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When day with its care.

Loder, Edward J. (Edward James), 1813-1865; Thompson, G. Douglass

London, UK: Z. T. Purday, 45 High Holborn, 1830

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*S. Brooks.
From a Friend.*

A Song
FOR AN ENGLISH FIRESIDE.

"When day with its care, and turmoil is past."

Ballad.

The Poetry by

G. DOUGLASS THOMPSON ESQ^R

The Music Composed

BY

EDWARD J. LODER.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

LONDON,

Z. T. PURDAY, 45, HIGH HOLBORN.

WHEN DAY WITH ITS CARE. FIRESIDE BALLAD.

The Poetry by G. DOUGLAS THOMPSON Esq^e

The Music by EDWARD LODER.

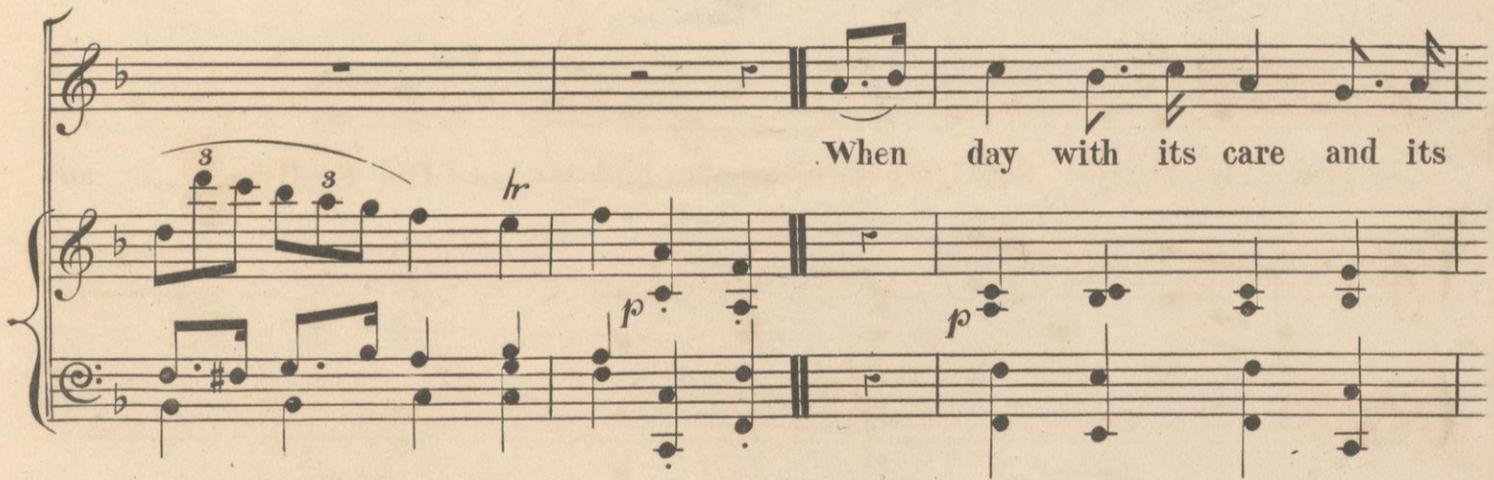
VOICE. *MODERATO ASSAI.*

PIANO FORTE. *mf*



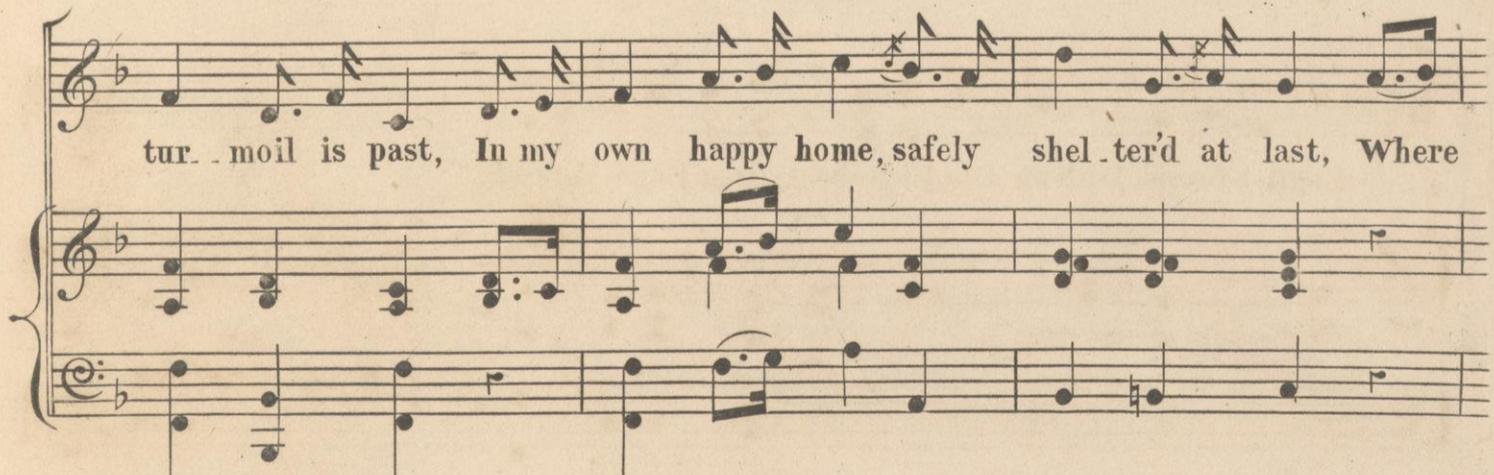
The first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note. The piano accompaniment starts with a treble clef and a common time signature, followed by a bass clef. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf* and consists of a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

When day with its care and its



The second system continues the musical piece. The voice line has a triplet of eighth notes, a slur over a group of notes, and a fermata. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes, a slur, and dynamic markings of *tr* and *p*.

tur. moil is past, In my own happy home, safely shel.ter'd at last, Where



The third system concludes the musical piece. The voice line continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

cur_tains close drawn, and the fire burning bright, Tell from storm wind and rain I'm se -

cure for the night: Let me gladly beguile the dark hours as they glide, Let me

glad... ly beguile the dark hours as they glide, With an Old English song, by an

English fireside, With an Old English song by an English fireside.

To the soft strains of Italy some may give praise, And talk of the power German

science displays, Of the grandeur strange concords and discords impart, I'm con-

tent with a true simple strain from the heart: With

pleasure I listen (while others deride) With pleasure I listen (while

o...thers deride) To an Old English song, by an En-glish fire side, To an

Old English song, by an En-lish fire side.

Each land has a song that its chil-dren hold dear, Some bal-lad first war-bled in

in...fan-cy's ear, Which sings to the heart, Whereso...e...ver we roam, Through

man hood and age, of the plea - sures of home: And at

home or a broad, I'll re - mem - ber with pride, And at home or a broad, I'll re -

mem - ber with pride, An Old English song, by an En - glish fire side, An

Old English song, by an English fire side.

SONGS AND BALLADS,

Of Established Popularity,

BY VARIOUS EMINENT AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS.

The Cot where I was born.

Written and composed by C. Balls..... s. d.
2 0
(Also a Guitar Accompaniment.)

I've roamed beneath a foreign sky,
Where beauty's flowrets grew,
Where all was lovely to the eye,
And dazzling to the view,
I've seen them graced by night's pale tear,
Bedeck'd by radiant morn,
But never found a spot so dear,
As that where I was born.

Can wealth or titles compensate
The want of friendship's glow?
Can gaudy pageant, courtly state,
So bright a gem bestow?
To me such joys are cold and drear,
They hold the heart forlorn;
Give me the spot I love so dear,
The cot where I was born.

I have listened to your Song.

Words by J. E. Carpenter. Music by Stephen Glover..... s. d.
2 0

I have listened to your song,
Till my heart was like to break,
But they knew not, 'mid the throng,
That you sung it for my sake,
When we did not dare to speak
What in song we could impart,
And when words seemed all too weak
For the language of the heart.

I have listened, &c.

I have listened to your song,
Since then in happier days,
When the winter nights are long,
By your own fire's cheerful blaze,
And no other voice or tone
Can for me such music make,
Now your songs are all mine own,
And you sing them for my sake.

I have listened, &c.

The Pride of my Heart.

Written by Capt. Chamier. Composed by J. P. Knight... s. d.
2 0

The fresh'ning breeze swells the canvas again,
And the bold vessel dashes her bows through the main;
Our cares are all left with our sweethearts behind,
And on Saturday night to the howl of the wind

We fill up the glass,
And we drink to the lass,

The girl from whom duty has forced us to part.
Here's a health to dear Susan, the pride of my heart.
Here's a health, &c.

Wherever we steer, from the South or the North,
When the cold winds of winter come cheerlessly forth,
Our heart's ever constant, wherever we roam,
For affection still turns to our sweethearts at home.
Then fill every glass, &c.

On each breeze, as the gale passes rapidly by,
Susan's name shall be heard as I waft her a sigh.
No distance shall change me, unaltered I'll prove,
And true to my Queen, as I'm constant in love.
Then fill up the glass, &c.

Flag of Britannia.

Written by Capt. Chamier. Composed by J. P. Knight... s. d.
2 0

Land of the loyal and Isle of the free,
The bulwark of Freedom, and Queen of the Sea,
Hark! hark! to the sound of the cannon afar,
The cry of invaders, the bloodhounds of war.

Arm, arm, and advance, boys,
Nor e'er look askance, boys;

Our bulwarks at foreign invasion may smile,
Whilst the Flag of Britannia still waves o'er our isle.
Whilst the Flag, &c.

From the Tay to the Tweed, from the South to the North,
Arise ye brave people, come daringly forth;
Arm, arm the brave yeomen! the Tyrant may come,
To strike at your freedom, and pillage your home!
Arm, arm, and advance, boys, &c.

Hail, liberty, hail! may thy torch, ever bright,
Illumine the nations in slavery's night!
May they learn from the land of the brave and the free,
What freedom with loyalty ever should be!
Arm, arm, and advance, boys, &c.

Don't Say one thing and Mean another.

Words by Charles Swain. Music by William Palmer, Esq. s. d.
Sung by Miss Poole and Mr. Godden 2 0

The little lane, the greenwood lane,
Where Mary dwelt, was gay with singing;
For brook and bird in many a strain,
Down vale and moor their notes were flinging;
But Mary's heart was deaf to song,
No longer she her tears could smother;
For she had learnt at last 'twas wrong,
To say one thing and mean another.

'Tis right, 'tis due, when hearts are true,—
To show that heart without deceiving,
And not to speak in idle freak,
To try if one's the power of grieving.
In Mary's heart and Mary's mind
She lov'd one youth, and lov'd no other,
But Mary's tongue was oft inclin'd
To say one thing and mean another.

Would all might see how sweet 'twould be,
If truth alone their words directed:
How many a day might then be gay,
That passeth now in tears dejected.
Would all might learn, and all discern,
That truth keeps longest Friend or Brother:
Then maids be kind, and speak your mind,
Nor say one thing and mean another.

To Arms once more.

Written by Dr. J. R. Wreford. Music by Stephen Glover s. d.
2 0

To arms, once more, to arms! the cry
Throughout the listening land is heard;
It sweeps the sea—it rends the sky,
And Britain's mighty soul is stirred.
O not for conquest or for gain,
We draw, to-day, the glittering blade;
But when did justice call in vain
For English hearts, and English aid?

Long, long has peace our people blest,
And smiled upon our happy shore;
And if the sword no more may rest,
If drums must beat, and cannon roar:—
Woe, woe to him, whose maniac pride,
The dogs of war has loosed again;
May shame his crafty arts betide,
And ruin with his flag remain.

To arms, to arms! come forth in might,
The stirring call our hearts obey;
For freedom and for peace we fight,
For these we hasten to the fray.
Then forward with the true and brave,
We go to seek a field of fame;
Prepared to find a warrior's grave,
Or bear through life a glorious name.

Hoist high the Flag again.

Written by Dr. J. Reynell Wreford. Music by E. J. Loder s. d.
2 0

Hoist high the flag again,
The flag that never yields;
Unfurl it o'er the main,
O'er Europe's warrior fields!
For freedom and for right,
Our heroes man the deck;
To punish pride they fight,
And wild ambition check.

Shall despots, madly bold,
Their barbarous hordes array;
And, like the Goth of old,
With ruin pave their way?
Must Europe bend the knee,
Before the Northern Bear;
And nations brave and free
His serf-like livery wear?

NO! vain is all his might,
And impotent his pride,
For Britain leads the fight,
With Gallia by her side.
And they shall drive the foe
Back to his icy lair;
They'll chase him to his realms of snow,
And leave him howling there.