

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

THE MELODIES

O F

STEPHEN C. FOSTER



PITTSBURGH
T. M. WALKER
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TO THE

Melodies of Stephen C. Foster

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STEPHEN C. FOSTER

ON the fourth day of July, 1826, just fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, there was born in the little village of Lawrenceville, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, a child that was destined to become one of the most famous musicians of the country; one whose songs went 'round the world and are as popular to-day as they were when first published; a boy whose artistic sense was so finely developed that he was able to convert it to music, and thus through his genius give unlimited joy to the countless millions who have since learned to love the melodies of Stephen Collins Foster.

His father was William Barclay Foster, an enterprising and prominent Pitsburgh merchant and the founder of the village of Lawrenceville, now a part of the city of Pittsburgh. He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. Eliza Clayland Foster, the mother of Stephen, was of English ancestry and before her marriage lived on the eastern shore of Maryland. Her family were staunch patriots during the Revolution and were greatly accomplished, highly educated and refined. It is believed that much of the musical talent of Stephen Foster was derived from his mother's branch of the family, as it is said that they were distinguished in the society of Baltimore for their musical and artistic abilities.

When he was thirteen years old, while at school at Athens, Pennsylvania, he wrote a piece of music for the college commencement and arranged it for four flutes, of which he took the leading part. This piece he called the "Tioga Waltz," and it was very well received both by the audience and his fellow-students.

His first published song was produced when he was sixteen years old and was called "Open Thy Lattice, Love," which was composed for and dedicated to Miss Susan E. Pentland, his next door neighbor and life-long friend. Miss Pentland, who is now Mrs. Andrew L. Robinson, had a beautiful soprano voice, and it was Foster's custom to refer all his compositions to her, and if she was satisfied with them he felt that they were all right. A large part of Stephen Foster's time was spent at the Pentland home and the majority of his songs were composed on Miss Pentland's piano.

The music alone of this first song was Foster's. In after years he almost invariably composed both the words and the music for his songs, but at this time he was giving his attention to his studies along the practical lines and had no thought of devoting his entire time to the composition of music and the writing of poetry, as he did in later years.

From the time he was able to walk, he was always fond of all musical instruments, and at the age of seven, while visiting the music store of Smith and Mellor, in Pittsburgh, he picked up a flageolet and in a few minutes had mastered the stops and was able to play "Hail Columbia" in perfect time and accent, notwithstanding the fact that he had never before handled a flute or flageolet.

Soon after this he learned to play beautifully on both the flute and the piano. He had but few teachers, among them being Henry Kleber, of Pittsburgh. He was possessed of remarkable talent for composition, but did not rely entirely upon this inspiration for his guidance. He was a deep student of all the old masters, being particularly fond of Mozart, Beethoven and Weber.

The simple melodies that Foster afterwards composed were not the accidental interpretations of an uncultured intellect, but rather the result of deep and arduous study and a most thorough and laborious analysis of harmonies, and his compositions were as well and favorably received by the most critical as well as by the most unlearned in the musical world.

In 1845, Foster composed "The Lou'siana Belle" and soon afterwards produced the famous song of "Old Uncle Ned," which at once became popular and was sung everywhere.

The next year, while employed as a bookeeper for his brother Dunning Foster in Cincinnati, he wrote his song "Oh, Susanna," which also soon attained a vast popularity.

In 1848, after his return from Cincinnati, he devoted himself to the study of music as a science, and finding that he had no taste for business, he henceforth gave his entire time to his compositions.

About this time he wrote "Nelly Was a Lady," which was published by a New York firm, and soon offers began to come to him from all parts of the world for additional compositions, as his songs were very popular and were being sung everywhere.

Foster had a very pleasing baritone voice and was fond of singing his compositions together with his friends. When composing new songs it was his custom to ask a few friends to assist him in singing his choruses.

These he chose on account of the excellence of their voices and their correct method of singing. Among his favorites for this task were Mrs. Andrew L. Robinson, Mrs. John Mitchell and Miss Jessie Lightner. While in Cincinnati, Miss Sophie Marshall, afterwards Mrs. Harry Miller, was a favorite in these rehearsals. She was possessed of a most beautiful soprano voice and sang with much sweetness and taste. For her he wrote "Stay, Summer Breath," one of his earliest sentimental compositions.

Foster was very fond of playing on the piano of Miss Isabella Cosgrove, who lived on Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, and who was very much interested in the work of the young composer.

Stephen, together with a number of other young men of Allegheny, had a club for social purposes, and many of these friends assisted him with his songs. Among his most intimate friends were Mr. Andrew L. Robinson, Mr. Frank Dennison, Mr. Harvey Davis, Mr. Charles Rahm and Mr. Charles Shiras, the publisher of "The Albatross." Mr. Shiras was a most intelligent and well read man and often assisted Foster with the words for his melodies. When he and Stephen were both young men there was a little French tutor in Allegheny, and these two decided to learn French from him. So apt were they both at this, that in three weeks they could speak and translate the language with comparative ease.

While many of Foster's songs were plantation melodies, he never spent any time in the South, with the exception of one trip to New Orleans, which he took with a number of friends on his brother Dunning's packet.

His poetic fancy ran rather towards sentimental songs, and many of these sold in large numbers and are still very popular. Among these are "Gentle Annie," "Laura Lee," "Willie, We Have Missed You," "Ellen Bayne," "Old Dog Tray," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Ah, May the Red Rose Live Alway," etc.

A man named Morgan Jenkins had a store on Federal Street, Allegheny, where Foster often went to make purchases and where he frequently saw Mr. Jenkins' little daughter, Annie. After her death, which occurred when she was still a child, Foster told Mr. Jenkins that he was going to write a song to her memory. This song he called "Gentle Annie," and it became one of his best known sentimental compositions. It was Foster's delight to thus perpetuate the memory of his friends, and although Annie Jenkins has been dead for many years, "Gentle Annie" will live with us forever.

One day Stephen went into the office of his brother, Morrison Foster, a well known [Pittsburgher, and asked him to suggest the name of a Southern river of two syllables to use in a song he was writing, Several names were presented by Mr. Foster, but none met with the approval of the composer. An atlas was opened at the map of the United States, and the Southern states scanned. Mr. Morrison Foster's finger stopped on a little river in Florida called the Swanee. Stephen was so delighted with this name that he would look no farther, but immediately inscribed it in his famous song of "Old Folks At Home."

In 1850 he was married to Miss Jane Denny McDowell, daughter of Dr. Andrew N. McDowell, a leading Pittsburgh physician, and as he had received a very flattering offer from some New York publishers to make his home in that city, he removed there with his wife. He liked the city very much and remained there about a year, but one day the longing came to him to return to his old home, so he disposed of his effects and without delay returned to Pittsburgh.

From this time, until the death of his father and mother, Stephen remained in Pittsburgh. His father was for four years before his death an invalid, and Foster was always attentive and devoted to him. After his death he wrote his well-known song "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," which was an expression of his own feelings at the loss of his father.

"Old Dog Tray" was written in remembrance of an old setter that was given to Stephen by an old friend of the family, Col. Matthew I. Stewart, and who was his constant companion for years. Mr. F. W. McKee, of Pittsburgh, relates the following interesting incident in connection with the writing of this song, which was told him by Mr. D. C. Herbst, who was a friend of Foster's. Mr. Herbst said that he and Foster were out calling together one night and returned home rather late. Foster staying over night with Mr. Herbst. In the middle of the night Stephen suddenly arose and lighting a candle, began to write from an inspiration that In the morning he showed his friend Herbst his copy, had come to him. which was the famous song of "Old Dog Tray." Many of his songs were written on the spur of the moment in this way. Mr. Henry Kleber said that Foster would often rush into a grocery store and jot down lines on the rough brown wrapping paper, which were afterwards shaped into some of his most popular airs.

In 1852, Foster took a trip down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans with his brother, Dunning Foster, who was at that time the proprietor of a large river packet. The party included Stephen and his wife, Miss Jessie Lightner, Mr. Richard Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Robinson and their son, John W. Robinson, all of whom were possessed of considerable musical talent, and they had a very pleasant trip.

The party remained but three days in New Orleans and then returned to the North. While in New Orleans, Foster and Richard Cowan met Dan Rice, the circus clown, whom they had known when he was a driver for one of the old Pittsburgh families. Rice was showing the young men the sights of the city and they asked him to take them to a cock pit. "Boys," said Rice, "I could not think of risking my reputation by being seen at a cock fight, but I will get you another guide, who will take you and show you the fun." This he did much to the amusement of the two young aristocrats.

On this trip, Foster observed many incidents of Southern life and habits, which he afterwards wove into the fabric of his songs with such pleasing effects.

Between the years 1853 and 1860 Foster remained in Pittsburgh and wrote many of his sentimental songs, such as "Gentle Annie," "Willie, We Have Missed You," etc.

In 1860, he again received a very profitable offer from New York to go there and live in that city, which he did, remaining there until the time of his death.

In January, 1864, while staying at a hotel in New York, he was attacked with ague and fever and went to bed. After two or three days, he arose and was washing himself, when be became faint and fell to the floor, striking the wash basin, which broke and cut a deep gash in his face and neck. He was discovered in a few minutes by a servant and taken to the Bellevue Hospital. He was much weakened by fever and loss of blood and did not rally. The end came on the thirteenth of January, among strangers in the hospital, but it is said that he died peacefully and quietly, as he had always lived.

The funeral services were held in Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, and were simple and impressive. Several of his favorite compositions were rendered at the cemetery, including "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Old Folks At Home." etc.

Foster was survived by his wife and one child, a daughter, who was married to Mr. Walter Welsh.

Stephen Foster's grave in the Allegheny Cemetery is marked by a simple marble tomb-stone in the family lot, where his body was laid beside the graves of his father and mother.

Foster was possessed of a most remarkable perception of the universal sorrows and sympathies and had also the power of expressing them so that he at once made his hearers his friends; and that they were the real truths that he taught is well understood when we apply them to ourselves and see that they are as acceptable and popular to us to-day as they were when they were first written.

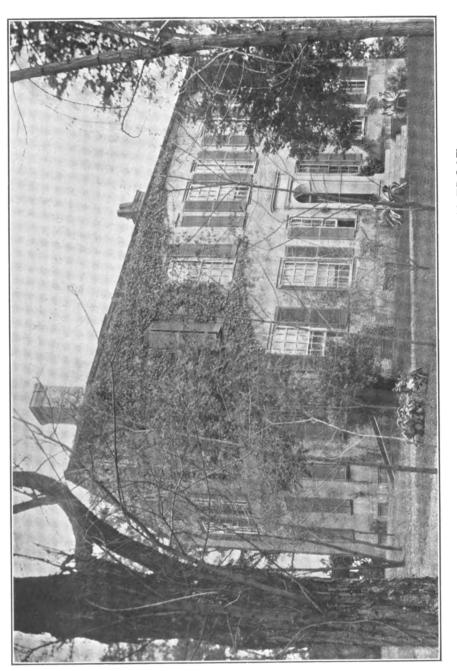
Foster was in person slender, in height about five feet seven inches. His figure was handsome and he was exceedingly well proportioned. The face was striking, the features regular. His nose was straight, inclined to aquiline, his nostrils full and dilated. His mouth was regular in form and his lips full. Perhaps the most remarkable feature were his eyes. They were dark and very large and lit up with remarkable intelligence when conversing. His hair was very dark, almost black. The color of his eyes and hair he inherited from his mother, some of whose remote ancestors were Italian, though she was directly of English descent. In conversation he was very interesting, but rather of a more suggestive than argumentative disposition. He was an excellent listener, although well informed on all current topics.

Foster was of a quiet, peaceful nature and did not care for society. His time was spent with a few friends, and to them he was always gentle and considerate. He was a member of the Episcopal church and was deeply religious. Like many another great genius, he was eccentric in many things, but he always had compassion on all the lowly and downtrodden, as is evidenced by his many songs of the darkies and their life.

There was a strain of the plaintive in his make-up that showed itself in many of his compositions. His songs touched the hearts of the people, and were withal so human that it is no wonder that to-day they are known and loved in every country of the civilized world.

The old songs are the best just as "old friends" are, and whenever several people gather 'round the piano to sing, the programme is considered incomplete without "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe" and "Old Folks At Home." These songs of Foster's appeal to all classes, and each eye can picture for itself the "old folks" that are mayhap many miles away, or even gone before us to that Eternal Home which we are all striving to gain.

No pen can sufficiently describe the greatness of a genius, but after all, this is unnecessary, as his works speak for themselves, and as long as "old folks" and young folks, people of all beliefs and in every station of life, lift their voices in song, so long will be sung the works and praises of the greatest of American composers—Stephen Collins Foster.



THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. MADGE ROWAN FROST THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME, BARDSTOWN, KY.

AH! MAY THE RED ROSE LIVE ALWAY



AH! MAY THE RED ROSE LIVE ALWAY



2 Long may the daises dance the field, Frolicking far and near! [heads? Why should the innocent hide their Why should the innocent fear? Spreading their petals in mute delight When morn in its radiance breaks, Keeping a floral festival Till the night-loving primrose wakes— Long may the daisies dance the field, Frolicking far and near! [heads? Why should the innocent hide their Why should the innocent fear?

3 Lulled be the dirge in the cypress bough,
That tells of departed flowers!
Ah! that the butterfly's gilded wing
Fluttered in evergreen bowers!
Sad is my heart for the blighted plants—
Its pleasures are aye as brief—[call,
They bloom at the young year's joyful
And fade with the autumn leaf:
Ah! may the red rose live alway,
To smile upon earth and sky!
Why should the beautiful ever weep?
Why should the beautiful die?

ANGELINA BAKER



ANGELINA BAKER



She nebber sees de ground,
She hab to take a wellumscope.
To look down on de town;
Angelina likes de boys
As far as she can see dem,
She used to run old Massa round.
To ax him for to free dem.

Ob a lubly summer day
I ax for Angelina,
And dey say, "she's gone away;"
I don't know wha to find her,

Cayse I don't know wha she's gone.
She left me here to weep a tear
And beat on de old jawbone.

AWAY DOWN SOUF



AWAY DOWN SOUF



AWAY DOWN SOUF



ANNIE, MY OWN LOVE



- 2 Like the moon to the twilight She came to my heart, And fondly she told me We never should part; By death, unrelenting, She's freed from her vow, And Annie, my own love, Is gone from me now.
- Is gone from the sky.

 In the gloom of my sorrow
 Heart-broken I lie;
 Oh! seek not to sooth me,
 To earth let me bow,
 For Annie, my own love,
 Is gone from me now.

BEAUTIFUL CHILD OF SONG

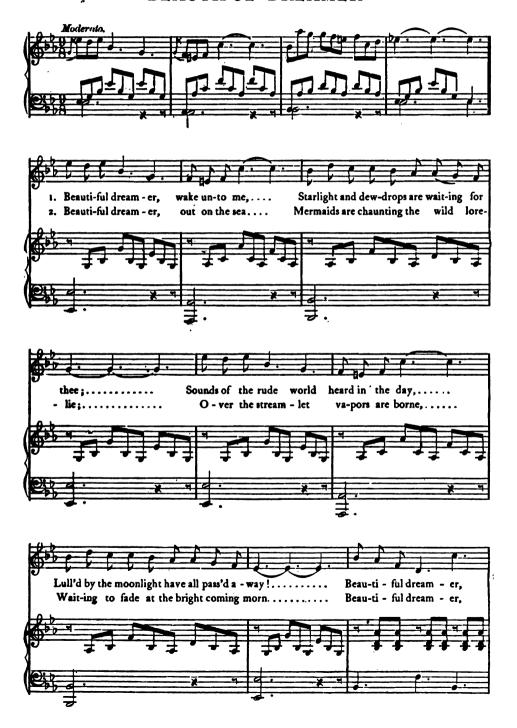


BEAUTIFUL CHILD OF SONG



- 2 Come, for the spell of a fairy
 Dwells in thy magical voice;
 And at thy step light and airy,
 E'en cold hearts in rapture rejoice,
 Come, I am longing to hear thee,
 Beautiful child of song!
 Come, I am longing to hear thee,
 Beautiful child of song!
 I'm longing to hear thee
 Carol thy lay, sweet child of song.
- 3 Come fill the air with thy numbers,
 Come from the angels among;
 Wake my dull soul from its slumbers,
 O beautiful child of song!
 Come, I am longing to hear thee,
 Beautiful child of song!
 Come! I am longing to hear thee,
 Beautiful child of song!
 I'm longing to hear thee
 Carol thy lay, sweet child of song.

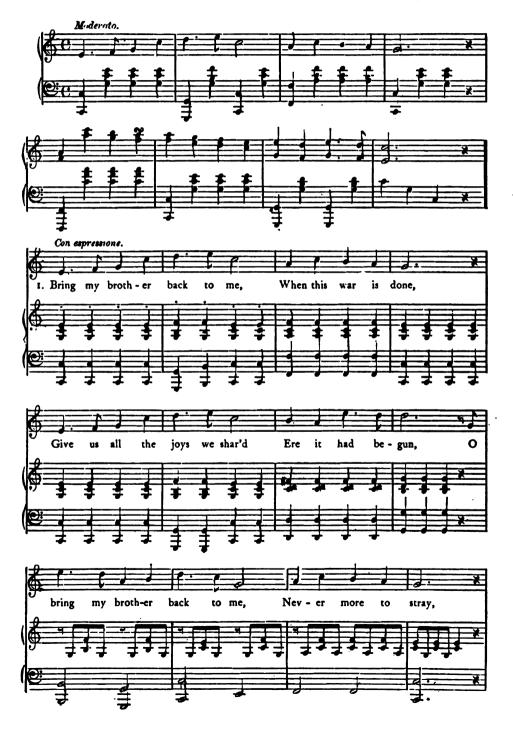
BEAUTIFUL DREAMER



BEAUTIFUL DREAMER



BRING MY BROTHER BACK TO ME



BRING MY BROTHER BACK TO ME



- 2 All the house is lonely now,
 And my voice no more
 In the pleasant summer eves
 Greets him at the door.
 Never more I hear his step
 By the garden gate,
 While I sit in anxious tears
 Knowing not his fate.
- 3 Bring my brother back to me,
 From the battle strife,
 Thou who watchest o'er the good,
 Shield his precious life.
 When this war has passed away,
 Safe from all alarms,
 Bring my brother home again
 To my longing arms.





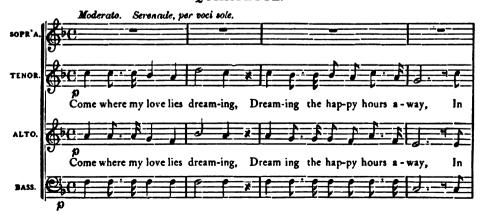


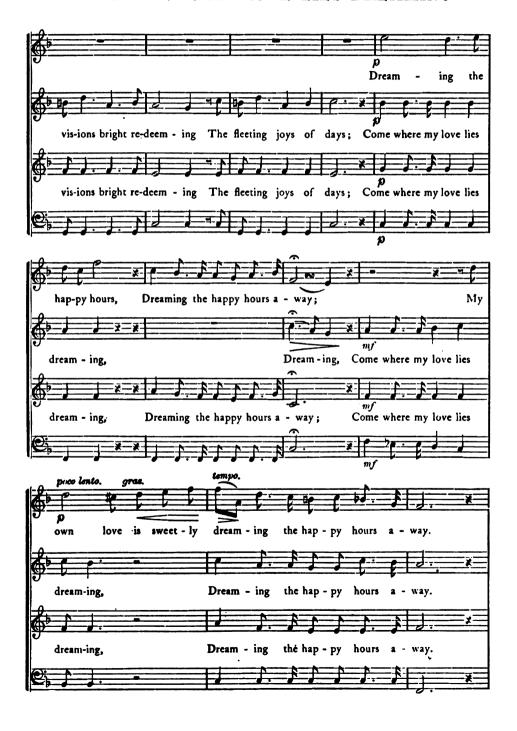




COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING

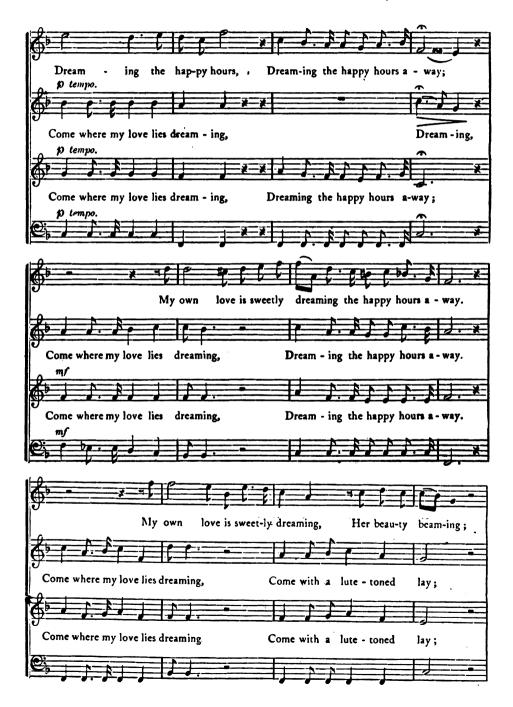
QUARTETTE.







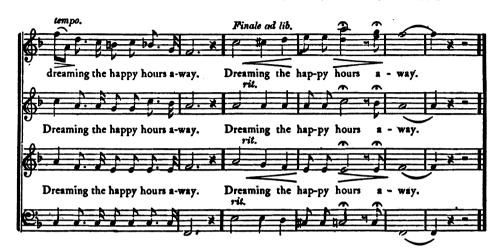




COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING



COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING.





COMRADES, FILL NO GLASS FOR ME



(2)
I know a breast that once was light
Whose patient sufferings need my care,
I know a hearth that once was bright,
But drooping hopes have gather'd there.

But drooping hopes have gather'd there, Then while the tear-drops nightly steal From wounded hearts that I should heal, Though boon companions ye may be, Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me.

When I was young I felt the tide
Of aspirations undefiled, [pride
But manhood's years have wronged the

My parents centered in their child. Then, by a mother's sacred tear, By all that memory should revere, Though boon companions ye may be, Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me.

COME WITH THY SWEET VOICE AGAIN



COME WITH THY SWEET VOICE AGAIN



CORA DEAN



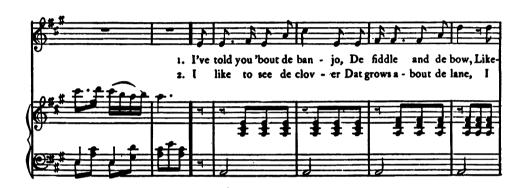
CORA DEAN



- 2 Cora Dean was formed for loving, Cheering the hearts of all; None could sigh where she was moving, Birds tuned their carols to her call; Fields grew fairer at her coming, Flowers a more joyful throng; [ing, Skies were bright where she was roam-Streams danced the lighter to her song.
 - 3 Eyes bedimned with tears are streaming Round her deserted home;
 Silent stars are nightly beaming,
 Lending a sadness to the gloom,
 While the winds of summer dying,
 Borne from the deep, dark wave,
 O'er the land in dirges sighing,
 Murmur with sorrow round her grave.

DOLLY DAY









DOLLY DAY

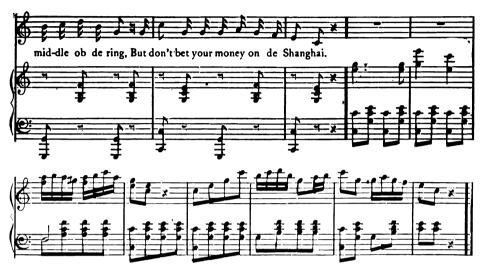


- 3 When de work is over I make de banjo play, And while I strike de dulcem notes. I think of Dolly Day. Her form is like a posy— De lily of de vale, Her voice is far de sweetest sound Dat floats upon de gale.
- 4 Massa give me money
 To buy a peck of corn
 I'se guine to marry Dolly Day
 And build myself a barn;
 Den when I'm old and feeble,
 And when my head is grey,
 I'll trabble down de hill of life
 Along wid Dolly Day.

DON'T BET YOUR MONEY ON DE SHANGHAI



DON'T BET YOUR MONEY ON DE SHANGHAI



- 2 I go to de fair for to see de funny fowls, De double-headed pigion and de onc-eyed owls; De old lame goose wid no web between his toes, He kills himself a laughing when de Shanghai crows.
- 3 De Shanghai's tall but his appetite is small, He'll only swallow ebry thing that he can overhaul; Four bags of wheat just as certain as you're born, A bushel of potatoes and a tub full of corn.

DOWN AMONG DE CANE-BRAKES



DOWN AMONG DE CANE-BRAKES



2 Yes, I was free from care; All the bright summer there; Dark days to me were fair— Down among the cane-brakes.

- 3 There lived my mother dear, (Gone from this world, I fear), There rang our voices clear, Down among the cane-brakes.
- Who like the rest has gone,—
 She might have been my own,
 Down among the cane-brakes.
- 6 Long years have glided by, Since then I breathed each sigh,— May I return to die; Down among the cane-brakes.

A DREAM OF MY MOTHER AND MY HOME



A DREAM OF MY MOTHER AND MY HOME



A DREAM OF MY MOTHER AND MY HOME



DOLCY JONES



DOLCY JONES



- 2 Oh! when I go a courting
 I ride thro' mud and rain:
 I leabe de old hoss snorting
 At de corner ob de lane.
 I find my Dolcy weeping,
 And charm her wid de bones,
 Bye'n bye I leabe her sleeping,
 Oh! dadda, D' D' Dolcy Jones!
- 3 I went up town dis morning
 To sing a little song;
 Miss Dolcy send me warning
 To bring my boots along;
 For de yard is paved wid cinder,
 And de house is built ob stones,
 And a head is at de window,
 Oh! dadda, D' D' Dolcy Jones!





ELLEN BAYNE



- Dream not in anguish,
 Dream not in fear;
 Love shall not languish;
 Fond ones are near.
 Sleeping or waking,
 In pleasure or pain
 Warm hearts will beat for thee,
 Sweet Ellen Bayne.
- 3 Scenes that have vanished
 Smile on thee now,
 Pleasures once banished
 Play round thy brow,
 Forms long departed
 Greet thee again
 Soothing thy dreaming heart,
 Sweet Ellen Bayne.

EULALIE



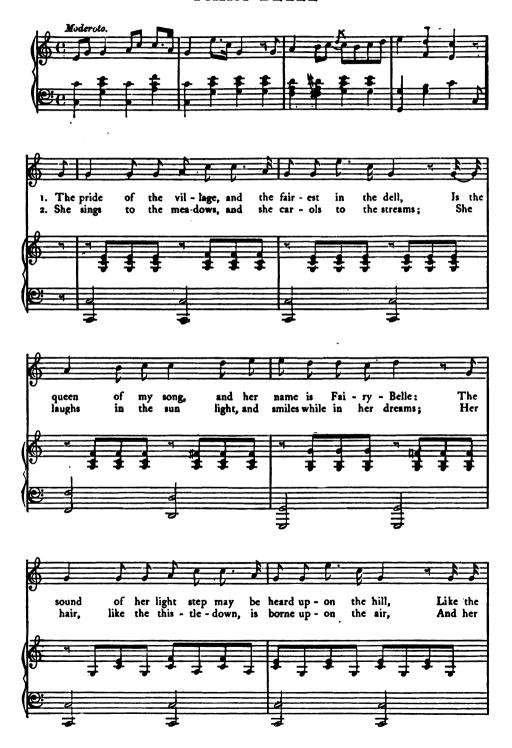


EULALIE



- 2 Streamlet, chanting at her feet Mournful music, sad and sweet, Wake her not, she dreams of me, 'Neath the yew-tree, Eulalie! Eulalie, but yester-night, Came a spirit veiled in white; I knew it could be none but thee, Bride of Death, lost Eulalie.
- 3 Angels, guard her with your wings, Shield her from unholy things, Bid her dream love-dreams of me,—Till I come, sleep, Eulalie!
 Blue-birds, linger here awhile, O'er this sacred, grassy pile, Sing your sweetest songs to me—'Tis the grave of Eulalie.

FAIRY-BELLE



FAIRY-BELLE



3 Her soft notes of melody around me sweetly fall; Her eye, full of love, is now beaming on my soul; The sound of that gentle voice, the glance of that eye, Surround me with rapture that no other heart could sigh.

FAREWELL, MOTHER DEAR



FAREWELL, MOTHER DEAR



When I'm laid underneath the willow;
I'll keep guard upon thy soul:
Thou hast guarded o'er my pillow.
For in a radiant land
I will join a sister band,

I am called: Farewell! we meet again.
Oh! Farewell, mother dear, I go
Wheell, mother dear, I go
Wheell loved ones never can be parted,

We will meet again, I know;
Be not weeping and down-hearted.

FAREWELL, MY LILLY DEAR



FAREWELL, MY LILLY DEAR



- 3 I wake up in the morning,
 And walk out on the farm:
 Oh! Lilly am a darling,
 She take me by the arm.
 We wander through the clover
 Down by the river side,
 I tell her that I love her
 And she must be my bride.
- 4 Oh! Lilly dear, 'tis mournful
 To leave you here alone,
 You'll smile before I leave you,
 And weep when I am gone.
 The sun can never shine, love,
 So bright for you and me,
 As when I worked beside you
 In good old Tennessee.

FOR THE DEAR OLD FLAG I DIE



FOR THE DEAR OLD FLAG I DIE



- Do not mourn, my mother dear,
 Every pang will soon be o'er;
 For I hear the angel band
 Calling from their starry shore;
 Now I see their banners wave
 In the light of perfect day,
 Though 'tis hard to part with you,
 Yet I would not wish to stay.
- 3 Farewell, mother, Death's cold hand Weighs upon my spirit now, And I feel his blighting breath Fan my pallid cheek and brow. Closer! closer! to your heart, Let me feel that you are by, While my sight is growing dim, For the dear old Flag I die,

FOR THEE, LOVE, FOR THEE



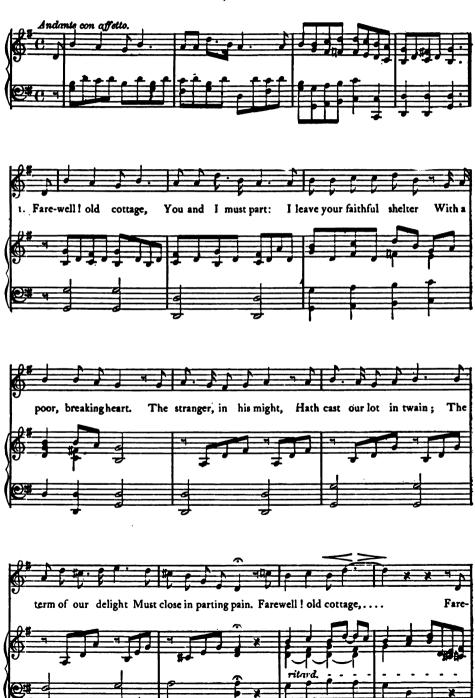
FOR THEE, LOVE, FOR THEE



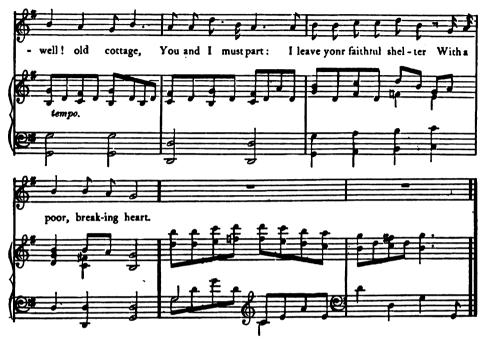
- 2 I'll dwell on thy smiles when thou'rt 3 The lark and the linnet seem singing, Forthee, love, for thee, love, [waking, My heart would be faithful tho' breaking, For thee, only thee.
 - In bowers where we've lingered Each flow'ret and tree Remains in my mem'ry An emblem of thee.
- For thee, love, for thee, love, The bud into blossom seems springing, For thee, only thee.

The bloom on the meadows, The rippling of streams, Recall but thy fair form, The queen of my dreams.

FAREWELL, OLD COTTAGE

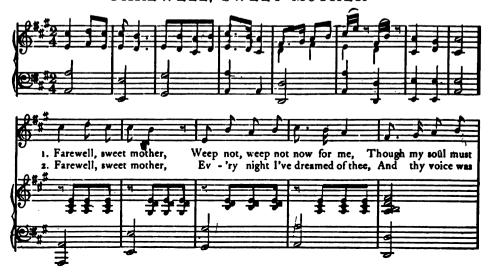


FAREWELL, OLD COTTAGE



- 2 Farewell! old cottage, Memory still inthralls The loved ones of my childhood In your time-beaten walls. Here my brother played In pride of health and youth, Here my sister prayed In purity and truth.
- 3 Farewell! old cottage,
 Oft times from afar
 Yon window light hath served me
 As a loved guiding star,
 And cheered a heart that longed
 To join the household mirth
 Where happy faces thronged
 A hospitable hearth.

FAREWELL, SWEET MOTHER



FAREWELL, SWEET MOTHER



FAREWELL, SWEET MOTHER



GENTLE ANNIE



GENTLE ANNIE



(2)
We have roamed and loved 'mid the bowers,

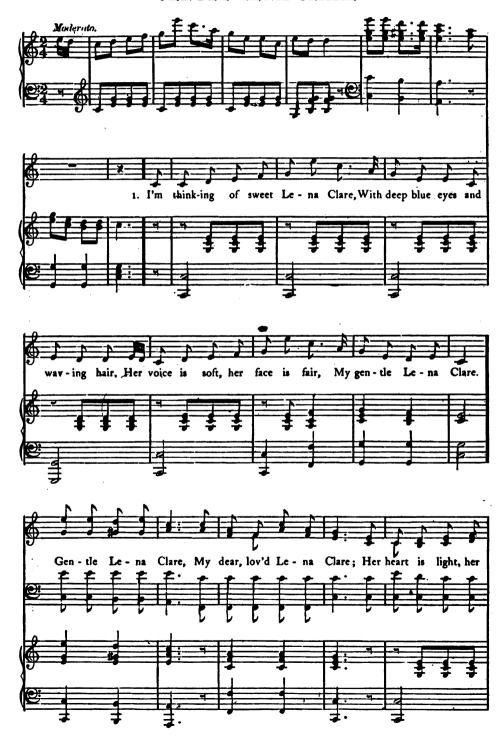
When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom;

Now I stand alone 'mid the flowers, While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb. (3)
Ah! the hours grow sad while I ponder,
Near the silent spot where thou art
laid,

And my heart bows down when I wander

By the streams and the meadows where we strayed.

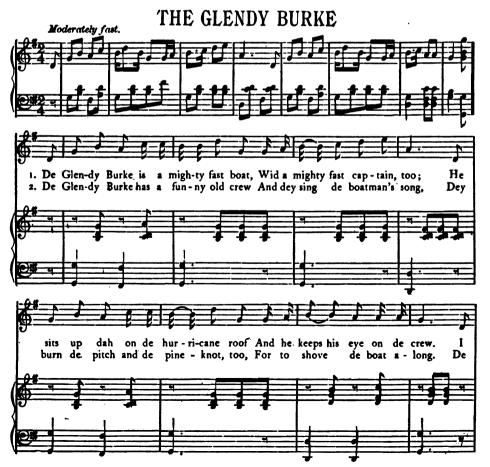
GENTLE LENA CLARE



GENTLE LENA CLARE



- I love her careless, winning ways,
 I love her wild and birdlike lays,
 I love the grass whereon she strays;
 My gentle Lena Clare.
- 3 Her home is in the shady glen, When summer comes I'll seek again, On mountain height and lowland plain; My gentle Lena Clare.



THE GLENDY BURKE



- 3 I'll work all night in de wind and storm, I'll work all day in de rain, Till I find myself on de levy-dock
 - In New Orleans again.

 Dey make me mow in de hay field here
 And knock my head wid de flail,
 - I'll go wha dey work wid de sugar and de And roll on de cotton bale [cane
- 4 My lady love is as pretty as a pink, I'll meet her on de way,
 - I'll take her back to de sunny old south
 And dah I'll make her stay.
 - So dont you fret, my honey dear, Oh! dont you fret, Miss Brown, week, I'll take you back 'fore de middle of de When de Glendy Burke comes down.

GIVE THE STRANGER HAPPY CHEER



GIVE THE STRANGER HAPPY CHEER



2 Give the stranger happy cheer,

While forms familiar round ye stand, Ye may not know what weight of woe The wanderer bears in an unknown land,

Around ye no blessings more sweetly may fall

Than those which the way-wearied exile may call.

3 Give the stranger happy cheer.

Where'er ye find him, wan and weak, 'Twere little cost, 'twere nothing lost To call a smile o'er his care-worn cheek.

Your kindness for years in his memory may rest

To gladden his foot-steps and comfort his breast.

GWINE TO RUN ALL NIGHT



GWINE TO RUN ALL NIGHT



- 3 Old muley cow come on to de track, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 - De bob-tail fling her ober his back, Oh! doo-dah-day!
 - Den fly along like a rail-road car. Doo-dah! doo-dah! Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star,

Oh! doo-dah-day!

- Doo-dah! doo-dah! Round de race track, den repeat, Oh! doo-dah-day!
- I win my money on de bob-tail nag, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
- I keep my money in an old tow-bag, Oh! doo-dah-day!

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE



HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE



3 There's a pale, drooping maiden, who toils her life away, [are o'er: With a worn heart whose better days Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,—Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

troubled wave, [shore,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around
the lowly grave,—
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

THE HOUR FOR THEE AND ME



THE HOUR FOR THEE AND ME



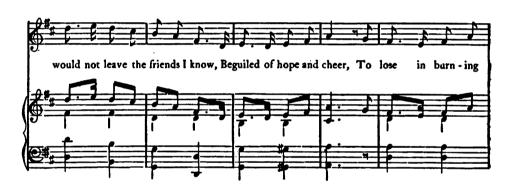
- when perfumes from the closing flow-Are wafted o'er the lea, [ers And vespers float upon the gale, Is the hour for thee and me, The hour for thee and me, The hour for thee and me, When vespers float upon the gale, Is the hour for thee and me.
- 3 When night beholds her starry realm Reflected on the sea, When moon-beams dance upon the rill, Is the hour for thee and me, The hour for thee and me, The hour for thee and me, When moon-beams dance upon the rill, Is the hour for thee and me.

I WOULD NOT DIE IN SUMMER TIME



I WOULD NOT DIE IN SUMMER TIME







- 2 Oh! no, I would not pass away When, from the leafy grove, The red bird carols all the day Its song of joy and love; When merry warblers trill their notes From every bush and tree, And on the breeze an anthem floats Of heaven-born melody.
- 3 I would not die in summer time,
 And lie within the tomb,
 When blushing fruits are in their prime,
 And fields are in their bloom;
 For I would reap the yellow grain
 And bind it in the sheaves;
 Then die when winter winds complain
 Among the blighted leaves.

I CANNOT SING TO-NIGHT



I CANNOT SING TO-NIGHT

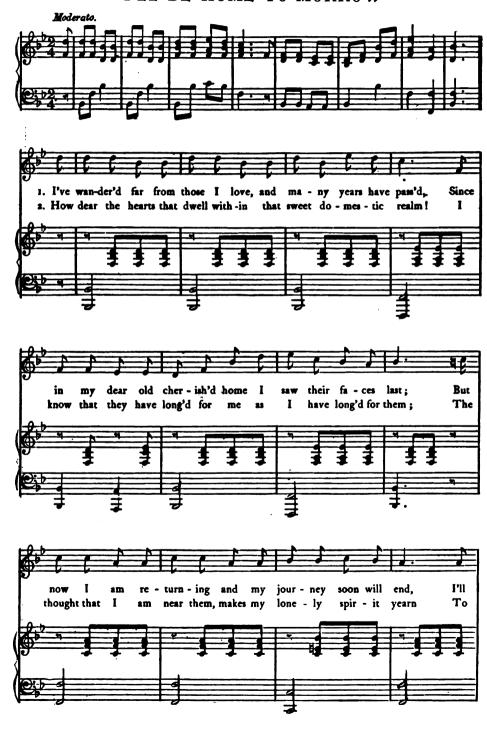




I'D BE A FAIRY



I'LL BE HOME TO-MORROW



I'LL BE HOME TO-MORROW



I SEE HER STILL IN MY DREAMS



I SEE HER STILL IN MY DREAMS



I WILL BE TRUE TO THEE



I WILL BE TRUE TO THEE



2 I will be true to thee,
Tho' I roam in a far off land,
Whether on earth or sea,
In a bower or desert strand,
Tho' darkest clouds may mar the morning beams,
ing beams,
And vapors dull may settle on the
Tho' blighting Time destroy thy fondest dreams,
Yet I will be true to thee,
I will be true to thee,

I will be true to thee.

I will be true to thee;
I will pray for thee night and day;
Wilt thou be true to me,
As in years that have rolled away?
When all thy childhood's dearest hopes
have fled,
[head.
And gloomy visions linger round thy
When all thy dear and early friends
are dead,
Then I will be true to thee,
I will be true to thee,
I will be true to thee.

I WOULD NOT DIE IN SPRING TIME



I WOULD NOT DIE IN SPRING TIME



- 3 When breezes leave the mountain,
 Its balmy sweets all o'er—
 To breathe around the fountain
 And fan our bow'rs no more.
 When Summer flow'rs are dying
 Within the lonely glen,
 And Autumn winds are sighing—
 I would not perish then.
- 4 But let me die in Winter
 When night hangs dark above,
 And cold the snow is lying
 On bosoms that we loveAh! may the wind at midnight,
 That bloweth from the sea,
 Chant mildly, softly, sweetly,
 A requiem for me.

I'LL BE A SOLDIER



I'LL BE A SOLDIER



I'LL BE A SOLDIER



- 3 I'll be a soldier, "my country"'s the cry,
 I'll fly to defend her and conquer or die;
 The land of my childhood, my love and my tears,
 The land of my birth and my early sunny years.
- 4 I'll be a soldier, and when we have won,
 I'll come back to thee with my knapsack and gun,
 I'll come with a true heart and kiss off each tear,
 And linger beside thee forever, Jenny dear.

IF YOU'VE ONLY GOT A MOUSTACHE



IF YOU'VE ONLY GOT A MOUSTACHE



IF YOU'VE ONLY GOT A MOUSTACHE



3 Your head may be thick as a block,
And empty as any foot-ball,
Oh! your eyes may be green as the grass,
Your heart just as hard as a wall.
Yet take the advice that I give,
You'll soon gain affection and cash,

And will be all the rage with the girls, If you'll only get a moustache, A moustache, a moustache, If you'll only get a moustache.

I once was in sorrow and tears
Because I was jilted you know,
So right down to the river I ran
To quickly dispose of my woe,
A good friend he gave me advice
And timely prevented the splash,
Now at home I've a wife and ten heirs,
And all thro' a handsome moustache,
A moustache, a moustache, [tache.
And all thro' a handsome mous-

JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR



IEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR



guile; I hear her melodies, like joys gone by,

Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die:--[like the rain,-Sighing like the night-wind and sobbing Wailing for the lost one that comes not again:

Oh! I long for Jeanie and my heart bows Never more to find her where the bright waters flow.

songs flown,

Her smiles have vanished and her sweet Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone. [on the shore,

Now the nodding wild flowers may wither While her gentle fingers will cull them no more;

Oh! I sigh for Jeanie, with the light brown. Floating, like a vapor, on the soft, summer

JENNY JUNE



JENNY JUNE



2 All the robins cease their song
As she gaily speeds along,
Just to listen to her singing
In the sweet summer time.
And her modest, beaming eyes
Are the color of the skies,
Many pleasant fancies bringing
In the sweet summer time.

With my darling Jenny June
When the meadows are in tune,
How I love to go a roving
In the sweet summer time.
While her presence seems to be
Like a ray of light to me.
For she's ever fond and loving
In the sweet summer time.

JENNY'S COMING O'ER THE GREEN



KISS ME, DEAR MOTHER

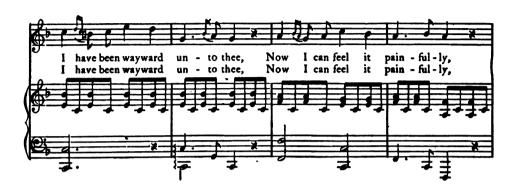








KISS ME, DEAR MOTHER







KATY BELL



KATY BELL



- 2 All the flowers in the dell
 Scem'd to own her for their queen,
 Bright and peerless Katy Bell,
 Fairer flow'r was never seen;
 How I lov'd the very ground,
 Over which she'd lightly bound,
 With her sunny ringlets crown'd,
 I can never, never tell.
- 3 Long I waited in the dell,
 Where the honeysuckles grow,
 Waited for sweet Katy Bell,
 Till the sun was sinking low,
 And before I left her side,
 In the quiet eventide,
 I had won her for my bride,
 Won my bonny Katy Bell.

LAURA LEE



LAURA LEE



- 2 Far from all pleasure torn,
 Sad and alone,
 How doth my spirit mourn
 While thou art gone!
 How like a desert isle
 Earth seems to me,
 Robbed of thy sunny smile,
 Sweet Laura Lee!
 How like a desert isle
 Earth seems to me,
 Robbed of thy sunny smile,
 Sweet Laura Lee!
- Breathe on mine ear?
 When will my heart rejoice,
 Finding thee near?
 When will we roam the plain
 Joyous and free,
 Never to part again,
 Sweet Laura Lee?
 When will we roam the plain
 Joyous and free,
 Never to part again,
 Sweet Laura Lee?

LARRY'S GOOD BYE



LARRY'S GOOD BYE



3 Fair Norah through tear-drops was blushing

And spoke between sobbings and sighs, As backward her glossy curls pushing She timidly looked in his eyes.

Dear Larry, you say that you're going To wed when you come from the war, I'm afraid you'll be killed, there's no

knowing,
'Now could we not marry before, Larry—
Now could we not marry before?

4 Now Larry, how could he refuse her, He saw that he might as well wed

For if he was killed he would lose her, So unto fair Norah he said:

Mayourneen, it's truth you've been saying,

And where there's a will there's a way.

I see there's no use in delaying.

I'll wed you this very same day, Norah!

I'll wed you this very same day.

LITTLE JENNY DOW



LITTLE JENNY DOW



LITTLE JENNY DOW



for her,

And many that have sighed in pain, Many that I know would have died for her. And alas, they would have died in vain— Little Jenny Dow never clouds her brow In sorrow o'er a love-lorn swain; With spirits full of glee none so gay as she, As she rambles o'er the hill and plain.

Many are the hearts that have sighed By the gushing streamlets her footsteps glide,

> Leaving little prints in the sand; [wide, You'll meet, her in the dale or the woodland Giving life and joy to the land: Ever may she roam with the same light Ever may she sing with glee; [impart, While the summer days can their beams And summer birds their melody.

LINDA HAS DEPARTED



LINDA HAS DEPARTED



LINGER IN BLISSFUL REPOSE



LINGER IN BLISSFUL REPOSE





LITTLE BELLE BLAIR



- 2 In the balmy spring we wandered side by side, Through the hours of health and glee, And our joys flowed on with ever gushing tide, Like the bubbles of the wide blue sea.
- 3 In the bloom of youth and all her childish mirth, In the May day of her life, She has left the cares and busy broils of earth, For a better world beyond all strife.



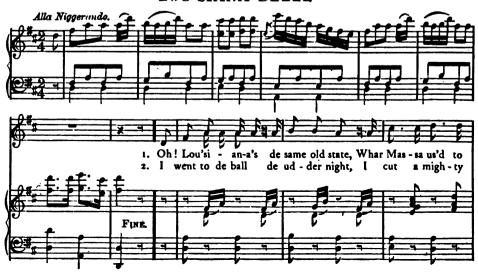
LITTLE ELLA





- 2 Little Ella moveth lightly
 Like a graceful fawn at play,
 Like a brooklet running brightly
 In the genial smile of May,
 Like a breeze upon the meadows
 All besprent with early flowers,
 Like a bird 'mid sylvan shadows
 In the golden summer hours.
- 3 Little Ella brings a blessing
 With her bright and winning smile,
 With her frank and fond caressing
 And her prattle free from guile.
 When I hear her footsteps bounding,
 In the hall or through the grove,
 And her voice with joy resounding,
 'Tis the music that I love.

LOU'SIANA BELLE



LOU'SIANA BELLE



- 3 Dere's Dandy Jim ob Caroline— I knows him by de swell, Tryin' to come it mighty fine, Wid de Lou'siana Belle.
- 4 Dere's first de B and den de E, And den de double LL; Anodder E to de end ob dat, Spells Lou'siana Belle.

LULA IS GONE



LULA IS GONE



2 Not a voice awakens the mountains, No gladness returns with the dawn, Not a smile is mirrored in the fountains, For Lula, sweet Lula is gone. Day is bereft of its pleasures, Night of its beautiful dreams, While the dirge of well remembered measures [streams. Is murmured by the ripple on the

3 When I view the chill-blighted bowers, And roam o'er the snow-covered plain,

How I long for spring's budding flowers
To welcome her sweet smiles again.
Why does the earth seem forsaken?
Time will this sadness remove:

At her voice the meadows will awaken. To verdure, sweet melody and love,

THE LOVE I BEAR TO THEE



THE LOVE I BEAR TO THEE



LILY RAY



LILY RAY

- When slumber's dreamy light O'er me is thrown, Calling in visions bright, Days that are gone, While round my drooping heart, Joy seems to play, Fondly I dream of thee Sweet Lily Ray.
- 3 When liquid melody
 Falls on mine ear,
 Then I impulsively
 Deem thou art near;
 But when a gentle form
 Passeth away,
 Sadly I mourn for thee,
 Sweet Lily Ray.

LIZZIE DIES TO-NIGHT



LIZZIE DIES TO-NIGHT



- 3 I'm thinking, mother, of the time
 When little Willie died;
 We laid him down with bursting hearts,
 My father's tomb beside.
 'Twas then you feared my tender form
 Would vanish from the light,
 But ah! my grave is 'neath the wave,
 For Lizzie dies to-night!
- 4 I know you're dreaming, mother dear,
 Of all these dangers past;
 Perhaps you'll never know how hard
 Death came to me at last.
 I'm almost in your arms again,—
 God make your burden light,—
 I never more can cheer your heart,
 For Lizzie dies to-night!

MAGGIE BY MY SIDE



MAGGIE BY MY SIDE



- The wind howling o'er the billow
 From the distant lea,
 The storm raging 'round my pillow
 Brings no care to me,
 Roll on, ye dark waves,
 O'er the troubled tide,
 I heed not your anger,
 Maggie's by my side.
- 3 Storms can appal me never
 While her brow is clear:
 Fair weather lingers ever
 Where her smiles appear.
 When sorrow's breakers
 Round my heart shall hide
 Still may I find her
 Sitting by my side.

MARY LOVES THE FLOWERS



MARY LOVES THE FLOWERS



Let no elfin finger
Blur from memory's sand;
Her name—ah! let it linger
While my air-built castles stand.
To feel her soft caressing,
Her ev'ry smile to see,
To bear her ardent blessing

(2)
Breathed in lute-toned melody;
To die beneath her tender care,
Were life, were life to me.
Mary loves the flowers!
Ah! how happy they!
E'en their darkest hours,
To me were bright, bright summer day.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND



MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND



- When de autumn leaves were falling, 3 Massa made de darkeys love him, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old massa calling, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de orange tree am blooming, On de sandy shore, Now de summer days am coming, Massa nebber calls no more.
 - Cayse he was so kind, Now dey sadly weep above him, Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
 - I cannot work before to-morrow, Cayse de tear-drop flow,
 - I try to drive away my sorrow, Pickin' on de old banjo.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT



MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT



MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT



- 2 They hunt no more for the possum and 3 The head must bow and the back will the coon
- On the meadow, the hill, and the shore, They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
- On the bench by the old cabin door. The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
- With sorrow where all was delight:
 - The time has come when the darkies have to part,
- Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night! Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

- have to bend,
- Wherever the darkey may go:
 - A few more days, and the trouble all will end
- In the field where the sugar-canes grow. A few more days for to tote the weary load, No matter, 'twill never be light,
- A few more days till we totter on the road.



MELINDA MAY

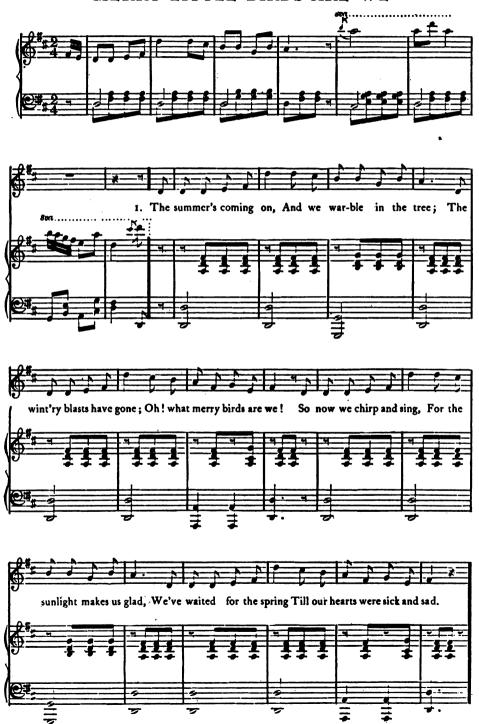


 Laugh in de sunshine, weep in de rain,
 And walk wha de lily bud bloom,

Down in de meadow, ober de lane, Oh! come, my Melinda lub, come.

- 3 Lubly Melinda is bright as de beam, No snow-drop was ebber more fair, She smiles like de roses dat bloom round de stream, And sings like de birds in de air.
- 4 If I was a hero and people would fall
 Wherebber I'd tell dem to lie,
 I'd make my Melinda de queen ob dem all,
 And lib on de light ob her eye.

MERRY LITTLE BIRDS ARE WE



MERRY LITTLE BIRDS ARE WE



- 2 The daisy lifts its head To the bright and cheering sky, The snowy flakes have fled, And the chilling winds gone by, The roses soon will bloom And the wild flowers deck the glen, The butterflies will roam,— Oh! we'll all be happy then.
- With a welcome to the May,
 We carol to the streams
 When we wake at break of day;
 The birds are on the bough,
 And the verdure on the plain,
 We'll all be happy now,
 For the spring has come again

MINE IS THE MOURNING HEART



MINE IS THE MOURNING HEART



MY BOY IS COMING FROM THE WAR



MY BOY IS COMING FROM THE WAR



My boy is coming from the war, I've waited for him long, I miss the music of his laugh, His light and happy song; But now I'll clasp him in my arms And ever by my side, He'll linger while my life glides on To quiet eventide.

He's coming home to me, O! how I long to see his face, And hear his voice of glee.

3 My boy is coming from the war The mother fondly said, While on the gory battle plain Her boy was lying dead! His comrades came with lightsome steps And sound of martial drum, But now that Mother sadly waits For one who'll never come!

Сно.—My boy is coming from the war, Сно.—My boy is coming from the war, The Mother fondly said; While on the gory battle plain Her boy was lying dead

MOLLY, DEAR, GOOD NIGHT



MOLLY, DEAR, GOOD NIGHT

- 2 Smile away the coming morrow Till my sure return, Why should fond hearts part in sorrow? Grief too soon we learn. Hours of bliss must come and go, Constant pleasures none can know, Joy must have its ebb and flow; Then Molly dear, good-night!
- 3 On thy form, with beauty laden,
 All my thoughts will be;
 Purer love ne'er blessed a maiden,
 Than I hold for thee;
 While thine eyes in beauty glance,
 While thy smiles my soul entrance,
 Still the fleeting hours advance;
 Then Molly dear, good-night!





MY BRUDDER GUM



- 3 Tudder afternoon, I thought I saw de moon, Saw my true lub comin' through de cane-brake, Hay! Brudder Gum.
- 4 Went one berry fine day,
 To ride in a one-horse sleigh,
 Hollow'd to de old hoss comin' through
 de toll-gate, Hay!
 Brudder Gum.



MY LOVED ONE AND MY OWN-EVA



MY LOVED ONE AND MY OWN-EVA



MOTHER, THOU'RT FAITHFUL TO ME



MOTHER, THOU'RT FAITHFUL TO ME



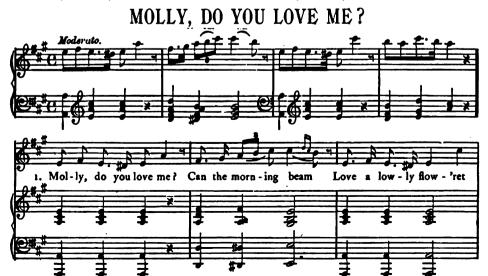
Mother, dear mother, thy smiles and tears:
Have hallowed my footsteps in youth's
tender years, [impart
And still will their memory a charm
That never, never shall fade from my
heart. [caught
Each wish of my soul in thy bosom was
E'er grief framed a word or hope knew
a thought. [of thee.

a thought, for thee, And still, though unmindful I've been Mother, mother, thou'rt faithful to me.

2 Mother, dear mother, thy smiles and tears 3 Mother, dear mother, amid the strife, Have hallowed my footsteps in youth's Thy spirit hath borne in the battle of tender years.

> 'Mid envy, ambition, deceit, and pride, Thou'st ever fondly clung to my side.

> Time's running sands have furrowed thy brow, [glow; Care hath bedimmed thy cheek's native But, warm in affection of sacred hue, Mother, mother, thou'rt faithful and true.



MOLLY, DO YOU LOVE ME?



2 Tell me, by those ringlets,
By those eyes of blue,
Molly, do you love me,
Love as I love you?
Can that voice's music
Flow from heartless glee?
Must I read no feeling
In that melody?
Molly, do you love me?
Tell me, tell me true!
Molly, do you love me,
Love as I love you?

3 Ah! my heart has yielded
To those smiles that play
With the merry dimples
All the live-long day.
Though the tender blossoms
Need the summer light,
Let our hearts, united,
Brave affliction's blight.
Molly, do you love me?
Tell me, tell me true!
Molly, do you love me,
Love as I love you?

MY WIFE IS A MOST KNOWING WOMAN



MY WIFE IS A MOST KNOWING WOMAN



MY WIFE IS A MOST KNOWING WOMAN





(2)

(4)

She would have been hung up for witch. She knows me much better than I do, If she had lived sooner, I know, [craft There's no hiding any thing from her, She knows what I do—where I go; And if I come in after midnight And say "I have been to the lodge," Oh, she says, while she flies in a fury, "Now don't think to play such a dodge! It's all very fine, but won't do, man," Oh, my wife is a most knowing woman!

Her eyes are like those of a lynx, Though how she discovers my secrets Is a riddle would puzzle a sphynz, On fair days, when we go out walking, If ladies look at me askance, In the most harmless way, I assure you, My wife gives me, oh! such a glance, And says "all these insults you'll rue, man." Oh, my wife is a most knowing woman!

Not often I go out to dinner, And come home a little "so so," I try to creep up through the hall-way. As still as a mouse, on tip-toe, She's sure to be waiting up for me, And then comes a nice little scene, [you, "What, you tell me you're sober, you wretch And a miserable life is a husband's, Now don't think that I am so green! My life is quite worn out with you, man," I'll stay at home now like a true man, Oh, my wife is a most knowing woman!

Yes, I must give all of my friends up

If I would live happy and quiet; One might as well be 'neath a tombstone As live in confusion and riot. This life we all know is a short one, [knows, While some tongues are long, heaven Who numbers his wife with his foes, For my wife is a most knowing woman!

MR. AND MRS. BROWN

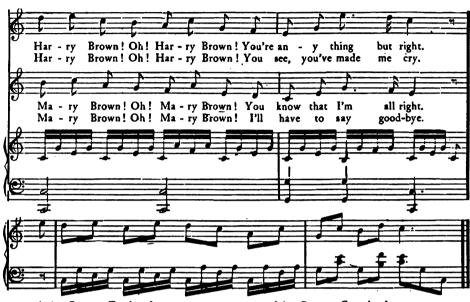
COMIC DUETT.



MR. AND MRS. BROWN



MR. AND MRS. BROWN



(3) SHE. Furiously. Hard-hearted man, I tell you what, I must know where you've been; I am not jealous, Oh! no! no! But it's a shame and sin! Your bosom friend, young Jones, just left, But promise me, now wont you, love, He calls here every night, I'm sure if it were not for him, I'd really die with fright. SHE. I'm sure if it were not for him, I'd really die with fright. What, Ma'am, if it were not for him You say you'd die with fright!

O! Mary Brown, O! Mary Brown, I'll call him out to fight! O! Harry Brown, O! Harry Brown, SHE.

He's far above your height.

(4) HE. Indignantly. So, Mr. Jones was here, you say While I have been away! Now Madam, you will drive me mad, We part this very day. You know it is my business, ma'am,

That keeps me at the store, And if I could have sooner come (hic) I'd been here (hic) long before.

HE. \ You know it is my business, ma'am That keeps me at the store. SHE. I know it's not your business, sir, That keeps you at the store.

HE. O! Mary Brown, O! Mary Brown, It's business at the store. SHE.

O! Harry Brown, O! Harry Brown, You've told me that before.

SHE. Coaxingly. There, don't be angry, husband, don't! I'm sure I love you, dear I was but joking when I said That odious Jones was here.

That when the night has come You'll never stay away so late, And leave your wife at home.

Now promise me when night has come, You'll always stay at home.

I'll promise you when night has come, I'll always stay at home. O! Mary Brown, O! Mary Brown,

I'll always stay at home. O! Harry Brown, O! Harry Brown,

Now wont you stay at home?

(6) Hε. Lovingly. You were but joking, dearest wife? Now come and kiss me, do; Jones is a bosom friend to me, (seriously),

But need'nt be to you. My little wife! my joy and life! My gentle, pretty elf,

If any one sits up with you Hereafter, it's myself. If any one sits up with you Hereafter, it's myself.

If any one sits up with me, O, let it be yourself. O! Mary Brown, O! Mary Brown,

Our quarrels they are o'er. O! Harry Brown, O! Harry Brown, We'll never quarrel more.

MY ANGEL BOY









MY ANGEL BOY







- 2 Thou, only tie that binds my soul To earth and bids me live, Thou, only thought that comfort now Or future hope can give, Thou, sole pride of my widowed heart
 - Thou, sole pride of my widowed heart, Thou joy-beam to mine eye, Ah! must thou from thy mother part?
 - I cannot see thee die,
 My angel boy, my angel boy,
 I cannot see thee die.
- 3 I meekly bow before thy throne, O God, nor dare repine;
 - For thou hast but recalled thine own, He is no longer mine.
 - Oh! if it be thy gracious will, We soon shall meet on high,
 - For me there's hope, there's comfort
 The spirit cannot die,
 My angel boy my angel boy
 - My angel boy, my angel boy, Thy spirit cannot die.

NELLY WAS A LADY

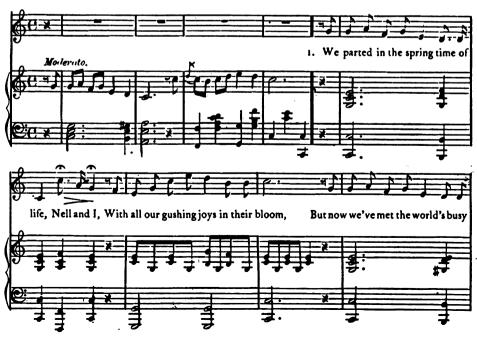


NELLY WAS A LADY



- 2 Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping, Can't tote de cotton-wood no more; Last night, while Nelly was a sleeping, Death came a knockin' at de door.
- 3 When I saw Nelly in de morning, Smile till she open'd up her eyes, Seem'd like de light ob day a dawning, Jist 'fore de sun begin to rise.
- 4 Close by de margin ob de water,
 Whar de lone weeping willow grows,
 Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter;
 Dar she in death may find repose.
- 5 Down in de meadow 'mong de clober, Walk wid my Nelly by my side; Now all dem happy days am ober, Farewell, my dark Virginny bride.

NELL AND I



NELL AND I



NELLY BLY



NELLY BLY



When she goes to sleep,
When she wakens up again
Her eye-balls 'gin to peep:
De way she walks, she lifts her foot,
And den she brings it down,
And when it lights der's music dah
In dat part ob de town.

Nebber, nebber sigh,
Nebber bring de tear-drop
To de corner ob your eye,
For de pie is made ob punkins
And de mush is made of corn,
And der's corn and punkins plenty, lub,
A lyin' in de barn.

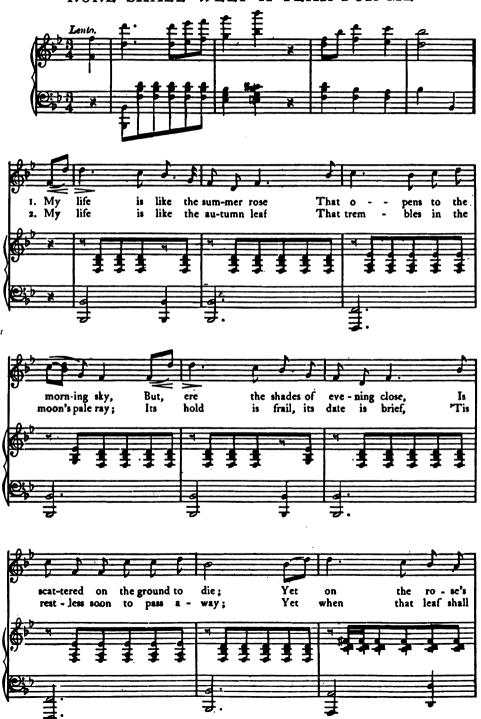
NO HOME, NO HOME



NO HOME NO HOME



NONE SHALL WEEP A TEAR FOR ME



NONE SHALL WEEP A TEAR FOR ME



OH! BOYS, CARRY ME 'LONG



OH! BOYS CARRY ME 'LONG



3 Farewell to de boys
Wid hearts so happy and light,
Dey sing a song
De whole day long,
And dance de juba at night.
Farewell to de fields
Ob cotton, 'bacco, and all:
I's guine to hoe
In a bressed row
Wha de corn grows mellow and tall.

4 Farewell to de hills,
De meadows covered wid green,
Old brindle Boss
And de old grey hoss
All beaten, broken and lean.
Farewell to de dog
Dat always followed me 'round;
Old Sancho'll wail
And droop his tail
When I am under de ground,

OH! LEMUEL



OH! LEMUEL



Oh! Lemuel, my hope,
Oh! Lemuel, my joy,
I'll tell you who'll be at de ball,
My wooly headed boy.
Dere's Nelly Bly, you know,
And Juliana Snow,
Dere's cane-brake Kitty likes de boys,
And she'll be sure to go.

Oh! Lemuel is fair,
Oh! Lemuel has gone to-day
To take de morning air.
He makes de fiddle hum,
He makes de banjo tum,
He rattles on de old jaw bone,
And beats upon de drum.

The pause over the word more, to be used only in the repetition of the Chorus.

OH! SUSANNA



OH! SUSANNA



- 2 I jumped aboard de telegraph And trabbeled down de ribber, De 'lectric fluid magnified, And killed five hundred nigger; De bullgine bust, de horse run off, I really thought I'd die; I shut my eyes to hold my breath, Susanna, don't you cry,
- 3 I had a dream de udder night, When eberyting was still; I thought I saw Susanna, A coming down de hill;
- De buckwheat-cake was in her mouth, De tear was in her eye, Says I, I'm coming from de South, Susanna, don't you cry.
- 4 Oh! when I gets to New Orleans
 I'll look all round and round,
 And when I find Susanna
 I'll fall right on de ground;
 But if I do not find her,
 Dis darkey'l surely die,
 And when I'm dead and buried,
 Susanna, don't you cry.

OH! WHY AM I SO HAPPY?



OH! WHY AM I SO HAPPY?



- 2 I see the angels smiling
 When at my father's side,
 And glowing scenes of pleasure
 Before my vision glide.
 O, how pleasant too the quiet eve:
 I feel so full of joy
 Whene'er he breathes the gentle pray
 - Whene'er he breathes the gentle prayer
 To guide his little boy.
- 3 Sometimes, when bending o'er me,
 I've heard my mother sigh,
 And then I've seen the tear-drop
 Stand trembling in her eye [days
 While she said she dreamed of future
 Of bliss without alloy,
 And prayed that heaven would shower
 Rich blessings on her boy. [down



OLD BLACK JOE



- 2 Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain, Why do I sigh that my friends come not again, Grieving for forms now departed long ago? I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."
- Where are the hearts once so happy and so free; The children so dear that I held upon my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go. I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

OLD DOG TRAY



OLD DOG TRAY



2 The forms I called my own Have vanished one by one, The loved ones, the dear ones have all passed away, Their happy smiles have flown,

Their gentle voices gone:
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.

His eyes are on me cast;
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say:
Although he cannot speak
I'll vainly, vainly seek,
A better friend than old dog Tray.

OLD MEMORIES



OLD MEMORIES



OLD FOLKS AT HOME



OLD FOLKS AT HOME



When I was young, Den many happy days I squandered, Many de songs I sung.

When I was playing wid my brudder, Happy was I;

Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me, live and die.

One dat I love,

Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, No matter where I rove.

When will I see de bees a humming, All 'round de comb?

When will I hear de banjo tumming, Down in my good old home?

ONCE I LOVED THEE, MARY DEAR



ONCE I LOVED THEE, MARY DEAR



- 2 I loved thee, when in early youth Lovely ever— Virtuous pride and honest truth Ne'er could sever, And thy heart was pure and bright As the early morning's light, Madly, madly, Madly, madly, etc.
- 3 Oh, that dream hath passed away,
 Passed full sadly!
 Like a genial summer day,
 Glowing gladly;
 And the tale of life is told,
 Passions blighted, withered, cold—
 Sinning never,
 Sinning never, etc.
- 4 Once I loved thee, Mary dear—
 Still, God bless thee!
 May ever blissful prospects cheer
 And joy caress thee;
 Though I drain my cups apart,
 May, like mine, a saddened heart
 Ne'er distress thee,
 Ne'er distress thee, etc.
- 5 Youth will flee and age will come, Slowly, slowly; Death will beat its muffled drum, Lowly, lowly: May the passing moments roll Bliss eternal to thy soul, Holy, holy, Holy, holy, etc.

OUR BRIGHT SUMMER DAYS ARE GONE



OUR BRIGHT SUMMER DAYS ARE GONE



- 2 I remember the flowers that we cull'd by day, And the vows that we made by night; I remember the brook where we loved to stray In the by-gone days of our delight.
- 3 How we joyed when we met, and grieved to part, How we sighed when the night came on; How I longed for thee in my dreaming heart, Till the first fair coming of the dawn.

OUR WILLIE DEAR IS DYING



OUR WILLIE DEAR IS DYING



s His blooming cheeks have faded, love, 3 No grief that e'er befell me, love, The light has left his brow; His eyes are dim'd and shaded, love, You would not know him now. And when the fever rages, With a sad and restless moan, His feeble voice then warns us

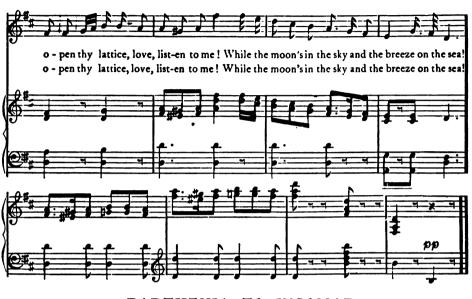
There is death within that tone.

Could cause this heart such pain; Though neighbors kindly tell me, love, He may get well again. But a mother's heart is watchful, All the life has left his eyes;— Oh, come to-night and weep with me, Before our darling dies.

OPEN THY LATTICE, LOVE



OPEN THY LATTICE, LOVE



PARTHENIA TO INGOMAR



PARTHENIA TO INGOMAR

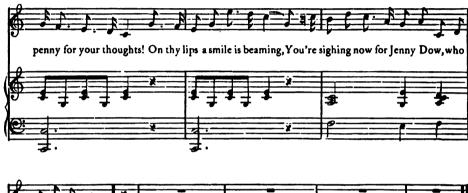


- 2 Break not my spirit, Think of my youth, Cherish my tender heart, Doubt not my truth; Friends may desert thee, Sorrow may come, But still in this soul Thine image will bloom. Thy hopes with thee I'll share, Thy wants shall be my care.
- 3 Though through the desert
 Wand'ring afar,
 Still to me, dearest one,
 Thou'lt be my star;
 Sunlight or moonlight
 O'er us may shine,
 Yet living on love,
 I'll ever be thine.
 Thy hand shall be my guard,
 Thy voice shall be my word.





A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS





2 A penny for your thoughts!

Do you think that you will love her

from your heart?

A penny for your thoughts! Will a halo beam above her,

When those delusive hopes and visions Fair maids though full of vows, are fickle bright depart?

Will all blessings then as now, Seem to linger round her brow,

Or will they vanish like the bubbles on the One with a winning voice has gained her

A penny for your thoughts! For your heart's a cruel rover,

beyond the mill?

3 A penny for your thoughts!
They are plain beyond concealing;

When all those burning dreams have flitted Who cannot read a sighing lover through and through?

A penny for your thoughts!

I have something worth revealing:

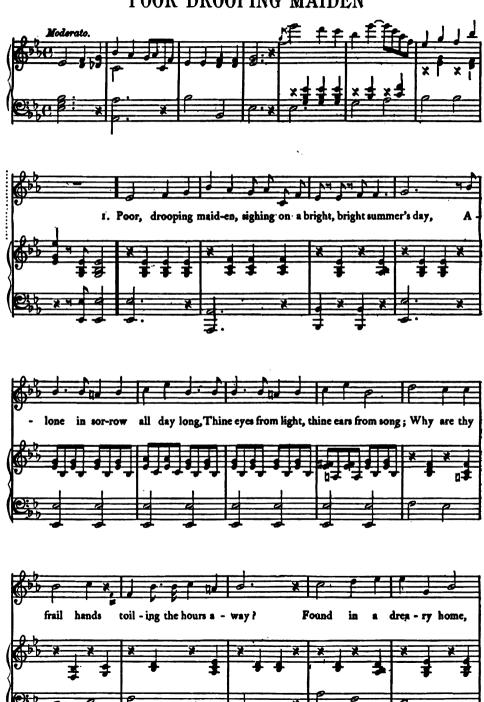
and untrue;

Now throw those flattering hopes away To-morrow's Jenny's wedding day--

A penny for your tho'ts! [yielding will! On your mind a change is stealing,

'Tis beating now for Jenny Dow, who lives What think you now of Jenny Dow, who lives beyond the mill?

POOR DROOPING MAIDEN



POOR DROOPING MAIDEN



- 2 Poor, drooping maiden, sighing on a bright, bright summer's day, The birds are out with songs and glee And gladness lurks in bush and tree; Where is thy pure voice that once was so light and gay? Come, roam the laughing hills! Come, see the dancing rills! Where is thy pure voice that once was so light and gay?
- 3 Poor, drooping maiden, sighing on a bright, bright summer's day, The flowers are out upon the lea And balmy winds are on the sea; Come, let thy sad heart warm in the sun's kind ray!

 See how the reapers toil, Gaily they've tilled the soil, Come, let thy sad heart warm in the sun's kind ray!

RING, RING DE BANJO!



RING, RING DE BANJO!



- 2 Oh! nebber count de bubbles
 While der's water in de spring:
 De darkey hab no troubles
 While he's got dis song to sing.
 De beauties ob creation
 Will nebber lose dere charm,
 While I roam de old plantation
 Wid my true lub on my arm.
- 3 Once I was so lucky,
 My massa set me free,
 I went to old Kentucky
 To see what I could see:
 I could not go no farder,
 I turn to massa's door,
 I lub him all de harder,
 I'll go away no more.
- 4 Early in de morning
 Ob a lubly summer day,
 My massa send me warning
 He'd like to hear me play.
 On de banjo tapping,
 I come wid dulcem strain;
 Ole Massa fall a napping
 He'll nebber wake again.
- My lub, I'll hab to leabe you
 While de ribber's running high;
 But I nebber can deceibe you,
 So don't you wipe your eye.
 I'se guine to make some money;
 But I'll come a nodder day,
 I'll come again, my honey,
 If I hab to work my way.

SHE WAS ALL THE WORLD TO ME



SHE WAS ALL THE WORLD TO ME



- 3 Then the rare and bright-eyed maiden,
 In the month of song and flowers,
 Rose-lipped and beauty laden,
 Curtained by the twilight hours,
 Gave her hand into my keeping
 'Neath the spreading greenwood tree,
 "And," she said with evelids drooping,
 "You are all the world to me,"
- 4 But there hovered near a spirit
 Darker than the bird of night,
 And it touched her drooping eyelids,
 Covered up her eyes of light,
 Then with careful hands we laid her
 'Neath the sighing cypress tree,
 And my heart with her is buried—
 She was all the world to me,

SLUMBER, MY DARLING



SLUMBER, MY DARLING



THE SOLDIER'S HOME

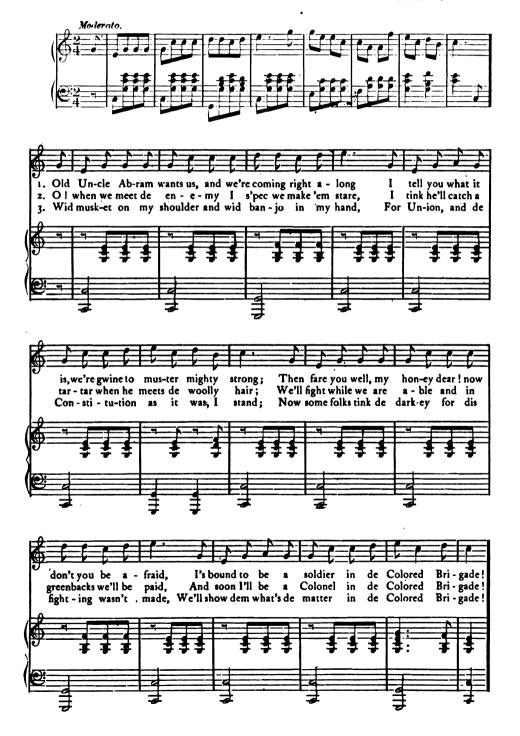


THE SOLDIER'S HOME



- 2 O! joyful is the soldier's heart to be once more at home, To meet his wife and children dear and cease awhile to roam; What bliss beneath his cottage roof, with Hope and Love and cheer, To pass the happy moments by, with all that life holds dear.
- 3 But hark! the drum; it loudly beats upon the ear of night, It calls to arms! wake! comrade, wake! and rally for the fight! The soldier's joy is over now, for 'mid the battle's roar, 'Mid clanging steel and hissing ball, he sleeps for evermore.

A SOLDIER IN THE COLORED BRIGADE



A SOLDIER IN THE COLORED BRIGADE



4 In days ob Gen'ral Washington we fought de British well,
Behind de bales wid "Hickory" I tink we made 'em yell':
I tell you, we're de chickens dat can handle gun or spade,
And Greeley he'll go wid us in de Colored Brigade,
Cно.—Go wid us! Go wid us in de darkey Brigade,
And Greeley he'll go wid us in de Colored Brigade!

- Some say dey lub de darkey and dey want him to be free,
 I s'pec dey only fooling and dey better let him be:
 For him dey'd brake dis Union which de're forefadders hab made,
 Worth more than twenty millions ob de Colored Brigade,
 Cно.—Dan millions! Dan millions of de darkey Brigade,
 Worth more dan twenty millions ob de Colored Brigade!
- 6 Den cheer up now, my honey dear, I hear de trumpets play,
 And give me just a little buss before I go away:
 I'll marry you when I come back, so don't you be afraid,
 We'll raise up picanninnies for de Colored Brigade.
 Cно.—'Ninnies! 'Ninnies for de darkey Brigade,
 We'll raise up picanninnies for de Colored Brigade!

SOME FOLKS



- 2 Some folks fear to smile, Some folks do, some folks do; Others laugh through guile,— But that's not me nor you.
- 3 Some folks fret and scold, Some folks do, some folks do; They'll soon be dead and cold,— But that's not me nor you.
- 4 Some folks get grey hairs, Some folks do, some folks do; Brooding o'er their cares,— But that's not me nor you.
- 5 Some folks toil and save, Some folks do, some folks do; To buy themselves a grave,— But that's not me nor you,

THE SONG OF ALL SONGS



THE SONG OF ALL SONGS



- There was "Abraham's Daughter" "Going out upon a Spree,"
 With "Old Uncle Snow" "In the Cottage by the Sea."
 "If your foot is pretty, show it" "At Lanigan's Ball;"
 And "Why did she leave him" "On the Raging Canawl?"
 There was "Bonnie Annie" with "A jockey hat and feather."
 "I don't think much of you" "We were boys and girls together."
 "Do they think of me at home?" "I'll be free and easy still;"
- "Give us now a good Commander" with "The Sword of Bunker Hill."
- "When this Cruel War is over," "No Irish need apply,"
 "For every thing is lovely, and the Goose hangs high."
 "The Young Gal from New Jersey," "Oh! wilt thou be my bride?"
 And "Oft in the Stilly Night" "We'll all take a ride."
 "Let me kiss him for his Mother," "He's a Gay Young Gambolier;"
 "I am going to fight mit Sigel" and "De bully Lager-bier."
 "Hunkey Boy is Yankee Doodle," "When the Cannons loudly roar;"
 "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more!"
- 4 "In the days when I was hard up" with "My Mary Ann,"
 "My Johnny was a Shoemaker," "Or Any other Man!"
 "The Captain with his whiskers" and "Annie of the Vale,"
 Along with "Old Bob Ridley," "A-riding on a rail!"
 "Rock me to sleep, Mother," "Going round the Horn;"
 "I'm not myself at all," "I'm a Bachelor forlorn."
 "Mother, is the Battle over?" "What are the men about?"
 "How are you, Horace Greeley?" "Does your Mother know you're out?"
- 5 "We won't go home till morning," with "The Bold Privateer,"
 "Annie Lisle" and "Zouave Johnny" "Riding in a rail-road keer;"
 "We are coming, Sister Mary," with "The folks that put on airs."
 "We are marching along" with "The Four-and-Thirty Stars."
 "On the other side of Jordan," "Don't fly your kite too high!"
 "Jenny's coming o'er the Green" to "Root, Hog, or die!"
 "Our Union's Starry Banner," "The Flag of Washington,"
 Shall float victorious o'er the land from Maine to Oregon!

THE SPIRIT OF MY SONG



THE SPIRIT OF MY SONG



- 3 Tho' her glances sleep like shadows 'Neath each falling, silken lash, Yet, at aught that wakes resentment, They magnificently flash. Tho' you loved such dewy dream-light, And such glance of sweet surprise, You could never bear the scorn Of those proud and brilliant eyes.
- 4 There's a sweet and winning cunning
 In her bright lip's crimson hue,
 And a flitting tint of roses
 From her soft cheek gleaming thro';
 Do you think that you have met her?
 She is young and pure and fair,
 And she wears a wreath of starlight
 In her braided ebon hair
- 5 Often at her feet I'm sitting,
 With my head upon her knee,
 While she tells me dreams of beauty
 In low words of melody.
 And, when my unskilful fingers
 Strive her silv'ry lyre to wake,
 She will smooth my tresses, smiling
 At the discord which I make.
- 6 But of late days I have missed her, The bright being of my love, And perchance she's stolen pinions And has floated up above. Tell me, have you ever met her, Met the spirit of my song? Have her wave-like footsteps glided Thro' the city's worldly throng?

SUMMER LONGINGS



SUMMER LONGINGS

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May,
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging

To the summer's day.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,

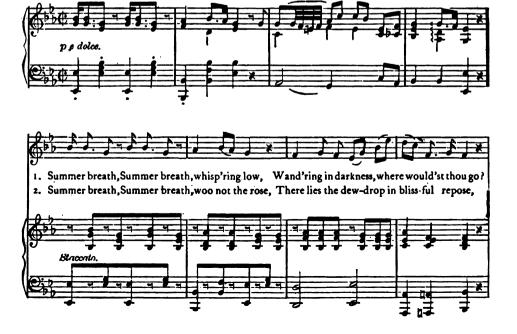
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing, 5
Sighing for the May,
Sighing for their sure returning
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flow'rs that dead or dying
All the winter lay.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing, Sighing for the May. 4 Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May,
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

5 Waiting sad, dejected, weary, Waiting for the May. Spring goes by with wasted warnings, Moonlight evenings, sunbright mornings, Summer comes, yet dark and dreary Life still ebbs away, Man is ever weary, weary, Waiting for the May.

STAY, SUMMER BREATH



STAY, SUMMER BREATH



SWEET LITTLE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN



SWEET LITTLE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN



SWEETLY SHE SLEEPS, MY ALICE FAIR



SWEETLY SHE SLEEPS, MY ALICE FAIR



SADLY TO MINE HEART APPEALING



SADLY TO MINE HEART APPEALING



- 3 Like the winds in autumn sighing
 Through the trembling alder tree,
 Or far surges' echo dying,
 Soft and low those voices flee;
 And, as hues in twilight fading,
 Swift those gentle forms decay;
 Vainly, vainly, hope upbraiding,
 Bids them pass not all away.
- Ghost-like thus they wane before me, Quench'd their lustre, fled their bloom, While pale mem'ry, tearful, o'er me Flings the shadow of the tomb. Sadly to mine heart appealing, Sadly, sadly, well-a-day, Requiem-like, in murmurs stealing, Comes that old familiar lay.





THOU ART THE QUEEN OF MY SONG



THOU ART THE QUEEN OF MY SONG

2 The days are gone, days of summer 3 I turn to thee; though our happy bright and gay, The days of love we so fondly whiled away; But still while I'm dreaming Thy smiles are o'er me beaming, Gentle queen of my song. The wind o'er the lone meadow wails for thee. The birds sing thy beauties all day long; Pride of my early years,

Thou art the queen of my song.

hours have flown? I turn to thee; and my saddest thoughts are gone, For love will be burning And memory still returning, Gentle queen of my song. Come let thy warm heart rejoice with Come from the bright and luring throng; Pride of my early years, Thou art the queen of my song.

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER



THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER



- 2 Oh! yes, we thought our neighbors true, 4 The Merrimac, with heavy sway, Indulged them as their mothers do; They storm'd our bright Red, White and And that's what's the matter! [Blue, We'll never give up what we gain, For now we know we must maintain Our laws and rights with might and main; And that's what's the matter!
- 3 The rebels thought we would divide, And Democrats would take their side; They then would let the Union slide, And that's what's the matter! But, when the war had once begun, All party feeling soon was gone; We joined as brothers, every one! And that's what's the matter!
- Had made our Fleet an easy prey-The Monitor got in the way, And that's what's the matter! So health to Captain Ericsson, I cannot tell all he has done, I'd never stop when once begun, And that's what's the matter!
- 5 We've heard of Gen'ral Beauregard, And tho't he'd fight us long and hard; But he has played out his last card, And that's what's the matter! So what's the use to fret and pout, We soon will hear the people shout, Secession dodge is all played out! And that's what's the matter!

THERE ARE PLENTY OF FISH IN THE SEA



THERE ARE PLENTY OF FISH IN THE SEA



- Upon their lightning wings
 The merry years did glide,
 A carcless life she led,
 And was not yet a bride:
 Still as of old she sang
 Though few to win her sought.
 There are plenty of fish in the sea
 As good as ever were caught
- 3 At length the lady grew
 Exceedingly alarmed,
 For beaux had grown quite shy,
 Her face no longer charmed.
 And now she sadly sings
 The lesson time has taught,
 There are plenty of fish in the sea,
 But oh; they're hard to be caught.

THERE IS NO SUCH GIRL AS MINE



THERE IS NO SUCH GIRL AS MINE



- 2 Oh, her soul in sweetness flows, She's gainer of all hearts, There's a smile where'er she goes, And a sigh when she departs; She's loved by the rich and the poor, She is free from all dark design, She's welcome at every door,— There's no such girl as mine.
- 3 She is light to the banquet ball,
 She's balm to the couch of care,
 When around us troubles fall,
 She calmly takes her share;
 At home or when far away,
 Her virtues will ever shine,
 Her heart is as open as day,—
 There's no such girl as mine.





THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING



- 3 There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming,
 A good time coming;
 War in all men's eyes shall be
 A monster of iniquity,
 In the good time coming,
 Nations shall not quarrel then
 To prove which is the stronger;
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;
 Wait a little longer.
- 4 There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming,
 A good time coming;
 Shameful rivalries of creed
 Shall not make the martyr bleed,
 In the good time coming.
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,
 And flourish all the stronger;
 And charity shall trim her lamp,—
 Wait a little longer.
- 5 There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming,
 A good time coming;
 And a poor man's family,
 Shall not be his misery,
 In the good time coming;
 Every child shall be a help
 To make his right arm stonger;
 The happier he, the more he has;
 Wait a little longer.

- 6 There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming,
 A good time coming;
 Little children shall not toil
 Under, or above the soil
 In the good time coming,
 But shall play in healthful fields,
 Till limbs and minds grow stronger;
 And every one shall read and write;
 Wait a little longer.
- 7 There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming; A good time coming; The people shall be temperate, And shall love instead of hate, In the good time coming. They shall use, and not abuse, And make all virtue stronger; The reformation has begun;— Wait a little longer.
- 8 There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming,
 A good time coming;
 Let us aid it all we can,
 Every woman, every man,
 The good time coming,
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger;
 'Twill be strong enough some day;
 Wait a little longer.

THERE'S A LAND OF BLISS



In that beautiful land beyond the tomb, By the feet of the blessed trod, The skies are all bright and the flowers

ever bloom,
'Neath the smiles and the breath of God.
Then away with earth's cares, etc.

And there with hosannas the saints of light

Shall sweep their loud harps of gold, And crowned with glory and robed in white The King in His beauty behold. Then away with earth's cares, etc.

THERE'S A LAND OF BLISS



THERE WAS A TIME



THERE WAS A TIME



3 But once again, oh! once again, Those joyous days appear, Again the bells sound o'er the plain, And good old friends are near;

Again I hear the merry song
Beneath the old oak tree,
And see around the happy throng
That sported there with me.

TURN NOT AWAY



TURN NOT AWAY



- 2 Where shall I turn—How can I learn Other delights to awaken? Ne'er can I find Joy for my mind, Hope from my heart being taken. Vainly I'll strive, Hope to revive, When by thee scorned and forsaken.
- When I would smile, Grief to beguile,
 Peace from my breast has departed,
 When I would hide, Anguish in pride,
 Sorrowing tear drops have started:
 Turn not away! Turn not away!
 Leave me not now broken hearted!

UNCLE NED



UNCLE NED

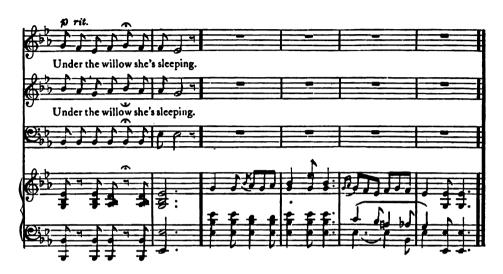


- 2 His fingers were long like de cane in de brake, He had no eyes for to see, He had no teeth for to eat de corn cake So he had to let de corn cake be.
- 3 When Old Ned die, Massa take it mighty bad, De tears run down like de rain, Old Missus turn pale and she look'd berry sad, Kase she nebber see Old Ned again.

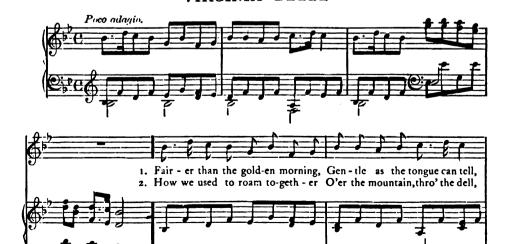
UNDER THE WILLOW SHE'S SLEEPING



UNDER THE WILLOW SHE'S SLEEPING



- 3 Under the willow by night and day Sorrowing ever I ponder; Free from its shadowy, gloomy ray Ah! never again can she wander.
- 4 Under the willow I breathe a prayer
 Longing to linger forever
 Near to my angel with golden hair [er.
 In lands where there's sorrowing nev-



VIRGINIA BELLE

VIRGINIA BELLE



- 3 She was lythe as any fairy, Winning hearts with fairy spell, Tripping with a footstep airy, Sweet Virginia Belle!
- 4 While her life was in its morning Came a sad and solemn knell, She was taken without warning, Sweet Virginia Belle!

THE VILLAGE MAIDEN



- But summer joys have faded
 And summer hopes have flown;
 Her brow with grief is shaded,
 Her happy smiles are gone;
 Yet why her heart is laden,
 Not one, alas! can say,
 Who saw the village maiden
 Upon her wedding day.
- 3-The village bells are ringing,
 But hark, how sad and slow;
 The village choir is singing
 A requiem soft and low;
 And all with sorrow laden
 Their tearful tribute pay
 Who saw the village maiden
 Upon her wedding day.



THE VOICES THAT ARE GONE



2 Sweet as wood dove's note when calling To her mate, as night draws on, Soft as snow-flake lightly falling, Come the voices that are gone. Voices heard in days of childhood Softly at the hour of prayer,

Or loud ringing through the wildwood When the young heart knew no care.

3 So when life's bright sun is setting
And its day is well-nigh done,
May there be no vain regretting
Over memories I would shun;
But when death is o'er, to meet me
May some much-lov'd forms come on,
And the first sounds that shall greet me
Be the voices that were gone!

THE VOICE OF BY-GONE DAYS



THE VOICE OF BY-GONE DAYS



- 2 Ah! the voice of by-gone days
 Murmurs to my brain
 Till the cherish'd forms departed
 Seem to live again,
 Weeping old-time sorrows o'er,
 Smiling as in days of yore,
 When each heart its burden bore
 Of love and pity, bliss and pain.
- 3 Ah! the voice of by-gone days
 Bids my memory rove,
 To the fair and gentle being
 Of my early love.
 She was radiant as the light.
 She was pure as dews of night,
 And beloved of angels bright,
 She join'd their bless'd and happy

WHERE HAS LULA GONE?



WHERE HAS LULA GONE?



2 She has left the sunny hills,
In their blushing bloom,
She has left the running rills
Gushing round her home
Far in some distant land
She may yet be seen,
Leading a fairy band,
Like a fairy queen.
Far, far my longing heart,
On her path has flown,
Yet no answer can impart;
Where has Lula gone?

3 Summer days have come and gone,
Starry nights have passed,
Many dreams of hope have flown,
Since I saw her last,
Roaming in rapture wild
On the mountain side,
Smiling when roses smiled,
Sighing when they died,
Wild as the honey bee,
Gentle as the fawn,
Fairer than the dawn was she;
Where has Lula gone?

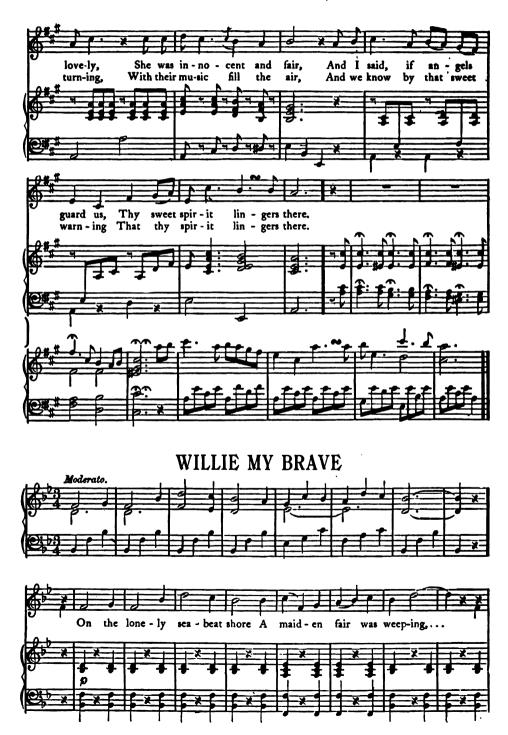
WHERE IS THY SPIRIT, MARY?



WHERE IS THY SPIRIT, MARY?



WHERE IS THY SPIRIT, MARY?



WILLIE MY BRAVE



- 2 He said his bark would soon return, And with a kiss they parted; But when a year had passed away, She then grew weary-hearted; Oh, 'twas sad, from day to day, To hear the maiden's plaintive lay: Come o'er the billow, Ride on the wave, Come while the wind bloweth, Willie my brave!
- 3 None who knew the maiden's grief,
 And saw her heart's devotion,
 Would tell her of the fragile bark
 That sank beneath the ocean;
 But when all hope had passed away,
 Her life breathed forth its parting lay:
 Come over the billow,
 Ride on the wave,
 Come while the wind bloweth,
 Willie my brave!





WILLIE HAS GONE TO THE WAR



3 The leaves of the forest will fade,
The roses will wither and die,
But spring to our home in the glade
On fairy-like pinions will fly;

And still I will hopefuly wait
The day when these battles are o'er,
And pine like a bird for its mate,
Till Willie comes home from the war!

WHEN THIS DREADFUL WAR IS ENDED



WHEN THIS DREADFUL WAR IS ENDED



WHEN THIS DREADFUL WAR IS ENDED



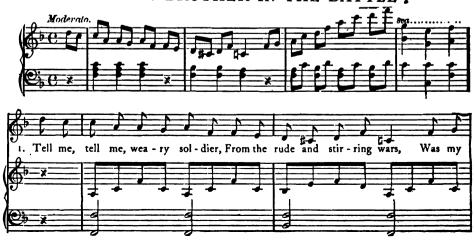
2 On the gory field of battle
Your sweet voice will nerve my hand,
And when weary, sad or wounded,
Your fair image near me stand.
In my visions, like some angel,
You will turn my grief to bliss;
On my pale and fevered forehead
I will often feel your kiss.
Our dear native land's in danger

Our dear native land's in danger And we'll calmly bide the time Till this dreadful war is over,

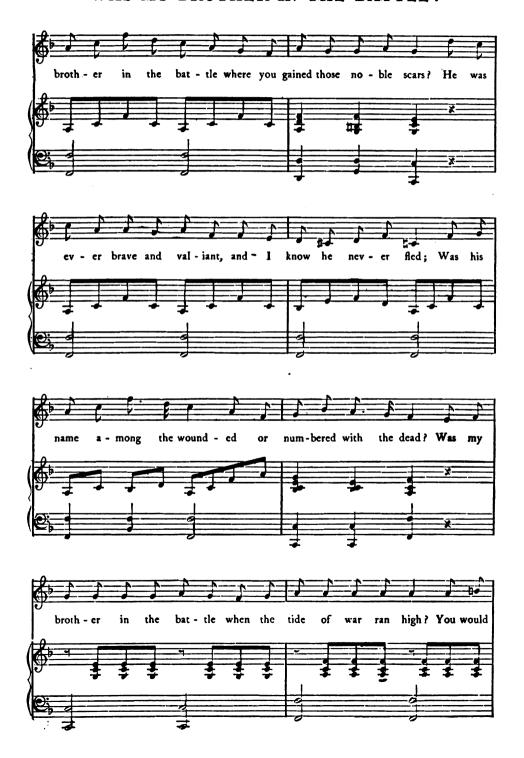
And the bells of peace shall chime.

3 When this dreadful war is ended,
(Soon I hope the day will come),
Love's own star will lead my footsteps
Safely back to you and home.
Oh! what joy again to meet you
When the threat'ning storm is past,
And the flag our foes have planted
Flies in shreds upon the blast.
Farewell! farewell! best and dearest,
Do not let your heart repine,
Though the sky may now be gloomy
Soon the sun will brightly shine.

WAS MY BROTHER IN THE BATTLE?



WAS MY BROTHER IN THE BATTLE?

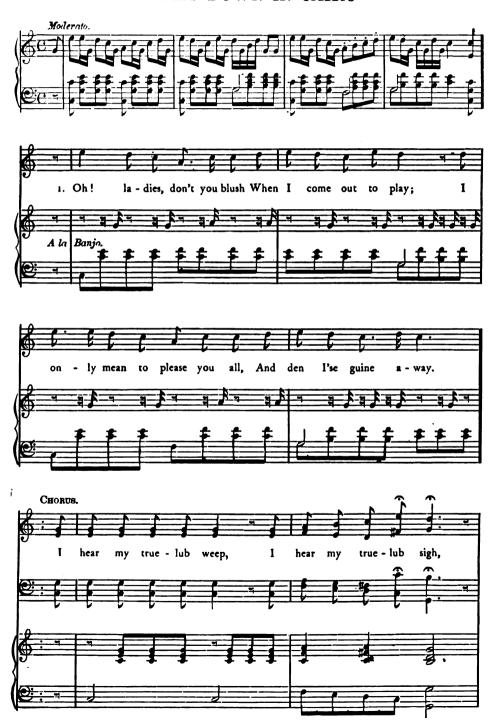


WAS MY BROTHER IN THE BATTLE?



- 2 Was my brother in the battle when the noble Highland host
 Were so wrongfully outnumbered on the Carolina coast?
 Did he struggle for the Union 'mid the thunder and the rain,
 Till he fell among the brave on a bleak Virginia plain?
 Oh, I'm sure that he was dauntless and his courage ne'er would lag,
 While contending for the honor of our dear and cherished flag.
- 3 Was my brother in the battle when the flag of Erin came
 To the rescue of our banner and protection of our fame,
 While the fleet from off the waters poured out terror and dismay,
 Till the bold and erring foe fell like leaves on Autumn day?
 When the bugle called to battle and the cannon deeply roared,
 Oh! I wish I could have seen him draw his sharp and glittering sword.

'WAY DOWN IN CAIRO



'WAY DOWN IN CAIRO



- 2 Sometimes de nigga's life is sad, Sometimes his life is gay, When de work don't come too-hard He's singin' all de day.
- 3 Now we libs on de fat ob de land, Now we libs on de lean, When we hab no cake to bake We sweep de kitchen clean.
- 4 Massa bought a bran new coat
 And hung it on de wall,
 Dis nigga's guine to take dat coat,
 And wear it to de ball.
- 5 All de ladies in de land,
 And all de gemmen, too,
 Am guine to hear de darkey band,
 And see what dey can do.

WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU



WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU

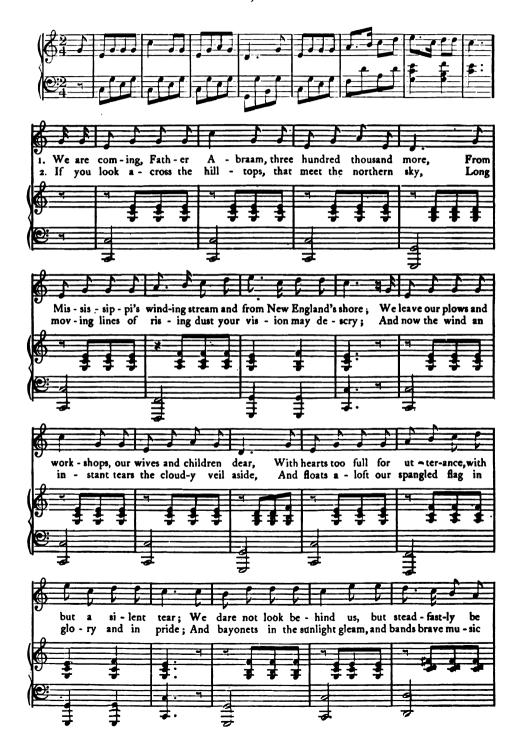






- We've longed to see you nightly,
 But this night of all;
 The fire was blazing brightly
 And lights were in the hall.
 The little ones were up
 'Till 'twas ten o'clock and past,
 Then their eyes began to twinkle,
 And they've gone to sleep at last;
 But they listened for your voice
 Till they thought you'd never come;
 Oh! Willie we have missed you;
 Welcome, welcome home!
- The days were sad without you,
 The nights long and drear;
 My dreams have been about you;
 Oh! welcome, Willie dear!
 Last night I wept and watched
 By the moonlight's cheerless ray,
 'Till I thought I heard your foot step,
 Then I wiped my tears away;
 But my heart grew sad again
 When I found you had not come;
 Oh! Willie, we have missed you;
 Welcome, welcome home!

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAAM



WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAAM



- 3 If you look up all our valleys, where the growing harvests shine, You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line: And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds, And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs; And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door, We are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more.
- 4 You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide, To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brother's bones beside; Or from foul treason's savage group to wrench the murd'rous blade, And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade; Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before, We are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more.

WE'VE A MILLION IN THE FIELD



WE'VE A MILLION IN THE FIELD



WHAT MUST A FAIRY'S DREAM BE?



What must a fairy's dream be
When storms in their anger cry?
Would she madly chase
In the wind's embrace,
The lightning gleaming by, [glee,
Or seize on its flash with a child-like
What must the dream of a fairy be?

What must a raily's dream be
When midsummer breezes play?
Would she proudly sail
On the perfumed gale
To welcome the dawn of day? [free:
I know that her visions are sportive and
What must the dream of a fairy be?

WHEN OLD FRIENDS WERE HERE



WHEN OLD FRIENDS WERE HERE



WHY HAVE MY LOVED ONES GONE?

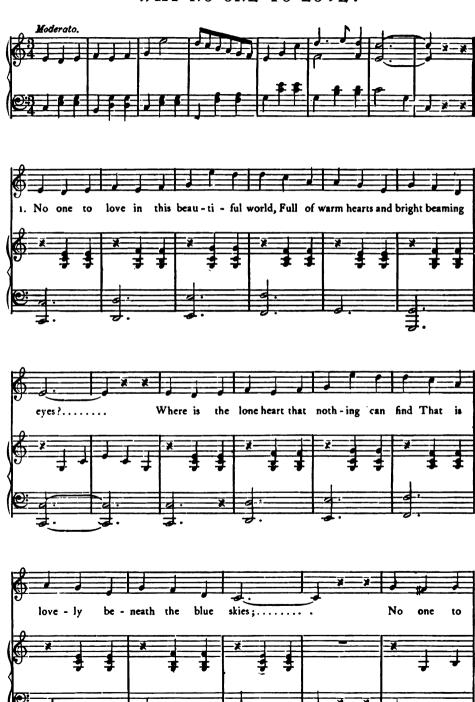


WHY HAVE MY LOVED ONES GONE?



3 Why have my loved ones gone, While the Springtime is on the breeze? Gilding the hillside lawn, And breathing music thro' the trees! The birds are singing in the air,
And the flow'rs are in their bloom;
All things around are beautiful and fair,
But still my spirit lies in gloom.

WHY NO ONE TO LOVE?



WHY NO ONE TO LOVE?



2 Dark is the soul that has nothing to dwell on!

How sad must its brightest hours prove! Lonely the dull brooding spirit must be That has no one to cherish and love.

No one to love!

No one to love!

Why no one to love? [world, What have you done in this beautiful That you're sighing of no one to love?

Many a fair one that dwells on the earth
Who would greet you with kind words
of cheer, [pleasures

Many who gladly would join in your Or share in your grief with a tear.

No one to love!

No one to love!

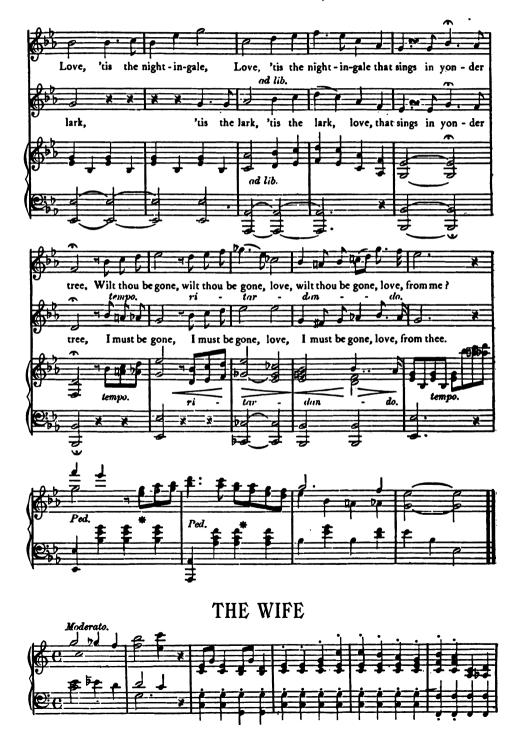
Why no one to love? [tiful world, Where have you roamed in this beau-That you're sighing of no one to love?









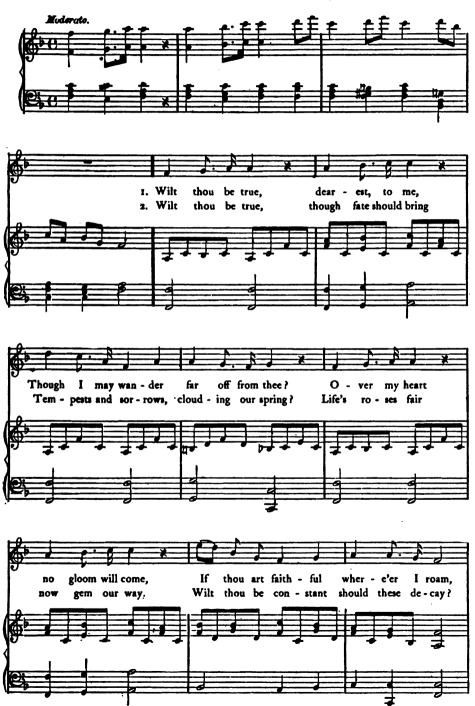


THE WIFE



- 2 He'll come home with tearsand pleading And ask me to forget. [words,
 - Can I be his, while he is mine And cause him one regret?
 - My heart may break, but for his sake I'll do all I can do;
 - He'll come home, he'll not forget me, For his word is always true.
- 3 He'll come home with sorrow on his That none but he can know. [heart With pangs of thot', how dearly bought!
 - And fears of coming woe;
 - He'll feel the cost of days now lost That time can ne'er renew,
 - He'll come home, he'll not forget me, For his word is always true.

WILT THOU BE TRUE?



WILT THOU BE TRUE?



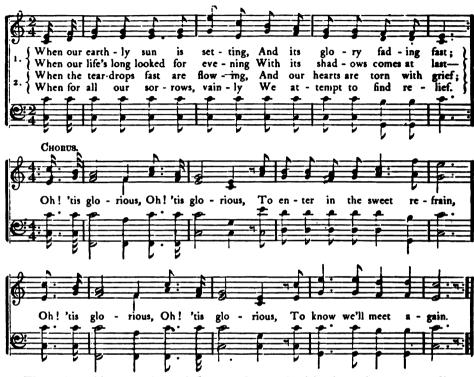
2 Wilt thou be true though lips of scorn, Seek to revile me when I am gone? Say, wilt thou weep when evening falls, As busy mem'ry my form recalls? Wilt thou be true? Doubt swiftly flies Whilst I am gazing into thine eyes, Thro' tearful gleams, thro' tender blue, Sweetly they whisper thou wilt be true!

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE



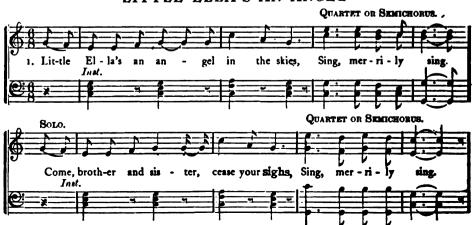
ones are gone, shrink from toil,
To the flowers and the evergreen glade, Till the pilot shall bear us o'er, [blest.
We shall one day pass, like the brave of To the union of hearts in the land of the
And bask in the beautiful shade, [yore, Where parting shall come no more.

OH! 'TIS GLORIOUS



- 3 When the cold sweat of the dying Hangs in drops upon our face; And a secret voice assures us We have almost run our race.
- 4 When the friends we love are standing Round our lonely, dying bed, And we take our farewell parting Ere the spark of life has fled.

LITTLE ELLA'S AN ANGEL



LITTLE ELLA'S AN ANGEL



Never weep for the angel that's free from Little Ella was truthful, good, and kind: Sing, merrily sing. [tears: Sing, merrily sing.

Never sigh for the blest that have left all Little Ella was blest in heart and mind: Sing, merrily sing. [fears: Sing, merrily sing.

(3) (5)
She has gone while her spirit from sin was Little Ella has left us full of love:
Sing, merrily sing. [free Sing, merrily sing,

To a region of love and melody:

Sing, merrily sing.

Let us follow her up to the realms above:

Sing, merrily sing.



3 In departing he was cheerful,
Praise the Lord!
He was hopeful, never fearful,
Praise the Lord!

All the light on him has broken,
Praise the Lord!
That from Christ was kindly spoken,
Praise the Lord!

THERE IS A LAND OF LOVE



2 There is a land of love On the shores of the crystal sea; There may the spirit rove,

From earthly trials ever free; A land where tears are wiped away, Where the blind their God behold,

Where the lame may walk along the heavenly way, And the bondman ne'er again be sold!

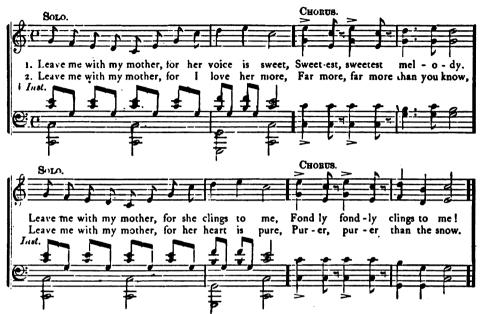
3 There is a land of love

Where the soul of the ransomed sings; There may the weary dove [wings; From earthly wanderings fold her A land of truth and glory bright,

Where the pangs of death ne'er come; Where Christ himself will be the only light!

Oh! may I call that land my home!

LEAVE ME WITH MY MOTHER



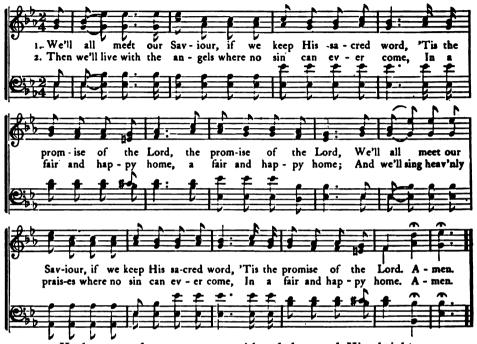
3 Leave me with my mother and her prayers of love, Fervent, fervent prayers of love. Leave me with my mother, she is heard above, Kindly, kindly heard above.

HE LEADETH ME BESIDE STILL WATERS



3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur or repine, Content, whatever lot I see, Since, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the victory's won: E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

WE'LL ALL MEET OUR SAVIOUR



- 3 He has gone from among us with a halo round Him bright, To a land of love and light, a land of love and light, He has gone and He calls us with a halo round Him bright. To a land of love and light. Amen.
- 4 He is called our Redeemer for He suffered for us all, That no penitent should fall, no penitent should fall; He is called our Redeemer for He suffered for us all, And we'll harken to His call. Amen.

WE'LL STILL KEEP MARCHING ON



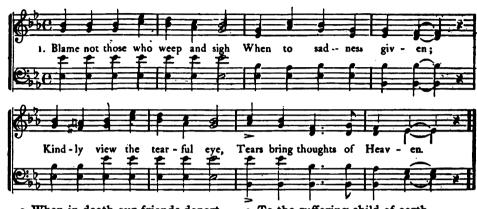
WE'LL STILL KEEP MARCHING ON



When the stars are in the placid sky,
And soft winds are blowing o'er the lea,
Then I feel that God still dwells on high,
And the angels are singing unto me.

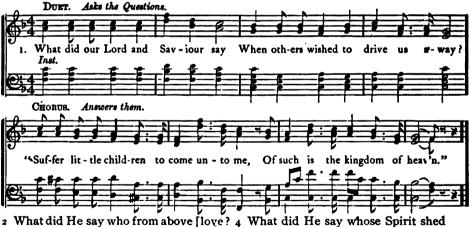
When I hear the laughing, gurgling stream,
Or the waves of the deep and plunging sea,
Then I'm lull'd into a pleasant dream,
And the angels are singing unto me.

TEARS BRING THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN



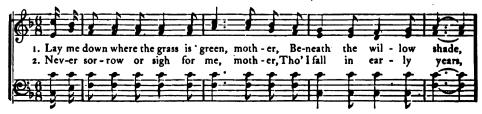
- 2 When in death our friends depart, When our hopes are riven; Tears bring comfort to the heart, Tears bring thoughts of Heaven.
- To the suffering child of earth Unto madness driven, Hallowed hours when tears have birth, Tears bring thoughts of Heaven.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME

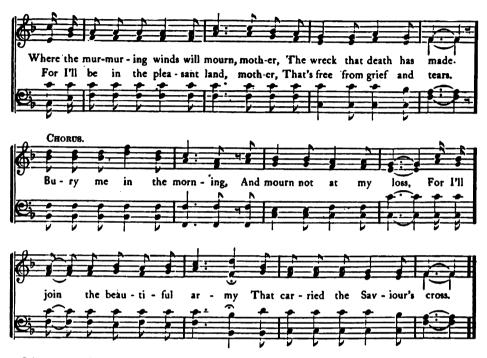


- Came down to teach us kindness and
 - Hope to the living, life to the dead?
- What were the words of Him who bled, 5 If on His mercy we rely, Nailed to the cross with thorns on His What will His words be when we die? head?

BURY ME IN THE MORNING, MOTHER



BURY ME IN THE MORNING, MOTHER



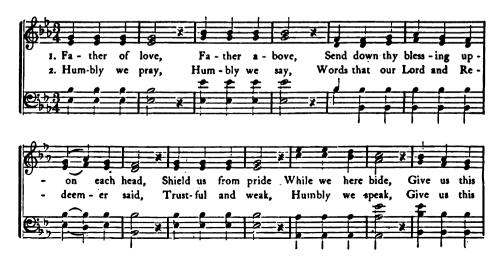
3 I have heard the songs of the blest, 4 You must promise to come to me, mothmother,

And angels are drawing near To carry me o'er the stream, mother, That mortals dread and fear.

When life and hope shall fade, For there's room for you in the home, mother.

That's far from the greenwood shade.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD



GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD





- That we sincerely feel,
 Every sigh received with love,
 When we repenting kneel.
- Life to all our Lord has shown,
 Then be to hope resigned,
 When around you doubts are thrown,
 "Seek and ye shall find."

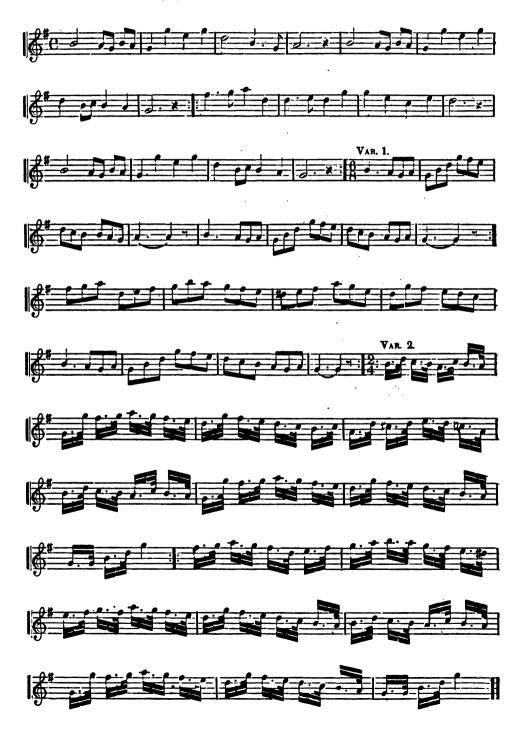
THE TIOGA WALTZ







OLD FOLKS AT HOME



OLD FOLKS QUADRILLE



OLD FOLKS QUADRILLE



OLD FOLKS QUADRILLE





VILLAGE BELLS POLKA



VILLAGE BELLS POLKA













