

SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS
BY
W. H. BELLAMY
AND
CHARLES. W. GLOVER.

SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

WRITTEN BY

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COMPOSED BY

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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.

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.

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.”



SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

Nº 1.

THE RESOLVE.

The Words by W. H. Bellamy, Esq.

The Music by Chas. W. Glover.

IN
MODERATE
TIME.

The musical score for 'The Resolve' is written for piano in 3/8 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo leading to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system includes a crescendo leading to a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a decrescendo leading to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and uses a grand staff with treble and bass clefs.

They stood in the moon-light that stream'd o'er the vale, And the cheek of the

p

mai-den was tear-ful and pale; The youth, spoke in ac-cent, calm,

earnest, and clear, The mai-den, as ear-nest-ly bent her to hear.

"Say wilt thou ven-ture then mai-den with me, Far from thy

na-tive land o'er the dark sea? Tost by the tempest-shock,

Gres:

wash'd by the foam, Thy sleep but the sea-bird's, the wa-ters thy home?

Lento.

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!

4

mai-den be-ware.

Gres: *Dim.*

Far, far, is the land that will be for thy rest, Few and

p

wild are the footsteps, that o'er it have press'd; But, 'tis bright and 'tis

broad, as a home-land should be, And the bird that flies

o...ver it, is not more free. Be...think, oh be...think thee, those

wa - ters are wide, Say, wilt thou venture love? Heav'n for our

guide?"— Like the mist, that dis... solves at the dawn...ing of

Gres:

day Ev' ry fear, from her trust-ful heart melt-ed a...way..... One

Lento.

Con Anima.

glance o'er the val...ley - one look tow'rd the sky, And "we'll

go love, we'll go" —, was the mai...den's re....ply. And "we'll

go love, we'll go" —, was the mai...den's re....ply.

Gres:

Dim.



SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

Nº 2.

THE FAREWELL.

The Words by W. H. Bellamy, Esq.

The Music by Chas. W. Glover.

ANDANTINO
CON MOTO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 3/4 time, marked 'ANDANTINO CON MOTO'. The introduction features a melody in the right hand and a more active accompaniment in the left hand, with dynamic markings of *p* and *f*. The vocal melody enters in the third system with the lyrics 'Sweet vale, sweet vale! how'. The piano accompaniment continues with a triplet of eighth notes. The fourth system shows the vocal melody continuing with the lyrics 'sad...ly swells Yon chimes' soft mu...sic through thy dells! Their'. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes. The score concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

change-ful peal-ing but rings o'er "Farewell, farewell, thou tread'st these haunts no more." And

thou, bright stream, how faint and low To night thy tune...ful wa-ters flow! To

fan-cy's ear they seem to say "Farewell, like thee we haste a-way!" Too

sad the song! too true the tale! To night we part! Farewell sweet vale! To

Lento. *a Piacere.*

night we part! fare-well, farewell sweet vale.

Smorz: *Gres:*

Farewell, farewell! each heath-clad hill Breathes

f *Dim:*

forth some mute re-membrance still, Still bids me turn once more, and take One

last long look for mem'ry's sake! 'Tis done!—and they and thou will rise 'Mid

f

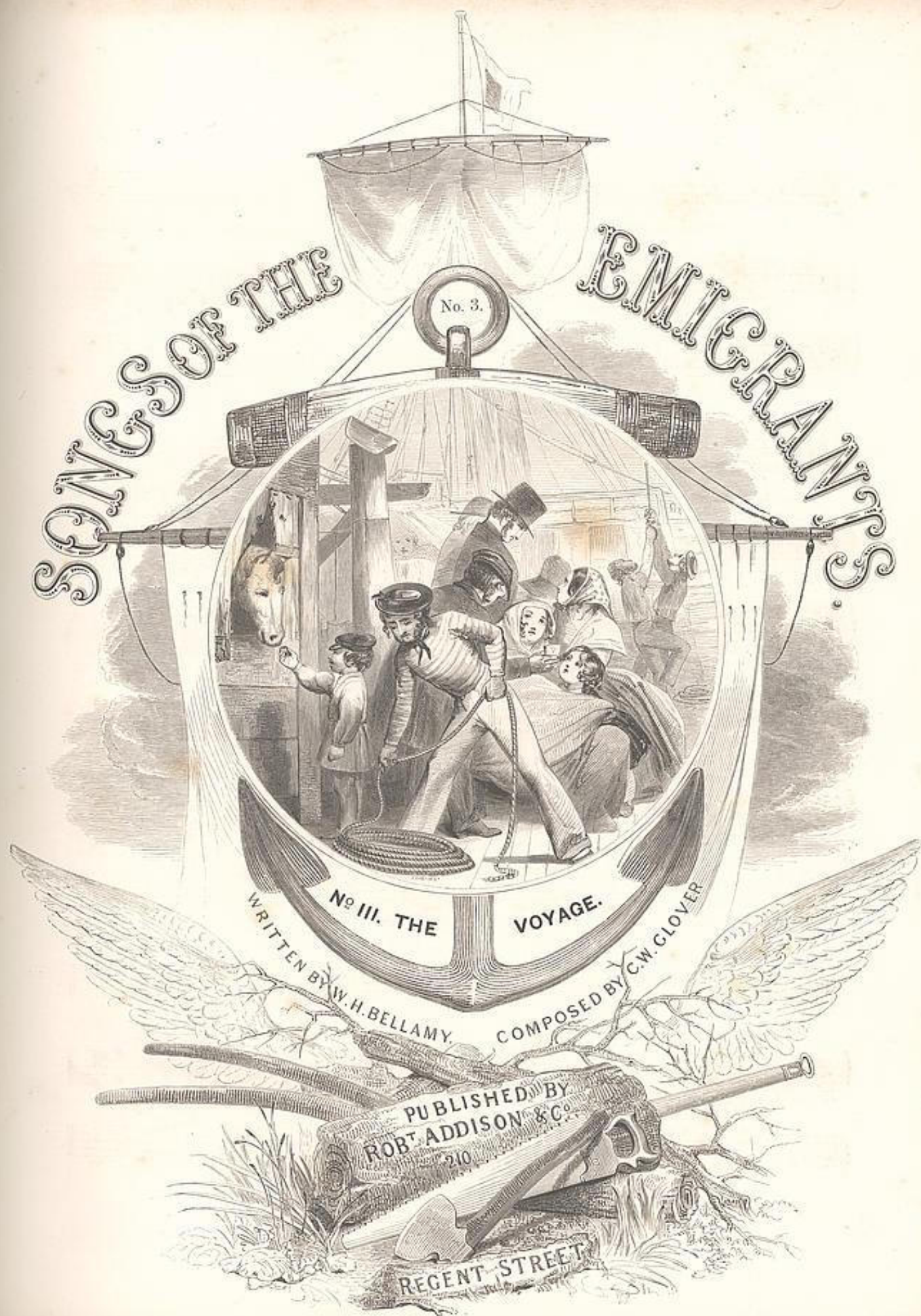
o.....ther scenes and o..ther skies-Though fair those skies and scenes may be - The

first, last, haunt of memo-ry! - Yes, heart shall change, and mem'ry fail, Ere

Lento. *a Piacere.*
thou shalt lose thy charm, sweet vale! Ere thou shalt lose thy charm, thy charm, sweet vale.

Smorz: *Cres:*

f *Dim:*



SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS,

N^o 3.

THE VOYAGE.

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

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score is written for piano in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a *Gres:* (Crescendo) marking and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third system features a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fourth system concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

A...way! a...way! the good ship flies Over the sparkling sea. Far

A...way! a...way! the good ship flies Over the sparkling sea. Far

far are the skies to which she hies, With her good-ly com-pa...ny. She

far are the skies to which she hies, With her good-ly com-pa...ny. She

carries the young, the stout, the strong, She carries the weak, the fair, And she /

carries the young, the stout, the strong, She carries the weak, the fair, And she

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
Who does not wish, Who does not wish, Who does not wish, not wish that

mf
Who does not wish, Who does not wish, Who does not wish, not wish that

mf
Gres:

ship "God speed!" "God speed!" "God speed!"

ship "God speed!" "God speed!" "God speed!"

They go, they go to a goodly land, That the ploughshare ne'er has seen; That

They go, they go to a goodly land, That the ploughshare ne'er has seen; That

far and wide still laughs in the pride Of its first, primeval, green. There, the

Gres.
tall tree grows, and the broad stream flows, As they did when time began. And the

Rall.
one demand of that glorious land Is, but for its master, — Man! They

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

mf Who does not wish, Who does not wish, Who does not wish, not wish that

mf *Gres.*

Dim. ship "God speed!" "God speed!" "God speed!"

Dim. ship "God speed!" "God speed!" "God speed!"

p *ff* *p*

First system of piano introduction. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff features rapid sixteenth-note runs. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

Second system of piano introduction. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues with rapid sixteenth-note runs. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte).

First system of vocal melody. Treble staff. Lyrics: "They go, they go as free men should, Not as serfs from their home-steads driv'n, That".

First system of piano accompaniment for the vocal melody. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

Second system of vocal melody. Treble staff. Lyrics: "all may live and all may thrive, For, the Earth to all was giv'n. And they".

Second system of piano accompaniment for the vocal melody. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

go with the fame of their coun-try's name, And they go with their na-tive

go with the fame of their coun-try's name, And they go with their na-tive

Gres:
tongue, They go, to ex-tend, to the wide world's end, The proud

Gres:
tongue, They go, to ex-tend, to the wide world's end, The proud

Rall:
race from which they sprung:..... They go! and may Heav'n those

Rall:
race from which they sprung:..... They go! and may Heav'n those

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,....

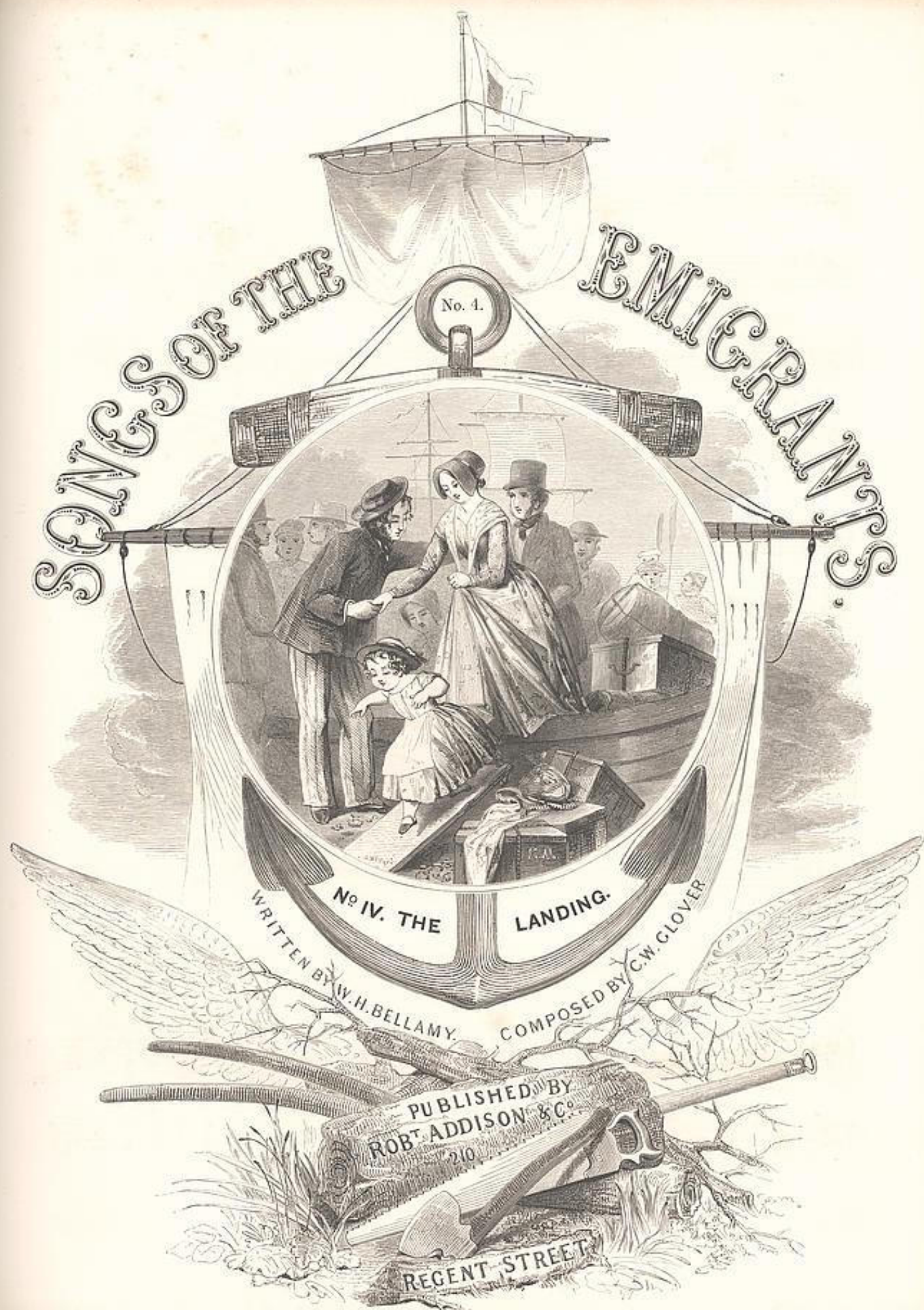
Gres: Fair blow the winds! gal-lant barque "God speed!"... *Dim.*

Gres: Fair blow the winds! gal-lant barque "God speed!"... *Dim.*

“God speed!”... “God speed!”... “God speed!”... “God speed!”... “God..... speed!”...

p *pp* *p* *pp* *f*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The top two staves are for the voice, and the bottom two are for the piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked *pp* (pianissimo). The lyrics are “God speed!”... “God speed!”... “God speed!”... “God speed!”... “God..... speed!”... The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, flowing pattern in the left hand. The score is divided into four systems, each with two staves for the voice and two for the piano. The first system includes the lyrics “God speed!”... “God speed!”... “God speed!”... “God speed!”... The second system includes the lyrics “God..... speed!”... The third system is a repeat of the first system. The fourth system is a repeat of the second system. The score ends with a double bar line.



SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

N^o 4.

THE LANDING.

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

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'ALLEGRETTO CON ANIMA'. The first system features a vocal melody starting on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The piano part includes a 'Cres.' (crescendo) marking. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with a 'ff' (fortissimo) marking. The third system introduces the vocal melody with the lyrics: 'Hurrah! the wide world's be fore us! On a stran ger soil we stand; But the'. The piano accompaniment continues below the vocal line, marked with a 'p' (piano) dynamic.

same bright Heaven is o'er us That shines on our na-tive land, That shines, That

Gres:

shines on our na-tive land. Hur-rah! we have left be...hind us

f

Lento. *a Tempo.*

Sorrow, and want, and care, And the frowns that would re-mind us That our

Lento. *p* *a Tempo.*

Gres:

lot was hard to bear. And the frowns that would re-mind us That our

Gres:

lot was hard to bear.

Gres:

Here, the tall tall tree shall build us A

ff *p*

free and healthy home; And the teeming soil shall yield us A

store for the days to come. A store, A store for the days to come. For, the

Gres:

earth to all was giv.....en That each to his toil should bow; With his

Lento. *a Tempo.*

f *Lento.*

hope and his trust in Heaven For 'tis Heaven, that "speeds the plough" With his

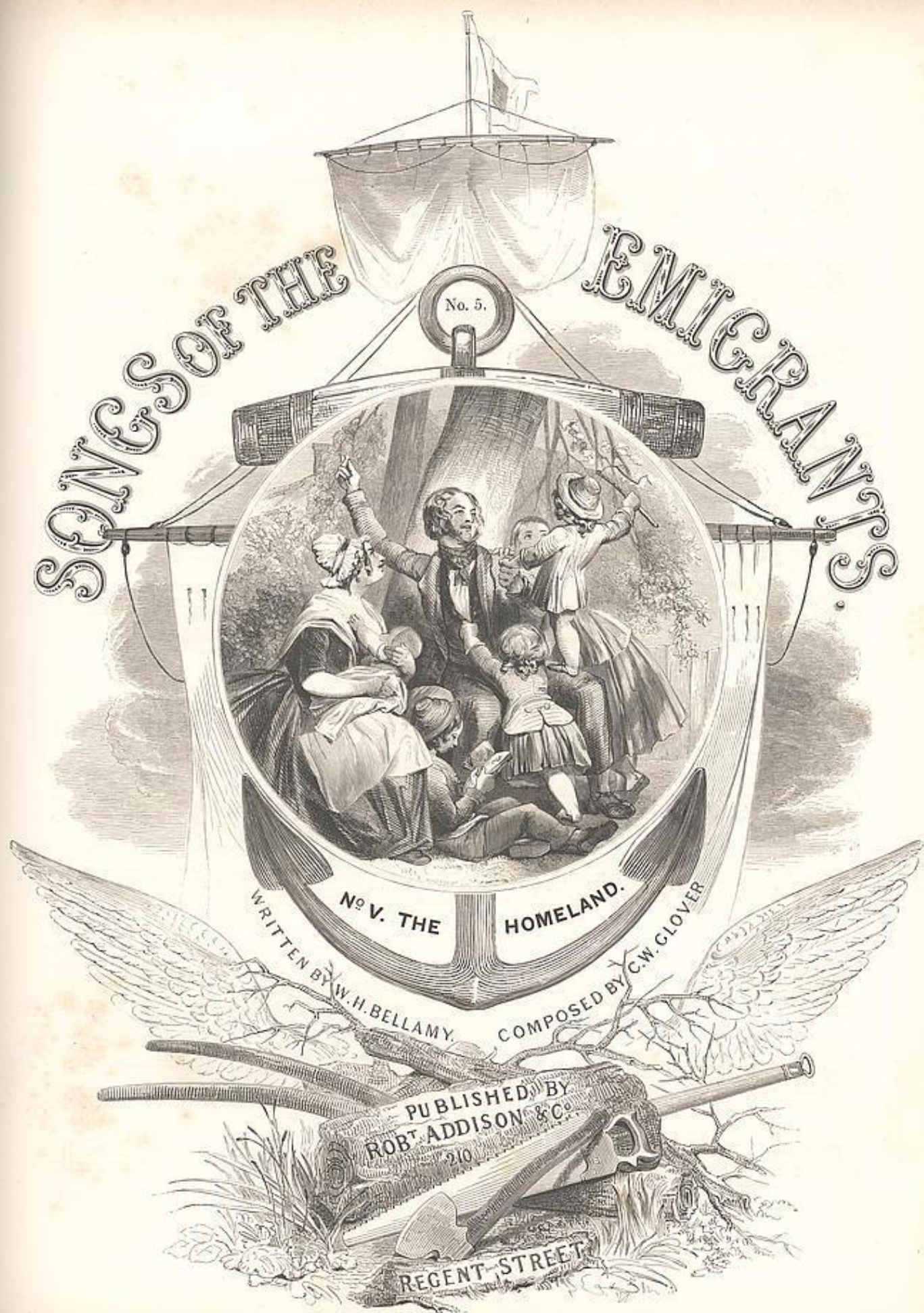
P *a Tempo.*

hope and his trust in Heaven For 'tis Heaven that "speeds the plough."

Rall:

Gres: *Rall:* *Gres:*

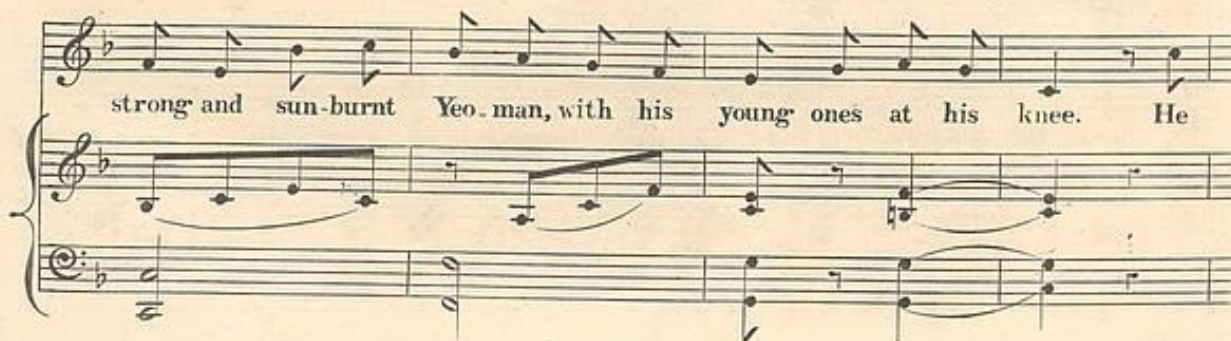
ff



SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

Nº 5.

THE HOMELAND.

*The Words by W. H. Bellamy, Esq.**The Music by Cha. W. Glover.*IN
MODERATE
TIME.

casts his eyes a...round him, and their glances rest with pride On a

calm and come-ly Ma-tron, that is sit-ting by his side; The

pa-tient kine are low-ing, and the dis-tant sheep-bell tells, With its

low and fit-ful tink-ling, of the flocks that fill the dells: The

smoke that slow-ly ri-ses on the fra-grant eve-ning air From a...

mid the ample homestead tells of "home" and it is there,

Gres.

They are

Dim.

thinking, they are thinking of that land beyond the main, Of the

pleasant haunts of childhood which they ne'er shall see a... gain; Of

fondly cherish'd friendships, and the thousand thoughts and things Which

reach, in such an hour as that, the heart's deep hid-den springs. They

sigh that they are sever'd! but they know that, to the good, There

comes a bright "here...af...ter," where those ties shall be...re...new'd, When the

struggles, and the sorrows, and the storms, of life are o'er And the

pa-tient and the part-ed meet a...gain, to part no more.

Gres.

They are

Dim.

kneeling, they are kneeling, and their blend.ed voi.ces raise The

humble pray'r of trust.ful.ness, the heartfelt hymn of praise Oh

there may be no vault.ed roof, no peal.ing Or.gan's swell, No

Church's chaunted Lit.an.....ies, per.chance no Sabbath bell, But,

the full hearts deep thankfulness, tho' pour'd but on the air, Can

reach that ear that's ne-ver clos'd, and find ac-cept-ance there, 'Tis

end-ed and the EM-I-GRANTS are ri-sing, to a rest As

sweet as e-ver Pro-vi-dence to wea-ry man has bless'd.

Gres:

Dim.

SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS

No. 6.



NO VI. THE

HOME PRAYER.

WRITTEN BY W. H. BELLAMY

COMPOSED BY C. W. CLOVER

PUBLISHED BY
ROBT ADDISON & CO
210

REGENT STREET

SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

N^o 6.

THE HOME PRAYER.

*The Words W. H. Bellamy Esq.**The Music by Cha. W. Glover.*

*ANDANTE
NON
TROPPO.*

The first system of musical notation is for a piano accompaniment in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE NON TROPPO'. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a melody in the right hand with chords and a bass line in the left hand. A forte (*f*) dynamic is indicated later in the system.

The second system of musical notation continues the piano accompaniment. It includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a crescendo hairpin leading to a piano (*p*) dynamic at the end of the system.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piano accompaniment. It features a crescendo hairpin leading to a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

1ST
TREBLE.

Oh Thou by whom a lone all nations stand, Guard e-ver

2ND
TREBLE.

Oh Thou by whom a lone all nations stand, Guard e-ver

BASS.

Oh Thou by whom a lone all nations stand, Guard e-ver

PIANO FORTE.

p *Gres:*

as thine own Our na-tive Land; Oh guard our gen-tle Queen

as thine own Our na-tive Land; Oh guard our gen-tle Queen

as thine own Our na-tive Land; Oh guard our gen-tle Queen

p *>*

Long.... may she be.... In her es....tate se-rene Up-held by

Long may she be.... In her es....tate se-rene Up-held by

Long.... may she be In her es....tate se-rene Up-held by

Thee — In her es...tate se-rene Up...held by Thee.

Thee — In her es...tate se-rene Up...held by Thee.

Thee — In her es...tate se-rene Up...held by Thee.

Gres: *f* *p*

Long may their Coun.try's cause, All true hearts stir;

Long may their Coun.try's cause, All true hearts stir;

Long may their Coun.try's cause, All true hearts stir;

p

Detailed description: This is a musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and piano. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first system contains the vocal entries and the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a descending scale in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The second system shows the voices continuing their lines, with the piano providing harmonic support. The third system introduces the new lyrics, 'Long may their Coun.try's cause, All true hearts stir;'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *p* (piano), and a crescendo marking *Gres:*. The page number 3 is in the top right corner.

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: *p* *f*

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,

f

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.

p *Gres:* *f* *p*

702.

Long may thy Pro-vi-dence Cir-cling her

Long may thy Pro-vi-dence Cir-cling her

Long may thy Pro-vi-dence Cir-cling her

shore Keep her from pes-ti-lence, Pros-per her store;

shore Keep her from pes-ti-lence, Pros-per her store;

shore Keep her from pes-ti-lence, Pros-per her store;

Cres.

Fenc'd by thy bounty round, Hap-py and free Oh may she still be found

Fenc'd by thy bounty round, Hap-py and free Oh may she still be found

Fenc'd by thy bounty round, Hap-py and free Oh may she still be found

p sf

Lento.

Trustful in Thee, Oh may she still be found Trustful in Thee.

Lento.

Trustful in Thee, Oh may she still be found Trustful in Thee.

Lento.

Trustful in Thee, Oh may she still be found Trustful in Thee.

Gres: f Lento. p

sf