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Woodman! Spare that tree!

New York: Firth & Hall (1 Franklin Sq.), 1837

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Twelfth Edition.

WOODMAN! SPARE THAT TREE!

A Ballad,

The Poetry by

GEORGE P. MORRIS, ESQ.

by whom this Song is dedicated to

BENJAMIN M. BROWN, ESQ.



THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

NEW YORK,

PUBLISHED BY FIRTH & HALL, N^o 1, FRANKLIN-SQU.

Woodman, spare that Tree!

In presenting this Song, to the public, — The Publishers at the suggestion of M. Russell, take the liberty of accompanying it with the following touching Letter. —

My Dear Sir,

New York Mirror Office, Feb^y 1. 1837.

You did me the honor to request some lines of mine for music, and at the moment, being delighted with your fine voice and exquisite taste in singing, I said I would write you a song. Now I think with our friend Knowles, that a promise given, when it can be kept, admits not of release, "save by consent or forfeiture of those who hold it, and so I have been as good as my word, as you will perceive by the enclosure of *The Oak*: I hope it will answer your purpose. Let me tell you how I came to choose an old tree for my subject. Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prospects a blight has recently come, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass not far from Bloomingdale. Your object, inquired I, "Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather, near a cottage that was once my father's." The place is yours then said I. "No my poor mother sold it, and I observed a slight quiver of the lip, at the recollection of that circumstance. "Dear mother," resumed my companion, "we passed many happy, happy days, in that old cottage, but it is nothing to me now — father, mother, sisters, cottage — all, all gone, and a paleness overspread his fine countenance, and a moisture came to his eyes as he spoke. — But after a moment's pause, he said, "Don't think me foolish, I don't know how it is, never ride out but I turn down this lane, to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend in the by-gone summertime it was a friend indeed. I often listened to the good counsels of my parents there, and I have had such gambols with my sisters! Its leaves are all off now, so you won't see it to half its advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer, but I like it full as well in very winter time." These words were scarcely uttered, when my companion cried out, "There it is!" and he sprang from his saddle and ran toward it. I soon overtook him, wondering at his haste, but what met my sight, made it no wonder. Near the tree stood an old man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. He was the occupant of the cottage. "What are you going to do with that axe? What's that to you," was the reply. "A little matter, but not much you're not going to cut it down surely?" Yes but I am though, said the Woodman. "What for?" inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion. "What for? why, because I think proper to do so: what for? I like that. Well, I'll tell you what for, this tree makes my dwelling unhealthy: it stands too near the house, prevents the moisture from exhaling, and renders us all liable to fever and ague." Who told you that? Why, D^r. "Have you any other reason for wishing to cut it down?" Yes I am getting old, the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of some value to me to burn." He was soon convinced, however, that the story about the fever and ague was a mere fiction, for there never had been a case of that disease in its neighbourhood, and then was asked what the tree was worth for firewood? Why when it is down about ten dollars. Suppose I should give you that sum, would you let it stand? Yes, You're sure of that? Positive. Then draw me a bond to that effect. I drew it up: it was witnessed by his daughter: the money was paid, and we left the place, with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as a Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived. We returned to the turnpike, and pursued our ride. These circumstances made a strong impression upon my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song I send you. I hope you will like it, and pardon me for this long and hurried letter.

With sentiments of respect, I remain, yours, very truly,

Henry Russell, Esq.

Geo. P. Morris.

Poetry by Geo. P. Morris, Esq.

Music by Henry Russell.

With much feeling and Expression.

Andante

Quasi legato.

Con espress.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1837 by Firth & Hall, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of N. Y.

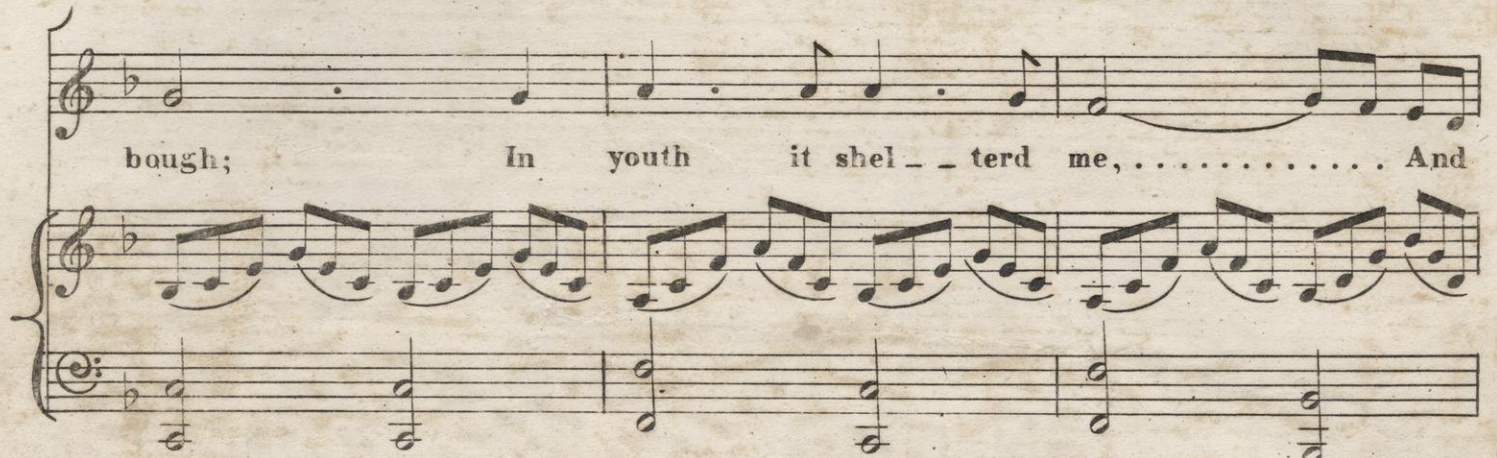
1840

4

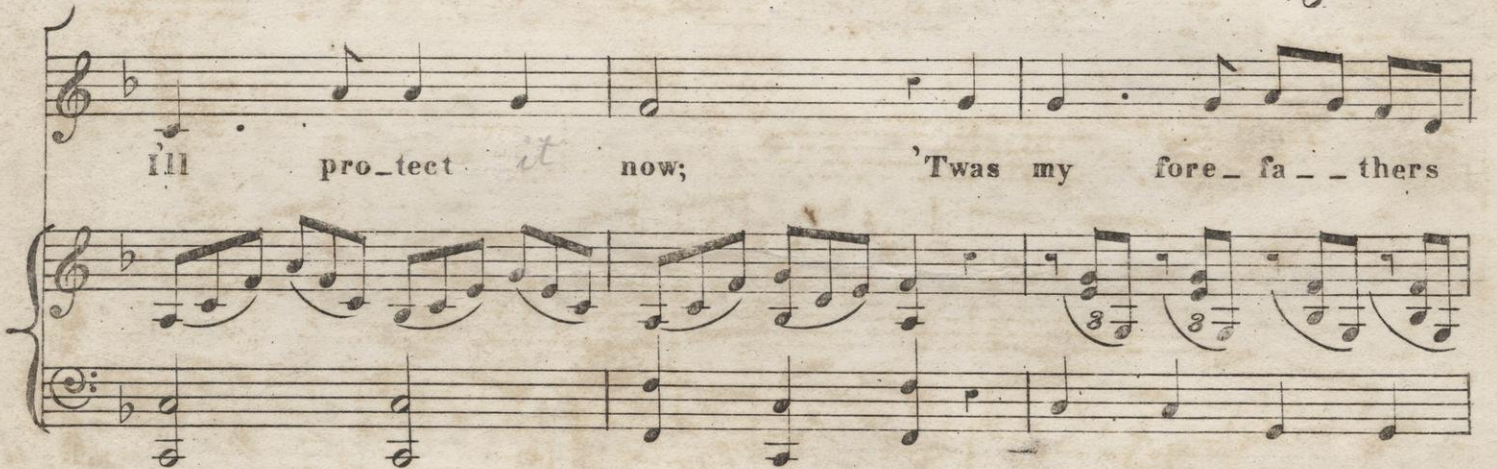
Wood__man spare that tree!..... Touch not a sin__gle.



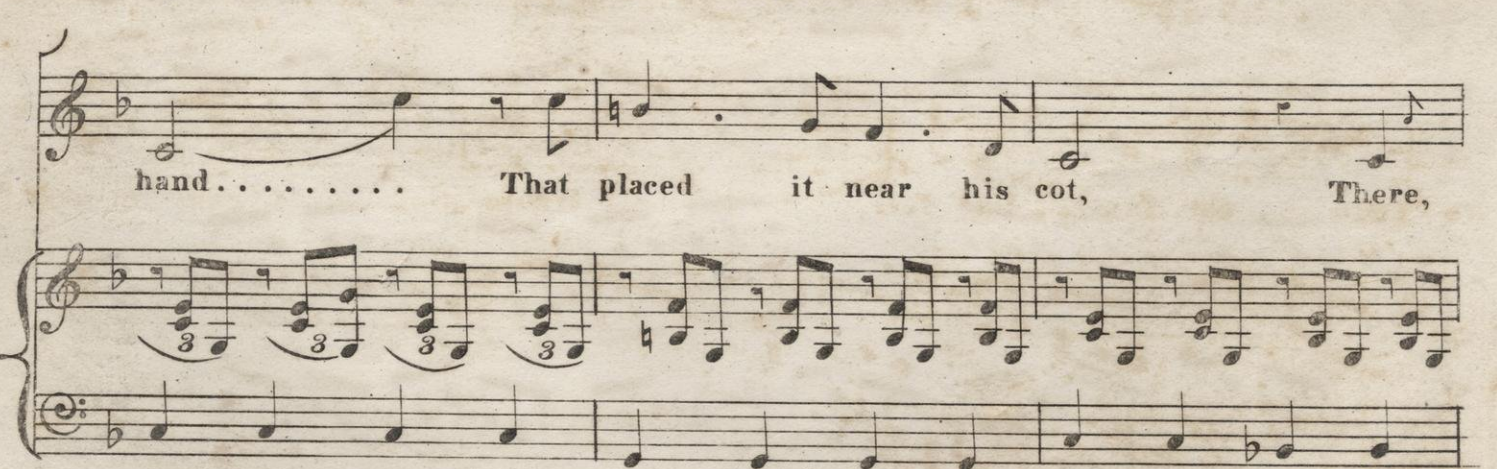
bough; In youth it shel__terd me,..... And



ill pro_tect *it* now; 'Twas my fore_fa__thers



hand..... That placed it near his cot, There,



wood__ man let..... it stand..... Thy axe shall harm.... it

not!

That old fami__ liar tree,..... Whose glo__ ry and re__

The musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is written in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The score is divided into several systems. The first system contains the vocal line and the first system of the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the vocal line with the word 'not!' and the second system of the piano accompaniment. The third system contains the piano accompaniment. The fourth system contains the vocal line and the third system of the piano accompaniment. The fifth system contains the vocal line and the fourth system of the piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with occasional triplets in the left hand.

6

- nown Are spread o'er land and sea, And

Con anima .

wouldst thou hack it down. Wood-man, for-bear thy

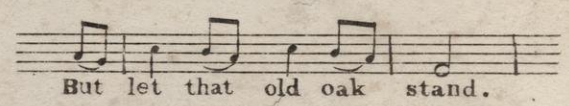
stroke! Cut not its earth, bound ties; Oh!

spare that aged oak, Now tow-er-ing to the skies!



3

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



4

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.

Woodman spare. 5.