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THE VOCALIST'S COMPANION.



GLASGOW
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MUSIC PUBLISHERS, TO HER MAJESTY

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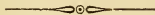
Glen 25.

X

THE
VOCALIST'S COMPANION,
A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
POPULAR SONGS WITH MUSIC,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF

Schools and Public Institutions.

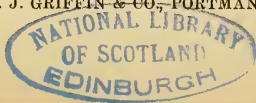


GLASGOW:

MITCHISON & CO. RICHARD GRIFFIN & CO.

EDINBURGH: OLIVER & BOYD.

LONDON: J. J. GRIFFIN & CO., PORTMAN SQUARE.





P R E F A C E.

THE Editor, in submitting to the Musical Public this little compilation of Popular Songs, deems it necessary to state that he has, without encroaching on copyright, endeavoured to render the Work as interesting and useful as his limits would admit, and in no case has he without permission interfered with vested rights. Had there been no restriction, a more general selection could have been made, but, in other respects, he is confident it will be found equal to any Musical Work yet published.

Several excellent Songs, with words and music entirely original, appear for the first time, to which attention is directed ; also, to the New Words written expressly and adapted to popular melodies. Much care has been given by the Authors, that their Lyrics would not suffer by comparison with those previously published.

The Editor claims, as a portion of the merits of the Work, the general correctness and good reading of the words with the music, and hopes that the success of the present volume will induce him to continue a publication so decidedly useful and essential to master and pupil.

W. MITCHISON.

MUSIC SALOON, }
BUCHANAN STREET. }



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THE VOCALIST'S COMPANION.



GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen!

Long live our noble Queen, God save the

Queen! Send her vic-to-ri-ous,

Hap-py and glo-ri-ous, Long to reign

o-ver us, God save the Queen Queen!

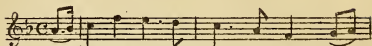
1st *2nd*

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On fair Victoria pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

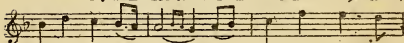
The Queen's Song.

WE'LL ROW THEE O'ER THE CLYDE.

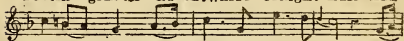
By Andrew Park.



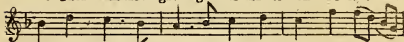
O! welcome to our heath clad hills, fair



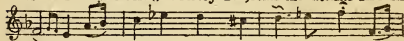
Scotia's gentle Queen! Where sea-girt Isles 'mid



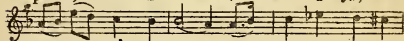
so-lar smiles give grandeur to the scene. Where



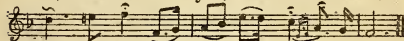
lakes in sparkling beauty lie, And mountains rise in



pride; With truthful heart and loving eye, We'll



row, thee o'er the Clyde; With truthful heart and



loving eye We'll row thee o'er the Clyde!

Ah! think not of those festive halls

Where thou so late hast been,

'Tis Nature's voice that fondly calls

To welcome Albion's Queen;

There may be spots to mem'ry dear,

Where pleasure is the guide,

But hearts more warm and more sincere

Shall row thee o'er the Clyde.

But hearts, &c.

Though lov'd in Erin's em'rald isle,
 Where sweet the shamrock grows;
 Though basking in the Saxon smile,
 Where blossoms England's rose,
 The Scottish thistle still can rear
 Its Celtic head in pride,
 And hearts as loyal and sincere
 Shall row thee o'er the Clyde.
 And hearts, &c.

Note—This song was written on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to Glasgow, in August, 1849, and has everywhere elicited the greatest praise from the musical public; the following letter having also been received from Her Majesty, to whom the song is with permission dedicated:—

“BUCKINGHAM PALACE, September 4, 1849.

“Mr. Anson is commanded to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Park's letter of the 27th ult., accompanied with a song in honour of Her Majesty's visit to Glasgow, and to thank him in the Queen's name for sending it.”

“It would have been strange indeed had the present loyal feelings of the community failed to find vent in song. Mr. Park has here produced a song of sweet and lyrical construction, and with a fine, flowing, and effective melody.”—*Glasgow Citizen*.

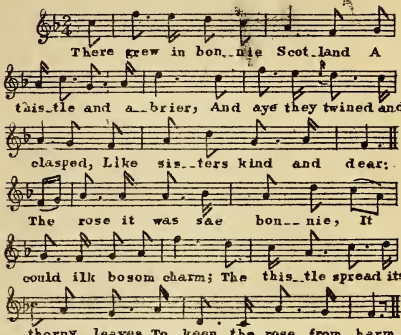
“A sweet and beautiful song, written and composed by Mr. Andrew Park, with appropriate embellishments, and arranged for the piano-forte. The melody is simple and very pleasing, and the words are in the author's best style. Mr. Park has written many excellent songs, but none more suitable for the occasion. “We'll row thee o'er the Clyde” will be a favourite wherever it is heard, and is sure to become extensively popular. Many a sweet voice will warble forth this charming little piece, to commemorate our gracious Queen's visit to her ancient city of Glasgow.”—*Daily Mail*.

NATIONAL CATCH FOR FOUR VOICES.

1. Long live the Queen most happy peaceful days to see and
 2. peace...ful days to Her and all her family All joy
 3. --- to her the Prince & her young family
 4. A --- men A --- men A --- men

4 THERE GREW IN BONNIE SCOTLAND.

Sung with great applause by Mr. Templeton.

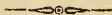


There grew in bon_nie Scot_land A
 this_tle and a_brier; And aye they twined and
 clasped, Like sis_ters kind and dear:
 The rose it was sae bon__nie, It
 could ilk bosom charm; The this_tle spread its
 thorny leaves To keep the rose from harm.

A bonnie laddie tended the rose baith aire and late,
 He watered it, he fanned it, he wove it with his fate;
 And the leal hearts of Scotland prayed it might never fa',
 The thistle was sae bonnie green, the rose sae like the snaw.

But the weird sisters sat where hope's fair emblem grew,
 They drapt a drap upon the rose o' bitter blasting dew;
 And aye they twined the mystic thread, but ere their task
 was done
 The snaw-white rose it disappeared, it withered in the sun.

A bonnie laddie tended the rose baith aire and late,
 He watered it, he fanned it, and wove it wi' his fate;
 But the thistle tap it withered, winds bore it far awa',
 And Scotland's heart was brokea for the rose sae like the
 snaw.



THE COURTIN' TIME.

5

Written by Robert Nichol. Music by J. P. Clarke, M.B.

Our Jean likes the morning when milking
the kye And May thinks the noontide gangs
mer-ri-ly by But nane o' them a' are sae
saft an se-re-ne As the hours when the lads
come a courtin' at e'en A courtin' at e'en
come a court in at e'en As the hours when
the lads come a court in at e'en.

The sun quietly slips o'er the tap o' the hill,
An' the plover its gloamin' sang whistles fu' shrill;
Syne dimness comes glidin' where daylight has been,
And the dew brings the lads who come courtin' at e'en.

A-courtin' at e'en, come a-courtin' at e'en,

And the dew brings the lads who come courtin' at e'en,

When men-folk are crackin' o' ousen and lands,
And the kimmers at spinnin' are trying their hands;
I see at the window the face o' a frien',
An' I ken that my joe's come a-courtin' at e'en.

A-courtin' at e'en, come a-courtin' at e'en,

An' I ken that my joe's come a-courtin' at e'en.

6 OH! THE HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

Poetry by A. Park. Music by W. H. Lithgow.

Oh! the hap-py days of child-hood,
 When our hearts were glad and free; When we roam'd by
 vale and wild-wood, Lightsome as the sportive Bee
 Hap-py, hap-py, hap-py child-hood.
 Then our hearts were glad and free, Hap-py, hap-py,
 days of childhood, When our hearts were glad and free.

Then the morning sun with gladness,
 Oped the joyous courts of day;
 While our hearts, untouched with sadness,
 Felt so cheerful and so gay.
 Happy, happy, happy childhood,
 Then the heart was glad and gay;
 Happy, happy, happy childhood,
 Then our hearts were glad and gay!

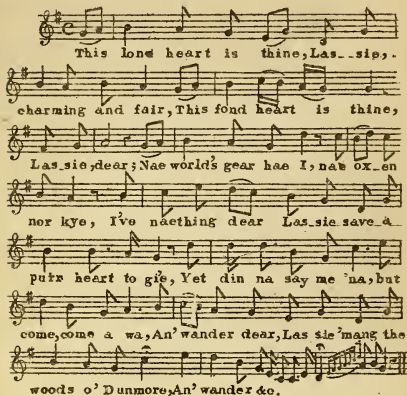
Who can turn to life's gay morning—
 Who resume the charms of youth,
 When sweet innocence adorning,
 Lit the way to love and truth?
 Happy, happy, happy childhood,
 When the heart was glad and gay;
 Happy, happy, happy childhood,
 Then the heart was glad and gay.



THE WOODS O' DUNMORE.

7

Sung with great applause by Mr. Templeton. Music by James Jaap.



This lone heart is thine, Lassie,
 charming and fair, This fond heart is thine,
 Lassie, dear; Nae world's gear hae I, nae oxen
 nor kye, I've naething dear Lassie save a
 putr heart to gie, Yet din na say me 'na, but
 come, come a wa, An' wander dear, Lassie 'mang the
 woods o' Dunmore, An' wander &c.

O sweet is thy voice, lassie, charming an' fair,
 Enchanting thy smile, lassie dear;
 I'll toil aye for thee, for ae blink o' thine e'e
 Is pleasure mair sweet than siller to me.
 Yet dinna say me na, &c.

O come to my arms, lassie, charming an' fair,
 Awa' wild alarms, lassie dear;
 This fond heart an' thine like ivy shall twine,
 I'll lo'e thee, dear lassie, till the day that I dee.
 O dinna say me na, &c.



HURRA FOR THE HIGHLANDS

Poetry by A. Park. Music by S. Barr.

Hur-ra: for the Highlands; the stern Scottish
 Highlands; The home of the Clansman, the brave & the
 free Where the clouds love to rest; on the mountain's
 rough breast, Ere they journey a far o'er the islandless
 sea. 'Tis there where the Cataract sings to the breeze, as
 it dashes in foam like a spirit of light; And 'tis
 there the bold fisherman bounds o'er the seas. In his
 fleet, tiny bark, through the perilous night. Then hurra. D.C.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine, and shower,
 Where the hurricane revels in madness on high;
 For there it has might that can war with its power,
 In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky.

Then Hurra for the Highlands, &c.

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on its charms;
 I have wandered through Erin, the gem of the sea;
 But the Highlands alone, the true Scottish heart warms;
 Her heather is blooming, her eagles are free.

Then Hurra for the Highlands, &c.

MEET ME ON THE GOWAN LEA.

9

Poetry by W. Cameron. Music by Matthew Wilson.

Meet me on the gow-an lea, Bonnie Ma-ry,
 sweet-est Ma-ry, Meet me on the gow-an
 lea, My ain my art less Mary,
 Be fore the sun sink in the west, And
 nature a' hae gane to rest, There to my fond, my
 faith fu' breast, O let me clasp my Ma-ry,
 Meet me on the gowan lea, Bonnie Ma ry, sweetest Mary,
 Meet me on the gowan lea, My ain my artless Mary.

The gladsome lark o'er moor and fell,
 The lintie in the bosky dell,
 Nae blyther than your bonny sel',
 My ain, my artless Mary.
 Meet me, &c.

We'll join our love-notes to the breeze
 That sighs in whispers through the trees,
 And a' that twa fond hearts can please,
 Will be our sang, dear Mary.
 Meet me, &c.

There ye shall sing the sun to rest,
 While to my faithfu' bosom prest,
 Then wha sae happy, wha sae blest,
 As me and my dear Mary?
 Meet me, &c.

LONG TIME AGO.

Music by Charles E. Horn.

Near the lake where droop'd the willow,
 Long time a-go! Where the rock threw
 back the billow, Bright'er than snow;
 Dwelt a maid, be-lov'd and cherish'd,
 By high and low; But with Autumn's
 leaf she per-ish'd, Long time a-go!

Rock, and tree, and flowing water,
 Long time ago!
 Bird, and bee, and blossom taught her
 Love's spell to know!
 While to my fond words she listen'd,
 Murmuring low,
 Tenderly her dove eyes glisten'd,
 Long time ago!

Mingled were our hearts for ever,
 Long time ago!
 Can I now forget her? never!
 No, lost one, no!
 To her grave these tears are given,
 Ever to flow!
 She's the star I miss'd from heaven,
 Long time ago!

Poetry by G. P. Morris, Esq. Music by Henry Russell.

Woodman spare that tree! Touch not a single
bough; In youth it shel ter'd me, And
I'll pro-ect it now 'Twas my fore-father's
hand That placed it near his cot, There
woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree, whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea; oh! would'st thou hew it
down?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke, cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak, high tow'ring to the skies.

In childhood I have slept beneath its genial shade,
Or thro' its branches crept, and with its hoar leaves play'd;
Here too our youthful joys—the parents' kind caress,
That from the heart ne'er flies, make me that old oak bless.

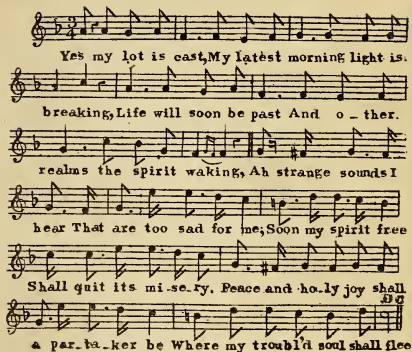
My heart-strings round thee cling close as thy bark, old
friend!

Here shall the wild bird sing, and still thy branches bend;
Old tree! the storm thou'lt brave; oh! woodman, leave the
spot,

While I've a hand to save, thy axe shall harm it not.

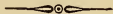


THE LAST WORDS OF PESTAL.

Written by Alphonse.


Yes my lot is cast, My latest morning light is
 breaking, Life will soon be past And o - ther.
 realms the spirit waking, Ah strange sounds I
 hear That are too sad for me; Soon my spirit free
 Shall quit its mi-se-ry. Peace and ho-ly joy shall
 a par-ta-ker be Where my troubl'd soul shall flee

Yes! my cares are o'er,
 With all my heartfelt shame and sorrow;
 These I'll dread no more,
 But live in endless bliss to-morrow!
 No oppression then,
 With heavy thralldom more injures me,
 When my spirit free,
 Shall survive the horror of earth's infamy,
 No more grief and pain shall be.
 Yes! my lot is cast;
 My latest morning light is breaking;
 Life will soon be past,
 And other realms my spirit waking!



SAW YE MY MARY.

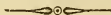
Written by Richard Ryan. Composed by John Sinclair

O saw ye my Ma-ry, when
 light as a fai-ry, She glides through the dance
 as on Gos-sa-mar wing? She seems from earth spring
 ing and yet to earth clinging, Like last flower's
 blushing a farewell to spring! O saw ye young
 Ma-ry sae brisk and sae ai-ry? She's
 winsome and frank, and she's blythe as shes free; And
 while she is roaming frae morning 'till gloaming, Her
 heart bounds with lightness, her eye beams with glee.
 O saw ye my Ma ry, when light as a fai ry, She
 glides through the dance as on Gos-sa-mer wing? She
 seems from earth springing; and yet to earth clinging.



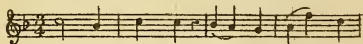
Like last flower's blushing a fare_well to spring.

Her fair form caressing, my ardent suit pressing,
 At the soft twilight hour we ranged through the grove;
 Then gently entreating, and fond vow repeating,
 She cherished my hopes, and she smiled in my love!
 The moments pass'd sweetly, the night star rose fleetly
 To light home my Mary, so kind and so fair.
 When slumber steals lightly, kind fairies come night'y,
 And watch o'er the couch of my Mary with care.
 O saw ye my Mary, &c.

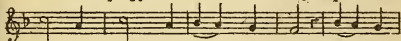


THE SLEEPING CHILD.

Poetry from the German. Music by Desjanor.



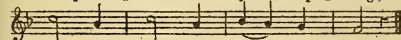
Hap-py In-fant on thy pil-low;



An-gels seem to make thee smile, Si-lence



keep-ing o'er thy sleep-ing,



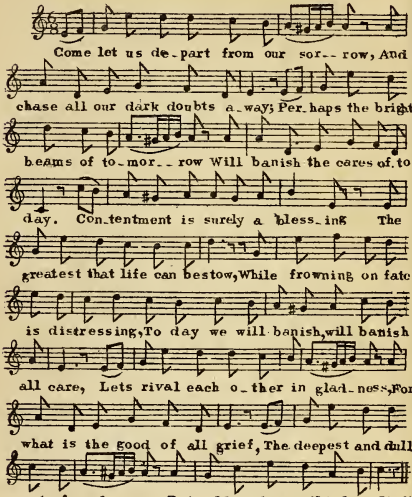
Free of care and free of guile

Blessed infant! how endearing
 'Tis to see thee smile in joy;
 Care nor sorrow comes to-morrow,
 Nought that can thy heart annoy!
 Happy infant, in thy cradle,
 Endless space thou seem'st to see;
 Be a man, and all creation
 Is not wide enough for thee.



COME, LET US DEPART FROM OUR SORROW.

Written by Andrew Park. Music by Donizetti.



Come let us de-part from our sor-row, And
 chase all our dark doubts a-way; Per-haps the bright
 beams of to-mor-row Will banish the cares of to-
 day. Con-tentment is surely a bless-ing The
 greatest that life can bestow, While frowning on fate
 is distressing, To day we will banish, will banish
 all care, Lets rival each o-ther in glad-ness, For
 what is the good of all grief, The deepest and dull-
 -est of sad-ness But seldom has yeilded re-lief!

Our ancestors loved to be merry,
 Nor pin'd at the workings of fate;
 They sang and they quaffed off their sherry,
 Until every bosom grew great.
 They chatted and laugh'd in their glory.

And chased every sorrow away,
 By telling some comical story
 That happen'd in life's early day.
 Then rival each other in gladness,
 For what is the good of all grief?
 The deepest and dullest of sadness,
 But seldom has yielded relief.



O CLUTHA! BONNIE ARE THY BANKS.

Written by Robert Allan. Music by J. F. Clarke.

O Clutha bonnie are thy banks, An'
 bonnie are thy windings a, Re-gins wi' mony a
 towrin hill, An mony a bon-ny birk-en shaw,
 An mony a bonnie bonnie less, Is wood up-on
 thy banks sae green, But near was one sae
 sweet and fair, As the bonnie lass I woo'd yestreen.

As wandering down thy sylvan banks,
 Far frae yon city's smoke and din,
 Whar yonder birks sae sweetly wave,
 I met the dear, the lovely ane.
 I wist na wha the maid might be,
 She might hae been fair Scotia's queen,
 There ne'er was ane amang them a',
 Like the bonnie lass I woo'd yestreen.

18 LIGHTLY TRIPPING IT O'ER THE SAND.

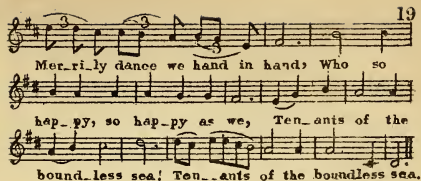
THE WATER SPRITE'S CHANT.

Written by N. Howard M'Gachen, Esq. Music by Miss M. S.

Scott.

Light-ly tripping it o'er the sand,
 Mer-ri-ly dance we hand in hand, Who so
 hap-py, so hap-py as we? Ten-ants of the
 boundless sea! Ten-ants of the boundless sea.
 What care we that the o-ccean blast, Whistles
 a-round the quiv'ring mast, What care we
 that the great and the brave, Sink beneath the
 ruth-less wave? Are they not sounds that we
 hear every day. Are they not visions that soon
 melt a-way? Light-ly! tripping it o'er the sand,

19

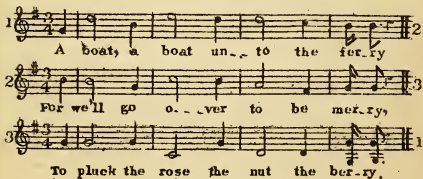


Mer-ri-ly dance we hand in hand, Who so
hap-py, so hap-py as we, Ten-ants of the
bound-less sea! Ten-ants of the boundless sea.

Gaily footing it midst the surf,
 Softer than the softest turf;
 Who so merry, so merry as we?
 Who so wild, or half so free?
 What care we for the wild wave's foam;
 Is it not part of our ocean home?
 What care we that the tempest's sound
 The sinking mariner's shriek has drown'd?
 Are they not sounds that we hear every day?
 Are they not visions that soon melt away?
 Gaily tripping it, &c.



BOATMAN'S CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.



1 A boat, a boat un- to the fer-ry
 2 For we'll go o- ver to be mer-ry,
 3 To pluck the rose the nut the ber-ry.

CHASE AT SEA.

Music by J. P. Clark. Words by William Paul.

Fresh blows the breeze the gallant ship, Glides
o'er the rising wave, The cheering song of
Love and Home, Delights the British
brave, delights delights the British brave, But
bark a lo! the watchful tar, A sail in sight des-
cries A sail, a sail, a sail in sight. Each
bounting heart replies, A sail in sight &c

Ahead she lies, a lofty bark,
Ahead five leagues or more;
The signal made, she proves a foe,
And stands for Gallia's shore.
'All hands give chase,' the boatswain calls;
All hands the call attend,
To clear the decks, to loose the reef,
And sheets and halyards bend.

In vain she spreads the swelling sail,
In vain to land she flies;
The bolts of war around her play,
To leeward now she lies.
Now daring rage and battle's roar
To joy and mirth give place,
Britannia's flag triumphant flies,
And vict'ry crowns the chase.

LONG, LONG AGO.

New words by A. Park.



Where are the friends that we all loved so
 dear, Long long, a-go long long a-go, Whose hearts
 and affections were always sincere, Long, long a-
 -go, long a-go, Many have fled to a far distant clime
 Ma-ny have parted with friend-ship and time;
 Some in their au-tumn, and some in their prime,
 Long, long a--go, long a--go.

Where are the pastimes that gave us such joy?
 Long, long ago—long, long ago!
 When no cares on earth could our young hearts annoy,
 Long, long ago—long ago!
 Where are those mornings of life's early day,
 When sweet sinless mirth made the sun seem so gay?
 All past for ever, for ever past away,
 Long, long ago—long ago!

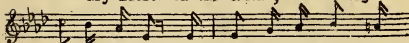
Yet still let us cherish the days that are gone,
 Long, long ago—long, long ago!
 Although we are left in this bleak world alone,
 Long, long ago—long ago!
 Still let us brood o'er their memories dear;
 Still let us joyful and hopeful appear,
 Nor mourn with regret, though bereft of them here,
 Long, long ago—long ago!

MY HEART'S ON THE RHINE.

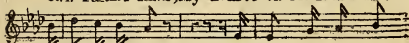
Composed by Adolphe Bernarde. Music by W. Speyer.



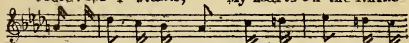
My hearts on the Rhine, in my



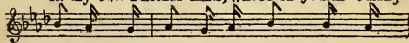
own Fa-ther land, My hearts on the Rhine where-



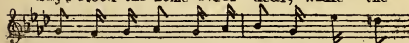
-so-ev-er I stand, My hearts on the Rhine



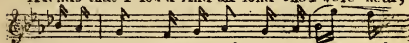
in my own Fa-ther land, Where in youths sunny



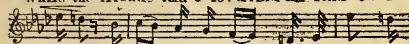
days stood the home ev-er dear, While the



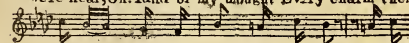
friends that I lov'd And all fond one's were near,



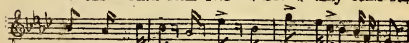
While the friends that I lov'd And all fond one's



were near, Oh! land of my thought Ev-ry charm then



was thine 'And still roam where I may And still



roam where I may my hart my hearts On &c

Oh! oft in my dreams I revisit thee still,

As morn's joyous beams crown with glory each hill;

Oh! oft in my dreams I revisit thee still;

While sweet balmy gales thro' the green vineyards play,

Where blush cover'd wreaths woo the sun's golden ray;

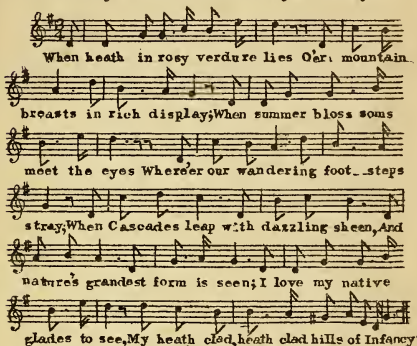
Where blush-cover'd wreaths woo the sun's golden ray;

Oh! land of my love, every thought will be thine,

And still roam where I may, and still roam where I may,
 My heart, my heart's on the Rhine, on the Rhine,
 My heart's on the Rhine wheresoever I stand,
 My heart's on the Rhine, in my own fatherland.

THE HEATH-CLAD HAUNTS OF INFANCY.

Written by Andrew Park. Air--My Normandy.



When heath in rosy verdure lies O'er mountain
 breasts in rich display; When summer blossoms
 meet the eyes Where'er our wandering foot-steps
 stray; When Cascades leap with dazzling sheen, And
 nature's grandest form is seen; I love my native
 glades to see, My heath clad, heath clad hills of Infancy

I've seen Hibernia's verdant land,
 Like Titan rising from the sea;
 As if, by some enchanter's wand,
 It were a world alone and free!
 I've seen fair England's lofty towers,
 And France in its frivolity:
 But dearer far is still to me,
 My heath-clad, heath-clad haunts of infancy!

There's not a spot on this fair earth,
 That warms my heart, or charms mine eye;
 That calls such joyous thoughts to birth,
 Or can such careless hours supply,
 As those gigantic cliffs of old,
 Where clouds and winds can revel free;
 Where sunbeams shed ethereal gold—
 My heath-clad, heath-clad haunts of infancy!

SWEET ROSE OF HAZELDEAN.

Written by Alexander Rodger. Music by M. Wilson.

How brightly beams the bon_nie moon Frae
out the a_zure sky, While il_ka lit_tle
star a_boon Seems sparkling bright wi' joy, While
il_ka lit_tle star a_boon Seems spark_ling
bright wi' joy, How calm the eve! how blest the
hour! How soft the syl_van scene! How
fit to meet thee lovely flower! Sweet rose of
Haz_el-dean! How fit to meet thee
love_ly flower! Sweet rose of Haz_el-dean.

Now let us wander through the broom,
And o'er the flowery lea;
While summer wafts her rich perfume
Frae yonder hawthorn tree;
There on yon mossy bank we'll rest,
Where we've sae aften been,
Clasp'd to each other's throbbing breast,
Sweet rose of Hazeldean.

How sweet to view that face so meek,
 That dark expressive eye;
 To kiss that lovely blushing cheek,
 Those lips of coral dye!
 But oh! to hear thy seraph strains,
 Thy maiden sighs between,
 Makes rapture thrill through all my veins,
 Sweet rose of Hazeldean.

Oh! what to us is wealth or rank?
 Or what is pomp or power?
 More dear this velvet mossy bank,
 This blest ecstatic hour;
 I'd covet not the monarch's throne,
 Nor diamond-studded queen,
 While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,
 Sweet rose of Hazeldean.

THE MINSTREL OF THE TYROL.

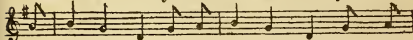
Written by Jonas B. Phillips. Music by Henry Russell.



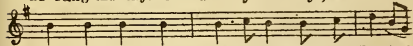
From his mountain land, with his harp in hand,



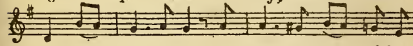
Came a minstrel youth right mer-ri-ly, And



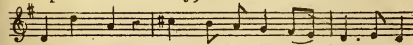
he sang the lays of his boyhood days, When the



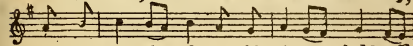
light of hope shone cheer-i-ly, When the light of



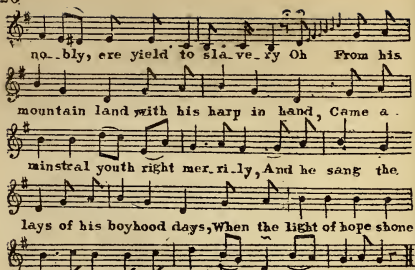
hope shone cheer-i-ly, He sang the tales of his



na-tive vales, And of his fa-thers bra-ve-ry,



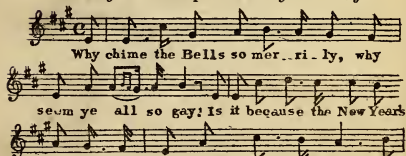
Then with pride he told, how his kinsman bold Fell



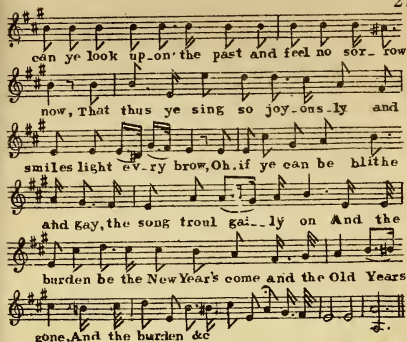
no- bly, are yield to sla-ve-ry Oh From his
 mountain land with his harp in hand, Came a
 minstrel youth right mer-ri-ly, And he sang the
 lays of his boyhood days, When the light of hope shone
 cheer-i-ly, when the light of hope shone cheerily
 'Mid a gallant throng did that son of song
 Tune his harp, but not so merrily;
 For his thoughts would roam to his distant home,
 To the green hills smiling cheerily.
 With trembling hand, of his fatherland
 He sang with such deep emotion;
 And a tear-drop came as he breath'd the name
 Of the maid of his soul's devotion.
 Oh! 'mid a gallant throng did that son of song
 Tune his harp, but not so merrily;
 For his thoughts would roam to his distant home,
 To the green hills smiling cheerily.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

Words by J. B. Phillips. Music by J. P. Knight



Why chime the Bells so mer-ri-ly, why
 seem ye all so gay! Is it because the New Year's
 come, and the Old has pass'd a-way! Oh!



The old man gazes on the mirth, he smiles not like the rest;
 He sits in silence by the hearth, and seems with grief oppress'd.

He sees not in the merry throng, the child who was his pride;

He listens for her joyous song—she is not by his side.

But scarce a twelvemonth she was there, and now he is alone;

Yet still ye sing the New Year's come, and the Old Year's gone;

Yet still ye sing the New Year's come, and the Old Year's gone.

Dance on! dance on! be blithe and gay, nor pause to think the while!

That ere this year has passed away, ye too may cease to smile;

For time in his resistless flight brings changes sad and drear,

The sunny hopes of youth to blight, with ev'ry coming year.

But still be happy while ye may, and let the dance go on,

Still gaily sing the New Year's come, and the Old Year's gone,

Still gaily sing the New Year's come, and the Old Year's gone.

COME SIT THEE DOWN

Music composed and sung by John Sinclair.

Come sit thee down, my bonny, bonny love,
 Come sit thee down by me love, And I will tell thee
 many a tale, Of the dangers of the sea, Of the
 perils of the deep love Where the angry tempests
 roar; And the rag-ing bil-lows wild ly dash, Up-
 -on the groaning shore, And the rag-ing billows
 wild ly dash Up-on the groan-ing shore.....
 Come sit thee down, my bon-ny, bon ny love,
 Come sit thee down by me love, And I will
 tell thee ma-ny a tale, Of the dangers of the sea.

The skies are flaming red, my love,
 The skies are flaming red, love;
 And darkly rolls the mountain wave,
 And rears its monstrous head;
 While skies and ocean blending,
 And bitter howls the blast,

And the daring tar, 'twixt life and death,
 Clings to the shatter'd mast!
 And the daring tar, 'twixt life and death,
 Clings to the shatter'd mast!
 Come sit thee down, my bonny, bonny love,
 Come sit thee down by me, love,
 And I will tell thee many a tale
 Of the dangers of the sea.



SMILE AGAIN MY BONNIE LASSIE.

Words and Music by a Lady.

The moon is blinking O'er the lea I
 ken her horn my bon nie las sie But
 tis na half sae dear to me As thy sweet smile
 my bonnie lassie Smile a gain oh smile again
 once a gain my bon nie las sie Theres naught in
 life sae dear to me as thy sweet smile my bonnie lassie

A star is peepin' o'er the lea,
 I ken its light, my ain dear lassie;
 But ah! it looks so lorn tho' bright,
 'Tis just like me without thee, lassie.

Come again, oh come again, once again, my bonnie lassie;
 I'll sing a song o' brighter days, when by thy side, my bon-
 nie lassie.

OLD SCOTLAND, I LOVE THEE!

Poetry by Andrew Park, Composed by W. H. Lithgow.

Old Scotland I love thee! thou'rt dearer to-
me Than all lands that are girt by the wide-rolling
sea; Tho' a sleep not in sunshine, like Islands a-
--far, Yet thou'rt gallant in love, and triumphant in war!
Thy cloud cover'd hills that look up from the seas,
Wave sternly their wild woods a loft in the breeze;
Where flies the bold Eagle in Freedom on high, Thro'
regions of cloud in its wild native sky! For old &c

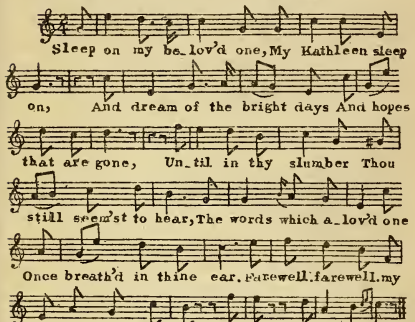
2nd Verse

O name not the land where the Olive tree grows
O name not the land where the olive-tree grows,
Nor the land of the shamrock, nor land of the rose;
But show me the thistle, that waves its proud head,
Over heroes whose blood for their country was shed!
For old Scotland, I love thee! thou'rt dearer to me
Than all lands that are girt by the wide-rolling sea,
Tho' asleep not in sunshine, like islands afar,
Yet thou'rt gallant in love, and triumphant in war!

Then tell me of bards, and of warriors bold,
 Who wielded their brands in the battles of old;
 Who conquer'd and died for their lov'd native land,
 With its maidens so fair, and its mountains so grand.
 For old Scotland, I love thee! thou'rt dearer to me
 Than all lands that are girt by the wide-rolling sea;
 Tho' asleep not in sunshine, like islands afar,
 Yet thou'rt gallant in love, and triumphant in war!

SLEEP ON, MY BELOVED ONE.

Words and Music by Herbert Smythe



Sleep on my be-lov'd one, My Kathleen sleep
 on, And dream of the bright days And hopes
 that are gone, Un_til in thy slumber Thou
 still seem'st to hear, The words which a_lov'd one
 Once breath'd in thine ear. Farewell. farewell. my
 Kathleen dear, Farewell. Farewell. my Kathleen dear.

May that dream of enchantment
 Be oft in my sleep,
 When high lash the billows,
 When loud roars the deep;
 When my bark bears me swiftly
 Far, far from my home,
 May the bliss of that moment
 To soothe thee oft come!
 Farewell! farewell! my Kathleen dear.
 Farewell! farewell! my Kathleen dear.

ROW THEE WEEL, MY BONNIE BUILT WHERRY.

Poetry by Robert Allan. Music by J. P. Clark.

Now row thee weel my bonnie built wherry, I've
row'd thee lang, and with thee been mer-ry, I've
row'd thee late, and I've row'd thee ear-ly, I've
row'd o'er the frith Lochiel and Prince Charlie, then
row row thee my bon-nie built wher-ry, Then
row thee weel my bon nie built wher ry,
Row row thee my bon-nie built wher-ry, I've
row'd thee lang and with thee been mer-ry.

My wherry was built for the gallant and brave,
She dances sae light o'er the bonnie white wave—
She dances sae light through the cloud and the haze,
And steers by the light of the watchfire blaze.

Then row, row thee, my bonnie built wherry, &c.

But a' that I lov'd on earth is gane,
And I and my wherry are left alane;
The blast is blawn that bore them awa'—
But there is a day that's comin' for a'.

Then row, row thee, my bonnie built wherry, &c.

Written by A. Park. Music by Auber.

O come sweet Maid with me Where Luger's

stream is flowing While the evening sun its

race hath run And the clouds its crimson showing

Then O come my sweet Maid with me Where

Lu_gars stream is flow_ing,While the evening

sun its race hath run And the clouds its crimson

showing, My home is among the hills love Where the

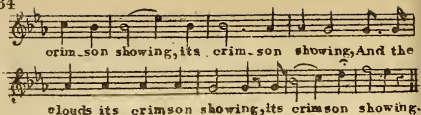
zephyrs reveal free Two merry hearts shall

there unite in glee; Then come my sweet maid with

me Where Lu_gars stream is flow_ing, While.

the evening sun its race hath run, And the

cloud its crimson showing, And the clouds its

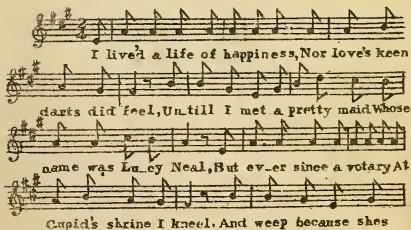


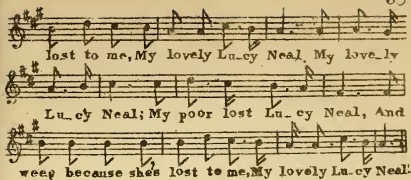
All day we shall wander forth,
Where the heather-bells are growing;
O'er the mountain-side, with stately pride,
While the summer sun is glowing;
All day, &c.

I'll never dream of care, love!
Though long the day should be;
For dear, my love shall be with thee.
Then come, sweet maid with me,
Where Lugar's stream is flowing;
While the evening sun its race hath run,
And the cloud his crimson showing,
And the cloud his crimson showing,
And the cloud his crimson showing,
And the cloud his crimson showing,
And the cloud his crimson showing.

LUCY NEAL.

New words by A. Park.





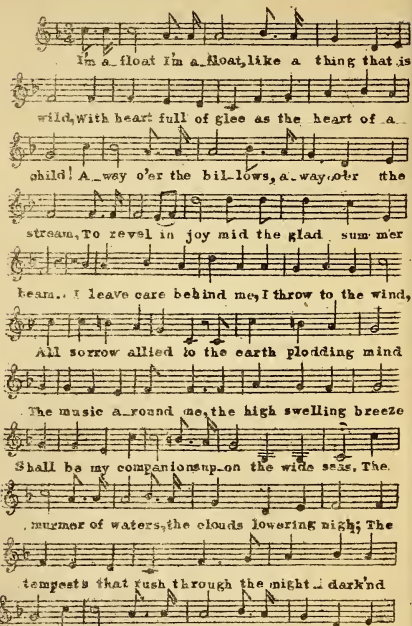
Her eyes were bright as evening's star,
And could such charms reveal,
That all who look'd upon that face
Admired sweet Lucy Neal.
Her oval cheeks like roses were,
That half their charms conceal;
Her beauteous brow than snow more fair,
My lovely Lucy Neal!
My lovely &c.,

Her voice was sweet, her heart was true,
Yet o'er that heart did steal
Some inward grief that silent wore
The frame of Lucy Neal.
She seem'd too pure for life and me;
That wound I could not heal;
But while I live I'll ne'er forget
My lovely Lucy Neal.
My lovely, &c.

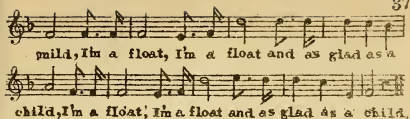
At last she faded fast away,
Till death her eyes did seal,
And in the flow'ry May of life,
I lost my Lucy Neal.
I wander through the world alone,
And none know how I feel
The heavy, silent solitude
I own for Lucy Neal.
My lovely Lucy Neal,
My poor lost Lucy Neal;
O! if she were in life again,
How happy would I feel.

I'M AFLOAT.

Written by Andrew Park. Music by Henry Russell.



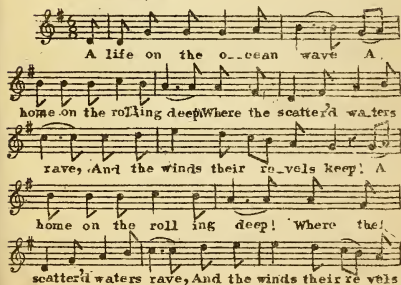
I'm a float I'm a float, like a thing that is
 wild, with heart full of glee as the heart of a
 child! A way o'er the bil-lows, a way o'er the
 stream, To revel in joy mid the glad sum-mer
 beam.. I leave care behind me, I throw to the wind,
 All sorrow allied to the earth plodding mind
 The music a-round me, the high swelling breeze
 Shall be my companions up-on the wide seas, The
 murmur of waters, the clouds lowering nigh; The
 tempests that rush through the night dark'nd
 sky; The shadows a-round us but make me more

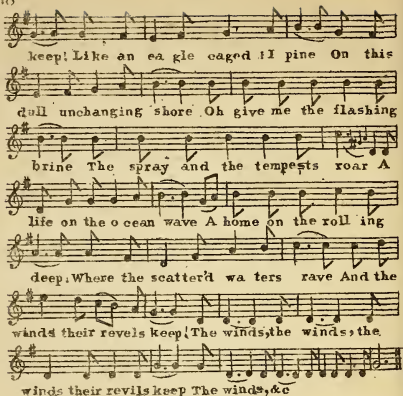


Oh home of my fathers, so beauteous and blue!
 Whose barques 'mid the breakers so gloriously flew;
 While sea-birds above are so loud in their cry,
 And hurricanes answer with ready reply!
 Those steep decks of fame where our ancestors trod,
 Where Blake and where Nelson had long their abode;
 Where mariners bold stem the wave and the breeze,
 My barque is my home, and my world is the seas!
 The murmur of waters, the clouds lowering nigh,
 The tempests that rush through the night-darken'd sky,
 The shadows around us but make me more mild,
 I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and as glad as a child!
 I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and as glad as a child!

. A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Composed and sung by Herry Russell.





keep! Like an eagle caged in pine On this
 dull unchanging shore Oh give me the flashing
 brine The spray and the tempests roar A
 life on the ocean wave A home on the roll ing
 deep: Where the scatter'd wa ters rave And the
 winds their revels keep! The winds, the winds, the
 winds their revils keep The winds, &c

Once more on the deck I stand,
 Of my own swift-gliding craft;
 Set sail! farewell to the land,
 The gale follows fair abaft,
 Of my own swift-gliding craft;
 Set sail! farewell to the land,
 The gale follows fair abaft.

We shoot through the sparkling foam,
 Like an ocean bird set free;
 Like the ocean bird, our home
 We'll find far out on the sea.
 A life on the ocean wave!
 A home on the rolling deep!

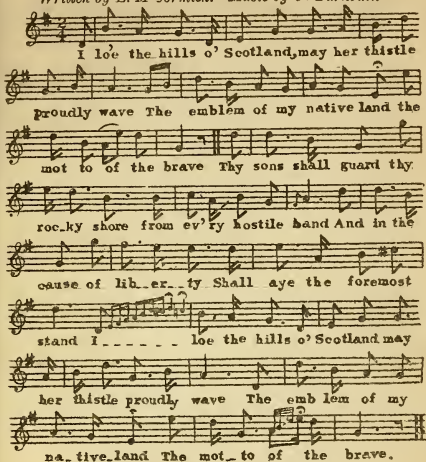
Where the scatter'd waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep!
 The winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep!
 The winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep!



I LO'E THE HILLS OF SCOTLAND.

39

Written by L. M' Cormick. Music by J. Turnbull.



I lo'e the hills o' Scotland, may her thistle
proudly wave The emblem of my native land the
mot to of the brave Thy sons shall guard thy
rocky shore from ev'ry hostile band And in the
cause of lib-er-ty Shall aye the foremost
stand I - - - - - loe the hills o' Scotland may
her thistle proudly wave The emblem of my
na-tive-land The mot-to of the brave.

Where is the heart that wadna warm
To hear o' Scotland's weel.
The name alone, it breathes a charm
Her sons shall ever feel.

I lo'e the hills, &c.
Thy sons though far in ither climes,
Still mind the happy spot;
The noisy river, the silver stream,
And ivy-covered cot.

I lo'e the hills, &c.
Home of my youth—my foud de sire
Shall o'er the waters glide,
For aye auld Scotland shall be free,
Free as the swelling tide.

I lo'e the hills, &c.

ALL THINGS LOVE THEE, SO DO I.

Composed by C. E. Horn.

The musical score is written on ten staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and lyrical, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

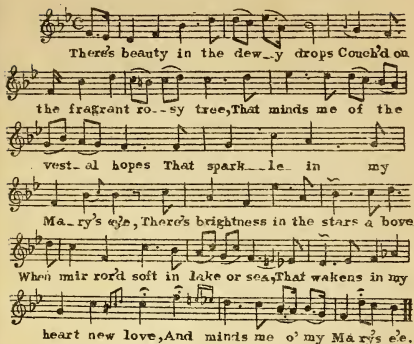
Gentle waves up-on the deep, Murmur soft when
 thou dost sleep, Little birds up-on the tree
 Sing their sweetest songs for thee, their sweet-est
 songs for thee, Cooling gales with voices low
 In the tree tops gently blow, When thou dost in
 slumbers lie, All things love thee so do I? When thou
 dost in slumbers lie, All things love thee so do I?
 All things love thee, All things love thee, All &c

When thou wak'st, the sea will pour
 Treasures for thee to the shore;
 And the earth, in plant and tree,
 Bring forth fruit and flow'rs for thee;
 Fruit and flowers for thee;
 Whilst the glorious stars above,
 Shine on thee like trusting love.
 When thou dost in slumbers lie,
 All things love thee, so do I:
 When thou dost in slumbers lie,
 All things love thee, so do I.
 All things love thee,
 All things love thee,
 All things love thee, so do I.

MY MARY'S E'E.

41

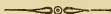
Poetry by A. Park. Music by W. H. Lithgow.



There's beauty in the dew-y drops Couch'd on
the fragrant ro-sy tree, That minds me of the
vest-al hopes That spark-le in my
Ma-ry's eye, There's brightness in the stars a bove
When mir-ror'd soft in lake or sea, That wakens in my
heart new love, And minds me o' my Ma-ry's e'e.

There's mildness in the lady moon,
When from the sun's red glances she
Is blending with the sky at noon,
That minds me of my Mary's e'e.
There's gladness in each varying turn,
Of summer's sportive honey bee,
That makes my conscious bosom burn,
And minds me of my Mary's e'e.

There's azure in the violet,
That breathes a sacred spell to me,
When its fond eyelids open sweet,
That minds me of my Mary's e'e.
There's not a fleeting, fairy sight,
By grassy mead or upland free,
By sunny noon, or moonlit night,
But minds me of my Mary's e'e.



WHAT'S A' THE STEER KIMMER.

Jacobite.

What's a the steer kim_mer, what's a the .

steer, Charlie he is landed, and he will soon be

here, Go lace your bod dice Blue Las sie,

Lace your boddice, Blue, Put on your Sun day

claithes, and trim your Cap a new, For I'm .

right glad a heart kim mer, right glad a heart, I

hae a Bon nie breast knot, and for his sake I'll

wear't, Sin Charlie is come hame, we hae nae cause

to fear, Bid the neigh_bours all come .

down, and wel_come Char_lie here.

Oh! what is he like, kimmer?

What is he like?

He's like a bonnie Scottish lad,

(As ye were like langsynie.)

He luiks and moves, as weel he may,

Like ane o' princely line—

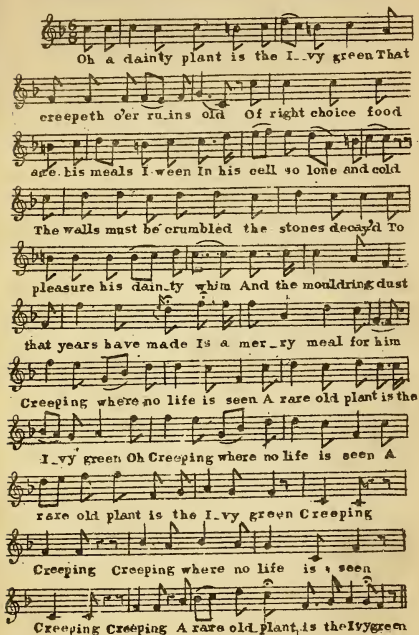
An' weel he sets the bannet blue

Upon his manly broo.

THE IVY GREEN.

43

Written by Charles Dickens. Composed by Henry Russell.



Oh a dainty plant is the I-ivy green That
 creepeth o'er ruins old Of right choice food
 are his meals I-ween In his cell so lone and cold
 The walls must be crumbled the stones decay'd To
 pleasure his dain-ty whim And the mouldring dust
 that years have made Is a mer-ry meal for him
 Creeping where no life is seen A rare old plant is the
 I-ivy green Oh Creeping where no life is seen A
 rare old plant is the I-ivy green Creeping
 Creeping Creeping where no life is seen
 Creeping Creeping A rare old plant is the Ivy green

Fast he stealeth on, tho' he wears no wings,
 And a staunch old heart has he;
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
 To his friend the huge oak tree;
 And sily he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where, &c.

Whole ages have fled and their works decay'd,
 And nations have scatter'd been;
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green:
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the past;
 For the stateliest building man can raise,
 Is the Ivy's food at last.
 Creeping where, &c.

RUTH.

Words by A. Park. Music adapted to a favourite German Melody.

Entreat me not to leave thee Nor to return
 from fol low ing thee, The thought a las doth
 greive me, For where should I so hap py be
 I'll go where e'er thou go-est How ev-er hard thy
 fate should be, And a-ny grief thou knowest I
 shall a-sharer be with thee, I shall &c

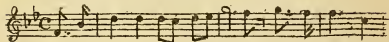
Thy people also shall be mine,—
 Thy home shall be my loved abode;
 I'll worship at thy sainted shrine;
 Thy God shall also be my God!

And where thou diest I shall die,
 And there shall I be buried too;
 If aught but death part thee and I,
 May worse than death the act pursue!

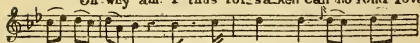
Entreat me not to leave thee,
 Nor to return from following thee;
 The thought doth wildly grieve me,
 For where should I so happy be?

WHY AM I THUS FORSAKEN?

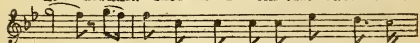
Words by Marros. Music by Bellini.



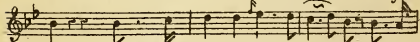
Oh why am I thus for_saken Can no fond love



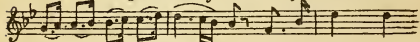
now a.waken Those dear looks that once were,



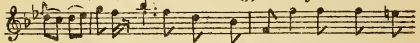
ta_ken as end_less love, as end_less love by



me? Though thine eye is fondly rov_ing On some



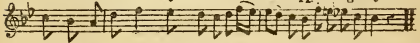
o_ther one worth lov_ing, Yet thy heart still.



disapproving Oh it can ne'er Oh! it can ne'er a



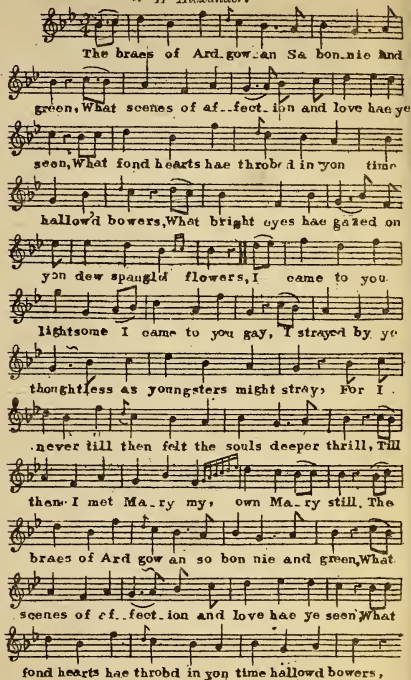
traitor be Yet thy heart still disapproving Thy heart



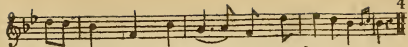
still disapproving Oh! can &c.

THE BRAES OF ARDGOWAN.

*Music adapted to a favourite Scotch Air. Written by
W H Alexander.*



The braes of Ardgowan Sa bon-nie And
green, What scenes of af-fect-ion and love hae ye
seen, What fond hearts hae throbd in yon time
hallow'd bowers, What bright eyes hae gazed on
yon dew spangld' flowers, I came to you.
lightsome I came to you gay, I strayed by ye
thoughtless as youngsters might stray, For I
never till then felt the souls deeper thrill, Till
then I met Ma-ry my, own Ma-ry still. The
braes of Ard gow an so bon nie and green, What
scenes of af-fect-ion and love hae ye seen, What
fond hearts hae throbd in yon time hallowd bowers,



What bright eyes, hae gazed on you dew &c.

'Twere rude at first meeting, love's homage to sigh,
Tho' we read its response on the tale-telling eye;
But I whispered "good e'en," and I thought from the tone
Of her sweet lured voice, she might yet be my own.

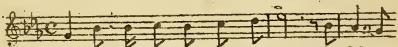
Braes of Ardgowan, &c.

Oh, why need I tell of love's frolics and wiles,
Of the tongue saying *no*, *no*, while *yes* said the smiles;
Time fled with his changes, and now 'tis my pride
To sing that sweet Mary's my own blooming bride.

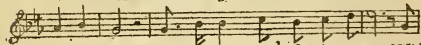
Braes of Ardgowan, &c.

THE MINATURE.

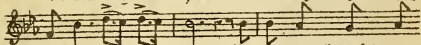
Written by G. P. Morris. Composed by Joseph P. Knight.



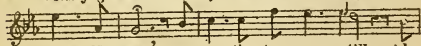
William was holding in his hand The likeness



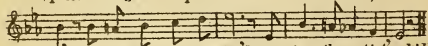
of his wife Fresh, as if touch'd by fairy wand, With



beauty grace and life. He almost thought it.



spoke He gaz'd up on the treasure still, Ab-



sorb'd delighted and amaz'd, To view the artist's skill.

This picture is yourself, dear Jane,

'Tis drawn to nature true;

I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,

It is so much like you.

"And has it kiss'd you back, my dear?"

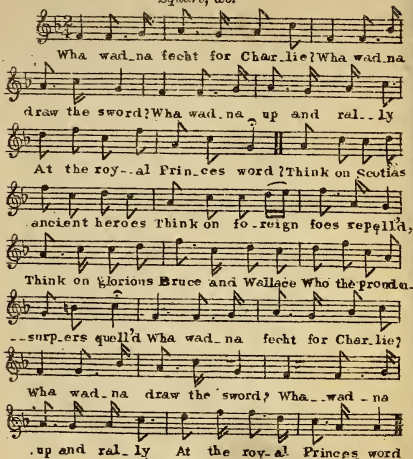
"Why, no, my love," said he;

"Then William it is very clear,

'Tis not at all like me."

WHÄ WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE?

Sung by Wilson at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, &c.



Whä wad_nä fecht for Char_lie? Whä wad_nä
draw the sword? Whä wad_nä up and ral_ly
At the roy_al Prin_ces word? Think on Scotias
ancient heroes Think on fo_reign foes repell'd,
Think on Glorious Bruce and Wallace Who the prouder
--surp_ers quell'd Whä wad_nä fecht for Char_lie?
Whä wad_nä draw the sword? Whä wad_nä
up and ral_ly At the roy_al Prin_ces word

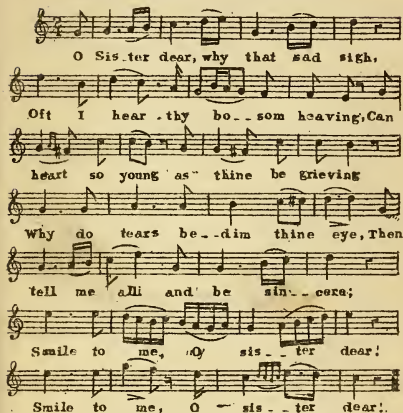
Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the north!
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
While a stranger rules the day?
Whä wadna fecht, &c

See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!
Highland hearts are true as steel.

Now our Prince has raised his banner,
 Now triumphant is our cause;
 Now the Scottish lion rallies,
 Let us strike for Prince and laws!
 Wha wadna fecht, &c.

O SISTER DEAR!

Words by Alphonso. Music by Auber.

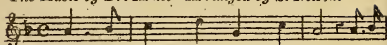


O Sister dear, why that sad sigh,
 Oft I hear thy bosom heaving, Can
 heart so young as thine be grieving
 Why do tears bedim thine eye, Then
 tell me all and be sincere;
 Smile to me, O sister dear!
 Smile to me, O sister dear!

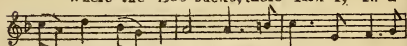
Oft midnight dreams reveal to me,
 Pictures bright in sunshine glowing;
 When with mirth thy heart o'erflowing,
 Made thy looks so glad and free.
 Chase away that falling tear,
 Smile to me, O sister dear,
 Smile to me, O sister dear!

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

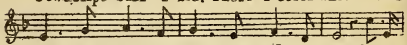
The Music by Dr. Arne. Arranged by S. Nelson.



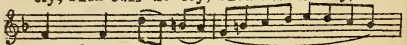
Where the Bee sucks, there lurk I, In a



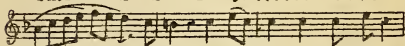
Cow-slip's bell I lie: There I couch when owls do



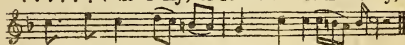
cry, when owls do cry, when owls do cry; On a



bats back do I fly.



.... do I fly, After sun-set mer-ri-ly,



mer-ri-ly, af-ter sun-set mer-ri-ly.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,

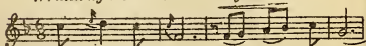
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,

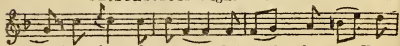
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

O BEAUTEOUS NIGHT!

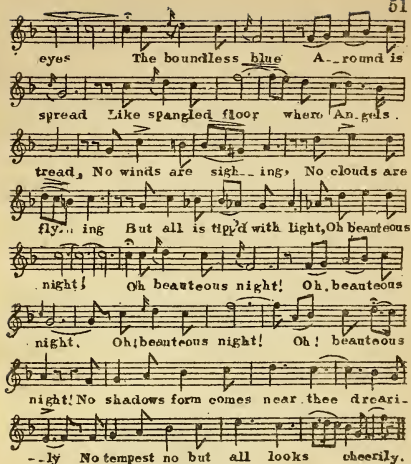
Written by A. Park. Music by Donizetti.



O! beauteous night With moon so bright



.... How fair the skies Lit with those million

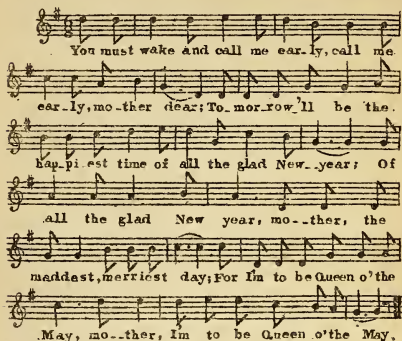


Oh! beauteous night,
With moon so bright;
How fair the skies,
Lit with those million eyes!
The boundless blue around is spread,
Like spangled floor where angels tread!
The wind reposes,
Soft as on roses,
And echo bound,
Has lost its sound,
Oh! beauteous night, with moon so bright!
Oh! beauteous night, Oh! beauteous night!
No shadows shall come near thee drearily;
No tempest, no! but all looks cheerily.
No tempest strong shall harm thee, sweet night,
O! beauteous night.



THE QUEEN OF MAY

Written by Alfred Tennyson Music by William R. Dempster.



You must wake and call me ear-ly, call me
ear-ly, mo-ther dear; To-mor-row 'll be the
hap-pi-est time of all the glad New-year; Of
all the glad New year, mo-ther, the
maddest, merriest day; For I'm to be Queen o' the
May, mo-ther, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never awake
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands
gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

Little ~~one~~ shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
The shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

All the valley, mother, will be fresh, and green, and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill;
The rivulet in the flowery dale will merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

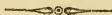
ANNIE LAURIE.

The favourite Scotch Ballad, as sung by Jenny Lind.

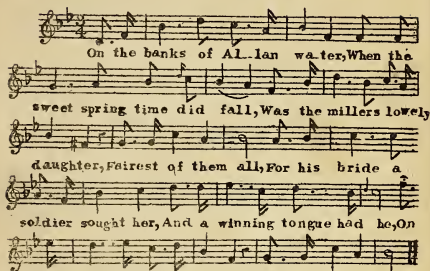
Maxwellton braes are bonnie, Where early
fa's the dew, And it's there that Annie Laurie Gie'd
me her promise true, Gie'd me her promise
true; Which ne'er for-got will be: And for
bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me downe and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face, it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.



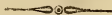
BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

Words by M. G. Lewis. Music by C. E. Horn


On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, When the
sweet spring time did fall, Was the millers lowly
daughter, Fairest of them all, For his bride a
soldier sought her, And a winning tongue had he, On
the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
When brown autumn spreads its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more.
For the summer grief had brought her,
And her soldier false was he;
On the banks of Allan water,
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free,
On the banks of Allan water,
There a corse lay she!



THERE'S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN. 55

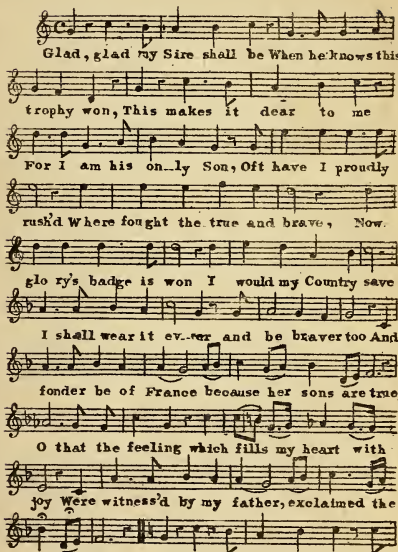
Words by Thomas Moore. Adapted by John Turnbull,
from a melody by Louis Spohr.

This world is all a fleet-ing show, For
man's il-lu-sion given, This world is all a
fleet-ing show For man's il-lu-sion given;
The smiles of joy, The tears of woe,
De- ceit-ful shine, De- ceit-ful flow,
There's nothing true but Heaven, True's nothing true
but Heaven, There's no- thing true but Heaven.

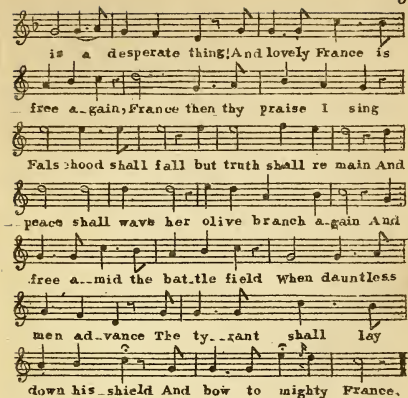
Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driv'n;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way.
The smiles of joy, &c.
And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb.
'The smiles of joy, &c.



THE WARRIOR'S JOY.

Words from the French. Music by Gung'l.


Glad, glad my Sire shall be When he knows this
trophy won, This makes it dear to me
For I am his only Son, Oft have I proudly
rush'd Where fought the true and brave, Now
glo ry's badge is won I would my Country save
I shall wear it ev-er and be braver too And
fonder be of France because her sons are true;
O that the feeling which fills my heart with
joy Were witness'd by my father, exclaim'd the
no-ble Boy. Let not con-ten-tions reign, War



is a desperate thing! And lovely France is
 free a gain, France then thy praise I sing
 Fals hood shall fall but truth shall re main And
 peace shall wave her olive branch a gain And
 free a mid the bat tle field When dauntless
 men ad vance The ty rant shall lay
 down his shield And bow to mighty France.

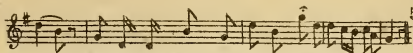
Note.—An incident connected with this song, and on which the words are founded, is here worth relating:—“A young Frenchman, named Hyncinth Martin, an officer of the 13th Battalion, having been engaged during the late revolution in France in routing the insurgents, a flag planted by them on a barricade in the Rue Monilmon-tant, was taken by the young officer amidst a shower of bullets. The commanding officer observing this daring feat, had the youth sent to General Lamorciero, at the National Assembly, where he was immediately introduced to General Cavaignac, who, after embracing him affectionately, took from his own breast a cross of the legion of honour, and decorated the young soldier with it, saying, you have well deserved it.’ The youth exclaimed, ‘How happy will my father be,’ and wept for joy. The music is most spirited and characteristic of the words.”—*Vide French Song.*



THE ARCHERS' SONG.

*Written by A. Park.**Music by Rossini.*

A band of merry Archers we, In joy, in joy
 compete to day; Manly our sport, and ever free,
 No hearts beat half so gay; A band of merry
 Archers we, In joy, in joy compete to day,
 Manly our sports and ever free, No hearts beat
 half so gay, With hopeful eye we bend the bow,
 As o'er the lawn we gladly rove. And strike more
 true than Cupid too, Can strike the fond heart of
 love! A band of mer-ry Arch-ers we, In
 joy, in joy compete to day, Manly our sport and
 e-ver free, No hearts beat half so gay, A band
 of merry Archers we In joy in joy compete to



day, Madly our sport and ever free, No &c.

So let us bend the graceful bow,—

A pastime fitting for a king;

And let the arrow swiftly go—

In music from the string.

So let us bend, &c.

And may we behold more archers bold,

Assembled gaily in the plain;

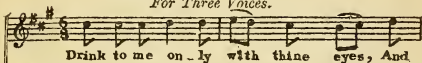
It has been so in the times of old,

May we soon see the like again.

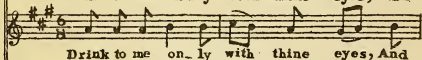
A band of merry archers, &c.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

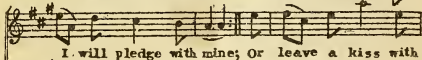
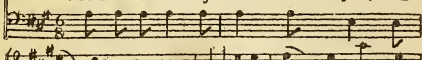
For Three Voices.



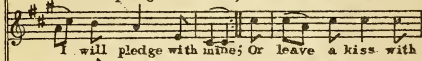
Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And



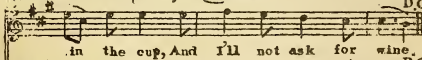
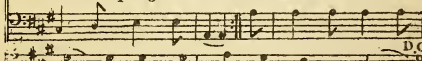
Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And



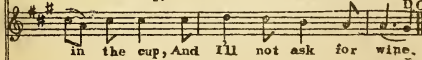
I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss with



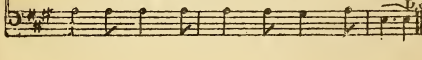
I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss with



in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine.

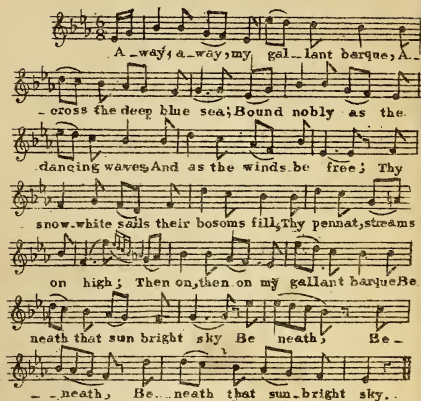


in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine.



AWAY, MY GALLANT BARK.

Written by A. Park. Music by A. D. Thomson.



A-way, a-way, my gal-lant barque, A-
 - cross the deep blue sea; Bound nobly as the
 dancing waves, And as the winds be free; Thy
 snow-white sails their bosoms fill, Thy pennant, streams
 on high; Then on, then on my gallant barque Be
 neath that sun bright sky Be neath, Be -
 - neath, Be... neath that sun-bright sky..

O that thou wert a thing of life,
 To feel and think like me;
 Then through the salt and surgy waves,
 More gladly would'st thou flee;
 With thought thou'd'st travel hand in hand I
 More swift than tempests sweep,
 Then on, then on, my gallant bark,
 Along the princely deep,
 Along, along, along the princely deep.



I NE'ER FOUND ONE LIKE THEE. 61

Words by W. H. Alexander. Music by A. Macgoun*

O'er ma-ny a lone-ly vale O'er
ma-ny a shin-ning sea I've swept through
calm and gale but ne'er found one like
thee, More sweet than mornings dawn yet
light as star of e'en More light than
feet of fawn When bounding o'er the green O'er
ma-ny a lone-ly vale O'er ma-ny a shin-ning
sea I've swept through calm and gale, but
ne'er found one like thee.

The warblers of the grove
Have charmed my listening ear—
Yet ah, they ne'er could move
Like thee, affection's tear.

O'er many, &c.

Then come my love this night—
We'll seek some lonely isle,
Where all that's fair and bright,
Shall centre in thy smile.

O'er many, &c.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Written by Thomas Campbell. Music by Dr. Callcott.

Ye Mariners of England That guard your native
 seas, Whose flag has braved a thousand years The
 bat_tle and the breeze, Your glorious standard
 launch a gain To match an oth_er foe... As they
 sweep thro' the deep, As they sweep thro' the deep
 As they sweep thro' the deep, When the
 stormy winds do blow, When the stormy winds do
 blow, When the stor-my winds do
 blow, When the stor-my winds do blow.

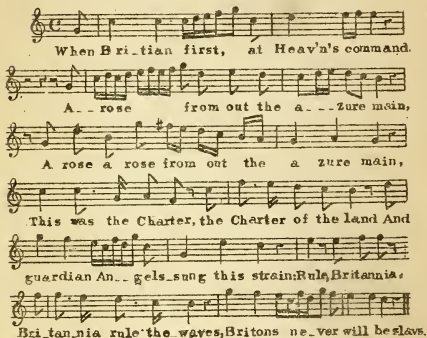
Britannia needs no bulwark, no towns along the steep,
 Her march is o'er the mountain wave, her home is on the
 deep,
 With thunders from her native oak she quells the floods be-
 low,
 As they roar on the shore when the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England shall yet terrific burn,
'Till danger's troubled night depart, and the star of peace
return.

Ther, then ye ocean warriors, our song and feast shall flow,
To the fame of your name when the winds have ceased to
blow.

RULE BRITANNIA.

Written by Thomson. Music by Dr. Arne



When Bri-tain first, at Heav'n's command.
A - - rose from out the a - - zure main,
A rose a rose from out the a zure main,
This was the Charter, the Charter of the land And
guardian An - - gels sung this strain: Rule, Britannia,
Bri-tan-nia rule the waves, Britons ne-ver will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke.
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 To work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belong the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair;
 Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves.



CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

1 2
 White sand and grey sand, ...
 2 3
 Who'll buy my grey sand?
 3 1
 Who'll buy my grey sand?

THE END,

GLASGOW.

Published by MITCHELSON & CO 112 Buchanan St.