























**THE**

**VOCALISTS**

**COMPANION,**

**WITH**

**MUSIC**











Hastings







E-2049-fil-1-



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.

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## PREFACE.

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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  
*Repeat in Chorus FF*  
Queen! Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious, Long to reign  
1st 2nd  
o-ver us, God save the Queen Queen.

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.



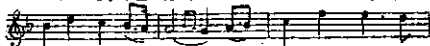
# The Queen's Song.

WE'LL ROW THEE O'ER THE CLYDE.

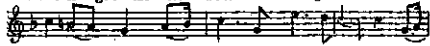
*By Andrew Park.*



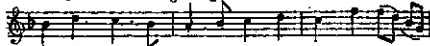
O! welcome to our heath clad hills, fair..



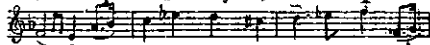
Scotia's gen-tle Queen! Where sea-girl Isles 'mid



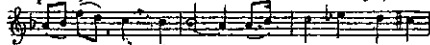
so-lar smiles give grandeur to the scene. Where



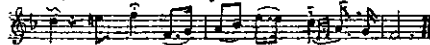
lakes in sparkling beauty lie, And mountains rise in



pride; With truthful heart and lov-ing eye, Well



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



lov-ing 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.

3

*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

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



## THERE GREW IN BONNIE SCOTLAND:

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 airt 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 drop 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 airt 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 broken 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 lye And May thinks the noontide gangs  
mer-ri-ly by But nane o' them a' are sae  
sae, an' se-rène 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.



# 8 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 roamed by  
vale and willow-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.

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# THE WOODS O' DUNMORE.

7

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



This fond heart is thine, Las.sie,  
 charming and fair, This fond heart is thine,  
 Las.sie, dear; Nae world's gear hae I, nae ox-en  
 nor kye, I've naething dear Las.sie save a  
 puir heart to gie, Yet din na say me na, but  
 come, come a wa, An' wander dear, Las.sie'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.

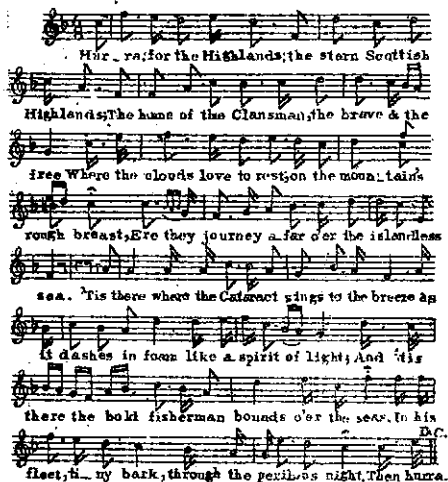
O come to my arms, lassie, charming an' fair,  
 Awa' wild alarms, lassie dear;  
 'This fond heart an' thine like ivy shall twine,  
 I'll lo'e thee, dear lassie, till the day that I dee.  
 O dinna say me na, &c.





# HURRA FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

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



Hurra 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.

'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 gowan 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 fa' 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 blythier 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!



# WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

11

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

Woodman spare that tree! Touch not a single  
bough; In youth it shew'd me, And  
I'll protect it now 'twas my forefather'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.

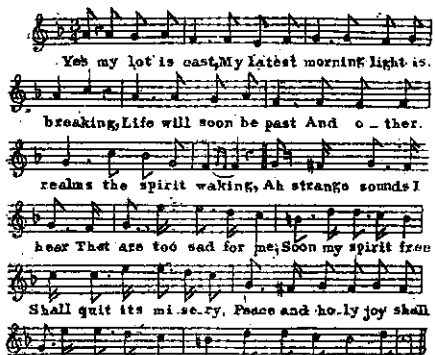
In childhood I have slept beneath its genial shade,  
Or thro' its branches crept, and with its hoar leaves play'd;  
Here too our youthful joys—the parents' kind caress,  
That from the heart ne'er flies, make me that old oak bless.

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.



*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 trou-bl'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!





## ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP. 13

*Music composed by J. P. Knight.*

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep I lay me  
down in peace to sleep; Secure I rest upon the  
wave, For thou, oh, Lord! hast power to save. I  
know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost  
mark the sparrow's fall. And calm and peaceful  
shall I sleep...Rock'd in the cradle of the deep...  
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep Rock'd &c.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine;  
Or though the tempest's fiery breath  
Rous'd me from slumber to wreck and death!  
In ocean-cave still safe with thee,  
The germs of immortality!

And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,  
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

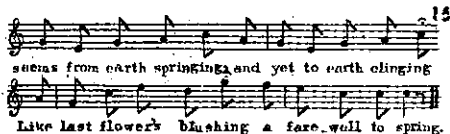


## SAW YE MY MARY.

*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 frey, 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-mar wing? She

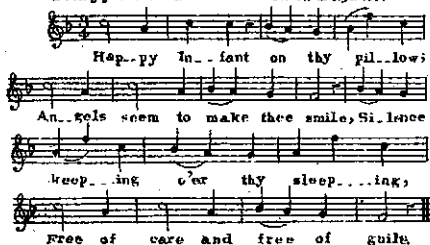




Her fair form caressing, my ardent suit pressing,  
At the soft twilight hour we ranged through the grove;  
Then gently entreating, and fond vow repeating,  
She cherished my hopes, and she smiled in my love!  
The moments pass'd sweetly, the night star rose fleetly  
To light home my Mary, so kind and so fair.  
When slumber steals lightly, kind fairies come nightly,  
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.*



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. Contentment 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 yielded re-lief.

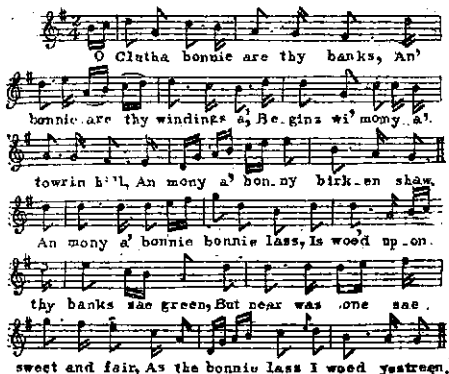
Our ancestors loved to be merry,  
Nor pin'd at the workings of fate;  
They sang and they quaffed off their sherry,  
Until every bosom grew great.  
They chatted and laugh'd in their glory.



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', Be-gins wi' mony a'.  
 towrin h'll, An mony a' bonny birk-en shaw,  
 An mony a' bonnie bonnie lass, Is woo'd 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 aye.  
 I wist na wha the maid might be,  
 She might hae been fair Scotia's queen,  
 There ne'er was aye amang them a',  
 Like the bonnie lass I woo'd yestreen.



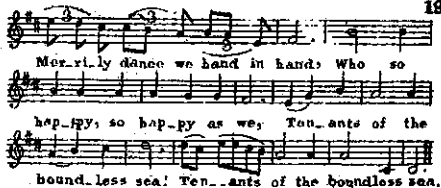
# 18 LIGHTLY TRIPPING IT O'ER THE SAND.

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 ocean 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,






Gaily footitg 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 wil' 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

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



**CHASE AT SEA.***Music by J. P. Clark. Words by William Paul.*


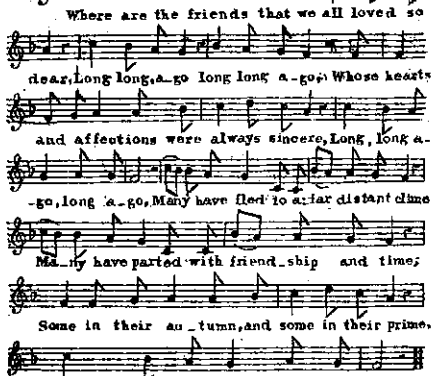
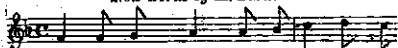
Fresh blows the breeze the gallant ship, Glides  
 o'er the rising wave, The cheering song of  
 Love and Home, Delights the British  
 brave, delights delights the British brave, But  
 bark a lo! the watchful tar, A sail in sight des-  
 -cries A sail, a sail, a sail in sight—Each  
 bounding heart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

21

*New words by A. Park.*



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 Father land, My hearts on the Rhine where.

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

in my own Father 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 room where I may And still

room where I may my heart 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 bluish-cover'd wreaths woo the sun's golden ray;

Where bluish-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 cheer, 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 azure 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  
Hazel-dean! Now fit to meet thee  
love-ly flower! Sweet rose of Hazel-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 often 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.

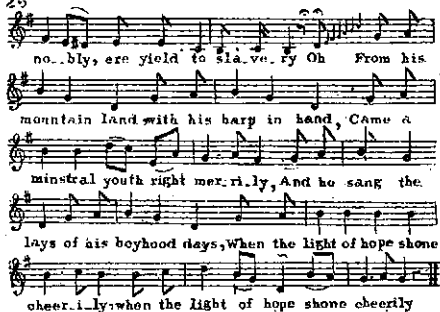
### THE MINSTREL OF THE TYROL.

*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-ther's bra-ve-ry,  
 Then with pride he told how his kinsman bold fell

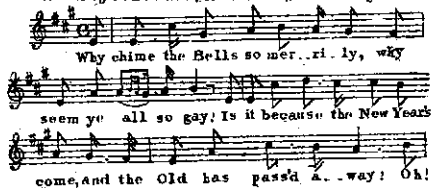




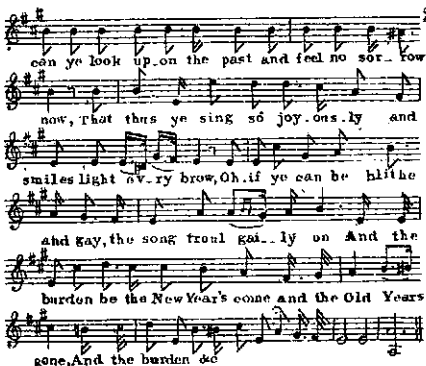
'Mid a gallant throng did that son of song  
 Tune his harp, but not so merrily;  
 For his thoughts would roam to his distant home,  
 To the green hills smiling cheerily.  
 With trembling hand, of his fatherland  
 He sang with such deep emotion;  
 And a tear-drop came as he breath'd the name  
 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.*







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 zone.

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.

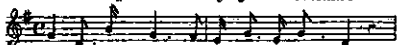
But still be happy while ye may, and let the dance go on,

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.



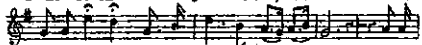
## COME SIT THEE DOWN.

*Music composed and sung by John Sinclair.*

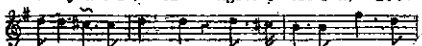
Come sit thee down, my bonny, bonny love,



Come sit thee down by me love, And I will tell thee



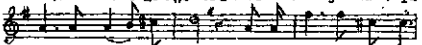
many a tale, Of the dangers of the sea, Of the



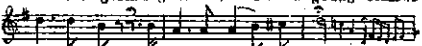
perils of the deep love Where the angry tempests



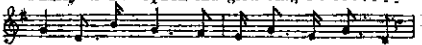
roar, And the raging billows wildly dash, Up-



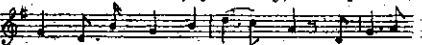
-on the groaning shore, And the raging billows



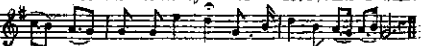
wildly dash Up-on the groaning shore.



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.

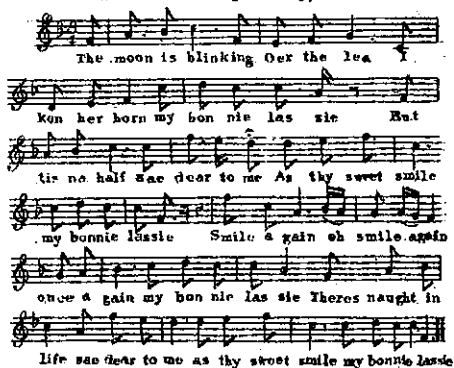
The skies are flaming red, my love,  
 The skies are flaming red, love;  
 And darkly rolls the mountain wave,  
 And rears its monstrous head;



White 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 no 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 breezes;  
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,  
O'er 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,  
Thy' asleep not in sunshine, like islands a far,  
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.*

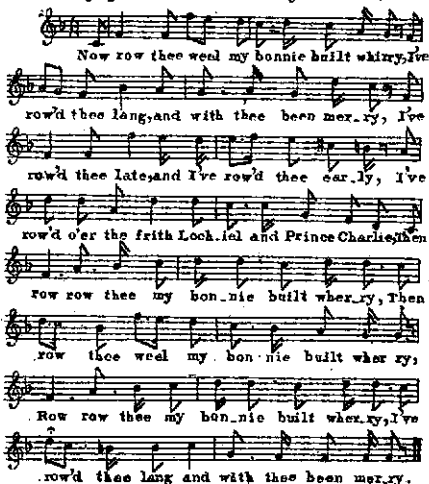
Sleep on my be lov'd one, My Kathleen sleep  
on, And dream of the bright days And hopes  
that are gone, Un\_til in thy slumber Thou  
still seem'st to hear, The words which a lov'd one  
Once breath'd in thine ear. Farewell! farewell, my  
Kathleen dear, Farewell, Farewell, my Kathleen dear.

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.



# 32 ROW THEE WHEEL, MY BONNIE BUILT WHERRY.

*Poetry by Robert Allan. Music by J. F. Clark.*



Now row thee wheel 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 Lock-hiel and Prince Charlie, then  
row row thee my bon-nie built wher-ry, then  
row thee wheel 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.





# O COME, SWEET MAID.

33

Written by A. Park. Music by Außer.

O come sweet Maid with me Where Lugar's  
stream is flowing While the even-ing, sun its  
race hath run And the clouds its crimson showing  
Then O come my sweet Maid with me Where  
Lugar's stream is flow-ing, While the evening  
sun its race hath run And the clouds its crimson  
show-ing, 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 Lugar's stream is flow-ing, While  
the evening sun its race hath run, And the  
cloud its crimson showing, And the clouds its





crim-son showing, its crim-son showing, And the

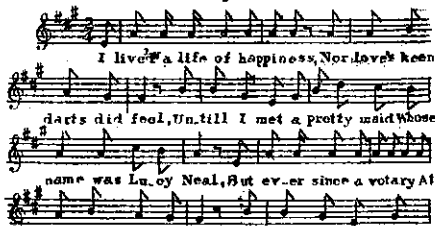
clouds its crimson showing, its crimson showing.

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 Lugal'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.*



I live<sup>d</sup> a life of happiness, Nor love<sup>d</sup> keen

darts did feel, Un-till I met a pretty maid whose

name was Lu-cy Neal, But ev-er since a votary At

Cupid's shrine I kneel, And weep because shes.





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 won  
 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 night; The  
 tempests that rush through the night - dark'nd  
 sky, The shadows a round us but make me more





mild, I'm a float, I'm a float and as glad as a



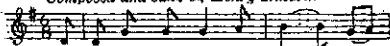
child, I'm a float, I'm a float and as glad as a child.

Oh home of my fathers, so beautiful 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.

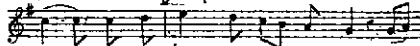
*Composed and sung by Henry Russell.*



A life on the ocean wave A



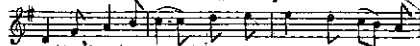
home on the rolling deep where the scatter'd waters



rave, And the winds their revels keep! A



home on the roll ing deep! where the



scatter'd waters rave, And the winds their re vels





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!

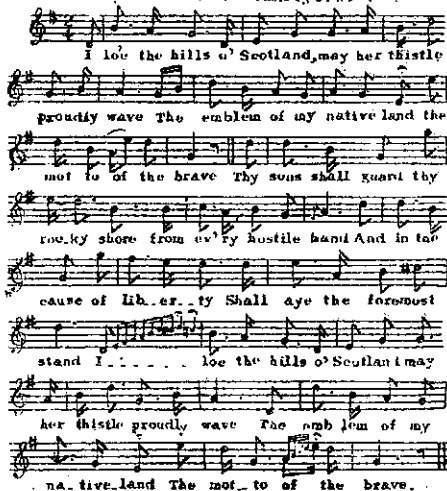




# I LOVE THE HILLS OF SCOTLAND.

89

Written by J. M'Gormick. Music by J. Thomson.



I loe 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 hand And in the  
cause of Lib.erty 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 warn  
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.

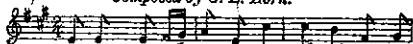
I lo'e the hills, &c.

Home of my youth—my fond desires  
Shall o'er the waters glide,  
For aye auld Scotland shall be free,  
Free as the swelling tide.

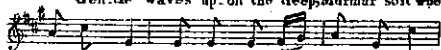
I lo'e the hills, &c.



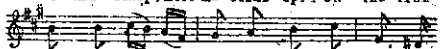
## ALL THINGS LOVE THEE, SO DO I.

*Composed by C. E. Horn.*

Gentle waves up on the deep, Murmur soft when



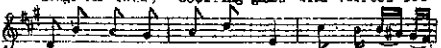
thou dost sleep, Little birds up on the tree



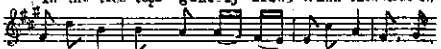
Sing their sweetest songs for thee, their sweetest



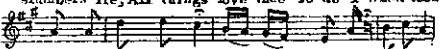
songs for thee, Cooling gales with voices low



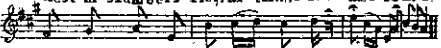
In the tree tops gently blow, When thou dost in



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 &amp;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 true, That minds me of the  
vest-al hopes That spark-le in my  
Ma-ry's e'e, 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 Bonnie breast knot, and for his sake I'll  
weart, 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 langsyne.)

He luiks and moves, as weel he may,

Like ane o' princely line—

An' weel he sets the bannet blue

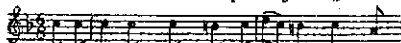
Upon his manly broo.



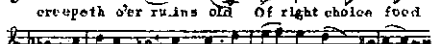
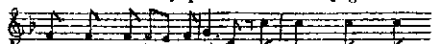
## THE IVY GREEN.

42

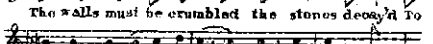
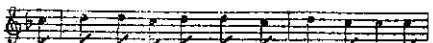
*Written by Charles Dickens. Composed by Henry Russell.*



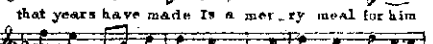
Oh a dainty plant is the l. vy green That



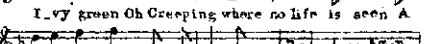
see his meals I weep in his cell so lone and cold



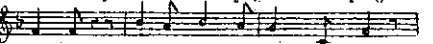
pleasure his dain-ty whis And the mould'ring dust



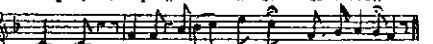
growing where no life is seen A rare old plant is the



rare old plant is the 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 stanch old heart has he;  
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,  
 To his friend the huge oak tree;  
 And sllily he traileth along the ground,  
 And his leaves he gently waves,  
 As he joyously hugs and crawlth 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  
 grieve me, For where should I so hap py be  
 Ill go where'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?

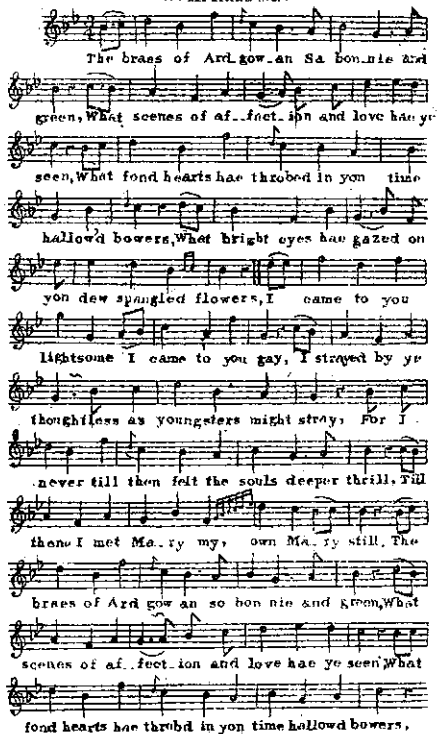
*Words by Marros. Music by Bellini.*

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 rev-ling On some  
 o-ther one worth lov- ing, Yet thy heart still  
 disapproving Oh it can never Oh! it can never a  
 traitor be Yet thy heart still disapproving Thy heart  
 still disapproving Oh! can &c.



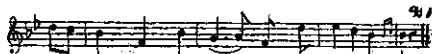
# THE BRAES OF ARDGOWAN.

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



The braes of Ardgowan so bonnie and  
green, What scenes of affection and love hae ye  
seen, What fond hearts hae throbed in yon time  
hallow'd bowers, What bright eyes hae gazed on  
yon dew spangled 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 Ardgowan so bonnie and green, What  
scenes of affection and love hae ye seen, What  
fond hearts hae throbd in yon time hallow'd bowers,



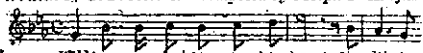


What bright eyes have gazed on you dew &c.  
'Twere rude at first meeting, love's homage to sigh,  
Tho' we read its response on the tale-telling eye;  
But I whispered "good e'en," and I thought from the tone  
Of her sweet lured voice, she might yet be my own.  
Braes of Ardgowan, &c.

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 MINIATURE.

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

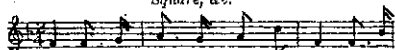


William was holding in his hand the likeness  
of his wife fresh, as if touch'd by fairy wand, With  
beauty grace and life, He almost thought it  
spoke He gaz'd up on the treasure still, Ab-  
sorb'd delighted and amaz'd, To view the artist's skill.  
This picture is yourself, dear Jane,  
'Tis drawn 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."

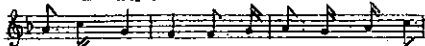


# 48 WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE?

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



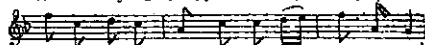
Wha wad-na fecht for Char-lie? Wha wad-na



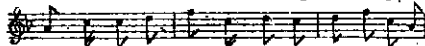
draw the sword? Wha wad-na up and ral-ly



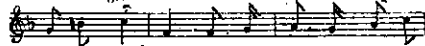
At the roy-al Prin-ces word? Think on Scot-las



ancient heroes Think on fo-ruign foes repelld,



Think on Glorious Bruce and Wallace Who the proud-



..sur-pers quell'd Wha wad-na fecht for Char-lie?



Wha wad-na draw the sword? Wha wad-na



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?

Wha 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 law!  
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

49

**O SISTER DEAR!**

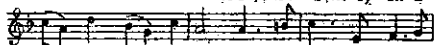
O Sister dear, why that sad sigh,  
Oft I hear thy bosom heaving, Can  
heart so young as thine be grieving  
Why do tears bedim thine eye. Then  
tell me all: and be sin-cure;  
Smile to me, O sis-ter dear!  
Smile to me, O sis-ter dear!

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!

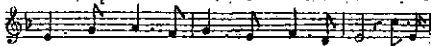


**WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.***The Music by Dr. Arne. Arranged by S. Nelson.*

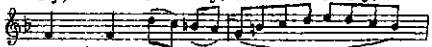
Where the Bee sucks, there lurk I, In a



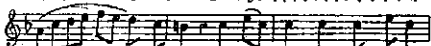
Cow slip's bell I lie; There I couch when owls do



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



bats back do I fly. ....

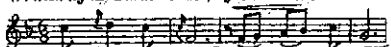


do I fly, Af-ter sun-set mer-ri-ly,

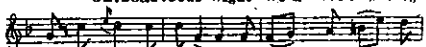


mer-ri-ly, af-ter sun-set mer-ri-ly.

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.

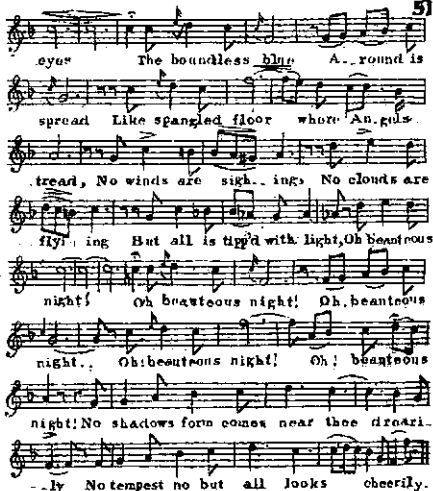
**O BEAUTEONS NIGHT!***Written by A. Park. Music by Donizetti.*

Oh 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.



*Written by Alfred Tennyson. Music by William B. Dempster.*

You must wake and call me ear-ly, call me  
 ear-ly, mo-ther dear; To mor-row 'll be the  
 hap-piest 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.

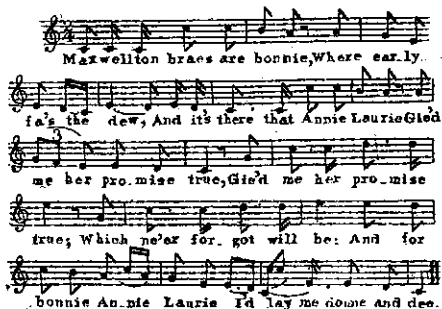
I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never awake  
 If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;  
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands  
 gay,  
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
 the May.

Little Effie 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.



*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 Gled  
 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 down 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 Allan water, When the  
sweet spring time did fall, Was the millers lovely  
daughter, Fairest of them all, For his bride a  
soldier sought her, And a winning tongue had he, On  
the banks of Allan water, 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.

The musical score is written on eight staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in a single line. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: "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-cep-tul shine, De-cep-tul flow, There's nothing true but Heaven, True's nothing true but Heaven, There's no-thing true but Heaven."

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-cep-tul shine, De-cep-tul flow,  
There's nothing true but Heaven, True's nothing true  
but Heaven, There's no-thing true but Heaven.

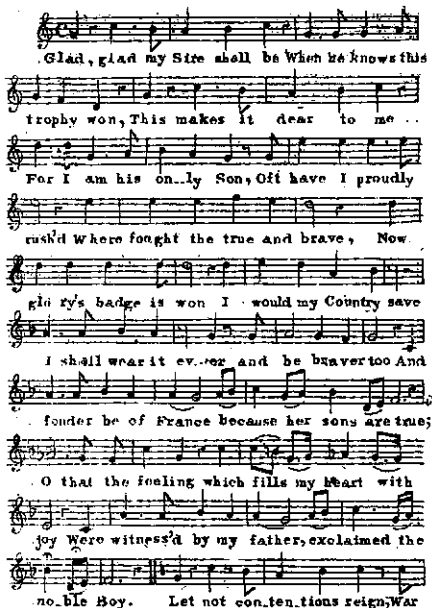
Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,  
From wave to wave we're driv'n;  
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,  
Serve but to light the troubled way.  
The smiles of joy, &c.

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 Gungl.*


Glad, glad my Sire shall be When he knows this  
 trophy won, This makes it dear to me ..  
 For I am his on-ly 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





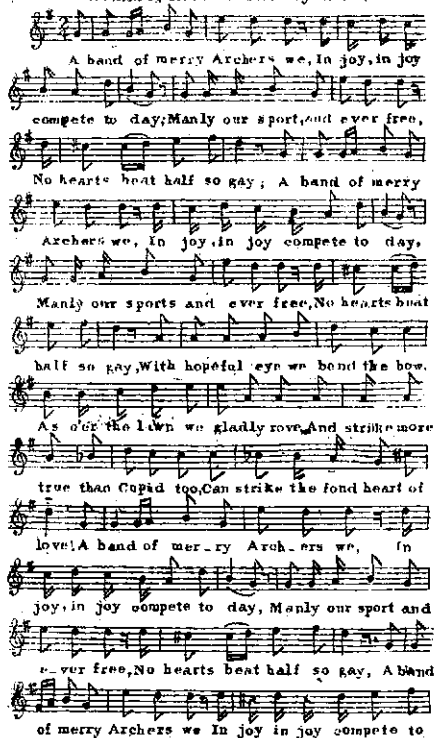
is a desperate thing! And lovely France is  
 free a gain, France then thy praise I sing.  
 Falsehood shall fall but truth shall remain And  
 peace shall wave her olive branch a gain And  
 free a mid the battle field when dauntless  
 men advance The tyrant shall lay  
 down his shield And bow to mighty France.

*Note.*—An incident connected with this song, and on which the words are founded, is here worth relating:—A young Frenchman, named Hincinth 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 Montilmon-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 Lamorciere, 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 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. Mandy 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;

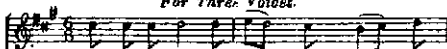
It has been so in the times of old.

May we soon see the like again.

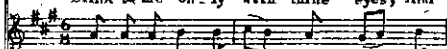
A band of merry archers, &c

## DRINK TO ME ONLY

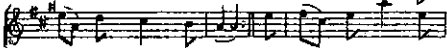
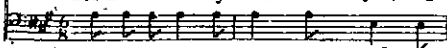
*For Three Voices.*



Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And



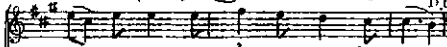
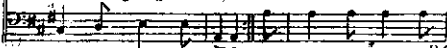
Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And



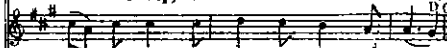
I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss with



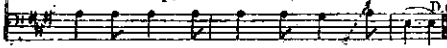
I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss with



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..

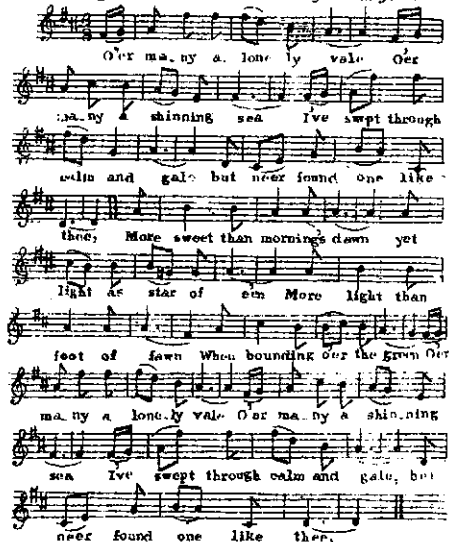
O that thou wert a thing of life,  
 To feel and think like me;  
 Then through the salt and surgy waves,  
 More gladly would'st thou flee;  
 With thought thou'd'st travel hand in hand!  
 More swift than tempests sweep,  
 Then on, then on, my gallant bark,  
 Along the princely deep,  
 Along, along,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



# I NEER 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 morn-ing dawn yet  
light as star of e'en More light than  
foot 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  
 battle and the breeze, Your glorious standard  
 launch again To match another 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 stormy winds do  
 blow. When the stormy 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.

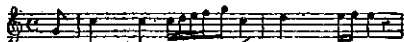


The meteor day of England shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart, and the star of peace  
return.

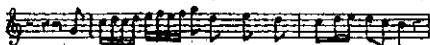
Then, then ye ocean warriors, our song and feast shall flow,  
To the fame of your name when the winds have ceased to  
blow.

## RULE BRITANNIA.

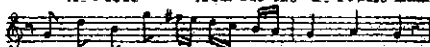
*Written by Thomson. Music by Dr. Arne.*



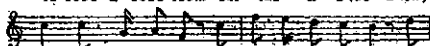
When Britian first, at Heav'n's command,



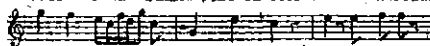
A rose from out the azure main,



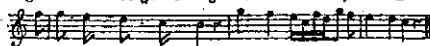
A rose a rose from out the azure main,



This was the Charter, the Charter of the land And



guardian Angels sung this strain: Rule, Britannia,



Britannia rule the waves, Britons never 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.





64    These 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;  
Elest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
      And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
      Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
      Eretons never will be slaves.



## CATCH FOR THREE VOICES

White sand and grey sand,

Who'll buy my grey sand?

who'll buy my grey sand?

THE END.































