

# SIXTY

SELECTED POPULAR

## SONGS AND BALLADS,

WORDS AND MUSIC.



### THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

Melody, with Words and Pianoforte Accompaniments, in "THE MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 177 Price 3d.

*Allegretto.*

Music by CHAS. DIBDIN.

While the Lads of the vil-lage so mer-ri-ly ah! Sound their  
 ta-hors I'll hand thee a-long, . . . . And I say un-to  
 thee that ve-ri-ly ah! ve-ri-ly ah! ve-ri-ly  
 ah! ve-ri-ly ah! ve-ri-ly ah! Thou and I will be first in the  
 throng, . . . . Thou and I . . . will be first in the throng. Just  
 then when the Swain, who last year won the dower, With his mates shall the sports have he-  
 gun, *p* When the gay voice of glad-ness re-sounds from each how'r, And thou

FINE.

B

*lento.* *Dal segno § al Fine.*

long'st in thy heart to make one. . . . . Those joys that are harm-less what  
 mor - tal can blame? 'Tis my max - im that youth should be free; . . . And to  
 prove that my words and my deeds are the same, To prove that my words and my  
*D.C. al Fine.*  
 deeds are the same, Be - lieve me thou'lt pre - sent - ly see. . . . .

## CATAWBA WINE:

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2107, Pr. 3d.

Words by LONGFELLOW.

Music by W. R. DEMPSTER.

*Allegretto con spirito.*

This song of mine Is a song of the vine, To be sung by the  
 glow - ing . . . em - - bers, Of way - - - side inns, When the  
*rall. ad lib.*  
 rain . . . be - gins To . . . dark-en the . . . drear No - - vem - bers.  
 It is not a song Of the scup - per - nog From  
*cres. f ad lib.*  
 warm Ca - ro - li - nian val - - leys, Nor the I - - sa - hel, And the  
*a tempo. cres.*  
 Mus - ca - del, that bask in our gar - - den al - - - leys;  
 Nor the red Mus - tang, Whose clus - ters hang O'er the

*cres.* *f* *ad lib.*

waves of the Co - lo - ra - - do, And the fie - ry flood Of whose

*a tempo.* *cres.* *f* *ff*

pur - ple blood Has a dash of Span - ish hra - va - - - do; For

rich - est and best, Is the Wine of the west, That .. grows by the ..

*cres.*

beau - ti - ful .. ri - - - ver; whose sweet ... per - fume, Fills

*rall. ad lib.*

all ... the room, With a he - ni - son .. on the .. gi - ver.

There grows no vine  
By the haunted Rhine,  
By the Danube or Guadalquivir,  
Nor on island or cape,  
That hears such a grape,  
As grows by the beautiful river.  
Very good in its way  
Is the Verzenay,  
Or the Sillery, soft and creamy;  
But Catawba wine  
Has a taste more divine,  
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

And pure as a spring  
Is the wine I sing,  
And to praise it one needs but name it,  
For Catawba wine  
Has need of no sign,  
No tavern bush to proclaim it.  
And this song of the vine,  
This greeting of mine,  
The winds and the birds shall deliver,  
To the Queen of the West,  
In her garlands dress'd,  
On the banks of the beautiful river.

### CEASE FOND HEART.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2023, Pr. 3d.

Words by HORACE MARTIN.

Music by C. M. VON WEBER.

*Moderato.*

Cease fond heart, no long - er grieve thee, Why this oft re - peat - ed

sigh? Let not hope for e - - - ver leave thee, Or 'twere

bet - ter far ... to die! Or ... 'twere bet - ter far to die!

Far from home, no smiles to greet me,  
No one sees the exile's tear,  
And my heart for e'er is beating  
For the land to me so dear.

All around though grand and lovely,  
Mountains, lakes, and valleys green,

Seem, alas! but to remind me,  
And recall each home-lov'd scene.

Cease, fond heart, no longer grieve thee,  
Soon the grasp of friendships hand  
Will, with smiles of welcome cheer me,  
In my own lov'd Switzerland.

## THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No 614, Pr. 3d.

*Moderato.*

Words and Music by DIBDIN.

Dad - dy Neptune, one day, to Free - dom did say, "If e - ver I liv'd up - on  
dry laud, The spot I should hit on would be lit - tle Bri - tain," Says  
Free - dom, "Why that's my own Is - land," Oh! what a snug lit - tle  
Is - land, A right lit - tle, tight lit - tle Is - land, All the globe round  
None can be found So hap - py as this lit - tle Is - land.

Julius Cæsar the Roman, who yielded to no man, Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade her,  
Came by water, he could not come by land, Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,  
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on, They could not do less than tuck up Queen Bess,  
And all for the sake of our Island. And take their full swing in the Island;  
Oh! what a snug little Island, The drones came to plunder the Island,  
They'd all have a touch at the Island, Oh! the poor Queen and the Island,  
Some were shot dead, But snug in the hive,  
Some of them fled, The Queen was alive,  
And some stayed to live in the Island. And buz was the word at the Island.

Then a very great war man, call'd Billy the Norman, These proud puff'd up cakes thought to make ducks  
Cried "hang it, I never lik'd my land, and drakes  
It would be much more handy to leave this Nor- Ere our Drake had the luck to make their pride  
mandy, duck,  
And live on yon beautiful Island." And stoop to the lads of the Island;  
Says he, "'tis a snug little Island," The good Wooden Walls of the Island,  
Shan't us go visit the Island? Huzza! for the lads of the Island,  
Hop, skip, and jump, Devil or Don,  
There he was plump, Let 'em come on,  
And he kicked up a dust in the Island. But how'd they come off at the Island.

Yet party deceit help'd the Normans to beat, I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch  
Of traitors they managed to buy land, Have since been oft tempted to try land,  
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict we had never been lick'd, And I wonder much less they have met no success,  
Had they stuck to the King of the Island; For why should we give up our Island?  
He lost both his life and his Island, Oh! 'tis a wonderful Island,  
Poor Harold the King of the Island, All of 'em long for the Island,  
That's very true, Hold a bit there,  
What could he do? Let 'em take fire and air,  
Like a Briton he died for his Island. But we'll have the Sea and the Island.

Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept  
tune  
In each saying "This shall be my land,"  
Should the Army of England, or all they can bring,  
land,  
We'd show them some play for the Island;  
We'd fight for our right to the Island,  
We'd give them enough of the Island,  
Invaders should just  
Bite at the dust,  
But not a bit more of the Island.

## WE MET BY CHANCE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1985, Pr. 3d.

Words by H. MARTIN.

Music by F. KUCKEN.

*Allegretto.*

At eve - ning ere the sun has set, I has - ten to her bow'r, And  
 there a glance I've oft - ten met Of soft, be - witch - ing pow'r; She  
*ritard.*  
 ne - ver whispers go nor stay, She ne - ver whis - pers go nor stay, . . Our  
*tempo.*  
 glan - ces meet the un - usual way, Our glan - ces meet the u - usual way, Our  
 glan - ces meet Our glan - ces meet, Our glan - ces meet the u - usual way.

And many times I've shared the bliss,  
 But how I cannot say,  
 Her lips were close, and so a kiss,  
 And neither whisper'd nay;  
 I do not ask, she does not give,  
 Our lips will meet but nothing say,  
 As if by chance the usual way.

The dew-drop loves to woo the rose,  
 The white, the pink, the red,  
 It leaves a kiss before it goes,  
 But not a word is said;  
 'Tis thus with us as both must know,  
 But neither tells the other so.

## RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1751, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

*Moderato.*

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her  
*1ma.* *2da.*  
 wand she bore; - bore; But oh! her beau - ty was far . . . be-  
 yond Her spark - ling gems and snow - white wand; But oh! her  
 beau - ty was far . . . be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow - white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,  
 So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak way?  
 Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,  
 As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,  
 No son of Erin will offer me harm;

For tho' they love woman and golden store,  
 Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile,  
 In safety lighted her round the green isle;  
 And bless'd for ever is she who relied  
 Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

## THE RAINY DAY.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 952-3, Pr. 6d.

Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Music by C. REINHARDT.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary; It rains, and the wind is  
 ne - ver wea - ry; The vine still clings to the mould'ring wall, But at  
 ev - ry . gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and  
 dreary, and the day . . . is dark and dreary.

*ritard.* <sup>3</sup>

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary,  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
 My thoughts still cling to the mould'ring Past,  
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,  
 Behind the cloud is the sun still shining;  
 Thy fate is the common lot of all,  
 Into each life some rain must fall—  
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

## THOU LOVELY ANGEL MINE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1934, Pr. 3d.

Music by C. L. FISHER.

When dew - drops fall on sleep - ing flow'rs, And stars to stars in  
 love in - cline; When moonlight plays in dark' - ning bow - ers, in dark' - - - ning  
 how'rs: I think . . . . of thee, . . . . my light . . . . . di -  
 vine; I think of thee, of thee, . . . . Thou love - ly an - gel  
 mine! . . . I think . . of thee, Thou love - ly, love - ly an - gel mine!

When slowly on the glist'ning waves,  
 The bark floats homeward down the Rhine,  
 With music echo'd from its caves,  
 I think of thee, my light divine,  
 I think of thee, of thee,  
 Thou lovely angel mine.

When, in a weary wanderer's eye,  
 The lights of well-known places shine;  
 And move his lips to songs of joy:  
 I think of thee, my light divine,  
 I think of thee, of thee,  
 Thou lovely angel mine.

THE NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1994, Pr. 3d.

Words by TENNYSON.

Music by F. BOOTH.

*p Allegretto.*

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky, The fly - ing cloud, the fros - ty light, The  
 year is dy - ing in the night; Ring out wild bells and let him die; Ring  
*ad lib.*  
 out the old, Ring in the new, Ring hap - py bells a - cross the snow, The  
*a tempo.*  
 year is go - ing, let it go, Ring out the false, Ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more,  
 Ring out the fear of rich and poor,  
 Ring out redress for all mankind.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the light that is to be.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1740-1, Pr. 6d.

Words by T. MOORE.

*p Andante.*

'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a - -  
 lone; All her love - ly com - pa - nions Are fa - ded and  
 gone; No flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is  
*p*  
 nigh, . . . To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go, sleep thou with them:  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away!  
 When true hearts lie wither'd,  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?

## FLY NOT YET.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1748, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

*Lively.*

Fly not yet; 'tis jnst the bour When plea - sure, like the mid - night flow'r That  
 scorns the eye of vul - gat light, Be - gins to bloom for sons of night, And  
 maids that love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of sbade That  
 beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - trac - tions glow - ing  
 Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing, Oh! stay— oh! stay— Joy so sel - dom  
 weaves a chain Like tthis to - night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so  
 soon, . . . Oh! . . . stay— oh! . . . stay— Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like  
 tthis to - night, that oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon. . .

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd  
 In times of old thro' Ammon's sbade,  
 Tho' icy cold by day it ran,  
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began  
 To burn when night was near.  
 And thus should woman's heart and looks  
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,

Nor kindle till the night, returning,  
 Brings their genial hour for bnrning  
 Oh! stay—oh! stay—  
 When did morning ever break,  
 And find such beaming eyes awake,  
 As those that sparkle here!

## FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1797, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

*p Moderato.*

Fare - well! but, when - e - ver you wel - come the hour, Which a -  
 wa - kens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once



wel - com'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be hap - py with you.

His griefs may re - turn, not a hope may re - main Of the  
*f* few that have brighten'd his path - way of pain; But he ne'er will for - get the short  
*ad lib.* *a tempo.*

vi - sion, that threw Its en - chant - ment a - round him, while ling' - ring with you!

And still, on that evening, when pleasure fills np,  
 To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each  
 cnp,  
 Where'er my path lies, he it gloomy or bright,  
 My soul, happy friends, shall ho with you that  
 night,  
 Sball join in your revels, your sport, and your  
 wiles,  
 And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—  
 Too blest, if it tells me that, mid the gay cheer,  
 Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were  
 here!"

Lct Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot de -  
 stroy,  
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.  
 Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd,  
 Like the vase in which roses have once been dis -  
 till'd—  
 You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will  
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

## BEWARE! BEWARE!

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 950-1, Pr. 6d.

Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Music by FRANZ KULLAK.

*Allegretto Moderato.*

I know a maid - en fair to see, Take care! Take care! She can both false and friendly

be, Be - ware! Be - ware! Trust her not, She's fool - ing thee! She's fool - ing

thee! She's fool - ing thee! Trust her not, She's fool - ing thee! Be - ware, Be - ware!

She has two eyes so soft and brown,  
 Take care! Take care!  
 She gives a side glance and looks down,  
 Beware! Beware!  
 Trust her not, she's fooling thee,  
 Beware! Beware!

And she has hair of a golden hue,  
 Take care! Take care!  
 And what she says it is not true,  
 Beware! Beware!  
 Trust her not, she's fooling thee,  
 Beware! Beware!

She has a bosom as white as snow,  
 'Take care! Take care!  
 She knows how much it is best to show,  
 Beware! Beware!  
 Trust her not, she's fooling thee,  
 Beware! Beware!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,  
 Take care! Take care!  
 It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,  
 Beware! Beware!  
 Trust her not, she's fooling thee,  
 Beware! Beware!

## LESBIA HAS A BEAMING EYE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1781, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

*p* Moderato.

Les - bia has a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam - eth,  
 Right and left its ar - rows fly, But what they aim at no one dream - eth.  
 Sweet - er 'tis to gaze up - on My No - ra's lid, that sel - dom ri - ses,  
 Few her looks, hut ev' - ry one, Like un - ex - pect - ed light sur - pri - ses.  
 Oh! my No - ra Crei - na dear; My gen - tle, hash - ful, No - ra Crei - na.  
 Beau - ty lies in ma - ny eyes, But love in yours my No - ra Crei - na!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,  
 But all so close the nymph has laced it,  
 Not a charm of beauty's mould  
 Presumes to stay where nature placed it.  
 Oh! my Nora's gown for me,  
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,  
 Leaving ev'ry beauty free  
 To sink or swell as heaven pleases;  
 Yes, my Nora Creina dear,  
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina;  
 Nature's dress is loveliness,  
 The dress you wear my Nora Creina.

Lesbia has a wit refin'd,  
 But when its points are gleaming round us,  
 Who can tell if they're design'd  
 To dazzle merely or to wound us?  
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,  
 In safer slumber love reposes;  
 Bed of peace, whose roughest part  
 Is hut the crumpling of the roses.  
 Oh! my Nora Creina dear,  
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina,  
 Wit, tho' bright, has not the light  
 That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

## GOODNIGHT! FAREWELL!

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 719, Pr. 3d.

Music by F. KUCKEN.

*p* Con anima.

Good - night! fare - well my on - - ly love! A thou - sand times a -  
 dieu! . . . Re - ful - gent, like the stars a - bove, Will be . . . my  
*poco animato.* love for you; When far a - way thine i - - mage clear Re-  
*sempre cres.*

flect - ed hright will he, . . . When - e'er the dark' - ning clouds ap -  
*dim.*  
 pear, My thoughts will cling to thee! . . . When - e'er the  
*rit.*  
 dark' - ning clouds ap - pear. My thoughts will cling to thee!  
*cres.* *sf rit.*  
 Fare - well . . . my on - ly love; A thou - sand times a -  
*p*  
 dieu! Good night, good night, fare - well, good - night! . . . .

Out from thy heart was breathed a sigh  
 When last thou said farewell!  
 A look of love beam'd from thine eye,  
 'Twas more than tongue could tell.  
 No pledge of troth thou gav'st to me,  
 And yet thy faith is known;

For though I may be far from thee,  
 I claim thee as my own.  
 Farewell, my only love,  
 A thousand times adieu,  
 Good night, good night, farewell, good night.

### THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1747 Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

*p* *Moderato.*

The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed, Now  
 hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled: So  
 sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And  
*cres.* *dim.*  
 hearts, that once heat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more! . . .

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
 The harp of Tara swells;  
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
 Its tale of ruin tells:

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
 The only thro' she gives  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To show that still she lives.

## THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 667, Pr. 3d.

Words and Music by DIBDIN.

*p* With spirit.

A - dien, a - dieu my on - ly life, My ho - nour calls me from thee, Re -  
*mp* *f*  
 mem - her thou'rt a sol - dier's wife, Those tears hut ill be - come thee; What  
 though hy du - ty I am call'd, Where thund'ring can - nons rat - tle, Where  
*p*  
 va - lour's self might stand ap - pall'd, Where va - lour's self might staud ap - pall'd, When  
*con esprress.*  
 on the wings of thy dear love, To heav'n a - hove . . . thy fervent o - ri -  
 sons are flown; The ten - der pray'r . . . thou put'st up there, Shall call a guar-dian  
*f*  
 an - gel down, Shall call a guar-dian an - gel down, To watch me in the hat-tle.

My safety thy fair truth shall he,  
 As sword and huckler serving;  
 My life shall he more dear to me,  
 Because of thy preserving:  
 Let peril come, let horrors threat,  
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,  
 I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,  
 Assur'd when on the wings of love,  
 To heav'n above thy fervent orisons are flown,  
 The tender pray'r thou put'st up there,  
 Shall call a guardian angel down,  
 To watch me in the hat-tle.

Enough, with that henignant smile,  
 "Some kindred god inspired thee,  
 Who saw thy bosom, void of guile,  
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee:  
 I go assur'd, my life adieu,  
 Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle,  
 Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,  
 When on the wings of my true love,  
 To heav'n above thy fervent orisons are flown,  
 The tender pray'r thou put'st up there.  
 Shall call a guardian angel down,  
 To watch me in the battle.

## WHEN THOU WERT NIGH.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1954, Pr. 3d.

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*Andante espressivo.*

When thou wert nigh, I did not heed What voi - ces hlam'd— what  
*ad lib.* *a tempo.*  
 lot he - fell, For where I found a charm - less weed There

al - ways sprung a flow'r as well. The shades of life might come and go, I  
 thought not how— I cared not when— The dark - est cloud the world could show Was  
 ne'er with - out its rain - how then, Was ne'er with - out its rain - bow then.

But, now thou'rt gone, the morning ray,  
 Seems dim and dull as evening's close,  
 I see the cypress on my way,  
 But cannot find the rich red rose.

The cloud now comes with gloom alone,  
 The weed now springs with hateful pow'r;  
 With secret tears my heart must own,  
 Thou wert the rainbow and the flow'r.

### GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1742, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.  
*p* Slow and tenderly.

Go where glo - ry waits thee; But, while fame e - lates thee, Oh! still re - mem - ber  
 me. When the praise thou meet - est, To thine ear is sweet - est,  
 Oh! then re - mem - her me. O - ther arms may press thee,  
 Dear - er friends ca - ress thee, All the joys that bless thee, Sweet - er far may be;  
 But when friends are nearest, And when joys are dear - est, Oh! then re - mem - ber me.

When, at eve, thou rovest,  
 By the star thou lovest,  
 Oh! then remember me.  
 Think, when home returning,  
 Bright we've seen it burning,  
 Oh! thus remember me.  
 Oft as summer closes,  
 When thine eye reposes,  
 On its ling'ring roses,  
 Once so lov'd by thee,  
 Think of her who wove them,  
 Her who made thee love them—  
 Oh! then remember me.

When around thee, dying,  
 Autumn leaves are lying,  
 Oh! then remember me.  
 And, at night, when gazing  
 On the gay hearth blazing,  
 Oh! still remember me.  
 Then, should music, stealing  
 All the soul of feeling,  
 To thy heart appealing,  
 Draw one tear from thee;  
 Then let mem'ry bring thee,  
 Strains I used to sing thee,  
 Oh! then remember me.

## THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1793, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

*p Lively.*

The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam-ing, love, How  
*ad lib.* sweet to rove, Thro' Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is  
*a tempo.* dream - ing, love! Then a - wake! the heav'n's look bright, my dear! 'Tis  
*lentando.* ne - ver too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To  
*ad lib.* length - en our days, *a tempo.* Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
 But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,  
 And I, whose star,  
 More glorious far,  
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love!

Then awake, till rise of sun, my dear!  
 The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,  
 Or in watching the flight  
 Of bodies of light,  
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

## MY HEART'S ON THE RHINE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 111, Pr. 3d.

Music by SPEYER.

*p Vivace.*

My heart's on the Rhine, the land I love best, My heart's on the Rhine, dear to  
 child-hood's young breast, My heart's on the Rhine, dear to  
 childhood's young breast; The hours of my boy-hood were blithe-some and gay. My  
 heart e - ver light - ed by joy's gold - en ray, My youth seem'd a vi - sion of

plea - sure, a dream, Bright val - ley, blue moun-tain, gay flow' - ret and stream, And tho'  
 ah - sent from home, the re - mem-brance is mine, My heart, my  
 To be sung at the end of the 3rd verse.  
 heart, yes, my heart's on the Rhine. My heart's on the Rhine, My  
 own na - tive land. My heart's on the Rhine, My own na - tive land.

The bright orb of day changing mist into morn,  
 Brought freshly the flowers my cot to adorn ;  
 Whilst the glittering waters of streamlet and rill,  
 Reflected his rays on the old watermill.  
 Fond scene of my boyhood, how sadly I pine,  
 To behold thee again !  
 My heart, my heart, oh ! my heart's on the Rhine,

My heart's on the Rhine, the true land of mirth,  
 My heart's on the Rhine, the scene of my birth ;  
 Those scenes when reflected so clear to my mind,  
 Bring nought but regret that I left them behind :  
 For there with loved faces I wander'd and play'd,  
 And 'long thy lov'd waters I cheerfully stray'd,  
 And for ever thy banks and thy waters are mine,  
 My heart, my heart, yes ! my heart's on the Rhine

### THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1753, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

*Andante.*

There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that  
 vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet ; Oh ! the last rays of feel - ing and  
 life must de - part Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall  
 fade from my heart ! Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was *not* that Nature had shed o'er the scene 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my hosom, were near,  
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ; Who made every scene of enchantment more dear,  
 'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill : And who felt how the best charms of nature improve  
 Oh, no ! it was something more exquisite still. When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest  
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,  
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !

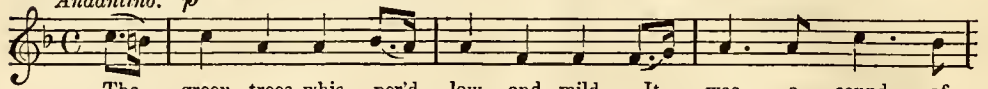
### THE GREEN TREES WHISPERED LOW AND MILD.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 964-5, Pr. 6d.

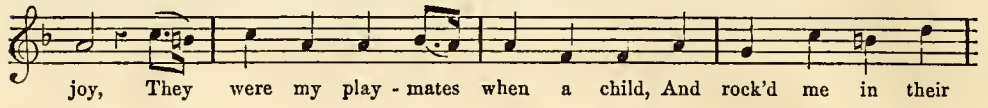
Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Music by C. REINHARDT.

*Andantino. p*



The green trees whis - per'd low and mild, It was a sound of

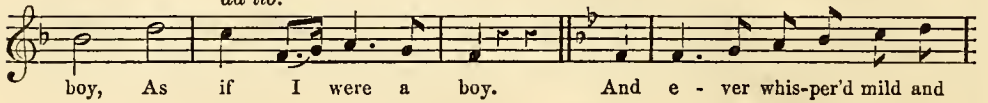


joy, They were my play - mates when a child, And rock'd me in their

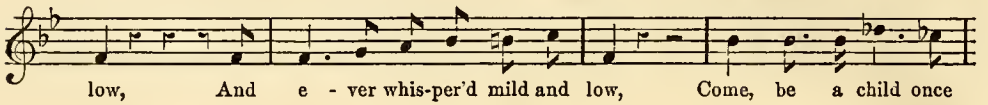


arms so wild, Still they look'd at me and smil'd, As if I were a

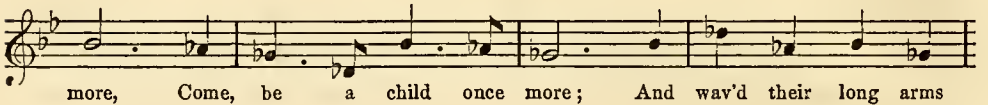
*ad lib.*



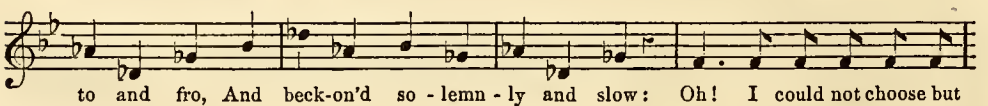
boy, As if I were a boy. And e - ver whis-per'd mild and



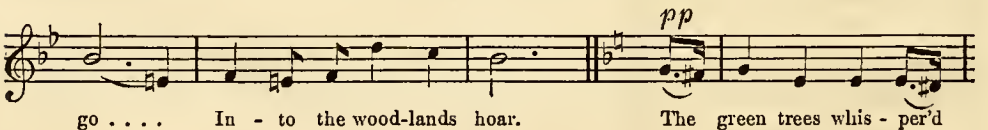
low, And e - ver whis-per'd mild and low, Come, be a child once



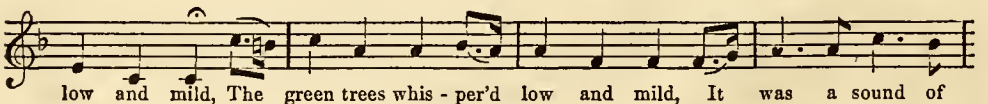
more, Come, be a child once more; And wav'd their long arms



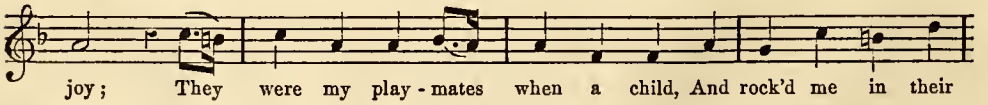
to and fro, And beck-on'd so - lem-n-ly and slow: Oh! I could not choose but



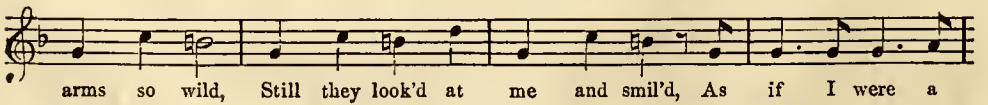
go . . . . In - to the wood-lands hoar. The green trees whis - per'd



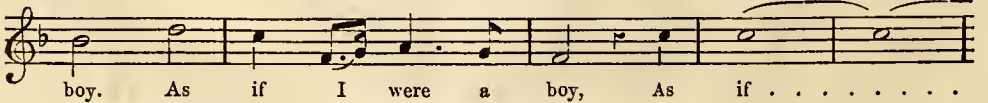
low and mild, The green trees whis - per'd low and mild, It was a sound of



joy; They were my play - mates when a child, And rock'd me in their



arms so wild, Still they look'd at me and smil'd, As if I were a



boy. As if I were a boy, As if . . . . . .



*ad. lib.*

... I were a boy, As if . . . . . I were a boy.

## ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1620, Pr. 3d.

Words by M. F. TUPPER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*p Allegretto.* >

All's for the best! be san-guine and cheerful; Tron-ble and sor-row are  
 friends in dis-guise; No-thing but fol-ly goes faith-less and fear-ful;  
*cres.* *dim.* *mf*  
 Cou-rage for e-ver! is hap-py and wise. All's for the best! If a  
 man would but know it, Pro-vi-dence wish-es that all may be blest;  
*p*  
 This is no dream of the pun-dit or po-et,  
*mf*  
 Fact is not Fan-cy—and all's for the best! Fact is not fan-cy—and  
*p*  
 all's for the best! All's for the best! All's for the best!  
*cres.* *dim.* *mf* CHORUS. *mf*  
 Fact is not fan-cy—and all's for the best! All's for the best!  
*f*  
 All's for the best! Hope and be hap-py, Then all's for the best!

All's for the best!—set this on your standard,  
 Soldier of sadness or pilgrim of love,  
 Who to the shores of despair may have wander'd,  
 A way-wearied swallow or heart-stricken dove.  
 All's for the best!—be a man, but confiding,  
 Providence tenderly governs the rest,  
 And the frail bark of his creature is guiding,  
 Wisely and warily—all's for the best!  
 All's for the best, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

All's for the best!—dispel idle terrors,  
 Meet all your fears and your foes in the van;  
 And, in the midst of your dangers and errors,  
 Trust like a child and strive like a man.  
 All's for the best!—unfailing, unbounded,  
 Providence wishes that all may be blest,  
 And both by wisdom and mercy surrounded,  
 Hope and be happy, then—all's for the best!  
 All's for the best, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

## 'TIS SAD TO PART.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2111, Pr. 3d.

Words by C. SHEARD.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

*p Andante con affetto.*

'Tis sad to part from those we love, We ne'er may meet a-  
gain, When kin - dred spi - rits friendship prove, They se - ver but with  
pain; And oh! the part - ing word and tear, The sigh, the last fare-  
well, Give to the soul a tone of fear, Far more than lips, than lips can  
tell. 'Tis sad to part, 'Tis sad to part, 'Tis sad to part from those we  
love; . . . 'Tis sad to part from those we love, We ne'er may meet a-  
gain, When kin - dred spi - rits friendship prove, They se - ver but with pain.

And when from those we have to part  
Who've loos'd a friendship's tie,  
'Tis then that sorrow wounds the heart  
And makes the bosom sigh;  
Kind words and acts will ever prove  
The means to bury hate;

Then let us all forgive and love,  
Ere it may be too late.  
'Tis sad to part from those we love,  
We ne'er may meet again;  
When kindred spirits friendship prove,  
They sever but with pain.

## EVANGELINE.

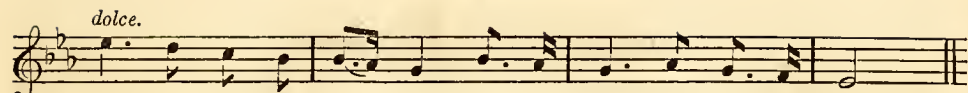
Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1600, Pr. 3d.

Words and Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*p Moderato con espress.*

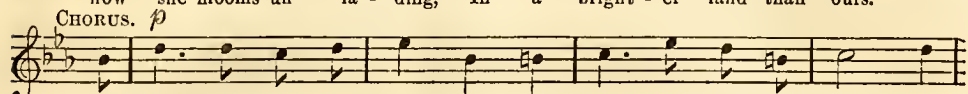
She is lost to us for e - ver, And we look for her in vain,— She is  
gone, and we shall ne - ver See that an - gel face a - gain; A-  
las! that one so love - ly Should per - ish like the flow'r's, Yet

*dolce.*



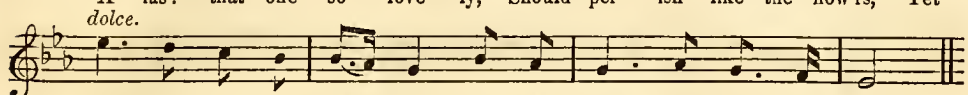
now she blooms un - fa - ding, In a bright - er land than ours.

CHORUS. *p*



A - las! that one so love - ly, Should per - ish like the flow'rs, Yet

*dolce.*



now she blooms un - fa - ding In a bright - er land than ours.

She was lovelier than the glowing  
Of the morning's rosy beam;  
And a light seemed round her flowing,  
Like the radiance of a dream.

She faded from our vision,  
Like a calm, sweet summer day;  
But the image of her heavy  
Shall never pass away.  
Alas! that one, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

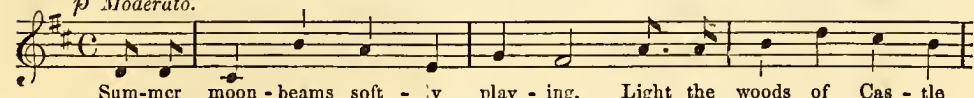
### THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1444-5, Pr. 6d.


Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

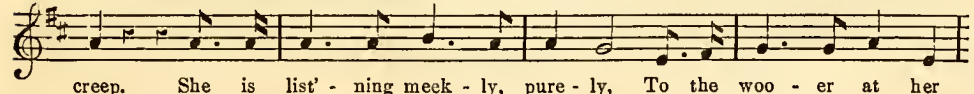
*p* *Moderato.*



Sum-mer moon - beams soft - ly play - ing, Light the woods of Cas - tle

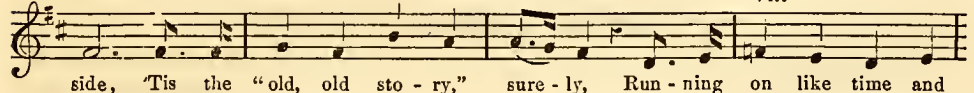


Keep! And there I see a mai - den stray - ing, Where the dark - est sha - dows




creep. She is list' - ning meek - ly, pure - ly, To the woo - er at her

*rit.*

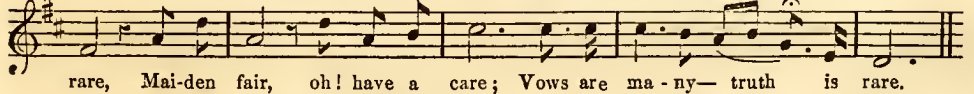


side, 'Tis the "old, old sto - ry," sure - ly, Run - ning on like time and

*a tempo.*



tide. Mai - den fair, oh! have a care; Vows are ma - ny— truth is



rare, Mai - den fair, oh! have a care; Vows are ma - ny— truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple,  
Lordly doublet speaks his lot;  
She is wearing hood and wimple—  
His the castle, hers the cot.  
Sweeter far she deems his whisper  
Than the night-bird's dulcet trill:  
She is smiling, he beguiling—  
'Tis the "old, old story," still.  
Maiden fair, oh! have a care—  
Vows are many, truth is rare.

The autumn sun is quickly going  
Behind the woods of Castle Keep,  
The air is chill, the night wind blowing,  
And there I see a maiden weep.  
Her cheeks are white, her brow is aching,  
The "old, old story," sad and brief,  
Of heart betray'd and left nigh breaking,  
In mute despair and lonely grief.  
Maidens fair, oh have a care—  
Vows are many, truth is rare.

## DRINK TO HER WHO LONG.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1767, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

*p* Playful.

Drink to her, who long Hath wak'd the po - et's sigh—The girl who gave to Song What  
Gold could ne - ver buy! Oh! woman's heart was made For minstrel-hands a - lone; By  
o - ther fin-gers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then here's to her, who long Hath  
wak'd the po - et's sigh—The girl, who gave to Song What Gold could ne - ver buy!

At Beauty's door of glass,  
When Wealth and Wit once stood,  
They ask'd her, "Which might pass?"  
She answer'd, "He who could."  
With golden key Wealth thought  
To pass—but 'twould not do;  
While Wit a diamond hrought,  
Which cut his bright way thro'.  
Then here's to her who long  
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—  
The girl who gave to song  
What gold could never huy.

The love that seeks a home  
Where wealth or grandeur shines,  
Is like the gloomy gnome  
That dwells in dark gold mines:  
But oh! the poet's love  
Can boast a brighter sphere,  
Its native home's above,  
Tho' woman keeps it here.  
Then drink to her who long  
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—  
The girl who gave to song  
What gold could never buy!

## THE CAPTAIN WITH HIS WHISKERS.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1992, Pr. 3d.

Arranged by T. COMER.

*p* Allegretto.  
As they march'd thro' the town with their ban - ners so gay, I  
ran to the win - dow to hear the band play; I peep'd thro' the  
hinds ve - ry cau - tious - ly then, Lest the neigh - hours should say I was  
look - ing at the men. Oh! I heard the drums heat and the mu - sic so

sweet, But my eyes at the time caught a much great - er  
*a tempo.*  
treat; The troop was the fi - - est I e - ver did  
see, And the Cap - tain with his whisk-ers took a sly glance at me.

When we met at the ball, I of course thought 'twas  
right  
To pretend that we never had met before that night;  
But he knew me at once I perceived by his glance,  
So I hung down my head when he ask'd me to dance.  
Oh! he sat by my side at the end of the set,  
And the sweet words he spoke I shall never forget;  
For my heart was enlisted and could not get free,  
As the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance  
at me.

I remember, with superabundant delight, [night:  
When we met in the street and we danc'd all the  
And keep in my mind, how my heart jumped with  
glee, [at me,  
As the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance  
But there's hope, for a friend just ten minutes ago  
Said the Captain's return'd from the war, and I know  
He'll be searching for me with considerable zest;  
And when I am found—hut ah! you know all the  
rest.

But he marched from the town, and I saw him no  
more,  
Yet I think of him oft, and the whiskers he wore;  
I dream all the night, and I talk all the day,  
Of the love of a Captain who went far away.

Perhaps he is here—let me look round the house—  
Keep still, ev'ry one of you—still as a mouse—  
For if the dear creature is here he will be  
With his whiskers a-taking sly glances at me.

### THE MINSTREL BOY.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1794, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

*p* Moderato.

The Min - strel Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll  
find him; His fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on And his  
wild harp slung he - hind . . . him. "Land of song!" said the  
*tenderly.*  
war - rior hard, "Though all the world he - trays . . . thee, One  
*cres.*  
sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell, hut the foeman's chain  
Could not bring that proud soul under,  
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;

And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery!  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
They shall never sound in slavery!"

## BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1765, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

*p* Moderato.

Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I  
 gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and  
 fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts, fad - ing a - way, Thou would'st  
 still be a - dor'd as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy  
 love - li - ness fade as it will; And a - round the dear ru - in each  
 wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,  
 To which time will but make thee more dear.

Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,  
 But as truly loves on to the close,  
 As the sun-flow'r turns on her god when he sets  
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

## PRETTY NELLY.

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Words by J. BROUGHAM, ESQ.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*p* Moderato.

Pret - ty Nel - ly, win - some Nel - ly, Pret - ty Nel - ly's bright and gay,  
 Ev' - ry light of joy a - round her Beam - ing like a sum - mer day;  
 We are poor, both I and Nel - ly, Nei - ther laud nor gold have we,  
 But she says, "I am her trea - sure,"—And she's all the world to me.

CHORUS. *mp*

Pret - ty Nel - ly, win - some Nel - ly, Pret - ty Nel - ly's bright and gay,  
*sf* *p rit.*  
 Ev' - ry light of joy a - round her, Beam - ing like a sum - mer day.

Pretty Nelly, guileless Nelly,  
 Pretty Nelly's ever mild,  
 Lovely as a poet's dreaming,  
 Simple as a very child:  
 Let the wealthy boast their splendour,  
 Still a greater gift have we,  
 For she says, "I am her treasure,"  
 And she's all the world to me.

Pretty Nelly, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

Pretty Nelly, faithful Nelly,  
 Pretty Nelly's true as gold,  
 With a heart as pure as ever  
 Beat within a mortal mould;  
 Are we poor, then, I and Nelly?  
 No! but rich as rich can be,  
 For I know I am her treasure,  
 And she's all the world to me.

Pretty Nelly, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

### WE'LL BE TRUE TO EACH OTHER.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1955, Pr. 3d.

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*p* *Moderato.*

We'll be true to each o - ther, tho' Fate has now part - ed Two  
 spi - rits that yearn with de - vo - tion and love; We will show the wide world that we  
 both are strong-heart - ed, That the wings of the ea - gle can  
*dolce.*  
 nur - ture the dove. Per - haps it is well that our faith and af - fec - tion Are  
*cres.*  
 tried in our youth by a lin - ger - ing test; But, if both of us love by the  
*p*  
 soul's free se - lec - tion, We'll be true to each o - ther, and  
*cres.* *rit.*  
 hope for the rest, We'll be true to each o - ther and hope for the rest.

Let us chafe not unwisely by rudely defying  
 The doubts and denials that echo in vain;  
 Like the ship in the stream on her anchor relying,  
 We'll live on our truth till the tide turns again.

We are parted, but trust me it is not for ever,  
 Our vows, breathed in earnest, will surely be blest;  
 So we'll work and we'll wait with Love's fervent  
 endeavour,  
 Be true to each other, and hope for the rest.

## THE FOND HEARTS AT HOME.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1892, Pr. 3d.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*p* *Andante con espressione.*

When I left the dear home of my fa - thers, And saw its blue hills melt a -  
 way, Young Hope chas'd the tears from mine eye - lids, Like the  
*mf*  
 night - dew in morn - ing's bright ray, "Stay, stay," said the lov'd ones, at  
 part - ing, "Oh! tempt not the wild o - cean foam, . . . . It  
*p*  
 may be thou leav'st us for e - ver, Oh! stay with the fond hearts at home, It  
*cres.*  
 may be thou leav'st us for e - ver, Oh! stay with the fond hearts at home."

But dreams of the future allured me,  
 Such dreams as young hearts only know,  
 When the skies are all sunshine and glory,  
 And this earth seems a heaven below;  
 And swiftly my bark bore me onward,  
 As gaily she dashed through the foam,  
 Far from the arms of my kindred—  
 The true hearts, the fond hearts at home.

Like the beautiful tints of the evening,  
 My fancy's bright dream soon was o'er,  
 I returned to the home of my fathers,  
 To the arms of my kindred once more;  
 "Stay, stay," said the lov'd ones at meeting,  
 "Oh! say thou wilt never more roam;"  
 "If there's bliss," I replied, "in this wide world,  
 'Tis found with the fond hearts at home."

## GATHER YE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1956, Pr. 3d.

Words by HERRICK.

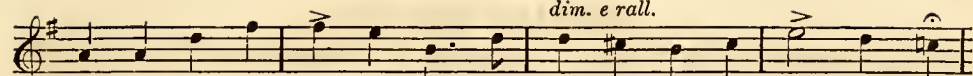
Music by W. KNOWLES.

*p* *Moderato.*

Ga - ther ye rose - buds while ye may, Old Time is e - ver fly - ing; And  
 that same flow'r which blooms to - day, To - mor - row may be dy - ing; The  
*cres.*  
 glo - rious lamp of heav'n, the sun, The high - er he is get - ting, The

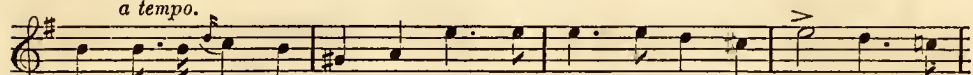


*dim. e rall.*



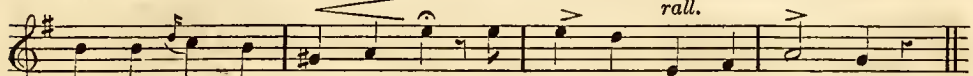
soon - er will his race he run, And near - er he's to set - ting. Then

*a tempo.*



ga - ther ye rose - huds while ye may, Old Time is e - ver fly - ing, And

*rall.*



that same flow'r which blooms to - day, To - mor - row may be dy - ing.

When, in the days of youth and love,  
The heart with joy is glowing,  
Remember age will soon remove  
The pleasures now o'er-flowing.  
Then, be not coy, go use your time,  
And, while ye may, go marry,

For having lost, hut once, your prime,  
Ye may for ever tarry.  
Then gather ye rosehuds while ye may,  
Old Time is ever flying,  
And the same flower which hlooms to-day  
To-morrow may be dying.


### WOMAN'S RESOLUTION;

#### OR, THE SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.

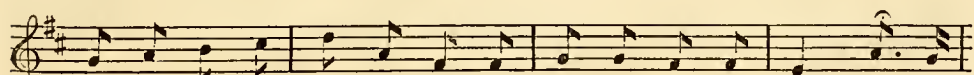
Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1881, Pr. 3d.

Music by L. HEATH.

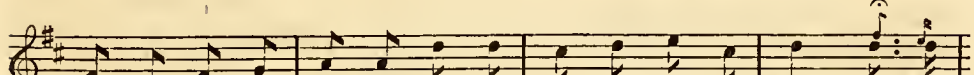
*p Allegretto.*



I'll tell you of a fel - low, of a fel - low I have seen, Who is

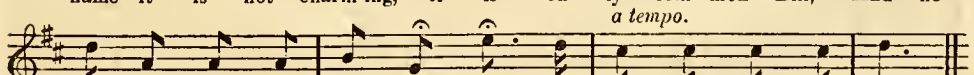


nei - ther white nor yel - low, hut is al - to - ge - ther green; And his



name it is not charm - ing, it is on - ly com - mon "Bill," And he

*a tempo.*



wish - es me to wed him, but I hard - ly think I will.

Oh, he whisper'd of devotion, of devotion pure and deep, He was here last night to see me, but he made so long a stay,  
And it seemed so very silly, that I almost fell asleep; I began to think the blockhead never meant to go away;  
And he thinks it would be pleasant, as we journey down the hill, At first I learnt to hate him, and I know I hate him still,  
To go hand-in-hand together—but I hardly think I will. Yet he urges me to wed him—but I hardly think I will.

He has told me of a cottage, of a cottage 'mong the trees; I am sure I would not choose him, but that I am fairly in it:  
And don't you think the fellow tumbled down upon his knees, For he says if I refuse him, he could not live a minute;  
While the tears the creature wasted were enough to turn a mill, Now you know that the commandment plainly says we must not kill,  
And he hegged me to accept him—but I hardly think I will. So I've thought the matter over—and I rather think I will.

## THE FALSE HEARTED.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1898, Pr. 3d.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*p* Moderato.

Oh, would that we had ne - ver met, Oh, would that we had  
*cres.*  
 ne - ver lov'd! Then I had ne - ver known re - gret, Nor she nn - - faith - ful  
*con energia. cres.*  
 proved; But now 'tis past . . . and ne'er a - gain . . . Shall love en - thrall . . . me with its  
*f*  
 chain, 'Tis past, . . . and I have lov'd in vain—False - heart - ed one, fare -  
*dim. ad lib.*  
 well! 'Tis past, . . . and I have lov'd in vain—False heart - ed one, fare - well!

So false and yet so fair to see,  
 Her dream-like beauty haunts me yet,  
 And, tho' she now be dead to me,  
 I cannot all forget.

But now 'tis past, and ne'er again  
 Shall love enthrall me with its chain;  
 'Tis past, and I have lov'd in vain—  
 False-hearted one, farewell!

## THE GAY DECEIVER.

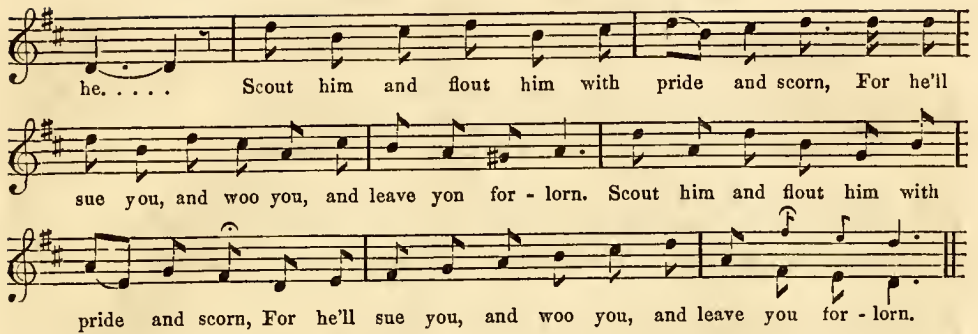
Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1979-80, Pr. 6d.

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

*p* Allegro moderato.

Gal - lant and tall, and a sol - dier with - al, Sir Har - ry goes court - ing the  
 fair, He has hur - nish'd his curls, and his white hand twirls Through the  
 tres - ses with ten - der care. He is whis - per - ing low, But don't  
 let your hearts go, Maid - ens, just watch, and you'll see, . . . That Sir  
 Har - ry can smile, and mean no - thing the while, For a gay de - cei - ver is



he. . . . Scout him and flout him with pride and scorn, For he'll  
sue you, and woo you, and leave you for - lorn. Scout him and flout him with  
pride and scorn, For he'll sue you, and woo you, and leave you for - lorn.

He holds up his head, and tells of the dead,  
And the wounded his beauty has left;  
Lightly he'll boast of the love-smitten host  
By his charms of their peace hereft.  
Oh! heave not a sigh at the hlink of his eye,  
Though melting its heam may be;  
He seeks to entrance your souls with a glance,  
But a gay deceiver is he.  
Scout him and flout him—he worships a stone,  
For the image he doats on is only his own.

This gallant and gay Sir Harry, they say,  
Has reckon'd his worth in gold,  
Sir Harry is not to be given away,  
He is only a thing to be sold.  
Maidens, don't fret, though his whiskers of jet  
Right daintily trimm'd may be;  
Oh! give him no part of a woman's warm heart,  
For a gay deceiver is he.  
Scout him and flout him with pride and scorn,  
And leave him and his beauty to live forlorn.

## DEEP GAZE TO GAZE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2022, Pr. 3d.

Music by CARL WILHELM.



Deep gaze to gaze, warm lip to lip, . . . Let heart to heart . . . he  
beat - - ing, warm lip to lip, . . . Let heart to heart . . . be  
beat - - ing, But what this love . . . can he, my child, Thou  
must . . . not keep re - peat - ing, Thou must . . . not  
keep . . . re - - peat - - - - - ing.

Who truly loves, he has no time  
This love in words to measure,  
Who once has lov'd if that is fled,  
Ne'er finds in love a pleasure.  
But what are words? the blissful glance,  
The firm hand's silent pressure,

The glowing kiss—they tell the tale  
In words that have no measure.  
But really love, oh! truly love,  
Sigh, weep, long love complaineth!  
But shout aloud, through all that lives,  
'Tis love eternal reigneth.

## BE QUIET DO, I'LL CALL MY MOTHER.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1968, Pr. 3d.

*p* *Moderato scherzando.* Music by J. R. THOMAS.

As Kate was sit-ting in a wood, Be - neath an oak tree's leaf - y co - ver,  
 Mu - sing in plea-sant so - li-tude—Who should come by, but John, her lov - er! He  
 press'd her hand, he kiss'd her cheek, Then warm - er glow - ing, kiss'd the o - ther, While  
 she ex-claim'd and strove to shriek; Be qui - et do, I'll call my mo-ther! Be  
 In a subdued tone.  
 qui - et do, I'll call my mo-ther! Be qui - et, he qui - et, I'll  
 With a shrill voice.  
 call, I'll call my mo-ther! Be quiet do, Be qui - et, I'll call, I'll call my mo-ther!  
*mf* CHORUS.  
 Be qui - et, he qui - et, I'll call, I'll call, my mo - ther! Be  
 qui - et, he qui - et, I'll call, I'll call my mo - ther!

He saw her anger was sincere,  
 And lovingly began to chide her;  
 Then wiping from her cheek the tear,  
 He sat him on the grass beside her;  
 He feigned such pretty, am'rous woe,  
 Breathed such sweet vows one after t'other,  
 She could hut smile and whisper—low,  
 Be quiet do, I'll call my mother!  
 Be quiet, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

He talk'd so long, and talk'd so well,  
 And vow'd he meant not to deceive her,  
 Kate felt more grief than she could tell,  
 When, with a sigh, he rose to leave her.  
 "Oh! John," said she, "and must you go?  
 I love you better than all other;  
 There is no use to hurry so,  
 I never meant to call my mother!  
 Be quiet, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

## GOOD BYE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1508, Pr. 3d.

*p* *Andante.* Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Fare - well, fare-well, is of - ten heard, From the lips of those who part, 'Tis a  
 whis-per'd tone, a gen - tle word, But it comes not from the heart, It may

*cres.* *rall.* *p*

serve for the lov-er's clos-ing lay To be sung 'neath a sum-mer sky. But  
*a tempo.* *ad lib.*

give to me the lips that say, The ho-nest words, "Good bye!"  
*mf* CHORUS.

1ma. 2da.

Good hie, . . good hie, . . good bye, good bye, good bye, good bye, bye, good bye,

The mother sending forth her child  
To meet with cares and strife,  
Breathes through her tears, her doubts, her fears,  
For the lov'd one's future life.  
No cold "Adieu," no "Farewell" lives  
Within her choking sigh,  
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,  
"God bless thee, hoy, Good-bye."  
Good-bye, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

Go watch the pale and dying one,  
When the glance has lost its beam,  
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,  
And the world's a passing dream;  
And the latest pressure of the hand,  
The look of the closing eye,  
Yield what the heart must understand—  
A long and last "Good-bye."  
Good-bye, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

## WE MEET AGAIN.

COMPANION TO "GOOD BYE."

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1509, Pr. 3d.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*p Andante affettuoso.*

When friend from friend is doom'd to stray, And glist'-ning is each eye; When  
lips with trembling ac-cents say The last fond word, "Good bye," One thought still cheers the  
*cres.* *p*  
droop-ing heart And soothes the bo-som's pain, . . . That tho' in sor-row  
*accel.* *a tempo.* *dim.* *p*  
we de-part, In joy we meet a-gain, we meet, we meet . . a-gain.  
*mf* CHORUS. *f* *dim.*

We meet a-gain, we meet a-gain, we meet a-gain, we meet a-gain.

The wand'rer far from those he loves,  
And all his heart holds dear,  
Oft ling'ring, as he onward roves,  
To check the rising tear:  
When thoughts of home and by-gone days  
Come crowding o'er his brain,  
How sweet the voice within that says,  
"Hope on, we meet again."  
We meet again, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

And when we near the bed of death,  
Shall watch life's less'ning ray,  
While, as we gaze, the feeble breath  
Is fleeting fast away;—  
In that dark hour of bitter woe,  
When tears are all in vain,  
Calm o'er the soul these words shall flow,  
"In Heav'n we meet again."  
We meet again, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

## I KNOW A PRETTY WIDOW.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2036, Pr. 3d  
 Music by F. BUCKLEY.

*p Allegretto moderato.*

She is mo-dest, but not bash-ful, free and ea - sy, but not bold, Like an  
 ap - ple ripe and mel - low, not too young and not too old; Half in-  
 vi - ting, half re - pul - sive, now ad - vanc - ing, and now shy, There is  
 mis - chief in her dim - ple, There is dan - ger in her eye, She has  
 stu - died hu - man na - ture, She is school'd in all her arts, She has  
*cres.* ta - ken her di - plo - ma as the "mis - tress of all hearts," She can  
*rit e dim.* tell the ve - ry mo - ment when to sigh and when to smile; O! a  
*p a tempo.* maid is some-times charm-ing, but a wi - dow all the while, O! a  
 maid is some - times charm - ing, but a wi - dow all the while.

Are you sad? how very serious will her handsome face become;  
 Ye old bachelors of forty, who have grown so bald and wise,  
 Are you angry? she is wretched, lonely, friendless, Fast young Englishmen of twenty, with the love-locks  
 tearful, dumb; in your eyes,  
 Are you mirthful? how her laughter, silver-sounding, You may practise all the lessons taught by Cupid  
 will ring out; since the fall.  
 She can lure, and catch and play you as the angler Bnt I know a little widow who would win and fool  
 does the trout. you all.

## TOM BOWLING.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 518, Pr. 3d.  
 Words and Music by DIBDIN.

*Andante.*

Here a sheer - hulk, lies poor Tom Bow - ling, The dar - ling of our

crew, . . . No more he'll hear the tem - pest howl - ing, For Death has broach'd him  
to: His form was of the man - li - est beau - ty, His  
heart was kind and soft, . . . Faith - ful be-low he did his du - ty, And  
now he's gone a - loft, . . . And now he's gone a - loft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
His virtues were so rare,  
His friends were many and true-hearted,  
His Poll was kind and fair:  
And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,  
Ah, many's the time and oft;  
But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When He who all commands,  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands.  
Thus Death, who Kings and Tars despatches,  
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,  
For though his body's under hatches,  
His soul has gone aloft.

## HEARTS OF OAK.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2026, Pr. 3d.

*mf Boldly.* Music by Dr. BOYCE.

Come, cheer up my lads! 'tis to glo - ry we steer, To  
add something more to this won - der - ful year; To ho - nour we call you—Not  
press you like slaves—For who are so free as the sous of the waves? Hearts of  
Oak are our ships! Hearts of Oak are our men! We al - ways are rea - dy;  
*Repeat from § for Chorus.*  
Stea - dy boys, stea - dy; We'll fight and we'll con - quer a - gain and a - gain.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,  
They never see us but they wish us away;  
If they run, why we follow and run them ashore,  
For if they won't fight us we cannot do more!

Hearts of Oak, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

They vow they'll invade us, if all lose their lives,  
But that scarcely frightens our children and wives;

But should their screw steamers in darkness get o'er,  
Free Britons they'll find to receive them on shore!  
Hearts of Oak, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

Our Rifles are ready our rights to maintain—  
Like their sires be victorious again and again;

Then cheer up, my lads, let them come if they mean,  
And we'll all fight like Britons for country and Queen!  
Hearts of Oak, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

## BE WHAT YOU SEEM TO BE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1500-1, Pr. 6d.

Words by B. S. MONTGOMERY.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

*Moderato.*

Be what you seem to be, Scorn ev' - ry wile, No ho - nest heart is e'er  
 Sha - dow'd with guile; Be what you seem to be, Scorn ev' - ry wile,  
 No ho - nest heart is e'er Sha-dow'd with guile. Still as you're sail - ing o'er  
 Life's trou - bled stream, Let Truth be your com - pass And  
 be what you seem! Still as you're sail - ing o'er Life's trou - bled stream, Let  
 Trutb be your com - pass And be what you seem! Be what you seem,  
 Be what you seem, Let Trutb be your com - pass And be what you seem!

Be what you seem to be, staunch friend or foe,  
 Steadily, manfully, onward still go;

"Honour and Truth ever win men's esteem"—  
 Let this be your motto, and be what you seem.

## IN THE SPRING TIME.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1627, Pr. 3d.

Words by HORACE MARTIN.

Music by FLOTOW.

*p Dolce con espress.*

In the Spring-time first I sought thee, And thy friend - ly roof did  
 share, 'Twas my a - ged fa - ther brought me To thy fond and  
 gen - tle care; Home - less wan - d'ers, sad, for - sa - ken, All our



hopes were placed in thee, And thy love will e'er a - wa - ken  
Thoughts of grate - ful me - mo - ry, Thoughts of grate - ful me - mo - ry.

Joy has come, and sorrow's dying,  
For thy smiles have cheered the past,  
Ever on thy faith relying,  
Thou wilt love me to the last;

I was left thee—to thee given,  
And have had a mother's care,  
Thy reward will be in heaven  
When the angels greet thee there.

### THE PORTER SONG.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1628, Pr. 3d.

Words by HORACE MARTIN.

Music by FLOTOW.

*p* Jovially.

I will ask you, and come quick - ly tell With what this  
emp - ty horn to fill, Does no one say? Ah well! . . . It shall be  
por - ter, best of beer Sent for Bri - tons hearts to cheer, To ev' - ry  
Eng - lish home so dear; Through fogs and mists, by land and sea, Yes, hur -  
rah, the por - ter and stout for me. Hur - rah for malt, the  
hops and the beer, Hur - rah! . . tra la la tra la la tra la la Hurrah!  
*f* CHORUS.  
Hur-rah! Hur - rah! The por - ter— beer, The por - ter— beer, Hur - rah! Hur -  
rah! the por - ter— beer, the por - ter— beer, Hur - rah!

And who among all this jovial throng  
Will praise the beer in joyous song?  
You're all agreed? Ah, well!  
Let all who will deride and jeer,  
What more hearty than porter-beer?

So bright, and clear, and fragrant, too—  
My comrades all, I drink to you!  
Hurrah, the porter, it drives away fear,  
Hurrah, the malt, the hops, and the beer,  
Hurrah, tra la la tra la la tra la la.

## THE WIDOW'S DREAM.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2093, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. LOKER, ESQ.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY

*♩ Andante.*

My day's toil was o'er, and as pen - sive and wear - ry, I  
 sat in my cot - tage, my lamp burn - ing low, I thought on the fu - ture so  
 darksome and drea - ry, Com - par'd with the days that are gone long a - go, When I  
 wan - der'd at will a - mid green sha - dy bowr's, Or sought in the wild woods the  
 sweet breathing flow'rs, And a fore - taste of heav'n, I thought those bright hours, When  
 Ed - win first wooed me, a gal - lant Hus - sar. The moon dim - ly shone, and the  
 night wind blew keen - ly, A - round my frail cot - tage loud whis - tled the blast; My  
 boy on his pal - let was sleep - ing se - rene - ly, And smil'd as if wrapt in a  
 dream of the past; A sweet sooth - ing slum - ber so gent - ly came o'er me, And  
 back to my youth so de - light - ful - ly bore me, I dreamt that my Ed - win a -  
 gain stood be - fore me As when he first wooed me, a gall - lant Hus - sar.

"Oh, Ellen!" he cried, "give no heed to their story, Oh! my heart leapt with rapture again to behold him,  
 Who say I am fallen and sleep with the slain; I thought on his breast was a bright shining star,  
 Behold me return'd, crown'd with laurels and glory, Which seem'd, as I eagerly strove to enfold him,  
 In safety to home and my Ellen again: To vanish, disclosing the life - letting scar.  
 Again through the wild wood and green shady bow'r's, I awoke from my dream, 'twas the dawning of morning,  
 We'll seek with our darling the sweet-breathing So cheerless and cold with the sad truth returning,  
 flow'rs, And knew that I still was a widow left mourning,  
 And a foretaste of heav'n again shall be ours, For ever bereft of my gallant Hussar.  
 As when you first call'd me your gallant Hussar."

## MARTHA, MARTHA, THOU WILT LEAVE ME.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1585, Pr.3d.

Words by HORACE MARTIN.

Music by FLOTOW.

*p* Allegro moderato.

She ap - pear'd, and her glance Shed a lus - tre bright and  
 clear, Like a star from a - - far, And to me . . . she seem'd more  
 dear; . . . . Her sweet smiles and looks of love . . . . . Bound my  
 heart, bound my heart in chains to her, Like an an - gel  
 from a - bove, . . . . . Came she forth as if to cheer,  
 Came she forth as if to cheer; . . . . . But a - - las!  
 'twas all in vain, Heart to me she could not give,  
 And my love, now but pain, . . . . . Ne'er can hope for her to  
 live. Mar - tha, Mar - tha, thou wilt leave me, But my heart will  
 fol - low thine! Thy bright eyes . . . can on - ly grieve me, I must  
 live but to re - pine! Yes! I live but to . . . re - pine!

## THE MOONLIT SEA.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1507, Pr. 3d.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

*Allegretto moderato.*

Oh come love with me, O'er the bright moon-lit sea, No lon-ger de-  
 lay love, I'm wait-ing for thee; The winds are all hush'd, not a  
 cloud's in the sky, And the moon in her beau-ty is beam-ing on  
 high, I'll sing thee soft lays while I sit by thy side; As  
 o'er the still wa-ters we si-lent-ly glide. . . . . Then come love with  
 me o'er the bright moon-lit sea, No lon-ger de-lay love, I'm  
 CHORUS. *mf*  
 wait-ing for thee. Then come love with me O'er the  
 bright moon-lit sea, No lon-ger de-lay love, I'm wait-ing for thee.

Come away, love, away, oh, why dost thou stay? My bosom is burning with eager delight,  
 'Tis love's witching hour, love, oh haste thee, I pray, To gaze on thy beauty, thou queen of the night.  
 Above and below all is calm and serene, Then come, love, with me o'er the bright moonlit sea,  
 It wants but thy presence to perfect the scene. No longer delay, love, I'm waiting for thee.  
 Then, come, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

## WILL YOU COME TO MY MOUNTAIN HOME?

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1089-90, Pr. 6d.

Words by ALFRED WHEELER, Esq.

Music by F. H. BROWN.

*Spiritoso.*

Will you come to my moun-tain home, love? Will you come to the hills with  
 me, . . . In the wild woods we will roam, love, With our spi-rits light and

free, . . . As gay as the winds we'll dance a-long, Thy voice shall our mu - sic  
 be, . . . Its tones shall ri - val the hirds' sweet song, With its tune - ful me - lo -  
 dy, . . . I'll deck thy hair with ro - ses rare, That grow on the gen - tle  
 hills, . . . And thy ru - by lip shall the nec - tar sip From the  
 moun - tain spark - ling rills. . . Hark! 'tis the woods that shout, re-joyce! Will you  
 come love, come to - day, . . . And list! 'tis the sound of their woo-ing voice, To the  
 hills, the hills a - way, . . . And list! 'tis the sound of their woo - ing voice, To the  
 hills, to the hills, a - way, . . . To the hills, . . . to the hills, . . . to the  
 hills, to the hills, a - way, . . . To the hills, . . . to the hills, . . . to the  
 hills, to the hills, a - way. . . Hil - li ho! . . . Hil - li ho! . . . Hil - li  
 ho! Hil - li ho! Hil - li ho! . . . Hil - li ho! . . . Hil - li ho! . . . Hil - li  
 ho! Hil - li ho! Hil - li ho! . . .

Oh! sweet is the mountain air, love,  
 Where our bridal couch shall be,  
 And the bloom on thy cheek so fair, love,  
 Shall ne'er fade in the wild wood free:  
 Our dreams shall all be of fairy-land,  
 For we'll rest by a silv'ry lake,

And fays shall be waiting for thy command,  
 When each rosy morn shall break.  
 And thus we'll dwell in the gladsome dell,  
 Where our love shall unchanging be,  
 And at morning hright, or hy pale moonlight,  
 I'll ever be near to thee.

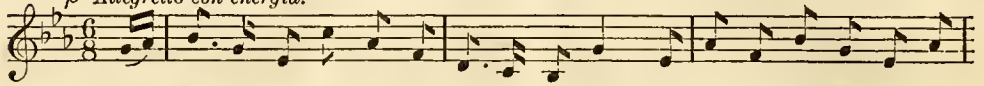
Hark! 'tis the woods, &c.

## NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

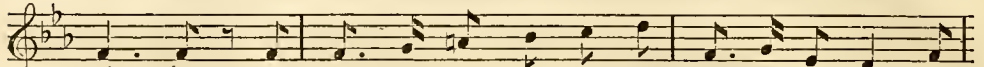
Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2106, Pr. 3d.

Words by M. F. TUPPER, ESQ.

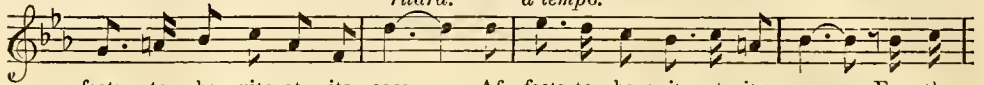
Music by G. J. WEBB.

*♩ Allegretto con energia.*

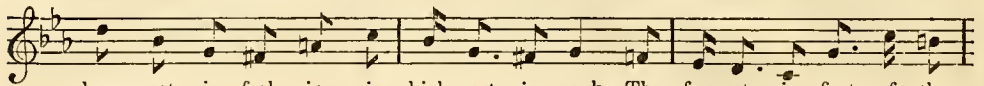
A - way with false fashion, so calm and so chill, Where pleasure it - self can - not



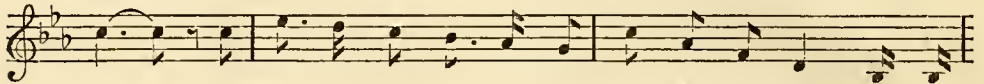
please ; . . A - way with cold breed - ing, that faith - less - ly still Af -



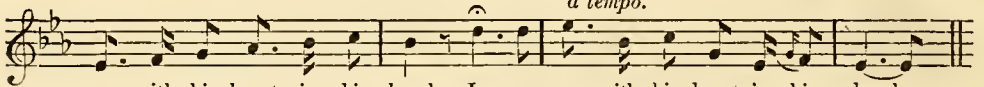
fects to be quite at its ease, . . Af - fects to be quite at its ease. For the



deep - est in feel - ing is high - est in rank, The free - est is first of the



band, . . And Na - ture's own No - ble - man, friend - ly and frank, Is a



man with his heart in his hand, Is a man with his heart in his hand.

Fearless in honesty, gentle yet just,  
 He warmly can love and can hate,  
 Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust,  
 To fashion's intolerant state.  
 For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,  
 Though lowly or poor in the land,  
 Is nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,  
 The man with his heart in his hand.

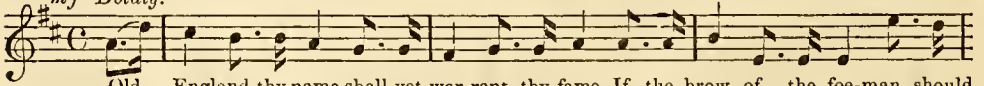
His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,  
 His impulses simple and true,  
 Yet temper'd by judgment, and taught by good sense,  
 And cordial with me and with you.  
 For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,  
 It is you, man, or you, man, who stand,  
 Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank—  
 A man with his heart in his hand!

## THE RED CROSS OF ENGLAND, THE FLAG OF THE BRAVE.

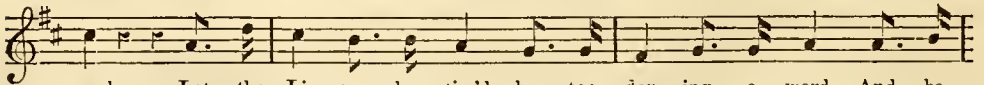
Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1930-31, Pr. 6d.

Words by ELIZA COOK.

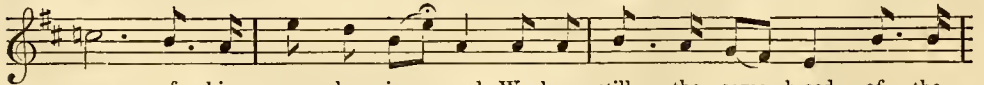
Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

*mf Boldly.*

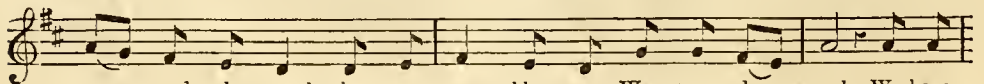
Old England thy name shall yet war-rant thy fame, If the brow of the foe-man should



scowl; Let the Li - on be stirr'd by too dar - ing a word, And be -



ware of his e - cho - ing growl We have still the same breed of the



man ' and the steed that won no - bly our Wa - ter - loo wreath; We have

more of the blood that form'd In-ker-man's flood When it pour'd in the whirl-pool of  
 Death; and the foe-man will find nei-ther cow-ard nor slave 'Neath the  
 §  
 Red Cross of England—the Flag of the Brave, the Flag of the Brave, the  
*Repeat from § for Chorus.*  
 Flag of the Brave, 'Neath the Red Cross of Eng-land—the Flag of the Brave.

We have jackets of blue, still as danntless and true, Though a tear might arise in our women's bright eyes,  
 As the tars that our Nelson led on; And a sob choke the fearful "Good-bye,"  
 Give them room on the main, and they'll show us Yet those women would send lover, brother, or friend,  
 again, To the war-field to conquer or die,  
 How the Nile and Trafalgar were won. Let the challenge be flung from the braggart's bold  
 tongue,  
 Let a ball show its teeth, let a blade leave its sheath, And that challenge will fiercely be met;  
 To defy the proud strength of our might, And our banner unfurl'd shall proclaim to the world,  
 We have Iron-mouth'd guns, we have steel-bearded sons, That "there's life in the old dog yet."  
 That will prove how the Britons can fight, Hurrah! for our men on the land or the wave,  
 Our ships and our sailors are kings of the wave, 'Neath the Red Cross of England—the Flag of the  
 'Neath the Red Cross of England the flag of the Brave. Brave. The flag, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

The Flag, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

### KISS, BUT NEVER TELL.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2168, Pr. 3d.

Words by S. STEELE, Esq.

Music by BUCKLEY.

*p Allegretto.*

When love grows warm there is a charm, and oft a sa-cred bliss, When  
 fond hearts greet for lips to meet In sweet af-fec-tion's kiss; But to re--veal the  
 sa-cred seal Which hal-lows it so well, May quench love's flame with breath of shame, So  
 §  
 kiss but never tell. Oh kiss but never tell, oh never! Breathing breaks the  
*Repeat from § for Chorus.*  
 spell, True lo--vers pledge to keep for e--ver, Kiss but ne-ver tell.  
 At night when eyes like stars beam bright, In each true breast by honour hlest,  
 And kindred souls commune, To kiss and never tell,  
 And heart to heart, love's vows impart, Then kiss but never tell oh never!  
 Beneath the smiling moon; Breathing breaks the spell,  
 At such an hour of magic pow'r, True lovers pledge to keep for ever,  
 What hallow'd raptures dwell, Kiss but never tell.

## I'M THINKING OF THE TIME, MARY.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1502-3, Pr. 6d.

Words by R. S. MONTGOMERY.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

*Andante.*

I'm think - ing of the time, Ma - ry, When I was young and gay, When  
 first I saw thy gen - tle face, That well re - mem - ber'd day; I'm  
 think - ing of the ra - ven hair, The eyes so frank and bright, And the  
 small white hand whose light - est touch Could thrill me with de - light; They  
 tell me now that ra - ven hair is sad - ly ting'd with gray, But  
 Oh! to me thou'rt dear as when We both were young and gay; They  
 tell me now that ra - ven hair Is sad - ly ting'd with gray, But  
 Oh! to me thou'rt dear as when We both were young and gay. I'm  
 think - ing of the time, Ma - ry, I'm think - ing of the time, Ma - ry, I'm  
*ad lib.*  
 think - ing of the time, Ma - ry, When I was young and gay.

When I was young and gay, Mary,  
 I gave my vows to you;  
 For weary years we've sever'd been,  
 Yet still this heart is true.  
 I cast my all of earthly bliss  
 Upon a hopeless die,

Yet proudly boast that none but thee  
 E'er won my heart's fond sigh.  
 For oh, the heart that worshipp'd thee,  
 Could never downwards stray!  
 The angel of my life thou wert,  
 When I was young and gay.

For oh, &amp;c.



## SHE'S BLACK, BUT THAT'S NO MATTER.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2169, Pt. 3d.

Music by HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

*p Allegretto moderato.*

My Di - nah, dear me, she's as beau - ti - ful quite, As a star that shines  
 calm - ly at close of the night, A voice like a Sy - ren, a  
 foot like a Fay— She's just such a gal you don't meet ev' - ry  
 day, She's just such a gal you don't meet ev' - ry day.

*(Spoken.)* But she's black, she's so very black.

*p Allegretto.*

I know she is, but what of that, You'd love could you look at her, I'd  
 have her just the way she is—she's black, hut that's no mat - ter; I  
 know she is, but what of that, You'd love, could you look at her, I'd  
 have her just the way she is—She's black, hut that's no mat - ter, She's  
 black, but that's no ma - ter, She's black, hut that's no mat - ter.

*mf* CHORUS.

I'd have her just the way she is—She's black, but that's no mat - ter, She's  
 black, but that's no mat - ter, She's black, hut that's no mat - ter.

She lives on the bank of a bright flowing stream,  
 In a cabin that might have been built in a dream,  
 Surrounded by roses and woodbines and leaves,  
 That twine and climb lovingly up to the eaves,

*(Spoken.)* But she's black, she's so very black,I know she is, &c. *(Repeat Chorus.)*

If ever I marry this dark colour'd maid,  
 You'll believe in the truth of what I have said;  
 I love her because her complexion will keep,  
 And they say that all beauty is only skin deep.

*(Spoken.)* But she's black, she's so very black.I know she is, &c. *(Repeat Chorus.)*

## THERE WOULD I BE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 2156-7, Pr. 6d.

Words by ELIZA COOK,

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY

*p Andante cantabile.*

Where the blue bil-lows and bright peb-bles meet, Where the sand glit-ters and  
 wild wa-ters flow; Where the white foam would come kiss-ing my feet, And the  
 breath of the night-ze-pyr fall on my brow. Where my rapt spi-rit might  
 wan-der a-lone, Blest in its dreams 'mid the fresh and the free; Where  
 sea gulls ca-reer and the storm de-mous moan, By the  
*ritard.* shell-stud-ded o-cean—there, there would I be . . . . . *a tempo.* there would I  
 be, there would I be, Where sea gulls ca-reer and the  
 storm de-mous moan, By the shell-stud-ded o-cean there, there would I be.

Where the dark forest-lords tangle their boughs,      Among the blue hills or beside the deep flood,  
 And close shadow'd dew-drops are sparkling at noon;      Where the weed robes the rock and the moss folds  
 the tree;  
 Where gipsy bands linger to sleep and carouse      With the surge of the wave and the song of the wood,  
 In the covert that shuts out the wind and the moon;      With freedom and nature there, there would I be,

## HURRAH FOR OUR RIFLEMEN.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 2163-4, Pr. 6d

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by J. L. HATTON.

*mf With spirit.*

Hur-rah for our Ri-fle-men, men of the land! Who have  
 sprung with a brave-heart-ed yearn-ing; Not wil-ling nor ea-ger to

kin - dle War's hand, But to guard what that hand might set hurt - ing. They have  
limbs for a march, they have fronts for a blow—Show them lau - rels and see how they'll  
win them; They have hands for a trig - ger and eyes for a foe, They have  
hands for a trig - ger and eyes for a foe, That will prove the true Bri - ton is  
in them, That will prove the true Bri - ton is in them. Then  
here's to the Gray, and the Green, and the Blue, Ne - ver heed in what co - lour you  
find them; But he sure they'll be dyed a blood - red, through and through, Ere the  
chain of a des - pot shall hind them. Ere the chain of a des - pot shall hind them.

## CHORUS.

Then here's to the Gray, and the Green, and the Blue, Ne - ver  
heed in what co - lour you find them; But he sure they'll be dyed a blood -  
red, through and through, Ere the chain of a des - pot shall  
hind them, Ere the chain of a des - pot shall hind them.

Let them come from the loom, from the plough, and the forge, Let them dwell in sweet peace till a moment may come

Let their bugles ring louder and louder;  
Let the dark city street and the deep forest gorge  
Prove that labour makes valour the prouder.

When the shot of an enemy rattle;  
And the spirits that cling the most fondly to home,  
Will be first to rush forth in the battle.

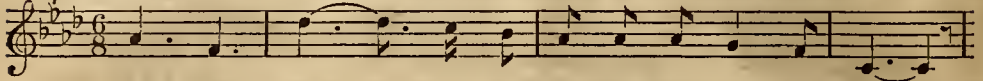
Then here's to the Gray, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

## BREAK, BREAK.

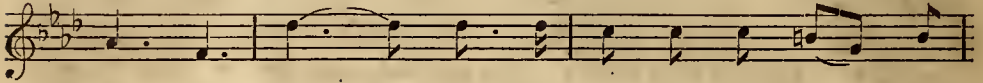
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Words by TENNYSON..

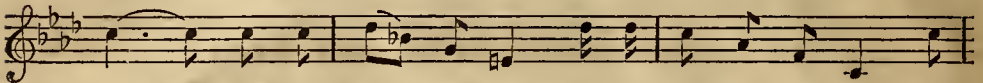
Music by F. BOORT.

*p Andantino.*

Break, break, break . . . . at the foot of thy crags, O sea! . . .



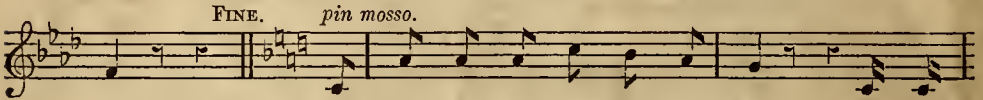
Break, break, break . . . . . at the foot of thy crags, O



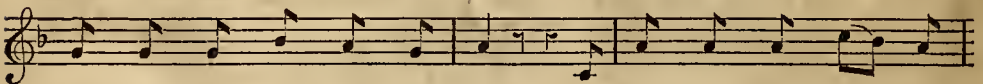
sea! . . . . But the ten - - - der grace of a day that is dead, Will



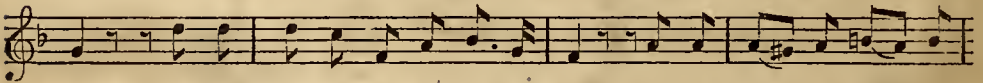
ne - - - ver come back to me, . . . Will . . . ne - ver come hack to



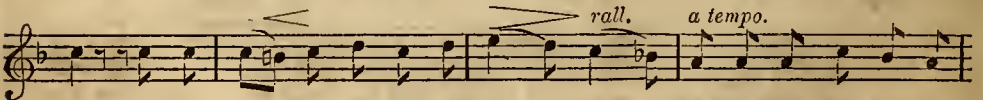
me. O, well for the fish - er - man's hoy, That he



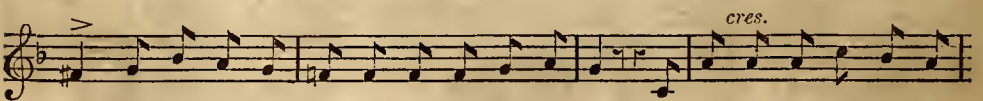
shouts with his sis - ter at play! O, well for the sai - lor



lad, That he sings in his boat on the hay! And the state - ly ships go



on, To their ha - ven un - der the hill; . . But, . . O, for the touch of a



van - ish'd hand, And the sound of a voice that is still! But, O, for the touch of a



van - - ish'd hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!

## VERSE 2.

Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
 And I would that my tongue could utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well, &amp;c.