SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS

BY

W. H. BELLAMY

AND

CHARLES. W. GLOVER.

National Library of Australia nla.mus-an3064962-s1-e

SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

WRITTEN BY

W. H. BELLAMY, Esq.

COMPOSED BY

CHARLES W. GLOVER.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY JOHN BASTIN,

From Original Drawings made expressly for this Work,

BY

KENNY MEADOWS.

LONDON:

R. ADDISON AND CO. 210, REGENT STREET.

PRICE HALF-A-GUINEA.

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THE EMIGRANTS.

It was on one of those exquisite evenings which, at the commencement of our English autumns have a beauty and a brilliancy so peculiarly their own, that the congregation, which had just issued from the church porch of the quiet but picturesque village of Eversley, were observed to linger longer than was usual in groups about the churchyard and the green lane fronting the Rectory that lay beside it; dwelling evidently with deep interest on some subject by which, judging from the earnestness of their manner, they had been more than ordinarily moved. At length, however, they separated slowly for their homes. Two of the younger ones, apparently more absorbed by it than the rest, remained long after the others had departed; and, leaning against the little wicket-gate that separated the churchyard from the Rectory garden, appeared for some time to be wholly absorbed in thought.

Of the lingerers, one was Philip Woodward, a fine frank specimen of the better class of England's yeomanry, of some two or three and twenty, in the full vigour of youth; the other was Marian Maythorn, an orphan girl, some three or four years younger, who was known to be betrothed to him. They were only waiting for a small farm to fall vacant to be married. On the evening in question they had, as usual, attended the church together, and had been among the most attentive and interested listeners to the good Rector's discourse; hence their lengthened and anxious conversation. The silence was at length broken by Philip's saying, "Well then, my own Marian, let us at once talk to the Rector about it;" and, lifting up the latch, they both turned into the Rectory.

That day decided their destiny. The Rector had taken as his text that sublime passage of Holy Writ, where it is laid upon man, as a command, to go forth into all the earth and to subdue it. With plain persuasive eloquence, addressed alike to the hearts and understandings of his hearers, he had laid before them, more especially the hale and the young, the duty which the text enjoined; had told them of the rich lands that lay beyond the main, and pointed out to them that in the heart alone were to be found the elements that constituted "home"—that soil and clime were but its accidents—and bade them go bravely forth and find and found new "homes" in climes where poverty and want were not, and where the rich land languished for its created and appointed master.

A chord had been struck in the heart of the young yeoman, the vibrations of which that evening determined thenceforward the course of his existence—and of hers.

Strong and true of heart, they agreed to cast together their lot upon the waters, to cross the broad ocean—Providence their guide,—and to become sojourners amid the fertile plains which in England's southern colonies wait but the subduing hand of her adventurous sons to yield forth a return to them and her, ampler and richer than as yet either has learnt to dream of. In him, it was an act of manly and heroic resolution, based upon a felt and constraining sense of duty; in her, it was an answering impulse of pure and true affection, yielding not unwillingly to the same conviction. An anxious and lengthened interview with the Rector had resolved the only doubt that hung upon Philip's mind—his widowed mother! Should he leave her? She had other sons able and willing to supply his place. The Rector promised to see and prepare and strengthen her for the trial; and bade him obey and act upon his present impulse, if after the reflection of a night he felt prepared to abide by it. Marian had no ties, save those of friendship, to sever. Kindred she had now none. It was, however, a severer trial than she had led herself to hope it would be, when, for the last time, they visited together on the eve of their departure the spots which had been the scenes of her happiest hours. The thought of the long long voyage to be undertaken once and for ever, caused a chill at her gentle breast; but the feeling though sad was evanescent—it was overcome—and the farewell visit was made!

The day at last came; attended by the Rector and "troops of friends," they took their departure; bade farewell to Eversley, set foot upon the waters, and, "with the world before them," rich in their own affections, and a heavenward trust, and not unprovided with the requirements for their future life, were among the foremost of that manly and intrepid band who have ventured forth, carrying their country's name and spreading her language and her laws into the far regions of the South, thus "lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes" of the greatness and the power and the empire of England's Queen.

Five short years elapsed when, on just such another evening as that on which they had set out—it was, in fact, the anniversary of the very day—the Rector, seated on a tombstone in the same churchyard, after the Evening Service, read aloud to his eager and attentive flock assembled there, tidings which Philip had written home to him, so full of joy and thankfulness and well-doing, so eloquent of health and happiness, so descriptive of comfort and of the broad luxuriant field of enterprise and honest industry by which he was surrounded, that, ere another moon, the vessel that bore back the good Rector's blessing in the shape of an affectionate reply, took from the same village no less than seven families, of young and old,—the hale, the hearty,—the mother with the babe at her breast,—the widow and widower, who, each and all, full of heart and hope and heavenward trust, went forth,—nor went in vain,—to join, and to partake the fortunes of, "The Emigrants."

W. H. B.

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SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

No. 1.—THE RESOLVE.

Song.—" THEY STOOD IN THE MOONLIGHT."

No. 2.—THE FAREWELL.

Ballad.—" SWEET VALE, SWEET VALE, HOW SADLY SWELLS!"

No. 3.—THE VOYAGE.

Duet.—" AWAY, AWAY, THE GOOD SHIP FLIES."

No. 4.—THE LANDING.

Song.—" HURRAH! THE WIDE WORLD'S BEFORE US."

No. 5.—THE HOMELAND.

Ballad.—" A SUMMER'S SUN IS SETTING."

No. 6.—THE HOME PRAYER.

Trio.—" OH! THOU, BY WHOM ALONE."

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SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

No. 1.

No. I. THE RESOLVE.

WRITTEN BY W. H. BELLAMY. COMPOSED BY C. W. GLOVER

PUBLISHED BY
ROBT. ADDISON & Co.
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REGENT STREET

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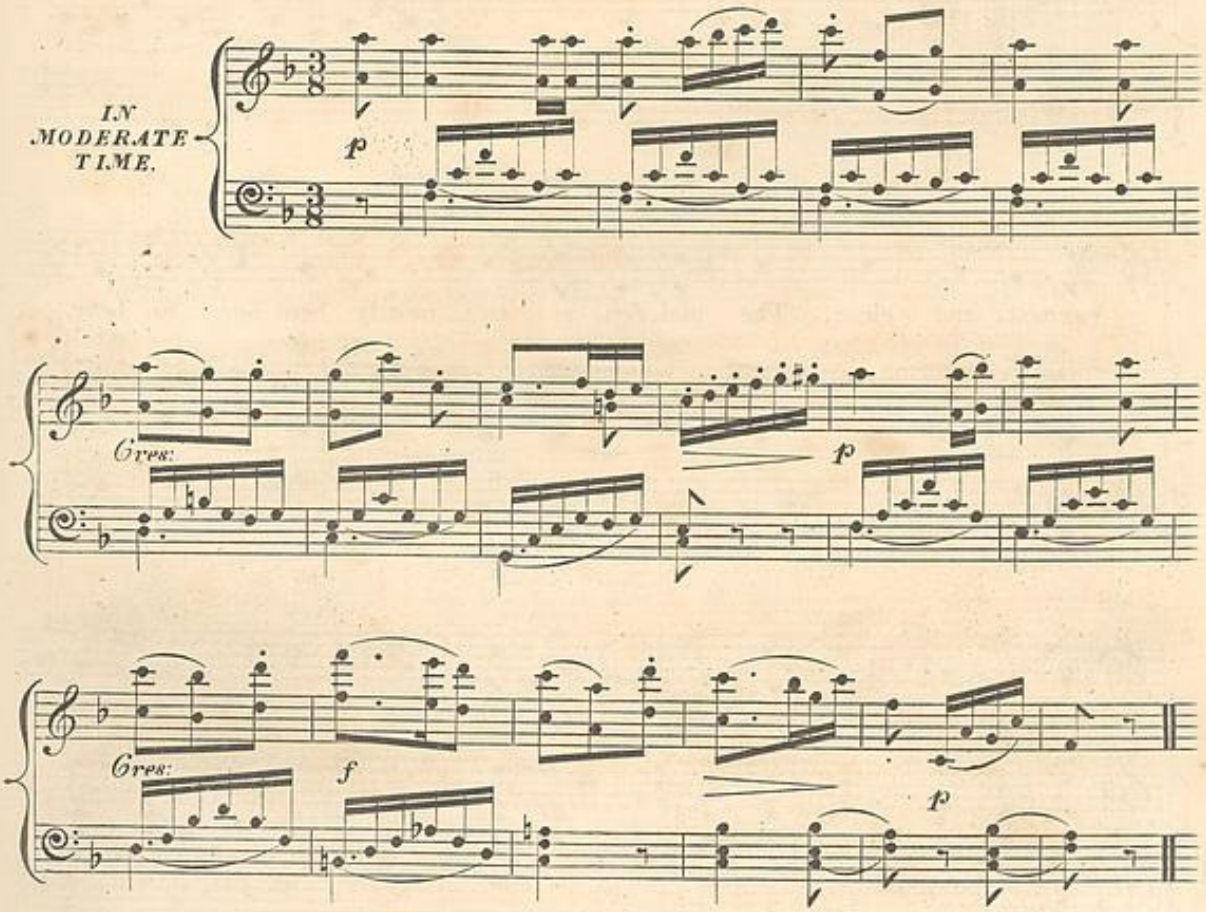
SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

Nº 1.

THE RESOLVE.

The Words by W. H. Bellamy, Esq.r *The Music by Chas. W. Glover.*



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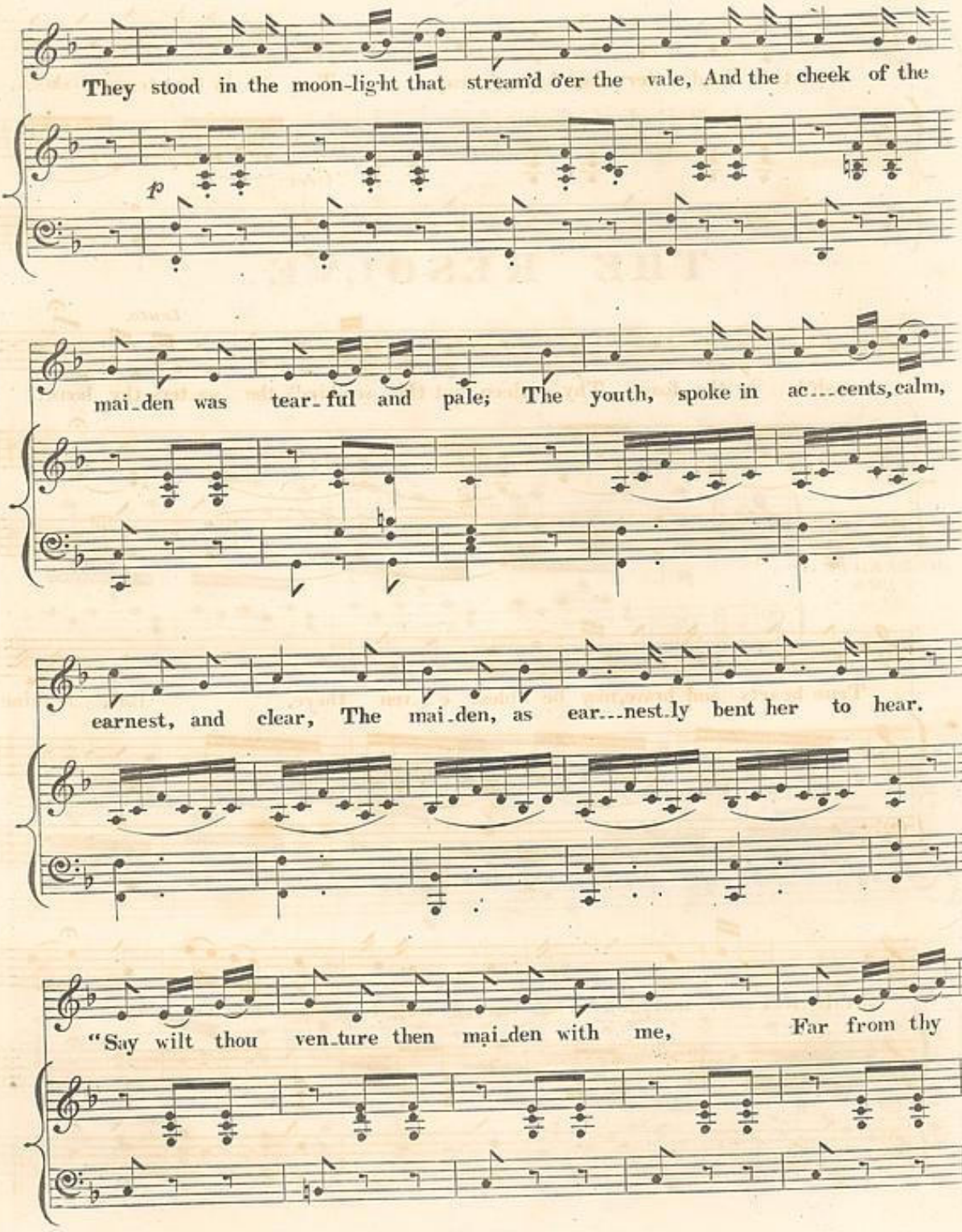

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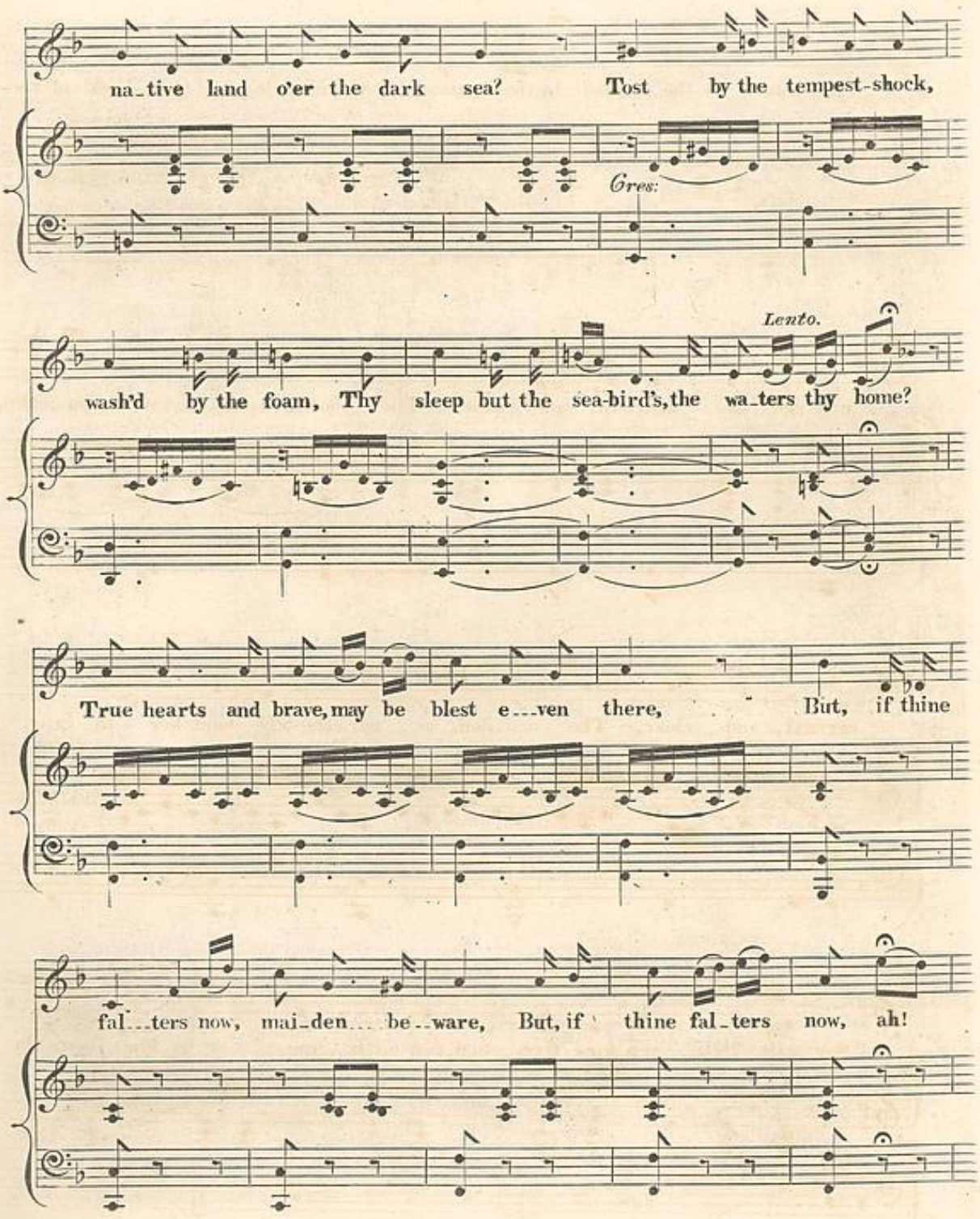
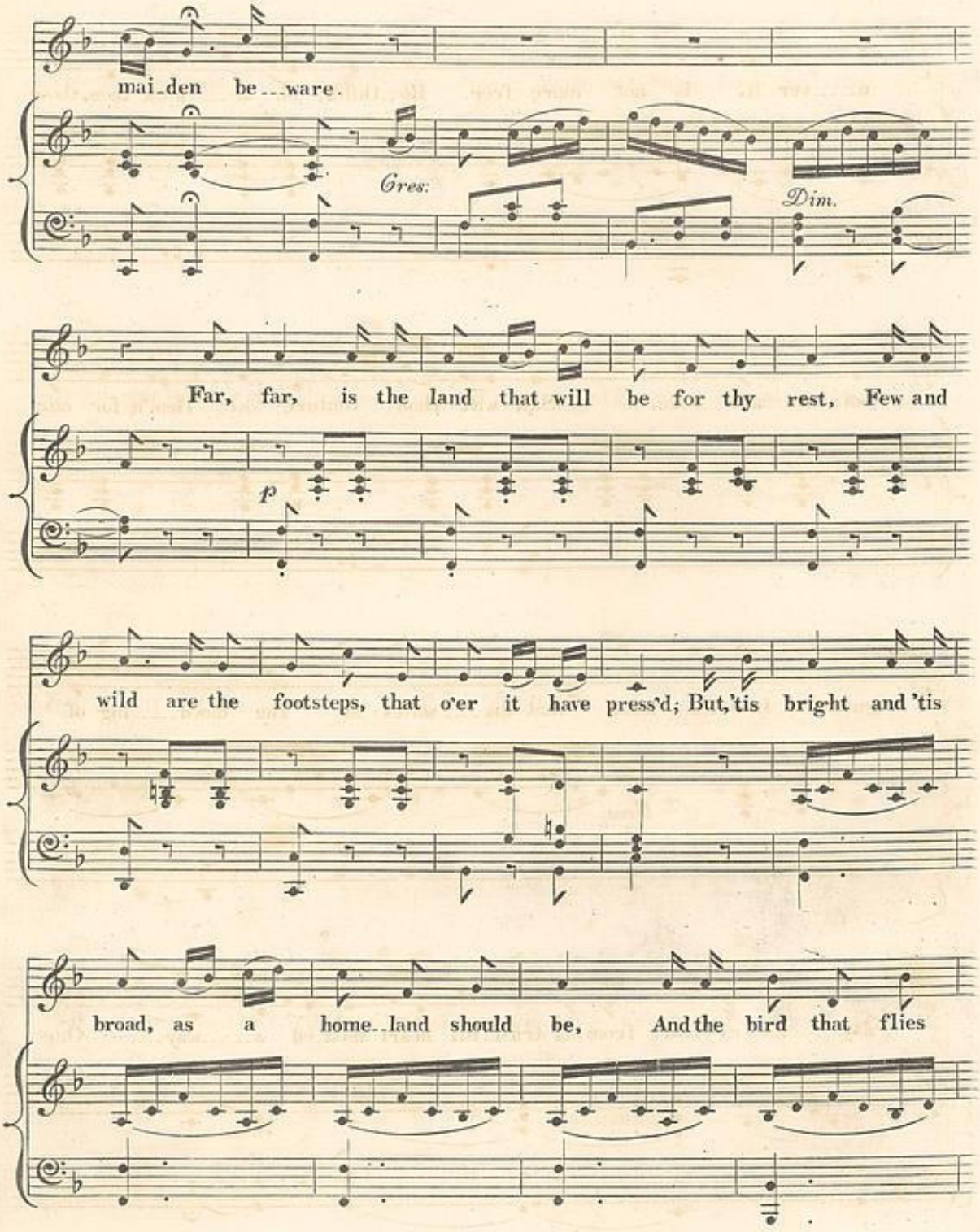

na_tive land o'er the dark sea? Tost by the tempest-shock,
Cres:
Lento.
wash'd by the foam, Thy sleep but the sea-bird's, the wa_ters thy home?
True hearts and brave, may be blest e...ven there, But, if thine
fal...ters now, mai_den... be..ware, But, if thine fal_ters now, ah!



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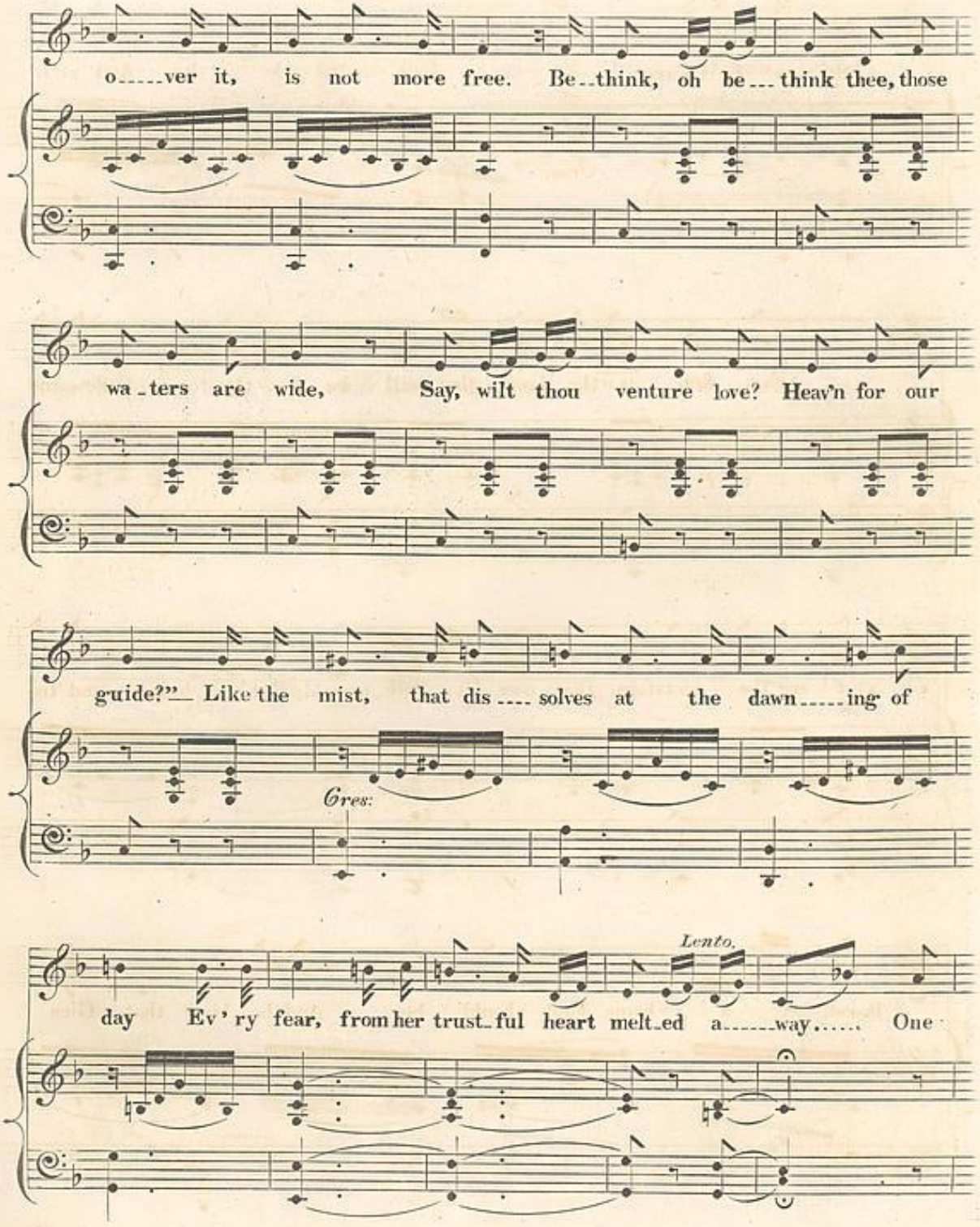

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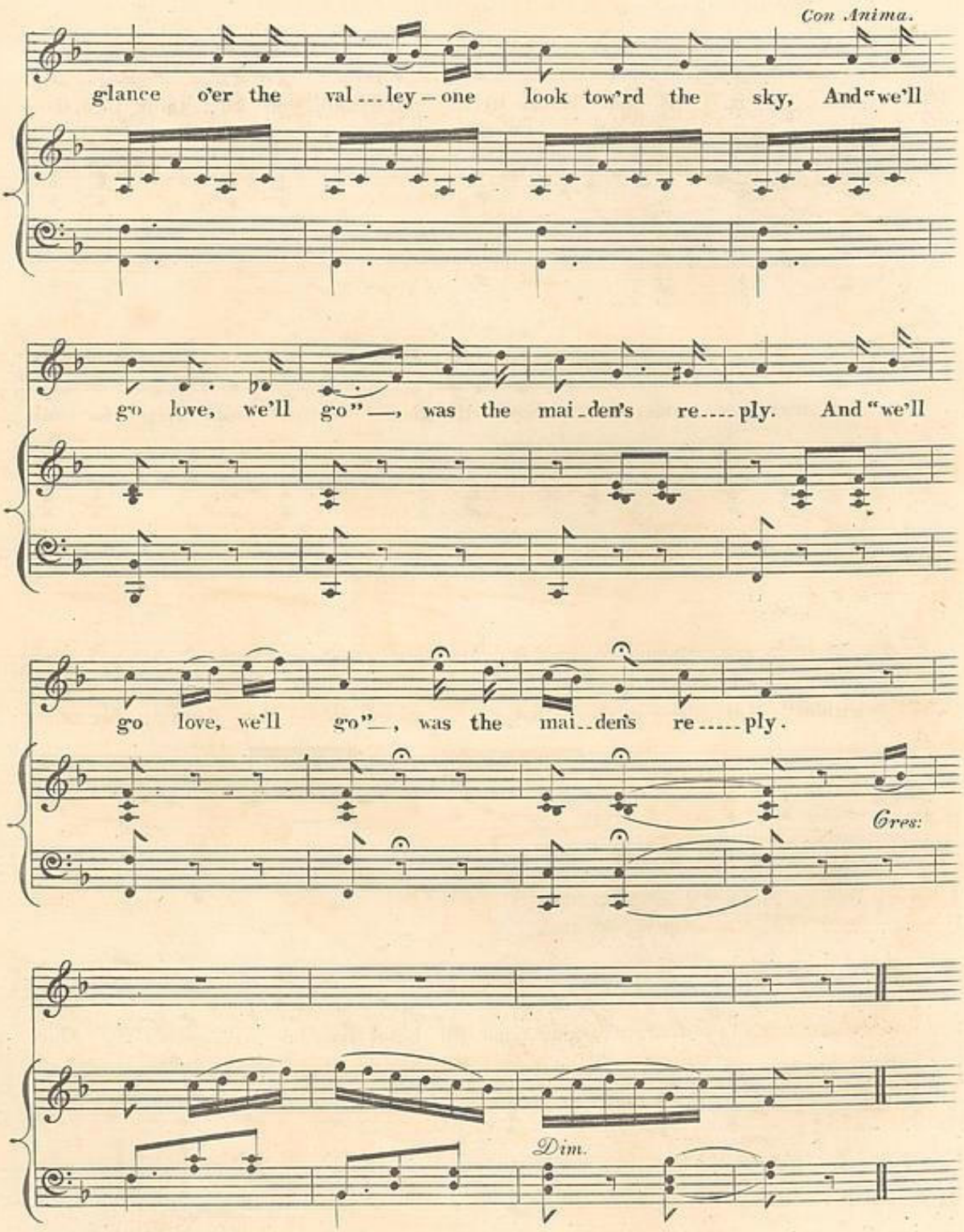

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SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

No. 2.

THE FAREWELL.

The Words by W. H. Bellamy, Esq.r *The Music by Chas. W. Glover.*

ANDANTINO CON MOTO.

p

Dim:

f

Sweet vale, sweet vale! how

sad . . . ly swells Yon chimes' soft mu . . . . . sic through thy dells! Their

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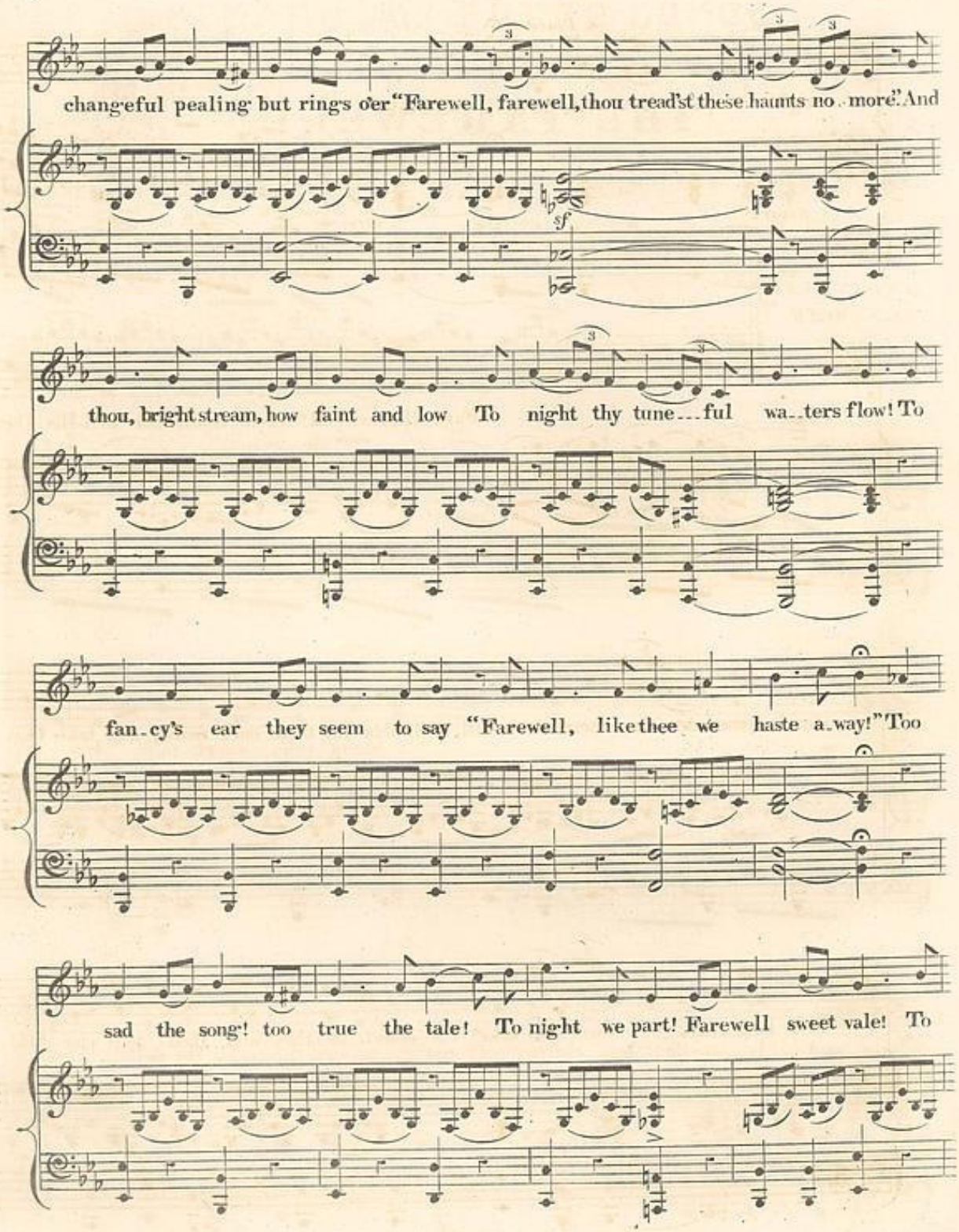

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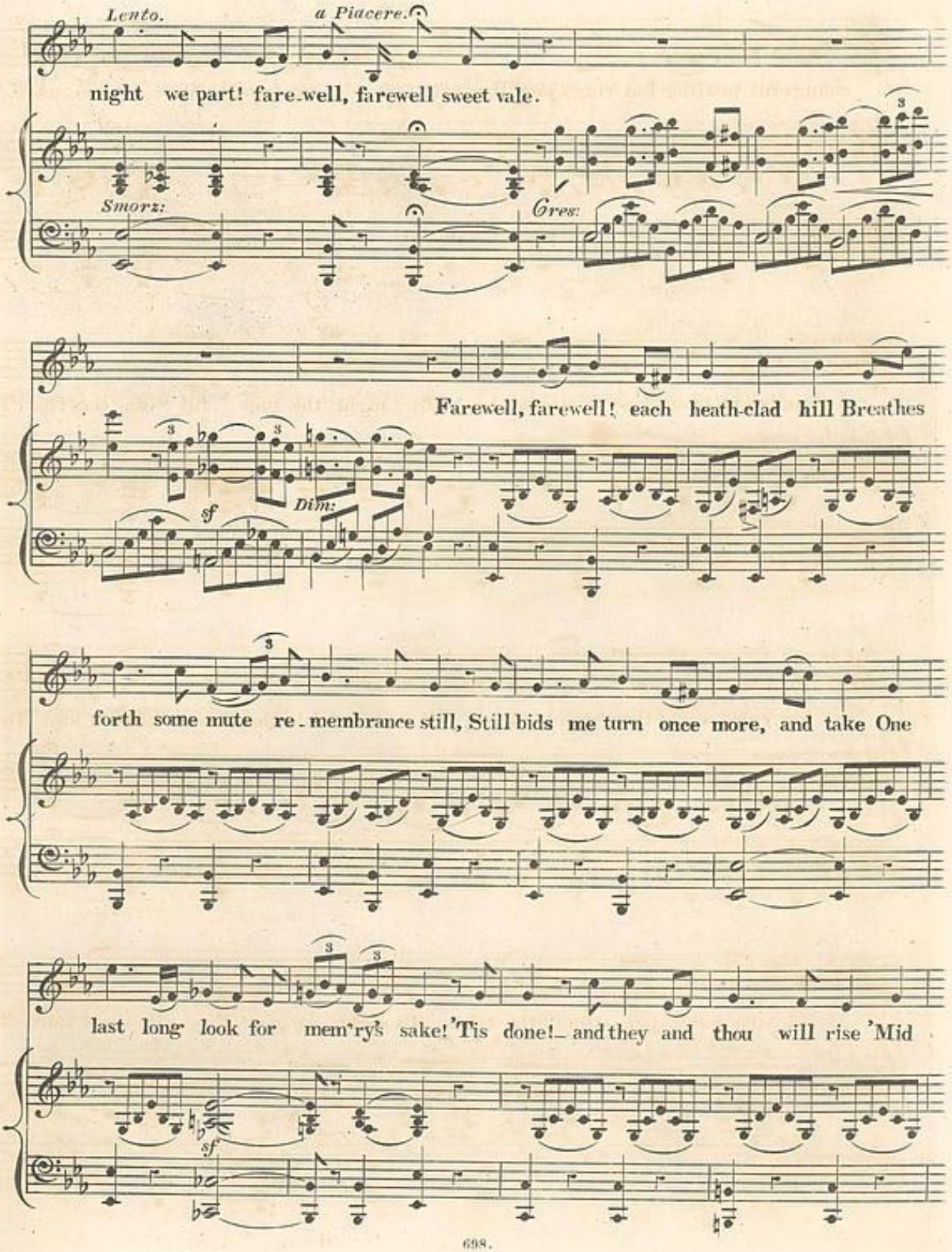

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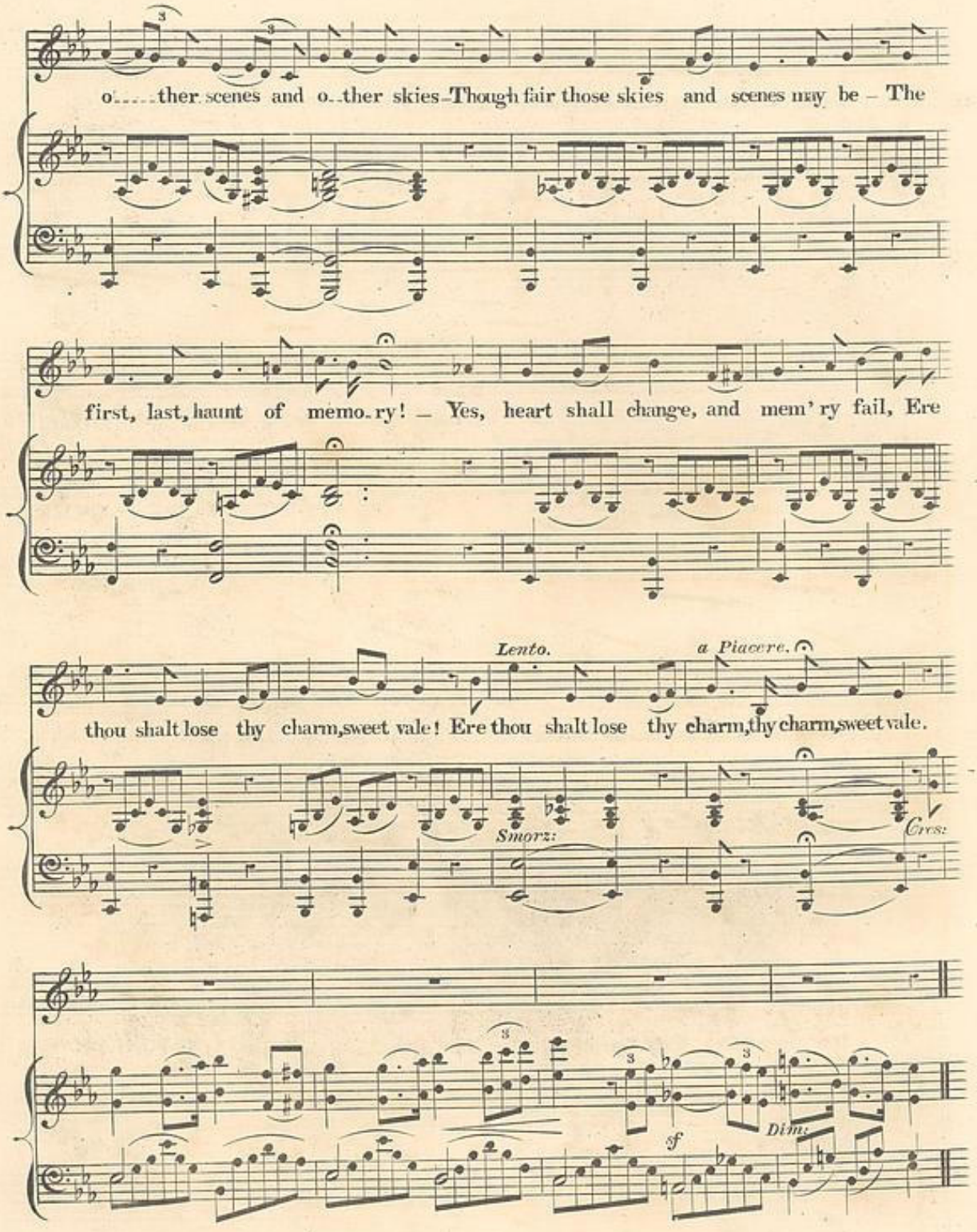

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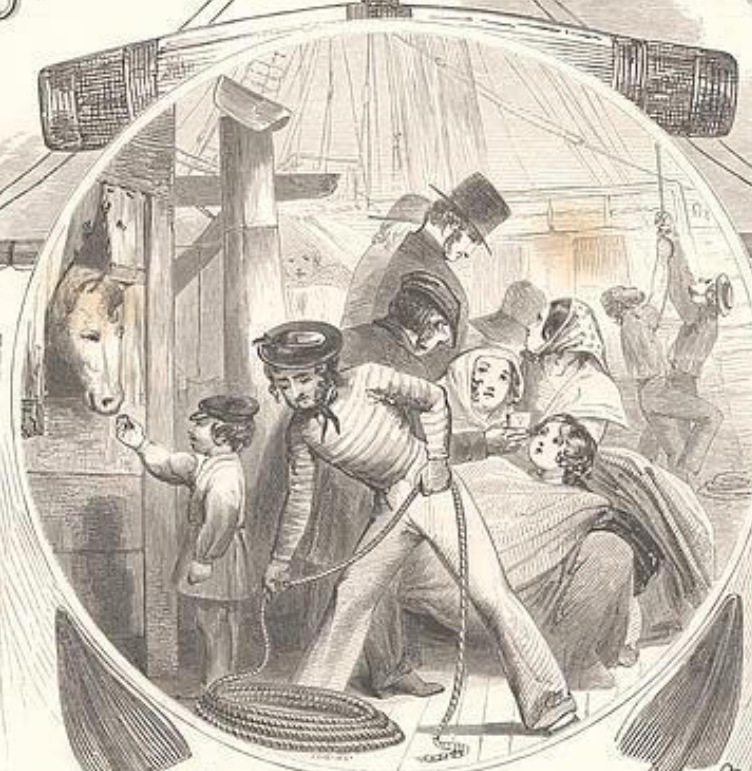
SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

No. 3.



No III. THE VOYAGE.

WRITTEN BY W. H. BELLAMY. COMPOSED BY C. W. GLOVER

PUBLISHED BY
ROBT. ADDISON & Co.
240
REGENT STREET

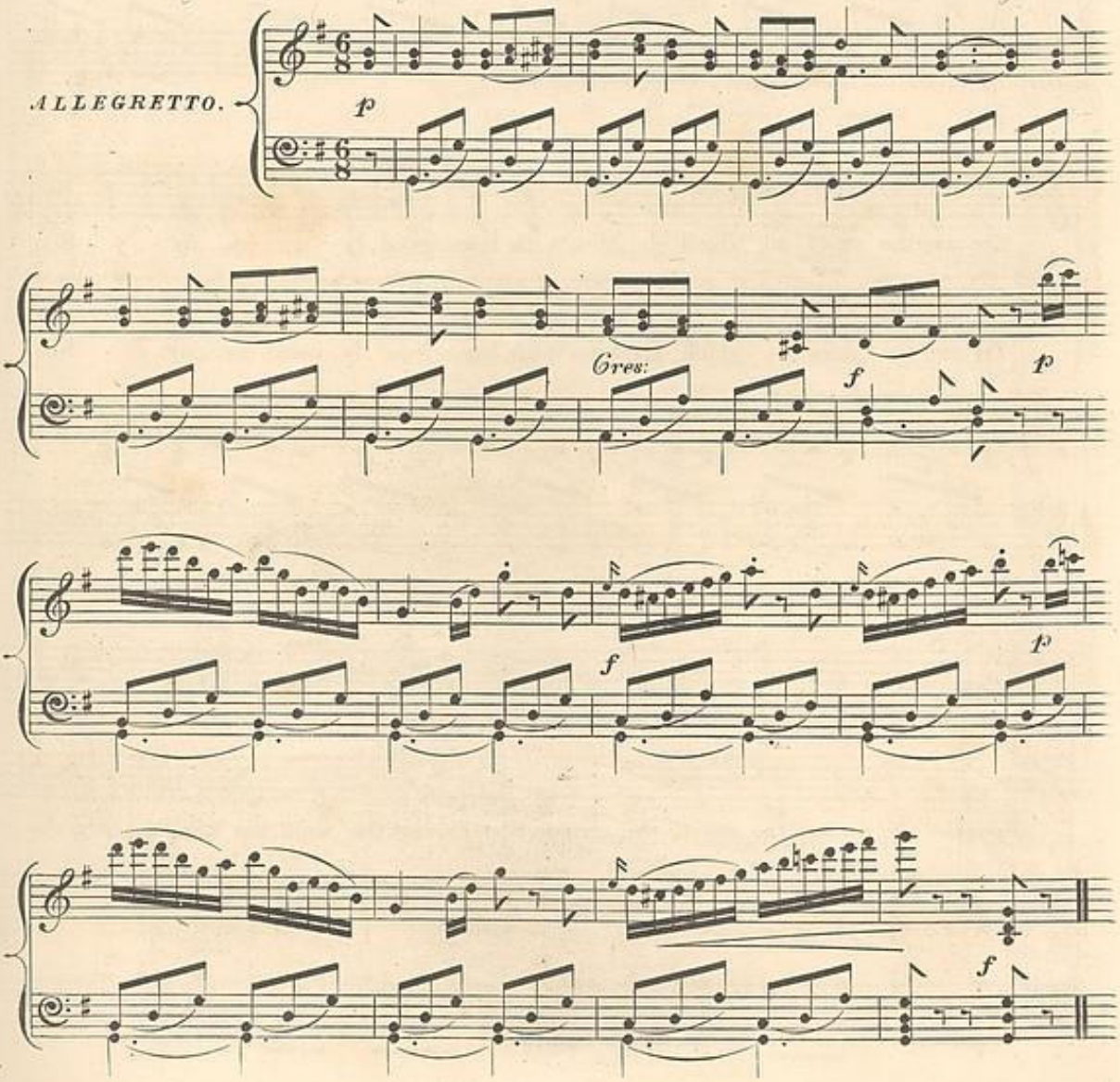
National Library of Australia nla.mus-an3064962-s17-e

SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

No. 3.

THE VOYAGE.

The Words by W. H. Bellamy, Esq. *The Music by Chas. W. Glover.*



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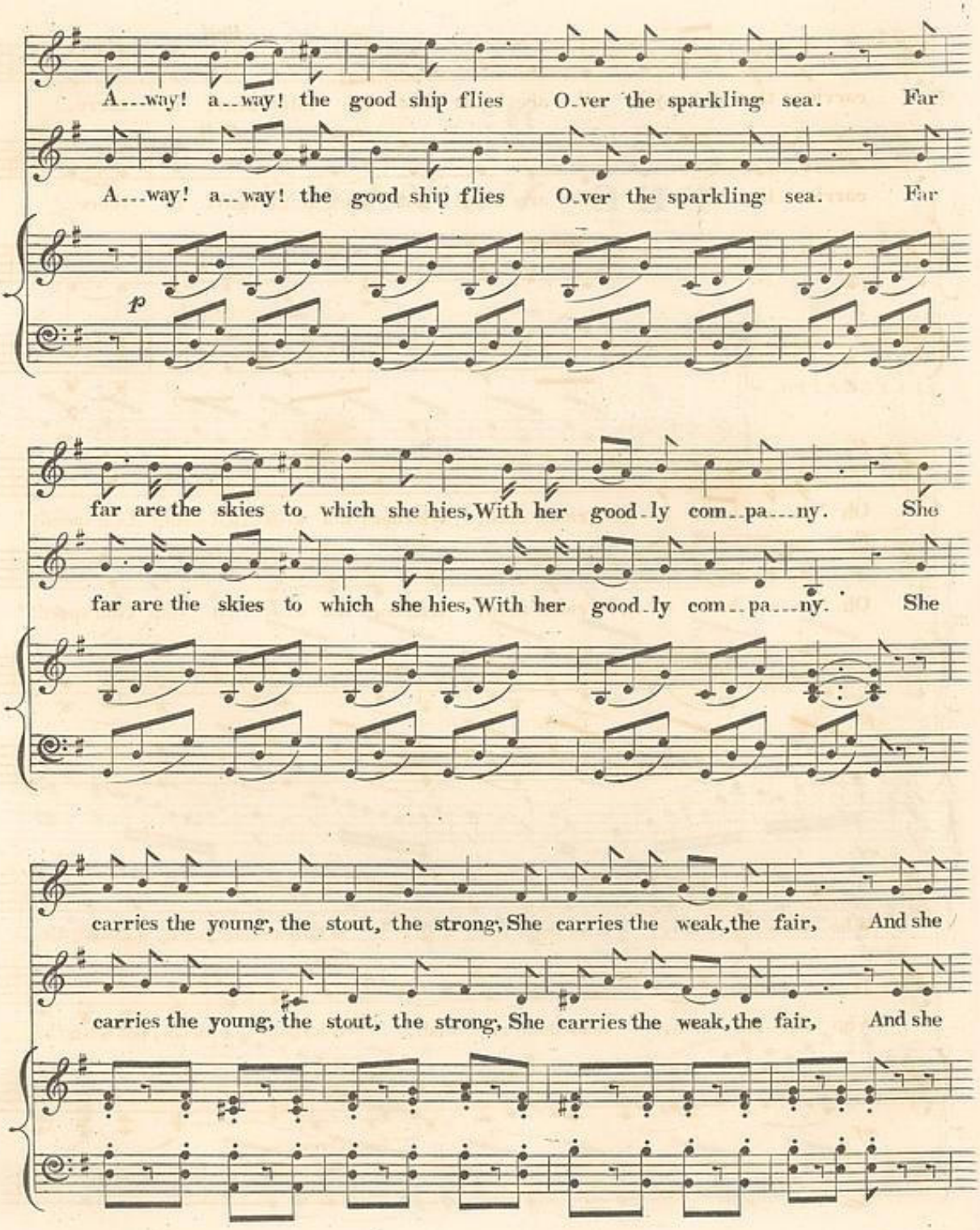

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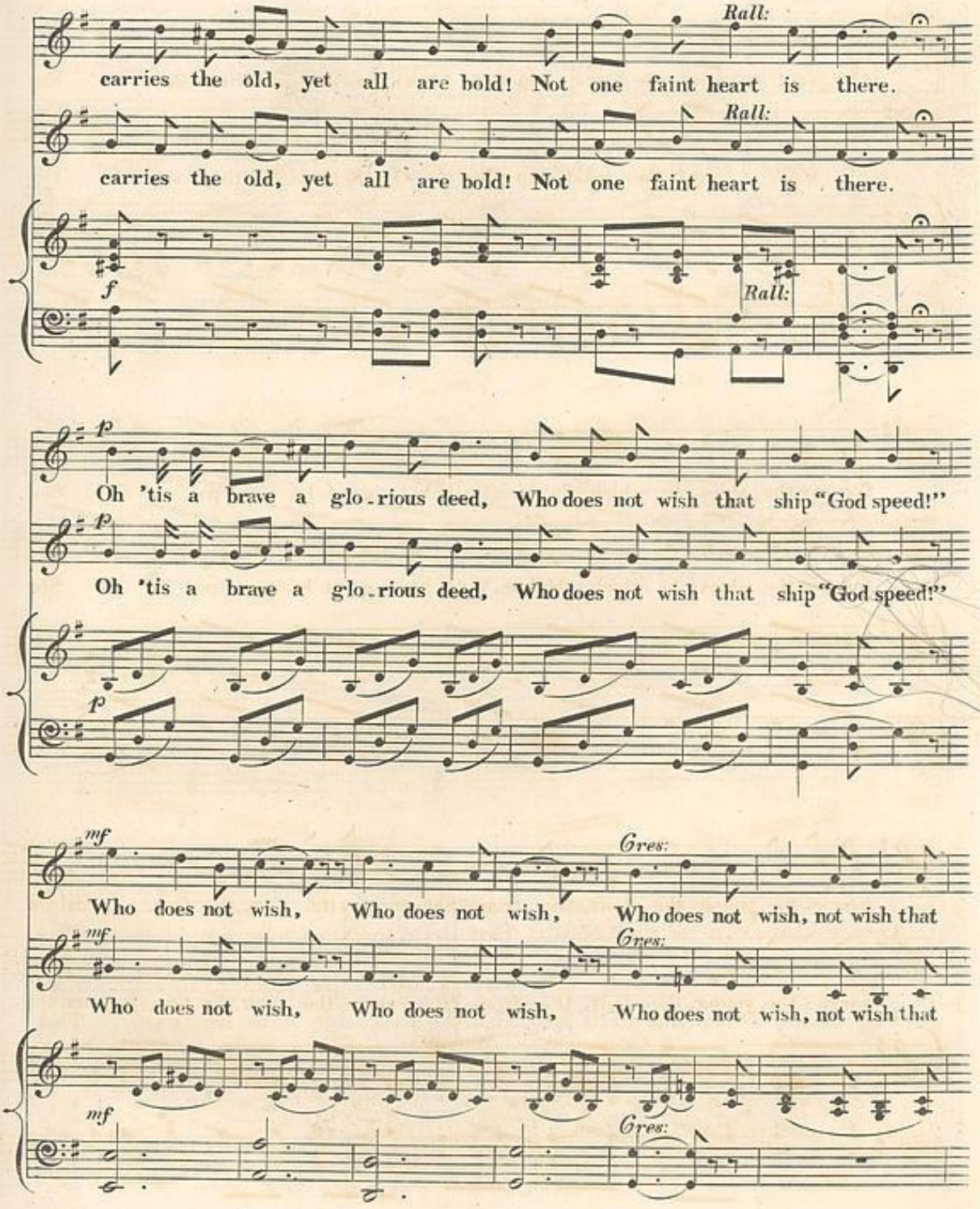
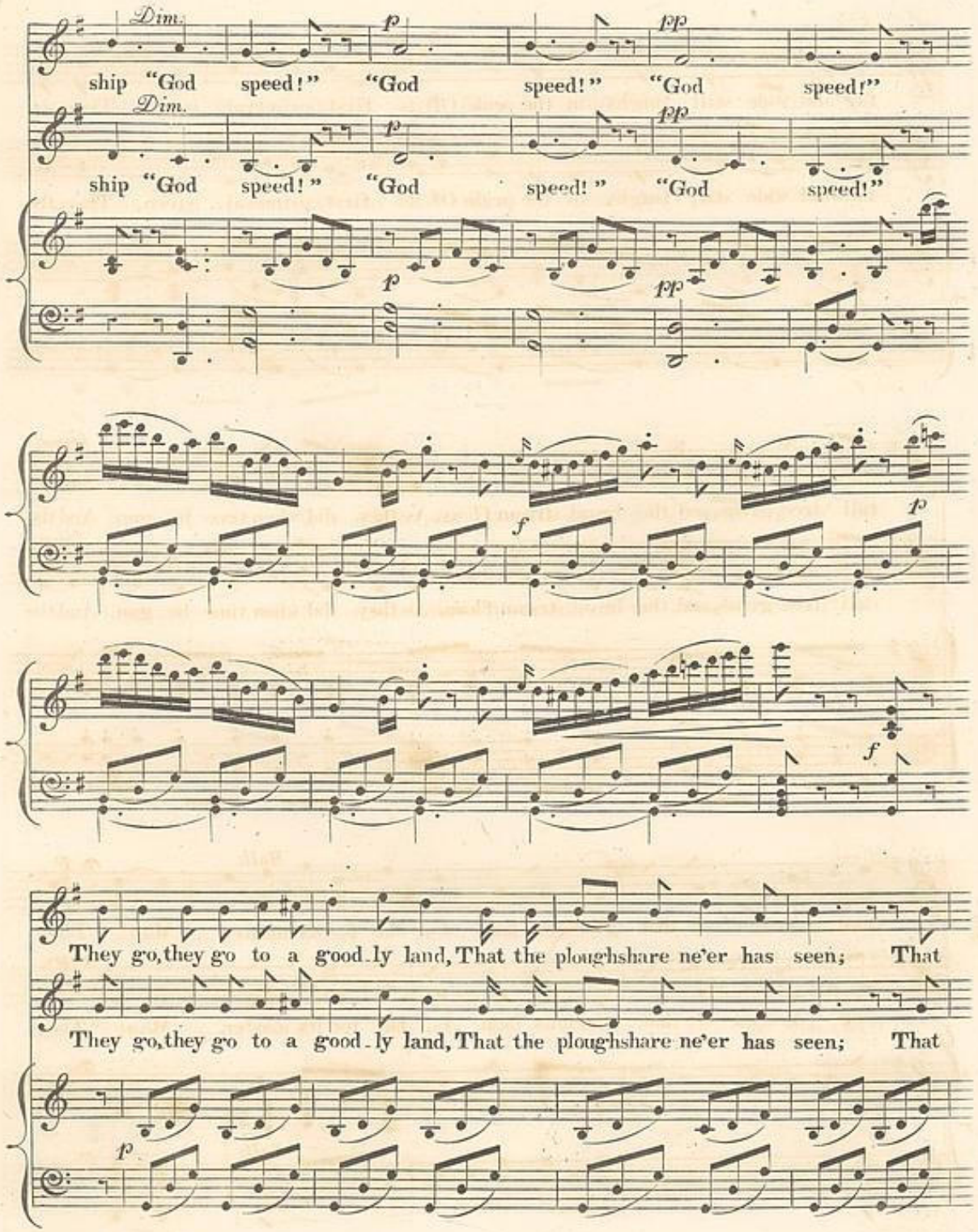

Rall:
carries the old, yet all are bold! Not one faint heart is there.
Rall:
carries the old, yet all are bold! Not one faint heart is there.
f
Rall:
p
Oh 'tis a brave a glo-rious deed, Who does not wish that ship "God speed!"
p
Oh 'tis a brave a glo-rious deed, Who does not wish that ship "God speed!"
p
mf
Gres:
Who does not wish, Who does not wish, Who does not wish, not wish that
mf
Gres:
Who does not wish, Who does not wish, Who does not wish, not wish that
mf
Gres:



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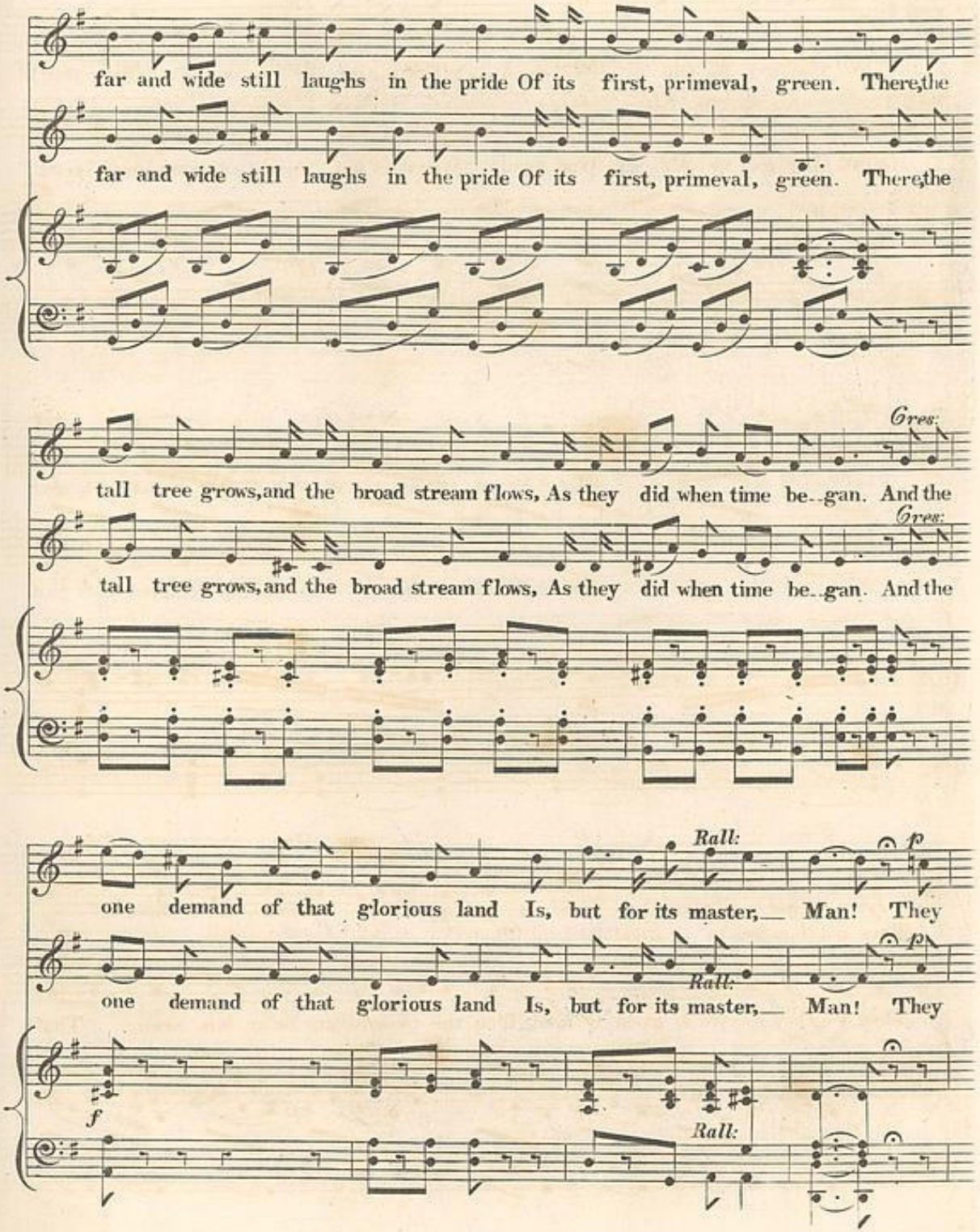

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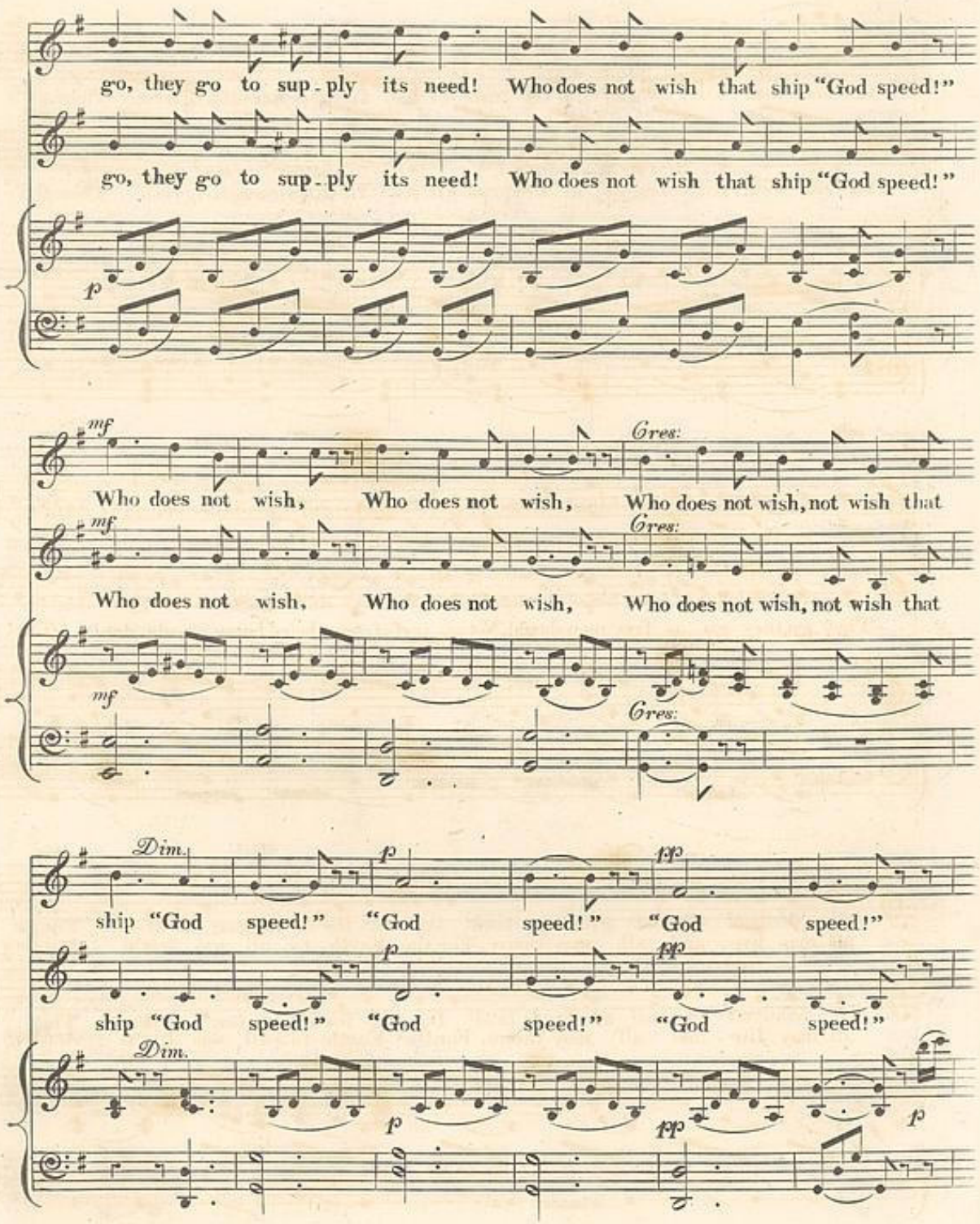
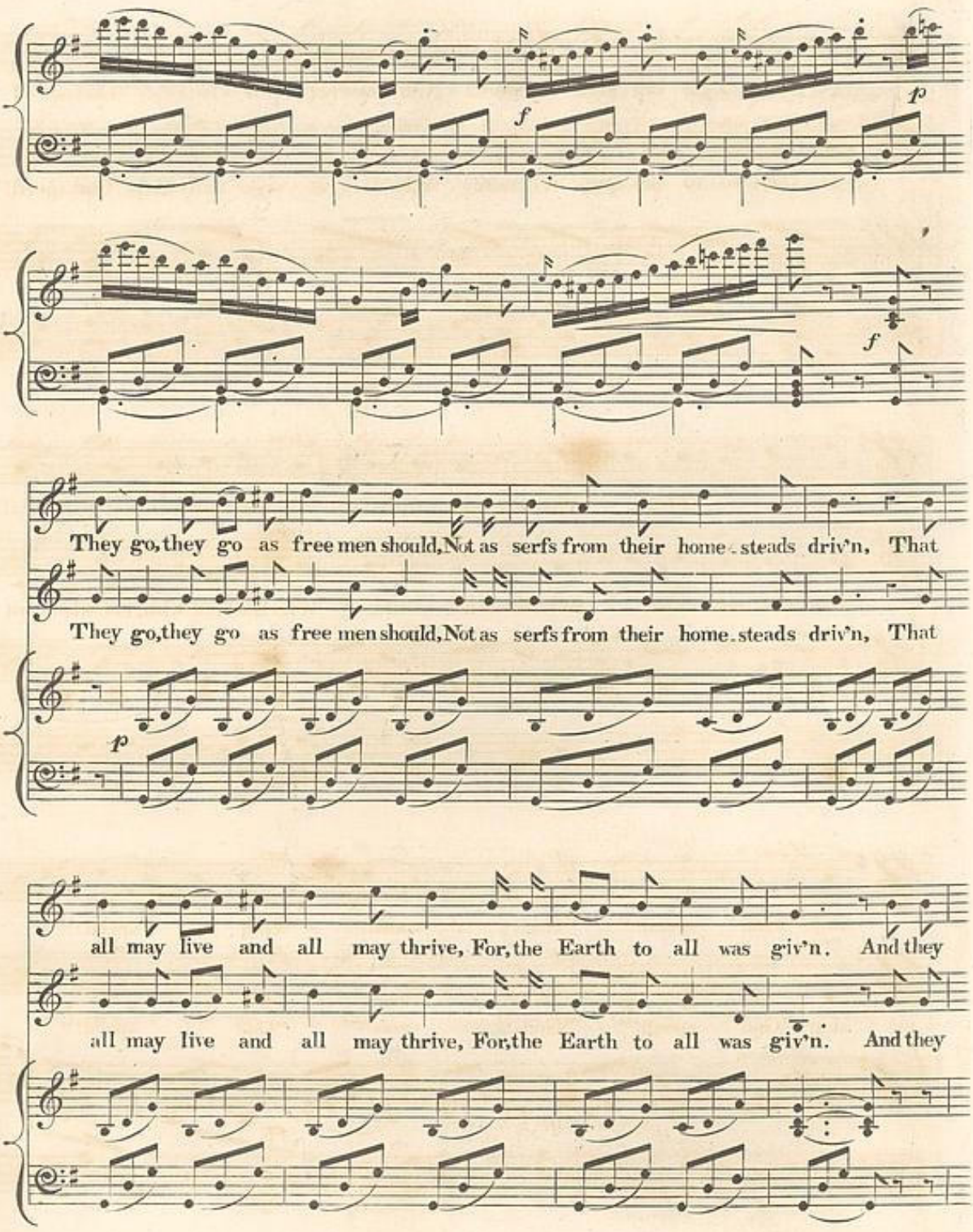

go, they go to sup - ply its need! Who does not wish that ship "God speed!"
go, they go to sup - ply its need! Who does not wish that ship "God speed!"
p
mf
Who does not wish, Who does not wish, Who does not wish, not wish that
Cres:
mf
Who does not wish, Who does not wish, Who does not wish, not wish that
Cres:
mf
Cres:
Dim.
p
pp
ship "God speed!" "God speed!" "God speed!"
p
pp
ship "God speed!" "God speed!" "God speed!"
Dim.
p
pp
p



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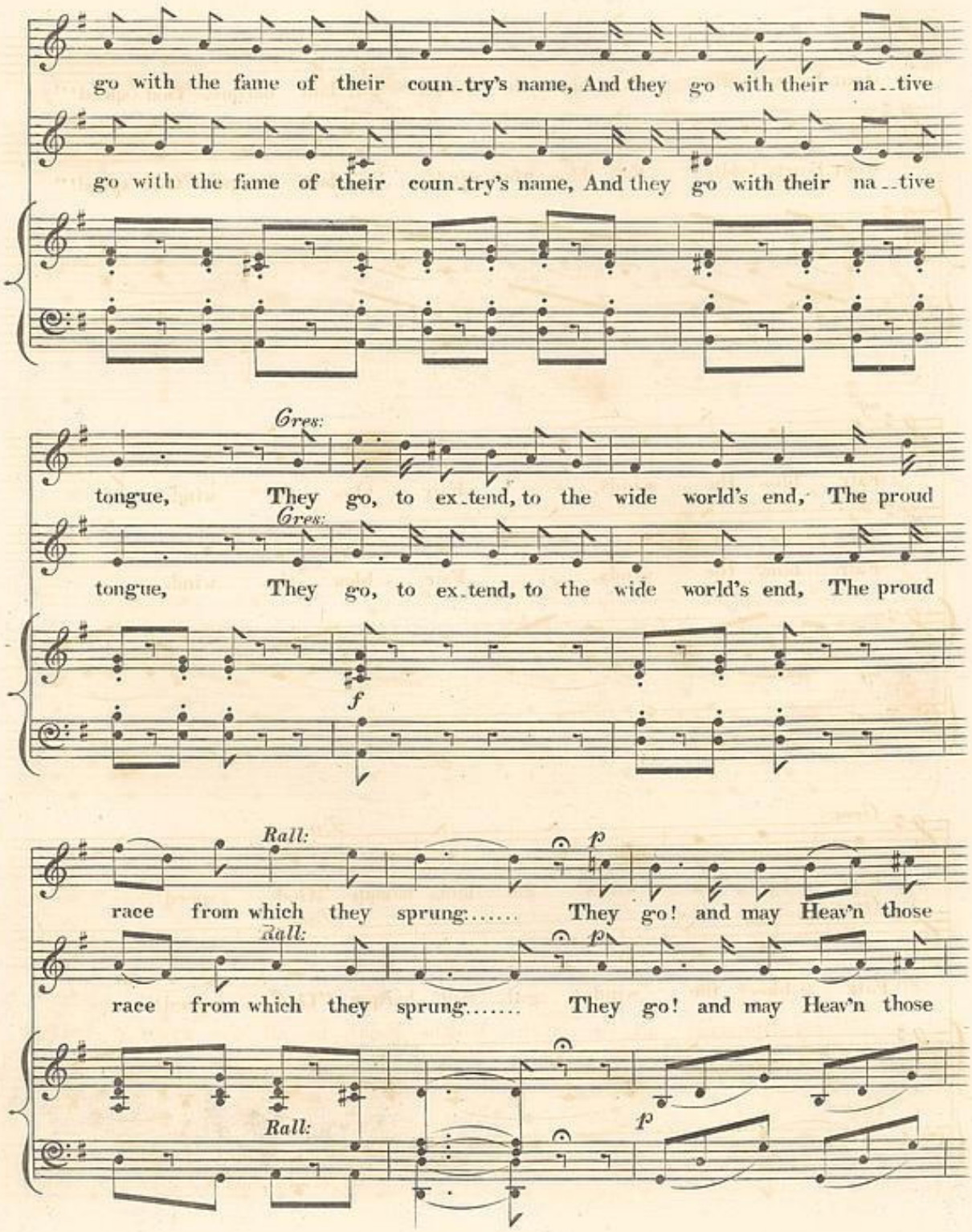

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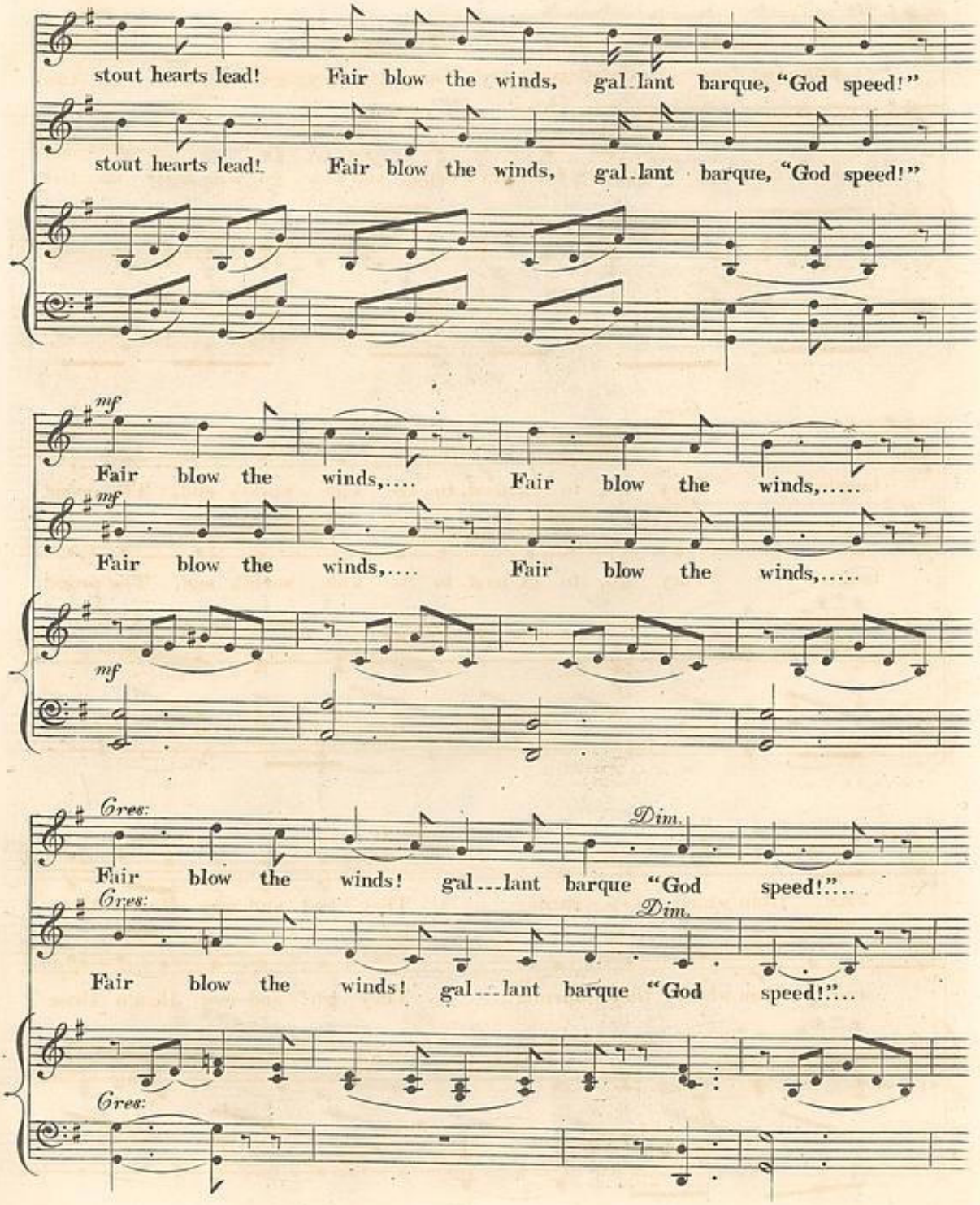
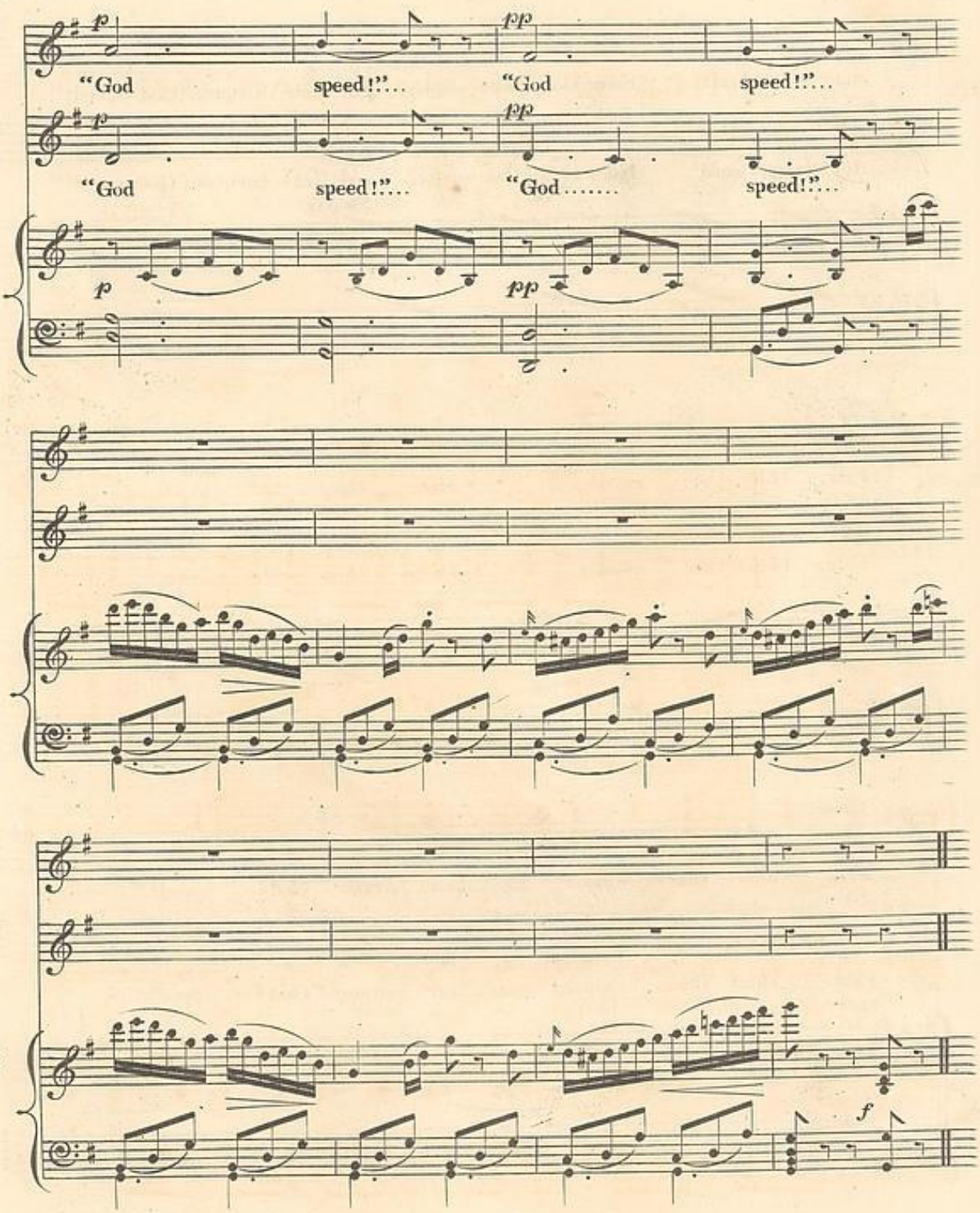

stout hearts lead! Fair blow the winds, gal-lant barque, "God speed!"
stout hearts lead! Fair blow the winds, gal-lant barque, "God speed!"
mf
Fair blow the winds,.... Fair blow the winds,.....
mf
Fair blow the winds,.... Fair blow the winds,.....
mf
Cres:
Dim.
Fair blow the winds! gal---lant barque "God speed!"...
Cres:
Dim.
Fair blow the winds! gal---lant barque "God speed!"...
Cres:



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SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

No. 4.

Nº IV. THE LANDING.

WRITTEN BY W. H. BELLAMY. COMPOSED BY C. W. GLOVER.

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REGENT STREET

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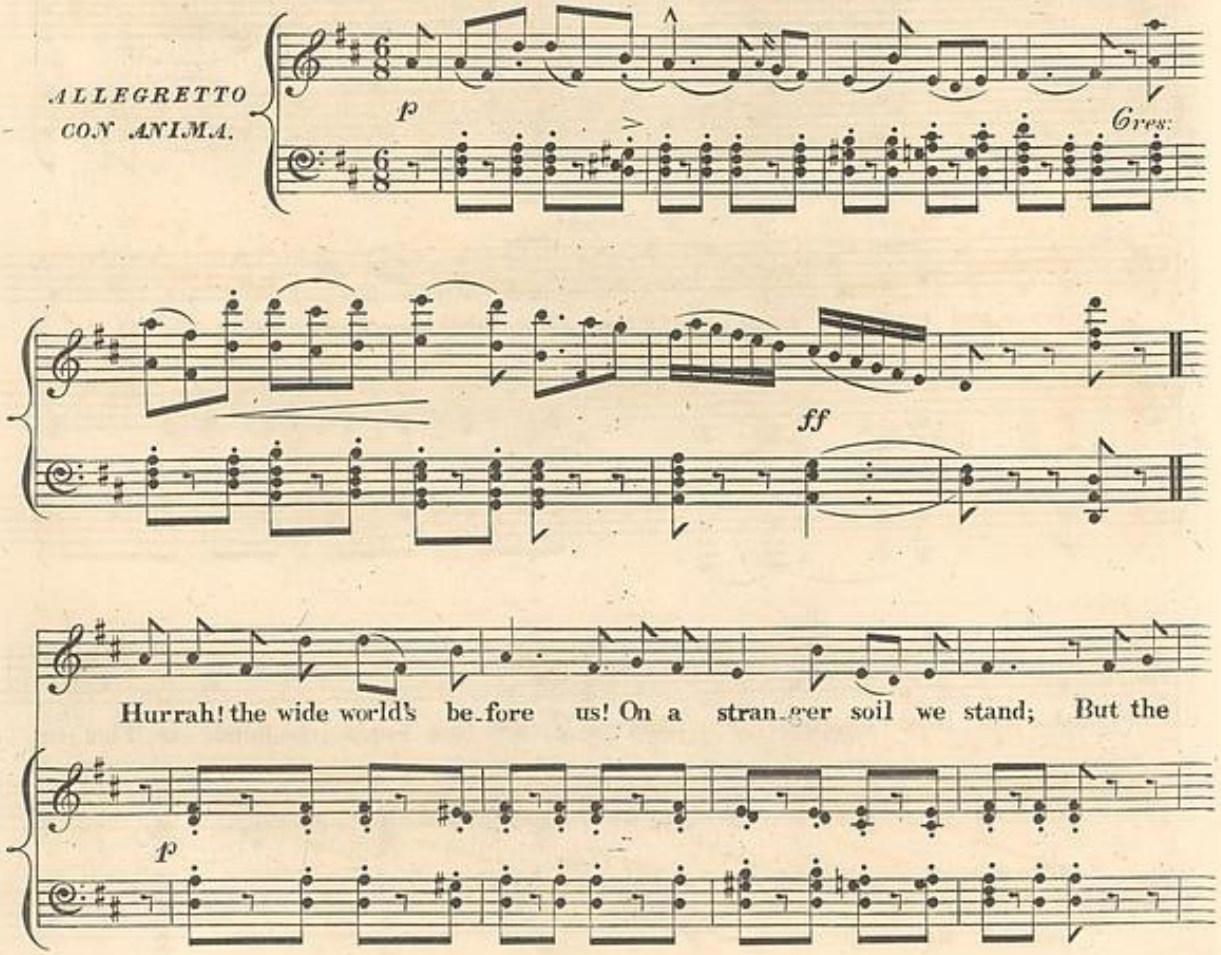
SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

No. 4.

THE LANDING.

The Words by W. H. Bellamy, Esq^r. *The Music by Cha^s W. Glover.*



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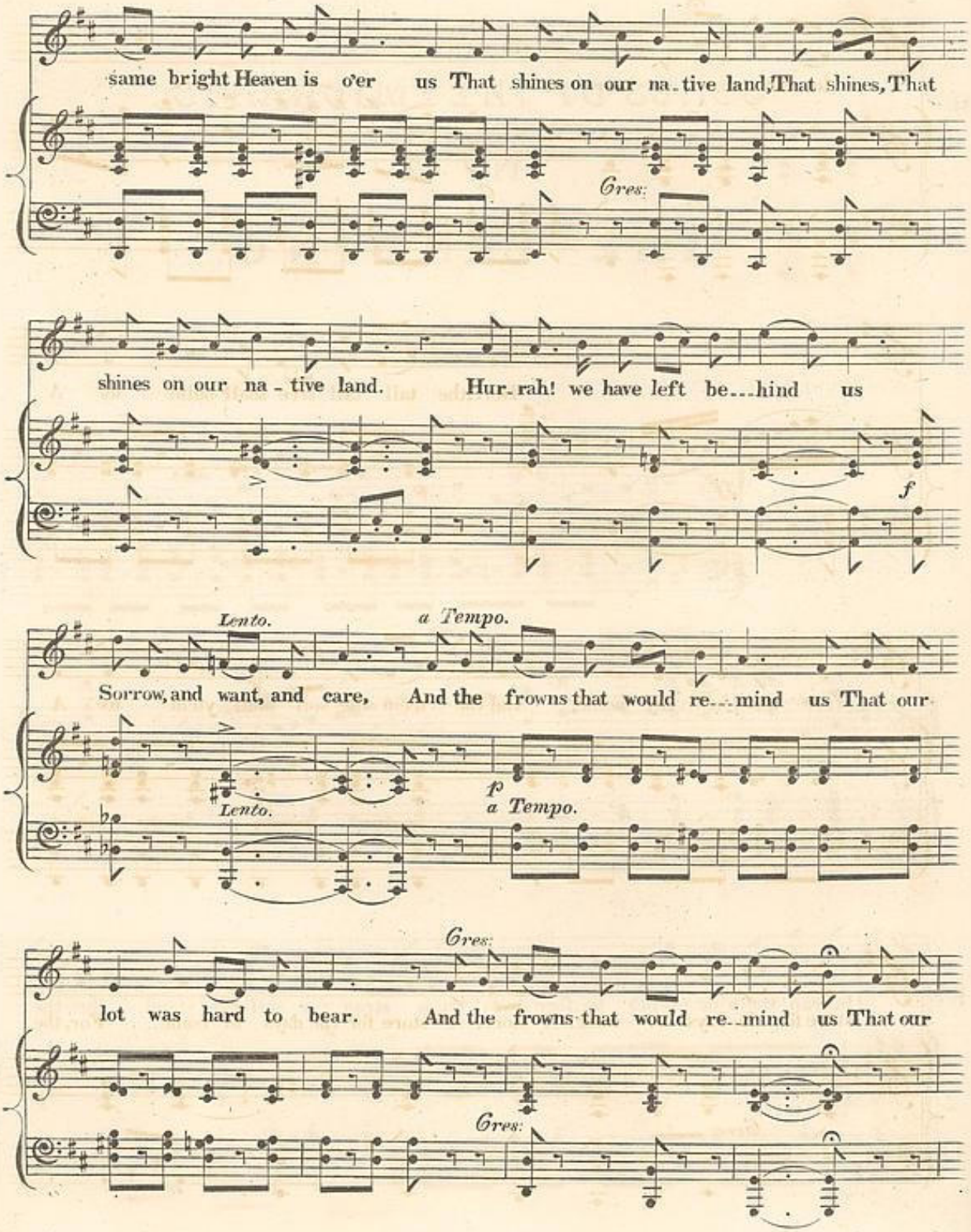

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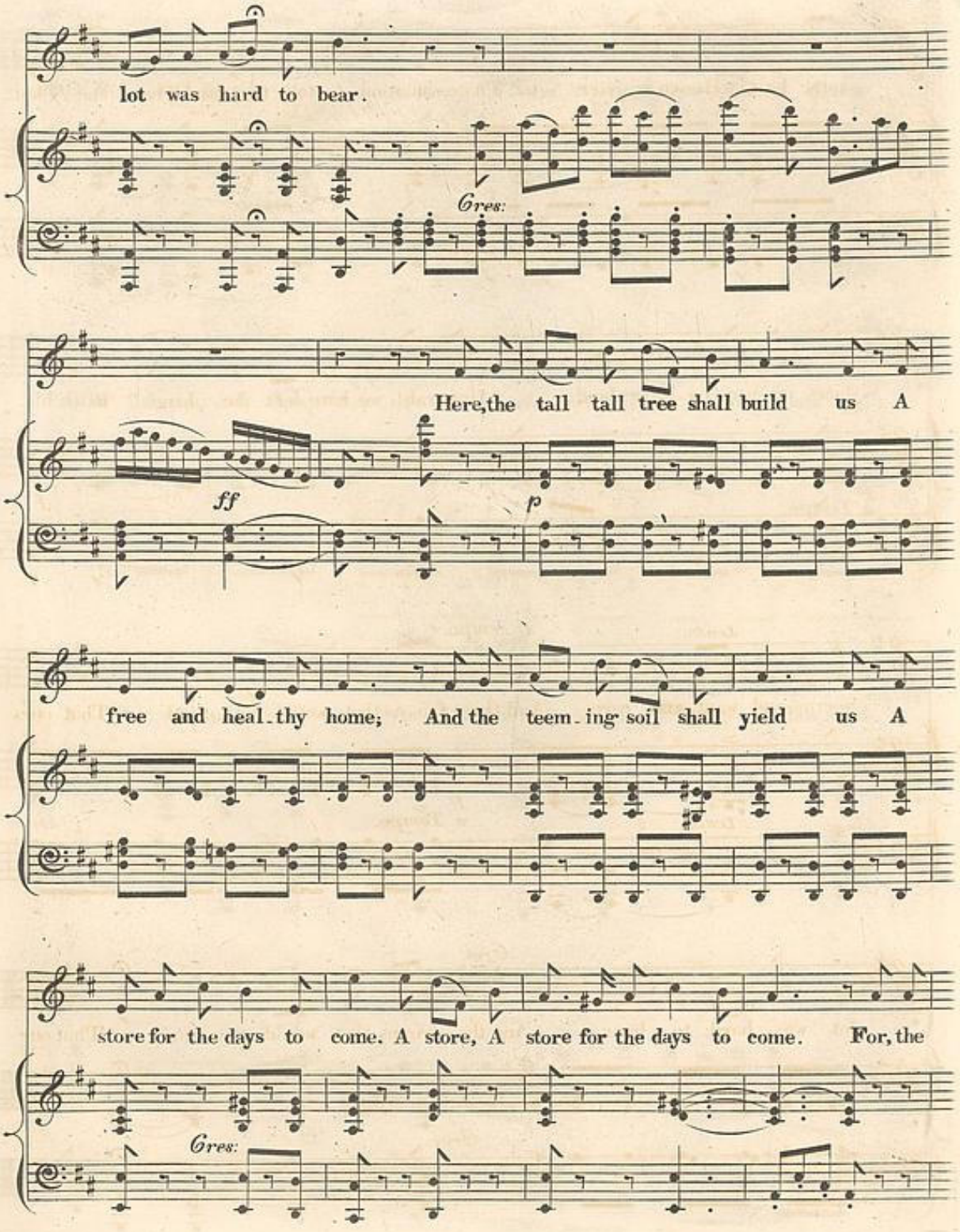

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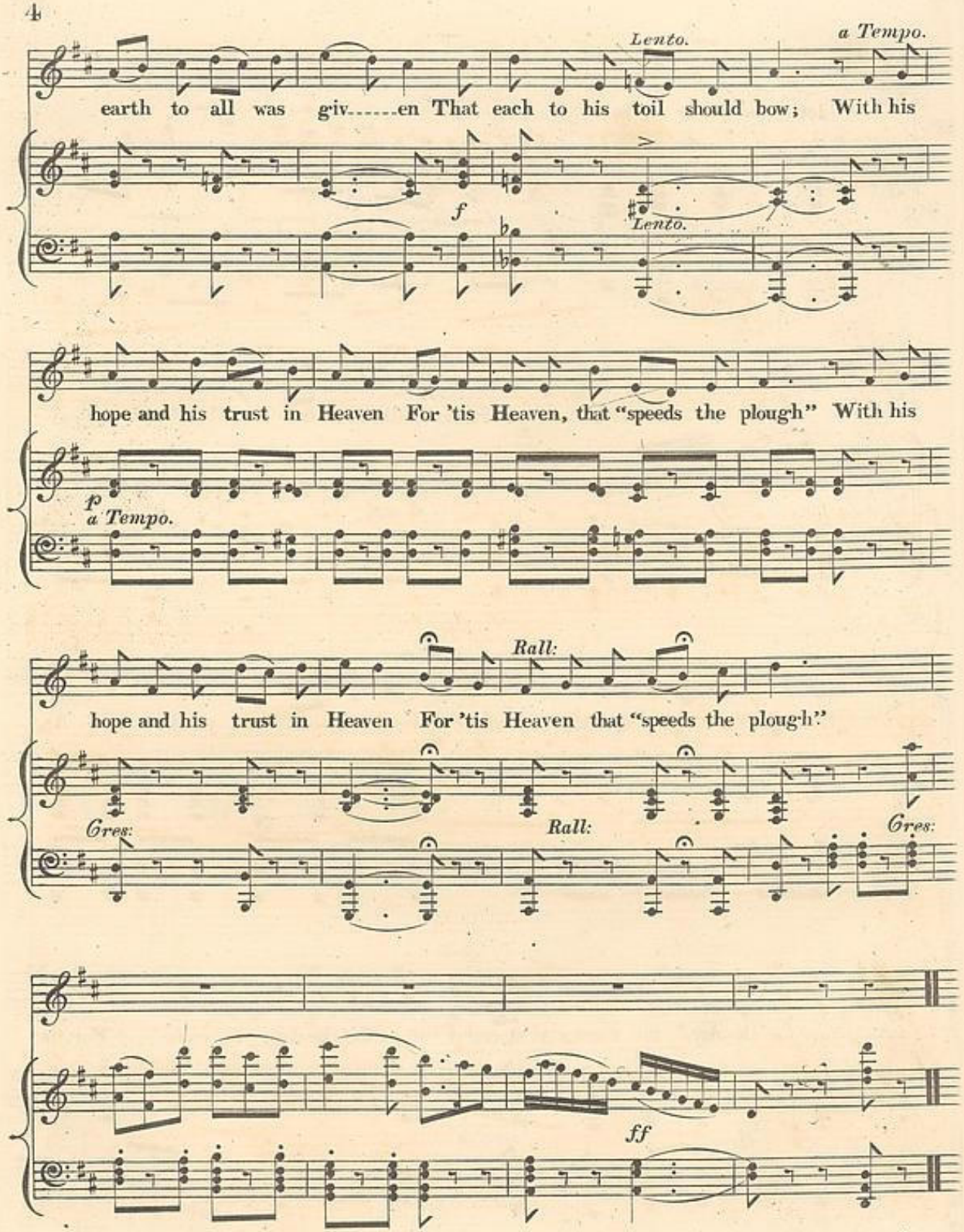

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SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

No. 5.

Nº V. THE HOMELAND.

WRITTEN BY W. H. BELLAMY. COMPOSED BY C. W. GLOVER

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REGENT STREET

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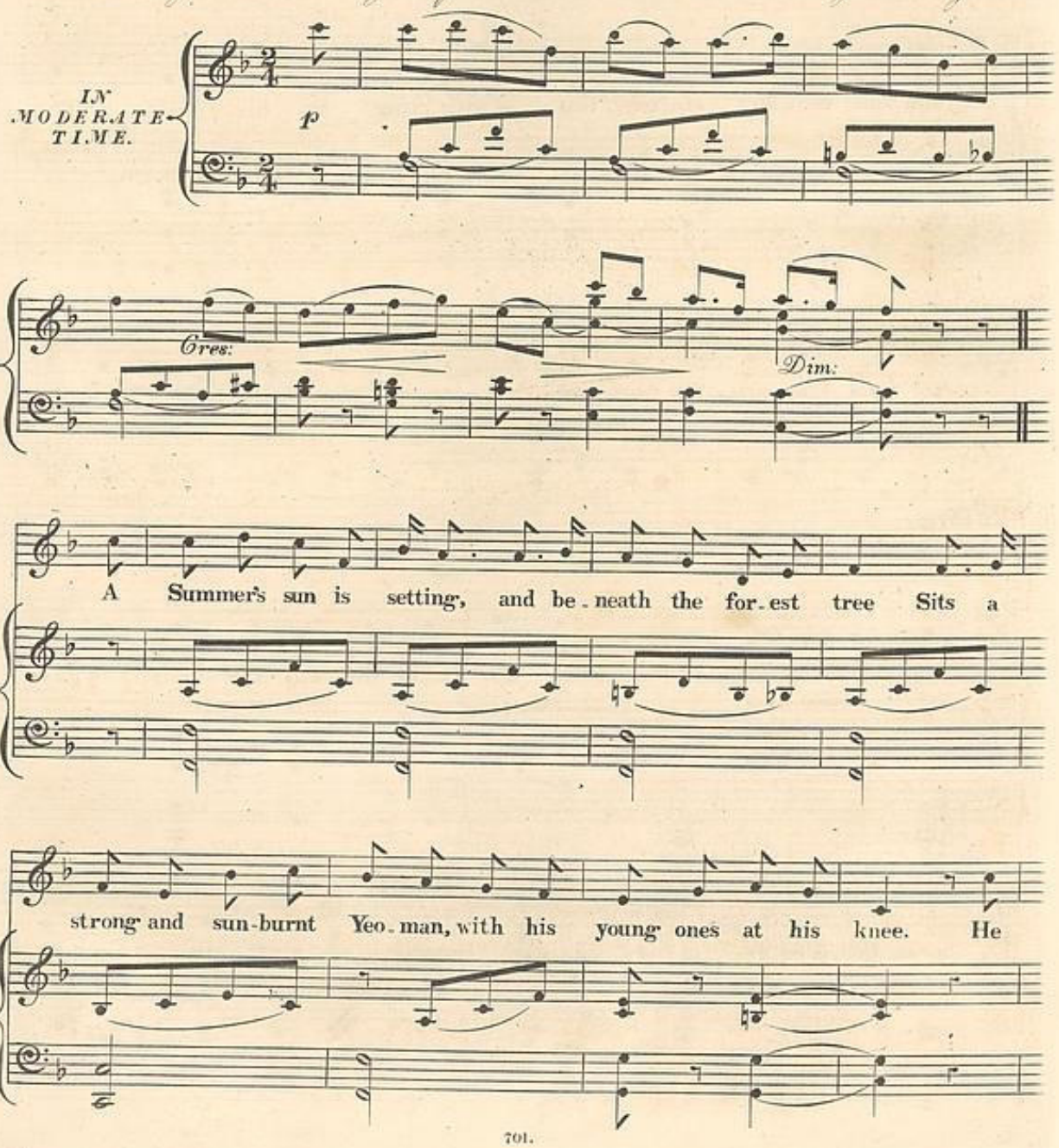
SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

No. 5.

THE HOMELAND.

The Words by W. H. Bellamy, Esq.r *The Music by Chas. W. Glover.*



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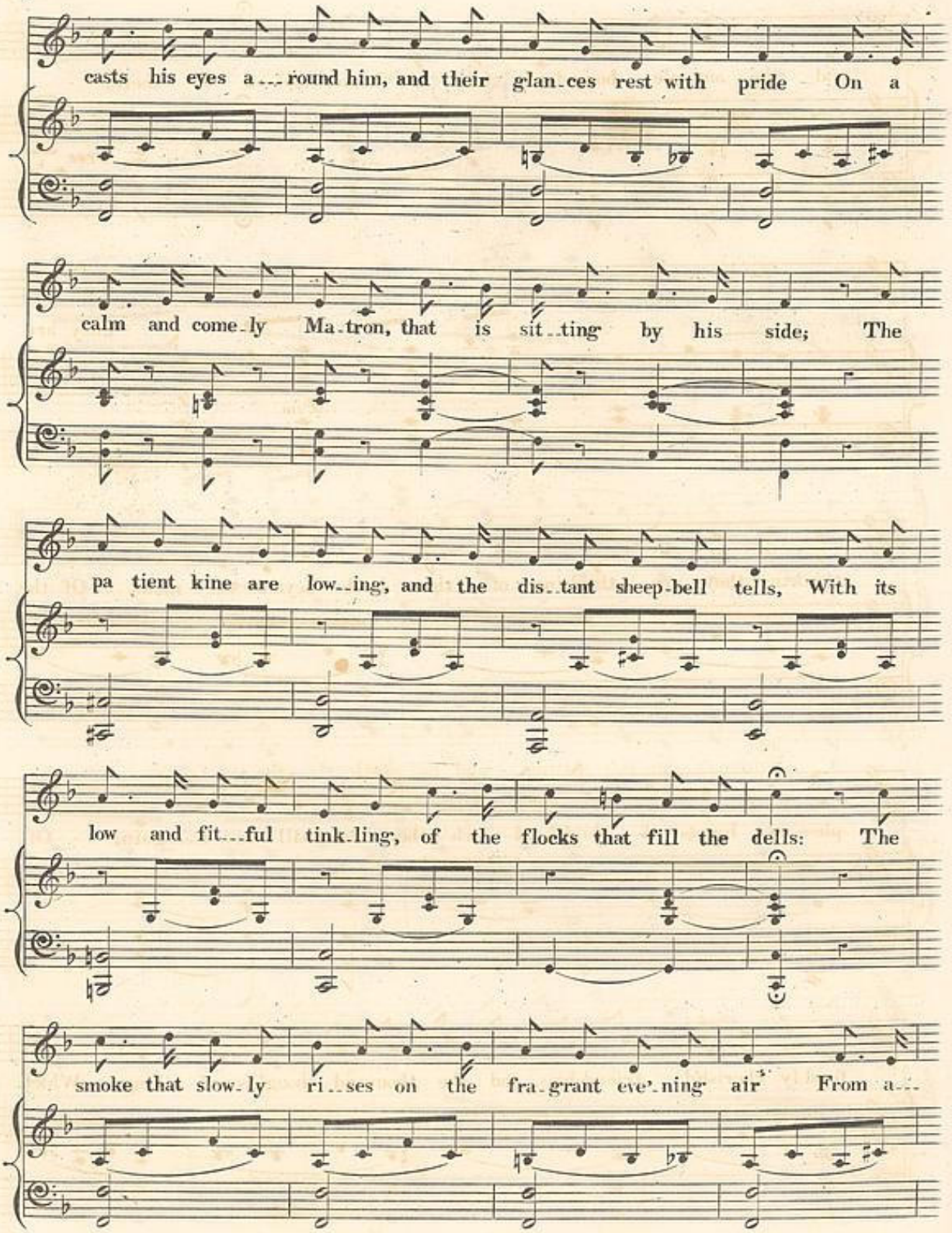

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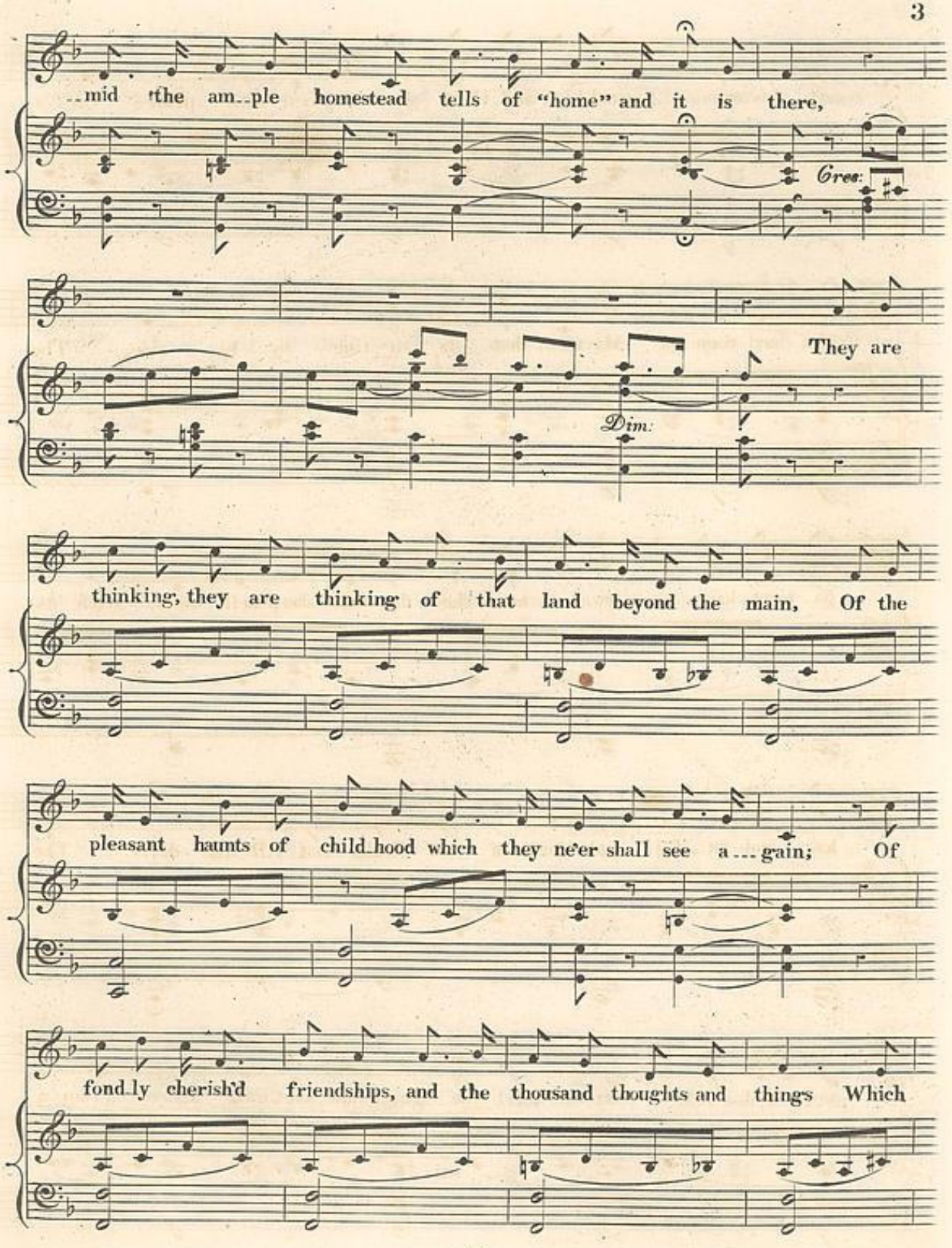

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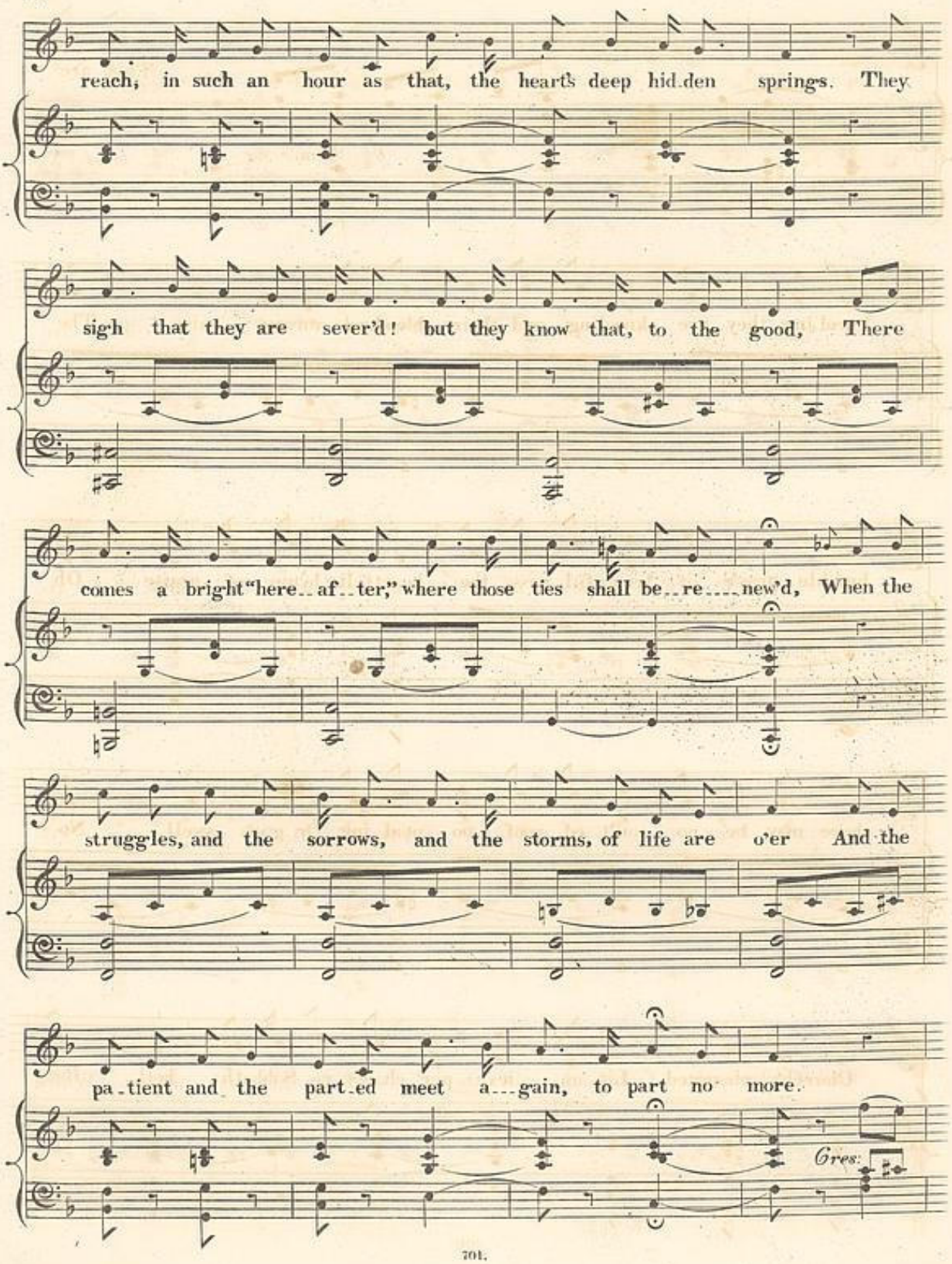

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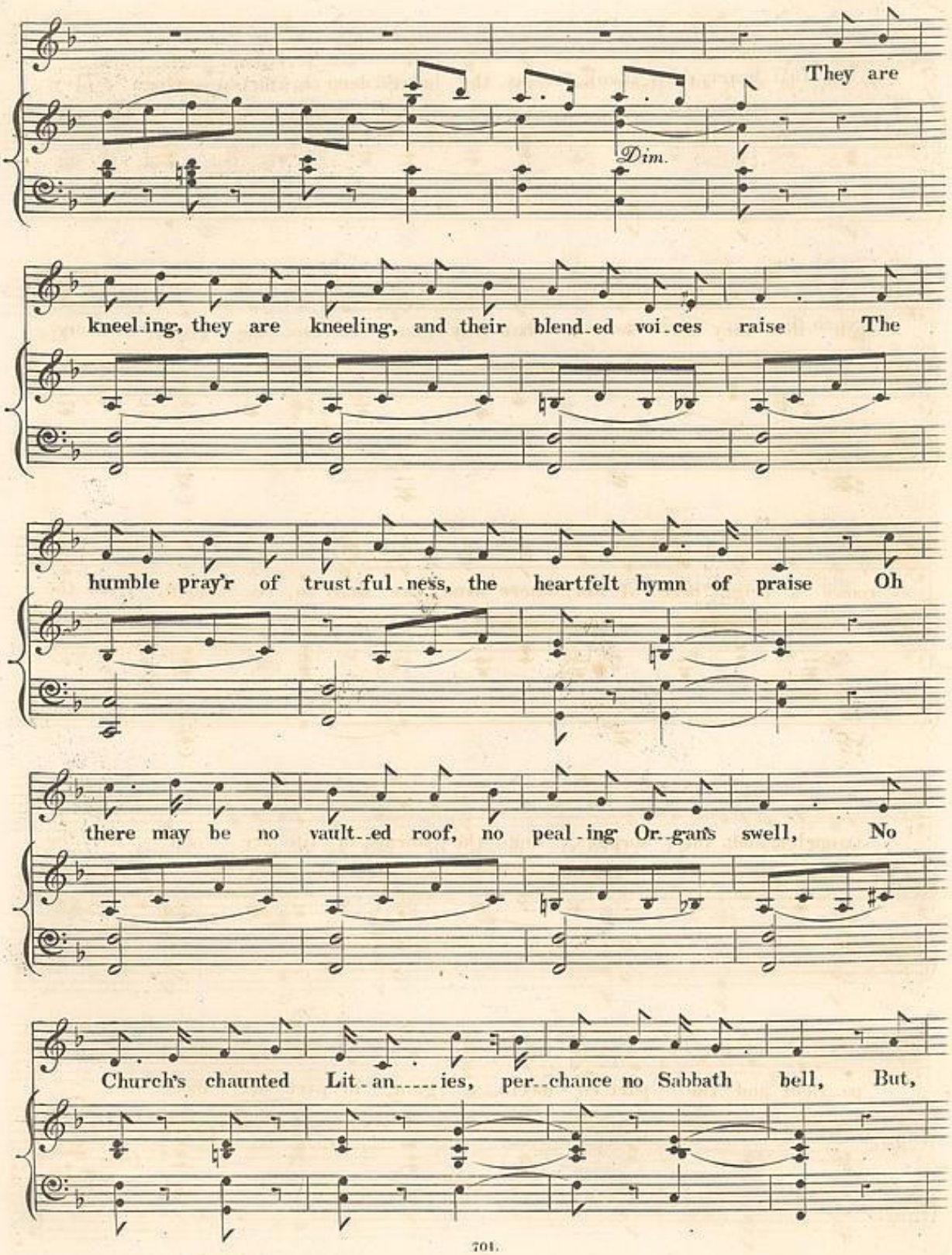

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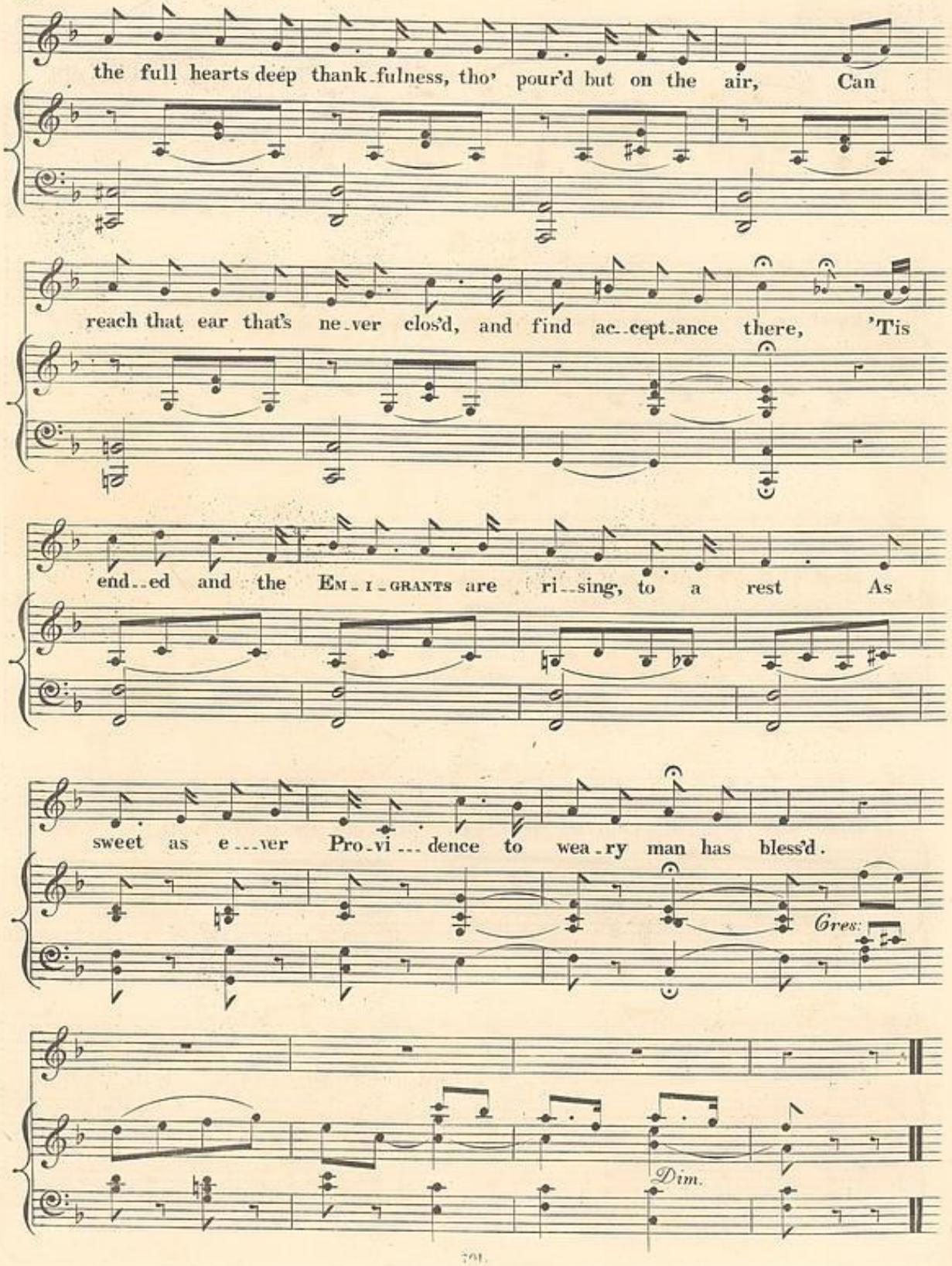

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SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

No. 6.

Nº VI. THE HOME PRAYER.

WRITTEN BY W. H. BELLAMY. COMPOSED BY C. W. GLOVER

PUBLISHED BY
ROBT ADDISON & Co
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REGENT STREET

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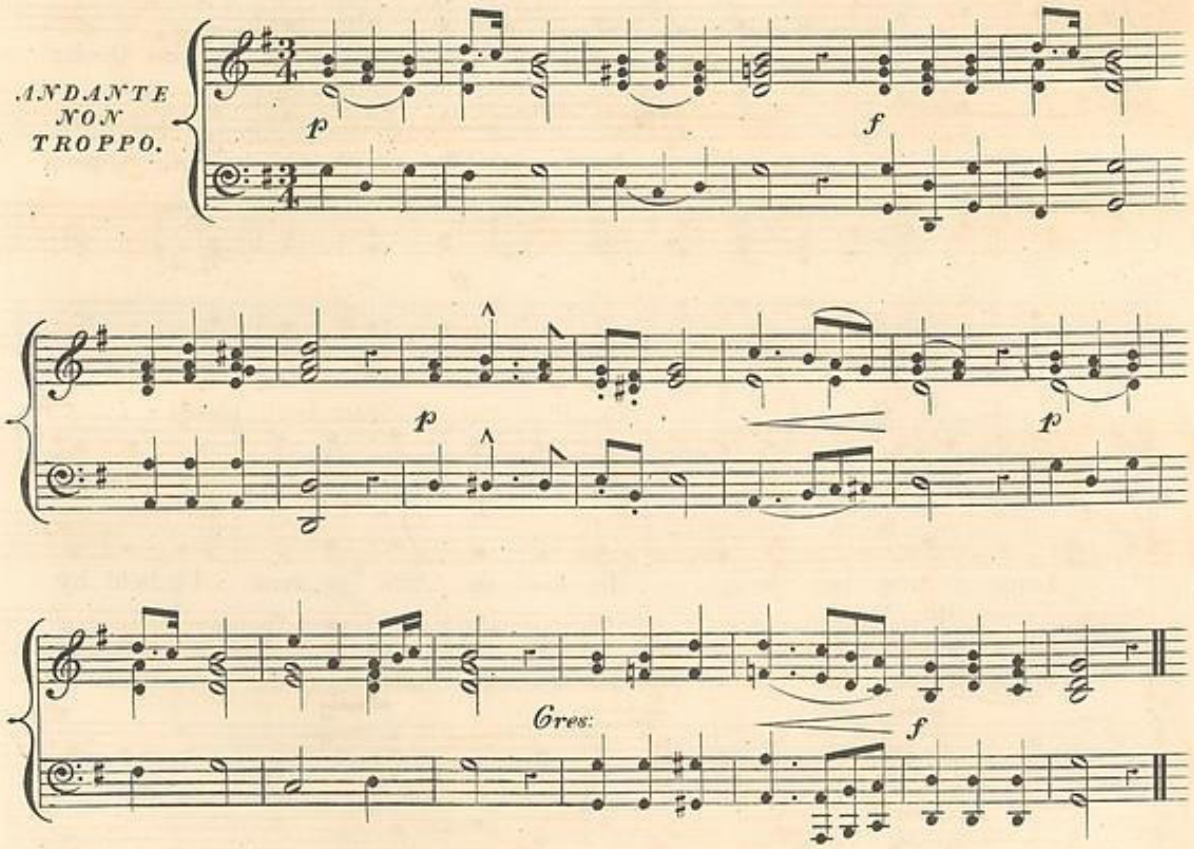
SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

No. 6.

THE HOME PRAYER.

The Words W.H. Bellamy Esq: *The Music by Chas. W. Glover.*



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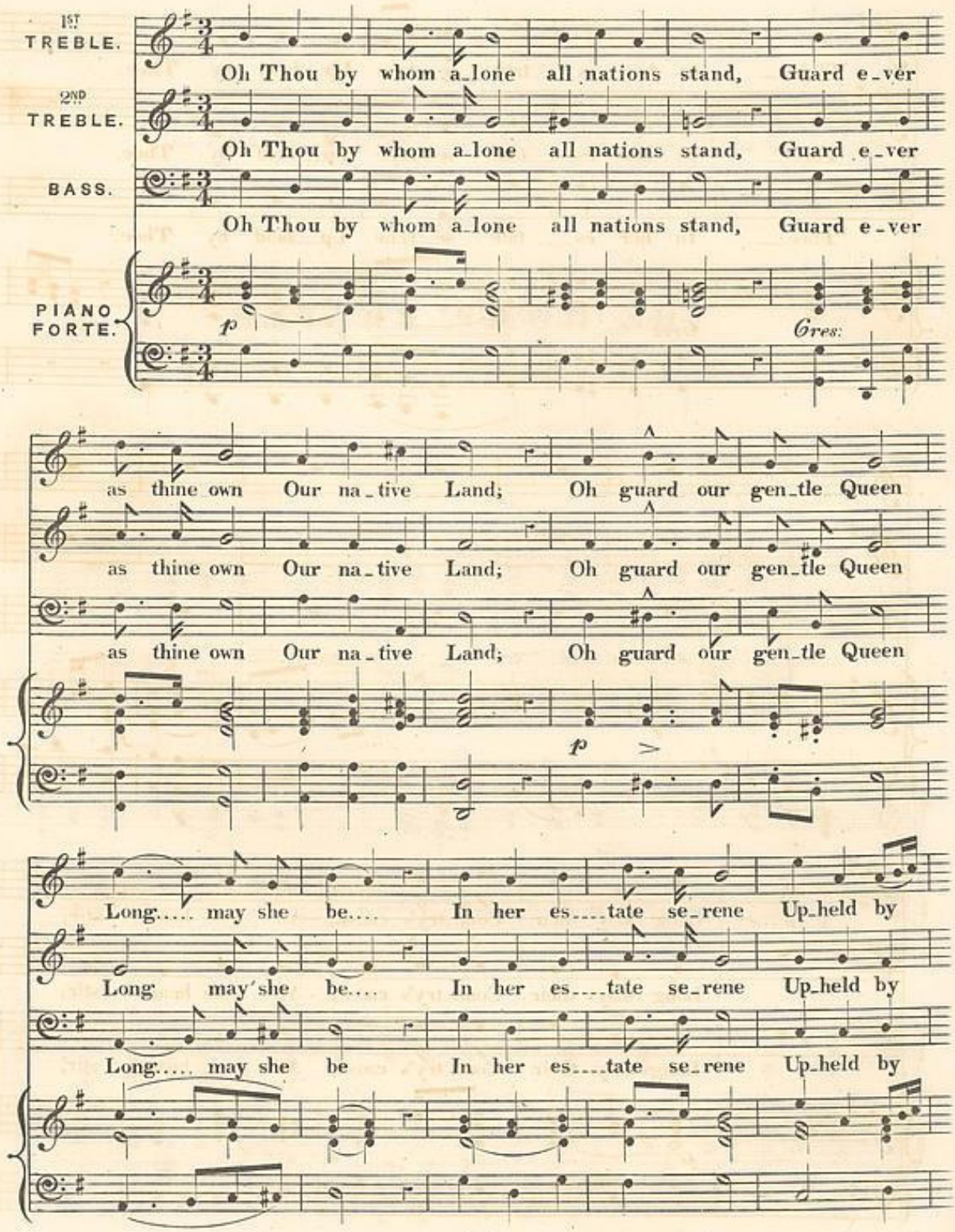

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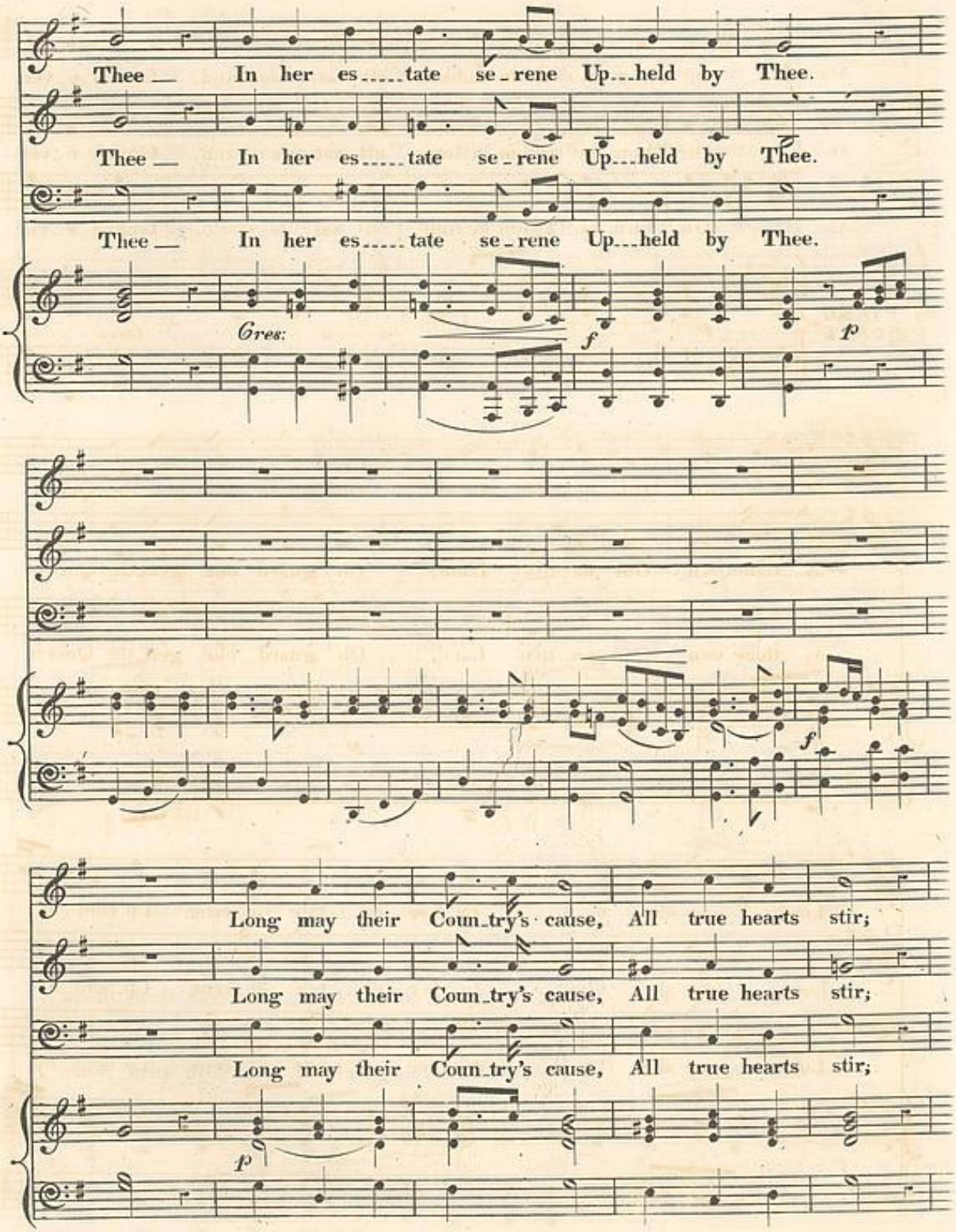

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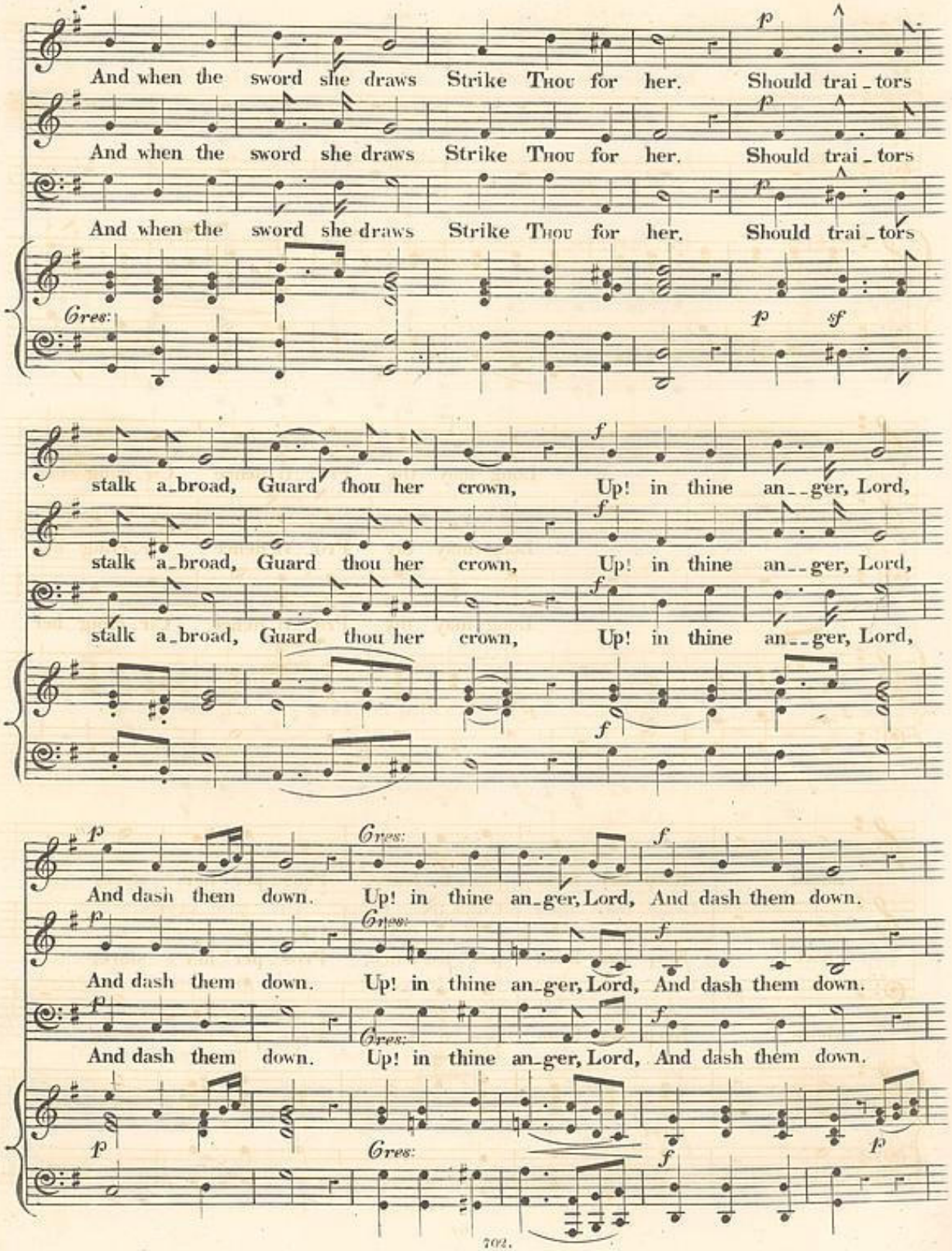
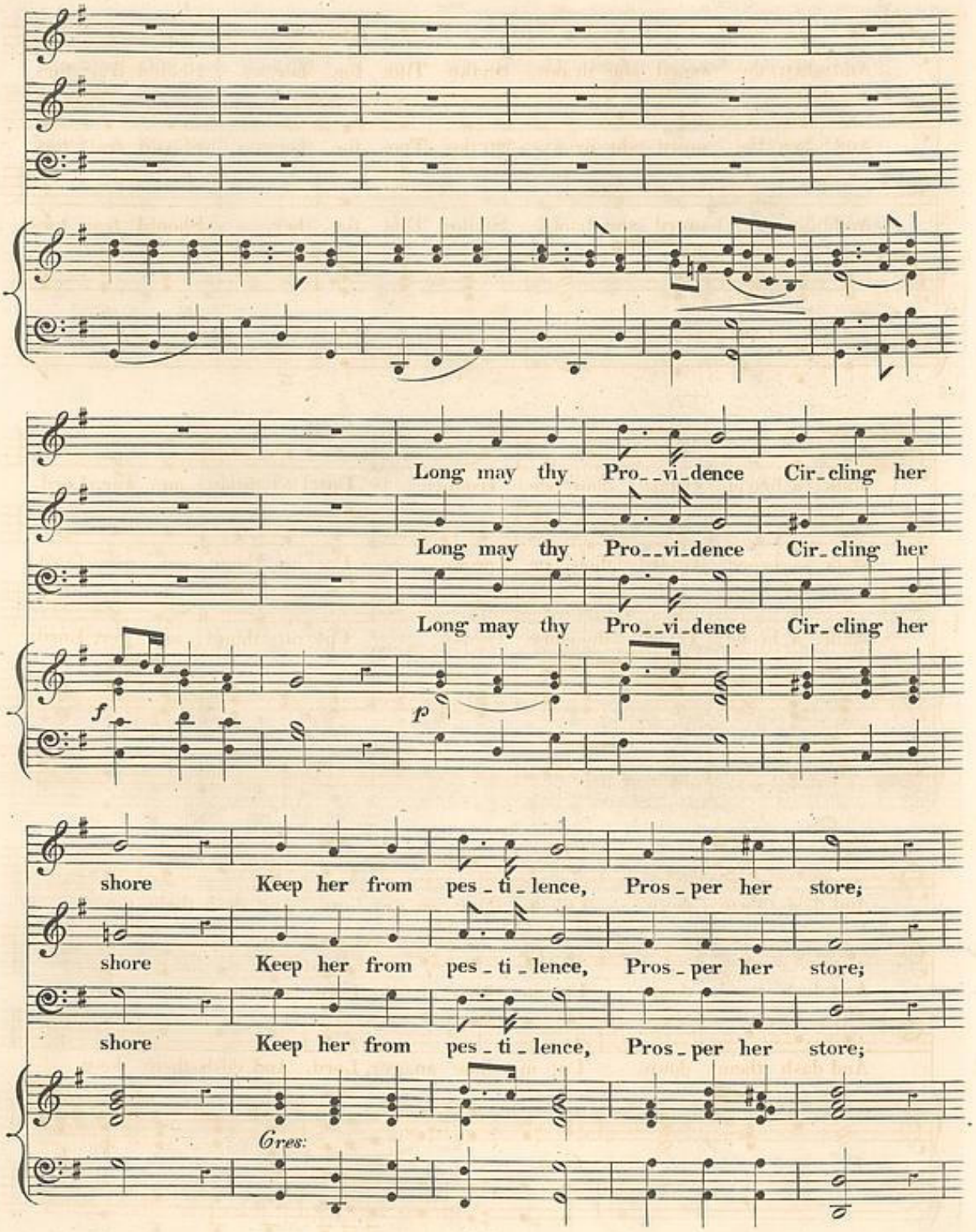

And when the sword she draws Strike Thou for her. Should trai_tors
And when the sword she draws Strike Thou for her. Should trai_tors
And when the sword she draws Strike Thou for her. Should trai_tors
Gres:
stalk a_broad, Guard thou her crown, Up! in thine an__ger, Lord,
stalk a_broad, Guard thou her crown, Up! in thine an__ger, Lord,
stalk a_broad, Guard thou her crown, Up! in thine an__ger, Lord,
And dash them down. Up! in thine an_ger, Lord, And dash them down.
And dash them down. Up! in thine an_ger, Lord, And dash them down.
And dash them down. Up! in thine an_ger, Lord, And dash them down.



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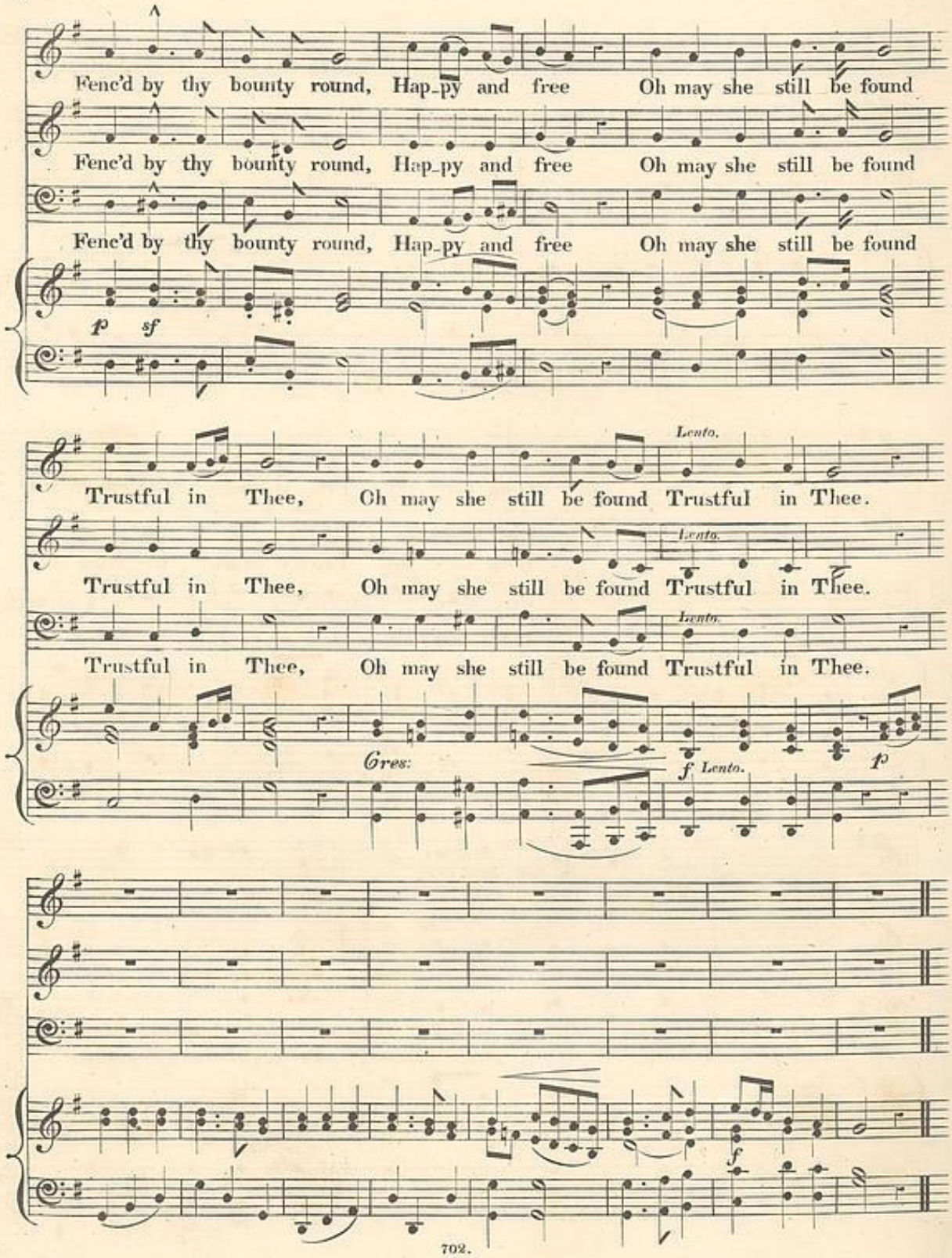

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