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Pa has struck ile.

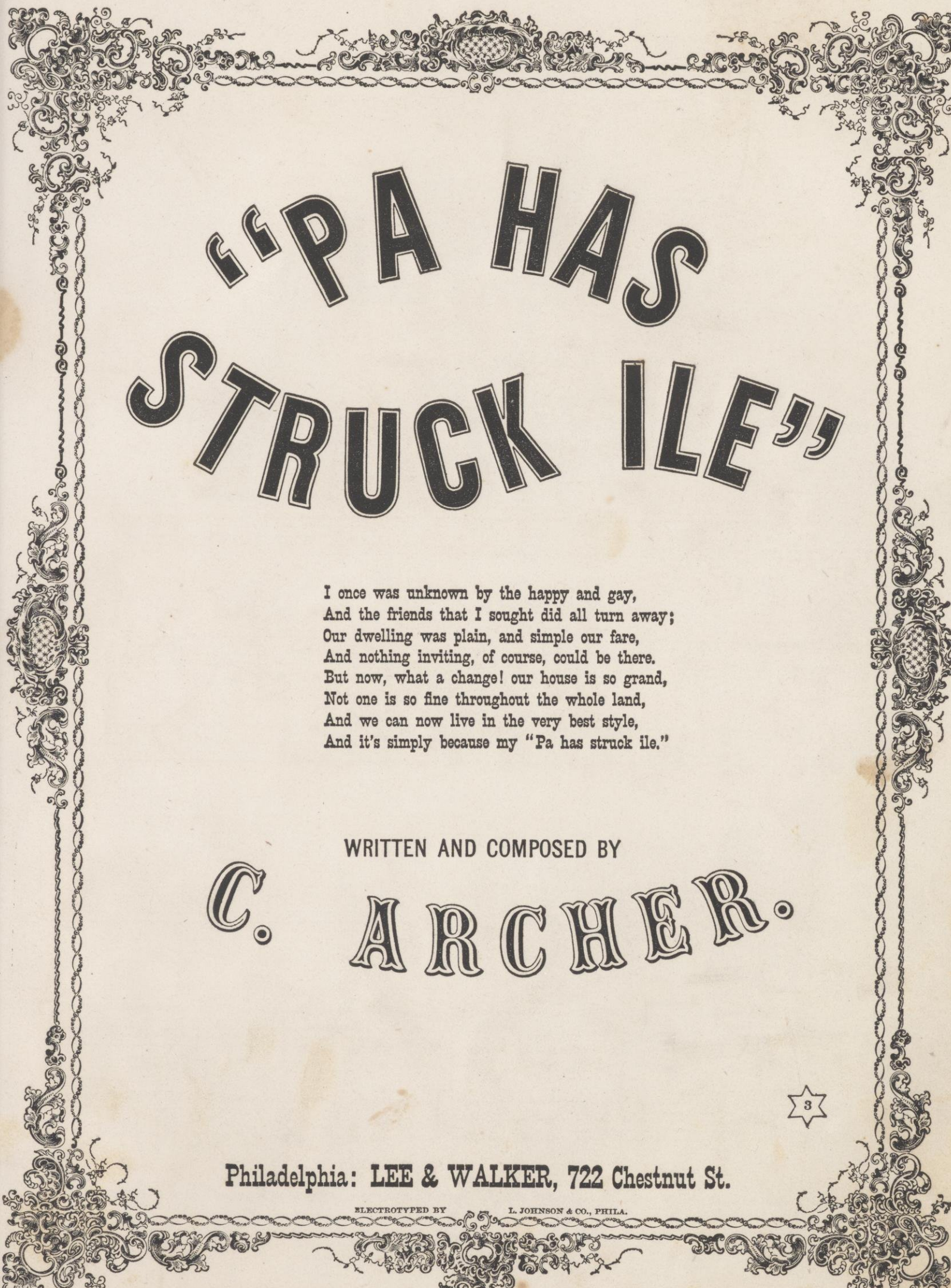
Philadelphia: Lee & Walker (722 Chestnut St), 1865

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"PA HAS STRUCK ILE"

I once was unknown by the happy and gay,
And the friends that I sought did all turn away;
Our dwelling was plain, and simple our fare,
And nothing inviting, of course, could be there.
But now, what a change! our house is so grand,
Not one is so fine throughout the whole land,
And we can now live in the very best style,
And it's simply because my "Pa has struck ile."

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

C. ARCHER.



Philadelphia: LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut St.

ELECTROTYPED BY

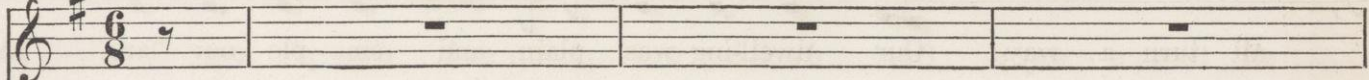
L. JOHNSON & CO., PHILA.


"PA HAS STRUCK ILE."

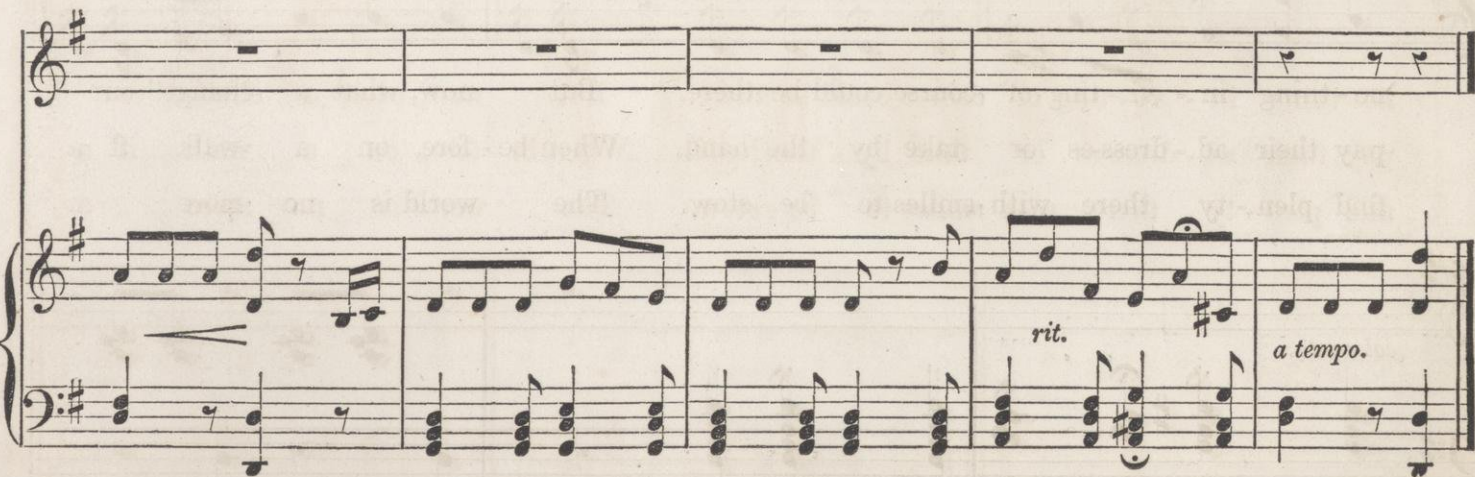
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

C. ARCHER.

Allegretto moderato.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 



f

1. I once was un-known by the hap - py and gay, And the friends that I sought did
 2. 'Tis strange what at - tention a for - tune does bring, At home or a - broad how
 3. And now, if to church I hap - pen to stray, The sex - ton is ready to

all turn a - way; Our dwell-ing was plain, and sim - ple our fare, And
 friends to one cling; And now ev - en strangers are courteous and bland, To
 show me the way, Or if to a con-cert I fan - cy to go, I

ritard. *a tempo.*

no - thing in - vi - ting of course could be there. But now, what a change! our
 pay their ad - dress-es or take by the hand. When be - fore, on a walk if a
 find plen - ty there with smiles to be - stow. The world is no more a

col canto.

house is so grand, Not one is so fine through-out the whole land, And
 neigh-bor I'd meet, Cold was his look and quick his re-treat, But
 wil-der-ness drear, With none to ca-ress and no one to cheer, Wher-

cres. *f* *dim.*

we can now live in the ve-ry best style, And it's sim-ply be-cause my
 now in my car-riage he greets with a smile, And it's sim-ply be-cause my
 ev-er I am there is much to be-guile, And it's sim-ply be-cause my

"Pa has struck ile."

p *f* *dal segno* **f**

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY

L. B. & WALKER.

ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE, MOTHER.

Poetry by THOMAS MACKELLAR; Music by WILLIAM U. BUTCHER.

"Kiss my little brother and my sisters, and tell them that I died for my country."

Price, 30 cents.

"On the field of battle, mother,
All the night alone I lay,
Angels watching o'er me, mother,
Till the breaking of the day.
I lay thinking of you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
Till to our dear cottage, mother,
Boy again, I seemed to come!"

Those desirous of a really beautiful song, wedded to words of a tender and appealing character, will not be disappointed in this one. Arranged also for Guitar.

NO ONE TO LOVE.

Music arranged by WILLIAM B. HARVEY.

Price, 30 cents.

"No one to love! none to caress!
None to respond to this heart's tenderness!
Sad is my heart, joy is unknown;
For in my sorrow I'm weeping alone."

The popularity of this song is almost beyond belief: it has reached the one hundredth thousand, and the demand is in no way abating. It is a beautiful melody, within the reach of all, and the words are pretty. It is arranged in three keys,—viz.: B flat, A flat, and G,—and also for Guitar.

THE MOTHER'S REPLY

To "Rock me to Sleep." Composed by E. MACK.

Price, 30 cents.

"My child! my child! thou art weary to-night,
Thy spirit is sad, and dim is the light;
Thou wouldst call me back from the silent shore
To the trials of life, to thy heart as of yore;
Thou longest again for my loving care,
For my kiss on thy lips, my hand on thy hair;
But angels around thee their loving watch keep,
And angels, my child, will 'rock thee to sleep.'"

A beautiful reply to the song "Rock me to Sleep," which has attained great celebrity. The songs and compositions generally of E. Mack are justly appreciated by the musical public; and this is one of his best productions. Also arranged for Guitar.

NEVER DESPOND.

A reply to the popular song "No One to Love." Music and words by C. EVEREST.

Price, 30 cents.

"Never despond! joys are for thee;
Time will reveal them, though hidden they be:
Stay thy sad heart; soon will the day
Dawn in its brightness and cheer thy lone way."

Mr. Everest is well and favorably known as a popular composer and arranger of songs, and this, one of his last compositions, is really worthy the attention of lovers of pretty songs. It is also arranged with Guitar accompaniment.

BEAUTIFUL DAISIES, BRIGHT GEMS OF THE EARTH!

Song with chorus. Words and Music composed by J. S. C.

Price, 30 cents.

"Beautiful daisies, bright gems of the earth!
Few are your virtues and little your worth;
Yet, as I wander through by-way and lane,
Gladly I welcome your smiling again."

The subject of this song is only an humble flower; but the composer has produced charming words and an elegant song-melody to them. We can safely and cheerfully recommend it to the lovers of song.

With an arrangement for Guitar.

THEY PRAY FOR US AT HOME.

Song and chorus. Words by E. ROSSITER; Music by B. FRANK WALTERS.

Price, 30 cents.

On the Sunday after the battle of Cedar Mountain, as our wounded soldiers were lying in a church at Culpepper C.H. which had been taken for a hospital, one of the mortally-wounded whispered to a dying companion, "I wish there was some one here to pray for us!" to which his companion replied, "They are praying for us at home!"

"Oh, would there were some kind one
Who, on this Sabbath-day,
Would breathe one prayer to cheer us
As our spirits pass away!—
If there only were some loved one
To grasp us by the hand
And whisper words of comfort
As we leave this earthly strand!"

The songs by Mr. Walters are very popular; and this is one worthy of his reputation.

TREAD LIGHTLY WHERE THE HERO SLEEPS.

Words and Music composed by D. W. BELISLE.

Price, 30 cents.

"Tread lightly here! this lonely grave
Is now the resting-place of one
Who fought his country's flag to save,
And fell with Freedom's armor on."

A very easy and pretty song, with a flowing accompaniment, not difficult. It is recommended with safety as a fine parlor-song.

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN!

Song and chorus. Written and composed by C. EVEREST.

Price, 30 cents.

"Ever since from me you parted for the battle-plain,
I have thought, near broken-hearted, Shall we meet again?
In my dreams the cannons rattle, flashes light the sky;
And I see in every battle banners floating high.
Chorus—Morning, noon, and evening,
As I pine in vain,
Ever is my spirit breathing,
Shall we meet again?"

Our Publications can be had in all the Music-Stores in the Country. Should they not have the Pieces required, write directly to us, and we will cheerfully send the Music, post-paid, upon the receipt of the marked price. TEACHERS will find it to their advantage to send their orders to us; for in this department of our business especial attention is given.