



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## I cannot sing the old songs.

Chicago: Root & Cady (67 Washington St.), [s.d.]

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/FSU57IN4XQJIF86>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/NKC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

Oakley

# BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH SONG.



I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS, Claribel.	3	FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, Claribel.	3
WHY WAS I LOOKING OUT, . . . Blumenthal.	3	TAKE BACK THE HEART, . . . Claribel.	3
MAGGIE'S SECRET, . . . Claribel.	3	LITTLE MAGGIE MAY, . . . Claribel.	3
THE ELF OF THE ROSE, . . . Hatton.	3	PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE, . . . Clifton.	3
THE BIRDS AWAIT THE DAY, . . . Blamphin.	3	ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR, . . . Claribel.	3
MOONLIGHT ON THE BILLOW, . . . Reeves.	3	WINGS, . . . Dolores.	3
AS I'D NOTHING ELSE TO DO. . . Hatton.	3	OH FATHER DEAR, . . . Blamphin.	3
MOORLAND, . . . R. E. Best.	3	SWALLOW COME AGAIN . . . Claribel.	3
COME BACK TO ERIN, . . . Claribel.	3	FACES I SEE IN MY DREAMS, Wallandaine.	3
STORM, . . . Hullah.	3	PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL, . . . Hobson.	3½
CROSSING THE BROOK, . . . Blamp'in,	3	WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE. . . Claribel.	3
STRANGERS YET. . . Claribel.	3½	WON'T YOU TELL ME WHY? ROBIN. Claribel.	3½
YOU AND I. . . Claribel.	3		
HE DOESN'T LOVE ME. . . Louisa Gray.	3		

CHICAGO:

Published by ROOT & CADY, 67 Washington Street.

**JAMES R. MURRAY'S**  
**POPULAR SONGS.**

**SONGS AND CHORUSES.**

Daisy Deane,..... 30	Beautiful Spirit of Song,..... 30
Baby's Gone to Sleep, ..... 30	How Sweet the Thought, ..... 30
They tell Me Thou art Sleeping,.. 30	I Wait for Thy Coming,..... 35
What Shall I Ask for Thee,..... 35	When Mother Fell Asleep,..... 30
Kind Smiles for All,..... 30	When Sue and I Went Skating,... 40
Loving Thee Ever, ..... 35	Ever With Me, ..... 30
Little Sunshine,..... 60	Christmas Cheer,..... 30
Gone to Heaven,..... 30	Guests of the Heart,..... 30

**QUARTETS.**

Angels guard her dreams to-night, 40	Brothers of the Mystic Tie, ..... 30
--------------------------------------	--------------------------------------

**Pieces for the Piano.**

Mona's Reverie, ..... 40	Bright Eyes Waltz, ..... 40
--------------------------	-----------------------------

# I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

AS SUNG BY MADAME PAREPA.

Words and Music by CLARIBEL.

SLOWLY.

PIANO.

*mp*

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music is marked 'SLOWLY' and 'PIANO' with a dynamic marking of 'mp'.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first part of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics below it. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are:

1. I can - not sing the old songs, I  
 2. I can - not sing the old songs, Their  
 3. I can - not sing the old songs, For

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second part of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics below it. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are:

sung long years a - - go, For heart and voice would  
 charm is sad and deep; Their me - lo - dies would  
 vis - ions come a - - gain, Of gold - en dreams de-

fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For by - gone hours come  
 wa - - ken Old sor - rows from their sleep, And though all un - for-  
 part - - ed, And years of wea - ry pain; Per - haps when earth - ly

o'er my heart, With each fa - - mi - - liar strain;..... I  
 got - - ten still, And sad - - ly sweet they be;..... I  
 fet - - ters shall Have set my spi - - rit free;..... My

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain, I  
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me, I  
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - - ni - ty, My

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a . gain.....  
can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.....  
voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty.....

Musical notation for the second system, including piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the third system, including piano accompaniment.

# SELECTED LIST OF NEW MUSIC.

*If Papa were only Ready.*  
Ballad. Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.  
Key of D. 30 cts.

Mr. Bliss is well known to many of our readers as an unusually successful teacher and writer. His music is sung and loved by all who know it, and we are greatly mistaken if this simple, winning ballad will not prove a great favorite. I should like to die, said Willie, if my papa could die too. But he says he isn't ready, 'cause he has so much to do: And my little sister Nellie, says that I must surely die. And that she and grandma—then she stopped because it made me cry.

Nellie says that maybe I shall very soon be called away. If papa was only ready, I should like to go to-day; But if I should go before him, to that world of light and joy, Then I guess he'd want to come to Heaven to see his little boy.

It is with great pleasure that we announce a series of ten new songs by that veteran composer, J. P. Webster. They are issued under the general title of

**Songs of the Present Time,**  
BEING  
Melodies of Beauty,  
Words of Sense, and  
Ideas of Progress.

First Series:

1. *All Rights for All.* Song and Chorus. Words by E. B. Dewing. Key of D. 35 cts.

A rollicking, triumphant song for the times, that cannot fail to please. The words are noble and generous in sentiment, and are perfectly adapted to the music.

Ho! men of the far sunny south-land;  
Ho! men of the free breathing North—  
Of east-land, and west-land, and mid-land,  
Who proudly to battle went forth:  
Awake! from the slumbers that bind ye,  
List, list to the voices that call:  
There's work to be done by the bravest,  
If vict'ry means, all rights for all!

Chorus.

The Nation is saved! the Republic is free!  
Adieu to the musket and sabre;  
Our cry shall now be, from the hills to the sea,  
All rights for free men and free labor!

2. *Bessie Jayne.* Song and Chorus. Words by Luke Collin. Key of E flat. 35 cts.

Bessie Jayne will prove a welcome visitant to many, as it is one of the very few serio-comic songs that does not descend into buffoonery.

It tells about a certain "Smith," (what his Christian name is, we are not informed,) and the trouble he had entreating Bessie to be Bessie Smith. Added to this a certain "Jones" appears in the background and excites the jealous ire of S. The final appeal is thus made.

Bessie Jayne, our youth is passing,  
I have loved you long and well;  
Patience may not last forever:  
Love might vanish, who can tell;  
Then have done with idle flirting,  
Bravely meet the aim of life,  
Send that Jones about his business;  
Bessie Jayne! be Smithie's wife.

Chorus.

When the winter stars are shining,  
When I hear the summer rain,  
Sun and shadow, night and morning  
Visions bring of Bessie Jayne.

It is perhaps a recommendation of this song that it is complete without the chorus.

3. *Cupid and Mammon.* Duet. Words by C. C. Haskins. Key of G. 75 cts.

[For notice of this duet see SONG MESSENGER EXTRA for April, 1868.]

4. *Lost Lomie Laine.* Song and Chorus. Words by Luke Collin. Key of E. 35 cts.

A very happy combination of pretty words, and a fresh, swinging melody that almost sings itself.

The green meadows open before me  
Unfolding the treasures of spring,  
The glad season comes in its beauty,  
But joy it can nevermore bring;  
For she who was brighter than sunshine,  
And sweeter than breath of the plain,

And dearer than hopes of the future,  
Is now, alas, Lost Lomie Laine.

Chorus.

The soft winds are evermore sighing  
Above me the same sad refrain,  
My weary heart evermore crying,  
Lost, darling Lomie Laine.

I joined the gay throng at the nuptials,  
And "wished thee much joy" with a smile,  
And feigned calm indifference at parting,  
My heart nearly breaking the while.  
But now when the drama is finished,  
And thou art gone o'er the main,  
I come where fond memories linger  
Of thee, my loved, lost, Lomie Laine.

5. *My Margaret.* Ballad. Words by Luke Collin. Key of F. 30 cts.

We cordially recommend this little ballad to all music-lovers as one of the best Mr. Webster has ever written. It is not difficult, and breathes a calm spirit of contentment in every line.

The wood was in its summer leaf,  
Margaret, my Margaret,  
And golden grain was in the sheaf,  
Margaret, my Margaret;  
The birds that filled the air with song,  
Sweet summer time did still prolong,  
When last we wound these banks along,  
Margaret, my Margaret.

Gone now are birds and summer leaves,  
Margaret, my Margaret;  
Old time has garnered many sheaves,  
Margaret, my Margaret;  
The winding brooklet murmurs still  
The songs which did our young hearts thrill,  
But we are passing down the hill,  
Margaret, my Margaret.

6. *Northmen, Awake!* Quartet and Chorus. Words by S. Fillmore Bennett. Key of G. 50 cts.

A stirring, patriotic quartet, with a rousing chorus, set to the familiar battle charge of Marco Bozzaris.

"Strike, till the last armed foe expires,  
Strike, for your altars and your fires,  
Strike, for the green graves of your sires,  
God and your native land."

We doubt not that it will delight thousands during the coming Presidential campaign, as, although written for mixed voices, it is equally well adapted for male voices. We quote the closing verse.

Washington, Liberty's Father, entreateth;  
Northmen, awake!  
Lincoln, her savior, the summons repeateth;  
Northmen, awake!  
Yours is a trust that is solemn and grand,  
Ever to see that her battlements stand!  
March to the battle with Liberty's band!  
Strike out the sword from fell treason's red hand!

7. *The Cottage in the Wood.* Words by Luke Collin. Key of C. 30 cts.

A pleasant picture of boyish recollections of the log house on the frontier, and the changes time has wrought. It will come home with startling force and clearness to many a one in the mighty West.

Where the sunbeams rarely ventured,  
Deep within a sylvan shade,  
Near a stream in whose bright waters  
Shining trout and salmon played,  
Where the sod was all unbroken;—  
Mid the leafy maples stood  
What I still remember fondly,  
Our rude cottage in the wood.

Chorus.

Smiling gardens now are blooming,  
Where the dear old forest stood.  
Still doth memory love to wander  
To the cottage in the wood.

Time has flown with magic swiftness,  
Forests hoar have passed away;  
Where was reared our little cottage  
Stands a market place to-day;  
So I sigh for what has vanished,  
When I'm in a dreamy mood,  
Longing for those days of gladness,  
And the cottage in the wood.

8. *The Past we can never Recall.* Song and Chorus. Words by Luke Collin. Key of B flat. 35 cts.

Every one of our readers has doubtless heard of Butterfield's beautiful song, "When you and I were young, Maggie," and probably very many know and love it for its own sake. To all such we commend this song, written as a response to the

first named. The words are beautiful, and it is enough to say of the music that J. P. Webster calls it good.

The past we can never recall, Jamie,  
It fled with our youth long ago:  
But its loves and its memories, all, Jamie,  
Are ours while we linger below.  
The merry creek's bed may be dry, Jamie,  
And hushed be the voice of the mill,  
But the songs that they sung cannot die, Jamie,  
While pleasures of memory thrill.

Chorus.

Say not that we're feeble and gray, Jamie,  
For age cannot lessen our love,  
This earth-love is but for a day, Jamie,  
Eternity waits us above.  
The trials of life we have borne, Jamie,  
With trustfulness, patience and truth;  
For the past let us nevermore mourn, Jamie,  
There's a Realm of Perennial Youth.

9. *The Spring at the foot of the Hill.* Words, by Luke Collin. Key of D. 50 cts.

Songs of the scenes of our younger days are always in order. This is one of them, and one that will live if we are any judge.

We quote the last verse:  
Long years have passed over my pathway,  
And many strange lands have I seen;  
Kind friends have been loving and faithful,  
Wherever my wanderings have been.  
But whatever scenes may have charmed me,  
The greenest in memory still  
Is that where I loitered in childhood,  
The spring at the foot of the hill.

Chorus.

I turn from the present and future,  
While thoughts of the long ago fill  
My heart with the olden time rapture,  
For the spring at the foot of the hill.

10. *Woman is Going to Vote.* Song and Chorus. Words by Luke Collin. Key of E flat. 35 cts.

Another comic song. We defy any one to sing this through with a sober face. Not only are the words funny, but the music has a sidelong squint about it, a certain indescribable something, which makes you laugh despite yourself. And the funniest part of the whole affair is that nobody can tell exactly what makes him laugh.

We quote the last verse, wherein the "dear cweechers" announce what the programme will be when they get hold of the helm:

We'll have the whole thing reconstructed,  
Its wrong from beginning to end;  
We've out, and we've made, and we've fitted,  
Indeed, we all know how to mend.  
We've exercised far greater talents,  
In keeping our husbands afloat.  
Come, Harry, Tom, Dick, mind the cradle—  
We women are going to vote.

Chorus.

She lectures, and doctors and preaches,  
And notes the new cut of a coat.  
She'll mend our political breaches,  
And renovate all with her vote.

*It is an Age of Progress.* Quartet. Written and composed by W. C. Baker. Key of D. 75 cts.

A stirring quartet, or quartet and chorus, for the refrain to each verse will produce a fine effect if sung as such.

Mr. Baker is a progressive man, and this quartet convinces us that he has not stood still, musically, since we last heard from him, and we confidently recommend it to our friends. It is equally well adapted for male or mixed voices.

It is an age of progress  
In everything we do.  
And every day that slips away  
Is bringing something new;  
And progress is progressing  
In long and rapid paces;  
The lightning and the railroad car  
Run competition races.

Chorus.

Then up boys! jump aboard,  
The ship of State is sailing;  
With willing heart and ready hand,  
There's no such thing as falling;  
Press on, boys, press on!

The train of improvement is rushing along,  
So keep up if you can, and be valiant and strong;  
Keep up with the times, and the men of the day  
For the lame and the laggard are left on the way.  
Keep up, keep up, keep up!

Then with spirits unfettered, and hearts free as a light,  
We will cheerfully battle for all that is right,  
For our God and our country and men good and true;

Good bye to the old,  
Hurrah for the new