

NUMBER TWO.

Price 1s.

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.

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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

11.
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 BLAMPHEM

Moderato.



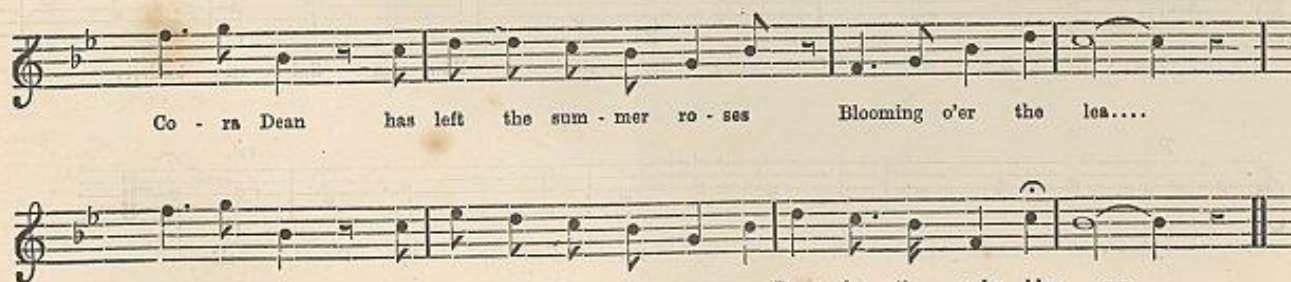
Near the broad At - lan - tic wa - ters, Roaming the wood - lands green,

'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. PACEY

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
mourn her, she's left us a - - - lone.... Our lost Min - nie Bell, Lost Min - nie Bell,
mf Lost Min - - nie Bell. Where the weep - ing wil - low grows: And blooming flow - ers
p wave, There she sleeps in sweet re - pose, Down in the cold, damp grave.
rit

CHORUS.

mf Where the weep - ing wil - low grows, And bloom - ing flow - ers wave,
p There she sleeps in sweet re - pose, Down in the cold, damp grave.
rit

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.

LIST! TO THE CONVENT BELLS.

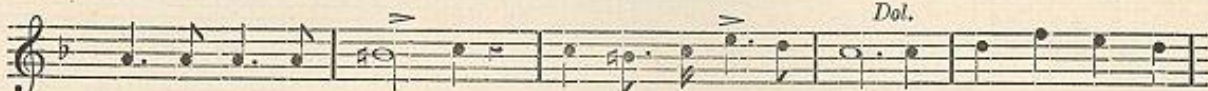
Written and Composed by

JOHN BLOCKLEY.

Moderato.



List! 'tis mu - sic stealing O - ver the rip - pling sea,



Bright yon moon is beam - ing O - ver each tow'r and tree. The waves seem list'n-ing



to the sound, As si - lent - ly they flow, O'er co - - - ral groves, and



fai - - - ry ground, and spark - ling caves be - - low..... List! 'tis mu - sic



steal - ing O - ver the rip - pling sea, Bright yon moon is beam - ing



O - ver each tow'r and tree. List! List! List to the Convent



Bells. List! List! List to the Convent Bells.

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.

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

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

Allegretto.

Intro. *mf*

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

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, voice, and choir. It begins with an 'Intro.' in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegretto' and 'mf'. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics 'We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil, Fighting for the pro-per-ty we gain'd by honest toil; And 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 has dynamic markings 'p' and 'mf'. The 'Air.' section follows, marked 'f', with the lyrics 'Hurrah! hurrah! for Southern State hurrah! Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star!..'. This section includes staves for Alto, Tenor, Bass, and Piano-forte. The piano part has a dynamic marking 'f'. The score concludes with a final piano flourish.

. For words see next page.

WORK, BOYS, WORK AND BE CONTENTED.

WRITTEN BY HARRY CLIFTON.

ARRANGED BY M. HOBSON.

Tempo di Marcia.

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
Chorus.
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. . .

2 Will fretting make you fate?
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. R. 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
Ben - 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 sad - 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 sadness 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 left her 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.

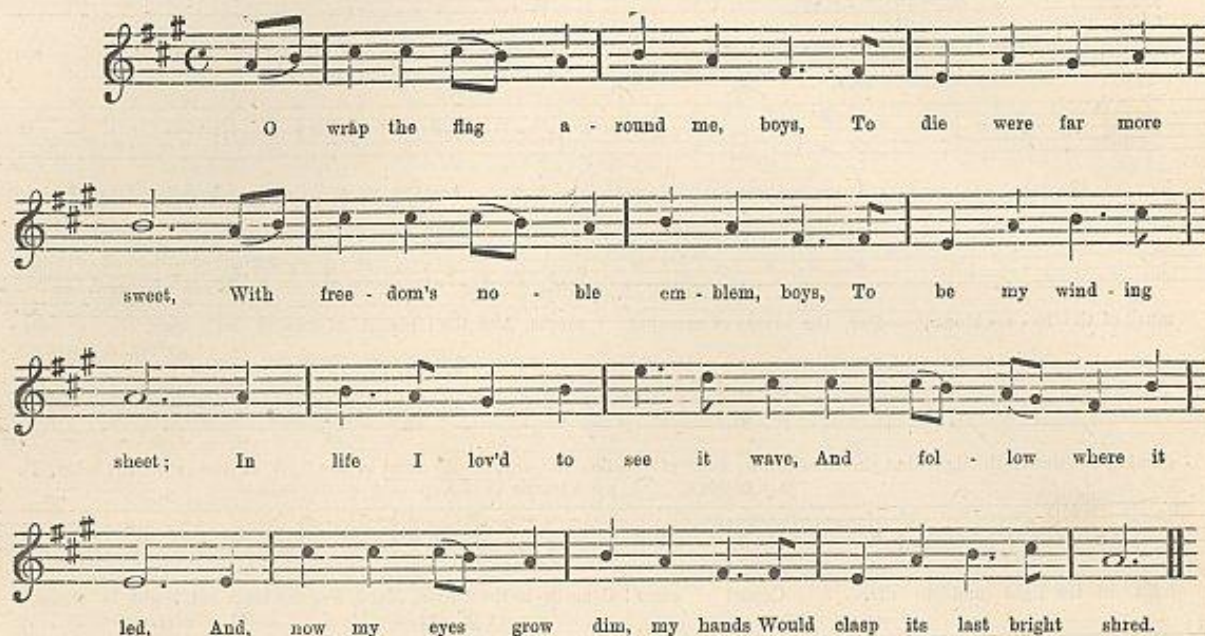
DOLCE.

Come in - to the garden, Maud, For the black bat, Night, has flown; Come into the garden, Maud, I am
cres. rall. 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 - dil 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
 done; *rall* 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 pianoforte 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.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

FIRST.

SECOND Say, dark - eys, hab you seen de mas - sa, Wid de muff - stash 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 do

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 speck he's run a - way.

he get so drefful tann'd I speck 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 corn-fed
When de Lincum sagers come.

Chorus.

III.
De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe 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 know better
Dan to went an' run away.

Chorus.

ANNIE LISLE.

H. S. THOMPSON.

Andante
Moderato.

Down where the wav - ing wil - lows 'Neath the sunbeams smile,
Shadow'd o'er the murm' - ring wa - ters, Dwelt sweet An - nie Lisle; Pure as the
fo - rest li - ly, Ne - ver thought of guile Had its home with - in the bo - som
Of sweet An - nie Lisle. Wave willows, mur - mur wa - ters, Gold - en sun - beams
smile, Earth - ly mu - sic can - not wa - ken Love - ly An - nie Lisle.

CHORUS.

Wave wil - lows, mur - mur wa - ters, Gold - en sun - beams smile,
Earth - ly mu - sic can - not wak - en Love - ly An - nie Lisle.

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.

Allegretto. *p* *cres.*

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

p *cres.*

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-

cres.

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.... }

cres. *f* *p*

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

CHORUS.

f *p*

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 LEYBOURNE.

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 - fect 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.



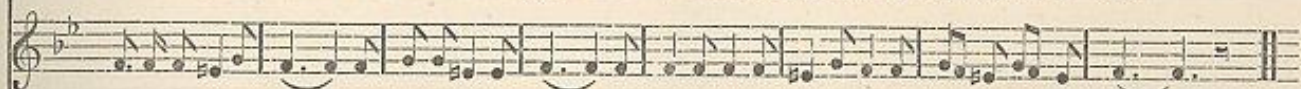
BASS. Ho! for the gunboats, ho! Ho! for the foaming sea! Our starry flag is floating there, The emblem of the free.



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-ressing, 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 hath 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 gaze! 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....

II.

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 ap - pen - dour, 'Twas no

Cres.

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

Dim.

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 change.

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,
Where'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 music-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.

AIR.

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.

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

TENOR.

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

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 cozy 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,
O! 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 caress'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 wanted 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 WILK.

Music by T. COOKE.

Andante
Espressivo.

'Twas in the green for-est that old A - dam dwelt, A re - treat where no
en - vy or sor - row he felt... The pale sil - ver hair from his tem - ples had
ded, 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 - - tage he lived, in this cot - - tage he died!" To the Tra - vel - er's voice the
e - - - cho re - - - plied, "In this cot - - - tage he lived, in this cot - - - tage he
died!" "In this cot - - - tage he lived, in this cot - - - tage 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.

TENOR.

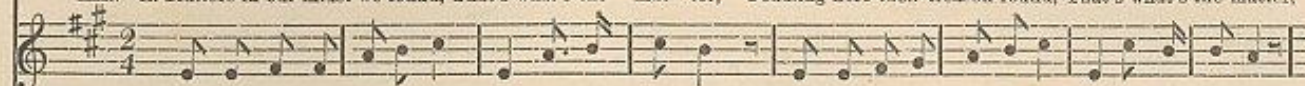
Words and Music by CHAS. BOYNTON.



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,



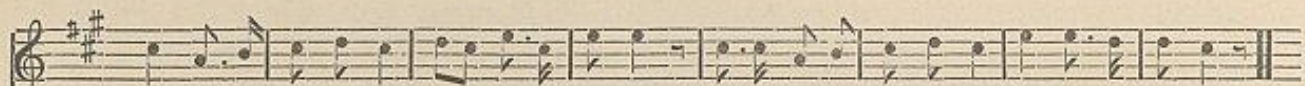
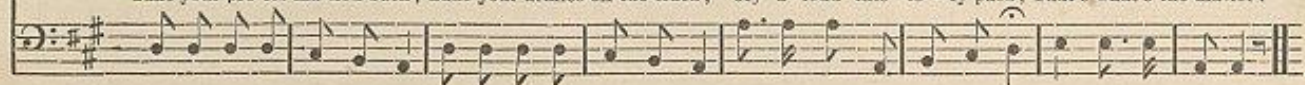
Gathered in from far and near, Ev - ery loy - al man is here, What is it the peo - ple fear? What, what's the matter?



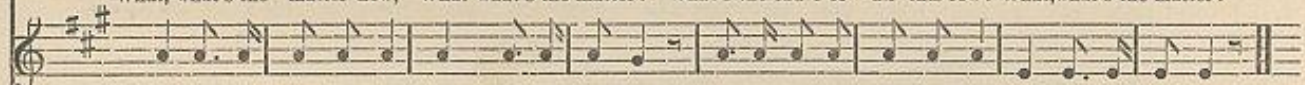
Men that to our foes have cried, "you can count us on your side, We will let the Un - ion slide," That's what's the matter.



"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 al - low, 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

*Andantino
con moto.*

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 some - one 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 sof - ten, So say a kind word when you

can. *cres* So say a kind word, say a kind word, Say a kind word when you can.

CHORUS.

f  *dim.*

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 flow'rs in bloom, The birds sung out their lay, Down
by a lit - tle run - ning brook, I first saw Mag - gie May; She
cres 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.



pp My lit - tle witch - ing Mag - gie, *f* Mag - gie sing - ing all the
p 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.



How wild - ly glad yet sweat - 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



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 perfume;
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.

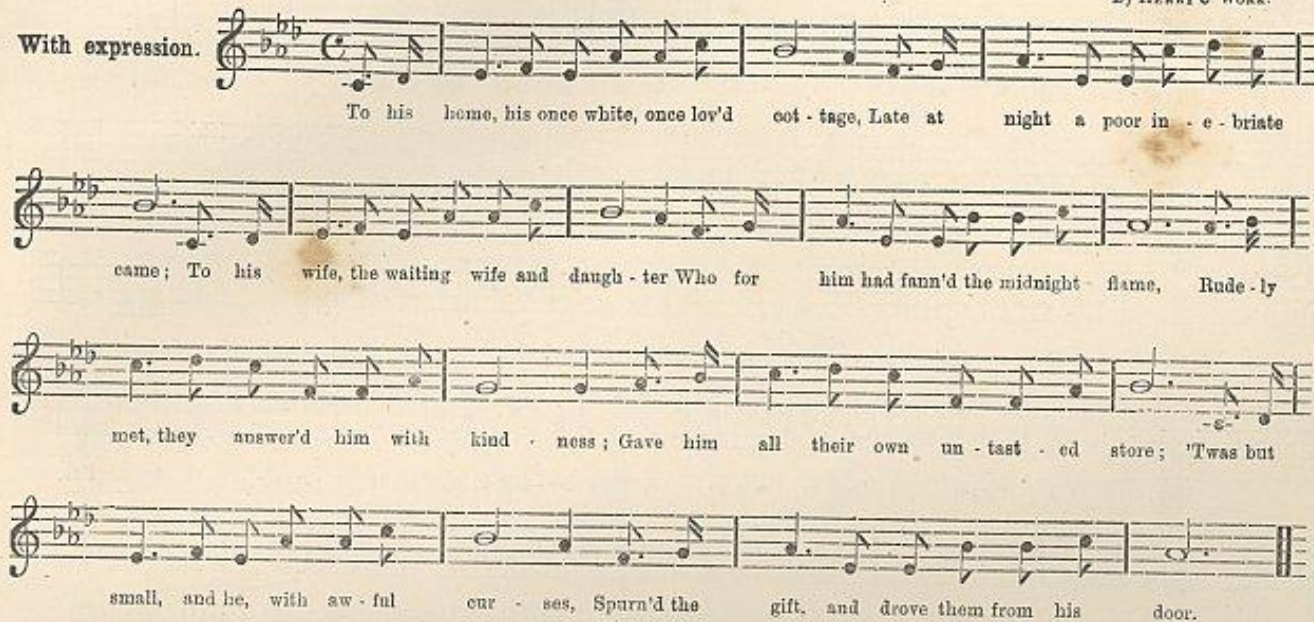
The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies.

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,
Sob'ring 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.

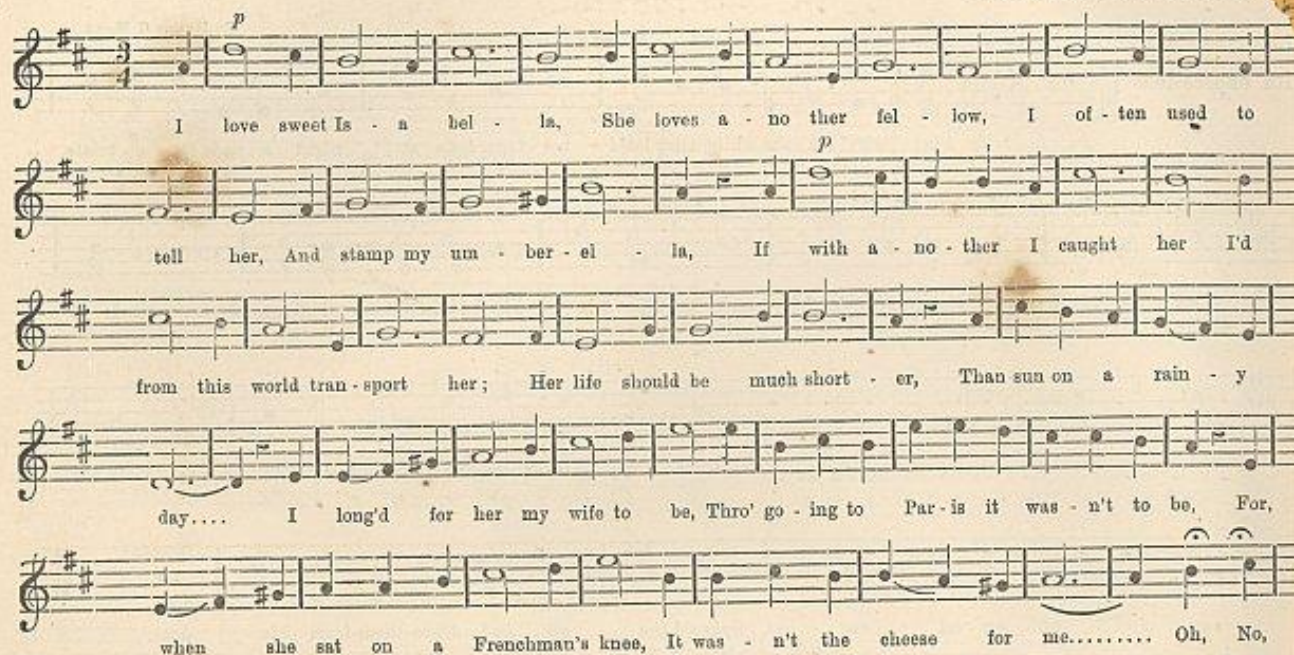
The music of the above, with piano-forte accompaniment, may be obtained of the principal music-sellers in all the colonies.

SWEET ISABELLA.

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

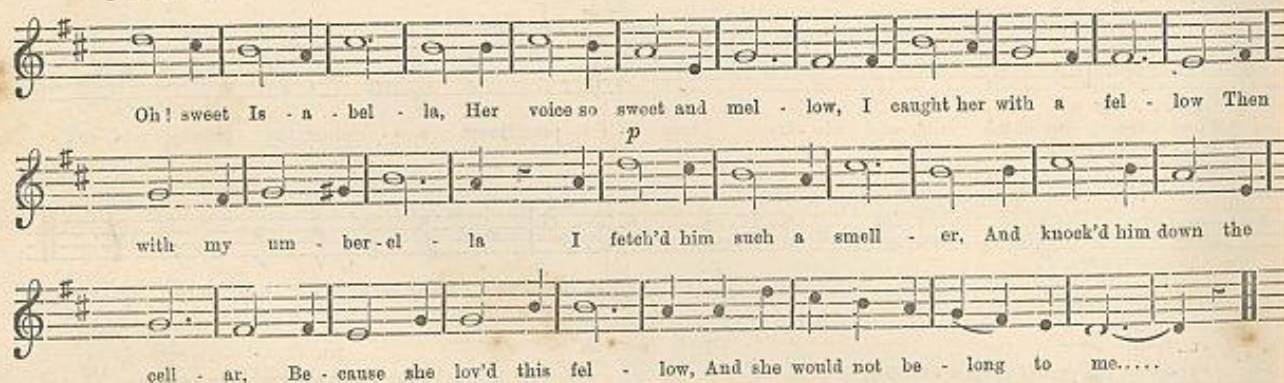
Words and Music by G. LEYNOCK.

p



I love sweet Is - a - bel - la, She loves a - no - ther fel - low, I of - ten used to
p
 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
p
 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-shong
 Perhaps about me she was talking so long,
 Running me down as she could speak the
 tongue,
 Of 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 umbrella
 I could give him another smeller,
 And send him down the cellar,
 Because she loves this fellow,
 And she won't belong to me,

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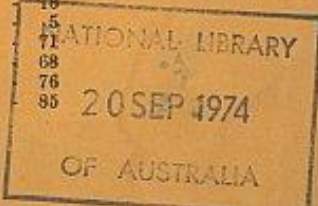
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