



I remember, I remember how my childhood fleeted by.

Fitzgerald, Pamela, 1773-1831; Praed, Winthrop Mackworth, 1802-1839

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I REMEMBER. I REMEMBER HOW MY CHILDHOOD FLEETED BY,

Ballad,

Sung at the Novelties Concerts.

The Words by

WINTHROP M. PRAED ESQ^{RE}.

The Music

Composed & Dedicated to

Mrs E. Lytton Bulwer.

By

Mrs EDWARD FITZ GERALD.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2s

L O N D O N,

KEITH, PROWSE & C^o

City Royal Musical Repository, 48, Cheapside.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER HOW MY CHILDHOOD FLEETED BY.

THE WORDS BY
W. M. PRAED Esq^{re}

THE MUSIC BY
M^rs EDWARD FITZ GERALD.

Simplified

PIANO.

FORTE.

ANDANTINO.

p

p con esp:

*8va Ped: * Ped: * Ped: * Ped: * Ped: * Ped: **

legato.

cres:

f legato. p f p cres:

*Ped: * Ped: * Ped: * Ped: * Ped: * Ped: **

8va - loco

I re-member, I re-member, how my childhood fleet-ed by, The

p

2

con esp:

mirth of its December, And the warmth of its July, On my brow, love, on my

con esp:

brow, love, There are no signs of care, But my pleasures are not now, love, What

childhood's pleasures were, I remember, I remember, How my childhood fleet-ed

8va

by, The mirth of its December, And the warmth of its July.

I remember.

Then the bowers, then the bowers, Were as blithe as blithe could be, And

all their radiant flowers, Were coronals for me, Gems to night, love, gems to night, love, Are

gleaming in my hair, But they are not half so bright, love, As childhood's roses were,

4

I re_member, I re_member, How my child_hood fleet_ed by, The

mirth of its De_cember And the warmth of its Ju_ly.

grā

legato

Ped: * *Ped:* * *Ped:* * *Ped:* * *Ped:* *

I was merry, I was merry, When my little lovers came, With a lily or a cherry, Ora

p

I remember.

new invented game: Now I've you, love, now I've you, love, To kneel before me there, But you
 know you're not so true, love, As childhood's lovers were, I remember I remember, how my
 childhood fleeted by, The mirth of its December, And the warmth of its July.

Ped: * Ped: * Ped: * Ped: * Ped: * Ped: * Ped: *

I remember.

Pub: by William Prowse 48 Cheapside.

JEFFERY'S EDITION OF SONGS FROM
"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,"
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY
CHARLES JEFFERY'S AND STEPHEN GLOVER
Beautifully illustrated by Brandard and Coventry.

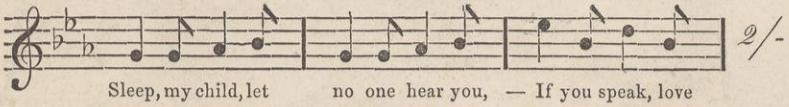
No. 1.

GEORGE'S SONG.



No. 2.

ELIZA'S SONG.



No. 3.

SONG.—EVA'S PARTING WORDS.



ELIZA'S SONG.

"THE MOTHER'S STRUGGLE."

(See "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Chap. VII.)

"Eliza, the Mulatto slave, belonging to Mr. Shelby, having learned that her master had sold her little boy Harry to Haley the slave-dealer, determines to escape with her child. 'Poor boy! poor fellow!' said Eliza; 'they have sold you, but your mother will save you yet!' After intense suffering and hairbreadth escapes she succeeds, and ultimately reaches the shores of Canada—

"That happy land, upon whose soil,
When once the slave has trod,
He may look up, a man, and own
No master but his God."

SLEEP, MY CHILD!

Sleep, my child, let no one hear you;
If you speak, love, whisper low;
Cling to me; while I am near you
Do not start and tremble so:—
Sleep, and I will not forsake you,
Lay your head upon my breast;
No one from my arms shall take you,
There my boy in peace may rest!
Heav'n is shining brightly for me,
And the stars now beaming there
Seem like angels hovering o'er me
Just to keep me from despair.
Hark! that sound! 'tis like the baying
Of the bloodhounds thro' the wild,
Heav'n protect us; while I'm praying
All my thoughts are on my child!
No! it was the cold wind's murmur,
And the sound has pass'd away,
Making all my hopes the firmer—
For 'tis not in vain I pray.
Boy, your father yet may greet you!
He once more may smile on me;
Husband! husband, I shall meet you
Where your wife no slave will be.

EVA'S SONG.

The almost preternatural feelings of the good and gentle Eva will perhaps recall to the mind of the reader many resemblances to the kind and gifted children so lovingly portrayed by our own DICKENS. Eva will hold a place in the memory side by side with little Paul and little Nell, over whose early doom more tears have been wept than have ever fallen for any but these children of our affection: the reader, in truth, connects some darling of his own immediate circle with the ideal of the author, and thus his grief is for the time as poignant and sincere, as if the affliction happened in reality: it is the "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" that gives to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" its irresistible charm—it is the cause of its unbounded popularity—and impressed with this belief the adapter of the present songs has kept as closely as possible to the simplicity of the passages suggestive of his rhymes. For the subject of the following lines the reader is referred to Chap. XXVI. of the work.

EVA'S PARTING WORDS.

Come near me, all, and hear me speak,
My voice is weak and low,
But you must hear my parting words,
Dear friends, before I go.
I love you, and would have you all
Remember what I say,
And when you hear me speak no more,
Still think of me, and pray.
There is a bright and blessed land
Where all good angels dwell,—
A home of love, of peace and joy,
Beyond what words can tell:
And there lives ONE who died for you;
He listens for your prayer:—
The humblest words will rise to Heav'n
And find acceptance there.
It is for you as well as me,
That land without compare;
Farewell! remember what I say,
"I want to meet you there."
Look up to Heav'n with trusting love,
Do all the good you can,
It is by faith and patient hope
That we may meet again.

GEORGE'S SONG OF FREEDOM.

(See "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Chap. XXXVII.)

"George, his wife Eliza, and their child together reach the Canadian shore, and the first impulse of his gratitude is to pour forth his prayers and thanksgivings to Heaven for their release from slavery."

My wife! my child! O blessed words!
Go down on bended knee,
And thank the Lord of heav'n and earth
That we at last are free.
O happy shores, upon whose soil,
When once the slave has trod,
He may look up, a man, and own
No master but his God!

At sunrise, with a cheerful heart,
I'll up and do my best,
Because I know when sun-down comes,
A free man I may rest.
I shall not lay my head in fear,
Nor think the day may come
When gold can buy my wife, my child,
And tear them from my home!

The lash shall be forgotten now;
The bay of hounds no more
Shall haunt me in my new found home,
Nor drive me from the shore.
The brand I bear shall bring no shame
Nor evil thought to me;
My wife and child are by my side,
And all, thank Heav'n, are free!

POOR TOM.

Emmeline and Cassy have, by stratagem, escaped from the brutal hands of Legree; as soon as their absence becomes known, Tom is accused of having assisted them, and is thus threatened by his horrible owner:—

"Well, Tom," said Legree, walking up and seizing him grimly by the collar of his coat, and speaking through his teeth in a paroxysm of determined rage; "do you know I've made up my mind to **KILL YOU?**"

"It's very likely, mas'r," said Tom, calmly,
"I have," said Legree, with grim, terrible calmness,
"done—just—that—thing—Tom;—unless you tell me what you know about these gals."

Tom stood silent.

"D'ye hear?" said Legree, stamping with a roar like that of an incensed lion. "Speak." (See Chaps. XLII. and XLII.)

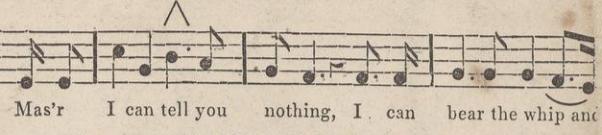
UNCLE TOM'S SONG.

Mas'r, I can tell you nothing;
I can bear the whip and chain,
I have felt the burning torture,
And can brave its pangs again.
For myself I ask no pity;
If you send me to the grave
'Twill the sooner end my troubles,
And give freedom to your slave!

You have said that you will **KILL ME**—
Let this cruel thing not be;
I tell you, mas'r, truly
It will hurt you more than me.
On your heart put not this burthen,
Oh repent while there is time!
I would lay my life down freely
But to save you from the crime!

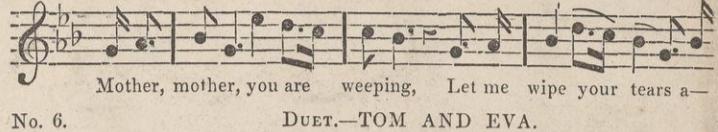
Still your eyes are full of anger,
All my prayers and hopes are vain,
And I know that I shall perish,
Yet I pray for you again;
And I ask that mercy for you,
Which to me you still deny;
"This it is to be a Christian!"
Mas'r, mas'r, I can die."

SONG.—POOR TOM.



No. 5.

DUET.—EMMELINE AND HER MOTHER.



No. 6.

DUET.—TOM AND EVA.



EMMELINE AND HER MOTH

EMMELINE.

Mother, mother, you are weeping,
Let me wipe your tears away;
Rest on me, and while you're sleeping
I will watch until the day.

SUSAN.

Sleep, my child? I cannot slumber;
I but close my eyes in vain;
Dreary thoughts my heart encumber,—
We may never meet again.

TOGETHER.

We have never yet been parted;
That we may not, be our prayer:
Better to be hopeful-hearted,
Than give way to dark despair.

They who buy, but scorn the tearful,
And deride the eye that lours;
Let us then look bright and cheerful,
And one home may still be ours.

EMMELINE.

Mother you shall see to-morrow
How I'll strive to win each heart,—
Then to save us both from sorrow,
They will never bid us part.

SUSAN.

Daughter, take my fond caresses,
Let me press you warmly now;
While I bind these flowing tresses,
Neatly bind them on your brow.

TOGETHER.

We have never yet been parted;
That we may not, be our prayer:
Better to be hopeful-hearted,
Than give way to dark despair.

They who buy, but scorn the tearful,
And deride the eye that lours;
Let us then look bright and cheerful,
And one home may still be ours.

TOM AND EVA.

Recitative.—EVA.

"And I saw a sea of glass with mingled flook, 'tis there upon the lake—I see it now; golden beams of day shine out upon the sparkl till like a sheet of flame the brilliant waters glow.

TON.

Oh! had I the wings of the morning,
To that beautiful shore I would fly;
That home of the many bright mansions
In the land far beyond the blue sky.

EVA.

Like great gates of pearl do those clouds lo
And beyond them the skies are like gold.
Is that land the home of the angels
I so oft in my slumbers behold?

TOGETHER.

Yes! it is the land we dream of,
Where the angels, robed in white,
Sing their songs of joy and gladness,
And their hymnals of delight.

TOM.

Ah! no more of death, or of sorrow,
Will there be in that pure land of bliss;
A thought of that world and its brightness
Is a balm for the troubles of this.

EVA.

Oh! had I the wings of the morning,
To that beautiful shore I would fly;
That home of the many bright mansions
In the land far beyond the blue sky.

TOGETHER.

Yes! it is the land we dream of,
Where the angels, robed in white,
Sing their songs of joy and gladness
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NOTE.—There being many various editions of Songs, &c., suggested by "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," the publisher respectfully announces that all those written by CHARLES JEFFERY'S and STEPHEN GLOVER are published only by CHARLES JEFFERY'S, 21, Soho Square, who has just issued a new edition of "PHÆBE MOREL,"—"I had a dream, a happy written and composed by the same authors. It will be seen that this song, which has been published more than three years, is founded on an incident very like that in the episode con

NOTE.—This series of Songs and Duets from "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" will be continued by the same Author and Composers.