



HAYDEN'S
STAR COLLECTION



GUITAR MUSIC

VOCAL & INSTRUMENTAL.

ARRANGED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

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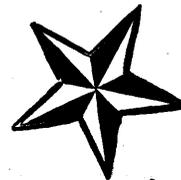
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OVERTURE TO FRA DIAVOLO.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

3

GUITAR.

The musical score is written for guitar in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The piece begins with a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) and features several trills (*tr*) and crescendo markings (*cresc.*). The score is divided into six systems, each consisting of a single staff with a treble clef and a bass line indicated by stems and notes below the staff. The first system includes a *pp* marking and two *cresc.* markings. The second system continues the melodic and harmonic development. The third system features trills and triplet markings (*3*). The fourth system contains several triplet markings. The fifth system continues the melodic line with various articulations. The sixth system concludes the piece with trills and a final dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

OVERTURE TO FRA DIAVOLO. Continued.

ppp

f

IV Pos

OVERTURE TO FRA DIAVOLO. Continued.

The musical score is arranged in six systems. Each system contains a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several trills marked with 'VII' and '1'. The notation includes slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'p'.

OVERTURE TO FRA DIAVOLO. Continued.

The musical score is written for a single instrument, likely a violin or flute, in the key of D major (two sharps). It consists of five systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a bass line of chords. The second system features a melodic line with a 'VIII' marking above a section of sixteenth-note chords. The third system has a melodic line with 'VIII' and 'III' markings above sections of sixteenth-note chords. The fourth system continues the melodic line with various rhythmic patterns. The fifth system shows a melodic line with eighth notes and a bass line with chords.

OVERTURE TO FRA DIAVOLO. Concluded.

The image displays a musical score for the Overture to Fra Diavolo, concluding. The score is written for a string ensemble, with six staves. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 12/8. The music is characterized by a driving, rhythmic pattern in the upper staves, often consisting of eighth-note runs. The lower staves provide a steady accompaniment with chords and rhythmic patterns. A tempo marking of *Presto* is present above the fourth staff. The score concludes with a final cadence on the sixth staff.

REMEMBRANCE OF WIESBADEN. WALTZ.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN. 9

Musical score for 'Remembrance of Wiesbaden' waltz. The score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bass line is indicated by chords and stems below the staff. The first system includes a repeat sign and a first ending. The second system includes a 4-measure rest. The third system includes a 2-measure rest and a 4-measure rest, with the word 'GLIDE.' written below the staff. The fourth system includes a first ending with a 2-measure rest.

ON YONDER ROCK. (From "Fra Diavolo.")

Allegretto.

Musical score for 'On Yonder Rock' (From "Fra Diavolo"). The score is written for piano and consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bass line is indicated by chords and stems below the staff. The first system includes a repeat sign and a first ending. The second system includes a first ending with a 7-measure rest.

KITTY POLKA.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

First system of musical notation for 'KITTY POLKA'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the bass line consists of a simple harmonic accompaniment. The first measure is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

Second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. A section labeled *TRIO.* begins in the middle of the system, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The key signature changes to three sharps (F#, C#, and G#).

Third system of musical notation. The melody includes several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes). The accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic pattern.

Fourth system of musical notation. The melody concludes with a double bar line. The section is marked *D.C.* (Da Capo). The first measure of this system is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

MUST I THEN?

First system of musical notation for 'MUST I THEN?'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked *Moderato.* The melody is written on a single staff, and the bass line consists of a simple harmonic accompaniment. The first measure is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

Second system of musical notation. The melody includes a triplet marking. The section concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking followed by a forte (*f*) dynamic. The first measure of this system is marked with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic.

HUNTEN'S GALOP.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

11

Allegretto.

Musical score for 'HUNTEN'S GALOP' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four systems of two staves each. The upper staff contains the melody, and the lower staff contains the accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f). The piece features a repeating melodic motif and a key signature change to A major in the second system.

Andante.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Musical score for 'EVENING THOUGHTS' in G major, 6/8 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The upper staff contains the melody, and the lower staff contains the accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. Dynamics include piano (p), mezzo-forte (mf), and forte (f). The piece features a slow, lyrical melody with a key signature change to A major in the second system.

ARTIST LIFE WALTZ.
(KÜNSTLER LEBEN.)

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 3/4 time signature. The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes various rhythmic patterns and articulations. The second staff continues the melody and accompaniment. The third staff is marked with *FINE.* and features a change in dynamics to *f*. The fourth and fifth staves show further development of the waltz, with dynamic markings of *p* and *pp*. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and the initials *D.S.* (Da Capo).

SONATA IN G.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

The image displays a page of musical notation for a sonata in G major, arranged by William L. Hayden. The page is numbered 13. It consists of six staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a common time signature (C). The notation includes various rhythmic values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Dynamics markings such as *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *p* are used throughout. Tempo markings include *a tempo.* and *rit.* (ritardando). The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



Musical score for Thyra Waltz, arranged by W. L. Hayden. The score is written in treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and 3/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a melody line on a treble staff and a bass line on a bass staff. The melody features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The bass line consists of chords and single notes, providing harmonic support. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

JOHN ANDERSON, or THE OLD CUSHION DANCE.



Musical score for John Anderson, or The Old Cushion Dance. The score is written in treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and common time (C). It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a melody line on a treble staff and a bass line on a bass staff. The melody is characterized by a steady eighth-note rhythm. The bass line features chords and single notes, often with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

KOSZIUSKO MARCH.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

15

The musical score for 'KOSZIUSKO MARCH' is arranged in three staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is primarily in the upper voice, with accompaniment provided by the lower voices. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

AIR FROM THE MAGIC FLUTE.

Andantino.

The musical score for 'AIR FROM THE MAGIC FLUTE' is marked 'Andantino' and consists of three staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is primarily in the upper voice, with accompaniment provided by the lower voices. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff in D major and 2/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second staff includes accents (>) and a fermata. The third staff continues the melodic line. The fourth staff features a forte (*f*) dynamic and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fifth staff includes a forte (*f*) dynamic. The sixth staff concludes with a fermata and contains several triplet markings (3) over groups of notes.

REQUIEM FROM THE MAGIC FLUTE.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

17

Andantino.

f *p* *mf* *p*

GERMAN AIR.

Allegro.

f *p* *mf* *p*

ALPEN SONG.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Musical score for 'ALPEN SONG' in 3/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a 'GLIDE.' instruction. The second staff includes 'GLIDE.' and 'a tempo.' markings. The third staff features a 'GLIDE.' instruction. The fourth staff concludes with a 'riten.' instruction. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, with a consistent accompaniment of quarter notes.

TYROLIEN AIR.

Musical score for 'TYROLIEN AIR' in 3/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of two staves. The melody is primarily composed of eighth notes, with frequent triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The accompaniment consists of quarter notes and rests.

CELEBRATED SHOO FLY GALOP.*

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

The image displays a musical score for a piece titled "Celebrated Shoo Fly Galop." The score is arranged in six systems, each consisting of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The first system begins with a treble staff containing a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass staff with a simple accompaniment of quarter notes. The second system includes the word "FINE." above the treble staff. The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The fourth system features a key change to two sharps (F# and C#) in the final measure. The fifth system shows a change in the bass line to a more complex, rhythmic pattern. The sixth system concludes with the marking "D.C." (Da Capo) above the treble staff.

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PRINCE IMPERIAL GALOP.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

p

f

p

FINE. TRIO.

p

D.C. al Fine.

p

DOLL'S DREAM.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

21

"Cradle Song." *Andante con moto.*

Musical notation for the first section, "Cradle Song." It consists of a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The music is characterized by a steady, rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

The "Dream." *Con espressione.*

Musical notation for the second section, "The Dream." It consists of a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is more expressive and features some chromaticism.

Continuation of the musical notation for "The Dream." It features a melodic line with some rests and a steady accompaniment. The tempo marking *rit: a tempo.* is present.

The "awakening."

Musical notation for the third section, "The awakening." It consists of a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The music is more active and features some chromaticism. The dynamic marking *fz* is present.

The "Dance." *Allegro Moderato.*

Musical notation for the fourth section, "The Dance." It consists of a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. The music is more rhythmic and features some chromaticism. The dynamic marking *p* is present.Continuation of the musical notation for "The Dance." It features a rhythmic melody with a steady accompaniment. The dynamic marking *f* is present.

CARRIE'S GALOP.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

The musical score for "Carrie's Galop" is presented in five systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is indicated in the third system. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

REITER GALOP.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

23

Musical score for 'REITER GALOP' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The music is characterized by a fast, rhythmic galop style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system includes first and second endings. The third system features a section marked 'FINE.' and 'TRIO.' with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The fourth system ends with a double bar line and the marking 'D.C.' (Da Capo). The fifth system continues the piece with a repeat sign.

LORELEY.

Andante.

Musical score for 'LORELEY' in G major, 6/8 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The music is a waltz with a slower, more melodic feel than the galop. The second system includes a section marked 'rit.' (ritardando) and 'a tempo.' (allegretto). The piece concludes with a double bar line.

I WOULD THAT MY LOVE.

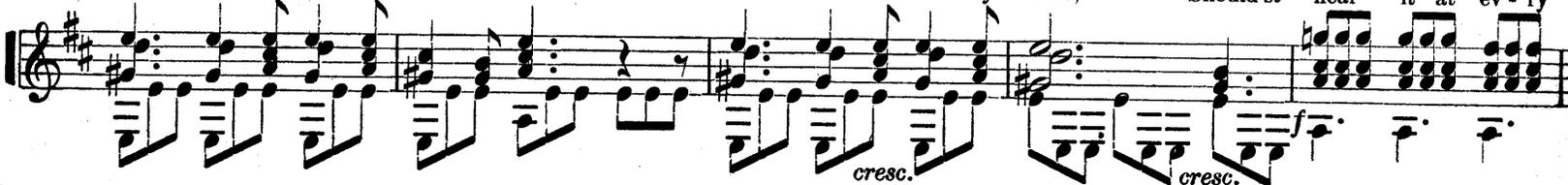
ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Allegretto Con Moto. ♩ 

1. I would... that my love could si - lent - ly flow..... in... a sin - gle word, I'd..
 thee..... on their wings, my fair - est, that soul - felt word they would bear; Should'st



give it the mer - ry breez - es, they'd waft it a - way in sport, I'd give.. it the mer - ry
 hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, and.. hear..... it ev - 'ry where, Should'st hear it at ev - 'ry



breez - es, they'd waft it a - way in sport, A - way in sport,... a - way in sport,..... they'd
 mo - ment, and hear..... it ev - 'ry where, And ev - 'ry where,.. and ev - 'ry where,..... and..



I WOULD THAT MY LOVE. Concluded.

waft it a-way in sport. hear.... it ev-ry where.

2. To

3. At

night.. when thine eyelids in slum-ber have clos'd those bright heav'nly beams, Still there my love.. it will

haunt thee e'en in thy deepest dreams, Still there my love it will haunt thee e'en... in... thy deepest

dreams, e'en in thy deep-est, thy deepest dreams, E'en in... thy deepest, deep-est dreams.

mf *Sempre.* *pp* *cresc.* *f* *cen* *do.* *dim - - in - u - en - - do. pp* *pp*

RING ON, SWEET ANGELUS!

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Andante Moderato.

1. Hark! 'tis the An-gel-us! sweet - - ly ring - ing O'er hill and vale;..... Hark! now the mel - o-dy
 2. Now o'er my heart a spell, gent - ly is steal - ing, For words too deep..... When to the wan - derer,

cresc. *p.* *stacc.*

maid - ens are sing - ing, Floats on the gale,.. floats on the gale..... On such a night, in years long
 com - eth that feel - ing, He can but weep! he can but weep!..... I've heard the lute in dul - cet

ad lib: *mf*

cresc. *p.* *ad lib:* *mf*

perished, I too have sung Those dear old lays so sweet, so cherished, When life was young! When life was
 measure, 'Neath stately dome, But ah! its tones bro't me no pleasure, A - far from home, A - far from

mf *ad lib:*

dim. mf

RING ON, SWEET ANGELUS! Concluded.

lunga. *tempo.*

young! Ah! Ring on, sweet An - ge-lus, Though thou art shaking, My soul to tears,.....
home! Ah! Ring on, &c.

ad lib:

ad lib:

Voi - ces long si - lent now, With thee are wa - king From out the years, ... from out the

ad lib:

cres. *dim.*

years, With thee are wa - king from out the years! Oh! sweet An - gel - us, ring on!

f *cresc.* *dim.* *dolce.* *dim.* *mf*

Oh! sweet An - gel - us, ring on! Sweet An - gel - us, ring on! ring on!.....

dim.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Andante.

mf *mf* *mf*

1. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! the gray dawn is breaking,.. The horn of the hun - ter is heard.... on the
 2. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! a - wake from thy slumbers, The blue mountains glow in the sun's.... gold-en

hill, The lark from her light wing the bright... dew is shak - ing, Kath-leen.... Ma - vour-neen! what,
 light, Ah! where is the spell that once hung... on my num - bers, A - rise in thy beauty,... thou

mf

slumb - 'ring still? Oh hast thou for - got-ten how soon we must
 star of my sight. Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vourneen, my sad tears are

Espress a legato.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN. Concluded.

mf

sev-er, Oh! hast thou for-got-ten this day we must part? It may be for years, And it
fall-ing, To think that from E-rin and thee I must part; It may be for years, And it

Colla voce.

p

may be for-ev-er, Oh, why..... art thou si-lent, thou voice of my heart? It may..... be for
may be for-ev-er, Then why..... art thou si-lent, thou voice of my heart? It may..... be for

cresc.

years, and it may be for - - ev-er, Then why..... art thou si-lent, Kathleen Ma-vour-need?
years, and it may be for - - ev-er, Then why..... art thou si-lent, Kathleen Ma-vour-need?

mf

FAR AWAY.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Music by Mrs J. W. BLISS. (Miss M. Lindsay.)

Moderato.

1. Where is now the mer-ry par - ty I re - mem - ber long a - go? Laughing round the Christmas fires,.. Brighten'd
 2. Some have gone to lands far dis - tant, And with stran - gers made their home; Some up - on the world of wa - ters All their
 3. There are still some few re - main-ing, Who re - mind us of the past, But they change, as all things change here, Nothing

by its rud-dy glow, Or in sum-mer's balm - y eve-ning, In the field, up-on the hay! They have
 lives are forc'd to roam; Some are gone from us for - ev - er, Longer here they might not stay? They have
 in this world can last: Years roll on and pass for - ev - er, What is com-ing, who can say? E're this

dim. *p*

all dispers'd and wander'd Far a - way,.... Far a - way. They have all dispers'd and wander'd Far a - way, Far a - way.
 reach'd a fair-er re-gion Far a - way,.... Far a - way. They have reach'd a fair-er re-gion Far a - way, Far a - way.
 clo - ses, ma - ny may be Far a - way,.... Far a - way. E're this clo - ses, ma - ny may be Far a - way, Far a - way.

DUBLIN BAY, or ROY NEAL.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

31

1. They sail'd a-way in a gal-lant bark, Roy Neal and his fair young bride, They had ven-tur'd all in that
 2. Three days they sail'd, when a storm a-rose, And the light-'ning swept the deep; When the thun-der crash broke the
 3. On the crowd-ed deck of that doom-ed ship Some fell in their meek des-pair, But some more calm with *a

bound-ing ship, That danc'd on sil-v'ry tide; Roy Neal he clasp'd his weep-ing bride, And he
 short re- pose Of the wea-ry sea boy's sleep; Roy Neal he clasp'd his weep-ing bride, And he
 ho-lier lip, Sought the God of the storm in prayer; "She has struck on a rock!" the sea-men cried, In the

kiss'd the tears a-way, And he watch'd the shore re-cede from sight Of his own sweet "Dub-lin Bay."
 kiss'd the tears a-way: "O love, 'twas a fear-ful hour," he cried, When we left sweet "Dub-lin Bay."
 breath of their wild dis-may, And the ship went down with that fair young bride That sail'd from "Dub-lin Bay."

NANCY LEE.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Con Spirito.

1. Of all..... the wives as e'er you know,..... Yeo ho!..... lads! ho! yeo ho!..... yeo..
 2. The har - - bor's past, the breezes blow ;..... Yeo ho!..... lads! ho! yeo ho!..... yeo..
 3. The boa' - - s'n pipes the watch be - low ;..... Yeo ho!..... lads! ho! yeo ho!..... yeo..

ho! There's none... like Nan - cy Lee, I trow,..... Yeo ho!.... lads! ho!..... yeo ho!
 ho! 'Tis long... ere we come back, I know ;..... Yeo ho!.... lads! ho!..... yeo ho!
 ho! Then here's... a health a - fore we go,..... Yeo ho!.... lads! ho!..... yeo ho!

See, there she stands an' waves her hands up - on... the quay ; An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a-way, she'll watch for
 But true an' bright from morn till night my home will be, An' all so neat, an' snug an' sweet, for Jack at
 A long, long life to my sweet wife, and mates at sea ; An' keep our bones from Da - vy Jones, wher - e'er we

NANCY LEE. Concluded.

me, An' whis - per low, when tempests blow, for Jack... at sea. Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The
 sea, An' Nan-cy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The
 be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - - cy Lee; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The

tempo.

sail - - or's wife the sail - or's star... shall be; Yeo ho!... we.. go a - - cross.. the sea.... The

sail - - or's wife, the sail - or's star..... shall be. The sail - or's wife, his star, shall be.....

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - ny, Where early falls the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie
 2. Her brow is like the snow drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her face it is the
 3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in sum - mer

Lau - rie gave me her pro - mise true. Gave me her pro - mise true, Which
 fair - est that e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone on, And
 sigh - ing, her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

ne'er for - got will be, And for bonnie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.
 dark blue is her e'e, And for bonnie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.
 a' the world to me, And for bonnie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

35

Moderato.

1. There's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it ; And the sun on his labor with pleasure did
 2. That dear lit-tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and fair as the daughters of E-rin ; Whose smiles can bewitch, and whose eyes o' com-
 3. That dear little plant that springs from our soil, When its three little leaves are extended, Denotes from the stalk we together should

smile, And with dew from his eye oft - en wet it. It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, And he call'd it the
 - mand, In each climate they ev - er ap - pear in. For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, Just . . like their own
 toil, And ourselves by ourselves be be - friended. And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, From one root should

ral-len-tan-do. *a tempo.* *ad lib:* *dim.*

dear lit-tle Shamrock of Ireland, The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock, the dear lit-tle, sweet little Shamrock of Ire-land.
 dear lit-tle Shamrock of Ireland, The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock, the dear lit-tle, sweet little Shamrock of Ire-land.
 branch like the Shamrock of Ireland, The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock, the dear lit-tle, sweet little Shamrock of Ire-land.

MY LADDIE FAR AWAY.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Andante.

1. Ye'll know him by his gold - en hair, And by his voice so gay; Ye'll know him by his face so fair, My lad-die far a -
 8. Ye'll tell him that his mother's prayer Is his by night and day; Ye'll tell him that he's still her care, My lad-die far a -

way! Ye'll know him, for there's none so bright, There's none so gay as he; I know not one that may com-pare, My bonnie lad, with
 way! Ye'll tell him, for there's none so light, So light of heart as he, I would that in his lightsome hours My lad might think on

thee!
me.

cresc.

2. Ye'll find him where the brave men stand, On the
 4. Ye'll bring him home when battle's past, So

dread - ful bat - tle - day; Ye'll raise for him your strong true hand - My lad-die far a - way. Ye'll find him there, for
 please kind Heav'n ye may; Ye'll bring him safe - ly home at last, My lad-die far a - way! Ye'll bring him, for I've

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the next two lines of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The third system contains the next two lines of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with a 'cresc.' marking. The fourth system contains the final two lines of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right hand, and chords in the left hand.

MY LADDIE FAR AWAY. Concluded.

none so brave, There's none so bold as he; I know that in the foremost fight My bonnie lad will be.
 none so dear, I've none so dear as he; And till that day I wait, I pray, My bonnie lad to see.

EVENING.
(GUTE NACHT.)

Rather Slow.

cresc.

1. In the west the sun de- clining, Sinks beneath the mountain height, Tints the clouds with golden lining, Sets the
1. *Son- ne nei- get sich und sin- ket hin- ter Ber- ges- höhn zur Ruh, Rein im Fei- er- glanz sie blin- ket, ihr- er*
2. In the wind the grass is bending, Flow'rs now slumber in the shade; Birds to seek their nests are wending, Flocks in
2. *Hälmllein in dem Winde schwanken, Blümlein nicken schlummervoll, Bäu- me mit den Ep- feu- ran- ken, Al- le*

hills with ru- bies shin- ing, Then bids all the world good- night!.....
lei- ben Er- de win- ket still den A- bend- gruss sie zu;.....
 fold the shep- herds tend- ing, Homeward hies the moun- tain maid.....
grüs- sen sich und dan- ken Freud- er- füllt und kum- mer voll:.....

Good- night, good- night!
Gu- te nacht, gu- te nacht,

Good- night, good- night!
Gu- te nacht, gu- te nacht!

H. P. DANKS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Cantabile.

1. I see a winsome, girl-ish face, With eyes of a - zure blue, With - in their depths a ling'ring
 2. The lit - tle birds that sang their song Through all the morn - ing hours, Would lis - ten as she pass'd a -
 3. And I shall ne'er be-hold the light Of those blue eyes a - gain, Shall nev - er-more en-fold her

trace.. Of love so sweet and true; With - in my hands I feel the clasp - Of
 - long.. A - mid her gar - den flow'rs; And then was happy with de - light That
 hands In pleas - ure or in pain: Be - neath the drift of win-ter's snows And

lit - tle hands so small; And for the joy to fold them there,.. I'd give my lit - tle all.
 I can ne'er for - get, I now feel sad from morn till night,.. With sad - ness of re - gret.
 spray of sum - mer flow'rs, She's sleep - ing while I wait a - lone... Through all the lone - ly hours.

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MY LITTLE LOST IRENE. Concluded.

Chorus.

A - las, my lit-tle darling sleeps Be-neath the wil - lows green, While I am left alone to moun My lit-tle lost I - rene.

MAID OF ATHENS.

1. Maid of Ath - ens, ere we part, Give, oh give me back my heart; Or, since that has left my breast, Keep it now, and take the rest. Hear my
 2. By those tres - ses un-con-fin'd, Woo'd by each Æ-ge-an wind, By those lids whose jet-ty fringe Kiss thy soft cheeks blooming tinge. By those
 3. Maid of Ath - ens, I - am gone, Think of me, sweet, when a - lone, Tho' I fly to Is-tam-bol, Athens holds my heart and soul. Can I

vow be - fore I go, Hear my vow be - fore I go, Hear my vow be - fore I go— Zœ.. Mou, sas a - ga - po.
 wild eyes like the roe, Hear my vow be - fore I go, Hear my vow be - fore I go— Zœ.. Mou, sas a - ga - po.
 cease to love thee? no! Can I cease to love thee? no! Hear my vow be - fore I go— Zœ.. Mou, sas a - ga - po.

JUST TOUCH THE HARP GENTLY, MY PRETTY LOUISE, ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

1. Just touch the harp gently, my pret-ty Louise, And sing me the songs that I love;
 2. Just touch the harp gently, my pret-ty Louise, And sing the old songs that I love;

They will call back the days when to - geth-er we sat On the porch, 'neath the nest of the dove.
 They'll re - call the bright days when we play'd in the wood, And watch'd the birds flit-ting a -

dove. There was one that you sang, my pret-ty Louise, It brings fond re-col - lec - tions to me, You re - mem-ber the mocking-bird
 - dove. There was one that you sang, my pret-ty Louise, The words I re - mem - ber them well; I lov'd it, and when you had

ad lib:

mimick'd it once, As it perch'd on the syc-a - more tree. Just touch the harp gent-ly, my pret-ty Louise, Just touch the harp gent - ly, Lou - ise.
 fin - ished each verse, I kiss'd you, and said nev - er tell. Just touch the harp gent-ly, &c.

Chorus.

Oh! touch the harp gently, my pretty Lou-ise, And sing the old songs that I love; They will call back the days when to - gether we sat On the porch 'neath the nest of the dove.

Con Spirito.

POLLY.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.



1. Do you want to know the smartest craft as ev - er put from port? Well, that's my Pol - ly, the live - ly Pol - ly, and she's a rare good sort. Do you
 2. Do you want to know the sweetest wife as lives in this here place? Well, that's my Pol - ly, my lit - tle Pol - ly, and bless her heart and face. Do you
 3. Do you want a toast to - night, my lads, a - fore we say good - bye? Well, that's my wife and the live - ly Pol - ly, and bless 'em both, say I: Do you



want to know the smartest craft as ev - er put from port? Well, that's my Pol - ly, the live - ly Pol - ly, and she's a rare good sort.
 want to know the sweetest wife as lives in this here place? Well, that's my Pol - ly, my lit - tle Pol - ly, and bless her heart and face.
 want a toast to - night, my lads, a - fore we say good - bye? Well, that's my wife and the live - ly Pol - ly, and bless 'em both say I:



Open the window, and look, my lads, she's ly - in' a - gen the quay, The smart - est craft a - fore and a - baft, as ev - - er went to sea. A -
 Come, you'll al - ways find her there, in our bit of a house by the quay, Her hands full of work, and her heart of love, and all for the sake of me. A -
 Fill your glass - es high, my lads, an' drink it three times three, Here's to my wife, the pride of my life, and the boat as I steers to sea. A -



- float, a - float I sing in my boat, When the sails are set and furl'd, Pol - ly, my Pol - ly, she's so jol - ly, The jol - li - est craft in the world.
 Pol - ly, my Pol - ly, she's so jol - ly, The jol - li - est wife in the world.
 Pol - ly and Pol - ly, they're so jol - ly, The jol - li - est pair in the world.



THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Larghetto.

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak - est hopes will cling; To thought and im - pulse while they flow, That
2. The mind will, in its worst despair, Still pon - der o'er the past; On mo - ments of de - light that were, Too

can no com - fort bring, that can, that can no com - fort bring - With these ex - cit - ing
beau - ti - ful to last, that were too beautiful, too beautiful to last. To long de - part - ed

rallent.

scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But mem - ry is the on - ly friend That
years ex - tend, Its vis - ions with them flow; For mem - ry is the on - ly friend That

grief can call . . . its own, That grief can call its own, That grief can call its own.

HESITATION, EMBARRASSMENT. (*VERLEGENHEIT.*)

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

43

Andantino grazioso.

p

1. I fain a winning tale would tell thee, and know my-self scarce what it is! And
Ich möch - te dir wohlet-was sa - gen und weiss doch selbst so recht nicht, was? und
 2. I fain would sing in plaintive meas - ure a lay that to thy heart should go, But
Ich möch - te dir so ger-ne sin - gen ein Lied, das tief in's Herz dir dringt, doch
 3. I fain would write a lov - ing let - ter that might to me thy heart in - cline, But
Ich möch - te dir ein Brieflein schrei-ben, da - rin mein Herz dir schüt - ten aus; al -

con leggerezza.

p

pp

poco rit.

molto espressivo.

if the question thou shouldst ask me; my ans - wer should be on - ly this: 'Tis thee I love with all.. my heart, 'Tis
wür - dest du darum mich fra - gen, wüss't ich wohl sel-ber nichts als das: Ich lie - be dich herz-in - nig-lich, nur
 when I seek the tune - ful treas - ure, a voice with-in me answers so: 'Tis thee I love with all.. my heart, 'Tis
will mir ei - nes nur ge - lin - gen, das stets in mei-ner See - le klingt: Ich lie - be dich herz-in - nig-lich, nur
 here a - gain I fare no bet - ter, for all my tho'ts in this com - bine: I love but thee with all.. my heart, But
lein auch das muss un - ter - blei - ben, denn stets bring ich nur das her - aus: Ich lie - be dich herz-in - nig-lich, nur

rit.

pp

poco rit.

molto cresc. e appassionato.

p

pp

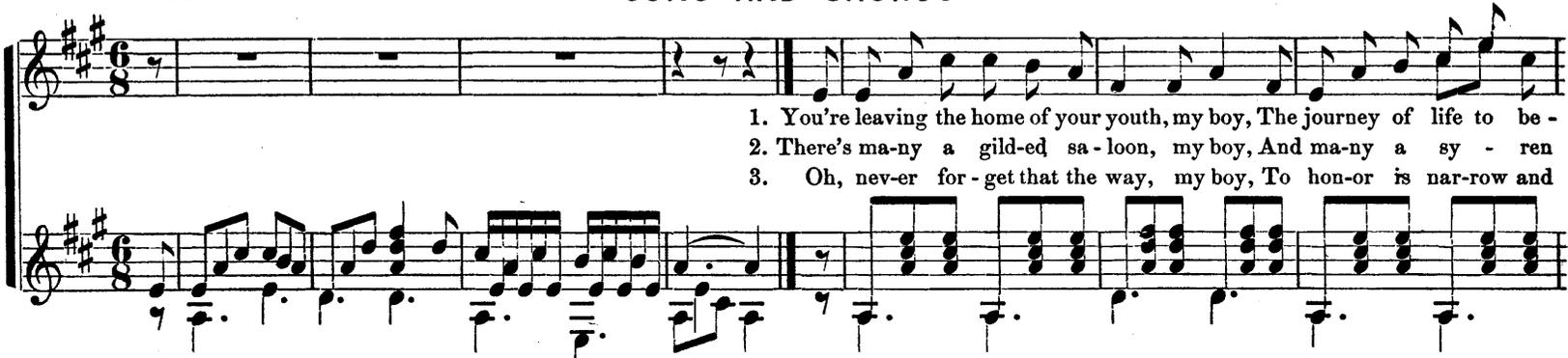
thee a - lone,.. yes, thee..... I love but thee with all.. my heart, But thee.. a - lone, yes, thee!
dich al - lein,.. nur dich,..... ich lie - be dich herz - in - nig-lich, nur dich.. al - lein, nur dich!

"FOR YOU WE ARE PRAYING AT HOME."/>

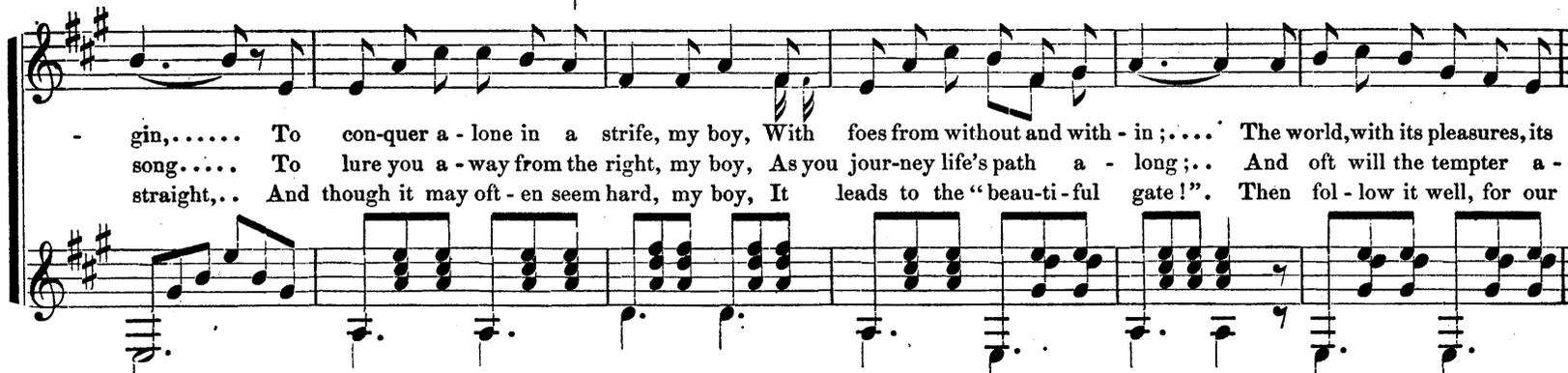
ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

H. M. ESTABROOKE.

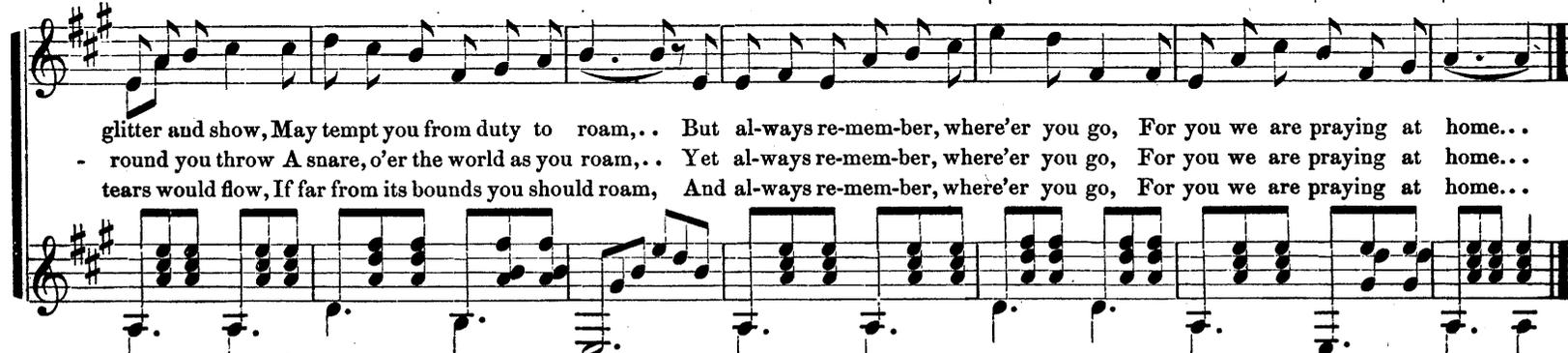
SONG AND CHORUS



1. You're leaving the home of your youth, my boy, The journey of life to be -
 2. There's ma-ny a gild-ed sa-loon, my boy, And ma-ny a sy - ren
 3. Oh, nev-er for - get that the way, my boy, To hon-or is nar-row and



- gin,..... To con-quer a-lone in a strife, my boy, With foes from without and with - in ;... The world, with its pleasures, its
 song..... To lure you a - way from the right, my boy, As you jour-ney life's path a - long ;.. And oft will the tempter a -
 straight,.. And though it may oft - en seem hard, my boy, It leads to the "beau-ti-ful gate!". Then fol - low it well, for our



glitter and show, May tempt you from duty to roam,.. But al-ways re-mem-ber, where'er you go, For you we are praying at home...
 - round you throw A snare, o'er the world as you roam,.. Yet al-ways re-mem-ber, where'er you go, For you we are praying at home...
 tears would flow, If far from its bounds you should roam, And al-ways re-mem-ber, where'er you go, For you we are praying at home...

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"FOR YOU WE ARE PRAYING AT HOME." Concluded.

Chorus.

For you we are praying at home,..... For you we are praying at home,..... Wher - ev - er you go, you may

For you we are praying, we're praying at home, For you we are praying, we're praying at home; Wher - ev - er you go, you may

The first system of the chorus features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line consists of two staves. The first staff has the lyrics: "For you we are praying at home,..... For you we are praying at home,..... Wher - ev - er you go, you may". The second staff continues: "For you we are praying, we're praying at home, For you we are praying, we're praying at home; Wher - ev - er you go, you may". The piano accompaniment is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

al - ways know We're praying, yes, praying at home.

al - ways know We're praying, yes, praying at home.

The second system of the chorus continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line consists of two staves. The first staff has the lyrics: "al - ways know We're praying, yes, praying at home.". The second staff continues: "al - ways know We're praying, yes, praying at home.". The piano accompaniment is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

Andante con espressione.

1. The birds sleep-ing gent - ly, Sweet Ly-ra-geameth bright; Her rays tinge the for - est, And all seems glad to-night: The winds sigh - ing
 2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing, Just as it falleth now; And all things slept gen - tly! Ah! A - lice, where art thou? I've sought thee by

by me, Cool - ing my fe-ver'd brow; The stream flows as ev - er, Yet, A - lice, where art thou? One year back this e - ven, And
 lake - let, I've sought thee on the hill; And in the pleasant wildwood, When winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in for - est, I'm

thou wert by my side; look-ing heav'nward now; And I'm thou wert by my side, look - ing heav'nward now Vow - ing there, 'mid to the

love me, One year past this e - ven, And thou wert by my side: Vow - ing to love me, A-lice, what - e'er might be - tide.
 star-shine, I've sought thee in for - est, I'm look - ing heav'nward now, Oh! there a - mid the star-shine, Alice, I know art thou.

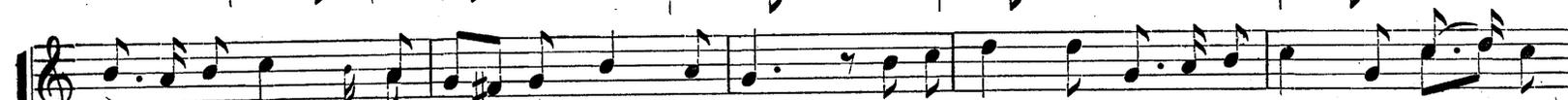
THE MONKS OF OLD.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

47



1. Ma-ny have told of the monks of old, What a saint - ly race they were, But 'tis more true that a
 2. And then they would jest at the love con - fess'd By ma - ny an art - less maid, And what hopes and fears they had
 3. And the Ab - bot meek, with his . . form so sleek, Was the hearti - est of them all; And would take his place with a
 4. Then say what they will, we'll drink to them still, For a jo - vial band they were! And 'tis most true that a



mer - ri - er crew Could scarce be found else - where! For they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, And
 breath'd in the ears Of those who had sought their aid! And they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, As they
 smi - ling face, When re - fec - tion bell would call! When they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, Till they
 mer - ri - er crew Could not be found else - where! For they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, And



liv'd on the dain - ti - est cheer! For they laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! And liv'd on the dain - ti - est cheer!
 told of each love - sick jade! And they laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! As they told of each love - sick jade!
 shook the old - en wall! And they laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! Till they shook the old - en wall!
 liv'd on the dain - ti - est cheer! For they laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! And liv'd on the dain - ti - est cheer!



SLUMBER SONG.—"Gently Rest."

(SCHLUMMERLIED.)

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.



1. All is still in sweet - est rest, Be thy sleep se - rene - ly blest!
 1. Al - - les still in sus - - ser Ruh, drum mein Kind so schlaf auch de!
 2. Gent - ly rest! the night stars gleam, Soft thy slum - ber, bright thy dream.
 2. Schlies - se dei - - ne Aeu - ge - lein, lass sie wie zwei Knos - pen sein!

Moderato con espressione.




Winds are moan - ing o'er the wild, Lul - la - by, sleep on... my child; Lul - la - by, sleep on... my
 draus - sen säu - sel't nur der Wind, Su, su, su! schlaf ein... mein Kind; su, su, su! schlaf ein... mein
 Fear no harm, for I will keep Watch with love, while thou'rt a - sleep: Watch with love, while thou'rt a -
 Mor - gen wenn die Sonn' er - glüht, sind, sie wie die Blum' er - blüht, sind sie wie die Blum' er -




child; La lul - la - by, sleep on... my child; May an - gel gleams Per - vade... thy dreams.....
 Kind; su, su, su, su! schlaf ein... mein Kind; su, su, su, su! in gu - - ter Ruh!.....
 - sleep; Oh! hush thee now in slum - ber mild; While watch I keep; Oh! sleep, my child!.....
 - blüht. Su, su, su, su! schlaf ein... mein Kind; su, su, su, su! in gu - - ter Ruh!.....



THE STAR OF GLENGARY.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

49

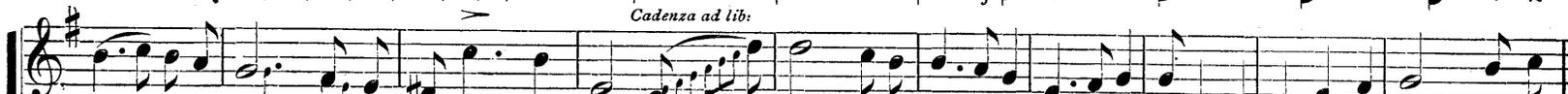
Andante con espressione.



1. The red moon is up o'er the moss cover'd mountain; The hour is at hand when I promis'd to rove With the turf-cut-ter's
2. 'Tis lang sin' we first trod the High-lands to-gith-er, Twa frolic-some bairns, gai-ly start-ing the deer; When I ca'd her my



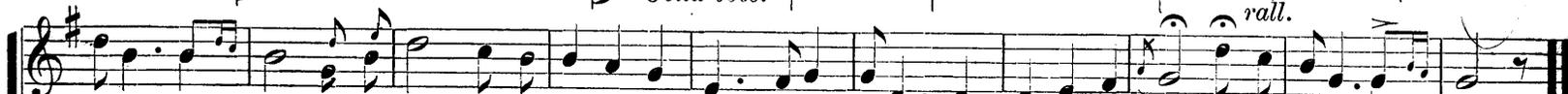
daugh-ter, by Logans bright wa-ter, And tell her how tru-ly her Do-nald can love! I ken, there's the mil-ler, wi' plen-ty o' sil-ler, Would
life! my ain, bonnie, wee wife! And ne'er knew sic joy as when Ma-ry was near; And still she's the blossom I wear in my bo-som, A



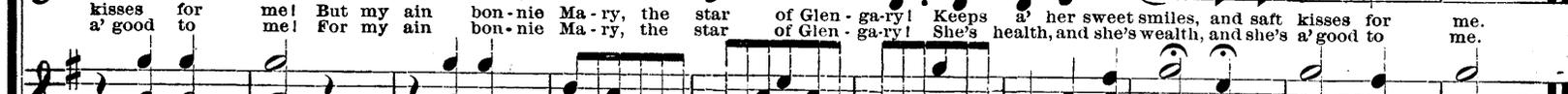
fain win a glance from her beau-ti-ful e'e; But . . . my ain bonnie Ma-ry, the star of Glen-ga-ry! Keeps a' her sweet smiles, and saft
blos-som I'll cher-ish, and wear till I dee! For . . . my ain bonnie Ma-ry, the star of Glen-ga-ry! She's health, and she's wealth, and she's



Cadenza ad lib.



kisses for me! But my ain bon-nie Ma-ry, the star of Glen-ga-ry! Keeps a' her sweet smiles, and saft kisses for me.
a' good to me! For my ain bon-nie Ma-ry, the star of Glen-ga-ry! She's health, and she's wealth, and she's a' good to me.



Colla voce.

rall.

Colla voce.

PEACE OF MIND.
(SEELENFRIEDE.)

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

H. A. SPONHOLTZ.

Peaceful, silent, happy hour,
Stil-le, süs-se, sel'ge Ruh,'

O'er me throw thy spells of pow'r! In the wood, the birds at rest,
schliecs du mir die Augen zu, Wie im Wald das Vö-ge-lein,

Gently rock me on thy breast! Gently rock me on thy
wie-ge du mich se-ligein, wiege du mich se-lig

breast!
ein

Glad - ly day has shed its light,
Hei - ter ist der Tag vollbracht,

Glad-ly comes the peaceful night;
hei-ter kommt die klare Nacht,

And the might - y star - ry world
und die gro - sse Ster - nenschaar,

Has its
glänzt am

dim.

piu animato.

cresc.

ma - jes - ty un - fur'l'd,
Him-mel wun - der - bar,

Has its ma - jes - ty un - fur'l'd.
glänzt am Him-mel wun - der - bar.

O'er the planets, as they roll,
ü - ber Sterne, ü-ber'm Mond,

Rules the God, who rules the
Gott, der mir im Her-zen

dolce.

soul;
wohnt.

O'er me, Lord, thy
halte du, Herr,

vigils keep!
die-se Nacht.

Let thy child in safe - ty sleep.
ü-ber dei-nem Kind die Wacht,

Let thy child in safe - ty sleep!.....
ü-ber dei-nem Kind.. die Wacht.....

TWENTY-SEVEN CENDS.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

51

Written and Sung by GUS WILLIAMS.* (OR PINS UND NEEDLES BY DE DOZEN.)

1. Of you lis-den to my sdo-ry, I vill try und told you someding, Vot you see most ev-'ry day-time, As you valk a-long de sdreet; Now und den you hear a bel-low,
 2. Selling if it rains or shin-ing, You vill nev-er find him pining, But as hab-by as an ovs-der. He does al-ways seem to be; Tell-ing jokes, dot are so fun-ny,

From a gread big chee-key fel-low, Vone of whom, ven I describe him, You did of-den meet. He will hol-ler, oud so loud, To his au-di-ence, (a crowd.)
 A-ny-ding to raise de mo-ney, From his au-di-ence a-round him, 'He eye to business; see? Of a policeman moves him on, In a min-ute he vos gone,

Chorus.

Und he gives such great in-ducemends, In his own pe-cu-llar vay. Pins und needles by de doz-en, For your un-cle, aunt, or coz-en; A plain gold ring,
 But up-on some od-er cor-ner, In dwo sec-onds he vill be. Pins und needles, &c.

a wedding ring, Und a locket vot's im-mense: Here we have some fine tooth-powder, A receipt for making chowder, Take de lot, I sell to you for Twen-ty-sev-en cends.

Spoken after first verse.—He's vone of dem fellars vot ve see sstanding on de corner every day, und he speaks like dis—*Chorus.*

Spoken after second verse.—Yes, indeed, you can't drive him away; he's like a jack-in-de-box, de moment you put your hand on him he aint dere, und den all dem fellars look alike, und dey all seem to veer de same kind of clothes, you may go any vere in de Unided Sdades, I dont care how small de town is, und de moment id gets dark, you vill see vone of dem fellars on de corner, mit de same old identical box in front of him, de old greasy lamp over his head, und de same old cry, of—*Chorus.*

* By Permission of I. P. GOULLAUD.

Words and Music by JOSEPH P. SKELLY.

1. I'm in love with the fair-est of crea - tures,... Ro - mantic, be - witching and sweet,..... With blue eyes and "classi - cal

fea - tures,".... To gaze up-on her is a treat;..... I met her last sum - mer at Long - -

- Branch, While walk - ing a - lone by the sea,..... And my heart beat with fond-est e - mo - -

f *Grazioso.*

- tion, The moment she smil'd up-on me..... She's a gem of the ver-y first wa - - ter, a rich man's

on - ly daugh - - ter; Where we first met, I shall ne'er for - get, 'Twas down by the surg - ing sea.....

2

On the white sand we rambled and chatted,
 Her voice sounding sweet as the birds,
 Her soft hand I pressed and I patted,
 While whisp'ring the fondest of words,
 Our love every day it grew strouger,
 Sweet visions of joy I could see;
 My life will be lonely no longer,
 My darling will share it with me.
 She's a gem of the very first water, &c.

3

Though the sweet summer days have departed,
 Our love is as fervent and true
 As when on the sea shore we parted,
 Exchanging a sweet kiss or two;
 Her image seems ever before me,
 For me there's a treasure in store;
 She has promised forever to love me,
 I'm sure I could ask nothing more.
 She's a gem of the very first water, &c.

1. There once was a bold Fisherman, Who sail'd forth from Billingsgate, To catch the mild bloat-er and the gay mack-er - el; But when he ar-rove off

Pim-li - co, The wind it did be - gin to blow; And his lit - tle boat it wib - ble wobbled so, That slick o - ver-board he fell—All among the Conger eels, and the Dover soles, and the kipper'd Herrings, and the Dutch plaice, and the Whitebait, and the *Black* bait, and the Tittlebats, and the *Brick*bats—

CHANT. ad lib.

Chorus.

Dinkle doodle dum, Din - kle doodle dum, That's the high - ly in - ter - est - ing song he sung: Din - kle doo - dle dum, Din - kle doo - dle dum, Oh! the bold Fish - er - man.

2 First he wriggled, then he striggled,
In the water so briny,
He bellowed, and he yellowed
Out for help, but in vain;
Then down did he gently glide
To the bottom of the silv'ry tide,
But previously to that he cried,
"Farewell, Mary Jane."

CHANT.—On arriving at the *terra firma* at the bottom of the *aqua pura*, he took a cough lozenge, and murmured—

Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum,
That's the refrain of the gentle song he sung:
Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum,
Said the bold Fisherman.

3 His Ghost walked that night
To the bedside of his Mary Jane;
He told her how dead he was,
Then, says she, "I'll go mad,"
"For since my love's dead," says she,
"All joy from me's fled," says she:
"I'll go a raving Luniack," says she,
And she *went*, very bad.

CHANT.—She therefore tore her best chignon to smithereens, danced the "Can Can" on top of the water-but, and joined the "woman's rights association," and frequently edifies the angelic members by softly chanting—

Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum,
That's the kind of soul-inspiring strain she sung:
Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum,
Oh! the bold Fisherman.

1. Young folks, come listen to my song, I'm old, and I wont de - tain you long; I'm eighty-four, I'd have you know, and the young folks call me "Uncle Joe." My
 2. When I was young, I knew life's joys, But now I'm old, yet I'm one of the boys; I can take a smile, or sing a song With any good friend that comes along, I can
 3. When I was young and in my prime, I was chasing the girls the most of my time; I'd take them out each day for a ride, And al-ways had one by my side: I'd

hair, once black, has all turn'd gray, But what's the odds while I feel gay. I love to sing a song of glee, For it makes me as young as I us'd to be.
 tell a story, or crack a joke, And never re-fuse to drink or smoke: I'm a gay old sport, you'll all a-gree, And I feel as young as I us'd to be.
 hug and kiss them, just for fun, And aint for-got the way it's done. So if any girl here is in love with me, She'll find me as young as I us'd to be.

Chorus.

Ti di id.. de hoop de do How I love to sing for you; How I could sing with joy and glee, If I was young as I us'd to be.

I'LL STRIKE YOU WITH A FEATHER.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Or HILDEBRAND MONTROSE.

Allegretto.

1. I'll sing of Hil - debrand Montrose, (his proper name is Charlie.) He speaks as tho' with cold in his 'dose,' bad French he tries to *par-ley*; His

hair is in barber's ringlets, his eyes are "made up" dark, He walks up-on his 'up-pers' while strolling in the Park. Au re-voir, ta -

- ta! you'll hear him say To the Mar-chi-o-ness Clerkenwell, While bidding her good day; I'll strike you with a feather, I'll stab you with a

rose, For the darling of the la-dies, Is Hil-debrand Montrose.

2 His scarf, unlike himself, is green,
His gloves, 'no kid' are 'yaller,'
His wash'd-out pants are well strapp'd down,
He carries a 'fake' umbrella;
He never pays his tradesmen,
To him they'll give no trust:
He drinks dry champagne "cyder"
Until he's fit to 'bust.'—Chorus.

3 He stock in trade of socks count three;
He chalks his paper collars;
He always pays his taxes, for
His income's just two dollars.
He swears he'll wed a "Duckess,"
Though he waits 'till "all is blue,"
Though he goes to bed a beggar,
Wakes up the "Lord Knows Who."—Chorus.

MY OLD WIFE AND I.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

57

In playful style.

1. I merrily sing from morn till night, And misery I de - fy;..... And I've a wife who with de-light sings just as hap-py as I..... She

is the com-fort of.. my life, My dar - ling and my pride,.. For twen - ty years to-gether, my boys, We've travel'd it side by side.....

Chorus.

Round goes the world,.. Trou - ble I de - fy;..... Jogging a - long to - geth-er, my boys, My dear old wife and I.....

2 When homeward I'm returning—why
She'll greet me with a smile;
Her dear old face beams with delight,
In such a happy style.
"Sit down by the fireside,"
She'll say, "and take your tea."
She laughs and jokes on t'other side,
A picture boys to see.—*Chorus.*

3 In winter, when the snow is down,
She'll meet me at the door
With "Come in, lad, and warm yourself,
You must be cold, I'm sure."
She brings my slippers, warm and dry,
And lays them by my side;
I never could find her equal, though
I search the world so wide.—*Chorus.*

4 I smoke my pipe and sing my song,
Content to stay at home,
As happy as the day is long,
And ne'er inclined to roam.
There's many talk of single bliss,
And for their freedom sigh,
But that will never be the case
With my old wife and I.—*Chorus.*

1. Who's that tapping at the gar - den gate? Tap, tap, tapping at the gar - den gate? Ev - 'ry night I have heard of late Some-bo-dy tapping at the gar - den gate.

2. Oh, you shy little "Fox," you know, Fidg-et - ing a-bout un - til you go; Dropp'd the sugar spoon! why there it lies. Bless the girl, where are your eyes?

rall.

What, you sly lit-tle puss! don't know. Why do you blush and fal - ter so? What are you looking for un - der the chair? The tap, tap, tapping comes not from there:
Were I a - ble to leave my chair, Soon would I find out who is there. Don't tell me you think it's the cat; Cats don't tap, tap, tap like that;

f *rall.*

p tempo. *f*

Ev - 'ry night, about half-past eight, There's tap, tap, tapping at the gar - den gate. Ev - 'ry night, about half-past eight, There's tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate.
Cats don't know when its half-past eight, And come tap, tapping at the garden gate. Cats don't know when its half-past eight, And come tap, tapping at the garden gate.

a tempo.

THE LOVESICK BOY.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

59

From the "TRIAL BY JURY."

1. When first my old, old love I knew, My bo-som swell'd with joy; My rich-es at her feet I threw,— I was a love-sick boy! No
 2. joy in-ces-sant palls the sense, And love un-chang'd will cloy; And she be-came a bore in-tense Un-to her love-sick boy! With

terms seem'd too ex-tra-va-gant Up-on her to em-ploy: . . . I used to mope, and sigh, and pant, Just like a love-sick
 fit-ful glim-mer burnt my flame, And I grew cold and coy; . . . At last one morn-ing I be-came A-noth-ers love-sick

rall.

Colla voce.

boy! . . . } Tink a tank, I used to mope, and sigh, and pant,
 boy! . . . }

sf

Just like a love-sick boy.

1. 2.
rall. 1. 2. But

THE JUDGE'S SONG.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

From the "TRIAL BY JURY."

Allegro Vivace.

1. When I, good friends, was call'd to the bar, I'd an ap-pe-tite fresh and hear - ty; But I was, as many young barristers are, An im - pe - cu - nious
2. In West - min - ster Hall I danc'd a dance Like a sem-i - de - spond-ent fu - ry; For I thought I should never hit on a chance Of ad-dress - ing a Brit - ish

par - ty; I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beau-tiful blue, A.. brief, which I bought of a boo - by, A cou-ple of shirts, and a collar or two, And a
ju - ry. But I soon got tir - ed of.. third-class journeymen, And din - ners of bread and wa - ter; So I fell in love with a rich attor - ney's El -

ring that look'd like a ru - by. I'd a couple of shirts, and a col-lar or two, And a ring that look'd like a ru - by.
- der - ly, ug - ly daugh - ter. So I fell in love with a rich at-tor-ney's El - der-ly, ug - ly daughter.

3 The rich attorney he jumped with joy,
And replied to my fond professions:
"You shall reap the reward of your pluck, my boy,
At the Bailey and Middlesex sessions.
You'll soon get used to her looks," said he,
"And a very nice girl you'll find her!
She may very well pass for forty-three
In the dusk, with a light behind her!"
Chor.—She has often been taken for forty-three, &c.

4 The rich attorney was good as his word,
The briefs came trooping gaily;
And every day my voice was heard
At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey.
All thieves, who could my fees afford,
Relied on my orations;
And many a burglar I've restored
To his friends, and his relations.
Chor.—And many a burglar I've restored, &c.

5 At length I became as rich as the Gurneys,
An incubus then I thought her,
So I threw over that rich attorney's
Elderly, ugly daughter.
The rich attorney my character high
Tried vainly to disparage;
And now, if you please, I'm ready to try
This Breach of Promise of Marriage.
Chor.—And now, if you please, &c.

DON'T MAKE A NOISE. OR ELSE YOU'LL WAKE THE BABY.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

61

Moderato.

1. If you perceive my bosom heave, 'Tis caus'd by proud de-light; For I'm a very different man To what I was last night: For some time, in my house, a nurse Has

Chorus.

air'd her awkward charms; But I'm glad to say, this morning, I found something in her arms.* Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the ba-by. Don't make a

noise, or else you'll wake the child. Don't make a row, ... Or you'll disturb the in-fant. I feel so awfully, aw-ful-ly jol-ly, I think I shall go wild ..

* **SPOKEN.**—When I enquired, as innocently as possible, “Lor nurse, whatever have you got there?” She said, “Hush-h-h-h!”—*Chorus.*

2 As soon as e'er the news was told,
In every neighbor comes;
Some said, “what a splendid child!”
Others, “bless its gums!”
My feelings were so glorious,
Describe them no one can;
And the ladies seem to look on me
As a very clever man.

3 On the day I married, so was Jones;
Who said, quite on the sly,
“Who'll be a happy father first,
I wonder, you or I?”
Jones always thinks he's number one;
To-day, that bliss is mine:
So, when we meet, I'll have some fun,
And crack a bottle of wine.

4 With a parent's fond affection, now,
I feel all of a glow;
But what to name the lovely babe,
I don't exactly know:
I'd like to call him something grand,
And worthy of a “Snooks.”
And when he's christened, you must come
And see how nice he looks.

SPOKEN.—They said, “Mister Snooks, you ought to feel thankful, Sir!” I said, “I do, I do, I do!” Then they said, “Oh! sir, you ought to be proud!” I said, “I am, I am, I am!” And then they all said, “Hush-h-h-h!”—*Chorus.*

SPOKEN.—And drink the darling's health, and, with a look full of meaning, I shall observe to Jones, “Hush!”—*Chorus.*

SPOKEN.—O, you must come and see baby; you shall have a “private view,” and we're going to have him weigh'd, so do come, but mind, “Hush-h-h-h!”—*Chorus.*

BALERMA. C. M.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

How hap - py is the man who hears In - struction's warn - ing voice; And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes, His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

The musical score for 'BALERMA. C. M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef, the middle staff is the bass line in bass clef, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'How hap - py is the man who hears In - struction's warn - ing voice; And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes, His ear - ly, on - ly choice.'

DALLAS. 7s.

Keep me, Saviour, by.. thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Nev - er let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me by thy love.

The musical score for 'DALLAS. 7s.' consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef, the middle staff is the bass line in bass clef, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'Keep me, Saviour, by.. thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Nev - er let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me by thy love.'

SILOAM. C. M.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

63

By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill, How fair the li-ly grows! How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Sharon's dew-y rose.

The score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle staff is the bass line in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

LABAN. S. M.

My.. soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a-rise; The.. hosts of sin are press-ing.. hard, To draw thee from the skies.

The score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is the bass line in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

ROCK OF AGES.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Fine. *D.C.*

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,
D.C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.

Fine. *D.C.*

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Fine. *D.C.*

{ Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high; } Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
D.C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

Fine. *D.C.*