

NUMBER ONE:

ly. G. White.

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THE
WESTON AND HUSSEY
MINSTRELS'
BOOK OF SONGS.

Containing the MUSIC of
the Melodies as Sung by



this Favourite Troupe, and
other Popular Pieces.

EDITED BY

FRANK WESTON AND N. LA FEUILLADE.

Published by the Proprietors of the

“AUSTRALIAN JOURNAL,”

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THE WESTON & HUSSEY MINSTRELS' BOOK OF SONGS.

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FROM TIME TO TIME,

The Songs of the Weston & Hussey Minstrels

AND OTHER POPULAR MELODIES,

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Contributed to by the Best as also by the Smartest Writers of the Colonies.

CLARSON, MASSINA, & CO., PUBLISHERS, MELBOURNE.

RING THE BELL, WATCHMAN.

As sung by T. Rainford, with enthusiastic applause.

Words and Music by H. C. W. xx.

Moderato.



High in the bel - fry the old Sex - ton stands, Grasping the rope with his thin bo - ny hands;



Fix'd is his gaze, as by some ma - gie spell, Till he hears the distant murmur "Ring, ring the bell."

CHORUS.

Soprano. Alto.



"Ring the bell, watchman! ring! ring! ring! Yes, yes! the good news is now on the wing;

Tenor. Bass.



Yes, yes! they come, and with ti - dings to tell—Glo - ri - ous and blessed tidings, Ring, ring the bell."



II.
Baring his long silver locks to the breeze,
First for a moment he drops on his knees;
Then with a vigour that few could excel,
Answers he the welcome bidding, "Ring, ring the bell."
Ring the bell, etc.

III.
Hear! from the hill top, the first signal gun,
Thunders the word that some great deed is done;
Hear! thro' the valley the long echoes swell,
Ever and anon repeating, "Ring, ring the bell."
Ring the bell, etc.

IV.
Bonfires are blazing and rockets ascend,
No meagre triumph such tokens portend;
Shout, shout! my brothers, for "all, all is well,"
'Tis the universal chorus, "Ring, ring the bell."
Ring the bell, etc.

MOTHER KISS'D ME IN MY DREAM.

A young soldier, who was severely wounded in a recent battle, lay in one of the hospitals. A surgeon, passing by his bedside and seeing his boyish face lighted up with a peaceful smile, asked him how he felt. "Oh! I am happy and contented now," the soldier replied; "last night, mother kissed me in my dream."

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Andantino
Espressivo.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Andantino' and the expression is 'Espressivo'. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff includes a triplet of eighth notes. The fourth staff has an 'espress.' marking above the first measure and an 'accel.' marking above the last measure. The fifth staff begins with a 'piu tempo.' marking above the first measure. The score ends with a double bar line.

Ly - - - ing on my dy - - ing bed, Thro' the dark.... and si - - lent night,
Pray - - ing for the com - ing day, Came a vi - - sion to my sight;
Near me stood the forms I loved, In the sun - light's mel - low gleam,
Fold - - ing me un - - to her breast, Moth - er kiss'd me in my dream!
Mo - - ther, mo - - ther, Mo - ther kiss'd me in my dream!

II.

Comrades, tell her when you write,
That I did my duty well;
Say that when the battle raged,
Fighting in the van I fell;
Tell her, too, when on my bed,
Slowly ebb'd my being's stream,
How I knew no peace until
Mother kiss'd me in my dream.

III.

Once again I long to see
Home and kindred far away,
But I feel I shall be dead
Ere there dawn another day;
Hopefully I bide the hour
When will fade life's feeble beam;
Every pang has left me now;
Mother kiss'd me in my dream!

The music of the above with pianoforte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies.

NORA O'NEAL.

Words and Music by WILL S. HAYS.

Andante
Moderato.



Oh! I'm lone-ly to-night, love, with-out you, And I sigh for one glance of your eye, For
sure there's a charm, love, a-bout you, When-e-ver I know you are nigh. Like the beam of the star when 'tis
smi-ling, Is the glance which your eye can't con-ceal, And your voice is so sweet and be-gui-ling, That I
love you, sweet No-ra O' Neal. Oh! don't think that e-ver I'll doubt you, My love I will ne-ver con-
ceal, Oh! I'm lone-ly to-night, love, with-out you, My dar-ling, sweet No-ra O'-Neal.

CHORUS.

Treble Alto.



Oh! don't think that e-ver I'll doubt you, My love I will ne-ver con-ceal; Oh! I'm
lone-ly to-night, love, with-out you, My dar-ling, sweet No-ra O'-Neal.

II.
Oh! the nightingale sings in the wildwood,
As if every note that he knew
Was learned from your sweet voice in childhood,
To remind me, sweet Nora, of you.
But I think, love, so often about you,
And you don't know how happy I feel,
But I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal.
Oh! don't think, etc.

III.
Oh! why should I weep tears of sorrow?
Or why let my hope lose its place?
Won't I meet you, my darling, to-morrow,
And smile on your beautiful face?
Will you meet me? O say, will you meet me,
With a kiss at the foot of the lane?
And I'll promise whenever you greet me,
That I'll never be lonely again.
Oh! don't think, etc.

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

Music by HENRY C. WORK.

Andante.



'Tis noon of night, the sa - ble clouds Hang weep - ing in the sky; Alone I
sit, where fan - cies flit Like spec - tral sha - dows by, Me - thinks I see fa - mi - liar forms, And
one be - fore them all— So fair, so calm, so wondrous like, wondrous like, The pic - ture on the wall.

CHORUS.

Soprano. Alto.



A - mong the brave and loy - al, How ma - ny loved ones fall! Whose friends be
Tenor. Bass.



reft, have on - ly left, on - ly left, A pic - ture on the wall.

II.
I hear the press of eager feet
Upon my parlour floor;
A moment, and my willing arms
Embrace my boy once more.
I feel his warm breath on my cheek,
But when his name I call,
A shadowy finger points me to
His picture on the wall.
Among &c.

III.
The moon's full radiance struggles through,
And lights my room once more;
And thus shall heav'n, O heart of mine,
Thy seeming loss restore,
Its light shall gild the present gloom,
And sweeter spells enthrall,
Than that which binds me to this sweet,
True picture on the wall.
Among &c.

DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

Words by J. E. CARPENTER.

Music by CHAS. W. GLOVER.

Moderato.



Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of



me? I who shared their ev - ry grief, I who min - gled in their glee; Have their



hearts grown cold and strange To the one now doom'd to roam, I would



give the world to know Do they think of me at home? I would



give the world to know,— Do they think of me at home?

II.

Do they think of me at eve?
Of the songs I used to sing?
Is the harp I struck untouched,
Does a stranger wake the string?
Will no kind forgiving word
Come across the raging foam?
Shall I never cease to sigh,
"Do they think of me at home?"
Shall I never cease to sigh,—
"Do they think of me at home?"

III.

Do they think of how I loved
In my happy early days?
Do they think of him who came
But could never win their praise?
I am happy by his side
And from mine he'll never roam,
But my heart will sadly ask
"Do they think of me at home?"

WRITE ME A LETTER FROM HOME.

Words and Music by WILL. S. HAYS.

*Anjante
affettuoso.*



CHORUS.



II.
I think of the old fashioned cot,
I've left it for many a year;
The last words "God bless you," I got
From mother and father so dear.
They hoped that my voyage would be
A pleasant one over the foam;
Oh, some one go and tell them for me,
To write me a letter from home.
Have they etc.

HAPPY BE THY DREAMS.

As Sung by Weston and Hussey's Minstrels, with Rapturous Applause.

Words by J. E. CARPENTER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Andante con moto.

Oh! happy..... happy hap - py be thy dreams, Bright be the vi - sion that be -

fore.... thee lies....; *cres.* Dream of the ra.....diant hills and sun - lit streams, Dream of the

bright and blue.. *dim.* un - cloud - ed skies,.. *cres.* Dream of the bright and blue.. *ritard.* un - cloud - ed skies..

Sleep for thy mo - ther.. *cres.* watches o - ver thee.. O'er thee, un - seen.. the watch - ful spi - rit

glides, *dim.* Pure as the star.... that o'er thee mild - ly beams, Oh! hap - py....., hap - py....., *cres.*

p hap - py be thy dreams, *sten.* Hap - py.. hap - py, hap - py be thy dreams!

II.
Oh! happy, happy, be thy path in life,
Long still thy mother's tender love to share;
Till Heav'n has call'd her from this vale of strife
And purer bliss succeeds to worldly care.
Then if the Angels earthward turn their eyes,
She will watch o'er thee from the radiant skies:
Sleep while yon star still o'er thee mildly beams,
Oh! happy, happy, happy be thy dreams,
Happy, happy, happy be thy dreams!

THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

Composed by ALEXANDER REICHARDT.

Moderato.



i. I know an eye so soft - ly bright, That glis - tens
 ii. That eye so soft, like vio - lets blue, A trea - sure



like a star of night; My soul it draws with glances kind, To heav'n's blue vault, and there I
 bears of morn-ing dew, And when its light en - trance'd I see, What joy, what pain pos - ses - ses



find An - o - ther star, as pure and clear as that which mild - ly spar - kles here. Be - lov - ed eye, be - lov - ed
 me! A world, where I would glad - ly dwell Is that bright orb I love so well. Be - lov - ed eye, be - lov - ed



star, Thou art so near and yet so far, Be - lov - ed eye, be - lov - ed star, Thou art so near and yet.... so far.
 star, Thou art so near and yet so far; Be - lov - ed eye, be - lov - ed star, Thou art so near and yet.... so far.



If closed at last that ra - diant eye should be, No more the day.. will dawn for me; If night should dim its laughing light, Oh then for



ev - er, ev - er 'twill be night Those eyes that bright - ly softly shine. For me the Sun and Moon com - bine Be - lov - ed



eye, be - lov - ed star, Thou art so near, and yet so far; Be - lov - ed eye, be - lov - ed star, Thou art so near and yet so far.

COME HOME, FATHER.

AS SUNG BY MADAME ANNA BISHOP, WITH RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE.

Composed by H. C. Work.

Affettuoso



Fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home with me now! The clock in the stee - ple strikes one;... You



prom-is'd, dear fa-ther, that you would come home, As soon as your day's work was done. Our



fire has gone out—our house is all dark—And mo - ther's been watching since tea; . . . With



poor bro-ther Ben - ny so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but me..... Come



home! come home! come home!... Please fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home.....

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.
ALTO.



Hear the sweet voice of the child,.... Which the night-winds repeat as they roam..... Oh!

TENOR.
BASS.



Hear the sweet voice of the child, Which the night-winds repeat as they roam !.. Oh !



who could re - sist this most plaintive of pray'rs? Please, fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home!



who could re - sist this most plaintive of pray'rs? Please, fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home!

II.

11.
 Father, dear father, come home with me now!
 The clock in the steeple strikes two;
 The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse,
 But he has been calling for you.
 Indeed he is worse, Ma says he will die,
 Perhaps before morning shall dawn!
 And this is the message she sent me to bring—
 "Come quickly, or he will be gone."
 Come home, etc.

III.

Father, dear father, come home with me now !
The clock in the steeple strikes three ;
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long
For poor weeping mother and me.
Yes, we are alone, Poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the angels of light ;
And these were the very last words that he said—
" I want to kiss father, good night."
Come home, etc.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies.

PRETTY LITTLE SARAH.

(OR EIGHTEEN SHILLINGS A WEEK.)

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY

GEO. LEYBOURNE.

Moderato.

My heart is like a pump-kin, swol - len big with love, For the
 fair - est of the fair girls in ere - a - tion, She is too good for me, tho' a
 tri - fle I'm a - bove The drud - ge - ry and ill pay of my sta - tion Her
 fa - ther keeps a farm-yard in the Mile End Road, And for this lit - tle dam - sel, of
 love I have a load. I'd spend a for - tune on her, but why do I thus speak? For
rall. *f* *Chorus.*
 what a for - tune can I have on eighteen shil - lings a week. Oh! pret - ty lit - tle Sa - rah, with
 love - ly gol - den hair, Her beauty jealous maidens may be scorn - ing, She ought to be an an - gel;
 but if rich I were, I'd mar - ry her so ear - ly in the morn - ing.

2 The first time that I met her, 'twas in the pouring rain,
 I proffered her my arm and umbrella;
 She accepted with a smile, so I said I'd see her home,
 She thank'd with a voice so low and mellow;
 When we arrived at home, she said she'd ask me in,
 But her parents they were poor, said I, 'poverty's no sin,'
 She saw I was a swell and of course I didn't speak,
 For I was doing the heavy on my eighteen shillings a-week.

3 She's got a little ankle, and such a little foot,
 And pretty little fingers running taper;
 Her waist is round and small, her mouth is best of all,
 With ruby lips not twice as thick as paper;
 She's always dress'd in silks, her notions are so high,
 And though her stature's short, she gazes in the sky;
 When she belongs to me, 'tis not for me to speak,
 But lots of silks she get from me on eighteen shillings a-week!

4 Her parents they are poor, and she's a milliner,
 And earns a pound a week in the City;
 A crown she gives her mother, for her keep and board,
 The rest she spends in clothes to make her pretty,
 She never saves a penny, but tells me that she will,
 To pay the wedding fees—it shews she loves me still;
 But should we have a family (too soon I mustn't speak),
 A wife and fourteen children, on eighteen shillings a-week.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, price 3s., may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the Colonies.

THE MULETEER.

Written by D. A. O'MEARA Esq.

Composed by AUGUSTUS MEYER.

Andantino Cantabile.

Soon as the Sun his ear - ly ray, A - cross the mis - ty

moun - tain flings, The Mu - le - teer now takes his way, And mer - ri - ly thus he

Sweet - ly sings: And mer - ri - ly thus he sweet - ly sings: "Oh! haste my mules, we

must not creep, nor saun - ter on so slow, Our jour - ney's long, the

moun - tain steep, We've many a league to go, to go, We've many a league to

go; Oh! haste my mules, we must not creep, nor saun - ter on so

slow, Our jour - ney's long, the moun - tain steep, We've many a league to

go, to go, We've many a league to go."

At fall of eve, his labour o'er,
 He homeward hastes, and sings with glee:
 "My mules speed to my cottage door,
 For there my Lilla waits for me,
 For there my Lilla waits for me.
 Speed on my mules, the sun sets fast,
 The shades of night I see,
 There's many a league yet to be past,
 And Lilla waits for me, for me,
 And Lilla waits for me." (Repeat.)

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the Colonies.

THE GOOD BYE AT THE DOOR.

Words by J. E. CARPENTER.

Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

Andante con
Espressione.

Of all the mem'-ries of the past, That
come like sum - mer dreams, Whose rain - bow hues still round us
cast Their bright, their bright, but fleet - ing beams, The
dear - est, sweet - est that can be Of days gone long be -
fore, Are those that oft re - call to me The
good bye, the good bye at the door. Are those that bring to mind to
me The good bye, the good bye at the door.

dim.
a tempo.
cres.
mf.
dim.
ritard.

But time and place have quite estranged
Each early friend we knew;
How few remain, how many changed,
Of those we deem'd so true;
Those happy hours again to me,
But mem'ry can restore,
The ling'ring thought will ever be,
The good bye, the good bye at the door.
The ling'ring thought will ever be,
The good bye, the good bye at the door.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the Colonies. Price 3s.

DEAR MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO DIE.

Words by E. BOWERS.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.



Dear mo - ther, I re - mem - ber well The part - ing kiss you gave to



me, When mer - ry rang the vil - lage bell— My heart was full of joy and

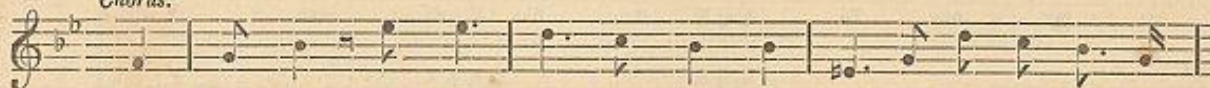


glee; I did not dream that one short year Would crush the hopes that soar'd so



high! Oh, mo - ther dear, draw near to me, Dear mo - ther, I've come home to die.

Chorus.



Call sis - ter, bro - ther, to my side, and take your sol - dier's last good



bye; Oh, mo - ther dear, draw near to me, Dear mo - ther, I've come home to die.

II.

Hark! mother, 'tis the village bell,
I can no longer with thee stay:
My country calls to arms, to arms!
The foe advance in fierce array!
The vision's past—I feel that now
For country I can only sigh,
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear mother, I've come home to die.
Call sister, brother, etc.

III.

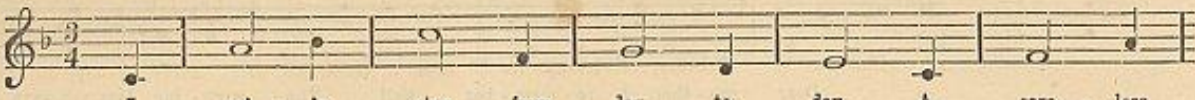
Dear mother, sister, brother, all,
One parting kiss—to all good bye;
Weep not, but clasp your hand in mine,
And let me like a soldier die!
I've met the foe upon the field,
Where kindred fiercely did defy,
I fought for right—God bless the flag!
Dear mother, I've come home to die.
Call sister, brother, etc.

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies.

BEAR IT LIKE A MAN.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY HARRY CLIFTON.

ARRANGED BY M. HOBSON.

Moderato. 

I gai - ly sing from day to day, A care - less



man am I As long as I can pay my way, Mis -



- for - tune I de - fy. And then with spi - rits e - ver



gay, I do the best I can. When trou - ble comes up -



- on my way, To bear it like a man.

Chorus. f 

I gai - ly sing from day to day, And do the



best I can. When trou - ble comes up - on my



way, To bear it like a man.

2 We've told that since the world began,
(That's many years ago)
If 'money did not make the man,'
It 'made the mare to go.'
Of comforts, I have quite enough,
Although my wealth is small;
I know that I am better off,
Than folks with none at all.

3 If fortune on a friend doth shine,
I love him none the less;
I never grieve, I never pine,
For wealth I don't possess:
A happy home, a loving wife,
Of worldly goods a store;
Contented with my lot in life,
A king can be no more.

4 And one thing too, I hold it good,
Wherever I may be,
'To do to others as I would
That they should do to me.'
This world would ne'er be dark and drear,
If each would try the plan,
Of giving when they had to spare,
To help their fellow man.

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment (price 3s.), may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies.

OH! GENTLY BREATHE THE TENDER SIGH.

p dolce e sosten.
Andante, Grazioso.

Oh! gent-ly breathe.... the ten-der sigh... Which fell so sweet.... ly on mine
ear, And let thy soft.... and beam-ing eye,... A-gain be ra- - - -diant with a
tear. I'd ra-ther hear.... that mournful sound,... And see that drop.... so pear-ly
fine, than list to thy.... most mirthful round, Or view thine eye with rapture shine.

CHORUS.

p dolce.

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.

Then gen-ly breathe..... the ten-der sigh,..... Which found a ling - - - -ring e-cho
pp Then gently breathe the tender sigh, Which found a ling ring—
pp Then gently breathe the tender sigh which found a lingering—
near, And let thy blue.... and beaming eye..... A-gain be soft - - - -en'd by a tear.....
an e-cho near, And let thy blue and beaming eye be soften'd by a tear, yes, by a tear.
an e-cho near, And let thy blue and beaming eye be soften'd by a tear, yes by a tear *dim.*

They speak of fond affection's sway
O'er all thy pure confiding breast;
They tell that passion's far away,
Nor mars thy peace, nor breaks thy rest.
To me they are more pleasing still
Than gayer sight or merrier sound,
For do they not a tale reveal,
Of love requited and returned?
Then gently, etc.

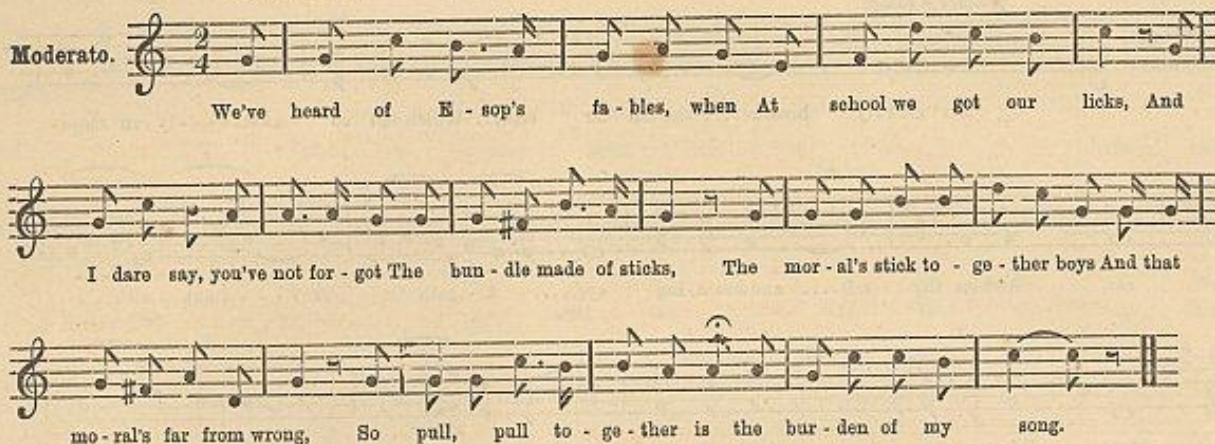
The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the Colonies.

PULL, PULL TOGETHER, BOYS.

Words by S. LEE.

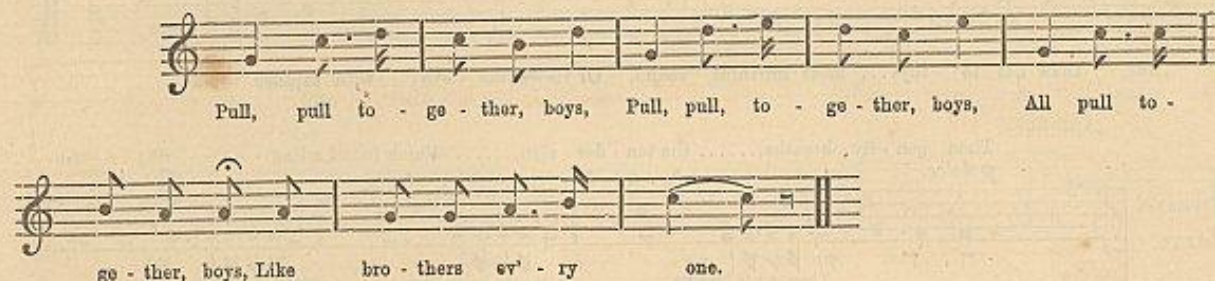
Music by R. COOTE.

Moderato.



We've heard of E - sop's fa - ble, when At school we got our licks, And
I dare say, you've not for - got The bun - dle made of sticks, The mor - al's stick to - ge - ther boys And that
mo - ral's far from wrong, So pull, pull to - ge - ther is the bur - den of my song.

CHORUS.



Pull, pull to - ge - ther, boys, Pull, pull, to - ge - ther, boys, All pull to -
ge - ther, boys, Like bro - thers ev' - ry one.

II.
Now all my life I've practis'd, mind
This good and golden rule,
Commencing when a little boy
But greatly whopp'd at school,
We robbed the master's apple trees,
By night as well as day,
And as we pulled the apples off,
I always used to say.
Pull, pull, etc.

III.
And when I went to college, still
My maxim was the same;
By all the Dons and Proctors!
I was up to many a game.
There I was captain of my boat,
And as my gallant crew
Stretched to their oars my favourite cry
Right well the fellows knew.
Pull, Pull, etc.

VI.
The best proof of the pudding is
The eating it they say,
I've tried my saying and it's come
Out right boys, every way.
And for the good advice you've had,
I hope you'll come out strong,
So pull, pull together if
You cheer me for my song.
Pull, pull, etc.

IV.
I came of age, dropp'd into tin
Went on the town of course,
Learnt to pick out a pretty girl,
And learnt to back a horse.
With jolly dogs I went the pace,
And many a pal o' mine
I taught to sing this jolly toast,
As pass'd the sparkling wine;
Pull, pull, etc.

V.
At last I met the sweetest girl,
The loveliest you can see;
When I clapp'd eyes on her I knew
It was all up with me.
I bid my single friends good bye,
Gave up all midnight strife,
For a man must do all that you know
To pull well with his wife.
Pull, pull, etc.

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies.

BEAUTIFUL NELL.

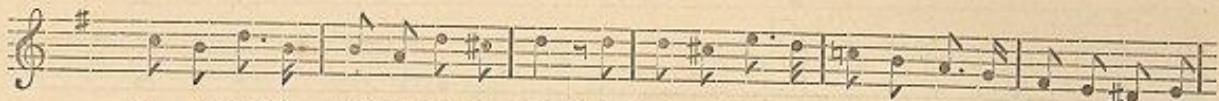
Words by S. LEE.

Music by R. COOTE.

Moderato.



i. Don't talk to me of pret - ty girls; Of love - ly wo - men, don't; I'll ne - ver lis - ten
 ii. We met, 'twas in a crowd, you know, As someone somewhere sings, The scene a ball - room



to a word, I won't - no that I won't! There's not a beau - ty in the land To match my peer - less
 where I mark'd This an - gel wanting wings. She float - ed in the gay quad - rille, ma - zur - ka'd, polk'd, as



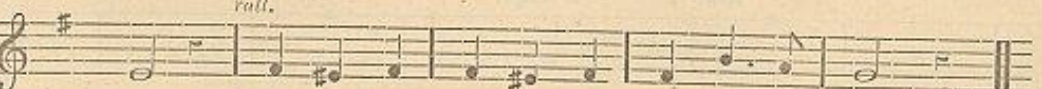
belle, I'll tell you all a - - bout my love, My beau - ti - ful, my Nell.
 well; But whirl - ing wild - ly in the waltz, The dar - ling tripp'd and fell.



Beau - ti - - ful girl, with beau - ti - - ful eyes, Bright as the



morn - ing and blue as the skies, Beau - ti - - ful teeth, and hair as



well, Beau - ti - - ful, beau - ti - - ful beau - ti - - ful Nell.

III.

I picked her up most tenderly,
 And asked if she was hurt.
 Conveyed her to an ottoman,
 And then began to flirt.
 She told me she was just eighteen,
 As reading Martin Tupper,
 Was fond of strolls in moonlit groves,
 And thought she'd have some supper!
 Beautiful girl, etc.

IV.

At supper, lobster-salad, love,
 And chicken we discussed,
 We gabbled and we gobbled as
 A1 supping lovers must;
 We champagne'd, sherried, and mosell'd,
 Each time the bottle past,
 Methought each smile the darling gave,
 Was lovelier than the last.
 Beautiful girl, etc.

V.

I think, somehow, the wine I drank
 Had made me all amiss,
 Or why, why was I fool enough
 To try and steal a kiss?
 "Oh! some one fetch my husband, do!"
 She scream'd out in affright:
 "Married by jingo!" I exclaim'd,
 And did "a fly by night."
 Beautiful girl, etc.

VI.

A sadder and a wiser man,
 I reach'd my home once more,
 And madly raving at my lot,
 My raven hair I tore:
 I'm wretched as a man can be,
 And farewell! oh, farewell!
 To that sweet, dear, deceiving dream;
 My beautiful, my Nell.
 Beautiful girl, etc.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music sellers in all the Colonies. Price 3s.

CALL ME NOT BACK FROM THE ECHOLESS SHORE

REPLY TO ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

Words by CHAS. C. SAWYER.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

Moderato.



Why is your fore-head deep fur-row'd with care? What has so soon min-gled



frost in your hair? Why are you sor-row-ful? why do you weep?



Why do you ask me to "Rock you to sleep?" Could you but see through this



world's vale of tears, . . . Light would your sor-rows be, harm-less your fears,



All that seems dark-ness to you would be light, All would be sunshine where now is but night.



Fol-low me cheer-ful-ly, pray, do not weep, In spir-it I'll soothe you and "Rock you to sleep."

LULLABY. To be sung *ad lib.* after Chorus to last verse.



Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, . . . Sleep, sleep, sleep, oh! Sleep.

Why would you backward with time again turn?
Why do you still for your childhood's days yearn?
Weary one, why through the past again roam?
While in the future the path leads you home!
Oh, dearest child, dry those tears, weep no more,
Call me not back from the Echoless Shore,
Follow me cheerfully pray do not weep,
In spirit I'll soothe you and "Rock you to sleep."
Follow me, etc.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies

NO ONE TO LOVE.

Words by A. H. G. RICHARDSON

Music by W. B. HARVEY.

Andante. 

No one to love none to ca - res, Roam-ing a -



lone through this world's wil - der - ness, Sad is my heart, joy is un -



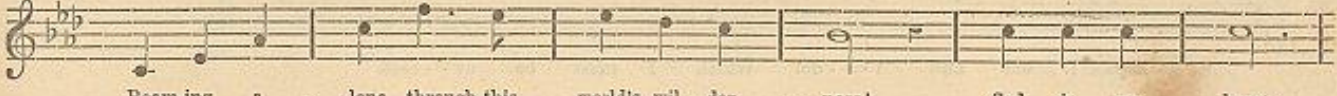
known, For in my sor - row I'm weep - ing a - lone;



No gen - tle voice, no ten - der smile, Makes me re - joice,



or cares be - guile. . . . No one to love! none to ca - res,



Roam-ing a - lone through this world's wil - der - ness! Sad is my heart,



joy is un - known, For in my sor - row I'm weep - ing a - lone.

In dreams alone lov'd ones I see,
And well-known voices then whisper to me;
Sighing I wake, waking I weep:
Soon with the lov'd and the lost I shall sleep.
Oh, blissful rest! what heart would stay,
Unlov'd, unblest, from heav'n away?
No one to love! none to caress,
Roaming alone through this world's wilderness!
Sad is my heart, joy is unknown.
For in my sorrow I'm weeping alone.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, price 2s., may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the Colonies.

MY BUD IN HEAVEN.

SUNG BY MADAME ANNA BISHOP.

Words by SPENCER W. CONE.

Music by STEPHEN MASSETT.
doloroso.

Con
Affezione

One bud the gard - - - 'ner gave me,
fair and on - - - ly child; He gave it to my
keep - - - ing, To cher - - ish, un - - - de - - filed; It
lay up - - - on my bo - som, It was my hope and pride; Per -
- haps it was an i - - - dol Which I must be de - - - nied.

II.

For just as it was opening
In glory to the day,
Came down the heav'nly gard'ner,
And took my bud away;
Yet not in wrath he took it,
A smile was on his face,
And tenderly and kindly
He bore it from its place.

III.

"Fear not I" methought he whispered;
"Thy bud shall be restored;
I take it but to plant it,
In the garden of the Lord."
Then bid me not to sorrow,
As those who hopeless weep,
For he who gave hath taken,
And he who took can keep.

IV.

And night and morn together,
By the open gate of prayer,
I'll go unto my darling,
And sit beside him there;
I know 'twill open for me,
Poor sinner though I be,
For his dear sake who keeps it,
And keeps my bud for me.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the Colonies. Price 3s.

WAIT FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which,
Taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." — *Shakespeare*.

Written and Sung by

HARRY CLIFTON.

Tempo
di valse

In sail - - - ing a - - long the ri - - ver of life, O - - ver its
wa - - - ters wide..... We all have to bat - - tle with trou - - ble and strife, And
wait for the time and the tide..... Men of each o - - ther are prone to be
jea - lous, Hopes are il - - lu - sions, and not what they seem, Life and its pleasures, phi -
lo - so - phers tell us, Go float - ing a - - way like a leaf on the stream.

CHORUS.

Then try to be hap - py and gay my boys, Re - - mem - ber the world is wide..... And
Rome was 'nt built in a day my boys, So wait for the turn of the tide.....

Why people sit fretting their lives away,
I can't for a moment surmise,
If "Life is a lottery," as they say,
We cannot all turn up a prize;
A folly it is to be sad and dejected,
If "fortune shows favours" she's *fickle* beside,
And may knock at your door some fine day unexpected,
If you patiently wait for the turn of the tide.

Chorus.

Man is sent into the world, we're told,
To do all the good that he can,
Yet how many worship the chink of the gold,
And never once think of the man;
If you are poor, from your friends keep a distance,
Hold up your head, though your funds are but small,
Once let the world know you need its assistance,
Be sure then you never will get it at all.

Chorus.

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies. Price 3s.

JUST AFTER THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

(COMPANION SONG TO "JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.")

WORDS AND MUSIC BY G. F. R.

With Expression.

Still - up - on the field of bat - tle,

I am ly - ing, mo - ther, dear, With my wound - ed com - rades,

wait - ing For the morn - ing to ap - pear. Ma - ny sleep to wa - ken

ne - ver, In this world of strife and death, And ma - ny more are faint - ly

Chorus.

call - ing, With their fee - ble dy - ing breath. Mo - ther, dear, your boy is

wound - ed, And the night is drear with pain, But still I feel that I shall

see you And the dear old home a - gain.

2 Oh! the first great charge was fea - ful,
And a thousand brave men fell,
Still amid the dreadful carnage,
I was safe from shot and shell.
So, amid the fatal shower,
I had nearly pass'd the day,
When here the dreaded Minie struck me,
And I sunk amid the fray.

Mother, dear, etc.

3 Oh! the glorious cheer of triumph,
When the foeman turn'd and fled,
Leaving us the field of battle,
Strewn with dying and with dead,
Oh! the torture and the anguish,
That I could not follow on,
But here amid my fallen comrades,
I must wait till morning's dawn.

Mother, dear, etc.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the Colonies.

NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

Written by F. R. PHILLIPS.

Andante
con mot.

The musical score is written on six staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante con mot.'. The lyrics are as follows:

Troth I went out, the o - ther day, on such a wild goose
chase, Thro' read - ing an ad - - - ver - tise - - ment to try and get a
place: If you want a de - cent ser - - vant, Ma'am, I'm just the one, says
I, But the mis - tress said, Did you not read, "No I - - - rish need ap -
ply?" If to my coun - try you ob - ject, Just tell the rea - - son
why, And don't throw out that dir - - ty slur—"No I - - rish need ap - - - ply."

ii.

Where'er you go to Ireland, they'll treat you like a lord:
True hospitality you'll find, just take poor Paddy's word,
They'll never spare their potheen, but treat you with much joy,
So pray scratch out that nasty line, "No Irish need apply."
Sure don't throw stones for fear you hit your father in the eye,
With such a flinty missile as, "No Irish need apply."

iii.

At Balclava, Inkermann, and through the Russian War,
Did not the Irish bravely fight, as they've oft done before,
And since that time in India, they made the rebels fly,
Our Generals never hinted then, "No Irish need apply;"
If you want a second Wellington I say it's all my eye,
You'll never get one while you write, "No Irish need apply."

iv.

Of such lawyers, poets, statesmen, old Ireland can boast,
Whose names as universal wits, have been a reigning toast;
We had our old Tom Moore, we've Sam Lover now to try,
If he can't gain approbation, when Irish genius does apply;
And with such men as Sheridan, and Grattan, by the bye,
We never should have seen their likes, if "No Irish did apply."

v.

When our good Queen went to Ireland, the boys they did not alter,
But greeted her with joyous shouts, welcome, "Cead Mille Failta."
And to defend her royal self sure each one of them would die,
Her Majesty would never say "No Irish need apply;"
Then let us join both heart and hand, nor ask the reason why
Good fellowship should not exist, where "Irish may apply."

vi.

Let unity our motto be, let's cling to one another,
And man to man as brothers be, all petty feelings smother;
We'll steer straight for that haven, where happiness doth lie,
And country is no object, but, where "Irish may apply;"
No foreign foe would ever dare, invasion here to try,
While the Shamrock, Rose and Thistle, united doth apply.

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies. Price 3s.

CONSTANCE.

"It was a beautiful feeling that warmed the pale cheek of the youthful Constance. It was love in its gentlest, tenderest, and least earthly essence. It was hopeless; for in her humility, she had never dreamed of return; it was unalloyed by any meaner motive of vanity or of interest, and surrendered its whole existence in a spirit of the purest and meekest devotion. The young and loving heart needed some object of which it might dream in its many lonely hours, and on which it might lavish its great wealth of fresh and deep affection."

Written by the late L. E. L.

Composed by G. LINTY.

Andante con
molto Espressione.

I do not ask to of - - - fer thee A
ti - - mid love like mine;.... I lay it as the rose is laid, on
some im - - - mor - - - tal shrine..... I have no hope in
lov - - - ing thee, I on - - - ly ask to love; I
brood up - - on my si - - lent heart, As on its nest the dove,..... I
brood up - on my si - - lent heart, as on its nest the dove.

II.
But little have I been belov'd,
Sad, silent, and alone;
And yet, I feel, in loving thee,
The wide world is mine own.
Thine is the name I breathe to heav'n,
Thy face is on my sleep.
I only ask that love like this
May pray for thee and weep.

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies. Price 3s.

WEEPING, SAD AND LONELY;

OR, WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

Moderato e
Cantabile.



Dear-est love, do you re - mem - ber, When we last did meet,



How you told me that you lov'd me, Kneel-ing at my feet?



Oh! how proud you stood be - - - fore me, In your suit of blue,.....



When you vow'd to me and coun - try Ev - er to be true.

CHORUS. 2nd time *pp*.



Weep - ing, sad, and lone - ly, Hopes and fears how vain!



When this cru - el war is o - - ver, Pray - ing that we meet a - gain!

II.
When the summer breeze is sighing,
Mournfully along,
Or, when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song,
Oh! in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain
Lonely, wounded, ever dying,
Calling, but in vain!
Weeping, sad, etc.

III.
II amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call—
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.
Weeping, sad, etc.

IV.
But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free.
Weeping, sad, etc.

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies.

HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

Poetry by J. E. CARPENTER.

Music by W. T. WRIGHTSON.

Moderato con
espressione.

'Tis years since last we met, And we may not meet a - gain; I have



strug - gled to for - get, But the strug - gle was in vain. For her



voice lives on the breeze, And her spi - rit comes at will; In the mid - - night, on the



seas, Her bright smile haunts me still, For her voice lives on the breeze, and her spi - rit comes at



will; In the midnight on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still.

II.

At the first sweet dawn of light,
When I gaze upon the deep,
Her form still greets my sight,
While the stars their vigils keep:
When I close mine aching eyes,
Sweet dreams my senses fill;
And from sleep when I arise,
Her bright smile haunts me still.
When I close mine aching eyes,
Sweet dreams my senses fill;
And from sleep when I arise,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

III.

I have sail'd 'neath alien skies,
I have trod the desert path,
I have seen the storm arise,
Like a giant in his wrath;
Ev'ry danger I have known,
That a reckless life can fill;
Yet her presence is not flown,
Her bright smile haunts me still.
Ev'ry danger I have known,
That a reckless life can fill,
Yet her presence is not flown,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies. Price 3s.

SWEET SPIRIT, HEAR MY PRAYER.

(LURLINE.)

Written by EDWARD FITZBALL.

Composed by W. V. WALLACE.

Andante
con Espress.*largamente.*

Oh! thou to whom this heart ne'er yet Turn'd in anguish or re -

gret, The past for - give, the fu - ture spare; Sweet spi - rit, hear my

dolente. pray'r! Oh leave me not a - lone in grief, *dolciss.* Send this blight - ed heart re -

dolciss. lief, Send this blight - ed heart re - - lief!..... Make thou my life thy fu - ture

con espress. care, Sweet spi - rit hear my pray'r! Ah! make..... my life thy

fu - ture care, Sweet spi - rit, hear my pray'r. Hear, oh! hear my

rall pray'r! Ah! hear..... my pray'r.

II.

Oh! thou to whom my thro'ghts are known,
 Calm, oh! calm these trembling fears;
 Ah! turn away the world's cold frown,
 And dry my falling tears.
 Oh! leave me not alone in grief,
 Send this blighted heart relief.

Repeat.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the Colonies. Price 2s. 6d.

BROTHER'S FAINTING AT THE DOOR.

Words by E. BOWERS.

Music by P. B. ISAACS.

Andante con
Espressione.

Yon - der comes a wea - ry sol - dier, With falt - 'ring steps a - cross the



moor, Mem' - ries of the past steal o'er me, He tot - ters to the cottage door;



Look, my heart can - not de - ceive me, 'Tis one we deem'd on earth no more. Call



mo - ther, haste, do not tar - ry, For brother's fainting at the door.



Kindly greet the weary soldier, Words of comfort may re - store You may have an absent brother



Fainting at a stranger's door You may have an absent brother Fainting at a stranger's door.

II.
"Tell us, brother, of the battle,
Why you were numbered with the slain!
We, who thought you lost for ever,
Now clasp you to our arms again.
Oh, may others share the blessing
Which Heaven kindly keeps in store;
May they meet their absent loved ones—
Ay, e'en though fainting at the door!"
Kindly greet the weary soldier, etc.

III.
"I was wounded, and a pris'ner;
Our ranks were broken, forced to fly;
Thrown within a gloomy dungeon,
Away from friends, alone to die.
Still the hope was strong within me—
A cherished hope that would restore—
I have lived, by Heaven's blessing,
To meet my lov'd ones at the door!"
Kindly greet the weary soldier, etc.

BONNY ELOISE,

THE BELLE OF THE MOHAWK VALE.

Words by C. W. ELSTON.

Music by J. B. THOMAS.

Moderately fast.

Oh!... sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gen - tly glides, On its
clear wind - ing way to the sea, And dear - er than all sto - ried
streams on earth be - sides, Is this bright roll - ing ri - ver to me; But
sweet - - er, dear - - er, yes, dear - - er far than these, Who
charms where o - thers all fail, Is... blue - eyed, bon - - ny,
bon - - ny E - lo - ise, The belle of the Mo - hawk Vale.

II.

O, sweet are the scenes of my boyhood's sunny years,
That bespangle the gay valley o'er;
And dear are the friends seen thro' memory's fond tears,
That have lived in the blest days of yore;

But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these,
Who charms where others all fail,
Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise,
The Belle of the Mohawk Vale.

III.

O, sweet are the moments when dreaming I roam,
Thro' my loved haunts now mossy and gray;
And dearer than all is my childhood's hallow'd home,
That is crumbling now slowly away;
But sweeter, dearer, etc.

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies. Price 2s. 6d.

PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM.

Written and sung by HARRY CLIFTON.

Arranged by M. Hanson.

Moderato.



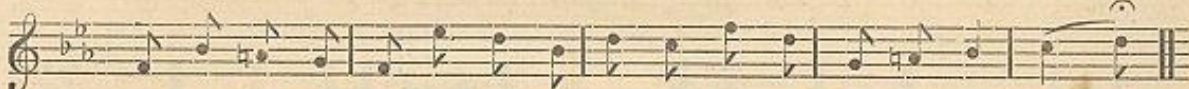
In the world I've gained my know - ledge, and for it have had to pay,



Though I nev - er went to col - lege, Yet I've heard that Po - ets say,



Life is like a migh - ty ri - ver, Roll - ing on from day to day,



Men are ves - sels launch'd up - on - it, Sometimes wreck'd and cast - a - way. So then,

Chorus



Do your best for one a - no - ther, Ma - king life a plea - sant dream



Help a worn and wea - ry bro - ther, Pull - ing hard a - gainst the stream.

II.

Many a bright good hearted fellow,
Many a noble minded man,
Finds himself in water shallow,
Then assist him if you can;
Some succeed at ev'ry turning,
Fortune favours ev'ry scheme,
Others too, though more deserving,
Have to pull against the stream.
So then, etc.

III.

If the wind is in your favour,
And you've weather'd ev'ry squall,
Think of those who luckless labour,
Never get fair winds at all;
Working hard, contented, willing,
Struggling through life's ocean wide,
Not a friend and not a shilling,
Pulling hard against the tide.
So then, etc.

IV.

Don't give way to foolish sorrow,
Let this keep you in good cheer,
Brighter days may come to morrow,
If you try and persevere;
Darkest nights will have a morning,
Though the sky be overcast,
Lowest lanes must have a turning,
And the tide will turn at last.
So then, etc.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the Colonies. Price 3s.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by Geo. F. Root.

Con Spirito.

Yes we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain, Shouting the bat - tle cry of

Freedom. We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll gather from the plain, shouting the bat - tle - cry of Freedom.

CHORUS.

AIR. ALTO. ff

The Un - ion for e - ver Hur - rah, boys, Hur - rah! Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we

TENOR. BASS

ral - ly round the flag, boys, ral - ly once a - gain, shouting the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

II.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million Freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
The Union for ever, &c.

III.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true, and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And although he may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
The Union for ever, &c.

IV.

So we're springing to the call, from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
The Union for ever, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE SEA.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

**Allegro
Moderato.**



Beau - ti - ful isle of the sea! Smile .. on the brow of the wa-ters,



Dear ... are your mem'-ries to me, Sweet ... as the songs of your daugh-ters;



O - - ver your mountains and vales, Down by each mur-mur-ing ri - ver,



Cheer'd by the flow'r-lov-ing gales,..... Oh,... could I wan-der for ev - er!



Land..... of the True and the Old, Home e - ver dear un - to me;.....



Foun - tain of pleasures un - told,.... Beau - ti - ful isle of the sea!



Foun - tain of pleasures un - told.. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful isle of the sea!

Of on your shell-girdled shore,
 Ev'ning has found me reclining,
 Visions of youth dreaming o'er,
 Down where the lighthouse was shining;
 Far from the gladness you gave,
 Far from all joys worth possessing,
 Still o'er the lone weary wave,
 Comes to the wanderer your blessing.
 Land of the True and the Old, (Repeat.)

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies.

"A MOTTO FOR EVERY MAN."

PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

WRITTEN BY HARRY J. JINTON.

ARRANGED BY M. HOBSON.

MODERATO.

Some peo-ple you've met in your time no doubt, Who ne-ver look hap-py or
 gay: I'll tell you the way to get jol-ly and stout, If you'll lis-ten a-while to my
 lay. I've come here to tell you a bit of my mind, And please with the same if I
 can, Ad-vice in my song you will cer-tain-ly find, And a "mot-to for ev-e-ry
 man." So we will sing . . . and ba-nish me-lan-cho-
 ly Trou-ble may come, we'll do the best we can To
 drive care a-way . . . for griev-ing is a fol-ly,
 Put your shoulder to the wheel is a mot-to for ev'-ry man. . . .

2 We cannot all fight in this 'Battle of Life,'
 The weak must go to the wall;
 So do to each other the thing that is right,
 For there's room in this world for us all.
 'Credit refuse' if you've 'money to pay,'
 You'll find it the wiser plan;
 'And a penny lay by for a rainy day,'
 Is a motto for every man.

3 A coward gives in at the first repulse,
 A brave man struggles again;
 With a resolute eye and a bounding pulse,
 To battle his way amongst men:
 For he knows he has one chance in his time,
 To better himself if he can,
 'So make your hay while the sun doth shine,'
 That's a motto for every man.

4 Economy study, but don't be mean,
 A penny may lose a pound,
 To 'this world a conscience clean,
 Will carry you safe and sound.
 It's all very well to be free I will own,
 To do a good turn when you can;
 But 'Charity always commences at home,'
 That's a motto for every man.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, price 3s., may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the Colonies.

TRUE TO THE CORE.

Written, composed, and sung by C. J. SANSON.

Allegro.

Con - - - tent - - ment is a boon, I think you will a -
 ..gree, So as we tra - - vel through this life con - - tent - - ed let us
 be; Tho' rug - - ged be the path we have to tra - - vel
 o'er, Our bur - - thens will be light - er if we're true to the core.
 Let this be your mot - - to where - - e - - ver you may be,
 Bear in mind that ho - - nes - - ty's the best po - - li - - cy;
 En - - vy not the rich, and ne'er des - - pise the poor,
 Be up - - right and ho - - nest boys, and true to the core.

II.
 Tho' fortune on you frown and empty be your purse,
 Remember, to be discontented only makes it worse;
 The trials that you meet in life may make the spirit sore,
 But they're all to be conquer'd if we're true to the core.
 Let this, etc.

III.
 So try to be contented as you battle on thro' life,
 Be honest in your dealings, love your neighbour and your wife;
 The future may look cloudy, but there's sunshine still in store,
 And its rays will shine upon you if you're true to the core.
 Let this, etc.

IV.
 Crave not for hoarded wealth another man may hold,
 And remember, true contentment, boys, cannot be bought with gold;
 To the needy give a trifle, though you ne'er saw them before,
 And shew your better nature, and be true to the core.
 Let this, etc.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies. Price 3s.

MY OLD WIFE.

WRITTEN, COMPOSED AND SUNG BY HARRY CLIFTON.

ARRANGED BY M. HOBSON.

In a playful Style.

I mer - ri - ly sing from morn till night, And
mi - se - ry I de - fy . . . And I've a wife who
with de - light Sings just as hap - py as I . . . She
is the com - fort of my life, My dar - ling and my
pride. . . For twen - ty years to - geth - er, my boys, We've
Chorus.
tra - vell'd it side by side. . . Round goes the world. . .
Trou - ble I de - fy. . . Jog - ging a - long to -
geth - er, my boys, My dear old wife and I. . . .

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

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

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

CHAMPAGNE CHARLEY.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE LEYBOURNE.

COMPOSED BY ALFRED LEH

Allegro.

I've seen a deal of gai - e - ty through - out my noi - sy life, With
all my grand ac - com - plish - ments I ne'er could get a wife; The
thing I most ex - cel in is the P. R. F. G. game, A
noise all night, in bed all day, and swim - ming in Cham - pagne. For
Champagne Char - lie is my name. Champagne Char - lie is my name.
Good for a - ny game at night, my boys, good for a - ny game at night, my boys,
Champagne Char - lie is my name. Champagne Char - lie is my name.
Good for a - ny game at night, boys, who'll come and join me in a spree.

2 The way I gain'd my title's by a hobby which I've got,
Of never letting others pay, however long the shot;
Whoever drinks at my expense, are treated all the same,
From dukes and lords to cabmen down, I make them drink Champagne.

3 From coffee and from supper rooms, from Poplar to Pall Mall,
The girls on seeing me exclaim 'Oh! what a Champagne swell!'
The notion 'tis of every one, if 'twere not for my name,
And causing so much to be drunk, they'd never make Champagne.

4 Some epicures like Burgundy, Hock, Claret, and Moselle,
But *Mosel's vintage* only, satisfies this Champagne swell;
What matter if to bed I go, and head is muddled thick,
A bottle in the morning sets me right then very quick.

5 Perhaps you fancy what I say is nothing else but chaff,
And only done, like other songs, to merely raise a laugh;
To prove that I am not in jest, each man a bottle of Cham,
I'll stand fixz round—yes, that I will, and stand it—like a Lam.

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment (price 3s.), may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies.

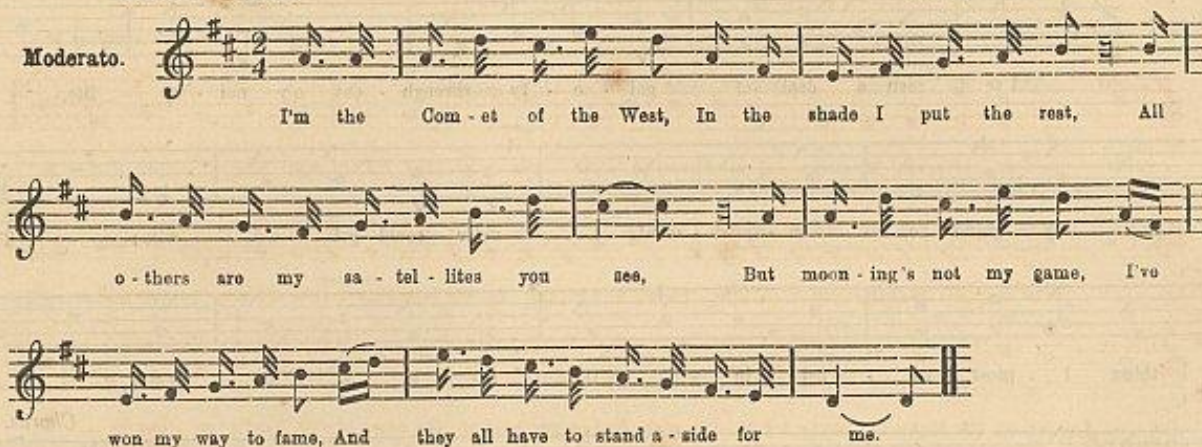
THE COMET OF THE WEST;

OR, STAND ASIDE.

Words by F. W. GREEN.

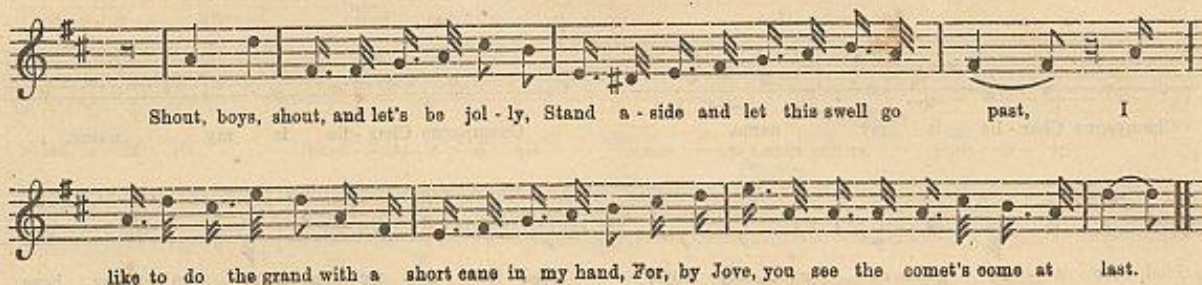
Mus. e by J. BACKLÖF.

Moderato.



I'm the Com-et of the West, In the shade I put the rest, All
o - thers are my sa - tel - lites you see, But moon - ing's not my game, I've
won my way to fame, And they all have to stand a - side for me.

CHORUS.



Shout, boys, shout, and let's be jol - ly, Stand a - side and let this swell go past, I
like to do the grand with a short cane in my hand, For, by Jove, you see the comet's come at last.

II.
In Belgravia I shine,
With this taking way of mine,
And if in Rotten Row I chance to ride,
My horse holds up his head,
As though he proudly said,
"The Comet comes! you fellows stand aside."
Shout, boys, shout, etc.

I.
At a theatre or a ball,
Or at supper, one and all
To stand aside for me they find it best;
For my most impressive way,
Puts them down and seems to say,
"Stand aside! I am the Comet of the West."
Shout, boys, shout, etc.

IV.
If by chance I'm at a race,
In the stand I get a place,
No matter what the crowd or who are there.
It will always be my pride
That I make them stand aside,
There's no resisting my important air.
Shout, boys, shout, etc.

V.
Ev'ry green room do I know,
'Hind the scenes I often go,
And I always come off better than the rest.
The ballet all know me,
And each pretty star you see
Is attracted by the Comet of the West.
Shout, boys, shout, etc.

VI.
Though other stars may shine,
I shine brighter than them - I
And the Comet's shining splendour is its pride;
Your applause then kindly lend,
For my tale is at an end,
The Comet of the West comes, stand aside.
Shout, boys, shout, etc.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the Colonies.

UP IN A BALLOON.

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.



One night I went up in a bal-loon, On a voyage of dis-cov-ery to



vi-sit the moon, Where an old man lives, so some peo-ple say, "Taro' cut-ting of sticks on a



Sun-day." Up went the balloon quickly, higher and higher, O-ver house-top & chimney-pot, tow-er and spire, I



knock'd off the Mon-u-ment's top ve-ry nigh, And caught hold of the cross of St. Paul's go-ing by.

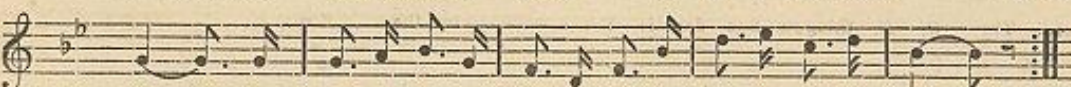
CHORUS.



Up in a bal-loon.. Up in a bal-loon.. All a-mong the



lit-tle stars, sailing round the moon. Up in a bal-loon.. Up in a bal-



-loon. It's something aw-ful jol-ly to be Up in a bal-loon....

II.

Up, up I was borne with terrible power,
At the rate of ten thousand five hundred an hour,
The air was cold, the wind blew loud,
I narrowly escaped being choked by a cloud;
Still up I went till surrounded by stars,
And such planets as Jupiter, Venus and Mars,
The Big and the Little Bear, loudly did growl,
And the Dog Star on seeing me set up a howl!
Whilst, Up in a balloon, up in a balloon, &c.

III.

I met shooting stars who were bent upon sport,
But who "shot" in a very strange manner I thought,
And one thing beat all by chalks I must say,
That was when I got into the Milky Way;
I counted the stars, till at last I thought,
I'd found out how much they were worth by the quart,
An unpolite "Aerolite" who ran 'gainst my ear,
Wouldn't give "c'er a light," to light my cigar.
Whilst, Up in a balloon, up in a balloon, &c.

IV.

Next a comet went by 'midst fire like hail,
To give me a lift I seized hold of his tail,
To where he was going I didn't inquire,
We'd gone past the moon, till we couldn't get higher;
Yes, we'd got to the furthestmost!! don't think I joke
When somehow I felt a great shock—I awoke!
When instead of balloon, moon and planets, I saw
I'd tumbled from off of my bed to the floor.

CHORUS.

And there was no balloon—there was no balloon,
There was not any planets, and there wasn't any moon,
So never sup too heavy, or by jingo very soon,
You're like to fancy you are going up in a balloon.

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies. Price. 3s.

WALKING IN THE ZOO.

Written by HUGH WILLOUGHBY SWENTY, Esq.

Composed by ALFRED LEE.

Tempo di
Polka.

The Stil - - ton, sir, the cheese,.... the O, K, thing to do,..... On

Sun - day af - ter - - - noon, .. is to tod - die in the Zoo.... Week - days may do for

Cads, .. but not for me and you, So dress'd right down the road.... We show them who is who.

CHORUS.

*The Walk - ing in the Zoo, Walk - ing in the Zoo, The O, K, thing on

Sun - day is the Walk - ing in the Zoo.... Walking in the Zoo.... Walking in the

Zoo.. The O, K, thing on Sun - day is the walking in the Zoo.....

II.

So when there came to town my pretty cousin Loo,
I took her off to spend a Sunday at the Zoo,
I shewed her the aquarium, the tiger, the zebu,
The elephant, the eland, that cuss the kangaroo.
That Sunday in the Zoo,
That Sunday in the Zoo,
It's jolly with a pretty girl, walking in the Zoo.
Walking in the Zoo,
Walking in the Zoo,
The O, K, thing on Sunday is the walking in the Zoo.

III.

I showed her the swell-esses, and all the fashions new,
Girls with golden locks, girls with black hair too;
(Walnut gives the black, Champagne the golden hue)
All the beautiful for ever that Madame Rachel ever knew.
Oh! the walking in the Zoo,
Walking in the Zoo,
The monkeys put us to the blush on Sunday at the Zoo.
Walking in the Zoo,
Walking in the Zoo,
The O, K, thing on Sunday is the walking in the Zoo.

IV.

So in the monkey house, our going in to woo,
Piling up the agony, swearing to be true;
Agony indeed, for the cheerful cockatoo,
Caught my ear a nip, and bit it through and through.
Oh! that cheerful cockatoo,
That awful cockatoo!
The horror and the agony that Sunday at the Zoo.
Walking in the Zoo,
Walking in the Zoo,
The O, K, thing on Sunday is the walking in the Zoo.

V.

My cousin bolted off without any more ado,
And I skedaddled also, looking very blue,
So sympathising friends, I bid you all adieu,
(It's a secret, mind, so don't pretend you know,
If you meet me at the Zoo,
You meet me at the Zoo,
I'm as great a swell as ever on Sunday at the Zoo.
Walking in the Zoo,
Walking in the Zoo,
The O, K, thing on Sunday is the walking in the Zoo.

* This chorus may be sung after each verse, throughout; but, the other choruses can be sung to second or following verses, if preferred.

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Beautiful Nell
Bear it like a Man
Brother's Painting at the Door
Bonnie Eloise
Beautiful Isle of the Sea
Come Home, Father
Call Me Not Back from the Echoless Shore
Constance
Come Back, Annie
Champagne Charley
Comet of the West
Do They ever Think of Me
Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still
Happy be thy Dreams
Just After the Battle, Mother
My Bad in Heaven
Marching through Georgia
My Old Wife
Mother Kissed Me in My Dream
No One to Love
No Irish Need Apply
Norah O'Neal
Oh! Gently Breathe the Tender Sigh
Pretty Little Sarah
Pull, pull together, boys
Pulling hard against the stream
Picture on the wall
Ring the bell, Watchman
Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer
The Muleteer
The Good-bye at the Door
Thou art so Near, and yet so Far
True to the Core
The Battle Cry of Freedom
Up in a Balloon
Wait for the Turn of the Tide
Weeping, Sad and Lonely
Walking in the Zoo

No. 2.

Annie Lisle
Blue-eyed Nellie
Brave Boys are they
Come into the Garden, Mand
Cora Dean
Darling Bessie
Father's Come Home
Ho! for the Gunboats
I'll Ask my Mother, &c.
Kiss Me, Mother, ere I Die
Kingdom Coming
List to the Convent Bells
Lillie of the Snowstorm
Little Maggie May
My Sister Dear
Minnie Bell
Mandie Moore
Old Adam
Say a Kind Word when you can
Sweet Isabella
Snow White Blossoms
Seeing Nellie Home
Take Me Back Home
The Lancashire Lass
Through every Chance and Change
The Murmur of the Shell
The Mocking Bird
The Bonnie Blue Flag
Where are my Schoolmates Gone?
What's the Matter?
Wrap the Flag Around Me, Boys
Work, Boys, Work

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Bygone Hours
Bear It Like a Man
Bonnie Eloise
Brother's Painting at the Door
Beautiful Isle of the Sea
Beautiful Nell
Babylon is Pulling
Battle Cry of Freedom
Belle Mahone
Break it Gently to My Mother
Come Home, Father
Come into the Garden, Mand
Constance
Come Back Annie
Call Me Not Back from the Echoless Shore
Champagne Charley
Comet of the West
Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die
Farewell! the Dream of Love is O'er
Fashionable Fred
Father's Come Home
Footsteps on the Stairs
Girl of the Peri-od
Good-night and Happy Dreams
Happy be thy Dreams
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still
I'm a Bloated Young Aristocrat
Is that Mother bending o'er Me
I'll Ask my Mother and let You Know next Sunday Afternoon
I'm Lonely since my Mother Died
I Never Kiss and Tell
I'm Number One
Immenselkoff
Just After the Battle
Katy McFerran
Kiss Me Mother, ere I die
Letter in the Candle
Lillie of the Snowstorm
List! to the Convent Bells
Mandie Moore
My Sister Dear
Mother Kissed Me in my Dream
My Old Wife
Marching through Georgia
No One to Love
No Irish Need Apply
Nellie Ray
Nora O'Neal
Old Adam
Oh! Gently Breathe the Tender Sigh
Over the Sea dwells my darling
Pull, Pull together, Boys
Pretty Little Sarah
Pulling Hard against the Stream
Ring the Bell, Watchman
She Sleeps with the Angels
Somebody's Coming, but I'll not Tell Who
Sweet Spirit, Hear my Prayer
The Picture on the Wall
The Heart Bow'd Down
The Good-bye at the Door
Trump! Trump! the Boys are Marching
True to the Core
The Muleteer
Thro' every Chance and Change
3 to 1—Bar Two
The Little One that Died
The Murmur of the Shell
The Peripatetic Philosopher
The Prettiest Girl I know
The Englishman
Thou art so Near and yet so Far
The Flying Trapeze
Tommy Dodd
Up with the Lark in the Morning
Up in a Balloon
Walking in the Zoo
Wait for the Turn of the Tide
Weeping, Sad, and Lonely
Wrap the Flag around me, Boys
When Johnny Comes Marching Home
Work, Boys, Work, and be contented
Who Will Care for Mother Now
What Nora Said
When the War is Over, Mary
Wake from Thy Happy Dreams
Write Me a Letter from Home

THE AUSTRALIAN MELODIST,

No. 2.

Alabaster Joe
Annie Bell
Annie Lisle
A Lady's Lost her Chignon
Anid Lang Syne
Belle Brandon
Blue-eyed Nellie
Castles in the Air
Clementina Caults
Come, where my Love lies Dreaming
Cora Dean
Darling Bessie
Do as you'd like to be done by
Ellen Bryne
England
Ever of Thee
Fair Ella Lee
Gentle Annie
Ginger
Good-bye, Nelly Dear
Have you seen my Polly
Have you seen Ruth
Ho! for the Gunboats
Hurrah! for our Riflemen
I Heard a Spirit Sing
I Love her, tho' her Heart be Blighted
I'll Meet Thee at the Lane, Love
Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair
Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblands
Jessie at the Railway Bar
Jones's Musical Party
Katty Avourneen
Kingdom Coming
Kiss, but Never Tell
Lend a Helping Hand
Little Maggie May
Lizzie Dies To-night
Maggie's Secret
Maggie by my Side
Minnie Bell
Music Mad
My Katherlan
My Merton
My Molly Asthore
My Old Friend John
My Pretty Jane
Nellie Brown
Nelly's Gone for Ever
No Thoroughfare
Nobody's Child
Oh! Liberty (the *Marseillaise* in English)
Oh! Wilt Thou be my Bride, Kathleen
On Old Potomac's Shore
Rosalie, the Prairie Flower
Say a Kind Word when you can
Seeing Nellie Home
Scots, Wha Hae Wi Wallace Bled
Silvery Waters Softly Glide
Speak Gently
Susan Jane at the Eel Pie Shop
Take Me Back Home
Tak' your auld Cloak about ye
Terence's Farewell to Kathleen
The Battle and the Breeze
The Bonnie Blue Flag
The Charge of the Light Brigade
The Chap Wot Plays the Cornet
The Chase
The Happier Planet
The Lancashire Lass
The Midnight Wind
The Minstrel Boy
The Mocking Bird
The Newfoundland Dog
The Old Folks at Home
The Old Arm Chair
The Ship on Fire
The Skipper and his Boy
The Snow White Blossoms
The Snug Little Island
The Soldier's Dream
The Star-spangled Banner
Thee Only
There's may a Slip 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip
The Valley by the Stream
The Weepin' Willer
Tobias and Biancas
Under the Willow's She's Sleeping
We'll March Round the World
What's the Matter
Where are my Schoolmates Gone?
Where There's a Will There's a Way
When I am Far Away from Home
Whisper what Thou Feelest
Who Shall be Fairest?
Why Chime the Bells so Merrily?
Why do Summer Roses Fade
Would I were a Boy again
Write a Letter to my Mother
Yes, Let Me like a Soldier Fall
Yes, They Miss Thee at Home

THE WESTON & HUSSEY MINSTRELS' BOOK OF SONGS.

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DARLING BESSIE.

Sung by HENRY ACLAND, of the Weston and Hussey Minstrels.

Words and Music by J. R. THOMAS

Andante
affettuoso.



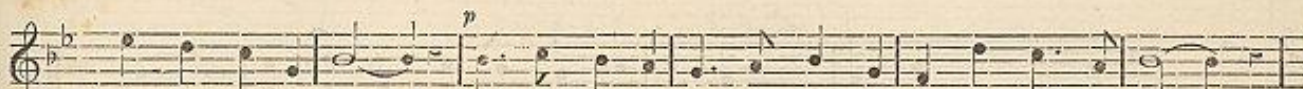
Once a - gain my na - tive mountains, Thro' thy wilds I stray,.... Hear a - gain thy warbling fountains,



Feel their cool - ing spray; But the maid I fond - ly cherish'd More than earth - ly store,.... Like a new-blown

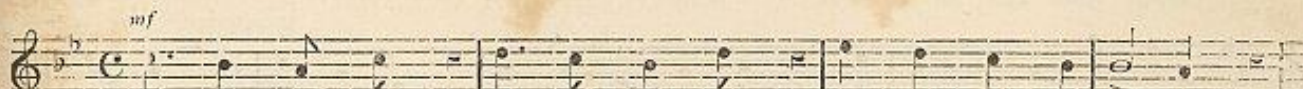


flow'r has per - ish'd, - Joy is mine no more,.... Dar - ling Bes - sie, Charm - ing Bes - sie,



Now my Spi - rit bride, Ho - ver near me, till they lay me, Gent - ly by thy side,....

CHORUS.



Dar - ling Bes - sie, Char - ming Bes - sie, Now my Spi - rit bride,...



Ho - ver near me, till they lay me Gen - tly by thy side

II.

When bright dreams of wealth and honour,
Urged me o'er the main,
Fondly then I gazed upon her,
Heard love's vows again;
"Back to thee" I cried "sweet Bessie
Soon I'll cross the wave,"
Now, return'd, alas! I find her
In the silent grave.
Darling Bessie, charming Bessie,
Now my Spirit bride,
Hover near me till they lay me,
Gently by thy side.

Darling Bessie. etc.

CORA DEAN.

Sung by J. A. HERMAN, of the Weston and Hussey Minstrels

Words by D. S. WAMBOLD.

Arranged, with Chorus, by CHARLES BLAMPHIN

Moderato.

Near the broad At - lan - tic wa - ters, Roaming the wood - lands green,
 'Mid "Long Island's love - ly daugh - ters," Fair - est of all was Co - ra Dean,
 Soft her voice as li - quid mea - sure, Heard where the stream - lets move,
 Whilst her eyes of ten - der a - zure, Glow'd with the win - ning beams of love.....

CHORUS.

Co - ra Dean has left the sum - mer ro - ses Blooming o'er the lea....
 While her fair and gen - tle form re - po - ses Down by the calm blue sea.....

II.

Cora Dean was formed for loving,
 Cheering the hearts of all,
 None could sigh where she was moving,
 Birds tuned their carols to her song,
 Fields grew fairer at her coming,
 Flowers a more joyful throng,
 Skies were bright where she was roaming,
 Streams danced the lighter to her song,
 Cora Dean has left, etc.

III.

Eyes bedimmed with tears are streaming,
 'Round the deserted home,
 Silent stars are nightly beaming,
 Sending a sadness to the gloom,
 While the winds of summer dying,
 Borne upon the deep dark wave,
 O'er the land its dirges sighing
 Murmur with sorrow round her grave.
 Cora Dean has left, etc.

MINNIE BELL.

Sung by T. CAMPBELL, of the Weston and Hussey Minstrels.

Composed by R. PERCY

Moderato.



In the grave, now quiet - - ly sleep - ing, Rests our dar - ling child; Bright



stars are night - - ly weep - ing Dew drops fresh and mild, From



us for ev - er she is gone - An an - gel in heav'n to dwell; To



mour. her, she's left us a - - lone.... Our lost Min - nie Bell, Lost Min - nie Bell,



Lost Min - - nie Bell. Where the weep - ing wil - low grows: And blooming flow - ers

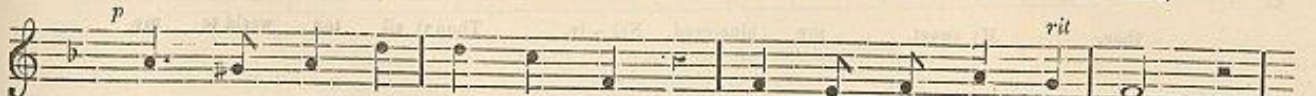


wave, There she sleeps in sweet re - pose, Down in the cold, damp grave.

CHORUS.



Where the weep - ing wil - low grows, And bloom - ing flow - ers wave,



There she sleeps in sweet re - pose, Down in the cold, damp grave.

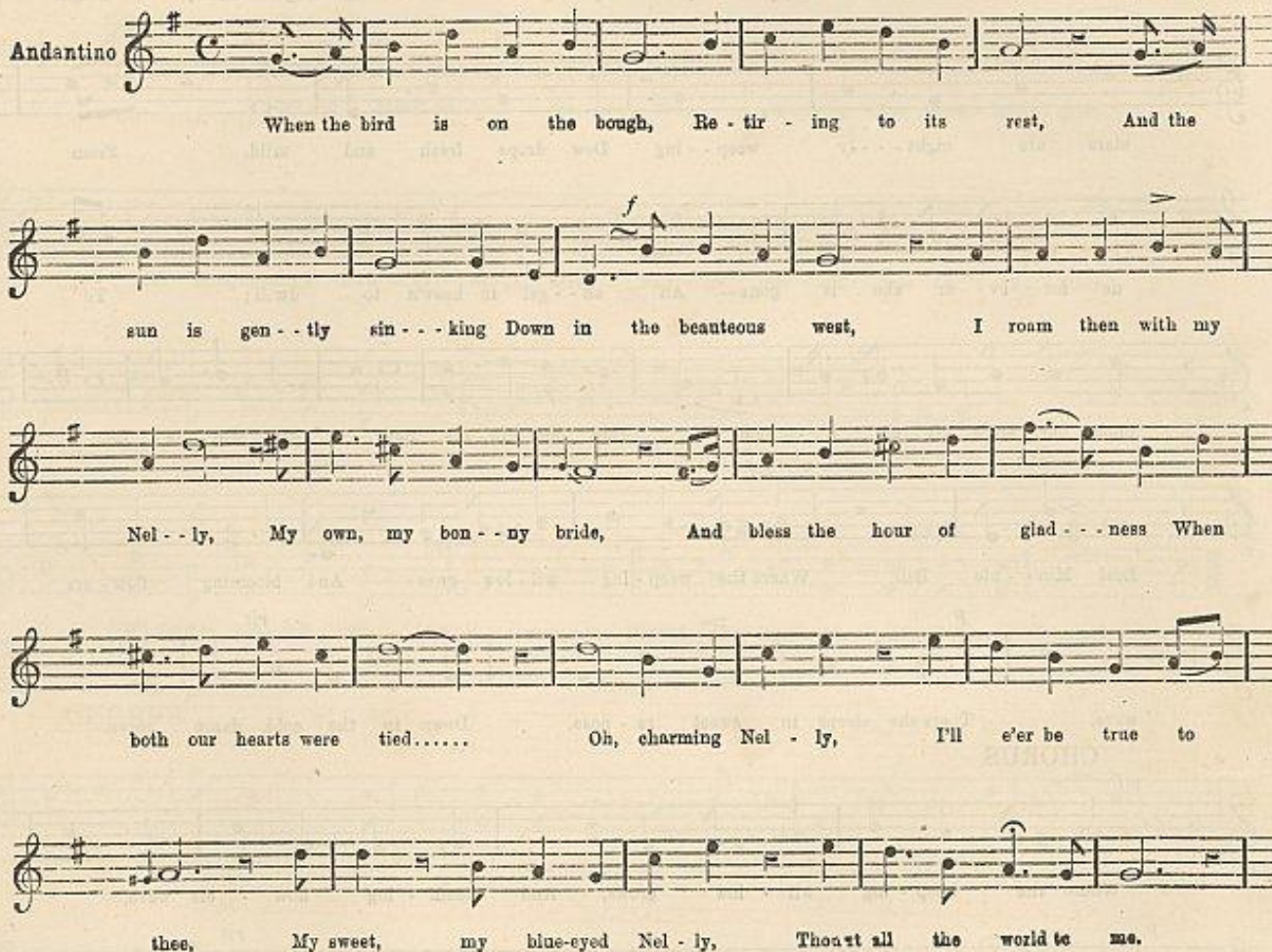
No more we'll hear the merry lay,
Ringing through the dell;
We'll miss the smiles at close of day,
Of our lost Minnie Bell;
She dwells an angel bright and sweet,
In her Father's heav'nly home;
And there for ever we'll meet,
Soon, oh soon we come!
Soon, soon we come!
Soon, soon we come!
Where the weeping willow grows
And blooming flowers wave,
There she sleeps in sweet repose,
Down in the cold, damp grave
Where the, etc.

BLUE-EYED NELLY.

Sung by J. A. HERMAN, of the Weston and Hussey Minstrels.

CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

Andantino



When the bird is on the bough, Re - tir - ing to its rest, And the
 sun is gen - tly sin - - king Down in the beauteous west, I roam then with my
 Nel - - ly, My own, my bon - - ny bride, And bless the hour of glad - - ness When
 both our hearts were tied..... Oh, charming Nel - ly, I'll e'er be true to
 thee, My sweet, my blue-eyed Nel - ly, Thou'rt all the world to me.

II.

That blessed little church,
 Down by yon shady lane,
 Its form is in my sight
 Where Nelly changed her name,
 We cannot boast of riches
 Which others may possess,
 But peace and happiness is all
 We wish with to be blest.
 Oh, charming Nelly,
 I'll e'er be true to thee,
 My sweet, my blue-eyed Nelly,
 Thou'rt all the world to me.

JOHN BLACKLEY

Moderato.



The first system of the musical score for 'The Swan Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The music starts with a half note G4, followed by a half note F4, and then a half note E4. This is followed by a triplet of eighth notes (D4, C4, B3), another triplet of eighth notes (A3, G3, F3), and then a half note E3. The tempo is then marked 'Cres.' (Crescendo). The music continues with a half note D3, a half note C3, and a half note B2. The tempo is then marked 'ad. lib.' (Ad libitum). The music continues with a half note A2, a half note G2, and a half note F2. The tempo is then marked 'a tempo'. The music continues with a half note E2, a half note D2, and a half note C2.

The musical notation shows the final measures of the piece. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note F#4. This is followed by a measure with a quarter note G4 and a quarter note A4. The next measure contains a quarter note G4 and a quarter note F#4. The final measure is marked 'morendo.' and contains a half note G4, ending with a double bar line.

Music sounds the sweetest
When on the moonlit sea
We sail in our bark (the fleetest)
To a sweet melody.
Then as we're gently sailing,
We'll sing that plaintive strain,
Which mem'ry makes endearing,
And home recalls again.
List! 'tis music, etc.

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THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

Allegretto.

Intro. *mf*

We are a band of brothers, a d native to the soil, Fighting for the pro-per-ty we gain'd by honest toil; And

p

when our rights were threaten'd, the cry rose near and far;... Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

p *mf*

Air. *f*

Hurrah! hurrah! for Southern State hurrah! Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star!..

Alto. *f*

Tenor. *f*

Hurrah! hurrah! for Southern State hurrah Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star!..

Bass. *f*

Piano-forte. *f*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with an 'Intro.' section in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegretto' and 'mf'. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'We are a band of brothers, a d native to the soil, Fighting for the pro-per-ty we gain'd by honest toil; And'. The piano part then plays a series of chords marked 'p'. The vocal part continues with 'when our rights were threaten'd, the cry rose near and far;... Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!'. The piano part then plays a series of chords marked 'p' and 'mf'. The 'Air' section follows, with the vocal part singing 'Hurrah! hurrah! for Southern State hurrah! Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star!..'. The piano part provides a harmonic accompaniment. The score is arranged for Alto, Tenor, and Bass voices, with a Piano-forte accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8.

WORK, BOYS, WORK AND BE CONTENTED.

WRITTEN BY HARRY CLIFTON.

ARRANGED BY M. HOBSON.

Tempo di Marcia

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of nine staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Marcia'. The lyrics are: 'I'm not a wealthy man, But I've hit up-on a plan, That will ren-der me as hap-py as a king; And if you will al-low me I'll tell it to you now, For time you know is al-ways on the wing. . . Work, boys, work and be con-tent-ed, As long as you've e-nough to buy a meal. . . The man you may re-ly, will be wealthy by-and-bye, If he'll on-ly put his shoulder to the wheel. . . Work, boys, work and be con-tent-ed, As long as you've e-nough to buy a meal. . . The man you may re-ly, will be weal-thy by-and-bye, If he'll on-ly put his shoul-der to the wheel. . .'

Chorus.

2 Will fretting make you fatter?
No, there's nothing gain'd by that,
Assist yourselves and fortune will help you;
Tears are only vain,
If defeated try again,
You'll find it all the better if you do.
So work, boys, work and be contented,
As long as you've enough to buy a meal;
The man you may rely, will be wealthy by-and-bye
If he'll only put his shoulder to the wheel.

3 Discontented people say,
All work and little play,
Will make a boy a blockhead as a rule;
You can answer them and say,
'Never work' and 'always play.'
Will make him both a blockhead and a fool.
So work, boys, work and be contented,
As long as you've enough to buy a meal;
The man you may rely, will be wealthy by-and-bye
If he'll only put his shoulder to the wheel.

4 You'll enjoy a 'quiet crust,'
More by 'rubbing off the rust,'
It's a maxim that should never be forgot,
Whilst labor leads to wealth,
And will keep you in good health,
So it's best to be contented with your lot.
Then work, boys, work and be contented,
As long as you've enough to buy a meal;
The man you may rely, will be wealthy by-and-bye
If he'll only put his shoulder to the wheel.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, price 3s., may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the Colonies.

FATHER'S COME HOME.

SEQUEL TO "COME HOME FATHER."

Words by Z. P. Voss.

Music by S. K. Whiting.

With
Expression.

Yes, Ma-ry, my Ma-ry, your father's come home, You waited thro' all the long night; He was
deaf to your pleadings, for rea-son was drown'd, But oh! it came back with the light. It
seems like a dream, oh! a ter-ri-ble dream, But a-las! now I know it was true; Poor
B n - ny is dead, but your father's come home, Dear Ma - ry, to mo - ther and you.
Oh! no more thro' the dark wea - ry hours,..... Lit - tle Ma - ry in sai - ness shall
roam; Ah! how glad to her ears are the words that she hears, Dear Ma - ry, your "father's come home."

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.
ALTO.

TENOR.
BASS.

Oh! no more thro' the dark wea - ry hours,..... Lit - tle Ma - ry in sad - ness shall
Oh! no more thro' the dark wea - ry hours, Lit - tle Ma - ry in sad - ness shall
roam; Ah! how glad to her ears are the words which she hears, Dear Mary, your "father's come home."
roam,.... Ah! how glad to her ears are the words that she hears, Dear Mary, your "father's come home."

II.

Please, Mary, tell mother that father's come home,
And kneels at our little boy's bed;
And he prays for God's help that the husband may fill
The place of the boy that is dead.
And say, though he le't h'r forsaken, to weep,
All alone to bear sorrow and pain;
He'll never more cause her a pang or a tear,
If once she will trust him again.
Oh! no more shall the wife watch and weep
All in vain for the loved one to come,
And all gone are her fears as the message she hears,
"Tell mother that father's come home."
Oh! no more shall the wife, etc.

III.

Yes, Mary, tell mother that father has left
The drink that has made him so bad;
You can say he has taken the temperance pledge,
I know it will make her heart glad.
And tell her he waits to clasp mother and child,
And to vow on his knees to be true;
For father's come home to his reason at length,
Dear Mary, to mother and you.
Oh! no more to the mother and child
Shall the night black and desolate come,
For the fire shall be bright and their hearts shall be light
With saying "dear father's come home."
Oh! no more to the mother, etc.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

CAVATINA.

Poetry by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Composed by M. W. BALFE.

DOLCE.

Come in - to the garden, Maud, For the black bat, Night, has flown; Come into the garden, Maud, I am
cres. roll. a tempo. riten. a piacere.

here, at the gate a - lone. I am here at the gate a - lone, And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad, And the
f p

musk of the ro - ses blown, For the breeze of morning moves, And the planet of love is on high, Be -
rall. cres. riten. a piacere.

ginning to faint in the light that she loves, On a bed of daffo - dill sky, To faint in the light of the sun she loves, To
p a piacere. pp a tempo A

faint in the light and to die. Come! come! Come in - to the garden, Maud, For the black bat, Night, is flown,
A cres. f cres.

Come in - to the garden, Maud, I am here at the gate a - lone, I am here at the gate, a - lone, I am
dolce.

here..... at the gate a - lone. Queen, Rose of the rose-bud, Garden of girls, Come hither, the dances are
rall

done; In gloss of sat-in and glimmer of pearls, Queen, li - ly, and rose, in one. Shine out, lit - tle head, running
riten. a piacere. A

o-ver with curls, to the flowers, and be.... their sun, Shine out! Shine out! and be their sun. Come into the garden, Maud, For the
p accelerando.

black bat, Night, is flown; Come in - to the gar - den Maud, She is com - ing, my own, my sweet, Were it
rall. f tempo.

e - ver so ai - ry a tread, my heart would hear her and beat, Were it earth in an earthy bed..... Come.....

.... my own, my sweet. Come..... my own, my sweet, Maud, Maud, come, I'm here at the gate a - lone.

The music of the above, with perfect accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies. Price 4s.

WRAP THE FLAG AROUND ME, BOYS.

Music by R. S. TAYLOR.



O wrap the flag a - round me, boys, To die were far more



sweet, With free - dom's no - ble em - blem, boys, To be my wind - ing



sheet; In life I lov'd to see it wave, And fol - low where it



led, And, now my eyes grow dim, my hands Would clasp its last bright shred.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.



Then wrap the flag a - round me, boys, To



die were far more sweet, With free - dom's no - - ble



em - blem, boys To be my wind - ing sheet

2
Oh I had thought to greet you, boys,
On many a well won field,
When to our well lov'd banner, boys,
The trait'rous foe should yield;
But now, alas! I am denied
My dearest earthly prayer;
You'll follow, and you'll meet the foe,
But I shall not be there.
So wrap the flag, etc.

3
But tho' my body moulder, boys,
My spirit will be free,
And ev'ry comrade's honour, boys,
Will still be dear to me;
There in the thick and bloody fight,
Ne'er let your ardour lag;
For I'll be there, still hov'ring near,
Above the dear old flag.
So wrap the flag, etc.

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies.

KINGDOM COMING.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

FIRST.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

SECOND Say, dark - eys, hab you seen de mas - sa, Wid de muff - stah on his face, Go long de road some

II. He six foot one way, two foot tud - der, An' he way tree hun - dred pound, His coat so big, he

time dis morn - in,' Like he gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke, way up de rib - ber, Where de

could'nt pay de tailor, An' it won't go half way round. He drill so much dey call him Cap'en,

Lin - cum gum-boats lay; He took his hat an' lef' ber - ry sud - den An' I speek he's run a - way.

he get so dreful tann'd I speek he try and fool dem Yankees For to think he's con - tra - band.

De massa run? ha, ha! De darkey stay? ho ho! It must be now de kingdom coming An' de year of Ju - be - lo.

De massa run? ha, ha! De darkey stay? ho ho! It mus' be now de kingdom coming An' de year of Ju - be - lo.

II.
De darkeys feel so lonesome libing
In de log house on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor,
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine and cider in de kitchen,
An de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be cornfiscated
When de Lineum sogers come.

Chorus.

III.
De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he drike us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smokehouse cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken,
But de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to known better
Dan to went an' run away.

Chorus.

ANNIE LISLE.

H. S. THOMPSON.

Andante
Moderato.

CHORUS.



II.

Sweet came the hallow'd chiming
Of the sabbath bell,
Borne on the morning breezes
Down the woody dell.
On a bed of pain and anguish,
Lay dear Annie Lisle,
Chang'd were the lovely features
Gone the happy smile.
Wave willows, murmur waters,
Golden sunbeams smile,
Earthly music cannot waken
Lovely Annie Lisle.
Wave willows, etc.

III.

"Raise me in your arms, dear Mother,
Let me once more look
On the green and waving willows,
And the flowing brook;
Hark! those strains of angel music,
From the choirs above,
Dearest Mother, I am going,
Truly 'God is love'."
Wave willows, murmur waters,
Golden sunbeams smile,
Earthly music cannot waken
Lovely Annie Lisle.
Wave willows, etc.

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies. Price 2s. 6d.

SEEING NELLIE HOME.

Composed by P. S. GILMORE.



I. In the sky the bright stars glitter'd, On the grass the moonlight fell,.... Hush'd the
 II. Jet-ty ring-lets soft-ly flutter'd O'er a brow as white as snow, And her



sound of day-light's bus-tle, Clos'd the pink-ey'd pim-per-nel... As down the moss-grown
 cheek—the crim-son sun-set Scarce-ly had a warm-er glow! 'Mid her par-ted lips' ver-



wood-path, Where the cat-tle love to roam,.... From Aunt Pat-tie's quilt-ing par-ty, I was
 mil-lion White teeth flash'd like o-cean's foam,.... All I mark'd with pul-ses throb-bing, As I



see-ing Nel-ly home.... } When I saw sweet Nel-ly home... When I saw sweet Nel-ly
 saw sweet Nel-ly home.... }



home, How I blest the Au-gust ev'ning When I saw sweet Nel-ly home.

CHORUS.



When I saw sweet Nelly home When I saw sweet Nelly home How I bless the August ev'ning When I saw sweet Nelly home.

II.
 When the Autumn tinged the green-wood,
 Turning all the leaves to gold,
 In the lawn by alders shaded,
 I my love to Nelly told.
 As we stood together gazing
 On the star-bespangled dome,
 How I bless'd the August evening
 When I saw sweet Nelly home.
 When I saw, etc.

III.
 White hairs mingle with my tresses,
 Furrows steal upon my brow,
 But a love smile cheers and blesses
 Life's declining moments now.
 Matron in a snowy kerchief,
 Closer to my bosom come,
 Tell me, dost thou still remember,
 When I saw sweet Nelly home?
 When I saw, etc.

THE LANCASHIRE LASS.

Written and Sung by GEORGE LEYBURN.

Composed by JESSE WILLIAMS.



You may talk of young girls, but none can sur - pass My dear lit - tle charm - er who comes from



Old - ham, Fresh and as sweet as the new - ly mown grass, Is my lit - tle Pol - ly the Lan - ca - shire Lass.



She's eyes so blue, and teeth so white, Her hair is brown, her step is light, Her



an - kle it's a per - feet mite, My beau - ti - - - ful Lan - ca - shire Lass.....

CHORUS.



My Lan - ca - shire Lass, sure none can sur - pass, My Lan - ca - shire Lass for style or beau - ty, My



Lan - ca - shire Lass, come fill up your glass, And drink to the health of my Lan - ca - shire Lass.

II.

The way that I won her is strange you will say,
'Twas one afternoon that I went to Bellevue,
A young friend of mine was there for the day,
And took little Polly for whom he'd to pay;
When first we met I soon could see,
That with his chance twas all U. P.
And so I asked her if she'd have me,
This beautiful Lancashire Lass.
My Lancashire Lass.

III.

She said she'd be mine and she swore to be true,
We've since been like doves, billing and cooing!
We never fall out as some lovers do,
And she has some money, betwixt me and you;
She bought this watch which now I wear,
If she don't mind, well I don't care,
She says that her fortune I shall share,
My beautiful Lancashire Lass.
My Lancashire Lass, etc.

IV.

She's published the banns, we're going to be wed,
I leave those matters for her to settle.
To-morrow, for time so quickly has fled,
The Lancashire Lass to the church will be led;
I need not work whilst there's a purse,
To the idea I'm not averse,
And p'rhaps one day I may have to nurse
A sweet little Lancashire Lass.
My Lancashire Lass, etc.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies, Price 3s.

HO! FOR THE GUN-BOATS.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

AIR. Allegretto.

Words from THE GATE CITY.

ALTO. Ho! for the gunboats, ho! Ho! for the foaming sea! Our starry flag is floating there, The emblem of the free.

TENOR.

BASS. Ho! for the gunboats, ho! Ho! for the foaming sea! Our starry flag is floating there, The emblem of the free.

CHORUS.

Ho! for the gun-boats, ho! Ho! for the rivers bright; There beams the star of lib-er-ty With pure and ho-ly light.

Ho! for the gun-boats, ho! Ho! for the rivers bright; There beams the star of lib-er-ty With pure and ho-ly light.

II.

Ho! for the gun-boats, ho!
 Ho! for the Ocean Kings!
 Their vic'tries on the seas are borne
 Upon the lightning's wings.
 Ho! for their brows of steel,
 In every clime and zone,
 The thunders of their mighty guns
 Shall shake the tyrant's throne.

III.

Ho! for the brave hearts, ho!
 Ho! for the stripes and stars;
 Before their might the despot bows—
 The prison door unbars.
 Ho! for the gunboats, ho!
 Ho! for the waters blue;
 To freedom and our glorious flag
 We pledge ourselves anew.

KISS ME, MOTHER, ERE I DIE.

Words by W. D. SMITH.

Music by F. BUCKLEY.



Kiss me, mo-ther, ere I die,— Let me feel thy soft ca-ress-ing, Ere I in the cold grave lie,



Give me once a-gain thy blessing, As you blest me when a boy, When of life's bliss I was dreaming,



Years have wreck'd those ships of joy, And no star of hope is beaming, Oh! . . . kiss me, mo-ther, ere I die,



Let me feel thy soft car-essing; Ere I in the cold grave lie; Kiss me, mo-ther, ere I die..

CHORUS.



Kiss me, mo-ther, ere I die; Once a-gain your child ca-ress,



Soothe, oh! soothe my dy-ing hours, dear mo-ther— Kiss me, kiss me, ere I die....

II.

Kiss me, mother, ere I sleep,
Never more on earth awaking;
Nay, I would not have thee weep,—
As my soul its flight is taking;
Do not weep for one who goes
From a world of care and sorrow,
To a sweet and last repose,
Where there comes no fading morrow.
Oh! kiss me, mother, ere I die,
Let me feel thy soft caressing;
Ere I in the cold grave lie;
Kiss me, mother, ere I die.
Kiss me, mother, etc.

III.

Kiss me, mother, ere I die,—
Sweeter far will be our meeting,
Past the pearly clouds that lie
Where the sun the morn is greeting;
Then upon my pallid brow,
Press thy loving lips with gladness,
Death is painless to me now,
Thy sweet kiss bath banish'd sadness.
Oh! kiss me, mother, ere I die,
Let me feel thy soft caressing;
Ere I in the cold grave lie;
Kiss me, mother, ere I die.
Kiss me, mother, etc.

The music and words of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies.

TAKE ME BACK HOME.

Words and Music by WILL. S. HAYS.



CHORUS.



II.

Oh! let me see once again that sweet river
Upon whose soft bosom I gazed when a child,
And looked all around me, and wondered if ever
The moon on a lovelier picture e'er smiled.
Let me see the old homestead—the house I was born in—
The flowers that grew round the porch and the door;
Where I've welcomed the sun when it rose in the morning—
Take me back home, let me see it once more,
Stay by my bed-side, etc.

III.

Mother 'tis hard, from our home we are driven
By war, amid strangers, and none seem to care;
But oh! there's a home that is ours in heaven,
Where there is no war, and no enemies there.
Kiss me, dear mother, oh! why art thou sighing?
Let all thy sadness and sorrow be o'er;
Mother, draw nearer, I'm weak, oh! I'm dying,
Take me—oh! let me but see it once more,
Stay by my bedside, etc.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies.

WHERE ARE MY SCHOOLMATES GONE?

Words by B. E. WOOLF.

Music by FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

Moderato

1. Oh! where are my school-mates gone,..... The shy, the dull, and the gay?.... They have left me all heart-sick and lone,.... To drag out life's short'ning day..... The school yet re-mains where it stood,.. When its moss co-ver'd roof I first saw,.... The play-ground, my eyes 'gin to flood,.... When I think of the play-ground of yore. The spire, too, that pointed to truth,.... The fall, in its bub-bling rage,.... So vast in the days of my youth, So small in the night of my age..... Where are my schoolmates gone,.... The shy, the dull, and the gay?..... They have left me all heart-sick and lone, To drag out life's short' - ning day.....

11.

Oh! where are my schoolmates gone,
 Do they yet toss on life's stormy waves?
 Or sleep a sleep peaceful and lone,
 'Neath the flow'rs that bloom o'er their graves?
 What day-dreams are mine to enjoy,
 As I sit and gaze into the past,
 'Till again I am chang'd to a boy,
 And, ah me! dreams too airy to last.
 Farewell, scatter'd friends of my youth,
 'Tis mem'ry dims these old eyes,
 May your thoughts, like yon spire, point to truth,
 And we'll talk o'er the past in the skies.
 Where are my schoolmates, etc.

THRO' EVERY CHANCE AND CHANGE.

Poetry by V. P. DOUGLAS.

Music by HENRY SMART.

Allegretto
Moderato.

p

In the sha - dow of the lime - trees, While the

Cres.

leaf - lets rose and fell, Some - thing in my ear you whis - per'd, I re -

p

mem - ber, ah! how well. 'Twas no tale of prom - ised splen - dour, 'Twas no

f

dream of wealth or fame, which should cir - cle life's fair fu - ture, And shed

ritard. *p* *a tempo.*

lus - tre on..... my name. Bet - ter, bet - ter far, you told me, Where - so -

Cres. *f*

e'er your steps might range, Fond - ly, tru - ly, you would love me, Love thro'

a piacere.

ev - ry chance and change Love,.....thro' ev - ry chance and chan - ge.

Ah! like well remembered music,
Sweeping over mem'ry's chords,
In the twilight and the shadow,
Still I seem to hear your words.
And the deep and silent rapture
Of those hours comes back to me,
Till life seems a glorious vision
From all pain and sorrow free.
All undoubting, all believing,
Wheresoe'er your steps may range,
Fondly, truly, you will love me,
Yes! through ev'ry chance and change:
Yes! through ev'ry chance and change.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal mus c-sellers in all the colonies. Price 2s. 6d.

BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY. DUET AND CHORUS.

HENRY C. WORK.

Andantino.

Heav-i - ly falls the rain, Wild are the breezes to - night, But 'neath the roof, the hours as they fly, Are

ritard. *a tempo.*

hap - py and gay and bright, Gath - er - ing round our fire - - side, Tho' it be sum - - mer

ritard.

time, We sit and talk of brothers a - broad, For - get - ting the mid - night chime.

CHORUS.

ATR. *RITARD.*

Brave boys are they! Gone at their country's call; And yet, and yet, we cannot forget, That ma - ny brave boys must fall.

ALTO. *TENOR.* *BASS.*

Brave boys are they! Gone at their country's call; And yet, and yet, we cannot forget, That ma - ny brave boys must fall.

II.

Under the homestead roof,
 Nestled so cosy and warm,
 While soldiers sleep, with little or nought,
 To shelter them from the storm,
 Resting on grassy couches,
 Pillowed on hillocks damp;
 Of martial fare how little we know,
 Till brothers are in the camp,
 Brave boys, etc.

III.

Thinking no less of them,
 Loving our country the more,
 We sent them forth to fight for the flag
 Their fathers before them bore.
 Though the great tear-drops started,
 This was our parting trust:
 "God bless you boys! we'll welcome you home,
 When rebels are in the dust."
 Brave boys, etc.

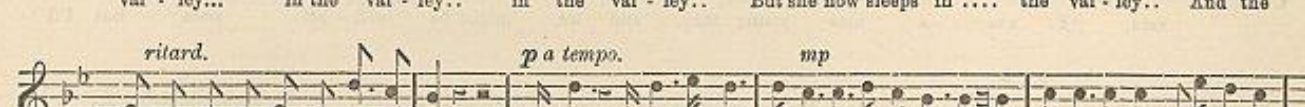
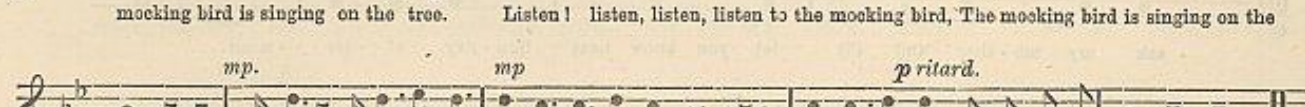
IV.

May the bright wings of love,
 Guard them wherever they roam;
 The time has come when brothers must fight,
 And sisters must pray at home,
 Oh! the dread field of battle!
 Soon to be strewn with graves!
 If brothers fall, then bury them where
 Our banner in triumph waves.
 Brave boys, etc.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

mp a tempo.
 Allegretto. 
 I'm dreaming now .. of Hal - ly.. of Hal - ly.... of Hal - ly.... I'm
mp

 dreaming now of Hal - - ly, And the mocking bird is singing on the tree. But she now sleeps in the
mp

 val - ley... in the val - ley.. in the val - ley.. But she now sleeps in the val - ley.. And the
ritard. *p a tempo.* *mp*

 mocking bird is singing on the tree. Listen! listen, listen, listen to the mocking bird, The mocking bird is singing on the
mp. *mp* *p ritard.*

 tree. Listen, listen, listen, listen to the mocking bird still singing on the weeping willow tree.

CHORUS.

mp

 Listen, listen, listen, listen to the mocking bird The mocking bird is singing on the tree.
p *dim* *pp ritard.*

 Listen, listen, listen, listen to the mocking bird Still singing on the weeping willow tree.

II.
 'Twas in the mild September,
 September, September,
 'Twas in the mild September,
 When the mocking bird was singing on the tree.
 Oh! well do I remember,
 Remember, remember,
 Oh! well do I remember,
 When the mocking bird was singing on the tree.
 Listen! listen! etc.

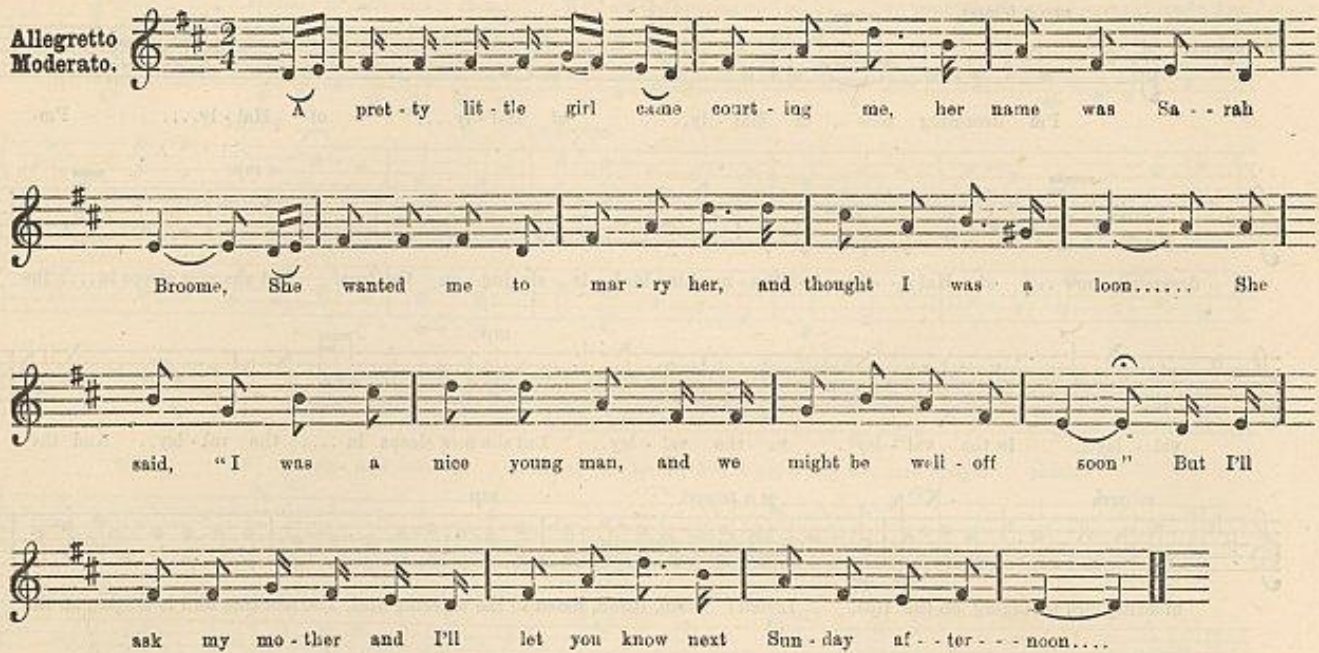
III.
 Sad thoughts are o'er me stealing,
 O'er me stealing, o'er me stealing.
 Sad thoughts are o'er me stealing,
 While the mocking bird is singing on the tree.
 As by her grave I'm kneeling,
 I'm kneeling, I'm kneeling,
 As by her grave I'm kneeling,
 And the mocking bird is singing on the tree.
 Listen! listen! etc.

I'LL ASK MY MOTHER AND LET YOU KNOW NEXT SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Words by TOM BOURNLEY.

Composed by GEORGE ERNSHAW.

**Allegretto
Moderato.**



A pret - ty lit - tle girl came court - ing me, her name was Sa - rah
Broome, She wanted me to mar - ry her, and thought I was a loon..... She
said, "I was a nice young man, and we might be well - off soon" But I'll
ask my mo - ther and I'll let you know next Sun - day af - ter - - - noon....

CHORUS.



The kind - ness of this pret - ty lit - tle girl I ne - - ver can for - - - get That
want - ed me to mar - ry her, But I can - not see that yet....

II.

One afternoon Miss Sarah Broome took me out for a walk,
She kiss'd me and care's'd me, and so lovingly did talk,
She wanted me to fly with her that night by the light of the moon,
But I'll ask my mother and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.
The kindness of, etc.

III.

She made me a present of a watch and chain, likewise a bran new hat,
For Sundays when I walked with her, that I might cut it fat;
But when she found I would not fly with her, she want'd the presents
back soon,
But I'll ask my mother and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.
The kindness of etc.

IV.

Out of revenge with one she knew, she ran away that night,
They both came back for the watch and chain, and wanted me to fight;
He said, "in a field if he had me that he would kill me soon!"
But I'll ask my mother and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.
The kindness, etc.

V.

If there's any young girl that's here to night, would like to be my wife,
Let her step forward and I'll do the best for her through life;
And if she's in a hurry, why, we might be married soon,
But I'll ask my mother and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.
The kindness of etc.

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies, Price 3s.

OLD ADAM.

BASS SONG.

Words by Knight and Wilce.

Music by T. COOKE.

**Andante
Espressivo.**

'Twas in the green for-est that old A-dam dwelt, A re-treat where no
en-ry or sor-row he felt... The pale sil-ver hair from his tem-ples had
fled. With the hundred long years that had past o'er his head, with the hun-dred long
years that had past o'er his head. To the Tra-vel-er's voice the e-cho re-plied, "In this
cot-age he lived, in this cot-age he died!" To the Tra-vel-er's voice the
e-cho re-plied, "In this cot-age he lived, in this cot-age he
died!" "In this cot-age he lived, in this cot-age he.. died!"

A thriving young oak cast its wide spreading shade,
Near the cottage where Adam in childhood had play'd;
By his father 'twas planted, it flourish'd and grew,
And Adam was like it, Firm, honest and true,
And Adam was like it, Firm, honest and true.
To the Traveller's voice, etc.,

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by CHAS. BOYNTON

TENOR.



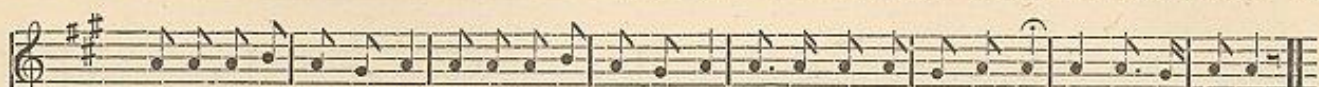
ALTO. i. See the peo - ple turning out. What—what's the mat - ter? What is all this noise about, What, what's the matter?



AIR. ii. Traitors in our midst we found, That's what's the mat - ter, Peddling here their treason round, That's what's the matter,



BASS. iii. Fir - ing on our armies' rear—Trying to scatter Dis - af - fec - tion far and near; That's what's the matter,



Gathered in from far and near, Ev - ery loy - al man is here, What is it the peo - ple fear? What, what's the matter?



Men that to our foes have cried, "you can count us on your side, We will let the Un - ion slide," That's what's the matter.



"Take your pro - cla - ma - tion back; Take your armies off the track;" Cry a - loud this to - ry pack; That's what's the matter!



What, what's the matter now, What what's the matter? What's the cause of all this row? What, what's the matter?



That's what's the matter now, That's what's the matter, Treason here we won't allow That's what's the matter!



That's what's the matter now, That's what's the matter; Treason here we won't allow, That's what's the matter.



IV.

Hear ye what the people say;
 "Stop now your clatter;
 Uncle Sam shall win the day;
 That's what's the matter,
 If he wants a million men
 Let him tell us where, and when,
 They'll be ready there, and then;"
 That's what's the matter!
 That's what's the matter, ho!
 That's what's the matter—
 Every drafted man shall go,
 That's what's the matter.

V.

'Nandy Wood, and all the rest,
 Can't help the matter,
 They must stand the Union test,
 That's what's the matter.
 If they dare not pull a trigger,
 Let them take along a nigger,
 Who will fight at any figure,
 That's what's the matter.
 That's what's the matter now;
 That's what's the matter,
 Backing out we won't allow,
 That's what's the matter.

MY SISTER DEAR.

FROM THE OPERA OF MASANIELLO.

Written by, Mr. KENNY.

Arranged by Mr. T. COOKE.



My sis - - - ter dear, o'er this rude cheek. Oft I've



felt the tear..... drop steal - ing, When those..... mute looks have told the



feel - ing, Heav'n de - - - nied thy tongue to speak, And thou had'st



com - - - fort in that tear, Shed for thee my Sis - - - ter

Con Espressione.



dear, Shed for thee..... my Sis - - - - - ter.. dear.

2ND. VERSE.



And now a - - - - las! I weep a - - - - lone, By thee, my



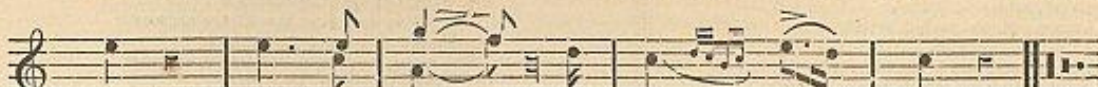
youth's dear friend, for - - - sa - ken, Mid thoughts..... that dark - - - - est fears.... a -



wa - - ken, Trem - - - bling for thy fate un - - - - known, And vain - - - - ly



flows the bit - - - - ter tear, Shed for thee, my Sis - - - - ter



dear, Shed for thee..... my Sis - - - - - ter dear.

The music of the above, with pianoforte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies. Price 2s.

THE MURMUR OF THE SHELL.

Words and Music by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.



A Sail - or left his na - tive land, A sim - ple gift he gave, A



sea - shell, gath - er'd by his hand, From out the rip - pling wave: "Oh



Love, by this re - mem - ber me! Far in - land thou must dwell— But



thou shalt hear the sound - ing sea, In the mur - mur of the Shell, The



mur - mur of the Shell, The mur - mur of the Shell!"

II.

Ah! woe is me! with tatter'd sail,
The ship is wildly tost:—
A drowning cry is on the gale,
They sink, and all are lost!
While happy yet, untouch'd by fear,
Repeating his farewell,
Poor Mary smiles, and loves to hear
The murmur of the Shell,
The murmur of the Shell,
The murmur of the Shell.

III.

The tidings wreck'd her simple brain,
And smiling still she goes:—
A mad-girl, reckless of her pain,
Unconscious of her woes!
But when they ring the village chimes
That toll'd her lover's knell,
She sighs, and says, she hears at times
Death-music in the Shell!
The murmur of the Shell!
The murmur of the Shell!

The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies. Price 3s.

SAY A KIND WORD WHEN YOU CAN.

Sung by T. CAMPBELL, of the Weston and Hussey's Minstrels.

By J. R. THOMAS.

Moderato.

What were life, with - out someone to cheer us With a word or a smile on our
way— A friend who is faith - ful - ly near us, And heeds not what o - thers may
say. The bra - vest of spi - rits have of - ten Half fail'd in the race that they
ran, For a kind word, life's hardships to sol - ten, So say a kind word when you
can. So say a kind word, say a kind word, Say a kind word when you can.

CHORUS.

So say a kind word, say a kind word, say a kind word when you can.

II.

Each one of us owns to some failing,
Though some may have more than the rest;
But there's no good in heedlessly railing
'Gainst those that are striving their best.
Remember, a word spoke complaining,
May blight every effort and plan,
Which a kind word would help in attaining,
So say a kind word when you can,
So say a kind word, say a kind word,
Say a kind word when you can.
So say a kind word, etc.

III.

Oh! say a kind word then, whenever
'Twill make the heart cheerful and glad,
But, chiefly, forget it, oh never,—
To the one that is hopeless and sad.
For there's no word so easy in saying;
So begin, if you have not began,—
And never in life be delaying
To say a kind word when you can.
So say a kind word, say a kind word,
Say a kind word when you can,
So say a kind word, etc.

THE SNOW-WHITE BLOSSOMS.

Sung by the Weston and Hussey Minstrels.

Written by J. Eccles.

Composed by GEORGE BAKER.



Come, let us wan - der forth, Annie! The sun is warm and bright;



Come, let us leave our homes a - - while With hearts and footsteps light. Down by the lit - tle woodland



grove, Oh! let us on - ward go, Where oft the cuckoo's voice is heard, And sweet May flowers grow;

CHORUS to be sung when repeated.



There we will tell our tales of love, And pass the hours a - way.....



Near the lit - tle snow-white blossoms, So beau - ti - ful are they.

II.

'Mid smiling Nature's varied charms
We'll roam and chat awhile;
Our hearts unswayed by anxious care,
Our tongues untouch'd with guile.
Secluded from the world around,
From busy lane and street,
The bright blue sky above our heads,
The daisies at our feet;
There we will linger side by side,
Till ev'ning fades away,
Near the little snow-white blossoms,
So beautiful are they.
There we will linger, etc.

LITTLE MAGGIE MAY.

Sung by HENRY ACLAND, of the Weston and Hussey Minstrels.

Written by G. W. MOORE.

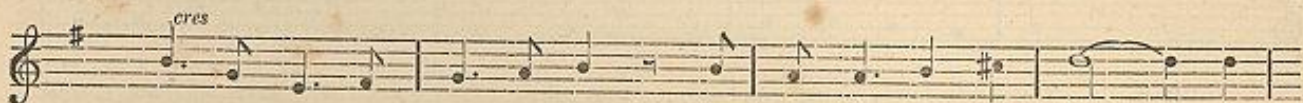
Composed by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.



The Spring had come, the flowers in bloom, The birds sung out their lay, Down



by a lit - tle run - ning brook, I first saw Mag - gie May; She



had a ro - guish jet black eye, Was sing - ing all the day..... And



how I lov'd her, none can tell, My lit - tle Mag - gie May.....

CHORUS.



My lit - tle witch - ing Mag - gie, Mag - gie sing - ing all the



day: Oh! how I love her none can tell, My lit - tle Mag - gie May....

II.

Though years roll'd on, yet still I lov'd
With heart so light and gay,
And never will this heart deceive
My own dear Maggie May.
When others thought that life was gone,
And death would take away,
Still by my side did linger one,
And that was Maggie May,
My little witching Maggie, etc.

III.

May Heav'n protect me for her sake,
I pray both night and day,
That I ere long may call her mine,
My own dear Maggie May.
For she is all the world to me,
Altho' I'm far away;
I oft times think of the running brook,
And my little Maggie May.
My little witching Maggie, etc.

MAUDIE MOORE.

Sung by J. A. HERMAN, of the Weston and Hussey Minstrels.

Words by CHARLES DICKENSON.

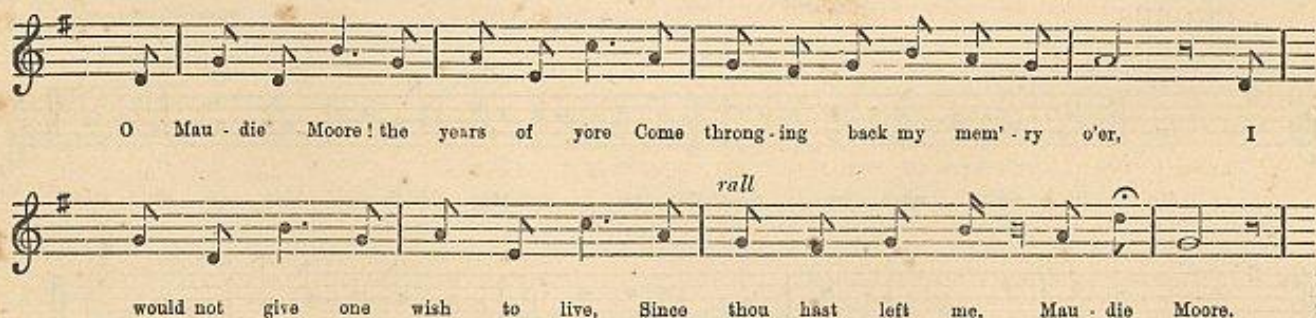
Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Moderato.



How wild - ly glad yet sweet - ly sad, Come back the dark - ling days of
yore; When first I knew how tried and true, Could be the heart of Mau - die
Moore; The year was young, the ro - bins sung Of joy a - round my cot - tage
door, And na - ture, bright with love and light, stole half the smiles of Mau - die Moore.

CHORUS.



O Mau - die Moore! the years of yore Come throng - ing back my mem' - ry o'er, I
rall
would not give one wish to live, Since thou hast left me, Mau - die Moore.

II.

As oft we strayed adown the glade
The sunset stole her blush of bloom,
The flowers wild looked up and smiled,
And filled the air with rich perfumes;
And side by side at eventide,
We walked the river's shining shore;
The breath of God hung o'er the sod,
And kissed the cheek of Maudie Moore.
O Maudie Moore! etc.

III.

But she is gone! at dark or dawn,
When winds and waters howl and hum,
I watch and wait till it is late,
But Maudie never more will come.
At dawn of day she passed away,
To walk another shining shore;
And oft from sleep I wake and weep,
To find I've lost sweet Maudie Moore.
O Maudie Moore! etc.

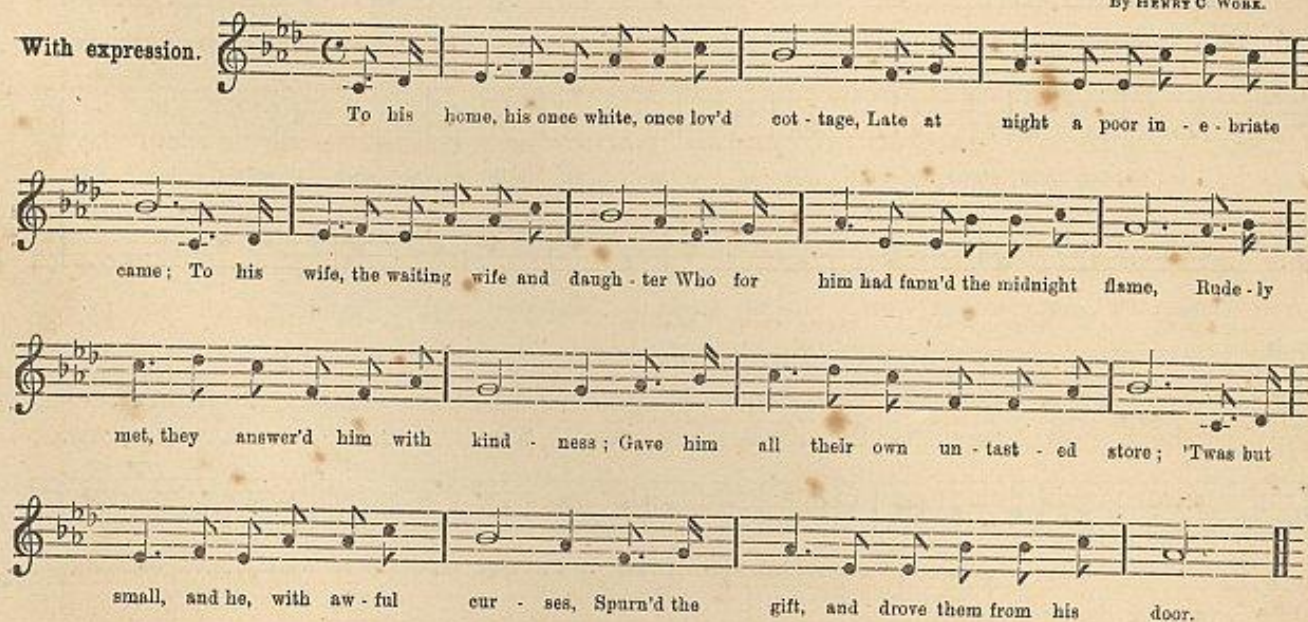
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LILLIE OF THE SNOWSTORM.

Sung by T. RAINFORD, of the Weston and Hussey Minstrels

By HENRY C. WORK.

With expression.



To his home, his once white, once lov'd cot - tage, Late at night a poor in - e - briate

came; To his wife, the waiting wife and daugh - ter Who for him had fann'd the midnight flame, Rude - ly

met, they answer'd him with kind - ness; Gave him all their own un - tast - ed store; 'Twas but

small, and he, with aw - ful cur - ses, Spurn'd the gift, and drove them from his door.

CHORUS.



While the Storm, the wild, wild win - try tem - pest, Swept a - cross, the prairies cold and

white; What a shame that Lil - lie and her mo - ther Were a - broad on such a fear - ful night!

II.

Far across the prairie stood a dwelling,
Where from harm they oft had found retreat;
There now, all brave and uncomplaining,
Did they urge their weary, way-worn feet;
But their strength, unequal to their courage,
Fail'd them as they wander'd to and fro;
Till at last the feeble, fainting mother
Speechless sank upon the drifted snow.
While the storm, etc.

III.

Lillie prays—the harps are hush'd in heaven—
Angels poise them midway in the sky;
Up from earth there comes a wail of sorrow,
Such a wail as must be heard on high.
"Father dear! my other, better Father!
Won't you hear your daughter Lillie pray?
Won't you send some strong and careful angel
Who will help my mother on her way?"
While the storm, etc.

IV.

Morning dawns—the husband and the father,
Sober'd now, to seek his flock has come;
Lillie dear is living, but her mother—
Hours ago, an angel bore her home.
Ah, poor man! how bitter is his anguish,
As he now repents his punish'd sin,
Bending o'er the child, who, half unconscious,
Sadly cries, "Please father, let us in!"
While the storm, etc.

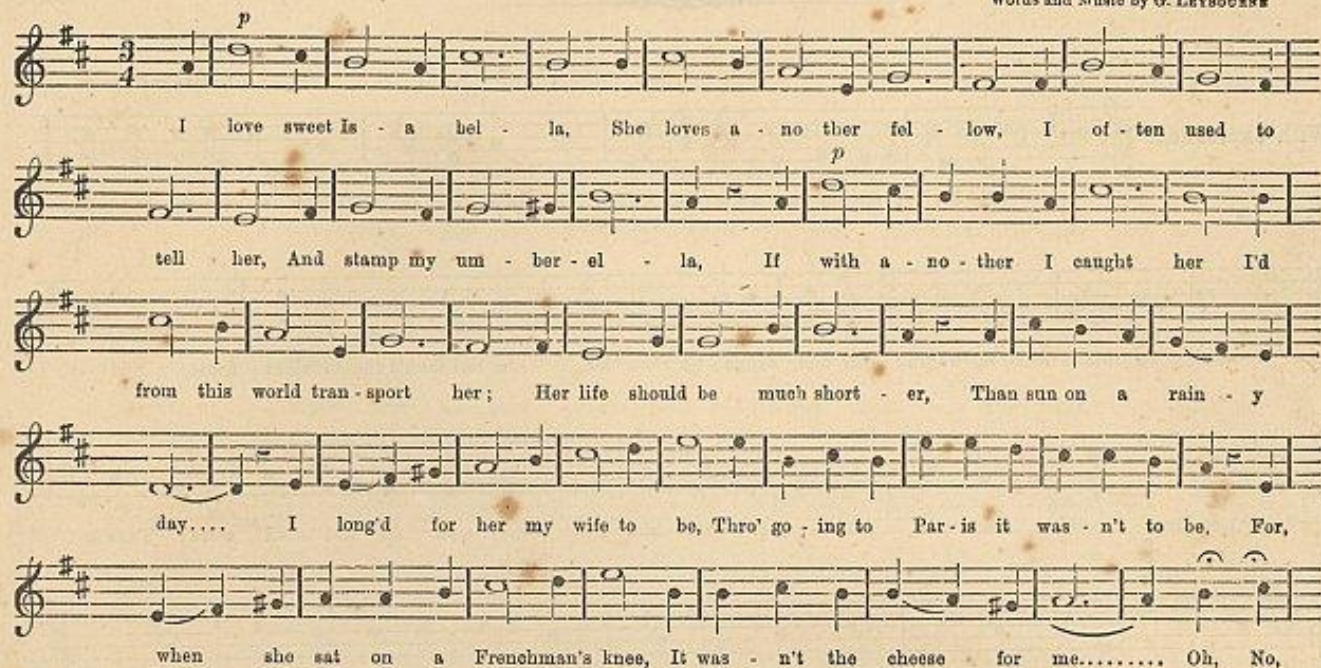
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SWEET ISABELLA.

Sung by FRANK HUSSEY, of the Weston and Hussey Minstrels.

Words and Music by G. LEYSOUR.

p



I love sweet Is - a - bel - la, She loves a - no - ther fel - low, I of - ten used to
 tell her, And stamp my um - ber - el - la, If with a - no - ther I caught her I'd
 from this world tran - sport her; Her life should be much short - er, Than sun on a rain - y
 day.... I long'd for her my wife to be, Thro' go - ing to Par - is it was - n't to be, For,
 when she sat on a Frenchman's knee, It was - n't the cheese for me..... Oh, No,

CHORUS.



Oh! sweet Is - a - bel - la, Her voice so sweet and mel - low, I caught her with a fel - low Then
 with my um - ber - el - la I fetch'd him such a smell - er, And knock'd him down the
 cell - ar, Be - cause she lov'd this fel - low, And she would not be - long to me....

II.

By Marcus's Paris Excursion,
 To spend a week's diversion,
 I now make the assertion
 I took Miss Isabella;
 She wanted no persuasion,
 But, got up for the occasion,
 We took ourselves from London Bridge
 The Exhibition to see.
 Scarce had we arrived in France,
 Things went wrong I saw at a glance,
 She was struck with men who could parley-
 vious, France,
 And didn't care "that" for me.—Oh, no.
 Oh! sweet Isabella, etc.

III.

The Exhibition compartments
 We view'd, then took apartments,
 The topmost garret departments,
 The Royal Hotel Victoria;
 We dined off roasted puppy dogs,
 Snails, and beautiful stew'd frogs,

And never knew what we had eat
 Till we found them moving "here."
 She began to talk French to the valet-de-chambre
 Perhaps about me she was talking so long,
 Running me down as she could speak the
 tongue,
 Oh! French not a word could I say—Oh, no.
 Oh! sweet Isabella, etc.

IV.

Isabella, you couldn't resist her,
 Just "here" she raised a blister,
 When once for hours I miss'd her,
 And knew the Frenchman kiss'd her.
 One day she thought me sleeping,
 Not for me, for I was peeping,
 And saw my foreign brother
 With his arms around her waist;
 My blood was up, then with one blow,
 Down the cellar steps I laid him low,
 When she with her hands soon let me know
 She lov'd him better than me.—Ah, yes.
 Oh! sweet Isabella, etc.

V.

My feelings I could not smother,
 I came back to my mother,
 She said "George, try another,
 As they love one another;"
 In France they soon got married,
 In France they never tarried,
 But came to good old England,
 And open'd a raspberry shop;
 So if ever a raspberry ice you get,
 I hope poor me you won't forget,
 How the Frenchman my poor life upset,
 Who lives in the Whitechapel Road.—Oh,
 dear.
 Oh! sweet Isabella,
 I hope you'll leave the fellow,
 With his raspberry ice so mellow,
 But with this amberella
 I could give him another smeller,
 And send him down the cellar,
 Because he loves this fellow,
 And she won't belong to me,

MUS N
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