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BY E. L. WHITE,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO FORTE AND ORGAN.

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*Sumner 54*

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY ELIAS HOWE, NO. 9 CORNHILL.

ALSO FOR SALE BY ALL MUSIC DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY A. E. KIDDER,

Chas. Lee 8047-521

(26839)  
Chester Guild, Esq.  
Sept. 18, 1891.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846,

By ELIAS HOWE,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

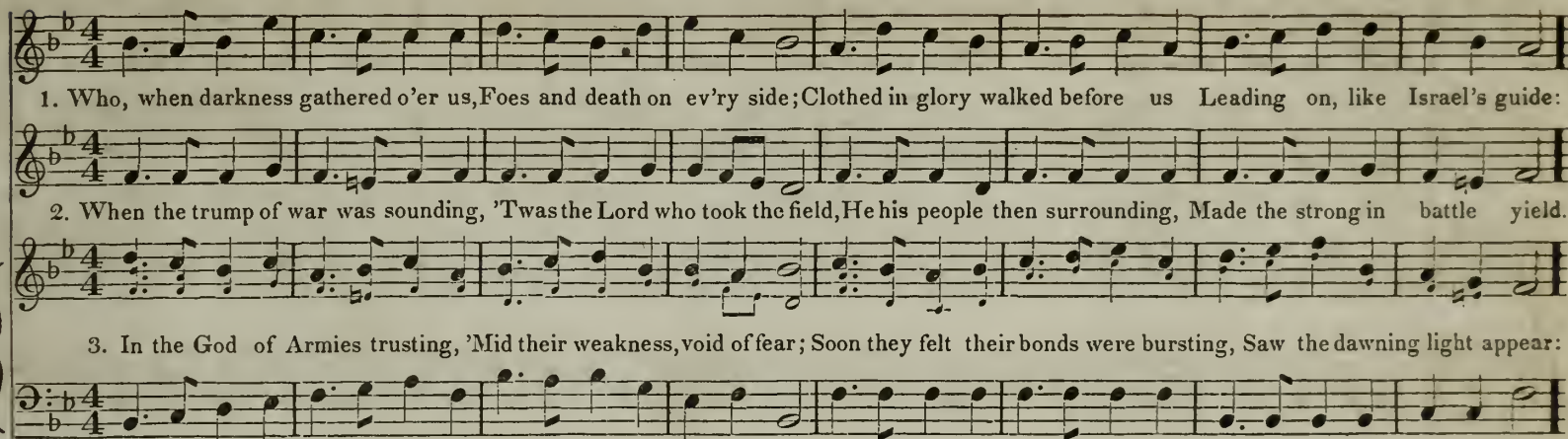
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# WHO, WHEN DARKNESS GATHERED O'ER US. A National Hymn. 3

Words by Miss H. F. GOULD.

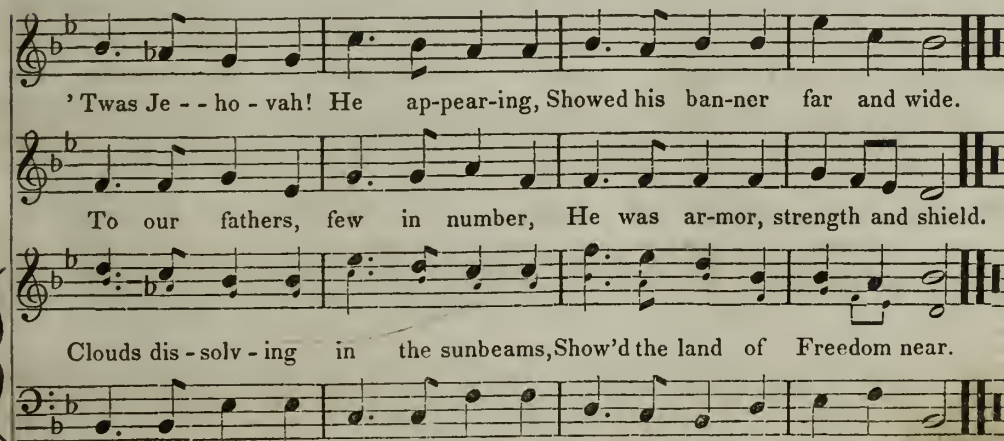
Music by T. B. WHITE.



1. Who, when darkness gathered o'er us, Foes and death on ev'ry side; Clothed in glory walked before us Leading on, like Israel's guide:

2. When the trump of war was sounding, 'Twas the Lord who took the field, He his people then surrounding, Made the strong in battle yield.

3. In the God of Armies trusting, 'Mid their weakness, void of fear; Soon they felt their bonds were bursting, Saw the dawning light appear:



'Twas Je - - ho - vah! He ap-pear-ing, Showed his ban-ner far and wide.

To our fathers, few in number, He was ar-mor, strength and shield.

Clouds dis-solv-ing in the sunbeams, Show'd the land of Freedom near.

4

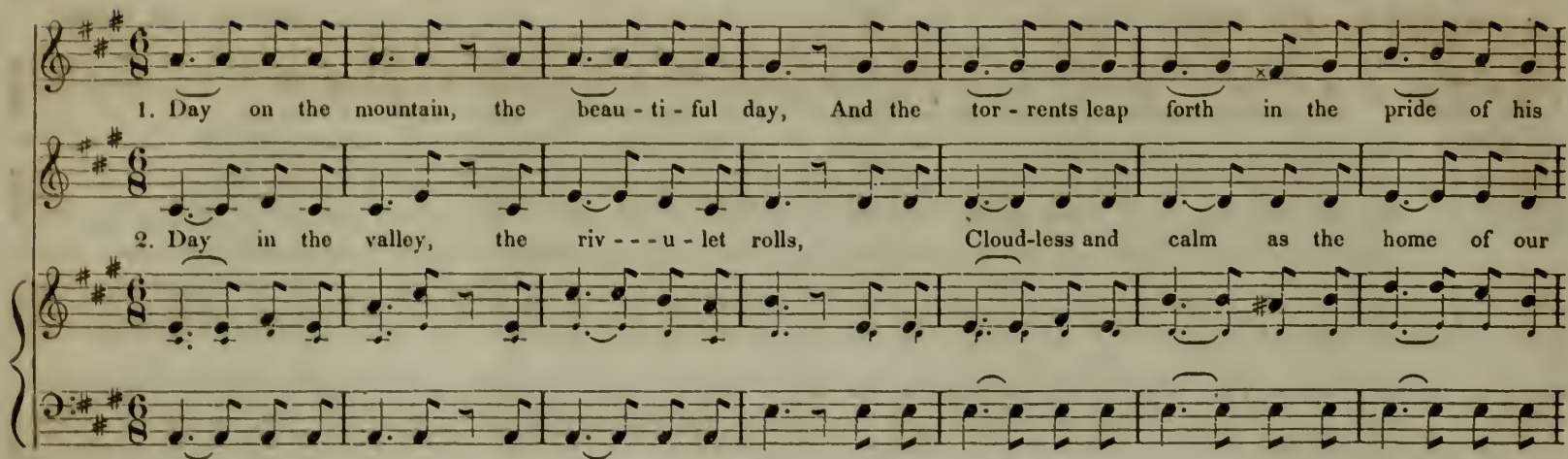
Hark! we hear to heaven ascending,  
From the voices of the free,  
Hallelujahs sweetly blending,  
With the song of liberty:  
Power Almighty!—we the vict'ry,  
Ever will ascribe to Thee!

5

Lo! the dove, the olive bearing,  
Plants it on Columbia's shore;  
Every breast its branch is wearing,  
Where the buckler shone before!  
Praise th' Eternal! He is reigning!  
Praise him! praise him—evermore!

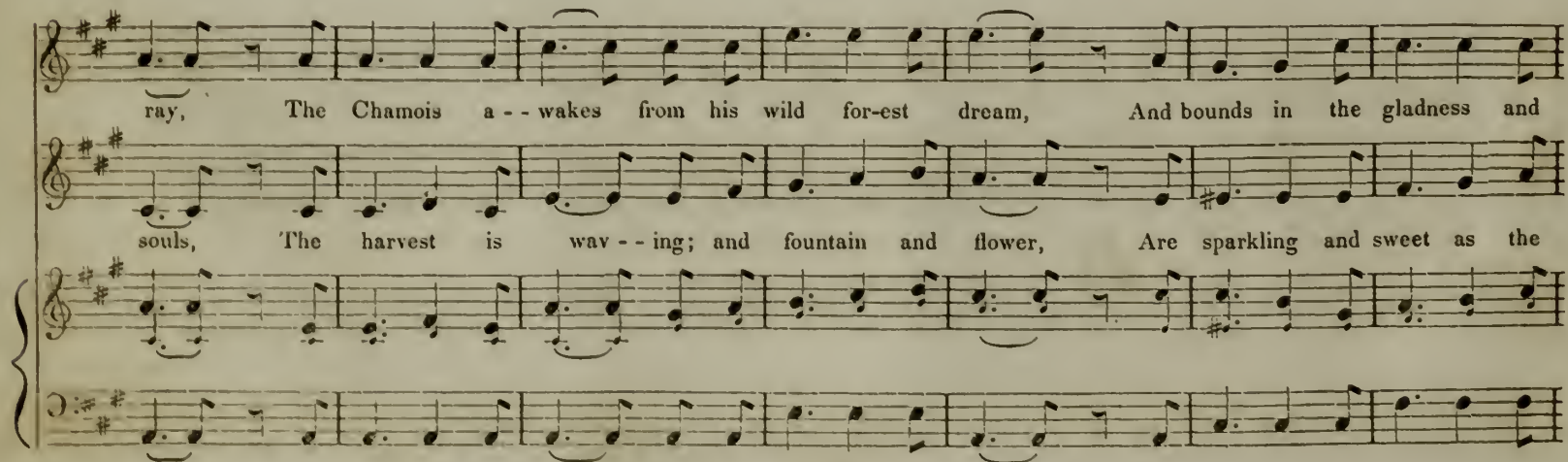
## THE BEAUTIFUL DAY.

B. HIME.



1. Day on the mountain, the beau-ti-ful day, And the tor-rents leap forth in the pride of his

2. Day in the valley, the riv-u-let rolls, Cloud-less and calm as the home of our



ray, The Chamois a-wakes from his wild for-est dream, And bounds in the gladness and

souls, The harvest is wav-ing; and fountain and flower, Are sparkling and sweet as the



life of his beam; and the horn of the Hun-ter is sound - - ing a - - way! Light, light on the  
ra - - - diant hour; And the song of the reapers, the lark's sun-ny lay, Proclaim through the

hills, 'tis the beau - - ti - ful day! Light, light on the hills, 'tis the beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful day.  
val - ley day, beau - - ti - ful day! Proclaim through the val-ley day, beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful day.

## AWAY, AWAY, TO THE MOUNTAIN'S BROW.

A. LEE.

1. A - way, a - way, . . to the mountain's brow, Where the trees . . . are gently waving, a - - - way . . . . . a -

2. A - way, a - way, . . to the rocky glen . . . Where the deer . . . are wildly bounding a - - - way, a - - - way, . . .

a - - way, . . . . . a -

--- way. A - way, a - - way, to the mountain's brow, Where the stream is gently lav - - - - ing, . . . . .

And the hills shall ech - - o in gladness a - - gain, To the hun - - - ter's bu - gle sound - - ing. . . . .

--- way. . . . .

**Fine.**

1. And }  
 2. While } beau - - - - - ty my love on thy cheek shall dwell, Like the rose as it opes to the day; While the

1. And }  
 2. While } beauty my love on thy cheek shall dwell, Like the rose . . . . . as it opes to the day; While the

1. And }  
 2. While } beau - - - - - ty my love on thy cheek shall dwell, Like the rose . . . . . as it opes to the day; While the

1. And }  
 2. While } beauty my love on thy cheek shall dwell, Like the rose as it opes to the day; While the zephyr, the

ze - - - - - phyr that breathes thro' the flowery dell Shakes the spark - ling dew - - drops a - - way, a - - way. D. C.

zephyr that breathes thro' the flowery dell Shakes the spark - ling dew - - drops a - way, a - way. . . .

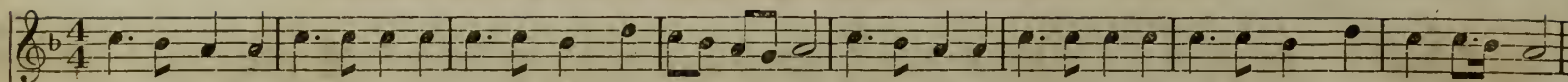
ze - - - - - phyr that breathes thro' the flowery dell Shakes the spark - ling dew - - drops a - way, a - way . . .

zephyr that breathes thro' the flowery dell, Shakes the spark - ling dew - - drops a - - way, a - - way.

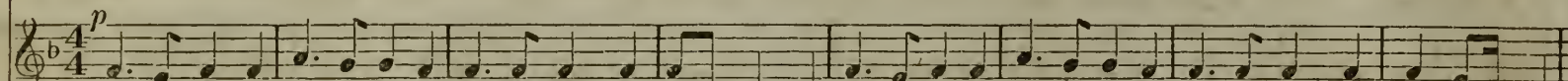


## ISLE OF BEAUTY, "FARE THEE WELL."

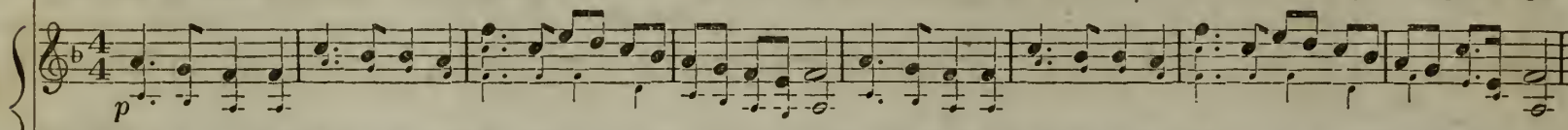
T. H. BAILEY.



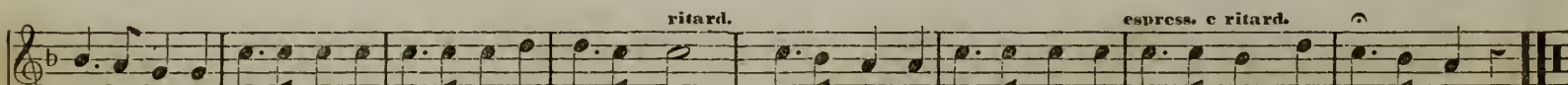
1. Shades of Evening close not o'er us, Leave our lonely bark a-while! Morn, a-las! will not restore us Yonder dim and dis-tant Isle;



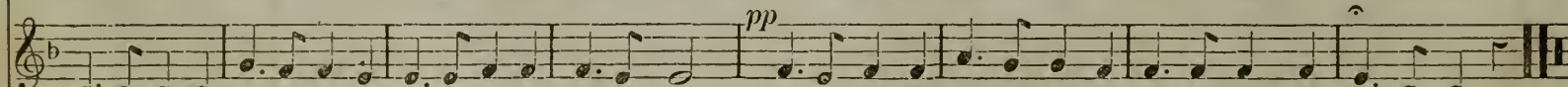
2. 'Tis the hour when happy faces, Smile around the ta-per's light; Who will fill our vacant pla-ces! Who will sing our songs to night?



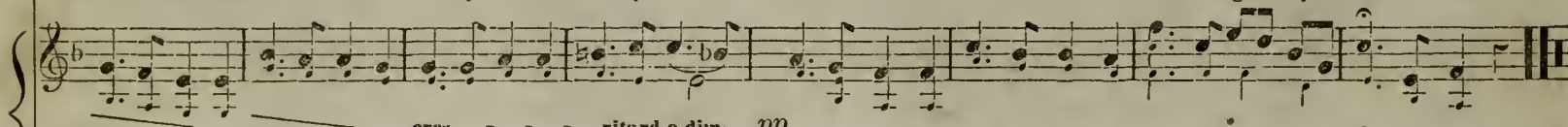
3. When the waves are round us breaking, As I pace the deck a-lone, And my eye in vain is seeking Some green leaf to work up-on;



Still my fan-cy can dis-cov-er Sunny spots where friends may dwell; Darker shadows round us hover, Isle of beau-ty "Fare thee well!"



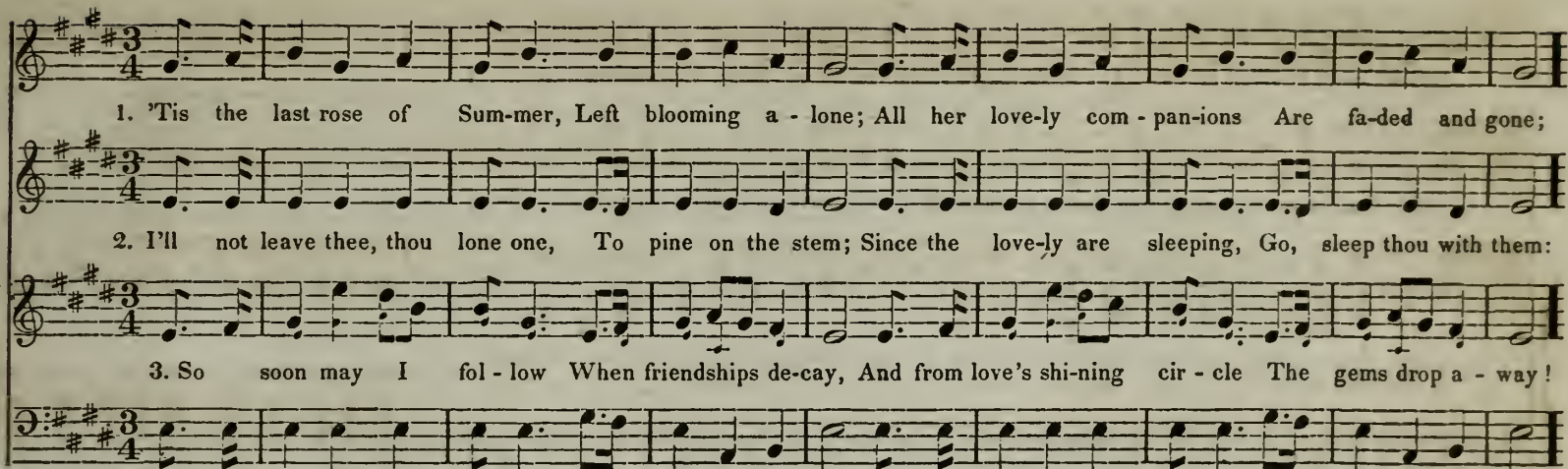
Thro' the mist that floats above us, Faintly sounds the vesper bell; Like a voice from those who love us, Breathing fondly "Fare thee well!"



What would I not give to wander Where my old companions dwell? Absence makes the heart grow warmer, Isle of Beauty, "Fare thee well!"



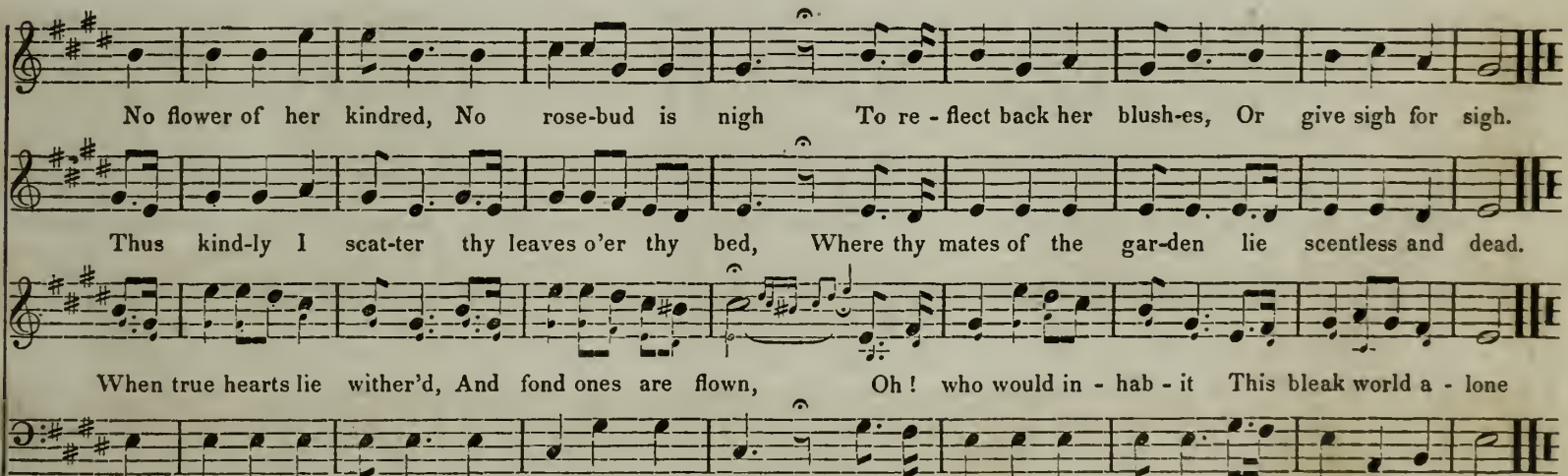
# 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.



1. 'Tis the last rose of Sum-mer, Left blooming a - lone; All her love-ly com - pan-ions Are fa-ded and gone;

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the love-ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them:

3. So soon may I fol - low When friendships de-cay, And from love's shi-nig cir - cle The gems drop a - way!

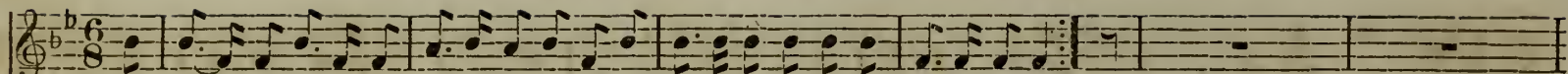


No flower of her kindred, No rose-bud is nigh To re - flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.

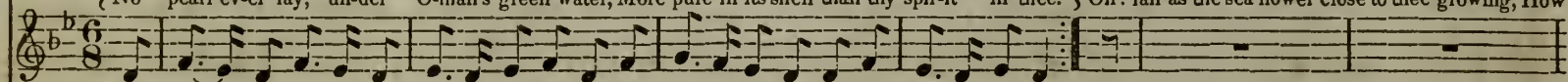
Thus kind-ly I scat-ter thy leaves o'er thy bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den lie scentless and dead.

When true hearts lie with'er'd, And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone

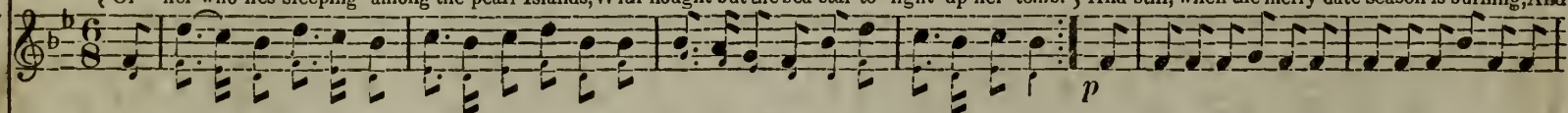
## ARABY'S DAUGHTER.



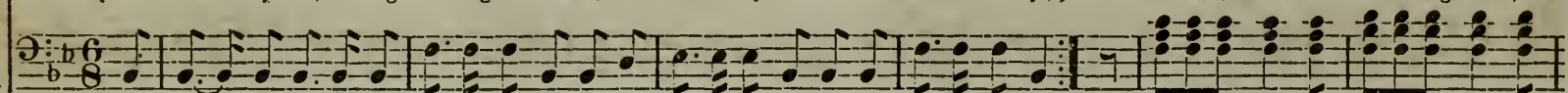
1. { Fare - well, fare-well to thee Ar - a-by's daughter! Thus warbled a Pe-ri be - neath the dark sea ; }  
 { No pearl ev-er lay, un-der O-man's green water, More pure in its shell than thy spir-it in thee. } Oh! fair as the sea flower close to thee growing, How



2. { But long up-on Ar - a-by's green sun-ny highlands, Shall maids and their lovers re - member the doom }  
 { Of her who lies sleeping among the pearl Islands, With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb. } And still, when the merry date season is burning, And

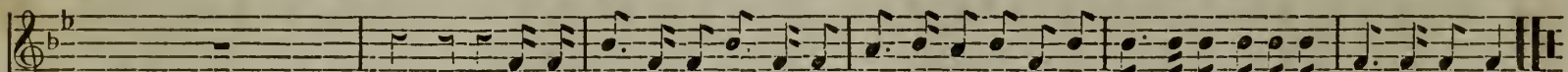


3. { The young vil-lage maid with flowers she dresses Her dark-flowing hair, for some fes-ti - val day, }  
 { Will think of thy fate, till neg - lect-ing her tresses, She mourn-ful-ly turns from the mir - ror away ; } Nor shall I-RAN, belov'd of her hero for-get thee, Tho'

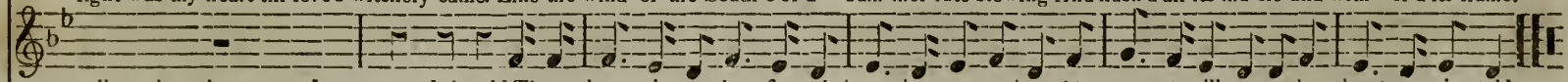


4. { Farewell—be it ours to embel-lish thy pil - low With everything beau-te-ous that grows in the deep, }  
 { Each flow'r of the rock, and each gem of the billow Shall sweet - en thy bed, and il - lu-mine thy sleep. } Around thee shall glis-ten the loveliest amber That

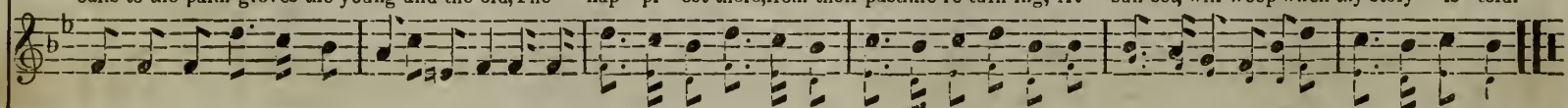
5. { We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling, And plant all the ro - si - est stems at thy head : }  
 { We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian lie sparkling, And gath-er their gold to strew o - ver thy bed. } Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain Is



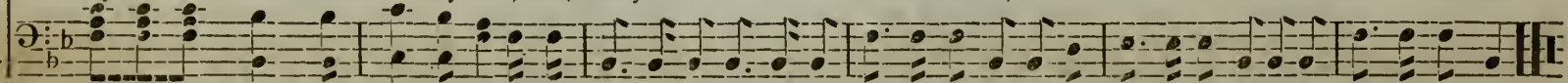
light was thy heart till love's witchery came. Like the wind of the South o'er a sum-mer lute blowing And hush'd all its mu-sic and with - er'd its frame.



calls to the palm-groves the young and the old, The hap - pi - est there, from their pastime re-turn-ing, At sun-set, will weep when thy story is told.



ty-rants watch o - ver her tears as they start ; Close, close by the side of that he - ro she'll set thee, Embalm'd in the in - nermost shrine of her heart.



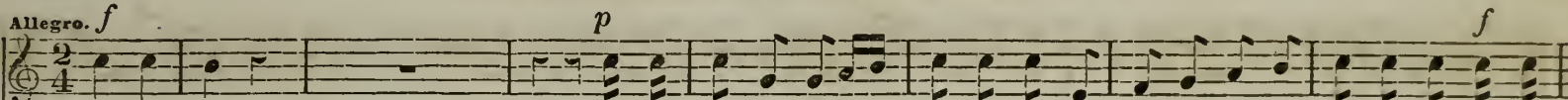
ev - er the sor - row-ing sea-bird has wept ; With ma - ny a shell in whose hol-low-wreath'd chamber, We, Peri's of ocean, by moonlight have slept.  
 lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave, They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.



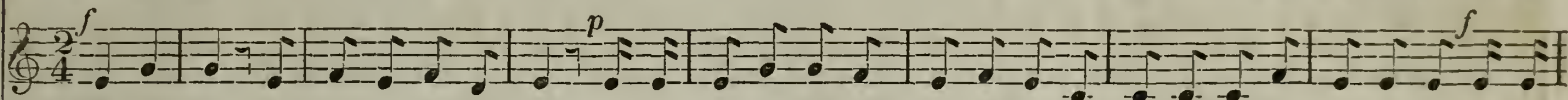
# HAIL! THOU MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

11

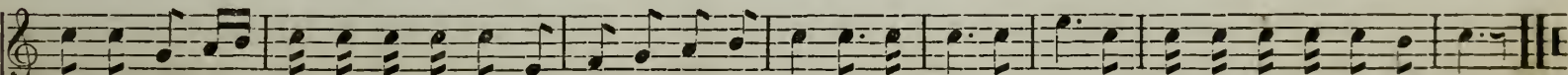
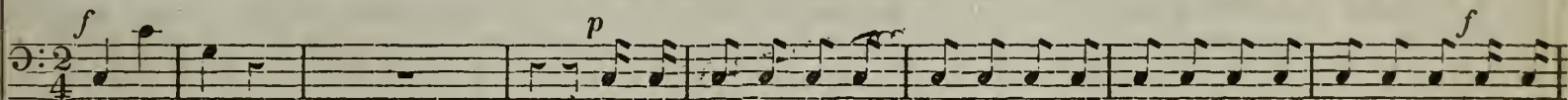
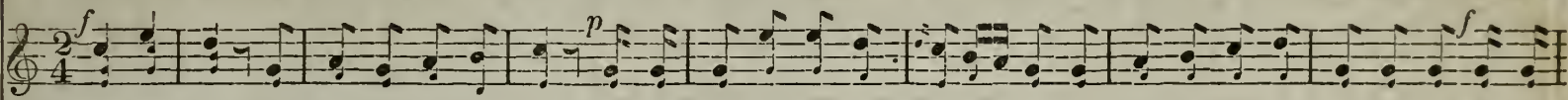
*Allegro. f*



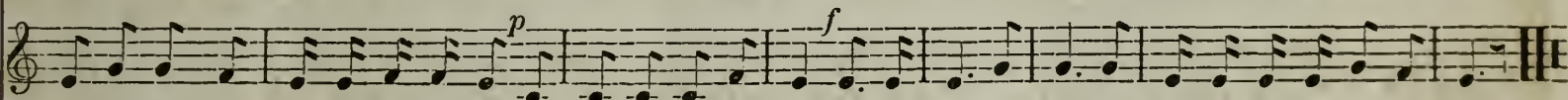
1. Hail! all hail! thou mer-ry month of May; We will hasten to the woods a-way, Among the flowers so sweet and gay, Then a-



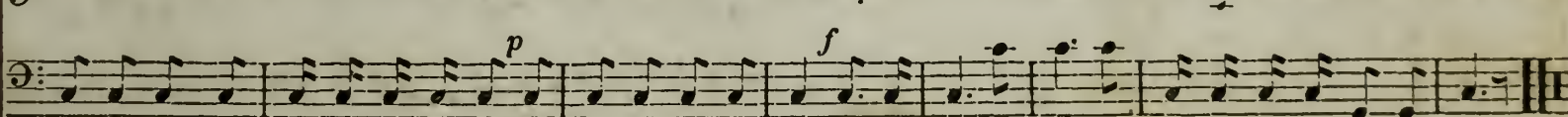
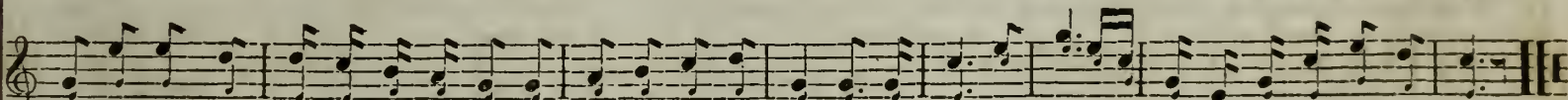
2. Hark! hark! hark! To hail the month of May; How the songsters war-ble on each spray? And we will be as blithe as they, Then a-



way to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry May, The mer-ry, mer-ry May; Then a-way, to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry month of May.



way to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry May, The mer-ry, mer-ry May; Then a-way, to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry month of May.



## FRESH AND STRONG.

Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing, As yon ship at an-chor rides, Sullen waves in - ces - sant flowing, Rudely dash against its sides.

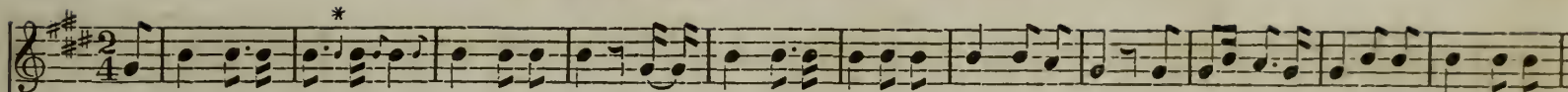
The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The second staff is a piano accompaniment for the right hand, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern. The third and fourth staves are a piano accompaniment for the left hand, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

So my heart, its course im-peded, Beats in my per-turb - ed breast, Doubts like waves by waves succeeded Rise, and still de-ny it rest.

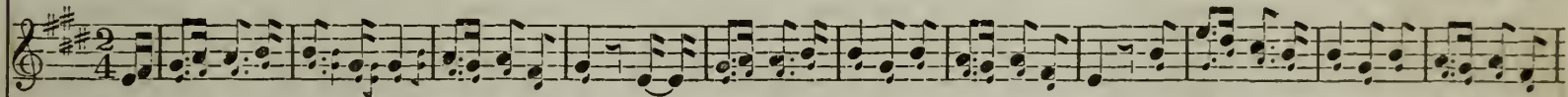
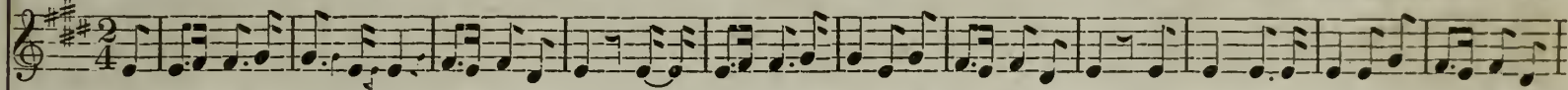
The second system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It also consists of four staves. The lyrics are written below the second staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fourth staff.

# HOME, SWEET HOME.

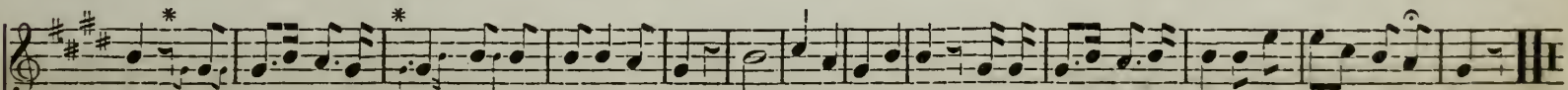
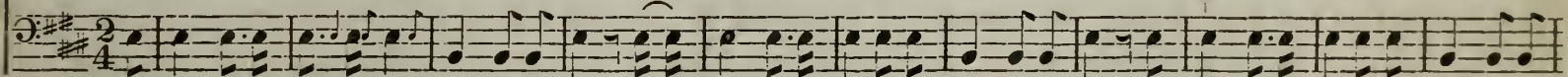
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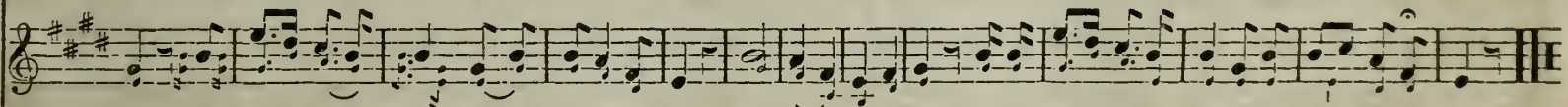
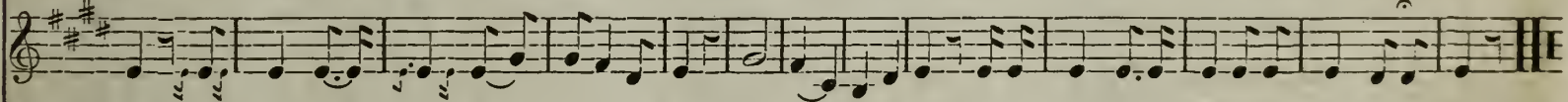
1. Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces, tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us



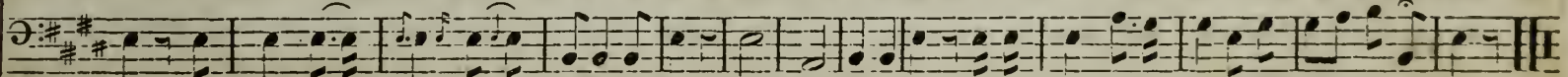
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again, The birds singing gai - ly, that come at my



there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - - er so humble, there's no place like home.



call; Give me them, sweet peace of mind, dearer than all. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - - er so humble, there's no place like home.



\* The Small Notes in this Bar are to be sung to the second verse.



## COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

1. Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer! Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here: Here

2. Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same Through joy and through torments, through glo-ry and shame? I

3. Thou hast call'd me thine an - gel in moments of bliss,—Still thy an - gel, I'll be, 'mid the hor - rors of this, Thro' the

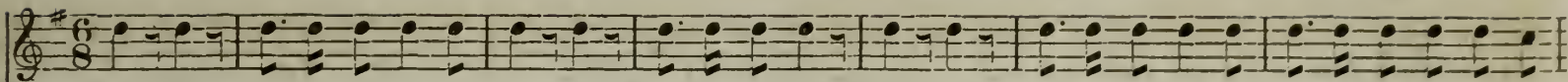
still is the smile that no cloud can o'er-cast, And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last.

know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart, I but know that I love thee, what - ev - er thou art!

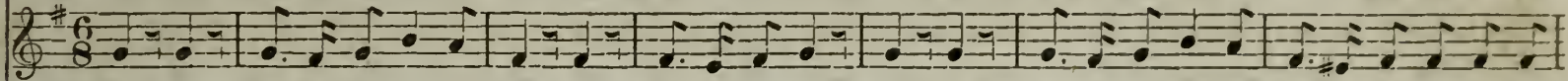
fur - nace, un - shrink-ing, thy steps to pur - sue, And shield thee, and save thee, or per - ish there too!

# THOU REIGN'ST IN THIS BOSOM.

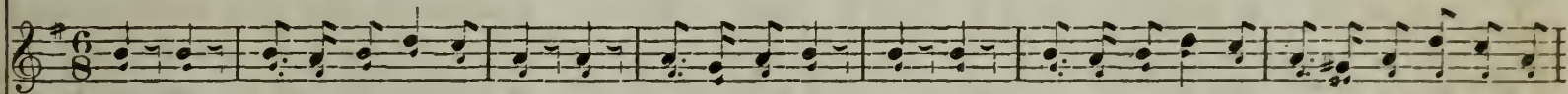
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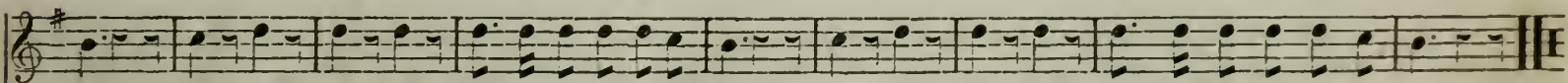
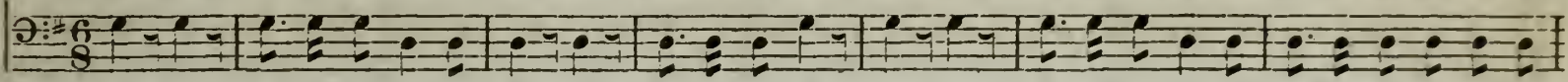
1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bosom, There, there hast thou thy throne; Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Am I not fond-ly thine



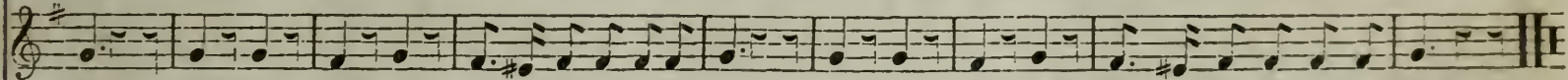
2. Then, then, e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love, Say wilt thou cherish for



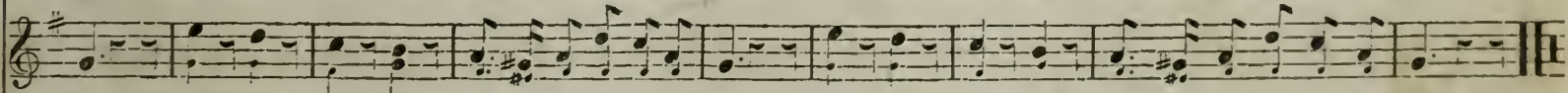
3. Speak, speak, love, I implore thee, Say, say, hope shall be thine; Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Say but that thou wilt be



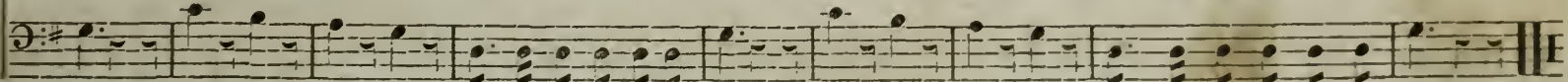
own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fond-ly thine own?



me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish for me?

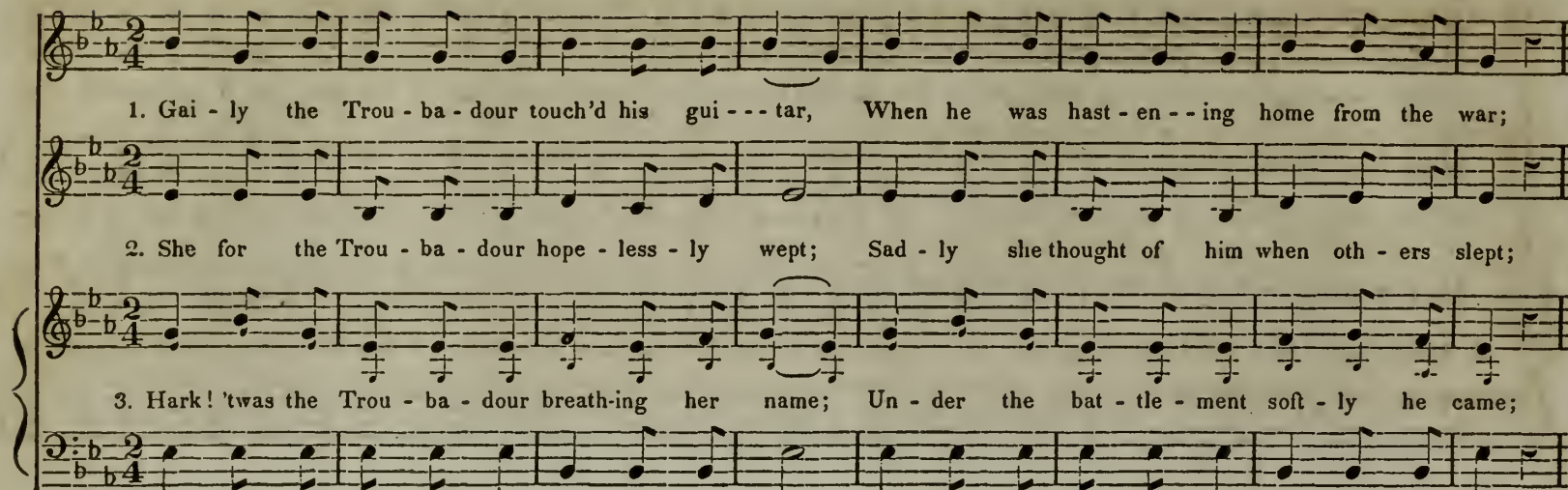


mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but that thou wilt be mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but that thou wilt be mine!





## GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.



1. Gai - ly the Trou - ba - dour touch'd his gui - - - tar, When he was hast - en - - ing home from the war;

2. She for the Trou - ba - dour hope - less - ly wept; Sad - ly she thought of him when oth - ers slept;

3. Hark! 'twas the Trou - ba - dour breath-ing her name; Un - der the bat - tle - ment soft - ly he came;



Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine, hith - er I come; La - - dy love, la - dy love, wel - come me home."

Sing - ing, "In search of thee would I might roam; Trou - ba - dour, Trou - ba - dour, come to my home."

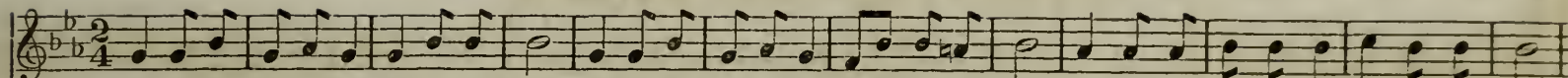
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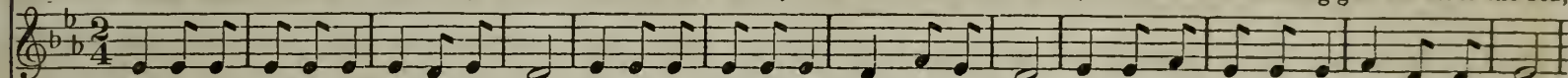
# OVER THE MOUNTAIN WAVE.\*

ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK.

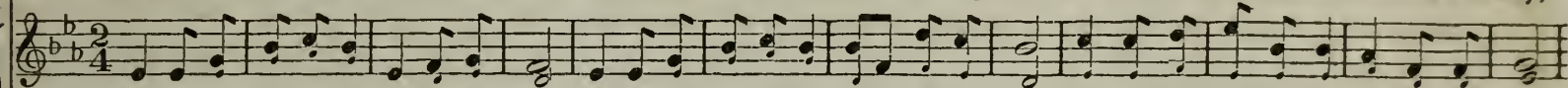
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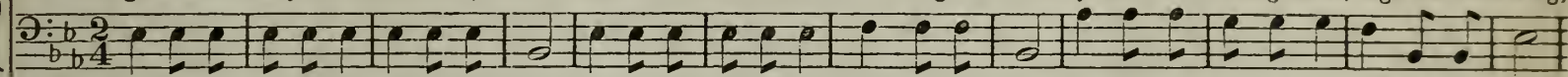
1. Over the mountain wave See where they come; Storm-cloud and wintry wind Welcome them home; Yet where the sounding gale Howls to the sea,



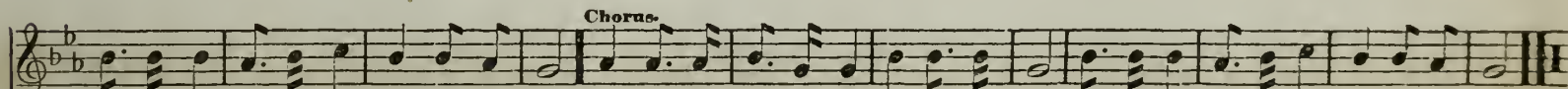
2. England hath sunny dales, Dearly they bloom;—Scotia hath heather-hills, Sweet their perfume: Yet thro' the wil-der-ness Cheerful we stray,



3. Dim grew the forest-path,—Onward they trod;—Firm beat their noble hearts, Trusting in God! Gray men and blooming maids, High rose their song,

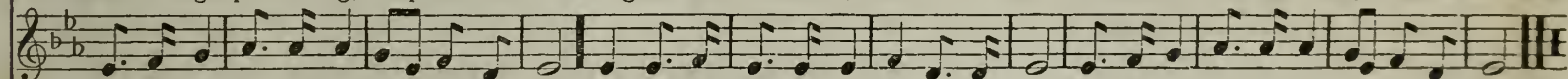


4. Not theirs the glory-wreath Torn by the blast; Heavenward their holy steps, Heavenward they past. Green be their mossy graves! Ours be their fame,

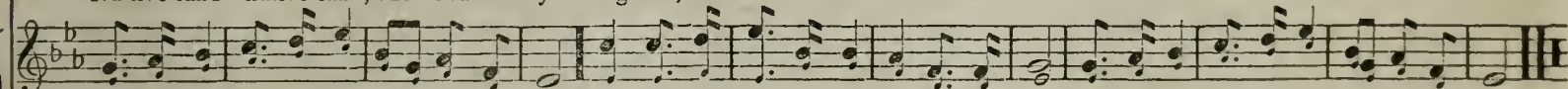


## Chorus—

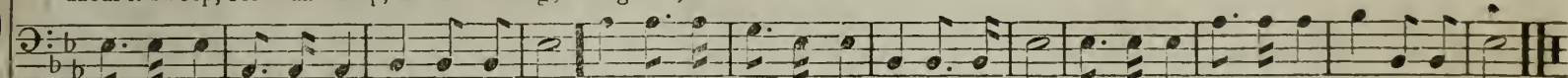
There their song—peals along, Deep toned and free: Pilgrims and wanderers, Hith-er we come;—Where the free—dare to be,—This is our home!



Na-tive land—native land, Home far a-way! Pilgrims, &c.



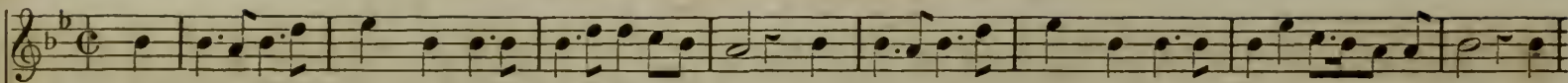
Hear it sweep, Clear and deep, Ever a-long;—Pilgrims, &c.



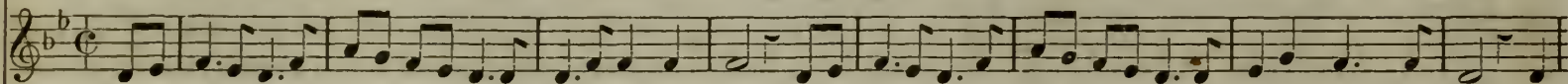
While their song, peals along, Ev-er the same;—Pilgrims, &c.

\* Written by George Lunt Esq. and sung at the celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of the ancient town of Newbury, May 26, 1835.

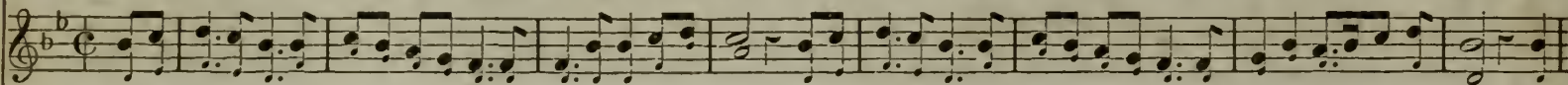
## ROSE OF ALLANDALE.



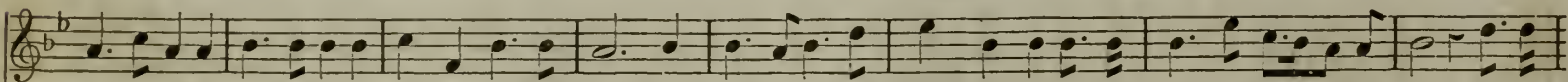
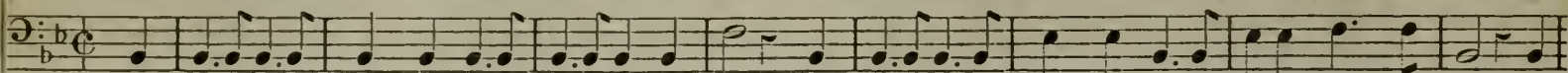
1. The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No breath came o'er the sea, When Mary left her high - land cot, And wandered forth with me. The



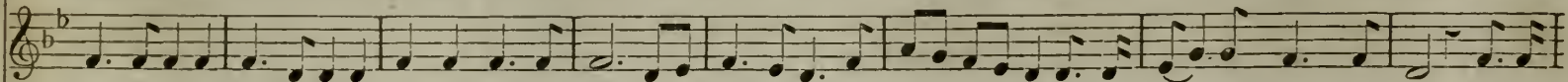
2. Wher-e'er I wandered, east or west, Tho' fate began to lower, A solace still was she to me, In sorrow's lone - - ly hour: When



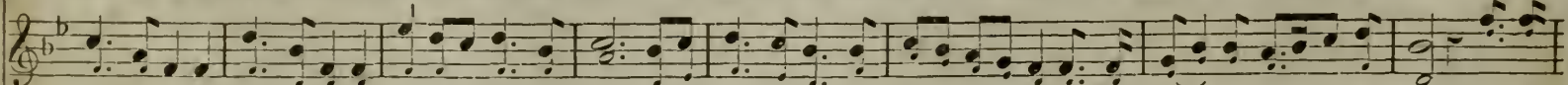
3. And when my fevered lips were parch'd, On Afric's burning sand, She whisper'd hopes of hap - - pi - ness, And tales of dis - tant land: My



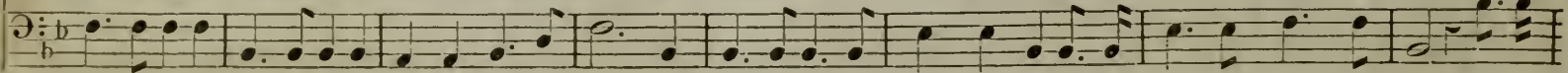
flowers deck'd the mountain side And fragrance filled the vale, By far the sweetest flow - er there Was the rose of Al - - - lan - dale. Was the



tempests lash'd our gallant bark And rent her shivering sail, One maiden form with - stood the storm, 'Twas the rose of Al - - - lan - dale. 'Twas the



life had been a wil - der - ness, Unblest by for - tune's gale, Had fate not link'd my lot to hers, The rose of Al - - - lan - dale. The





rose of Al - lan - dale— the rose of Al - lan - dale. By far the sweet - est flower there Was the rose of Al - - lan - dale.

## THE SWABIAN BEGGAR'S SONG.

VON WEBER.

**Trio. Allegretto.**

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

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

## FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

1. Flow on, thou shining riv-er, But e'er thou reach the sea Seek El-la's bower, and give her The wreath I fling o'er thee, And

2. But if in wand'ring thither, Thou find'st she mocks my prayer; Then leave those wreaths to wither, Upon the cold bank there, And

And tell her thus, if she'll be mine, our lives shall be, with joys to shine,  
tell her thus, if she'll be mine, The current of our lives shall be, With joy a-long their course to shine, Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

And tell her thus, when youth is o'er Her charms shall be, up-on life's shore,  
tell her thus, when youth is o'er Her lone and loveless charms shall be Thrown by upon life's weedy shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.



*Andante con espressione.*

*pp*  
1. Oh, Pi-lot! 'tis a fearful night, There's danger in the deep; I'll come and pace the deck with thee, I do not dare to

*pp*  
On such a night the sea engulph'd My Father's life - less form; My on-ly brother's boat went down, In just so wild a

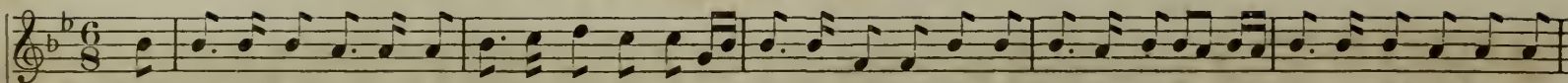
*mp*

*ritard.*  
*f* sleep. Go down! the sail - or cried, go down! This is no place for thee; *pp* Fear not! but trust in Providence, Wherever thou may'st be.

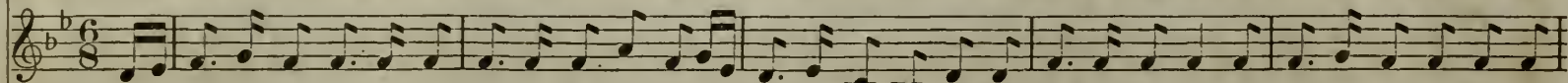
*f* storm. And such, perhaps, may be my fate, But still I say to thee, *pp* Fear not! but trust in Providence, Wherever thou may'st be.

*pp* *ritard.*

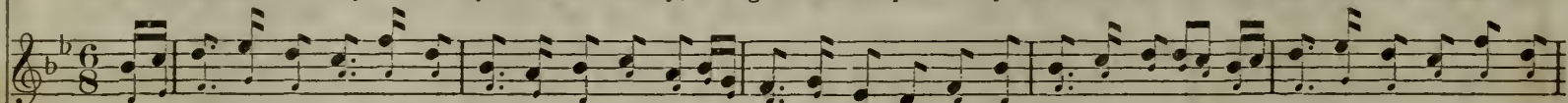
## JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.



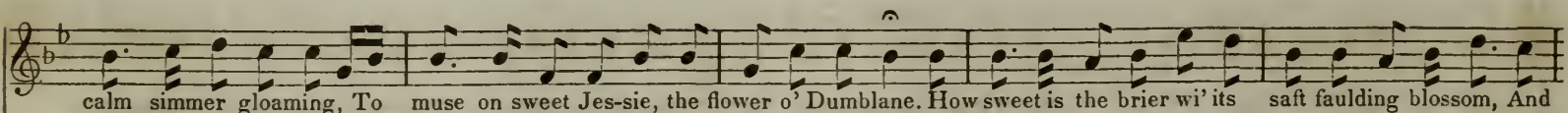
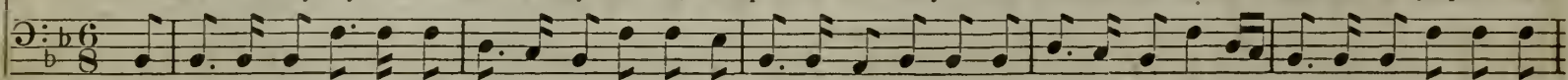
1. The sun has gane down o'er the lof - ty Ben - lomond, And left the red clouds to pre-side o'er the scene, While lanely I stray in the



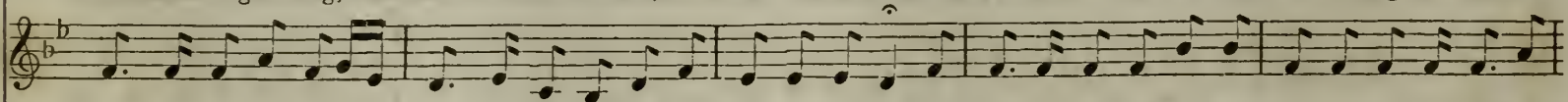
2. She's modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bonny, For guileless sim-plic - i - ty marks her its ain, An' far be the villain di-



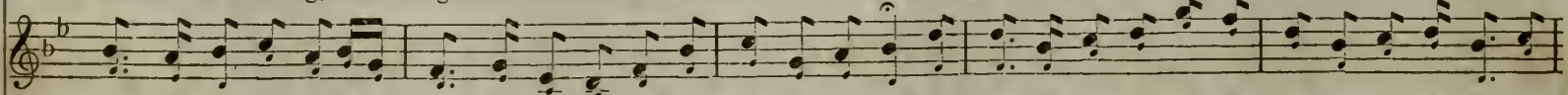
3. How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessie, The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain, I ne'er saw a nymph I would



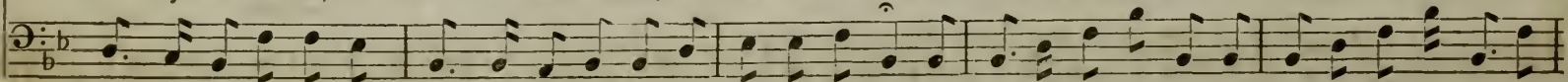
calm simmer gloaming, To muse on sweet Jes-sie, the flower o' Dumblane. How sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom, And



ves-ted o' feeling, Wha'd blight in its blossom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane. Sing on, thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the e'ning, Thour't



ca' my dear las-sie, Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane. Tho' mine were the station o' lof - ti - est grandeur, A-

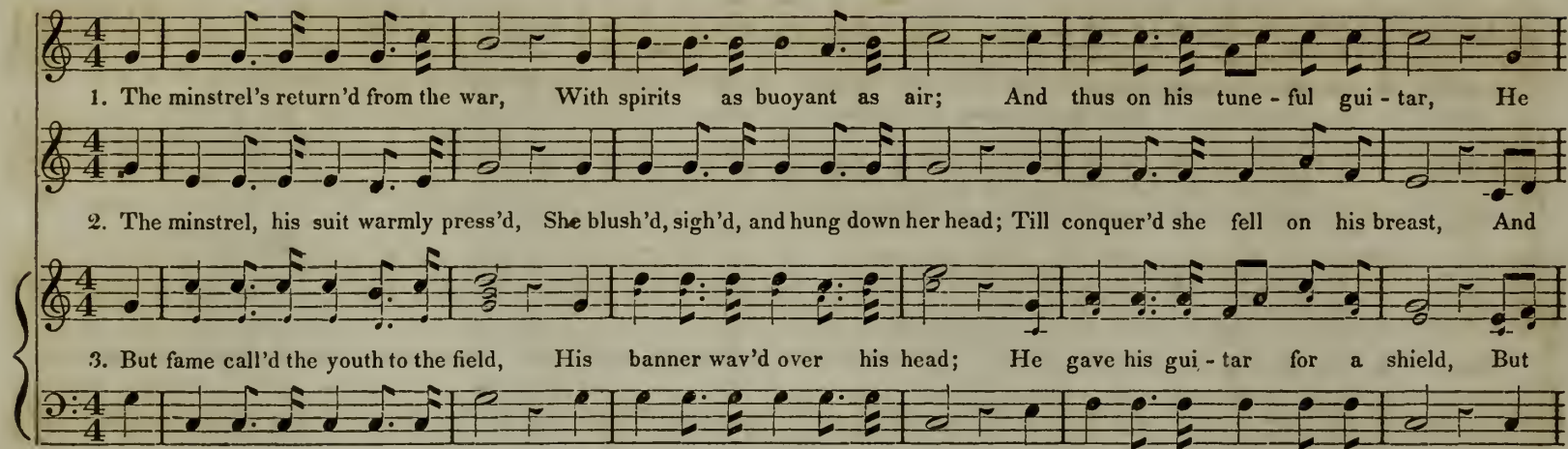




sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green, Yet sweeter an' fair-er an' dear to my bosom, Is lovely young Jessie, the  
 dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen, Sae dear to this bosom, sae art'-less and winning, Is charming young Jessie, the  
 midst its pro-fu-sion I'd languish in pain, An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendor, If wanting sweet Jessie, the

flow'r o' Dumblane, Is lovely young Jes-sie, is lovely young Jessie, Is lovely young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.  
 flow'r o' Dumblane, Is charming young Jessie, is charming young Jessie, Is charming young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.  
 flow'r o' Dumblane, If wanting sweet Jessie, if wanting sweet Jessie, If wanting sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.

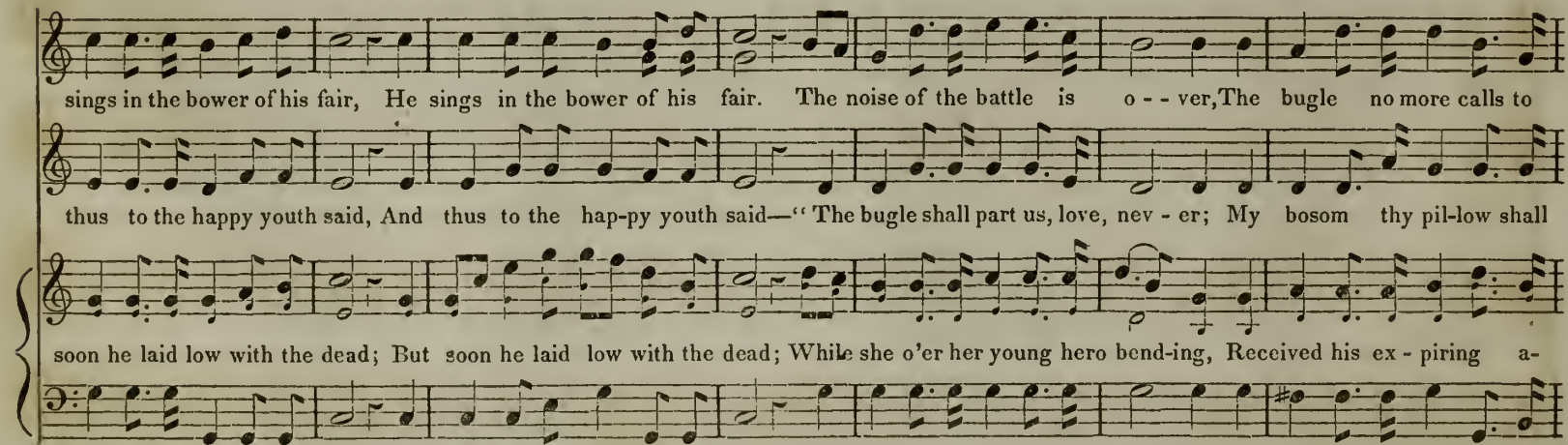
## THE MINSTREL'S RETURN FROM THE WAR.



1. The minstrel's return'd from the war, With spirits as buoyant as air; And thus on his tune - ful gui - tar, He

2. The minstrel, his suit warmly press'd, She blush'd, sigh'd, and hung down her head; Till conquer'd she fell on his breast, And

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



sings in the bower of his fair, He sings in the bower of his fair. The noise of the battle is o - - ver, The bugle no more calls to

thus to the happy youth said, And thus to the hap-py youth said—"The bugle shall part us, love, nev - er; My bosom thy pil-low shall

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



arms, A sol-dier no more but a lov - er, I kneel to the pow'r of thy charms! Sweet la - dy, dear la - dy, I'm thine, I

be; Till death tears thee from me for - - ev - - er, Still faithful, I'll per-ish with thee," Sweet la - dy, dear la - dy, I'm thine, I

dieu; "I die while my country de - fend - - ing, With a heart to my la - dy love true." "Oh! death!" then she sigh'd, "I am thine; I

bend to the magic of beauty; 'Tho' the helmet and ban-ner are mine, Yet love calls the soldier to du - ty.

bend to the magic of beauty, Tho' the helmet and banner are mine, Yet love calls the soldier to du - ty.

tear off the ro - ses of beauty; For the grave of my he-ro is mine, He died true to love and to du - ty."

## O'ER THE WATERS GLIDING.

*Allegretto.*

*p* 1. O'er the waters gliding, Our barque pursues her way, On-ward nobly rid-ing Be-neath the twilight ray, The

*p* 2. Summer's breath is blowing Up-on our snow-white sail, The tide is sweetly flowing, Towards our na-tive vale, When

stars will soon shine o'er us, And cast their gentle light Up-on the waves be-fore us, To guide us through the night.

day is fast a-waking Along the smiling main, We'll see... the sunlight breaking A-bove our homes a-gain.

*AD LIB.*



WHAT FAIRY-LIKE MUSIC.

1. What fai-ry-like mu-sic steals o-ver the sea, En-tranc-ing the senses with charm'd mel-o-dy;

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

*The Mermaid*  
John G. Poe.

Tis the voice of the mermaid, that floats o'er the main, As she min-gles her song with the gon-do-lier's strain.

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

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Fine.

1. Oft in the stilly night, When slumber's chain hath bound thee, Fond mem'ry brings the light of other days a-round me; The  
Thus in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain hath bound me, Sad mem'ry brings the light of other days a-round me.

2. When I re - member all The friends so link'd to - - geth - - er, I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - ter weather, I  
Thus in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain hath bound me, Sad mem'ry brings the light of other days a-round me.

D. C.

smiles, the tears of boyhood's years, The words of love then spoken, The eyes that shone now dim'd and gone, The cheerful heart's now broken!

feel like one who treads alone Some banquet hall de-ser-ted, Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, And all but me de - - - part - ed.



# THE MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG.

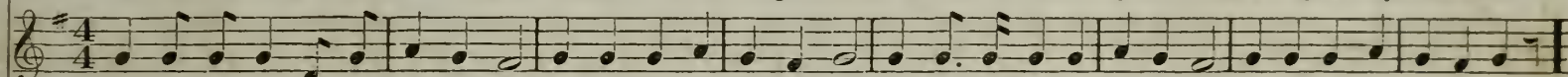
L. DEVEREAUX.

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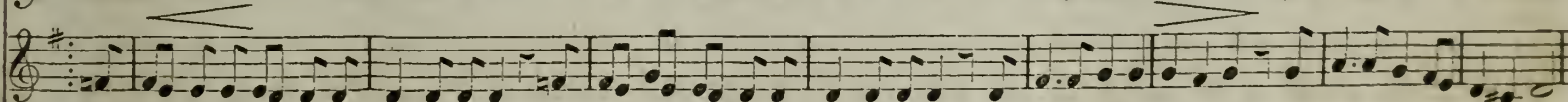
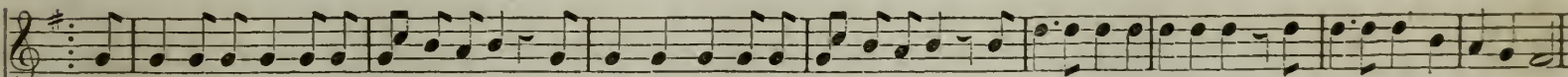
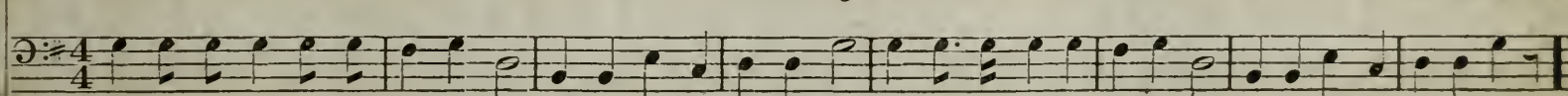
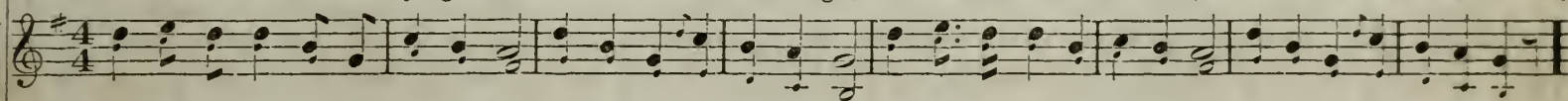
*Andante.*



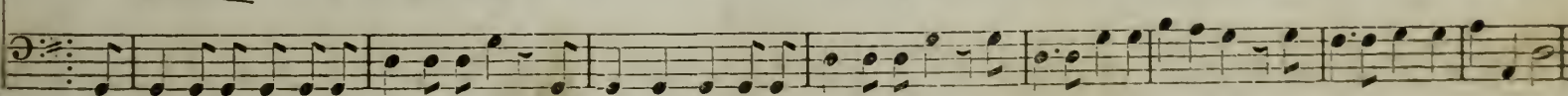
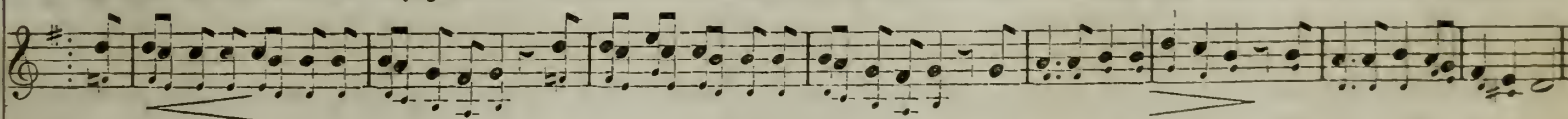
1. See, brothers see, how the night comes on, Slowly sinks the setting sun; Hark, how the solemn vespers sound, Sweetly falls upon the ear;



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



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



To be sung at the end of the 2nd verso.

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

*f* *f* *p* *ff*

*f* *p* *ff*

*f* *p* *ff*

*f* *p* *ff*

## WHEN THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT.

SWISS AIR

Allegro.

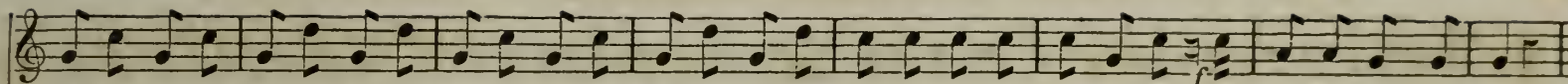
1. When the day with ro-sy light, In the morning glad appears, And the dusky shades of night, Melt a-way in dew-y tears.

*p*

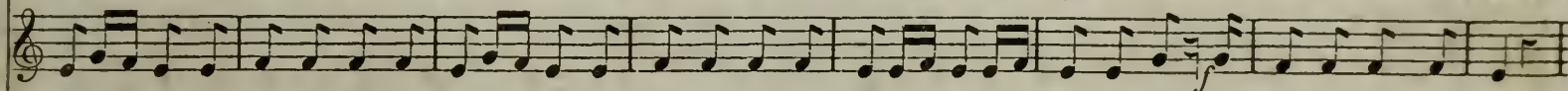
2. Oh! 'tis sweet at ear-ly day, To climb the mountain's rocky steep, And hear the birds and blossoms gay, Waking from their hap-py sleep,

*p*

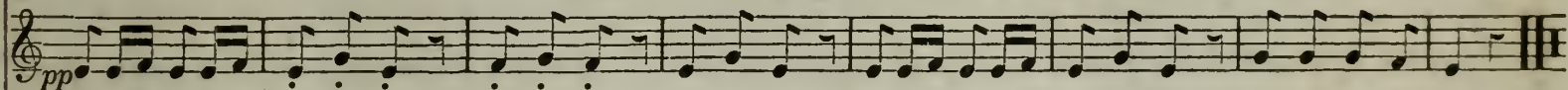
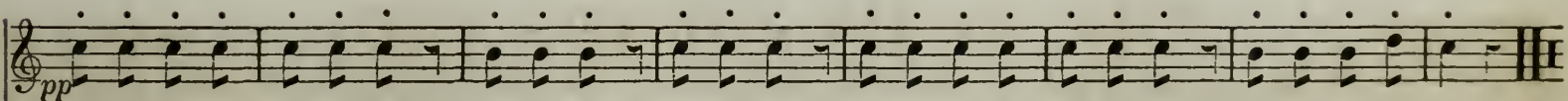
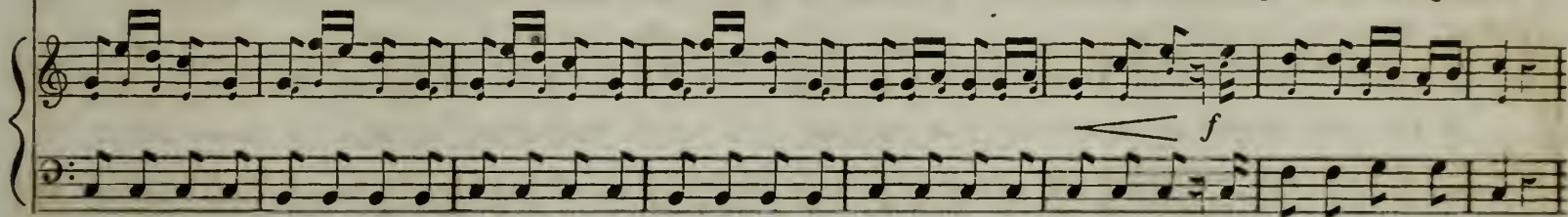




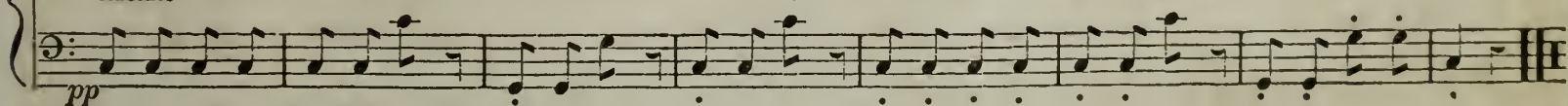
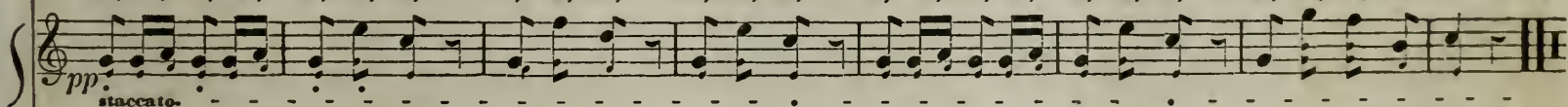
Up the sunny hills I roam, To bid good morrow to the flow'rs, And waken in their highland home, The minstrels of the bowers.

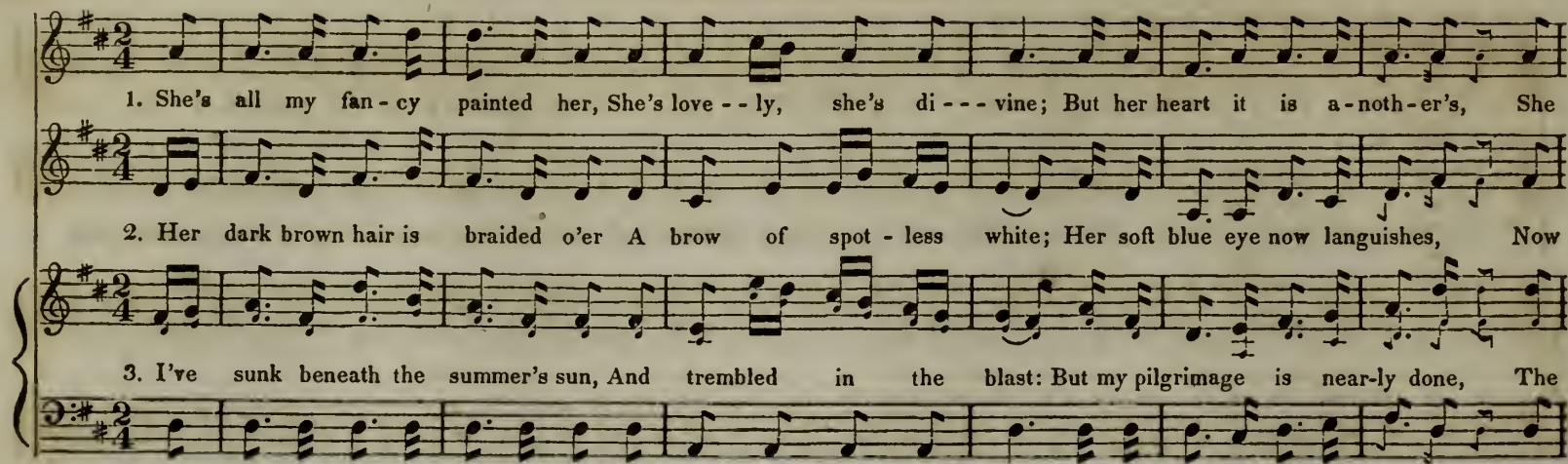


Noon may have its sunny glare, Eve its twilight and its dew Night its soft and cooling air, But give me morning blue.



La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

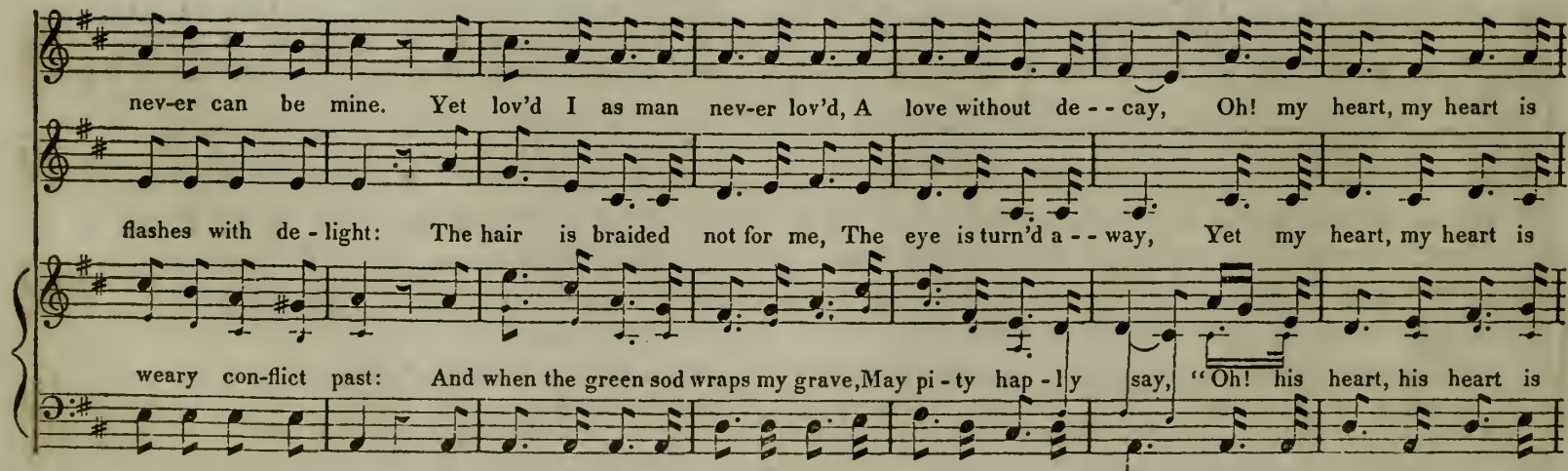




1. She's all my fan-cy painted her, She's love -- ly, she's di --- vine; But her heart it is a - noth - er's, She

2. Her dark brown hair is braided o'er A brow of spot - less white; Her soft blue eye now languishes, Now

3. I've sunk beneath the summer's sun, And trembled in the blast: But my pilgrimage is near-ly done, The



nev-er can be mine. Yet lov'd I as man nev-er lov'd, A love without de -- cay, Oh! my heart, my heart is

flashes with de - light: The hair is braided not for me, The eye is turn'd a -- way, Yet my heart, my heart is

weary con-flict past: And when the green sod wraps my grave, May pi - ty hap - ly say, "Oh! his heart, his heart is



breaking, for the love of Al - - ice Gray. Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking, for the love of Al - ice Gray.

breaking for the love of Al - - ice Gray, Yet my heart, my heart is breaking, for the love of Al - ice Gray.

broken, for the love of Al - - ice Gray, Oh! his heart, his heart is broken, for the love of Al - ice Gray."

## SWISS BOY.

D. C.

1. Come a - rouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy, Take thy pail and to labor a - - way. The sun is up with rud - dy beam; The kine are thronging to the stream.

2. Am not I, am not I, a merry Swiss boy, When I hie to the mountain a - way? For there a shepherd mai - den dear, A - waits my song with listening ear.

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

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

## TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

Moderato.

1. Come, come, come, Come to the sunset tree, The day is past and gone; The woodman's axe lies free, And the reaper's work is done. The

twilight star to heaven, And the summer dew to flowers, And rest to us is given, By the cool soft evening hours; Come, come, come;

\* These last ten measures are intended to be sung at the close of each verse.

The musical score is written for four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Come to the sun-set tree, The day is past and gone, The woodman's axe lies free, And the reaper's work is done.

2

Sweet is the hour of rest,  
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,  
And the gleaming of the west,  
And the turf whereon we lie;  
When the burthen and the heat  
O labor's task are o'er,  
And kindly voices greet  
The tired one at his door.

3

Yes! tuneful is the sound  
That dwells in whispering boughs,  
Welcome the freshness round,  
And the gale that fans our brows;  
But rest more sweet and still  
Than ever night-fall gave,  
Our yearning hearts shall fill  
In the world beyond the grave.

4

There shall no tempests blow,  
No scorching noontide beat;  
There shall be no more snow,  
No weary wandering feet;  
So we lift our trusting eyes,  
From the hills our Fathers trod,  
To the quiet of the skies,  
To the Sabbath of our God!



## OH! NO, I NEVER MENTION HIM.

1. Oh! no, I never mention him, His name is never heard; My lips are now for - bid to speak that once fa - mil - iar word. From

2. They tell me he is happy now, The gayest of the gay; They hint that he for - gets his vow, I heed not what they say: Like

3. They bid me seek in change of scene, The charms that others see; But were I in a foreign land, They'd find no change in me. 'Tis

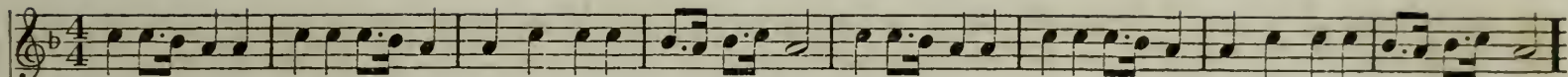
sport to sport they hurry me, To banish my re - - - gret; And when they win a smile from me, They think that I for - get.

me perhaps he struggles with Each feeling of re - - - gret: But if he loves as I have loved, He never can for - get.

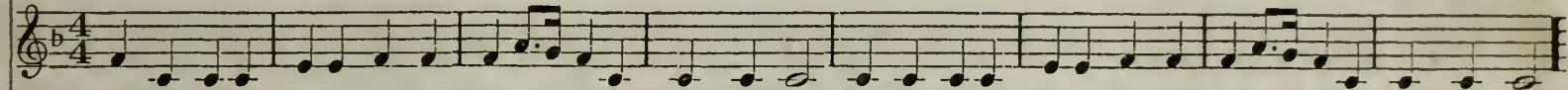
true that I be - hold no more, The val - ley where we met; I do not see that hawthorn tree, But how can I for - get?

# DAYS OF ABSENCE.

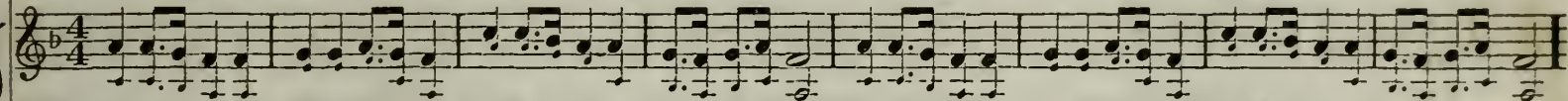
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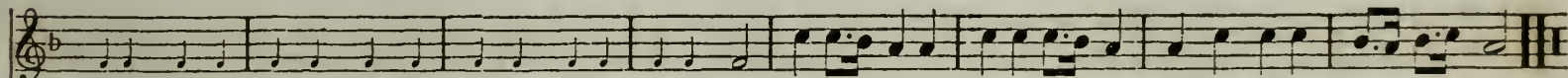
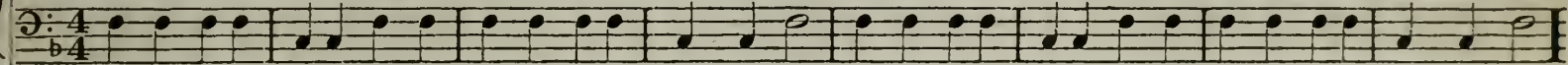
1. Days of absence, sad and dreary, Cloth'd in sorrow's dark ar - ray; Days of absence, I am weary, Her I love is far a - - way.



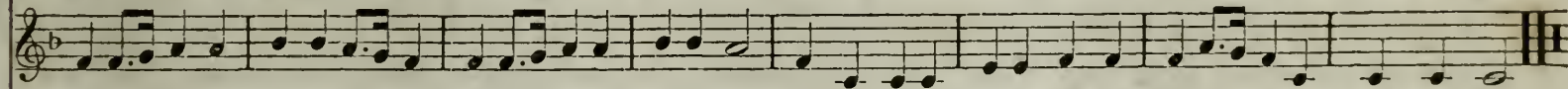
2. Not till that lov'd voice can greet me, Which so oft has charm'd mine ear, Not till those sweet eyes can meet me, Telling that I still am dear;



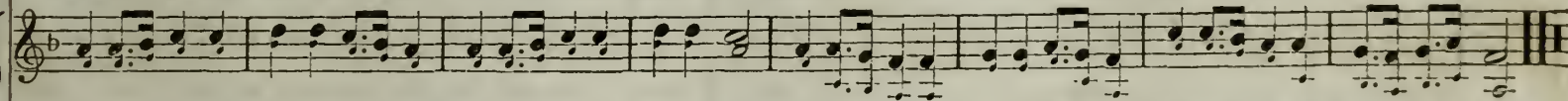
3. All my love is turn'd to sadness, Absence pays the ten - der vow, Hopes that fill'd the heart with gladness, Mem'ry turns to anguish now,



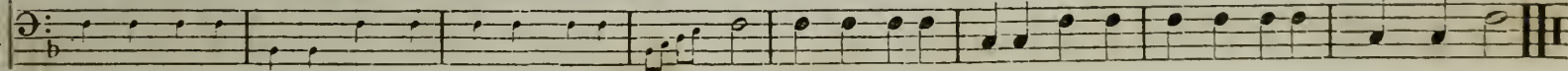
Hours of bliss too quickly vanished, When will aught like you return; When the heavy sigh be banished, When this bosom cease to mourn.



Days of absence then will vanish, Joy will all my pangs repay; Soon my bosom's idol banish Gloom, but felt when she's a - way.



Love may yet re-turn to greet me, Hope may take the place of pain; Antoinette with kisses meet me, Breathing love and peace a - gain.





*Spiritoso.* *Staccato.*

1. 'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound! And the knight look'd down from Paynim's tow'r, And a chris-tian host in its pride and pow'r Thro' the

2. I knew 'twas a trumpet's note! And I see my breth-ren's lan-ces gleam, And their pennons wave by the mountain stream, And their

3. I am here with my heavy chain! And I look on a tor-rent sweep-ing by, And an ea-gle rush--ing to the sky And a

4. Must I pine in my fetters here! With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight, And the tall spears glancing on my sight, And the

pass beneath him wound. Cease a-while clarion, clarion wild and shrill! Cease! let them hear the captive's voice, be still, be still.

plumes to the glad wind float. Cease a-while clarion, clarion wild and shrill! Cease! let them hear the captive's voice, be still, be still.

host to its battle plain. Cease awhile, clarion, clarion wild and shrill! Cease! let them hear the captive's voice, be still, be still.

trumpet in my ear? Cease awhile clarion, clarion wild and shrill! Cease! let them hear the captive's voice, be still, be still.

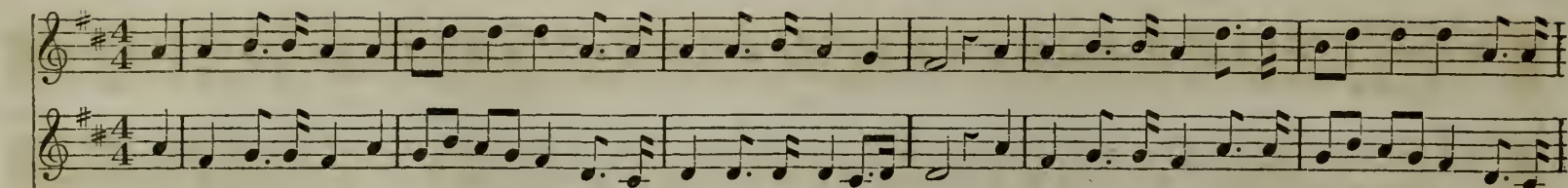


*Andante.*

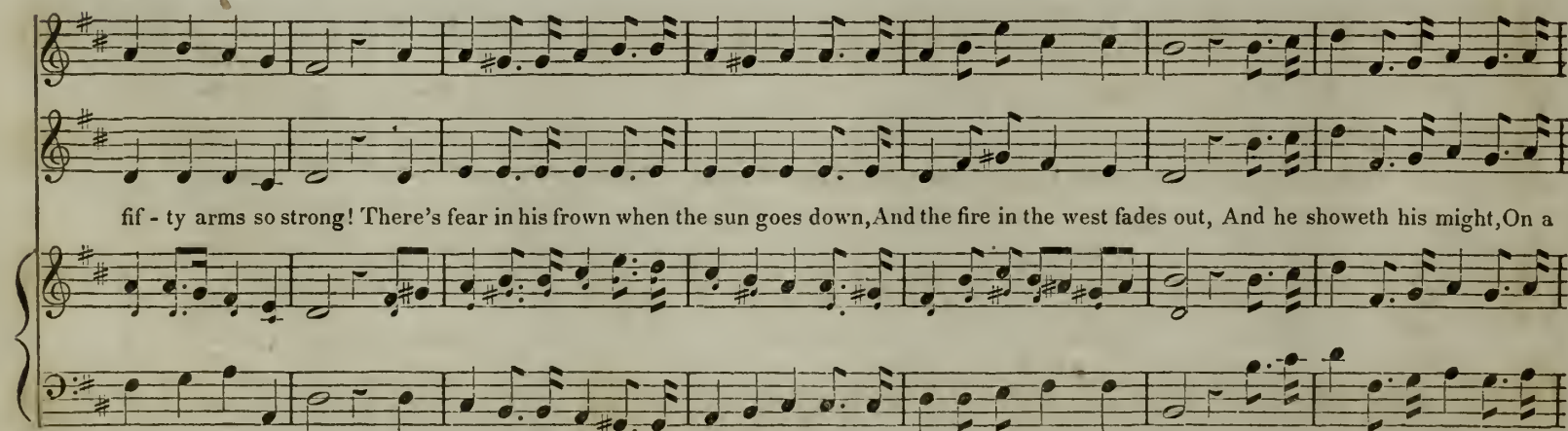
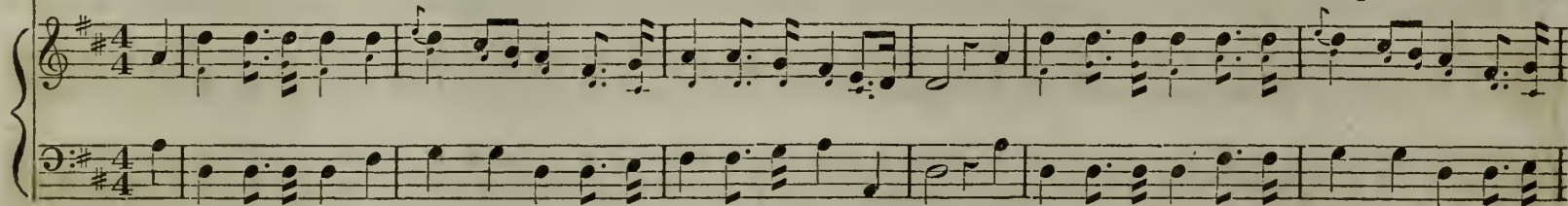
5. They are gone, they have all pass'd by! They in whose rest I have borne my part; They that I lov'd with a brother's heart, They have left me here to

die! Sound a-gain, cla-rion! clarion pour thy blast! Sound for the captive's dream of hope is past.

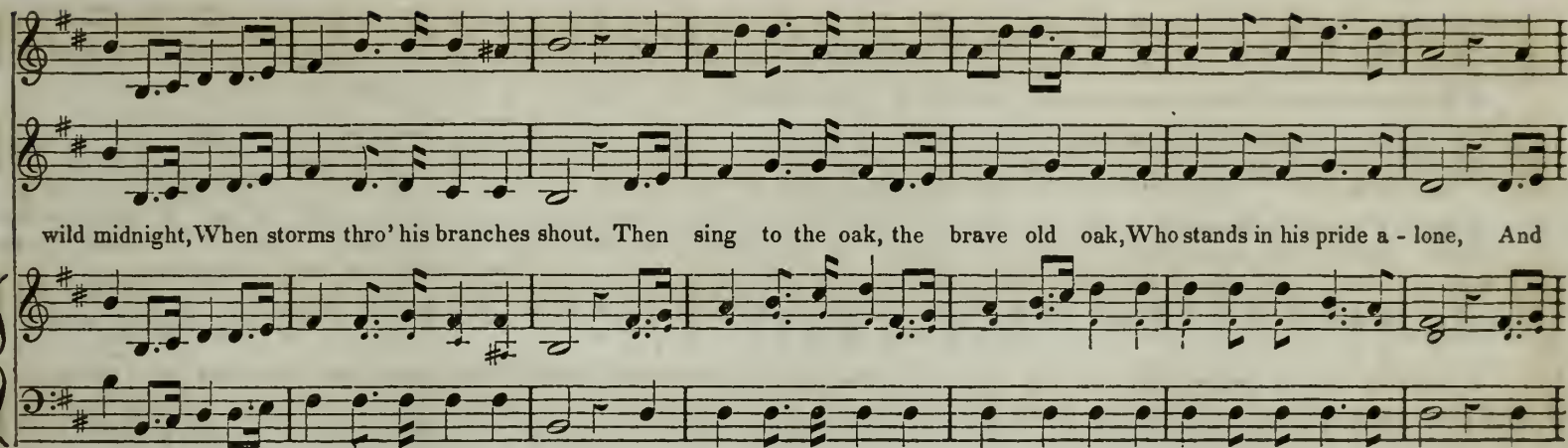
## THE BRAVE OLD OAK.



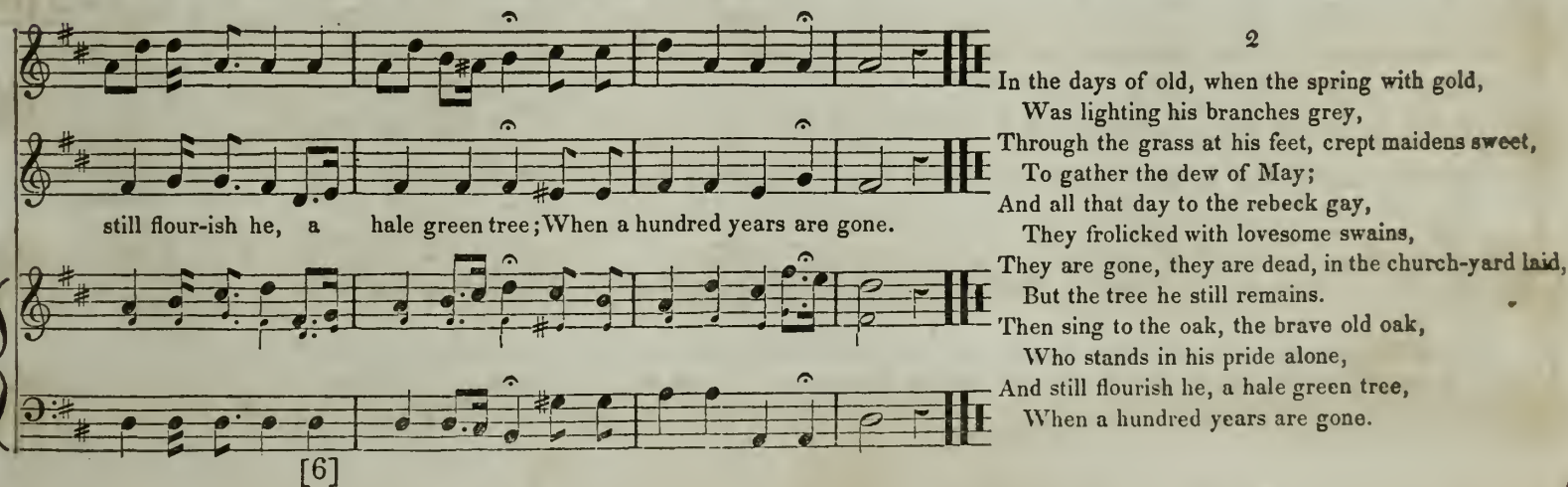
1. A song for the Oak, the brave old Oak, Who hath rul'd in the greenwood long, Here's health and renown to his broad green crown, And his



fif - ty arms so strong! There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out, And he showeth his might, On a



wild midnight, When storms thro' his branches shout. Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who stands in his pride a - lone, And



still flour-ish he, a hale green tree; When a hundred years are gone.

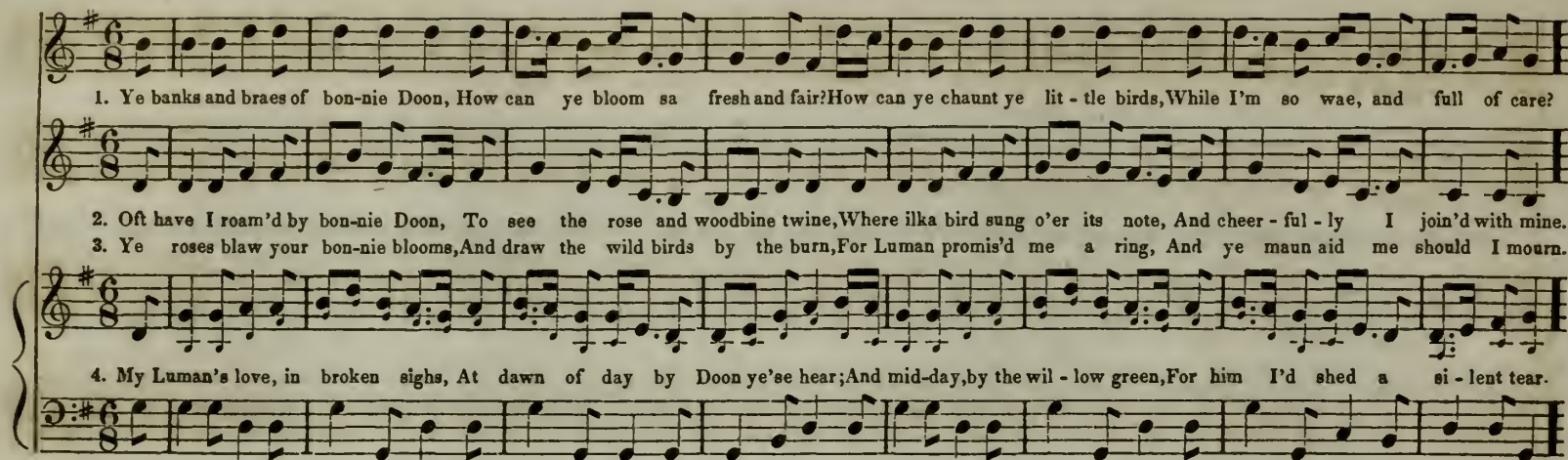
2

In the days of old, when the spring with gold,  
Was lighting his branches grey,  
Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet,  
To gather the dew of May;  
And all that day to the rebeck gay,  
They frolicked with lovesome swains,  
They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid,  
But the tree he still remains.  
Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who stands in his pride alone,  
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
When a hundred years are gone.

[6]



## BONNIE DOON.

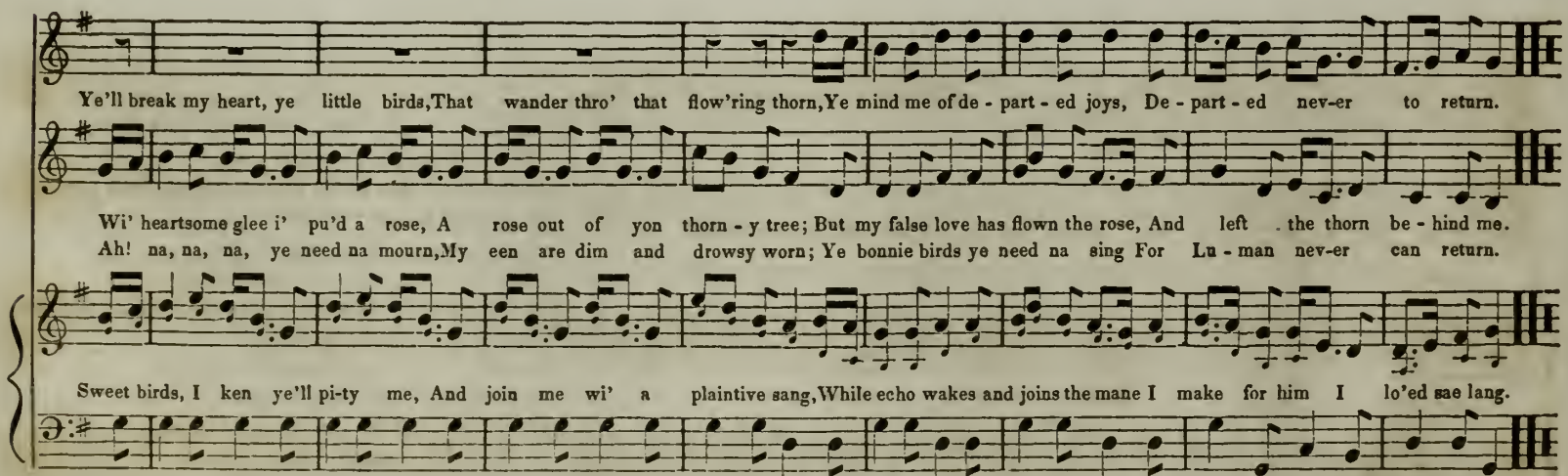


1. Ye banks and braes of bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sa fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt ye lit - tle birds, While I'm so wae, and full of care?

2. Oft have I roam'd by bon-nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine, Where ilka bird sung o'er its note, And cheer - ful - ly I join'd with mine.

3. Ye roses blaw your bon-nie blooms, And draw the wild birds by the burn, For Luman promis'd me a ring, And ye maun aid me should I mourn.

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



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

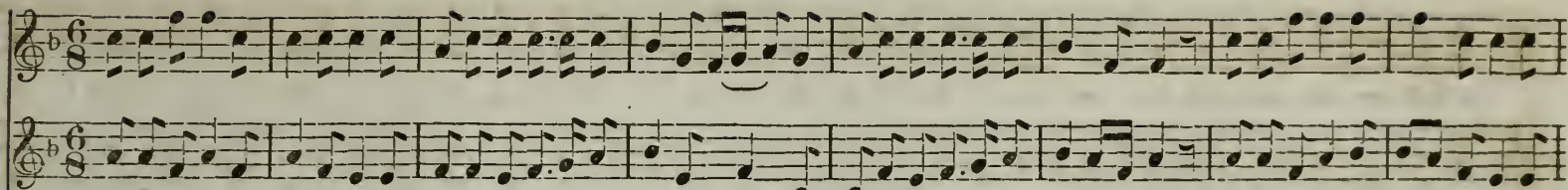
Wi' heartsome glee i' pu'd a rose, A rose out of yon thorn - y tree; But my false love has flown the rose, And left the thorn be - hind me.

Ah! na, na, na, ye need na mourn, My een are dim and drowsy worn; Ye bonnie birds ye need na sing For Lu - man nev - er can return.

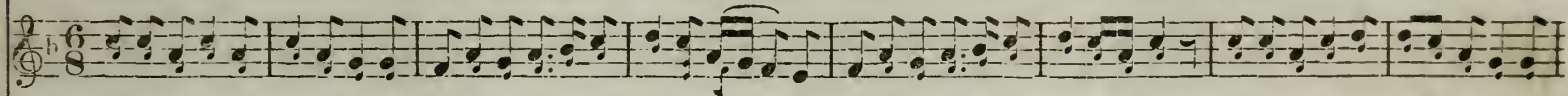
Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pi - ty me, And join me wi' a plaintive sang, While echo wakes and joins the mane I make for him I lo'ed sae lang.

# CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

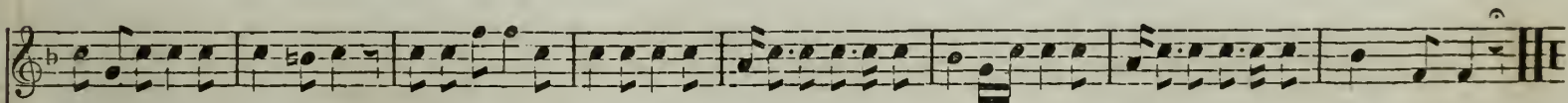
43



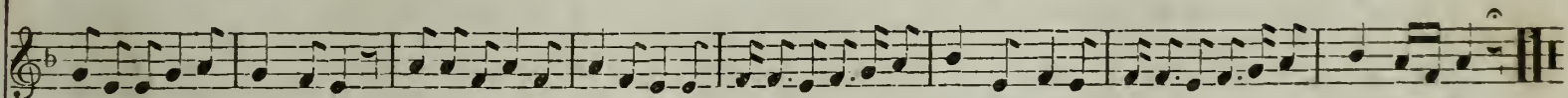
1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time, Our voi-ces keep tune and our oars keep time ; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll



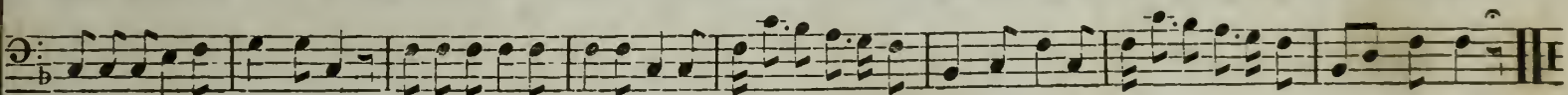
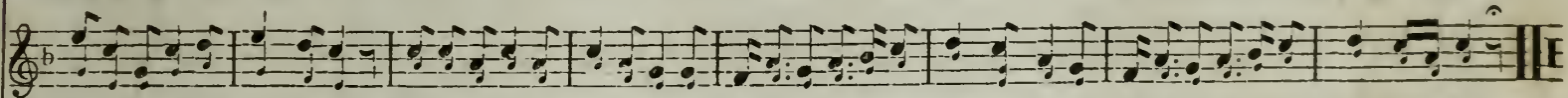
2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ; . . There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh !



cheerfully sing our part-ing hymn ; Row brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the day-light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day-light's past.



sweetly we'll rest the wea-ry oar ; Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the day - light's past, The rapids are near, and the day - light's past.



## LONG, LONG AGO.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go : Sing me the songs I de-

2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go? Ah, yes, you told me you

3. Tho' by your kind - ness my fond hopes were rais'd, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go, You, by more el - o - quent

The first system of the musical score for 'Long, Long Ago'. It consists of four staves. The top three staves are for the vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor), and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with the first line of each verse starting with a measure number (1, 2, or 3).

light - ed to hear, Long, long a - - go, long a - - go. Now you are come, all my grief is removed,

ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - - go, long a - - go. Then to all others my smile you pre - ferred,

lips have been praised, Long, long a - - go long a - - go. But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried,

The second system of the musical score for 'Long, Long Ago'. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with the first line of each verse starting with a measure number (1, 2, or 3).





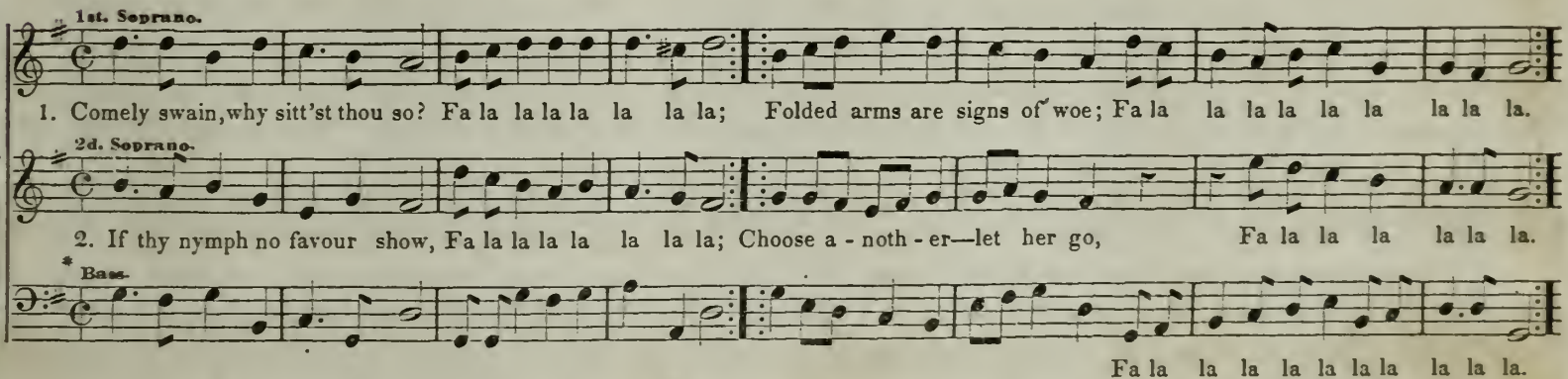
Let me for-get that so long you have rov'd, Let me believe that you love as you lov'd, Long, long a - go, long a - - go.

Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word, Still my heart treasures the praises I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - - go.

Still to your accents I listen with pride, Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long long a - go, long a - - go.

## MADRIGAL FOR THREE VOICES.

COMPOSED BY JOHN PLAYFORD, ABOUT THE SEVENTENTH CENTURY.



1. Comely swain, why sitt'st thou so? Fa la la la la la la la; Folded arms are signs of woe; Fa la la la la la la la.

2. If thy nymph no favour show, Fa la la la la la la la; Choose a - noth - er—let her go, Fa la la la la la la.

\* Bass.

Fa la la la la la la la la la la.

\* Or Mezzo Soprano, an octave higher.

## BOUNTING BILLOWS.

*Moderato.*

1. Bound-ing bil - - lows cease your mo - tion, Bear me not so swift - ly o'er, Cease thy roar - ing,

2. Far I go where du - - ty leads me, Far a - cross the trou - bled deep; Where no stran-ger's

3. Not one sigh shall tell my sto - - ry, Not one tear my cheek shall stain; Si - - lent grief shall

4. When with thee what ill could harm me, Thou could'st eve - ry pang as - suage; But when ab - sent

foam - ing o - cean, Cease thy roar - - ing, foam - ing o - - cean, I will tempt thy rage no more.

ear can heed me, Where no stran-ger's ear can heed me, Where no eye for me shall weep.

be my glo - - ry, Si - - lent grief shall be my glo - - ry, Grief that stoops not to com - - plain.

nought could charm me, But when ab - - sent nought could charm me, Eve - - ry mo - - ment seemed an age.

# LIFE LET US CHERISH.

47

*Fine.*

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

*Duet, or Trio.*

*Tutti.*

*D. C.*

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

2. When clouds obscure the atmosphere, And forked lightnings rend the air, The sun resumes its sil-ver crest, And smiles adorn the west.

3. The genial sea-sons soon are o'er; Then let us, ere we quit the shore, Contentment seek; it is life's zest, The sunshine of the breast.

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



## FAIR LAND OF POLAND.

FROM "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."

*Allegro.*

When the fair land of Poland was plough'd by the hoof Of the ruthless invader, when might With steel to the bosom, and flame to the roof, Com-

*Tutti.*

ple-ted her triumph o'er right: In that moment of danger when freedom invoked All the fetterless sons of her pride, In a

*Solo.*

*p* *f*

*Instrument.* *Voice.*

phalanx as dauntless as freedom e'er yok'd, I fought and I fell by her side; My birth is no - ble, unstained my crest,

*As*

*Solo.*

*Instrument.* *Voice.*

is thine own, let this attest.

*Adagio.*

As is thine own, let this at-test. My birth is no-ble, unstained my crest, As is thine own, As is thine own, let this at - test.

*Solo.* *Rall.*

*Instrument.* *Voice.*

## AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And never brought to mind, Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang

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

2. We twa ha'e run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,  
Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, &c.
3. We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,  
Frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid ha'e roared,  
Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, &c.
4. And there's a hand my trustie feire,  
And gi'es a hand o' thine;  
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,  
For auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, &c.
5. And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, &c.

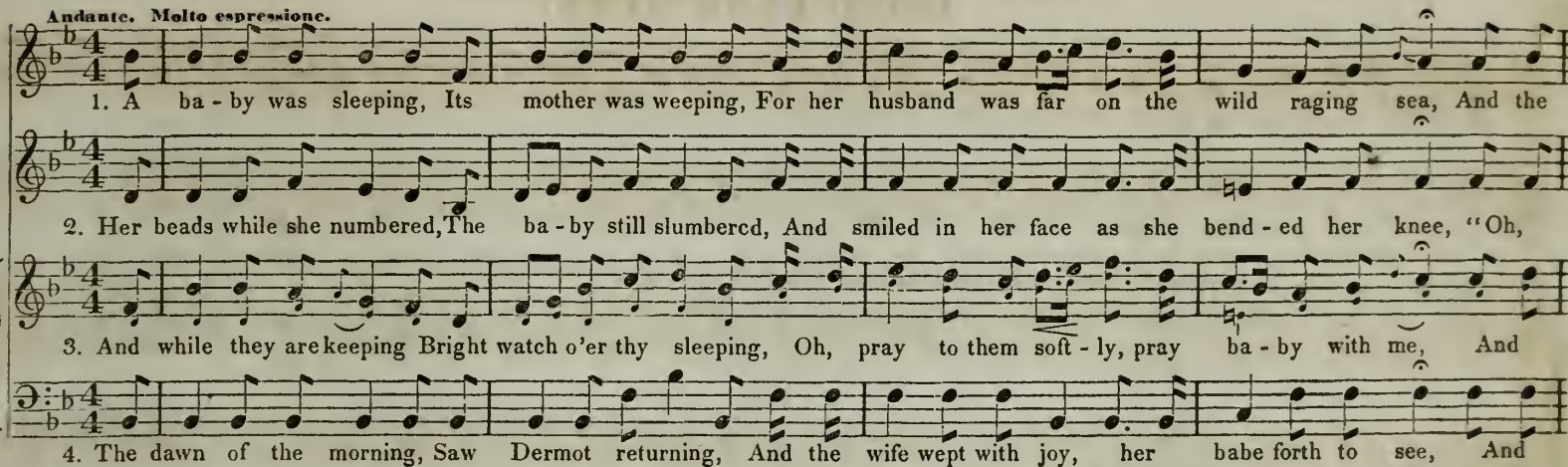


# THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.\*

S. LOVER.

51

*Andante. Molto espressivo.*

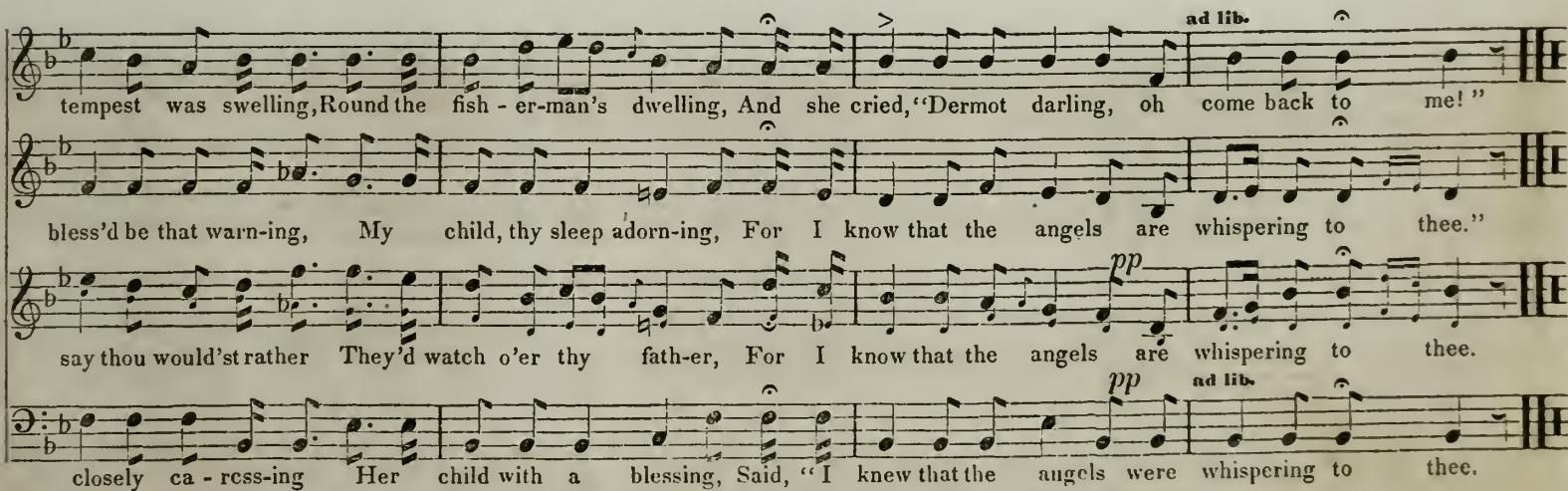


1. A ba-by was sleeping, Its mother was weeping, For her husband was far on the wild raging sea, And the

2. Her beads while she numbered, The ba-by still slumbered, And smiled in her face as she bend-ed her knee, "Oh,

3. And while they are keeping Bright watch o'er thy sleeping, Oh, pray to them soft-ly, pray ba-by with me, And

4. The dawn of the morning, Saw Dermot returning, And the wife wept with joy, her babe forth to see, And



tempest was swelling, Round the fish-er-man's dwelling, And she cried, "Dermot darling, oh come back to me!"

bless'd be that warn-ing, My child, thy sleep adorn-ing, For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

say thou would'st rather They'd watch o'er thy fath-er, For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

closely ca-ress-ing Her child with a blessing, Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering to thee.

\* The idea prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is talking to angels.

## THE PIRATE'S SERENADE.

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

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

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features two systems of music. The first system contains two staves of piano accompaniment (treble and bass clef) and a single staff for the voice. The second system also contains two staves of piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part consists of a simple harmonic accompaniment with a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with various intervals and rests. The voice part is a single melodic line with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: '1. My boat's by the tower, my bark's in the bay, And both must be gone ere the dawn of the day. The' and '2. For-give my rough mood, unac-cus-tomed to sue, I woo not per-haps as your land lov-ers woo, My'.

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

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

This system continues the musical score. It features two staves of piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The piano part continues with the same harmonic accompaniment. The voice part continues with the lyrics: 'moon's in her shroud, but to guide thee a - far, On the deck of the dar - - ing's a love - light - ed star. Then' and 'voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun, That star - tle the deep, when the com - bat's be - gun; And'.

wake la-dy, wake, I am waiting for thee, And this night or never my bride thou shalt be. Then wake la - - - - dy, wake, I am heavy and hard is the grasp of that hand Whose glove has been ev-er the guard of the band. But think not of these and this

wait - ing for thee, And this night or never my bride thou shalt be. One hundred shall serve, the best of the brave, And the Chief of a thousand shall kneel to thy slave, And thou shalt reign Queen, and thine empire shall last, Till the red flag by inches is torn from the mast. Oh, islands there are on the face of the deep, Where the leaves never fade and the skies never weep, And there if thou wilt, our love bowers shall be, When we leave for the green-wood, our home on the sea, moment be mine, And the plume of the proudest shall lower to thine. And there thou shalt sing of the deeds that were done, When we loosed the last blast, and the last battle won, Ah! haste love, haste, for the fair breezes blow, And my ocean bird poises her pinions of snow. Now fast to the lattice these silken cords twine, They are meet for such feet and fingers as thine. The signal, my mates, ho! hurrah! for the sea, This night, and forever, my bride thou shalt be.



1. Oh! sweet is my dear na - tive val - ley to me, Which in childhood I left a poor wanderer to be, Oh!

2. How oft when in slumber my eye - lids I close, I dream of that val - ley, those mountains and snows, And I

3. Ah! soon shall I see that sweet val - ley once more, When my trav - els are end - ed, my wanderings are o'er, Ah!

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with line numbers 1, 2, and 3 indicating the start of each line of the song.

sad was my heart, as I bade it farewell, And caught the last glimpse thro' the tears as they fell: Long time have I roamed all a -

think that I hear the wild torrent a - bove, Or list to the song from the lips that I love, How it soothes me, that song, as I

soon shall I dwell in my blest cottage home, And leave it no more thro' the wide world to roam: But draw my last breath in that

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It also features four staves (two vocal, two piano). The lyrics continue from the first system, with the first line of the second system starting with 'sad was my heart'. The musical notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings typical of 19th-century sheet music.

lone through the earth, But ne'er could for-get thee, dear land of my birth! But ne'er could for-get thee, dear land of my birth.

roam through the earth, Can I ev-er for-get thee? dear land of my birth! Can I ev-er for-get thee, dear land of my birth.

calm spot of earth, My own na-tive val-ley, dear land of my birth! My own native val-ley, dear land of my birth.

## THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN.

1. The last link is broken that bound me to thee, And the words thou hast spoken have rendered me free; That bright glance misleading, on others may shine, Those

2. The heart thou hast broken once doated on thee, And the words I have spoken proves sor-row to me; Oh! hadst thou then treasured my tho'ts spoken free, Thou



## THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN. CONTINUED.

Solo. Duet. Chorus.

eyes smil'd un - heeding when tears burst from mine. If my love was deem'd boldness that error is o'er, I've witness'd thy coldness and prize thee no more. I have not loved lightly, I'll

could'st not have measur'd thine own love to me. But oh! thou hast sorrow'd the heart that was thine, I'll return to thee borrowed the one I thought mine. I have not loved, &c.

think on thee yet, I'll pray for thee nightly, till life's sun is set; I have not lov'd lightly, I'll think on thee yet, I'll pray for thee night-ly till life's sun is set.



# THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.

57

*Andantino.*

1. The rose that all are praising, Is not the rose for me; Too ma-ny eyes are gazing Up-on the costly tree; But there's a rose in

2. The gem a king might covet, Is not the gem for me; From darkness who would move it, Save that the world may see; But I've a gem that

3 Gay birds in cages pinning, Are not the birds for me; The plumes so brightly shining, I care not for to see; But I've a bird that

yonder glen, That shuns the gaze of other men; For me its blossoms raising, Oh! that's the rose for me, Oh! that's the rose for me, Oh that's the rose for me.

shuns display, And next my heart worn every day, So dearly do I love it; Oh! that's the gem for me, Oh! that's the gem for me; Oh! that's the gem for me

gai-ly sings, Tho' free to rove, she folds her wings, For me her flight resigning, Oh! that's the bird for me, Oh! that's the bird for me, Oh! that's the bird for me.

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

*Maestoso.*

1. The breaking waves dash'd high, On a stern and rock-bound coast; And the woods against a stormy sky, Their gi-ant branches toss'd, And the

This musical system consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo marking 'Maestoso' is written above the first vocal staff. The lyrics are written below the first vocal staff.

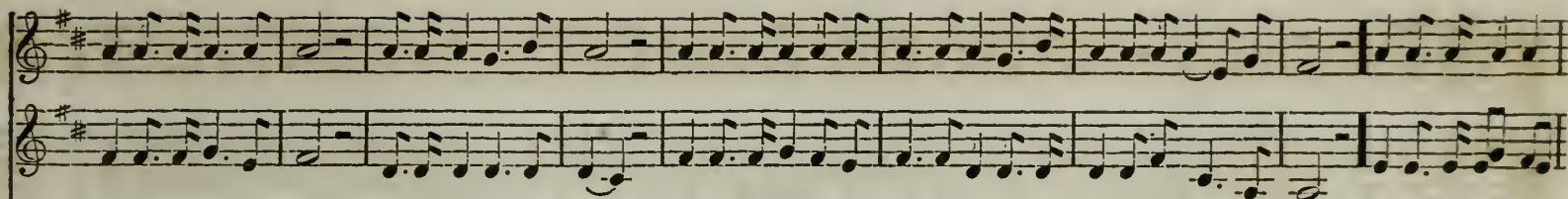
Unison.

hea-vy night hung dark, The hills and wa-ters o'er, When a band of ex-iles moor'd their bark, On the wild New-England shore.

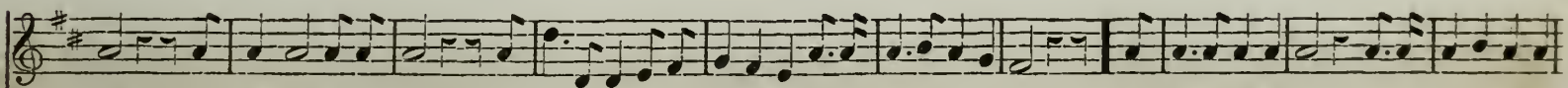
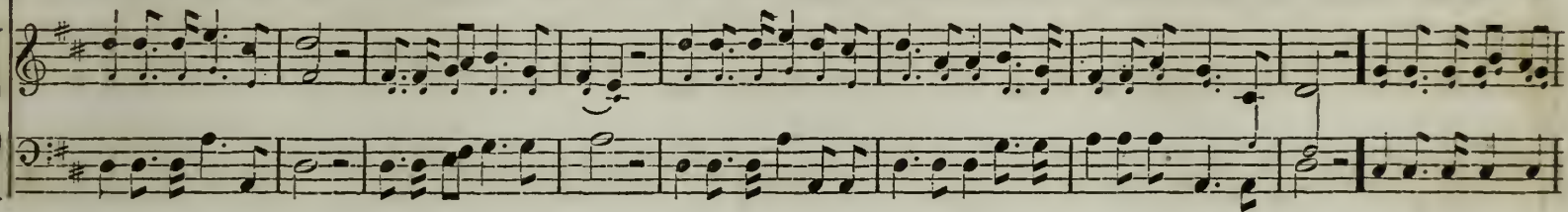
Unison.

This musical system continues the piece and includes a unison section. It features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The tempo marking 'Unison.' appears above the first vocal staff and below the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the first vocal staff.

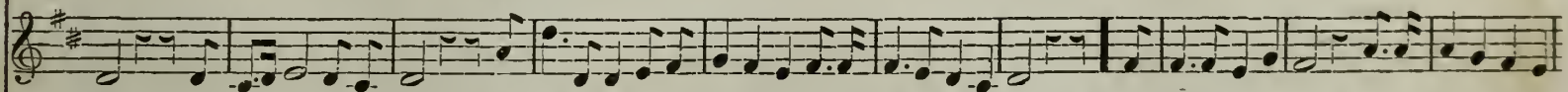




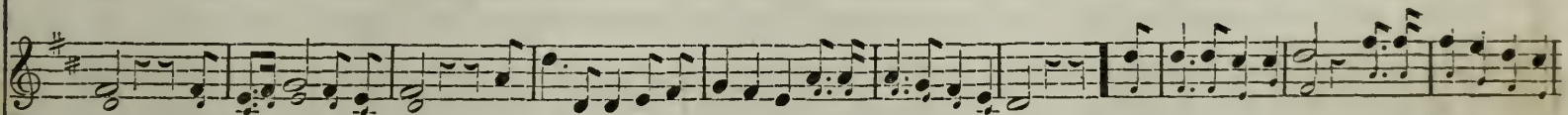
2. Not as the conqueror comes, They the true-hearted came; Not with the roll of the stir-ring drums, Or the trumpet that sings of fame. Not as the fly - ing



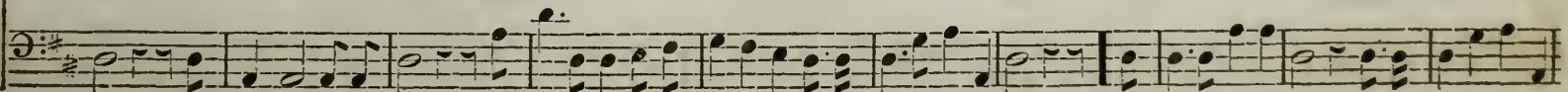
Unison.



come, In si-lence and in fear, They shook the depths of the desert's gloom, With their hymns of lofty cheer. 3. Amidst the storm they sang! And the stars heard and the



Unison.





## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

sea! And the sound-ing aisles of the dim woods rang, To the an-them of the free! The o - cean ea-gle soar'd From his nest by the white wave's

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the piano staff.

foam, And the rocking pines of the for-est roar'd; This was their welcome home! 4. What sought they thus a - - far? Bright jew - els, bright jew - els, bright

This system contains the next two staves of music. It begins with a *cres.* (crescendo) marking above the first staff. The word *Unison.* is written below the first staff. The second staff also begins with a *cres.* marking. The piano accompaniment continues in the bottom two staves. The lyrics are written below the piano staff.

# THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

61

*Poco più lento.*

jew - els of the mine? The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine. Aye! call it ho-ly ground, The spot where first they

*Unison.*

trod, They have left unstain'd what there they found, Freedom to worship God! They have left unstain'd what there they found, Freedom to worship God.

*Unison.*

# THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME!

FROM THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

Andante Cantabile.

1. When other lips and oth - - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In language whose excess imparts The pow'r they feel so well, There

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

The musical score for the first system is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It features a piano accompaniment with a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody is written above the piano part, with lyrics for two verses.

Solo.

Chorus.

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

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

The musical score for the second system continues the piano accompaniment and introduces a vocal solo and chorus. The solo part is marked 'Solo.' and the chorus part is marked 'Chorus.'. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

Inst.

Voice.



1. Love not! Love not! Ye hapless sons of clay, Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers; Things that are made to

2. Love not! love not! the thing you love may die, May perish from the gay and gladsome earth, The silent stars, the

3. Love not! love not! the thing you love may change, The ro-sy lip may cease to smile on you, The kindly beaming

4. Love not! love not! oh warning vain-ly said In present hours, as in years gone by: Love flings a ha-lo

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

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

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

round the dear one's head, Faultless, immortal till they change or die, Faultless, immortal till they change or die. Love not! Love not!

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

## IN THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT GIPSEYING.

1. In the days when we went Gip-sey-ing, A long time a --- go, The lads and lass-es in their best Were dress'd from top to toe: We danc'd and sung the

2. All hearts were light, and eyes were bright, While na-ture's face was gay; The trees their leaf-y branches spread, And perfume fill'd the way. 'Twas there we heard the,

3. We fill'd a glass to eve - - ry lass, And all our friends most dear; And wish'd them many hap - py days, And many a hap - py year. To friends a - way we

jo - cund song, Up - on the for-est green; And nought but mirth and jol - - li - ty A -- round us could be seen; And thus we pass'd a pleasant time, Nor

cuckoo's note Steal soft - ly through the air, While eve-ry scene a - round us look'd Most beau - ti - ful and clear. And thus we pass'd a pleasant time, Nor

turn'd our tho'ts, With feelings kind and free; And oh! we wish'd them with us there, Beneath the for - est tree, And thus we pass'd a pleasant time, Nor



thought of care or wo, In the days when we went gip-sey-ing a long time a -- go, In the days when we went gip-sey-ing, A long time a -- go.

thought of care or wo, In the days when we went gip-sey-ing a long time a -- go, In the days when we went gip-sey-ing, A long time a -- go.

thought of care or wo, In the days when we went gip-sey-ing a long time a -- go, In the days when we went gip-sey-ing, A long time a -- go.

## LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

1. Land of our fathers! where-so-e'er we roam, Land of our birth! to us thou still art home; Peace and pros-per-i - - ty

2. Though other climes may brighter hopes ful - - fil, Land of our birth! we ever love thee still! Heav'n shield our happy home



## LAND OF OUR FATHERS. CONTINUED.

on thy sons at - - - tend, Down to pos - ter - i - ty their in - flu - ence descend. All then in - - vit - ing, hearts and voi - ces

from each hostile band, Freedom and plenty ev - er crown our native land. All then in - - vit - ing, hearts and voi - ces

The first system of the musical score for 'Land of Our Fathers'. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

join - ing, Sing we in har - mony our na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land.

join - ing, Sing we in har - mony our na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are repeated. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. Fly a - way to my na-tive land sweet dove, Fly a-way to my na - tive land, And bear these lines to my la-dy love, That I've traced with a fee-ble hand, She

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

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

The musical score is written for four staves. The first three staves are for the vocal line, and the fourth is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music is in a common meter, with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with some words hyphenated across lines.

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

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

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

The musical score continues on four staves. The key signature remains one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music concludes with a final cadence on the fourth staff. The lyrics continue below the vocal staves, with some words hyphenated across lines.

## HARK! THE GODDESS DIANA.

1. Hark! the Goddess Di - a - na calls out for the chase, Bright Phœbus a - wak - ens the morn: Hark! the Goddess Di - a - na calls

2. The hounds are un-ken-nell'd and ripe for the game, We start to o'er-take the swift hare; The hounds are un - kennell'd and

out for the chase, Bright Phœbus a - wak - ens the morn: Rouse, rouse from your slumbers, to hunting give place, The huntsman is winding, is

ripe for the game, We start to o'er-take the swift hare; All danger we scorn, for pleasure's our aim, To the fields then a-way, then a -



winding his horn, The huntsman is winding, is winding his horn, The huntsman is winding, the huntsman is winding, the

way let's repair, To the fields then away, then away, let's repair, To the fields then a - way, To the fields then a - - - way, To the

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a grand staff bracket. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests. The piano accompaniment provides a steady rhythmic foundation with eighth and sixteenth notes.

huntsman is winding, is winding his horn, the huntsman is winding, is winding his horn, the huntsman is winding, is winding his horn.

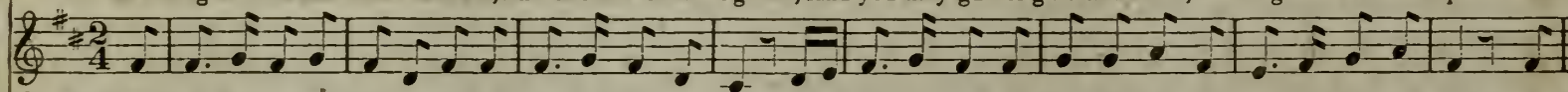
fields then away, then away, let's repair, to the fields then away, then away let's repair, to the fields then away, then away lets re-pair.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It follows the same musical notation and key signature as the first system. The lyrics continue the narrative of the huntsman winding his horn and the journey to the fields. The piano accompaniment remains consistent, providing a steady rhythmic background for the vocal line.

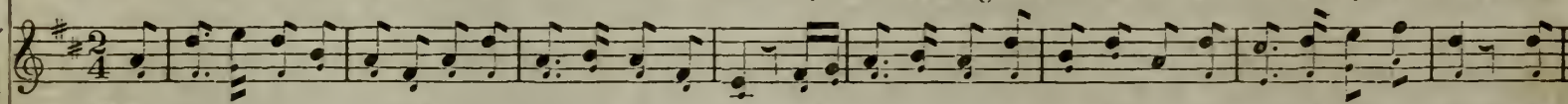
## THE BRIGNAL BANKS.



1. The Brignal banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, And you may gather garlands there, Would grace a summer queen. And



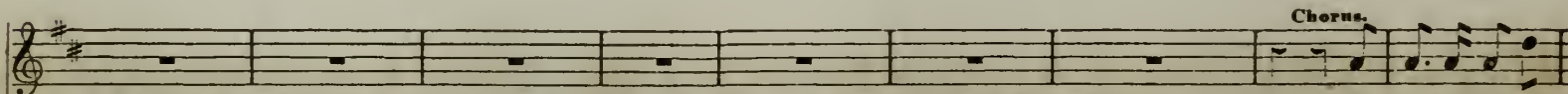
2. If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me, To leave both tower and town, Thou first must guess what life lead we, That dwell by dale and down: And



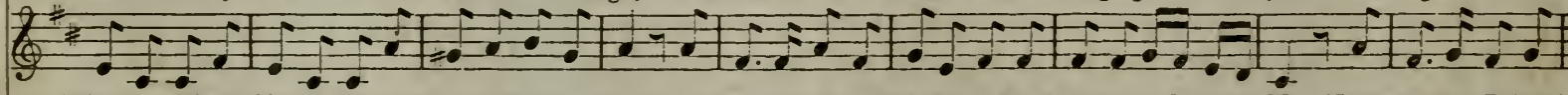
3. I read you by your bugle-horn, And by your pal-fry good; I read you for a ranger sworn, To keep the king's green wood: A



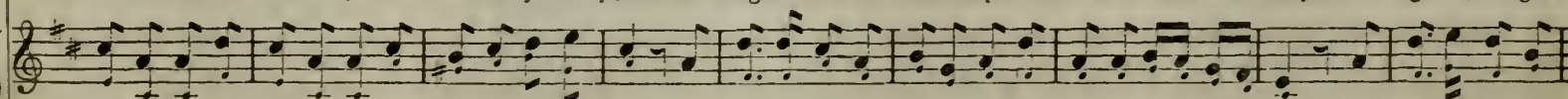
4. With burnish'd brand and musketoon, So gallantly you come; I read you for a bold dragoon, That lists to the tuck of drum; I



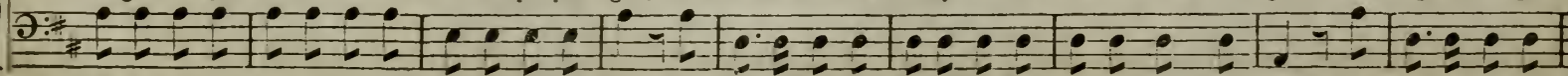
as I rode by Dalton-hall, Beneath the turret high, A Maiden on the cas-tle wall Was singing mer - ri - ly; "The Brignal banks are



if thou canst that riddle read, As read full well you may; Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed As blithe as Queen of May; Yet sung she, Brignal



ranger, la-dy, winds his horn, And 'tis at peep of light; His blast is heard at merry morn, And mine at dead of night: Yet sung she, Brignal



list no more the tuck of drum; No more the trumpet hear: But when the beetle sounds his hum, My comrades take the spear, And oh, tho' Brignal



## Chorus.

fresh and fair, And Gretna woods are green, I'd rather range with Edmund there, Than reign an English Queen. The brignal banks are fresh and fair, And banks are fair, And Gretna woods are green; I rather range with Edmund there, Than reign an English Queen, Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair, And banks are fair, And Gretna woods are gay; I would I were with Edmund there, To reign his Queen of May. Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair, And banks be fair, And Gretna woods be gay; Yet mickle must the maiden dare, Would reign my Queen of May. And oh, tho' Brignal banks be fair, And

## 5

Gret-na woods are green, I'd rather range with Edmund there, Than reign an English Queen.  
Gret-na woods are green, I'd rather range with Edmund there, Than reign an English Queen.  
Gret-na woods are gay; I would I were with Edmund there, To reign his Queen of May.  
Gret-na woods are gay; Yet mic-kle must the maiden dare, Would reign my Queen of May.

Maiden, a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die;  
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,  
Were better mate than I:  
And when I'm with my comrades met,  
Beneath the Greenwood bough;  
What once we were, we all forget,  
Nor think what we are now:  
Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,  
And Gretna woods are green;  
And you may gather garlands there,  
Would grace a summer Queen.

## Chorus.

Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,  
And Gretna woods are green;  
And you may gather garlands there,  
Would grace a summer Queen.



## MARSEILLES HYMN.

FRENCH AIR.

*Maestoso.*

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

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

tears and hear their cries! Behold their tears, and hear their cries, Shall lawless tyrants mischief breeding, With hireling host, a ruf-fian

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

*Unison.*

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

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

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

## OH! IT IS NOT WHILE RICHES.

IRISH MELODY.

Moderato.

1. Oh, it is not while riches and splendor surround us, That friendship and friends can be put to the test; 'Tis but when affliction's cold

*p*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major, 6/8 time, marked 'Moderato'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, 6/8 time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

presence has bound us, We find which the hearts are that love us the best; For friends will fawn at

This system contains the next two staves of music, continuing the melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue below the top staff.



for - tune's dawn, While the breeze and the tide waft us stead - i - - - ly on: But if sor-row o'er - takes us, each

false one forsakes us, And leaves us to sink or to struggle a-lone.

2

And though on love's altar the flame that is glowing,  
 Be brighter, still friendship's is steadier far;  
 One wavers and turns with each breeze that is blowing,  
 And is but a meteor, the other's a star;  
 In youth, love's light burns warm and bright,  
 But it dies ere the winter of age be past;  
 While friendship's flame burns ever the same,  
 Or glows but the brighter the nearer its last.

## THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

W. P. KING.

*Moderato.*

1. When in the storm on Albion's coast, The night-watch guards his wea - - ry post, From tho'ts of danger free; He marks some vessel's

The minute gun at sea.

dusky form, And hears a-mid the howling storm, The min-ute gun at sea. And

hears a-mid the howl-ing storm, The minute gun at sea. 2. Swift on the shore a har-dy few, The life-boat man with a

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal part, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating G major. The time signature is not explicitly shown but appears to be 2/4. The vocal melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

gallant, gallant crew, And dare the dang'rous wave; Thro' the wild surf they cleave their way; Lost in the foam, nor know dismay, For they

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It follows the same four-staff format as the first system. The vocal melody continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F#5. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves. The system concludes with a final cadence in the vocal part.



For they go the crew to save;  
 go the crew to save; Lost in the foam nor know dis-may, For they  
 For they go the crew to save;

*Allegretto.* *Tenor Solo.* *Chorus.*  
 Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd;  
 go the crew to save But Oh, what rap-ture fills each breast, Then

*Solo.*

# CONCLUDED.

79

nd lib. By the

land - ed safe what joys to tell Of all the dan-gers that be - fell; Then is heard no more,

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'nd lib.' (ad libitum). The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Andante.

watch on the shore,

Then is heard no more by the watch on the shore, The minute gun at sea.

This system contains the next two staves of music. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The key signature remains G major. The lyrics continue across the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings 'pp' (pianissimo) in the right hand of the piano part.

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond re-col-lection pre-sents to my view, | The wide spreading pond and the mill which stood near it, The  
 { The or-ward, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood, And ev'-ry loved spot which my in-fan-cy knew, | The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry house nigh it, And

2. { The moss-cover'd bucket I hail as a treasure, For of-ten at noon when re-turned from the field, | How ardent I siezed it, with hands that were glowing, And  
 { I found it the source of an ex-qui-site pleasure, The pur-est and sweetest that na-ture could yield. | Then soon, with the emblem of truth o-ver-flowing, And

3. { How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it, As poised on the curb it in-clined to my lips; | And now far removed from the loved sit-u-a-tion, The  
 { Not a full flow-ing gob-let could tempt me to leave it, Though filled with the nectar that Ju-pi-ter sips. | As fan-cy reverts to my father's plantation, And

*p*

Instrument.

bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell, }  
 e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well. } The old oak-en buck-et, the i--ron bound bucket, The moss cov-ered buck-et that hung in the well.

quick to the white-peb-bled bot-tom it fell, }  
 drop-ping with cool-ness it rose from the well, } The old oak-en buck-et, the i--ron bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

tear of re-gret will in-tru-sive-ly swell, }  
 sighs for the buck-et which hung in the well. } The old oak-en buck-et, the i--ron bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

Voice.



# HARK! THE CONVENT BELLS.

81

Solo.

Chorus. *pp*

1. Hark! the Con-vent bells are ringing, And the nuns are sweet-ly singing, Ho-ly Father, hear our prayer; Ho-ly

2. Now the love-ly maid is kneeling, With up--lift--ed eyes ap-peal-ing, Ho-ly Father, hear her prayer; Ho-ly

*p*

*pp*

Inst.

Voice.

Solo.

Father hear our prayer. See the No-vice comes to sev-er Eve-ry world-ly tie for-ev-er, Take, oh,

Father hear her prayer. See the. Ab-bess bend-ing o'er her, Breathes the sa--cred vow be-fore her, Take, oh,

Inst.

## HARK! THE CONVENT BELLS. CONTINUED.

Chorus. Solo.

take her to your care, Take, oh, take her to your care, Still radiant gleams are shining, Her jet black locks are

take her to your care, Take, oh, take her to your care, Her form no more pos - ses - es . Those dark lux - u - riant

Voice. Inst.

Chorus.

twin - - ing, And her robes a-round her flow-ing, With sun - - ny tints are glowing, But all earthly rays are dim, But all

tres - - ses, The solemn words are spo-ken, Each earth - - ly link is broken, But all earthly joys are dim. But all

Voice.

Solo.

earthly rays are dim, Splendors bright - er now in-vite her, While thus we chant, we chant our ves - per

earthly rays are dim, Splendors bright - er now in-vite her, While thus we chant, we chant our ves - per

*Inst.*

Chorus.

Solo.

Chorus.

Solo.

Chorus.

hymn, While thus . . . we chant, we chant our vesper hymn, our ves - per hymn, our ves - per hymn, our ves - per hymn, our ves-per hymn.

hymn, While thus . . . we chant, we chant our vesper hymn, our ves - per hymn, our ves - per hymn, our ves - per hymn, our ves-per hymn.

*Voicc.* *Inst.* *Voicc.* *Inst.* *Voicc.*



## I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

B. HIME.

*Allegretto.*

1. I see them on their winding way, About their ranks the moonbeams play, Their lofty deeds and daring high Blend with the notes of victory. And

2. Again, again the pealing drum, The clashing horn, they come, they come Thro' rocky pass, o'er wooded steep, In long and glitt'ring files they sweep, And

wa-ving arms, and ban - ners bright, Are glancing, glancing in the mel - low light: They're lost and gone, the moon is past. The

near-er, near - er, yet more near, Their softened cho - - - - - rus meets the ear: Forth, forth and meet them on their way, The

in - - - They're lost - -

The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast, And fainter, fainter, fainter still, The march is rising o'er the hill, rising o'er the hill,

The tramping hoofs brook no delay, With thrilling life and pealing drum And clashing horn they come, they come, they come, they come, they come, they

Unison. *p*

rising o'er the hill. I see them on their winding way, About their ranks the moonbeams play, Their lofty deeds and daring high Blend with the notes of victory.

come, They come they come; I see them on their winding way, &c.



## HYMN TO THE MADONNA.

ARRANGED FROM ZAMPA.

*Andante.*

At thy feet Oh! chaste Ma - don - na, Now we raise our fer - - vent prayer, { Eve - ry bless - ing pour up - Oh! in mer - cy chaste Ma -

*Inst.*

on her, Make her life thy spe-cial care, In - ter - cede for her we pray, And pro-tect her night and day; }  
don - na Smile up - on us from a - bove, While wo of - fer thee Ma - don-na, Heart and soul in pur - est love. }

*Voice.*



# THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

FROM NORMA.

87

Solo.

1. Fare thee well! what tho' I leave thee, A mother's prayers will still be thine; And to hear of thy heart's gladness Will be balm and joy to mine. Memory

2. As I watch'd thy infant slumbers, My tears of joy I strove to hide; While to think upon the future Fill'd the mother's heart with pride. 'Tis the

Chorus.

in my brain is crowding, Many tho'ts now pass'd a - way, ..... All, save Love shall be for - got - ten, In thy mother's part - ing lay.

first time we have parted, And a grief is on my heart, ..... Yet the hope within me whispers We shall meet no more to part.

Inst.

Voice.

## BLUE EYED MARY.

1. "Come tell me blue eyed stranger, Say whither dost thou roam; O'er this wide world a ranger; Hast thou no friends nor home?" They call me blue eyed

2. "Come here I'll buy thy flowers, And ease thy hapless lot; Still wet with morning showers, I'll buy, forget me not." Kind sir, then take those

1st time. 2d time.

Mary When friends and fortune smil'd; But ah! how fortunes va-ry! I now am sorrow's child.

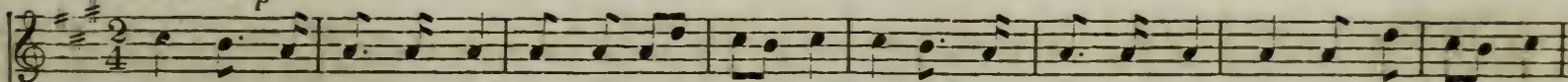
posies, They're fading like my youth; But nev-er like these . . . . . ro-ses, shall wither Mary's truth.



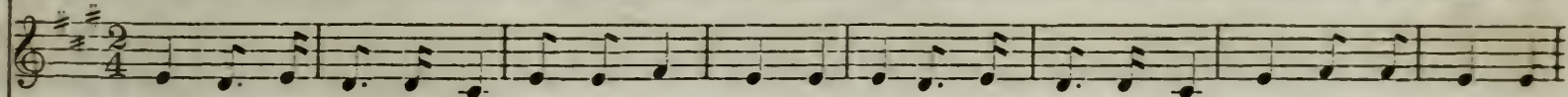
# FAR, FAR O'ER HILL AND DELL.

89

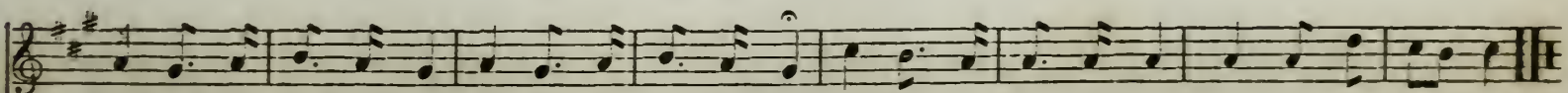
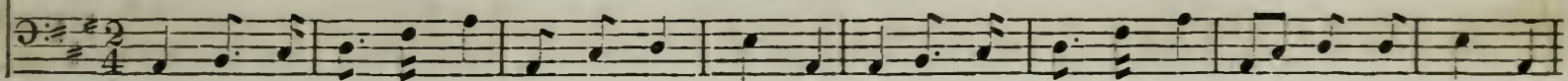
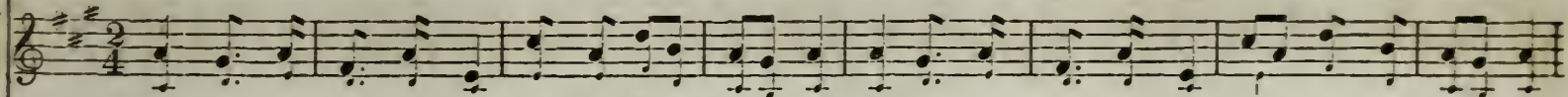
*Lento Sempre. p*



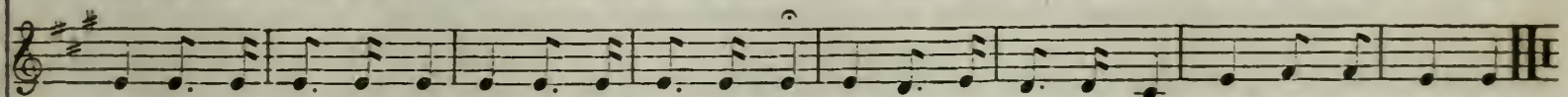
1. Far, far o'er hill and dell, On the winds steal - ing, List to the con-vent bell Mourn - ful - ly peal - ing;



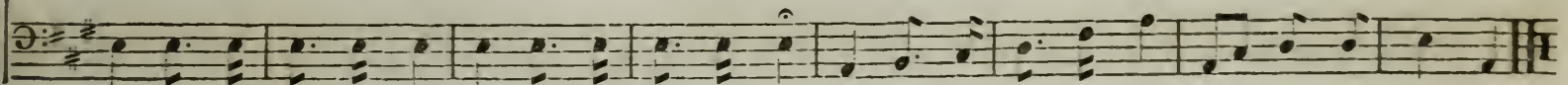
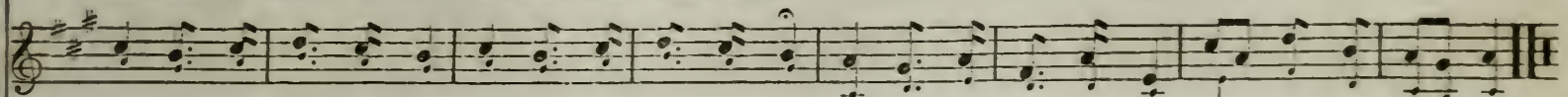
2. Now through the charmed air, Slow - ly as - - cend-ing, List to the chan - ted prayer Sol - emn - ly blend-ing;



Hark, hark, it seems to say, As melt those sounds a-way; So earth - ly joys de - cay Whilst new their feel - ing.



Hark, hark, it seems to say, As melt those sounds a-way; So earth - ly joys de - cay Whilst new their feel - ing.





*Moderato.*

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

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

*p*

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

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

*f* *ff*

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

joy-ful cry. When answering back we faintly hear; Ship a - hoy! ship ahoy! What cheer! What cheer! Now sails aback we near - er come; Kind words are said of

*mp* *pp* *mf*

out! look out!" A-round on deck we gai - ly fly; "Land a - head! land a-head!" with joy we cry; Yon bea-con's light di - rects our way, While grate-fal vows to

*mp* *pp* *mf*

2d verse *forte.* 2nd verse *ff*

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

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



## O! DEAR IS MY COTTAGE.

*Allegretto.*

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

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

3. The morning awakes me to health and to la--bor, The lark points to heaven as first to be praised; The

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

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

eve-ning procures me my friend and my neighbor, To join in the trib-ute by grat-i-tude raised; And



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

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

## THE MELLOW HORN.

Moderato.

1. At dawn Au-ro-ra gai-ly breaks in all her proud at-tire, Ma-jes-tic o'er the glassy lakes, Reflecting li-quit fire; All na-ture smiles to

*mf* *p*

1. At eve when gloomy shades obscure, The tranquil shepherd's cot, When tinkling bells are heard no more, And daily toil forgot; 'Tis then the sweet en-

*mf* *p*

ush-er in, the blush-ing queen of morn, And huntsmen with the day begin, To wind the mellow horn, The mel-low horn, The mel-low, mellow

*cres.* *pp*

chanting note, On zephyrs gent-ly borne, With witching cadence seems to float, Around the mellow horn, The mel-low horn, The mellow, mellow

*f* *pp*

*cres.* *f* *pp*



# THE MELLOW HORN.

95

horn, The mel-low horn, The mellow, mellow horn; And huntsmen with the day be-gin To wind the mellow horn, And huntsmen with the

*mf* *f*

horn, The mel-low horn, The mellow, mellow horn, Tis then the sweet enchanting note, On zephyrs gent-ly borne, With witching cadence

*mf* *f*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a melody line. The second staff is a bass clef with a supporting line. The lyrics are written below the first staff. Dynamic markings *mf* and *f* are placed below the first staff. The second staff also has *mf* and *f* markings.

day be-gin, To wind the mel-low horn; And huntsmen with the day begin, To wind the mel-low horn, the mel-low, mellow horn, the mellow, mellow horn.

*ff* *p* *ff*

seems to float A-round the mel-low horn; With witching cadence seems to float A-round the mel-low horn, the mel-low, mellow horn, the mellow, mellow horn.

*ff* *p* *ff*

This system contains the next two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a melody line. The second staff is a bass clef with a supporting line. The lyrics are written below the first staff. Dynamic markings *ff*, *p*, and *ff* are placed below the first staff. The second staff also has *ff*, *p*, and *ff* markings.



## HUNTER OF TYROL.

T. NELSON.

*Allegro con spirito.*

1. Hark to the distant horn, List to the hunter's cry; Whilst

2. Oft as the evening sun Fades on the dark blue sea; Sweet

*Andante.**pp Inst.**f* Voice.

sweetly the echoes, O'er valley and mountain fly, Swift as the fatal dart, Hurled at the forest boar; The hunter leaves the

echo bears lightly The sound of the horn to me; Many an eye will beam, Many a light heart bound, When in their mountain

hill, When the toils of chase are o'er The hunter leaves the hill,  
homes, The hunter's song goes round. When in their mountain homes.

*inst.* *voice.* *inst.* *f*

When the toils of chase are o'er, Hark to the distant horn, List to the hunter's cry; How sweet are the echoes, That  
*ad lib.* *pp* *f*  
And many a light heart bound. Hark to the distant horn, List to the hunter's cry; How sweet are the echoes, That  
*voice.* *ad lib.* *pp* *f*

follow the mountain horn; How sweet are the echoes, the echoes, the echoes, That follow the mountain

follow the mountain horn; How sweet are the echoes, the echoes, the echoes, That follow the mountain

ad lib. *pp* *f* *pp* *f* *a tempo*

ad lib. *pp* *f* *ad lib.* *pp* *f*

horn.

horn.

8 va. *f* *p* *f*

3



# MY HEART AND LUTE.

99

♩.

Fine.

1. I give thee all, I can no more, Tho' poor the offering be; My heart and lute are all the store That I can bring to thee. A

2. Tho' love and song may fail, a-las! To keep life's clouds a-way, At least 'twill make them lighter pass, Or glad them if they stay. If

Fine.

Dal Segno. ♩.

lute, whose gentle song re-veals, The soul of love full well; And bet-ter far, a heart that feels Much more than lute can tell. I

ev-er care his discord flings, O'er life's enchanted strain, Let love but gent-ly touch the strings, 'Twill all be sweet a-gain. I

# "OH! SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING."\*

AIR.—PERRY'S VICTORY. ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK.

**Bold.**

*f*

*p*

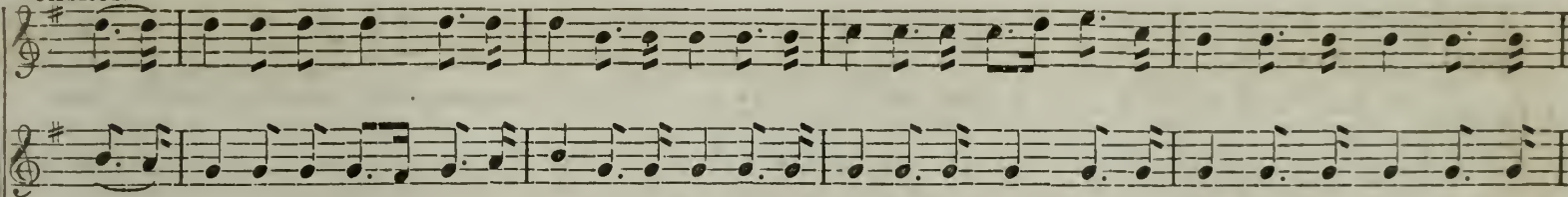
**Solo.**

1. Oh! sub - lime was the warning A - mer-i - ca gave, When she rose, on this morn-ing, the free and the brave; Sent the

blaze of her stan-dard to flash on the eye, And the war - cry of free - men to clash in her sky:

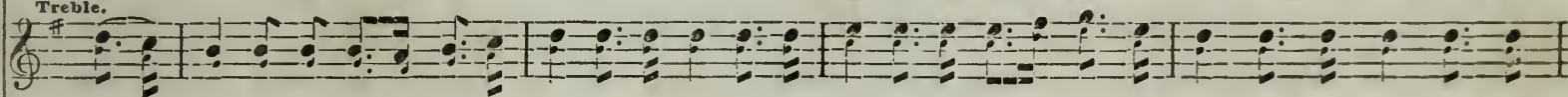
\* Written by Hon. Caleb Cushing, and sung at the Celebration of the 48th Anniversary of American Independence.

## CHORUS.

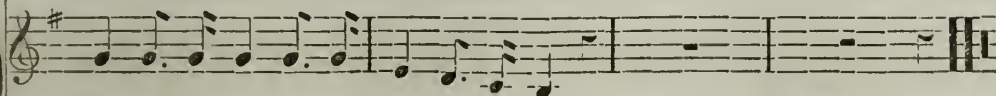
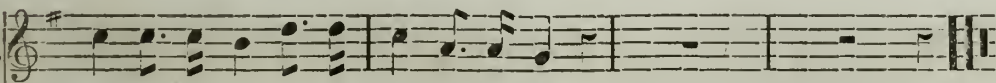
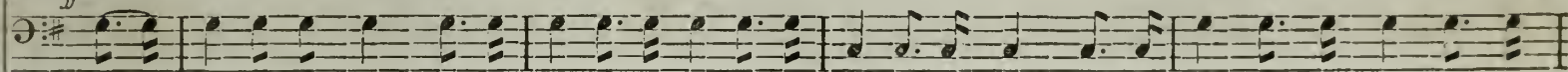


*ff* And pealed the loud an - them at vic - to - ry's host, To the Queen of the Main and the Pride of the West, To the

## Treble.

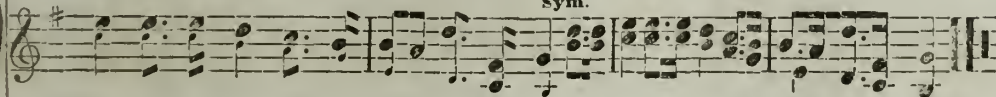


*ff*



Queen of the Main and the Pride of the West.

## Sym.



- 2 Then her pinion young Freedom expanded in flight,  
The dominion was hers, and the might and the right;  
She flew forth afar from La Plata to Greece,  
With the red shaft of war, and the olive of peace;  
Oh! peal the loud anthems in chorus again,  
To the Pride of the West, and the Queen of the Main.
- 3 Oppressors and tyrants in triumph may smile,  
In their shameless alliance may trust for a while;  
But in vain: Can they stop the wild waves as they roll?  
Can they chain the unquenchable fire of the soul?  
Then peal the loud anthems in chorus again,  
To the Pride of the West, and the Queen of the Main.
- 4 Let the nations, who glory in freedom, proclaim  
Columbia's story, Columbia's fame;  
She has broken the charm, that enthralled them around,  
She has spoken the word which their fetters unbound;  
Let them peal the loud anthems in chorus again,  
To the Pride of the West, and the Queen of the Main.
- 5 O'er the forest and mountain, that heroes have trod,  
O'er the fountain, that waters the patriot's sod,  
O'er the flower-clad Savannah, the lake and the stream,  
Where the stripes and the stars of her banner now gleam.  
Oh! peal the loud anthems in chorus again,  
To the Pride of the West, and the Queen of the Main.



## LOVELY ROSE.

1. Of late so bright-ly glow - ing, Love-ly rose; We here be - held thee grow-ing, Love-ly rose.

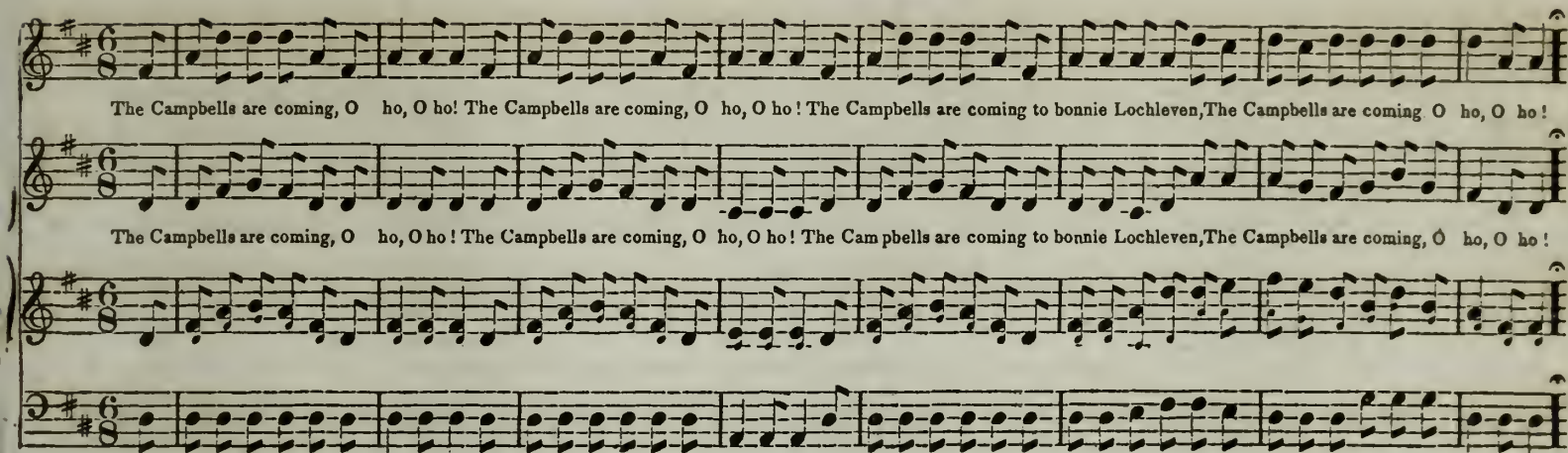
2. The blast too rude - ly blow - ing, Love - ly rose; Thy ten - der form o'er - throw - ing, Love-ly rose.

3. No fresh'ning dew of morn - ing, Love - ly rose; Thy in - fant buds a - dorn - ing, Lovely rose.

Thou seem'st some angel's care, Summer's breath was warm around thee. Summer's beam with beauty crown'd thee, So sweetly fair.

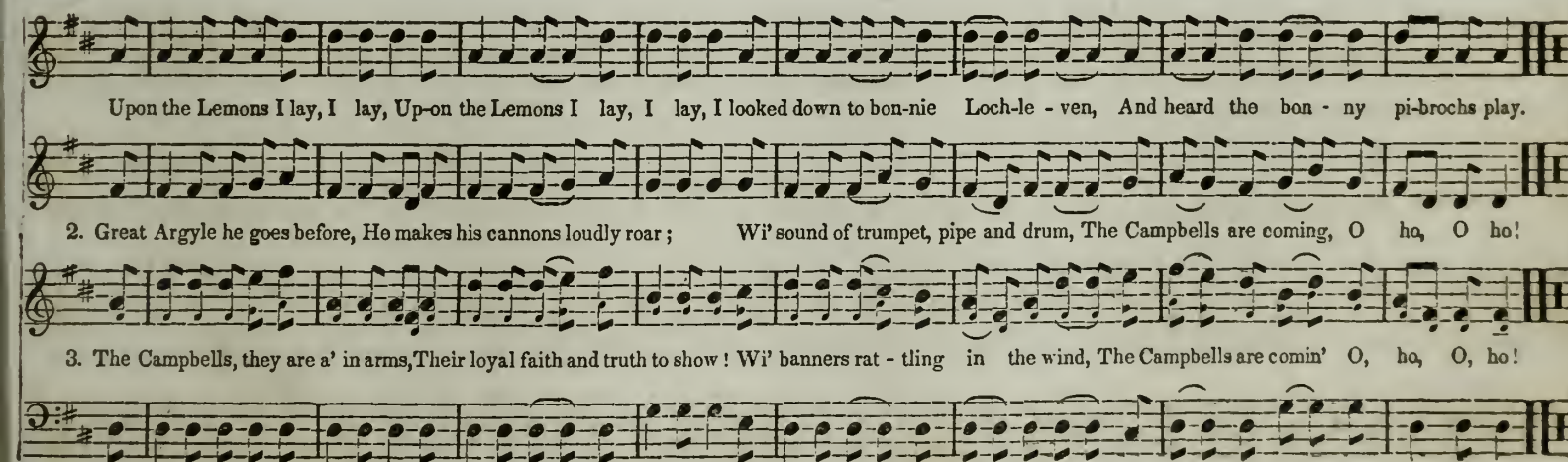
A - las! hath laid thee low, Now a - mid thy na - tive bed, Envi-ous weeds with branches spread, Un-kind - ly grow.

To thee shall day restore, Ze-phyr's soft, that late caress'd thee, Evening smiles that parting bless'd thee, Return no more.



The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven, The Campbells are coming O ho, O ho!

The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven, The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!

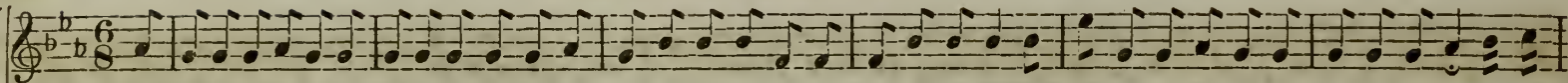


Upon the Lemons I lay, I lay, Up-on the Lemons I lay, I lay, I looked down to bon-nie Loch-le-ven, And heard the bon-ny pi-brochs play.

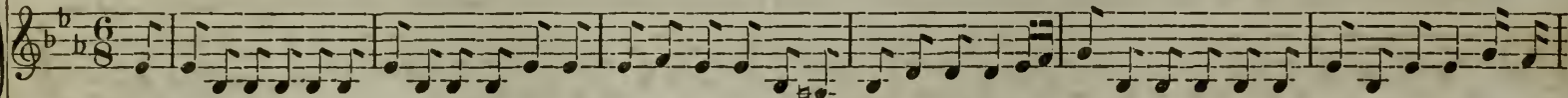
2. Great Argyle he goes before, He makes his cannons loudly roar; Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum, The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!

3. The Campbells, they are a' in arms, Their loyal faith and truth to show! Wi' banners rat-tling in the wind, The Campbells are comin' O, ho, O, ho!

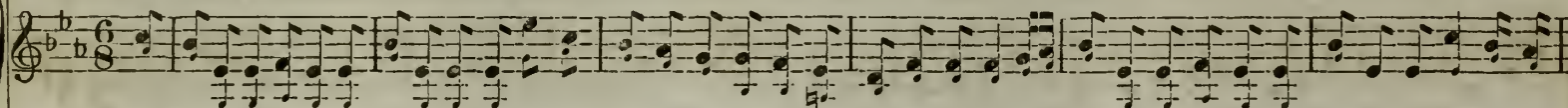




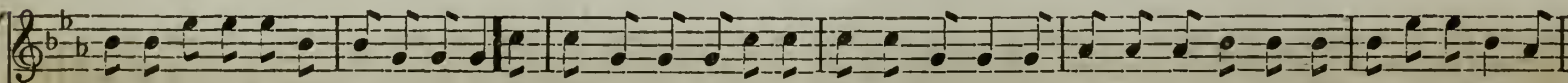
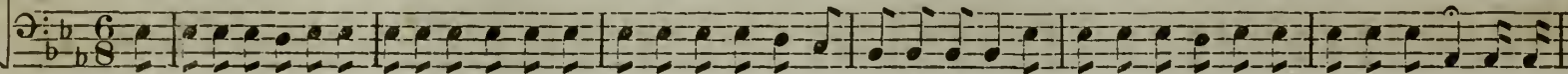
1. Young Rory O'Moore courted Kathaleen Bawn, He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn; He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathaleen to please, And he



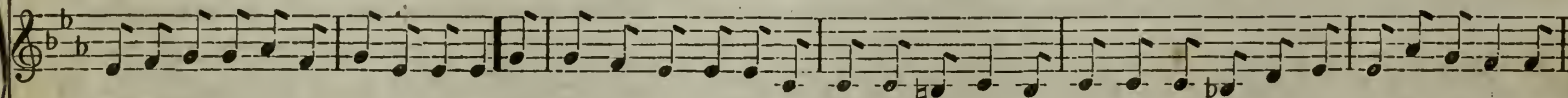
2. "Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like, For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike; The ground that I walk on, he loves, I'll be bound," 'Faith,' says



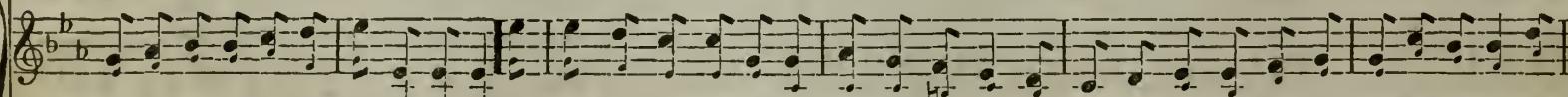
3. "Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teaz'd me enough, And I've thrash'd for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff; And I've made myself drinking your health, quite a baste, So I



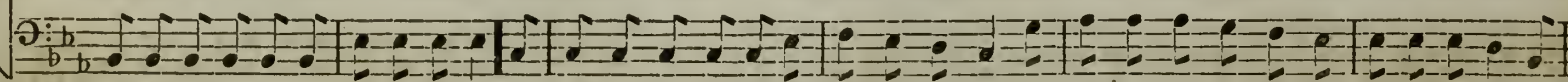
tho't the best way to do that, was to teaze. Now, Ro-ry, be ai-sy, sweet Kathleen would cry, Re-proof on her lip, but the smile in her eye, "With your



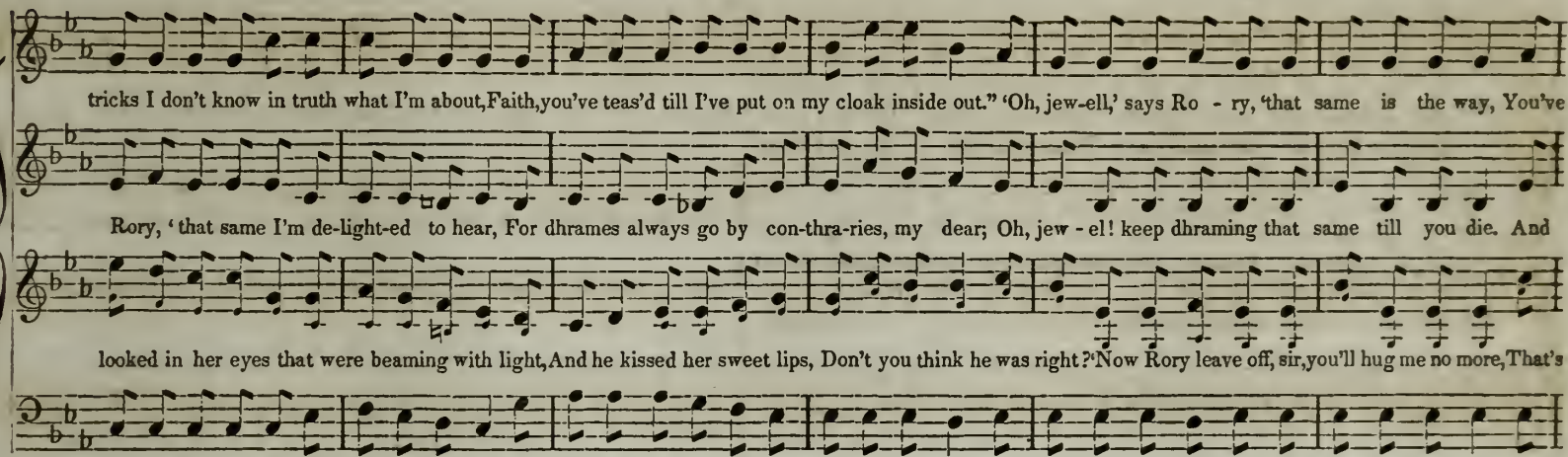
Rory, 'I'd rather love you than the ground.' 'Now Ro-ry, I'll cry, if you don't let me go, Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!' 'Oh!' says



think, af-ter that, I may talk to the praste." Then Ro-ry, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck, So soft and so white with-out freckle or speck, And he



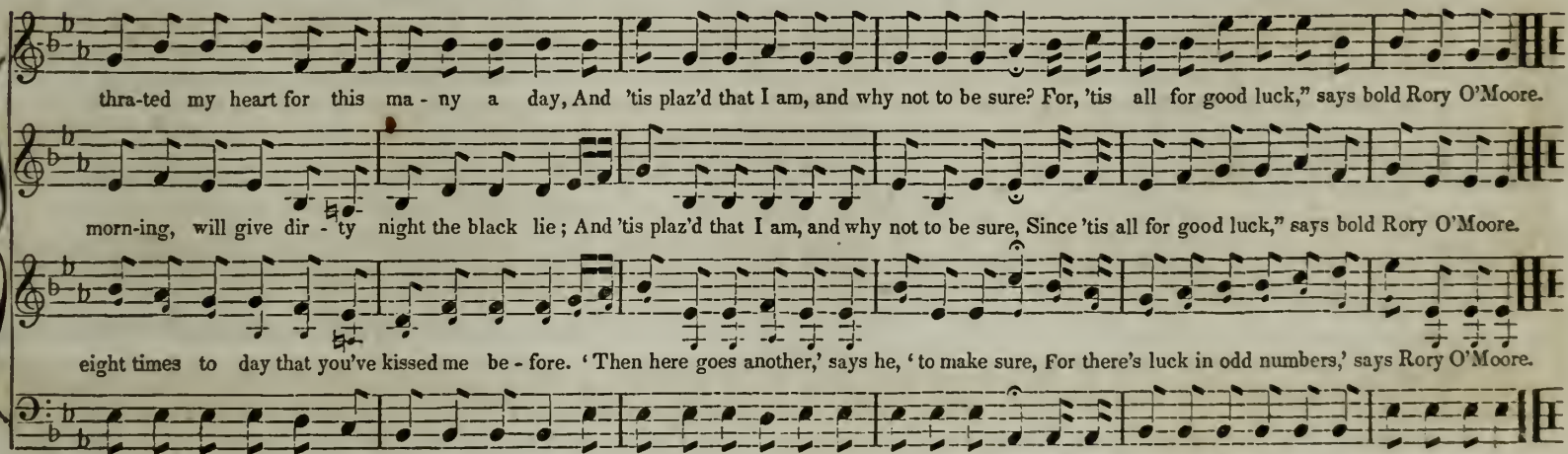




tricks I don't know in truth what I'm about, Faith, you've teas'd till I've put on my cloak inside out." 'Oh, jew-ell,' says Ro - ry, 'that same is the way, You've

Rory, 'that same I'm de-light-ed to hear, For dhrames always go by con-thra-ries, my dear; Oh, jew - el! keep dhraming that same till you die. And

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



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

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

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

## IN MY COTTAGE.

D. C.

1. In my cot-tage near the wood, Health and Laura both combine,  
 Me to bless with eve-ry good, That can ren-der life di - vine. } Lau-ra, oh, my charmer fair, Time shall ne'er thy love im - pare.  
 Still the joys of life shall prove, Blest with liber - ty and love.

2. There, be-neath my humble cot, Tranquil peace and pleasure dwell;  
 Sweet con-tentment still our lot, Smiling joy can grace a cell; } Nature's wants are all sup-plied, Food and raiment, house and fire;  
 Health may swell in courts of pride, This is all that I de - sire.

## MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liber - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain's side, Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of lib-er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light, Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.



# DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.\*

E. L. WHITE.

107

1. Don't kill the birds, the lit - tle birds, That sing a-bout your door; Soon as the joy-ous spring has come, And chilling storms are o'er,

2. Don't kill the birds, the lit - tle birds That play among the trees; 'T would make the earth a cheerless place, Should we dispense with these.

3. Don't kill the birds, the hap-py birds That bless the field and grove, So in - no-cent to look up - on, They claim our warmest love.

The lit-tle birds, how sweet they sing! O, let them joyous live, And nev-er seek to take the life Which you can never give.

The little birds, how fond they play! Do not disturb their sport: But let them warble forth their songs, Till winter cuts them short.

The hap-py birds, the tuneful birds, How pleasant 'tis to see; No spot can be a cheerless place Where'er their presence be



## HAIL COLUMBIA.

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

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

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

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

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

man - ly trust, That truth and justice may pre - vail, And every scheme of bondage fail. Firm, u - ni - ted let us be, Rallying round our

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

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

- 3 Sound, sound the trump of fame,  
Let Washington's great name  
Ring thro' the world with loud applause! (Twice.)  
Let every clime, to freedom dear,  
Listen with a joyful ear;  
With equal skill, with steady power,  
He governs in the fearful hour  
Of horrid war, or guides with ease,  
The happier time of honest peace. Firm, united, &c.
- 4 Behold the chief, who now commands,  
Once more to serve his country, stands,  
The rock on which the storm will beat! (Twice.)  
But armed in virtue, firm and true,  
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you;  
When hope was sinking in dismay,  
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,  
His steady mind from changes free,  
Resolved on death or Liberty. Firm, united, &c.



## "HOURS THERE WERE."

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

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

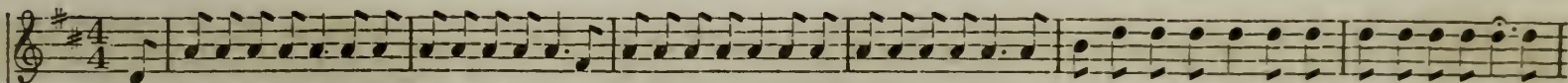
3. But in dreams let love be near me, With the joys that bloomed be-fore ; Slumb'ring then 'twill sweetly cheer me, Calm to live my pleasures o'er ;

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

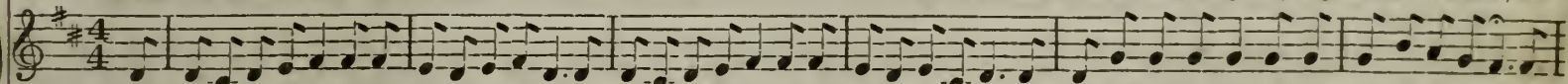
Songs like his, my love would sing me, Songs that warble round me yet ; Ah ! but where does mem'ry bring me, Scenes like those I must for - get.

Then perhaps some hope may wa-ken, In this heart de-prest with care, And like flow - ers in vale for - saken, Live a lonely beauty there.

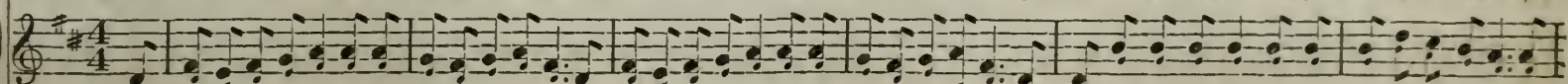




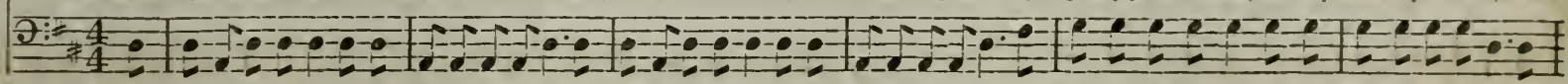
1. The night was dark and fearful, The blast swept wailing by, A Watcher pale and tearful, Look'd forth with anxious eye, How wistfully she gazeth, no gleam of morn is there, Her



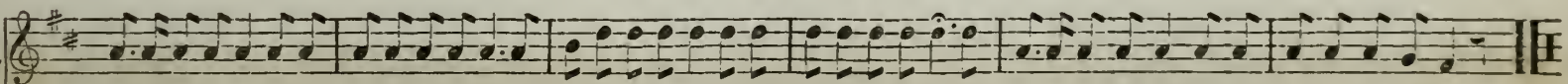
2. With-in that dwelling lonely, Where want and darkness reign, Her precious child, her only, Lay moaning in his pain, And death alone can free him, She feels that this must be, But



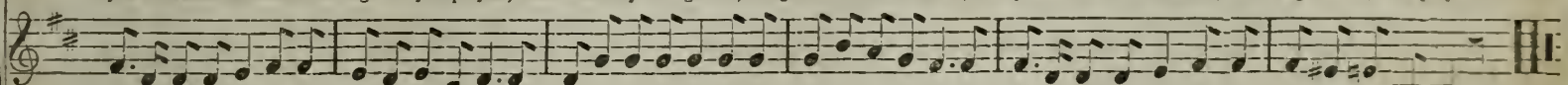
3. A hundred lights are glancing In yonder mansion fair, And merry feet are dancing They heed not morning there. O young and joyous creatures, One lamp from out your store, Would



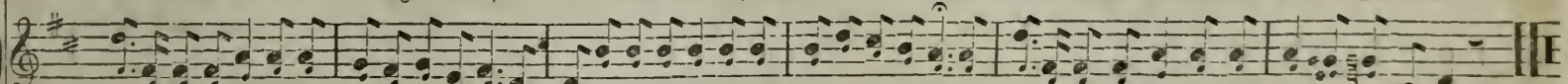
4. The morning sun is shining, She heedeth not its ray; Be-side her dead re-clining, The pale dead mother lay. A smile her lips were wreathing, A smile of hope and love, As



eyes to heaven she raiseth in ag - o - ny of prayer; How wistfully she gazeth, no gleam of morn is there, Her eyes to heav'n she raiseth, In ag - o - ny of pray'r.

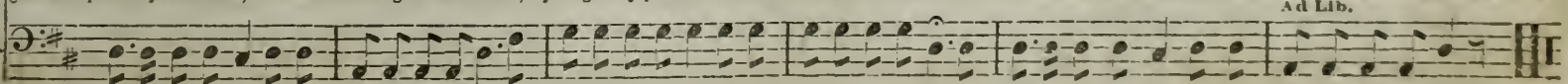


oh for morn to see him Smile once again on me, And death alone can free him, She feels that this must be, But oh for morn to see him Smile once a - gain on me.



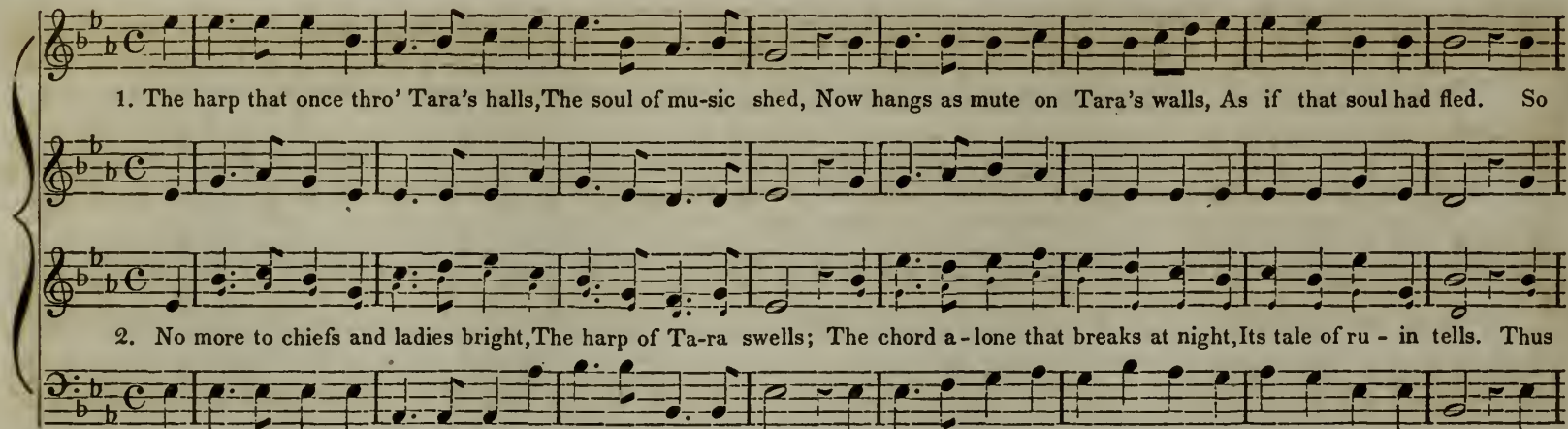
give that poor boy's features, To his mother's gaze once more, O young and joyous creatures, One lamp from out your store, Would give that poor boy's features To his mother's gaze once more.

Ad Lib.



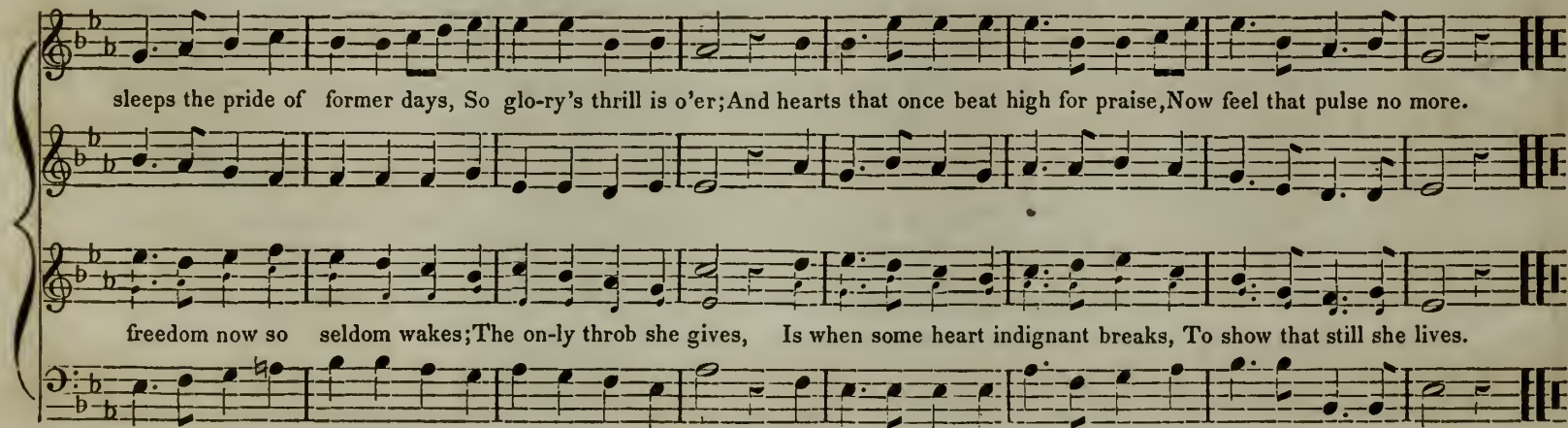
tho' she still were breathing, There's light for us above. A smile her lips were wreathing, A smile of hope and love, As tho' she still were breathing, There's light for us above.

# "THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS."



1. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The soul of mu-sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls, As if that soul had fled. So

2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright, The harp of Ta-ra swells; The chord a-lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus



sleeps the pride of former days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

freedom now so seldom wakes; The on-ly throb she gives, Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives.



1. 'Twas ten o'clock one moonlight night, I ever shall re-member, And ev'ry star shone sparkling bright, In gloomy cold December. When at my window

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

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

tap, tap, tap, I heard his gentle, wellknown rap. And with it too these words most clear, Remember Ten o'clock my dear, Remember, love, Remember.

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

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



Trio, or Quartett.

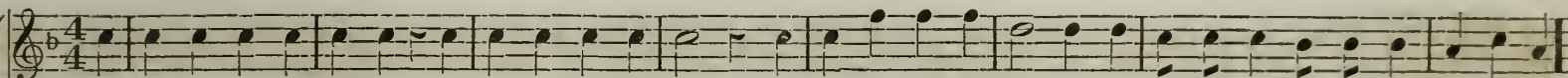
1. 'Why, ah! why my heart this sad - ness? Why, 'mid scenes like these decline? Where all, tho' strange, is joy and glad - ness,

This block contains the first system of the musical score, consisting of four staves. The first two staves are treble clef, and the last two are bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written for a Trio or Quartet. The lyrics for the first line are: "1. 'Why, ah! why my heart this sad - ness? Why, 'mid scenes like these decline? Where all, tho' strange, is joy and glad - ness,"

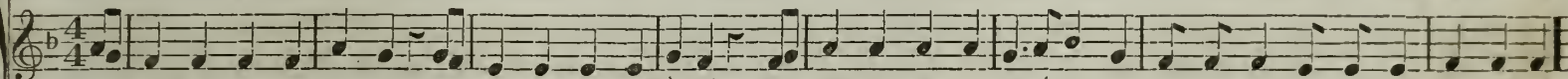
Say, what wish can yet be thine? . . . Oh! say, what wish can yet be thine.

This block contains the second system of the musical score, consisting of four staves. The first two staves are treble clef, and the last two are bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written for a Trio or Quartet. The lyrics for the second line are: "Say, what wish can yet be thine? . . . Oh! say, what wish can yet be thine."

- 2 All that's dear to me is wanting,  
Lone and cheerless here I roam;  
The stranger's joys how'er enchanting,  
To me can never be like home,  
To me can never be like home.
- 3 Give me those, I ask no other,  
Those that bless the humble dome  
Where dwell my Father and my Mother,  
Give, oh! give me back my home,  
My own, my dear native home.



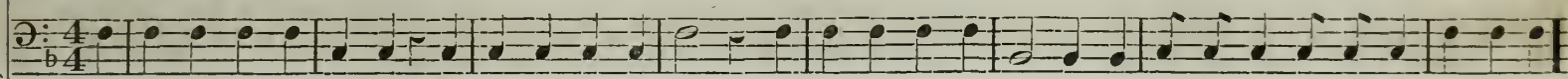
1. A - way with mel-an-chol - y, Nor dole-ful changes ring, On life and hu-man fol-ly, But mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sing, Fa la;



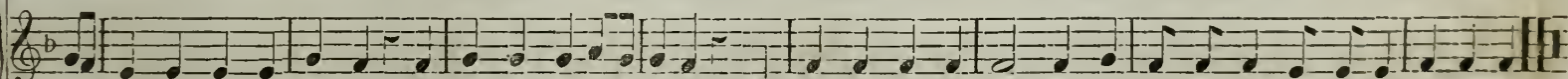
2. Then what's the use of sighing, While time is on the wing; Can we pre-vent his fly-ing? Then mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sing, Fal la.



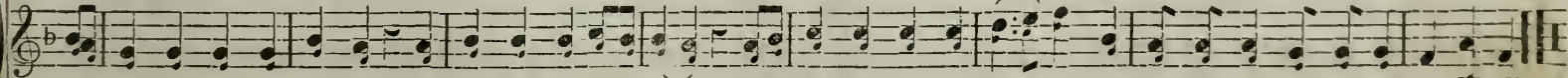
3. The rose its bloom re - fu-ses, If pluck'd not in the spring; Life soon its fragrance los-es, Then cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sing, Fal la.



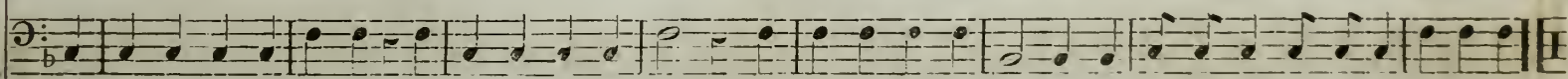
Come on, ye ro - sy hours, Gay smiling moments bring; We'll strew the way with flow-ers, And mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sing, Fal la.



If griefs, like A-pril showers, A moment's sadness bring, Joys soon succeed like flow-ers, Then cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sing, Fal la.



Fly, fly, all dull e - mo-tion, All care a-way we fling; Pure joy is our de - vo-tion, Then cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sing, Fal la.



## O SWIFTLY GLIDES THE BONNIE BOAT.

SCOTCH MELODY.

*Allegro. Siciliano.*

1. O swiftly glides the bonnie boat, Just parted from the shore, And to the fisher's cho-rus note, Soft moves the dipping oar; These

2. Now safe arrived on shore, we meet Our friends with happy cheer; And with the fisher's chorus greet All those we hold most dear; With

toils are borne with happy cheer, and ev-er may they speed; That feeble age and helpmate dear, And tender bairnies feed.

happy cheer the echoing cove Repeats the chanted note; As homeward to our cot we move, Our bonnie, bonnie boat. We



cast our lines in Lar-go Bay, Our nets are floating wide; Our bonnie boat with yielding sway Rocks lightly on the tide; And

*cres.* - - - - - *dim.* *f*

happy prove our dai-ly lot, Up - on the summer sea, And blest on land our kindly cot, Where all our treasures be.

## BLUE-BELL OF SCOTLAND.

1. Oh where, tell me where, does your highland laddie dwell? Oh where, tell me where, does your highland laddie dwell. He dwells in mer-ry

2. Oh where, and oh where has your Highland laddie gone? Oh where, and oh where has your Highland lad-die gone? He has gone to fight the

3. In what clothing, in what clothing is your highland laddie clad? In what clothing, in what clothing is your highland laddie clad? His bonnet's of the

4. Supposing, supposing your highland lad should die! Sup - po-sing, sup - po-sing your highland lad should die! The bagpipes would play

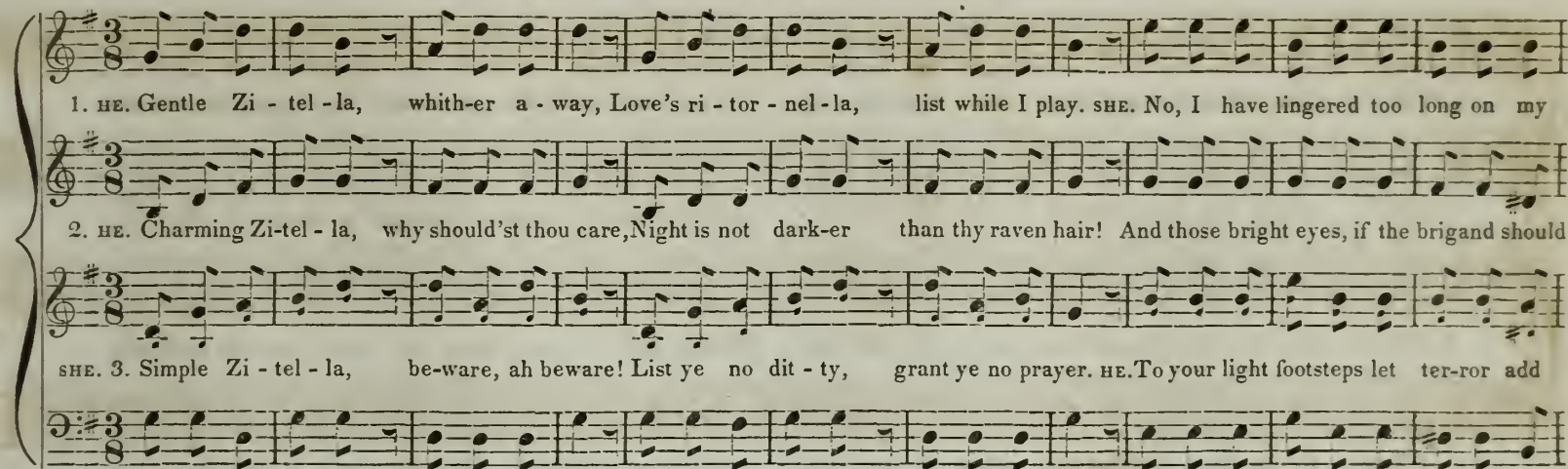
Scotland, at the sign of the blue bell, And 'tis oh in my heart that I love my lad - die well.

French, for King George up - on the throne, And 'tis oh in my heart that I wish him safe at home.

Sax-on green, his wais-coat of the plaid, And 'tis oh in my heart that I love my high - land lad.

over him, I'd sit me down and cry, And 'tis oh in my heart, that I hope he may not die.

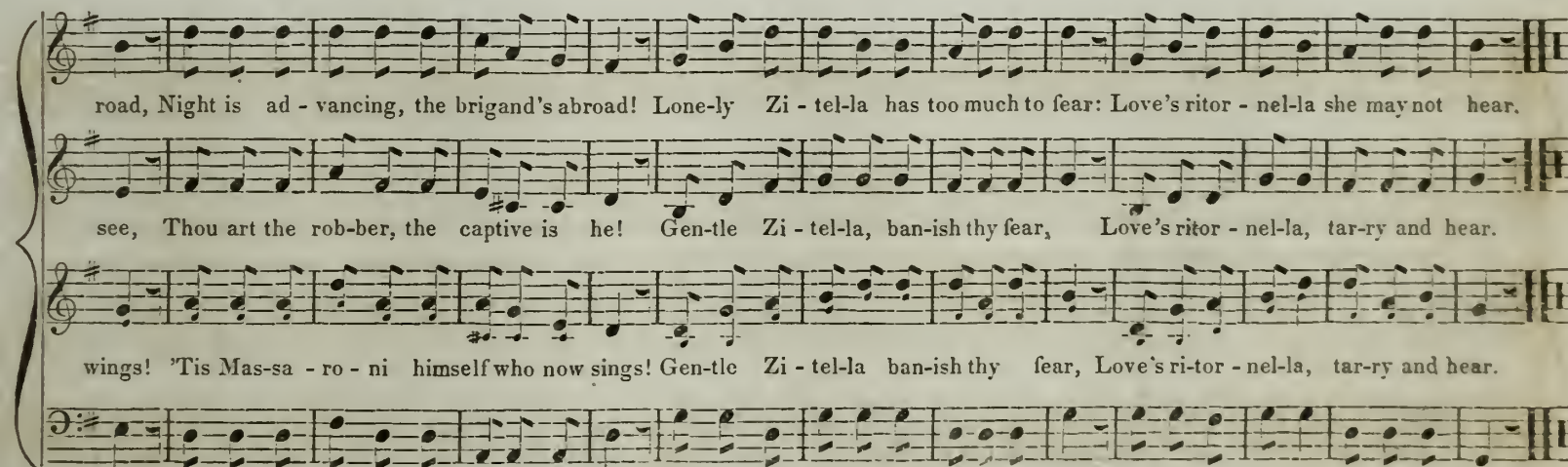




1. HE. Gentle Zi - tel - la, whith-er a - way, Love's ri - tor - nel - la, list while I play. SHE. No, I have lingered too long on my

2. HE. Charming Zi-tel - la, why should'st thou care, Night is not dark-er than thy raven hair! And those bright eyes, if the brigand should

SHE. 3. Simple Zi - tel - la, be-ware, ah beware! List ye no dit - ty, grant ye no prayer. HE. To your light footsteps let ter-ror add



road, Night is ad - vancing, the brigand's abroad! Lone-ly Zi - tel - la has too much to fear: Love's ritor - nel - la she may not hear.

see, Thou art the rob-ber, the captive is he! Gen-tle Zi - tel - la, ban-ish thy fear, Love's ritor - nel - la, tar-ry and hear.

wings! 'Tis Mas - sa - ro - ni himself who now sings! Gen-tle Zi - tel - la ban-ish thy fear, Love's ri - tor - nel - la, tar-ry and hear.



## WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?

1. Will you come to the bower I have sha - ded for you, Your bed shall be ro - ses be - spangled with dew.

2. There un - der the bow'r on soft ro - ses you lie, With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye.

3. But the ro - ses we press, shall not ri - val your lip, Nor the dew be so sweet as the kis - ses we'll sip.

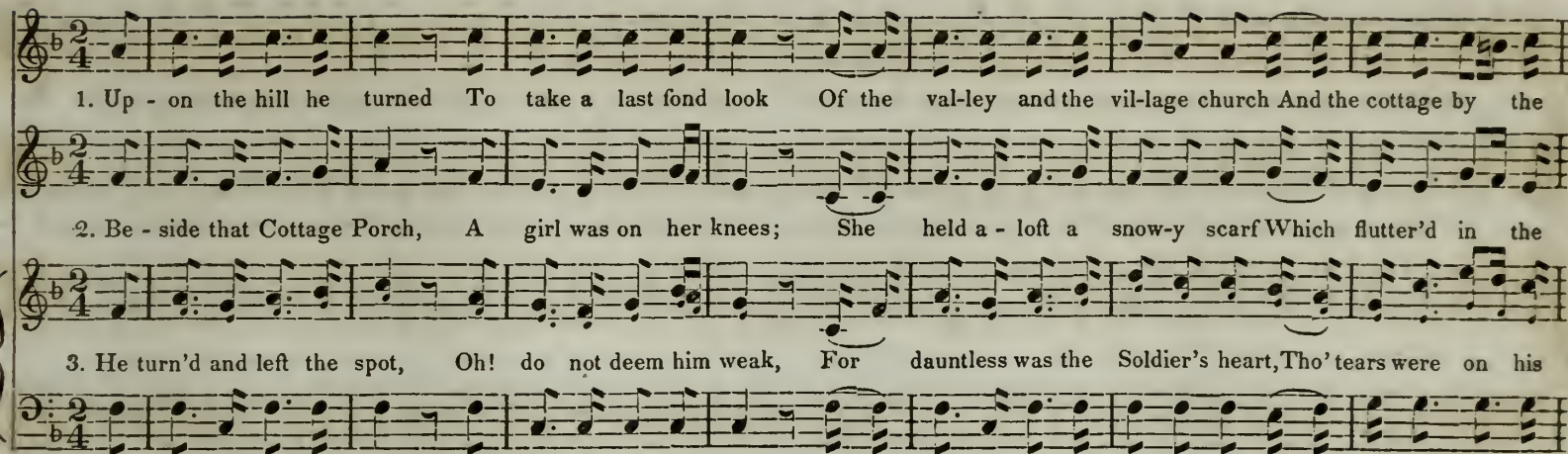
4. And O! for the joys that are sweet - er than dew, From lan - guish - ing ro - ses or kis - ses from you.

Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bower, Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bower.

# THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

A. LEE.

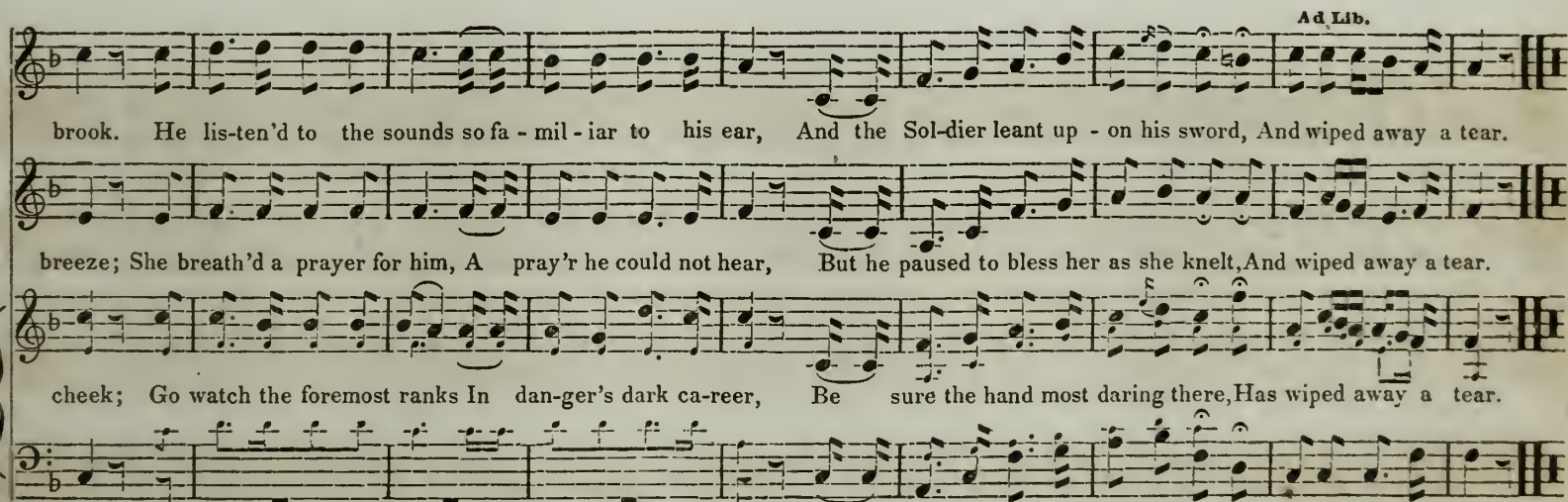
121



1. Up - on the hill he turned To take a last fond look Of the val-ley and the vil-lage church And the cottage by the

2. Be - side that Cottage Porch, A girl was on her knees; She held a - loft a snow-y scarf Which flutter'd in the

3. He turn'd and left the spot, Oh! do not deem him weak, For dauntless was the Soldier's heart, Tho' tears were on his



brook. He lis-ten'd to the sounds so fa - mil - iar to his ear, And the Sol-dier leant up - on his sword, And wiped away a tear.

breeze; She breath'd a prayer for him, A pray'r he could not hear, But he paused to bless her as she knelt, And wiped away a tear.

cheek; Go watch the foremost ranks In dan-ger's dark ca-reer, Be sure the hand most daring there, Has wiped away a tear.



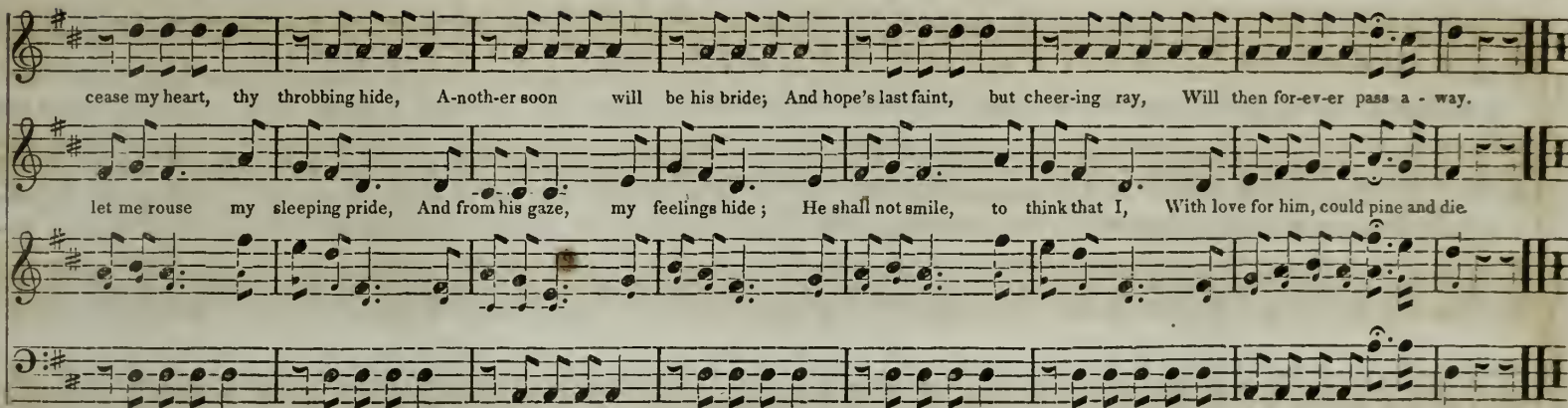
1. The dream is past, and with it fled, The hopes that once my passion fed; And dark-ly die, 'mid grief and pain, The joys which gone, come not again; My

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

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

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

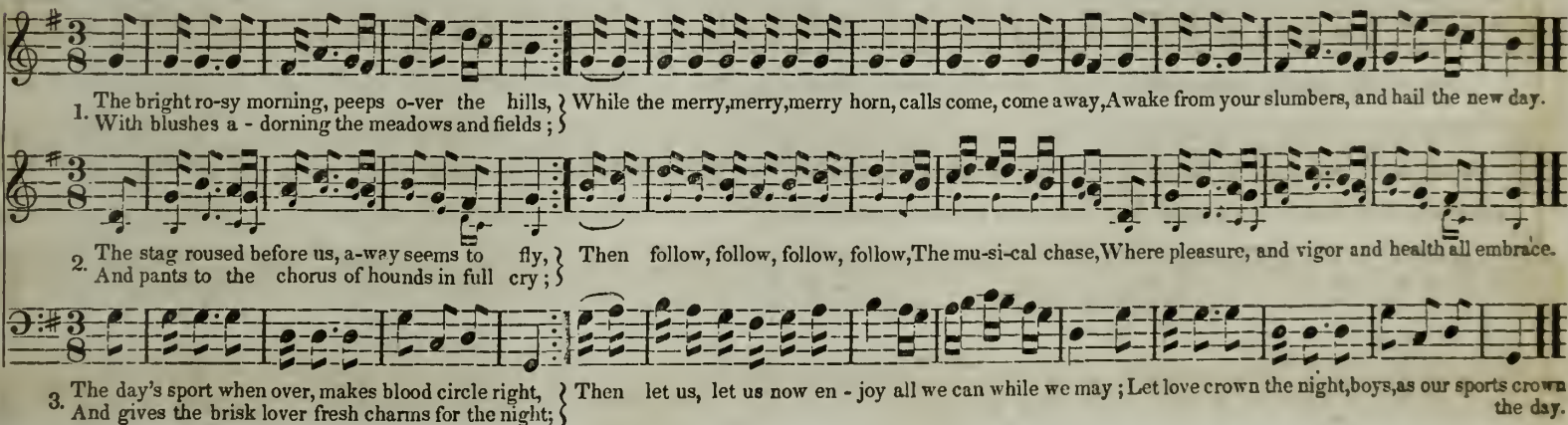




cease my heart, thy throbbing hide, A-noth-er soon will be his bride; And hope's last faint, but cheer-ing ray, Will then for-ev-er pass a - way.

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

## THE BRIGHT ROSY MORNING.



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

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

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

## THE CRACOVIAN MAID.

1. Farewell, farewell my peaceful vale, Where oft in infancy I've rovd, And listen'd to the joy-ous tale, Of those I dearly lov'd. The lat-tice porch with

2. Farewell, farewell dear village church, Where oft in prayer I've join'd the throng, And chanted with a cheerful voice, My gratitude in song. The set-ting sun, the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part consists of two staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, each with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The music is in common time, with a tempo of moderate. The melody is simple and melodic, with a clear narrative structure. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation, with a mix of chords and single notes. The overall mood is nostalgic and sentimental, reflecting the theme of farewell.

i - vy clad, The rippling stream And flow'ry glad, In mem'ry now alone must glad, The poor Cracovian maid, The poor Cracovian maid, The poor Cracovian maid.

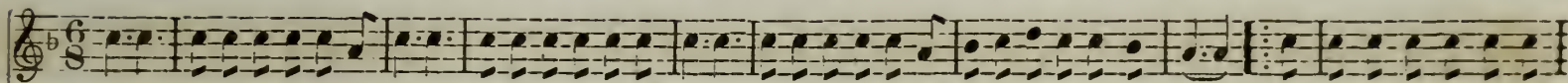
vesper bell, Have faded like a passing shade, And seems to sound a parting knell: To the poor Cracovian maid, To the poor Cracovian maid, To the poor Cracovian maid.

The musical score continues with the same voice and piano parts. The voice part has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The music is in common time, with a tempo of moderate. The melody is simple and melodic, with a clear narrative structure. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation, with a mix of chords and single notes. The overall mood is nostalgic and sentimental, reflecting the theme of farewell.

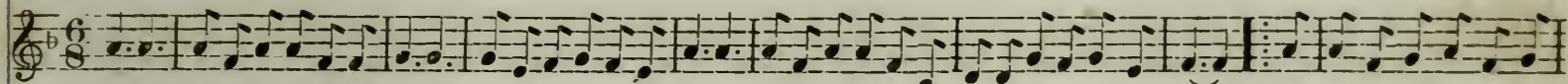


# O DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

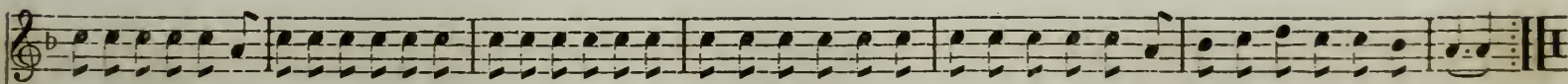
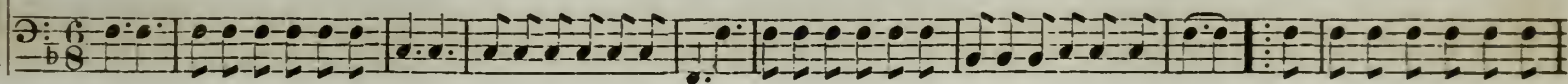
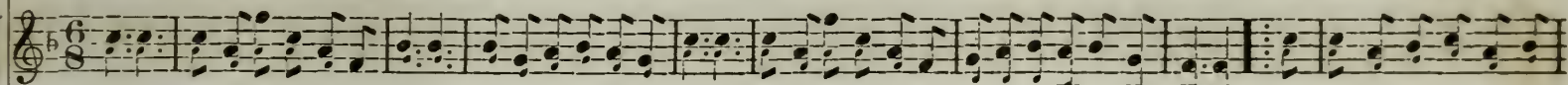
125



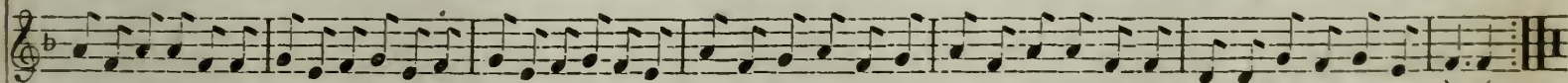
1. O dear! what can the matter be, Dear! dear! what can the matter be! O dear, what can the matter be, Johnny's so long at the fair? He promis'd to bring me a



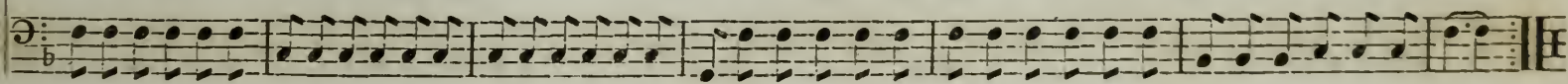
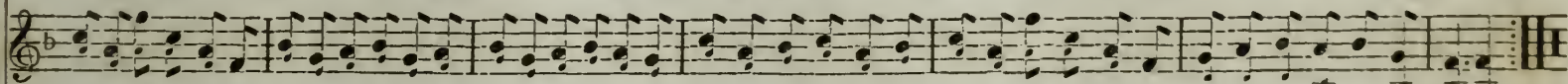
2. O dear! what can the matter be, Dear! dear! what can the matter be, O dear! what can the matter be, Johnny's so long at the fair? He promis'd to bring me a



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



bas-ket of po-sies, A garland of lil - ies, a garland of ro-ses; A lit-tle straw hat to set off the blue rib-bons That tie up my bon-ny brown hair;





## OUR WAY ACROSS THE SEA.

1. Home, Fare thee well! the ocean's storm is o'er; The weary pen - non woos the seaward wind; Fast speeds the bark, And now the less'ning shore,

2. We wreath no bowl to drink a gay good bye, For tears would fall un - bid-den in the wine, And while re-lect - ed was the mournful eye

3. See where yon star its diamond light dis - plays, Now seen, now hid be-neath the swel-ling sail; Hope rides in glad - ness on its streaming rays,

Sinks in the wave, with those we leave behind. Fare thee well! Land of the free; No tongue can tell the love I bear to thee.

The sparkling surface e'en would cease to shine, Then fare - well; Once more, once more, The ocean's swell Now hides my na - tive shore.

And bids us on, and bribes the fav'ring gale. Then hope, we bend In joy to thee; And care-less wend our way A - cross the sea.

# THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

T. WILLIAMS.

127

1. Farewell Mother! tears are streaming Down thy pale and tender cheek. I, in gems and roses gleaming, Scarce this sad farewell may speak.

2. Farewell, Father! thou art smiling, Yet there's sadness on thy brow; Winning me from that beguiling Tenderness to which I go.

3. Farewell, Sister! thou art twining Round me in affection deep; Wishing joy, but ne'er divorcing, Why 'a blessed bride' should weep.

Fare-well Mother, now I leave thee, (Hopes and tears my bosom swell,) One to trust who may deceive me; Farewell Mother! fare thee well.

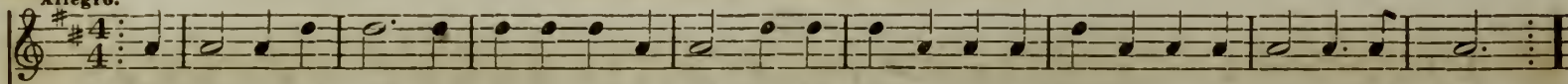
Fare-well Father, thou did'st bless me, Ere my lips thy name could tell; He may wound! who can caress me; Father! Guardian! fare thee well.

Fare-well, brave and gentle brother! Thou'rt more dear than words can tell; Father! Mother! Sister! Brother! All beloved ones, fare ye well!

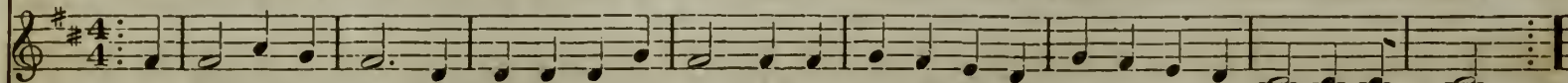


## OH! COME, COME AWAY.

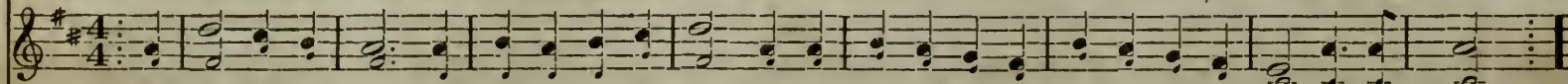
Allegro.



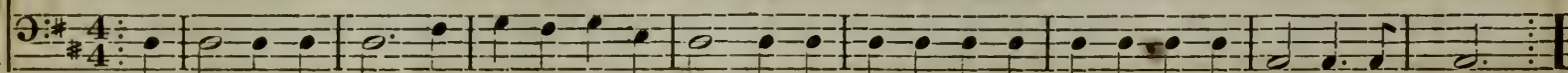
1. Oh! come, come a - way from la - bor now re - pos - ing, Let bu - sy care a - while forbear, Oh! come, come a - way.



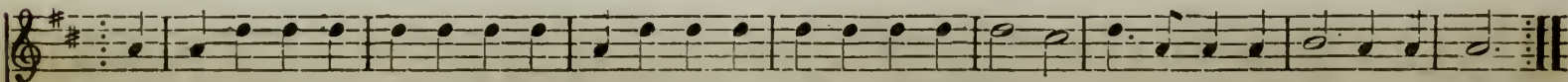
2. From toil, and the cares on which the day is clo - sing, The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve, Oh! come, come a - way.



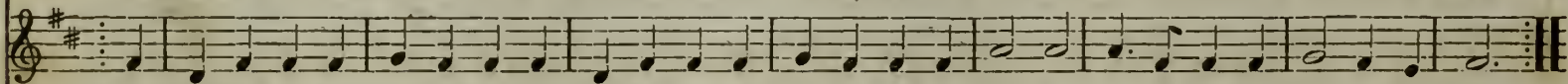
3. While sweet Philo - mel, the wea - ry trav - 'ller cheer - ing, With evening songs her note prolongs, Oh! come, come a - way.



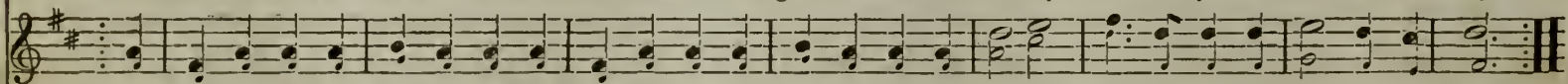
4. The bright day is gone; the moon and stars ap - pear - ing, With sil - ver light il - lume the night, Oh! come, come a - way.



Come, come our so - cial joys renew, And there, where trust and friendship grew, Let true hearts welcome you, Oh! come, come a - way.



Oh! come, where love will smile on thee, And round its hearth will gladness be, And time fly mer - ri - ly. Oh! come, come a - way.



In answering songs of sym - pa - thy, We'll sing in, tuneful har - mo - ny Of Hope, Joy, Lib - er - ty. Oh! come, come a - way.



Come, join your pray'rs with ours, address Kind Heaven, our peaceful home to bless With Health, Hope, Happiness. Oh! come, come away.



# OH! COME TO ME.

T. A. RAWLINGS.

129

1. Oh! come to me, And bring with thee, The sunny smiles of for-mer years; If smiles so bright, Will lend their light, To cheer a brow long us'd to

2. Then come to me, Our theme shall be, The friends we lov'd, not those we mourn; We'll not destroy, A pre-sent joy: Lamenting joys that ne'er re-

tears; I will not let One sad re-gret, One gloomy thought our meeting chill; But for thy sake, I'll strive to make This altered cheek look cheerful still.

turn; The ardent rays, Of early days, And boyhood's bloom, we ne'er may see: But days of bright and pure delight, May be in store, then come to me.

Inst. Voice.

## THE SPRING TIME OF YEAR IS COMING.

1. The Springtime of year is coming coming, Birds are blithe, are blithe and gay ; Insects bright are humming, humming, And all the world is May love, And

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a major key with a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

**Fine.**

all the world is May. The glorious Sun is brighter, The balm-y air is lighter; E'en woman when we meet her in this sweet time is sweeter.

**D. C.**

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the word "Fine." above the first staff and "D. C." (Da Capo) above the last staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The key signature remains one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

2. The gale is gently swelling, swelling, With fragrance from the balmy grove, And youthful swains are telling, telling, Their happy tales of love, of love, Their

D. C. to page 130.

happy tales of love. Spring makes the pulse with pleasure beat, Spring makes the heart with rapture thrill, Each maiden hastes her love to meet, With hope and joy his heart to [fill]

D. C. to page 130.



## TWILIGHT DEWS.

Andante.

1. When twilight dew's are fal-ling fast, Up - on the ro - sy sea; I watch that star, whose beam so oft Has lighted me to

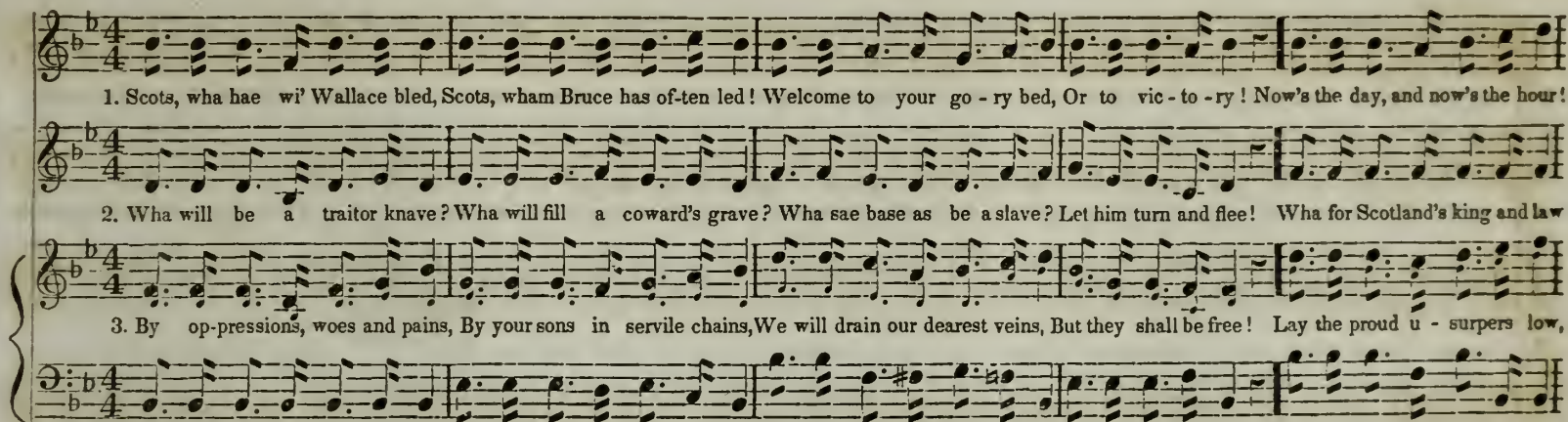
2. There's not a gar-den walk I tread, There's not a flow'r I see, But brings to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante.'.

thee; And thou too on that orb so dear, Ah! don't thou gaze at ev'n, And think, tho' lost for-ever here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n!

thee; And still I wish that hour was near, When friends and foes forgiven, The pains, the ill's we've wept thro' here, May turn to smiles in heav'n!

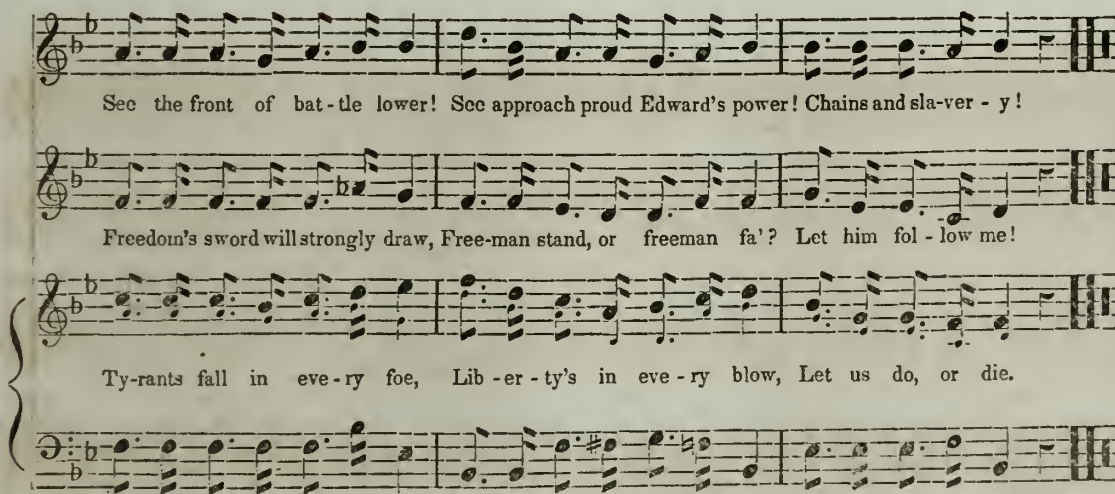
The musical score continues with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It includes triplets and other musical notations. The key signature remains B-flat major and the time signature is 2/4.



1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has of-ten led! Welcome to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-ry! Now's the day, and now's the hour!

2. Wha will be a traitor knave? Wha will fill a coward's grave? Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha for Scotland's king and law

3. By op-pressions, woes and pains, By your sons in servile chains, We will drain our dearest veins, But they shall be free! Lay the proud u - surpers low,



See the front of bat-tle lower! See approach proud Edward's power! Chains and sla-ver - y!

Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Free-man stand, or freeman fa'? Let him fol - low me!

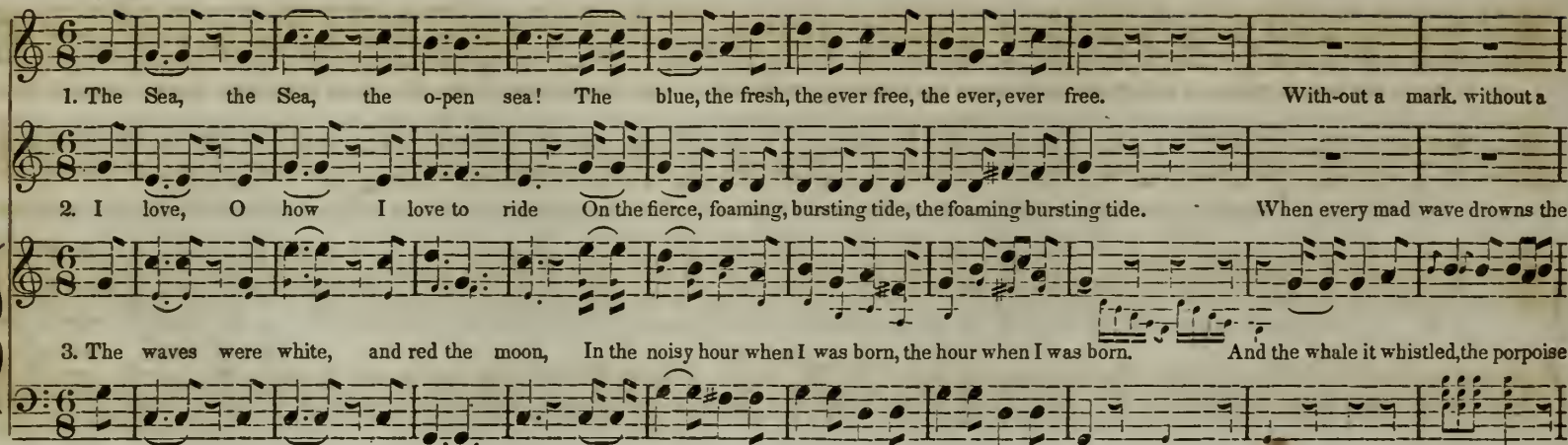
Ty-rants fall in eve-ry foe, Lib-er-ty's in eve-ry blow, Let us do, or die.

## REVOLUTIONARY ODE.

SPRIT OF 76.

1. See the war clouds wildly driven,  
By the pealing thunders riven,  
Shrouding earth and rending heaven!  
Arm for Liberty!  
Let no haughty tyrant's vault,  
Hearts of steel! your courage daunt;  
Be his portion woe and want.  
Who would faint or flee.
2. Think, your fathers spurned the chain,  
Dared the rough and stormy main,  
Not for glory, not for gain,  
But for rights you have.  
Think! your fathers came not here,  
Raised the prayer, and dropped the tear,  
Perils met, unblanched by fear,  
For a coward slave.
3. Look around you, see their graves!  
See, above your banner waves,  
Hark! the voice of battle raves,  
Up, and you are free.  
By the name drawn from your sires,  
By your home's and altar's fires,  
By your hopes, your fears, desires,  
Strike for Liberty!

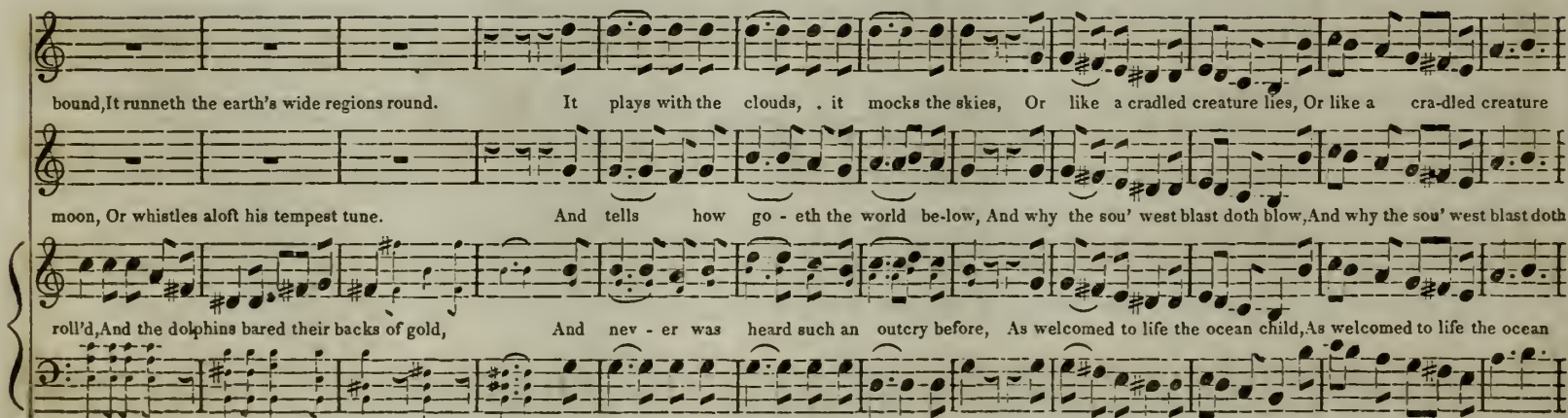




1. The Sea, the Sea, the o-pen sea! The blue, the fresh, the ever free, the ever, ever free. With-out a mark, without a

2. I love, O how I love to ride On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide, the foaming bursting tide. When every mad wave drowns the

3. The waves were white, and red the moon, In the noisy hour when I was born, the hour when I was born. And the whale it whistled, the porpoise



bound, It runneth the earth's wide regions round. It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies, Or like a cradled creature lies, Or like a cra-dled creature

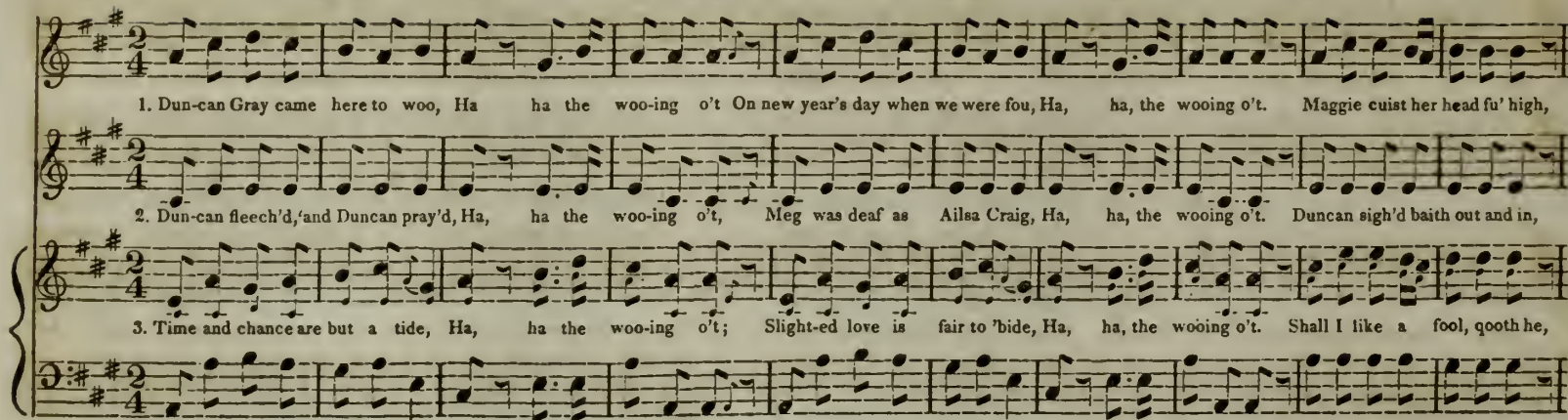
moon, Or whistles aloft his tempest tune. And tells how go-eth the world be-low, And why the sou' west blast doth blow, And why the sou' west blast doth

roll'd, And the dolphins bared their backs of gold, And nev-er was heard such an outcry before, As welcomed to life the ocean child, As welcomed to life the ocean



lies. I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea, I am where I would ev-er be, With the blue above, and the blue below, And si-lence whereso - e'er I  
 blow. I never was on the dull tame shore, But I lov'd the great sea more and more, And backward flew to her billowy breast, Like a bird that seeketh its moth-er's  
 child I have liv'd, since then, In calm and strife, Full fifty summers a rover's life, With wealth to spend, and power to range, But never have sought or sighed for

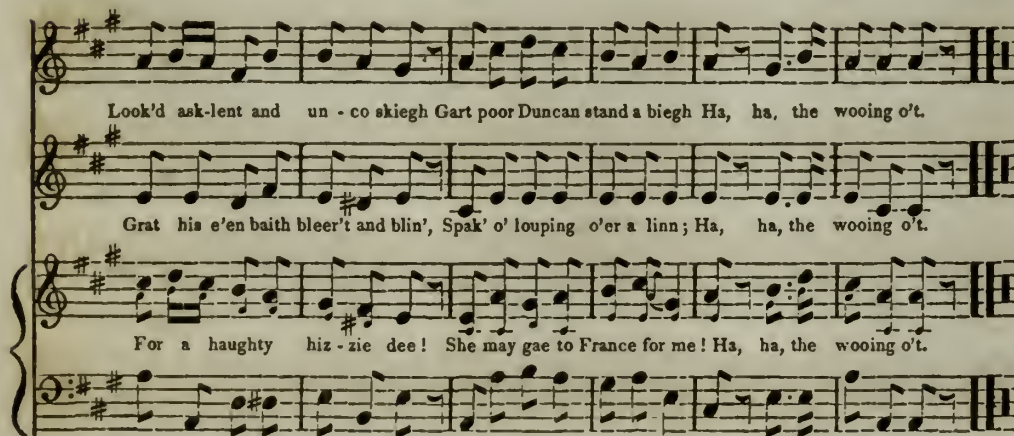
go; If a storm should come and a - wake the deep, what matter, what matter, I shall ride and sleep. what matter, what matter, I shall ride and sleep.  
 nest; And a moth-er she was . . and is, to me, For I was born was born on the open sea, For I was born on the open, o-pen sea.  
 change; And death when - ev - er he comes to me, Shall come, shall come, on the wide unbounding sea, Shall come, Shall come on the wide unbounding sea.



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

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

3. Time and chance are but a tide, Ha, ha the woo-ing o't; Slight-ed love is fair to 'bide, Ha, ha, the wooing o't. Shall I like a fool, qooth he,



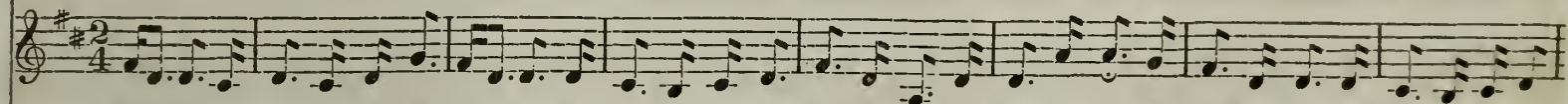
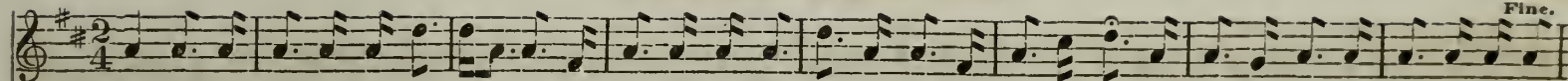
Look'd ask-lent and un-co skiegh Gart poor Duncan stand a biegh Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

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

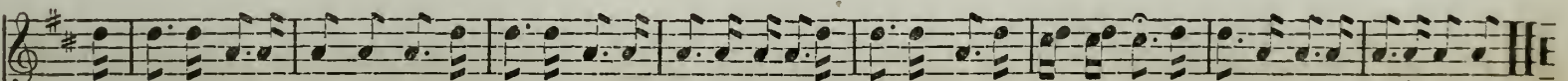
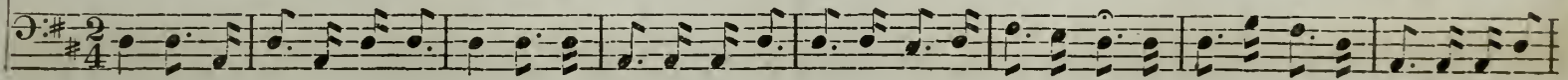
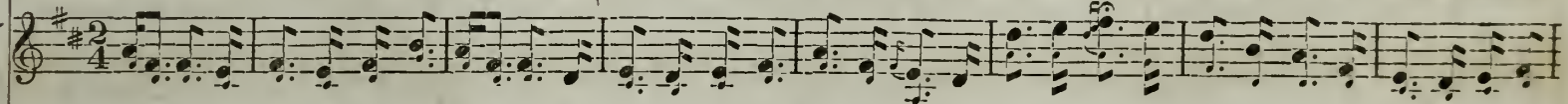
For a haughty hiz-zie dee! She may gae to France for me! Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

- 4 How it comes, let Doctors tell,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Meg grew sich, as he grew well,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings;  
And oh! her een they spak' sic things,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
- 5 Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Maggie's was a piteous case,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Duncan cou'd na be her death,  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
Now they're crouse and canty baith!  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

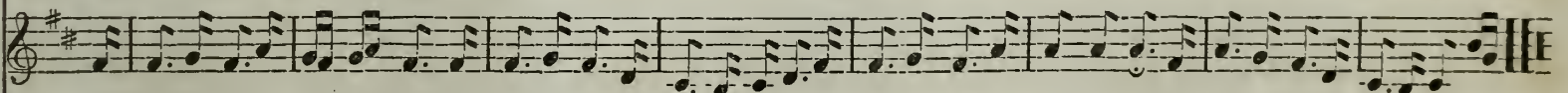


*Fine.*


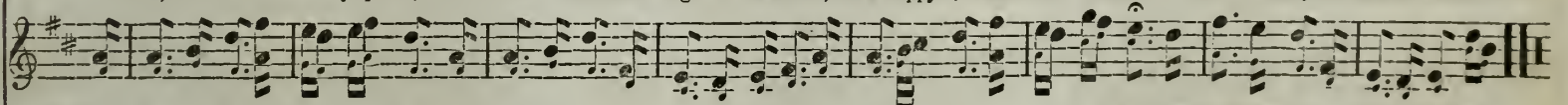
1. Roy's wife of Al - di - val-loch! Roy's wife of Al - di - val-loch! Wat ye how she cheat-ed me, As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?



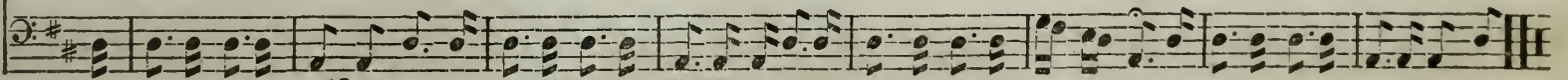
She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me best of o-ny; But ah the fickle, faithless queen, She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.



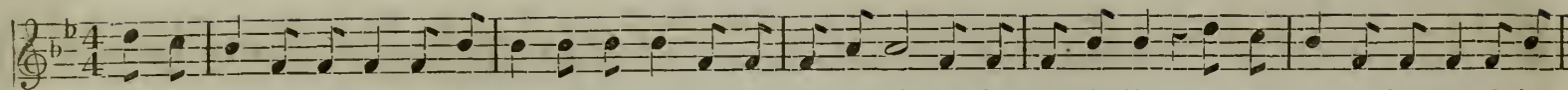
2. O, she was a can-ty quean, Weel could she dance the Highland walloch; How happy I, had she been mine, Or I been Roy of Al-di-val-loch!



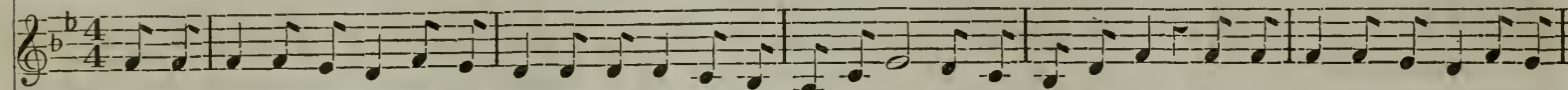
3. Her hair, sae fair, her e'en sae clear, Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie, To me she ev-er will be dear, Though she's forever left her Johnnie



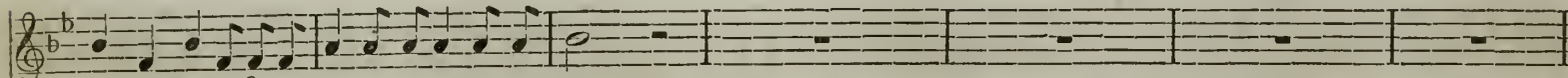




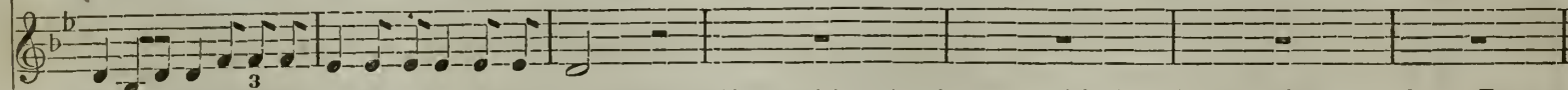
1. In the wild Cha-mois track, at the breaking of morn, With a hun-ter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the



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



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



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



CONTINUED.

139

long to bound, When I hear that sound, A - gain to my moun-tain home. In the wild Chamois track, at the break-ing of morn, With a

toil is play, And our sport the fray With the mountain Rose, or Deer. In the wild Chamois track, at the break-ing of morn, With a

[illegible]

## I HAVE COME FROM A HAPPY LAND.

1. I have come from a happy land, Where care is un-known, I have part-ed a merry band, To make thee mine own. Haste, haste, fly with me,

2. The summer has its hea-vy cloud, The rose-leaf will fall; But in our home joy wears no shroud, Never does it pall, Each new morning ray,

Where Love's ban-quet waits for thee; Thine its sweets shall be, Thine, thine a - lone.

Leaves no sigh for yes - ter-day, No smile pass'd a - way, Would we re - call.

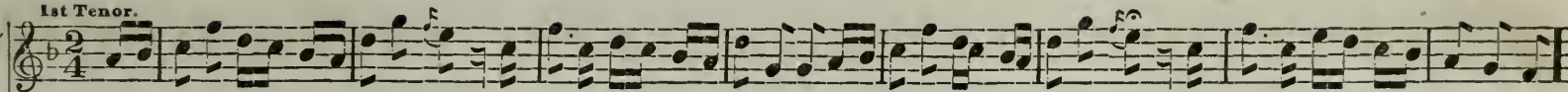
3 Is trouble on thy youthful brow, Sorrow on thy soul?  
O heed them not who for thee now Wreath the midnight bowl.  
There you'll seek in vain For a balm to banish pain:  
Nought your lip can drain Will grief control.

4 But the touch of a gentle hand Trouble can remove,  
And pain will cease when lightly fanned By the breath of love.  
And when fond hearts beat, Together, sorrow must retreat,  
Touch'd by music meet For realms above.

5 Then hence to the happy land, Where care is unknown,  
And first in a merry band, I'll make thee mine own;  
Haste! haste! fly with me, For love's banquet waits for thee,  
Thine its sweets shall be, And thine alone.

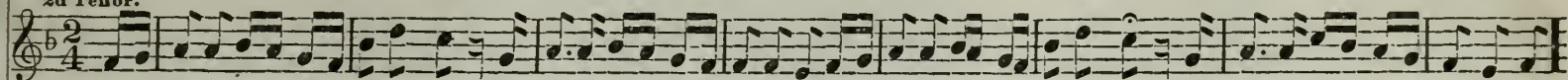


## 1st Tenor.



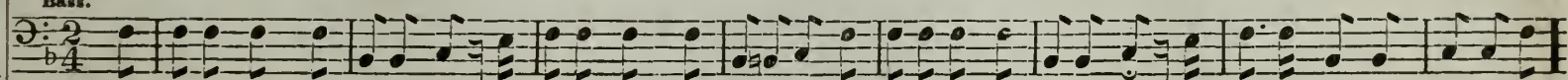
1. O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob ann Al - lan came to prie; Three blither lads that lee long night, Ye wad-na find in Chris-ten-die.

## 2d Tenor.



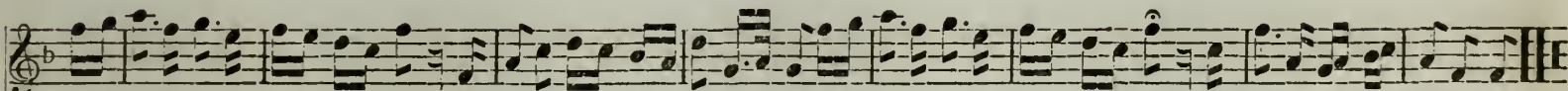
2. Here are we met, three mer-ry boys, Three merry boys, I trow, are we; And mony a nicht we've merry been, And mo-ny more we hope to be.

## Bass.

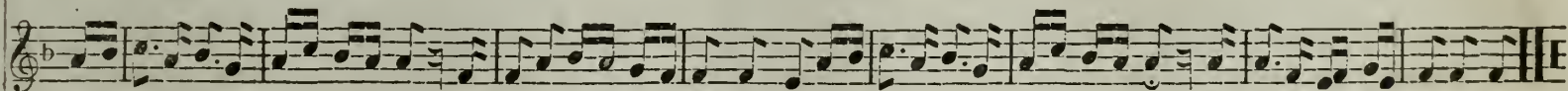


3. It is the mune, I ken her horn, That's bl'nkin' in the lift sae hie; She shines sae bricht to wyle us home, But, by my sooth, she'll wait a - wee.

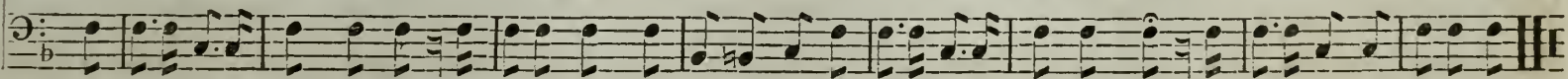
4. Wha first shall rise to gang a - wa', A cuckold cow - ard loun is he, Wha last be-side his chair shall fa', He is the king a - mang us three.



We are nae fou, we're no that fou, But just a wee drop in our e'e; The cock may crawl, the day may daw, But aye we'll taste the barley bree.

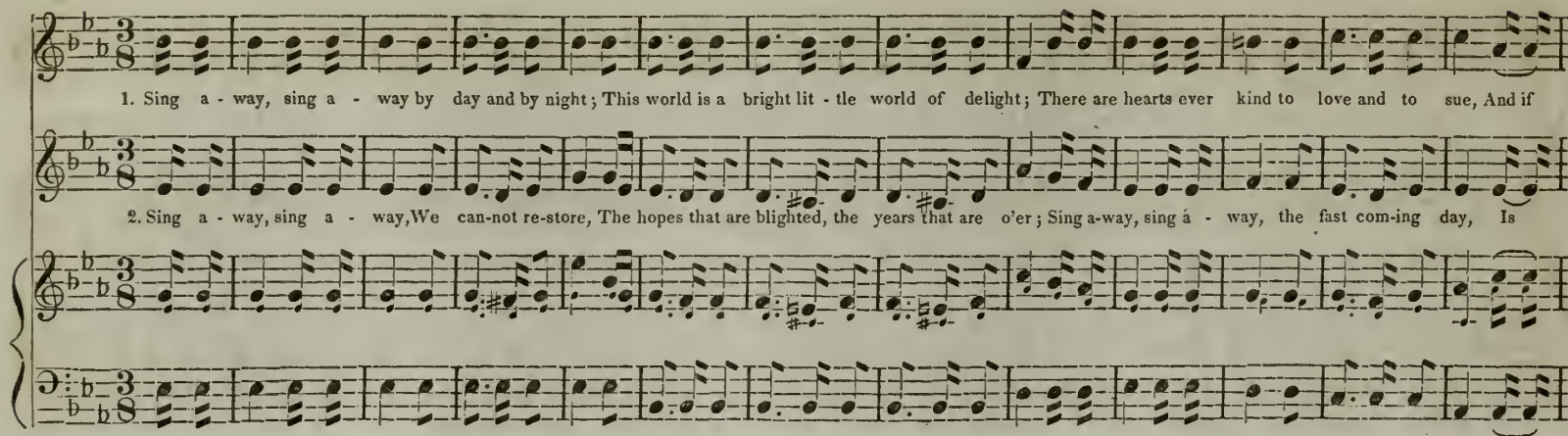


We are no fou, we're no that fou, But just a wee drop in our e'e; The cock may crawl, the day may daw, But aye we'll taste the barley bree.



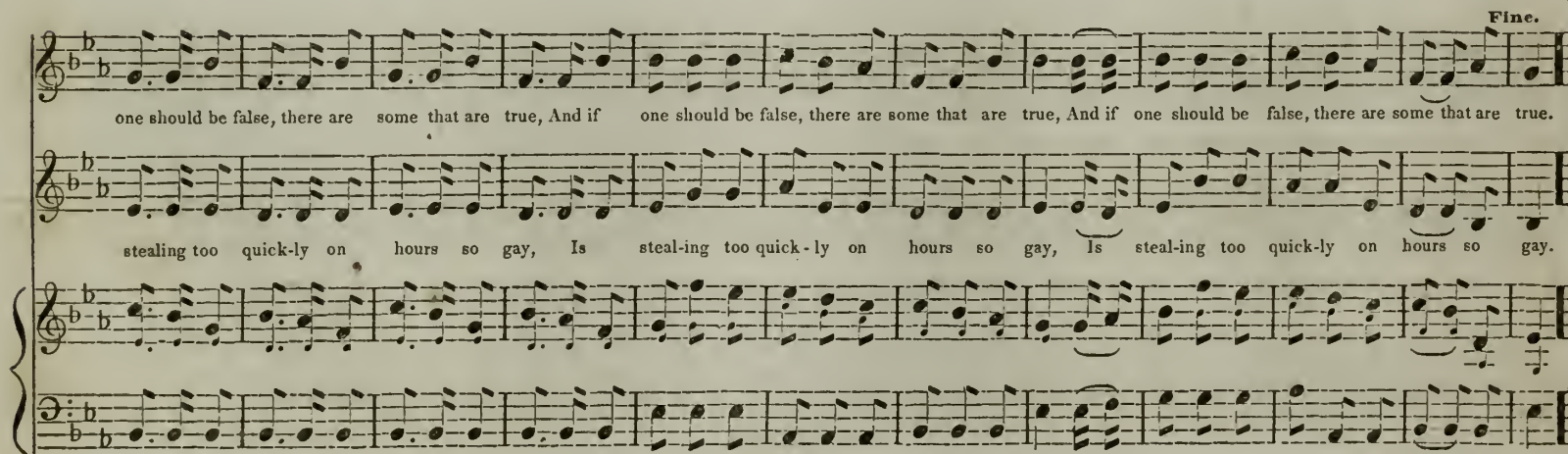
## SING AWAY BY DAY AND BY NIGHT.

A. LEE.



1. Sing a - way, sing a - way by day and by night; This world is a bright lit - tle world of delight; There are hearts ever kind to love and to sue, And if

2. Sing a - way, sing a - way, We can-not re-store, The hopes that are blighted, the years that are o'er; Sing a-way, sing a - way, the fast com-ing day, Is

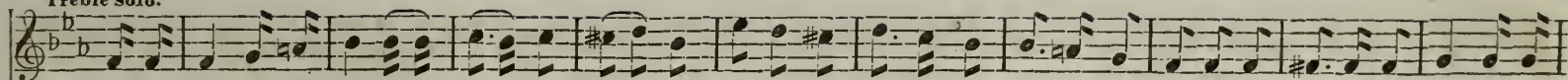


one should be false, there are some that are true, And if one should be false, there are some that are true, And if one should be false, there are some that are true.

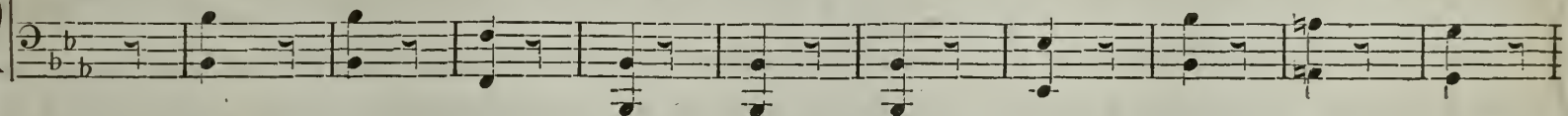
stealing too quick-ly on hours so gay, Is steal-ing too quick-ly on hours so gay, Is steal-ing too quick-ly on hours so gay.

**Fine.**

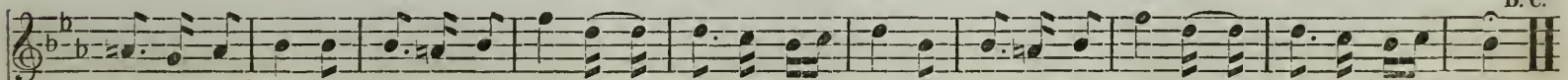
## Treble Solo.



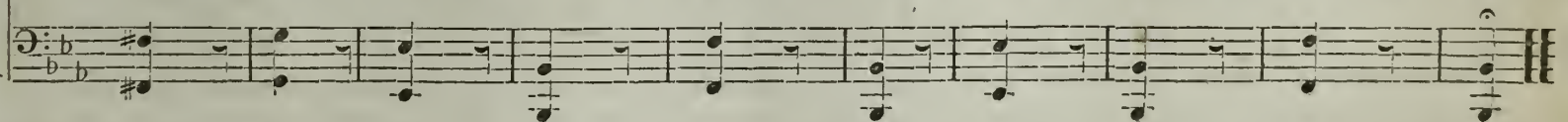
Sing a - way, sing a - way, there are joys on earth To ban-ish re - gret, and give life a new birth; Now love and now wine, now  
Sing a - way, sing a - way, the pu-rest of feelings Are joys that are soft-en'd by sor-row's re - veal-ings, The smile to past grief may sub-



## D. C.

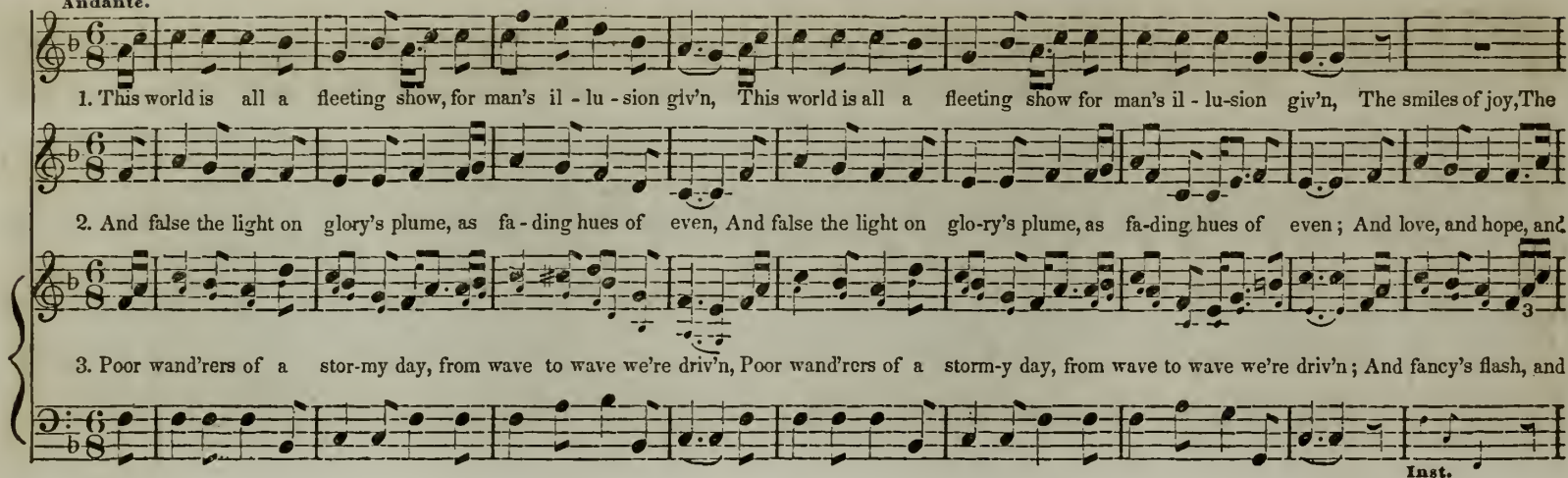


peace and now strife; This, this is the way to steal a - way life; This, this is the way to steal a - way life.  
due but its sway; Oh! does it not fade in fu - tu - ri - ty's ray, Oh! does it not fade in fu - tu - ri - ty's ray.





Andante.

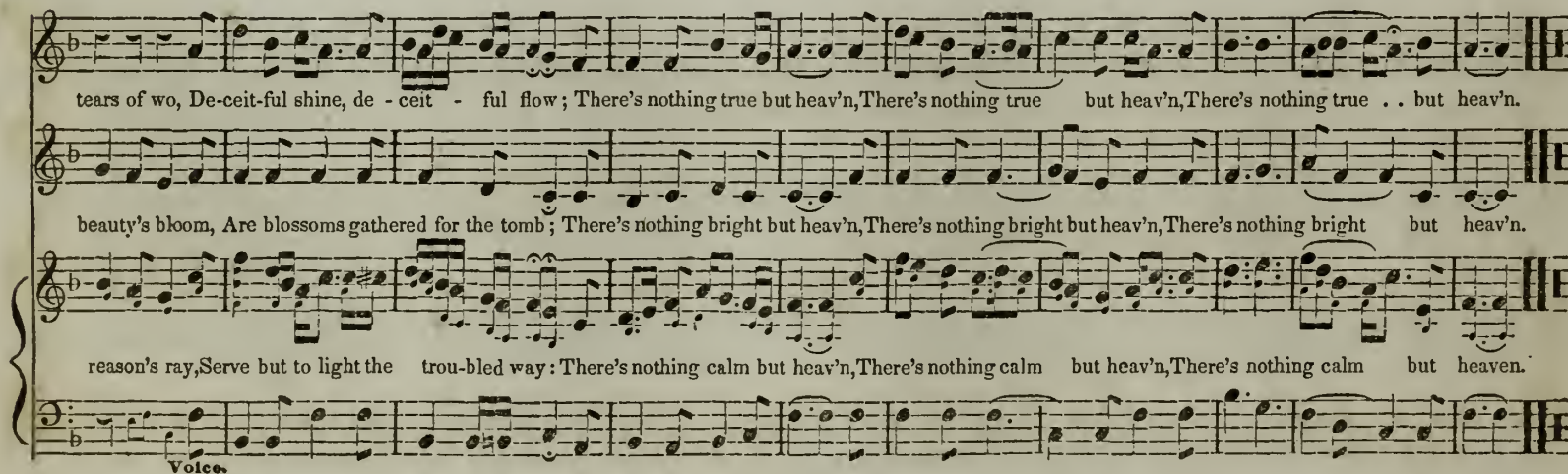


1. This world is all a fleeting show, for man's il-lu-sion giv'n, This world is all a fleeting show for man's il-lu-sion giv'n, The smiles of joy, The

2. And false the light on glory's plume, as fa-ding hues of even, And false the light on glo-ry's plume, as fa-ding hues of even; And love, and hope, and

3. Poor wand'ers of a stor-my day, from wave to wave we're driv'n, Poor wand'ers of a storm-y day, from wave to wave we're driv'n; And fancy's flash, and

Inst.

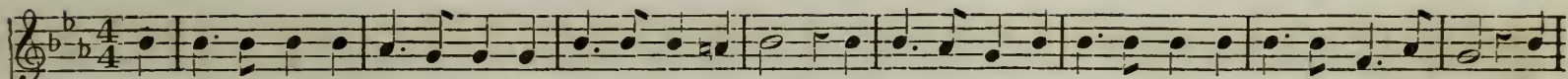


tears of wo, De-ceil-ful shine, de-ceil-ful flow; There's nothing true but heav'n, There's nothing true but heav'n, There's nothing true . . but heav'n.

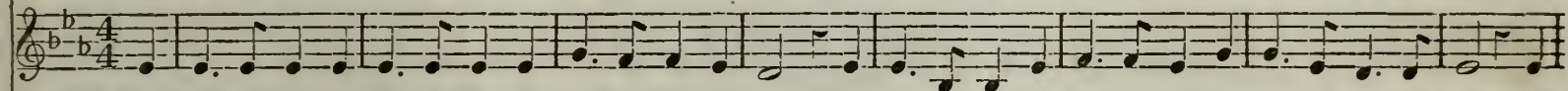
beauty's bloom, Are blossoms gathered for the tomb; There's nothing bright but heav'n, There's nothing bright but heav'n, There's nothing bright but heav'n.

reason's ray, Serve but to light the trou-bled way: There's nothing calm but heav'n, There's nothing calm but heav'n, There's nothing calm but heaven.

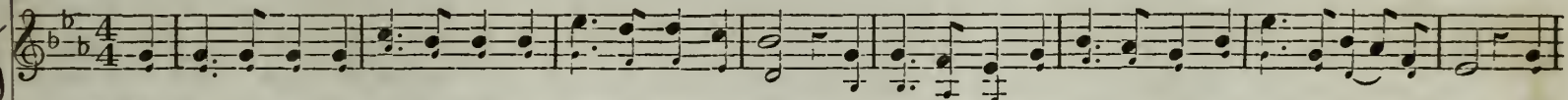
Voice.



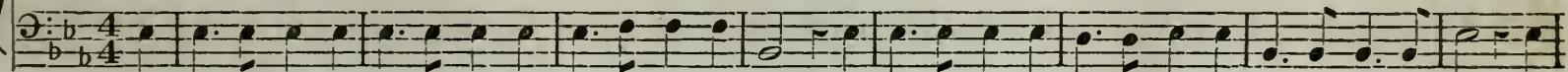
1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start; With faltering lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart; For



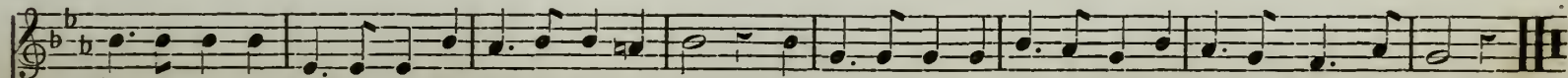
2. Ah! well do I remember those Whose names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close, After the evening prayer, And



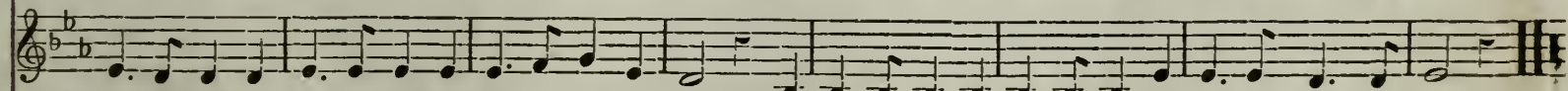
3. My fa-ther read this holy book, To brothers, sisters, dear; How calm was my poor mother's look, Who lean'd, God's word to hear. Her



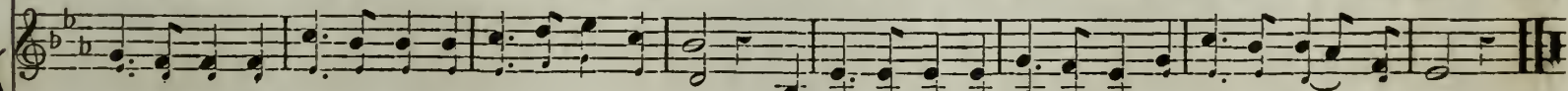
4. Thou truest friend man ev-er knew, Thy con-stan-cy I've tried; Where all were false, I've found thee true, My counsellor and guide. The



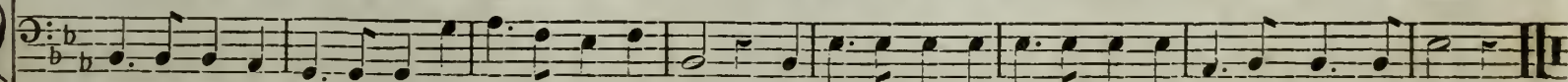
ma - ny gen - er - ations pass'd Here is our fam-ily tree; My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd; She dying, gave it me.



speak of what these pages said, In tones my heart would thrill! Though they are with the silent dead, Here are they liv - ing still;



an-gel face, I see it yet! What thronging memories come! A - gain that lit - tle group is met, With-in the walls of home.



mines of earth no treasure give, That could this volume buy; In teach-ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die



## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

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

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

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

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

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

wherever your pathway may lie, Be it cloud - ed with sor - row, or bril - liant with joy, My spir - it shall watch thee, wherev - er thou



flow, In beau-ti - ful wreaths o'er thy pil-lows of snow; O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art, And lis - ten to

lies, With its own mim-ic mountains and star spangled skies; I stretch my light pinions a - round thee when sleeping, To guard thee from

art, My in-cense shall rise from the throne of thy heart, Fare-well! For the sha-dows of ev'-ning are fled, And the young rays of

mu-sic which flows from thy heart. O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art, And lis - ten to mu-sic which flows from thy heart.

spir-its of sor-row and weeping, I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping, To guard thee from spir-its of sor-row and weeping.

morning are wreath'd round my head. Farewell! For the shadows of ev'-ning are fled, And the young rays of morning are wreath'd round my head.

## ROUND THE WREAKEN.

1. Scorn ro-man - tic Po - et's dic-tion, Eastern bow'rs and sunny skies; Smiling houris, worlds of fic - tion, E-qual not Sa - lo-pean joys.

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

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

If love's lay can cheer thy breast, 'Tis in these valleys speaking, love! The world has not a land so blest, As blooms around the Wreaken, love!

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

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



Fai-ry forms with ar-dent wish-es, Warbling songs that never cloy; Evening dance, and true love's kisses, Equal not Sa-lo-pean joys.

Fai-ry forms with ar-dent wishes, Warbling songs that never cloy; Evening dance, and true love's kisses, Equal not Sa-lo-pean joys.

## WHEN NIGHT COMES O'ER THE PLAIN.

S. NELSON.

**Duet.** **Duet.**

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

2. At ev'-ning's quiet hour, O leave thy mountain home, And seek the peaceful bow'r, To which we us'd to roam. I'll sing the ol-den

**Voice.**



## WHEN NIGHT COMES O'ER THE PLAIN. Continued.

ray, Il-lumes the ver-dant lea, I'll leave my lone-ly way, And wan-der forth with thee. How dear is ev-'ry spot, Where  
songs, The long neg-lect-ed lays, Whose brightest theme belongs, To youth's depart-ed days. How dear is ev-'ry spot, Where

Inst.

**Chorus.**

The mountain and the cot, The streamlet and the glade. The tree whose branches hung, A - bove the flow-ing  
oft in youth we stray'd; The tree whose branches hung, A - bove the flow-ing

Voice.

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

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

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

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

1. Here we meet, too soon to part, Here to leave will raise a smart; Here I'll press thee to my heart, Where none have place a - bove thee.

2. Here the rose that decks thy door, Here the thorn that spreads thy bow'r; Here the wil-low on the moor, The birds at rest a - bove thee.

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two verses. The first verse ends with a fermata on the final note. The second verse also ends with a fermata. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature change from one flat to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) in the second measure, which remains for the rest of the system. The bass staff has a key signature change from one flat to two flats in the second measure, which remains for the rest of the system. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Here I vow to love thee well, Could but words unseal the spell, Had but language strength to tell, I'd say how much I love thee.

Had they life of light to see, Sense of soul, like thee and me, Soon might each a wit-ness be, How doat-ing - ly I love thee!

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It is in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal line has two verses. The first verse ends with a fermata on the final note. The second verse also ends with a fermata. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature change from two flats to three flats (B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat) in the second measure, which remains for the rest of the system. The bass staff has a key signature change from two flats to three flats in the second measure, which remains for the rest of the system. The system concludes with a double bar line.



# PEACEFUL SLUMBERING ON THE OCEAN.

153

*Andante. p* *Cres.* *p*

1. Peaceful slum-bering on the o-cean, Sea-men fear no dan - ger night; The winds and waves in gen - tle mo-tion,

2. Is the wind tem - pestuous blowing, Still no dan - ger they de - scry; The guile - less heart its boon be - stow - ing,

*p* *Cres.* *p*

*p* *pp*

lul - la - by - - - - -

Soothe them with their lul-la - by - - - - - Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

Soothes them with its lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul-la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la-by, Soothe them with its lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

lul - la - by - - - - - *p* *pp*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a piece titled 'Peaceful Slumbering on the Ocean'. The score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Andante' and a dynamic of 'p' (piano). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains two vocal lines and a piano accompaniment. The vocal lines have lyrics: '1. Peaceful slum-bering on the o-cean, Sea-men fear no dan - ger night; The winds and waves in gen - tle mo-tion,' and '2. Is the wind tem - pestuous blowing, Still no dan - ger they de - scry; The guile - less heart its boon be - stow - ing,'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand and a left hand. The second system continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The vocal lines have lyrics: 'lul - la - by - - - - -', 'Soothe them with their lul-la - by - - - - - Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul - la - by.', and 'Soothes them with its lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul-la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la-by, Soothe them with its lul - la - by, lul - la - by.'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody. The score ends with a final cadence. The dynamics range from 'p' (piano) to 'pp' (pianissimo). There are also 'Cres.' (crescendo) markings.

## HUZZA! HERE'S COLUMBIA FOREVER.

A. CLIFTON.

Allegro Con Spirito.

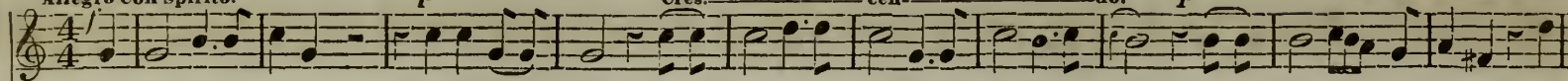
Arranged for this Work.

*p*

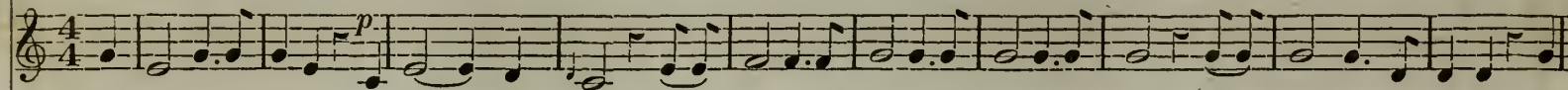
Cres.

cen-

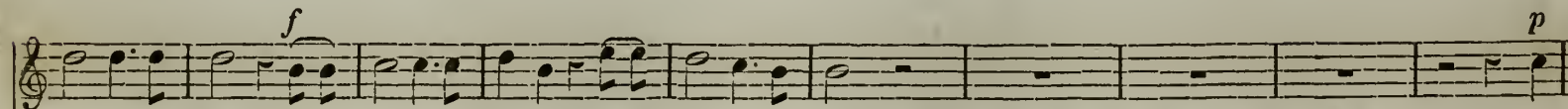
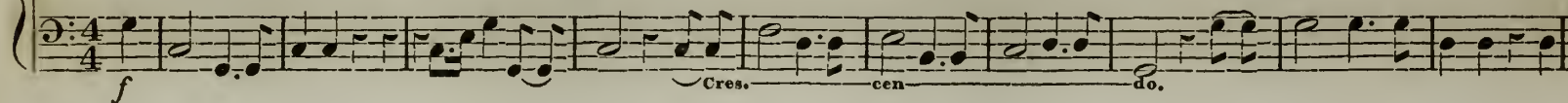
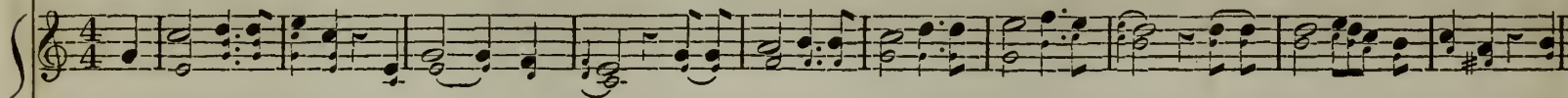
do.

*p*

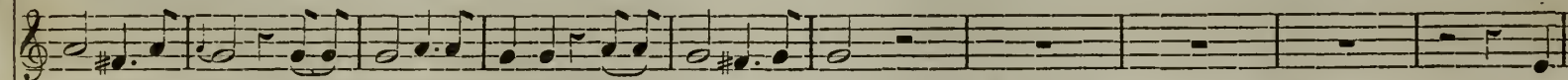
1. Tri-umphant, Vic - torious, Co - lum - bia be. Her arms still success, still suc-cess will com-mand, Each Tar on the o-ccean, his



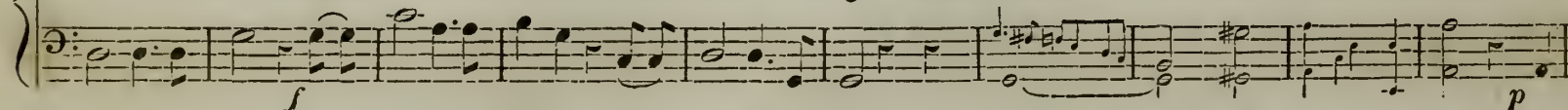
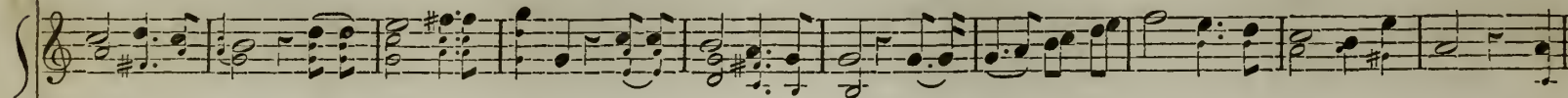
2. How need-less to talk of her prowess in war, Or proclaim, or proclaim what the u - niverse knows. While they shrink from her vengeance, let



conquest en - joys, While Laurels, while Laurels shall cov-er the land. When in - va - ded by foes, that like Lo-custs a - rise, And



ty-rants de - clare, What it is to have Freemen, to have freemen for foes. When in - va - ded, &c.



*Cres* *cen* *do.* *ff* *p* *f*

cry for her ru-in, her ru-in a-loud. Thy ge-nius Co-lum-bia, their fu-ry de-fies, And bursts, and bursts like the

*Cres* *cen* *do.* *ff* *p* *f*

*ff* *2d time, Ad lib.*

Sun, like the sun thro' a cloud. Huz-za! Huzza! Huz-za! here's Columbia for-ev-er; The Glory, the Glory and pride of the world.

*ff*



## EVENING SONG TO THE VIRGIN.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

A - ve Sanc - tis - si - ma We lift our souls to thee; O - ra pro - no - bis, 'Tis night-fall on the

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with four staves. The vocal parts and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics continue below the vocal staves.

sea, Watch us while shadows lie, Far o'er the wa-ter spread. Hear the heart's lone-ly sigh, Thine too hath bled.

Thou that hast look'd on death, Aid us when death is near; Whisper of heaven to faith, Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear!

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex pattern in the left hand, including some triplets.

O - ra pro - no - bis, The wave must rock our sleep, O - ra Ma - ter O - ra, Star of the deep.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It also consists of four staves with the same vocal and piano parts. The vocal melody continues with a series of eighth notes, leading to a half note G4 at the end of the phrase. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, providing a steady accompaniment for the vocal line.

## MISS BROWN. A Round for Three Voices.

1 Sweet are the Ro-ses, the dew moistened Ro-ses; But sweet-er the lips of my love-ly Miss

2 Sweet-ly she smil'd, and vow'd to prove true, I pressed her, and kissed her, Oh! charming Miss

3 Yet, if what you say be true, sir, I'll leave her the de-ceiver! I re-sign the Jilt to you, Sir, So fare-well Miss

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of a three-part vocal round. It features three staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The first staff (labeled '1') has a melody starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The second staff (labeled '2') starts on a half note F4, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, and Bb4. The third staff (labeled '3') starts on a half note E4, followed by quarter notes F4, G4, and A4. The lyrics are written below each staff, with some words aligned under specific notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Brown; Soft-ly I whisper'd, I love you, my an-gel, She kind-ly said "dit-to," Oh! love-ly Miss Brown.

Brown! but stay sir! What say you? 'Tis false; She's mine; Breathe not her name, She's not your Miss Brown.

Brown! She's hateful, She's frightful, She's wil-ful, She's spite-ful, Luck-y am I to es-cape her; Eve-ry bo-dy's Miss Brown.

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the three-part vocal round. It also features three staves with treble clefs and a key signature of one flat. The time signature is 3/4. The first staff (labeled '1') continues the melody from the first system, starting with a half note G4. The second staff (labeled '2') continues with a half note F4. The third staff (labeled '3') continues with a half note E4. The lyrics are written below each staff. The system ends with a double bar line.



Mine is Sal - ly Brown!

Mine is Nancy Brown!

Which is your Miss Brown? Mine is Bet-sy Brown!

Here, boys, we're all in the wrong, So ban - ish eve - ry frown, Be she poor or rich, like Burgundy pitch, each stick to his own Miss Brown, my boys, each

stick to his own Miss Brown, my boys, each stick to his own Miss Brown; Sal - ly, and Nan-cy, and Bet - sy Brown, Oh! Miss Brown.

## OUR WAY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS, HO! \*

RUSSELL.

Arranged for this Work.

1. When the tempests fly o'er the cloud-y sky, And the pip - ing blast sings mer - ri - ly, Oh sweet is the mirth of the

2. Let the storms without, in their mid-night rout Howl thro' the casement drea - ri - ly; We're mer - ry with - in, round the

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves for the vocal parts and a grand staff (treble and bass clef) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal parts enter with the first line of the song, and the piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation.

so - cial hearth, Where the flames are blaz - ing cheer - i - ly. Our way a - cross the moun-tains, ho!

blaz - ing linn Where con - tent - ment flows right cheer - i - ly. Our way a - cross the moun-tains, ho!

The second system continues the musical score. It features the same instrumental and vocal parts. The lyrics continue across two lines, with the vocal parts singing in harmony. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern, supporting the vocal melody.

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Solo.

ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, Our way a - cross the moun - tains ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, The

ho . . . . . ho . . . . . Our way a - cross the moun-tains ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, The

ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,

## CHORUS.

moonbeam bright of a summer's night, Shin-eth but sad and wea-ri - ly, But sweet is the glow where con - tentment flows, And the

moonbeam bright of a summer's night, Shin-eth but sad and wea-ri - ly, But sweet is the glow where con - tentment flows, And the

Inst. 21 Voice.



bright fire blaz-es cheer-i - ly, Oh! when the tempests fly o'er the cloudy sky, And the pip-ing blast sings mer-ri - ly, Oh  
 bright fire blaz-es cheer-i - ly, Oh! when the tempests fly o'er the cloudy sky, And the pip-ing blast sings mer-ri - ly, Oh

*Ad Lib.*

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is in a major key and features a lively, rhythmic melody.

sweet is the mirth of the social hearth, Where the flames are blaz - ing cheeri - ly; Our way a - cross the moun-tains, ho,  
 sweet is the mirth of the so-cial hearth, Where the flames are blaz - ing cheeri - ly, Our way a - cross the moun-tains, ho,

This musical system also consists of four staves, following the same layout as the first system. It continues the melody and accompaniment, maintaining the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are repeated with slight variations in punctuation and phrasing.

ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, Our way a - cross the moun - tain ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, Our way across the

ho . . . . ho, . . . . Our way a - cross the moun - tain ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, Our way across the

ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for vocal parts, and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with some words spanning across measures. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

mountain ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, Our way a - cross the moun - tain ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

mountain ho, ho . . . . ho . . . . Our way a - cross the moun - tain ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,

This musical system continues the piece and ends with a double bar line. It follows the same four-staff format as the first system. The lyrics continue across the vocal staves, with the piano accompaniment providing a consistent rhythmic foundation.

## I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

FROM THE  
BOHEMIAN GIRL.

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

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Solo.

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

Inst.

This system contains the second two staves of the musical score. The top staff continues the vocal line, and the bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The key signature and time signature remain the same. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The word 'Solo.' is written above the vocal staff, and 'Inst.' is written below the piano staff.



## CHORUS.

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

Voice.

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

2

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

## SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

1. Some love to roam, o'er the dark sea foam, Where the shrill winds whistle free; But a chosen band, in a

2. The deer we mark, thro' the forest dark, And the prowling wolf we track; And for right good cheer, in the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part includes a bass line and a treble line.

moun-tain land, And a life in the woods for me. Where the shrill winds whistle

wild woods here, Oh! why should a hunter lack. And the prowling wolf we

The musical score continues with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a bass line and a treble line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part includes a bass line and a treble line.

Inst.      Voice.

free; But a cho-sen band in a mountain land, And a life in the woods for me. When morn-ing beams o'er the track, And for right good cheer, in the wild woods here, Oh! why should a hun-ter lack. For with stea-dy aim, at the

mountain streams, Oh! mer-ri ly forth we go. To fol-low the stag to his slip-pery crag, And to chase the bound-ing bounding game, And hearts that fear no foe, To the dark-some glade, in the for-est shade, Oh! mer-ri-ly forth we



roe. To fol-low the stag to his slip-per-y crag, And to chase the bound-ing roe. ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

go. To the dark-some glade, in the for-est shade, Oh! mer-ri-ly forth we go. ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

[illegible]

love to roam o'er the dark sea foam, Where the shrill winds whistle free; But a cho-sen band in a moun-tain land, and a

life in the woods for me. And a life in the woods for me, And a life in the woods for me.

## SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

KNIGHT.

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

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

The first system of the musical score for 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses'. It consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 2/4. The first vocal line begins with the lyrics '1. She wore a wreath of ro-ses, The night that first we met, Her love-ly face was smil-ing Be-'. The second vocal line begins with '2. A wreath of or-ange blos-soms, When next we met, she wore; Th' expression of her features Was more'. The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

neath her curls of jet; Her foot-step had the lightness, Her voice the joy-ous tone, The to-kens of a

thoughtful than be-fore; And standing by her side was one Who strove, and not in vain, To soothe her, leav-ing

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The first vocal line continues with 'neath her curls of jet; Her foot-step had the lightness, Her voice the joy-ous tone, The to-kens of a'. The second vocal line continues with 'thoughtful than be-fore; And standing by her side was one Who strove, and not in vain, To soothe her, leav-ing'. The piano accompaniment continues on the grand staff.

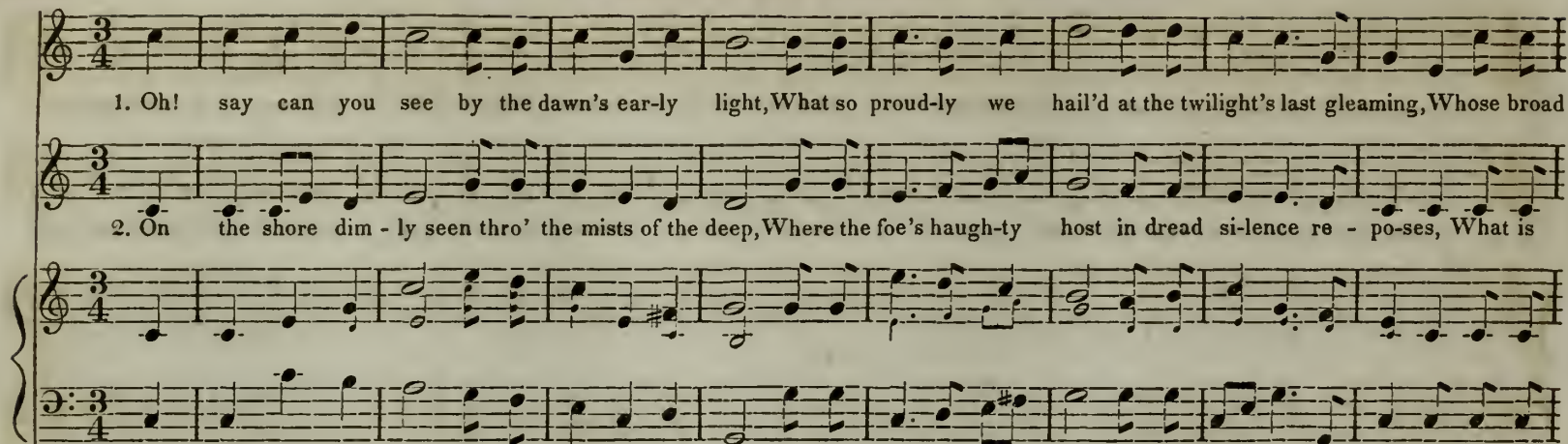


youthful heart, Where sorrow is un-known; I saw her but a moment, Yet me-thinks I see her now; With the  
that dear home She ne'er might view a - gain. I saw her but a moment, Yet me-thinks I see her now; With the

wreath of sum - mer flow - ers, Up - on her snow - y brow.  
wreath af or - ange blos - soms, Up - on her snow - y brow.

3  
And once again I see that brow, 8  
No bridal wreath is there; 6  
The widow's sombre cap conceals 8  
Her once luxuriant hair; 7  
She weeps in silent solitude, 8  
And there is no one near 6  
To press her hand within his own, 8  
And wipe away a tear; 6  
I see her broken hearted,  
Yet, methinks I see her now,  
In the pride of youth and beauty,  
With a garland on her brow.

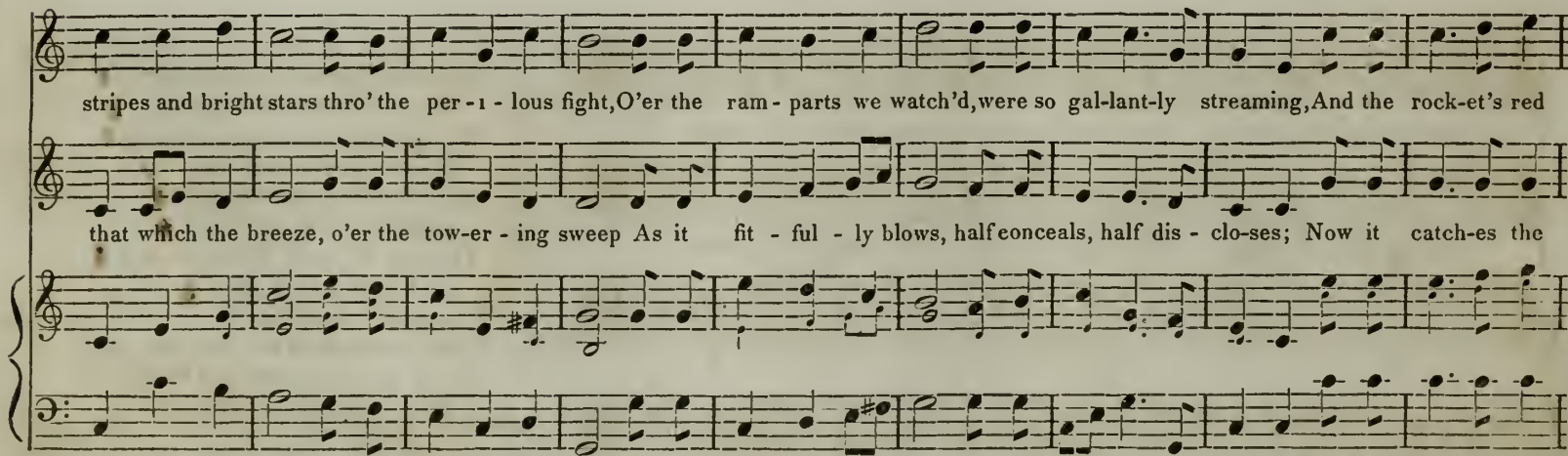
## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.



1. Oh! say can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad

2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si-lence re - po-ses, What is

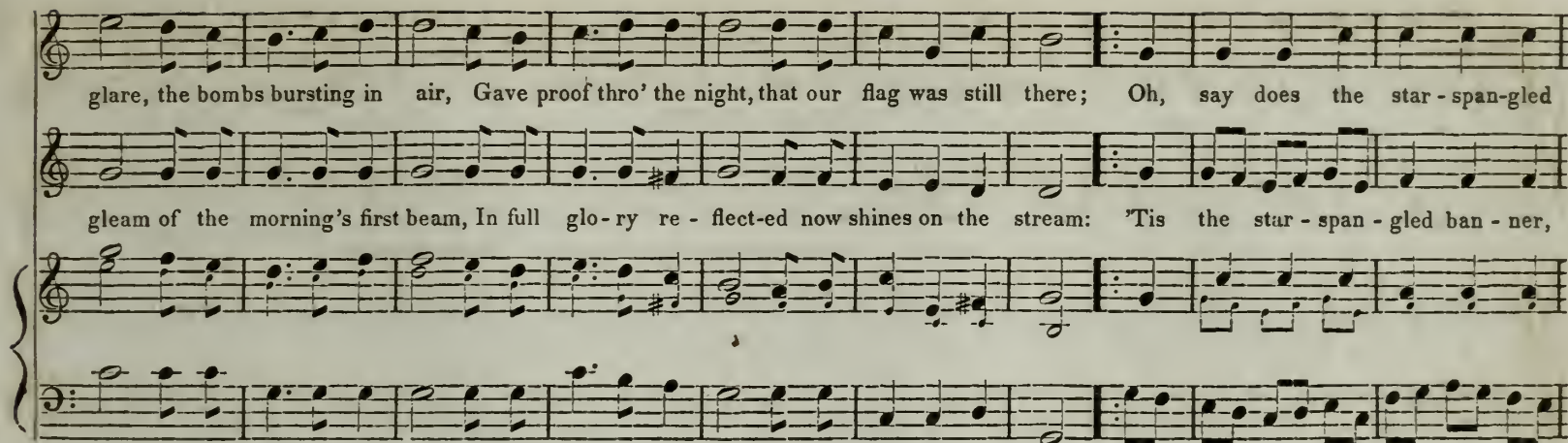
The first system of the musical score for 'The Star Spangled Banner'. It consists of two vocal staves (treble clef, 3/4 time) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, 3/4 time). The lyrics are: '1. Oh! say can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad' and '2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si-lence re - po-ses, What is'.



stripes and bright stars thro' the per - 1 - lous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming, And the rock-et's red

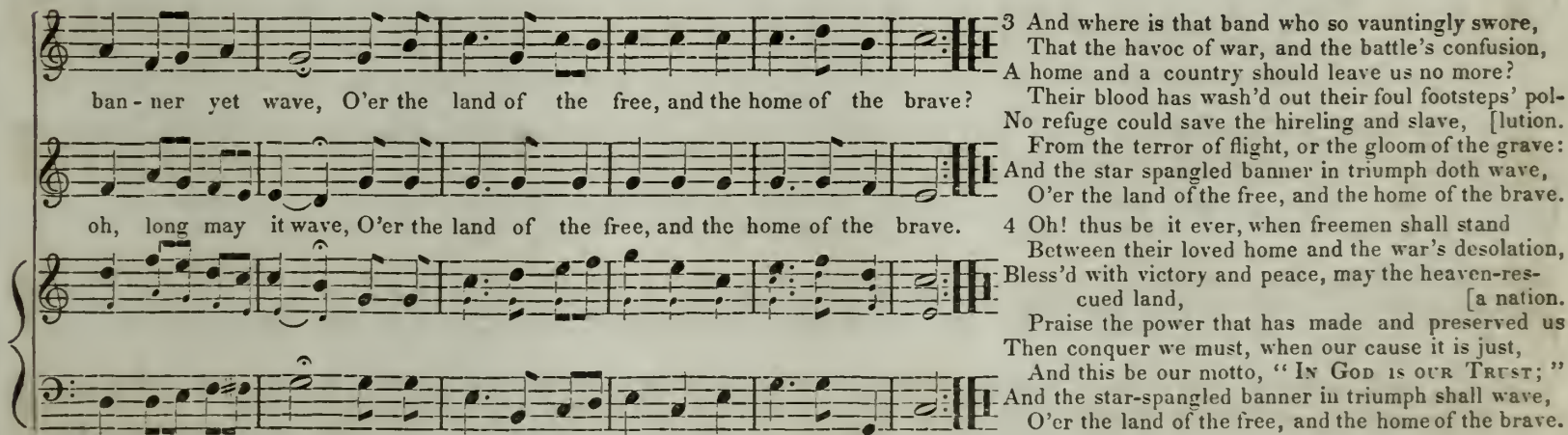
that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er - ing sweep As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clo-ses; Now it catch-es the

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are: 'stripes and bright stars thro' the per - 1 - lous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming, And the rock-et's red' and 'that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er - ing sweep As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clo-ses; Now it catch-es the'.



glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night, that our flag was still there; Oh, say does the star-span-gled

gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-flect-ed now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner,



ban-ner yet wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

oh, long may it wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

3 And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,  
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave, [lution:  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:  
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave,  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

4 Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved home and the war's desolation,  
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land,  
[a nation.  
Praise the power that has made and preserved us  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "IN GOD IS OUR TRUST;"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.



## BRING BRIGHTEST LAURELS.

WORDS BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

AIR,—“THE PILLAR OF GLORY.”

Allegretto.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked 'Allegretto'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

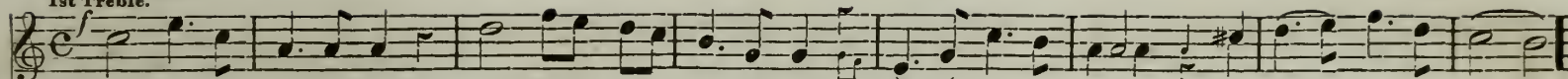
The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble staff and piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The melody is in 3/4 time and includes two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the bass.

1. Bring brightest lau - rels, and let them be braid-ed! Weave oak and ol - ive, And ne'er be it told, A  
 2. Our col - ors a - dorn all the waves of the o - cean, Our ea - gle ex - plores eve - ry re - gion of air;

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics conclude the piece. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in the bass.

leaf in the crown of our na - tion was fa - ded, Or lost, when we saw her full fi - ty years old.  
 Long as the pin - ions of Time keep in mo - tion, May they ride in free - dom and va - liant - ly there.

**Allegro. Duett.**  
1st Treble.

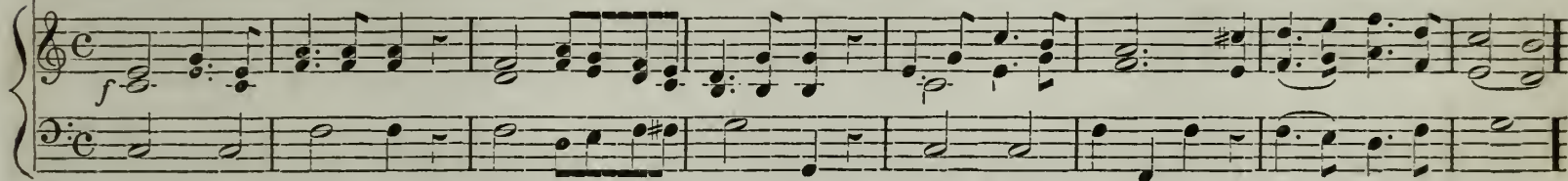


Still round thy forehead, seen, Fresh be the ev - er-green! Pride of the wa-ters, and queen of the earth.

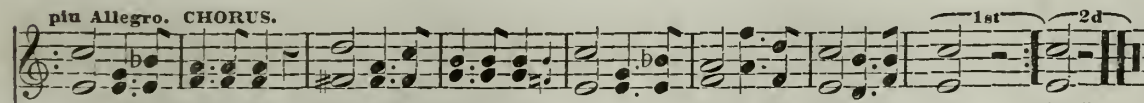
2d Treble.



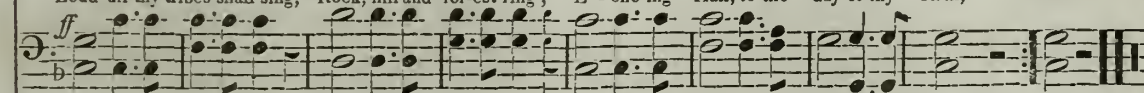
Penn'd on the brightest page, Down to the la - test age, The deeds of our sires shall as sun - light de - scend.



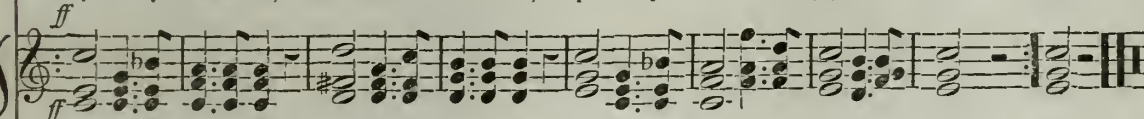
**piu Allegro. CHORUS.**



Loud all thy tribes shall sing, Rock, hill and for-est ring; E - cho-ing "Hail, to the day of thy birth, birth."



May eve-ry bosom feel, Fired with a no-ble zeal, The pride they obtain'd to en - joy and de - fend, . fend,



3 Ye, who remaining, with locks thin and hoary,  
Your toils in the field, to your sons still recount;  
Proudly ye stand 'mid the heroes of story,  
As towers o'er the hills our own snow-crested mount;  
Loud, where the cannon roar'd,  
Warm, where the blood was poured,  
With flocks bounding, thick as the foes falling then,  
See the green valley teem.  
Far, where the silver stream [glen!  
Shines, like your swords, spread at rest through the

4 Spirit of him who at Vernon is sleeping,  
Bend in thy glory, and smile on our mirth!  
See the glad millions the jubilee keeping,  
Which thou didst procure by thy valor on earth!  
Still hallow'd be the day,  
When we have past away,  
And years over years, shall like floods, roll along  
Then, may posterity  
Still be inspired by thee! —  
"FREEDOM & WASHINGTON" ever the song.

## DREAM ON.

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

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

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

Dream on.

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

Dream on.

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

Dream on.



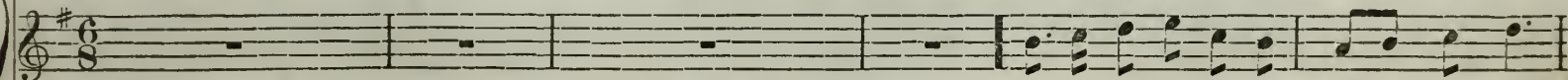
# WHICH IS THE PROPEREST DAY TO DRINK.

DR. ARNE.

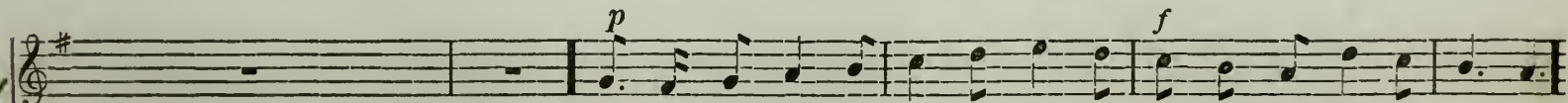
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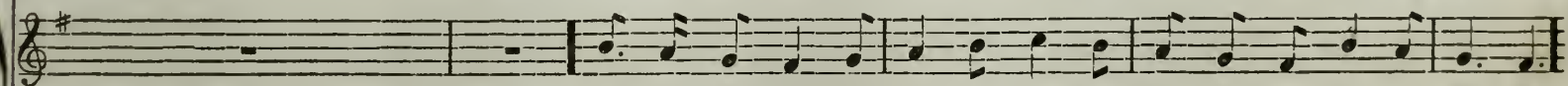
Which is the prop-er-est day to drink, Sat - ur - day, Sun - day, Mon - day?



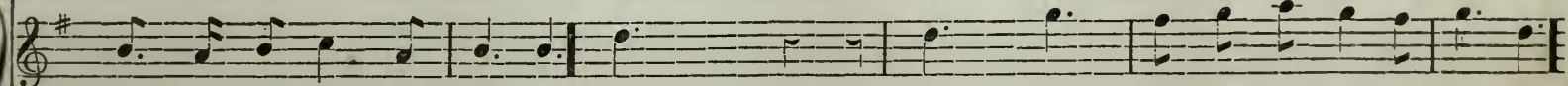
Each is the prop-er-est day I think,



Tell me but yours, I'll men - tion my day, Let us but fix on some day;

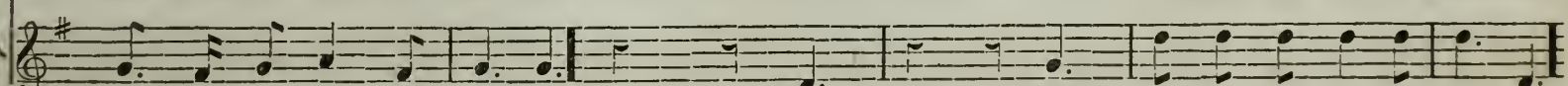


Tell me but yours, I'll men - tion my day, Let us but fix on some day;



why should I name but one day? Why?

Why? Why? Why should I name but one day?



*p* Tell me but yours, I'll men-tion my day, *f* Let us but fix on some day; Why? Why.

Tell me but yours, I'll men-tion my day, Let us but fix on some day; Why? Why?

Why? Why? Why? Why should I name but one day? Each is the prop-er-est day I think,

Why? Why?

let us but fix on some day, Bra - vo, Bra - vo,

let us but fix on some day, Bra - vo, Bra - vo, Why should I name but one day?

Why should I name but one day, Tues-day, Wednesday, Thursday, Fri - day, Sat - ur - day, Sun - day, Mon-day,

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Sat-ur - day, Sun - day, Mon - day, Tues - day, Thursday,

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Sat-ur - day, Sun - day, Mon - day, Which is the prop-er - est day to drink?

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Sat-ur - day, Sun - day, Mon-day,

Wednesday, Fri - day,

Sat - ur - day, Mon - day, Tues-day, Wednesday, Thurs-day, Fri - day, Sat - ur - day, Sun-day, Mon - day.

Sat - ur - day, Sun - day, Mon-day, Tues-day, Wednesday, Thurs-day, Fri - day, Sat - ur - day, Sun-day, Mon - day.

Sat - ur - day, Sun - day, Mon-day, Tues-day, Wednesday, Thurs - day, Fri - day, Sat - ur - day, Sun - day, Mon - day.

Sun-day, Mon-day, &c.



## YE HIGH-BORN SPANISH NOBLEMEN.

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

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the top staff, aligned with the notes.

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

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music continues from the first system, with the lyrics written below the top staff, aligned with the notes.

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

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

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

## THE LAUGHING TRIO.

1st Voice.

1. Why, sure! there nev-er met, A tru-ly jo-vial set, More prone than we to laugh, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

2d Voice. Solo.

2. For what have we to do, Old Care! with such as you? No, no, we'll ev-er laugh, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

3d Voice.

Inst.

ha, ha, ha, While thus our wine we quaff. Why sure, there never met, A tru-ly jo-vial set, More prone than we to

ha, ha, ha, While thus our wine we quaff. For what have we to do Old Care, with such as you, No, no, we'll ev-er

Voice.



laugh, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, While thus our wine we quaff. Why sure there nev - er met, ha, ha, A

laugh, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, While thus our wine we quaff. For what have we to do, ha, ha, Old

tru - ly jo - vial set, ha, ha, More prone than we to laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, While thus our wine we

care with such as you, ha, ha, No, no, we'll ev - er laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, While thus our wine we

*f*

quaff. Why sure! there never met, ha, ha, A tru-ly jo-vial set, ha, ha, More prone than we to laugh, ha, ha, ha,

quaff. For what have we to do, ha, ha, Old Care, with such as you, ha, ha, No, no, we'll ev-er laugh, ha, ha, ha,

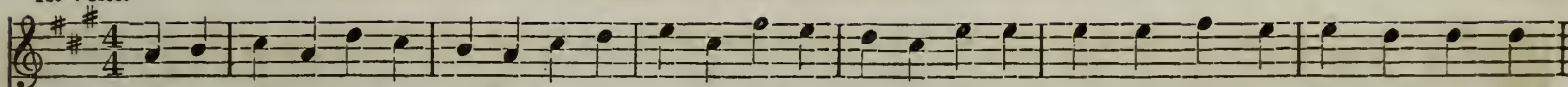
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, While thus our wine we quaff, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, While thus our wine we quaff.

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, While thus our wine we quaff, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, While thus our wine we quaff.

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

1st Voice.





las-ses, Here's a health to all good lasses, Here's a health to all good las-ses, Pledge it mer-ri-ly, fill your glasses, Let a bumper toast go

Here's a health to all good lasses, Pledge it mer-ri-ly, fill your glasses, Let a bumper toast go

round, Let a bump-er toast go round, May they live . . . . . For with

May they live a life of pleasure, Without mix-ture, without measure;

round, Let a bump-er toast go round. May they live a life of pleasure, Without mix-ture, with-out measure, For with

them true joys are found, For with them true joys are found. All good lasses, Fill your glasses, Here's a

them true joys are found, For with them true joys are found. Here's a bumper, Here's a bumper, Here's a

health to all good las-ses, Pledge it mer-ri - ly, fill your glasses, Let a bumper toast go round, Let a bumper toast go round.

health to all good las-ses, Pledge it mer-ri - ly, fill your glasses, Let a bumper toast go round, Let a bumper toast go round.

## THE FISHERMAN'S GLEE.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The first staff begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

How pleasant is the Fish-er-man's life, Sing hey, Sing mer-ri - ly O, While distant from the world and its strife, Our

The second system of the musical score continues the piece with four staves. The vocal parts continue with the lyrics, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.

nets to the deep we throw, Our nets to the deep we throw, Our nets to the deep, our nets to the deep we throw, Our



nets to the deep, Our nets to the deep we throw. Kind nature's boon with

*f*

*p*

*f*

joy we re - ceive, Sing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly O, Sing mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly O, Then

*p*

*p*

Sing mer - - - - - ri - ly O, Sing mer - - - - - ri - ly O,

## THE FISHERMAN'S GLEE. Continued.

homeward o - ver the friendly wave, With a mer-ry pull we row, Then homeward o - ver the friend - ly wave, With a

*f*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

mer - ry pull we row, we row, we row, With a mer-ry, pull we row, With a mer-ry pull we

*p* *Cres.* *f*

*p* *Cres.* *f*

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff has a piano (*p*) dynamic marking, followed by a crescendo (*Cres.*) and a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the first staff. The second staff also has a piano (*p*) dynamic marking, followed by a crescendo (*Cres.*) and a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

Ad Lib.

Dim.

A Tempo.

*p*

row, . . . How pleasant is the Fish-erman's life, Sing hey, sing mer-ri-ly O, While dis-tant from the

*p*

world and its strife, Our nets to the deep we throw, Our nets to the deep we throw, Our nets to the deep, Our nets to the deep we



Musical score for the first system of "The Fisherman's Glee". It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first vocal staff begins with a "Cres." marking and a "p" (piano) marking. The lyrics "throw, Our nets to the deep, Our nets to the deep we throw, Singing row broth-ers, lightly row, light - ly, light - ly" are written below the vocal staves.

Musical score for the second system of "The Fisherman's Glee". It continues with four staves. The key signature remains one sharp (F#). The lyrics "row, While the moon beaming brightly, we row, we row, Singing row brothers, light-ly row, light-ly, light-ly row, While the" are written below the vocal staves. The bottom two staves of the piano accompaniment have a "Cres." marking.

# CONCLUDED.

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merri - ly, mer-ri - ly row, mer-ri - ly, cheer-i - ly row,  
 moon beaming brightly, we row, we row, mer - ri - ly row, mer - ri - ly row, merri-ly, cheeri - ly  
 mer-ri - ly mer-ri - ly row, mer-ri - ly cheer - i - ly row.

*f* *p* *Cres.* *Dim.*  
 row, merri-ly, cheeri - ly row, mer-ri - ly, cheeri-ly row, merri - ly, cheeri-ly row.  
*f* *p* *Cres.* *Dim.*

## THE MIGHTY CONQUEROR.

S. WEBBE.

Alto. The mighty Conqueror, the mighty Conquer-or of hearts, his power I here de-ny, with all his flames, his

1st Tenor. his

2d Tenor. The mighty Conquer-or, the mighty Conquer-or of hearts, his power I here de-ny, With all his

Bass. With all his

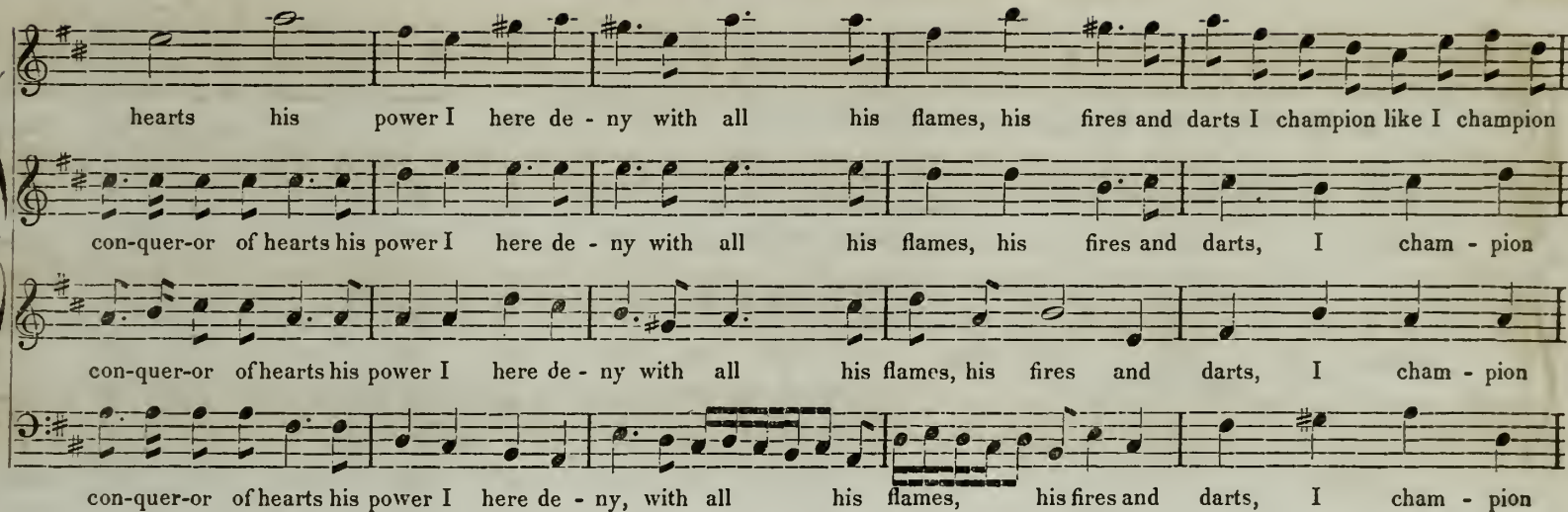
flames, his fires and darts, I champion like de-fy the migh - - ty Con - quer - or of

flames, his fires and darts, I champion like de-fy, the migh-ty con-queror, the mighty conquer-or, the migh - ty

flames, fires and darts, fires and darts, I champion like de - fy, the mighty conquer-or, the migh - ty con-quer - or, the migh-ty

flames, his fires and darts, I champion like de - fy, the mighty conquer-or, the mighty conquer - or, the migh-ty



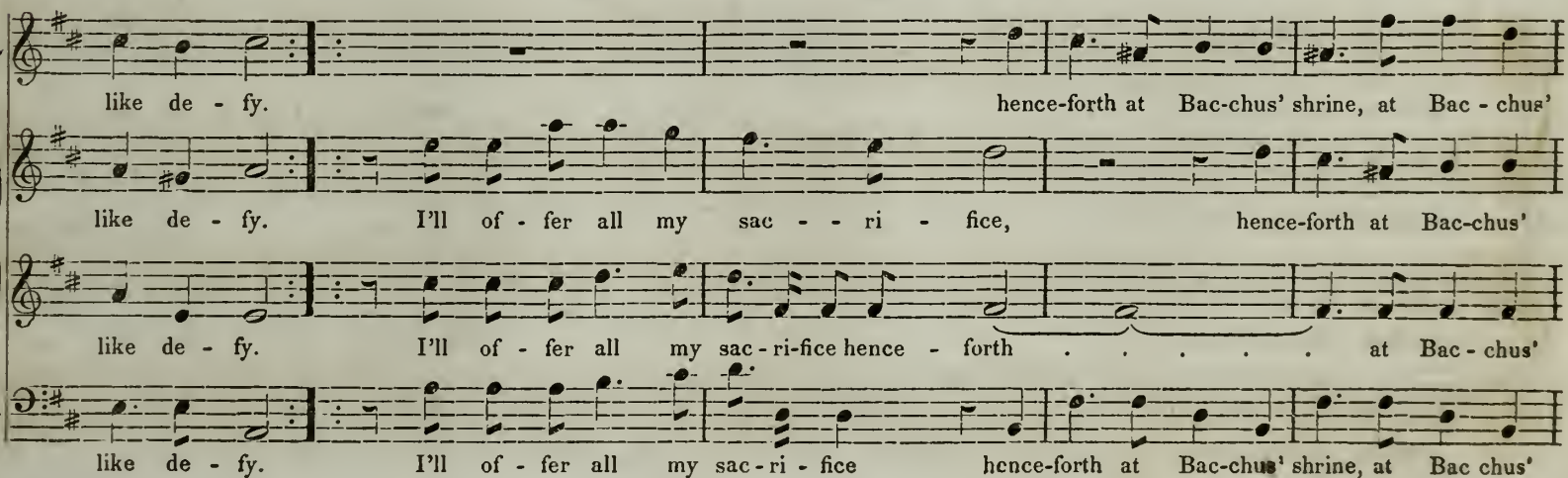


hearts his power I here de - ny with all his flames, his fires and darts I champion like I champion

con-quer-or of hearts his power I here de - ny with all his flames, his fires and darts, I cham - pion

con-quer-or of hearts his power I here de - ny with all his flames, his fires and darts, I cham - pion

con-quer-or of hearts his power I here de - ny, with all his flames, his fires and darts, I cham - pion



like de - fy. hence-forth at Bac-chus' shrine, at Bac - chus'

like de - fy. I'll of - fer all my sac - - ri - fice, hence-forth at Bac-chus'

like de - fy. I'll of - fer all my sac - ri - fice hence - forth . . . . . at Bac - chus'

like de - fy. I'll of - fer all my sac - ri - fice hence-forth at Bac-chus' shrine, at Bac chus'

at Bac-chus' at Bacchus' at Bacchus' shrine, I'll of - fer all my sac - ri - fice hence-  
 shrine, at Bacchus', at Bacchus' shrine I'll of - fer all my sac - ri - fice hence-  
 shrine, at Bac - chus' shrine, I'll of - fer all my sac - ri - fice hence-  
 shrine, . . . . . I'll of - fer all my sac - ri - fice hence-

forth at Bacchus' shrine, The mer-ry god ne'er tells us,  
 forth at Bacchus' shrine, The mer-ry god ne'er tells us lies, no, ne'er tells us  
 forth at Bacchus' shrine, The mer-ry god ne'er tells us  
 forth at Bacchus' shrine, The mer-ry god ne'er tells us lies, no, nev - er tells us

lies, there's no de - ceit in wine, there's no de - ceit in wine, the mer - ry, mer - ry god ne'er tells us

lies, there's no de - ceit in wine, there's no de - ceit in wine, the mer - ry, mer - ry god ne'er tells us

lies, there's no de - ceit in wine, there's no de - ceit in wine, . . . . .

lies, there's no de - ceit in wine, there's no de - ceit in wine, . . . . .

lies, . . . . . there's no de - ceit in wine, . . . . . there's no de - ceit in wine.

lies, the mer-ry mer-ry god ne'er tells us lies, there's no de - ceit in wine, . . . there's no de - ceit in wine.

. . . the mer-ry, mer-ry god ne'er tells us lies, there's no de - ceit in wine, . . . there's no de - ceit in wine.

. . . there's no de - ceit in wine, . . . there's no de - ceit in wine.



## SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Solo.

1. Sparkling and bright, in li - quid light, Does the wine in our goblets gleam in, With hue as red, as the

2. Oh! if mirth might ar - rest the flight Of time, through life's do - min - ions, We here a - while, would

3. But since de - light can't stop the wight, Nor fond re - gret de - lay him, Nor love him - self, can

Inst.

Chorus.

ro - sy bed, Which a bee would choose to dream in. Then drink to-night with hearts as light, To love as gay as

now be - guile The gray beard of his pin - ions. Then drink, &c.

hold the elf, Nor so - ber friend-ship stay him. Then drink, &c.

Voice.

fleet - ing, As bub-bles that swim, on the breaker's brim, And break on the lips while meeting, We'll drink to-night with

hearts as light, To love as gay and fleet - ing, As bubbles that swim, on the beaker's brim, And break on the lips while meeting.

*p* second time *f*

1. The sky is bright, the breeze is fair, And the main-sail flow - ing full and free, full and free; Our part - ing word is  
 2. The moon is in the heav'n a - bove, And the wind is on the foam - ing sea, foam - ing sea; Thus shines the star of

flow - - ing full and free,  
 on the foam - - ing sea;

woman's pray'r, And the hope be - fore us Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty! Fare - well! Fare - well! To Greece we give our shin-ing blades, our  
 wo-man's love, On the glo - rious strife of Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty! Fare - well! Fare - well! To Greece, &c.

shi - ning blades, And our hearts to you, young Zi - an, Maids, young Zi-an Maids! Our hearts to you, our hearts to you, young Zi - an Maids!



1 Mis - ter Speak - er, though tis late, Mis - ter Speaker, though 'tis late, though 'tis late, I must

2 Ques - tion, ques - tion, ques - tion, ques - tion, ques - tion, hear him, hear him, hear,

3 Or - der, or - der, or - der, hear him, hear him, hear him, hear him, hear him, hear, pray sup -

length - - - - en the de - bate, I must length - - - - en the de -

Sir, I shall name you if you stir, if you stir, sir, I shall name you if you

port the chair, pray sup - port the chair, pray sup - port the chair, pray sup - port the

bate, Mis - ter Speak er, though 'tis late, I must length - en the de - bate. [2]

stir, sir, I shall name you sir, I shall name you sir, I shall name you if you stir. [3]

chair, ques - tion, or - der, hear him, hear, pray sup - port, sup - port the chair. [1]

## IN AUTUMN, WE SHOULD DRINK, BOYS.

2d Tenor.

1st Tenor.

Alto. 8 va.

*p.* *ff*

In Au - tumn we should

In Au - tumn we should

In Au - tumn we should drink, boys, In Au - tumn we should

drink, boys, You need not sure be told, 'Tis there the o - ver la - den vine, Its pur - ple bur - den

drink, boys, You need not sure be told, 'Tis there the o - ver la - den vine, Its pur - ple bur - den

sheds the wine. In Au - - - turnn we should drink, boys, drink, boys, drink, boys, yes, In Au - turnn we should

sheds the wine. In Au - turnn Au - turnn we should drink, boys, drink, boys, yes, In Au - turnn we should

In Au - turnn we should drink, boys, yes, In Au - turnn we should

In Au-turnn we should drink, boys, drink, boys, drink, boys. In Au - turnn we should

drink, boys.

drink, boys.

drink, boys.

2. In Winter, we should drink, boys,  
For Winter, it is cold;  
And better than capote or hood,  
The bright Tokayer warms the blood.  
In Winter, &c.

3. In Summer we should drink, boys,  
For Summer's hot and dry;  
The very earth is thirsty, then,  
And thirsty, surely must be men.  
In Summer, &c.

4. In Spring-time, we should drink, boys,  
It don't much matter why;  
But having drank the seasons three,  
To blink the fourth, would folly be.  
In Spring-time, &c.



## Andante Scherzando.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Andante Scherzando'. The piano introduction consists of two systems of four staves each. The first two staves in each system are treble clef, and the last two are bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part features a series of chords in the treble and a melodic line in the bass, marked with a piano 'p' dynamic. The vocal melody is introduced in the third system, with the lyrics 'See our oars with feather'd spray, Sparkle in the beam of day, In our lit-tle Bark we glide, Swift-ly o'er the si-lent tide, In our lit-tle' written below the notes. The vocal part continues through the fourth system, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support.

*p*

*p*

See our oars with feather'd spray, Sparkle in the beam of day, In our lit-tle Bark we glide, Swift-ly o'er the si-lent tide, In our lit-tle

*p*

Bank we glide, Swift-ly o'er the si - lent tide, Swiftly o'er the si - lent tide, si - lent tide.

1st 2d

Sym.

1st 2d

Repeat, *f* Inst.

*p* *f*

From yon-der lone and rock - y shore, the War-rior Her-mit to re - store, the Warrior Her-mit to re - store.

Horns.

*p* Voice.

And sweet the morning breezes blow, While thus in measur'd time we row, we row, we row, in measur'd time we row, we row, we

*pp*

*p*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also with a key signature of two flats. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are written between the staves.

row, in measured time we row, we row, we row, we row . . . . .

*Cres.* *p* *pp* *Cres.* *Dim.*

*p* *pp* *Cres.* *Dim.*

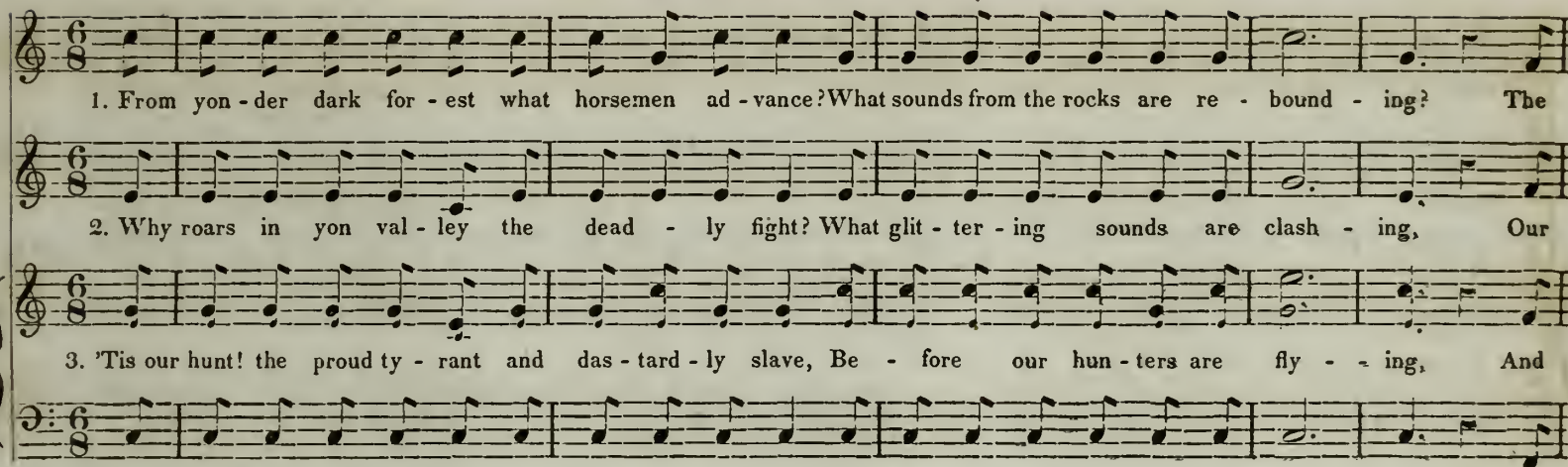
This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line, featuring dynamics of *Cres.*, *p*, *pp*, *Cres.*, and *Dim.*. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment, featuring dynamics of *p*, *pp*, *Cres.*, and *Dim.*. The lyrics continue between the staves, ending with a series of dots.



# LUTZOW'S WILD HUNT.

VON WEBER.

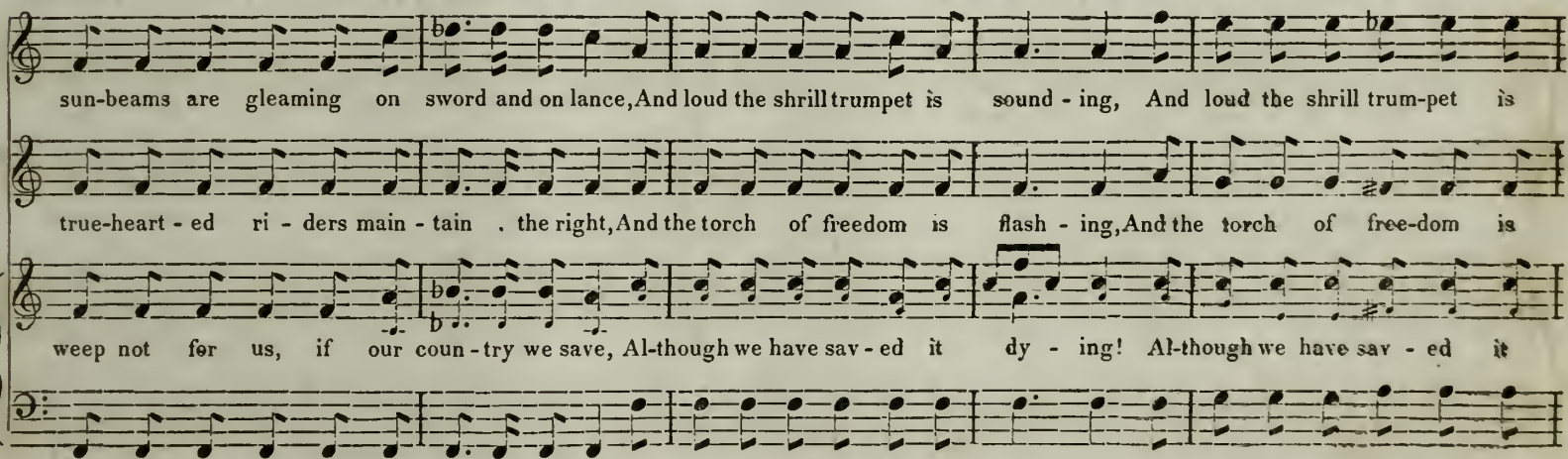
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1. From yon - der dark for - est what horsemen ad - vance? What sounds from the rocks are re - bound - ing? The

2. Why roars in yon val - ley the dead - ly fight? What glit - ter - ing sounds are clash - ing, Our

3. 'Tis our hunt! the proud ty - rant and das - tard - ly slave, Be - fore our hun - ters are fly - - ing, And



sun-beams are gleaming on sword and on lance, And loud the shrill trumpet is sound - ing, And loud the shrill trum-pet is

true-heart - ed ri - ders main - tain . the right, And the torch of freedom is flash - ing, And the torch of free-dom is

weep not for us, if our coun - try we save, Al-though we have sav - ed it dy - ing! Al-though we have sav - ed it

sounding, And if you ask what you there be - hold, 'Tis the hunt of Lut-zow the free and the bold.

flashing, And if you ask what you there be - hold, 'Tis the hunt of Lut-zow the free and the bold.

dy - ing. From age to age, it shall still be told, 'Twas the 'Twas the hunt of Lut-zow the free and the bold. hunt,

1st & 2d verses, 'Tis the hunt,

## SCOTLAND'S BURNING. Round.

## GO TO JANE GLOVER. Round.

1 Scot - land's burn - ing, Scot - land's burn - ing, 2

2 Look out, look out, 3

3 Fire! fire! fire! fire! 4

4 Cast on more wa - ter. 1

1 Go to Jane Glov - er, and 2

2 tell her I love her, And 3

3 by the light of the moon, 4

4 I will come to her. 1

# THE GYPSY'S CHANT.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY O. W. WITHINGTON, ESQ. 209

By the fire's red light, and the eve - ning star, Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly dance we on; The world may frown, but we

sing ha! ha! And chant to the moon and the ris-ing sun. Dance then dance by the mer-ry, mer-ry glance of the flame from the old Beech

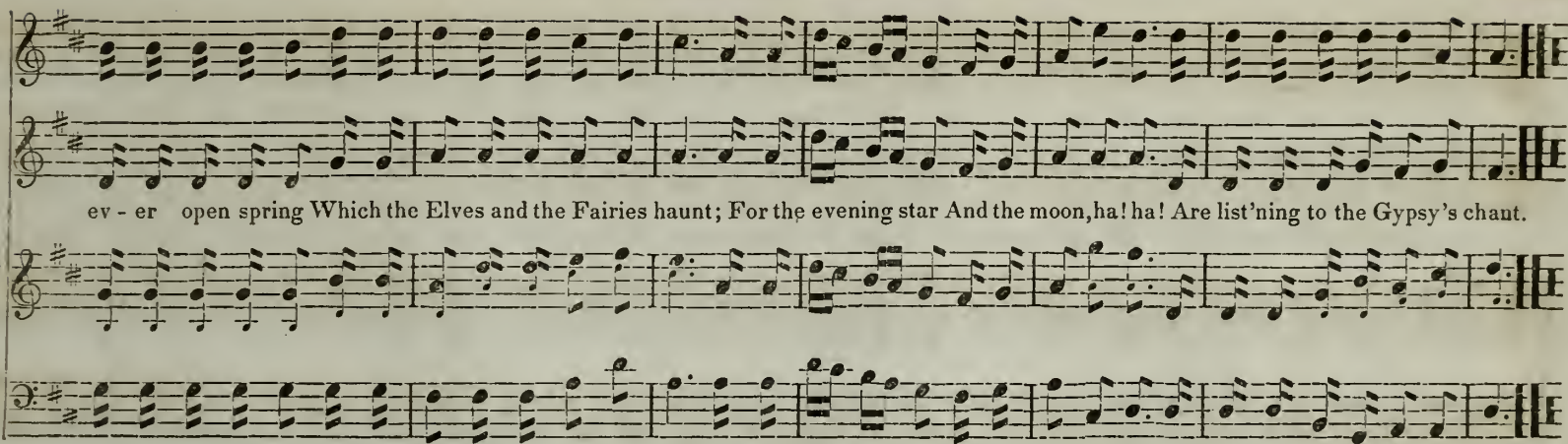


tree; Should we ask for more, There is plenty in store, And noth-ing, and nothing pay we. A Gypsey's life is a checker'd thing, O'er

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

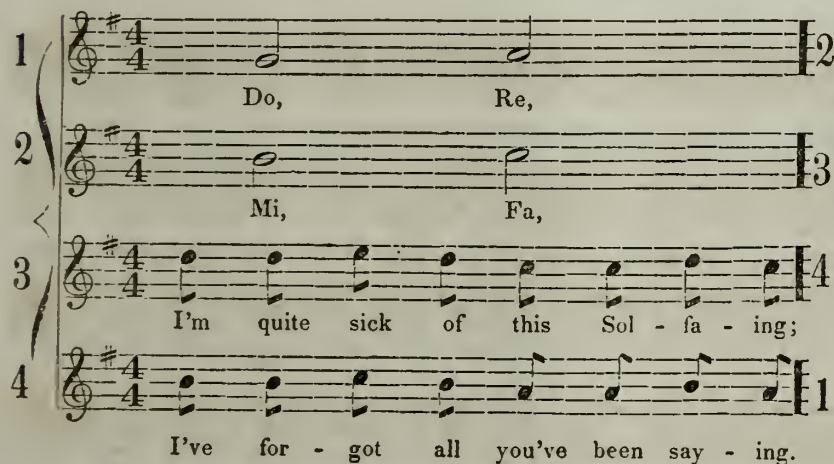
ma-ny a va-ried scene we rove. We drink a health from the mountain spring, To all! for 'tis ALL we love; Sing then, sing by the

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, following the same layout as the first system. The key signature remains one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics continue below the vocal staves.



ev - er open spring Which the Elves and the Fairies haunt; For the evening star And the moon, ha! ha! Are list'ning to the Gypsy's chant.

## DO, RE, MI, FA, Round.



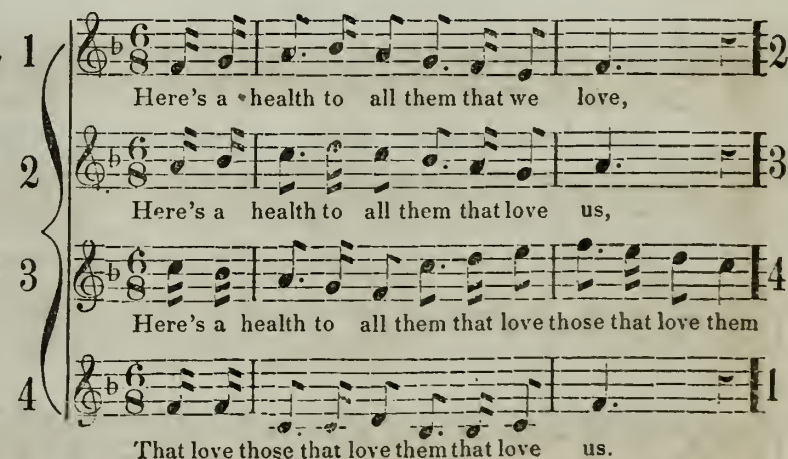
1 Do, Re,

2 Mi, Fa,

3 I'm quite sick of this Sol - fa - ing;

4 I've for - got all you've been say - ing.

## HERE'S A HEALTH. Round.



1 Here's a health to all them that we love,

2 Here's a health to all them that love us,

3 Here's a health to all them that love those that love them

4 That love those that love them that love us.

## FILL THE WINE CUP.

BOHEMIAN.

1. Fill the wine-cup, fill the wine-cup, Broth-ers, do your du - ty, Brothers do your du - ty, Pass the flask a-

2. Fill the wine-cup, fill the wine-cup, Life, like sum - mer flow-er, Life, like sum - mer flow-er Quick-ly fades a-

round, Let us drink to beauty, Let us drink to beauty, 'Till life's ev'-ry care be drown'd, Love with - in the

way; 'Then in beauty's bower, Then in beauty's bow-er 'Till the bloom of youth de-cay, Let us rev - el



cup is found, Love with - in the cup is found.

night and day, Let us rev - el night and day.

Sym.

## HARK! THE BONNY CHRIST CHURCH BELLS. Catch. DR. ALDRICH.

1 Hark! the bon - ny Christ-Church Bells, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; they sound so wondrous great, So charming sweet, And they troll so merrily, merrily.

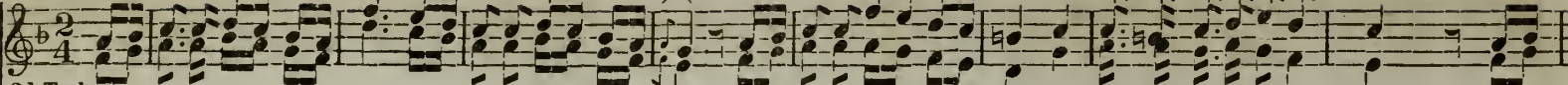
2 Hark! the first and sec - ond bell, that ev'ry day at four and ten, cries come, come, come, come, come to prayer, And the Verges trip before the Dean.

3 Tin-gle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine, to call the bearers home, but there's ne'er a man will leave his can, Till he hears the mighty To u.

## PREPARE, YE NYMPHS, PREPARE.

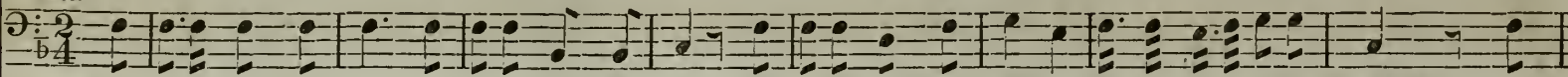
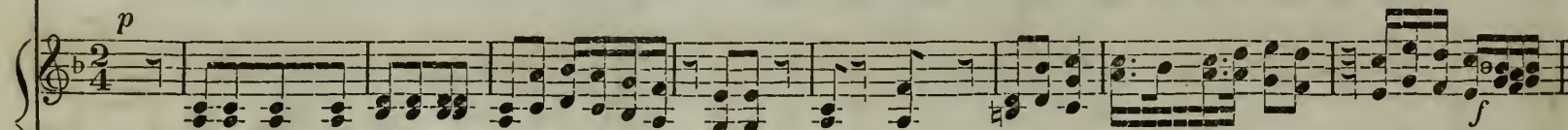
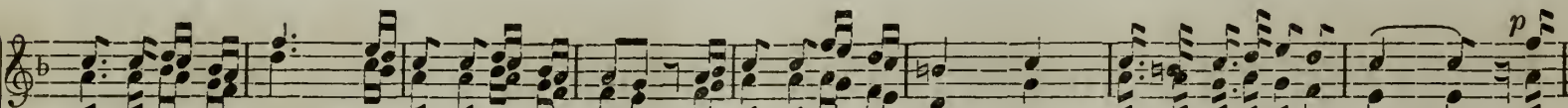
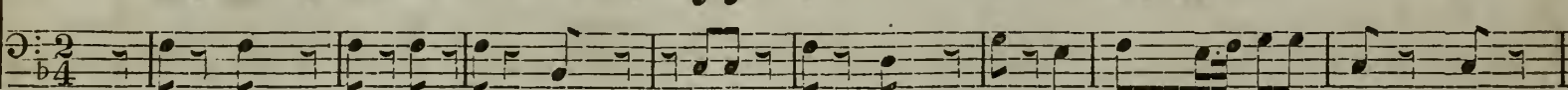
Allegretto.

1st Treble.

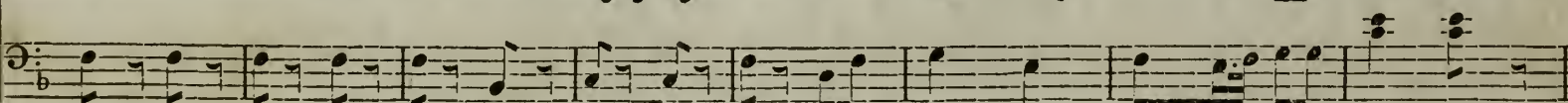
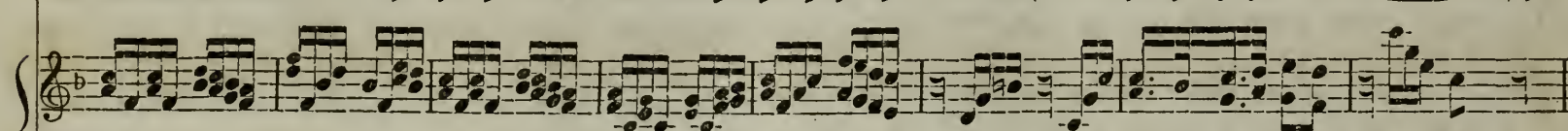
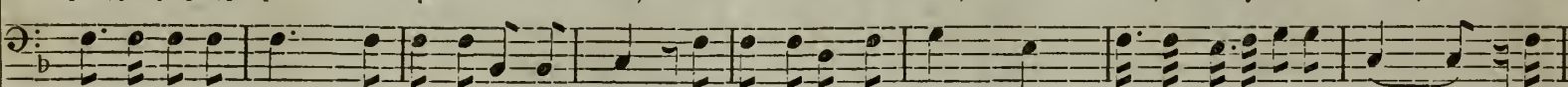


2d Treble. 1. Pre-prepare, ye nymphs, pre-prepare, The chariot of the air, From scenes of endless care, the sweet and lovely bride to bear, Pre-

Bass.

*p**p*

pare, ye nymphs, pre-prepare the chariot of the air; From scenes of endless care, the sweet, the lovely bride to bear, But



lull her still, still in sooth-ing mood; Nor break her sleep by mo - tion rude, Nor break her sleep by

*p* *pp* *Cres.*

*tr* *8 va* *loco.* *Cres.*

*p* *pp*

mo - tion rude, To scenes of endless joy, In ro-sy ro-sy bowers,

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

*tr* *8 va* *p* *f*

*p*



*p* To the im-pa-tient boy, Who counts, who counts the hours, *p* in ro - sy ro-sy bowers, *f* To the im-pa-tient

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal staves (treble and bass clef) feature a melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and forte (*f*).

boy, Who counts, who counts the hours, *p* soft - ly, gent - ly, swift - ly fly a - way, *pp* soft - ly, gent - ly,

This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal staves continue the melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and pianissimo (*pp*).

# CONCLUDED.

217

*Cres.* *p*

swiftly fly a - way, soft - ly, gent - ly, swift - ly fly a - way, soft - ly, gent - ly,

*Cres.* *p* 8 va.

*Cres.*

swiftly fly a - way . . . . swiftly fly a - way . . . . swiftly fly a - way.

*Cres.* *f* 8 va.

1 Here rests my wife, poor Phil - lis

2 let her lie, let her lie, let her lie, She finds re-

3 pose, She finds re - pose, re - - pose at last, and so do

4 I, and so do I, and so do I, and so do I, so do I.

NOTE. When the signal is given to conclude this catch, go on to the four following bars, each person keeping the line in which he left off.

let her lie, let her lie, let her lie, let her lie.

pose, she finds re - - pose, re - pose at last.

I, and so do I, and so do I, and so do I, so do I.

Here rests my wife, poor Phil-lis



# SWEET THE HOUR WHEN FREED FROM LABOR.

219

Andante.

Allegro.

*p*

*f*

*p*

Cres.

*p*

Cres.

*p*

Cres.

*f*

8va

Treble Solo.

Ad Lib.

Sweet the hour when freed from la - bor, Lads and Las - ses thus con-vene; To the mer - ry pipe and ta - bor, Danc - ing gai - ly on the green.

Allegretto.

SWEET THE HOUR, &c. Continued.

• \$ • CHORUS.  
4 Tenor.

Tenor.

Alto.

The first staff of music is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a crescendo leading to a forte (f) dynamic marking in the second half of the staff.

**Soprano.**

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes. The first measure is a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Sweet the hour, when, freed from la - bor, Lads and Las - ses thus con - vene, To the mer - ry pipe and ta - bor, Dancing gai - ly on the green.

**Cres.**

Sweet the hour, when freed from la - bor, Lads and Las-ses thus convene, To the mer-ry pipe and ta - bor, Dancing gai - ly on the green.

Cres.

Sweet the hour, when, freed from la - bor, Lads and Las - ses thus convene,

To the mer-ry pipe and ta - bor, Dancing gai - ly on the green.

*p*

**Cres.**

*f*

*p* *Cres.* *f* *p* *Vivace Con Spirito.* *ff*

Danc-ing gai - ly, gai - ly danc-ing on the green, Sweet the hour, when, freed from la - bor, Lads and las-ses thus convene, To the mer-ry

*Cres.* *f* *p* *ff*

Danc-ing gai - ly, gai - ly danc-ing on the green. Sweet the hour, when freed from la - bor, Lads and las-ses thus convene, To the mer-ry

*Cres.* *f* *ff*

pipe and ta - bor, Dancing gai - ly on the green.

8 va

pipe and ta - bor, Dancing gai - ly on the green. *p* *Cres.* *f*



## SWEET THE HOUR, &amp;c. Continued.

**Tenor Solo.**



Nymphs with all their na-tive graces, Swains with eve-ry charm to win; Spright-ly steps and




smil-ing fac-es, Tell of happy hearts within. Sprightly steps and smil-ing faces, Tell of hap-py hearts within.



**Base Solo.**



Blest with plenty, here the Farmer, Toils for those he loves a-lone; While some pret-ty smil-ing charm-er, Like the land, is



*mf*

N. B. Sing the Chorus after every Solo.

all his own, While some pretty smil-ing charmer, like the land, like the land, Like the land, is all his own.

Ad Lib.

Treble Solo.

Tho' a tear for pros-pects blight-ed, May at times un-bid-den flow, Yet the heart will bound de-light-ed,

Where such kin-dred bo-soms glow, Yet the heart will bound de-light-ed, Where such kindred bo-soms glow.



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