp Ritard.

HARK! THE GODDESS DIANA.

1. Hark! the Goddess Di - a - na calls out for the chase, Bright Phœbus a - wak - ens the morn : Hark! the Goddess Di - a - na calls

2. The hounds are un-ken-nell'd and ripe for the game, We start to o'er - take the swift hare ; The hounds are un - ken-nell'd and

The score consists of two systems. The first system contains the vocal line for the first stanza and the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the vocal line for the second stanza and the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent bass line with chords and moving lines in both hands.

out for the chase, Bright Phœbus a - wak - ens the morn : Rouse, rouse from your slum - bers, to hun - ting give place, The huntsman is winding, is

ripe for the game. We start to o'er - take the swift hare ; All dan - ger we scorn. for pleasure's our aim, To the fields then a - way, then a -

This system continues the musical score from the previous system. It includes the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the continuation of the second stanza. The piano part continues with its characteristic chordal texture and moving bass line.

wind - ing his horn, The huntsman is wind - ing, is wind - ing his horn, The huntsman is winding, the huntsman is winding, the way let's repair, To the fields then a - way, then a - way, let's re - pair, To the fields then a - way, To the fields then a - way, To the

huntsman is wind - ing, is wind - ing his horn, the huntsman is winding, is winding his horn, the huntsman is winding, is winding his horn.
fields then a - way, then a - way, let's re - pair, to the fields then a - way, then a - way let's re - pair, to the fields then a - way, then a - way let's re - pair.

OH! NO, I NEVER MENTION HIM.

1. Oh! no, I never mention him, His name is never heard; My lips are now for - bid to speak that once fa - mil - iar word. From

2. They tell me he is happy now, The gayest of the gay; They hint that he for - gets his vow, I heed not what they say: Like

3. They bid me seek in change of scene, The charms that others see; But were I in a foreign land, They'd find no change in me. 'Tis

sport to sport they hurry me, To banish my re...gret; And when they win a smile from me, They think that I for - get.

me perhaps he struggles with each feeling of re...gret: But if he loves as I have loved, He never can for - get.

true that I be - hold no more, The val - ley where we met; I do not see that hawthorn tree, But how can I for - get?

1. O'er the wa-ters glid-ing, Our barque pur-sues her way, On-ward no-bly rid-ing, Be-neath the twi-light way, The

2. Summer's breath is blowing, Up-on our snow-white sail, The tide is sweet-ly flow-ing, To-wards our na-tive vale, When

stars will soon shine o'er us, And east their gen-tle light, Up-on the waves be-fore us, To guide us thro' the night.

day is fast a-wak-ing, A-long the smil-ing main, We'll see the sun-light breaking, A-bove our homes a-gain.

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