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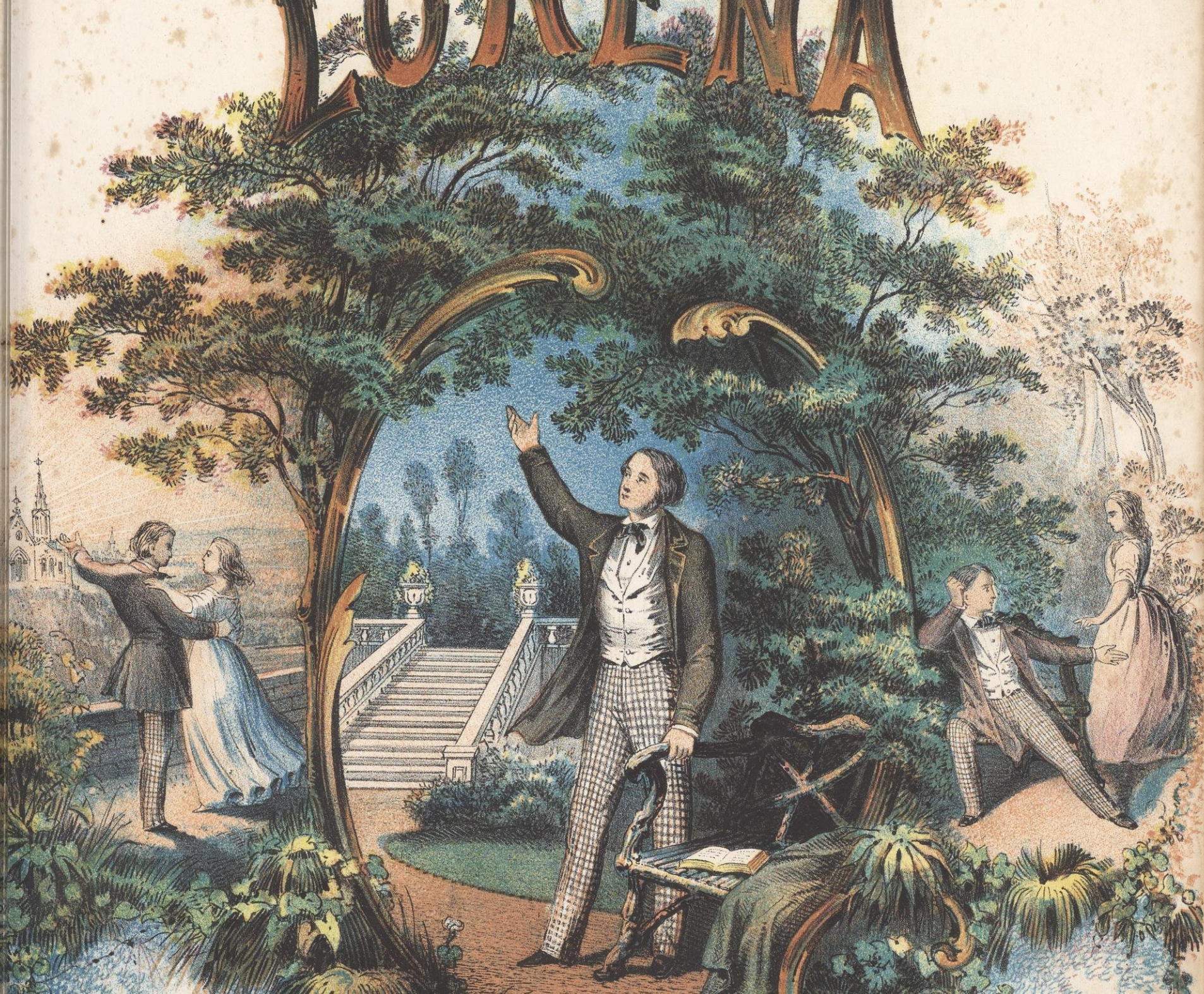
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# LORENA



And hear  
The distant Church bells  
chimed.

For  
if we try,  
we may forget.

But there, up there,  
'tis Heart to Heart.

Guitar  
Piano



CHAS. SHOBER LITH. CHICAGO.

CHICAGO.  
Published by H. M. HIGGINS, 117 Randolph St.



# "LORENA."

Poetry by REV. H. D. L. WEBSTER.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

**VOICE.**



**PIANO**

*Andante Espressivo.*




3. We  
4. The




1. The  
2. A

loved each oth-er then Lo - re - na, More than we ev - er dared to tell; And  
sto - ry of that past, Lo - re - na, A - las! I care not to re - peat, The



years creep slowly by, Lo - re - na, The snow is on the grass a - gain, The  
hun-dred months have pass'd Lo - re - na, Since last I held that hand in mine, And





what we might have been, Lore - na, Had but our lov - ings prosper'd well— But  
 hopes that could not last, Lo - re - na, They lived, but on - ly lived to cheat. I



sun's low down the sky, Lo - re - na, The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been. But the  
 felt that pulse beat fast, Lo - re - na, Tho' mine beat fas - ter far than thine. A



then, 'tis past—the years are gone, I'll not call up their shadowy forms; I'll  
 would not cause e'en one re - gret To wran - kle in your bo - som now; For



heart throbs on as warm-ly now, As when the summer days were nigh; Oh! the  
 hundred months,—'twas flow-'ry May, When up the hil - ly slope we climbed, To



say to them, "lost years, sleep on! . . . . Sleep on! nor heed life's pelting storm." I'll  
 "if we try, we may for - get," . . . . Were words of thine long years a - go. For



sun can never dip so low, . . . . A - down affection's cloudless sky. The  
 watch the dy-ing of the day, . . . . And hear the distant church-bells chimed. To





say to them, lost years, sleep on! Sleep on! nor heed, life's pelt - ing storm."  
 "if we try, we may for - get," Were words of thine long years a - go.

sun can nev - er dip so low, . . . . A - down af - fection's cloud - less sky.  
 watch the dy - ing of the day, . . . . And hear the dis - tant church - bells chimed.

5

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,  
 They burn within my memory yet;  
 They touched some tender chords, Lorena,  
 Which thrill and tremble with regret.  
 'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke;  
 Thy heart was always true to me:—  
 A duty stern and pressing, broke  
 The tie which linked my soul with thee.

6

It matters little now, Lorena,  
 The past—is in the eternal Pas  
 Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,  
 Life's tide is ebbing out so fast  
 There is a Future! O thank God,  
 Of life this is so small a part!  
 'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod;  
 But there, *up there*, 'tis heart.



# NEW AND POPULAR MUSIC,

Just Published in Sheet Form, by H. M. HIGGINS, No. 117 Randolph Street, Chicago.

Any of the following pieces sent by mail, on receipt of the marked price.

**"Lena de l'Orme."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song and Chorus, by A. B. Whiting.*  
 Key of five flats, but can be played in key of D, (two sharps.) A simple, easy, gliding movement, beautifully adapted to the sentiment of the poetry— not difficult.

*Fifth Verse.*  
 The love of the soul ends not with death,  
 But liveth forever on high;  
 Thus Lena speaks in the zephyr's breath—  
 In the night-wind's sweetest sigh.  
**Chorus.** Yes, thou art gone, pride of my heart—  
 Beautiful Lena de l'Orme;  
 For thee the tears drop freely start,  
 For thou to the angels art gone.

**"By the Side of the Murmuring Stream."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song, by A. B. Whiting.*  
 Key of E flat, (three flats.) Is well adapted for second soprano or alto voices. Should be sung in a smooth, gliding manner, to express the sentiment of the poetry.

*First Verse.*  
 O, the happy, happy days of my childhood,  
 By the side of the murmuring stream,  
 Where I culled the sweet flowers of the wildwood,  
 By the light of the first morning beam;  
 But those pleasures are fled forever,  
 In the passing of life's fitful gleam,  
 And I'll gaze on those beauties never  
 By the side of the murmuring stream.

**"Soldiers' Welcome Home."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song and Chorus, by J. P. Jones.*  
 Key of C, (natural.) The above is a beautiful song, well adapted to the social circle. The melody is joyful and sympathetic.

*First Verse.*  
 From the camp and field returning,  
 With a bounding step they come,  
 Where the lights within are burning—  
 Welcome, soldiers—welcome home,  
 Loving hearts for thee are beating,  
 Late oppressed with anxious fears—  
 Gentle eyes will give thee greeting,  
 Watching still through all their tears.  
**Chorus.** Welcome, welcome—soldier, welcome,  
 To a heart so glad as mine;  
 Welcome, welcome—soldier, welcome,  
 To a heart so truly thine.

**"Mountain Legion."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song and Chorus, by J. P. Jones. Words by E. G. Holland.*  
 Key of C, (natural.) Must be sung in a bold, descriptive manner. It is full of patriotic ardor, nobly expressing the sentiments of all true lovers of Freedom: such as stir the hearts and send forth to the battle-field the sons of Columbia.

*First Verse.*  
 O, we are from the mountains strong,  
 Where wave the fir trees green;  
 We heard the crystal fountain's song  
 Fair Ulster's hills between;  
 The Hudson rolls his limpid waves  
 By shores we hold most dear,  
 And in the waters of the Bay  
 Our island homes appear.  
**Chorus.** Ideas, like Titans, now contend  
 Upon the battle-field;  
 The dice of Jove is loaded well—  
 The wrong to right must yield.

**"Home on Finglough."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song and Chorus, by Wm. S. Pitt.*

Key of A flat, (four flats.) Ranges to E in the staff; quite easy; good for those who have just begun to play accompaniments; can be played on Melodeon as well as Piano. It represents the peculiar feelings of the returning soldier when nearing his home; all the fond recollections of love and affection, home and happiness that are in store for him are well told in the music as well as the words.

*First Verse.*  
 Far from the lonely gorges,  
 Where silent tents are spread,  
 Where moonlit nights look coldly  
 On dying ones and dead,  
 Far from the scene of battle  
 That meet us face to face,  
 A fairer vision greets me—  
 I find a welcome place.  
**Chorus.** Here, back in dear New England,  
 And in my home once more,  
 Beside me is my dearest—  
 My darling Leonore.

**"Just Across the Narrow River."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song, by T. Martin Towne.*

Key of B flat, (two flats.) Ranges within the staff; well adapted to both soprano and alto voices. The melody is far above medium; in elegance, sweetness and purity, blending harmoniously with the poetry. Must be sung with expression: not too fast.

*First Verse.*  
 Weeping, came a little maiden,  
 When the earth was sweet with May,  
 Through the fields of snowy daisies,  
 Where the shining dewdrops lay;  
 For her lost bird sadly calling,  
 Which had flown from careless hands,  
 Just across the narrow river,  
 Where the dark old linden stands.

**"The Fenian Men."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song and Chorus, by A. B. Tobey.*  
 Key of B flat, (two flats.) The only song published expressing the sentiments of that noble band of patriotic Irish hearts, who, although removed from their native land, have not forgotten their brothers that are still under the iron hand of despotism.

*Third Verse.*  
 We have men from the Nore, from the Suir and the Shannon  
 Let the tyrants come forth, we'll bring force against force:  
 Our pen is the sword, and our voice is the cannon—  
 Rifle for rifle, and horse against horse.  
 We've made the false Saxon yield,  
 Many a red battle-field,  
 God on our side we will triumph again,  
 Pay them back woe for woe,  
 Give them back blow for blow—  
 Out, and make way for the Fenian Men!  
**Chorus.** We've made the false Saxon yield, etc.

**"Cottage Down the Lane."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song and Chorus, by Wm. S. Pitts.*

Key of D, (two sharps.) A very pleasing melody, written in the style of Stephen C. Foster.

*First Verse.*  
 In the summer roses' cluster,  
 O'er the walls on either side,  
 Lily bells of pearly lustre  
 And the dewy grasses hide,  
 And the branches, large and leafy,  
 O'er it form a green arcade,  
 Where the wild birds, in the twilight,  
 Sing their mingled serenade.  
**Chorus.** And the azure sky is over,  
 And the sunlight's golden chain  
 Rests upon that little cottage,  
 In the cottage down the lane.

**"Ally Ray."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song and Chorus, by Wm. S. Pitts.*

Key of E flat, (three flats.) All lovers of music will be pleased with the style and movement of this piece. There has been nothing written on the death of a child more pleasing than this beautiful song.

*First Verse.*  
 She came to our home in the spring-time,  
 When the sweet prairie flowers were in bloom,  
 When the hill-side was crowned with roses,  
 And the soft sighing zephyrs brought perfume,  
 When the bright little blue birds were singing  
 Their sweet plaintive songs all the day,  
 When the swan o'er the blue waves was swimming,  
 She came to our home, sweet Ally Ray.  
**Chorus.** Oh! Ally, angel Ally, sweet Ally Ray,  
 Thou art gone to the land that is starward;  
 Thou hast flown, like the summer birds, away.

**"Bessie Dean."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song and Chorus, by S. Westley Martin.*

Key of F, (one sharp.) Full of that tender sympathy so beautifully expressed in the words.

*First Verse.*  
 'Twas on a pleasant summer night  
 Soft zephyrs nestled by,  
 And the full moon was shining bright  
 Up in the azure sky;  
 Then at the little cottage door  
 I met sweet Bessie Dean,  
 And hand in hand we wandered o'er  
 The dewy sward so green.  
**Chorus.** Alas! my love is sleeping now  
 Beneath the turf so green,  
 With sad, sad heart, and aching brow,  
 I weep for Bessie Dean.

**"Touch the Lute Gently."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song and Chorus, by A. B. Whiting.*

Key of B flat, (two flats.) Must be sung in a tripping, lively, joyous manner. All lovers of music will hail the advent of this beautiful melody with delight.

*First Verse.*  
 O, touch the lute gently, love—gently, love—gally,  
 And wreath a sweet garland of song;  
 Dulcet notes, e'er they prove truly, Ashell,  
 Thy spirit to mine doth belong.  
**Chorus.** Then touch the lute gently, love—gently,  
 And wreath a sweet garland of song.

**"Little Harry, the Drummer Boy."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song and Chorus, by S. Westley Martin.*

Key of A, (three sharps.) "This cruel war" has been the occasion of the outflowing of many beautiful, sympathetic, touching songs; but none more beautiful than this. The chorus is in the fugue style, and very effective.

*First Verse.*  
 Our poor little Harry is laid down to rest  
 In the shade of the green willow tree,  
 Where oft in the summer he loved well to roam,  
 With his playmates, so merry and free;  
 He fell 'neath the banner he cherished so dear  
 As to follow it far to the fray,  
 Where loud boomed the cannon 'mid shouts of brave  
 men,  
 And the sabres, in true hands, did play.  
**Chorus.** Sleep on, sleep on, soft be your rest—  
 Our pride and our joy;  
 Peaceful and sweet sleep on,  
 Little Harry, the drummer boy.

**"All Within and All Without Me."** ..... 30 cts  
*Ballad, by J. F. Fargo.*

Key of A flat, (four flats.) Within the compass of ordinary voices. The Piano accompaniment is much above the ordinary style. The melody is nicely adapted to the sentiment of the poetry.

*First Verse.*  
 All within and all without me  
 Feel a melancholy thrill,  
 And the darkness hangs about me—  
 Oh, how still!  
 To my feet the river glideth  
 Through the shadow's sullen dark,  
 On the stream the white moon rieth  
 Like a barque,  
 And the linden leaves above me,  
 'Till I think some things there be  
 In this dreamy world that love me,  
 Even me.

**"Will You Come to the Porch, My Darling?"** ..... 25 cts  
*Quartette, by J. F. Fargo.*

Key of D, (two sharps.) A beautiful serenade; can be sung with male or mixed voices. The poetry is by Dr. Mackintosh, of the Edinburgh Historic Society, and has been very happily wedded to music by Prof. Fargo. The melody is easy and flowing, and as a serenade 'tis charming.

*First Verse.*  
 Will you come to the porch, my darling,  
 At the hour of matin prayer,  
 When the silver sheen of the morning  
 Will fall on your golden hair?  
 To the porch o'erarched by the bower  
 That's draped by the trailing vine,  
 And my soul at that sacred hour  
 Will deem it a holy shrine.

**"Only Waiting."** ..... 25 cts  
*Quartette, by J. F. Fargo.*

Key of F, (one flat.) A very aged Christian, who was an inmate of the almshouse, being asked what he was doing there, replied, "Only Waiting." All who attended Father Kemp's Old Folks' concerts last season, will remember this as the choicest piece of their programme. For touching pathos and heart-thrilling expression, it has scarcely an equal.

*First Verse.*  
 Only waiting till the shadows  
 Are a little longer grown,  
 Only waiting till the glimmer  
 Of the day's last beam is down—  
 Till the night of earth is faded  
 From the heart once full of joy—  
 Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
 Through the twilight, soft and gray.

*The author of the above songs, Prof. Fargo, is Senior Principal of the "North-western Normal Academy of Music," at Bloomington, Ill.*

**"Little Brown House."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song and Chorus, by Wm. H. Beecher.*

Key of G, (one sharp.) Must be rendered in a light, tripping manner, in order to be effective.

*First Verse.*  
 In a little brown house, at the foot of the hill,  
 With an old brown beard fence around,  
 Not very far remote from the old brown mill,  
 May a very pretty maiden be found.

*Chorus.*  
 Yes, a very pretty maiden as ever yet smiled,  
 Like a rose in the sunshine and dew;  
 But beware of her charms, boys, or you'll be beguiled,  
 For her heart will not soften for you.

**"I Dreamed Last Night."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song, by S. Westley Martin.*

Key of G, (one sharp.) Within the compass of ordinary voices; touching—plaintive. Melody blending with the words in a beautiful and charming manner.

*First Verse.*  
 I dreamed last night of my mountain home,  
 Where the loved ones meet at the eventide,  
 'Neath the linden trees, where we used to roam,  
 In my home that stands on the mountain side.  
 I'll come again when the war is o'er,  
 And the battle's past, at eventide—  
 We'll sing the songs that we sung of yore,  
 In my home far away on the mountain side.

**"Idaho."** ..... 25 cts  
*Song and Chorus, by Frank French.*

Key of F, (one flat.) This is a very popular song, and just suitable for the times; it is a lively, jolly, rollicking, tripping movement; the melody is sweet, and when once heard, will not be forgotten. Singers will find a beautiful effect produced by repeating the word "Idaho," at the close of the chorus, in the style of an echo.

*Fourth Verse.*  
 We'll see hard times no more,  
 And want, we'll never know,  
 When once we've filled our sacks with gold,  
 'Way out in "Idaho."  
**Chorus.** O, wait, Idaho! we're coming, Idaho!  
 Our four-horse team will soon be seen  
 'Way out in "Idaho!"