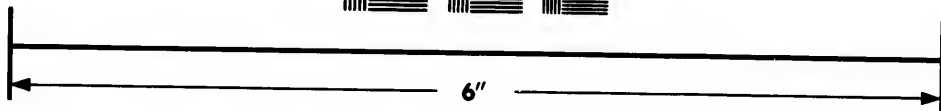
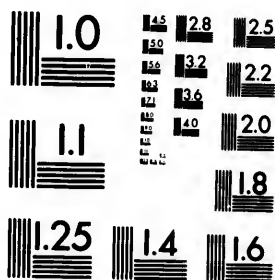


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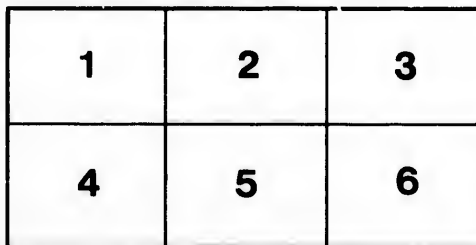
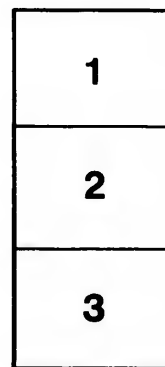
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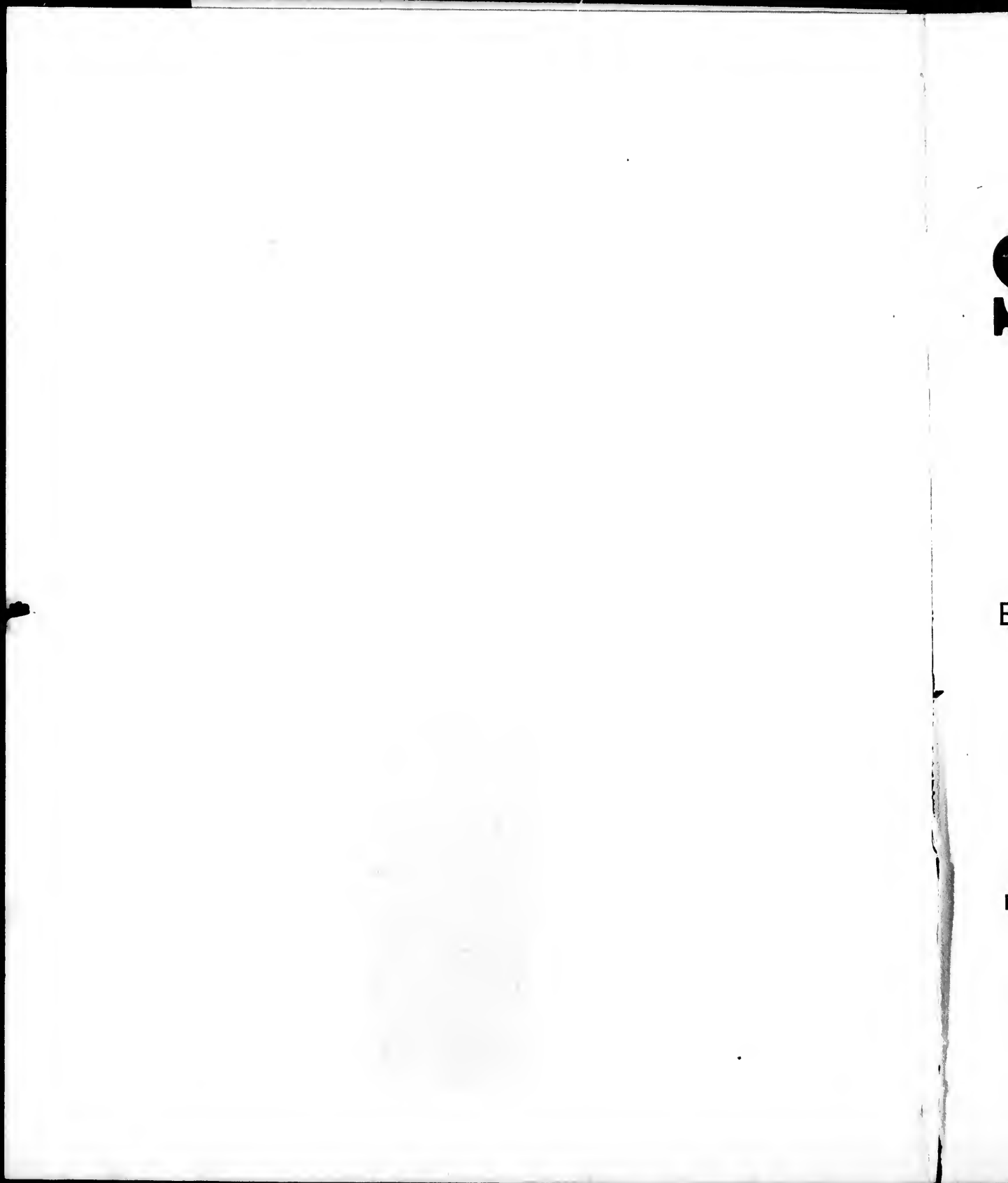
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COMPILED AND EDITED BY

EDWIN R. PARKHURST.

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*Emma C. Thursby*

1897



*Henriette Beebe.*



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

# CELEBRATED COMPOSERS AND VOCALISTS.

**AMBROSE, Robert Steele**, well known in Canada as a song writer, was born in England, and came of a musical family, his grandfather having been organist of the parish church of Chelmsford, Essex, and his father organist of that of Great Baddow. His father becoming weary of teaching music, emigrated with his family to Canada when Robert was a child, and purchased a farm in the neighborhood of Guelph. Robert and two of his brothers adopted music as a profession. Charles, the eldest son, was for many years a teacher in Toronto, and the first organist of the Church of the Holy Trinity. John, the second son, was solo pianist at the opening of the Toronto University, in 1845, and played Moscheles' "Recollections of Ireland" and other solos. Robert settled in Kingston, where he was precentor in St. Andrew's Church and afterwards organist in St. George's Cathedral. In 1864 he removed to Hamilton, where for over twenty years he has been principal in the Wesleyan Ladies' College, and for eighteen years organist of the Church of the Ascension. He has published many light pieces for the piano, and a number of songs, of which "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" has probably gained the greatest popularity.

**BISHOP, J. Brigham**, author of "Shoo fly," was born in Boston, and is now about 49 years of age. After accumulating a comfortable return at his works, he took to mercantile pursuits, and is now engaged in the brokerage business in New York city. The familiar song, "Pretty as a picture," is one of the later productions of his pen.

**BLAND, James A.**, best known as the author of "Dem golden slippers," "In the morning by the bright light," and other jubilee songs, is a mulatto, and was born in the South about 33 years ago. He possesses much original talent for the production of "darkey" melodies.

**BRADBURY, William H.**, born in York, Me., in 1816; died January 7, 1868. As a youth he showed his predilection for music by attempting to play on different musical instruments which came into his possession. In 1834 he commenced a regular course of study and received systematic instruction, with the satisfactory result that he acquired a good musical education. In 1840 he commenced teaching in New York, and soon obtained a prominent position in musical circles. As a composer he gained a wide celebrity, his works amounting to twenty three books

of glees, and church and Sunday school music. His book entitled, "The Jubilee" had a sale of 200,000 copies in a very brief period.

**COOPER, George**, poet and song writer, was born in New York city in 1840. He studied law with Ex-President Arthur, but has never practiced. He has written the words of many songs for Foster, Thomas, Abt, Tucker, Millard and other well-known composers. Among his most popular songs are "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," "Sweet Genevieve," "Mother Kissed Me in My Dream," and "Must We Then Meet as Strangers." The catalogues of the music publishers are, in fact, full of his efforts in this line. During the past few years he has written many poems for the juvenile magazines and periodicals—*Harpers' Young People, O' Young Folks, Wide Awake, Independent*, etc. His time has, in addition, been well occupied in supplying composers with librettos, hymns, translations and sentimental poetry.

**COWEN, Frederick Hymen**, one of the most prominent British composers of the present day, was born at Kingston, Jamaica, January 29, 1852. He manifested a taste for music at a very early age, and soon after his arrival in England with his parents, in 1857, he became the pupil of Sir Julius Benedict and Sir John Goss, from whom he received instructions until 1865. He was then sent to Leipsic and Berlin, where he studied for three years. His first important work was the cantata "The Rose Maiden," a composition distinguished by elegance of style and tunefulness of melody. He has since produced a number of beautiful and popular songs, an opera, "Pauline," the cantata "Corsair," the incidental music to Schiller's "Maid of Orleans," a festival overture and several symphonies. His best work is the "Scandinavian" symphony, which has been performed with great success in all the principal cities of Europe and the United States, and also at Toronto, Canada. The late Dr. Damrosch pronounced this work the greatest symphony that had come from the present modern school. The exquisite dramatic beauty of the slow movement and the fairy-like grace of the *scherzo* have won for this symphony an instant success wherever played. The orchestral coloring is very fine, and Mr Cowen has proved himself to be in this work a thorough master of instrumentation. He is at present employed in writing a grand opera, which it is expected will be his greatest effort.

DANKS, H. P., was born in New Haven, Conn. Since 1864 he has been a resident of New York city. In 1872 he made his great "hit," "Silver threads among the gold," which is said to have had the largest sale of any song ever written by an American author. He is a prolific writer, having already in print more than eight hundred original works. As a sample of one of his pleasing efforts, we include among the contents of this volume, a song and chorus, entitled "Let my name be kindly spoken," which has met with considerable success.

EMMETT, Joseph K., the popular actor and singer, was born in St. Louis, March 13, 1841, and made his first appearance before the footlights in 1866, at a variety theatre in that city. He won an instantaneous success with the general public, his broad, natural humor, talent for mimicry, and clever dancing and singing creating a *furor*. His original specialties were in those caricatures of German types which are grouped in the category of "Dutch business." In 1868 he went to New York and obtained an engagement with Daniel Bryant's company, and two years later he appeared in his most successful creation of *Fritz*. He has since made a tour of the world, playing everywhere to crowded houses and always to delighted audiences. His eccentricities have somewhat interfered with his career, but his popularity is as great as ever. He has composed many songs, of trifling musical merit, but which have had the good fortune to please the masses of the people.

FORSYTH, Wesley Octavius, one of the younger and rising musicians of Canada, was born in Aurora, Ont., in 1861. He comes from a decidedly musical family and gives promise of attaining a leading position in his profession. He has written several piano compositions, among which may be mentioned two songs without words, "Regret" and "Farewell," also "Happy Smiles," "Memories," "Floating Echoes," "Idyl," and others. His Impromptu (Op. 8), a portrayal of the varying passions which sway the human soul, is admirably written, and is acknowledged to be one of his best works. A song for mezzo soprano, entitled "Slipping away," is an attractive and tender composition, very cleverly worked out. Forsyth is a brilliant and expressive pianist and a painstaking and successful teacher. He has an extensive *clientèle* in Toronto, where he now resides.

FOSTER, Stephen C., writer of songs and ballads, was born July 4, 1826, at Pittsburg, and died Jan. 13, 1864. He developed a love for music at an early age, and when but thirteen years old composed a march for his school-mates at his college in Athens, Pa. His first published composition was a serenade, "Open thy lattice, love," the music of which he wrote at the age of sixteen. The following year he took to writing negro melodies, many of which, among them "Louisiana belle," "Old Uncle Ned," "Oh Susanna" and "Way down South," achieved a wide popularity. In 1845 he went to Cincinnati and accepted a position as bookkeeper under his brother, Dunning McN. Foster, but the dull routine of office life soon wearied him, and in 1847 he forsook mercantile pursuits and adopted ballad writing

as a business. In 1850 he wrote "Nellie was a lady," and in 1851 composed his most beautiful and celebrated song, "Old Folks at home." This deservedly popular song was suggested to him by the irresistible longing he felt for home, while away from Pittsburg, and not by the idea, as some have supposed, to produce a rival to "Home, Sweet Home." Foster wrote most of his ballads and songs during the period between 1854 and 1860. "Willie, we have missed you" is another of his songs, which has attained a world-wide celebrity. In 1864 he was attacked with ague while in New York, and being in a weak condition at the time, the fever proved fatal. Foster was somewhat eccentric in character. Some of his best melodies came to him in the middle of the night. In such cases he invariably got up and dressed, and committed his ideas to music paper for subsequent elaboration.

GLEDHILL, Edwin, composer of ballad music, was born in London, England, July 3, 1835. His father was Robert Limbry Gledhill, well known as a meritorious musician and pianist. Edwin Gledhill commenced his music studies at the early age of six years, and his natural genius, supplemented by many years' study, has won him his present reputation. In 1858 he went to Canada to seek his fortune, and took up his residence in Toronto. Since that year he has faithfully devoted himself to the business of a professional musician. In the line of ballad music he has been very successful, many of his songs being distinguished by a vein of melody which has secured them popularity. Among these may be mentioned "Waiting for the tide," "Oh! nightingale," "When the flowers begin to bloom."

HAYS, Will S. This well-known writer and composer is at present (1886) a resident of Louisville, Kentucky, in which city, it is said, he was born and educated. His age is somewhere between 40 and 45. Mr. Hays has written many songs, and has produced some very fine poems. For years he has been agent for several mail packet lines, plying between Louisville and Cincinnati; he is also connected with the *Courier-Journal*, of the former place. Most of his songs were written just after the close of the War of the Rebellion, the most popular being "The wandering refugee," "Write me a letter from home," "Nora O'Neal," "Evangeline," and later, "Mollie darling" and "The little old log cabin in the lane." Mr. Hays is very popular with the Western steamboat men, and by his own fellow citizens is regarded as a whole-souled, original genius.

HOWARD, Frank, the *nom-de-plume* of Mr. J. F. Martindale, was born in Greeley, Iowa, and is thirty-five years of age. He commenced his career by becoming connected with various theatrical combinations, and won his first pronounced success with Thatcher's Minstrels by his singing of his now celebrated song, "Only a pansy blossom." His subsequent successes in the line of vocal music are, "When the robins nest again," "When the springtime and robins have come," "I'll await my love," "Sweet Alpine roses," "Venita," "Two little ragged urchins."



*E. Aline Osgood.*



*Emily Winant.*

HUNTLEY, Wm. A., is a native of Providence, R. I., and made his *début* upon the minstrel stage in 1860. Since that time he has been honored with the best positions obtainable, and is second to none as an artistic performer on the banjo. In 1880 he made an engagement with Haverly's Minstrels as leader of the "Twelve Banjo act," in which twelve banjo artists appeared on the stage at one time, and opened at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, on the 30th of July of that year, where his "Chime Bell," and "One-hand" imitations met with great success. He is a remarkably successful composer, and some of his songs, particularly "Some day I'll wander back again," and "Must we leave the old home, mother," are among the most popular in print.

MACKENZIE, A. C., one of the most gifted British composers of the present day, is the son of a popular musician of Edinburgh, and was born in 1847. At the age of eleven he went to Schwarzburg Sonderhausen, and studied under W. Ulrich and Eduard Stein. Two years after he returned to Scotland and then proceeded to London and won a King's scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. After receiving a course of instruction on the violin from M. Sainton, he returned to his native city and adopted the life of a professional musician. His first great success in composition was his orchestral arrangement of Scotch melodies under the title of "Scotch Rhapsodies," which were played by the Crystal Palace Band in London, and a few years ago were introduced to the American public by Dr. Damrosch and Theodore Thomas. His opera of "Colomba," produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1883, established his fame. The merits of the opera were at once recognized in Germany, and "Colomba" was hailed by the critics as the first step on the foundation of a noble, pure, and exalted school of British composition. Mr. Mackenzie followed up his triumph by producing an oratorio, the "Rose of Sharon," for the Norwich Musical Festival of 1884. The effect of this work was electrical, and it was subsequently repeated in London and New York. Mr. Mackenzie is distinguished for a style characterized by a true melodic vein, exquisite taste, and skillful use of the resources of the orchestra. He has adopted the "leit-motive" system, but does not abuse it like so many other composers of the modern school.

MILLARD, Harrison, was born in Boston in 1830; from his earliest years he evinced not only a great love but an undoubted talent for music. His first appearance in public was at the tender age of four years, at Dr. Sharp's Baptist Church in Boston, when he was stood up high upon one of the benches in the Sunday-school room, and piped out old "Silver Street," the time-honored hymn, to the admiration of his fellows. At the age of eight he attended singing school for one winter, and was then already sufficiently proficient to read perfectly alto parts of almost any of the church tunes of the day. When but ten years old he joined the Handel and Haydn Society, and was for several seasons the leading contralto in the chorus, although a high pile of books had to be arranged as a pedestal

for his accommodation. In 1851 he went to Europe, and there spent three years in Italy and elsewhere, studying under the best masters, such as Romani, Mabellini and Mercadante. While in Italy he appeared in Italian opera, being highly spoken of by the press and public as a musical wonder, because he had come from the wilds of the United States. During two years in London he was engaged by the world-famous Jullien (who proved to him a most excellent friend) as his leading tenor in all his oratorio concerts held at Surry Garden. He also sang at Boosey & Co.'s Great Verdi Festival, at Exeter Hall, in company with such distinguished artists as Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Sims Reeves and Miss Weiss. After this he accompanied the celebrated Miss Catharine Hayes on her farewell tour through Ireland and Scotland, as tenor, with the great Lablanche as basso. He returned to Boston, his native city, in the autumn of 1854, having achieved these many successes before he had concluded his twenty-fourth year. He remained in Boston until 1858, frequently singing in public, giving lessons in his art, and in the Italian language, composing ballads and sacred pieces. In 1859, he made his first success as song-writer in the composition of our national air, "Vive l'America." It was a kind of prophetic inspiration, for at that time the war of the rebellion was undreamt of. Two years later he was marching to its music to take his place among the patriots. Mr. Millard served four years in the army, when having been severely wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, he was compelled reluctantly to resign his commission, and returned to New York. He wrote one other national song, almost, if not quite, as popular and well known, "Flag of the Free." The sales of these two songs have been enormous. As a general thing, Mr. Millard's compositions are too difficult for the masses, and obtain most favor in the concert hall and parlor, though sometimes he strikes the popular taste, as in "Under the Daisies," "Waiting," "When the Tide comes in," "After." These are but a few selected from a list of over three hundred. In sacred music he has also been very prolific, having composed many anthems, complete services for the Episcopal Church, several Te Deums, Grand Mass in G, and Vesper Service for the Roman Catholic Church, besides collections in book form; his compositions are much used in the churches. Mr. Millard has also finished a four act Italian opera, entitled "Deborah," founded on Mosenthal's play of the same name, but has not been produced as yet complete in public. It has been dedicated, by permission, to the King of Italy. His little parlor operetta, "Two can Play at that Game," is already quite popular, and having a steady sale. Singing at concerts and church, and attending to his daily duties at the Custom House, the number and excellence of Mr. Millard's compositions are certainly something remarkable. In personal appearance he is a little below the medium height, of light build, close cut iron-gray hair, dark mustache and imperial, and dark eyes. He is of genial disposition, a ready conversationalist, and popular with all who know him.

NEWCOMB, Robert, was born in New York about 1848. He is well known as a writer of popular songs, among which are "Sweet forget-me-not," "There's a light in the window." It is claimed he is the original author of "Love among the roses."

O'REARDON, Matt, a composer who died about two years ago, will be best called to mind by his chief successes, "The marriage bells" and "Our dream of love is o'er." His compositions are still a source of pleasure and enjoyment in many a Canadian and American home. Though gifted with remarkable natural talent and creative ability, he was entirely uncultivated in the art of music, and many of his works were produced through the aid and instrumentality of amanuenses.

ROOT, George F, composer and song writer, was born at Sheffield, Mass., in 1820. He was a music publisher in Chicago, and founded the firm of Root & Cady. He was a voluminous song writer, and also composed a number of cantatas, among those published being "Daniel," "Belshazzar's Feast," and "Pilgrim Fathers." He wrote the opera "The Haymakers," and a number of musical works, of which the best known are "Fire Queen," "Shawn," "Sabbath Bells," and "Triumph." The profits he derived from the last-named book amounted to \$40,000.

ROSENFELD, M. H., variously known under the *pseudonym* of F. Heiser and F. Belasco, was born in Richmond, Va., and is about twenty-eight years of age. He is the eldest of three sons, who are all more or less associated with the dramatic profession, and who all possess a degree of genius as writers and composers rarely found united in one family. He has achieved distinction in other fields of art than music, having attracted public attention as a playwright and a contributor to various magazines, his articles appearing over the assumed name of "Tobias Toothpick." The titles, designs and texts of his songs are exceedingly original. His predilection is apparently for the humorous style. Among the many popular songs he has produced are the famous "Climbing up the golden stairs," "Ring dat golden bell," "Hush, little baby, don't you cry," "Ise gwine to weep no more," "Rooster in the barn," etc. His chief efforts have been the writing of songs for Lotta, Annie Pixley and other actresses of note.

SCANLAN, W. J., actor and song writer, was born at Springfield, Mass., February 14, 1856, of Irish parentage. When he was thirteen years of age, his parents removed to New York city, where he soon after commenced his career as a public entertainer. He sang at all the temperance halls of New York, until he became known as "Master Willie, the temperance boy-singer." At the age of seventeen he made his professional *debut* at the Olympic Theatre. He then commenced a tour of the United States, and during his travels made the acquaintance of William Cronin, who afterwards became his partner. As "Scanlan and Cronin" they played in all the principal cities of

the United States and Canada. Mr. Scanlan dissolved partnership with Cronin in 1877. He and Minnie Palmer subsequently started with their own company through Canada and the United States for two years, in a musical farce entitled "Boarding School." He next associated himself with the popular American dramatist, Bartley Campbell, and created many character parts in the plays of this author. One of his most successful plays, "Friend and Foe," was written by Mr. Campbell. Mr. Scanlan has written many songs for light comedy and burlesque companies. "Peck-a-boo" has been his greatest hit with the general public, over half a million of copies having been sold. He receives six cents for every copy, and draws royalties from twenty-three songs. His latest compositions, "Peggy O'Moore," "My Nellie's Blue Eyes" and "What's in a Kiss" are becoming in great demand.

SKELLY, Joseph Paul, the popular song writer, was born June 29, 1850. He received his education in the public schools of New York city. Although his attention in early youth was directed to mechanical pursuits, he developed with his growth strong literary and musical instincts, and he seized every available opportunity of cultivating his taste in these directions. He soon connected himself with the New York press, and for several years regularly furnished articles to the newspapers and periodicals of that city. Finding it impossible to restrain his inclination for music, he next devoted his attention to composing songs, and during the past fifteen years has produced over one thousand pieces. He was singularly successful in hitting the public taste, and minstrel troupes and other vocal organizations have obtained from him many of their sweetest songs and their greatest successes. Although he has the reputation of being a remarkably gifted melodist, he did not neglect the study of the theory of music, harmony and composition, and his songs show that the knowledge thus acquired has been turned to practical account. Among the most popular of his songs are: "My pretty red rose," "The old rustic bridge," "By the mill," "A boy's best friend is his mother," "Little darling, dream of me," "Only as far as the gate," "My heart to thee is singing," "Come back to mother."

STEWART, James E., who died recently at the age of thirty-six years, was a native of Cincinnati. He was a brilliant and charming writer of songs of a certain *genre*, and many of his earliest productions are as fresh in the mind of the public as at the time at which they appeared. It is only necessary to cite "Jennie, the flower of Kildare," "Fairies watch o'er her cradle," "Only to see her face again," and the "Cricket on the hearth," as cases in point.

THOMAS, John R., writer and composer of English ballads and sacred songs, was born at Newport, South Wales, in the year 1830, and emigrated to the United States when quite a youth. All of his works have been published in the United States, a fact which has led to the popular belief that he is an American author. He appeared on the minstrel stage in New



*Myron W. Whitney.*



*William A. Huntley.*



York in his earliest years, but under an assumed name. He was subsequently a member of the Seguin English Opera Company, appearing as the *Count* in the "Bohemian Girl," and in many other *roles*. It was about this time that he commenced writing ballad music, although his persistent attention has been devoted to sacred music. Many of his songs, including "Bonny Eloise," "God bless you," "Cottage by the sea," and "Must we then meet as strangers," have for years enjoyed general popularity. Mr. Thomas is at present a resident of New York.

WESTENDORF, Thomas P. Among the promising composers of the United States is Mr. Westendorf. He began his musical studies in 1857, under Louis Staab, professor of the piano, and Henry Declercq, professor of the violin, with whom he made rapid progress as a performer of both instruments, at the same time acquiring considerable knowledge of wind instruments. Later he was appointed teacher of the brass band and of singing in the Reform School of Chicago. Here his efforts were crowned with success, the band of which he was the leader becoming famous throughout Illinois. As a composer, Mr. Westendorf might have dated back much further than the time of his first published production, had it not been for his modesty, a quite natural trait with true genius. As a successful and versatile writer, he is equalled by few in this country. His songs and instrumental compositions have an exceedingly large sale, and seem to strike the popular fancy in an extraordinary degree.

WHITE, C. A., one of the most popular of American song composers, was born in Taunton, Mass., in 1832, and is descended from an old and honorable New England family. His boyhood and youth was spent upon his father's farm. As a child he showed unusual aptitude for music, and his love of the art strengthened with his growth. He has been a most prolific composer of songs, and has probably written more than any other American composer. Singularly successful in hitting the popular taste, his songs are known everywhere among English-speaking people. Among the most widely circulated of his songs are "Mother, take me home again," "Put me in my little bed," "Moonlight on the lake," and "Ise gwine to Dixie." His works are all published by the firm of which he is a member. Mr. White's period of productivity has by no means ended, as he still composes with his accustomed felicity of style.

WINNER, Joseph E., a popular song writer, best known under the *nom-de-plume* of "Eastburn," was born in Philadelphia. He exhibited a taste for music when a boy, and when twelve years of age had acquired sufficient mastery over the violin to play at public concerts. His first composition, the "Night Spirit Polka," he produced when sixteen years of age. He made his first popular hit with the song, "The Ring My Mother Wore," published in 1858. He has since then produced a large number of songs, many of which have achieved extraordinary success. The most noteworthy instance is his "How the Gates Came Ajar,"

which reached a sale of over half a million copies. Mr. Winner has composed many instrumental pieces of a light and pleasing character. At the present time (1886) he is carrying on the music business in Philadelphia.

WINNER, Septimus, one of the most popular American writers and composers of songs, was born in Philadelphia, May 11, 1827. He commenced his career as a cow-boy in Wyoming Valley, but the duties not being to his taste, he deserted his post and returned home. He then studied at the Philadelphia High School for two years, and about this time commenced the practice of the violin, and became so enamored of the instrument that he went to a prominent musician of the city for instruction. He received only four months' instruction, but nevertheless made such satisfactory progress that when twenty years of age he became a member of an orchestra, which he afterwards led as *chef d'attaque*. He found the position ultimately one of musical drudgery, and when about twenty-five years of age he opened a music store, while devoting his spare time to teaching the violin, guitar and pianoforte. In 1850 he wrote and composed his first song, "How sweet are the roses," and, encouraged by the success, produced "What is home without a mother," which had an enormous sale. These songs and many others he wrote under the *nom-de-plume* of "Alice Hawthorne." Then followed "Listen to the mocking bird," a song that became universally popular, and reached a sale of 140,000 copies. It has been since arranged in countless ways for all sorts of instruments, and is still a favorite with miscellaneous audiences. Mr. Winner is a most prolific composer, and his songs, both sentimental and humorous, number several hundred. He has also written instruction books for various instruments, and has in all over two thousand arrangements for violin, piano, guitar, etc. These are all in great demand, being sold in all the cities and towns of the United States and Canada.

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*Additional Biographical Sketches of Celebrated Composers and Vocalists.*

BEEBE, Miss Henrietta, is a native of New York City, and was born in December, 1844. Her musical training was begun in her fourteenth year, under the charge of the celebrated Dr. C. A. Guilmette. At the age of sixteen she made her first public appearance, singing the "Creation" in a manner that caused astonishment by its intelligence and facility. Visiting Europe, Miss Beebe studied for three years with Sig. Perini of Milan for the purpose of acquiring the Italian method. Later, she continued her studies under Signor A. Randegger, in London, where she made a protracted stay and appeared at the Monday Popular Concerts, Crystal Palace, and other first class musical entertainments, with marked success, receiving the public approbation of Sir Michael Costa, Sir Julius Benedict, and other well-known and esteemed musicians.

CANDIDUS, Herr Wilhelm. About the year 1860 a young man working in his father's piano keyboard factory in Philadelphia, having a rooted objection to the business, enlisted and served with considerable distinction in the Army of the Potomac. This young man was none other than Wilhelm Candidus. When "tired of war's alarms," he went to New York and joined the more peaceable ranks of the Arion and Liederkrantz Societies, when he became conscious that he was the possessor of a fine tenor voice. The fact becoming public, he was asked to undertake the role of *Max*, on the occasion of a performance of "Der Freischutz," given by the Arion at the Academy of Music, in 1867. He made an emphatic "hit," and resolved to adopt the vocal profession, going to Europe for the purpose. He fulfilled engagements at Weimar, Munich, Berlin and Hamburg, and a year later sang in Her Majesty's Opera House in London. Afterwards he was principal tenor at the Opera House Frankfort-on-the-Main.

GEIBEL, Adam, was born in the little village of Neienheim, near Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, September 15, 1855. He became blind in early childhood. In 1862 his parents removed to Philadelphia. Two years later, Adam, then but nine years of age, was admitted to the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind, where he remained eight years as a pupil, and afterwards was appointed an assistant teacher of the violin and organ. He resigned this position in 1875. While at this institution he studied harmony and composition with the able organist and director of St. Stephen's Church, Mr. D. D. Wood. His first composition was written and published in March, 1874; this was followed by others, until his works at present number several hundreds, both instrumental and vocal. That Mr. Geibel has made rapid progress in the musical world is evident from the increased demand for his compositions; he bids fair to rank with the best writers of the day. Among his more recent compositions which are eliciting marked attention are his famous waltz-song, "Orange blossoms," "Row, boatmen, row," quartette, "When the swallows come again," vocal, "The storm at sea," "L'Esperance valse de concert," several sonatinas, etc. There is no writer in America who gives promise of a more brilliant future than Adam Geibel.

GILCHRIST, William Wallace, was born in Jersey City, January 8, 1846. His parents removed to Philadelphia when he was nine years of age. Here he received his musical education, and has always been identified with its musical interests, except for one year (1871-1872), when he resided in Cincinnati. He is director of several vocal societies, and has a local reputation as a vocalist, possessing an excellent and flexible baritone voice. As a composer he has universal fame, having achieved the Cincinnati Festival prize of 1882, the judges being Carl Reinecke (Leipsic), Camille Saint-Saens (Paris) and Theodore Thomas. In 1881 Mr. Gilchrist won three prizes offered by the Mendelssohn Club of New York, for compositions of various styles for male voice.

HAUCK, Minnie, born in New York, November 16, 1852, made her first appearance at a concert in New Orleans about 1865. She was then placed under the care of Signor Enani, in New York, and made her *debut* on the stage of that city, as *Amina*, in 1868. After a successful tour in the States, with a large repertoire of characters, she went to London, and appeared at Covent Garden as *Amina* (October 26, 1868), and *Margherita*. In 1869 she was engaged by the Grand Opera, Vienna, and sang there and at Moscow, Berlin, Paris and Brussels, with great success, for several years, in a large range of parts. On April 27, 1878, she reappeared at her Majesty's, as *Violletta* in "Traviata." She sustained the part of *Carmen* in Bizet's opera of that name, at Brussels, and on its production in London by Mr. Mapleson, at Her Majesty's, on June 22, thus making the success of the piece, which had not pleased in Paris, and showing herself to be not only a high-class singer, but also possessed of no ordinary dramatic power. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano, of great force and richness, and she is said to sing Italian, German, French and Hungarian with equal facility.

KELLOGG, Clara Louise, was born in Sumterville, South Carolina, in July, 1842, and is of northern extraction. Her mother had considerable talent as a musician. Clara was the only child. In 1856 they removed to New York, where she received her musical education. She made her first appearance there at the Academy of Music (Opera) as *Gilda* in "Rigoletto," in 1861, and sang that season ten or twelve times. November 2, 1867, she made her *début* in London, at her Majesty's, as *Margherita*; she sang constantly, and was re-engaged for the next year. From 1868 to 1872 she was touring in the United States. She reappeared in London on May 11, 1872, at Drury Lane, Her Majesty's Opera, as *Linda*, and sang during that season also as *Gilda*. On her return to the United States she continued to sing in Italian Opera till 1874, at which time she organized an English Troupe, herself superintending the translation of the words, the *mise en scene*, the training of the singers, and the rehearsals of the chorus. Such was her devotion to the project, that in the winter of 1874-75 she sang no fewer than 125 nights. She is said to be familiar with 35 Operas; her musical gifts are great. Miss Kellogg has great conscientiousness as an artist, full of ardent enthusiasm, and a voice of great compass and purity; in addition to which she has a remarkable talent for business, and is never so happy as when she is doing a good or benevolent action.

LITTA, Marie, born June 1, 1856, in Bloomington, Ill. Her parents were natural musicians, and, when very young, Litta gave concerts under the management of her father. She went to Europe in 1874 to complete her studies, and filled many successful engagements while there. Returned after an absence of four years, and made her *début* in opera at Chicago.

OSGOOD, Mrs. E. Aline. This favorite soprano is a Bostonian. As a girl she exhibited unusual fondness for music, and never tired of singing ballads, etc.,



*Tom Karl.*



*William Carleton.*

which she rendered in a charmingly unassuming and attractive manner. Her parents were somewhat unwilling that she should adopt a public career, but, finally yielding, she appeared for two years in connection with the concerts of the Beethoven Quintet Club. In 1874 Mrs. Osgood went to London, where she pursued her studies under Randegger, and in 1875 was allotted a share in the soli work at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. Her success was speedily established, and during the past few years she has occupied the position of the leading oratorio soprano in England, taking a prominent part in nearly all important performances of the kind. She is also in great request as a ballad singer.

THURSBY, Miss Emma C., is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., and although still youthful, holds a place in the affections of the American people, stronger, perhaps, than is enjoyed by any other singer in the country. She is a pupil of Mme. Rudersdorff and Signor Errani. Her voice is a pure, sweet, fresh soprano, and her compass is from *G in alt*, to *A* below the staff. For Sunday services in the Tabernacle Church of New York, she received a salary of \$3000. Strakosch agreed to give her \$100,000 for three years' singing in concert and oratorio. She made her *debut* in Boston, in 1870, since which time she has sung in all parts of America and Europe with great success. She is of *petite* figure, with a very expressive face, and a most charming and modest bearing. She absolutely refuses to appear upon the stage in opera. Her recent successes abroad have been all that her earlier career promised.

VALLERIA, Alwina, *née* Lohman (now Mrs. Hutchinson). A popular American soprano vocalist, who for some years has been settled in London, and has met with great success in the Mapleson Company. Pupil of Mr. T. A. Wallworth. She married in 1879. Her fine voice and admirable style are much appreciated. Her present engagement with Manager Abbey promises to greatly increase her popularity.

VAN ZANDT, Marie, is the daughter of Madame Jennie Van Zandt, who was for many years a prominent member of the Kellogg Opera Company, and the granddaughter of the celebrated magician and ventriloquist, Signor Blitz. She studied music in Europe, where she made her first public appearance, and at

once established herself as a favorite. Her greatest triumphs have been gained in Paris, especially in the *roles* of "Mignon" and "Lakme," the latter being written for her. Although eminently successful, greater prominence is predicted for this thorough *artiste*.

VICKERS, George M., was born in Philadelphia, Pa., January 8th, 1841. As a writer of song-poems, this gentleman has no superior either in this country or in Europe. His poems possess a degree of grace and originality that not only gives them a peculiar beauty, but also insures their almost immediate popularity. He is a perfect master of the art of versification, and few, if any, of his writings fail to give evidence of his rare poetical talent. Among his more noted poems which have been set to music by popular writers, may be mentioned "The Fisherman's Bride," "Six o'Clock," "Twilight on the Sea," "Orange Blossoms," "By the Old Cathedral," "The Robber's Dream," besides "The Proudest Ships," "Why, Why, O Sea?" in his libretto of "The Lightkeeper's Daughter," and "Ah, Love's a Rose," "Now that We've Met Again," and "Sweetest Blossoms of the Spring," in the libretto of "Nora," of which he is also the author. Mr. Vickers has written considerably more than two hundred poems, upon subjects ranging from the most humorous to those embodying the most touching pathos. His descriptive pieces are universally admired.

WHITNEY, Mr. Myron W. The magnificent voice and cultured style of Mr. Whitney render him a tower of strength on all important musical occasions. As an oratorio singer he has but few rivals and no superiors. His legitimate rendering of anything intrusted to him is worthy of special eulogy, especially in an age when tradition is decried as being unworthy of consideration in this age of musical progress. Mr. Whitney is a New Englander, hailing from Ashley, Mass., where, in 1836, he first saw the light. He was first heard at a Christmas performance of the "Messiah," given by the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston. Since that time he has assisted at almost every important oratorio performance in this country, and enjoys a widely extended popularity, which he has worthily earned. In 1871 he visited England, and achieved a notable success in London, particularly at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society. He was also intrusted with the part of *Elijah* at the Birmingham Festival in 1871, and "won golden opinions from all sorts of people."



# PRETTY POND LILIES.

Words and Music by LILLIE HALL.

*Tempo di Valse.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in 3/4 time, starting with a quarter rest followed by eighth notes. The left hand plays a bass line with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking 'f' is present at the beginning.

The first system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. Whilst wait - ing in the lane for you, 2. My love shall ev - er be to you,". The piano part features a melody in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

The second system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "dar - ling, Ling'ring as the hours roll by, At - tract - ed by the rippling of the wa - ter, And the dar - ling, True as the water - lil - ies pure, So take them, dear, and cher - ish to your heart, love, Don't".

The third system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fragrance where the pond - lil - ies lie. To ga - ther some I quickly thought You'd smile if them to you I let your thro'ts of me another lure. Oh, prom - ise me, oh, pledge your word, That when I'm gone far, far a -".

The fourth system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "brought, So take them with my heart's best love, As pure as heav'n - ly things a - bove. Ah! way, You'll not for - get when with the loved ones, The lil - ies and the vow you made to - day. Ah!".

## PRETTY POND LILIES. CONCLUDED.

SOLO OR DUET.

Pret - ty pond - lil - ies I've plucked for you, Fresh from the wa - ters spark - ling with dew; Take them from  
me as a to - ken so trae, Pret - ty pond lil - ies I've brought un - to you. Tra la  
oh, he ho, oh, he ho, oh, he ho, Ho, he ho!.....

(Warbling.)

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song titled 'Pretty Pond Lilies'. It is marked 'SOLO OR DUET'. The score consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The lyrics are: 'Pret - ty pond - lil - ies I've plucked for you, Fresh from the wa - ters spark - ling with dew; Take them from me as a to - ken so trae, Pret - ty pond lil - ies I've brought un - to you. Tra la oh, he ho, oh, he ho, oh, he ho, Ho, he ho!.....'. The second system has '(Warbling.)' written above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features chords and rhythmic patterns, with some notes marked with an 'x'.

## THE HANDFULL OF EARTH.

Composed by C. G. LOCKWOOD.

1. It's sail - ing I  
2. And won't the poor

an, at the dawn of the day, To my broth - er that's o - ver the  
lad, in his ex - ile be glad, When he sees the brave pres - ent I

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song titled 'The Handfull of Earth'. It is composed by C. G. Lockwood. The score consists of two systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The lyrics are: '1. It's sail - ing I 2. And won't the poor an, at the dawn of the day, To my broth - er that's o - ver the lad, in his ex - ile be glad, When he sees the brave pres - ent I'. The piano accompaniment features chords and rhythmic patterns, with some notes marked with an 'x'.

THE HANDFULL OF EARTH. CONCLUDED.

sea..... But it's lit - tle I'll care, for my life a - ny - where, For it's  
 being..... And won't there be flow'rs, from this treas - ure of ours, In the

break - ing my poor heart will be..... But a treas - ure I'll take for ould  
 warmth of the beau - ti - ful spring..... Oh! E - rin Ma - 'chree! tho' it's

Ire - - land's sake, That I'll prize all be long - ing a - bove, It's a  
 part - ing we be, It's a bless - ing I leave on your shore, And your

hand - full of earth, from the land of my birth, From the heart of the land that I  
 moun - tains and streams, I will see in my dreams, 'Till I cross to my coun - try once

love.....  
 more.....



# SOME DAY I'LL WANDER BACK AGAIN.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by WM. A. HUNTLEY.

*Andante.*

*Con espres.*

1. Some day I'll wan - der back a -  
 2. Some day I'll wan - der back a -  
 3. Some day I'll wan - der back a -

gain, To where the 'old home stands, Be - neath the old tree down the lane, A -  
 gain, To scenes so dear to me, Where life sweet in - fan - cies re - frain, Be -  
 gain, To hearts so kind and true, Whose gen - tle fa - ces still re - main, In

far in oth - er lands, It's hum - ble cot will shel - ter me, From ev - 'ry care and  
 side a moth - er's knee, To live once more the gold - en hour, Of joy - ous mer - ry  
 mem' - ries cher - ished view, No more my way - ward feet shall roam, Life's trou - bled path - way

pain,..... And life be sweet as sweet can be,..... When I am home a - gain.....  
 play,..... No thorns but on - ly sweet - est flowers,..... There in life's mer - ry way.....  
 o'er,..... But in the life and love of home,..... I'll rest me cv - cr - more.....

SOME DAY I'LL WANDER BACK AGAIN. CONCLUDED.

**Chorus.**  
**SOPRANO.** gain,.....  
**ALTO.** I'll wan - der back, yes, back a - gain, yes, back a - gain, Where child - hood's home may childhood's home may be, For  
**TENOR.**  
**BASS.** I'll wan - der back, yes, back a - gain, yes, back a - gain Where child - hood's home may, childhood's home may be, For

The first system of the musical score features four vocal parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, and a piano accompaniment. The Soprano part has a melodic line with a long note on 'gain'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and a simple bass line.

men - o - ry in sweet re - frain, in sweet re - frain, Still sings its praise to me, its praise to me.  
 mem - o - ry in sweet re - frain, in sweet refrain, Still sings its praise, to me, its praise to me.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are repeated for each voice part. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic accompaniment.

**ONLY A DREAM OF MY MOTHER.**

Words and Music by  
 INTRODUCTION.  
*Moderato, with feeling.*

SONG AND CHORUS.

JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.

The introduction consists of a piano accompaniment in 4/4 time, featuring a simple melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

1. On - ly a dream of my Moth - er, Vis - ion of dear - est de - light,..... Cheer - ing my heart as no  
 2. On - ly a dream of my Moth - er, And the old home ev - er dear,..... Com - ing my sad tears to  
 3. On - ly a dream of my Moth - er, On - ly a dream that is all,..... Wake me not for there's no

The song and chorus section includes three verses of lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a simple melody and accompaniment.

## ONLY A DREAM OF MY MOTHER. CONCLUDED.

oth - er,..... Thro' all the long wea - ry night..... Lin - ger with me in thy glad - ness, Till I shall  
smoth - er,..... Com - ing my sad heart to cheer..... Call - ing back days gone for - ev - er, When I was  
oth - er,..... An - swer - ing mem - o - ry's call..... Let me sleep on, sweet - ly dream - ing, That her dear

see her a - gain..... Wak - ing would bring me but sad - ness, Lin - ger and keep me from pain.....  
close by her side..... Will they re - turn to me nev - er? Long for their com - ing I've sighed.....  
arms round me twine..... With her dear eyes on me beam - ing, Speaking love ev - er di - vine.....

Chorus.  
SOPRANO.

ALTO.  
On - ly a dream of my Moth - - - er, Vis - ion of dear - est de - light.....  
TENOR.  
On - ly a dream of my Moth - - - er, Vis - ion of dear - est de - light.....  
BASS.  
On - ly a dream of my Moth - - - er, Vis - ion of dear - est de - light.....

Cheer - ing my heart as no oth - - - er, Thro' all the long wea - ry night, wea - ry night,  
Cheer - ing my heart as no oth - - - er, Thro' all the long wea - ry night, wea - ry night.

# THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

Poetry by WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

BALLAD.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*Andantino con moto.*
*poco ritard.*
*ten.*

1. Bless - ings on the hand of Wom - an! An - gels guard its strength and grace  
 2. In fan - cy's the ten - der foun - tain; Pow - er may with beau - ty flow;  
 3. Wom - an, how di - vine your mis - sion Here up - on our na - tal sod!  
 4. Dar - ling girls, with E - den nu - sic Ring - ing yet in each young heart,  
 5. Bless - ings on the hand of Wom - an! Fa - thers, sons, and laugh - ters cry,

*colla voce.*

In the pal - ace, cot - tage, hov - el, O, no mat - ter where the place! Would that nev - er storms as -  
 Moth - ers first to guide the stream - lets; From them souls un - rest - ing grow, Grow on for the good or  
 Keep, O keep the child - soul o - pen Al - ways to the breath of God! All true tro - phies of the  
 Learn and treas - ure house - hold knowl - edge, Pre - cious in Life's fu - ture part When you'll too, ex - ult - ing  
 And the sa - cred song is min - gled With the wor - ship in the sky, Min - gles where no tem - pest

*ritard.**a tempo.**dolce.*

sailed it; Rain - bows ev - er gent - ly curled;..... For the hand that rocks the cra - dle  
 e - vil, Sun - shine stream'd or dark - ness hurled;..... For the hand that rocks the cra - dle  
 a - ges, Are from Moth - er Love im - pearled;..... For the hand that rocks the cra - dle  
 moth - ers, Brave - ly boyed and gen - tly girl'd;..... For the hand that rocks the cra - dle  
 dark - ens, Rain - bows ev - er more are curled;..... For the hand that rocks the cra - dle

*cres.**rall.*

## THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD. CONCLUDED.

*cres.* *f ten.* *ritard.*

Is the hand that rocks the world, For the hand that rocks the cra - dle Is the hand that

*cres.* *ten.* *ritard.*

*espress.*

rocks the world.

*mf* *poco ritard.*

The musical score for 'The Hand That Rocks the World' is presented in three systems. The first system features a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment concluding the piece. Dynamics include *cres.*, *f ten.*, *ritard.*, *espress.*, *mf*, and *poco ritard.*

## IS THAT MR. REILLY?

SONG AND CHORUS.

PAT. ROONEY.

*Moderato.*

*f*

1. I'm Ter - ence O' Reil - ly, I'm a man of re - nown, I'm a thor - ough-bred to the back - bone,.....  
 2. I'd have noth - ing but Ir - ish - men on the po - lice, Patrick's Day will be the Fourth of Ju - ly,.....

..... I'm re - la - ted to O' Con - nor, my moth - er was Queen Of Chi - na, ten miles from Ath - lone,.....  
 ..... I'd get me a thous - and in - fer - na! ma - chines To teach the Chi - nese how to die;.....

The musical score for 'Is That Mr. Reilly?' is presented in three systems. The first system shows the piano introduction with a *Moderato* tempo and *f* dynamic. The second system contains the vocal line with two verses of lyrics and piano accompaniment. The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *Moderato.* and *f*.

IS THAT MR. REILLY? CONCLUDED.

..... But if they'd let me be, I'd have Ire-land free, On the rail-roads you would pay no fare,.....  
 ..... I'll de-fend workin' men's cause, Man-u-fact-ure the laws, New York would be swimming in wine,.....

..... I'd have the U-nit-ed States un-der my thumb, And I'd sleep in the Pres-i-dent's chair,.....  
 ..... A hun-dred a day, will be ver-y small pay, When the White 'House and Cap-i-tol are mine,.....

**Chorus.**  
*p 2d time f*

Is that Mis-ter Reil-ly, can an-y one tell? Is that Mis-ter Reil-ly that owns the ho-tel? Well if

that's Mis-ter Reil-ly, they speak of so high-ly, Well up-on my soul Reil-ly, you're do-ing quite well. well.

**Dance. Slow.**

SPOKEN. After 1st Verse.—I was walking across the Atlantic Ocean the other day, and as I was coming in the dock a fellow says:—*Chorus.*

4 After 2d Verse.—As I was walking quietly along the Elevated Railroad the other day, a gang of people below hollered up:—*Chorus.*

# ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM.

Words by E. E. REXFORD.

Music by FRANK HOWARD.

INTRODUCTION.  
*Lively.*

*Unison.*

*rit.*

*Tempo di Waltz.*

Ah!..... 'Tis on - ly a pan - - sy blos - som,.....

*p*

On - ly a with - ered flower,..... Yet to me far dear - er..... Than

all in earth's fair bower;..... Bring - ing me back the June - time..... Of a

*cres - cen - do.*

sum - mer long go,..... The fair - est, sun - ni - est sum - mer..... That

*cres - cen - do.*

ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM. CONTINUED.

I shall ev - er know..... Oft from this pale, dead blos - som,.....

I see a fair face start,..... A face like a sweet wild flow - er,.....

*ritard.* Out of its fa - ded heart..... *tempo. p* Ah!..... 'Tis

SOPRANO. Chorus.

ALTO.  
On - ly a pan - sy blos - som,..... On - ly a with - ed flower,.....

1ST & 2D TENOR.  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

1ST & 2D BASS.  
Um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um.

(Um is the syllable commonly used for the Bass parts in vocal accompaniments, but the syllable la may be used if preferred.)



ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM. CONTINUED.

Yet to me far dear - er..... Than all in earth's fair bower.....  
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
 um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um,

Bring - ing me back the June - time..... Of a sum - mer long a - go..... The  
 la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
 um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um.....  
*cres.* *cen.* *do.*

fair - est sun - ni - est sum - mer..... that I shall ev - er know.....  
 la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
 um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um,  
*ritard.*

ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM CONCLUDED.

R.H.  
L.H.  
*Accelerando.*

On - - - ly a pan - sy..... I gath - ered at her feet,..... Fad - - - ed, un -

*p* *cres - cen -*

like the love that made that sum - mer sweet; Still in this pan - - sy blos - som,.....

*do.* *lento.*

Her ten - der face I see, From un - der the church - yard grass - es,.....

*ritard.* *tempo.* *ritard.* *tempo.*

Bring - ing her back to me..... Ah!..... 'Tis

*ritard.* *D.S.* *D.S.*

# NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

By H. P. DANKS.

1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er  
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear

*Legato.*

be, A mor - tal man ashamed of Thee! Ashamed of Thee, Whom an - gels praise, Whose glor - ies  
friend On Whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend? No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no

shine through end - less days? Ashamed of Je - sus! soon - er, far, Let night dis - own each ra - diant  
more re - vere His name. Ashamed of Je - sus! emp - ty pride; I'll boast a Sav - iour cru - ci -

star, 'Tis mid - night with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bid dark - ness flee, Ashamed of  
fied. And, oh, may this my por - tion be, My Sav - iour not ashamed of me! Je - sus and

Je - sus! Oh, as soon Let morn - ing blush to own the sun? He sheds the beams of light di -  
shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of

vine O'er this benight - ed soul of mine. Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days!

The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, and chords in the left hand.

ONLY TO SEE THEE AGAIN.

Words by ANNIE M. CURTIS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

*Con espressione.*

*mf*

The score is in 3/4 time and features a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note rhythm in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The vocal line is written in a single staff.

1. What would I give to be near thee, Once more thy form to en - fold?.....  
 2. Long time it is since I miss'd you, Down where the dai - sies are white,.....  
 3. Some - times in dreams we are tread - ing, Paths that we trod oft be - fore,.....

What would I give just to hear thee, Whis - per my name as of old?.....  
 Long time it is since I kiss'd you, Un - der the moon's sil - ver light.....  
 Fond eyes their glo - ry are shed - ding, Sweet lips my lost hopes re - store.....

## ONLY TO SEE THEE AGAIN. CONCLUDED.

See that is mine of earth's treas - - ure, All that to me doth re - main.....  
 Now where the sweet bloom is pal - - ing, Sad - ly the low winds com - plain.....  
 Then do I cease to re - mem - - ber, Joys that mis - for - tune has - slain.....

Free - ly I'd give for the pleas - - ure, On - ly to see thee a - gain.....  
 Still is my pray'r un - a - vail - - ing, On - ly to see thee a - gain.....  
 Ah, that sad wak - ing from slum - - ber, Nev - er to see thee a - gain.....

**Chorus.**  
**SOPRANO.**

ALTO.  
 Sad - ly the days come and go love, All life's sweet pleas - ures are vain.....  
 TENOR.  
 Sad - ly the days come and go love, All life's sweet pleas - ures are vain.....  
 BASS.  
 Sad - ly the days come and go love, All life's sweet pleas - ures are vain.....

None oth - er joy can know love, On - ly to see thee a - gain.....  
 None oth - er joy can I know love, On - ly to see thee a - gain.....

# CALL ME BACK AGAIN.

Written by O. E. HENNIG.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Composed by W. D. HENDRICKSON.

1. You said good - bye, the part - ing words were spok - en, I leave you now, per - haps 'tis bet - ter  
 2. You've left me now, I nev - er - more will see you, Those hap - py days of old must now de -  
 3. I dreamt last night a pret - ty lit - tle star - ling Came soft - ly tap - ping on my win - dow

so, I gave you back each ten - der lit - tle to - ken, And far a - cross the seas then I may  
 part, The true fond love I once be - stowed up - on you, Has flown a - way from me like cu - pid's  
 blind, And in its bill a mes - sage from my dar - ling Which said that you'd re - called those words un -

go, Oh, can it be, from love you have re - leased me, And that my love has always been in vain, Ah when you  
 dart, Oh, yes, 'tis so, from love you have re - leased me, Such dreary thoughts have caused me grief and pain, I love you  
 kind, And in my heart love ne'er can be a stran - ger, So dreary thoughts have ceased to give me pain, I love you

love has con - quered pride and an - ger, I know that you will call me back a - gain.  
 still, such love will live for - ev - er, I know that you will call me back a - gain.  
 still, such love will live for - ev - er, I knew that you would call me back a - gain.

## CALL ME BACK AGAIN, CONCLUDED.

**Chorus.**  
*f* SOPRANO.  
 ALTO.  
 TENOR.  
 BASS.

Call me back a - gain, Call me back a - gain, Ah! when your  
 love has con - quered pride and an - ger, I know that you will call me back a - gain.

## MOONLIGHT AT KILLARNEY.

Written and Composed by WILLIAM J. SCANLAN.

*mf*

1. The moon was shin - ing.  
 2. 'Tis by the mar - gin

*p*

MOONLIGHT AT KILLARNEY. CONCLUDED.

on the lake, The stars shone from a - bove;..... Gaz - ing on the water, My  
of the lake, Bat - tles have been won;..... Not by spear or sword, Dat

heart was filled with love;..... There I met my dar - ling, Whose eyes with joy did  
blar - ney of the tongue;..... She I know be - lieved me, As stars shone from a -

beam;..... As gent - ly I spoke to her, Of young love's sweet - est dream;.....  
bove;..... She gent - ly smiled up - on me, While whis - p'ring words of love;.....

*pp* Chorus.  
Moon - light at Kil - lar - ney; While stars shone from a - bove;..... Oh what bliss a lov - ing kiss, From

hearts that beat with love; Oh! Oh! what bliss a lov - ing kiss, From hearts that beat with love;.....



# WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN!

Words by H. ASHLAND KEAN.

SOPRANO OR TENOR.

*Moderato.* *deciso e con gioia.* *a tempo.*

He sail'd a way at break of day The

*mf eguale.* *colla voce.* *tempo rubato.*

*legiero.*

skies were blue and fair, He kiss'd his bon-nie hand to me, With heart as light as

*f ad lib.* *pomposo.*

air! "Hark ye!" he cried, "go watch the tide, As it com-eth up to

*stento.* *f* *sf colla voce.*

*deciso.* *cres.* *ff* *deciso e ff*

Lynn; For foul or fair, I will be there: When the flow-ing tide comes in!"

*cres.* *ff* *colla voce.* *eguale.*

*f*

*eguale e tranquillo.* *sf* *sempre cres.*

I watched the clouds that came in crowds, Like flocks of e - vil

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN! CONTINUED.

*birds,.....* My heart sank low with bit - ter woe Re - memb'ring Don - ald's words, Re - memb'ring Don - ald's

*port. som meso.*

suddenly *ff ad lib.* *molto affretto.* *implorando e con affetto.*

words. "O God!" I cried; and none be - side Knew the grief my heart with - in! "Oh! give me back my

*f* *stento.*

*molto espress.*

bon-nie lad,--None else my love ex - win! Oh! give me back my bon-nie lad, When the flow - ing tide comes

*con espress. rall.*

In, When the flow - ing tide comes in."

*f* *colla voce.* *eguale.*

*f con espansione.* *p con espress.*

A - cross the strand far up the land, The fierce wild wa - ters swept! Laid at my feet, a bur - den

*pp* *f* *ff* *stent.* *pp* *colla voce.*

## WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN!. CONCLUDED.

*pp* *con affetto.* *p* *delicato.*

sweet, With smile as if he slept! I could not weep, so soft his sleep,..... For fear 'twould wak - en

*p* *pp colla voce.* *p*

*pp quasi parlando.* *ppp con espress.* *tranquillo.*

him! I could not weep, so soft his sleep,..... For fear 'twould waken him! Peace,— let him

*pp colla voce.*

*a stento.* *a tempo.*

rest, peace,— let him rest, God know eth best! And the flow - ing tide comes

*a stento.* *a tempo.*

*con molto espress.*

in, The flow - ing tide comes in! Peace,— let him rest,

*con dolore. ff* *stento a piacere. ten. ad lib.*

God knoweth best! And the flow - ing tide comes in.....

*ff con espress.* *eguale e dimin. sempre a la FINE.* *ppp FINE*

*Ped.*

# TAKE ME, JAMIE DEAR.

Composed by J. W. BISCHOFF.

*Allegro.* *Tempo di Valse.*

*mf*

1. Such a lad you are for woo - ing, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear, That I'm  
 2. And in fact I've been a think - ing, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear, While I've

*con espress.*

wea - ry with your sue - ing, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear. Take me, dar - ling,  
 watched the bright stars wink - ing, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear. Noth - er can - n't

*cres.*

if you love me, Take me, and may heav'n a - bove me, Hold me faith - ful while I'm  
 do with - out me, Fa - ther anx - ious seems a - bout me, I must sin - gle stay, I

*8va.* *8va.*

*cres.*

*f!* *dolce.*

here, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear. Do I love you? ah! you know it,

*p*

## TAKE ME, JAMIE DEAR CONTINUED.

Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear, For your sau - cy man - ners show it, Ja - mie, Ja - mie

dear. You are much too sure you've got me,

And it's now I've just be - thought me, I'll not mar - ry

for a year, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear. Ah!.....

fear, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear. Would you die if I'd for - sake you,

# TAKE ME, JAMIE DEAR. CONCLUDED.

*con moto.*

Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear? No such fate shall e'er o'er - take you, Ja - mie,

Ja - mie dear,..... *f* For my place is ev - er nigh you, And I said it

*slento.*

*f* but to try you, Take me, make me thine for - ev - er, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear,

# HOPE BEYOND.

C. A. WHITE.

*Adagio.* SOLO FOR BASS OR ALTO. *DUET FOR EQUAL VOICES.* *Andante.*

No hope be-yond, no hope be-yond, You say there is no hope be-yond, No

God, 'no fu - ture for man. Oh, broth-er there is a liv - ing God,..... Serve Him while you can. Broth - er,

## HOPE BEYOND. CONTINUED.

is it some sad re-morse That has driv'n you to this great de-spair? Oh my -broth - er, my broth - er, had our

*agitato.* *cres* *con* *do.* *ff tremolo.*

poor moth - er no hopes be - yond? And our fa - - ther, our dear fa - ther, can it be that he was shunned?

*p* *rit.*

**Duet.**  
**TENOR.**

Broth - er, all the world seems cold and drear; Shall we live a - gain a - bove the sod? There is

**BASS.**

What! with friend so near? There's a liv - ing God,

hope, Yes, be - yond, yes, there's hope..... be - yond.

Yes, be - yond, There is hope, yes, there's hope..... be - yond.

# HOPE BEYOND. CONCLUDED.

*Andante.* TENOR.

Ma - ny long, wea - ry days have I wan - dered, With my heart filled with grief and de -

spair, But the dark cloud of doubt now is wan - ing, And my griefs I will now try to

TENOR.  
BASS.

bear. Yes, this life we'll en - joy while we can,..... Let us shrink not from du - ty and

right; Tho' to - day life may look dark and drear - y, But to - mor - row the sun may be

bright; Tho' to - day life may look dark and drear - y, But to - mor - row the sun will be bright.

If sung by Soprano and Alto, use the word "Sister" instead of "Brother."



## AH, DON'T COME A WOOING.

*Allegretto scherzando.*

1. Ah, don't come a woo-ing with your  
 2. O 'tis I am my moth-er's  
 3. Ah, don't come a talk-ing of the

long, long face, And your long-er purse be-hind, I'm a bright young girl, and I know my place, And I think I know my  
 heart's de-light, And my fa-ther's right hand brave, Would I leave my home so free and bright, To be a rich man's  
 cares of life, My head is gold not gray; And it's my de-sire to be no man's wife, At least not just to-

mind. I like to laugh, and to dance and sing, And to tease my pa-rents dear, My  
 slave. Would I buy my-self a gown of silk In a grand dull house to pine, When I've  
 day. But I've a heart and its warm and true, And I'll keep it safe at ease, And if

broth-ers call me a "tire-some thing;" But I know they'd miss me here.....  
 boys to play with and cows to milk, And the whole fair world is mine?.....  
 one I love should come to woo, I'll give it when I please.....

So don't come a woo-ing with your long, long face, And your long-er purse be-hind: I'm a bright young girl, and I

*colla voce.* *f* *mf* *a tempo.* *cres.*

*mf*

know my place, And I think I know my mind.

*mf* *f*

Musical score for the first piece, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings *mf* and *f*.

IN GATHERING ROSES LOOK OUT FOR THE THORNS.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

Musical score for the second piece, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings *mf* and *f*.

1. This world with its pleas - ures, its gold and its treas - ure, Is not quite so bad if we'd  
 2. Thro' all the glad hours we gath - er life's flow - ers, Nor think of the dan - gers that  
 3. Be - ware, then my broth - er, you may be an - oth - er, Whose hand is too read - y to

on - ly be - ware, We might be en - joy - ing much that we're de - stroy - ing Of blessings that constant - ly fall to our  
 lie 'neath their charm, And of - ten our fol - ly will bring mel - an - chol - y, To dark - en the days that are sun - ny and  
 hold in its grasp The flow - ers of pleas - ure, and count them a treas - ure, Un - til you are sung by the close - hid - den

46 IN GATHERING ROSES LOOK OUT FOR THE THORNS. CONCLUDED.

share; Its trou - ble and sor - row too of - ten we hor - row, Be - cause we fot - get from the day we are  
warm; But still all un - heed - ing though wounded and bleed - ing We grasp at each pleas - ure that fol - ly a -  
wasp; Be cau - tious and care - ful, be ear - nest and prayerful And then you may nev - er have rea - son to

born, As wild - ly we're stray - ing this old fashioned say - ing, In gath - er - ing ro - ses look out for the thorns.  
dorns, As mad - ly we're stray - ing for - get - ting this say - ing, In gath - er - ing ro - ses look out for the thorns.  
mourn, No lon - ger there stray - ing re - memb'ring this say - ing, In gath - er - ing ro - ses look out for the thorns.

SOPRANO. Chorus ad lib.

ALTO.  
Tho' charmed by their beau - ty for - get not this du - ty, Or else you may sometime have rea - son to mourn; As

TENOR.  
BASS.

wild - ly you're stray - ing for - get - ting this say - ing, In gath - er - ing ro - ses look out for the thorns.

# SWEET VIOLETS.

Composed and Sung by J. K. EMMET in "Fritz among the Gypsies."

*Andante.*

*mf*

1. Sweet vi - o - lets,..... Sweet - er than all the ro - ses; La - - dened with fra - grance,  
 2. Sweet vi - o - lets,..... Rest - ing in Beau - ty's bow - er, Crouched all un - no - ticed,

*mf*

Spark - ling with the dew..... Sweet vi - o - lets..... From mos - sy dell and riv - u - let,  
 I did pluck that flower;..... Sweet vi - o - lets..... Still look - ing up to heav - en;  
**Chorus.**—Sweet vi - o - lets..... Sweet - er than all the ro - - - ses,

Zil - lah, dar - ling one, I plucked them and brought them to you..... Oh, Zil - lah, stay,.....  
 Zil - lah, dar - ling one, I plucked them, my dar - ling, for you..... Oh, Zil - lah, stay,.....  
 Zil - lah, dar - ling one, I plucked them and brought them to you.....

*cres.*

*D.S. Chorus.* 8:  
 Go not a - way,..... Vi - o - lets are bloom - ing, Love, for you a - lone; Oh!  
 Go not a - way,..... Vi - o - lets are bloom - ing, Love, for you to - day; Oh!

*D.S. Chorus.* 8:



DRIVEN FROM HOME. CONCLUDED.

ress, Fa - ther - less, moth - er - less, sad - ly I roam, A child of mis - for - tune, I'm driv - en from home.  
 door, Turn a deaf ear, there's no one will come To help a poor wan - der - er, Driv - en from home.  
 me, I'll wan - der a - bout till his mes - sen - ger comes To lead me to fa - ther and moth - er at home.

**Chorus.**  
SOPRANO.

ALTO.

No one to help me, No one to bless, No one to pit - y me, None to ca - ress;

TENOR.

No one to help me, No one to bless, No one to pit - y me, None to ca - ress;

BASS.

*ritard.*  
 Fa - ther - less, moth - er - less, sad - ly I roam, Nursed by my pov - er - ty, Driv - en from home.  
 Fa - ther - less, moth - er - less, sad - ly I roam, Nursed by my pov - er - ty, Driv - en from home.  
*ritard.*

# ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

WALTZ SONG.

Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

*Tempo di Valse.*

*p*

*rall. dim.*

*p*

*dim.*

*p*

*mf*

*p*

*mf*

*mf*

*dim.*

*p*

1. Hark, Hark! gai - ly the bells are  
2. Far, Far o - ver the dis - tant

ring - ing, Some one is hap - py to - day;..... Each sound joy to fond hearts is bring -  
moun - tain Rip - ple your sweet chimes a - way;..... While I here by the flow - ing foun -

ing, Ring on ye proud bells so gay; For me hope gives no ray To light my sar - y  
tain Min - gle my tears with its spray; Ring out each sil - ver bell, O bride I 't you

way, The dream of love has flown;..... I bear my grief a - lone;..... The blossoms I wreath'd a -  
well! Your or - ange buds so fair;..... Guard well, and guard with care;..... The blossoms I wreath'd a -

bout my brow, Tho' beau - ti - ful once are fad - ed now; Ah,..... Ah!..... false, false was  
bout my brow, Tho' beau - ti - ful once are fad - ed

*mf* he- poor,..... poor,..... poor, fool - ish me!  
*ad lib.* *a tempo.*  
*mf* *colla voce.* *a tempo. cres.* *cres.*

now; { Ah, Ah! false was he..... } False was he,  
 Poor, poor, fool - ish me.....  
*p* *cres.* *dim.* *cres.*

false was he, Ah..... false was he, fool - ish me! fool - ish me! Ah!.....  
*f* *cres.* *cres.* *marc.*

Poor, fool - ish me!  
*f* *riten.* *ad lib.* *a tempo.*  
*f* *riten.* *f a tempo.*



# THE SPANISH CAVALIER.

Composed by

SONG AND CHORUS.

WILLIAM D. HENDRICKSON.

SYMPHONY.

First system of musical notation for the Symphony introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with a common time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

Second system of musical notation for the Symphony introduction, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

Third system of musical notation for the Symphony introduction, concluding the introductory section.

*Moderato. dolce.*

First system of musical notation for the song and chorus, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

1. A Span - ish cav - a - lier stood in his re - treat, And on his gui - tar play'd a tune, dear, The  
 2. I am off to the war, to the war I must go, To fight for my coun - try and you, dear, But  
 3. And when the war is o'er to you I'll re - turn; Back to my coun - try and you, dear, But

Second system of musical notation for the song and chorus, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

mu - sic so sweet, they'd oft - times re - peat, The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear.  
 if I should fall in vain I would call, The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear.  
 if I be slain you may seek me in vain; Up - on the bat - tle - field you will find me.

THE SPANISH CAVALIER. CONCLUDED.

**Chorus.**  
*f* SOPRANO.  
 ALTO.  
 TENOR.  
 BASS.

Say, dar - ling, say, when I'm far a - way, Some - times you may think of me, dear,  
 Bright sun - ny days will soon fade a - way, Re - mem - ber what I say and be true, dear,

*f* *p* *D.S.*

GOOD BYE MAVOURNEEN.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

*Moderato con espress.*

*mf* *rit. e dim.*

1. Good bye Ma - your - neen  
 2. Good bye Ma - your - neen  
 3. Good bye Ma - your - neen

now we must part, O - ver the o - cean I'll still think of thee, And thy sweet face will live in my heart,  
 one fond embrace, E'er I de - part from old E - rin's green shore, One lov - ing smile from your beau - ti - ful face,  
 do not de - spair, I will return from the land of the free, When I have found a home ov - er there,

## GOOD BYE MAVOURNEEN. CONCLUDED.

Oh! then Ma-vour-neen be true, true to me, When I'm a-way in that far dis-tant land, Wand'ring mid strangers so  
Sweet as the smiles I have seen there be-fore, Nev-er a-gain by the Shannon we'll roam, Oh, how my heart clings to  
I'll come and ask you to share it with me, Here in my bo-som this pledge I will keep, 'Tis but a leaf of the

sad and a-lone, Of-ten I'll sigh for a clasp of your hand, I'll sigh for the love that you say is my own.  
E-rin and thee, Ne'er will I ban-ish the love of my home, Dear to my heart will her name ev-er be,  
Shamrock so green, And ev'-ry night when I lay down to sleep, I'll kiss it and think of my, lit-tle Col-leen,

## Chorus.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.  
Good bye Ma-vour-neen now we must part, O-ver the o-cean I'll still think of thee,  
TENOR.  
BASS.

And thy sweet face will live in my heart, Oh then Ma-vour-neen be true, true to me.

# ONLY A LITTLE TOKEN.

Words by MINNIE B. LOWRIE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

*Grazioso.*

1. On - ly a lit - tle to - ken, Of friendship rare and  
2. Tho' small may be the to - ken, If giv - en from the  
3. Life's stream as gent - ly flow - ing, Our boat - now side by

true, Will serve our hearts to com - fort, Our faith and trust re - new; Of life we of - ten  
heart, Will bind the ties oft bro - ken, And hap - pi - ness im - part; A bunch of with - er'd  
side, In years to come, the cur - rent, A - part may have them glide; 'Tis then a lit - tle

wea - ry, What e'er that life may be, We need the warmth of friendship Our hearts from care to free.  
flow - ers, A cur - ling tress of hair, Brings back the hap - py hours When life seems bright and fair.  
to - ken Of friendship seems so dear, A lan - guage sweet un - spoken, Our hearts can ev - er cheer.

**Chorus.**  
SOPRANO.

ALTO.

On - ly a lit - tle to - ken, Of friendship rare and sweet, Will thrill our heart with gladness, When e'er its sight we greet, we greet.

TENOR.

On - ly a lit - tle to - ken Of friendship rare and sweet, Will thrill our hearts with gladness, When e'er its sight we greet.

BASS.

# WHEN THE ROBINS NEST AGAIN.

Words and Music by

WALTZ SONG.

FRANK HOWARD.

*f dim* *in* *mf*

I will re - turn, he said to me; I will come back, my love, to

thee;..... When na - ture smiles, on land and sea, I will re - turn a - gain to thee. *Sua.....*

*mp* *mf*

**Refrain.**

*Sua.....* When the Rob - ins nest a - gain,..... And the

*p* *mp*

*rall.*

flow - ers are in bloom,..... When the spring - time's sun - ny smile,..... Seems to ban - ish all

WHEN THE ROBINS NEST AGAIN. CONTINUED.

*a tempo.*

sor - row and gloom,..... Then my bon - nie blue - eyed lad,..... If my heart is

*mp*

true 'till then,..... Has prom - ised he'll re - turn to me, when the Rob - ins

*f*

nest a - gain..... Life seems so bright when in thought I'm with thee, Come love,—

*Go to ⊕*

**FINE.**

has - ten,— come back to me; We'll build our nest with the Rob - ins in spring-time, Don - ald! re -

turn, love, to me.....

*rit.* *D.S. Refrain.* *⊕ CODA.*

## WHEN THE ROBINS NEST AGAIN. CONCLUDED.

1  
2d time *Sva.*  
*mf*

2  
*Modrato e sostenuto.*  
Last night in a dream,..... I saw his proud ship wreck'd at sea,.....  
*Sva.*

*accol.* *rall.* *a tempo.*  
..... And I felt that my heart's dear love,..... Could nev - er come back to me,..... But the

spring - time and Rob - ins will come,..... And with them the brav - est of men,.....  
*Sva.*

*rall.* *a tempo.* *D. C. Refrain at Fine.*  
..... For his last words were, dar - ling, I'll meet you,..... When the Rob - ins nest a - gain.....  
*Sva.* *loco.*

# "PEEK-A-BOO!"

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

WM. J. SCANLAN.

mf *rall.*

1. On a cold win-ter's ev-ning, when bus-ness is done, And to your home you re-tire,..... What a  
 2. Oh, my heart's al-ways light when at home with my wife, There joy and peace ev-er reign;..... With my  
 3. When the sun-shine of youth fades, and age bends us low,— Joys, like the birds, flown a-way;..... Then the

pleas-ure it is to have a bright bouncing boy, One whom you love to ad-mire; You hug him, and kiss him, you  
 boy on my knee I'm as hap-py as can be, I nev-er knew care or pain; He's pret-ty, he's gen-tle, he's  
 smiles of our chil-dren ev-er bright-en the path, Lead-ing where loved ones do stray. The mu-sic and laugh-ter we

press him to your heart, What joy to your bo-som'twill bring; Then you place him on the car-pet, And you'll  
 kind, and he is good, And ev-'ry-thing nice, him I bring; Oh, if he at-tempts to cry When  
 ev-er love to hear, Will beam like a rain-bow in Spring; By the fire-side at night, With our

*rall.* *Tempo di Valse.*

hide be-hind the chair, And to please him you'll commence to sing:..... Peek-a-boo!  
 I am stand-ing by, Just to please him I commence to sing:.....  
 hearts so free and light, We will list-en while our children sing:.....

*colla voce.* *p, 2d time ff*



## "PEEK-A-BOO!" CONCLUDED.

peek - a - boo! Come from be - hind the chair;..... Peek - a - boo!

peek - a - boo! I see you hid - ing there, Oh! you ras - cal. there.

*f* *D.C.*

## BY-AND-BY YOU WILL FORGET ME.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by WM. A. HUNTLEY.

*Andante.*

1. By - and - by you will for-  
2. By - and - by you will for-

get me, When my face is far from thee;..... And the day when first you met me  
get me, When our dream of love is o'er;..... And the voice that use to pet me

BY-AND-BY YOU WILL FORGET ME. CONCLUDED.

On - ly lives in mem - o - ry..... For, 'mid oth - er scenes and pleas - ures, Near - er joys my heart shall  
At my side is heard no more..... Lone - ly then I'll sit and pon - der, And my quivered lips shall

sway..... And my love, like child-ish measures, Will be toss'd and thrown a - way.....  
say..... By - and - by you will for - get me, By - and - by when far a - way.....

Chorus.

Sweet the hour when first I met you, Sad the hour my lips shall say.....  
SOPR'O.  
ALTO. Sweet the hour when first I met you, first I met you, Sad the hour my lips shall say,..... lips shall say,  
TENOR.  
BASS. Sweet the hour when first I met you, first I met you, Sad the hour my lips shall say,..... lips shall say,

By - and - by you will for - get me, By - and - by when far a - way.....  
By - and - by you will for - get me, will for - get me, By - and - by when far a - way, far a - way,  
will for - get me, By - and - by when far a - way, far a - way,

# COMMITTED TO THE DEEP.

Words by GEO. RUSSELL JACKSON.

Music by C. A. WHITE.

INTRODUCTION.  
*Andante.*

1. "Our  
2. "O  
3. "Deep  
4. "One

mess - mate in his ham - mock lay, The death - dew on his brow,..... And heard the dash - ing  
sink me deep be - neath the surge, Of an - gry, heav - ing waves,..... And mer - maids fair shall  
si - lence reigns up - on the ship, The flag at half mast flies,..... We mus - ter at the  
last look at our mess - mate brave, Then o'er the ves - sel's side,..... We low'rd him to his

of the spray A - gainst the ves - sel's prow:..... " My life is elbing fast he said,..... Kind  
chant my dirge In 'o - cean's cor - al caves,..... No vil - lage bell shall toll for me,..... No  
gang - way slip, Where dead our mess - mate lies,..... We stand with heads un - cov - ered there,..... While  
lone - ly grave, Be - neath the surg - ing tide,..... Deep in his si - lent o - cean bed,..... Our

mess - mates do not weep,..... When I am laid in o - cean's bed,..... Com - mit - ted to the  
gen - the maid - en weep,..... Deep in the sea my grave shall be,..... Com - mit - ted to the  
chill winds round us sweep,..... With sol - emn air re - cite the prayer,..... Com - mit - ted to the  
mess - mate brave shall sleep,..... 'Till the last trump shall wake the dead,..... Com - mit - ted to the

COMMITTED TO THE DEEP. CONCLUDED.

Refrain.

deep, When I am laid in o - cean's bed, Com - mit - ted to the deep," "Our  
 deep, Deep in the sea my grave shall be, Com - mit - ted to the deep,"  
 deep, With sol - emn air re - cite the pray'r, Com - mit - ted to the deep,"  
 deep, "Till the last trump shall wake the dead, Com - mit - ted to the deep."

*Chanting style. (If preferred may be omitted till last verse.)*

Fa - ther, Who art in Heaven, Hallow'd be Thy Name, Thy king - dom come, Thy will be done, on earth, in

*a tempo.*  
 heav'n the same. We pray the Lord his soul to keep, Com - mit - ted to the deep,"..... "We

pray the Lord his soul to keep, Com - mit - ted to the deep,".....

MEDITATION.

*pp*  
*rall - en - tando.*

# TAKE ME BACK TO HOME AND MOTHER.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by WILLIAM A. HUNTLEY

*Andante.*

*con espress.*

1. Take me back to home and moth - er, I am wea - ry wand'ring  
 2. Take me back to home and moth - er, To the hap - py scenes of  
 3. Take me back to home and moth - er, Gen - tle words will greet me

here, There can nev - er be an oth - er Spot on earth that is so dear.  
 yore, Friends of childhood, sis - ter, broth - er, Long to wel - come me once more.  
 there, For on earth there is no oth - er Kind - ness like a moth - er's care.

Tho' I roam 'mid scenes of splen - dor, Yet my heart is fill'd with pain,  
 I can hear their voi - ces ring - ing, In sweet mem - o - ry's re - frain—  
 Life is but a dream of pleas - ure, Sweet - est hours must turn to pain,

And a long - ing, sad and ten - der, Whis - pers take me back a - gain.  
 To the past my heart is cling - ing, On - ly take me back a - gain.  
 Home is all I have to treas - ure, On - ly take me back a - gain.

# TAKE ME BACK TO HOME AND MOTHER. CONCLUDED.

**Chorus.**

SOPR'O. Take me back to home and moth - er, For my heart is fill'd with pain,.....

ALTO. Take me home to moth - er, For my heart is fill'd with pain, is fill'd with pain.

TENOR.

BASS. Take me home to moth - er, Heart is fill'd with pain

Take me back to home and moth - er, On - ly take me back a - gain,.....

Take me back to moth - er, On - ly take me back a - gain, yes, back a - gain.

Take me home to moth - er, On - ly take me back a - gain, yes, back a - gain.

## MR. MULCAHEY ESQUIRE.

Words and Music by C. FRANK HORN.

*Tempo di Valse.*

*f*

1. From An - trim I came, Mul - ca - hey's my name, With Den - nis in front do you see,.....

2. With a good in - tent, On pol - i - tics bent, I call'd at the White House one day,.....

3. Tho' good at a speech, I did o - ver - reach My - self one fine even - ing just past,.....

*p*

9

I'm a man of fine style, You'd travel a mile, And not find another like me.....  
 But the man at the door, Told me with a roar, That the "Micks" must keep out of the way.....  
 When in accents quite loud, I said to the crowd, "My friends we are living too fast!".....

To greatness I always aspire,..... And I think I will reach my desire,.....  
 But him down the steps I did fire,..... Where I hope he got over his ire,.....  
 But the people cried out, you're a liar,..... As they trampled me into the mire,.....

On account of my tone I always am known, As Mister Mulcahey Esquire.....  
 When Cleveland I spied, "Ar-rah, Gro-ver," I cried, I am Mister Mulcahey Esquire.....  
 Then some one a-lack! Put this card on my back, This is Mister Mulcahey Esquire.....

## Chorus.

Gay and free, there's none like me, In so-cie-ty no one stands high-er,..... And the

peo-ple cry as I pass by, There goes Mis-ter Mul-cah-ey Es-quire.....

# O LOVING HEART, TRUST ON.

Words by HENRY C. WATSON.

Music by L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

*Andante moderato.*

There are thoughts which seem to come from Heaven To calm all  
pain, all pain and strife, As dew falls on the parched flow'r To nurture it, to nourish it to  
life.....There came to me a hap - py thought, One morn, when hope seemed gone: It whisper'd  
low, in ac - cents sweet, It whisper'd low, in ac - cents sweet, O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust  
Ossia.  
low.... in ac - cents

*cres.*  
*espress.*  
*f*  
*dim.*  
*rit.*  
*un poco piu lento.*  
*armonioso.*



## O LOVING HEART, TRUST ON. CONTINUED.

on, One true heart beats for you a - lone. O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust on, O lov - ing

OSSTA.  
*rit.*

heart, . . . . trust on, . . . . trust on.

*f rit.*

heart, trust on, trust on.

*p very quiet.*

That hap - py

thought shed o'er my life..... A bright, a bright and joy - ful ray, As sunlight gilds the night's dim

O LOVING HEART. TRUST ON. CONCLUDED.

clouds, Ere breaks, ere breaks the glor - ious day,..... My soul is bath - ed in sun - shine, All

*f* *dim.*

gloom - y dreams are gone, For that hap - py thought, that hap - py thought, that hap - py

*f*

Ossia. *rit.*  
 thought..... still..... whispers, O lov - ing  
 thought still..... whispers, O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust on, One true heart beats for you. a -

*rit.* *p* *f*  
*p rit.* *p* *f* *dim.*  
 Armonioso.

heart,.... trust on,.... trust on.  
 lone. O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust on, O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust on.

Ossia. *rit.*  
*rit.* *f* *rit.*

# READ THE ANSWER IN THE STARS.

Words by SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

Music by C. MILLÖCKER.

*Allegro.*

1. The tricks of love we can't ex-plain, Love comes and then it

goes, And why it comes and why it goes, no hu-man creature knows, That once you thought I loved but you, I ful-ly comprehend, And

1ST VOICE. *Moderato.* 2D VOICE. 3D VOICE.  
ex-plain, do tell,  
what is more I thought so too, And yet we see, the end. a-las! Oh, dear! who can love's methods show? I

*Moderato.*  
colla voce. p

1ST VOICE.  
can't, don't know, what makes love come and go? Why do we love un-til we burn and then don't love a

2D VOICE.  
nor I, Why do we love un-til we burn and then don't love a

3D VOICE.  
go on, Why do we love un-til we burn and then don't love a

*Allegretto.*

jot? Read the an - swer in the stars, we mor - tals know it not, Read the an - swer in the  
 jot? Read the an - swer in the stars, we mor - tals know it not, Read the an - swer in the  
 jot? Read the an - swer in the stars, we mor - tals know it not, Read the an - swer in the

*Allegretto.*

*f pp*

**Dance.**  
*Allegro.*

stars, we mor - tals know it not.  
 stars, we mor - tals know it not.  
 stars, we mor - tals know it not.

**Dance.**  
*Allegro.*

*f* *D.S.*

2.  
 Now all young men who go to woo, hark to my counsel wise;  
 Don't argue with your sweethearts true, or gaze into their eyes;  
 For some eyes roll and some eyes squint, some glances shoot and stab.  
 Don't wait for eyes to give the hint, but shut your own and grab;  
 "Oh, dear!" etc. Don't ask her, yes, or no;  
 "That's cool!" etc. Just take her swiftly so;  
 For girls in love are funny things, whom do they love and what?  
 Read the answer in the stars, we mortals know it not.

3.  
 I knew a man who always preached about the temperance cause,  
 Exhorting sinners to abstain and join his sober cause.  
 Cold water was the drink for him, he praised it morn and night;  
 Cold water was his soothing balm, for every appetite;  
 "And yet!" etc. Why did he roll his head?  
 "And why!" etc. Why was his nose so red?  
 What did he mix the water with, until it got so hot!  
 Read the answer in the stars, we mortals know it not.

4.  
 The roller-skate, the roller-skate, oh, let me roll and whirl,  
 From early morn 'till evening late, until I win my girl;  
 For at the rink the man on wheels can trap the maiden fair,  
 And he who rolls his handsome heels is rich beyond compare.  
 "Explain!" etc. Who's got the coachman's place?  
 "I will," etc. The skater with such grace.  
 Where will it end, this rinking craze, what new traps will they set?  
 Read the answer in the stars, they 'ave no rinks there yet!

5.  
 The small boy seized his base-ball bat, he cried "well let her come!"  
 The base-ball flew the small boy flopped, it knocked him deaf and dumb;  
 He rallied, though, with one eye out, he gave his spine a rub.  
 Said he "I'm not dead yet, I b'long to the New York Base Ball Club.  
 "Ha! ha!" etc. This is a game of grace,  
 "Indeed!" etc. Although we call it base.  
 But when home runs are all run out, where shall we look for sport?  
 Read the answer in the stars, *there* all "short stops" stop short.

## SUPPOSING.

Composed by J. W. BISCHOFF.

*Allegro.*

*mf*

1. Sup - pos - ing a man av - a - ri - cious and old, Should  
2. Sup - pos - ing a he - ro all brist - ling with fame, And

*p*

come to me jing - ling his sil - ver and gold, And of - fer a share of his mammon to me, If I to the sale of my -  
big with the weight of a won - der - ful name, Pro - posed, in a mo - ment of bland condescension, To give me his hand and a

self would' a - gree, I would - n't, would you? I would - n't, would you?  
lit - tle attention, I would - n't, would you? I would - n't, would you?

*p* *mf* *p* *f*

*Con espressione.*

3. Sup - pos - ing a youth, with his heart in his eyes, That

*Andante.*

shone like the light of the beau - ti - ful skies, Would prom - ise to love me through all his glad life, And

*p*

beg that I'd be his own dear lit - tle wife, Guess I would, would-n't you? Guess ' would, would-n't you? I

*tempo.* *a tempo.* *f*  
*colla voce.* *a tempo.* *mf* *f*

would, would-n't you?

*piu mosso.* *f* *f*

**"A BOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER."**

Words by HARRY MILLER.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by J. P. SKELLY.

*Andante.*

*mp* *dim.*

1. While plod - ding on our way the toil - some road of life, How few the friends that dai - ly there we  
2. Tho' all the world may frown and ev - 'ry friend de - part, She nev - er will for - sake us in our  
3. Her fond and gen - tle face not long may greet us here, Then cheer her with our kind - ness and our

## "A BOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER." CONCLUDED.

meet!..... Not ma - ny will stand by in trouble and in strife, With coun - sel and af - fec - tion ev - er sweet!..... But  
 need!..... Our ref - uge ev - er - more is still with - in her heart, For us her lov - ing sym - pa - thy will plead!..... Her  
 love!..... Re - member at her knee in childhood bright and dear, We heard her voice, like an - gels from a - bove!..... Tho'

there is one whose smile will ev - er on us beam, Whose love is dear - er far than an - y oth - er!..... And where -  
 pure and gen - tle smile, for ev - er cheers our way, 'Tis sweet - er, and 'tis pur - er than all oth - er!..... When she  
 af - ter years may bring, their glad - ness or their woe, Her love is sweet - er far than an - y oth - er!..... And our

ev - er we may turn, This les - son we will learn, A boy's best friend is his moth - er!.....  
 goes from earth a - way, We'll find out while we stray, A boy's best friend is his moth - er!.....  
 long - ing heart will learn, Where ev - er we may turn, A boy's best friend is his moth - er!.....

*colla voce.* *rall.*

**Chorus.**

Then cher - ish her with care, And smooth her sil - v'ry hair, When gone you will nev - er get an - oth - er!..... And where -

*colla voce.*

ev - er we may turn, This les - son we will learn, A boy's best friend is his moth - er!.....

*rall.*

# WHEN 'TIS MOONLIGHT.

Words and Music by  
SOPRANO.

WALTZ SONG.

C. A. WHITE.

*Tempo di Valse.* Ah.....

.....ah.....ah.....ah, ..... Ah, ..... When 'tis moon - light, when 'tis  
*Sra* .....  
*colla voce.*

star - light, I will meet thee, and I will bring to thee sweetest flow - ers From the wood - land,  
*Sra* .....  
From the wood - land o'er the lea..... Ah..... ye birds of  
*Sra* .....  
spring, Tell..... what joys ye bring, Mer - ry birds, happy birds, joy - ous  
*Sra* .....

The musical score is written for soprano and piano. It features a waltz tempo and a key signature of one flat. The score includes vocal lines with lyrics and piano accompaniment with various performance markings such as *Tempo di Valse*, *ad lib.*, *colla voce*, and *Sra* (Soprano).



## WHEN 'TIS MOONLIGHT. CONTINUED.

birds, birds of spring, Ah, ..... when 'tis wood - land o'er the  
Sea.....

This system contains the first line of music, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'birds, birds of spring, Ah, ..... when 'tis wood - land o'er the Sea.....'.

ica..... Long have I wait - ed here for thy com - -

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'ica..... Long have I wait - ed here for thy com - -'.

ing, Oft - en in doubt my poor heart sank with - in me;

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'ing, Oft - en in doubt my poor heart sank with - in me;'.

Hope I must cher - - - ish Though life may per - - - ish,

This system contains the fourth line of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Hope I must cher - - - ish Though life may per - - - ish,'.

'Tis..... but a vis - ion of sor - - - row that nev - - - er can be;

This system contains the fifth and final line of music on this page. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics ''Tis..... but a vis - ion of sor - - - row that nev - - - er can be;'.

WHEN 'TIS MOONLIGHT. CONTINUED.

'Tis.....but a vis - ion of sor - row nev - er can be.

Ah!.....When 'tis

*Tempo.*  
moon - light, when 'tis star - light, I will meet thee and I will bring to thee sweet - est

flow - ers from the wood - land, from the wood - land o'er the lea, Ah,.....

## WHEN 'TIS MOONLIGHT. CONCLUDED.

ah.....ah.....ah.....ah.....

accel. ff 8va

Musical score for 'When 'Tis Moonlight. Concluded.' featuring vocal lines with 'ah' syllables and piano accompaniment with dynamic markings 'accel.' and 'ff', and an '8va' marking.

## I'LL AWAIT MY LOVE.

Words and Music by FRANK HOWARD.

*Andante con espressione.*

*mf* *f*

1. She stood a lone on the  
2. She stood a lone on the

*rall* *c* *dim.*

shore..... Her eyes grew dim with tears,..... As she kissed her hand to me,..... Per-  
shore..... With heav-y heart so sad,..... While her soul went out in pray'r,..... For

Musical score for 'I'll Await My Love.' featuring piano accompaniment with dynamic markings 'mf' and 'f', and vocal lines with lyrics. The score includes performance directions like 'Andante con espressione', 'rall', 'c', and 'dim.'.

I'LL AWAIT MY LOVE. CONCLUDED.

happ the last for years..... She watched the sails un - furl..... Then breathed her vows a -  
 her dear sail - or lad..... With trem - bling voice she cried..... "Oh! God! I pray to

*f* new:..... While faint - ly I could hear,..... *rall.* The sweet words, "I'll be true,"..... The  
 Thee!..... To shield my dar - ling boy..... From storm and wreck at sea!..... The

*colla voce.*

winds bring out to sea, This song from her..... to me.....  
 winds bring out to sea, This song from her..... to me.....

*Tempo di Valse.*

I'll a - wait my love, I'll a - wait my love, And I'll be as true as the stars a - bove, I'll a -

*cres* wait my love, *cen* I'll a - wait my love,..... *do.* *f* I'll a - wait my sail - or boy.....

*cres* *cen* *do.* *f*

## HELLO! BAB-BY.

As sung in EDWARD HARRIGAN'S Comic Play: "INVESTIGATION."

Words by EDW. HARRIGAN.

SONG AND DANCE.

Music by DAVE BRAHAM.

1. Ear - ly in de morn - ing when de sun do rise,  
 2. Buy a lit - tle wag - on, roll de Bab - by out,  
 3. Buy him lit - tle slip - pers, cov - er up his toes,

Ly - ing on a corn - cob bed, Bab - by roll - ing o - ver, ha - zel col - ored eyes,  
 Let him swal - low good, fresh air; Feed him on ha - na - nas, neb - er hab de gout,  
 Keep him from de frost and cold; Sit him by de hot fire, don't you freeze his nose,

Lit - tle kin - key, wool - ly head; Mam - my is a doz - ing, dream - ing of de bliss, I'm think - ing of de day a - com - ing  
 Yel - low rib - bon in his hair; Jo - nah is his name - sake, liv - ing in de whale, A float - ing roun' de o - cean in a  
 On - ly twen - ty - two months old; Bring him up a Bab - tist, make him go to church, Oh, rare him like a Pos - som on a

on; Oh, come a - long, my cher - ub, give your Pop a kiss, Bless de day that he was born.  
 storm; Oh, shout - ing, hap - py neighbors, hail - a, hail - a, hail, Bless de day that he was born.  
 farm; Oh, give him plen - ty gum - drops, bet - ter than de birch, Bless de day that he was born.

## HELLO! BAB-BY. CONCLUDED.

81

Hel - lo! Bab - by, Here's your Dad - dy!

*p* *f* *p* *f*

Up and down he goes! You black pic - a - nin - ny from old Vir - gin - ny, Good - ness, how he

grows! Black pic - a - nin - ny from old Vir - gin - ny, Good - ness, how he grows!

1 2 *rit.* *D.C.*

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## GRANDMA'S VACANT CHAIR.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

HARRY KENNEDY.

1. In the chim - ney cor - ner, Stands a cushioned chair, Hallowed by a hundred thou - sand tears;.....  
 2. In the chim - ney cor - ner, By the glow - ing fire, Grand - ma al - ways sat from morn till night;.....

Where at even - ing twi - light, Clustered round in pray'r, Oft we met for ma - ny, ma - ny years;.....  
 And her nim - ble fin - gers Nev - er seem'd to tire, Knit - ting by the can - dle's flick'r - ing light;.....

If you'd know the se - cret I fain will have to tell you, Why that treasured prize we guard with care?.....  
 Sil - v'ry was her hair, and her face was full of wrin - kles, Yet her smile would banish ev - 'ry care;.....

Grand - ma al - ways sat there, In the long a - go; Sa - cred spot is Grandma's va - cant chair;.....  
 Now the place is cheer - less, Grand - ma's gone to rest; Sa - cred spot is Grandma's va - cant chair;.....

GRANDMA'S VACANT CHAIR. CONCLUDED.

SOPRANO.  
 ALTO.  
 TENOR.  
 BASS.

*p* In the chim - ney cor - ner, By the glow - ing fire. Oft I've lisped my lit - tle even - ing prayer.....

*f* Mem - 'ry's rec - ol - lec - tion, Tears of love in - spire, *rall.* Sa - cred spot is Grandma's va - cant chair.

*f* *rall.*

"CLIMBING UP DE GOLDEN STAIRS."

GREAT JUBILEE SONG.

F. HEISER.

*mf* *f*

1. Come all you lit - tle nig - gers, Now  
 2. Old Sa - tan's not the dan - dy, To  
 3. Go tell the Jer - sey Lil - y, The



## "CLIMBING UP DE GOLDEN STAIRS." CONCLUDED.

watch your cues and figures,— Climbing up de gold - en stairs..... If they think you are a dude, They will treat you rather rude,  
 feed you on mix'd candy,— Climbing up de gold - en stairs..... But he'll give you brimstone hot, And he'll choke you on de spot,  
 sights would knock her silly,— Climbing up de gold - en stairs..... And tell John L. Sul - li - van, He must be a bet - ter man,

Climbing up de gold - en stairs!..... Ole Pe - ter look'd so wick - ed, When I ask'd him for a tick - et,—  
 Climbing up de gold - en stairs!..... They'll lock you in the sta - ble, Make you fight for Cain and A - bel,—  
 If he'd climb de gold - en stairs!..... Bob In - ger - soll's re - spect - ed, But is bound to be re - ject - ed,—

Climbing up de gold - en stairs!..... At the sight of half - a dol - lar, He will grab you by the col - lar, And  
 Climbing up de gold - en stairs!..... Old man Ad - am and his wife..... Will be there with drum and fife..... And  
 Climbing up de gold - en stairs!..... Oh! you bet he'll kick and yell,..... When they fire him in - to—well,....

## Chorus.

*p 2d time ff*

fire you up de gold - en stairs!..... Then hear them bells a - ring - ing, 'Tis sweet, I do de -  
 march you up de gold - en stairs!.....  
 Climbing up de gold - en stairs!.....

clare; Oh! hear them darkies sing - ing, Climbing up de gold - en stairs!..... stairs!.....

*ff* *D.C.*

# SUMMER AT THE BEACH.

85

Words by H. G. WHEELER.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Mus by J. W. WHEELER.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. I've done the falls and oth - er in - land wonders, I've real - ized all the joys of camp - ing  
 2. I've lit - tle love for but - ter - cups or clov - er, I would - n't give a rap for new mown  
 3. I love to watch the pret - ty prom e - na - ders, Out list'n - ing to the mu - sic of the

The first system of the song features a vocal line with three verses of lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some rests marked with an 'x'.

out, I've sampled mountain hous - es with - out num - ber, And fished the fa - mous lakes for speckled  
 hay, And not the slightest fun can I dis - cov - er, In rid - ing o - ver roads of mi - ry  
 band, And watch the an - tics of the jol - ly bath - ers, As they go romp - ing up and down the

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some rests marked with an 'x'.

trout, I've helped the hon - est farm - er at his du - ties, And its sel - dom I have failed his heart to  
 clay, I'd rath - er take a jol - ly month's va - ca - tion, Where the o - cean waves are spark - ling, light and  
 sand, There's noth - ing like a can - ter just at twi - light, Or a stroll a - long the beach at break of

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some rests marked with an 'x'.

reach, I've flirt - ed with the sweet - est coun - try beau - ties, But love the best a sea - son at the beach. Oh!  
 free, If you would have a sea - son's rec - re - a - tion, Just take a co - sey cot - tage near the sea. Oh!  
 day, Or flirt - ing with a charming girl by moon - light, When down be - side the dan - cing, sil - v'ry spray. Oh!

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some rests marked with an 'x'.

## SUMMER AT THE BEACH. CONCLUDED.

*Tempo di Valse. Chorus.*

SOPR'O.  
ALTO.  
TENOR.  
BASS.

Rid - ing, bath - ing, flirt - ing, sail - ing, Dain - ty girls out prom - e - nad - ing,  
List - 'ning while the band is play - ing, Where the surf rolls in.....

## "TYROL'S LOVELY DELL."

Words and Music by HARRY HINTON.

*Allegretto.*

*p*  
*Ped.*

*Ped.*

1. There's ma - ny pre - cious gems laid by In  
2. The shep - herd's pipe whose mag - ic notes, Call  
3. So good bye, Ty - rol, love - ly spot, 'Tis

"TYROL'S LOVELY DELL." CONCLUDED.

mem - ry's in - most cell; I'll sing of one my heart holds dear, 'Tis Tyrol's Love - ly Dell.  
 sheep with tink - ling bell, Down from the high - lands to re - pose In Tyrol's Love - ly Dell.  
 hard to say fare - well; But since I must, I'll ne'er for - get, Fair Tyrol's Love - ly Dell.

Shep - herd bells, Aha, aha, aha! Hunters call, Aha, aha, aha! Mountains ech - o back each love - ly

FACILE.

sound..... Tra,..... la, Ech - o back to me,

Tra,..... la, Ty - rol's Love - ly Dell.

Sua.....

# WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN.

Words by W. G. WILDERMAN

WALTZ SONG.

Music by CHARLES DRUMHELLER.

*cadenza ad lib.*

1. Ah!.....

*In Waltz time.*

*f Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*ritardando.* *tempo.* *Waltz time.*

When the ro - ses bloom, my

love, a - gain, Then will glad - ness come once more to me, 'or my heart has cold and heav - y been, But thou shall

hap - py be..... *Sva*..... When the win - ter days, so dark and drear, With their i - cy boughs are

*To Coda.*

*mf*

past and gone; When the balm - y spring - time days are near, And love - ly flow'rs have come;.....

*Sva*.....

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN. CONTINUED.

2. Then my tear - ful long - ings will be o'er,..... And my the  
 3. When win - ter's gone,..... and spring - time's balm - y breeze,..... Wafts o'er the

heart..... so full, so full of pain,..... Then will beat.....  
 hill..... a - mong the ver - dant trees;..... Where birds will sing.....

..... with joy and glee once more,..... When ro - ses bloom,..... when the ro - ses  
 ..... their songs of mer - ry glee,..... I'll meet my love,..... when the ro - ses

bloom a - gain,.....  
 bloom a - gain,.....

D.S.

## WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN. CONCLUDED.

*CODA.*

be;..... When the ro - ses bloom, my love, A - gain then, wi - glad - ness come once

*pp a la clochette.*

more to me, For my heart has cold and heav - y been, But then shall hap - py

*cres.*

*Sua.....*

*cres.*

be.....

When the ro - ses

*f*

*Ped.* *f* *Ped.* *f* *Ped.* *p*

bloom a - gain,.....

When the

*Sua.....*

*f* *Ped.* *f* *Ped.* *f* *Ped.* *f* *Ped.* *cres.* *f*

*ad lib.*

ro - ses bloom a - gain,.....

*colla voce.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *\**

# WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

91

Words by J. T. WOOD.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by H. J. FULMER.

*Moderato con espress.*

1. Jen - ny, my own true loved one, I'm  
 2. Jen - ny, when far from thee, I'm  
 3. Jen - ny, I'll keep your im - age With -

go - ing far from thee,..... Out on the bounding bil - lows, Out on the dark blue  
 on the o - cean deep,..... Will you then dream of me, love? Will you your prom - ise  
 in my heart so true,..... Each thought of mine for - ev - er Still, love, shall be of

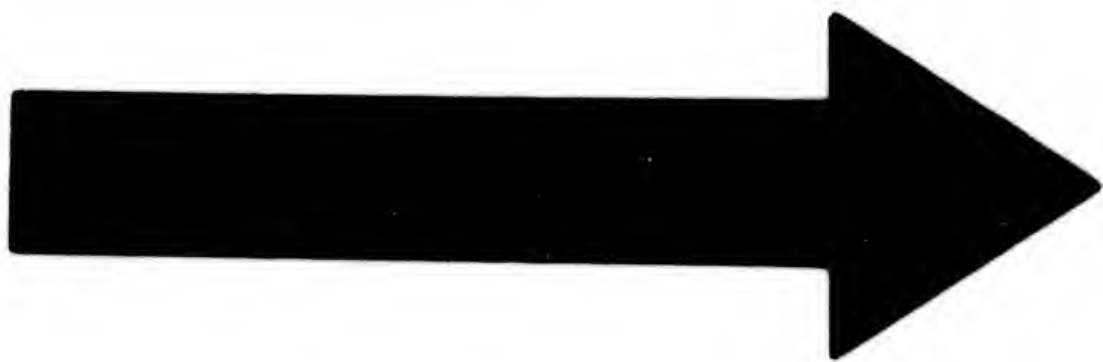
sea..... How I will miss you, my dar - ling, There when the storm is rag - ing high,.....  
 keep?..... And will I come to you, dar - ling? Take courage, dear, and nev - er sigh,.....  
 you,..... Dry then your tear-drops, my dar - ling, Soon will the night of sor - row fly,.....

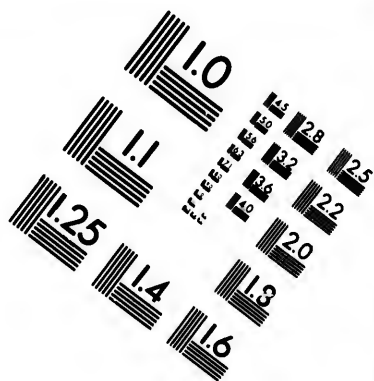
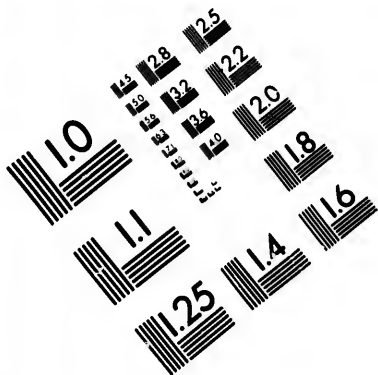
*rall.*

Jen - ny, my own true loved one, Wait till the clouds roll by.....  
 Glad - ness will fol - low sor - row, Wait till the clouds roll by.....  
 Cheer up, and don't be lone - ly, Wait till the clouds roll by.....

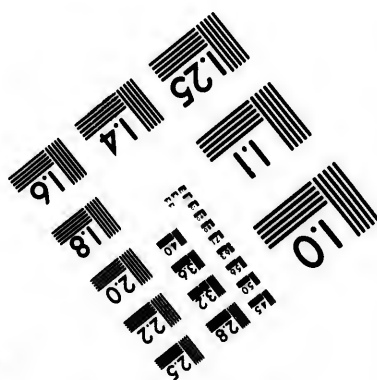
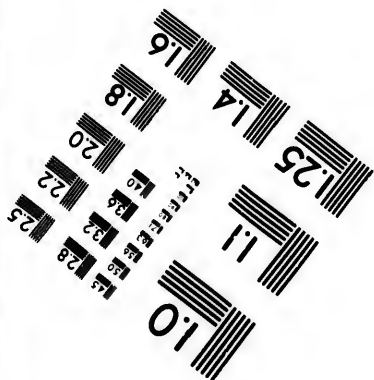
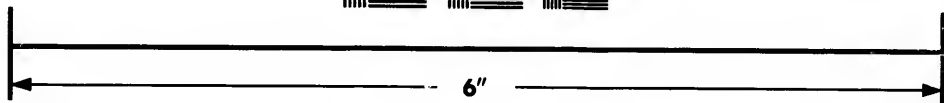
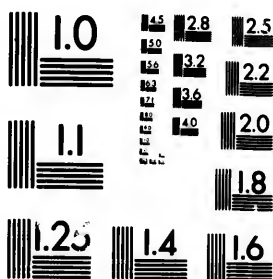
*colla voce.*







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## WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY. CONCLUDED.

**Chorus.**  
**SOPR.'o.** *f*  
**ALTO.** *f*  
**TENOR.** *f*  
**BASS.**

Wait till the clouds roll by, Jen-ny, Wait till the clouds roll by;  
 Wait till the clouds roll by, Jen-ny, Wait till the clouds roll by;

*f* *p*

*rall.*  
 Jen-ny, my own true loved one, Wait till the clouds roll by.....  
 Jen-ny, my own true loved one, roll by.....

*f* *p* *voce.*

## ROSALIE.

Arranged by BENJ. PRINCE.

*Moderato.*  
*mf*

1. Je suis Pierre le bon-  
 2. At the fête de Ma-  
 3. Je suis le gran

ton de Pa-ri-s, de Pa-ri-s, I drink the di-vine eau de vie, eau de vie, I  
 dame la Mar-quisse, la Mar-quisse, I first felt e-nough at my ease, at my ease, To  
 beau de Pa-ri-s, de Pa-ri-s, I'm called by les dames très jol-i, très jol-i, When I

ROSALIE. CONCLUDED.

*poco rit.*

drive in the Bois in my lit - tle cou - pé, And I tell you I'm some - thing to see.  
 go to her père, and de - mand for my own, The beau - ti - ful Ros - a - lie.  
 go out of doors my friends by the scores, Say "Comment ça va mon - a - mi."

*a tempo.*

I care not what oth - ers may say, I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.....

*a tempo.*

*poco rall.*

..... Sweet Rose,..... Lit - tle Rose,..... I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.  
*Last verse.* And my Rose is in love with me.

*colla voce.*

**Chorus ad libitum.**

1ST TENOR.  
*mf*  
 2D TENOR.  
*mf*  
 1ST BASS.  
*mf*  
 2D BASS.

I care not..... what oth - ers may say, I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.....

*rit.*

..... Sweet Rose, *Jol - ie* Rose,..... I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.  
*Last verse.* And my Rose is in love with me.

*rit.*

3d Tenors having the melody, the other parts to be sung subdued.

## BRING ME A LETTER FROM HOME.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

*Moderato.*

*p*

1. Bring me a let - ter, O, beau - ti - ful bird,  
 2. Bring me a let - ter from those that I love,  
 3. Must I then go on my wea - ri - some way,

*p*

One that is long and sweet,..... Tell - ing me fond things that  
 Swift o'er the moun - tains fly,..... Come cre the sun that is  
 Is there no word for me?..... O!, how I long for a

*espress.*

oft I have heard; Come, on thy wings so fleet;..... Sad is my  
 beam - ing a - bove Sinks in the west - ern sky;..... Scenes that are  
 mes - sage to day, Mot. - er, one line from thee;..... Beau - ti - ful

*mf* *dim.* *p*

*cres.* *dim.*

poor heart and lone - ly, Far from my dear ones I roam,  
 fair give no pleas - ure, Wilt thou not kind - ly then come,  
 bird come re - lieve me, Speed on thy way o'er the foar,

*cres.* *dim.*

## BRING ME A LETTER FROM HOME. CONCLUDED.

95

*ritard.*

This do I sigh for, this on - - ly, One lov - ing let - ter from home.....  
 Oh, how this sad heart would treas - ure, One lov - ing let - ter from home.....  
 Do not, I pray thee, de - ceive me, Bring me a let - ter from home.....

*p ritard.*

## SOPRANO. Chorus.

ALTO.  
 Bring me a let - ter, O beau - ti - ful bird, One that is long and sweet,.....

TENOR.  
 BASS.

*f rall.* *dim.* *pp*

Tell - ing me fond things that once I have heard; Come, on thy wings so fleet,.....

*f rall.* *p dim.* *pp*

*f rall. marcato.* *pp*

*cres.* *dim.* *p*

# WHEN 'TIS STARLIGHT.

Words and Music by

WALTZ SONG.

C. A. WHITE.

*Tempo di Waltz.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

When 'tis star - light By the riv - er meet me, yes, meet me my love all a - lone, I'll a -

The first system of the song features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes chords and a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes.

wait thee, I'll a - wait thee, meet me, yes, meet me my love all a - lone. Ah,..... hap - py

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active melodic line in the right hand.

we will be where the night birds sing their sweet song ev - er bright and free, Ah,..... watch the

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active melodic line in the right hand.

rip - pling foam, Meet me loved one by the riv - er, meet me all a - lone.

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active melodic line in the right hand.



WHEN 'TIS STARLIGHT. CONTINUED.

Ah!..... ah..... ah.....

*ad lib.* Ah..... *ad lib.* Ah..... *ad lib.* When 'tis star - light

By the riv - er, meet me, yes, meet me my love all a - lone. I'll a - wait thee, I'll a - wait thee,

*Legato.* meet me, yes, meet me my love all a - lone, Sad - ly I'm wait - ing here, lit - tle joy my

life to cheer, Still my heart bids me hope on; will he come, will he come?

## WHEN 'TIS STARLIGHT. CONCLUDED.

Still my heart bids me hope on, Ah,..... he comes!

This system contains the first vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Still my heart bids me hope on, Ah,..... he comes!'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line with chords and melodic fragments.

1 2 *ad lib.*  
Ah,.....ah,.....  
*ad lib.*

This system includes a first ending bracket with two measures. The vocal line has 'Ah,.....ah,.....' with 'ad lib.' markings above and below. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

.....ah,..... ah,..... When 'tis star - light, By the riv - er, Meet me, yes,

The vocal line continues with '.....ah,..... ah,..... When 'tis star - light, By the riv - er, Meet me, yes,'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

meet me my love all a - lone; I'll a - wait thee, I'll a - wait thee, meet me, yes, meet me my

The vocal line continues with 'meet me my love all a - lone; I'll a - wait thee, I'll a - wait thee, meet me, yes, meet me my'. The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note bass line.

*rit ar dan do.*  
love all a - lone. Ah,..... star - light, meet me all a - lone.....

The system concludes with a tempo change marked 'rit ar dan do.' and the vocal line 'love all a - lone. Ah,..... star - light, meet me all a - lone.....'. The piano accompaniment ends with sustained chords.

# SHALL OUR PARTING BE FOREVER?

99

Words by VIOLET FARRINGTON.

BALLAD.

Musio by CORA B. MEACHAM.

INTRODUCTION.  
*Andante espressivo.*

*p* *cres.*

1. Shall our parting be for - ev - er, Will there be no coming day;..... When our hearts are re - u - nit - ed, And  
2. Will our waiting end in rapt - ure, If the heart is pure and free;..... And we live for those who love us, Since

*f* *p* *rall.*

life's sun-beams cheer our way?..... When the sad fare-well is spok - en, And the years roll on a - pace.....  
we spoke the last a - dieu?..... Shall our part-ing be for - ev - er, With no sunshine in the way.....

*p a tempo.* *cres.* *p rit.* *p a tempo.*

Will there come a brighter morning, When we'll see each oth - er's face?..... Shall our parting be for - ev - er,  
In a night of gloom and sor-row, With no gleams of com - ing day?..... Or when fairest flow'rs are with - ered,

*p* *cres.* *f* *pp* *rit.*

And our future life be drear..... When the bonds of love we sev - er, And we go from friends so dear?.....  
And we dwell in pain and grief..... Will our hearts be re - u - nit - ed, In a love that brings re - lief?.....

# PRETTY AS A PINK.

Words by H. G. WHEELER.

SONG AND DANCE.

Music by J. W. WHEELER.

*Moderato.*

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, often with chords. The vocal line includes two verses of lyrics. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano staff.

*mf*

1. I love a lit - tle blue - eyed creat - ure, Such a  
 2. Oh, what a co - zy coup - le we would be, Just as

charm - ing dimpled lit - tle fac - in - a - tor, With cu - pid lurking in each feat - ure, To steal your sen - ses quite a - way, I  
 hap - py as a hum - ming bird in clo - ver, If this lit - tle maid would only m - rry me, I'd nev - er en - vy king or queen, She

met this lit - tle charm - er at the Mat - i - nee—Caught her eye, and how my heart did flut - ter, When she turn'd her head around so  
 sent a lit - tle note to me this af - ter - noon, Ask - ing me to call to - night at sev - en; If she on - ly prom - is - es to

mod - est - ly, 'Twas then I met my fate, and knew I lov'd her; Pret - ty lit - tle dar - ling, winsome and so charm - ing,  
 wed me soon, 'Twill send me to the ver - y gates of Heav - en, Graceful as a fair - y, modest as a dai - sy,

PRETTY AS A PINK. CONCLUDED.

101

Not for worlds would I for - get, Blue-eyed lit - tle la - dy, dimpled sweet and daint - y, Sweet - er than the migon -  
Sweet - er than a rare bo - quet, Per - fect form and feat - ure, daint - y lit - tle creat - ure, She's to be my bride some

ette. Mod - est as a dai - sy, Waist that drives you cra - zy, Queen of all the world I think,  
day. I'll tell you a se - cret, If you'll try to keep it, But you must - n't ev - en wink;

Fair - er than a lit - tle bloom - ing lil - y - bell, And just as pret - ty as a pink.  
Soon I'll in - tro - duce you to a lit - tle wife, That's just as pret - ty as a pink.

**Dance.**  
*Sua*.....  
*dolce.*

*Sua*.....

*Sua*.....

# LOVE IS A FLOWER.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

J. K. EMMET.

INTRODUCTION.

1. Ro - ses may bloom in sum - mer, The blossoms may blow and
2. Let oth - ers breathe the joy of love, In wild song and na - tive

fall..... But my love is al - ways bloom - ing, A flow - er sur - pass - ing all..... One night that flow - er  
strain;..... The heavens may breathe the spell a - bove, But my love's a rose Aus - train..... Blossoms blow and they

soft - ly said, Sleep well and dream of my love, The evening winds sang lul - la - bies, As soft - ly I whispered a -  
fade too soon For love and youth such as mine. I'd slum - ber in peace with true heart's ease, And have thee supreme for all

dieu. And dreamed of the love of flow - ers, The Dai - sy and Pan - sy, too..... Sweet Vi - o - lets and  
time. Ro - ses may bloom in sum - mer, Blossoms may blow and fall..... But my love is al - ways

Chorus.

Sun - flow - ers, And my love's Heart's-ease so true..... Oh, love is a flower, Bloom - ing now for  
bloom - ing, A flow - er sur - pass - ing all.....

LOVE IS A FLOWER CONCLUDED.

103

you and me; Oh, bloom on, sweet flower,..... Bloom, my love, I'll wel - come thee. Oh, love is a  
 flower,..... Bloom - ing now for you and me, Bloom, my love, I'll wel - come thee.

The score consists of two systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The first system has two lines of music, and the second system also has two lines. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some melodic lines in the right hand.

GAILY CHANT THE SUMMER BIRDS.

Words and Musio by DE PINNA

*Allegretto*  
*mf*  
*f*  
*p*

Gai - ly chant the sum - mer birds Thro' the wood - lands as they wing,

The score consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The first system has two lines of music, the second system has two lines, and the third system has two lines. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with some melodic lines in the right hand. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and there are dynamic markings 'mf', 'f', and 'p'.

## GAILY CHANT THE SUMMER BIRDS. CONTINUED.

Sweet as lov - ers' whis - per'd words, Are the joy - ous songs they sing. *rit.*

Gai - ly chant the sum - mer birds, Thro' the wood - lands as they wing, *a tempo.*

Sweet as lov - ers' whis - per'd words Are the joy - ous songs they sing.

How sweet when all a - round, a - bove, is beau - ti - ful and bright,..... With those who love us,

those we love, To meet the morn - ing light..... Ah!..... Gai - ly *rit. tempo.*



GAILY CHANT THE SUMMER BIRDS. CONTINUED.

chant the sum - mer birds, 'Thro' the wood - lands as they wing, Sweet as

lov - ers' whis - per'd words, Are the joy - ous songs they sing.

Sweet - er, when the night - in - gale charms the bow - er of the rose, While her ten - der

love - lorn tale, ech - o comes at ev - 'ning's close. Gai - ly chant the sum - mer

*rit.*

## GAILY CHANT THE SUMMER BIRDS. CONCLUDED.

birds, Thro' the wood - lands as they wing, Sweet as lov - ers' whis - per'd words,

Are the joy - ous songs they sing, Sweet as lov - ers' whis - per'd words, Are the

joy - ous songs they sing. Sweet as lov - ers' whis - per'd words, Are the songs they

sing. Are the joy - ous songs,..... Are the joy - ous songs they sing.

# WHAT SHALL I SAY?

107

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Music by D. FRANK TULLY.

*Allegretto.*  
*Playfully.*

*con espress.*

1. Ja - mie has long been a courting me. Nev - er was lov - er more true;.....  
 2. Ja - mie came o - ver the mead - ow, Up to the place where I stood,—  
 3. Pit - y to slight his ca - res - es, Pit - y to wound one so dear;

But if he asks me to mar - ry him, What in the world shall I do?..... Lov - ers are ten - der and  
 Bring - ing me flow'rs from the hill side,— Ja - mie is al - ways so good..... Call - ing me dear - ie and  
 Lov - ers I might find in plen - ty But none like my Ja - mie, I fear..... Come up, my heart, to the

*a tempo.* *colla voce.* *rall.* *a tempo.* *p*

thought - ful; Husbands their tem - per dis - play;..... So if he asks me to mar - ry him,  
 dar - ling, In his af - fec - tion - ate way;..... But if he asks me to mar - ry him,  
 res - cue, You can ad - vise me, I guess;..... If Ja - mie asks me to mar - ry him,

*f* *p* *cres.*

*agitato.*

What shall I, what shall I say?..... So if he asks me to mar - ry him,.... What shall I, what shall I say?.....  
 What shall I, what shall I say?..... But if he asks me to mar - ry him,.... What shall I, what shall I say?.....  
 Shall I say, shall I say yes?..... If Ja - mie asks me to mar - ry him,.... Shall I say, shall I say yes?.....

*agitato.* *colla voce.* *rall.*

## AVE MARIA.

Words and Music by H. MILLARD.

*Moderato.*

A - ve Ma - ri - a, A - ve Ma -

ri - a, ple - na di gra - zie ple - na di gra - zie, Do - mi - nus te - cum, Do - mi - nus

te - cum, A - ve Ma - ri - a. Be - ne - dic - ta, Be - ne - dic - ta,

Be - ne - dic - ta, Be - ne - dic - ta tu in mu - li - e - ri - bus, Et be - ne - dic - tus fruc - tus,

fruc - tus ven - tris tu - i, Je - su! Je - su! Je - su!

*mf* *f* *rit.* *cres.* *colla voce.* *dolce.* *f* *colla voce.*

AVE MARIA. CONCLUDED.

Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, Ma - ter, Ma - ter

*f* *f*

De - i, o - ra pro no - bis, o - ra pro no - bis, o - ra pro no - bis pec - ca - to - ri - bus. Nunc, nunc,

*mf* *f*

nunc,..... nunc et in ho - ra, nunc et in ho - ra no - - - - - stræ,

*pesante.* *dim.* *pp dolce.*

nunc..... et in ho - ra mor - tis no - - - - - stræ. A - ve Ma - ri - a, A

*p* *mf* *cres.*

ve Ma - ri - - - - a, Ma - ri - - - - a!

*dim. pp* *rall. e dim.*

# THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

HENRY C. WORK.

*Moderato.*

1. On a sum - mer's day, when the wave was rip - pled By the  
 2. Said a fee - ble lad to his anx - ious moth - er, "I must  
 3. "On - ly one more trip," said a gal - lant sea - man, As he

soft - est, gen - tlest breeze, Did a ship set sail, with a car - go la - den For a port be - yond the  
 cross the wide, wide sea; For they say, perchance in a for - eign cli - mate There is health and strength for  
 kiss'd his weep - ing wife; On - ly one more bag of the gold - en treas - ure, And 'twil' last us all through

seas; There were sweet fare - wells—there were lov - ing sig - nals, While a form was yet dis -  
 me," 'Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of dan - ger, And her heart for her young - est  
 life. Then I'll spend my days in my co - zy cot - tage, And en - joy the rest I've

cern'd; Though they knew it not, 'twas a sol - emn part - ing, For the ship—she nev - er re - turn'd.  
 yearn'd; Yet she sent him forth with a smile and bless - ing On the ship that nev - er re - turn'd.  
 earn'd; But a - las, poor man! for he sail'd com - man - der Of the ship that nev - er re - turn'd.

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED. CONCLUDED.

**Chorus.**

**SOPRANO.**  
**ALTO.**  
**TENOR.**  
**BASS.**

Did she nev - er re - turn? She nev - er re - turn'd—Her fate, it is yet un - learn'd; Tho' for  
 She nev - er re - turn'd—Her fate, it is yet un - learn'd; Tho' for

years and years there were fond ones watch - ing, Yet the ship— she nev - er re - turn'd.  
 years and years there were fond ones watch - ing, Yet the ship— she nev - er re - turn'd.

**AFTER.**

Words and Music by H. MILLARD.

*Moderato con espres.*

Af - ter the shower, the tran - quil sun;

*mf*

Af - ter the snow, the emer - ald leaves; Sil - ver stars, when the day is done; Af - ter the har - vest, gold - en sheaves.

*poco più mosso.*

Af - ter the clouds, the vio - let sky; Af - ter the storm, the lull of waves; Qui - et woods, when the winds go by;

Af - ter the bat - tle, — peace - ful graves. *stentato con espressione.*

*con gioia.* Af - ter the knell, the wedding bells; Af - ter the bud, the ra - diant rose; Joy - ful greet - ings, from sad fare - wells; *tristo.*

*sombre.* Af - ter our weep - ing, *dolce.* sweet re - pose. *poco mosso.* Af - ter the bur - den, the bliss - ful meed, Af - ter the flight, the

*riprendo.* down - y nest; *rall. ad lib.* Af - ter the fur - row, the wak - ing seed; *lunga.* Af - ter the shadow - y riv - er — rest!

*ad lib e colla voce.* *ad lib. pp*



# TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

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Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1 In the pris-on cell I sit, Thinking  
2 In the bat-tle front we stood When their  
3 So with-in the pris-on cell, We are

*Tempo di Marcia.*

Mother dear, of you, And our bright and happy home so far a-way, And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of all that I can do, Tho' I  
fiercest charge they made, And they swept us off a hundred men or more, But before we reached their lines They were beaten back dismayed, And we  
waiting for the day That shall come to o-pen wide the i-ron door, And the hol-low eye grows bright, And the poor heart almost gay, As we

*When the Chorus is sung, this may be omitted after the first verse.*

try to cheer my com-rades and be gay. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-ing, Cheer up comrades they will  
heard the cry of vict-'ry o'er and o'er. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-ing, Cheer up comra<sup>d</sup>es they will  
think of see-ing home and friends once more. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-ing, Cheer up comrades they will

*When the Chorus is not sung, end here.*

come, And be-neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain, Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.  
come, And be-neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain, Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.  
come, And be-neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain, Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.

## TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP! CONCLUDED.

**SOPRANO. Chorus.**  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up com - rades they will come, And be -

**ALTO.**  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing on, O cheer up com - rades they will come, And be -

**TENOR.**  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing on, O cheer up com - rades they will come, And be -

**BASS.**  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing on, O cheer up com - rades they will come, And be -

neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air a - gain, Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air a - gain, Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

## ONLY A DEAR LITTLE FLOWER.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

FRANK HOWARD.

*Andante con espressione.*

*mf*

1. On - ly a dear lit - tle flow - er,..... I  
2. On - ly a dear lit - tle flow - er,..... When

treasure in mem'ry of you;..... It brings back sweet moments of glad - ness,..... And whis - per of love, fond and  
sad and a - lone gives me cheer;..... What mat - ter tho' now it is fad - ed,..... To me it will ev - er be

ONLY A DEAR LITTLE FLOWER. CONCLUDED.

true..... To - geth - er we roam'd in the wood - land,..... And down by the brook's mos - sy shore,..... We  
 dear..... When far, far a - way from you, dar - ling,..... And long - ing your sweet face to see,..... It

*rall.*  
 vow'd by this dear lit - tle flow - er,..... To love and be true ev - er - more.....  
 fills me with hope for the mor - row,..... And tells that you're faith - ful to me.....  
*colla voce.*

**Chorus.**  
 SOPRANO.

ALTO.  
 On - ly a dear lit - tle flow - er,..... That tells of our love fond and true,..... Oh,  
 TENOR.  
 On - ly a dear lit - tle flow - er,..... That tells of our love fond and true,..... Oh,  
 BASS.  
 On - ly a dear lit - tle flow - er,..... That tells of our love fond and true,..... Oh,

*rall.*  
 dear - ly this sweet lit - tle flow - er,..... I cher - ish in mem - ry of you.....  
*rall.*  
 dear - ly this sweet lit - tle flow - er,..... I cher - ish in mem - ry of you.....  
*colla voce.*

## THE PILOT BRAVE.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

DUETTO.

Music by HARRISON MILLARD.

*Moderato.*  
TENOR OR SOPRANO AND CONTRALTO.

1. Our good ship speeds be-fore the gale, The land is  
wreck we landward haste, And forward  
wel come us to port,— The last to

less' - ning to our view; All hands are piped, spread ev'ry sail,— We're bounding o'er the waters blue! We're bounding o'er the waters  
cast our longing gaze; No sail o'er O - cean's weary waste, Each heart its anxious hope be - trays, Each heart its anxious hope be -  
say the sad good-by; Of bounding waves the i - die sport,— No jollier soul beneath the sky, No jollier soul beneath the

blue! With wist - ful eyes we land - ward gaze, To all we love we bid farewell; And, in the sun - set's dy - ing rays, We  
trays! Oh sweet to wel - come once a - gain Our na - tive hills and sunnystreams! And, as our long - ing eyes we strain, A  
sky. Thanks be to thee, thou Pi - lot brave! Oft in our dreams we see thy form, Thy bark, like sea - bird o'er the wave, We

\* When a Contralto takes the place of the Bass, sing the small notes.

THE PILOT BRAVE. CONCLUDED.

hear a - far the curfew bell, the cur-few bell, the cur-few bell. And hark! It is the Pi-lot's cry— "God speed!  
sail in yonder off-ling gleams! a sail! a sail! a sail! a sail! The Pi-lot's joy-ful cry we hear,— "Ship a-hoy!  
fol-low 'mid the threat'ning storm, the threat'ning storm, the threat'ning storm. In dreams a-gain thy hail we hear,— "Ship a-hoy!

*1st and 2d Verses.*

God speed! Good-by! Good-by! God speed! Good-by!"  
ship a-hoy! what cheer? what cheer? ship a-hoy! what cheer?"  
ship a-hoy! what

*3d Verse.*

2. From storm and cheer? ship a-hoy! what cheer?".....  
3. The first to

*f* *presto.*

## LONG AGO!

Words by FABE MARTIN.

BALLAD.

Music by HARRISON MILLARD.

*mf* *leggiero.*

*Con espressione.*

O sea, bil-low on and sigh as of yore, O'er the dead in thy depths be-low, On thy sil-ver-y, stranded, shell-ribb'd shore, I

*pesante.* *cres.*

*tranquillo.* *Ritardando.*

wait and list to thy breaker's roar, As the bright waves ebb and flow, As the bright waves ebb and flow. For a barque sail'd out with my

*p* *a tempo.*

*affrett.*

life one day, And car-ried my beau-ti-ful treasures a-way, A barque sail'd out with my life one day, In the

*slent.* *rit.*

far-off long a-go, In the far-off long a-go.

*colla voce.* *con 8va. ad lib.*

LONG AGO! CONCLUDED.

O riv - er run far! O

*mf trem.*

riv - er run fast! O weeds float out to the sea. For the sun has gone down on my happy past, And the hopes that like bread on thy waves I cast, Have

*trem. cres. col canto.*

drift - ed a - way like thee. Have drift - ed a - way like thee! Well, the day it is dead, and the dream it is done, But I'll

*Ritardando. a tempo.*

ev - er remem - ber the name of one Who will never come back to me, Who will never come back to me. The

*sarg. tristamente. con dolore. piu lento.*

day it is dead, and the dream it is done, It will nev - er come back to me! to me!

*con espress. ff colla voce. pp cres. f adagio. Ped. \**

## O! HUSH THEE MY BABY.

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Music by A. H. PEASE.

*Andantino.*  
*m.g.*

*pp*

1. O!

hush thee, my ba - by, Thy sire is a knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy Both love - ly and bright; The  
 fear not the bu - gle, Tho' loud - ly it blows, It calls but the ward - ers Who guard thy re - pose; Their

*m.g.* *m.g.* *m.g.*

woods and the glens, From the tow'r which we see, They all are be - long - ing, Dear ba - by to thee. } O,  
 bows would be bend - ed, Their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe - man Draw near to thy bed. }

*rit.*

*p*

*pp*

mi - ri fal - go lul - go - li, Ho - ro, ho - ro! O, mi - ri fal - go lul - go - li, Ho - ro, ho - ro! Lul - la - by, lul - la -

by, lul - la - by! Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by! 2. O



O! HUSH THEE MY BABY. CONCLUDED.

hush thee my ba - by, The time will soon come, When thy sleep shall be bro - ken By trum - pet and drum. Then hush thee, my darling, Take

rest while you may, For strife comes with man - hood, As wak - ing with day. O, mi - ri fal - go lul - go - li, Ho -

ro, ho - ro! O, mi - ri fal - go lul - go - li, Ho - ro, ho - ro! Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by!

Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by! Lul - la - by, lul - la - by! Lul - la -

by, lul - la - by!.....

# MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

HENRY C. WORK.

1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys, we'll sing an - cth - er song—  
 2. How the dar - keys shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound!  
 3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears,  
 4. "Sher - man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!"  
 5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train,

Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it,  
 How the tur - keys gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven  
 When they saw the hon - or'd flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be re - strained from  
 So the sau - cy reb - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast. Had they not for - got, a - las! to  
 Six - ty miles in lat - i - tude—three hun - dred to the main; Trea - son fled be - fore us, for re -

fif - ty thous - and strong, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.  
 start - ed from the ground, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.  
 break - ing forth in cheers, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.  
 reck - on with the host, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.  
 sis - tance was in vain, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA. CONCLUDED.

**SOPRANO. Chorus.**  
*ff*  
 "Hur - rah! Hur - rah! we bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!"

**ALTO.**  
 "Hur - rah! Hur - rah! we bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!"

**TENOR.**  
*ff*  
 "Hur - rah! Hur - rah! we bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!"

**BASS.**  
 "Hur - rah! Hur - rah! we bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!"

So we sang the cho - rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching through Geor - gia.

So we sang the cho - rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching through Geor - gia.

**SWEET BY AND BY.**

Words by S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

*With much feeling and in perfect time.*

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -  
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous songs of the  
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the trib - ute of

## SWEET BY AND BY. CONCLUDED.

far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.  
 blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more - Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.  
 praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the bless - ing that hal - low our days!

SOPRANO. **Chorus.** *In the repeat, diminuendo gradually to the end.*  
 In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the

ALTO.  
 In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, By and by, In the

TENOR.  
 By and by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, By and by.

BASS.  
 By and by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, By and by.

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

by and by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

# DER DEITCHER'S DOG.

125

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

SEP. WINNER.

*Lively.*

1. Oh where, Oh where ish mine lit-tle dog gone; Oh where, Oh
2. I loves mine la-ger 'tish ver-y goot beer, Oh where, Oh
3. A-cross the o-ccean in Gar-ma-nie, Oh where, Oh
4. Un sasage ish goot, bo-lo-nie of course, Oh where, Oh

where can he be..... His ears cut short und his tail cut long; Oh where, Oh where ish he.....  
where can he be..... But mit no mon-ey I cannot drink here. Oh where, Oh where ish he.....  
where can he be..... Der deitch-ers dog ish der best compan-ie. Oh where, Oh where ish he.....  
where can he be..... Dey makes um mit dog und dey makes em mit horse, I guess dey makes em mit he.....

**SOPRANO. Chorus.** Tra la la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la la  
**ALTO.** Tra la la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la la  
**TENOR.** Tra la la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la la  
**BASS.** Tra la la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la la

la, Tra la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la.....  
la, la la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la la.....  
la, la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la.....

# CARRY ME BACK TO TENNESSEE.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

SEP. WINNER.

*Moderato.*

1. Sweet El - lie Rhee, so dear to me Is  
 2. Oh why did I from day to day, Keep  
 3. They said that I would soon be free And  
 4. The war is o - ver now at last, De

lost for - ev - er more; Our home was down in Ten - nes - see, Be - fore dis cru - el war. Then car - ry me back to  
 wish - ing to be free, And from my mas - sa run a - way, And leave my El - lie Rhee. Then car - ry me back to  
 hap - py all de day, But if dey take me back a - gain I'll neb - er run a - way. Then car - ry me back to  
 col - or'd race am free, Dat good time com - in' on so fast; I'se wait - in' for to see. Then car - ry me back to

Ten - nes - see, Back where I long to be, A - mong de fields of yel - low corn; To my dar - ling El - lie Rhee.

SOPRANO. Chorus.

ALTO

Then car - ry me back to Tennessee, Back where I long to be; A - mong de friends of yellow corn; To my darling El - lie Rhee.

TENOR.

BASS.

Then car - ry me back to Tennessee, Back where I long to be; A - mong de friends of yellow corn; To my darling El - lie Rhee.

# THE SPRINGTIME AND ROBINS HAVE COME.

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Words and Music by  
*Tempo di Valse.*

WALTZ SONG.

FRANK HOWARD.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, 4/4 time, starting with a bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*. The system concludes with a *ff* dynamic marking.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "The spring-time and rob - ins have come,..... And the words of my Donald were true;..... For a - gain by his". The lower staff is a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "side, in my fond lov - ing pride, I gaze in his eyes of sweet blue,..... Oh, the pain and the sorrow have pass'd,.....". The lower staff is a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *f*.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "And there's joy in our own lit - tle home,..... For he said he'd be here, when the springtime was near, And the springtime and". The lower staff is a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *rall.* and *a tempo.*

robins have come!..... True was my heart to my bright bon-ny lad, Long have I wait-ed so wea-ry and

*f* *p*

sad, Oh! how 'mid the ro-ses and lil-les I roam, And sing with the rob-ins so glad.....

*f* *cres.* *f* *cres.*

**Chorus.**  
The springtime and robins have come,..... And the words of my Donald were true;..... For a gain by his side in my

fond loving pride I gaze in his eyes of sweet blue;..... Oh! the pain and the sorrow have pass'd..... And there's joy in our

own lit-tle home;..... For he said he'd be here when the springtime was near, And the springtime and robins have come!.....

*rall.* *a tempo.* *rall.* *a tempo.* FINE.



Dark was the hour,.....

..... when I dream't he was lost..... And saw his proud ship..... o'er the waves

tem pest toss'd;..... But joy fills my heart,..... for Don - ald has come

home,..... Yes, he's here, my own true lov - er, And the springtime and rob - ins have come!.....

# "A HUNDRED FATHOMS DEEP."

Words by R. CRANSHAW.

BASS SONG.

Music by C. F. SHATTUCK.

*Con energia.*

*f* *p*

1. There's a mine of wealth un - told, In a hun - dred fath - oms  
 2. The cares of a mi - ser's years, In a hun - dred fath - oms

*con vigoroso.*

*con brioso.*

deep; There's count - less stores of the earth's red gold, In a hun - dred fathoms deep; Glit - tering gems for a  
 deep; The child of a moth - er's hopes and fears, In a hun - dred fathoms deep; Side by side do they

thous - and brows; Curses, prayers, and ter - rors, vows,.....In a hun - dred fath - oms deep,..... In a  
 quiet - ly lay, The i - dol of gold, and the i - dol of clay,.....In a hun - dred fath - oms deep,..... In a

*con vigoroso.* *con anima.*

*cal - can - do.*

hun - dred fathoms deep, In a hun - dred fath - oms 'deep,..... In a hun - dred fath - oms deep.  
 hun - dred fathoms deep, In a hun - dred fath - oms deep,..... In a hun - dred fath - oms deep.

*rit.*

"A HUNDRED FATHOMS DEEP." CONCLUDED.

3. The Sea - King sits on his

*f* *con briso.*

throne, In a hun - dred fath - oms deep; And laughs as he claims all for his own, In a

hun - dred fathoms deep. These are my rich - es, these my hordes, These the treas - ures, my realm af -

*colla voce.* *cal - can - do.*

fords,.....In a hun - dred fath - oms deep,..... In a hundred fathoms deep, In a hun - dred fath - oms

*con anima.* *delicato.*

deep,..... In a hundred fath - oms deep.

*ad lib.* *ritard.* *pp* *lunga pausa.* *f*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

## LOST ON THE "LADY ELGIN."

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

HENRY C. WORK.

1. Up from the poor 'man's cot - tage— Forth from the  
 2. Oh! 'tis the cry of chil - dren, Weep - ing for  
 3. Staunch was the no - ble steam - er— Pre - cious the

*Lento.* *ten.* *ten.*  
*p* *mf* *p* *pp* *p*

man - sion door; Sweep - ing a - cross the wa - ters, And echo - ing 'long the shore; Caught by the morn - ing  
 pa - rents gone; Chil - dren who slept at even - ing, But or - phans woke at dawn. Sis - ters for broth - ers  
 freight she bore; Gai - ly she loosed her ca - bles, A few short hours be - fore. Grand - ly she swept our

bre - zes— Borne on the even - ing gale; Com - eth a voice of mourning, A sad and sol - emn wail.  
 weep - ing, Hus - bands for miss - ing wives— Such are the ties dis - sev - er'd With those three hun - dred lives.  
 har - bor, Joy - ful - ly rang her bell; I lit - tle thought we, 'ere morn - ing, 'Twould toll so sad a knell.

**SOPRANO. Chorus.**  
**ALTO.**  
 Lost on the La - dy El - gin! Sleeping to wake no more! Number'd in that three hundred, Who fail'd to reach the shore!  
**TENOR.**  
**BASS.**  
 Lost on the La - dy El - gin! Sleeping to wake no more! Number'd in that three hundred, Who fail'd to reach the shore!

*ten.*  
*mf* *pp*

# OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

133

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

S. C. FOSTER.

*Moderato.*

1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way, Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay,  
 2. All round de lit - tle farm I wander'd When I was young, Den ma - ny hap - py days I squander'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung,  
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bushes, One dat I love, Still sad - ly to my mem - ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.

All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam, Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.  
 When I was play - ing wid my brudder, Hap - py was I, Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die.  
 When will I see de bees a humming, All round de comb? When will I hear de ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home?

**Chorus.**

All de world am sad and dreary, Eb - ry where I roam, Oh! dar - keys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

## OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS!

Arranged by F. LOUIS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by JAS. A. BLAND.

*Moderato.*

*f*

1. Oh, my gold - en slip - pers am laid a - way, Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my wed - din' day, And my  
 2. Oh, my ole ban - jo hangs on de wall, Kase it ain't been tuned since way last fall, But de  
 3. So, it's good - bye, chil - dren, I will have to go Whar de rain don't fall or de wind don't blow, And yer

*p*

long - tail'd coat, dat I loved so well, I will wear up in de cher - iot in de morn; And my  
 darks all say we will hab a good time, When we ride up in de char - iot in de morn; Dar's ole  
 ul - ster coats, why, yer will not need, When yer ride up in de char - iot in de morn; But yer

*8va.....*

long, white robe dat I baupt last June, I'm gwine to git changed Kase it fits too soon, And de  
 Brud - der Ben and Sis - ter Luce, Dey will tel - e - graph de news, to Un - cle Bac - co Juice, What a  
 gold - en slip - pers must be nice and clean, And yer age must be Just sweet six - teen, And yer

ole grey hoss dat I used to drive I will hitch him to de char - iot in de morn.  
 great camp - meet - in' ter will be dat day, When we ride up in de char - iot in de morn.  
 white kid gloves yer will have to wear, When yer ride up in de char - iot in de morn.

*8va.....*

*fz*

OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS!. CONCLUDED.

Chorus.  
SOPRANO. First time *pp*, repeat *ff*.

ALTO.  
Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Gold-en slip-pers Ise gwine to wear, be-kase dey l'ok so

TENOR.  
BASS.

1st time *pp*, repeat *ff*.

neat; Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Gold-en slip-pers Ise gwine to wear, To

walk de gold-en street. street.

*f* *fz*

## EMMET'S CUCKOO SONG.

J. K. EMMET.

*Moderato.*

Cuckoo, Oh, hear the cuck - oo call! Oh, hear him

call - ing now! Cuck - oo! cuck - oo! I hear you call, I hear you

call, Hear the cuck - oo call, Oh, hear how he's call - ing now.

1. Oh, sad - ly the cuck - oo is call - ing now, I hear him far up in the  
2. The blue - birds do sing with a mer - ry trill, Their glad notes sound clear through the

ru - ins so gray; And soft - ly the moonbeams are fall - ing now, O'er slum - ber - ing blos - soms of May.....  
green woodland bow'rs; But the cuck - oo's call is so sad and still, It comes in the twi - light's lone hours.....

*pp* *f* *FINE.* *FINE.*



EMMET'S CUCKOO SONG. CONCLUDED.

Soft lil - ies and the rose..... Wave in the val - leys green,.....

..... Sad spir - its yearn for their lost love, While beau - ti - ful sham - rock grows..... Oh,

*D.S. for Chorus.*

May.....

( This yodler is sung by Mr. Emmet, but ordinarily it is better to play it.)

( La la oo - la - ee oh, etc.)

After 2d Verse.

*Tempo Vivo* *Morendo.*

## AND HE'S GOT THE MONEY TOO.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

C. T. LOCKWOOD.

PRELUDE.

*Sua...**Lively.*
*Moderato.*

1. I am just as fond of beau-ty as an - y one can be! The
2. I shall have a nice pi-an-o, and won't I play and sing! I'll
3. He takes me out a rid-ing when - ev - er he comes down, He

*Sua.....*

pret - ty eye, the ro - sy cheek, I love so much to see; There is none of us that have them, ex - cept my - self and you, But I have a thou - sand dol - lar watch, a chain and dia - mond ring, I shall have the ni - cest dwelling up - on the Av - en - ue, And the owns the ni - cest car - riage, and the fast - est horse in town; And he tells me that he loves me, — I lis - ten would - n't you? O, he

Chorus.

know a lit - tle fel - low, and he's got the mon - ey too. } O don't I love my hon - ey! } And won't I use the money!  
 gay - est lit - tle fel - low, and he has the mon - ey too. }  
 is the sweetest fel - low, and he's got the mon - ey too. }

I am hap - py as a flow - er that sips the fall - ing dew, For I know a lit - tle fel - low, and he's got the mon - ey too.

# COULD YOU BLAME ME?

139

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Musio by WM. K. BASSFORD. Op. 91. No. 3.

*Allegretto.*  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$  *rall.* *a tempo.*

1. By the gate he lin-ger'd, In the sun-set's gleam, And my heart seem'd tangled  
2. Stars were soft-ly twinkling, And my hand he took; Birds I knew were peeping

*rall. colla voce.* *piu. f.*

*Andante moderato.*

In a lov-ing dream! In a lov-ing dream! One by one the shad-ows Hill and val-ley  
From each leaf-y nook, From each leaf-y nook; Crick-ets sweet-ly chir-ruped, Leaves and flow'rs a-

*Tempo 1mo.* *rall.* *Cadenza ad lib.*

hid;..... If I lis-ten'd could you Blame me if I did? Ah!.....  
mid;..... If our lips met, could you Blame me if they did? Ah!.....

*Tempo 1mo.* *rall. colla voce.*

..... Could you, Would you, Should you blame me if I did? Should you blame me  
..... Could you, Would you, Should you blame me if they did? Should you blame me

*slentando.* *mf* *rall.* *a tempo.*

if I did? Blame me if I did? did?  
if they did? Blame me if they

*slentando.*

# "ALWAYS TAKE MOTHER'S ADVICE!"

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

JENNIE LINDSAY.

*Moderato.*

*mf* *f* *dim. e rall.*

1. Al - ways take mother's ad - vice..... She knows what is best for your good;..... 7 Let her kind words then suf -  
 2. Hon - or your moth - er, so dear,..... You'll ne'er know her worth till she's gone;..... Re - spect her gray hair while she's

*rall.* *a tempo.*

fic,..... And nev - er speak hast - y or rude;..... Re - mem - ber that she is the near - est,..... To  
 here,..... You'll be sad when she leaves you a lone;..... On earth you will ne'er have an - oth - er,..... In

*colla voce.* *a tempo.*

you in this world she is dear - est,..... At your down - fall her grief is se - ver - est!..... So  
 this wea - ry world there's no oth - er,..... And God on - ly gives you one moth - er!..... So

*cres.*

*rall.* **Chorus.**

don't cause her sor - row or pain..... Al - ways take mother's ad - vice,..... She knows what is best for your  
 cher - ish and love her most dear..... Al - ways take mother's ad - vice,..... She knows what is best for your

*colla voce.* *mf*

good;..... Let her kind words then suf - fice, And al - ways take mother's ad - vice!

*rall.*

*colla voce.*

## ROW, BOATMAN, ROW.

Words and Music by

QUARTETTE FOR MIXED VOICES.

ADAM GEIBEL.

*Allegro Moderato.*

SOPRANO. *f*

ALTO.

Row, boatman, row, Row, boatman, row, Row, boatman, row us o'er the wa - ters blue. Row, boatman, row,

TENOR.

*Vigoroso.*

BASS.

Row, boatman, row, Row, boatman, row, Row, boatman, row us o'er the wa - ters blue. Row, boatman, row,

*Vigoroso.*

*f*

SOPRANO.

*mf cantabile.*

Row, boatman, row, Row us o'er the wa - ters blue. The night..... is bright and fair; The breeze is

ALTO.

Row, boatman, row, Row us o'er the wa - ters blue. Row, row, row, Row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row,

TENOR.

BASS.

Row, boatman, row, Row us o'er the wa - ters blue. Row, row, row, Row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row,

*p*

ROW, BOATMAN, ROW. CONTINUED.

fresh, the stars are gleaming, Sweet mu - sic fills the air, With joy and love our hearts are  
 row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row,  
 row, row, row, row, row, row, the stars are gleaming, row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row,  
*dim.*  
*f dim. p cres.*

SOPRANO.  
 teem-ing.

ALTO.  
 row, row, row,

TENOR.  
 Then boatman, row us o'er the stream With steady hand and splashing oar,

BASS.  
 row, row, row, Then boatman, row us o'er the stream With steady hand and splashing oar,  
 Then boatman, row..... us o'er the stream..... With steady hand..... and splashing oar,..... We'll glide be-

*f*

We'll glide beneath the moon's soft beam, Till home a - gain, we'll be once more. more.

We'll glide beneath the moon's soft beam, Till home a - gain, we'll be once more. more.

neath..... the moon's soft beam,.....

1 2

ROW, BOATMAN, ROW. CONCLUDED.

*Vivace.*

Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la,..... ah! ah, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la,

ah!..... Tra la, la, la,..... la, la, ah!.....

*Vivace.*

*p*

la,..... Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Boat - man,

..... Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Boat - man,

*f* *f*

*p rit. dim. pp*

row us o'er the stream, Row us o'er the plac - id stream, The sil - v'ry stream.....

row us o'er the stream, Row us o'er the plac - id stream, The sil - v'ry stream.....

*p rit. dim. pp*

## TRUST HER NOT.

WORDS BY LONGFELLOW.

W. F. DS. OP. 107.

*Allegro.* *mf*

Take care, take care, Be -

*p* *mf* *mp*

I know a maid - en fair to see, Take care, take care, take care, She can both false and friendly be, Be -

*mf* *mp*

Take care, take care,

*Allegro.* *mf* *mp*

ware, be - ware, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, she is fool - ing, She is

*mf* *mp*

ware, be - ware, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, she is fool - ing, She is

ware, be - ware,

*mf* *mp* *mf* *mp*

fool - ing, she is fool - ing thee. She has two eyes so soft and brown, Take care, take care, She gives a side glance

*mf* *mp*

fool - ing, she is fool - ing thee. Take care, take care, take care,

*mf* *mp*

Take care, take care,

*mp* *mf* *mp*



TRUST HER NOT. CONTINUED.

107.

Be -

Be -

is

is

glance

*mf*

and looks down, Be - ware, be - ware, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, she is

*mf*

Be - ware, be - ware, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, she is  
Be - ware, be - ware,

*Moderato.*

fool - ing, she is fool - ing, She is fool - ing thee. And she has hair of a

fool - ing, she is fool - ing, She is fool - ing thee. Has hair of

And she has hair of a gold - en

*Moderato.*

*p*

gold - en hue, And she has hair, she has hair of a gold - en hue, And what she says . . . it is not  
of gold - en hue, has hair of

gold - en hue, She has hair of golden hue, And what she says . . . it is not  
hue, take care, And she has hair of a gold - en hue, it is not true,

*p*

## TRUST HER NOT. CONTINUED.

*rall.* *pp* *mf a tempo.*

true, . . . And what she says, . . . it is not true, . . . it is not true, it is not true. And she has

*rall.* *pp*

true, . . . And what she says, . . . it is not true, . . . it is not true, it is not true.  
And what she says, it is not true, And what she says,

*rall.* *pp* *mf a tempo.*

hair of a gold - en hue, . . . And what she says, it is not true, And what she  
Take care, take care, Take care, beware, beware,

Take care, take care, take care, And what she says, is not true, And what she.  
And she has hair of a gold - en hue, Take care, beware,

*rall.* *p*

says . . . it is not true . . . And what she says . . . it is not true, Be - ware, be - ware.

*rall.* *p*

says, . . . And what she says, it is not true, . . . it is not true, Be - ware, be - ware.  
it is not true, Take care, beware, And what she says, is not true,

*rall.* *p*

TRUST HER NOT. CONCLUDED.

*Tempo Imo.*

She has two eyes so soft and brown, Take care, take care, She gives a side glance and looks down, Be -

She has two eyes so soft and brown, Take care, take care, take care, She gives a side glance and looks down, Be - take care,

*Tempo.*

*mf*

ware, be - ware, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, Trust her not, she is fooling, she is fool - ing, She is

*mf*

ware, be - ware, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, Trust her not, she is fooling, she is fool - ing, She is ware, be - ware,

fool - ing, She is fool - ing, fooling thee, She is fool - ing thee, Be - ware, be - ware, Trust her not, trust her not.

fool - ing, She is fooling, fooling thee, Be - ware, be - ware, Trust her not, trust her not.

# TWILIGHT ON THE SEA.

WORDS BY GEO. M. VICKERS.

QUARTET.

MUSIC BY W. F. SUDDS.

*Moderato.*

Introduction for piano, marked *Moderato*. The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature, and a bass clef staff. The music features a series of chords and melodic lines, with dynamic markings of *p* and *Ped.* (pedal) and asterisks indicating specific performance points.

*Moderato.*

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is in a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a bass clef. The lyrics are: "Now twi-light falls up - on the sea, The wild birds home - ward wing their way, The dew-drops gath - er on the". The tempo is marked *Moderato*. Dynamic markings include *p*.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line is in a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a bass clef. The lyrics are: "lea, And sha - dows gloom the fad - ing day. A - hoy, A - hoy! comes faint the cry, As near - er". The tempo markings are *rall.* and *faster. f*. Dynamic markings include *p* and *mf*.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The vocal line is in a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a bass clef. The lyrics are: "speeds the fish - ers' mer - ry crew. A - hoy, A - hoy! the fond re - ply from wait - ing, watch - ing hearts so true." The tempo is marked *p*.

TWILIGHT ON THE SEA. CONTINUED.

*mf fast.* *cres* *cen* *do.*

And the break - ers crash, And the break - ers roar, And the dark - ness veils the land - scape o'er And the

*mf fast.* *cres* *cen* *do.*

*ff* *p slowly.*

break - ers crash, And the break - ers roar, And the dark - ness veils the land - scape o'er.

*ff* *p slowly.*

*p*

Oh, hap - py

*Moderato.*

*mp* *p*

*Ped.*

twi - light calm and sweet, That bids the wea - ry world take rest. The hour when part - ed lov'd ones meet, And peaceful

## TWILIGHT ON THE SEA. CONCLUDED.

*rall.* *faster.* *f* *crec.*

home is doubt-ly blest. But hark! A-hoy! hark! How shrill the cry hark! Now o'er the treach'rous, foaming bil-lows hark! hark!

*rall.* *faster.* *ff* *crec.*

*slowly. p*

borne! Good-night to joy, to peace good-bye, O wretch-ed, wait-ing, watch-ing hearts for-lorn.  
borne! Goodnight to joy,

*slowly.* *pp*

*mf fast.* *crec.* *cen* *do.*

And the break-ers crash, And the break-ers roar, And the dark-ness veils the land-scape o'er, And the

*mf fast.* *crec.* *cen* *do.*

break-ers crash, And the break-ers roar, But the fa-ted crew re-turms no more.

*p* *slowly.*

*p* *slowly.*

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The first system features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with dynamic markings like *rall.*, *faster.*, *f*, and *crec.*. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment, including markings like *slowly. p*, *pp*, and *ff*. The third system concludes the piece with lyrics and piano accompaniment, featuring markings like *mf fast.*, *crec.*, *cen*, *do.*, and *p* *slowly.*

# DEARER THAN PEARLS OR GOLD.

151

Words by FELIX.

Music by JOHN HOSKINS.

*Moderato.*

*p* *cres.* *marc.*

1. The gold that comes down from the  
 2. I heed not the gold of the

*dim.* *p*

*cres.*

moun - tain, The pearls that come up from the shore, And the roar of am - bi - tion's wild foun - tain All they  
 moun - tain, I heed not the gems of the sea, Nor the roar of am - bi - tion's wild foun - tain If they

*cres.*

*dim.* *rall.* *mf a tempo.*

lure me to love thee no more;..... But the al - tar of love is still glow - ing Like the  
 lure me from love and from thee;..... For the day when my spir - it, grief la - den, Goes

*dim.* *rall.* *mf legato.* *a tempo.*

*cres.*

far shin - ing gems of the sea, And the joy of my spir - it is flow - ing In a  
 out from thy pres - ence of light, Fare - well to my fan - cy's bright, Ai - denne And

*cres.*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a piano introduction with a 'Moderato' tempo. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as 'p', 'cres.', 'marc.', 'dim.', and 'mf legato'. The vocal line includes two verses of lyrics. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece concludes with a 'cres.' marking in the piano part.

DEARER THAN PEARLS OR GOLD. CONCLUDED.

*f*

cur - rent of glad - ness to thee..... And the joy of my spir - it is flow - ing In a  
wel - come the dark - ness of night..... Fare - well to my fan - cy's bright Ai - denne And

*rit.*

cur - rent of glad - ness to thee.  
wel - come the dark - ness of night.

*rit. f cres. dim.*

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal line ending with rests and the piano accompaniment concluding with various dynamics like *rit.*, *f*, *cres.*, and *dim.*

WHISPERING HOPE.

Words and Music by

VOCAL DUET.

ALICE HAWTHORNE.

*Moderato.*

*p* *cres.* *p*

*dolce.*

1. Soft as the voice of an an - - gel, Breath - ing a les - son un - heard,.....  
2. If in the dusk of the twi - - light, Dim - be the re - gion a - far,.....

Hope with a gen - tle per - sua - - sion, Whis - pers her com - fort - ing word;.....  
Will not the deep - en - ing dark - - ness, Bright - en the glim - mer - ing star?.....

*cres.*

The musical score is for a vocal duet and includes piano accompaniment. It starts with a *Moderato* tempo and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first system shows the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal lines with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The score includes dynamics like *p*, *cres.*, and *dolce.*



WHISPERING HOPE. CONCLUDED.

Wait, till the dark-ness is o - ver, Wait till the tem - pest is done,.....  
Then when the night is up - on us, Why should the heart sink a - way,.....

*rit.*

*tempo.*

Hope for the sun - shine to - mor - row, Af - ter the show - er is gone.....  
When the dark mid - night is o - ver, Watch for the break - ing of day,.....

*tempo.*

**Chorus.**

Whis - per - ing Hope,..... Oh, how wel - come thy voice,.....

Whis - per - ing Hope, Whis - per - ing Hope, Wel - come thy voice, Oh, how wel - come thy voice.

Mak - ing my heart..... in its sor - row re - joice.....

Mak - ing my heart, Mak - ing my heart in its sor - row re - joice.....

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## AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

BUGLE CALL, *ad lib.* *dim.* *pp* *f*

*Maestoso.*

1. Come gath - er round the fire to - night As in the times of yore, Come share the sol - dier's  
2. A - round the camp - fire let us meet To pledge our friendship true, And with a heart - y  
3. But while our hearts are free and gay, We still have one re - gret, Ah, those who brave - ly

true de - light And talk your marches o'er; Come tum - ble in - to line once more, The  
wel - come greet Who - e'er has worn the blue. Come sing the songs of long a - go, That  
pass'd a - way We nev - er shall for - get; The dear old flag still proud - ly waves, We

foe - man to re - pel, And fight our fights on sea and shore With sa - bre, shot and shell.  
cheer'd each hard campaign, And make the jol - ly cho - rus flow From 'Frisco down to Maine.  
did not fight in vain, And should we fill ten - thou - sand graves We'd do the same a - gain.

*ben marcato.*

Chorus. *Voices in unison.*  
*Piu vivo.*

Oh, wheth - er you fought up - on the sea, Or wheth - er up - on the shore,..... Come join in your com - rades'

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE. CONCLUDED.

ju - bi - lee, And fight all your bat - tles o'er..... And fight, And fight, And

fight all our bat - tles o'er..... And fight, And fight, And fight all your bat - tles

*rall.*

*rall. e colla parte.*

*a tempo.*

*a tempo.*

*Sua.....*

*Sua.....*

*BUGLE.* *ECHO.*

*f* *pp ritard.*

FINGER-PRINTS UPON THE PANE.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

*Andante con espress.*

*Tenderly.*

1. I had o - pen'd wide the  
2. Still the emp - ty crib was  
3. Oh, my heart seem'd al - most

*mf* *rit.*

## FINGER-PRINTS UPON THE PANE. CONCLUDED.

shet - ters Of the long desert - ed room, . . . . And a flood of gold - en sun - shine Chased a -  
 stand - ing In its old ac - cus - tom'd place, . . . . But from 'neath the lit - tle blan - kets Peep'd no  
 break - ing, As I gath - er'd from the floor . . . . Here a shoe and there a stock - ing That my

way the drea - ry gloom; . . . 'Twas while gaz - ing round with ten - der - ness, Where ba - by last had  
 pre - cious in - fant face; . . . How I long'd to clasp its an - gel form, One more sweet kiss ob -  
 lit - tle dar - ling wore! . . . And I could not, tho' I loved the room, One mo - ment more re -

lain, . . . . That I chanced to see its fin - ger - prints Up - on the win - dow pane. . . .  
 tain . . . . From the ro - sy lips that oft had press'd A - gainst the win - dow panel . . . .  
 main . . . . Where those snow - y hands had left their prints Up - on the win - dow pane. . . .

## CHORUS.

How the si - lent tear - drops started, Foolish tears I knew were vain, As I kiss'd a - way the ti - ny Finger - prints from off the pane!

How the si - lent tear - drops started, Foolish tears I knew were vain, As I kiss'd a - way the ti - ny Finger - prints from off the pane!

# HUSH-A-BYE, BABY.

157

WARBLING LULLABY.

As Sung by HARRY CLARK.

*Moderato.*

*f*

1. Now show me the la - dy that nev - er would roam, But would stay with her fam - ly at night,..... And nev - er go roam - ing  
2. We've a neat lit - tle cot - tage all shad - ed by trees, As hap - py as hap - py can be,..... Where we laugh and we walk o - ver

af - ter the boys, But would sit by her fire - side at night,.... My wife she is one of those dif - fer - ent kind, And caus - es me oft - en to  
ba - by we talk, For none are so mer - ry as we,..... He's just six months old, and he tries hard to scold, By clapping his fat, chubby

weep, By the way she does roam, and leaves me alone, To rock the dear ba - by to sleep. } Singing la - e, lo - e, hush - a - bye ba - by,  
hands, And the ba - by does cry, when an - y one's nigh, He's the sweetest dear babe in the land.

Dancing the ba - by ev - er so high, With my la - e, lo - e, hush - a - bye ba - by, Mamma will come to you by and by

*D.C.*

# DON'T FLY YOUR KITE TOO HIGH.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.

Piano introduction consisting of two staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

First system of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm.

1. I've a max-im that I learn'd at school so many years a - go, It's a good one and you should not pass it  
 2. How well I learn'd the lesson that to me was of - ten taught, But not with-out ex - pe - ri - ence as  
 3. Once more I gain'd a foot-hold in the bus'ness life of men, And I watch'd the changes ev-'ry day might

Second system of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

by;  
 well;  
 bring;  
 It will no doubt ben-e - fit you and 'tis well that you should know, It is John, my boy don't fly your kite too high.  
 I did spec-u - late and mon-ey lose till pov-er - ly o'er freight, And on my ear that maxim clear-ly fell.  
 Till once a - gain suc-cess was mine, as once the case had been, And then it was I sat me down to sing.

## SOPRANO. Chorus.

Don't fly your kite too high, my boy, For some - time it must fall.....

ALTO.

Don't fly your kite too high, my boy, For some time it must fall, it must

TENOR.

BASS.

Piano accompaniment for the chorus, consisting of two staves of music. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth notes, and the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

DON'T FLY YOUR KITE TOO HIGH. CONCLUDED.

..... A pass - ing cloud may wreck it, child, You'll lose the string and all.....

fall; A pass - ing cloud may wreck it, child, You'll lose the string and all, string and all.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with lyrics written below the notes. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in a 3/4 time signature and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

WHO WILL BUY MY ROSES RED?

Words by HARRY B. SMITH.

WALTZ SONG.

Music by GEO. SCHLEIFFARTH.

The musical score is a waltz in 3/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction marked *mf*. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with dynamics *f* and *pp*, and a *ritard.* marking. The second system features the vocal line with the lyrics "Who will buy my ro - ses red?....." and a *Recitativo.* marking. The piano accompaniment for this system includes dynamics *sf*, *p*, and *pp*. The third system continues the piano accompaniment with a *mf* dynamic. The score concludes with a final piano accompaniment system.

## WHO WILL BUY MY ROSES RED? CONTINUED.

Gathered fresh from moss - y bed Glit'tring with the morn - ing's dew?

*cres.* *cen.* *do.* *ritard.*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are 'Gathered fresh from moss - y bed Glit'tring with the morn - ing's dew?'. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *cres.*, *cen.*, *do.*, and *ritard.*

*Waltz tempo.*

Who will buy my ro - ses red? Who will buy my vio - lets blue, Gathered fresh from

*mf*

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The tempo is marked *Waltz tempo.* The lyrics are 'Who will buy my ro - ses red? Who will buy my vio - lets blue, Gathered fresh from'. The piano part includes the dynamic marking *mf*.

moss - y bed Glit't - ring with the morn - ing dew? Are your jew - els rich and rare, Half so

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The lyrics are 'moss - y bed Glit't - ring with the morn - ing dew? Are your jew - els rich and rare, Half so'.

sweet and half so fair? Can the gor - geous tur - quise blue, Match my mod - est vio - let's hue?.....

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The lyrics are 'sweet and half so fair? Can the gor - geous tur - quise blue, Match my mod - est vio - let's hue?.....'.

..... No, no, no, for sweet - er far The wood - land flow'rs than jew - els are.....

*cres.* *cen.* *do.* *ritard.*

This system contains the ninth and tenth staves of music. The lyrics are '..... No, no, no, for sweet - er far The wood - land flow'rs than jew - els are.....'. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *cres.*, *cen.*, *do.*, and *ritard.*



WHO WILL BUY MY ROSES RED? CONTINUED.

*Spirited.*

Thus a lit - le maid - en sang: Tra la la la la la la la! Mer - ri - ly her war - bling rang, Tra la la la la la la la,

*p* *mf* *mf*

Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la, tra

*cres.* *cen.* *do.* *f* *dim.*

*ritard.* *mf*

la, tra la, tra la, ..... Who will buy my ro - ses red? Who will buy my vio - lets

*♩ a tempo.*

blue, Gathered fresh from moss - y bed Glitt' - ring with the morn - ing's dew? Who will buy my

ro - ses red? Who will buy my vio - lets blue, Gathered fresh from moss - y bed Glitt' - ring

*cres.* *cen.* *do.* *f*

with the morn - ing's dew?.....

*mf* *dim. e ritard.*

1

2

FINE. *ritard.*

Fair your flow'rs, sweet child, I said, Fresh and fair and fra - grant too; But your cheeks are

*p*

ro - si - er red, And your eyes a bright - er blue. Then her pret - ty curls she shook; Heed - ing

*mf*

WHO WILL BUY MY ROSES RED? CONCLUDED.

not my words or look, Laughing turned and went her way, Still sing - ing her mer - ry lay.....

*ritard.*

No, no, no, for sweet - er far The wood - land flow'rs than jew - els are.....

*cres. cen. do. ritard.*

*Spirited.*  
Thus I heard her sing - ing still, Tra la la la la la la la! Ech - o - ing o'er vale and hill.

*p mf*

Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra, la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la

*cres. cen. do. f*

la la, Tra la la la la, tra la, tra la, tra la, .....Who will

*dim. ritard. D. S.*

## I'LL WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY!

Words by J. T. WOOD.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by H. J. FULMER.

*Moderato con espressione.*

1. Wil-lic, tho' sad our part - ing, I'll still be true to thee; Fond - ly my heart will  
 2. Wil-lic, the days are wea - ry, But long I'll not re - pine; Dark - ly the skies are  
 3. Wil-lic, tho' far you're sail - ing, I know a - gain we'll meet; Bright - ly the fu - ture's

fol - low O - ver the star - my seal..... Tho' I shall miss thee, my dar - ling, Tho' I shall sor - row and  
 frown - ing, 'Neath them the star - rays shine!..... Deep in my heart I will treas - ure Each tho't of thee, tho' I  
 dawn - ing, Tran - quil, and fair, and sweet!..... Love in the heart lives for ev - er! Tho' we may sor - row and

*Sua*.....

sigh,..... Yet thy dear words I'll heed, love, I'll wait till the clouds roll by!.....  
 sigh,..... Soon will the sun be shin - ing, I'll wait till the clouds roll by!.....  
 sigh,..... True to my love, my dear - est, I'll wait till the clouds roll by!.....

I'LL WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY! CONCLUDED. 165

**SOPRANO. Chorus.**

**ALTO.**  
I'll wait till the clouds roll by, Wil-lie, I'll wait till the clouds roll by;.....

**TENOR.**

**BASS.**  
I'll wait till the clouds roll by, Wil-lie, I'll wait till the clouds roll by;.....

Soon will the dawn be break - ing, I'll wait till the clouds roll by!

Soon will the dawn be break - ing, roll by!.....

*rall.*

*colla voce.*

**LET MY NAME BE KINDLY SPOKEN.**

Words by S. N. MITCHELL.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

1. Let my name be kindly  
2. In the past we lov'd each  
3. If the fates should bid me

*Andante grazioso.*

spo - ken, When you're far away from me, And, altho' the vows are bro - ken,  
oth - er, Lov's each other fond and true, And I'll never find an-oth - er,  
meet you, A: some far-off, distant day, I would fondly kiss and greet you,

## LET MY NAME BE KINDLY SPOKEN. CONCLUDED.

will fond-ly speak of thee. All the scenes of days depart - ed, I'll en-deavor to for -  
 That can take the place of you. Tho' I wander on for-ev - er, Seek - ing lands beyond the  
 In the old fa-mil-iar way. Tho' the binding link is bro - ken, It is sweet to part as

get ; . . . . And, if you are bro - ken-heart - ed, Think not of the day we met. . . .  
 sea ; . . . . Well I know that I shall ne - ver, Ne - ver see the like of thee. . . .  
 friends ; . . . . And the farewell word that's spok - en, To the heart a sweetness lends. . . .

*rall.*

**Chorus.**  
 SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Let my name be kindly spo - ken,

TENOR AND BASS.

*Symphony after chorus.*

When you're far away from me ; . . . . And, altho' the vows are bro - ken, I will fond-ly speak of thee.

When you're far away from me, away from me ; And, altho' the vows are bro - ken, I will fond-ly speak of thee.

# WHEN JAMIE COMES OVER THE SEA!

167

Words by JOHN KEYNTON.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by CHARLES E. PRATT.

1. When Ja - mie comes o - ver the sea,..... To  
 2. When Ja - mie comes o - ver the sea,..... He'll  
 3. When Ja - mie comes o - ver the sea,..... My

fauld me a - gain to his heart;..... How fond wi' that gentle heart be,..... To know that we nev - er s'all part! For tho' he is roamin' a -  
 gie me the flow'r that I gave,..... The gloamin' he parted from me,..... To wander a - cross the sad wave. I greet for him earlie and  
 heart will no longer be sore;..... He's still all the world un - to me,..... The lad that I love and a - dore: I'll welcome him home with a

far,..... I know that he ne'er will for - get,..... The las - sic he left lang a - go,..... With sunny bright tears of re - gret!.....  
 late,..... The lad that I ken is so true,..... Oh, wea - rie the moments have gane,.... Since last time I bade him a - dien!.....  
 kiss,..... And nev - er a - gain s'all we part;..... My dear sail - or lad shall ne'er miss..... The las - sic he keeps in his heart!.....

*colla voce.*

SOPRANO. Chorus.

*rall.*

ALTO.

So life may be wearie and sad,.... It makes little matter to me;.... For oh, my puir heart will be glad,..... When Jamie comes over the sea!

TENOR.

*rall.*

BASS.

So life may be wearie and sad, and sad, It makes little matter to me; For oh! my puir heart will be glad, will be glad, When Jamie comes over the sea!

*rall.*  
*colla voce.*

# BY THE SEA ALONE I WANDER.

Words and Music by S. P. WARDWELL.

*Allegretto.*

*sempre legato.*  
*p*

*rit.* *pp*

1. By the sea a lone I wan - der, Si - lent 'mid the  
2. Still up - on the shore I lin - ger, And my soul is

noise and roar,..... Of the waves un - ceas - ing rush - ing, Fierce and wild up - on the shore.  
filled with awe,..... With ina - jes - tic pomp and grand - eur, O'er the rocks the break - er's roar.

*accelerando.* *f* *Rit.*

*accelerando.* *rit. p*

While from out the dire con - fu - sion, Jar - gon of the rest - less sea, Voi - ces seem for  
Spir - it voi - ces seem to min - gle, With the an - thems of the sea, And a - gain I

*Lento.* *pp* *mf a tempo.*

ev - er call - ing, Call - ing mourn - ful - ly to me, Call - ing mourn - ful - ly to me. Time is fleet - ing,  
hear them call - ing, Call - ing mourn - ful - ly to me, Call - ing mourn - ful - ly to me. Life is but a



BY THE SEA ALONE I WANDER. CONCLUDED.

*cres.*

youth is fad - ing, Life it - self swift ebbs a - way, Wait not for th' un - cer - tain mor - row, Love and la - bor  
dream that fad - eth, With the vis - ions of the night, Joys of earth are ev - a - nes - cent, As the dews at

*rit.* *mf* *a tempo.*

while you may. Like the o - cean rest - less - ly heav - ing, With un - rest your life is fill - ed, But a - bove yet  
morn - ing light. Ev - er ebb - ing, ceaseless - ly flow - ing, Life is like the o - cean tides, But o'er all the

*rit.* *rit.*

*f* *p* *pp* *rit. e morendo.*

lives the Mas - ter, By Whose word the waves are stilled, By Whose word the waves are stilled, By Whose word the waves are still'd.  
Mas - ter rul - eth, On the waves and winds He rides, On the waves and winds He rides, On the waves and winds He rides.

BRING BACK MY LOVE O'ER THE SEA.

Words and Music by

WALTZ SONG.

H. J. FULMER.

*Legato.*

*mf*

1 2

Tra - la la, tra la la, tra la la, ..... Ah!.....

*f* *f* *Ped.*

## BRING BACK MY LOVE O'ER THE SEA. CONTINUED.

Bird that is winging a - far,..... O'er the wave so bright and glow - ing..... Oh! land where my love is  
Speed'neath yon silver - y star,..... To the

*p*

go - ing! Breeze of the beau - ti - ful spring,..... Waft the sails so swift - ly flow - ing!..... Oh! bear one sweet

*f*

mes - sage from me,..... And bring back my love o'er the sea!..... Lone - ly now my heart a - waits The

*rit.* *to Trio.* *p*

smiles of one so dear, so sweet! At sun - set's gleam I fond - ly dream, That soon, that soon in

*rall.* *colla voce.*

bliss we'll meet! Ah!..... Ah!.....

*f a tempo.*

## BRING BACK MY LOVE O'ER THE SEA. CONTINUED.

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*rit.* *dim.* *f* *rall.* *ad lib.*

Oh! bring back my love o'er the sea!..... Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, Ah!.....

*colla voce.* *dim.* *D. S.*

*Trto.* *8va.*

*f* *rall. e dim.*

*p*

Haste! Haste my dar-ling to me! Come! Come a - far o'er the sea!

*p a tempo.*

*rit.* *f a tempo.*

Joy! Joy to clasp thee once more, While weary I wait up - on the shore!..... Fly! Fly o'er bil - low so

*f* *f*

blue! Long! Long since we bade a - dieu! Haste! Haste my own to my heart, Ah! nev - er a - gain on

## BRING BACK MY LOVE O'ER THE SEA. CONCLUDED.

earth to part! Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la,..... Ah!.....

Ah!..... Bird that is winging a - far,..... O'er the wave so bright and glow - ing,..... Oh!
   
 Speed 'neath yon sil-ver - y star..... To the

land where my love is go - ing! Breeze of the beau - ti - ful spring,..... Waft the sails so swift - ly

flow - ing!..... Oh! bear one sweet message from me,..... And bring back my love o'er the sea! Bring back my

love o'er the sea! Bring back my love o'er the sea!.....

*rit. ad lib.*  
*f*  
*p rall.* *pp*  
*rall.*  
*rit.* *ad lib.*  
*colla voce.* *f*  
*frit.* *f* *colla voce.* *f*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano line. The piano line includes various musical notations such as dynamics (f, p, pp, ff), articulation (accents, slurs), and performance instructions (rit., ad lib., colla voce.). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words in italics. The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

# "LITTLE DARLING, DREAM OF ME."

173

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

*Moderato con espressione.*

1. Lit - tle dar-ling, dream of me..... While the stars are soft-ly gleam - ing, When I'm far a way from thee.....  
 2. Lit - tle dar-ling, dream of me..... When in ab-sence I am lone - ly Love, will bring me back to thee.....

Keep me still with-in thy dream - ing, Though I wan-der from thy side..... Still in spir-it I am near thee,  
 For thy beau-ty I live on - ly, Slum - ber, free from ev-'ry care..... And at dawn a-wake light heart - ed,

True to thee whate'er be-tide..... Wait-ing with my love to cheer thee! Sweet-ly dream-ing smil-ing, beam-ing,  
 On thy lips this gen-tle pray'r..... "May we nev-er more be part-ed!"

*pp Solo or Duet.*

Bright-est vis-ions come to thee,..... While the stars are soft-ly gleam-ing, Lit-tle dar-ling, dream of me.....

# BYE, BYE, BABY, BYE, BYE!

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

WM. J. SCANLAN.

*mf*

1. Dear Il-ma, come kiss pa-pa, It's time he was a-way, I'll be with thee this even-ing, To laugh, sing and play, Don't pucker up your  
 2. When I come home this evening, I'll bring you something nice, Just like our good old Santa Claus, Who plods thro' snow and ice, To cheer the lit-tle  
 3. When e'er I see that cunning babe, Enrolled in childish play, I think of many moonlight nights Which since have passed away, When wife and I to -

lips now, As if a-bout to cry, But like a dear good ba-by, Kiss pa-pa, one bye, bye, }  
 ba-bies, And all their stockings fill, With candles, cakes and playthings I prom-ise you I will. } Bye, bye, la-by, bye, bye!  
 geth-er, Would wan-der thro' the dell, Where breezes kissed her lil-y brow, And tales of love we'd tell. }

Bye, bye, la-by dear, say da, da, to pa-pa, While mamma, love, is near! Bye, bye, ba-by, bye, bye, Bye, bye, Il-ma

dear, One big kiss for pa-pa, Bye, bye, ba-by dear.....

# OLD BLACK JOE.

175

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

*Poco Adagio*

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,  
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?  
3. Where are the hearts once so happy and so free? The

Gone are my friends from the cotton-fields a-way, Gone from the earth to a better land I know, I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."  
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again, Grieving for forms now departed long ago? I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."  
children so dear, that I held upon my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go. I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

**Chorus.**  
SOPRANO.

ALTO.

I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

BASS.

## TRUSTING.

Words by CHARLES O. CLAYTON.

Music by HARRISON MILLARD.

*Moderato.*

1. Ah! if my love would come once more, And smile, as  
 2. A doubt, a word sent us a part, The word was  
 3. Yes, if my love would come a gain From dis-tant

he was wont of yore, Would take my hands with-in his own, And breathe, in  
 mine-not of the heart— Oh! cru-el doubt, oh! hast-y word, What bound-less  
 lands be-yond the main, And tell me, in his hap-py way: "This, sweetheart,

*cres.*

*con espress.*

Love's de-li-cious tone,..... "Like some lone bird o'er land and sea,  
 an-guish have ye stir'd!..... And yet, sweet Hope oft sings to me—  
 is a glad-some day!"..... In ver-y joy I'd shade my sight.

*f*

"Dear heart, I've sped me back to thee!" How gold-en bright this  
 The old, old strains so fill'd with glee: How gold-en bright this  
 For tho'twere Win-ter's dark-est night— This world would be too



1 and 2

world would be! How gol - den bright this world would be.  
 world will be! How gol - den bright this world will be.  
 gol den bright! This world would too gol - den

*f* *pesante.* *D.S.*

3 *con espress.* *f* *ad lib.*

bright! too gol - den bright..... This world would be..... too gol - den bright.

*f* *colla voce.* *f* **FIN.**

THE YOUTHFUL HEART.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

Music by DUDLEY BUCK. Op. 67. No. 5.

*Allegro vivace ma non troppo.*

*f*

*mf*

1. Oh! hap - py glide the days To the youth - ful heart, For  
 ev - 'ry friend seems true To the youth - ful heart, The

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## THE YOUTHFUL HEART. CONTINUED.

sor - row sel - dom stays With the youth - ful heart; Each scene is charm - ing fair, Flow - ers  
 sky seems ev - er blue To the youth - ful heart; The ro - sy days of love, With

bloom with beau - ty rare, E'en the winds their plea - sures bear, To the heart, the youth - ful  
 bliss are in - ter - wove, And sweet e - mo - tions move, Gen - tly move the youth - ful

heart. heart. Ah! sea - sons swift - ly go When our  
 tempo. E'en the

youth is gone, And life's de - ceit - ve know When our youth..... is

gone; Oft thought - less words are said, Man - y bit - ter tears are

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of seven systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features various textures, including arpeggiated chords and sustained chords. Performance markings such as *cras.*, *f*, *ral - len - tan - do.*, *rall. colla voce.*, *poco rall.*, *sempre. p*, and *Ped.* are used throughout. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, with some words split across lines. The score concludes with a final piano accompaniment line.

THE YOUTHFUL HEART. CONTINUED.

*rallent.* *lento.*

shed, And the gold - en dreams have fled When our youth : is gone.

*colla voce.* *mf tempo.*

*mf vivacc.* **2**

Oh! sun shines not so

*tempo.* *p*

bright When our youth is gone, Long - er, dark - er seems the night, When our

*p* *mf*

youth, our youth is gone; Kind words and smiles are rare, The brow is seamed with

*cres.* *mf*

*p* *tempo poco maestoso.*

care, And a bur - den oft we bear When our youth, our youth is gone. Still the

*p* *Ped.*

heart some joy re - tains, When our youth is gone, When the

*p*

*cres.* pre - cious hope re - mains Though our youth is gone, *mf* Hap - py, *f* hap -

*mf*

*mf maestoso assai.* py shall..... the fu - ture be, When from

*f con anima.* *poco rall.* *fp* *mf*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*f* toil..... our hearts are free, *f* When once more beats..... with

*f* *f*

*Ped.* \* *con Eva.* .....

*rall.*

glee..... Ev - ry heart, a heart of youth!

*rall. colla voce.* *f*

*Ped.* \*

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a consistent rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand. Dynamics range from piano (p) to fortissimo (ff). Performance markings include 'cres.' (crescendo), 'mf' (mezzo-forte), 'f' (forte), 'mf maestoso assai.', 'f con anima.', 'poco rall.', 'fp' (fortissimo piano), 'rall.' (rallentando), and 'rall. colla voce.' (rallentando with the voice). Pedal points are indicated with 'Ped.' and an asterisk. The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

# 'THE COWS ARE IN THE CORN.'

181

Words by R. W. GILDEN.

Music by HERBERT LESLIE.

*With Spirit.*

*Lively.*

1. Oh! fa-ther's gone to mar-ket town, He was up be-fore the day; And Ja-mie's af-ter rob-ins' nests, And the man is mak-ing  
 2. From all the mist-y morn-ing air, There comes a sum-mer sound, A mur-mur, as of wa-ters, comes From skies, and trees, and  
 3. How strange at such a time of day, The mill should stop its clat-ter, The farm-er's wife is lis't'ning now, And won-ders what's the

*Slower.*

*a tempo.*

hay; And whistling down the hol-low goes The boy that minds the mill, While moth-er from the kitch-en door, Is call-ing with a  
 ground; 'The birds, they sing up-on the wing, The pig-sons bill and coo, And o-ver hills and hol-low rings A-gain the loud hal-  
 matter! Oh! wild the birds are sing-ing in The woodland on the hill, While whistling up the hol-low goes The boy that minds the

*f*

*p*

*vigorous ad lib.*

*a tempo.*

will: "Pol-ly! Pol-ly! the cows are in the corn! Pol-ly! Pol-ly! the cows are in the corn!"  
 loo! "Pol-ly! Pol-ly! the cows are in the corn! Pol-ly! Pol-ly! the cows are in the corn!"  
 mill! "Pol-ly! Pol-ly! the cows are in the corn! Pol-ly! Pol-ly! the cows are in the corn!"

INTERLUDE.

*Sua.*

# MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

*Poco lento.*



1. Round de meadows am a ring - ing, De darkey's mournful song, While de mocking bird am sing - ing, Happy as de day am  
 2. When de autumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old massa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and  
 3. Mas - sa make de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey sadly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be-

long. Where de i - vy am a creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a sleep - ing,  
 old. Now, de orange tree am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de summer days am com - ing,  
 hind. I can - not work before to - mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow, I try to drive a - way my sor - row,

## Chorus.

Sleeping in de cold, cold ground. } Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful sound: All de darkeys am a  
 Mas - sa nebber calls no more. }  
 Pick - in' on de old ban - jo. }

weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

# WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN, MAGGIE.

Words and Music by J. L. GILBERT.

1. 'Twas when the hay was
2. Your voice was low and
3. The years have come and
4. Though gently chang - ing

*Moderato.*

*p legato.*

mown, Mag-gie, In the long years a - go, And while the west - ern sky was rich With sun - set's ro - sy  
 sweet, Mag-gie, Your wa - vy hair was brown, Your cheek was like the wild red - rose That show's its pet - als  
 gone, Mag-gie, With sun - shine and with shade, And sil - ver'd is the silk - en hair That o'er your shoulders  
 time, Mag-gie, Has touch'd you in his flight, Your voice has still the old sweet tone, Your eyes the old love -

glow, Then hand in hand close link'd we pass'd, The dew - y ricks be - tween, When I was one and  
 down, Your eyes were like the blue speed - well, With dew - y moist - ure sheen, When I was one and  
 stray'd, In ma - ny a soft and way - ward tress, The fair - est ev - er seen, When I was one and  
 light, And years can nev - er, nev - er change, The heart you gave I ween, When I was one and

*dim.*

twen - ty, Mag, And you were sev - en - teen.  
 twen - ty, Mag, And you were sev - en - teen.  
 twen - ty, Mag, And you were sev - en - teen.  
 twen - ty, Mag, And you were sev - en - teen.

## PASS UNDER THE ROD.

Words and Music by DANA.

*Moderato con espressione.*

1. I saw the young bride in her  
 2. I saw the young moth-er in  
 3. I saw a fa-ther and

*f* *p* FINE. *p*

beau-ty and pride, Bedeck'd in her snow-y ar-ray; And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek, And the  
 ten-der-ness bend O'er the couch of her slumber-ing boy, And she kiss'd the soft lips as they murmur'd her name, While the  
 moth-er who lean'd On the arms of a dear gift-ed son, And the star in the fu-ture grew bright to their gaze, As they

fu-ture look'd blooming and gay; And with woman's de-vo-tion she laid her fond heart At the shrine of i-dol-a-trous  
 dre-m-er lay smil-ing in joy, Oh, sweet as the rose-bud en-cir-cled with dew, When its fra-grance is flung on the  
 saw the proud place he had won, And the fast coming even-ing of life promis'd fair, And its path-way grew smooth to their

love, And she anchor'd her hopes to this per-ish-ing earth, By the chain which her ten-der-ness wove, But I  
 air, So fresh, and so bright to that mother he seem'd, As he lay in his in-no-cence there, But I  
 feet, And the star-light of love glimmer'd bright at 'e end, And the whis-pers of fan-cy were sweet, And I



saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn, And the chain had been sever'd in..... two, She had chang'd her white robes for the  
 saw when she gaz'd on the same lovely form, 'P'ale as mar-ble and si-lent and..... cold, But pal-er and cold-er her  
 saw them a-gain bending low o'er the earth Where their heart's dearest hope had been laid, And the star had gone down in the

*p* *pp*

sa-les of grief, And her bloom for the pale-ness of woe, But the Heal-er was there pour-ing balm on her heart, And  
 beau-ti-ful boy, And the tale of her sor-row was told, But the Heal-er was there who had strick-en her heart, And  
 dark-ness of night, And the joy from their bo-som had fled, But the Heal-er was there and His arms were a-round, And He

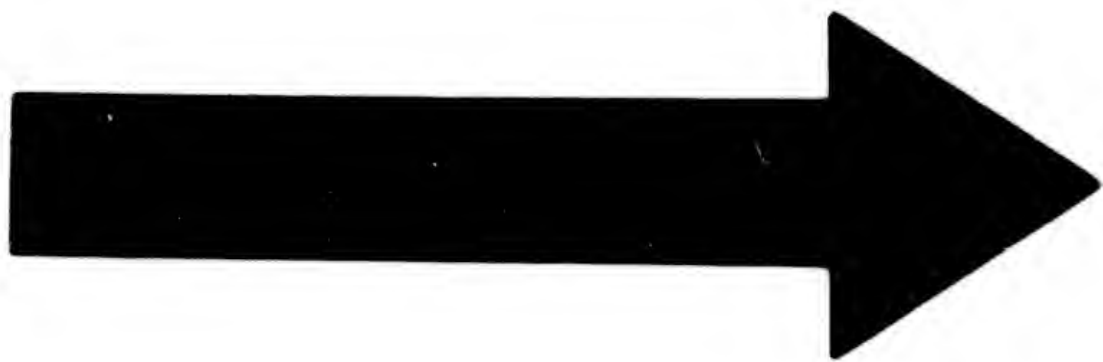
*f*

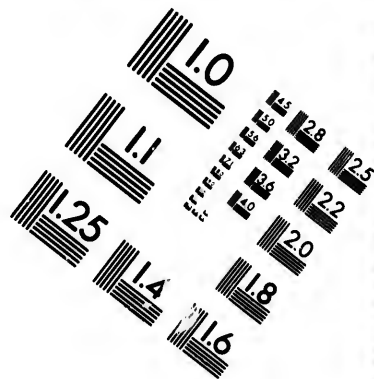
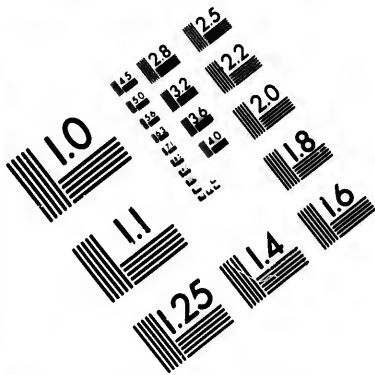
wip-ing the tears from her eyes, He strengthen'd the chain He had broken in twain, And fasten'd it firm to the  
 tak-en her treas-ure a-way, To al-lure her to Heav'n He has plac'd it on high, And the mourner will sweet-ly o-  
 led them with ten-der-est care, And He show'd them a star in the bright up-per world, 'Twas their star shining brill-iantly

*f*

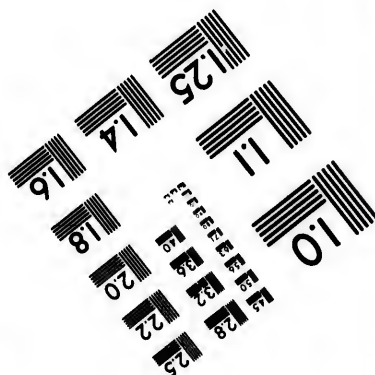
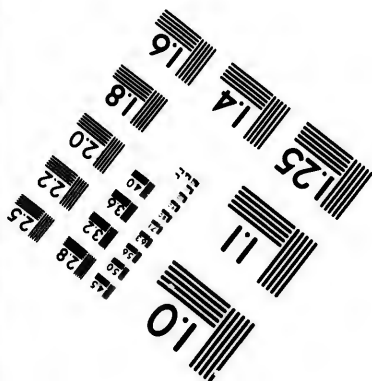
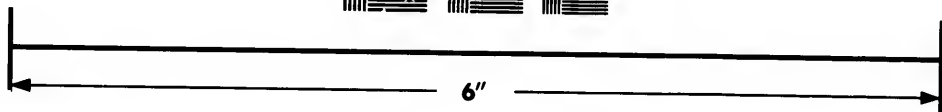
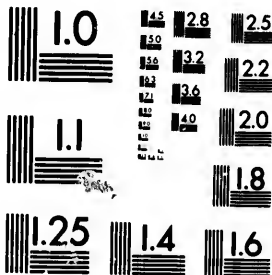
skies, There had whisper'd a voice, 'twas the voice of her God: "I love thee, I love thee, Pass un-der the rod."  
 bey, There had whisper'd a voice, 'twas the voice of her God: "I love thee, I love thee, Pass un-der the rod."  
 there, They had each heard a voice, 'twas the voice of their God: "I love thee, I love thee, Pass un-der the rod."

*p* *D.C.*





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10

# GATHERING SHELLS FROM THE SEA SHORE.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. I wan - der'd to-day on the  
 2. Oh, don't you re-mem - ber the  
 3. But now we are growing up in

sea - shore, The winds and the waves were low, And I thought of the days that are gone, Maud,  
 day, Maud, The last time we wander'd on the shore, Our hearts were so joy - ous and gay, Maud, For you  
 years, Maud, Our locks are all sil - ver'd and gray, Yet the vows that we made on the shore, Maud, Are

Ma - ny long years a - go; Ah! those were the happiest days of all, Maud, Not a care nor a sorrow did we  
 promised to be mine ev - er - more; Then the shells they were whit - er than ev - er, And the bright waves were lovelier than be -  
 fresh in our mem'ries to - day: There still is a charm in those bright shells, And the sound of the deep o - cean's

*rit.*

know,..... As we play'd on the white pebbled sand, Maud, Gath - er - ing up the shells from the shore.  
 fore,..... The hours were but mo - ments to us, Maud, Gath - er - ing up the shells from the shore.  
 roar,..... For they call back the days that we spent, Maud, Gath - er - ing up the shells from the shore.

**SOPRANO. Chorus.**

ALTO.  
Gath - er - ing up the shells from the sea shore, Gath - er - ing up the shells from the

TENOR.  
Gath - er - ing up the shells from the sea, beau - ti - ful shore, Gath - er - ing, Gath - er - ing up the shells from the

BASS.  
Gath - er - ing up the shells from the sea, beau - ti - ful shore, Gath - er - ing, Gath - er - ing up the shells from the

shore; Ah! those were the hap - pi - est days of all,.....Maud, Gath - er - ing up the shells from the shore.

shore; beautiful shore; Ah! those were the hap - pi - est days of all, Maud, Gathering up..... the shells from the shore.

## THE LITTLE GREEN LEAF IN OUR BIBLE.

Words by EDWARD HARRIGAN.

Music by DAVID BRAHAM.

*Moderato.*

*mf* *cres.* *rit.*

1. It is Sun - day evn - ing, chil - dren;..... The par - lor's warm and bright;..... Hand down our fam' - ly  
2. She was call'd a - way in spring-time;..... All na - ture seem'd to smile;..... The birds with sweet - est  
3. When 'tis with - er'd, old, and tad - ed;..... And I close my mor - tal eyes;..... Pre - serve it as a

Bi - ble..... That dear, sure guide to right;..... I'll show you now my treas - ure;..... Yes, Ma - ry, Nell, and mu - sic..... My sor - row tried to 'guile;..... I read our dear old Bi - ble;..... It's coun - sels made me to - ken..... Of love that nev - er dies;..... Through grief and trib - u - la - tion;..... Re - call the hopes it

Dave;..... This lit - tle green leaf I pluck ed in my grief From your dear moth - er's grave.....  
brave;..... This lit - tle green leaf then lighten'd the grief I felt at moth - er's grave.....  
gave;..... This lit - tle green leaf will strengthen be - lief In bliss be - yond the grave.....

*cres.* *rit.*

**SOPRANO. Chorus.**

**TENOR.**

**ALTO.**

**BASS.**

That lit - tle green leaf, Dear em - blem of grief, From the grave of your moth - er, my i - dol; Oh,

guard it with care; Her spir - it is there, With that lit - tle green leaf in our Bi - ble.

# MUST WE THEN MEET AS STRANGERS?

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Words by GEO. COOPER.

BALLAD.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*Andantino appassionato.*

*ritard.*

*mf* *cres.*

1. Must we then meet as stran - gers, Af - ter our dreams of joy?  
 2. Can we then meet as stran - gers, When we re - call the past?

Oh! must the love we plight - ed, One bit - ter word de - stroy?  
 Will not its beau - teous vis - ion Death - less in mem - 'ry last?

*p e rall.*

Life with - out thee were lone - ly; Thou art my spir - it's sigh;.....  
 Give me the smiles of glad - ness, Once I could fond - ly claim;.....

*p a tempo.* *p*

*espr. s.*

Bid not af - fec - tion's ro - ses With - er and fade and die.....  
 Whis - per with sweet af - fec - tion, Whis - per that once loved name!.....

*cres.* *dim.*



## MUST WE THEN MEET AS STRANGERS? CONCLUDED.

*p* *con teneressa.* *f* *tem.*

O must the love we plight-ed, One heedless word de-stroy? Must we then meet as

*cres.* *colla voce.*

*p*

stran-gers, Af-ter our dreams of joy?

*ritard.* *dim.*

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal line ending and the piano accompaniment concluding with a ritardando and diminuendo.

## HAUNTING EYES.

Words by CAROLINE NORTON.

BALLAD.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*Andantino.*

hour!..... I first be-held thee, Soft thy kind-ly glanc-es fell..... And my  
eyes,..... their love-ly shad-ow Stole the light..... of life a way..... And my

1. In the  
2. Oh, those

*p* *pp*

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal line ending and the piano accompaniment concluding with a piano and pianissimo dynamic.

# HAUNTING EYES. CONCLUDED.

*cres.* *dim.*

heart..... bowed down be - fore thee, As be - neath..... a mag - ic spell..... Since that  
heart..... in lan - guid dream - ing, I - dly pines..... from day to day..... Vain the

*cres.*

time..... like some sweetphan - tom, In my home..... thy form doth rise, And wher -  
eve'n - ing's dew - y cool - ness, Vain the calm..... of mid - night skies; E'en with

*dim.* *dim.*

e'er..... my sad gaze wan - ders, There I meet..... thy haunt - ing eyes!..... And wher -  
dark - ness clos - ing round me, Still I see..... those haunt - ing eyes!..... E'en with

*espress.* *a piacere.*

e'er..... my sad gaze wan - ders, There I meet..... thy haunting eyes!..... Thy haunting eyes!.....  
dark - ness clos - ing round me, Still I see..... those haunting eyes!..... Those haunting eyes!.....

*colla voce.* *p*

Thy haunt - ing eyes!  
Those haunt - ing eyes!

## THE GRAND OLD OCEAN!

D. C. MCCALLUM.

H. MILLARD.

*Andante pesante.* *con espress.*

When this heart cloth cease all

*rall.* *a tempo.*

no - tion, And ye spread the som - bre pall, Let me rest by grand old o - cean, Where the blue waves rise and

fall, Where the wild - birds ev - er fly - ing, *legg.* Sport - ing gai - ly kiss the

*Grave.* *rall.* *a pia.*

wave. Where the deep - toned surf is sigh - ing Nature's re - quiem o'er my grave, ah!..... Far a -

*pesante.* *colla voce.*

bove earth's marshy lev - el, Where high cliffs o'er - hang the sea, Where the free winds ev - er

THE GRAND OLD OCEAN. CONCLUDED.

re - vel, There, my dear - est friend, lay me. There my

dear - est friend, lay me. There, my dear - est friend, lay

*ad lib.*

*ff* *calo.*

me, ah! Where the ro - sy smile of morn - ing Tints with gold the spark - ling

*colla voce.*

foam, Where at eve the moon a - dor - ing Decks with sheen my o - cean home, Near the

O - cean, Grand Old O - cean! There, my dear - est friend, lay me, lay mel

*ad lib. ff* *strisciando.* *lento.* *adagio colla voce.*

*fff* *a pia.*

25 *Ped.*

# QUEEN OF THE NIGHT.

POETRY BY MRS. BRINE.

MUSIC BY MRS. JANE SLOMAN TORRY.

*Tempo di Valse.*

*p* *mf* *p delicato.* *ff* *leggero.*

*mf* REFRAIN.

Queen of the night rise, rise, rise in thy beauty Queen of the night, Queen of the night, rise

*rit.* *a tempo.* *mf*

*slentando un poco.* *brillante e leggero.*

rise, Shine in thy ten - der - ness o'er us to - night. My love and I in the still - ness of

*p poco rit.* *f* *p*

*scintillante.*

night, My love and I in the still - ness of night, My love and I, My love and

*mf cres.*

*rit.* *brillante.* *a tempo.* *f* *to Coda.*

I, Si - lent we wan - der in the still - ness of night.

*rit.* *a tempo. f* *pp legato.*

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT. CONTINUED.

*p dolce.* *lusingando.* *poco rit.*

Save the sweet sounds of soft rippling waters, Naught else is heard the stillness to mar, Save the sweet sounds of

*rit: colla voce.*

*cres.* *allargando.* *molto rall.*

soft rippling waters, Naught else is heard the stillness to mar, On - ly the light from thy moonbeams afar;

*cres.* *f*

*a tempo. risvegliando.* *leggero.*

Ea. ch is a - wai ting, Rise in thy shining, ah!.....

*mf* *mf* *mf*

*legato.* *leggero. e brillante.*

rise in thy shining, ah!.....

*p* *mf* *mf* *p* *mf* *f*

*Un poco piu lento.*  
*Cantabile.*

O, dost thou know..... ere long thy shining..... Noth - ing of

*p*

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT. CONCLUDED.

*pp dolente.* *amorando.*

Joy..... can bring to my heart..... far from my home..... soon..... must I

*pp legato.*

*p con espress.* *rall.* *port.* *poco.*

wan - der far from my loved one soon must I part.....

*piu lento.* *con malinconio.* *molto rall.* *p tenuto.*

Haste thee to rise, chase a - way shadows, Let us re - joice while yet we may,

*mf* *p* *rit.*

*brillante.* *pp* *♩ CODA.* *puntato.*

ah! ah!..... Rise, rise, ah!.....

*adensa ad lib.* *D.C. Refrain.* *p* *staccato.*

Ah!..... ah!.....

*piu forte.* *ff* *rall.* *colla voce.* *f*

# "GOD BLESS YOU!"

197

Words and Music by

BALLAD.

J. R. THOMAS.

*Moderato.*

1. How gent - ly fall those sim - ple words Up - on the hu - man heart, When friends, long bound In  
 2. The moth - er send - ing forth her boy To scenes un - tried and new, Lips not a stud - led,  
 3. "God bless you!" more of love be - speaks Than vol - umes with - out num - ber; Re - veal we thus our

strong - est ties, Are doom'd by death to a part. You sad - ly press the hand of those Who  
 state - ly speech, Nor mur - murs out, "A - dieu!" She sad - ly says, be - tween her sobs, "When  
 trust in Him, Whose eye - lids nev - er slum - ber. I ask, in part - ing, no long speech, But

thus in love ca - res you, And soul re - spon - sive beats to soul, In breath - ing out, "God  
 e'er mis - for - tune press you, Come to thy moth - er, boy, come back!" Then fond - ly sighs, "God  
 while fons hands ca - res you, I on - ly ask the dear old words, So sweet, so sad, "God

bless you!" And soul re - spon - sive beats to soul, In breath - ing out, "God bless you!"  
 bless you!" "Come to thy moth - er, boy, come back!" Then fond - ly sighs, "God bless you!"  
 bless you!" I on - ly ask the dear old words, So sweet, so sad, "God bless you!"



## THE DYING NUN.

WORDS BY NATHALIE.

MUSIC BY LOUIE BREWSTER.

1. Let the air blow in up - on me,  
2. Hold my hand, so cold and fro - zen;

Let me see the mid - night sky, Stand back, sis - ters, from a - round me; God! it is so hard to die! Raise the pil - low  
Once it was so soft and white, And this ring, that falls down from it, Clapsed my fin - ger roun' so tight; Lit - tle ring they

up, oh, Mar - tha, sis - ter Mar - tha you were kind; Come and stand a - lone be - side me, Ere I leave you all be - hind.  
thought so worth - less, That they let me keep it there. On - ly a plain gold - en cir - clet, With a braid of Douglass' hair.

3.  
Sister Martha, are you near me? You were kinder than the rest;  
Lift my head, and let me lean it, While I live, upon your breast.  
I was thinking of some music That I heard long, long ago;  
Ah! how sweet the NUNS are singing In the Chapel, soft and low.

4.  
Oh! my Father; oh! my Mother! Will you not forgive the past,  
When you hear a stranger tell you How your stray lamb died at last?  
Out of all that used to love me, Who will weep when I am dead?  
Only you, oh, sister Martha! Keep the last watch by my bed.

5.  
But a strain of heavenly music Drowns the holy midnight dream,  
Still I hear the wild waltz pealing, And I float away with him;  
I am coming, Douglass, Douglass, Where you are I too am there,  
Freed at last, I come, my dearest, Death gives back your little CLARE.

6.  
Sister Martha, Sister Martha, Has the Moon gone down so soon?  
Ah! the CELL seems cold as WINTER, Tho' I know that it is June.  
Sisters, in your white beds lying, Sleeping in the June moonlight,  
Thro' your dreams, COMES THERE NO MESSAGE? CLARA DIES ALONE TO-NIGHT.

# SCOTCH LASSIE JEAN.

199

## SONG AND OHORUS.

1. In Scot - land's fair land's, o - ver  
2. She said she would meet me, but I've

*Andantino.* *Sra.....*

moun - tains and rills, That's where I roam'd for many a day; In looking at the lads and las - sies on the green, In the  
wait - ed long in vain, In lands far a - way she does roam; Her promise she will keep, oh! break it not my Jean! We'll be

fair old land of Scotland far a - way. I have waited for her coming! but she has not come as yet, The truth seems to dawn up - on me  
hap - py in our bon - nie lit - tle home. O then let me not long wait! let me meet thee soon my Jean, And the Heavens will smile on our

plain; They say she is false, but I still be - lieve her true, She's my dar - ling blue - eyed, Scotch las - sie, Jean.  
love; And when life is dead, we will leave this earth - ly scene, And our hearts will dwell in joy and bliss a - bove.

**SOPRANO. Chorus.**

**ALTO.**

**TENOR.**

**BASS.**

O, Jean, my bon-nie Jean, come to your laddie once a - gain!.....They say that you are false, but I still believe you mine, You are my

bon-nie, blue-eyed, Scotch lassie Jean.

*f* *p*

*Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \**

## BONNIE SWEET BESSIE, THE MAID O'DUNDEE.

Words by MISS ARABELLA ROOT.

Music by J. L. GILBERT.

*Moderato.*

1. A highland lad-die there lived o'er the way, A

lad-die both no-ble, and gallant, and gay, Who loved a las-sie as no-ble as he, A bonnie sweet las-sie, the maid o' Dundee; This

BONNIE SWEET BESSIE, THE MAID O'DUNDEE. CONCLUDED. 201

las-sie had lands, but the lad-die had nane, And yet to her it was all the same, For dear-ly she loved him, and

said she knew This lad-die, dear lad-die, was gude and true.

2. E'er years or e-ven months had fled, This laddie and las-sie were hap-pi-ly wed; Nae bet-ter wifey e'er lived on the lea, Than  
3. But sor-row came to her heart one day, And her dear dar-lin' was tak-en a-way, 'Then oh, how sad and lone was she, Poor

"Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid o' Dundee!" A hap-pi-er hame nae man ev-er had, Than this which held twa hearts sae glad, And  
"Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid o' Dundee!" And when in the ground her dar-lin' they laid, Her heart then broke, and she fervently pray'd, "O

ne'er did Bessie have cause to rue Her wedding this laddie, sae gude and true.  
God in Heaven, let me go too, And be wi' my laddie, sae gude and true!"

# "WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR."

Words and Music by  
SOPRANO.

DUET AND QUARTETTE.

J. R. THOMAS.

SOPRANO.

When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man - sions in the skies, I'll

*p*

TENOR

bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. Let

*dim.* *dim. e rallentando.*

SOPRANO.

a wild, wild del - uge come, And storms of sor-row fall!

TENOR.

cares like a wild, wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall! May

May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God,..... my heav'n, my all.

I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.

*dim.* *pp*

"WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR." CONCLUDED.

Quartette.  
SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of Heav'n - ly rest,

There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of Heav'n - ly rest,

And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful

And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful

breast, my peace-ful breast, my peaceful breast, A - cross my peaceful breast.

breast, A-cross my peace - ful breast, A-cross my peace - ful, peaceful breast, A - cross my peaceful breast.

*ritard.*

*ritard.*

## WAITING.

H. MILLARD.

*Moderato con espressione.*  $\text{♩} = 80.$  *quasi recitativo.*

Ob. E CLA. The stars shine on his

*mf* *Corde.* *affretto* *rall.* *af colla voce.*

*quietamente.* *senza port'o.*

path-way, The trees bend back their leaves, To guide him to the meadows Among the golden sheaves Where stand I, longing,

*tranquillo.* *f*

*p* *cantabile.*

lov-ing, And listen-ing, as I wait, To the nightingale's wild sing-ing, Sweet sing-ing to its

FLA. E CLA.

*mf* *tranquillo.*

*dolce.* *a piacere.* *le volate a pia.*

mate, Sing-ing, Sing-ing, Sweet sing-ing to its mate. Ah! .....

*rall. colla voce.*

*ad lib.*

FLA. Ah!..... Ah!.....

*imitando la voce.* *pesante.*

WAITING. CONTINUED.

*legato.* *rall. a piacere.*

The breeze comes sweet from heav'n, And the mu - sic in the

*TUMP.*

*affrett'o.* *rall.* *con moto.*

*affrett'o* *port'o.* *ff*

alr,..... Her - ald's my lov - er's com - ing, And tells me he is there,..... And

*con adora.* *ff*

*ad lib.* *rall.* *implorando.* *con abbandono.*

tell's me he is there!..... Come, for my arms are emp - ty, Come, for the day was long!

*amorosamente.*

*con gioia.* *eguali.* *port'o.*

Turn the darkness in - to glo - ry, The sor - row in - to song!

*Vio. 1o.* *a tempo.*

*senza rall.* *pressando.* *il tempo.*

I hear his foot - fall's

*ben marc.* *Vio. 1do. VIOLA.* *p* *agitato molto.*



## WAITING. CONCLUDED.

*molto agitato.* *con espress.* *con animato.*

mu - sic, I feel his pres - ence near, All my soul re - spon - sive an - swers. And

*cres. sempre.*

*ff* *rall.* *slarg'o. giubilante.*

tells me he is here. O stars,..... shine out your bright - est, O night - In - gale, sing

*ff* *rall.* *trattinuto molto.*

*port'o entusimato.* *a mezza voce.*

sweet, To guide..... him to me, wait - ing, And

*martellato.*

*accl.* *cres. con ff espressione.* *port'o.*

speed..... his fly - ing feet, To guide..... him to me wait - ing, And

*fff marcato.*

*ad lib.* *a pia.*

speed..... his fly - ing..... feet.

*ff* *ff*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features complex textures, including dense chords and rhythmic patterns. Performance instructions such as 'molto agitato', 'con espress.', 'con animato', 'cres. sempre.', 'ff', 'rall.', 'slarg'o. giubilante.', 'trattinuto molto.', 'port'o entusimato.', 'a mezza voce.', 'martellato.', 'accl.', 'cres. con ff espressione.', 'port'o.', 'fff marcato.', 'ad lib.', and 'a pia.' are placed throughout the score to guide the performer. The lyrics are: 'mu - sic, I feel his pres - ence near, All my soul re - spon - sive an - swers. And tells me he is here. O stars,..... shine out your bright - est, O night - In - gale, sing sweet, To guide..... him to me, wait - ing, And speed..... his fly - ing feet, To guide..... him to me wait - ing, And speed..... his fly - ing..... feet.'

# THE DAY WHEN YOU'LL FORGET ME.

207

Words by "MORGAN."

BALLAD.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*Tenderly.*

1. You call me sweet and ten-der names. And soft-ly smooth my
2. I know that ev-'ry fleet-ing hour Is mark'd by thoughts I
3. And still you call me ten-der names, And soft-ly smooth my
4. You need not check the thoughts that rise With dark-ness wrapt a

tress-es, And all the while my hap-py heart Beats time to your ca-ress-es. You love me in your  
bring you, I know there dwells a sub-tle pow'r In the sweet songs I sing you. I do not fear the  
tress-es, And still my hap-py ans-w'r-ing heart, Beats time to your ca-ress-es. Hush! let me put that  
bout them, For gaz-ing in your earn-est eyes, My heart can al-most doubt them. Yet hush my whispers

ten-der way, I an-swer as you let me;..... But ah! there comes an-oth-er day, The day when you'll for-  
dark-est way, With those dear arms a-bout me;..... Ah! no, I on-ly dread the day When you can live with-  
touch a-way, And clasp your hands a-bove me;..... So, while I ask to die that day, The day you will not  
as you may, Such chid-ings do not fret me;..... Ah! no, I on-ly fear that day, The day when you'll for

*a piacere.*

get me, The day when you'll for-get me.  
out me, When you can live with-out me.  
love me, The 'day you will not love me.  
get me, The day when you'll for-get me.

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