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Manuscript songs.

Webster, Joseph Philbrick, 1819-1879
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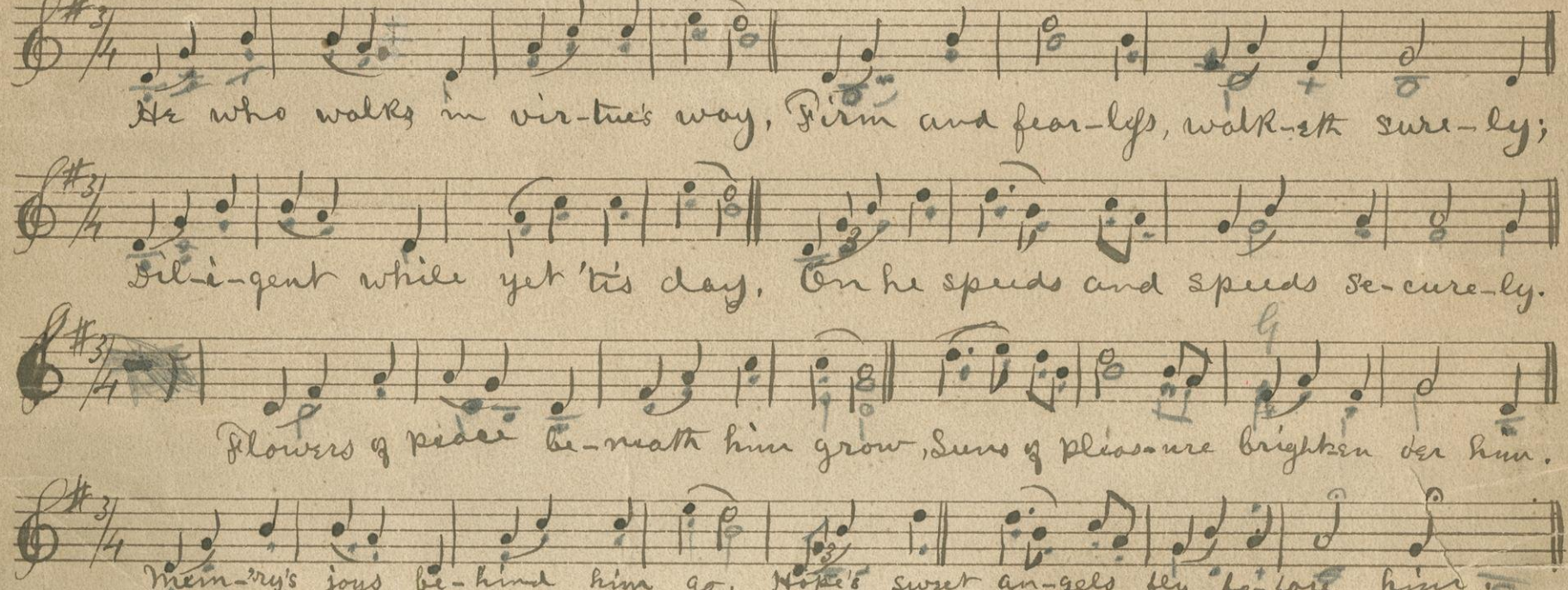
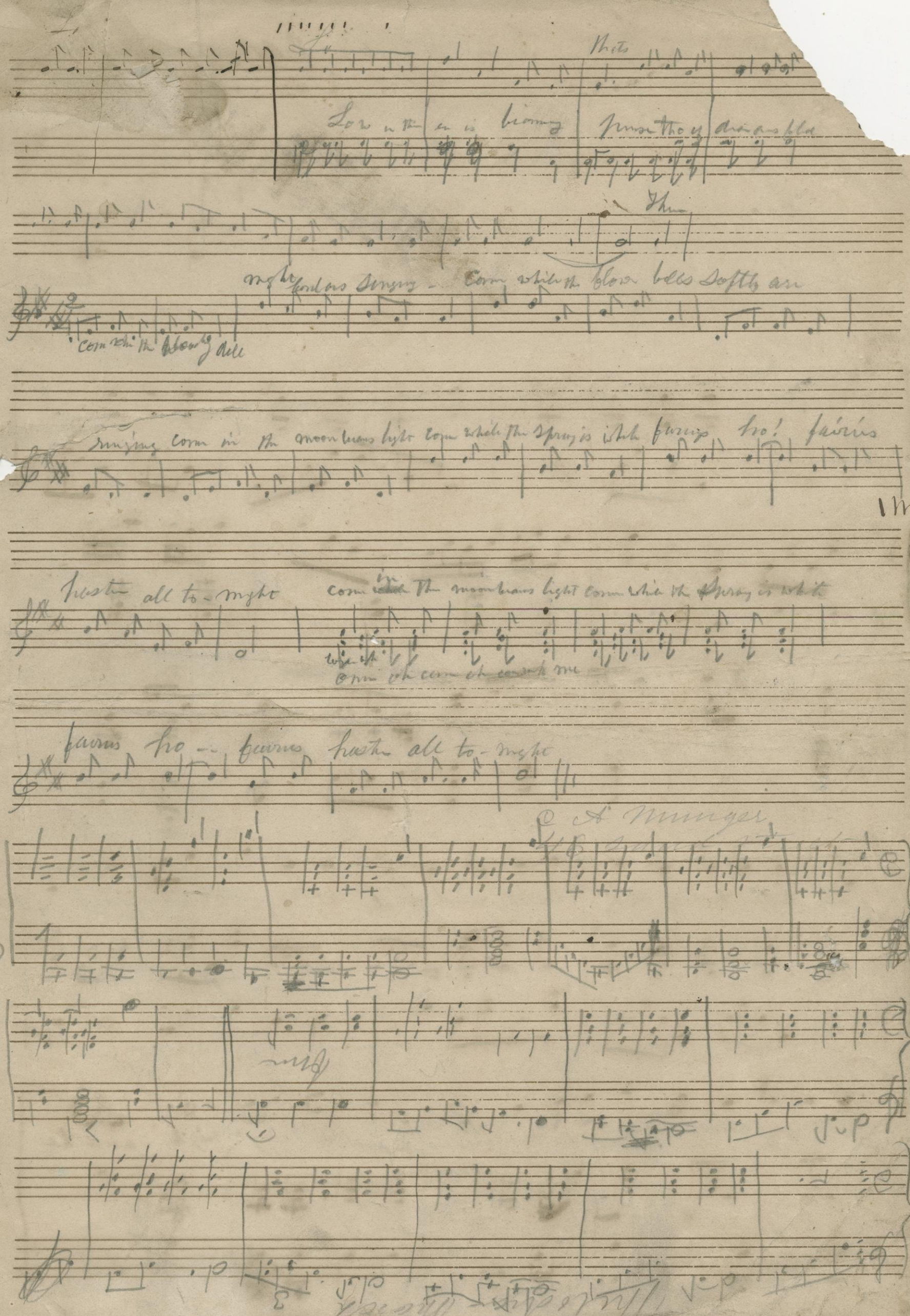
Words By Bowring

Hyde. 7s. & 8s M. Double

By H. D. L. Webster

Air.




Thats
Low in the en is beaming
Thus
might bowl as singing — Come while the flower bells softly are
Come while the blowing dell
ringing come in the moonbeams light come while the spray is white fairies ho! fairies
haste all to-night
come in the moonbeams light come while the spray is white
fairies ho — fairies haste all to-night
A Munger
26

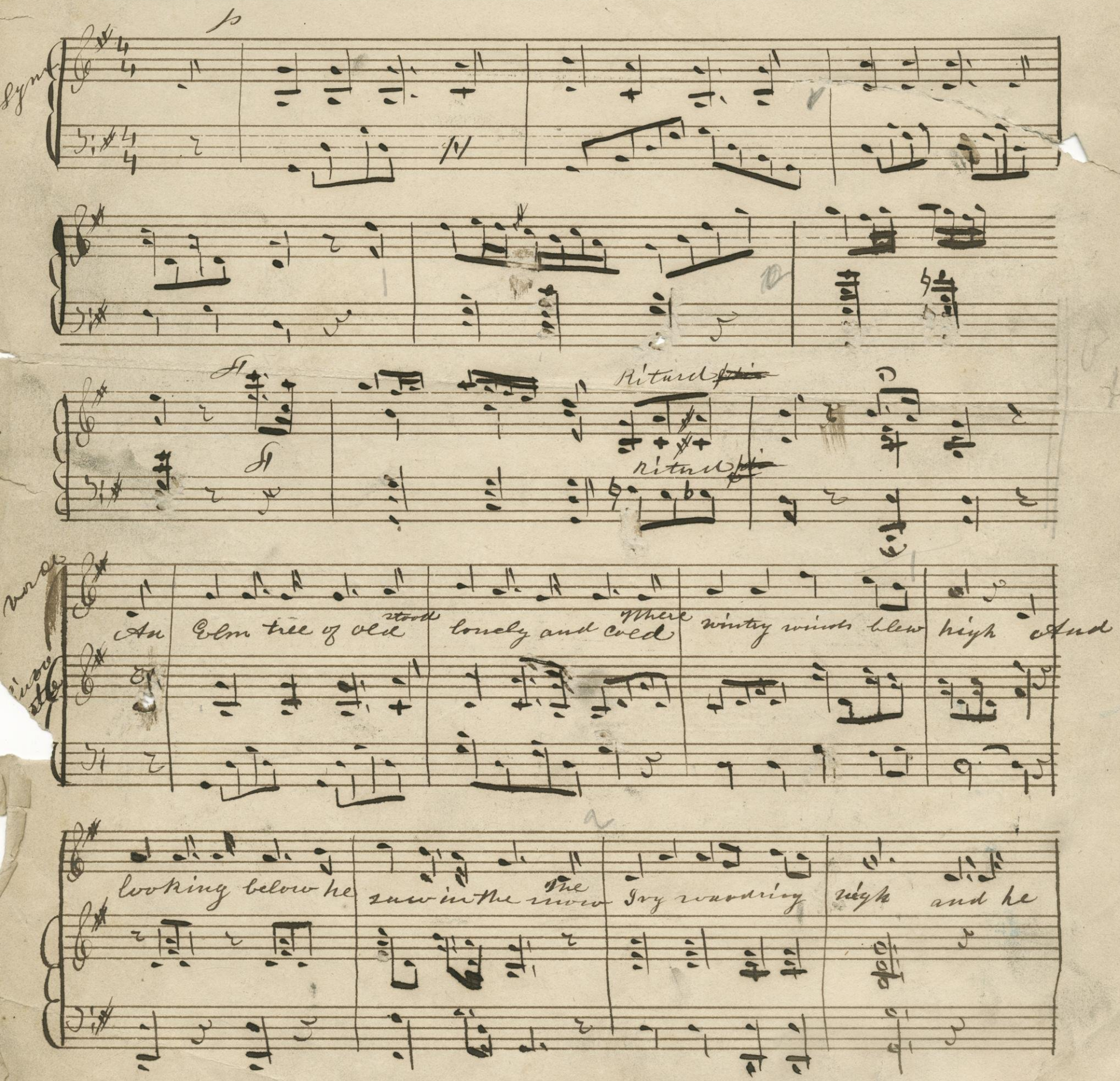
The Ivy and Elm

Poetry by

Martin F Tupper

Music by

J P Webster



said come twine with those tendrils of thine my scathed & frozen form

heart & hand to — gether we stand & mock at the baffled storm He

ha to gether we are bold & strong to gether we are right when the

~~world~~ wrong world goes ha ha to gether we will live & die ha ha still together when

Oceans dry

The Dry and Pale

"Softly, Lightly"

or

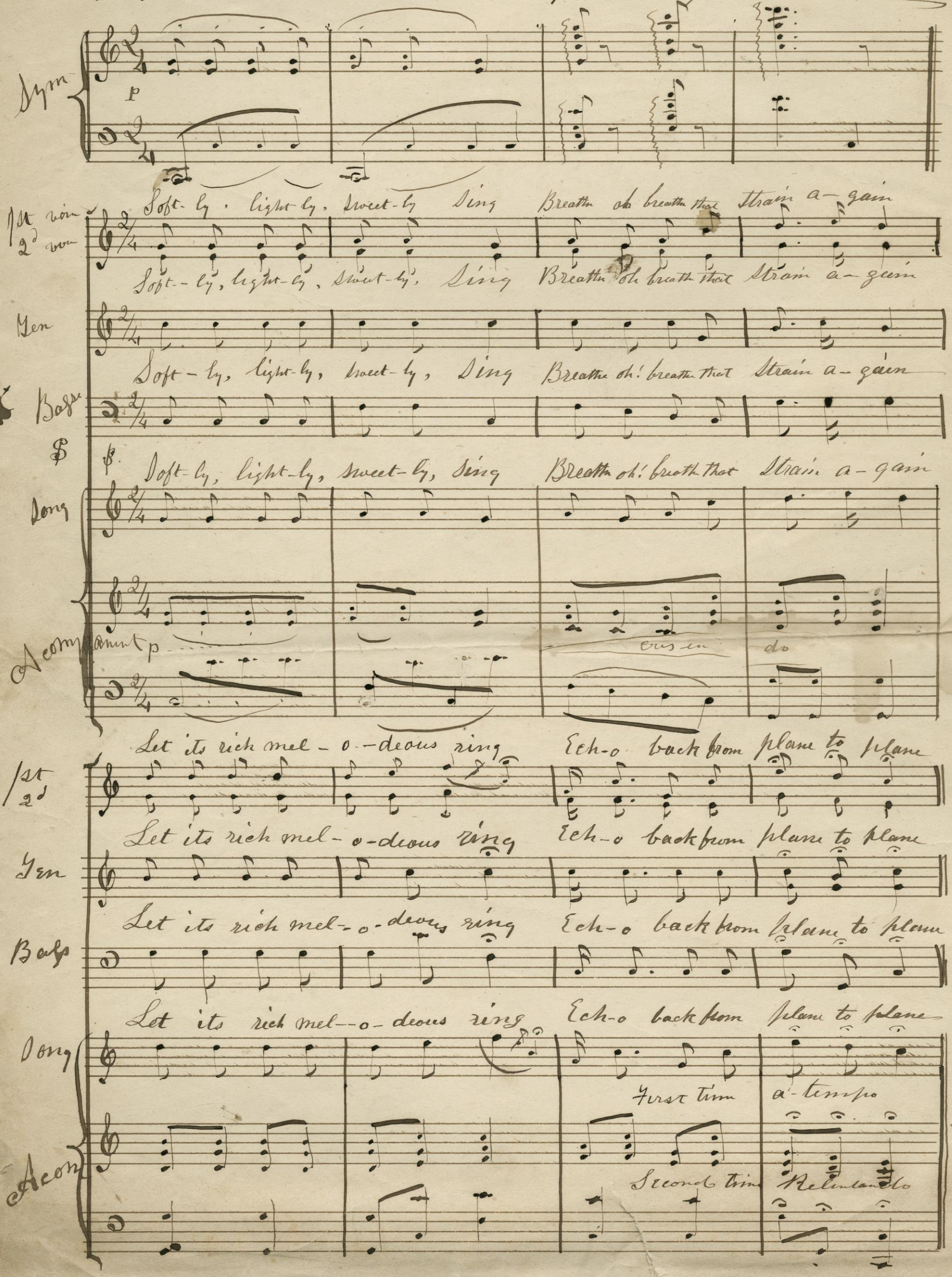
"Breathe oh breathe that strain again"

— a Song —

Duette, or Quartette

Composed and aranged for the piano forte

Poetry by T. M. Newson. By Joseph P. Webster



2d Verse Like the gold-en tints of morn-ing Or the sil-very rip-ling
3d Verse Oh the sun-ny hours of child-hood And bright hopes of youth-ful

1st 2d

2d v Like the gold-en tints of morn-ing Or the sil-very rip-ling
3d v Oh the sun-ny hours of child-hood And bright hopes of youth-ful

Tenor

2d v Like the gold-en tints of morn-ing Or the sil-very rip-ling
3d v Oh the sun-ny hours of child-hood And bright hopes of youth-ful

Bass

2d Like the gold-en tints of morn-ing Or the sil-very rip-ling
3d Oh the sun-ny hours of child-hood And bright hopes of youth-ful

Song

In a smooth and connected Style

Accomp.

2d v wave, Like the pur-ple hues a-dorn-ing Flowers that
3d v glee Oh! the well re-mem-bred wild-wood Where we

1st 2d

2d v Like the pur-ple hues a-dorn-ing Flowers that
3d v Oh! the well re-mem-bred wild-wood Where we

Tenor

2d v Like the pur-ple hues a-dorn-ing Flowers that
3d v Oh! the well re-mem-bred wild-wood Where we

Bass

2d v wave, Like the pur-ple hues a-dorn-ing Flowers that
glee. Oh! the well re-mem-bred wild-wood Where we

Song

Accomp.

dim

8
6

2d v deck thy moth-er's grave . Lo! with ~~Lo! with~~ in thine eye is
3d v wan- dered wild and free . Youth ful ~~Lo! within thine eye is~~ Youth ful hopes have all been

Soph Alt

2d v deck that deck thy mothers grave Lo! with in thine eye is
3d wan dered wan dered wild and free Youth ful hopes have all been

Ten

2 deck that deck thy moth er's grave Lo! with in thine eye is
3 wan-dered wan-dered wild and free Youth-ful hopes have all been

Bass

2d v deck thy moth-er's grave Lo! with - in thine eye is
3d v wan- dered wild and free Youth-ful hopes have all been

Song

Acomp

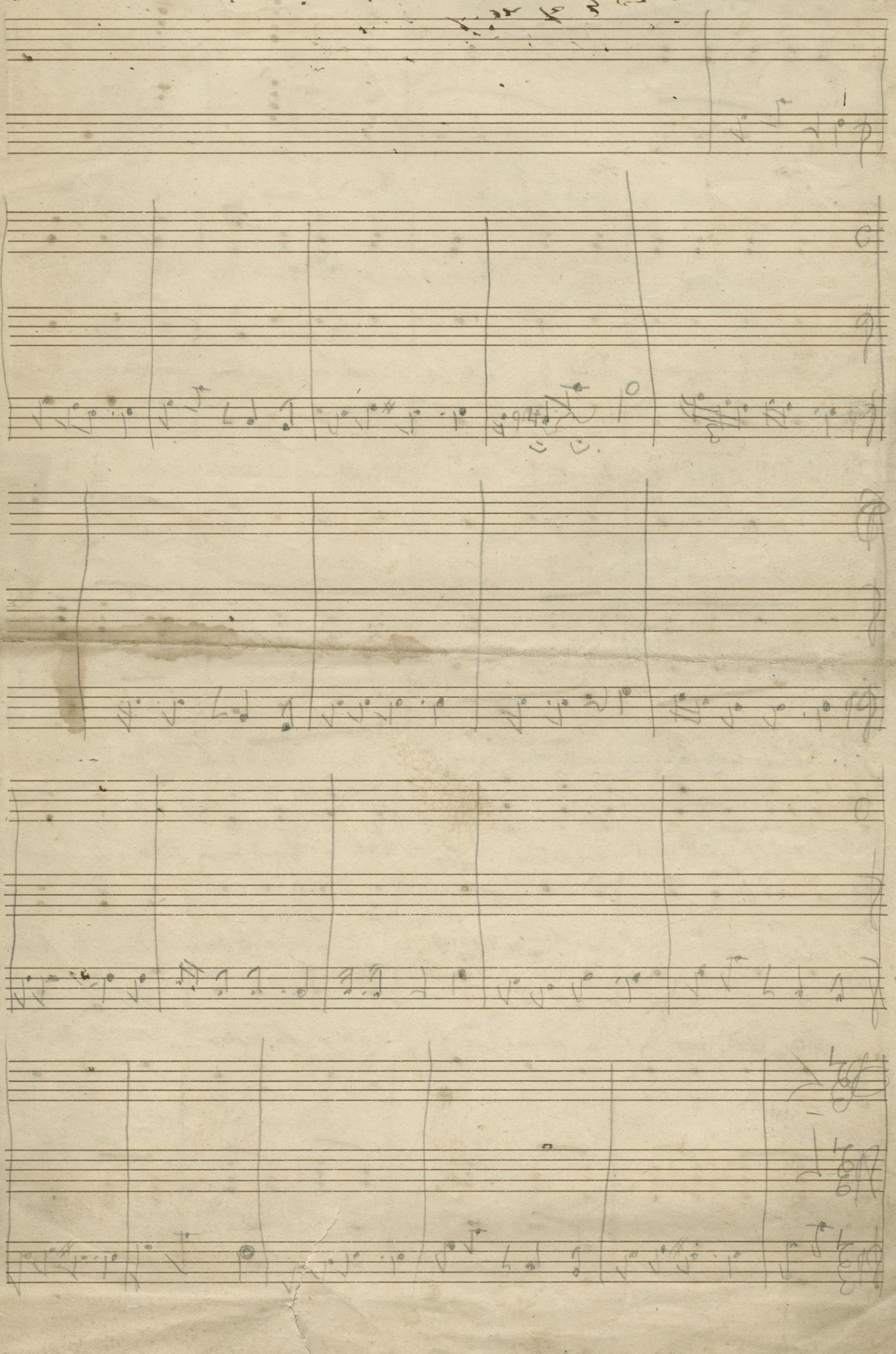
Soph Alt

Ten

Bass

Song

Acomp

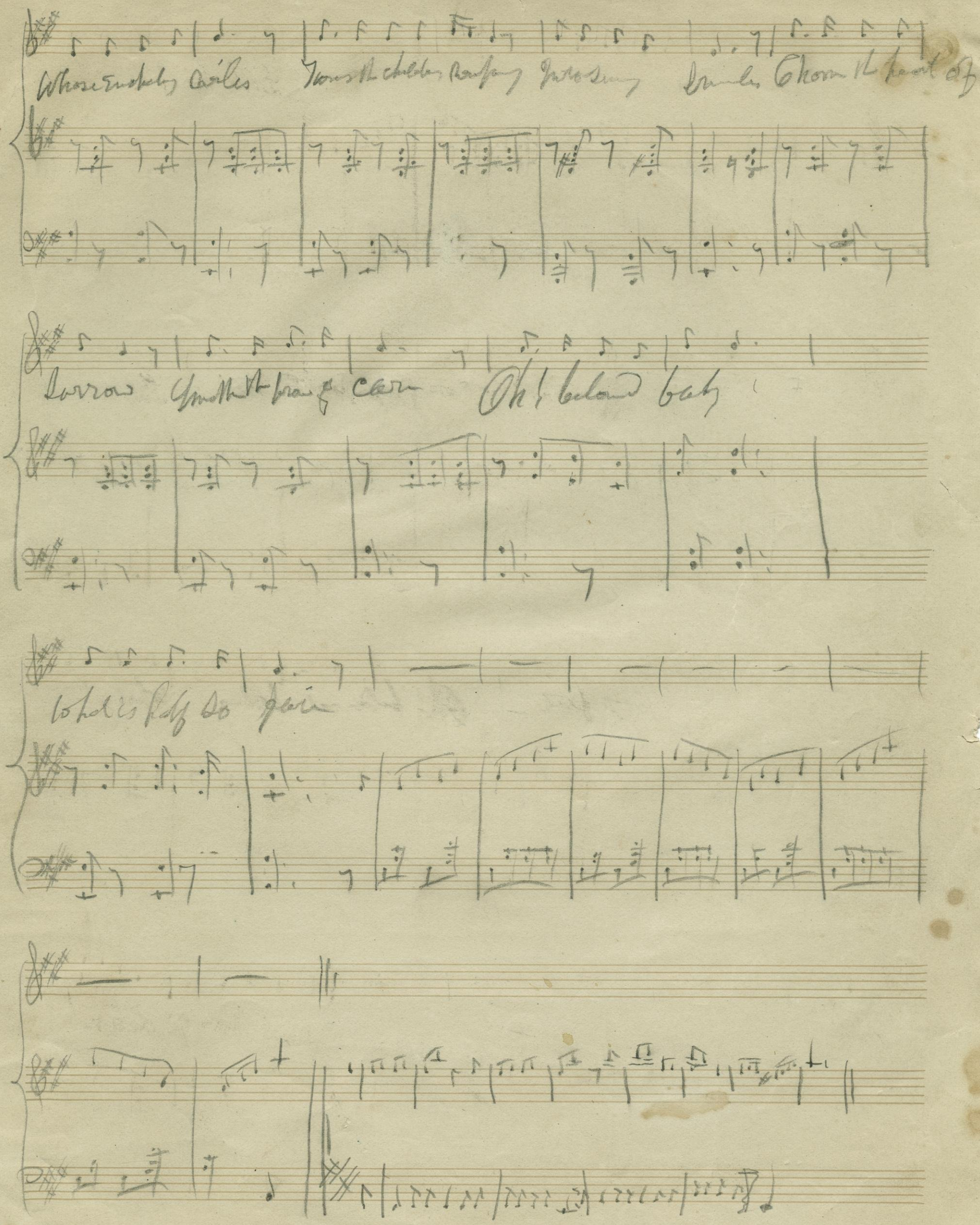


We're growing

old to-gather love By Chance I Saw to day - - - A-

Ped

mong thy locks of glossy brown One hair was turning gray


Whose Enchanting Cavities
Sorrow
Oh! beloved baby
What is Paff so fair

We're growing old to gather Love The rose leaves on my cheek

While dropping slow & Silent-ly Those mournful

words Speak-

Poetry by Augusta Moore

Our dove eyed darling by J. P. Webster

Little house hold angel,

Sitting on the floor, Playing at the window, Peeping towards the door; Listening, Smiling

breathless, For the entrance feet — Oh! beloved baby What is half so

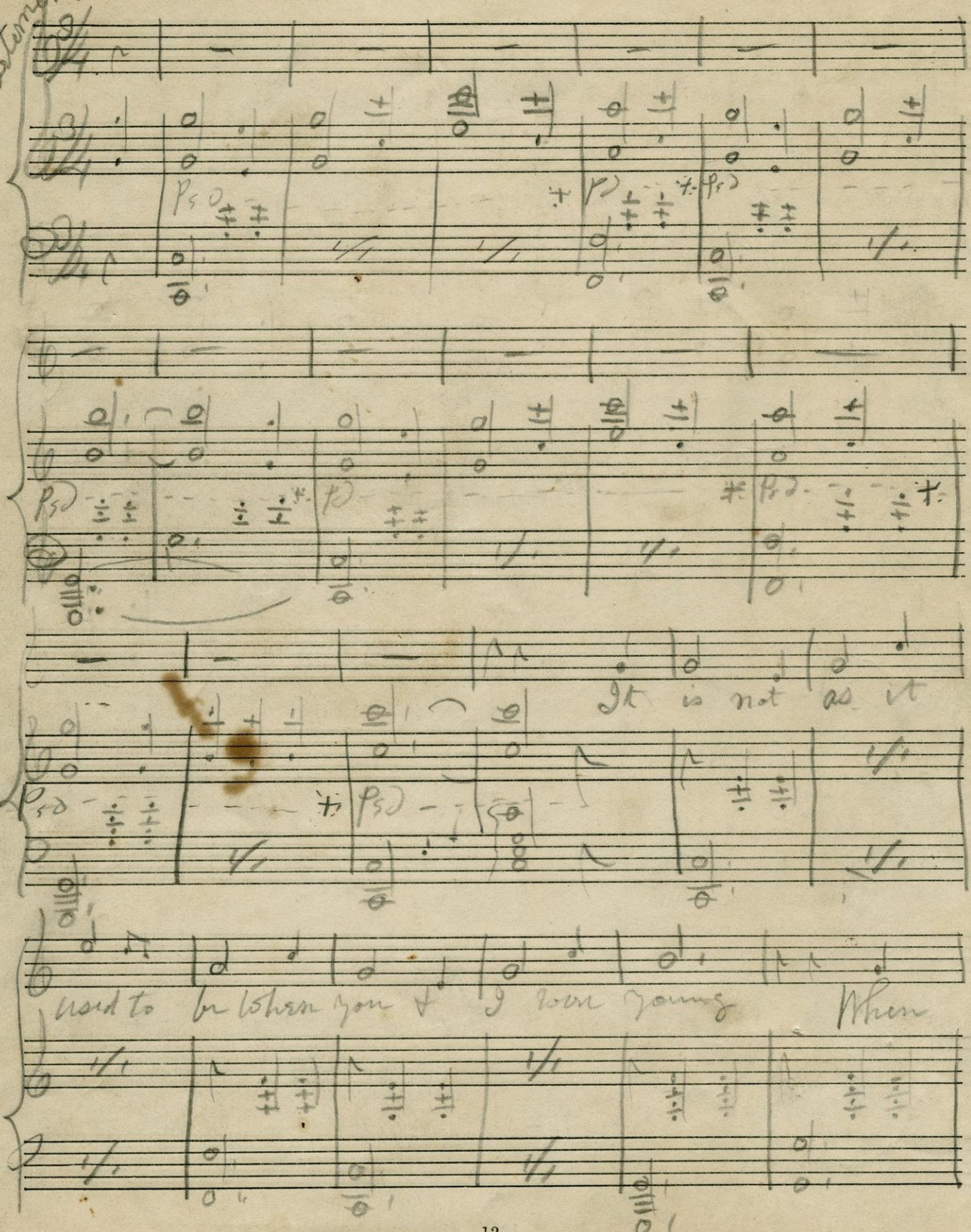
Sweet,

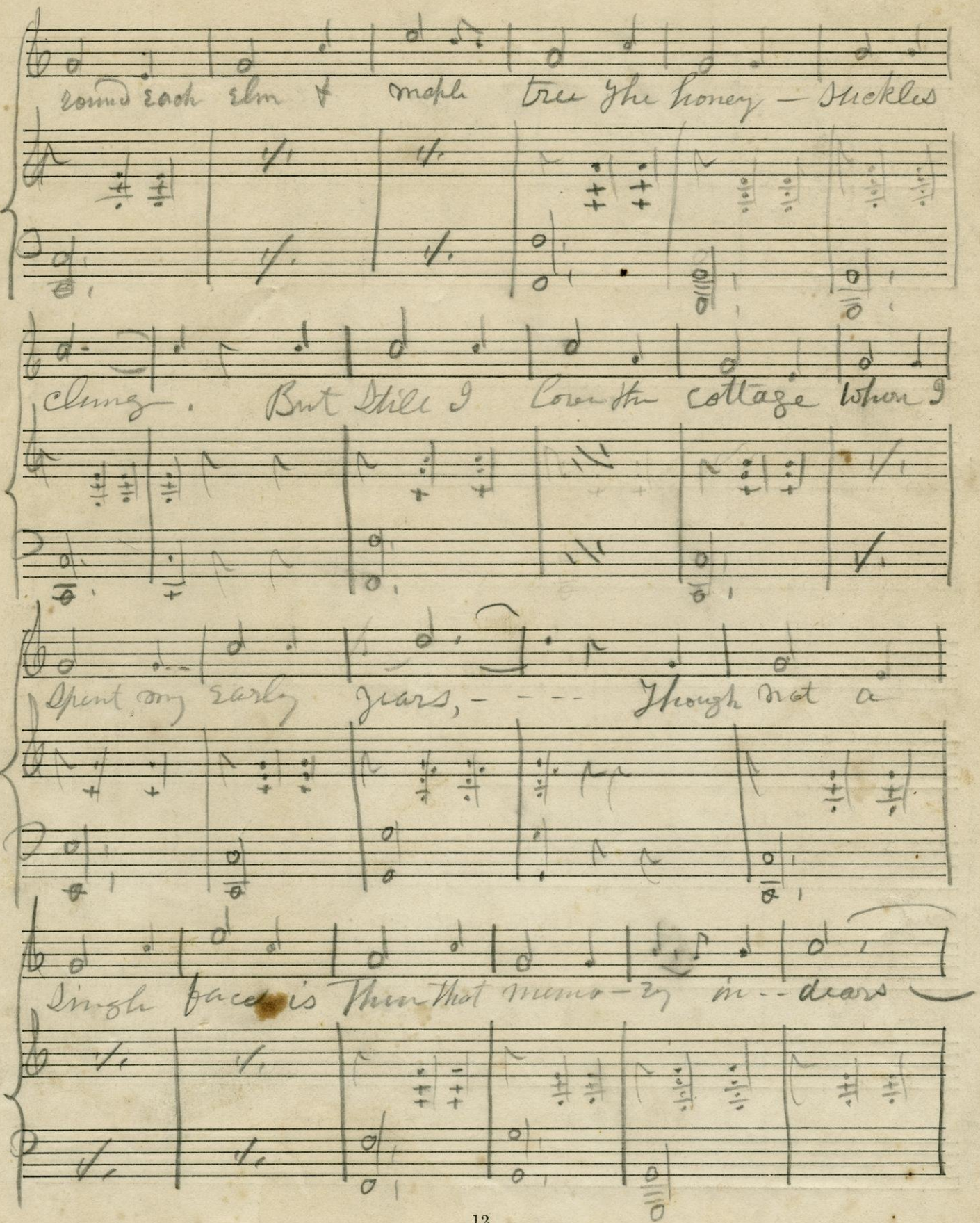
Innocent Ma-gi-cian

"When You and I were Young"

Music by J. P. Webster

Portamento cantabile




round each Elm & Maple tree the honey — suckles
clung. But still I love the cottage where I
spent my early years, — — — Though not a
single face is there that memo — ry in — dears

Thorns

But Still I Love my cottage When I

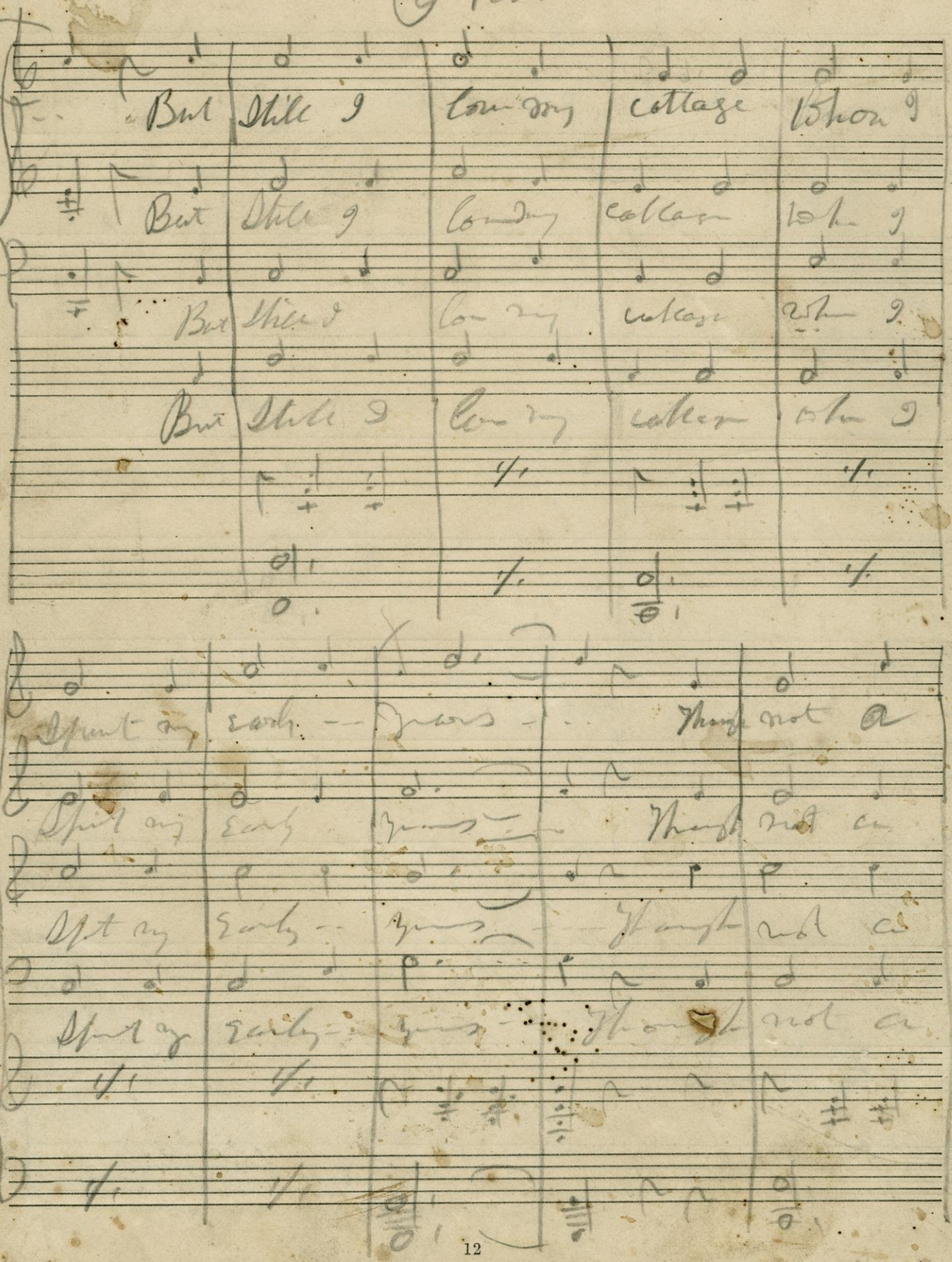
But Still I Love my cottage When I

But Still I Love my cottage When I

But Still I Love my cottage When I

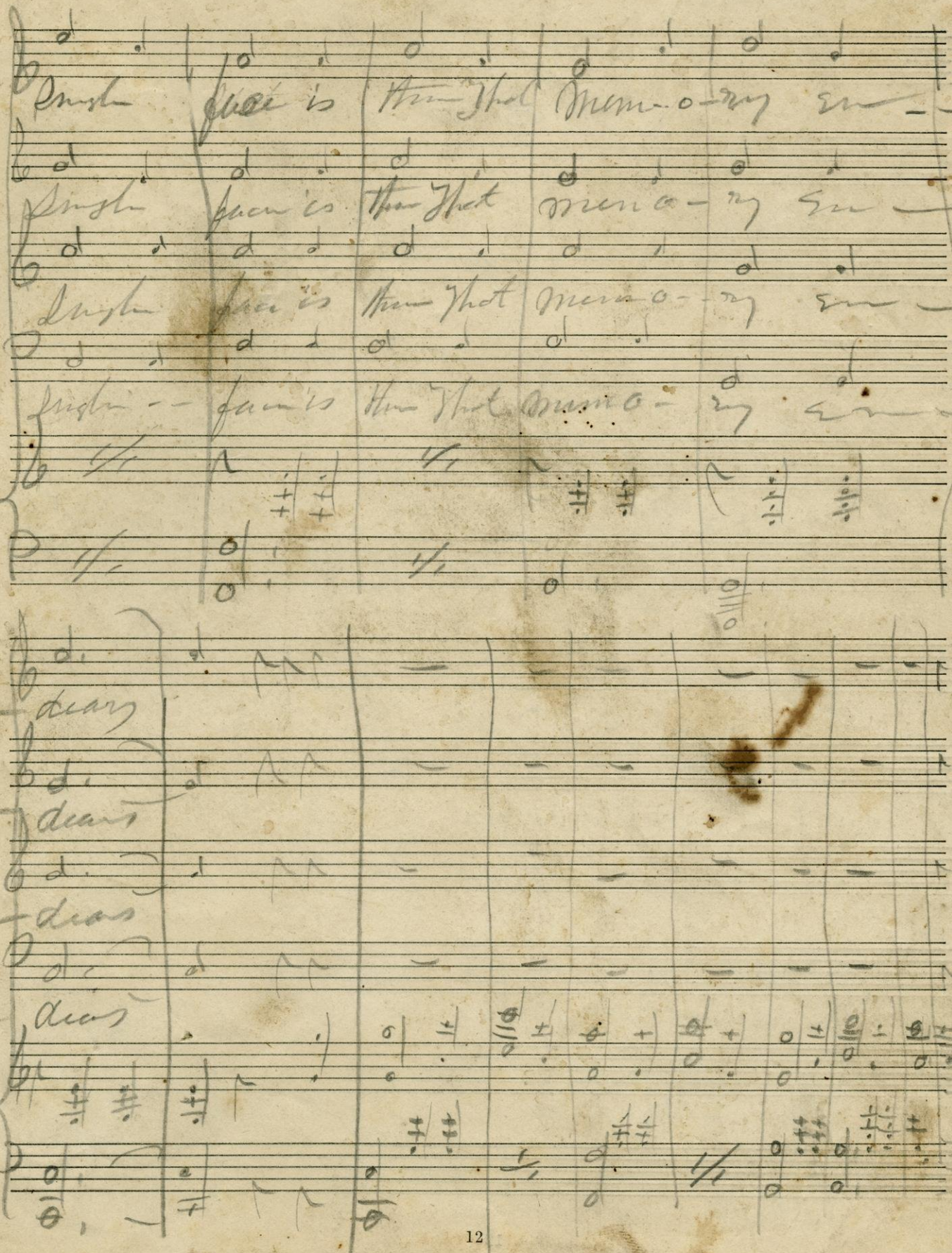
Spent my early years Though not a

Spent my early years Though not a



Spent my early years Though not a

Spent my early years Though not a



Single face is then That memo-ry en-

Single face is then That memo-ry en-

Single face is then That memo-ry en-

Single -- face is then That memo-ry en-

dears

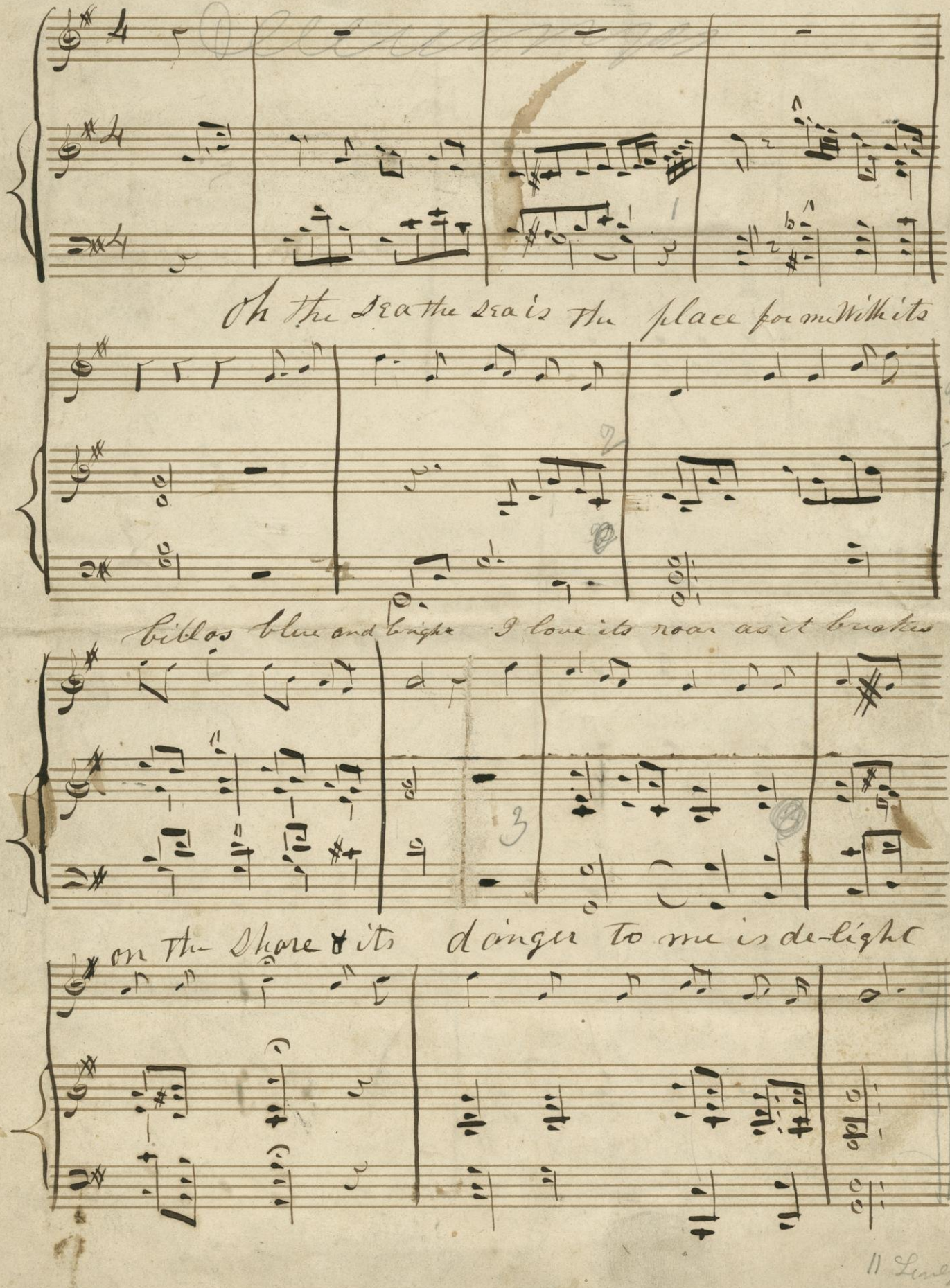
dears

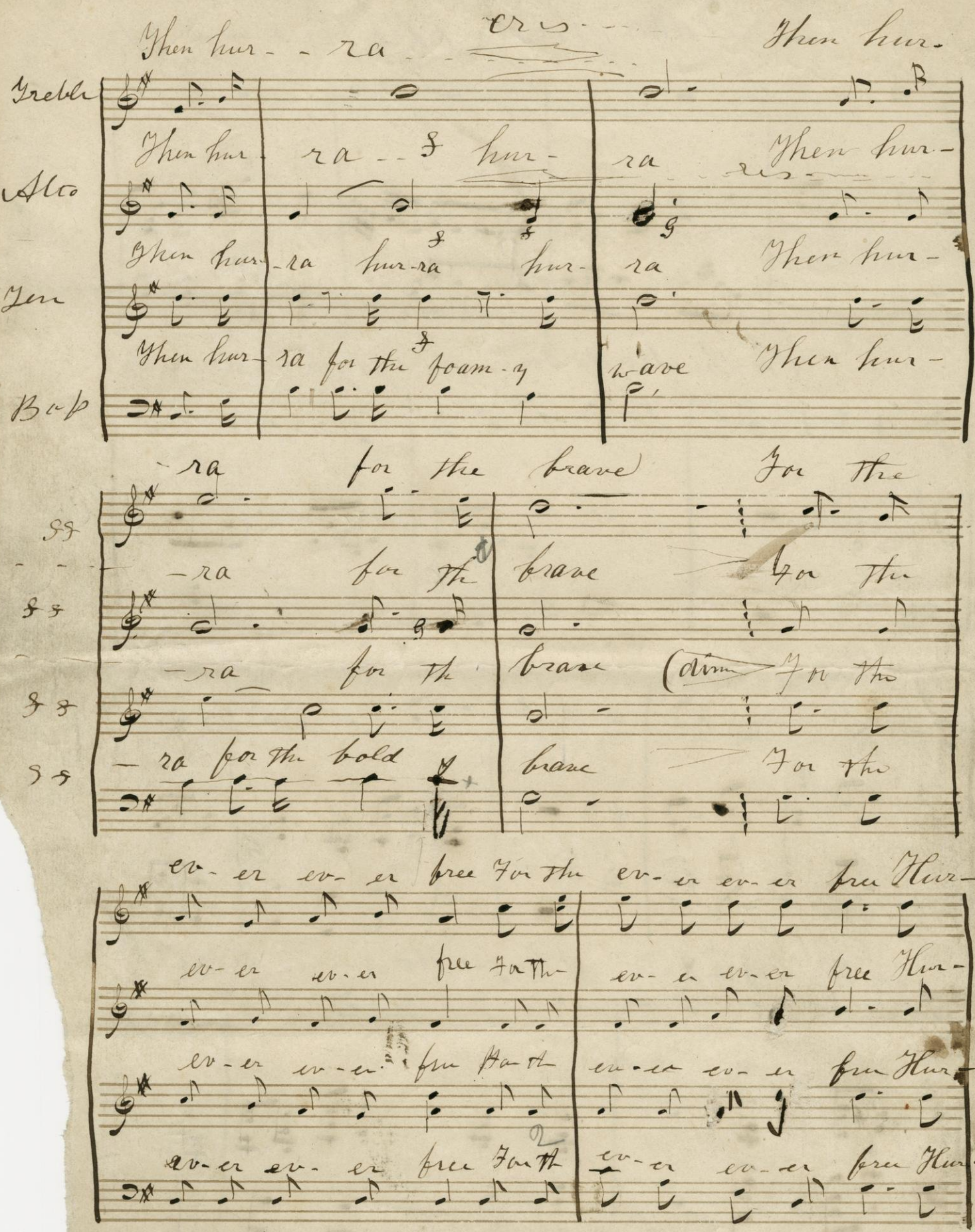
dears

dears

The Sailor boy's song of the Sea
— Solo and Chorus —

Music by David P. Wolcott





Then hur - - ra - - cres - - Then hur-

Treble

Then hur - ra - - hur - ra Then hur-

Alto

Then hur - ra hur-ra hur - ra Then hur-

Ten

Then hur - ra for the foam - y wave Then hur-

Bass

- ra for the brave For the

- ra for the brave For the

- ra for the brave (dim) For the

- ra for the bold brave For the

ev - er ev - er free For the ev - er ev - er free Hur-

ev - er ev - er free For the ev - er ev - er free Hur-

ev - er ev - er free For the ev - er ev - er free Hur-

ev - er ev - er free For the ev - er ev - er free Hur-

In the upset observed the hold and swell

Pause

— ra for the glo- ri-ous Sea

— ra for the Glo-rious Sea

— ra for the glo-rious Sea

— ra for the Glo-rious Sea

3 P 2

2. ver

I love the wave And the sailor brave who

often meets his doom On the ocean vast he

sleeps his last In a shell or Coral tomb

Chorus

3d

And oh in the night when the moon's soft light Smiles

Sweet on the spark-ling wave And many a

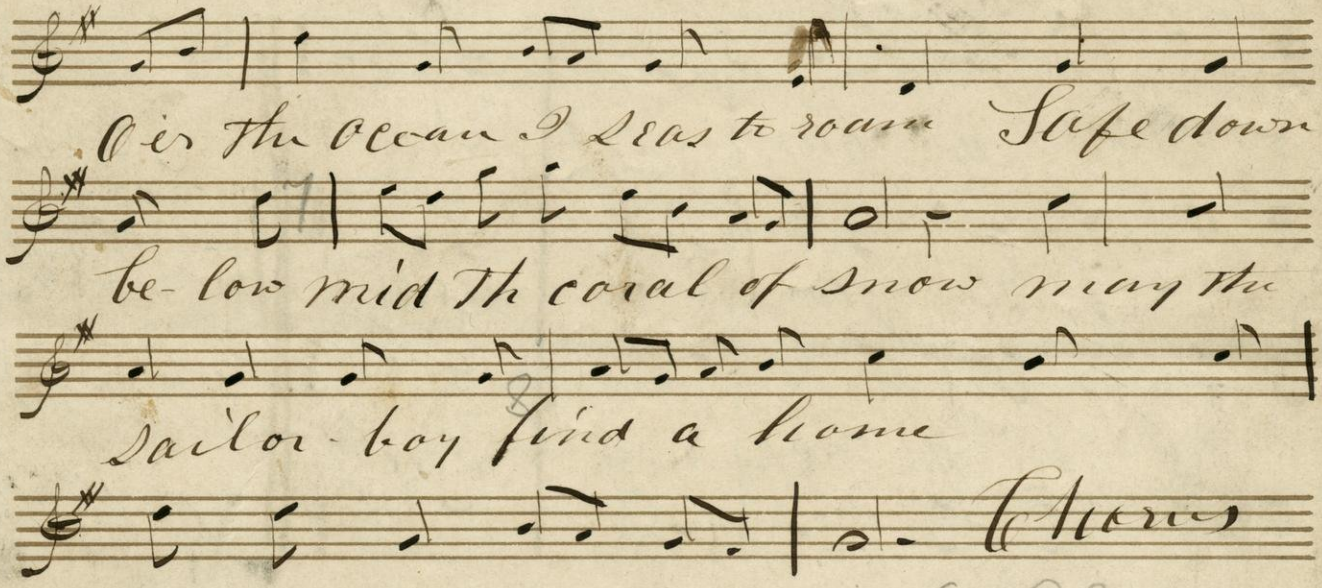
star as it twinkles afar Seems to rise from a

watery grave

Cho

4

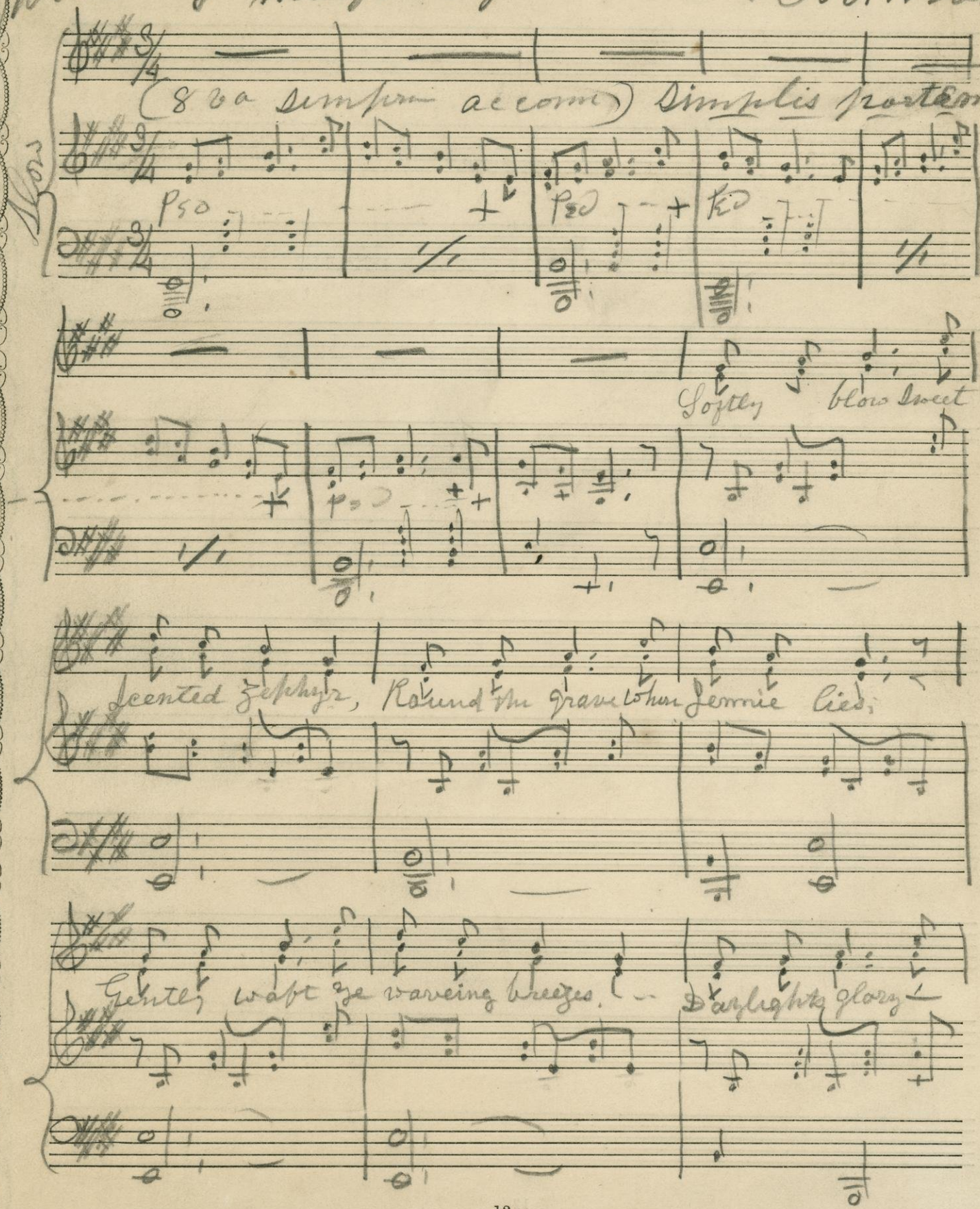
4th When life is o'er and I sail no more

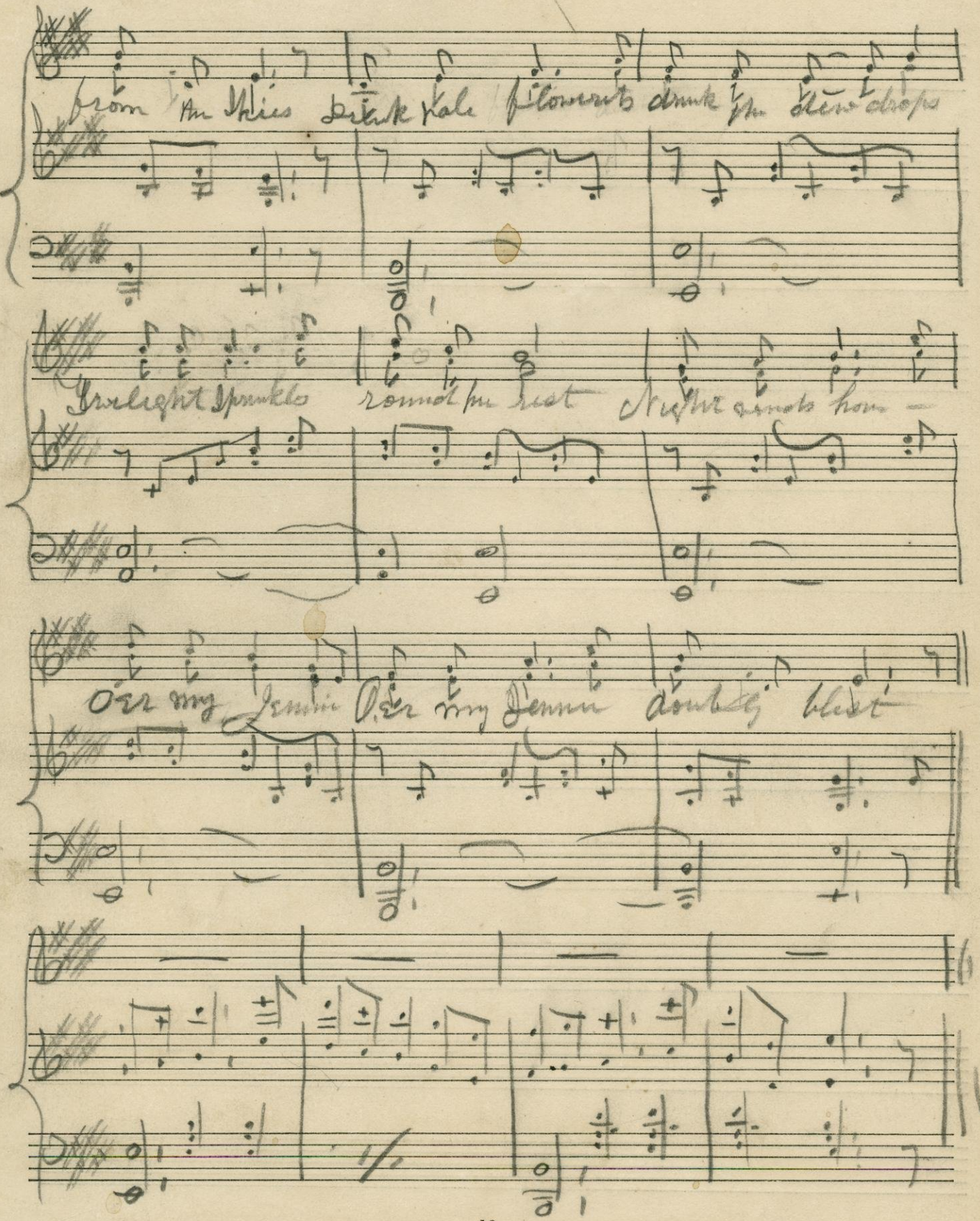


9 R3

"Jennies Grave" A Duett

Words by "Motgomery — Music by J. P. Webster

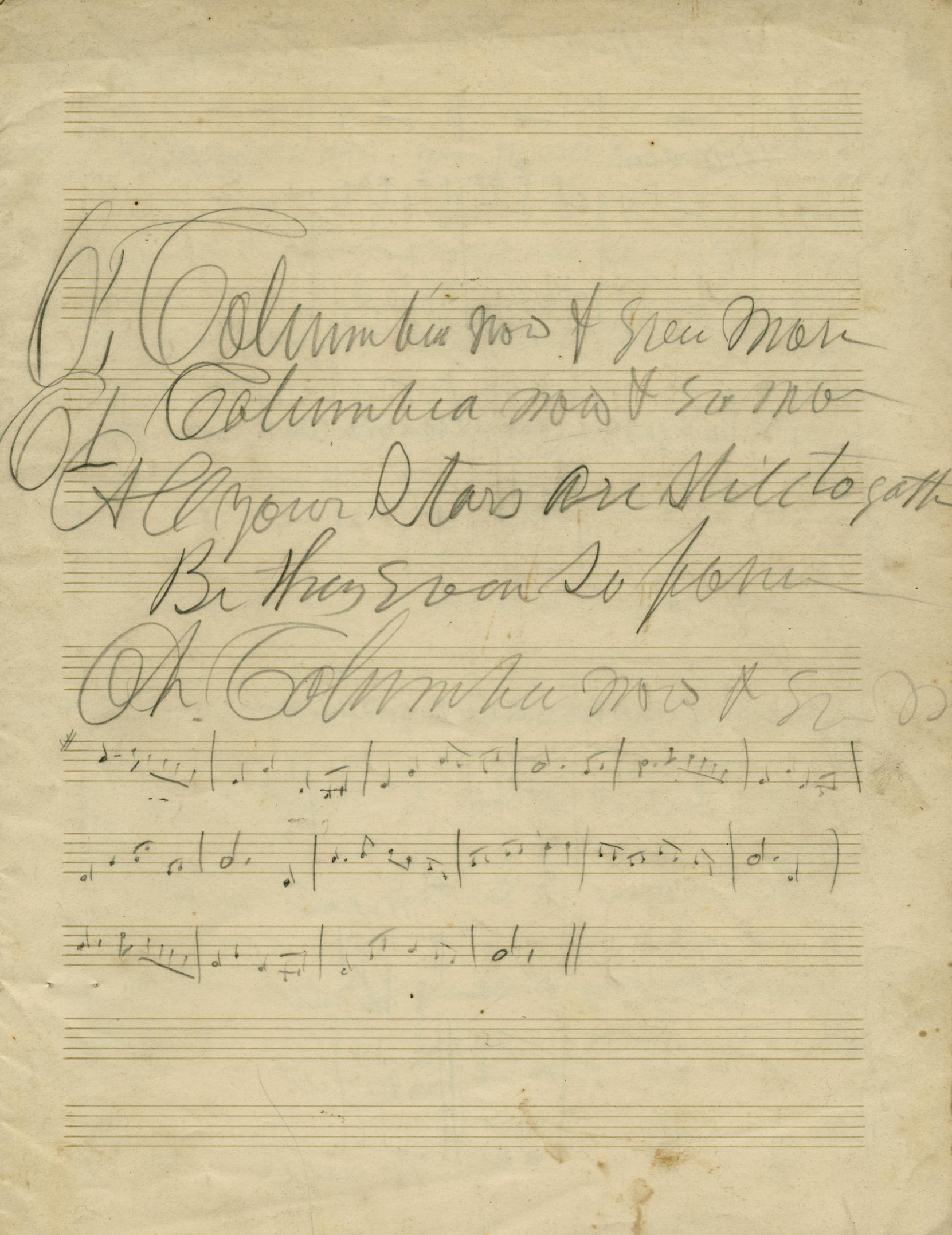




from the Skies Drink pale flowerets drink the dew drops

Twilight sprinkles round her rest Night winds hom-

Oer my Jennie Oer my Jennie doubly blest



Words by B. M. Lawrence

"No more trouble" Music by Jo. P. Webster

Vivace

Oh

Ped

wait till the good time coming comes Not like the one in the

olden times But wait till the good time coming comes Then we'll

We will

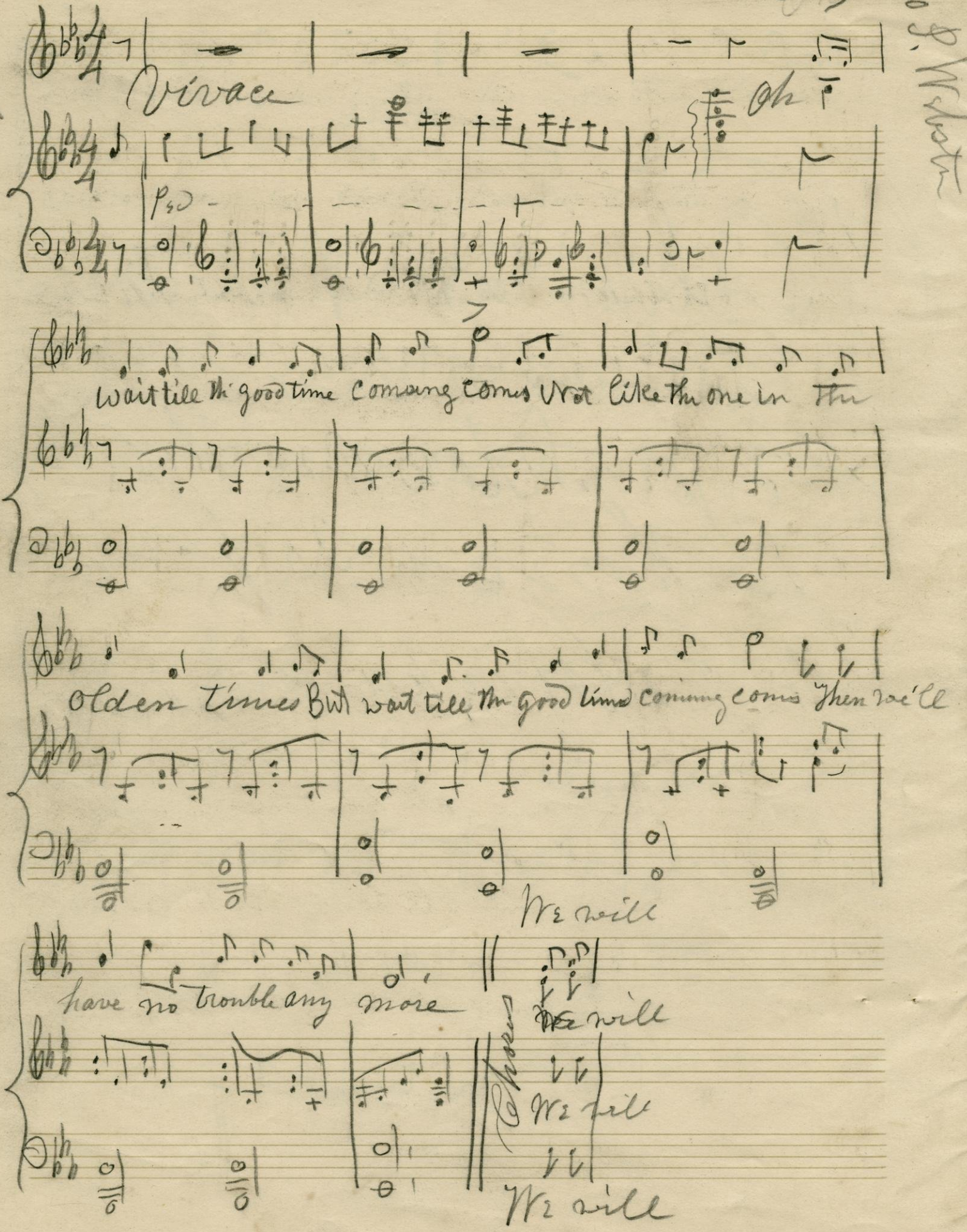
have no trouble any more

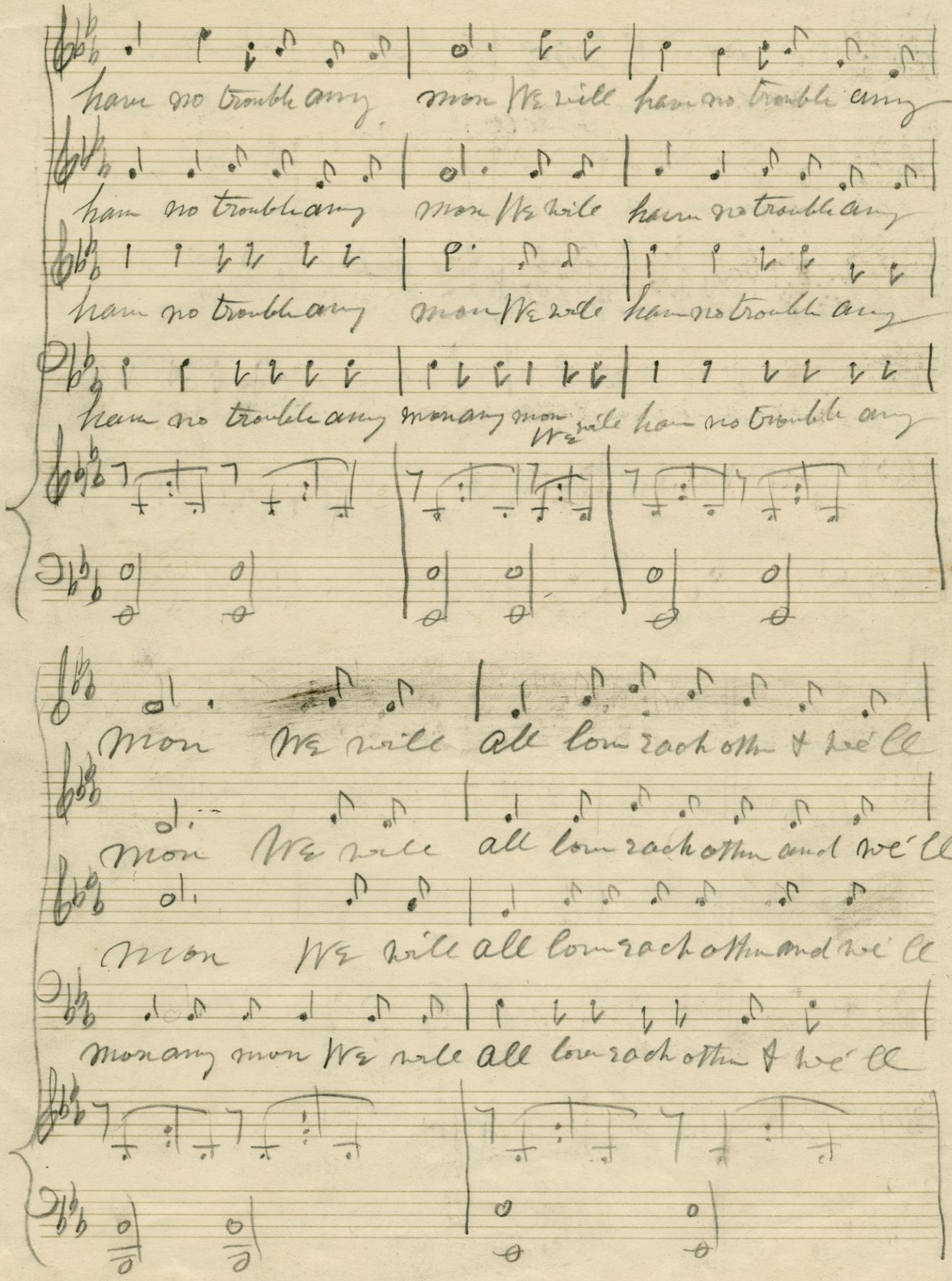
We will

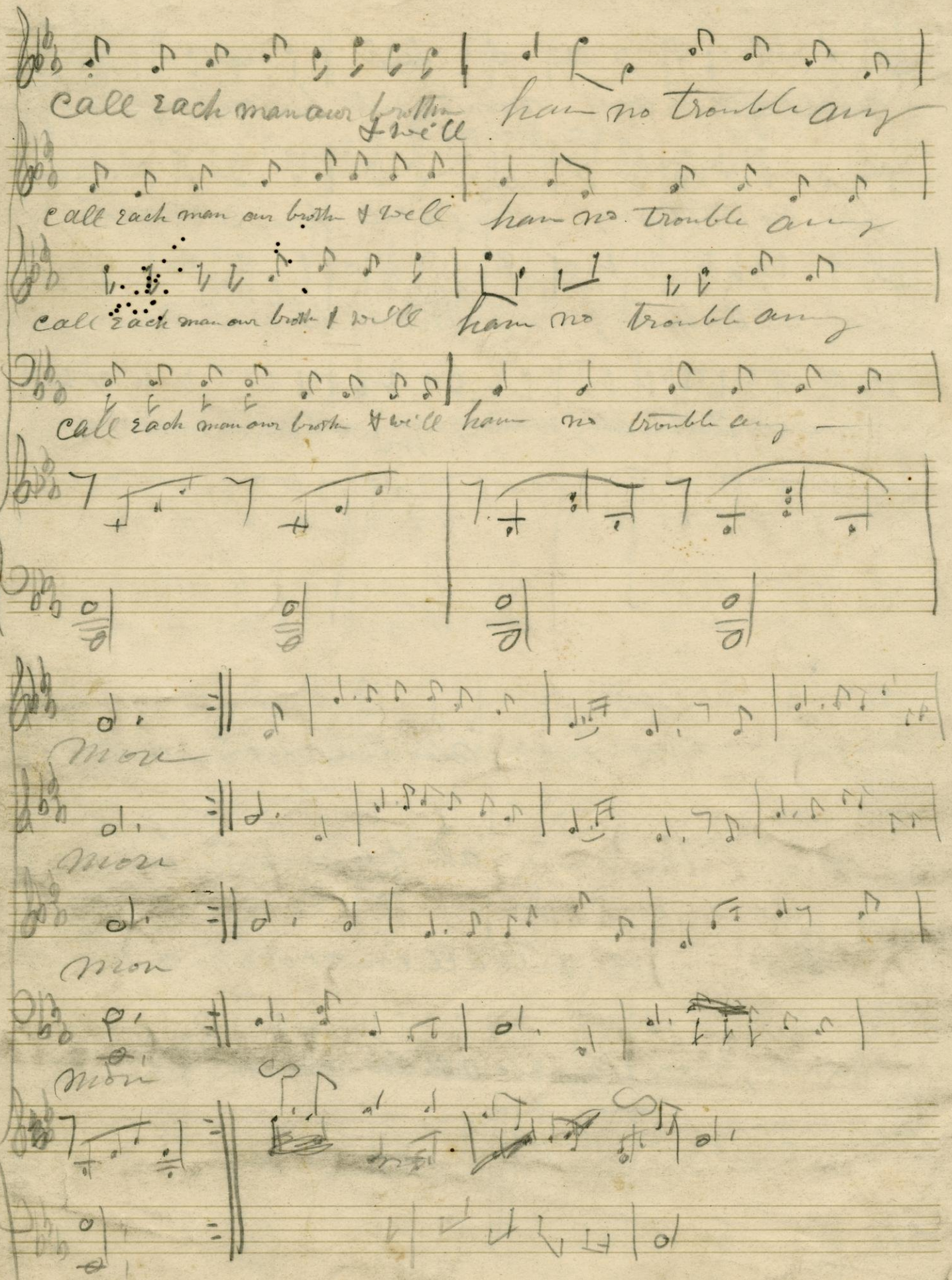
Chorus

We will

We will




ham no trouble any mon We will ham no trouble any
ham no trouble any mon We will ham no trouble any
ham no trouble any mon We will ham no trouble any
ham no trouble any monany mon We will ham no trouble any
mon We will all lov rach oth & we'll
mon We will all lov rach oth and we'll
mon We will all lov rach oth and we'll
monany mon We will all lov rach oth & we'll


call each man our brother I will have no trouble any
call each man our brother I will have no trouble any
call each man our brother I will have no trouble any
call each man our brother I will have no trouble any —
more
more
more
more

Bounding o'er the hills so green Like a little fairy queen

Bounding o'er the hills &c

Bounding o'er the hills &c

Bounding o'er the hills &c

Words by
Josephine Furman

Jennie Maud

Music by
J. P. Webster

I

Love to sing of my Cottage home When dwells my Jennie Maud When

Yellow roses sweetly bloom Over windows low & broad

winging to the Locust shade The wild bird warbling Loud To

Sing softly low Sing softly slow are the hours that fly — While you and

Sing softly low Sing softly low as in the hours The hours gone by

I together sit Us in the Days gone by

A Wearer

~~J. P. Webster~~

Water on the brain

Words by Luke Collin

Music by

rather lively

p2 p2d p2

The

p2d p2d

mighty fishes Sport & play Down in the briny main, And

little marvel tis that they have water on the brain. But

When we look our country thro' From Oregon to main 'Tis

Strange how many men we view With water on the brain

Ah

I! I! O dare not to dis-dain my pol-i-cy, for I have got no water on the brain

My! My! My pol-i-cy sus-tain. For I have got nor cold nor hot-no water on the brain

alt

Ten

I! I! I! I! I! I! O dare not to dis-dain my pol-i-cy for I have got no wa-ter on the brain

My! I! I! My! I! I! My pol-i-cy sustain For I have got nor cold nor hot-no water on the brain

Bas

f ff

P and Jenney Davis

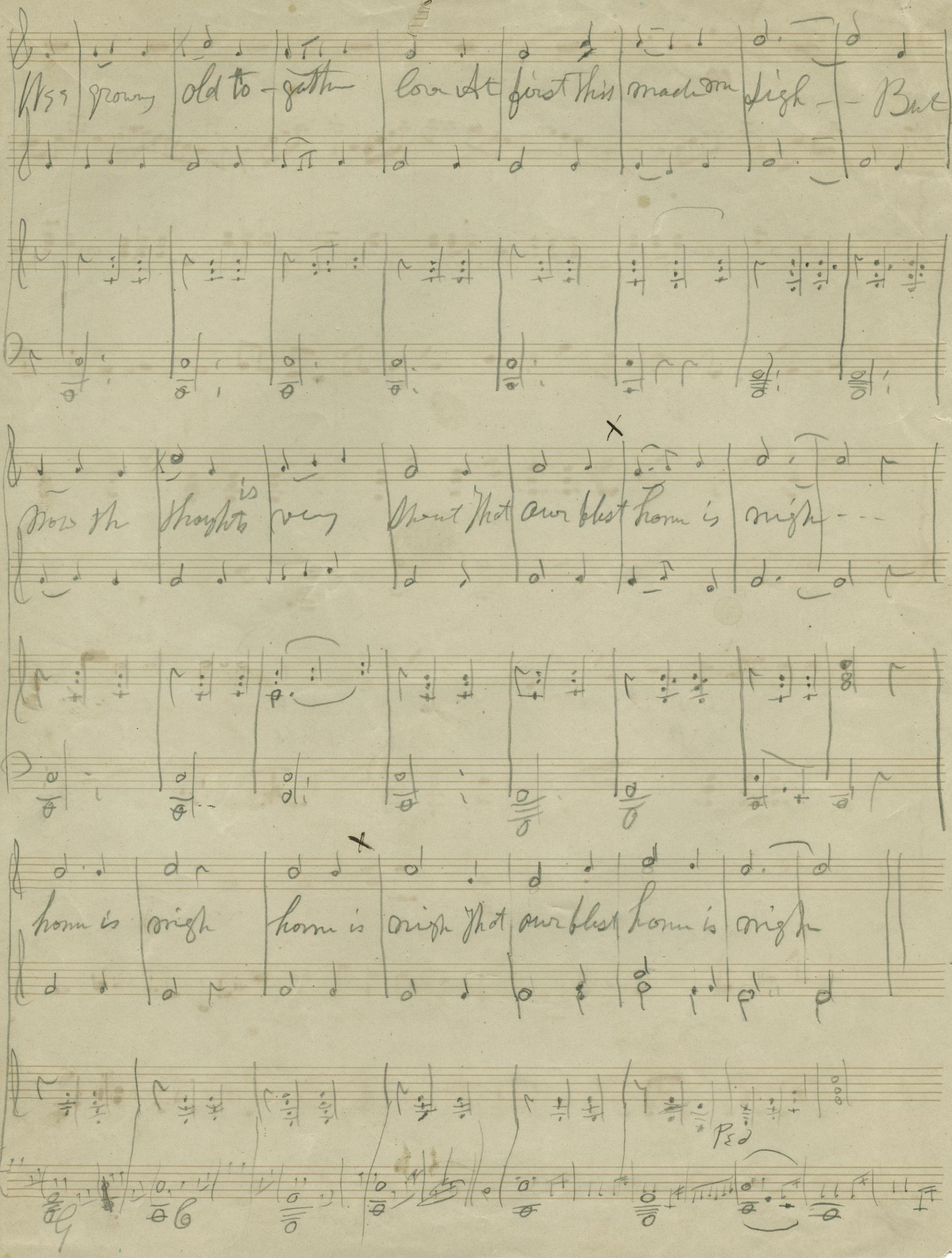
Music by J. P. Webster

On a sunny sunness morning, Early as the dew was dry, Up the hill I went a berrying; Need I tell you — tell you why? Farmer Davis had a daughter, And it happened that I knew On each sunny morning Jenny Up the hill went burrying to

Lonely work is picking berries, So I joined her on the hill; Jenny dear" said
"This is up hill work said Jenny; so is life" said I," shall we Climb it up a;

I" your basket, Quite too large for One to fill, So we staid we two to fill it,
tone, or Jenny Will you come and climb with me;" Redder than the blushing berries

Jenney talking - I was still - Leading where the hill was steep, Picking burries up the hill.
Jenney's cheek a moment grew, While without de-lay she answered," I will come and climb with you."


Wee growing old to-gather love At first this made me sigh -- But
Now the thoughts is very sweet That our blest home is nigh ---
home is nigh home is nigh That our blest home is nigh
Ped

"Be good to" Little May
My Thing mother's last wish

Music by J. P. Webster

Words by Alice Cary

Gentilmente Affettuoso

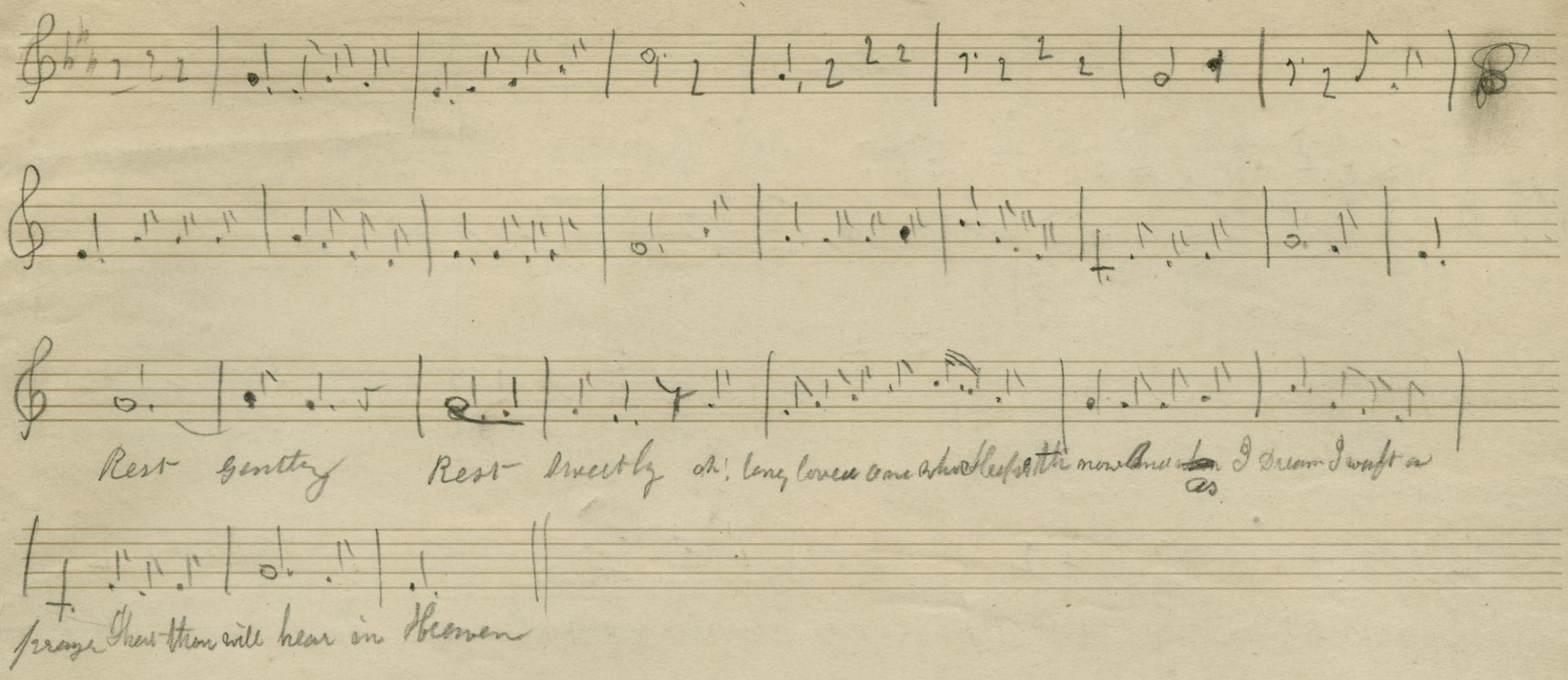
2nd Fiddle

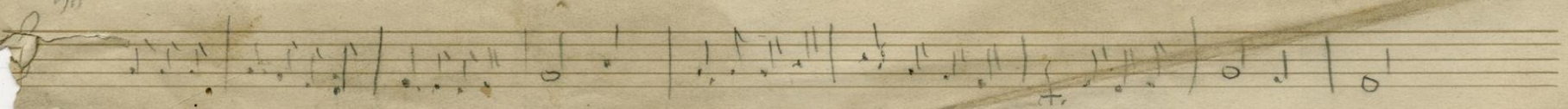
Call Jenny from the Spinning Call Josy from the mill I am

Going on a Journey That's very dark & Still I am Going on a Journey To be

Long & Long a way And I want to see & charge them to be good to little May For I am

What do you think of this


Rest Gently Rest Sweetly oh! long loved one who sleeps thee now And as I Dream I waft a
prayer That thou will hear in Heaven



Popping Corn

Music by J. P. Webster

Comic

And

Then they sat a popping corn John Stiles and Susan Cutter John

Stiles as stout as any ox And Susan fat as butter And

Then they sat a shelld the corn and raked and stood the fire And

talked of diff'rent kinds of cars And hitched their chairs up, nigher

Your hands two gentle tender hands Not crumpled white and fair Arms only slender

as they've worn With pain & toil & care Not tinted like the pink sea shell But

brown with purple veins Yet oh! thine touch is like the fall Of blessed summer rain

Drifting into harbor.

or

I can see the shining shore.

Miss Mary Howland when dying said: "I am drifting from the earth & the shore is rocky, Ma; But I shall have a pleasant home with Jesus. I can see the shining shore!"

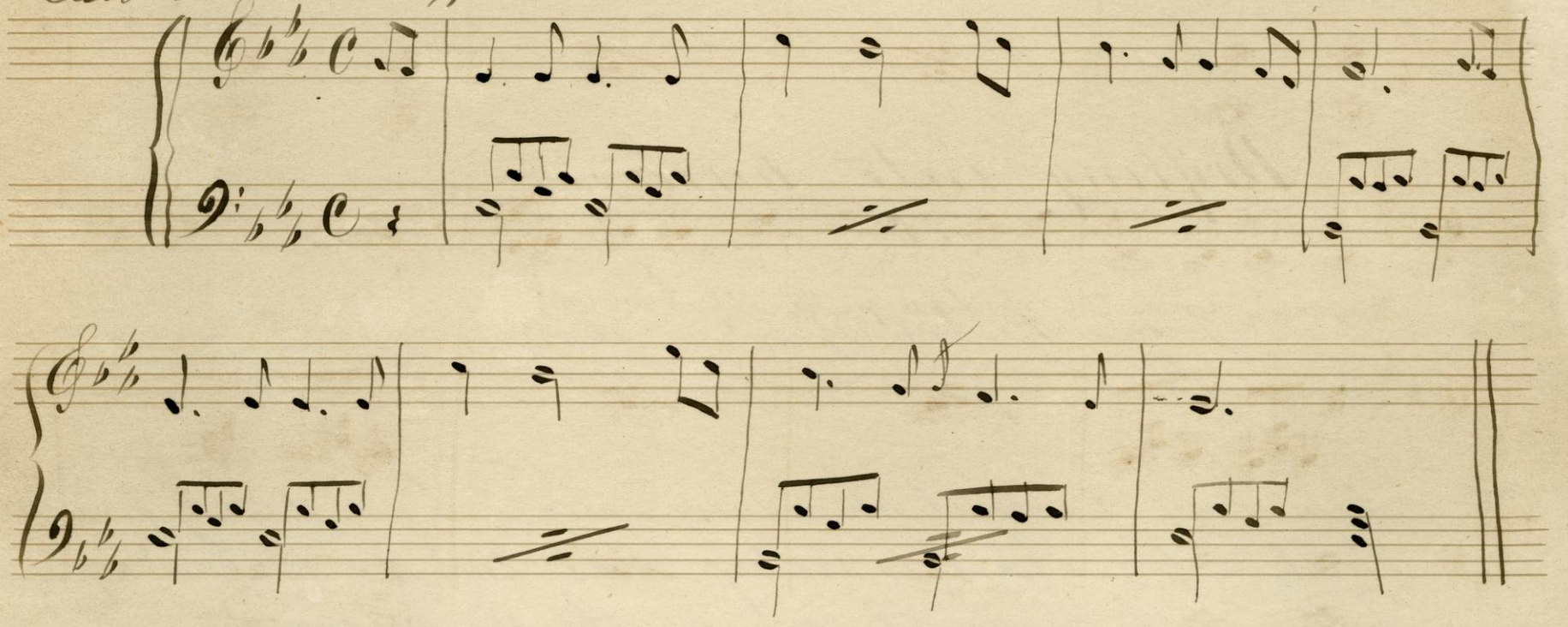
Words by Rev. S. W. Carhart

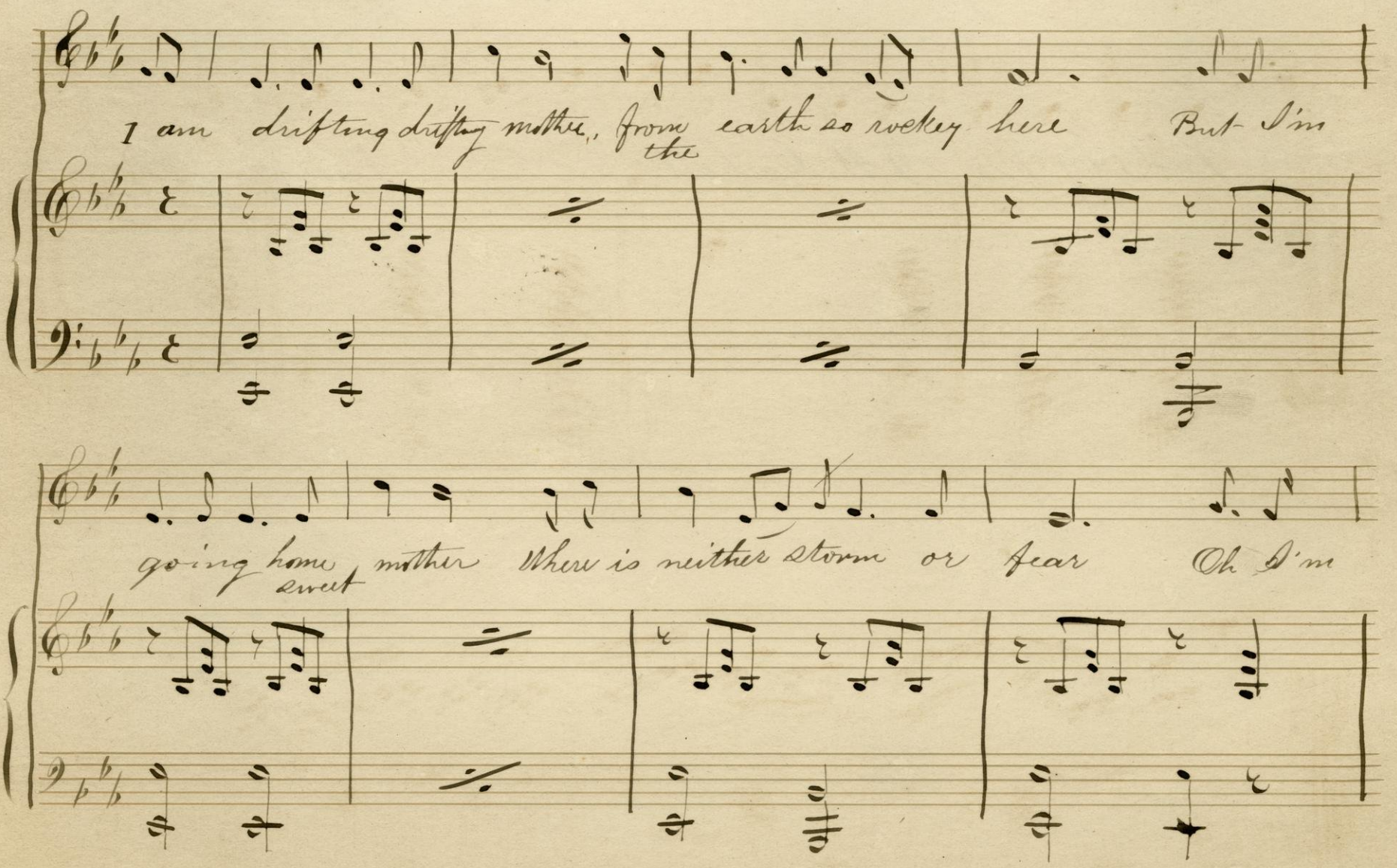
Music by J. P. Webster

DRIFTING INTO HARBOR.

Words by Rev. J. W. Carhart — Music by J. P. Webster

Cantabile con expressione.





going home to Jesus, 'Tis so bright on yonder shore and the

Boatman waits the bidding, He will bear me safely o'er, and the

Boatman waits the bidding, he will bear me safely o'er

ten ten

Slow

Ped. Ped * Ped *

Chorus

Refrain.

Air.

I am drifting in to harbor, I can see the "Shining shore" I am

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Piano

drifting in to harbor, Weep, oh, weep for me no more, the are

drifting in-to harbor. We are drifting in-to harbor, We are

drifting in-to harbor. We are on the "Shining shore." On the "Shining Shore"

2d I am drifting from the sorrow,
From the weeping & the woe
I am drifting through the valley
Where the weary pilgrims go.
I am drifting from the darkness
From the mist acrop the sea
Oh, the day is breaking brightly,
And the angels becon me.
Oh, the day is breaking brightly,
And the angels becon me!

Chorus.

3d I am drifting into harbor!
And I see the domes of gold!
And I'm list-ning to the angels,
While the pearly gates unfold;
Cease your weeping darling loved ones
Swell with me the angels song
So! the Sa-vior! Oh! the Savior!
Unto him our songs belong
So! the Sa-vior! Oh! the Savior
Un-to him our songs belong.

Chorus.

The Green Lanes of England.

By

J. P. Webster.

Through the green lanes of

England the long Summers day We wan-der'd at will in our

youths mer-ry may; We gatherid the blooms o'er the hedge-rows that

hung; Or mocked the sweet Song that the nightin-gale sung; In the

an-tumn we knew where the black-ber-ries grew and the shy hazel

nuts hidden deep in the Shade, Or with Shout-ing and

cheer when the Christmas drum near In search of the.

ripe ruddy hol-ly we Strayed.

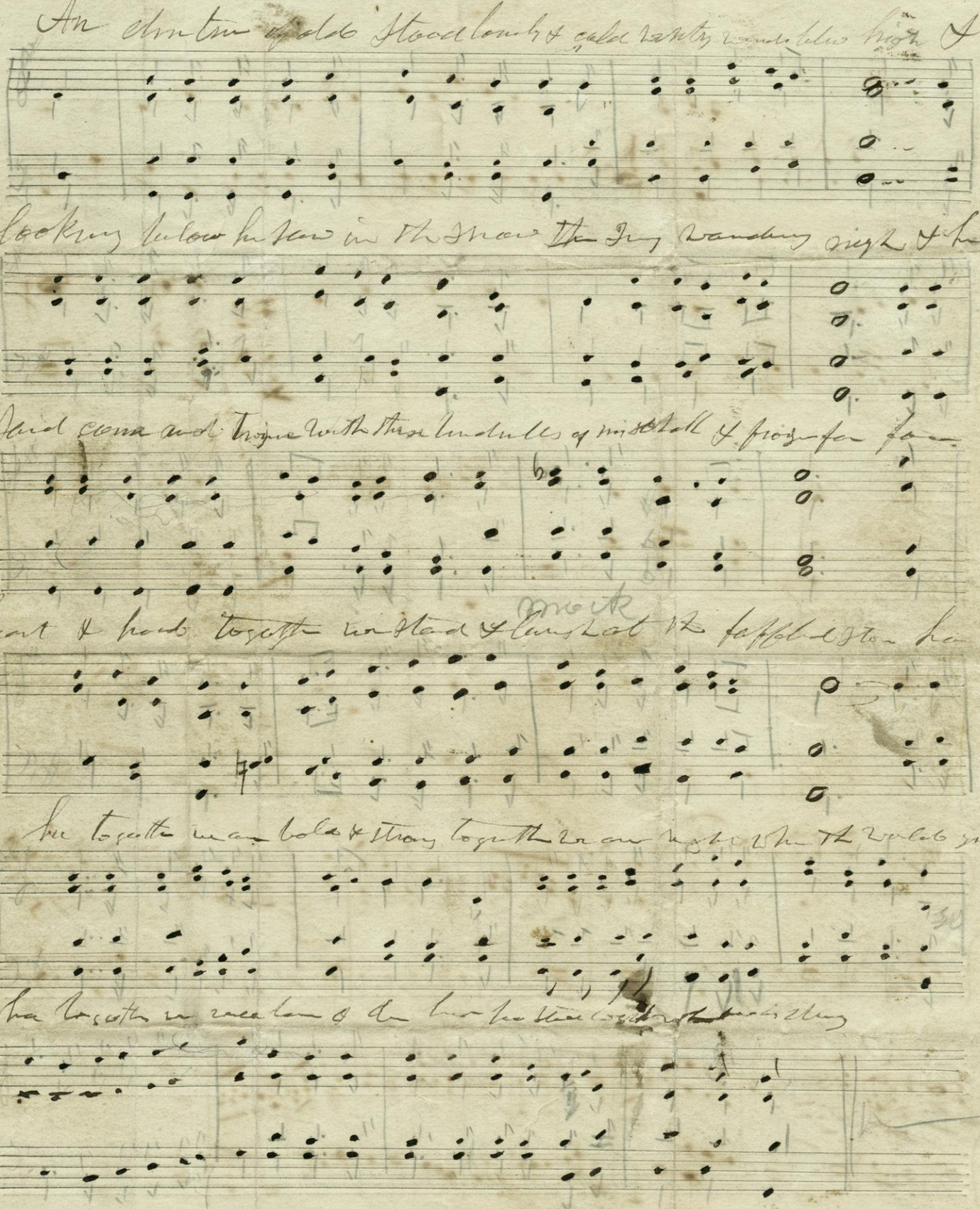
2.

But the green lanes of England though dear to us then,
Were dearer by far when we grew to be men;
When the hearts first emotions were fervent and pure,
And the world had no grief that a smile could not cure;
'Twas beneath the green leaves in the calm summer eves,
That we breathed the young hopes in our bosoms that burned
Or in loves guile eyes read the tender replies —
That showed the fond passion as fondly returned;

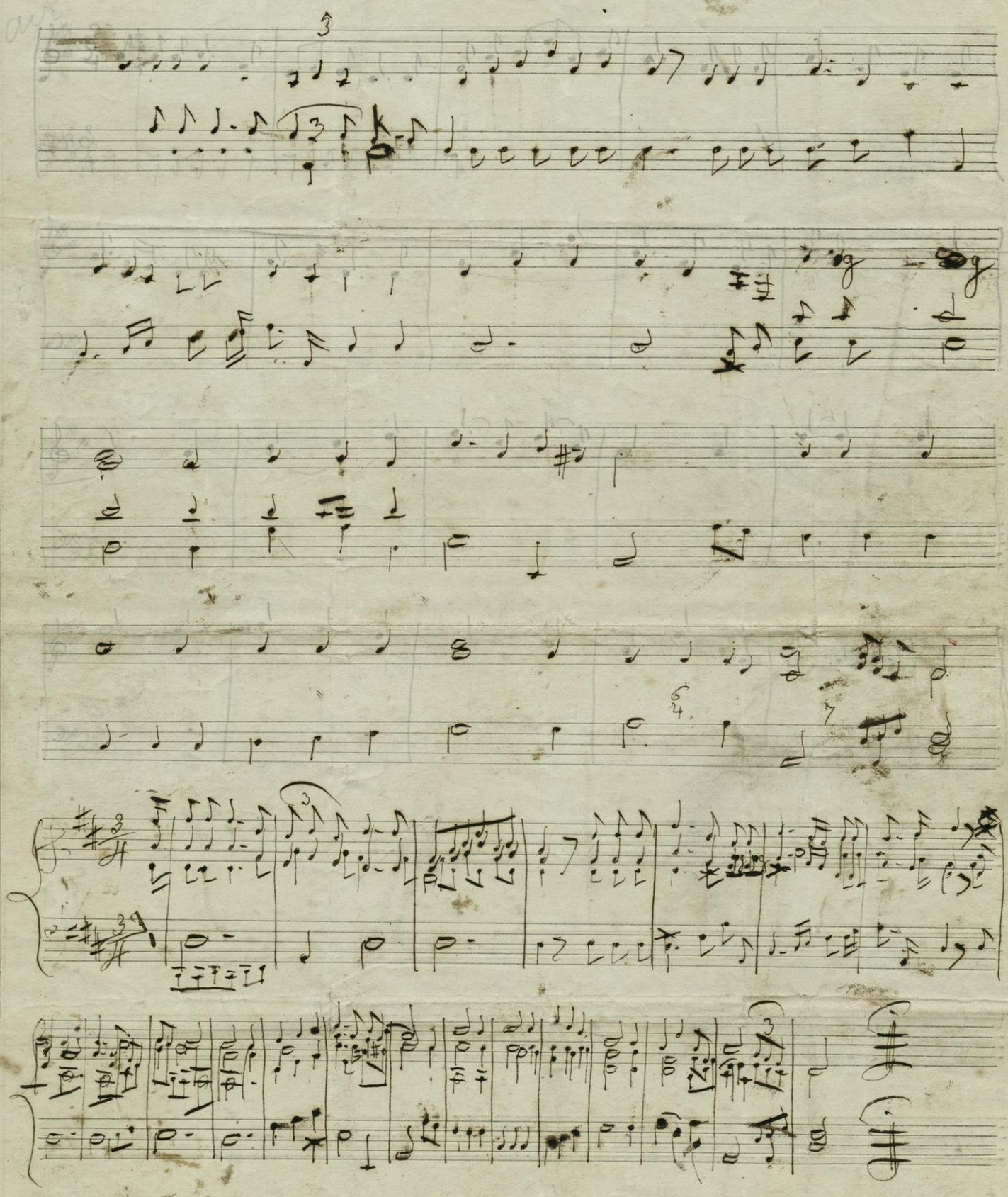
3.

Ye green lanes of England wherever we roam
Ye are linked in our hearts with the memories of home
With the sports of our childhood the love of our prime
And the pensive delights of a sobered time
Other lands may be fair with their balm breathing air
And their beauties and grandeur that charm or apall
But to young and to old till our hearts shall grow cold
Shall the green lanes of England be dearer than all

The Ivy & Elm

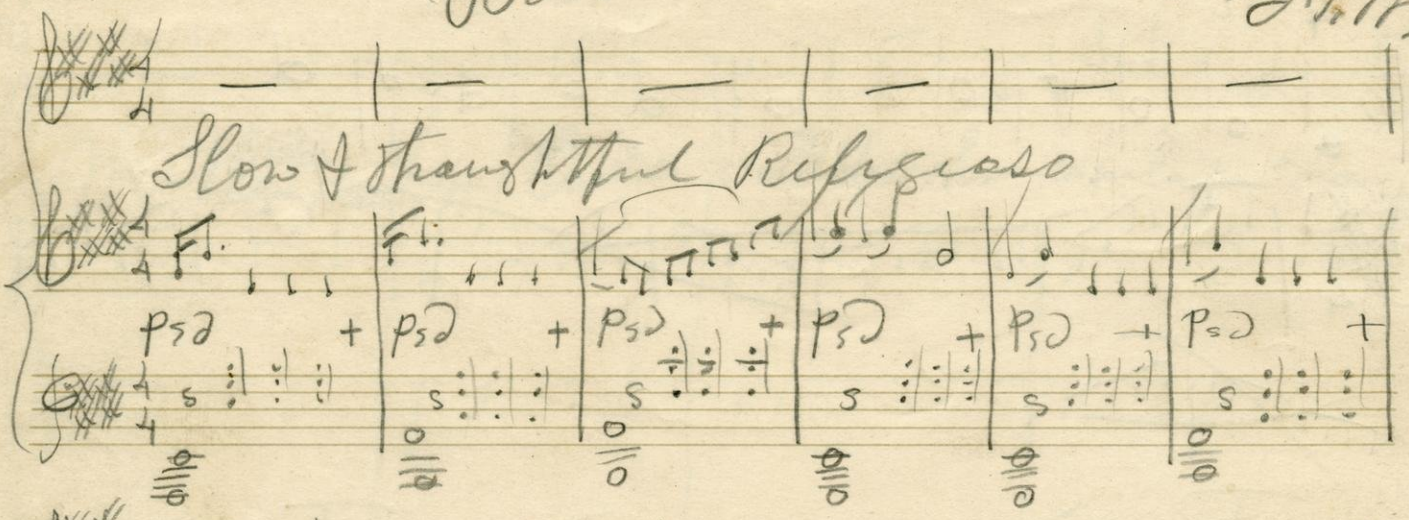

An Ancient Oak stood lonely & cold winter wands blew high &
looking below he saw in the snow the Ivy wandering nigh & he
said come and trying with these tendrils of mistletoe & frozen fan
heart & hand together we stand & laugh at the faffled storm ha
he together we are bold & strong together we are right when the world grieve
he together we are calm & do [illegible]

Ha ha to gether we will live & die
Ha ha! together when the oceans dry

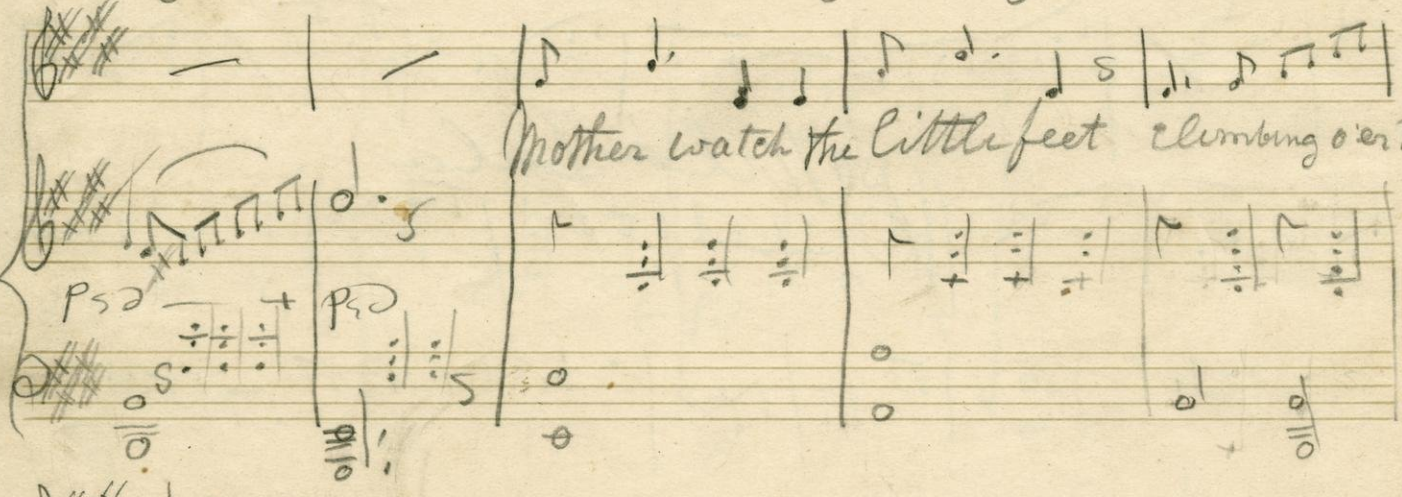


Mother Watch — Music by J. P. Webster

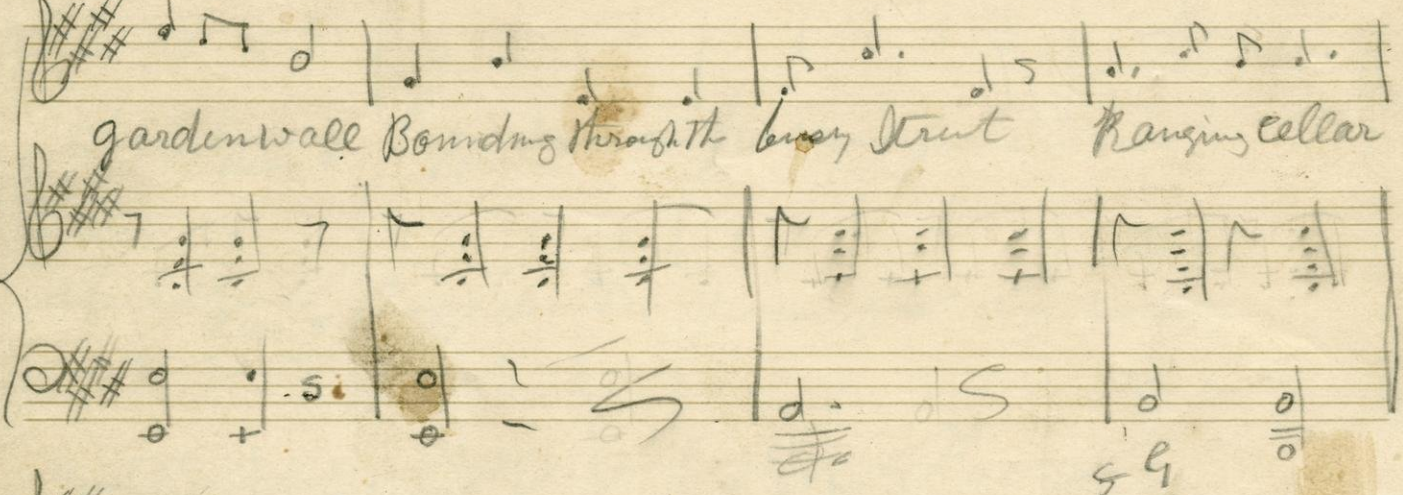
Slow & thoughtful Religioso



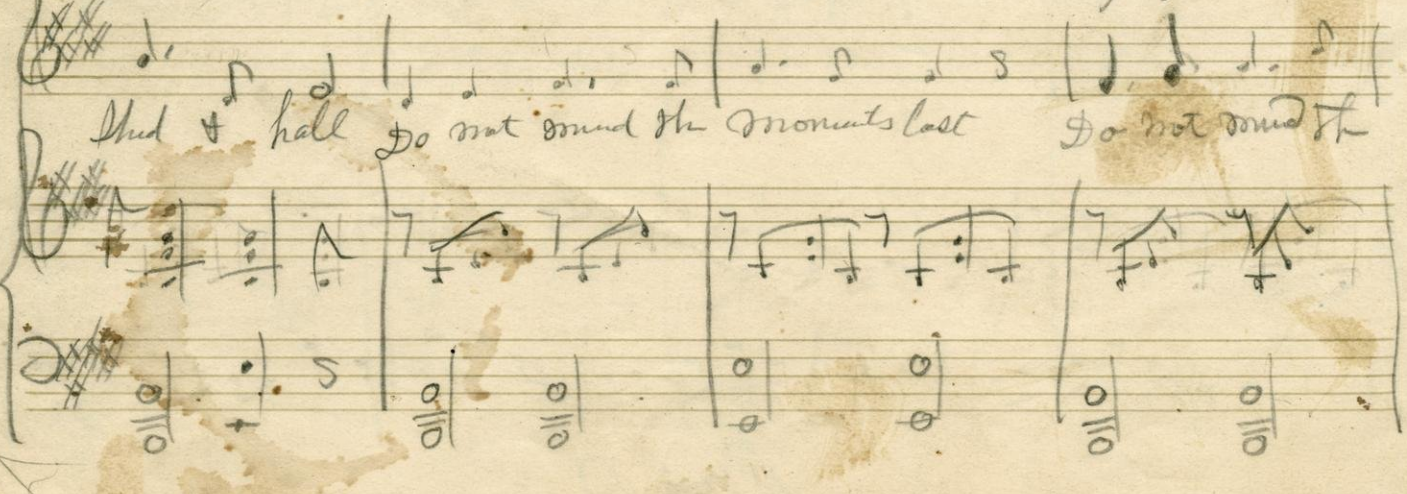
Mother watch the little feet climbing o'er the

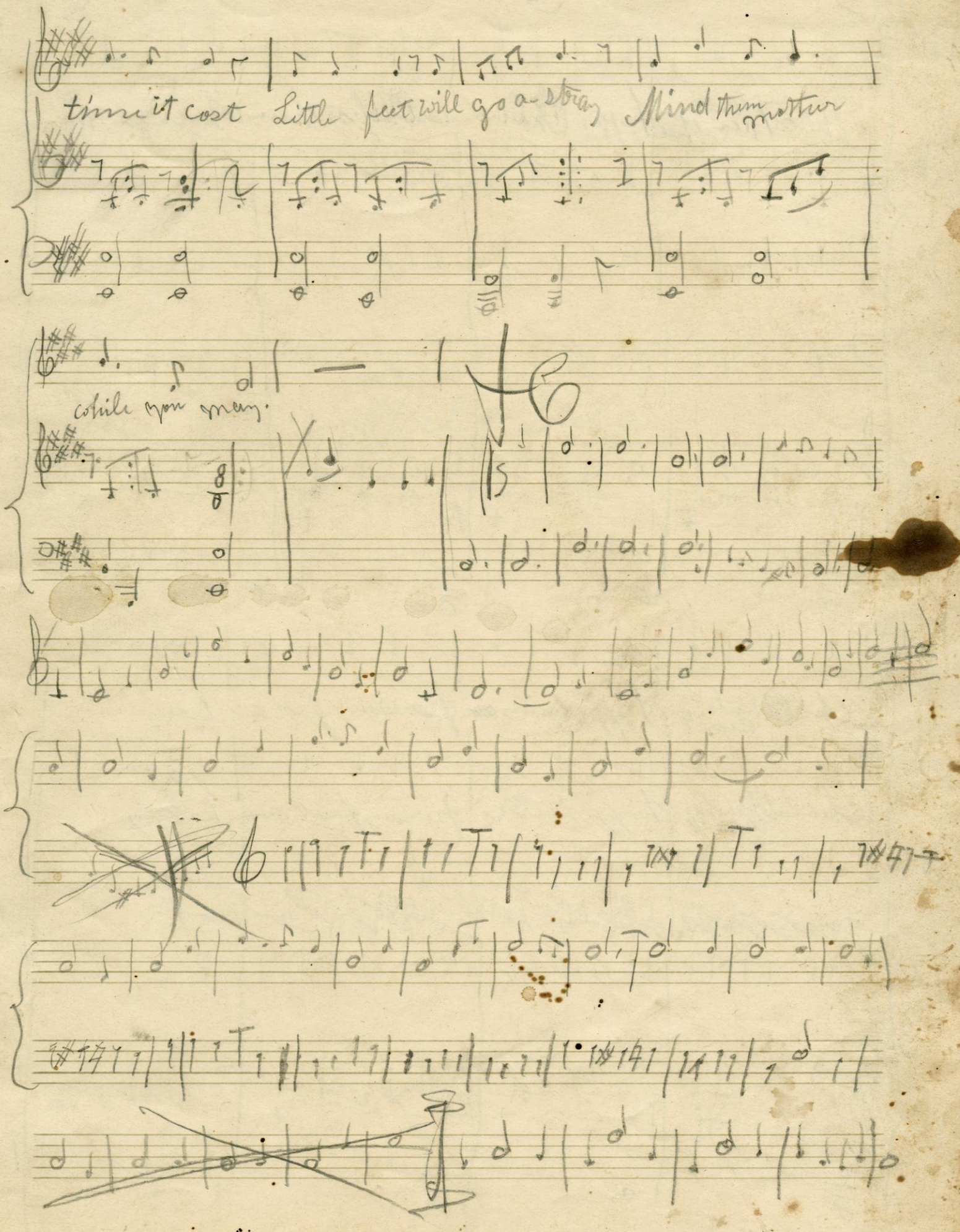


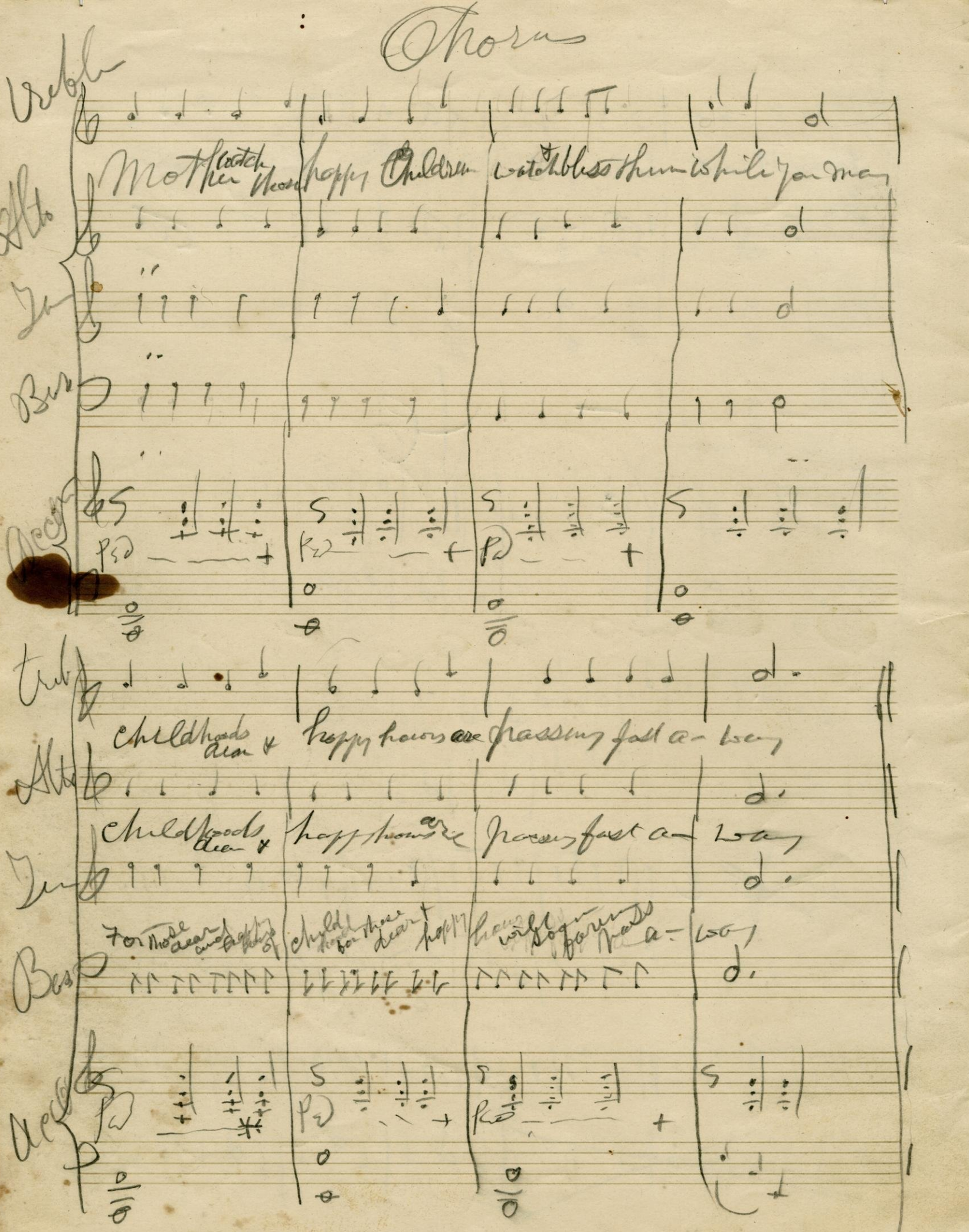
garden wall Bounding through the busy Street Ranging cellar



Shed & hall Do not mind the moments lost Do not mind the




time it cost Little feet will go a-stray Mind them mother
while you may.



Chorus

Treble

Mother watch & those happy Children watch & bless them while you may

Alto

Ten

Bass

Acc

Pd + Pd + Pd +

Treb

Childhoods dear & happy hours are passing fast a-way

Alto

Childhoods dear & happy hours are passing fast a-way

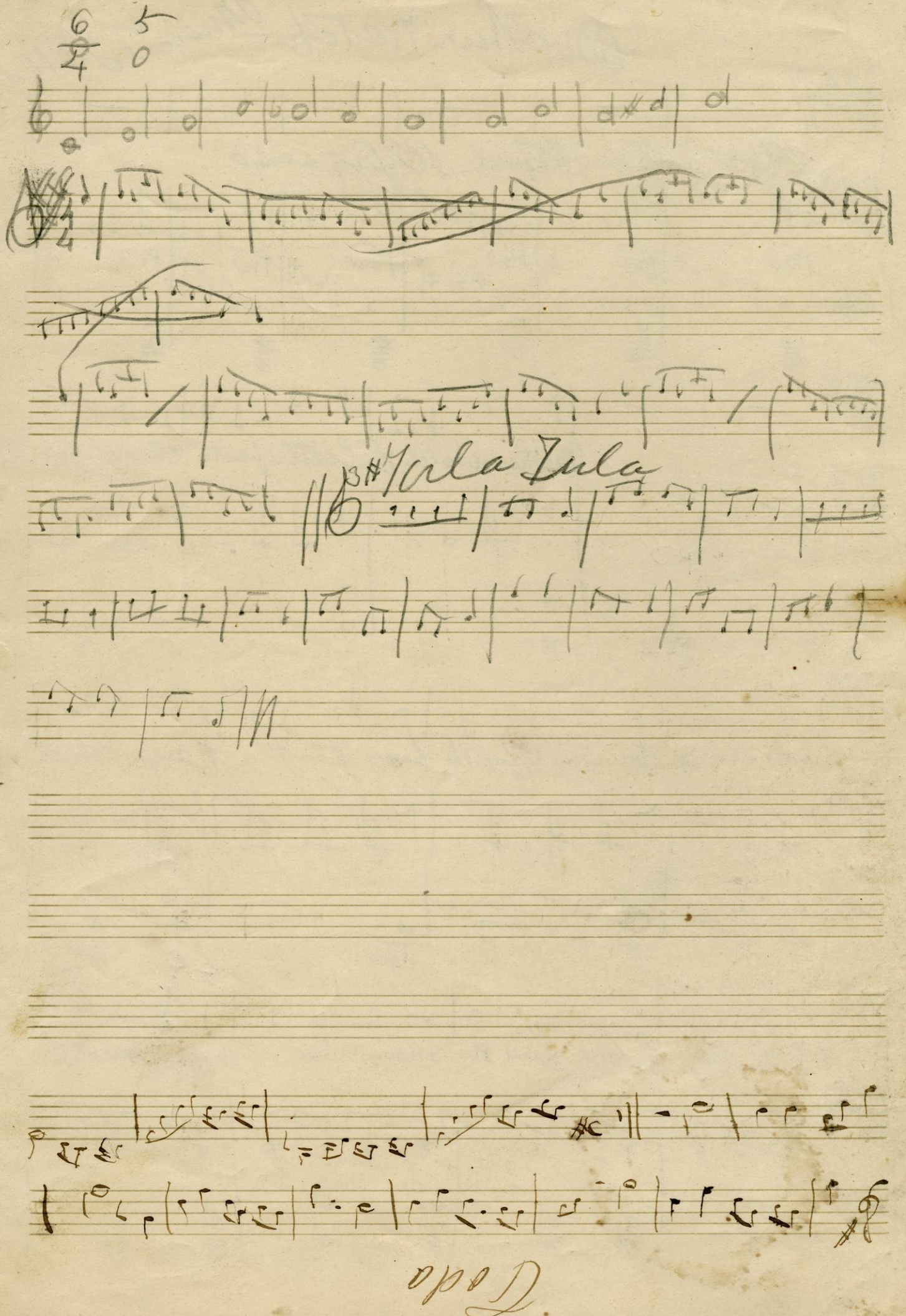
Ten

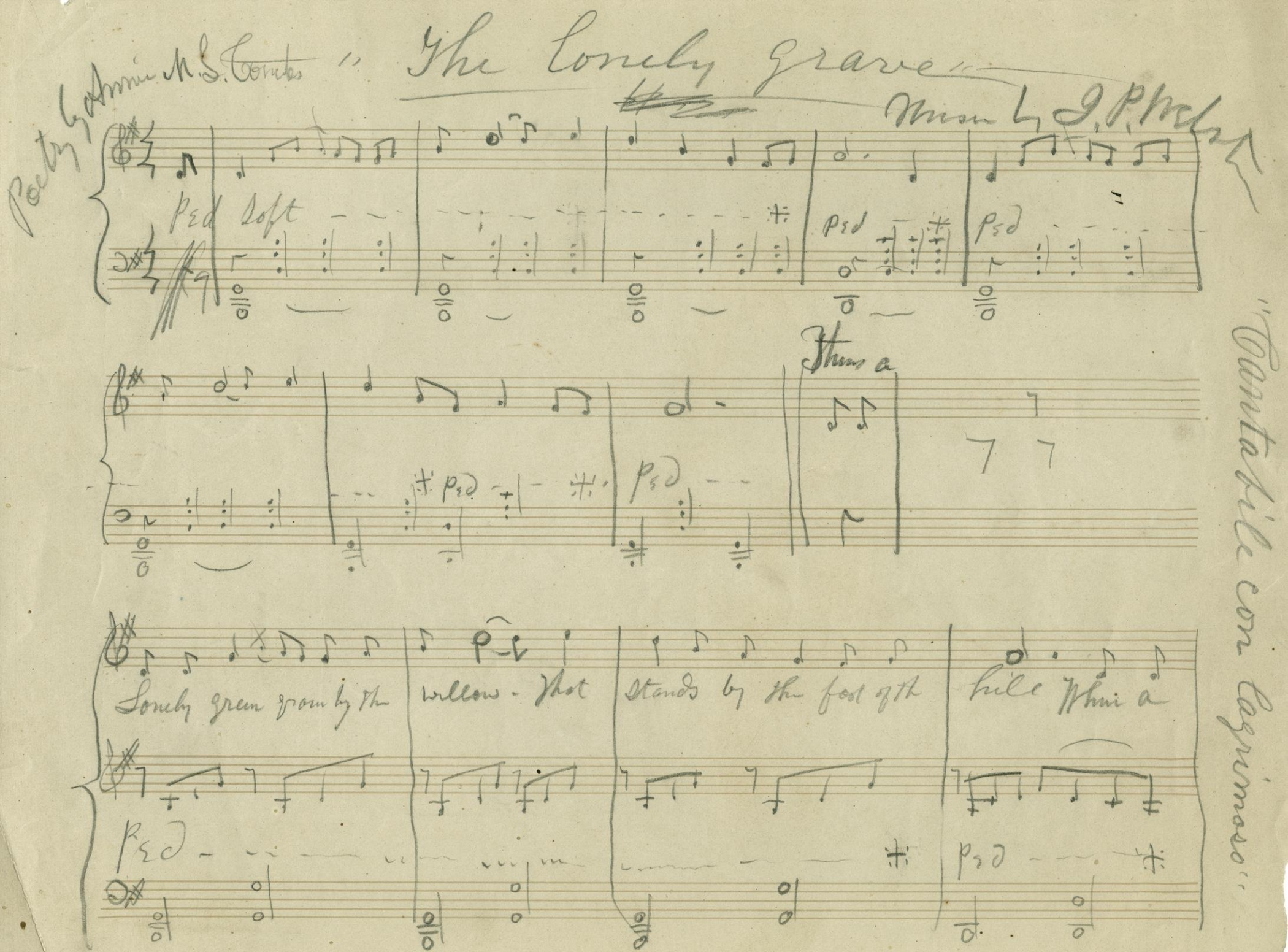
For those dear and happy of childhood for those dear & happy hours will soon forever pass a-way

Bass

Acc

Pd + Pd + Pd +


Zula Zula



"The Lonely Grave"

Poetry by Annie M. S. Comtes

Music by J. P. Webster

"Cantabile con Lagrimoso"

Ped Soft

Ped

Ped

Thus a

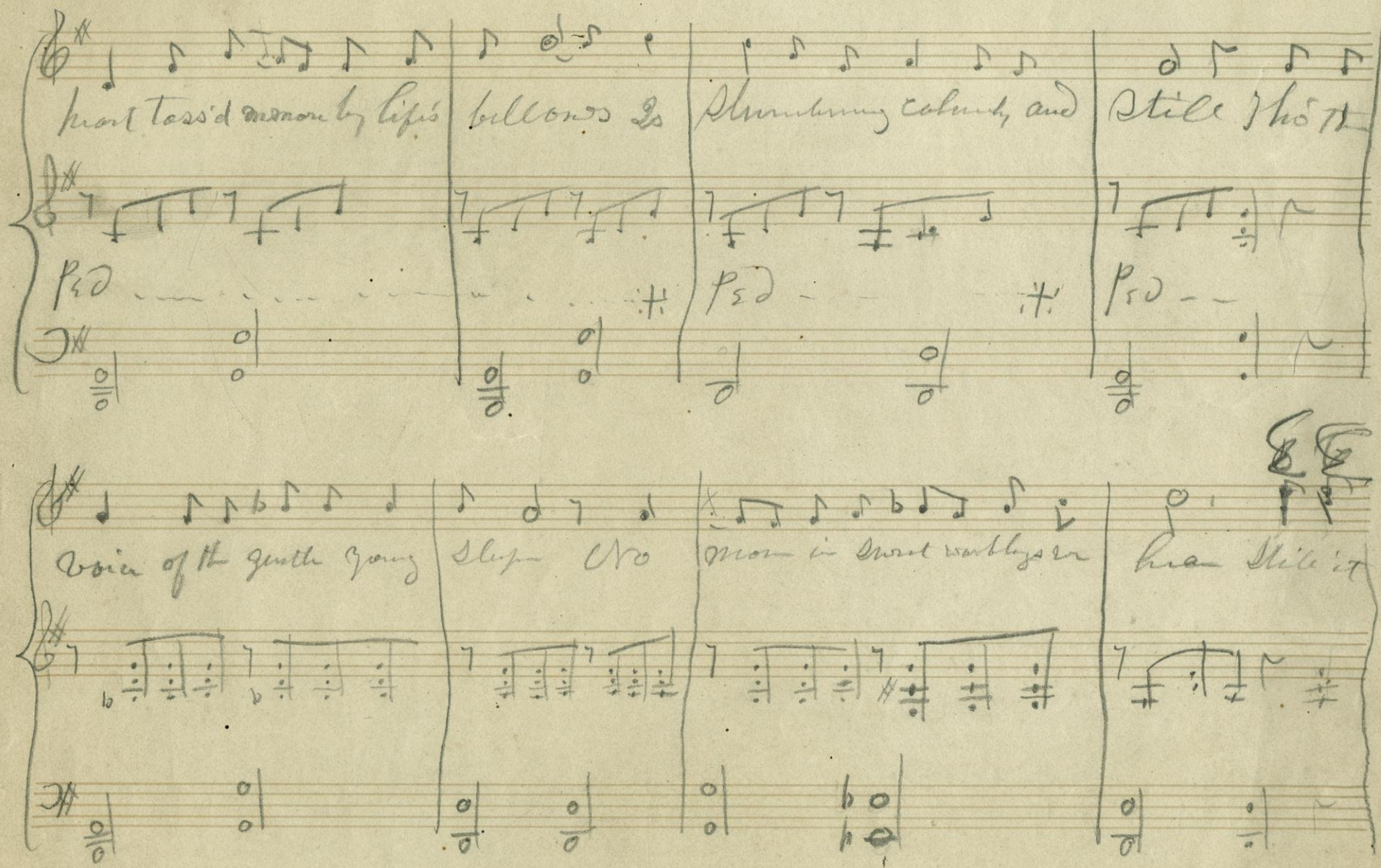
Ped

Ped

Lonely green grave by the willow - That stands by the foot of the hill Where a

Ped

Ped

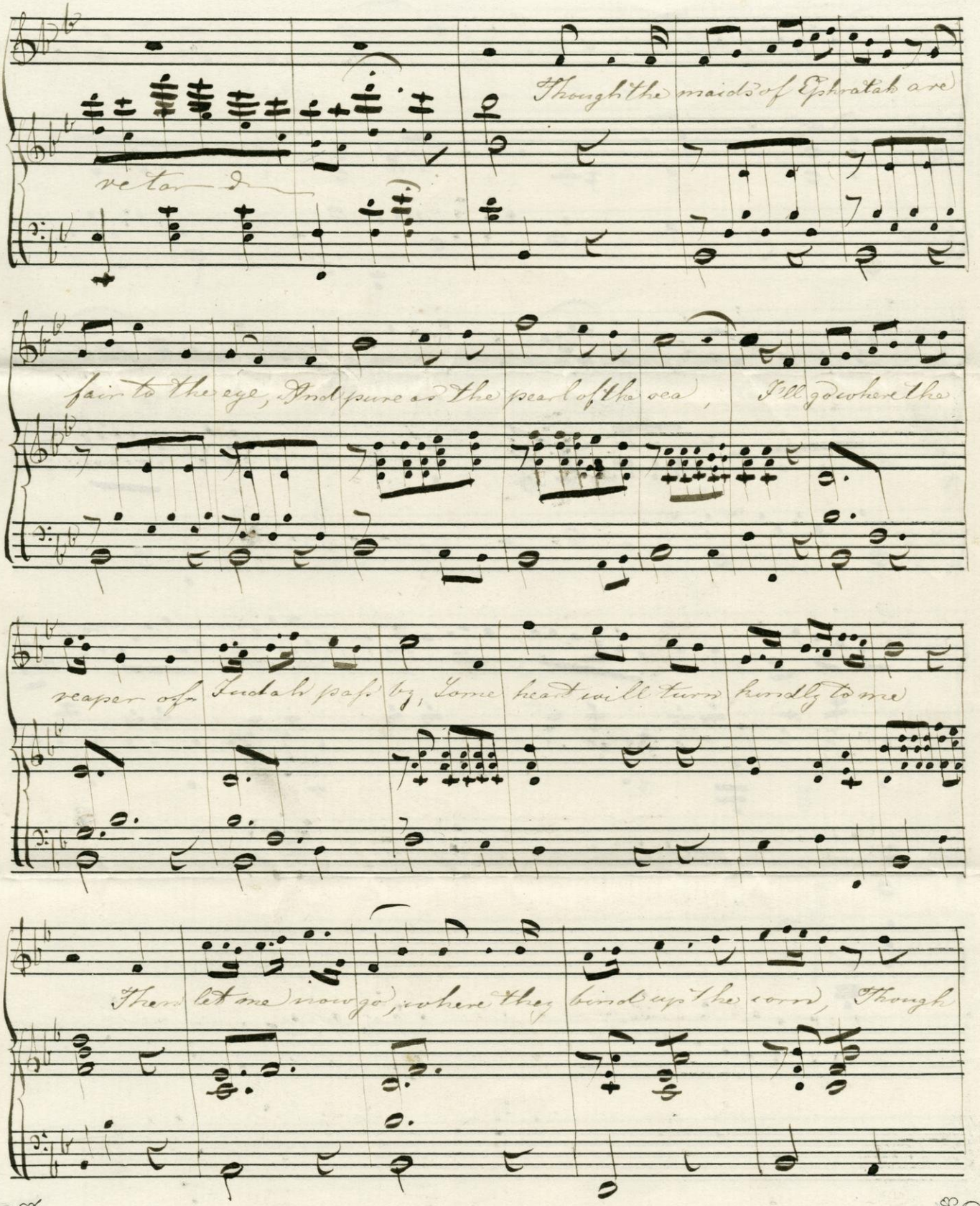


heart toss'd memory by life's billows Is Shumbering calmly and Still Thó' th

Ped Ped Ped

Cala

voice of the gentle young Sleep No more in sweet warblings we hear Still it


Though the maids of Ephratah are
vector
fair to the eye, And pure as the pearl of the sea, I'll go where the
reaper of Judah pass by, Some heart will turn kindly to me
There let me now go, where they bind up the corn, Though

Poetry by Sidney Dyer Music by J. P. Webster

Recitativ & Aria

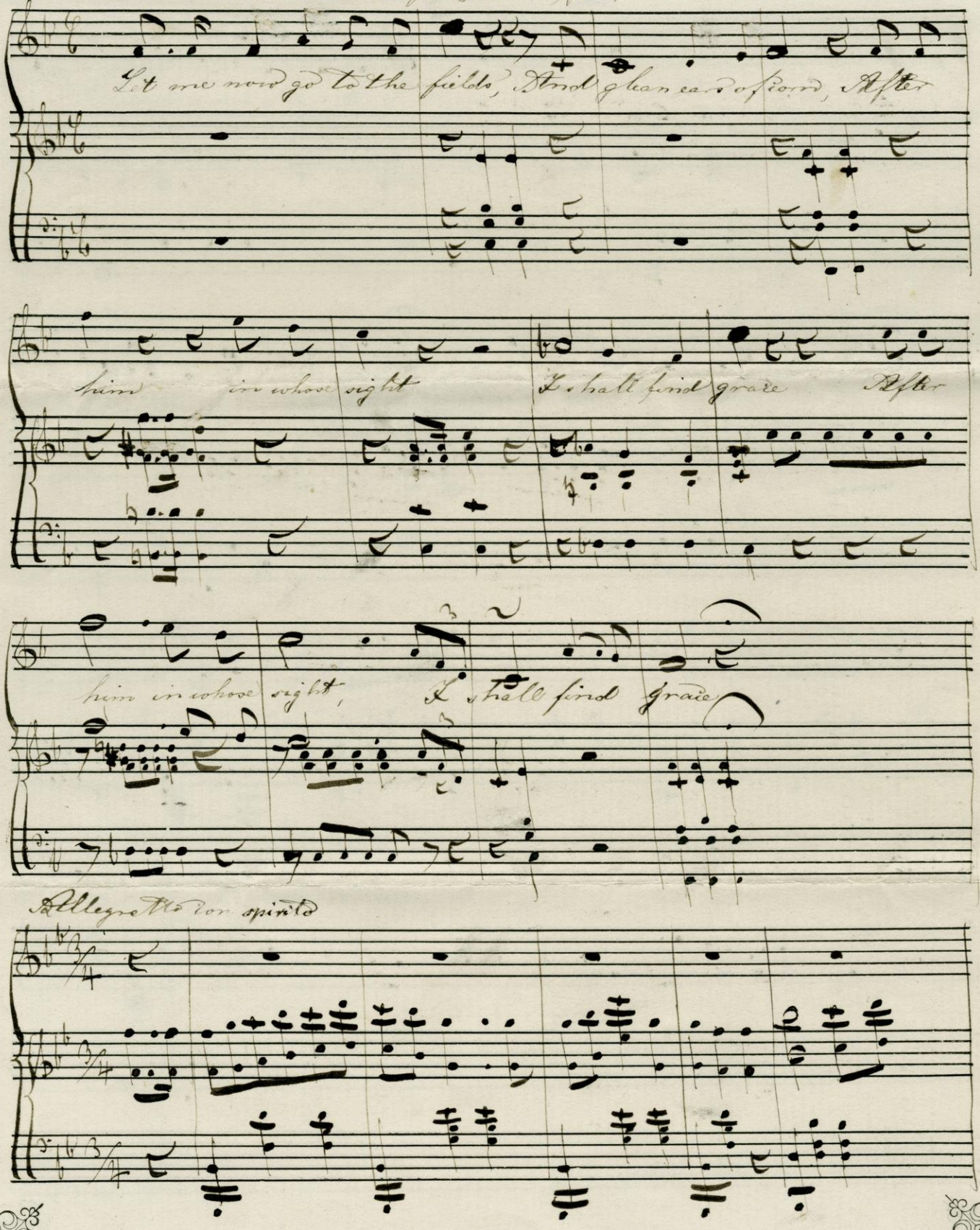
Cantata from the of Ruth part 2nd

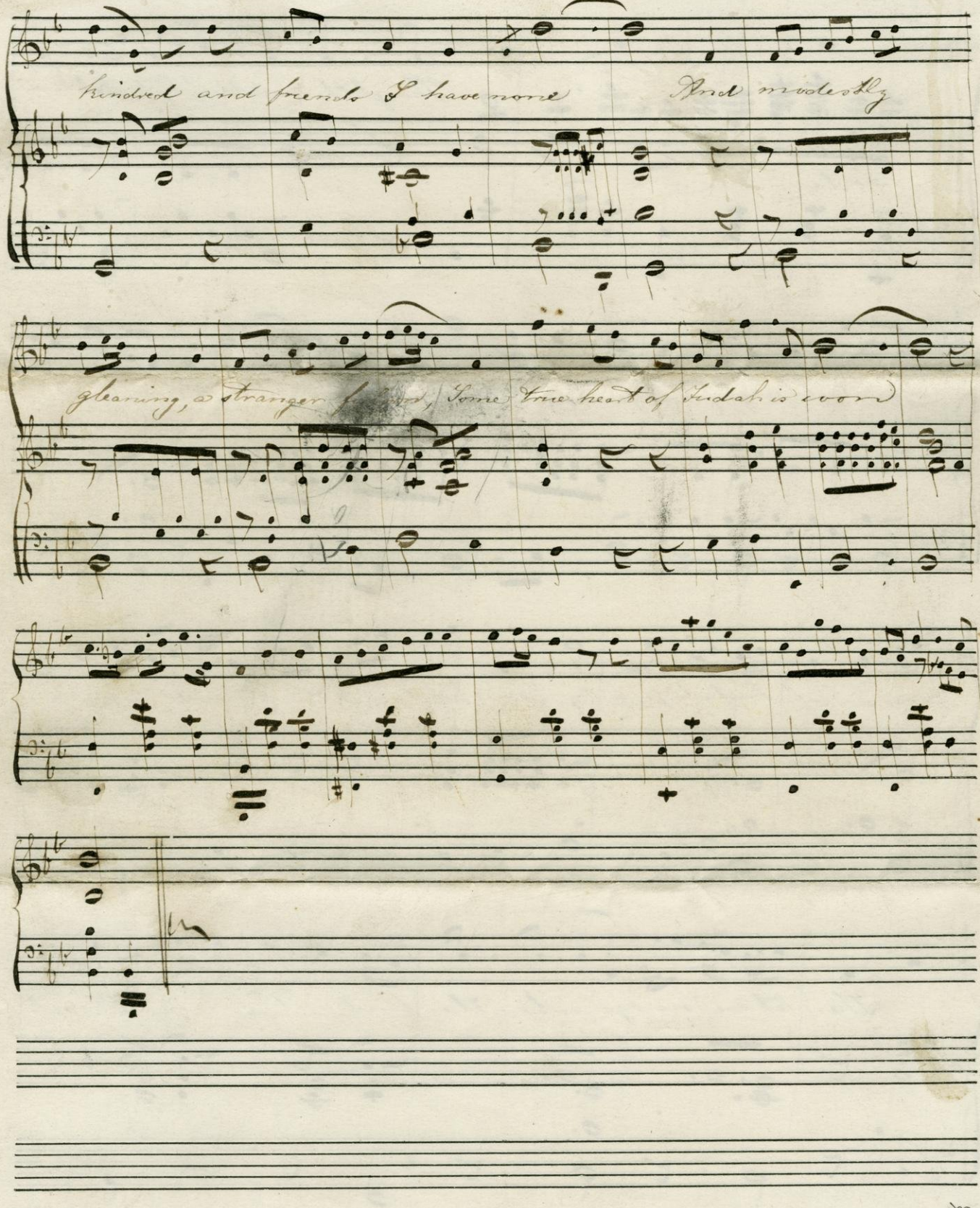
Let me now go to the fields, And glean ears of corn, After

him in whose sight I shall find grace After

him in whose sight, I shall find grace

Allegretto con spirito

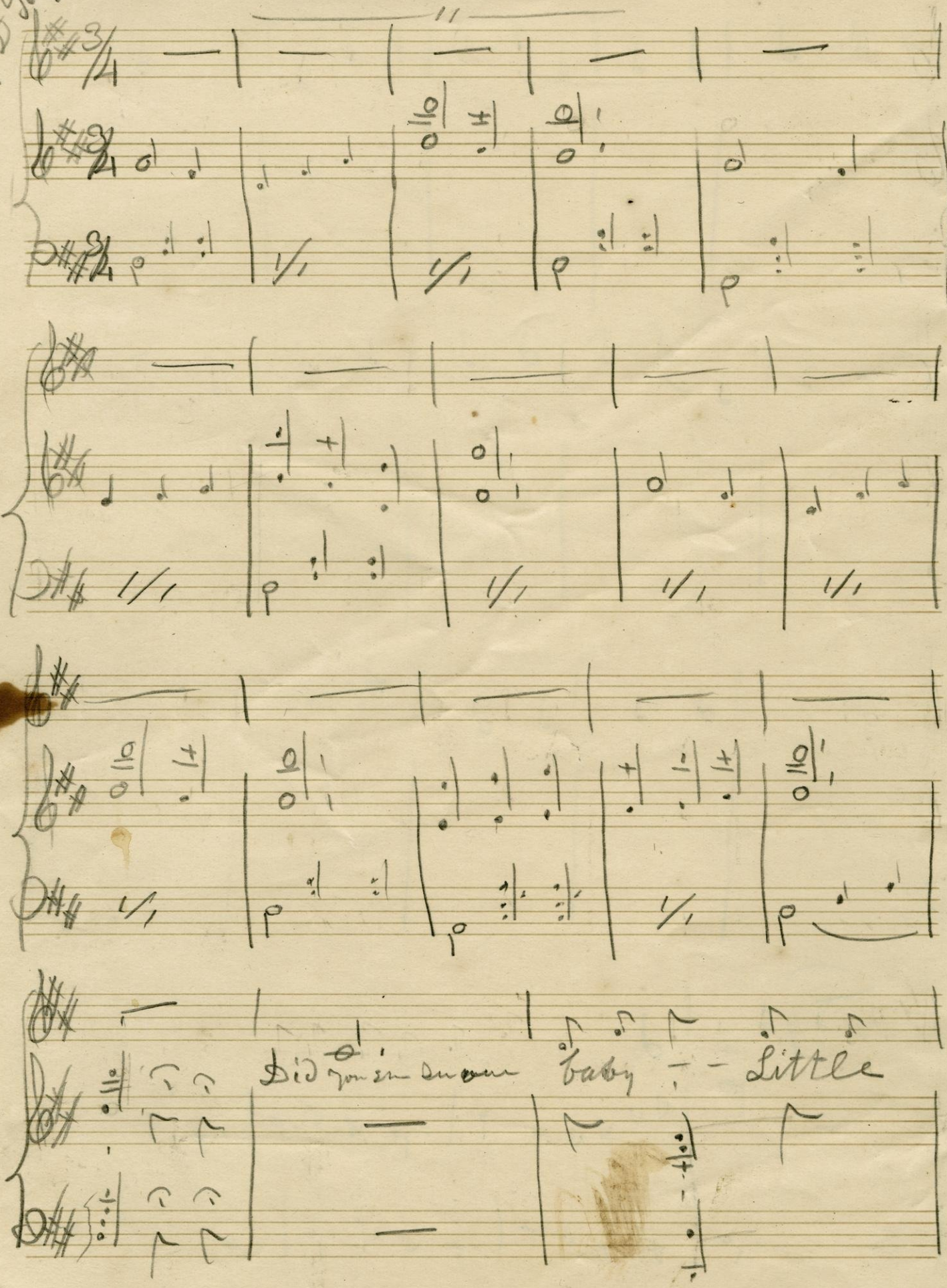


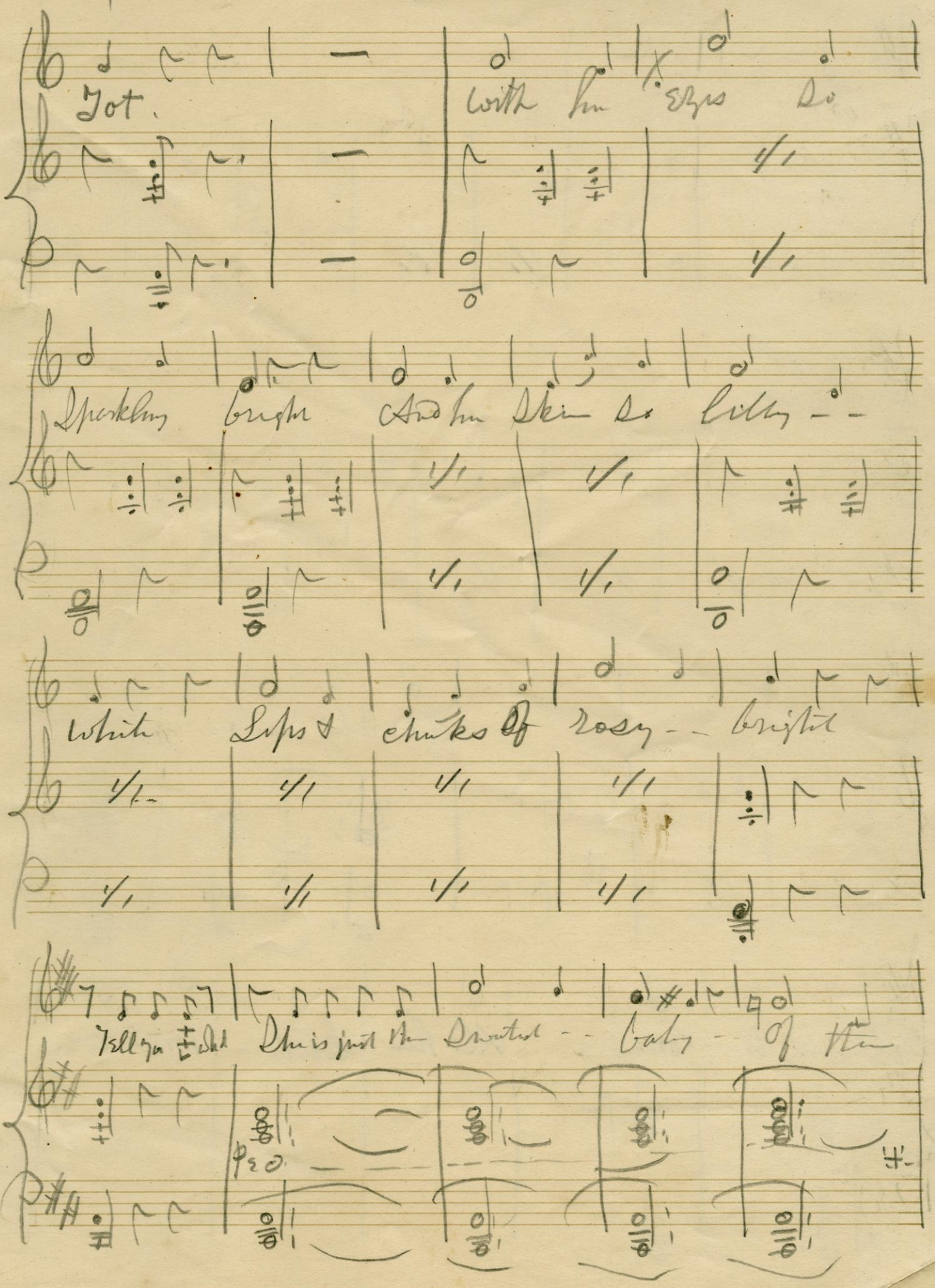

kindred and friends I have none
And modestly
gleaning, a stranger I stood, Some true heart of Judah is sworn

"Little Tot" Music by J. P. [illegible]

Poetry by Mrs F. D. Gage

Did you ever know baby - - Little





Tot.

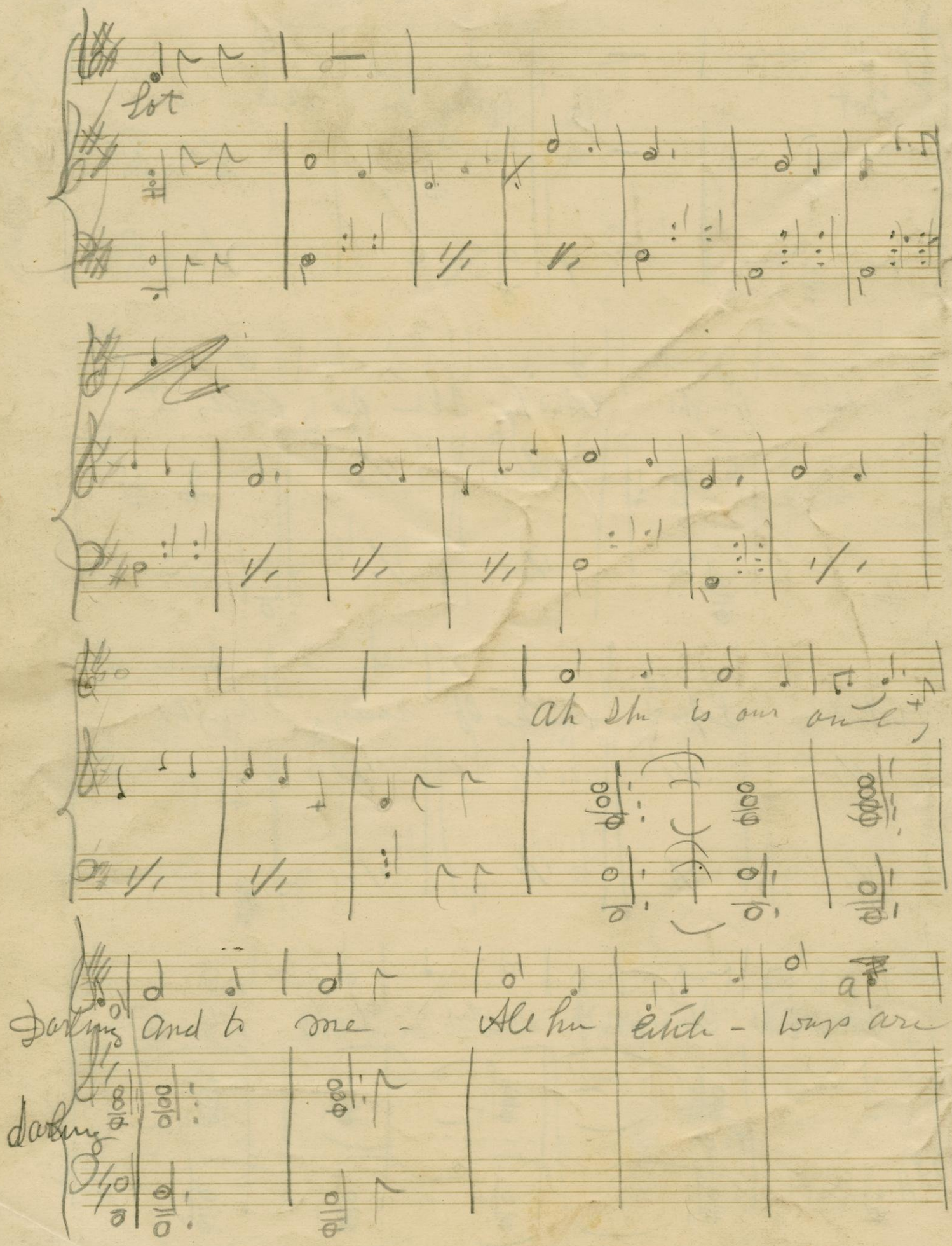
with her Eyes so

Sparkling bright And her Skin so lilly - -

white Lips & cheeks of rosy - - bright

Tell you what She is just the Sweetest - - baby - - of them

p e o


lot
Ah She is our only
Darling and to me - All her little - ways are
darling

heart is light

Music by J. P. Webster

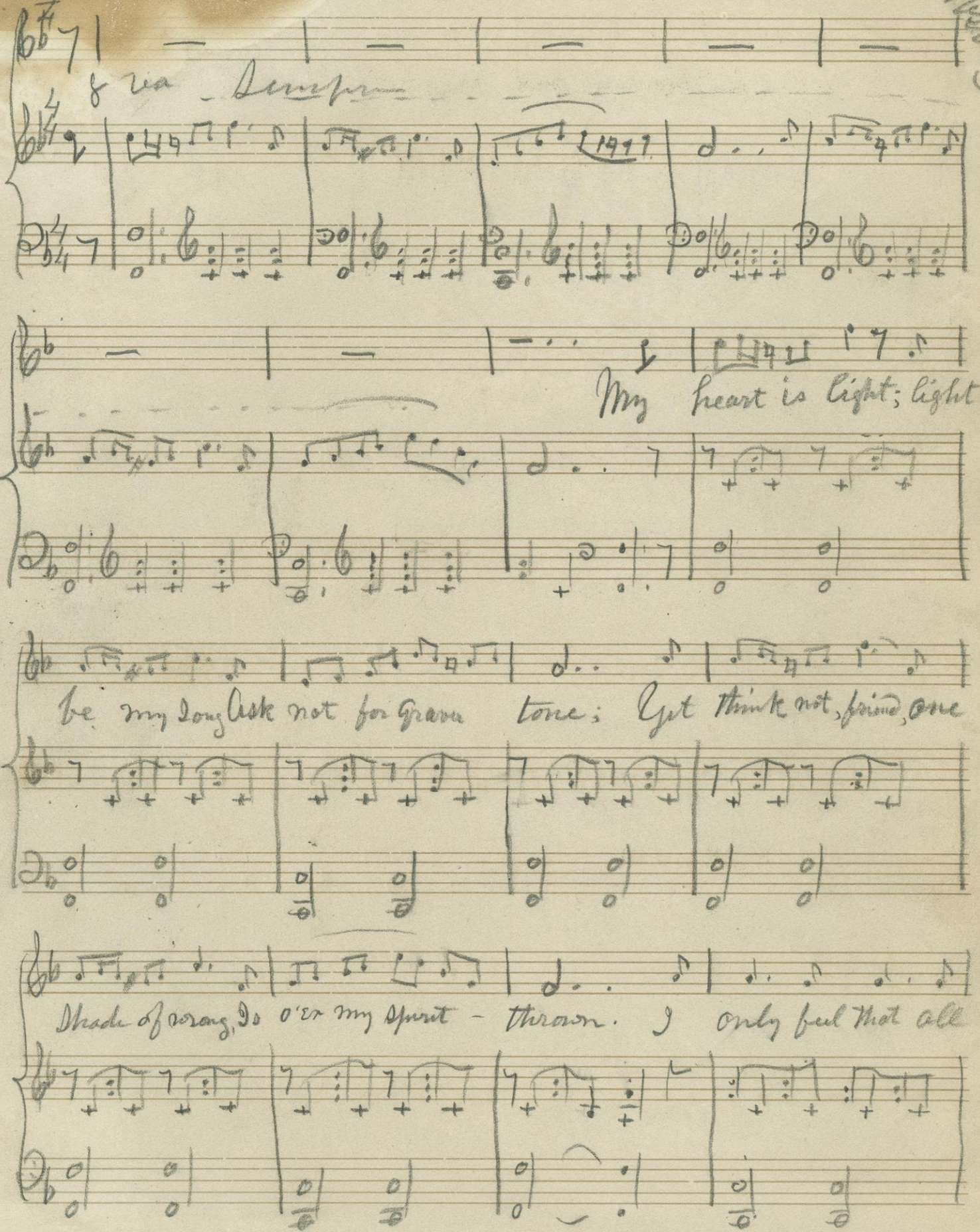
Words by Mrs. ...tina ... Johnson

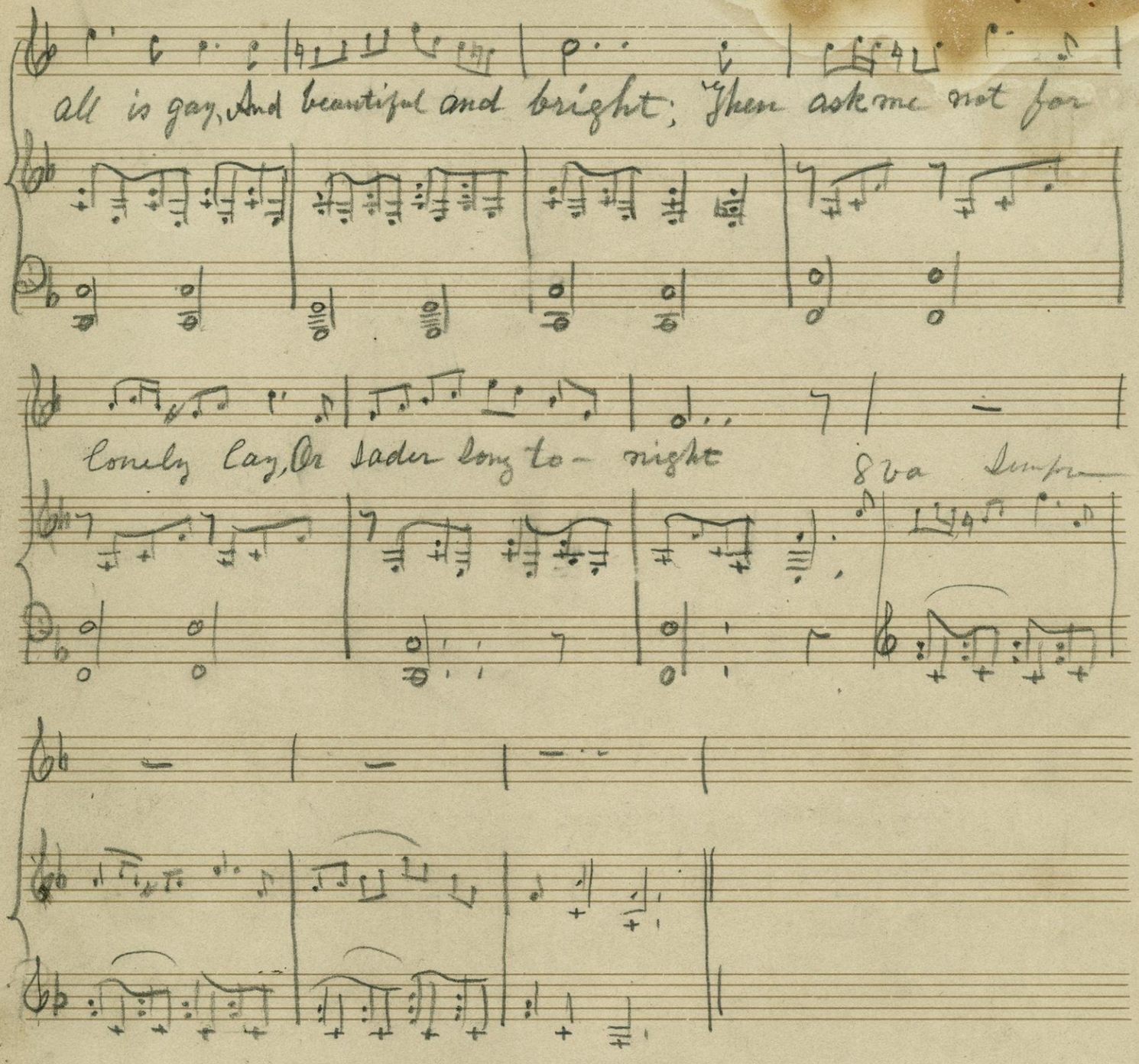
8 va Sempre

My heart is light; light

be my song Ask not for Grave tone; Yet think not, friend, one

Shade of wrong, Is o'er my spirit - thrown. I only feel that all




all is gay, And beautiful and bright; Then ask me not for
lonely Lay, Or sader song to- night
8va simpre

The Grave of Little Dale

Poetry by Sidney Dyer

Music by Joseph P. Webster

Slow p

Verse

Smoothed down the locks of her soft golden hair And folded her hands on her breast And

laid her at eve in the valley so fair Mid the blossoms of summer to rest And

now as the boughs of that old chestnut wave They murmur a pensive tale for

Turn to inside for Verse.

Currie's Melody —

Green grows the turf over the dear mouldered grave of the fairest flower of the vale

ad lib

Ten

Oh rest Lil-ly rest No can can as-sail for

p Oh rest Lil-ly rest No can can as-sail for

Chorus 1st 2d

p Oh rest Lil-ly rest No can can as-sail for

Bass

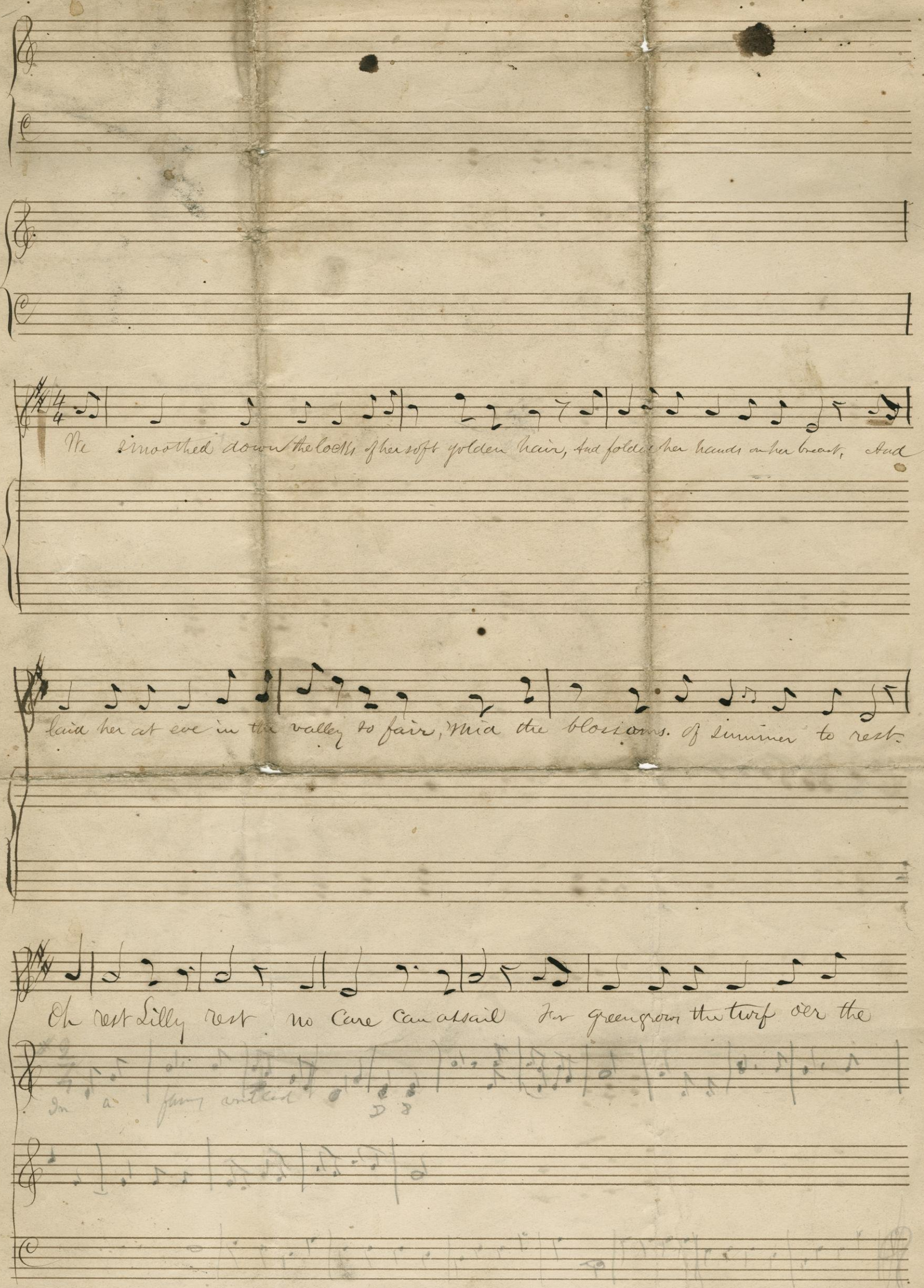
pp

Ten

Green grows the turf on the dear mouldered grave of the fairest flower of the vale

1st 2d

Green grows the turf on dear mouldered grave of the fairest flower of the vale



Mr. Webster.

Above I send you a hasty Sketch of Mr. Currie's melody. How do you like it?

M. E. Jones

tear moistened grave of the fairest flower of the vale.

That we may remember the loved who are gone, and be remembered by those who are here.

Memory's golden Shore

Words by S. Fillmore Bennett
Music by J. P. Webster

I stand on memory's golden Shore

Words by S. Tilmore Bennett — Music by J. P. Webster

Piano

1st I stand on mem'ry's golden Shore, And muse and

dream, - this autumn night, - Re-call-ing forms - that never

more — Shall bless on earth — my wea-ry sight I reach in

vain — to grasp the hands That beckon from — the fur-ther

side Where gleams the Shi — ning sil-ver sands Where murmurs

soft — the sil ver tide — Where gleam Shi — ning sil-ver the

sands — where murmurs soft — the sil-ver tide — — —

Chorus

AIR

I stand on mem-ry's golden shore I

ALTO

golden shore

TEN.

I stand on mem-ry's golden shore I

BASE

PIANO

tread life's weary rounds a-lone — The dear departed comes no

a-lone

tread life's weary rounds a lone — — — — The dear departed comes no

more — — — — The all of life I love is gone — — — —

never more

is-gone

more — — — — The all of life I love is gone — — — —

2d verse O thou unloving, dreamy past,
Give back what I have giv'n to thee,
Flow'rs that love's tree a-bor-tive cast.
Fair hopes that mid thy treasures be!
Lifes tender buds that I have kiss'd,
~~To wend these weary~~
And Watered with my anxious tears
I see not through the gathering mists
Of doubt, and vain distrust & fears
I see not through the gathering mists
Of doubt, and vain distrust & fears

Chorus.

3d Verse Yet sometimes visions come to bless
Again with her I seem to stand,
And full of new born longings press
With trembling clasp, her gentle hand
Dear loving spirit leave me not
To wend those weary shores alone
Hath not thy heaven for me a spot
Full of sweet love, & near thine own,
Hath not thy heaven for me a spot
Full of sweet love, & near thine own.

Chorus

4th verse I dream, but dreaming is in vain
To resurrect the buried dead,
And waking but renews my pain,
With memory of the vision fled
In vain I tread on mem-ry's shore
And plead in tears for what is gone
The holy past returns no more
I walk the shores of life alone;
The holy past returns no more
I walk the shores of life alone

Chorus.

I was a maiden old

Music by J. R. Webster

I was a maiden old Tum a ling ling ling li do

But found a man so bold Tum a ling ling ling li do He said to me I'll marry thee I thought

all the world should frown So pleased was I I fainted nigh To hear so blest a sound For

Too long oh! my country, too long has thy flag been ruthlessly trailed in the dust; Too

Long has sedition been swaying the hearts & lives should have guarded thy trust And

Children nursed faithful & fond on thy breast And nurtured with freedom's fair skies Un

gratefully Strive to dis honor thy fame And desecrate freedom's fair prize

O it was so pleasing to hear humanity voice and think that all the world [illegible]

It will be Summer time By and By.

Words by L. S. Bales

Music by J. P. Webster

PIANO.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

4 Wea---- ry and heart--sick we tot-ter a--long; Fee---ble the
5 Drear---y and dark is the mid-night of war; Dis---tant and

1. Und--er the snow are the ro--ses of June; Cold in our
2 Pa--tience and toil are the meed of to--day- Toil with-out
3 Cru---el and Cold is the Judg--ment of man- Cru---el as

4 Back though the bur---then be large; Bro---ken the purpose, and hushed is the
5 dream---y the Tri---umph of right; Homes that are des-o-tate, hearts that are

1 bo--somes the hopes of our youth; Gone are the wild-birds that war-bled in
2 re-com-pence pa-tience in vain; Dark-ness and terror lie thick on our
3 Winter and cold as the snow; But by-and-by will the deed and the

4 song; Why should we lin---ger on life's----- lit--tle marge?
5 sore; Soon shall the morn---ing star glad---den our sight.

1 tune; mute are the lips that have pledg'd us their truth.
2 way; our foot--steps keep time with the an---gel of pain.
3 plan Be judged by the mo---tive that li---eth be-low.

Manuscript by O.W. Shepard

CHORUS.

Sop.

1 Wind of the winter night, lone-ly as I wait we the dawn of the bright by-and-by ..... Roses shall
2 Wind of the winter night far in the sky. watch for the day star of dear by-and-by ..... parch'd lips shall

Alto.

3 Wail of the winter wind, ech--o our cry. pray for the dawn of the sweet by-and-by When hope shall
4 Wind of the winter night; hush! and re-ply: is there, oh! is there a glad by-and-by Will dark grow

Ten.

5 Wail of the winter wind, so like a sigh, Herald the dawn of the blest by-and-by Freedom shall

Bass.

1 bloom a-gain: sweeter love will come a-gain; It .... will be summer time
2 quass a-gain: sad .. souls shall laugh a-gain; Earth .. will be hap-pi-er

3 Spring a-gain; when joy shall sing a-gain; Truth .. will be ver-i-fied
4 bright a-gain; Bur .. thorns grow light a-gain; and faith be jus-ti-fied

5 reign a-gain. Peace .. ban-ish pain a-gain; Right .. will be glo-ri-fied

by -- and -
by -- and

by.
by.

By --- and

by- - - - - -

by - - - and

by -- and -
by --- and -

by,
by,

by ..... and -

by.

Roses will bloom again;

by-and-by. Sweet love will come again

by-

It will be

summer time

by-and

by.

by-and-by.

It will be

summer time

by ---.. and -

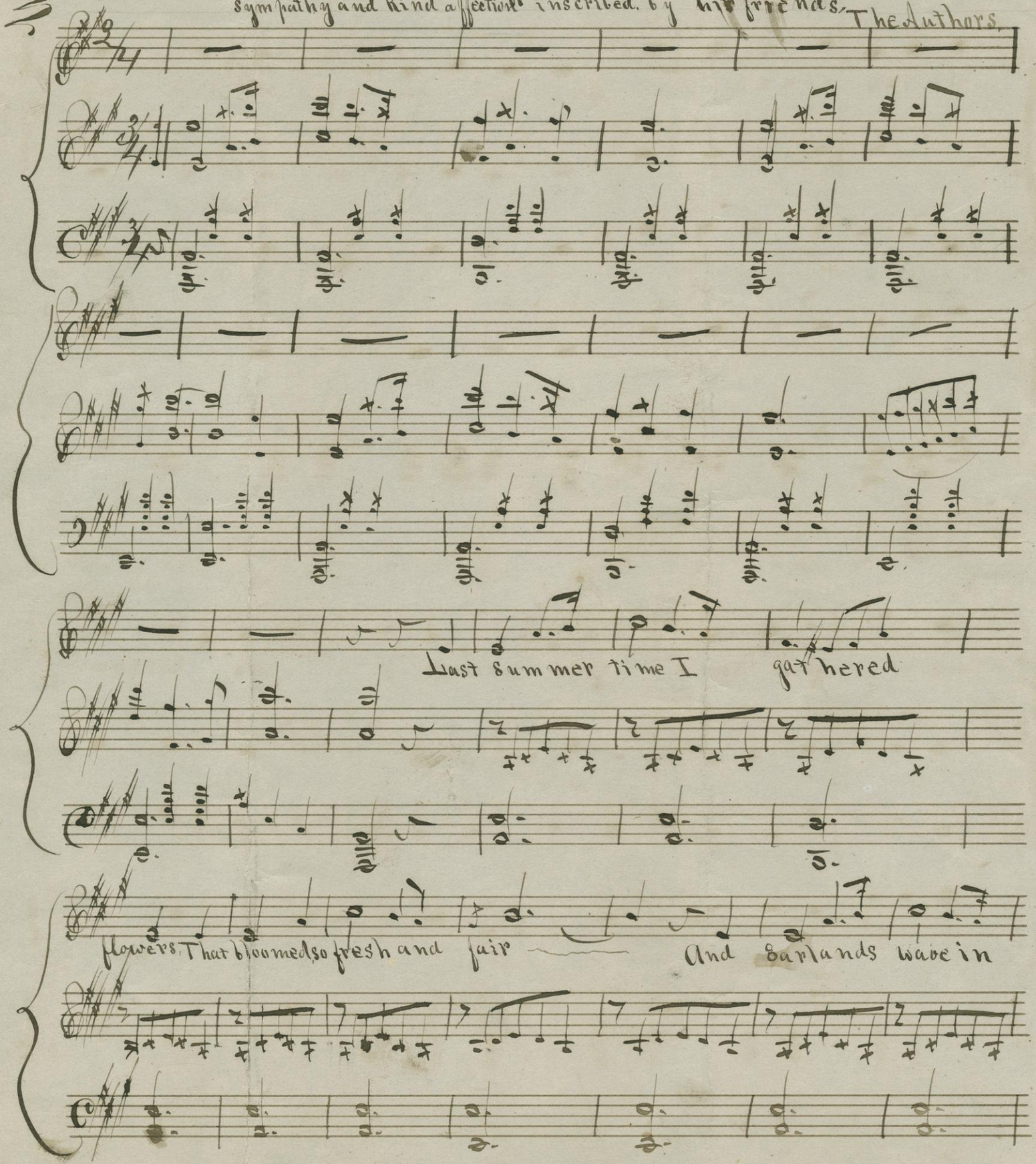
by.

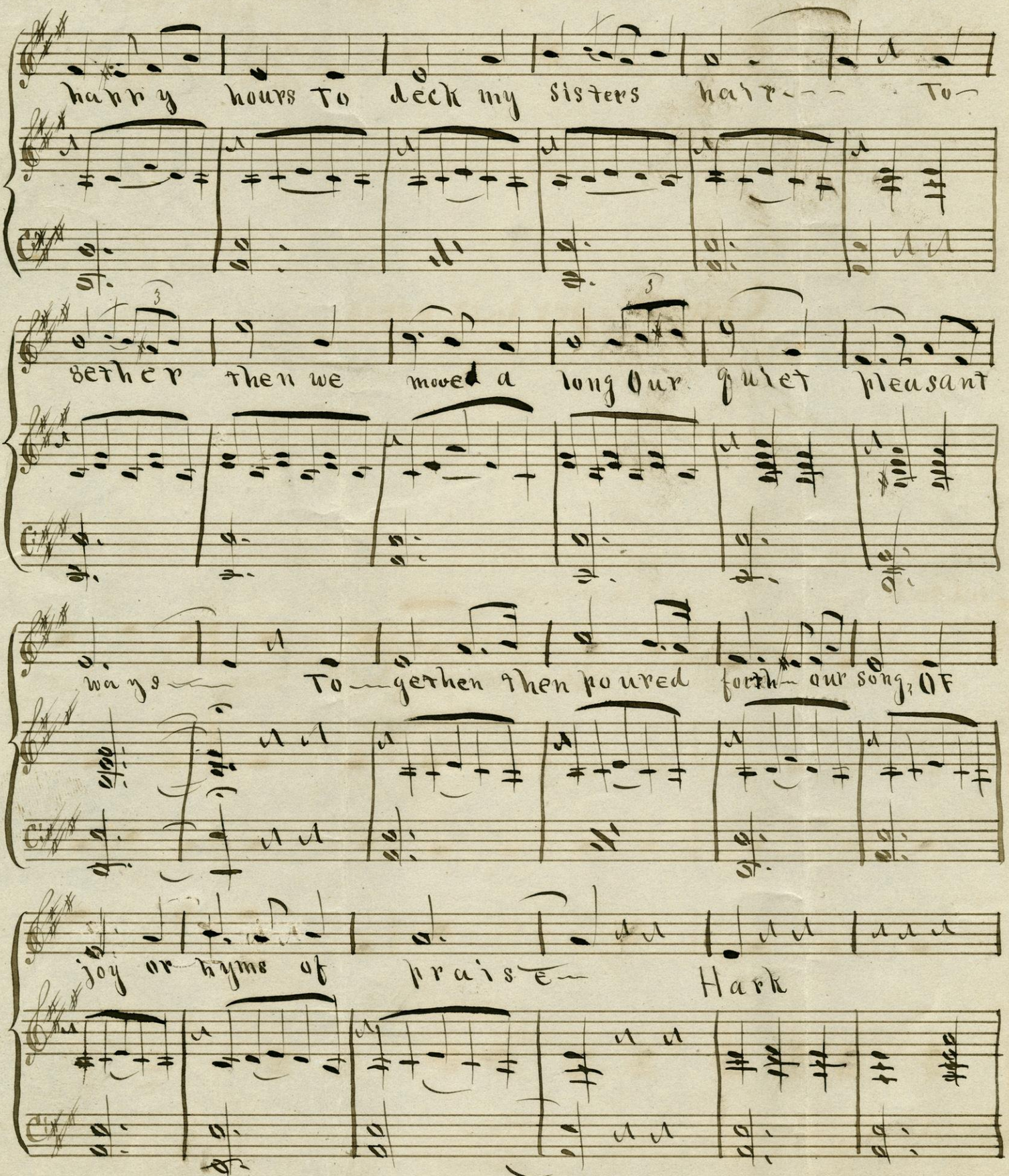
Words By C. B. Ewing

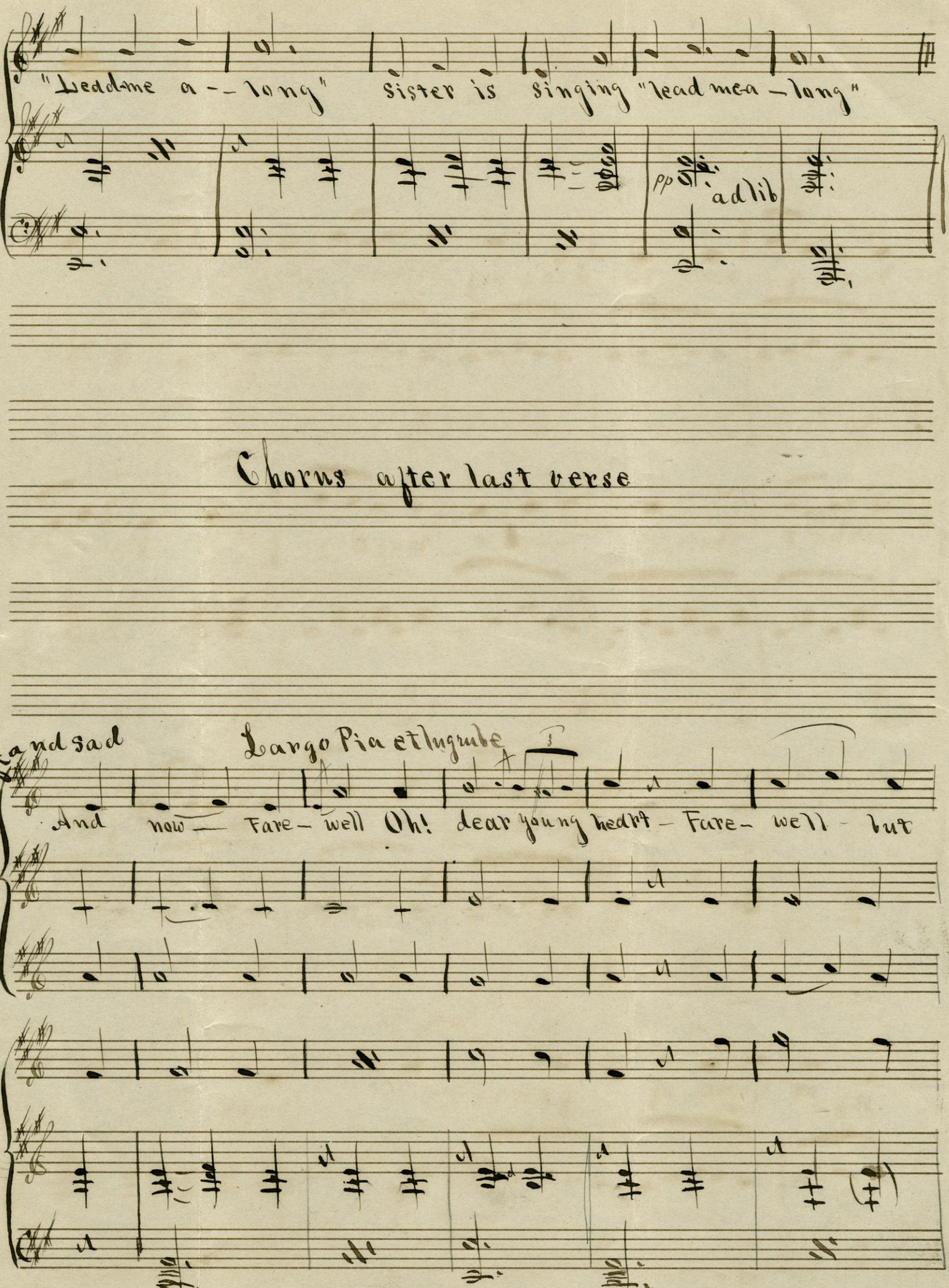
"Lead Me Along"
Or
Sisters Last Words

Music By Jus P. Webster

To Miss Libbie Blood, in her sad affliction, this little song is with deep sympathy and kind affection inscribed by her friends, The Authors.




harry hours To deck my sisters hair- - - To-
gether then we moved a long Our quiet pleasant
ways - To - gether then poured forth our song; OF
joy or hyms of praise - Hark



"Lead me a-- long" sister is singing "lead me a-long"

pp ad lib

Chorus after last verse

Largo Pia et lugrube

air Slow soft and sad

And now — Fare-well Oh! dear young heart - Fare-well - but

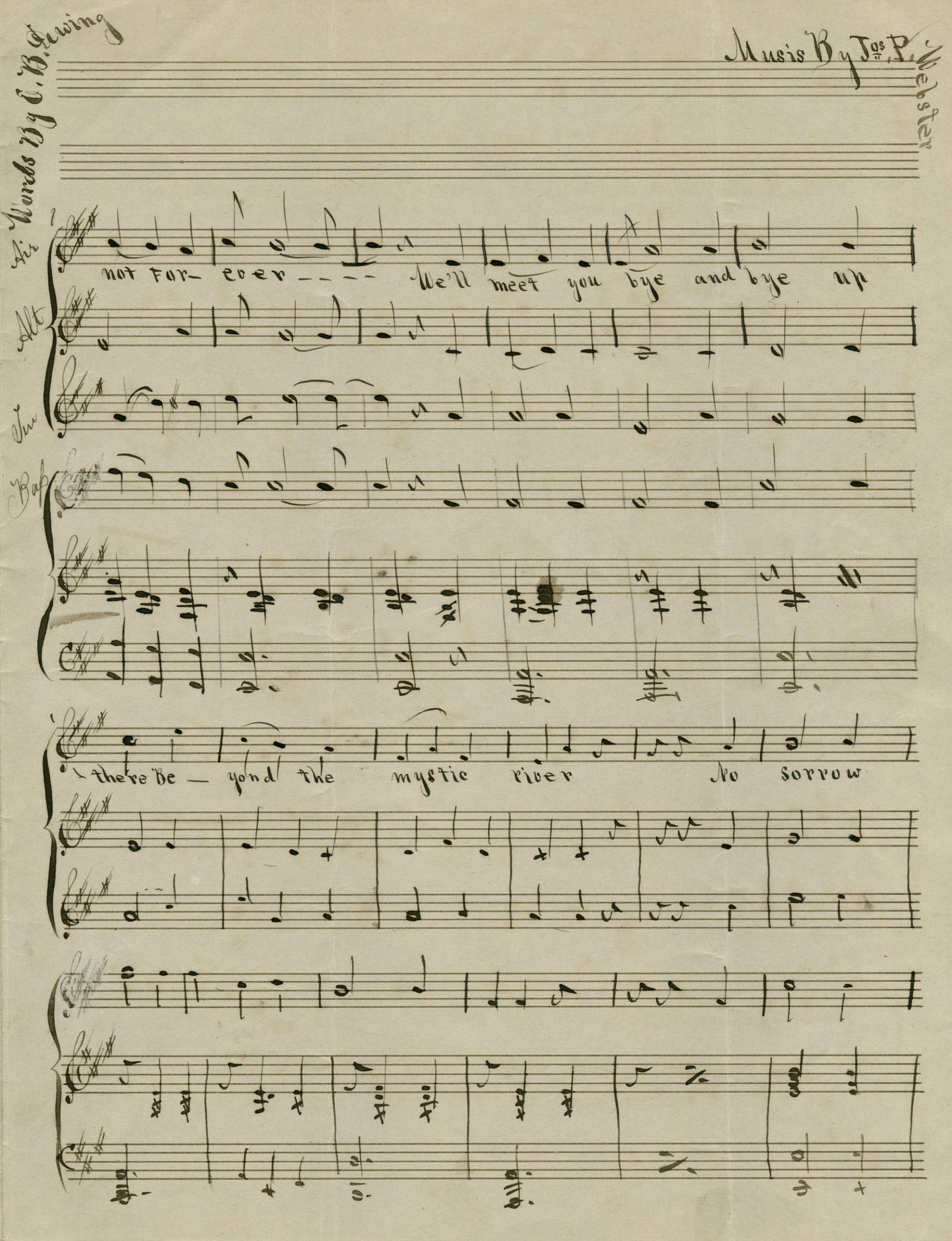
alt

ten

Bass

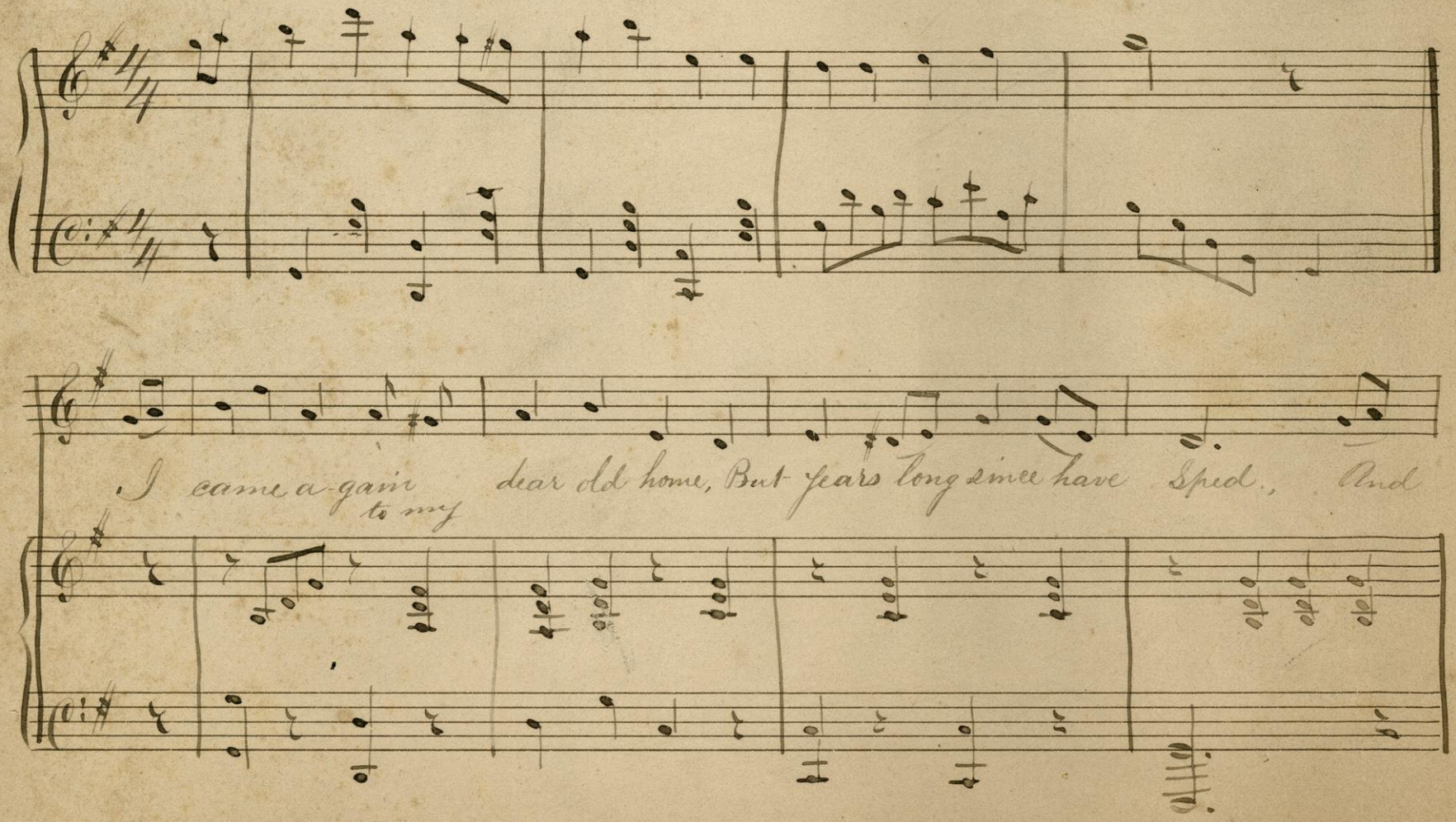
Words By C. B. Lewis

Music By Jos. P. Webster



My dear Old Home

Music by J. P. Webster.



'mid the ra-ven locks of youth, Say many a sil-ver thread! The

Ped.

bounding step was slow & sad, The sparkling eye grown dim, And the

Ped Ped

bird-notes once so blithesome, fell Like the chimes of a funeral hymn.

2d Verse. I looked for the roof that sheltered once the

loved of childhoods hours: I sought for the hearth stone (upon it lay (A mound of grass and

flowers. The broad armed oak, whose shelt'ring shade was the scene of our merry

Ped. Ped

play- A moss grown Stump marked out the spot that told of its sad de-

cay

3d Vise I wandered down the poplar spring,
And drank from its gushing stream,
But the draught had lost its magic charm,
The waves their golden gleam
For the rippling waters seemed to speak
With tones of long ago
O, many a tuneful voice is still
That mingled with their flow.

4th I turned to seek, with lingering step,
And spirit bowed & sad,
For those that had blessed that lowly roof
And made the hearth-stone glad;
And I found them all where willow droop'd
Its long green boughs around-
Some cherished form was resting there
'Neath each quiet, grassy mound.

5th I am forth again in this wide, cold world
But where'er my footsteps tread,
The dearest seat will be to me
The home of the loved ones dead.
The sunshine steals through the hanging boughs
With a softened, steady light;
And silent stars gleam purest there,
In hush of the summer night.

Words by J. P. Kilbourn

"Never breath that name"

Music by O. C. Gillson

Oh never

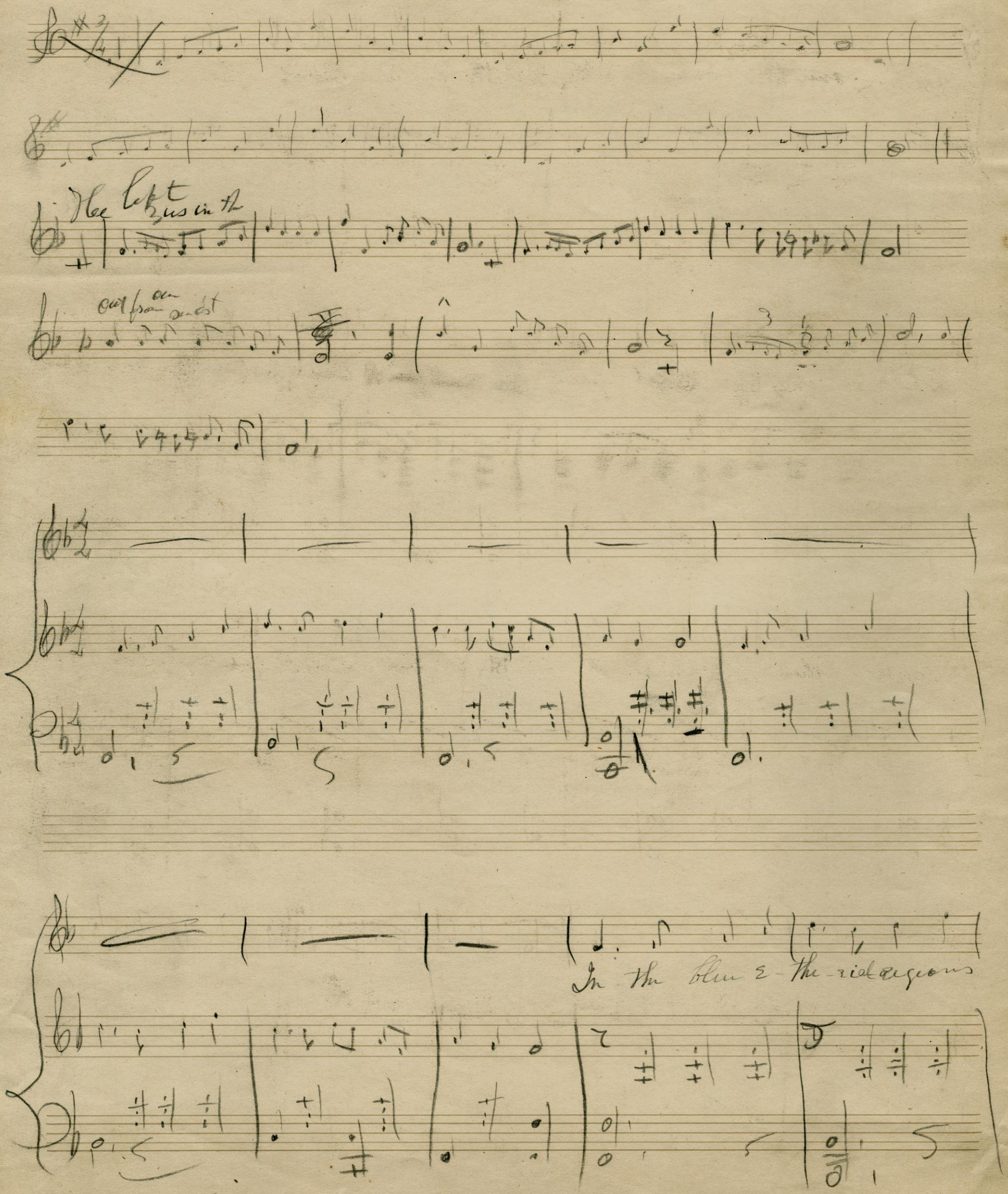
brethe that name a-gain — At least while I am near Foe, oh, it

grates so harsley — now Up — on my listening ear The

love I bore the bearer Once No pen or tongue may tell; And when I

hear that name it makes May heart with sorrow swell And when I

hear that name it makes May heart with sorrow swell.


The left us in th
out from our sandst
In the blue & the-rid regions

"Jillson"

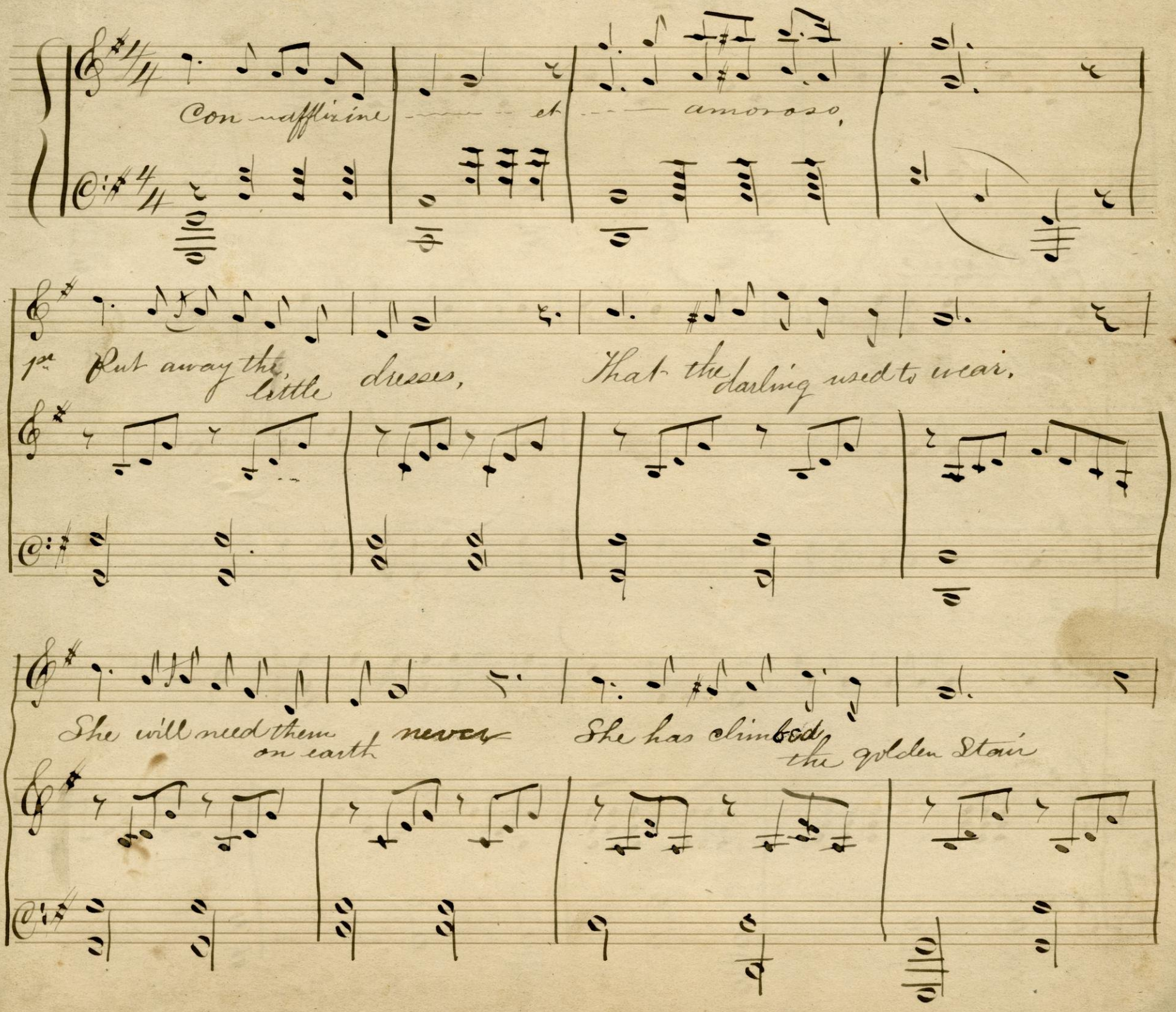
Floating over the boundless space Are the pure ce-lestial le-gions

Clad in robes of angel grace; On each fair & lucid feature Lour divine trans

cendant gleams I can trace it in the sun light And the pale moons silver beams

Where the little feet are waiting
or
The Golden Stair

Words by W. Dexter Smith, Jr. Music by J. P. Webster


Con afflizione et amoroso,
1st Put away the little dresses, That the darling used to wear,
She will need them on earth never She has climbed the golden Stair

She is with the happy an-gels, And I long for her Sweet Kiss.

Where her little feet are waiting In the realm of perfect bliss

Chorus

Air

Angels whisper that dar-ling Is in lands of love so fair

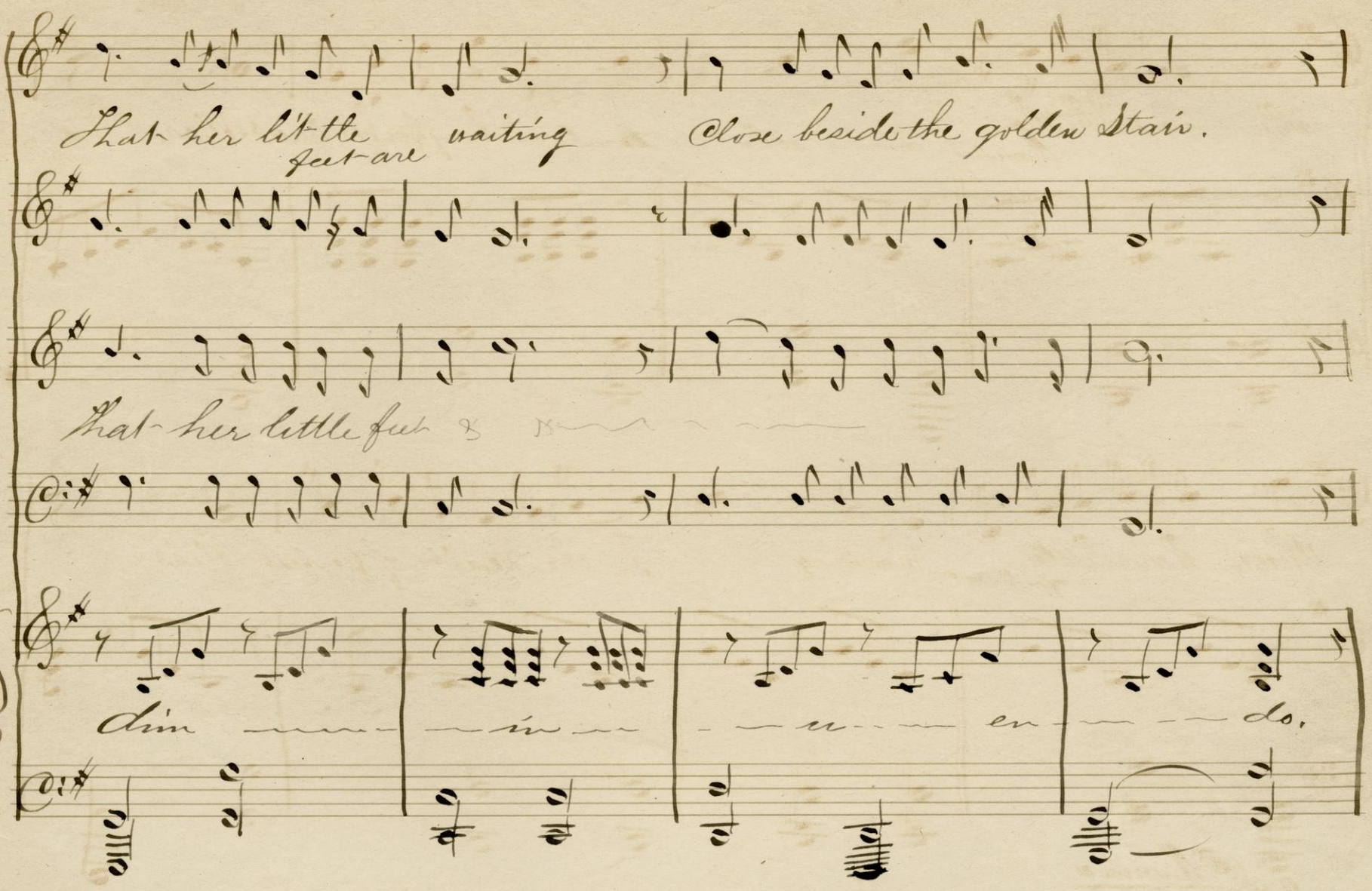
Alto

Tenor

An-gels whisper &c

Bass

Piano


That her little feet are waiting Close beside the golden Stair.
That her little feet
dim in u en do.

2d. Lay aside her little playthings
Wet with mother's pearly tears,
How we shall miss little Nellie
All the coming, weary years!
Fold the dainty, little dresses
That she never more will wear
For her little feet are waiting
Up above the golden Stair

3d. Kiss the little curly tresses
Cut from her bright, golden hair,
Do the angels kiss our darling
In the realm so bright & fair?
Oh! we pray to meet our darling
For a long, long sweet embrace
Where the little feet are waiting
And we meet her face to face.