

# The FRANKLIN SQUARE SONG COLLECTION

DEVOTED TO

SCHOOL  
AND  
HOME

ENJOYMENT

SONGS AND HYMNS

Adieu, My Native Land—A Dollar or Two—Ah, For Wings to Soar!—  
Ah, So Pure!—A Hundred Years to Come—Auld Robin Gray—Austrian  
Hymn—Baloo, Baloo—Beautiful Sea—Bells of Shandon—Blanche Alpen  
Blue Juniata—Braes o' Balquither—Bridal Chorus—Bride Bells—Bridge  
—Brightest and Best—Carol, Brothers—Child of the Regiment—Chime  
Again, Beautiful Bells—Cradle Songs—Do They Miss Me at Home?—  
Fading, Still Fading—Faintly Flow—Faithful Johnnie—Far upon the  
Sea—Flag of Our Union Forever—Hail and Farewell—Happy Bayadere  
—Hero's Serenade—Homeward Bound—I Am Content—In Happy  
Moments—Isle of Beauty—Italian Cradle Song—It is Better to Laugh—  
Jock o' Hazeldean—Jolly Jester—Joy in Sorrow—Kathleen Aroon—Kitty  
Tyrrell—Larboard Watch—Life on the Ocean Wave—List to the Con-  
vent Bells—Lochaber No More—Love at Home—Love's Ritornella—  
Maid of Liangollen—Merry Swiss Boy—Miller's Daughter—Mountain  
Bugle—My Own Native Land—Old Arm Chair—Old Granite State—Old  
House at Home—Over the Stars—Over the Summer Sea—Paddle Your  
Own Canoe—Prince Charming—Run upon the Roof—Russian Hymn—  
Serenade of Don Pasquale—Sleep, Gentle Mother—Soldier's Tear—  
Songs of Praise—Strike the Cymbal—Swiss Girl—Switzer Boy—Tea in  
the Arbor—To Alexis—Touch Not the Cup—Vacant Chair—Wake, Nico-  
cenus—Yankee Doodle—Yes, the Die is Cast. Etc., Etc. [ See Contents.]

HARPER & BROTHERS  
NEW YORK

84.

# Franklin Square Song Collection:

TWO HUNDRED

Favorite Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes,  
Nursery and Fireside.

No. 3.

SELECTED BY J. P. McCASKEY.

Some scrap of a childish song hath often been a truer alms than all the benevolent societies could give. For poesy is Love's chosen apostle and the very almoner of God.—*J. R. Lowell.*

They who think Music ranks among the trifles of existence are in gross error, because from the beginning of the world down to the present time it has been one of the most forcible instruments both for training, for arousing and for governing the mind and the spirit of man.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

We often hear that this or that "is not worth an old song." Alas! how few things are! What precious recollections do some of them awaken! What pleasurable tears do they excite! They purify the streams of life; they can delay it in its shelves and rapids; they can turn it back again to the soft cool moss amidst which its sources issue.—*Walter Savage Landor.*

NEW YORK  
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE.

YOUTH is the great season of surprises, as it certainly is of delights. There never were such buttercup fields and strawberry ices as in the days of my childhood. Men try to make hay now, but it is poor work; and as for modern ices, they are either frozen amiss or ill-mixed. They are not good enough for me, who can remember what they were in the [London] Exhibition of 1851. One of my keenest musical impressions is connected with that marvellous show. I shall never see such another. As I stood in the gallery of the great crystal transept and looked down upon a spectacle such as has been witnessed since, but had never before been seen, a feeling of intoxication—there is no other word for it—came over me. I remember perfectly well falling into a kind of dream as I leaned over the painted iron balcony and looked down on the splendid vista. The silver-bell-like tones of an Erard—it was the 1000-guinea piano—pierced through the human hum and noise of splashing waters, but it was a long way off. Suddenly, in the adjoining gallery, the large organ broke out with a blare of trumpets that thrilled and riveted me with an inconceivable emotion. I knew not then what those opening bars were. Evidently something martial, festal, jubilant, and full of triumph. I listened and held my breath to hear Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" for the first time, and not know it! To hear it when half the people present had never heard of Mendelssohn, three years after his death, and when not one in a hundred could have told me what was being played: that is an experience I shall never forget. As successive waves of fresh inexhaustible inspiration flowed on, vibrating through the building without a check or a pause, the peculiar Mendelssohnian spaces of cantabile melody alternating as they do in that march with the passionate and almost fierce decision of the chief processional theme, I stood riveted, bathed in the sound as in an element. I felt ready to melt into those harmonious yet turbulent waves and float away upon the tides of "Music's golden sea setting toward Eternity." The angel of Teanyson's Vision might have stood by me whispering,

"And thou listenest the lordly music flowing from the illimitable years."

Some one called me, so I was told afterward, but I did not hear. They supposed that I was following, they went on, and were soon lost in the crowd. Presently one came back and touched me, but I did not feel. I could not be roused, my soul was living apart from my body. When the music ceased the spell slowly dissolved, and I was led away still half in dreamland. For long years afterward the "Wedding March" affected me strangely. Its power over me has almost entirely ceased. It is a memory now more than a realization—

eheu! fugaces, Posthume,  
Posthume, labuntur anni—

This was in 1851; but it must have been about the year 1846 that I was taken up to a concert at Exeter Hall, and heard there for the first time what seemed to me to be music of unearthly sweetness. The room was crowded. I was far behind. I could only see the fiddlesticks of the band in the distance. Four long-drawn-out tender wails on the wind rising, rising; then a soft, rapid, flickering kind of sound, high up in the treble clef, broke from a multitude of fiddles, ever growing in complexity as the two fiddles at each desk divided the harmonies among them, pausing as the deep melodious breathing of wind instruments suspended in heavy slumbrous sighs their restless agitation, then recommencing till a climax was reached, and the whole band broke in with that magnificent subject which marks the first complete and satisfying period of musical solution in the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream!"

*Haweis' Musical Memories.*

---

Acknowledgments are due to Publishers for copyright favors, and to Prof. CARL MATZ for valuable aid and unfailing courtesies. The Compiler may be addressed through the publishers, in reference to Old Songs that should have place in this Collection, and will be glad to have suggestions from all persons interested.

# Contents of Song Collection: No. 3.

Abide with Me, - - -	H. F. Lyte.	63	Fading, Still Fading, - - -	Portuguese.	62
Adieu, 'Tis Love's Last Greeting,	F. Schubert.	54	Faintly Flow, Thou Falling River,	J. G. Percival.	113
Adieu, My Native Land,	Lubitsky.	112	Faithful! Johnnie, - - -	L. Beethoven.	82
A Dollar or Two, - - -	Anonymous.	173	Far, Far upon the Sea, - - -	Henry Russell.	98
After Many Rojving Years,	Chas. E. Horn.	175	Farewell to Lochaber, - - -	Allen Ramsay.	119
Ah! For Wings to Soar, - - -	Fullien.	13	Flag of Our Union Forever,	Geo. P. Morris.	12
Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest Me,	G. Verdi.	72	Floating on the Wind, - - -	Stephen Glover.	166
Ah! So Pure, Ah! So Bright,	Von Flotow.	128	Full and Harmonious, - - -	Anonymous.	174
A Hundred Years to Come, - - -	W. C. Brown.	116	German Cradle Song, - - -	Old Lullaby.	67
Alice, Where Art Thou? - - -	J. Ascher.	87	German Watchman's Song, - - -	I. Heffernan.	40
A Life on the Ocean Wave, - - -	Henry Russell.	35	Give Me Jesus, - - -	Slave Hymn.	65
American Cradle Song, - - -	Lullaby.	67	God is Present Everywhere, - - -	G. F. Handel.	21
Angry Words, - - -	Anonymous.	64	God Preserve Our Franz, the Kaiser, J. Haydn.		142
A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief,	J. Montgomery.	42	God Save Our Glorious Czar, - - -	Alexis Lvoff.	143
Ask Me Not Why, - - -	Chas. Jefferys.	81	God Shall Charge His Angel Legions, - - -		33
Auld Robin Gray, - - -	Anne Lindsay.	69	Going Home: "Heimgang!" - - -	Scotch Air.	118
Austrian National Hymn, - - -	Joseph Haydn.	142	Good Night and Good Morning,	Anonymous.	113
Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun,	- Round.	45	Go Where Glory Waits Thee,	M. W. Balfie.	93
Baby, Sleep! Shadows Creep,	T. T. Barker.	53	Guided by us, Thrice Happy Pair,	R. Wagner.	11
Baloo, Baloo, My Wee, Wee Thing,	Lullaby.	10	Hail! Evening Bright, - - -	Marie Antoinette.	126
Beautiful Faces, - - -	David Swing.	53	Hail! Thou Glorious Scion,	Christmas Hymn.	61
Beautiful Sea, - - -	E. Ransford.	37	Hail and Farewell, - - -	Mrs. C. Barnard.	171
Bees Are All Humming, - - -	Thos Cooke.	130	Happy Bayadere, - - -	N. C. Bochsa.	160
Be Kind to the Loved Ones,	I. B. Woodbury.	14	Happy Greeting to All, - - -	Anonymous.	156
Bells of Shandon, - - -	Francis Mahony.	22	Hark! Ye Neighbors, - - -	I. Heffernan.	40
Billy Boy, - - -	Anonymous.	135	Hero's Serenade, The, - - -	Charles Farvis.	154
Bird of the Forest, - - -	George Linley.	45	Homeward Bound, - - -	J. W. Dadmin.	30
Birdie in the Cradle, - - -	Franz Abt.	25	How Long a Day Appears,	Jane Taylor.	75
Blanche Alpen, Song of, - - -	Stephen Glover.	16	Hungarian Cradle Song, - - -	Lullaby.	89
Blest Symbol of Blest Name,	Geo. W. Cloak.	77	Hymn Tunes—Webb, 21; Theodora, 21; Trust, 33;		
Blue Juniata, The, - - -	M. D. Sullivan.	56	Creation, 38; Scotland, 39; Dundee, 41; Doane,		
Boatman's Return, - - -	N. J. Sporie.	159	42; Weber, 43; Baxter, 43; Berlin, 63; Amster-		
Bonnie Hills of Heather, - - -	A. F. Harrison.	124	dam, 75; Balerna, 75; Sicilian Mariners' Hymn,		
Bonnie Lad and Gentle Lassie	Scotch.	109	76; Hamburg, 77; Mercy, 125; Nuremburg, 143;		
Braes o' Balquither, - - -	R. A. Smith.	94	Nettleton, 148.		
Break, Break, Break, - - -	Alfred Tennyson.	74	I Am Content, - - -	S. H. Sainton.	123
Breeze from Home, The, - - -	German Air.	55	I Cannot Sing the Old Songs, Mrs. C. Barnard.		8
Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin,	R. Wagner.	11	I Have Ranged over Mountain, W. B. Bradbury.		100
Bride Bells, The, - - -	J. L. Roeckel.	84	I Have Come from the Mountains, J. C. Baker.		134
Bridge, The, - - -	H. W. Longfellow.	146	I Heard the Wee Bird Singing, George Linley.		71
Brightest and Best, - - -	Reginald Heber.	21	In Happy Moments, - - -	W. V. Wallace.	144
Brightly Glows the Morning Star,	Mercadante.	151	I Love the Summer Time, - - -	Anonymous.	111
Caller Herrin', - - -	Lady Nairne.	26	I Love it, I Love it, - - -	Eliza Cook.	162
Carol, Brothers, Carol, - - -	W. A. Muhlenberg.	57	I Lo'ed Ne'er a Laddie but Ane. - - -	Scotch.	49
Cheerily the Bugle Sounds, - - -	J. H. Hewitt.	165	Isle of Beauty, - - -	Thos. H. Bailey.	170
Cherish Kindly Feelings. - - -	Anonymous.	127	I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight, M. Lindsay.		146
Child of the Regiment, - - -	G. Donizetti.	81	Italian Cradle Song, - - -	G. DaSandtis	20
Chime Again, Beautiful Bells,	H. R. Bishop.	44	It is Better to Laugh than be Sighing, Donizetti.		103
Christ is Born of Maiden Fair,	Gauntlet.	51	I've Found a Joy in Sorrow, Jane Crewdson.		140
Christmas Bells are Sounding Clear,	Carol.	33	I Wait, My Love, I Wait for Thee, H. Wert.		70
Come Back, Sweet May, - - -	W. A. Mozart.	110	Jack and Jill, - - -	J. W. Elliott.	19
Come, My Gallant Soldier, Come, H. R. Bishop.		107	Jenny Lind's Good-night, - - -	H. Wert.	70
Come, Swell the Strain, - - -	Charles Farvis.	27	Jock o' Hazeldean, - - -	Sir Walter Scott.	86
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing,	Robinson.	148	Jolly Jester, The, - - -	Old Ditty.	127
Come to the Home of Boyhood's Love, Bellini.		158	Joseph Baxter is My Name, - - -	Arthur Lloyd.	132
Come to the Sparkling Fountain, Anonymous.		117	Joy in Sorrow, - - -	I. D. Sankey.	140
Come Where Flowers are Flinging, Von Flotow.		50	Kathleen Aroon, - - -	Franz Abt.	24
Cradle Songs, - - -	10, 20, 53, 66, 67, 89,	115	Kitty Tyrrell, - - -	C. W. Glover.	108
Cradle Song of Soldier's Wife,	T. T. Barker.	53	Larboard Watch, - - -	T. Williams.	58
Der Rose Sendung, - - -	F. H. Himmel.	17	Last Greeting, - - -	Franz Schubert.	112
Do They Miss Me at Home? S. M. Grannis.		34	Let Us Sing Merrily, - - -	Anonymous.	135
Down the Stream so Cheerily, Bohemian Air.		137	Life on the Ocean Wave, - - -	Epes Sargent.	35
Dream On, - - -	German Air.	13	List, 'tis Music Stealing, - - -	John Blockley.	15
Eiapoepia, My Baby, Sleep On, - - -	Lullaby.	115	Listen to the Water-Mill, - - -	Louis Diehl.	95
Evening Hymn, - - -	F. Mendelssohn.	41			

## FRANKLIN-SQUARE SONG COLLECTION.

List to the Convent Bells, -	<i>John Blockley.</i>	15	Tea in the Arbor, - - -	<i>J. Beuler.</i>	96	
Little by Little the Day goes by, -	<i>C. Barnard.</i>	36	The Birds Sleeping Gently, -	<i>W. Guernsey.</i>	87	
Little Maggie May, - - -	<i>C. Blamphin.</i>	153	The Boatman's Return, -	<i>M. J. Sporle.</i>	159	
Lochaber No More, - - -	<i>Allen Ramsay.</i>	119	The Breeze from Home, - -	<i>German Air.</i>	55	
Lord, Dismiss us with Thy Blessing, <i>W. Shirley.</i>	76	The Bride Bells, - - -	<i>J. L. Roedel.</i>	84		
Lord, Forever at Thy Side, <i>J. Montgomer.</i>	43	The Bridge, - - -	<i>M. Lindsay.</i>	146		
Loud Strike the Sounding Strings, <i>Beethoven.</i>	129	The Child of the Regiment, -	<i>G. Donizetti.</i>	81		
Love at Home, - - -	<i>J. H. McNaughton.</i>	5	The Departed, - - -	<i>James Hine.</i>	63	
Love's Ritornella, - - -	<i>J. R. Planche.</i>	172	The Die is Cast: "Pestel," -	<i>J. R. Ling.</i>	105	
Love Smiles No More, - - -	<i>Ahstrom.</i>	109	The Flag of Our Union Forever, -	<i>G. P. Morris.</i>	12	
Maid Elsie Roams by Lane and Lea, -	<i>Roedel.</i>	84	The Golden Sun, - - -	<i>J. Strauss.</i>	157	
Maid of Llangollen, - - -	<i>Welsh Air.</i>	55	The Good "Three Bells," -	<i>Charles Jarvis.</i>	27	
Maple, from Leafy Wildwood, -	<i>R. M. Streeter.</i>	102	The Hero's Serenade, - - -	<i>H. Schmidt.</i>	154	
Merry Swiss Boy, The, - - -	<i>Swiss Air.</i>	28	The Lark Sings Loud, - - -	<i>Egli.</i>	47	
Merrily, Merrily Sing, - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>	111	The Leaves Around me Falling, -	<i>Greek Air.</i>	149	
Miller's Daughter, The, - - -	<i>Bohemian Air.</i>	137	The Maister, - - -	<i>Joseph Teenan.</i>	47	
Moon is Beaming o'er the Lake, <i>John Blockley.</i>	29	The Moon is Beaming o'er the Lake, <i>J. Blockley.</i>	29	The Mountain Bugle, - - -	<i>J. H. Hewitt.</i>	165
Mother, Are there Angels Dwelling? -	<i>Glover.</i>	68	The Nootide Ray, - - -	<i>Auber.</i>	85	
Mountain Bugle, The - - -	<i>J. H. Hewitt.</i>	165	The Ocean Has its Silent Caves, -	<i>E. L. White.</i>	80	
Mountaineer's Farewell, - - -	<i>Jesse Hutchinson.</i>	134	The Old Arm Chair, - - -	<i>Henry Russell.</i>	162	
Musical Alphabet, - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>	159	The Postilion, - - -	<i>Franz Abt.</i>	90	
My Mother Dear, - - -	<i>Samuel Lover.</i>	167	The River Lee, - - -	<i>Francis Mahony.</i>	22	
My Own Native Land, - - -	<i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>	100	The Rose that all are Praising, -	<i>E. J. Loder.</i>	136	
Nicodemus, the Slave, was of African Birth, -		176	The Sky Lark, - - -	<i>Round.</i>	157	
North German Cradle Song, - - -	<i>Lullaby.</i>	89	The Soldier's Tear, - - -	<i>Alexander Lee.</i>	6	
Not for Joseph, - - -	<i>Arthur Lloyd.</i>	132	The Spacious Firmament on High, <i>J. Haydn.</i>	38		
O Dear Sixpence, I've got Sixpence, -	<i>Ditty.</i>	127	The Spring-Time of the Year, <i>J. R. Planche.</i>	8		
Of in Danger, Of in Woe, - - -	<i>H. K. White.</i>	149	The Switzer's Farewell, - - -	<i>G. Linley.</i>	88	
O Hush Thee, My Baby, - - -	<i>Sir Walter Scott.</i>	66	The Vacant Chair, - - -	<i>Geo. F. Root.</i>	131	
Old Arm Chair, The, - - -	<i>Eliza Cook.</i>	162	The Voice of Free Grace, - - -	<i>J. Clark.</i>	39	
Old Granite State, The - - -	<i>J. Hutchinson.</i>	134	The Water-Mill, - - -	<i>Louis Diehl.</i>	95	
Old House at Home, - - -	<i>I. B. Woodbury.</i>	83	They Grew in Beauty Side by Side, <i>F. Hemans.</i>	60		
On the Fount of Life Eternal, - - -	<i>Damiani.</i>	32	Thou Art the Way, - - -	<i>G. Franc.</i>	41	
O Take Her, but be Faithful Still, -	<i>S. Nelson.</i>	145	"Three Bells," - - -	<i>Charles Jarvis.</i>	27	
Over the Dark Blue Sea, - - -	<i>Swiss Air.</i>	106	Through the Wood, - - -	<i>Chas. E. Horn.</i>	104	
Over the Stars there is Rest, - - -	<i>Franz Abt.</i>	7	Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord, -	<i>H. Bonar.</i>	43	
Over the Summer Sea, - - -	<i>G. Verdi.</i>	18	To Alexis I Send Thee, - - -	<i>F. H. Himmel.</i>	17	
Oh, Why Left I My Hame? - - -	<i>R. Giffilan.</i>	52	Touch Not the Cup, - - -	<i>Fas. H. Aikman.</i>	78	
Paddie Your Own Canoe, - - -	<i>H. Clifton.</i>	91	Upon the Height I Stood, - - -	<i>Folk-Song.</i>	161	
Parting Song at Graduation, - - -	<i>Mrs. Barnard.</i>	171	Vacant Chair, The, - - -	<i>H. S. Washburn.</i>	131	
Postilion, The, - - -	<i>Franz Abt.</i>	90	Vive le Roi, - - -	<i>M. W. Balfe.</i>	99	
Prince Charming, - - -	<i>J. L. Roedel.</i>	122	Wake, Happy Children, in the Dewy Morn, -	117		
Rain upon the Roof, - - -	<i>G. Clifford.</i>	163	Wake, Nicodemus, - - -	<i>Henry C. Work.</i>	176	
Rest for the Weary, - - -	<i>W. McDonald.</i>	101	Waking or Sleeping, - - -	<i>J. V. Blake.</i>	117	
Rock-a-bye, Baby, in the Tree-top, <i>R. J. Burdette.</i>	67	Wanderer's Farewell, - - -	<i>German Folk Song.</i>	121		
Row, Row, Homeward We Steer, <i>M. J. Sporle.</i>	159	Watchman, Tell Us of the Night, <i>John Bowring.</i>	31	Water-Mill, The, - - -	<i>Louis Diehl.</i>	95
Russian National Hymn, - - -	<i>Alexis Lvoff.</i>	143	We Have Come with Joyful Greeting, <i>Pettings.</i>	139		
Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name, <i>J. Ellerton.</i>	41	We Roam Through Forest Shades, -	150	What'll Buy Caller Herrin? -	<i>Neil Gow.</i>	26
Saviour, Source of Every Blessing, <i>R. Robinson.</i>	61	What's a' the Steer, Kimmer? <i>Alexander Lee.</i>	133	When Our Friends are Round Thee, <i>Morris.</i>	169	
Say, What shall my Song be To-night? <i>Knight.</i>	23	When the Humid Showers Gather, <i>C. Kinney.</i>	163	When the Leaves are Turning Brown, <i>Crampton.</i>	97	
Scotch Cradle Song, - - -	<i>Old Lullaby.</i>	10	When the Morn o'er the Mountain Glows, -	138		
Serenade of Don Pasquale, - - -	<i>G. Donizetti.</i>	114	When up the Mountain Climbing, <i>Swiss Air.</i>	79		
Since I've Known a Saviour's Name, <i>C. Wesley.</i>	75	Where are Those Dreamers Now? <i>N. Barker.</i>	60	Where are you Going, my Pretty Maid? <i>Nathan.</i>	46	
Sleep, Baby, Sleep, - - -	<i>German.</i>	89	Where the Lilacs Threw their Shade, <i>Conway.</i>	122		
Sleep, Gentle Mother, - - -	<i>G. Verdi.</i>	168	Whichever Way the Wind doth Blow, <i>C.A. Mason.</i>	152		
Sleep, My Baby, Sleep, - - -	<i>G. DaSandtis.</i>	20	White Sand and Gray Sand, - - -	<i>Round.</i>	45	
Softly Now the Light of Day, <i>L. M. Gottschalk.</i>	125	Wild Roved an Indian Girl, -	<i>M. D. Sullivan.</i>	56		
Soldier's Tear, The, - - -	<i>Alexander Lee.</i>	6	Who'll Buy My Posies? - - -	<i>Round.</i>	157	
Song of Blanche Alpen, - - -	<i>Stephen Glover.</i>	16	Whose Sins Have Pardon Gained, <i>Lowell Mason.</i>	77		
Song of the Daisy, - - -	<i>C. W. Glover.</i>	92	Why Left I My Hame? - - -	<i>Robt. Giffilan.</i>	52	
Song of Arbor Day, - - -	<i>Sarah J. Pettinos.</i>	139	Why Weep Ye by the Tide, Ladye? -	<i>Scott.</i>	86	
Song of the Maple, - - -	<i>R. M. Streeter.</i>	102	Will You Go, Lassie, Go? -	<i>Robt. Tannahill.</i>	94	
Songs of Praise, - - -	<i>J. Montgomery.</i>	143	Within a Mile of Edinboro, -	<i>James Hook.</i>	48	
Starlight is Streaming, - - -	<i>"Siege of Rochelle."</i>	120	Woodman, Spare that Tree, -	<i>Geo. P. Morris.</i>	73	
Strike the Cymbal, - - -	<i>Pucitta.</i>	141	Yankee Doodle, - - -	<i>National Air.</i>	164	
Summer is Coming, - - -	<i>Thos. Cooke.</i>	130	Yes, the Die is Cast, - - -	<i>J. W. Kalliwoda.</i>	105	
Sweet Evenings Come and Go, -	<i>George Eliot.</i>	125				
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, - - -	<i>Slave Hymn.</i>	65				
Swiss Girl, The, - - -	<i>Ignatz Moschelles.</i>	138				
Switzer Boy, The - - -	<i>Swiss Air.</i>	19				
Switzer's Farewell, The, - - -	<i>G. Linley.</i>	88				

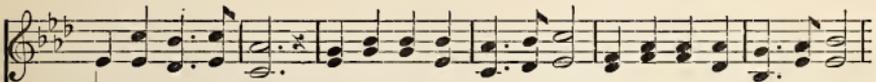
# THE SONG COLLECTION.

## LOVE AT HOME.

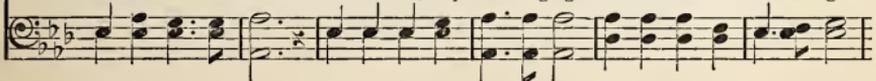
J. H. McNAUGHTON.  
Per. OLIVER DITSON & Co.



1. There is beau - ty all a - round, When there's love at home; There is joy in ev - 'ry sound,
2. In the cot - tage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en - vy ne'er an - noy,
3. Kind - ly heav - en smiles a - bove, When there's love at home; All the earth is filled with love,
4. Je - sus, show Thy mer - cy mine, Then there's love at home; Sweet - ly whisper I am Thine,



When there's love at home. Peace and plen - ty here a - bide, Smiling sweet on ev - 'ry side;  
When there's love at home. Ro - ses blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a gar - den sweet,  
When there's love at home. Sweet - er sings the brook - let by, Brighter beams the a - zure sky:  
Then there's love at home. Source of love, Thy cheer - ing light Far exceeds the sun so bright—



Time doth soft - ly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home. Love at home,  
Mak - ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home. Love at home,  
Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home. Love at home,  
Can dis - pel the gloom of night; Then there's love at home. Love at home,



Love at home, Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide, When there's love at home.  
Love at home, Mak - ing life a bliss com - plete, When there's love at home.  
Love at home, Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.  
Love at home, Can dis - pel the gloom of night; Then there's love at home.



THE celebrated composer, Meyerbeer, was born at Berlin, in 1794. He enjoyed, through the affection and foresight of his father, who was a rich land-holder, the advantages of an extensive and liberal education, and soon became remarkable for his musical taste. At seven years of age, he performed on the piano at public concerts; but it was not until he was fifteen that he commenced his deeper and more scientific musical studies. He was fortunate in his choice of a master—the Abbé Vogler, who was one of the greatest theorists and certainly the first organist in Germany. His best operas are those he wrote for the French stage, as the "Huguenots." Though enormously rich, he lived in unpretending style, and was not very partial to society. He carried his love for his art to an

extraordinary degree. In other things, he was quiet; but always simple in his manners. He was small of stature, his hair black, and his face bearing the type of his Hebrew origin. Much of the peculiarity of this composer's productions may be explained by referring to the history of his life, his early studies and predilections. In his works may be traced the deep science and thorough musical knowledge which he acquired in the outset of his career; the sentimental sweetness of the Italian school, the profusion of embroidery, and the employment of dramatic effects, were characteristic of the musical taste of the French nation, amongst whom he produced his later compositions. At the head of his style of musical art, he may be said to have founded the school to which he

## THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

ALEXANDER LEE.

1. Up - on the hill he turned, To take a last fond look Of the val - ley and the  
2. Be - side that cot - tage porch, A girl was on her knees, She held a - loft a  
3. He turned and left the spot, Oh! do not deem him weak, For daunt - less was the

village church, And the cot - tage by the brook; He list - ened to the sounds So fa -  
snow - y scarf, Which flut - tered in the breeze; She breathed a prayer for him, A  
soldier's heart, Tho' tears were on his cheek; Go watch the foremost ranks, In

mil - iar to his ear, And the sol - dier leaned up - on his sword, And wiped a - way a tear.  
prayer he could not hear, But he paused to bless her as she knelt, And wiped a - way a tear.  
dan - ger's dark ca - reer, Be sure the hand most dar - ing there, Has wiped a - way a tear.

belongs. But greatly as his productions must be admired, his followers, not possessing his genius, it is to be feared rather injure than advance pure musical taste.

DOES Music enlighten our views, or enlarge our understandings? Can she make us more prudent or more practical? No, but she can make us more romantic; and that is what we want, in these days, more than anything else. Her whole domain lies in the much-abused land of romance—the only objection to which in real life is, that mankind are too weak and too wicked to be trusted in it. She appeals neither to our reason, our principles, nor our honor. She can neither be witty, satirical, nor personal. She has no logic and cannot reason, neither can she preach; but also, she cannot wound or defile. She

is the most innocent companion of the Loves and the Graces, for real romance is always innocent. Music is not pure to the pure only, she is pure to all. It is only by a marriage to language that it can become a minister of evil. An instrument which is music, and music alone, enjoys the glorious disability of expressing a single vicious idea, or of inspiring a single corrupt thought. It seems as if she had been banished from Eden, and that, having taken possession of the heart in its primitive purity, she had ever kept her portion of it free from the curse; and to have made it her glorious vocation on earth to teach us nothing but the ever higher enjoyment of an innocent pleasure, the only one distinctly promised to be transplanted with us from earth to heaven.—*Wysam.*

No other form of stage performance is so thoroughly unnatural as the average opera. It is conceived and executed from a standpoint as purely imaginary as a fairy tale. To begin with, we have the chorus. The idea of a party of male and female individuals shouting their unanimous opinions and expressions in four-part music is essentially absurd. Then we have the chorus brought on in the queerest and most impossible situations. A party of conspirators will steal upon an unsuspecting victim, singing their threats and intentions in tones loud enough to warn him even if he were the inmate of a deaf and dumb asylum, while the aforesaid victim announces, in a lusty tenor, that he has not the least idea of the impending calamity. In Fra Diavolo we have two or three villains about to

attack a young girl. They sing from their place of concealment; but she is temporarily deaf and does not hear them. In Lucia and Hamlet the heroines go mad and sing their most brilliant numbers under the influence of their delirium. In Lucia also, while the unhappy heroine is getting more and more hopelessly insane under the influence of her own vocal pyrotechnics, the male chorus, clad as Scotchmen, stand around in a semi-circle and sing an accompaniment to her crazy act, instead of sending for the doctor. In Faust, when Valentine dies, the soldiers and villagers sing him to death most inconsiderately. Margaret gets off her sick bed to sing a trio with Faust and Mephistophiles, and the chorus is very noisy while paralyzing Mephisto with the hilts of their swords in the form of a cross.

## OVER THE STARS THERE IS REST.

FRANZ ABT,  
T. T. BARKER.

*p Andante.*

1. O - ver the stars there is rest! O - ver the stars there is rest! Suf - fer, in  
2. O - ver the stars there is rest! O - ver the stars there is rest! Bear up, to

pa - tience con - fid - ing, Life with its tri - al and chid - ing; There peace e -  
life's ills re - sign - ing; There, where the sun is still shi - ning, Comes neither

ter - nal, a - bid - ing, Makes the de - light of the blest. . . .  
grief nor re - pin - ing, — There are re - lieved the op - prest. . . .

Dark tho' to - day be with sor - row, Hope gilds more brightly the mor - row, —  
On - ward with courage re - viv - ing, Ev - er still pa - tient - ly striv - ing,

*f* O - ver the stars there is rest! . . . . O - ver the stars there is rest!  
O - ver the stars there is rest! . . . . O - ver the stars there is rest!

NEAR the mouth of the St. Mark's river, as I lay under a small tree, a mocking-bird came and lit on the top of a neighboring bush, and sang for me its rarest and most wonderful combination, called by the negroes the "dropping song." Whoever has closely observed the bird has noted its "mounting song," a very frequent performance, wherein the songster begins on the lowest branch of a tree and appears literally to mount on its music, from bough to bough, until the highest spray of the top is reached, where it will sit for many minutes flinging upon the air an

ecstatic stream of almost infinitely varied vocalization. But he who has never heard the "dropping song" has not discovered the last possibility of a mocking-bird's voice. I have never found any note of this extremely interesting habit of the bird by any ornithologist, a habit which is, I suspect, occasional, connected with the most tender part of the mating season. It is, in a measure, also the reverse of the "mounting song," beginning where the latter leaves off. I have heard it but four times, when I was sure of it, during all my rambles and patient observations

## I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

MRS. CHAS. BARNARD.  
(CLARIBEL.)

*Slowly.*

1. I can - not sing the old songs, I sang long years a - go, For heart and voice would  
 2. I can - not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their mel - o - dies would  
 3. I can - not sing the old songs, For vis - ions come a - gain Of gold - en dreams de -

fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For by - gone hours come o'er my heart, with  
 wa - ken Old sor - rows from their sleep, And tho' all un - for - got - ten still, and  
 part - ed And years of wea - ry pain, Per - haps when earth - ly fet - ters shall have

each fa - mil - iar strain. I can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a -  
 sad - ly sweet they be, I can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to  
 set my spir - it free. My voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni -

gain, I can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.  
 me; I can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.  
 ty, My voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty,

in the chosen haunts of the bird; once in North Georgia, twice in the immediate vicinity of Tallahassee, Florida, and once near the St. Mark's river, as above mentioned. I have at several other times heard the song, as I thought, but not being able to see the bird, or clearly distinguish the particular notes, I cannot register these as certainly correct. My attention was first called to this interesting performance by an aged negro, who, being with me on an egg-hunting expedition, cried out one morning, as

a burst of strangely rhapsodic music rang from a haw thicket near our extemporized camp, "Lis'n, mars, lis'n dar; he's a droppin', sho's yo' bo'n!" I could not see the bird, and before I could get my attention rightly fixed upon the song, it had ended. Something of the rare aroma, so to speak, of the curiously modulated trills and quavers lingered in my memory, however, along with Uncle Joe's graphic description of the bird's actions. After that I was on the look-out for opportunity to verify the negro's statements.

IN Boston Mr. H. E. Holt addressed an audience of teachers and other interested parties, upon the proper status of music in education, discussing also the special subject of "how children may be taught to think in music." A very interesting and attractive feature of the lecture was the presence of a class of twenty-six little boys and girls, averaging nine years of age, from one of the Dedham schools. This class, which the lecturer had never before seen, showed their ability to sing readily any scale-interval in the different keys; also to sing any modulation from one key to another,

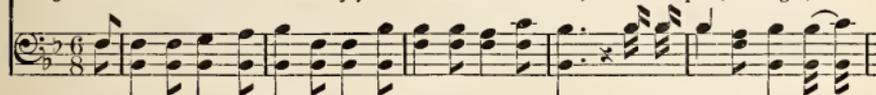
thinking the pitch of each sound as it was sung. They also rendered, without hesitation or confusion, exercises in two and three parts, showing an unmistakable knowledge of sounds when combined in two and three-part singing. The results in teaching time from the use of a time-language composed of four vowels and seven consonants was also very gratifying. Mr. Holt claims that every distinct musical idea in the pitch or length of sounds should have in the teaching of music an oral name. In this time-language vowels name the accents, and consonants the length of sounds.

## THE SPRINGTIME OF THE YEAR.

J. R. PLANCHE.



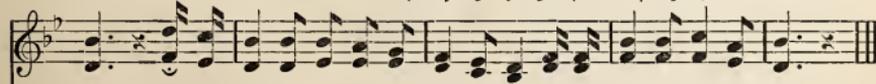
1. Oh, well do I re- member that se- rene and lovely hour, When the stars had met, and the
2. When all was still beneath the bright moon's chaste and quiet eye, Save the ceaseless flow of the
3. Oh! like an in- fant's dream of joy was that sweet hour to me, As pure, as bright, as



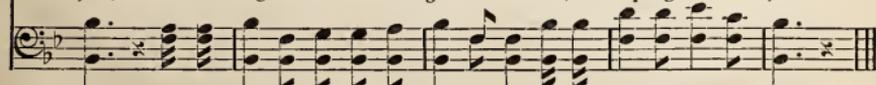
devs had wet Each gen- tly - clos - ing flow'r; When the moon-lit trees waved in the breeze, A - stream below And the night-wind's fragrant sigh, Which brought the song of the dis - tant throng So swift in flight, From care, from fear as free. And from my heart the life must part, Which



bove the sleeping deer, And we fondly stray'd thro' the greenwood shade, In the spring-time of the faint- ly to the ear, As we fondly stray'd thro' the greenwood shade, In the spring-time of the now its pulse doth cheer, Ere the thought shall fade of that greenwood shade, In the spring-time of the



year, And we fond-ly stray'd thro' the greenwood shade, In the spring-time of the year.  
year, As we fond-ly stray'd thro' the greenwood shade, In the spring-time of the year.  
year, Ere the thought shall fade of that greenwood shade, In the spring-time of the year.



AN international, or at least national, uniformity of pitch should be established by musicians. A foreign singer coming to this country will find that a note written in the same manner means something different from what it means at home; nay, that it sounds half a tone higher at St. James' Hall than it does at Covent Garden, where the French pitch, or at least some approach to it, has been adopted. No wonder that they lose their sense of tonality, and frequently wander into heterogeneous keys; no wonder, also, that Mr. Sims

Reeves some years ago refused to sing with any orchestra that had not adopted the lower pitch. Unfortunately, it was impossible for a single artist, however popular, to remedy an evil so deeply rooted. Next to the singers the greatest sufferers are the makers of such instruments as cannot be tuned like the violin or the pianoforte. A trombone and a flute may be in perfect tune at one place, and either sharp or flat at another near by, to say nothing of foreign countries, and their market value is lessened accordingly.

"SPEAK GENTLY."—The following reminiscences of a popular song will interest those with whom it is a favorite: David Bates, the author of the poem "Speak Gently," was a Philadelphia broker. He was styled by the board of brokers—it was their custom to nickname each other—"Old Mortality." Prominent literary men of the day frequented his office on Third street. None of his other numerous poems obtained the popularity of "Speak Gently." This was written on the spur of the moment, and was called out by a trivial circumstance. He was writing at his desk, and his wife was sewing in the same room, while his son and a little playmate were having a very spirited romp. The uproar they created greatly disturbed the good lady, and she requested them to be quieter. They subsided for a few moments, but soon there was as much commotion as before, and she reproved them again;

but the noise continued. Then she sprang to her feet, and, in no gentle tone, said, "I'll teach you to be quiet!" and both of the boys would have had their ears boxed, but they rushed very quickly for the door, and were out of sight before she could reach them. "Speak gently, wife—speak gently," said Mr. Bates, and turning again to his desk, he took a fresh sheet of paper, and wrote the poem that bears this title. At the supper table that evening he handed it to his wife. She glanced at the title, and thinking it a second reproof, said she did not want to see it, and gave it back to him without reading it. The next day, at his office, one of his literary friends coming in, he showed it to him. "This is a good thing, Bates," said his friend; "you should have it published." And acting upon the suggestion, he sent it with a note to L. A. Godey, editor of *Godey's Magazine*, published

## SCOTCH CRADLE-SONG.

OLD LULLABY.

*Andantino.*

*Fine.*

{ Ba - loo, ba - loo, my wee, wee thing, O soft - ly close thy blink - in' e'e; }  
 { Ba - loo, ba - loo, my wee, wee thing, For thou art doub - ly dear to me. }

1. Thy fa - ther now is far a - wa', A sail - or lad - die o'er the sea; But  
 2. Thy face is sim - ple, sweet and mild, Like o - ny sim - mer e'e - vin' fa', Thy  
 3. O but thy fa - ther's ab - sence lang Might break my dow - ie heart in twa' Wert

*rall.*

hope aye hechts his safe re - turn To you, my bon - nie lamb, an' me. *D. C.*  
 spark - lin' e'e is bon - nie black, Thy neck is like the moun - tain snaw.  
 thou na left a daw - tit pledge To steal the ee - rie hours a - wa'.

in Philadelphia. Within a few days he received a check from Mr. Godey for one hundred dollars, with a note complimenting the poem. Mr. Bates looked at the check with amazement, and exclaimed, "Well, this is the biggest one hundred dollars I ever saw!" He kept it locked up in his desk for some time, and would occasionally take it out and look at it. The poem has been translated into many languages, and is greatly admired by foreigners, especially by the cultured Brazilian Emperor. When Rev. J. C. Fletcher, the celebrated American missionary, was in Brazil, he visited Dom Pedro. During the call of the reverent gentleman, the Emperor said, "I have something to show you, and shall be very glad if you can tell me the name of the author." He at once led the way into his private library, where one of the most prominent objects in the room was a large tablet reach-

ing from the floor to the ceiling, on which appeared the familiar poem "Speak Gently," in both the English and the Portuguese languages." "Do you know who wrote this?" asked Dom Pedro. "Yes," replied Mr. Fletcher; "the writer was formerly a fellow-townsmen of mine, Mr. David Bates." "I consider it," said the Emperor, "the most beautiful poem of any language that I have ever read. I require all the members of my household to memorize it, and as far as possible, to follow its teachings." Upon Mr. Fletcher's return home, the Emperor sent by him a complimentary letter to the author, expressing his appreciation of the lines and his gratification at learning their authorship. This beautiful little poem, set to very appropriate music—an air from "Maritana," by Wallace—is found in the Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 2, the vocal harmony arranged in four parts.

## BRIDAL CHORUS.

RICHARD WAGNER.  
FROM "LOHENGRIN."

1. Guid-ed by us, thrice happy pair, Enter this doorway, 'tis love that invites; All that is brave,  
2. Home joys divine, home joys so pure, Love ev-er faithful and love ev-er sure; All that is brave,

all that is fair, Love now triumphant forev-er unites. Champion of virtue, boldly advance, Flower of

beau-ty, gen-tly ad-vance; Now the loud mirth of rev'ling is end-ed, Night bringing peace and

bliss has descended, Fann'd by the breath of hap-piness, rest, Clos'd to the world, by love on-ly blest!

Guid-ed by us, thrice happy pair, En-ter this doorway, 'tis love that invites; All that is brave,  
Home joys divine, home joys so pure, Love ev-er faithful and love ev-er sure; All that is brave,

all that is fair, Love now triumphant for-ev - er unites, for-ev - er u - nites.

CHARLES READE tells a tale of the romance of fiddle-dealing which is charming. There was a certain precious violoncello at Madrid. It was a genuine Straduaris. The local maker, one Ortego, had put in a new belly and sold it, keeping the old belly in his shop. M. Chanut, the best judge of violins, after Tarisio, lighted upon the old belly and bought it. Tarisio then discovered it, and pestered Chanut until he sold it for 1000 francs, and told him where the remainder of the fiddle was to be found. The owner was persuaded to part with it for 4000 francs and Tarisio sailed exultant to Paris, with the Spanish bass in a case. He never left it out of his sight. The pair were caught by a storm in the Bay of Biscay. The

ship rolled; Tarisio clasped his bass tight and trembled. It was a terrible gale, and for one whole day they were in great danger. Tarisio spoke of it to me with a shudder. His real words struck me at the time, and I have very often thought of them: "Ah, my poor Mr. Reade, the bass of Spain was all but lost!"

The story is told that while Verdi was putting the finishing touches upon "Il Trovatore" he was visited in his study by a privileged friend, who was one of the ablest musicians and critics. The latter was permitted to glance over the score and try the "Anvil Chorus" on the pianoforte. "What do you think of that?" asked the master. "Trash!" said the connoisseur. Verdi rubbed his hands and chuckled

## THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOREVER.

GEO. P. MORRIS.  
WM. VINCENT WALLACE.

1. A song for our ban-ner, the watch-word re-call, Which gave the Re-pub-lic her  
2. What God in His in-fi-nite wis-dom designed, And armed with the weapons of

sta-tion, "U-nit-ed we stand, di-vid-ed we fall," It made and preserved us a  
thun-der, Not all the earth's despots or factions combined, Have the power to con-quer or

*Chorus.*

na-tion. The un-ion of lakes, the un-ion of lands, The un-ion of states none can  
sun-der. The un-ion of lakes, the un-ion of lands, The un-ion of states none can

sev-er, The un-ion of hearts, the un-ion of hands, And the flag of our Un-ion for-ev-er.

"Now look at this—and this—and this," he said. "Rubbish!" The composer rose and embraced his friend with a burst of joy. "What do you mean by such strange conduct?" asked the critical one. "My dear friend," responded the master, "I have been composing a 'popular' opera; in it I resolved to please everybody except the great judges and classicists like you. Had I pleased you I would have pleased no one else; what you say assures me of success. In three months 'Il Trovatore' will be sung, and roared, and whistled, and barrel-organed all over Italy." And so it was! A recent musical critic describes the position very accurately when he speaks of it as an opera, "hackneyed and old, but still occupying a

warm place in the hearts of many who affect to shrug their shoulders at it." In his beautiful poem, "Aux Italiens," Robert Bulwer Lytton ("Owen Meredith") says:

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,  
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore,  
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,  
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow,  
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,  
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,  
"Non ti scordar di me!"

But O, the smell of that jasmine flower!  
And O, that music! and O, the way  
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,  
Non ti scordar di me! Non ti scordar di me!  
(Remember me away.)

## AH, FOR WINGS TO SOAR.

JULLIEN.  
PRIMA DONNA WALTZ.

*p* *Espression.* *cres.*

1. Ah! for wings to soar O'er the dark blue sea, Speed-ing from this  
2. Ah! for one sweet word, Whispered in mine ear, Stir - ring, as it  
3. Ah! for one bright smile, Full of love's sweet art, Strong to cheer and

*Fine.* *f*

ex - ile shore, To live in peace with thee. The years seem bright when hope's soft star Shone  
oft hath stirred, My heart with mem'ries dear. The years roll on, and hope once strong Grows  
charmed to wile Each sor - row from the heart. No stranger's words can comfort bring, No

*D.C.*

out in light a - cross our way, And ev - 'ry hill and vale a - far Was gladden'd by its ray.  
faint and wea - ry with de - lay. Ah, me! how earnest - ly I long To thee to fly a - way!  
stranger's smile give joy to me; Oh! for some sea-bird's buoyant wing To bear me home to thee!

## DREAM ON, DREAM ON.

GERMAN.

*p* *Andante.* *cres.*

1. Dream on, in life's bright ro-sy day, When hope is decked with flow'rs, When all is gladsome  
2. Dream on, when ri-per years have come, O'ershading with their wings, Each i - dol of the  
3. Dream on, in spite of coming years, That hast-en to de - stroy, And bu - ry'mid the  
4. Dream on, up-on the wak-ing soul Hope's rainbow hues are cast; And waves of bliss-ful

*p* *rall.* *pp*

as the ray Which shines o'er beauty's bowers; Dream on, dream on, dream on, dream on.  
heart's deep home To which the memory clings. Dream on, dream on, dream on, dream on.  
tide of tears All trace of present joy. Dream on, dream on, dream on, dream on.  
sun-light roll Up-on the dar'some past. Dream on, dream on, dream on, dream on.

CARE OF ORGAN.—Those who own a parlor organ may find, in the following extract from *The Score*, a hint as to its care which will save them trouble and expense: Most people take fair care of the cases of their instruments; but the interior would show much dust and dirt. A gentleman called on us in relation to an organ purchased three years since, and said it was "all out of tune," and that "something rattled." Being in the habit of receiving the information that an organ is "all out of tune," when there is a small piece

of dirt stopping one reed, we sent a friend to look at it. He reported that it was "outrageously" out of tune. It was sent to our repairing room, and on opening the top lid the whole interior was found filled with large cobwebs. From under the keys was taken a mass of dirt, in which we found one hairpin, three needles and eleven pins, while from the reed cells were removed thirty-two dead flies, and on each reed point was a cake of dust, while the tongue vibrated between two thick walls of dirt; the dust on the

## BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

I. B. WOODBURY.  
Per. OLIVER DITSON & Co.

*Andante.*

1. Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fondly as he? He  
 2. Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow May traces of sorrow be seen; Oh,  
 3. Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth, If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn; The  
 4. Be kind to thy sis-ter—not ma-ny may know The depth of true sis-ter-ly love; The

caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thine in-no-cent glee. Be well may'st thou cherish and com-fort her now, For lov-ing and kind has she been. Re-flow-ers of feel-ing will fade at their birth, If the dew of af-fec-tion be gone. Be-wealth of the o-ccean lies fa-thoms be-low The surface that sparkles a-bove. Be

*Organ.*

kind to thy fa-ther for now he is old, His locks in-termingled with gray; His mem-ber thy mother, for thee will she pray, As long as God giv-eth her breath; With kind to thy brother, wherev-er thou art, The love of a brother shall be An kind to thy fa-ther, once fearless and bold, Be kind to thy mother so near; Be

*ad lib.*

foot-steps are fee-ble, once fear-less and bold, Thy fa-ther is pass-ing a-way. ac-cents of kind-ness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val-ley of death. or-nament pur-er and rich-er by far Than pearls from the depth of the sea. kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold, Be kind to thy sis-ter so dear.

tongue altering the pitch, and the dirt on the block changing the tone. After cleaning the reeds, and replacing them in the cells, every one was found to be in perfect tune. Now, this organ had been kept open all the time, and the stops left drawn. Had there been no "forte" stops to hold the swells open, the dirt would have remained comparatively harmless on the outer board. But these being left permanently open, together with the other stops, the dust and insects had access to the most delicate parts of the organ, and the

consequence was, much annoyance and dissatisfaction with the instrument when the latter was not at all in fault. Keep all stops closed when they are not in use.

I AM glad also to see music taking such a firm hold in your schools. We have the orchestra in the theatre, and the girl at the piano at home. Why, then, shall we not have music everywhere in the common school? When in Germany nothing impressed me so much, visiting the hall where they held the Diet, as to see a place provided for the orchestra. All Germany sings.—*Higbee.*

## LIST TO THE CONVENT BELLS.

JOHN BLOCKLEY.

*Moderato.*

1. List! 'tis mu - sic steal - ing O - ver the rip - pling sea, Bright yon moon is beaming  
2. Mu - sic sounds the sweetest When on the moon - lit sea; We sail our bark the fleet - est

*cres.*  
O - ver each tow'r and tree, List! 'tis mu - sic steal - ing O - ver the rip - pling sea,  
To a sweet melo - dy. Mu - sic sounds the sweet - est When on the moon - lit sea. We

*mf* Bright yon moon is beaming O - ver each tow'r and tree. The waves seem list'ning to the sound, As  
sail our bark the fleet - est To a sweet mel - o - dy. Then, as we're gently sail - ing, We'll

si - lent - ly they flow O'er cor - al groves and fai - ry ground, And sparkling caves below.  
sing that plaintive strain Which mem'ry makes en - dear - ing, And home re - calls a - gain:

*pp*  
List! 'tis mu - sic steal - ing O - ver the rippling sea, Bright yon moon is beaming Over each tow'r and

*mp* tree. List! List! List to the convent bells; List! List! List to the convent bells.  
*p* *mf* *ad lib.*

Music most deeply affects a large class of people, and stands in their minds as something real, a fact of consciousness and life. There is that in them as undeniable as it is undemonstrable, which springs into being under the influence of music. It opens another world, a strange new set of relationships, a vivid consciousness of delight, which they can yet in no wise make plain to another not so constituted as to perceive all this in and of himself. To assert over and over again out of the fulness of experience, that which

has no proof outside of experience, will not satisfy one bent alone upon the scientific formula. According to such a standard, all such statements are valueless, since they cannot realize the facts of musical consciousness to the mind of him who is unable to hear anything but mere sound in the music. The only possibility of such a realization lies in the possession of a sense or capacity adapted for its reception. Externally there is a mathematical law upon which music is based; but this in no wise accounts

## SONG OF BLANCHE ALPEN.\*

STEPHEN GLOVER,  
CHARLES JEFFERYS,*With Expression.*

1. You speak of sun - ny skies to me, Of or - ange grove and bow'r; Of  
2. You tell me too of riv - ers bright, Where gold - en gal - leys float; But  
3. Had you been reared by Al - pine hills, Or loved in Al - pine dells, You'd

winds that wake soft mel - o - dy From leaf and blooming flower; And you may prize those  
have you seen our lakes by night, Or sailed in Al - pine boat? You speak of lands where  
prize like me our mountain rills, Nor fear the tor - rent swells; It mat - ters not how

far - off skies, But tempt not me to roam; In sweet con - tent my days are spent, Then  
hearts and hands Will greet me as I come, But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're  
dear the spot, How proud or poor the dome, Love still retains some deathless chains, That

wherefore leave my home! In sweet content my days are spent, Then wherefore leave my home!  
kind - er still at home! But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kinder still at home!  
bind the heart to home! Love still retains some deathless chains That bind the heart to home!

for it. The mathematical laws upon which the procedure of music is founded, may be understood without any appreciation of the reality of music. The most conscious believer in that reality cannot tell what and why it is. He only knows of a fact for which he can find no intellectual formula. But the point which principally interests us is that to the large class who turn away, bored or unaffected by the fact of music, the reality of the fact cannot possibly be demonstrated. Yet all this does not in the least disturb

the confidence of those who have personal knowledge of its power. They know it, and that is enough for them.

\*THE young Italian spoke with rapture of the blue and bright skies of his native land; he talked with fervor of the balmy air and blooming flowers of Italy; he praised her gondolas, and the music wafted from them o'er the moonlight seas; but Blanche was little moved by his eloquence; he paused, and she in one of her own sweet Alpine airs gave utterance to her thoughts in artless song.—*Three Weeks in Switzerland.*

## TO ALEXIS I SEND THEE.

DER ROSE SENDUNG.

C. A. TIEDGE.  
FRIEDRICH H. HIMMEL, 1814.

*Allegretto grazioso.*

To A - lex - is I send thee, He from hence - forth will regard thee; Smile when  
An A - lex - is send' ich dich: Er wird, Ro - se, dich nun pfl - gen: läch - le

he shall look to - ward thee, Be as I myself should be, From the bud just newly  
freundlich ih - ment - ge - gen, Dass ihm sei, als sah' er mich! Frisch wie du der Knosp' ent

blown, I send him thee, He will ca - res - s thee. Ah! then, ah! then his  
quollst, send' ich dich: Er wird dich küssen: Ach, dann, ach, dann je -

lips shall fondly press thee; Shall fond - ly, fondly press thee; All thy im - port shall be  
doch er wird schon wissen, Was du al - les, was du al - les, Was du al - les sa - gen:

known, Like a breathing kiss, sweet flower, Thou must soft - - ly tell him,  
sollst. Sag' ihm lei - se, wie ein Kuss Mit halb auf - geschloss' nem

mind me, Where his thoughts must tend to find me At the sun - ny noon - tide hour.  
Mun - de, Wo mich, um die heis - se Stun - de, sein Ge - dan - ke suchen muss.

*rall.*

EARLY BEGINNINGS.—Nearly all the great masters were precocious in their abilities. Haydn began his career at the age of eight. When fifteen he had already developed much of the skill and independence for which he became famous. At that age he happened to hear of a vacancy in the choir of the church at Tell, and circumstances made him anxious to obtain the post. The choir-master, however, on receiving his application, refused to allow him to join the choir. Nevertheless, on the following Sunday, Haydn managed to smuggle himself into the choir, and sit next to the principal soloist. Just as this soloist rose to de-

liver himself of the solo, Haydn snatched the music from his hand, and at once began to sing it himself at sight. The church authorities were so electrified that they gave him a good sum of money as soon as the service was over. Beethoven, at fifteen, was one of the chief musicians under the Elector of Cologne. At four, Mozart could play freely on the harpsichord; at six he not only composed, but began to travel as a *virtuoso*. The Archbishop of Salzburg, a few years afterwards, would not believe that a child so young could of himself accomplish all he was accredited with. Accordingly, he shut him up in a cell with

## OVER THE SUMMER SEA.

VERDI.

*Allegretto.*

1. O - ver the sum-mer sea, With l'ght hearts gay and free, Join'd by glad min-strel - sy,  
 2. List, to my roun-de - lay As we glide on our way; Ne'er will my love de - cay,  
 3. Hark, there's a bird on high, Far in yon a - zure sky, Fling - ing sweet mel - o - dy,

Gay - ly we're roam - ing; Swift flows the rippling tide; Light - ly the zephyrs glide;  
 Ne'er will I leave thee; While o'er the wa - ters deep; Now our oars gai - ly sweep,  
 Each heart to glad - den; And its song seems to say, "Ban - ish dull care a - way;

Round us, on ev' - ry side, Bright crests are foam - ing. Fond hearts, en - twin - ing,  
 True in the time they keep, What can grieve thee? Fond hearts, en - twin - ing,  
 Nev - er let sor - row stay, Brief joys to sad - den." Fond hearts, en - twin - ing,

Cease all re - pin - ing; Near us is shin - ing Beau - ty's bright smile.

pen, ink, paper, and the words for a mass. Within a week the young prisoner produced a complete score for the inspection of the incredulous archbishop. The result of its performance was that the mass became a stock piece at the Salzburg Cathedral, while Mozart became the prelate's *concert-meister*, at the age of twelve. Mendelssohn was a noted improviser on the pianoforte at the age of eight. Schumann, as a school-boy, could at any time gather a knot of companions, who eagerly listened as he described their characters on the piano. Chopin did a still more

wonderful thing, when a boy in his father's school. Sonntag thought him such a miracle at ten, that she gave him a valuable gold watch as a token of admiration. At nine he was asked to assist at a public concert for the poor. He selected as his subject a difficult concerto, and was dressed by his mother like a little dandy for the occasion. After a great success, he went home to his mother, who asked him as she embraced him, what the public liked best. "Oh, mamma," said the unconscious young genius, "nobody could look at anything but my collar!"

## THE SWITZER BOY.

SWISS AIR.

1. Here am I, a mer-ry Switz-er boy, Hearty and full of joy; If you my  
2. When I blow my Alp-horn loud and clear, All my dear herd ap-pear; Here and there

world would see, Come up here with me, Rise with the ris - ing sun, Sleep by the  
fol - low me, Where I will lead; When I at night go home, Yod - ling my

ris - ing moon, Swit-zer boy, Switzer boy, This is my song, La la la lau - di,  
lau - di dum, Gretchen cries, Switzer boy, Why tarry so long? La la la lau - di,

lau - di, lau - di, la, la, lau - di, lau - di, ho la lau - di.

## JACK AND JILL.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

1. Jack and Jill went up the hill To fetch a pail of wa - ter,  
2. Up Jack got, and home did trot, As fast as he could ca - per,  
3. Jill came in, and she did grin, To see his pa - per plas - ter,

Jack fell down, and broke his crown, And Jill came tum - bling af - ter.  
Went to bed, to mend his head. With vin - e - gar and brown pa - per.  
Moth - er, vexed, did whip her next, For caus - ing Jack's dis - as - ter.

In Cologne I was fortunate enough to find the Nestor of German music, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, who had not yet left the field of his musical labors, although his post as city director has now been assumed by Dr. Wüllner, of Dresden, because of Hiller's increasing age. He is a large, heavily-built man, with broad, yet mobile features, and sparse gray hair. His slow motions and his feeble gait make it reasonable enough that he should desire to resign from too active musical service; yet in his gleaming eye and his animated conversation there is no trace of age. He

exhibited a vivid interest in American musical affairs, which I feel convinced did not spring merely from a desire to flatter his guest. His American friends were at once inquired for, and then ensued a conversation on the state of music in America, England, and Germany, in which the renowned musician and essayist gave his opinions freely. "You are too gigantic in music," said he. "It is a natural fault of a nation which likes to do things *en gros*, but music will not allow itself to be wholesaled." He expressed the hope that German operas would not be given until

## ITALIAN CRADLE-SONG.

GUGLIELMO DA SANDTIS.

*Tranquil.*

1. Sleep, my ba-by, sleep, my dar-ling, While I hush thee with my song; Sleep un-  
 2. Dream of birds, of sun and flow-ers, Dream of all that's bright and fair; Of the

til the new sun ris-es, Sleep in peace the whole night long. Slumber with-out care or  
 sky, blue aft-er showers, And the rainbow in the air. Sleep, my babe, in thy ex-

sor- row, My torment, and ah! my bliss; Slum-ber till the Lord's own an-gel Wake thee  
 is-tence All my joy and sor-row lies; Thy dear smiles, thy childish prat-tle, Are thy

with his gent-lest kiss. Slum-ber, slum-ber, slum-ber!  
 mother's par-a-dise. Slum-ber, slum-ber, slum-ber!

every detail could be perfectly rendered; "otherwise they will doubtless be misunderstood; the German opera is in its essence opposed to the star system." In the course of a conversation upon the different epochs of composition, he expressed the belief that the golden past, when Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn poured out symphonies, would remain the high-water mark of music, as the era of Raphael and his contemporaries that of painting; "Whom have we to-day in this field?" said he; "perhaps Brahms; but if now is not the true epoch of creation, it is at least that of

execution, and the great works have never had so adequate a representation before." In parting, I asked Dr. Hiller if we might ever hope to have him in America. "Alas, no!" said he, "it is now too late for that;" but he spoke again of his pleasant American friends, and of the interest with which he watched American programmes and musical doings beyond the seas. And so I left him, feeling that I had seen one of the strongest of writers, yet one of the mildest of men, and one of the leading prophets of modern German purism in music.—*Notes of a Musician.*

## BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

REGINALD HEBER, 1811.  
SAMUEL WEBBE, "WEBBE."

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our  
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing, Low lies His  
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion O - dors of

darkness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the hor - i - zon a -  
head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re -  
E - dom and off'ings di - vine? Gems of the moun - tain and pearls of the

dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.  
clin - ing, Ma - ker and Mon - arch and Sa - viour of all.  
o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine? A - MEN.

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

## GOD IS PRESENT EVERYWHERE.

"THEODORA"  
G. F. HANDEL.

1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev - 'ry place;  
2. In our sick - ness and our health, In our want, or in our wealth,  
3. When our earth - ly com - forts fail, When the foes of life pre - vail,  
4. Then, my soul, in ev - 'ry strait, To thy Fa - ther come, and wait;

If we live a life of prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry - where.  
If we look to God in prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry - where.  
'Tis the time for earn - est prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry - where.  
He will an - swer ev - 'ry prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry - where.

At length he reached the terrace on the top of the hill that is known as Audley Place, and he passed along to the end and leaned his arms on the red stone wall that enclosed a meadow, in the long grass of which rooks were loudly cawing. How well he knew the spacious picture that now lay before him!—of Cork and its surroundings and the outlying country. The bulk of the city, it is true, lay down there in the hollow to the left;

a dishevelled heap of purple slate roofs softened over by a pale blue smoke, with masses of dark green foliage farther up the valley, and a glimmer here and there of the Lee. But then from the deep of this ravine the hill opposite him sloped gradually upward, the slate roofs becoming less and less dense, until in mid-air rose, erect and tall and square—one side of it red, and three sides of it gray—the dark tower of St. Anne's, which holds

## BELLS OF SHANDON.

(THE RIVER LEE.)

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.  
(FATHER PROUT.)

1. With deep af - fec - tion and rec - ol - lec - tion, I often think of those Shandon Bells, Whose sound so  
2. I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in, Tolling sub - lime in cath - e - dral shrine, While at a  
3. I've heard bells tolling "Old Adrian's Mole" in, Their thunder rolling from the Vatican, And cymbals  
4. There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko In St. Sophi - a the Turkman gets, And loud in

wild would in days of child - hood Fling round my cra - dle their mag - ic spells; On this I  
glib rate brass tongues would vi - brate, But all their mu - sic spoke naught like thine; For mem'ry,  
glo - rious swinging up - roar - ious In the gor - geous tur - rets of Notre Dame; But thy sounds  
air calls men to pray - er, From the taper - ing sum - mit of tall minarets; Such empty

pon - der where'er I wan - der, And thus grow fond - er, sweet Cork, of thee; With thy Bells of  
dwelling on each proud swell - ing Of thy belfry, knell - ing its bold notes free, Made the Bells of  
were sweeter than the dome of Peter Flings o'er the Ti - ber, peal - ing solemnly. Oh! the Bells of  
phantom I free - ly grant them; But there's an an - them more dear to me, — 'Tis the Bells of

Shan - don, that sound so grand on The pleasant wa - ters of the Riv - er Lee.  
Shan - don sound far more grand on The pleasant wa - ters of the Riv - er Lee.  
Shan - don sound far more grand on The pleasant wa - ters of the Riv - er Lee.  
Shan - don, that sound so grand on The pleasant wa - ters of the Riv - er Lee.

the Shandon bells; at the foot of it the little churchyard with its gray stones and the green and gold of grass and buttercups together. Then, still getting higher, the houses grow fewer; the sunlight catching here and there on a white gable among the gardens; the town loses itself in the country; there are lush meadows dotted with sheep; there are tall hedges powdered with hawthorn blossom; there is a farm-house half hidden among

the elms. And then, finally, the long, soft, undulating sky-line, brilliant in the sunny green of the springtime, meets the tender aerial blue of the morning sky, and we reach the limits of what is visible from the red stone wall.—*William Black, in "Shandon Bells."*

THE man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.—*Shakespeare.*

## SAY, WHAT SHALL MY SONG BE TO-NIGHT?

J. P. KNIGHT.

1. Say, what shall my song be to-night? And the strain at your bidding shall flow; Shall the  
2. There are times when the heart will refuse On the past and its pleasures to dwell; There are

meas-ure be sportive and light, Or its murmurs be mournful and low? Shall the days that are gone flit be -  
moments which mem'ry imbues With a gloom which it cannot dispel; But the charm that entralls them is

fore thee? The freshness of childhood come o'er thee? Shall the past yield its smiles and its  
brok - en, With the first word of song that is spok - en; For there is not a feel - ing or

tears? Or the fu - ture its hopes and its fears? Say, what shall my song be to - night? And the  
tone In the heart but to mu - sic is known. Say, what shall my song be to - night? And the

strain at your bid - ding shall flow; Shall the meas - ure be sport - ive and light? Or its

murmurs be mournful and low? Say, say, oh! say, what shall my song be to - night?

THE pastoral symphony, by Mr. Beethoven, has been sent to *Puck* for review. After a few encouraging remarks to the "young composer," and predictions of a great future for him, the reviewer thus analyzes the various movements. The "Pastoral Symphony" is designed to express, in a musical way, the emotions and ideas incident to a little pleasure trip into the rural districts. It is divided into five movements, namely: Introductory, arrival, episode, another episode, return. Of these we propose to give a brief critical sketch, treating of each in order. The first movement is the "Introductory." This represents the traveller leaving the city for his little picnic. It begins with a beautiful orchestrated passage picturing the man buying his ticket at the railway station. The impudence of the ticket seller and the excitement of the buyer are well rendered; and a fine realistic effect

is produced by the click of the registering date stamp. A beautiful legato passage, "In the train," leads us gently to the second movement, "Pleasant impressions on arriving in the country." Here the genius of the composer begins to show itself. A few strong and expressive chords on the violins show the man taking off his duster. He then proceeds, as indicated by the bass viol, along the margin of a babbling rivulet, which presently leads him into the open fields, which are just getting clothed (*andante*) with the luxurious garb of spring. The "Budding of the Violets" is a tender staccato passage on the bass drum. You can almost hear the violets bud. Especially is this the case with one big violet over near the bassoon. The triangle and the 'celli are then called into requisition to indicate the unusually advanced state of the season. Here the man steps into the rivulet. This is done by the

## KATHLEEN AROON.

MRS. CRAWFORD.  
FRANZ ABT.

*Andante.*

1. Why should we part - ed be, Kath-leen A - roon! When thy fond heart's with me,  
2. Give me thy gen - tle hand, Kath-leen A - roon! Come to the hap - py land,  
3. Why should we part - ed be, Kath-leen A - roon! When thy fond heart's with me,

Kath - leen A - roon? Come to those gold - en skies, Bright days for  
Kath - leen A - roon! Come o'er the waves with me, These hands shall  
Kath - leen A - roon? Oh! leave these weep - ing skies Where man a

us may rise, Oh! dry those tear - ful eyes, Kath - leen A - roon!  
toil for thee, This heart will faith - ful be, Kath - leen A - roon!  
mar - tyr dies; Come dry those tear - ful eyes, Kath - leen A - roon!

tuba; but the entire orchestra is called upon to handle the passage immediately subsequent, which is, after a fashion, personal and descriptive. The man sits down on the bank to dry his feet ('celli), and while thus engaged a party of haymakers approach. The "Chorus of the Haymakers" is one of the gems of the work. One haymaker strikes our critical ear as being a little out of tune; but we do not want to be too hard on the composer. The haymakers begin to work on the grass (clarinet); and one of them cuts his toe on a scythe (ophicleide), which obliges him to go to the blackberry bush in the corner of the field for rest and refreshment (oboe). The way that the smell of the fragrant hay is brought out all through this passage is a masterpiece in itself. The cornet is the instrument principally drawn upon for this purpose. After a

brief rest the third movement is inaugurated, to use a political term. The main feature of this part is a thunder storm, which comes on very suddenly, as soon, in fact, as the bassoon can get squarely down to work. All the instruments join in, representing a precipitate rush of the entire dramatis personæ for a butternut tree—the nature of the tree is distinctly indicated in the music allotted to the piccolos. The fourth movement is again episodic; but it is strongly dramatic in form. The rain has stopped, and it clears up, with a strong west wind blowing from the triangle. The final movement represents the traveller's return to the city by railway. It is a harmonious and artistic creation, being, in fact, the first movement played backwards, with the addition that the man loses his ticket and has to pay double fare home.—*Vox Humana.*

CHILDREN should be made to sing when quite young. Indeed, in one sense, the training of the ear takes place in early youth. Mothers ought to sing for and with their children, thereby laying almost imperceptibly a foundation of the child's future musical education. Children should be encouraged to sing simple melodies well adapted to the compass of their voice. There are those who fear that an early and free use of the voice will be injurious to the child's vocal powers. There is no danger whatsoever, provided the child uses the voice naturally and easily. Indeed, this early use and training of the voice is necessary for the success of the future artist, for there is no time to do at 15 and 16, what ought to have been done at 6 or 8. All this preparatory work may be done by mothers at home, in singing classes, or in

public schools. Only let teachers be cautious in the use of the voice, neither driving it up nor down, nor forcing the boy or girl to sing unduly loud. Let the child use its voice in an easy and natural manner, and its vocal exercises will always be beneficial to it. When old enough—say from eight to nine years—it should be taught to read music. Now the teacher may do much by way of developing taste, and by way of improving the child's tones. Some teachers object to all attempts at development of taste in young pupils, but we think that they are wrong. When young, the mind and heart are most susceptible, and this is the best time to do good in this direction. The utmost care should always be taken of the child's voice. There should be no screaming, no unduly loud singing; no attempt to increase much the compass of the

BIRDIE IN THE CRADLE.

FRANZ ABT.

Peacefully.

1. In the tall boughs on the tree - top there's a nest so snug and warm; In it  
2. And the wind blows thro' the branches, rocks the cra - dle to and fro; Happy  
3. See! the bright leaves hang in clus - ters, cur-tains these for bir - die are; And they  
4. At eve the birdie's gen -tle moth - er hov - ers o'er the co - sy nest, Warbling,

lies a lit - tle bir - die, safe in sun - shine, safe in storm; In it  
bir - die! chirping, chirp - ing, dan - ger bir - die can - not know; Hap - py  
guard him while he's sleep - ing, when his pa - rents are a - far; And they  
sing - ing, oh, so sweet - ly! till her loved one is at rest; Warbling,

lies a lit - tle bir - die, safe in sun - shine, safe in storm.  
bir - die! chirp - ing, chirp - ing, dan - ger bir - die can - not know.  
guard him while he's sleep - ing, when his par - ents are a - far.  
sing - ing, oh, so sweet - ly! till her loved one is at rest.

voice should be made. Let everything be done in accordance with the laws of nature and the demand of the child's voice. When children have reached a certain age a change takes place in the voice, and there is no predicting as to what sort of voice a young singer may have after this change has been undergone. What was once a high voice may turn out to be an alto or *vice versa*. No definite time can be set when this change takes place. With girls it is somewhat earlier in life, and with them the change is not quite so marked as with boys. The boy's voice falls an octave, and the process of changing usually covers a longer period of time. There can be no mistaking of this period, for it is readily observed. During this, singing should be indulged in very sparingly and with great caution—indeed it had better be omitted

altogether. When the change is completed, when the voice has assumed its natural character, then serious work may begin, the voice may now be taxed, exercises of vocalization should be taken up; in fact, this is the proper time for earnest vocal training. Many pupils when starting upon this course of vocal training feel the neglect of early instruction at home or in classes, and it is difficult to make good such neglect. While the pupil may tax his or her power with heavy work, there should be great care taken *not* to overtax the vocal powers, there should be a strict observance of all the rules of hygiene. While the earlier instructions can be imparted in classes, the lessons now should be private, for voices differ much, pupils vary greatly in their degrees of intelligence, and each needs the individual attention of the teacher.—*Karl Mertz.*

## CALLER HERRIN'.

NEIL GOW.  
LADY NAIRNE.*Moderato.*

Wha'll buy cal-ler her-rin'? They're bonnie fish and halesome far-in'; Buy my cal-ler her-rin',

New drawn frae the Forth. { When ye were sleeping on your pillows, Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,  
And when the creel o' her-rin' pass-es, La-dies clad in silk and la-ces,  
Noo, neebor' wives, come tent my tellin', When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',

Dark-ling as they face the bil-lows, A' to fill our wo-ven wil-lows.  
Gath-er in their braw pe-lis-ses, Cast their heads, and screw their fa-ces.  
At a word be aye your deal-in', Truth will stand when a' things fail-in'.

Wha'll buy cal-ler herrin'? They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'; Buy my cal-ler her-rin',

New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? They're no brought here without brave darin',

Buy my cal-ler her-rin', Ye lit-tle ken their worth. Wha'll buy my cal-ler her-rin'? O

ye may ca' them vulgar fa - rin' Wives and mithers maist despair-in', Ca' them lives o' men.

## THE GOOD "THREE BELLS."

CHARLES JARVIS.

*Spirited. f*

1. Come swell the strain, the proud re - frain, That sings of no - ble deeds; How
2. When storms came down with blackest frown, And woke the o - cean's wrath; And
3. They worked by day, they worked al - way, As brave tars on - ly do; When

true men brave on o - cean's wave, Win fame's most worthy meeds! And high to - day, in  
one lost bark in tem - pest dark, Lay in the mad wind's path, Heav'n, pleased to prove how  
from the wave they strive to save, A sink - ing ves - sel's crew; A shout rose high, "All

grate - ful lay, 'Mid mu - sic's witching spells, Let ev - 'ry lip bless that good ship, Brave  
hu - man love In Al - bi'n bosoms dwells, Turn'd to that wreck, that death - swept deck, Brave  
saved!" they cry! Hark how the pæ - an swells! 'Till earth's far bound rings with the sound, "God

Crighton's ship, Three Bells.  
Crighton's ship, Three Bells.  
bless the ship, Three Bells!" } Oh! the good ship, Three Bells! Oh! the good ship, Three  
Bells!

Bells! With her stur - dy crew, And her cap - tain true, That man the good Three Bells!

Three Bells!

THIS pleasant story is told of a patient little music teacher: "A wren built her nest in a box on a New Jersey farm. The occupants of the farm-house saw the mother teach her young to sing. She sat in front of them and sang her whole song very distinctly. One of the young then attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The mother immediately recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before and continuing the song as long as it was able, and, when the note was again lost, the mother began anew where it stopped and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune and finished it.

This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes a second time with great precision, and a second of the young attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this as with the first, and so on with the third and fourth. This was repeated day after day and several times a day."

In a paper on the intelligence of birds, Mr. E. E. Fish ascribes to them a keen perception of color and capacity to be gratified by artistic arrangements of colors, and a strong susceptibility to musical melodies. Evidence of the enjoyment of color is given by the tasteful combinations with which many birds adorn their nests, and by instances in which their choice of companions, food-fruits, etc., is guided by color. Many of the feathered tribes also "manifest real pleasure" at

## THE MERRY SWISS BOY.

*Lively.*

1. Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy, Take thy pail, and to la - bor a - way.  
 2. "Am not I, am not I, a mer - ry Swiss boy, When I hie to the mountain a - way?  
 3. "Then at night, then at night, oh, a gay Swiss boy, I'm a - way to my com - rades a - way,"

*Fine.*

Come, a - rouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy, Take thy pail, and to la - bor a - way.  
 "Am not I, am not I, a mer - ry Swiss boy, When I hie to the mountain a - way?  
 With good - night, and good - night, goes the happy Swiss boy To his home and his slum - bers a - way.

*D.S.*

The sun is up with rud - dy beam; The kine are throng - ing to the stream;  
 For there a shep - herd maid - en dear, A - waits my song with listen - ing ear;  
 In friend - ship sweet the time is passed With round and catch, un - til at last,

the execution of simple harmonies. They enjoy the notes of musical instruments, but more especially their own songs and those of one another. "Our unmusical English sparrow enjoys the songs of other birds; on different occasions I have seen several of them gather about a robin as he caroled a pleasant song; when they came too near or in too large numbers, he would dart at them and drive them out of the tree, but when again he commenced to sing some of them were quite sure to return. A friend sends me an account of a bobolink, that, placed in a cage with some canaries, exhibited great delight at their songs. He did not sing himself, but with a peculiar cluck could always set the canaries singing. After a while he began to learn, note by note, and in the course of a few weeks

mastered the entire song. The goose is also fond of music, and a lively air on a violin will sometimes set a whole flock wild with delight. On one occasion, at a country wedding, I was witness of a curious performance by one of these animals. After dinner, a lady entertained the guests assembled on the lawn with music from an accordion. A flock of geese were feeding on the road just below the house, and with outstretched necks answered back loud notes of satisfaction. Soon a white gander commenced dancing a lively jig, keeping good time to the music. For several minutes he kept up the performance, to the great enjoyment of the company. The experiment was tried repeatedly for a week or more, the accordion never failing to set the old gander into a lively dance."

## THE MOON IS BEAMING O'ER THE LAKE.

JOHN BLOCKLEY.

1. The moon is beam-ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca - noe; Sweet  
2. The ves - per bell is peal - ing, From yon - der lone - ly tower; Its

sounds of mu - sic we'll a - wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue. In our  
tones now gen - tly steal - ing, Pro - claim the ves - per hour. Sweet

light ca - noe, As mer - ry we row, O - ver the rip - pling sil - ver tide; While  
sounds a - rise, To the tran - quil skies, Like one of earth's sweetest mel - o - dies; Now

free from care, Our spir - its are, As a - way we mer - ri - ly glide, . . . . . The  
sad, now gay, As it floats a - way, On the wings of the summer breeze, . . . . . The

moon is beam - ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca - noe; Sweet  
moon is beam - ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca - noe; Sweet

sounds of mu - sic we'll a - wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue.  
sounds of mu - sic we'll a - wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue.

THERE are two distinct classes among men of genius. One comprises those who in early youth appear as stars of the first magnitude, creating enduring masterpieces, and in apparent contradiction of the natural laws of slow progressive development. Mendelssohn wrote the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* at eighteen; a work beyond which he could not go, either in depth of invention or in the art of construction, in spite of the serious striving of after-years. The poet Jean Paul Rich-

ter gave evidence, in his very first works, of the fully developed and most brilliant features of his rare genius. Mozart, Schubert, Schiller, attained phenomenal mental proportions long before their maturity of manhood. The other class is composed of the hard workers who commence their ascent at the very bottom of the ladder, climb it step by step, until at last they reach the summit of excellence and greatness. They receive and take the inheritance of tradition, acquiring from it, through faith-

## HOMeward BOUND.

J. W. DADMAN.

1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;  
 2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;  
 3. We'll tell the world as we jour - ney a - long, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;  
 4. In - to the har - bor of Heaven now we glide, We're home at last, home at last;

Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;  
 Look! yon - der lie the bright heav - en - ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;  
 Try to persuade them to en - ter our throng, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;  
 Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide, We're home at last, home at last;

Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode;  
 Stead - y! O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady, we soon shall out - weath - er the gale;  
 Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed, Join in our num - ber, O come and be blest;  
 Glor - y to God! all our dangers are o'er, We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore;

Prom - ise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Jour - ney with us to the man - sions of rest, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Glo - ry to God! we will shout ev - er - more, We're home at last, home at last.

ful and persevering labor, a colossal fortune from the very outset. Then appear, gradually, the individual force and progressive originality, conquering its liberty, not through inspiration alone, but also through culture, enlarging and deepening like a mighty river nearing the ocean! A new era then dawns in the history of art, the sun rises resplendently once more, and when it reaches the highest point of the horizon, sheds new light and warmth into the mind and heart of mankind.

WE are a singing church and when we are dead, and men come and scrape the moss from our graves, they will say: "These were Christians who sang much." You are planting seeds for the future as you sing these hymns. Were you to go away to Oregon next year, this book, out of which we have all sung together, would be a hundred books to you; how it would make you remember these morning meetings, these lectures, and these Sabbaths.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE beautiful hymn, "Watchman, tell us of the night," was written by Sir John Bowring in 1825. We find it, set to the favorite tune here given, in a collection of sacred music entitled "Spiritual Songs," which was published in 1831, by Thomas Hastings and Lowell Mason. It there appears under the heading, "Dialogue and Chorus," the solo voices, soprano and tenor, singing alternate two lines each through

the verse, and the full chorus swelling out upon the last lines of each verse. The tune is as here given, though the harmony is written for the chorus only. The hymn is now usually sung as below in the first three braces, but we give it with the four-part harmony throughout, so that it may be had either as now sung by most congregations, or with all the variety of solo and chorus that the composer originally designed.

## WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

LOWELL MASON.  
SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain height  
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends. Trav'ler, bless-ed-ness and light,  
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn. Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,

See that glo - ry - beaming star; Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope and  
Peace and truth, its course portends. Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that  
Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wand' rings cease, Hie thee to thy

joy fore - tell? Trav' - ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.  
gave them birth, Trav' - ler, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.  
qui - et home, Trav' - ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

*Chorus for First and Second Verses.*

*Chorus for Third Verse.*

Trav' - ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.  
Trav' - ler, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth. Trav' - ler,

lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come, Lo! the Son of God is come.

OLD HUNDRED.—Can you find a burial place in all the land, where sealed lips are that have not sung that tune? If they were gray-haired old men, they had heard or sung Old Hundred. Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregation where it has—and without the pealing organ—sounded on the sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it. The sweet young girl whose tombstone tells of sixteen summers, whose pure and innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty, loved Old Hundred, and, as she sang it, closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels who were soon to claim her. He

whose manhood has been devoted to the service of his God, and who with faltering steps still mounts the pulpit stair, more than ever loves Old Hundred. And though sometimes only his lips move, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody is sounding. The dear white-haired father, with tremulous voice, how he loved Old Hundred! Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm-chair, his hands crossed over the top of his cane, his silvery locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear, perchance, stealing down his furrowed cheeks, as the noble strain rings out? Do you hear that thin, quavering, faltering sound now bursting forth, now listened

## ON THE FOUNT OF LIFE ETERNAL.

E. CASWELL *tr.* DAMIANI.  
GERMAN CHORAL.

1. On the fount of life e - ter - nal      Gaz - ing wist - ful and a - thirst;  
2. Who can paint that love - ly ci - ty,      Ci - ty of true peace di - vine;  
3. There no storm - y win - ter ra - ges;      There no scorching sum - mer glows;  
4. There the saints of God, re - splendent      As the sun in all his might,

Year - ing, strain - ing, from the pris - on      Of con - fin - ing flesh to burst;  
Whose pure gates for - ev - er o - pen      Each in pearl - y splendor shine;  
But through one per - en - nial spring - tide,      Blooms the li - ly with the rose;  
Ev - er - more re - joice to - geth - er,      Crowned with di - a - dems of light;

Here the soul an ex - ile sighs      For her na - tive Par - a - dise.  
Whose a - bodes of glo - ry clear      Nought de - fil - ing com - eth near?  
And the Lamb, with pur - est ray,      Scat - ters round e - ter - nal day.  
And from per - il safe at last,      Reck - on up their tri - umphs past.

5. There in strains harmonious blending,  
They their sweetest anthems sing;  
And on harps divinely thrilling,  
Glorify their glorious King;  
Aided by whose arm of might  
They were victors in the fight.

6. Look, O Jesus, on Thy soldiers,  
Worn and wounded in the fight;  
Grant, O grant us, rest for ever,  
In Thy beatific sight;  
And Thyself our guerdon be  
Through a long eternity.

for almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by fourscore years of service in the Master's cause, Old Hundred sounds, indeed, a sacred melody. You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath prima donnas whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost almost as much, but give us the soul-stirring notes of Old Hundred, sung by young and old together. Martyrs have hallowed it—it has gone up from the dying bed of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation have worshipped, and where many of the dear dead have been carried and laid before the altar where they

gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of Old Hundred from vestibule to tower top—the very air is haunted with its spirit. Think for a moment of the assembled company who have at different times and in different places, joined in the familiar tune! Throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful—their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds. Old Hundred! king of the sacred band of ancient airs! Never shall our ears grow weary of it! And when we get to Heaven, who knows but the first triumphant strain to welcome us may be—Be Thou, O God, exalted high!

## CHRISTMAS BELLS ARE SOUNDING CLEAR.

CAROL.

*Allegretto.*

1. Christ-mas bells are sounding clear, O - ver church and dwelling, Call - ing ev - 'ry
2. Ma - ny hun - dred years a - go, Thus to save the dy - ing, Christ be - came a
3. Christ - mas bells, ring on, ring on, Ev - 'ry pas - sion still - ing, All our souls with

soul to hear, What they're sweet-ly tell - ing. Ah! how sil - very are their tones,  
lit - tle child, In a man - ger ly - ing. No sweet bells to wel - come Him,  
peace-ful tho'ts, Hopes of heav - en fill - ing; And, as roll the long years by,

As they tell the sto - ry, How to earth the Lord came down, Leaving heaven's glo - ry.  
O'er the hill-tops sounded, But the an - gels' ho - ly song Through the night resounded.  
May our tones grow clear - er; May we feel, with ev - 'ry year, Heaven is com - ing near - er.

## GOD SHALL CHARGE HIS ANGEL LEGIONS.

J. MONTGOMERY.  
MENDELSSOHN, "TRUST."

1. God shall charge His an - gel le - gions Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
2. On the li - on vain - ly roar - ing, On his young, thy foot shall tread;
3. Since, with pure and firm af - fec - tion, Thou on God hast set thy love,
4. Thou shalt call on Him in trou - ble, He will heark - en, He will save;

Though thou walk through hos - tile re - gions, Though in des - ert wilds thou sleep.  
And, the drag - on's den ex - plor - ing, Thou shalt bruise the ser - pent's head.  
With the wings of His pro - tec - tion He will shield thee from a - bove.  
Here for grief re - ward thee dou - ble, Crown with life be - yond the grave. A - men.

CHEIRON.—From the cave came the sounds of music, and a man's voice singing to the harp. Then the lad went in without trembling, for he too was a hero's son; but when he was within, he stopped in wonder to listen to that magic song. And there he saw the singer lying upon bear-skins and fragrant boughs: Cheiron, the ancient centaur, the wisest of all things beneath the sky. Down to the waist he was a man, but below he was a noble horse; his white hair rolled down over his broad shoulders, and his white beard

over his broad brown chest; and his eyes were wise and mild, and his forehead like a mountain-wall. And in his hands he held a harp of gold, and struck it with a golden key; and as he struck, he sang till his eyes glittered, and filled all the cave with light. And he sang of the birth of Time, and of the heavens and the dancing stars, and of the ocean, and the ether, and the fire, and the shaping of the wonorous earth. And he sang of the treasures of the hills, and the hidden jewels of the mine, and the veins of fire

## DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

S. M. GRANNIS.  
Per. OLIVER DITSON & Co.

*Tenderly.*

*mf* 1. Do they miss me at home? do they miss me? 'Twould be an as-sur-ance most dear To  
 2. When twilight approach-es, the sea-son That ev-er is sa-cred to song, Does  
 3. Do they set me a chair near the ta-ble, When evening's home pleasures are nigh? When the  
 4. Do they miss me at home? do they miss me, At morn-ing, at noon, or at night? And

*f* know at this mo-ment some loved one Were say-ing "I wish he were here;" To  
 some one re-peat my name o-ver, And sigh that I tar-ry so long? And  
 can-dles are lit in the par-lor, And the stars in the calm-a-zure sky? And  
 lin-gers one gloom-y shade round them, That on-ly my pres-ence can light? Are

*pp* feel that the group at the fire-side Were thinking of me as I roam; Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond  
 is there a chord in the music That's missed when my voice is away, And a chord in each heart that a-  
 when the "good nights" are repeated, And all lay them down to their sleep, Do they think of the absent, and  
 joys less in-vit-ing-ly welcome, And pleasures less hale than before, Be-cause one is missed from the

*p* meas-ure To know that they miss'd me at home, To know that they miss'd me at home.  
 wak-eth Re-gret at my wea-ri-some stay, Re-gret at my wea-ri-some stay?  
 waft me A whisper'd "good night" while they weep? A whisper'd "good night" while they weep?  
 cir-cle, Be-cause I am with them no more? Be-cause I am with them no more?

and metal, and the virtues of all healing herbs, and of the speech of birds, and of prophecy, and of hidden things to come. Then he sang of health, and strength, and manhood, and a valiant heart, and of music, and hunting, and wrestling, and all the games which heroes love; and of travel, and wars, and sieges, and a noble death in fight; and then he sang of peace and plenty, and of equal justice in the land; and as he sang the boy listened wide-eyed, and forgot

his errand in the song. And at the last old Cheiron was silent, and called the lad with a soft voice. And he ran trembling to him, and would have laid his hands upon his knees; but Cheiron smiled, and drew the boy to him, and laid his hand upon his golden locks, and said, "Are you afraid of my horses' hoofs, fair boy, or will you be my pupil from this day?" "I would gladly have horses' hoofs like you," the boy replied, "if I could sing such songs as yours."

## A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

EPES SARGENT.  
HENRY RUSSELL.*Allegro.*

1. A life on the o - cean wave,      A home on the roll - ing deep,      Where the scattered waters  
2. Once more on the deck I stand      Of my own swift-gliding craft,      Set sail! fare-well to the  
3. The land is no longer in view,      The clouds have begun to frown,      But with a stout vessel and

rave,      And the winds their rev - els keep!      Like an ea - gle caged, I pine      On this  
land,      The gale fol - lows far a - bait:      We shoot thro' the sparkling foam,      Like an  
crew,      We'll say, let the storm come down!      And the song of our heart shall be,      While the

dull, unchanging shore;      Oh, give me the flashing brine,      The spray and the tempest roar!      A  
o - cean bird set free;      Like the o - cean bird, our home      We'll find far out on the sea!      A  
winds and the waters rave,      A life on the heaving sea,      A home on the bounding wave!      A

life on the o - cean wave,      A home on the roll - ing deep!      Where the scattered wa - ters

rave;      And the winds their rev - els keep!      The winds, the winds, the

winds their revels keep,      the winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep.

\* The part after asterisk, frequently omitted, is sung after each verse, after last verse, or not at all, as preferred.

In addition to the various musical stops in an organ there is a class of "mechanical" stops that do not add a new kind of instrument, but influence those already in service. Some of these make each instrument play in octaves, instead of single notes. These are called "couplers," "harmonics," etc. Others make the players produce a "tremolando" expression. Such are called Vox Humana, Tremolo, Vox Jubilante, Vox Celeste, etc. The third class may be called dynamical stops. These simply control the strength of tone already produced by the other two classes. This class includes the knee swells, swell pedals, forte stops, etc. The

knee swells govern the whole instrument, while the forte stops control only certain portions; thus permitting any particular instrument to be used obligato, with a subdued accompaniment. These three classes comprise all the stops in a first-class reed organ, and their combined number is therefore limited by the number of instruments each particular organ is constructed to imitate. The astounding number of so-called stops frequently to be seen in certain of the reed instruments, is made possible by the addition of a fourth class, which might be termed "Financial stops," as their only purpose is to stop up the eye of the in-

## LITTLE BY LITTLE.

MRS. CHAS. BARNARD.

1. Lit - tle by lit - tle the day goes by, The day so dark or fair;  
 2. Lit - tle by lit - tle the skies grow clear, Spring-buds come smil - ing out;  
 3. Lit - tle by lit - tle the world grows strong, Up - borne by the good in men,

Short if you sing thro' it, long if you sigh, With its gladness, or toil and care, The years are the full  
 Lit - tle by lit - tle the sun shines near, The brighter for pain and doubt,—A bloom of ra - di - ant  
 Fighting the bat - tle of right against wrong, Seen far beyond mor-tal ken; Brave souls ne'er are

sheaves We bear to the Master's door, The treasures we bring, or the leaves that we fling On the  
 beauty, That bridal or shrine might know, Which, gone with the May that has vanished away, To  
 wanting, Full arm'd for the deadly strife, What tho' demons may rage, as the contest they wage, The

Mas - ter's thresh - ing floor, On the Mas - ter's thresh - ing floor.  
 fruitage most rare may grow, To fruitage most rare may grow.  
 crown is im - mor - tal life, The crown is im - mor - tal life.

tending purchaser for financial purposes. Since they are merely duplicates of the stops legitimately belonging to the instrument, they are of no value whatever. They only furnish additional friction, and bring an increased possibility of derangement to the mechanism so duplicated. When two stops produce exactly the same result, one of them is a "financial" stop, and is an evidence of deliberate fraud on the part of the manufacturer of any such instruments.—*Magic Flute.*

SOME organists seem to have neither a true appreciation of their relation to divine worship nor of the

royal instrument they have in charge. All manner of fanciful interludes are introduced. Familiar melodies that belong outside of the church and should not be played on the organ, are interwoven into voluntaries; well-known marches and operatic airs are played before and after service. The organist may be skillful, but it is neither becoming to the place nor to the instrument. Much good music has been published, and, if organists cannot improvise with dignity, let them study the compositions of more able musicians.

LIKE the faint, exquisite music of a dream.—*Moore.*

## BEAUTIFUL SEA.

E. RANSFORD.

*Allegretto.*

1. Beau-ti-ful sea! beau-ti-ful sea! On thy calm bo-som ev-er I'd be;  
 2. Beau-ti-ful sea! beau-ti-ful sea! All thy low murmurs are mu-sic to me;

Free as a wild bird, o-ver the tide, When the sun shin-eth, then let me glide.  
 Oh! what a rap-ture 'twould be to float O-ver the deep in a fairy-formed boat;

Beau-ty is o'er thee when the bright ray Makes ev-'ry wave-let  
 As the light nau-ti-lus floats o'er thy breast, When the waves sleep like an

sparkling and gay; Beauty hangs on thee when glows the noon, Or when thou shin-est  
 in-fant at rest; Mir-ror'd in moonlight then would I be, Lulled by thy zephyrs,

*rall.* *a tempo.*

un-der the moon. Beau-ti-ful sea! Beau-ti-ful sea! On thy calm bo-som ev-er I'd be;  
 beau-ti-ful sea! Beau-ti-ful sea! Beau-ti-ful sea! On thy calm bo-som ev-er I'd be;

*cres.*

Free as a wild bird, o-ver the tide, When the sun shin-eth, then let me glide.  
 Free as a wild bird, o-ver the tide, When the sun shin-eth, then let me glide.

THE hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was the heart utterance of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, who was born in Cambridge, England, in February, 1805, and whose history has been but very slightly known to the great public, who have cherished her hymn as one of their most sacred treasures for nearly half a century. Her father was the editor of a weekly Cambridge paper. Her mother was a woman of fine gifts and culture, and she herself was the youngest child. She was noted in her early life for the taste she manifested

for literature, and in maturer years for great zeal and earnestness in her religious life. She contributed prose and verse to the periodicals of the day, and her art criticisms were valued. Married at an early age, and of frail constitution, she still, amid many bodily sufferings, kept her pen busy, her thoughts and writings always tending upwards. At what time and amid what circumstances she caught the inspiration from which was evolved that wonderful hymn which has ever since echoed round and round the globe, is not

## THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

JOSEPH ADDISON.  
JOSEPH HAYDN. "CREATION."

1. The spacious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real  
2. Soon as the even - ing shades pre - veil, The moon takes up the won - drous  
3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this dark ter - res - trial

sky, And spangled heav'n's, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal pro -  
tale, And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her  
ball; What though no real voice nor sound A - midst the ra - diant orbs be

claim. Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And  
birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn, Com -  
found; In reason's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; For

pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - mighty Hand.  
firm the tid - ings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
ev - er sing - ing, as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine." Amen.

known; but it was probably during some period of peculiar trial, when her spirit was uplifted through sorrow almost above its earthly tenement. She little dreamed that her hymn, like those of Toplady, Newton, Watts, Wesley, and others, would be heard through the ages. It was first published in 1841, in a volume of sacred lyrics issued by a Mr. Fox, of England, just eight years before the death of the gifted authoress, who lived only to the age of forty-four, and thus

never knew the fame that was to attach to her hymn and her name. The hymn soon began to appear in various collections, and was everywhere received with delight. It was given the tune "Bethany," by Lowell Mason,—suggested probably by "Oft in the Stilly Night,"—which became very popular in this country. Everybody who has grown up in a Christian land knows it by heart, and it is not wholly unknown in many countries that do not bear the banner of Christ.

## THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE.

DR. THORNEY.  
DR. J. CLARK. "SCOTLAND."

1. The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountains For Ad-am's lost race Christ heth
2. Ye souls that are wound-ed! oh, flee to the Saviour! He calls you in mer - cy, 'tis
3. O Je - sus! ride on - ward, triumph-ant - ly glorious! O'er sin, death and hell, Thou art
4. With joy shall we stand, when escaped to that shore; With harps in our hands, we'll



opened a fountain; For sin and un - cleanness, and ev - ery trans-gres-sion, His  
in - fin - ite fa - vor; Your sins are in - creasing, es - cape to the mountain; His  
more than victorious; Thy name is the theme of the great con - gregation, While  
praise him the more; We'll range the sweet fields on the banks of the river, And



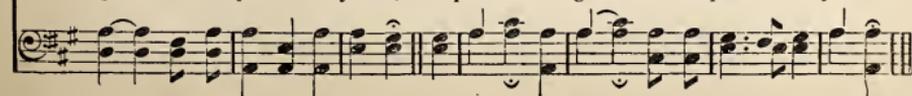
blood flows most free-ly in streams of sal - vation, His blood flows most freely in streams of sal -  
blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain, His blood can remove them, it flows from the  
an - gels and men raise the shout of sal - vation, While an-gels and men raise the shout of sal -  
sing of sal - vation for - ev - er and ev - er, And sing of sal - vation for ev - er and



va - tion. Halle - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon, We'll praise Him a -  
fountain. Halle - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon, We'll praise Him a -  
va - tion. Halle - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon, We'll praise Him a -  
ev - er. Halle - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon, We'll praise Him a -



gain when we pass o - ver Jordan, We'll praise Him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jordan.



Music has a place in education and a value of its own as a means of mental discipline not second certainly to other branches which have long been faithfully taught. This view puts it upon an educational basis, and entitles it to the support of educators everywhere as well as of music teachers, many of whom are awakening to the fact that the successful teaching of music involves more than the old-time instruction of the "singing-master." It may be so taught as to prove one of the most valuable means of mental discipline; and thus become an important educational factor aside

from its intrinsic value. This feature, as such, has not until recently been admitted or even understood. Indeed so wide-spread has been the idea that a thorough knowledge of music could only be acquired by those who possess the gift of musical genius; and so general has been the custom of relying upon the artificial aids afforded by various musical instruments, that neither educators nor musicians themselves have been prepared to realize the results which may be obtained when correct educational principles and methods are applied to the teaching of the subject. When music takes its

## GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

I. HEFFERNAN.

1. Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,— Ten now strikes on the bel - fry bell!  
 2. Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,— E - lev - en sounds on the bel - fry bell! E -  
 3. Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,— Twelve resounds from the bel - fry bell!  
 4. Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,— One has pealed on the bel - fry bell!

Ten are the ho - ly commandments given, To man be - low, from God in heav'n.  
 lev - en a - pos - tles of ho - ly mind, Taught the gos - pel to man-kind.  
 Twelve dis - ci - ples to Je - sus came, Who suf - fered rebuke for their Saviour's name.  
 One God a - bove, one Lord in - deed, Who bears us up in hour of need.

Hu - man watch from harm can't ward us: God will watch, and God will guard us;

He, through His e - ter - nal might, Grant us all a bless - ed night.

5. Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,—  
 Two now rings from the belfry bell!  
 Two paths before mankind are free,  
 Neighbor oh, choose the best for thee!—*Cho.*

6. Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,—  
 Three now sounds on the belfry bell!  
 Threefold reigns the heavenly Host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!—*Cho.*

place, as it is sure to do ere long, among the essentials of a sound education, and is taken up by the teaching profession and taught with the same intelligence that has long been given to other and certainly not more important branches, we shall see such proficiency in singing as was never before witnessed.—*H. E. Holt.*

WHEN Rossini lived in Paris, a poor organ-grinder stopped before his window, and began turning away at "Di tanti Palpiti." Several persons gathered around to listen. Suddenly some one of them exclaimed,

"Quicker, quicker!" "What, sir?" "Play more quickly; it is an allegro." "I beg your pardon, sir, but I don't know how." "There, like that, do like that," said Rossini, for it was he, taking hold of the handle and playing in proper time. "Thank you, sir," said the organ-grinder, "I will recollect the lesson." The next day he returned and played the air as he had been told to play it the preceding evening. "Bravo!" exclaimed a voice from the window, "Bravo! bravo! bravo!" and a louis d'or fell at his feet. It was again Rossini.

## EVENING HYMN.

J. ELLERTON, 1868.  
"SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

1. Sa-viour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac -  
 2. Grant us thy peace up-on our homeward way; With Thee be -  
 3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the com - ing night, Turn thou for  
 4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our worship  
 gun, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from  
 us its darkness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep thy children  
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict

cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait thy word of peace.  
 shame, That in this house have called up - on thy name.  
 free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.  
 cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

## THOU ART THE WAY.

G. W. DOANE, 1826.  
G. FRANC, 1845. "DUNDEE."

1. Thou art the Way: to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;  
 2. Thou art the Truth: thy word a - lone True wis - dom can im - part;

And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, by Thee.  
 Thou on - ly canst in - struct the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.

3. Thou art the Life: the rending tomb  
 Proclaims thy conquering arm;  
 And those who put their trust in Thee  
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:  
 Grant us to know that Way;  
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
 Which leads to endless day.

MUSIC, as an educational force, has been but poorly understood in this country. It has received but little help, merely patronizing assent from our leading educators. That they have not understood its meaning is not so much their fault as that of the generation or the schools in which they were reared. The work has been largely done by the daily teachers in the schools. Considering this fact, its progress has been marked, even singular. Were its philosophical relations to other branches better known; were it under-

stood that the pupil would become a better scholar in everything else,—a better reader, arithmetician, rhetorician, linguist,—through proper musical instruction, there can be no doubt that more ample provision would be made for it in public education. When Goethe said, "Level roads run out from music in every direction," he knew what he was talking about. As a result of such thinking a few generations ago, we find that musical education among public men and diplomatists in the old countries is as much the rule

## A POOR WAYFARING MAN OF GRIEF.

J. MONTGOMERY.  
GEO. COLES. "DUANE."

1. A poor way-far-ing man of grief Hath often crossed me on my way, Who  
2. Once, when my scan-ty meal was spread, He en-tered, not a word he spake; Just  
3. I spied him where a fountain burst Clear from the rock; his strength was gone; I  
4. Then, in a moment, to my view The stran-ger started from dis-guise; The

sued so hum-bly for re-lief, That I could nev-er an-swer nay: I  
per-ish-ing for want of bread, I gave him all; he blessed it, brake And  
heed-less wa-ter mocked his thirst; He heard it, saw it, hur-rying on: I  
tok-ens in his hands I knew; My Sav-iour stood be-fore my eyes! He

had not power to ask his name, Whith-er he went, or whence he came: Yet  
ate, but gave me part a-gain: Mine was an an-gel's por-tion then; And  
ran and raised the suf-ferer up: Thrice from the stream he drained my cup; Dipped  
spake, and my poor name He named! "Of Me thou hast not been ashamed; These

there was something in his eye That won my love, I know not why.  
while I fed with ea-ger haste, The crust was man-na to my taste.  
and re-turned it run-ning o'er—I drank, and nev-er thirst-ed more.  
deeds shall thy me-mo-rial be; Fear not! thou didst it un-to Me.

as is its neglect with us. Instruction in this branch should be based upon the fact that the musical faculty is implanted in the soul of every child; that in nothing has Nature been more impartial than in the distribution of this gift; that, without cultivation, this faculty may become dormant, and at length dead, as it often is in adult years; that it is as much a disciplinary study as any other pursued in the school-room,—disciplinary of body, mind and character; that it should ever be made

a medium of thought,—the soul's thought, which is so often better than the mind's thought. But it should be tempered with all prudence to the age and strength of the child, as it affords exercise both of body and mind. Singing continuously and with full voice for a single hour may produce as much fatigue as hours of work in the field. Success in this study will depend very much upon interest of the local teacher. If the teacher be indifferent, so will be the school.

## THY WAY, NOT MINE, O LORD.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856.  
W. C. BURNAP. "BAXTER."

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be; Lead me by Thine own  
2. I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might; Choose Thou for me, my  
3. Choose Thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health; Choose Thou my cares for

hand, Choose out the path for me. Smooth let it be or rough, It  
God; So shall I walk a - right. Take Thou my cup, and it With  
me, My pov - er - ty or wealth. Not mine, not mine the choice, In

will be still the best; Wind - ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to Thy rest.  
joy or sor - row fill, As best to Thee may seem; Choose Thou my good and ill.  
things or great or small; Be Thou my guide, my strength, My wisdom, and my all.

## LORD, FOREVER AT THY SIDE.

VON WEBER,  
J. MONTGOMERY, 1822.

1. Lord, for - ev - er at Thy side Let my place and por - tion be;  
2. Meek - ly may my soul re - ceive All Thy Spir - it hath re - veal'd;  
3. Hum - ble as a lit - tle child, Wean - ed from the moth - er's breast,  
4. Is - rael! now and ev - er - more In the Lord Je - ho - vah trust;

Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty.  
Thou hast spok - en - - I be - lieve, Though the or - a - cle be sealed,  
By no sub - tle - ties be - guiled, On Thy faith - ful word I rest.  
Him, in all His ways, a - dore, Wise, and won - der - ful, and just. A - men.

THE old-time singing-master undoubtedly did good in his own day and generation, but he has wrought harm in ours, in having left the impression that a thorough practical knowledge of music can only be acquired by those who possess the gifts of musical genius. The error in this idea has, however, been fully demonstrated; and he who would know what can be accomplished when correct methods are applied to the teaching of music need only go where music is placed on the proper basis and is taught according to correct educational principles. Indeed, it is now conclusively shown that the proportion of children who can not, with proper instruction, learn to sing, is no

greater than that of those who can not learn mathematics or language; and that the best teachers in other branches become, even with little knowledge of music, the most successful teachers of this subject, when once properly started. This fact clearly shows that the regular teachers, under proper supervision, will eventually become the teachers of music. It is true that special aptitude may give one pupil the advantage over another in music as in other branches, but the fact remains that *all* can learn something of music, and nearly all can become proficient. Had reading or mathematics been as superficially taught in the past as music, the results would have been no bet-

## CHIME AGAIN, BEAUTIFUL BELLS.\*

H. R. BISHOP.

*Andante.*

1. Chime again, chime again, beau-ti-ful bells, Now thy soft mel-o-dy floats on the wind,  
2. Chime again, chime again, beau-ti-ful bells, Lin-ger a-while o'er the deep, dusk-y bay,

Bursting at in-ter-vals o-ver the sails, Leaving a train of re-flec-tion be-hind;  
Faint-er and faint-er thy mel-o-dy swells, Fast fades the land and thy sounds die away; The

An-swering echoes that gath-er a-round, Call from the heart ev'ry wish that is dear.  
cold lamp of night now sil-vers the deep, On sails the bark from this hap-py shore,

Voi-ces of friendship still ring in each sound, Bidding me welcome that chime with a tear.  
Lone-ly I'm left on the waters to weep, The chimes of those beautiful bells to deplore.

ter. Happily, however, the value of a musical training is now recognized by our best educators, and music is being placed on a correct basis. Among large cities, the schools of Boston have already become justly famous for successful results in this direction, and other cities of greater or less prominence are rapidly turning their attention to this highly important matter.

THE Quakers as a sect, it is known, do not favor music; they think it to be a profitless amusement, indulged in by the world's people. George Thompson, the famous English abolitionist, while lecturing in England on the abolition of slavery in the British Provinces, stopped one night with a Quaker family. He

was a great lover of music, and at that time was a good singer. During the evening he sang "Oft in the Stilly Night," which was listened to with the closest attention. In the morning the lady of the house, after Mr. Thompson came from his room, appeared quite uneasy. She wanted to hear the song again, but it would hardly do for her, a Quakeress, to request its repetition. At last, so goes the pleasant little story, her desire getting the better of her, she ventured to say; "George, will thee repeat the words of last evening in thy usual manner?"

\*These words are said to have been written by a young English lady, leaving the shores of her native land, on hearing the distant sound of village bells.

## BIRD OF THE FOREST.

G. VERDI.  
GEORGE LINLEY.

1. { Bird of the for - est! whose song seems to cheer me, And bring back hours, when kind  
Oh! while thy wild notes a - round me are swell - ing, I love to lin - ger by  
2. { Bird of the for - est! when day - light is dy - ing, And zeph - yr his last fare -  
When o'er thy leaf - y bower, night dews are weep - ing, And trem - bling stars their bright

hearts were near me; } For worldly pleasures no longer car - ing, My soul feels. blest, thy  
thy lone dwell - ing; }  
well is sigh - ing; } I shall re - mem - ber thy notes of gladness, That banish'd all my  
watch are keep - ing; }

*rall.*

sol - i - tude shar - ing. Bird of the for - est! thy sweet lay a - wak - ens  
sor - row and sad - ness, When from his slum - ber the morn - ing shall wak - en,

Hopes long o'er-shadow'd by sad re - gret; Ah! in thy song I my grief for - get.  
Bird of the for - est! I will be near, Hop - ing a - gain thy glad song to hear.

*rall.*

1 (ROUND) 2

Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly course of du - ty run.

3 4

Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly course of du - ty run.

1 (ROUND.) 2 3

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

THERE is a phrase, "I was carried away by the music." That expression is true to feeling; it means, "When I heard this or that, I ceased to be affected by the outward things or thoughts which a moment before moved me; I entered a world of other feeling, or—what I before possessed was so heightened and changed that I seemed to have been 'carried away' from the old thing in a moment." But it would be still truer to say, not "music carried me away," but "music carried away, or changed, the mood, and with it the significance of the things which occupied me in that mood." The easy command over the emotions possessed by sound, and elaborated by the art of music, is due to the direct impact of the air-waves upon the drum of the ear, which collects them and sends them to the seat of consciousness in the brain by

means of the auditory nerve. The same, of course, is true of the waves of color upon the eye, scent upon the nose, and vibrations of touch taken by the brain even from the most distant nerve in the body. But the auditory nerve has in some things a strange advantage and prerogative of power over the others. First, the distance from the ear to the brain is shorter than that of any other of the sensitive surfaces, so the time taken to convey the impressions of sound is less, and therefore the impact more direct. This measured by time is infinitesimal, but measured by emotional effect it counts for much. Secondly, the vibrations of sound as distinguished from the vibrations of light, and even the vibrations of touch, which are, after all, differently local—the vibrations of sound induce a sympathetic vibration on every nerve in the body; they set it going,

## WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

I. NATHAN.  
OLD ENGLISH SONG.

*Allegretto Moderato.*

1. Where are you go - ing, my pret - ty maid?      Where are you go - ing,  
2. Shall I go with you, my pret - ty maid?      Shall I go with you,  
3. What is your for - tune, my pret - ty maid?      What is your for - tune,  
4. Then I can't marry you, my pret - ty maid!      Then I can't marry you,

my pret - ty maid? I'm go - ing a milk - ing, sir, she said, sir, she said,  
my pret - ty maid? Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir, she said, sir, she said,  
my pret - ty maid? My face is my for - tune, sir, she said, sir, she said,  
my pret - ty maid! No - bod - y ax'd you sir, she said, sir, she said,

*mf*      *p*      *rall.*

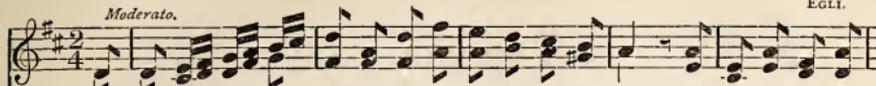
sir, she said, I'm go - ing a milk - ing, sir, she said.  
sir, she said, Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.  
sir, she said, My face is my for - tune, sir, she said.  
sir, she said, No - bod - y ax'd you, sir, she said.

in short, as the strings of a piano are set going by the stroke of a hammer on the floor, and when the sound is excessive or peculiar, all the great ganglionic centres are disturbed, the diaphragm and many other nerves and muscles are influenced, the stomach is affected, the spine "creeps," as we say, the heart quickens and throbs with strong beatings in the throat. Thus a curiously sympathetic action is set up through this physical peculiarity which sound has of shaking, moving, and at times causing the human body to tremble. But the cause of the sympathetic action of the great ganglionic centres under the pulsations of sound lies deeper still. It is to be found in the fact that the auditory nerve is closely connected, at its origin in the medulla oblongata of the brain, with that of the important nervus vagus or pneumogastric supplying the

heart, lungs, and the most important abdominal viscera. It is also in intimate communication with the branches of the great sympathetic nerve from the ganglia which supply the muscles regulating the tension of the ear's drum, and which modify the effect of the waves of sound upon it. And these branches, again, are in direct communication with the vagus and the great ganglionic centres, controlling the action of the heart and stomach. Thus excitation of the auditory nerve readily agitates these close neighbors, and they proceed to spread the influence far and wide through all the delicate network of that most wonderful sympathetic nerve telegraphy which pervades the entire system. Thus the effect of sound is speedily propagated through myriad side-channels, until the whole body is thrilling with its confluent waves—H. R. Haweis.

## THE LARK SINGS LOUD.

EGLI.

*Moderato.*

1. The lark sings loud, the cuckoo calls, The world is all at strife; On ev-'ry ear the
2. The flow-ers strive to win the prize Bestowed on beauty's queen; The rose looks down, and
3. Then sing the birds on ev-'ry tree, And strive thro' hill and dale; "But why should I un-
4. The Spring at length, with earnest tone, Comes boldly forth, and cries, "The night-in-gale and



dis-cord falls, Wher-ev-er there is life, Wher-ev-er there is life.  
 blush-ing cries, "No flow'r like me is seen, No flow'r like me is seen.  
 eas-y be?"—So sings the night-in-gale, So sings the night-in-gale.  
 rose a-lone Are wor-thy of the prize, Are wor-thy of the prize."

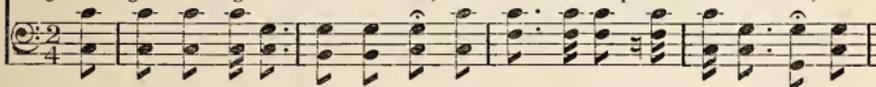


## THE MAISTER

JOSEPH TEENAN.

*Andante.*

1. He gied us Scrip-ter names to spell, But what they meant we couldna tell; He
2. What fun-ny dogs we used tae draw Up-on our sklates, an' ships, an' a', Till,
3. He gied our lugs a fear-fu' bu', Said he wud skelp us black an' blue; I



may be din-na ken his-sel'— The mai-ster, oh! the mai-ster!  
 kee-kin' round wi' fricht, we saw The mai-ster, oh! the mai-ster!  
 doot he would-na try that noo— The mai-ster, oh! the mai-ster!



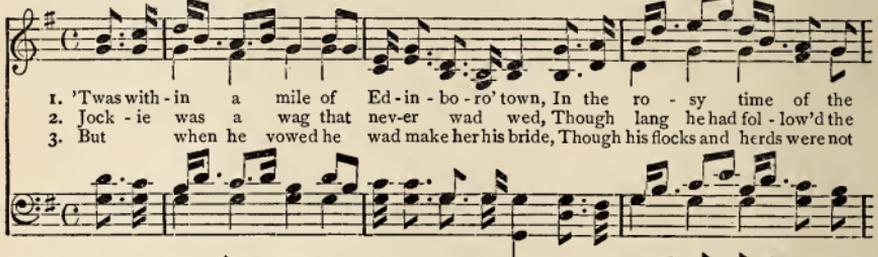
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>4. We mind them weel, his lang black tawse,<br/>They nippet sair like parten's claws;<br/>A crabbit little man he was—<br/>The maister.</li> <li>5. He birl'd me roond like Nanny's wheel,<br/>Said he was tellt to lick me weel;<br/>He seem'd tae like tae hear me squeal—<br/>The maister.</li> <li>6. His plump roond cheeks as red's the rose,<br/>His twinklin' een an' redder nose,<br/>Show'd that he suppit mair than brose—<br/>The maister.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>7. He opened ay the schule wi' prayer,<br/>An' psalms an' questions gied us mair<br/>Than what we thoct was proper there—<br/>The maister.</li> <li>8. An' after time an' siller spent,<br/>We left as wise as when we went,<br/>It wasna muckle that he kent—<br/>The maister.</li> <li>9. It's forty years noo since that day,<br/>An' Time, whase besom's ay at play,<br/>'Mang other things, has soopt away<br/>The maister.</li> </ol> |
|--|--|

A CENTURY ago, in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light striking through a slanted window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illumined, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years

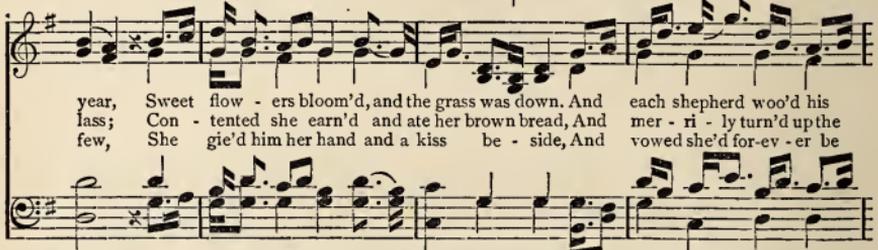
and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, yet fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this other marvelous face which he had wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in his early manhood. And when the artists

## WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO.'

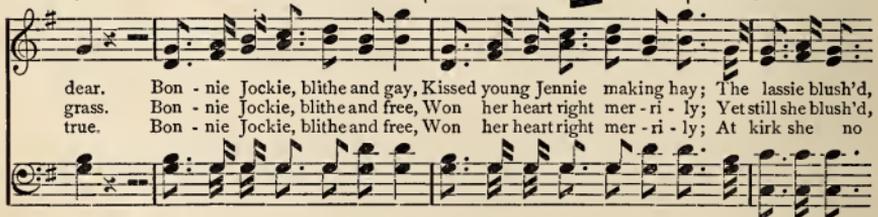
JAMES HOOK, 1785?  
THOMAS D'URFEY, 1690?



1. 'Twas with-in a mile of Ed-in-bo-ro'town, In the ro-sy time of the  
2. Jock-ie was a wag that never wad wed, Though lang he had fol-low'd the  
3. But when he vowed he wad make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not



year, Sweet flow-ers bloom'd, and the grass was down. And each shepherd woo'd his  
lass; Con-tented she earn'd and ate her brown bread, And mer-ri-ly turn'd up the  
few, She gie'd him her hand and a kiss be-side, And vowed she'd for-ev-er be



dear. Bon-nie Jockie, blithe and gay, Kissed young Jennie making hay; The lassie blush'd,  
grass. Bon-nie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; Yet still she blush'd,  
true. Bon-nie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; At kirk she no



and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."  
and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, winna, winna, maunna buckle to"  
more frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do; I can-na, can-na, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face, they said: "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this." In the great cathedral of the ages—the temple being builded for an habitation of God—we shall learn some time that the work of love is the grandest work of all.

A GOOD singer can make even the singing of scales pathetic; and any kind of song sounds as if it were fine if a good singer will take trouble with it.—*Black.*

No other diversion serves so many valuable purposes in school as singing. It is a complete rest and change to both mind and body, and is oftentimes a greater relief to the tired child than a half-hour's romp upon the play-ground. It often serves a higher purpose too, for many an indifferent boy has made his first honest effort in school in attempting to sing, and from that has been encouraged to go on until he has finally become an attentive and an industrious student.

"VISITING a medical friend in the south of Ireland," says a clergyman, "I had the opportunity of witnessing the strange effects of a certain kind of music upon a cat. Pussy was sporting with her young kittens on the rug, when her master drew my attention to her, saying that there was an air in Verdi's 'Il Trovatore' which she detested, and would not allow to be whistled within her hearing. As an illustration of the truth of his statement, he began to whistle several airs in different styles. Of these, the cat took not the slightest

notice. He then changed to the well-known 'Ah, I have sighed to rest me,' when, instantly, her play stopped, and her ears pricked up with an uneasy motion. As the whistling continued, she grew more and more restless, and at last, with a piteous cry, ran to her master, climbed up beside him, and put her paws on his mouth to stop the objectionable music. I asked, was it a trick that pussy had been taught, but was assured that her antipathy to Verdi's celebrated air was instinctive, originating altogether with herself."

## I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

HECTOR MACNEIL.

*"My Lodging is on the Cold Ground."*

1. I lo'e ne'er a lad-die but ane, He lo'es na a las-sie but me; He's  
 2. Let ith-ers brag weel o' their gear, Their land, and their lordly de-gree, I  
 3. "Dear las-sie," he cries wi' a jeer, "Ne'er heed what the auld ones will say, Though we've

will-in' to make me his ain, And his ain I am will-in' to be, He  
 care na for ought but my dear, For he's il-ka thing lord-ly to me, His  
 lit-tle to brag o', ne'er fear; What's gowd to a heart that is wae? Our

coft me a roke-ly o' blue, And a pair o' mit-tens o' green; He  
 words mair than su-gar are sweet, His sense drives il-ka fear far a-wa'; I  
 laird hath baith honors and wealth, Yet see how he's dwining wi' care; Now

vow'd that he'd ev-er be true, And I plight-ed my troth yes-treen.  
 lis-ten, poor fool, and I greet, Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'  
 we, though we've naething but health, Are can-tie and le-al ev-er-mair.

4. "O, Menie! the heart that is true,  
 Has something mair costly than gear;  
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,  
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.  
 Ye warldlings, gae board up your store,  
 And tremble for fear aught ye tyne;  
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar and door,  
 True love is the guardian of mine."

III-4

5. He ends wi' a kiss an' a smile,  
 Wae's me, can I take it amiss?  
 My laddie's unpracticed in guile,  
 He's free aye to daut and to kiss!  
 Ye lases wha lo'e to torment  
 Your woovers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
 Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,  
 And this night I'm Jamie's for life.

## COME WHERE FLOWERS ARE FLINGING.

VON FLOTOW.  
FROM "MARTHA."

{ Come where flowers are fling-ing Beau - ty o'er the meadows gay, Where glad birds are sing-ing,  
Come where skies are smil-ing, Where the mer - ry foun-tains play, Come, thy care be - guil-ing,

Free from care the live-long day. } Where thro' light and shadow, Streamlets gen - tle mur-mur  
Keep with na - ture hol - i - day. }

as they stray, O - ver field and mead - ow Fai - ry foot - steps gai - ly lead the way.

*2nd time.*  
{ Come, come, thy care be - guil - ing, Keep with na - ture hol - i - day, O } fay Weaves with  
{ Come, come, where pleasure fond - ly lin - gers, Where the gen - tle woodland }

mag - ic fin - gers Wreaths to crown the brow of May, to crown the brow of May, lovely May, love - ly

May. { Then a - way to the woods, where the wild flowers bloom, While the breez - es are  
With our feet light as fai - ries, and hearts full of glee, We will sing with the

*2d time.*

la - den with sweet - est perfume. } bee, O come a - way, O'er sun-ny bank and meadows  
wild bird, and roam with the

gay, And keep with na - ture hol - i - day, Come where plea - sure lin - gers,

*1st time.*

Where the gen - tle woodland fay, Weaves with mag - ic fingers wreaths to crown the brow of May.

*2d time.*

Wreaths to crown the brow of May, O come a - way, O come a - way, a - way.

## CHRIST IS BORN OF MAIDEN FAIR.

DR. GAUNTLET.

1. Christ is born of maid - en fair; Mark the her - als in the air, Thus a -  
2. Shep - herds saw those an - gels bright, Caroll - ing in glo - ri - ous light; "God the  
2, Christ is come to save man - kind; As in ho - ly page we find; There - fore

*f*

dor - ing hear them there, "In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a!"  
Son is born to - night, In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a!"  
sing with rev' - rent mind, "In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a!"

I HAVE received the keenest national impressions from music. At midnight I heard the players pass by. The warm Italian air, scarce chilled by the night, came in from the orange gardens. I leaned my head forward to breathe its full fragrance. The musicians had come from yonder lighted palace; now they pass on, up through the groves of citron and myrtle, from the distant deep shadows; the regular pulse of the music brings back the feeling of the dance; it is a mere echo, a shadow dance—fainter and fainter now; I can hear it no more. I look up, the stars burn like gold. All Italy in a moment is resumed for me in that slight picture. A few bars of music, heard at random, may conjure it up again—first the emotion,

then the picture. The feast of the Kermess was over in Amsterdam. The town filled with country-people had been emptying all through the night. I stood high up, looking over the network of canals toward the Scheldt. Above my head I heard the cry of the wild swan, winging its way southward from Sweden, and below a rough chorus of men and women came over the bridge. It was loud, boisterous singing, but in parts well-defined, rhythmic, and full of a strong charm; they passed into a side street, the drinking chorus seemed to split into fragments and then to cease. How often has it since rung in my ears, and so often has it brought back with it the hearty, coarse, eager life of Holland, and the keen, brackish odor of the wind

## OH, WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

*Slow.*

1. Oh! why left I my hame? Why did I cross the deep? Oh! why left I the  
 2. The palm-tree wav-eth high, And fair the myr-tle springs, And to the In-dian  
 3. Oh! here no Sab-bath bell A-wakes the Sabbath morn, Nor song of reap-ers  
 4. There's a hope for ev-'ry woe, And a balm for ev-'ry pain; But the first joys of our

land Where my fore-fa-thers sleep? I sigh for Sco-tia's shore, And I  
 maid The bul-bul sweet-ly sings. But I din-na see the broom, Wi' its  
 heard A-mong the yel-low corn; For the ty-rant's voice is here, And the  
 heart Come nev-er back a-gain. There's a track up-on the deep, And a

gaze a-cross the sea, But I can-na get a blink O' my ain coun-trie.  
 tas-sels on the lea; Nor hear the lin-ties sang O' my ain coun-trie.  
 wail o' sla-ver-ie; But the sun of freedom shines In my ain coun-trie.  
 path a-cross the sea; But the wea-ry ne'er re-turn To their ain coun-trie.

blowing in from the North Sea. But in each case observe the peculiar, direct power which music has of dealing with the nerve centres. It is not the image which is recalled and which brings back the feeling; but the sound awakes directly a peculiar rhythm of nervous wave-motion, which is the physical vehicle for a peculiar feeling. Thus a breath of the past in a desert at first unpeopled, and the very atmosphere of a past moment is restored, in which mystic air the forms of dead scenes and persons begin to live and grow again, and at last become intensely vivid. In this, note that music differs from every other art. The painter and poet alike depend directly upon scenes

and concrete images for their emotion; but the musician depends directly upon emotion for his scenes and images, and even when these are absent, he is not less potent—sometimes more so; for he can handle and mould the temperature of the mind itself at will, wind up feeling unconnected with thought through every semitone, modulate and change it, fit and unfit us for exertion, make us forget the hard, persistent images of pain and trouble, and the coarse realism that damps joy—by creating an atmosphere within, in which these cannot breathe, and so they are expelled as to any power they may have to move us—actually expelled for a season from the mind.—*Flawless.*

## BEAUTIFUL FACES.

DAVID SWING.

1. Beau - ti - ful fa - ces are those that wear, It mat - ters lit - tle, if dark or fair,  
 2. Beau - ti - ful eyes are those that show Like crys - tal panes where hearth-fires glow,  
 3. Beau - ti - ful lips are those whose words Leap from the heart like songs of birds,

Chorus.

Whole-souled hones - ty print - ed there.  
 Beau - ti - ful thoughts that burn be - low. } Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful,  
 Yet whose ut - t'rance pru - dence girds. }

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful,

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>4. Beautiful hands are those that do<br/>         Work that's earnest and brave and true.<br/>         Moment by moment the long day through.</p> <p>5. Beautiful feet are those that go<br/>         On kind ministry to and fro,<br/>         Down lowliest ways if God wills it so.</p> | <p>6. Beautiful shoulders are those that bear<br/>         Ceaseless burdens of homely care,<br/>         With patient grace and daily prayer.</p> <p>7. Beautiful lives are those that bless—<br/>         Sweet, silent rivers of happiness,<br/>         Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.</p> |
|---|---|

## CRADLE SONG OF SOLDIER'S WIFE.

T. T. BARKER.

1. Ba - by, sleep! shadows creep Down the hill-sides dark and long! Slum - ber soft - ly,  
 2. Ba - by, sleep! low I weep, Lest I wake thee in my woe! Where the camp-fires  
 3. Ba - by, sleep! an - gels keep Ho - ly vig - ils o'er thy head! And thy moth - er's

and thy dreaming May perchance have brighter seeming, For thy mother's cra - dle song!  
 gleam and quiv - er, Far a - way be - side the riv - er, Fa - ther thinks of thee, I know!  
 life seems sweeter, Grievs grow dim, and joys com - plet - er, Singing by thy cra - dle bed!

MY HOME.—It is a woodland scene, a quiet spot; ever the russet hills are strangely still, save when the crow flies, cawing noisily. Westward there gleams a peaceful, silvery lake; a waterfall below, whose varying cadence soothes the lonely, listening ear at midnight's hour. Hard by, the gray primeval forest stands, where countless groups of evergreens look gay, the emblems of God's love that never dies. Not far off rise the Southwest mountains, famed for fertile soil, pure breezes, men robust, and women of enchanting loveliness. Beyond and bearing on his head the heavens old Blue Ridge towers in everlasting strength,

looking complacent on the subject vales. O home! a sound with magic influence rife! What human breast can ever be so cold, so lost to all the memories of love and fond domestic ties, as not to thrill, hearing the uttered melody of *home*? It is a tie not to be broken easily, e'en when that home is 'neath a tyrant's power; but when fair Freedom, with her god-like glance, watches the roof-tree reared beneath her own, the hero gives his life, but will not give his home.

THE object of instruction in school singing is: First, to teach the proper use of the voice; second, to teach a knowledge of the relative length and pitch of tones.

## ADIEU, MY NATIVE LAND.

LABITZKY.

1. A - dieu, my na - tive land, a - dieu! The ves - sel spreads her swell - ing sails, Per -  
2. Fare - well, dear vil - lage, oh, fare-well! Soft on the breeze thy mur - mur dies; I  
3. In vain, through shades of gathering night, Mine eyes the dis - tant scene ex - plore; Far

haps I nev - er more may view Your pleas - ant flow - 'ry vales.  
hear the sol - emn eve - ning bell, Thy spires yet glad mine eyes.  
sunk thy glow - ing orb of light, I view thee now no more.

De - lu - sive hope no more Can charm me as I roam; Tho'  
Tho' falls the bit - ter tear, I shrink not Fate's de - cree, Oh,  
The ship speeds on its way, Nor night, nor storm I dread, His

for a dis - tant shore I leave my peace - ful home.  
home of love, how dear Thine ev - 'ry joy to me!  
friend - ly Hand al - way Will guide to port a - head.

Since tones are heard, not seen, we should appeal first to the ear. The best way to begin teaching relative pitch is by singing the scale, requiring imitation by the children: and when they can sing it, appeal to the eye by representation with notes upon the staff. Begin the teaching of measures by the same first appeal to the ear either by striking or counting the time: and use measures written only after the children have some idea of accent. The use of the voice will be taught from the

beginning to the end of the work by the example of the teacher; therefore be very careful to sing softly and smoothly. Do not always sing with the children. Modulation can be taught in the daily scale practice. The daily teacher in any one room has more to do there with the success of singing than the special teacher, because singing oftener with the class. There should be perfect co-operation between daily and special teachers, which is best promoted by teachers' experience meetings.

## MAID OF LLANGOLLEN.

WELSH.

1. Tho' low - ly my lot, and tho' poor my es - tate, I see with - out en - vy the  
 2. My way o'er the moun - tain I cheerfully take, At morn when the song - birds their  
 3. Glen - ar - von's rich lord pass - es scornfully by, But wealth can ne'er make him so

wealth - y and great, Con - tent - ed and proud a poor shep - herd to be While the  
 mel - o - dy wake, And at eve I re - turn with a heart full of glee, For the  
 hap - py as I, And far proud - er than e - ven the proud - est I'll be While the

Maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me, While the Maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.  
 Maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me, For the Maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.  
 Maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me, While the Maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.

## THE BREEZE FROM HOME.

GERMAN AIR.

*mf*  
 1. When sailing o'er Time's restless sea, Be - neath a dark and cloud - ed sky,  
 2. Loud raves the voice of an - gry gales, But while the break - ers mad - ly foam  
 3. Then let the frown - ing sky grow dark, Let the wild temp - est wild - er rave;  
 4. The fragrant breeze from Heaven's own land Comes heavenly sweet a - cross the sea;

*f*  
 How sweet the whis - per comes to me That tells of Home and har - bor nigh.  
 A soft wind fans the spreading sails, The pleasant breeze that blows from Home.  
 A strong hand guides the toil - ing bark To port, a - cross the stormy wave.  
 It wafts the mu - sic from the strand, And bears the song of hope to me.

THEN we drifted into talk of Mendelssohn. As she sat she occasionally played some fragment from a concerto—some striking chord from the *St. Paul*, some passage from *Ruy Blas*, or an echo from the incomparably delicate overture to the beautiful "Melusine," till one said "Sing," and she sang from Schumann, the ballads from Heine—those tragedies and melodramas in three verses, or in two lines, and Brahms' "Guten Abend, Gute Nacht." Then followed songs without words, and sitting in the shadow I saw her face in the light, and felt her spirit rise and fall upon the pulses of invisible sound, in unison with ours. Then came some of Ernst's reveries on the violin, and so the evening wore away, and we took no account of the hours. Were there any other listeners?

Yes, at times one and another of them would recall a passage—a likeness between Mendelssohn and Bach, a phrase of Scarlatti, or a combination of Wagner in a Brahms movement. This, if you like, was a mixed programme, but its parts were mixed with subtle sympathies, and united by the finest threads of thought and emotion. Thus we moved on from one delight to another with no sense of unpleasant or disjointed break—as those who pass out of a lovely grotto into the sunlight, and after winding through hedgerows of May bloom to the quiet shore, pass back into a garden of tall trees and smooth lawns, and thence to some lovely conservatory filled with tropical bloom, thence to a marble vestibule, thence to halls of tapestry, and luxurious couches and repose. And there has been no

## THE BLUE JUNIATA.

MRS. M. D. SULLIVAN.

1. Wild roved an In - dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the  
 2. Gay was the mountain song Of bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the  
 3. "Bold is my war - rior good, The love of Al - fa - ra - ta, Proud waves his  
 4. So sang the In - dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the

wa - ters of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Swift as an an - te - lope, Thro' the for - est  
 wa - ters of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Strong and true my ar - rows are, In my paint - ed  
 snow - y plume along the Ju - ni - a - ta. Soft and low he speaks to me, And then his war - cry  
 wa - ters of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Fleeting years have borne away The voice of Al - fa -

go - ing, Loose were her jet - ty locks, In wa - vy tress - es flow - ing.  
 quiv - er, Swift goes my light ca - noe A - down the rap - id riv - er.  
 sounding, Rings his voice in thun - der loud, From height to height re - sounding."  
 ra - ta, Still sweeps the riv - er on, Blue Ju - ni - a - ta.

break—nothing has jarred upon us in the midst of variety. Hand in hand we have been with friends; seen smiles upon dear faces; poured forth words; soul has been revealed to soul; and without, the world of fair things has imaged the life of vivid and inexhaustible thought and feeling within.—*Musical Memories.*

MUSIC is not the only indefinite art. Music is almost matchless in its power to awaken the slumbering feelings of the soul. It has no definite language. The same piece will carry life to one and will seem like a dance of happy spirits, while to another it will come as in the pensiveness of a dying hour, and will cause to come before us the faces of the loved dead, and will make one wish to be with the dead beyond

the tomb in the grass. Music is an urn into which each heart empties its own self. But it is not alone in this. Religion is its sister, only more gifted in mind and soul. Hence into the words of St. John, into his graceful vases of language, the heart of the humblest may go and pour its hope and sorrows, and while yet upon the shores of earth in body may be carried away to Paradise. The Apocalypse is only the solemn music of futurity sounding for us all. The words are indistinct, but perhaps the most impressive music is written wholly without words, leaving the soul to wander off into realms where no language has ever gone. In the best hours of the soul language becomes vague or wholly perishes.—*David Swing.*

## CAROL, BROTHERS, CAROL.

W. A. MUHLBERG.

*Semi-Chorus.*

Ca - rol, brothers, ca - rol, Ca - rol joy - ful - ly, Ca - rol the good tidings, Ca - rol mer - ri - ly.

*Chorus (Forte) Animated.**Unison.*

Ca - rol, brothers, ca - rol, Ca - rol joy - ful - ly, Ca - rol the good tidings, Ca - rol mer - ri - ly; And

*Fine.*

pray a gladsome Christmas For all good Christian men, Carol, brothers, ca-rol, Christmas day a - gain.

*Semi-Chorus.*

1. Ca - rol, but in glad - ness, Not in songs of earth, On the Saviour's  
2. At the mer - ry ta - ble Think of those who've none, The orphan and  
3. List - ning an - gel mu - sic, Dis - cord sure must cease, Who dare hate his  
4. Let our hearts re - spond - ing, To the ser - aph band, Wish this morning's

birth - day, Hal - lowed be our mirth; While a thous - and bless - ings  
the widow Hun - gry and a - lone; Boun - ti - ful your off - 'rings  
broth - er, On this day of peace? While the heav'n's are tell - ing  
sun - shine Bright in ev - 'ry land; Word and deed and pray - er

Fill our hearts with glee, Christmas day will keep The feast of char - i - ty.  
To the al - tar bring, Let the poor and need - y Christmas ca - rols sing.  
To man - kind good-will, On - ly love and kind - ness Ev - 'ry bo - som fill.  
Speed the grate - ful sound, Wish - ing "Mer - ry Christmas!" All the world a - round.

*D. C. Chorus.*

## LARBOARD WATCH.

T. WILLIAMS.  
FAVORITE DUET.

*Andante.*

1. At drea - ry mid - night's cheer - less hour, De - sert - ed e'en by  
2. With anx - ious care he eyes each wave That, swell - ing, threat - ens

Cyn - thia's beam, When tempests beat and tor - rents pour, And twinkling stars no  
to o'erwhelm, And, his storm - beat - en bark to save, Di - rects with skill the

long - er gleam; The wea - ried sail - or, spent with toil, Clings firm - ly to the  
faith - ful helm; With hope out - rings his cheer - ing song, 'Mid storms that bel - low

1st voice. 2d voice.  
weath - ershrouds, And still the length - ened hour to' gule, And still the lengthened  
loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log, With joy he heaves the

*1st voice.*

hour to'guile, Sings as he views the gath-'ring clouds, Sings as he views the reel-ing log, And marks the lee-way and the course, And marks the lee-way

*dol.*

*f ad lib.*

*Poco allegretto animato.*

gath-'ring clouds, Larboard Watch, a-hoy! Larboard Watch, a-hoy! But who can and the course, Larboard Watch, a-hoy! Larboard Watch, a-hoy! But who can

*f animato.*

*slower.*

*a tempo.*

speak the joy he feels, While o'er the foam his vessel reels, And his tired eye-lids slumb'ring

fall, He rous-es at the welcome call Of Lar-board Watch, a-

*f*

*Adagio ad lib.*

*f*

*p*

hoy! Lar-board Watch, Lar-board Watch, Lar-board Watch, a-hoy!

In Christiana I was more fortunate, where I found, if not any of the great Scandinavian composers, at least a touch of true Northern music. Through the kindness of a friend I was invited to a gathering of peasants a few miles out of the town, where there was to be music and dancing. I was not slow to accept this, even if it was not a genuine Northern "Halling." The orchestra was not greatly different from what might have been found in a similar gathering in an American village, but there was far more life than I have seen save at a similar gathering in Hungary, where the frenzy grew so wild that I feared for my safety. Between the pauses in the dance I begged that I might hear some of the folksongs of Norway, and at last two fair-haired girls began to sing, unaccompanied. The song was one of the cattle songs

of the North, one which was generally sung at evening while the cows were driving home, and in it the praises of each cow were chanted and a pet name given to each. I have heard music of the same purport in Switzerland, but it was not so tenderly sweet and melancholy. All through the vocal music of Scandinavia there runs a vein of ineffable tenderness and of resignation; and this saddened calm is to be found on the faces, and in the characters too, very frequently. The music of Hungary is as deeply minor, but there the fury of the "Priska" is put in vehement contrast with the tranquillity of the "Lassu," while here there are no sudden contrasts and no attempts at surprises. But the "Halling" is altogether different, and yet as thoroughly Norwegian as any of the plaintive songs. It would remind of a Tarantella but for the fact that it

## WHERE ARE THOSE DREAMERS NOW?

NATHAN BARKER.  
Words by FELICIA HEMANS.

*Moderato.*

1. They grew in beau-ty side by side, They filled one home with glee; Their graves are severed  
 2. One midst the for-est of the west, By a dark stream is laid; The In-dian knows his  
 3. One sleeps where Southern vines are dress'd, Above the noble slain; He wound his col-ors  
 4. And parted thus, they rest, who play'd Be-neath the same green tree; Whose voi-ces ming-led

far and wide, By mount, and stream, and sea. The same fond moth-er bent at night O'er  
 place of rest, Far in the ce-dar shade. The sea, the blue lone sea hath one, He  
 round his breast, On a blood-red field of Spain. And one, o'er her the myr-tle showers Its  
 as they pray'd, A-round one pa-rent knee! They that with smiles lit up the hall, And

each fair sleeping brow; She had each folded flower in sight, Where are those dreamers now?  
 lies where pearls lie deep; He was the loved of all, yet none O'er his low bed may weep.  
 leaves by soft winds fann'd; She fad-ed 'midst Ital-ian flowers, The last of that fair band.  
 cheer'd with song the hearth; A-las! for love, if thou art all, And nought beyond, O earth.

is less flowing, and the smooth 6-8 time is replaced by a brusque 2-4 movement. The folkmusic of Norway is a perfect mine of wealth, for each province seems to have its own songs, and each differs from the other in some degree. The soul element is in these songs.

WE cannot resist recalling here one Saturday evening in December, when Thackeray was walking with two friends along Dean Road to the west of Edinburgh, one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening, such a sunset as one never forgets. A rich, dark bar of clouds hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender crowslip color, lucid, and as if it were the body of heaven in

its clearness, every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The north-west end of Corstophine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance; and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently, and as they gazed he gave utterance, in a tremulous, gentle and rapid voice, to what all were feeling in the word "Calvary." The friends walked on in silence, and then their conversation turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking as he seldom did of divine things, of death, of sin, of eternity, and of salvation; expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour.—*Dr. John Brown.*

## HAIL! THOU GLORIOUS SCION.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

1. Hail! hail! Thou glorious Sci - on, Of Jes - se's line that came, The Branch, the  
 2. The Branch of which I'm sing - ing I - sa - iah sang be - fore, The Child the

1. *Es ist ein Ros' ent-sprun-gen aus ei-ner Wur-zel zart, Als uns die*  
 2. *Das Ros-lein, das ich mei-ne, da-von Je-sa-ia sagt, Hat uns ge-*

Son of Da - vid, As an - cient seers pro - claim, Which now with  
 Vir - gin Ma - ry, Pure maid - en, for us bore, God's will of  
*At - ten sun - gen; von Jes - se kam die Art. Und hat ein*  
*bracht al - lei - ne Ma - rie, die rei - ne Magd Aus Got - tes*

bloom is dight A - mid the i - cy win - ter, In win - ter at mid - night.  
 love and might, Gave us the in - fant Sav - iour In win - ter at mid - night.  
*Blim-lein bracht mut-ten im kal-ten Win-ter wohl zu der hal - ben Nacht.*  
*ew - gen Rath hat sie ein Kind ge - bo - ren wohl zu der hal - ben Nacht.*

## SAVIOUR, SOURCE OF EVERY BLESSING.

R. ROBINSON.  
MENDELSSOHN, "TRUST."

1. Sa - viour, source of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to grate - ful lays:  
 2. Teach me some me - lo - dious measure, Sung by rap - tured saints a - bove;  
 3. Thou didst seek me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
 4. By Thy hand re - stored, de - fend - ed, Safe through life thus far I've come;

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for cease - less songs of praise.  
 Fill my soul with sa - cred pleasure, While I sing re - deem - ing love.  
 Thou to save my soul from dan - ger, Didst re - deem me with Thy blood.  
 Safe, O Lord, when life is end - ed, Bring me to my heavenly home. A - men.

CHARM OF VOICE.—Amidst the gay life, the beautiful forms, the brilliant colors of an Athenian multitude, and an Athenian street, the repulsive features, the unwieldy figure, the naked feet, the rough threadbare attire of the philosopher Socrates must have excited every sentiment of astonishment and ridicule which strong contrast can produce. It was (so his disciples described it) as if one of the marble satyrs, which sat in grotesque attitudes with pipe or flute in the sculptors' shops of Athens, had left his seat of stone and walked into the plane-tree avenue or the gymnastic colonnade. Gradually the crowd gathered round him. At first he spoke of those plying their trades about him; and they shouted with laughter as he poured forth his homely jokes. But soon the magic

charm of his voice made itself felt. The peculiar sweetness of its tone had an effect which even the thunder of Pericles failed to produce. The laughter ceased—the crowd thickened—the gay youth, whom nothing else could tame, stood transfixed and awestruck in his presence—there was a solemn thrill in his words, such as his hearers could compare to nothing but the mysterious sensation produced by the clash of drum and cymbal in the worship of the great mother of the gods; the head swam—the heart leaped at the sound—tears rushed from their eyes, and they felt that, unless they tore themselves speedily away from that fascinated circle, they should ere long sit down at his feet and grow old in listening to the marvelous music of this second Marsyas.—*Athenæum*.

## FADING, STILL FADING.

PORTUGUESE.

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shi - ning, Fa - ther in heav - en! the  
2. Fa - ther in heav - en! oh, hear when we call! Hear, for Christ's sake, who is

day is de - clin - ing, Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light, Temp -  
Sav - iour of all; Fee - ble and faint - ing we trust in Thy might, In

ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the  
doubting and dark - ness Thy love be our light; Let us sleep on Thy breast while the

morning - bells chime, Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Fa - ther, have mer - cy,  
night ta - per burns, Wake in Thy arms when morn - ing re - turns. Fa - ther, have mer - cy,

Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy, through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy, through Jesus Christ our Lord. A - men.

## THE DEPARTED.

JAMES HINE.

*p dolce.*

1. The de-part-ed! the de-part-ed! They vis - it us in dreams, And they glide up - on our
2. I look around and feel the awe Of one who walks a-lone A - mid the wrecks of
3. I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles Still on me sweetly fall; Their tones of love I

*cres.* *f*

mem - o - ries, Like shad - ows o - ver streams; But where the cheerful lights of home In  
for - mer days, In mourn - ful ru - in strown; I start to hear the stir-ring sounds A -  
faint - ly hear My name in sad - ness call; I know that they are hap - py now, In

*p* *y*

con - stant lustre burn, The de - part - ed, the de - part - ed, Can nev - er - more re - turn.  
mong the cypress trees, For the voice of the de - part - ed Is borne upon the breeze.  
homes that Love hath won; But my heart is lone and wea - ry, To feel that they are gone.

## ABIDE WITH ME.

MENDELSSOHN.  
H. F. LYTE, 1847. "BERLIN,"

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a - bide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
3. I need thy presence ev - ery passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, abide with me!  
Change and de - cay on all a - round I see; O thou who changest not, abide with me!  
Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

THE school-room with its inmates is like an organ with many stops and keys, and he who plays it must decide what the music of its pipes shall be. If his hand is skillful and his ear well-trained, the psalm with which the day begins, will lose none of its sweetness or of its strength as the hours advance. Conscious of the importance of his mission and the responsibility reposed in him, there will steal from under his tuneful fingers a strain of such wondrous melody, that they who hear can never resist its power. Still will the keys be pressed, still will the harmony go on, and still from every stop and key there will come its unpretending part, always in its own good time and always bearing upon its bars the purest lessons which government can teach. Sometimes, indeed, a discord will be heard, sometimes a note be struck not quite in tune, but the heedful ear of the master will

detect the complaining key, the firm hand will gently remove the hidden cause, and the harshness be soon forgotten in the sweeter song that follows. These influences are never lost. They may seem to be unheard, uncared-for and unknown; but by-and-by they will come softly back, and the echoes, faintly though they call, still tell that they were listened to and loved, still tell that the gentleness and affection which are carried away from pleasant school-rooms do sometimes live long after the days of school are dead, do sometimes—oftentimes—carry with them the burden of a song that will never be hushed again, and furnish with their dying cadences convincing proof that only that school-room government which springs from genuine affection will stand the test of time.—*R. M. Streeter.*

If you ask me wherefore song was made a part of worship, the answer must be because music is the fit

## ANGRY WORDS.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

1. An-gry words are lightly spoken In a rash and thoughtless hour; Brightest links of life are  
 2. Poi-son-drops of care and sor-row, Bit-ter poi-son-drops are they, Weaving for the coming  
 3. Love is much too pure and ho-ly, Friendship is too sa-cred far, For a moment's reckless

bro-ken By their fell in-sid-i-ous power. Hearts inspired by warm-est feel-ing, Ne'er be  
 mor-row Saddest mem-ries of to-day. An-gry words! oh, let them nev-er From the  
 fol-ly, Thus to des-o-late and mar. An-gry words are light-ly spo-ken, Bit't' rest

fore by an-ger stirred, Oft are rent past human heal-ing By a sin-gle an-gry word.\*  
 tongue un-guarded slip; May the heart's best impulse ev-er Check them ere they pass the lip.  
 thoughts are rashly stirred; Brightest links of life are bro-ken By a sin-gle an-gry word.

language of a service of love. No man sings when he is angry. The notes of accordant voices speak of amity and fellowship. As music is said to consist of the harmony of sweet sounds, and as sounds without harmony become mere noise, so the strains of the psalm or hymn are at once the type and sign of the communion of saints. Where they are heard we know that souls are met who are without variance. They are the signal of the presence of the peace of Christ and of God. And as the chords of human hearts should thrill together in glad union when they come before God, whenever they find expression in such singing they tend to do so. Music is the tamer of evil passions. We cannot hate each other when we sing together. The fable of Orpheus charming the beasts with his lyre represents a reality; and the Christians of the catacombs were right when they chose Orpheus as an

emblem of Christ, and carved him over their tombs. Among all the numberless things men can do with their varied faculties, song is asked of them, to be offered before God, that they may stand before His mercy-seat in unity, and turn from His presecure better prepared to live in charity and peace.—*Swinnerton.*

\* A clergyman, whose family was noted for amiability and mutual affection, was asked the secret of his successful training. "I call," said he, "the influence of music to my aid. If I see any of my little ones seeming to be angry, I say, 'Sing, children, sing!' and before the strain is ended every unpleasant feeling disappears, and harmony again prevails." May it not be well for parents and teachers to profit by this hint? The above melody, to the accompanying words, has been suggested by one who has often seen its happy influence in the school-room among the children.

## SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.

SLAVE HYMN.

*p*  
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home,

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home. *Fine.*

*mf*  
1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see, Com - ing for to car - ry me  
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Com - ing for to car - ry me  
3. The bright - est day that ev - er I saw, Com - ing for to car - ry me  
4. I'm some - times up and some - times down, Com - ing for to car - ry me

*D.C.*  
home? A band of an - gels com - ing af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.  
home, Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.  
home, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.  
home, But still my soul feels heav - en - ly bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

## GIVE ME JESUS.

SLAVE HYMN.

1. Oh, when I come to die, Oh, when I come to die, Oh, when I come to die, Give me Je -  
2. In the morning when I rise, In the morning when I rise, In the morning when I rise, Give me Je -  
3. Dark midnight was my cry, Dark midnight was my cry, Dark midnight was my cry, Give me Je -  
4. I heard the mourner say, I heard the mourner say, I heard the mourner say, Give me Je -

sus, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je - sus, You may have all this world, Give me Je - - sus.

MANY persons who have excellent voices think that they are unable to sing. But to learn to sing in church, in Sabbath-school, or in prayer meeting, is within the reach of almost every person not past the prime of life. In common conversation, and in reading, the rising and falling inflections are used correctly, and often under the control of the will, and different rates of speed are adopted by speakers and readers to suit the sense of what they say or read. Many things show that sense of time is not lacking.

The involuntary motion made with the foot or the hand often betrays a musical capacity in those who think that they can never learn to sing. A chorister in New England took forty men and women over thirty years of age, not one of whom had ever sung a tune, and in twelve rehearsals brought them to a point where, with the assistance of a few excellent singers, they could sing without any appreciable error twelve of the standard tunes of the church. Let it be remembered that we are not undertaking to show that

## OH, HUSH THEE, MY BABY.

T. WHITTAKER.  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Andantino.*

I. Oh, hush thee, my ba-by, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy, both  
 2. Oh, fear not the bu-gle, tho' loud - ly it blows, It calls but the ward-ers that  
 3. Oh, hush thee, my ba-by, the time will soon come, When thy sleep shall be broken by

love - ly and bright; The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see, They  
 guard thy re - pose; Their bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the  
 trum - pet and drum; Then hush thee, my dar - ling, take rest while you may, For

*ad lib.* *a tempo.*

all are be - long - ing, dear ba - by, to thee. } Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, Thy  
 step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed. }  
 strife comes with manhood, and wak - ing with day.

*ad lib.*

sire was a knight, Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, So bonnie, so bright.

there is no difference in musical abilities and susceptibilities. There is a great difference. Some are defective in tune, others in time, and many in both; but those who are capable of the varied intonations which we hear in conversation need only a little instruction and much perseverance to be able to join in the high praise of God in the sanctuary. We call again for a revival of old-fashioned singing-schools. Wherever congregational singing exists, the people should meet together to sing. Some of the

sleepy congregations would find it greatly to their advantage, even in the temporal point of view, to hire a good singing teacher, and have a dozen meetings in the autumn months. They would find that it would promote sociability, increase the interest in the prayer-meetings, and make a great change in the general spirit of the Sabbath services. Nothing is more unreasonable than to suppose that congregational singing can maintain itself properly merely by occasional singing in the customary Sabbath services

## GERMAN CRADLE-SONG.

OLD LULLABY.

*Moderato.*

1. Lul - la - lul - la - by, Hush, my babe, and do not cry; Nice  
2. Lul - la - lul - la - by, Hush, my babe, no dan - ger nigh, As  
Lu - lul - la - bei - chen, Koch' mei'm Kind ein Brei - chen,

sugar'd broth your nurse will bring, And till you sleep to you I'll sing, Lu - lul - la - by.  
in your cra - dle now you swing, Un - til you sleep I'll soft - ly sing, Lu - lul - la - by.  
Leg auch hübsch brav Zu - cker d'ran, das Kind schön schlafen kann; Lu - lul - la - beichen.

## AMERICAN CRADLE-SONG.

LULLABY.

*Allegretto con moto.*

1. Rock - a - bye, ba - by, in the tree - top, When the wind blows the cra - dle will rock;  
2. Hush - a - bye, ba - by, in the tree - top, When the wind blows the cra - dle will rock;

When the bough breaks the cra - dle will fall, And down will come ba - by, cra - dle and all.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY.—VERSION BY R. J. BURDETTE.

“Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree top,  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,  
And down will come baby, cradle and all.”

Rock-a-bye, baby, the meadows in bloom  
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room;  
Echo the birds with your own baby tune,  
Coo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock-a-bye, baby, as softly it swings,  
Over the cradle the mother-love sings,  
Brooding and cooing at even or dawn,  
What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock-a-bye, baby, so cloudless the skies,  
Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes,  
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest,  
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock-a-bye, baby, the blue eyes will dream  
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam;  
Never again will the world seem so fair—  
Sleep, little baby—there's sleep in the air.

Rock-a-bye, baby, the blue eyes will burn  
And ache with the woe that your manhood will learn;  
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,  
With burdens the wee, dimpled shoulders must bear.

Rock-a-bye, baby, there's coming a day  
Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss away;  
Days when its song will be changed to a moan;  
Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

Rock-a-bye, baby, the meadow's in bloom;  
May never the frosts pall the beauty in gloom;  
Be thy world ever bright as to-day it is seen;  
Rock-a-bye, baby, “thy cradle is green.”

THE years! how they have passed. They are gone as clouds go on a summer's day. They came, they grew, they rolled full-orbed; they waned, they died, and their story is told. Years that wrought upon us, in thought and deed, with the force and power of eternity; years, whose marks we shall carry forever, were dissolved like the dew, and their work is finished! And the days have gone. With a gentle swell comes their knell backward to us, over the ocean. Slipped from their cables, the bright days glide one by one

away from us, drifting with airy speed over the shoreless tide, beating faint, sweet measures as they recede from our longing view. We may stand long upon the shore and call them; but they will not return; they are ours no more. Awful is the dirge of years. It is an anthem too solemn and grand for tears; but we may weep for the dying days. Faintly they sigh to us of by-gone hours, of moments fragrant with all human joys, of friends and familiars, whose smiles at morning cheered our way, but whose faces at evening were

## MOTHER, ARE THERE ANGELS DWELLING?

C. W. GLOVER,  
CHARLES JEFFERYS.

1. Mother, are there an-gels dwelling In that beaming star a-bove? Do they ev-er,  
2. Mother, was it they who gave you So much love and care for me? How I wish, as  
3. Mother dear, I now re-mem-ber All you taught me in my youth; And my heart is

glancing downward, Look on me with eyes of love? Guardian an-gels I have heard of,  
I grow old-er, Wor-thy of that love to be! All the kindness you have shown me,  
now re-ly-ing On the source of love and truth. Looking to that fount of mer-cy

Watch-ing o'er us night and day; Keep-ing re-cord of our mo-ments, Knowing all we  
Would that I could now re-pay; You have been my guardian an-gel, Watching o'er me  
As the light, the life, the way; He will be my guardian an-gel, Watching o'er me

do or say; Guardian an-gels I have heard of, Watching o'er us night and day.  
night and day, You have been my guardian an-gel, Watching o'er me night and day.  
night and day; He will be my guardian an-gel, Watching o'er me night and day.

covered; for still as life lengthens the shadows fall, and the past is forever gathering treasures. The hopes that are born, that grow ripe and die, float out, as the days, on the ebbing tide. Gorgeous and rich are the shrines in many lands, but what temple was ever built as some days are! Marvelous fancies, deeds in whose doing the heart grows strong, thoughts too mighty for words, feelings that are deeper than the utmost depths of thought; these are the material out of which days are built, and no Vatican or cathedral walls

ever blazed with such glories of picture as are often painted on single days. As they move softly towards the far horizon, how do our hearts follow, with yearning love, the motions of the parting days! We would hold them back, but we cannot, and in the golden sunset the bright days sink, and are forever gone. And with them how many that we loved depart! Loved! nay love, for the love remains to shine on the memory of those who have left us, like the lamps that are kept burning in sepulchres.—*H. W. Beecher.*

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

REV. WM. LEEVES.  
LADY ANNE LINDSAY, 1775.*Andante.*

1. Young Jamie loe'd me weel, and asked me for his bride, But sav - ing a crown, he had  
2. My fa - ther could - na work, my mith - er could - na spin, I toil'd night and day, but their  
3. My fa - ther urged me sair, my mith - er did na speak, But she loo'd in my face till my  
4. Sair, sair did we greet, and mick - le did we say, We took but ane kiss, and

nae - thing else be - side; To mak' the crown a pound, My Ja - mie went to sea, And the  
bread I could - na win; Auld Rob - in fed them baith, And wi' tears in his e'e, Said,  
heart was nigh to break. They gie'd him my hand, Tho' my heart was at sea, And  
tore our - sels a - way: I wish I were dead, But I'm na like to dee, Oh,

crown and the pound were baith for me; He had na been gane a  
"Jeanie, for their sakes, pray mar - ry me." My heart it said nae, for I  
auld Rob - in Gray was gude - man to me; I had na been a wife but  
why was I born to say, Wae's me! I gang like a ghaist, and I

year and a day, When my fa - ther brake his arm, and our cow was stole a - way; My  
look'd for Jamie back, But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wrack, — His  
weeks on - ly four, When sit - ing sae mournful - ly out at my door, I  
care na to spin, I dare na think on Ja - mie, for that would be a sin; But I

mi - ther she fell sick, and Ja - mie at the sea; And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.  
ship was a wrack, why did - na Jamie dee! And why was I spared to cry wae's me!  
saw my Jamie's wraith, for I could - na think it he Till he said, "I'm come home, love, to marry thee."  
will do my best a gude wife to be, For auld Robin Gray's ve - ry kind to me.

STRANGE indeed would be that experience a reflection of which could not be found in the Psalms of David. There is not a feeling, nor a shade of feeling, that has not there its full expression. No improvement can be made. The Psalms are the flower-garden of the Bible and some plant may be found there for the healing of every wound which human nature knows.

MAN speaks in three great languages—words, tones,

gestures. The entire system of education, from nursery to university, has been based upon the study of but one of these—words—a most fruitful study indeed, especially in relation to the mind, as in the structure of verbal language is hidden the history of the growth of thought. But in the structure of movement and tone language, is hidden the history of the growth of emotional and passional man through the ages of the past.

## JENNY LIND'S "GOOD NIGHT!"

*Moderato.*

H. Wessr.

1. I wait, my love, I wait for thee, Be - neath our fav' - rite cit - ron  
 2. I see a - far thy robe of snow, I see thy dark hair wild - ly  
 3. Good night, my love! sweet sleep to thee, And bliss - ful thoughts and dreams of

tree; Eve - ning's mild star is shin - ing bright, I wait to  
 flow; I mark thy fai - ry step so light, Thou com'st to  
 me; To - morrow's eve at star - ry light, I'll hear a -

hear thy sweet good night, I wait to hear, to hear thy  
 wish thy love good night, Thou com'st to wish thy  
 gain thy sweet good night, I'll hear a - gain, a - gain thy

sweet good night! Eve - ning's mild star is shin - ing bright, I wait to hear  
 love good night; I mark thy fai - ry step so light, Thou com'st to wish  
 sweet good night; To - morrow's eve at star - ry light, I'll hear a - gain

thy sweet good night. Good night, my love, good night, Good night! my love, good night!  
 thy love good night. Good night, my love, good night, Good night! my love, good night!  
 thy sweet good night. Good night, my love, good night, Good night! my love, good night!

ALWAYS try to convey the sentiment of what you may be singing through the tone of the voice. Love and anger cannot both be expressed with the same quality of voice. For the former, a delicate light tone well on the lips is desirable, while for the latter the voice should be produced lower towards the stomach; yet the tone should still be kept on the lips; its character should be "darker," more round, and sonorous. "'Tis

this that racks my brain!'" such words as these should never be sung in the same character of voice as "Waft her, angels, to the skies." It is good practice to take any piece and sing the melody on an open vowel throughout, with the object of showing the meaning of the song without the aid of words. Then, when this can be done, the words may be employed, and the result will be doubly happy for all parties.

## I HEARD THE WEE BIRD SINGING.

GEORGE LINLEY.

*Moderato.*

1. I heard a wee bird singing, In my cham-ber as I lay, The  
 2. He heard the wee bird singing, For its notes were won-drous clear, As if  
 3. We heard the wee bird singing, Af-ter ma-ny years had flown, The

*rall.* *tempo.*

case-ment o-pen swing-ing, As morning woke the day; And the boughs around were  
 wed-ding bells are ring-ing, Me-lo-dious to the ear; And still it rang, that  
 true bells had been ring-ing, And Wil-lie was my own; Oft stroll-ing thro' the

twin- ing, The bright sun thro' them shin- ing, And I had long been pin- ing, For my  
 wee bird's song, Just like the bells, ding dong, ding dong, My heart beat time so quick and strong, I  
 forest glade, I 'mind him what the wee bird said, That morn when he no longer strayed, But

*rall.* *tempo.*

Wil-lie far a-way; When I heard that wee bird singing, When I heard that wee bird  
 felt that he was near; Ah! he heard that wee bird singing, Ah! he heard that wee bird  
 flew to me a-lone; Oh! we love the wee bird singing, Oh! we love the wee bird

*piu lento.* *tempo.*

sing-ing, That wee bird, that wee bird, When I heard that wee bird singing.  
 sing-ing, That wee bird, that wee bird, Ah! he heard that wee bird singing.  
 sing-ing, That wee bird, that wee bird, Oh! we love the wee bird singing.

## AH! I HAVE SIGHED TO REST ME.

G. VERDI.  
"IL TROVATORE."*Andante Sostenuto.*

*dolce.*

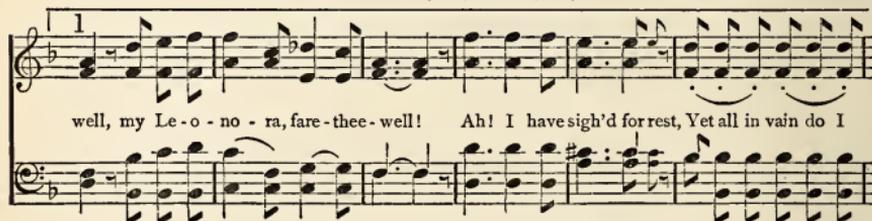


1. Ah! I have sighed to rest..... me Deep in the qui-et  
2. Out of the love I bear.....thee, Yield I my life for

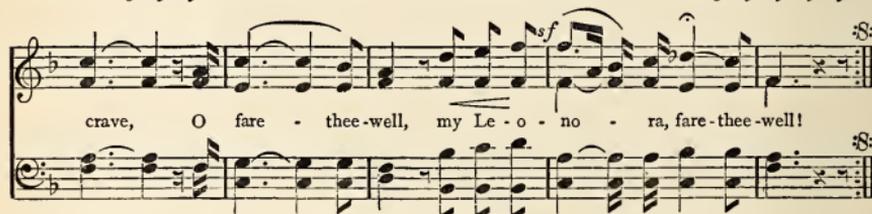


grave,— sigh'd to rest me, But all in vain I crave. O fare thee  
thee; Wilt thou not think, Wilt thou not think of me? O think of

1



well, my Le-o-no-ra, fare-thee-well! Ah! I have sigh'd for rest, Yet all in vain do I

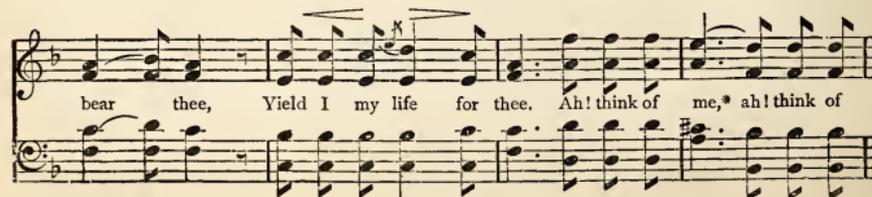


crave, O fare - thee-well, my Le - o - no - ra, fare-thee-well!

2 *a tempo.*



me, my Le - o - no - ra, fare - thee - well! Out of the love I



bear thee, Yield I my life for thee. Ah! think of me,\* ah! think of

\*Non ti scordar di me!

me, my Le - o - no - ra, fare-thee-well! Tho' I no more be - hold thee,

Yet is thy name a spell, Yet is thy name, yet is thy name a spell,

*cres - - cen - do.*

Cheering my last lone hour, Le - o - no - ra, fare - well!

## WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

HENRY RUSSELL.  
GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. Wood - man, spare that tree! Touch not a sin - gle bough; In youth it shel - tered  
 2. That old fa - mil - iar tree, Its glo - ry and re - nown Are spread o'er land and  
 3. When but an i - dle boy, I sought its grateful shade; In all their gush - ing  
 4. My heart-strings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend! Here shall the wild - bird

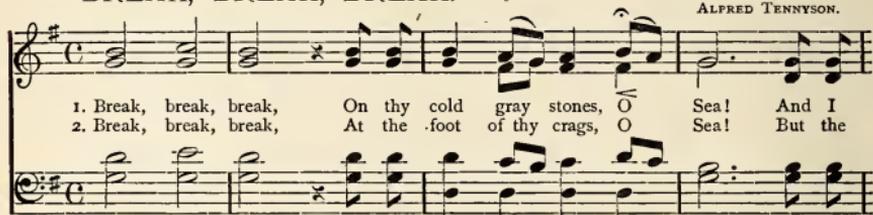
me, And I'll pro - tect it now; 'Twas my fore - fa - ther's hand, That  
 sea, And would'st thou hew it down? Woodman, for - bear thy stroke! Cut  
 joy, Here, too, my sis - ters played; My moth - er kissed me here; My  
 sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree, the storm thou'lt brave, And,

placed it near his cot, There, woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!  
 not its earth-bound ties; Oh! spare that a - ged oak, Now tow'ring to the skies.  
 fa - ther pressed my hand, For - give this fool - ish tear, But let that old oak stand!  
 woodman, leave the spot; While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not!

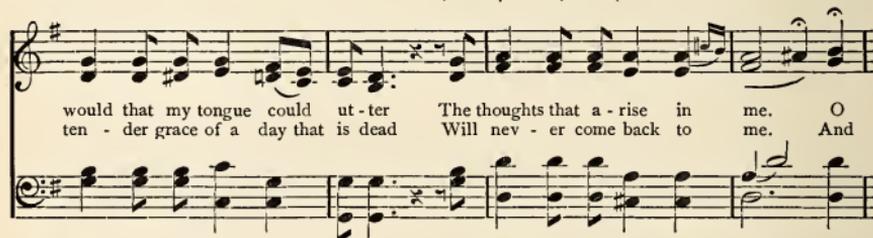
THREE months' study upon a brass instrument should be quite sufficient to enable any bright young American to play a subordinate part in an amateur brass band. Don't go blowing around your room at every opportunity, simply playing tunes to please your fancy. You will never make progress in this way, and yet thousands spend their time and let the golden hours fleet by in just such profitless pastime. The moment you take up your instrument for practice open whatever music you may have, and apply eye, ear, and intellect to the work of playing from the notes. Play with others as often as possible. This is the true way to become a reader. When you are playing with others you cannot rest when and where you please. You

must go on. If you miss, go on. If you miss a note, or a dozen notes, do not stop. Go on. Find your place if possible, and if you cannot, all will have to cease on your account and begin again. It is only when you play with others and find yourself lost after the first few bars that you begin to realize the imperative necessity of knowing the exact value of each note, dot and rest, a familiarity with which will enable any young performer to enter the musical arena; to join an amateur band, and to develop a source of pleasure, which, if he has a real love for music, and his talent and ambition lead the way, may add to the ranks of the profession many an accomplished instrumental performer and soloist of reputation.—*Gilmore.*

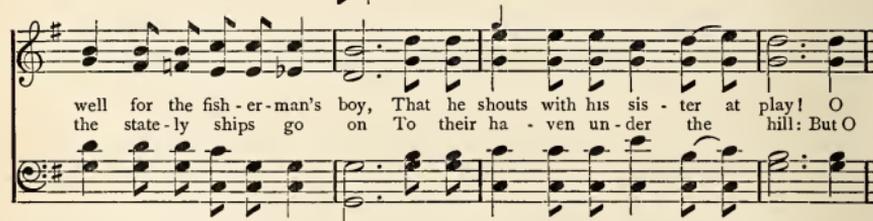
## BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.\*

W. R. DEMPSTER.  
ALFRED TENNYSON.


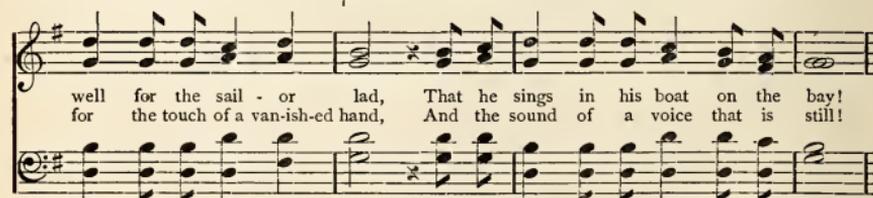
1. Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! And I  
2. Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea! But the



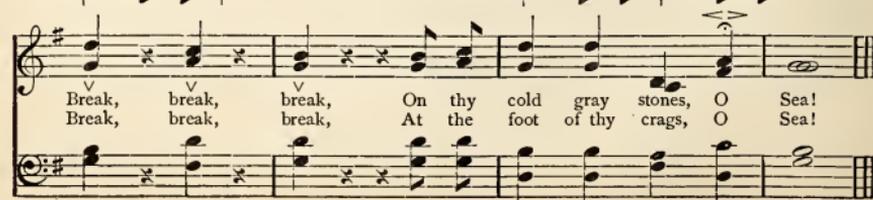
would that my tongue could ut-ter The thoughts that a-rise in me. O  
ten-der grace of a day that is dead Will nev-er come back to me. And



well for the fish-er-man's boy, That he shouts with his sis-ter at play! O  
the state-ly ships go on To their ha-ven un-der the hill: But O



well for the sail-or lad, That he sings in his boat on the bay!  
for the touch of a van-ish-ed hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!



Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

## SINCE I'VE KNOWN A SAVIOUR'S NAME.

CHARLES WESLEY.  
DR. NARES, "AMSTERDAM."

1. Since I've known a Saviour's Name, And sin's strong fet - ters broke, Care - ful without  
2. To the des - ert or the cell Let oth - ers blind - ly fly, In this e - vil  
3. O that all the world might know Of liv - ing, Lord, to Thee, Find their heaven

care I am, Nor feel my ea - sy yoke: Joy - ful now my faith to show,  
world I dwell, Nor fear its en - mi - ty; Here I find a house of prayer,  
be - gun below, And here Thy goodness see; Walk in all the works pre - pared

I find His ser - vice my reward, All the work I do be - low Is light for such a Lord.  
To which I in - wardly retire; Walking unconcerned in care, And unconsumed in fire.  
By Thee to exercise their grace, Till they gain their full reward, And see Thee face to face.

## HOW LONG A DAY APPEARS!

"BALERMA."  
JANE TAYLOR.

1. How long sometimes a day appears! And weeks, how long are they!  
2. But e - ven years are pass - ing by, And soon must all be gone;

Months move on slow, as if the years Would nev - er pass a - way.  
For day by day, as min - utes fly, E - ter - ni - ty comes on.

3. Days, months and years must have an end,  
Eternity has none;  
'Twill always have as long to spend  
As when it first begun.

4. Great God! a creature cannot tell  
How such a thing can be,  
I only pray that I may dwell  
Eternally with Thee.

HERE in this book which I was reading when you so kindly came to see me, are withered flowers, which I have gathered in my rambles and keep as friends and companions of pleasant places, streams and meadows, and of some who have been with me, and now are not. There is one, this single yellow flower—what is it, that, as I hold it, makes me think of it as I do? Faded flowers have something, to me, miraculous and supernatural about them: though, in fact, it is nothing wonderful that the texture of a flower being dried survives. It is not in the flower, but in our immortal spirit that the miracle is. All these delightful thoughts that come into my mind when I look at this flower—thoughts and fancies, and memories—what are they but the result of the alchemy of the immortal spirit, which takes all the pleasant, fragile things of life, and transmutes them into immortality in our own nature! And if the poor spirit and intellect of man can do this, how much more may

the supreme creative intellect mould and form all things, and bring the presence of the supernatural face to face with us in our daily walk! Earth becomes to us, if we thus think, nothing but the garden of the Lord, and every fellow-being we meet and see in it, a beautiful and invited guest; and, as I think, I remember many of the heathen poets, after their manner, have said very fine things about this; that we should rise cheerfully from this life, as a grateful guest rises from an abundant feast; and though doubtless they were very dark and mistaken, yet I confess they always seemed to me to have something of a close and entire fellowship with the wants of men, which I think the Saviour would have approved. If you, sir, can receive this mystery, and go through the honorable path of life which lies before you, looking upon yourself as an immortal spirit walking among supernatural things—for the natural things of this life would be nothing were they not moved and

## LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.

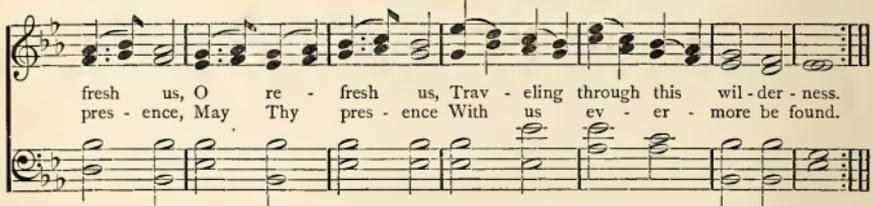
W. SHIRLEY, 1774.  
"SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN."



1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us  
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the Gos - pel's joy - ful sound; May the



each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Triumph in re - deem - ing grace: O re -  
fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound: May Thy



fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav - eling through this wil - der - ness.  
pres - ence, May Thy pres - ence With us ev - er - more be found.

animated by the efficacy of that which is above nature—I think you may find this doctrine a light which will guide your feet in dark places; and it would seem, unless I am mistaken, that this habit of mind is very likely to lead to the blessedness of the Beatific Vision of God, on the quest of which you have happily entered so young; for surely it should lead to that state to which this vision is promised—the state of those who are Pure in Heart. For if it be true, that the reason we see not God is the grossness of this tabernacle wherein the soul is incased, then the more and the oftener we recognize the supernatural in our ordinary life, and not only expect and find it in those rare and short moments of devotion and prayer, the more, surely, the rays of the Divine Light will shine through the dark glass of this outward form of life, and the more our own spirit will be enlightened and purified by it, until we come to that

likeness to the Divine Nature, and that purity of heart to which a share of the Beatific Vision is promised, and which, as some teach, can be attained by being abstract from the body and the bodily life. As we see every day that the supernatural in some men gives a particular brightness of air to the countenance, and makes the face to shine with an inimitable lustre, and if it be true that in the life to come we shall have to see through a body and a glass however transparent, we may well practise our eyes by making this life spiritual, as we shall have also to strive to do in that to which we go. My predecessor, doubtless a very worthy man (for I knew him not), has left it recorded on his tombstone—as I will show you in the church—that he was “full of cares and full of years, of neither weary, but full of hope and of heaven.” I should desire that it may be faithfully recorded of me that I was the same!—“John Inglesant.”

## BLEST SYMBOL OF BLEST NAME.

GEORGE W. CLOAK.  
BOWNESS BRIGGS, by per.

1. The Cross, the Cross of Je - sus, Blest sym - bol of blest name! Which points to peace and  
2. The Cross, the Cross of Je - sus, Blest sym - bol of our King! With it as our lab -  
3. The Cross, the Cross of Je - sus, Blest sym - bol of the truth! Which gives to all its

vic - tory Through sorrow, toil and pain. It tells of sin and con - flict, It strengthens in the  
a - rum, Death los - es all its sting. It gleams with rays resplendent, On martyr, saint and  
followers The crown of last - ing youth. To me, O Je - su, Sav - iour, Be grace and mer - cy

strife, It is the Christian's earn - est Of ev - er - last - ing life.  
knight, Who, for the truth it teach - es, Laid down their life in fight.  
given, That by the Cross at - tend - ed, I reach the gate of Heaven. A - men.

## WHOSE SINS HAVE PARDON GAINED.

"HAMBURG."  
LOWELL MASON.

1. He's blest, whose sins have par - don gained, No more in judg - ment to ap - pear,  
2. No sooner I my wound dis - closed, The guilt that tor - tured me with - in,  
3. Sor - rows on sor - rows mul - ti - plied, The hardened sin - ner shall con - found;  
4. His saints that have per - formed His laws, Their life in tri - umph shall em - ploy;

Whose guilt remis - sion has ob - tained, And whose repen - tance is sin - cere.  
But Thy for - give - ness in - ter - posed, And mercy's heal - ing balm poured in.  
But them who in His truth con - fide, Blessings of mer - cy shall sur - round.  
Let them, as they a - lone have cause, In grateful rap - tures shout for joy. A - men.

RELIGION is reproached with not being progressive; it makes amends by being imperishable. The enduring element in our humanity is not in the doctrines which we concisely elaborate, but in the faiths which unconsciously dispose of us, and never slumber but to wake again. What treatise on sin, what philosophy of retribution, is as fresh as the fifty-first Psalm? What scientific theory has lasted like the Lord's Prayer? It is an evidence of movement that in a library no books become sooner obsolete than books of science. It is

no less a mark of stability that poetry and religious literature survive, and even ultimate philosophies seldom die but to rise again. These, and with them the kindred services of devotion, are the expressions of aspirations and faiths which forever cry out for interpreters and guides. And in proportion as you carry your appeal to those deepest seats of our nature, you not only reach the firmest ground, but touch accordant notes in every human heart, so that, inevitably, the response turns out a harmony.—*Dr. Martineau.*

## TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

T. H. BAYLY,  
JAMES H. AIKMAN.

1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;  
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;  
3. Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;  
4. Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;

Ma - ny I know who have quaffed from that bowl; Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
Though like the ru - by it shines in the light; Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
Hark to the warn - ing of thousands who've died; Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
All that thou lov - est en - treat thee to stop; Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Lit - tle they thought that the demon was there, Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare;  
Fangs of the ser - pent are hid in the bowl, Deep - ly the poi - son may en - ter thy soul,  
Go to their lone - ly and des - o - late tomb, Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;  
Stop! for the home that to thee is so dear, Stop! for the friends that to thee are so near,

Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh, be - ware; Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
Soon will it plunge thee be - yond thy con - trol; Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom; Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
Stop! for thy coun - try, in trembling and fear, Touch not the cup, touch it not.

I FEEL sore at heart now. One of the noblest natures that used to sit in these seats, one I loved and who loved me; whose hand was as large in its generosity as a prairie; who had all the prospects of a noble and useful life, who could restrain himself and stop when he'd a mind to. But he has gone down to such a degree in intemperance that his friends have given him up in despair. How many of that kind have I seen; and the time as it passed did not suffice for him, or for them. They say: "To be sure I smoke; but

only seven to ten cigars a day; but it is not a necessity for me—I can give it up." Or, "I know I drink a little; but it is not a necessity for me; I can give it up to-day." But they don't; and they don't next year, or the year after; and when they hear the roar of the tide of perdition, over the verge of which they will plunge finally, they can't. The time when men ought to stop is when they first see the peril; when there is time enough for judgment, enough to bring the higher qualities of the mind to sit in judgment over the lower.—*Beecher.*

## WHEN UP THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

La la..... SWISS AIR.

*Spirited.*

1. When up the mountain climbing, I sing this mer-ry strain, La la la la la la la  
 2. When light'ning, hail and thunder, Loud hiss - ing, flash and roar, La la la la la la la

*f*

la..... la la  
 la la la la la la la la. The ech-oes catch my mu - sic, And send it back a -  
 la la la la la la la la. I stand above its threat'ning, And sing a-bove its

La la..... la..... la la

gain, La la. When on the summit  
 roar, La la. But when the sun is

*p*

stand - ing, High 'mid the cloudless blue, I raise my voice right mer - ri - ly, And  
 sink - ing, And shades are dark and long, I call my sheep from wan - der - ing, And

La la..... la.....

hail the world be - low. La  
 lead them home with song. La la

la la la la..... la..... la la.

la la la la la, La la.

BE as much as you can out in the open air. Take moderate walking exercise, but of course do not tire yourself before singing or practicing. For male singers, rowing, riding, football and cricket, but without the shouting so often incidental to these games, or tennis, are excellent things; while for ladies, walking, riding, lawn-tennis, and calisthenics are equally useful. If you live in a town, always walk in preference to taking a conveyance, when time and weather permit it. Never breathe through your mouth in walking, especially at night, or on coming out into the open air after singing. Keep the lips closed, and inhale the air through the nostrils. This habit is easily acquired, and to be able to do this will be found of great service in taking breath for singing; but out of doors it is most important, for the immediate rush of cold or damp air to the delicate organs of the throat, especially when the latter have been excited by the exertion of singing,

is dangerous. It is a good plan, and a profitable use of the time, to practice breathing when walking, by filling the lungs, and utilizing each inspiration for as long a distance as possible. In summer, as in winter, wear moderately thick-soled boots or shoes. Then, again, the neck and chest should never be exposed alike to a June sun and a December frost; but, instead, it should be moderately and reasonably covered. Care should be taken never to have wet or damp feet. In going out of hot rooms into the open air much pains should be exercised to keep the chest and throat covered—however warm the weather may be. In very severe winter weather the singer will derive comfort from wearing a flannel chest-protector. Sitting about in gardens, or on lawns, in the evenings on even the warmest days, is not a safe indulgence. One caution is necessary as to "wrapping up," however. Do not over-do it. The constant use of a "comforter" ren-

## THE OCEAN.

EDWARD L. WHITE.

1. The O - cean has its si - lent caves, Deep, qui - et and a - lone; Tho' there be fu - ry  
2. Calm - ly the wea - ried sea - men rest Be - neath their own blue sea, The Ocean's sol - i -

on the waves, Beneath them there is none. The aw - ful spir - its of the deep,  
tudes are blest, For there is pu - ri - ty. The earth has guilt, the earth has care,

Hold their communion there, And there are those for whom we weep, The young, the bright, the fair.  
Un - quiet are its graves, But peaceful sleep is ever there, Beneath the dark blue waves.

ders the throat delicate and susceptible. All you have to fear is damp, not cold, in the atmosphere. A comforter, closely wound round the throat, promotes perspiration, and the risk of chill in removing it is greater than in not wearing it at all. Here common sense must guide every one. It is impossible to make a rule for all.

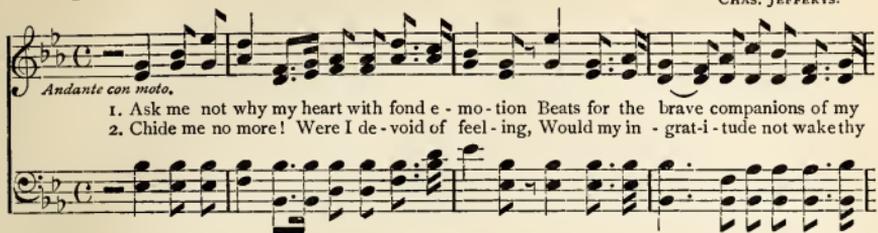
I KNEW him afterwards as a friend, and guest, and host. He had a splendid voice for declamation or singing; was always an admirable after-dinner speaker; could sing a song of Lover's with a rich Irish brogue; a song of Burns' with all the subtlety of its pure, sweet accent; and roll out a sea-song of Dibdin's like a sailor! Had I never esteemed him as master, I should have liked him as an accomplished man of the world and a delightful companion. Alas! I am writing of one whose hand I shall never grasp again, for cordial welcome or for regretful farewell.—*D. W. Thompson.*

DURING the occupation of the Tyrol by the French, and after a skirmish between the hostile ranks, an infant child was found alone in their camp by the 11th Regiment of the Grand Army of Napoleon; by that regiment she was fostered and beloved, and all were proud of the charming vivandiere, Maria, the name given to the child, upon the attainment of her eighteenth year, was discovered to be the daughter of the Marchioness de Berkenfield, and by her removed to a sphere more consonant to the dignity of her birth. Still the affectionate girl found it impossible to shake off the attachment of her childhood, and being reproached by her mother with want of pride, defended herself in the words of this song, which was so exquisitely sung by the renowned cantatrice, Jenny Lind, in the "Child of the Regiment," as to entitle it to be called with propriety the gem of that favorite opera,

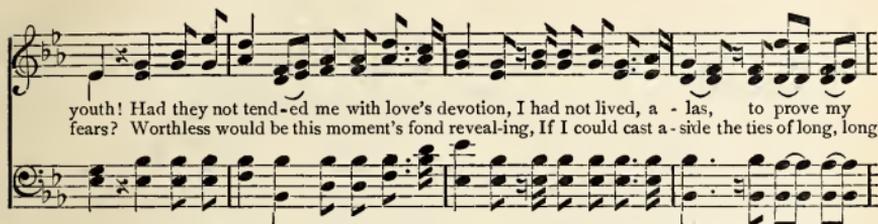
## CHILD OF THE REGIMENT.

DONIZETTI,  
CHAS. JEFFERYS.

*Andante con moto.*



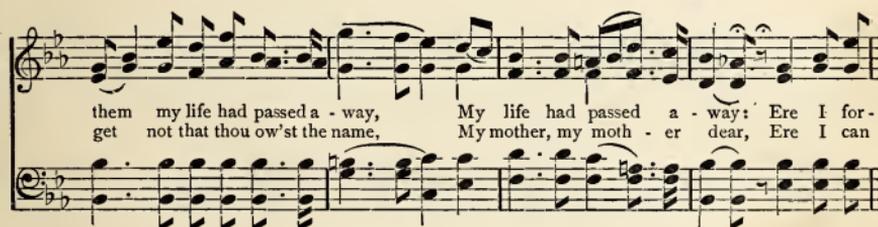
1. Ask me not why my heart with fond e - mo - tion Beats for the brave companions of my  
2. Chide me no more! Were I de - void of feel - ing, Would my in - grat-i - tude not wake thy



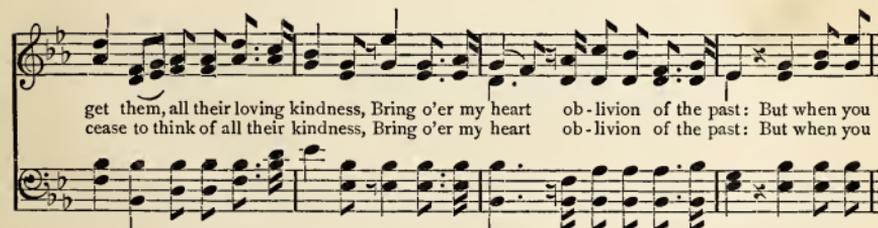
youth! Had they not tend-ed me with love's devotion, I had not lived, a - las, to prove my  
fears? Worthless would be this moment's fond reveal-ing, If I could cast a - side the ties of long, long



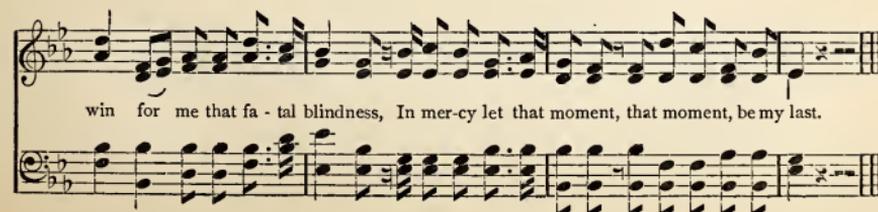
truth: A help - less babe up - on the field I lay, And but for  
years. Thou hast my love; thine is a mother's claim; To them for -



them my life had passed a - way, My life had passed a - way: Ere I for -  
get not that thou ow'st the name, My mother, my moth - er dear, Ere I can



get them, all their loving kindness, Bring o'er my heart ob - livion of the past: But when you  
cease to think of all their kindness, Bring o'er my heart ob - livion of the past: But when you



win for me that fa - tal blindness, In mer - cy let that moment, that moment, be my last.

UNLOCK the door—let no foot-fall from the present disturb this shadow-scene. It is the old room—the familiar room. I see her there. There is no sense of strangeness or unreality about her; she smiles, as she was wont to smile, she moves softly—her fingers turn the music leaves—the candles are lighted—her face is half in shade—I can hear her low melodious laugh. I seem to be once more holding my Stradivarius violin lovingly. What! there is no sign of dust, or age, or neglect about this long-closed room. As we go back to past chapters of a beloved story, so have I gone back to read again a fragment of life, and as I look, and look, and look, the intervening years roll away, the shadows become real, "till only the dead seem

living, and only the living seem dead." Let it be Mendelssohn's D minor trio. The playing of that night remains with me. We seemed alive—sensitively alive to every vibration; her fingers caressed the cool ivory keys lovingly, the Stradivarius spoke rapturously to the lightest touch of the bow, the full-toned violoncello gave out the deep but tender notes, like the voices of the sea in enchanted caves. How clean and "seizing," as the French say, was her rendering of the opening movement! How wonderfully woven were the parts! We all three made but one, yet retaining our perfect individualities. A mystic presence invisible seemed to be with us; we felt as if playing in the presence of the great, the gentle Men-

## FAITHFU' JOHNNIE.

*Andante semplice.*

BEETHOVEN

1. "When will you come a - gain, my faith - fu' Johnnie, When will you come a - gain?"  
 2. "Then winter's wind will blow, my faith - fu' Johnnie, Then win - ter's wind will blow;"  
 3. "Then will you meet me here, my faith - fu' Johnnie, Then will you meet me here?"  
 4. "Oh, come na by the muir, my faith - fu' Johnnie, Oh, come na by the muir."  
 5. "And shall we part a - gain, my faith - fu' Johnnie, Shall we then part a - gain?"

"When the corn is ga - ther - ed, and the leaves are with - er - ed.  
 "Tho' the day be dark wi' drift, that I can na see the lift,  
 "Tho' the night were hal - low - e'en, when the fear - fu' sights are seen,  
 "Tho' the wraiths were glis - t'nin' white, by the dim elf - can - dle's light,  
 "So lang's my eye can see, Jean, that face so dear to me, Jean,

*rall.*

I will come a - gain, my sweet and bon - nie, I will come a - gain."  
 I will come a - gain, my sweet and bon - nie, I will come a - gain."  
 I would meet thee here, my sweet and bon - nie, I would meet thee here."  
 I would come to thee, my sweet and bon - nie, I would come to thee."  
 We shall not part a - gain, my sweet and bon - nie, Shall not part a - gain."

delssohn; and though we played, so absorbed were we, that we seemed at the same moment to be following our own music like listeners, in ourselves and out of ourselves. Between the movements we spoke not. I marked the flush upon her cheek—the bright light in her eyes. He was grave, intensely pre-occupied—the dream-power was upon us all. The peace and full contentment of the slow movement with its rich and measured flow of melody melting at last into that heavenly trance at the close, which leaves us at the open gates of Paradise; then the sudden break at the scherzo, as though a joyous troop of lower earth-spirits had burst in to tear us away from the divine contemplation, and toss us back into a world of wild

uproar and merriment; then a slight pause before the tempestuous, but intensely earnest, conclusion. Here is the battle of life, with its suspense, its failure, its endeavor—striving for the victory, its wild and passionate overthrow, indomitable recovery and untamed valor; that is the bracing and sublime atmosphere of the last movement more true to life than ecstasy, more wholesome than peace, more dignified than pleasure; and there the D minor trio leaves us—*Memories.*

THE range of friendship has hardly a limit. Inter-course is not needful to its continuance. Equality in years is not a requisite. Nor is parity of position essential. Mutual trust and affection can very readily bridge over the chasm between wealth and poverty.

## OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Oh, the old house at home, where my fore-fathers dwelt, Where a child at the  
2. 'Twas not for its splen-dor that dwell-ing was dear, 'Twas not that the  
3. But now the old house is no dwell-ing for me, The home of the

feet of my moth-er I knelt, Where she taught me the prayer, where she  
gay and the no-ble were near; O'er the porch the wild rose and the  
stran-ger hence-forth it must be; And ne'er shall I view it, or

read me the page, Which, if in-fan-cy lips, is the sol-ace of age;  
woodbine entwined, And the sweet-scented jes-sa-mine waved in the wind;  
rove as a guest, O'er the ev-ergreen fields which my fa-thers possessed;

My heart mid all chan-ges, wher-ev-er I roam, Ne'er los-es its  
But dear-er to me than proud tur-ret or dome, Were the halls of my  
Yet still in my slum-bers sweet vis-ions will come Of the days that I

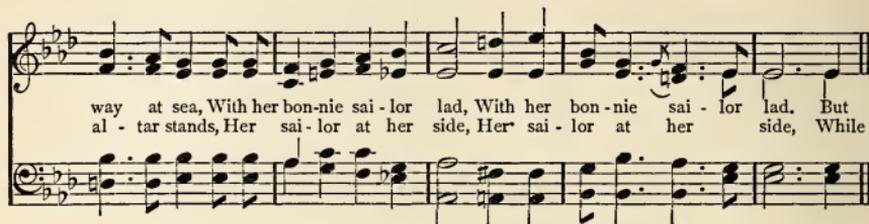
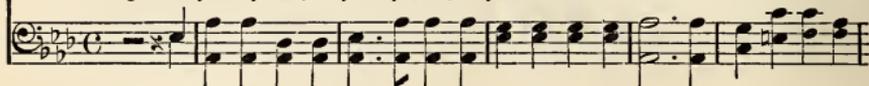
love for the old house at home; The old house at home, The  
fa-thers, the old house at home; The old house at home, The  
passed at that old house at home; The old house at home, The

old house at home, My heart nev-er changes for the old house at home.

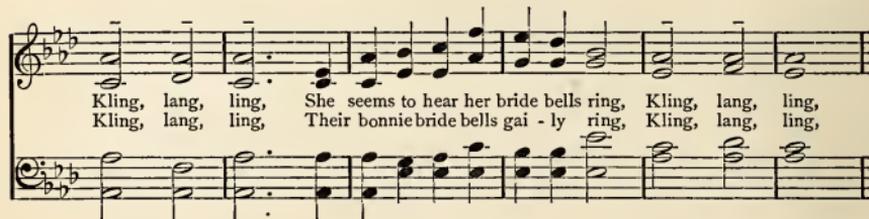
## THE BRIDE BELLS.

F. E. WEATHERLY.  
JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.

1. Maid El-sie roams by lane and lea, Her heart beats low and sad, Her thoughts are far a-  
3. A year by seas, a year by lands, A year since then has died. And El-sie at the



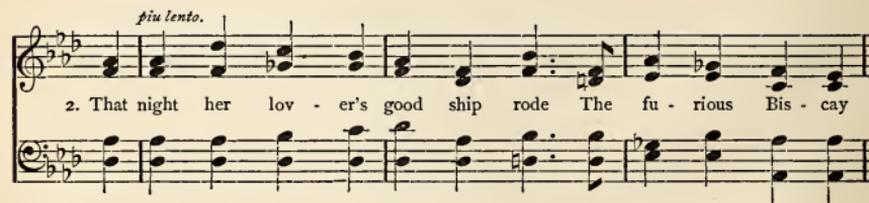
way at sea, With her bon-nie sai-lor lad, With her bon-nie sai-lor lad. But  
al-tar stands, Her sai-lor at her side, Her sai-lor at her side, While



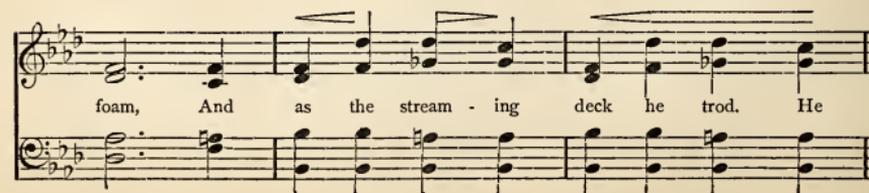
Kling, lang, ling, She seems to hear her bride bells ring, Kling, lang, ling,  
Kling, lang, ling, Their bonnie bride bells gai-ly ring, Kling, lang, ling,



Kling, lang, ling, She seems to hear her bride bells ring, her bride bells ring!  
Kling, lang, ling, Their bon-nie bride bells gai-ly ring, their bride bells ring!



2. That night her lov-er's good ship rode The fu-rious Bis-cay



foam, And as the stream-ing deck he trod. He

*espressivo.* *molto rit.*

thought of her at home, He thought of her at

*dim.* *p.* *tempo xmo.* *mf*

home; While Kling, lang, ling, He seem'd to hear his home bells ring! Kling, lang,

*pp* *f*

ling, Kling, lang, ling, He seem'd to hear his home bells ring, his home bells ring!

## THE NOONTIDE RAY.

AUBER.  
FAIRIES' SONG.

*p*

1. The mid-day sun is pour-ing His scorching beams a - long the sky, No more the birds are  
 2. The herds in shade are panting, The leaves hang drooping on the bough; No more her sweet song  
 3. The wa-ters bright are shining, Re - flect-ing back the noon - tide ray; The vales and hills seem

soar - ing, The flow'rets droop and die. Fly, then, sis - ter spir - its,  
 chant - ing, The thrush is si - lent now. Hide, then, sis - ter spir - its,  
 pin - ing Be - neath the burning day. Rest, then, sis - ter spir - its,

*p*

fly, The mid-day sun is pour - ing His beams a-long the sky.  
 hide, The herds in shade are pant - ing, The leaves droop on the bough.  
 rest, The wa-ters bright are shin - ing, Be - neath the noon-tide ray.

THE air of Yankee Doodle is claimed by several nations. It is said to be an old vintage-song of the south of France. A letter from the American Secretary of Legation, dated Madrid, June 3, 1858, says: "The tune of Yankee Doodle from the first of my showing it here, has been acknowledged, by persons acquainted with music, to bear a strong resemblance to the popular airs of Biscay, and yesterday a professor from the north recognized it as being much like the ancient sword-dance played on solemn occasions by the people of San Sebastian. He says the tune varies in those provinces. Our national air certainly has its origin in the music of the free Pyrenees; the first strains are identically those of the heroic Danza Esparta of brave old Biscay." The tune was sung in England in

the reign of Charles I, to a nursery rhyme. After the uprising of Cromwell against Charles, the air was sung by the cavaliers in ridicule of Cromwell, who was said to have ridden into Oxford on a small horse, with his single plume fastened into a sort of knot, which was derisively called a "macaroni." The tune first appeared in this country in June, 1755. The British general, Braddock, was assembling the colonists near Albany, for an attack on the French and Indians at forts Niagara and Frontenac. There was in the British camp a Dr. Richard Shuckburg, regimental surgeon, who was greatly amused at the oddity of dress and manner of the new recruits. As they marched into the handsome and orderly British lines, the traditional picture of Cromwell on the Kentish pony, with a macaroni to hold

## JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Andante moderato.*

1. Why weep ye by the tide, la-dye? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my  
 2. Now let this wil - fu' grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale; Young Frank is chief of  
 3. A chain o' gold ye shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair, Nor mettled hound, nor  
 4. The kirk was decked at morning tide, The ta - per glimmered fair, The priest and bridegroom

young - est son, And ye shall be his bride. And ye shall be his bride, la - dye, Sae  
 Er - ring - ton, And lord of Lang - ly - dale. His step is first in peaceful ha', His  
 managed hawk, Nor pal - frey fresh and fair; And you, the foremost o' them a', Shall  
 wait the bride, And dame and knight are there. They sought her baith by bower and ha', The

come - ly to be seen; But aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.  
 sword in bat - tle keen; But aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.  
 ride our for - est queen; But aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.  
 la - dy was not seen; She's o'er the bor - der and a - wa' Wi' Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.

his single plume, came into mind in contrast with the extravagant elegance of Charles and his cavaliers, and he planned a joke upon the instant. He set down the notes of Yankee Doodle, wrote along them the lively travesty upon Cromwell, and gave them to the uncouth musicians as the latest martial music of England. The band quickly caught the simple and contagious air, and soon it sounded through the camp amid the laughter of the British soldiers. It was a prophetic piece of fun, and its significance became apparent twenty-five years later, when, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, Lord Cornwallis marched into the lines of these same old Continentals to surrender his army and his sword.

BETWEEN sculpture and music, those two opposite extremes, is painting, nearly as precise as the one,

nearly as touching as the other. Like sculpture, it marks the visible forms of objects, but adds to them life; like music, it expresses the profoundest sentiments of the soul, and expresses them all. Tell me what sentiment does not come within the province of the painter? He has entire nature at his disposal, the physical world, and the moral world, a churchyard, a landscape, a sunset, the ocean, the great scenes of civil and religious life, all the beings of creation, above all, the figure of man, and its expression, that living mirror of what passes in the soul. More pathetic than sculpture, clearer than music, painting is elevated, in my opinion, above both, because it expresses beauty more under all its forms, and the human soul in all the richness and variety of its sentiments.—*Cousin.*

## ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

J. ASCHER.  
W. GUERNSEY.

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo/mood is marked 'Andante con espressione'.

*Andante con espressione.*

1. The birds sleeping gen-ty. Sweet Lu-na gleameth bright, Her rays tinge the for-est, And  
2. The sil-ver rain fall-ing just as it fall-eth now; And all things sleep gen-ty! Ah!

The second system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system.

The third system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and piano parts.

all seems glad to - night. The wind sighing by me, Cool-ing my fever'd brow; The  
Al - ice, where art thou? I've sought thee by lake-let, I've sought thee on the hill, And

The fourth system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and piano parts.

stream flows as ev - er, Yet, Al - ice, where art thou? One year back this e - ven, And  
in the pleas - ant wildwood. When winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in for - est; I'm

The fifth system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and piano parts.

thou wert by my side, And thou wert by my side,  
look - ing heav'n - ward now, I'm look - ing heav'nward now,

The sixth system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and piano parts.

Vow - ing . . . to the love me; One year past this e - ven, And  
Oh! there 'mid the star-shine,—I've sought thee in for - est, I'm

The seventh system of musical notation, concluding the vocal and piano parts.

thou wert by my side, Vow - ing to love me, Al - ice, what - e'er might be - tide.  
look - ing heav'nward now, Oh! there a - mid the star-shine, Al - ice, I know, art thou.

PERSIAN MUSIC.—The chief delight of the wandering tribes of Persia is to sit together smoking their pipes and listening to songs or tales, or looking at the tricks and grimaces, and enjoying the witticisms of buffoons. A Persian chief of a Kurdish tribe, who remained several days with the British missions had in his train a jester possessing very versatile and extraordinary talents. One day upon the march, the fellow, addressing the English envoy, said: "You are no doubt very proud of the discipline you have established amongst your Persian servants, who march in your front in as regular style as your own soldiers. How long, sir, has it taken you to introduce this order among my countrymen?" "About six months," was the

reply. "Now," said he, "if you will permit me, you shall see that I will, in less than six minutes, destroy all that you have done in six months." Leave being granted, he rode near the Persian horsemen, who were leading the state horses, and who had strict orders not to leave their ranks. He had noticed that they were almost all of the Lac and Fyly tribes, whose chief residence is among the mountains of Louristan; and he began to sing, as if to himself, but in a clear and loud voice, a song which commenced, "Attend to me, ye sons of Louristan: I sing of the glorious deeds of your forefathers." Before he had finished his song, to which all were listening with attention, the whole cavalcade was thrown into confusion by

## THE SWITZER'S FAREWELL.

G. LINLEY.

1. A - dieu, dear land, with beau - ty beam - ing, Where first I rov'd a care - less  
2. Far from my home I now must wan - der, In strang - er land be doomed to  
child, Of thee my heart will e'er be dream - ing Thy snow - clad peaks and moun - tains  
dwell, Oh, best be - lov'd, my heart grows fond - er, While thus I breathe my last fare -  
wild. Dear land that I cher - ish, Oh, long may'st thou  
well. Re - ceive this sad to - ken, I leave thee heart -  
flour - ish; My mem - ry must per - ish Ere I for - get thee.  
brok - en, Our part - ing is spok - en, Be - lov'd one, fare - well.

the kicking of horses, the Persians having broken the line of march and crowded round to hear him more distinctly. The jester laughed heartily at the success of his joke, and said: "Do not be distressed at the fate of your fine discipline. I have heard of a man who, with nothing but the song I have just sung, collected an army, and was called a king for several weeks." This I am assured, was the fact. A chief of no pretensions had during the confusion that followed the death of Nadir Shah, gone about Louristan with some musicians and singers, who continually played and sang this favorite air, and by this means collected about five thousand followers and pro-

claimed himself king. On the subject of Persian music in general, Sir John Malcolm remarks; "The Persians deem music a science, but they do not appear to have made much progress in it. They have a gamut and notes, and different kinds of melody adapted to various strains, such as the pathetic, the voluptuous, the joyous and warlike. The voice is accompanied by instruments, of which they have a number; but they cannot be said to be farther advanced in this science than the Indians, from whom they are supposed to have borrowed it. Their strains are often pleasing, but always monotonous, and they want that variety of expression which is among the charms of the art."

## HUNGARIAN CRADLE-SONG.

CRADLE SONGS.

*Andante.*

Hush, my dar-ling, hush, my dar-ling; Hark, thy moth-er sings a lay: She who bore thee,

she who clasps thee, Her on-ly joy, that takes her ma-nny griefs a-way!

*poco acceler.*

Soon thou wilt grow and leave thy mother's roof; Soon thou to manhood wilt at-tain.

*poco piu mosso.*

Hap-py may thy lot be then! Hap-py may thy lot be then!

*riten. molto.*

*mf*

## NORTH GERMAN CRADLE-SONG.

*Dolce.*

1. Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Thy fa-ther guards the sheep, Thy moth-er shakes the  
 2. Sleep, ba-by, sleep! The large stars are the sheep, The lit-tle ones the  
 3. Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Our Sav-iour loves His sheep, He is the Lamb of

*Schlaf, Kind-chen, schlaf! Dein Va-ter hül't die Schaf; Deine Mut-ter schüt-tel's*

dreamland tree, And from it fall sweet dreams for thee; Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Sleep, ba-by, sleep!  
 lambs, I guess, The gentle moon the shepherdess, Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Sleep, ba-by, sleep!  
 God on high, Who for our sakes came down to die, Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Sleep, ba-by, sleep!

*Bäum-e-lein, Da fällt he-rab ein Träumelein; Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf! Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf!*

It is told of an agitated foreign gentleman that he climbed up-stairs to the Boston *Journal's* editorial rooms, and, after getting his breath, said to the first man he met: "I wish to ask you a kvestion." On being encouraged to relieve his burdened mind, he said: "Haf you attended ze zinfonie konzerts zis vinter?" The editor confessed that he had. "Vell," said the foreign gentleman, "vill you answer me zees? I haf study ze music for ze last tirty year, and I sink I know zomesing apout him. Yet I go and hear ze long zinfonie, and ze konzerto on ze piano, and ze fantasie on ze violin, and I vill confess me zat ze first

hearing I oonderstand leedle of nossing of him. And, as I seets and leestens to ze music, I hear ze young ladees all around me, who I cannot but sink knows less of ze music zan I, who haf so mooch study him, and ze all say: 'How beautiful!' 'How mooch soul zere is in ze gomposition!' 'How grand ze development!' ven, myself I oonderstands nossing—I myself, who haf so much play ze piano and ze violin, and hear ze best music in Europe. Am I so much ze fool, and is ze American mees zo mooch ze smarter zan am I? Vill you answer zat, my kind vriend?" Unfortunately, however, his hearer could not, although he

## THE POSTILION.

FRANZ ABT.

1. Sir Post - il - ion, Sir Post - il - ion, and whith - er now a - way? He sits up - on his  
2. I would I were a Post - il - ion, with whip and mer - ry horn, In hat so smart, and

box so high, and looks quite fresh and gay. The hors - es brisk - ly trot a - long, and  
boots with spurs, myself I would a - dorn; And with my hors - es I would drive a -

"crack" the long whip goes, While on the fragrant morning air the horn so clear - ly flows. Tra,  
bout the live - long day, And on my mer - ry horn so loud, the sweet - est tune I'd play. Tra,

ra, tra, ra, the horn so clear - ly flows, Tra, ra, tra, ra, the horn so clear - ly flows.  
ra, tra, ra, the sweetest tune I'd play, Tra, ra, tra, ra, the sweetest tune I'd play.

often marveled at similar circumstances, and the foreign gentleman went away, shaking his head mournfully.

AMONG the lofty mountains and elevated valleys of Switzerland, the Alpine horn has another use besides that of sounding the far-famed Ranz des Vaches, or Cow Song, and this of a very solemn and impressive nature. When the sun has set in the valley, and the snowy summits of the mountains gleam with golden light, the herdsman who dwells upon the highest habitable spot takes his horn, and pronounces clearly and loudly through it, as through a speaking trumpet, "Praise the Lord God!" As soon as the sound is

heard by the neighboring herdsmen, they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns, and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. Silence at last settles over the scene. All the herdsmen kneel and pray with uncovered heads. Meantime, it has become quite dark. "Good-night!" at last calls the highest herdsman through his horn. "Good-night!" again resounds from all the mountains, the horns of the herdsmen, and the rocky cliffs. The mountaineers then retire to their dwellings and to rest. It is the Swiss "good-night."

## PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

H. CLIFTON.

1. I've traveled a - bout a bit in my time, And of troubles I've seen a few; But  
 2. It's all ver - y well to depend on a friend, That is, if you've proved him true; But you'll  
 3. If a hur - ri - cane rise in the mid - day skies, And the sun be lost to view; Move

found it bet - ter in ev - 'ry clime, To pad - dle my own ca - noe. My  
 find it bet - ter by far in the end To pad - dle your own ca - noe. To  
 stead - i ly by with a stead - fast eye, And pad - dle your own ca - noe. The

wants they are small, I care not at all, If my debts are paid when due. I  
 bor - row is dear - er by far than to buy, A max - im, though old, still true; You  
 dai - sies that grow in the bright, green fields Are blooming full sweet for you; So

*Chorus.*  
 drive a - way strife, in the o - cean of life, While I pad - dle my own ca - noe. Then  
 nev - er will sigh if you on - ly will try To pad - dle your own ca - noe. Then  
 nev - er sit down with a tear or a frown, But pad - dle your own ca - noe. Then

love your neighbor as your - self, As the world you go trav - el - ing through; And

nev - er sit down with a tear or a frown, But pad - dle your own ca - noe.

I HAD rather be the author of one of Charles Wesley's hymns than to have built the proudest monument in Egypt, or to have produced the noblest statue that the world ever saw. Though Wesley, and Watts, and Doddridge have died, their sweet and almost ubiquitous voice never will die. All the sounds will have died out of the sea before their hymns will cease their carols and their singings. Where there is a weary heart the hymn will sing; where there is a sorrow the hymn will chant on; where there is an aspiring soul it will be winged upward by these hymns.—*Beecher.*

ONE day Charles Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking out over the bright and beautiful fields. Presently a small bird, flitting about in the sunshine, attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down towards the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees, or the green fields, there was no hiding-place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But seeing an open window, and a man sitting by it, the bird flew, in its extremity, towards it,

## SONG OF THE DAISY.

C. W. GLOVER.  
CHARLES JEFFERYS.

1. I'd rather be a dai - sy, The little children's flower, Than an - y prou - er beau - ty That  
2. Come forth from crowded cities, From castle and from hall, From playground and from schoolroom, And  
3. Young but - tercups are shining, Be - hold them in the dells, You'd think in ev - 'ry floweret A  
decks my la - dy's bower; When song and shout and laughter Are ech - oed o'er the lea, Oh,  
I will greet you all. The sun hath dried the dewdrops, The grass is green and long, All  
brill - iant sunbeam dwells. I nothing know of en - vy, And lit - tle have of pride, Yet  
mer - ry is the mu - sic of childhood's voice to me. Oh, I'd rather be a dai - sy, The  
o - ver starred with flowers That on - ly ask your song. Oh, I'd rather be a dai - sy, The  
when you gath - er king - cups, Let me be by their side. Oh, I'd rather be a dai - sy, The  
lit - tle children's flower, Than an - y prou - er beau - ty That decks my la - dy's bower.

and, with a beating heart and quivering wing, found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger, and saved it from a cruel death. This hymn-writer was at that time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling the need of refuge in his own time of trouble, as much as did the trembling little bird that nestled so safely in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote that sweet hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." That prayer has grown into one of the most beautiful hymns in our language,

and multitudes of people, when in sorrow and danger, have found comfort while they have said or sung it.

THE world is God's journal wherein he writes his thoughts and traces his tastes. The world overflows with beauty. It should not be called trivial, since it is the thought of God. It is a religious duty for a man, so far as honestly he can, to surround his children with creations of taste and beauty, that their finer instincts may be cultured and gratified. Love of beauty is the gift of God, born in the heart of every child.

## GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

T. MOORE.  
M. W. BALFE Arr.

*p Andante.*

1. Go where glo - ry waits thee, But, while Fame e - lates thee, Oh! still re - mem - ber  
2. When, at eve, thou rov - est, By the star thou lov - est, Oh! then re - mem - ber  
3. When around thee dy - ing, Au - tumn leaves are 'y - ing, Oh! then re - mem - ber

me. When the praise thou meet - est To thine ear is sweet - est,  
me. Think, when home re - turn - ing, Bright we've seen it burn - ing,  
me. And, at night, when gaz - ing On the gay hearth blaz - ing,

*riten. cres. f*

Oh! then re - member me. Oth - er arms may press thee, Dearer friends caress thee,  
Oh! then re - member me. Oft as summer clos - es, When thine eye re - pos - es,  
Oh! still re - member me. Then should music, stealing, All the soul of feel - ing,

*dim. p pp*

All the joys that bless thee, Sweet - er far may be; But when friends are near - est,  
On its ling - 'ring ros - es, Once so loved by thee, Think of her who wove them,  
To thy heart ap - peal - ing, Draw one tear from thee; Then let mem - 'ry bring thee

*cres. rall. pp*

And when joys are dear - est, Oh! then re - mem - ber me.  
Her who made thee love them, Oh! then re - mem - ber me.  
Strains I used to sing thee, Oh! then re - mem - ber me.

Music is an important element of modern culture, a refining social influence, a subject about which few cultivated persons now-a-days are willing to be thought ignorant or indifferent, an art which in one way or another actually interests more thousands of people, more occupies their thoughts, more ministers to their enjoyment, than any science, or than most of the ordinary branches of literature and learning.—*Dwight.*

I need not tell you that music bears upon its wings some of the sweetest and purest pleasures of the pass-

ing hour, whether it gushes forth from the human lips or from the breath of old Æolus upon his throne. Music elevates and quickens our perceptions; it softens and subdues the rebellious disposition; it refines and soothes the wayward and turbulent passions; it nerves the heart to deeds of valor and heroism; it gives joy and consolation in the hour of affliction, carries the soul captive across the stormy sea of life, and stands beyond the vale of time to welcome, with angelic voice, the wandering spirit to its final home.—*Dr. Hall.*

## THE BRAES O' BALQUITHER.

R. A. SMITH.  
ROBERT TANNAHILL.

*Allegro.*

1. Let us go, las-sie, go To the braes o' Balquither, Where the blaeberries grow, 'Mang the  
2. I will twine thee a bower, By the clear siller fountain, And I'll cov-er it o'er Wi' the  
3. When the rude win-try win' I - dly raves round our dwelling, And the roar o' the linn On the  
4. Now the simmer is in prime, Wi' the flowers rich-ly blooming, And the wild mountain thyme A' the

bon-nie Highland heather; Where the deer and the rac, Light-ly bounding to-geth-er, Sport the  
flow-ers o' the mountain; I will range through the wilds, And the deep glen so drear-ry, And re-  
night-breeze is swelling; Sae mer-ri-ly we'll sing As the storm rat-tles o'er us, Till the  
moor-lands perfum-ing; To our dear na-tive scenes Let us jour-ney the-gither, Where glad

*animato.*

lang sim-mer day 'Mang the braes o' Bal-quither. Will ye go, las-sie, go To the  
turn wi' the spoils To the bower o' my dear-ie. Will ye go, las-sie, go To the  
dear shiel-ing ring Wi' the light lilt-ing cho-rus. Will ye go, las-sie, go To the  
in - no - cence reigns 'Mang the braes o' Bal-quither. Will ye go, las-sie, go To the

braes o' Balquither, Where the blaeberries grow, 'Mang the bon-nie bloomin' heather?

WHAT was that other latest-born minister of expression, eager to seize the torch as it fell from the painter's trembling hands? It was music. She offered herself a new emotional medium fitted to express what neither sculpture, architecture, nor painting could express,—the mystic and complex emotions of that hidden life made up of self-analysis, sensibility, love, prayer, trance, vision, ecstasy,—which gave to the human soul that inner and intense quality of spiritual independence which must henceforth stamp and quali-

fy all human progress. It is impossible to deny that there were certain more secular elements which entered into the formation of the modern spirit, although its inwardness was its chief characteristic.—*Harweis.*

Remember that the human voice is of all instruments most difficult to study, and to bring under control. Do not attempt to cultivate it with a view to professional remuneration, unless you can set apart at least two hours daily for most careful study, and can also afford to wait years for any substantial pecuniary reward.

## THE WATER MILL.

LOUIS DIRHL.

*Allegretto.*

1. Lis - ten to the wa - ter mill, All the live - long day,  
2. Take the les - son to your - selves, Lov - ing hearts and true,

*2nd. v. ritard.*

How the click - ing of the wheel, Wears the hours a - way;  
Gol - den years are fleet - ing by, Youth is pass - ing too.

*a tempo.*

Lan - guid - ly the Au - tumn wind, Stirs the green - wood leaves,  
Strive to make the most of life, Lose no hap - py day,

From the field the reap - ers sing, Bind - ing up the sheaves;  
Time will nev - er bring you back Chan - ces swept a - way;

*2nd verse gradually slower to the end.*

And a mem - 'ry o'er my mind, As a spell is cast; The  
Leave no ten - der word un - said, Love, while love shall last; The

mill will nev - er, nev - er grind With the wa - ter that is past.  
mill will nev - er, nev - er grind With the wa - ter that is past.

## TEA IN THE ARBOR.

*Andante non troppo.*

J. BEULER.

1. What pleasure folks feel, when they live out of town, In the culture of turnips and  
 2. I de-cline as I can, when oft they in-vite, For of ru-ral de-lights I'm no  
 3. I had on thin shoes and the grav-el was damp, The thought of it made me quite  
 4. Of lit-tle green flies on my dress came a host, And a bee put me all in a

flow-ers, And getting a friend, now and then, to come down To look at their walks and their  
 lov-er; Of insects and rep-tiles I can't bear the sight, They make me to shudder all  
 ner-vous, From a cold, or a fit of the gout, or the cramp, I said to myself, "Oh! pre-  
 flut-ter; A great dad-dy-long-legs stuck fast on my toast, And left one of his limbs in the

bow-ers, And such is the taste of some dear friends of mine, Mister, Mistress, and Miss Ma-ry  
 o-ver. How-ever, last Monday I went there to dine: "I am glad you are come," said Miss  
 serve us!" And when we got there a great frog made me jump, Which was excellent fun to Miss  
 but-ter. In rath-er bad temper I homeward did jog, And next morning I wrote to Miss

Bar-ber, Who will oft have me come to their vil-la to dine, And then to take tea in the  
 Bar-ber, "I know you will like it, the weather's so fine, And we all will take tea in the  
 Bar-ber; Then there was a long cat-er-pil-lar fell plump In my first cup of tea in the  
 Bar-ber, That here in my pock-et, I found the great frog, Which frighten'd me first in the

ar-bor; Where there are sweet willies and daf-fy-down-dil-lies, Per-fumes like the shop of a  
 ar-bor." Sweet lillies and willies and daf-fy-down-dil-lies, Per-fumes like the shop of a  
 ar-bor. Sweet lil-lies and willies and daf-fy-down-dil-lies, Per-fumes like the shop of a  
 ar-bor. "And though there be lillies and daf-fy-down-dil-lies," Said I, in my note to Miss

bar-ber, And ro-ses and posies to scent up your noses; Then come and take tea in the ar - bor.  
 bar-ber, And ro-ses and posies to scent up your noses; Then come and take tea in the ar - bor.  
 bar-ber, And ro-ses and posies to scent up your noses; Did you ever take tea in the ar - bor?  
 Barber, "And ro-ses perfuming, excuse from com - ing A - gain to take tea in the ar - bor!

## WHEN THE LEAVES ARE TURNING BROWN.

T. CRAMPTON.

*Allegretto.*  
 1. Nev - er is my heart so gay In the budding month of May, Nev - er does it  
 2. Braid your gir - dles fresh and gay, Children, in the blooming May, Twine your chaplets

beat a tune Half so sweet in blooming June; Nev - er know such hap - pi - ness  
 in young June, Maid - ens, they will fall full soon; Twine rich ro - ses Ju - ly red,

As on such a day as this, When Oc - to - ber dons her crown,  
 Lov - ers, for the dear one's head; I will weave my rich - er crown

And the leaves are turn - ing brown, And the leaves are turn - ing brown,  
 When the leaves are turn - ing brown, When the leaves are turn - ing brown,

*rit.* *f tempo.*  
 turn - ing brown; When Oc - to - ber dons her crown, And the leaves are turn - ing brown.  
 turn - ing brown; I will weave a rich - er crown When the leaves are turn - ing brown.

## FAR UPON THE SEA.

H. RUSSELL,  
CHARLES MACKAY.

1. Far, far up-on the sea, The good ship speeding free, Up - on the deck we gather, young and  
 2. Far, far up-on the sea, With the sunshine on our lee, We talk of pleasant days when we were  
 3. Far, far up-on the sea, What - e'er our coun - try be, The thought of it shall cheer us as we

old, And view the flap - ping sail, Swell - ing out be - fore the gale, Full and  
 young; And re - mem - ber though we roam, The sweet mel - o - dies of home, The  
 go, And Scotland's sons shall join In the song of Auld Lang Syne, With

*Unison.*

round, without a wrin - kle or a fold. Or watch the waves that glide By the  
 songs of hap - py childhood which we sung. And though we quit her shore, To re -  
 voice by mem - ry soft - ened, clear and low; And the men of E - rin's Isle, Bathing

ves - sel's state - ly side, Or the wild sea - birds that fol - low thro' the air, Or we  
 turn to it no more, Sound the glo - ries that our coun - try yet shall hear; That  
 sor - row with a smile, Shall sing St. Pat - rick's morning, void of care, And

gath - er in a ring, And with cheerful voi - ces sing, Oh! gai - ly goes the ship when the  
 sail - ors rule the waves, And nev - er shall be slaves, Oh! gai - ly goes the ship when the  
 thus we pass the day, As we jour - ney on our way, Oh! gai - ly goes the ship when the

wind blows fair! Far, far up - on the sea, The good ship speeding free, We  
 wind blows fair! Far, far up - on the sea, With the sunshine on our lee, Sound the  
 wind blows fair! Far, far up - on the sea, What - e'er our coun - try be, We'll

watch the sea - birds fol - low thro' the air; Or we gath - er in a ring, And with  
glo - ries that our coun - try yet shall hear, That sail - ors rule the waves, And  
sing our na - tive mu - sic, void of care, And thus we pass the day, As we

cheer - ful voi - ces sing, Oh! gai - ly goes the ship, when the wind blows fair!  
nev - er will be slaves; Oh! gai - ly goes the ship, when the wind blows fair!  
jour - ney on our way, Oh! gai - ly goes the ship, when the wind blows fair!

## VIVE LE ROI.

M. W. BALFE.

*Spirited.*  
1. Threat'ning death to trai - tor slave, Hand we clench, sword we draw; Heav'n defend the true and  
2. Hearts that pa - triot thoughts inspire Re - bel threat ne'er shall awe! Thus till life's last throeb ex -

brave, Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi! Heav'n defend the true and brave, Vive le Roi! Vive le  
pire, Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi! Thus till life's last throeb ex - pire, Vive le Roi! Vive le

Roi! Heav'n defend the true and brave, Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi! Threat'ning death to traitor  
Roi! Yes, 'till life's last throeb ex - pire, Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi! Hearts that patriot thoughts in -

slave, Hand we clench, sword we draw; Heav'n defend the true and brave, Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi! \*  
spire Re - bel threat ne'er shall awe! Thus till life's last throeb expire; Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!

\* "Veeve lur wau."—"Long live the King!"

A GRAND mistake of the old reasoners in their arguing for the goodness of God, was that they tried to prove that in the world there is more evidence of design for happiness than there is of design for pain. Now that position can not be maintained. There is just as much evidence of a design to produce pain as to produce pleasure. For every adaptation of pleasure that you will show me I will undertake to show you one for pain. This life is clearly rudimentary. Men are here to be hammered into something of worth in the next state of existence. Pleasure is to be desired, or expected, but as incidental. Earth is not the place for pleasure. It is the place where men are fashioned for eternity. A piano factory is not the place to go in order to hear music. Suppose a man were to start for some great piano manufactory with the expectation of

being enchanted when there by innumerable Thalbergs. He goes along dreaming of the divine harmonies which will greet him when he approaches the place where these sweet-toned instruments are made. He anticipates as much more of delight than Thalberg had given him, as there are more instruments in the factory than were on the boards of the concert hall. "I am going to the place where all those pianos are made," he says, as he hastens on. "They turn out hundreds of them in a day. Oh! how will all sweet, bewildering sounds entrance my senses when I draw near. Hymns and songs of never-wearing melody will sing out to me from every door and window." He comes in sight of the building, and instead of hymns and choral melodies, he hears harsh noises. There are heavy poundings, gratings, sawings, and raspings. There are legs,

## MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I have roamed o-ver mountain, I've crossed o-ver flood, I've traversed the wave-roll-ing  
 2. The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped, And bright eyes have smiled and looked  
 3. Then hail, dear Co-lum-bia, the land that we love, Where flour-ish-es Lib-er-ty's

strand; Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it  
 bland; Yet hap-pi-er far were the hours that I passed In the  
 tree; 'Tis the birth-place of free-dom, our own na-tive home; 'Tis the

was not my own native land. No, no, no, no, no. No, no, no, no, no, no.  
 West, in my own native land. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.  
 land, 'tis the land of the free. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

uncouth and clumsy to be worked into proper size and gracefulness. There are strings to be tried, and separate parts to be fitted and knocked together; there are great, heavy packing-boxes to be made, and various other awkward and noisy work to be done. Tools are thumping about; cords and tackling rattling; plenty of confounding noises, but no music. The man stands and sees the workmen ply the hammer, and saw, and file, and punch, and chisel and auger; he sees dust, boards, and shavings flying in all directions. Clatter and clatter surround him. From the windows come broken bits of board, wire and iron; also all the different notes of racket and din; but he hears no sweet melody. Then the man says in astonishment, "Do they call this a piano manufactory—this confused place,

full of all jangling noises? No, no; this is no piano-producing establishment. This is only a dusty and noisy workshop." Yes, it is a workshop, where are being fashioned the instruments which, when touched by skillful fingers, have power to enchant the world. But it is not the platform on which they are to be played. Not there are they to give forth their sweet harmonies. We are in the workshop of humanity. We see evidences of this, turn which way we will. We must feel the mallet and the saw; the punch and the bore. We must be split and ground and worked smooth. The pumice and the sand-paper are for us, also, as well as for the things we fashion; and at last, when we are all set-together, polished, and attuned, we shall be played upon by the music-waking influences of Heaven.—*Becher.*

BISHOP HEBER wrote the popular hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," one Saturday evening in the old vicarage house of his father-in-law, Dean Shirley, who needed it for a special occasion. He composed it in a very short time, only one word needed correction, and it was printed that evening and sung the following day in Wrexham church.

On the high cliffs of Whitby overlooking the German Ocean, was the monastery celebrated as the home of Cædmon, the first great English poet, who was only a cowherd. The English people loved music, and the rough verses which recounted the brave deeds of their ancestors on sea and on land. After their evening meals it was customary to pass the harp from hand to hand, that each in turn might

sing for the entertainment of the rest. Cædmon could not sing, so he was accustomed to slip away when the harp came near him. One night, when he had taken refuge in the stables, he saw a heavenly vision which said, "Sing, Cædmon, some song to me." "I cannot sing," he replied, trembling. "However that may be, you shall sing to me," rejoined the visitant. "What shall I sing?" murmured Cædmon. "The beginning of created things," was the reply; and immediately there flowed from Cædmon's lips a noble song of the Creation. He woke, and felt that a new power had been given him. The rest of his life he spent, not as cowherd, but in the monastery, employed in rehearsing in Saxon verse the whole Sacred History, as recorded in the Bible.

## REST FOR THE WEARY.

W. McDONALD.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest, There my  
 2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my  
 3. Pain nor sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in  
 4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished, And his power shall be withdrawn; Shout for

*Chorus.* !

Sav - iour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest; There is  
 stay shall not be tran - sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land. There is  
 that ce - les - tial coun - try, I a crown of life shall wear. There is  
 glad - ness, O ye ran - somed, Hail with joy the ris - ing morn. There is

rest for the we - ry, There is rest for the we - ry, There is rest for the

we - ry, There is rest for you— On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the

sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

THIS extract is from Grillparzer's funeral sermon at the grave of Ludwig Von Beethoven, who was born in 1770 at Bonn, died at Vienna in 1827: As we stand here at the grave of Beethoven, we represent a whole nation mourning over his death. Yet he lives; and may he live long—the hero of song in the German tongue! The master of song, the heir of Handel and Bach, of Haydn and Mozart's immortal renown, has finished his earthly career; and, weeping, we stand by the broken strings of the harp. He was an artist, and that only through his art. Life's thorns wounded him deep, and, like the shipwrecked sailor striving to the shore, so he

rushed into thy arms, oh, mighty Art! And thou, good and true, like an excellent sister-comforter, yea, thou didst console him. Firmly he held to thee, and even after the door was locked through which thou didst enter to him, he still heard thy voice. And when blindness had overtaken him he still carried thy picture in his heart, and, when he died, it lay upon his breast. As an artist, who may stand beside him? From the cooing of a dove to the roll of the thunder, from the subtle intercession of capricious art to the formidable point where education comes into contact with the contending powers of nature, everything he seemed to

## SONG OF THE MAPLE.

R. M. STREETER.  
MRS. E. FITZGERALD.*Lively.*

1. Ma - ple, from the leafy wildwood, Where thine early years have sped; Emblem of our happy childhood,  
2. Infant leaves, unclasp your fingers, Sunshine, kiss their tender palms; Ev'ning wind, as twilight lingers,  
3. On the early-dawning morrow, In the garden-world of care, We must meet the joy and sorrow

To the past forever fled; Here, with radiant Spring adorning "Banks and braes" with buds and flow'rs,  
With our ma - ple in thine arms, Sway and sing: "O dews of e - ven, Dai - ly as ye sink to rest,  
That a - wait our coming there. O brave hearts! when restful e - ven Finds our dai - ly du - ty o'er,

*Chorus.*  
We, in life's hope-lighted morning, Leave thee to the sun and showers. Maple, from the happy wildwood,  
May ye see that nearer heaven, Grows the nestling on my breast." Maple, from the happy wildwood,  
May it find us near-er Heaven Than we were the day be - fore. Maple, from the happy wildwood,

Where thine early years have sped; Emblem of our happy childhood, To the past for - ev - er fled.

measure. Come, make a circle around his grave, and bestrew it with laurel. He was also a man in every sense of the word. Because he did not mingle with the world, they said he was hostile; because he failed to show perception, they judged him unfeeling. He who knows himself to be hard of heart will not fly; it is the over-measure of perception that avoids display of feeling. If he shunned the world it was because in the depths of his amiable nature there was no weapon to fight against the world. If he did not associate with the people, it was because, while he gave them everything, he wished nothing in return. He remained

alone, because he found no heart throbbing in close kinship to his own. So he lived, so he died, so will he live forever. But you—you who attend us here at his grave—a balm for your aching hearts. You have not lost, but won him. When the gate of life has closed behind us, and we reach the temple of immortality, we shall hope to find him there, still great among the greatest. Therefore, though we part in mourning, calm yourselves, and if ever in life, when overpowered by his divine harmonies, your tears shall flow, remember this hour, and think: "We were there as they laid him in his grave; and when he died we wept."

## IT IS BETTER TO LAUGH THAN BE SIGHING.

DONIZETTI.  
"LUCREZIA BORGIA."

*Allegretto non troppo.*

1. It is bet - ter to laugh than be sigh - ing, When we think how life's moments are  
2. In the world we some be - ings dis - cov - er, Far too frig - id for friend or for

fly - ing; For each sorrow fate ev - er is bring - ing, There's a pleasure in store for us  
lov - er; Souls unblest and for - ev - er re - pin - ing, Tho' good fortune around them be

spring - ing. Tho' our joys, like the wave in the sunshine, Gleam a while then be lost to the  
shin - ing. It were well if such hearts we could banish To some plan - et far dis - tant from

sight; Yet for each sparkling ray, That so passes a - way, Comes another as brilliant and light.  
ours, They're the dark spots we trace On this earth's favor'd space, They are weeds that choke up the  
[fair flow'rs]

*Tempo mo.*

..... Then 'tis bet - ter to laugh than be sigh - ing, They are wise who resolve to be

*ad lib.*

gay, When we think how life's moments are fly - ing, Oh! en - joy pleasure's gifts while we may.

## THROUGH THE WOOD.

W. T. BELLAMY.  
CHARLES E. HORN.

*p*  
*Lively*

1. Thro' the wood, thro' the wood, fol - low and find me; Search ev-'ry hol-low and  
2. Thro' the wood, thro' the wood, fol - low and find me; Search ev-'ry hol-low and

*f*

din - gle, and dell; I leave not the print of a foot - step be - hind me; So  
din - gle, and dell; I leave not the print of a foot - step be - hind me; So

*p*

they that would see me, must seek for me well,—Look in the Li - ly bell, ruf - fle the Rose,  
they that would see me, must seek for me well,—Where the rare haunts of the fair - ies a-bound,

*f*

Un - der the leaves of the Vi - o - let peep; Lull'd by a zeph - yr in cradles like those,  
Li - ly - bells, ros - es and sweet eg - lan - tine, There must you seek me and there I'll be found,

*p*

All the long way you may catch me asleep. Thro' the wood, thro' the wood, follow and find me,  
Nes-tled at gloaming, no couch soft as mine. Thro' the wood, thro' the wood, follow and find me,

*f*

Thro' the wood, thro' the wood, follow and find me, Look in the Li - ly bell, ruffle the Rose;  
Thro' the wood, thro' the wood, follow and find me, Look in the Li - ly bell, ruffle the Rose;



*ff*  
Thro' the wood, thro' the wood, seek till you find me. Haste! for at night-fall the blossoms will close:  
Thro' the wood, thro' the wood, seek till you find me. Haste! for at night-fall the blossoms will close:



*p* Follow, follow, *f* Follow and find me, *p* follow, *f* follow, follow and find me.



Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow and find me, Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow and find me.

### YES! THE DIE IS CAST.

J. R. LING.  
J. W. KALLIWODA.



*Andante.*

1. Yes! the die is cast! The tur-bid dream of life is wan-ing, The  
2. Hark! the fa-tal bell, Each pass-ing hour the dungeon wak-ing;



*Fine.*  
gulf will soon be past, The soul im-mor-tal joy at-tain-ing.  
Chimes a sad fare-well; In sol-enn tones the si-lence break-ing.



Thus then I fall, my na-tive land to save, Shall I live a slave? No! the free and brave  
Fell u-sur-per, know thy sav-age ty-ran-ny Soon will set me free; Thwarted thou shalt be, For



*At the end of 2d verse D. C. from 8: to Fine.*  
shall scorn to yield, My country's flag shall wave Around the pa-triot's grave!  
I shall rise a-bove thee in e-ter-ni-ty, Im-mor-tal life thou giv'st to me.





*Chorus. 1st. time f ad. time p.*

the God a-bove,  
the foaming main,  
who rules above. } Mer-ri-ly now we row a-long, row a-long, row a-long,

bove.  
main. } Mer-ri-ly now we row a-long, row a-long, row a-long,  
bove. }

Mer-ri-ly now we row a-long, O-ver the dark blue sea.

## COME, MY GALLANT SOLDIER, COME.

H. R. BISHOP.

*Allegretto marzial.*

1. Come, my gal-lant soldier, come, Leave the proud embattled field, Shrilly fife and rolling drum,  
2. In thy na-tive val-ley find, Far away from pomp and pow'r, Constant love and peace of mind,

All the pleasures war can yield, Quickly come again, behold the happy land Where thou wert born, And  
Here in bright affection's bow'r, Quickly come again, behold the happy land Where thou wert born, And

la la la la  
hear its mu-sic sweet and wild, The mer-ry mountain horn. La la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la  
la la la la la la la la, The mer-ry mountain horn.

OH, brother schoolmaster, let us remember evermore the exceeding dignity of our calling. It is not, indeed, the holiest of all callings, but it runs near and parallel to the holiest. The lawyer's wits are sharpened, and his moral sense not seldom blunted, by a lifelong familiarity with ignorance, chicanery, and crime. The physician, in the exercise of a more beneficent craft, is saddened continually by the spectacle of human weakness and human pain. We have usually to deal with fresh and unpolluted natures. A noble calling, but a perilous. We are dressers in a

moral and mental vineyard. We are under-shepherds of the Lord's little ones; our business is to lead them into green pastures, by the sides of refreshing streams. Let us into our linguistic lessons introduce, cunningly and imperceptibly, all kinds of amusing stories; stories of the real kings of earth, that have reigned in secret, crownless and unaccepted; leaving the vain show of power to gilded toy-kings and make-believe statesmen; of the angels that have walked the earth in the guise of holy men and holier women; of the seraph-singers, whose music will be echoing for ever; of the Cheru-

## KITTY TYRRELL.

C. W. GLOVER.  
CHARLES JEFFERYS.

*Andante non troppo.*



[I'm di-

1. You're looking as fresh as the morn, darling, You're looking as bright as the day; But while on your charms
2. I've built me a neat little cot, darling, I've pigs and potatoes in store; I've twenty good pounds in the
3. You're smiling, and that's a good sign, darling; Say "yes," and you'll never repent; Or if you would rather be



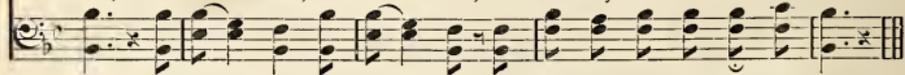

lat - ing, You're stealing my poor heart a - way; But keep it and welcome, mavourneen, Its  
bank, love, And may be a pound or two more; It's all ve - ry well to have rich - es, But  
si - lent, Your si - lence I'll take for con - sent; That good-natured dimple's a tell-tale, Now




loss I'm not going to mourn; Yet one heart's enough for a bod - y, So pray give me yours in re -  
I'm such a cov - et - ous elf; I can't help, still sighing for something, And, darling, that something's your -  
all that I have is your own; This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell, Next week you'll be Mistress Ma -




turn, Ma - vour - neen, ma - vour - neen, Oh, pray give me yours in re - turn.  
self, Ma - vour - neen, ma - vour - neen, That something, you know, is your - self.  
lone, Ma - vour - neen, ma - vour - neen, You'll be my own Mis - tress Ma - lone.



bim of power, that with the mighty wind of conviction and enthusiasm have winnowed the air of pestilence and superstition. Yes, friend, throw a higher poetry than all this into your linguistic work, the poetry of pure and holy motive. Then, in the coming days, when you are fast asleep under the green grass, they will not speak lightly of you over their nuts and raisins, mimicking your accent, and retailing dull, insipid boy-pleasantries. Enlightened by the experience of fatherhood, they will see with a clear remembrance your firmness in dealing with their moral faults, your

patience in dealing with their intellectual weakness. And, calling to mind the old schoolroom, they will think: "Ah! it was good for us to be there. For, unknown to us, were made therein three tabernacles, one for us, and one for our schoolmaster, and one for Him that is the Friend of all children, and the Master of all schoolmasters." Ah! believe me, brother mine, where two or three children are met together, unless He, who is the Spirit of gentleness, be in the midst of them, then our Latin is but sounding brass, and our Greek but a tinkling cymbal.—D. W. Thompson.

## BONNIE LAD AND GENTLE LASSIE.

GEMS OF SCOTLAND.

*Lightly.*

1. "When the sun af-fords no light, Bonnie las-sie, gen-tle lassie, When we're lost in end-less night,  
2. "Shouldst thou e'er thy love deceive, Bonnie laddie, gen-tle laddie, Which I nev-er can be-lieve,  
3. Thus, as brave young Donald roved, Bli-the and bonnie, bli-the and bonnie, With the gentle maid he loved,

Bon-nie las-sie, gen-tle las-sie; When proud empires cease to be, Bon-nie las-sie,  
Bon-nie lad-die, gen-tle lad-die, Should I e'en for-sak-en be, Bon-nie lad-die,  
Bli-the and bon-nie, bli-the and bon-nie, Did they plight their vows unfeigned, Bon-nie lad and

gen-tle las-sie, Then will I prove false to thee, Bon-nie las-sie, gen-tle las-sie."  
gen-tle lad-die, Still would I prove true to thee, Bon-nie lad-die, gen-tle lad-die."  
gen-tle las-sie, Which they kept while life remained, Bon-nie lad and gen-tle las-sie.

## LOVE SMILES NO MORE.

DESMOND RYAN,  
ARISTROM. SWEDISH.

*Moderato.*

1. Love smiles no more, Hope's light is gone; Pleas-ures are o'er, Sor-rows come on!  
2. By those glad bow'rs, Where oft we roved In youthful hours, Lov-ing and loved;  
3. Mem-ory a-lone Lends one blest thought, Love calls its own, With rapture fraught;

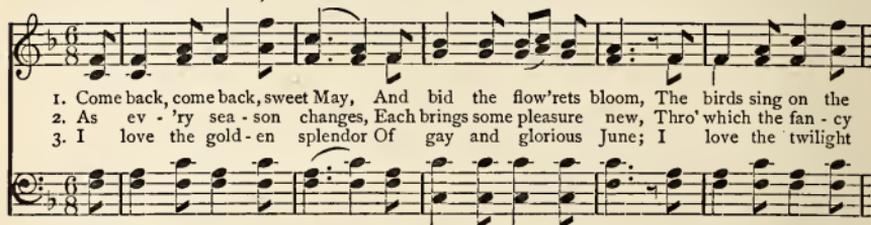
Life in its fu-ture, no bliss can im-part, Since fate hath sundered wide heart from heart.  
Ah! ne'er a-gain joy bids us to meet, Seal-ing our hearts with vows so sweet.  
Yes! thou wilt welcome the tear and the sigh, Griev-ing o'er joys and days gone by.

AND their hearts yearned for the dear old mountain, as they thought of pleasant days gone by, and of the sports of their boyhood, and their hunting, and their schooling in the cave beneath the cliff. And at last Peleus spoke: "Let us land here, friends, and climb the dear old hill once more. We are going on a fearful journey; who knows if we shall see Pelion again? Let us go up to Cheiron, our master, and ask his blessing ere we start." So Tiphys, the helmsman, steered them to the shore under the crags of Pelion; and they went up through the dark pine forests towards the Centaur's cave. And they came into the misty hall, beneath the snow-crowned crag; and saw the great Centaur lying, with his huge limbs spread upon the rock; and beside him stood Achilles, the child whom no steel could wound, and played

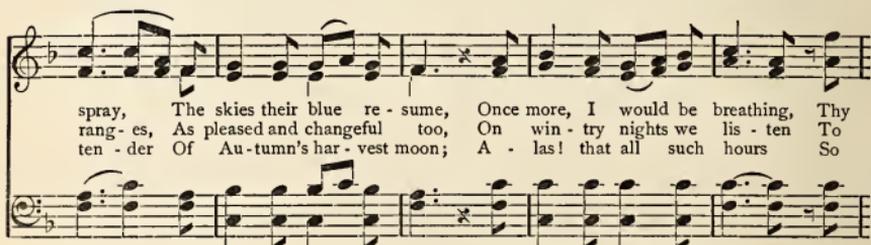
upon his harp right sweetly, while Cheiron watched and smiled. Then Cheiron leaped up and welcomed them, and kissed them every one. And after supper all the heroes clapped their hands, and called on Orpheus to sing; but he refused, and said, "How can I, who am the younger, sing before our ancient host?" So they called on Cheiron to sing. Achilles brought him his harp; and he began a wondrous song—a famous story of old time, of the fight between the Centaurs and Lapithæ. He sang how his brothers came to ruin by their folly, when they were mad with wine; and how they and the heroes fought, with fists, and teeth, and the goblets from which they drank; and how they tore up the pine-trees in their fury, and hurled great crags of stone, while the mountains thundered with the battle, and the land

## COME BACK, SWEET MAY.

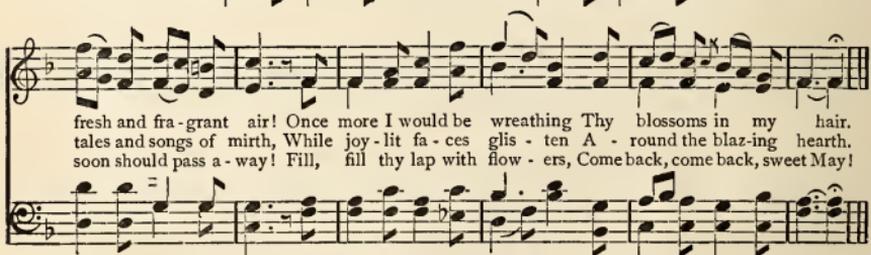
W. A. MOZART.



1. Come back, come back, sweet May, And bid the flow'rets bloom, The birds sing on the  
2. As ev - 'ry sea - son changes, Each brings some pleasure new, Thro' which the fan - cy  
3. I love the gold - en splendor Of gay and glorious June; I love the twilight



spray, The skies their blue re - sume, Once more, I would be breathing, Thy  
rang - es, As pleased and changeful too, On win - try nights we lis - ten To  
ten - der Of Au - tumn's har - vest moon; A - las! that all such hours So



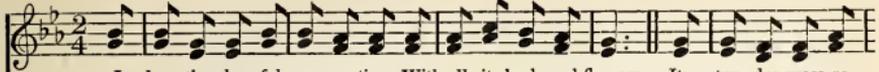
fresh and fra - grant air! Once more I would be wreathing Thy blossoms in my hair.  
tales and songs of mirth, While joy - lit fa - ces glis - ten A - round the blaz - ing hearth.  
soon should pass a - way! Fill, fill thy lap with flow - ers, Come back, come back, sweet May!

was wasted far and wide; till the Lapithæ drove them from their home in the rich Thessalian plains to the lonely glens of Pindus, leaving Cheiron all alone. And the heroes praised his song right heartily; for some of them had helped in that great fight... Then Orpheus took the lyre, and sang of Chaos, and the making of the wondrous world, and how all things sprang from Love, who could not live alone in the Abyss. And as he sang, his voice rose from the cave, above the crags, and through the tree-tops, and the glens of oak and pine. And the trees bowed their heads when they heard it, and the gray rocks cracked and rang, and the beasts of the forest crept near to listen, and the birds forsook their nests and hovered round. And old Cheiron clapped his hands together

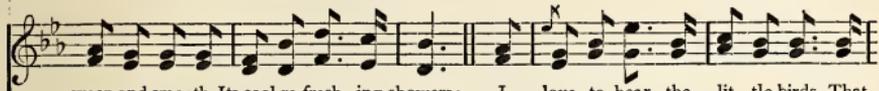
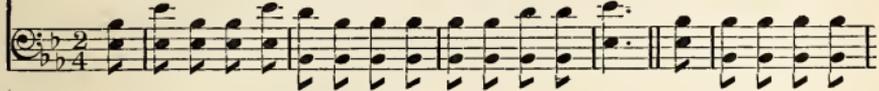
and beat his hoofs upon the ground, for wonder at that magic song.... Then they went down to the ship; and Cheiron came down with them, weeping, and kissed them one by one, and blessed them, and promised to them great renown. And the heroes wept when they left him, till their great hearts could weep no more; for he was kind and just and pious, and wiser than all beasts and men. Then he went up to a cliff, and prayed for them that they might come home safe and well; while the heroes rowed away, and watched him standing on his cliff above the sea, with his great hands raised toward Heaven, and his white locks waving in the wind; and they strained their eyes to watch him to the last, for they felt that they should look on him no more.—*Greek Heroes.*

## I LOVE THE SUMMER TIME.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.



1. I love the cheerful summer time, With all its buds and flowers; Its ten-der grass so  
 2. I love the glad, the glorious sun, That gives us light and heat; I love the pearl-y  
 3. I ought to think of God who made These pleasant things for me; Who gave me life, and



green and smooth, Its cool re-fresh-ing showers; I love to hear the lit-tle birds That  
 drops of dew, That glis-ten 'neath my feet; I love to lin-ger 'mid the hum Of  
 health, and strength, And eyes that I might see; I ought to love His Sab-bath day, So



car-ol 'mid the trees, I love the gen-tle murmur-ing stream, I love the evening breeze.  
 ev-er bu-sy bees; And note the ma-ny wonders rare, My hap-py fan-cy sees.  
 sa-cred, calm and still; I ought to love to learn His law, And do my Mak-er's will.

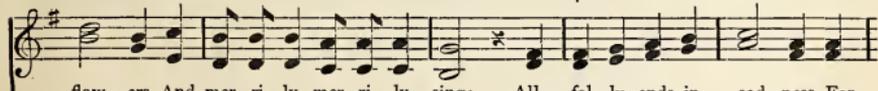
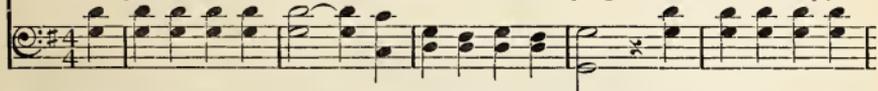


## MERRILY, MERRILY SING.

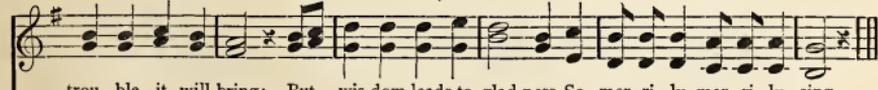
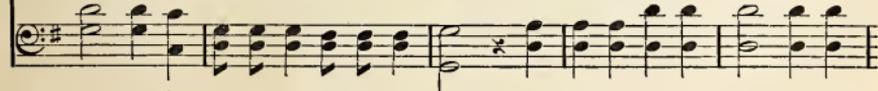
LITTLE FOLKS.



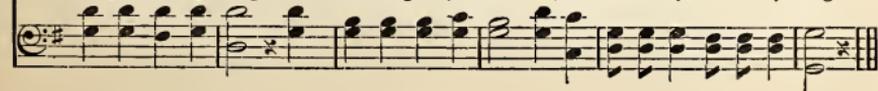
1. Im-prove the pass-ing hours, For time is on the wing, Sip hon-ey from the  
 2. Re-pine not if from la-bor Your health and comfort spring, Work hard and help your



flow-ers, And mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing; All fol-ly ends in sad-ness, For  
 neigh-bor, And mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing; Store not your mind with fol-ly, To



trou-ble it will bring; But wis-dom leads to glad-ness, So mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing.  
 truth your homage bring; Do all the good you're a-ble, And mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing.



ONE of the first conditions of singing well is to keep the throat open. To have the throat in its proper position the tongue must be kept down, and hollowed like the bowl of a spoon, its base being well depressed. Nor must the throat ever be allowed to screw itself up small, a common failing of many singers whenever they approach a high note. Most persons have yawned once or twice in their lives: if they will do it once more, in front of the looking-glass, and watch the inside of the mouth as they yawn, they will see and feel the exact position in which the throat should be during good singing. It will be useful to repeat this proceeding until the mind is thoroughly impressed and the memory familiarized with the feeling of the mouth and

throat in this, the correct position for singing. When singing softly, or *piano*, as it is called, take great pains to keep your throat as open as you would for singing loudly, leaving it entirely to the mouth and lips to keep the tone soft, yet steady and firm. Do not forget, too, that in soft singing it is a great advantage to keep the mouth in a smiling position. The tongue, while being so useful, is nevertheless a very unruly member. It has so great a tendency to get out of its place. Its legitimate office is to rest quite flat, or even hollow, in the bottom of the mouth, with its base well down, as this keeps the throat-passage clear, and with the tip of it just touching the lower teeth. Get a looking-glass, and continually watch the position of the tongue.

## THE LAST GREETING.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

*p* *With feeling.*

1 A - dieu! 'tis love's last greet - ing, The part - ing hour is come! And fast thy soul is  
2. A - dieu! go thou be - fore me, To join the ser - aph throug! A se - cret sense comes

*mf* *pp*

flee - ting, To seek its star - ry home! Yet dare I mourn when Heaven Has bid thy soul be  
o'er me, I tar - ry here not long! A - dieu! there comes a mow - row, To ev - ry day of

*pp*

free, A life of bliss has giv - en For - ev - er - more to thee! Yet dare I mourn when  
pain! On earth we part in sorrow, To meet in bliss a - gain! A - dieu! there comes a

*cres.* *pp*

Heaven Has bid thy soul be free, A fair - er life has giv - en For all e - ter - ni - ty!  
mow - row, To ev - ry day of pain! On earth we part in sorrow, To meet in bliss a - gain!

Never allow it to roll up or turn about when singing. The tongue should occupy the least possible space in the mouth, and this is the case when the directions here given are carried out. The larynx, or upper part of the windpipe plays a most important part in singing. Upon it depend all the beauty, and quality, and richness of the voice. The singer will do well to constantly think about the larynx, to watch it, to feel that it is well down below the mouth before commencing the first note of a song, which note must, under such circumstances, be rich, round, and penetrating. Then the larynx must never be allowed to rise above this fixed point. It may be deepened, and must be, for the higher notes, but it must never ascend, or nearly

approach the roof of the mouth, or the sound-passage is closed, and the sounds become at once impure, vitiated, and without body or foundation. Guard against the bad habit of pushing forward the chin, otherwise the tone cannot fail to be faulty. The chin should be well down on the chest, and the larynx quite low, to lead to an easy and pure production of tone. To be constantly moving both jaws for every note, continually displaces the larynx, impairs the purity of tone, affects the articulation of words, and, what is worse than all, often produces a hideous expression of the features. The lower jaw should do the work; when a high passage or note is to be sung, the lower jaw should fall, and not rise, as the notes rise higher and higher.

## FAINTLY FLOW, THOU FALLING RIVER.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

*f*

1. Faintly flow, thou falling riv - er! Like a dream that dies a - way, Down to o - cean gliding
2. Roses bloom, and then they wither; Cheeks are bright, then fade and die; Shapes of light are wafted

*f*

ev - er, Keep thy calm un - ruf - fled way; Time with such a si - lent mo - tion, Floats a -  
hith - er, Then, like vis - ions, hur - ry by; Quick as clouds at eve - ning driv - en O'er the

*f*

long on wings of air To e - ter - ni - ty's dark o - cean, Burying all its treasures there.  
ma - ny - clouded west: Years are bear - ing us to Heaven, Home of happi - ness and rest.

## GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

1. A fair lit - tle girl sat un - der a tree, Sew - ing as long as her eyes could see;
2. Such a number of rooks came o - ver her head, Crying, "Caw, caw!" on their way to bed;
3. The hors - es neighed, and the ox - en lowed, The sheep's "Bleat, bleat," came o - ver the road;
4. She did not say to the sun, "Good night!" Tho' she saw him there, like a ball of light;

*cres.* *f* *dim.*

Then smoothed her work, and folded it right, And said, "Dear work, good night, good night!"  
She said, as she watch'd their cu - ri - ous flight, "Little black things, good night, good night!"  
All seeming to say with a qui - et delight, "Good little girl, good night, good night!"  
For she knew he had God's time to keep All over the world, and never could sleep.

5. The tall, pink foxglove bowed his head,  
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;  
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
And said on her knees her favorite prayer.
6. And while on her pillow she softly lay,  
She knew nothing more till again it was day;  
And all things said to the beautiful sun,  
"Good morning, good morning! our work is begun."

## SERENADE OF DON PASQUALE.

G. DONIZETTI.

*pp Dolce.*  
1. 2. Tra la la la la la la, *pp* Oh! summer night!

Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la, Oh! summer

So soft-ly bright! How sweet the bow-er Where sleeps my cra-dled

night! la la la la, So soft-ly bright, la la la la, How sweet the bow'r Where sleeps my

*pp*  
flow'r. The light gale hies To rock her

cra-dled flow'r, Where sleeps my cradled flow'r, The light gale hies, la la la

bed, And scatter dew around her head, Then o'er her  
bed, And scatter dew around her head, The bud re-

la, To rock her bed, la la la la, And scatter dew around her head, la la la la, Then o'er her  
la, To rock her bed, la la la la, And scatter dew around her head, la la la la, The bud re-

fly-ing, She whispers sigh-ing, Sleep on 'till morn-ing light,  
po-ses, Her veil she clo-ses, The gale sighs round

fly-ing, la la la, She whispers sigh-ing, la la la, Sleep on 'till morn-ing light, la  
po-ses, la la la, Her veil she clo-ses, la la la, The gale sighs round with soft-er

*f*  
Sweet flow'r, good night.  
With soft-er sound. *pp* Sweet flow'r, good  
Sweet flow'r, good

la, Sweet flow'r, good night! sleep on till morning; Sweet flow'r, good night!  
sound, With soft-er sound; the gale sighs round; With softer sound.

night, Sweet flower, good night, Sweet flower, good night.

Sweet flow'r, good night, la la la la, Sweet flow'r, good night, la la la la, Sweet flow'r, good

*piu mosso.*

good night, good night, No spoil - er shall come near thee, Lul - la

night, good night, No spoil - er shall come near thee, Lul - la -

by, No blight shall dare to sear thee, Lul - la -

by, No blight shall dare to sear thee, Lul - la -

by, No blight shall dare to sear thee, Sweet flower, sweet flower, good night!

by, No blight shall dare to sear thee, Sweet flower, sweet flower, good night!

## EIAPOPEIA.

TABOR.  
BOHEMIAN FOLK-SONG.

*Andante sostenuto.*

1. Ei - a - po - pei - a, my ba - by, sleep on, Mother is rocking her dar - ling a - lone.  
2. Rest thee, my ba - by, to slumber beguiled, Peaceful - ly rest thee, my beau - ti - ful child!

Ei - a - hei - a, ba - by, sleep on, Mother will rock thee a - lone, precious one!  
Ei - a - hei - a, dar - ling, sleep on, Shut fast thine eye - lids, my own precious one!

PRESENTLY George came to the door of the sick room, and begged her to go down and sing to him. Of course, in the house of a dean's widow no music except sacred must be heard on a Sunday; but to have Helen sing it, George would condescend even to a hymn tune; and there was Handel, for whom he professed a great admiration! . . . Although she had often sung from Handel for his pleasure, content to reproduce the bare sounds which both they and the words represented, she positively refused this evening to gratify him. She would sing from "The Creation" if he liked, but

nothing out of "The Messiah" would she or could she sing. Perhaps she could herself hardly be told why, but George perceived the lingering influence of the morning's sermon, and, more vexed than he had ever yet been with her, for he could not endure her to cherish the least prejudice in favor of what he despised, he said he would overtake his aunt, and left the house. The moment he was gone, she went to the piano, and began to sing "Comfort ye." When she came to "Come unto me," she broke down. But with sudden resolution she rose, and having opened every door between it

## A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

W. C. BROWN.

1. Where, where will be the birds that sing, A hun-dred years to come? The  
2. Who'll press for gold this crowd-ed street, A hun-dred years to come? Who'll  
3. We all with-in our graves shall sleep, A hun-dred years to come! No

flowers that now in beau-ty spring, A hun-dred years to come? The ro-sy lip, the  
tread yon church with will-ing feet, A hun-dred years to come? Pale, trembling age, and  
liv-ing soul for us will weep, A hun-dred years to come! But oth-er men our

lof-ty brow, The heart that beats so gai-ly now? Oh, where will be love's  
fie-ry youth, And child-hood with its heart of truth, The rich, the poor, on  
lands will till, And oth-ers then our streets will fill; While oth-er birds will

beam-ing eye, Joy's pleas-ant smile, and sor-row's sigh, A hun-dred years to come?  
land and sea, Where will the might-y mil-lions be, A hun-dred years to come?  
sing as gay, As bright the sun shine as to-day, A hun-dred years to come!

and her brother, raised the top of the piano, and then sang "Come unto me" as she had never sung in her life, nor did she stop there. At the distance of six of the wide standing houses, her aunt and cousin heard her singing "Thou didst not leave," with the tone and expression of a prophetess—of a Mænad, George said. She was still singing when he opened the door, but when they reached the drawing-room she was gone. She was kneeling beside her brother.—*Macdonald.*

THE profane never hear music; the holy ever hear it. It is God's voice, the divine breath audible. When

it is heard then is a Sabbath. It is omnipotent. All things obey music as they obey virtue. . . . Woe to him who wants a companion, for he is unfit to be a companion even of himself. We inspire friendship in our fellow-men when we have contracted friendship with the gods. . . . The wood-thrush launches forth his evening strain from the midst of the pines. I admire the moderation of this master. There is nothing tumultuous in his song. There is as great an interval between the thrasher and the wood-thrush as between Thomson's "Seasons" and Homer.—*H. D. Thoreau.*

## COME TO THE SPARKLING FOUNTAIN.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

1. Come, oh, come with me where the sparkling fountain Flows at the foot of for-est-lad  
 2. Come, oh, come, the stream is gushing free, Drink where wa-ter gleams, so cool to  
 3. Come, oh, come with me to springs the fair-est, Drink, oh, drink with me of nec-tar

mountain; While we dwell be-low our song shall be "Pure, bright water, no drink but thee!"  
 see; Hill and val-ley through, the glens a-round, Bless-ings glad on water-a-bound.  
 rar-est; Nev-er shall it cause thee woe or wailing, Ev-er a blessing un-fail-ing.

Tra la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la.

## WAKING OR SLEEPING.

J. V. BLAKE.

*Solo.*

1. Wake, hap-py children, In the dew-y morn, Wake when the birds sing For the ro-sy  
 2. Play, hap-py children, In the gold-en noon, Soon day is end-ed And the night comes  
 3. Sleep, hap-py children, In the ho-ly night, Gone is the day-beam, But the stars are  
 4. Morn, noon and night-time, God your soul shall keep, Wak-ing or play-ing, Or in qui-et

*Solo.* wake wake *Chorus.* *cres.* *rit.*

*Chorus.*  
 dawn. Wake at dawn, wake at dawn. Oh,..... wake in the rosy dawn, Starry night is gone.  
 soon. Play at noon, play at noon. Oh,..... play in the golden noon, It will fade too soon.  
 bright. Sleep at night, sleep at night. Oh,..... sleep in the holy night, When the stars are bright.  
 sleep, Safe shall keep, safe shall keep. Oh,..... waking or sleeping, God our souls shall keep.

THE most hard-fisted, disagreeably restless, thought-paralyzing companion sometimes turns out in a public assembly to be a fluent, various, and effective orator. Now you find what all that excess of power which so chafed and fretted you in a *tete-a-tete* with him was for. What is peculiar in it is a certain creative heat which a man attains to perhaps only once in his life. Those whom we admire—the great orators—have some *habitus* of heat, and moreover, a certain control of it, an art of husbanding it,—as if their hand was on the organ stop, and could now use it temperately, and now let out all the length and breadth of the power. I remem-

ber that Jenny Lind, when in this country, complained of concert rooms and town-halls, that they did not give her room enough to unroll her voice, and exulted in the opportunity given her in the great halls she found sometimes built over a railroad depot. And this is quite as true of the action of the mind itself, that a man of this talent sometimes finds himself cold and slow in private company, and perhaps a heavy companion; but give him a commanding occasion, and the inspiration of a great multitude, and he surprises by new and unlooked-for powers. Before, he was out of place, and as unfitted as a cannon in a parlor. To be sure

## GOING HOME.

SCOTCH AIR.

1. *Heimgang!* So the Ger-man peo-ple Whisper when they hear the bell  
 2. *Heimgang!* Quaint and tend-er say-ing, In the grand old Ger-man tongue,  
 3. *Heimgang!* We are all so wea-ry; And the wil-lows as they wave,

Tolling from some gray old steeple, Death's familiar tale to tell; When they hear the organ  
 That hath voiced the stern soul's praying And the hymns that saints have sung; Blessed is our loving  
 Soft-ly sighing, sweetly dreary, Woo us to the tranquil grave; When the golden pitcher's

dir-ges Swell-ing out from chap-el dome, And the singers' chanting  
 Ma-ker, That where'er our feet shall roam, Still we journey t'ward "God's  
 bro-ken, With its dregs or with its foam, And the tend-er words are

sur-ges, "*Heimgang!*" Al-ways go-ing home. Always going home.  
 A-cre, "*Heimgang!*" Al-ways go-ing home. Always going home.  
 spo-ken, "*Heimgang!*" We are go-ing home. We are going home.

there are physical advantages—some eminently leading to this art. I mentioned Jenny Lind's voice. A good voice has a charm in speech as in song; sometimes of itself enchains attention, and indicates a rare sensibility, especially when trained to wield all its powers. The voice, like the face, betrays the nature and the disposition. Many people have no ear for music, but every one has an ear for skilful reading. Every one of us has at some time been the victim of a well-toned and cunning voice, and perhaps been repelled once for all by a harsh, mechanical speaker. The voice, indeed,

is a delicate index of the state of mind. I have heard an eminent preacher say, that he learns from the first tone of his voice on a Sunday morning whether he is to have a successful day. A singer cares little for the words of the song; he will make any words glorious. I think that the like rule holds of the good reader—in the church I call him only a good reader who can read sense and poetry into any hymn in the hymn book. Plutarch, in his enumeration of the ten Greek orators, is careful to mention their excellent voices, and the pains bestowed by some of them in training these—*Emerson*.

## LOCHABER NO MORE.

ALLEN RAMSAY.

*Affetuoso.*

1. Fare - well to Loch - a - ber, fare - well to my Jean! Where heart - some wi'  
 2. Tho' hur - ri - canes rise, and rise ev - er - y wind, They'll ne'er make a  
 3. Then glo - ry, my Jean - ie, maun plead my ex - cuse; Since hon - or com -

thee I ha'e mo - ny days been; For Loch - a - ber no more, Loch - a - ber no more, We'll  
 tem - pest like that in my mind; Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar, There's  
 mands me, how can I re - fuse? With - out it I ne'er can have merit for thee; And

may - be re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more. These tears that I shed they are a' for my  
 nae - thing like leav - ing my love on the shore. To leave thee be - hind me, my heart is sair  
 los - ing thy fa - vor, I'd bet - ter not be. I gae, then, my lass, to win hon - or and

dear, And no' for the dan - gers at - tend - ing on weir; Tho' borne on rough  
 pained; But by ease that's in - glo - rious no fame can be gain'd; And beau - ty and  
 fame; And if I should chance to come glo - rious - ly hame, I'll bring a heart

seas to a far dis - tant shore, May - be to re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.  
 love's the re - ward of the brave: And I maun de - serve it be - fore I can crave.  
 to thee with love run - ning o'er, And then I'll leave thee and Loch - a - ber no more.

This plaintive air has often made the Highland soldier, in a foreign land, sadly homesick for Scotland.

**THE STOPS.**—In the playing or interpreting of true music there are three essentials: a certain pitch of tone, a certain strength of tone, and a certain quality of tone. The proper combination and variation of these is the criterion of musical excellence. The piano places only the first two of these within the player's reach, which is all that any single instrument besides the organ can successfully do. The organ, therefore, deserves the title, "king of instruments," since it alone can command the whole realm of music. This statement, of course, is true only of the pipe organ, since it can be constructed of any size, without limit. But within certain limits, the reed organ, as at present constructed, by a few good builders, deserves a considerable share of this honor. Many admire the capabilities for variety and effect of their church pipe organ, who are not aware how nearly they may echo the same

effects on their reed organ at home. The "stops" are the distinctive feature of an organ, and are what place the instrument in the front rank, giving it the command it has over the three departments of musical interpretation. Yet these very essential accessories are misunderstood, undervalued, or abused. I have seen the man who would smile at the ignorant child, clapping his chubby fists, delightfully, upon a number of keys at once, sit calmly down before a large reed organ, pull out all its stops—fortes, tremolos, couplers and all, and then play with an air of conscious intelligence. This popular ignorance concerning the use of the stops has been fostered by the habitual comparison with the piano. The organ must never be looked upon as a single instrument, but rather as its name implies, an *organism*, made up of more or less parts, according as it is more or less truly an organ, and each part serves

## STARLIGHT IS STREAMING.

"SIEGE OF ROCHELLE."

Musical score for "Starlight is Streaming" in 2/4 time. The piece is divided into two sections: "Andante" and "Allegro". The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are:

1. 'Tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night! Star-light is streaming,  
2. 'Tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night! Eyes brightly shin-ing,

Musical score for "Starlight is Streaming" in 2/4 time. The piece is divided into two sections: "Andante" and "Allegro". The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are:

Moon-light is beam-ing, Sweet birds are dream-ing; Hail, si-lent night! Still gay-ly  
Gay chaplets twin-ing, Nev-er re-pin-ing, Joy-ous and free. Night creeps a-

Musical score for "Starlight is Streaming" in 2/4 time. The piece is divided into two sections: "Andante" and "Allegro". The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are:

danc-ing, In moonlight glanc-ing, Mu-sic en-tranc-ing, Calls to de-light.  
round us, Dim shades have bound us; Still as they found us, Hap-py we'll be.

a particular purpose with reference to the whole. The orchestra is the pattern by which the true organ is constructed. The keys, stops and levers represent so many instruments or players, while the performer is honored with the position of grand conductor over them, and he is to turn over the music, keep time, and see that all goes right. For example, one stop, when pulled out, sets the violin playing, when pushed in "stops" them. Another brings the clarinet into active service or "stops" their reedy sounds at will. A third makes the liquid flutes, a fourth the shrill piccolos, a fifth the low bass horns. Each of these furnishes its own peculiar quality of sound to beautify the whole. Until lately, one "stop" or knob controlled the whole compass of the keyboard, representing one player for each of the sixty-one keys. Hence

a single knob labeled "flute" furnished sixty-one flutes, or labeled "piccolo," it governed sixty-one of these instruments, in effect. But since the compass of a real flute, or other orchestral, comprises only two or three octaves each, it is foolish to overstep this limit in an imitation of them in the organ. As, in practice, all instruments may be divided into treble and bass, played on the keyboard respectively by right and left hands, so the reed organs, as now constructed, may make the compass of the "stops" follow this natural division. Two stops are therefore necessary to furnish one sound of a kind to every key—one for the treble, the other for the bass half. The musical stops thus put into the players' reach a certain orchestral instrument. The number of keys controlled by each stop is governed by the compass of the real instrument it is designed to imitate.

## THE WANDERER'S FAREWELL.

GERMAN FOLK-SONG.

*Allegretto.*

1. The sails are all swelling, The streamers float gay, The an-chor is ris-ing, And  
2. The sun through the heavens E'er hastes to the west; The waves of the o-cean Are

I must a-way. A-dieu! ye dear mountains, A-dieu! my dear home! A-  
nev-er at rest. The bird, with its pin-ions un-fet-tered and free, The

dieu! ye dear mountains, A-dieu! my dear home! I turn from your  
bird, with its pin-ions un-fet-tered and free, Ca-reers in its

threshold! Mid strangers to roam; I turn from your threshold! Mid strangers to roam.  
free-dom O'er mountain and sea, Ca-reers in its free-dom O'er mountain and sea.

*♩ Chorus.*

\* Ju-vi-val-le-ra, Ju-vi-val-le-ra, Ju-vi-val-le, val-le, val-le-ra!

*f* Ju-vi-val-le-ra, Ju-vi-val-le-ra, Ju-vi-val-le, val-le, val-le-ra!

\*U-vi-val-le-ra.

*Repeat the Chorus softly.*

MUSIC is not a mere luxury and an accomplishment, as so many superficial persons imagine. The history of the world shows music as a great agent in the formation of the characteristics of nations. It shows king and peasant alike swayed by its power, and in many cases it has been the moving cause in great deeds. The *Marseillaise* has given France much of its military glory; Dibdin's songs were worth a whole fleet of ships to England; the religious songs

of the Reformation made Germany a great power; the sweet songs of Switzerland moved the mountaineers to the deepest love of liberty and of Fatherland, so that it even impelled them to suicide when unable to return home from foreign shores. In every really grand movement of the world, either in peace or war, music has used its influence, and generally upon the side of right, truth, and happiness. Music is the privilege of no single class, but belongs to all men.

## PRINCE CHARMING.

H. CONWAY.  
JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.

*Moderato.*

1. Where the li-lacs threw their shade, Sat a dain-ty lit-tle maid; Closed the book up-  
2. Tall and wise the maid-en grew, Came at last a youth to woo; Not the prince of

*rall.* *a tempo. dolce.*

on her knee, Deep in fai-ry dreams was she, Soft-ly sang, "When I grow old,  
fai-ry lore; Rank in love a-lone he bore! Not with ma-gic gold, for-sooth,

*f* *rall.*

One shall come with curls of gold; Blue his eyes must be, and bright,  
On-ly rich in faith and truth; Yet she whis-pered, "Love, with you

*p* *rall.* *con anima.*

And his hands so li-ly white; Sweet Prince Charming it must be, He a-lone shall  
Sweet old fai-ry dreams come true. Oh, Prince Charming it is he, Come at last to

*cres.* *f*

mar-ry me! Sweet Prince Charming it must be, He a-lone shall mar-ry me!  
mar-ry me! Oh, Prince Charming it is he, Come at last to mar-ry me!

## I AM CONTENT.

C. H. SAINTON.  
MRS. CHAS. BARNARD.

*Andante ad lib.* *Andantino.*

*Dolce.*

I am content, I am content. 1. I am content to be dwelling in shadow, If  
2. I am content if the shadow fall o'er me, If

on - ly the sun - light may sweep o - ver thee; I am con - tent, tho' the  
rain - bow of prom - ise shine clear - er for thee; I am con - tent, tho' the

thorns be a - round me, If on - ly the ro - ses be show - er'd on thee.  
cas - ket be emp - ty, If on - ly the jew - el have fall - en on thee.

*Fine.*

I am content, tho' the north - wind be cru - el, If sweet southern breezes be  
I am content with the des - o - late val - ley, If on - ly the song birds are

com - fort - ing thee; I am content to a - bide in the dark - ness, If  
sing - ing to thee; I am content to drink drops of en - joy - ment, If

*D. S. CODA. Andante ad lib.*

on - ly the star - light shine brighter for thee.  
on - ly the foun - tain fall free - ly for thee. I am content, I am content.

THERE is, in all beginners, a tendency to sing too much in the head, that is, to have the foundation of the tones too high up in the throat. This fault is due to the difficulty they experience in keeping the larynx sufficiently below the mouth. The fulness of tone, the rich, round, and mellow quality which is so much admired in all good singers, is almost entirely owing to the voice being pitched low down, and not high up in the throat, towards the back of the head—as it appears to be. A few trials of this will soon convince the student of the vast difference in the character and *timbre* of the tones of these two ways, and also of the

economy of the plan here recommended, so far as regards the wear and tear of the voice in practice. Throatiness, or singing in the throat, is the common enemy of all English singers. Our language is the chief cause of this disagreeable habit, which we begin to acquire as soon as we learn to talk. Still, by diligence, the evil can be cured, and no better plan can be followed than to constantly practice singing the vowel-sounds Ah, A, E, O, throughout the compass of the voice, taking every possible care—and this is the point—never to allow the tone to vary, nor to leave the teeth, and not to screw up the throat, especially in

## BONNIE HILLS OF HEATHER.

J. SELWYN.  
A. F. HARRISON.

*Andante.*

1. Bon - nie hills of heath - er smil - ing In the fad - ing sun - set light, Fan - cy, my sad  
2. Sil - v'ry mists, the lake enwreathing, Rise as at some po - tent spell; Peace in ev - 'ry  
3. Sad I wake from hap - py dreaming, For the sky is not my own, And the hills of

*rall.* *agitato.*

heart be - guil - ing, Paints a - new the love - ly sight. Ah, the old de - light - ful  
note is breathing, Here the night - bird loves to dwell; And the hills, the hills of  
sleep's fair seeming, Have to rug - ged mountains grown; Homesick, weary, heav - y -

*con anima.*

springtime Of the hal - cy - on days of yore, Ah, the dear old hills of heather Lost a - las! for  
heath - er, Dear - er far than all be - side, Lift themselves in dreams a - bove me Straying by the  
heart - ed, Long - ing for the hills so blue, Oh, the friends for - ev - er parted! Oh, the hearts for

1 3 *rall.* *cres.*

ev - er - more!  
riv - er's tide.  
ev - er true! Sco - tia's bon - nie hills of heath - er, Scotia's hills so bon - nie blue!

high notes. It is impossible to produce a "throaty" quality of voice if the throat be well open, and the tone be firmly directed, and kept on the upper teeth and front of the mouth, On the other hand, when the student screws up the throat, rolls the tongue, or practices singing without being constantly on the look-out for the "voice on the teeth," the result must be a "throatiness," which is very disagreeable to people who have any real knowledge of what singing should be.

INDECISION is a very serious fault in singing. Do well and thoroughly whatever you decide upon at-

tempting. If you have a *staccato* passage to sing, render it firmly in that style; if you have one that is *legato*, take care that this character is strongly seen from your rendering. When you "slur," make it strong enough to be felt. If you bend as it were from one note to another, let your intention to do so be clearly apparent. Let a *forte* passage be loud, and let a *piano* one be really soft. Any half measures in singing are fatal. Precision and certainty are qualities to be aimed at by the student. Without them, singing becomes tame and unattractive, not to say tiresome.

## SWEET EVENINGS COME AND GO.

GEORGE ELIOT.

1. Sweet evenings come and go, love, They came and went of yore; This eve-ning of our  
2. The dai-sies will be there, love, The stars in heaven will shine; I shall not feel thy

life, love, Shall go and come no more. When we have passed a-way, love, All  
wish, love, Nor thou my hand in thine. A bet-ter time will come, love, And

things will keep their name; But yet no life on earth, love, With ours will be the  
bet-ter souls be born; I would not be the best, love, To leave thee now for-

same, But yet no life on earth, love, With ours will be the same.  
lorn, I would not be the best, love, To leave thee now for-lorn.

## SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

G. W. DOANE. "MERCY."  
L. M. GOTTSCHALK. "LAST HOPE."

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on our sight a-way;  
2. Thou, whose all-per-vad-ing eye Naught es-capes with-out, with-in,  
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-way;  
4. Thou who, sin-less, yet hast known All of man's in-firm-i-ty,

Free from care, from la-lor free, Lord, we would com-mune with Thee.  
Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pen fault, and se-cret sin.  
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.  
Then, from Thine e-ter-nal throne, Je-sus, look with pity-ing eye.

DECIDED musical talent generally shows itself early. Many children sing before they can speak. I have written down, with the date affixed, so that there could be no mistake, more than one actual tune invented and sung by a small person of three years old. But the negative to these positive instances is less easily ascertained. The musical, like many other faculties, develops more or less rapidly, according to the atmosphere it grows in. And there is always a certain period of "grind," so very distasteful that many a child will declare it "hates" music, and wishes to give it up, when a little persever-

ance would make of it an excellent musician. I am no cultivated musician myself—I wish with all my heart the hard work of life had allowed me to be—but I feel grateful now for having been compelled, three times over, amid many tears, to "learn my notes," which was nearly all the instruction destiny ever vouchsafed me. Nevertheless, I believe I did a good deed the other day. A mother said to me: "My child is thirteen and has been working at music ever since she was seven. She has no ear and no taste. If she plays a false note she never knows it. Yet she practices very conscientiously

## HAIL, EVENING BRIGHT.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

1. Hushed in si - lence, eve - ning clo - ses On the bus - y scenes of  
 2. High the sil - ver moon is soar - ing In the blue ex - panse of  
 3. Hills and val - leys cool - ing bree - zes Flush with life ere dawns the

toil, And fair na - ture soon com - pos - es In - to rest her  
 sky, Far her pale ef - ful - gence pour - ing O'er earth's fair - est  
 morn; Beau - ty slumb - ring ev - er seiz - es Charms her fea - tures

teem - ing soil. Still - ness a - round, si - lence profound! Eve - ning has earth in  
 scen - er - y. Pil - lowed to rest, Na - ture oppressed, Eve - ning re - stores with  
 to a - dorn. Hail! evening bright, soft glows thy light, Eve - ning, oh, leave us

slum - ber bound— Eve - ning has earth in slum - ber bound.  
 fa - vors blest— Eve - ning re - stores with fa - vors blest.  
 thy de - light— Eve - ning, oh, leave us thy de - light.

two hours a day. What must I do?" My answer was brief: "Shut the piano." The advice was taken, and the girl, who now spends that unhappy two hours upon other things, especially drawing, in which she is very diligent and very clever, would doubtless bless me in her heart if she knew all. But the love of music, which she had not, often exists without great talent for it. And in such cases cultivation can do much. Many vocalists, professional and otherwise, have begun by being *vox et præterea nihil*, that is, possessing a fine organ, but no skill in using it; while on the other hand many

delightful singers—I recall especially Thomas Moore and Sheridan Knowles—have had scarcely any voice at all. The expression, the taste, the reading of a song, are as essential and delightful as the voice to sing it with; and these last long after nature's slow but inevitable decay has taken what to a singer is always a sore thing to part with, so sore that many are very long—far too long—in recognizing this. Sadder to themselves even than to their listeners is the discovery, that now, when they really know how to sing a song, they have no longer the physical power of singing.—*Good Words.*

## CHERISH KINDLY FEELINGS.

FIRST STEPS IN MUSIC.



1. Cherish kind - ly feelings, children, Nurse them in your heart; Don't for - get to
2. Cherish kind - ly feelings, children, Tow'rd the old and poor; For you know they've
3. Cherish kind - ly feelings, children, While on earth you stay; They will scat - ter



take them with you, When from home you start: In the school-room, in the par - lor,  
man - y blight-ing Hardships to en-dure; Try to make their bur - den light - er,  
light and sun-shine All a - long your way; Make the path of du - ty bright - er,



At your work or play, Kind - ly thoughts and kindly feel-ing, Cherish ev - 'ry day.  
Help them in their need; By some sweet and kindly feel-ing, Or some gen - 'rous deed.  
Make your tri - als less; And what - e'er your lot or sta - tion, Bring you hap - pi - ness.

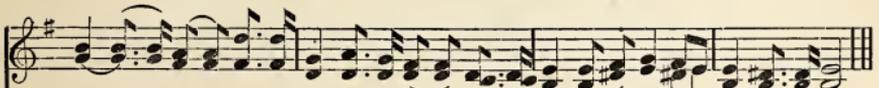


## THE JOLLY JESTER.

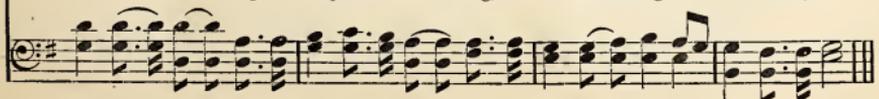
OLD DITTY.



1. O dear six - pence, I've got six - pence, I love six-pence as I love my life;
2. O dear four-pence, I've got four-pence, I love four-pence as I love my life;
3. O dear two-pence, I've got two-pence, I love two-pence as I love my life;
4. O dear noth - ing, I've got noth - ing, What will noth - ing buy for my wife?



I'll spend a penny on't, and I'll lend a pen-ny on't, And I'll car-ry four-pence home to my wife.  
I'll spend a penny on't, and I'll lend a pen-ny on't, And I'll car-ry two-pence home to my wife.  
I'll spend a penny on't, and I'll lend a pen-ny on't, And I'll car-ry noth - ing home to my wife.  
I have noth - ing, I spend noth - ing, I love nothing bet - ter than my wife.



## AH! SO PURE, AH! SO BRIGHT.

VON FLOW.  
FROM "MARTHA."*Moderato, dolce ed espress.*

Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright, Burst her beau - ty on my sight; Oh! so mild,

so di - vine, She be - guiled this heart of mine: 'Reft of aim, Ere she came, Dark the

fu - ture seemed to loom, Till her clear brilliant sphere, New with light, dispelled the gloom. Woe! she

fled, Quickly sped All my joy in fleet - ing gleams; As I wake, Hopes for - sake, Robbing

me of god - like dreams, of god - like dreams. Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright

burst her beau - ty on my sight, Oh! so mild, So di - vine, She be -

*ad lib.*

guled this heart of mine. Mar - tha, Mar - tha! Thou hast ta - ken ev - 'ry bliss a -

*piu anima.*

way with thee! Canst thou leave me, Thus for - sa - ken! Come and share thy

*affret.*

boon with me, Come, share thy boon with me, Yea with me.

## LOUD STRIKE THE SOUNDING STRINGS.

BEETHOVEN.  
T. WILLIAMS.*Andante semplice.*

1. Loud strike the sounding strings, in joy - ous measure, Loud strike the sounding strings!  
2. Gray fell thine aged locks, thou harp - er hoar - y, Gray fell thine a - ged locks.  
3. A - new thy song re - told the old - en sto - ry, A - new the Christ - child story;

And thy harp went pul - sing sweet To the dance of will - ing feet.  
But thine eye it flashed a - gain, To the an - cient mu - sic strain.  
And thy harp went pul - sing sweet Through the songs they loved to greet

*rall.*

Gleamed the lights o'er all, Of Christmas bon - nie, Gleamed the lights o'er all.  
Wel - come guest wert thou On Christmas bon - nie, Wel - come guest wert thou.  
In the hut and hall, On Christmas bon - nie, In the hut and hall.

It is of great importance to bear in mind that no two voices are exactly alike. To some singers is given quality of voice, to others quantity. And for each alike, steady, well-aimed and well-ordered practice is indispensable. But whatever you sing ought, like your voice, to have some touch of individuality: the song should seem to come naturally from you, and to be the spontaneous expression of your thoughts. At the same time you must not lose sight of the all-important guide which you have in the composer's intentions and wishes. Remember that a small and delicate voice may be made to go as far as, if not farther than,

a voice of large volume and long compass. By judicious management, by touching expression of the softer feelings, by careful selection of music to be performed, the obstacles which are placed in a singer's way from want of power may be effectually removed, because the audience will irresistibly feel the influence of the singer's individuality. The difficulties of the singer who has the gift of quantity rather than quality of voice, are in some respects greater, because the necessity for thus impressing on his audience a sense of his own individuality is not so strongly forced on him by circumstances. Not only has he to labor to

## SUMMER IS COMING.

THOS. COOKE.

1. Bees are all humming, the swal - lows are come, Cow - slips are spring - ing, the  
 2. Hid in the thick - et is sing - ing the thrush, Near on the hill - side the  
 3. Prim - ro - ses blow - ing, the hills all a - glow, Airs breath - ing soft - ly, the

mead - ows in bloom; Low the leaves whis - per a mes - sage to me:  
 cool wa - ters gush; White gulls are float - ing far o - ver the sea,  
 streams sweetly flow; Bloom of the spring - time sweet breath of the flow'rs,

Sum - mer is com - ing so bright o'er the lea! Sum - mer is com - ing, all  
 Sum - mer is com - ing for you and for me! Sum - mer is com - ing, all  
 Ush - er in beau - ty the Sum - mer's bright hours. Sum - mer is com - ing, all

vo - cal the air, Sum - mer is com - ing, sum - mer so fair!

attain a good quality of tone, but he must also resist the temptation to fancy that "might is right," and that the "sensation" caused by a powerful voice is all that he needs aim at. And here let me say, the way to get quality is to listen as often as possible to some leading singer of your own kind of voice. Try to imitate his tone; but above all practise with a medium tone—a *mezzo-voce*—listen for the beauty in your tone, and think of what you are doing when practising. The surest means of improving and strengthening the voice is by constantly exercising it. Just as the muscles and sinews of the legs of a pedestrian are increased and

made capable of great exertion by training, so with the nerves and muscles of the throat. With judicious training, the compass of the voice is extended, its quality is improved, its tones grow rounder and firmer.

AT OUR next stopping-place, a fair young maiden was summoned to preside at the parlor organ. She was not aware that G and F sharp, held down together for four or five bars, are discordant, although the combination may be original. Her rendering of certain choice gems was marred in consequence. I thanked her, of course, but did not explain that it was for putting a period to the discords.—*Notes of Travel.*

LET one call to mind those chants so simple and so touching, that terminate at Rome the funeral solemnities of those three days which the Church particularly devotes to the expression of its grief, in the last week of Lent. In that nave where the genius of Michael Angelo has embraced the duration of ages, from the wonders of creation to the last judgment that must destroy its works, are celebrated, in the presence of the Roman pontiff, those nocturnal ceremonies whose rites, symbols and plaintive liturgies seem to be so many figures of the mystery of grief to which they are consecrated. The light decreasing by degrees, at the termination of each psalm, you would

say that a funeral veil is extended little by little over those religious vaults. Soon the doubtful light of the last lamp allows you to perceive nothing but Christ in the distance, in the midst of clouds, pronouncing his judgments, and some angel executors of his behests. Then, at the bottom of a tribune interdicted to the regard of the profane, is heard the psalm of the penitent king, to which three of the greatest masters of the art have added the modulations of a simple and pathetic chant. No instrument mingles with those accents. Simple harmonies of voice execute that music; but the voices seem those of angels, and their effect penetrates the depths of the soul.—*Quatremere de Quincy.*

## THE VACANT CHAIR.

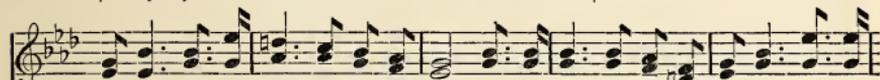
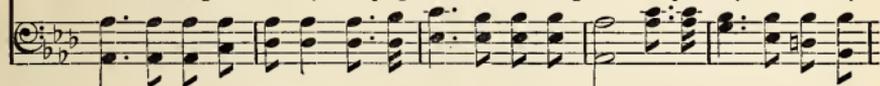
G. F. ROOT. H. S. WASHBURN.  
PER. S. BRAINARD'S SONS.



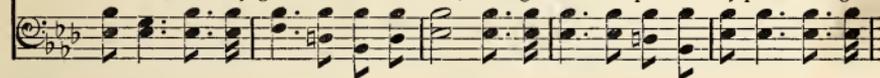
1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall  
2. At our fire-side sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bo-som swell At re-  
3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry Ev-er-more will deck his brow, But this



lin-ger to ca-ress him While we breathe our evening prayer. When a year a-go we  
membrance of the sto-ry How our no-ble Wil-lie fell; How he strove to bear our  
soothes the anguish on-ly Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now. Sleep-to-day, O ear-ly



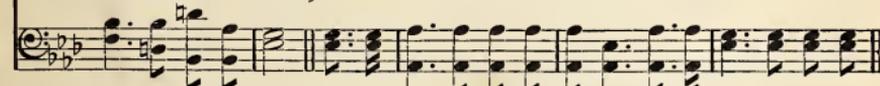
gathered, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a gold-en chord is severed, And our  
ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the fight, And up-hold our country's hon-or, In the  
fall-en, In thy green and nar-row bed, Dir-ges from the pine and cy-press Min-gle



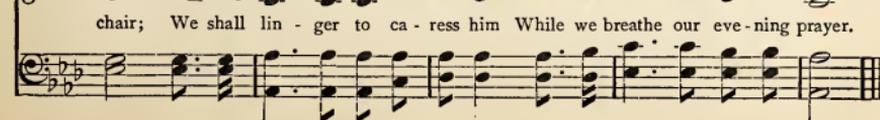
## Chorus.



hopes in ru-in lie. } We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant  
strength of manhood's might. }  
with the tears we shed. }



chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-ress him While we breathe our eve-ning prayer.



**SPEECH AND SONG.**—Speech is but another term for music; both deal in harmony, and become sentient to us through the medium of the ear. Speech is the vocalization of the brain, and music that of the heart. Their respective thrones are distinct, but their empire is the same, representing a charming duality, inseparable like sunshine and colors. Language no less than music has its technicalities. The student meets in both difficulties of forms, which require a great deal of patient practice to overcome them. The performer on an instrument puts into requisition his dexterous fingers, and the learner of a language his organ of speech. It were folly to begin teaching

music by talking first learnedly on chords, discords, tones, semitones, and intervals. A pupil with the keenest of intellects for grasping complex systems, would be seized with despair had he to master contra-point without a cultured ear. The intelligent teacher cultivates first the ear by practical lessons, and only later does he bring up his musical grammar. So with the study of a language. It is folly to begin with disheartening rules of grammar, before the ear has seized tone, rhythm, and articulation of a language. What forms of music are to the incipient player, forms of speech are to the beginner of a language. When our fingers meet with technical difficulties, no

## “NOT FOR JOSEPH.”

ARTHUR LLOYD.

*Allegretto.*

1. Jo-seph Baxter is my name, My friends all call me Joe; Don't try on me your naughty game, For  
2. See that chap, old Bannis-ter? Loose sort of fel-low Jack, Who's always money borrowing, And  
3. I think he's had enough of Joe, De-cline I really must; He'd thank me for my kindness though If

some things now I know: Ah! I was green as green could be, I suffered for it though, Now  
nev - er pays you back; Last Thursday night he came to me, But just returned to town, "I'm  
I "would on - ly trust," Ah, "trust" my boy! it's "trust" too long, Your favor to re - tain; Per-

*Chorus.*

if they try to hood-wink me, I tell them, "Not for Joe." "Not for Joe, not for Joe,"  
rath-er short of cash," said he, "Come, lend me half a crown." "Not for Joe, not for Joe,"  
haps now, as you know my song I need - n't sing a - gain: "Not for Joe, not for Joe,"

If he knows it, not for Jo-seph; No, no, no, "Not for Joe," Not for Jo-seph, oh, dear, no!

theories will help them; nothing but downright close practice will do it. So in the acquisition of a new tongue, the set and fixed forms of articulations given by our vernacular to our organs of speech prove not a little rebellious, and must be overcome gradually and gently by oft-repeated exercises.—*Dreyspring.*

AN old farmer once said he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always hired whistlers, and he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and to

animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb into warmth and life, and would bring in his hat full of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and seeing that the nuts on his plough were all properly tightened before he took it into the field. He never knew a whistling hired man to kick or beat a cow, or drive her on a run into a stable. He had noticed that the sheep he fed in the yard and shed gathered around him as he whistled without fear. He never had employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical.

## WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

ALEXANDER LEE.

*Allegro.*

1. "What's a' the steer, kimmer,\* what's a' the steer?" "Ja - mie is land - ed and  
2. "Where's Don-ald Tod? las - sie, rin, fetch him here; Bid him bring his pipes, las - sie,

soon he will be here, Go, lace your boddice blue, las - sie, lace your boddice blue, Put  
bid him tune, rin, clear, For we'll taste the bar-ley mow, las - sie, foot it to and fro— Sin'

on your Sun - day claithes and trim your cap a - new; For I'm right glad o' heart, kimmer,  
Ja - mie is come hame, we'll gi'e him hear - ty cheer, And it's 'what's a' the steer, kimmer,

right glad o' heart. I ha'e a bonnie breast-knot, and for his sake I'll  
what's a' the steer?' Ja - mie is land - ed and soon he will be

wait Sin' Ja - mie is come hame, we ha'e nae care to  
here; Bid Al - lan Ram - say, rin, bid him kill a fat - ted

fear, Bid the neigh - bors all come down and wel - come Ja - mie here."  
deer, O the neigh - bors lit - tle ken how wel - come Ja - mie's here!"

\* "What's all the stir, comer or good-wife?"

NOTICE how a musical sound, though monotonous, is understood and obeyed, and how the jingle of bells notoriously encourages horses to perform their work. The ploughboy is inspired by the strains of his own whistling. And do you wonder that the Spartans were enabled to march to victory by the lays of the minstrel Tyrtæus? that our soldiers require the fife and drum? The songs of the temple have had more attention paid them than the songs of the street; but the time will

come when these too will be understood as important factors in the life and morality of the people. A great statesman has said, "Let me make the songs of the people, and let who will make their laws." And when we think what might be the influence of music, we cannot but regret that the popular songs of England are, in fact, represented by "Tommy, make room for your Uncle." Many songs of our music halls kindle emotions, truly, but of what kind are they?—*Hawes*.

## OLD GRANITE STATE.

(MOUNTAINEER'S FAREWELL)

JOHN C. BAKER.  
JESSE HUTCHINSON

*With Expression*

1. I have come from the mountains of the old Gran-ite State, Where the hills are so  
 2. Oh, thy hills and thy val-leys are sa - cred to me, No matter what in  
 3. When I think of the fair one who once was my pride, As she roved among the  
 4. A mother dear I've lost, she's gone to the grave, She was the dearest

loft - y, mag - nif - i - cent and great, I have left kindred spir - its in the land of the  
 lands of oth - ers I may see, I may view scenes as sun - ny, as fair and as  
 mountains so close by my side, Then I sigh for the days that will nev - er come  
 blessing that God ev - er gave, Now I go to the spot where buried is the

blest, When I bade them a - dieu for the far dis - tant West; Oh, thy mountains!  
 smooth, Then I'll think of my cot - tage that stands in the grove; Oh, my childhood!  
 back, For she sleeps by the side of the bold Mer - ri - mac, Oh, that loved one!  
 loved, And I seem to hear her singing with the an - gels a - bove; Oh, my moth - er! I

oh, thy val-leys! in my own native State; I have come from the mountains of the  
 oh, that homestead! in my own native State; Oh, thy hills and thy valleys are  
 oh, that graveyard! in my own native State; I will oft think of her who  
 bless her ash - es! in my own native State; A mother dear I've lost; she's

old Granite State, Where the hills are so loft - y, mag - nif - i - cent and great.  
 sa - cred to me; No matter what in lands of oth - ers I may see.  
 once was my pride, As she roved among the mountains so close by my side.  
 gone to the grave; She left her orphan weeping, to go to God who gave.

## "BILLY BOY."

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

1. Oh, where have you been, Bil-ly boy, Bil-ly boy? Oh, where have you  
2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil-ly boy, Bil-ly boy? Did she bid you to come

been, charm-ing Bil-ly? I have been to seek a wife, She's the  
in, charm-ing Bil-ly? Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a

joy of my life, She's a young thing, and can-not leave her moth-er.  
dim-ple in her chin, She's a young thing, and can-not leave her moth-er.

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| 3. Did she set for you a chair, etc.<br>Yes, she set for me a chair,<br>She has ringlets in her hair, etc. | 5. Is she often seen at church, etc.<br>Yes, she's often seen at church<br>With a bonnet white as birch, etc. | 7. Are her eyes very bright, etc.<br>Yes, her eyes are very bright,<br>But alas, they're minus sight, etc. |
| 4. Can she make a cherry pie, etc.<br>She can make a cherry pie,<br>In the twinkling of an eye, etc.       | 6. And is she very tall, etc.<br>She's as tall as any pine, [etc.<br>And straight as a pumpkin vine,          | 8. How old is she, etc. [seven,<br>She's three times six, four times<br>Twenty-eight and eleven, etc.      |

## LET US SING MERRILY.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

1. Let us sing mer-ri-ly, Lightly and cheer i-ly, Let us be gay. Throw a-way  
2. Out in the breezy earth, Summer's sweet voice of mirth Echoes a-round. Soft winds are  
3. Grateful and glad are we, Singing thus mer-ri-ly, Blithely and gay. Care-less of

sor-row, Why should we bor-row Tears from to-mor-row, To darken our day.  
blow-ing, Blossoms are glow-ing, Streamlets are flow-ing, With fetter-less bound.  
sor-row, Lightly we bor-row Hopes from to-mor-row, To gladden to-day.

ANOTHER plea for popular instruction in singing is the importance of teaching people harmlessly and healthfully to fill up their leisure time. Thus art become a part, and a very important part, of the education of the people. The influence of mothers must be aided by the technical knowledge of the school-master. In order, therefore, that music may become a true and lasting joy in the homes of the people, it must be taught in our schools. And those teachers who have introduced music know well that, when the minds of their pupils are sluggish and their bodies weary, a good hearty song will have an invigorating and stimulating

effect. For some years I have taught singing in public schools as a relaxation from my ministerial and other labors, and it has been a pleasure to note the delight of the pupils at my arrival. Books are as rapidly as possible put in place, and impatience to sing is clearly manifested if I am a few minutes before time. And I have noticed the fact that parents evince far more interest in the school where singing is a feature, than where it is merely introduced at the caprice of the teacher. The signs of the times throughout the world show clearly that the popular demand will soon be for thorough and competent music-training in public

## THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.

T. H. BAYLY.  
EDWARD J. LODER.

1. The rose that all are prais-ing, Is not the rose for me; Too ma - ny eyes are  
2. The gem a king might cov - et Is not the gem for me; From darkness who would  
3. Gay birds in ca - ges pin - ing, Are not the birds for me; The plumes so bright-ly

gaz - ing, Up - on the cost-ly tree; But there's a rose in yon - der glen, That  
move it, Save that the world may see; But I've a gem that shuns dis - play, And  
shin - ing, Would fain fly off from thee; But I've a bird that gai - lysings, Though

shuns the gaze of oth - er men, For me its blos - som rais - ing, Oh! that's the rose for  
next my heart worn ev' - ry day, So dear - ly do I love it; Oh! that's the gem for  
free to rove, she folds her wings, For me her flight re - sign - ing, Oh! that's the bird for

me; Oh! that's the rose for me; Oh! that's the rose for me.  
me; Oh! that's the gem for me; Oh! that's the gem for me.  
me; Oh! that's the bird for me; Oh! that's the bird for me.

schools. In France, England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, and other European countries, singing is a most important branch of a public school education. The municipality of Paris has for years established free musical classes, employing the most accomplished and skilled instructors. In England, singing is taught in almost every school, whether public or private. The movement is spreading rapidly in America, and ere long the teacher will be required to look upon singing as secondary only in importance to the "three R's."—*G. W. James.*

PERFECTION is not possible. Even in our best efforts, we fall in a large measure. He who claims perfection is blinded by vanity, and the teacher of music, or of any thing else, who endeavors to make his pupils believe that he is a near approach to perfection, will gain nothing thereby. Arrogance and presumption may leave a momentary impression, but the pupil will soon learn to place a true estimate on the character of the teacher. We say then earnestly to teachers, "Being imperfect yourselves, be patient with those who are imperfect."

## THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

C. MATZ ARR.  
BOHEMIAN MELODY.*Lively. p*

1. Down the stream so cheer - i - ly Be - side the mill we row, Where the echoes mer - ri - ly Their  
2. When we call, oh, read - i - ly She answers us a - gain, And stops the wheel right steadily, To  
3. Part - ing then, re - gret - ful - ly, We turn the dark'ning hill, With "Pretty maid, adieu," And tic-tac,

play - ful cho - rus throw; Down the stream so cheer - i - ly Be - side the mill we row,  
hear our homeward strain, When we call, oh, read - i - ly She answers us a - gain, And  
tic - tac goes the mill, Part - ing then, re - gret - ful - ly, We turn the dark'ning hill, With

Where the ech - oes mer - ri - ly Their play - ful cho - rus throw. }  
stops the wheel right stead - i - ly, To hear our homeward strain. } Tra la la la, la la la  
"Pret - ty maid, a - dieu," And tic-tic, tic-tac goes the mill. }

la la la la la la la la, Tra la la.

To the pret - ty Nat - a - lie A pass - ing draught we fill, Sweet - ly sing - ing there, Where

tic - tac, tic - tac goes the mill, tic - tac, tic - tac goes the mill, tic - tac goes the mill.

MUSIC may be regarded a better test of the moral culture of an age than its painting, its sculpture, or even its architecture. Music, by its nature, is ubiquitous, as much almost as poetry itself, in one sense more so, for its vernacular tongue is common to mankind. Music in its nature is social, it can enter every home, it is not the privilege of the rich; and thus it belongs to the social and domestic life of a people, as painting and sculpture, the arts of the few, never have done or can do. It touches the heart and the character as the arts of form have never sought to do, at least in the modern world. When we test the civilization of an age by its art we should look to its music next to its poetry, and sometimes even more than to its poetry. Critics who talk about the debase-

ment of the age when church wardens built those mongrel temples, must assuredly be deaf. Those church wardens and the rest of the congregation wept as they listened to Handel and Mozart. One wears of hearing how grand and precious a time is ours, now that we can draw a cornflower right. Music is the art of the eighteenth century, the art wherein it stands supreme in the ages; perfect, complete, and self-created. The whole gamut of music except the plain song, part song, dance, and mass, is the creation of the eighteenth century; opera, sonata, concerto, symphony, oratorio; and the full uses of instrumentation, harmony, air, chorus, march, and fugue, all belong to that age. If one thinks of the pathos of those great songs, of the majesty of those full choirs, of

## THE SWISS GIRL.

IGNATZ MOSCHELES.

*Sprightly.*

1. When the morn, when the morn o'er the mountain glows, And our maidens the sum-mons o - bey,
2. When the horn, when the horn o'er the mountain blows, And the hunters are up with the prey,
3. When the night, when the night o'er the mountain grows, And the lads to the vale hie a - way,

A - long the hill how pleased we hear The shepherd's song so sweet and clear,  
Oh! one there is who loves with me, To hail the for - est har - mo - ny,  
Then sweet - ly rings our fi - nal strain, we on - ly part to meet a - gain.

While the rocks and the dells, As the sig - nal swells, Re - ech - o, re - ech - o the lay.  
While the rocks and the dells, As the cho - rus swells, Re - ech - o, re - ech - o the lay.  
While the rocks and the dells, As the mu - sic swells, Re - ech - o, re - ech - o the lay.

the inexhaustible melody of their operas, and all that Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, and the early years of Beethoven gave us, it is strange to hear that that age was dead to art. Neither the age which gave us the Madonnas and the Sistine, nor the age which gave us Rheims and Westminster Abbey, nor even the age which gave us the Parthenon, has done more for humanity than that to which we owe the oratorios and the operas, the sonatas, symphonies, and masses of the great age of music. Not merely was music of the highest order produced, not merely did that age create almost all the great orders of music, but the generation gave itself to music with a passion such as marked all ages wherein art reaches its zenith. When Handel and Buononcini, Gluck and Piccini,

divided the town, it was not with the languid partisanshship which amuses our leisure, but with the passions of the Red and Green factions in the circus of Byzantium. England, it is true, had few musicians of its own, but Handel is for practical purposes an English musician, and the great Italian singers and the great German masters were never more truly at home than when surrounded by English admirers. England bore her fair share in this new birth of art especially if our national anthem was really the product of this age. And not our people only, but the men of culture, of rank, of power, and the court itself. And the story that the King caused the whole house to rise when the Hallelujah Chorus was heard is a happy symbol of the enthusiasm of the time.—*F. Hamsen.*

DRYDEN never put forth his best or greatest power except perhaps once, when, three years before his death, he wrote his last great poem, "Alexander's Feast," an "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day." It was written at the request of a musical society for their celebration of the nativity of the patron saint of music. Struck out by the poet in the white heat of his imagination, it is a masterpiece in boldness of imagery and in musical adaptation. He said: "I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it. Here it is, finished at one sitting." The ode was written in 1697.

A genuine hymn—at once simple and beautiful, devotional and lyrical—is one of Time's rarest blossoms, unfolding only at long intervals. By way of compen-

sation, it is well-nigh immortal, it is handed down from generation to generation, from language to language. "age does not wither, nor custom stale," its sweetness its perfume of praise continually rises from fresh altars, long after the heart whence it sprang is turned to dust.

THERE is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature to have this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and free-born, and aspiring men. The man who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this.—*Irving.*

## SONG OF ARBOR DAY.

SARAH J. PETTINOS.  
JESSE HUTCHINSON.

1. We have come with joyful greeting, songs of gladness, voices gay, Teachers, friends and happy  
2. Gentle winds will murmur softly, zephyrs float on noiseless wing; 'Mid its boughs shall thrush and  
3. Plant we then throughout our borders, o'er our lands so fair and wide, Treasures from the leafy

children, all to welcome Arbor day. Here we plant the tree, whose branches warmed by breath of summer robin build their nests and sweetly sing. 'Neath its shell'ring arms shall childhood, weary of the noontide for - est, vale and hill and mountain side. Rooted deep, oh, let them flourish! sturdy giants may they

days, Nourished by soft dews and showers, soon shall wave in leafy sprays. Songs of gladness heat, In its cool, inviting shadow find a pleasant, safe retreat. Songs of gladness be! Emblems of the cause we cherish,—education broad and free! Songs of gladness

sing we gai-ly, Thus we welcome Arbor Day. And as year by year we gather, glad to

put our tasks a - way, May the spring-time ever shower blessings on each Ar - bor Day!

THE grandest dream the human heart has ever cherished is the dream of a glad Immortality—beautiful beyond compare, and soul-satisfying as nothing else on earth ever has been or can be. The dream of ideal loveliness; of humanity perfected where more than Utopia and the Happy Isles shall be realized; of the pure joys of Jerusalem the golden; of crystal seas, of the river of life, of the Paradise of God! It is a dream, but it goes down with us all-glorious to the end; flushing with more than sunset radiance the

clouds that hang over the Valley of the Shadow. Toil grows lighter as we dream. Sorrow is tempered until in its place there comes a solemn gladness. There is gain in very loss—whether it be the loss of wealth, or power, or place, or health, or home, or cherished friends. Loss of life itself to him who gladly dreams this dream, he thinks, brings greatest gain of all. What glory if the dream be true! And what—if it be but a dream? It is the only one which, thus far, has never failed the sons of men. All else may end in

## JOY IN SORROW.

I. D. SANKEY.  
JANE CREWEDSON.

1. I've found a joy in sor - row, A se - cret balm for pain, A beau - ti - ful to -  
 2. I've found a glad ho - san - na For ev - 'ry woe and wail; A hand - ful of sweet  
 3. An E - lim with its cool - ness, Its fountains and its shade; A bless - ing in its  
 4. My Saviour, Thee pos - sess - ing, I have the joy, the balm, The heal - ing and the

mor - row Of sun - shine af - ter rain; I've found a branch of heal - ing Near  
 man - na When grapes of Esh - col fail; I've found a Rock of A - ges When  
 full - ness, When buds of prom - ise fade. O'er tears of soft con - tri - tion I've  
 bless - ing, The sun - shine and the psalm; The prom - ise for the fear - ful, The

ev - 'ry bit - ter spring, A whispered prom - ise steal - ing O'er ev - 'ry bro - ken  
 des - ert wells are dry; And, af - ter wea - ry sta - ges, I've found an E - lim  
 see a rain - bow light; A glo - ry and fru - i - tion, So near!—yet out of  
 E - lim for the faint; The rain - bow for the tear - ful, The glo - ry for the

string, A whispered prom - ise steal - ing O'er ev - 'ry bro - ken string.  
 nigh, And af - ter wea - ry sta - ges, I've found an E - lim nigh.  
 sight, A glo - ry and fru - i - tion, So near!—yet out of sight.  
 saint! The rain - bow for the tear - ful, The glo - ry for the saint!

dust and ashes long before the last scene comes. This alone blooms on to the end like the fabled amaranth of the fair gardens it pictures, whose freshness is unfading. The Book of time and of eternity, which alone tells the story of an immortality beyond the grave, is, more than all others, the Book of the Dreamer.

Such is the sociableness of music, that it readily conforms itself to all companies, both in mirth and mourning; complying to improve that passion with which it finds its auditors most affected.—Fuller.

FEW, even in the church, estimate as they ought the value of hymnology. There is, for instance, in Germany, an enormous amount of literature; but little of it is pervaded with the spirit of religion. Even the theological writings are cold, critical, and learned. These are not for the people and the people are not for them. Their hymnology, however, is the largest, richest and fullest that is to be found in the world, and to it we may justly attribute a very great part of the true religion that at present exists in that country.

## STRIKE THE CYMBAL.

*Chorus.* PUCITTA.

*Allegro.*

{ Strike the cymbal, roll the tymbal, Let the trump of triumph sound; Powerful slinging! Headlong  
From the riv-er, reject-ing quiver, Judah's hero takes the stone. Spread your banners! Shout ho-

bringing Proud Go-li-ath to the ground. } See ad-vances, with songs and dances, All the  
sannas! Bat-tle is the Lord's a-lone. }

*Chorus.*

band of Israel's daughters; Catch the sound, ye hills and waters, Spread your banners! Shout ho-

*Solo.—Slow.*

sannas! Bat-tle is the Lord's a-lone. What are haughty monarchs now? Lo! before Jehovah bow!

*Faster.* *Chorus.*

Pride of princes, strength of kings, To the dust Je-ho-vah brings. Praise him! praise him, ex-

ult-ing nations, praise, Praise him, praise him, ex-ult-ing nations, praise, Hosan-na, Ho-san-na!

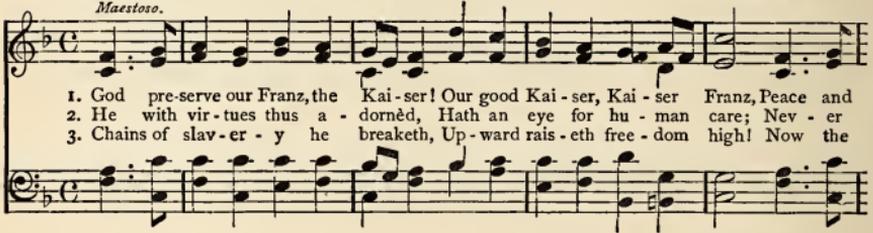
*f* *ff* *Fine.*

How is this great power of music to be controlled and brought to bear most directly, most efficiently, on our people? That nation is the best educated in which knowledge is most diffused, in which the results of learning are within the grasp of the greatest number. Only so far as any art or science becomes a part of popular education can that art or science become a power, an influence, in a land. Of the growing desire among our people for a higher musical education we have many signs in the frequency of festivals and choral unions and the number of

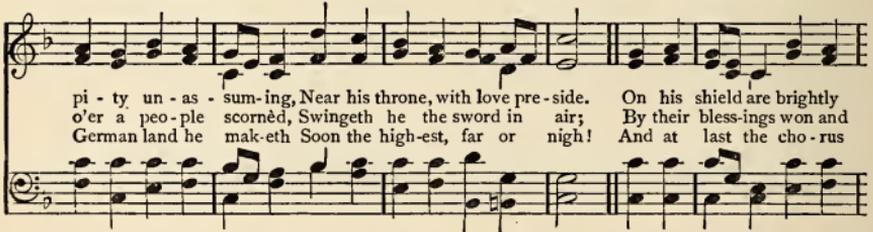
musical associations. We Americans are a conglomerate race, made up of the best of every people under the sun, so transfused that the origin of even a single family can scarcely be traced without an element of Celtic or Teutonic race discovering itself. Perhaps this is the source of the musical taste so widely spread among us as a people. We say taste, not culture; we are not yet a cultivated people in any true sense. As a national characteristic, to be song and music lovers belongs to the Irish and German races rather than to the Saxon. It is rare to find a

## AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

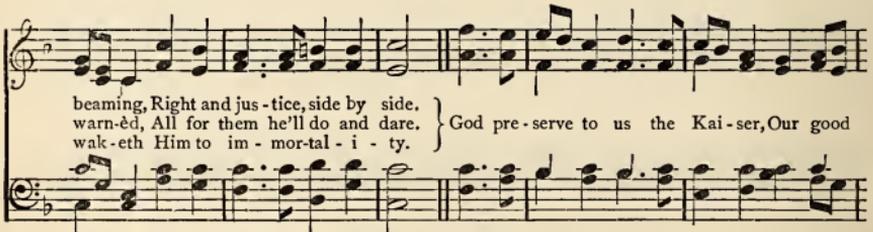
JOSEPH HAYDN.

*Maestoso.*


1. God pre-serve our Franz, the Kai-ser! Our good Kai-ser, Kai-ser Franz, Peace and  
 2. He with vir-tues thus a-dornèd, Hath an eye for hu-man care; Nev-er  
 3. Chains of slav-er-y he breaketh, Up-ward rais-eth free-dom high! Now the



pi-ty un-as-sum-ing, Near his throne, with love pre-side. On his shield are brightly  
 o'er a peo-ple scornèd, Swingeth he the sword in air; By their bless-ings won and  
 German land he mak-eth Soon the high-est, far or nigh! And at last the cho-rus



beaming, Right and jus-tice, side by side. } God pre-serve to us the Kai-ser, Our good  
 warn-ed, All for them he'll do and dare. }  
 wak-eth Him to im-mor-tal-i-ty.



Kai-ser, Kai-ser Franz! God preserve to us the Kai-ser, Our good Kai-ser, Kai-ser Franz!

German or an Irish girl without an ear for music. In our Western States and centres of population the Germans instinctively gather, in remembrance of the father-land, into Sangvereins, preserving the songs and musical traditions of the old land, while they welcome gladly anything fresh and worthy from the new. The marvelous achievements of the school festivals in the Music Hall in Boston are largely due to the fine voices, the quick perception, of the Irish, either by birth or by descent.—*Gray.*

As TO the class of music suitable for the organ, there is an ample supply of ecclesiastical music, it has been accumulating for four or five hundred years, sufficient for all church requirements. But there is no objection to what is called "secular" music, if it be in its nature devotion-breathing. Much of the music of Mendelssohn and Mozart, almost all that of Von Weber and Beethoven, can be adapted to the church. But music which is frivolous, which recalls the waltz and the opera, is a desecration.—*Becher.*

## SONGS OF PRAISE.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819.  
S. BACH. "NUREMBERG."

1. Songs of praise the An - gels sang, Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jah's rang,  
2. Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;  
3. Heaven and earth must pass a - way, Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
4. And shall man a - lone be dumb, Till that glo - rious king - dom come?

When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake, and it was done.  
Songs of praise a - rose when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.  
God will make new heavens and earth; Songs of praise shall hail their birth.  
No; the Church de - lights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5. Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

6. Borne upon the latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

## RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

ALEXIS LVOFF.

1. God save our glo - rious Czar! No - ble and strong; Lead him to our  
2. Lord of all power and might, Smile on us all; Be Thou our

vic - to - ry, His power pro - long. O rul - er, mild and good!  
con - stant friend, Save ere we fall. All na - tions bow to Thee,

Our church's shield; God is thy sole de - fence In court and field.  
Rul - er di - vine; Bless Thine own her - it - age, And make us Thine.

The repeat means that each four lines may be sung first as a Quartette, and again as a Chorus in Unison.

MUSICAL BEE.—The London papers describe a musical bee, patterned after the "spelling bees," which have had an extensive run at times. In opening the proceedings the Chairman said that their object was more directly intended to draw attention to the study of the art of music and of its history. Among the ancients competitions were known to have been held in that accomplishment, and since the Norman Conquest tests in music and poetry had formed the chief attraction of the Welsh Eisteddfod. The competitions then commenced. From their nature it may be gathered that there was an almost total

absence of those amusing incidents which are the principal features of spelling bees. They were divided into eight classes, the first being for the best reader of piano-forte music at sight. The three young ladies who competed showed much proficiency in one of Handel's least-known compositions. The best singer at sight was a gentleman, who gave admirably Handel's "Droop not, young lover," an unfamiliar song to amateurs. The remaining subjects for trial included quartette singing at sight, and piano-forte solos for the "ear-test competition." A few questions were put to a dozen competitors. Asked to

## IN HAPPY MOMENTS.

W. V. WALLACE.

1. In hap - py moments day by day, The sands of life may pass In  
 2. Though anx - ious eyes up - on us gaze, And hearts with fond - ness beat, Whose

swift but tranquil tide a - way, From time's un - er - ring glass, Yet hopes we used as  
 smile up - on each feature plays With truthful - ness re - plete, Some thoughts none other

bright to deem, Re - membrance will re - call, Whose pure and whose unfad - ing beam, Is  
 can re - place, Re - membrance will re - call, Which in the flight of years we trace, Is

dear - er far than all, Whose pure and whose unfading beam, Is dear - er far than all.  
 dear - er far than all, Which in the flight of years we trace, Is dear - er far than all.

state the difference between music and noise, one young gentlemen promptly answered that "music was harmonious, and noise was not harmonious." This was the only reply that provoked laughter, the examination generally showing conclusively that there was no lack of technical knowledge on the part of the competitors. Some of the questions were difficult enough to shake their confidence, but eventually the number was reduced to four, who fought for the mastery while another competition was carried on. The prizes, consisting principally of works of the old masters, were distributed at the conclusion of each

trial. The referees associated with the Chairman were all Professors of the Royal Academy of Music.

THE EAR.—The ability of the ear to detect and analyze sound is wonderful beyond all comprehension. Sound-waves chase each other up and down through the air, superposed in entangled pulsations; yet a cylinder of the air not larger than a quill conveys them to the ear, and each string of that wonderful harp selects its appropriate sound, and repeats the music to the soul within. Though a thousand instruments be played at once, there is no confusion, but each is heard, and all may blend in harmony.—Steele.

NOT MUSICAL.—Sir Julius Benedict told a good story at the meeting of the Popular Ballad Concert Society at the Mansion House, showing how Philistine England still is on the matter of music. After the Crimean war Sir Julius was told by Sir Richard Airey how deadly dull the British camp and trenches at Sebastopol were in the evenings—no occupation, resource or recreation of any kind. His remark on this was that, if the soldiers had been Prussians or Austrians, they would all have been able to sing, and that a constant amusement would thus have been found; and he undertook to give the necessary instruction to one

regiment or more. Lord Elcho was standing near, and accepted the offer for his own volunteer regiment, the London Scottish. Sir Julius went to work, and a class of fifty was formed, which soon increased to a hundred, and made good progress. But the strong old British prejudice prevailed, and the "singing corps" were soon so unmercifully ridiculed and chaffed that they gradually fell off, and Sir Julius was left with too small a remnant to be of any value. And yet we call ourselves a musical nation! A musical nation we may be in one sense, since we pay any amount for German musicians to play and sing their own music to us, but

## OH, TAKE HER, BUT BE FAITHFUL STILL.

SIDNEY NELSON.  
CHARLES JEFFERYS.

*Andante con espress.*

1. Oh! take her, but be faith-ful still, And may the bri-dal  
2. The joys of child-hood's hap-py hour, This home of ri-per  
3. Her lot in life is fixed with thine, Its good and ill to

vow Be sa-cred held in af-ter years, And warm-ly breathed as  
years, The treas-ured scenes of ear-ly youth, In sun-shine and in  
share; And well I know 'twill be her pride To soothe each sor-row

now; Re-mem-ber, 'tis no com-mon tie That binds her youth-ful  
tears; The pur-est hopes her bo-som knew When her young heart was  
there. Then take her, and may fleet-ing time Mark on-ly joy's in-

heart, 'Tis one that on-ly truth should weave, And on-ly death can part.  
free, All these and more, she now re-signs, To brave the world with thee.  
crease; And may your days glide sweet-ly on, In hap-pi-ness and peace.

a musical nation in the sense in which Germany and Italy are musical nations, that we assuredly are not. Musical capabilities we may have, but many a year must pass, with all our efforts, before those capabilities are brought into effective action.—*Pall Mall*.

I HAVE said before, and I repeat it here, that if a man cannot get literary culture of the highest kind out of his Bible, and Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Hobbes, and Bishop Berkeley, to mention only a few of our illustrious writers—I say, if he cannot get it out of those writers, he cannot get it out of

anything; and I would assuredly devote a very large portion of the time of every English child to the careful study of the models of English writing of such varied and wonderful kind as we possess; and, what is still more important and still more neglected, the habit of using that language with precision, and with force, and with art. I fancy we are almost the only nation in the world who seem to think that composition comes by nature. The French attend to their own language; the Germans study theirs; but Englishmen do not seem to think it worth their while.—*Huxley*.

## THE BRIDGE.

M. LINDSAY.  
H. W. LONGFELLOW.*Expression.*

1. I stood on the bridge at midnight, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the moon rose o'er the  
2. For my heart was hot and restless, And my life was full of care, And the bur-then laid up-

ci - ty, Be - hind the dark church tow'r, And, like the wa - ters  
on me Seem'd greater than I could bear, But now it has fall - en

rush - ing A - mong the wood - en piers, A  
from me, It is bur - ied in the sea, And

flood of thoughts came o'er me, That filled my eyes with  
on - ly the sor - row of oth - ers, Throws its shad - ow o - - ver

tears, How oft - en, oh! how oft - en, In the  
me; Yet when - ev - er I cross the riv - er, On its

days that are gone by, I had stood on that bridge at  
bridge with wood - en piers. Like the o - dor of brine from the

mid - night, And gazed on that wave and sky! How  
o - cean, Comes the thought of oth - er years, And for -

oft - en, oh! how oft - en, In the days that had gone  
ev - er, and for - ev - er, As long as the riv - er

by, I had stood on that bridge at mid - night, And  
flows, As long as the heart has pas - sions, As

gazed on that wave and sky! How oft - en, oh! how  
long as life has woes, The moon and its bro - ken re -

oft - en, I had wished that the ebb - ing tide Would  
flec - tion, And its shad - ows shall ap - pear As the

bear me a - way on its bosom, O'er the o - cean wild and wide!  
sym - bol of love in Heaven, And its way - er - ing image here.

THE CONSERVATORY.—Class teaching, or conservatory teaching, has been the outgrowth of necessity. In Europe, not alone in Germany, but in Italy, France, Russia, and Great Britain, large music-schools or conservatories have been in existence for generations, in Germany and Italy for centuries, embracing in their corps of instructors artists of world-wide fame, who have trained and given to the world other artists who in turn have proved dangerous rivals. The Paris Conservatoire de Musique et de Déclamation is sustained by government, and had its progenitors in L'Académie Royale de Musique, founded in

1671, the school established by Lully in 1672, with others of more or less note; in its present form it has existed nearly one hundred years. Saved, it may be, in the anarchy of the first republic by Chénier's eloquent appeal, it has given to the world such artists as De Beriot, Berlioz, Cherubini, Garcia, Rachel, Talma, and hundreds whose fame, less wide-spread than these, has yet given vigor and tone to the musical and art culture of the nineteenth century. Such an institution, admitting only Frenchmen and Frenchwomen to its advantages, sustained by government under strict discipline and surveillance, would

## COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

"NETTLETON."  
R. ROBINSON, 1758.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;  
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee;

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;  
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;  
I prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it— Prone to leave the God I love,

Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it—Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.  
He to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

be impossible in this country. We may look to it for many suggestions, many models, but the conservatory system of America must be the outgrowth of our own individual needs: eclectic, it will gather from the wisdom and experience of Paris, Dresden, Berlin, Stuttgart, or St. Petersburg, from English prejudices and English victories in the field of music; it will call to its aid the best talent from the North, the South, the East, the West; it will open its doors freely to all, of whatever color or nationality, who may present themselves; it will be the people's conservatory, demanded and sustained by the people at

the smallest possible expense consistent with right management and the employment of first-rate talent. In this conservatory every facility will be offered for musical instruction in every form, instrumental and vocal, with carefully graded classes, to secure fitness in the uniform lesson which should be given to each class. This answers an objection so often ignorantly made, that six pupils in an hour get only ten minutes each—too short a time for any progress. On the contrary, each pupil has the whole hour, with the benefit of profiting by the mistakes of his fellow pupils and the careful correction of the judicious teacher.

## THE LEAVES AROUND ME FALLING.

GREEK MELODY.

1. The leaves a-round me fall - ing, Are preach-ing of de - cay; The hol-low winds are  
 2. The light my path surround - ing, The loves to which I cling, The hopes within me  
 3. The friends, gone there before me, Are call-ing from on high; And joy-ous an-gels  
 4. I hear the in - vi - ta - tion, And fain would rise and come, A sin - ner to sal -

call - ing, "Come, pil-grim, come a - way!" The day, in night de - clin - ing, Says  
 bound - ing; The joys that round me wing, — All melt, like stars of ev - en, Be -  
 o'er me Tempt sweetly to the sky. "Why wait," they say, "and with - er 'Mid  
 va - tion, An ex - ile to his home; But, while I here must lin - ger, Thus,

I must, too, de - cline; The year, its life re - sign - ing, — Its lot foreshadows mine.  
 fore the morning's ray, — Pass up-ward in - to heav - en, And hide at my de - lay.  
 scenes of death and sin? Oh, rise to glo - ry, hith - er, And find true life be - gin."  
 thus let all I see Point on, with faithful fin - ger, To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

## OFT IN DANGER, OFT IN WOE,

H. K. WHITE, 1806.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris-tians, on - ward go;  
 2. On - ward, Chris-tians, on - ward go, Join the war, and face the foe;  
 3. Let your droop - ing hearts be glad; March in heav-en-ly ar - mor clad;

Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life.  
 Will ye flee in dan - ger's hour? Know ye not your Cap - tain's power?  
 Fight, nor think the bat - tle long, Vic'try soon shall tune your song.

4. Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
 Soon shall every tear be dry;  
 Let not tears your course impede,  
 Great your strength, if great your need.

5. Onward then in battle move,  
 More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
 Though opposed by many a foe,  
 Christian soldiers, onward go.

THE student should not alone study the works of Bach and Handel, but he should make himself acquainted with the vocal, and, later on, also with the orchestral works of the great masters, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Such studies will be essentially facilitated by a certain amount of skill on the piano, or by technical accomplishments on the violin or violoncello, because thereby he will be able to enter into the practical execution of the compositions for chamber music of the tone masters. Ensemble playing will

make the musical sense more susceptible to the beautiful in harmony, and the ability to comprehend complicated tone-formations in such works as require an orchestra for their production, will be strengthened thereby. Whoever has practiced the use of the different clefs, will find no difficulty in understanding the compass of the different wind instruments. To acquire ability to read and understand a score more quickly, the student will be greatly aided by studying Berlioz's work on instrumentation, which treats of the compass

## WE ROAM THROUGH FOREST SHADES.

1. We roam thro' for-est shades, We clamber o'er the mount, We come thro' summer glades, To  
 2. The rays of sun-set gild The lakelet's glas-sy breast, The purple air is stilled, All  
 3. On swift-ly glancing wings, The swallows sweeping glide; Each bright bird sweetly sings, This  
 4. All day, up-on the hills, We've chased the chamois far; But deeper joy now thrills, Be

*1st. time f, ad time pp.*

rest be-side the fount. Bold-ly we roam all day the moun-tain, Fear-less we  
 things in-vite to rest. Joy-ous at eve we seek the foun-tain, Friends of the  
 gen-tle ev-en-tide. Bold-ly we roam all day the moun-tain, Fear-less we  
 neath the evening star. Joy-ous at eve we seek the foun-tain, Friends of the

*1st time f, ad time pp.*

wan-der where the gla-ciers shine. La,  
 val-ley, there with you to re-cline. La,  
 wan-der where the gla-ciers shine. La,  
 val-ley, there with you to re-cline. La, la,

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

and character of wind and of stringed instruments. Besides these studies he must make it a point to know the vocal and instrumental compositions of Mendelssohn and Schumann; and also the vocal compositions of Hauptmann and Richter; a thorough knowledge of the latter will prove very useful to the student of harmony. At the same time he should not neglect to keep up with the musical progress of the times by making himself acquainted with the most prominent works of the best-known living masters.—Oscar Paul.

THE Fall seems to have spared the department of music. It is as if she had taken possession of the heart before it became desperately wicked, and had ever since kept her portion of it free from the curse, making it her glorious vocation upon earth to teach us nothing but the ever higher and higher enjoyment of an innocent pleasure. No means therefore can be disproportionate to such an end. How fortunate that an art thus essentially incorrupt should reign over a greater number of hearts than any other!—Mower.

## BRIGHTLY GLOWS THE MORNING STAR.

MERCADANTE.

*p* *Allegretto.*

1. Bright-ly glows the morn-ing star, With a soft and ten-der light, Beam-ing from its  
2. Star of morn! thy cheer-ing beam Kindles hope in ev-ery breast, Like a bright and

home a - far, Sweet-ly o'er the fad-ing night, Yes, o'er the fad-ing night.  
fair - y dream, Lull-ing care and grief to rest, Lull-ing grief to rest.

1. { Not a cloud obscures its radiance, Sparkling 'mid the azure sky,  
Like a guard-ian an-gel watching Kindly o'er us from on high! Yes! like a guardian  
2. { O'er the earth thy light is streaming 'Till the glorious orb of day,  
Comes with heavenly splendor beaming, To out-shine thy softer ray; Yes! o'er the earth thy

an-gel watch-ing Kind-ly o'er us from on high, watch-ing from on high. Thus may our star of  
light is stream-ing, 'Till the glo-rious orb of day out-shines thy sof-ter ray, Thus may our star of

des-ti-ny, When hope fades in- to night, Shed o'er the dark-ness of our way, Its cheer-ing rays of

light. Thus may our star of des-ti-ny Shed o'er the dark-ness of our way Its cheer-ing light.

The following is an interesting account of how George P. Morris came to write the song "Woodman, Spare that Tree." These well-known stanzas may be committed to memory by all pupils of schools in which the celebration of "arbor day" is to be observed,—to be recited or sung on that highly profitable occasion. It will aid greatly in attracting the attention of pupils to the matter of tree-planting and personal care of, and regard for trees, which "arbor day" in the schools is designed to encourage and secure on the part of our youth. Mr. Morris, in a letter to a friend, dated New York, February 1, 1837, says in substance: Riding out

of town a few days since, in company with a friend, an old gentleman, he invited me to turn down a little, romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale. "Your object?" inquired I. "Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather long before I was born, under which I used to play when a boy, and where my sisters played with me. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters—all are gone, nothing but the old tree remains." And a paleness overspread his fine countenance, and tears came to his eyes. After a moment's pause, he added: "Don't think me foolish.

## WHICHEVER WAY THE WIND DOTH BLOW.

C. A. MASON.

1. Which - ev - er way the wind doth blow, Some heart is glad to have it so;  
2. I leave it to a High - er Will To stay or speed me, trust - ing still

*D. C.*—Then what - so - ev - er wind doth blow, My heart is glad to have it so; *Fine.*

Then blow it east or blow it west, The wind that blows that wind is best.  
That all is well, and sure that He Who launched my bark will sail with me. *Fine.*

And blow it east or blow it west, The wind that blows that wind is best.

My lit - tle craft sails not a - lone, Ten thousand ships glad ev - 'ry zone; What  
Thro' storm and calm and will not fail, What - ev - er breez - es may pre - vail, To

*D. C. al Fine.*

blows to me a favr - ing breeze, Might wreck an - oth - er on the seas.  
land me, ev - 'ry per - il past, With - in the sheltering port at last.

I don't know how it is: I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend." These words were scarcely uttered when the old gentleman cried out, "There it is!" Near the tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. "You're not going to cut that tree down, surely?" "Yes, but I am, though," said the woodman. "What for?" inquired the old gentleman, with choked emotion. "What for? I like that! Well, I will tell you. I want the tree for firewood." "What is the tree worth to you

for firewood?" "Why, when down, about ten dollars." "Suppose I should give you that sum," said the old gentleman, "would you let it stand?" "Yes." "You are sure of that?" "Positive!" "Then give me a bond to that effect." We went into the little cottage in which my companion was born, but which is now occupied by the woodman. I drew up the bond. It was signed, and the money paid over. As we left, the daughter of the woodman assured us that while she lived the tree should not be cut down. These circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song I send you.

It is only in the most primitive state of self-consciousness that a man will be content with the common assignment of five senses. When science has searched from the rocks to man, and from man superficially to the real test of his humanity, it will be seen that these five are but the bed-plate and beginning of senses innumerable, and of vastly greater range and significance. There is a spiritual sense, not yet pronounced in all, and often dormant, like the appreciation of reality in music, but authoritative in matters spiritual when it is once possessed and developed. It

then becomes acute and wonderfully real, more consciously a part of the self than any of the superficial senses in their dealings with matter. To such as possess this in conscious activity, we can appeal in our spiritual criticism; but there is no hope of a response from those who are not only without, but, it would often seem, repellent of it. As well describe scenery to a person who was born without physical eyes, or play Beethoven or Mozart to another destitute of musical sense, as to hope for understanding of spiritual realities on the part of one spiritually blind.

## LITTLE MAGGIE MAY.

G. W. MOORE.  
Music by C. BLAMPHIN.

1. The spring had come, the flow'rs in bloom, The birds sang out their lay, Down by a lit - tle  
2. Tho' years rolled on, yet still I loved, With heart so light and gay, And never will this  
3. May Heav'n pro-tect me for her sake, I pray both night and day, That I ere long may

run - ning brook, I first saw Maggie May; She had a ro - guish jet - black eye, Was  
heart de - ceive My own dear Maggie May; When oth - ers thought that life was gone, And  
call her mine, My own dear Maggie May; For she is all the world to me, Al -

sing - ing all the day, And how I lov'd her none can tell, My lit - tle Maggie  
death would take a - way, Still by my side did lin - ger one, And that was Maggie  
though I'm far a - way, I oft - times think of the running brook, And my little Maggie

CHORUS. *pp* *f*  
May. My lit - tle, witch - ing Mag - gie, Mag - gie, sing - ing all the

*p*  
day; Oh! how I love' her none can tell, My lit - tle Maggie May.

THE HERO'S SERENADE.

H. SCHMIDT.  
CHARLES JARVIS.

*> Spirited.\**

1. Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, When twilight  
2. Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, When home re-

Tra la la la la la la la

shades come stealing o'er thy pil - low, And all is calm and still within thy  
turn - ing, crown'd with glory's wreath, love, And echoing hills repeat loud victory's

la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la,

home, Then think, ah! think of me, For  
cry, Then think, ah! think of me, For

Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la, Tra la la la la la,

to the battle-field I hie, My country's fame to shield or die, And for thy love I'll bare this arm At  
what can honors beto me, Unless, sweet maid, they're shar'd by thee? Could I but conquer thy fond heart, With

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la,

*ff* *p* *Tenderly.*

dan-ger's first a-larm. Tra la la la la la la la, Farewell, then, sweet maiden dear, I  
all I'd free-ly part. Tra la la la la la la la, Then, sweet maiden, list to me, I

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la,

\* "Tra, la, la" for all four voices, except where other words occur, which are to be sung by Soprano only.

go at hon-or's call, Thy love my onward path will cheer, For thou to me art all.  
come at love's fond call, And thou my fu- ture path shalt cheer, For thou to me art all.

*pp* (Echo.)

Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la,

*mp* *f*

Tra la la, Tra la la, Hark! the bu-gle's note! See our banners float Where  
Tra la la, Tra la la, Har! the bu-gle's note! See our banners float As

*f*

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,

none can cour-age bor-row, Tra la la, Tra la la, See! our brave men leap  
home-ward now vic-to-ri-ous, Tra la la, Tra la la, See! our brave men leap

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,

(ad Time Echo.)

O'er each chasm deep; Quick! let us fol - low. } Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la  
O'er each chasm deep; With ardor burn - ing. }

*f*

Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la.

*ff*

la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la. Tra la la la la la, Tra la, Tra la.

BUT Jason went away to the northward, and into the land of Thrace, till he found Orpheus, the prince of minstrels, where he dwelt in his cave under Rhodope, among the savage Cicon tribes. And he asked him, "Will you leave your mountains, Orpheus, my fellow-scholar in old times, and cross Strymon once more with me, to sail with the heroes of the Minuui, and bring home the golden fleece, and charm for us all men and all monsters with your magic harp and song?" Then Orpheus sighed, "Have I not had enough of toil and of weary wandering far and wide since I lived in Cheiron's cave, above Iolchos by the sea? In vain is the skill and

the voice which my goddess-mother gave me; in vain have I sung and labored; in vain I went down to the dead, and charmed all the kings of Hades, to win back Eurydice, my bride. For I won her, my beloved, and lost her again the same day, and wandered away in my madness, even to Egypt and the Libyan sands, and the isles of the seas, driven on by the terrible gadfly, while I charmed in vain the hearts of men and the savage forest beasts, and the trees, and the lifeless stones, with my magic harp and song, giving rest but finding none. At last Calliope, my mother, delivered me and brought me home in peace; and I dwell here in the cave alone, among the savage

## HAPPY GREETING TO ALL.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

*Allargretto.*

1. Come, children, and join in our fes-ti-val song, And hail the sweet joys which this  
2. Our Fa-ther in Heaven, we lift up to Thee, Our voice of thanks-giv-ing, our  
3. And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close, Some loved one a-mong us in

day brings a-long; We'll join our glad voi-ces in one hymn of praise, To  
glad ju-bi-lee; Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Sav-iour, we pray, That  
death shall re-pose, Grant, Lord, that the dear one in Heaven may dwell, In the

*Chorus.*

God, who has kept us, and lengthened our days. Hap-py greet-ing to  
from Thy blest pre-cepts we nev-er may stray. Hap-py greet-ing to  
man-sions of Je-sus, where all shall be well. Hap-py greet-ing to

all! Happy greeting to all, Happy greeting, happy greeting, happy greeting to all!

Cicon tribes, softening their wild hearts with music and the gentle laws of Zeus. And now I must go out again, to the ends of all the earth, far away into the misty darkness, to the last wave of the Eastern sea. But what is doomed must be, and a friend's demand obeyed; for prayers are the daughters of Zeus, and who honors them honors him." Then Orpheus rose up sighing, and took his harp and went over Strymon.

A LOOKING-GLASS should form a part of the furniture of the study, for it is very important to watch the face, its features and expression, when singing; and it is none the less useful for insuring the constant right

position of the mouth. In respect to the facial expression, there is a very great tendency to look too serious, too severe, and too hard. A cheerful and good-humored expression does not necessarily imply carelessness, and it is far more agreeable to an audience than an anxious and troubled look. Some people look quite savage when singing; and when rendering passages of love and tenderness, their features are more indicative of rage or revenge. And this very common fault is generally quite an unconscious habit. It is only to be remedied by constant care, and to this end practice before a looking-glass will be found helpful.

## THE GOLDEN SUN.

J. STRAUSS.

*Moderato e staccato.*

1. The gold - en sun sinks in the west, The mountain tops re - tain his beams; The  
 2. Now dim - ly through the mis - ty blue The stars are peep - ing, one by one, il -

pa - rent bird flies to her nest, The fire - fly through the val - ley streams.  
 lum - ing ev - 'ry drop of dew That just has trem - bled in the sun;

*f*

The whip - poor - will be - gins his lay, And ro - sy twi - light paints the  
 The night - bird spreads his heav - y wings, And hov - ers o'er the si - lent

*p*

sky, While creeping on with man - tle gray, And noiseless step, night dims the eye.  
 dell; The night - in - gale her ves - persings, And na - ture bids the day farewell.

## THE SKY-LARK.

1 (ROUND.)

2

High - er still and high - er, From the earth thou spring - est Like a cloud of fire; The  
 deep, deep blue thou wing - est, And sing - ing, sing - ing, still dost soar, And soar - ing ev - er  
 sing - est; And sing - ing, sing - ing, still dost soar, And soar - ing ev - er sing - est.

1 (ROUND.)

2

3

4

Who'll buy my posies, Fresh lil - lies and roses, With cow - slips and primroses? Ladies, who'll buy?

IMITATION, which in many other arts becomes plagiarism, in singing is most desirable; for singing, more than any other art, rests on tradition; there is even very little doubt that the peculiar charm and quality of a true tenor voice, for instance, is more due to imitation in a singer than to nature; that is to say, that it is the result of a transmitted culture—such imitation being the only means by which singers can reap the harvest of the experience of the great singers now to be heard no more, who have left their imitators to pass on to others what they themselves obtained by imitating and improving on their predecessors. Therefore do not be afraid of being set down as a mere copy-

ist, if you study and attempt to imitate the style of the best living singers. You will always have enough of your own merit or defect to distinguish your performance, if you are really a conscientious student, and you may learn a great deal by listening to the best public singers, that can be taught you in no other way. Watch their stage deportment; their treatment of the weaker parts of their voices; their method of breathing; their manner towards the public;—in fact, every point which occurs to you,—and make some use of what you see and hear in your own studies. If you have to sing in public, remember always to take a rapid but searching glance around your stage. This is a great

## COME TO THE HOME OF BOYHOOD'S LOVE.

V. BELLINI.

*mf*

1. Come to the home of boyhood's love, Come to the shade of childhood's tree; Sweet are the winds that  
2. Dark were th' clouds that pass'd o'er thee, Rude were th' storms that round me blew, But now we come to

*f* breathe a-bove, Here we will ev-er hap-py be. Birds singing gai-ly now as then,  
the shelt'ring tree, Where love with ear-ly pleasures grew; All looks as cheery now and gay,

*pp* Flit thro' the wood and glen. Hark! loud is the voice of the wa-ter-fall, Dashing against its  
As in that calmer day. Yes! here is the home of boyhood's love, Here is the shade of

*f* rock-y wall, just as it ran in days of yore, When we were shouting to its roar.  
childhood's grove, Hopes hover round and hearts are free, And we will ev-er hap-py be.

point gained. As you step on to "the boards," notice, unobserved, the dimensions of the stage, if it happens to be new to you. Note the height of its ceiling, its surroundings, its draperies, its distance from your farthest auditor; then take up your position accordingly—bearing in mind that all your tone is wanted by your listeners, which requirement can never be met unless you yourself take the precaution to prevent the sound's being held or carried back by the stage decorations. In a concert hall or theatre, then, do not forget to stand well to the front of the platform. Carefully watch an audience so as to gauge its attention and sympathies. If it seems impatient, restless, and indifferent, the

singer may be quite sure that he or she is exciting no interest. The best course then is immediately to change the style, alter the tone, give forth his best energies, and use every effort to become ingratiated into the good favor of the audience. If you make a mistake in singing, do not add to the mischief by allowing it to alarm or disconcert you. Proceed as if nothing had happened. You may be quite sure that each one of your audience will not have detected the slip, for they cannot all be critics. But bear in mind that such confidence is not to be too often relied upon. Great artists make no serious mistake in public. How much more careful then should the young student be!

## BOATMAN'S RETURN.

M. J. SPORLE.

1. Row! row! homeward we steer, Twilight falls o'er us; Hark! hark! soft mu-sic is near,  
2. Row! row! sing as we go, Na-ture re-joic-es; Hark! how the hills as we flow  
3. Row! row! lo, in the west, Lights dimly burn-ing; Friends in yon har-bor of rest

Friends glide be-fore us! Song lightens our la-bor, Sing as on-ward we go,  
Ech-o our voi-ces; Still o'er the dark wa-ters, Far a-way we must roam,  
Wait our re-turn-ing! See, now they burn clear-er, Keep time with the oar!

Keep each with his neigh-bor Time as we flow. Row! row! homeward we go,  
Ere It-a-ly's daughters Wel-come us home. Row! row! homeward we go,  
Now, now we are near-er That hap-py shore. Row! row! homeward we go,

Twi-ght falls o'er us; Row! row! Sing as we flow, Day flies be-fore us.

## MUSICAL ALPHABET.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

Come, dear teacher, hear me say What I can of A B C: A B C D E F G,  
Now, my Al-pha-bet is through, Will you hear my sis-ter too? A B C D E F G,

H I J K L M N O P; Q R S and T U V, W (dou-ble-you) and  
She has said them all to me; Q R S and T U V, W (dou-ble-you) and

X Y Z. Now you've heard my A B C, Tell me what you think of me.  
X Y Z. Now we've said our A B C, Let us have a kiss from thee.

1 (ROUND.) 2 3 4  
Good night, Slum-ber sound, In peace profound, 'Till morning's light.

## HAPPY BAYADERE.

N. C. BOCHSA.

*Waltzing time.\** *mf*

*mp*  
1. 2. Tra la la la la la la la, Oh' gai-ly now I'm sing-ing, A dancing Bay-a-dere; Tra  
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,

*f* *p*  
la la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la. My tambourine is ring-ing,  
Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la,

*f* *mp*  
Tra la la la la la la la, To ban-ish, to ban-ish, to ban-ish care;  
*f* *mp*  
la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la,

*f* *p* *fz*  
Oh, gai-ly now I'm singing, a hap-py Bay-a-dere, My tambourine is ring - ing,  
[Bi-a-dere.] *f* *fz*  
Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la

*ff* *Fine.*  
To banish woe and care. Tra la la.  
*ff*  
la la la la la.

*p* *Softly, not too fast.* *pp*  
1. By Ganges' love - ly riv - er Pleasure a - lone I see; Who roams  
2. How hap-py mid the flow - ers That deck its banks so fair, And birds

\*"Tra la la" for all four voices, except where other words occur, which are to be sung by Soprano only.

with me shall nev - er Op - pressed with sor - row be! Tra la la la,  
that gleam in beau - ty But fly - ing gems most rare. Tra la la la,

Tra la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la, Oh!

## UPON THE HEIGHT.

GERMAN FOLK-SONG.

1. Up - on the height I stood, The sun be - gan to set, I  
2. The lit - tle flow - ers close Their eye - lids by de - grees, And  
3. And in re - pose they lie, Who call a cot their own, They

saw how o'er the wood Hung evening's gold - en net. The dew from Heaven  
ev - 'ry bil - low flows, Un - ruf - fled by the breeze. The golden bee - tle  
dream of home and sigh, Who rove the world a - lone. A long - ing fills my

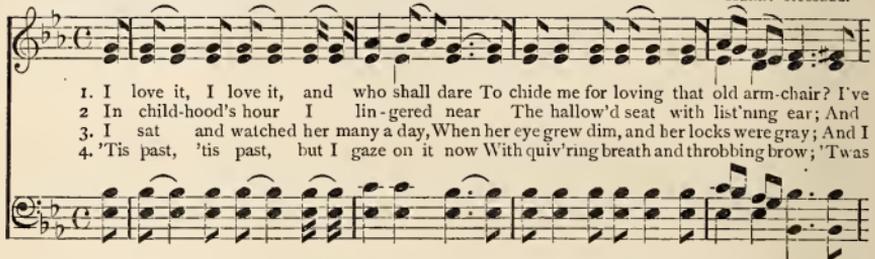
fell, Peace o'er the earth a - rose, With sound of eve - ning bell Sank  
rocks, Its cra - dle is the rose, The shepherd and his flocks Re -  
breast, Oh, how I fain would fly, And seek e - ter - nal rest, In

Na - ture to re - pose, Sank Na - ture to re - pose.  
tir - ing to re - pose, Re - tir - ing to re - pose.  
you far home on high, In yon far home on high.

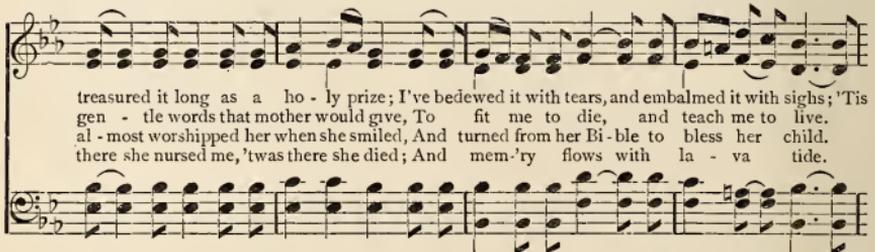
THE ARGO.—And at last the ship was finished, and they tried to launch her down the beach; but she was too heavy for them to move her, and her keel sank deep into the sand. Then all the heroes looked at each other blushing; but Jason spoke, and said, "Let us ask the magic bough, perhaps it can help us in our need." Then a voice came from the bough, and Jason heard the words it said, and bade Orpheus play upon the harp, while the heroes waited round, holding the pine-trunk rollers, to help her toward the sea. Then Orpheus took his harp, and began his magic song—"How sweet it is to ride upon the surges, and to leap from wave to wave, while the wind sings cheerful in the cordage, and the oars flash fast among the foam! How sweet it is to

roam across the ocean, and see new towns and wondrous lands, and to come home laden with treasure, and to win undying fame!" And the good ship Argo heard him, and longed to be away and out at sea; till she stirred in every timber, and heaved from stem to stern, and leapt up from the sand upon the rollers, and plunged onward like a gallant horse; and the heroes fed her path with pine-trunks, till she rushed into the whispering sea. Then they stored her well with food and water, and pulled the ladder up on board, and settled themselves each man to his oar, and kept time to Orpheus' harp; and away across the bay they rowed southward while the people lined the cliffs; and the women wept, while the men shouted, at the starting of that gallant crew.—*Kingsley.*

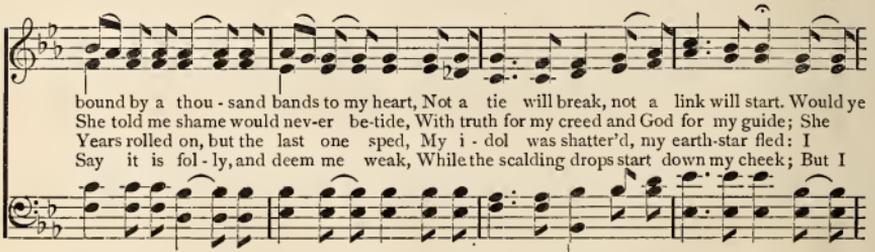
## THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

ELIZA COOK  
HENRY RUSSELL.


1. I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for loving that old arm-chair? I've  
2 In child-hood's hour I lin-gered near The hallow'd seat with list'ning ear; And  
3. I sat and watched her many a day, When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray; And I  
4. 'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now With quiv'ring breath and throbbing brow; 'Twas



treasured it long as a ho-ly prize; I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs; 'Tis  
gen-tle words that mother would give, To fit me to die, and teach me to live.  
al-most worshipped her when she smiled, And turned from her Bi-ble to bless her child.  
there she nursed me, 'twas there she died; And mem-'ry flows with la-va-tide.



bound by a thou-sand bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would ye  
She told me shame would nev-er be-tide, With truth for my creed and God for my guide; She  
Years rolled on, but the last one sped, My i-dol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled: I  
Say it is fol-ly, and deem me weak, While the scalding drops start down my cheek; But I



learn the spell? a mother sat there, And a sa-cred thing is that old arm-chair.  
taught me to lisp my ear-liest prayer, As I knelt be-side that old arm-chair.  
learned how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.  
love it, I love it, and can-not tear My soul from a mo-ther's old arm-chair.

## RAIN UPON THE ROOF.

COATES KINNEY, G. CLIFFORD.  
PEF. OLIVER DITSON & CO.

*Lively.*

La la

1. When the humid showers gath-er O-ver all the star-ry spheres, And the mel-an-  
 2. Ev-'ry tin-kle on the shingles Has an ech-o in the heart, And a thousand  
 3. There is naught in art's bra-vu-ras, That can work with such a spell, In the spir-it's

La la

*cres.*

la la.

cho-ly darkness Gently weeps in rain-y tears, 'Tis a joy to press the pil-low Of a  
 dreamy fan-cies In-to bus-y be-ing start; And a thousand re-col-lections Weave their  
 pure, deep fountains, Whence the holy passions swell, As that mel-o-dy of na-ture, That sub-

la la.

*m* *p*

La la la la

cottage chamber bed, And to lis-ten to the pat-ter Of the soft rain o-ver-head, La la  
 bright hues in-to woof, As I lis-ten to the pat-ter Of the soft rain on the roof. La la  
 dued, subduing strain, Which is play'd upon the shingles By the pat-ter of the rain. La la

La la la la

*p* *p*

la la.

la la.

la la.

NOTE.—Instead of singing the "la la" accompaniment and chorus, the words only may be sung, repeating, with expression, the last four lines of each verse. It is usually sung without this accompaniment, and is always a favorite with schools.

It may be laid down as a general rule that smoking is a bad habit for the singer, male or female—for there are females who are proud of being able to smoke cigarettes nowadays! With many instances of great singers before us, who have also been great smokers, it is impossible to say decidedly that singers must not smoke; but the habit is one to be very cautiously indulged in. If smoking in any case induces expectation, it should at once be given up, for the habit of spitting, to which some smokers allow themselves to give way, is in reality, perhaps the great evil of smoking; it weakens the throat, lungs and chest. Avoid late hours. You require, not only a certain amount of sleep, but to take that sleep before the body and mind are at all overtaxed. From many causes, it is well

known, that the human frame is always at its lowest vital energy from about 2 a.m. till 5 a.m. and the nearer you approach these hours in going to bed, the less able are you to derive all the benefit which you require from sleep. Twelve o'clock is late enough for any one. Another reason why late hours are bad is connected not with physical facts so much as with morals. It is true, you may come to no actual harm, or get into no positive evil, by being out late at night, but you place yourself in a position of risk—risk of cold, over-fatigue, inhaling vitiated atmosphere, etc., as well as risk to moral character, which latter, in its way as delicate as the voice, is injured not only by actual violation of right, but by all society, conversation, and literature which tend at all to mar its purity

## YANKEE DOODLE.

NATIONAL AIR.

*Spirited.*

1. Father and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - 'in, And  
 2. And there we see a thou - sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And  
 3. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton Up - on a slap - ping stall - ion, A -  
 4. And then the feath - ers on his hat, They looked so ver - y fine, ah! I

there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.  
 what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.  
 giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mill - ion.  
 wan - ted pesk - i - ly to get To give to my Je - mi - ma.

Yan - kee doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

And there I see a swamping gun,  
 Large as a log of maple,  
 Upon a mighty little cart;  
 A load for father's cattle.

And every time they fired it off,  
 It took a horn of powder;  
 It made a noise like father's gun,  
 Only a nation louder.

And there I see a little keg,  
 Its heads all made of leather,  
 They knocked upon't with little  
 To call the folks together. [sticks,

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,  
 He kind o' clapt his hand on 't,  
 And stuck a crooked stabbing iron  
 Upon the little end on 't.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,  
 And fire right in our faces;  
 It scared me almost half to death  
 To see them run such races.

It scared me so I hooked it off,  
 Nor stopped, as I remember,  
 Nor turned about till I got home,  
 Locked up in mother's chamber

## THE MOUNTAIN BUGLE.

J. H. HEWITT.

*p* *Lively.*

1. Cheer-i-ly the bu-gle sounds, When home returning o'er the lake; Mer-ri-ly my bo-som  
2. Fear-lessly thy footsteps roam, Where snows hang on the diz-zy steep, Driv-ing from its rocky

bounds, As each clear sound bids echo wake; Joy-ous-ly I wing the note, To tell thee that thy  
home The ech-o of the hol-low deep. Mer-ri-ly the wild stag bounds, A- lert he knows the

hun-ter's near; Mer-ri-ly I speed my boat To-wards the home by thee made dear.  
hun-ter near; Cheer-i-ly the glen resounds With cho-rus and the hun-ter's cheer.

*pp*

Dearest, for thee, thee on-ly, These mountain wilds are sweet to me; Each crag and val-ley  
Dearest, for thee, thee on-ly, These mountain wilds are sweet to me; Each crag and val-ley

lone-ly, Is blest because 'tis loved by thee. Sound, sound, sound, sound the  
lone-ly, Is blest because 'tis loved by thee. Sound, sound, sound, sound the

mer-ry, mer-ry mountain horn, At eve-ning's close and morning's ear-ly dawn.  
mer-ry, mer-ry mountain horn, At eve-ning's close and morning's ear-ly dawn.

ANTI-CHRISTMAS.—Very early in life the worst devil that is loose on this earth had entered the soul of John Worrall, taken up his abode there and kept the place swept, garnished, and ready for the entrance of all his allied kin. Avarice was the name of this head devil, first comer, lord and master of the pitiful realm of this little soul; and to avarice were now added and linked, by long bond of a common service, deceit, trickery, all manner of safe dishonesties; cruelty also, with its countless retinue of oppression-dealing, vengeance-wreaking fiends, legions of them; and last and worst of all had

entered in hypocrisy, the arch-protector of the whole gang; the whitewasher of deeds, the hood-winker of communities, the deceiver of even John himself, time and again persuading him that his motives were good, that he had justice on his side. What a crew they were, take them one and all, to be masters of a man, goading him, driving him, chaining him, making him worse and worse every year he lived. A terrible thing to see; but it is coming to pass all about us daily, and never anywhere in a more terrible fashion than in rural communities. There is great outcry about the heartless tyrants

## FLOATING ON THE WIND.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

1. Float - ing on the wind Songs of oth - er years, Fresh - ly come to mind,  
2. Oh! ye mys - tic songs, Blend - ing with the air, How my spir - it longs,  
Melt - ing me to tears; Ev - 'ry breeze that blows Seems a haunt - ed tone,  
In your joys to share! Where from harps un - seen Mu - sic of the mind,  
Whisp'ring words like those But to spir - its known! Steal - ing o'er my mind,  
Earth and Heav'n be - tween Floats up - on the wind! Steal - ing o'er my mind,  
Melt - ing me to tears, Float - ing on the wind Come songs of oth - er years.  
Melt - ing me to tears, Float - ing on the wind Come songs of oth - er years.

and remorseless leeches among great city financiers, dealers in stocks, and manipulators of railways, whose names are known the world over. But stock exchanges are not the only places where such tyrannies and crimes are rampant. There is many a country village, many a rural district, where moral vitalities are sapped, where prosperities are undermined, independence and self-respect slain, by the "one-man power."—*Saxe Holm.*

MUSICIANS find pleasure in the collecting of Welsh, German and French carols, as well as English, and the antiquarian takes a deeper pleasure still in linking

these carols with the Yule feasts of heathendom; to preserve the season and drive out the memory of which early celebration the "manger songs" and Christmas carols, as well as gifts, were adopted. Where now is sung "the babe of Bethlehem," what a contrast to the Roman, Celtic and German carouses and songs in honor of the winter solstice, when their great deities were held to be passing over the earth, and when, in the shortest days, their side of the world was already known to be turning towards the sun and the spring. Some of our transplanted festivals are of very old date.

THE theory that music derives its origin from the outward sounds of nature, is fit only for poets and lovers to indulge. History, as well as common sense, prove the folly of such a proposition. The savage has never been disposed to musical utterances by the singing of birds, the rippling of brooks, or the murmur of winds. His music, when he has any, is a mere noise, not deducible by any stretch of the imagination from such sounds. Nay, if we search the works of the earliest composers, we find not the slightest evidence of their having been inspired by

outward agencies; they have but deciphered what was written within. Not until the art stood upon its own independent foundations, does it appear that any musician ever thought of turning such natural sounds to account; and (even with Beethoven's exquisite Pastoral Symphony, with its plaintive clarinet cuckoo ringing in our ears,) we should say that no composition could be of a high class in which these sounds were conspicuous. The connection between sound and numbers is another fact which is at once marvelous, and invests music with the highest dignity. Far

## MY MOTHER DEAR.

SAMUEL LOVER.

*Tenderly.*

1. There was a place in childhood that I re-mem-ber well, And there, a voice of  
 2. When fai-ry tales were end-ed, "Good night," she softly said, And kissed and laid me  
 3. In sickness of my childhood, the per-ils of my prime, The sor-rows of my  
 sweet-est tone, bright fai-ry tales did tell, And gen-tle words and fond embrace were  
 down to sleep with-in my ti-ny bed, And ho-ly words she taught me there, me-  
 rip-er years, the cares of ev-ry time, When doubt or dan-ger weighed me down, then  
 given with joy to me, When I was in that hap-py place, up-on my moth-er's  
 thinks I yet can see Her an-gel eyes, as close I knelt be-side my moth-er's  
 plead-ing all for me, It was a fer-vent prayer to Heaven that bent my moth-er's  
 knee. My moth-er dear! my moth-er dear! My gen-tle, gen-tle moth-er.  
 knee. Oh moth-er dear! oh moth-er dear! My gen-tle, gen-tle moth-er.  
 knee. My moth-er dear! my moth-er dear! My gen-tle, gen-tle moth-er.

from being a frivolous art, meant only for pastime and idle amusement, it would seem to be of such importance to mankind that we are expressly furnished with a double means of testing its truth. The simple instinct of a correct ear, and the closest calculations of the skilled mathematician, give the same verdict. Science but proves what the ear detects.—*Wysham.*

THE custom of making musical prodigies of very young children is one that generally over-reaches itself. The result is generally like some California

fruits, which attain abnormal proportions at the expense of flavor. It is seldom that a prodigy becomes a great artist in his later years. We know personally of some performers who were remarkable at seven years of age, and have only reached mediocrity at twenty. Against the exceptional case of Mozart may be set the healthy development of Brahms, Wagner, Schumann, Weber, and dozens of other leaders of the musical world, who became great only in proportion as their general intelligence expanded and grew.

## SLEEP, GENTLE MOTHER.

"IL TROVATORE."  
VERDI. C. MATZ ARR.

*Expression.*

1. Sleep, gen - tle moth - er! Rest from thy sor - row; Bright may the mor - row,  
2. Sleep, gen - tle moth - er! Hap - py thy dream - ing, Slum - ber's fair seem - ing

On thee a - wak - en! Naught here shall harm thee; Love still un - sha - ken  
Bless thee sad - heart - ed: Soft now the breez - es Lull - ing to si - lence

Braves ev - 'ry dan - ger For thee, moth - er dear, } Oh, may thy spir - it en - joy its calm  
Ev - 'ry dread warn - ing For thee, moth - er dear, }

slum - bers, Sweet and un - brok - en, Un - conscious of fear, To wan - der onc - e more O'er our

loved na - tive mountains, To greet those compan - ions Our hearts pine to see. Oh, welcome the

moment When home we're re - turn - ing, And hope smiles a - gain, Dearest moth - er, on

*p*

thee, When hope, sweet hope, Smiles up - on thee, When hope, sweet hope,

*pp*

Smiles up - on thee, When hope, sweet hope, Smiles up - on thee. . . .

## WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE.

GEO. P. MORRIS.

1. When oth - er friends are round thee, And oth - er hearts are thine, When  
2. Yet do not think I doubt thee, I know thy truth re - mains; I

oth - er bays have crown'd thee, More fresh, more green than mine, Then think, oh think, how  
would not live with-out thee, For all the world contains. Thou art the star that

lone - ly This throbbing heart must be, Which while it beats, beats on - ly, Be -  
gudes me A - cross life's trou - bled sea, And what - ev - er fate be - tides me, This

lov - ed one, for thee, Which while it beats, beats on - ly, Be - lov - ed one, for thee.  
heart will turn to thee, And what - ev - er fate betides me, This heart will turn to thee.

“MERRIE Christmas!’ Is there not some mistake in the nomenclature? It is kindly Christmas, perhaps happy Christmas, but merry—No! It is a time when children, and grandchildren, and the grandfathers and grandmothers meet together; when old memories are revived, old scenes recalled, the hidden household gods brought forth; when hands which have not been clasped for a long, long period, lie enfolded in each other, marvelling how they came to be separated. But it is not a merry season. It makes a man meditate on how many Christmas Days he has

seen; how many more he is likely to see.” Nonsense, man, look at the children, the bright-eyed, rosy-faced children, like rays of God’s blessed sunshine pouring through the house. Hear them laugh; see them loaded down with toys, the whole world of life before them, no regrets behind; every breath they draw a pleasure, every thought they think a delight. Is not this to be merry? If it be not, then there is no merit on earth. How could I be so recreant as to try and filch from Christmas its proverbial adjective? It is, it shall be, “Merry Christmas!” on to the end of time.

## ISLE OF BEAUTY.

THOS. H. BAYLY.

*Moderato.*

1. Shades of eve-ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone-ly barque a-while;  
 2. 'Tis the hour when hap-py fa-ces Smile a-round the ta-per's light  
 3. When the waves are round me break-ing, As I pace the deck a-lone;

Morn, a-las! will not re-store us Yon-der dim and dis-tant isle;  
 Who will fill our va-cant pla-ces, Who will sing our songs to-night?  
 And my eye in vain is seek-ing Some green spot to rest up-on:

Still my fan-cy can dis-cov-er Sun-ny spots where friends may dwell,  
 Through the mist that floats a-bove us, Faint-ly sounds the ves-per bell;  
 What would I not give to wan-der Where my oid com-pan-ions dwell;

Dark-er shad-ows round us hov-er, Isle of Beau-ty, "fare thee well!"  
 Like a voice from those who love us, Breathing fond-ly, "fare thee well!"  
 Ab-sence makes the heart grow fond-er, Isle of Beau-ty, "fare thee well!"

THE custom of hanging the mistletoe has its origin in the sacred character ascribed to this emblem by the ancient Druids, who never performed any of their rites or ceremonies without the presence of this bough. The mistletoe is a parasite which grows on several trees, but it was regarded as particularly sacred when entwined on the oak. The Druids considered the oak as the peculiar favorite of Heaven, and the mistletoe as the sign of the tree beloved by God himself. The plant was intimately connected with many of the

superstitions of the ancient Germans also. In northern mythology, Baldar is said to have been slain with a spear of the mistletoe. Traces of the old regard for it still remain in some old English and German customs, as kissing under the mistletoe at Christmas. Different species grow on many kinds of trees, particularly on the apple, pear, hawthorn, sycamore, poplar, locust, and fir, rarely on the oak. The use of holly and ivy is taken from the Greeks and Romans, who graced the tables of their feasts with these bright evergreens.

## HAIL AND FAREWELL!

PARTING SONG.  
MRS. CHAS. BARNARD.

*Not too slow.*

1. Hail and farewell, dear com - pan - ions, Friends that we know to be true;  
2. Then shall our hap - pi - ness, wan - ing, Chill 'neath the shad - ow and cloud?

*D. C.* Hail and farewell, dear com - pan - ions, Friends that we know to be true; *Fine.*

Th'past with its ro - sy to - mor - rows, Days when our sor - rows were few!  
Shall the high heart nev - er daunt - ed, Low in the ash - es be bowed?

Th'past with its ro - sy to - mor - rows, Days when our sor - rows were few!

Sweet be the lay of the song - bird, Fragrant the flowers on our way,  
Not if Thy words, Divine Mas - ter Ev - er our inmost thought fill;

Lovely the dawn of the morn - ing, Hap - py the hours of our day;  
Brief is the life Thou hast giv - en, Love is but do - ing Thy will:

Crys - tal the skies bend a - bove us, Perfumed the earth and the air -  
Kind words are eas - i - ly spok - en, End - less their ech - oes may be;

What can our friends, tho' they love us, Give us than school days more fair!  
Kind deeds must ev - er be - tok - en Hearts that are loy - al to Thee.

MUSICAL PITCH.—A petition, signed by the leading musicians and instrument makers of Germany, has recently been presented to the Emperor, praying for the establishment by law of a normal musical pitch to be adopted by the empire, and, if possible, by other nations as well. The matter is of great importance to all musicians. It appears that about the beginning of the 17th century the first successful attempt was made to manufacture wind instruments and to tune stringed and keyed instruments according to a settled standard,

the number of vibrations in the second for A being about 422. The standard remained essentially unaltered till the beginning of the present century, and in accordance with it the great classical masters, including Beethoven, selected the keys in which they thought their pieces of vocal and instrumental music would be heard to greatest advantage. Since then, however, important changes have been wrought. The makers of wind instruments found that more brilliant sonorous effects could be obtained by raising the pitch;

## LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

J. R. PLANCHE.  
THOMAS COOKE, 1810.

1. "Gen - tle Zi - tel - la, whith - er a - way? Love's Ri - tor nel - la,  
2. "Charming Zi - tel - la, why should'st thou care? Night is not dark - er than  
3. "Sim - ple Zi - tel - la, be - ware! oh, be - ware! List ye no dit - ty,

list, while I play!" "No! I have lin - ger'd too long on the road,  
thy ra - ven hair, And those bright eyes if the Brig - and should see,  
grant ye no prayer! To your light foot - steps let ter - ror add wings,

Night is ad - vanc - ing, the Brig - and's a - broad; Lone - ly Zi - tel - la hath  
Thou art the rob - ber, the cap - tive is he; Gen - tle Zi - tel - la,  
'Tis Mas - sa - ro - ni him - self who now sings.—"Gen - tle Zi - tel - la,

too much to fear; Love's Ri - tor - nel - la she may not hear.'  
ban - ish thy fear; Love's Ri - tor - nel - la tar - ry and hear.'  
ban - ish thy fear; Love's Ri - tor - nel - la tar - ry and hear.'

the tendency of the strings, especially of the violins, for the same reason, is to rise slightly, as may frequently be ascertained on one and the same evening by testing with a tuning fork the intonation of an orchestra at the beginning and the end of the performance. The result is that during the last fifty or sixty years the pitch in general has risen about half a tone, and that, for instance, the note which Mozart or Beethoven wrote and intended as a B flat is now actually played as a B natural. The real sufferers by

this state of things are the singers. Their vocal cords have remained what they were in the time of Handel and in the time of Adam; they admit of no artificial screwing up like the strings of a violin. The consequence is that works like Beethoven's Mass in D, or the part of the Queen of Night in Mozart's Magic Flute, which demand an unusual strain on the voice, even according to the standard of those masters, have become to the singer almost impossible, or at least infinitely more difficult of execution in the original keys.

THE teeth play such an important part in the production of the voice that every care should be taken to preserve them sound and in good condition—to say nothing of the part which they play in facial expression, a point to which every singer should attend. A bad state of the teeth at once affects the stomach, and that again the voice, so that no apology is needed for drawing the student's attention to this matter. Clean the teeth the first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night. Use a moderately hard brush, better too soft than too hard, with cold water, or better

still, just lukewarm. A mixture of powdered chalk and orris-root, in the proportion of about three to two, is the best thing to use, and any chemist will make that up for you. Remember to brush the teeth inside and along the top, as well as outside; and if you find this difficult with the ordinary-shaped brush, get one of those which are sold for the purpose. If you find, in spite of your care, that your teeth become discolored the cause is probably that your stomach is out of order. In that case, go straight to a doctor, for any such derangement must affect the tone of the voice.

## A DOLLAR OR TWO.

NEMO FORBES.

1. With cautious steps as we tread our way thro', This in-tri-cate world as oth-er folks do, May  
2. At home, abroad, in a pal-ace or pew, Wherev-er we roam, or what-ev-er we do, No  
3. When times are hard, and our comforts are few, When taxes increase and bills become due, Oh,  
4. And then, whenev-er you're wishing to woo, Remember this fact, they say it is true, There's

we on our journey be-a-ble to view, The be-nev-o-lent face of a dol-lar or two!  
sound is more charming, believe me 'tis true, Than the mu-si-cal ring of a dol-lar or two!  
what would, I pray you, be giv-en in lieu Of the neat lit-tle sum of a dol-lar or two!  
noth-ing so like-ly the bus-i-ness to do, As the beau-ti-ful face of a dol-lar or two!

The be-nev-o-lent face of a dol-lar or two. For an  
For an ex-cel-lent thing is a

ex-cel-lent thing is a dol-lar or two, No friend is more true than a  
An ex-cel-lent thing is a dol-lar or two. . . . .  
dol-lar or two, No friend is more true than a dol-lar or two, Than a

dol-lar or two, An ex-cel-lent thing is a dol-lar or two.

How shall our church music be improved? This is an unsettled question. From the meaningless chords played by the organist at the beginning of the service until the congregation rises to sing the doxology, the music is unsatisfactory, almost everywhere. Why? Because it lacks heart. It lacks enthusiasm. It lacks volume. It lacks the joyful spirit of praise. Try an experiment,—Give out from the Church Hymnal, as part of the Sabbath-school lesson, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord." Let every member of the school learn it by heart. Let the pastor announce it as one of his hymns on Sabbath morning. Request the organist to omit all flourishes,—all preludes and interludes. Let not the leader be over-

anxious about the time. The people will sing much better with heart-beat than with hand beat or the beat of the leader's baton. One blast on the organ to get the pitch. Then let choir, congregation, and Sabbath-school "sing unto the Lord." The question is answered at last. The music is majestic. The holy tide of song bears the congregation heavenward. Watch the old saints. Long ago they hung their harps on the willows. They are all singing now. Such music will attract sinners. It will help you to preach. Try another hymn in the same way, until you have put fifty-two of the grand old hymns of Zion into the retentive memories of the children—and after that you will be sure to have a singing church.—C. C. McCabe.

## FULL AND HARMONIOUS.

*Maestoso.**Air, GLORIOUS APOLLO.*

1. { Full and har - mo - nious, let the joy - ous cho - rus, Burst from our lips in one glad  
2. { Join - ing the notes of a - ges long be - fore us, Hymn - ing the praise of heav'nly  
   { Fugue-like the streams roll, and the cho - ral o - cean Heaves in o - bedience to its

song of mirth; } Bright from the heav'n's it long a - go de - scend - ed,  
mu - sic's birth. }  
glo - rious whole; } Thrills through all hearts the u - ni - form vi - bra - tion,  
high con - trol, - }

Loud to these heav'n's our voi - - ces we'll raise, Ev - 'ry young heart in  
Start - ing from God, and felt from sun to sun; God gives the key - note,

one full cho - rus blend - ed, Sing - ing in mel - o - dy sweet mu - sic's praise, sweet  
Love to all cre - a - tion; Join, O my soul! and let all souls be one! all

mu - sic's praise, sweet mu - sic's praise, sweet mu - sic's praise, sweet mu - sic's praise.  
souls be one! all souls be one! all souls be one! all souls be one.

THERE can be no doubt whatever that the essential groundwork of all singing is the diatonic scale. On it are built all the graceful forms and figures which belong to the great artist. Yet how few seem to know and to appreciate this fact! To excel, the diatonic scale must be practiced most seriously and assiduously in its plain and simple form; nor must it be left until the student can sing every note therein purely, without wavering or flutter, and with precision, in the soft, medium, and loud voices. The singer will derive much advantage by bearing in mind that the voice has three main gradations which the Italians class as the *forte*, the *mezzo di voce*, and the *piano*. The management of these three is of vital importance, and the

singer should certainly practice the scales in all three voices, and have each at command for every exercise and passage which he studies. The tone of the voice must never be vitiated or rendered impure from any cause whatever. There is always a danger of this in passages of great energy and passion, but it should be remembered that whatever be the effect aimed at, it cannot be attained by any means which involves a change in the tone of the voice. The first and chief consideration must always be to produce a good tone in the right manner. If the tone be not good, the singing cannot be agreeable; and if it be not properly produced, you have no security that it will be equally good throughout the voice, or in passages of all kinds.

## AFTER MANY ROVING YEARS.

C. E. HORN.  
THOMAS H. BAYLY.*Moderato con espress.*

1. Oh! af - ter ma - ny ro - ving years, How sweet it is to come To the  
2. But I am changed since last I gazed On yon - der tran - quil scene, And  
3. I wish I could re - call a - gain That bright and blame - less joy, And

dwel - ling-place of ear - ly youth, Our first, our dear - est home. To turn a - way our  
sat beneath the old witch-elm, That shades the vil - lage green; And watched my boat up -  
sum - mon to my wea - ry heart The feel - ings of a boy; But I look on scenes of

wea - ry eyes From proud am - bition's tow - ers, And wan - der in the summer fields, A -  
on the brook, As 'twere a re - gal gal - ley, And sigh'd not for a joy on earth, Be -  
past de - light, With - out my wont - ed pleasure, As a mi - ser, on the bed of death, Looks

Chorus.  
mong the trees and flow - ers. Oh! af - ter ma - ny ro - ving years, How  
yond this hap - py val - ley. Oh! af - ter ma - ny ro - ving years, How  
cold - ly on his treasure. Oh! af - ter ma - ny ro - ving years, How

sweet it is to come To the dwelling-place of ear - ly youth, Our first and dearest home!

sweet it is to come

## WAKE, NICODEMUS.

HENRY C. WORK.  
PER. S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

*Spirited.*

1. Nic - o - de - mus, the slave, was of Af - ri - can birth, And was bought for a bag - ful of  
2. He was known as a proph - et, at least was as wise, For he told of the bat - tles to  
3. Nic - o - de - mus was nev - er the sport of the lash, Though the bullet has oft cross'd his  
4. 'Twas a long wea - ry night, we were al - most in fear That the fu - ture was more than he

gold; He was reckon'd as part of the salt of the earth, But he died years a - go, ver - y  
come; And we trembled with dread when he roll'd up his eyes, And we heeded the shake of his  
path; There were none of his masters so brave or so rash As to face such a man in his  
knew; 'Twas a long wea - ry night, but the morning is near, And the words of our prophet are

old. 'Twas his last sad request, so we laid him a - way In the trunk of an old hol - low  
thumb. Tho' he clothed us with fear, yet the garments he wore Were in patches at el - bow and  
wrath. Yet his great heart with kindness was fill'd to the brim, He o - beyed who was born to com -  
true. There are signs in the sky that the darkness is gone, There are to - kens in end - less ar -

tree. "Wake me up!" was his charge, "at the first break of day, Wake me up for the great jubi - lee!"  
knee; And he still wears the suit that he used to of yore, As he sleeps in the old hol - low tree.  
mand; But he long'd for the morning which then was so dim, For the morning which now is at hand.  
ray; While the storm which had seemingly banished the dawn, Only hastens the advent of day.

*Chorus.*

The good time coming is almost here! It was long, long, long on the way! Now run and tell Elijah to

hur - ry up Pomp, And meet us at the gum - tree down in the swamp, To wake Nicodemus to - day.

# ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.

1. A Musical Sound is called a **Tone**.
2. Every tone has the three properties of **Length, Pitch, and Power**.
3. There are, therefore, three departments in the Elements of Music:—

1. **Rhythmics**, treating of the **Length** of Tones.
2. **Melod'ics**, treating of the **Pitch** of Tones.
3. **Dynam'ics**, treating of the **Power** of Tones.

The word Rhythmics is derived from the Greek verb "*rheo*," meaning *to flow*, as in the measured movement of poetic lines. Melod'ics is from the Greek "*melod'eo*," to sing harmoniously, or "*melod'ia*," a tune to which lyric poetry is set, a choral song, from "*mel'odos*," musical or melodious. Dynam'ics is from the Greek "*dun'amai*," to be able, or "*dun'amis*," force, energy, power.

Rhythmics comprehends all rhythmic things, or whatever may be derived from the primary fact that tones may be long or short. It includes also the rhythmic structure of phrases, sections and periods. Melodics includes everything that may proceed from the primary distinction of low or high, or from the property of pitch. The word "melody," as commonly used, is of much more limited signification, referring only to a pleasing succession of tones in rhythmic order or to an ordinary tune form. Dynamics embraces not only the mere force of tones, but also their manner or form of delivery.

## RHYTHMICS: Length of Tones.

### NOTES AND RESTS.

4. **Notes** are characters used to designate two things: By their position on the staff they give the **Pitch** of the tone, and by their form they indicate its **Length**.

5. The following are the notes in common use, the relative length of the tones which they represent being indicated by their names.

WHOLE-NOTE. HALF-NOTE. QUARTER. EIGHTH. SIXTEENTH.

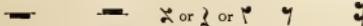


A character  $\parallel$  called a *Breve*, or *Double-Note*, is sometimes used. It represents a tone twice as long as that represented by a Whole Note.

6. **Rests** are characters used to indicate silence.

7. The following are the Rests in common use; the relative length of the portions of time which they represent, corresponds to that of the notes; it is indicated by their names; the whole rest may also represent a whole *measure* rest without regard to the kind of time:

WHOLE-REST. HALF-REST. QUARTER. EIGHTH, SIXTEENTH.



For brevity and convenience, we shall hereafter speak of the *length of notes*, meaning the length of the *tones represented* by them.

8. A **Dot** placed after a note or a rest increases its length one-half. A dotted whole note is equal to three halves; a dotted half to three quarters. The same is true of Rests. Thus:



9. **Two Dots** placed after a note or a rest increase its length three-fourths, the second dot adding one-half the length of the first. Thus:



10. The **Figure 3** placed above or below three equal notes reduces their length to two of the same kind. Thus,  $\overset{3}{\text{f}} \overset{3}{\text{f}} \overset{3}{\text{f}}$  equals in length  $\text{f} \text{f}$ . Notes written in this manner are called **Triplets**.

11. Two or more notes may represent a single tone by the use of a character called a **Tie**. In vocal music the hooks attached to the notes may be joined for the same purpose, and the notes should be sung to one syllable. The **Slur** is used when the notes differ in pitch, the **Tie**  $\text{—}$  when they are of the same pitch.

### MEASURES AND PARTS.

12. Music is divided into **Measures** and **Parts**—into Measures by single bars and into Parts by double bars. The time of each measure is the same as that of every other measure in the part and is determined by the fraction placed at the beginning of each part. If a part is to be repeated, dots, called *Repeating Dots*, precede the double bar.

13. Measures are again divided into certain parts, which may be indicated to the ear by **Counting**, as "one, two," "one two," etc.; or to the eye by motions of the hand, called **Beats**, or *Beating Time*. The length of notes may frequently be estimated, but in complicated movements, it must be indicated as above by some simple method of measurement.

14. A Measure divided into two parts is called *Double Measure*; three parts, *Triple Measure*; four parts, *Quadruple Measure*; six parts, *Sextuple Measure*. Thus:

DOUBLE. TRIPLE. QUADRUPLE. SEXTUPLE MEASURE.



15. Each kind of Measure may have several varieties, depending upon the length of the notes which are expressed by the denominator of the fraction. The following are some of the common varieties:

DOUBLE. TRIPLE MEASURE. QUADRUPLE MEASURE.



SEXTUPLE MEASURE.



The pupil should, of course, be taught that a Measure may be filled with other notes than those used in the above examples. Let him fill the measures with notes of different lengths, rests, etc. As will be seen, a piece of music may begin on any part of a measure. When it begins on a fractional part, it ends on a fractional part; and the two parts thus formed equal a complete measure.

16. The **Numerator** of the Fraction at the beginning of the above examples indicates the number of beats into which the measure is divided; the **Denominator** indicates the kind of note which will fill each beat. Thus,  $\frac{3}{4}$  shows that there are three beats in the measure, and that a quarter note will fill each beat.

17. The *limits or boundaries* of Measures, as has been said, are marked by light vertical lines, called **Bars**, the end of a Part being marked by a heavy vertical line, or **Double Bar**.

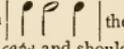
18. The end of a line of poetry in hymnal music is also sometimes indicated by a heavy vertical line, or **Double Bar**, which can have no effect upon the measure.

19. The end of a piece of music is indicated by a character called a **Close**.

20. **Beating Time** is designating each part of a Measure by a motion of the hand. In Double Measure, the hand moves *down, up*; Triple Measure, *down, left, up*; Quadruple Measure, *down, left, right, up*; Sextuple Measure, *down, left, left, right, up, up*; or in rapid movement, *down, up*. This may vary according to the taste of the instructor, each having his own method of indicating accent.

21. **Counting Time** is designating each part of a Measure by a number. In Double Measure, we count *one, two*; Triple Measure, *one, two, three*; Quadruple Measure, *one, two, three, four*; Sextuple Measure, *one, two, three, four, five, six*; or *one, two*. The exercises of beating and counting time are very valuable, and should be practiced frequently. Beating time requires motions of the hand at exactly equal points of time; counting time requires counts at exactly equal points of time. It is common to speak of tones "as so many beats long," or "so many counts long." When the leader tells which way the hand is moving, he is said to be *describing the time*. Select melodies from the book for the purpose of affording variety of practice. Let the class be divided into parts, singing and counting or beating time alternately. Ability to count *inaudibly* should be acquired as soon as possible, for this is essential to success.

22. **Accent** is a stress given to certain parts of the Measure. In Double Measure, the *first* part is accented; in Triple Measure, the *first* part; in Quadruple Measure, the *first and third* parts; in Sextuple Measure, the *first and fourth* parts. In measures containing two accents, the *first* is the principal and therefore *louder*. The accents may fall away when followed by a rest, and may be changed when followed by a longer note, this note receiving the accent and being therefore called a *Syncopated note*. These rules are, however, becoming somewhat obsolete in vocal music, the accented syllables and emphatic words determining the parts to be accented.

23. A **Syncopated Note**, then, is one that begins on an unaccented part of a measure and continues on an accented part. Thus, in  the second is a *Syncopated Note*, or a *Syncopé*, and should always be accented, that is, expressed forcibly, as if so marked.

24. The length of the beats in each Measure is

indicated by certain Italian words, sometimes modified by other words added thereto, of which the following are the most common:

- Adagio**—Very slow movement.  
**Allegretto**—Cheerful, not so fast as Allegro.  
**Allegro**—Quick, lively, vivacious.  
**Andante**—Rather slow, gentle, distinct.  
**Andantino**—Somewhat quicker than Andante.  
**Largo**—Very slow and solemn.  
**Larghetto**—Less slow than Largo.  
**Lento**—Slow.  
**Moderato**—Moderate.  
**Presto**—Very quick.  
**Prestissimo**—With greatest rapidity.

## MELODICS: Pitch of Tones.

### THE STAFF.

25. The **Staff** is used to represent the relative pitch of Tones. It consists of five lines and four spaces, each line and space being called a degree. Thus the staff contains *nine* degrees and the sentence, "Name the degrees on which these notes are found," means "Name the lines and spaces on which these notes are found."

26. **Added lines** are used to represent tones which are too high or too low to be represented upon the Staff. They may be placed above and below the staff to any extent desired, as they are simply a continuation of the staff, the note immediately above or below the Staff being *in a Space*.

27. The lines and spaces of the Staff are named from the lowest upwards, *1st line, 1st space, 2d line, 2d space*, etc.

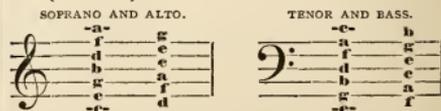
28. The added lines and spaces are named from the first line, *space below, 1st line below*, etc.; and from the fifth line, *space above, 1st line above*, etc.

1st line above.	2d space above.
5th line.	1st space above.
4th line.	4th space.
3d line.	3d space.
2d line.	2d space.
1st line.	1st space.
1st line below.	1st space below.
	2d space below.

29. Each degree is designated by one of the first seven letters of the alphabet, the position of the letter never changing unless the Clef be changed.

30. Instead of placing a letter on the staff to show the abstract pitch, certain characters are used called **Clefs**, which show how the letters *a-f* are applied. Thus, the Treble clef marks  the position of C on the staff, in the *third* space; and the Bass clef, marks the position of C in the *second* space.

31. In four-part songs the Soprano and Alto are written in the **Treble**, and the Tenor and Bass in the **Bass Clef**. There are other clefs used by certain orchestral instruments, as the Alto clef, marking the position of C on the third line (viola), and the Tenor clef, marking the position of C on the fourth line (trombone).



The C on the first line below the Treble Staff, and the C on the first line above the Bass, represent the same tone. It is called *Middle C*. The tones of the

Female voice are an octave higher than those of the Male, hence a Soprano solo sung by a Tenor sounds an octave lower than the notes in which it is written.

**32.** The different parts are commonly represented in music by two or more staves, united by a **Brace**, and called a **Score**.

**33.** The **Absolute Pitch** of Tones (the pitch independent of scale relationship), is designated by the letters naming the degrees of the Staff; as, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. The position of these letters is fixed and unchangeable while the clef remains unchanged.

**34.** The difference of pitch between any two tones, as from A to B, from A to E, from C to G, etc., is called an **Interval**. A true knowledge of intervals can only be communicated through the *Ear*. The pupil must listen carefully to tones and compare them constantly. Without this practical acquaintance with the subject, names, definitions and illustrations are of little account.

**35.** In the *regular succession* of the Natural Tones, there are two kinds of intervals, larger and smaller. The larger intervals are called **Tones** and the smaller **Semi-Tones**. The successive tones of the major scale, in all the keys, occur in the following order: Between one and two, a *tone*; between two and three, a *tone*; between three and four, a *semi-tone*; between four and five, a *tone*; between

five and six, a *tone*; between six and seven, a *tone*; and between seven and eight, a *semi-tone*. These two half-tones in the octave afford infinite variety in music. Were the eight natural sounds in the octave *equidistant* one from another, there being no semi-tones, the keys would differ only in acuteness and not in *quality*, as now. Choose melodies from the book in the different keys and give the pupils exercise in reading these intervals of tones and semi-tones.

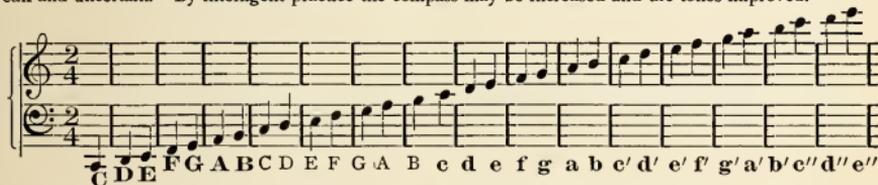
**36.** Between *any two* tones of the Staff having the interval of a step, another tone may be inserted, dividing the step into two half-steps. Thus, a tone may be inserted between C and D, etc. Some singers of Southern Europe add a certain brilliancy of effect by again dividing the half-step; but ability to do this is not possessed by the people of Central or Northern Europe, or of America.

**37.** The degrees of the Staff represent these inserted tones by the aid of characters called *Sharps* and *Flats*. Thus, a tone inserted between C and D, is named *C sharp*, or *D flat*.

**38.** A **Sharp**, ♯, placed on a degree, raises the pitch of a tone a half-step; a **Flat**, ♭, placed on it, lowers the pitch of a tone a half-step below that named by the letter.

**39.** The power of a sharp or a flat may be cancelled by a character called a **Natural**, ♮.

**Range of the Human Voice.**—The compass of every human voice for singing must fall somewhere within the wide range of notes given herewith. But, of course, no single voice has ever been equal to these thirty-one notes at any one period in life. The boy who sings a high soprano may take nearly all the upper notes, but when grown to manhood his voice “changes,” and he has ability to sing only in the three lower octaves. As to the range of notes here found, it requires a phenomenal Bass to reach the lowest (Great Double C), and a Soprano only less remarkable to sing the highest (e'') with confidence and musical effect. If the reader has not learned the compass of his own voice, it will be both interesting and satisfactory to test, with piano or organ, for its highest and lowest notes, as well as for those tones in which it is strong and full, or weak and uncertain. By intelligent practice the compass may be increased and the tones improved.



The Staff in the Bass clef extends from **G** to **A**. Three notes intervene between this and the staff in the Treble, which, as will be seen, may be written in either clef, above the Bass or below the Treble. Of these, the middle note (**c**) is known as “Middle C”—because midway between the two clefs. The treble clef extends from **e** to **f'**. All the letters below **G** in the bass and **e** in the treble, occupy places in successive order downwards on the added lines and spaces below the staff; all above **A** in the bass and **f'** in the treble on the added lines above the staff. “Middle C” (**c**) corresponds to the fourth note on the G string of the violin at ordinary concert pitch, or to Middle C on piano or organ. Great Double C, or Contra C, as it is called, having about thirty-three vibrations to the second, the next higher C doubles that number; and so on, each octave higher doubling the number of vibrations of the octave next below it.

The entire range of the human voice in music—from lowest Bass to highest Soprano—may be reckoned from **E♭** below the staff in the bass clef, four octaves, to **E♭** above the staff in the treble clef. Vocal sounds lower or higher than this seem to have little power of expression in any sense. Voices are usually considered under three divisions for the male, and four for

the female sex; Bass, Barytone, and Tenor; Contralto, Alto, Mezzo Soprano, and Soprano. The usual range of the Bass is from **F** or **E** below the bass clef, rarely lower, two octaves to **f'**; Barytone, from **G**, on first line of bass clef, two octaves, to **g**; Tenor, from **C**, two octaves, to **c'**; Contralto, the deepest female voice, from **F** to **c''**, being two and one-half octaves; Alto, two octaves, from **F** to **f''**; Mezzo Soprano, from **A** to **a'**; and Soprano from “Middle C” (**c**), two octaves to **c''**, which is also indicated as **c<sup>2</sup>**. Middle C has about 132 vibrations to the second, and is produced by sound waves from eight to nine feet apart. Waves at half that distance apart, produce a tone one octave higher, half that again the next higher octave, and so on. In large organs, **C**, an octave below Contra C, with 16½ vibrations per second, is reached, but the effect is imperfect. The piano reaches **a<sup>4</sup>**, with 3,520 vibrations per second, and sometimes **c<sup>5</sup>**, with 4,224 vibrations. The highest note taken in the orchestra is probably **d<sup>5</sup>**, on the piccolo flute, with 4,752 vibrations. The practical range in music is from 40 to 4,000 vibrations per second, embracing seven octaves. The human ear is, however, able to compass eleven octaves, that is to say, it notes vibrations ranging from 16½ up to 38,000 in a single second of time.

40. A **Double Sharp**,  $\sharp\sharp$ , is used on a degree affected by a sharp, to represent a tone a half-step above the one affected by the sharp; its power may be cancelled by a sharp and natural,  $\sharp\sharp$ . A **Double Flat**,  $\flat\flat$ , is used on a degree affected by a flat, to represent a tone a half-step below the one affected by a flat; it may be cancelled by a flat and natural,  $\flat\flat$ .

41. The **Signature** of a Staff is the part between the clef and the fraction; it is named from the number of sharps or flats which it contains. If there is no signature, the notes correspond with the white keys of piano or organ.

42. A sharp or a flat in the signature applies not only to the degree on which it stands, but also to all others which represent the same pitch.

43. A sharp, a flat, or a natural, placed outside the signature, is called an **Accidental**,—appearing “accidentally” in the measure—and applies only to the degree on which it stands.

44. If not cancelled, as stated above, the significance of a signature extends to the end of the Staff; that of an accidental—whether flat, sharp or natural—extends no farther than the measure in which it appears, except when the last note of a measure is flat or sharp, and the first note of the following measure is the same letter; then, if it is syncopated, the influence of the accidental extends to that note.

#### THE DIATONIC SCALE.

45. The *Relative Pitch* of tones is indicated by a **Scale**, or **Tone Ladder**.

46. The **Diatonic Scale**, generally called the *Scale*, consists of a regular succession of intervals from the key-note to the octave, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, or octave, it having been found most agreeable to join to the seven sounds of one group the first of the next higher, making eight in all. The key-note is the first note in the Scale. This Scale is also called the *Major Scale*, to distinguish it from another scale, having its semitones in different order, and called the *Minor Scale*. In the compass of the scale there are five whole tones or degrees and two semi-tones or half-degrees. Commencing on C, that is making C *one* of the scale, these semi-tones are found between the **3d** and **4th** and **7th** and **8th** degrees. Here we find between the 1st and 3d degrees two whole tones, making a “major” or *greater* third. All music written on the scale when so constructed is said to be in the *major* keys; and this scale can only be formed from the notes in their natural order by commencing on C. There is, however, another series of notes, equally well-fitted for expressing musical ideas, which is formed by commencing on A instead of C, and which, in the natural order of tones, can begin only on A. In this scale the semi-tones always fall between **2** and **3** and **5** and **6**. Here between the 1st and 3d degrees there are not two whole tones, but only a tone and a half, making the “minor” or *lower* third. All music written on the scale when so constructed is said to be in the *minor* keys, which are often most expressive.

47. The tones are named by Numbers and also by Syllables, the latter to afford greater variety of vowel sounds for practice, as well as to form an easy association of degree name and relative pitch of tone—the same syllable being always used in singing the same tone. *Do* is always *one*, *Re* always *two*, and so on. The numbers and syllables are as follows:

By numbers: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.  
By syllables: Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.  
(Pronounced Doe, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sole, Lah, See, Doe.)

The names of the notes, *Do, Re, Mi*, etc., vibrate throughout the scale, their places depending wholly upon the location of the *Key-note*, which is always called *Do*, and numbered *one*.

48. There are, as has already been said, two kinds of intervals in the Diatonic scale: *Steps* and *Half steps*, the intervals between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, being half-steps, while all the others are steps. The half-steps, or semi-tones, should always be sung “sharp,” the voice being slightly pressed or driven above, rather than permitted to fall below the tone indicated by the note upon the staff.

49. In writing the Scale, any tone may be taken as *one*, or *Do*; when this is determined, the others must follow in regular order. In the examples below, *one* or *Do* is placed on C, as the intervals of the staff, beginning with C, correspond with those of the scale. All the steps in the key of C are therefore natural steps. As shown in the following examples, the scale is *extended* upwards, by regarding *eight*, or the octave above *one*, as *one* of an upper scale; and downwards, by regarding *one* as *eight* of a lower scale.

50. The Scale, as written upon the staff, in the key of C, in both clefs, is as follows:—

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 or 1, 2, 3.  
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, re, mi.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 or 1, 5, 3, 1 or 8.  
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, sol, mi, do.

#### THE TONE LADDER.

51. The fact that these Eight Degrees include every possible distance except the *nine* and *deceme* (ninth and tenth), at which musical tones can be placed from each other, was discovered some centuries ago in Italy. When sung consecutively the thought of ascending or descending a ladder was naturally suggested, and the term “Scale” (Italian word *Scala*, meaning “ladder,”) was adopted. The propriety of the name has caused it to be retained by musicians. The order of tones being a “ladder,” the distances between them are naturally called *steps*. The tones of the Scale can only be learned by imitation.

The Scale or Tone Ladder may be drawn or neatly painted on the blackboard for permanent use in the form here shown, six or eight inches wide and eighteen high, which will afford spaces three inches in height to represent tone intervals, and one and a-half inch spaces for the semi-tones. Let the scale names and numbers be given as here. The exercises should be written by the side of the scale in **bold figures**. Commas may be used after the figures to indicate short notes, and the dash for notes prolonged. With the pointer, the teacher can direct the work of the class more readily, singing the exercises backwards as well as forwards, by numbers, by syllables, by letters, and by simple vowel sounds.

The following exercises which may be placed upon the board, as well as sung from the page, will afford much variety of useful practice. They may be greatly varied, and supplemented by others to almost any extent. But it is advised that, at first, they be taken in the order here presented, in *short lessons*, so that nothing is passed that is not well learned. Let this drill exercise be pleasantly varied by rote singing—attractive songs and familiar hymns being preferred—

all of which may afterwards be written in the numerals. These figures can be so written as to represent three octaves, by placing a dash above those that fall below the staff, below those that are above the staff, and before and after those upon the staff—the dash all the while representing the Staff.

(8	Do	1, 2- 2, 1-
7	Si	
6	La	1, 2, 3- 3, 2, 1-
5	Sol	1, 2, 3, 4- 4, 3, 2, 1-
(4	Fa	1, 2, 3, 4, 5- 5, 4, 3, 2, 1-
3	Mi	
2	Re	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6- 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1-
1	Do	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 - 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1-

**I.**

1 2 3 4	1 4 2 3	2 3 1 4	3 1 2 4	3 4 1 2	4 2 1 3
1 2 4 3	1 4 3 2	2 3 4 1	3 1 4 2	3 4 2 1	4 2 3 1
1 3 2 4	2 1 3 4	2 4 1 3	3 2 1 4	4 1 2 3	4 3 1 2
1 3 4 2	2 1 4 3	2 4 3 1	3 2 4 1	4 1 3 2	4 3 2 1

**II.**

5 6 7 8	6 5 7 8	7 5 6 8	8 5 6 7	1 3 5
5 6 7 8	6 5 8 7	7 5 8 6	8 5 7 6	1 5 3
5 7 6 8	6 7 5 8	7 6 5 8	8 6 5 7	3 1 5
5 7 8 6	6 7 8 5	7 8 5 6	8 6 7 5	3 5 1
5 8 6 7	6 8 5 7	7 8 5 6	8 7 5 6	5 1 3
5 8 7 6	6 8 7 5	7 8 6 5	8 7 6 5	5 3 1

**III.**

1 3 5 8	1 8 3 5	3 5 1 8	5 1 3 8	5 8 1 3	8 3 1 5
1 3 8 5	1 8 5 3	3 5 8 1	5 1 8 3	5 8 3 1	8 3 5 1
1 5 3 8	3 1 5 8	3 8 1 5	5 3 1 8	8 1 3 5	8 5 1 3
1 5 8 3	3 1 8 5	3 8 5 1	5 3 8 1	8 1 5 3	8 5 3 1

**IV.**

1 4 6 8	1 8 4 6	4 6 1 8	6 1 4 8	6 8 1 4	8 4 1 6
1 4 8 6	1 8 6 4	4 6 8 1	6 1 8 4	6 8 4 1	8 4 6 1
1 6 4 8	4 1 6 8	4 8 1 6	6 4 1 8	8 1 4 6	8 6 1 4
1 6 8 4	4 1 8 6	4 8 6 1	6 4 8 1	8 1 6 4	8 6 4 1

**V.**

1, 2, 1, 3, 1, 4, 1, 5, 1, 6, 1, 7, 1, 8—  
 8, 1, 7, 1, 6, 1, 5, 1, 4, 1, 3, 1, 2, 1—  
 1, 3, 2, 4, 3, 5, 4, 6, 5, 7, 8—  
 8, 6, 7, 5, 6, 4, 5, 3, 4, 2, 3, 1—

**VI.**

1, 3, 5, 8, 7, 6, 5— 5, 5, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3—  
 3, 2, 1, 3, 5, 8, 5— 5, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1—  
 1, 3, 1, 3, 5, 8, 5— 5, 8, 7, 6, 5, 8, 5—  
 5, 8, 5, 6, 5, 8, 5— 8, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1—

**VII.**

3, 2, 1, 3, 5, 8, 5—	1, 3, 5, 8, 7, 6, 5—	1, 1, 3, 3, 4, 2, 1
5, 8, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2—	5, 5, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2—	1, 3, 5, 8, 5, 4, 3
2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 4, 5—	2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 4, 5—	4, 3, 2, 4, 3, 4, 5
5, 8, 1, 4, 3, 2, 1—	5, 8, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1—	6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

**VIII.**

3, 3, 3, 2, 3, 4, 5—	1, 1, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5—	8, 7, 6, 5, 6, 7, 8
6, 6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2—	5, 8, 1, 3, 5, 4, 2—	8, 1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2
3, 3, 3, 2, 3, 4, 5—	2, 5, 1, 5, 6, 7, 8—	4, 2, 3, 1, 4, 2, 3
6, 7, 8, 1, 3, 2, 1—	8, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1—	8, 8, 8, 1, 5, 5, 1

MELODIES IN FIGURES.

3, 1, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2—	1, 1, 5, 5, 6, 6, 5—	1, 3, 5, 8, 6, 8, 5
3, 1, 5, 5, 5, 4, 3—	4, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 1—	5, 3, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2
3, 2, 1, 6, 5, 4, 3—	5, 5, 4, 4, 3, 3, 2—	4, 3, 6, 5, 6, 7, 8
3, 3, 5, 3, 3, 2, 1—	1, 1, 5, 5, 6, 6, 5—	8, 6, 5, 1, 3, 2, 1
	4, 4, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1—	

It is of prime importance that there should be a feeling of confidence and prompt readiness—"sure touch"—in passing from one degree of the Scale to another. This can be acquired most readily, as ex-

perience has shown, by frequent exercises upon the numerals, alternating with the names of notes, etc., and hence much of this practice is here condensed into little space. The Scale should be regarded as the unit in thinking sounds, and should be taught as a whole. The practice of the sounds as relative mental objects, should then form a part of each lesson until these relative sounds are familiar in every ordinary relation to each other.

Simple melodies and familiar tunes may be written on the blackboard in numerals, followed by commas or dashes, as the notes are short or long. Pupils may thus be familiarized with the third, fourth, fifth or other intervals, by associating them with like intervals in tunes with which they are perfectly familiar. This will be found a hint of much practical value. No other country gives so much attention to music as Germany, and this, with German teachers, is a favorite method of fixing in the mind certain scale intervals.

Too little attention is directed to developing tone perception in the minds of pupils. The teacher who sings should frequently sound the key-note, then sing *ah* or *la* to any tone or tones in the scale, and have the pupils name the number and syllable, and (when the key is announced), the letter. The same training can be given by sounding the key-note, and having a part of the class sing the tones indicated by the pointer, while the rest of the class, with their backs turned, name the tones that have been sung. To know the name of the note is a very different matter from being able to sense the tone, and much less important. This practical knowledge of tones is essential.

The teacher should cultivate a soft, distinct, and pleasing quality of tone. A good style of singing can only be acquired by imitation, and that of the teacher should be worthy to be imitated. In these exercises the numerals, or names of the sounds, may be sung first; then the syllables, Do, Re, Mi, etc.; then the letters or the pitch of the sounds, and finally the syllable *ah*, or *la*, for each note. Be careful that every tone is sung with precision. Use D as *one*, throughout the above exercises, afterwards the scale of E, E, and C. Be sure that the pitch is correct. Test frequently for correct pitch, with tuning fork, pitch-pipe, piano, or organ. The "scale" is sung by the *Syllables*; the names of the successive sound intervals by the *Numerals*; the pitch of the sounds (the key being known) by the *Letters*—a distinction which will be of interest to intelligent pupils. This should be so well known to the class that there can be no mistake as to what is meant when the teacher uses the terms, "Scale," "Name," "Pitch," as words of command during the singing exercise.

Teachers who are not familiar with the scale can, of themselves, by the aid of the organ or piano, readily master the succession of tones found in these exercises. The difficulty is not great, and the pleasure and profit to teacher and school will be positive and lasting—each step forward giving courage for another.

Observe the following directions for singing: 1. Let the body be erect, avoiding stiffness or restraint. 2. Take breath easily and naturally, without raising the shoulders. 3. Let the mouth be well opened, taking care to avoid rigidity of the muscles of the throat and neck. 4. Aim at purity of tone, rather than mere power. 5. Practice frequently, singing the vowel *a* (*ah*), endeavoring to produce the sound in the front part of the mouth. It is recommended to preface the *a* (*ah*) with the vowels *oo*, *o*, singing them rapidly and uniting them with the *a*, and dwelling upon the *a*; thus, *oo, o, a*. This prevents the sound from being made too far back in the mouth. 6. Articulate

distinctly, but without apparent effort. 7. In singing loud passages, be very careful to avoid shouting.

#### THE KEY-NOTE.

**52.** The **Key-note** is *One* of the Scale, and is called the **Tonic**. A minor third above the tonic characterizes the Minor scale; a major third, the Major.

**53.** The *Fifth* of the Scale is the **Dominant**.

**54.** The *Fourth*, the **Sub-Dominant**.

**55.** The **Key** of a piece of music is the *fundamental tone*, or *one* of the Scale in which it is written, and it is indicated by the signature. (See Art. 41.) It is always *Do*, and is in music "what the foundation is to a house, home to the traveler, or a port to the sailor, from which he takes his departure and to which after his voyage he hopes to return"—the melody always ending with the *Key-note*. The peculiar characteristic of this note *Do*, in the Major keys, is that above it, successively, are always first two whole tones, then a semi-tone, followed by three whole tones and a semi-tone; then *Do* again, and order of intervals as before. The key of C has no signature. The signatures of the keys that follow are as here shown:

G, one sharp—	F#.
D, two sharps—	F#, C#.
A, three sharps—	F#, C#, G#.
E, four sharps—	F#, C#, G#, D#.
B, five sharps—	F#, C#, G#, D#, A#.
F#, six sharps—	F#, C#, G#, D#, A#, E#.
F, one flat—	Bb.
Bb, two flats—	Bb, Eb.
Eb, three flats—	Bb, Eb, Ab.
Ab, four flats—	Bb, Eb, Ab, Db.
Db, five flats—	Bb, Eb, Ab, Db, Gb.
Gb, six flats—	Bb, Eb, Ab, Db, Gb, Cb.

In singing a tune, the first thing to be done is to find the *Key-note* as a starting point. The order of the keys in the sharps may very easily be remembered from the initial letters in the sentence, "**Good Deeds Are Ever-Blooming Flowers,**" the last key being F# instead of F. The order of the keys in flats is had by reading the sentence backwards, the first key being F, and each of the others adding the flat (b), as Bb, Eb, Ab, Db, and Gb. In Minor tunes, the *key-note* is always a minor third, (three semi-tones), below the place named for *Do* in the above Major keys. That is, the *key-note* is major C or minor A; G major or E minor; D major or B minor, etc.

"**Next letter above last Sharp,**" is also a simple rule for getting the *Key* in sharps. One sharp being on F, the next letter above is G, the *key-note*; two sharps, last sharp C, next letter above is D, the *key-note*; and so on. In the flat keys, count four notes *back*, including the note made flat; as Bb, back four notes to F, the *key-note*, and so on.

#### INTERVALS.

**56.** An **Interval** is the difference of pitch between any two tones in the scale.

**Unisons** are of the same pitch. A *Major Second* consists of a step; a *Minor Second* of a half-step. A *Major Third* consists of two steps, a *Minor Third* of a step and a half-step. A *Perfect Fourth* consists of two steps and a half-step; an *Augmented Fourth* of three steps. A *Perfect Fifth* consists of three steps and a half-step; a *Diminished Fifth* of two steps and two half-steps. A *Perfect Sixth* consists of four steps and a half-step; a *Diminished Sixth* of three steps and two half-steps. A *Major Seventh* consists of five steps and a half-step; a *Minor Seventh* of four steps and two half-steps. A *Perfect Octave* consists of five steps and two half-steps. These are called *Diatonic Intervals*, as they are all found in the Diatonic Scale. Other intervals, called *Chromatic Intervals*, may be formed by the use of sharps and flats. When the lower note of the two representing an interval is placed an octave higher, or the upper one an octave lower, the interval is

said to be *Inverted*. The degrees of an interval are counted upwards, unless the opposite is stated; and the degrees occupied by the notes, as well as the ones between them, are counted.

#### CHROMATIC SCALE.

**57.** The **Chromatic Scale** is a regular succession of semi-tones.

**58.** The tones of the Chromatic Scale are named from the tones of the Diatonic Scale, or the letters of the staff; the intermediate ones taking their names from one or the other of the tones between which they occur, with the addition of the word "sharp" or "flat." Thus, the tone inserted between C and D, when named with respect to Absolute Pitch, is called *C Sharp* or *D Flat*; and with respect to Relative Pitch is called *Sharp One*, or *Flat Two*. This Scale is here given, both Ascending and Descending:



Permanent names,

C, C#, D, D#, E, -F, F#, G, G#, A, A#, B, C, etc.

Syllable Names,

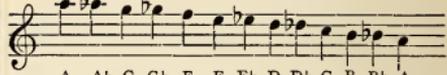
Do, Di, Re, Ri, Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol, Si, La, Le, Si, Do.

Pronounced,

Do, Dec, Ray, Ree, Mee, Fah, Fee, Sol, See, La, Lay, See, Do.

Numeral names,

1, #1, 2, #2, 3, 4, #4, 5, #5, 6, #6, 7, 8, etc.



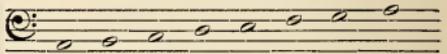
A, Ab, G, Gb, F, E, Eb, D, Db, C, B, Bb, A.  
La, Le, Sol, Se, Fa, Mi, Me, Re, Ra, Do, De, Si, La.  
6, b6, 5, b5, 4, 3, b3, 2, b2, 1, etc.

#### THE MINOR SCALE.

**59.** The **Minor Scale** is a Diatonic Scale, and is named from its third, which is a minor third; the third of the *Major Scale* being a major third. The minor third is a semi-tone lower than a major third.

**60.** The **Natural Form** has various forms. In the **Natural Form** the half-steps occur between two and three, and five and six. Hence, the **Natural Minor Scale** is formed from the **Major Scale**, by taking the last two notes above and placing them below.

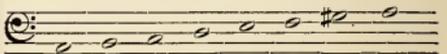
#### NATURAL MINOR SCALE.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.  
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La.

**61.** The **Harmonic Form** differs from the *Natural form* by the introduction of sharp-seven.

#### HARMONIC MINOR SCALE.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.  
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Si, La.

**62.** The **Melodic Form** in ascending has sharp-six and sharp-seven, while it usually descends by the *Natural form*.

**63.** The **Minor Scale**, based upon six of the **Major Scale**, is called its *relative minor*; and the **Major Scale**, based upon three of the **Minor Scale**, is called its *relative major*. The signature of a minor piece of music is the same as its relative major, the additional sharps or flats being introduced before the proper notes in the piece. Thus, a minor piece in the key of E has the signature of G major, that is F#; and Db is used instead of D.

**64. Transposition** is changing from one key to another, that is, moving *Do*, or *one*—the foot of the Tone Ladder—to a higher or lower place on the Staff.

**65.** The *Transposition of the Scale* is changing it from one pitch to another—the entire scale being transposed—the intervals between the tones, however, remaining the same. In order to keep the intervals of steps and half-steps in the same order as in the key of C—represented by the white keys of Organ or Piano—it is necessary to use flats or sharps—represented on the key-board by the black keys—at each transposition, according as one or another degree of the staff is made *one* of the Scale.

**66.** All scales are, in a general sense, alike natural. Whether the key is C, with neither flats or sharps, or E with its four sharps, the singer needs to have no consciousness of the fact. He simply sings the scale, with no change of thought or impression—its intervals being the same in all the keys. It is upon this fact that the Tonic Sol-Fa system is based.

#### METHOD OF TRANSPOSITION.

**67.** The Scale may be transposed from one pitch to any other. It is found to be simplest to transpose by *fifths* and *fourths*; that is, to change the key-note so that *five* or *four* of the old scale will become *one* of the new scale.

**68.** If *one* of the scale is placed on C, the intervals between the tones named by the letters correspond to those of the scale, as will be seen by the following: Intervals marked by a  $\frown$  are half-steps.

C, D, E,  $\frown$  F, G, A, B,  $\frown$  C.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The key of C therefore requires no sharps or flats, and is called the Natural key.

**69.** If, however, any other letter be taken as *one* of the scale, it will be seen that the intervals do not correspond. For example, beginning with G, which is the *fifth* of the key of C:

G, A, B,  $\frown$  C, D, E,  $\frown$  F, G.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

From this it will be seen that if *one* is placed on G, F, the *fourth* of the key of C is a half-step too low, and hence the intermediate tone between F and G, or F $\sharp$ , must be taken, thus:

G, A, B,  $\frown$  C, D, E, F $\sharp$ ,  $\frown$  G.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of the key of G is therefore F $\sharp$ .

**70.** Beginning with D, the *fifth* of the key of G, and substituting F $\sharp$  for F:

D, E, F $\sharp$ ,  $\frown$  G, A, B,  $\frown$  C, D.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It will be observed that C, the *fourth* of the key of G, is a half-step too low, and hence the tone a half-step higher, or C $\sharp$ , must be used, thus:

D, E, F $\sharp$ ,  $\frown$  G, A, B, C $\sharp$ ,  $\frown$  D.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of key of D is therefore F $\sharp$  and C $\sharp$ .

**71.** From the above explanations, we may derive the following *Rule for Transposition by Fifths*:

To transpose by *Fifths*, make the fifth of the old scale the key-note of the next scale, and use *sharp-four* in place of four of the old scale. This rule is briefly stated thus: *Sharp-four* transposes a fifth.

**72.** Again: placing one on F, which is the *fourth* of the key of C:

F, G, A, B,  $\frown$  C, D, E,  $\frown$  F.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It will be found that B, the *seventh* of the key of C, is a half-step too high, and hence the intermediate tone between B and A, or B $\flat$ , must be taken, thus:

F, G, A, B $\flat$ ,  $\frown$  C, D, E,  $\frown$  F.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of the key of F is therefore B $\flat$ .

**73.** Beginning with B $\flat$ , the *fourth* of key of F,

B $\flat$ , C, D, E,  $\frown$  F, G, A, B $\flat$ .  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It will be seen that E, the *seventh* of the key of F, is a half-step too high, and hence the tone a half-step lower, or E $\flat$  must be used, thus:

B $\flat$ , C, D, E $\flat$ ,  $\frown$  F, G, A, B $\flat$ .  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of key of B $\flat$  is therefore B $\flat$  and E $\flat$ .

**74.** By an examination of the above explanations we may derive the following *Rule for Transposition by Fourths*: Make the fourth of the old scale the key-note of the new scale, and use *flat-seven* in place of seven of the old scale. This rule is briefly stated thus: *Flat-seven* transposes a fourth.

**75.** In transposing by fifths, those keys are reached whose signatures are one or more sharps; in transposing by fourths, those keys are reached whose signatures are one or more flats.

#### MELODY, PASSING TONES, Etc.

**76.** A *Melody* is a single succession of tones.

**77.** Tones not essentially belonging to a melody, called *Passing Tones*, are often introduced. They are usually represented by small notes.

**78.** A passing tone that precedes an essential tone on an accented part of a measure is called an *Appoggiatura*; one that follows an essential tone on an unaccented part of a measure, an *After-Tone*.

**79.** A rapid alternation of a tone with the one next above it is called a *Trill* or *Shake*. It is indicated by *tr*.

**80.** A tone sung in rapid succession with the tones next above and below it is called a *Turn*. It is indicated by *sc*. The Trill and the Turn do not belong to chorus singing.

**81.** Dots placed across a staff before a bar are called a *Repeat*, and indicate that the preceding passage is to be repeated. The influence of a Repeat extends back to dots placed after a bar; or, if these are omitted, to the beginning.

**82.** *Da Capo*, or *D. C.*, indicates a return to the beginning. *Dal Segno*, or *D. S.*, indicates a return to a character called a *Sign*, *sf*.

**83.** *Fine* indicates the place to end after a *D. C.* or a *D. S.*

**84.** The *Hold* or *Pause*,  $\frown$ , signifies that the sound should be prolonged, and the beating suspended until the singer is ready to proceed.

**85.** If two or more tones of a melody are to be sung to one syllable, the notes representing them are generally connected by a character called a **Slur**. The Slur is also used to indicate a Legato movement.

**86.** If a syllable is to be sung to a tone represented by two or more notes, these notes are usually connected by a **Tie**. (See Art. 11.)

### DYNAMICS: Power of Tones.

**87.** The power of tones may be indicated by the following Italian words, marks, or abbreviations:

*Mezzo*, . . . . m, . . . . medium.  
*Piano*, . . . . p, . . . . soft.  
*Forte*, . . . . f, . . . . loud.  
*Pianissimo*, . . . . pp, . . . . very soft.  
*Fortissimo*, . . . . ff, . . . . very loud.  
*Mezzo Piano*, . . . . mp, . . . . moderately soft.  
*Mezzo Forte*, . . . . mf, . . . . moderately loud.  
*Crescendo*, . . . . cres., or  $\llcorner$ , . . . . gradual increase.  
*Diminuendo*, . . . . dim., or  $\lrcorner$ , . . . . gradual decrease.  
*Swell*, . . . .  $\llcorner \lrcorner$ , . . . . increase and decrease.  
*Sforzando*, . . . . or *sfz*, . . . . an explosive tone, with sudden decrease.

**88.** The following words and characters are also sometimes used to indicate proper delivery of tones:

*Legato*,  $\frown$ , tones smooth and connected.  
*Staccato*,  $\uparrow \uparrow \uparrow$  ones very short and disconnected.  
*Semi-Staccato*, or *Marcato*, . . . . tones moderately short and disconnected.

**89.** Vocal Utterance, or the Emission of tone, should be instantaneous, decided, and firm; and the tone should be free, open, round, full, pure, and as resonant as possible.

**90.** A necessary quality of good singing is the proper articulation and pronunciation of the words. Avoid singing a word without properly speaking it; or speaking a word without properly singing it. Do not sing with a too exact, machine-like correctness. Be careful and accurate, but put expression, soul, and intelligent personality into your work.

**91.** Breath should be taken at such places as will not mar the sense; at pauses and after emphatic words.

### MARKS OF EXPRESSION.

**92.** The following list includes ordinary marks of expression, with certain other terms used in music: *Accelerando*, or *accel.*, accelerate the time, gradually faster and faster; *ad libitum*, or *ad lib.*, at pleasure; *animato*, or *con anima*, animated, with animated expression; *affetuoso*, tender, affecting; *agitato*, with agitation, anxiously; *amoroso* or *con amore*, affectionately, tenderly; *a tempo*, in time; *Bon marcato*, in pointed, well-marked manner; *bis*, twice; *brillante*, gay, brilliant, sparkling; *brio* or *con brio*, with brilliancy and spirit; *Cantata*, a composition of several movements, comprising airs, recitations and choruses; *coda*, a close, or additional ending of a composition; *con affeto*, with expression; *con dolore*, mournfully, with grief and pathos; *con energia*, with energy; *con espressione*, with expression; *con fuoco*, with ardor, fire; *con grazia*, with grace and elegance; *con moto*, with agitation, emotion; *con spirito*, with spirit, animation; *Declamando*, *declamato*, in declamatory style; *dolce*, soft, tender, sweet; *doloroso*, tender and pathetic; *Energico*, with energy; *expressivo*, with expression; *Forando*, with sudden increase of power; *Grave*, with slow and solemn expression; *Lentando*, gradually slower; *loco*, passage to be played exactly as written in regard to the pitch—it usually occurs after the sign *Soa* . . . which means

that the note or passage thus marked has been raised or lowered an octave; *Maestoso*, with dignified, majestic expression; *mesto* or *meioso*, pensive, sad, mournful; *mezzo*, in medium degree, as *mezzo forte*, rather loud, *mezzo piano*, rather soft; *mezzo voce*, with moderation as to tone; *molto*, much or very, as *molto voce*, with a full voice; *Non*, not; *non troppo*, not too much; *Piu*, more; *piu mosso*, with more motion, faster; *poco*, somewhat, rather, as *poco piano*, somewhat soft; *poco presto*, rather quick; *Rallentando*, (*rall.* or *rall.*) gradually slower and softer; *recitando*, a speaking manner of performance; *recitativo*, musical declamation; *rinforzando*, suddenly increasing in power; *ritardando*, (*ritard.* or *rit.*) a retarding of the movement; *Sostenuto*, sustained; *sotto*, under, below, as *sotto voce*, with subdued voice; *spirito* or *con spirito*, with spirit, animation; *spiritoso*, with great spirit; *Tutti*, the whole, full chorus; *Vigorous*, bold, energetic; *veloce*, with rapidity; *vivace*, quick and cheerful; *vivo*, lively, animated; *voici subito*, turn the page quickly.

### CHORDS AND HARMONY.

**93.** A **Chord** is a pleasing combination of tones sounded together.

**94.** **Harmony** is a succession of chords, according to the rules of progression and modulation.

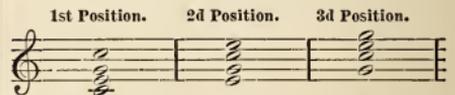
**95.** The **Common Chord** is formed by combining any tone with its third and fifth. If the third of the chord is a Major third, the chord is a *Major chord*; if Minor, it is a *Minor chord*.

**96.** The chord founded upon the Key-note, or Tonic, is called the *chord of the Tonic*; the chord founded upon the Dominant is called the *chord of the Dominant*; and the chord founded upon the Sub-Dominant is called the *chord of the Sub-Dominant*.

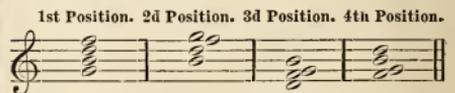
**97.** The **Chord of the Seventh** is the common chord with the minor-seventh added. This chord is generally founded upon the Dominant. If founded on G, the Dominant of C, it is composed of the tones G, B, D, F.

**98.** Either the fifth or the octave of a chord may be omitted, but the third must always be present, except in the dominant seventh chord.

**99.** The different forms of a chord can be made by placing either the key-note, or third, or fifth, in the bass, the first being the first position, the second the second position, and the third the third position of the chord. The positions of the chord of C are:



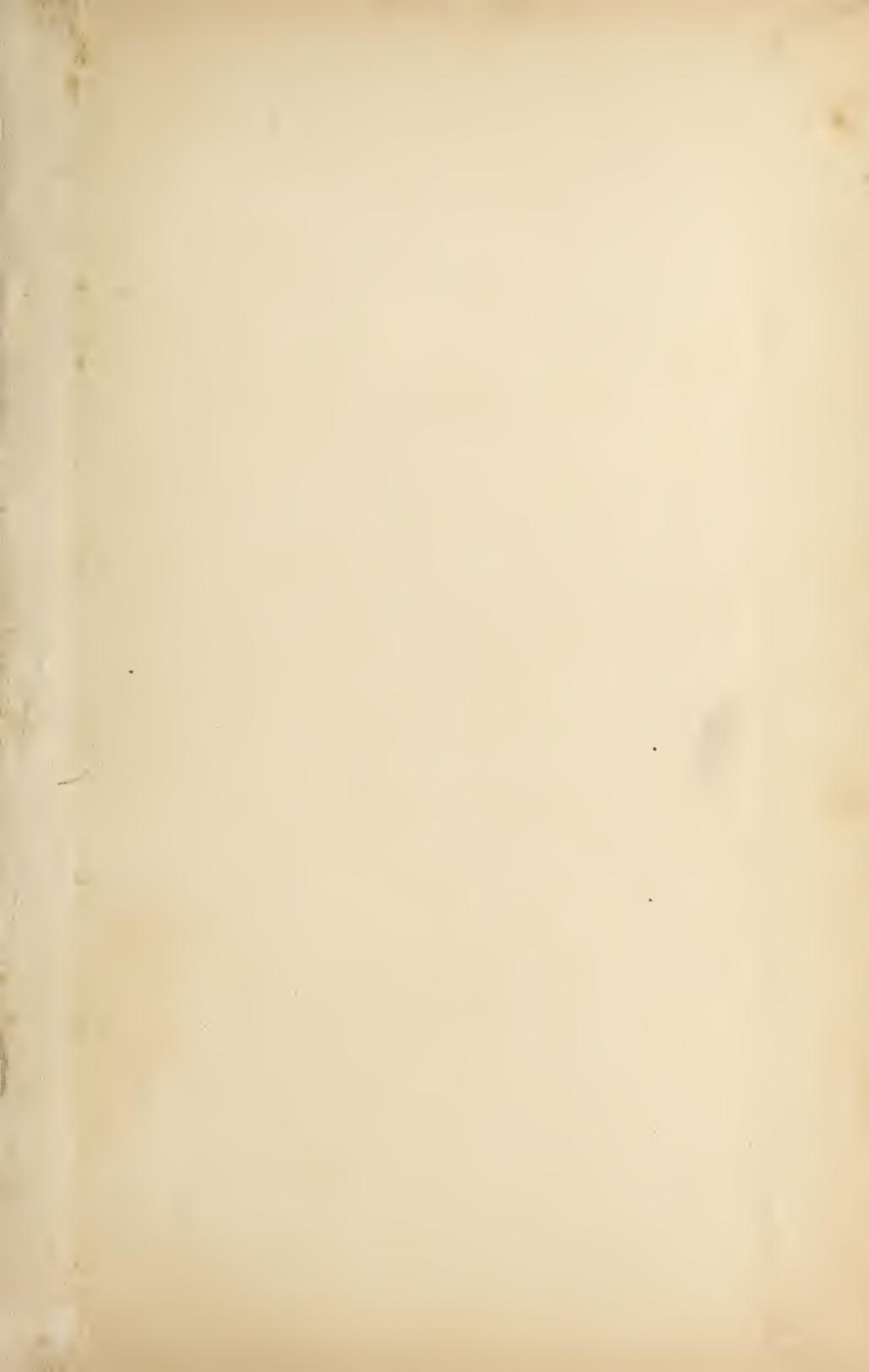
**100.** The positions of the chord of the dominant seventh are as follows:



The above positions are in the key of C. It will be found to be of advantage for the teacher to explain them in all the keys, and to require pupils to write them, giving the Tonic, Dominant, Sub-Dominant, and Chord of the Seventh, in the different keys. A correct knowledge of the laws of Harmony is essential to the arrangement of music for voices or instruments. As it is not possible to treat this subject at any length in these pages, the student is referred to more extended works for its discussion, and to individual or class training by a competent instructor.







# Harper's Periodicals

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year . . . . .	\$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year . . . . .	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year . . . . .	4 00
HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, One Year . . . . .	2 00

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive Subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the Publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money-order or Draft. When no time is specified, Subscriptions will begin with the current Number.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR begin with the first Numbers for January, the Volumes of the ROUND TABLE with the first Number for November, and the Volumes of the MAGAZINE with the Numbers for June and December of each Year.

## BOUND VOLUMES.

Bound Volumes of the MAGAZINE for *three years back*, each Volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of \$3 00 per Volume in Cloth, or \$5 25 in Half Calf.

Bound Volumes of the WEEKLY or BAZAR for *three years back*, each containing the Numbers for a year, will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of \$7 00 per Volume in Cloth, or \$10 50 in Half Morocco.

Bound Volumes of HARPER'S ROUND TABLE which are in stock will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of \$3 50.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

A column eulogistic of these publications might be written, and would barely suffice to specify their many singular merits. It must be at least satisfactory to the publishers to know that wherever English is the language in use there a MAGAZINE, a WEEKLY, a BAZAR, or a YOUNG PEOPLE bearing the imprint of Harper & Brothers is read. There are other triumphs than the "drum-beat," which circle the world.—*N. Y. Times*.

The MAGAZINE is an overflowing store of good literature and exquisite art—a delightful production deserving all the fame and all the material success which have been won by it. The WEEKLY is a rarely illustrated chronicle of the year's events; there is no end of pleasure and profit in its pages. . . . The BAZAR is a repository of fashion, and a gallery of some of the finest engravings of the time. The YOUNG PEOPLE is a treasure-house fascinating to every boy and girl as well as to plenty of persons older. A remarkable and valuable, an instructive and delightful line of publications, indeed.—*N. Y. Sun*.

The influence which HARPER'S PERIODICALS have exercised in every channel of improving thought and achievement can be scarcely measured; it has flowed continuously on, over vast areas, among millions of people, learned and unlearned, upon all of whom it has acted as an elevating, refining force. . . . The comprehensiveness of the influence of these four publications is exceedingly great. The BAZAR and the YOUNG PEOPLE address themselves especially to women and children, and in their way they are not less valuable as educators than they and the others are as delightful entertainers. It is good literature in the broadest and most general sense that the periodical publications of Harper & Brothers contain, and this good literature is admirably and generously supplemented with good art, which pleases as well as educates. In very many American homes these periodicals are the only library, and if in that character they are not exhaustive, they are, it must be admitted, a fair substitute for a library.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS,  
Franklin Square, New York.