

## CRADLE-SONG.

"Quand tu chantes, bercee  
Le soir, entre mes bras" etc.

(After Victor Hugh).

When you sing at even-tide  
In my arms, do you then know  
Of the thoughts which come to me?  
Answer, dear one, answer low.  
The sweet song brings back to me  
The fairest of my days—  
Then sing, ah sing, my darling  
Sing to me always.

When you smile, upon your lips  
Love himself is seen to play,  
Then suddenly the fleeting elf  
Fades and vanishes away.  
Ah, such honest laughter proves  
A heart beyond my praise;  
Then smile, oh smile, my darling  
Smile on me always.

When you sleep so calm and pure  
In the shadow near my eyes,  
Softly then you breathe the words  
Of divinest harmonies  
I see your loveliness, my love,  
There in the silence deep—  
So sleep beside me, darling,  
Sleep, forever sleep.

*The News-Letter, Johns Hopkins's Univ.*

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## Music.

THE latest event of interest in musical circles was the concert given under the auspices of the Vocal Students Club on the night of Nov. 19th; at which the public were privileged to hear three new musicians—Miss Clara Clemens, contralto; Miss Marie Nichols, violiniste and Mr. Edmund Wark, pianist.

Either Miss Clemens was singing at some great disadvantage, with a cold perhaps or else press notices are valueless for certainly she was disappointing. Her voice is limited in compass. She sang mostly in French and German, a fact which at once discounts her singing in the estimation of an ordinary audience. The rest of her songs were in English but in very poorly enunciated