

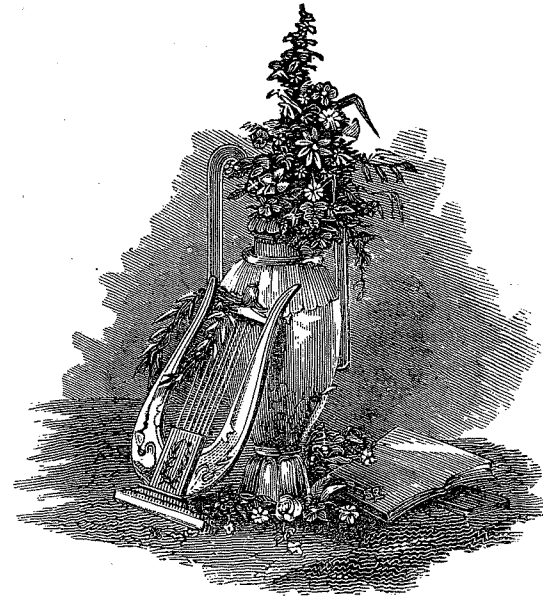
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SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE;

COMPRISING

NATIONAL, PATRIOTIC, SENTIMENTAL, COMIC,
AND NAVAL SONGS.



EDITED BY

ALBERT G. EMERICK,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

Profusely Embellished with Elegant Illustrations Engravings by Croome and Others.



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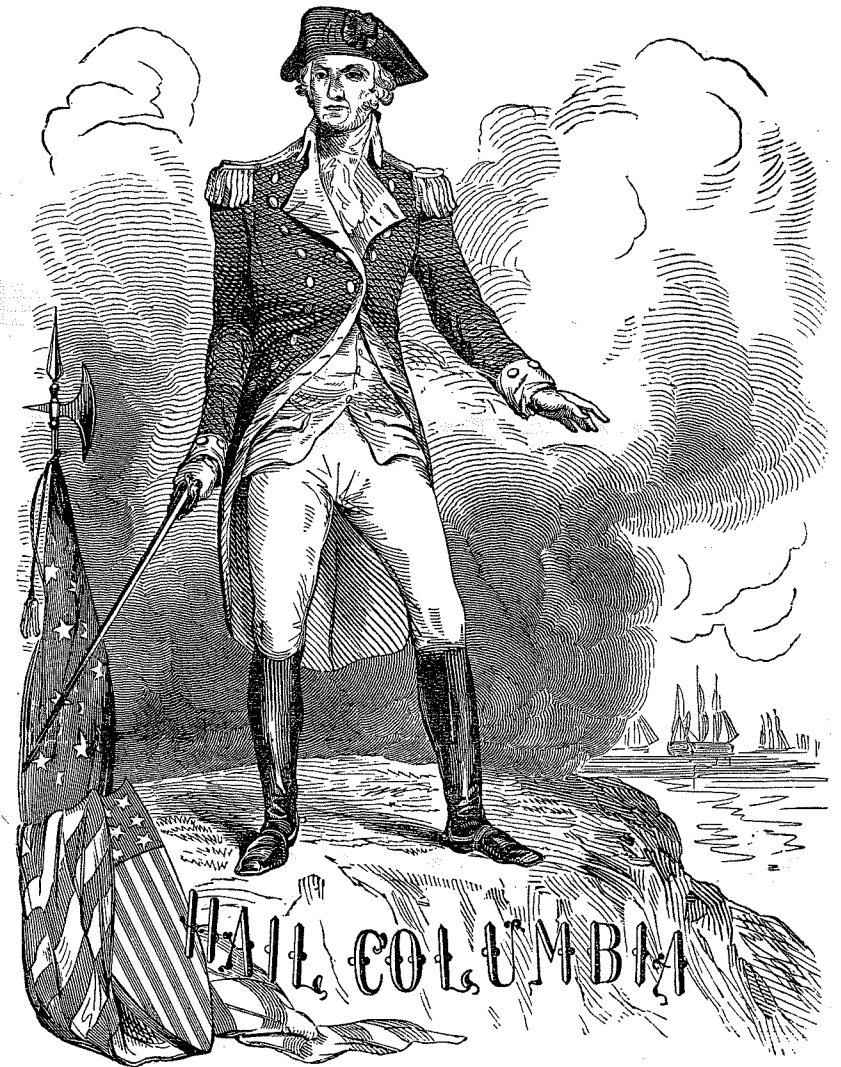


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MAESTOSO.

Hail! Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail! ye he-roes,

heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of

war was gone, En-joy'd the peace your va-lour won; Let

in-de-pendence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful

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what it cost; Ev-er grate-ful for the prize,

Let its al-tar reach the skies. Firm, u-ni-ted,

let us be, Ral-ly-ing round our li-ber-ty;

As a band of bro-thers join'd, Peace and safe-ty

CHORUS.

we shall find. Firm, u-ni-ted, let us be,

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Ral - ly - ing round our li - ber - ty; As a band of

bro - thers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find

2.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
 Defend your rights, defend your shore!
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
 Of toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize;
 While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
 In Heaven we place a manly trust
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

3.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
 Let Washington's great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause!
 Ring through the world with loud applause!
 Let ev'ry clime to freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear!
 With equal skill, with godlike power,
 He governs in the fearful hour

Of horrid war; or guides with ease
 The happier times of honest peace.
 Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

4.

Behold the chief, who now commands!
 Once more to serve his country stands!
 The rock on which the storm will beat;
 The rock on which the storm will beat;
 But, arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
 His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
 When hope was sinking in dismay;
 When glooms obscured Columbia's day;
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty!
 Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

ORIGIN OF HAIL, COLUMBIA.

THIS, the most popular of all the national songs of America, was written by the late Judge JOSEPH HOPKINSON, under the circumstances related in the notice given below.

Joseph Hopkinson, son of Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Philadelphia, November 12, 1770. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania; studied law with Judge Wilson and Mr. Rawle; and practised with brilliant success in his native city; was twice elected to Congress from Philadelphia, (1815 and 1817.) In 1828, he was appointed judge of the District Court for the eastern district of Pennsylvania—this being the same office which his father held by Washington's appointment. Judge Joseph Hopkinson remained in office till his decease, which took place June 15, 1842. He was the delight of the circle of society in which he moved. "His accomplished mind," says Mr. Walsh, "observant of all the events, characters and opinions of the day, was peculiarly qualified to delight, besides instructing, in convivial intercourse, by a strong relish for refined society, a cheerful and vivacious spirit, and a peculiar poignancy of remark and raciness of anecdote."

The following is Judge Hopkinson's own account of the origin of "Hail, Columbia," written August 24, 1840, for the Wyoming Band, at Wilkesbarre, at their desire.

"This song was written in the summer of 1798, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable—Congress being then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility having actually occurred. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other; some thinking that policy and duty required us to take part with republican France, as she was called; others were for our connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both; to take part with neither; but to keep a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people which espoused her cause; and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, as it did at that time on that question. The theatre was then open in our city. A young

HAIL, COLUMBIA.



JUDGE HOPKINSON.

man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance he called on me on Saturday afternoon—his benefit being announced for the following Monday. He said he had no boxes taken, and his prospect was that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the "President's March," (then the popular air,) he did not doubt of a full house: that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of the march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued, night after night, for the rest of the season—the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard, I may say, in every part of the United States.

"The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit* which should be independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our honour and our rights. Not an allusion is made either to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to which was the most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course, the song found favour with both parties—at least neither could disavow the sentiments it inculcated. It was truly *American*, and nothing else; and the patriotic feelings of every American heart responded to it. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond any expectation of the author, and beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit."



CON SPIRITO.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so

proud - ly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad

stripes and bright stars, through the pe - ril - ous fight, O'er the

ramparts we watch'd were so gal-lant - ly streaming! And the

rock - et's red glare, The bombs burst - ing in air, Gave

proof, through the night, that our flag still was there! O!

say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave O'er the

land of the free and the home of the brave!

2.

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses;
 Now it catches the gleam
 Of the morning's first beam;
 In full glory reflected now shines in the stream—
 'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

3.

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country shall leave us no more—
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution!

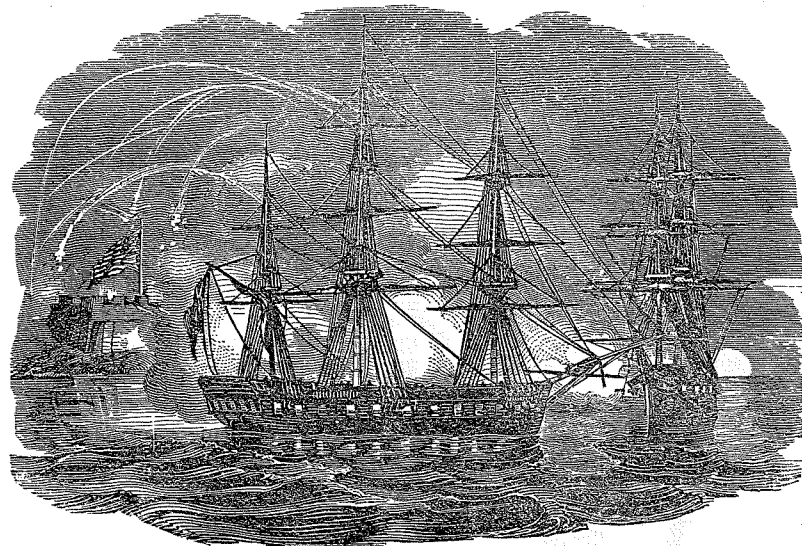
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

No refuge could save
 The hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave!
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
 Bless'd with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
 Then conquer we must,
 When our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Mr. McCarty, in his "National Song Book," informs us that this Song was composed by FRANCIS S. KEY, Esq., under the following circumstances:—"A gentleman had left Baltimore, with a flag of truce, for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of his, who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return, lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was therefore brought up the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where the flag-vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate; and he was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which the admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours, and that the city must fall. He watched the flag at the fort through the whole day, with an anxiety that can be better felt than described, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bomb-shells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the proudly-waving flag of his country."



ANDANTINO.

I oft - en have been told That the

Bri - tish sea - men bold Could beat the tars of France, neat and

han - dy O! But they ne - ver found their match, Till the

Yankees did them catch, For the Yankee tars for fighting are the dan - dy, O!

2.

O, the Guerriere so bold,
On the foaming ocean roll'd,
Commanded by Dacres the grandee, O!
With as choice a British crew
As a rammer ever drew,
They could beat the Frenchmen two to one, so hancy, O!

3.

When this frigate hove in view,
"O," says Dacres to his crew,
"Prepare ye for action, and be handy, O:
On the weather-gauge we'll get her,
And to make the men fight better
We will give to them gunpowder and good brandy, O."

4.

Now this boasting Briton cries,
"Make that Yankee ship your prize;
You can, in thirty minutes, do it handy, O!
Or in twenty-five, I'm sure;
If you'll do it in a score,
I'll give you a double share of good brandy, O!

5.

"When prisoners we've made them,
With switchell we will treat them;
We'll welcome them with Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!"
O, the British balls flew hot,
But the Yankees answered not,
Until they got a distance that was handy, O!

6.

"O," cries Hull unto his crew,
"We will try what we can do;
If we beat those boasting Britons we're the dandy, O!"
The first broadside we pour'd
Brought the mizen by the board,
Which doused the royal ensign quite handy, O!

7.

O, Dacres, he did sigh,
And to his officers did cry,
"O! I didn't think the Yankees were so handy, O,"
The second told so well,
That the fore and mainmast fell,
Which made this lofty frigate look quite dandy, O!

8.

"O!" says Dacres, "we're undone,"—
So he fires a lee gun,
And the drummers struck up Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!
When Dacres came on board
To deliver up his sword,
He was loth to part with it, it look'd so handy, O.

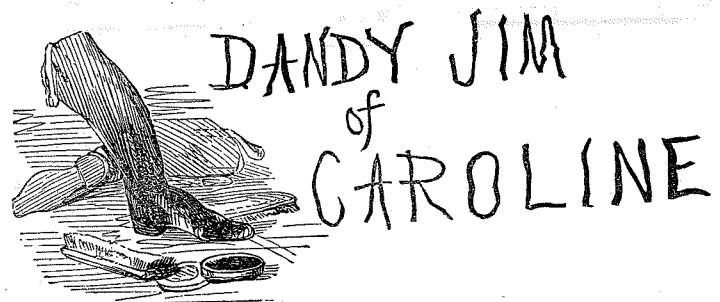
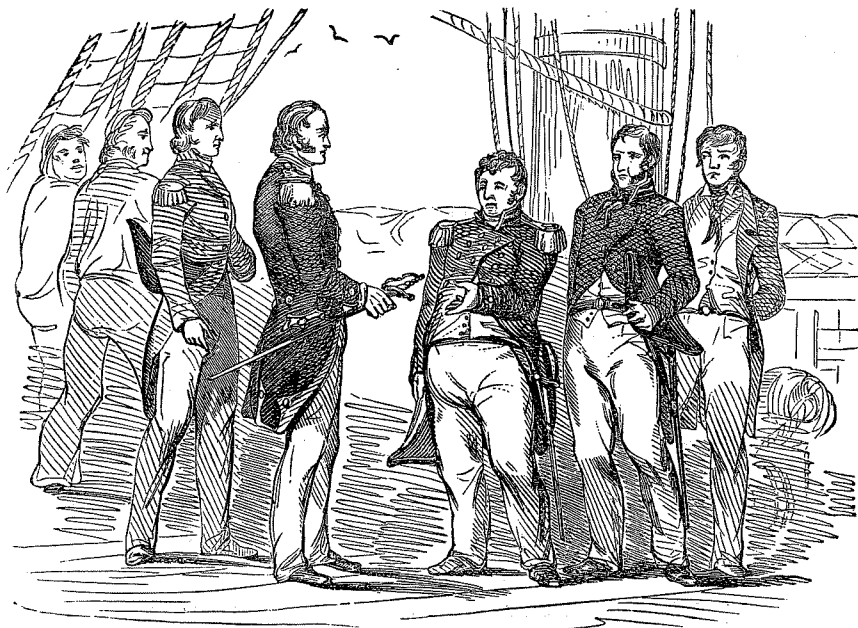
HULL'S VICTORY.

9.

"You may keep it," says brave Hull;
 "What makes you look so dull?
 Cheer up, and take a glass of good brandy, O."
 O Britons, now be still,
 Since we've hook'd you in the gill;
 Don't boast upon your Dacres, the grandee, O.

10.

Come, fill your glasses full,
 And we'll drink to Captain Hull,
 And so merrily we'll push about the brandy, O!
 John Bull may toast his fill,
 Let the world say what it will,
 But the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, O!



DANDY JIM OF CAROLINE.

ALLEGRETTO.

I've oft - en heard it said ob late, Dat Souf Ca'-li - na

was de state Whar a handsome nigga's bound to shine, Like Dandy Jim of

Ca - ro - line. For my ole mas - sa tole me so, I'm de

best looking nig - ga in de county, O! I look in de glass, an' I

found it so, Just as mas - sa tole me, O!

DANDY JIM OF CAROLINE.

2.

I drest myself from top to toe,
And down to Dinah I did go,
Wid pantaloons strapp'd down behind,
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.

For my ole massa, &c.

3.

De bull-dog clear'd me from de yard,
I tought I'd better leab my card;
I tied it fast to a piece ob twine,
Sign'd "Dandy Jim from Caroline."

For my ole massa, &c.

4.

She got my card, den wrote a letter,
An ebery word she spelt de better
For ebery word, an ebery line,
Was "Dandy Jim of Caroline."

For my ole massa, &c.

5.

O beauty, it is but skin deep!
But wid Miss Dinah none compete;
She changed her name from lubly Dine
To Mrs. Dandy Jim of Caroline.

For my ole massa, &c.

6.

An ebery little nig she had
Was de berry image ob de dad—
Dar heels stick out three feet behind,
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.

For my ole massa, &c.

DANDY JIM OF CAROLINE.

7.

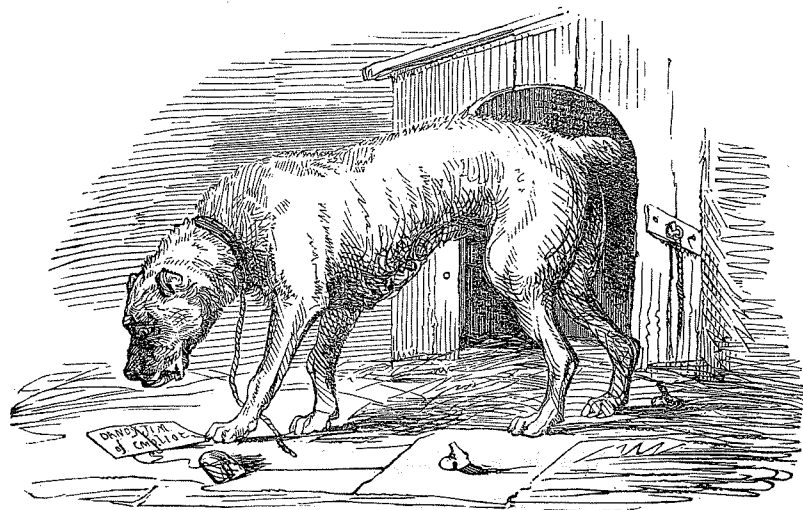
I took dem all to church, one day,
An hab dem christen'd widout delay.
De preacher christen'd eight or nine
Young Dandy Jims of Caroline.

For my ole massa, &c.

8.

An when de preacher took his text,
He seem so berry much perplex'd,
Dat nothing come across his mind
But Dandy Jims of Caroline.

For my ole massa tole me so,
I'm de best-looking nigga in the county, O;
I look in de glass and I found it so,
Just as massa tole me, O.



FIRST VOICE.

ANDANTE.

Let him who sighs in sad-ness here, Re-joice and

SECOND VOICE.

know a friend is near. What heavenly sounds are those I

hear! What be-ing comes the gloom to cheer!

MINUTE GUN

FIRST VOICE.

When, in the storm on Al - bion's coast, The night-watch guards his

wea - - ry post, From thoughts of dan - ger free, He

marks some ves - sel's dus - ky form, And hears, a - mid the

SECOND VOICE.

howl - ing storm, The mi - nute gun at sea, The

MINUTE GUN.

And hears, a - mid the

mi - nute gun at sea. And hears, a - mid the

MINUTE GUN.

howl - ing storm, The mi - nute gun at sea.

howl - ing storm, The mi - nute gun at sea.

MINUTE GUN.

Swift on the shore a har - dy few, The life - boat mann'd with a

gallant, gallant crew, And dare the dangerous wave.

Thro' the wild surf they cleave their way, Lost in the foam, nor

For they know dis-may, For they go the crew to save; MINUTE GUN.

go the crew to save; Lost in the foam, nor
Lost in the foam, nor
MINUTE GUN.

know dis-may, For they go the crew to save.
know dis-may, For they go the crew to save.
MINUTE GUN.

ALLEGRETTO.

But, O! what rapture fills each breast
Of the hopeless crew of the

Then, land-ed safe, what joys to tell Of
ship distress'd, Then, land-ed safe, what joys to tell Of

Ad lib.

all the dangers that be-fel. Then is heard no more,
all the dangers that be-fel. By the

ANDANTE.

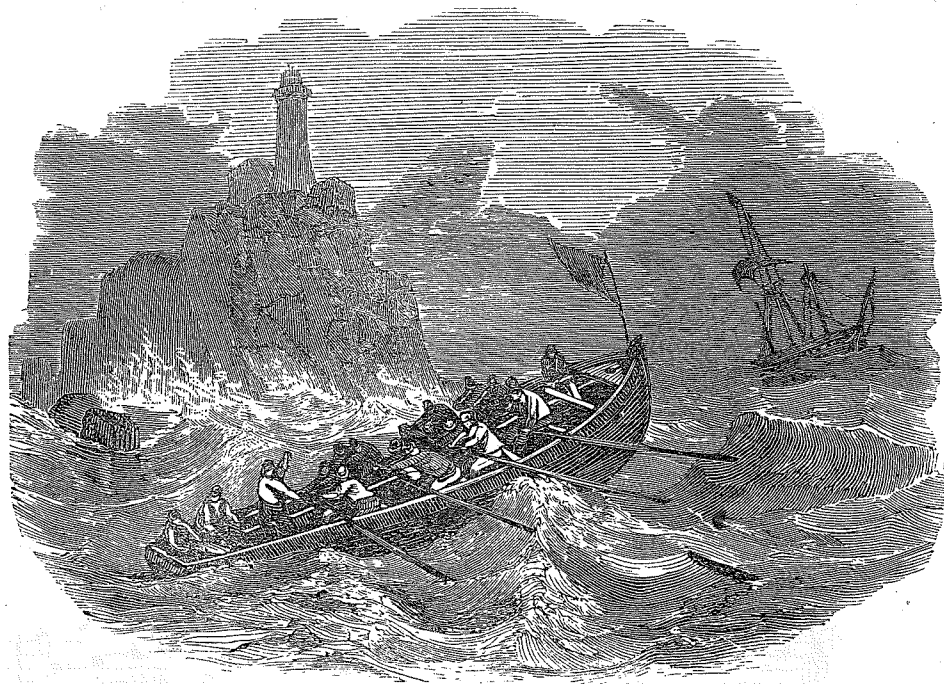
Then is heard no more, By the
watch on the shore, Then is heard no more, By the

THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

watch on the shore, The mi - nute gun at sea.

watch on the shore, The mi - nute gun at sea.

Musical notation for the song 'The Minute Gun at Sea'. It consists of three staves: two vocal staves in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a piano accompaniment staff in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are 'watch on the shore, The mi - nute gun at sea.' repeated on both vocal lines.



ANDANTINO. Scherzando.

Musical notation for the piece 'A Merry Christmas Home'. It features two staves: a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'ANDANTINO. Scherzando.' The key signature has two sharps.

Piano accompaniment musical notation for 'A Merry Christmas Home', consisting of two staves in treble and bass clefs. The notation includes various chords and melodic lines.

A loud and laughing wel-come to the merry Christmas bells! All

hail, with hap-py gladness, to the well-known chant that swells! We

list the peal-ing anthem chord, we hear the midnight strain, And

love the ti-dings that proclaim Old Christmas once again. But

there must be a me-lo-dy of pu-rer, deep-er sound, A

rich key-note, whose e-cho runs through all the mu-sic round; Let

rall.

kind-ly voi-ces ring be-neath low roof or pa-lace dome, For

a tempo.

CHORUS.

these a-lone are ca-rol chimes that bless a Christmas home! Then

ff

fill once more from Bounty's store red wine or nut-brown foam, And

allegro.

drink to kind-ly voi-ces in a mer-ry Christ-mas Home!

rall.

2.

A blithe and joyous welcome to the berries and the leaves
 That hang about our household walls in dark and rustling sheaves :
 Up with the holly and the bay, set laurel on the board,
 And let the mistletoe look down while pledging-draughts are pour'd.
 But there must be some hallow'd bloom to garland with the rest,—
 All, all must bring toward the wreath some flowers in the breast ;
 For though green boughs may thickly grace low roof or palace dome,
 Warm hearts alone will truly serve to deck a Christmas Home !

CHORUS.

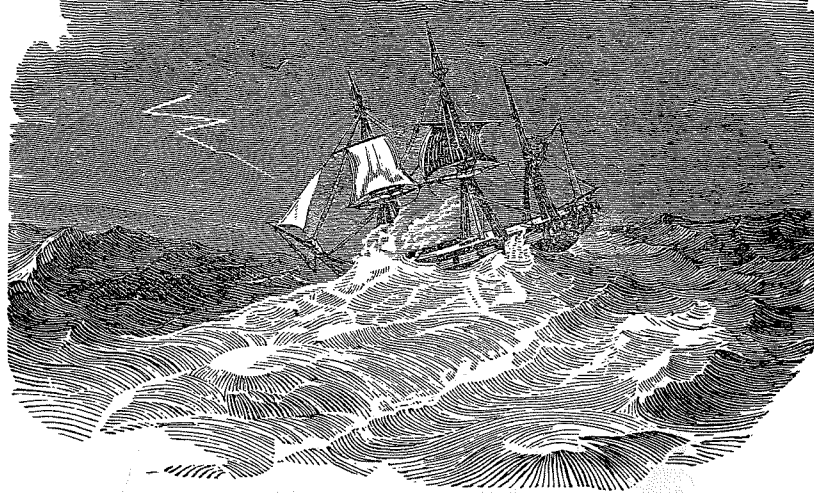
Then fill once more from Bounty's store red wine or nut-brown foam,
 And drink to honest hearts within a merry Christmas Home !

The words of this beautiful song were written by ELIZA COOK, whose name has become familiar to American readers by the reprinting of a great number of her popular poems in our own periodicals, which first appeared in those of Great Britain. Her "Old Arm Chair" had rendered her name quite celebrated in this country, before the reprinting of several editions of her "Poems" gave her a recognised position among the popular writers of the age. Her poems are generally characterized by warm and earnest feeling, which is so marked a feature of her "Christmas Home."

The music of the "Christmas Home" was composed by VINCENT WALLACE, who has produced some of the most popular music of the present day, among which the opera of "Maritana" is most conspicuous. Mr. Wallace has visited this country, and met with a very cordial reception from the public in his character of performer as well as composer of music.



THE BAY OF BISCAI.



MODERATO.

Loud roar'd the dread - ful thun - der; The

rain a de - luge showers; The clouds were rent a - sun - der By

lightning's vi - vid powers. The night both drear and

dark, Our poor, de - vo - ted bark! There she

lay, Till next day, In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!

2.

Now, dash'd upon the billow,
 Our opening timbers creak;
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak.
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay, till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

3.

At length the wish'd-for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky.

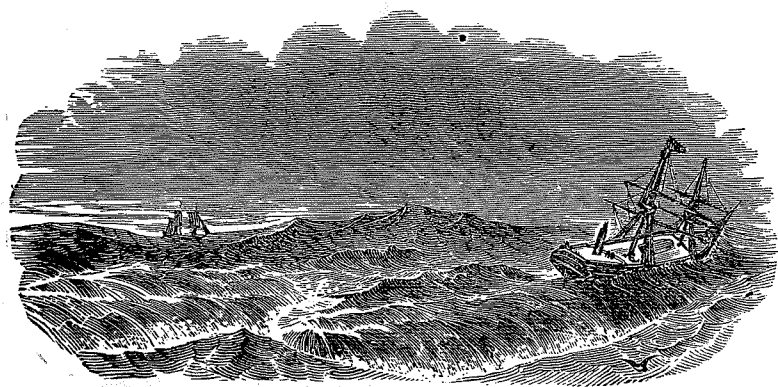
THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved a bitter sigh.
 The dismal wreck to view
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay, on that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

4.

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent,
 When Heaven, all-bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent.—
 A sail in sight appears,—
 We hail her with three cheers!
 Now we sail, with the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!

JOHN DAVY, a teacher of music in London, produced several popular balads, of which "The Bay of Biscay" is the most remarkable. It was composed for Incedon, or rather suggested by that celebrated singer. It is said that Incedon, waiting for a friend at a public house in Wapping, heard some drunken negro sailors singing in chorus an air, which pleased him so much that it dwelt in his memory. He hummed it to Davy, who founded upon it the song which Incedon sang with such unparalleled effect. Davy died in 1824. The words are by Mr. ANDREW CHERRY, the author of the "Soldier's Daughter," and other dramatic pieces.

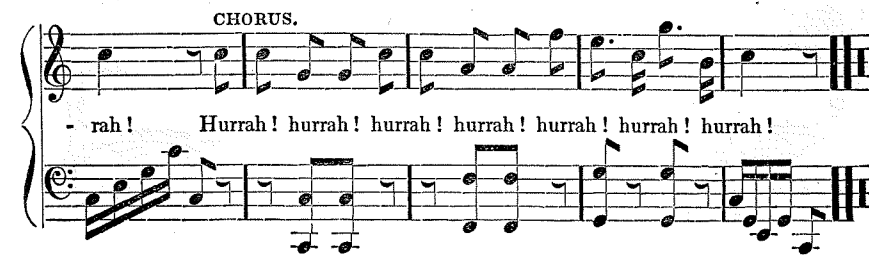
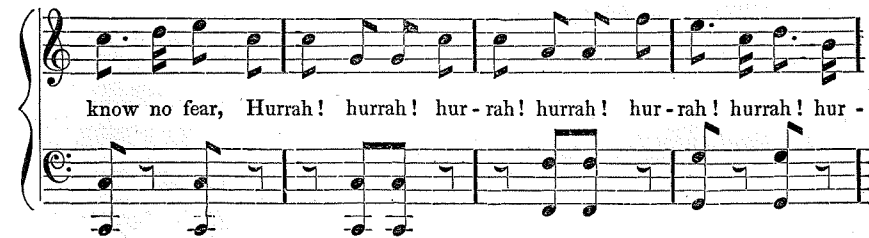


BUENA VISTA.

ALLEGRO.

Near Bue - na Vis - ta's mountain chain, Hur - rah! hurrah! hur

- rah! Brave Tay - lor met his foes a - gain, Hurrah! hur - rah! hur -



2.

That day heard Santa Anna boast, Hurrah!
Ere night he'd vanquish all our host! Hurrah!
But then the braggart did not know
That Taylor never yields to foe! Hurrah!

3.

Kentucky, by brave Marshall led, Hurrah!
Seeks vengeance for her gallant dead; Hurrah!
And while for Vaughan, McKee and Clay
The tear-drop flows, they win the day! Hurrah!

4.

There's Hardin brings up Illinois, Hurrah!
With Bissell's line of gallant boys! Hurrah!
And Indiana, led by Lane,
All bravely struggle on the plain! Hurrah!

5.

O'Brien, Sherman, Washington, Hurrah!
Their batteries pour the foes upon; Hurrah!
While Captain Bragg, at "Zach's" command,
"More grape" bestows on every hand! Hurrah!

6.

Young Arkansas, whose gallant Yell, Hurrah!
Amidst the din of battle fell, Hurrah!
Still claims brave Pike her sons to lead,
Soon to revenge the bloody deed! Hurrah!

7.

No page in history e'er can show, Hurrah!
So bright a victory o'er a foe, Hurrah!
As we this day did proudly gain
On Buena Vista's bloody plain! Hurrah!





Coming through the Rye.

MODERATO.

If a bo - dy meet a bo - dy, Comin' thro' the

rye; If a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy cry?

Ev' - ry las - sie has her laddie, Nane they say have I; But

all the lads they smile at me, When co - min' thro' the rye. A -

- mang the train there is a swain, The lad I lo'e sae well, But

ad lib.
where's his hame, or what's his name, I din - na choose to tell.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

2.

If a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the town ;
 If a body kiss a body,
 Need a body frown ?
 Every lassie has her laddie ;
 Nane, they say, have I ;
 But all the lads they smile at me,
 When comin' through the rye.
 Amang the train, &c.

3.

If a body meet a body
 Comin' through the glen,
 If a body kiss a body,
 Need the warld ken ?
 Ilka Jenny has her jockey,
 Nane, they say, have I ;
 But all the lads they smile at me,
 Then what the waur am I ?
 Amang the train, &c.



MADAME CATALANI.

Hope Told
A Flattering Tale

ANDANTINO.



joy would soon re - turn; Ah! naught my sighs a -

- - vail, For love is doom'd to mourn. Ah!

Where's the flatt' - rer gone? From me for - ev - er

flown? From me for - ev - er flown? Ah!

no, no, no, no, no, Ah! naught my sighs a -

- - vail, For love is doom'd to mourn.

ANGELICA CATALANI was born at Sinigalia, in the neighbourhood of Rome, in 1782. It is said that she sold matches in the streets of Rome, when, attracting the notice of a high officer of the church, (Cardinal Onorati) she was placed under instruction and preparation for the opera, which, however, it must be admitted, were very superficial. She first appeared at Venice; taen at Milan, where she sung with the celebrated *Musico Marchesi*. She then made the tour of Europe, enjoying such success and receipts as were unknown to artists previous to her day. As an actress, she was eminently great—as a tragedian, full of grace and dignity; but, as a musician, she was below mediocrity, possessing scarcely the knowledge of a third-rate performer, and depended entirely upon the teachings of a master, who always accompanied her. Nature was lavish in her gifts to this extraordinary woman; had art done as much she would have stood unrivalled among artists. Her form was a model of symmetry, and her face, which beamed with intelligence and animation, was capable of every shade and variety of expression. She excelled in the *bravura*, and at times abused her wonderful powers by singing instrumental variations, composed on the most trifling *themas*. Her singing of Paisiello's beautiful air, "Nel Cor," showed, however, that she was not deficient in the *canto spianato*. Catalani amassed great wealth, retired from public life, and settled at Bologna, where she died a few years ago.

GIOVANNI PAISIELLO was born at Tarento in 1741. He was educated in the Conservatorio San Onofrio, at Naples, when that institution was under the direction of Durante. His principal operas were "Nina," "La Molinara," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and "La Frascatana." After having been the companion of kings and emperors, he was permitted to spend his latter years in great poverty, and to die in want. His style was marked for its simplicity and clearness, and for grace and beauty of melody. He died, June, 1816.





ADAGIO.

FIRST VOICE.
De - ser - ted by the wa - ning moon, When

SECOND VOICE.
When

42

skies pro - claim night's cheer - less noon, On tow - er, fort, or
skies pro - claim night's cheer - less noon, On tow - er, fort, or

tent - ed ground, The sen - try walks his lone - ly round, The sen - try
tent - ed ground, The sen - try walks his lone - ly round,

walks, The sen - try walks his
his lone - ly round, his

Allegro.
lone - ly round. And should some foot - step hap - ly stray, Where
lone - ly round. And should some foot - step hap - ly stray, Where

caution marks the guarded way, Where caution marks the guarded way, the
caution marks the guarded way, Where caution marks the guarded way, the

guard - ed way. A
guard - ed way. Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell—

Adagio.
friend! Good night! All's
The word? All's well. All's

well; Good night! All, all's well.
well; The word? All, all's well.

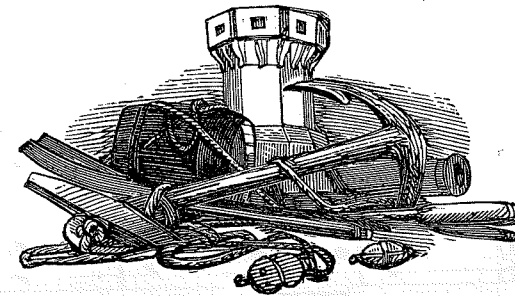
2.

Or, sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And, while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some friendly voice salutes his ear—
What cheer? Brother, quickly tell,
Above—

Below—

Good night!

All, all's well.





ANDANTINO.

Peace - ful slumb'ring on the o - cean, Sea - men

fear no dan - ger nigh, The winds and waves, in gen - tle

mo - tion, Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul - la - by,

lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Soothe them

with their lul - - la - - by.

2.

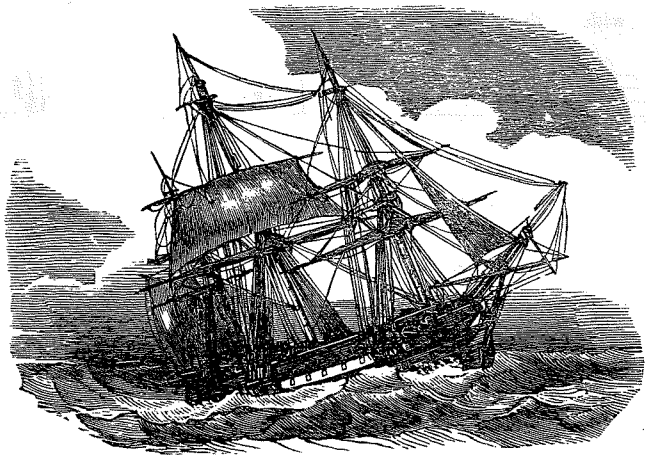
Is the wind tempestuous blowing?
 Still no danger they descry;
 The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,
 Soothes them with its lullaby.

This Song is from the opera of "The Pirates," written by JAMES COBB, who was secretary to the East India Company, and employed his leisure hours in writing for the stage. He produced several successful pieces, amongst which may be mentioned "The Haunted Tower" and "The Siege of Belgrade." He was born in 1756, and died in 1818.

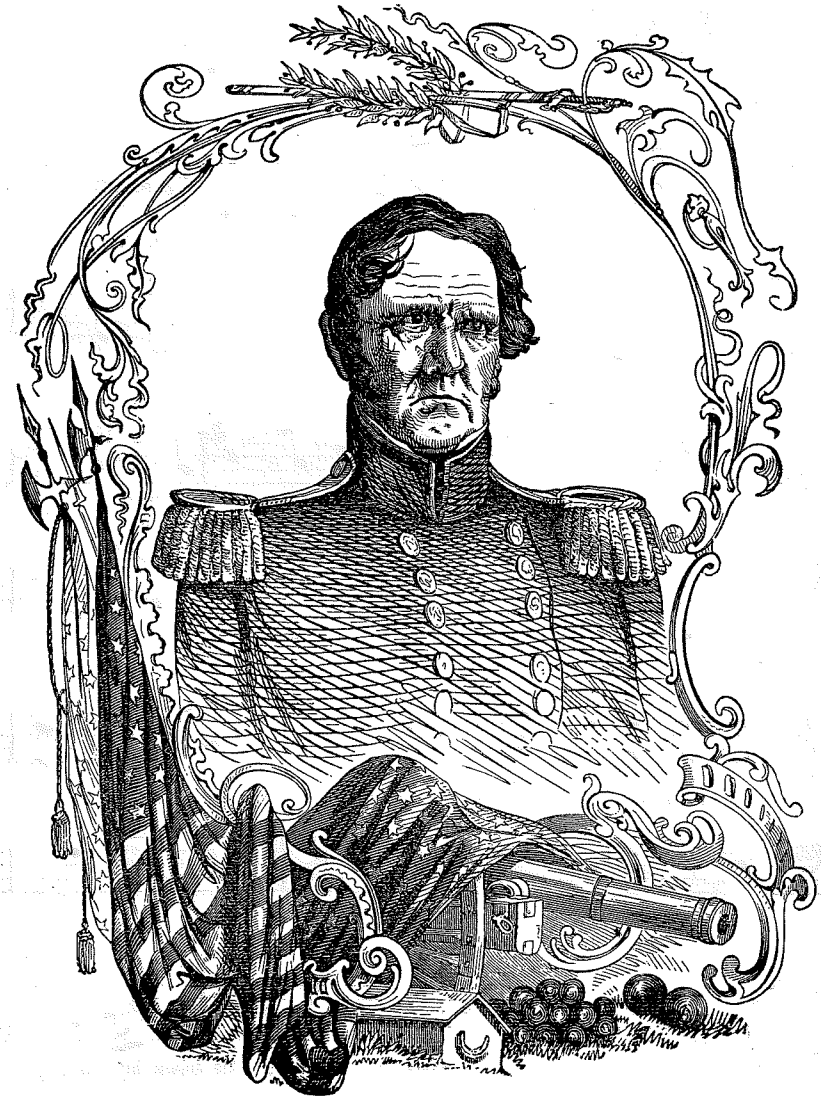
STEPHEN STORACE, the composer of the music of this song, was born in England, in 1763, of Italian parents, and received the whole of his musical education in Italy. At a very early age he

was placed in the Conservatorio of St. Onophrio at Naples, and remained there until he had finished his studies. After enjoying some success in Italy and Germany, he went to England, in 1787 where he soon obtained an engagement as composer to Drury Lane Theatre.

His first English opera, "The Haunted Tower," (written by James Cobb,) was brought out in 1789, and had great success. It was performed fifty times the first season; and not only established Storace's reputation as a composer, but introduced his sister, the celebrated Anna Storace, to the public as a vocalist. Shortly after, he produced "The Siege of Belgrade,"—an English version by Cobb of Martini's Italian opera, "La Cosa Rara," in which several pieces of his own were introduced. "No Song, no Supper," "The Pirates," "Lodoiska," and other works, followed in rapid succession. Having composed the music for "The Iron Chest," written by Colman, he was anxious to attend the rehearsals; and, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends and family, he insisted, although very ill, upon being wrapped in blankets and carried to the theatre. The consequence was fatal; he returned to his bed, from which he never rose again, but expired a few days after the successful performance of the play, in the thirty-third year of his age. He left an unfinished opera, "Mahmoud," which was performed a short time after his death for the benefit of his widow and child; Braham sustained the principal part, and the opera was completely successful. Storace studied in Naples in the palmy days of its great conservatorios, and would, had he lived, have greatly improved the style of English music.



THE MEN OF CHURUBUSCO.



MAJOR GENERAL INFIELD SCOTT.

ALLEGRO
MAESTOSO.

They'll point them out in af - ter - years, The

men of Chu - ru - bu - sco fight! And ten - der hearts will

name with tears The gal - lant spi - rits quench'd in night;

When each who un - der Win - field fought, And kept the field a -

- live, Was e - qual, in the deeds he wrought,

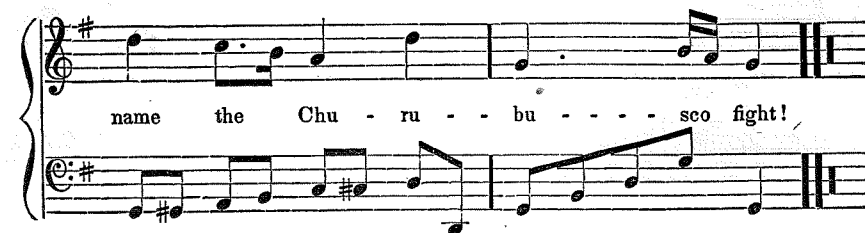
To a - ny com - mon five; When each, who un - der

Win - field fought, And kept the field a - - live,

Was e - qual, in the deeds he wrought, To a - ny com - mon

five; They'll point them out, those

vet - rans, then, As far be - yond all common men.



2.

They'll sing their praise, when they're no more—
 The men of Churubusco fight!
 And when their latest march is o'er—
 As one by one is lost to sight—
 Then girls will ask his friends to spare,
 From off that hoary brow,
 A shred but of the scattered hair
 Which waves so richly now;
 And loiterers by the inn-side hearth
 Will pause amid their tavern mirth,
 And, filling, fear since he has pass'd,
 They drink "To Churubusco's last!"

3.

They'll paint their deeds in statued hall—
 The deeds of Churubusco fight!
 And, on the smoke-dried cottage wall,
 Will smile their pictures, brave and bright,
 Who fought with stalwart Scott of yore,
 That glorious field to win—
 When every warrior bosom bore
 Five hero hearts within!
 They'll legends tell of heroes, then,
 Far, far beyond all modern men!
 And still in song will grow more bright
 The deeds of Churubusco fight!

The words of this song are from the "LITERARY WORLD." The music, it will be perceived, is an adaptation of one of the favourite chorusses of the opera of "Norma," by BELLINI.





BLACK EYED SUSAN.

MODERATO.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,

54

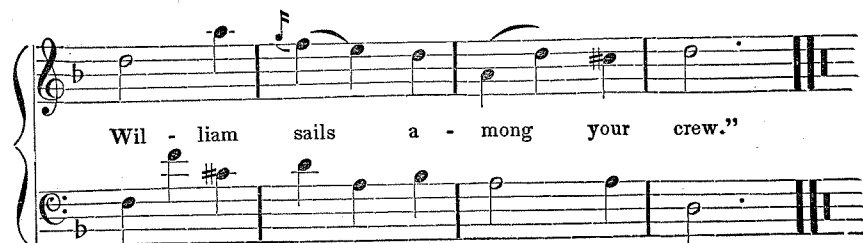
The streamers wa - ving to the wind,

When black-eyed Su - - san came on board;

"O! where shall I my true love find?

Tell me, ye jo - - vial sai - - lors, tell me

true, If my sweet Wil - liam, If my sweet



2.

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sighed, and cast his eyes below :
 The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

3.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

4.

"O! Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear—
 We only part to meet again.
 Change, as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee !

5.

"Believe not what the land-men say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find.
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

6.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright !
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale !
 Thy skin is ivory so white !

Thus, every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

7.

"Though battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harm,
 William shall to his dear return ;
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

8.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word :
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
 No longer must she stay aboard :
 They kiss'd, she sighed, he hung his head.
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land—
 "Adieu !" she cries, and waved her lily hand.





Charlie is my Darling

ANDANTE.

O! Char-lie is my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my dar-ling; O!

Char-lie is my dar-ling, The young che - va - lier. 'Twas

on a Mon-day morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When

Char - lie came to our town, The young che - va - lier. O!

Char-lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling, O!

Char-lie is my dar - ling, The young che - va - lier.

2.

As he came marching up the street,
 The pipes played loud and clear;
 And a' the folk came running out
 To meet the chevalier.
 O! Charlie, &c.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

3.

Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,
 And claymores long and clear,
 They came to fight for Scotland's right,
 And the young chevalier.
 O! Charlie, &c.

4.

They've left their bonnie highland hills,
 Their wives and bairnies dear,
 To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
 The young chevalier.
 O! Charlie, &c.

5.

Now ha'd awa', ye lawland loon,
 And court nae lassie here—
 The highland man's come back again
 Wi' the young chevalier.
 O! Charlie, &c.



MY HEART AND LUTE.

MODERATO.

I give thee all, I can no more, Tho' poor the off'ring

be, My heart and lute are all the store That

I can bring to thee— A lute, whose gen - tie

song re - veals The soul of love full well; And,

bet - ter far, a heart that feels Much more than lute could

tell. I give thee all, I can no more, Tho''

poor the off - ring be; My heart and lute are

all the store That I can bring to thee.

2.

Though love and song may fail, alas!
 To keep life's clouds away,
 At least 'twill make them lighter pass,
 Or gild them if they stay.
 If ever care his discord flings
 O'er life's enchanted strain,
 Let love but gently touch the strings,
 'Twill all be sweet again!
 I give thee all, &c.



RORY O' MOORE



**ALLEGRO
MA NON
TROPPO.**

Young Ro-ry O'Moore court-ed Kath-a-leen Bawn, He was

bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn; He

wish'd in 'is heart pret - ty Kath - leen to please, And he

thought the best way to do that was to tease. "Now,

Ro - ry, be ai - sy," sweet Kath - leen would cry, Re -

- - proof on her lip, but a smile in her eye, "With your

tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm a - bout— Faith you've

teas'd till I've put on my cloak in - side out." "O!

jew - el," says Ro - ry, "that same is the way You've

thra - ted my heart for this ma - ny a day, And 'tis

plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure— For 'tis

all for good' luck," says bold Ro - ry O' - Moore.

2.

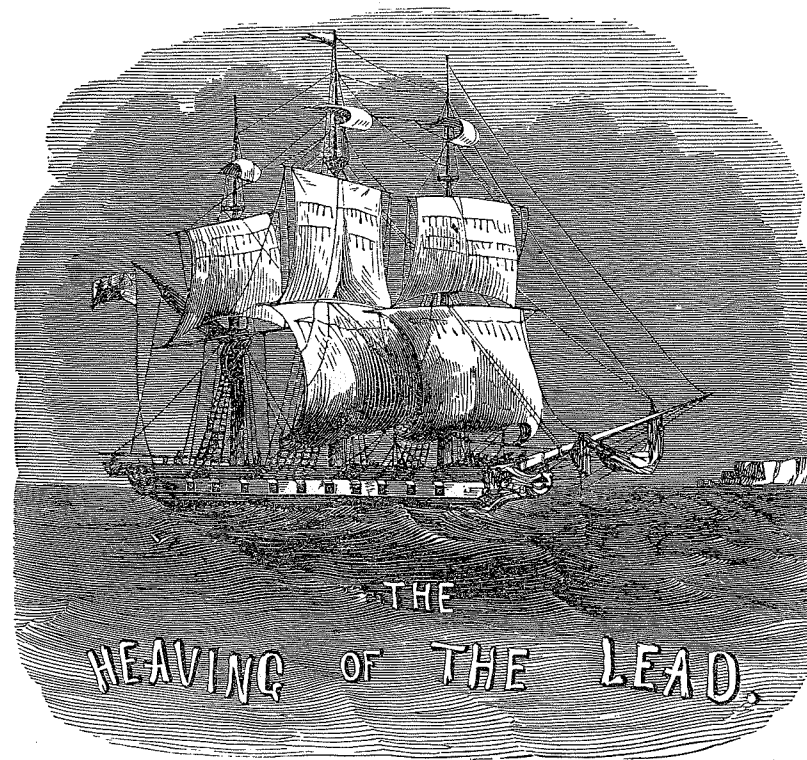
"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound"—
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go—
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so."
"Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by contharies, my dear—
Oh! jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie.
And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure,
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'Moore.

3.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teas'd me enough,
And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste—
So I think, after that, I may *talk to the priest*."*
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck!
And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light;
And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more—
There's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure—
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'Moore.

* Paddy's mode of asking a girl to name the day.

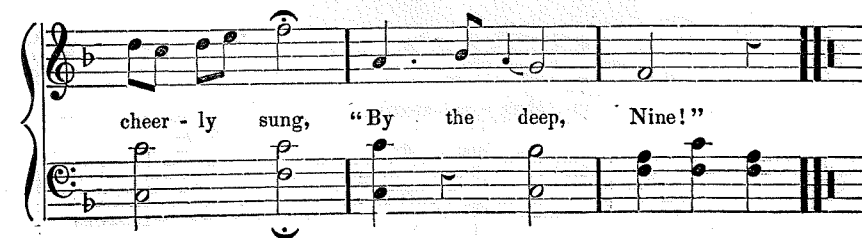
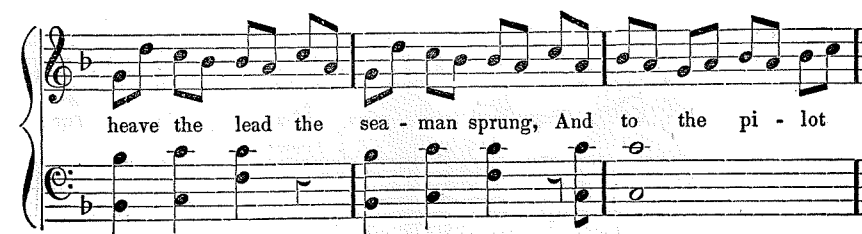
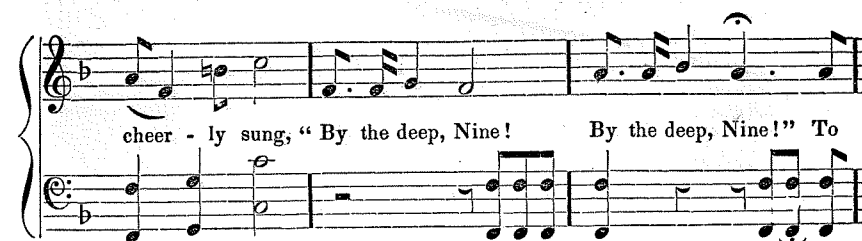
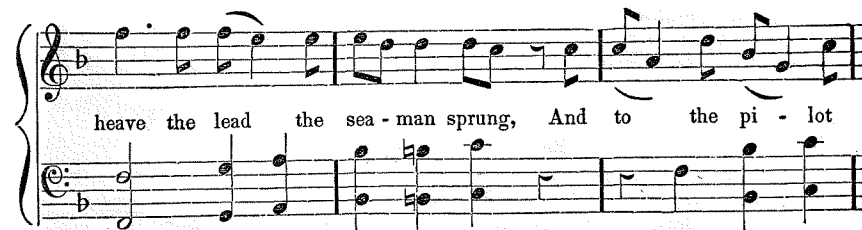
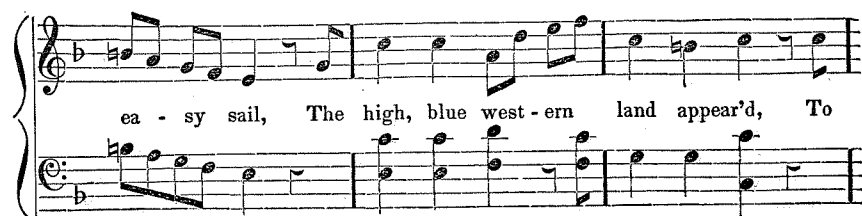
The foregoing song was written and adapted to an Irish melody by SAMUEL LOVER, the painter, poet, composer, novelist, actor and singer. Lover's career was commenced in Dublin, as a miniature painter. He then became known as the writer and composer of some national songs, which have enjoyed great popularity. At the death of Tyrone Power, the stage was left without a representative of Irish character. Lover was immediately looked upon as the only person who could supply the vacuum. He played a short engagement, but was not successful—the talents for an actor being essentially different from those required for an author. His tales and novels have had a great run, and have been republished in this country. Following the example of Dibdin and Matthews, he gave entertainments in London, illustrating Irish character by story and song, depending upon his individual efforts alone. In this he was successful. About one or two years ago, he came out to this country, and has continued his Irish exhibitions with considerable success. He has written several songs, etc., since his arrival in this country, where he still remains.



ANDANTE.

For Eng - land when, with fav - 'ring gale, Our

gal - lant ship up chan - nel steer'd, And, scud - ding un - der



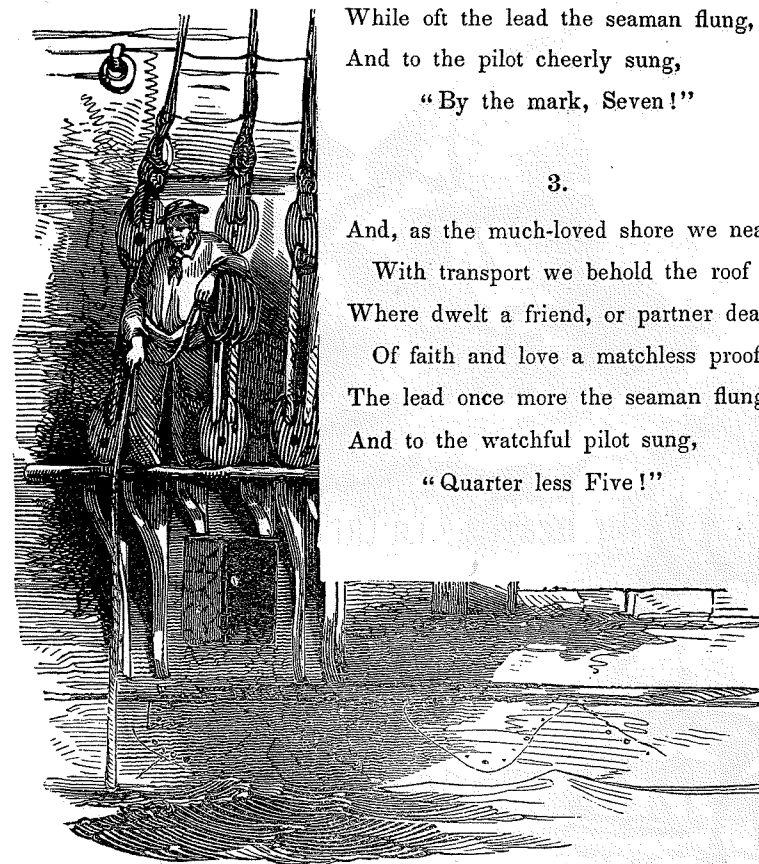
2.

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view,
An abbey-tower, an harbour-fort,
Or beacon, to the vessel true—

While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the mark, Seven!"

3.

And, as the much-loved shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof;
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
"Quarter less Five!"



This song is from one of SHIELD'S earliest works, a little opera long since forgotten, called "Hartford Bridge." Of the author, JAMES PEARCE, who also wrote the opera of "Netley Abbey," we can get no information. At a period abounding with sea songs, when, indeed, the taste for them was encouraged from political considerations, this was a favourite song of George III., who more frequently ordered the piece in which it was sung, than any other musical afterpiece.



ALLEGRO
MODERATO.

My heart's in the Highlands, my

heart is not here; My heart's in the High-lands, a

cha - sing the deer, A cha - sing the wild deer and

fol - lowing the roe; My heart's in the High - lands, wher -

- ev - er I go. Fare - well to the High - lands, fare -

- well to the north, The birth - place of va - lour, the

coun - try of worth; Wher - ev - er I wan - der, wher -

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

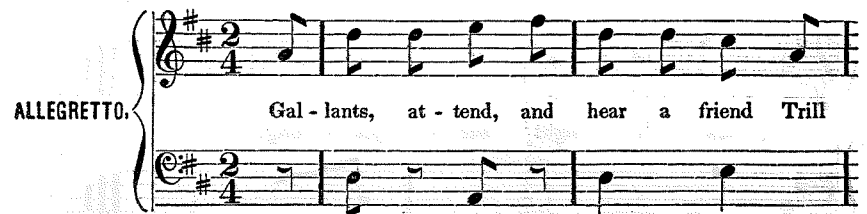


2.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer—
 A chasing the wild deer and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow !
 Farewell to the strath, and green valleys below !
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods !
 Farewell to the waters and wild-pouring floods !



BATTLE of the KEGS.



late be - fel In Phi - la - del - phia ci - ty. 'Twas

ear - ly day, as po - ets say, Just when the sun was

ri - sing, A sol - dier stood on log of wood, And

saw a sight sur - - pri - sing.

2.

As, in amaze, he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sirs,
He spied a score—of kegs, or more,
Come floating down the tide, sirs.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

3.

"These kegs now hold the rebels bold
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they're come down to attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying."
The soldier flew, the sailor, too,
And, scared almost to death, sirs,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sirs.

4.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and some ran there,
Like men almost distracted.
Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the town half-naked.

5.

Sir William,* he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dream'd of harm, as he lay warm
Old Morpheus imploring.
Now, in a fright, he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

* Sir William Howe.

6.

At his bedside he then espied
 Sir Erskine* at command, sirs;
 Upon one foot he had one boot,
 And t'other in his hands, sirs.
 "Arise! arise!" Sir Erskine cries:
 "The rebels—more's the pity—
 Without a boat, are all on float,
 And ranged before the city.

7.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
 With Satan for their guide, sir,
 Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
 Come driving down the tide, sir.
 Therefore, prepare for bloody war!
 These kegs must all be routed,
 Or surely we despised shall be,
 And British courage doubted."

8.

The royal band now ready stand,
 All ranged in dread array, sirs,
 With stomach stout to see it out,
 And make a bloody day, sirs.
 The cannons roar from shore to shore,
 The small arms make a rattle;
 Since wars began, I'm sure no man
 E'er saw so strange a battle.

9.

The rebel† vales, the rebel dales,
 With rebel trees surrounded,
 The distant woods, the hills and floods,
 With rebel echoes sounded.

* Sir William Erskine.

† The British officers were so fond of the word *rebel*, that they often applied it most absurdly.

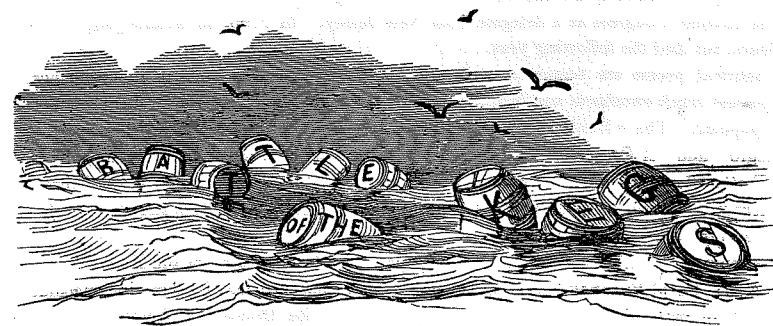
The fish below swam to and fro,
 Attack'd from every quarter—
 "Why, sure," thought they, "the devil's to pay
 'Mongst folks above the water."

10.

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made
 Of rebel staves and hoops, sirs,
 Could not oppose their powerful foes,
 The conquering British troops, sirs.
 From morn to night these men of might
 Displayed amazing courage
 And when the sun was fairly down,
 Retired to sup their porridge.

11.

A hundred men, with each a pen,
 Or more—upon my word, sirs,
 It is most true—would be too few
 Their valour to record, sirs.
 Such feats did they perform that day
 Upon these wicked kegs, sirs,
 That years to come, if they get home,
 They'll make their boasts and brags, sirs.





NOTICE OF FRANCIS HOPKINSON,
AUTHOR OF THE "BATTLE OF THE KEGS."

FRANCIS HOPKINSON, born at Philadelphia, 1738, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was highly distinguished for his literary and judicial abilities. He was graduated at the college of Philadelphia, and, in 1765, visited England, where he remained two years. In 1776, he entered Congress as a delegate from New Jersey. In 1790, he became judge of the District Court, but died the following year.

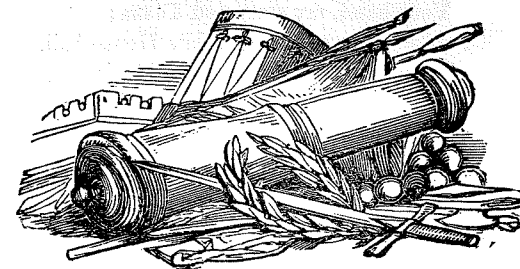
His satirical poems are numerous, and contributed largely to the cause of independence. His songs possess much sweetness and delicacy, and the airs which he composed for them rendered them doubly popular. The "Battle of the Kegs" is a specimen of his facetiousness in verse, and his "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are graphic and agreeable imitations. Besides this, he published "The Pretty Story," in 1776, which was a satire on the political measures of Great Britain. His "Prophecy," "Political Catechism," and Gazette articles, were of the same stamp. A selection of his works in three volumes was printed in 1792.

The circumstances which gave rise to the composition of the "Battle of the Kegs" were as follows: A Mr. David Bushnell had invented several ingenious articles of submarine machinery, for the purpose of destroying the British vessels stationed in the Delaware. Among these was the American Torpedo, a machine shaped like a water tortoise, and managed by a single person. It contained sufficient air to support respiration thirty minutes without being replenished, valves to

admit or reject water for the purpose of rising or sinking, ballast to keep it upright, and a seat for the operator. Above the rudder was a place for carrying a large powder magazine, constructed from two pieces of oak timber, and capable of carrying one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, with the apparatus for firing it. Within the magazine was an apparatus constructed to run any proposed length of time under twelve hours, after which it sprung a strong lock similar to that of a gun, which gave fire to the powder. This apparatus was so secured that it could be set in motion only by the casting off the magazine from the vessel.

With this machine a skilful operator could swim so low on the surface of the water, as to approach at night very near to a ship without being discovered. After sinking quickly he could keep at any necessary depth, and row to a great distance in any direction, without coming to the surface. Bushnell found, however, that much trial and instruction were required for a man of common ingenuity to become a skilful manager. It was first tried by his brother, who, unfortunately, was taken ill at the time when he had become proficient in its operation. Another person was procured, and the first experiment tried upon the Eagle, a sixty-four, which Lord Howe commanded in person. He went under the ship, and attempted to fix the wooden screw into her bottom, but struck, as was supposed, a bar of iron running from the rudder-hinge. Not being well skilled in the management of the machine, he lost the ship in attempting to move to another place; and, after seeking her in vain for some time, rowed a little distance and rose to the surface. Daylight had now advanced so far that the attempt could not be renewed, and, fearing he was discovered, he detached the magazine from his vessel and escaped. In an hour the powder exploded, throwing a vast column of water to an amazing height, and leaving the enemy to conjecture whether it was caused by a bomb, a water-spout, or an earthquake. Want of resources obliged Mr. Bushnell to abandon his schemes for that time; but, in 1777, he made an attempt from a whale-boat against the Cerberus frigate, by drawing a machine against her side with a line. It accidentally became attached to a schooner and exploded, tearing the vessel in pieces. Three men were killed, and one dangerously wounded.

In December, 1777, Mr. Bushnell contrived another ingenious expedient for accomplishing his favourite object. He charged a number of kegs with powder, arranging them so as to explode on coming in contact with any thing while floating along the tide. This squadron was launched at night on the Delaware river, above the English shipping; but, unfortunately, the proper distance could not be well ascertained, and they were set adrift too far from the vessels, so that they became obstructed and dispersed by the floating ice. On the following day, however, one of them blew up a boat, and others exploded, occasioning the greatest consternation among the British seamen. The troops were aroused, and, with the sailors, manned the wharves and shipping at Philadelphia, discharging their cannon and small arms at every thing they could see floating in the river during the ebb tide. This was the *battle of the kegs*, rendered famous by the facetious genius of Hopkinson.





UNCLE SAM and TEXAS.

UNCLE SAM'S SONG TO MISS TEXAS.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

WALK in, my tall hair'd Indian gal;
 Your hand, my star-eyed Texas;
 You're welcome to our White House hall,
 Though Mexy's hounds would vex us;
 Come in an' take some Johnny-cake,
 With 'lasses snug and coodle,
 For that and Independence make
 A full-blood Yankee Doodle.
 Yankee Doodle is the word,
 Surpassin' all creation,
 With the pipe, or with the sword,
 It makes us love our nation.

2.

My overseer, young Jemmy Polk,
 Shall show you all my nieces;
 And then the cabinet we'll smoke
 Until our eagle sneezes;
 If Johnny Bull's fat, greedy boys
 About our union grumble,
 I'll kick up sich a tarnal noise,
 'Twill make 'em feel quite humble.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

3.

If Mexy, back'd by secret foes,
 Still talks of takin' you, gal,
 Why we can lick 'em all, you knows,
 An' then annex 'em, too, gal—
 For I'm the boy that wins the day,
 And nations overthrows, sir.
 My Scott and Taylor know the way
 To deal with every foe, sir,
 Singing Yankee Doodle, &c.





ANDANTINO.

SOPRANO.
MEZZO SOPRANO.

What fai - ry - like mu - sic steals o - ver the

sea, En - tranc - ing the sen - ses with

charm'd me - lo - - dy? What fai - ry - like
What fai - ry - like

mu - sic steals o - ver the sea, En -
mu - sic steals o - ver the sea, En -

- - tranc - ing the sen - ses with charm'd me - lo - dy.
- - tranc - ing the sen - ses with charm'd me - lo - dy.

'Tis the voice of the mer-maid, that floats o'er the

'Tis the voice of the mer-maid, that floats o'er the

main, As she min-gles her song with the

main, As she min-gles her song with the

gon-do-lier's strain! 'Tis the voice of the

gon-do-lier's strain! 'Tis the voice of the

mer-maid, that floats o'er the main, As she

mer-maid, that floats o'er the main, As she

min-gles her song with the gon-do-lier's strain!

min-gles her song with the gon-do-lier's strain!

2.

The winds are all hush'd, and the waters at rest—
They sleep like the passions in infancy's breast!

The winds are all hush'd, &c.
Till storms shall unchain them from out their dark cave,
And break the repose of the soul and the wave!
Till storms shall unchain, &c.





ANDANTE.

A ba - by was sleeping, Its mo - ther was weeping, For her

hus - band was far on the wild, ra - ging sea; And the

tem - pest was swelling Round the fish - er - man's dwelling, And she

cried, "Der - mot, dar - ling, O, come back to me."

2.

Her beads while she number'd,
 The baby still slumber'd,
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee—
 "O! bless'd be that warning,
 My child, thy sleep adorning,
 For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

3.

"And while they are keeping
 Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
 O! pray to them softly, my baby, with me;

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

And say thou wouldst rather
 They'd watch o'er thy father—
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

4.

The dawn of the morning
 Saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
 And, closely caressing
 Her child, with a blessing,
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering to thee."

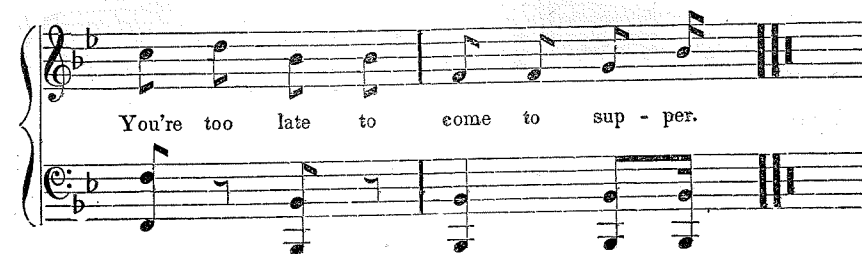
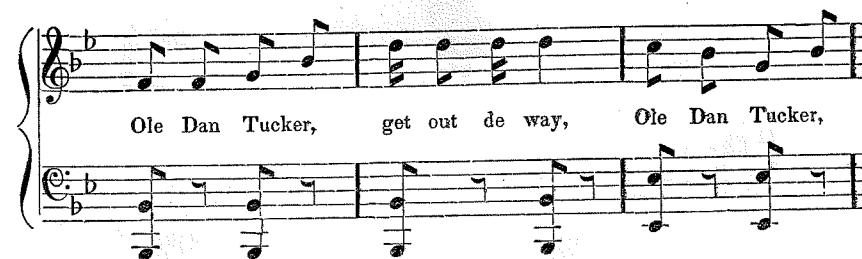
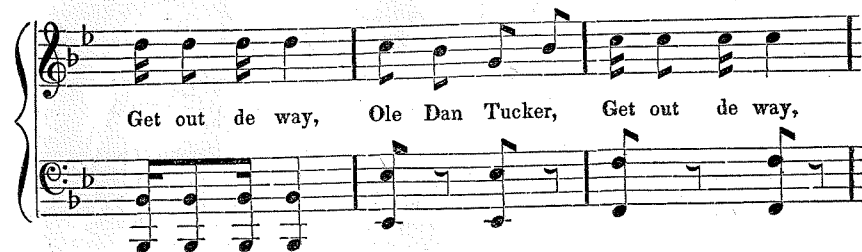
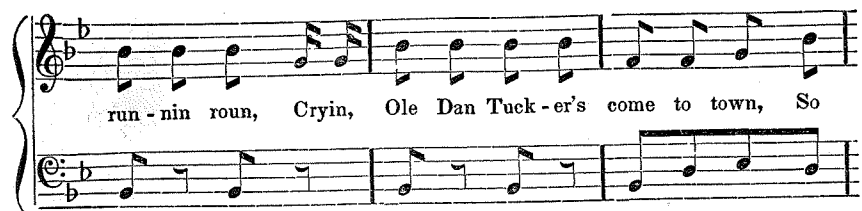


OLD DAN TUCKER.

ALLEGRO
 MODERATO.

I came to town de ud - der night; I

hear de noise an saw de fight; De watch - man was a



2.

Ole Dan he went down to de mill
 To get some meal to put in de swill—
 De miller he swore by de point of his knife
 He never seed such a man in his life.
 So get out de way, &c.

3.

Ole Dan and I we did fall out,
 And what you tink it was about—
 He tread on my corn, I kick him on de shin,
 And dat's de way dis row begin.
 So get out de way, &c.

4.

Ole Dan begun in early life
 To play de banjo and de fife ;
 He play de niggers all to sleep,
 An den into his bunk he creep.
 So get out de way, &c.

5.

And now Ole Dan is a gone sucker,
 And neber can go home to supper ;
 Ole Dan he has had his last ride,
 And de banjo's buried by his side.
 So get out de way, &c.





roam, Be it e - - ver so hum - ble, there's

no place like home! A charm from the

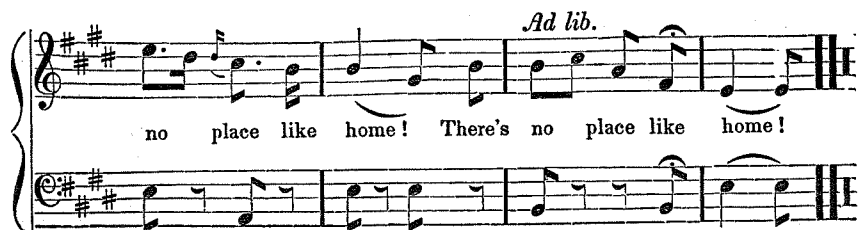
skies seems to hal - low us there, Which

seek through the world is ne'er met with else - where.

Epress.
Home! Home! sweet, sweet home! There's

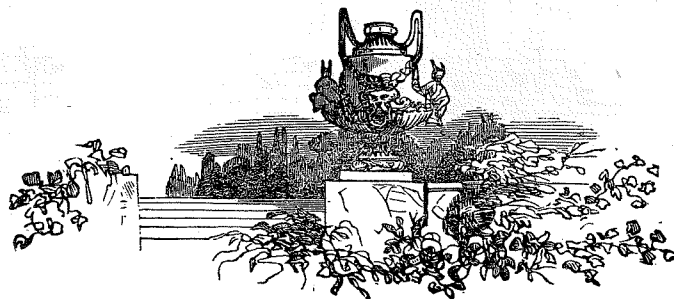
ANDANTE. 'Mid plea - sures and pa - la - ces though we may

HOME, SWEET HOME!



2.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,
 O! give me my lowly-thatch'd cottage again!
 The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
 Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than all—
 Home! Home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!
 There's no place like home!



AULD ROBIN GRAY.



AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, And a' the kye at

hame, And a' the wea-ry warld a-sleep is

gane, The waes o' my

heart fa' in show-ers frae my e'e,

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

While my gude-man sleeps sound by me.

ANDANTE.

Young Ja-mie loved me weel, And ask'd me for his bride, But

sa-ving a crown, he had naething else be-side; To

make the crown a pound my Ja-mie went to sea, And the

crown and the pound were baith for me. He

had - na been gane but a year and a day, When my

fa - ther brake his arm, and our cow was stole a - way; My

mither, she fell sick, And Ja - mie at the sea, And

Auld Robin Gray came a court - ing to me.

2.

My father couldna work, and my mither couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their sake, O, pray marry me."
My heart it said nae, and I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wrack!
His ship was a wrack! why didna Jenny dee?
And why was she spared to cry, "Wae's me?"

3.

My father urged me sair, but my mither didna speak;
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break!
Sae they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.
I hadna been a wife but weeks only four,—
When, sitting sae mournfully out my ain door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith—for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee."

4.

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore oursel's away.

I wish I were dead—but I'm nae like to dee—
 O! why was I born to say, "Wae's me!"
 I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin;
 I daurna think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For Auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.

THE CONTINUATION.

1.

THE wintry days grew lang, my tears they were a' spent;
 May be it was despair I fancied was content.
 They said my cheek was wan; I cou'dna look to see—
 For, O! the wee bit glass—my Jamie gaed it me!
 My father he was sad, my mither dull and wae;
 But that which grieved me maist, it was Auld Robin Gray;
 Though ne'er a word he said, his cheeks said mair than a'—
 It wasted like a brae o'er which the torrents fa'.

2.

He gaed into his bed—nae physic wad he take;
 And oft he moan'd and said, "It's better for her sake."
 At length he look'd upon me, and call'd me his "ain dear,"
 And beckon'd round the neighbours, as if his hour drew near—
 "I've wrong'd her sair," he said, "but ken't the truth o'er late;
 It's grief for that alone that hastens now my date;
 But a' is for the best, since death will shortly free
 A young and faithful heart, that was ill match'd wi' me.

3.

"I loved, and sought to win her, for mony a lang day;
 I had her parents' favour, but still she said me nay;
 I knew na Jamie's love; and O! it's sair to tell—
 To force her to be mine, I steal'd her cow mysel!
 O, what cared I for Crummie! I thought of nought but thee;
 I thought it was the cow stood 'twixt my love and me.
 While she maintain'd ye a', was you not heard to say
 That you would never marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?"

4.

"But sickness in the house, and hunger at the door,
 My bairn gi'ed me her hand, although her heart was sore.
 I saw her heart was sore—why did I take her hand?
 That was a sinfu' deed! to blast a bonnie land.
 It was na very lang ere a' did come to light,
 For Jamie he came back, and Jenny's cheek grew white.
 My spouse's cheek grew white, but true she was to me—
 Jenny! I saw it a'—and O, I'm glad to dee!"

5

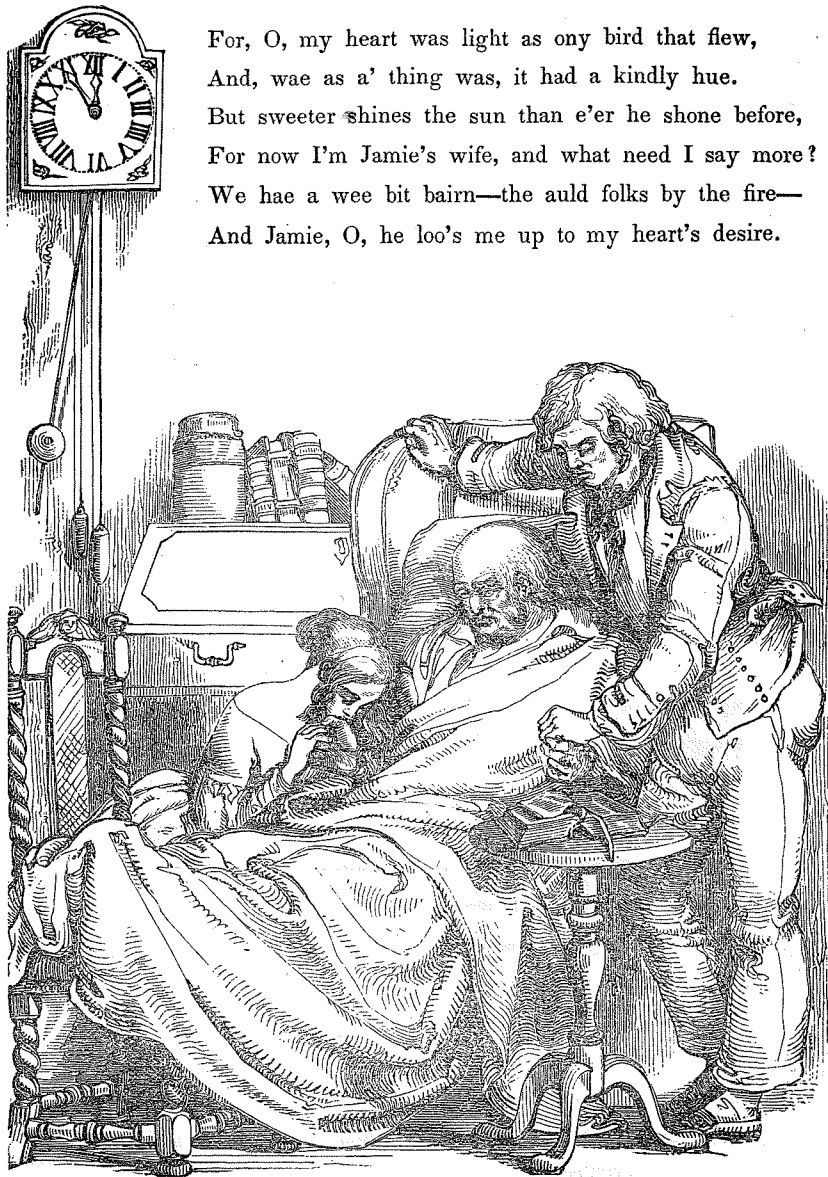
"Is Jamie come?" he said; and Jamie by us stood—
 "Ye loo each other weel—O, let me do some good!
 I gie you a', young man—my houses, cattle, kine,
 And the dear wife hersel', that ne'er should hae been mine."
 We kiss'd his clay-cold hands—a smile came o'er his face—
 "He's pardon'd," Jamie said, "before the throne o' grace.
 O, Jenny! see that smile—forgi'en, I'm sure, is he—
 Wha could withstand temptation when hoping to win thee?"

6.

The days at first were dowie; but what was sad and sair,
 While tears were in my e'e, I ken't mysel' nae mair;

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

For, O, my heart was light as ony bird that flew,
 And, wae as a' thing was, it had a kindly hue.
 But sweeter shines the sun than e'er he shone before,
 For now I'm Jamie's wife, and what need I say more?
 We hae a wee bit bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
 And Jamie, O, he loo's me up to my heart's desire.



ALLEGRO

O'er the bo - som of E - rie, in fan - ci - ful pride, Did the

 Musical notation for the song "Perry's Victory." The notation is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of two staves. The first staff is the melody, and the second staff is the bass line. The tempo is marked "ALLEGRO". The lyrics "O'er the bo - som of E - rie, in fan - ci - ful pride, Did the" are written below the first staff.

fleet of old Eng - land ex - ult - ing - ly ride, Till the

flag of Co - lum - bia her Per - ry un - furl'd, The

boast of the west and the pride of the world!

CHORUS.

TENOR.
And still should the foe dare the fight to sustain, Gallant

BARITONO.
And still should the foe dare the fight to sustain, Gallant

BASS.
And still should the foe dare the fight to sustain, Gallant

Per - ry shall lead on to con - quest again, Gal - lant

Per - ry shall lead on to con - quest again, Gal - lant

Per - ry shall lead on to con - quest again, Gal - lant

Per - ry shall lead on to con - quest a - gain.

Per - ry shall lead on to con - quest a - gain.

Per - ry shall lead on to con - quest a - gain.

2.

The spirit of Lawrence his influence sheds,
To the van of the fight, while the Lawrence he leads;
There death dealt around, though such numbers oppose,
And levell'd the gun at fair Liberty's foes.
And still should the foe, &c.

3.

When covered with slain, from his deck he withdrew,
And left the Niagara the fight to renew;
Where, undaunted in danger, our sea-beaten tars
O'er the cross of St. George waved the stripes and the stars.
And still should the foe, &c.

4.

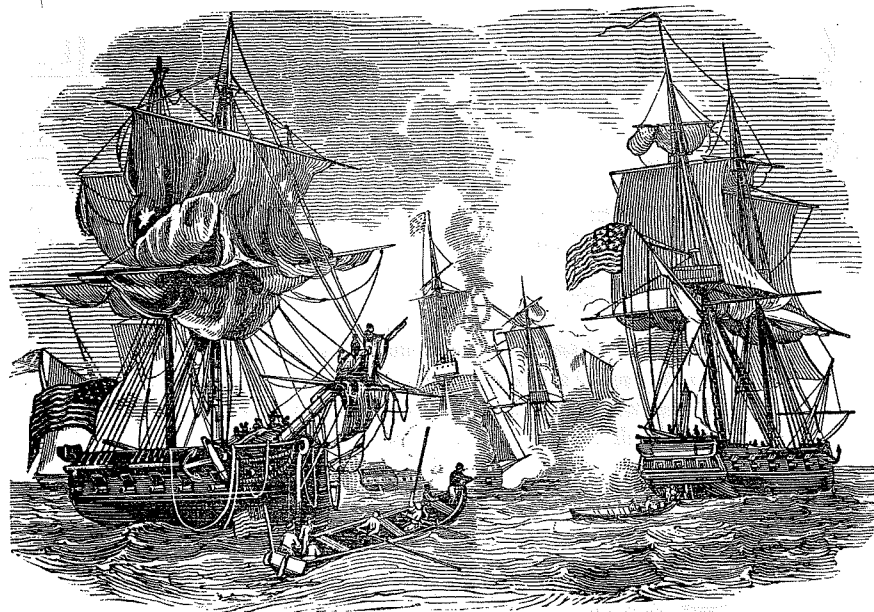
Six ships, while our banners triumphantly flew,
Submitted to tars who were born to subdue;

PERRY'S VICTORY.

When they rush'd to the battle, resolved to maintain
 The freedom of trade and our right to the main.
 And still should the foe, &c.

5.

With the glory of conquest our heroes are crown'd ;
 Let their brows with the bright naval chaplet be bound !
 For still should the foe dare the fight to sustain,
 Gallant Perry shall lead them to conquest again.
 For still should the foe, &c.



AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN

SOPRANO.

MEZZO SOPRANO.

BASS.

ANDANTINO.

Thou, thou reign'st in this bo - som, There, there

Thou, thou reign'st in this bo - som, There, there

Thou, thou reign'st in this bo - som, There, there

hast thou thy throne, Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
hast thou thy throne, Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
hast thou thy throne, Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,

Am I not fond - ly thine own? Yes, yes,
Am I not fond - ly thine own? Yes, yes,
Am I not fond - ly thine own? Yes, yes,

yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own? Yes, yes,
yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own? Yes, yes,
yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own? Yes, yes,

yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own?
yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own?
yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own?

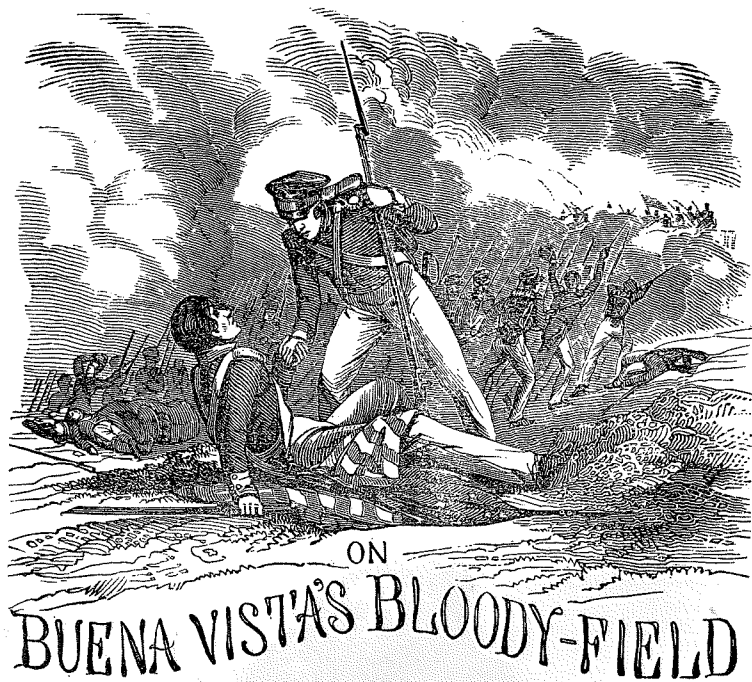
2.

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

3.

Speak, speak, love, I implore thee!
Say, say, "Hope may be thine!"
Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
Say but that thou wilt be mine!
Yes, yes, &c.





Andante.

VOCE.

PIANO
FORTE.

Mez. voce.

On Bue - na Vis - ta's bloody
field A sol - dier dy - ing lay; His
thoughts were of his mountain home, Some thou - sand miles a -
- way; He call'd his com - rade to his side, For

p

15

much he had to say, In brief - est time, to those who

were Some thousand miles a - way.

dim. *pp*

2.

"My father, comrade, you will tell
 About this bloody fray—
 My country's standard, say to him,
 Was safe with me to-day!
 I've made a pillow of it now,
 On which to lay my head—
 A winding sheet you'll make of it,
 When I am with the dead.

3.

"I know 'twill grieve his inmost soul
 To think, that never more
 I'll sit with him beneath the oak
 That shades his cottage door.

But tell the time-worn patriot,
 That, mindful of *his* fame,
 Upon this bloody battle-field
 I sullied not his name.

4.

"My mother's form is with me now;
 Her wail is in mine ear;
 And drop by drop, as flows my blood,
 So drops from her the tear.
 Then, O! when you shall tell to her
 The tidings of this day,
 Speak softly, comrade, softly speak
 What you may have to say.

5.

"Speak not to her in hurried words
 The blighting news you bear;
 The cords of life might snap too soon—
 So, comrade, have a care.
 I am her only, cherish'd child;
 But, tell her that I died,
 Rejoicing that she taught me young
 To take my country's side.

6.

"But, comrade, there is one, I fain
 Once more would look upon;
 She lives upon the sloping hill
 That overlooks the lawn—
 The lawn, where I shall never more,
 In spring time's pleasant hours,
 Go forth with her in merry mood
 To gather wood and flowers.

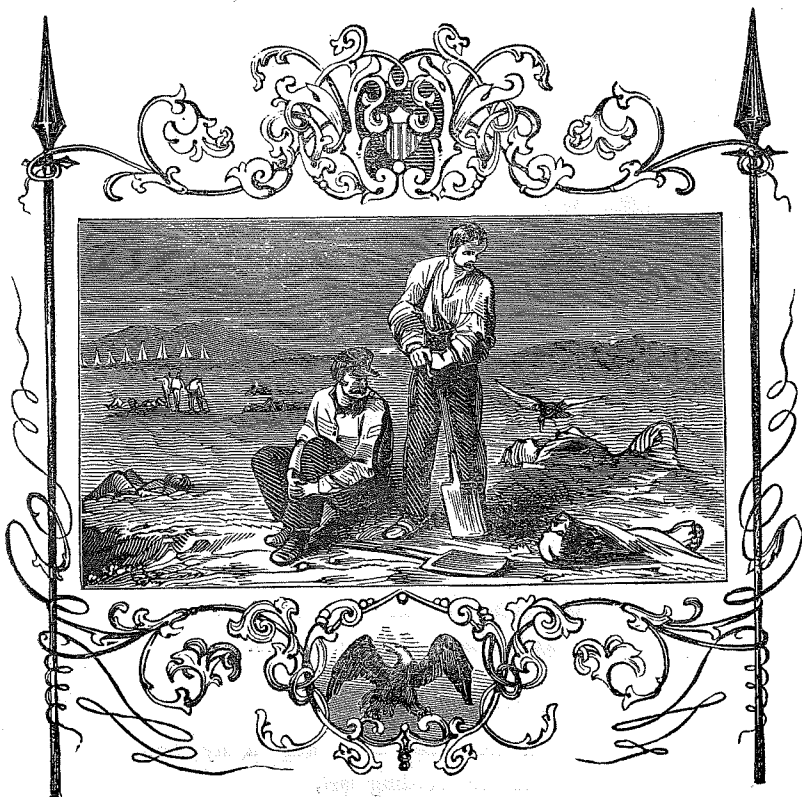
7.

"Tell her, when death was on my brow,
 And life receding fast,

ON BUENA VISTA'S BLOODY FIELD.

Her voice, her form, her parting words,
 Were with me to the last.
 On Buena Vista's bloody field,
 Tell her I dying lay,
 And that I knew she thought of me,
 Some thousand miles away."

We have cut the foregoing verses from a newspaper, and set them to music, on account of the great beauty and touching pathos of the poetry. The talented author, Colonel Henry Petriken, is wholly unknown to us personally; but we recognise in him a true devotee of the muses—one who has the fresh feelings, the ardour and the native delicacy of taste, which are so essential for brilliant success in lyric composition.

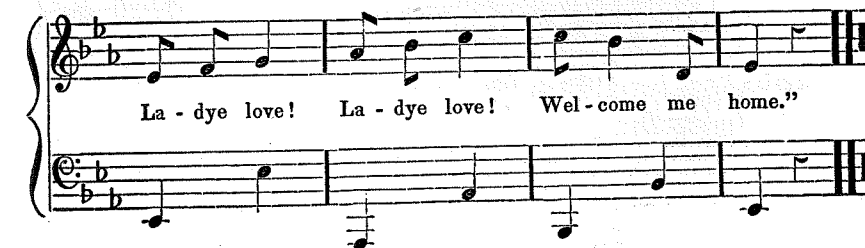
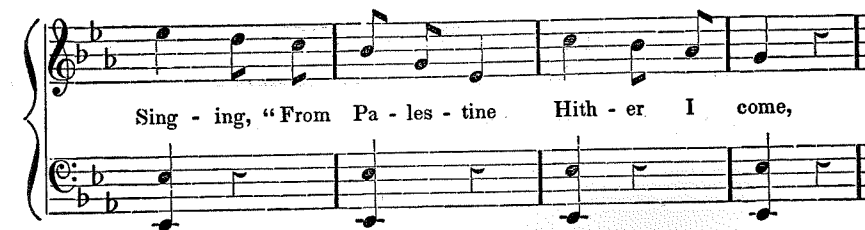
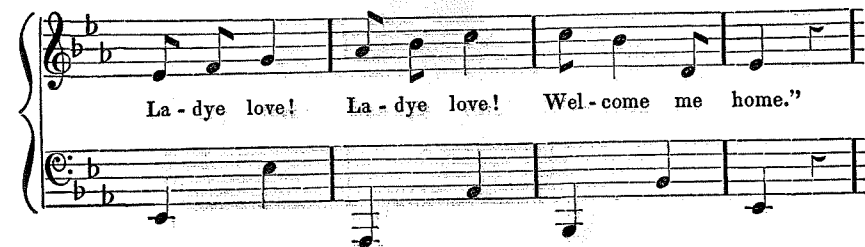
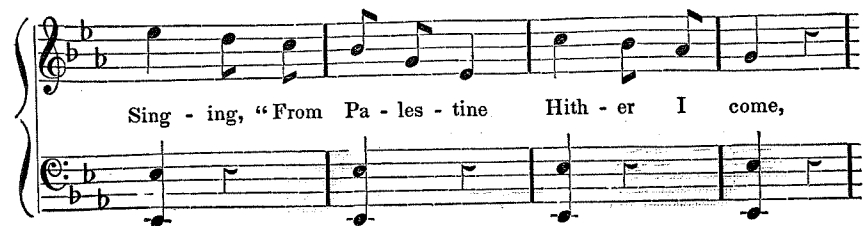


THE TROUBADOUR.

ALLEGRETTO.

Gay - ly the troubadour Touch'd his gui - tar,

When he was hast - en - ing Home from the war,



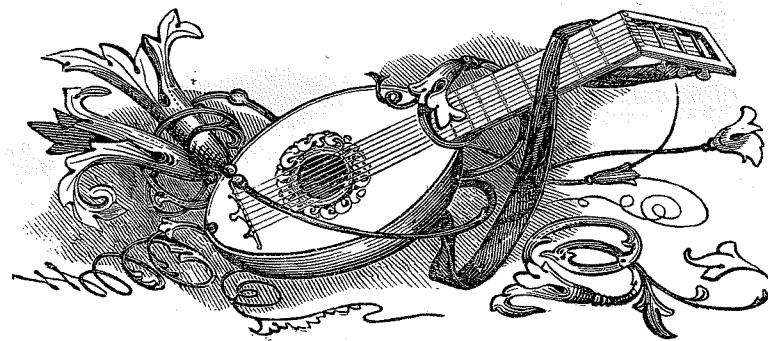
2.

She, for the troubadour,
 Hopelessly wept;
 Sadly she thought of him
 When others slept—

Singing, "In search of thee
 Would I might roam,
 Troubadour! troubadour!
 Come to thy home."
 Singing, "In search of thee
 Would I might roam,
 Troubadour! troubadour!
 Come to thy home."

3.

Hark! 'twas the troubadour
 Breathing her name;
 Under the battlement
 Softly he came,
 Singing, "From Palestine
 Hither I come,
 Ladye love! ladye love!
 Welcome me home."
 Singing, "From Palestine
 Hither I come,
 Ladye love! ladye love!
 Welcome me home."





The
HORN
CHASE.

ANDANTINO.

To join the chase at break of day, The hunt - er

fear - less leaves his dwelling, O'er hill, thro' vale, he speeds his

way, His cheer-ing horn on e-cho swelling.

mf
sosten.

At-ten-tive mark the ea-ger

p

hounds, With list'ning ears and watchful eyes, The thicket

beat, now swift-ly bounds The stag, and from the co-vert

mf *mf*

fies, Thro' brakes he shuns the hunter's sight; But o'er the

pp
sosten.

plain or up-land bounding, The ri-fle ball ar-rests his

p

flight, The horn of chase his knell re-sound-ing, re-

p *pp*

-sounding, The horn of chase his knell re-

f *mf*

- sounding, re - sounding, The horn of
 chase, The horn of chase his knell re - sounding.

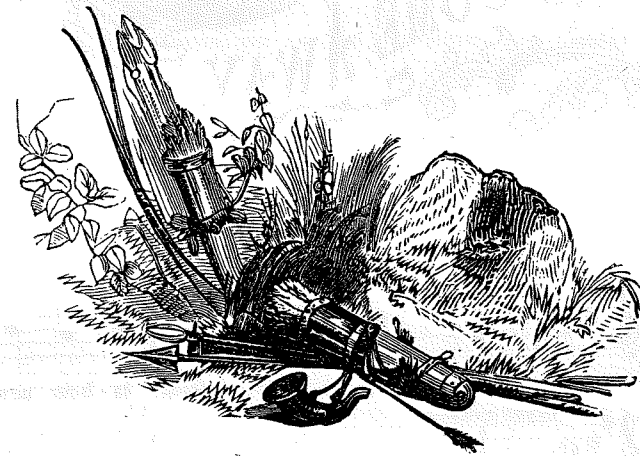
pp *f* *p* *dim.*

2.

At close of day, the sport now o'er,
 Towards home the hunter's steps are bending ;
 The bugle sounds to chase no more,
 But notes of glad return is sending.
 His anxious fair one hails the sound ;
 Her heart no longer throbs alarms ;

He gains the door with one swift bound,
 And clasps her to his longing arms.
 The festive board displays its store,
 Good cheer with social joys abounding—
 A welcome call to friends once more
 The horn of chase is gayly sounding.
 The horn of chase, &c.

"The Horn of Chase" is one of the most spirited hunting songs we have ever heard. Its great merit induced Brahám to introduce it in the opera of "Der Freischutz," by which means it became universally popular. The name of the composer, CHARLES GILBERT, has long been familiar to the American public. We shall give an extended notice of him in some subsequent number of this work.





ALLEGRO
SPIRITOSO.

SOPRANO.
O, come, come a - way, from la - bour now re -

MEZZO SOPRANO.
O, come, come a - way, from la - bour now re -

BASS.
O, come, come a - way, from la - bour now re -

- pos - ing, Let bu - sy care a - while for - bear, O, come, come a -

- pos - ing, Let bu - sy care a - while for - bear, O, come, come a -

- pos - ing, Let bu - sy care a - while for - bear, O, come, come a -

- way. Come, come, our so - cial joys renew, And there where trust and

- way. Come, come, our so - cial joys renew, And there where trust and

- way. Come, come, our so - cial joys renew, And there where trust and

friendship grew, Let true hearts welcome you, O, come, come a - way.

friendship grew, Let true hearts welcome you, O, come, come a - way.

friendship grew, Let true hearts welcome you, O, come, come a - way.

2.

From toil, and the cares on which the day is closing,
The hour of eve
Brings sweet reprieve;
O, come, come away.

COME, COME AWAY.

O, come where love will smile on thee,
 And round its hearth will gladness be,
 And time fly merrily ;
 O, come, come away.

3.

While sweet Philomel, the weary traveller cheering,
 With evening songs
 Her note prolongs,
 O, come, come away.
 In answering songs of sympathy,
 We'll sing in tuneful harmony,
 Of hope, joy, liberty.
 O, come, come away.

4.

The bright day is gone ; the moon and stars appearing,
 With silver light,
 Illume the night ;
 O, come, come away.
 Come, join your prayers with ours ; address
 Kind Heaven our peaceful home to bless
 With health, hope, happiness.
 O, come, come away.

This popular German chorus has been arranged for three voices, expressly for this work



ALL DO ALLOW IT, MARCH WHERE WE MAY.

ALLEGRO
 MAESTOSO.

p

All do al-low it, march where we

may None like the twen-tieth, gal-lant and

gay, All are so kind to us, so loved a-

- - round, We have a mer-ry time, life and joy a-

- - bound; Our brave com-pan-ions, fore-most in

fight, Loved by the fair with us they de-

Calando.

- - light, they do de - light, they do de - light. Yes, they're

Calando.

Allegro vivace.

here, yes, they're here, lo! they come With sword and with

p

drum, See they come, see they come with drum, see they

come, See they come, with sword and drum. Look at our

re - gi - ment! Who are like them? Look at our

re - gi - ment! Who are like them?

ad lib.

a tempo.

fz ad lib. ff



2.

In our battalion, all are so brave,
 We have decreed our country to save;
 Marching to victory, we now declare
 Ne'er to surrender, but unto the fair!
 "Honour and Glory!" this is the corps—
 With them 'tis found they it do adore.
 Yes, they're here; yes, they're here;
 Lo! they come, with sword and drum!
 See they come; see they come;
 With drum, see they come;
 See they come, with sword and drum;
 Look at our regiment!
 Who are like them?
 Look at our regiment!
 Who are like them?

NOTICE OF JENNY LIND.

JENNY LIND has been pronounced by the ablest critics to be one of the most remarkable singers ever heard. Her songs are sung everywhere, and every incident of her life is seized upon with the most lively interest; the public seems never to tire of the name of Jenny Lind. Her name was first introduced to the English and American public by the popular Swedish novelist, Frederika

Bremer, who says, in one of her charming stories of domestic life, "Henrik talked a great deal about Stockholm; he longed to be able to show his mother and sisters the beautiful capital. How they would be charmed with the theatres! How they would be delighted to see and hear the lovely Demoiselle Högquist, and the captivating Jenny Lind!"

Jenny Lind was born at Stockholm on the 8th of February, 1820. Her parents were poor, and kept a school. From an early age the beauty of Jenny's voice was remarked. A composition once heard, was retained in her memory, and she could sing it off note by note. A musical teacher, of the name of Croelius, introduced her to Count Pucke, the director of the Court Theatre, and, through this introduction, she became a pupil of the Stockholm Conservatorium, where her progress was astonishing. Her memorable *début* in Agatha, in Weber's "Der Freischutz," will never be forgotten in the Stockholm theatrical annals. In Weber's "Euryanthe," and as Alice in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," her triumph was equally signal. Resolved to pursue her musical studies, she went to Paris, for the advantage of taking lessons of Manuel Garcia. She was thunderstruck at her first interview with that *maestro*, when he told her, "Mon enfant, vous n'avez plus de voix." The fact was, that the organ, from overwork, had been weakened in volume. Garcia recommended her to abstain for three months from practice, to recover from the fatigue. Subsequently, she was introduced to Meyerbeer, who heard her sing, at a trial with a full orchestra at the Grand Opera, three *scenas* from "Norma," "Robert," and "Der Freischutz." Meyerbeer was in raptures, and immediately engaged her for the Berlin Opera. In less than two months she studied and acquired the German language—an evidence of the facility with which she can master foreign tongues. She made her *début*, in 1844, in "Norma," and at once took her position as a first rate *artiste*. The only original part she has yet sustained has been in Meyerbeer's "Camp of Silesia." Since that period it has been one continued career of successes wherever she has been heard.

Jenny Lind has a voice of extraordinary compass, the only defect in which is a deficiency of volume in the middle register. Her upper notes are delicious, as clear as a bell; and she warbles with the facility of a nightingale. Whilst her execution is of the most brilliant kind, nothing can approach the exquisite propriety and aptness of her *cadenzas*; they always come in at the happy moment; she never sacrifices sense to sound. Her simplicity of style is, indeed, most rigid; but this charming naturalness it is which goes so home to the hearts of her hearers. Her trill is perfect—truly marvellous—proving that she must have an intuitive knowledge of her art, as well as the best culture. Her style is full of impulse; or, as the French have it, of *abandon*. In the absence of all stage trickery, or conventionalism, may be distinguished this child of genius. Her opening *cavatina* in the presence of Amina's friends and her *finale* are contrasted with the highest skill. In the first, is the modest, subdued expression of joy; in the last, the triumphal outbreak of rapture at being restored to Elvino. But, wonder upon wonder! Meyerbeer, the celebrated composer, who, since the decay of the gifted Falcon's voice, has been on the search for years for a *prima donna*, and who, by some musical wags, has been pronounced to be the real "Wandering Jew," selects a Stockholm singer to fill the void left by Falcon and Malibran; and the throne which Grisi undisturbed had filled for such a lengthened period, in Paris and London, is to be disputed by this northern nightingale. And there is the famed Jenny Lind before you. Look at her well. You cannot pronounce those features to be beautiful; nay, ungallant critics might call her plain—and yet, beneath that "simple guise" a "radiant genius" may indeed be recognised. Rather above the middle height, Jenny Lind is slender, but particularly graceful in figure and action. She is very fair, with a profusion of beautiful auburn tresses; but it is entirely in the expression of her eyes that the truly great *artiste* will be identified—the feeling and intelligence of these bright orbs are unmistakable. Hans Christian Andersen, the distinguished Danish poet, says of her, in a letter to a friend:—"In Germany I have many dear friends, and amongst these a faithful, beloved sister, and I shall see her there. You know her name—for the echo of it must have reached you—it is Jenny Lind! She is the finest singer and actress that I know; and yet she is more even than that—she is one of the

noblest creatures on the face of the earth. She is pure-hearted, pious and kind; she is a noble woman, and a faithful friend."

Jenny Lind has appeared in London, where she is now performing, in "Lucia di Lammermoor," "La Fille du Regiment," and other operas, with like undiminished success. Such is a brief sketch of the "Swedish Nightingale," as she is called by the Germans—one of those gifted, lovely spirits, which a time of peace sends forth to humanize the world, and to link the nations together. May the beneficent spirit of peace and general enlightenment open amid all nations a yet wider and freer path to the ennobling and purifying influences of literature and music; and let us hope, also, that the day is not distant when these influences shall reach even the entire mass of the people.

Her song, which we have given in our present number, is from the opera of "La Fille du Regiment," composed by Donizetti.



CLAR DE KITCHEN.

ALLEGRETTO.

In old Kentuck, in de ar - ter - noon, We

sweep de floor wid a bran new broom, And ar - ter dat we

form a ring, And dis de song dat we do sing, O,

clare de kitchen, old folks, young folks, Clare de kitchen,

old folks, young folks, Old Vir - gin - ny ne - ver tire.

2.

I went to de creek, I couldn't get across,
I'd nobody wid me but an old blind horse;
But Old Jim Crow came riding by,
Says he, "Old fellow, your horse will die."
It's clare de kitchen, &c.

3.

My horse fell down upon de spot,
Says he, "Don't you see his eyes is sot?"
So I took out my knife, and off wid his skin,
And when he comes to life I'll ride him agin.
So clare de kitchen, &c.

4.

A jay-bird sot on a hickory limb—
He wink'd at me, and I wink'd at him;
I pick'd up a stone and I hit his shin—
Says he, "You better nct do dat agin."
So clare de kitchen, &c.

5.

A bull-frog, dress'd in soger's close,
Went in de field to shoot some crows;
De crows smell powder and fly away—
De bull-frog mighty mad dat day.
So clare de kitchen, &c.

6.

Den down I went wid Cato Moore
To see de steamboat come ashore;
Every man for himself, so I pick'd up a trunk—
"Leff off," said de captain, "or I burn you wid a chunk."
And clare de kitchen, &c.

7.

I hab a sweetheart in dis town,
She wears a yellow, striped gown;
And when she walks de streets around,
De hollow of her foot make a hole in de ground.
Now clare de kitchen, &c.

8.

Dis love is a ticklish ting, you know,
It makes a body feel all over so;
I put de question to Coal-Black Rose:
She as black as ten of spades, and got a lubly flat nose.
So clare de kitchen, &c.

9.

"Go away," says she, "wid your cowcumber shin,
If you come here agin I stick you wid a pin."

CLARE DE KITCHEN.

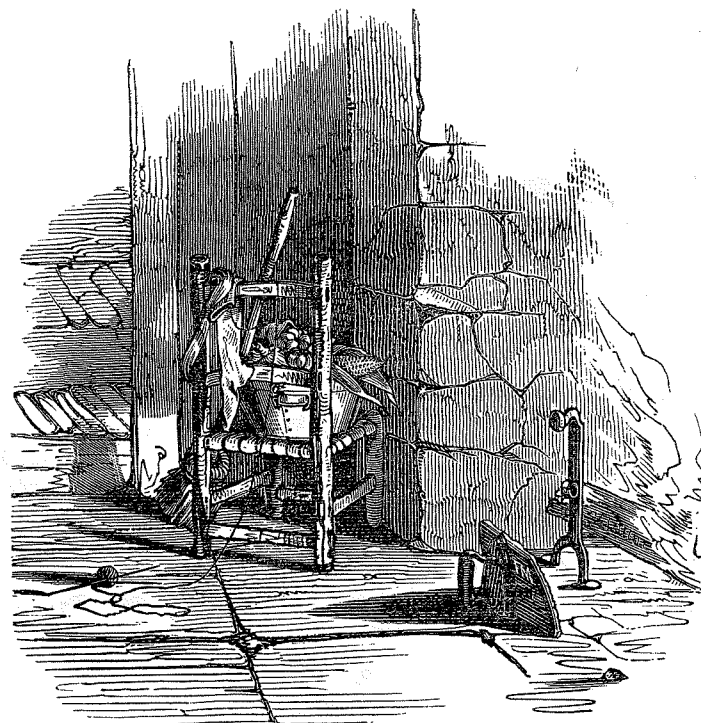
So I turn on my heel, and I bid her good bye,
 And arter I was gone, she began for to cry.
 So clare de kitchen, &c.

10.

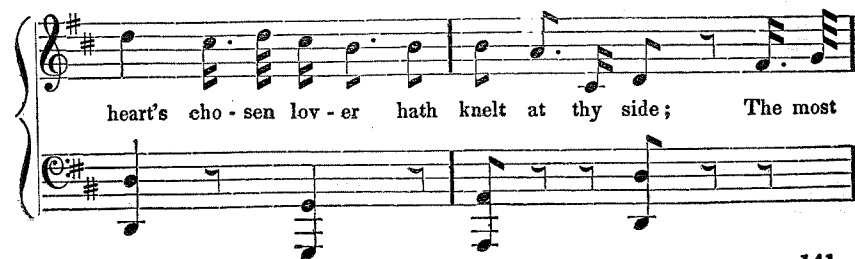
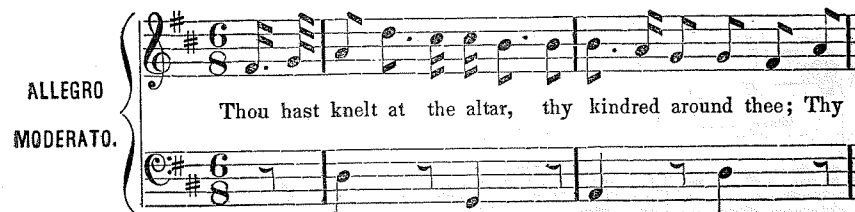
So now I'se up and off, you see,
 To take a julep sangaree;
 I'll sit upon a tater hill,
 And eat a little whip-poor-will.
 So clare de kitchen, &c.

11.

I wish I was back in Old Kentuck,
 For since I left it I had no luck—
 De gals so proud dey won't eat mush;
 And when you go to court 'em, dey say, "O, hush!"



ALLEGRO
 MODERATO.



ho - ly of vows with a strong spell hath bound thee, And they

hail thee, young beau - ty, with joy as a bride. Thy

life hath been fair as the rich summer ro - ses; And the

rallentando. tears which perchance dimm'd thy bright eyes a - while, *a tempo.* Like the

dew that at morn on the young buds re - po - ses, Have been

chased by the ra - diance of one sun - ny smile. Thou hast

knekt at the al - tar, thy kin - dred a - round thee, Thy

heart's cho - sen lo - ver hath knelt by thy side; The most

rallentando. ho - ly of vows with a strong spell hath bound thee, And they

hail thee, young beauty, with joy as a bride.

2.

Thou hast been fondly cherish'd 'midst home's happy gladness—
 No griefs to distress thee, no cares to annoy;
 The past hath been free from a shadow of sadness,
 And memory's records speak only of joy.
 O! joyous and fair as each young trusting spirit
 Hath painted its hours, may the bright future be;
 And, if aught of earth's griefs ye are doom'd to inherit,
 As swift as the brief summer cloud may they flee.
 Thou hast knelt at the altar, thy kindred around thee;
 Thy heart's chosen lover hath knelt by thy side;
 The most holy of vows with a strong spell hath bound thee,
 And they hail thee, young beauty, with joy as a bride.

The words of this beautiful song were written by GEORGIANA BENNET. The music was composed by R. FLEMING LOWELL, and is now published for the first time in this country.



BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

ANDANTE. *p*

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note, As his corse to the ramparts we

hurried; Not a sol-dier discharged his fare-well shot O'er the

grave where our he-ro we buried. We bu-ried him dark-ly at

dead of night, The turf with our bayonets turn-ing, By the

struggling moonbeam's mis-ty light, And the lanterns dimly

burn-ing; By the struggling moonbeam's mis-ty light, And our

lanterns dim-ly burning.

2.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought on the morrow.
 No useless coffin confined his breast;
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him—
 But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him!

3.

We thought, as we heap'd his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe or the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
 But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

4.

But half our heavy task was done,
 When the clock told the hour for retiring;
 And we heard, by the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was suddenly firing.
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory—
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory!

This celebrated monody was written by the Rev. CHARLES WOLFE, and has generally been considered his chief title to the name of a true poet. His claim to the original conception of the piece has been disputed; and a French poem, in which every idea of the monody by Wolfe is contained, has been published, with the assertion that it was produced prior to the English monody. We have never seen any evidence, however, sufficient to satisfy us that the French verses are not a translation of Wolfe's.

The music was composed by THOMAS WILLIAMS. It is admirably adapted to the sentiment of the piece, and has enjoyed a wide-spread popularity.



1.

NOBLY he stood in the midst of the fight,
 With the flag of the west waving o'er him;
 And its star-spangled folds were the pride of his sight
 With the foes of his country before him.
 Where the battle was fierce o'er the rugged ravine,
 He thought not of pause or surrender;
 But foremost and first of his ranks he was seen,
 The nation's unshrinking defender.

2.

At wild Buena Vista the foe he had met,
 To contend for his country and glory;
 And twice o'er the fight, ere the red sun had set,
 He fell on the battle-field gory.

This song was written by THOMAS G. SPEAR, Esq., on hearing of the fall of Lieut. Henry Clay, Jr., at Buena Vista. It is intended to be sung to the air of "Burial of Sir John Moore."

THE DEAD AT BUENA VISTA.



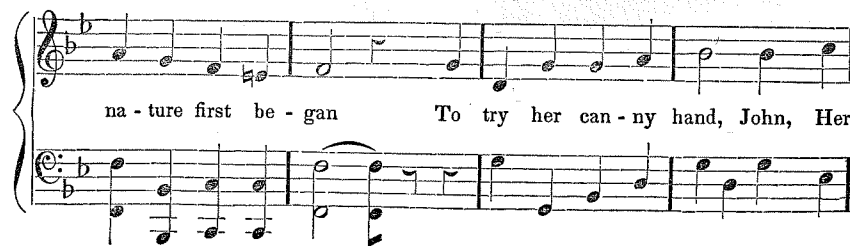
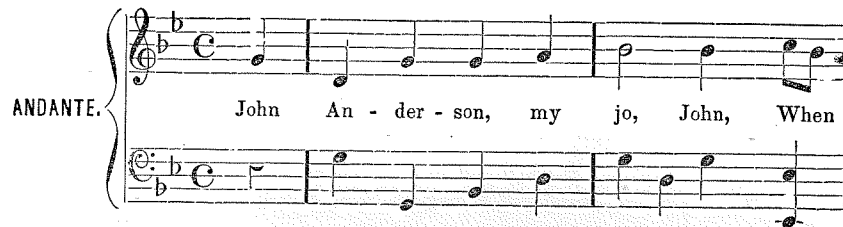
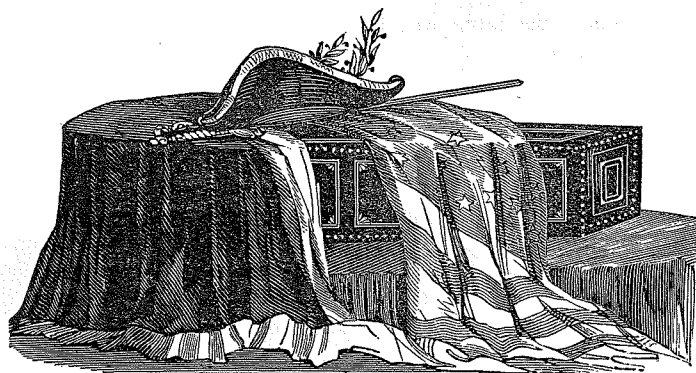
“O, give to my sire my weapons,” he cried;
 “I have used them as duty commanded—
 Press ye on to the fight,” he repeated, and died
 As his soul for his country expanded.

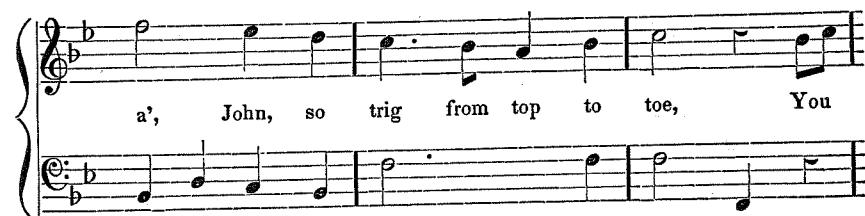
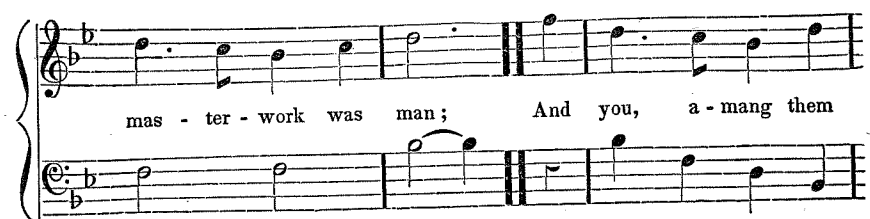
3.

They buried him there on the field of the fray,
 With the funeral guns o’er him booming,
 To sleep till conducted in silence away,
 Where the soil of Kentucky was blooming.
 They mourn’d for the fallen at Ashland’s retreat,
 On the joyless return of the morrow;
 And the heart of the nation in unison beat
 With the throbbings of filial sorrow.

4.

His relics they bore from their war-crimson’d bed
 That his bones might his birth-sod encumber;
 And many a tear for the hero was shed
 O’er the last hallow’d place of his slumber.
 An army of friends form’d his burial train,
 And with funeral garlands they crown’d him;
 And they laid him to rest, and they let him remain
 With the flag of his country around him.





2.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Ye were my first conceit;
 I think nae shame to own, John,
 I lo'ed ye ear' and late;
 They say ye're turning auld, John,
 And what though it be so,
 Ye're aye the same kind man to me,
 John Anderson, my jo.

3.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,

Your locks were like the raven;
 Your bonny brow was brent;
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow;
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

4.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.





POSTILION.

Piu lento.

ALLEGRO. Friends, come, draw near, and hear the sto - - ry

Anmato.

Of a pos - ti - lion bold and gay;

Piu lento.

'Tis true, in - deed, 'tis no vain glo - ry: Take, take my

word for all I say. . . . When far his hor - ses' tramp was

sounding, The vil - lage maids came forth to greet, Ma - ny a

heart from them was bounding, Gallop - ing with his hor - ses'

feet. Oh! oh! oh! oh! how gay and free The hap - py pos -

ti - lion must be. Oh! oh! oh! oh! how gay and

free, how gay and how free The hap - py pos - ti - lion must

rallentando. *a tempo.*

be! The happy pos - tilion must be! How gay and free, gay and free, gay and

rallentando. *a tempo.*

free The hap - py pos - ti - lion e'er must be! How gay and

free, gay and free, gay and free, The happy pos - ti - lion e'er must be!

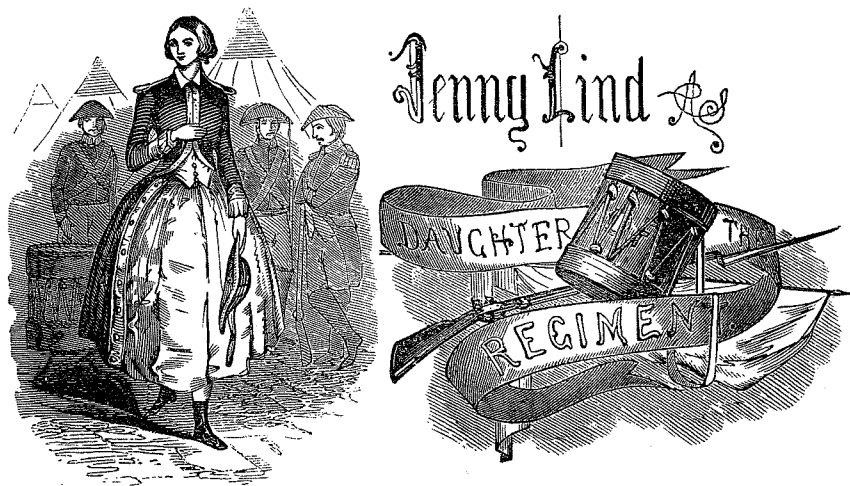
2.

Many a lady, high in station,
Whose absent lord his wife had told—
“If you do ride for recreation,
None drives but this postilion bold.”
His horses promptly obey his will,
When the trusty reins he's seizing;
There's perfect safety in his skill—
His overturns are not unpleasing.
Ch! oh, &c.

3.

Late in the night, the village leaving
To take some travellers on their way
Home he quitted, many grieving
Vainly at his lengthened stay.
No more he roves to every flower—
His days of gallantry are done—
He, that o'er many hearts had power,
Now has become the slave of one.
Oh! oh, &c.





Jenny Lind

THE RATAPLAN.

ALLEGRO. *mf*

cre - scen - do. ff p

What a charm has the drum, with its tan - a - ran - tan, When we

march to the gay pa - rade! O, the mu - sic we love is the

bold ra - ta - plan, And the rub - a - dub mer - ri - ly play'd; Every

heart is inspired by its magical sound, There's a soul in the stir - ring

drum, And there is not a voice while its

e - choes rebound, But would cry, "Let the en - e - my come." So

mer - ri - ly, O! So cheer - i - ly, O! So mer - ri - ly march a -

- way. Ra-ta-plan! ra-ta-plan! ra-ta-plan! ra-ta-plan!

March a-way while we may, 'Tis a gay ga-la day, And our

banners are flaunting high; In the sun sword and gun flash a-

- round ev'-ry one, With a glance just as bright as the sky. Rataplan!

rataplan! tan-a-ran! rataplan! tan-a-ran! rataplan! tan-a-

- ran! rataplan! rataplan! tan-a-ran! rataplan! ra-ta-

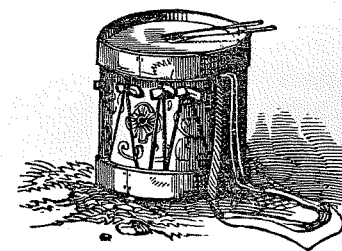
plan! tan-a-ran! tan-a-ran!

2.

To the field when we march, how the tan-a-ran-tan
 Makes the heart of the soldier glow!
 Let him hear but the roll of the bold rataplan,
 And how gallantly forward he'll go!
 When the battle is done,
 And the victory won,
 Still the sound of the rolling drum
 Sends its echoes afar,
 From the red field of war,
 To the dear friends who welcome us home.
 Then merrily, &c.

This is one of Jenny Lind's most spirited songs, and is taken from the opera of "La Figlia del Reggimento," composed by DONIZETTI. The song in our preceding number, on page 129, is also from this opera; the principal character in which Jenny Lind has been playing in London, with great eclat, during the past season.

This opera was performed in this country, about four years ago, by a French company; the part of Marie was admirably sustained by Mademoiselle Calvé—a singer and actress of superior merit.



*Allegro
Spiritoso.*

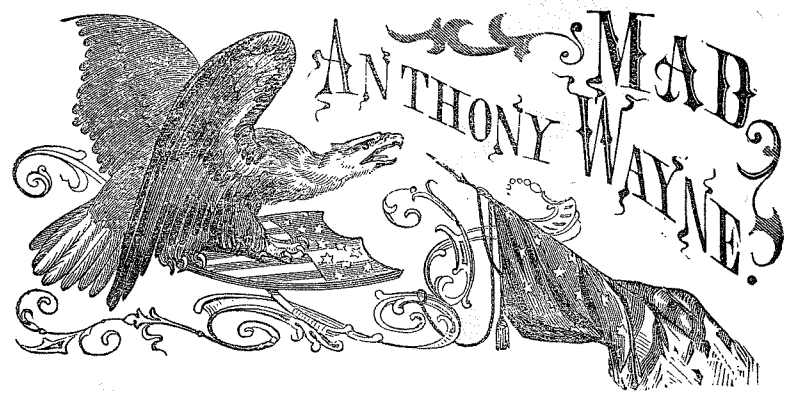
PIANO
FORTE.

f

His sword-blade gleams, and his eye-light beams, And

mf

never glanced ei-ther in vain; Like the o - cean tides, at our



head he rides, The fear-less Mad An-tho-ny Wayne!

Bang! bang! the ri-fles go, Down falls the startled foe;

Bang! bang! the ri-fles go, Down falls the startled foe, And

many a red coat here to-night, The Con-ti-nen-tals

scorning. Shall ne-ver meet the blaze of the broad sunlight, That

CHORUS.

shines on the mor-row mor-ning. And many a red coat

f

here to - night, The Con - ti - nen - tals scorn - ing, Shall

never meet the blaze of the broad sunlight, That shines on the mor - row

morn - ing.

ff

2.

Was there e'er a chief, of his speech so brief,
 Who utters his wishes so plain?
 Ere he speaks a word, the orders are heard
 From the *eyes* of Mad Anthony Wayne!
 Aim! fire! exclaim his eyes;
 Bang! bang! each gun replies.
 And many a red coat here to-night, &c.

3.

It is best to fall at our country's call,
 If we must leave this life-time of pain;
 And who would shrink from the perilous brink,
 When led by Mad Anthony Wayne?
 Ran! tan! the bugles sound;
 Our forces fill the ground.
 And many a red coat here to-night, &c.

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE.

4.

Let them form their ranks in a firm phalanx—
 It will melt at our rifle-ball rain;
 Every shot must tell on a red coat well,
 Or we anger Mad Anthony Wayne.
 Tramp! tramp! away they go;
 Now retreats the beaten foe.
 And many a red coat here to-night,
 The Continentals scorning,
 Shall never meet the blaze of the broad sunlight,
 That shines on the morrow morning.

The words of this spirited song of the Revolution are taken from the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, from which we learn that it was written by an aid-de-camp of Mad Anthony. It was sung at the messes of the officers and soldiers; but the music to which it was sung is lost and forgotten. This loss we have endeavoured to supply by an original composition, which we now offer to our patrons.



TENOR.

ALLEGRO.

BARITONO.

BASS.

This bleak and fros-ty morning, With rime the trees a -
 This bleak and fros-ty morning, With rime the trees a -
 This bleak and fros-ty morning, With rime the trees a -

- dorn - ing, Tho' Phœ - bus be - low Were all in a glow, Thro' the
 - dorn - ing, Tho' Phœ - bus be - low Were all in a glow, Thro' the
 - dorn - ing, Tho' Phœ - bus be - low Were all in a glow, Thro' the

spark - ling snow A ska - ting we go, With a fal, lal, lal, lal,
 spark - ling snow A ska - ting we go, With a fal, lal, lal, lal,
 spark - ling snow A ska - ting we go, With a fal, lal, lal, lal,

lal, lal, la, To the sound of the merry, merry horn. From
 lal, lal, la, To the sound of the merry, merry horn. From
 lal, lal, la, To the sound of the merry, merry horn. From

right to left we're ply - ing, Swift - er than wind we're
 right to left we're ply - ing, Swift - er than wind we're
 right to left we're ply - ing, Swift - er than wind we're

fly - ing, Spheres on spheres sur - round - ing, Health and strength a -
 fly - ing, Spheres on spheres sur - round - ing, Health and strength a -
 fly - ing, Spheres on spheres sur - round - ing, Health and strength a -

- bound - ing, In cir - cles we sweep, Our poise still we keep, Be -
 - bound - ing, In cir - cles we sweep, Our poise still we keep, Be -
 - bound - ing, In cir - cles we sweep, Our poise still we keep, Be -

- hold how we sweep The face of the deep, With a fal, lal, lal, lal,
 - hold how we sweep The face of the deep, With a fal, lal, lal, lal,
 - hold how we sweep The face of the deep, With a fal, lal, lal, lal,

lal, lal, la, To the sound of the merry, merry horn.
 lal, lal, la, To the sound of the merry, merry horn.
 lal, lal, la, To the sound of the merry, merry horn.

2.

Great Jove looks down with wonder
 To view his sons of thunder;
 Though the waters he seal,
 We rove on our beel,
 Our weapons are steel,

SKATER'S GLEE.

And no danger we feel,
 With a fal lal, &c.
 To the sound of the merry, merry horn.
 See, see, the club advances!
 See how they join the dances,
 Horns and trumpets sounding,
 Rocks and hills rebounding!
 Let Tritons now blow,
 And call us their foe,
 For Neptune below
 His beard dare not show,
 With a fal, lal, &c.
 To the sound of the merry, merry horn.

This popular glee was originally composed for two voices; but, as it was believed that it would prove more acceptable by the addition of a third part, we have thus arranged it, expressly for this work.



ALLEGRETTO.

Come hi - ther, thou beau - ti - ful ro - - ver, Thou

wand' - rer of earth and of air, Who

bear - est the sighs of a lov - - - er, And

bring - est him news of his fair;

Bend hith - er thy light - wav - ing pin - ion, And

show me the gloss of thy neck; O,

perch on my hand, dear - est min - - - ion, And

turn up thy bright eye and peck.

2.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
 And there is a sip of red wine;
 Though thy wing is the whitest and fleetest,
 'Twill be fleeter when nerved by the vine.
 I have written on rose-scented paper,
 With thy wing, a soft billet-doux;
 I have melted the wax in love's taper—
 'Tis the colour of true heart's sky blue.

3.

I have fasten'd it under thy pimon,
 With a blue ribbon, round thy soft neck;
 So go from me, beautiful minion,
 While the pure ether shows not a speck;

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting;
Like an arrow, he hurries away;
And, farther and farther retreating,
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

This song was written by the American bard, PERCIVAL; the music was composed by P. K. MORAN.



SCENES
THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

ANDANTINO.

8VA.

Scenes that are bright - est May

charm a . . . while, Hearts which are

light - est, And eyes that smile: Yet

o'er them, a - bove us, Though na - ture

beam, With none to love us, How

sad they seem, With none to

love us, How sad they seem!

2.

Words cannot scatter
 The thoughts we fear;
 For, though they flatter,
 They mock the ear.
 Hopes will still deceive us
 With tearful cost,
 And when they leave us,
 The heart is lost.
 And when they leave us,
 The heart is lost.





MR. WALLACE.

NOTICE OF MR. W. V. WALLACE.

AUTHOR OF THE NEW OPERA OF "MARITANA," FROM WHICH THE PRECEDING BEAUTIFUL SONG IS EXTRACTED.

PUBLIC curiosity is always piqued in respect to the early struggles of eminent musicians. In the varied incidents of their career, one loves to trace the influences of art, and the events which gradually call forth the supremacy of a master-mind. A biographical notice of Mr. WALLACE, if given at length, would transport us to scenes of exciting interest both in the Old and New World; and, doubtless, the successful composer will in due course make his *début* as an author, for his life has been one of romance and adventure, fully exemplifying the adage, that "truth is stranger than fiction." We can but allude rapidly to some leading points of his eventful travels.

Mr. Wallace is a native of Ireland, and was born, as we believe, in 1815—Waterford boasting the honour of his birth. His father was a practical musician; and, at seven years of age, the young pupil was already a clever pianist. It was in Dublin, however, that his musical genius was strongly developed. At twelve years of age, having studied the violin, he joined the orchestra of the Theatre Royal, curiously enough, when Mr. Bunn was lessee.

During the absence of Barton, the leader, Mr. Wallace, at the age of fifteen, became the *chef*—having been unanimously called to that post by his orchestral colleagues. Having been strongly eulogized by the magician, Paganini, for his fine execution of one of the difficult pieces of the latter, he was encouraged to greater exertions. He could retain in memory all the music he heard. Madame Catalani noticed in flattering terms the extraordinary faculties of the youth. Mr. Wallace had the honour of leading Beethoven's oratorio of "The Mount of Olives," on its first performance in the Irish capital, by the Anacreontic Society. It does not appear that he studied under any particular master. He took lessons in harmony and composition from one teacher, violin exercises under another, and Czerny's studies were his resources for piano-forte playing.

At the age of eighteen, Mr. Wallace quitted Dublin for a long sea voyage to Sidney, on account of consumptive symptoms having manifested themselves in his constitution. From the governor, Sir John Burke, the artist received great acts of kindness, and he gave concerts at Sidney with great success. Here the romantic and enthusiastic tendencies of his character developed themselves, and he commenced a series of extraordinary journeys both by sea and land. An American paper states that he has been a sailor before the mast. From Sidney, Mr. Wallace sailed to Van Diemen's Land, and then visited New Zealand, where he engaged in the whale fisheries. After he left the savages of the Bay of Islands, he went to the East Indies, where he remained a year. Here he had a most miraculous escape in a tiger-hunt, when an enormous tiger sprang upon his horse, and he was thrown senseless to the ground. Recovering his consciousness and presence of mind, he drew a pistol from his belt, and, observing the tiger, who had been carried by his bound some yards beyond him, he took a deliberate aim; the ball entered the head of the animal, who fell dead, nearly crushing his vanquisher.

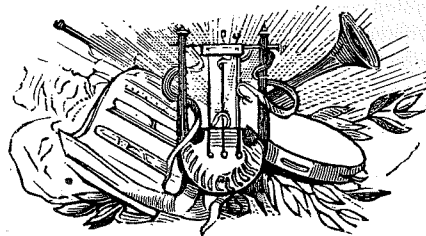
Mr. Wallace next sailed from Madras for Valparaiso, in the republic of Chili; where, and at Santiago, he gave concerts. He was in the last-mentioned city of earthquakes, at one of these terrific scenes. From Santiago, he crossed the majestic Cordilleras of the Andes to Buenos Ayres, where his stay, however, on account of the blockade, was but brief. He returned to Santiago, where he displayed a remarkable evidence of his enthusiasm for art. He had given a pledge to play at a concert, on a certain day, in Valparaiso, for the benefit of a charity; but some circumstances drove the promise from his memory. Being reminded by a friend of the fact, when it was apparently impossible for him to reach Valparaiso in time, Wallace resolved to ride on horseback the whole distance, 125 miles, to keep faith; and he performed this equestrian feat, with thirteen horses, in less than eleven hours; and was in time for the concert. From Chili he went to Peru, and gave a concert at Lima, which produced the large sum of 5000 dollars. His curiosity prompted him to be an eye-witness of a battle between the Peruvians and the Chilians, and he there became acquainted with Santa Cruz.

Crossing the Isthmus of Panama, Mr. Wallace next visited the West Indies, and gave concerts at Jamaica, Cuba, and the Havannah. His flight was then taken to Mexico; and he performed both at Vera Cruz, Tampico, and the city of Mexico. In the last-mentioned locality he had a narrow escape of perishing in the Inquisition. It is in this edifice, erected by the *Auto da Fé* Spaniards, that concerts are now given, and whilst the audience were assembling in the hall above, the musician's antiquarian lore prompted him to examine the dungeons below, without a guide. He lost his way, and it was only by accident that he was extricated from his perilous position. He led the opera band in Mexico; and then crossed the Gulf to New Orleans, where he had a brilliant reception. There is an admirable orchestra in this city, led by Prevot, of Bourdeaux—which piques itself on its rivalry to the Parisian Conservatoire. Mr. Wallace was so much cheered by these French artists, that they laid down their instruments, and abandoned the *tutti* to applaud

le Jeune Irlandais. The climate there had its effect on the subject of our memoir, and, for seven months, prostrated by fever, he did not touch a note. He returned to New Orleans, after his tour to Missouri, and gave a farewell concert.

His progress through the United States, as it appears from all the newspapers, was one combined series of triumphs. The novelty of a violinist setting aside his bow to play the piano, seemed to have astonished our musical critics. At Boston, he came into direct collision with Ole Bull, the Norwegian; Artot, the Belgian, and Vieuxtemps, also a Belgian—three most renowned violinists; but Mr. Wallace maintained his ground. After complimentary farewell concerts had been given to him everywhere by the amateurs, especially at New York, he returned to Europe, remained three days in London, and then made a musical tour in Germany and Holland. Last spring he reached London, and, at Miss Hawe's concert, made his *début* as a pianist, at the advice of his friends, who suggested that he would obtain a great teaching connection. Fortunately, his operatic talents were discovered, and the acceptance of his MS. opera by Mr. Bunn has given a proper direction to them.

It is a curious coincidence that both Balfe and Wallace have led Dublin orchestras, have travelled much, and their first operas were produced by the Drury Lane lessee—Mr. Fitzball, in both instances, writing their *libretti*. We understand that such is Mr. Wallace's intense application, he has studied *all the instruments* of the orchestra, to make himself master of their qualities. We learn from persons who have been able to appreciate the character of the composer, that he is a modest, retired man; but animated and intelligent when excited to talk over his romantic career. His enthusiasm for art is stated to be unbounded. If not ruined by awaking one morning here and finding himself famous, he has a glorious prospect before him; and, as an accomplished musician, we are proud to publish his portrait to the world.



Dance Boatman Dance.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO.

De boatman dance, and de boatman sing, De

boat-man up to eb' - ry ting; And when de boat-men

come on shore, Dey spend dere mo - ney and dey work for more.

Dance, de boat - man, dance! O, dance, de boat - man,

dance! We dance all night till broad day - light, Go

home wid de gals an de morn - in. Hi! ho! de

boat - man row, Floatin down de rib - er ob de O - hi - o.

2.

I went on board de oder day,
To hear what de boatman had to say;
Dar I let my passion loose,
Dey clap'd me in de calaboose.
Dance, de boatman, dance,
O, dance, de boatman, &c.

3.

I've come dis time, I'll come no more,
Let me loose, I'll go on shore—
Says he, "Ole boy, we're a bully crew,
Wid a hoosier mate and captain, too.
Dance, de boatman, dance,
O, dance, de boatman, &c.

4.

When you go to de boatman's ball,
Dance wid my wife, or don't dance at all.
Sky-blue jacket, tarpaulin hat,
Look out, boys, for de nine-tail cat.
Dance, de boatman, dance,
O, dance, de boatman, &c.

5.

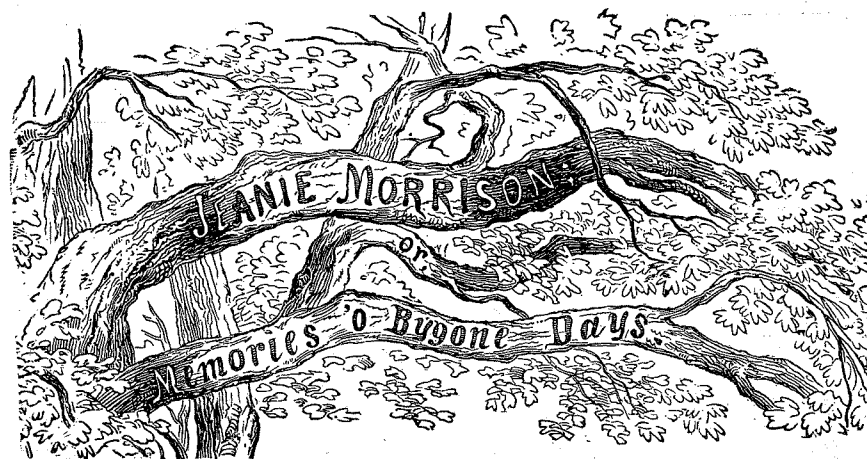
When de boatman blows his horn,
Look out, ole man, your hog is gone—

BOATMAN'S DANCE.

He stole my sheep, he stole my shoat,
 Chuck 'em in a bag and tote 'em to de boat.
 Dance, de boatman, dance,
 O, dance, de boatman, &c.

6.

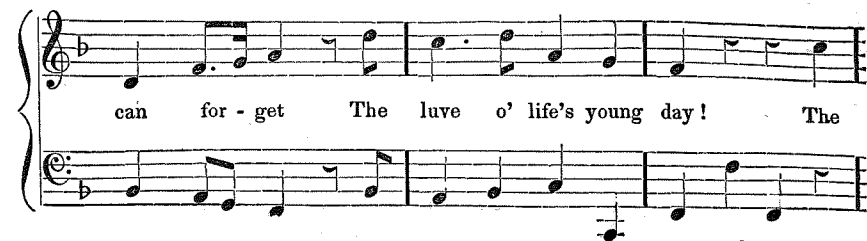
Ober de mountain, slick as an eel,
 De boatman slide down on his heel;
 De wind did blow, de waves did toss—
 I believ my soul de boatman loss.
 Dance, de boatman, dance,
 O, dance, de boatman, dance;
 We dance all night,
 Till broad daylight,
 Go home wid de gals in de mornin!
 Hi! ho, &c.



POETRY BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.....MUSIC BY R. A. SMITH.

ANDANTE.

I've wan - der'd east, I've wan - der'd west, Thro'
 mo - ny a wea - ry way, But ne - ver, ne - ver,



2.

O, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my e'en wi' tears;

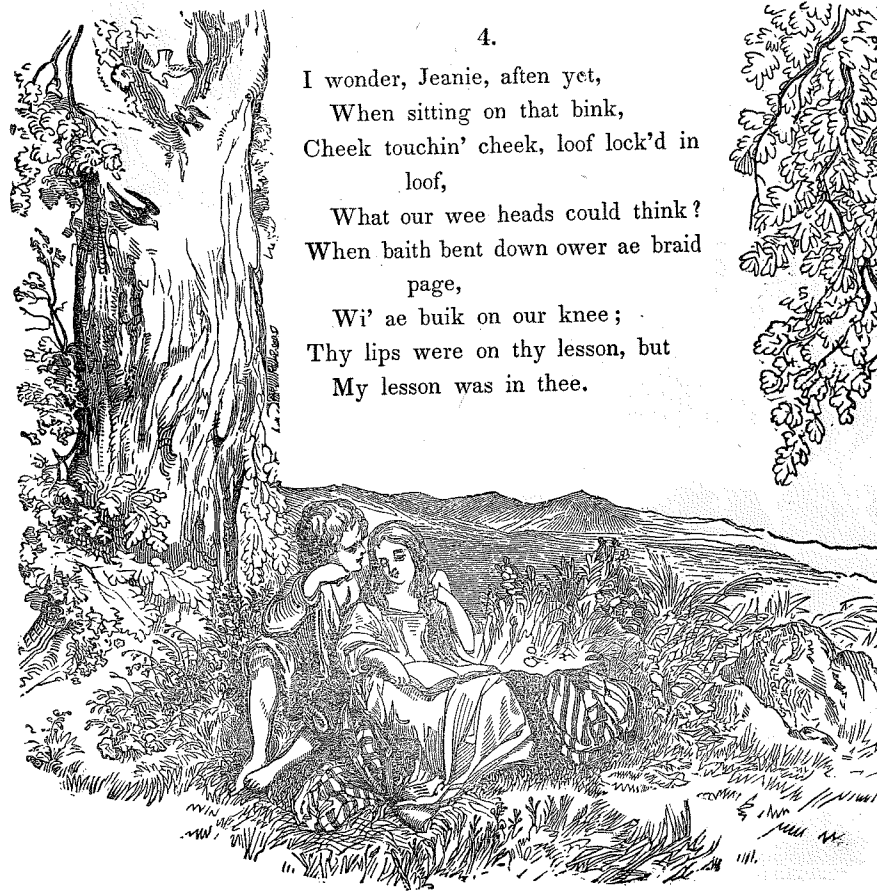
They blind my e'en wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' lang syne.

3.

'Twas then we luv'd ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule—
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd ever mair.

4.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in
loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down ower ae braid
page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee;
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.



5.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
 We cleek'd thegither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
 (The scule then skail't at noon,)
 When we ran aff to speel the braes—
 The broomy braes o' June?



6.

My head rins round and round
 about,
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thochts rush
 back
 O' scule-time and o' thee.
 Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin'
 luv!
 Oh, lightsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around
 our hearts
 Like simmer blossoms sprang!



7.

O, mind ye, luv, how aft we left
 The deavin', dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its water croon;
 The simmer leaves hung o'er our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet:
 And in the gloamin' o' the wud
 The throssil whusslit sweet.

8.

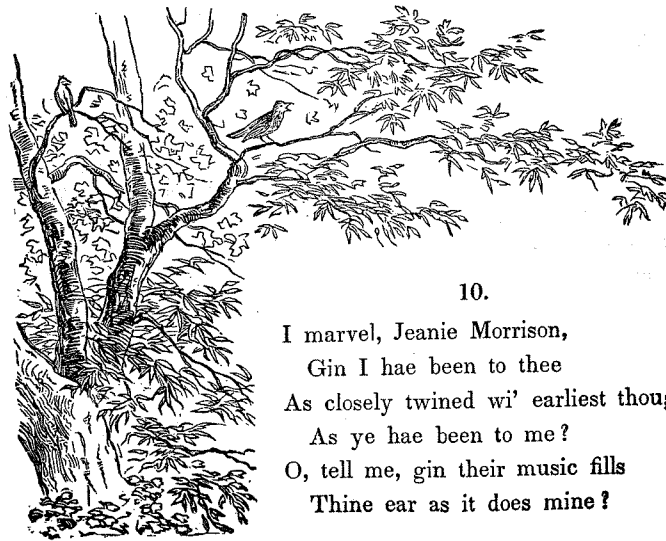
The throssil whusslit in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees,
 And we, with nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knowe, abune the burn,
 For hours thegither sat,



In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat.

9.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nae
 Had ony power to speak!
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled—unsung!



10.

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thoughts
 As ye hae been to me?
 O, tell me, gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine?



O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' lang syne!

11.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wand'rings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.

The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.



12.

O, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygone days and me!



ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.

SOPRANO.
Let E - rin remem - ber the days of old, Ere her

TENOR.
Let E - rin remem - ber the days of old, Ere her

BASS.
Let E - rin remem - ber the days of old, Ere her

faith - less sons be - tray'd her, When Ma - la - chi wore the

faith - less sons be - tray'd her, When Ma - la - chi wore the

faith - less sons be - tray'd her, When Ma - la - chi wore the

199

collar of gold, Which he won from her proud in - - va - der.

collar of gold, Which he won from her proud in - va - der.

collar of gold, Which he won from her proud in - va - der.

When her kings, with stan - dards of green un - furl'd, Led the

When her kings, with standards of green un - furl'd, Led the

When her kings, with standards of green un - furl'd, Led the

Red-Branch knights to dan - ger, Ere the emerald gem of the

Red-Branch knights, the knights to dan - ger, Ere the emerald gem of the

Red-Branch knights, the knights to dan - ger, Ere the emerald gem of the

west - ern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.

west - ern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.

west - ern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.

2.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear, cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining!
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover!



I DREAMT THAT I DWELT

IN MARBLE HALLS



ANDANTINO.

I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble

halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my side, . . .

And, of all who as - sembled with - in those

walls, That I was the hope and the pride; . . .

I had rich - es too great to count, Could

boast of a high an - ces - tral name; . . .

But I al - - so dreamt, which pleased me

most, That you loved me still the same, That you

loved me, you loved me still the same, That you

loved me, you loved me still the same.

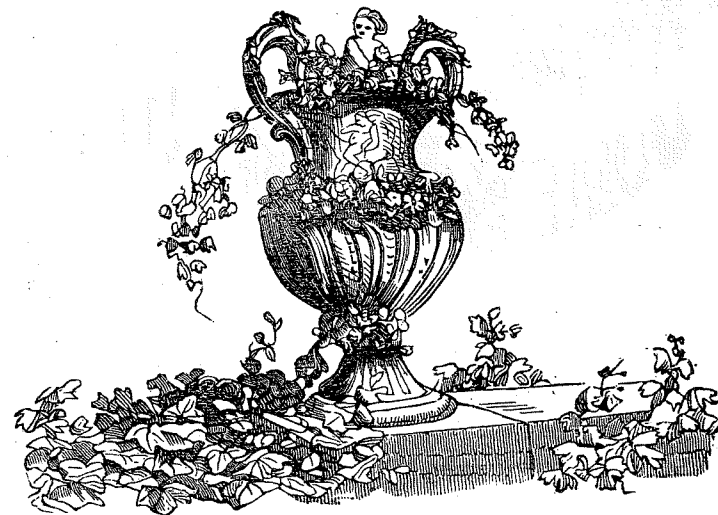
The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

2.

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand,
 That knights upon bended knee,
 And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
 They pledged their faith to me.
 And I dream'd that one of that noble host
 Came forth my hand to claim;
 But I also dreamt, which charm'd me most,
 That you loved me still the same.

The opera of "The Bohemian Girl," from which this song is taken, has had a success unparalleled in the history of English operas; but none of its songs have become so popular as "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." It was heard everywhere—the dandy, on his fashionable promenade, might be heard humming it; the porter, waiting business at his stand, would while away the weary hour by whistling it; and the midnight reveller, parting from his friends and cups, would often disturb the rest of "peaceful slumbering" Charlies by his rather *forte* exhibitions of this fashionable song.

Critics have said much about the defects of this opera, but the public (perhaps the safest judge) was pleased with it, and cared but little for their strictures. It was composed by BALFE—of whom we will speak more at length on some future occasion—and first produced in this country with the following cast: Mrs. Seguin as Arline; Miss Matthews as Gipsy Queen; Messrs. Frazer and Seguin as Thaddeus and Devilshoof.





ANDANTINO.

Come, sing me that sim - ple air a -

- - gain, I used so to love in life's young

day, And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that

then Were wa - ken'd by that sweet lay. The

ten - der gloom its strain Sheds

o'er the heart and brow, Grief's shadow, with -

- - out its pain, Say, . . . where, where is it

now? But play me the well - known

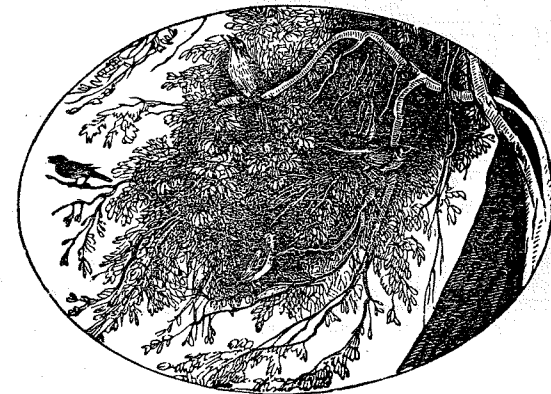
air once more, For thoughts of youth still

haunt its strain, Like dreams of some far

fai - ry shore, We're ne - ver to see a - gain.

2.

Sweet air! how every note brings back
 Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright,
 That, shining o'er life's early track,
 Fill'd e'en its tears with light!
 The new-found life that came
 With love's first echoed vow;
 The fear, the bliss, the shame,
 Say, where, where are they now?
 But still the same loved notes prolong,
 For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay,
 In dreams of youth, and love, and song,
 To breathe life's hour away.





OLE GRAY GOOSE.

MODERATO.

Mon - day was my wedding - day, Tuesday I got

married, Wen'sdy night my wife lay sick,

Sun - day she was buried. Oh! look - y dar!

Oh! look - y whar? Look right o - ber yander!

Don't you see de Ole Gray Goose Smiling at de gander?

2.

Wen'sdy night my wife took sick,
 Despair ob death cum o'er her;
 Oh! some did cry; but I did laff
 To see dat death go from her.
 Oh! looky dar, &c.

3.

I ask Miss Dinah Rose, one day,
 In de ole cart to ride;
 She war, by gosh, so berry fat,
 I couldn't sit beside her.
 Oh! looky dar, &c.

THE OLE GRAY GOOSE.

4.

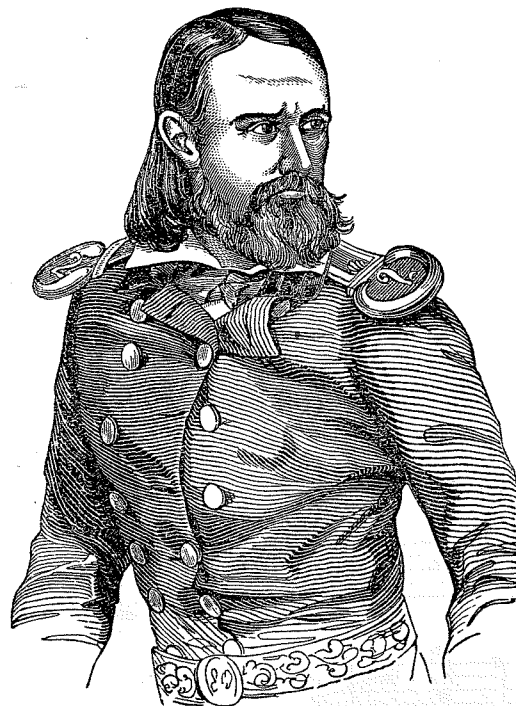
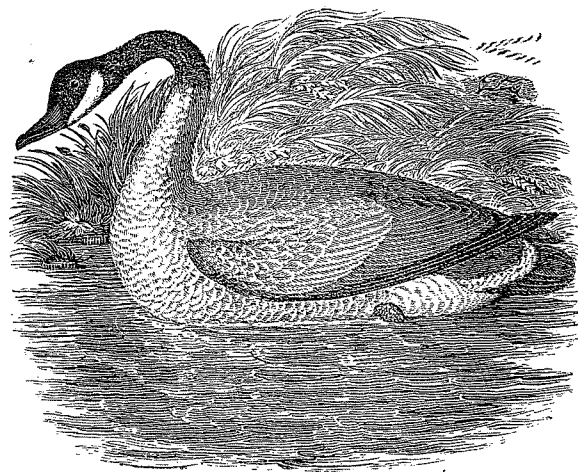
When she was gittin out de cart,
Miss Dinah lose her shoe,
And den I spied a great, big hole
Right in her stocking through.
Oh! looky dar, &c.

5.

Says I to her, "You Dinah gal,
Only looky dar—
Dem heels are sticking out too far,
As a nigger, I declar."
Oh! looky dar, &c.

6.

Says she to me, "You nigger Jo,
What are you about?
Dere's science in dem 'ere heels,
And I want 'em to stick out."
Oh! looky dar, &c.



COLONEL MAY.

PALO ALTO.

8VA.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO.

f *cresc.*

Now, while our cups are flow - ing With

loco.

ff *mf*

mem - 'ries born to bloom, And fi - lial hands are

throw - ing Their wreaths o'er va - lour's tomb; While

lips ex - ult - ing shout the praise Of he - roes of the past, that

stood Tri - umph - ant mid old Bunker's blaze, And

proud in Eu - taw's field of blood— Do not for - get the

gal - lant train That lifts your name in Mex - ic war— One

cup for Pa - lo Al - to drain, One might - y cheer for

Re - sa - ca!

f *cresc.* *ff*

2.

For Taylor—"Rough and Ready,"
 True son of truest sires;
 For May, who, swift and steady,
 Trod down La Vega's fires;
 For all who, on that day of strife,
 Maintain'd in pride the stripes and stars—
 The dead, who won immortal life,
 And they who live for other wars—
 For these, who, with their victory,
 New wreaths to grace our laurel bring—
 A health that drains a goblet dry!
 A cheer that makes the welkin ring!

3.

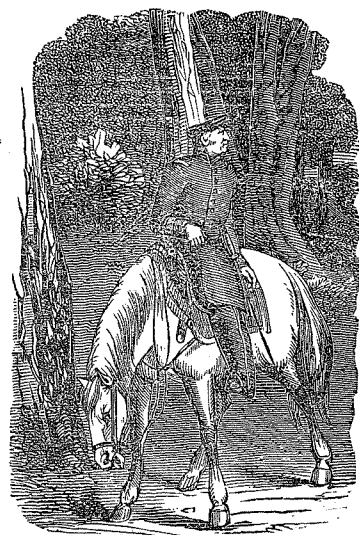
Nor, though even now we falter
 With thoughts of those who died;
 And, at our festive altar,
 Grow silent in our pride—
 Yet, in the heart's most holy deep,
 Fond memory shrine the happy brave,
 Who in the arms of battle sleep
 By Palo's wood and Bravo's wave;
 Nor, in our future deeds forgot,
 Shall silent thought forbear to bring
 Her tribute to that sacred spot
 Where Ringgold's gallant soul took wing.

4.

Fill to our country's glory,
 Where'er her flag is borne;
 Nor, in her failing story,
 Let future ages mourn!

Nor let the envious foreign foe
 Rejoice that faction checks her speed,
 Arrests her in the indignant blow,
 And saddens o'er the avenging deed!
 Fill high—though from the crystal wave—
 Your cup, and from the grape be mine!
 The marriage rites, that link the brave
 To fame, will turn each draught to wine.

This song appeared originally in the "Southern Patriot." It was written to be sung by the people of the United States, as an appropriate part of the national celebration of the Fourth of July, 1846; and was speedily transmitted to all parts of the country by means of the newspapers. It has, no doubt, often been set to music; but as we have never seen any of the musical compositions which may have been "married" to it, we have furnished one of our own.



ALLEGRO
 MODERATO.

No - ble rank and name u - ni - - ting
 With the charms of sweet six - - teen, Of

all un - con - scious love in - - vi - - ting, Young

A - - lice walk'd proud beau - ty's queen;

Bloom - ing thus, no care dis - - play - - - - ing

To pro - tect her guile - less heart,

One she loved, but he be - - tray - - - - ing,

Faith - less play'd the trai - tor's part.

CHORUS.

ANDANTINO.

SOPRANO.
From like e - vil, Oh, de - fend!

MEZZO SOPRANO.
From like e - vil, Oh, de - fend!

TENOR.
From like e - vil, Oh, de - fend!

BASS.
From like e - vil, Oh, de - fend!

Saint - ed A - lice, aid ex - tend! While we hum - bly

Saint - ed A - lice, aid ex - tend! While we hum - bly

Saint - ed A - lice, aid ex - tend! While we hum - bly

Saint - ed A - lice, aid ex - tend! While we hum - bly

bow to Heaven, All our prayers for thee are given!

bow to Heaven, All our prayers for thee are given!

bow to Heaven, All our prayers for thee are given!

bow to Heaven, All our prayers for thee are given!

2.

Fondly thus her troth she plighted;
 But, before their vows were sworn,
 He left her ruin'd, lone and blighted,
 All broken-hearted and forlorn.
 "He will come," she murmur'd, praying
 Faithless hope it ever proved!
 For the traitor, base, betraying,
 Ne'er return'd to her who loved!
 From like evil, &c.

3.

Now, along this river straying,
 Alice oft returns to die;
 This image, then, its life betraying,
 For injured Alice seems to sigh.
 When the night is dark and storming,
 And the tempests pour their rain,
 Then this image, softly murm'ring,
 Breathes the traitor's name again.
 Be propitious, aid extend!
 Let thy spirit now descend!
 While we humbly bow to Heaven,
 All our prayers for thee are given?



MADAME ROSSI-CACCIA.

NOTICE OF MADAME ROSSI-CACCIA.

THIS distinguished *artiste* is a countrywoman of the unrivalled Malibran—she was born at Barcelona, the 17th December, 1818. Her parentage was highly respectable, her father having held the rank of colonel, and her grandfather that of lieutenant-general in the Spanish army. Two years after the birth of Mademoiselle Rossi, her mother took her to Paris, being engaged amongst the *troupe* of the *Italiens*, of which she was a useful, if not highly-gifted member.

Bordogni, the master to whose genius we owe the development of the voices and talent of some of the greatest singers in Europe, took in hand the musical education of the young Juana Rossi. She had not been more than a year under his tuition, and was only fourteen years of age, when she made her *début* in a concert given by Beretoni. All the great *artistes* of the Italian Opera were present; Mdlle. Rossi, though but a child both in person and manners, displayed a voice of such remarkable compass, and so much brilliancy of execution, that she electrified the audience. Her success was shortly afterwards confirmed at a second concert, given at the Hotel de Ville.

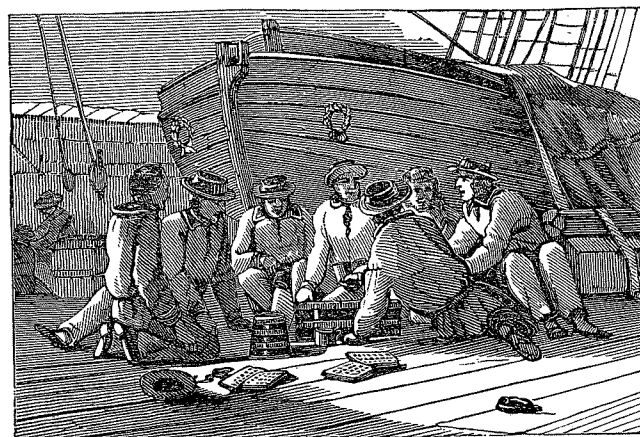
Triumphs so premature have ruined the prospects and future career of many a young *artiste*; and we might have lost, in the impatient display of childish power, the afterwards

perfected genius of the great *prima donna*; but, with a prudent forbearance, worthy of much praise, the young *débutante* was removed from so prejudicial a sphere of action, and took her place amongst the chorus-singers of the *Italiens*. In this situation, she laid the foundations of future excellence—thus following the example of the great Rubini himself, who has often since attributed to his quiet, unobtrusive studies, at the time he occupied a post so humble, much of his subsequent success.

At the age of eighteen, Mdlle. Rossi emerged from the ranks of the chorists, and made her *début* at the Opera Comique—afterwards the scene of so many of her triumphs. “*La Dame Blanche*,” by Boieldieu, which has ever since been one of her favourite parts, was the one in which our *prima donna* commenced her career; the “*Pré aux Clercs*,” “*Jean de Paris*,” “*Zampa*,” quickly followed; and all these performances were attended with brilliant success to the youthful *débutante*. The light, charming music of these operas, so peculiar to the French composers—which, in attempts of a more serious and ambitious cast, meet with such signal failures—was well adapted to the sweet and flexible voice of the young *prima donna*; while their sprightly and piquant plots elicited her dramatic powers. After having exhausted the *repertoire* of the Opera Comique, Mdlle. Rossi’s ambition led her to seek distinction in that land which is the school of all candidates for lyrical fame; and which, if it conquered formerly by the force of arms, now enslaves by the “witchery of song”—Italy. In 1840, Mdlle. Rossi made her *début* at La Scala with the greatest success. The Milanese journals, on this occasion, gave forth their full tide of enthusiasm, in which the public participated. Imogene, in the “*Pirata*,” was the part chosen for her *début*; but having, on one occasion, (a benefit night,) sung the famous “*Casta Diva*,” from “*Norma*,” her execution of this difficult air excited such a *furore*, that, night after night, on each occasion of her performance, and at each interval of the regular opera, this air was clamorously demanded. It was during the stay of Mdlle. Rossi at Milan, that she gave her hand in marriage to M. Caccia, a young sculptor of great merit—one of whose first works after his marriage was an excellent bust of his gifted bride.

The Opera Comique at Paris was again, for a time, the scene of Madame Rossi-Caccia’s triumphs. A most brilliant engagement was offered her at Lisbon, at which capital she made her *début* in the September of 1843. There, in the fine opera house of this city, she has, up to the present moment, been performing in every description of opera, from the lightest to the most serious, both French and Italian. She has sufficed to support this establishment by her sole and unaided efforts, and has, as may be expected, been the object of enthusiastic admiration on the part of a public to whose entertainment she has so largely contributed. The regrets, universally entertained at her departure, have given occasion for an unwonted display of poetic fire in Portuguese society. Sonnets of every description, some of them, sooth to say, somewhat poor in composition, but compensating by an immensity of zeal, have found their way into every species of publication, and all bearing testimony to the genius and merits of the great *cantatrice*.

We need scarcely remind our readers that the preceding beautiful song and chorus (arranged expressly for this work) are from the celebrated opera of “*Zampa*,” which has been received, at all its representations, with a marked *furore*. It is the production of HEROLD, a French composer of great distinction.

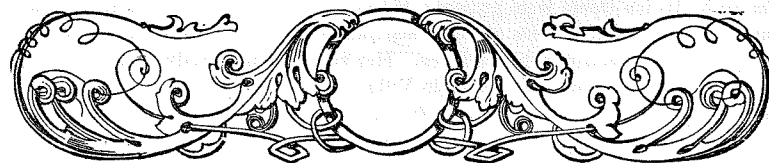


CHARGE THE GUN CHEERILY.

ALLEGRO.

Now coil up your nonsense 'bout England's great

na - vy, And take in your slack a - bout oak - heart - ed



CHARGE THE CAN CHEERILY.

tars; For fri-gates as stout, and as gal-lant crews

have we, Or how came her Ma - ce-don deck'd with our

stars? Yes, how came her Guerriere, her Peacock and

Ja - va, All sent broken - ribb'd to Old Da - vy of

late? How came it? why, split me! than Bri - tons we're

CHARGE THE CAN CHEERILY.

bra-ver, And that shall they feel, too, wher - ev - er we meet.

CHORUS.

Then charge the can cheer - i - ly; Send it round mer - ri - ly;

Here's to our coun - try and cap - tains com - mand - ing! To

all who in - - he - rit Of Lawrence the spi - rit, "Dis -

- dain - ing to strike while a stick is left standing."

CHARGE THE CAN CHEERILY.

2.

Nay, if unawares we should run (a fresh gale in)
 Close in with a squadron, we'd laugh at 'em all;
 We'd tip master Bull such a sample of sailing,
 As should cause him to fret like a pig in a squall.
 We'd show the vain boaster, of numbers superior,
 Though he and his slaves at the notion may sneer,
 In skill, as in courage, to us they're inferior—
 For the longer they chase us, the less we've to fear.
 Then charge the can, &c.

3.

But should a razee be espied ahead nearly,
 To fetch her we'd crowd every stitch we could make;
 Down chests and up hammocks, would heave away cheerly,
 And ready for action would be in a shake.
 For her swaggering cut, though, and metal not caring,
 Till up with her close should our fire be withheld,
 Then pour'd in so hot, that her mangled crew, fearing
 A trip to the bottom, should speedily yield.
 Then charge the can, &c.

4.

Britannia, although she beleaguers our coast, now,
 The dread of our wives and our sweethearts as well,
 Of "ruling the waves," has less reason to boast, now,
 As Dacres, and Carden, and Whinyates can tell.
 Enroll'd in our annals, live Hull and Decatur,
 Jones, Lawrence, and Bainbridge, Columbia's pride;
 The pride of our navy, which, sooner or later,
 Shall on the wide ocean triumphantly ride.
 Then charge the can, &c.



ROW GENTLY HERE.

p *mf*

Row gent - ly here, my

p

gon - do - lier, So soft - ly wake the tide, That

not an ear on earth may hear, But her's to whom we

ROW GENTLY HERE.

glide. Had heaven but tongues to speak, as well As

star - ry eyes to see, Oh, think what tales 'twould

Ad lib.

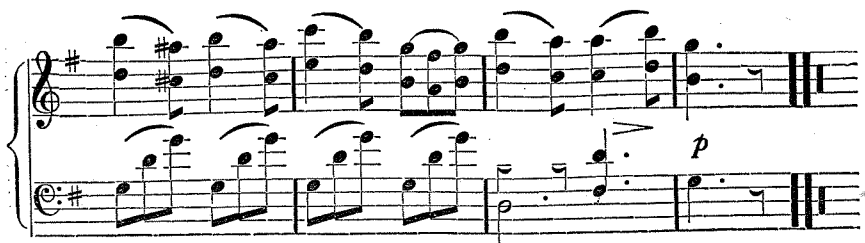
have to tell Of wand - 'ring youths like me!

a tempo.

mf

p *mf*

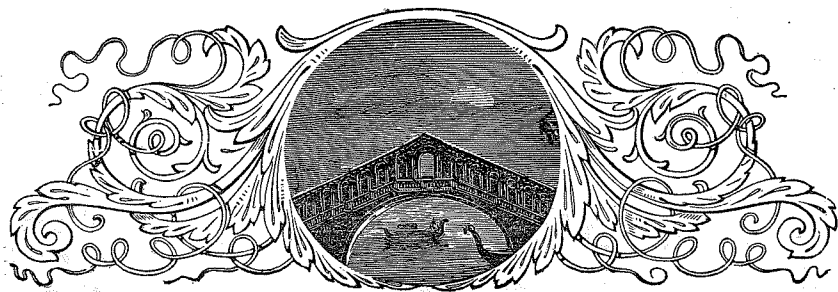
ROW GENTLY HERE.



2.

Now rest thee here, my gondolier—
 Hush! hush! for up I go
 To climb yon light balcony's height,
 While thou keep'st watch below.
 Ah! did we take for heaven above
 But half such pains as we
 Take day and night for woman's love,
 What angels we should be!

"Row gen'y here" is a popular Venetian melody, and is given as published in Moore's National Melodies. The piano-forte arrangement is by Sir HENRY R. BISHOP.



COME, LET US HAVE.

Musical score for 'Come, Let Us Have' in B-flat major, 3/4 time. The score consists of three staves, each with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1 Come, let us have an - o - - ther song or two.

2 We'll sing this catch, and then I'll call on you;

3 For you can sing, I know, and so can you.

TO OUR MUSICAL CLUB.

1 To our Mu - - si - cal Club here's long
 2 May con - cord and har - - mo - ny
 3 May the catch and the glass go a -

life and pros - pe - ri - ty; May it flou - rish with
 ev - er a - - bound, And di - vi - sions here
 - - bout and a - - bout, And an - o - - ther suc -

us, and so on to pos - - te - ri - ty.
 on - ly in our mu - sic be found.
 - - ceed to the bot - tle that's out.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING.

1 Scot - land's burn - ing! Scot - land's burn - ing!
 2 Look out! Look out!
 3 Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
 4 Cast on more wa - ter.

GO TO JANE GLOVER.

1 Go to Jane Glo - ver, And
 2 tell her I love her, And
 3 by the light of the moon
 4 I will come to her.

COUNTRY SINGING SCHOOL.

1 Do, re, mi,
 2 Hey, down a down, a down. Sing
 3 Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 4 Sung be - - fore, hold fast, hold
 5 For, for if thou

fa, sol, la,
 you three af - - - ter me, And
 la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 fast, hold fast, hold fast, beat time, take
 miss the bass a note,

la, sol, fa,
 fol - low me, my lads, and fol - low me, my
 la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la,
 heed, take heed you miss not, nor break your
 There's ne'er a man, there's ne'er a

mi, re, do.
 lads, And we will mer - ry be.
 fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, well.
 time, nor break your time.
 man can sing a jot.

NOW WE ARE MET.

1 Now we are met, let mirth a - bound,
2 And let the catch, And let the catch,
3 and glee go round, and glee go

2 Now we are met, let mirth a - bound,
3 And let the catch and glee go round.
1 round, let the catch and glee go round.

WHITE SAND.

1 White sand and gray sand,
2 Who'll buy my gray sand?
3 Who'll buy my white sand?

COME, FOLLOW.

1 Come, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low,
2 Whi - ther shall I fol - low, fol - low, fol - low?
3 Down by the wil - low, wil - low, wil - low,

2 fol - - - low, fol - low, fol - low me.
3 Whi - ther shall I fol - low, fol - low thee?
1 down by the wil - low, wil - low tree.

A BOAT, A BOAT.

1 A boat, a boat, to cross the fer - ry,
2 For we are go - ing to be mer - ry,
3 To laugh, and quaff, and drink good sher - ry.

POOR JOHNNY'S DEAD.

1 Poor Johnny's dead, I hear his knell, Bim, bim, bim, bim, bome, bell.

2 Bome, bome, bim, bome, bell.

3 The bell doth toll, O, may his soul In heaven for - ev - er dwell.



ANDANTE.

Oft hast thou told me, mother, dear, Sub - tle

man I'd cause to fear; Thou, a saint in yon-der

skies, Still thy warn-ing voice I prize. But, if

he would still pur-sue, Mother, dear, what could I

do? Let this lit-tle tear pro-claim, Mo-ther,

I was not to blame. Let this lit-tle tear pro-

- claim, Mother, dear mother, I was not to blame.

2.

Sadly beats my breaking heart,
 From one form so loved to part;
 Oh! how hard my lonely lot,
 Still to live by him forgot!
 Though remembrance wake a sigh,
 Though pale sorrow dim mine eye,
 Let my silent tears proclaim,
 Mother, I was not to blame.





The Hunter's Horn

ALLEGRO
SPIRITOSO.

Swift from the co-vert the mer-ry pack fled, While

bound-ing, there sprang, o-ver val-ley and mead, Wide

spreading his an-tlers, e-rect-ed his head, The

stag, his en-e-mies scorning.

Oh, had you seen then through tor-rent, through brake, Each

sportsman, right gal-lant, his ri-val race take, 'Twould

please beau-ty's ear to have heard e-cho wake To the

hunt - er's horn, the hunt - er's horn, the

hunt - er's horn, the hunt - er's horn. 'Twould

please beau - ty's ear to have heard e - cho wake To the

hunt - er's horn in the morn - - ing, To the

hunt - er's horn in the morn - - ing, To the

hunt - er's horn in the morn - ing.

2.

Clear'd was the forest, the mountain pass'd o'er,
 Yet freshly their riders the willing steeds bore;
 The river roll'd deep where the stag spurn'd the shore,
 Yet own'd no timorous warning;
 So close was he follow'd, the foam where he sprung
 Encircled and sparkled the coursers among,
 While the dogs of the chase their rude melody rung
 To the hunter's horn in the morning.

Few hunting songs have enjoyed a wider circulation than the foregoing. It was sung at all the public concerts; and was a never-failing favourite at the theatres, where it was always received with great favour. It is no doubt within the recollection of many of our readers to have heard it sung by Mr. T. Walton, a popular manager of one of our theatres—a gentleman who was possessed of a pleasant voice and agreeable manner. We learned with regret that Mr. Walton recently died in London under very painful circumstances.





THE BEGGAR GIRL.

ANDANTINO.

O - ver the moun - tain and o - ver the moor,

Hun - gry and bare - foot I wan - der for - lorn; My

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

fa - ther is dead, and my mo - ther is poor, And she

grieves for the days that will ne - ver re - turn.

Pi - ty, kind gen - tle - men, friends of hu - ma - ni - ty,

Cold blows the wind, and the night's com - ing on;

Give me some food for my mo - ther for cha - ri - ty;

Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

2.

Call me not lazy-back beggar, and bold-enough—
 Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew,—
 I've two little brothers at home, when they're old enough,
 They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.
 Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity—
 Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;
 Give me some food for my mother for charity;
 Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

3.

Think, while you revel so careless and free,
 Secure from the wind, and well-clothed and fed,
 Should fortune so change it, how hard would it be
 To beg at a door for a morsel of bread.

Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity—

Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;

Give me some food for my mother for charity;

Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

This little ballad was published anonymously between forty and fifty years ago, and the authorship of the words and music is unknown. It was exceedingly popular; and, though now almost forgotten, it is still associated, in the minds of many survivors of the last generation, with pleasing reminiscences of old times. The melody, as well as the verses, is simple in the extreme; but both are pretty and touching; and we have never heard this ballad sung, with corresponding simplicity and expression, without finding that it gave pleasure and excited emotion.





A LITTLE FARM WELL TILL'D.

FIRST VOICE.

ALLEGRETTO.

A lit - tle farm well till'd, A

A LITTLE FARM WELL TILL'D.

lit - tle cot well fill'd, A lit - tle wife well will'd, give

SECOND VOICE.

me, give me. A lar - ger farm well till'd, A

big - ger house well fill'd, A tall - er wife well will'd, give

THIRD VOICE:

me, give me. I like the farm well till'd, And I

like the house well fill'd, But no wife at all give me, give me.

FIRST VOICE.
A short wife, a short wife, a

SECOND VOICE.
A tall wife, a tall wife, a

THIRD VOICE.
No wife at all give me, give me,

short wife, a short wife give me, give me,

tall wife, a tall wife give me, give me, a

no wife at all give me, give me,

a short wife, a short wife, a

tall wife, a tall wife, a

no wife at all, no wife at all give me, give me,

short wife, a short wife give me, give me. A

tall wife, a tall wife give me, give me. A

no wife at all give me, give me. I

lit - tle farm well till'd, A lit - tle cot well fill'd, A

lar - ger farm well till'd, A big - ger house well fill'd, A

like the farm well till'd, And I like the house well fill'd, But

lit - tle wife well will'd give me, give me. A

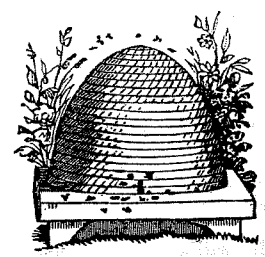
tall - er wife well will'd give me, give me. A

no wife at all give me, give me. I

A LITTLE FARM WELL TILL'D.

lit - tle farm well till'd, A lit - tle cot well fill'd, A
 lar - ger farm well till'd, A big - ger house well fill'd, A
 like the farm well till'd, And I like the house well fill'd, But

lit - tle wife well will'd give me, give me.
 tall - er wife well will'd give me, give me.
 no wife at all give me, give me.



at



TENOR.
 The bright, ro - sy morning Peeps o - ver the

ALLEGRO SPIRITOSO.
 BARITONO.
 The bright, ro - sy morning Peeps o - ver the

BASS.
 The bright, ro - sy morning Peeps o - ver the

33 257

hills, With blushes a - dorning The meadows and fields;
 hills, With blushes a - dorning The meadows and fields;
 hills, With blushes a - dorning The meadows and fields;

CHORUS.

While the merry, merry, merry horn Calls, come, come a -
 While the merry, merry, merry horn Calls, come, come a -
 While the merry, merry, merry horn Calls, come, come a -

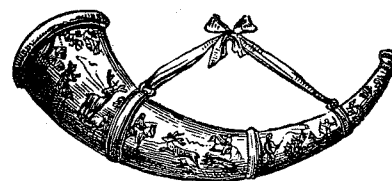
- - way, A - wake from your slumbers, And hail the new day.
 - - way, A - wake from your slumbers, And hail the new day.
 - - way, A - wake from your slumbers, And hail the new day.

2.

The stag, roused before us,
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the chorus
 Of hounds in full cry.
 Then follow, follow, follow, follow,
 The musical chase,
 Where pleasure and vigour,
 And health all embrace.

3.

The day's sport, when over,
 Makes blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk lover
 Fresh charms for the night.
 Then let us, let us now enjoy
 All we can while we may;
 Let love crown the night, boys,
 As our sports crown the day.





'Twill NEBER DO TO GIB IT UP SO.

ALLEGRETTO.

I'm ole Mr. Brown, jist from de souf; I

left Lynchburg in de time ob de drowth; De times dey got so

bad in de place, Dat de nig - gers dare not show dar face; 'Twill

neber do to gib it up so, 'Twill neber do to gib it up

so; 'Twill neber do to gib it up so, Mister Brown, 'Twill

ne - ber do to gib it up so.

3.

Ole Jim Ribber I floated down,
 My backer boat it run upon de groun;
 De pine log come wid a rushin din,
 An stove bote ends ob de ole boat in.
 It will neber do, &c.

'TWILL NEBER DO TO GIB IT UP SO.

3.

De ole log rake me aft an fore,
 It left my cook-house on de shore;
 I thought it wouldn't do to gib it up so,
 So I scull myself ashore wid de ole banjo.
 It will neber do, &c.

4.

I gits on shore, and feels berry glad;
 I looks at de banjo, and feels berry mad;
 My foot slip an I fell down—
 'Twill neber do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown.
 It will neber do, &c.

5.

By golly, but it made de ole nig laff—
 Wid my boat I made a raff;
 I had a pine tree for a sail,
 An steer'd her down wid my coat-tail.
 It will neber do, &c.

6.

I met wid a cat-fish in de riber—
 By gosh! but it made dis nigger shiber!
 I steer'd right straight for de critter's snout,
 An turn de ole cat-fish inside out.
 It will neber do, &c.

7.

Dat same night, as de sun did set,
 I ribed in town wid my clothes all wet;
 De niggers built up a great fire—
 If dat's not true den I am a liar.
 It will neber do, &c.

8.

Master on de wood-pile, barking like a dog;
 Toad in de mill-pond, settin on a log;
 Possum up a gum-tree, saucy, fat an dirty,
 Come kiss me, gals, or I'll run like a turkey.
 It will neber do, &c.



GIVE ME A COT.

ANDANTINO.

Give me a cot in the val - ley I

love, A tent in the greenwood, a home in the

grove; I care not how humble, for hap - py 'twill

be, If one faith - ful heart will but share it with

me. Our haunts shall be na - ture's own beau - ti - ful

bowers, Our gems shall be na - ture's own beau - ti - ful

flowers; There, woo'd by the sun - shine and kiss'd by the

gale, The proud - est might en - vy our home in the

vale, The proudest might en - vy our home in the

Ritardando. *A tempo.*
vare. O, give me a cot in the val - ley I.

love, A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove; I

care not how hum - ble, for hap - py 'twill be, If

GIVE ME A COT.

one faith - ful heart will but share it with me, If
 one faith - ful heart will but share it with me.

2.

Lovest thou to listen to music's sweet voice?
 O, come to the woods where the song-birds rejoice.
 Or, wouldst thou be free? to the forest repair—
 The stag in his freedom bounds merrily there.
 When summer is gone, and the winter's chill hours
 Have rified the greenwood, and blighted the flowers—
 Though ice-bound the brook, and snow-cover'd the dale,
 The proudest might sigh for our home in the vale.
 Then give me a cot in the valley I love,
 A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove;
 I care not how humble, for happy 'twill be,
 If one faithful heart will but share it with me.

"Give me a Cot" was written by CHARLES JEFFERYS, and the music composed by S GLOVER, a popular composer of English ballads.

THE
 PILLAR
 of
 GLORY



ALLEGRO
 MAESTOSO.

Hail to the he - roes, whose tri - umphs have

brighten'd The dark - ness which shrouded A - me - ri - ca's

name! Long shall their va-lour, in bat-tle that

lighten'd, Live in the bril-liant es-cutcheons of fame.

Allegro Moderato.

Dark, where the tor-rents flow, And the rude

tem-pests blow, The storm-y clad spi-rit of

Al-bion raves; Long shall she mourn the day,

When, in the venge-ful fray, Li-ber-ty walk'd like a

god on the waves. Long shall she

mourn the day, When, in the venge-ful fray,

Li-ber-ty walk'd like a god on the waves.

2.

The ocean, ye chiefs, (the region of glory,
Where fortune has destined Columbia to reign),
Gleams with the halo and lustre of story,
That curl round the wave as the scene of her fame—

THE PILLAR OF GLORY.

There, on its raging tide,
 Shall her proud navy ride,
 The bulwark of freedom, protected by Heaven;
 There shall her haughty foe
 Bow to her prowess low,
 There shall renown to her heroes be given.

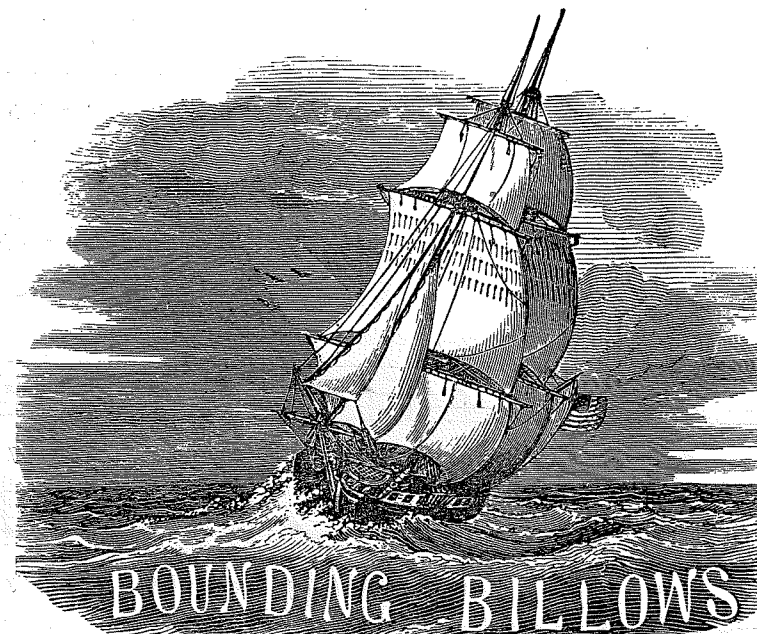
3.

The pillar of glory, the sea that enlightens,
 Shall last till eternity rocks on its base;
 The splendour of fame, its waters that brightens,
 Shall light the footsteps of time in his race.
 Wide o'er the stormy deep,
 Where the rude surges sweep,
 Its lustre shall circle the brows of the brave;
 Honour shall give it light,
 Triumph shall keep it bright,
 Long as in battle we meet on the wave.

4.

Already the storm of contention has hurl'd
 From the grasp of old England the trident of war;
 The beams of our stars have illumined the world,
 Unfurl'd our standard beats proud in the air—
 Wild glares the eagle's eye,
 Swift as he cuts the sky,
 Marking the wake where our heroes advance;
 Compass'd with rays of light,
 Hovers he o'er the fight—
 Albion is heartless, and stoops to his glance.

The last war, (as have the revolutionary and the present war,) drew forth much musical talent, that, perhaps, under other, less exciting circumstances, would have laid dormant, or been known only in the narrow circle of its own city or town. Among those who have wielded their pens for our country's rights, the name of the subject of our present notice stands conspicuous. In our efforts to secure his patriotic songs, we have only succeeded in obtaining one other, which we propose to give in our next number. The composer of these songs is JACOB ECKHARDT, Sen., a native of Germany, who came to this country in early life, and settled in Charleston, S. C., where he continued to reside to the time of his death. He was a thoroughly educated musician, as his works indicate, and was celebrated for his beautiful style of organ-playing. He has left a son, who is said to inherit to a high degree the talents of his father. The poetry was written by EDWIN C. HOLLAND, Esq., who also wrote the other song, referred to above.



ANDANTE.

TENOR.

Bounding bil - lows, cease your mo - tion, Bear me

BARITONO.

Bounding bil - lows, cease your mo - tion, Bear me

BASS.

Bounding bil - lows, cease your mo - tion, Bear me

not so swift - ly o'er; Cease thy roar - ing,
not so swift - ly o'er; Cease thy roar - ing,
not so swift - ly o'er; Cease thy roar - ing,

foam - y o - cean, Cease thy roar - ing, foam - y
foam - y o - cean, Cease thy roar - ing, foam - y
foam - y o - cean, Cease thy roar - ing, foam - y

o - cean, I will tempt thy rage no more.
o - cean, I will tempt thy rage no more.
o - cean, I will tempt thy rage no more.

2.

Ah! within my bosom beating,
Varying passions wildly reign;
Love, with proud resentment meeting,
Throbs by turns with joy and pain.

3.

Proud has been my fatal passion;
Proud my injured heart shall be;
While each thought and inclination
Still shall prove me worthy thee.

4.

Yet, believe no servile passion
Seeks to charm thy vagrant mind;
Well I know thy inclination
Wav'ring as the passing wind.

5.

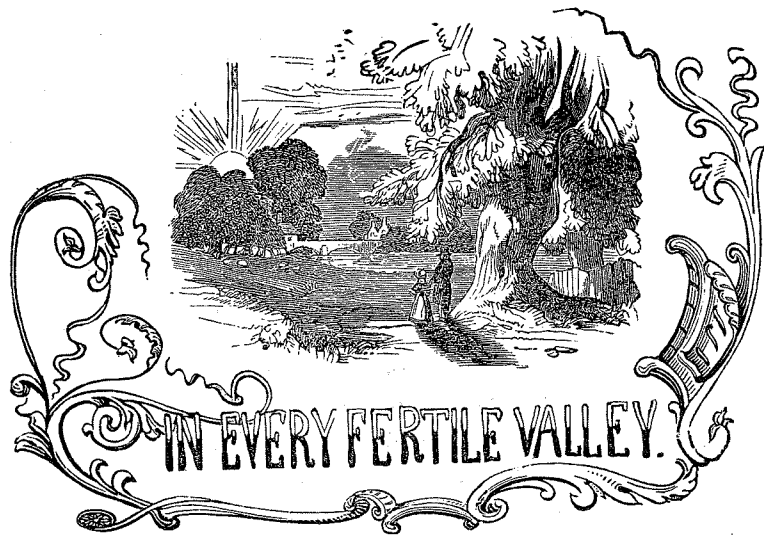
Far I go, where fate may lead me;
Far across the troubled deep,
Where no stranger's ear can heed me,
Where no eye for me shall weep.

6.

Not one sigh shall tell my story;
Not one tear my cheek shall stain;
Silent grief shall be my glory—
Grief that stoops not to complain.

7.

When with thee, what ill could harm?
Thou couldst every pang assuage;
But, when absent, nought could charm—
Every moment seem'd an age.



ALLEGRETTO.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature.

Musical notation for the second system, including a vocal line with the lyrics 'In ev' - ry fer - tile' and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the first system on page 275, including a vocal line with the lyrics 'val - ley, Where na - ture spreads the grass, Her' and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the second system on page 275, including a vocal line with the lyrics 'sil - ly con - duct ral - ly To ev - 'ry lad and' and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the third system on page 275, including a vocal line with the lyrics 'lass; Where wea - ry reap - ers la - bour, With' and piano accompaniment.



Syl - via gay be seen, Or to the pipe and
ta - - bor, Light trip - ping o'er the green.

2.

Where cowslips, sweetly smiling,
Bedeck the verdant shade,
Appear, the hours beguiling,
Or head some gay parade.
Pursue these methods boldly,
Nor sink in hopeless grief—
The fair, once treated coldly,
Will quickly grant relief.



CHARLES DIBDIN.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

CHARLES DIBDIN was born in Southampton, England, on the 15th of March, 1745. His father, a man of high respectability, had a very numerous progeny—Charles being his eighteenth child. One of his brothers, Thomas Dibdin, many years older than himself, was the captain of an Indiaman. His death gave occasion to the well-known song, "Tom Bowling," in which his character is beautifully painted.

With the view of his entering the church, Dibdin was placed at the college of Winchester, where his love of music first displayed itself. When he was nine years old, his passion for the art recommended him to the notice of Mr. Fussell, the organist of the Cathedral, from whom he received some instructions in its rudiments. It has been said that he was also indebted, for his musical knowledge, to the celebrated ecclesiastical composer, Kent, who then resided at Winchester; but this he himself denies.

His musical propensities being nourished by the popularity which his attainments—slight as they then must have been—gained for him, he abandoned his ecclesiastical studies, and devoted himself wholly to his favourite pursuit, resolving to depend on it as his means of subsistence.

Dibdin's prospects were somewhat improved, by the return from India of his brother Thomas, who introduced him to some of his city friends, by whom, for a time, he was

received with cordiality; but they gradually neglected him, and at length shook him off, owing, as he says, to his aversion to being considered a fiddler and buffoon; and his determination never to entertain the company, and to sing and be comical at the word of command.

In this forlorn condition, he had the good fortune to meet with some friends, who procured him, through their influence, employment at the Covent Garden Theatre—which he first entered as chorus-singer; but Beard, the famous singer, soon after succeeding to the management, and knowing his superior talents, encouraged him to compose the poetry and music of a little pastoral drama, called “The Shepherd’s Artifice,” which was produced with success in 1762—the author being then seventeen years old. The song in the above piece, “In every fertile Valley,” was Dibdin’s first attempt at composition.

Soon afterwards he essayed his powers as a musical actor. He appeared as Ralph, in “The Maid of the Mill,” received immense applause, and contributed materially to the success of the piece. His popularity in this character became so great, that *Ralph* handkerchiefs were worn in compliment to him—in the same way that *Belchers* were subsequently used in compliment to the notorious pugilist. Notwithstanding his success, he soon abandoned the stage, and his future public exhibitions were confined to the recitations and songs in the entertainments, written and composed by himself, which became so popular in the later period of his life.

He now turned his principal attention to musical composition, and composed portions of “Love in the City,” and “Lionel and Clarissa,” and the whole of “The Padlock,” in the latter of which he was very successful.

Dibdin prided himself upon being a self-taught man, and, among other things, says—“I have learned *the valuable secret*, that men of strong minds may violate to advantage many of those rules of composition which are dogmatically imposed.” Dibdin, like many other self-taught geniuses before and since his day, only betrayed his slight and superficial knowledge. That the rules of art may be violated with impunity, far from being a “valuable secret,” is a dangerous delusion, which has proved fatal to many an artist. The rules of art are not arbitrary and capricious *dicta*. they are founded on immutable principles of reason, philosophy, and taste, and are general expressions of the concurring practice of the greatest masters. An infringement of the rules of musical harmony is uniformly bad *per se*. It never conduces to any good effect, and is never tolerated by good composers, or honest critics.

Prior to 1787, Dibdin composed and wrote a variety of dramatic and musical pieces for the theatres; after which time he seems to have entered into speculations of building and managing theatres on his own responsibility. These proving unsuccessful, he betook himself to novel-writing, and commenced the publication of a weekly periodical, called “The Devil.”

He made a tour through various parts of England, giving entertainments, consisting of songs and recitations—the embryo, as they might be called, of the entertainments which afterwards became so famous. This tour was not very profitable—one of the obstacles of his success being an odd one: he was very generally taken for an impostor, an itinerant adventurer, who was trying to make money by personating the celebrated Mr. Dibdin; and, strange to say, Dibdin, with all his talent, failed in various places to persuade the public that he was the real *Simon Pure*. The public was, however, subsequently awakened to the merit of this novel species of entertainment, and the remainder of his series was eminently successful.

In 1805, when at the age of sixty, Dibdin discontinued his entertainments, and sold his stock, and the copyright of three hundred and sixty songs, for eighteen hundred pounds, with one hundred pounds per annum, for three years after, for such compositions as he

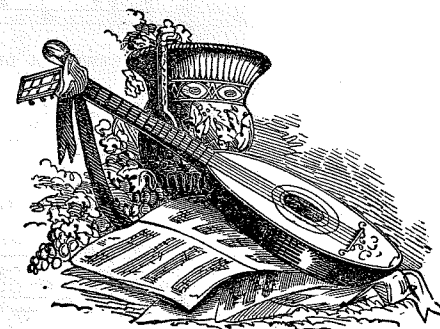
might produce during that period. At this time, he also enjoyed an annual pension of two hundred pounds, given him by government in 1803. This pension was, however, soon afterwards withdrawn, and being thus deprived of so material a part of his income, he found himself, in 1808, obliged to resume his professional labours.

In 1813, he had a paralytic stroke, under the effects of which he lingered till his death, on the 25th July, 1814, at the age of sixty-nine. He was buried in St. Martin’s burial-ground, at Camden Town; and the stone, placed over his remains by his widow and daughter, is inscribed with the lines in which he himself had drawn the character of his brother:—

“His form was of the manliest beauty;
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty—
But now he’s gone aloft.”

“Dibdin,” says Hogarth, “was a handsome man, of middle size, with an open, pleasing countenance, and a very gentlemanlike appearance and address. His manner of speaking was easy and colloquial; and his air was more that of a person entertaining a party of friends in a private drawing-room, than of a performer exhibiting to a public audience. His voice was a *baritono* (a medium between the tenor and the bass) of no great power or compass, but of a sweet and mellow quality. In singing, he accompanied himself with facility and neatness, on an instrument of a peculiar kind, combining the properties of the piano-forte and the chamber-organ, and so constructed that the performer could produce the tones of either instrument separately, or of both in combination.”

The immense body of lyrical poetry which Dibdin produced is exceedingly various, not only in style and subject, but in quality. But it was in his sea songs that his greatness was most conspicuous. By these, sung as they were by all, from the proud admiral to the humble cabin-boy, he elevated the condition of the British sailor, and infused an *esprit du corps* that led to the most important results. How he was rewarded by his government we have already seen. Although his receipts at times were very great, he died dependent upon charity. Thus ended the career of a man of great and versatile talents, who, although committing some errors, did much that was great and good, and deserved far better treatment at the hands of a government, for which he had done more service than many of her ablest statesmen.





ANDANTINO.

SOPRANO.
Our village is sure - ly the sweetest on earth, 'Tis the

MEZZO SOPRANO.
Our village is sure - ly the sweetest on earth, 'Tis the

BASS.
Our village is sure - ly the sweetest on earth, 'Tis the

spot I de - light in, it first gave me birth; So

spot I de - light in, it first gave me birth; So

spot I de - light in, it first gave me birth; So

clear are our streamlets, so ver - dant our shades, So

clear are our streamlets, so ver - dant our shades, So

clear are our streamlets, so ver - dant our shades, So

brave are our youth, and so fair are our maids. Oh! the

brave are our youth, and so fair are our maids. Oh! the

brave are our youth, and so fair are our maids. Oh! the

THE SWEET LITTLE VILLAGE.

CHORUS.

dear lit - tle vil - lage in which I was born. Oh! the

dear lit - tle vil - lage in which I was born. Oh! the

dear lit - tle vil - lage in which I was born. Oh! the

sweet lit - tle vil - lage in which I was born!

sweet lit - tle vil - lage in which I was born!

sweet lit - tle vil - lage in which I was born!

2.

Our groves are so cool, and so fertile our fields—
 So rich in the fruits that kind Providence yields!
 Our labour is light—though our lands are well till'd,
 From whence both our barns and our pockets are fill'd.
 Oh! the dear little village, &c.

3.

Our loves are sincere, our affections are strong,
 Our wines are all old, and our girls are all young—
 Then, why should we ever for happiness roam,
 When we've women and wine, with contentment at home.
 Oh! the dear little village, &c.



ALLEGRETTO.

mf

f

I sail'd in the good ship, the

Kit - ty, With a smart blow - ing gale and rough

sea ; Left my Pol - ly, the lads call so

pret - ty, Safe here at an an - chor— Yo,

yea! Yo, Yo, yea! Yo, yea!

2.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
And cried, "Now be constant to me."
I told her not to be down-hearted—
So up went the anchor—Yo, yea!

3.

And from that time, no worse nor no better,
I've thought on just nothing but she;
Nor could grog nor flip make me forget her—
She's my best bower-anchor—Yo, yea!

YO, YEA!

4.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
 And the storm came on weather and lee,
 The hope I with her should be harbour'd
 Was my cable and anchor—Yo, yea!

5.

And yet, my boys, would you believe me,
 I return'd with no rhino from sea:
 Mistress Polly would never receive me—
 So again I heaved anchor—Yo, yea!

This song, sometimes known by the title, "I sail'd in the good ship, the Kitty," was written and composed by CHARLES DIBDIN, the celebrated poet of the sailors. It is taken from one of his "Musical Dialogues," called "Yo, Yea!" or, "The Friendly Tars," which was written for Saddler's Wells, during the season of 1777.



'T WAS YOU, SIR.

1

'Twas you, sir, 'twas you, sir,

2

'Tis true, sir, 'Tis

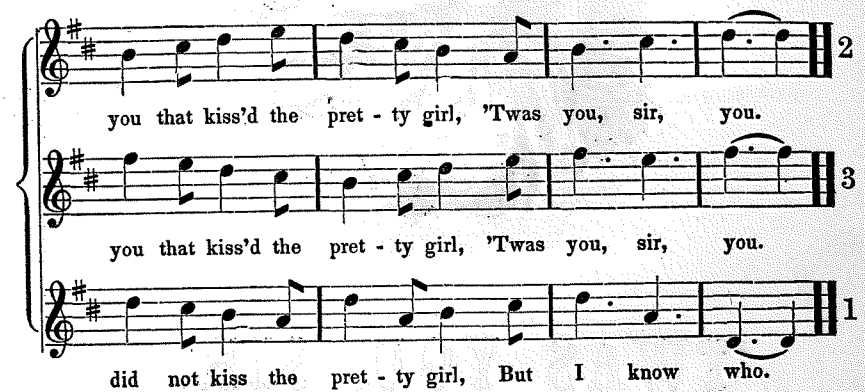
3

O, sir, no, sir, no, no, no,

'Twas YOU, SIR.



I tell you no - thing new, sir, 'Twas
true, sir, You look so ve - ry blue, sir, 'Twas
no, sir, How can you wrong me so, sir? I



you that kiss'd the pret - ty girl, 'Twas you, sir, you. 2
you that kiss'd the pret - ty girl, 'Twas you, sir, you. 3
did not kiss the pret - ty girl, But I know who. 1

