SONGS OF OUR YOUTH

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

JOHN HALIFAX GENTLEMAN

SET TO MUSIC

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"JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

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TO MY OLD FRIENDS.

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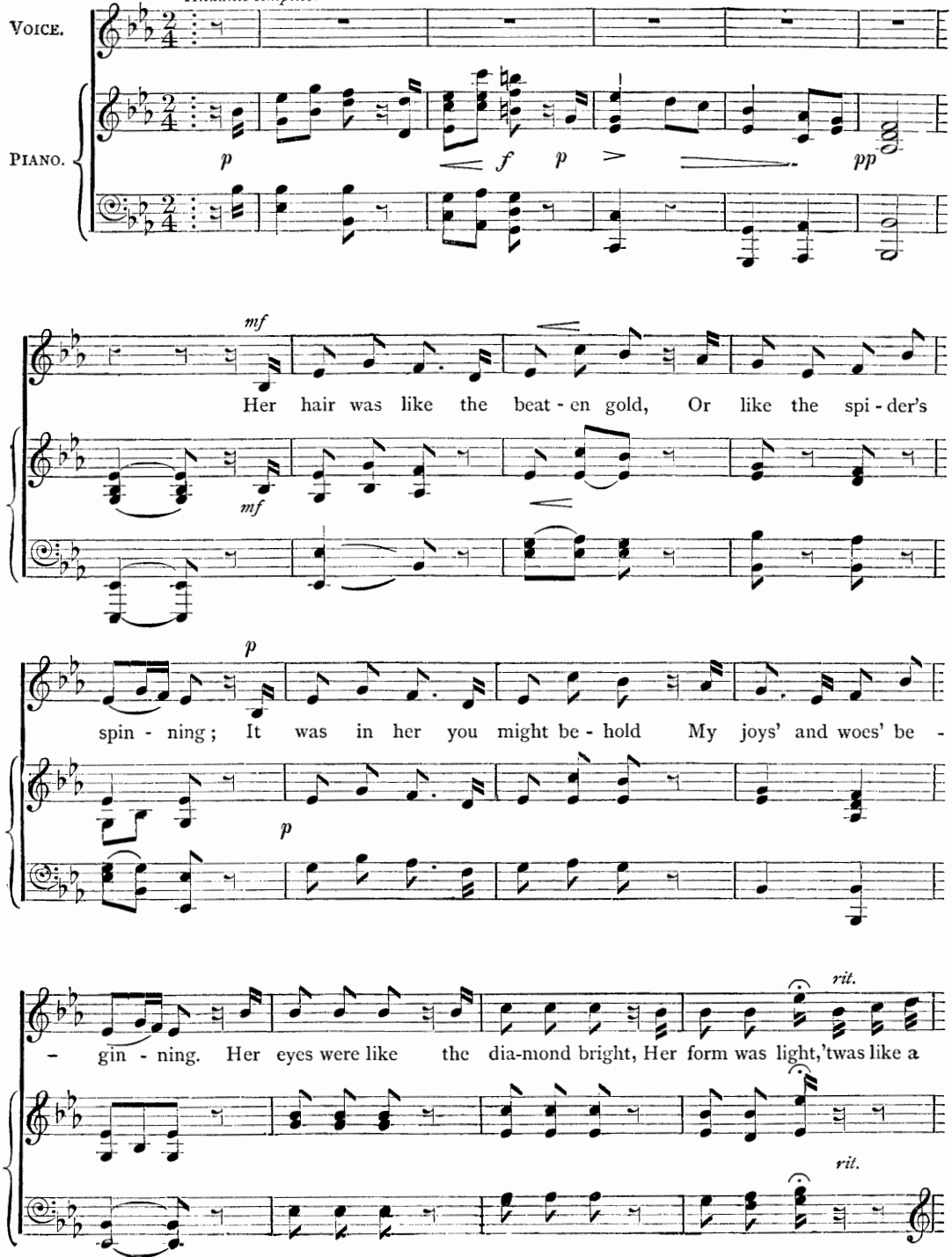
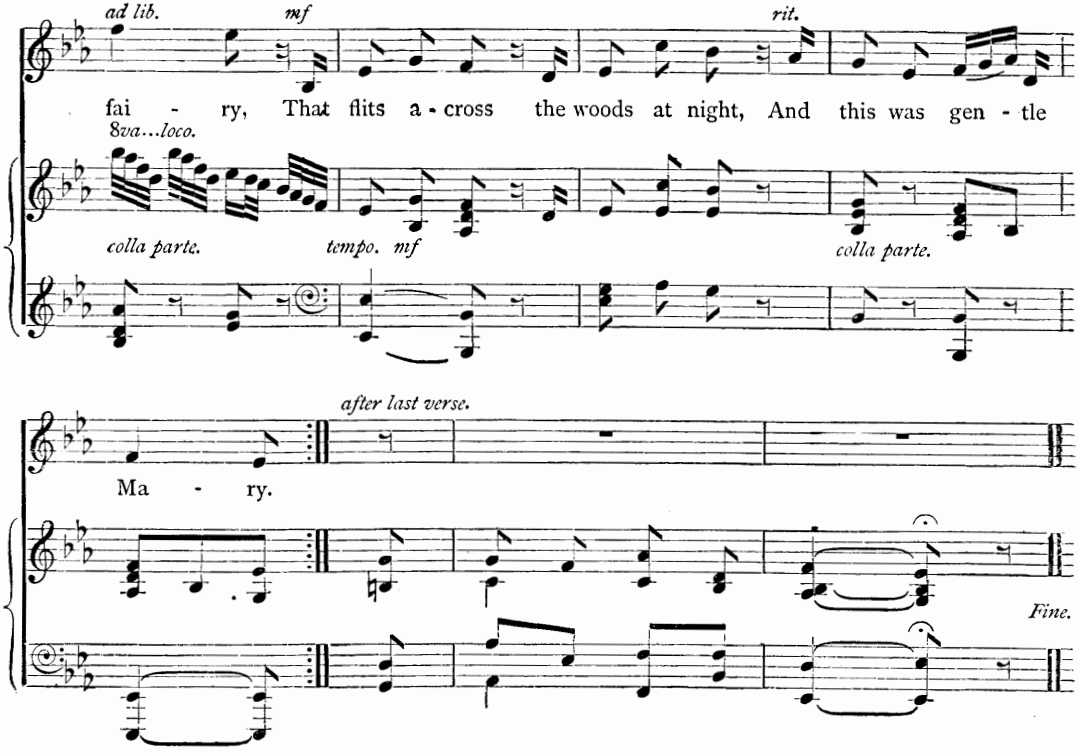
Gentle Mary.

Words by D. M. M.

Music—Irish.

Andante semplice.



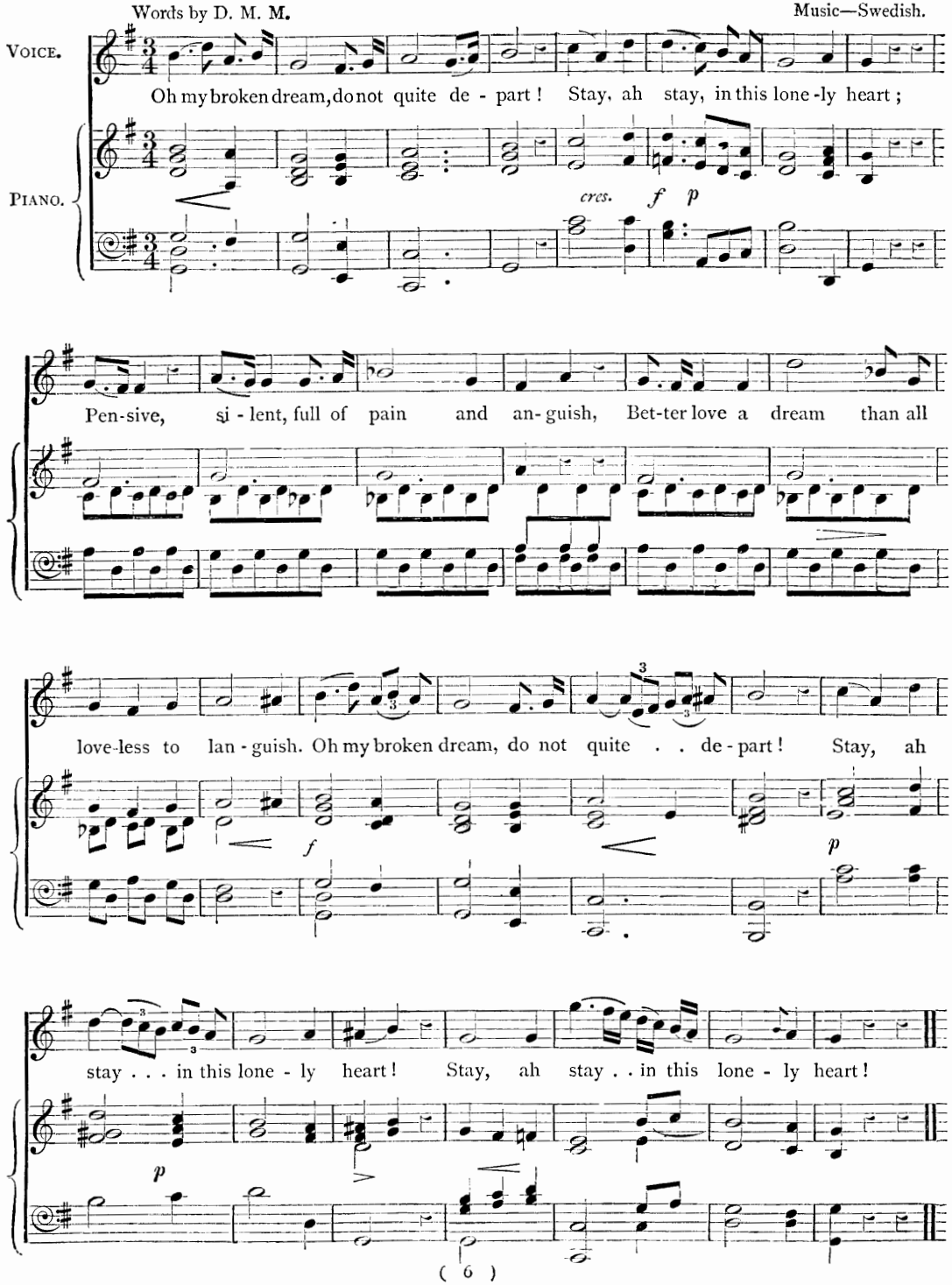


2

She danced into my willing heart,
With steps so light and airy;
I said, "My dear, we'll never part,
My own, my gentle Mary."
But off she flew like morning dew
That sunbeams call,—and would not tarry:
Now all my light is turned to night,
For want of gentle Mary.

The Broken Dream.

Words by D. M. M. Music—Swedish.



THE BROKEN DREAM.

1.

Oh my broken dream, do not quite depart!
Stay, ah stay, in this lonely heart!
Pensive, silent, full of pain and anguish,
Better love a dream than all loveless to languish.
Oh my broken dream, do not quite depart!
Stay, ah stay, in this lonely heart!

2.

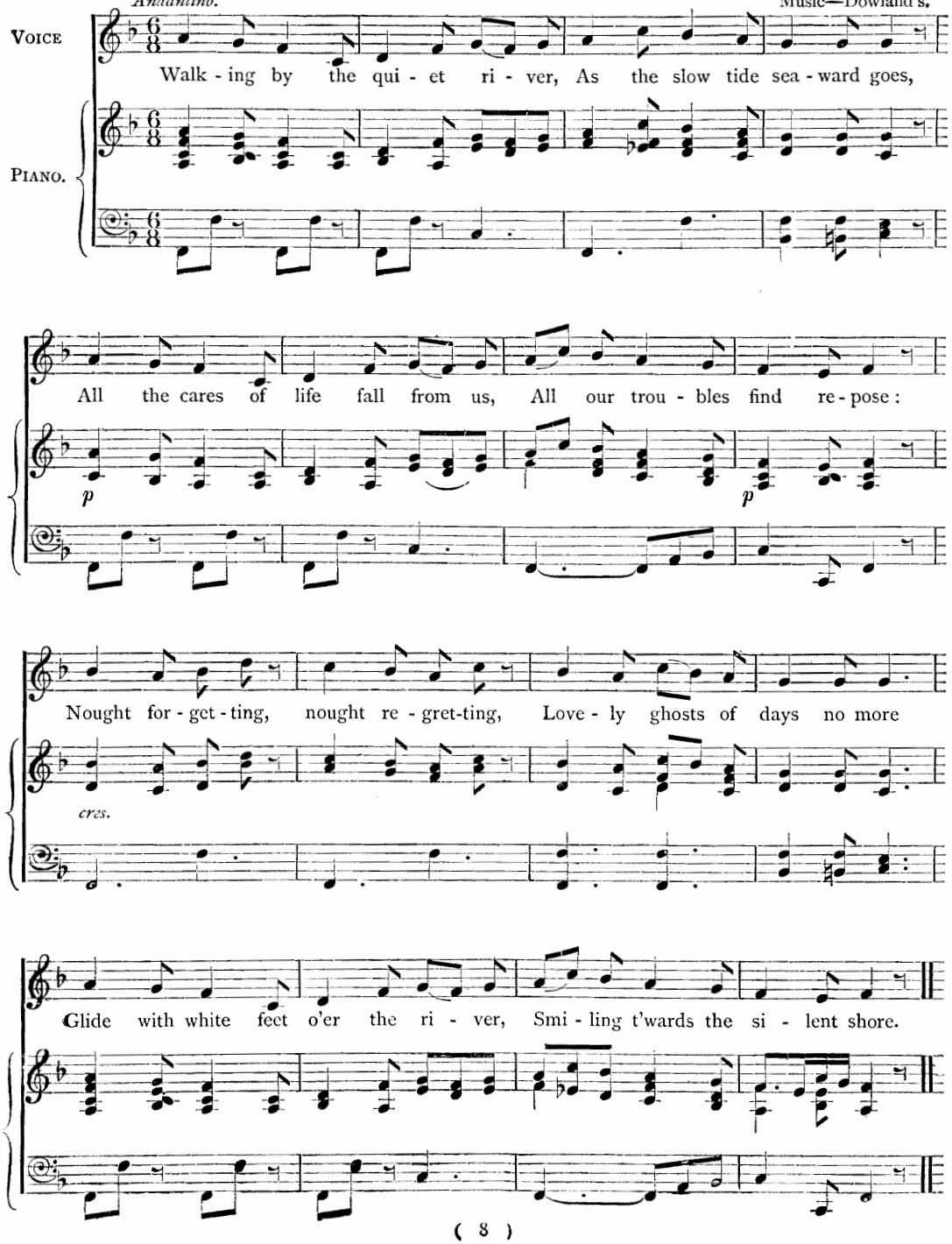
Oh my lover lost, though we seem to part,
Live, aye live, in this faithful heart!
Faithful, tender, full of peace and pardon:
Flowers soon will spring till the grave is a garden.
Oh my lover lost, though we seem to part,
Live, aye live, in this faithful heart!

The River Shore.

Words by D. M. M.

Andantino.

Music—Dowland's.



THE RIVER SHORE.

1.

Walking by the quiet river,
As the slow tide sea-ward goes,
All the cares of life fall from us,
All our troubles find repose:
Nought forgetting, nought regretting,
Lovely ghosts of days no more
Glide with white feet o'er the river,
Smiling towards the silent shore.

2.

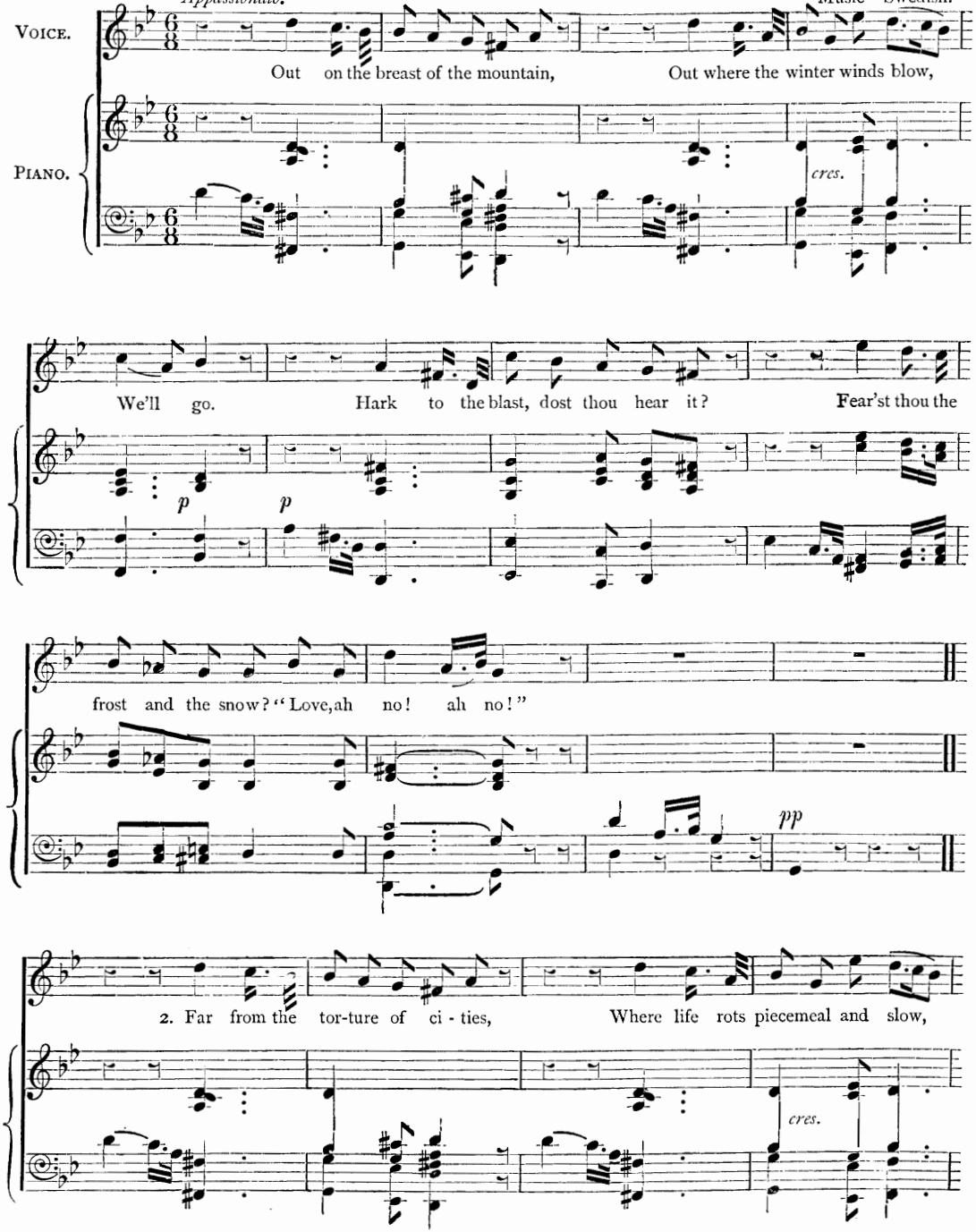
Thus we pray, in His good pleasure,
When this world we've safely trod,
We shall walk beside the river,
Flowing from the throne of God.
All forgiving, all believing,
No one lost we loved before:
Looking towards the hills of heaven
Calmly from the eternal shore.

The Mountaineer's Love.

Words by D. M. M.

Music—Swedish.

Appassionato.



We'll go. Far from the pride that would part us, But shall it

p *p*

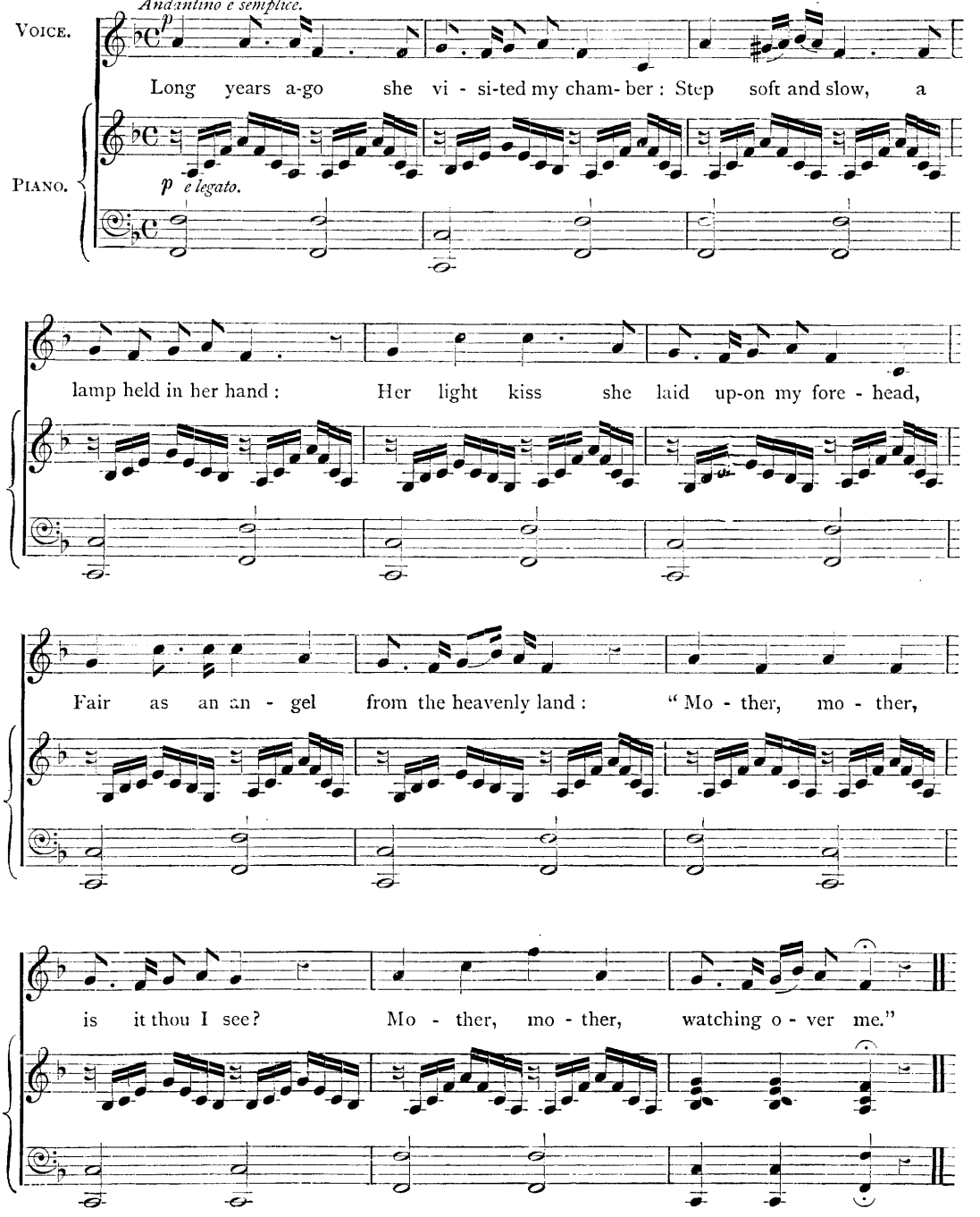
part us? ah no! "Love, ah no! Ah no!"

pp

My Mother in Heaven.

Words by D. M. M. Music—French.

Andantino e semplice.



MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

1.

Long years ago she visited my chamber,
  Step soft and slow, a lamp held in her hand;
Her light kiss she laid upon my forehead,
  Fair as an angel from the heavenly land:
    "Mother, mother, is it thou I see?
      Mother, mother, watching over me."

2.

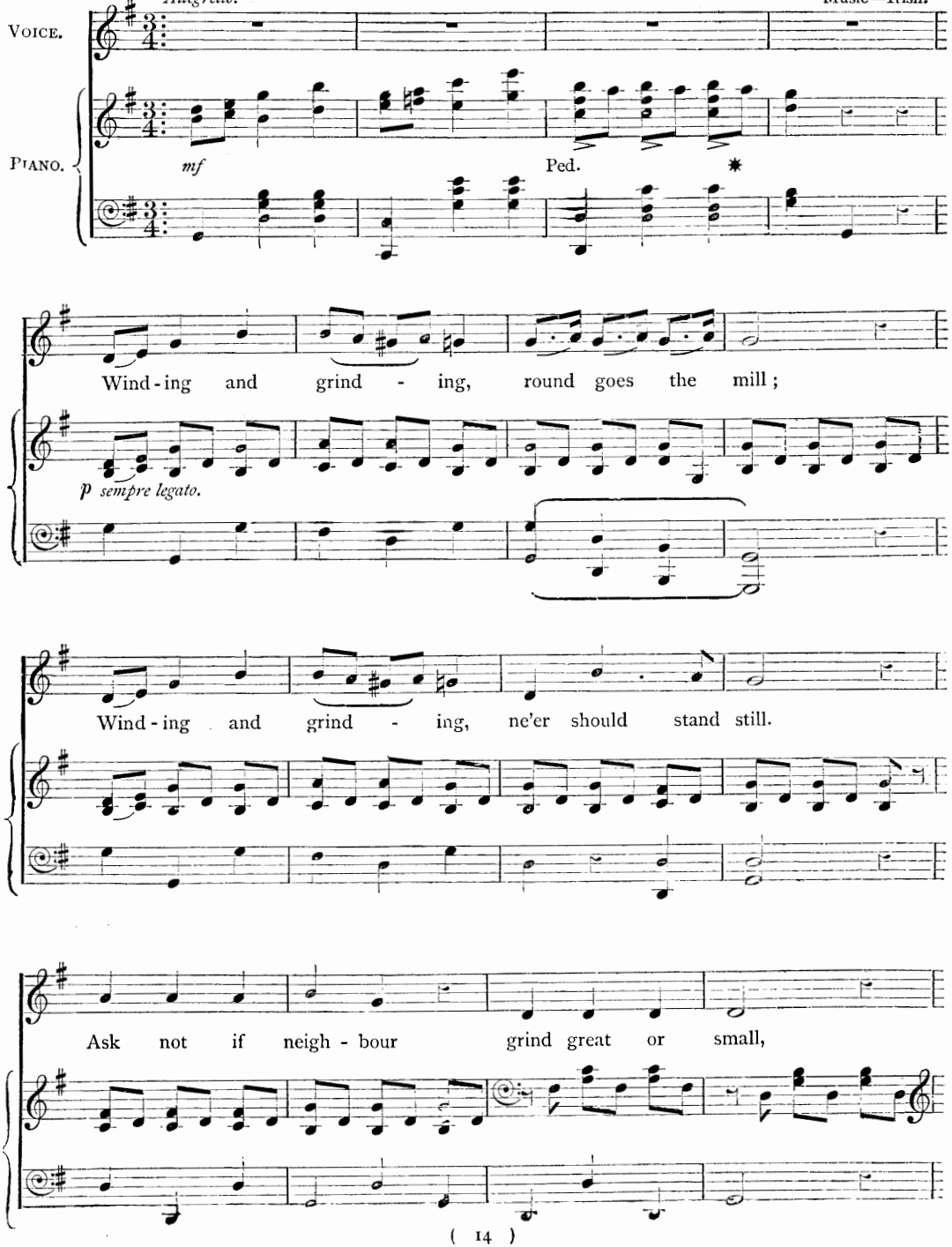
And yesternight I saw her in my chamber,
  Soundless as light, a palm branch in her hand;
Her mild eyes she bent upon my anguish,
  Calm as an angel from the heavenly land:
    "Mother, mother, is it thou I see?
      Mother, mother, thou art come for me."

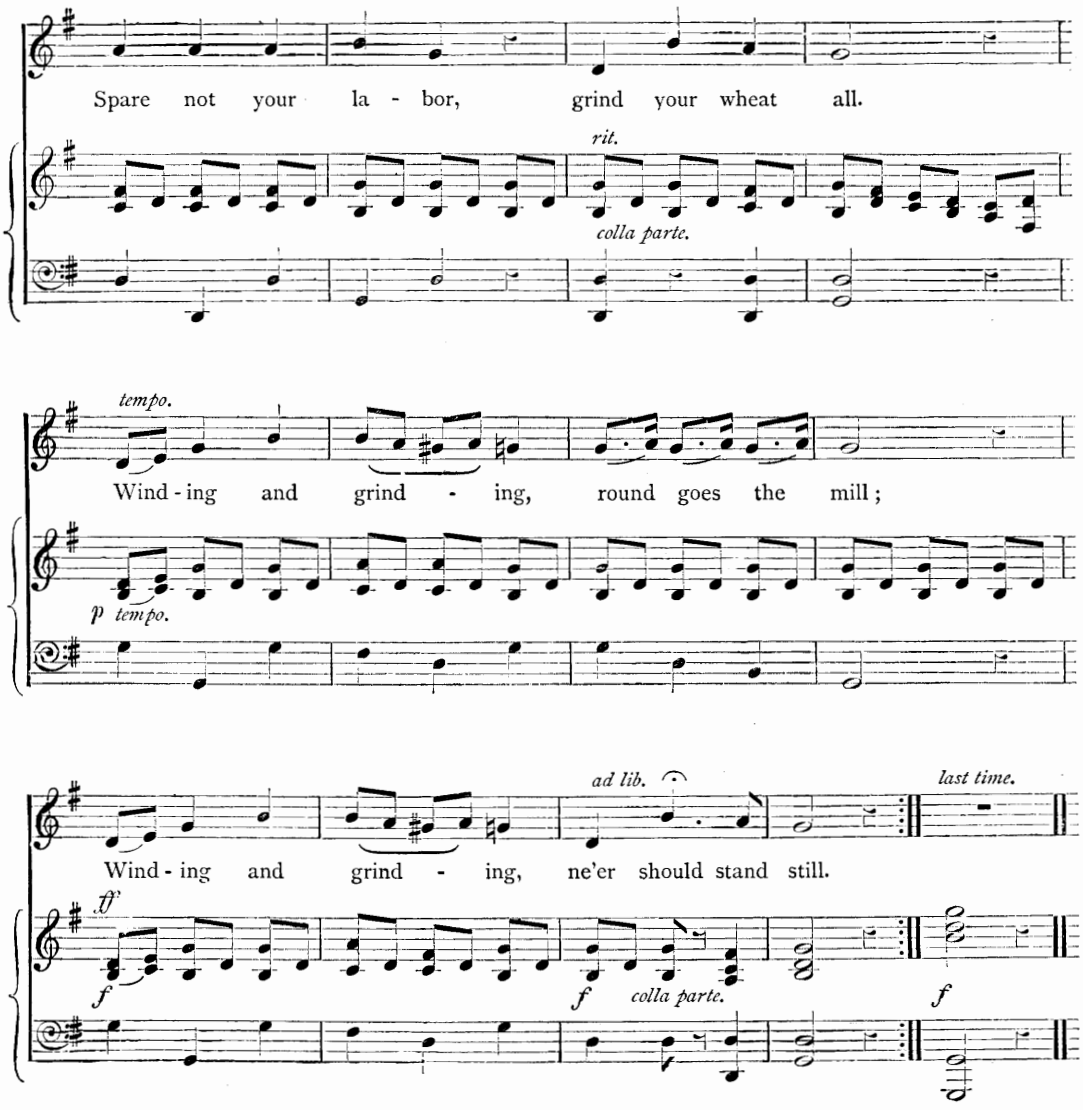
Winding and Grinding.

Words by D. M. M.

Music—Irish.

Allegretto.



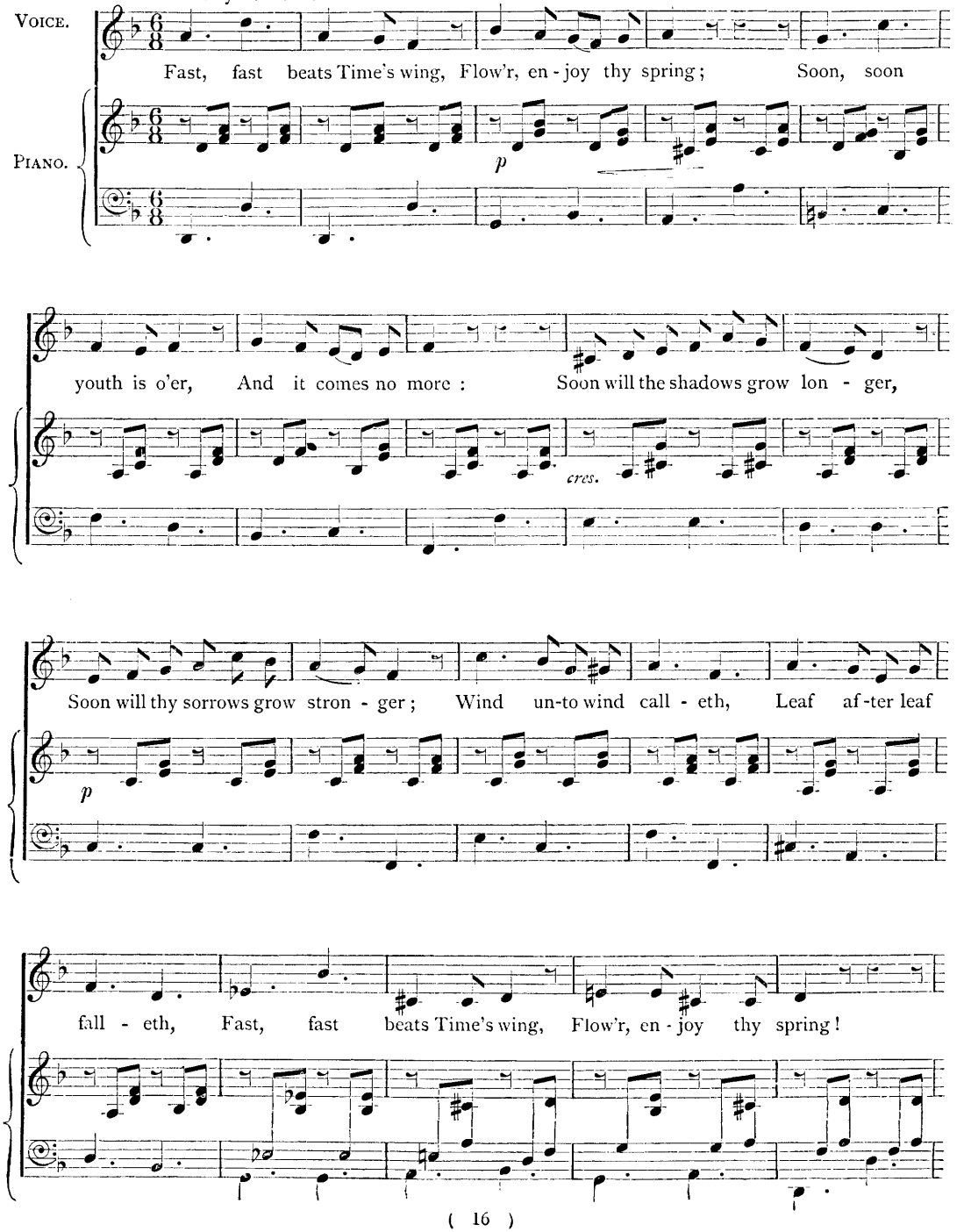


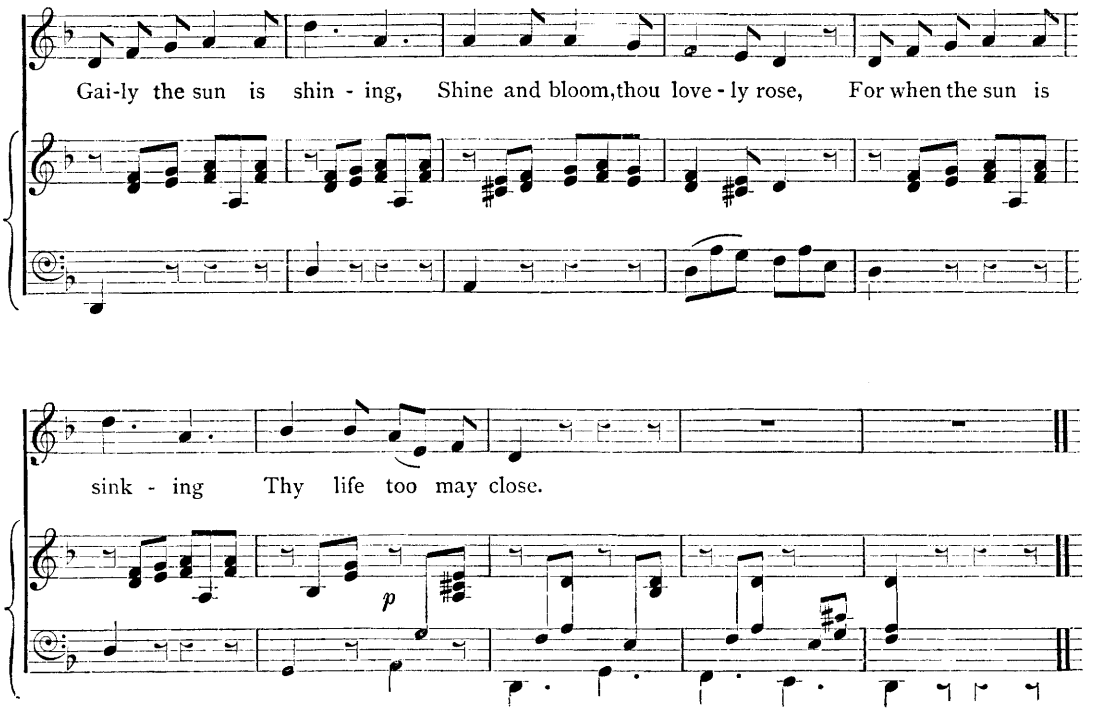
2.

Winding and grinding, work through the day!—
Grief never minding; grind it away!
What though tears dropping rust as they fall,
Have no wheel stopping;—work comforts all.
Winding and grinding, round goes the mill;
Winding and grinding, ne'er should stand still.

To a Child Asleep.

Words by D. M. M. Music—Swedish.



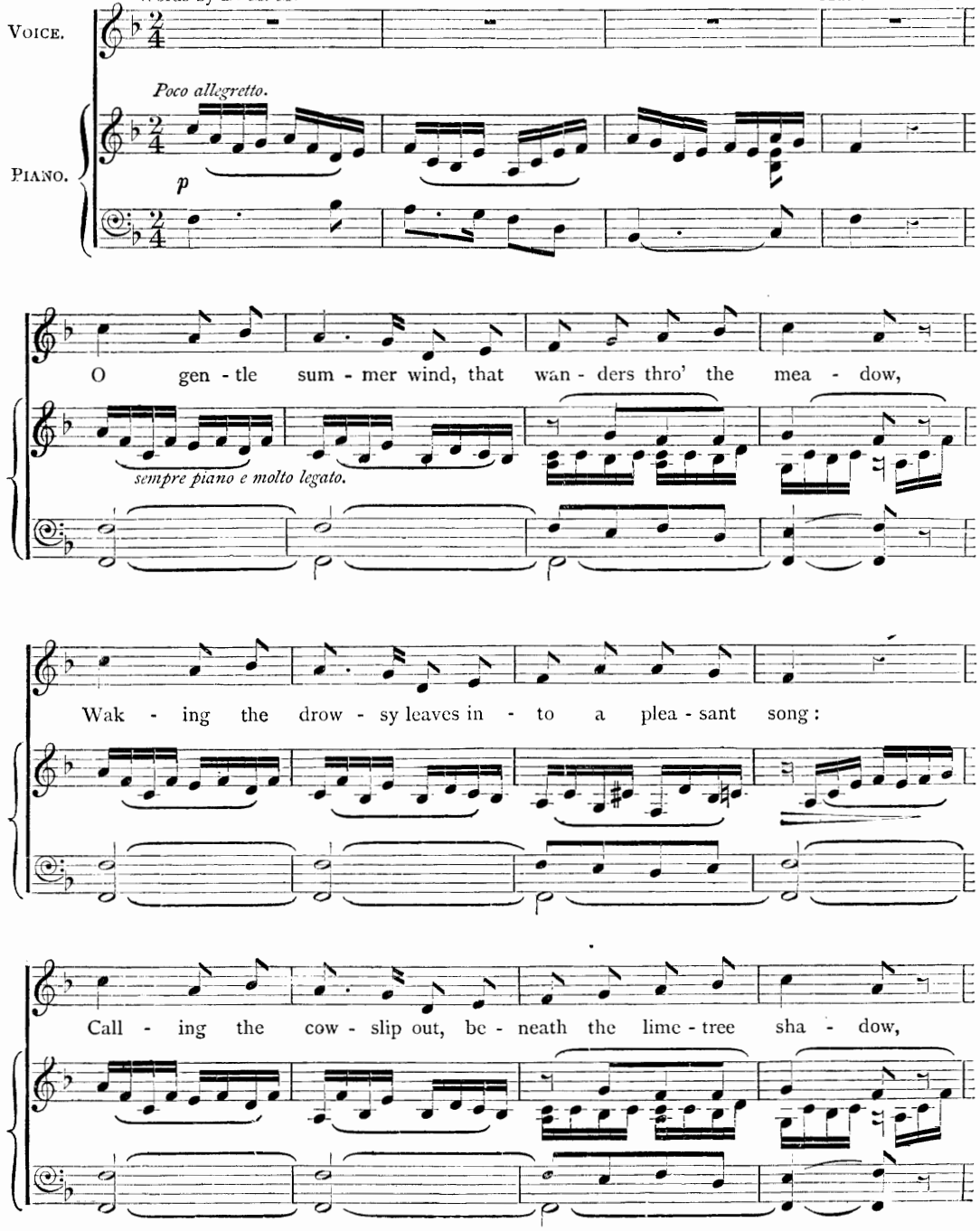


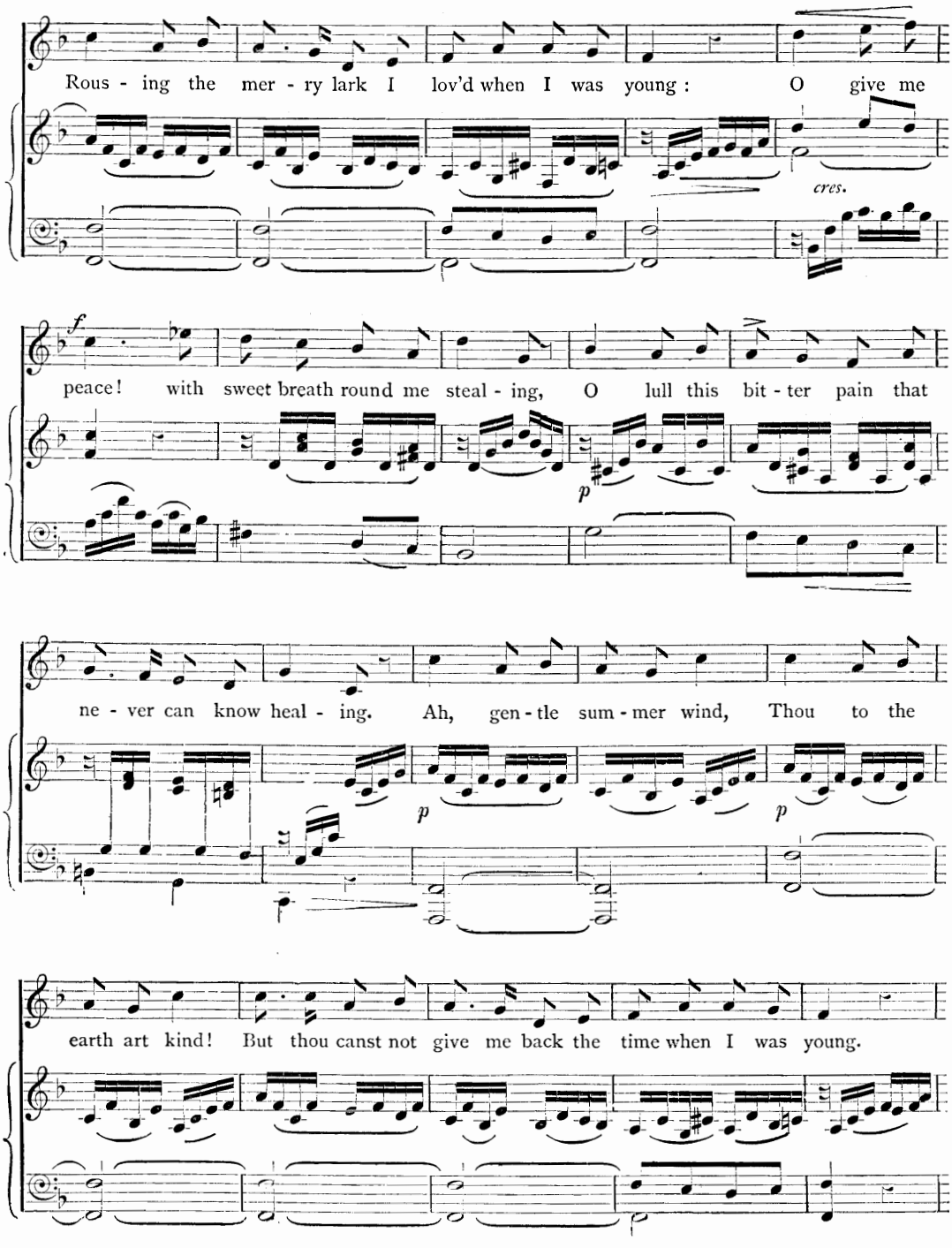
2.

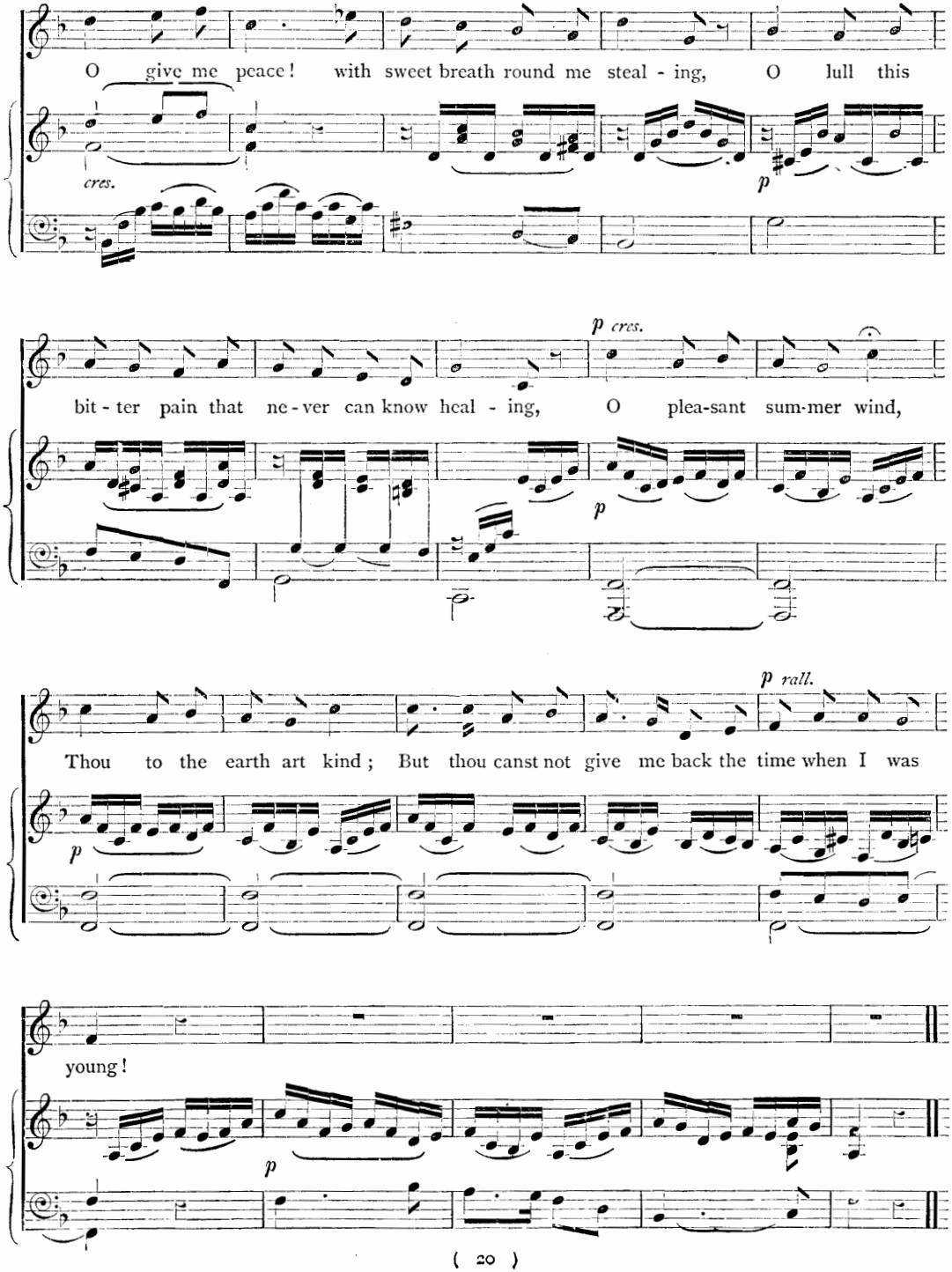
Yet, yet list awhile,
Listen with a smile;
Though, though youth be o'er
Age has good in store.
For as the shadows grow longer
So does the brave heart grow stronger.
Pain turneth easeful,
Sorrow is peaceful.
Fast, fast beats Time's wing,
Flower, enjoy thy spring.
Cheerful the earth replieth:
"Bud and bloom, thou lovely rose;
Every sweet thing that dieth
Into God's bosom goes."

Summer Wind.

Words by D. M. M. Music—Swedish.

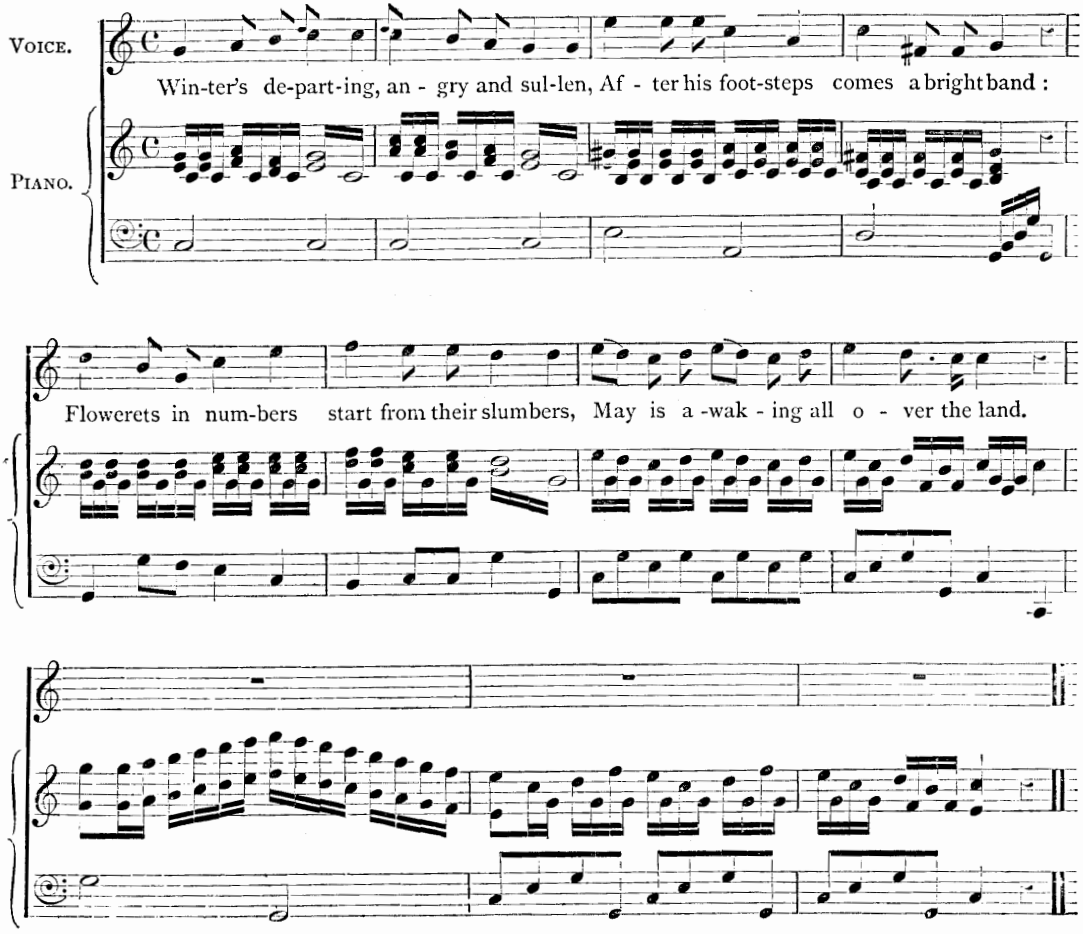



Rous - ing the mer - ry lark I lov'd when I was young : O give me
cres.
f
peace! with sweet breath round me steal - ing, O lull this bit - ter pain that
p
ne - ver can know heal - ing. Ah, gen - tle sum - mer wind, Thou to the
p
p
earth art kind! But thou canst not give me back the time when I was young.


O give me peace! with sweet breath round me steal - ing, O lull this
cres.
p
p cres.
bit - ter pain that ne - ver can know heal - ing, O plea-sant sum-mer wind,
p
p rall.
Thou to the earth art kind; But thou canst not give me back the time when I was
p
young!
p

Beautiful May.

Words D. M. M. Music—French.



2.

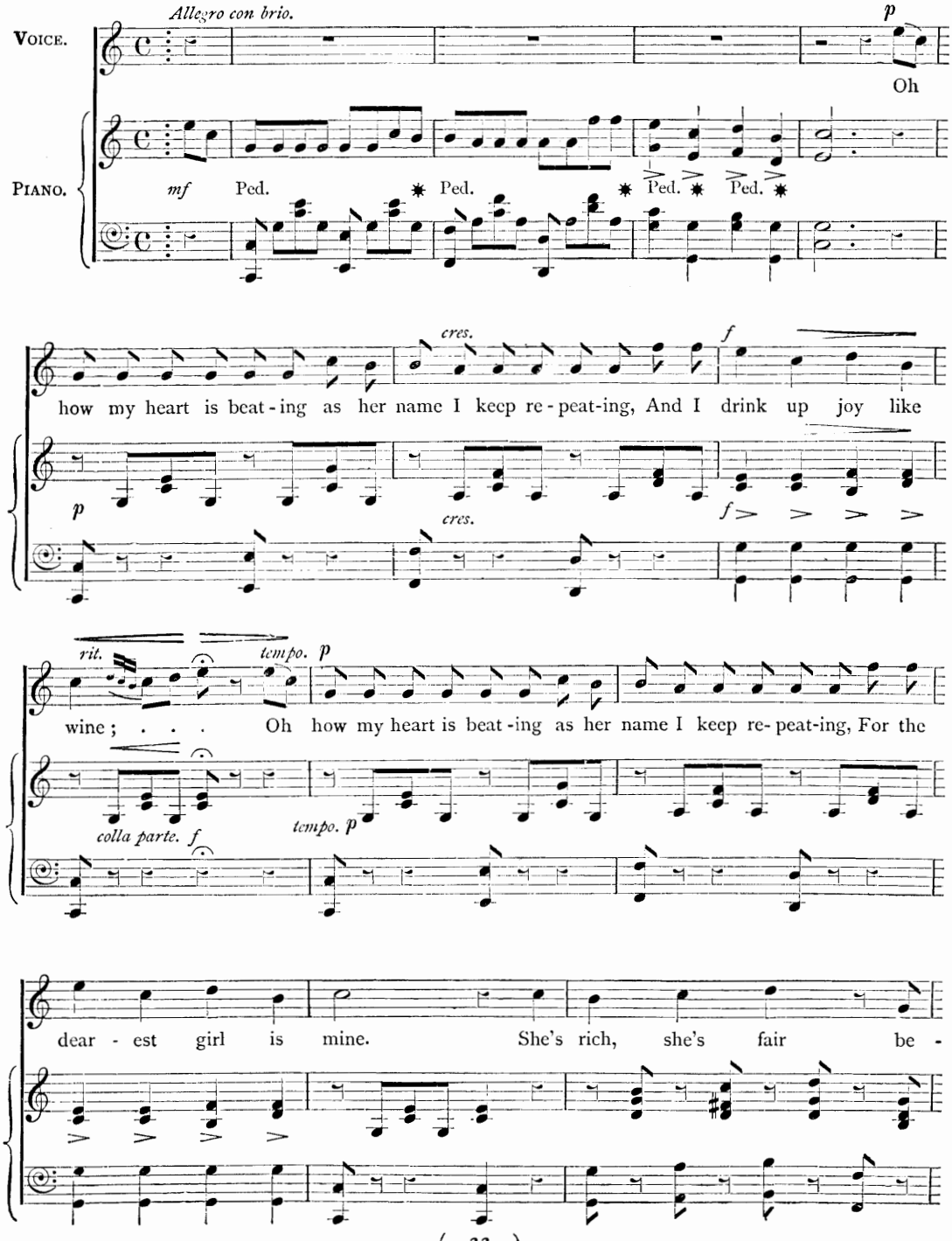
Deep in the hollows snow-drifts are lying
Like early sorrow melting away;
Warm rain is falling, wild birds are calling,
Beautiful spring-time, beautiful May!

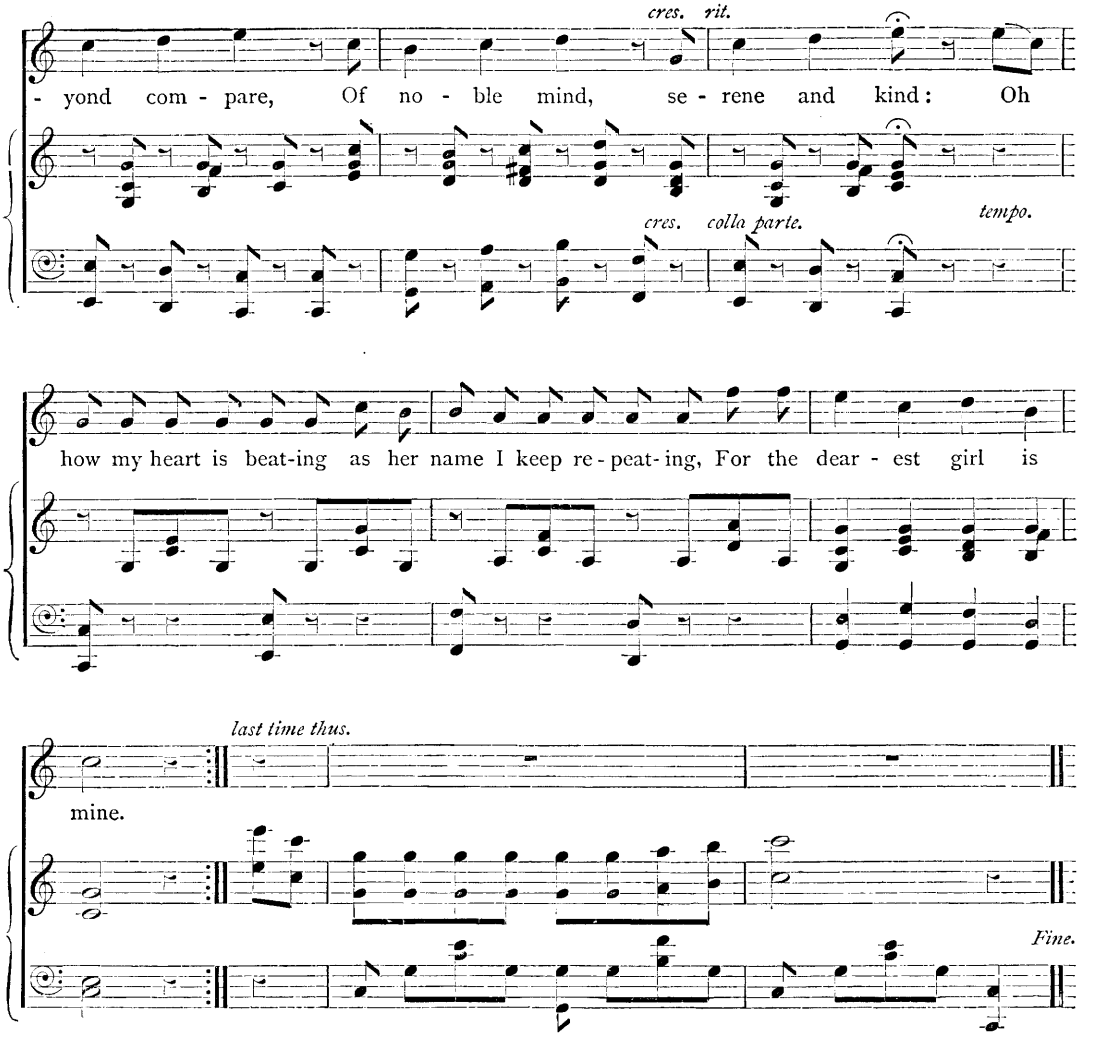
3.

Oh could I see her come o'er the mountain,
Under her eye-lids bringing the day!
Birds would sing sweeter only to greet her,
Girl of my heart's love, my beautiful May!

Mine.

Words by D. M. M. Music by B. R. M.



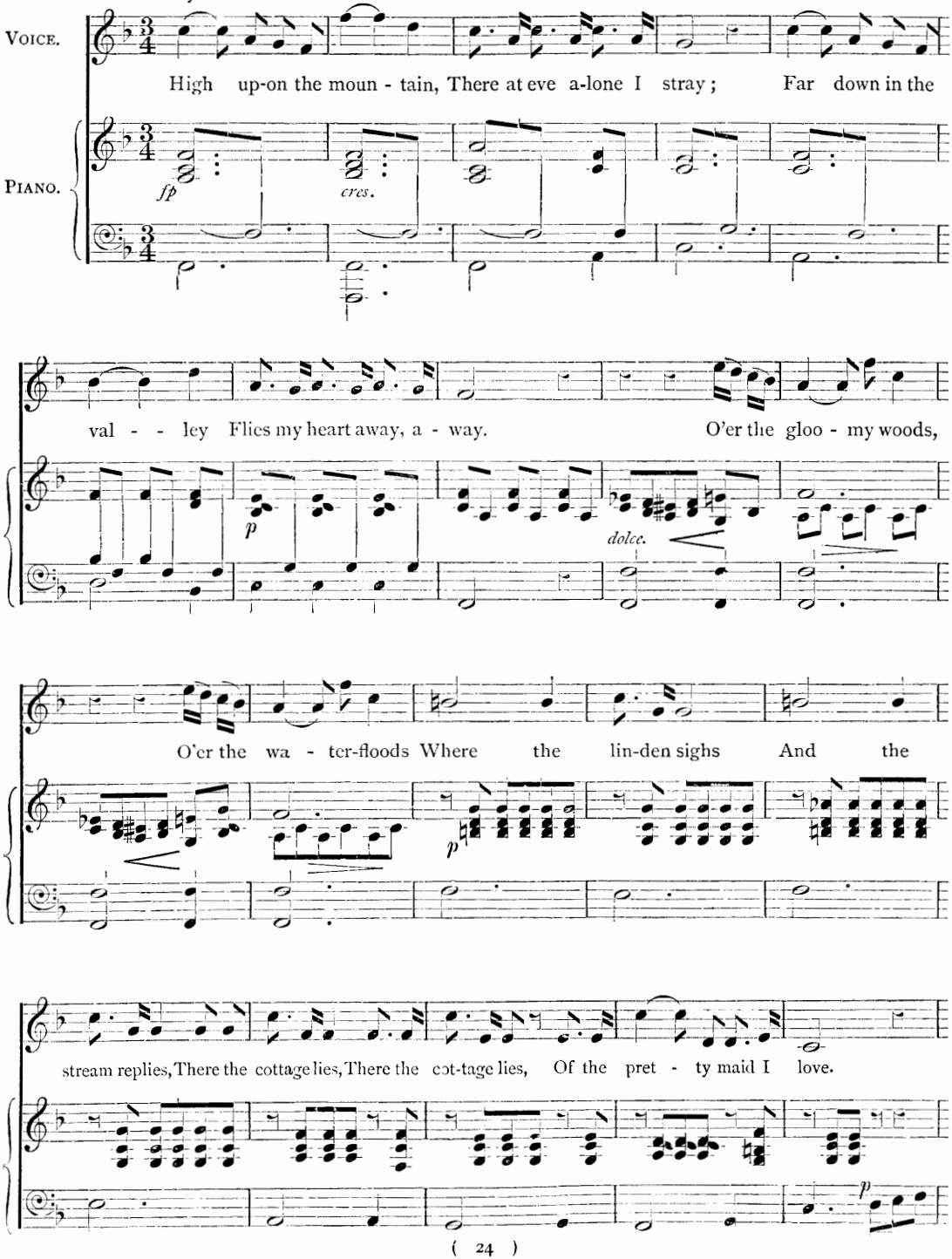


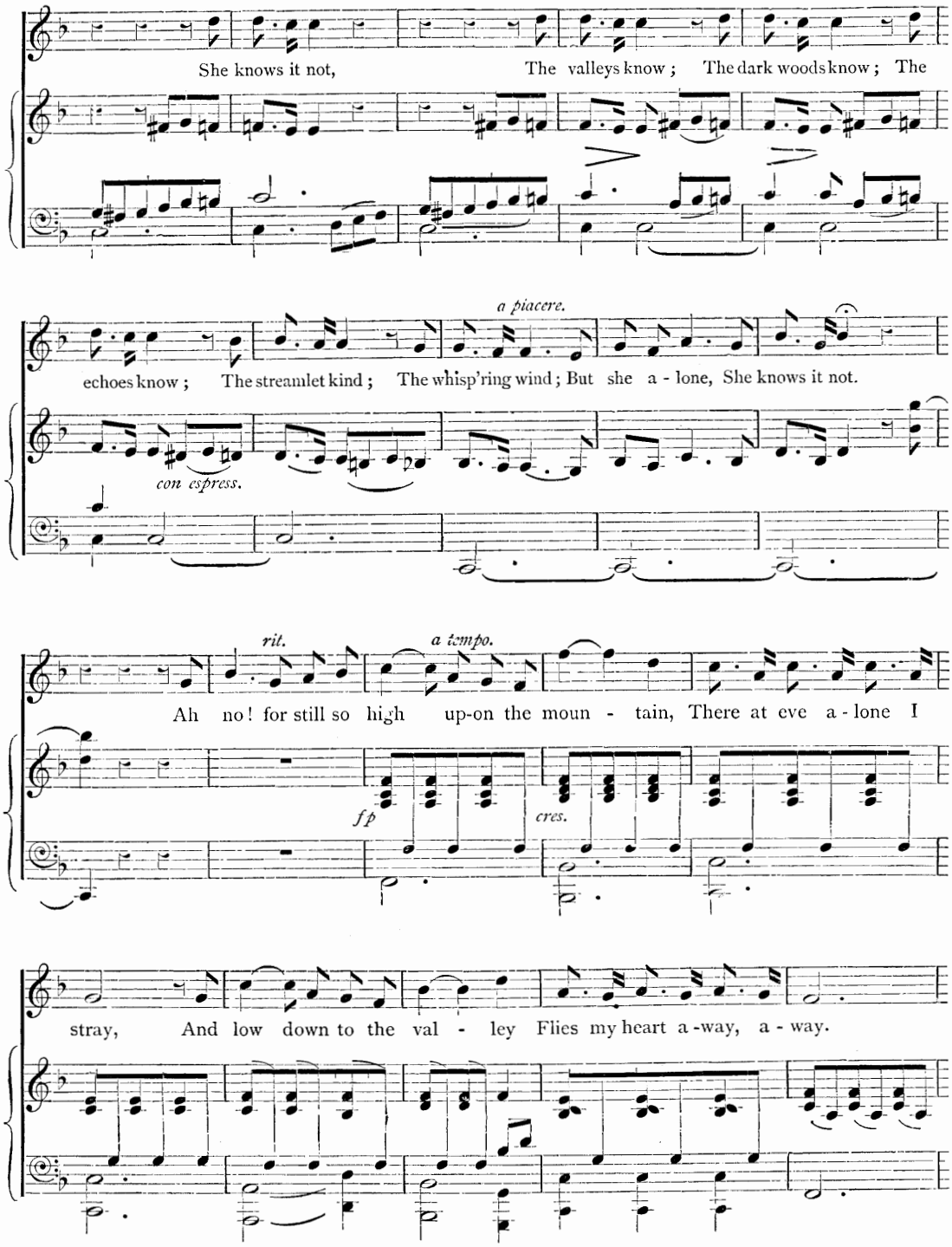
2.

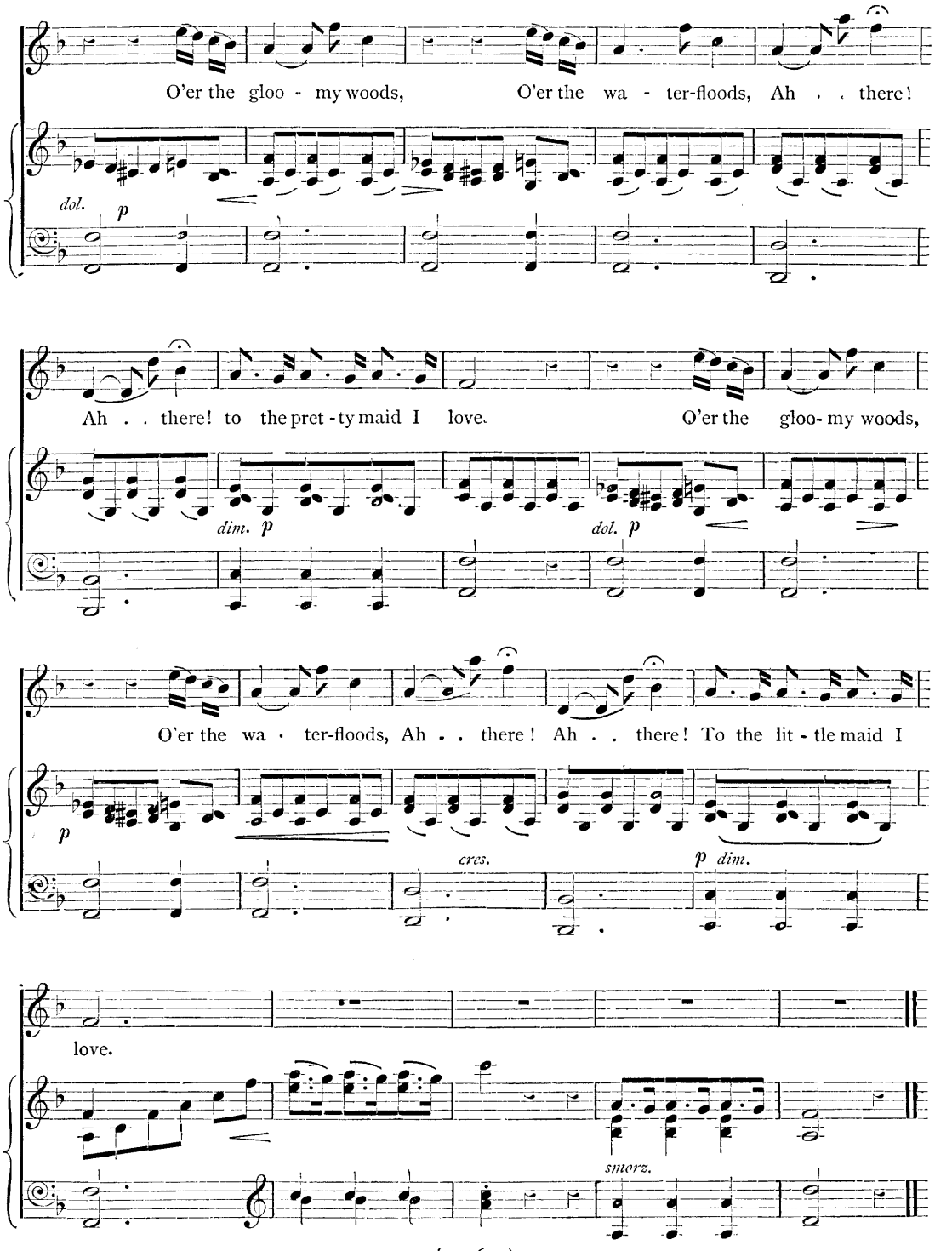
Oh how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating
In a music soft and fine;
Oh how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,
For the girl I love is mine.
She owns no lands, has no white hands,
Her lot is poor, her life obscure;
Yet how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,
For the girl I love is mine.

Hill and Valley.

Words by D. M. M. Music—Swedish.

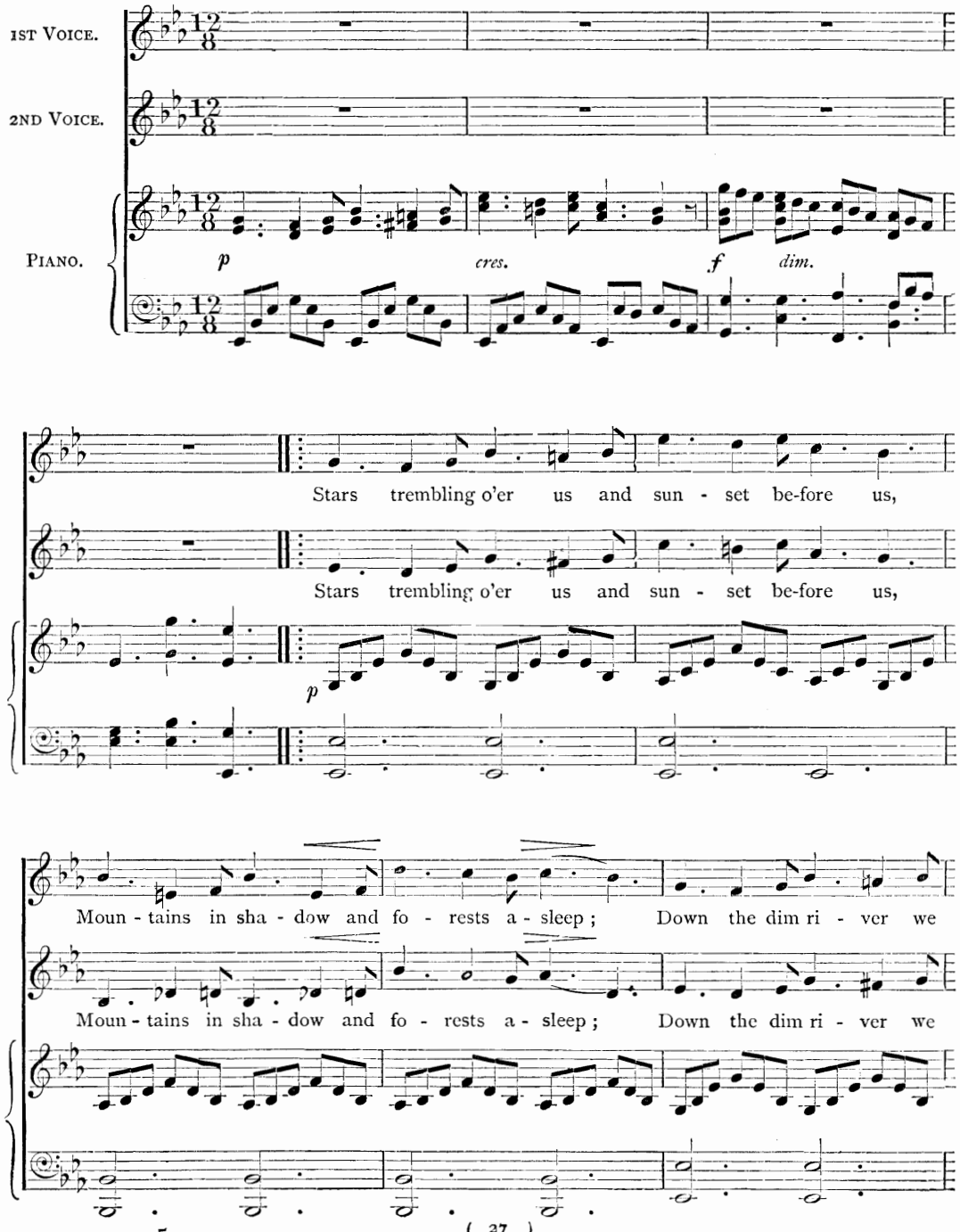


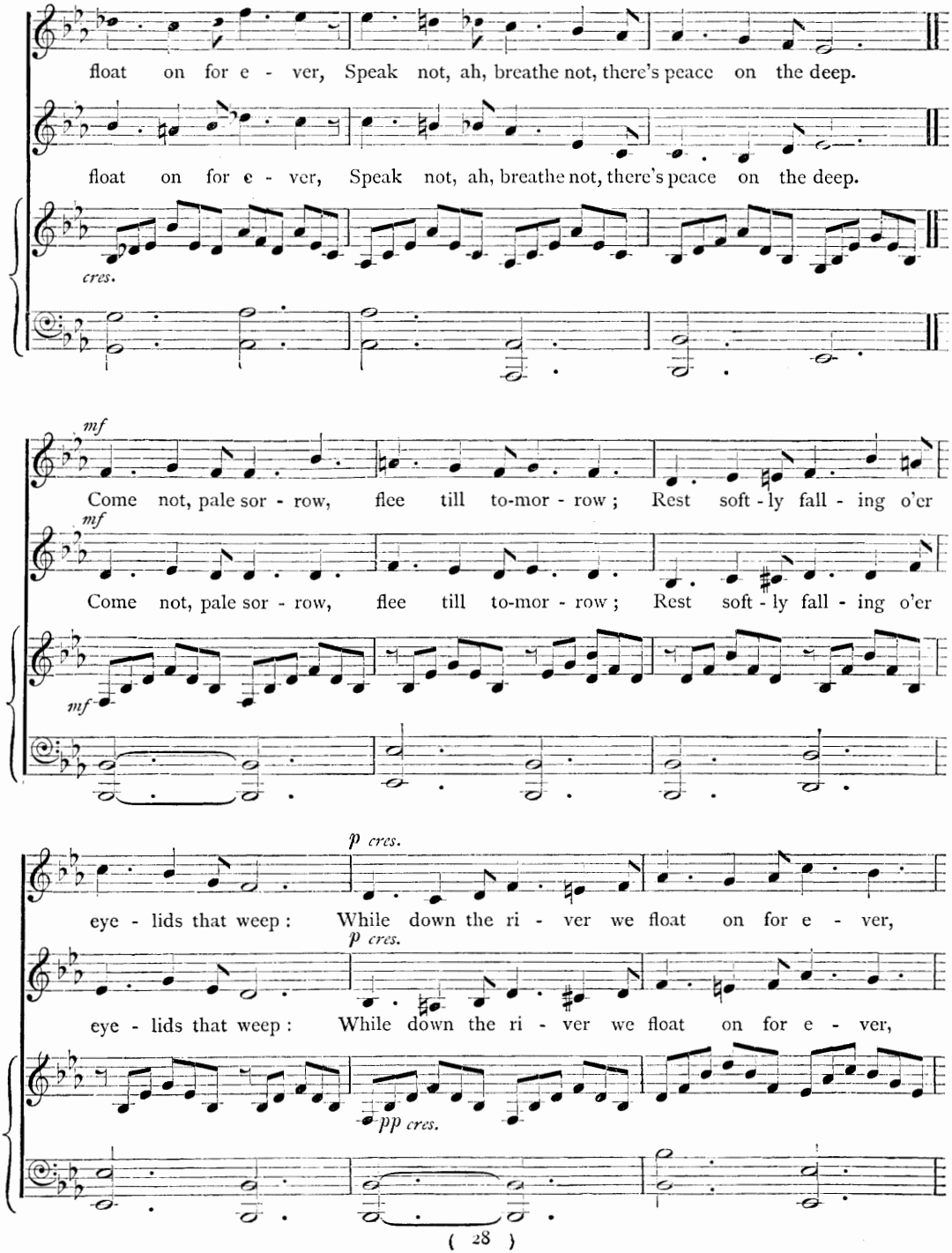

She knows it not, The valleys know ; The dark woods know ; The
a piacere.
echoes know ; The streamlet kind ; The whisp'ring wind ; But she a - lone, She knows it not.
con espress.
rit.
a tempo.
Ah no ! for still so high up-on the moun - tain, There at eve a - lone I
fp
cres.
stray, And low down to the val - ley Flies my heart a-way, a - way.

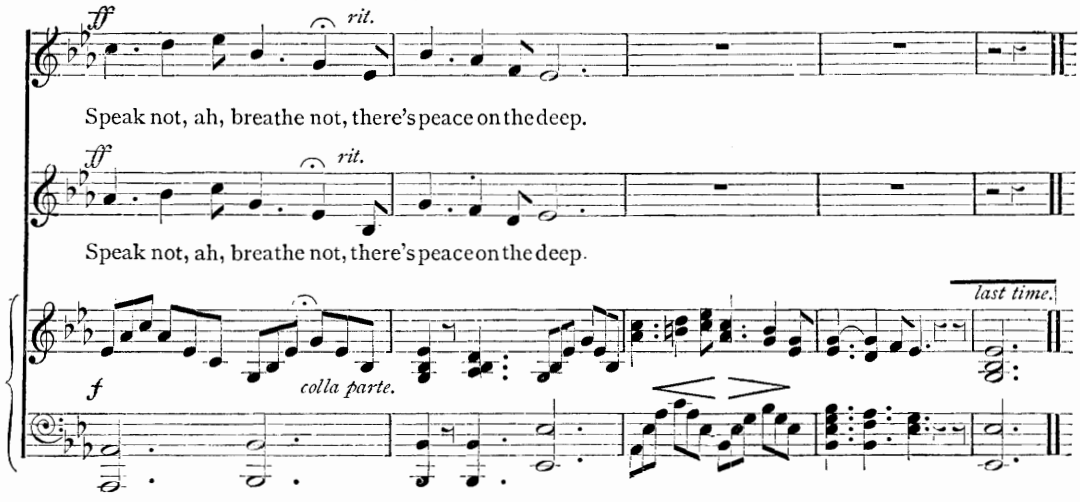

O'er the gloo - my woods, O'er the wa - ter-floods, Ah . . there!
dol.
p
Ah . . there! to the pret - ty maid I love. O'er the gloo- my woods,
dim. p
dol. p
O'er the wa - ter-floods, Ah . . there! Ah . . there! To the lit - tle maid I
p
cres.
p dim.
love.
smorz.

In our Boat.

Words by D. M. M. Music by B. R. M.




float on for e - ver, Speak not, ah, breathe not, there's peace on the deep.
float on for e - ver, Speak not, ah, breathe not, there's peace on the deep.
cres.
mf
Come not, pale sor - row, flee till to-mor - row; Rest soft - ly fall - ing o'er
mf
Come not, pale sor - row, flee till to-mor - row; Rest soft - ly fall - ing o'er
mf
p cres.
eye - lids that weep: While down the ri - ver we float on for e - ver,
p cres.
eye - lids that weep: While down the ri - ver we float on for e - ver,
pp cres.

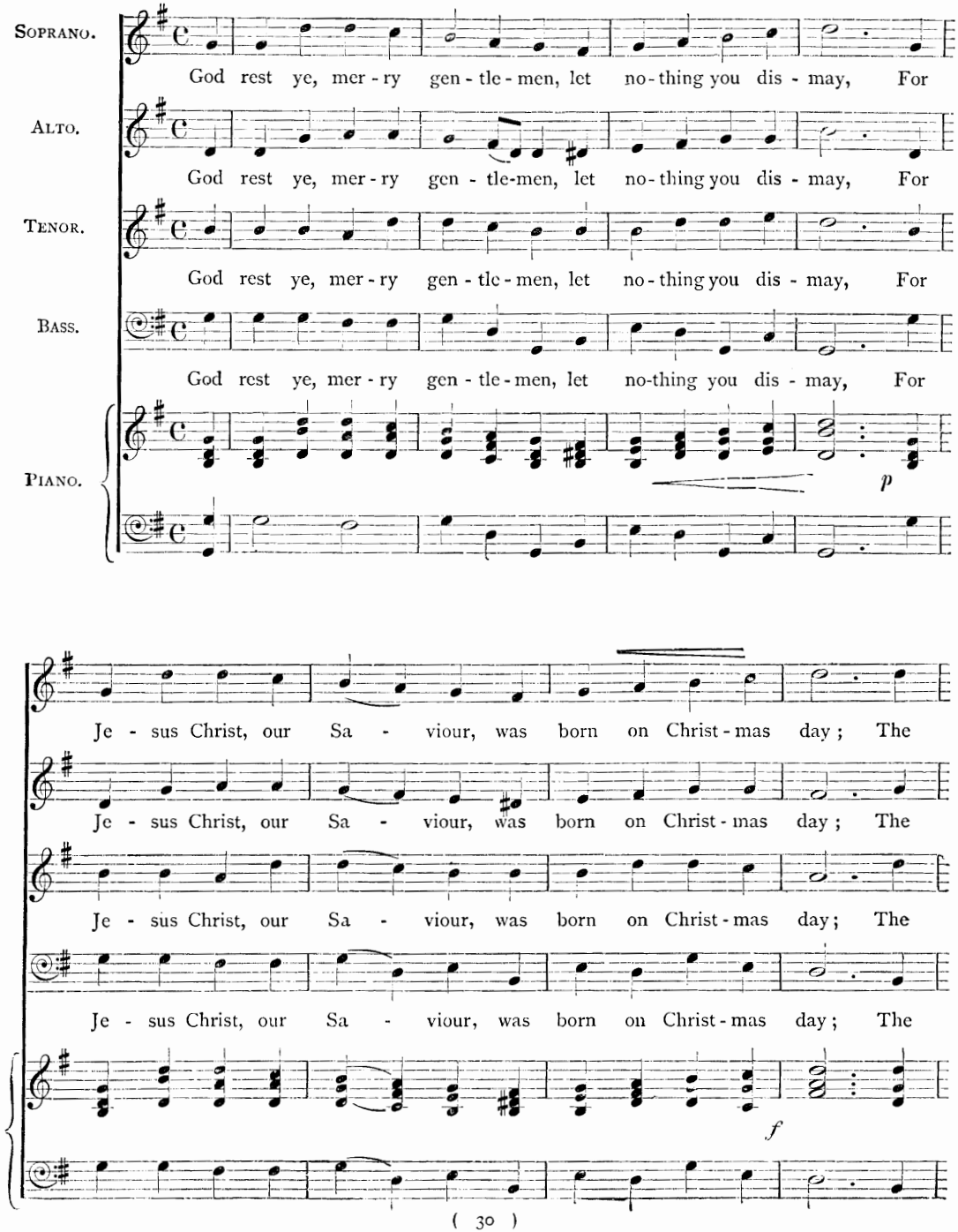


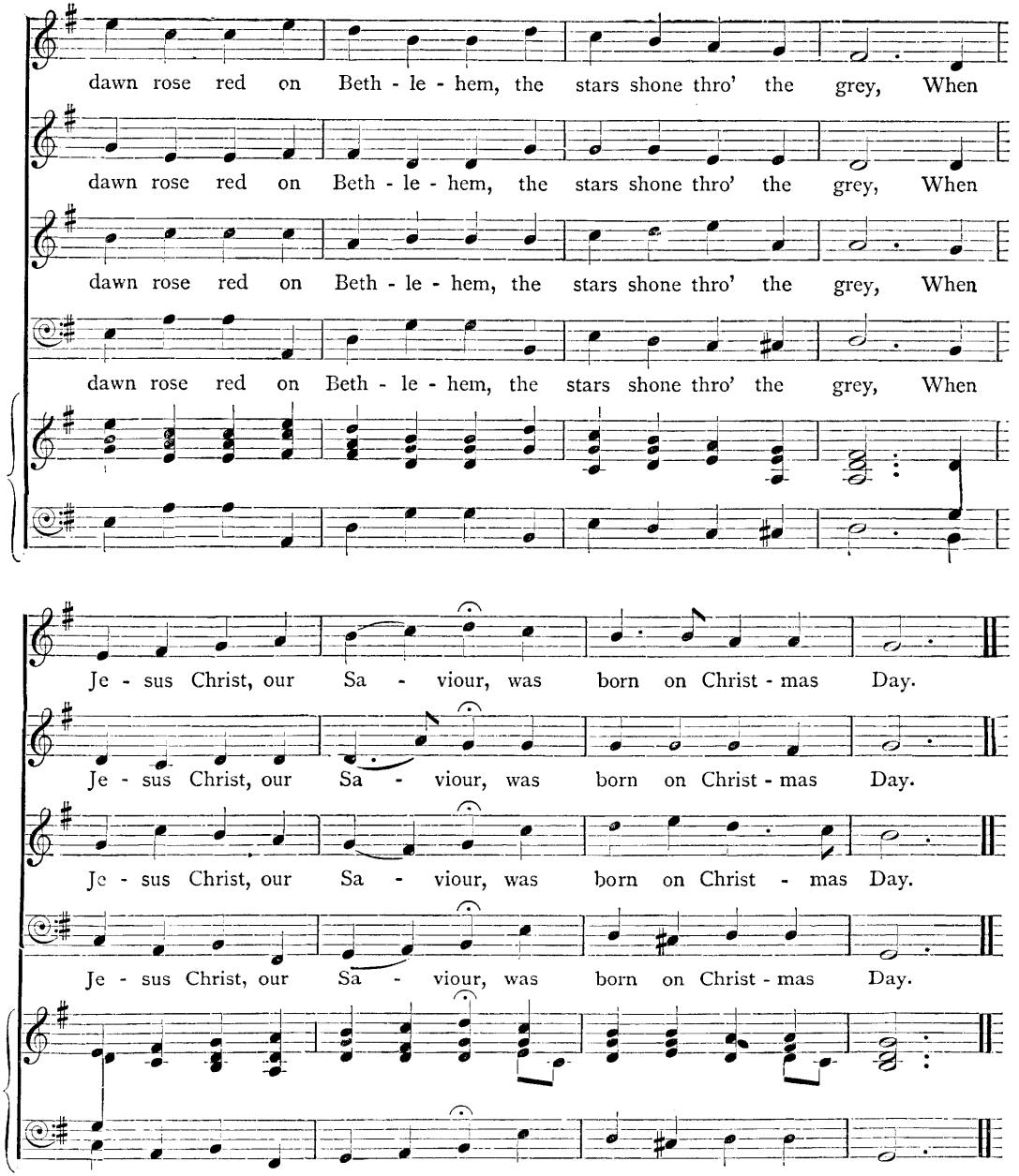
2.

As the waves cover the depths we glide over,
So let the past in forgetfulness sleep ;
While down the river we float on for ever,
Speak not, ah, breathe not, there's peace on the deep.
Heaven shine above us, bless all that love us,
All whom we love in Thy tenderness keep !
While down the river we float on for ever,
Speak not, ah, breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

Christmas Carol.

Words by D. M. M. Music—Old English.



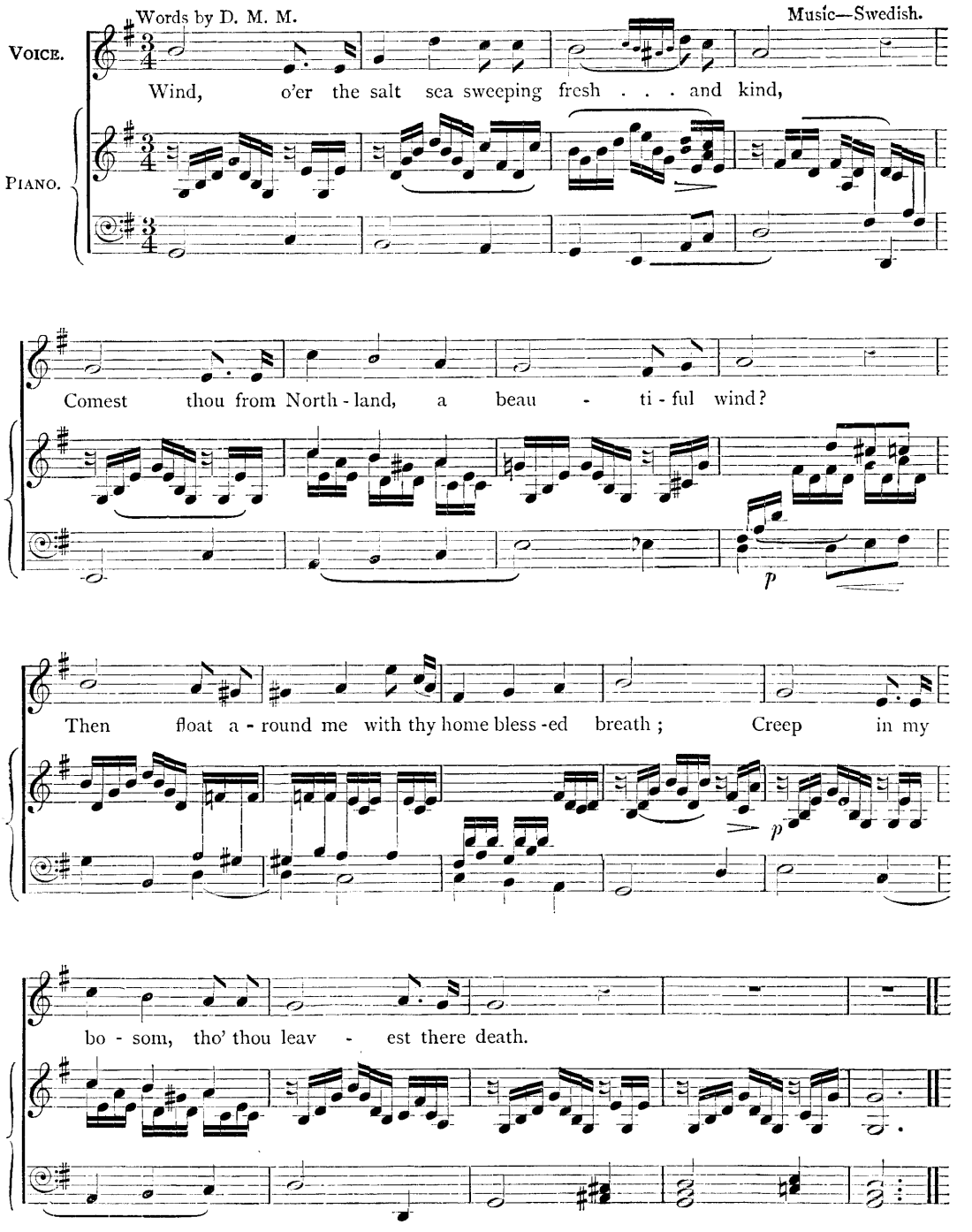


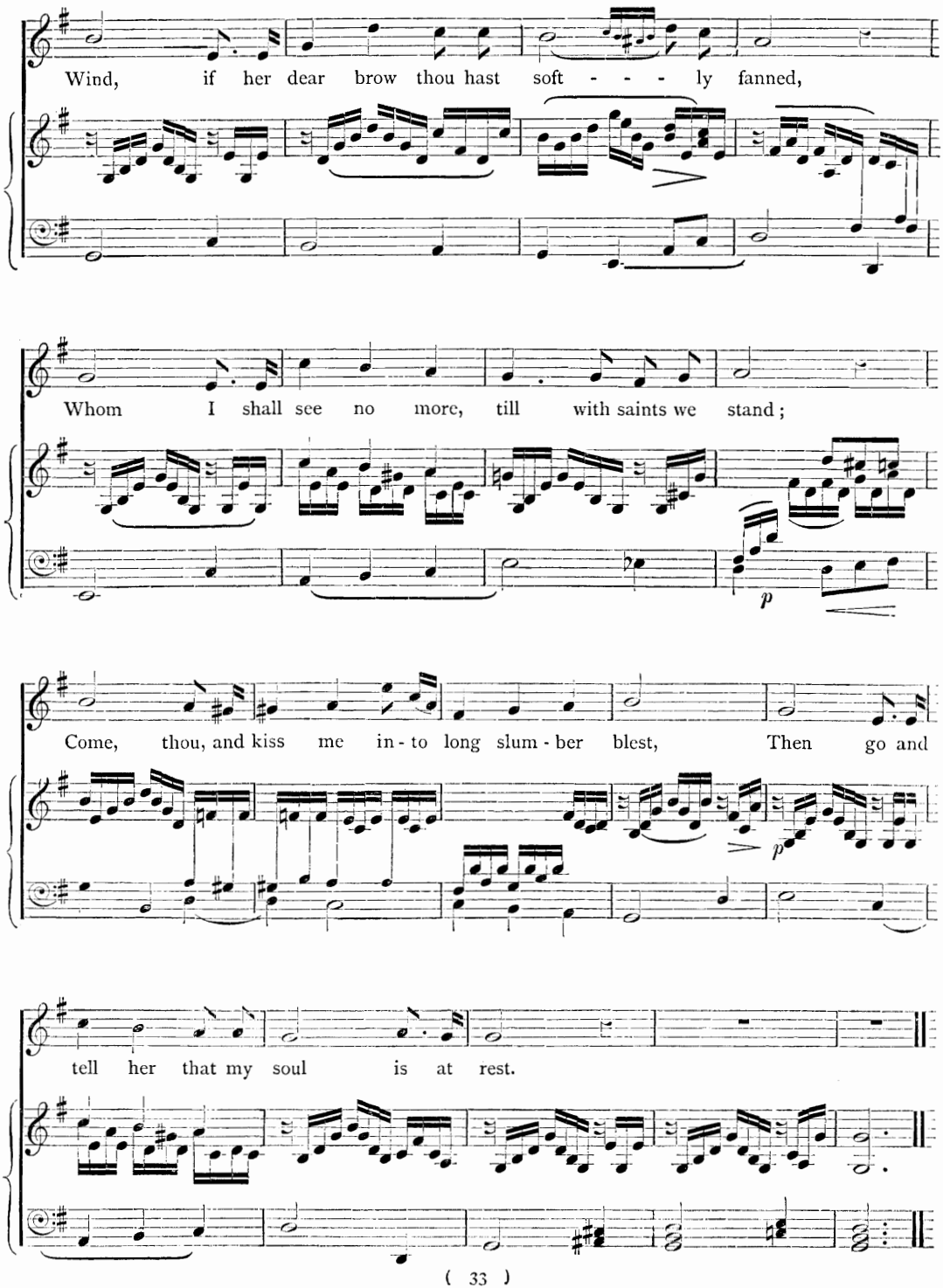
2. God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ the child of Nazareth was born on Christmas Day.

3. God rest ye, all good Christians: upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born;
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

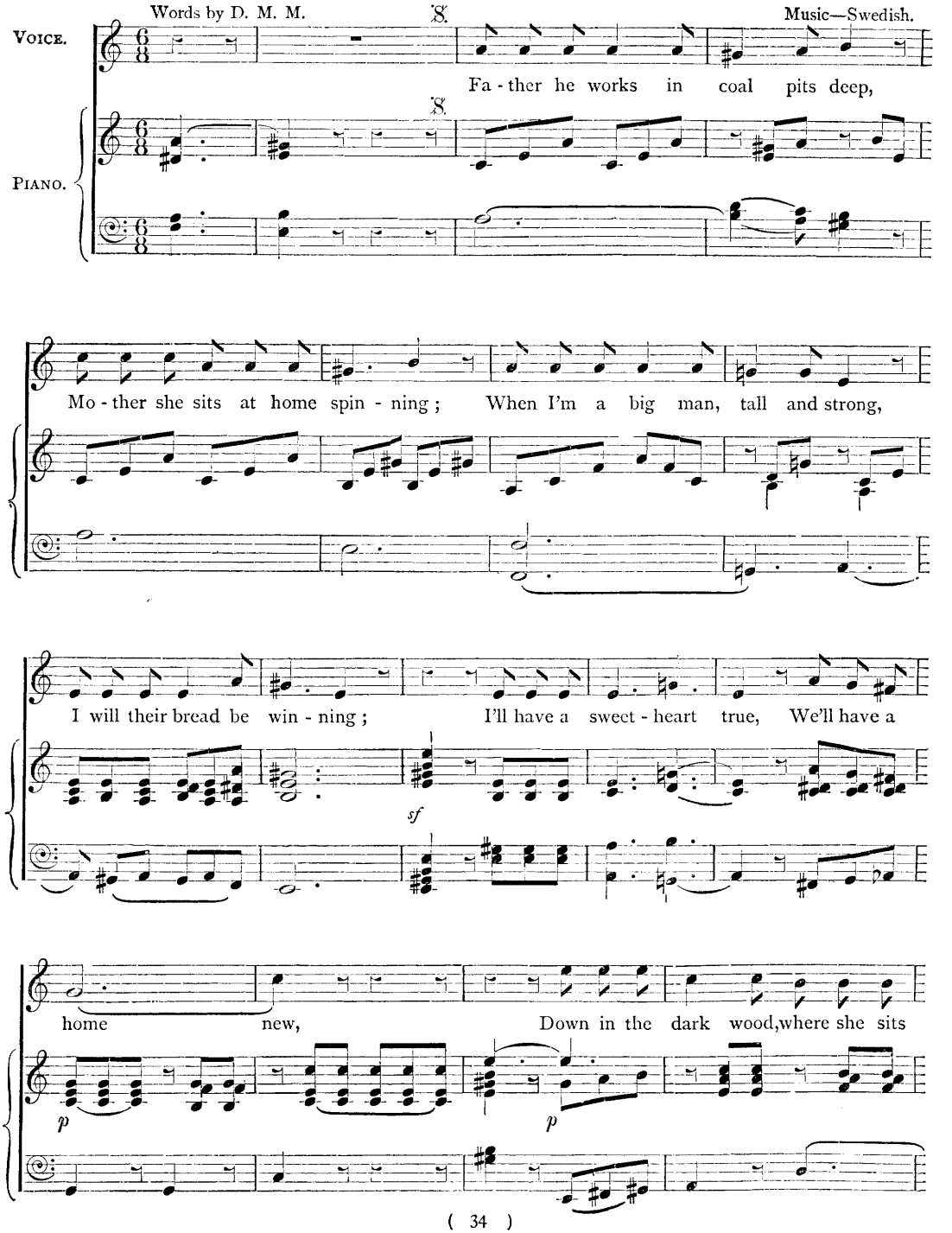
To the North wind.

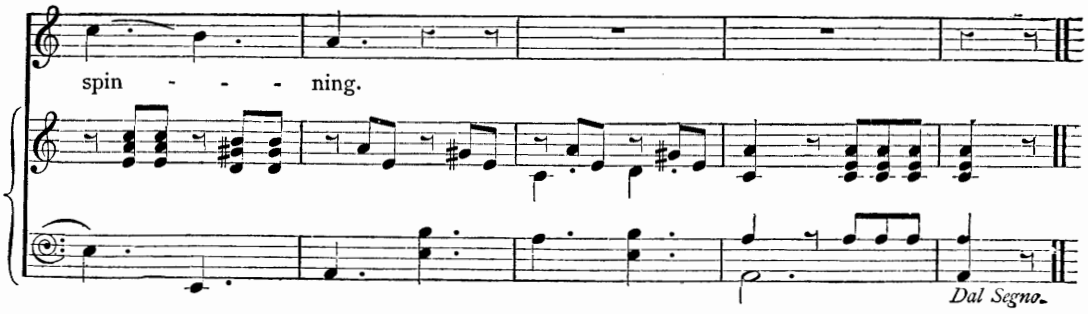
Words by D. M. M. Music—Swedish.




Wind, if her dear brow thou hast soft - - - ly fanned,
Whom I shall see no more, till with saints we stand;
p
Come, thou, and kiss me in - to long slum - ber blest, Then go and
p
tell her that my soul is at rest.

The Little Collier Boy.

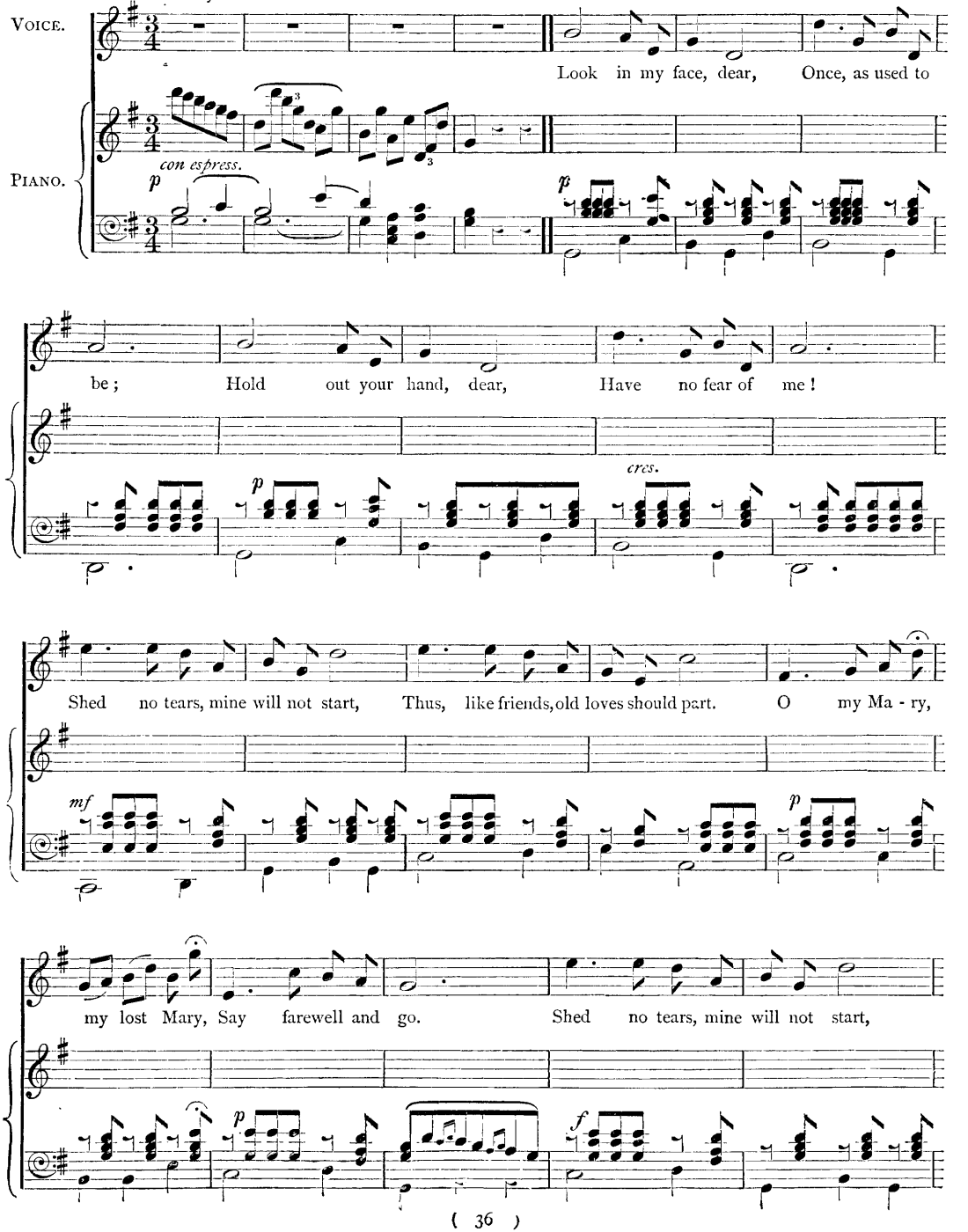


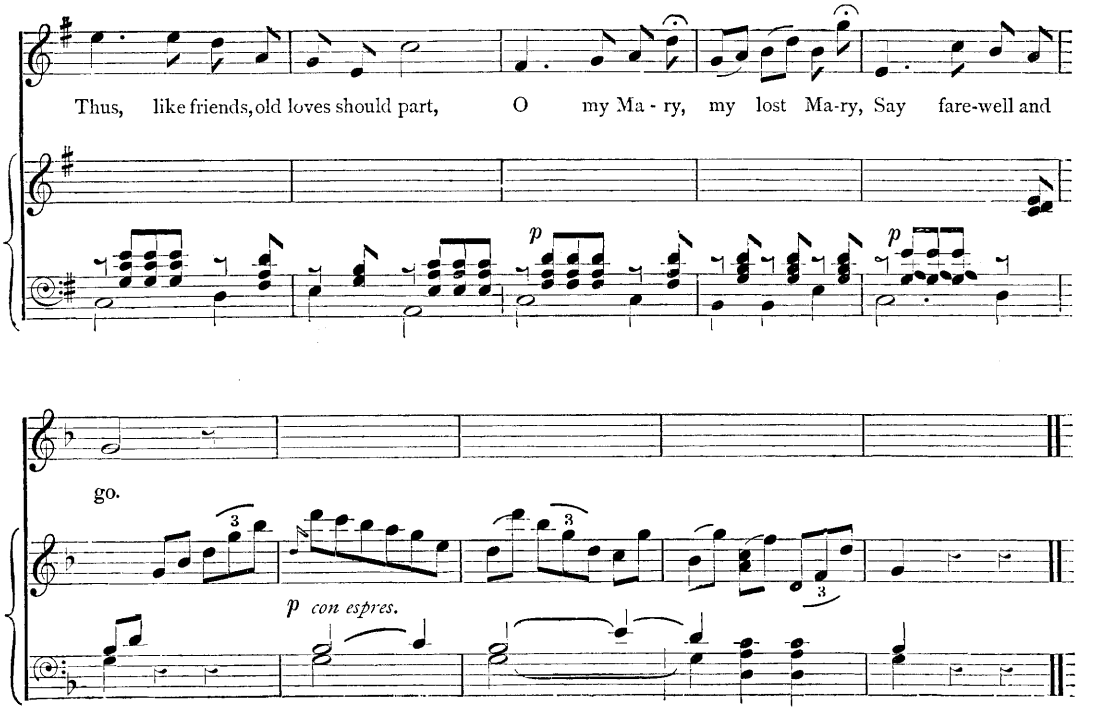


Father shall work in the open air,
Mother shall sit at the fireside,
Sewing at silken gowns to wear,
Little ones creeping up by 'r side,—
When I've a wife so true,
And we've a home new
Down in the dark wood where she sat spinning.

Say Farewell and go.

Words by D. M. M. Music—Swedish.



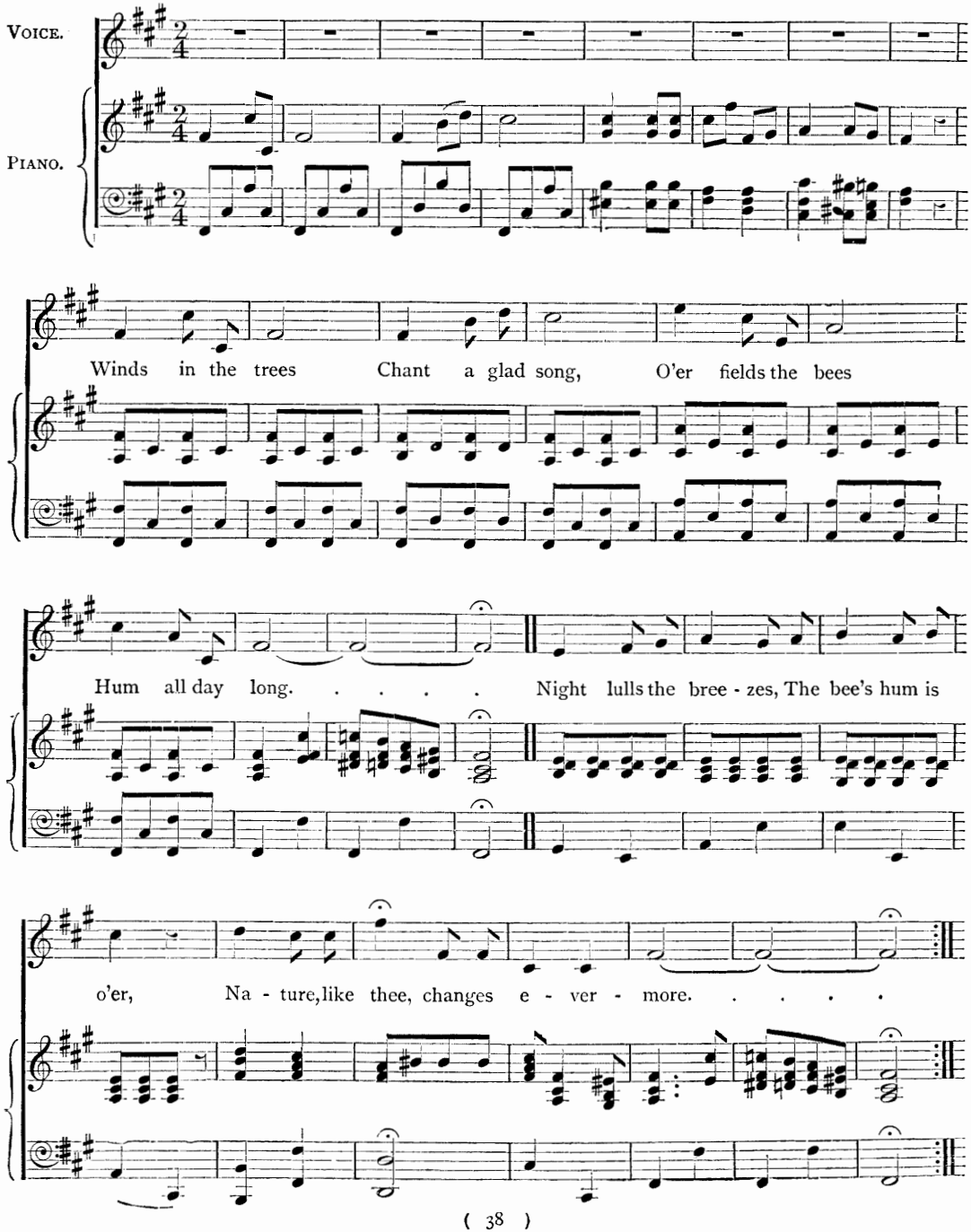


2.

Never to meet more
While day follows day;
Never to kiss more
Till our lips are clay.
Angry hearts grieve loud awhile,
Broken hearts are dumb, or smile.
O my Mary, my lost Mary,
Say farewell and go.

Winds in the Trees.

Words by D. M. M. Music—Swedish.



WINDS IN THE TREES.

1.

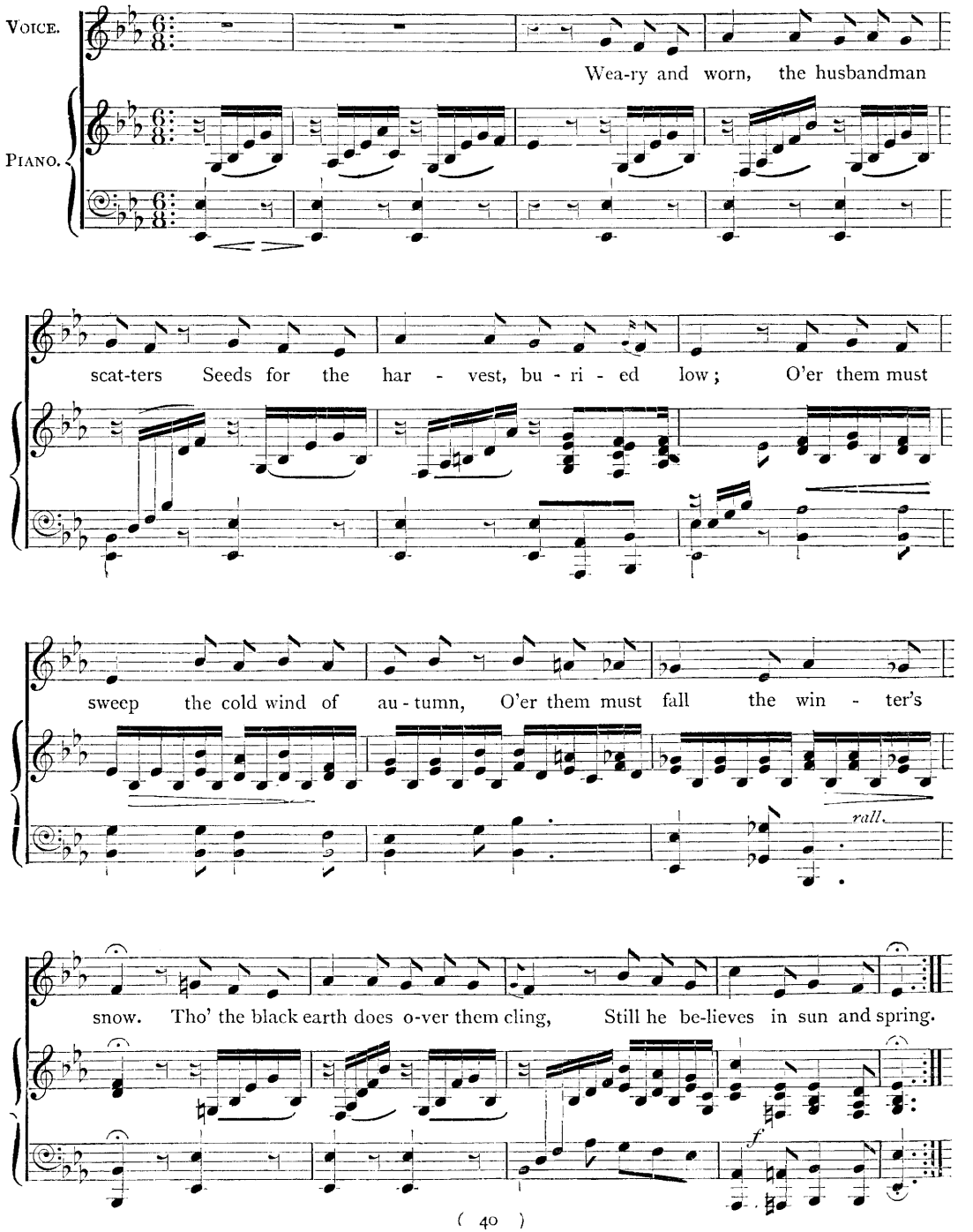
Winds in the trees
  Chant a glad song;
O'er fields the bees
  Hum all day long.
Night lulls the breezes, the bee's hum is o'er:
Nature, like thee, changes evermore.

2.

But sunshine bright
  Wakens the bees;
Airs warm and light
  Stir in the trees.
Morn is returning with plentiful store;
Thou wilt return to me—never more!

Sun and Spring.

Words by D. M. M. Music—Swedish.



SUN AND SPRING.

1.

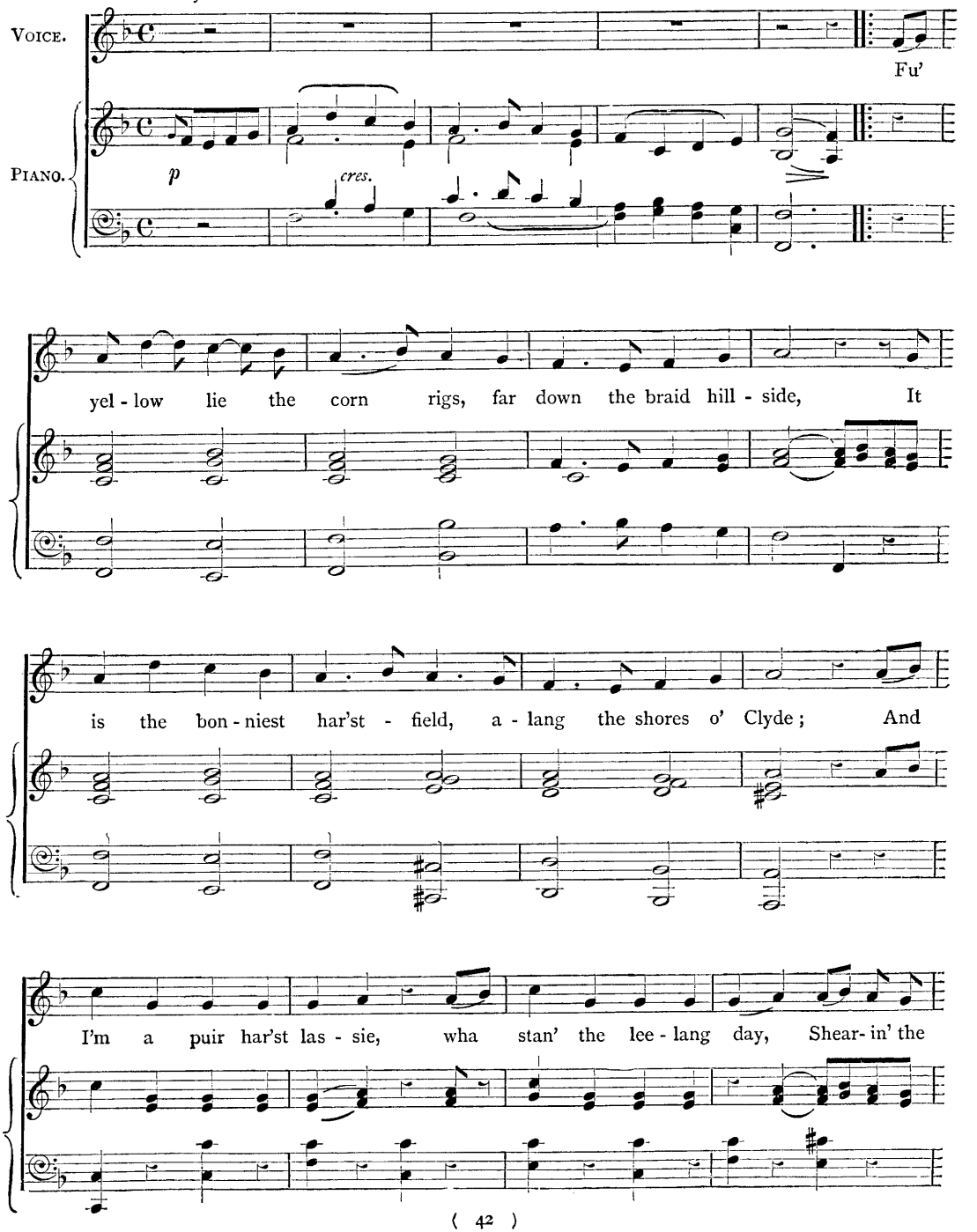
Weary and worn, the husbandman scatters
  Seeds for the harvest, buried low;
O'er them must sweep the cold wind of autumn,
  O'er them must fall the winter snow.
Though the black earth does over them cling,
Still he believes in sun and spring.

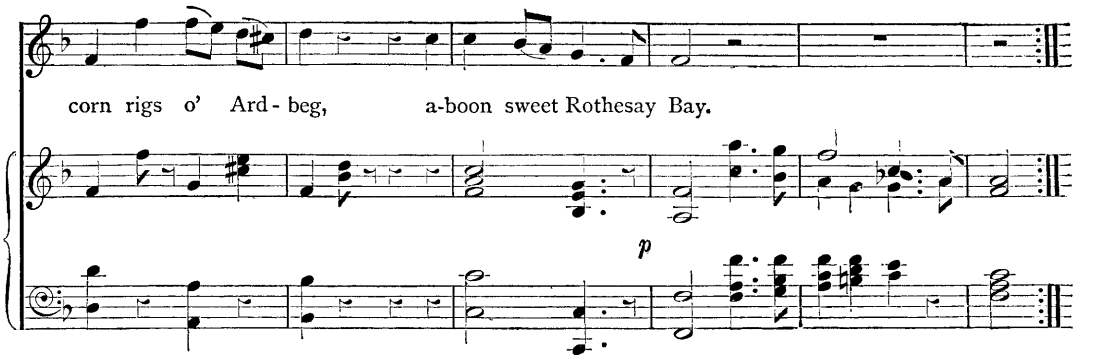
2.

Thus all my hopes I mournfully scatter
  Deep in the dark past, buried low;
Sweep o'er their grave, thou wild wind of autumn!
  Fall soon and softly, winter snow
Though my life's harvest earthward I fling,
Still I believe in sun and spring.

Rothesay Bay.

Words by D. M. M. Music by JOHN PARK.





2.

Oh I had ance a true-love, now I hae nane ava,'
And I had three braw brithers, but I hae tint them a';
My faither and my mither sleep i' the mools this day,
I sit my lane amang the rigs, aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

3.

It's a bonnie bay at the morning, and bonnier i' the noon,
But it's bonniest when the sun draps, and red comes up the moon,
When the mist creeps ower the Cumbrays, and Arran peaks are gray,
And the great black hills, like sleeping kings, sit grand roun' Rothesay Bay.

4.

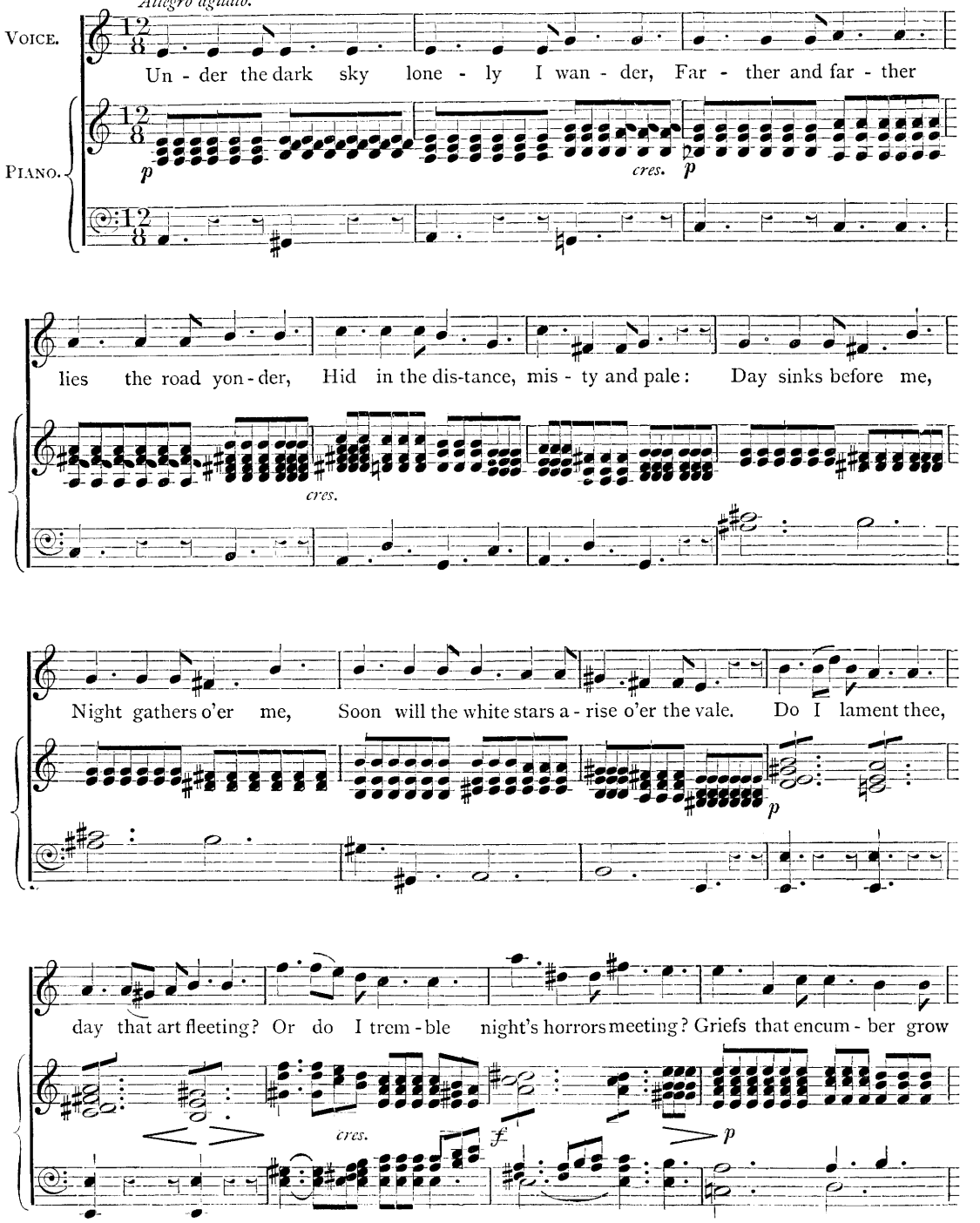
Then a wee sigh stirs my bosom, and a saut tear blin's my e'e,
And I think o' that far Country where I wad like to be;
But I rise content i' the morning, to wark while wark I may,
I' the bonnie har'st-field o' Ardbeg, aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

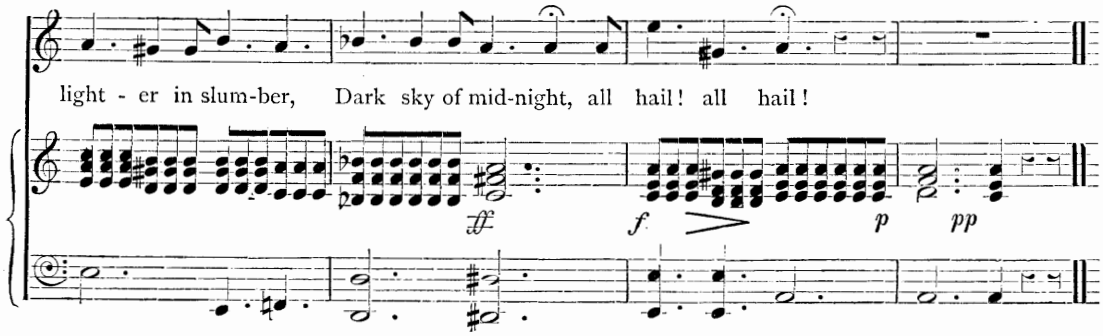
The Sky at Night.

Words by D. M. M.

Music—Swedish.

Allegro agitato.





2.

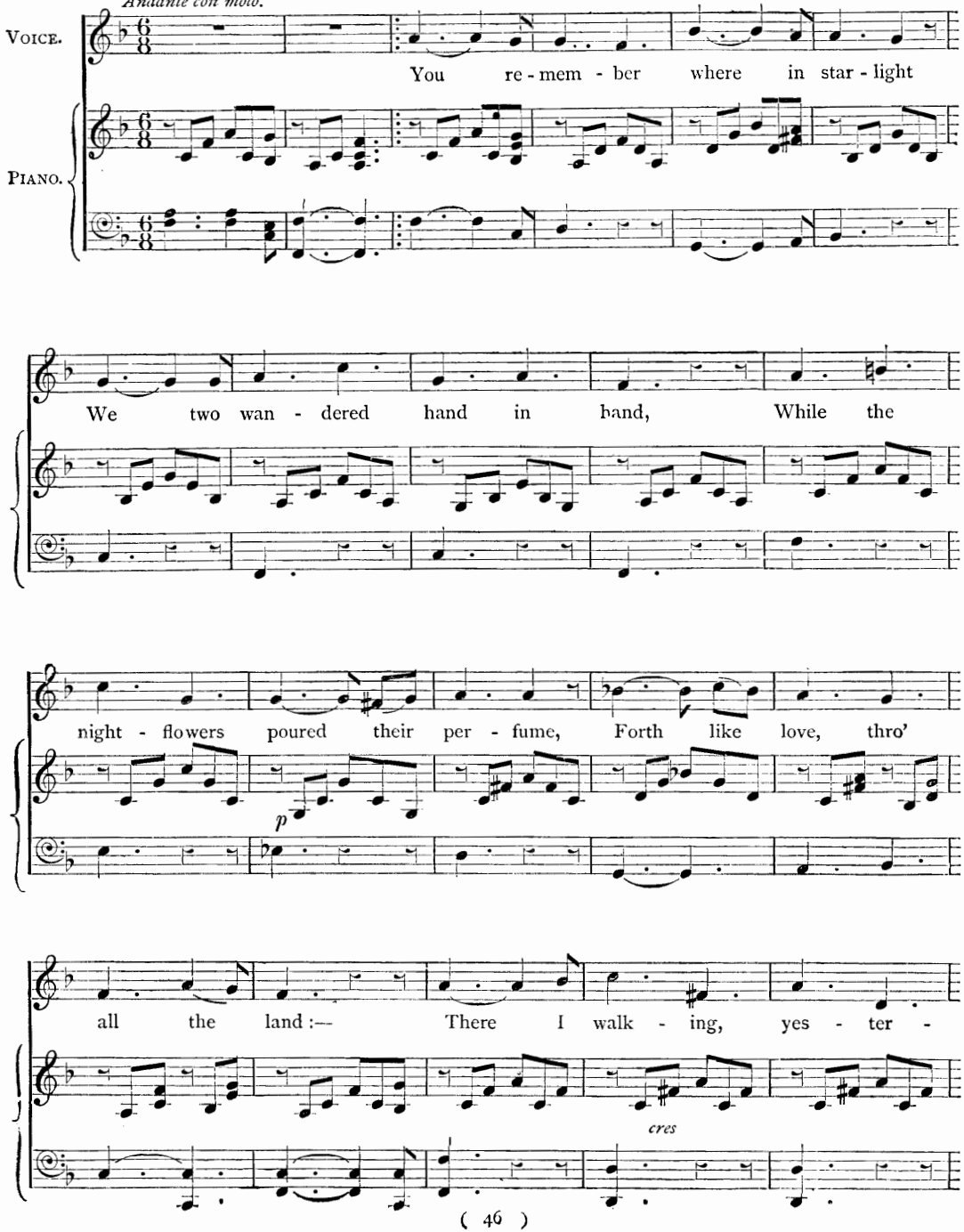
Under the dark sky further I wander,
Larger and larger grows the light yonder,
Far to the eastward, misty and pale:
Night lessens o'er me,
Day dawns before me,
Soon will the morning illumine the vale.
Do I regret thee, night of my sorrow?
Or do I fear thee, doubtful to-morrow?
Griefs that encumber drop off while we slumber,
Morning, blest morning, all hail, all hail!

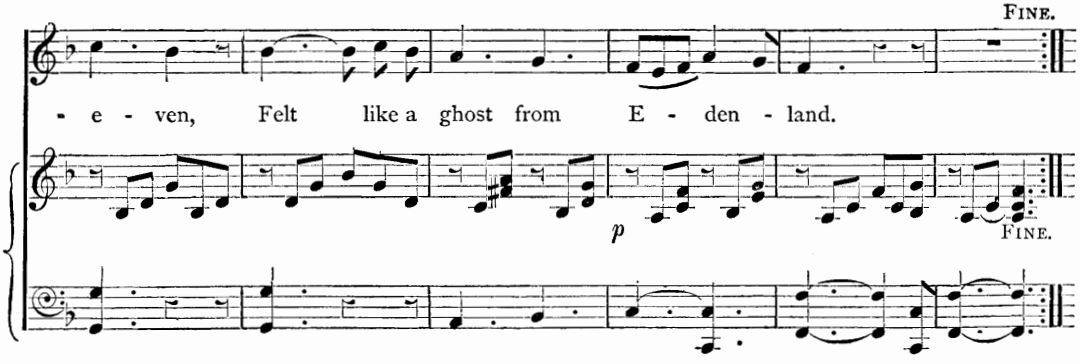
Edenland.

Words by D. M. M.

Andante con moto.

Music—Swedish.





2.

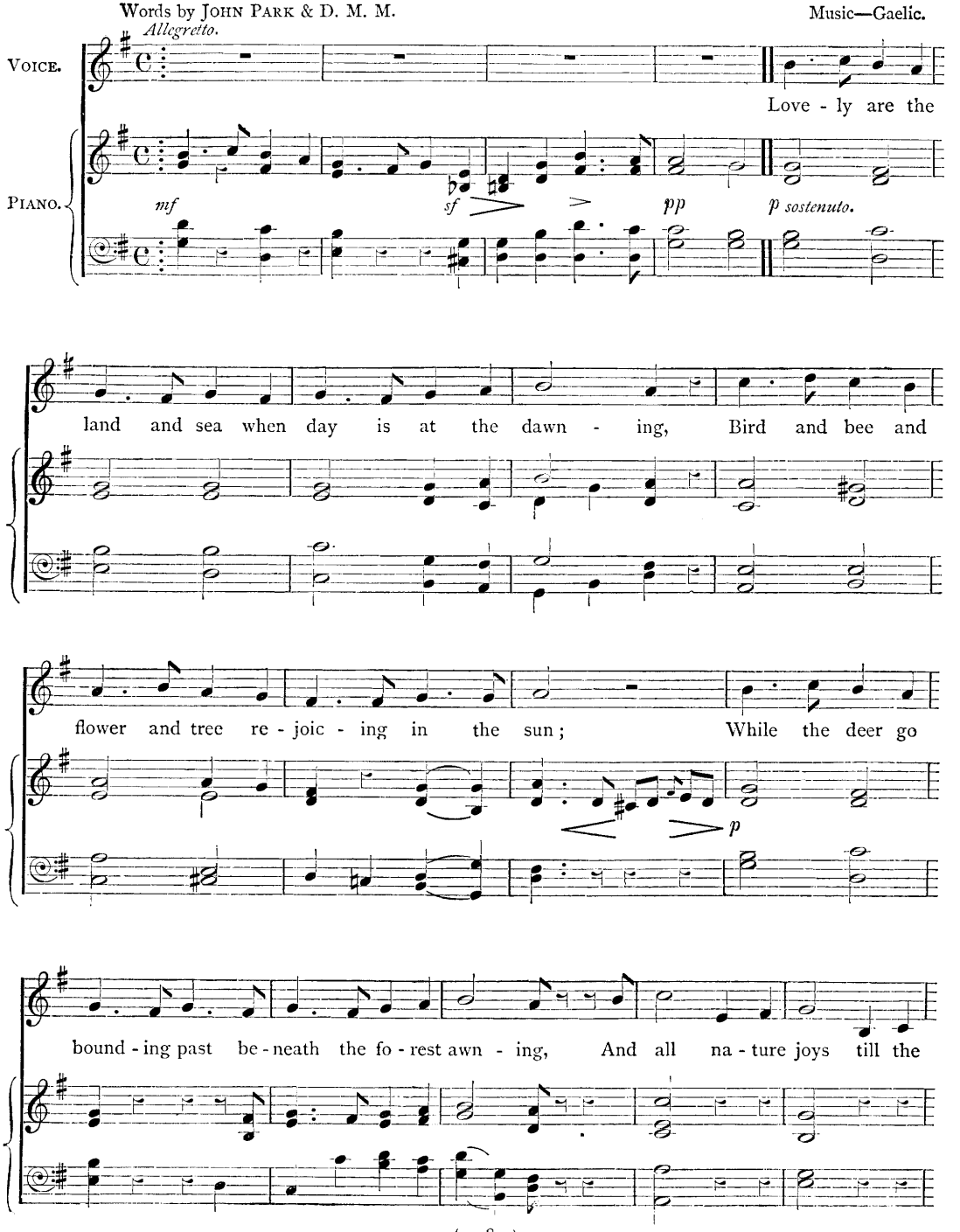
I remember all you told me,
Looking up as we did stand,
While my heart poured out its perfume,
Like the night-flowers in your hand;
And the path where we two wandered,
Seemed not like earth, but Edenland.

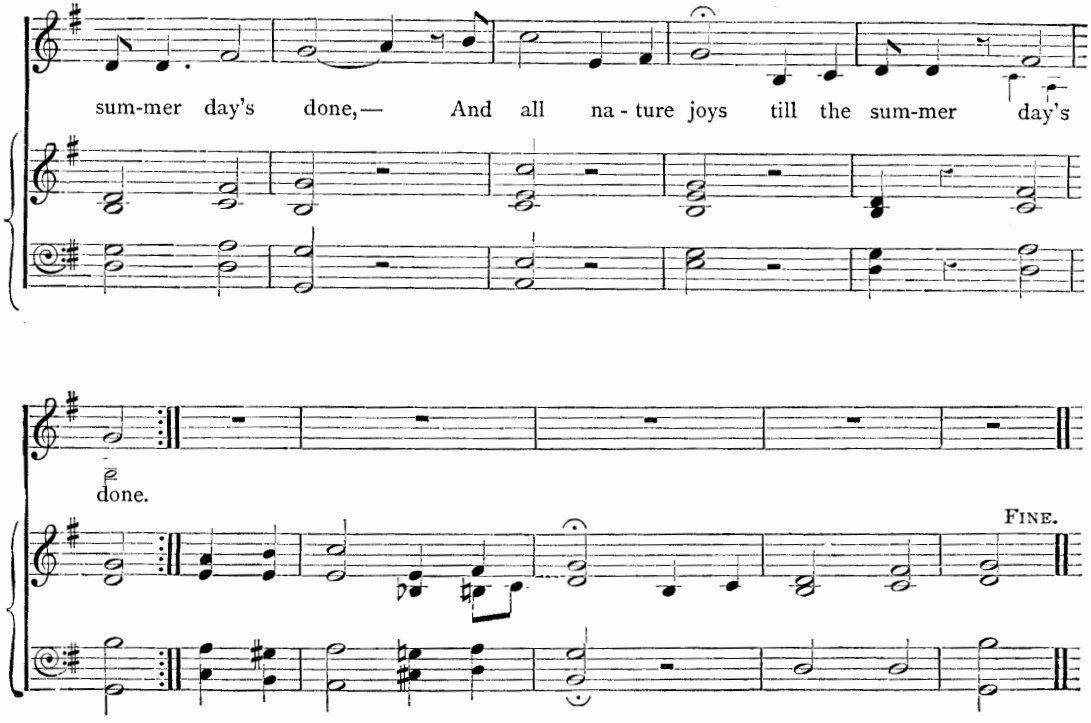
3.

Now the stars shine paler, colder,
Night-flowers fade without your hand;
Yet my spirit walks beside you,
Everywhere, unsought, unbann'd.
And I wait till we shall wander
Under the stars of Edenland.

In the Highlands.

Words by JOHN PARK & D. M. M. Music—Gaelic.



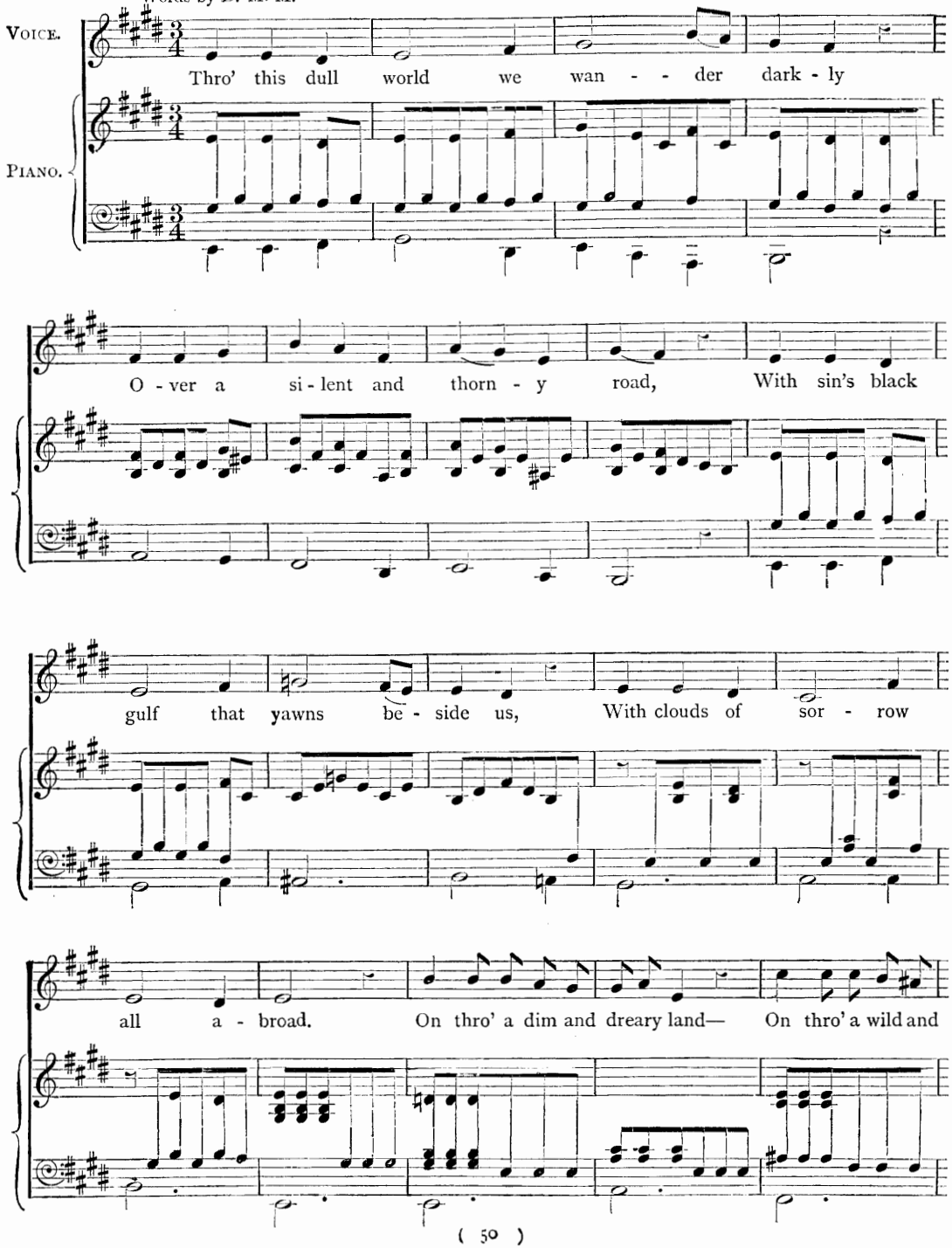


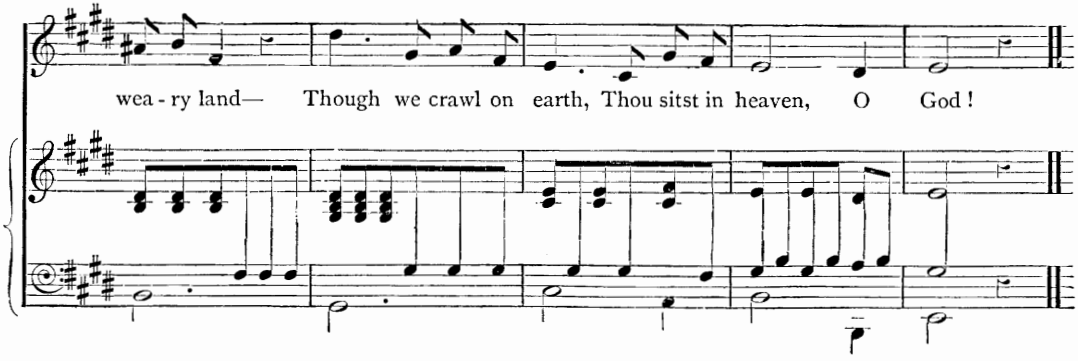
2.

Lovely are the land and sea when twilight steals above them,
Bird and bee and flower and tree have watched the setting sun ;
While the young deer creep to rest 'neath mothers' eyes that love them,
And all nature sleeps, for the summer day's done.

Hymn.

Words by D. M. M. Music—Swedish.



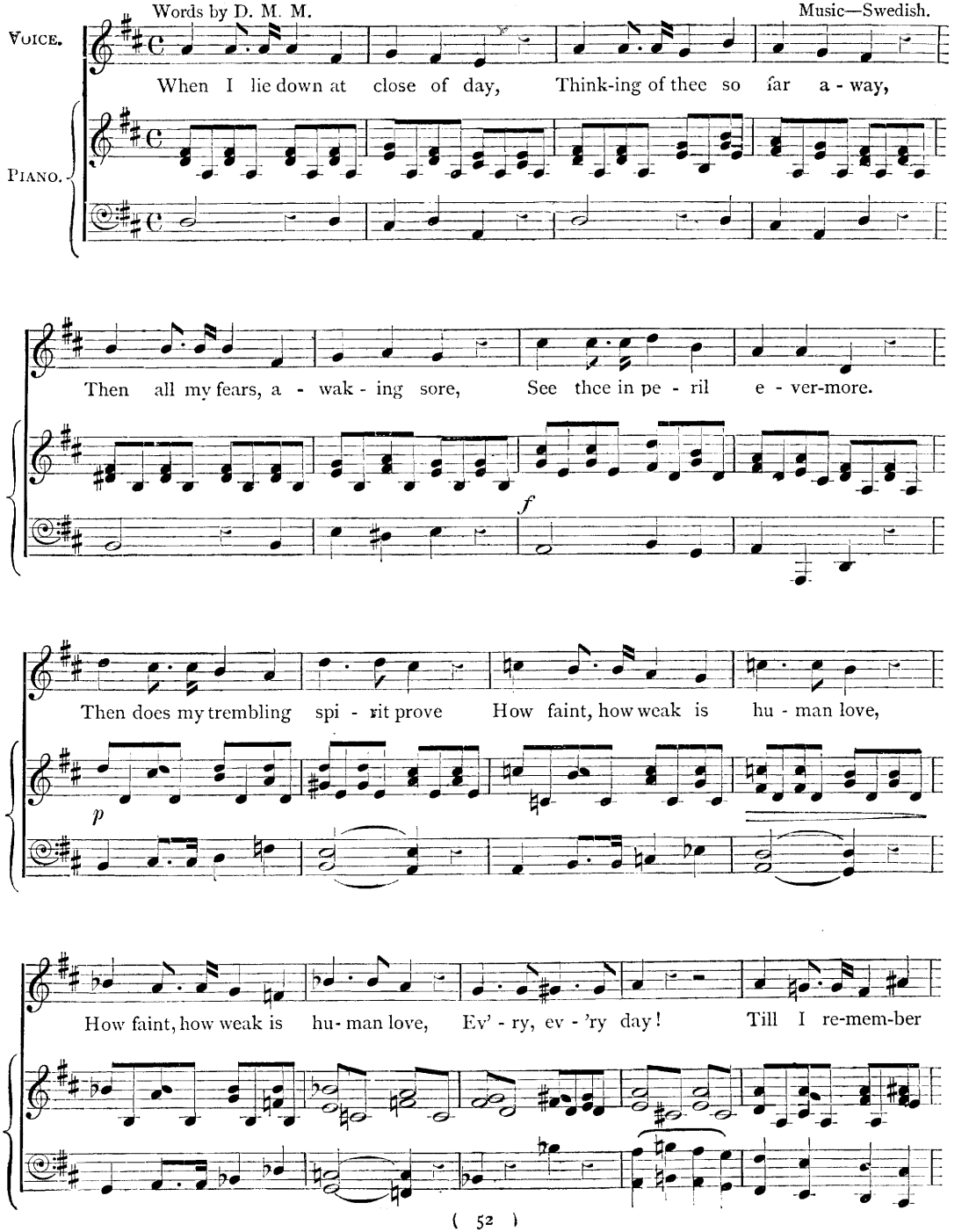


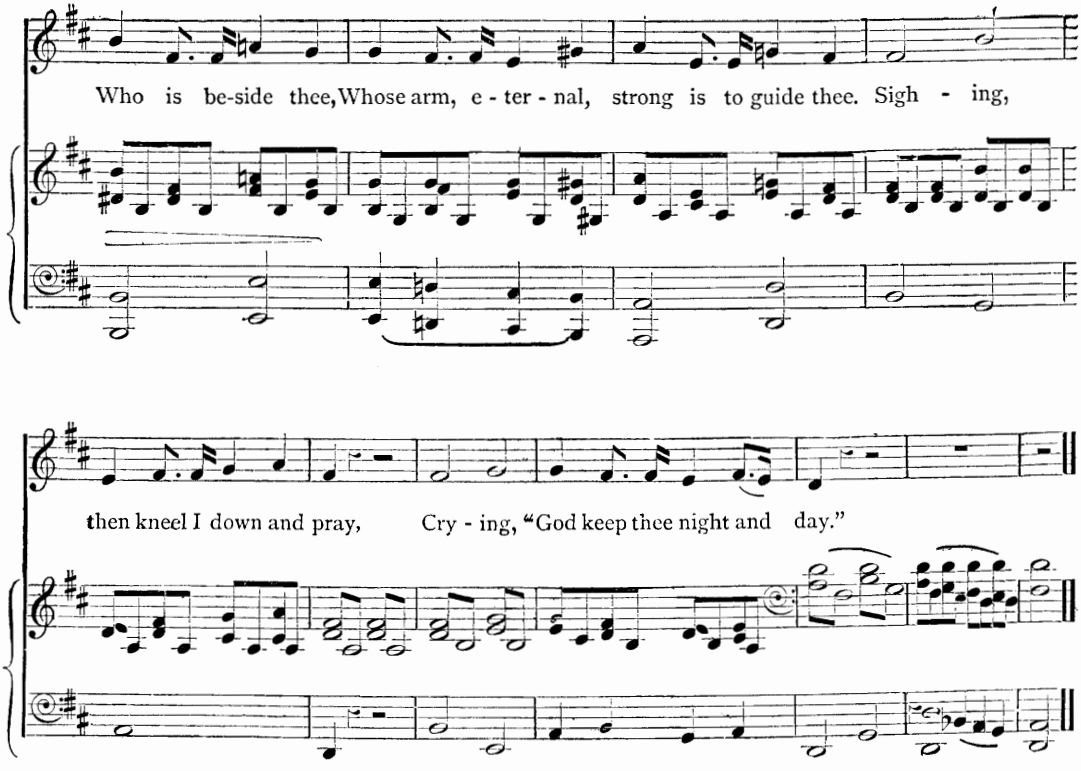
2.

And when beneath our load we languish,
Ere half the journey Thou lead'st us be trod,
Lay not Thy hand so heavy on us;
Shall the dust praise Thee, oh our God?
On through a dim and dreary land,
On through a wild and weary land;
Though we mourn on earth, Thou art in heaven, O God!

To my Love.

Words by D. M. M. Music—Swedish.



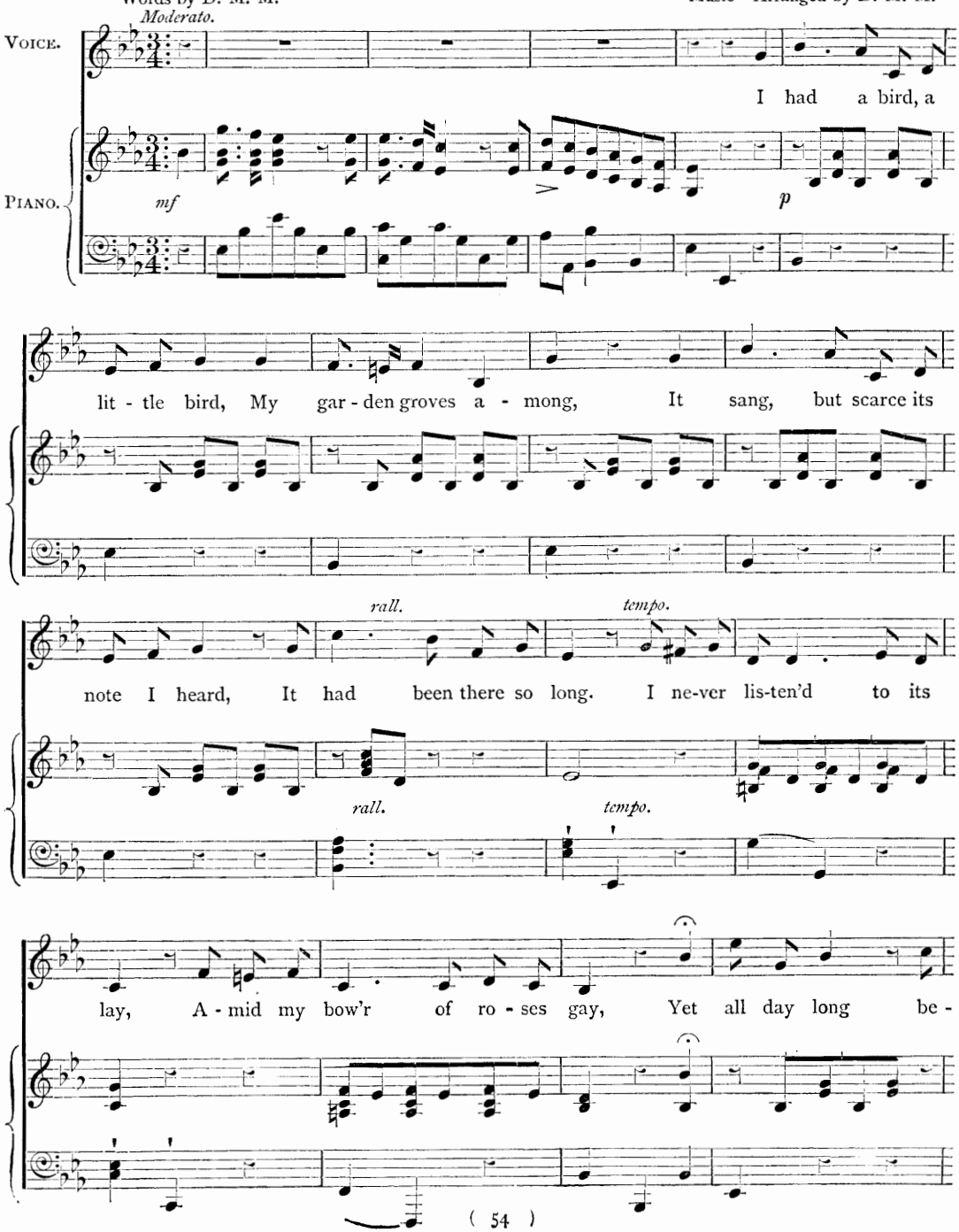


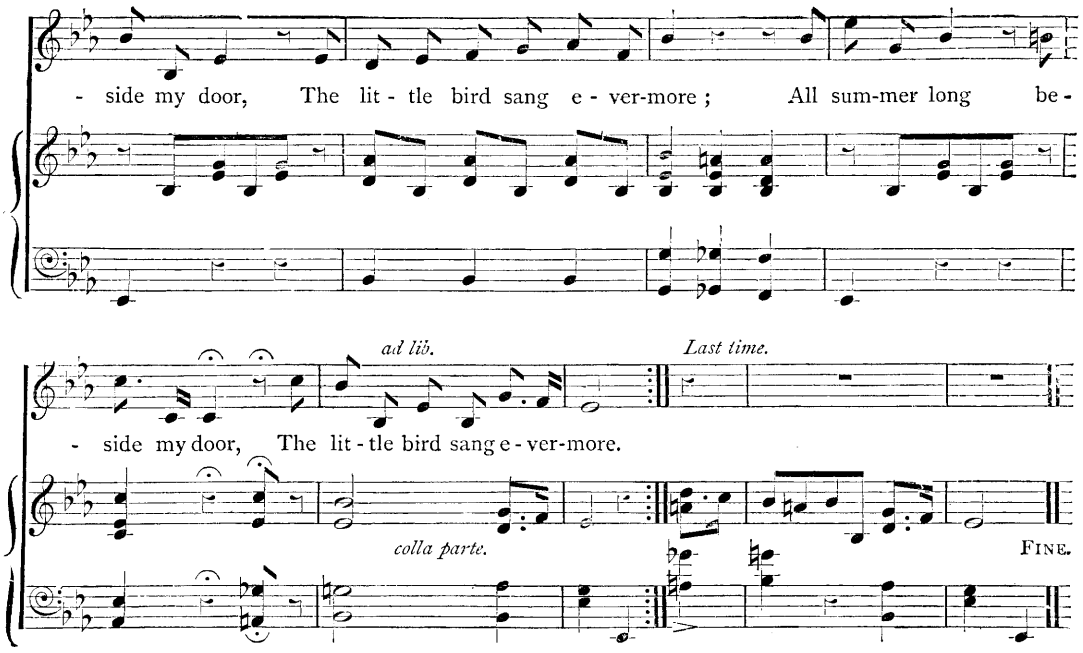
2.

And when the dawn is breaking gray,
Breaking o'er thee so far away,
Then does my grief, outbursting wild,
Cry out for thee like wounded child;
Then does my love, despite my will,
Find life without thee harder still
Every, every day.
Till I remember Who stands above thee,
Who loves thee better than I can love thee.
Sighing, then kneel I down and pray,
Crying, "God keep thee night and day."

The Faithful Little Bird.

Words by D. M. M. Music—Arranged by D. M. M.





2.

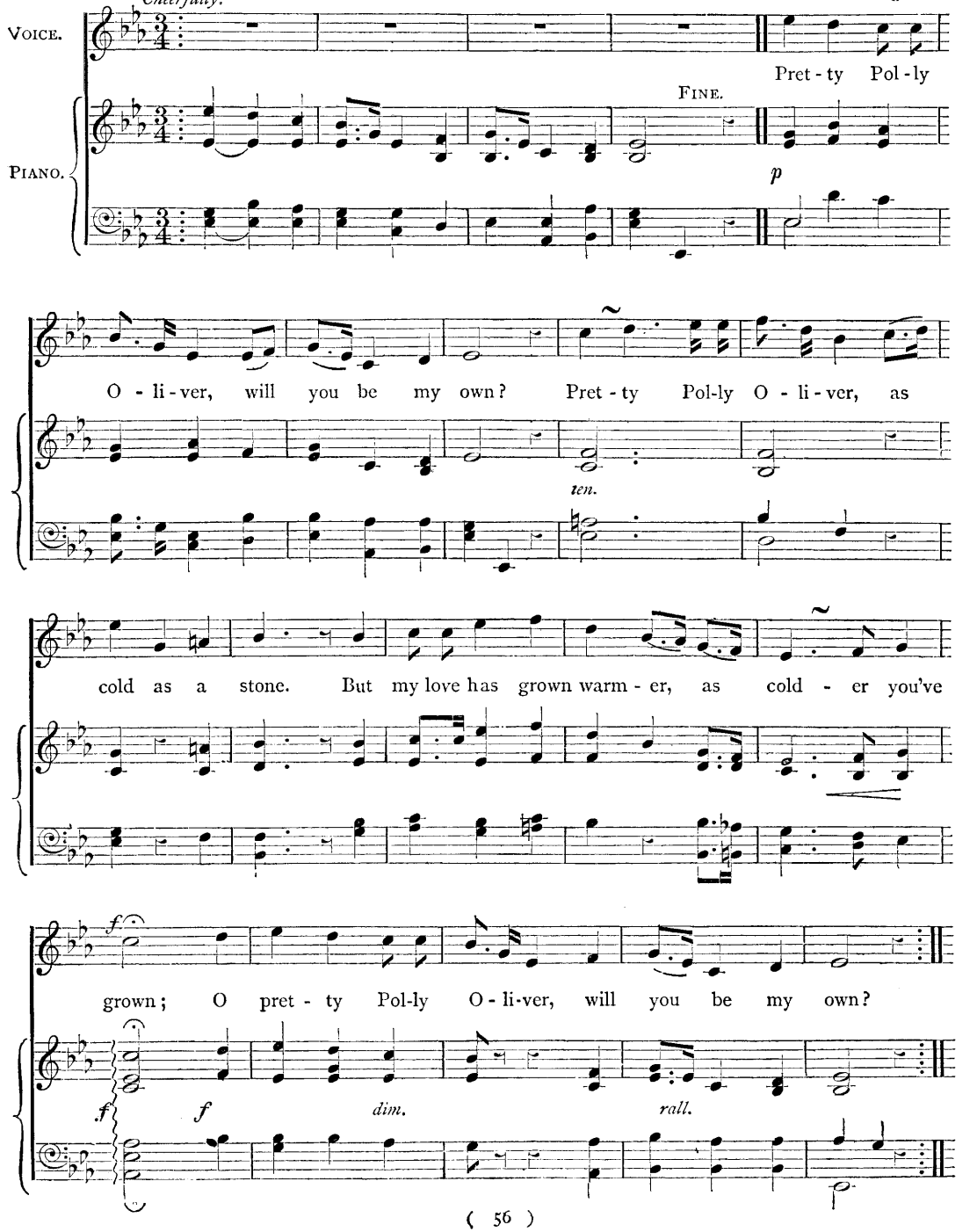
But autumn came, the roses past,
The happy time was gone,
Yet still amid the wintry blast,
The little bird sang on.
And when I drooped with grief oppress,
The little bird flew in my breast:
Now all day long, beside my door,
The little bird sings evermore.
All winter long, beside my door,
The little bird sings evermore.

Pretty Polly Oliver.

Words by D. M. M.

Cheerfully.

Music—Old English.



PRETTY POLLY OLIVER.

1.

Pretty Polly Oliver, will you be my own?
Pretty Polly Oliver, as cold as a stone;
But my love has grown warmer as colder you've grown,
O Pretty Polly Oliver, will you be my own?

2.

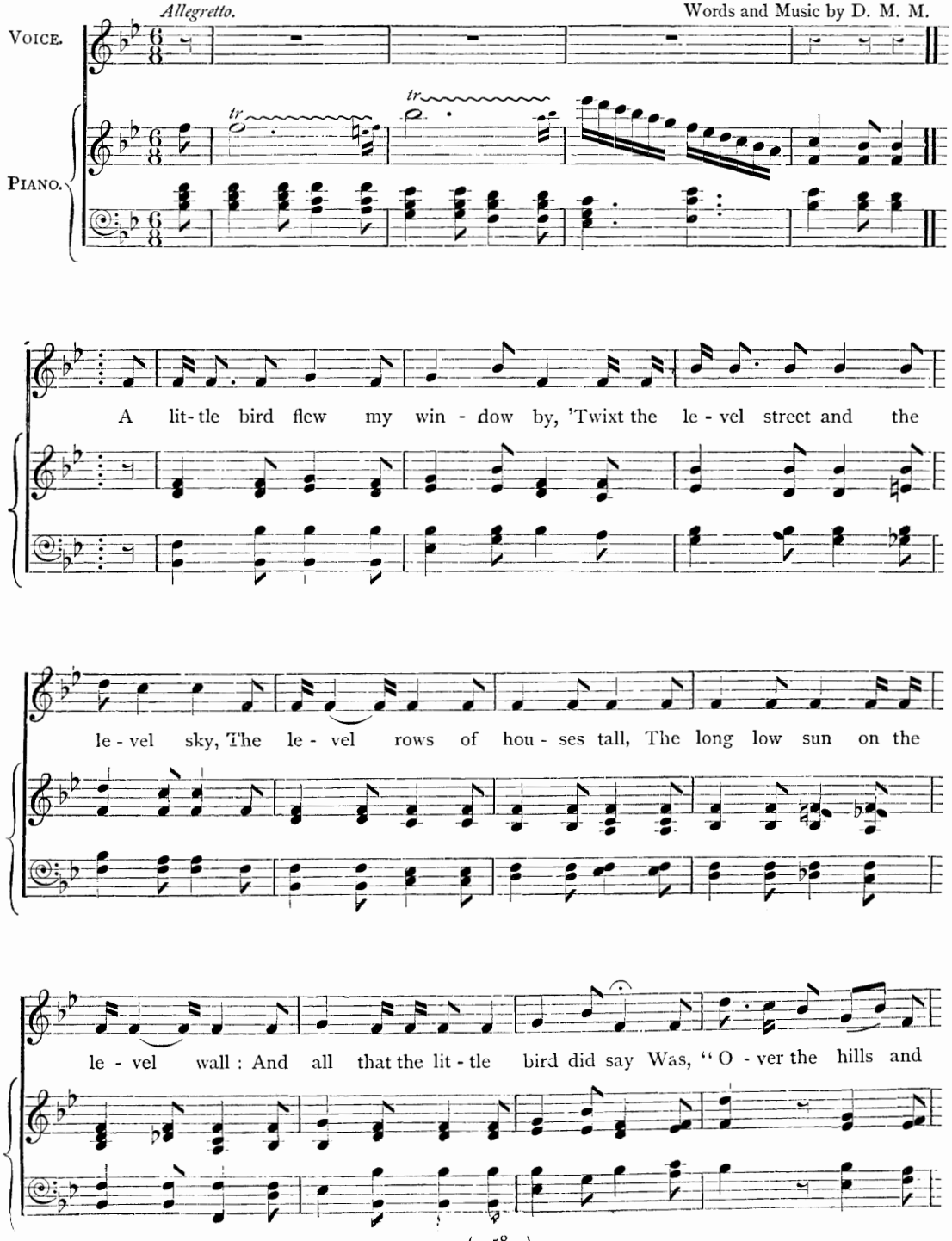
Pretty Polly Oliver, I love you so dear,
Pretty Polly Oliver, my hope and my fear!
I've waited for you, sweetheart, this many a long year,
For, pretty Polly Oliver, I loved you so dear.

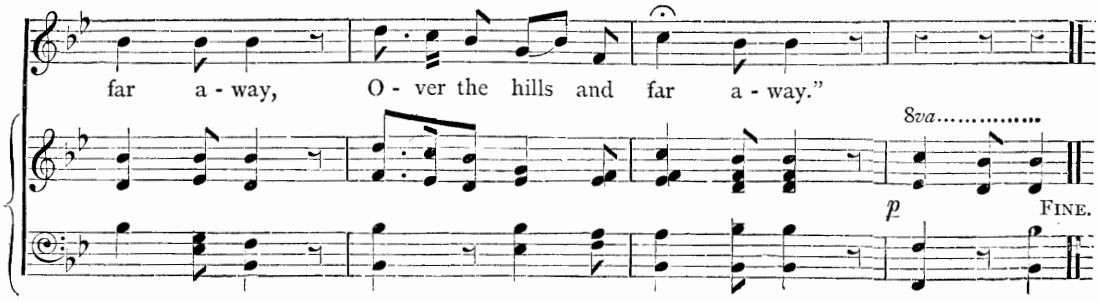
3.

Pretty Polly Oliver, I'll bid you good-bye,
Pretty Polly Oliver, for you I'll not die:
You'll never get a truer true-lover than I,
So, pretty Polly Oliver, good-bye, love, good-bye.

Far away.

Allegretto. Words and Music by D. M. M.





2.

A little bird sings behind my bed,
And I know if I would but lift my head,
I should see the sun set round and grand,
Upon level sea and level sand:
While beyond the misty distance grey
Is over the hills and far away.

3.

I think that a little bird will sing,
Over a grassy mound, next spring,
Where what was me ye will silent leave
In level sunshine, morn and eve;
But I shall be gone, past night, past day,
Over the hills and far away.

Students' Funeral Hymn.

Words by D. M. M.

Music by B. R. M.

Andantino.

FINE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

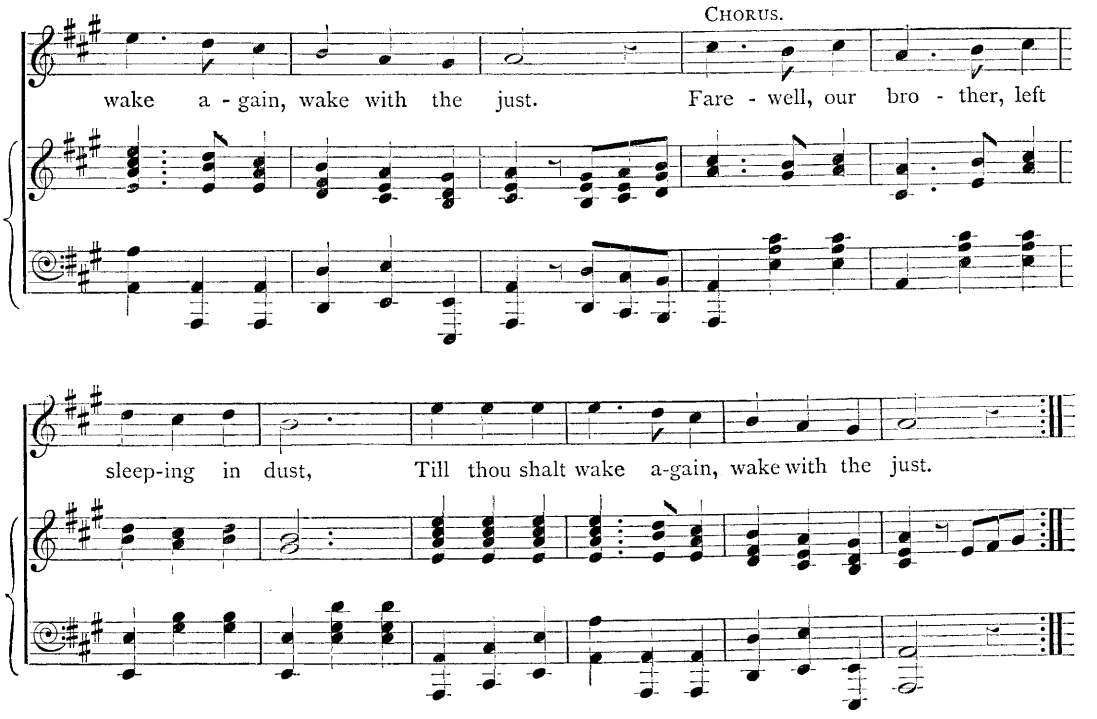
mf

With steady

march across the dai-sy mea-dow, And by the churchyard wall we go, To leave be -

- hind, beneath the lin-den sha-dow, One, who no more can rise and go.

Fare - well, O bro - ther, left sleep - ing in dust, Till thou shalt



2.

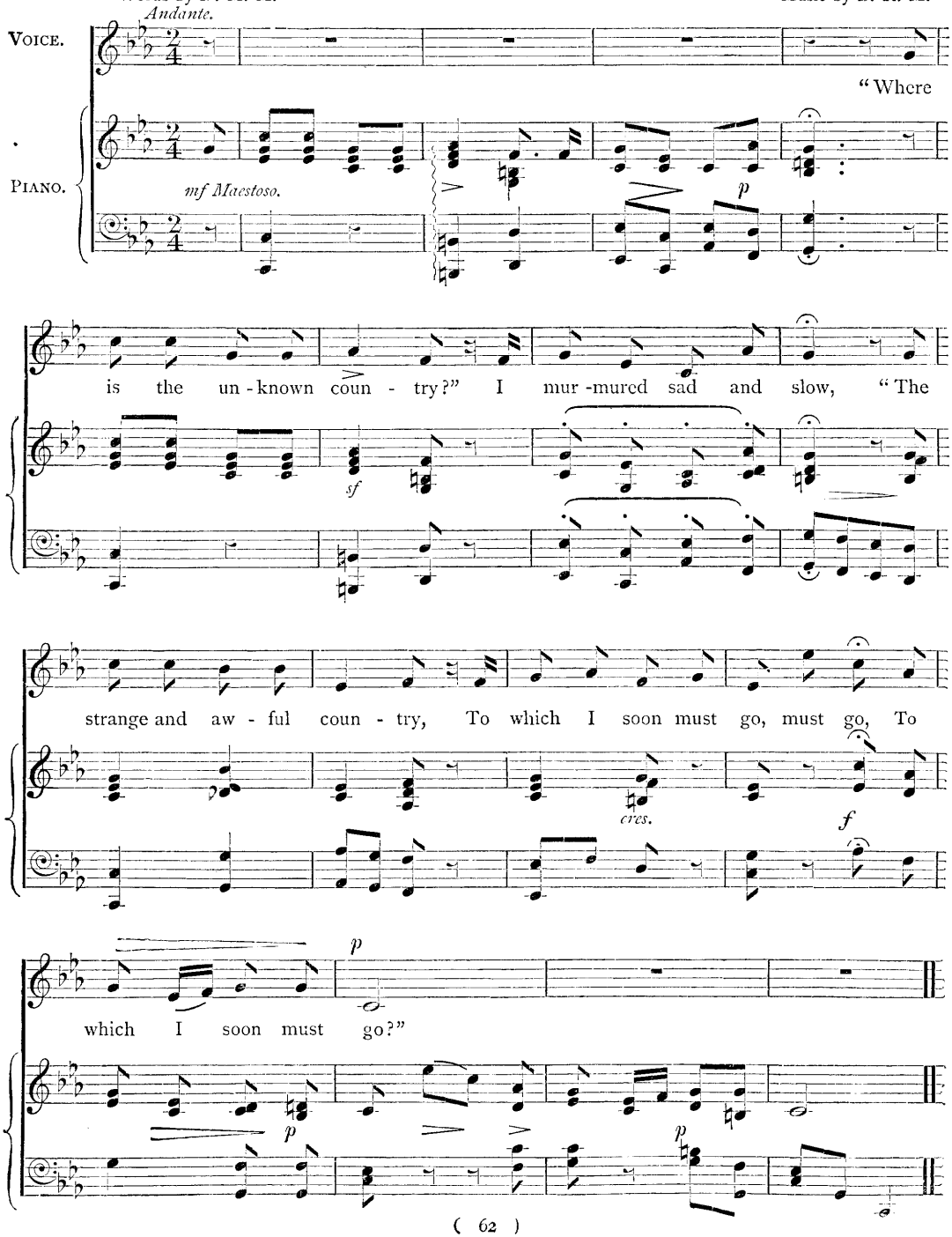
Along the street where neighbour nods to neighbour,
Along the busy street we throng;
And once again we laugh, we love, we labor,
But he will be remembered long.
Sleep well, O brother, though sleeping in dust,
Shalt thou not rise again, rise with the just?

3.

Farewell, farewell, true heart and hand, left lying
Beneath the churchyard shadow calm;
'Tis his to live, and ours to wait for dying,
We win—and he has won—the palm.
Farewell, O brother!—But one day, we trust,
Call,—he will answer Thee, God of the just.

The Unknown Country.

Words by D. M. M. Music by B. R. M.



THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

1.

"Where is the unknown country?"
I murmured sad and slow,
"The strange and awful country
To which I soon must go, must go,
To which I soon must go."

2.

Out of the unknown country
A voice sang soft and low:—
"O, pleasant is that country,
And sweet it is to go, to go,
And sweet it is to go.

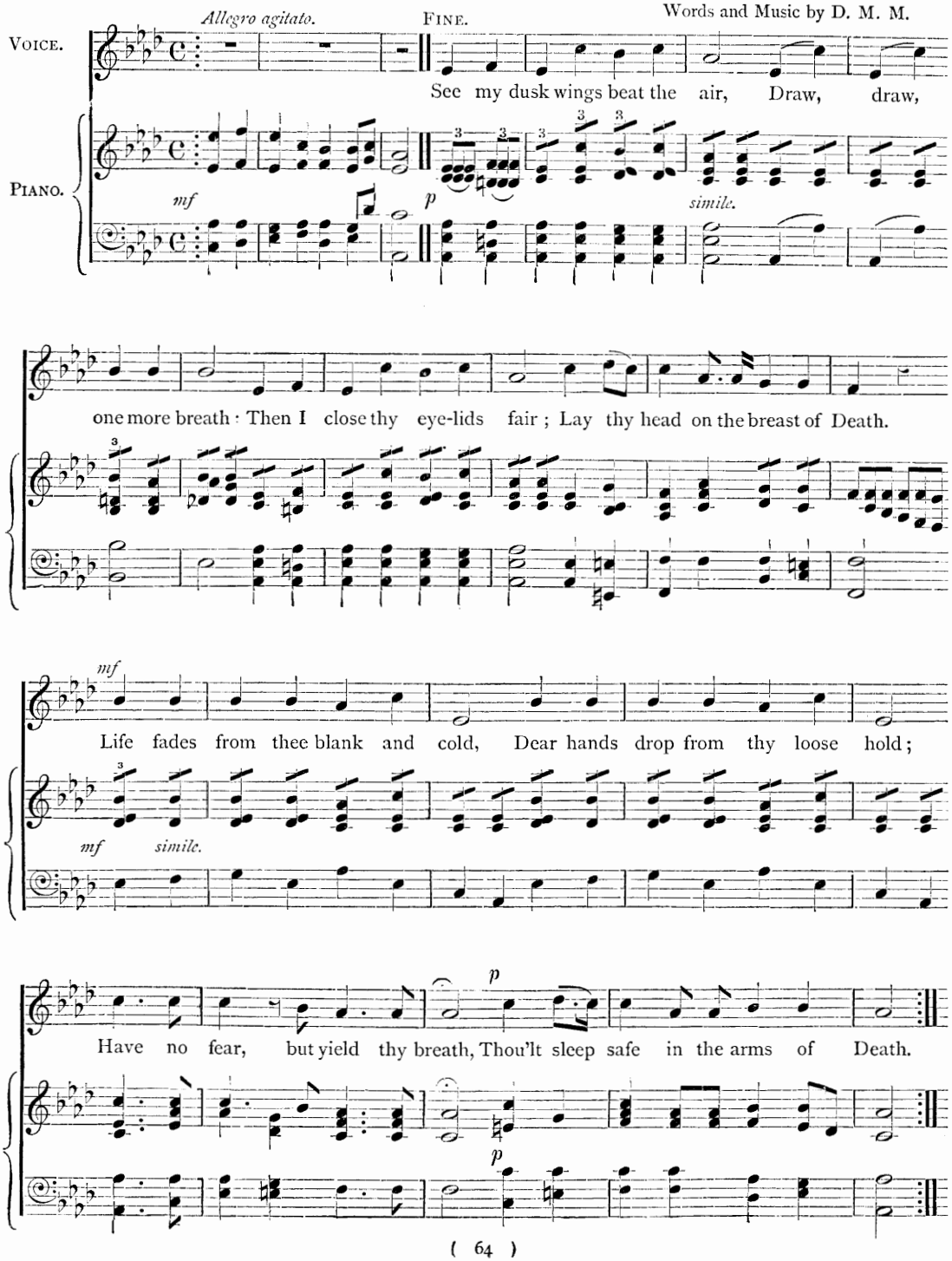
3.

"Along the verdant country
The peaceful rivers flow,
And in that glorious country
The tree of life does grow, does grow,
The tree of life does grow."

4.

O then into that country,
Of which I nothing know,
The everlasting country,
With willing heart I go, I go,
With willing heart I go.

Azrael the Angel of Death.



AZRAEL THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

1.

See my dusk wings beat the air;
  Draw, draw, one more breath:
Then I close thine eyelids fair,
  Lay thy head on the breast of Death.
Life fades from the blank and cold,
Dear hands drop from thy loose hold;
Have no fear, but yield thy breath,
Thou'lt sleep safe in the arms of Death.

2.

Ere I seal thy silent lips,
  Breathe, breathe, one more prayer;
Ere thy dim eyes' last eclipse,
  Smile farewell to a world of care.
Tired limbs, slumber straight and chill,
Beating heart, be still, be still;
Have no fear, but yield thy breath,—
I am an Angel, and I am Death.

Sleep on till day.

Words by D. M. M.

Old Skye air

mf Arranged by JOHN PARK.

VOICE.

PIANO.

O sleep on till

p

day, my love, sleep on till day; No trou - ble as - sail thee, no dan - ger af -

dim.

p

rit.

- fray! O sleep on till day, my love, sleep on till day.

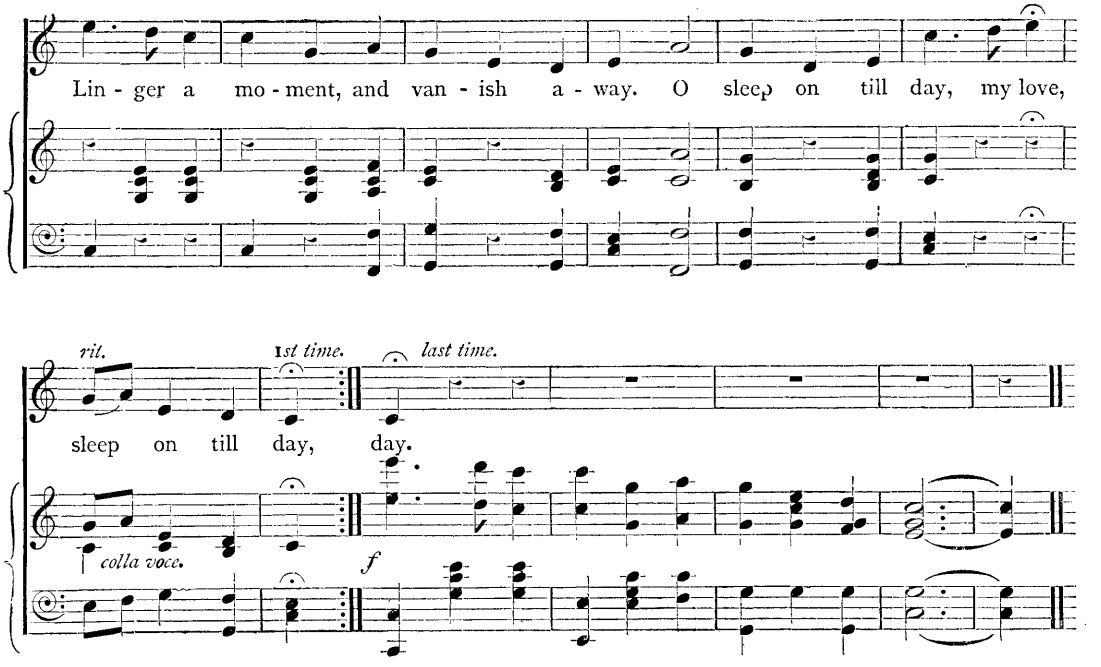
colla voce.

f tempo.

p

Airs round thee tremb-ling, Love- sighs re - sem - bling,

pp



2.

The pale stars are setting, the dawn rises grey,
The kind hours they laugh as they hasten away:
They know 'twill be day soon, the beautiful day!
Crownèd to-morrow,
End of my sorrow!
Meeting, with never a farewell to say;
O sleep on till day, my love, sleep on till day.

3.

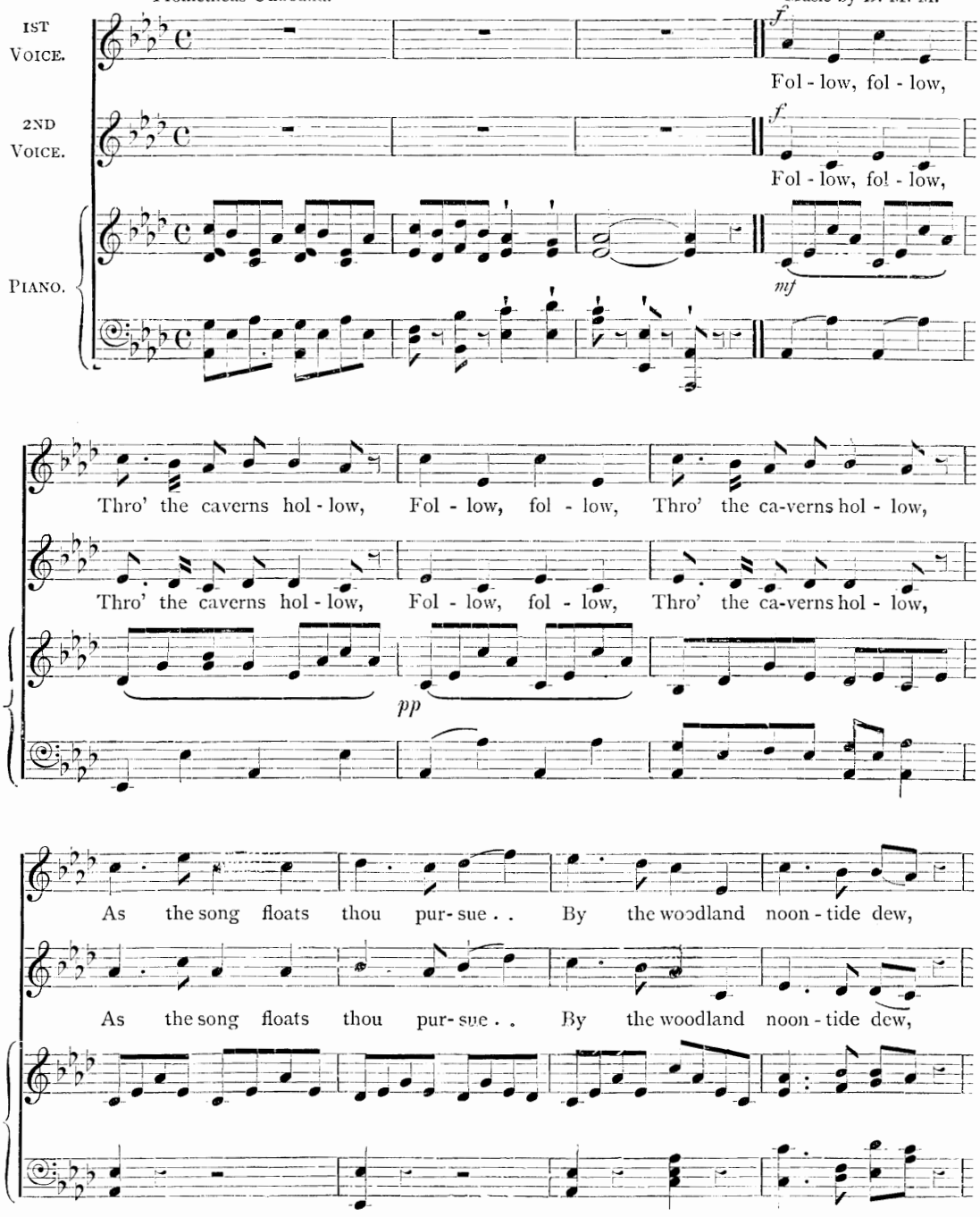
Yet life's but a vision too lovely to stay:
Morn passes, noon cometh, and pleasures decay,
Soon, evening approaches, and closes the day.
Then laid with praises,
Under the daisies,
Smiling we'll creep to one pillow of clay,
And sleep on till day, my love, sleep on till Day.

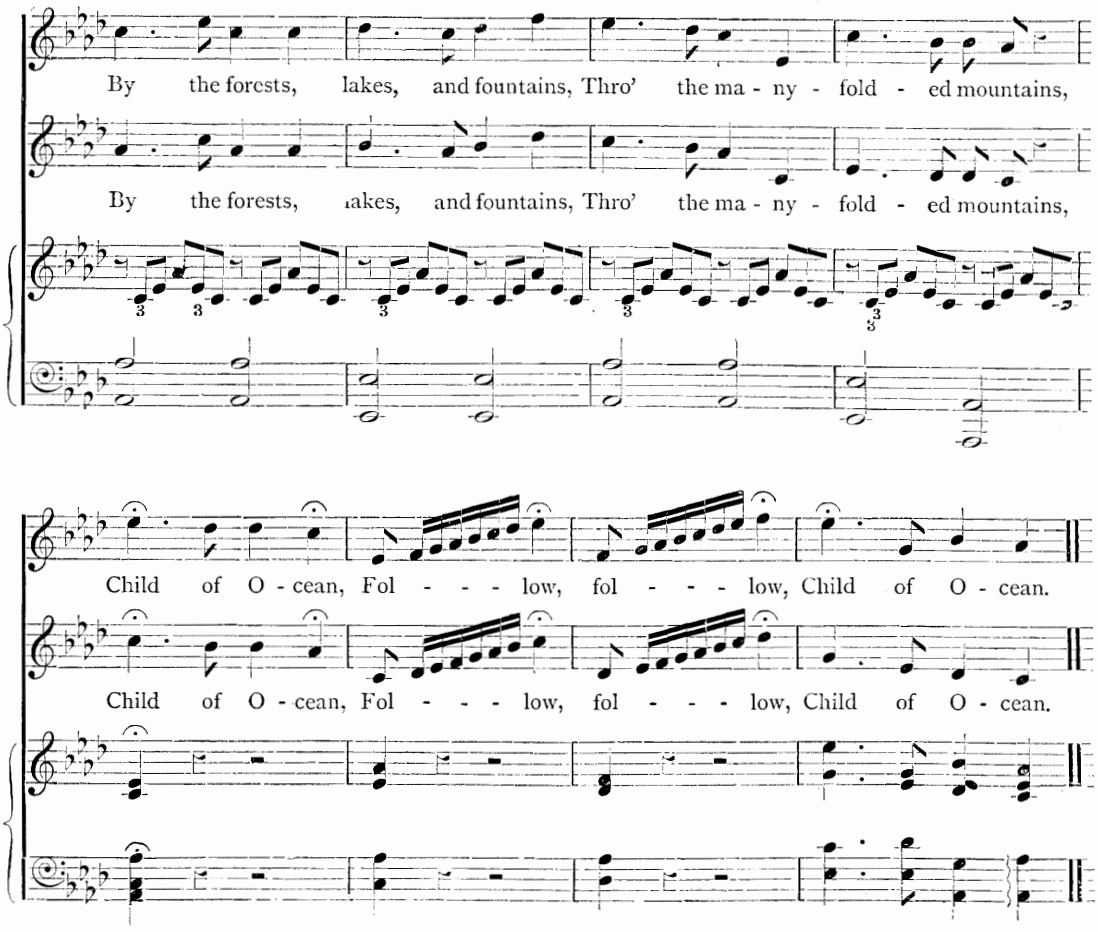
Child of Ocean.

Words from SHELLEY'S "Prometheus Unbound."

SONG OF THE ECHOES.

Music by D. M. M.





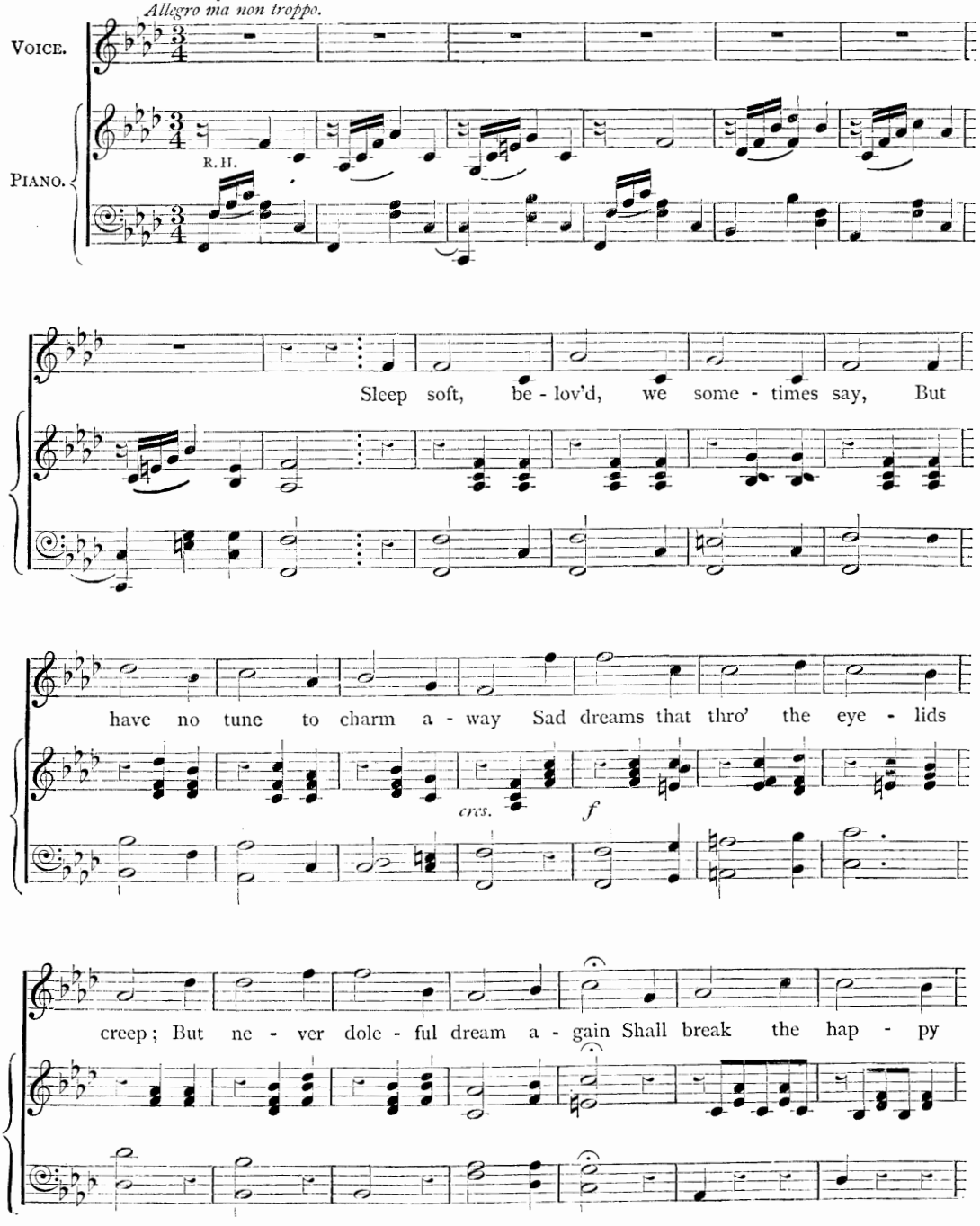
2.

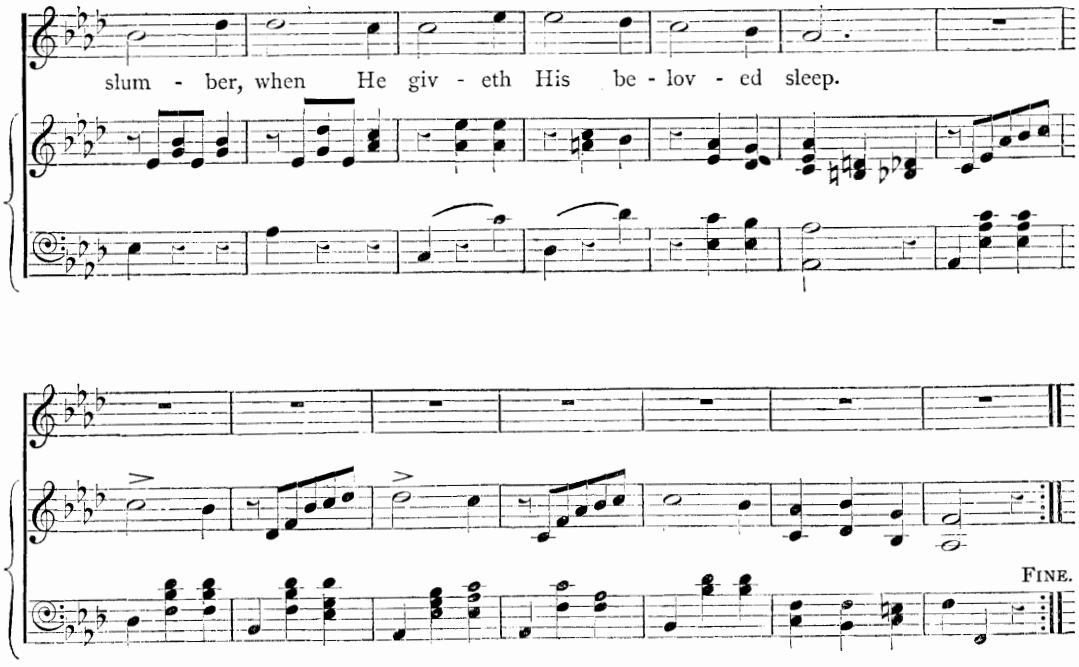
Follow, follow, through the caverns hollow,
Follow, follow, through the caverns hollow;
As the song floats, thou pursue,
Where the wild bee never flew,
While our music, wild and sweet,
Mocks thy gently-falling feet,
Child of Ocean,
Follow, follow,
Child of Ocean.

He giveth His Beloved sleep.

Words by E. B. Browning. Music by B. R. M.

Allegro ma non troppo.





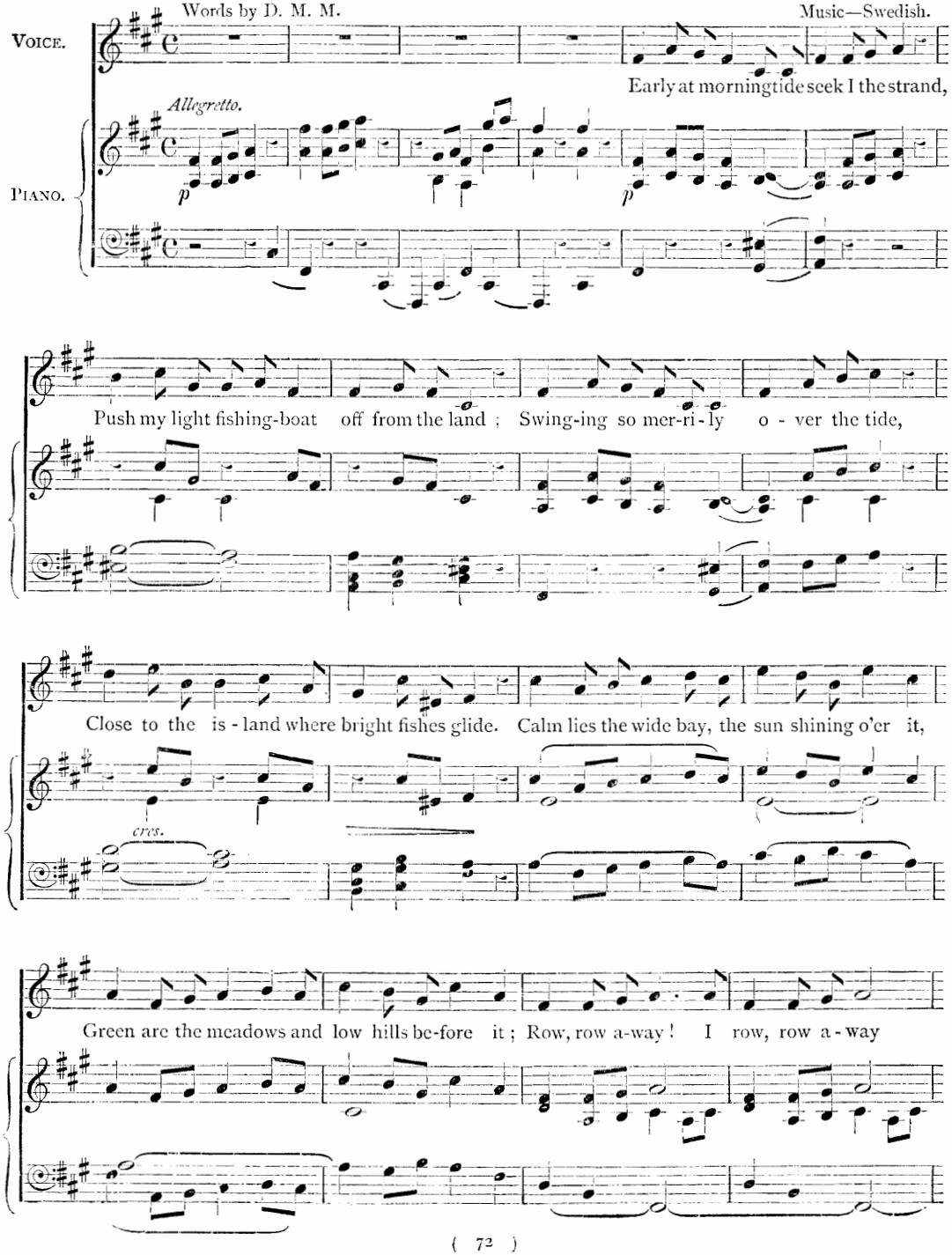
2.

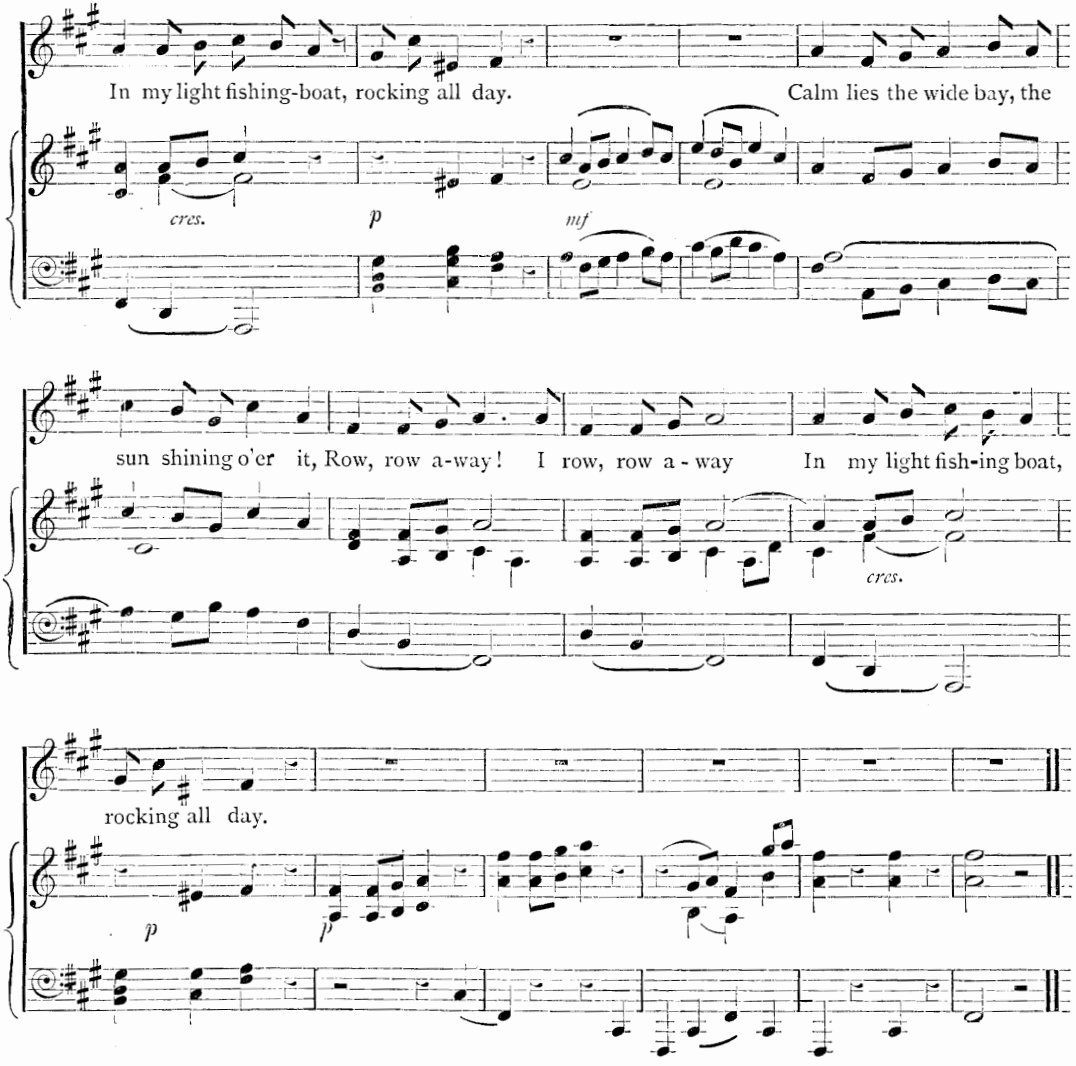
His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
  Tho' o'er its slope men toil and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
  He giveth His beloved sleep.

3.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
  And o'er my bier ye come to weep,
Let one more loving than you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall,
  He giveth His beloved sleep."

The Fisherman on a Summer Morning.





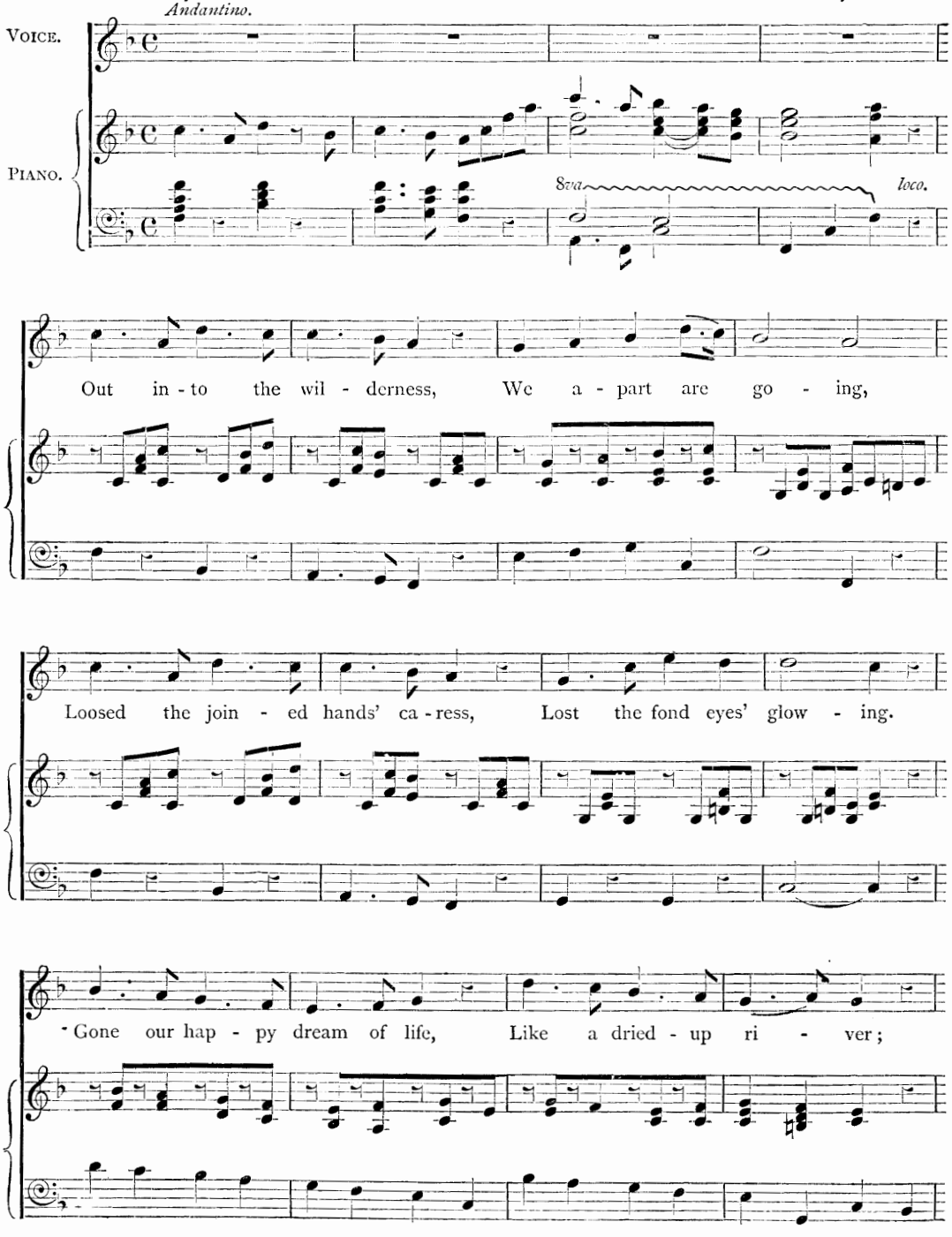
2.

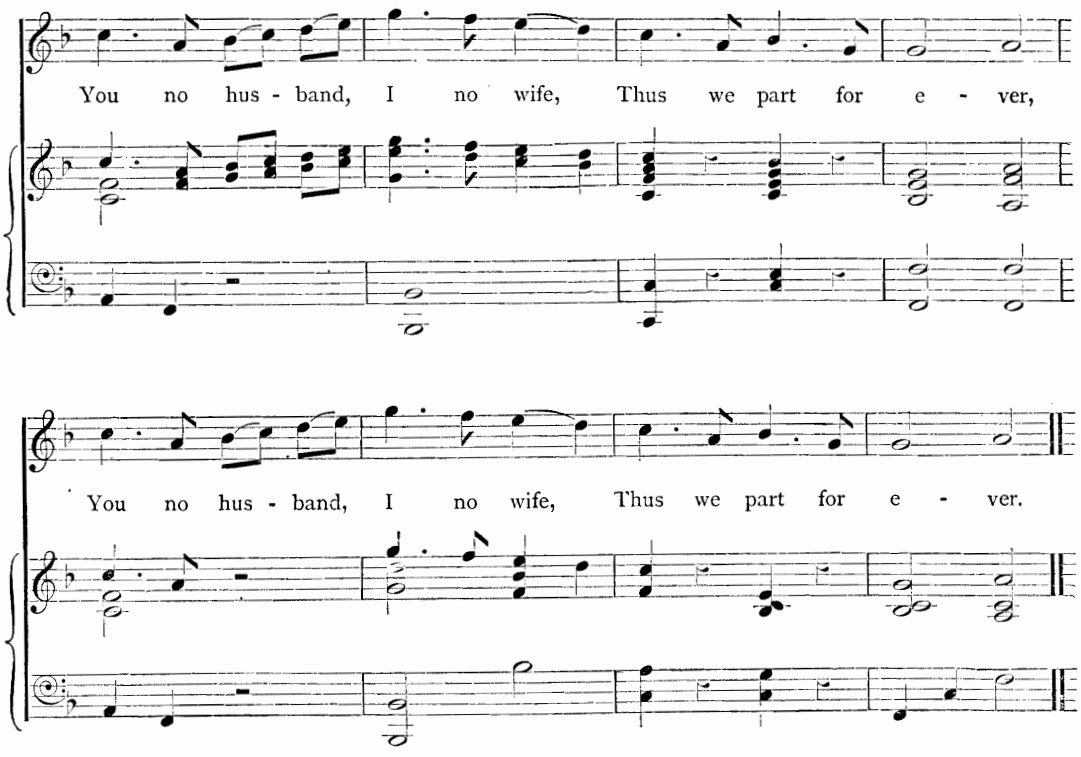
Down by the quiet creek where the bold sun
Gleams through the branches of pine-trees dun,
There go my eager thoughts, there my heart lies,
There every Sunday my little boat flies;
Gaily the green leaves and wavelets are singing,
Gaily the aspen and alder are swinging,
Down by the shore, down by the shore,
There lives a pretty maid—mine evermore.

Into the Wilderness.

Words by D. M. M. Music by B. R. M.

Andantino.



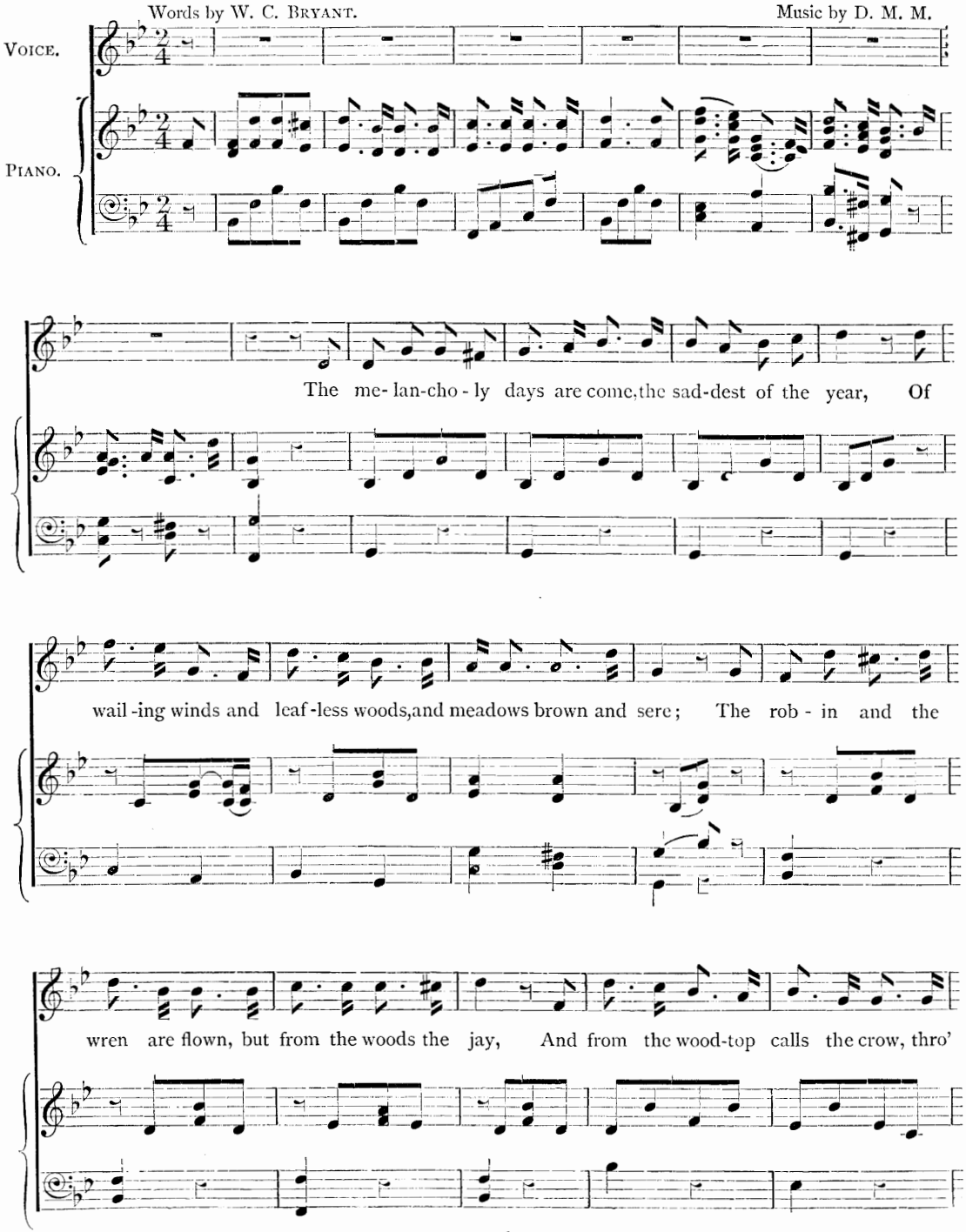


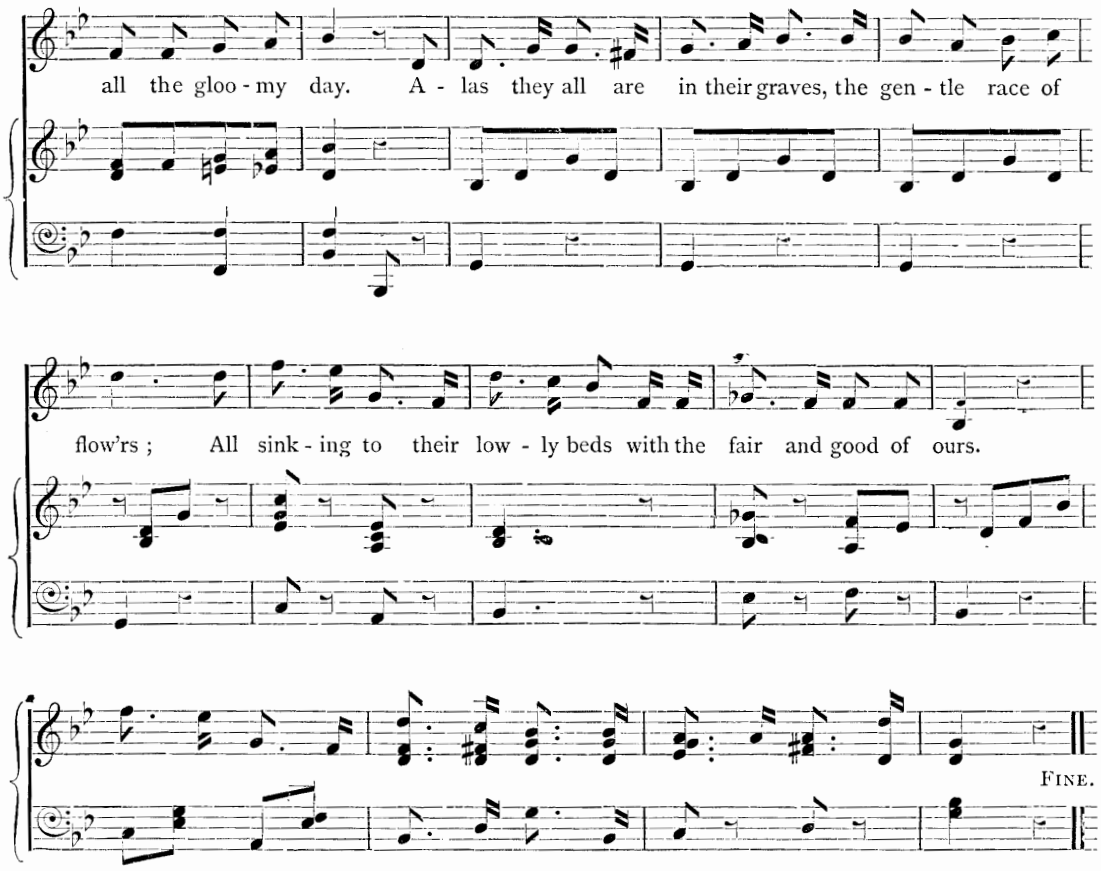
2.

But the desert quickly ends
Whether journeyed over,
Mournfully as parted friends,
Or as maid and lover:
Those heaven meant for spouse and wife,
Let not man dare sever!
In the eternal land of life
I am thine for ever.

The Death of the Flowers.

Words by W. C. Bryant. Music by D. M. M.





2.

The wind-flower and the violets they perished long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood :
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

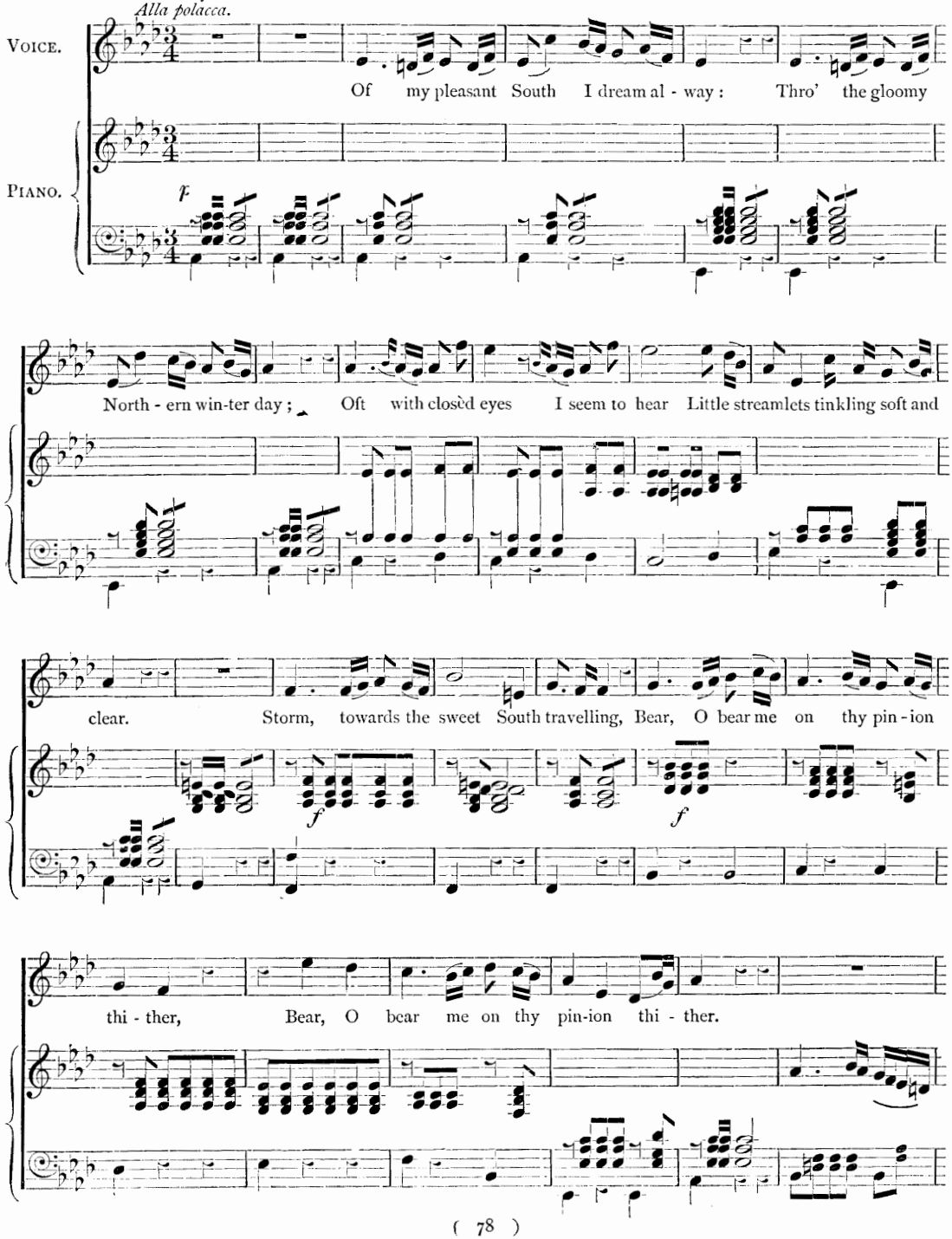
3.

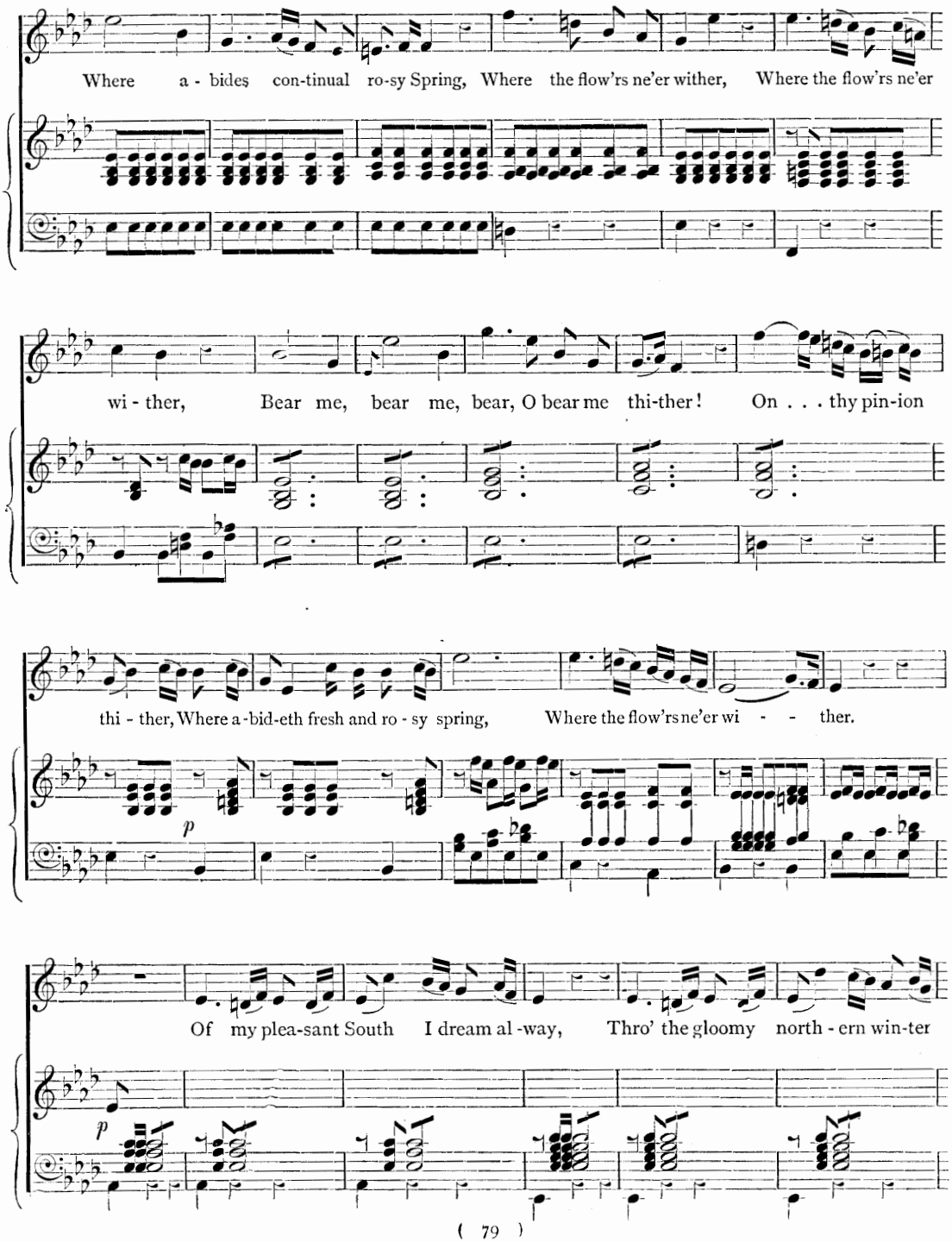
And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side,
In the cold moist earth we laid her where the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have had a space so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

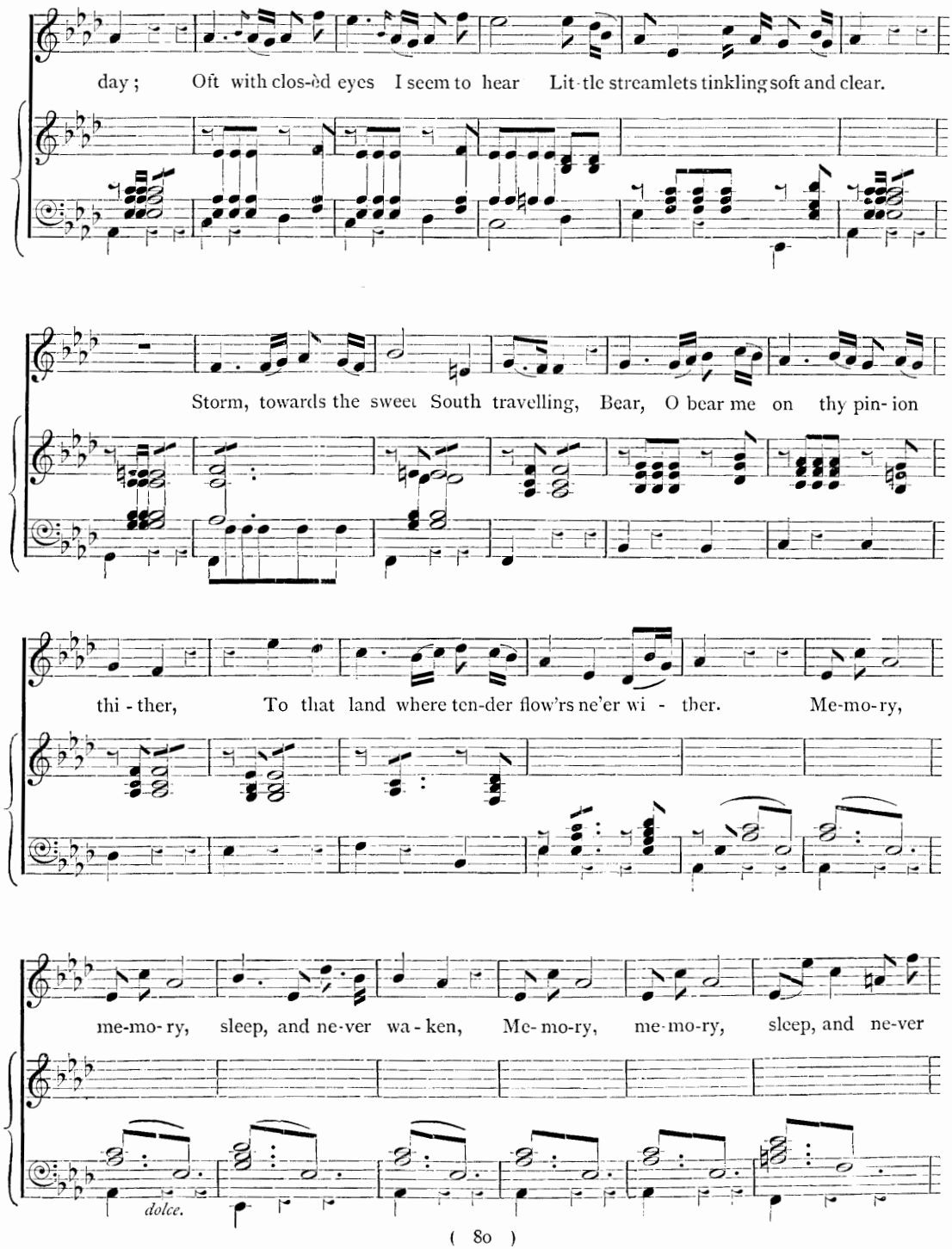
A Dream of the South.

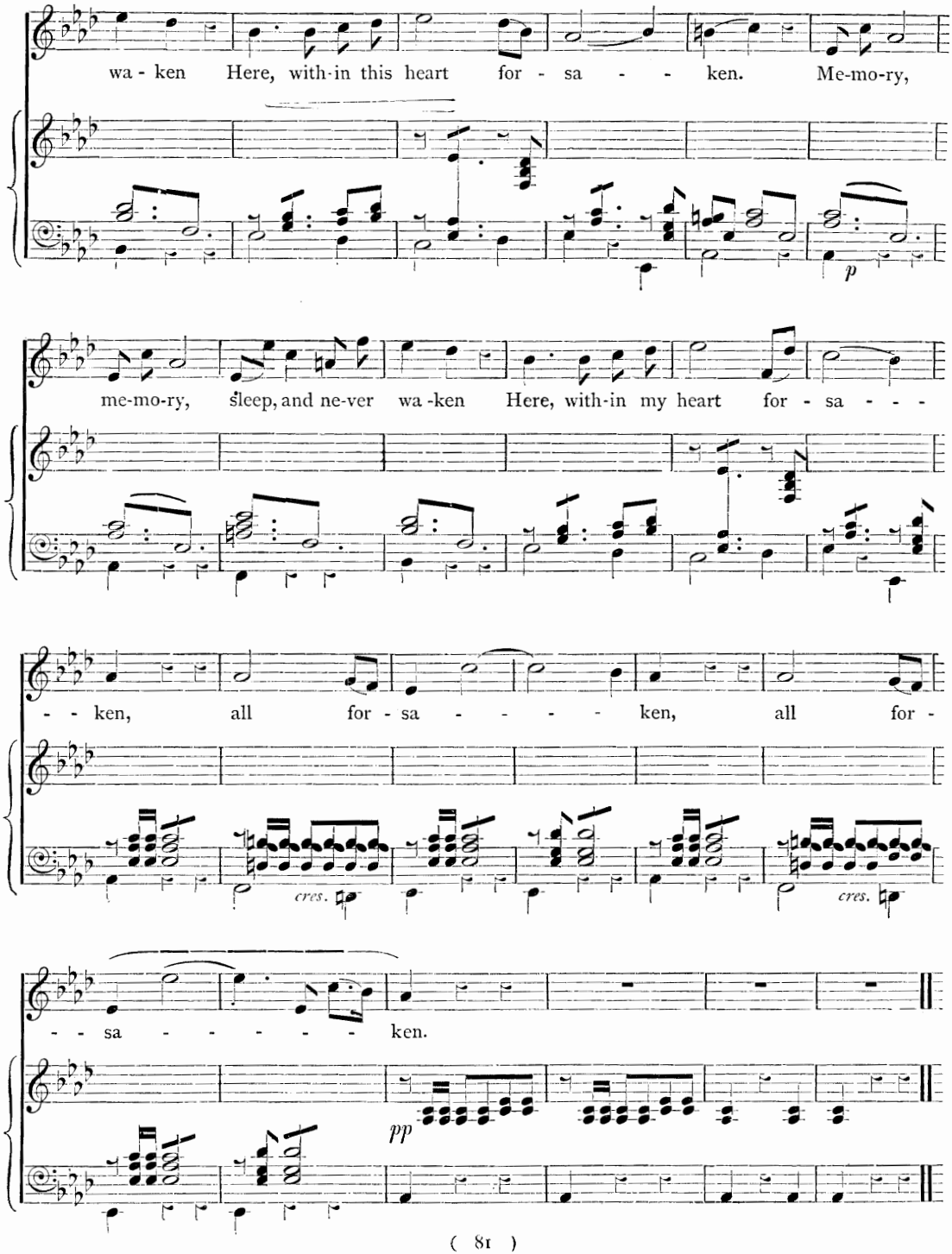
Words by D. M. M. Music—Swedish.

Alla polacca.




Where a - bides con-tinual ro-sy Spring, Where the flow'rs ne'er wither, Where the flow'rs ne'er
wi - ther, Bear me, bear me, bear, O bear me thi-ther! On . . . thy pin-ion
thi - ther, Where a-bid-eth fresh and ro - sy spring, Where the flow'rs ne'er wi - - ther.
p
Of my plea-sant South I dream al-way, Thro' the gloomy north - ern win-ter
p


day ; Oft with clos-èd eyes I seem to hear Lit-tle streamlets tinkling soft and clear.
Storm, towards the sweet South travelling, Bear, O bear me on thy pin-ion
thi-ther, To that land where ten-der flow'rs ne'er wi - ther. Me-mo-ry,
me-mo-ry, sleep, and ne-ver wa-ken, Me-mo-ry, me-mo-ry, sleep, and ne-ver
dolce.


wa - ken Here, with-in this heart for - sa - - ken. Me-mo-ry,
p
me-mo-ry, sleep, and ne-ver wa-ken Here, with-in my heart for - sa - - -
- - ken, all for - sa - - - - - ken, all for -
cres.
cres.
- - sa - - - - - - ken.
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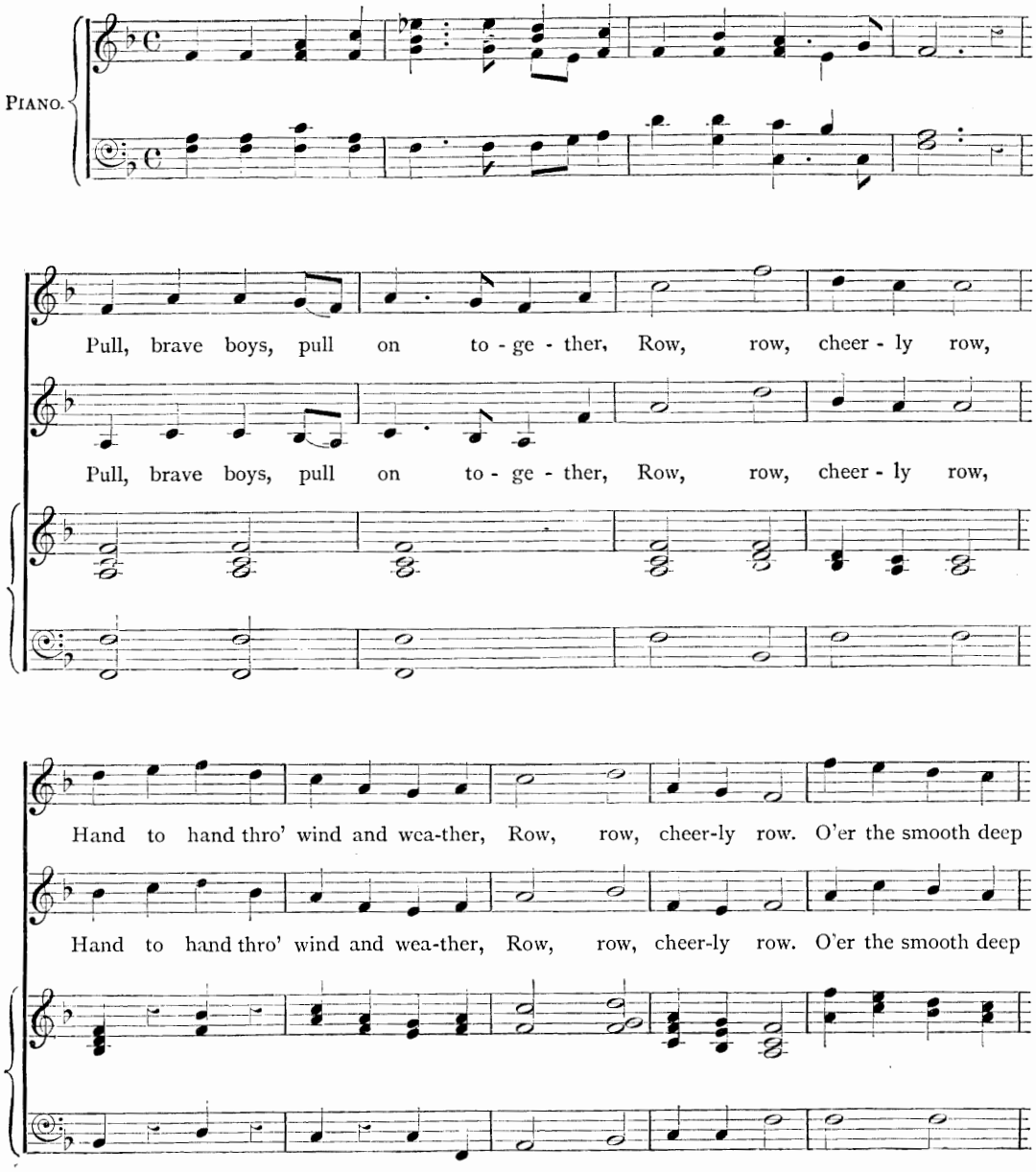
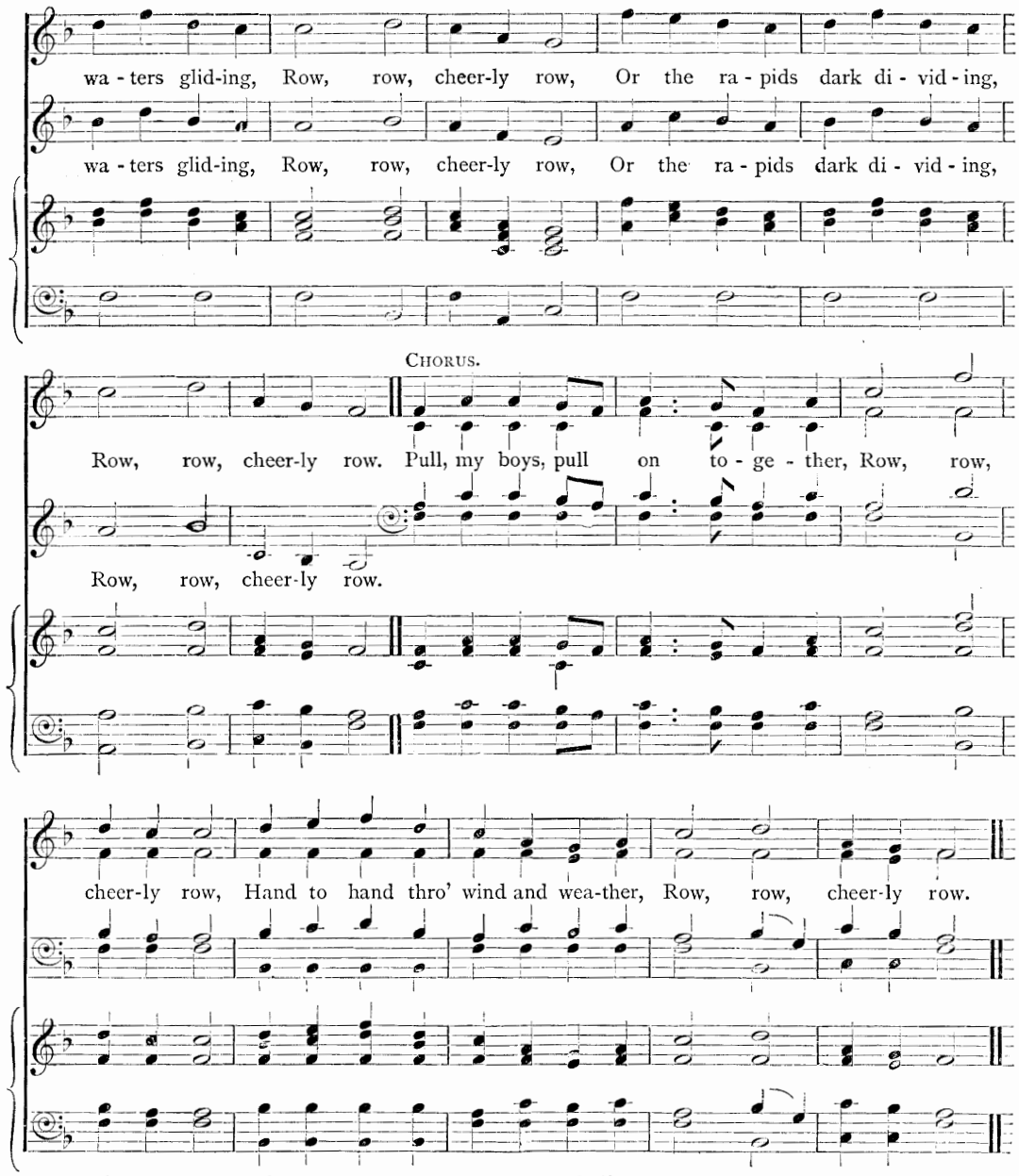
Emigrants' Song.

ROW, ROW, CHEERLY ROW.

Words and Music by D. M. M.



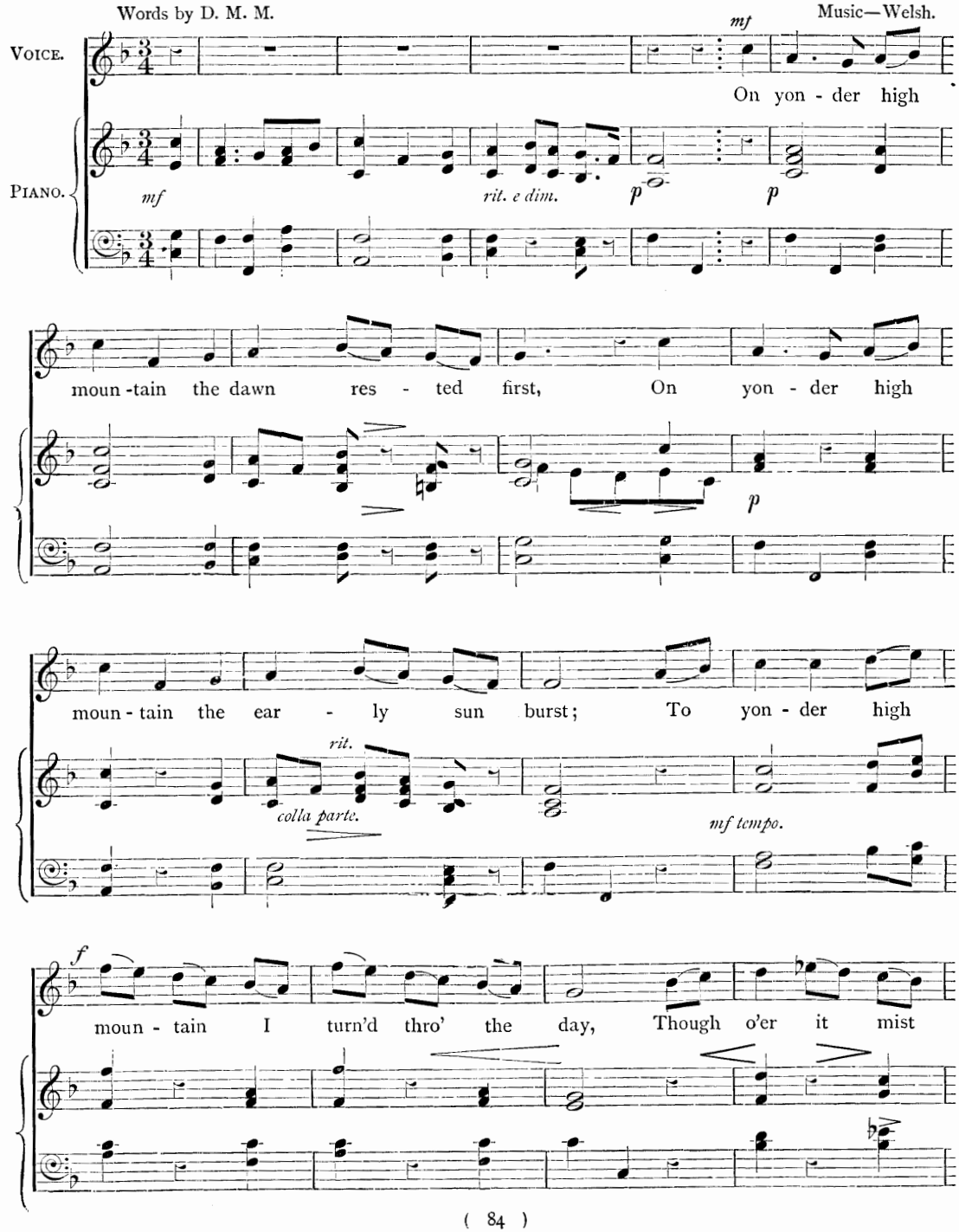


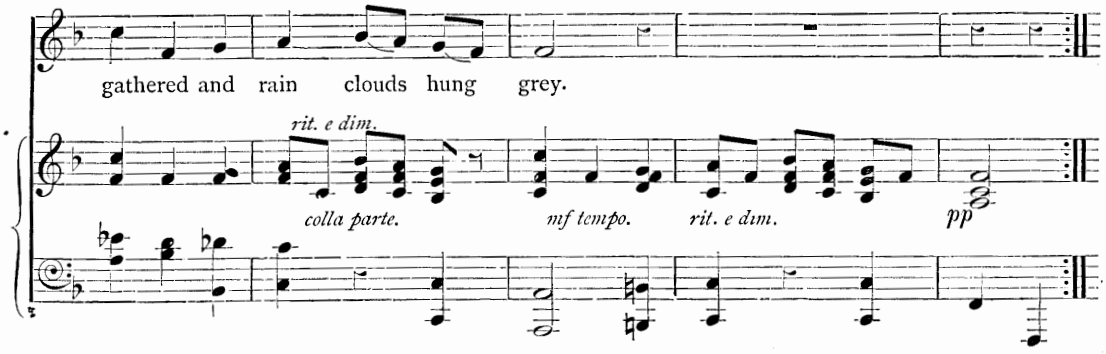
On through virgin forests going,
Row, row, cheerly row;
Where the Susquehannah's flowing,
Row, row, cheerly row.
With the old land far behind us,
Row, row, cheerly row,
Where the new land home shall find us,
Row, row, cheerly row.—*Chorus.*

Build the hut and clear the forest,
Row, row, cheerly row,
Help will come when need is sorest,
Row, row, cheerly row.
Never let our courage fail us,
Row, row, cheerly row,
Never let one friend bewail us,
Row, row, cheerly row.—*Chorus.*

The High Mountain.

Words by D. M. M. Music—Welsh.





2.

The rain fell impetuous, the stormy wind blew,
The mist slow descended and hid it from view;
No foot of man trod on its summit dew-pearled,
Yet the dream of it followed me over the world.

3.

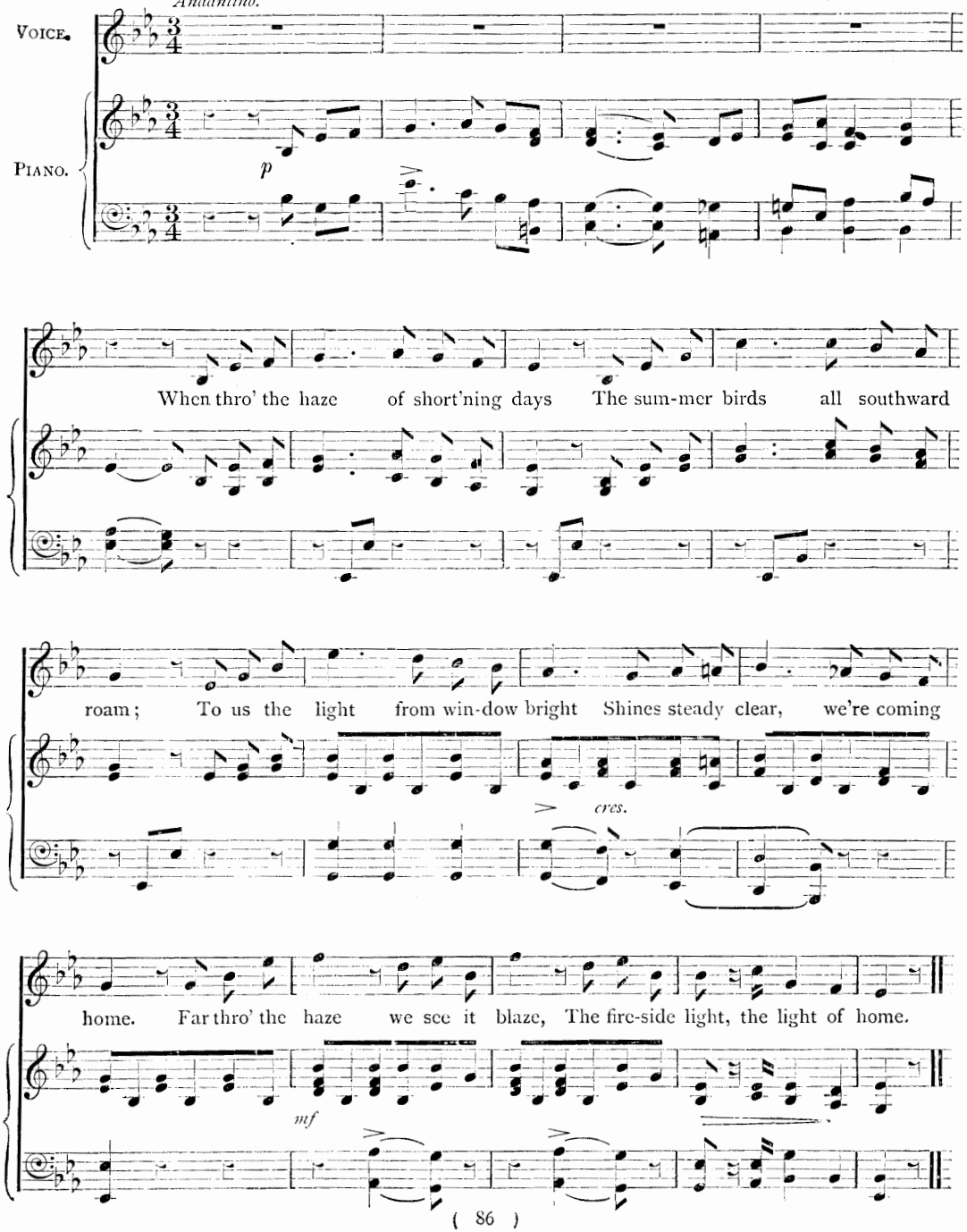
Still yonder high mountain sits silent and grand,
And looks over desert, and ocean, and land;
And when evening purples its heathery breast,
Near yonder high mountain I'll go to my rest.

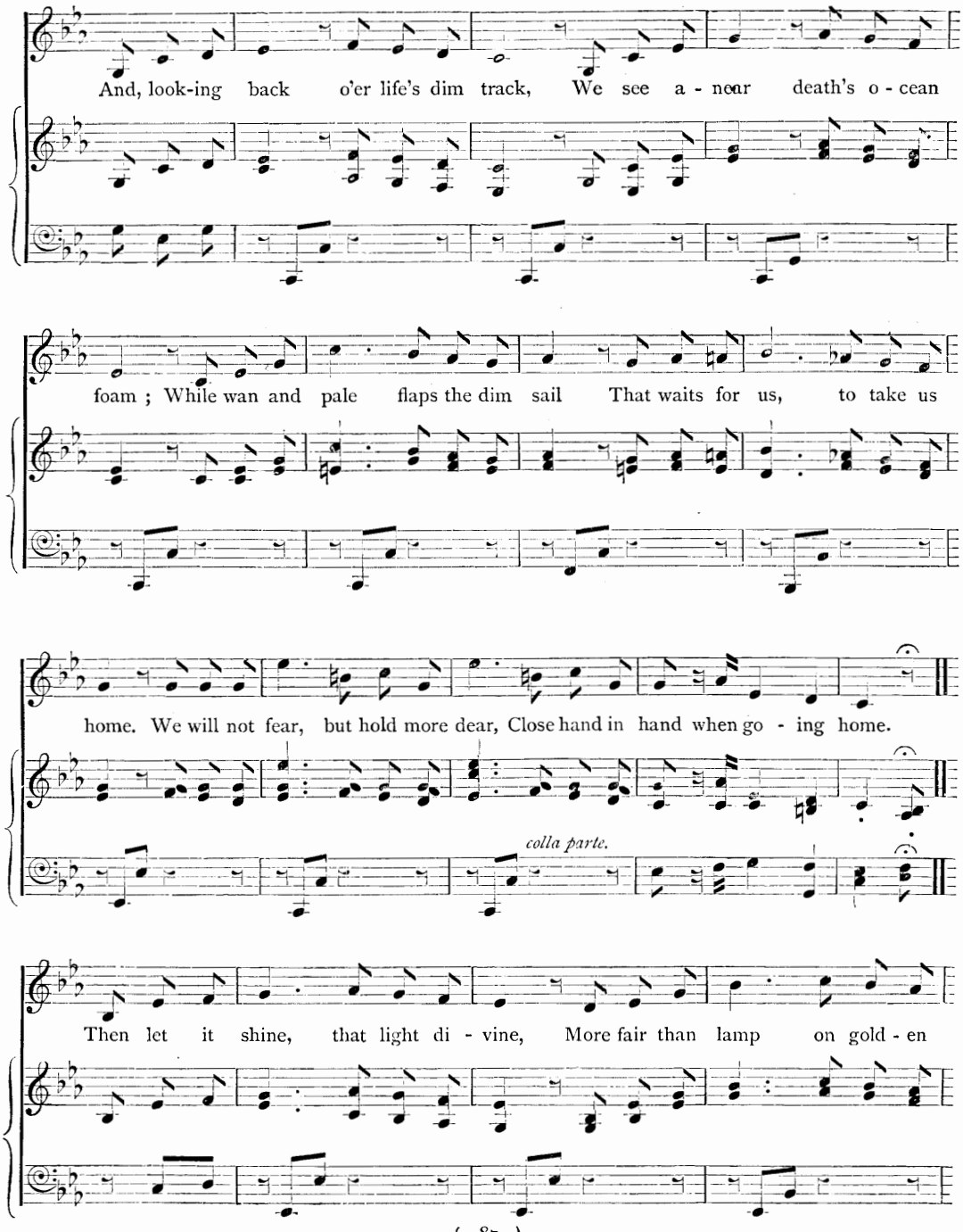
The Light at the Window.

Words by D. M. M.

Music by JOHN PARK.

Andantino.




And, look-ing back o'er life's dim track, We see a - near death's o - cean
foam ; While wan and pale flaps the dim sail That waits for us, to take us
home. We will not fear, but hold more dear, Close hand in hand when go - ing home.
colla parte.
Then let it shine, that light di - vine, More fair than lamp on gold - en

dome, While day by day we bless its ray, And watch from far as we come

f

home. Clear thro' the haze be - hold its blaze! We're com - ing

mf

rit.

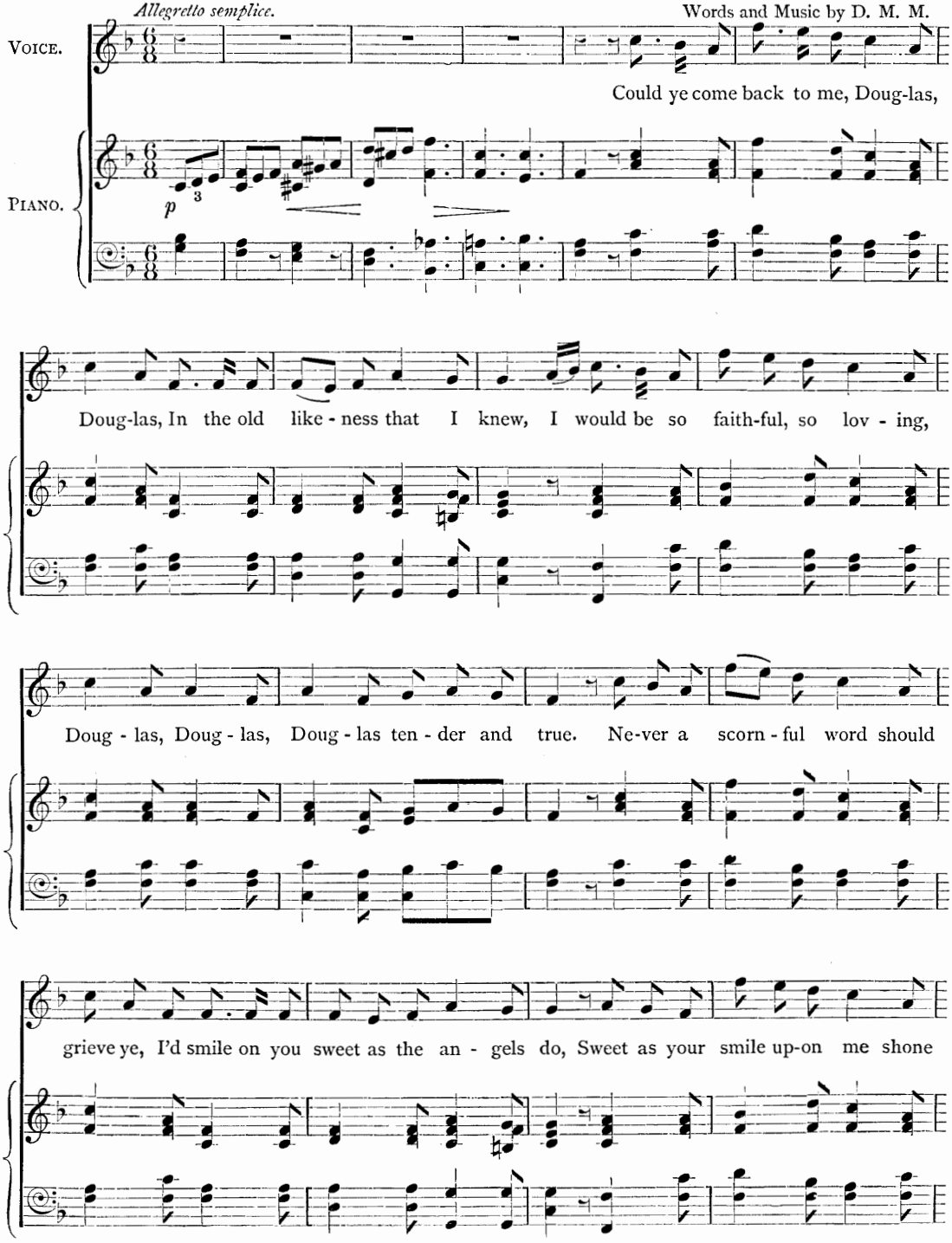
home, We're com - ing home!

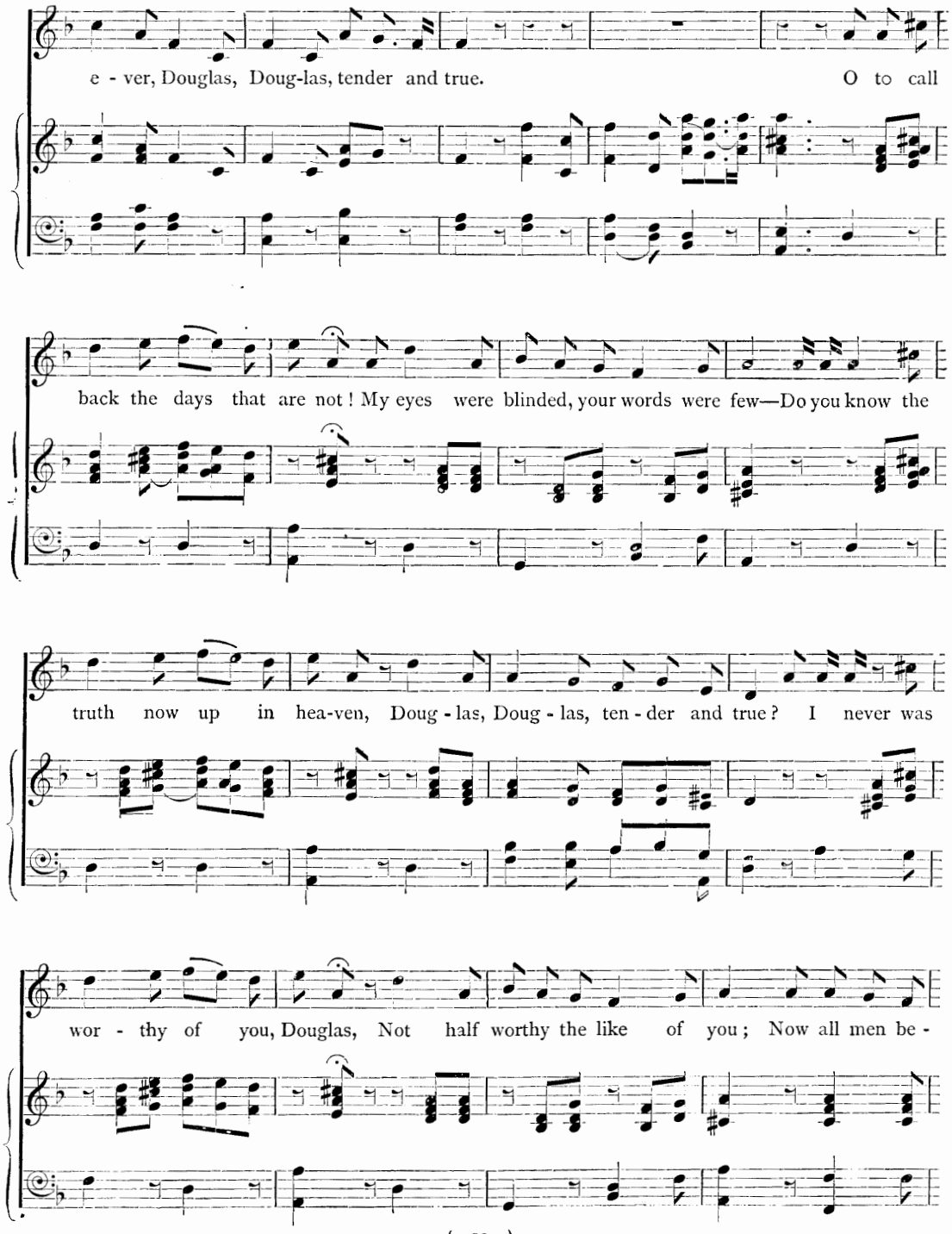
colla parte. *p tempo.* Ped. * *rit.* *pp* FINE.

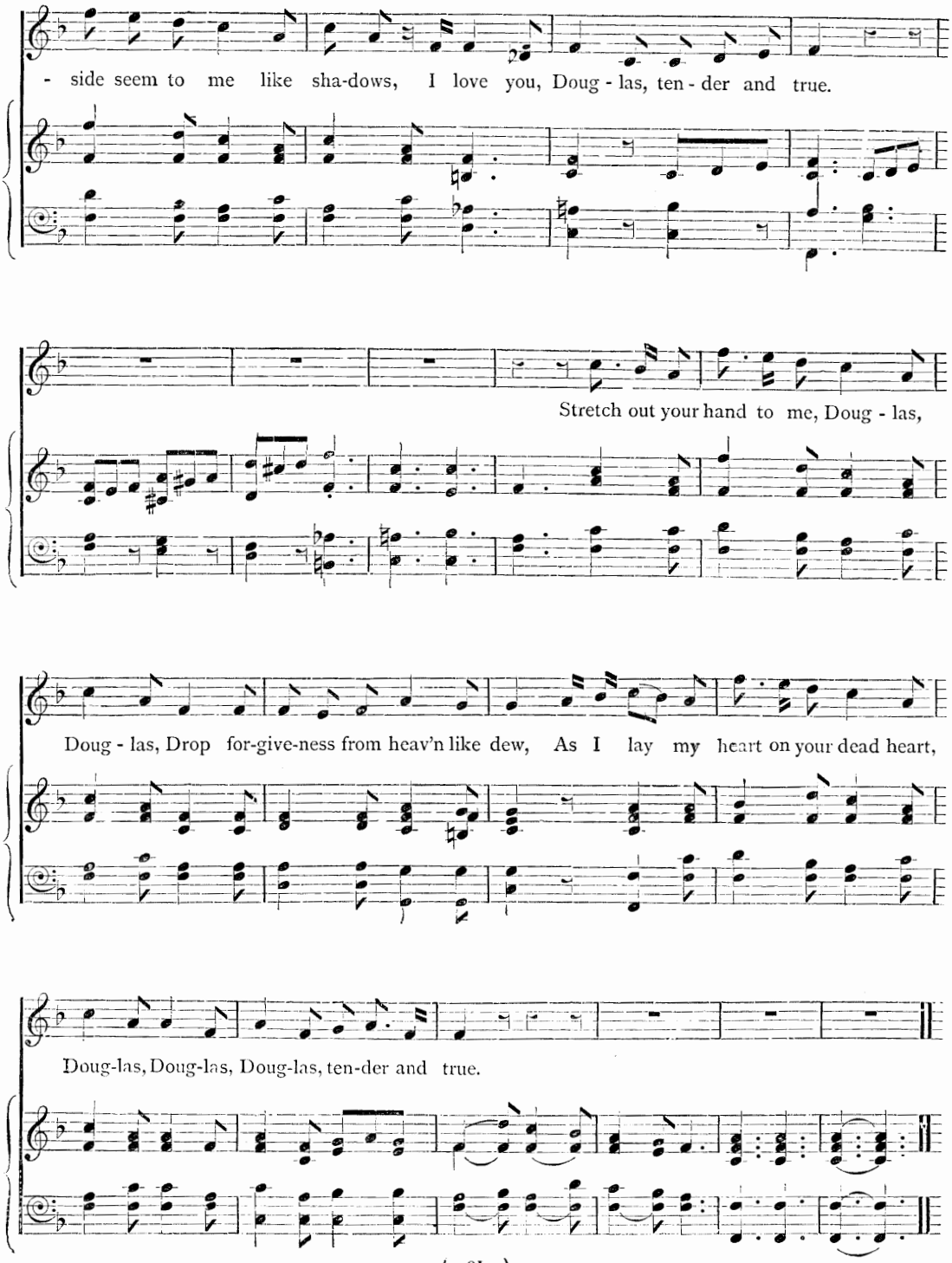
Douglas.

Allegretto semplice.

Words and Music by D. M. M.

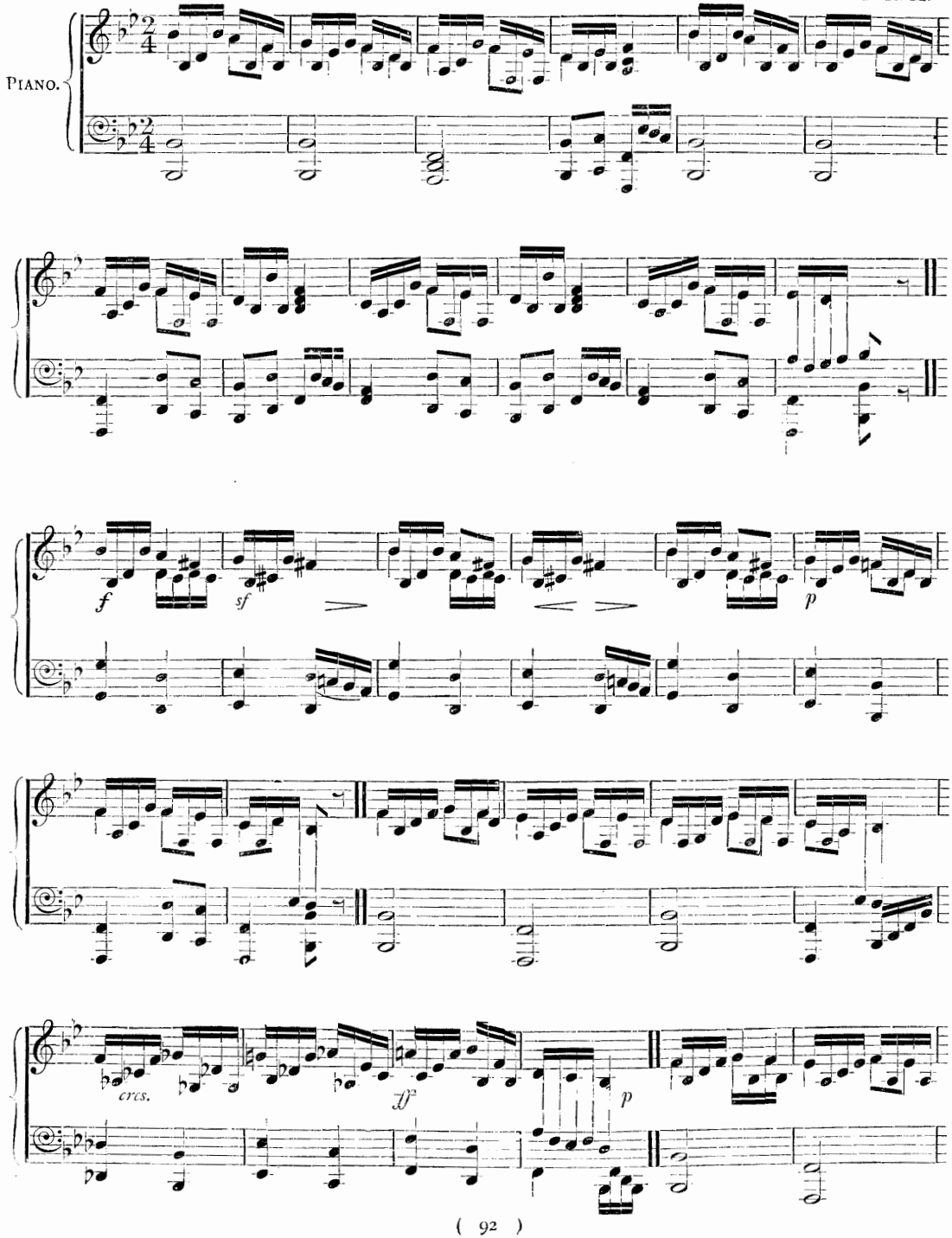


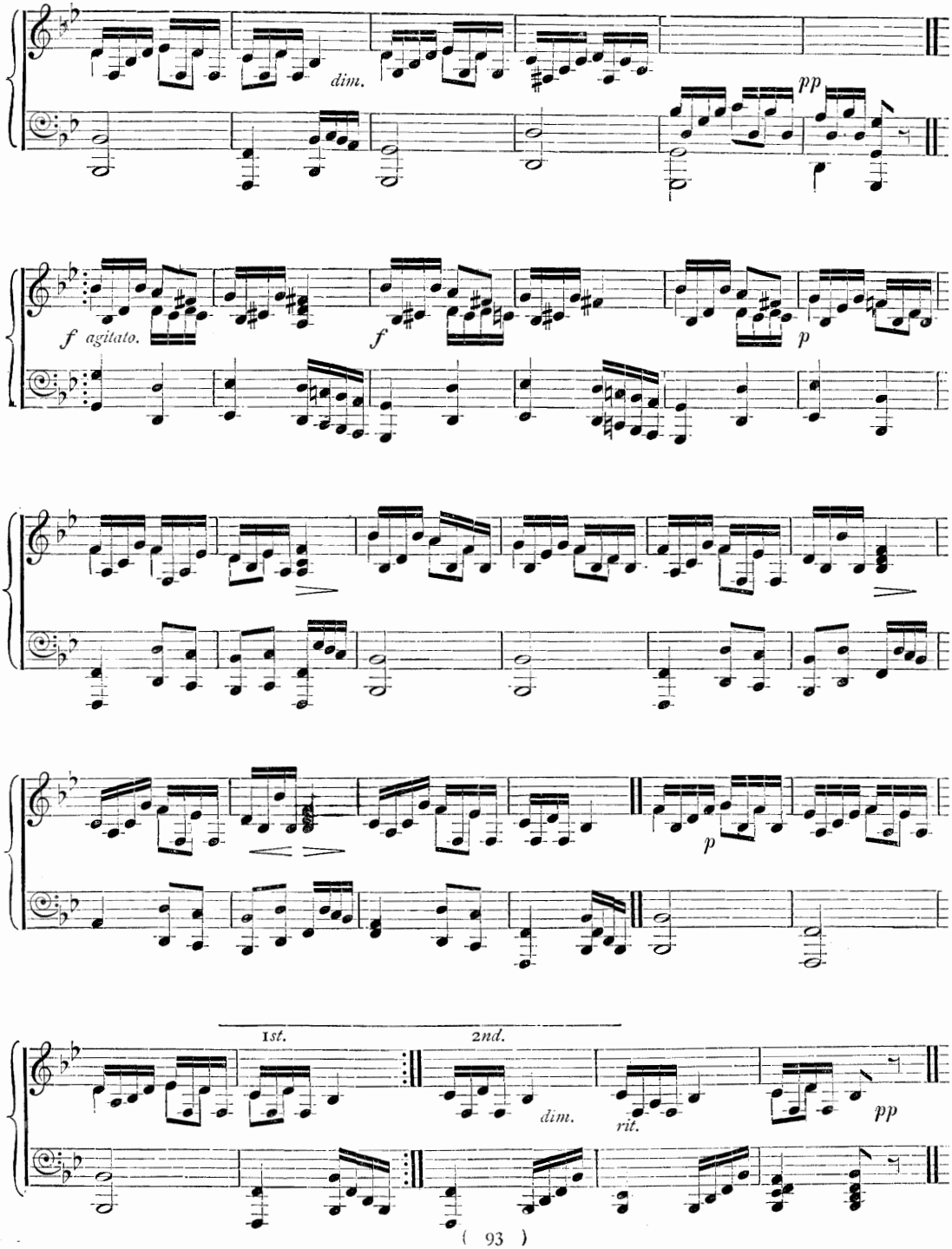

e - ver, Douglas, Doug-las, tender and true. O to call
back the days that are not! My eyes were blinded, your words were few—Do you know the
truth now up in hea-ven, Doug - las, Doug - las, ten - der and true? I never was
wor - thy of you, Douglas, Not half worthy the like of you; Now all men be -


- side seem to me like sha-dows, I love you, Doug - las, ten - der and true.
Stretch out your hand to me, Doug - las,
Doug - las, Drop for-give-ness from heav'n like dew, As I lay my heart on your dead heart,
Doug-las, Doug-las, Doug-las, ten-der and true.

Lied.

B. R. M.

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