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## New kingdom.

Tours, Berthold, 1838-1897; Lemon, Mary Mark

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B<sup>b</sup>,  
Compass B<sup>b</sup> to D.

C,  
Compass C to E.

D,  
Compass D to F.

*The New Strengths*  
*The New Things*

# THE NEW KINGDOM, Song,

THE WORDS BY

M. MARK LEMON,

*The Music by*

# BERTHOLD TOURS.

NEW SONGS.

THE OLD CATHEDRAL by CIRO PINSUTI. | IN THE CLOISTERS by ODOARDO BARRI.  
A CANDID CONFESSION by CHARLES VINCENT. | THE OLD ROMANCE by HUMPHREY J. STARK.

*Price* <sup>s</sup>2/- *nett.*

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LONDON:  
W. MORLEY & COMPANY, 70, UPPER STREET, N.

THIS SONG MAY BE SUNG WITHOUT FEE OR LICENCE.

BERTHOLD TOURS' LAST NEW SONG BY THE ABBEY DOOR.



THE NEW KINGDOM.

WORDS BY  
MARY MARK-LEMON.

MUSIC BY  
BERTHOLD TOURS.

Andante molto tranquillo.

VOICE. 

PIANO-   
*p semplice.*

*Ped. \**

*p*   
Two little friendless children, Comrades for more than a year,

*p*   
*con Pedale.*

  
One sold flow'rs on a door-step, One swept a crossing near.



*p* He was a cur-ly headed lad-die, *mf* Brim-ful of laughter and

fun, *cres - - cen - - do.* She was a staid lit-tle las-sie, Her

*dim.* hair kiss'd gold by the sun. *p* And when the lights of the *mf*

*mf* ci - ty, Told that the night had come, *pp* She would

tell him a won-der-ful sto-ry, She had heard of a king-dom call'd

*pp*

Home, She would tell him a won-der-ful sto-ry, She had

*mf* *cres.* *f* *p*

*mf* *cres.* *f* *p*

heard of a kingdom call'd Home.

*ritard.* *a tempo.*

*colla voce.* *a tempo.* *p*

*p*

*p*

Ro\_ses, that cost not a pen\_ny, Grew in a gar\_den fair,

*p*

Li\_lies, that ne\_ver fa\_ded, Blossom'd in win\_ter there,

*p* *mf*

O\_ver a gol\_den threshold, Children were always at play,

*p* *mf*

*cres.* *dim.* *p*

No\_bo\_dy sang for money, So no\_bo\_dy sent them a\_way. And

*cres.* *dim.* *p*

*mf* when she had finish'd her sto-ry, They wish'd that a stranger would come, And *p*

*mf legato.* *mf*

*espress. cres. cen do al*  
 show them the beautiful pathway, That leads to the kingdom call'd Home, And

*p cres cen do al*

*f mf ritard. a tempo.*  
 show them the beautiful pathway, That leads to the kingdom call'd Home.

*f mf colla voce. a tempo.*

*p*  
 One *p*

*p*

night when the snow was fall - ing, He came for the old sweet

tale, But her voice began to fal - ter, Her face grew wan and

*p come Recit. pp*

pale. One kiss on the gold crown'd forehead, And he knew the stranger had

*p a tempo. mf*

*p legato. mf*

come, To show her the beauti - ful path - way, That

*p espress. cres - - cen - - do*

*p cres - - cen - - do*



*al* *f*

led to the kingdom call'd Home, To show her the beau-ti-ful

*cres* *cen* *do*

path-way, That led to the kingdom call'd Home, To

*cres* *cen* *do*

*ff allargando.* *molto ritard.*

show her the beau-ti-ful path-way, That led to the king-dom call'd

*ff* *molto ritard.*

*a tempo.*

Home...

*a tempo.* *ritard.* *gva.*

*f* *mf* *dim.* *p* *pp*

# NEW SONGS OF STERLING MERIT.

SUNG BY ALL THE FAVORITE VOCALISTS.

## By the Abbey Door, by Berthold Tours.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

The year was late, the days were cold, the swallows long had gone,  
Two only by the Abbey door, still doubting lingered on;  
They hovered, wheeling round and round, beside the porch in fear,  
And as they lighted on the ground, a little child drew near.

In F (compass A to E), G (B to F), and in A (C to G).

"Tender and expressive. A charming example of its composer's graceful mood."

## Playmates, by Ciro Pinsuti.

I was five, and he was six, when we play'd in childhood's days,  
Then I lov'd him for his tricks, and his boyish-hearted ways;  
As we older grew we found, when apart each one repin'd,  
Other children might surround, but no playmate could we find.

In D (compass D to E), and in E flat (E flat to F).

"An admirable song by an always welcome composer. Easy to sing and easy to play, yet most brilliant and effective."

## The Watchman & the Child, by F. H. Cowen.

No sound in the empty street, no light from the winter sky,  
Only the rain and the sleet, as midnight hour drew nigh;  
A little white face in a doorway looked thro' the pitiless rain,  
As the watchman chanted the hour, then left her alone again.

In C (G to D), D (compass A to E), and F (C to G).

*Birmingham Post* says:—"A truly beautiful song, replete with pathos and feeling. The opening movement of each verse, semi-recitative, in the tonic minor, is very effective, and the barren character of the accompaniment is in excellent accord with the words; this is followed by a pleasing modulation into the major key, which is equally well-written and most effective. Mr. Cowen has shown how great effects may be gained by little material; nothing could be more simple than the accompaniment to this song, yet more effective, or in better taste. It is a song that must still further enhance his reputation as one of the finest song-writers of the present day."

## Courtship Lane, by Cotsford Dick.

"Oh, where are you roaming, so late in the gloaming,  
Prith'ee, fair maid, tell me where?"—said he;  
"My footsteps are weary, the lane it is dreary,  
And home I must hasten, good sir,"—said she.

In F (compass C to E), and in G (compass D to E).

"A quaint and humorous ditty."—*Peterboro Advertiser*. "A bright, sparkling, and merry little song; will become very popular; well adapted for concerts and penny-readings."

## In the Cloisters, by Odoardo Barri.

Thro' the cloisters grey the singers passed, on a golden summer morn,  
And the matin song, 'mid the rafters vast, to Heav'n was upwards borne;  
And a sweet young voice was pouring its song of praise above,  
And the angels stooped to listen to its melody of love.

In F (compass A to D), G (B to E), B flat (D to G flat), and in C.

With Pianoforte and Harmonium (ad lib.) Accompaniment.

"A song of uncommon beauty and merit, which will soon be equally popular with 'The Lost Chord.' Of moderate compass, yet thoroughly vocal, its charming phrases must ensure success alike to the professional vocalist and amateur."

## The Children's Home, by F. H. Cowen.

They played in their beautiful gardens, the children of high degree;  
Outside the gates the beggars passed on in their misery.  
But there was one of the children who could not join the play,  
And a little beggar maiden watched for him day by day.

In B flat, Contralto or Bass; C, Medium Voices or Baritone (compass C to E); E flat, Mezzo-Soprano; F, Soprano or Tenor.

With Pianoforte and Harmonium (ad lib.) Accompaniment.

## Forgive Me, and Forget, by Odoardo Barri.

Deem as tho' they were unspoken, words I utter'd years ago,  
They have brought their retribution as my tears for pity show;  
I was foolish and unthinking, thoughtless of the pain to be,  
Heedless when I made existence sad for you and sad for me.  
O, forgive me, show me pity, great and deep is my regret,  
Overlook my one transgression; O, forgive me and forget.

In F (compass C to D), and in G (compass D to E).

Any of the above new songs will be sent Post-free for Twenty-four Stamps each, direct from the Publishers, or may be obtained from their Agents in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the Channel Islands; also of all Music-sellers in the United Kingdom.

MAY BE SUNG WITHOUT FEE OR LICENCE.

## Growing Old, by Humphrey J. Stark.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Time lays his silver on our hair, his finger on our brow,  
And all things sweet and good and fair we see but dimly now.  
The hands we love, the true and tried, with feeble grasp we hold;  
But though life is at eventide, that is not growing old.

In C (compass C to D), and in E flat (compass E flat to F).

"The melody is simplicity itself in construction, full of beauty and grandeur of conception."

## The Angel's Gift, by Cotsford Dick.

In the hush of a tender twilight, when shadows veiled the land,  
An angel came to the quiet earth with a white rose in his hand;  
And the stars came out to listen, as the angel floated by,  
For he sang a song so sweetly, that it fell like a lullaby.

In E flat (compass B flat to E flat) and in F (C to F).

*Birmingham Chronicle* says:—"A well-written song, the beauty of the words being done full justice to by the composer, who has written the accompaniment in an able and masterly manner."

## The Old Cathedral, by Ciro Pinsuti.

Over the old cathedral, the shadows gather fast,  
The voices of the singers proclaim the day is past.  
But the children's song is saddened, their eyes with tears are bright,  
For one sweet voice is missing, amid their ranks to night.

In C (compass B to E), and in D (compass C to F).

With Pianoforte and Harmonium (ad lib.) Accompaniment.

*Sheffield Post* says:—"This is one of the most lovely, solemn, and impressive of all this gifted composer's songs, and the pathetic story to which the music is wedded is worthy the masterly setting it has received. The harmonies are finely conceived, and the succession of slow and ever-changing chords fall upon the ear like the distant tones of the cathedral organ they are intended to resemble. This song of Ciro Pinsuti's is sure to be a great success."

*Peterboro Advertiser* says:—"This song cannot fail to be a great favorite. The simple beauty and pathos of both words and music entitle it to rank with the best and most popular of this composer's works, and cannot fail to greatly enhance his already widespread fame as a writer of vocal music."

## Wait Awhile, by Cotsford Dick.

Courted far and courted near, tendered love by hearts sincere,  
Homage at her feet was laid: happy little country maid.  
Suitors came to plead and woo, suitors broken hearted grew,  
For she told them with a smile, "Not at present, wait awhile."

In E flat, F (compass D to F), and G.

"It is not often that so much freshness of fancy, combined with simplicity of treatment, is found in a song now-a-days as marks this composition. Sure to be a success."

## The Land of Rest, by Ciro Pinsuti.

Mother, you say that the world so bright is only a dream of the day;  
What is beyond our farthest sight, in the Land that is far away?  
What is beyond the shining road which borders the Heavenly sea?  
Does it lead straight on to the Home above, where weariness cannot be?  
Child, there is rest in that Unknown Land, where angels watch by the Golden Strand.

In B flat (compass B flat to C), C (C to D), and in E flat (E flat to F).

With Pianoforte and Harmonium (ad lib.) Accompaniment.

*Sheffield Post* says:—"This, like all Signor Pinsuti's productions, is a song full of exquisite melody, and with a most beautiful obbligato passage running through the accompaniment in the last eight bars of each verse."

## Liberty Hall, by Ciro Pinsuti.

O, the roads thro' the world they are many and wide,  
And the king and the beggar may go side by side;  
But each thinks to himself, as onward he roams,  
There are plenty of houses but not many homes.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

In F (A to D), G (compass B to E), B flat (D to G).

## The Child's Dream, by J. Blumenthal.

Mother, darling, wake and listen, such a wondrous dream I've had!  
I must tell you, tender mother, though I fear 'twill make you sad.  
Through the night my eyes were sleepless, though my head lay on your breast;  
Mother, dear, the dawn was breaking, ere I slowly sank to rest.

In E flat (compass B to C), G (D to E), and in A (E to F).

"The production of a musician, and deserves to be carefully studied."

W. MORLEY & CO., 70, UPPER STREET, LONDON, N.