

Songs OF THE Present Time

MELODIES OF BEAUTY. WORDS OF SENSE.
IDEAS OF PROGRESS.

BY
P. WEBSTER

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CLEVELAND:

Published by S. BRAINARD'S SONS, 203 Superior St.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1868, by ROOR & CADY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

My Margaret

WORDS BY LUKE COLLIN,

MUSIC BY J. P. WEBSTER.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction consisting of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The introduction features a series of chords and eighth notes. Below the piano introduction, there are three lines of lyrics, each preceded by a Roman numeral (I, II, III). The lyrics are: I. The wood was in its sum-mer leaf, II. How bright was then the sun-set's gleam, III. With joy-ful hearts we ram-bled on. Below the lyrics, there is a vocal melody line with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is accompanied by a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and eighth notes. The number 1406 is printed at the bottom center of the page.

I. The wood was in its sum-mer leaf,
II. How bright was then the sun-set's gleam,
III. With joy-ful hearts we ram-bled on.

1406

Mar - ga - ret, my Marga - ret; And gold - en grain was in the
 Mar - ga - ret, my Marga - ret; How gen - tly flowed the rip - pling
 Mar - ga - ret, my Marga - ret; Nor no - ted we when day had

sheaf, Mar - ga - ret, my Mar - ga - ret; The
 stream, Mar - ga - ret, my Mar - ga - ret; But
 gone, Mar - ga - ret, my Mar - ga - ret; The

birds that filled the air with song, Sweet sun - mer time did still pro -
 bright - er far than gleam of sun, And smooth - er than the brook. Let's
 sun - set's gleam was in your eye, The zeph - yr's sweet - ness in your

long, When last we wound these banks a - long,
 run, Seemed life to us - its glo - ry won -
 sigh, And still the laugh - ing stream went by,

Mar - ga - ret, my Mar - ga - ret.
 Mar - ga - ret, my Mar - ga - ret.
 Mar - ga - ret, my Mar - ga - ret.

ad lib. *ten.* *ten.*

IV.

Gone now are birds and summer leaves,

Margaret, my Margaret;

Old Time has garnered many sheaves,

Margaret, my Margaret;

The winding brooklet murmurs still

The songs which did our young hearts thrill,

But we are passing down the hill,

Margaret, my Margaret.