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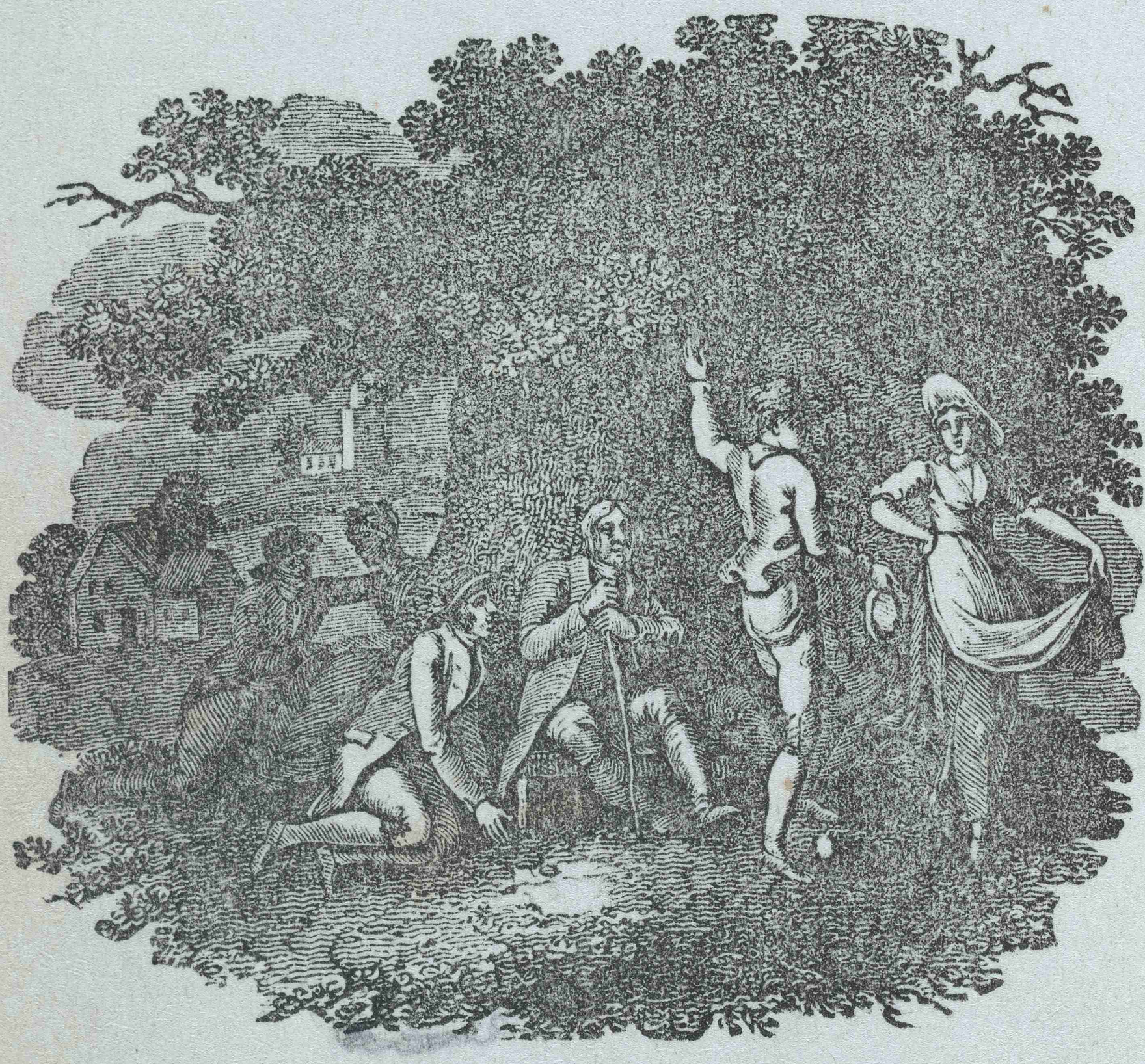
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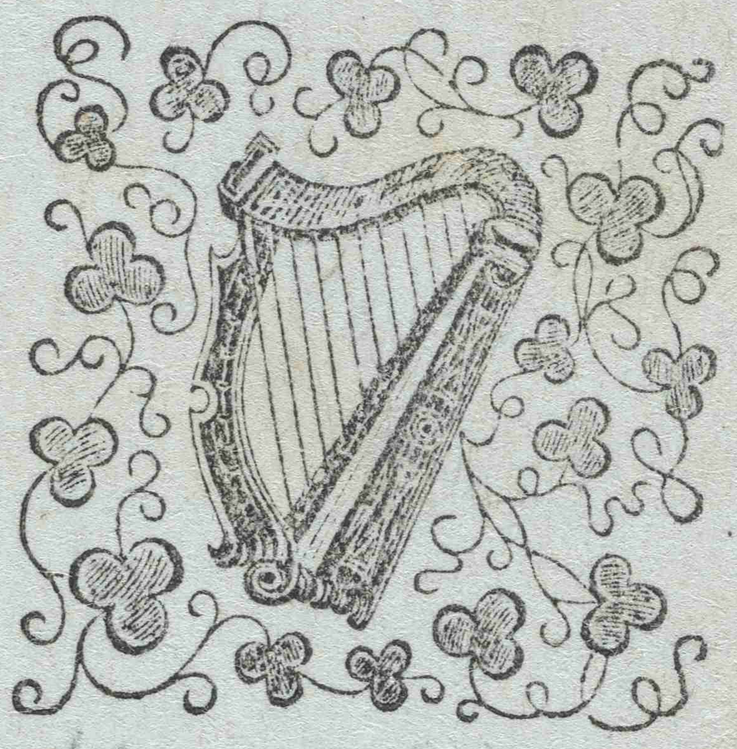
THE

RURAL SONGSTER:

A COLLECTION OF

NATIONAL & SENTIMENTAL SONGS,

For Rural Life.



DAYTON, O.:

PUBLISHED BY B. F. ELLS.

1850.

Songster
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RURAL SONGSTER.

SONG I.

SONG SHOULD BREATHE.

The following lines are from the pen of Mr. Bryan Walter Procter, an English barrister, but who is better known by his assumed name of "Barry Cornwall."

Song should breathe of scents and flowers;
Song should like a river flow;
Song should bring back scenes and hours,
That we loved—ah, long ago!

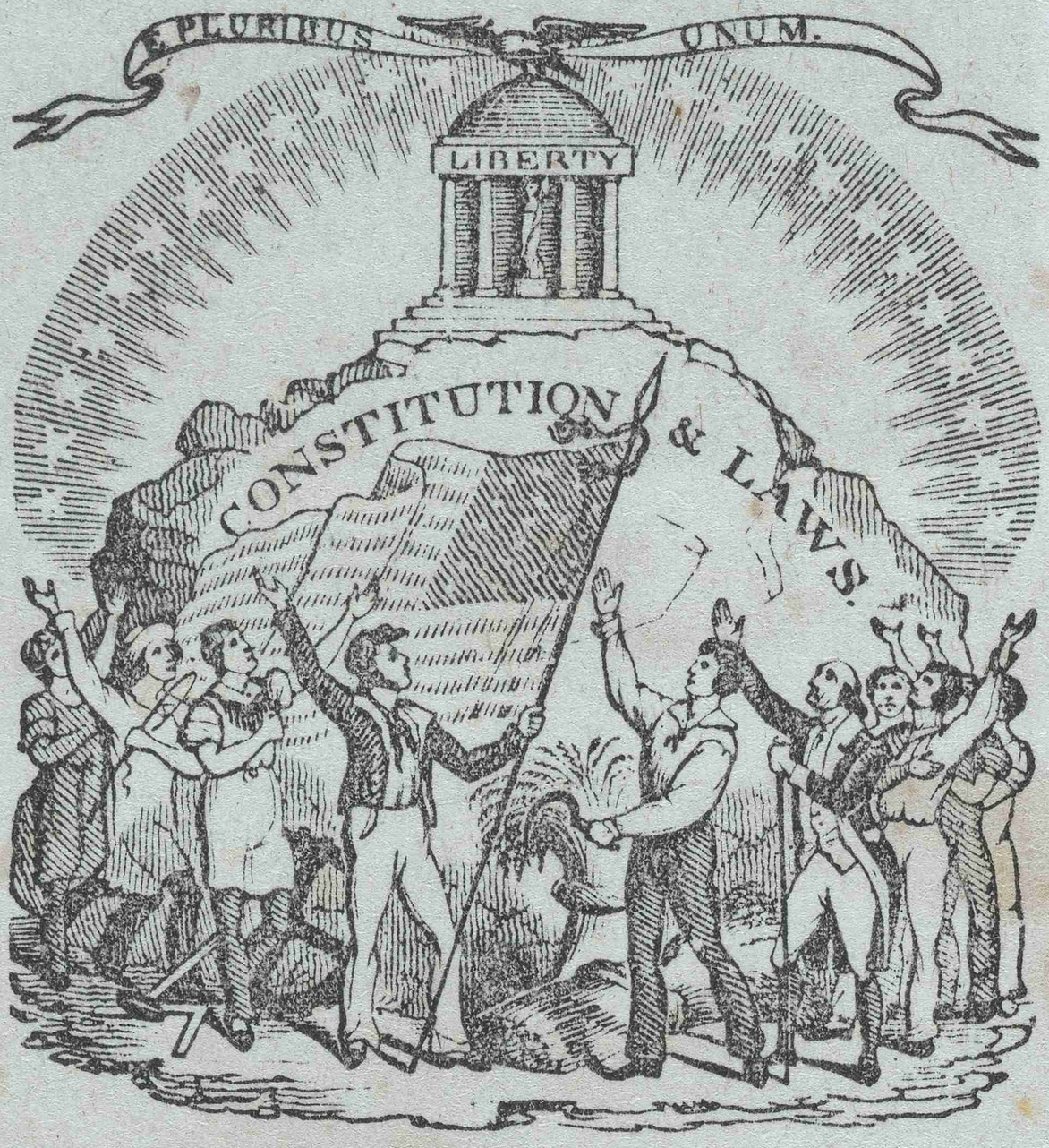
Song from baser thoughts should win us;
Song should charm us out of wo;
Song should stir the heart within us,
Like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasure, all man doeth,
War and peace, and right and wrong—
All things that the soul subdueth
Should be vanquished, too, by Song.

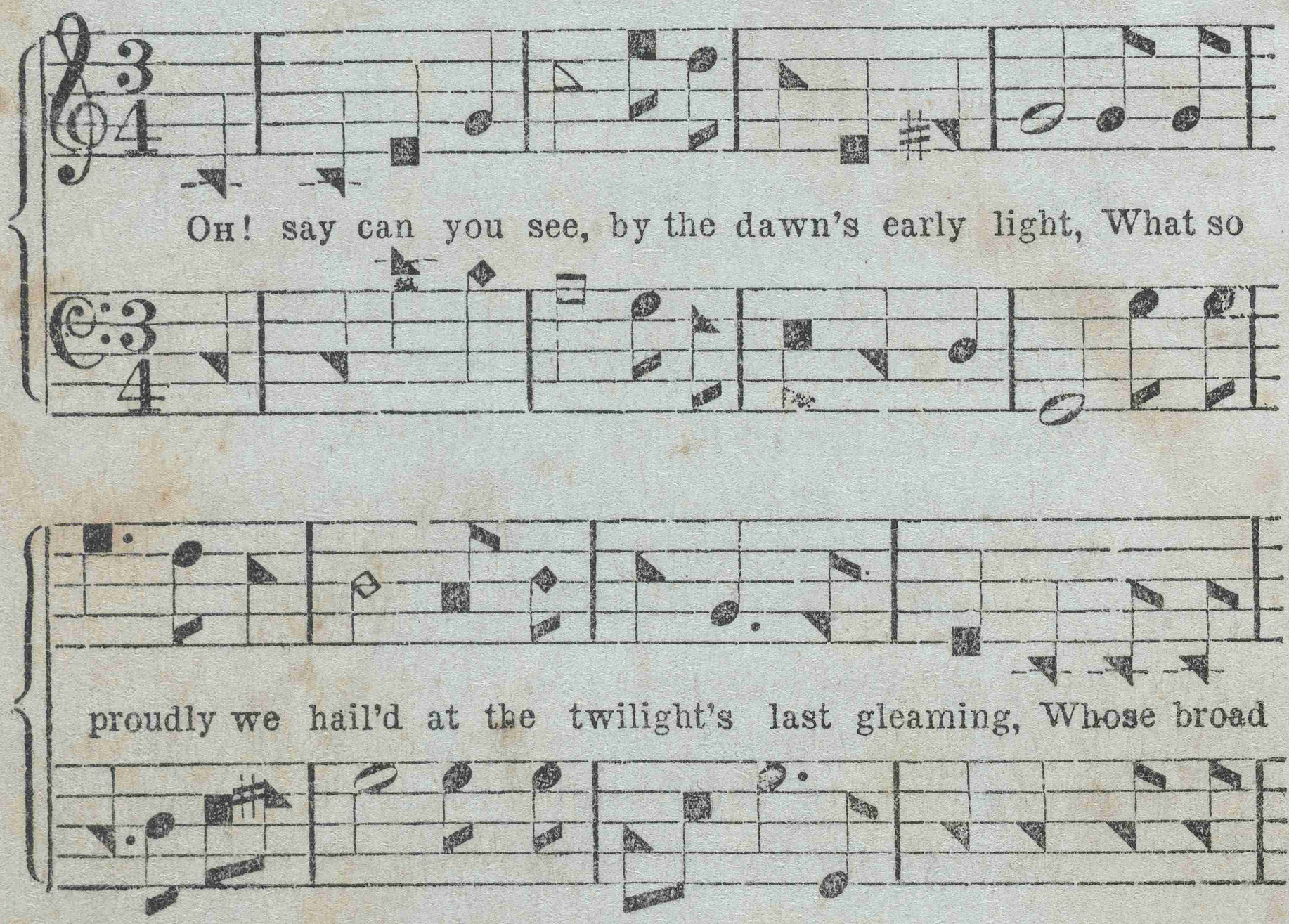
Song should spur the mind to duty;
Nerve the weak, and stir the strong:
Every deed of truth and beauty
Should be crowned by starry Song!

SONG II.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



The following patriotic song is from the pen of F. S. Key, Esq. It is suited to the beautiful Music of 'Anacreon in Heaven.'



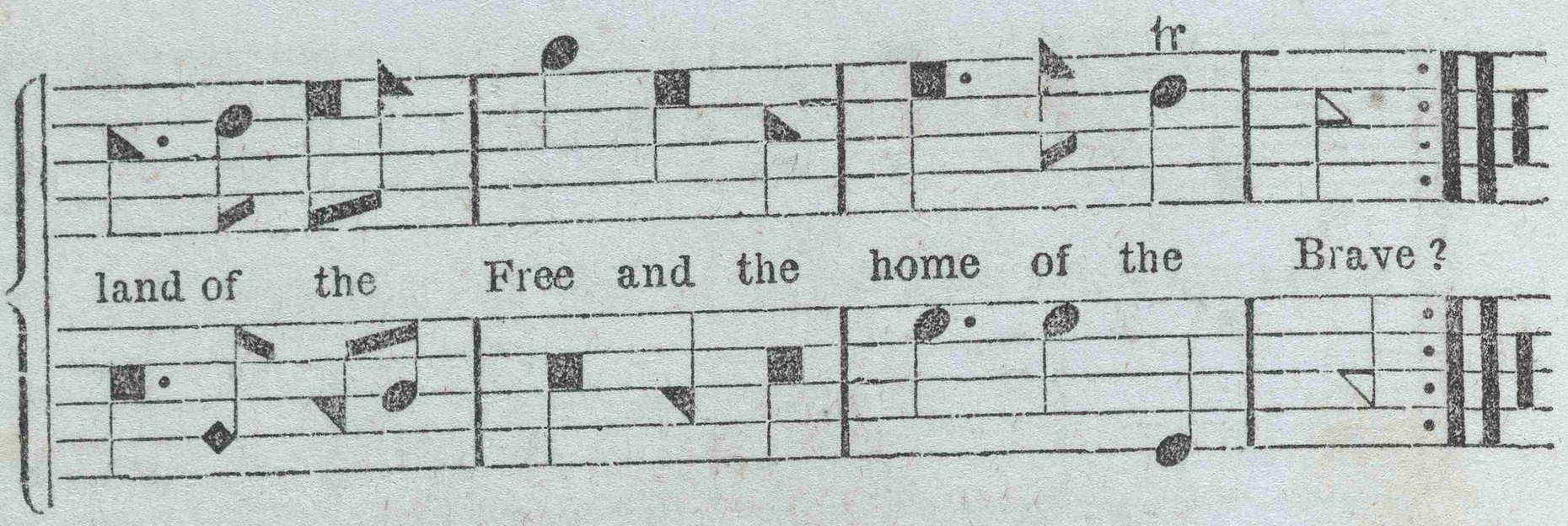
stripes and bright stars, through the per - il - ous fight, O'er the

ramparts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream ing? And the

rock - et's red glare, The bombs bursting in air, Gave

proof through the night that our flag was still there. Oh!

say does the Star-span - gled Ban - ner yet wave O'er the



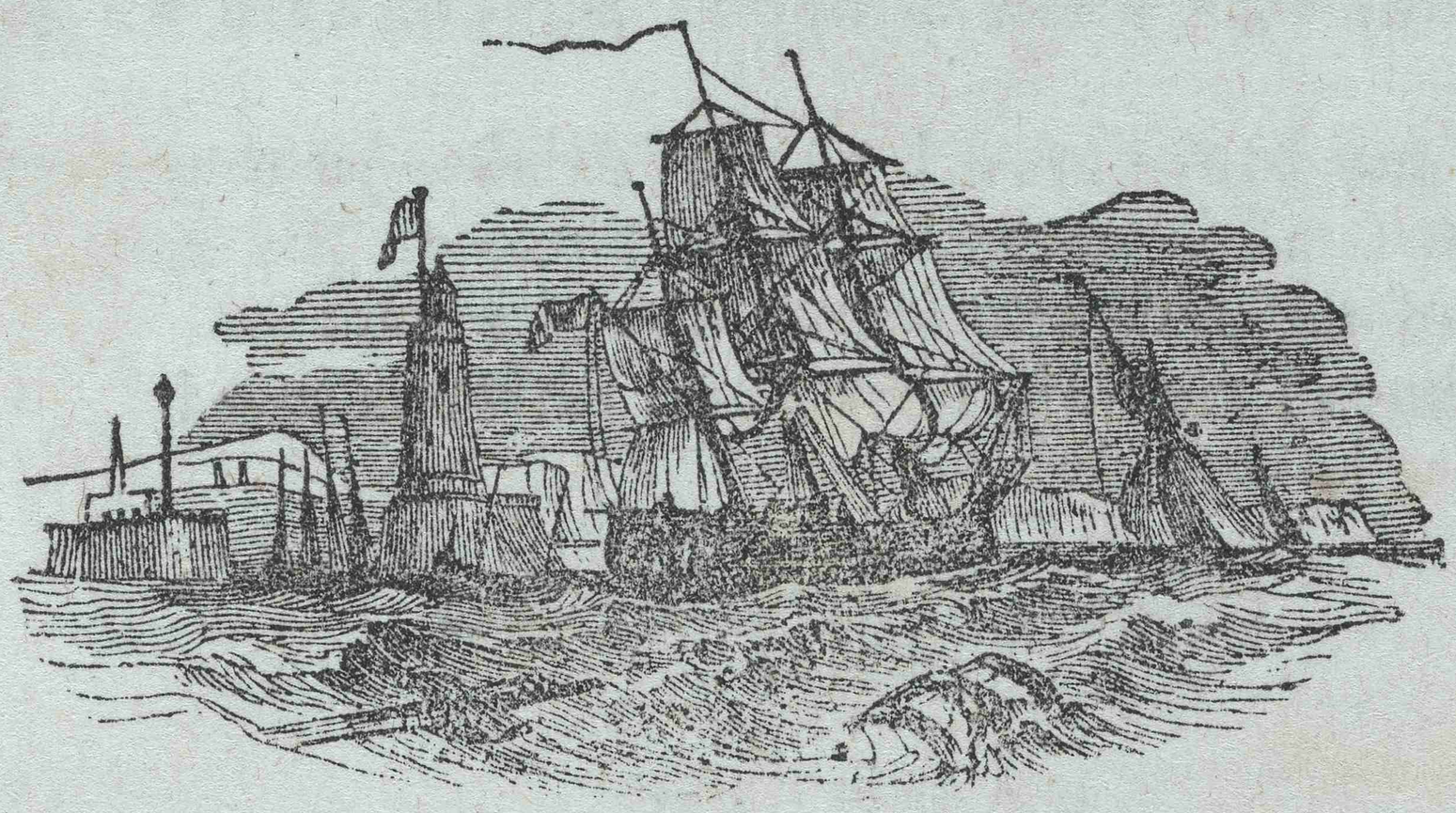
On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam
Of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'T is the Star-spangled Banner, oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the Free, and the home of the Brave!

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country, should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save
The hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the Free, and the home of the Brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when Freemen shall stand,
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may this heaven-rescu'd land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!
Then conquer we must.
When our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust;"
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the Free, and the home of the Brave!

SONG III.

THE ROVER.



[The Rover is to the sea what the Brigand or Bandit is to the land—the Rover is only a Pirate or one that robs on the seas, and the Brigand, a robber on land, notwithstanding all the embellishments of poetry. The authoress is Miss ELIZA COOKE, an English poetess of great merit. The music is composed by Mr. H. RUSSELL, of London.]

I'M afloat! I'm afloat on the fierce rolling tide,
The ocean 's my home! and my bark is my bride!
Up—up with my flag! let it wave o'er the sea;—
I'm afloat! I'm afloat! and the Rover is free!

I fear not the monarch—I heed not the law;
I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw:
And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,
While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears a steel!

Quick—quick—trim her sails; let her sheets kiss the wind;
And I warrant we 'll soon leave the sea-gull behind;
Up—up with my flag! let it wave o'er the sea!
I'm afloat! I'm afloat! and the Rover is free!

The night gathers o'er us; the thunder is heard;
What matter? our vessel skims on like a bird;
What to her is the dash of the storm-ridden main?
She has braved it before, and will brave it again!

The fire-gleaming flashes around us may fall;
They may strike—they may cleave; but they can not
appal.
With lightnings above us, and darkness below,
Through the wild waste of waters right onward we go!

Hurrah! my brave crew! ye may drink—ye may sleep;
The storm-fiend is hushed; we're alone on the deep;
Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea;
Hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! the Rover is free!

SONG IV.

OH! WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.



In the decline of life, when the heart is bowed down with grief and sorrow, memory recalls the happy days of boyhood—the joyous shout upon the hills, echoing through the valleys—the old school house upon the green—the sports then with our gay companions—the brook—the old mill, and all the scenes of happy childhood are before us.

Oh! would I were a boy again,
When life seem'd form'd of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain,
Was wept away in transient tears!

When every tale hope whisper'd then—
My fancy deem'd was only truth—
Oh, would that I could know again
The happy visions of my youth!
Oh, would I were, &c.

'T is vain to mourn that years have shown
How false these fairy visions were,
Or murmur that mine eyes have known
The burden of a fleeting tear;
But still the heart will fondly cling
To hopes no longer priz'd as truth,
And memory still delights to bring
The happy vision of my youth!
Oh, would I were, &c.

SONG V.

THE GYPSEY GIRL'S DREAM.

The following new and popular piece from the grand Opera of the "Bohemian Girl," and sung with the most rapturous applause by MRS. SEGUIN, is credited to the pen of THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

I DREAM'D that I dwelt in marble halls
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls,
That I was the hope and pride.
I had riches too great to count—could boast
Of a high ancestral name;
And I also dream'd, which charm'd me most,
That you lov'd me still the same.

I dream'd that suitors besought my hand,
That knights upon bended knee,
And with vows, no maiden heart could withstand,
That they pledg'd their faith to me.
And I dream'd that one of this noble host,
Came forth my hand to claim;
Yet I also dream'd, which charm'd me most,
That you lov'd me still the same.

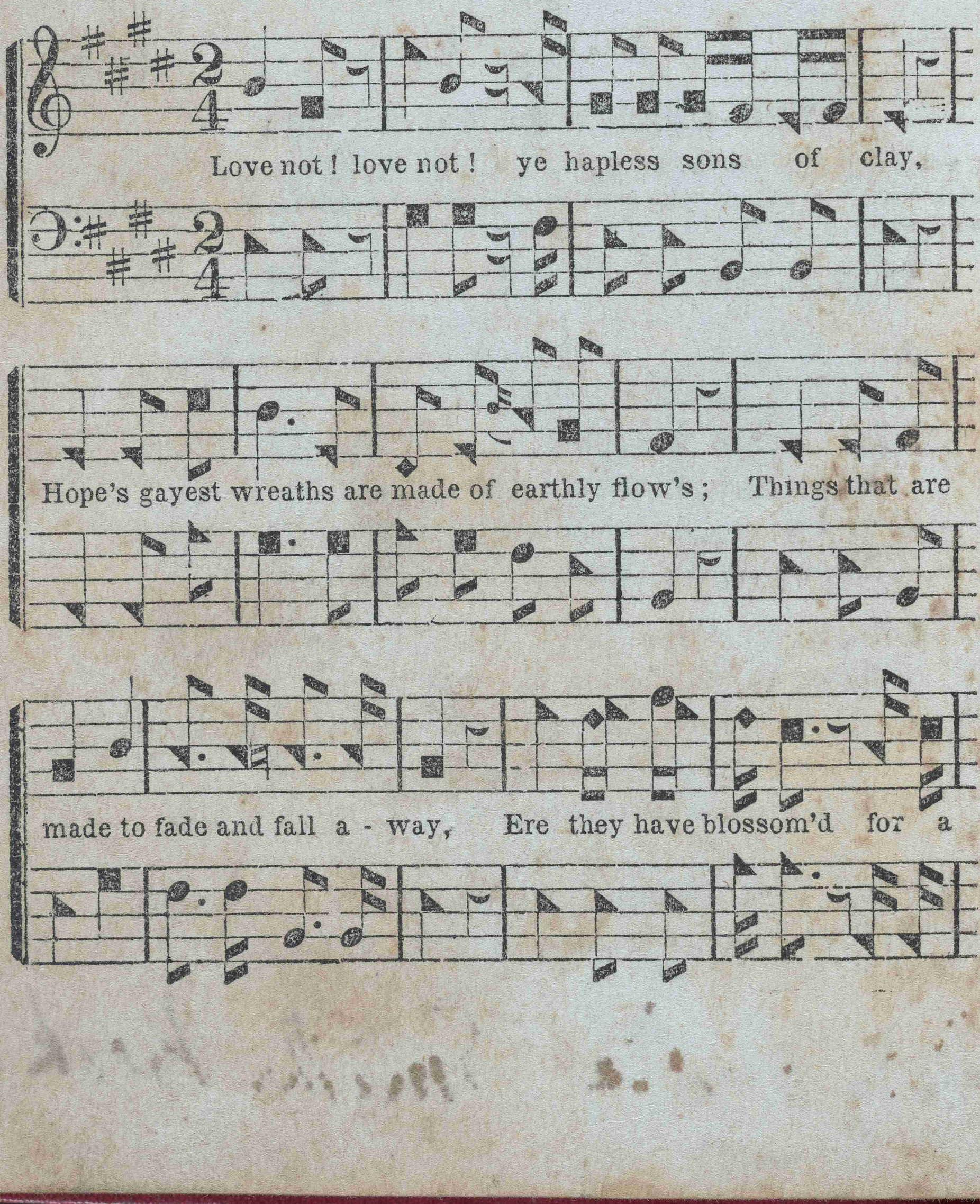
Hetty Gatie Smiths Book

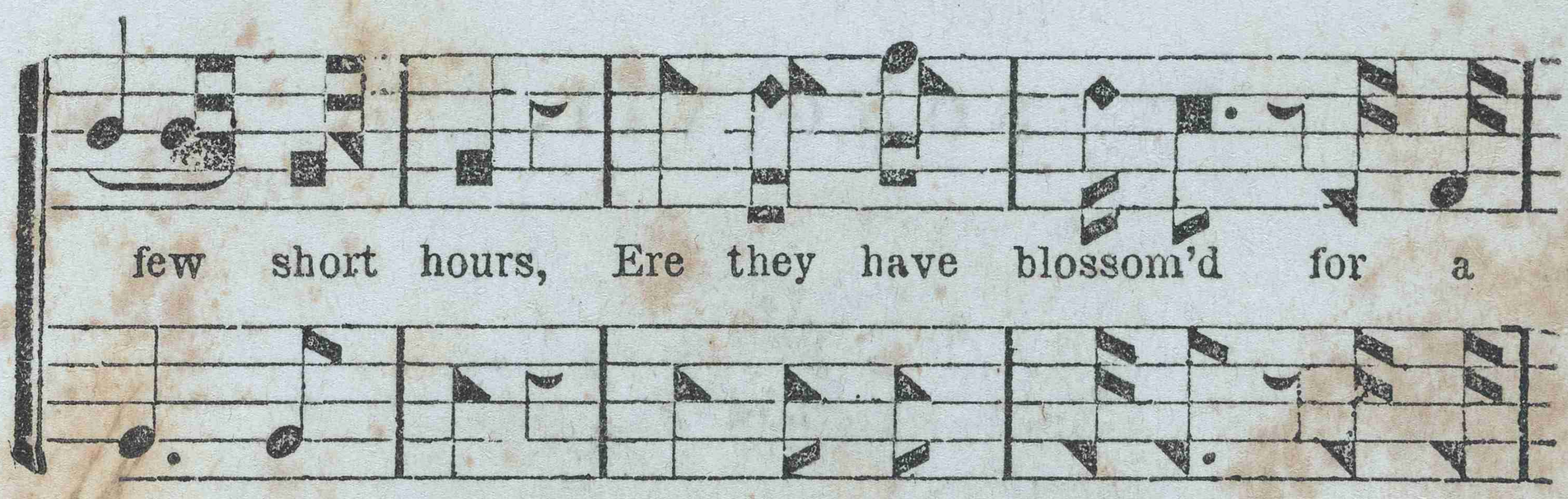
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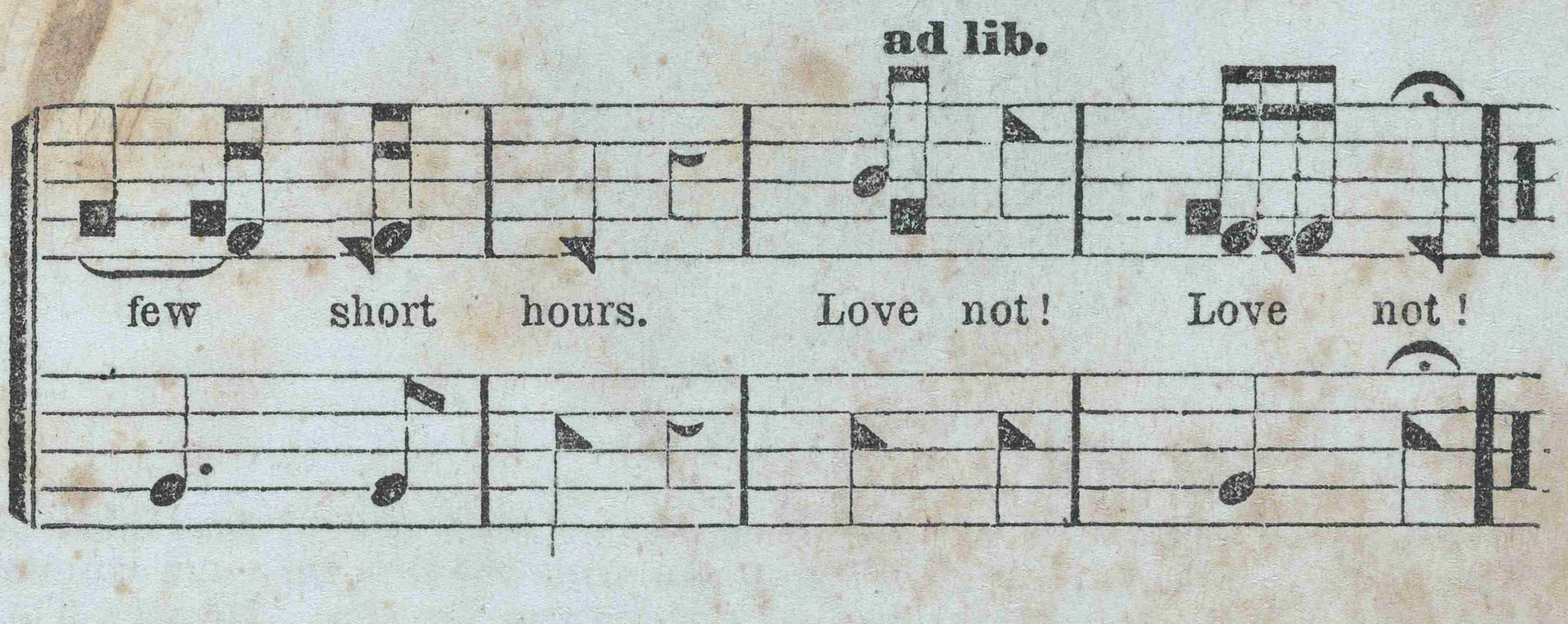
LOVE NOT.



The following beautiful lines are from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, of England, and are full of the pure spirit that breathes through all her poetry. The music bears the name of Blockley, as composer.







Love not! love not! the thing you love may die,
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth,
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beams on its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! the thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! oh, warning vainly said,
In present hours as in years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not! love not!

SONG VII.



ROCKAWAY.

"Promethean fire"—this expression is taken from one of the fables of antiquity, which says, that Promertheus made the first man and woman of clay, and animated them by fire stolen from heaven. He was worshipped by the Athenians. Words by Mr. HENRY JOHN SEARPE. Music by Mr. HENRY RUSSELL.

ON old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I 've whiled away,
In listening to the breakers' roar,
That wash the beach of Rockaway.
Transfixed I 've stood while nature's lyre,
In one harmonious concert broke,
And catching its Promethean fire,
My inmost soul to rapture woke.
Oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh!
On old Long Island 's, &c.

Oh! how delightful 'tis to stroll
Where murm'ring winds and waters meet,
Marking the billows as they roll,
And break resistless at your feet;
To watch young Iris as she dips
Her mantle in the sparkling dew,
And chased by Sol, away she trips,
O'er the horizon's quivering blue.
Oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh!
On old Long Island 's, &c.

To hear the startling night-winds sigh,
As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep;
While the pale moon reflects from high,
Her image in the mighty deep;
Majestic scene where nature dwells,
Profound in everlasting love,
While her unmeasured music swells,
The vaulted firmament above.
Oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh!
On old Long Island's, &c.

SONG VIII.

IVY GREEN.

Written by CHARLES DICKENS. Composed by RUSSELL.

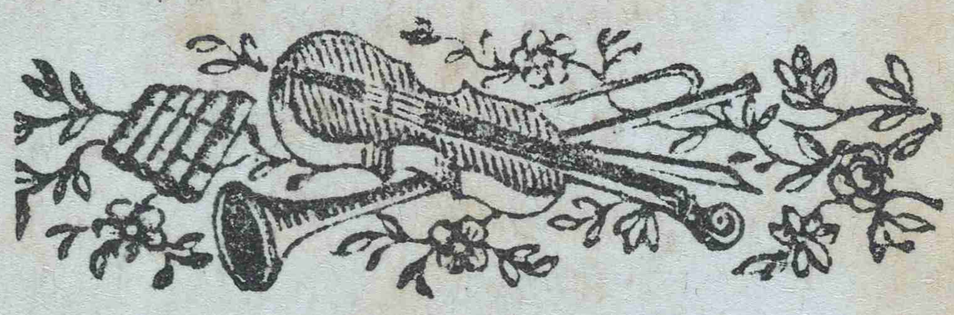
OH! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old;
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbl'd, the stone decay'd,
To please his dainty whim,
And the mould'ring dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he hath no wings,
And a staunch old head hath he;
How closely he twineth—how tight he clings
To his friend—the hugh oak tree.
And slily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs, and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death hath been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

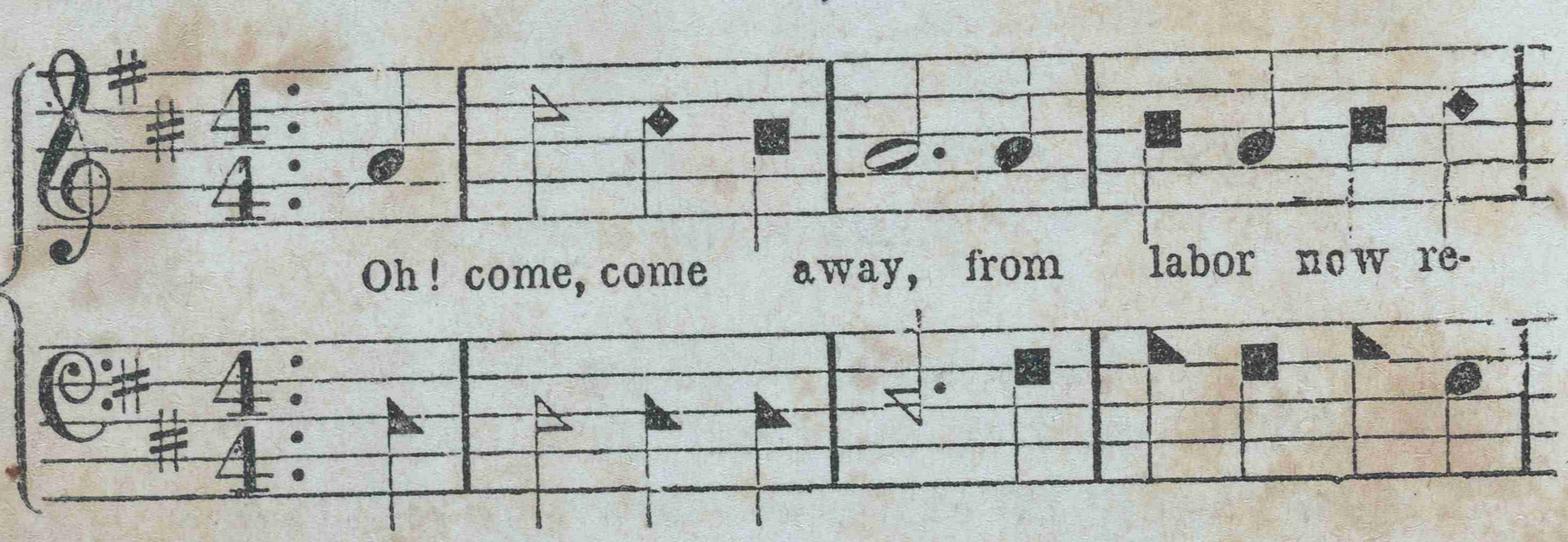
Whole ages have fled, and works decay'd,
And nations scatter'd been ;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past ;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

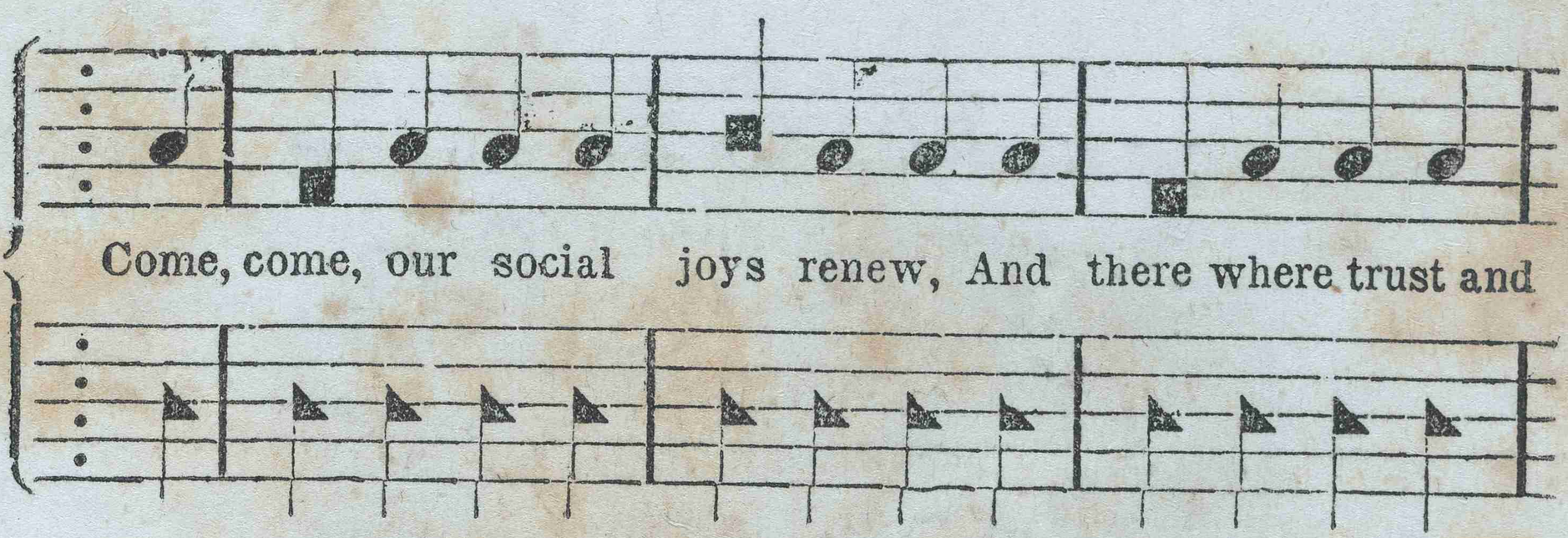
SONG IX.

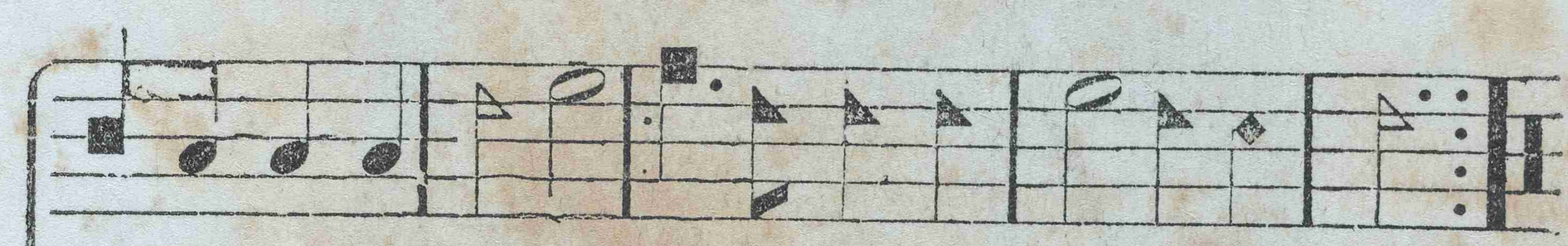
OH! COME, COME AWAY.

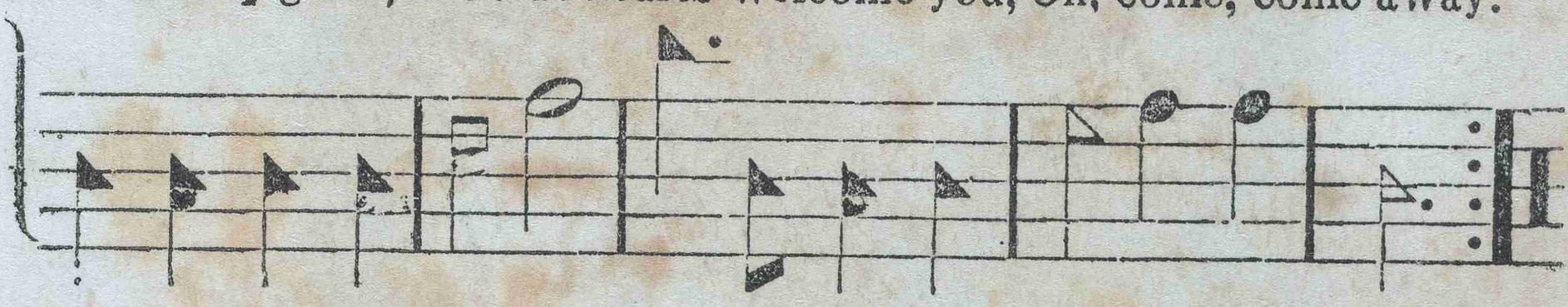


This beautiful piece is a great favorite in the social circle, and is now becoming very popular in the western seminaries. It is taken from the "Boston Melodeon," a valuable work, but no author's name is given.









From toil, and the cares on which the day is closing,
The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve,
Oh ! come, come away.
Oh ! come where love will smile on thee,
And round its hearth will gladness be,
And time fly merrily—
Oh ! come, come away.

While sweet Philomel, the weary trav'ler cheering,
With evening songs her note prolongs,
Oh ! come, come away.
In answering songs of sympathy,
We'll sing in tuneful harmony,
Of Hope, Joy, Liberty—
Oh ! come, come away.

The bright day is gone—the moon and stars appearing,
With silver light illume the night,
Oh ! come, come away.
Come, join your prayers with ours, address
Kind Heaven our peaceful homes to bless
With Health, Hope, Happiness—
Oh ! come, come away.

SONG X.



THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

Miss Eliza Cooke, the authoress of the following favorite piece, is the authoress of many exquisite lyric pieces. It has been embalmed by song by the talented and much admired composer, Mr. Henry Russell.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that Old Arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;
'T is bound by a thousand bands to my heart—
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? A mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that Old Arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live;
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide.
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that Old Arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered—my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart could bear,
When I saw her die in that Old Arm-chair!

'T is past, 't is past!—but I gaze on it now,
With quivering lip and throbbing brow;
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it was folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it—I love it—and can not tear
My soul from my mother 's Old Arm-chair.

SONG XI.

GIVE ME A COT IN THE VALLEY I LOVE.
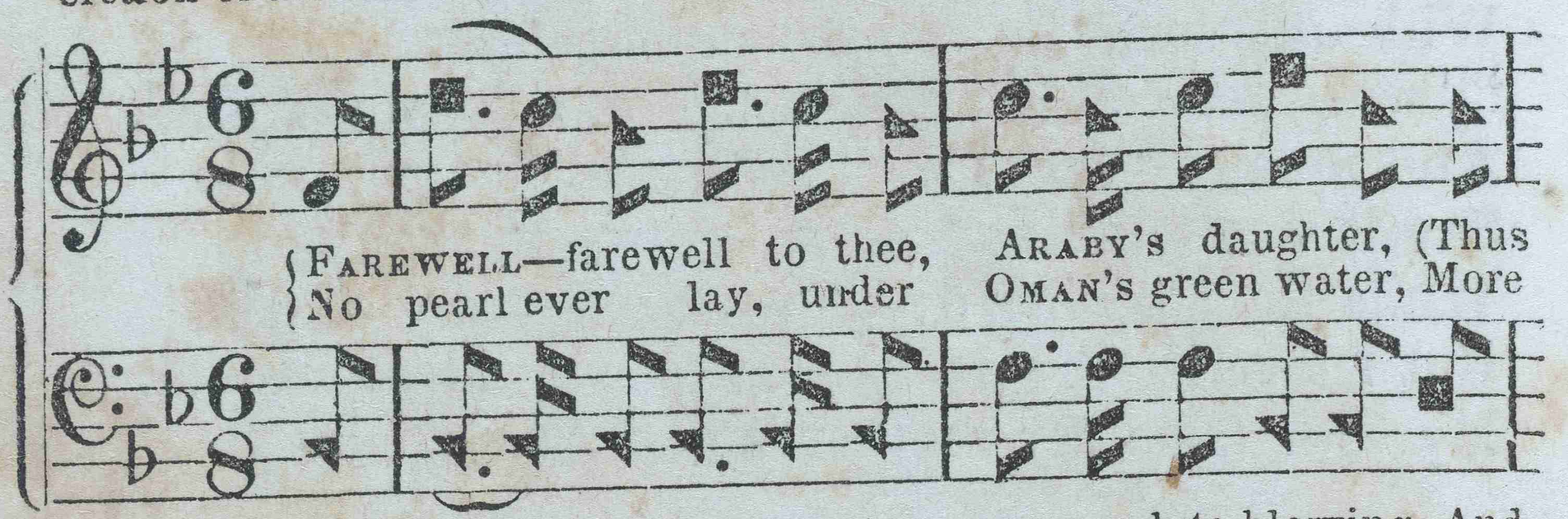
Oh! give me a cot in the valley I love,
A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove;
I care not how humble, for happy 'twould be,
If one faithful heart will but share it with me.
Our haunts shall be nature 's own beautiful bowers,
Our gems shall be nature 's own beautiful flowers,
All woo'd by the sunshine, and kiss'd by the gale,
The proudest might envy our home in the vale.

Lov'st thou to listen to music 's sweet voice,
Then fly to the woods, where the song birds rejoice—
Or wouldst thou be free—to the forest repair,
The stag in its freedom bounds merrily there.
When summer has gone, and winter 's chill hours
Have rifled the greenwood, and blighted the flowers—
Though ice-bound the brook, and snow-clad the dale,
The proudest might envy our home in the vale.

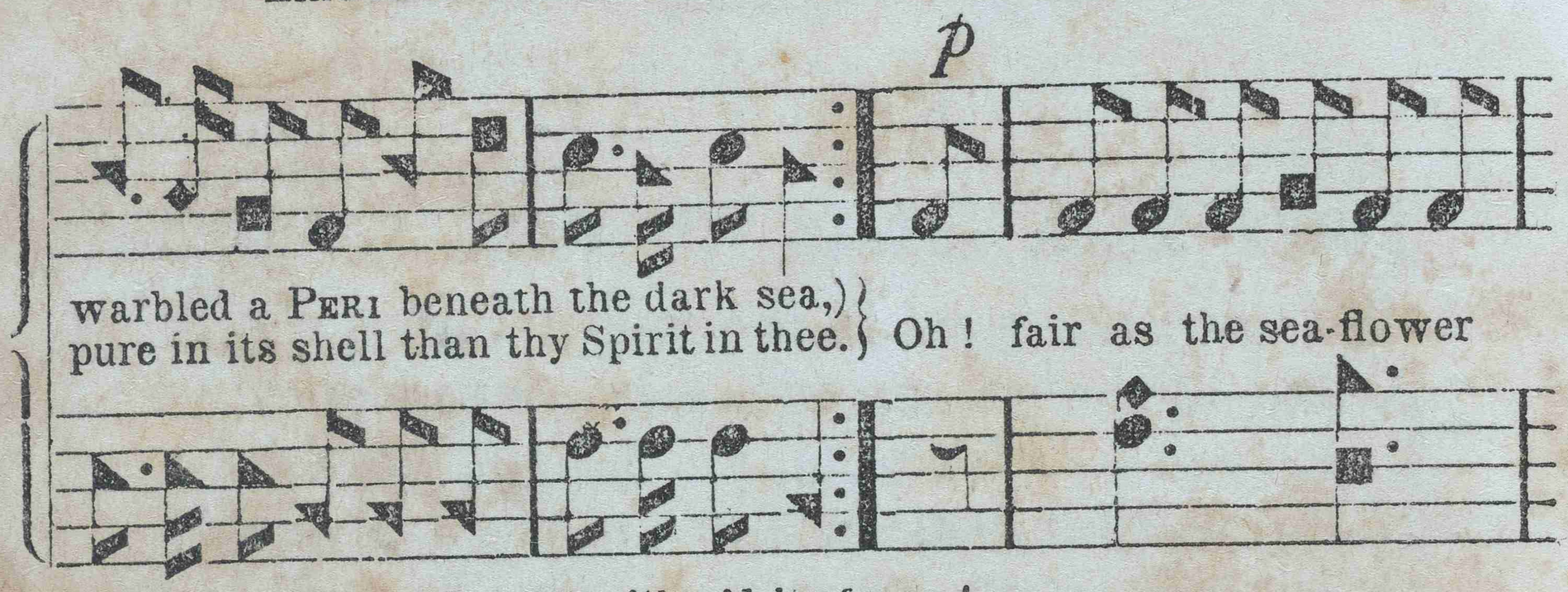
SONG XII.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.
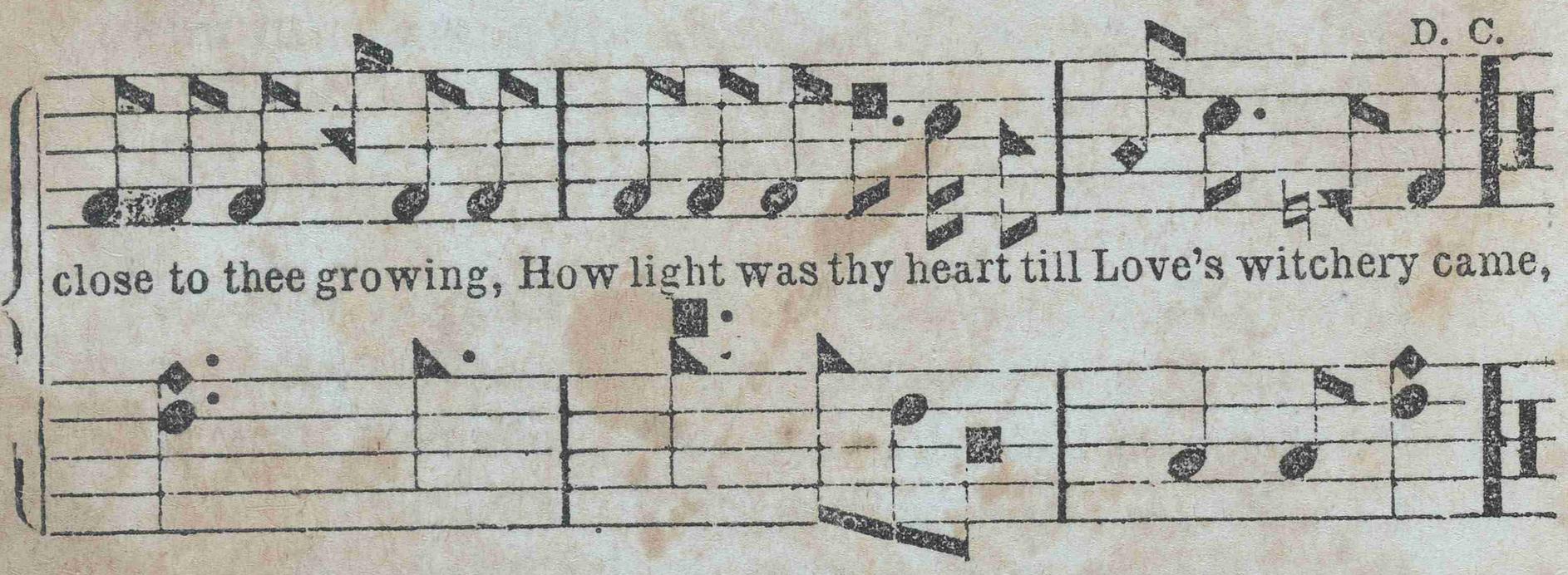
The following pathetic ballad, is from "Lalla Rookh," an Oriental fictitious Poem by THOMAS MOORE, ESQ. Music composed by KIALLMARK. This piece, like the whole of the poem, is full of Eastern allusions. "Wind of the south"—this wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts.
"Merry date-season"—the time of gathering the fruits, etc., towards the close of autumn, is the grand season of merriment;—music and dancing crown the festive scene, on their return home from the palm-groves.
"Loveliest amber."—Some naturalists have imagined, that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds.



Like the wind of the south, o'er a summer lute blowing, And



hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame!



But long, upon ARABY'S green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With naught but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves, the young and the old,
The happiest there, from there pastime returning
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate, till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN, beloved of her Hero! forget thee—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that Hero she 'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With ev'ry thing beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flow'r of the rock, and each gem of the billow,
Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We 'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We 'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity 's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

SONG XIII.



THE INDIAN HUNTER.

Suited to the same music as the "Meeting of the Waters."

LET me go to my home that is far distant west,
To the scenes of my youth that I like the best,
Where the tall cedars are, and the bright waters flow,
Where my parents will greet me: white man let me go.

Let me go to the spot where the cataract plays,
Where oft I have sported in my boyish days,
There is my poor mother, whose heart will o'erflow
At the sight of her child: oh, there let me go!

Let me go to the hills and the valleys so fair,
Where oft I have breathed my own mountain air,
And there through the forest with quiver and bow,
I have chased the wild deer: oh, there let me go!

Let me go to my father, by whose valiant side,
I have sported so oft in the height of my pride,
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe,
To my father, that chieftain: oh, their let me go!

And oh, let me go to my dark eyed maid,
Who taught me to love 'neath the green willow shade,
Whose heart's like the fawn's, and as pure as the snow,
And she loves her dear Indian: to her let me go!

And oh, let me go to my fair forest home,
And never again will I wish to roam,
And there let my body in ashes lay low—
To that scene in the forest, white man let me go!

SONG XIV.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

This favorite piece is from the pen of the gifted THOMAS MOORE, the Irish poet. "The Meeting of the Waters," or the Meeting of the rivers Avon and Avoca, forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year, 1807.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
'Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet, it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

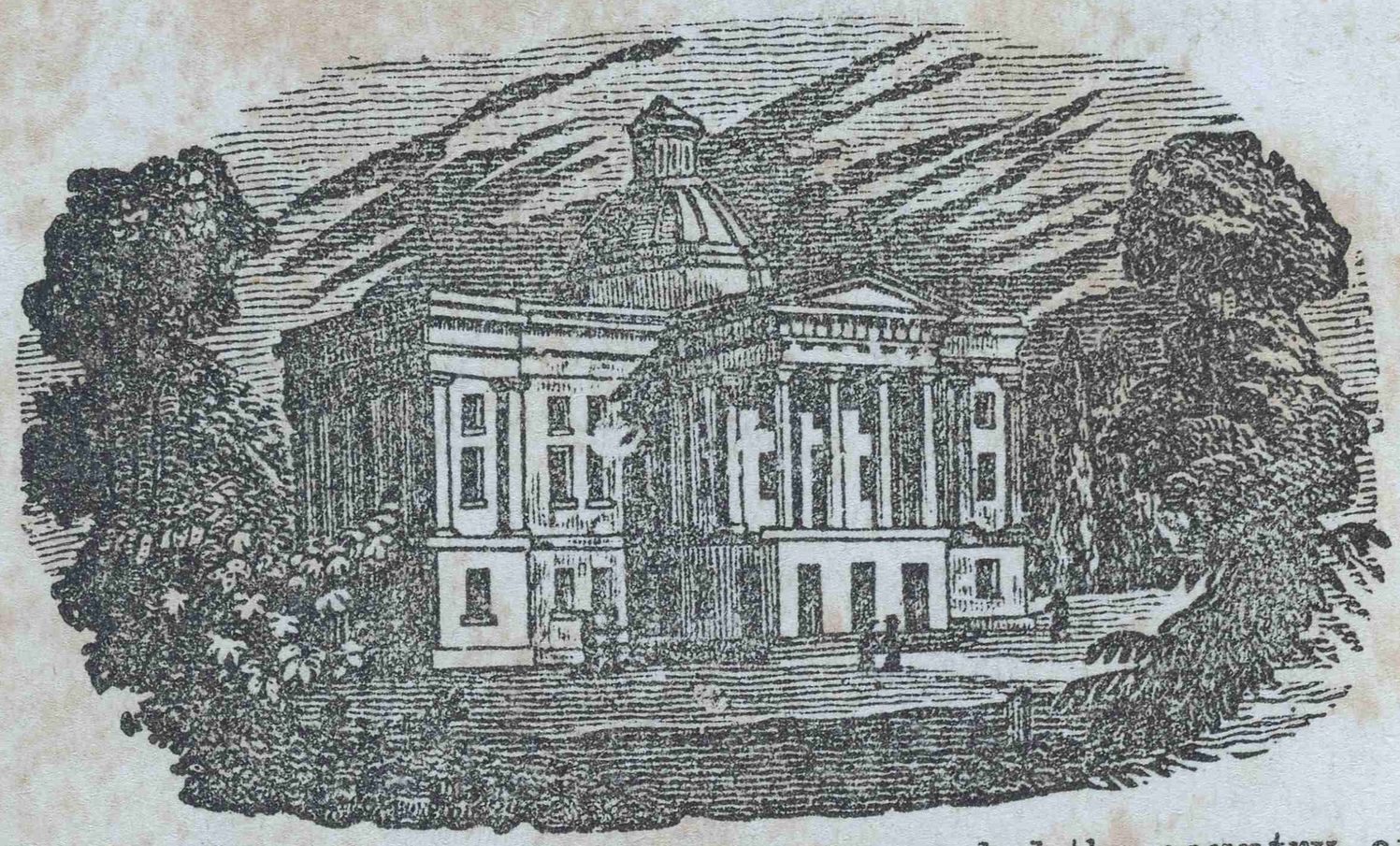
'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

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

Hail

SONG XV.

HAIL COLUMBIA!



[In the year 1798, when patriotic feeling pervaded the country, and when there were several parties in the field, Mr. Fox, a young player, who was more admired for his vocal than his histrionic powers, called one morning upon his friend, JOSEPH HOPKINSON, Esq., and after stating that the following evening had been appointed for his benefit, and expressing great fear for the result, as not a single box had been taken, begged his friend to do something in his behalf. "If," said Mr. Fox, "you will write me some patriotic verses to the Tune of the 'PRESIDENT'S MARCH,' I feel sure of a full house. Several of the people have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done, yet I think you may succeed." Mr. HOPKINSON retired to his study, and in a short time wrote the first verse and chorus, of the following national song, which were submitted to Mrs. HOPKINSON, who sang them to a piano accompaniment, and proved the measure to be compatible and in keeping. In this way the second and other verses were written, and when Mr. Fox returned in the evening, he received with delight the song as it now stands. The following morning, small hand-bills announced that Mr. Fox would sing a new patriotic song, etc. The theatre was crowded; the song was sung and received with rapture; it was repeated eight times, and again encored, and when sung the ninth time, the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night, "Hail Columbia," cheered the visitors of the theatre, and in a few days it was the universal song of the boys in the streets, from one end of the city to the other. Nor was the distinguished author of this truly national song—a song which met the entire approbation of all parties of the day—forgotten. The street in which he resided on one occasion was crowded, and "Hail Columbia" broke on the stillness of midnight from a hundred patriotic voices.]

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let Independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause.
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear,
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He govern'd in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on Death or Liberty.
Firm—united, &c.

SONG XVI.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.



I REMEMBER, I remember,
How my childhood fleeted by;
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July.
On my brow, love—on my brow, love,
There are no signs of care,
But my pleasures are not now, love,
What childhood's pleasures were.
I remember, &c.

Then the bowers, then the bowers,
Were as blithe, as blithe could be;
And all their radiant flowers,
Were coronals for me.
Gems to-night, love—gems to-night, love,
Are beaming in my hair,
But they are not half so bright, love,
As childhood's roses were.
I remember, &c.

I was merry, I was merry,
When the little lovers came;

With a lily, or a cherry,
Or some new invented game.
Now I've you, love—now I've you, love,
To kneel before me there,
But you know you're not so true, love,
As childhood's lover's were.
I remember, &c.

SONG XVII.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.



The light of other days is faded,
And all their glories past,
For grief with heavy wing hath shaded
The hopes too bright to last;
The world, which morning's mantle clouded,
Shines forth with purer rays,
But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow shrouded,
The light of other days.

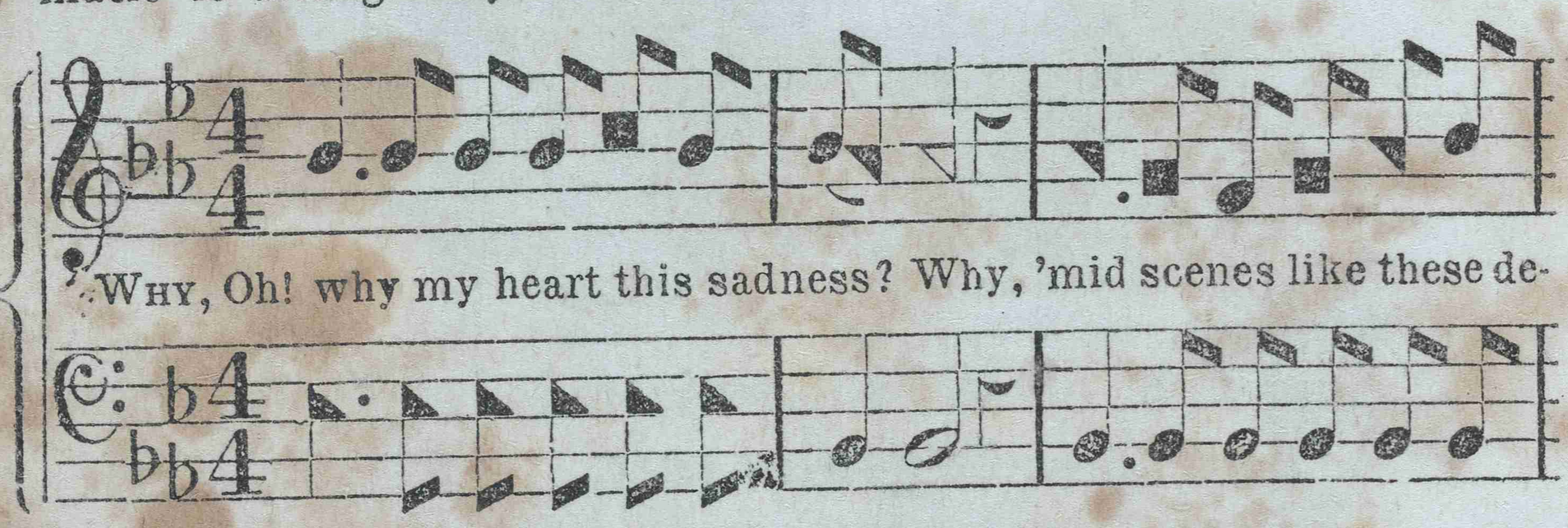
The leaf which autumn tempests wither,
The birds which then take wing,
When winter's winds are past, come hither
To welcome back the spring.
The very ivy on the ruin,
In gloomful life displays;
But the heart alone, sees no renewing
The light of other days.
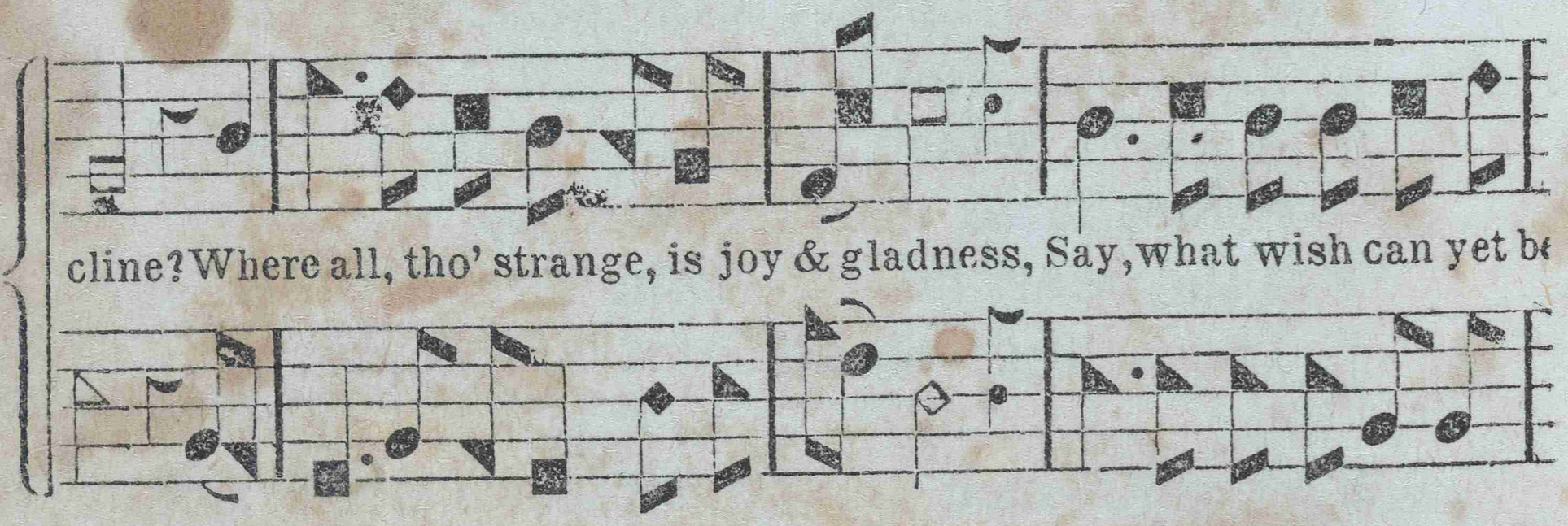
SONG XVIII.

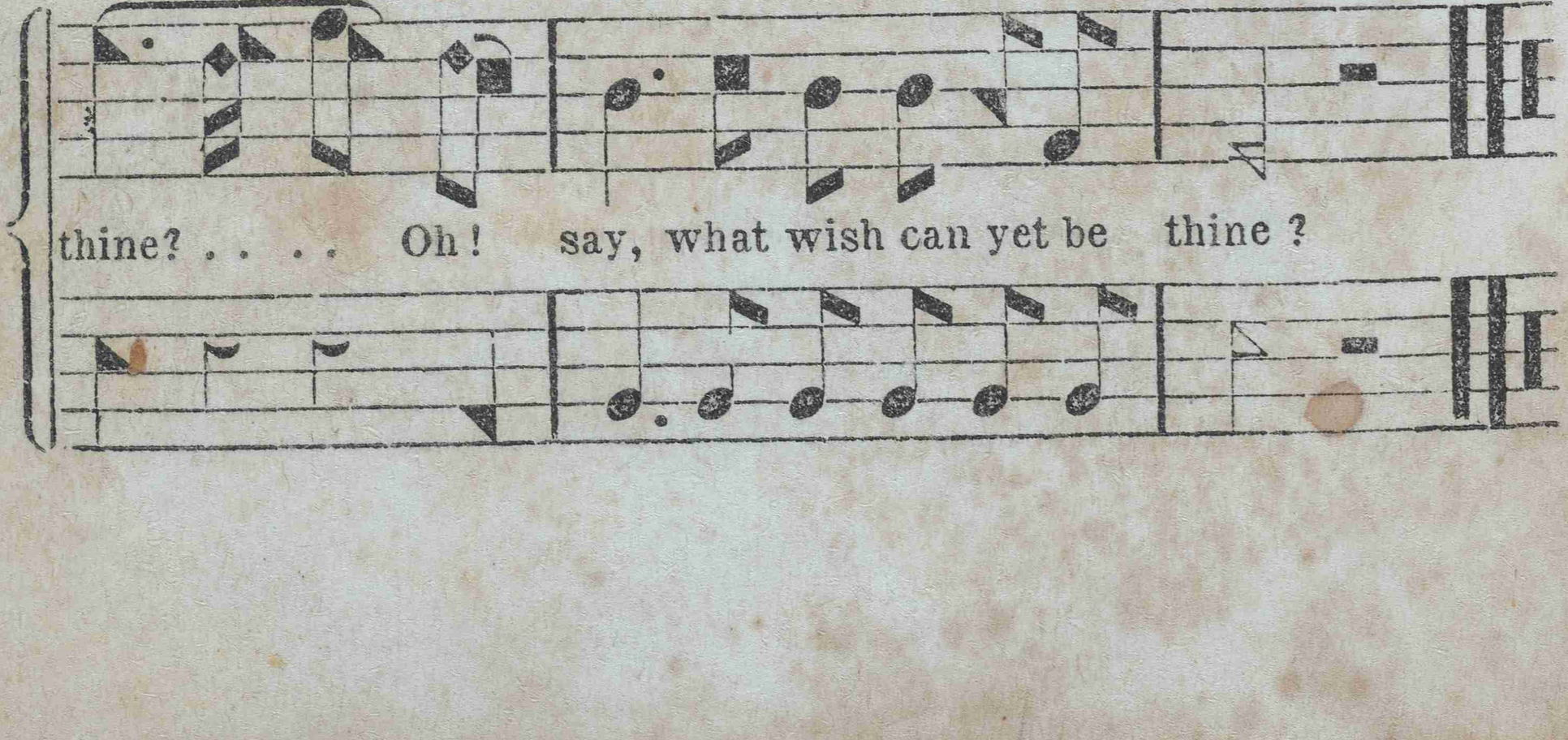
THE SWITZER'S SONG OF HOME.



The following piece is sung by the Tyrolese Family — RAINER. The music is arranged by J. MOSCHELLES.







All that 's dear to me is wanting,
Lone and cheerless here I roam;
The stranger 's joys howe'er enchanting,
To me can never be like Home—
To me can never be like Home.

Give me those! I ask no other—
Those that bless the humble dome—
Where dwell my Father and my Mother,
Give, Oh! give me back my Home,
My own, my dear native Home.

SONG XIX.

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

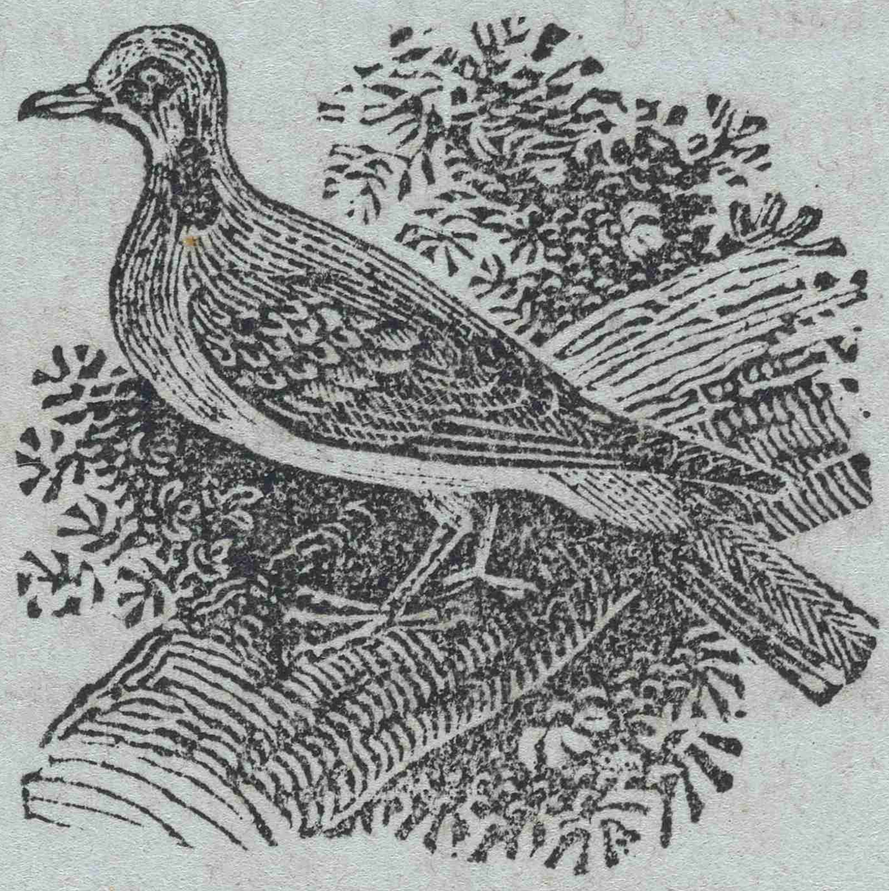
These words are from the pen of Mr. J. A. Wade, who is also the composer of the music.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale.
You must promise to come, for I said
I would show the night flowers their queen.
Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,
'T is the loveliest ever was seen.
Oh! meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, the heartless, the free;
But there 's something about the moon's ray,
That is sweeter to you and to me.
Oh! remember be sure to be there.
For though dearly a moonlight I prize,
I care not for all in the air,
If I want the sweet light of your eyes.
So meet me by moonlight alone.

SONG XX.

THE CARRIER DOVE.



Music composed by WEILAND. Sung by Mrs. WATSON.

FLY away to my native land, sweet dove,
Fly away to my native land.
And bear these lines to my lady love,
That I've traced with a feeble hand.
She marvels much at my long delay,
A rumor of death she has heard,
Or she thinks perhaps, I falsely stray,
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

Oh, fly to her bower, and say the chain
Of the tyrant is on me now,
That I never shall mount my steed again,
With helmet upon my brow!
No friend to my lattice a solace brings,
Except when your voice is heard,
When you beat the bars with your snowy wings,
Then fly to her bower sweet, bird.

I shall miss thy visit at dawn, sweet dove,
I shall miss thy visit at eve,
But bring me a line from my lady love,
And then I shall cease to grieve.
I can bear in a dungeon to waste away youth,
I can fall by the conqueror's sword,
But I cannot endure she should doubt my truth,
Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

SONG XXI.

GOOD-BY.

The music of the following beautiful song is composed by BLEWITT.

I CAN bid you good-morning, good-day, and good-night,
At expense of perhaps one faint sigh,
Since I know a few hours will renew my delight;—
But, oh! when I bid you good-by—

My tongue becomes dull, and my heart becomes chill
And warm tears shut out light from each eye;
My soul feels forebodings of deadliest ill,
When I try, love, to bid you good-by.

Then send me not from you, love, do let me stay,
For I can't speak the word if I try;
Morn and eve I will wish you good-night and good-day,
But I can't, nor I won't say good-by!

SONG XXII.

THE MAC GREGOR'S GATHERING.

[The Highlands of Scotland were once inhabited by several independent chieftains, whose followers, called Clans, were as brave in war as troublesome in peace. Rob Roy was a chieftain of the Mac Gregors. By an act of the Privy Council in 1603, the Clan of Mac Gregor were ordered to drop the name on pain of death for non compliance, and this order was not fully revoked till nearly two centuries afterward. These Clans have been celebrated in the writings of SIR WALTER SCOTT, who is the author of the following lines. Music composed by Mr. ALEX. LEE.]

THE moon 's on the lake, and the mist 's on the brae,
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day;
Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo.
Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach!

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles!
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalach!

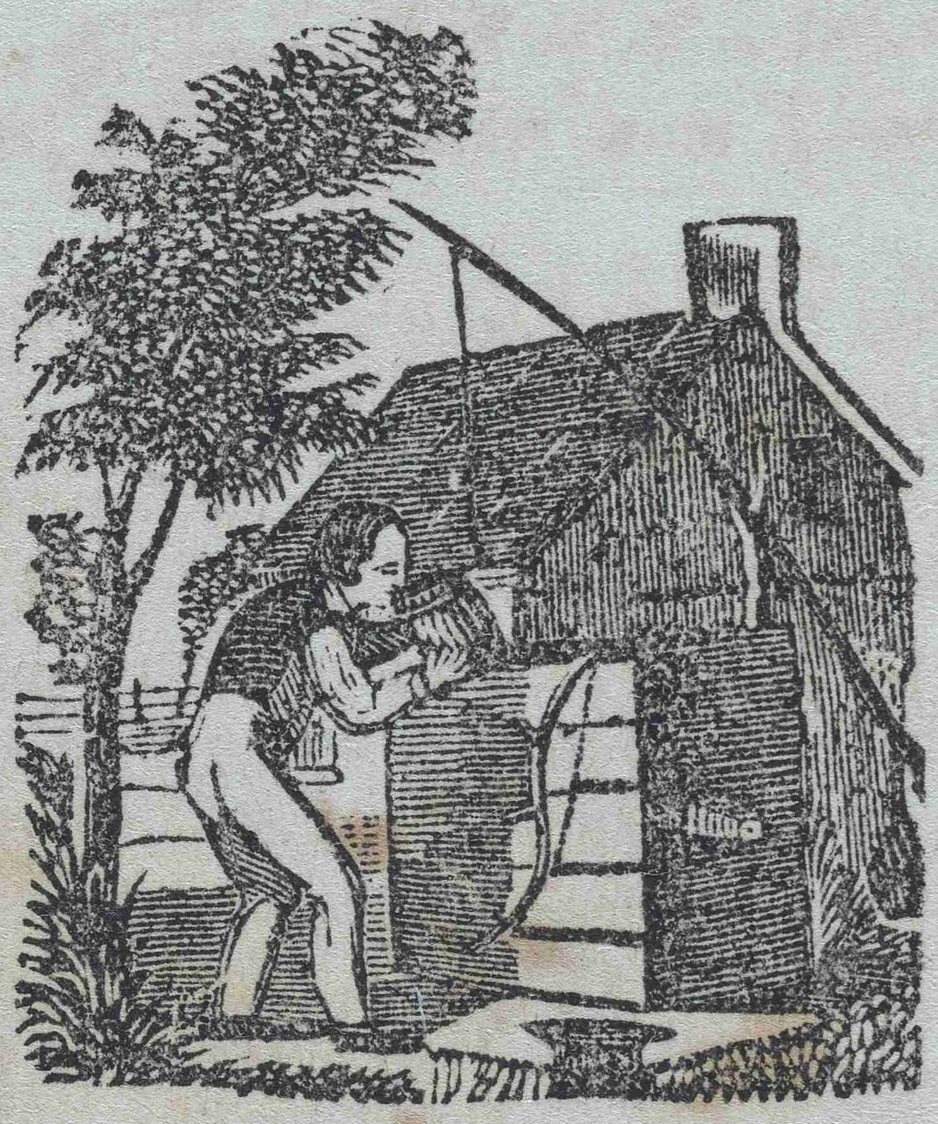
While there 're leaves in the forest, or foam on the river,
Mac Gregor, despite them, shall flourish forever.

Glenorchy's proud mountains, Colchurn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;—
We 're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach!
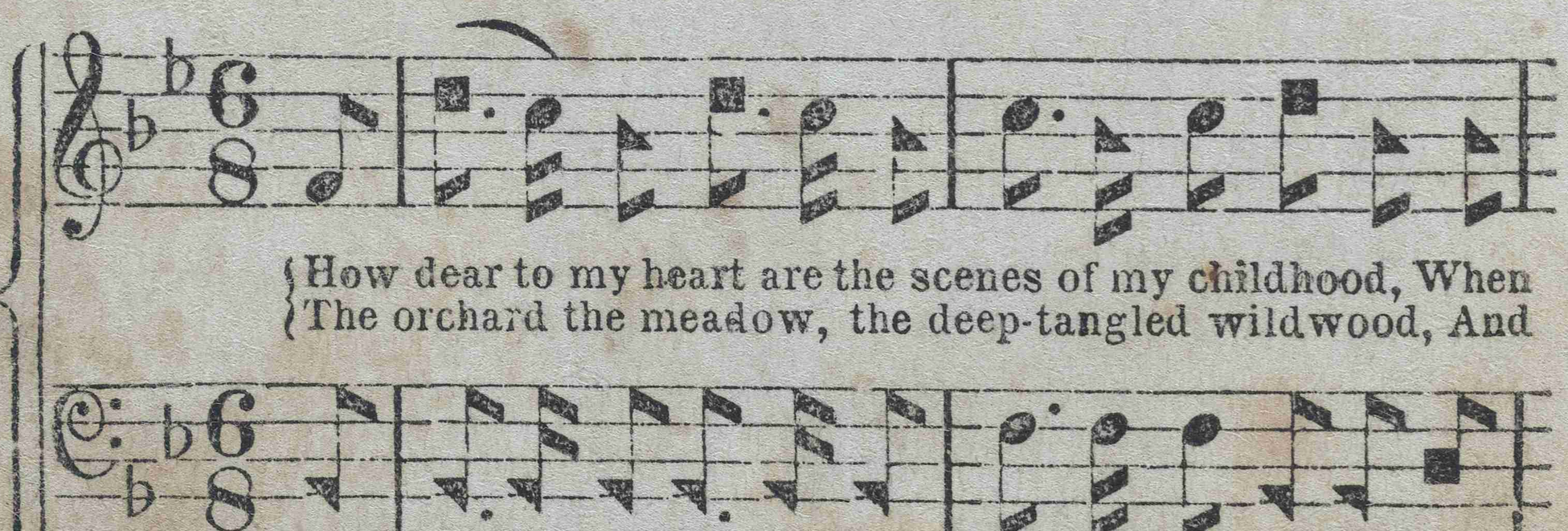
Through the depths of Loch Katrine, the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt.

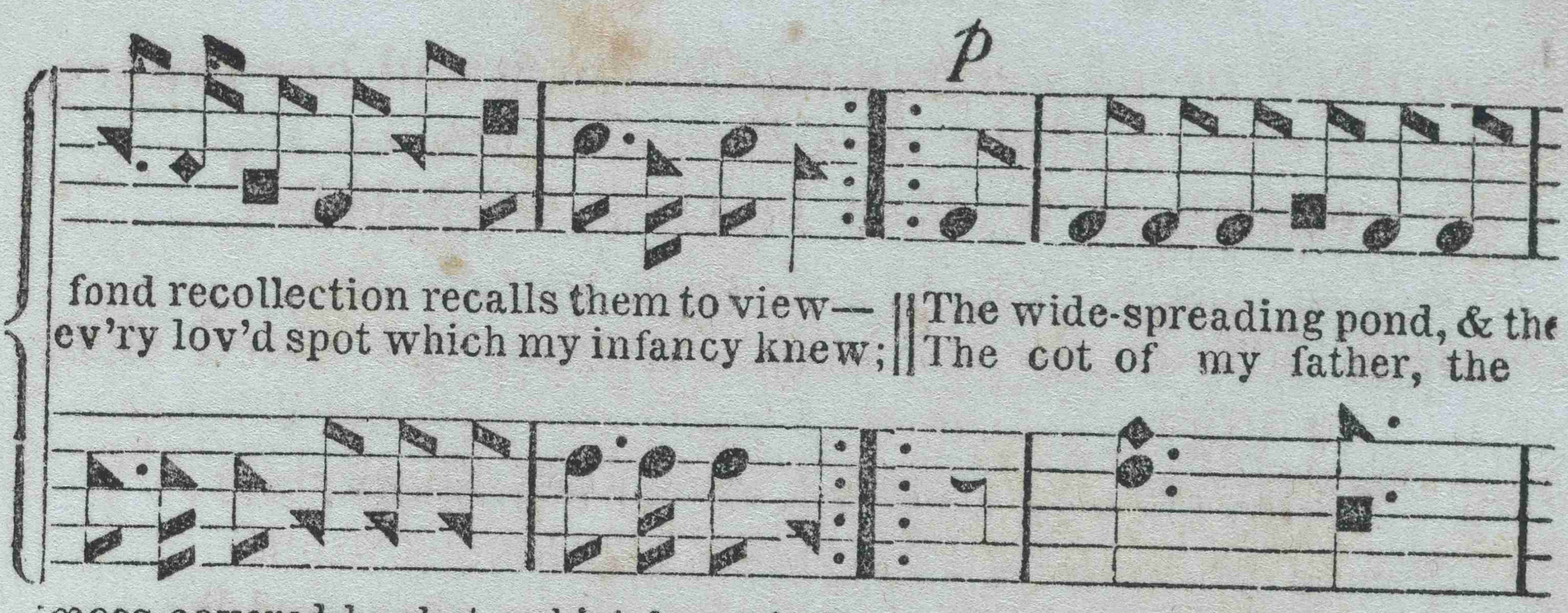
SONG XXIII.

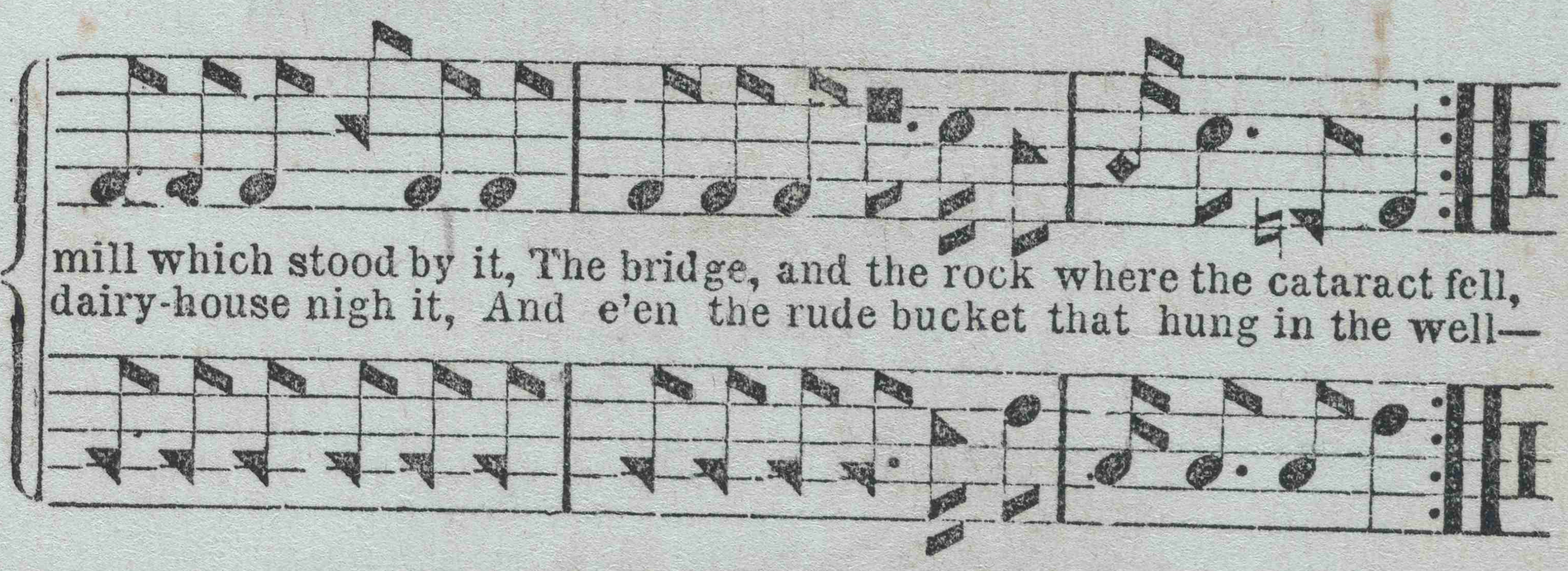
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.



This popular and much admired Song, is written by SAMUEL WOODWORTH, ESQ. Music composed by KIALLMARK.







That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it a source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield;
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the cord, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy revisits my father 's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in his well.

SONG XXIV.

SLEEP, GENTLE LADY.—(A SERENADE.)

SLEEP, gentle lady, the flowers are closing,
The very winds and waves reposing;
O! may our soft and soothing numbers
Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers.
Peace be around thee, lady bright,
Sleep, while we sing—Good night, Good night.
O! may our soft and soothing numbers,
Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers.

SONG XXV.

THE DREAM.



From the Original of FREDERICA BREMER—Adapted to a Sweedish Melody by KARL MULLER. Sung by JENNY LIND.

I DREAM, I dream of my Fatherland,
As fancy my slumber beguiles,
Where the spell of beauty each heart enthralls,
Where the home of my childhood smiles.

Ah, yes! I dream of wealth and power,
The wildest of visions could will,

But I awake to the truth in affliction's hour
Of the heart that loves me still.

I dream of bright eyes where affection beams,
While thine shall with pleasure be bright,
And hearts that realize fancy's dreams,
While thine is with happiness light.

Many, while fortune her gifts hath spread
Around me, are slaves of my will,
But there is one, when all shall have fled,
That will love me—love me still.

SONG XXVI.

THE LORDS OF CREATION.

The lords of creation, men we call,
And they think they rule the whole;
But they're much mistaken after all,
For they're under a woman's control;
As ever since the world began,
It has always been the way,
For did not Adam, (the very first man),
The very first woman obey, obey, obey—
The very first woman obey?

Ye lords, who at present hear my song,
I know you will quickly say:—
"Our size's more large, our nerves more strong;
Shall the stronger the weaker obey?"
But think not, though these words we hear,
We shall e'er mind the thing you say;
For as long as a woman's possessed of a tear,
Your power will vanish away, away, away—
Your power will vanish away.

But should there be so strange a wight
As not to be moved by a tear,

Though much astonished at the sight,
We shall still have no cause to fear;
Then let them please themselves awhile
Upon their fancied sway,
For as long as a woman's possessed of a smile,
She will certainly have her own way, own way,
own way,
She will certainly have her own way.

Now, ladies, since I've made it plain,
That the thing is really so,
We'll even let them hold the rein,
But we'll show them the way to go;
As ever since the world began,
It has always be the way,
And we'll manage it so, that the very last man,
Shall the very last woman obey, obey, obey—
Shall the very last woman obey.

SONG XXVII.

WASHINGTON.

The following poem, by Miss Eliza Cooke, an English poetess, would do honor to any American heart. The Cæsar alluded to in the second stanza, is Julius Cæsar, the first Roman Emperor. The Eagle of France was the Emperor Napoleon, who, like Cæsar, usurped the government, and put an end to the liberty of the people. Cæsar was assassinated by Brutus and Cassius, and Napoleon died miserably in exile at St. Helena.

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of
thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide
page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loud-
est far;
Let others boast their satellites—thou has the central
star.

Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er
depart,
'T is stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the
coldest heart;
A war cry fit for any land where freedom 's to be
won—
Land of the West! it stands alone—it is thy WASH-
INGTON!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave, but stain was on
his wreath:
He lived a heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's
death.
France had its Eagle; but his wings, though lofty they
might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in
murder's gore.
Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have
chained the waves—
Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a
world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely
waded on—
Oh, where shall be *their* "GLORY" by the side of WASH-
INGTON?

He fought, but not with love of strife—he struck but
to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a
friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gen-
tle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—
sword to sword.
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and
the sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate—no burst of des-
pot rage.

He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of WASHINGTON.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor chief:
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask a noble WASHINGTON.

SONG XXVIII.

THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

"Washington was buried at Mount Vernon, his family residence. Monuments have been erected to his memory elsewhere, and probably many more will be raised, as distance magnifies his worth, and selfishness and unrestraind ambition make his example more rare. It has been proposed, also, by the Government of the United States, to build a Mausoleum at the Capitol, and transport his remains thither, but Mount Vernon has so long been the shrine which the hearts and pilgrimages of his countrymen have consecrated, that it would be difficult to transfer their affectionate devotion from the humble family tomb to any other spot, however magnificently prepared."

DISTURB not his slumber, let WASHINGTON sleep,
'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep,
His arm is unnerv'd, but his deeds remain bright
As the stars in the dark vaulted heaven at night.
Oh! wake not the Hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore;

On the river's green border so flowery drest,
With the hearts he loved fondly, let WASHINGTON rest.

Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around,
'T is the grave of a freeman—'t is liberty's mound;
Thy name is immortal—our freedom is won—
Brave sire of Columbia—our own WASHINGTON!
Oh! wake not the Hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore,
While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave,
O'er the land that can boast of a WASHINGTON's Grave.

SONG XXIX.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

The following beautiful Song portrays the feelings of an Irish peasant, previous to his leaving home, calling up the scenes of by-gone days, under the painful reflection of having laid his bosom companion down to sleep, with her infant on her breast, and what his feelings will be when in America.

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning, long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lips, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your kiss warm on my cheek,
And still keep listening for the words,
You never more may speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I 'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But oh! they love them better far,
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride—
There 's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died!

Yours was the brave and good heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm 's young strength had gone,
There was comfort ever on your lips,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you for that same, Mary,
Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for that patient smile,
When your heart was like to break—
When the hunger-pain was knawing there,
And you hid it for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can sting no more,

I 'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true,

But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods,
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the spot where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

SONG XXX.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.—(A DUETT.)

The following words are from the pen of THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

BRIGHT be thy dreams, may all thy weepmg
Turn into smiles, while thou art sleeping.
Those, by death or seas remov'd,
Friend, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All thou 'st ever priz'd or lov'd,
In dreams come smiling to thee.
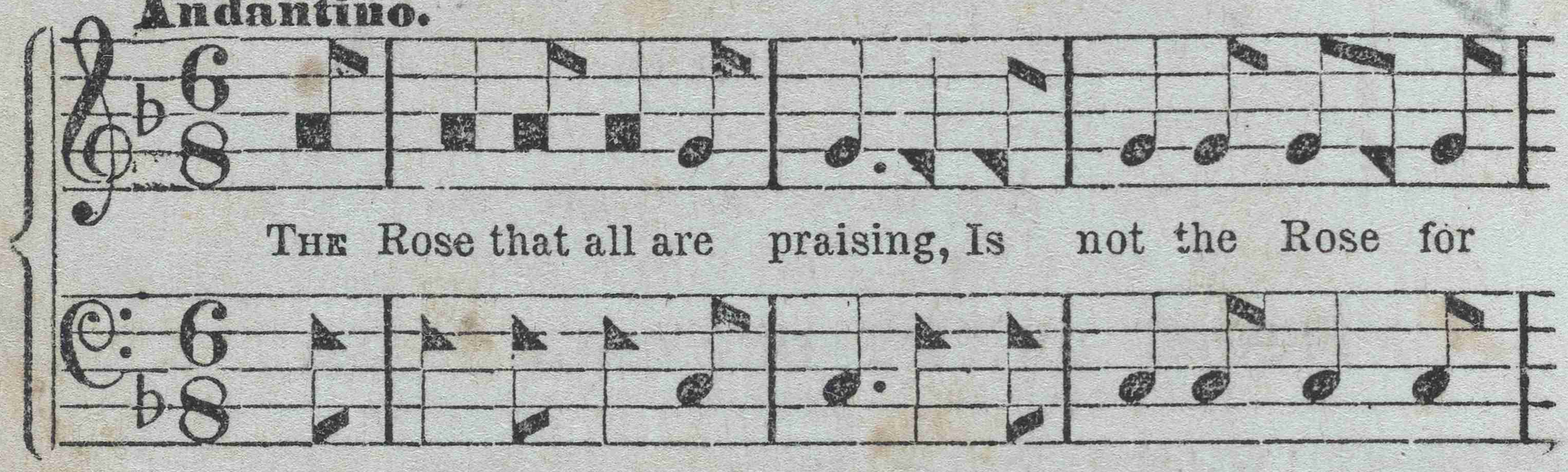
There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest—
Still the same no charm forgot,
Nothing lost that life had given,
Or if chang'd, but chang'd to what?
Thou 'lt find her yet in heaven!

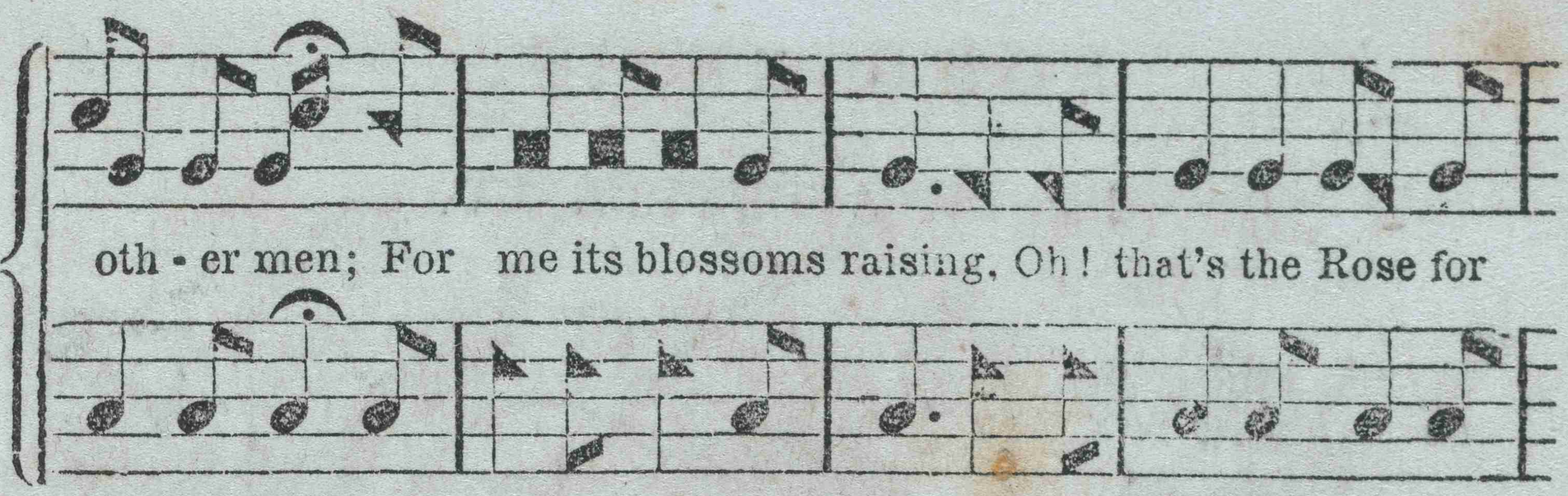
SONG XXXI.
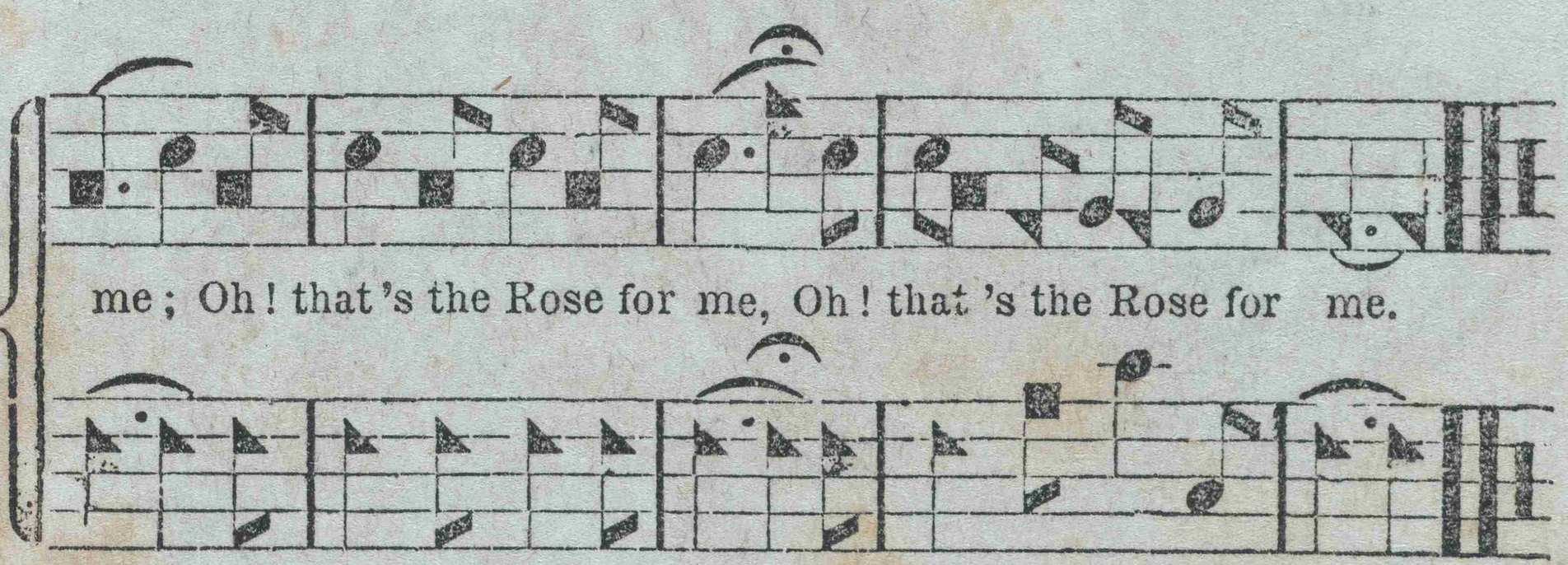
THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.



Andantino.







The Gem a king might covet,
Is not the Gem for me;
From darkness who would move it,
Save that the world may see;
But I 've a Gem that shuns display,
And next my heart worn every day:
So dearly do I love it!
Oh! that 's the Gem for me,
Oh! that 's the Gem for me,
Oh! that 's the Gem for me.

Gay Birds in cages pining,
Are not the Birds for me;
The plumes so brightly shining,
I care not now to see;
But I 've a Bird that gaily sings,
Though free to rove, she folds her wings,
For me her flight resigning—
Oh! that 's the Bird for me,
Oh! that 's the Bird for me,
Oh! that 's the Bird for me.

SONG XXXII.

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.



The following beautiful piece is written and composed by Mr. THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, an English poet of great merit. "This amiable poet," remarks the Editor of the 'Cyclopedia of English Literature,' "was, next to MOORE, the most successful song writer of the age. His songs contain the pathos of a section of our social system; but they are more calculated to attract attention by their refined and happy diction, than to melt us by their feeling. Of his livelier ditties, the following was the most felicitous: it expresses the Horatian philosophy in terms exceeding even Horace in gaiety."

I'D be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Where roses, and lilies, and violets meet;
Roving forever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;
I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet—
I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Oh, could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;

Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
Those who have wealth, must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas! naught but misery brings;
I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.
I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What, though you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day;
Surely 't is better, when summer is over,
To die, when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover,
Means of procuring a weary delay—
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away,
I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
Dying when fair things are fading away.

SONG XXXIII.
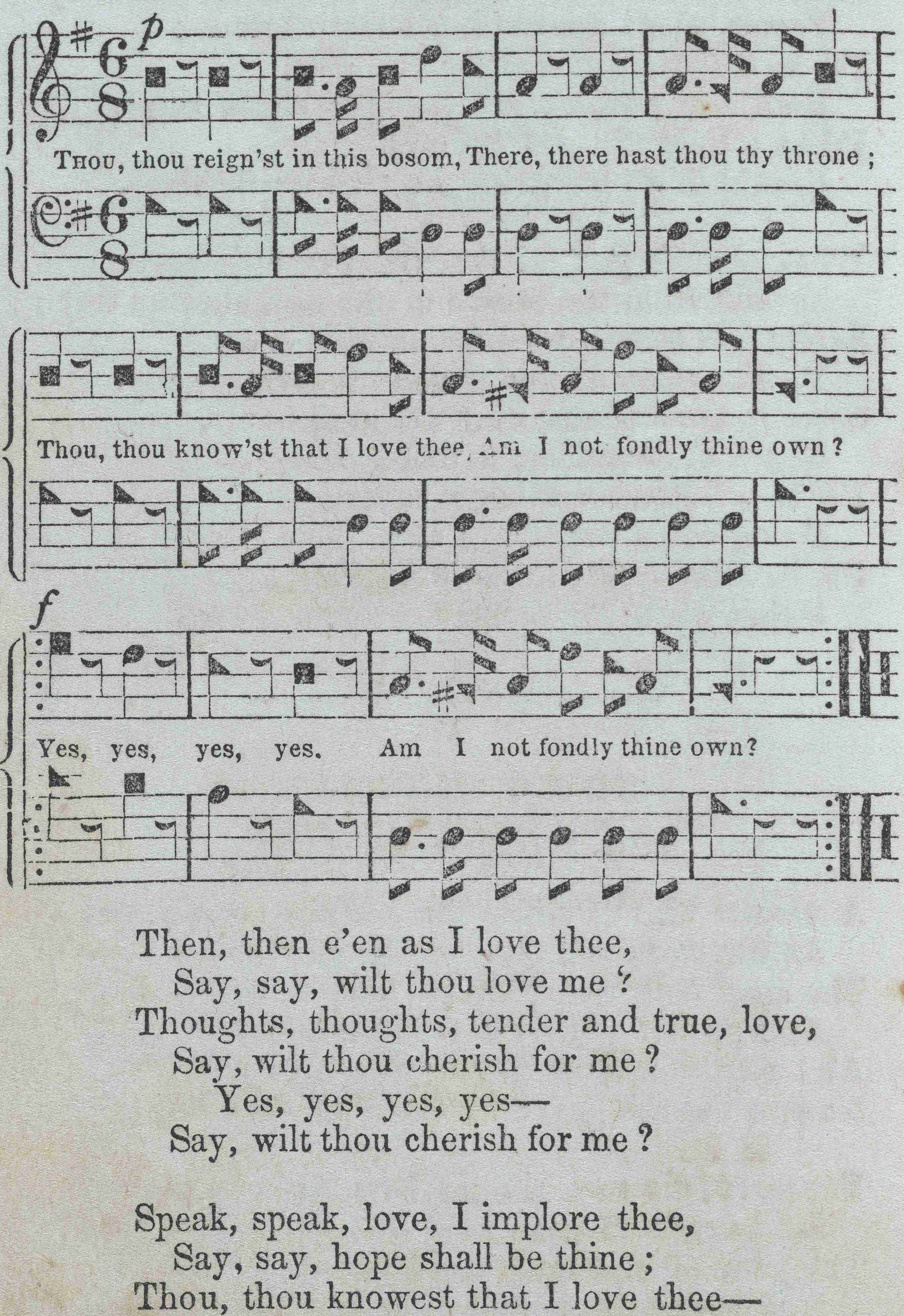
THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

A HERMIT who dwells in the solitude cross'd me,
As wayworn and faint up the mountain I press'd,
The aged man paus'd on his staff to accost me,
And proffer'd his cell as my mansion of rest.
Ah! nay, courteous father, onward I rove,
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

Yet tarry, my son, 'till the burning noon passes,
Let boughs of the lemon-tree shelter thy head;
The juice of ripe muscatel flows in my glasses,
And rushes fresh pulled for siesta are spread.
Ah! nay, courteous father, onward I rove,
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

SONG XXXIV.

THOU REIGN'ST IN THIS BOSOM.



Then, then e'en as I love thee,
Say, say, wilt thou love me ?
Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love,
Say, wilt thou cherish for me ?
Yes, yes, yes, yes—
Say, wilt thou cherish for me ?

Speak, speak, love, I implore thee,
Say, say, hope shall be thine ;
Thou, thou knowest that I love thee—
Say, but that thou wilt be mine.
Yes, yes, yes, yes—
Say but that thou wilt be mine.

SONG XXXV.

HOME.

Home, home, can I forget thee ?
Dear, dear, dearly lov'd home ;
No, no, still I regret thee,
Though I may far from thee roam.
Home, home, home, home—
Dearest and happiest home.

Home, home, why did I leave thee ?
Dear, dear friends do not mourn ;
Home, home, once more receive me,
Quickly to thee I 'll return.
Home, home, home, home—
Dearest and happiest home.

SONG XXXVI.

ERIN IS MY HOME.

Oh ! I have roamed in many lands,
And many friends I 've met ;
Not one fair scene or kindly smile
Can this fond heart forget ;
But I' ll confess that I 'm content,
No more I wish to roam ;
Oh, steer my bark to Erin 's Isle—
For Erin is my home.
Oh, steer my bark, &c.

If England were my place of birth,
I'd love her tranquil shore ;
But if Columbia were my home,
Her freedom I'd adore :
Though pleasant days in both I 've pass'd,
I dream of days to come ;
Oh, steer my bark to Erin 's Isle—
For Erin is my home.
Oh, steer my bark, &c.

SONG XXXVII.

THE LIGHT GUITAR.



The following favorite lines are from the pen of HARRY STOC VAN DYLE. Adapted to music by MR. J. BARNETT.

OH! leave the gay and festive scene,
The halls of dazzling light,
And rove with me through forests green,
Beneath the silent night.
Then, as we watch the ling'ring rays
That shine from every star,
I 'll sing the song of happier days,
And strike the light Guitar—
I 'll sing the song of happier days,
And strike the light Guitar.

I 'll tell thee how a maiden wept,
When her true knight was slain;

And how her broken spirit slept,
And never woke again.
I'll tell the how the steed drew nigh,
And left his lord afar;
But if my tale should make thee sigh,
I'll strike the light Guitar—
But if my tale should make thee sigh,
I'll strike the light Guitar.

SONG XXXVIII.

ANSWER TO

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

YES! I will leave the festive scene,
The gay and courtly throng,
To wander through the forest green,
And listen to thy song.
The waters like a mirror seem,
From every beaming star;
Then haste to yonder silent stream
And strike the light Guitar—
Then haste to yonder silent stream
And strike the light Guitar.

And when thou tell'st of one whose tears
Were shed for her true knight,
Bethink thee of thy maiden's fears,
When thou wert in the fight.
No longer brave the battle plain,
Nor roam from me afar;
But sing hope's long forgotten strain,
And strike the light Guitar—
But sing hope's long forgotten strain,
And strike the light Guitar.

SONG XXXIX.

CUPID'S ARROW.



CUPID, the fabled god of Love, was the son of Venus, the goddess of beauty, and is usually represented with a bow and arrow aiming at hearts. HYMEN, the god of marriage, was represented with a torch. VULCAN was the blacksmith god, who made the armor of the others. An arrow made heavier by some metal affixed to it or concealed in it, is said to be laden, or loaded, and cuts the air with more steadiness and certainty. This satire upon interested love, is from the pen of MISS E. COOKE.

YOUNG Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day,
And besought him to look at his arrow,
"'T is useless," he cried; "you must mend it, I say;
'T isn't fit to let fly at a sparrow.
There 's something that 's wrong in the shaft or the dart,
For it flutters quite false to my aim;
'T is an age since it fairly went home to the heart,
And the world really jests at my name.

"I have straightened, I 've bent, I 've tried all, I declare,
I 've perfumed it with sweetest of sighs;
'T is feathered with ringlets my mother might wear,
And the barb gleams with light from young eyes;
But it falls without touching—I 'll break it, I vow,
For there 's Hymen beginning to pout;
He 's complaining his torch burns so dull and so low
That Zephyr might puff it right out."

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,
Till Vulcan the weapon restored,

"There, take it, young sir ; try it now—if it fail,
I will ask neither fee nor reward."
The urchin shot out, and rare havoc he made ;
The wounded and dead were untold ;
But no wonder the rogue had such slaughtering trade,
For the arrow was laden with *gold*.

SONG XL.

YE NEEDNA BE COURTIN' AT ME.

The reader will see in this piece a sentiment worthy of deep consideration. Happy would it be if the affection so beautifully portrayed, could be found more universally developed in the hearts of all who are looking forward to the time when their destinies shall be sealed for future weal or woe. It was written by MR. PETER STILL, a Scottish poet of much merit.

YE needna be courtin' at me, auld man,
Ye needna be courtin' at me ;
Ye're threescore an' three, an' ye're blin' on an e'e,
Sae ye needna be courtin' at me, auld man,
Ye needna be courtin' at me.

Stan' aff noo, an' just let me be, auld man,
Stan' aff noo, an' just let me be ;
Ye're auld, an' ye're cauld, an' ye're blin', an' ye're bald,
An' ye're nae for a lassie like me, auld man,
Ye're nae for a lassie like me.

Ha'e patience an' hear me a wee, sweet lass,
Ha'e patience an' hear me a wee ;
I've gowpens o' gowd, an' an aumry weel stow'd,
An' a heart that lo'es nane but thee, sweet lass,
A heart that lo'es nane but thee.

I'll busk ye as braw as a queen, sweet lass,
I'll busk ye as braw as a queen ;
I've guineas to spare, an' hark ye, what's mair,
I'm only twa score an' fifteen, sweet lass,
Only twa score an' fifteen.

Gae hame to your gowd, an' your gear, auld man,
Gae hame to your gowd an' your gear;
There's a laddie I ken, has a heart like mine ain,
An' to me he shall ever be dear, auld man,
To me he shall ever be dear.

Get aff noo an' fash me, nae mair, auld man,
Get aff noo, an' fash me nae mair;
There's a something in love, that your gowd canna move,
I'll be Johnny's, altho' I gang bare, auld man,
Be Johnny's, altho' I gang bare.

SONG XLI.

ODE.—THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

[The great hath fallen! The "Star of Destiny" arose amid clouds and storms and the crash of elements, and as it ascended, the earth, from pole to pole, glowed beneath its bright—its wide-spread radiance. Behold the change! The star has set in gloom!—the rock-ribb'd St. Helena, is the lone resting-place of the great NAPOLEON; and his dreary requiem is howled forth by the surging waters of the boundless deep.]

ON that lone barren isle, where the loud roaring billows
Assail the stern rocks, and the loud tempests rave,
The Hero lies still, while the dew-dropping willows—
Like fond weeping mourners, bend over his grave.
The lightnings may flash, and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not, he hears not, he is free from all pain;
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh shade of the mighty! where now are thy legions,
That rush'd but to conquer, when thou led'st them on?
Alas! they have perished in far chilly regions,
And all, save the fame of their triumphs, is gone.
The trumpet may sound, and the loud cannon rattle,
They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain;
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again.

Yet, spirit immortal! the tomb cannot bind thee,
For like thine own eagle, which soars to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee
A name, which before thee, no mortal had won.
Though nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,
No more on thy war-steed, wilt thou sweep o'er the plain;
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again!

SONG XLII.

THE OLD OAK.



The following beautiful lines by GEORGE P. MORRIS, of New York, have been consecrated by music by the well known talented composer, MR. HENRY RUSSELL. Happy would it be if the taste and love for natural beauty, so feelingly inculcated in the song, could be indelibly impressed upon every American heart The useless sacrifice of noble trees, and the neglect to plant and cultivate them, are peculiar faults of our western pioneers.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand;
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,--
And would'st thou hack it down?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed my here,
My father pressed my hand ;
Forgive this foolish tear,—
But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling
Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree ! the storm still brave !
And, woodman, leave the spot,
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

SONG XLIII.

YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

The following lines are sung in the Opera of the "Bohemian Girl."

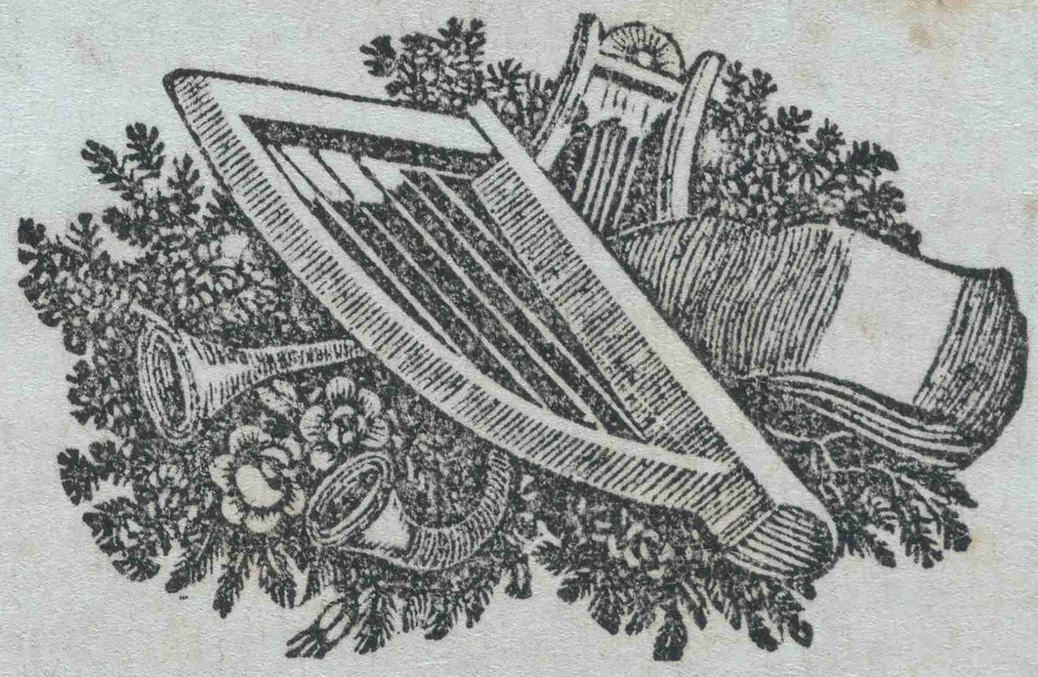
When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well ;
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be,
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,

And deem it but a faded light
  Which beams within your eyes;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
  'T will break your own to see—
In such a moment I but ask,
  That you 'll remember me.

SONG XLIV.

THE MAID OF JUDAH.
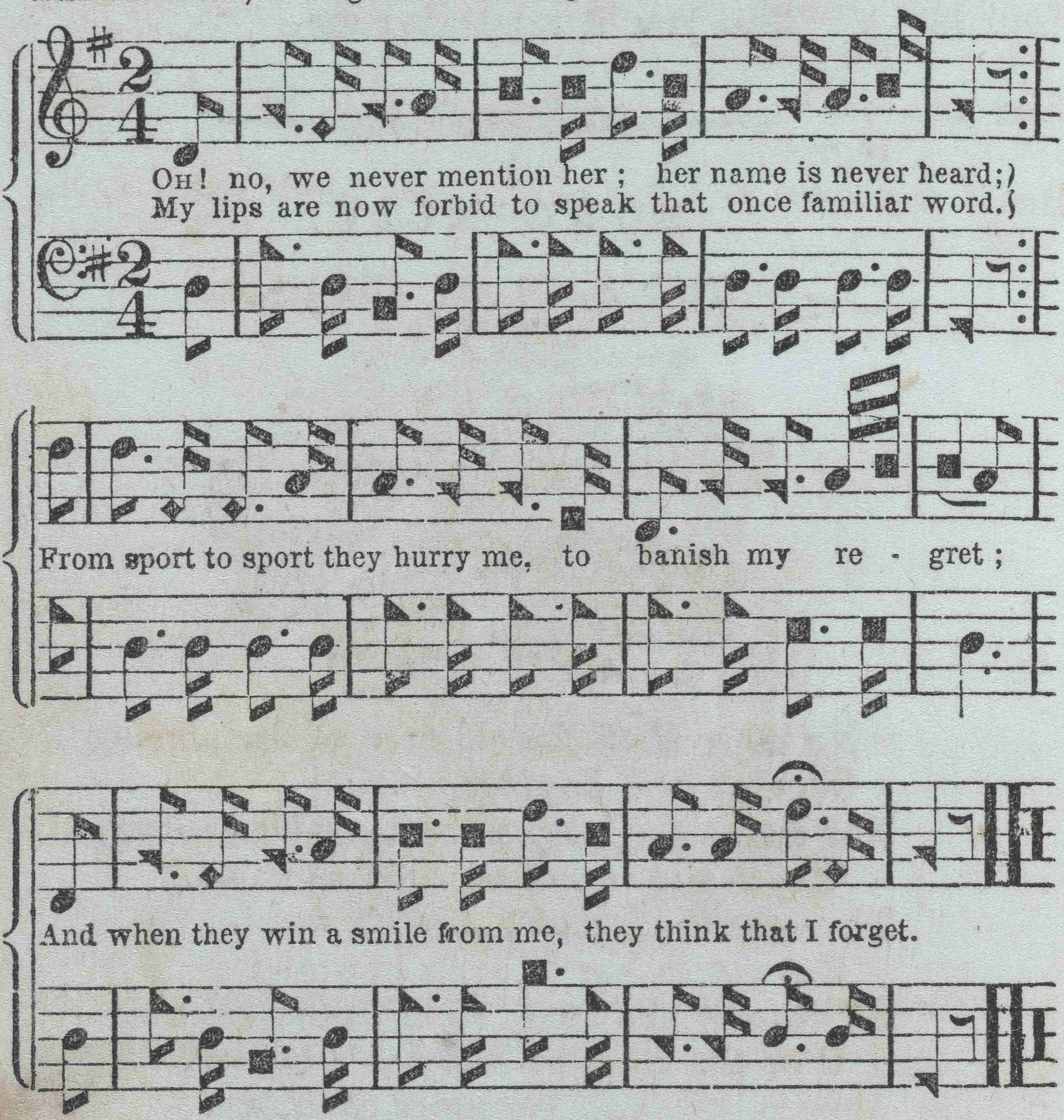


"No more shall the children of Judah sing
  The lay of a happier time;
Nor strike the harp with the golden string,
  'Neath the sun of an Eastern clime."
This was the lay of a Jewish maid,
  But not in her father's bowers;
So sweetly she sung, as in sadness she stray'd
  O'er the ruins of Babylon's towers.
    No more shall, &c.

"Oh! where are the sons of mine ancient race,
  Who were born but the javelin to bear?
Oh! where is that city, whose wreck I trace?
  Which once was so lovely and fair;
The green grass grows on that fertile spot,
  Where once grew the sweetest of flowers:—
Land of my kindred, thou shalt ne'er be forgot,
  Whilst a ruin remains of thy towers!"
    No more shall, &c.

SONG XLV.

OH! NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER.

The following popular song is taken from the 'Melodies' of THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, of England. — Arranged by H. R. BISHOP.



They bid me seek in change of scene, the charms that others see ;
But were I in a foreign land, they'd find no change in me.
'T is true that I behold no more, the valley where we met ;
I do not see the hawthorn tree—but how can I forget?

For oh! there are so many things recall the past to me—
The breeze upon the sunny hills—the billows of the sea—

The rosy tint that decks the sky, before the sun is set,
Aye, every leaf I look upon, forbids that I forget.

They tell me she is happy now—the gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets her vow, but I heed not what
they say;
Like me, perhaps, she struggles with, each feeling of
regret;
But if she loves as I have loved, she never can forget.

SONG XLVI.

OH! AM I THEN REMEMBERED.



The following is the Answer to the preceding piece, composed by J. BARNET.

OH! am I then remembered still? remembered too by
thee!
Or am I quite forgot by one whom I no more shall
see?
Yet say not so, for that would add fresh anguish to my
lot,
I dare not hope to be recalled—yet would not be for-
got.

Had they who parted us but known how hearts like
ours can feel,
They would have spared us both a pang beyond their
power to heal.

I know not if thy heart retains its wonted warmth or not:
Though I 'm forbid to think of thee—thou 'lt never be forgot.

Mayst thou enjoy that peace of mind which I can never know;
If that 's denied, my prayer shall be, that I may share thy woe.
Where'er thou art, my every wish will linger o'er that spot;
My every thought will be of thee, though I may be forgot.

If we should meet in after years, thou 'lt find that I am changed;
My eyes grown dim, my cheek grown pale, but not my faith estranged.
From memory 's page the hand of death alone thy name shall blot;
Forget, forsake me, if thou wilt—thou 'lt never be forgot.

SONG XLVII.

ALL THAT 'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

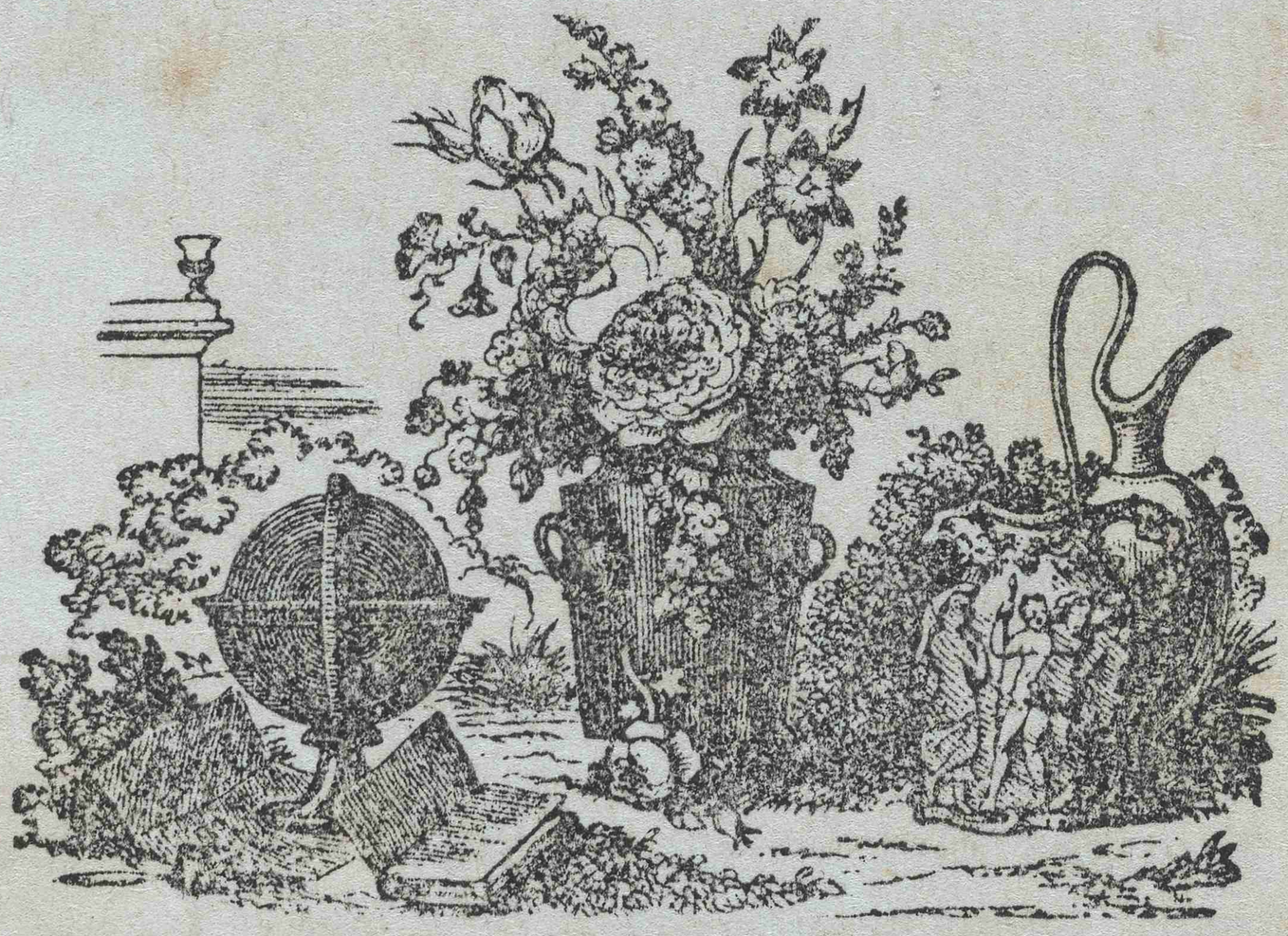
The following is one of THOMAS MOORE's exquisite productions

ALL that 's bright must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!
Stars that shine and fall;—
The flower that droops in springing;—
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that 's bright must fade, &c.

Who would seek or prize
  Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
  That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
  In utter darkness lying,
Than to be blessed with light and see
  That light for ever flying.
    All that 's bright must fade, &c.

SONG XLVIII.

THE DEATH OF FLOWERS.



The following is a beautiful contrast between the death of Flowers and the death of Man. The author's name is unknown.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away—
Oh, could *we* but return to eanth as happily as they!
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop, without decrepitude, or pain, into the tomb!

The gay and glorious creatures, they neither 'toil nor spin,'
Yet lo! what goodly raiment they are all apparelled in;
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiademed with light.

The young, rejoicing creatures, their pleasures never pall,
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all!
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy, blessed
air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely
share.

The happy, careless creatures, of time they take no
heed;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away;
Nor when 't is gone, cry dolefully, "Would God that it
were day!"

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's breast,
No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from decay;
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!

SONG XLIX.

ENSHRINED IN THE BOSOM OF LOVE.

MISS BRYANT, the authoress of the following piece, is the authoress of many other favorite pieces. It is suited to the air of 'The sun its bright rays may withhold, love.'

THE thought that for ever thou'rt mine, love,
Dispels ev'ry doubt from this heart;
Let the wreath of affection still twine, love,
Too firm e'en for ages to part.
For what is the world without thee, dear?
A desert wherever I rove;
Then, ah! long may our best feelings be, dear,
Enshrined in the bosom of Love.

Though flow'rets may bloom fresh and fair, love,
All nature look beauteous and gay,
Still the world seem clouded with care, love,
If Heaven should take thee away.

Then let 's seize on young Joy while we may, dear,
Too soon his soft visions may rove;
Though for ever should happiness play, dear,
Enshrined in the bosom of Love.

SONG L.

AWAY! AWAY, TO THE MOUNTAIN'S BROW.



Composed by ALEX. LEE.

AWAY! away, to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving;
Away! away, to the mountain's brow,
Where the stream is gently laving:
And beauty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell,
Like the rose when it ope's to the day;
And the zephyr that breathes thro' the flow'ry dell,
Shakes the sparkling dew-drops away.
Away! away, to the mountain's brow, &c.

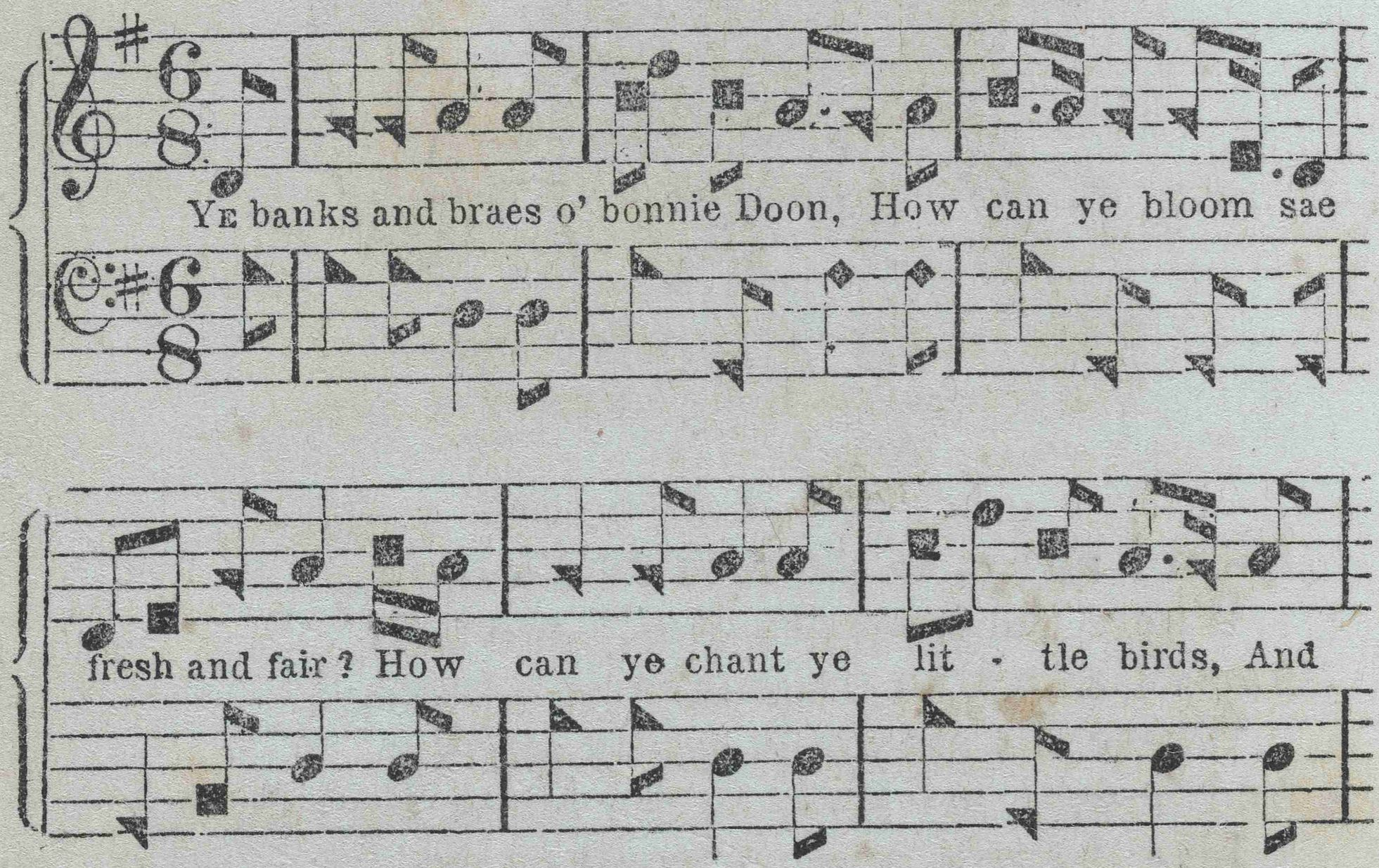
Away! away, to the rocky glen,
Where the deer are wildly bounding;

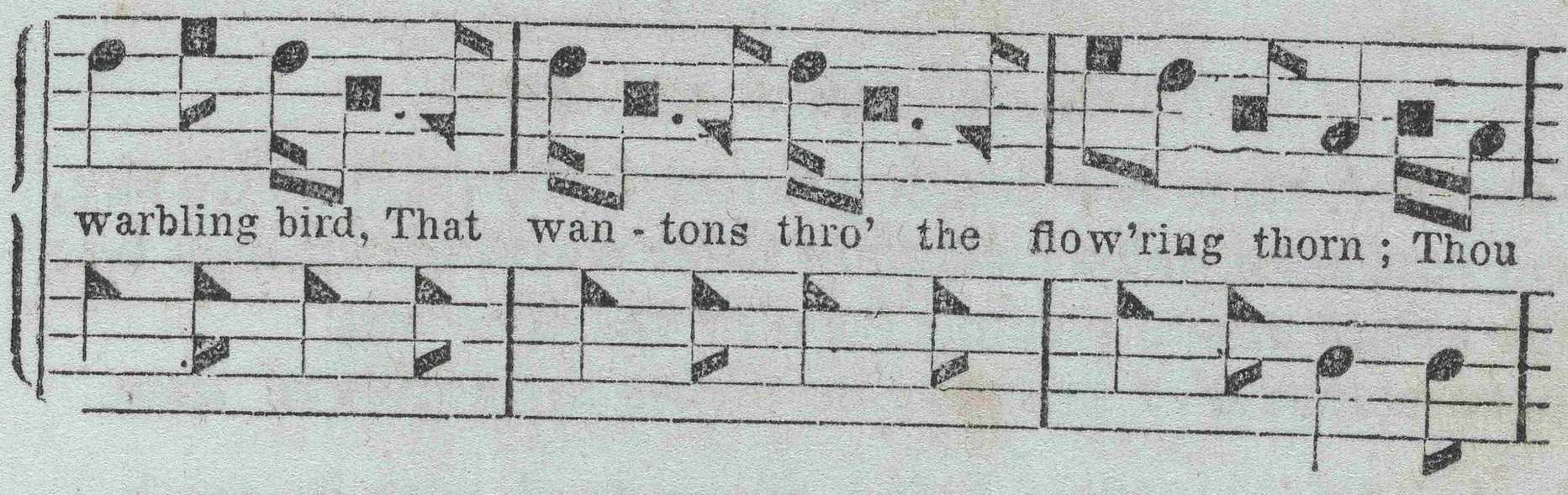
And the hills shall echo in gladness again,
To the hunter's bugle sounding,
And beauty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell,
Like the rose when it ope's to the day,
While the zephyr that breathes thro' the flow'ry dell,
Shakes the sparkling dew-drops away.
Away! away, to the rocky glen, &c.
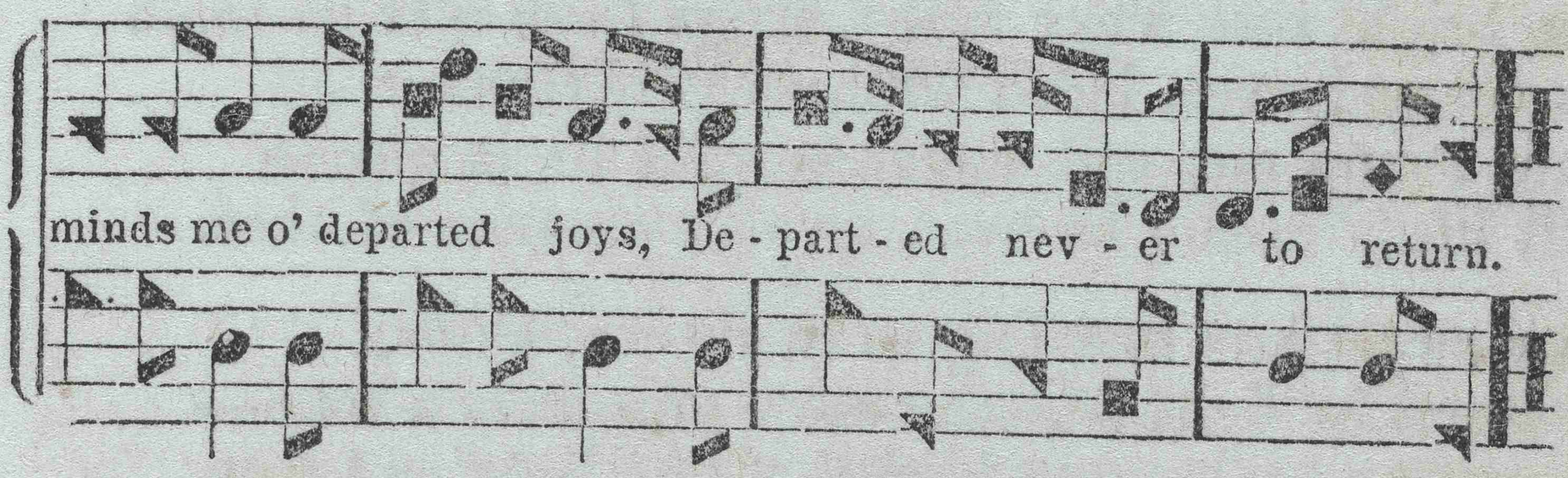
SONG LI.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

ROBERT BURNS, the Shakspeare of Scotland, whose writings are so widely circulated, issued his first volume of poems from the obscure press of Kilmarnock, in the summer of 1786. The peculiar dialect of Burns being a composite of Scotch and English, which he varied at will (the Scotch being generally reserved for the comic and tender, and the English for the serious and lofty), his diction is remarkably rich and copious. No poet is more picturesque in expression. The Banks of the Doon are described by him in the following lines as faithfully as those of the Ouse. They are adapted to a Scotch Melody.







Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree :
But my fause luver staw my rose,
But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

Ye roses blaw your bonnie blooms,
And draw the wild birds by the burn,
For Luman promis'd me a ring,
And ye maun aid me should I mourn.
Ah ! na, na, na, ye need na mourn,
My een are dim and drowsy worn ;
Ye bonnie birds, ye need na sing,
For Luman never can return.

My Luman's luve, in broken sighs,
At dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear ;
And mid-day, by the willow green,
For him I'd shed a silent tear.
Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,
And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
While echo wakes, and joins the mane,
I make for him I lo'ed sae lang.

SONG LII.

SWEET MEMORY OF THEE.

When soft stars are peeping through the pure azure sky,
And southern gales sweeping their warm breathings by:
Like sweet music pealing far o'er the blue sea,
There comes o'er me stealing sweet memories of thee.

The bright rose when faded, flings forth o'er its tomb
Its velvet leaves, laded with silent perfume;
Thus round me, will hover in grief or in glee—
'Till life 's dream be over, sweet memories of thee.

As a sweet lute that lingers in silence, alone,
Unswept by light fingers scarce murmurs a tone—
My young heart resembled that lute light and free,
'Till o'er its cords trembled those memories of thee.

SONG LIII.

SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

Charles Mackay, Esq., the author of this popular lyric, is the author of many excellent poetic and prose productions. The music is by Henry Russell. This song is styled "Russell's Celebrated Song."

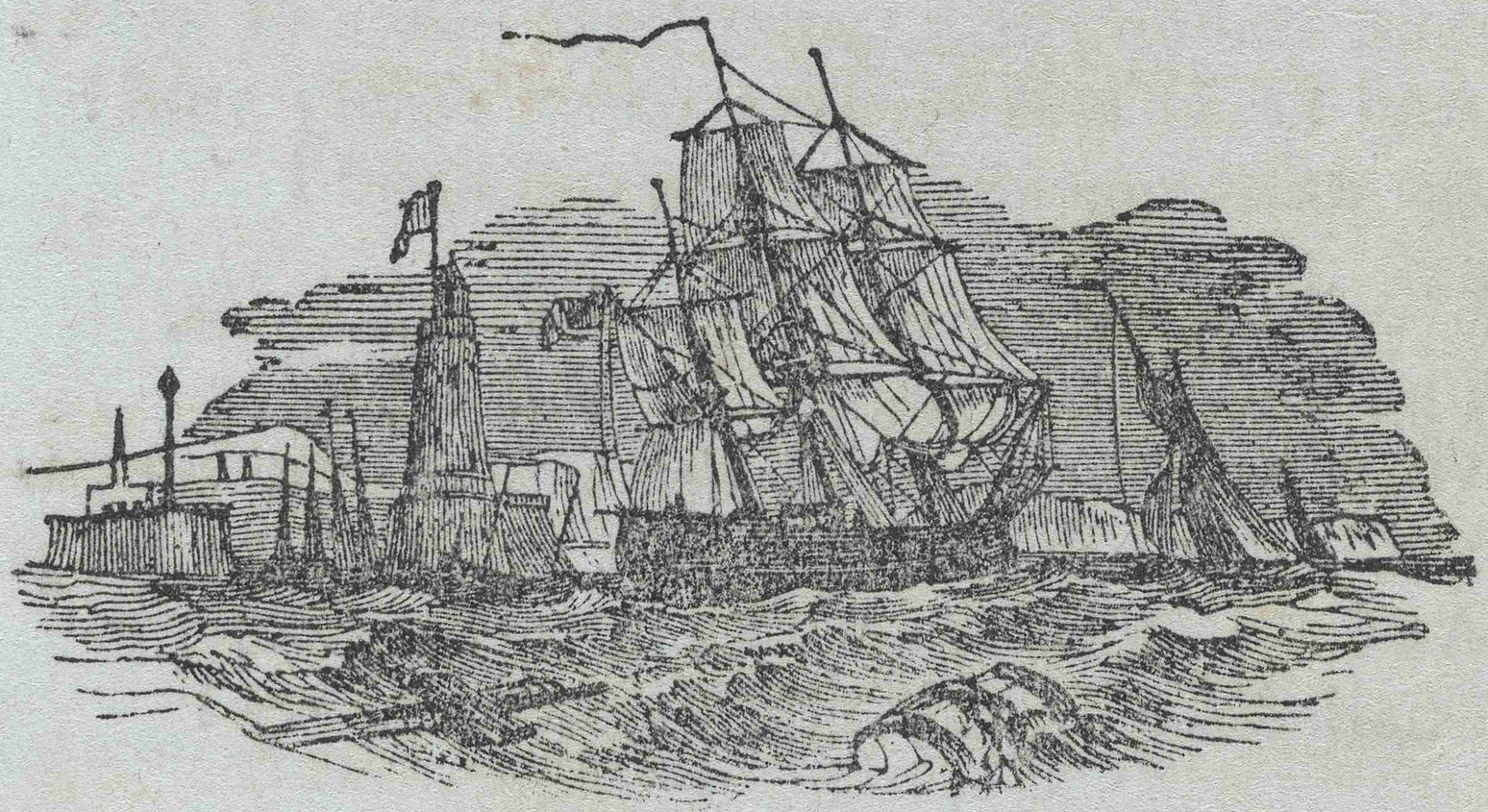
Some love to roam
O'er the dark sea's foam,
Where the shrill winds whistle free;
But a chosen band
In a mountain land,
And a life in the woods for me.
When morning beams
O'er the mountain streams,
Oh! merrily forth we go,
To follow the stag
To his slippery crag,
And to chase the bounding roe.
Ho! ho! . . . . Some love to roam, &c.

The deer we mark
In the forest dark,
And the prowling wolf we track,

And for right good cheer,
In the wild woods here,
Oh! why should a hunter lack?
For with steady aim
At the bounding game,
And hearts that fear no foe,
To the darksome glade,
In the forest shade,
Oh! merrily forth we go.
Ho! ho! . . . . Some love to roam, &c.

SONG LIV.

THE SEA.



Written by 'BARRY CORNWALL.' Music by the CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth 's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I 'm on the sea! I 'm on the sea!
I 'm where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh! *how* I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild!
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

SONG LV.

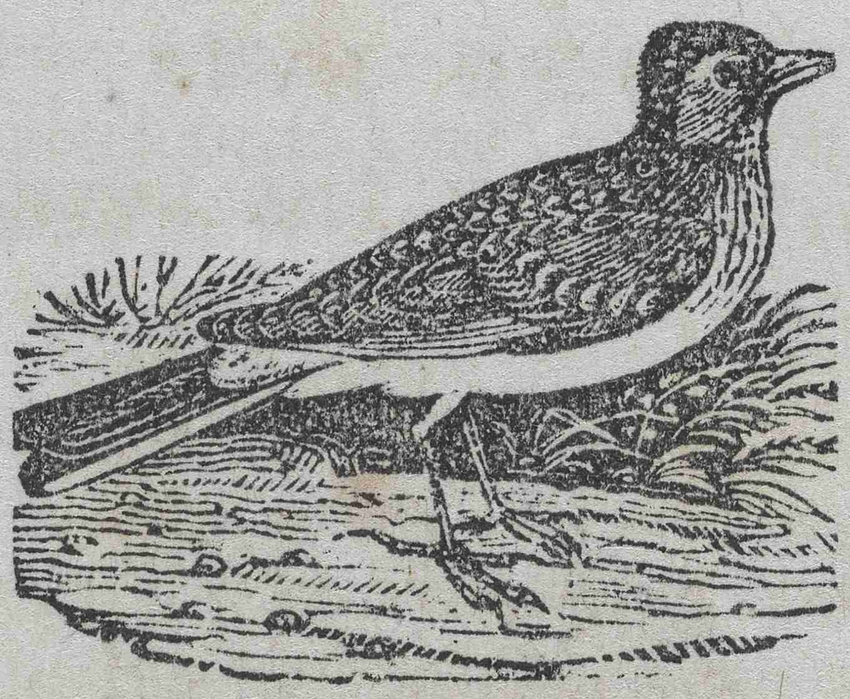
THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

How sweet at close of silent eve
The harp's responsive sound;
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
And deeds by virtue crown'd!
How sweet to sit beneath a tree
In some delightful grove;
But oh! more soft, more sweet to me,
The voice of her I love.

Whene'er she joins the village train
To hail the new born day,
Mellifluous notes compose each strain
Which zephyrs waft away.
The frowns of fate I'll calmly bear,
In humble sphere to move;
Content and bless'd when'er I hear
The voice of her I love.

SONG LVI.

THE SKYLARK.



This poetic gem from the pen of MR. JAMES HOGG, generally known by his poetical name of 'The Ettrick Shepherd,' has been set to music by MR. DEMPSTER, the well known talented composer and pleasing vocalist.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

SONG LVII.

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE.



The following lines were written by THOMAS MOORE, Esq., while on a visit to America in 1806-7.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

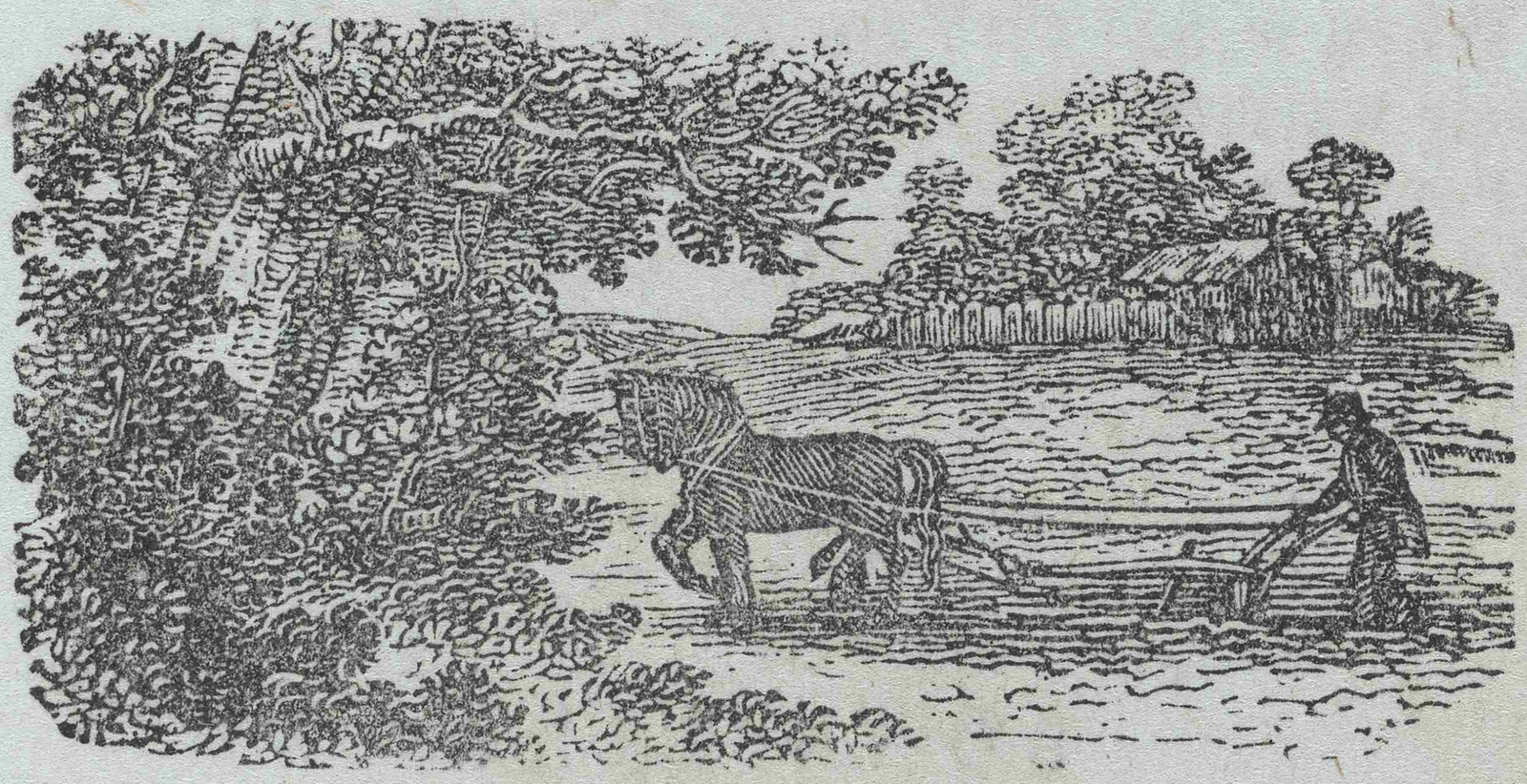
It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And, "Here in this lone litile wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
"Who would blush when I praised, and weep if I blamed,
"How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
"In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
"And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
"Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!"

SONG LVIII.

THE PLOW.



It is easy to find songs which the war spirit has inspired, but it is not so easy to find suitable lyric pieces in praise of peace, and those arts which it cherishes. The following was taken from an English paper.

Let them sing who may of the battle fray,
And the deeds that have long since past;
Let them chant in praise of the tar, whose days
Are spent on the ocean vast;
I would render to these, all the worship you please,
I would honor them even now,
But I'd give far more from my heart's full store
To the cause of the Good Old Plow.

How pleasant to me is the song from the tree,
And the rich and blossoming bough;
Oh! these are the sweets which the rustic greets
As he follows the Good Old Plow.

Though he follows no hound, yet his day is crowned
With a triumph as good, I trow,
As though antlered head at his feet lay dead,
Instead of the Good Old Plow.

Full many there be that we daily see
With a selfish and hollow pride,
Who the plowman's lot in his humble cot
With a scornful look deride.
Yet I 'd rather take, aye, a hearty shake
From his hand than to wealthiness bow,
For the honest grasp of that hand 's rough clasp
Hath guided the Good Old Plow.

All honor be then to these gray old men,
When at last they are bowed with toil;
Their warfare then o'er, why they battle no more
For they 've conquered the stubborn soil.
And the chaplet each wears is his silver hairs,
And ne'er shall the victor's brow
With a laurelled crown to the grave go down,
Like these sons of the Good Old Plow.

SONG LIX.

HAPPY LAND.

The following song is composed by RIMBAULT.

HAPPY land—happy land,
Whate'er my fate in life may be,
Still again—still again,
My thoughts will cling to thee.
Land of love and sunny skies,
Rich in joy and beauty;
Merry hearts and laughing eyes,
Still make affection duty.
Happy land—happy land,
Ne'er from thee my heart can stray
I would fain hear again,
Thy merry mountain lay.
Li li, la la, &c.

"And while they are keeping,
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby with me,
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife went with joy her babe 's father to see,
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

SONG LXI.

THE GRASP OF THE DEAD.

It has been remarked, that the bed of glory is a very cold one. It seems so to surviving friends, at least, and such pieces as the following must have a tendency to prevent the sacrifices which are annually made to the god of war. There is as much true glory in living well as in dying well. The writer's name is MISS LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON, who is generally know as 'L. E. L.,' in consequence of having first published with her initials only. Adapted to music.

'T WAS the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying;
And the wind passed o'er with dirge and wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.
With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave 's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Passed a soldier, his plunder seeking,
Careless he stepp'd, where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.
Drawn by the shrine of the warrior 's sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrenched the hand with a giant 's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

Happy land—happy land,
Whate'er my fate in life may be,
Still again—still again,
My thoughts will cling to thee.
Like the bird of love and song,
Far from its loved dwelling,
When into the wild air flung,
What joy its note is telling.
Oh! happy land, &c.
Li li, la la, &c.

SONG LX.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.



The following popular ballad from the "Songs of the Superstitions of Ireland," and composed by S. LOVER, Esq., alludes to a prevalent idea held by the credulous of that country, that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is talking to angels.

A BABY was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For its father was far on the wild raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she number'd,
The baby still slumber'd,
And smil'd in her face as she bended her knee;
"Oh! bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd
On Afric 's burning sand,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness,
And tales of distant land:
My life had been a wilderness,
Unbless'd by fortune 's gale,
Had fate not link'd my lot to hers,
The Rose of Allandale.

SONG LXIII.

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

The following celebrated pathetic ballad is from the pen of MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, Esq., frequently called 'Monk Lewis,' because he wrote 'The Monk.' He is, also, the author of several popular romances and fugitive poems, among which are the following, 'Tales of Terror, and Tales of Wonder,' 'The Castle Spectre,' 'Captive,' 'Maniac,' etc. He is a native of London. Music composed by C. E. HORN.

ON the banks of Allan Water,
When the sweet spring-time did fall,
Was the Miller's lovely daughter,
Fairest of them all!
For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he,
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
Where brown Autumn spreads its store,
There I saw the Miller 's daughter,
But she smiled no more;
For the Summer, grief had brought her,
And the soldier, false was he,
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so sad as she!

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the Winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the Miller 's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast!

He loosed his hold, and his *noble* heart
  Took part with the dead before him;
And he honored the brave who died sword in hand,
  And with softened brow leaned o'er him.
"A soldier's death thou has boldly died,
  A soldier's grave won by it;
Before I would take that sword from thy hand,
  My own life's blood should dye it.

"Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
  Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
No coward shall insult the gallant dead,
  Who in life had trembled before thee."
Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth,
  Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there, in honor and rest,
  With his sword in his own brave keeping.

SONG LXII.

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

Written by CHARLES JEFFERYS. Music composed by S. NELSON.

THE morn was fair, the skies were clear,
  No breath came o'er the sea,
When Mary left her Highland cot,
  And wander'd forth with me:
Though flowers deck'd the mountain's side,
  And fragrance fill'd the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there,
  Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wander'd, east or west,
  Though fate began to lower,
A solace still was she to me,
  In sorrow's lonely hour.
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark,
  And rent her shiv'ring sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm—
  'T was the Rose of Allandale.

Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand, less unworthy than mine;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 't is thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own!

SONG LXV.

I 'VE BEEN ROAMING.



The following popular lines are composed by C. E. HORN

I 'VE been roaming, I 've been roaming,
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I 'm coming, and I 'm coming,
With its pearls upon my feet.

I 've been roaming, I 've been roaming,
O'er the rose and lily fair,
And I 'm coming, and I 'm coming,
With their blossoms in my hair.

I 've been roaming, I 've been roaming,
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I 'm coming, and I 'm coming,
With its pearls upon my feet.

But the Miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free!
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corpse lay she!

SONG LXIV.

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.



With the exquisite Irish Melodies of THOMAS MOORE, we have been familiar from childhood as poetry and music united. The words of these melodies were all written to old native airs, familiar throughout Ireland. The following is suited to the tune of 'New Langolee."

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song;
The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft has thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness!
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood—
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which right by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain,
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grow grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook, by the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master 's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys that were school-mates then,
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel, in the core of my spirit, the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

SONG LXVII.

BIRD OF THE GREENWOOD.

Bird of the greenwood! oh, why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o'er thee, flowers bloom not near;
All the sweet waters far hence are at play—
Bird of the greenwood, away, away.

'Midst the wild billows, thy place will not be,
As 'midst the wavings of wild-rose and tree;
How shouldst thou battle with storm and with spray?
Bird of the greenwood, away, away.

I 've been roaming, I 've been roaming,
Where the honey-suckle creeps,
And I'm coming, and I 'm coming,
With its kisses on my lips.

I 've been roaming, I 've been roaming,
Over hill and over plain,
And I 'm coming, and I 'm coming,
To my bower back again.

SONG LXVI.

BEN BOLT; OR, AH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER.



The following pathetic ballad is composed by Mr. NELSON KNEASS, the popular and pleasing vocalist.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose locks were so brown—
Who wept with delight if you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have finished a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice sleeps under the stone,

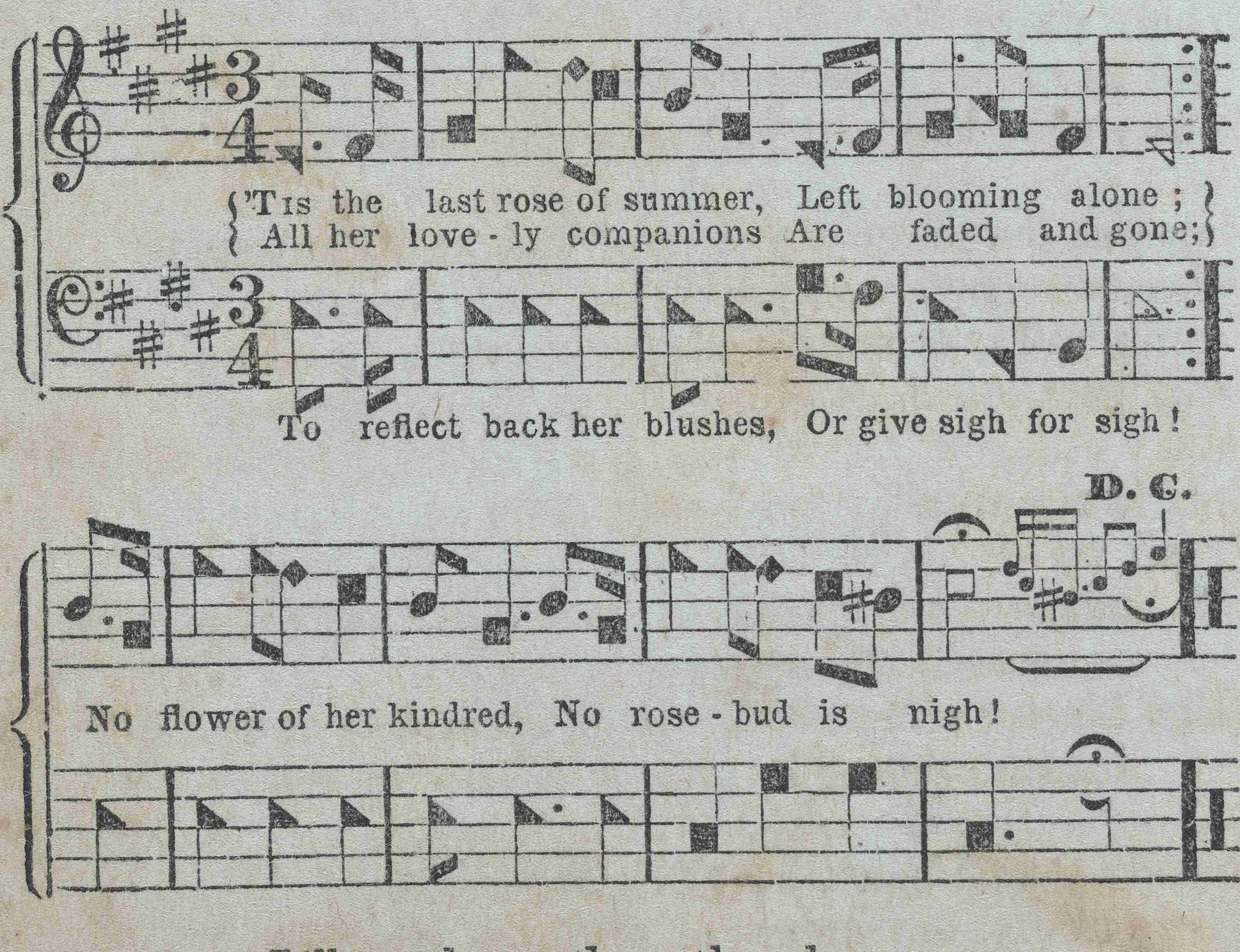
Under the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we 've lain in the noon-day shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill;
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters tumbled in,
And the quiet which crawls 'round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

SONG LXIX.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.



The simple, yet exquisitely touching air to which MOORE wrote the words of this song, is now one of the most familiar that we hear. Yet, familiar as it is, it never falls upon the sense without a wakening in the heart the most tender, and even sad emotions. The song itself is in fine keeping with the melody, and so long as there is an ear that can appreciate nature's own music, and a heart to be touched by genuine emotion, "The Last Rose of Summer" will continue to be a favorite.

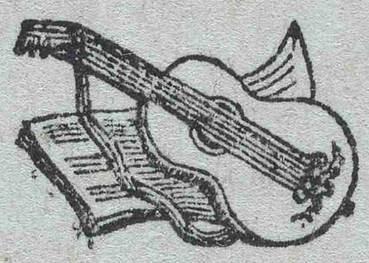


I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;

Or art thou seeking some brighter land,
Where by the south-wind, vine leaves are fann'd;
'Midst the wild billows why then delay?
Bird of the greenwood, away, away.

Chide not my lingering where waves are dark!
A hand that has nurs'd me, is in the bark;
A heart that has cherish'd through winter's long day,
So I turn from the greenwood, away, away.

SONG LXVIII.



THE BLUE JUNIATA.

Wild roved an Indian Girl—Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of the Blue Juniata;
Swift as an antelope through the forest going,
Loose, were her jetty locks, in wavy tresses flowing.

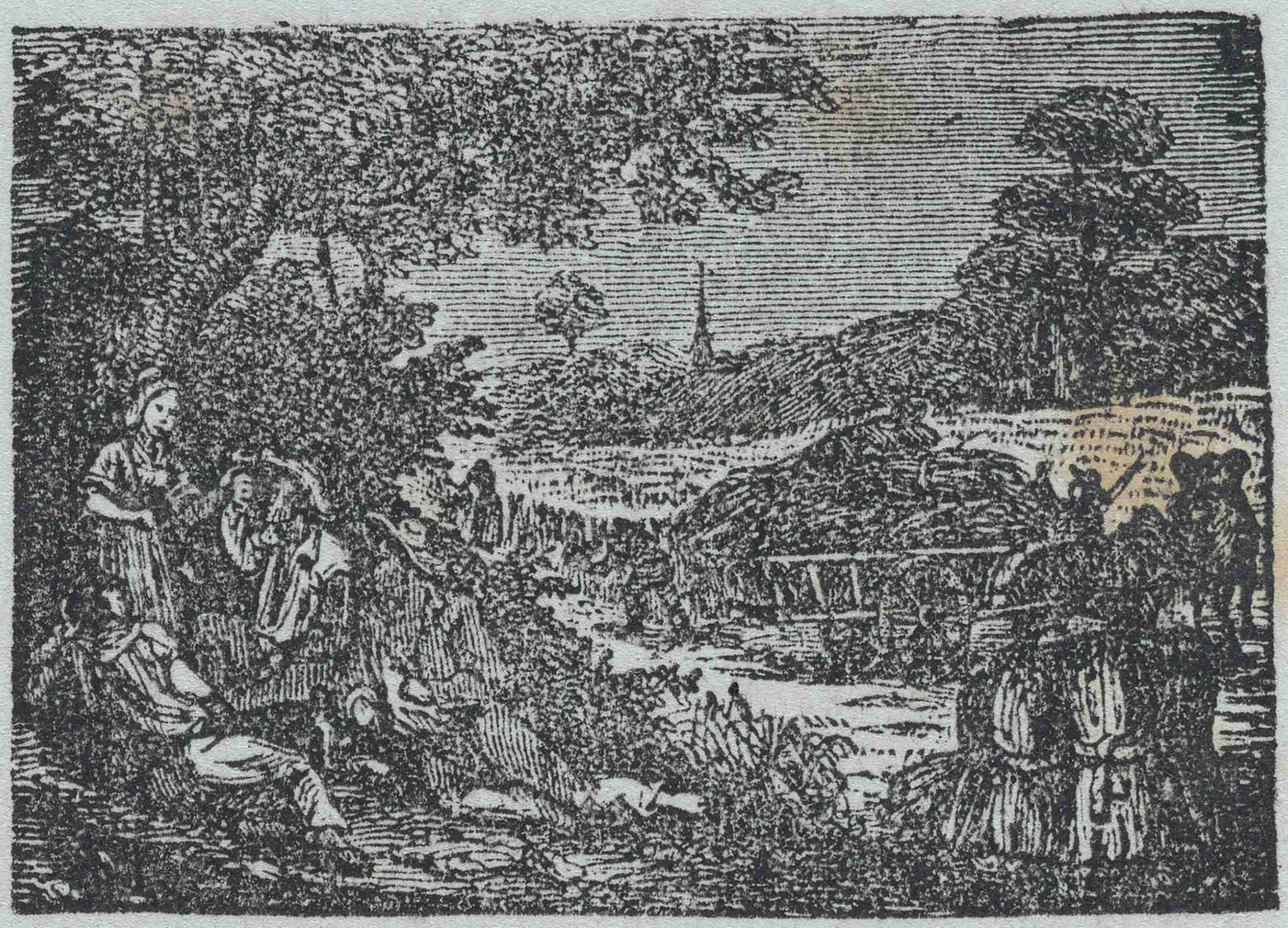
Gay was the mountain song of Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of the Blue Juniata;
Strong and true my arrows are in my painted quiver,
Swift goes my light canoe, down the rapid river,

Bold is my warrior good—the Love of Alfarata,
Proud waves his snowy plume, along the Juniata;
Soft and low he speaks to me, and then his war cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud, from height to height resounding!

So sang the Indian Girl—Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of the Blue Juniata;
Fleeting years have borne away the voice of Alfarata,
Still sweeps the river on—Blue Juniata.

SONG LXXI.

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.



Written by Mrs. Hemans. Music composed by her sister.

Come to the sunset tree,
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.
The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given,
By the cool soft evening hours.
Come to the sunset tree, &c.

Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie;
When the burthen and the heat,
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.
Come to the sunset tree, &c.

Yes! tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows;

Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er thy 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 withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

SONG LXX.

FLY AWAY, PRETTY MOTH.

This popular song is written and composed by T. H. Bayly, Esq.

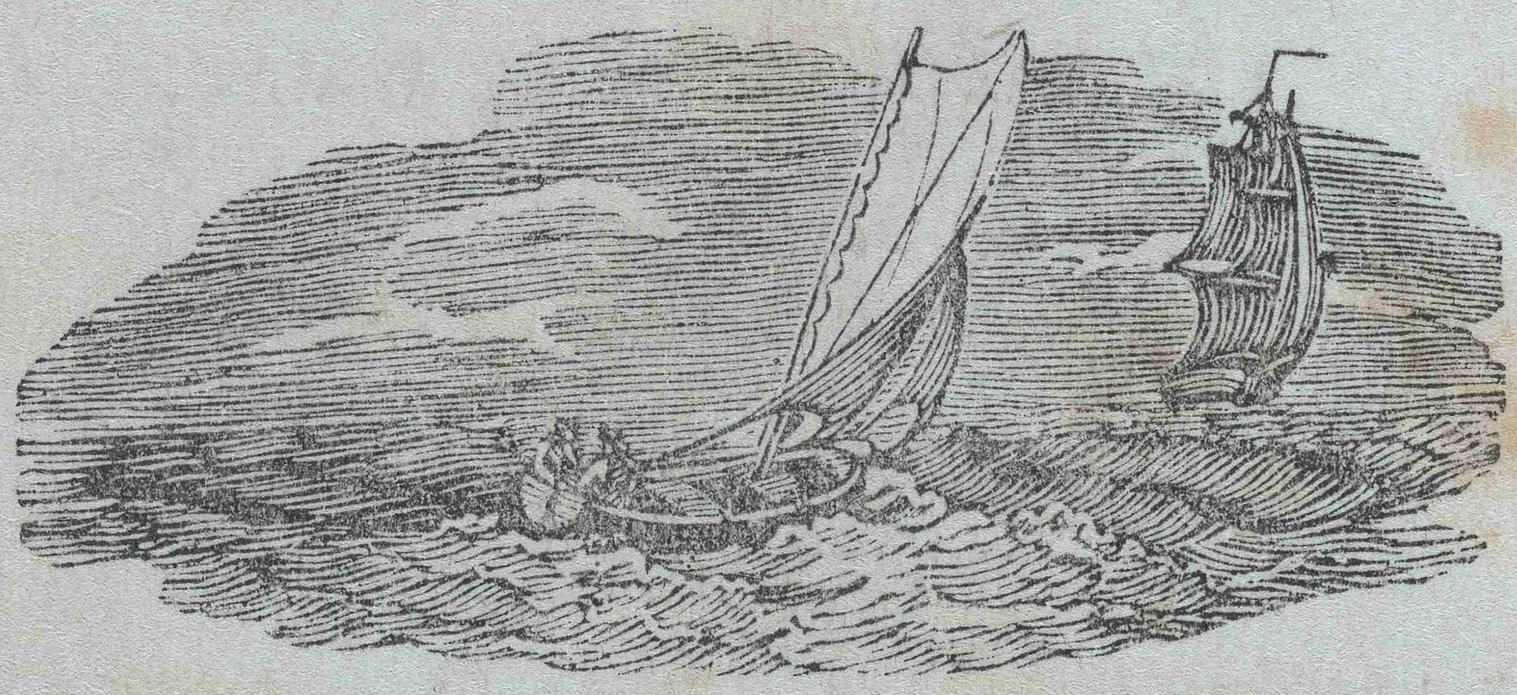
Fly away, pretty Moth, to the shade
Of the leaf where you slumber'd all day,
Be content with the moon and the stars, pretty Moth,
And make use of your wings while you may.
Though yon glittering light
May have dazzled you quite,
Though the gold of yon lamp may be gay;
Many things in this world, that look bright, pretty Moth,
Only dazzle to lead us astray.

I have seen, pretty Moth, in the world,
Some as wild as yourself and as gay;
Who bewitch'd by the sweet facination of eyes,
Flitted round them by night and by day.
But though dreams of delight,
May have dazzled them quite,
They at last found it dangerous play!
Many things in this world, that look bright, pretty Moth,
Only dazzle to lead us astray.

Alas! 't is vain in winter time
To mock the songs of spring,
Each note recalls some withered leaf—
I 'm saddest when I sing.

Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone,
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own.
My tears when I bend over it
Will fall upon its string,
Yet those who hear me, little think,
I 'm saddest when I sing.

SONG LXXIII.



THE MARINER.

As sung by JENNY LIND.

IDLE, as though a painted ocean,
Listlessly mirror'd a pictur'd boat,
Stranger to slightest thought of motion,
Languidly calm'd, a bark doth float,
Mariner, view Heaven 's spangled plain,
Mariner, view Heaven 's spangled plain,
Watching o'er thy dream, its myriad reign.

Mariner, while thou liest sleeping,
Whispers are heard in the distant North ;

But rest more sweet and still
Than ever night-fall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the worid beyond the grave.
Come to the sunset tree, &c.

There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet;
So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our Fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God!
Come to the sunset tree, &c.

SONG LXXII.

I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.



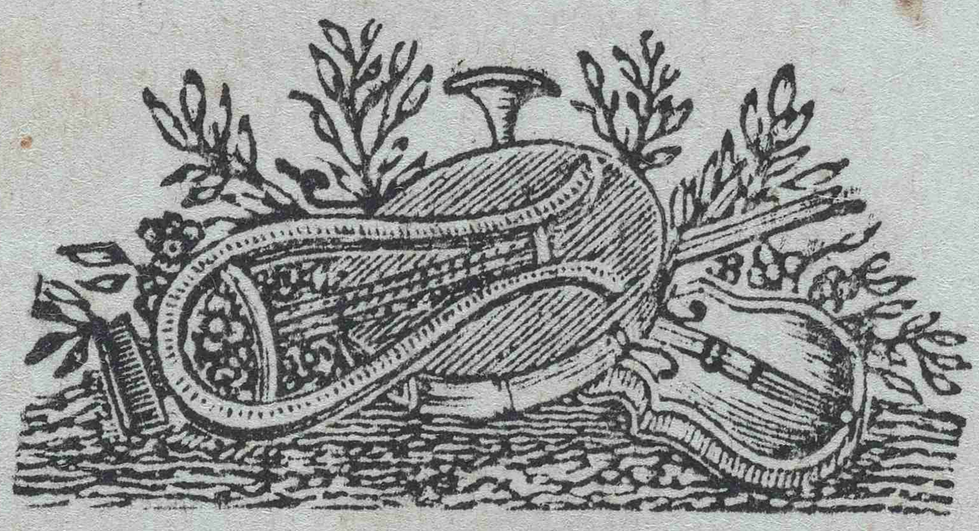
The following is composed by Bishop. Sung by Miss Poot.

You think I have a merry heart,
Because my songs are gay,
But oh, they all were taught to me,
By friends now far away,
The bird retains his silver note,
Though bondage chains his wing—
His song is not a happy one—
I'm saddest when I sing.
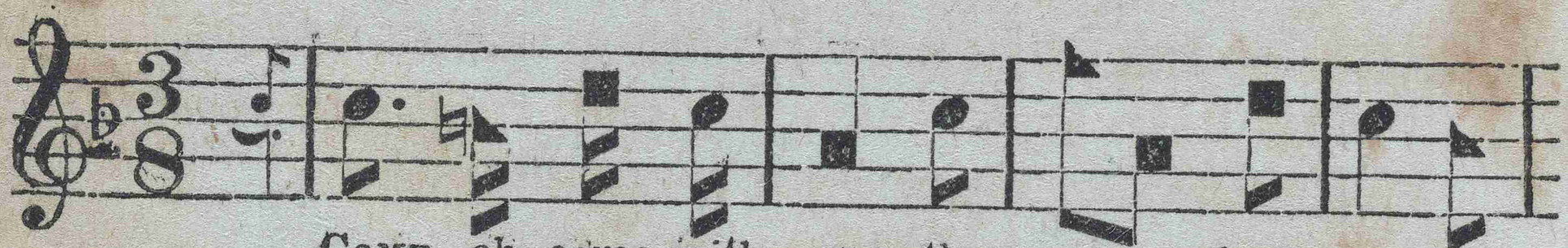
I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see,
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive tone for me.
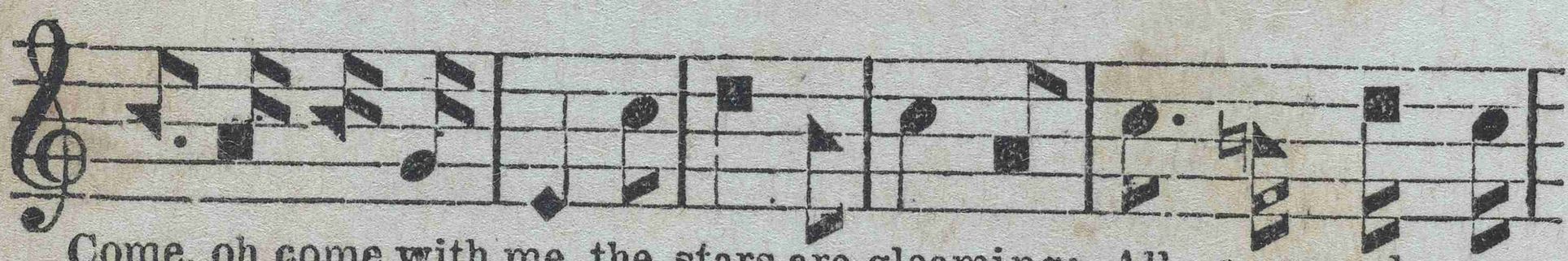
The stars are flaming red, my love,
The stars are flaming red, love,
And wildly rolls the tempest wave,
And rears its mountain head,
The skies and ocean blending,
Amid the howling blast,
The daring tar, 'twixt life and death,
Clings to the shattered mast,
The daring tar, 'twixt life and death,
Clings to the shattered mast.
Come sit thee down, &c.
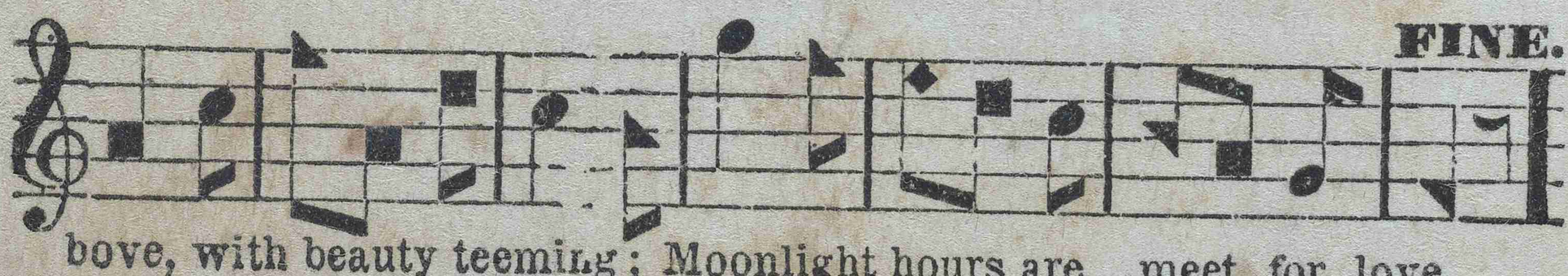
SONG LXXV.



COME, OH! COME WITH ME.







On, the prophetic storm-cloud creeping ;
Signs that the boist'rous blast should forth.
Thunder may roll and lightning flame,
Thunder may roll and lightning flame,
God is watching ever o'er thee still the same.

Hush'd is the tempest ; keep thy pillow,
Zephyr breathes mildly the waters o'er,
Wafting thee safely through the billow,
Showing at dawn the home-blest shore.
Love thy returning kiss doth wait ;
Love thy returning kiss doth wait ;
Kneel, and loudly praise such kind protection.

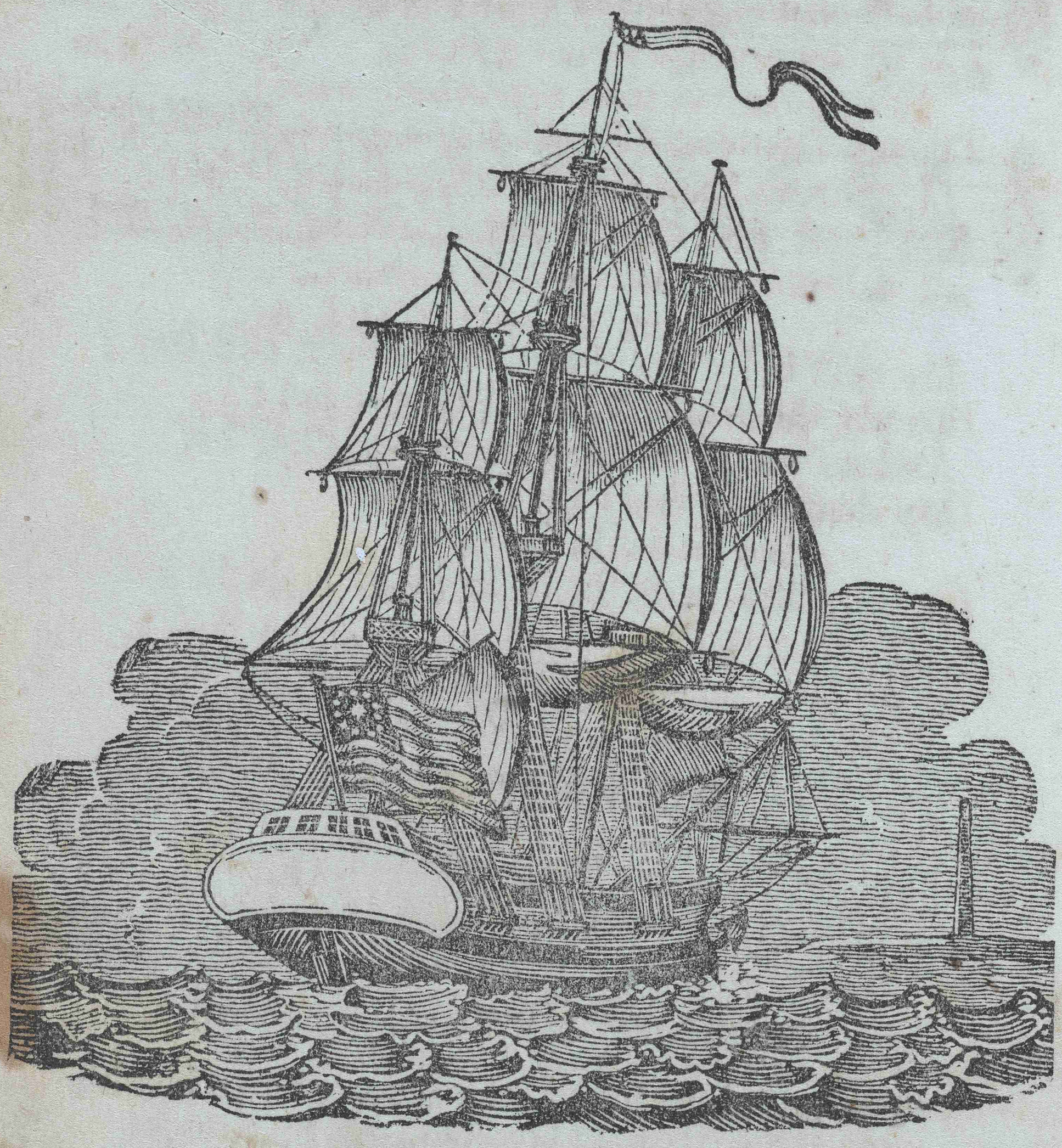
SONG LXXIV.



COME SIT THEE DOWN.

Come sit thee down, my bonny, bonny lass,
Come sit thee down by me, love,
And I will tell thee many a tale,
Of the dangers of the sea,—
Of the perils of the deep, love,
Where the angry billows roar ;
And the raging waters wildly dash
Upon the beaten shore,
Where the raging billows wildly dash
Upon the beaten shore.
Come sit thee down, &c.

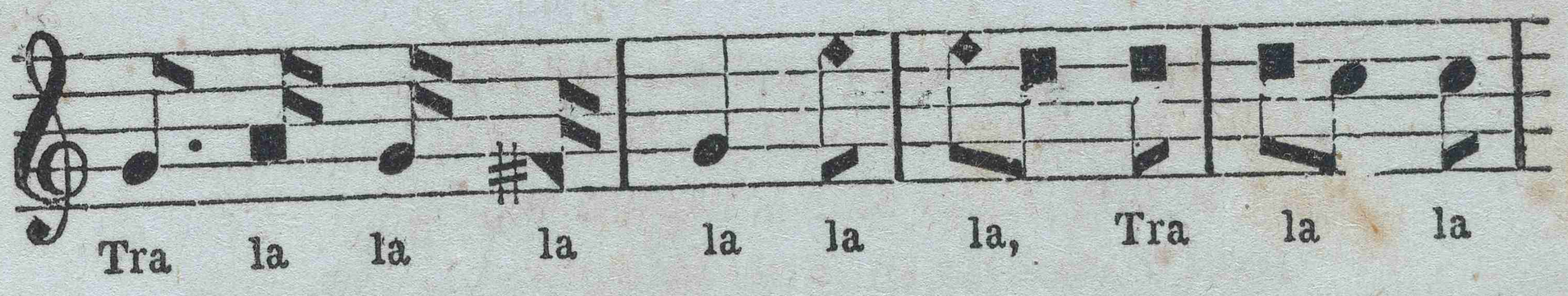
SONG LXXVII.

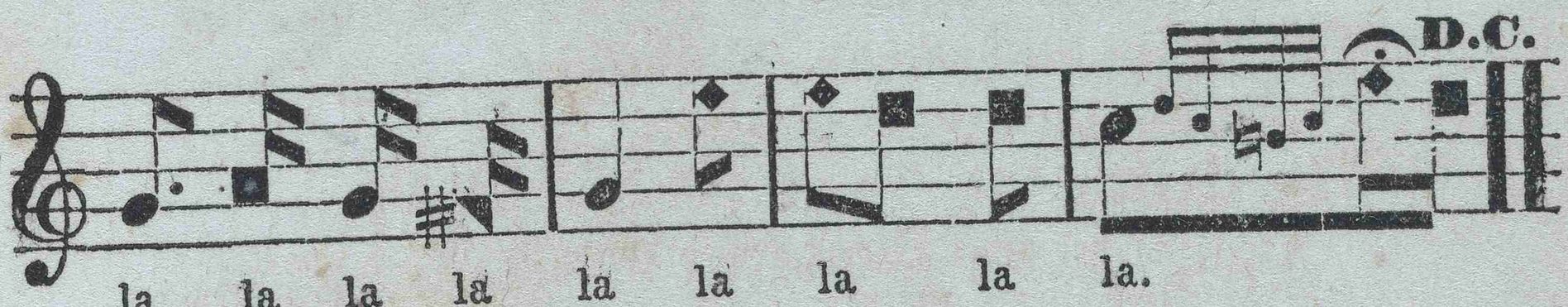


ADIEU, MY NATIVE LAND.

Music by P. K. MORAN.

ADIEU, my native land, adieu !
The vessel spreads her swelling sails ;
Perhaps I never more may view
Your fertile fields, your flow'ry dales ;
Delusive hope can charm no more,
Far from the faithless maid I roam,
Unfriended seek some foreign shore,
Unpitied leave my peaceful home !
Adieu, my native land, &c.





My skiff is by the shore, she 's light and free ;
To ply the feathered oar is joy to me ;
And as we glide along, my song shall be,
My dearest maid, I love but thee.
Tra la la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la.

SONG LXXVI.



MIDNIGHT HOURS.—(A SERENADE.)

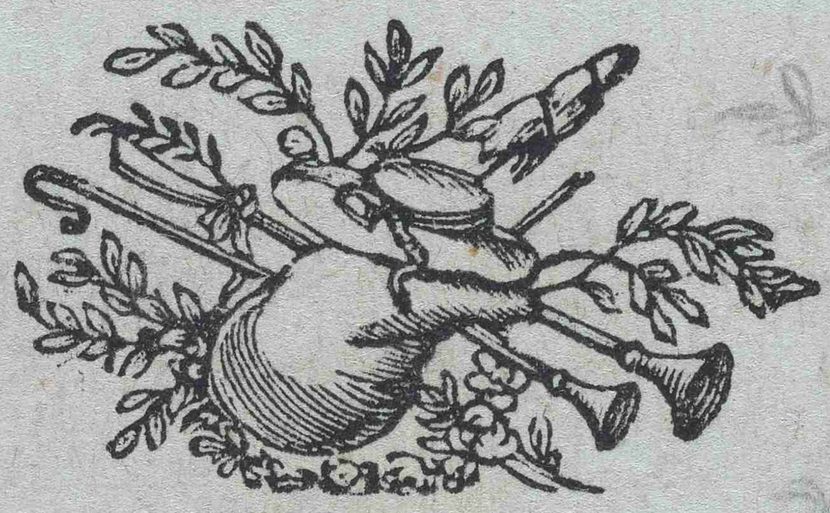
'T is midnight hours, the moon shines bright,
The dew-drops blaze beneath its rays,
The twinkling stars their trembling light,
Like beauty 's lovely eyes displays.
Then sleep no more, for round thy heart,
Some tender dreams may idly play ;
For midnight hour with magic art,
Shall chase those dreams away.

'T is midnight hour, from flower to flower,
The wayward zephyr floats along,
Or lingers in some shady bower,
To hear the night-bird's song.
Then sleep no more, &c.

But 't is done, all words are idle,
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thought we cannot bridle
Force their way against the will.

Fare thee well, thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this,—I scarce can die.

SONG LXXIX.



AE FOND KISS.

By Robert Burns. ['These exquisitely affecting stanzas contain the essence of a thousand love tales'—Scott.]

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee,
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,

Farewell, dear village, oh! farewell,
Soft on the gale thy murmur dies,
I hear thy solemn evening bell,
Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes;
Though frequent falls the dazzling tear,
I scorn to shrink at Fate's decree,
And think not, cruel maid, that e'er
I'd breathe another sigh for thee.
Adieu, my native land, &c.

In vain, through shades of frowning night,
Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore,
Deep sinks the fiery orb of light,
I view thy beacons now no more.
Rise! billows, rise! blow, hollow wind!
(Nor night, nor storms, nor death, I fear,)
Be friendly, bear me hence to find
That peace which Fate denies me hear.
Adieu, my native land, &c.

SONG LXXVIII.

FARE THEE WELL.

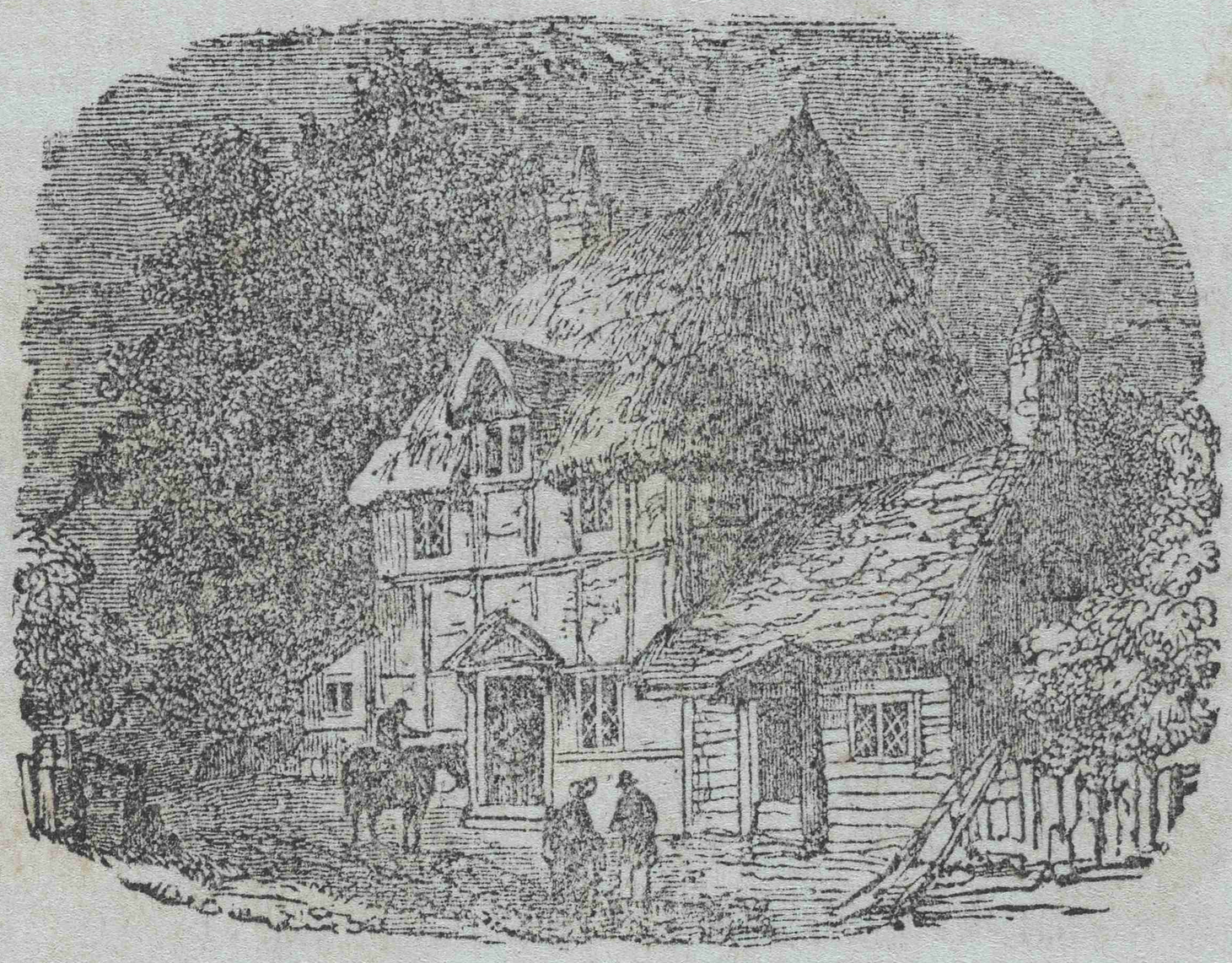
The following lines are from the pen of LORD BYRON. The music composed by SIR J. STEVENSON.

FARE thee well, and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well!
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee can my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again.

Would that breast, by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought might show,
Then thou wouldst at length discover
'T was not well to spurn it so.
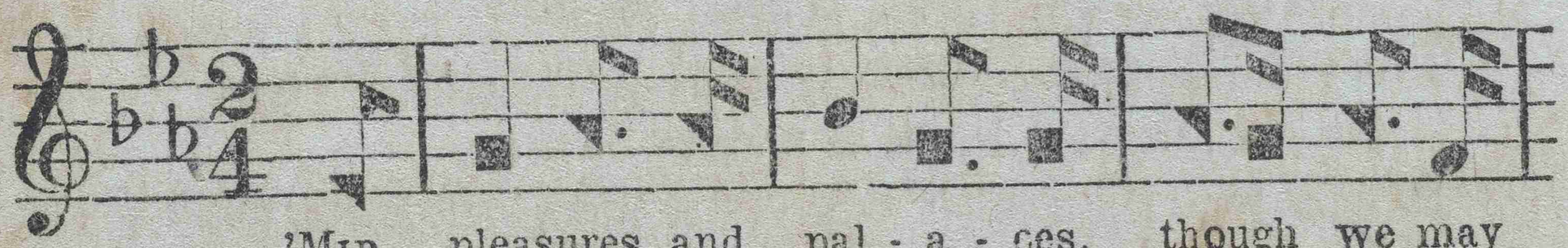
Now William grew jealous, and so went away,
And Harry got tired of wooing;
And John having teased her to fix on the day,
Received only frowns for so doing.
So amongst all her lovers, quite left in the lurch,
She wept every night on her pillow;
And meeting, one day, a pair going to church,
Turn'd away, and died 'neath a willow.
Heigho! heigho! &c.

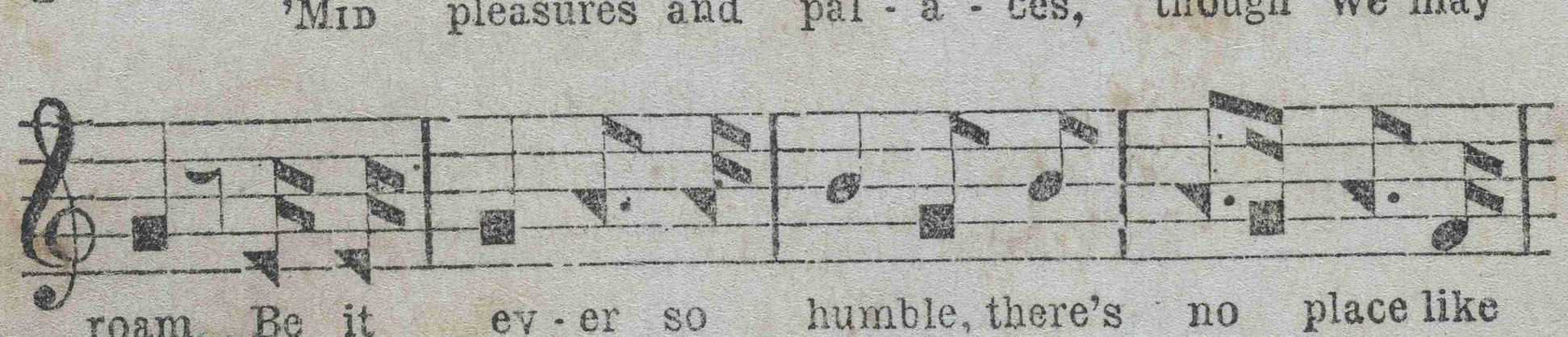
SONG LXXXI.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

A popular favorite by J. H. PAYNE.





Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

SONG LXXX.



TOO MANY LOVERS.

YOUNG Susan had lovers so many, that she
Hardly knew upon which to decide;
They all spoke sincerely and promised to be,
So worthy of such a sweet bride,
In the morning she'd gossip with William, and then,
The noon would be spent with young Harry,
The evening with John, so amongst all the men,
She never could tell which to marry.
Heigho! heigho! I'm afraid,
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

SONG LXXXII.

THE SNOW-STORM.
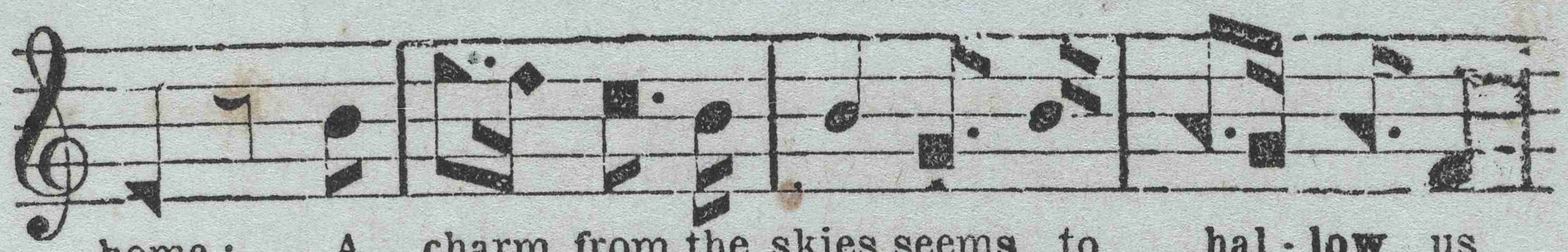
The following beautiful stanzes, from the 'PORTLAND ARGUS,' were written many years ago, by MRS. SEBA SMITH, on the death of MRS. BLAKE, who perished among the Green Mountains of Vermont, in the month of December, 1821, under the following circumstances. Mr. Blake, with his wife and infant, was passing over the Green Mountain, near the town of Arlington, Vermont, in a sleigh with one horse. They were overtaken on their journey by a violent snow-storm. The horse which conveyed them gave out, and sank exhausted in the snow drift. Mr. B. set off on foot in search of assistance, but became so benumbed by cold, that he sank and was found on the eve of perishing, unable to speak, but retaining his senses so that he was able by motions to apprize the persons who found him that there were others in a similar perilous condition. The mother, alarmed (as was supposed) at his long absence, went in quest of him with the infant in her arms. She was found, in the morning, in the cold embrace of death, a short distance from the sleigh, having stripped herself of her cloak, in which the babe was wrapped and laid in the snow"—She was the mother of Hon. HARRISON G. BLAKE, who is now [the winter of 1849 and 1850] occupying a prominent place in the Legislature convened in Columbus, Ohio. Adapted to the music on page 66.
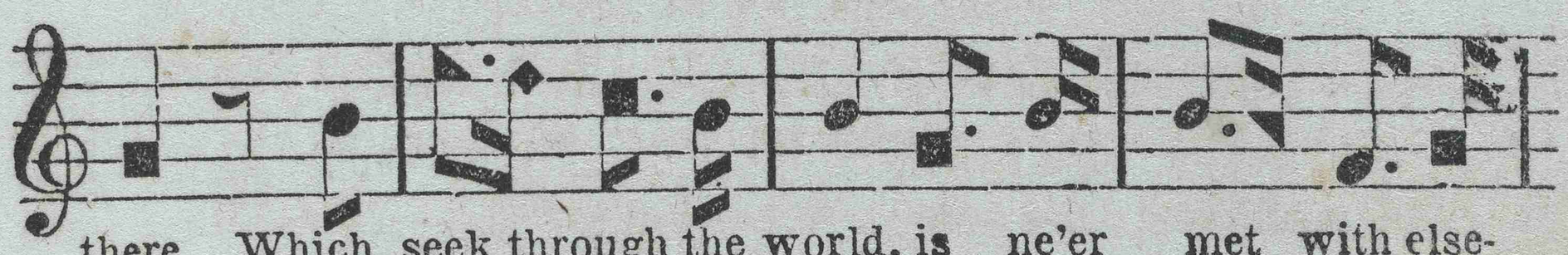
THE cold wind swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And, 'mid the cheerless hours of night,
A mother wandered with her child,
As through the drifted snow she pressed
The babe was sleeping on her breast.
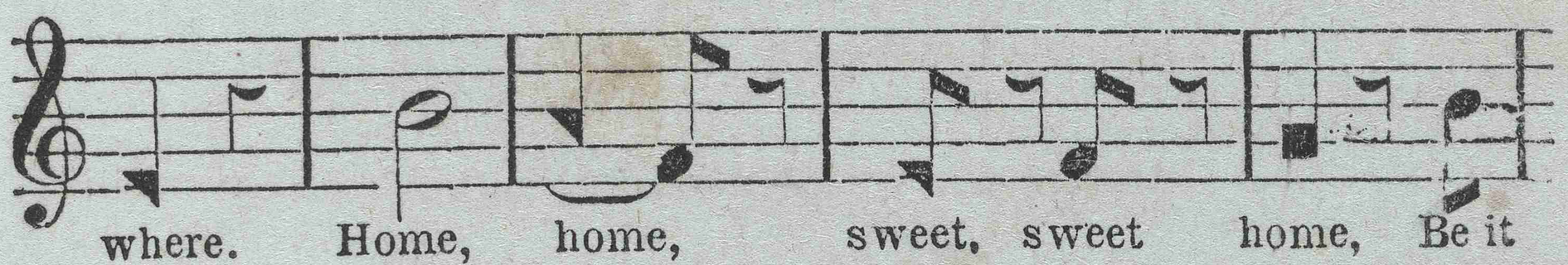
And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone,
"O God!" she cried in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"
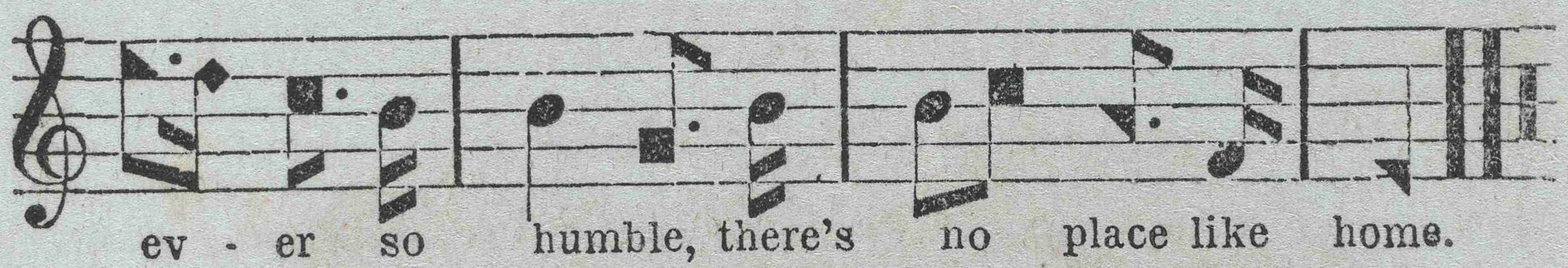
She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
As round the child she wrapped her vest,
She smiled, to think her babe was warm:
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveler passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil,—









I gaze on that moon, as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parent now thinks of her child;
She looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again—
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,—
Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

If I return home overburdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace I'm sure to meet there;
The bliss I experience whenever I come,
Makes no other place seem like that of sweet home
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

Farewell, peaceful cottage! farewell, happy home!
Forever I'm doomed a poor exile to roam;
This poor aching heart, must be laid in the tomb,
'Ere it cease to forget the endearments of home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

Not a single robe they fold,
To protect them from the cold.

Jingle, jingle, down the hills,
O'er the meadows, past the mills,
Now 't is slow and now 't is fast,
Winter will not always last;
Every pleasure has its time,
Spring will come and stop the chime!

SONG LXXXIV.

SLEIGH-BELLS.

THOSE merry bells! those merry bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of gleeful laugh, and loud halloo!
And upsets in the drifted snow.

Swift flies the wind, but not so swift
As flies the "snow-boat" through the drift,
Shrill sings the wind, but not so clear
As the blithe sleigh-bell in the ear.

"That tuneful peal will still ring on,"
Until the latest snow be gone;
Then farewell to the merry bell,
And to the winter sports, farewell!

SONG LXXXV.

THOSE EVENING-BELLS.

By THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

THOSE evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

The frost of death was in her eye:
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale.
He moved the robe from off the child,
The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled!

SONG LXXXIII.



MERRY SLEIGH RIDE.

JINGLE, jingle, clear the way!
'T is the merry, merry sleigh!
As it swiftly glides along,
Hear the burst of happy song,
See the gleam of glances bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white!

Jingle, jingle, on they go!
Caps and bonnets white with snow;
At the faces swimming past,
Nodding through the fleecy blast;

In the days of old, when the spring with cold
Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May,
And on that day, to the rebeck gay,
They frolick'd with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
But the tree it still remains. Then here's, &c.

He saw the rare times, when the Christmas Chimes
Were a merry sound to hear;
And the squire 's wide hall, and the cottage small
Were filled with *generous* cheer:
Now gold hath the sway, we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he,
But he never shall send our ancient friend,
To be tossed on the stormy sea. Then here's, &c.

SONG LXXXVII.

THE BRIDAL RING.

The following is sung in the Opera of "The Lord of the Isles."

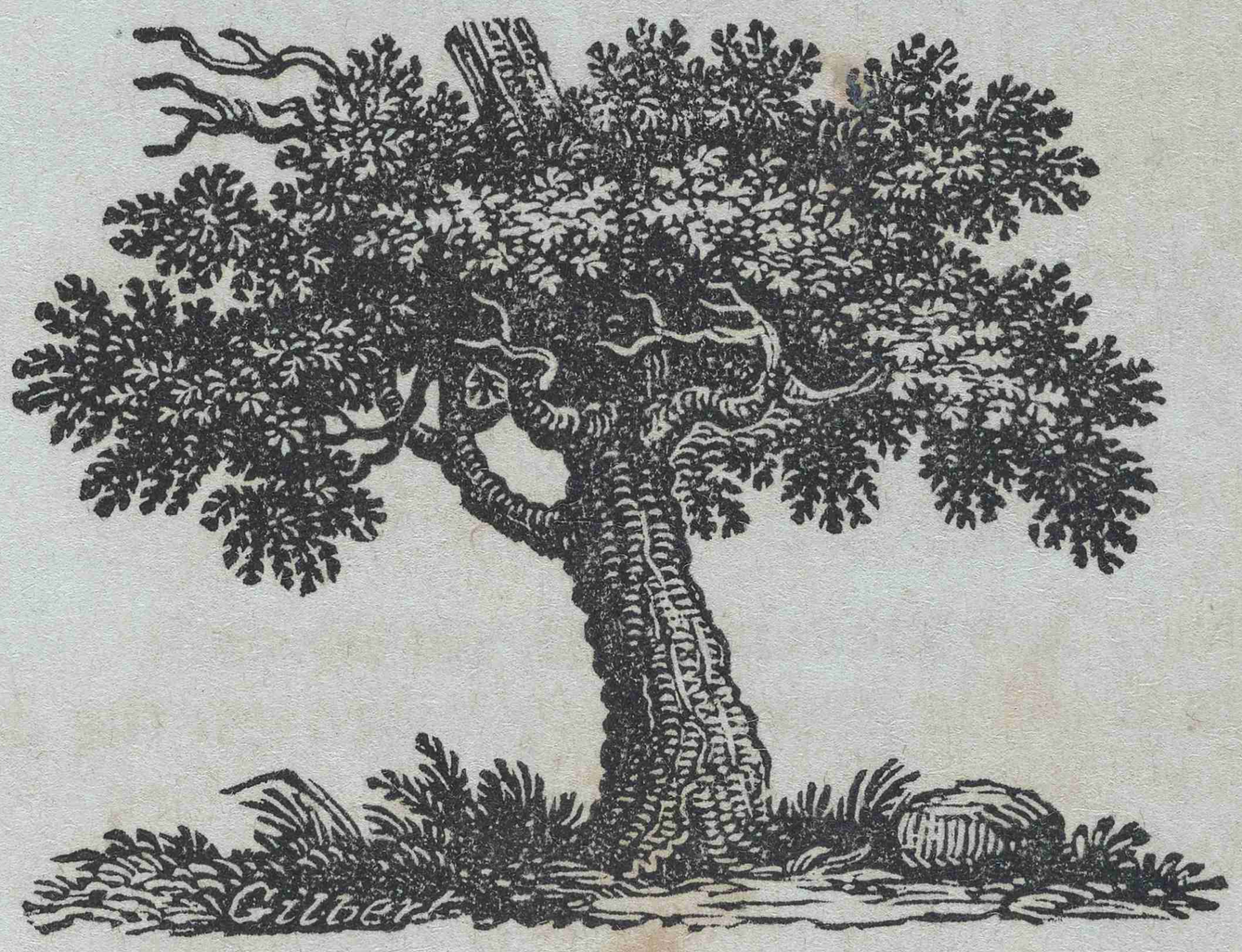
I DREAMT last night of our earlier days,
Ere I sighed for sword and feather,
When we danced on the hill in the moon's pale rays,
Hand in hand—hand in hand together.
I thought you gave me again that kiss,
More sweet than the perfume of spring,
When I pressed on your finger love's pure golden pledge—
The bridal ring—the bridal ring!

I dreamt I heard, then, the trumpet sound,
And at once was forced to sever,
That I fell on the heath with my last death wound,
Lost to thee—lost to thee forever!
I thought that you gave me again that kiss,
Empearled like a flower in spring,
'Neath its warmth I awoke on this dear hand to press
The bridal ring—the bridal ring!

Those joyous hours have passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

SONG LXXXVI.



THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

Composed by LODER.

A SONG to the Oak, the brave old Oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There is fear in his frown, when the sun goes down
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storm through his branches shout.
Then here 's to the Oak, the brave old Oak,
Who hath ruled in the land so long;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from his hall,
For while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the small,
Like a fine old English gentleman, &c.

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight, and years roll'd swiftly by,
When autumn's falling leaf foretold this fine old man must die,
He laid him down right tranquilly—gave up life's latest sigh,
While mournful friends stood round his couch, and tears bedewed each eye,
For this fine old English gentleman, &c.

SONG LXXXIX.

SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Written by T. H. Bayly Music by Alex. Lee.

Upon the hill he turn'd, to take a last fond look,
At the valley, and the village church, and the cottage by the brook;
He listen'd to the sounds so familiar to his ear,
And the soldier lean'd upon his sword, and wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch, a girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a snowy scarf, which flutter'd in the breeze:
She breath'd a prayer for him, a prayer he could not hear;
But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wip'd away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot, oh! do not deem him week,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart, though tears were on his cheek;
Go watch the foremost ranks, in danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there, has wiped away a tear.

SONG LXXXVIII.



THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

Arranged by Mr. HENRY RUSSELL.

I'LL sing you an old ballad, that was made by an old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman, who had an old estate;
He kept a brave old mansion, at a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around with pikes, and guns, and bows,
With swords and good old bucklers that had stood 'gainst many foes;
And there his worship sat in state in doublet and trunk-hose,
And quaffed a cup of good old sack to warm his good old nose,
Like a fine old English gentleman, &c.

When winter cold brought Christmas old, he opened his house to all,
And though three-score and ten his years, he fetely led the ball;
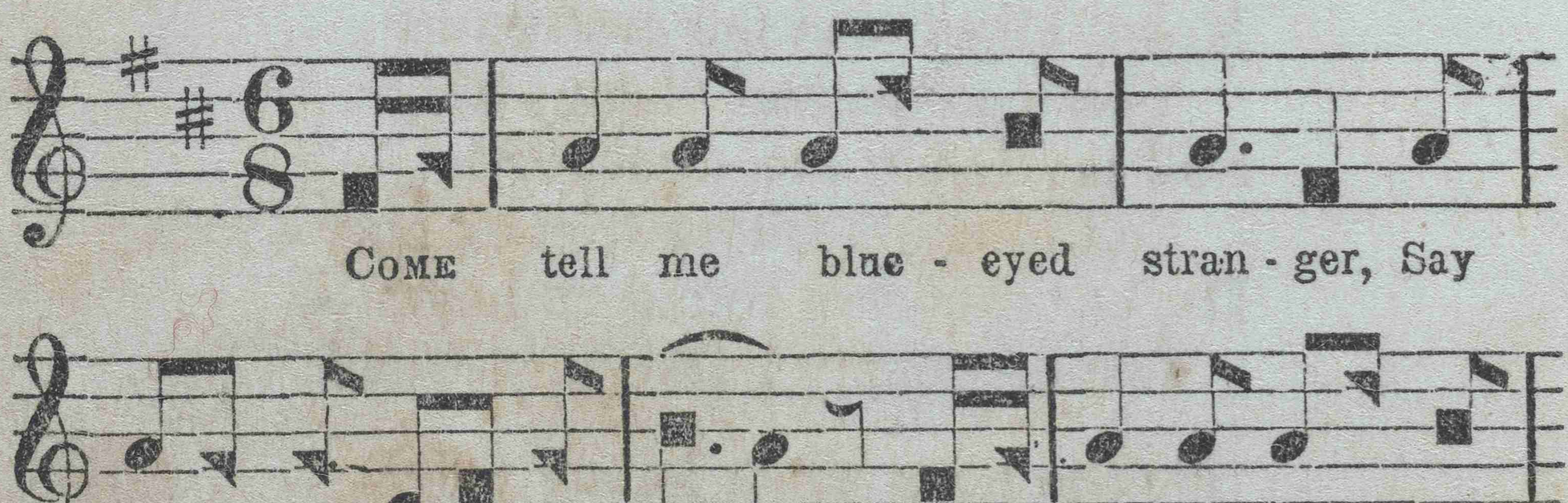
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Through the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly, 'Fare-thee-well!'

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon,—
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell;
Absence makes the heart grow fonder;—
Isle of beauty! fare-thee-well!!

SONG XCII.



BLUE-EYED MARY.



SONG XC.

FAREWELL, MY FATHERLAND.

As sung by JENNY LIND.

FAREWELL, I go to a far off land,
But though bright that land may be,
There is not a home in the wide, wide world,
That can win my heart from thee.

In the courtly throng of the stranger's hall,
I shall think of the happy band,
And the many joys I have shared with them
In the home of my fatherland.

I shall count the days till the hour returns,
That shall bring me back to thee,
To the home I love, and the kindly hearts
That have made it dear to me.

Oh! what joy will burst on my raptured sight,
When I see the waving hand,
And hear the songs I have loved so well
In the home of my fatherland.

SONG XCI.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE-THEE-WELL!

By THOMAS H. BAYLY, ESQ. The Melody composed by CHARLES S. WHITMORE, ESQ. The Symphonies and Accompaniments by MR. RAWLINGS.

SHADES of evening, close not o'er us!
Leave our lonely bark awhile;
Morn, alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle.
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell;—
Darker shadows round us hover—
Isle of beauty! fare-thee-well!

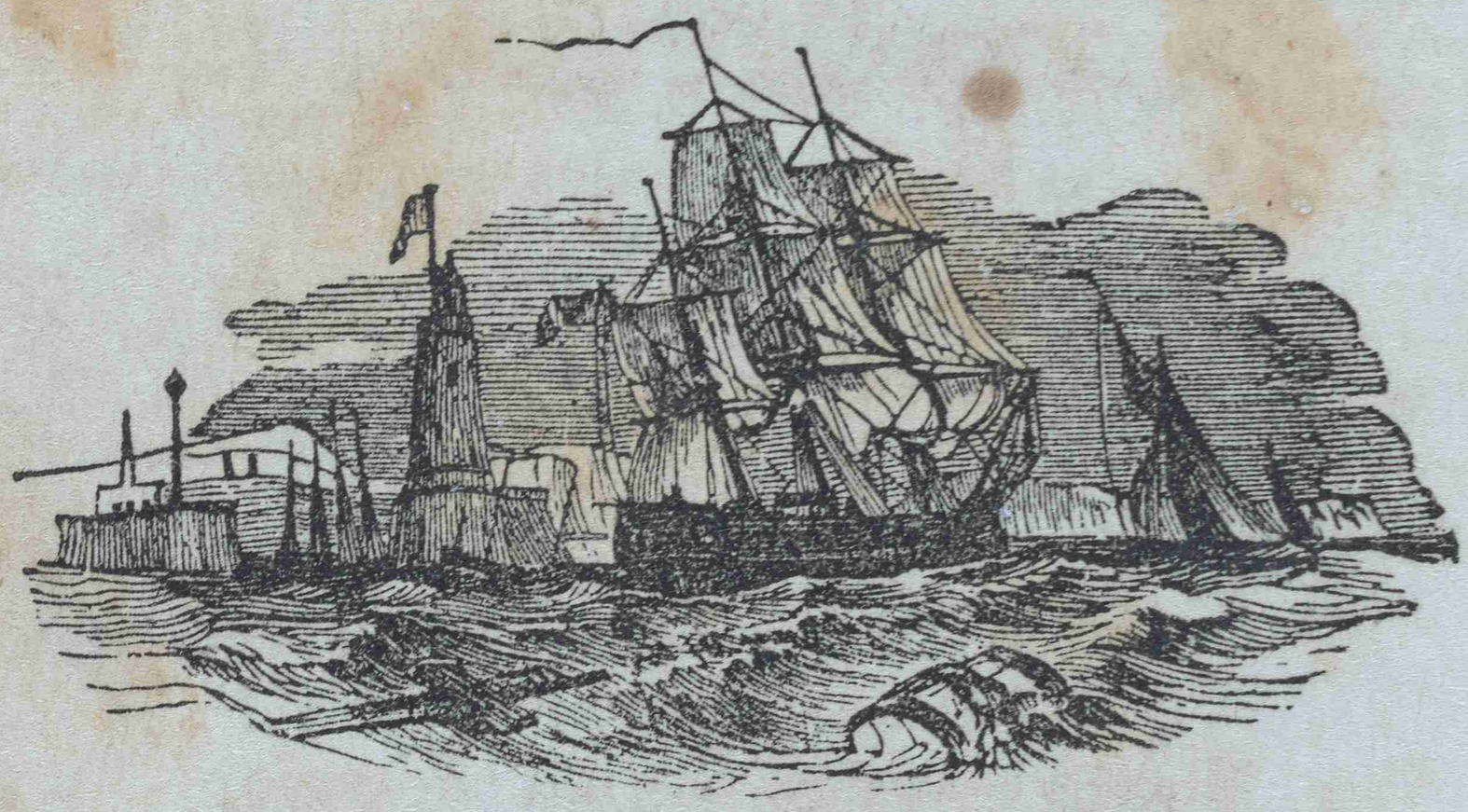
'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light;—

SONG XCIII.

WHAT FAIRY-LIKE MUSIC.

What fairy-like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses with charm'd melody?
'Tis the voice of the mermaid, that floats o'er the main,
As she mingles her songs with the gondolier's strain.
The winds are all hush'd, and the waters at rest,
They sleep like the passion in infancy's breast;
Till storms shall unchain them from out their dark cave,
And break the repose of the soul and the wave.

SONG XCIV.
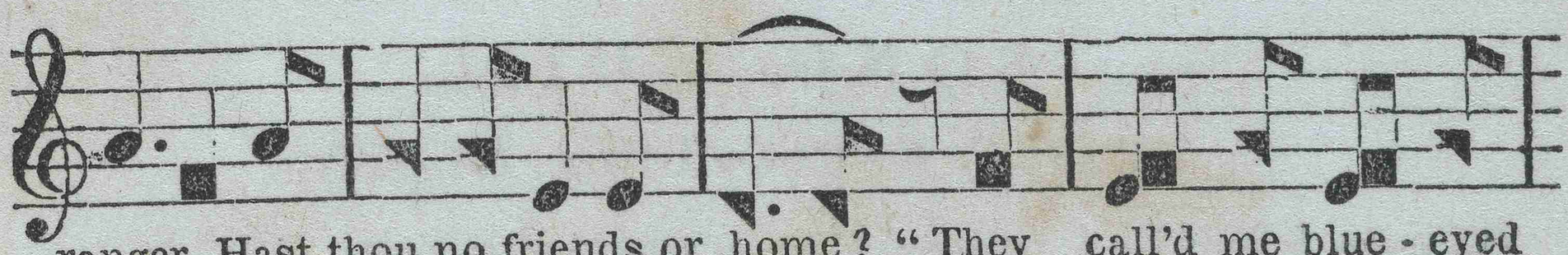


A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

The following new and popular song is from the pen EPES SARGENT. Music composed by HENRY RUSSELL.

A LIFE on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.
Like an eagle caged, I pine,
On this dull unchanging shore,
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift gliding craft;
Set sail—farewell to the land,
The gale follows far abaft.



Come here, I buy thy flowers,
And ease thy hapless lot,
Still wet with vernal showers,
I'll buy 'forget-me-not.'

"Kind sir, then take these posies,
They're fading like my youth,
But never, like these roses,
Shall wither Mary's truth."

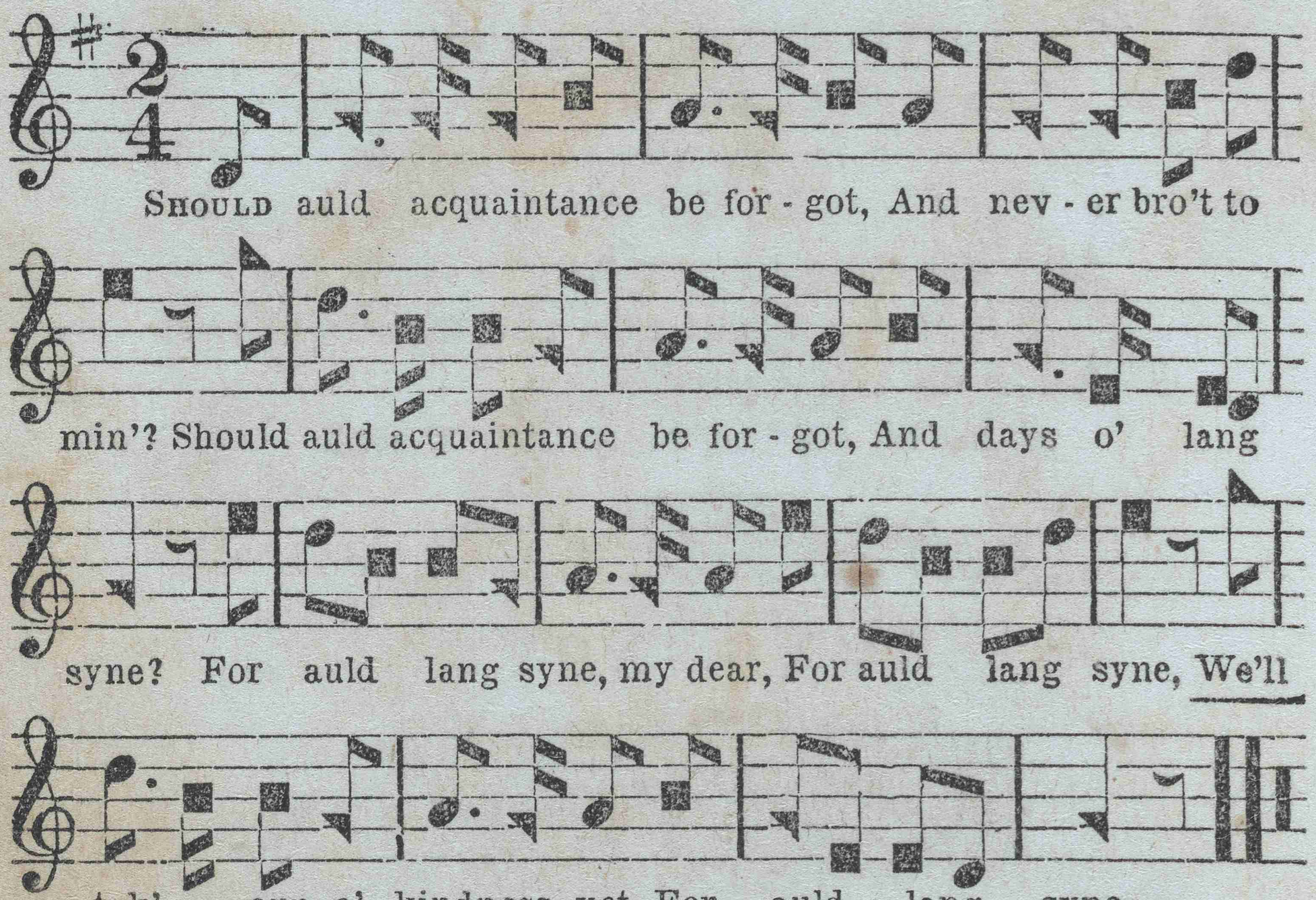
Look up, thou poor forsaken,
I'll give thee house and home,
And if I'm not mistaken,
Thou'lt never wish to roam.

"Once more I'm happy Mary,
Once more has fortune smiled;
Who ne'er from virtue vary,
May yet be fortune's child."

SONG XCVI.

AULD LANG SYNE.

By Robert Burns, Esq.



We twa hae run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne. For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun 'till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne. For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trustie fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne. For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne. For auld &c.

We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean bird set free,
Like an ocean bird, our home,
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown,
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea,
A home on the bounding wave.

SONG XCV.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
"Land of Song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world forsake thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under!
The harp he loved 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!"

SONG XCVIII.



JENNY LIND'S HOME.

As sung by JENNY LIND.

My own, my happy home,
Spot ever dear to me,
Where'er I go, where'er I roam,
My heart still fondly clings to thee.

When far away in distant lands,
Or toss'd upon the sea,
On ice-bound rocks or burning sands,
Thou'rt still the same to me.

I've journeyed from thee, far and near,
But never found a spot,
To me so welcome or so dear,
As thee, my dear, my native cot.

My birthplace and my happy home,
Thou'rt dearest unto me,
When I in life no longer roam,
Oh, may I rest in peace with thee.



SONG XCVII.



MY HIGHLAND HOME.

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
And cold thy wintry looks,
Thy mountains crown'd wi' driven snow,
And ice-bound are thy brooks:
But colder far 's the Briton 's heart,
However far he roam,
To whom these words no joy impart,
"My native Highland home."
Then gang wi' me to Scotland dear,
We ne'er again will roam;
And with thy smile sae bonnie cheer—
"My native Highland home!"

When simmer comes, the heather bell
Shall tempt thy feet to rove;
The cushat-dove within the dell,
Invites to peace and love;
For blythesome is the break of day,
And sweet the bonnie broom;
And pure the dimplin' rills that play
Around my Highland home.
Then gang wi' me, &c.

Songster
Coll
RU 72a
1850
Harris