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LADY'S

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Edited by Charles Jarvis,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, ORGANIST AND LEADER OF THE CHOIR AT THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY.

VOL. I, 1842.

PHILADELPHIA:

GODEY & M'MICHAEL,

PUBLISHERS' HALL, 101 CHESTNUT STREET.

1842.

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ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS,

IN THE YEAR 1842,

BY GODEY & M'MICHAEL,

IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT

OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

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All those pieces marked with an asterisk (*) are either composed or arranged expressly for this work.

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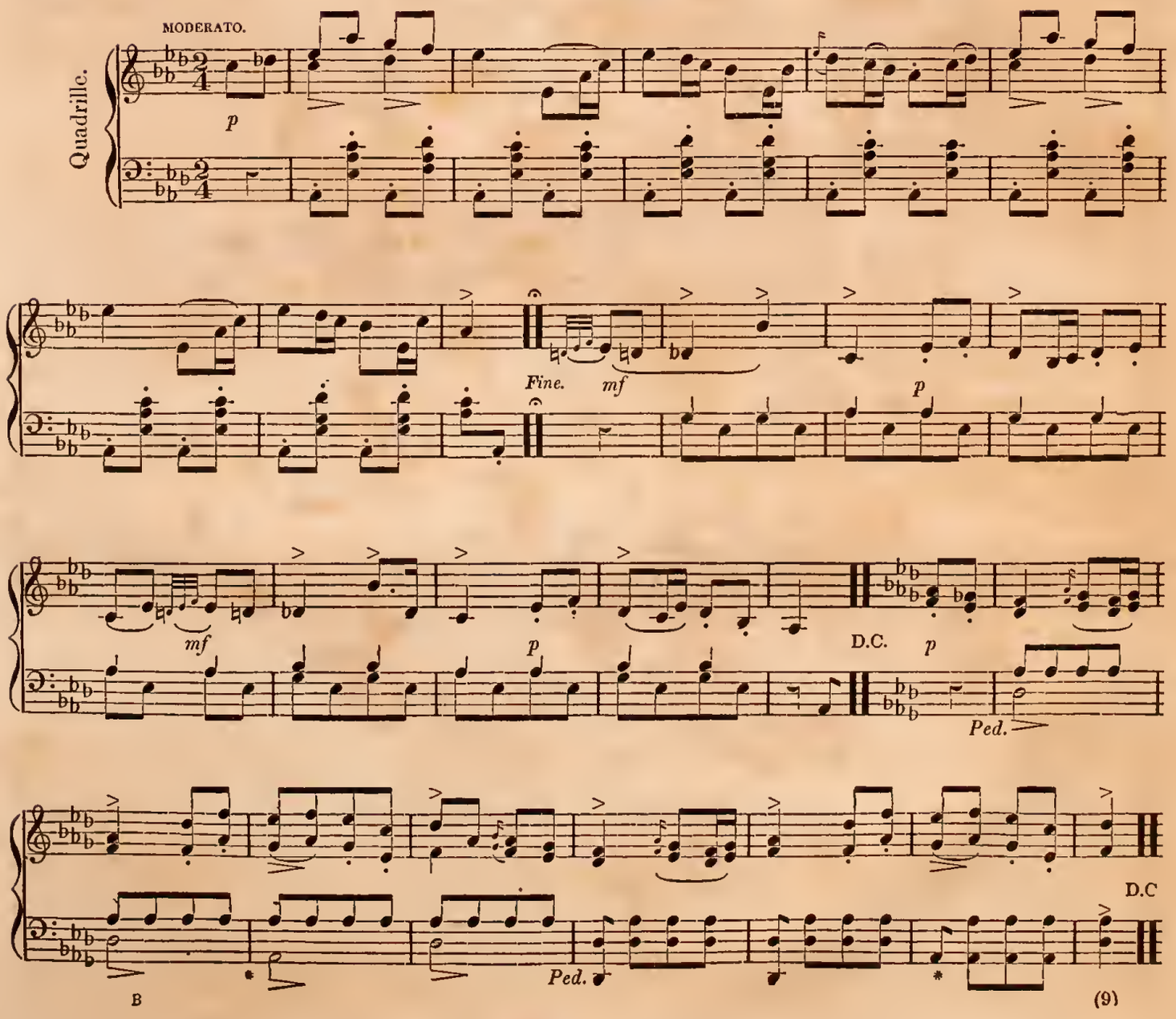
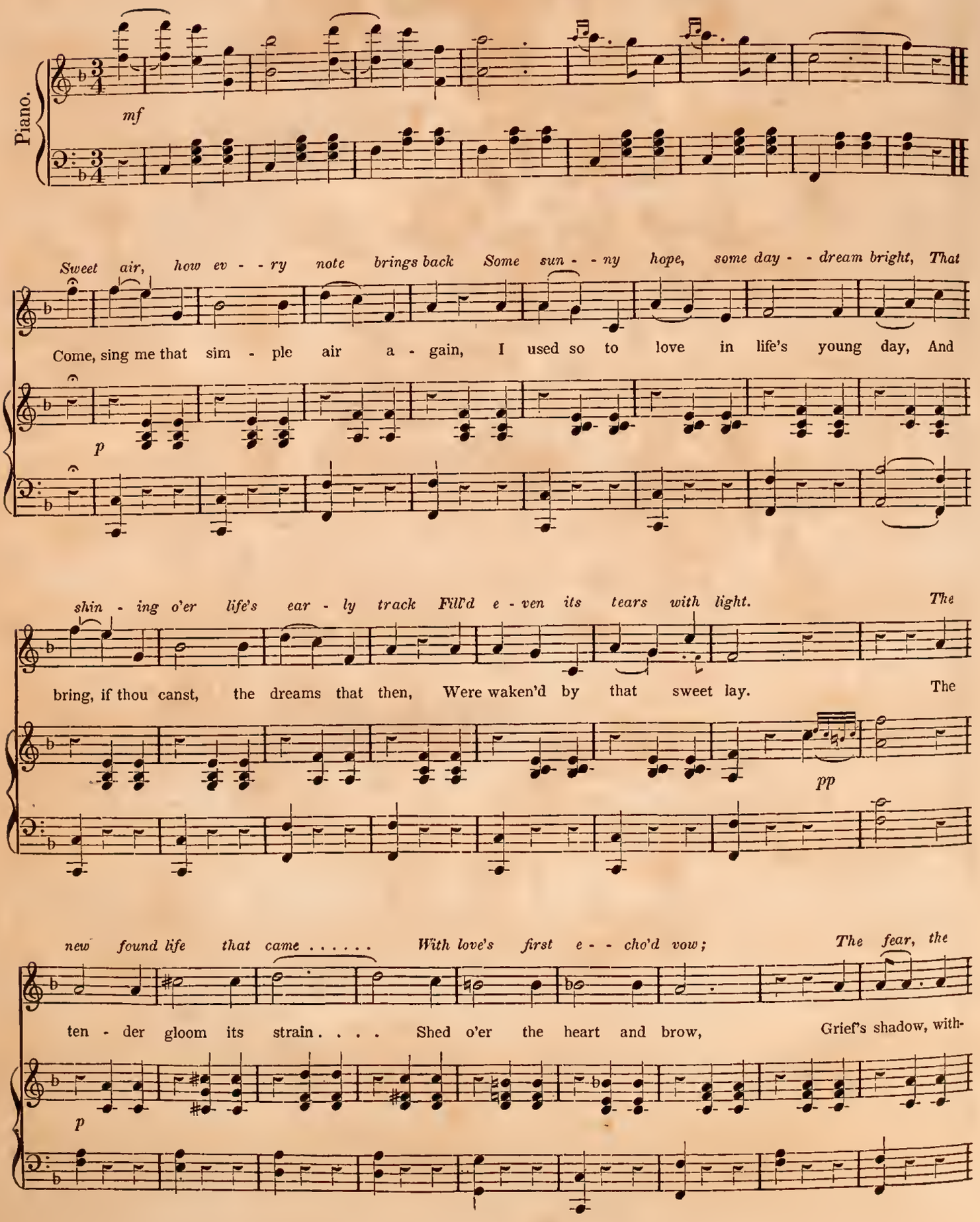
THE PEARL.

Weber.



Sung by Miss Poole.



bliss, the shame, Say, . . . where, where are they now! But, still the

out its pain, Say, . . where, where is it now? But play me the

same loved notes pro - - long, For sweet 't were thus, to that old lay, In

well known air once more, For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain, Like

dreams of youth and love and song, To breathe life's hour a - - way.

dreams of some far fai - - ry shore, We're ne - ver to see a - gain.

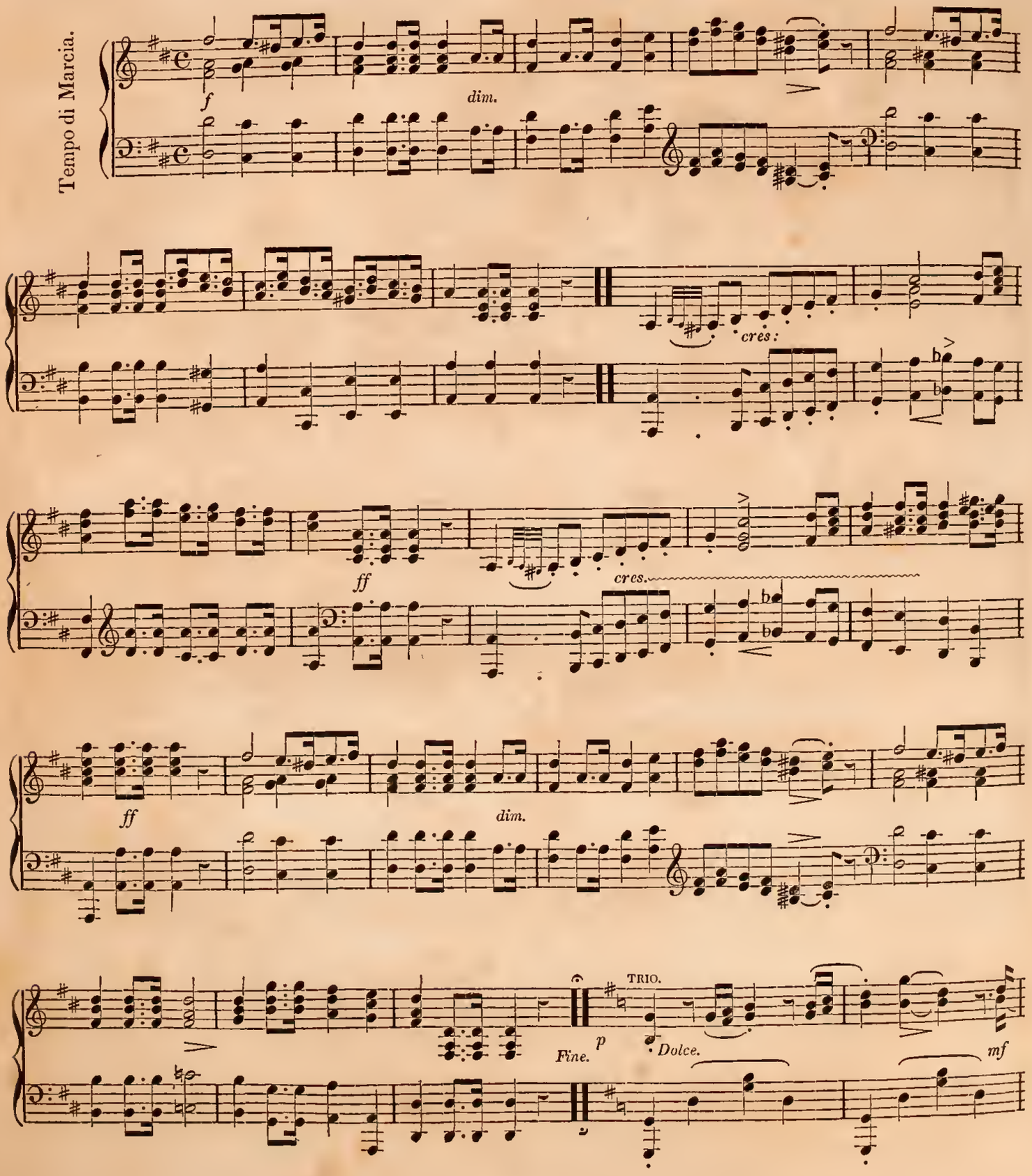
mf.

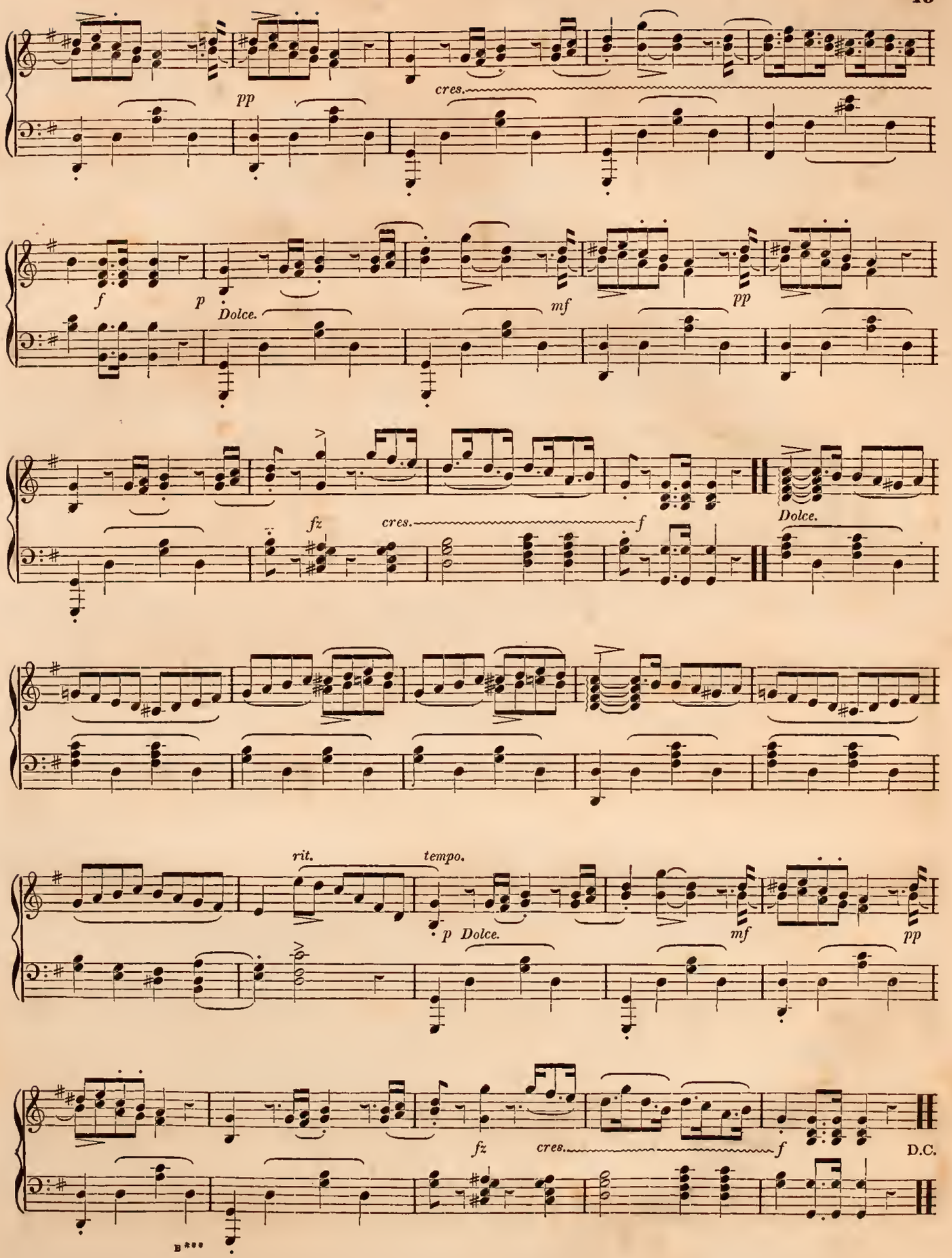
INAUGURATION;

OR,

UNITED STATES GRAND MARCH.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, AND MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS ANNIE COLEMAN, BY C. JARVIS.

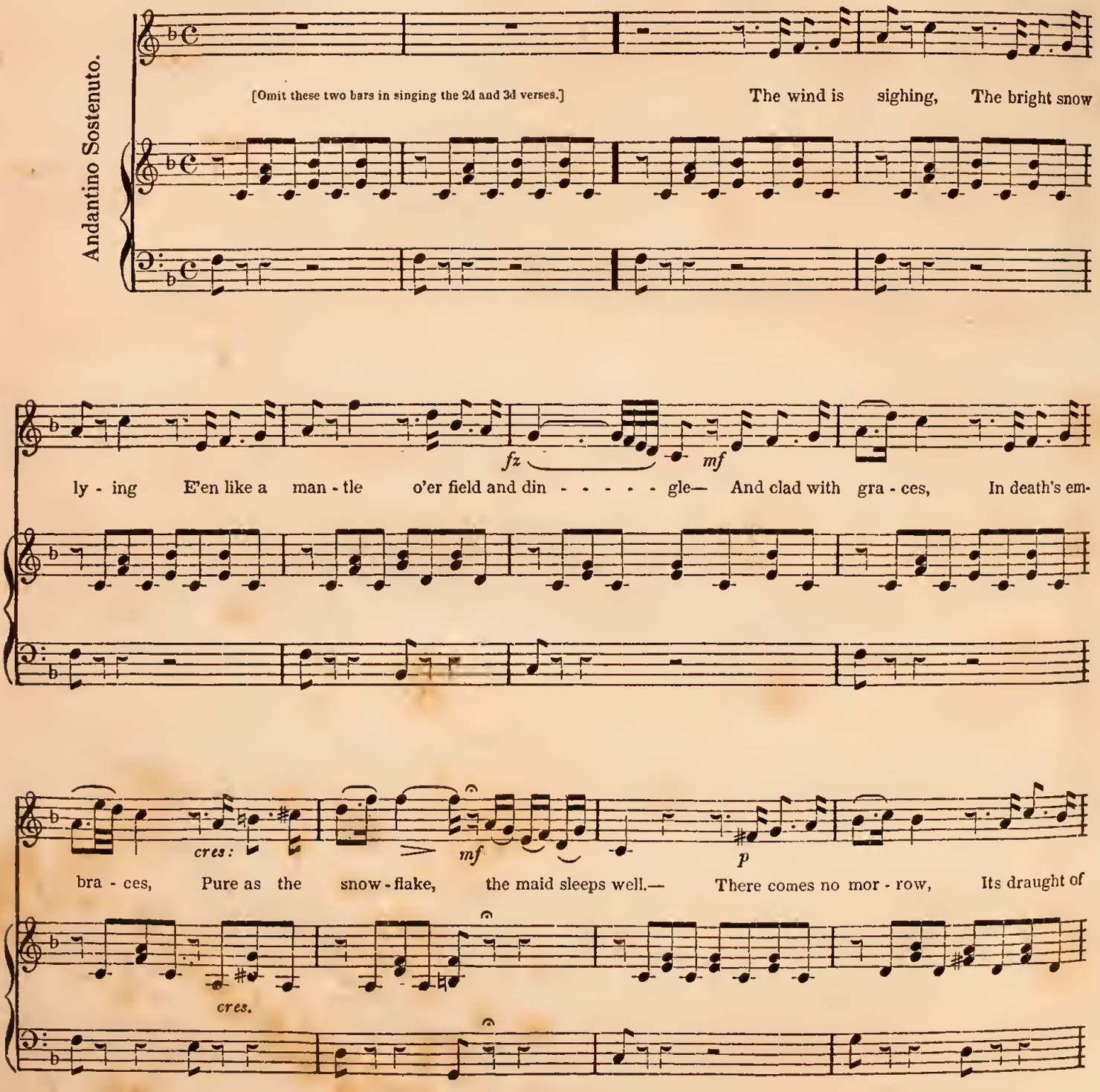


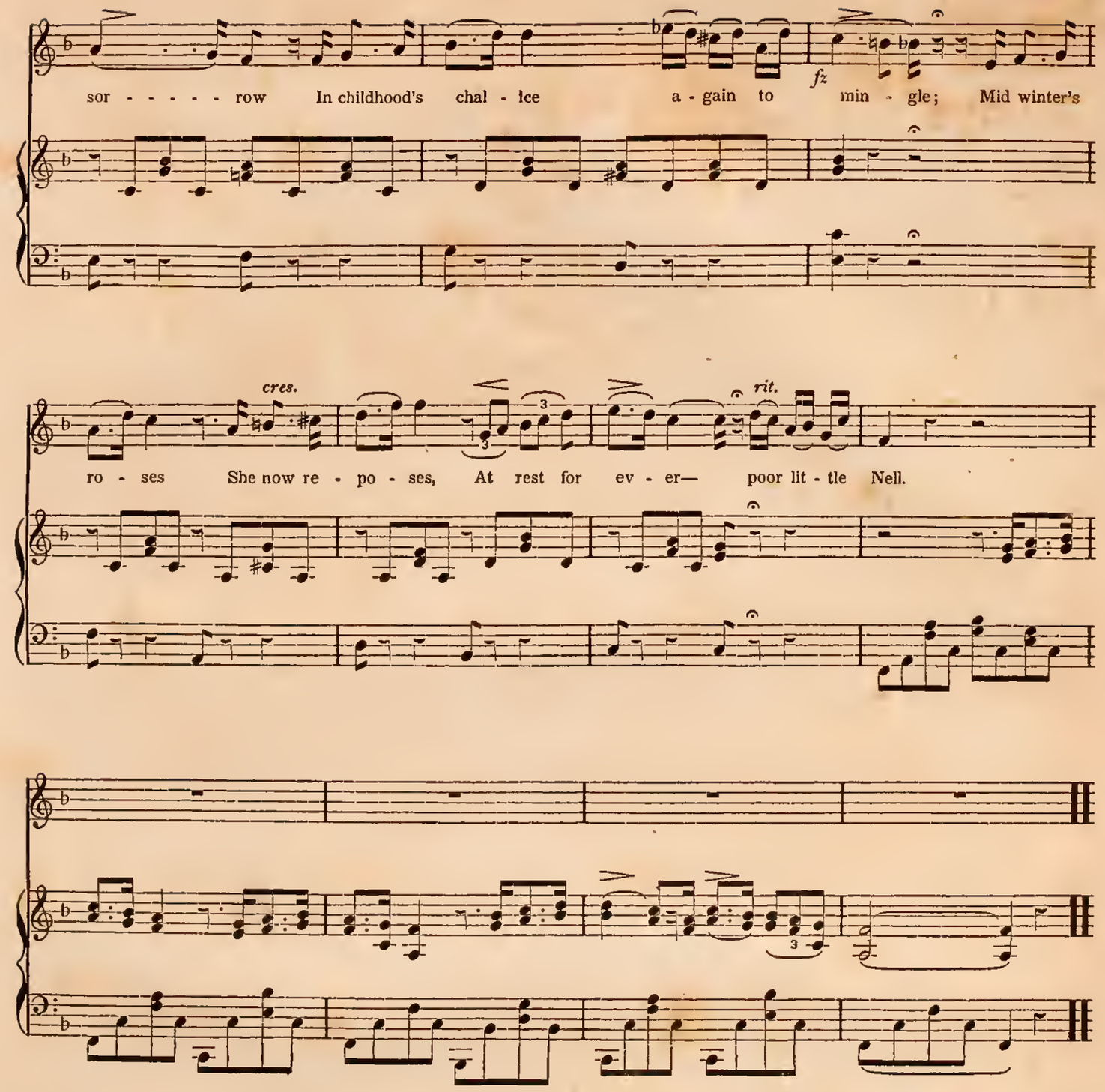

pp
cres.
f
p
Dolce.
mf
pp
fz
cres.
f
Dolce.
rit.
tempo.
p
Dolce.
mf
pp
fz
cres.
f
D.C.

LITTLE NELL.

ROMANCE:

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, ESQ., AND INSCRIBED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "CURIOSITY SHOP." ADAPTED TO A BEAUTIFUL AIR FROM BELLINI'S OPERA OF LA NORMA, BY CHARLES JARVIS.





2d Verse.

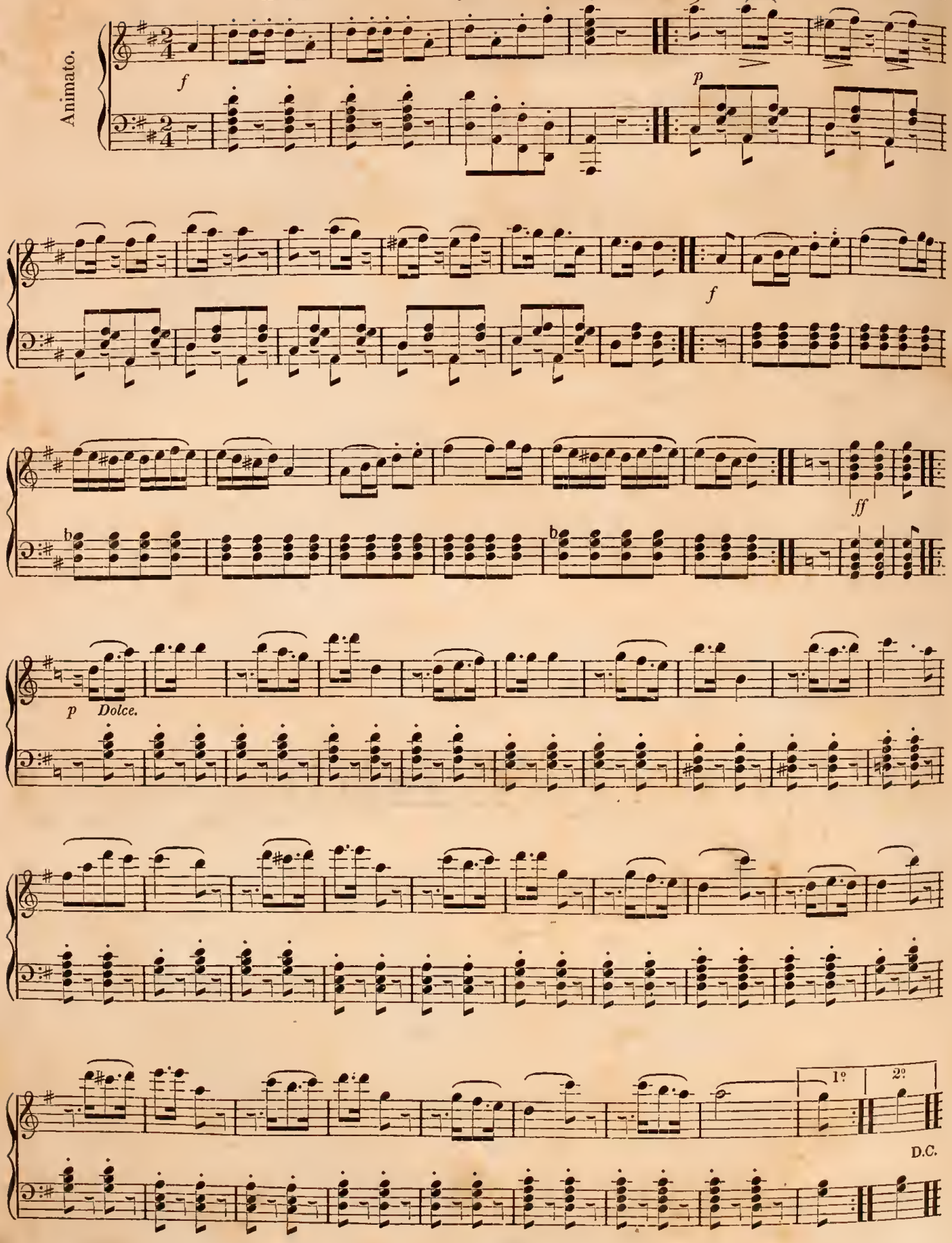
The bird she tended,
Tho' long befriended,
Is singing gaily above her pillow;
To his fond chanting,
That heart, once panting,
With gladness never again shall swell.—
No longer cheering,
Her voice endearing
Is heard like zephyrs across the billow—
The withered flowers
Youth o'er her showers
Are emblems fitting of little Nell.

3d Verse.

Fond eyes are weeping
Where she is sleeping,
A thing of beauty, tho' pale and faded—
That face so charming
Seems death disarming,
And almost breaking his mystic spell.
She has departed,
The gentle hearted,
Her soul no longer by grief invaded—
And music lingers
From angel fingers,
Around the death-bed of little Nell.

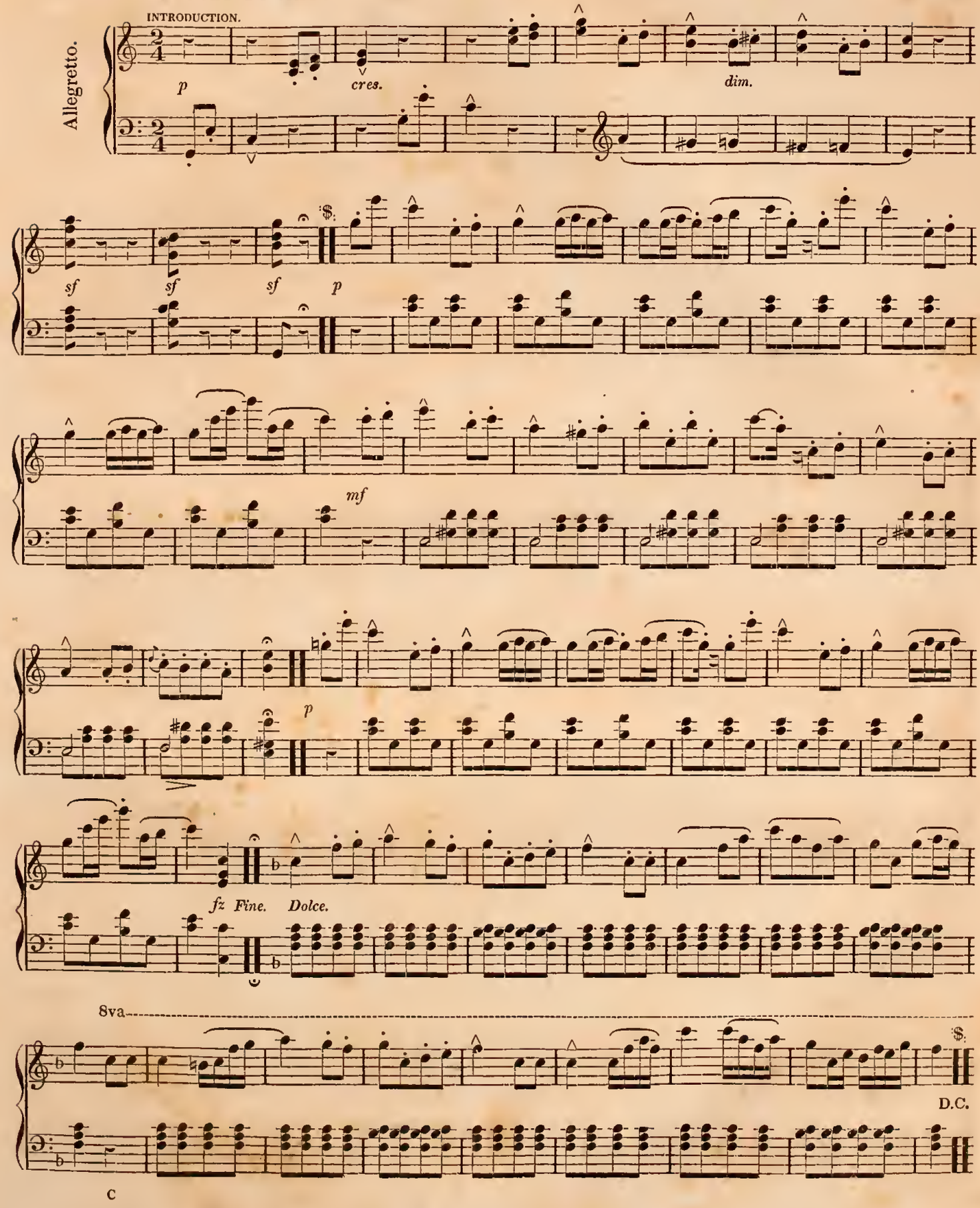
L'EXTATIQUE..... *A Galopade.*

J. Strauss.



JEUNE FILLE À QUINZE ANS.
(THE YOUTHFUL MAIDEN.)

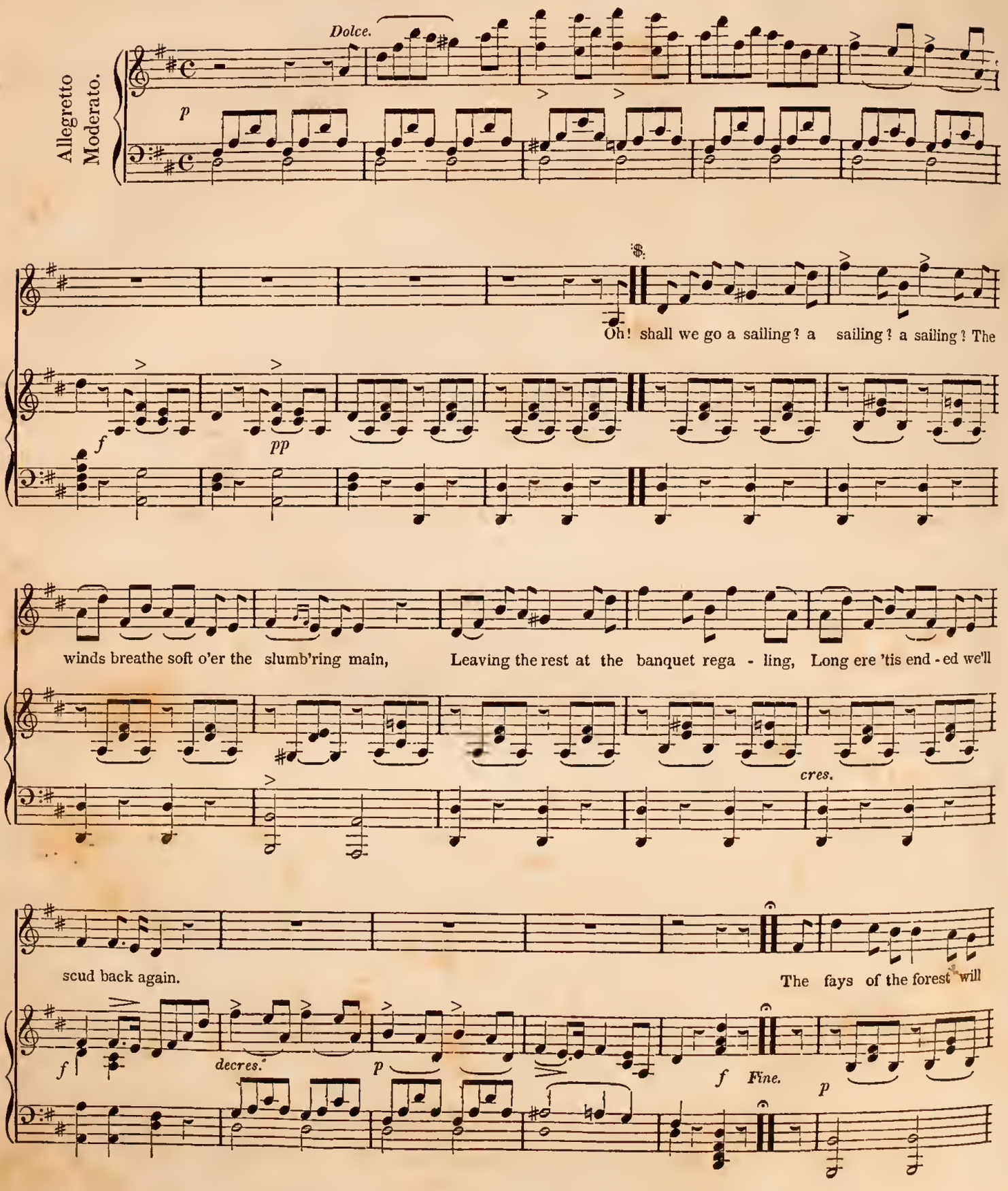
COMPOSED BY MADEMOISELLE L. PUGET. ARRANGED BY F. BURGMULLER.



OH! SHALL WE GO A SAILING.

SUNG BY MALIBRAN.

WORDS BY W. H. BELLAMY. MUSIC BY M. W. BALFE.



joy - fully lend us An a - corn's cup or a fil - bert's shell; And with rose-leaf sails, and

pp *cres.*

Sylphs to at - tend us, Oh! shall we not skim the wave passing well? Oh! shall we not skim the

poco - - - - - - e -

f

ri - - tar - - - - - do - - - - - - -

wave passing well? Oh! shall we not skim the wave passing well? Oh! &c. D.C.

a poco a poco ritardo. *Colla parte.* D.C.

2d and 3d verses.

2. What though the sun has set? still never fear thee; Safe shall we sail ere the night falls, now, We shall
3. Let's go and climb where the co - ral is growing, Or ga - ther the am - ber that's strew'd on the strand, And

have light enough, trembler, to cheer thee, For I've got a glow - worm to burn at the bow; For
long ere the sea o'er the rocks can be flow - ing, We shall get back to our own fai - ry land;

ritard.

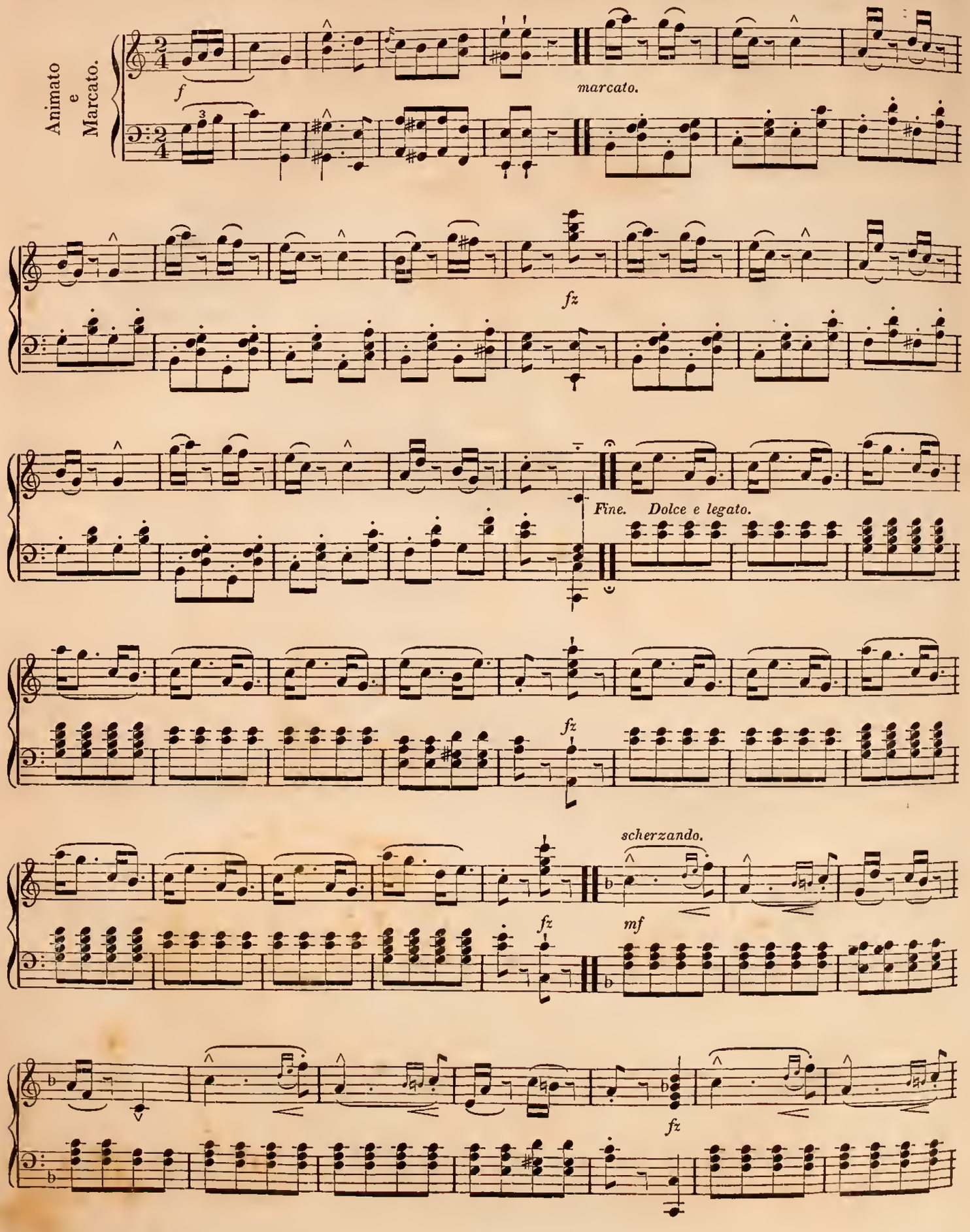
I've got a glow-worm to burn at the bow; For I've got a glow-worm to burn at the bow. Oh! &c
We shall get back, We shall get back, We shall get back to our own fai - ry land. Oh! &c.

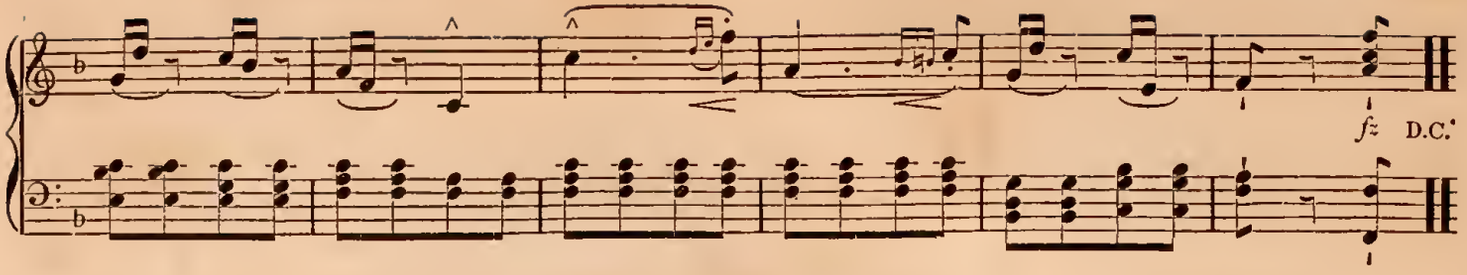
D.C.

C*

CALEDONIAN GALOP.

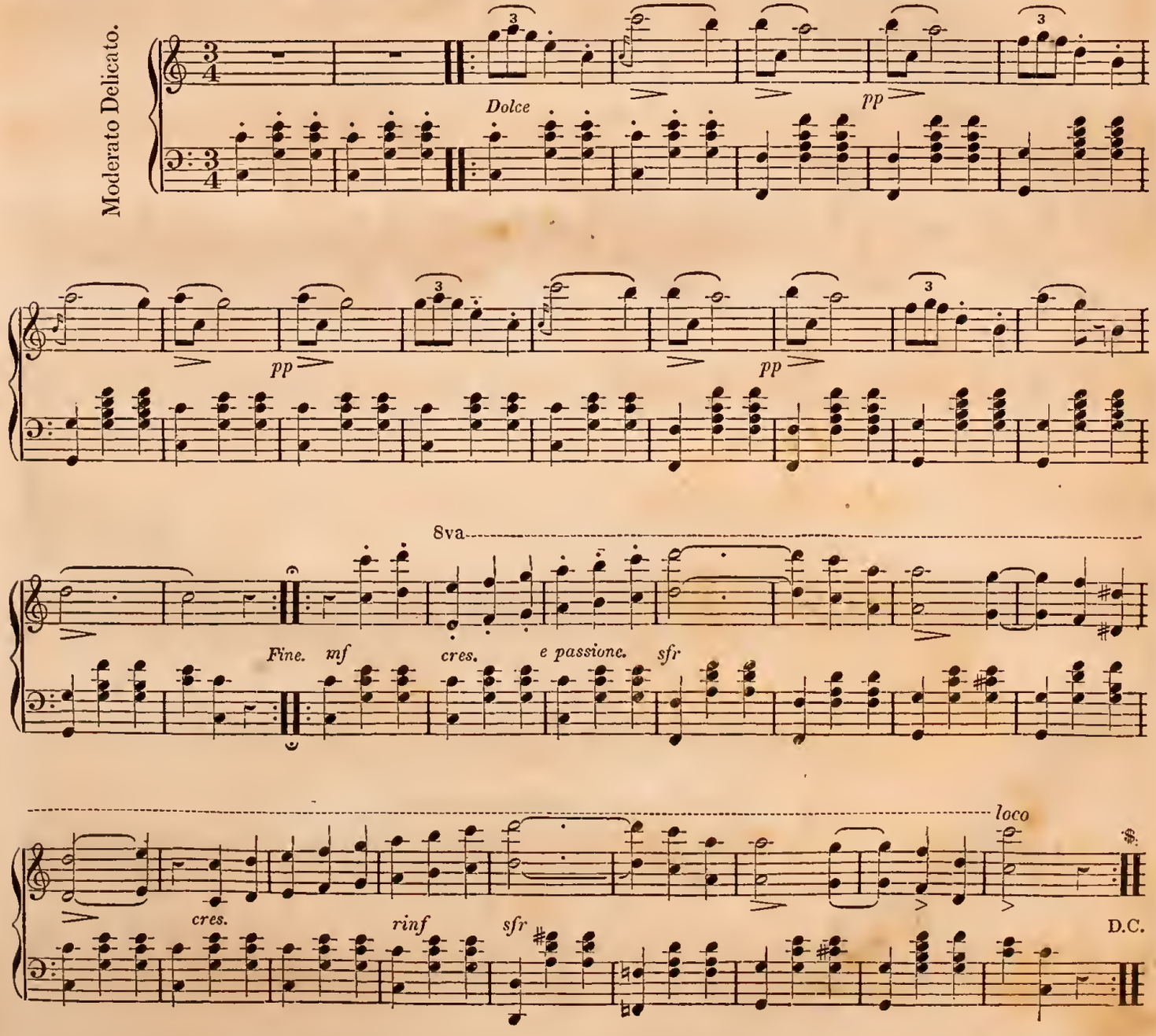
COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS MARY FREEMAN, BY CHARLES JARVIS.





AFFECTION.....*Waltz.*

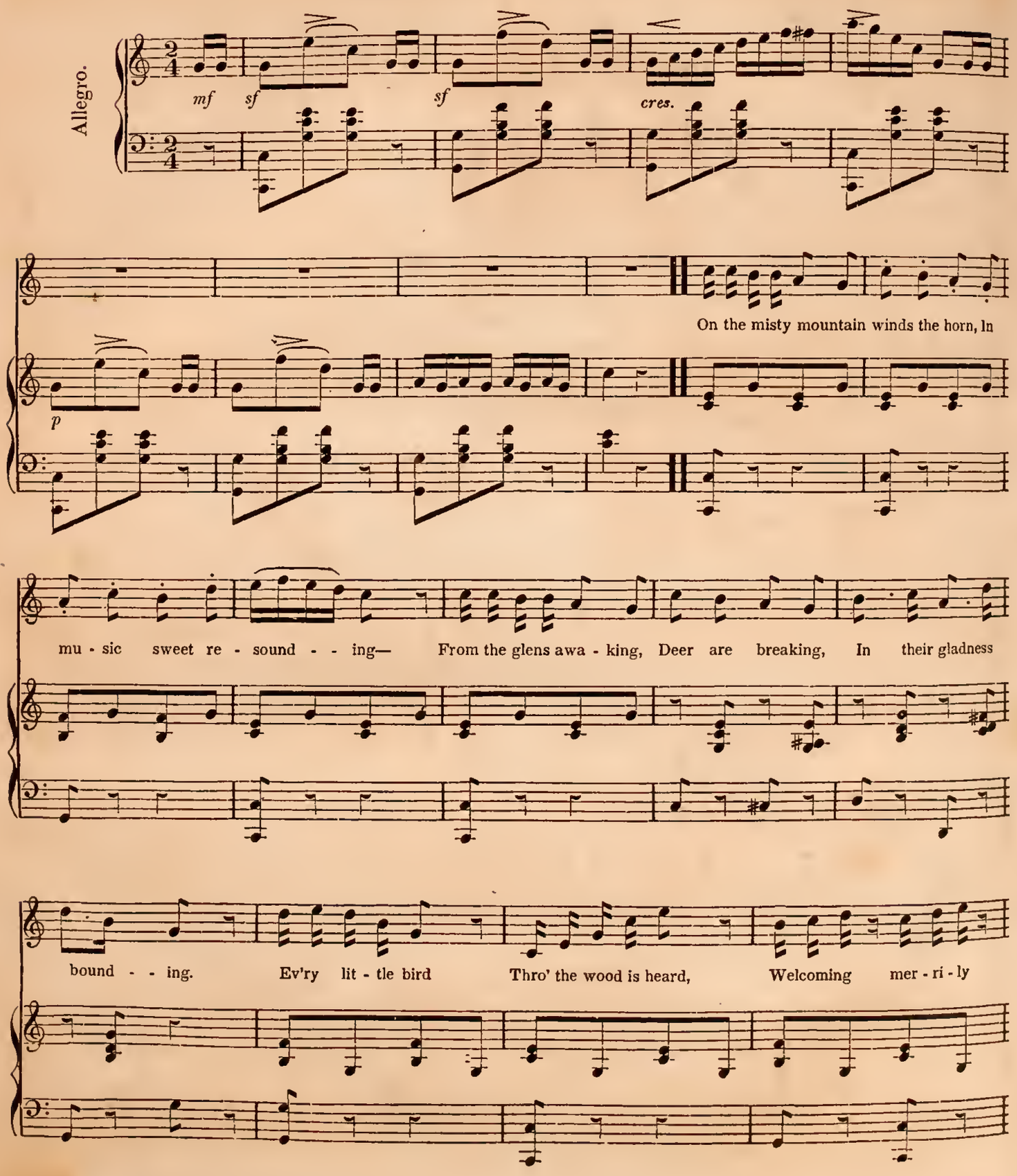
COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, AND PRESENTED TO THE EDITOR, BY W. H. F., ESQ.

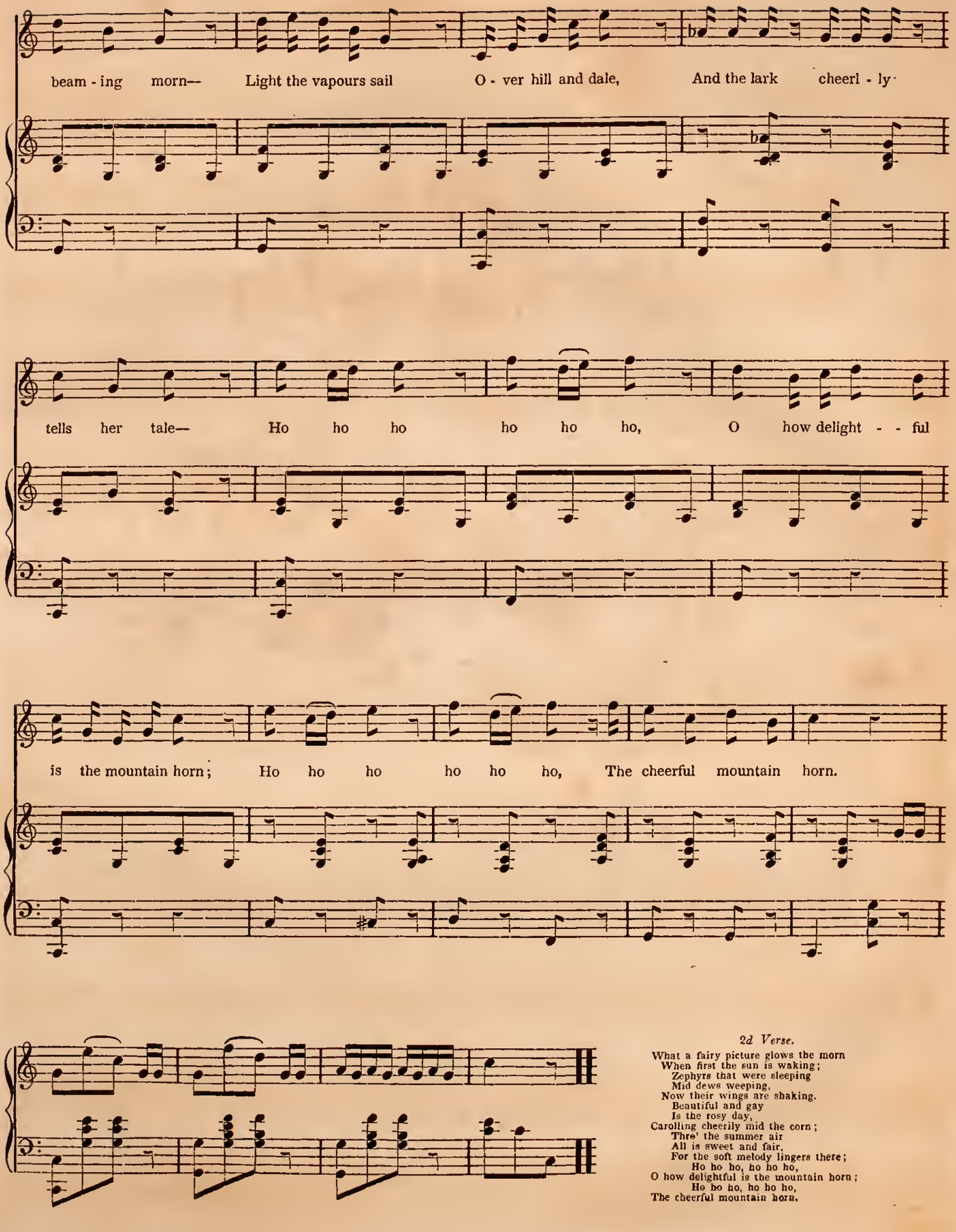


THE MOUNTAIN HORN.....*Song.*

WORDS BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, ESQ. THE MUSIC BY A. DE BEAUPLAN.

THE WORDS PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF A. FIOT, ESQ.





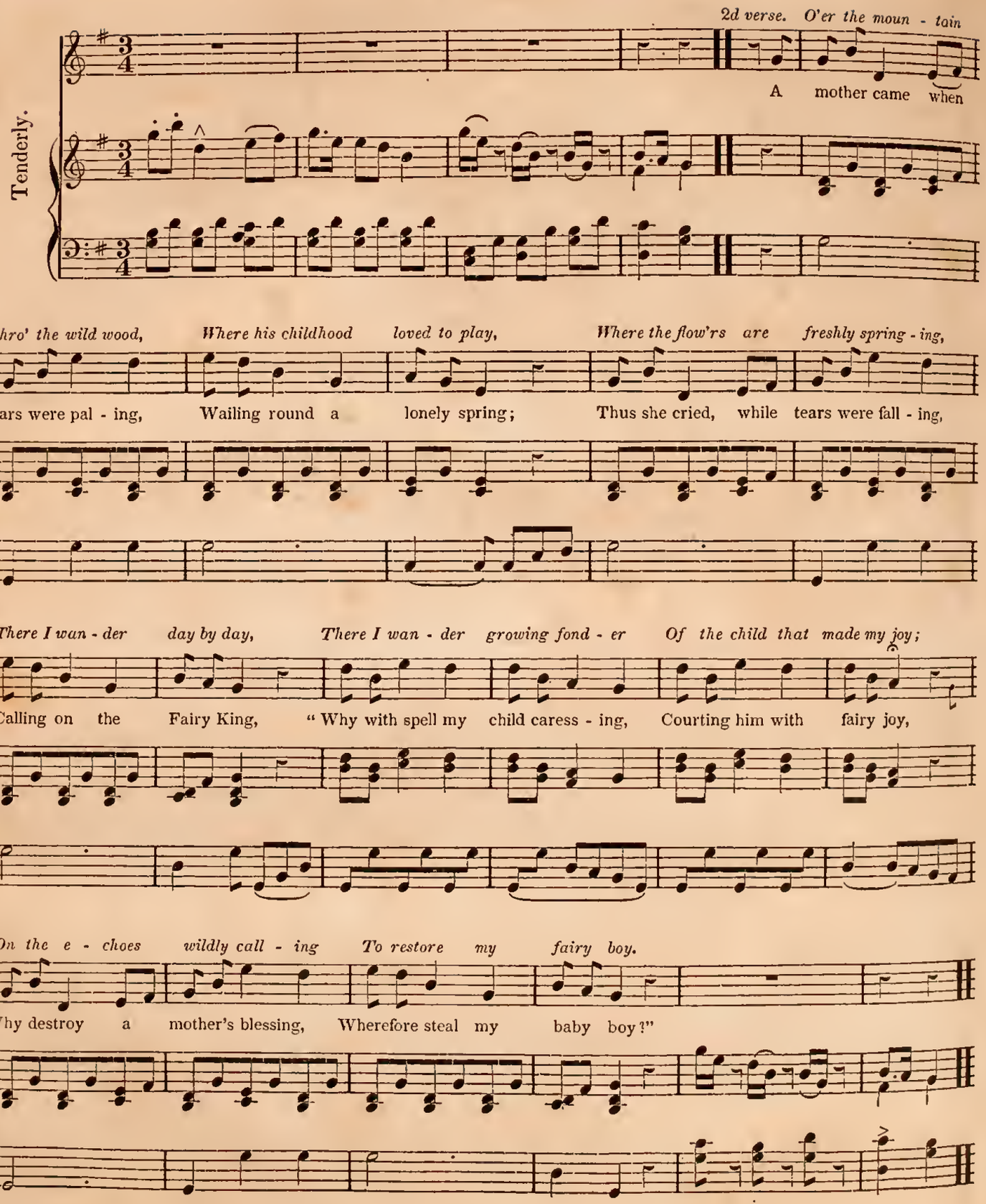
2d Verse.

What a fairy picture glows the morn
When first the sun is waking;
Zephyrs that were sleeping
Mid dews weeping,
Now their wings are shaking.
Beautiful and gay
Is the rosy day,
Carolling cheerily mid the corn;
Thro' the summer air
All is sweet and fair,
For the soft melody lingers there;
Ho ho ho, ho ho ho,
O how delightful is the mountain horn;
Ho ho ho, ho ho ho,
The cheerful mountain horn.

THE FAIRY BOY.

[FROM THE SONGS OF THE SUPERSTITIONS OF IRELAND.]

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY S. LOVER, ESQ.



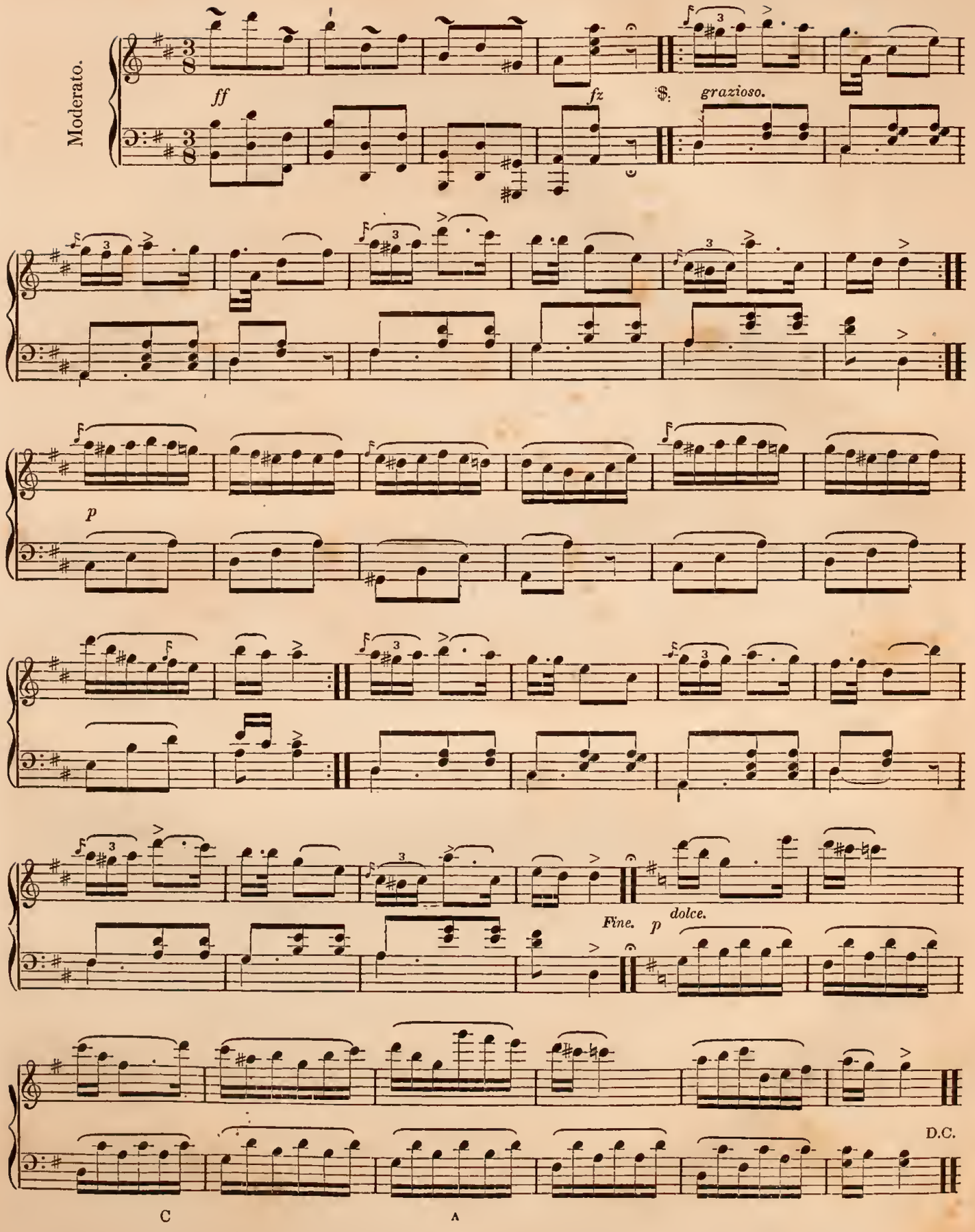
3d Verse.

But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain;
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of the train!

Fare thee well! my child, for ever!
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the next we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy.

LA SMOLENSKA.....*Russian Air.*

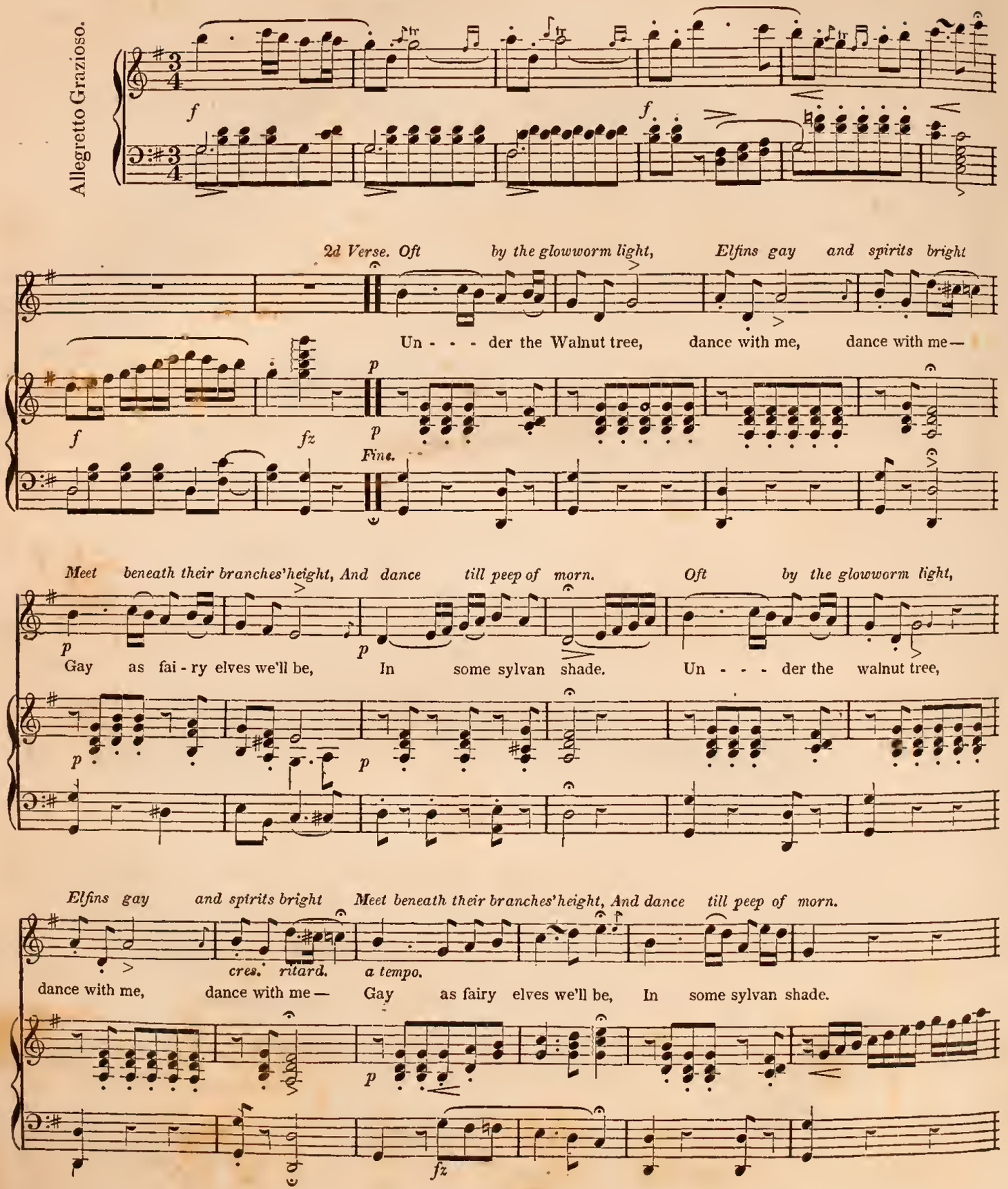
[DANCED BY MADEMOISELLE FANNY ELLSLER.]

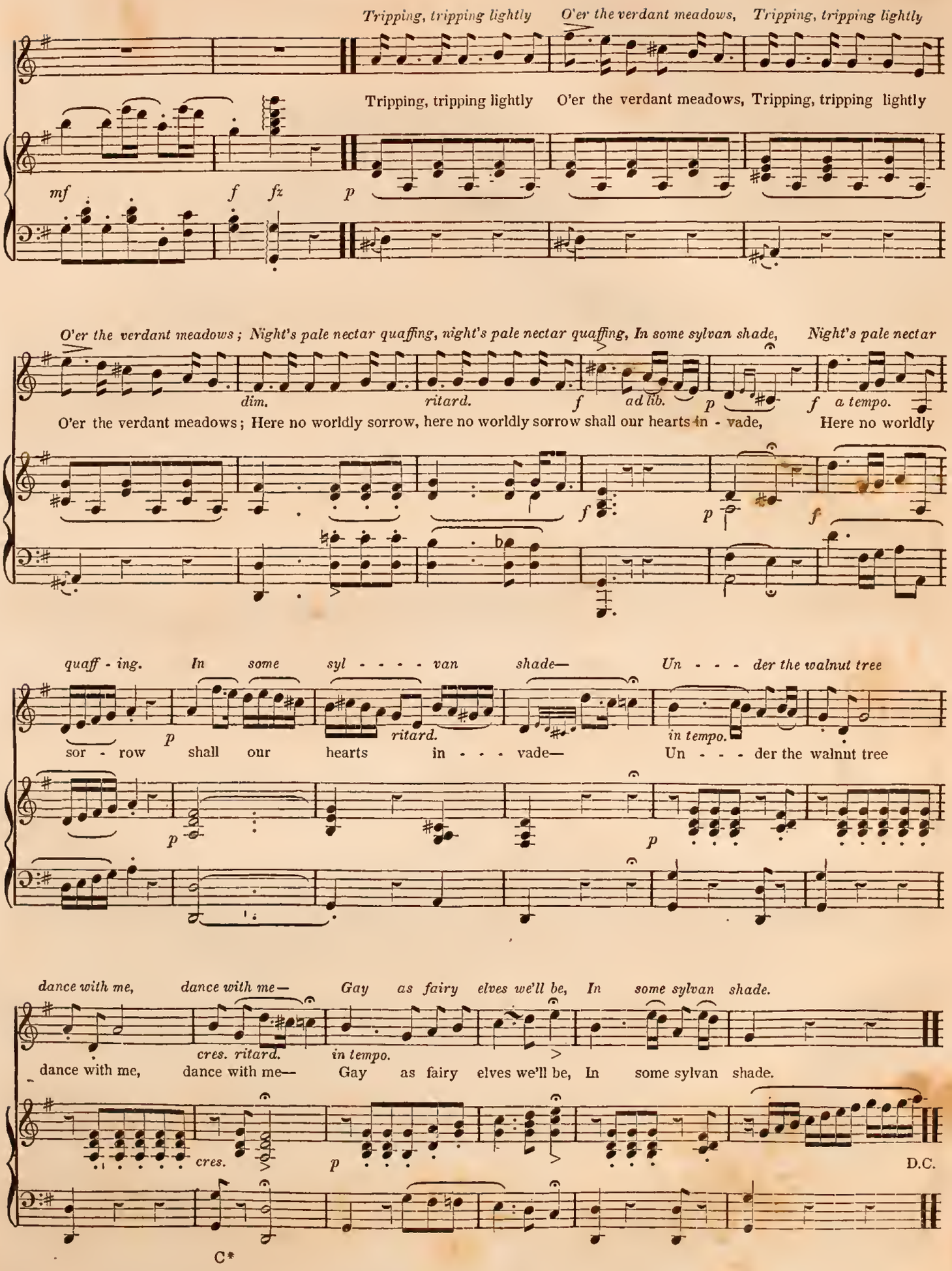


THE SYLVAN SHADE,

UNDER THE WALNUT TREE.

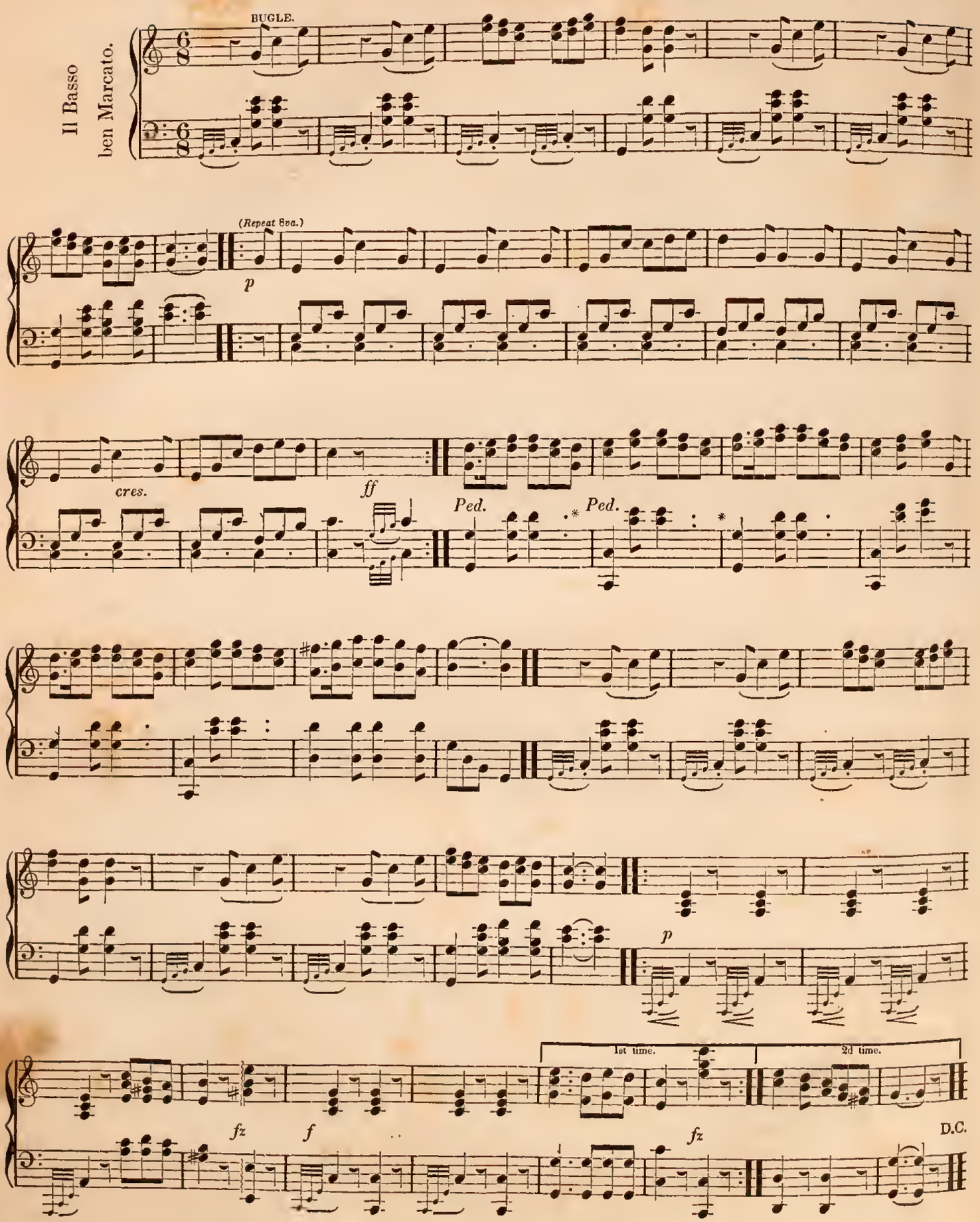
PARTLY COMPOSED, AND ARRANGED, BY CHARLES JARVIS.




Tripping, tripping lightly O'er the verdant meadows, Tripping, tripping lightly
mf f fz p
O'er the verdant meadows; Night's pale nectar quaffing, night's pale nectar quaffing, In some sylvan shade, Night's pale nectar
dim. ritard. f ad lib. p f a tempo.
O'er the verdant meadows; Here no worldly sorrow, here no worldly sorrow shall our hearts in - vade, Here no worldly
quaff - ing. In some syl - - - - van shade— Un - - - der the walnut tree
p ritard. in tempo.
sor - row shall our hearts in - - - vade— Un - - - der the walnut tree
p p
dance with me, dance with me— Gay as fairy elves we'll be, In some sylvan shade.
cres. ritard. in tempo.
dance with me, dance with me— Gay as fairy elves we'll be, In some sylvan shade.
cres. p D.C.
C*

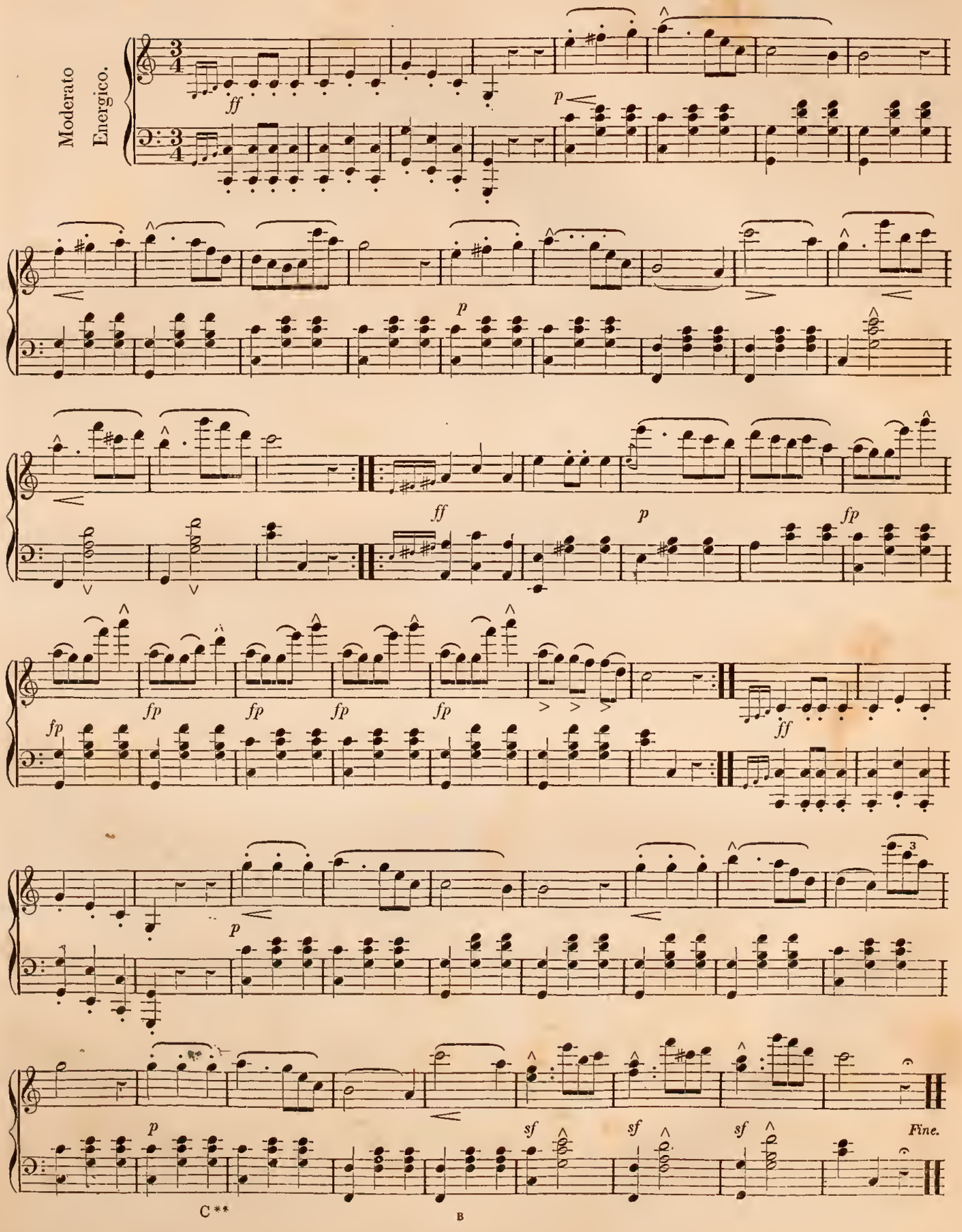
RETREAT QUICK-STEP.

ARRANGED FROM A SONG COMPOSED BY LOUISA PUGET.



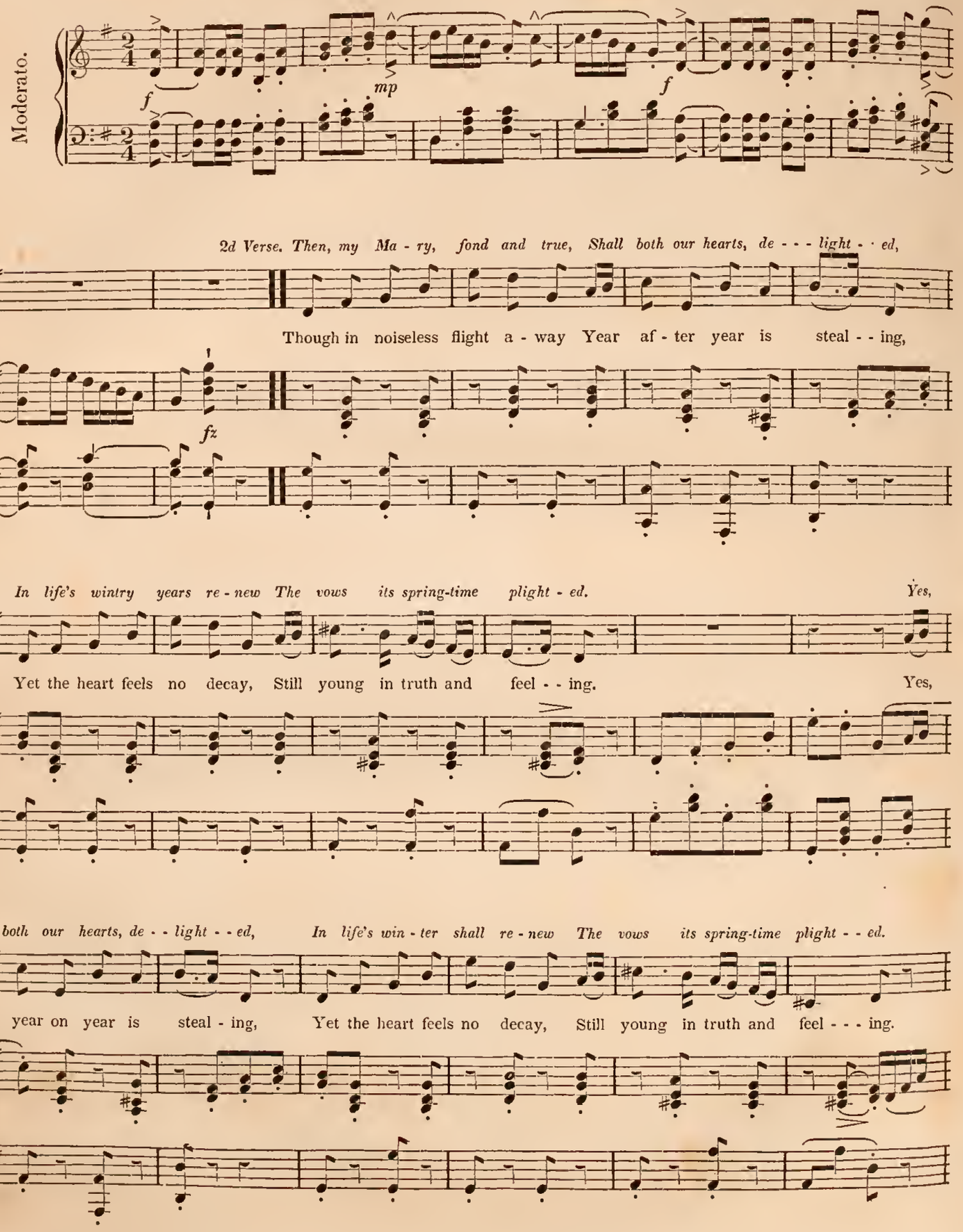
THE TRUMPET WALTZ.

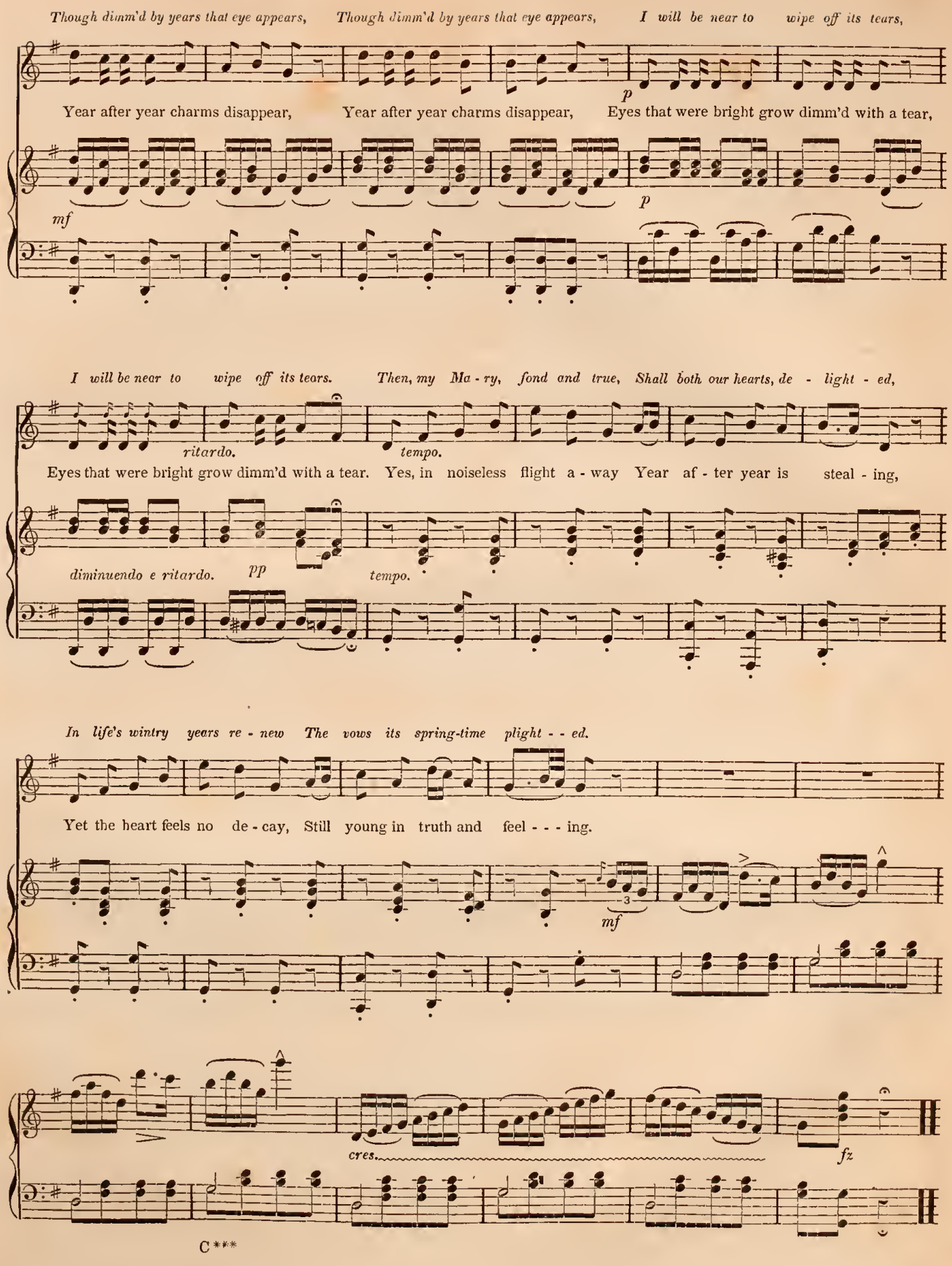
J. Klemczynski.



SONG TO MY MARY.

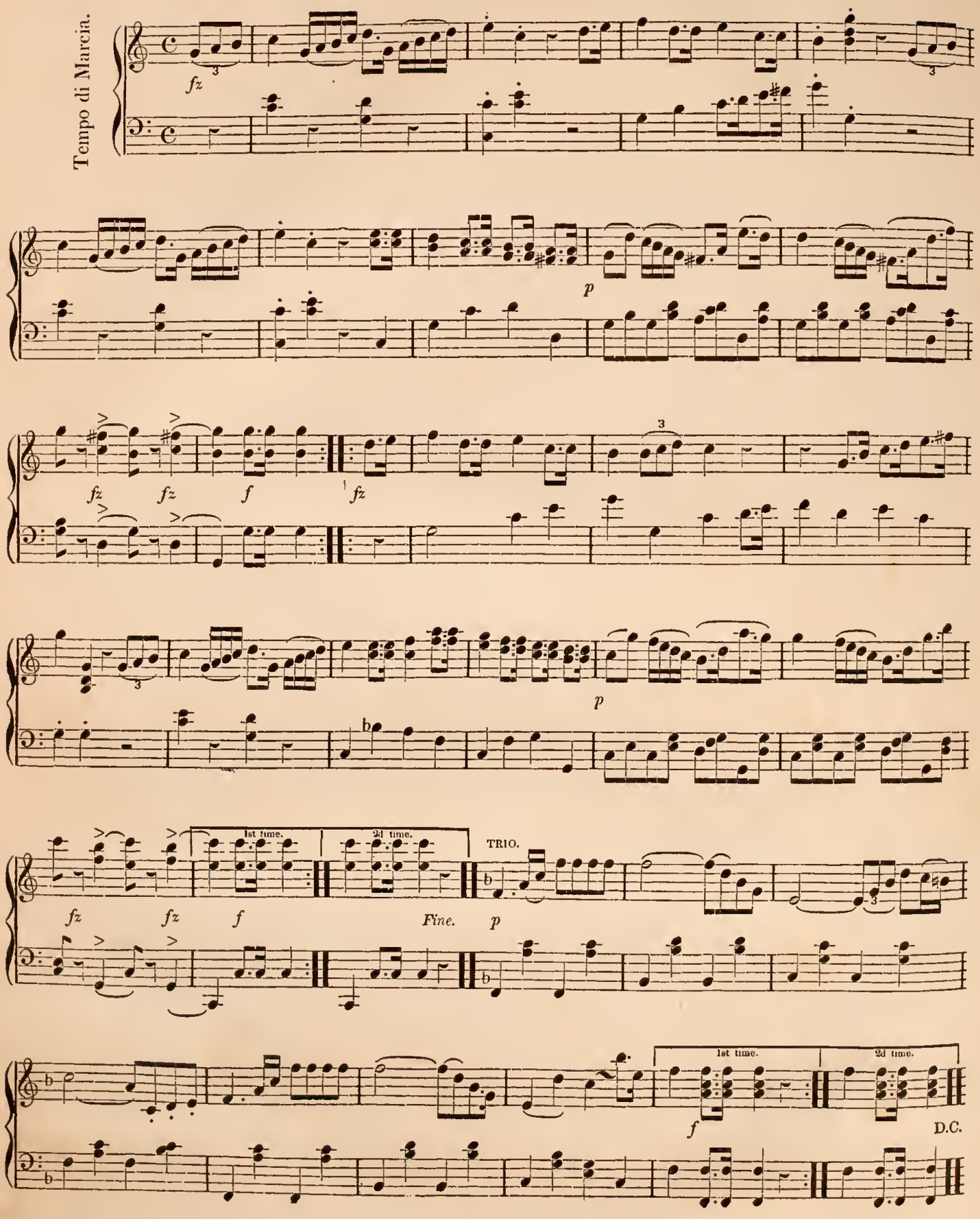
WRITTEN BY W. G. WALTER, ESQ.; ADAPTED AND ARRANGED, TO A CELEBRATED AIR IN HEROLD'S OPERA OF ZAMPA, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND H. A. PEIRSOL, ESQ., BY CHARLES JARVIS.




Though dimm'd by years that eye appears, Though dimm'd by years that eye appears, I will be near to wipe off its tears,
Year after year charms disappear, Year after year charms disappear, Eyes that were bright grow dimm'd with a tear,
p
mf
p
I will be near to wipe off its tears. Then, my Ma - ry, fond and true, Shall both our hearts, de - light - ed,
ritardo.
tempo.
Eyes that were bright grow dimm'd with a tear. Yes, in noiseless flight a - way Year af - ter year is steal - ing,
diminuendo e ritardo.
pp
tempo.
In life's wintry years re - new The vows its spring-time plight - - ed.
Yet the heart feels no de - cay, Still young in truth and feel - - - ing.
mf
3
cres.
fz
C***

LADY'S PROMENADE MARCH.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY C. F. RUDOLPH.



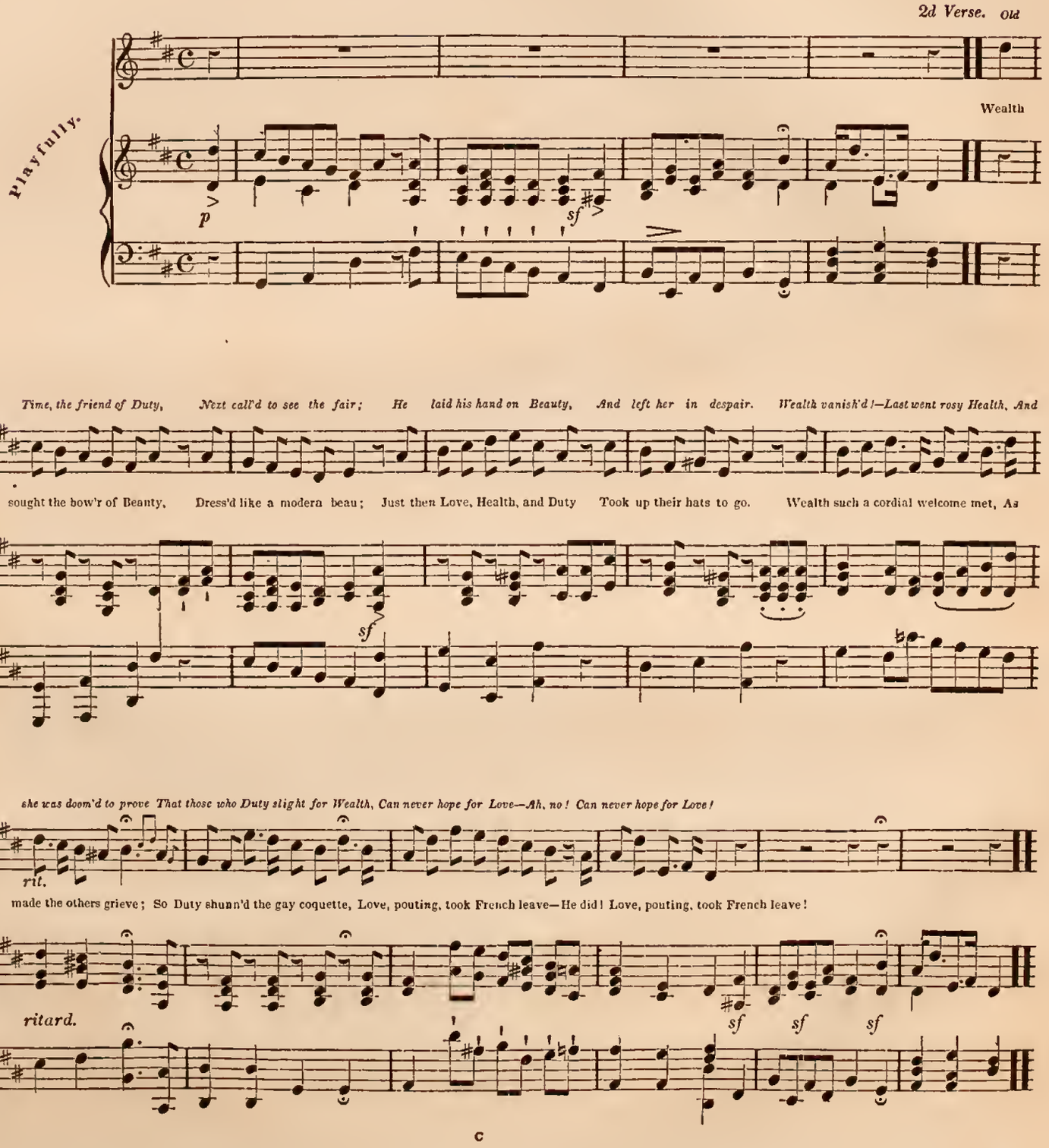
THE SUITORS.... *A Ballad.*

THE POETRY BY GEORGE P. MORRIS—THE MUSIC BY CHARLES E. HORN.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

LOUIS A. GODEY, ESQ.

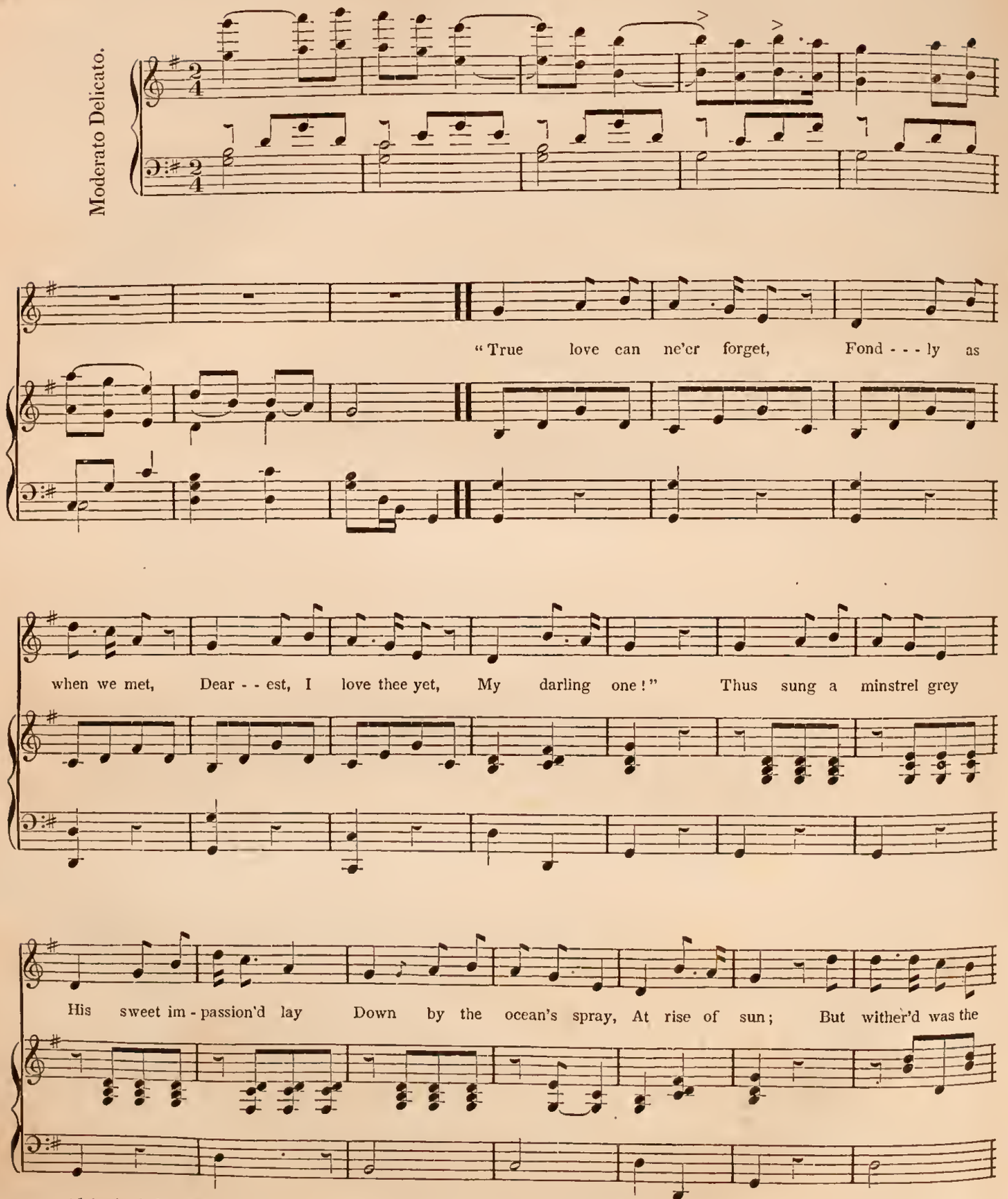
BY THE WRITER OF THE WORDS, AND THE COMPOSER OF THE MELODY.



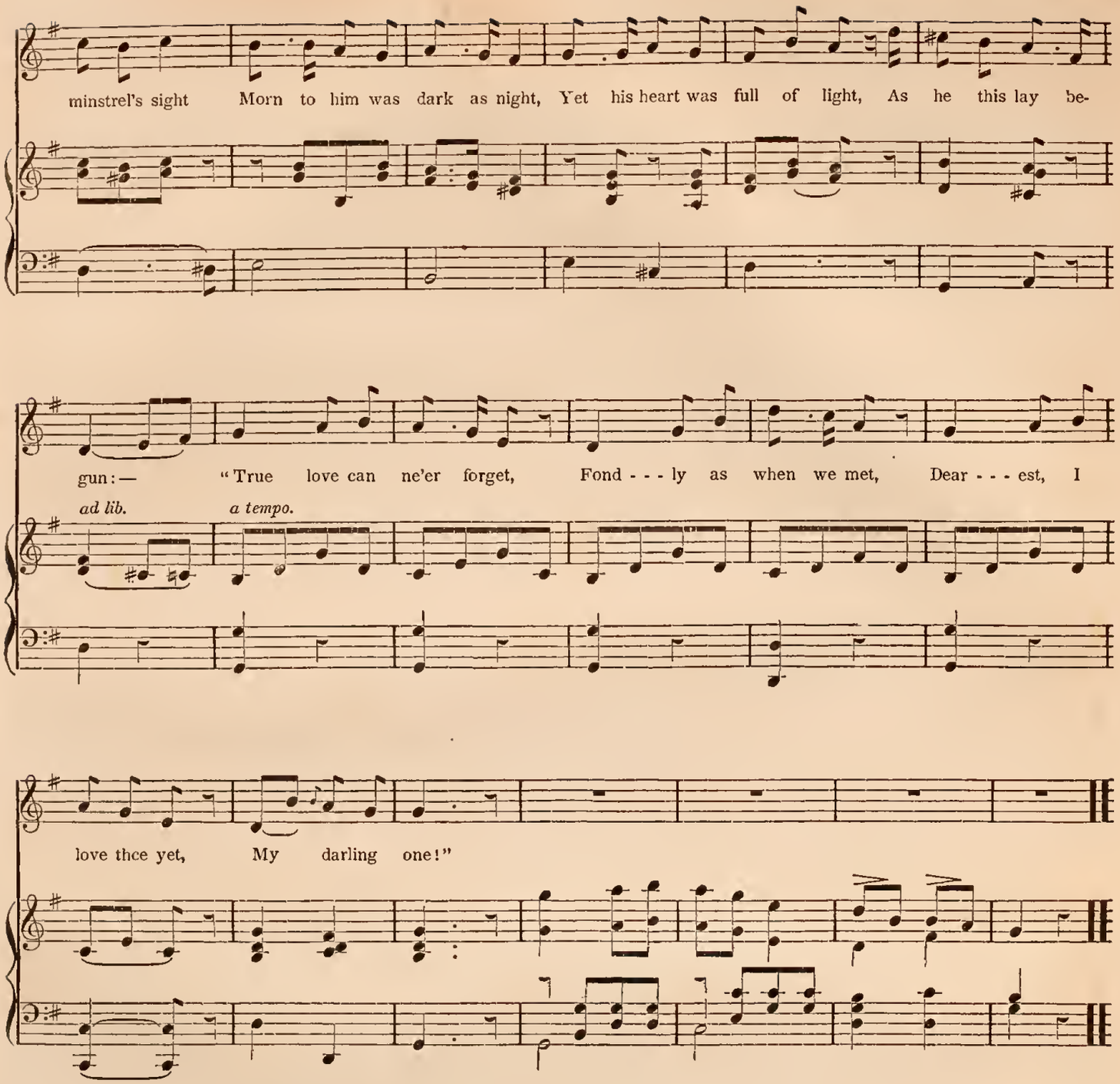
TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.*

[FROM THE SONGS OF THE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.]

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY S. LOVER, ESQ.



* It is related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that after his loss of sight, and the lapse of twenty years, he recognised his first love by the touch of her hand.



2d Verse.

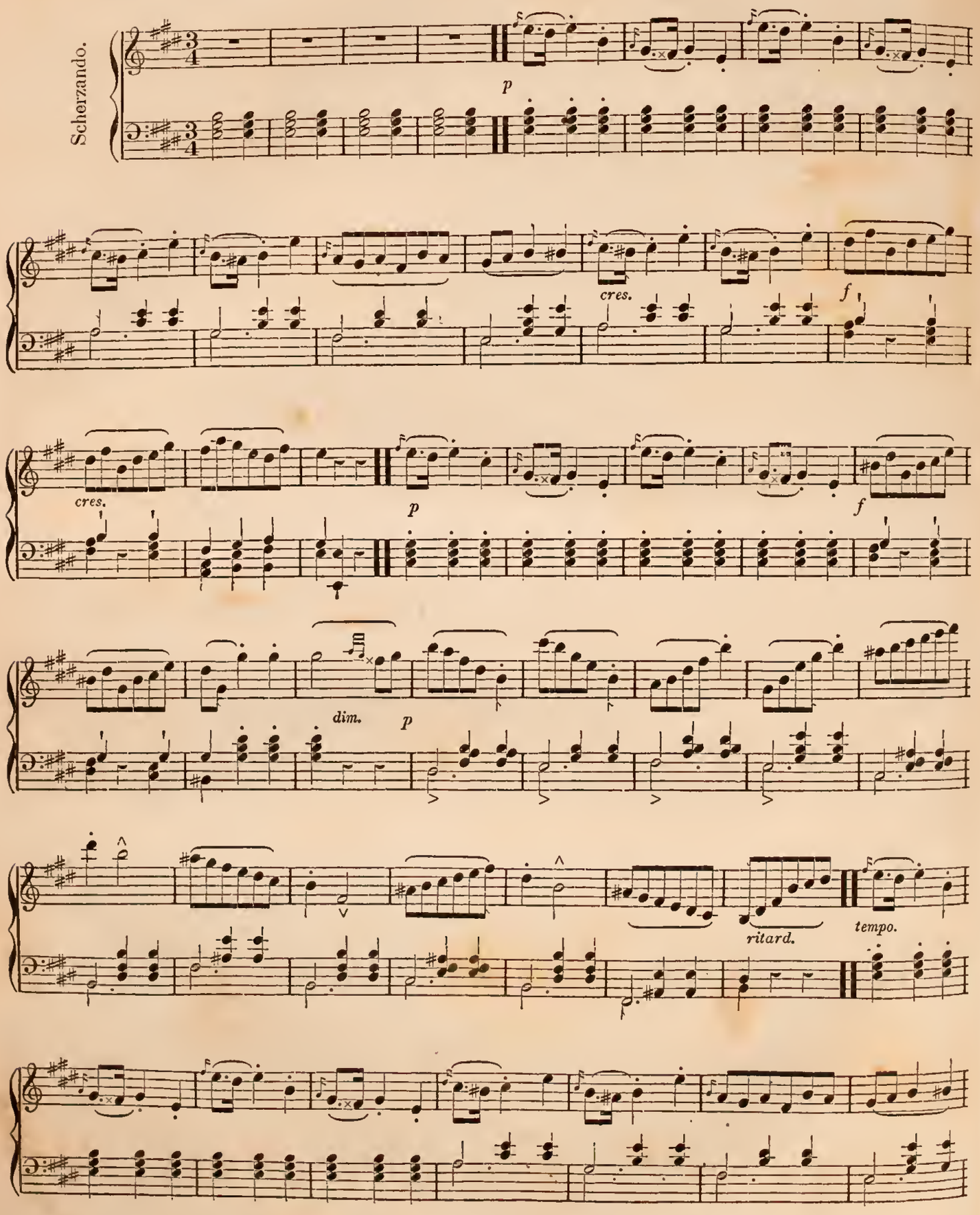
"Long years are past and o'er,
Since from this fatal shore,
Cold hearts and cold winds bore
My love from me."
Scarcely the minstrel spoke
When, quick, with flashing stroke,
A boat's light oar the silence broke,
Over the sea.
Soon upon her native strand
Doth a lovely lady land,
While the minstrel's love-taught hand
Did o'er his sweet harp run.
"True love can ne'er forget,
Fondly, as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one."

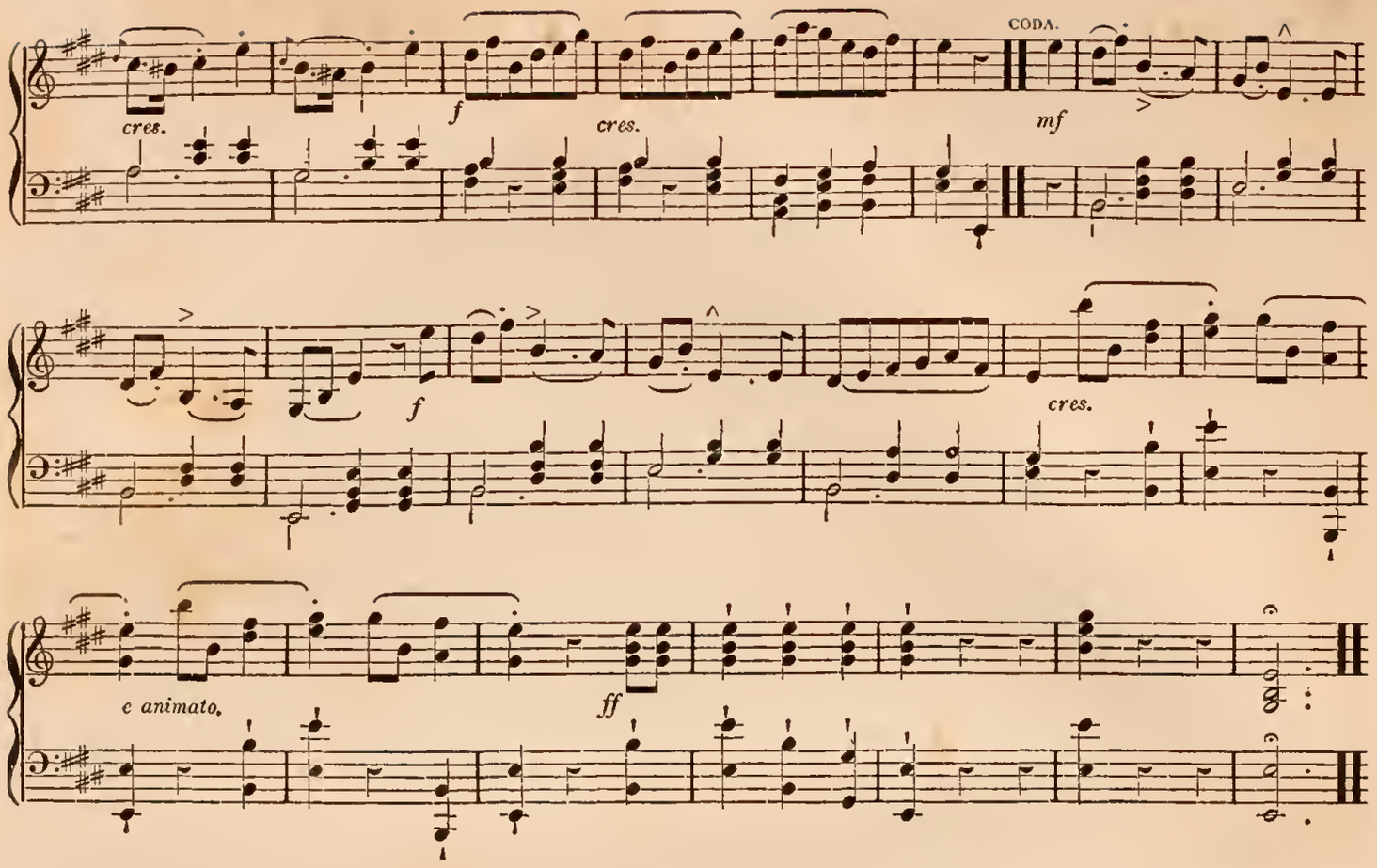
3d Verse.

Where the minstrel sat alone
There that lady fair hath gone;
Within his hand she placed her own;
The bard dropt on his knee:
From his lips soft blessings came,
He kiss'd her hand with truest flame,
In trembling tones he named her name,
Though her he could not see;
But, oh! the touch the bard could tell
Of that dear hand remember'd well;
Ah! by many a secret spell
Can true love trace his own;
For true love can ne'er forget:
Fondly, as when they met,
He loved his lady yet,
His darling one.

CALEDONIAN WALTZ.

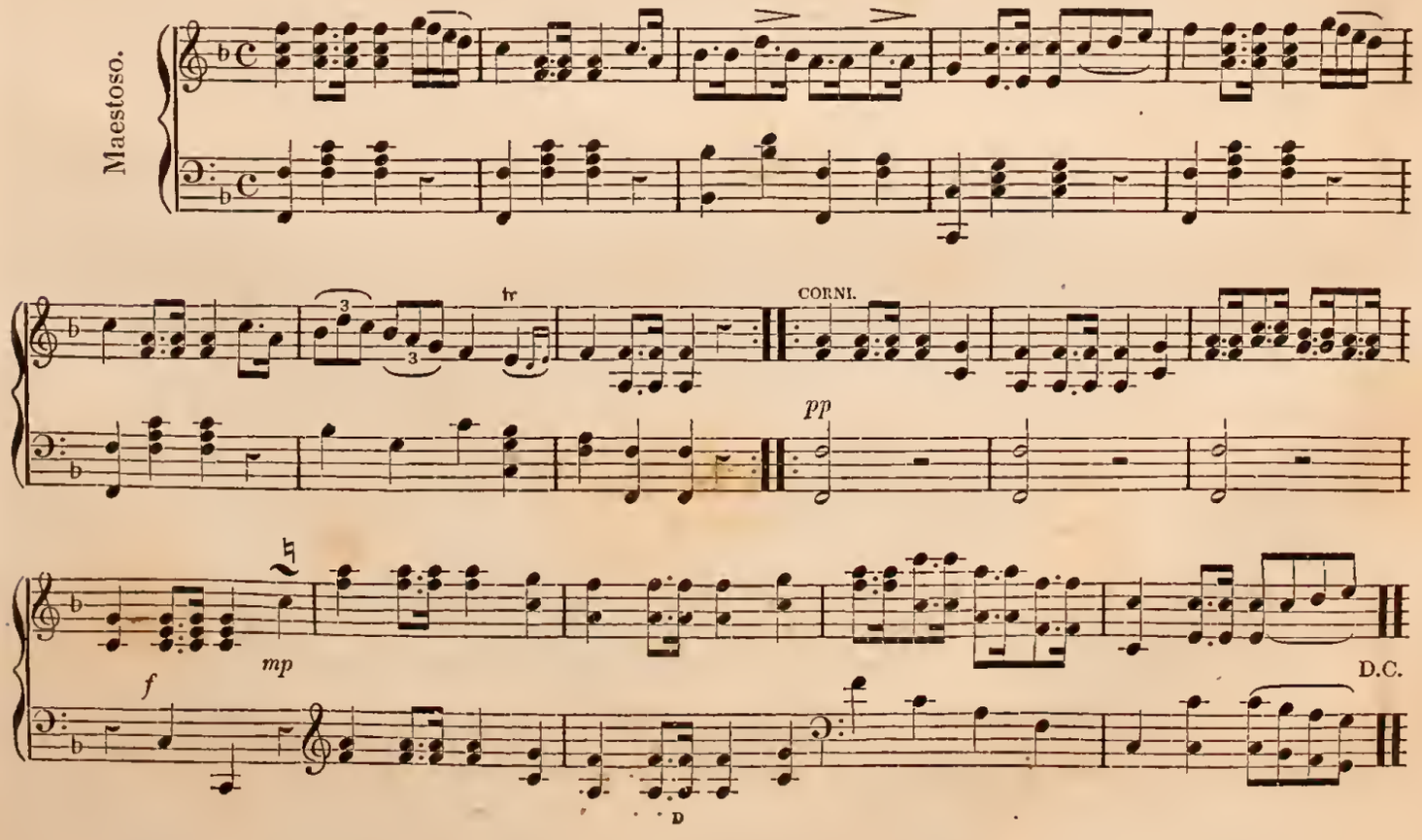
[PERFORMED WITH GREAT APPLAUSE BY MR. G. KNOOP, ON THE VIOLINCELLO, AT THE MUSICAL FUND CONCERTS.]





LOUISVILLE MARCH.

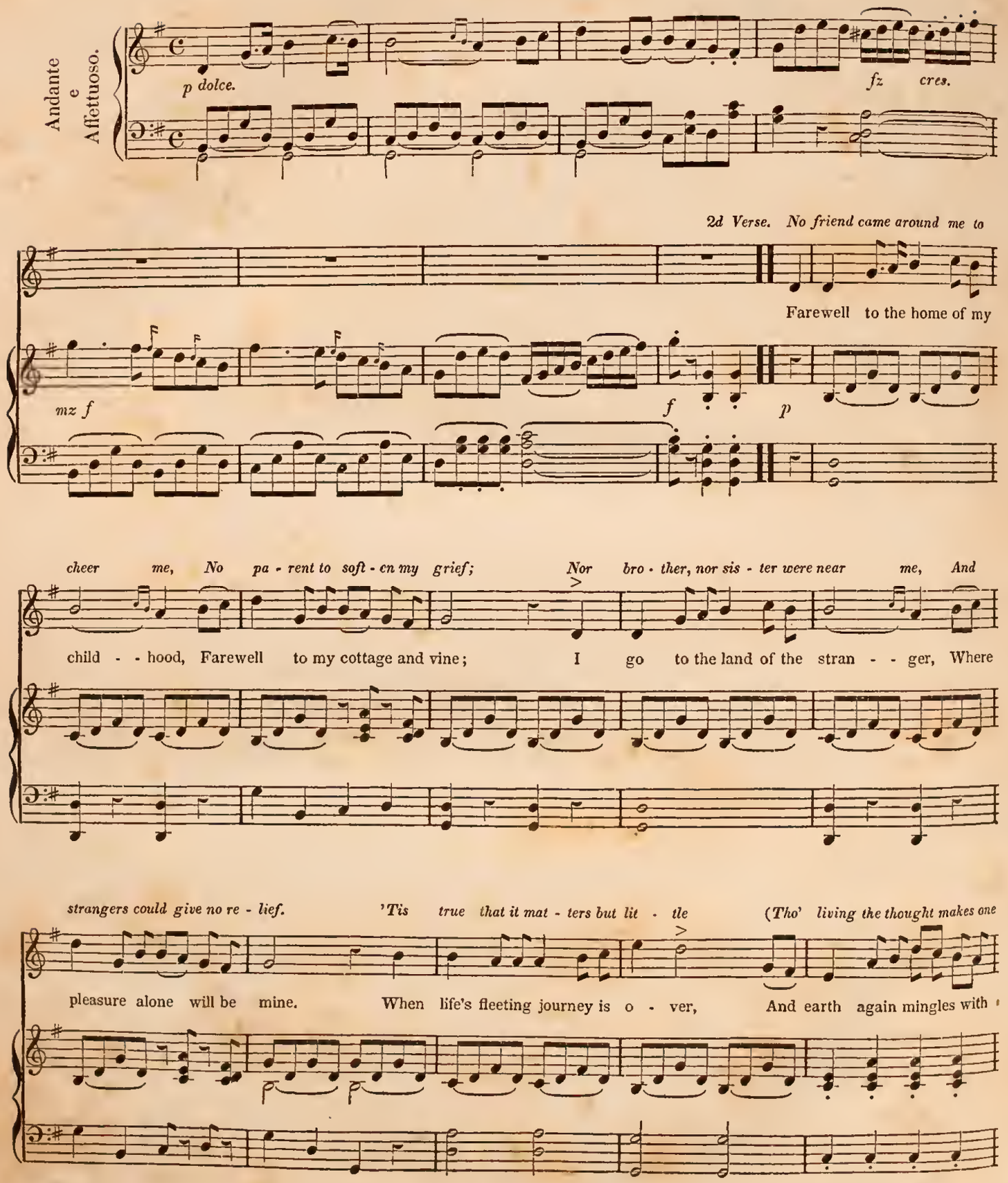
W. C. P.

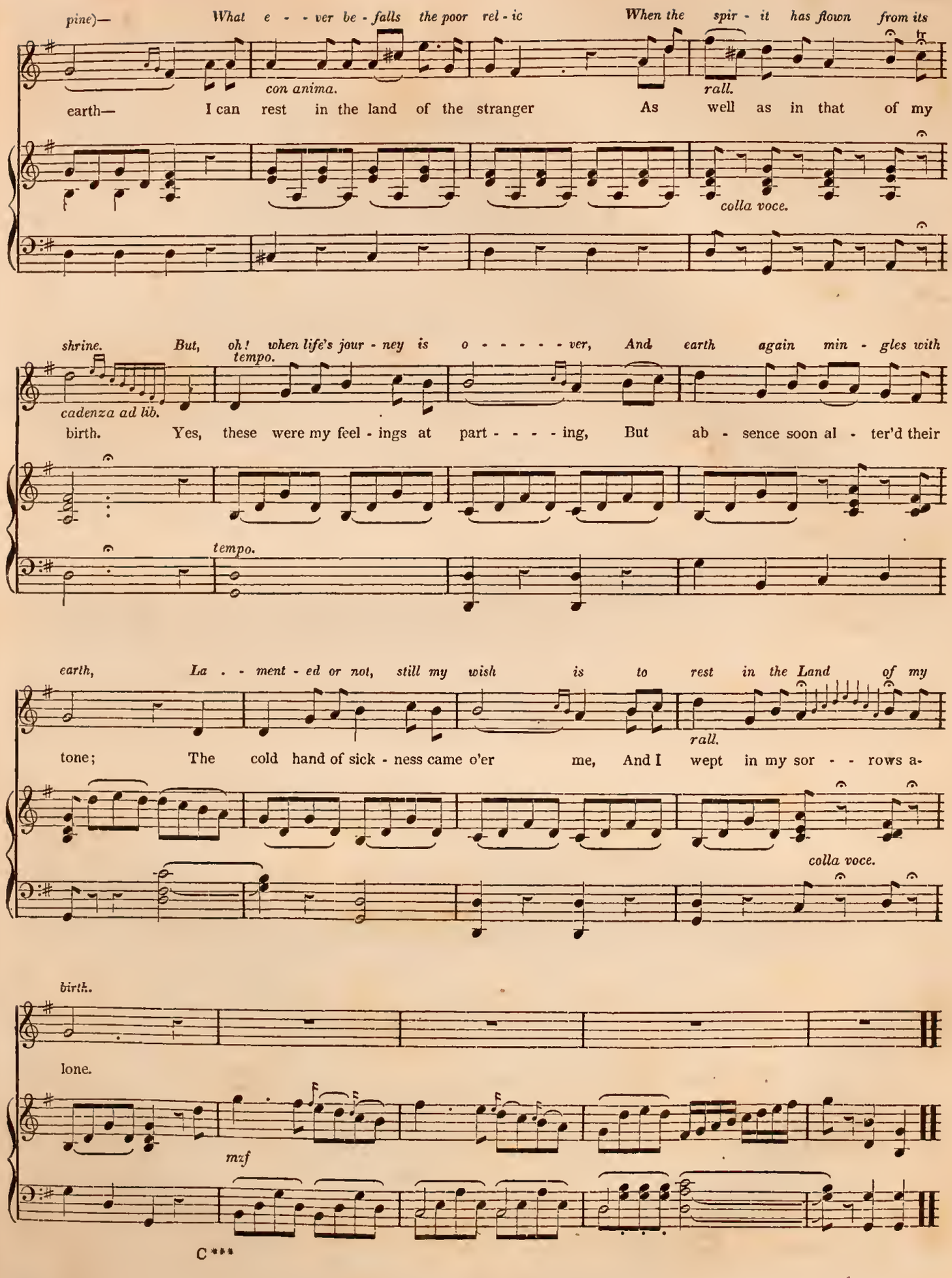


THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

[SUNG BY MR. BISHOP.]

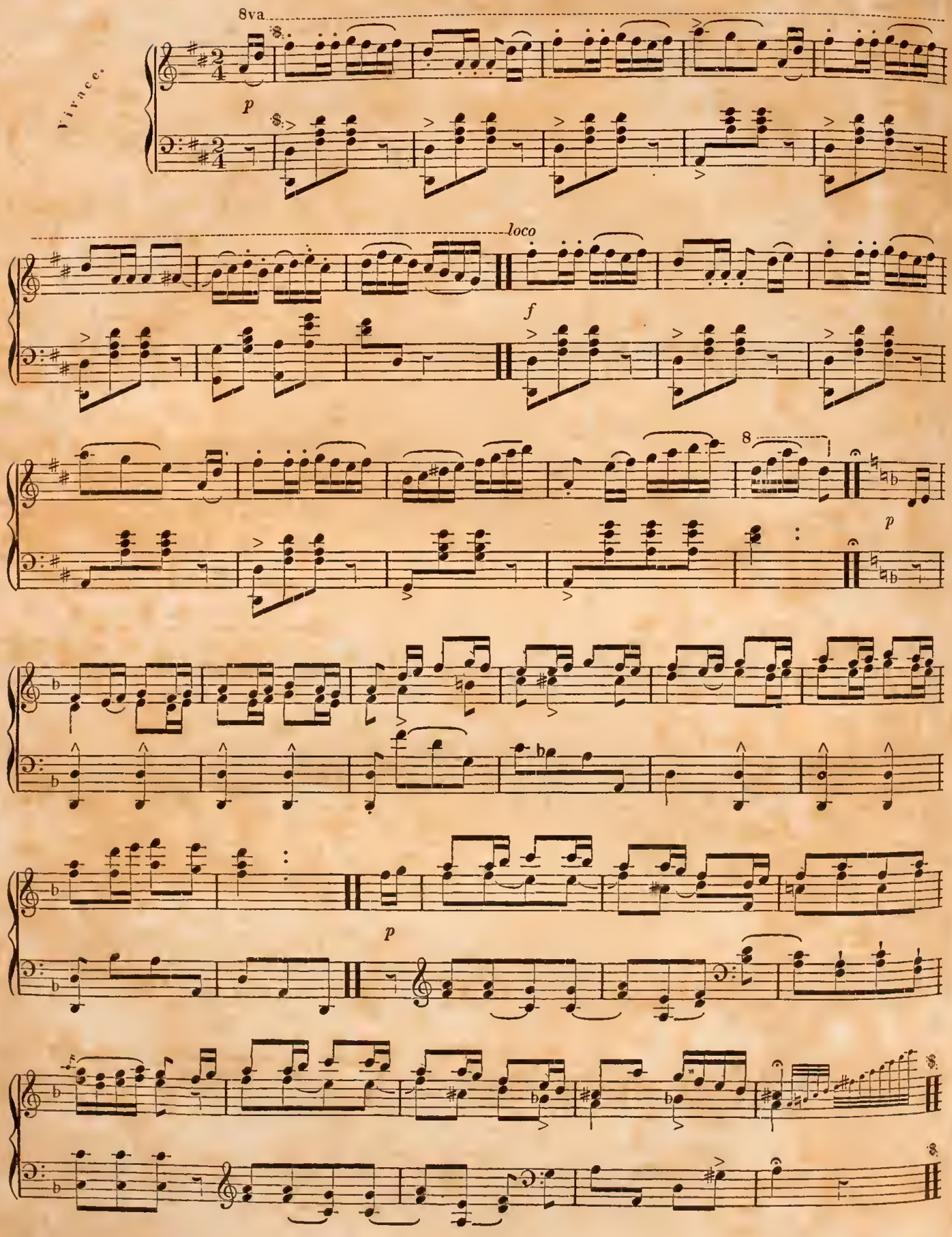
WRITTEN BY CHARLES JEFFERYS, COMPOSED BY J. HARROWAY.




pine)— What e - - ver be - falls the poor rel - ic When the spir - it has flown from its
con anima.
rall.
tr
earth— I can rest in the land of the stranger As well as in that of my
colla voce.
shrine. But, oh! when life's jour - ney is o - - - - - ver, And earth again min - gles with
tempo.
cadenza ad lib.
birth. Yes, these were my feel - ings at part - - - - ing, But ab - sence soon al - ter'd their
tempo.
earth, La - - ment - ed or not, still my wish is to rest in the Land of my
rall.
tone; The cold hand of sick - ness came o'er me, And I wept in my sor - - rows a-
colla voce.
birth.
lone.
mzf
C***

THE BRILLIANT....*A Quadrille.*

Moschelles.

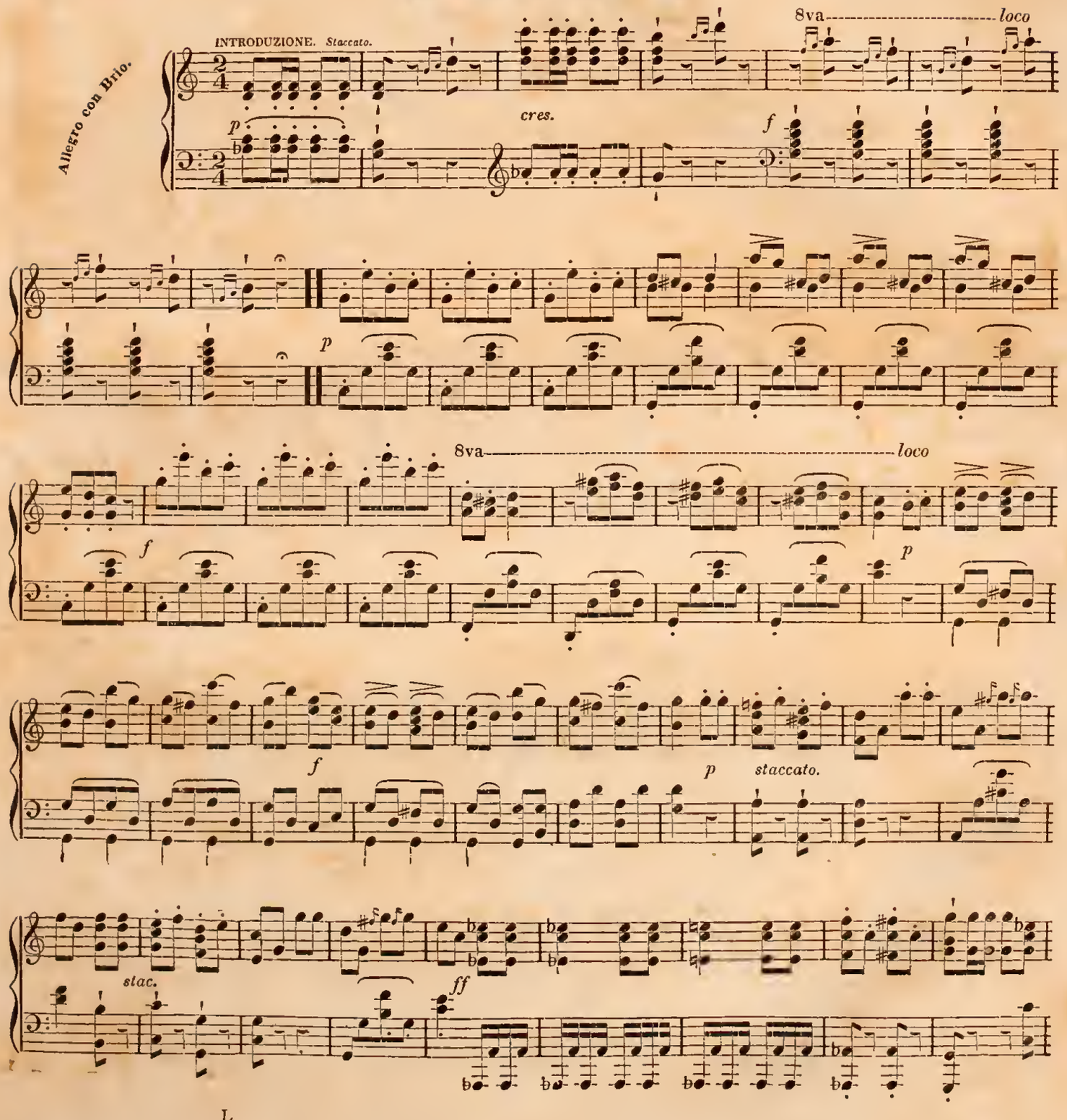


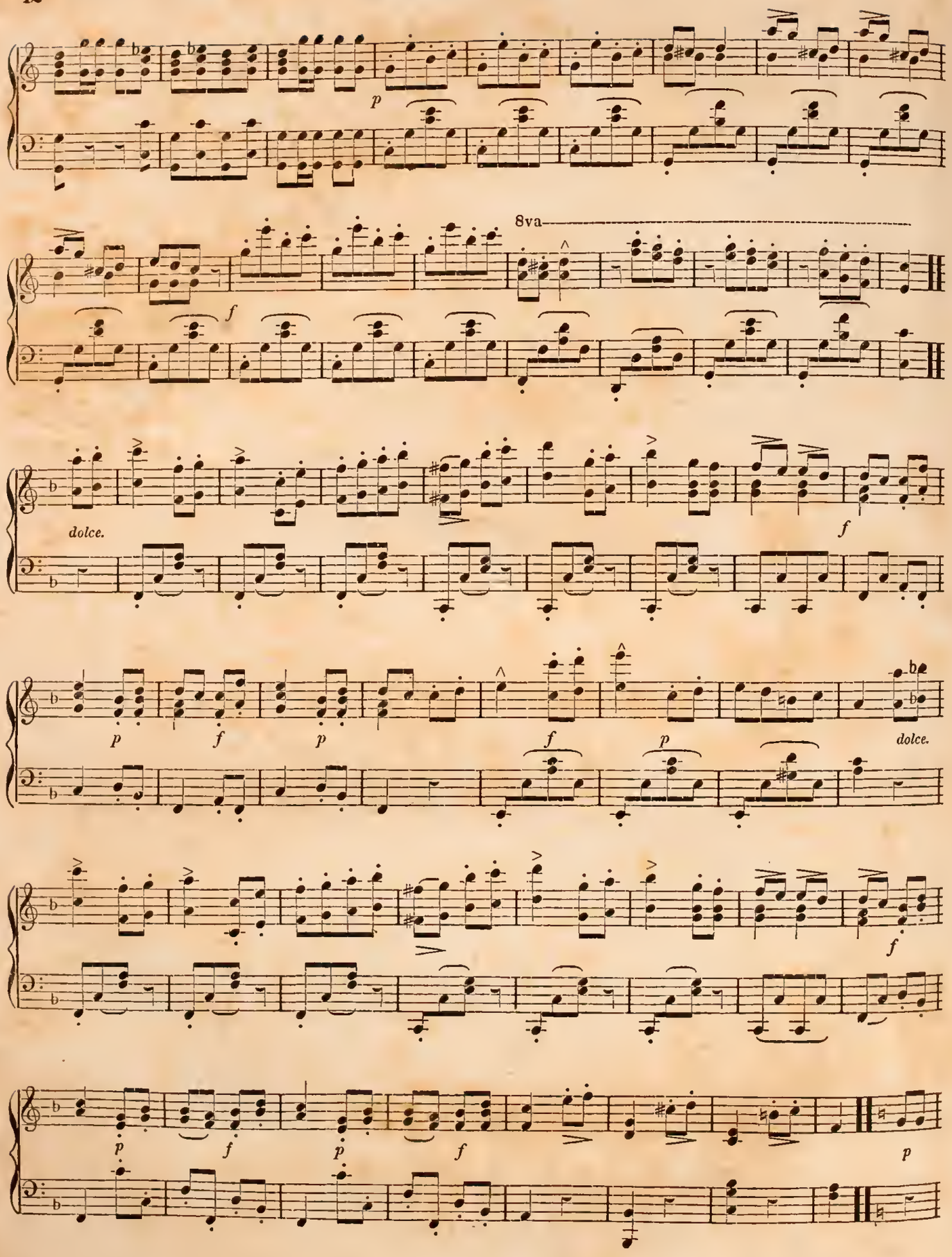
PALERMO GALOPADE.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY

C. HOMMANN.




p
8va
f
dolce.
f
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f
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dolce.
f
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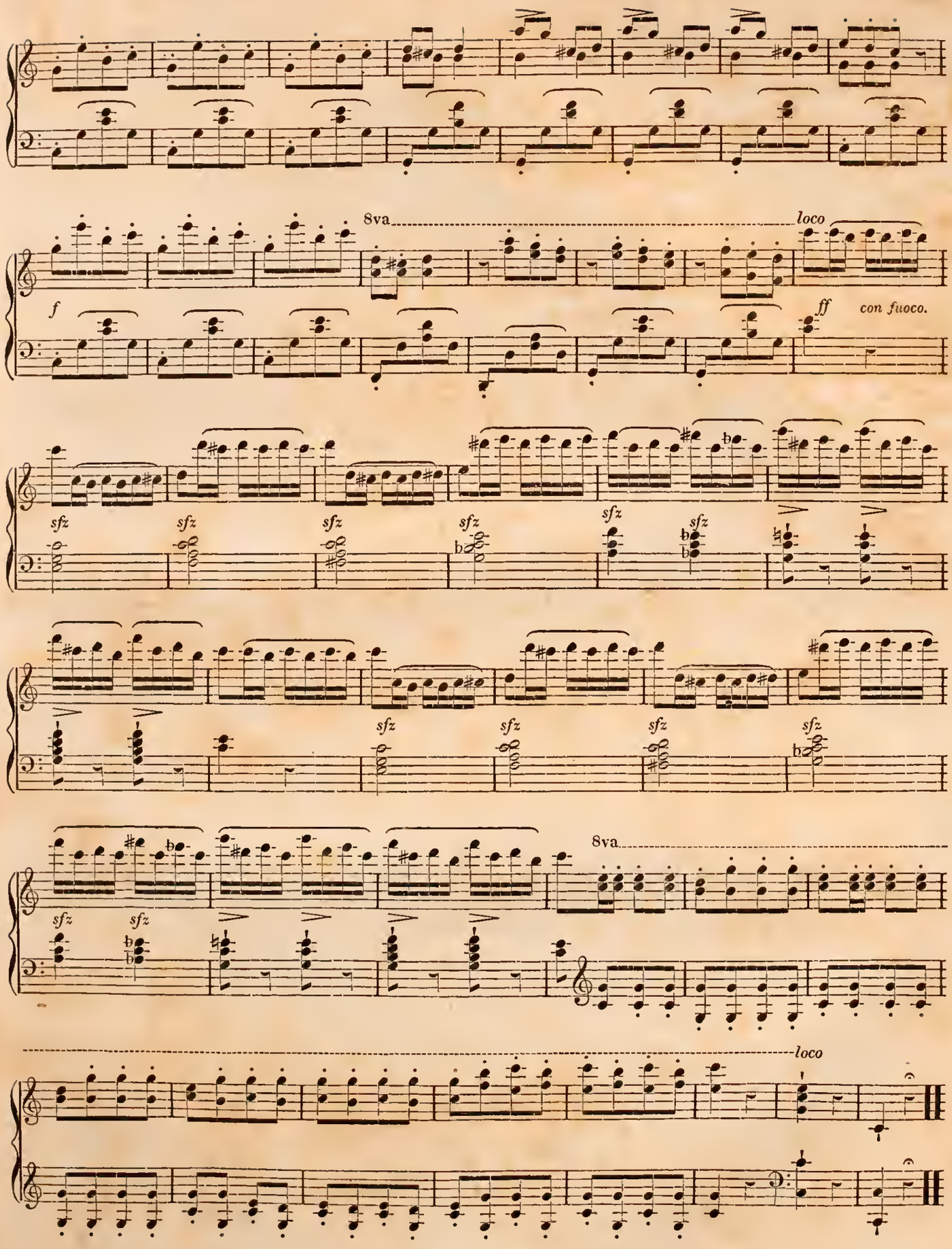
f
p


8va
loco
f
ff
con fuoco.
sfz
8va
loco

I've Waited Long,

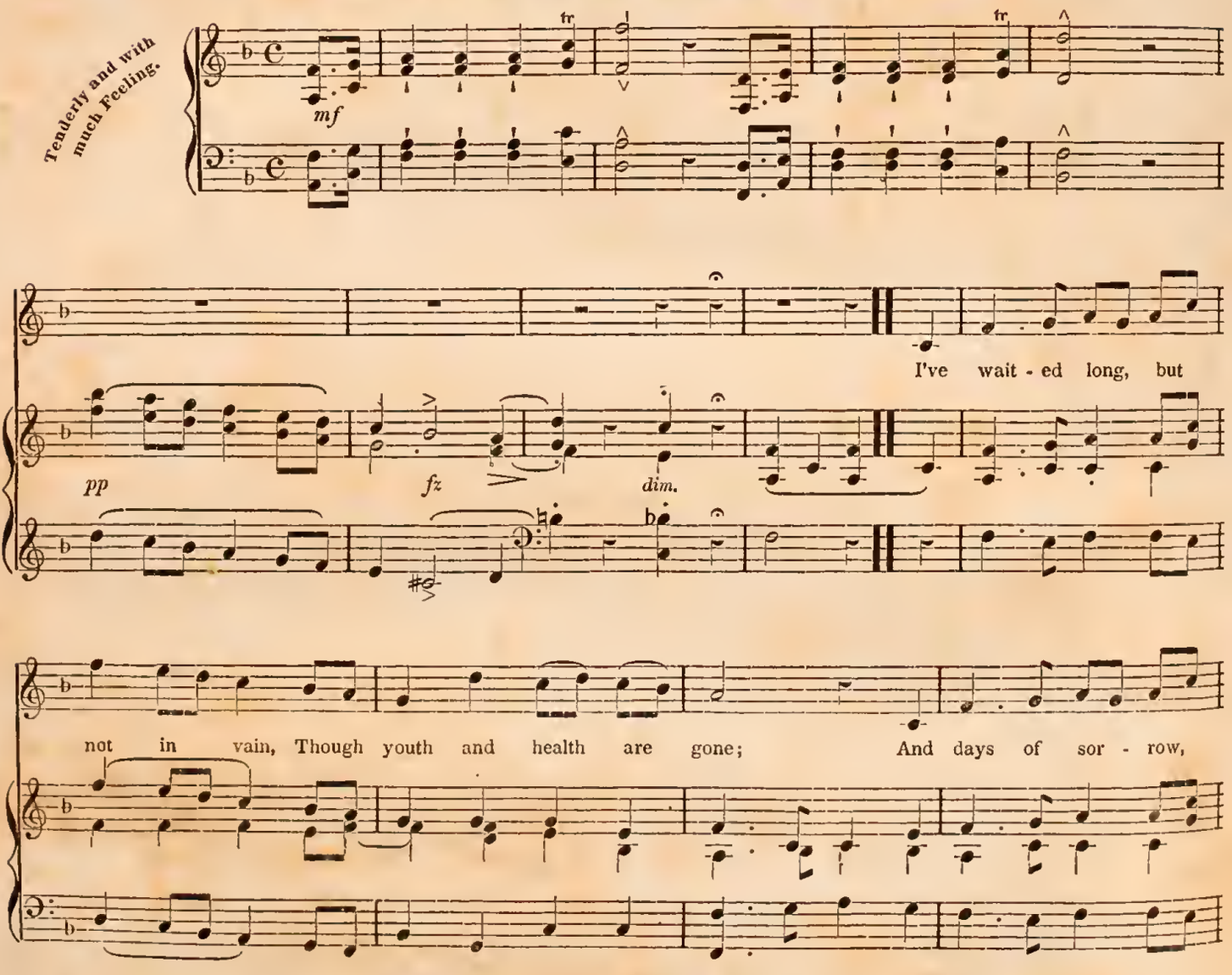
A Ballad.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

DR. J. K. MITCHELL.

ARRANGED WITH SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

CHARLES JARVIS.



[*The following note accompanied Dr. Mitchell's Song.*]

My dear M'Michael—

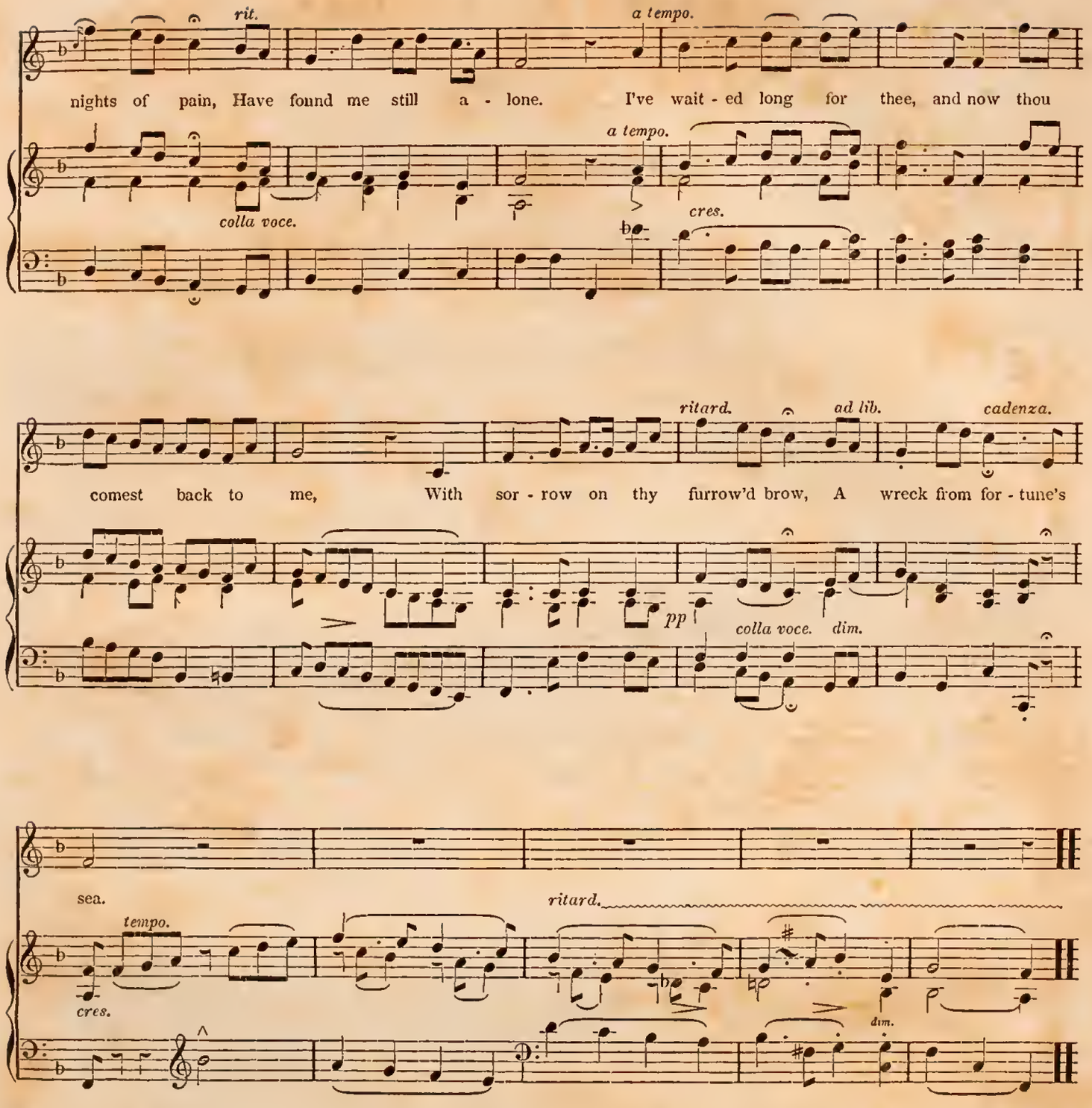
According to your request, I send you the song, and the music to which I made it. In composing a song, I always fall into a strain, which, according to accident, is original or recollected. The one I now send you is a simple original air, which, on account of the singularity of its source, may please some of your subscribers of that sex whose virtues, so often witnessed in my professional pursuits, I take great pleasure in holding up to imitation.

Sitting up one gloomy winter night with a poor gentleman who returned, after a long absence, to finish his sickly remainder of life in an impoverished home, I heard the tale of early love, long-deferred hope, and disastrous fortunes, which I have told with more than poetic truth in the simple verses now sent to you. The good being who waited, welcomed and watched, has faithfully performed her promise, and he whom she loved in absence and unto death, departed to a happier world, blessing with his last accents, the angel hand of tireless and disinterested affection.

Truly yours,

J. K. Mitchell.

January 10, 1842.



2d Verse.

But welcome still thou broken one,
Tho' nothing's left of thee,
But that fair name and thrilling tone,
So dear of yore to me.
Tho' gone the flush of love's young day,
His calmer light will come,
To shed a purer, softer ray,
On sorrow's stainless home.

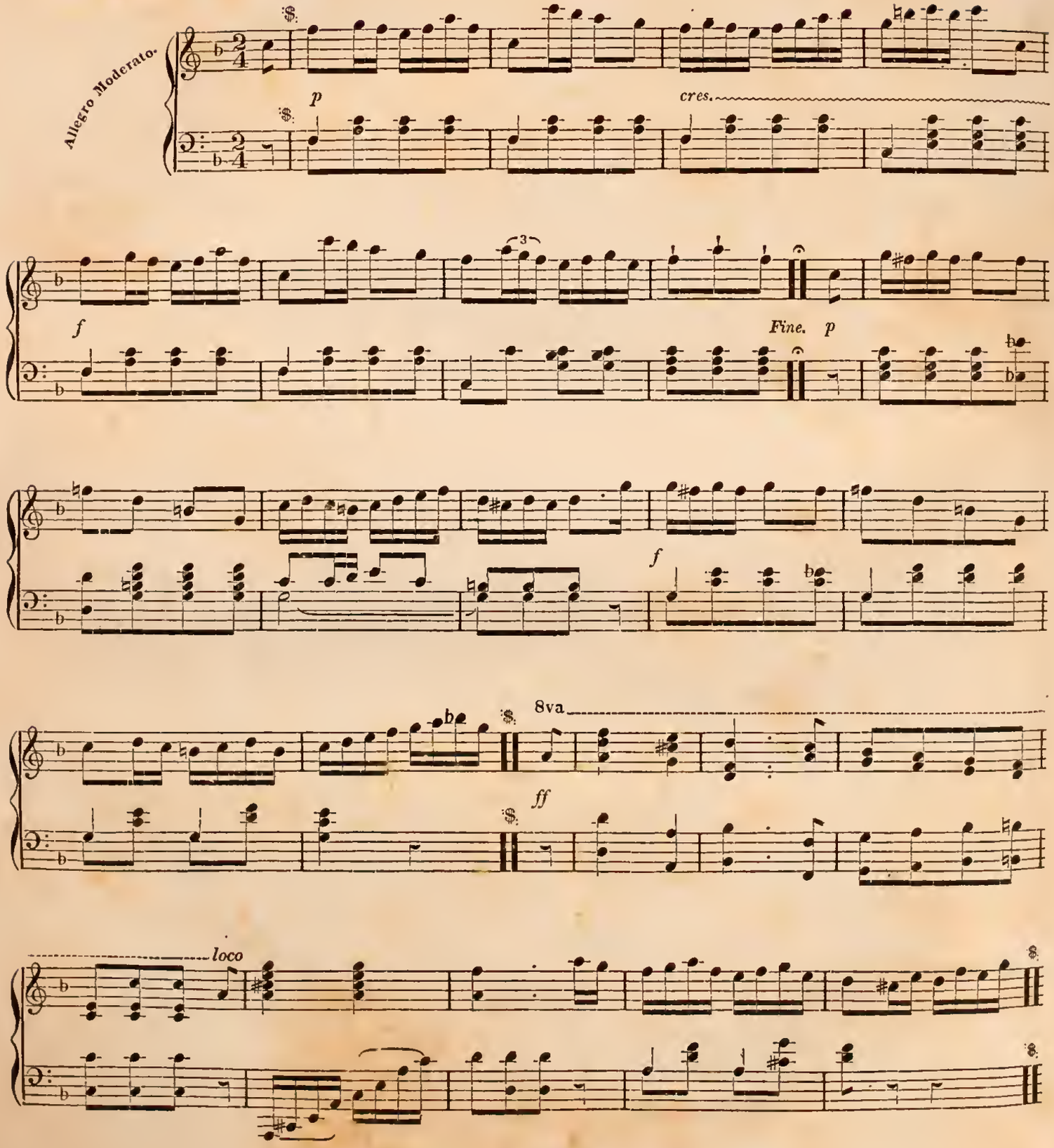
3d Verse.

Thou could'st not know in brighter days
How all my heart was thine;
It is when suns have ceased to blaze
That spotless planets shine;
Then let the world frown on, since thou
Art true to love and me,
And I will fan thy fever'd brow,
And be the world to thee.

LA REMINISCENCE,

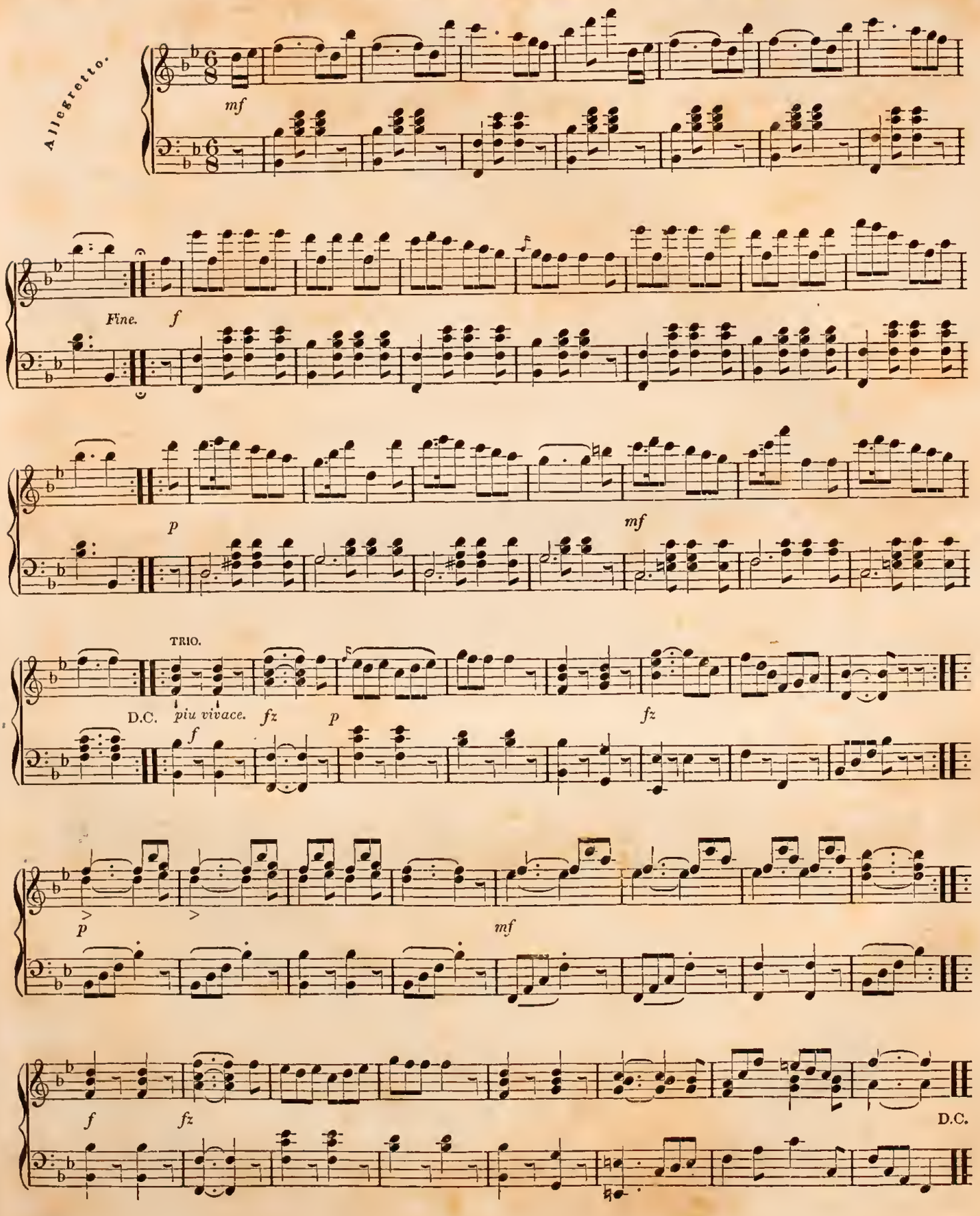
A Quadrille.

BY CHARLES JARVIS.



WEBSTER'S QUICK STEP.

C. HEWS.



THE SEPARATION.

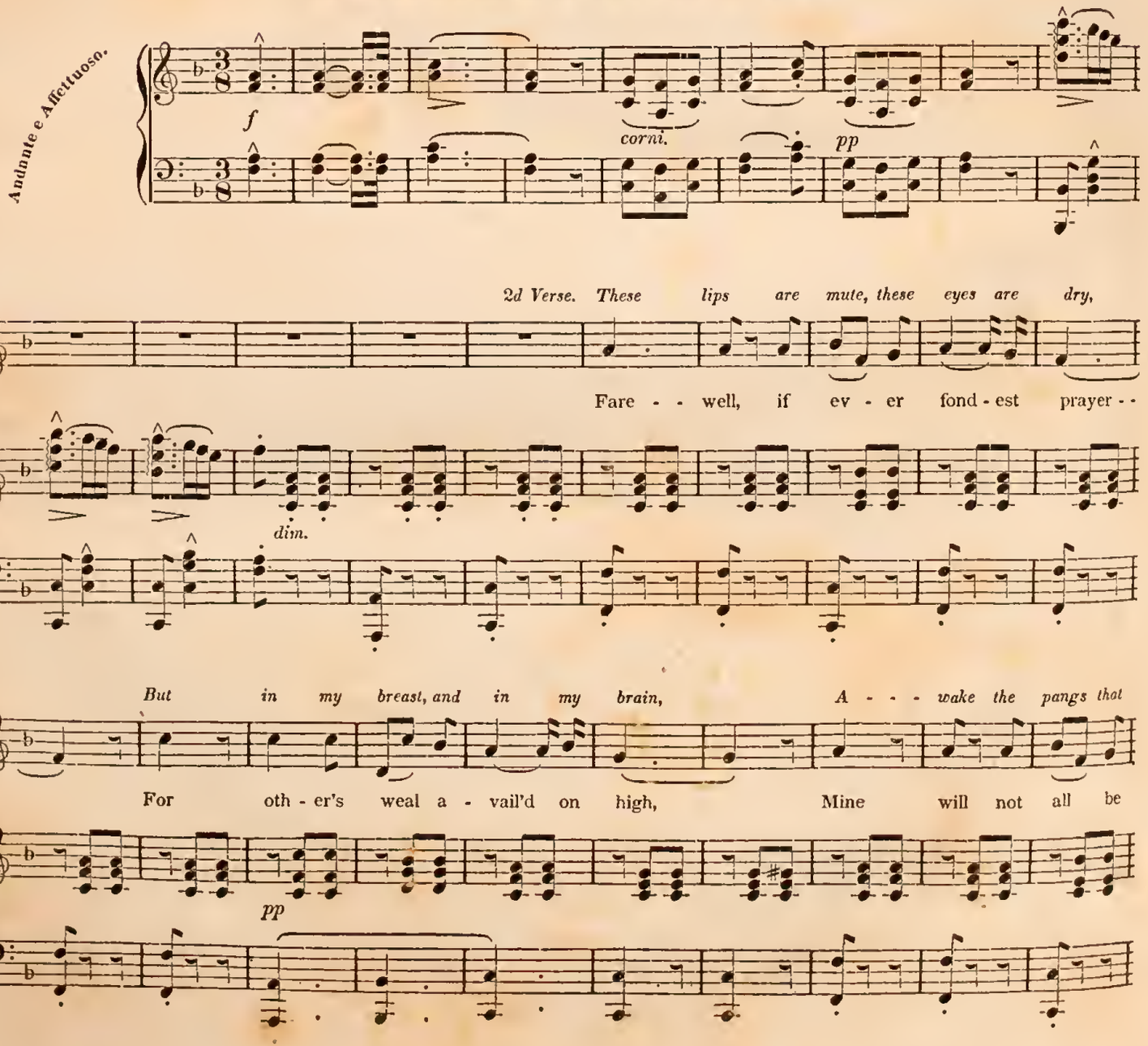
WRITTEN BY LORD BYRON.

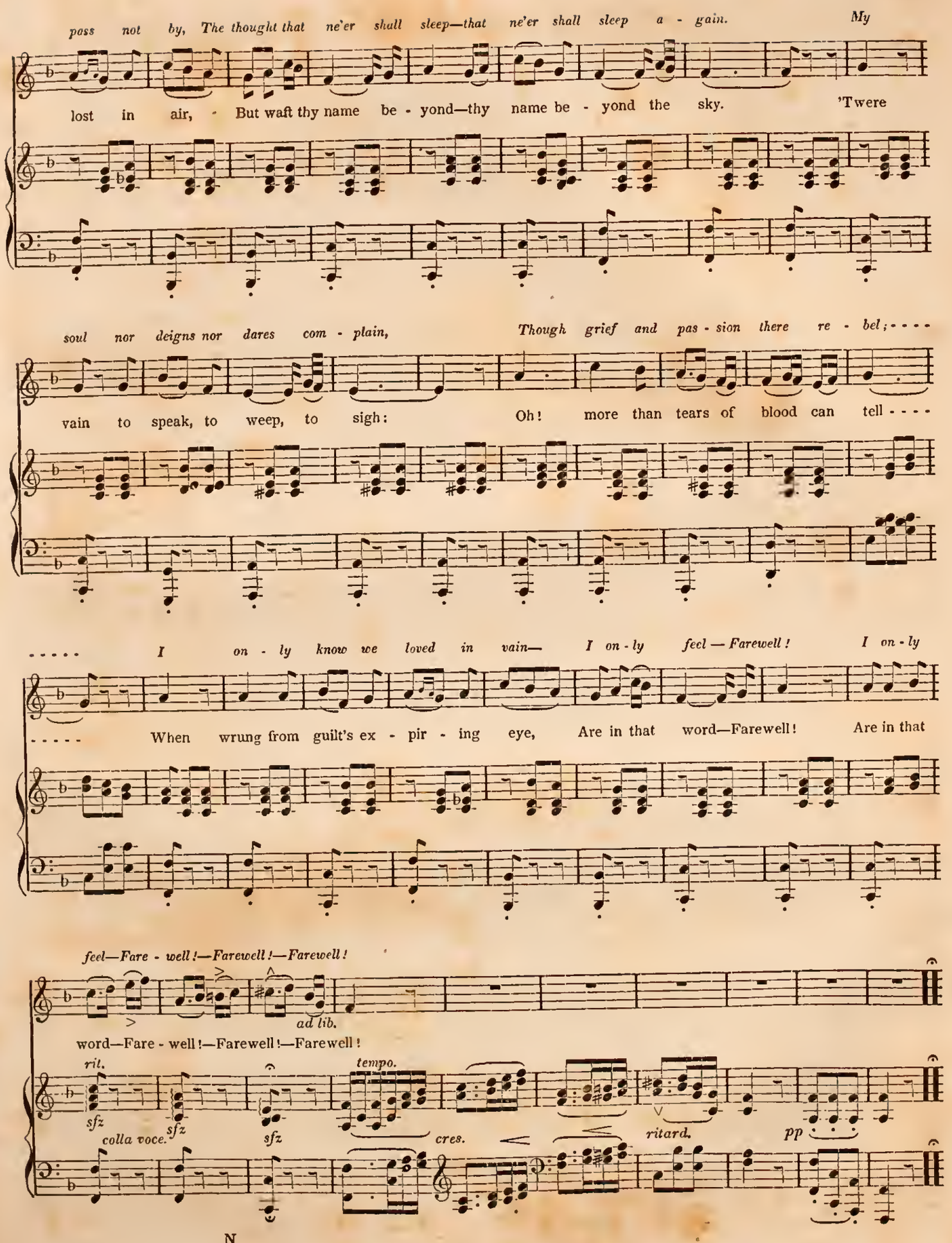
ADAPTED AND ARRANGED TO A BEAUTIFUL AIR FROM BELLINI'S OPERA OF NORMA,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HUGH DAVIDS, ESQ.

BY

CHARLES JARVIS.



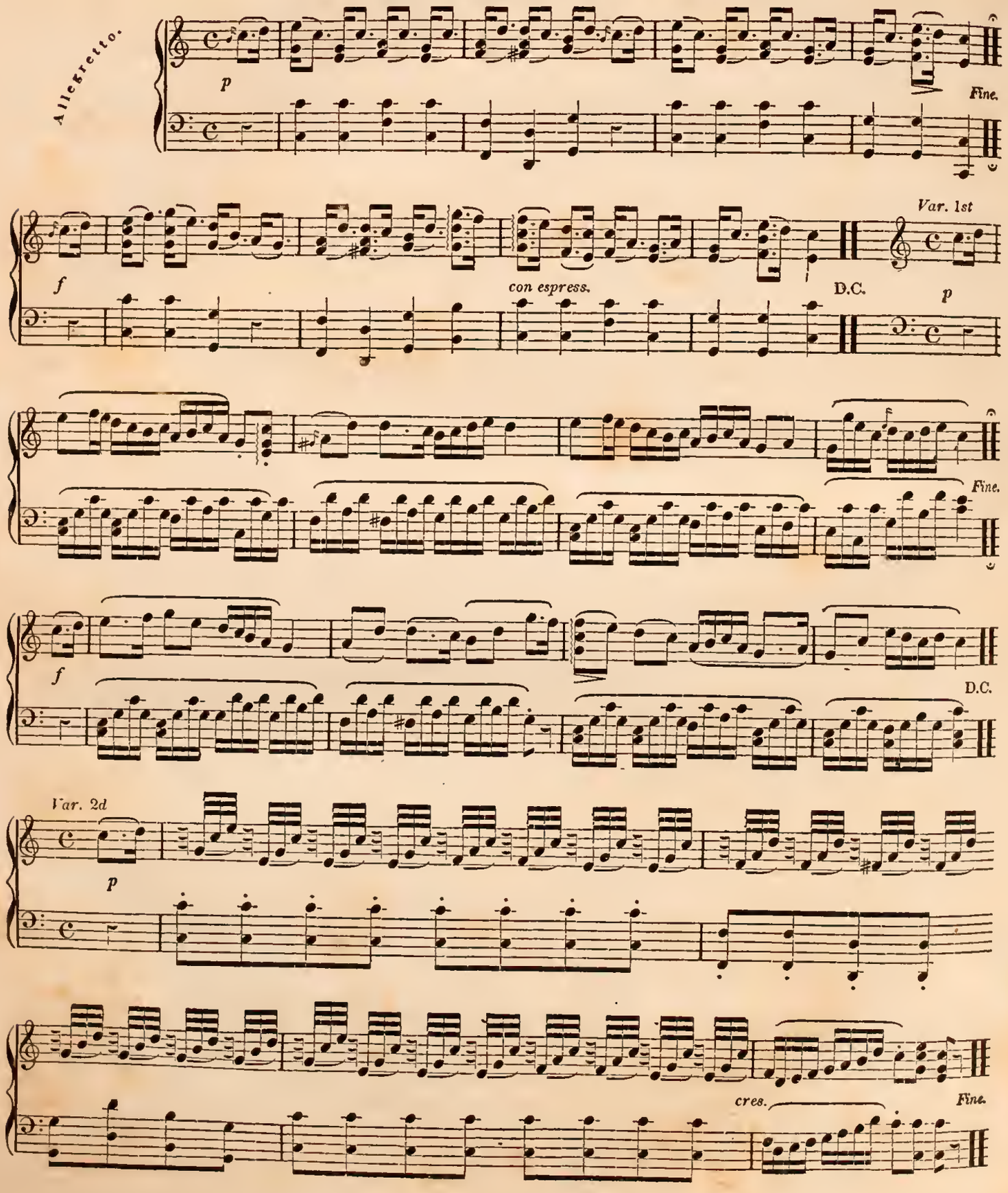

pass not by, The thought that ne'er shall sleep—that ne'er shall sleep a - gain. My
lost in air, But waft thy name be - yond—thy name be - yond the sky. 'Twere
soul nor deigns nor dares com - plain, Though grief and pas - sion there re - bel;
vain to speak, to weep, to sigh: Oh! more than tears of blood can tell
I on - ly know we loved in vain— I on - ly feel — Farewell! I on - ly
When wrung from guilt's ex - pir - ing eye, Are in that word—Farewell! Are in that
feel—Fare - well!—Farewell!—Farewell!
ad lib.
word—Fare - well!—Farewell!—Farewell!
rit.
tempo.
sfz
colla voce.
cres.
ritard.
pp

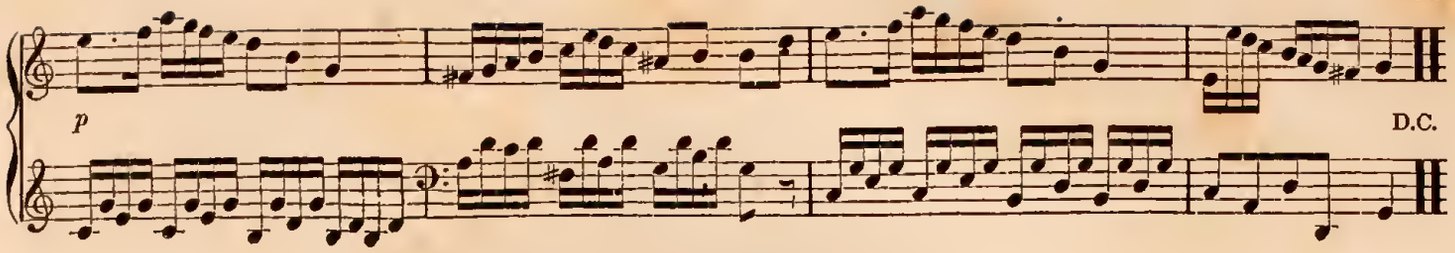
N

THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY,

WITH VARIATIONS

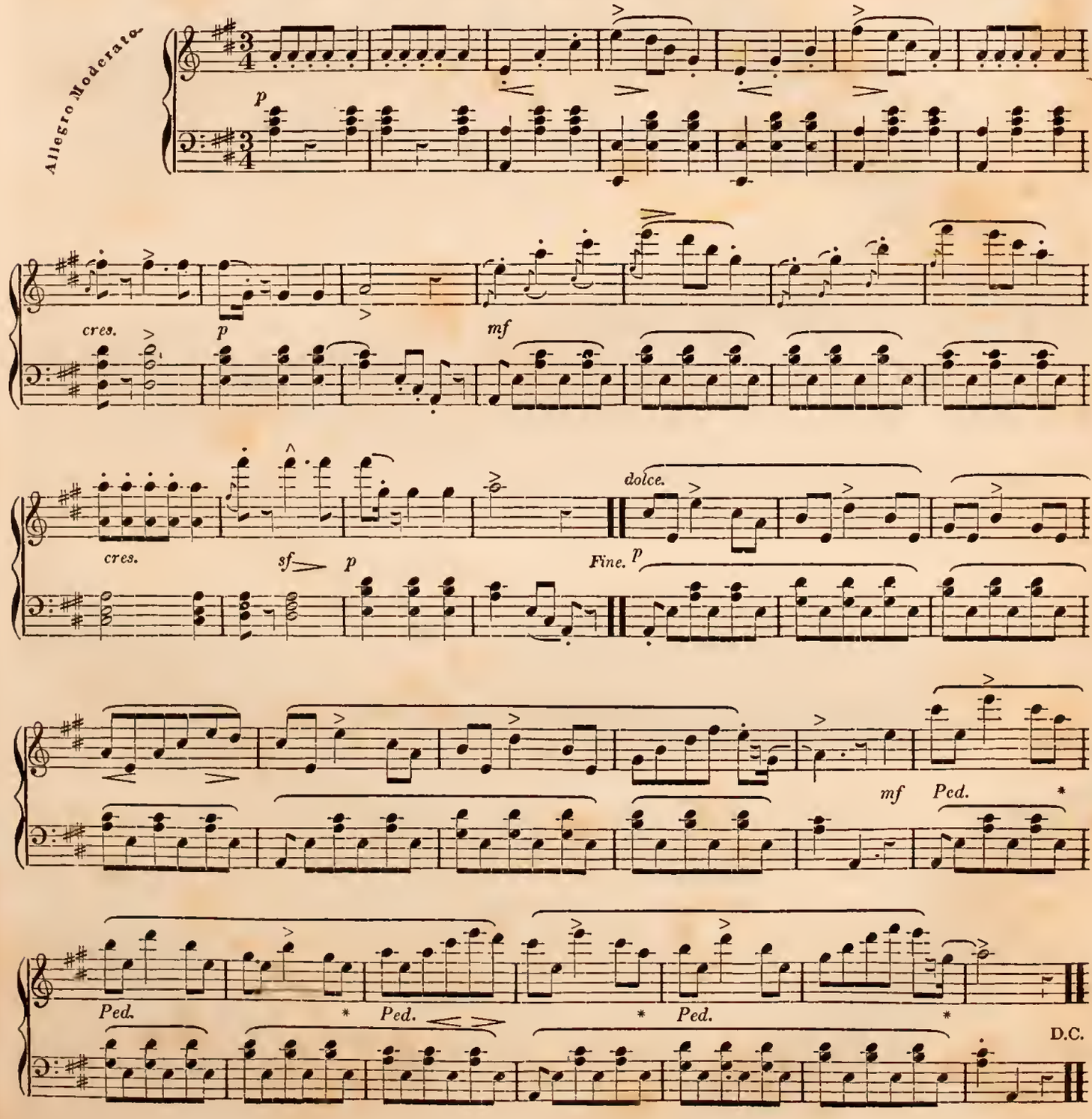
BY R. SCHROEDER.





LE PAPILLON. . . . Waltz.

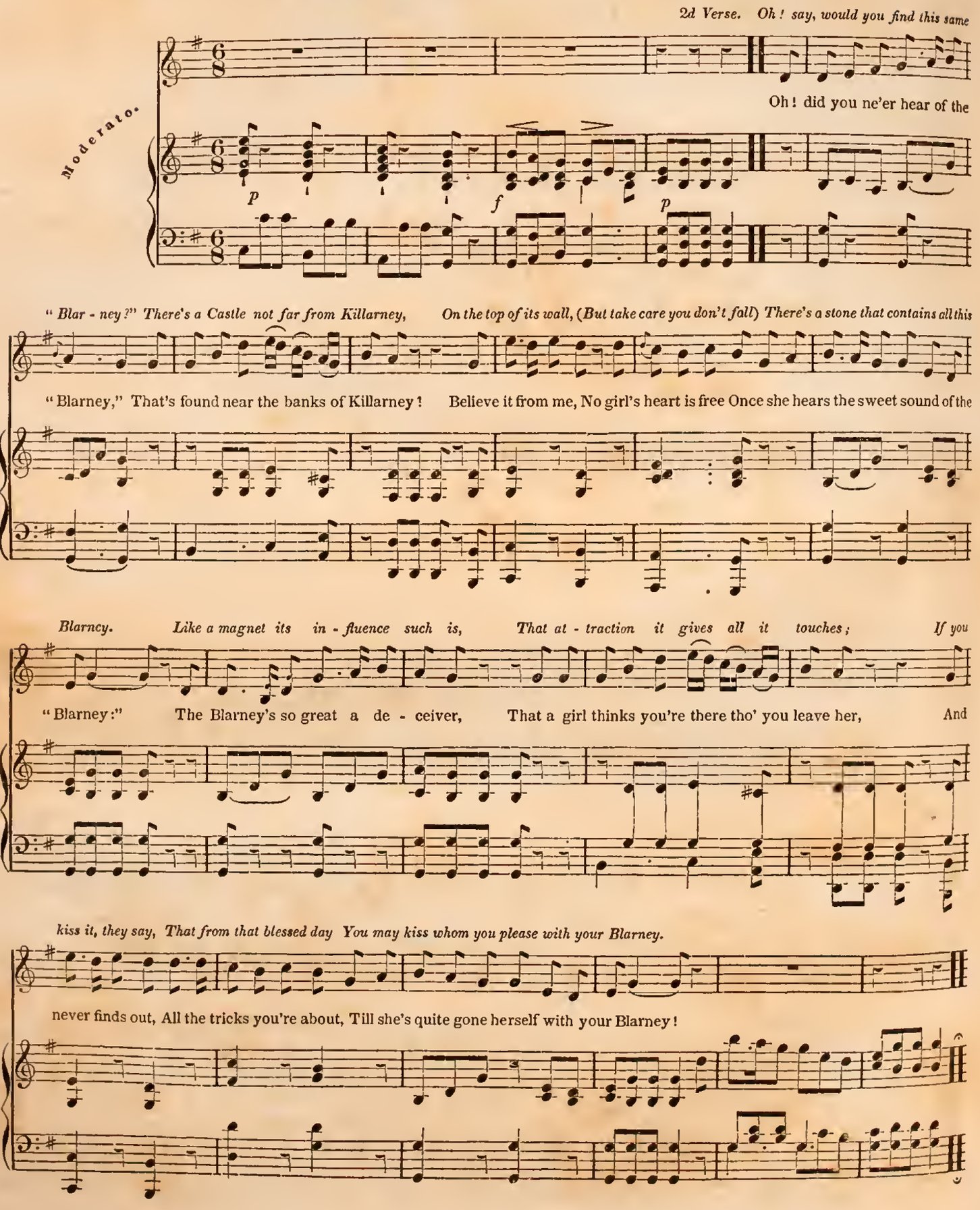
H. HERZ.



THE BLARNEY,

FROM THE SONGS OF THE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.

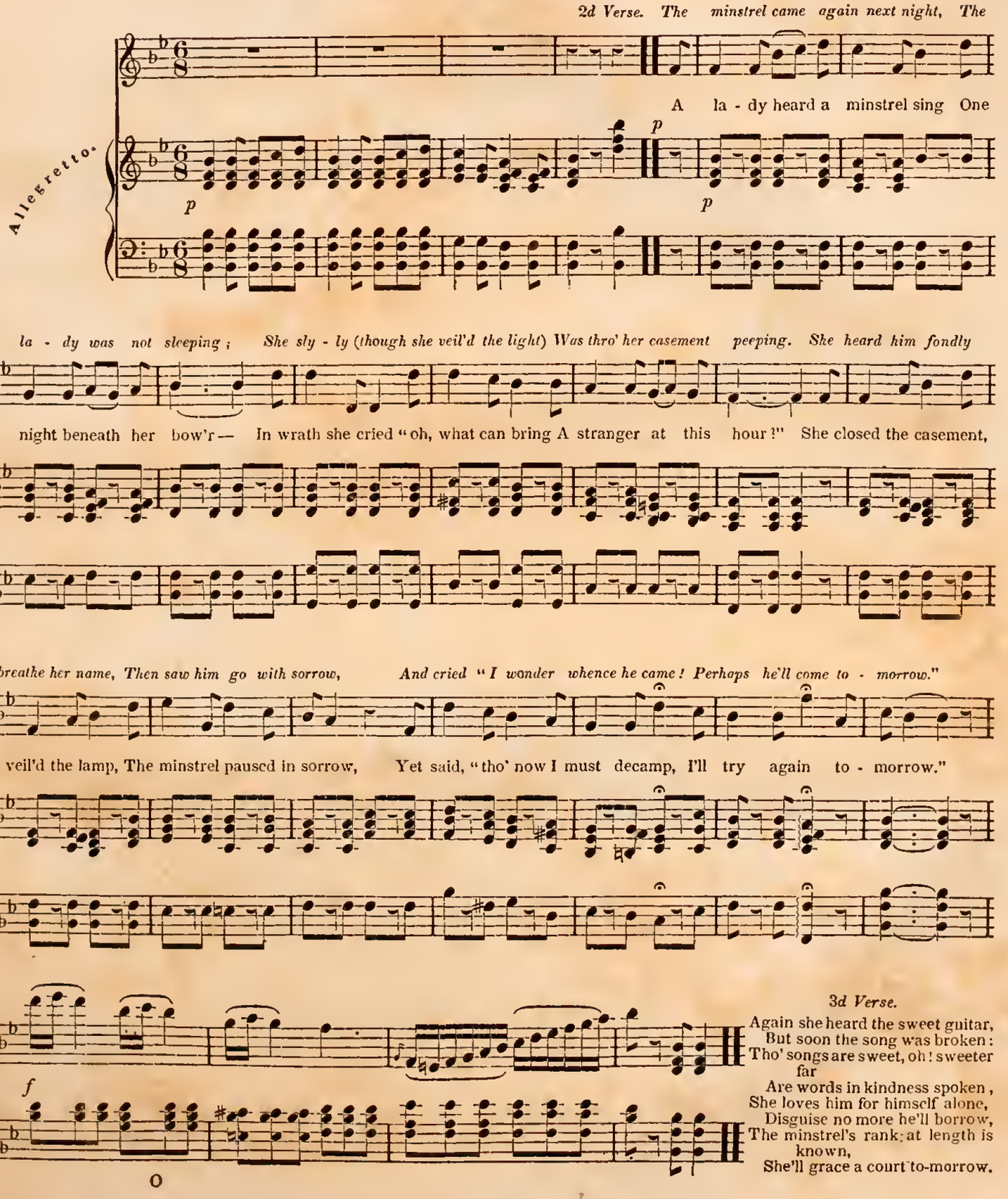
WRITTEN AND ARRANGED BY S. LOVER, ESQ.



THE SUCCESSFUL SUITOR.

A Ballad.

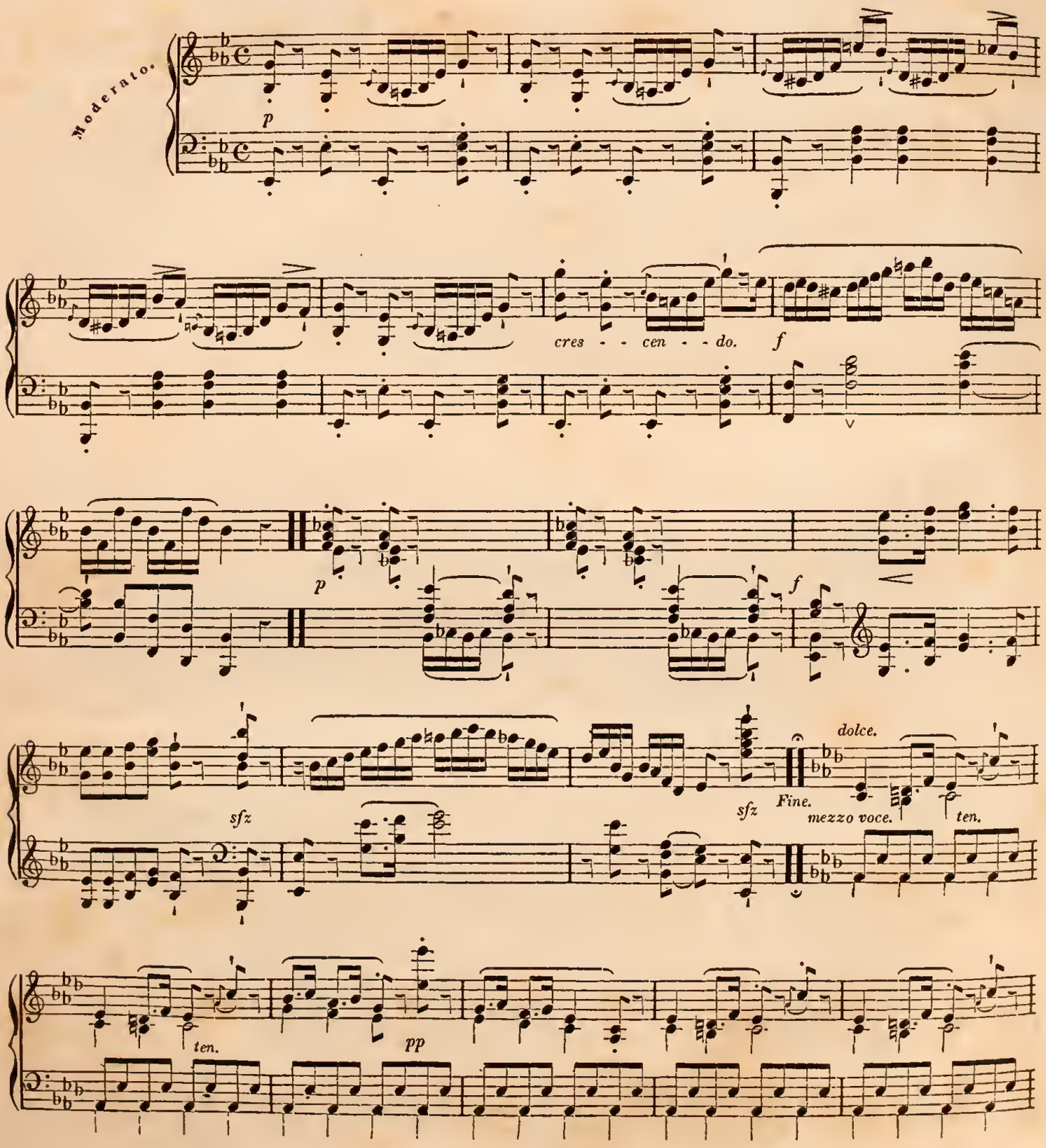
POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLY. MUSIC BY J. P. KNIGHT.

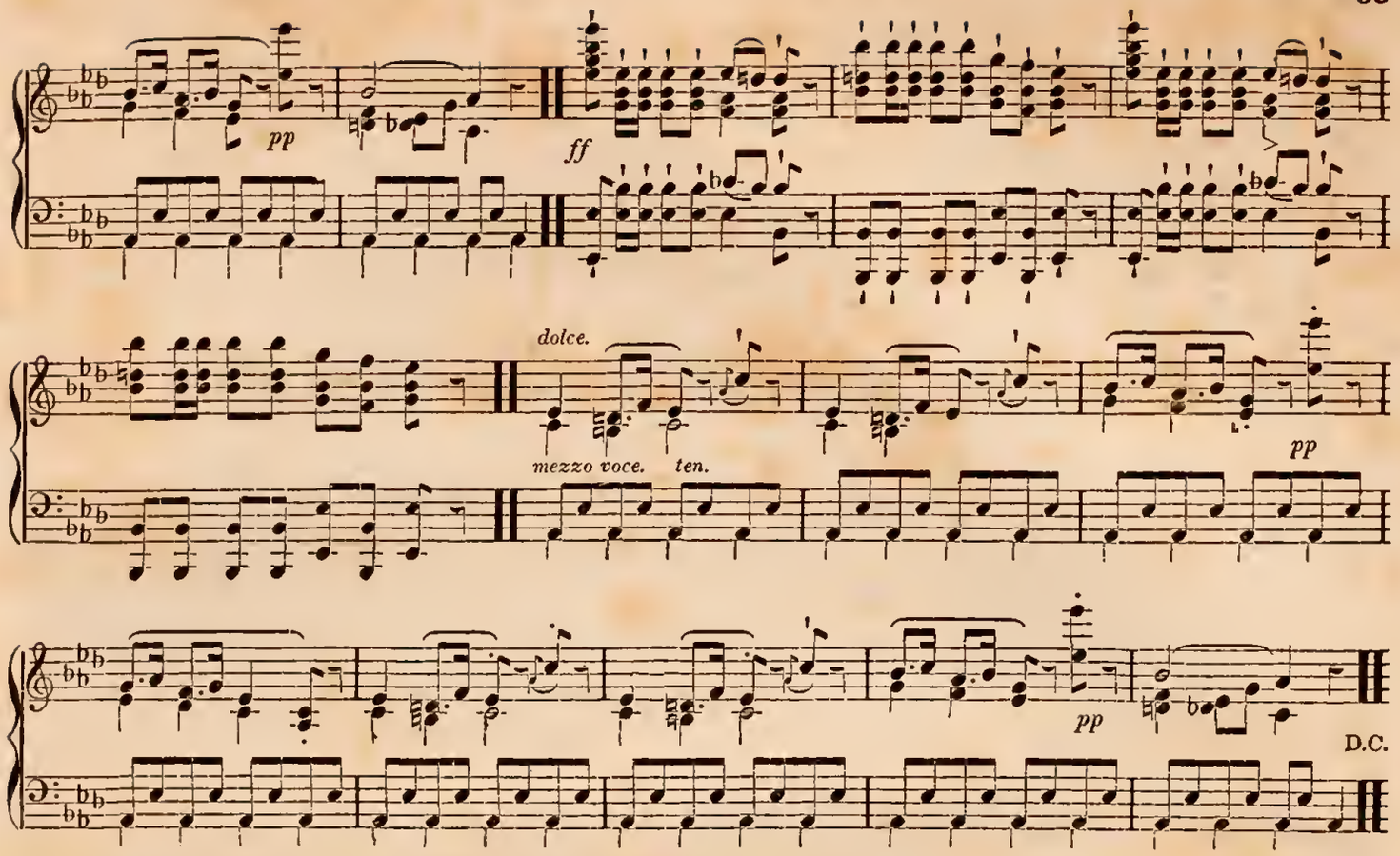


BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S MARCH.

BY

F. HUNTEN.



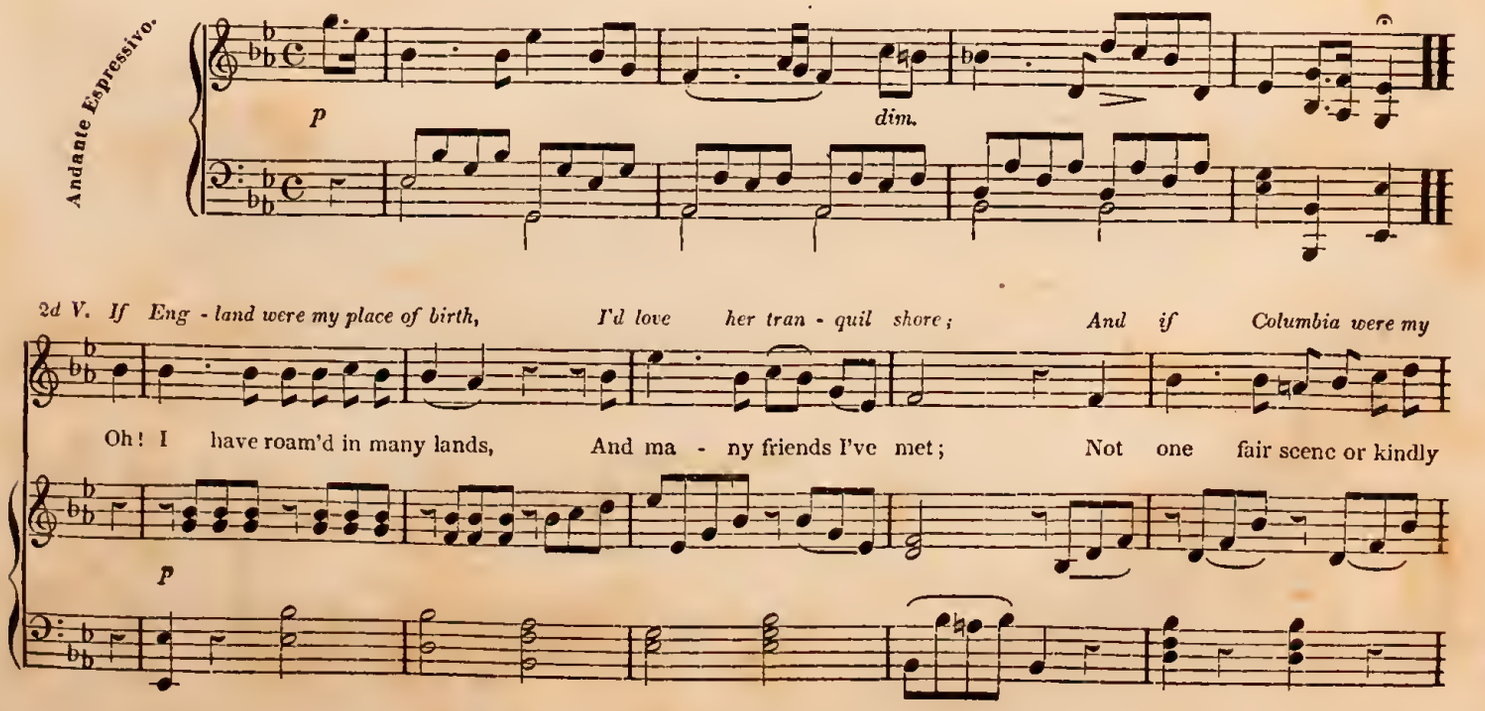


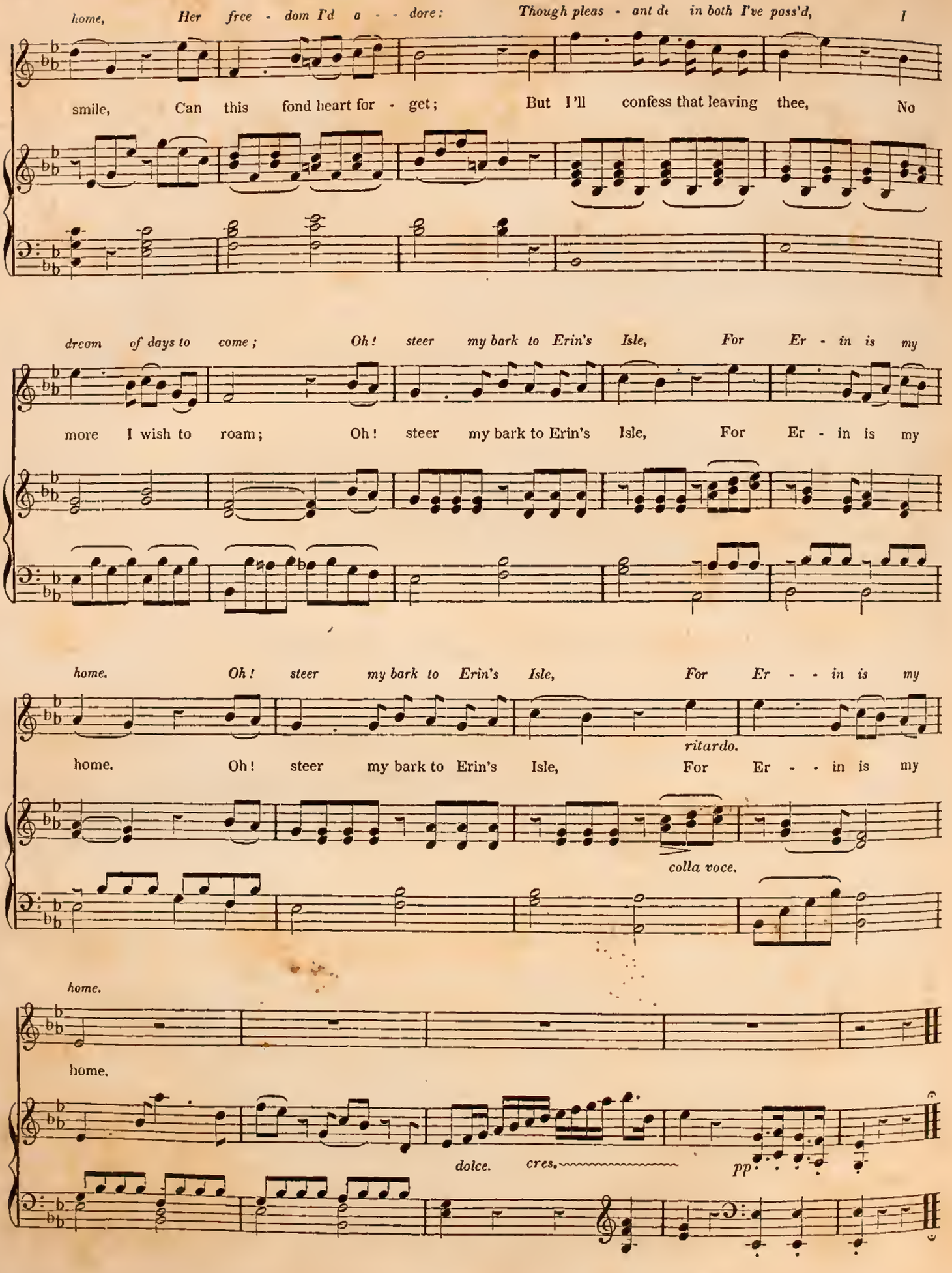
ERIN IS MY HOME.

SUNG BY MR. DEMPSTER.

ARRANGED AND ADAPTED TO A BOHEMIAN MELODY

BY MOSCHELLES.

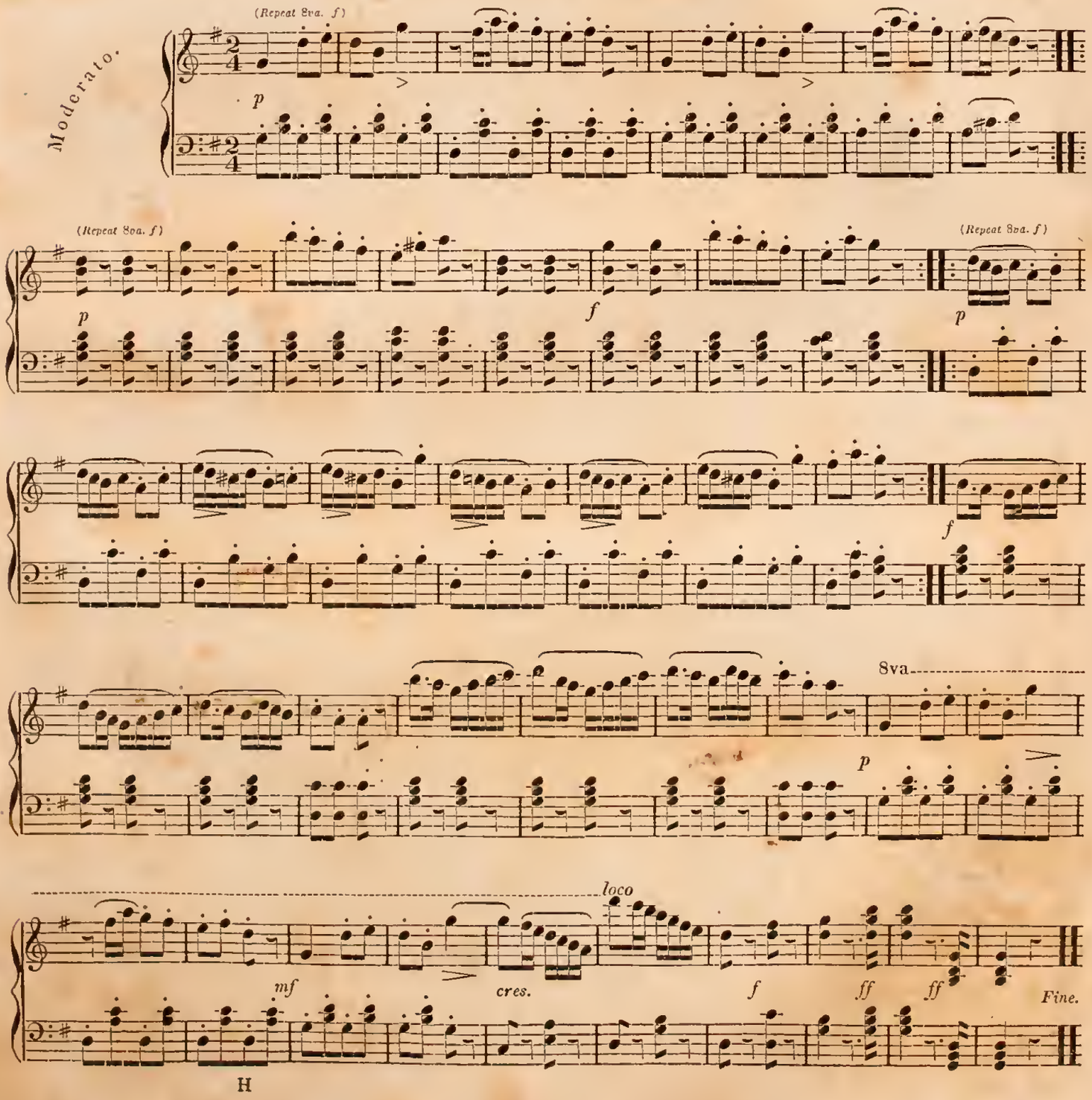



home, Her free - dom I'd a - - dore: Though pleas - ant de in both I've poss'd, I
smile, Can this fond heart for - get; But I'll confess that leaving thee, No
dream of days to come; Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, For Er - in is my
more I wish to roam; Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, For Er - in is my
home. Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, For Er - - in is my
ritardo.
home. Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, For Er - - in is my
colla voce.
home.
home.
dolce. cres.
pp

GALOPADE.

From Gustavus.

ARRANGED BY DUVERNOY.—COMPOSED BY AUBER.

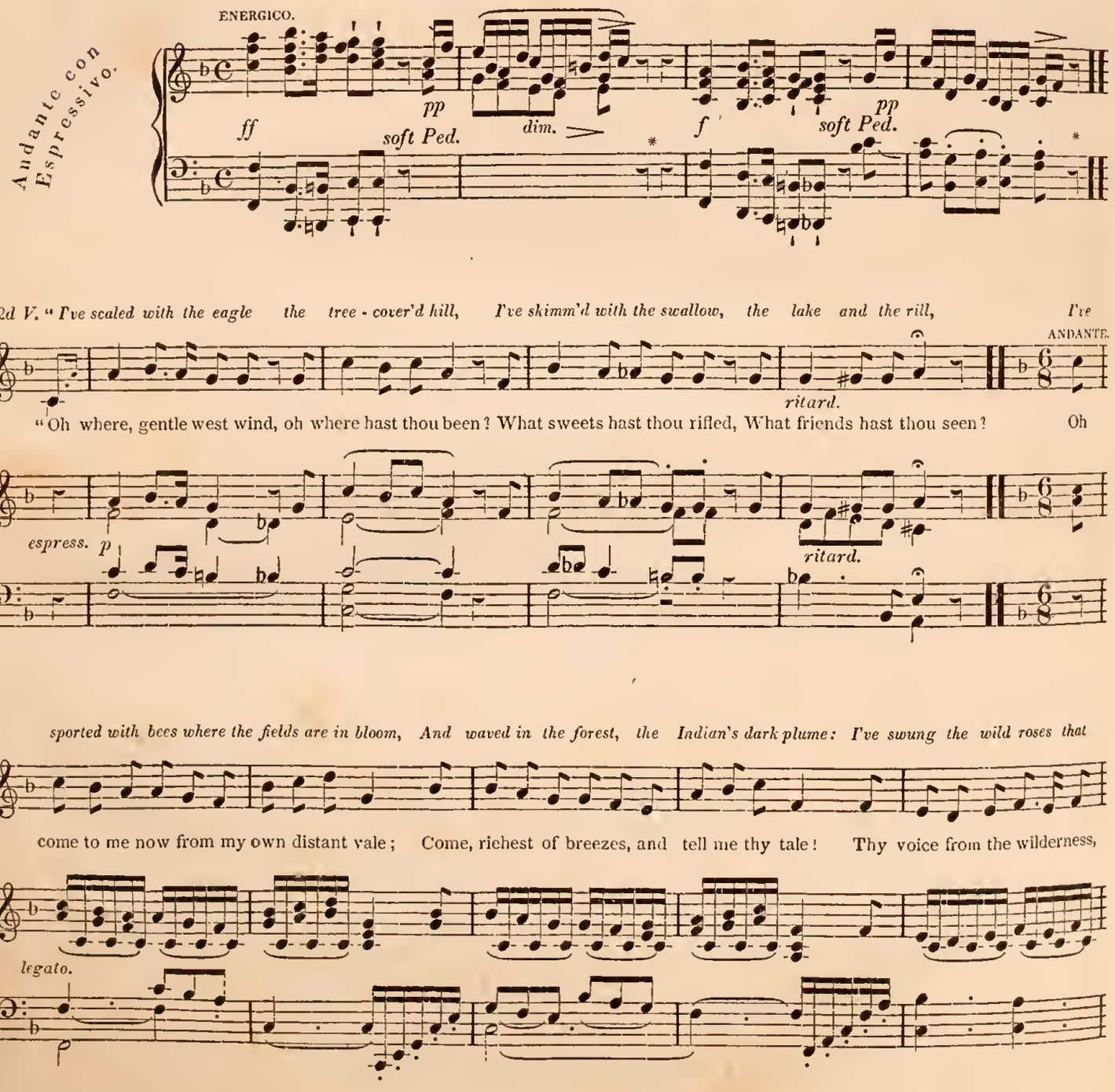


OH WHERE, GENTLE WEST WIND.

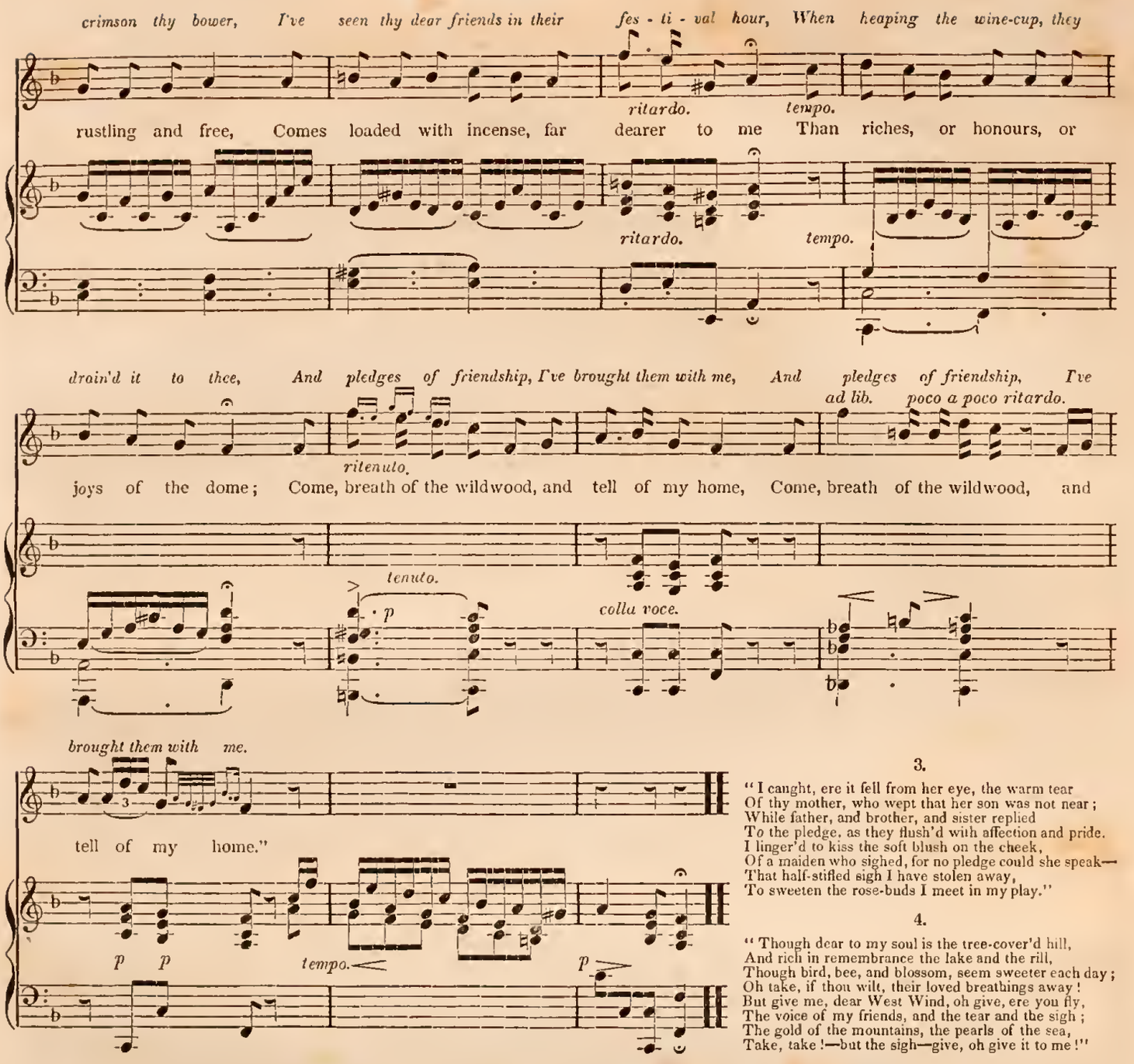
WRITTEN BY J. K. MITCHELL.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY MR. HERWIG.*



* The Introduction to this song was added by the Editor, with the approbation of the composer, he having omitted to make one through mistake.



3.

"I caught, ere it fell from her eye, the warm tear
Of thy mother, who wept that her son was not near;
While father, and brother, and sister replied
To the pledge, as they flush'd with affection and pride.
I linger'd to kiss the soft blush on the cheek,
Of a maiden who sighed, for no pledge could she speak—
That half-stifled sigh I have stolen away,
To sweeten the rose-buds I meet in my play."

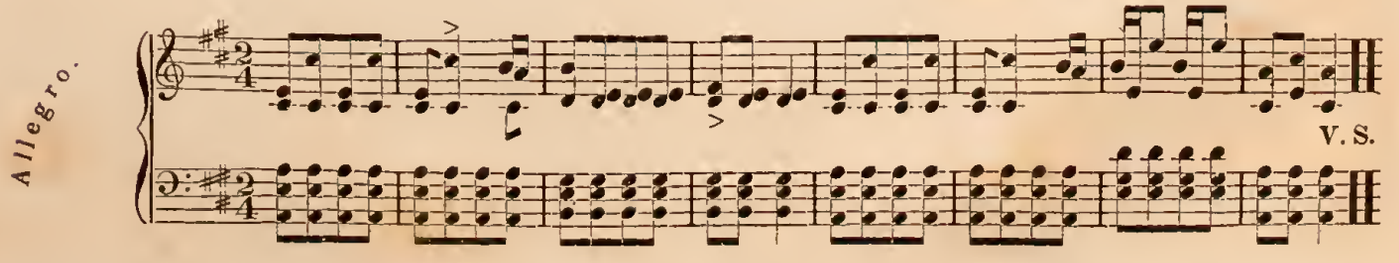
4.

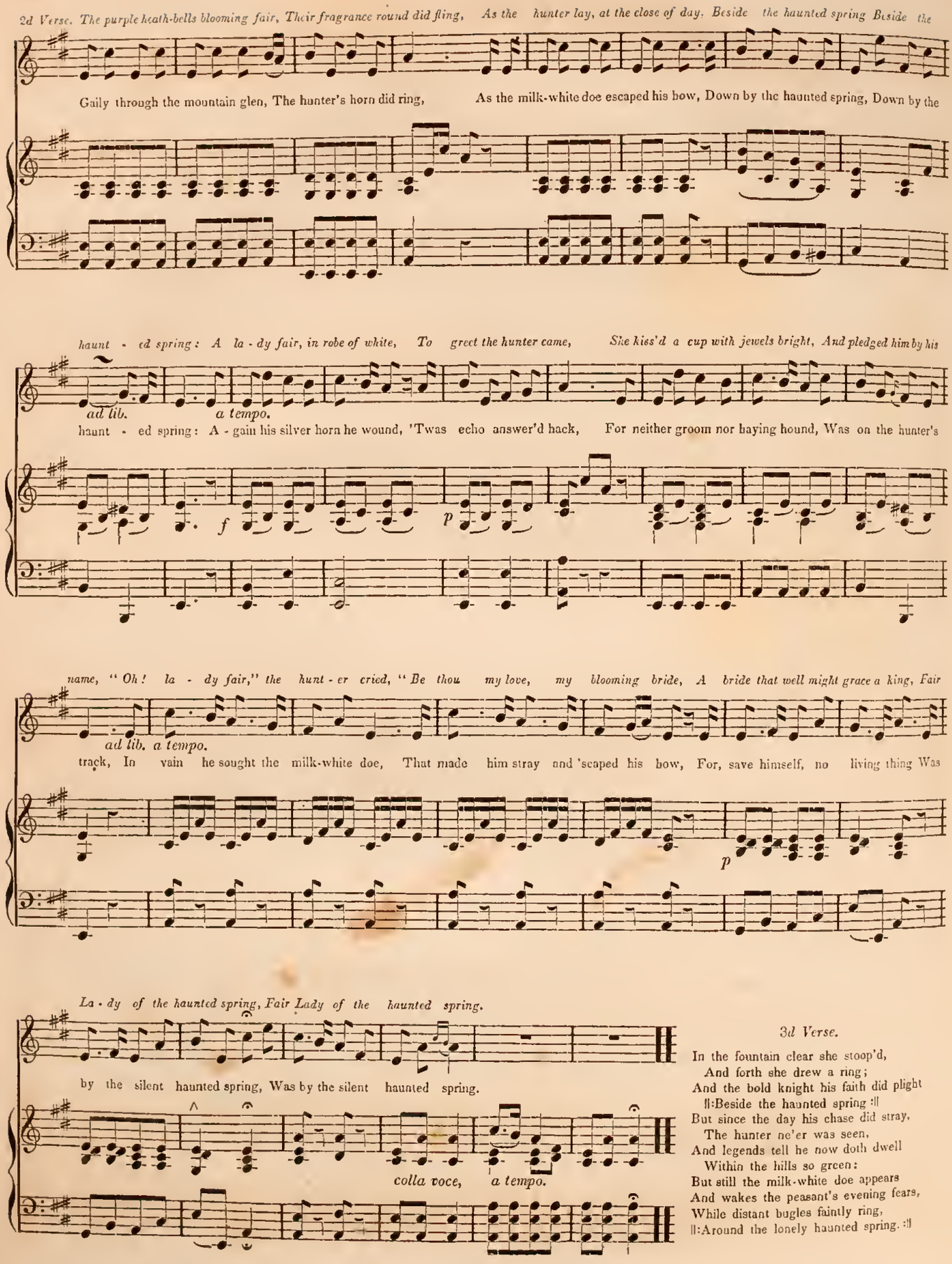
"Though dear to my soul is the tree-cover'd hill,
And rich in remembrance the lake and the rill,
Though bird, bee, and blossom, seem sweeter each day;
Oh take, if thou wilt, their loved breathings away!
But give me, dear West Wind, oh give, ere you fly,
The voice of my friends, and the tear and the sigh;
The gold of the mountains, the pearls of the sea,
Take, take!—but the sigh—give, oh give it to me!"

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

FROM THE SONGS OF THE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY S. LOVER, ESQ.





3d Verse.

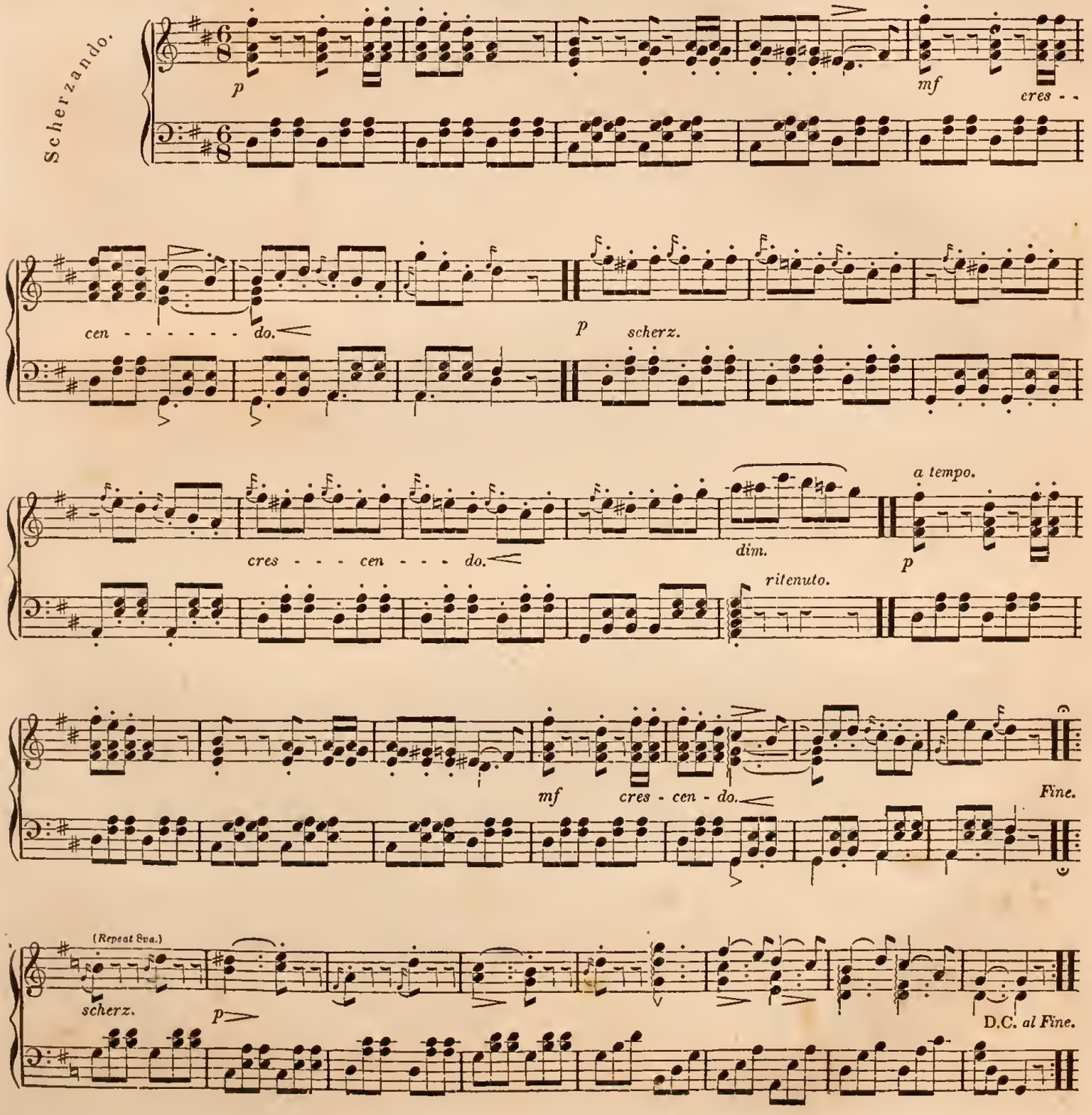
In the fountain clear she stoop'd,
And forth she drew a ring;
And the bold knight his faith did plight
‖:Beside the haunted spring:‖
But since the day his chase did stray,
The hunter ne'er was seen,
And legends tell he now doth dwell
Within the hills so green:
But still the milk-white doe appears
And wakes the peasant's evening fears,
While distant bugles faintly ring,
‖:Around the lonely haunted spring.:‖

INVITATION TO DANCE.

Quadrille.

COMPOSED, AND DEDICATED TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS OF THIS WORK, BY

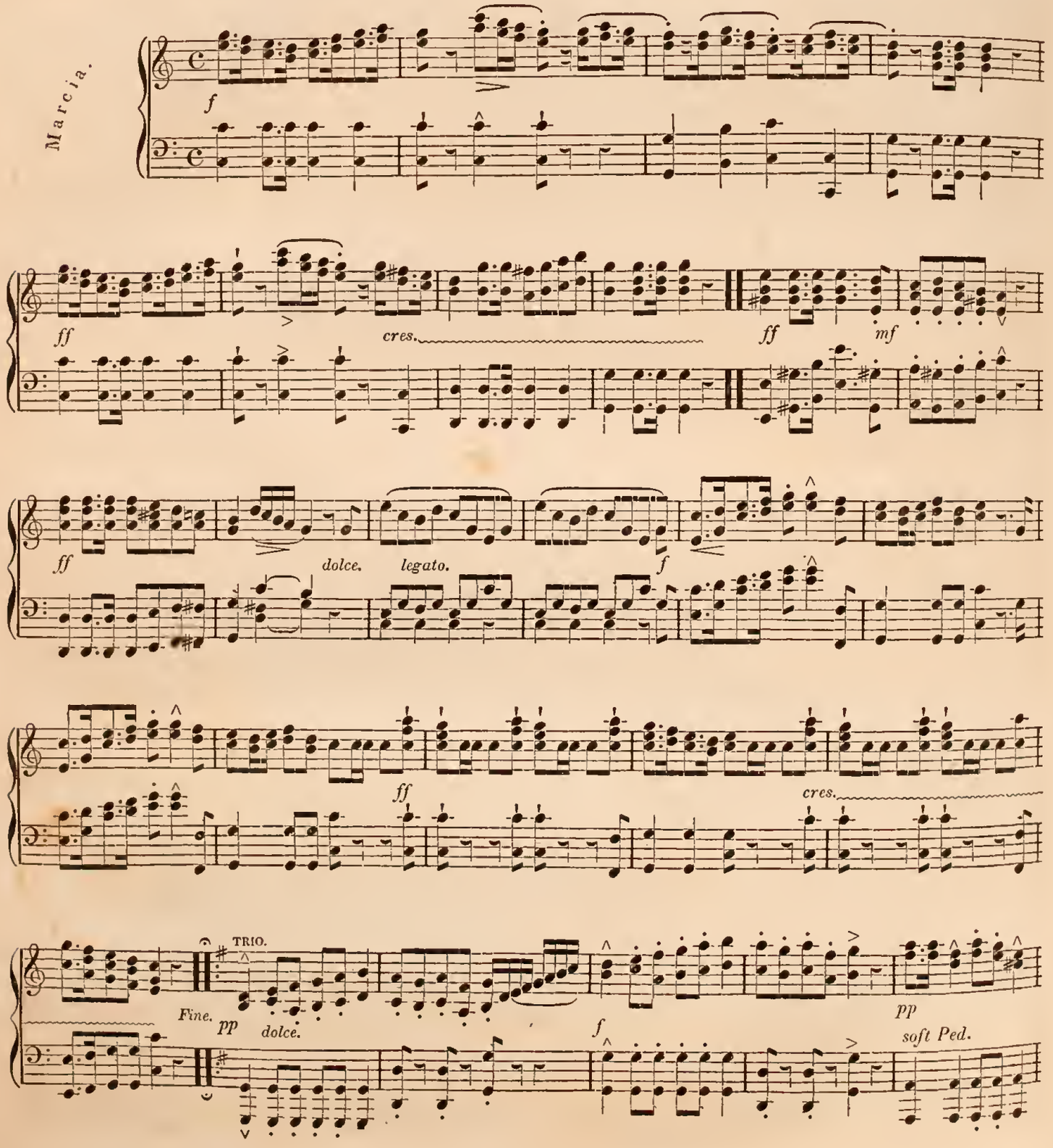
W. L.

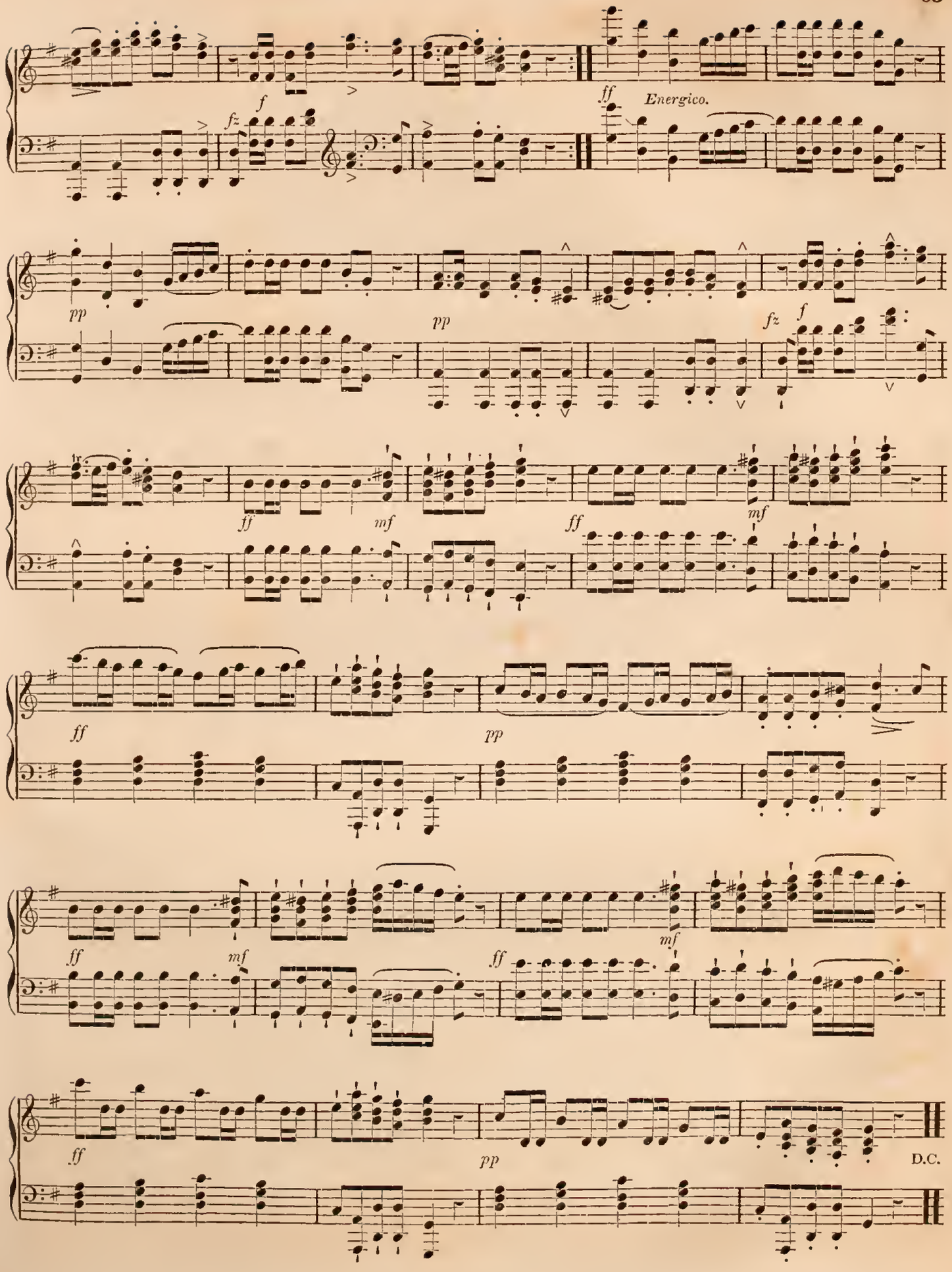


THE TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS.

THE MUSIC EXTRACTED FROM THE WORKS OF THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.




f
fz
ff
Energico.
pp
pp
fz
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mf
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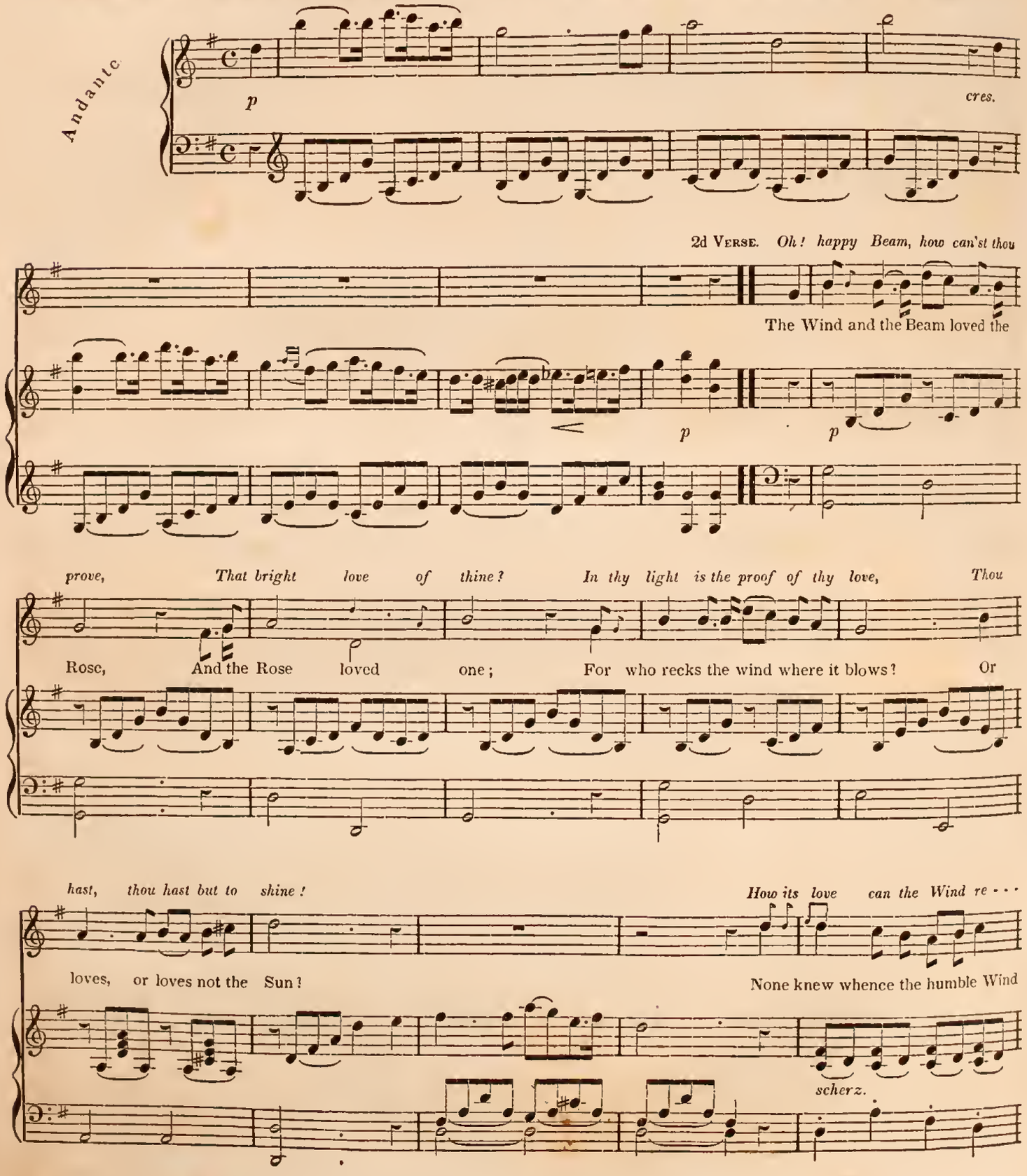
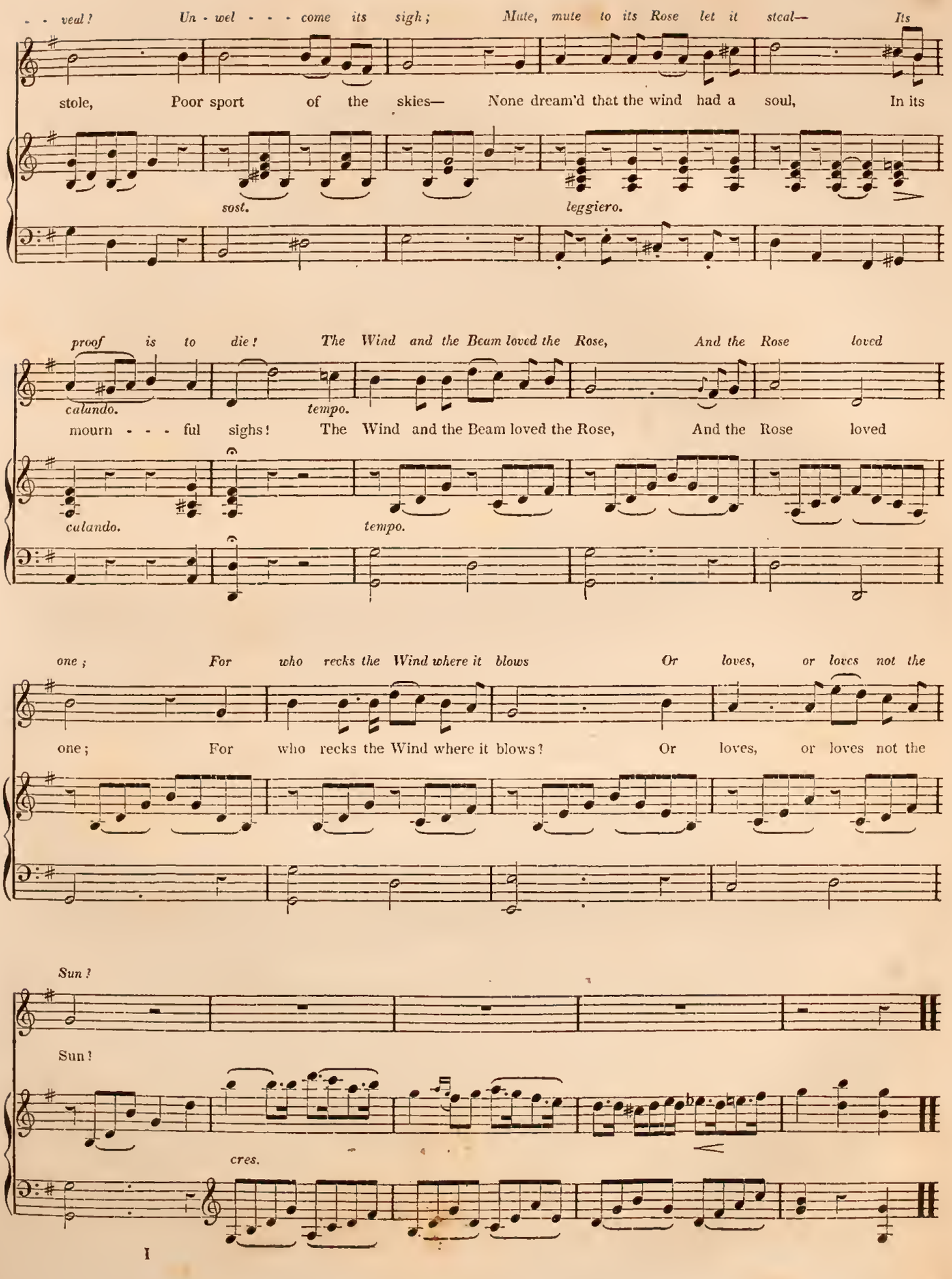
D.C.

NYDIA'S SONG,

IN BULWER'S "LAST DAYS OF POMPEII."

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY J. BLOCKLEY.

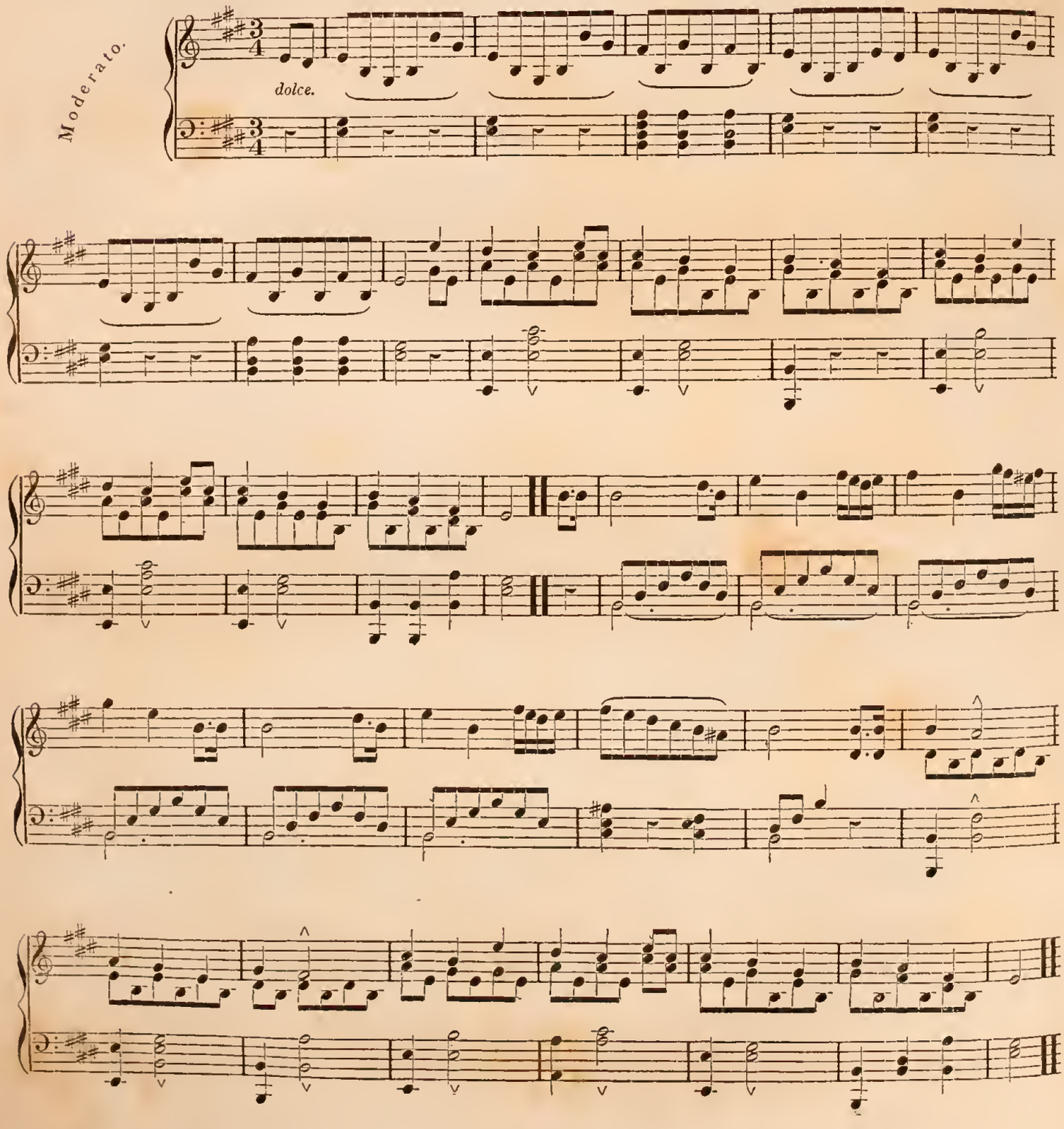


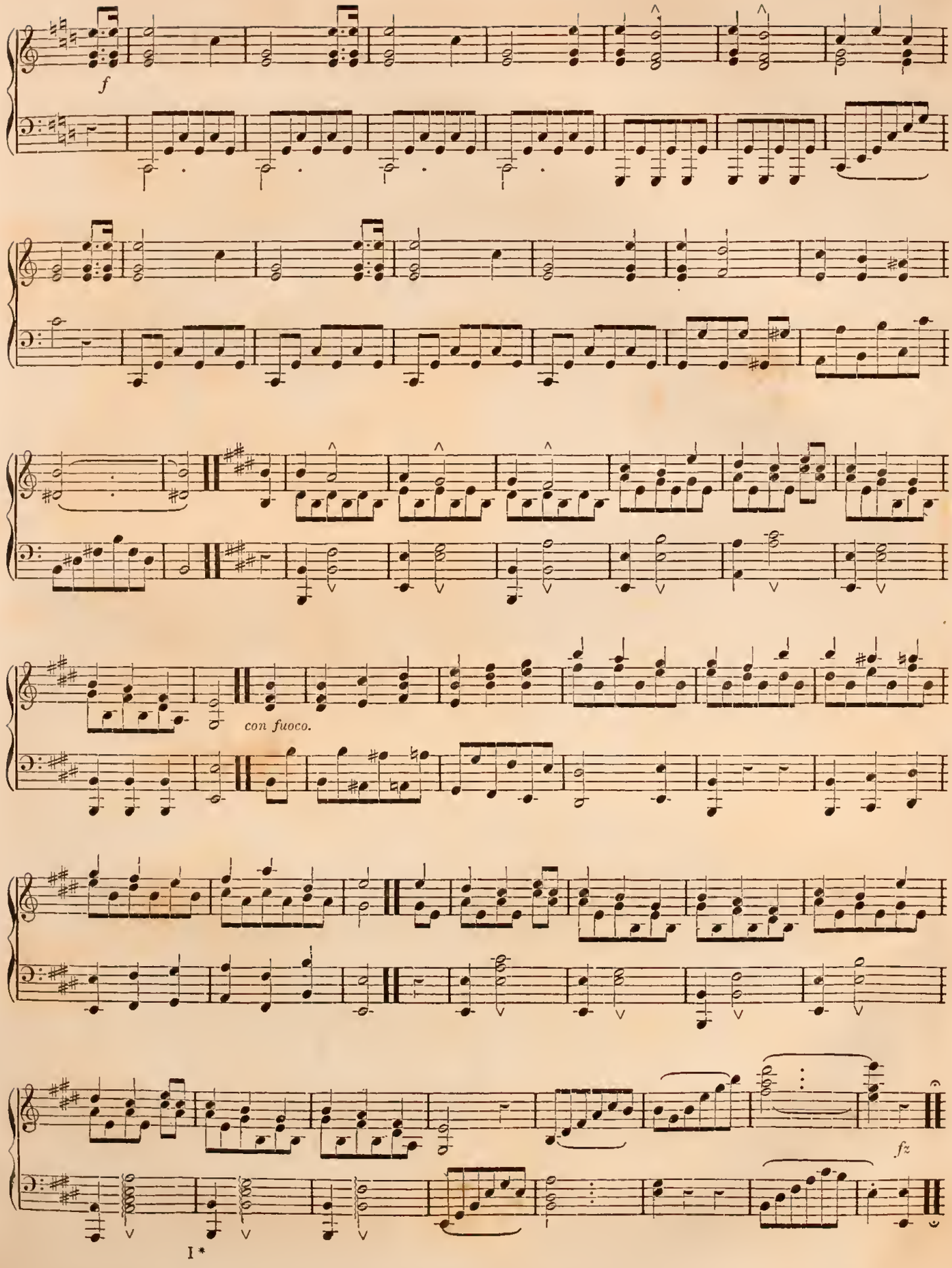

veal! Un - wel - - - come its sigh; Mute, mute to its Rose let it steal— Its
stole, Poor sport of the skies— None dream'd that the wind had a soul, In its
sost.
leggiero.
proof is to die! The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose, And the Rose loved
calando.
tempo.
mourn - - - ful sighs! The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose, And the Rose loved
calando.
tempo.
one; For who recks the Wind where it blows Or loves, or loves not the
one; For who recks the Wind where it blows? Or loves, or loves not the
Sun!
Sun!
cres.

CLARA WALTZ.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE

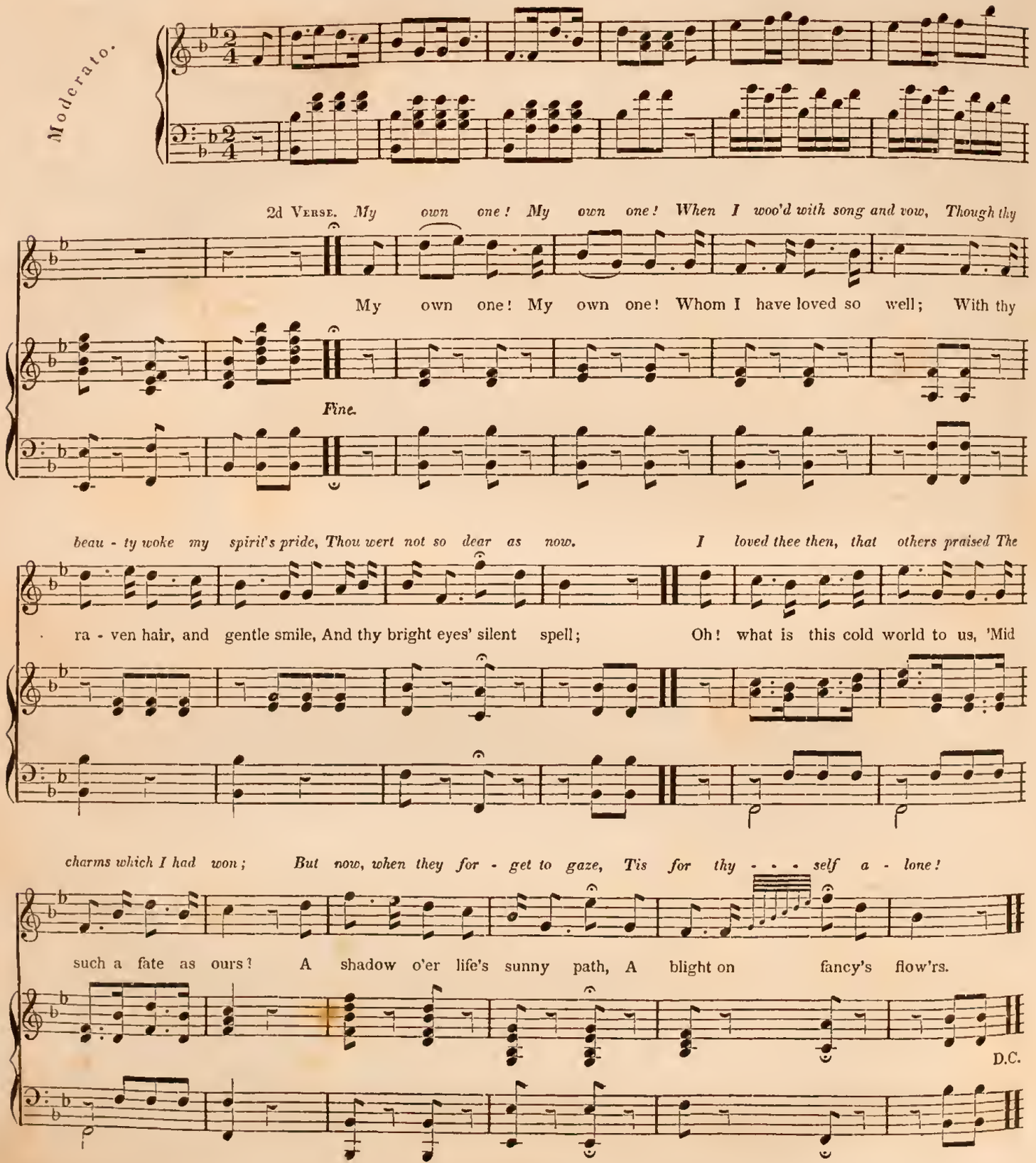
BY BEETHOVEN.




f
con fuoco.
fz
I*

MY OWN ONE.....Song.

ADAPTED TO A FAVOURITE SCOTCH AIR, BY DAVID LEE.



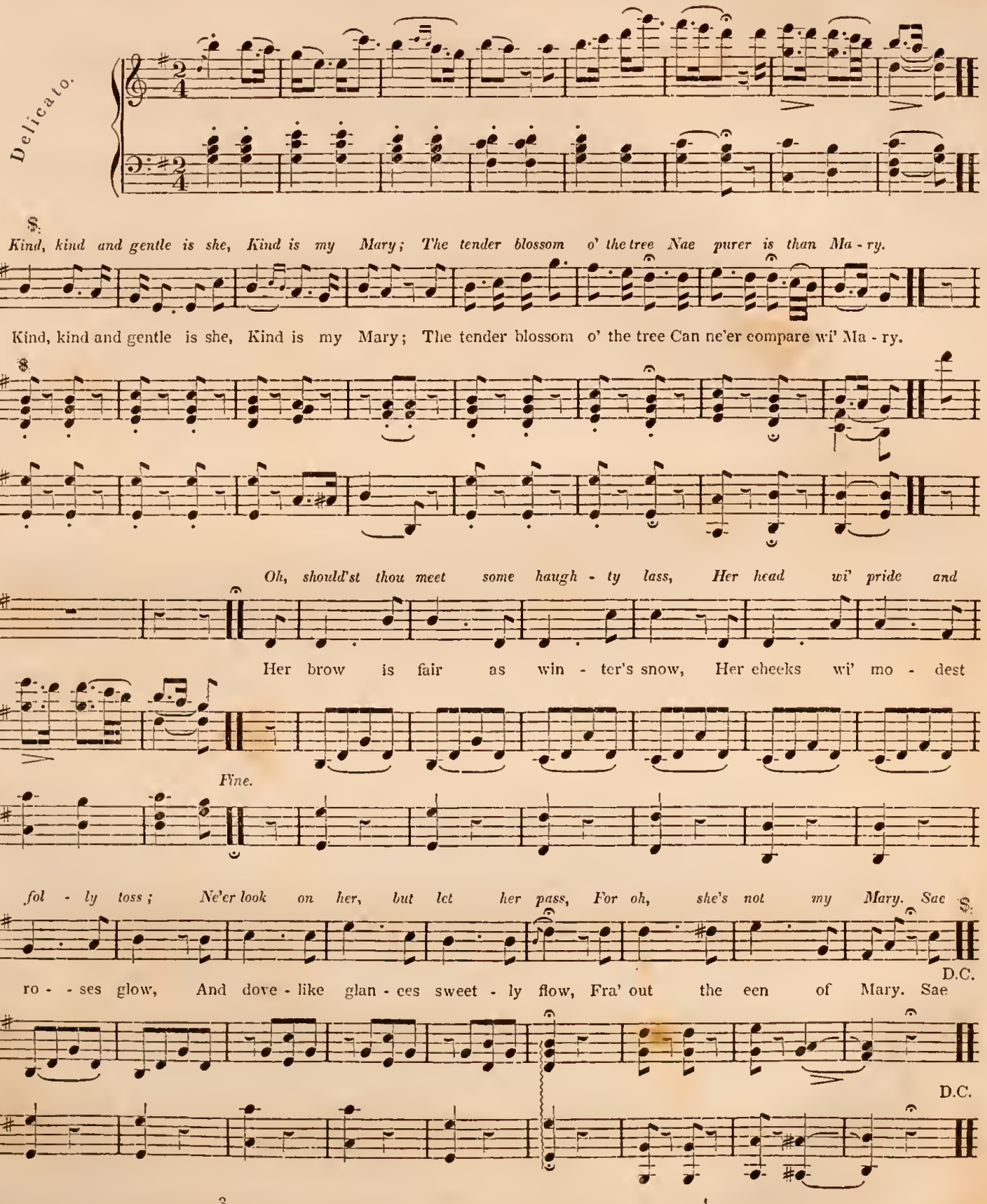
3d Verse.

My own one! my own one!
Though thy beauty may decay,
Still the flow'ry fetters round my heart,
Can ne'er be torn away;

Thine eye may lose its look of light,
Less lure the world may see,
But thou wilt still be fair and dear,
My own one! unto me.

GENTLE MARY.....Song.

WORDS BY G. H. BARBOUR. MUSIC BY WM. C. PETERS.



3.

But see you one, wi' modest air,
Bedeck'd wi' beauties soft and rare;
That makes your heart feel sweetly sair,
Oh weel ye ken, 'tis Mary. Sae kind, &c.

4.

And when you come to know her mind,
In nature's purest lore enshrined;
Gang through the world, ye'll never find
Anither like my Mary. Sae kind, &c.

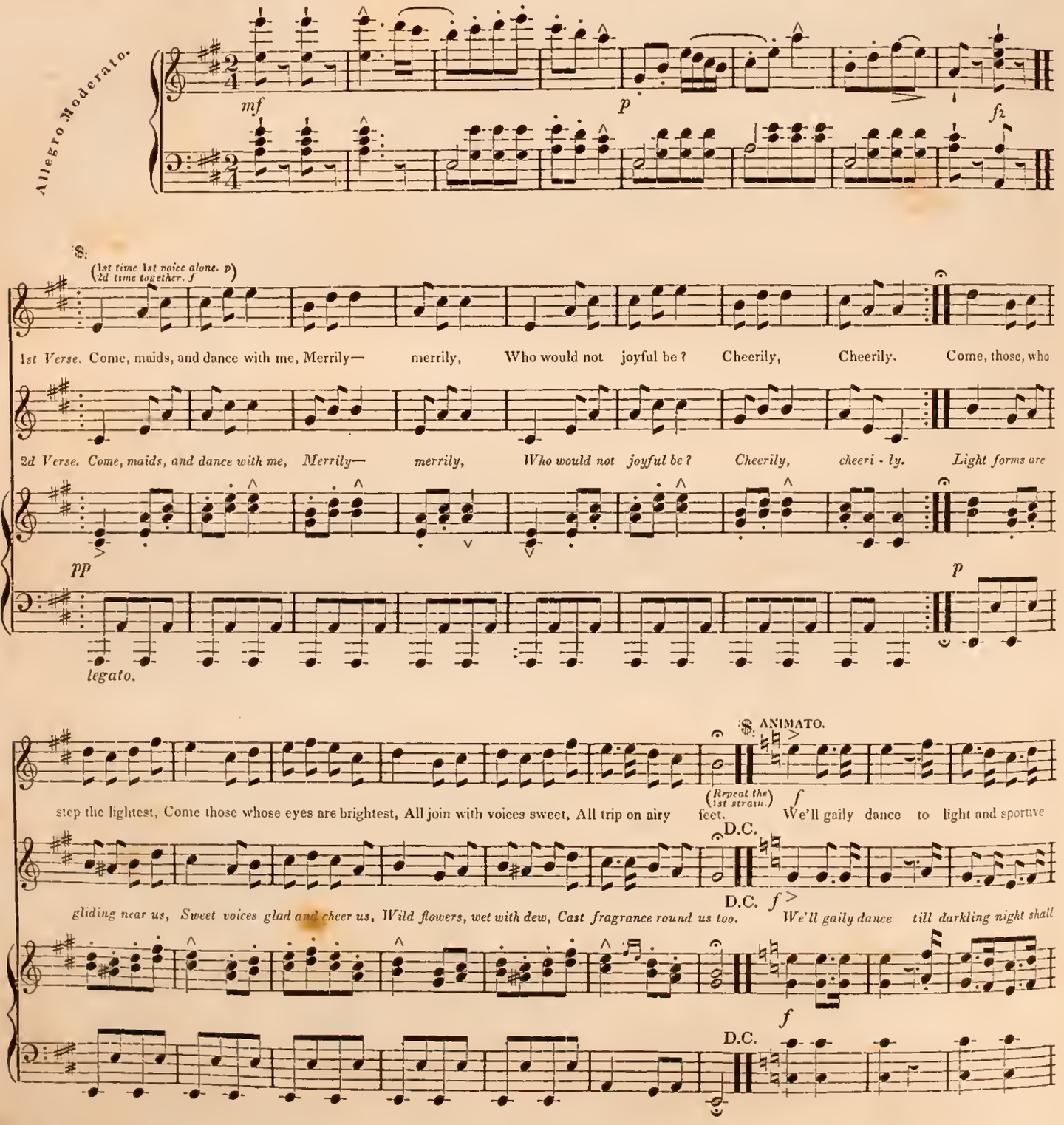
HAPPY MAIDENS.

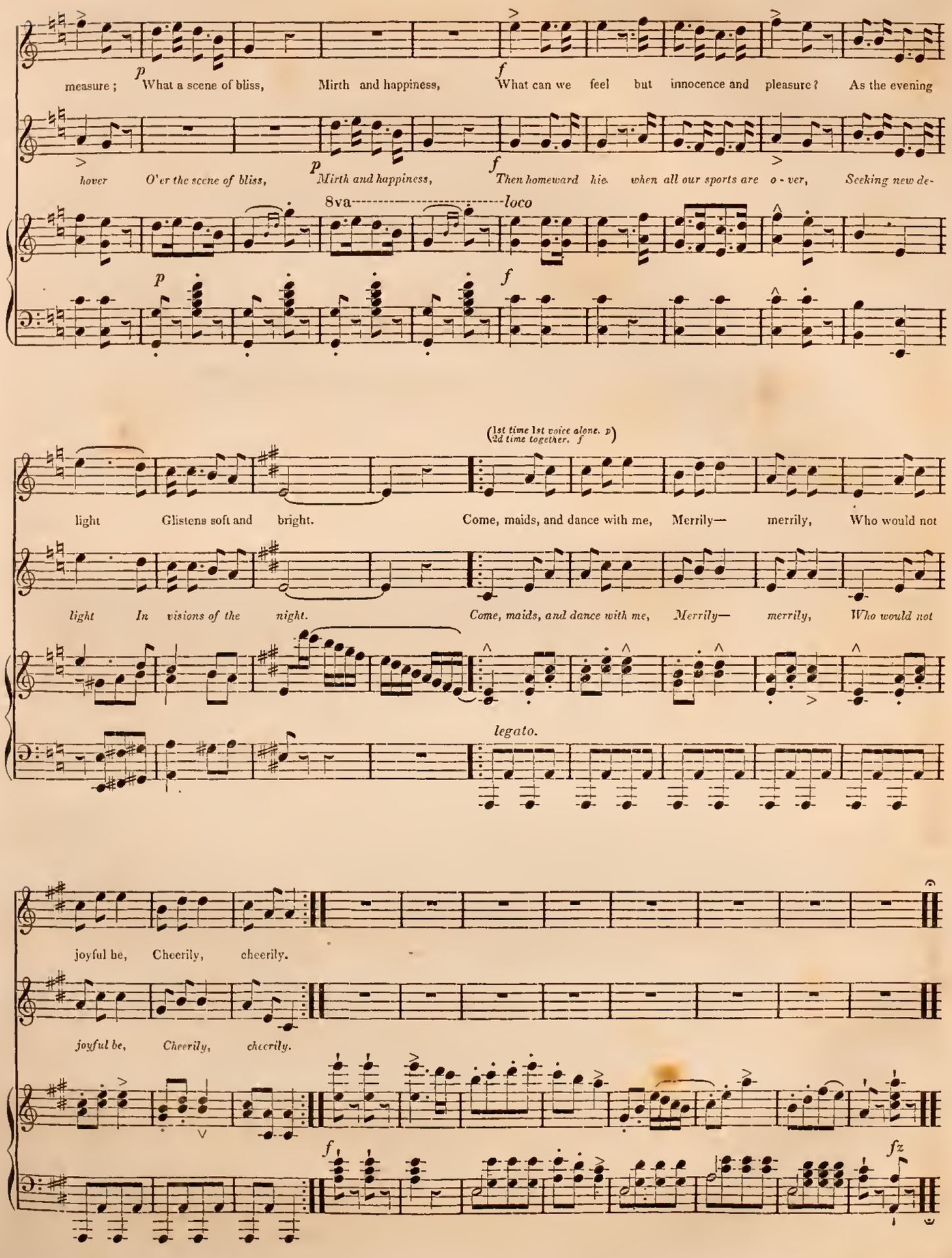
FROM THE FRENCH.

ADAPTED TO A BEAUTIFUL AIR FROM "LE CHAPERON BLANC,"

AND ARRANGED FOR ONE, OR TWO EQUAL VOICES

BY CHARLES JARVIS.—THE MUSIC BY AUBER.



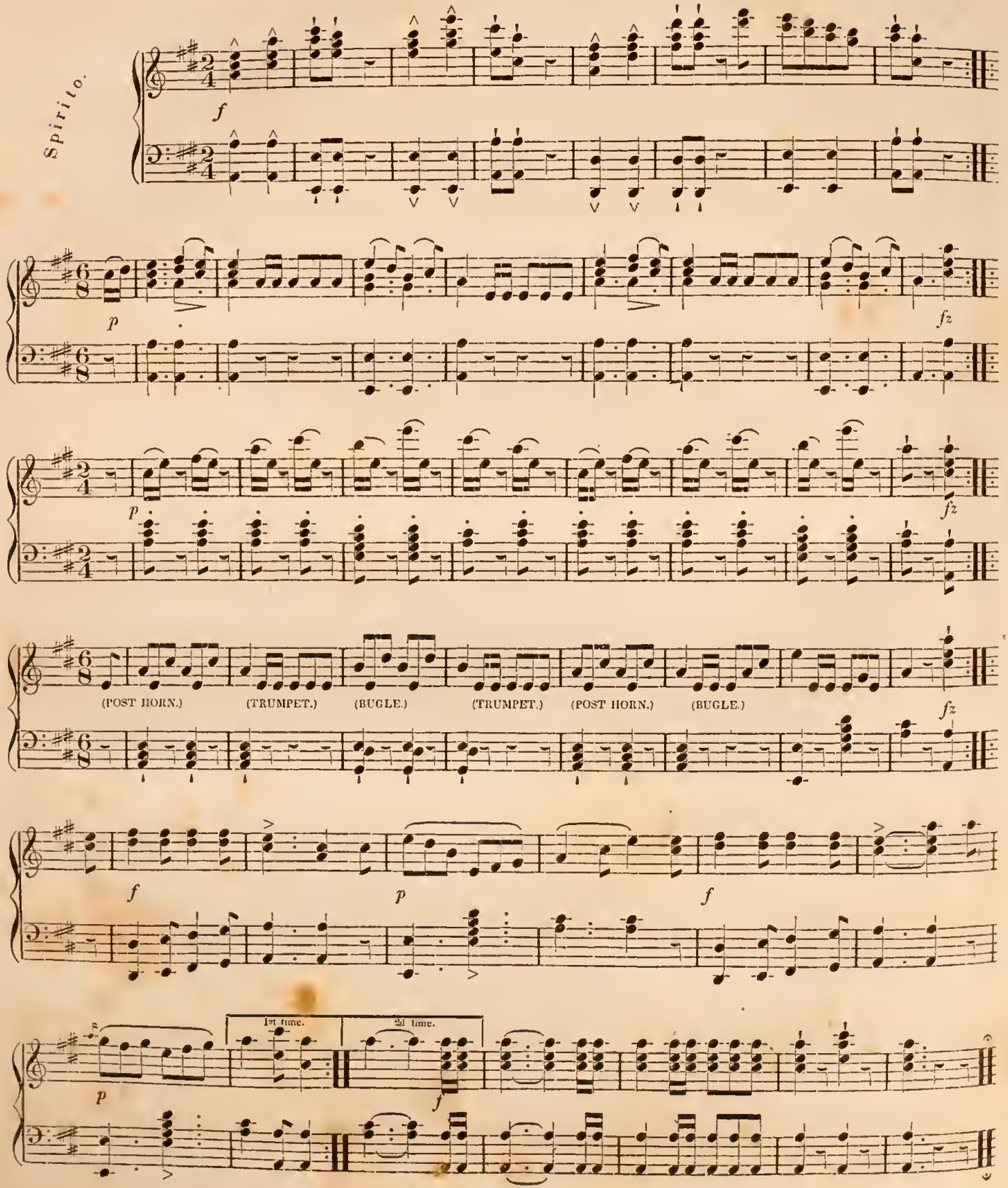

measure ; What a scene of bliss, Mirth and happiness, What can we feel but innocence and pleasure? As the evening
hover O'er the scene of bliss, Mirth and happiness, Then homeward hie when all our sports are o - ver, Seeking new de-
8va loco
(1st time 1st voice alone. p
2d time together. f)
light Glistens soft and bright. Come, maids, and dance with me, Merrily— merrily, Who would not
light In visions of the night. Come, maids, and dance with me, Merrily— merrily, Who would not
legato.
joyful be, Cheerily, cheerily.
joyful be, Cheerily, cheerily.

WOOD UP,

OR

THE MISSISSIPPI QUICK-STEP.

J. HOLLOWAY.

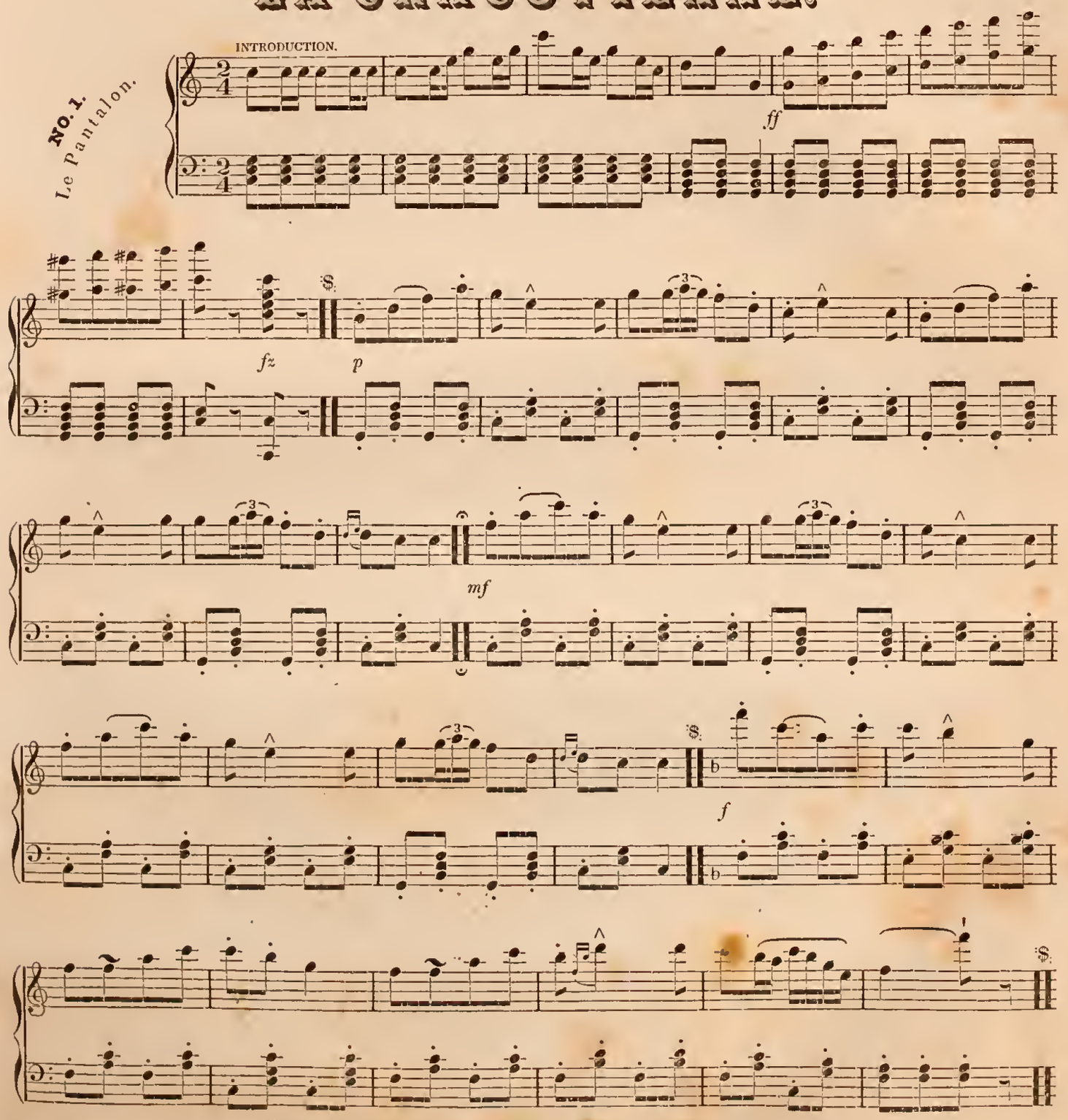


THE KISSLER QUADRILLES.

ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS HELEN M. COLTON.

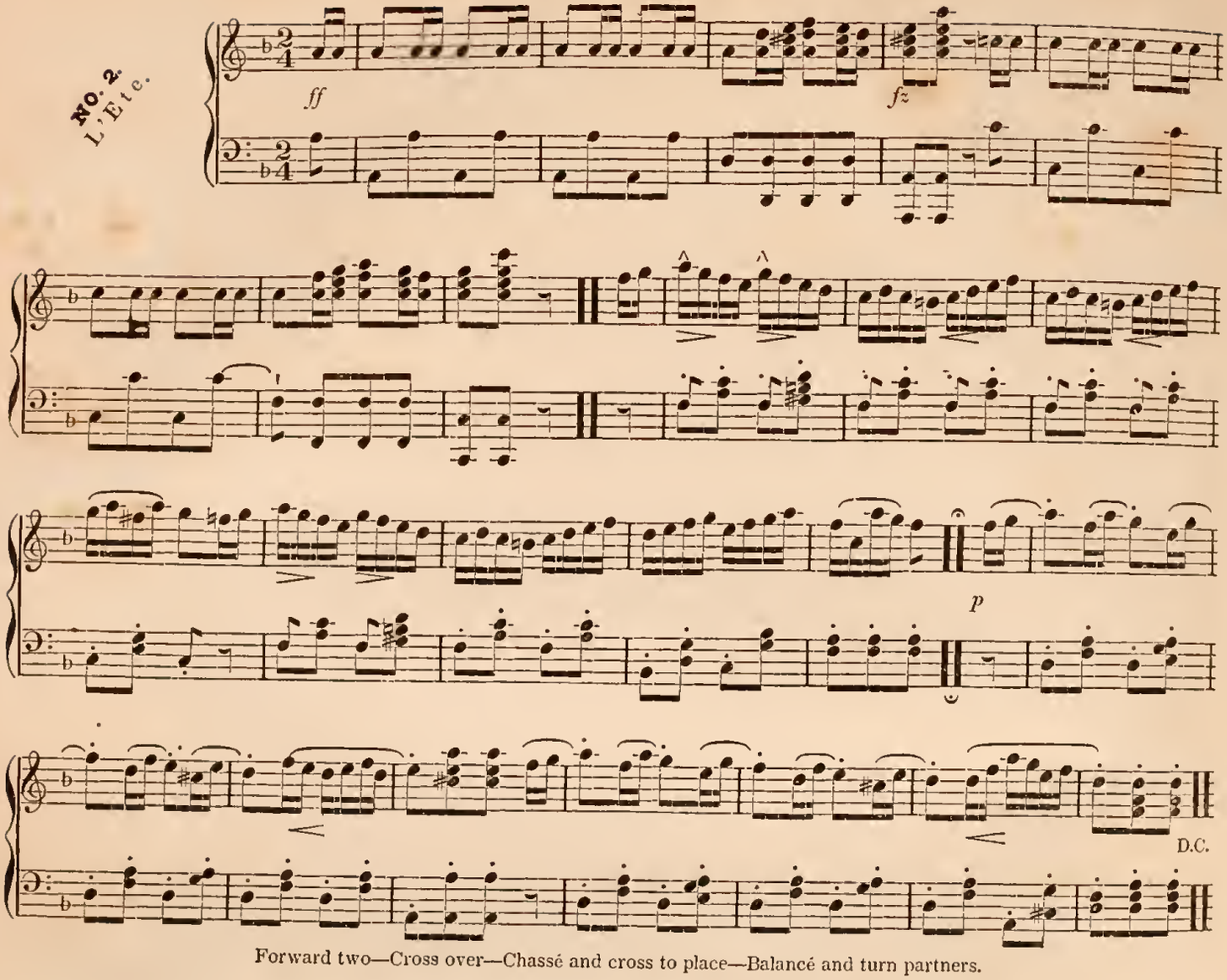
LA CRACOVIENNE.



Chassé all—Forward two—Cross over—Chassé—Cross to place—Balancé.

LA TARENTULE.

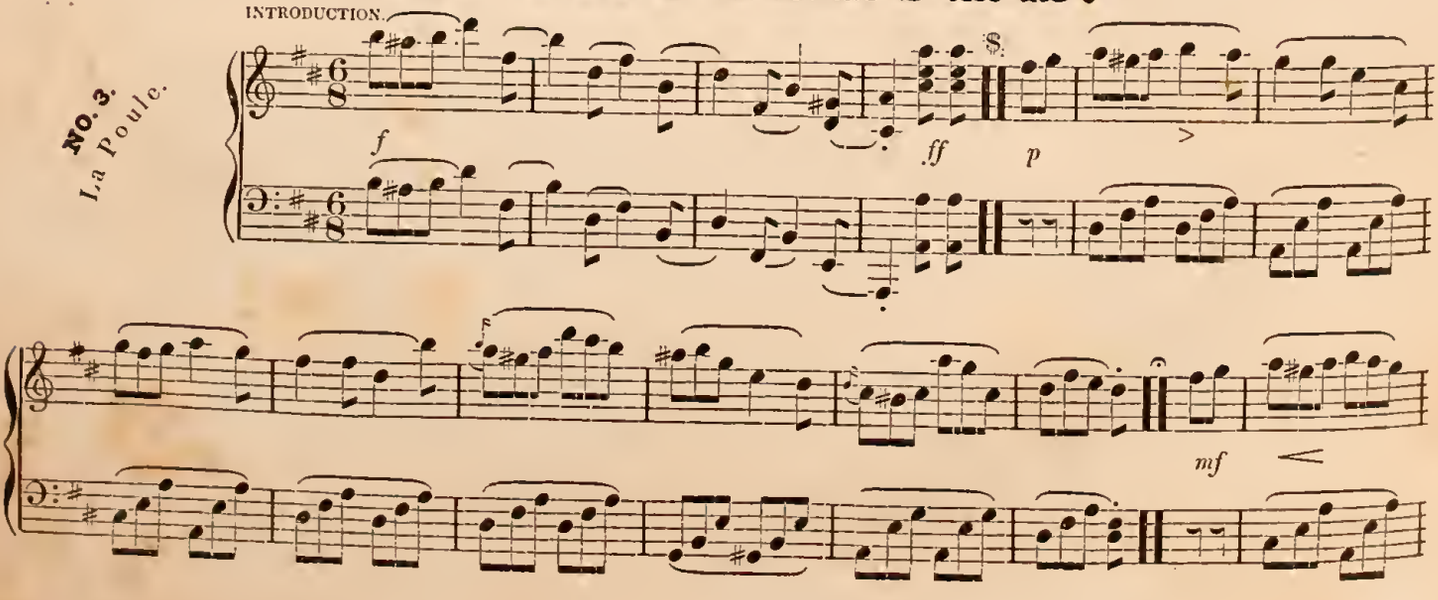
NO. 2.
L'Eté.

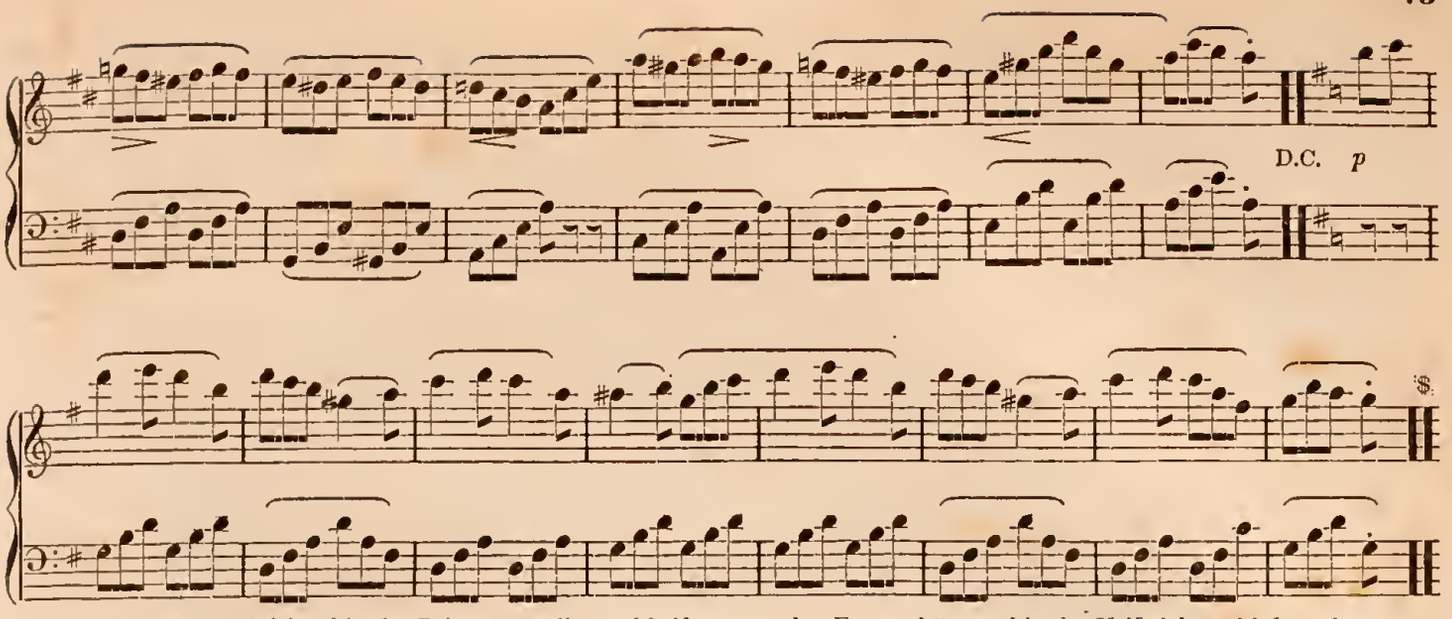


Forward two—Cross over—Chassé and cross to place—Balancé and turn partners.

LA SMOLENSKA.

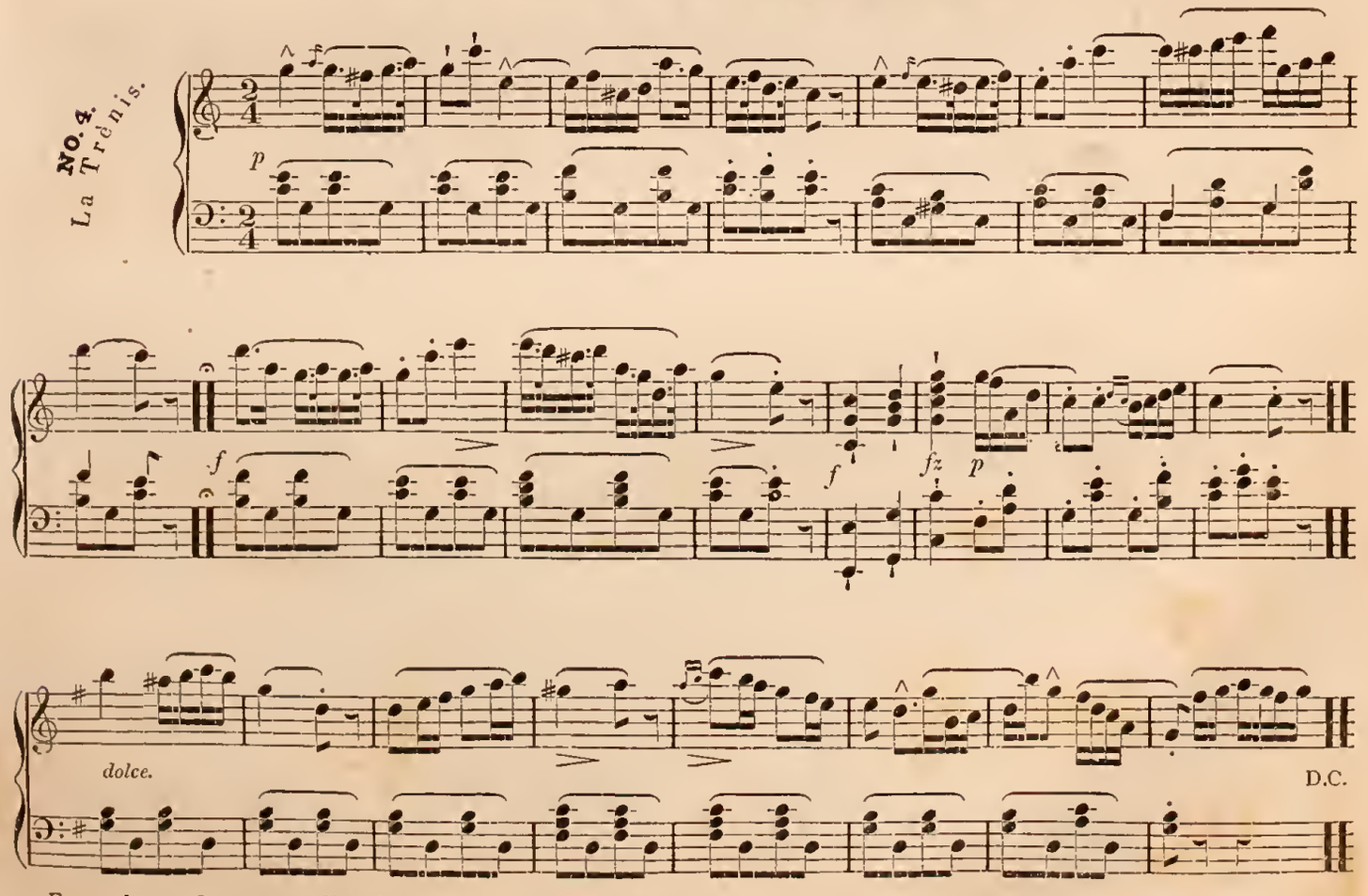
NO. 3.
La Poule.





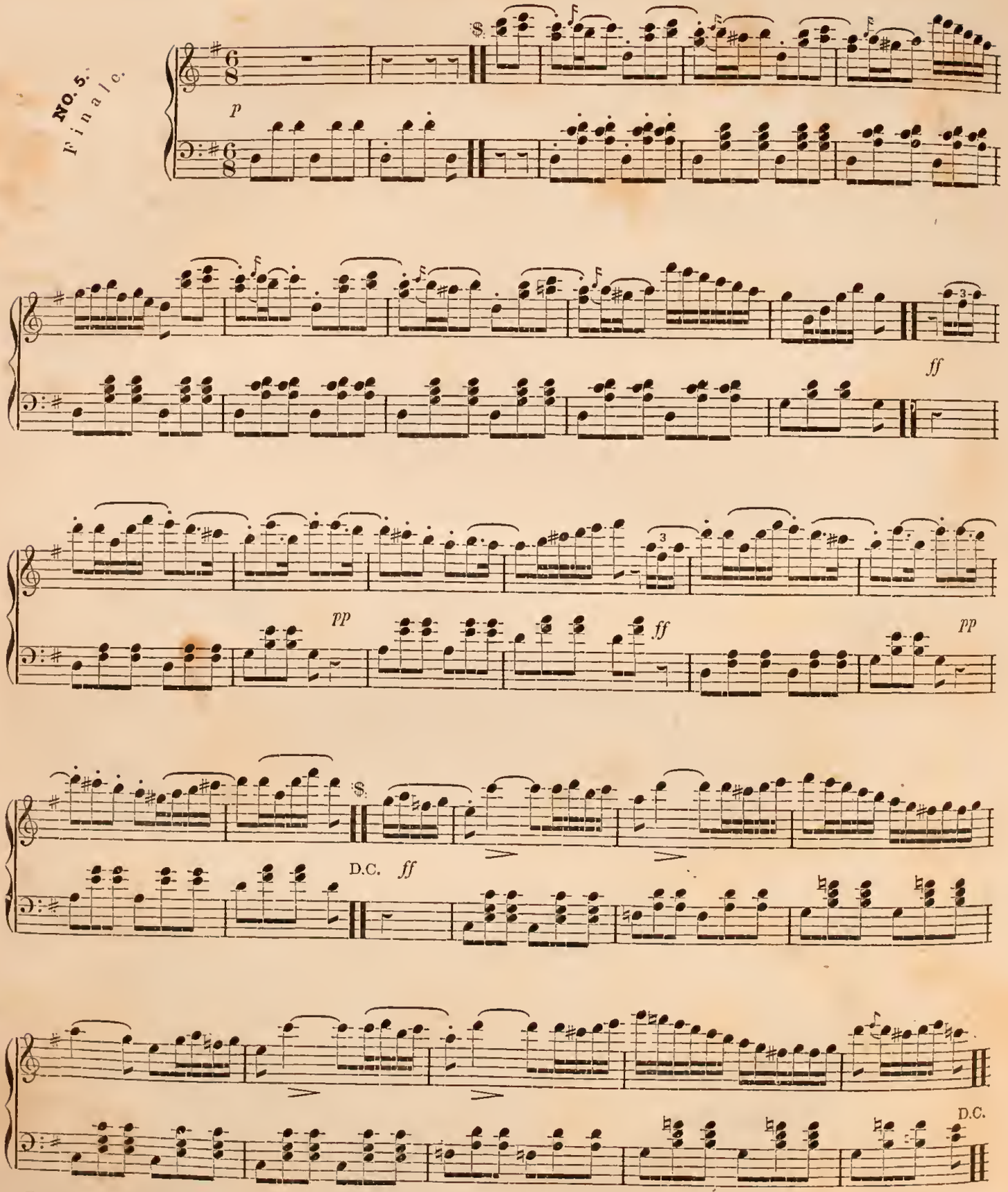
Right hand across, left hand back—Balancé on a line and half promenade—Forward two and back—Half right and left to places—Swing corners.

LA SYLPHIDE.



Forward two—Cross over—Chassé—Cross to places—Balancé and turn partner—Ladies chain—Promenade half round and half right and left to places.

EL JALEO DE JEREZ.

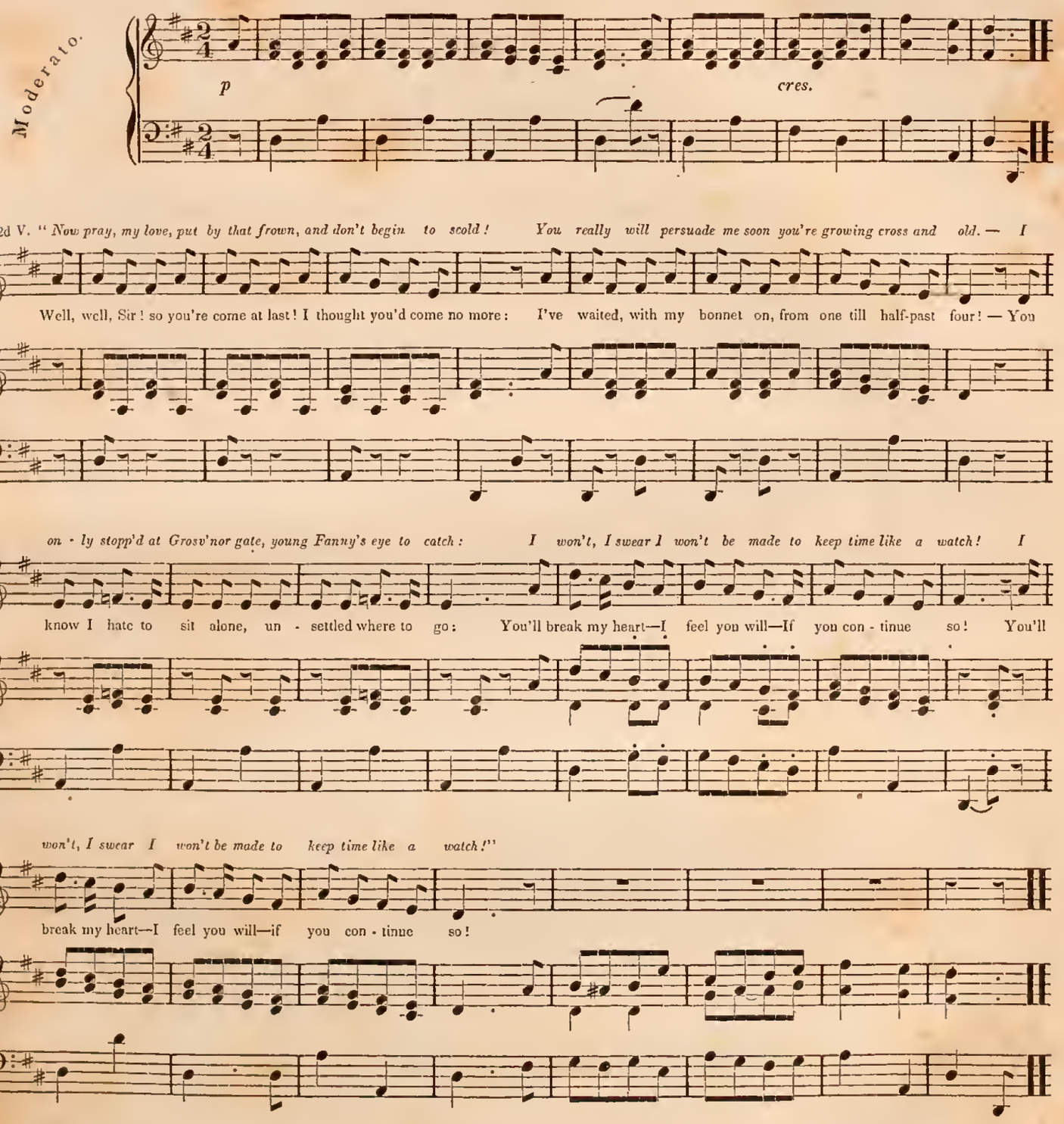


Forward four and back—Half right and left—Side couples the same—Chassé all and change partners—Promenade half round—Repeat till partners meet.

FANNY GREY.

A BALLAD OF REAL LIFE,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.



3d Verse.

It took you, then, two hours to bow? Two hours!—Take off your hat;
I wish you'd bow that way to me;—and apropos of that,—
I saw you making love to her—(You see I know it all!)
‖: I saw you making love to her, at Lady Glossop's ball!" :‖

4th Verse.

"Now really, Jane, your temper is so very odd to-day!
You jealous,—and of such a girl as little Fanny Grey!
Make love to her! Indeed, my dear, you could see no such thing;
‖: I sat a minute by her side, to see a turquoise ring?" :‖

5th Verse.

"I tell you that I saw it all, the whisp'ring and grimace,
The flirting and coquetting, in her little foolish face,
Oh! Charles, I wonder that the earth don't open, where you stand—
‖: By the heav'n that is above us both, I saw you kiss her hand!":‖

6th Verse.

"I didn't love! Or if I did,—allowing that 'tis true,—
When a pretty woman shows her rings, what can a poor man do?
My life, my soul, my darling Jane! I love but you alone,
‖: I never thought of Fanny Grey—(How tiresome she's grown)?" :‖

7th Verse.

"Put down your hat,—don't take your stick!—Now prithee, Charles, do stay!
You never come to see me now, but you long to run away;
There was a time, there was a time, you never wish'd to go,—
‖: What have I done, what have I done, dear Charles, to change you so?" :‖

8th Verse.

"Pooh, pooh, my love! I am not changed—but dinner is at eight;
And my father's so particular, he never likes to wait.
Good bye!" "Good bye! You'll come again?" "Yes, one of these fine days!"
‖: "He's turn'd the street—I knew he would—He's gone to Fanny Grey's!" :‖

THE MOONLIT DELL.

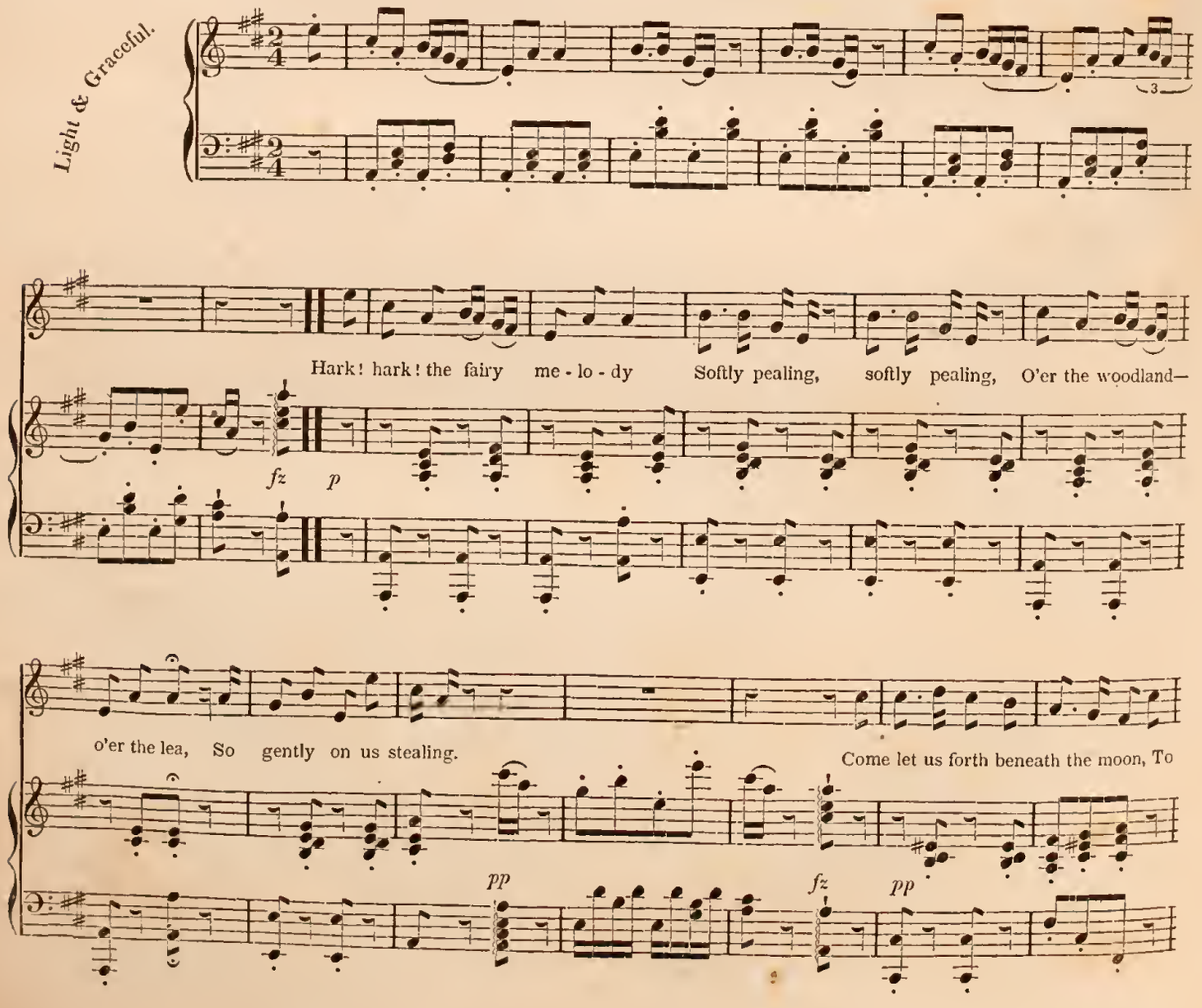
Song

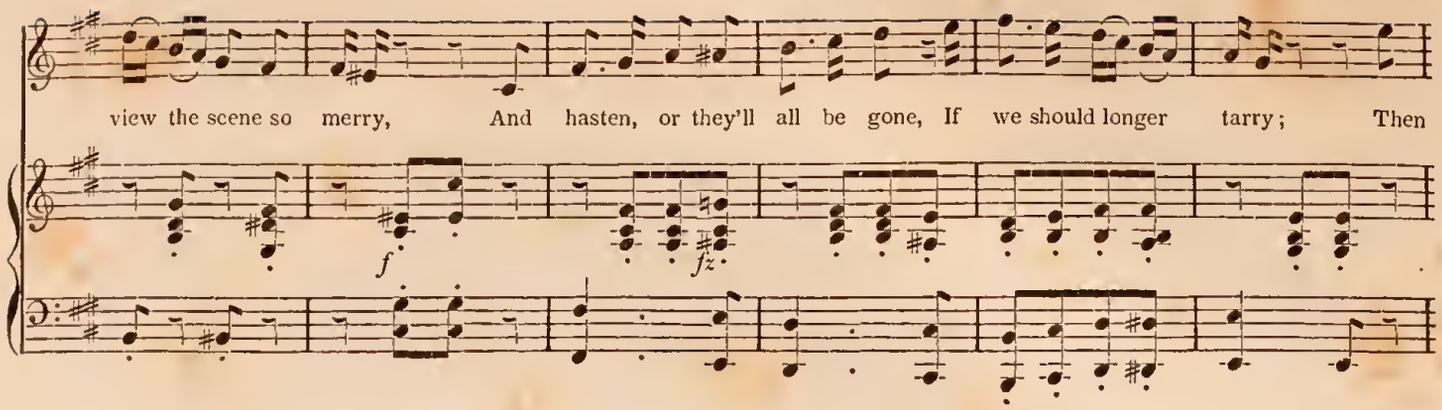
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

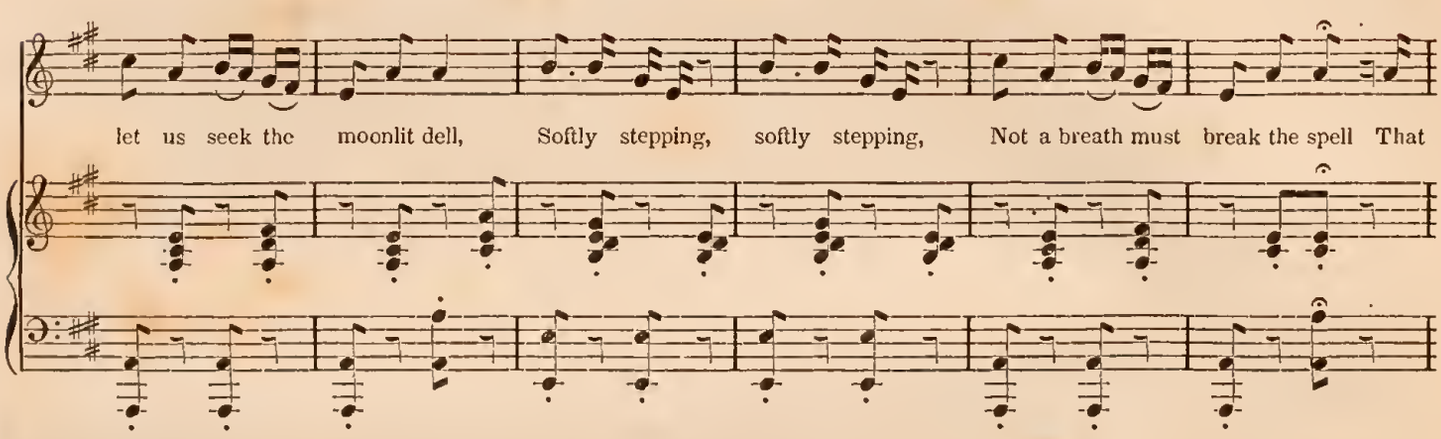
AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO MISS ANNIE S. CRAWFORD,

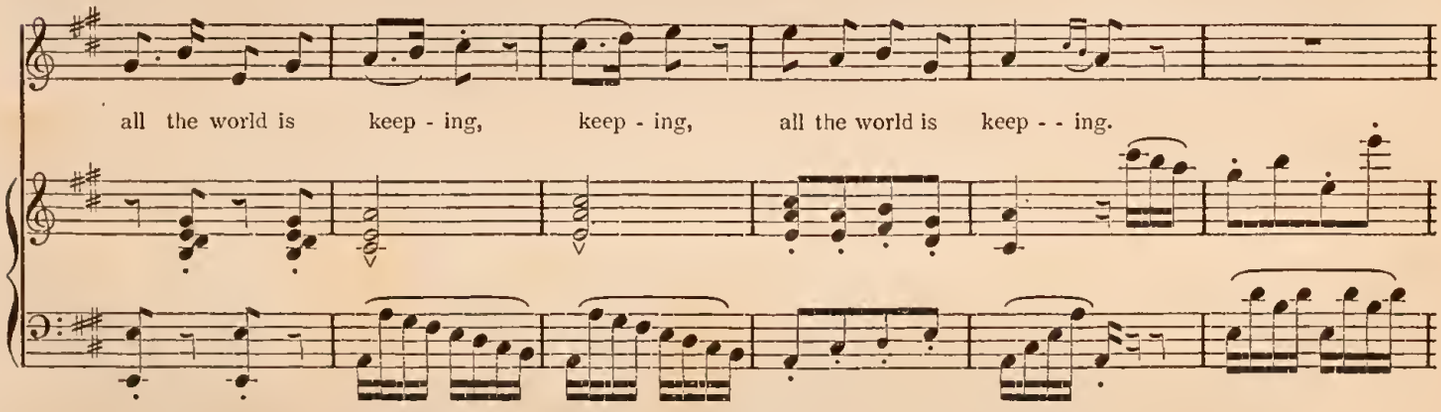
BY M. H. R.

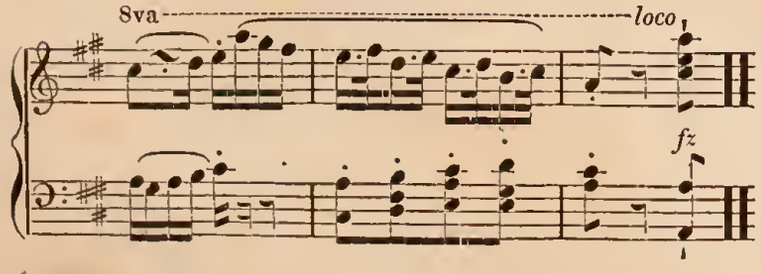
ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY C. JARVIS.—MUSIC BY G. RIMBAULT.











2d Verse.

See! see, they come—the elfin train,
Tripping lightly—tripping lightly,
On the soft and velvet green,
While stars are shining brightly;
Not a sound must now betray
That mortals near them hover,
A breath would fright the elves away,
If they our forms discover.
Then let us seek, &c.

3d Verse.

The morning dawns—but ere the light
Gently breaking—gently breaking,
Through the darkling shades of night,
The woodland songsters waking,
The dance is o'er—the elves have fled,
Yet still afar are stealing

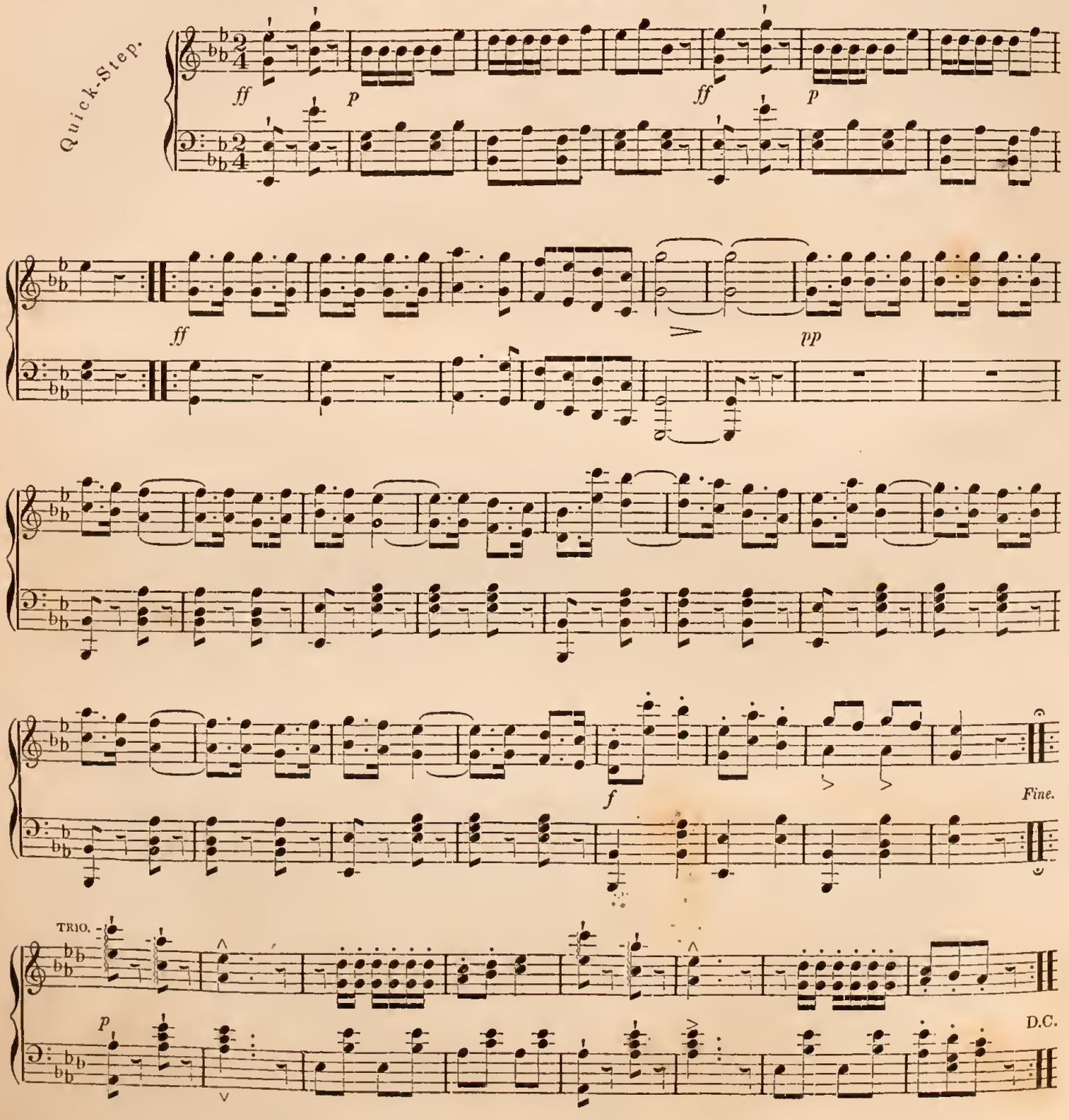
Sweet strains from every mossy bed,
Their hiding-place revealing;
Then let us quit the lonely dell,
They are sleeping—they are sleeping,
Morn hath broke the magic spell
That all the earth was keeping.

MOUNTAIN QUICK-STEP.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO JOSHUA M. MILLER, ESQ. OF BALTIMORE.

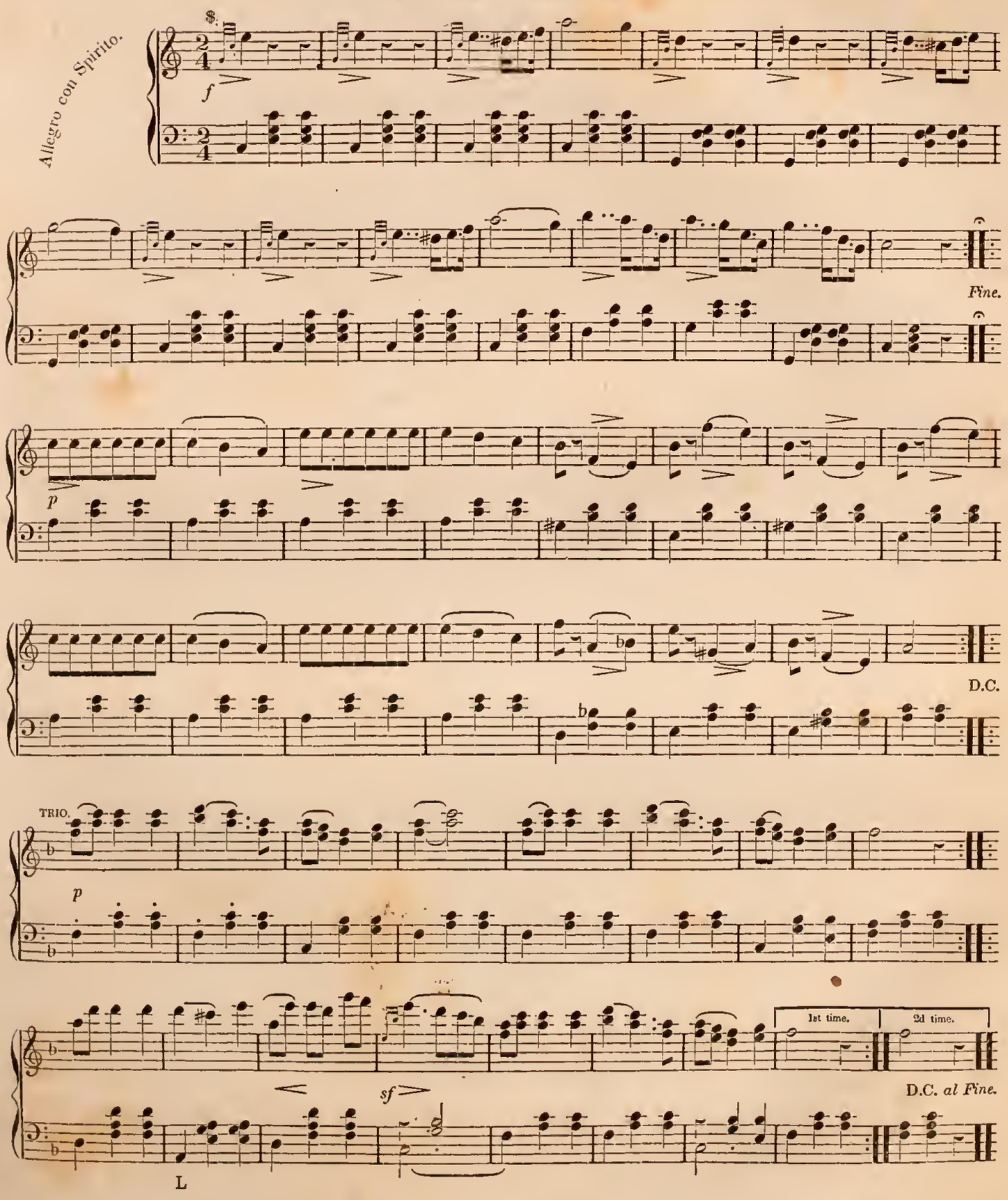
BY M. WIESEL.



LADY WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY LA PLUME.



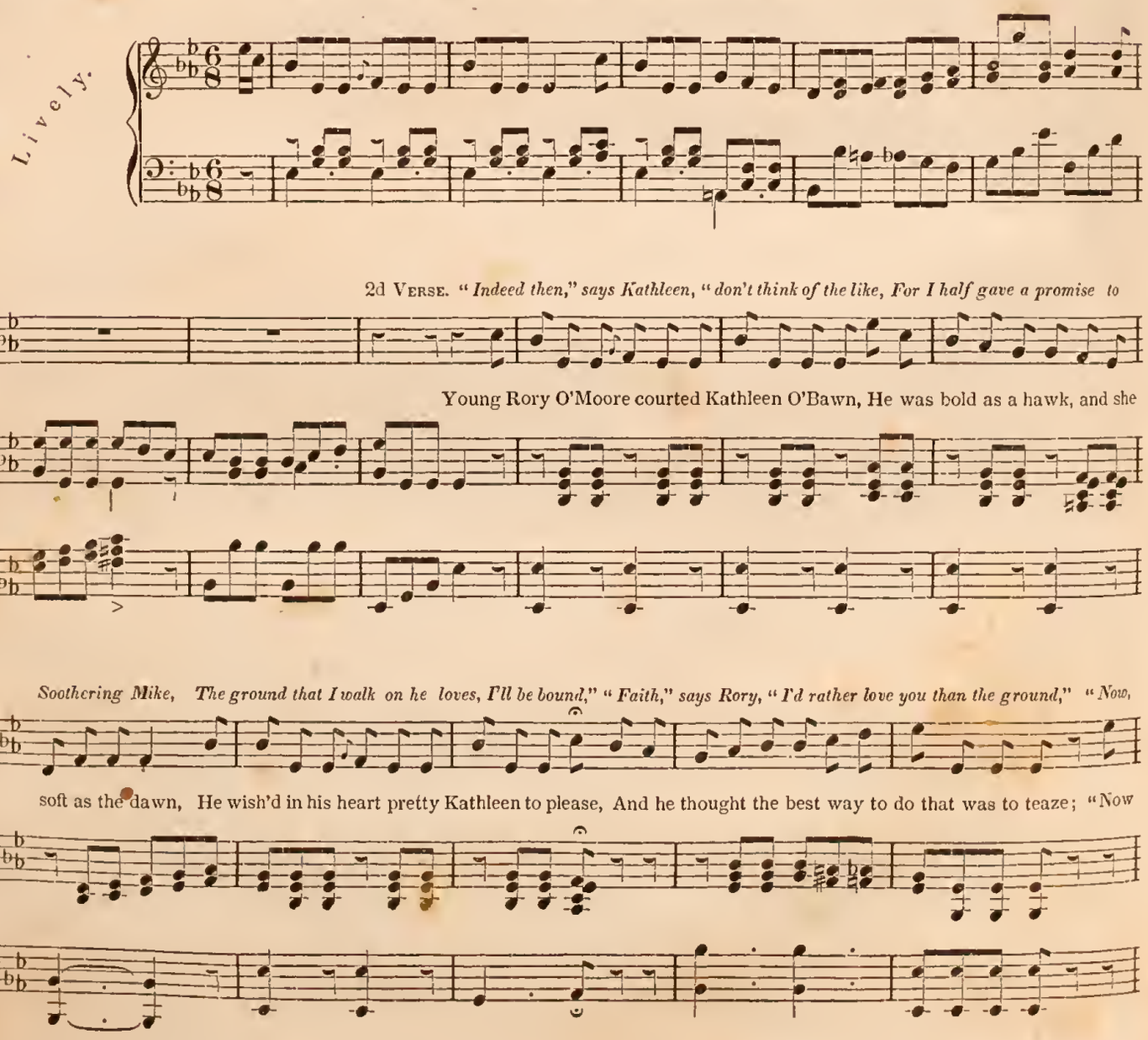
RORY O'MOORE.

A Favourite Ballad.

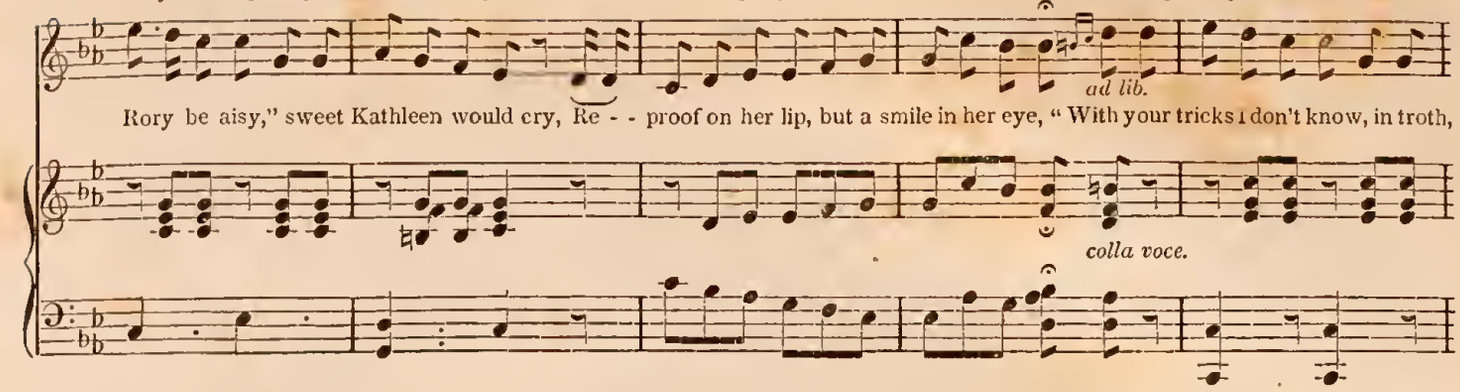
SUNG BY MR. POWER.

WRITTEN AND ADAPTED TO AN IRISH MELODY,

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

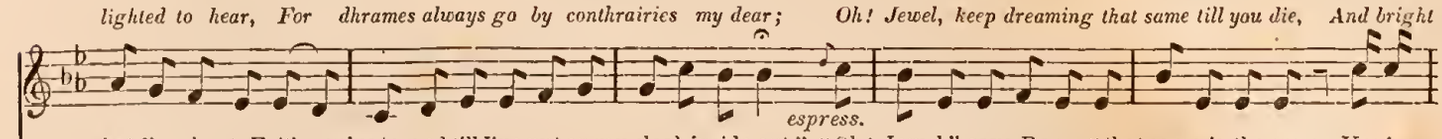


Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go, Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!" "Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm de-

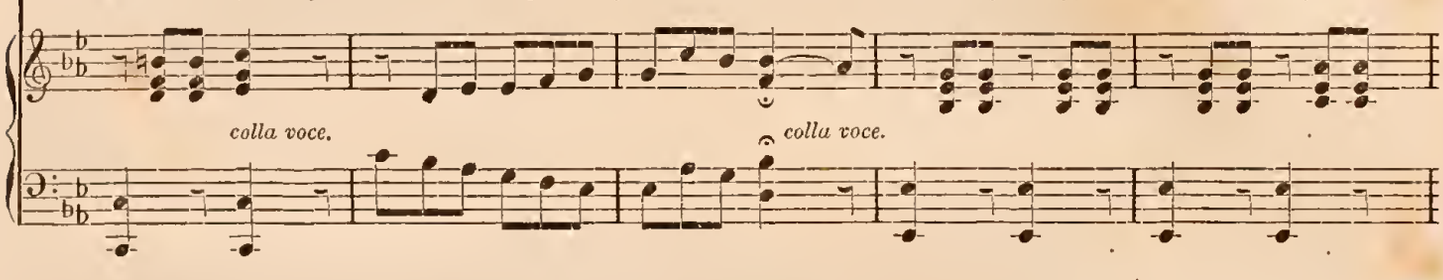


Rory be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry, Re - - proof on her lip, but a smile in her eye, "With your tricks I don't know, in troth,

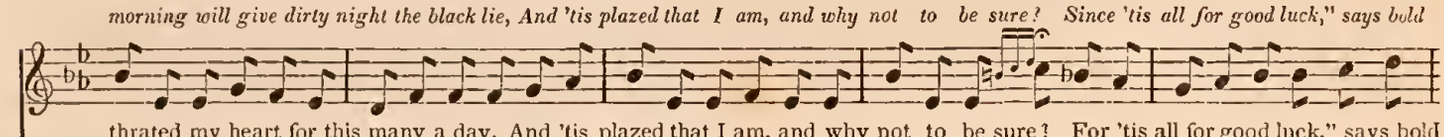
lighted to hear, For dhrames always go by conthrairies my dear; Oh! Jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die, And bright



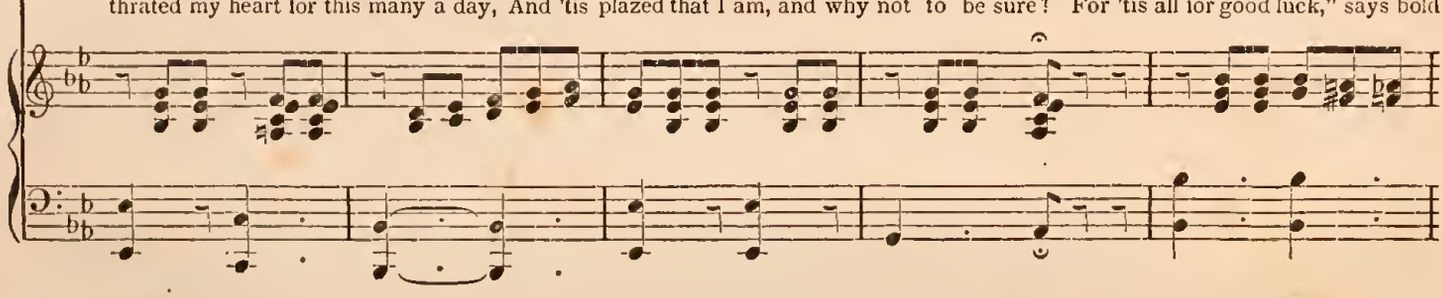
what I'm about, Faith you've teazed till I've put on my cloak inside out." "Oh! Jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way You've



morning will give dirty night the black lie, And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold

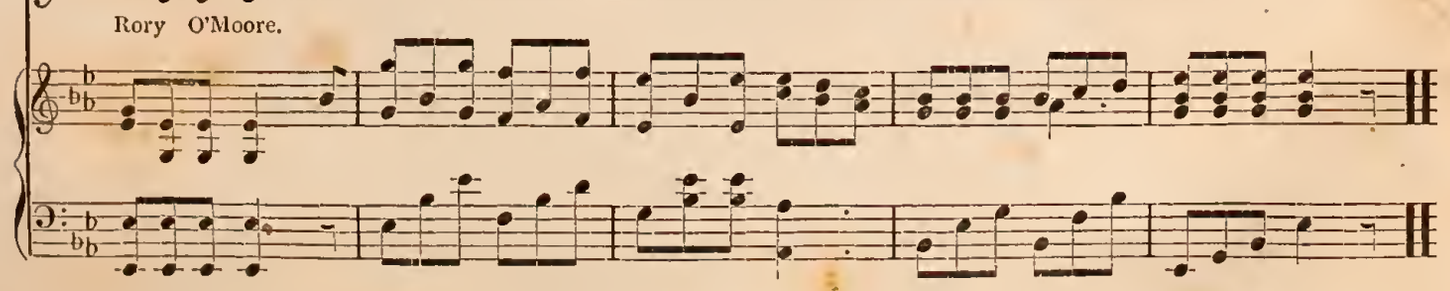


thrated my heart for this many a day, And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure? For 'tis all for good luck," says bold



Rory O'Moore.

Rory O'Moore.



3d Verse.

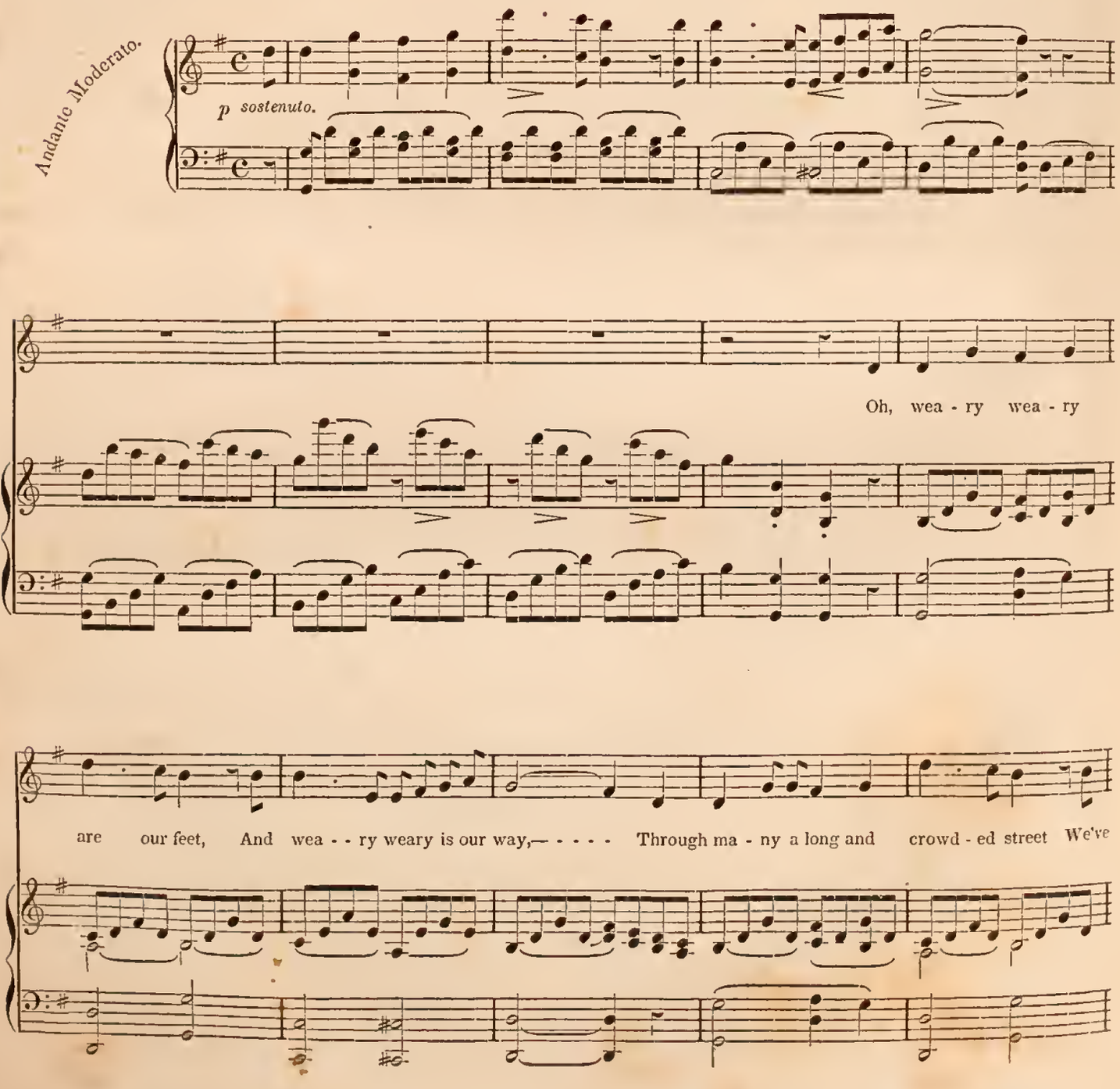
"Arrah Kathleen, my darlint you've teazed me enough,
And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,
And I've made myself drinking your health quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest:"*
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
"Now Rory leave off, Sir—you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before;"
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'Moore.

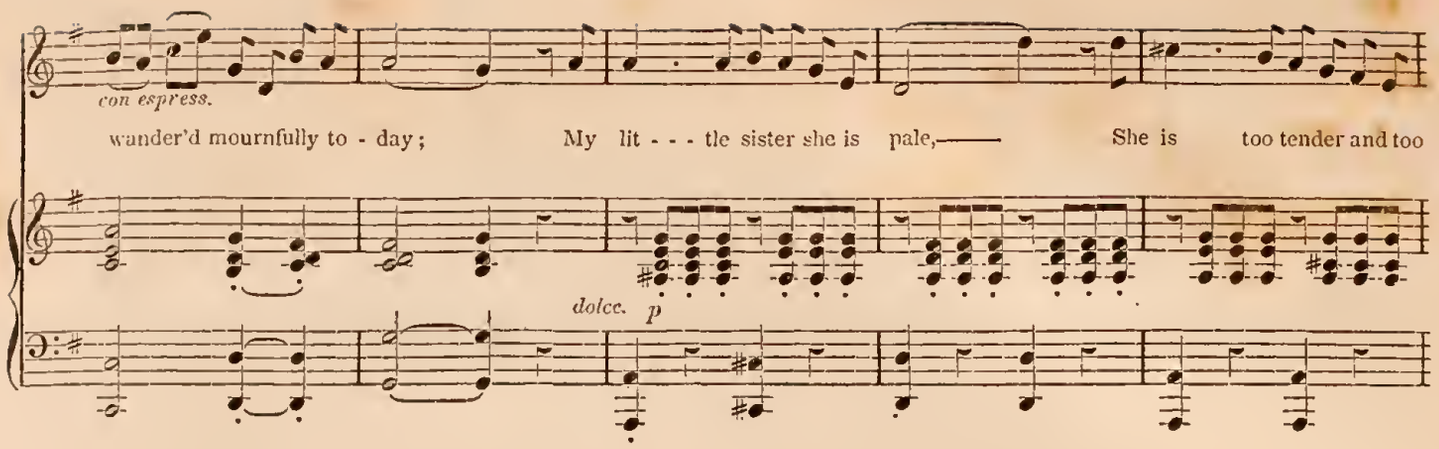
* Paddy's mode of asking a girl to name the day.

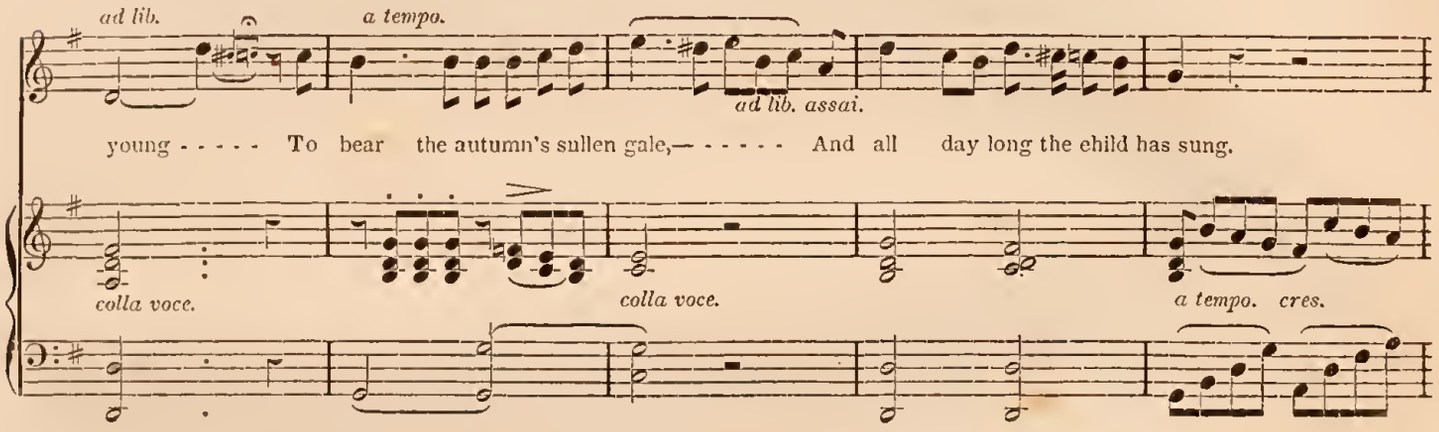
THE ORPHAN BALLAD-SINGERS.

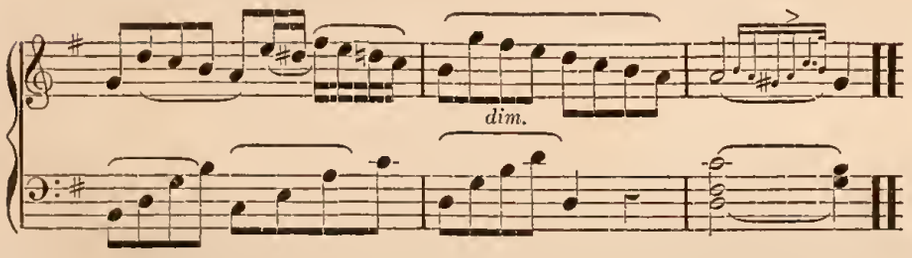
A Ballad.

COMPOSED BY HENRY RUSSELL.









2d Verse.

She was our mother's favourite child,
  Who loved her for her eyes of blue,
And she is delicate and mild,
  She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
  Although they were so like her own;
In some far distant sea he lies,
  A father to his child unknown.

3d Verse.

The first time that she lisp'd his name,
  A little playful thing was she:
How proud we were—yet that night came
  The tale how he had sunk at sea.
My mother never raised her head;
  How strange, how white, how cold she grew!
It was a broken heart they said—
  I wish our hearts were broken too.

4th Verse.

We have no home—we have no friends,
  They said our home no more was ours,
Our cottage where the ash-tree bends,
  The garden we had fill'd with flowers.

The sounding shells our father brought,
  That we might hear the sea at home;
Our bees, that in the summer wrought
  The winter's golden honeycomb.

5th Verse.

We wander'd forth mid wind and rain,
  No shelter from the open sky;
I only wish to see again
  My mother's grave, and rest, and die.
Alas, it is a weary thing
  To sing our ballads o'er and o'er;
The songs we used at home to sing—
  Alas! we have a home no more!

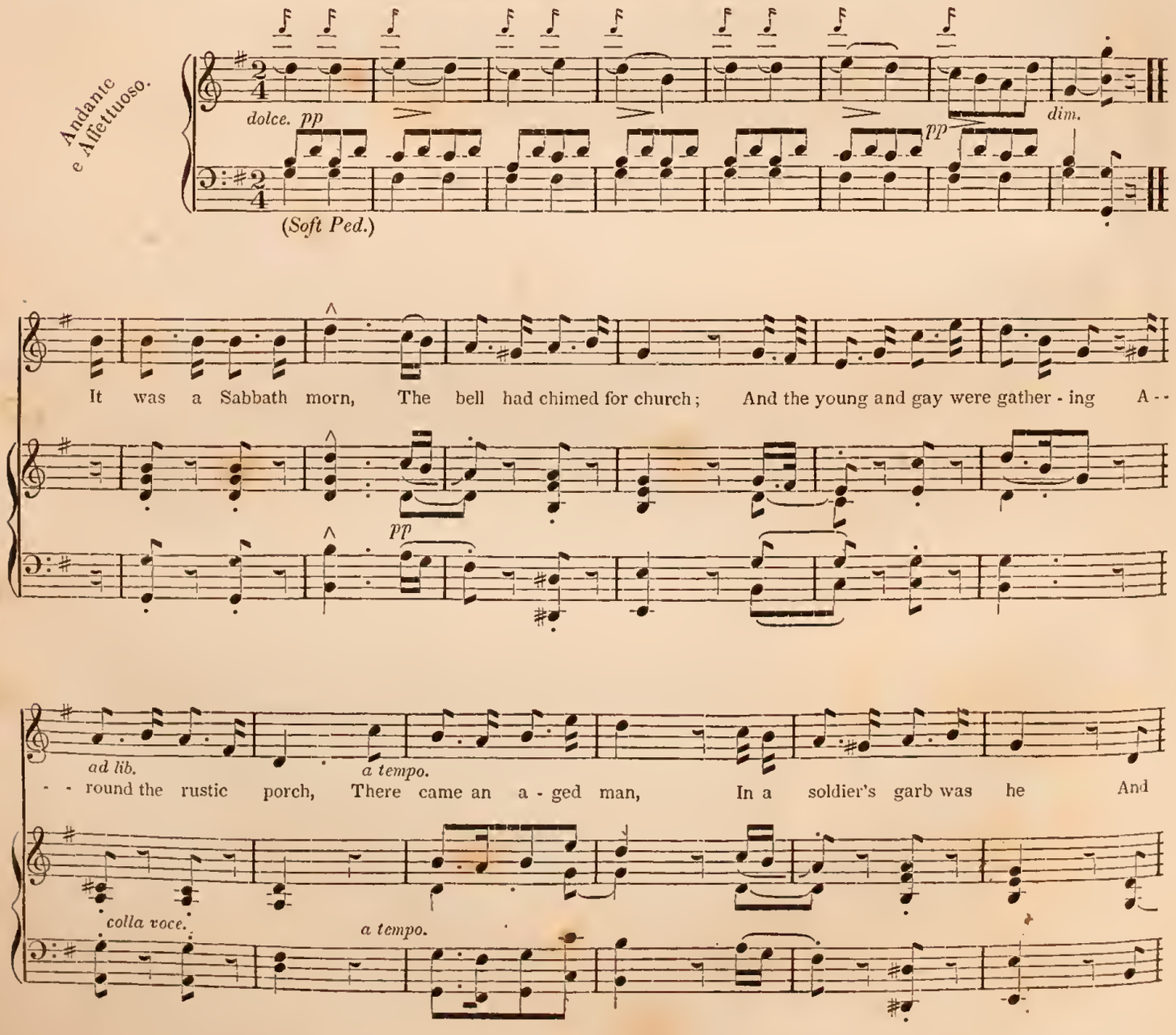
DO NONE REMEMBER ME.

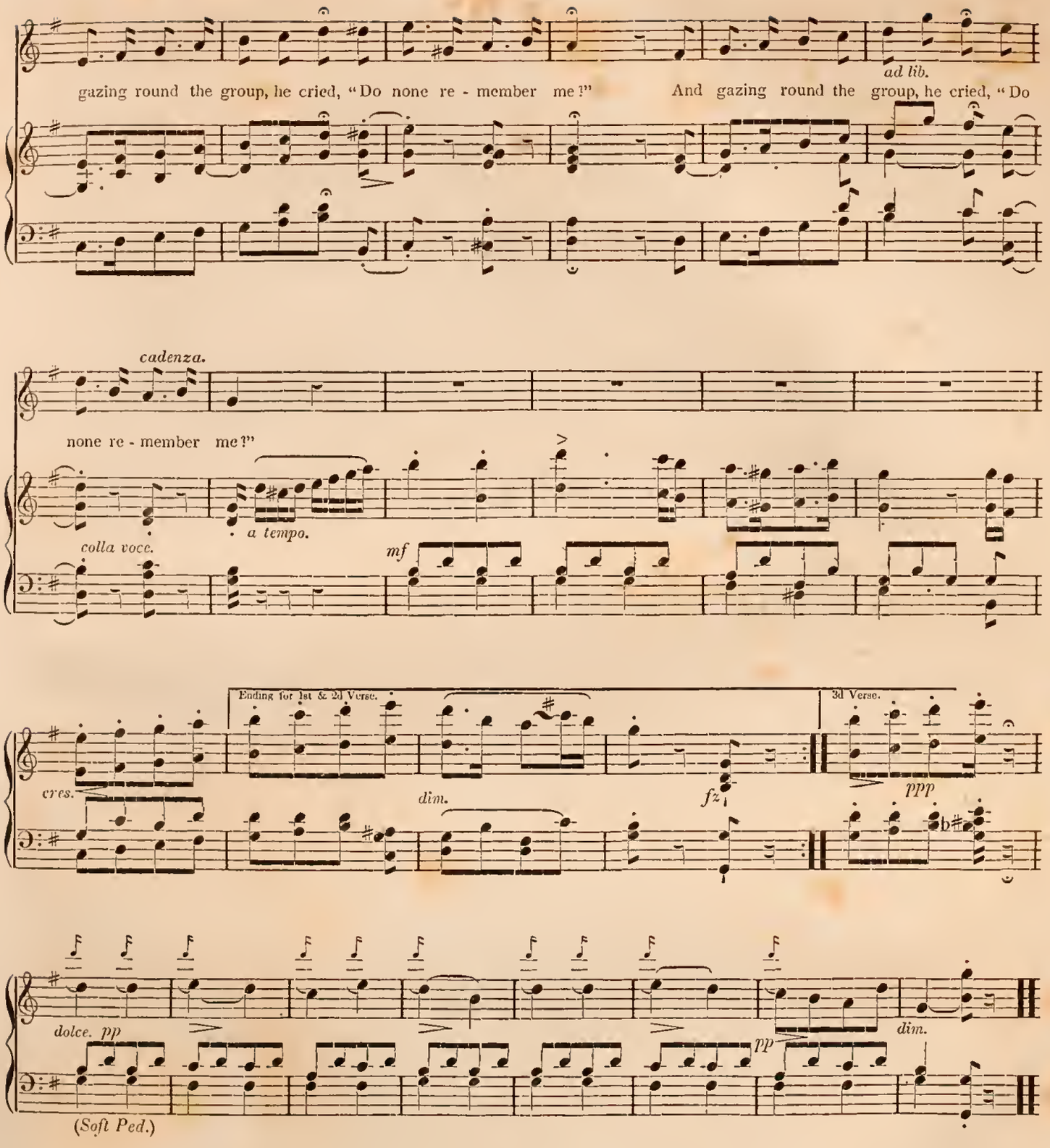
WRITTEN BY T. H. BAYLY, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS REBECCA M. GASKILL,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.





2d Verse.

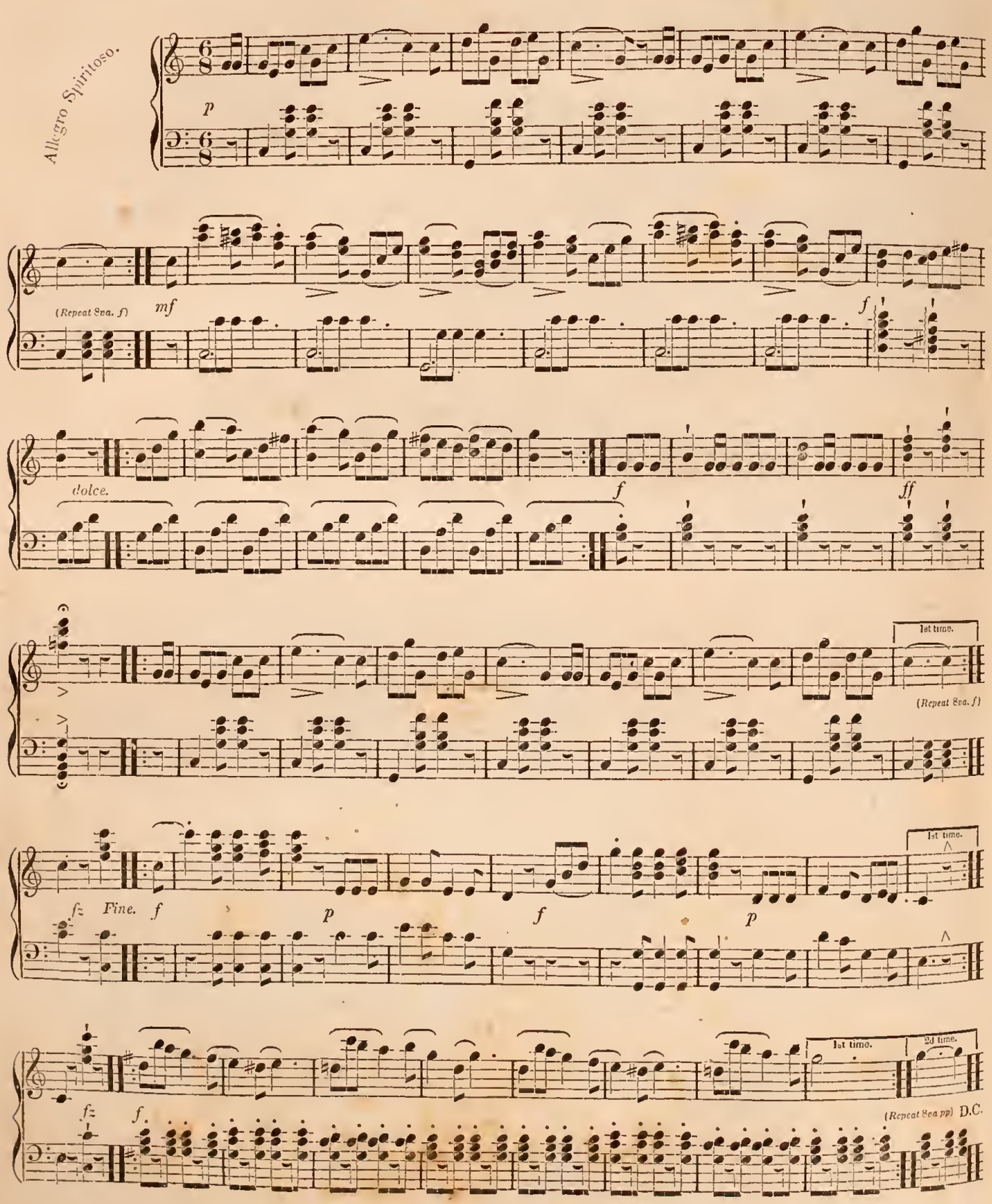
The veteran forgot
His friends were changed or gone,
The manly forms around him there
As children he had known.
He pointed to the spot
Where his dwelling used to be,
Then told his name, and smiling said,
"You now remember me."

3d Verse.

Alas! none knew him there;
He pointed to a stone
On which the name he breathed was traced,
A name to them unknown.
And then the old man wept,
"I am friendless now," cried he,
"Where I had many friends in youth,
Not one remembers me."

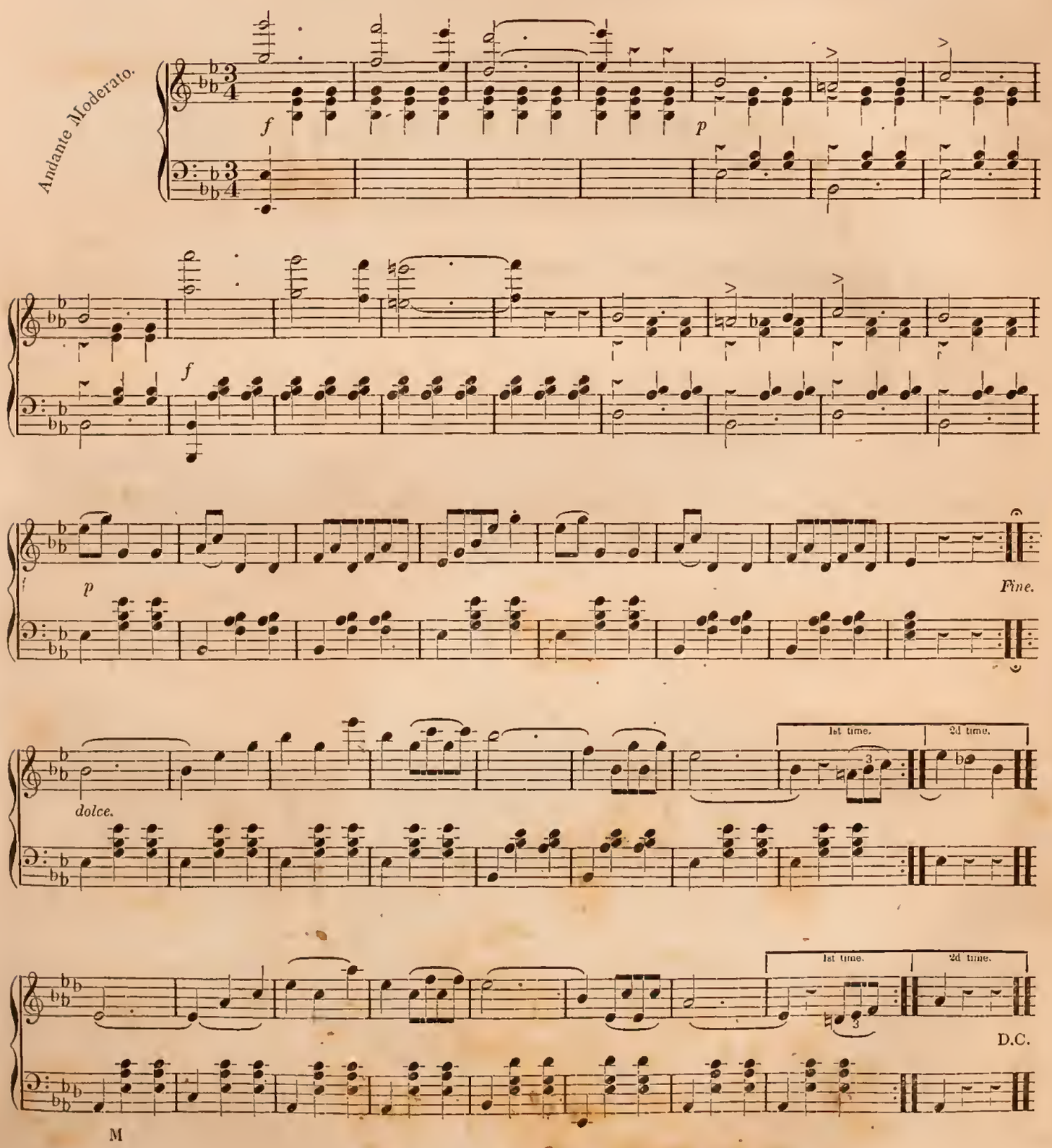
PRINCE ALBERT'S BAND MARCH.

COMPOSED BY STEPHEN GLOVER.



INAUGURATION WALTZ.

COMPOSED BY KALLIWODA.



THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS,

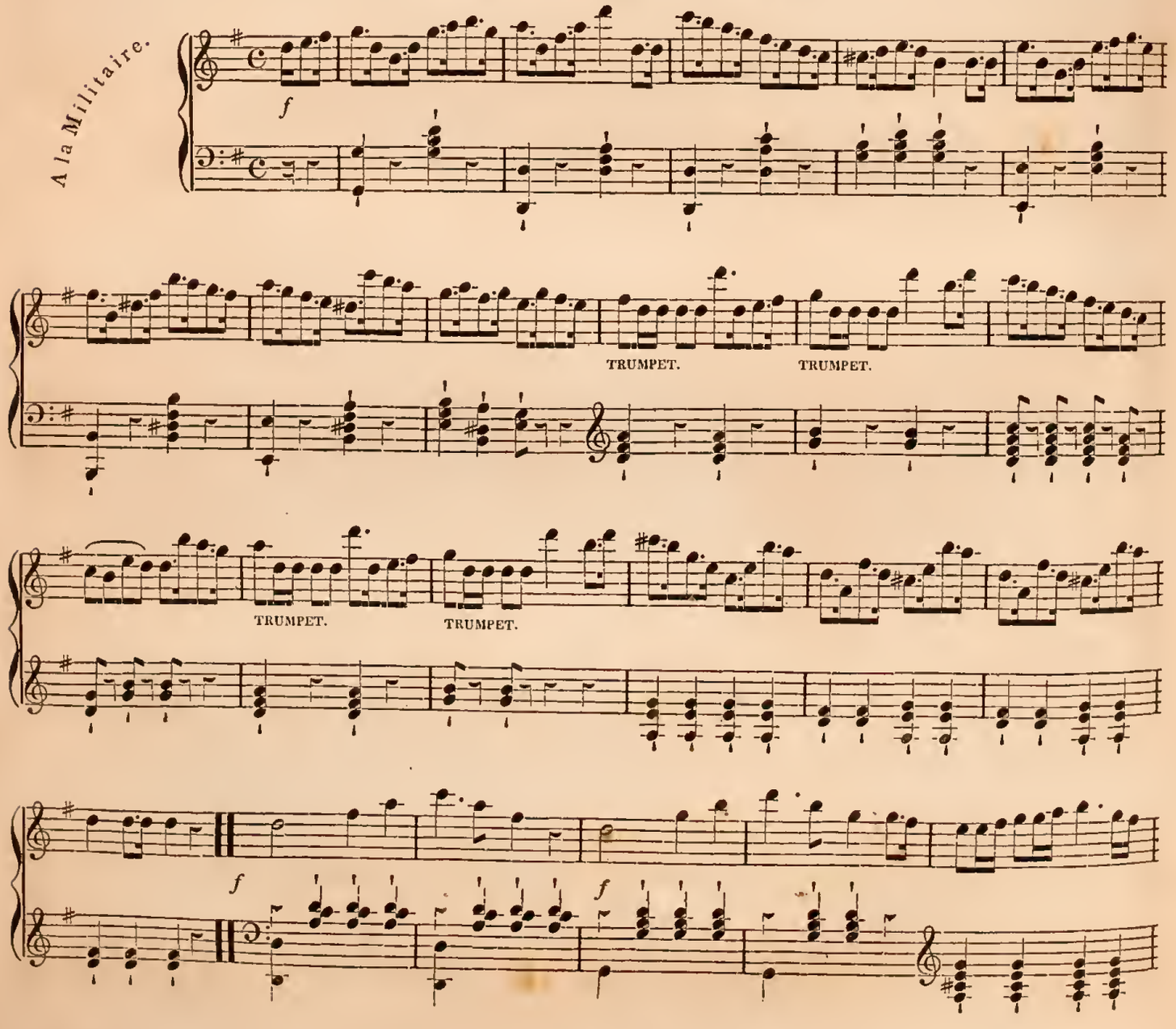
PARADE MARCH AND QUICK-STEP,

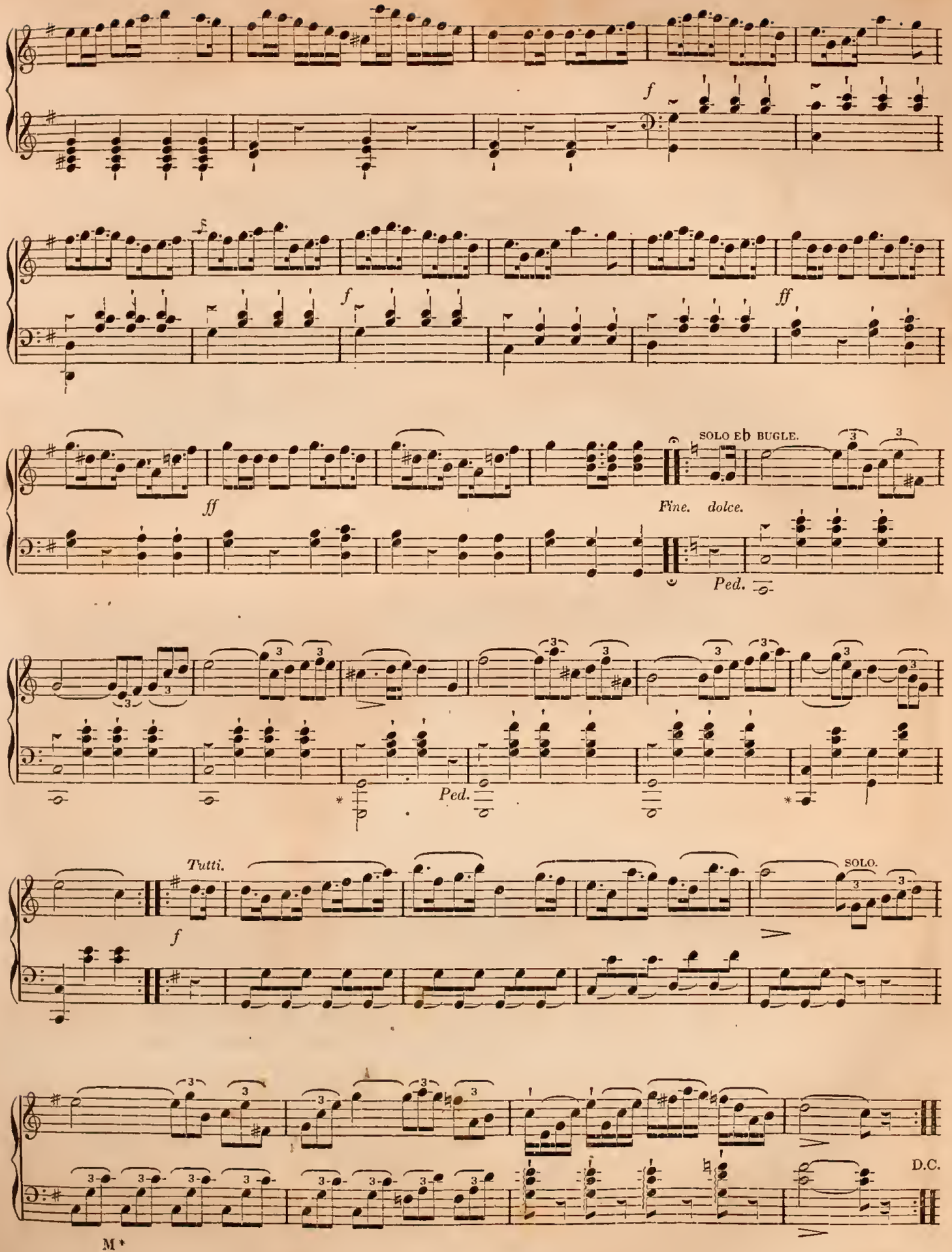
INTRODUCING RORY O'MOORE.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THEIR COMMANDER,

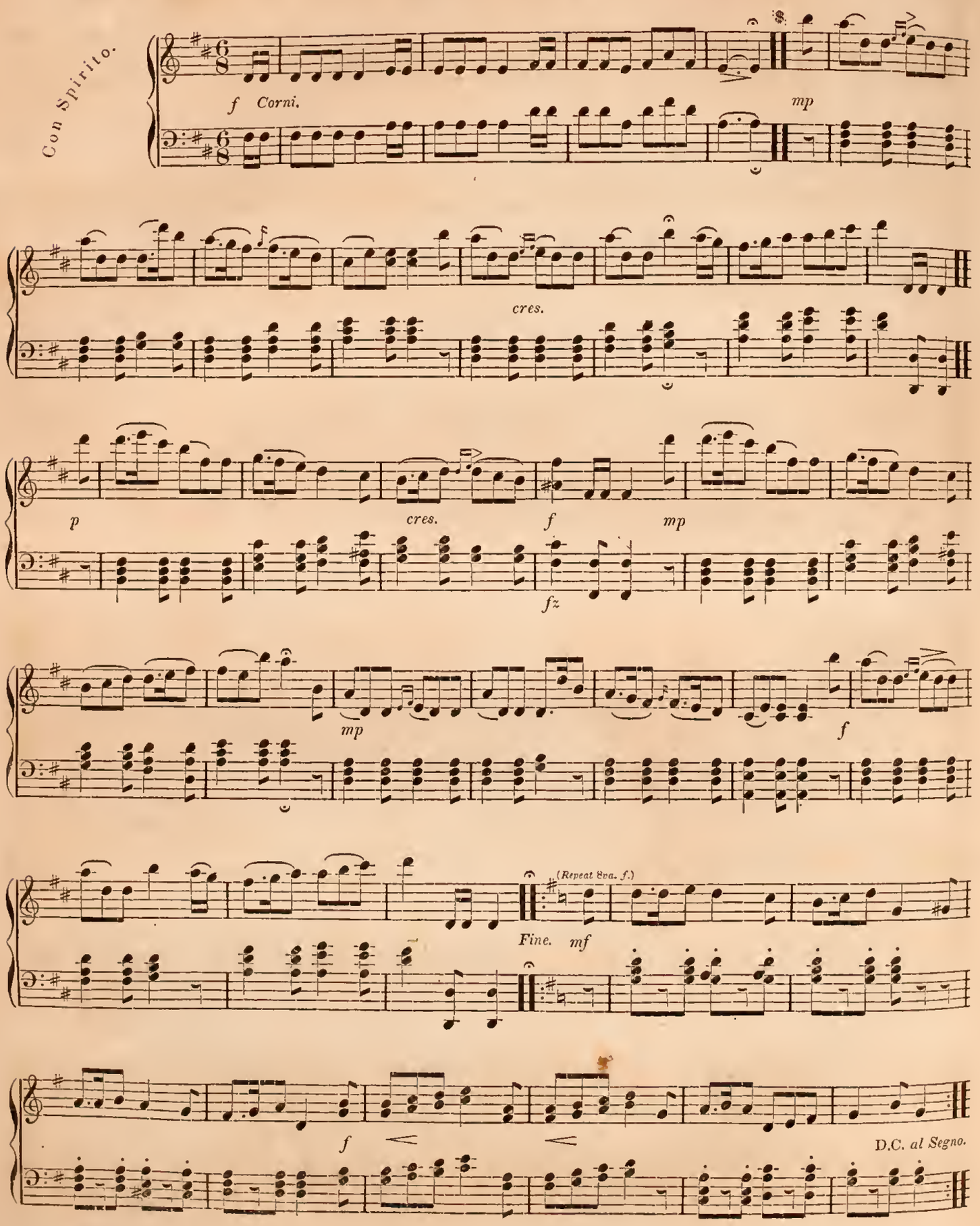
CAPTAIN JAMES GOODMAN.

BY FRANCIS JOHNSON.




f
f
ff
ff
SOLO Eb BUGLE.
Fine. dolce.
Ped.
Ped.
Tutti.
f
SOLO.
D.C.

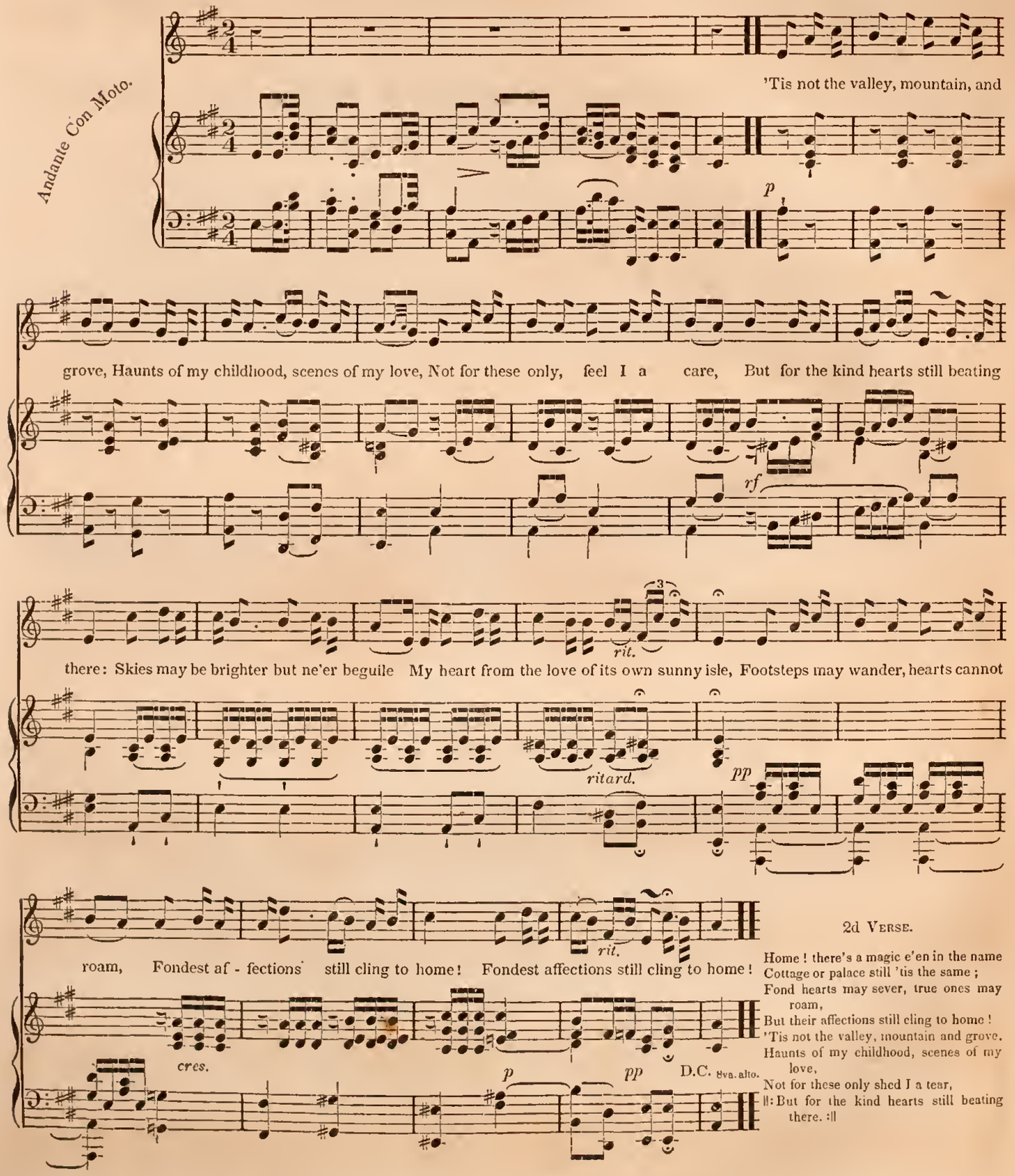
MICKEY FREE'S QUICK-STEP.



FONDEST AFFECTIONS STILL CLING TO HOME.

FROM THE OPERA OF THE AMBASSADRESS.

COMPOSED BY D. F. E. AUBER.



2d Verse.

Home! there's a magic e'en in the name
Cottage or palace still 'tis the same;
Fond hearts may sever, true ones may roam,
But their affections still cling to home!
'Tis not the valley, mountain and grove.
Haunts of my childhood, scenes of my love,
Not for these only shed I a tear,
‖: But for the kind hearts still beating there. :‖

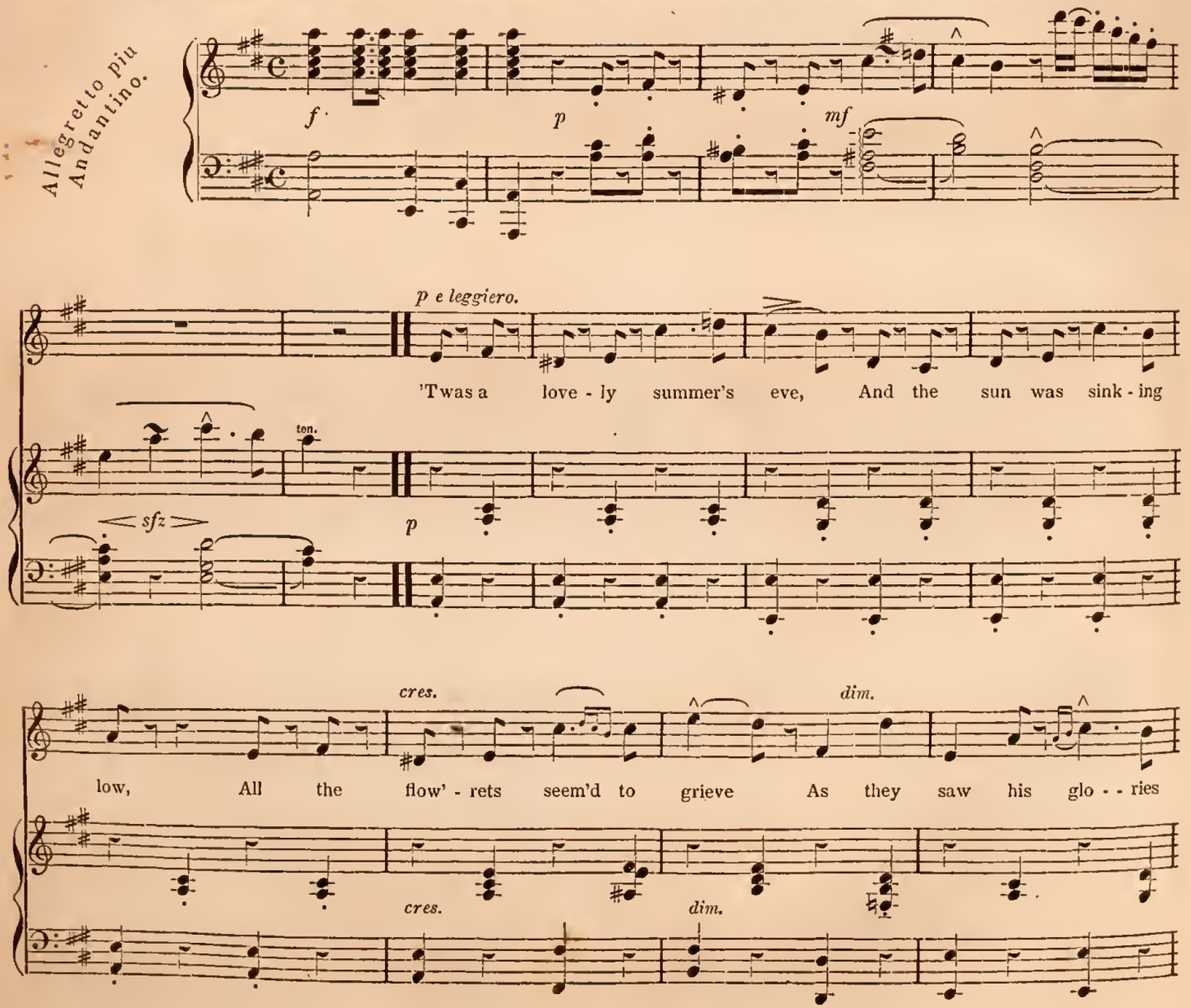
THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

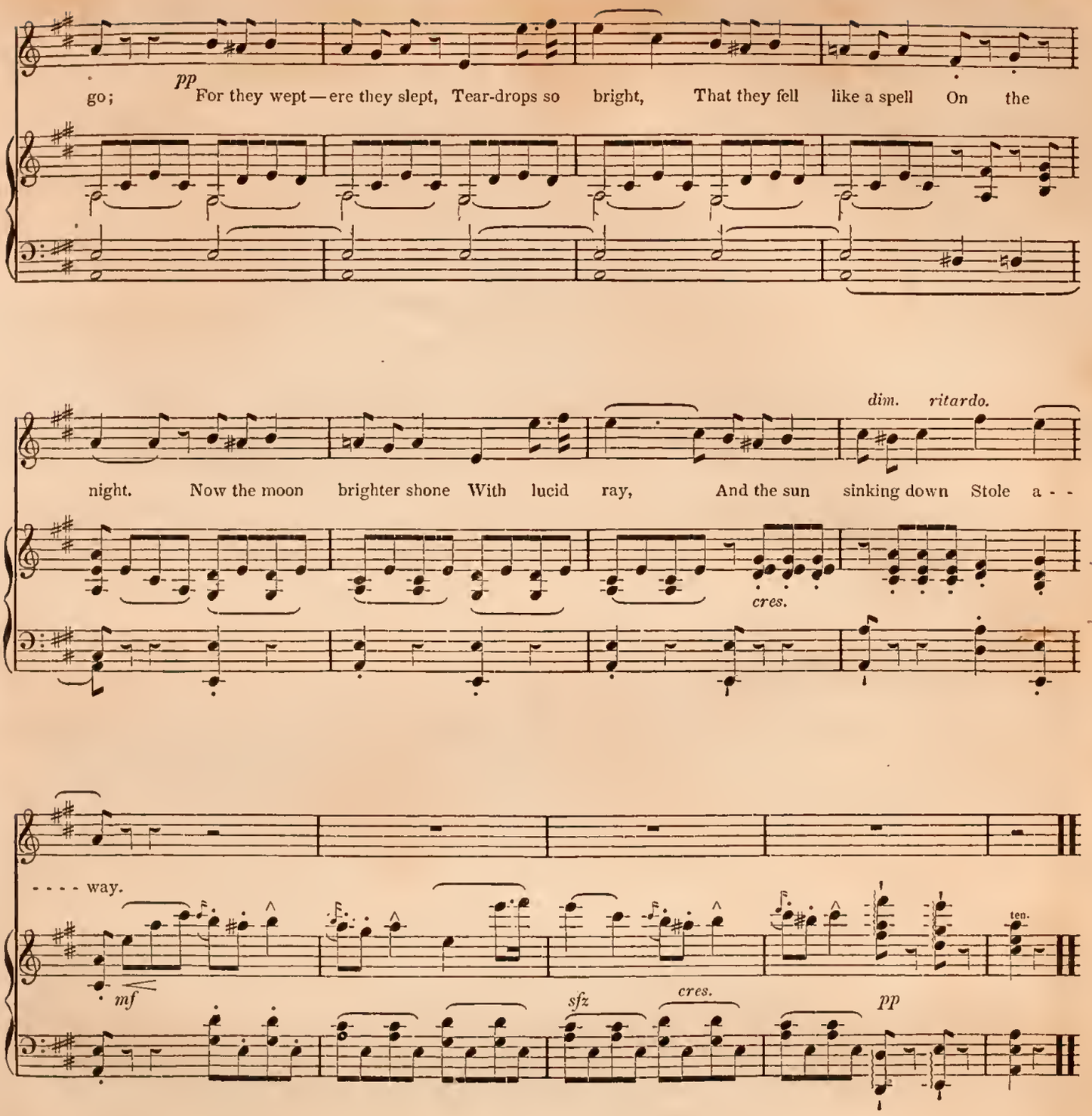
Romance.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK BY M. H. R.

ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS.

COMPOSED BY MADEMOISELLE LOISA PUGET.





2d Verse.

All in vain the orb of night
Shed her lustre far and wide—
All in vain the stars so bright
Came out twinkling by her side,
Closely sealed o'er the field
Each tiny cup
Dews so wet—closer yet
Shut them up.
While the sun brightly shone
How glad were they,
But, alas! how they pass
Soon away.

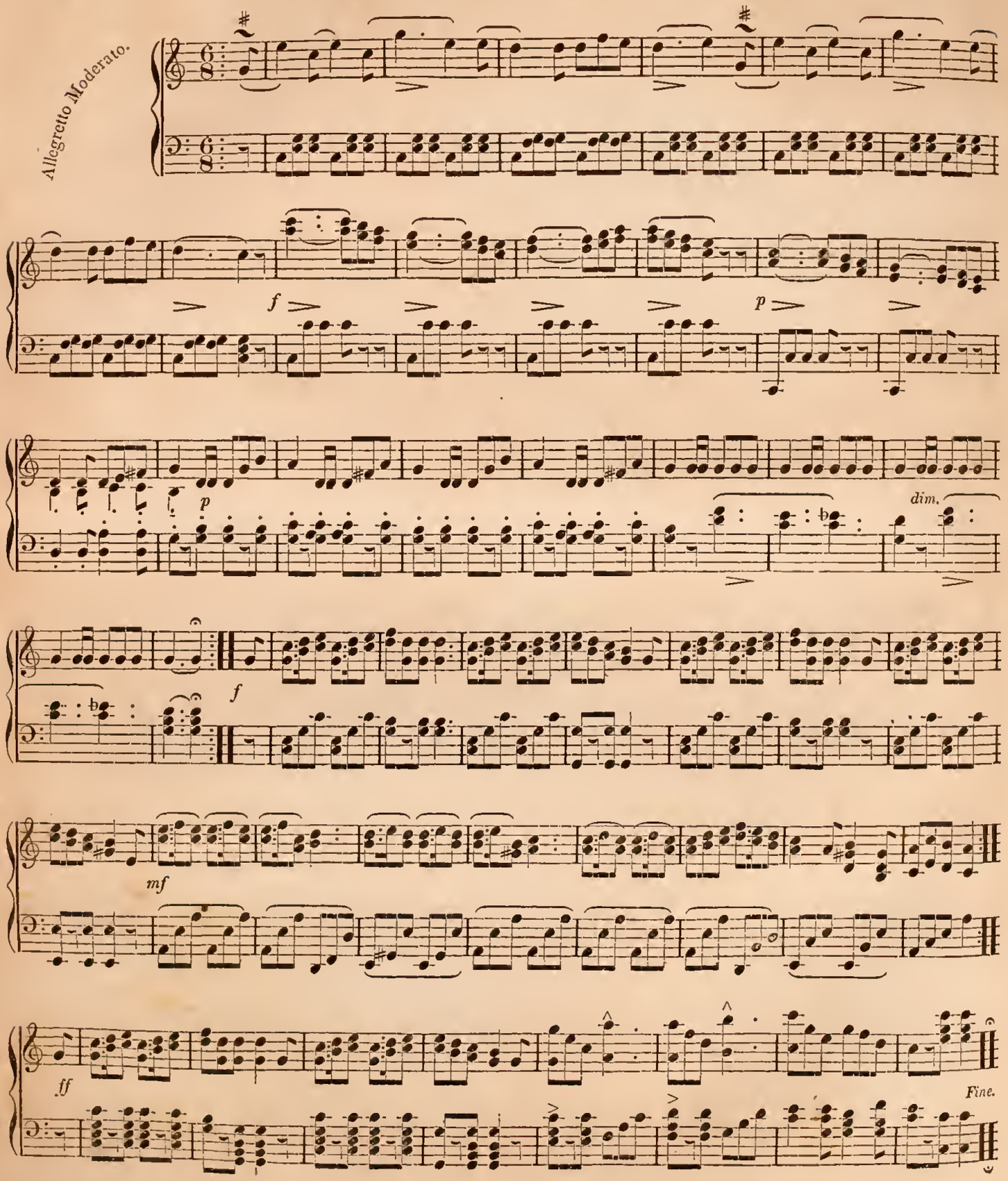
3d Verse.

But there is a simple flower
That avoids the sunny glare,
And at this all-peaceful hour
Sheds her fragrance in the air;
There is one—only one—
She loves the night,
Modestly hideth she
From the light,
Winning one, let us shun
Like thee the glare
Seek for worth not in earth,
'T is not there.

LA CHASSE.

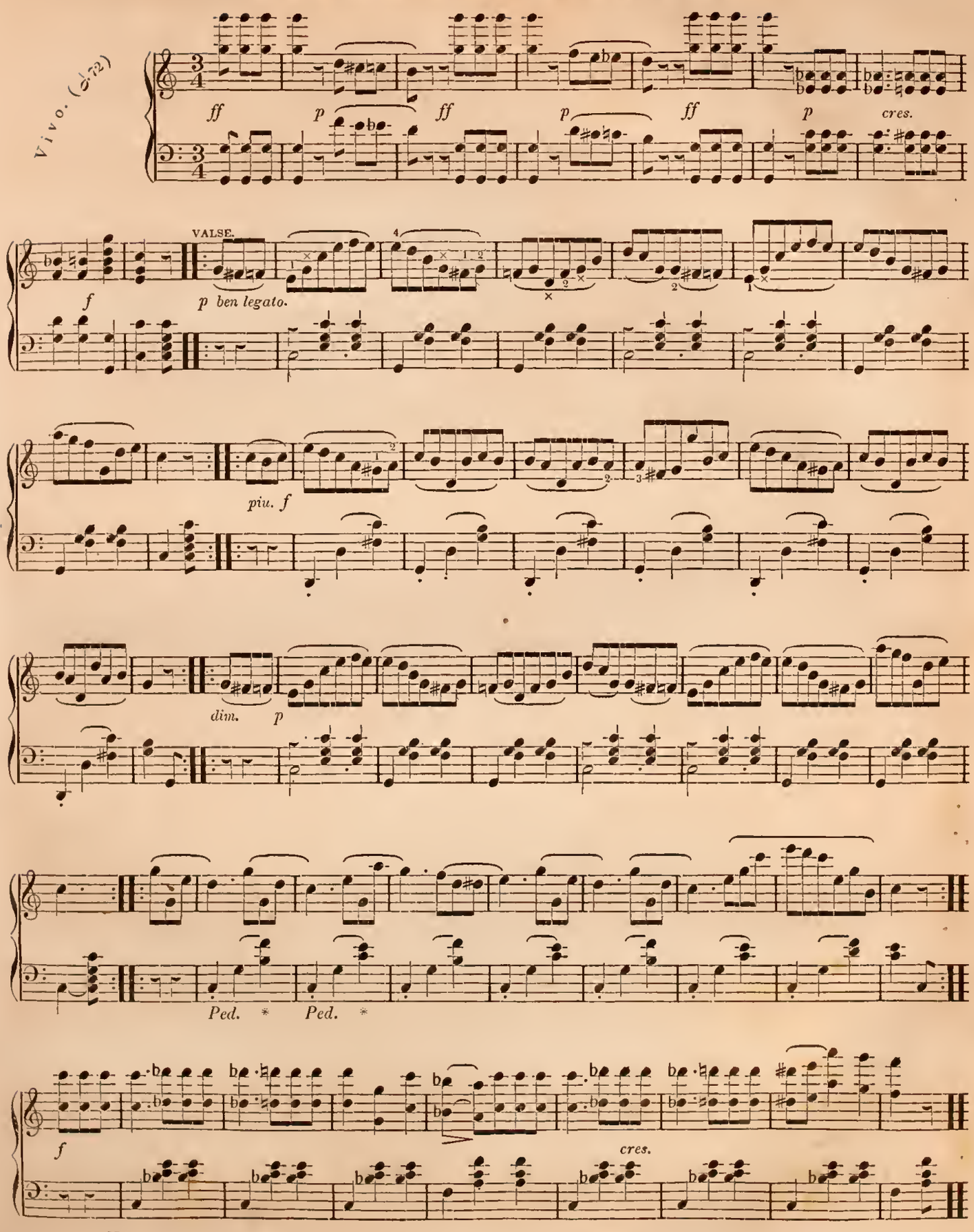
FROM THE CELEBRATED OPERA OF ZANETTA.

ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS.—COMPOSED BY AUBER.



GISELLE WALTZ.

F. BURGMÜLLER.



SONG OF THE TEE-TOTALLER.

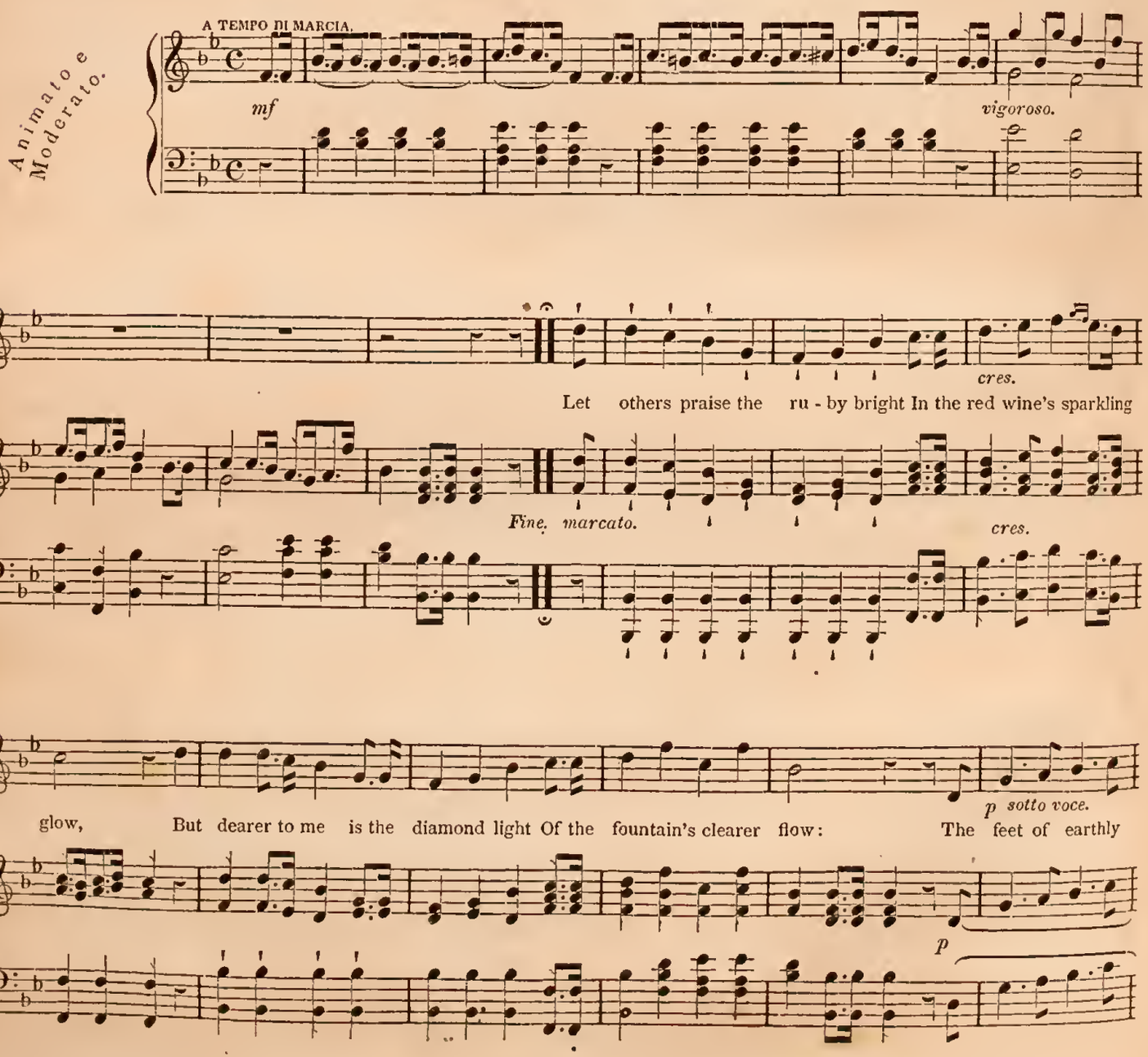
WRITTEN BY THE REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D.

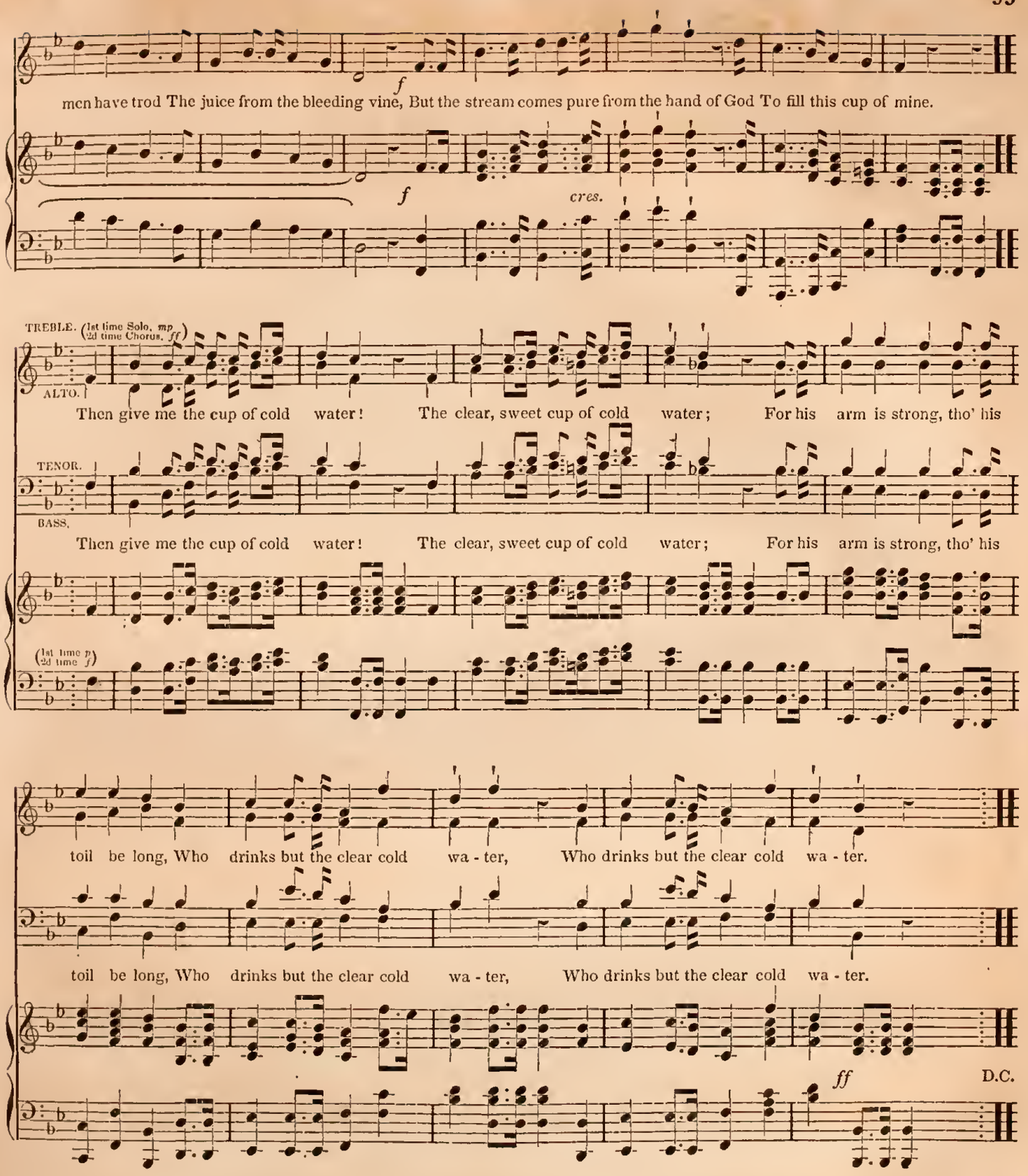
THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO LEWIS C. LEVIN, ESQ.

BY CHARLES JARVIS.

[FROM THE LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.]





2d Verse.

The dew-drop lies [in the*] floweret's cup,
How rich [is its] perfume now!
[And the] fainting Earth with joy looks up,
When Heaven sheds rain [on her] brow:
The brook goes forth with a pleasant voice
To gladden the vale along,
And the bending trees on her banks rejoice,
To hear her quiet song:
Then give me the cup of cold water!
The clear, sweet cup of cold water;
For bright is his eye, and his spirit high,
Who drinks but the clear cold water!

3d Verse.

The lark soars up [with a] lighter strain
When the wave has washed her wing,
[And the] steed flings back his 'thundering mane'
In might [of the] crystal spring:
This was the drink of Paradise,
Ere blight on her beauty fell,
And the buried streams of her gladness rise
In every moss-grown well:
Then here's to the cup of cold water!
The pure, sweet cup of cold water;
For Nature gives to all that lives
But a drink of the clear cold water.

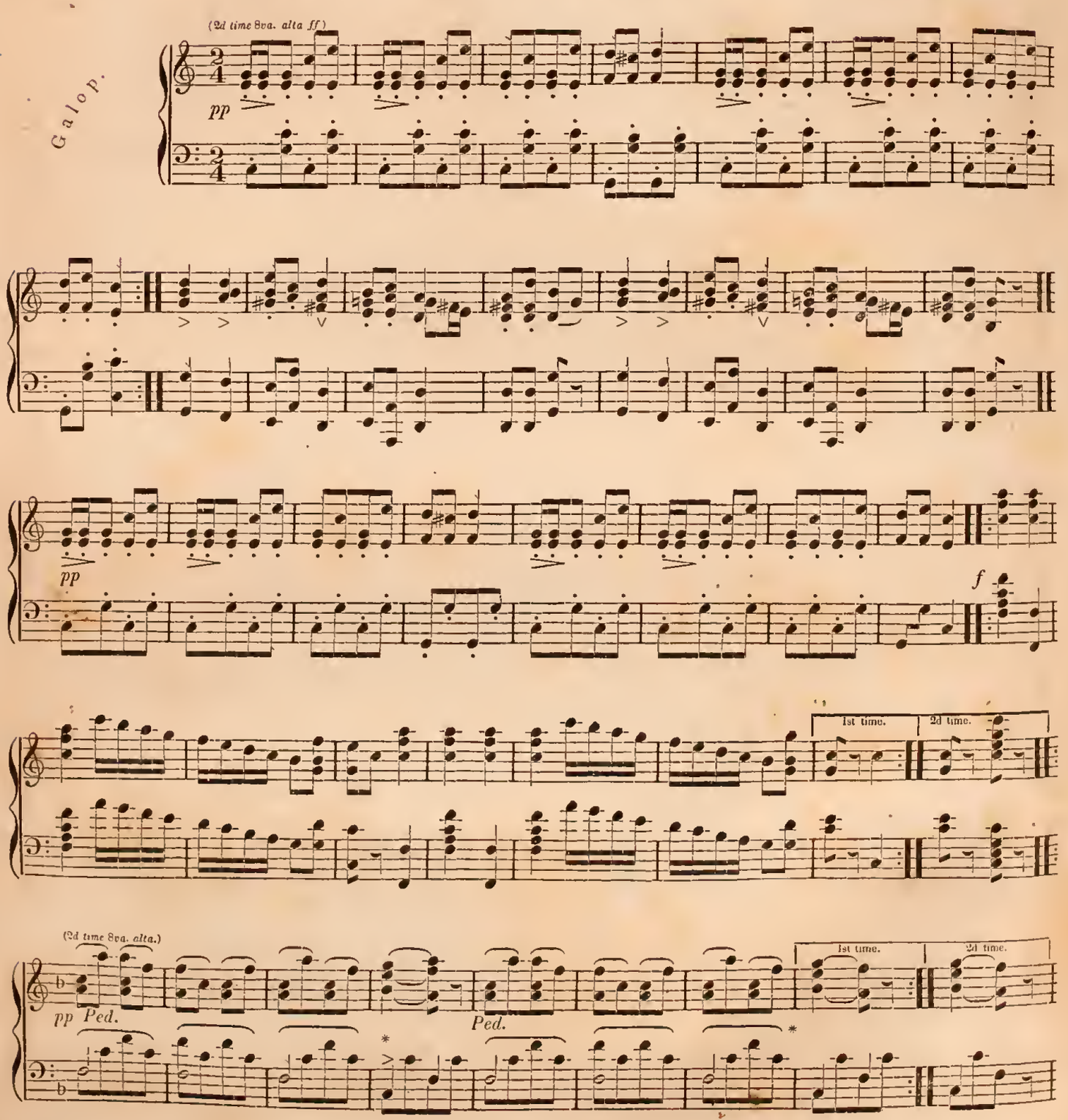
N *

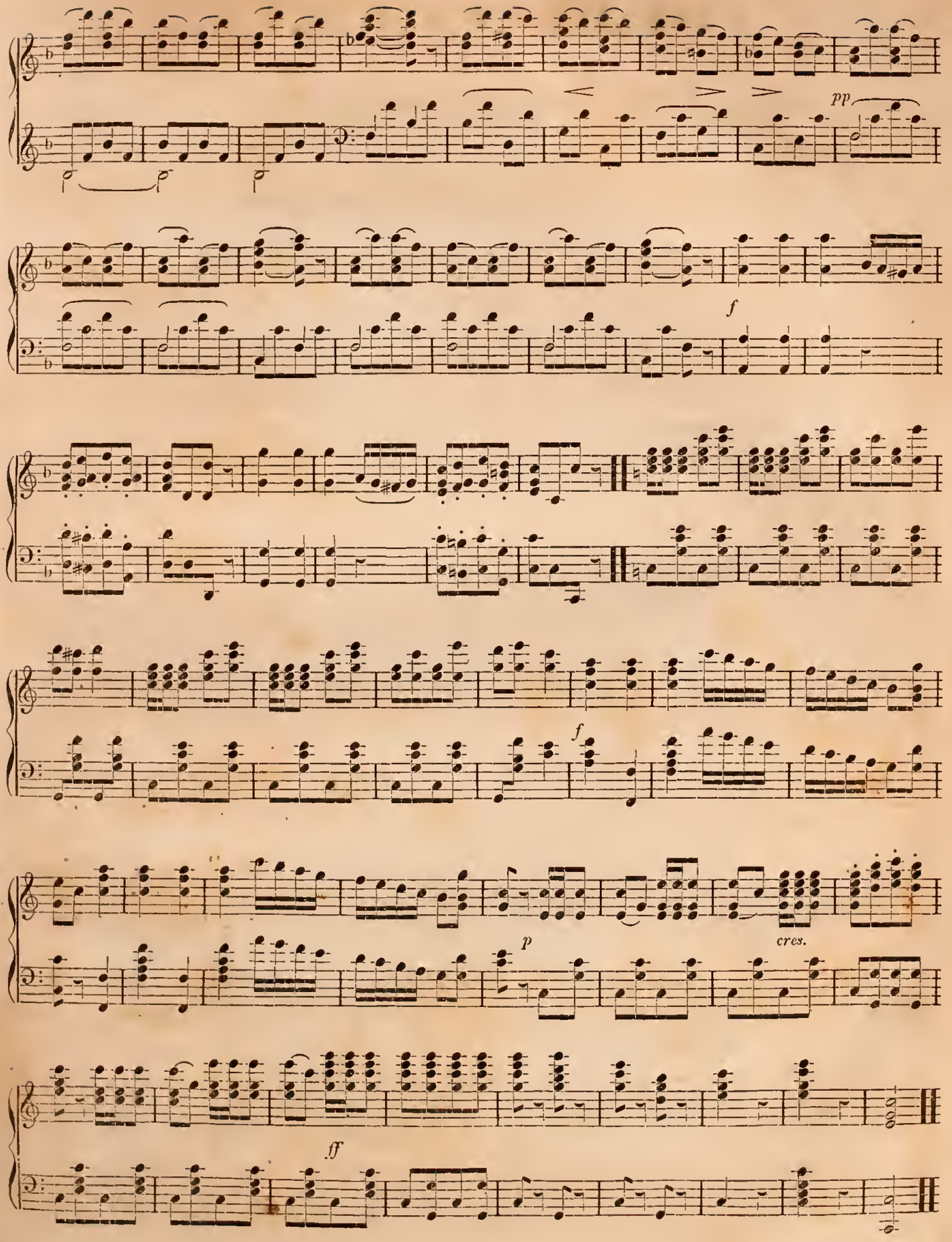
* All words enclosed thus [ ] are to be sung to one note.

GALOPADE,

FROM THE CELEBRATED BALLET GISELLE,

COMPOSED BY ADAM.




pp
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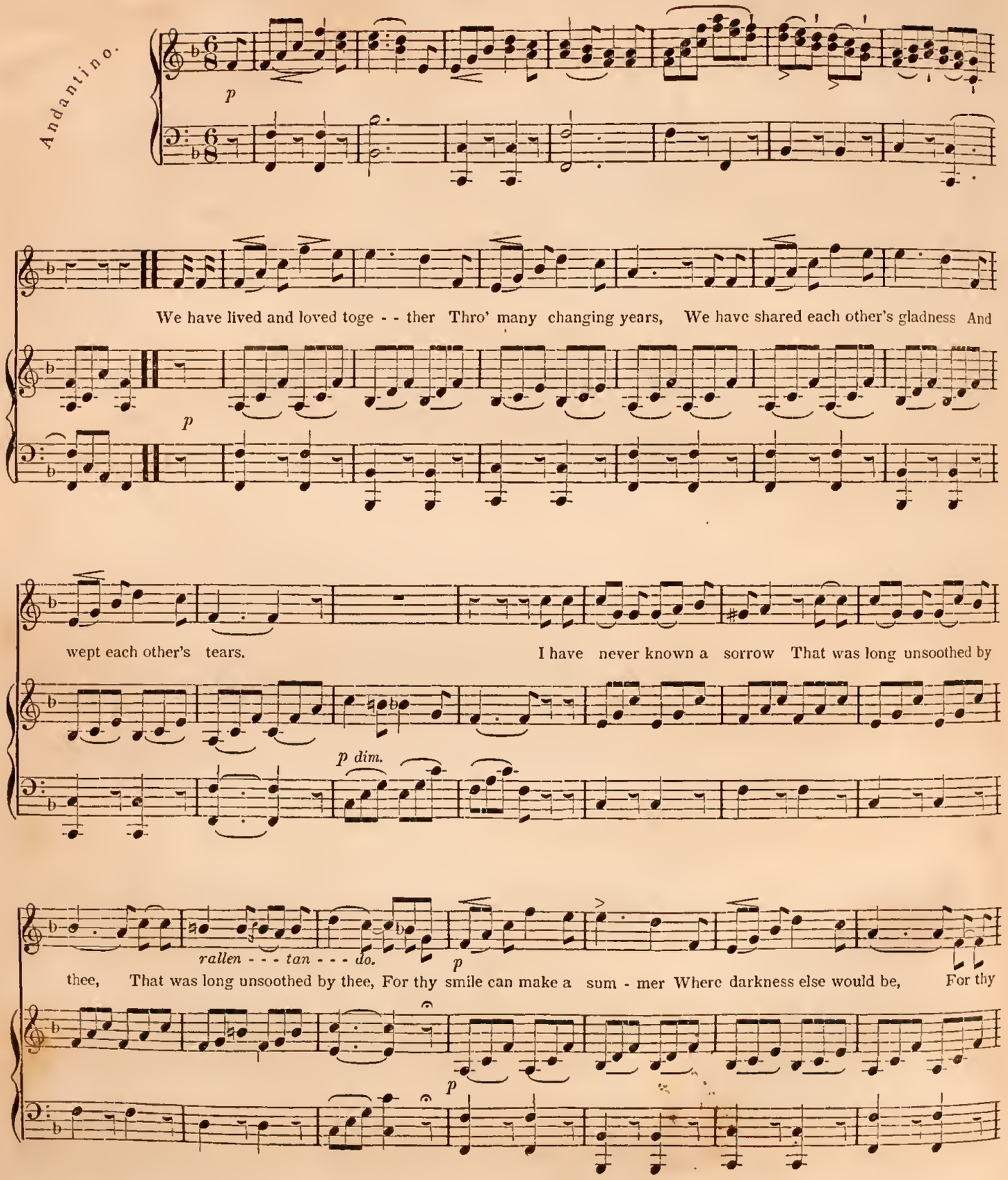
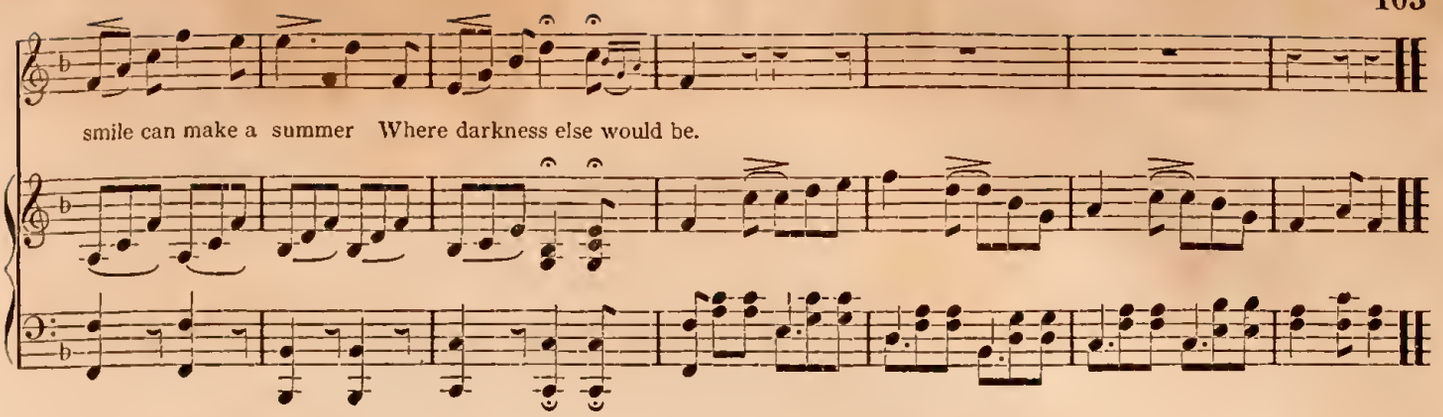
cres.
ff

THE HAPPY COUPLE.

COMPOSED BY HENRI HERZ.





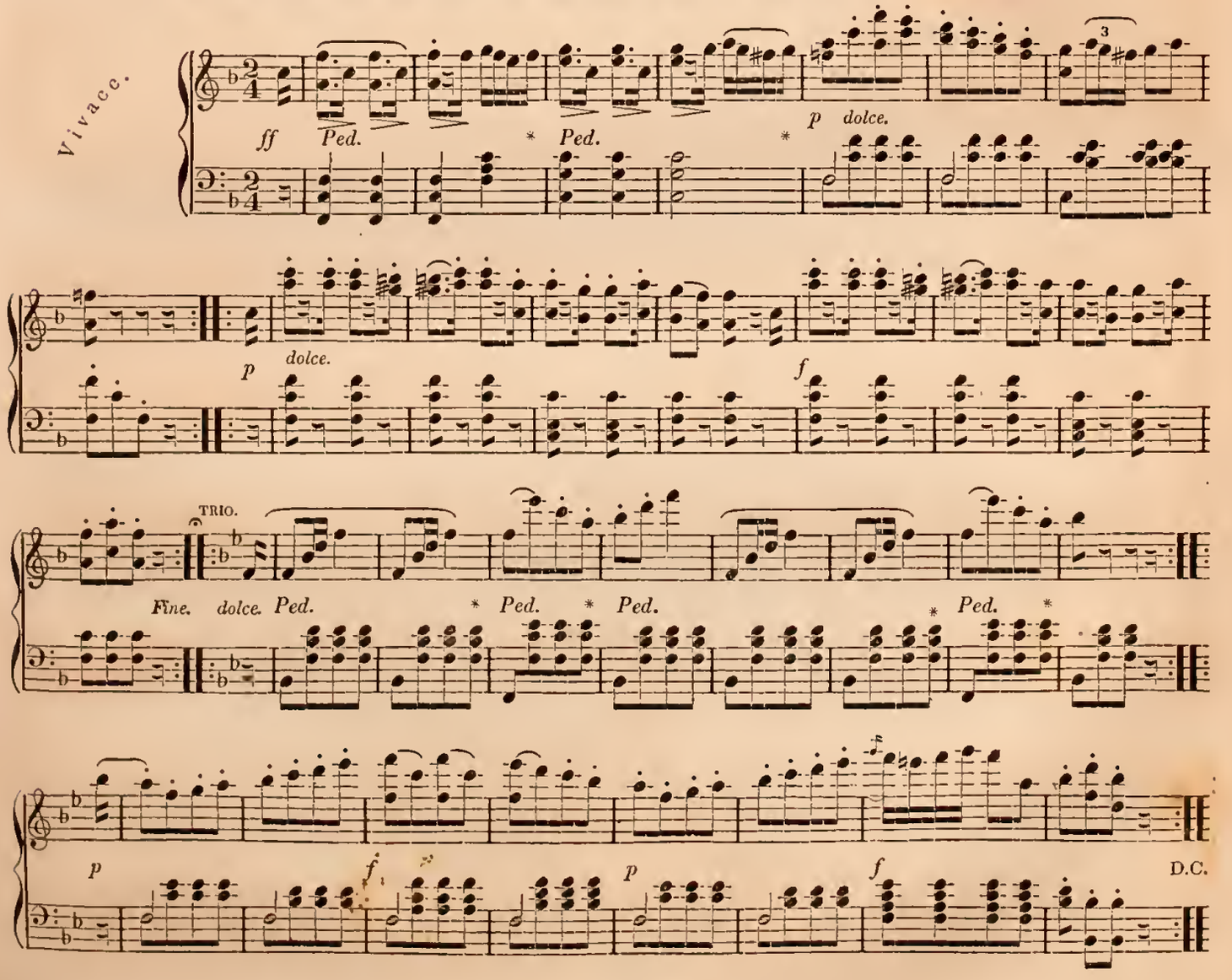
2d Verse.

Like the leaves that fall around us
In Autumn's fading hours,
Are the traitor-smiles that darken
When the cloud of sorrow low'rs.
And tho' many such we've known, love,
:‖: Too prone, alas! to range :‖:
We both can speak of one, love,
Whom Time could never change.

3d Verse.

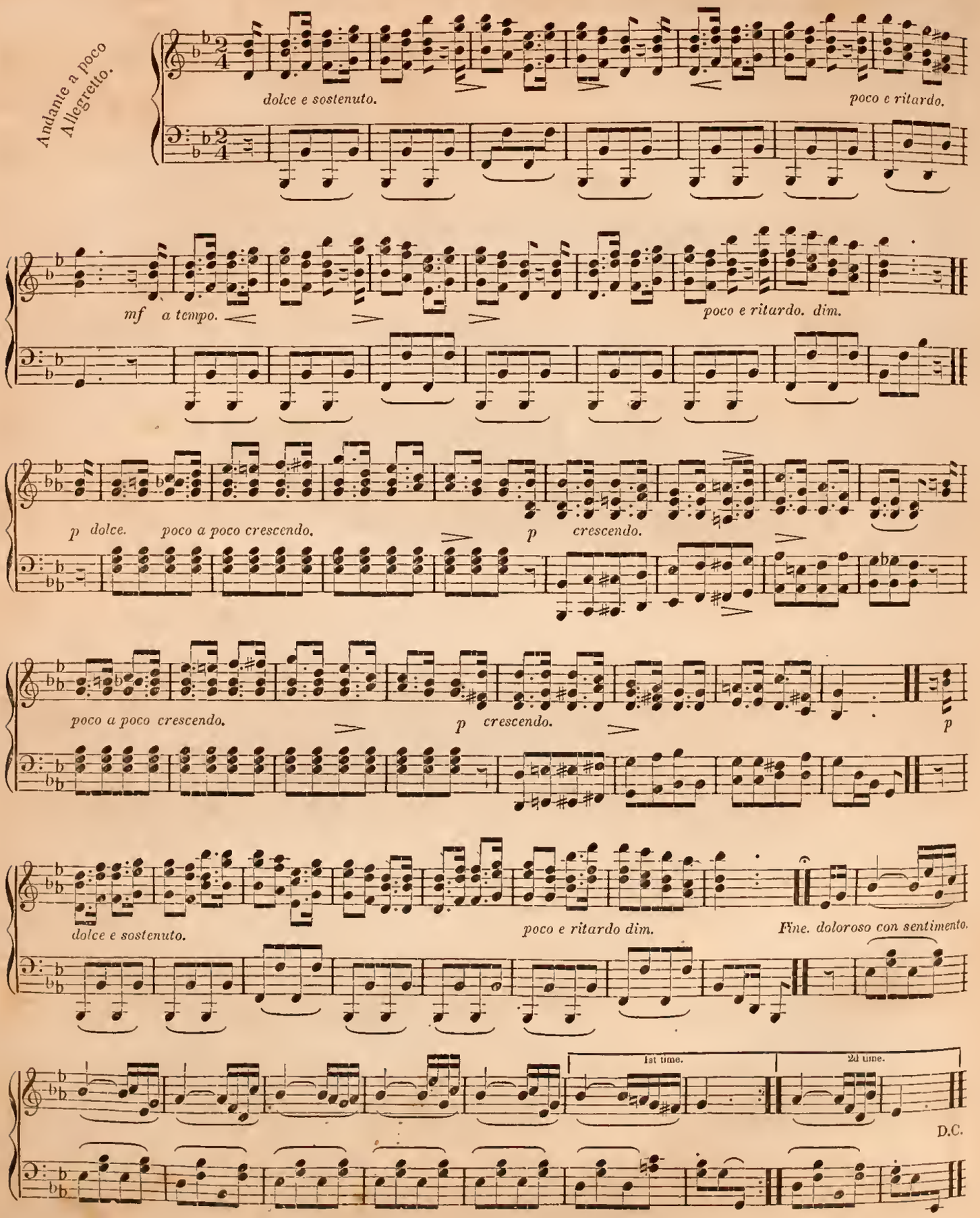
We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years,
We have shared each others' gladness,
And wept each other's tears,
And let us hope the future,
:‖: As the past has been, will be, :‖:
I will share with thee thy sorrows,
And thou thy joys with me.

THE PRATER GALOPADE.



THE REMEMBRANCE OF HOME.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY CHARLES JARVIS.



POOR BIRD.

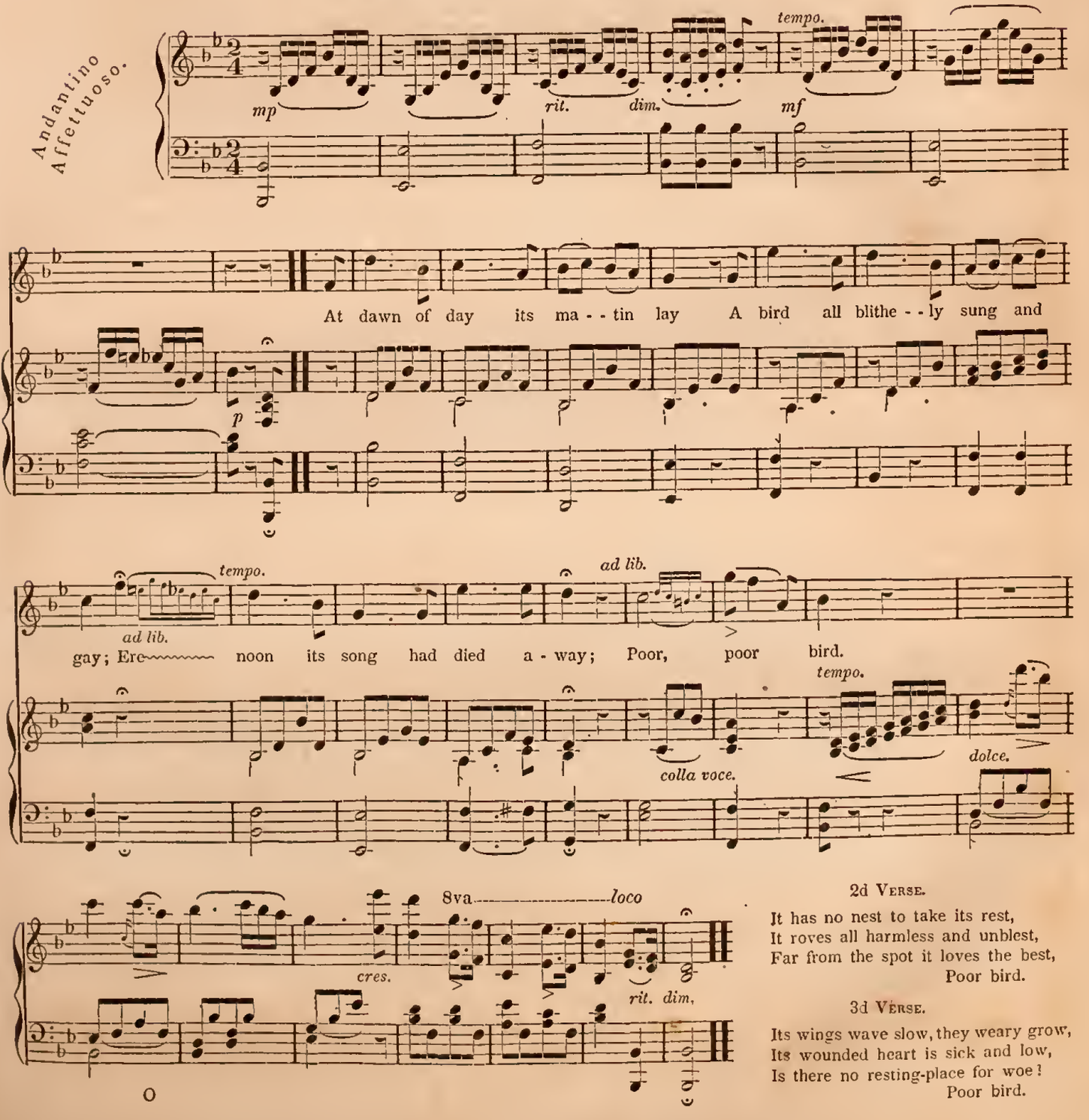
THE POLISH HARP-GIRL'S SONG.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE HARP OR PIANO FORTE,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

Mrs. Dr. R. H. Cabell, of Richmond, Va.

BY MRS. C. G. BURKE.



2d Verse.

It has no nest to take its rest,
It roves all harmless and unblest,
Far from the spot it loves the best,
Poor bird.

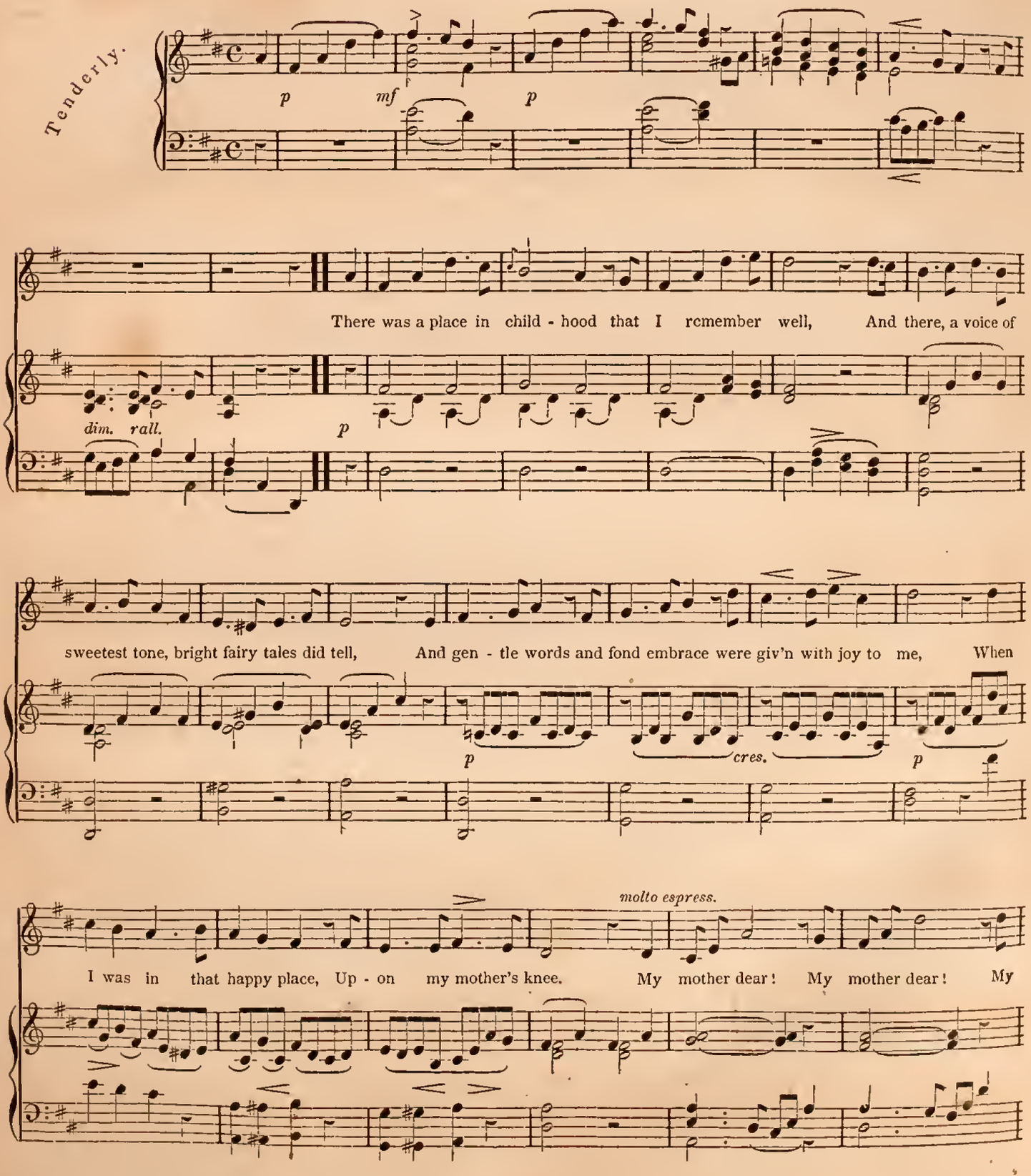
3d Verse.

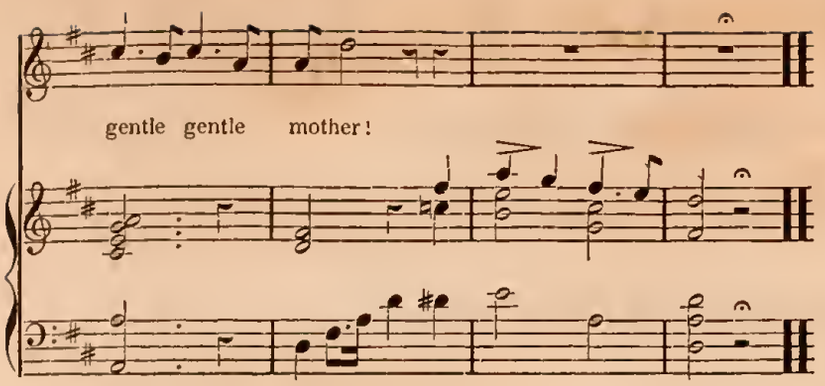
Its wings wave slow, they weary grow,
Its wounded heart is sick and low,
Is there no resting-place for woe!
Poor bird.

MY MOTHER DEAR.

Ballad.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.





2d Verse.

When fairy tales were ended, "good night," she softly said,
And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed,
And holy words she taught me there, methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee,
Oh mother dear! — Oh mother dear!
My gentle gentle mother!

3d Verse.

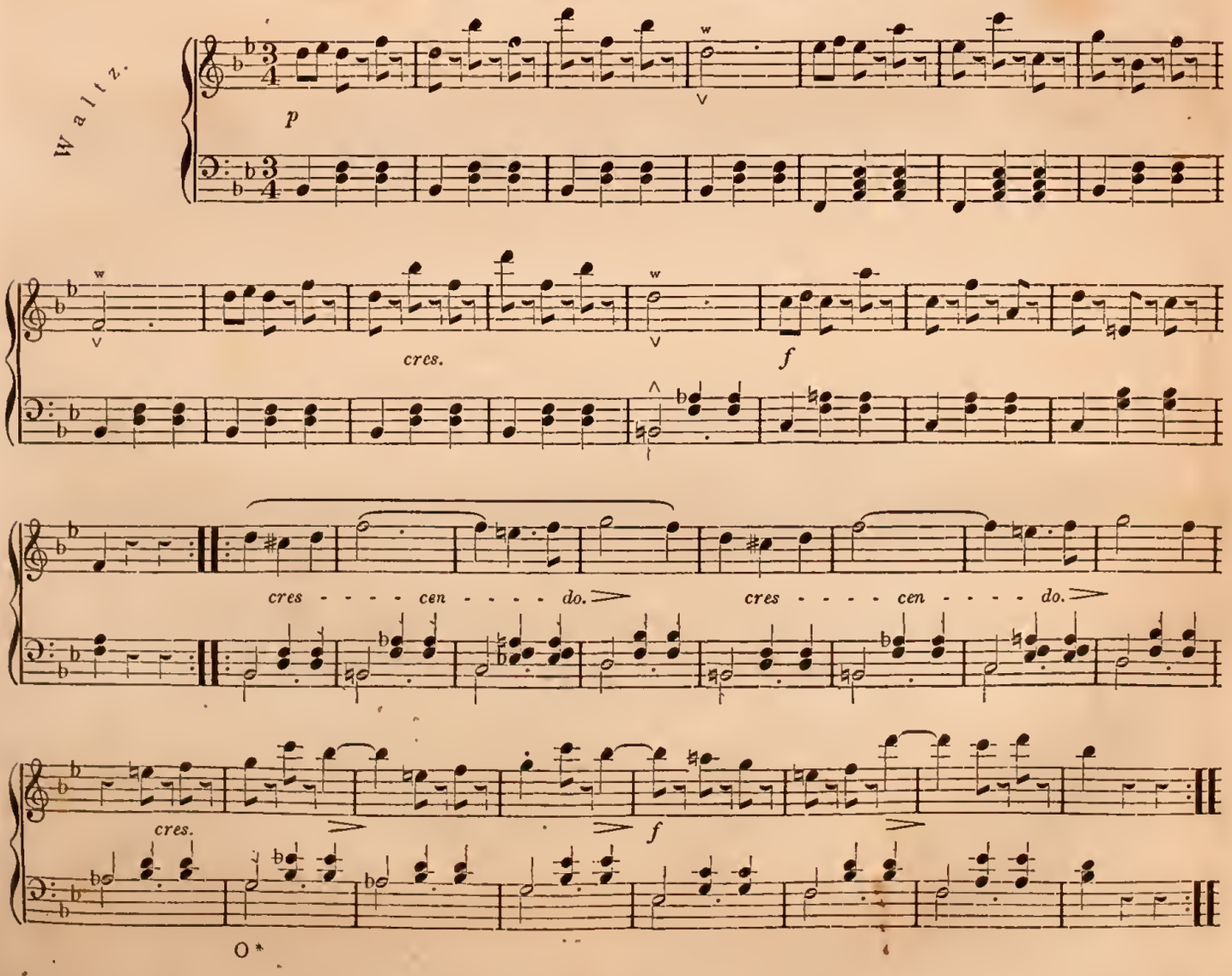
In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of ev'ry time,
When doubt or danger weigh'd me down, then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent pray'r to Heav'n that bent my mother's knee,
My mother dear! — My Mother dear!
My gentle gentle mother!

THE LEMON BLOSSOM WALTZ.

SELECTED FROM THE "LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS,"

(DISCRETION.)

COMPOSED BY LANNER.

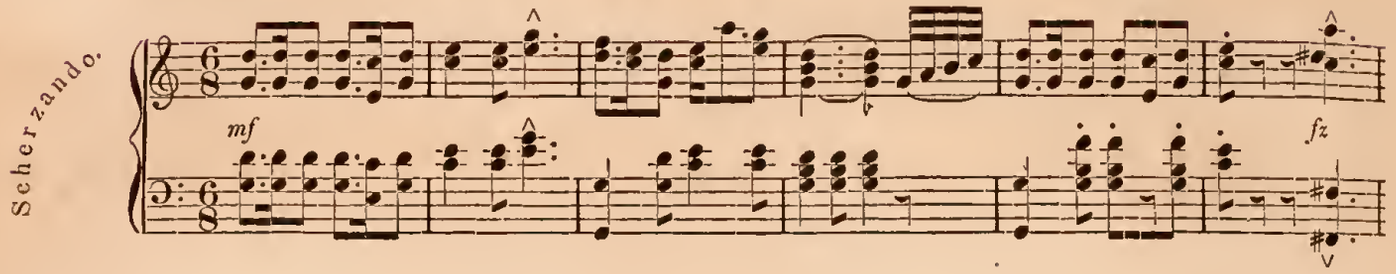


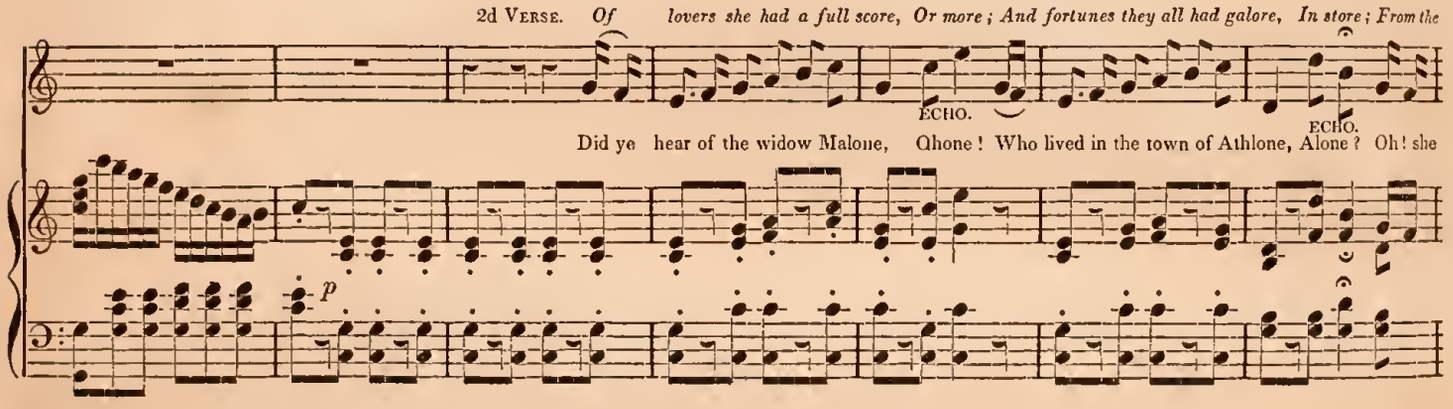
WIDOW MALONE.

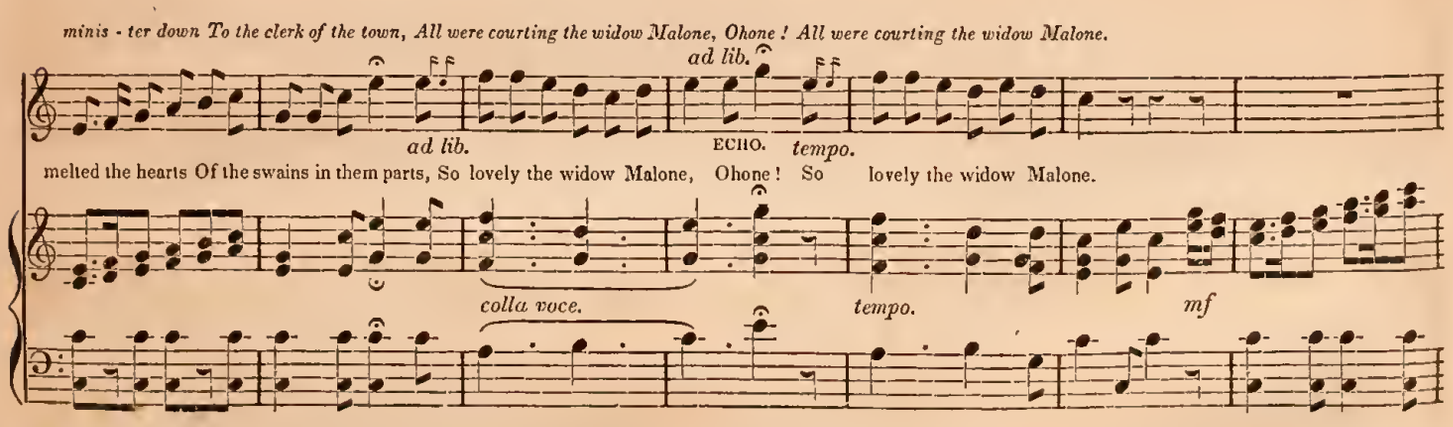
A SONG, FROM CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

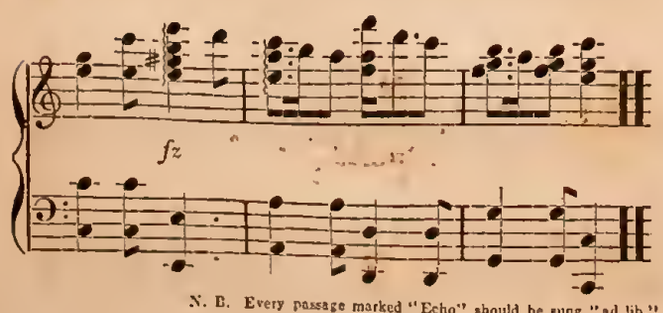
COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

CHARLES JARVIS.









N. B. Every passage marked "Echo" should be sung "ad lib."

3d VERSE.

But so modest was Mrs. Malone,
'T was known
No one ever could see her alone,
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the widow Malone.

4th VERSE.

'Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,
How quare!
It's little for blushin' they care
Down there;
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses, at laste,
'Oh!' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone,
My own;'
'Oh!' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone.'

5th VERSE.

The widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
For why?
But 'Lucius,' says she,
'Since you've made now so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone.'

6th VERSE.

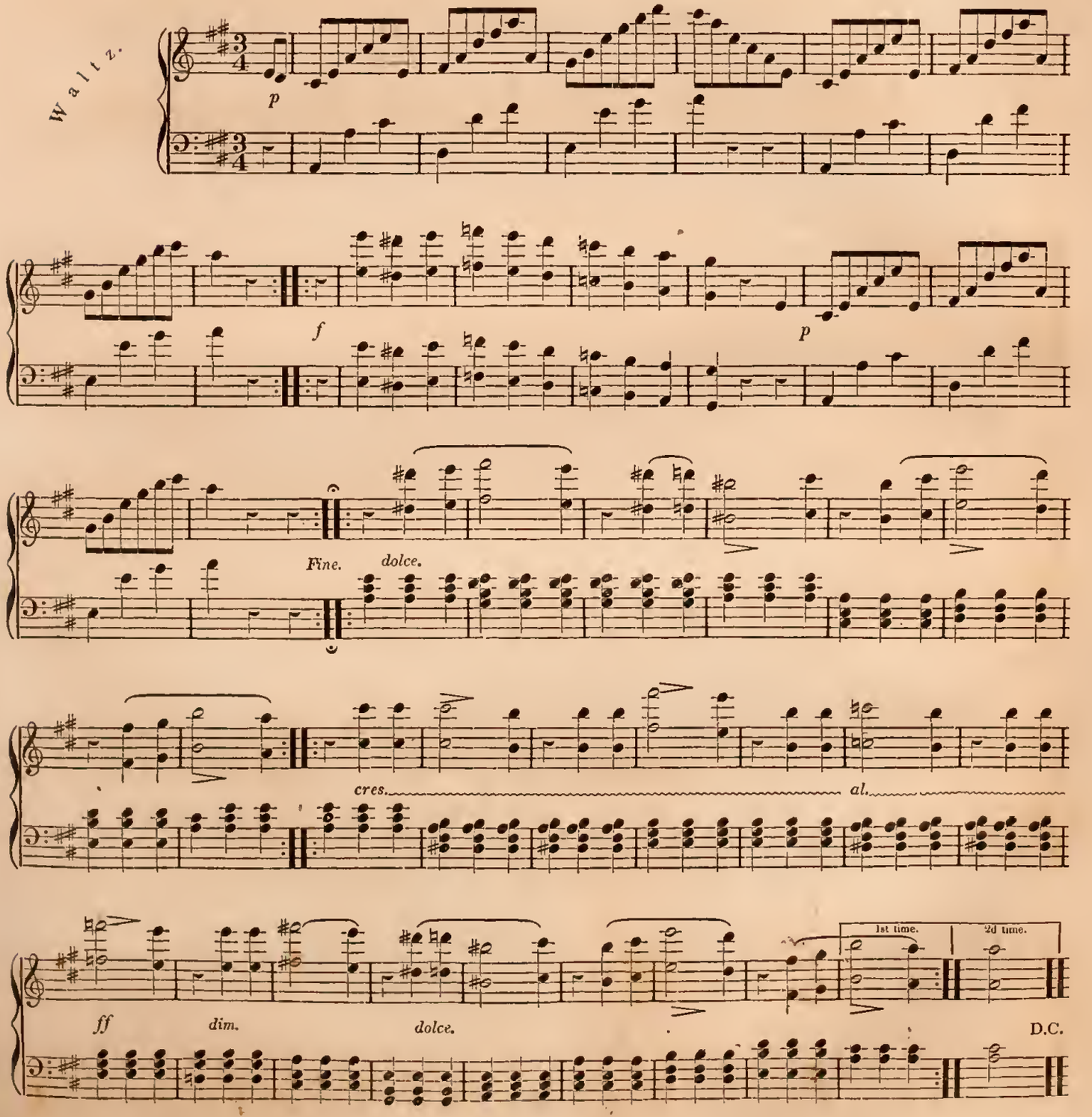
"There's a moral contain'd in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort it's not very long,
But strong;
If for widows you die,
Learn to *kiss*, not to *sigh*:
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

BEETHOVEN'S DREAM.

Waltz.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY

BEETHOVEN.

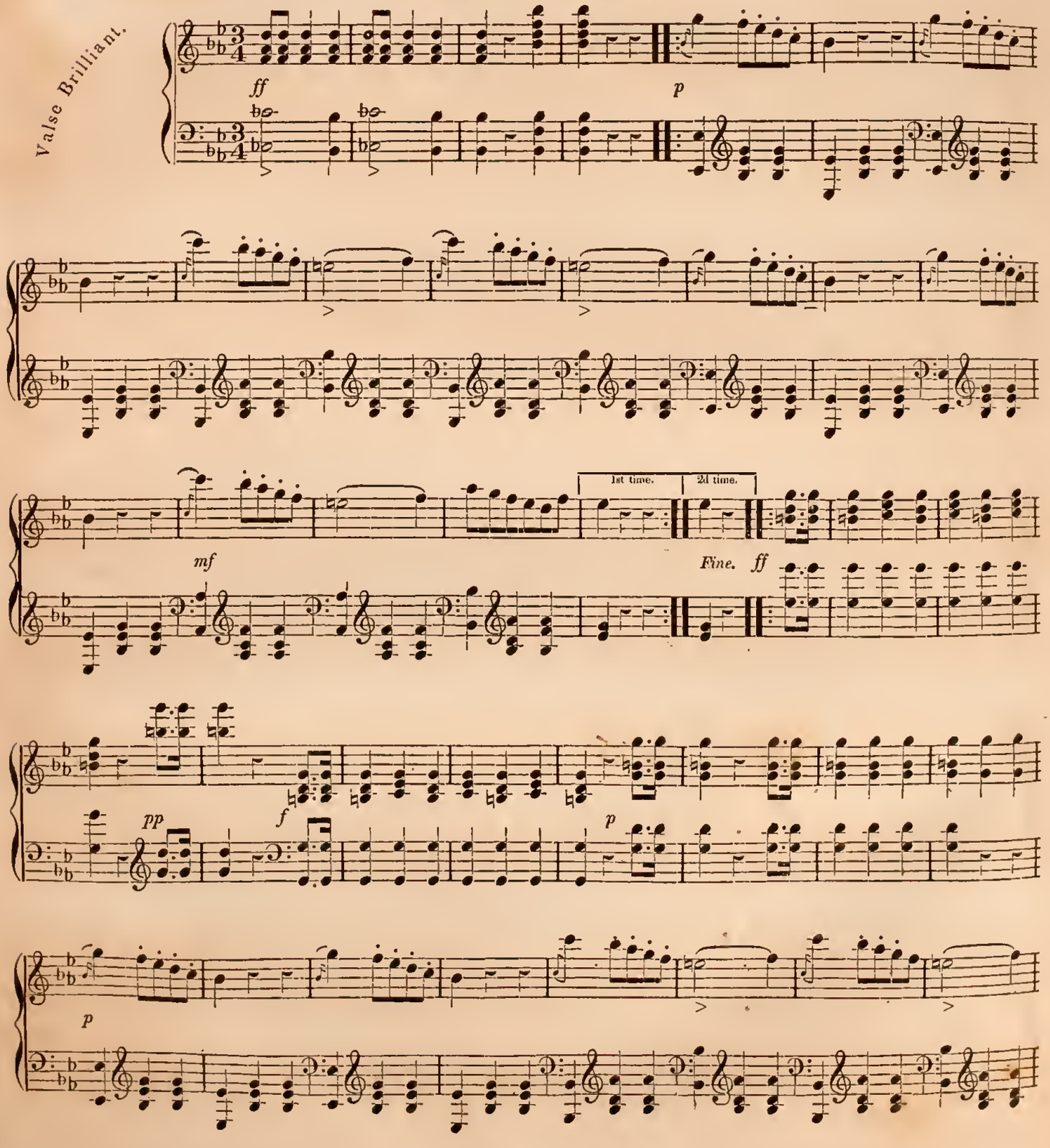


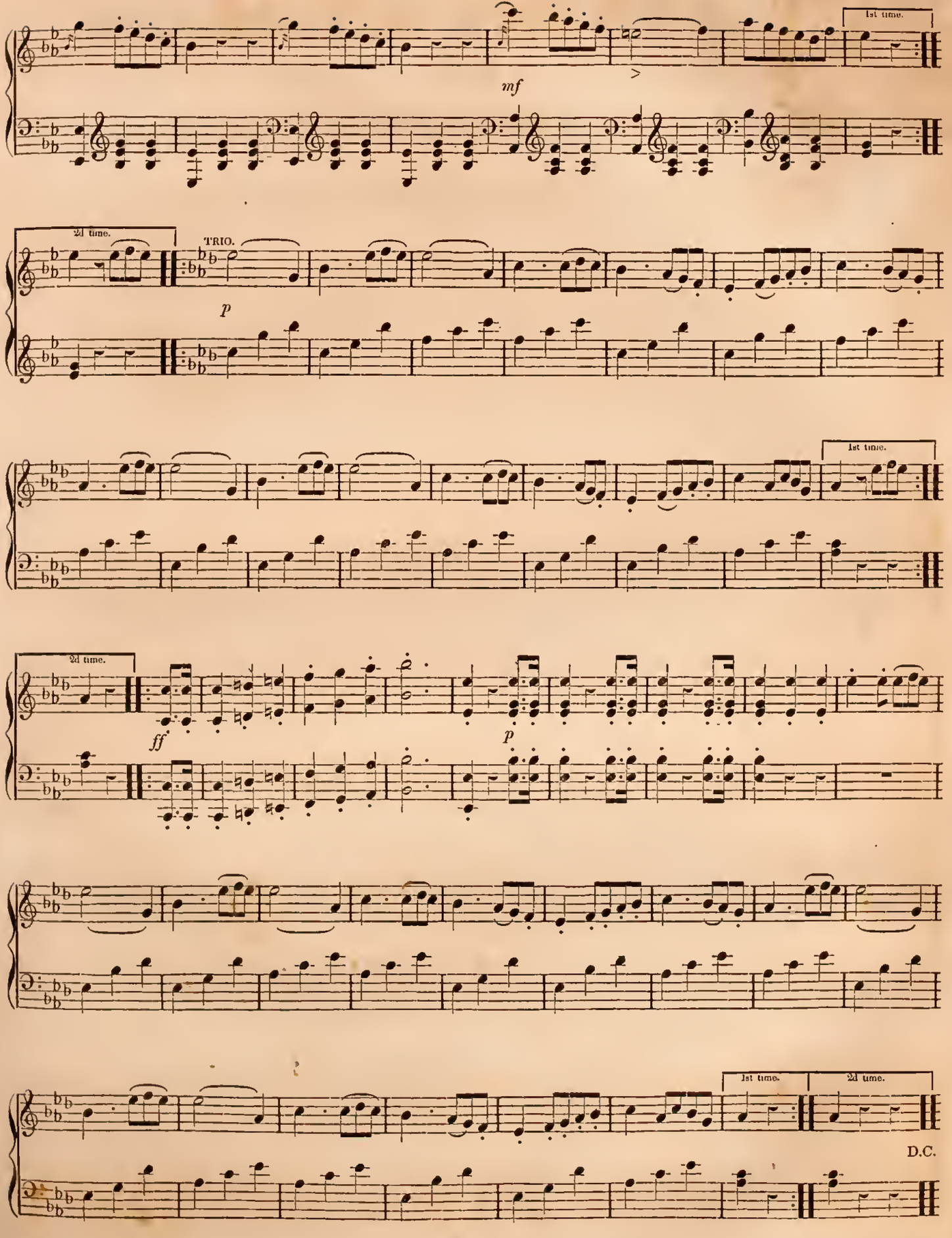
THE MAY WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO MISS HARRIET A. PIGMAN.

BY M. WIESEL.

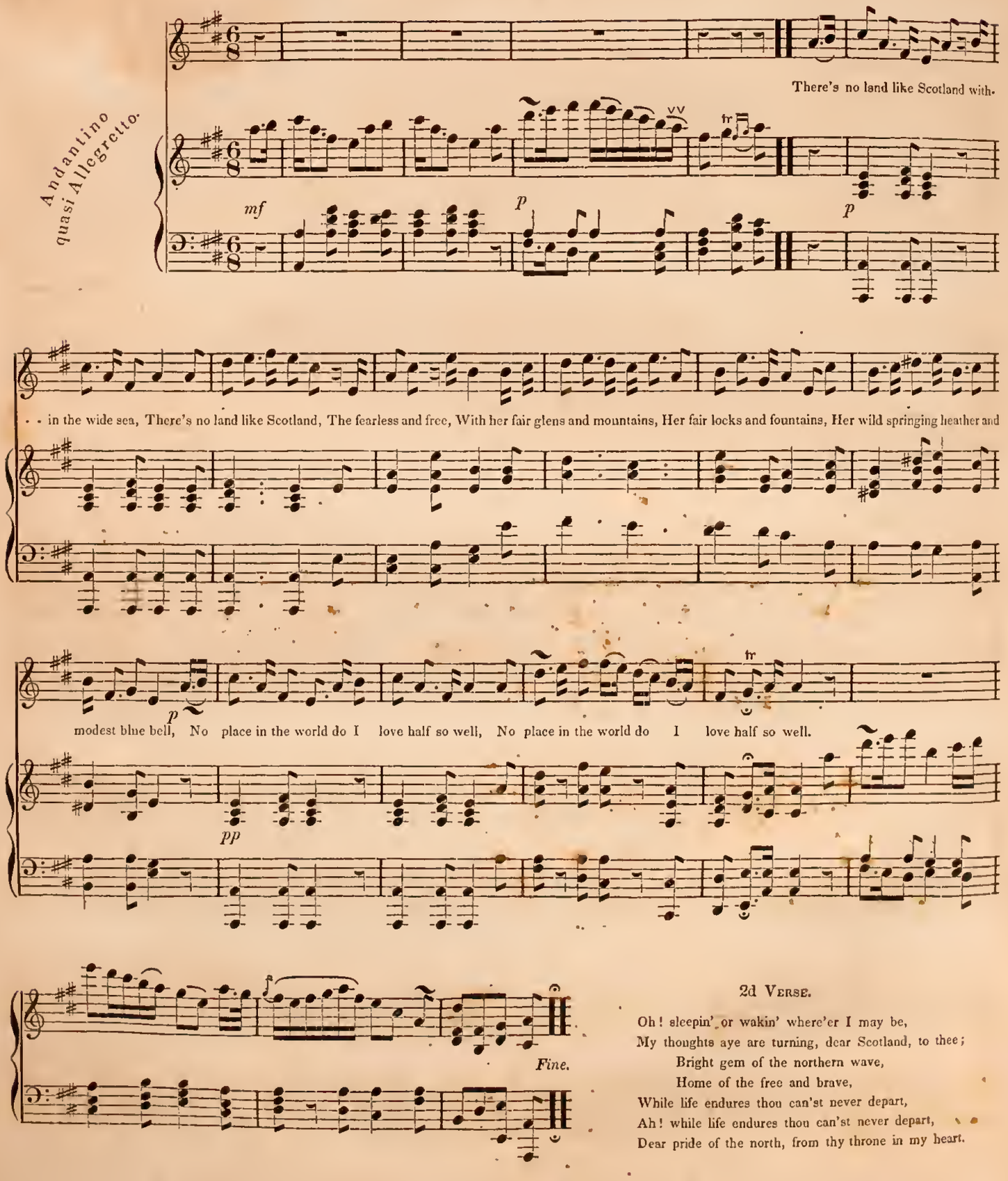



1st time.
mf
2d time.
TRIO.
p
1st time.
2d time.
ff
p
1st time.
2d time.
D.C.

THERE'S NO LAND LIKE SCOTLAND.

A Ballad.

COMPOSED BY EDWARD J. LODER.



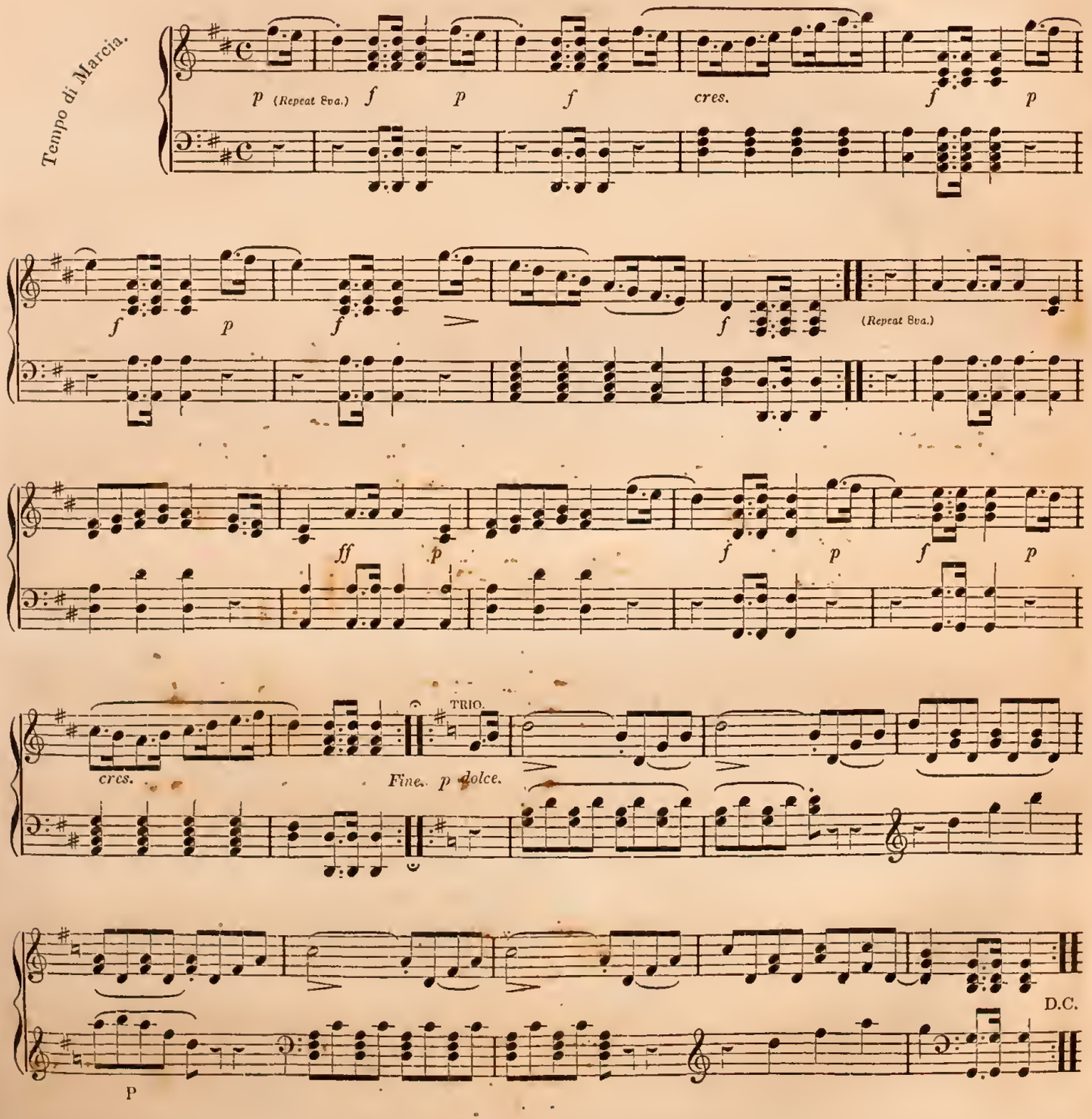
2d Verse.

Oh! sleepin' or wakin' where'er I may be,
My thoughts aye are turning, dear Scotland, to thee;
Bright gem of the northern wave,
Home of the free and brave,
While life endures thou can'st never depart,
Ah! while life endures thou can'st never depart,
Dear pride of the north, from thy throne in my heart.

WOODSTOCK MARCH.

Respectfully Dedicated to

MISS E. T. LATIMER, BY THE AUTHOR.



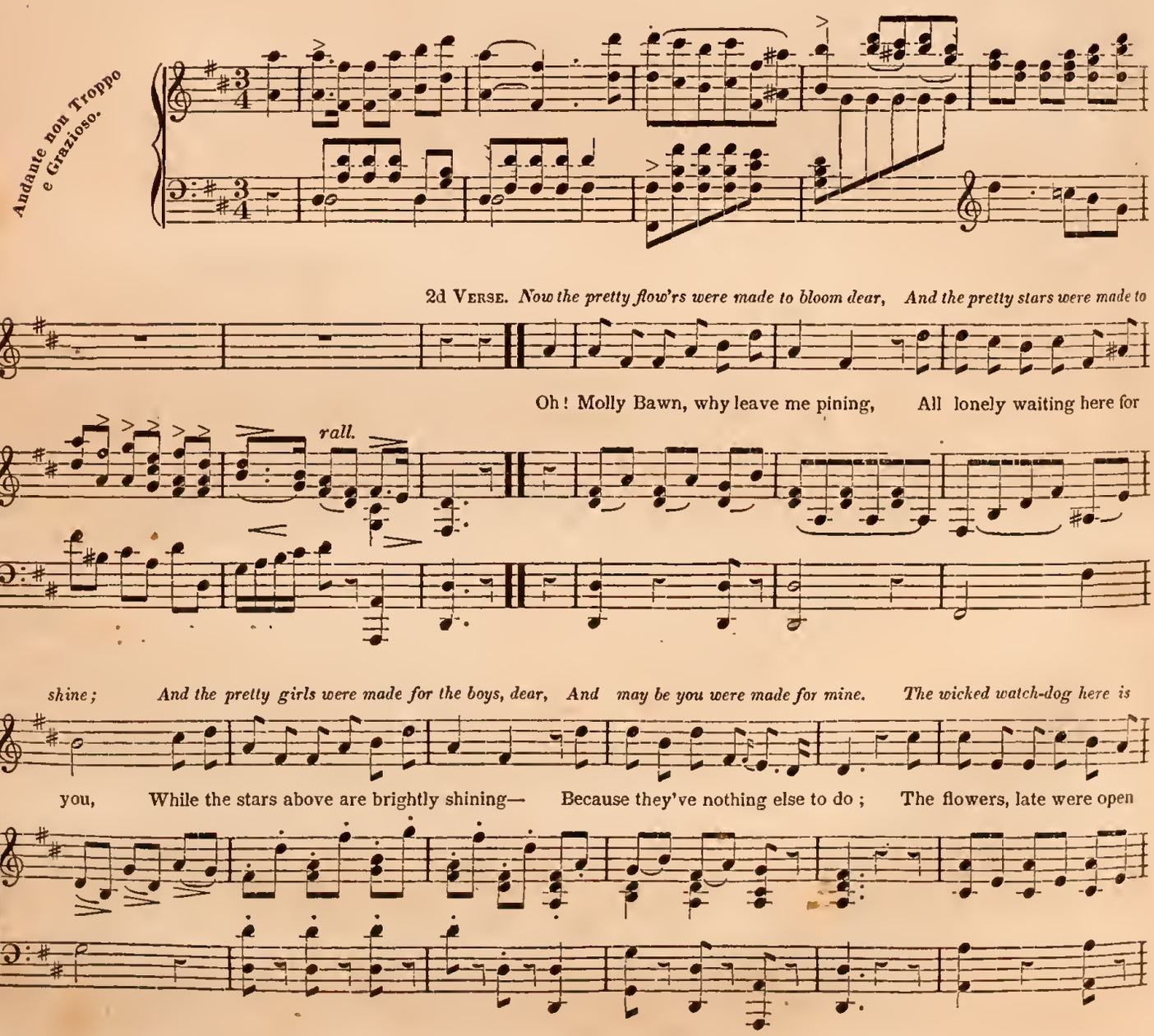
MOLLY BAWN.

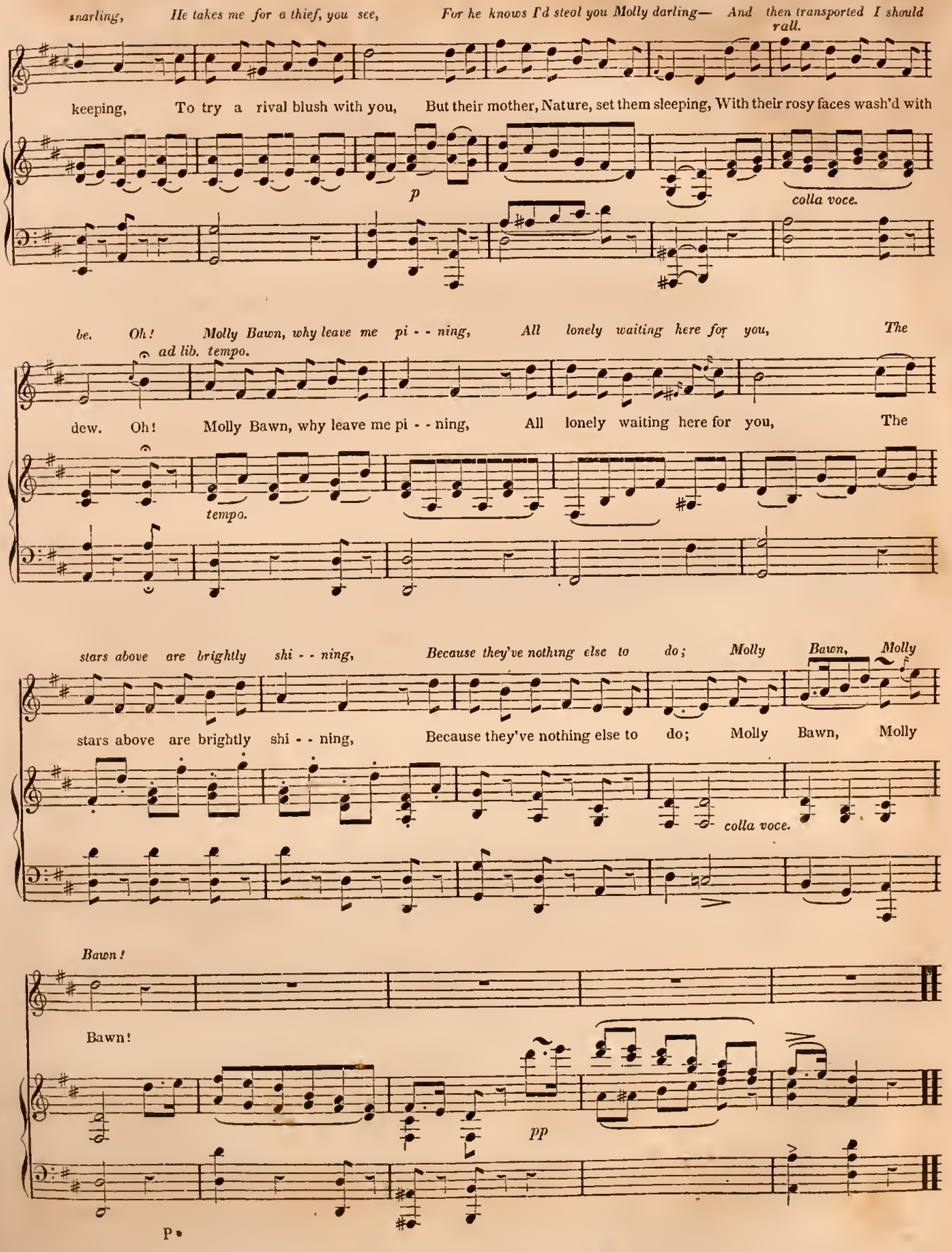
Irish Ballad.

SUNG BY M. BALFE, IN THE COMIC OPERETTA OF

Il Paddy Whack in Italia.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

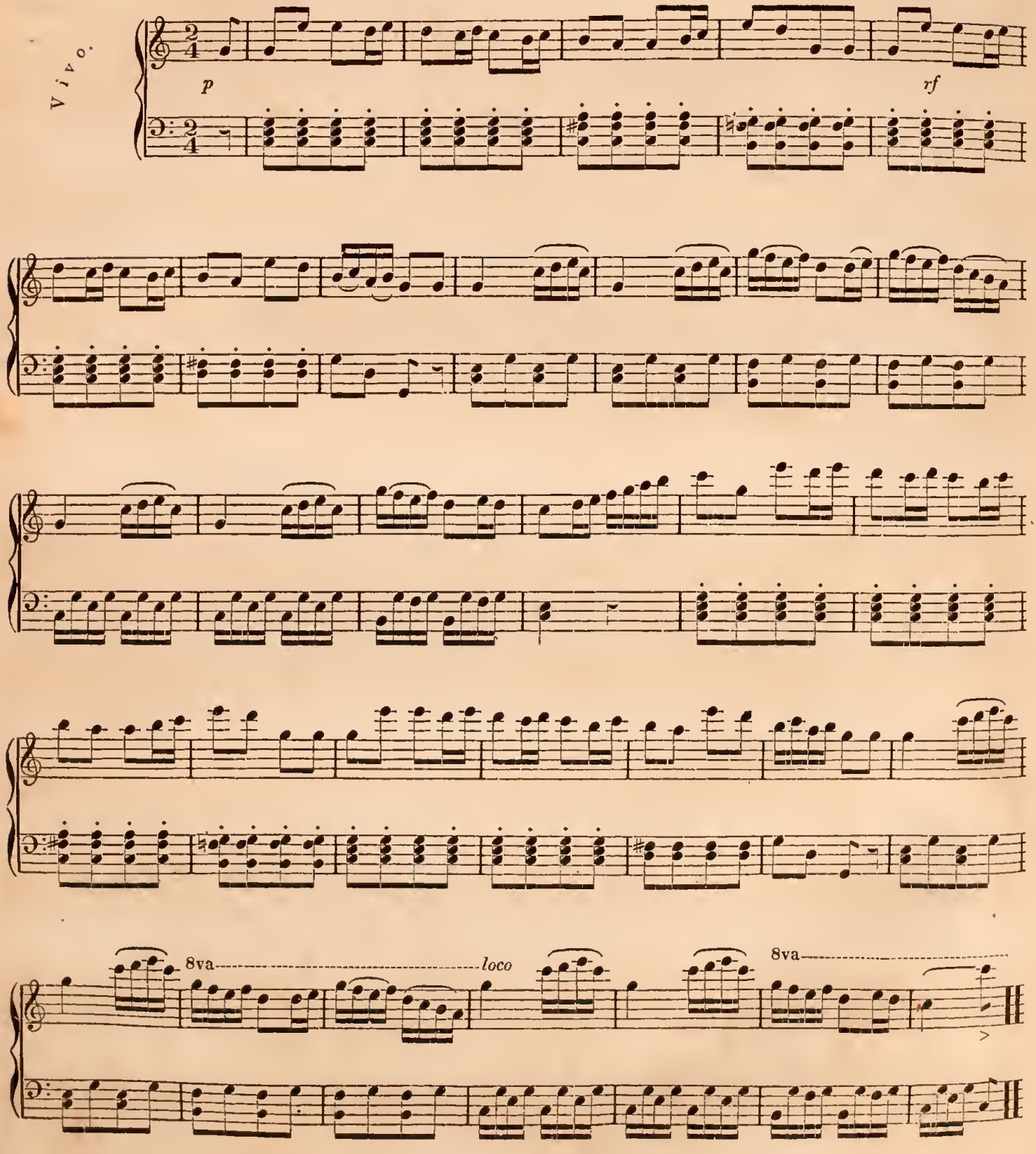



snarling, He takes me for a thief, you see, For he knows I'd steal you Molly darling— And then transported I should
rall.
keeping, To try a rival blush with you, But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping, With their rosy faces wash'd with
p
colla voce.
be. Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pi - - ning, All lonely waiting here for you, The
ad lib. tempo.
dew. Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pi - - ning, All lonely waiting here for you, The
tempo.
stars above are brightly shi - - ning, Because they've nothing else to do; Molly Bawn, Molly
stars above are brightly shi - - ning, Because they've nothing else to do; Molly Bawn, Molly
colla voce.
Bawn!
Bawn!
pp
P

THE MARKET CHORUS,

from

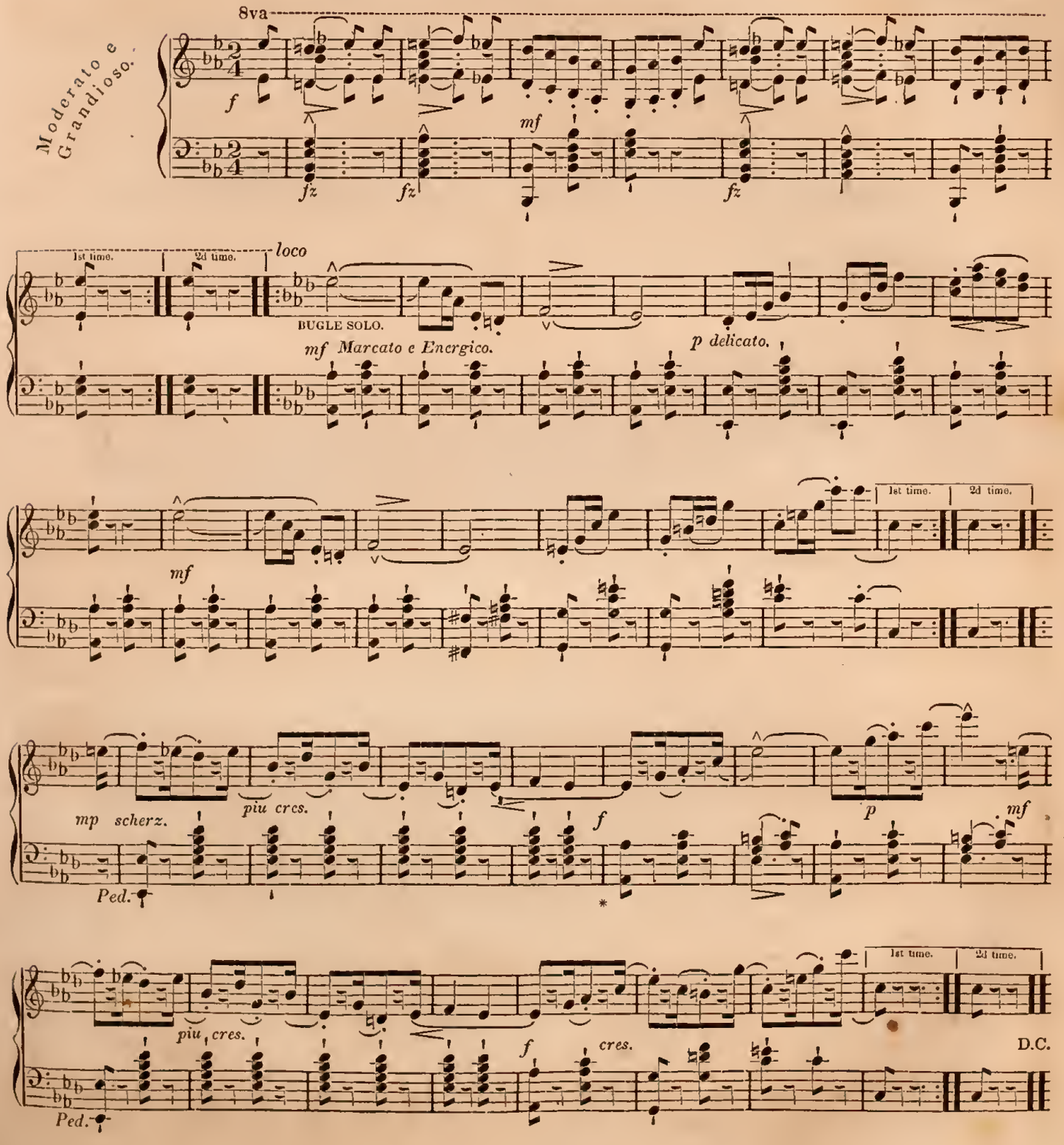
MASANIELLO, ARRANGED BY T. VALENTINE.



FIELD-DAY QUICK-STEP.

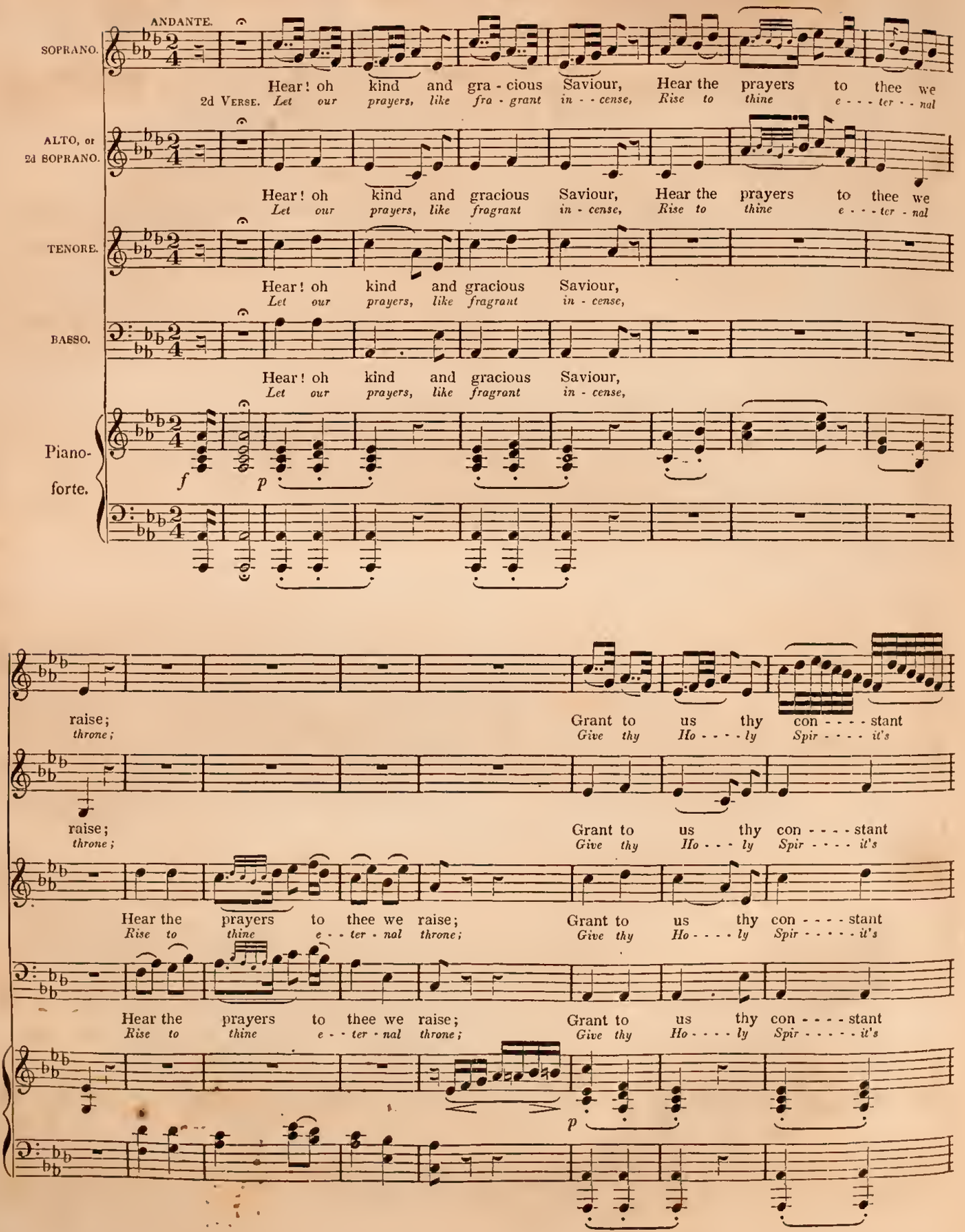
COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

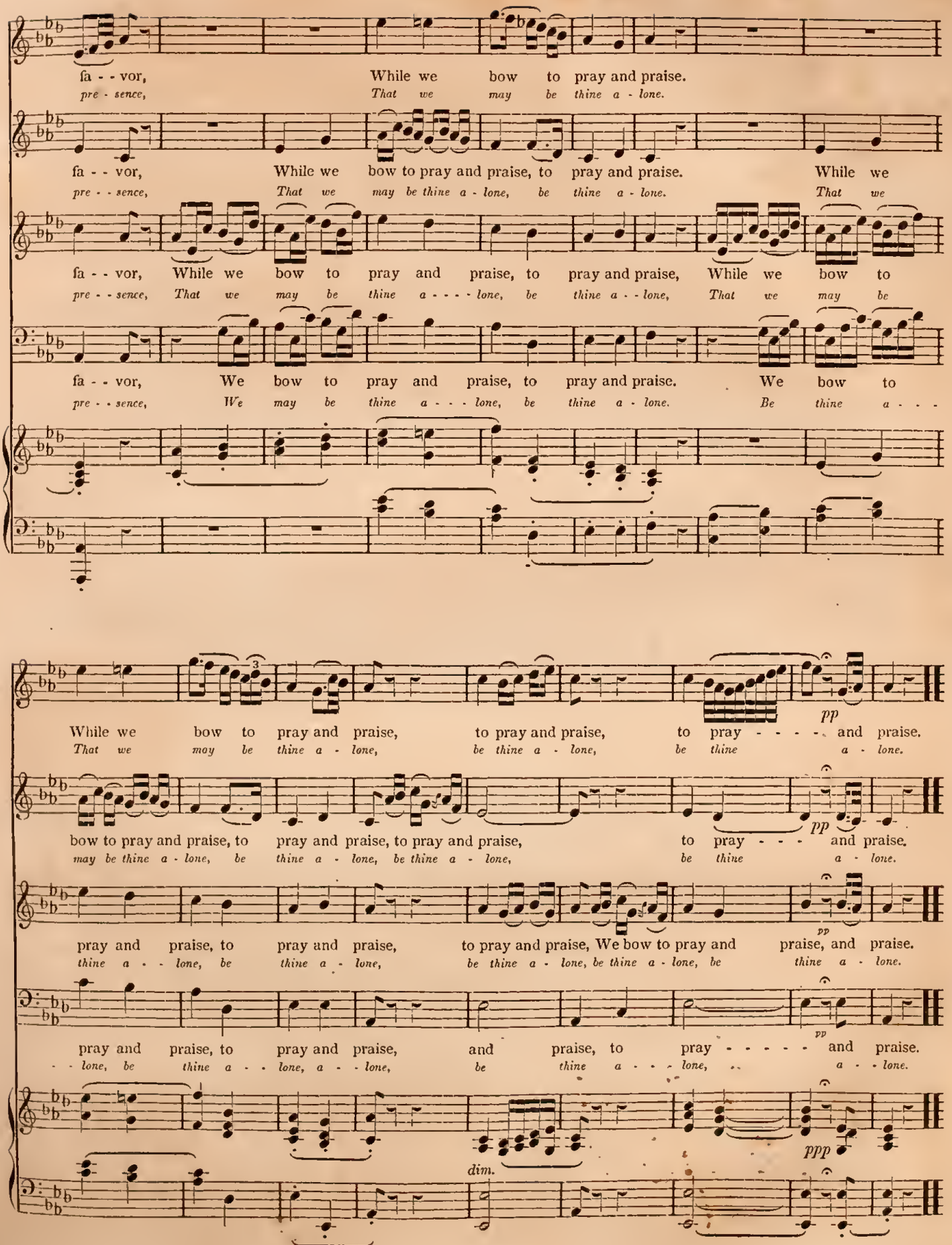
BY CHARLES JARVIS.



PRAYER.—Quartette.

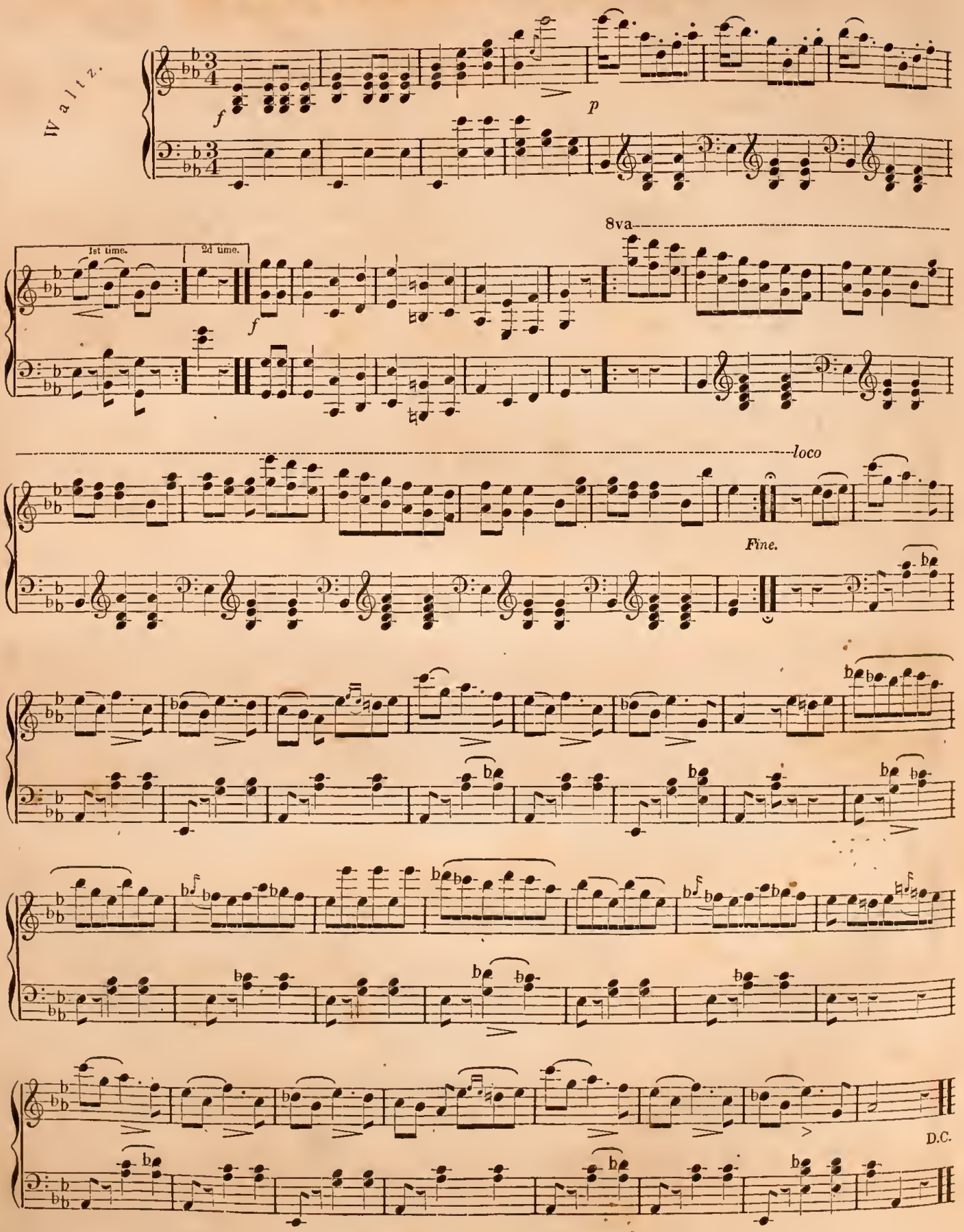
WRITTEN BY F. W.—COMPOSED BY ROSSINI.




fa - - vor, While we bow to pray and praise.
pre - sence, That we may be thine a - lone.
fa - - vor, While we bow to pray and praise, to pray and praise. While we
pre - - sence, That we may be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone. That we
fa - - vor, While we bow to pray and praise, to pray and praise, While we bow to
pre - - sence, That we may be thine a - - - - lone, be thine a - - lone, That we may be
fa - - vor, We bow to pray and praise, to pray and praise. We bow to
pre - - sence, We may be thine a - - - lone, be thine a - lone. Be thine a - - -
While we bow to pray and praise, to pray and praise, to pray - - - - - and praise.
That we may be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone.
pp
bow to pray and praise, to pray and praise, to pray and praise, to pray - - - and praise.
may be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone.
pp
pray and praise, to pray and praise, to pray and praise, We bow to pray and praise, and praise.
thine a - - lone, be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone.
pp
pray and praise, to pray and praise, and praise, to pray - - - - - and praise.
- - lone, be thine a - - lone, a - - lone, be thine a - - - lone, a - - lone.
dim.
ppp

KEEPSAKE WALTZ.

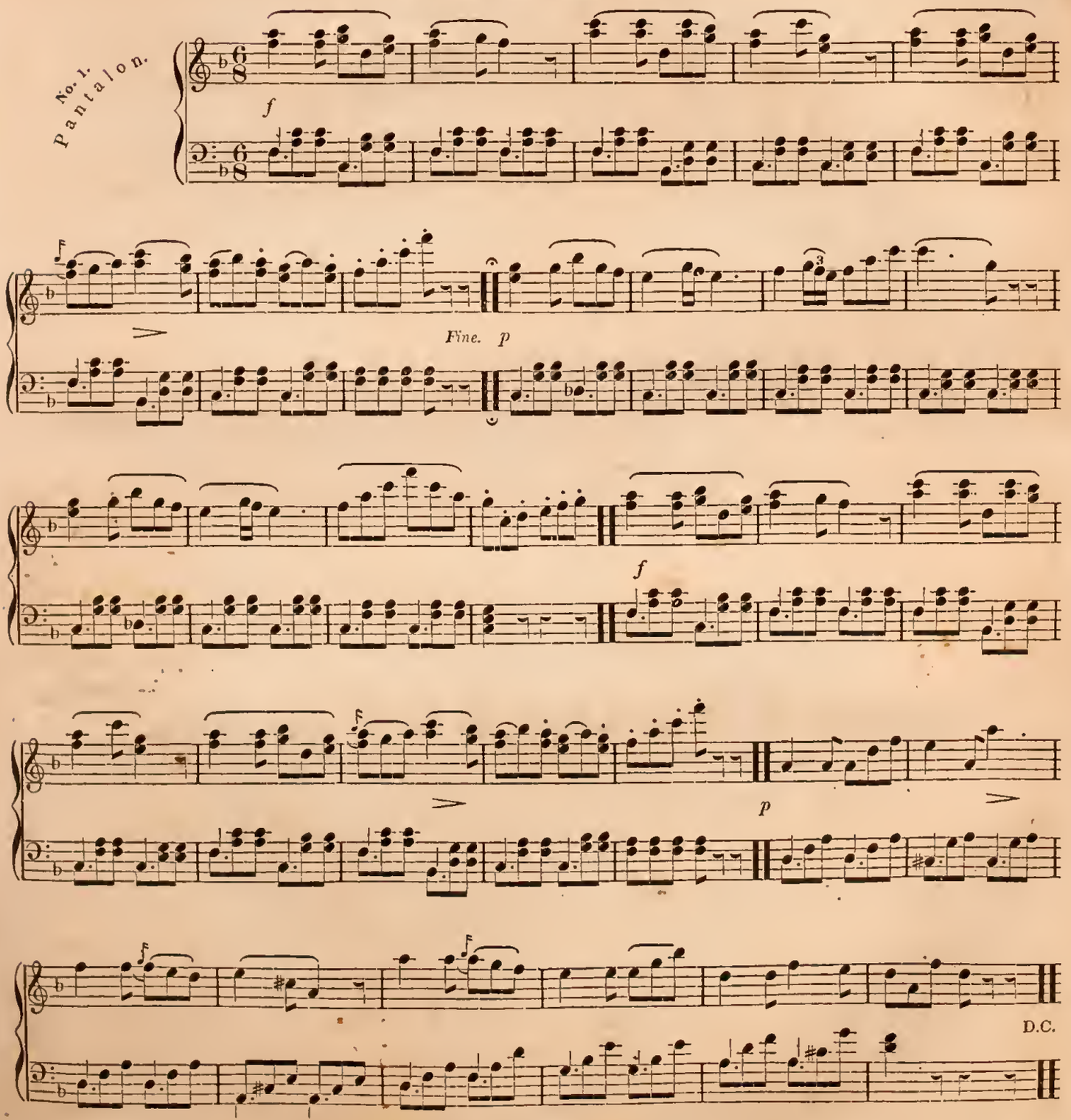
ROSSINI.



THE NORMA QUADRILLES,

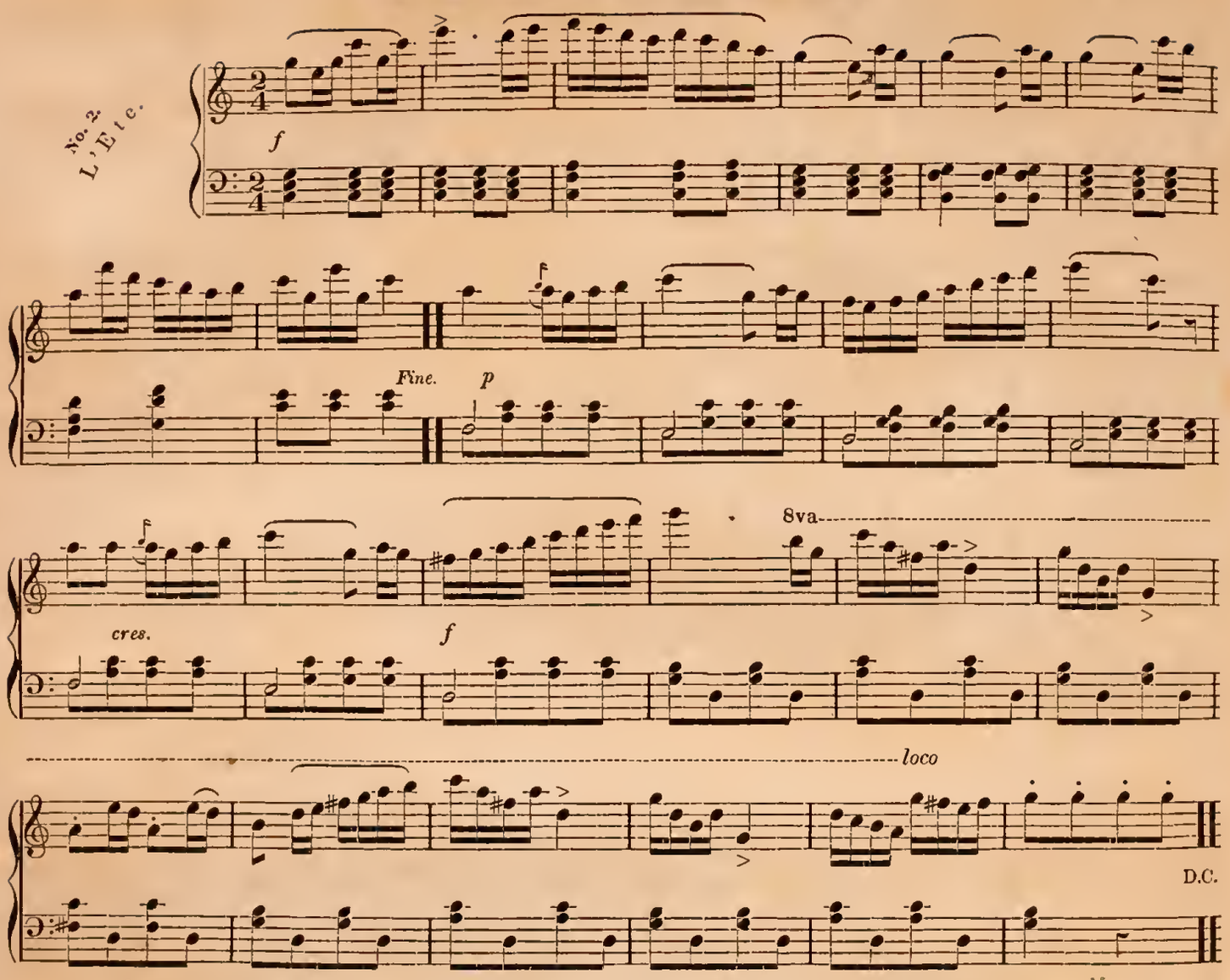
By Ch. Czerny.

NORMA.



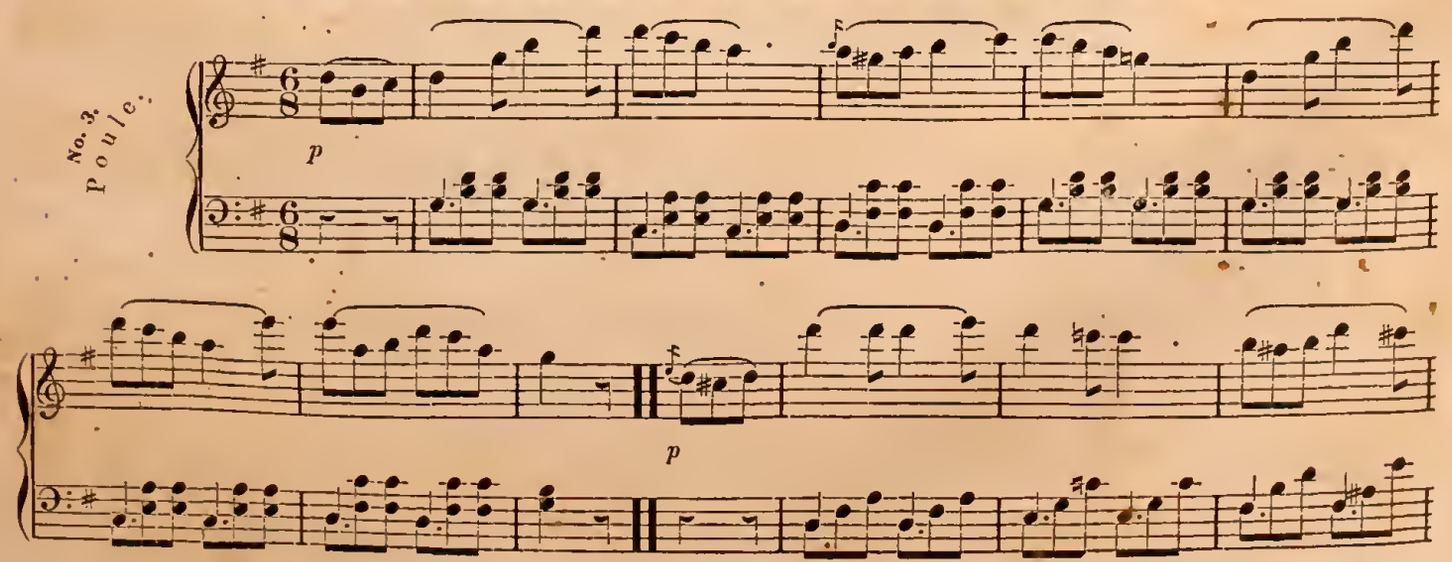
Right and left—Balancez and turn partners—Ladies chain—Half promenade—Half right and left.

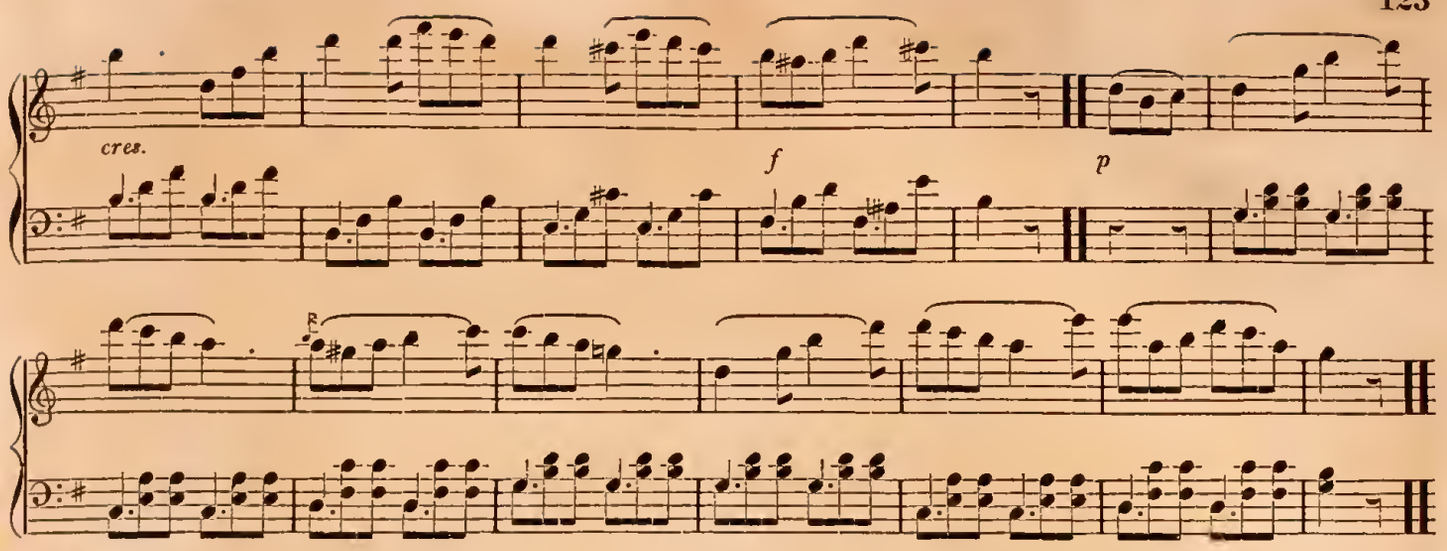
CLAUDIAN.



Forward two—Cross over—Chassez dechassez—Cross back and turn partners.

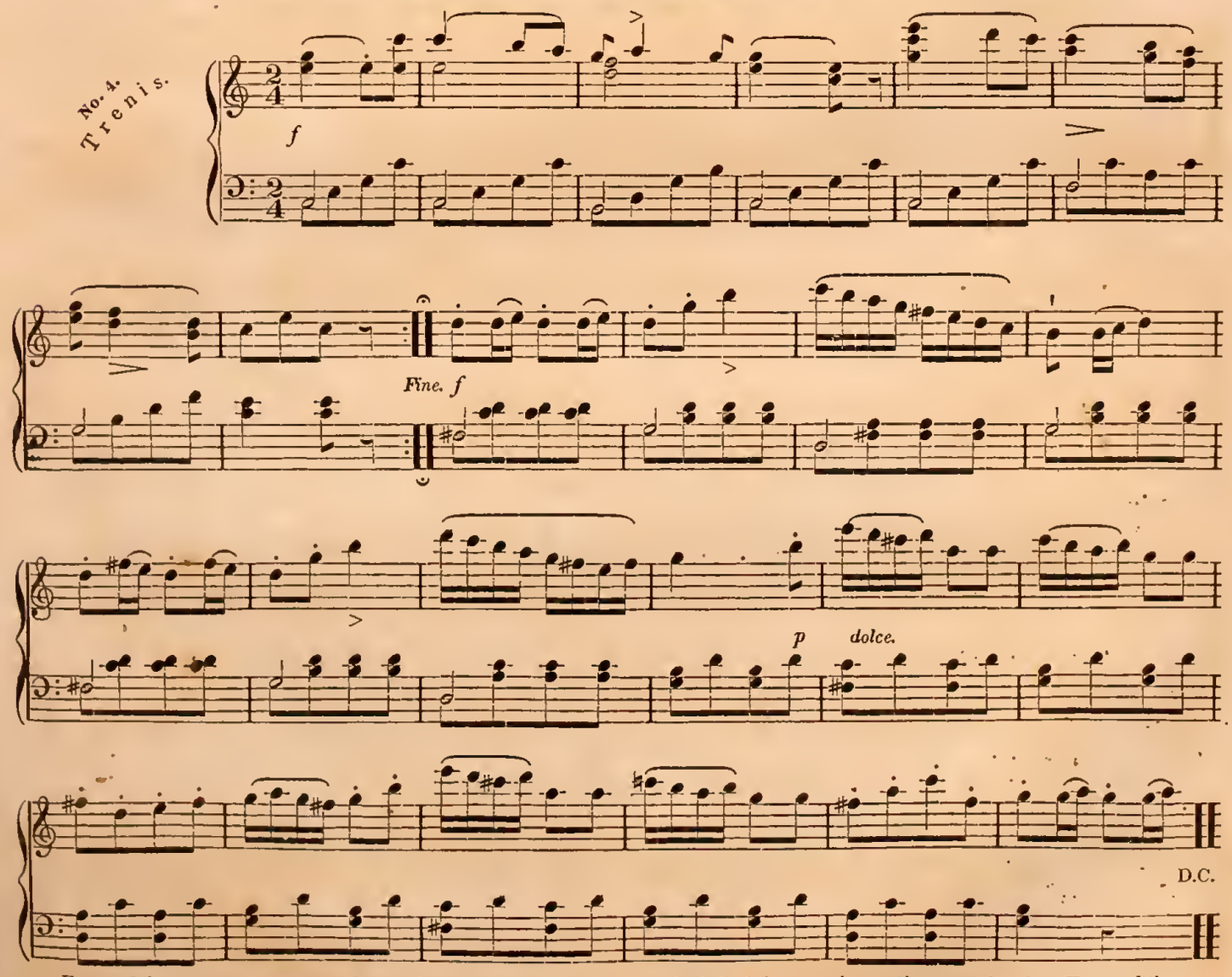
THE DRUID'S CHORUS.





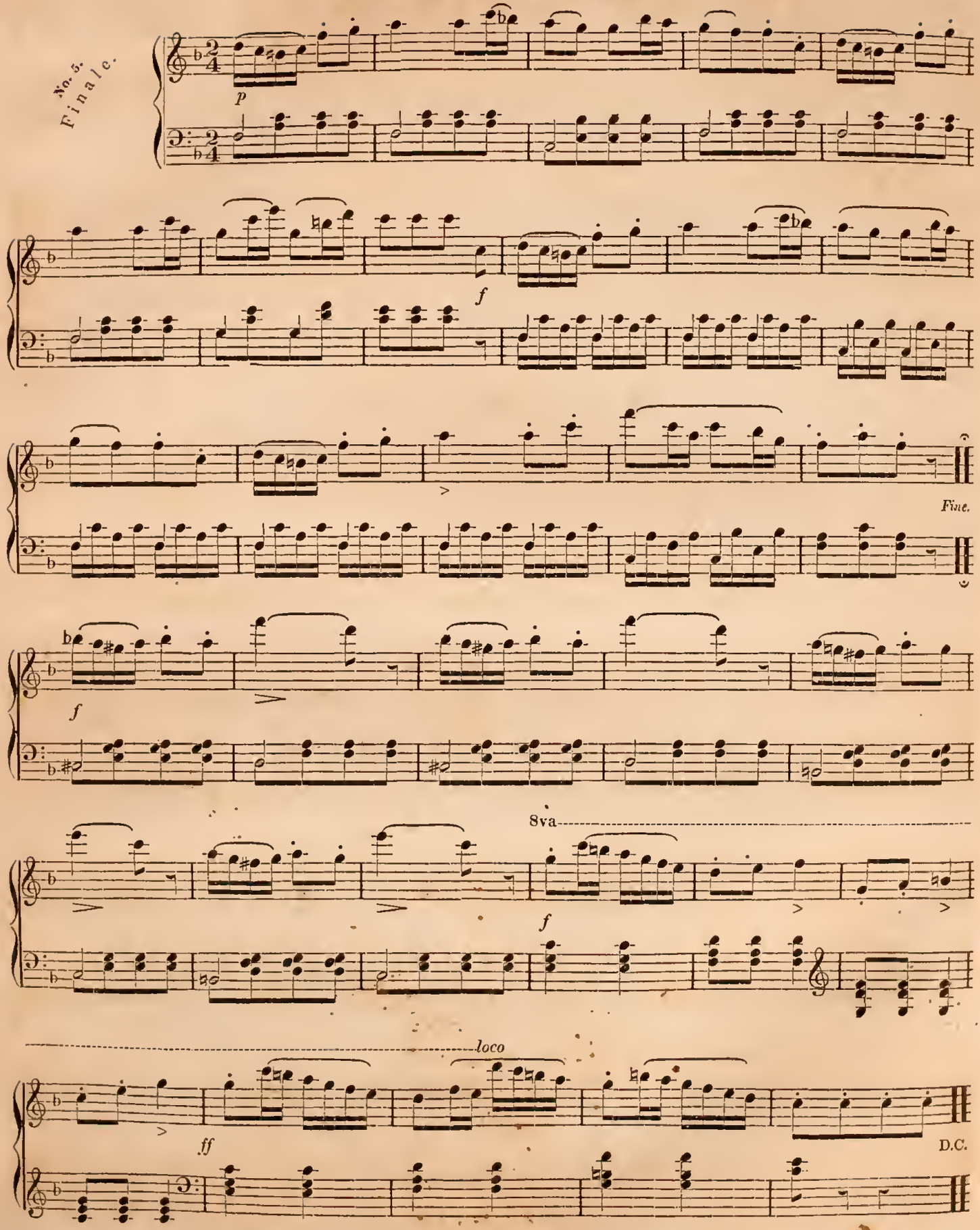
Right hand cross—Left hand back—Balancez on a line—Promenade half round—Forward two—Back to back—Forward four to places.

ELBERTA.



Forward four and turn partners, the gentleman leading his partner to the left of the opposite gentleman and retire—Forward three and back—The gentleman forward twice, and four hands half round, and right and left to places.

FLAVIUS.



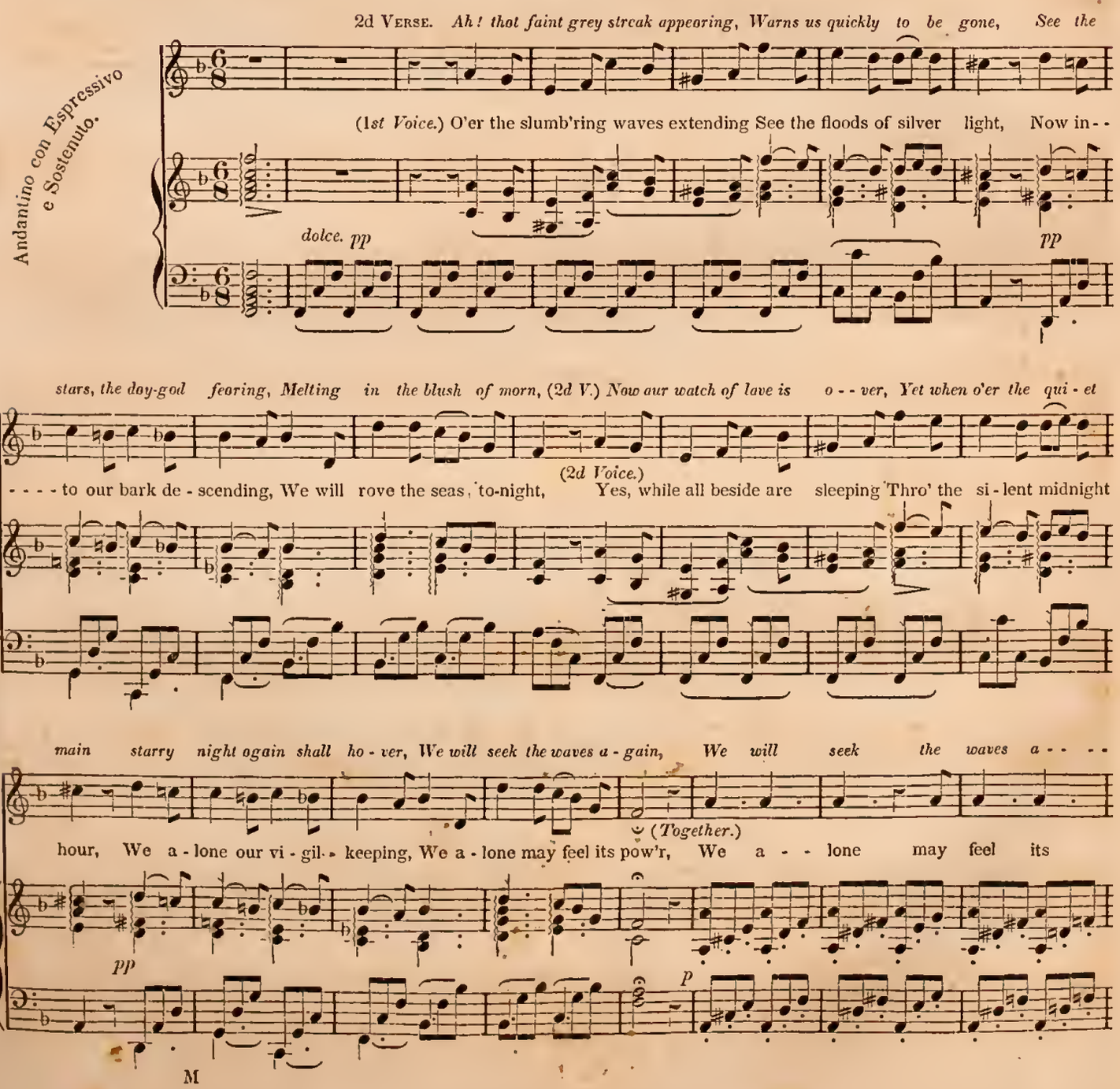
Chassez across four—Forward two—Cross over—Chassez dechassez—Recross to place—Ballancé and turn partners.

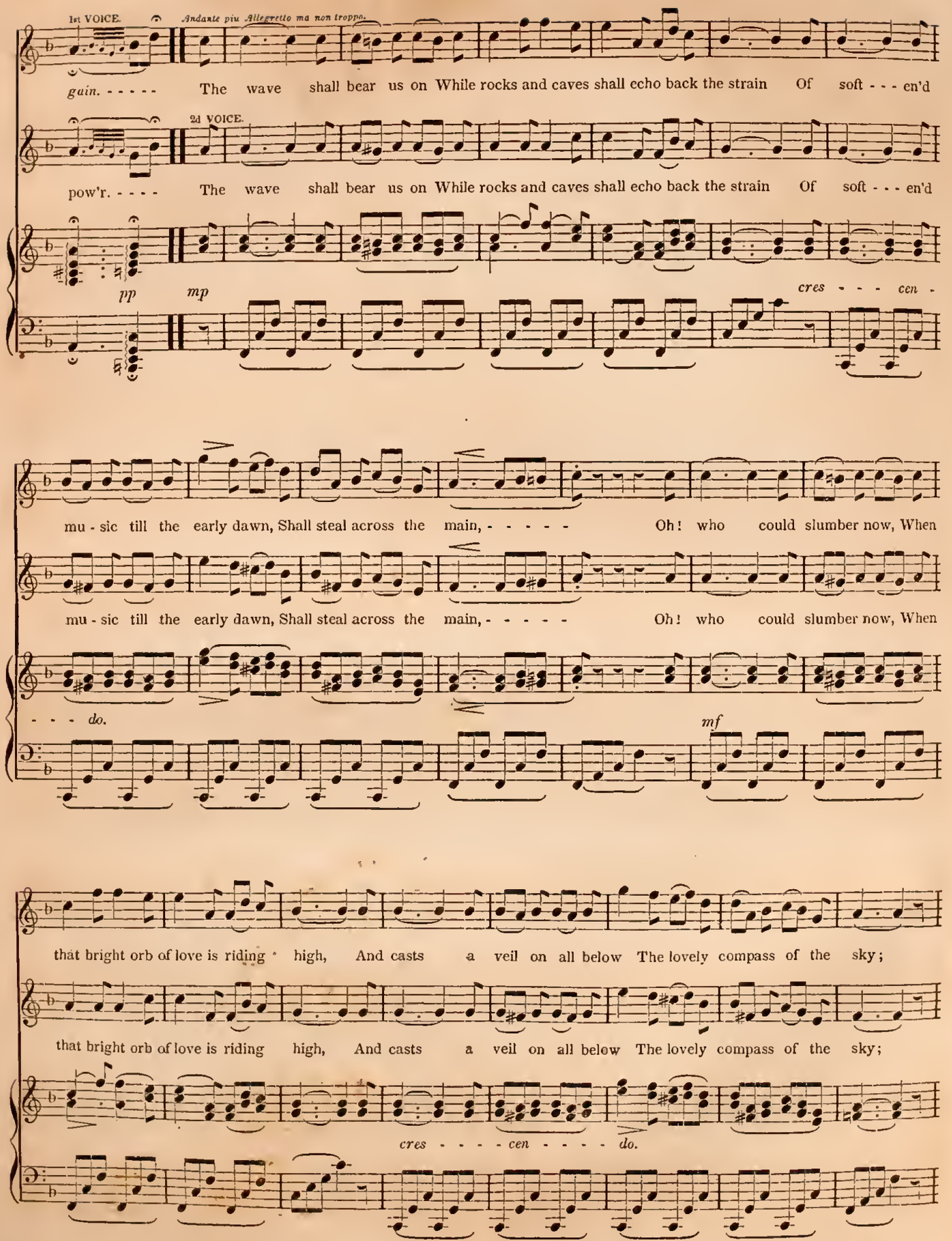
THE ROVING LOVERS.

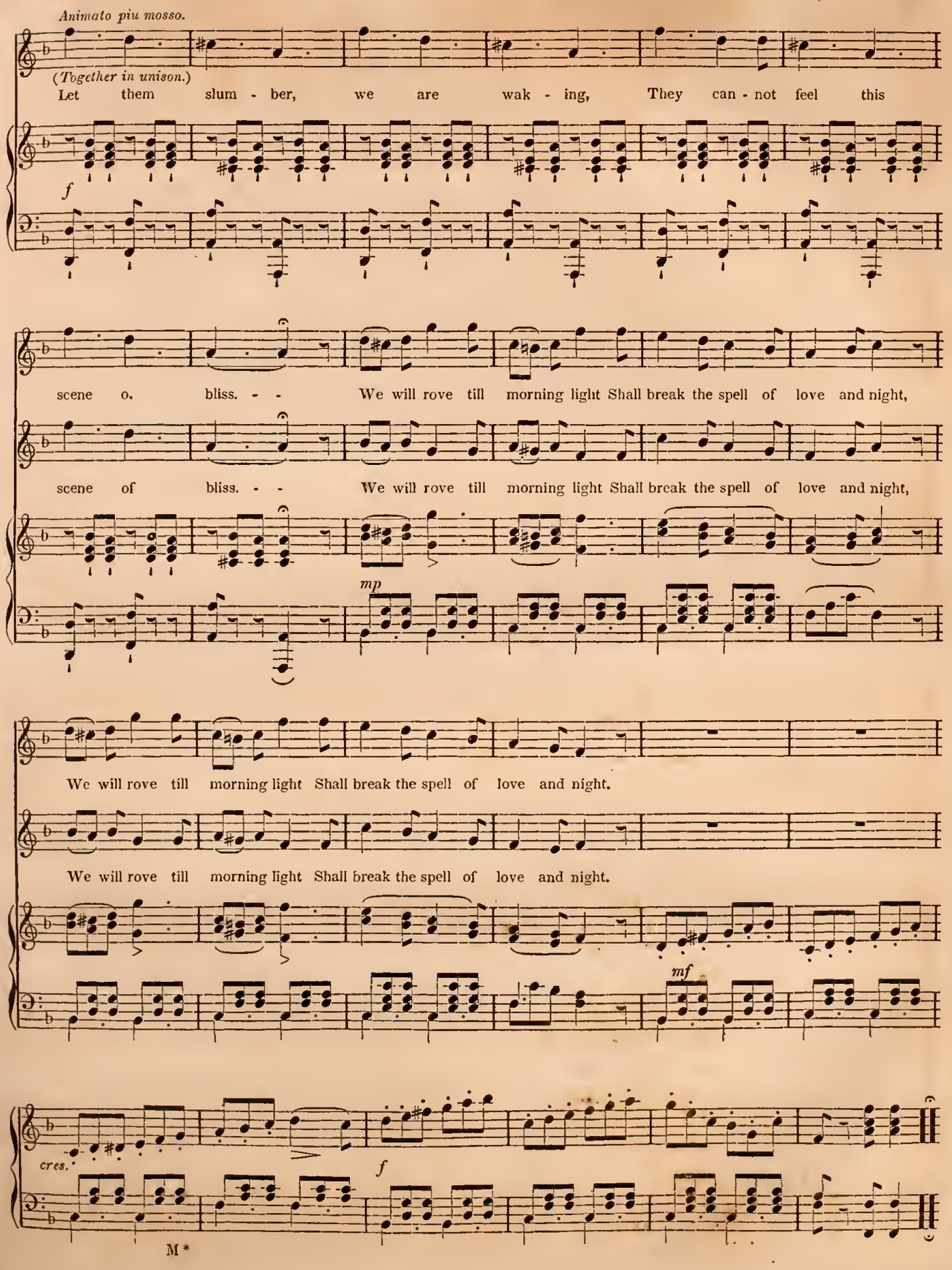
Duet.

WRITTEN BY M. H. R.—ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY ROSSINI.




1st VOICE.
Andante piu Allegretto ma non troppo.
gain. - - - - - The wave shall bear us on While rocks and caves shall echo back the strain Of soft - - - en'd
2d VOICE.
pow'r. - - - - The wave shall bear us on While rocks and caves shall echo back the strain Of soft - - - en'd
pp
mp
cres - - - cen -
mu - sic till the early dawn, Shall steal across the main, - - - - - Oh! who could slumber now, When
mu - sic till the early dawn, Shall steal across the main, - - - - - Oh! who could slumber now, When
- - - do.
mf
that bright orb of love is riding high, And casts a veil on all below The lovely compass of the sky;
that bright orb of love is riding high, And casts a veil on all below The lovely compass of the sky;
cres - - - - cen - - - - do.

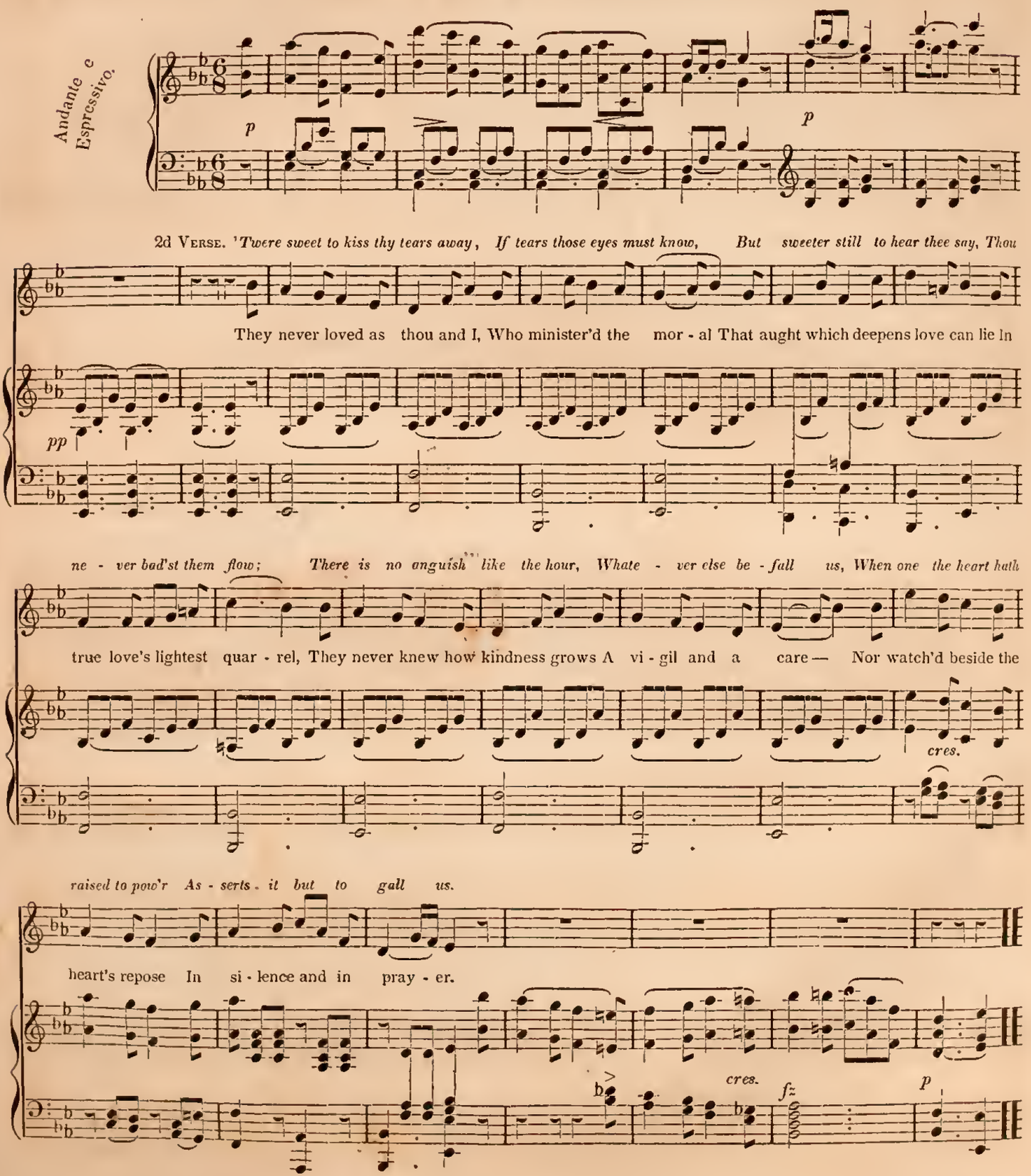

Animato piu mosso.
(Together in unison.)
Let them slum - ber, we are wak - ing, They can - not feel this
f
scene o. bliss. - - We will rove till morning light Shall break the spell of love and night,
scene of bliss. - - We will rove till morning light Shall break the spell of love and night,
mp
We will rove till morning light Shall break the spell of love and night.
We will rove till morning light Shall break the spell of love and night.
mf
cres.
f
M *

THEY NEVER LOVED AS THOU AND I.

POETRY BY BULWER.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

By C. Hommann.

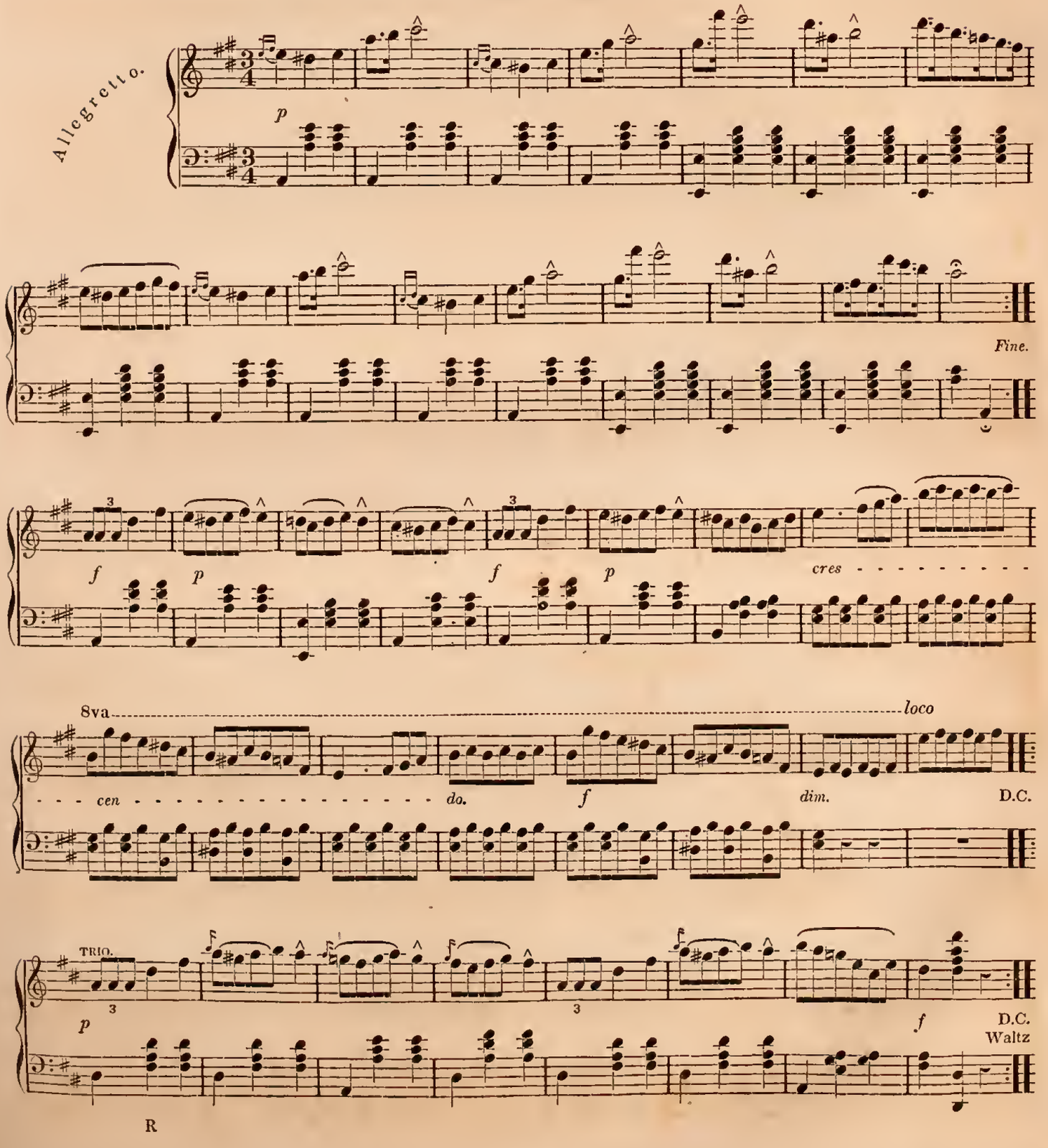


THE BELLE WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

BY J. A. GETZE.

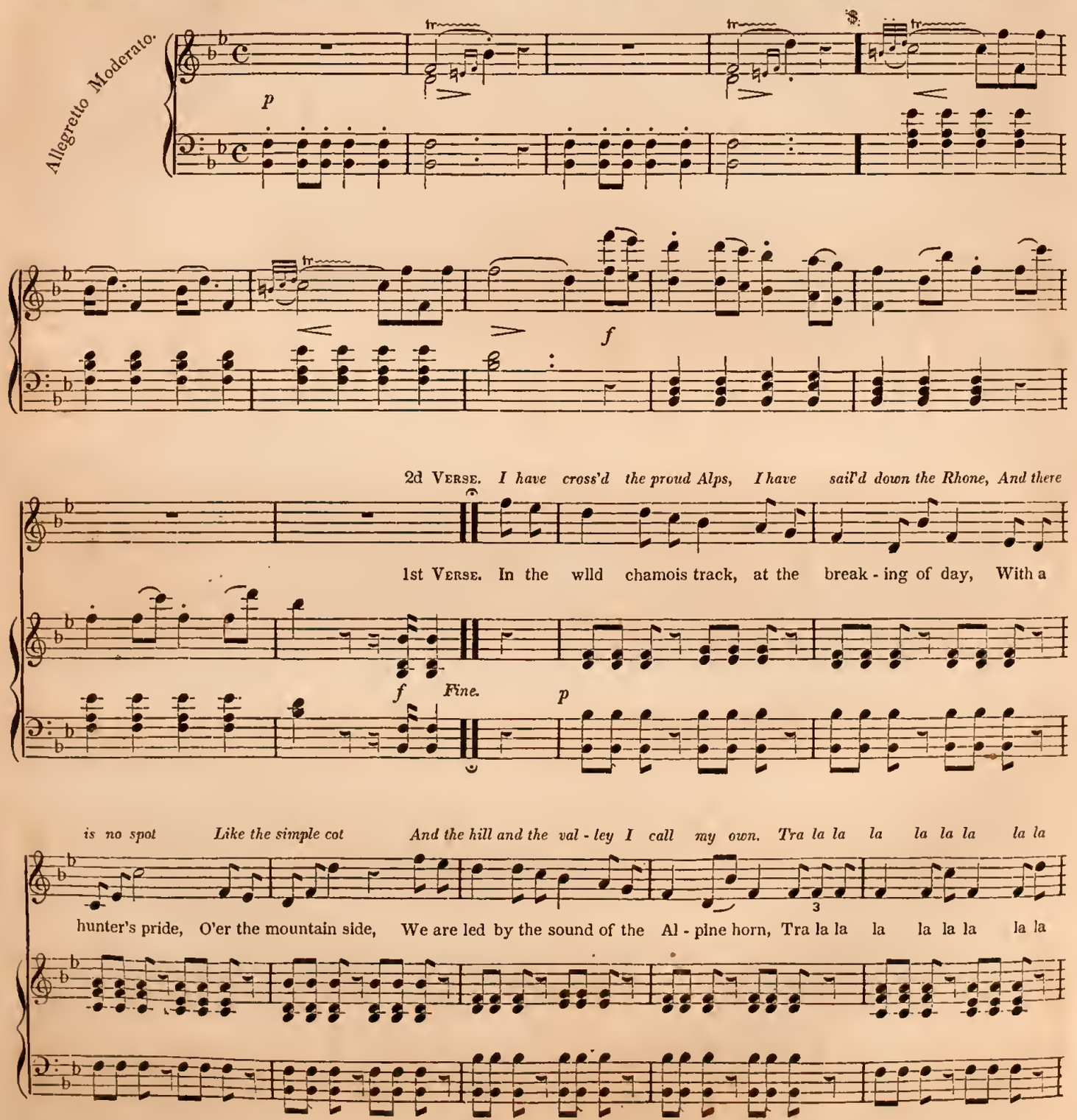
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC

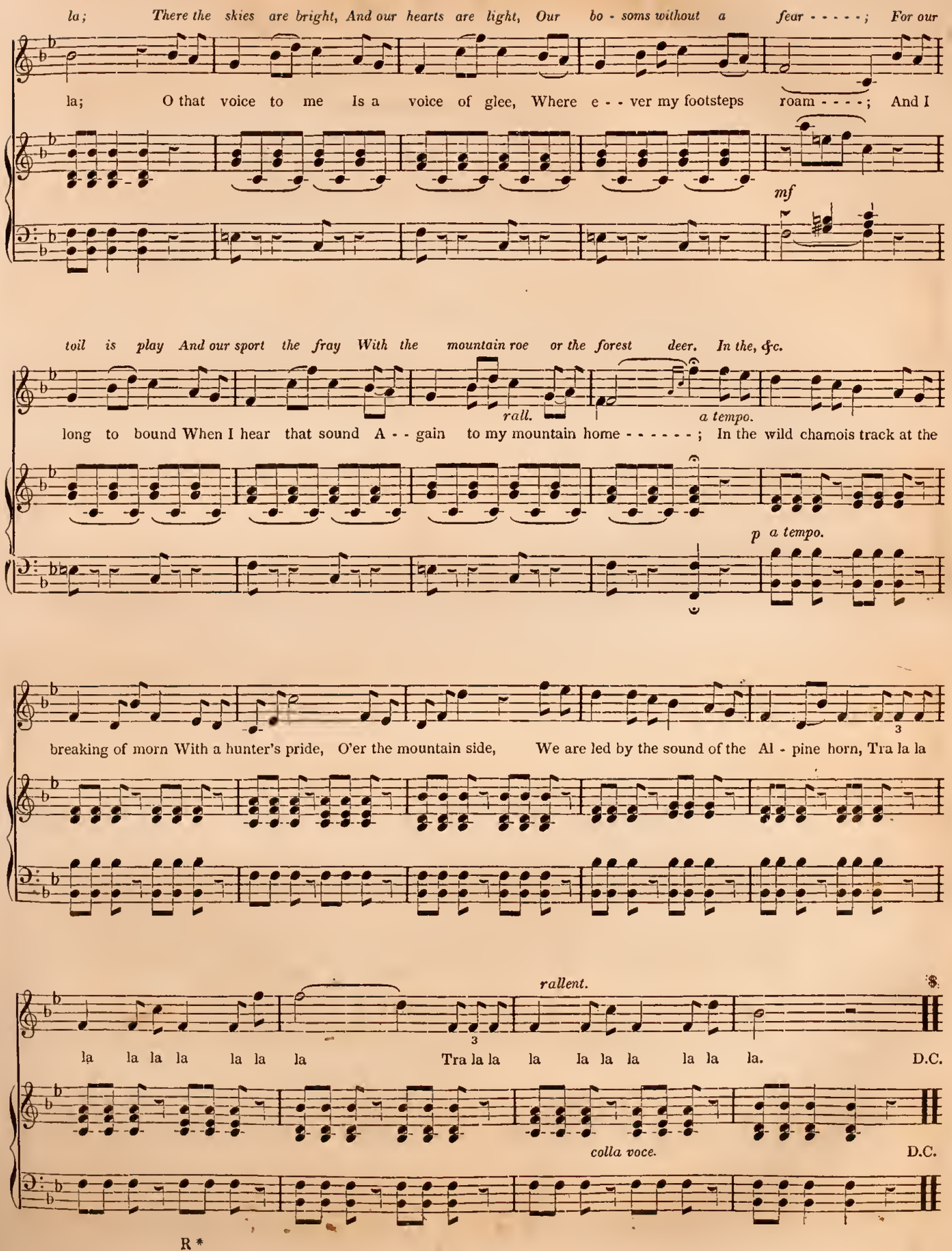


THERE IS NO HOME LIKE MY OWN.

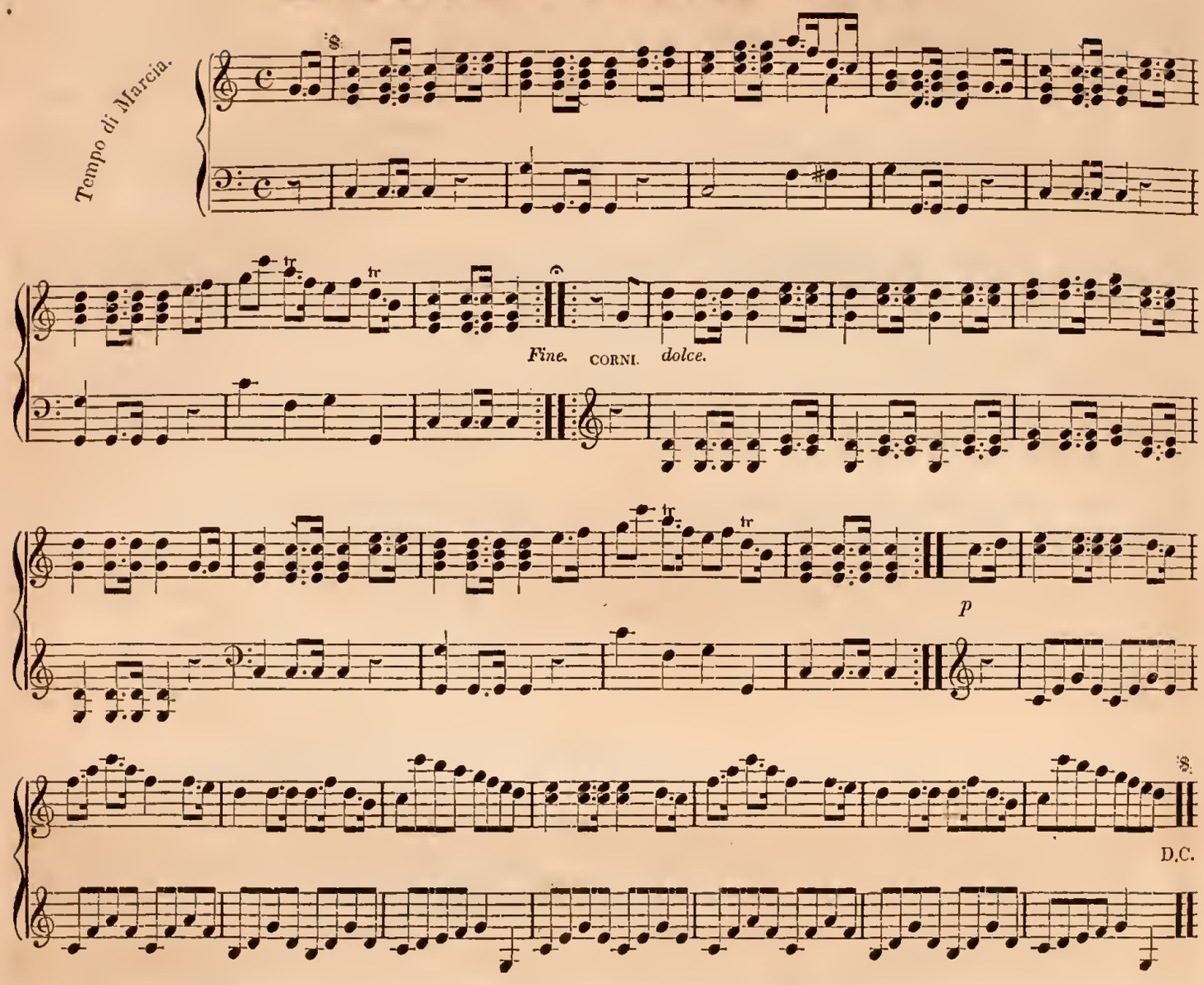
An Admired Tyrolean.

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY MADAME MALIBRAN.

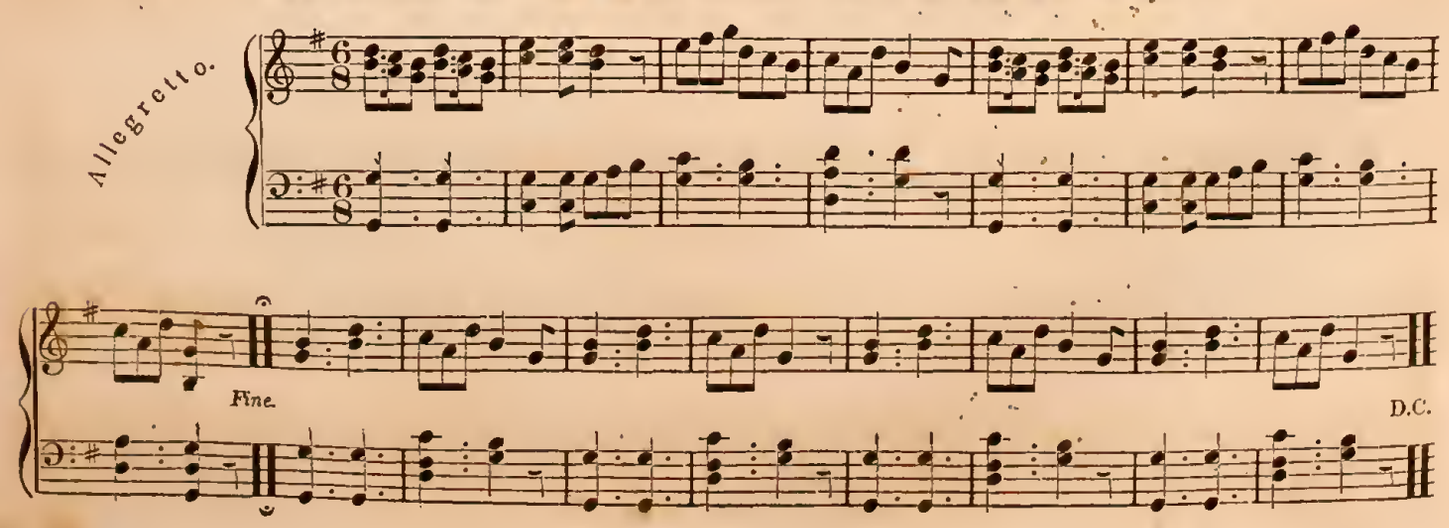



la; There the skies are bright, And our hearts are light, Our bo - soms without a fear - - - - ; For our
la; O that voice to me Is a voice of glee, Where e - - ver my footsteps roam - - - - ; And I
mf
toil is play And our sport the fray With the mountain roe or the forest deer. In the, &c.
long to bound When I hear that sound A - - gain to my mountain home - - - - - - ; In the wild chamois track at the
rall.
a tempo.
p a tempo.
breaking of morn With a hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the Al - pine horn, Tra la la
3
rallent.
3
la la la la la la la Tra la la la la la la la la la. D.C.
colla voce.
D.C.
R *

BRISTOL MARCH.

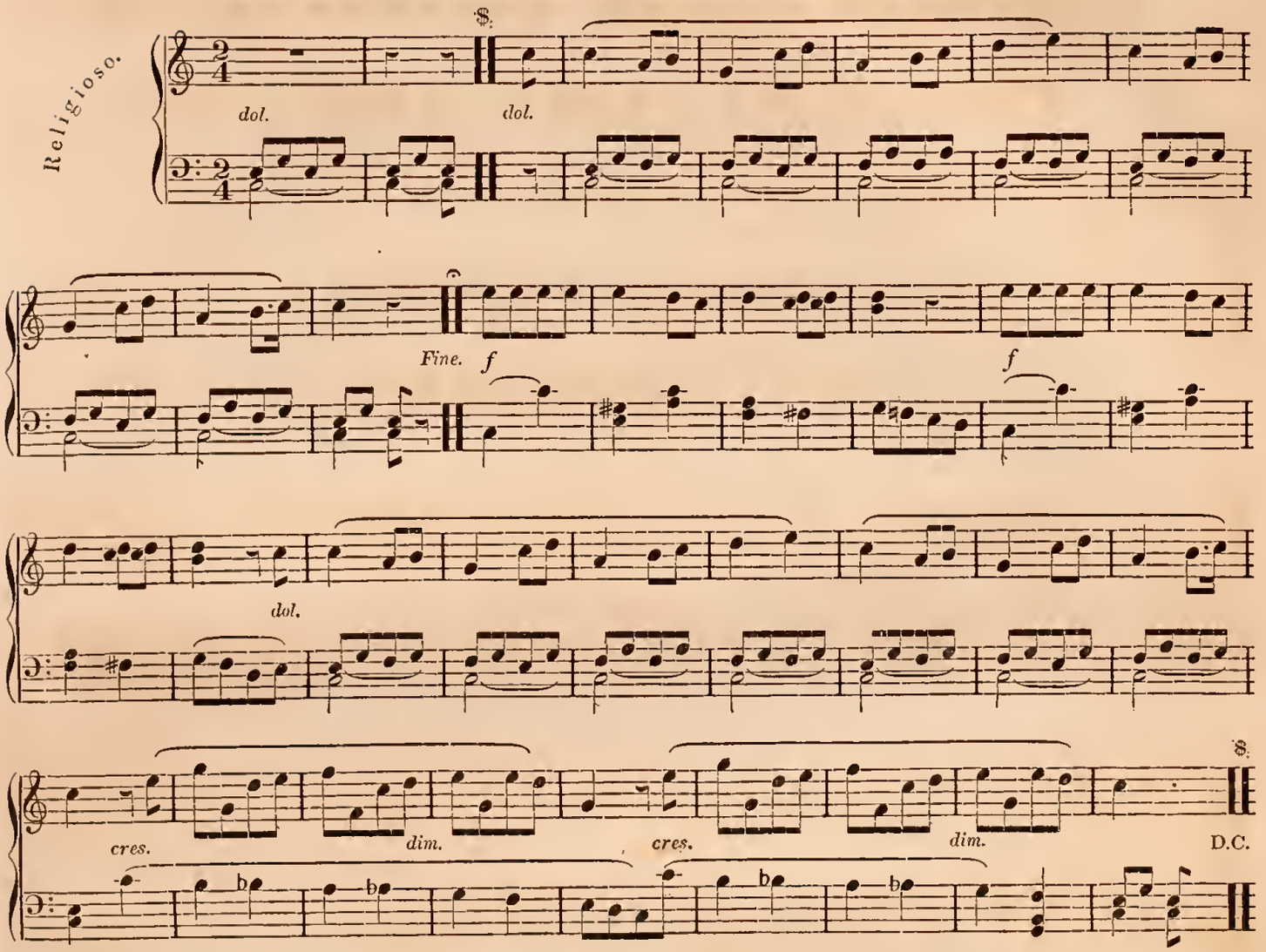


HERR CLINE'S DANCE.

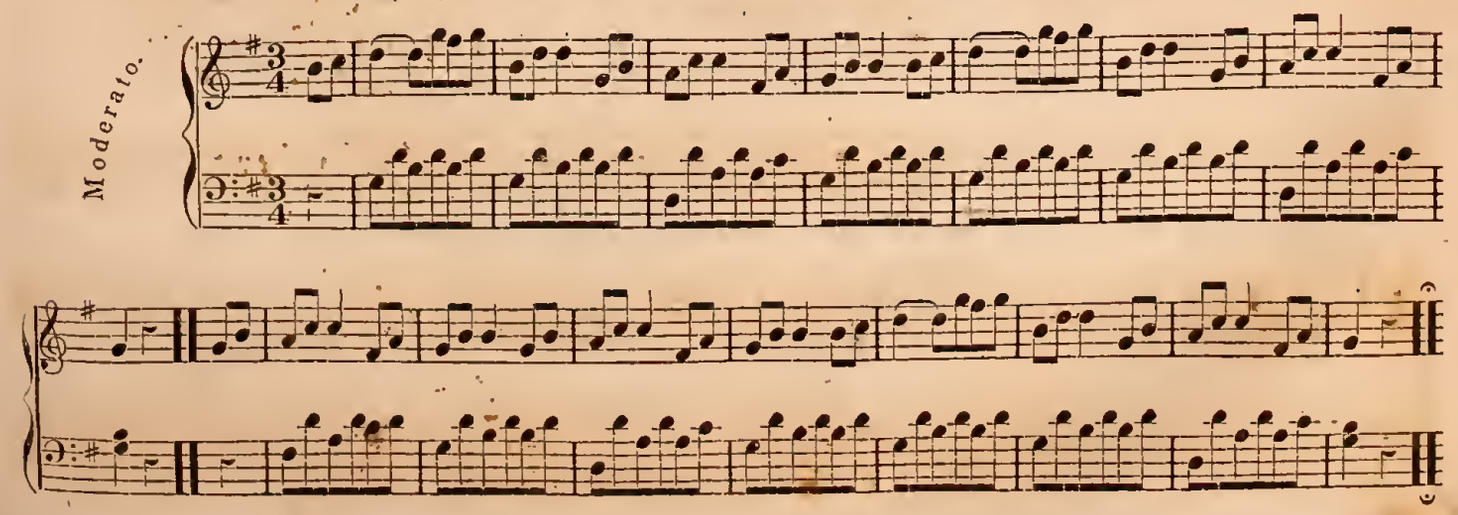


AVE MARIA.

COMPOSED BY LOISA PUGET.



SPANISH DANCE.



THE BANSHEE.

SONG,

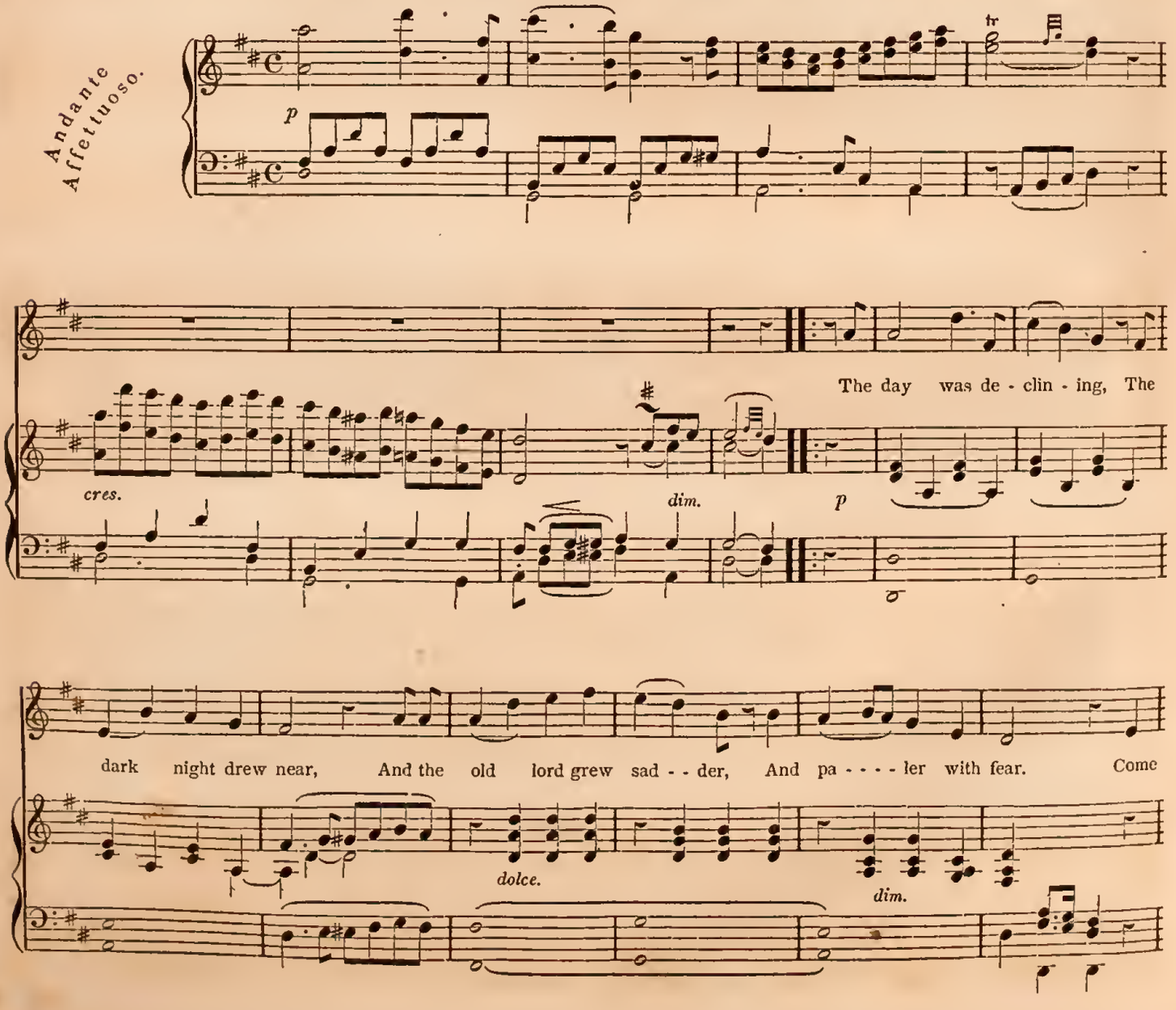
FROM CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

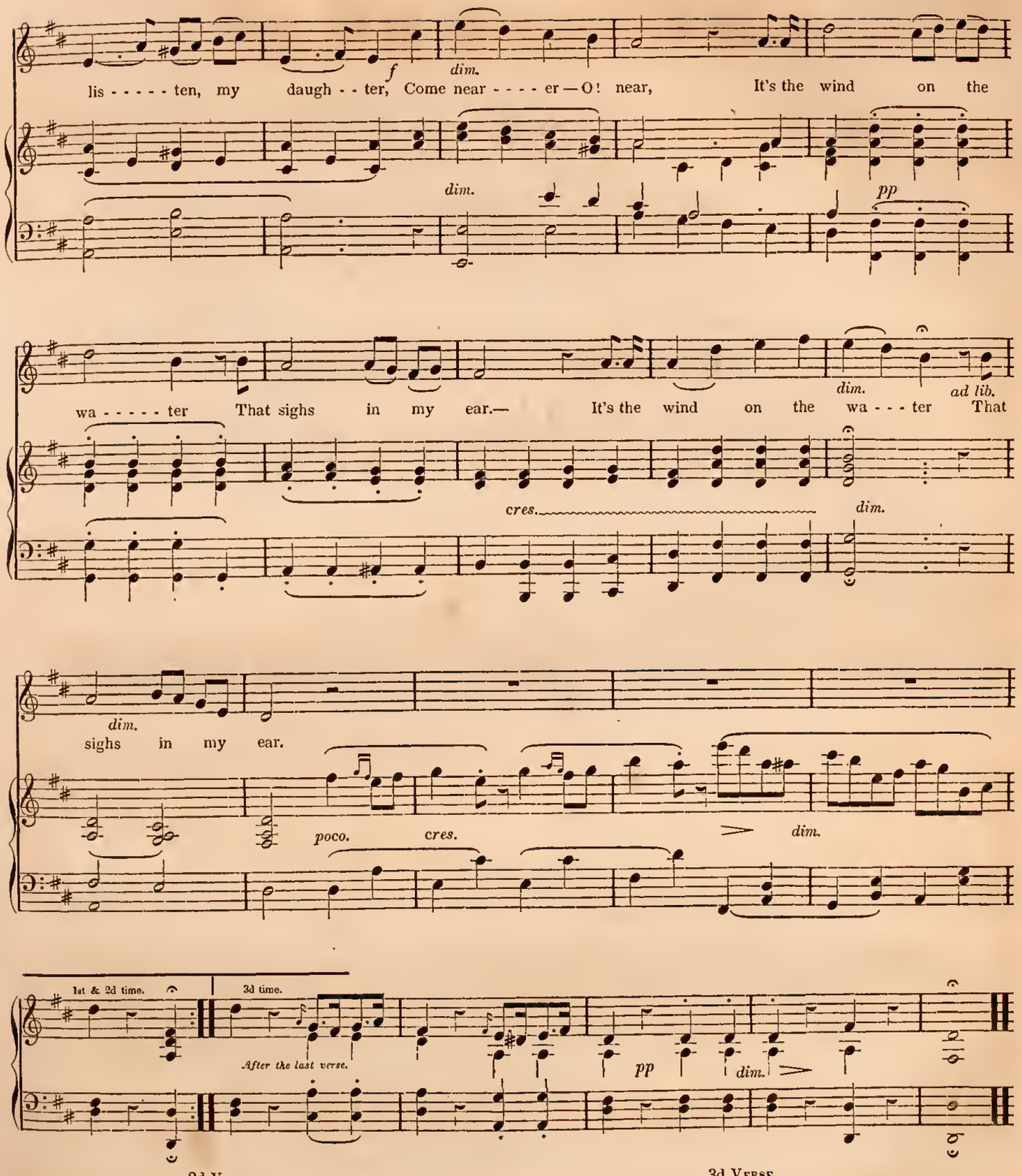
WRITTEN BY HARRY LORREQUER.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE FRIENDS OF OULD ERIN,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.





2d Verse.

[Not the] wind nor the water
Now stirr'd the night air,
But a warning far sadder—
The banshee was there,
Now rising, now swelling,
[On the] night wind it bore
One cadence, still telling,
I want thee, Rossmore!

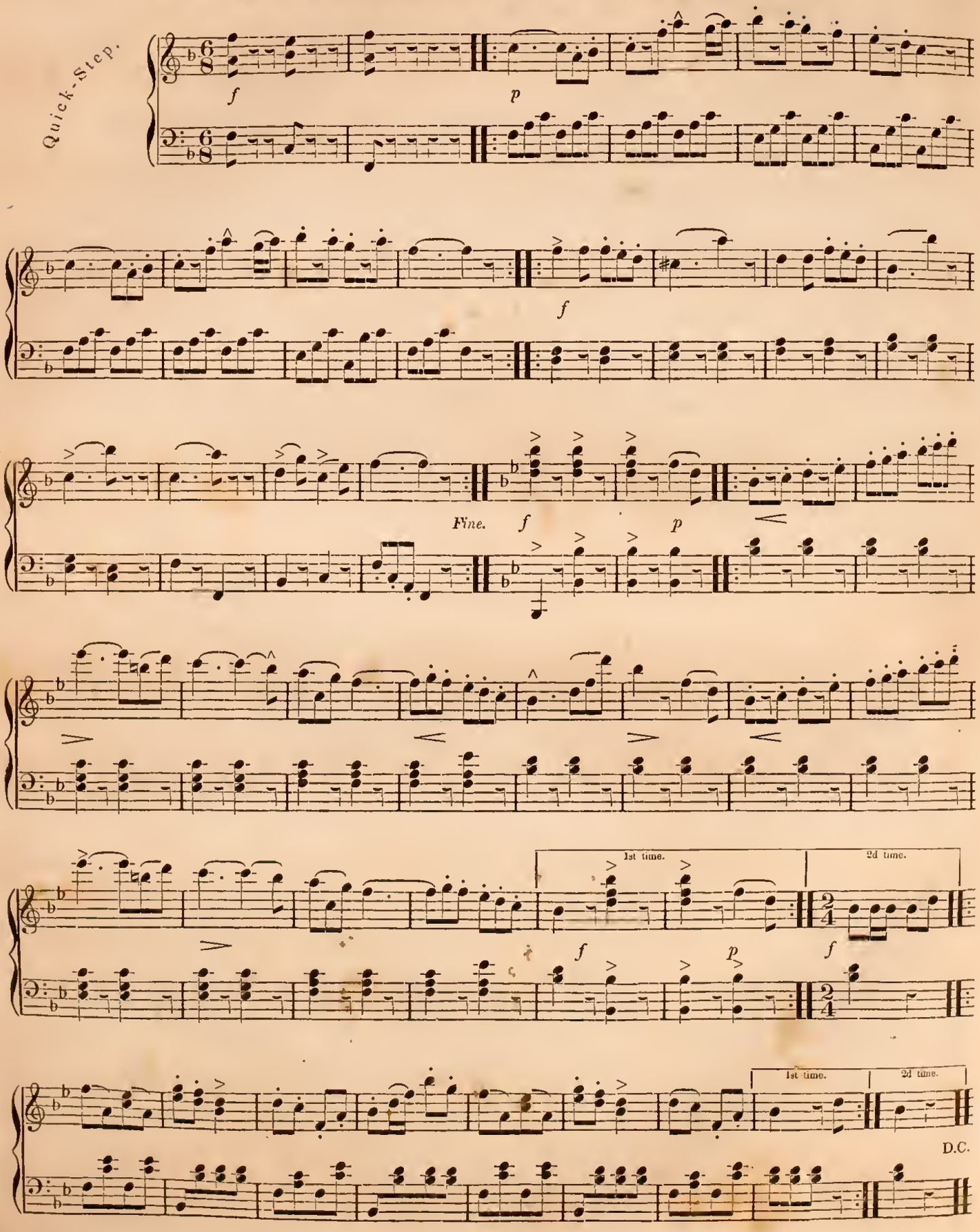
3d Verse.

Then fast came his wasting breath,
More fix'd grew his eye;
And the shadow of chilling death
Told his hour was nigh.
[Ere the] dawn of that morning
The struggle was o'er,
For when thrice came the warning—
A corpse was Rossmore!

* All words enclosed thus [ ] to be sung to one note.

WISSAHICCON QUICK-STEP.

C. F. RUDOLPH.



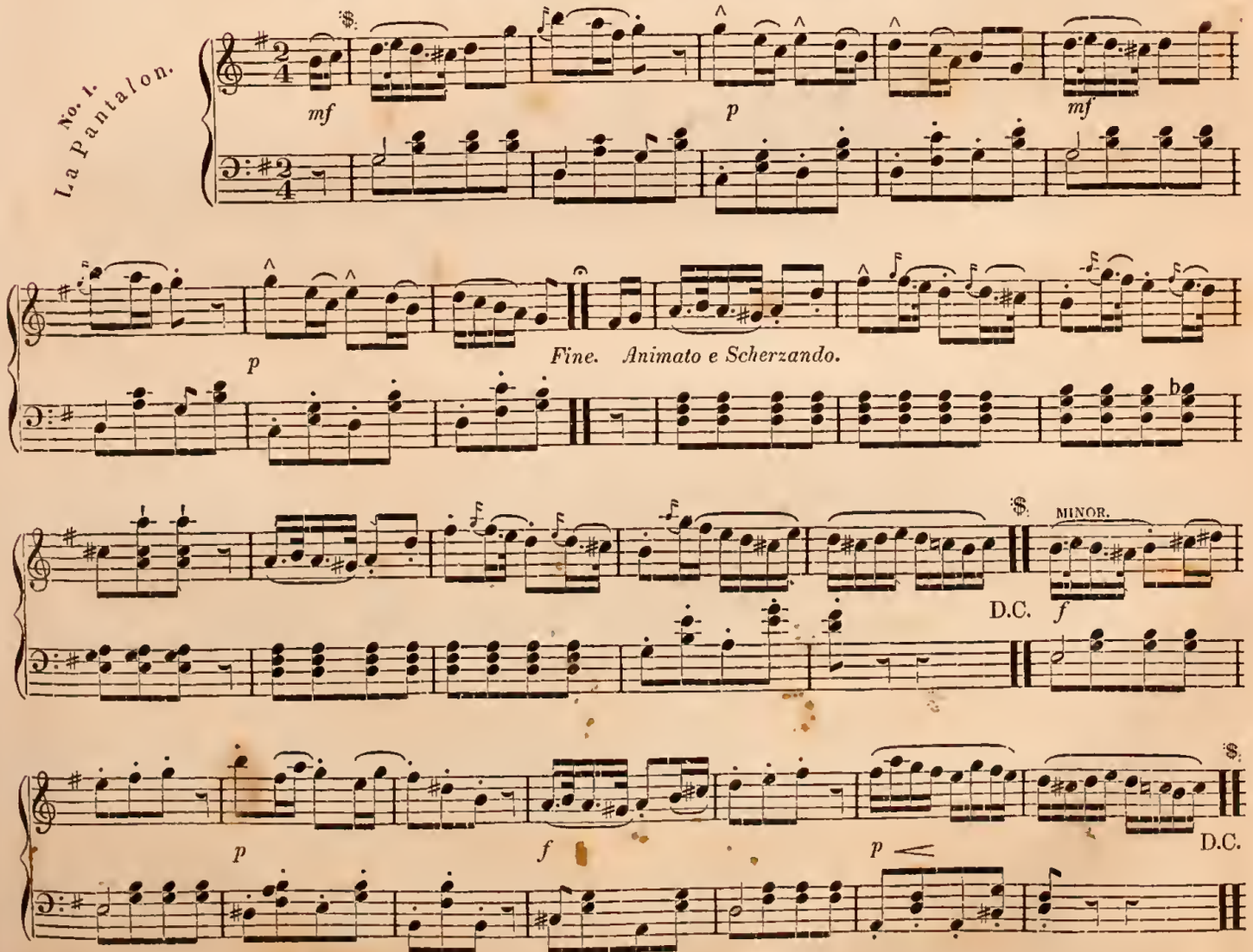
THE FAMILY QUADRILLES.

COMPOSED, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

Miss Martha Lewis,

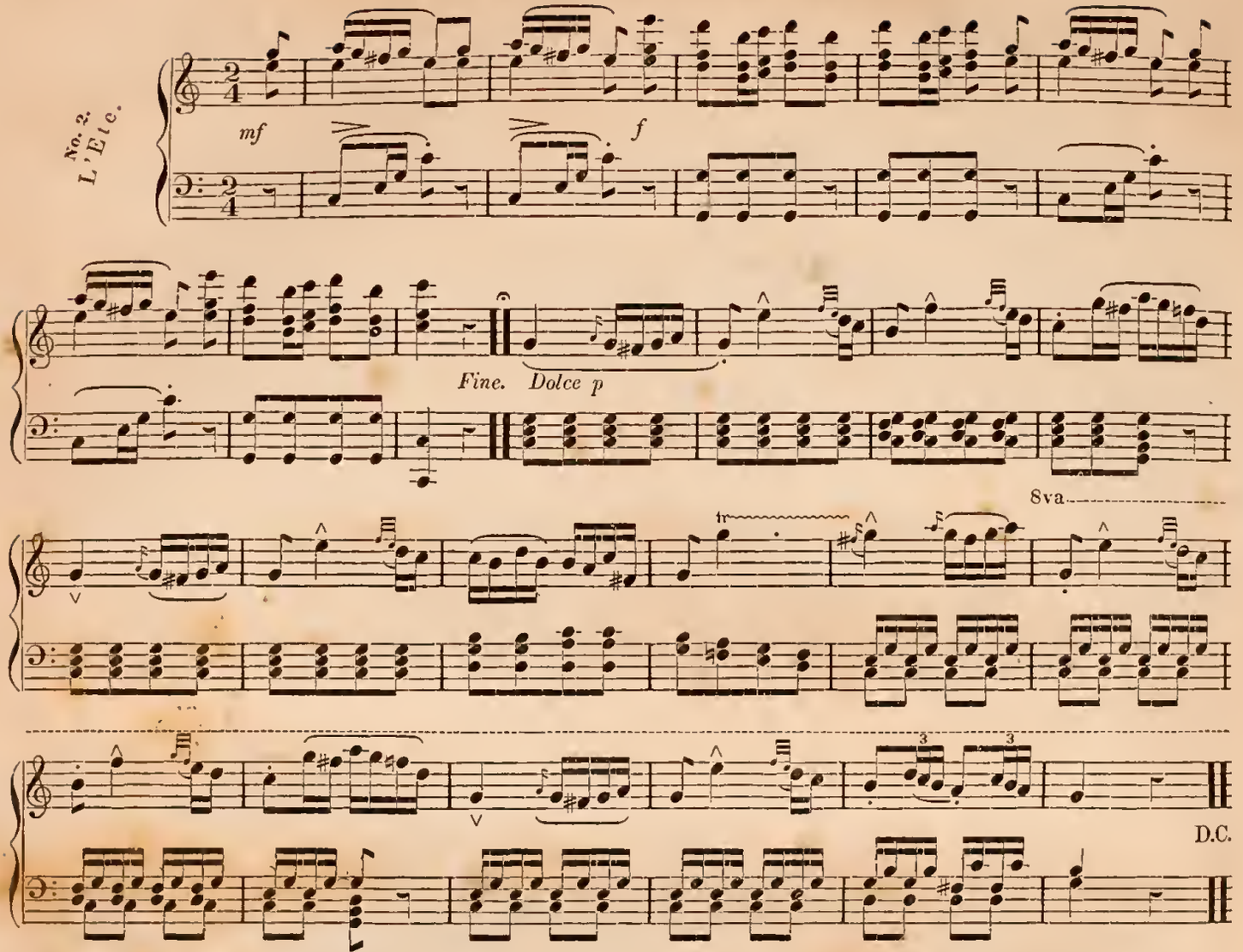
BY AN AMATEUR.

LA CATHARINA.



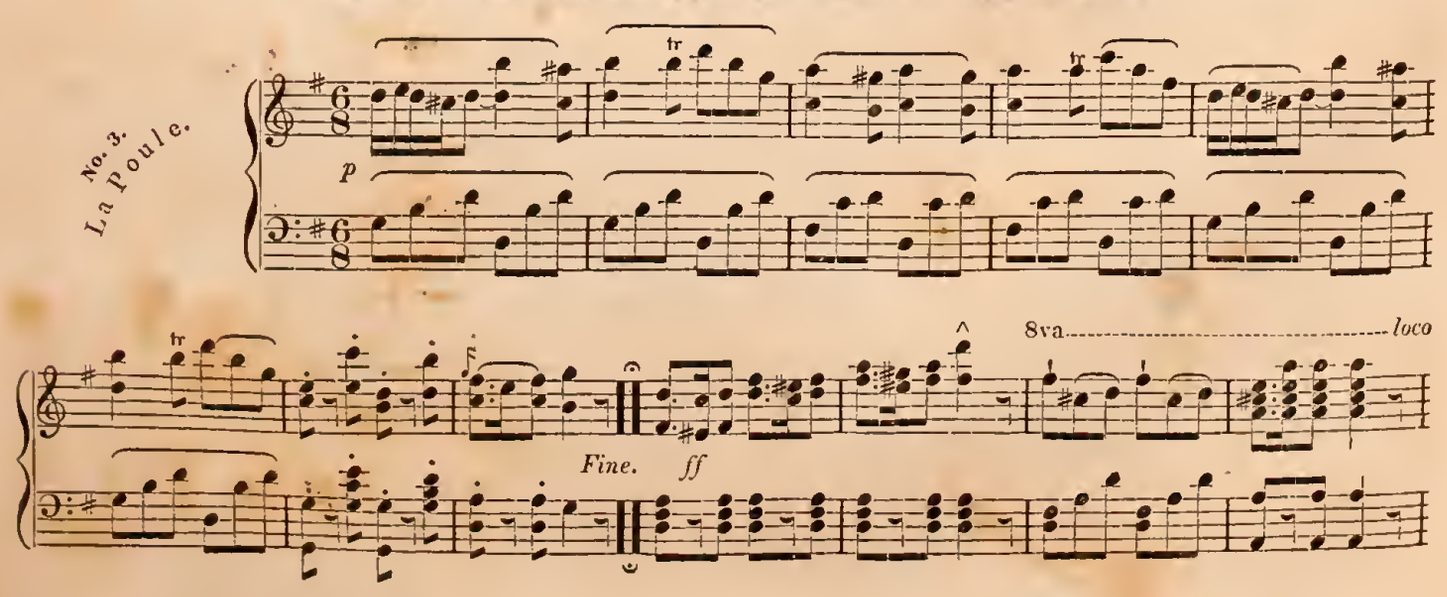
Right and Left—Balance and turn partner—Ladies chain—Promenade half round—Right and Left to place.

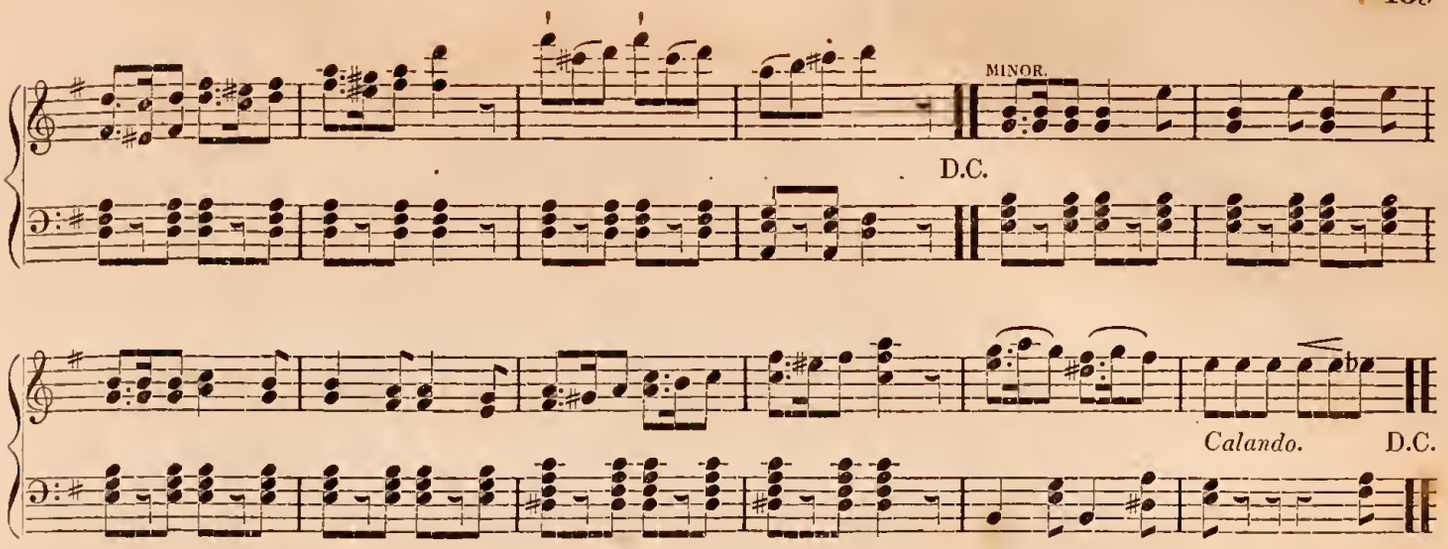
L'ELLENA.



Forward two and cross over—Chassez right and left—Cross to place—Balancé and turn to place.

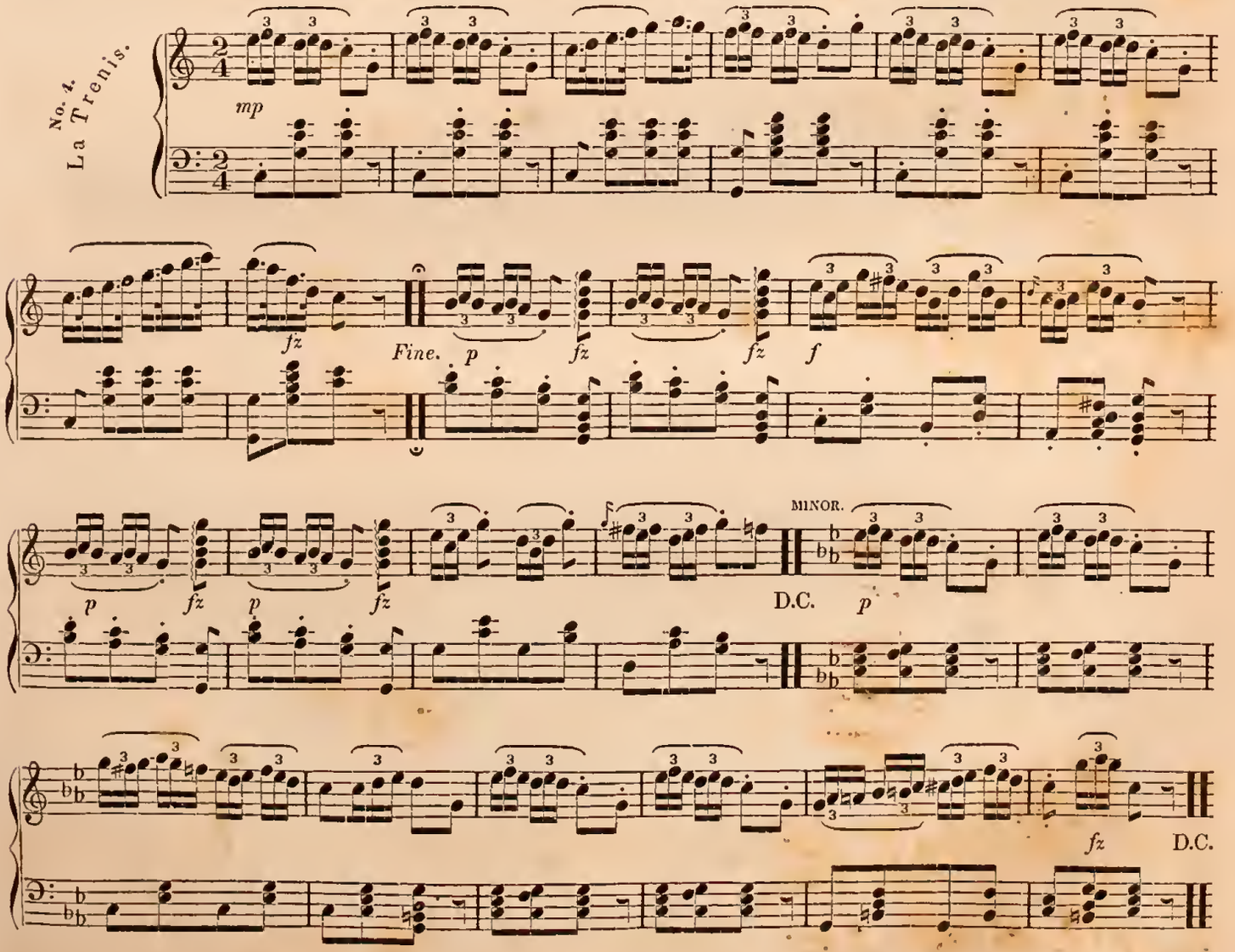
LA BELLE MARIE.





Right hand across, left hand back—Balancé four and promenade half around—Forward two and back—forward four and right and left to place.

PATTIE LA BLONDE.

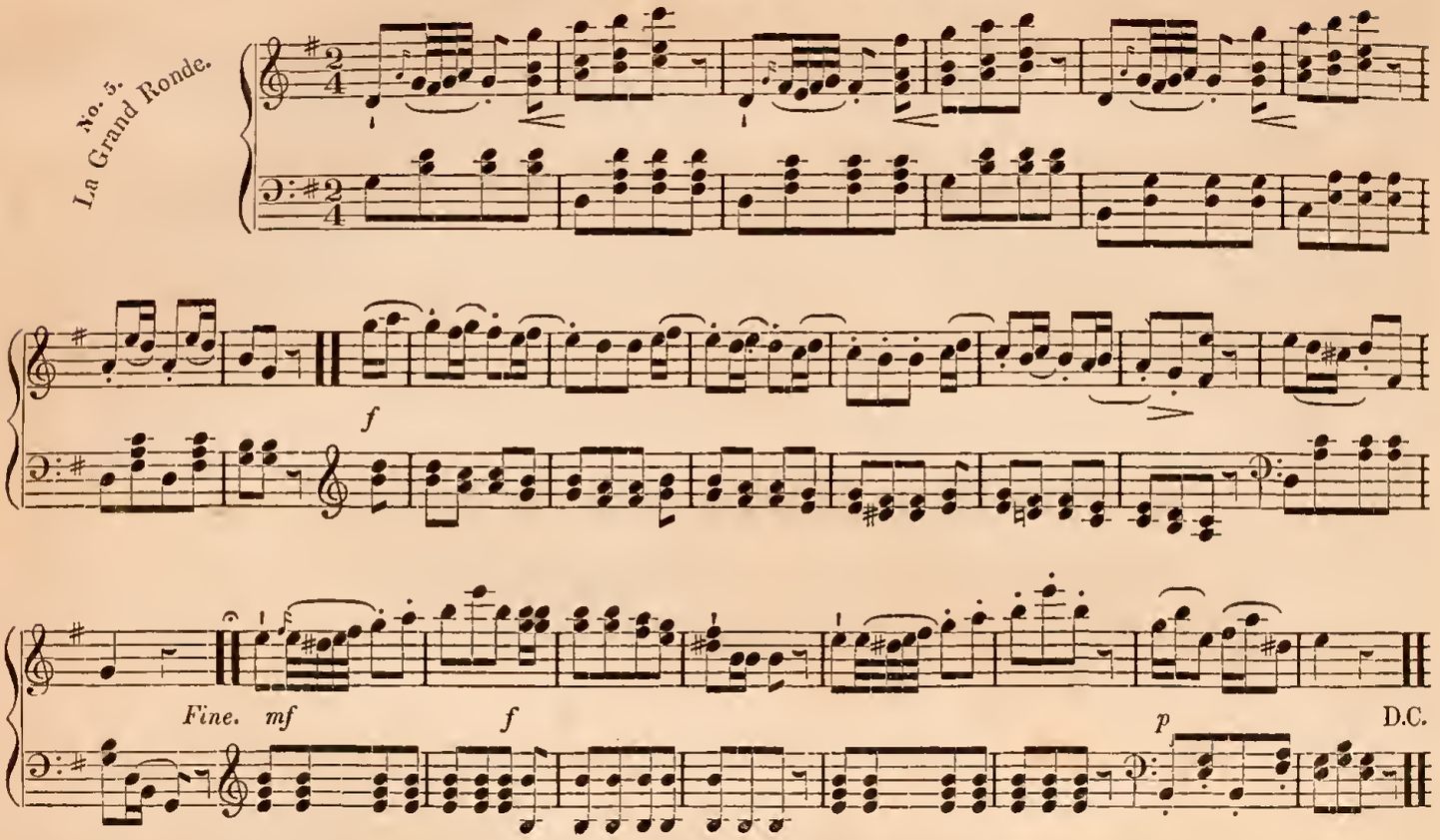


Forward four and back—Forward two and twice leaving lady on the opposite side—Forward three twice, hands around and right and left to places.

HIGHLAND GALOP.

COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO COUSIN KATE,

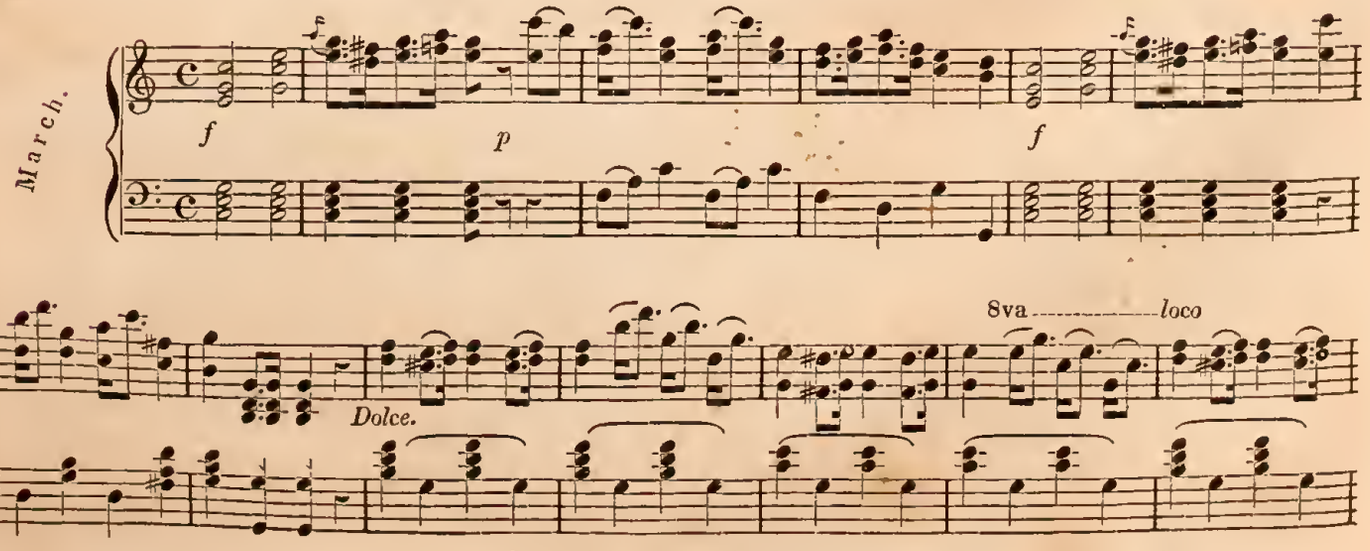
BY AN AMATEUR.



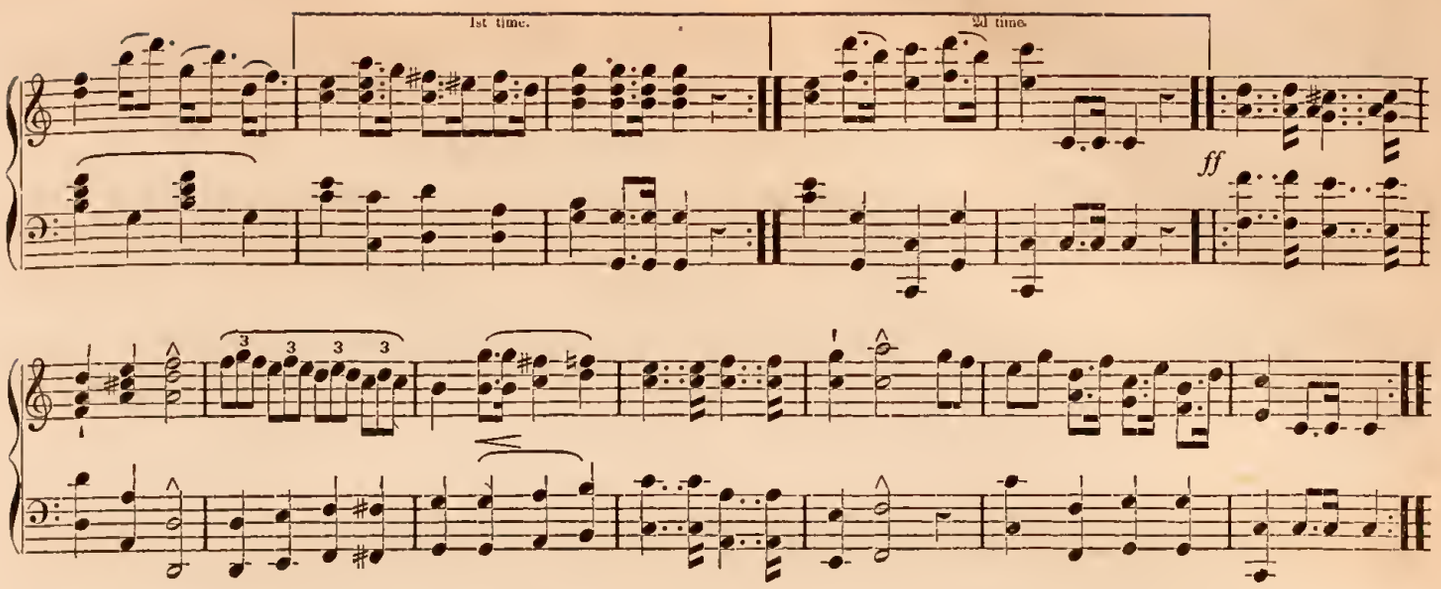
Chassez across four—Forward two—Cross over—Chassez—Cross to place and Balancé.

THE EUNOMIAN MARCH.*

COMPOSED BY AN AMATEUR.



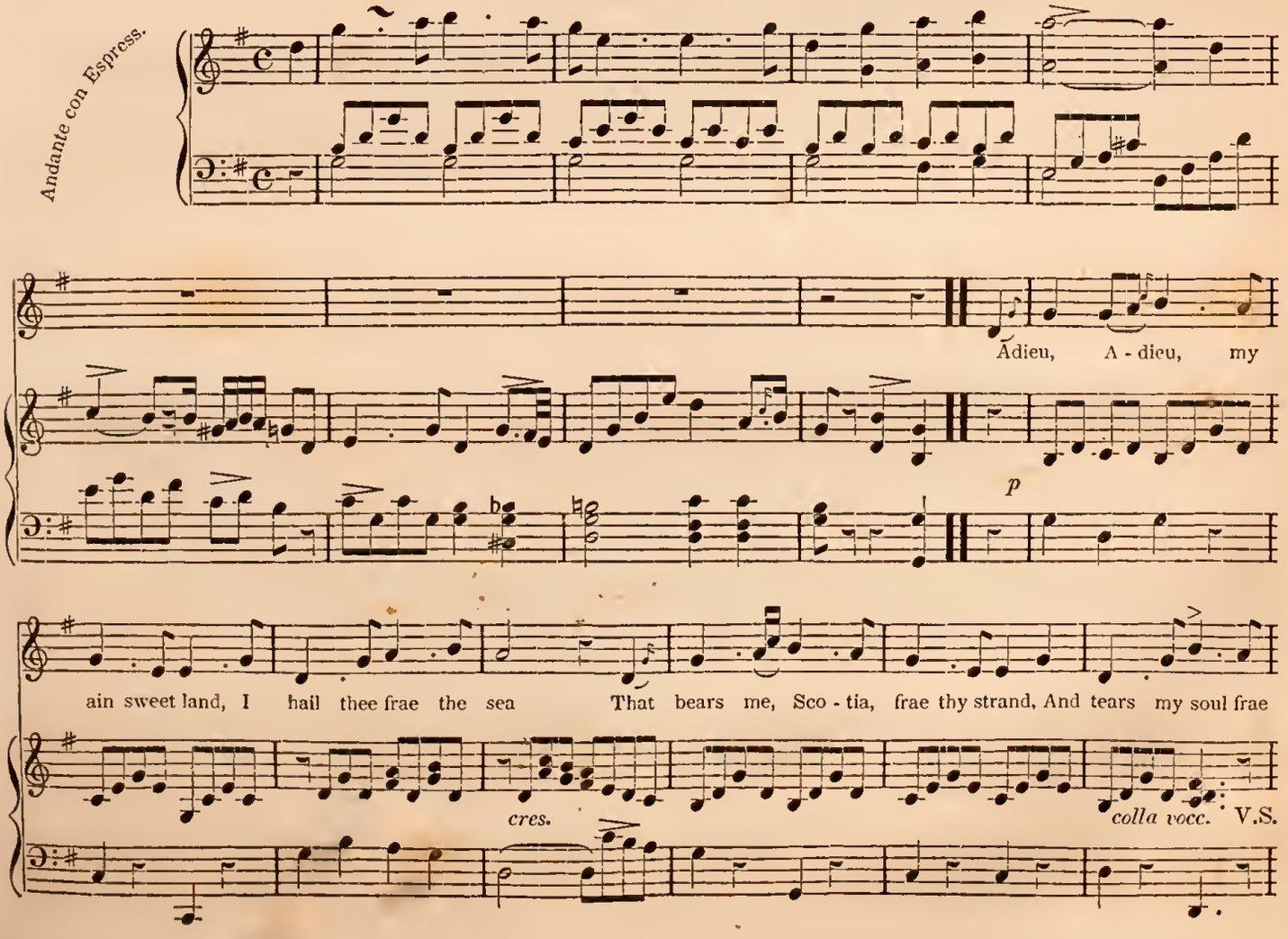
* Composed for the Eunomian Society.

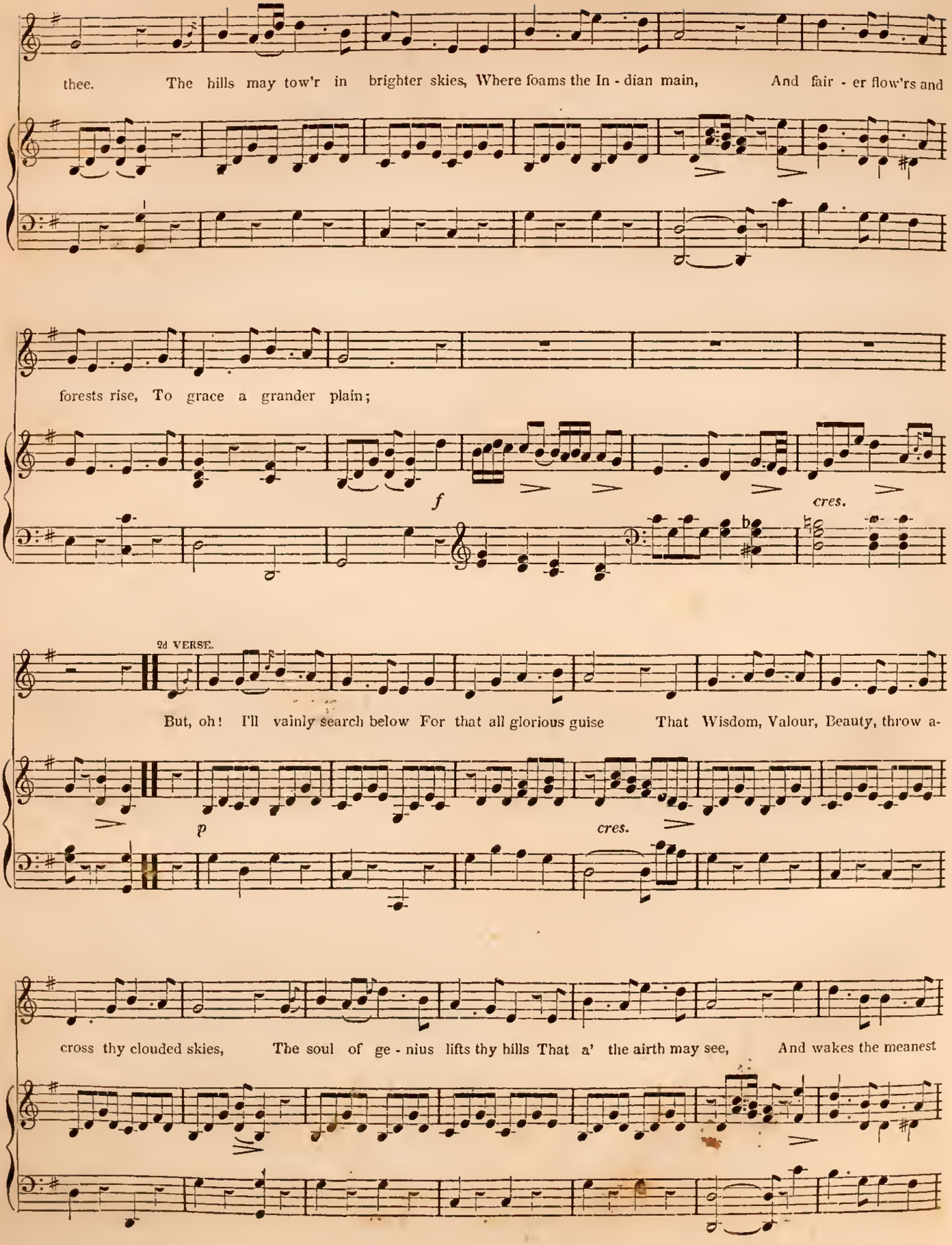


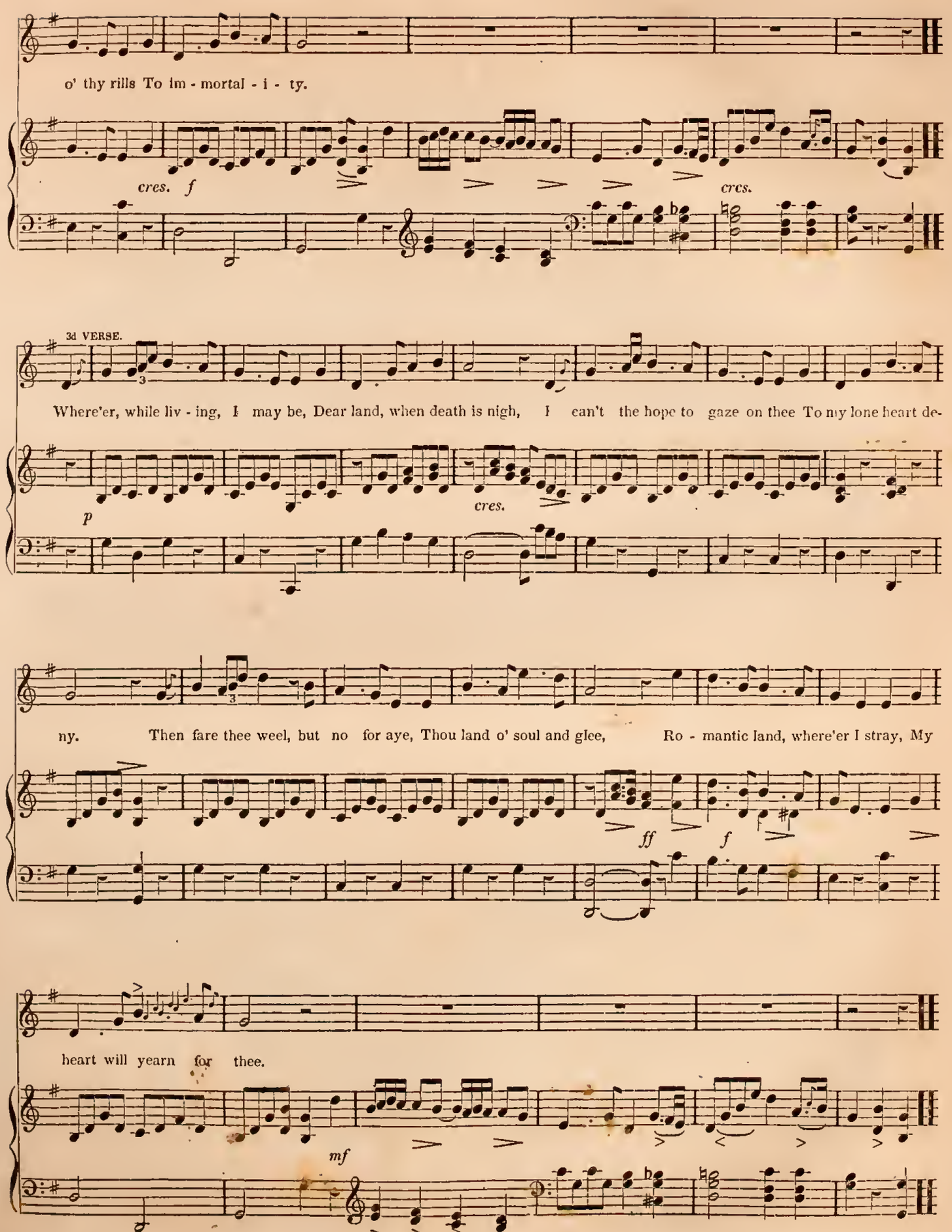
ADIEU, ADIEU, MY AIN SWEET LAND.

The Words and Air by J. K. Mitchell.

THE SYMPHONY AND ACCOMPANIMENT BY J. WATSON.



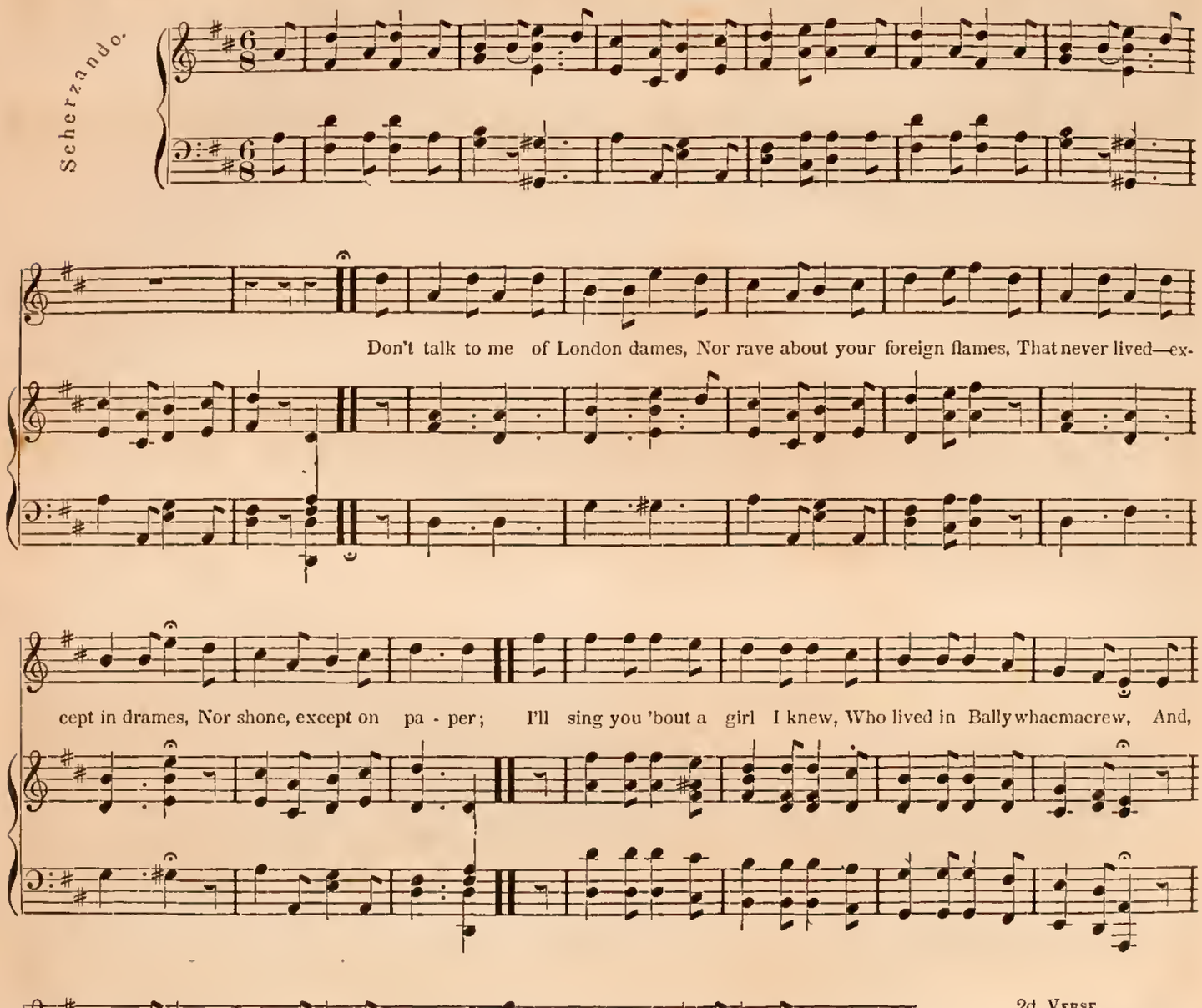

thee. The hills may tow'r in brighter skies, Where foams the In - dian main, And fair - er flow'rs and
forests rise, To grace a grander plain;
f
cres.
2d VERSE.
But, oh! I'll vainly search below For that all glorious guise That Wisdom, Valour, Beauty, throw a-
p
cres.
cross thy clouded skies, The soul of ge - nius lifts thy hills That a' the airth may see, And wakes the meanest


o' thy rills To im - mortal - i - ty.
cres. f
cres.
3d VERSE.
Where'er, while liv - ing, I may be, Dear land, when death is nigh, I can't the hope to gaze on thee To my lone heart de-
p
cres.
ny. Then fare thee weel, but no for aye, Thou land o' soul and glee, Ro - mantic land, where'er I stray, My
ff
f
heart will yearn for thee.
mf

MARY DRAPER.

COMIC SONG, FROM CHARLES O'MALLEY.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK BY C. JARVIS.



2d Verse.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue
Her hair was brown of deepest hue,
Her foot was small and neat to view,
Her waist was slight and taper;
Her voice was music to your ear,
A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,
O, the like I ne'er again shall hear
As from sweet Mary Draper.

3d Verse.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
Or maybe sing you 'Rousseau's Dream,'
For nothing could escape her;
I've seen her too—upon my word—
At sixty yards bring down a bird,
O! she charmed all the Forty-third!
Did lovely Mary Draper.

4th Verse.

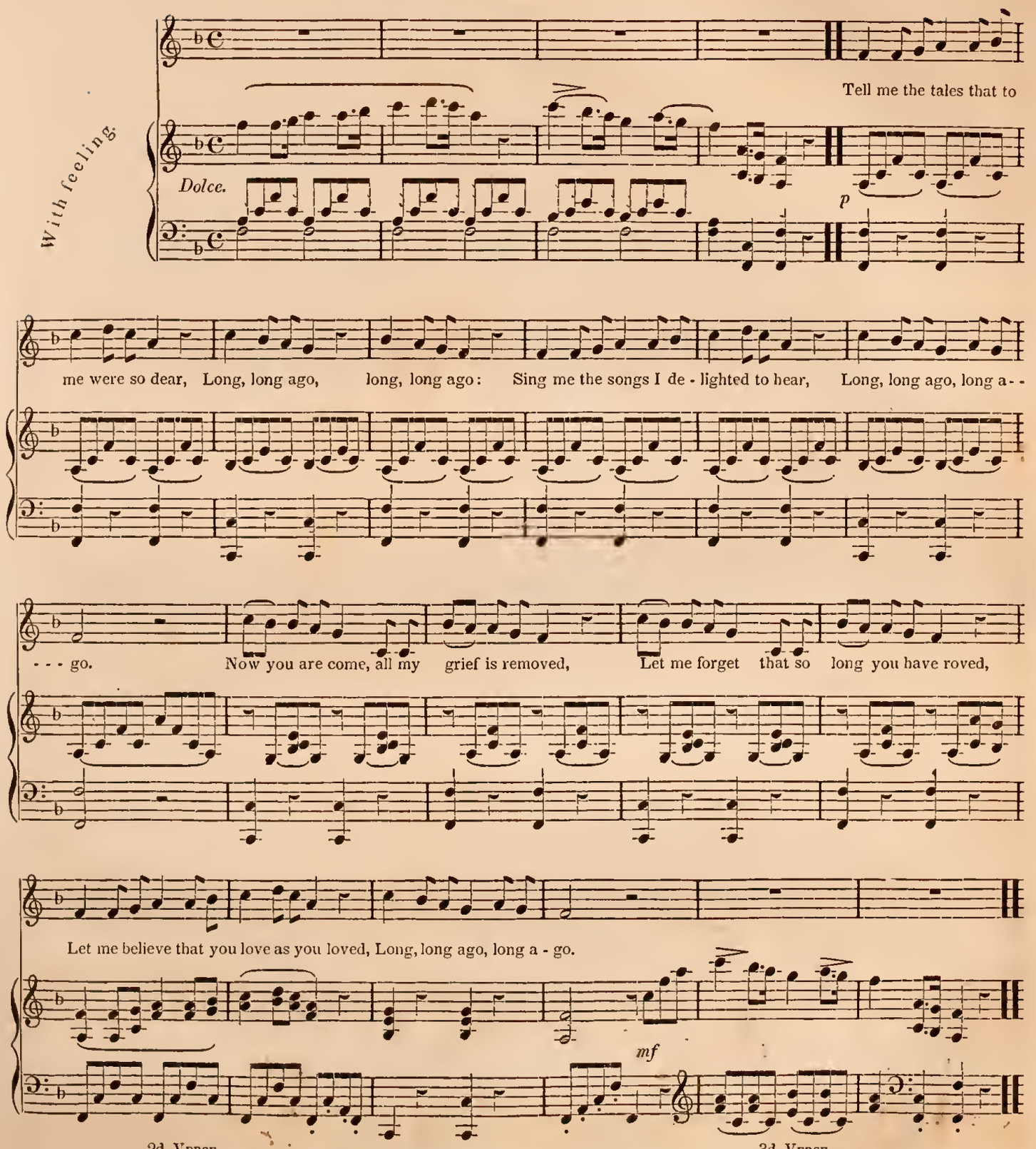
And at the spring assizes ball,
The junior bar would one and all
For all her fav'rite dances call,
And Harry Deane would caper;
Lord Clare would then forget his lore,
King's counsel, voting law a bore,
Were proud to figure on the floor,
For love of Mary Draper.

5th Verse.

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff too,
Were all her slaves, and so would you,
If you had only but one view
Of such a face and shape, or
Her twinkling feet—but, ohone,
It's only west of old Athlone
Such girls were found—and now they're gone;
So here's to Mary Draper.

LONG, LONG AGO!—Ballad.

COMPOSED BY TH. H. BAYLY, ESQ.



2d Verse.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long, long ago, long, long ago?
Ah! yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then to all others my smile you prefer'd
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard
Long, long ago, long ago.

T

3d Verse.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been praised
Long, long ago, long ago.
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side
Long, long ago, long ago.

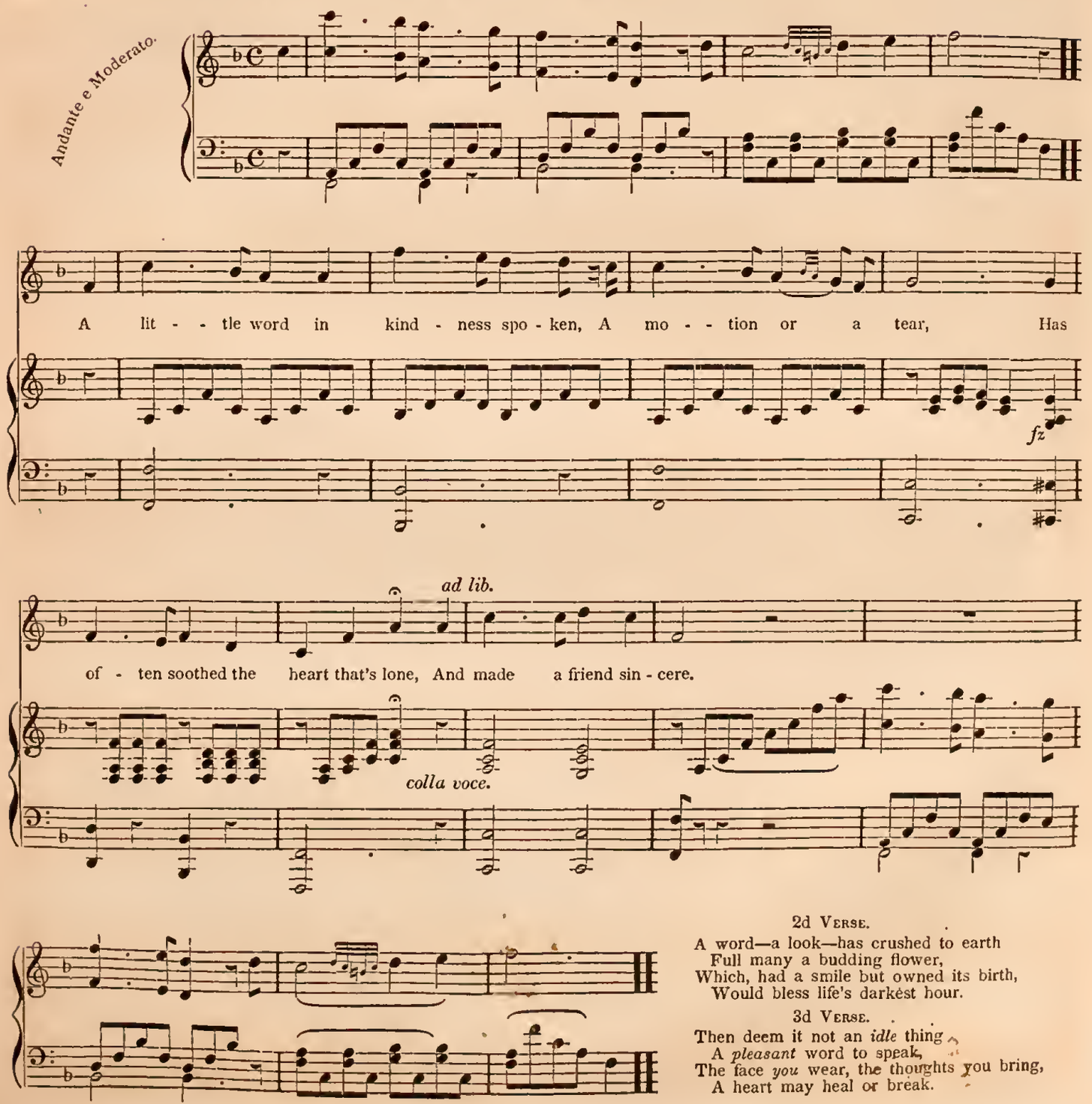
KINDNESS.

A Song.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

D——, BY M——.



2d Verse.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

3d Verse.

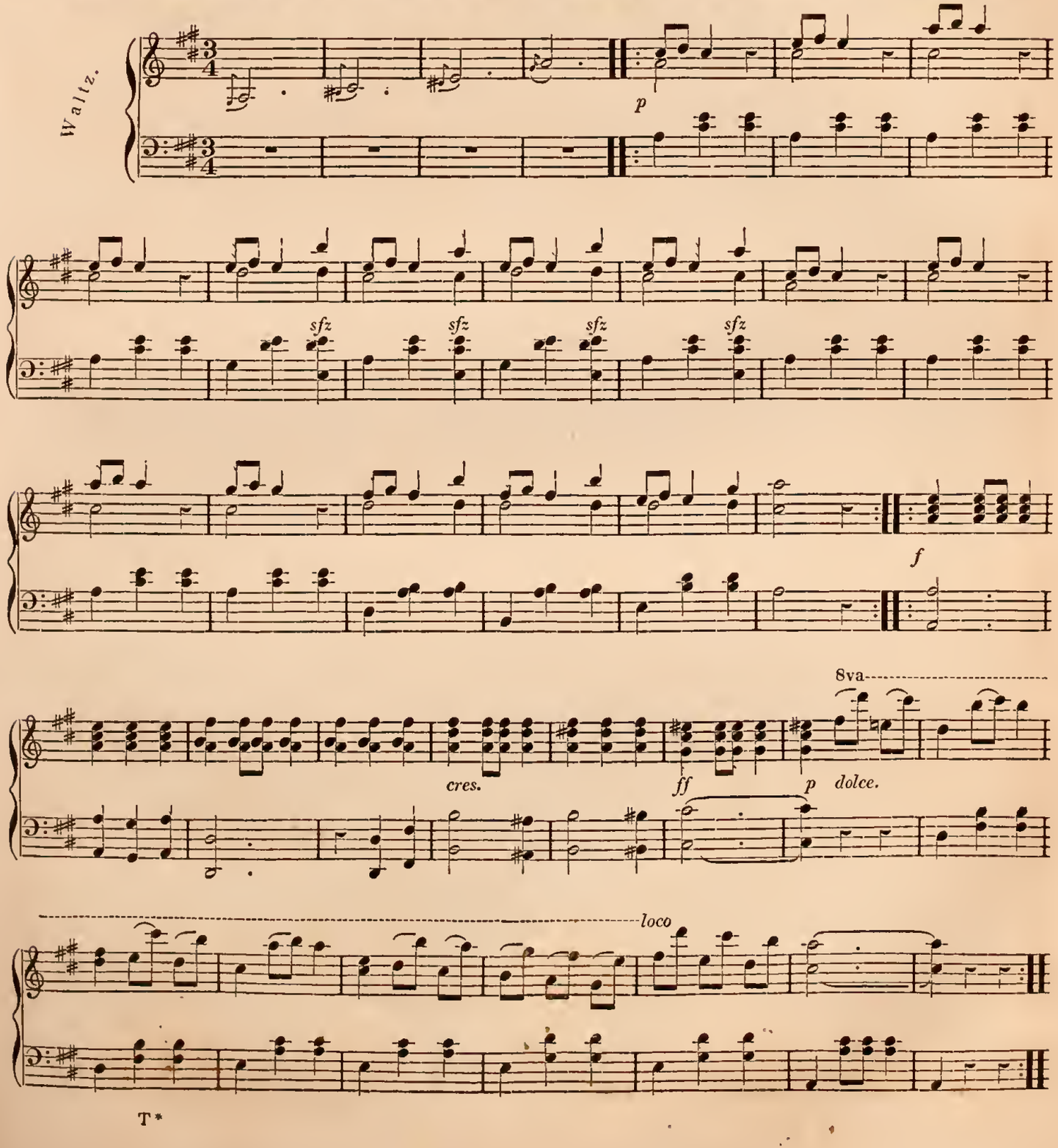
Then deem it not an *idle* thing
A *pleasant* word to speak,
The face *you* wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

CYNTHIA WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

and Dedicated to Miss Harriet Smith, of New Haven,

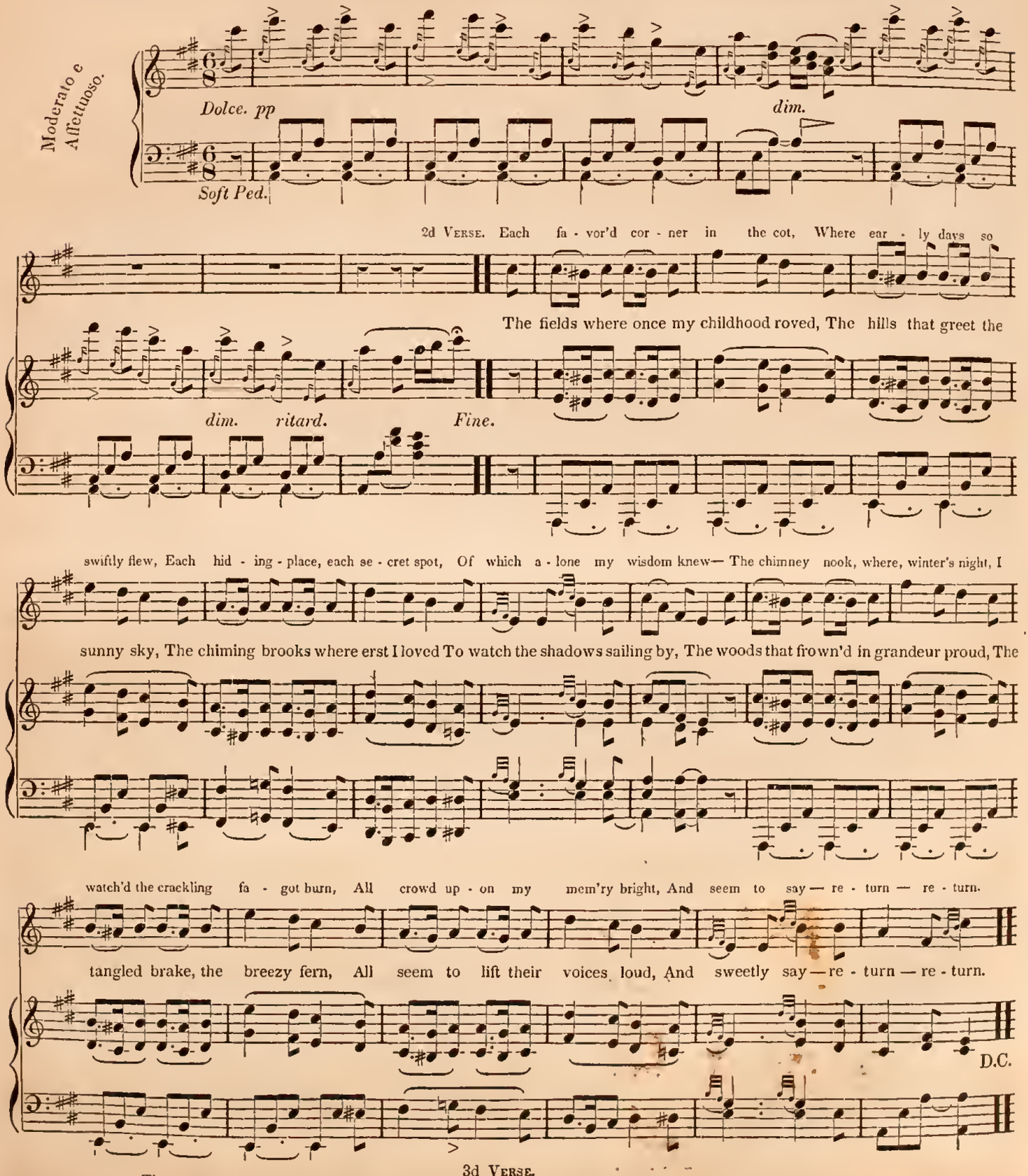
BY JAMES L. ENSIGN, ESQ. OF NEW-YORK.



THE CALL OF HOME.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY C. JARVIS.



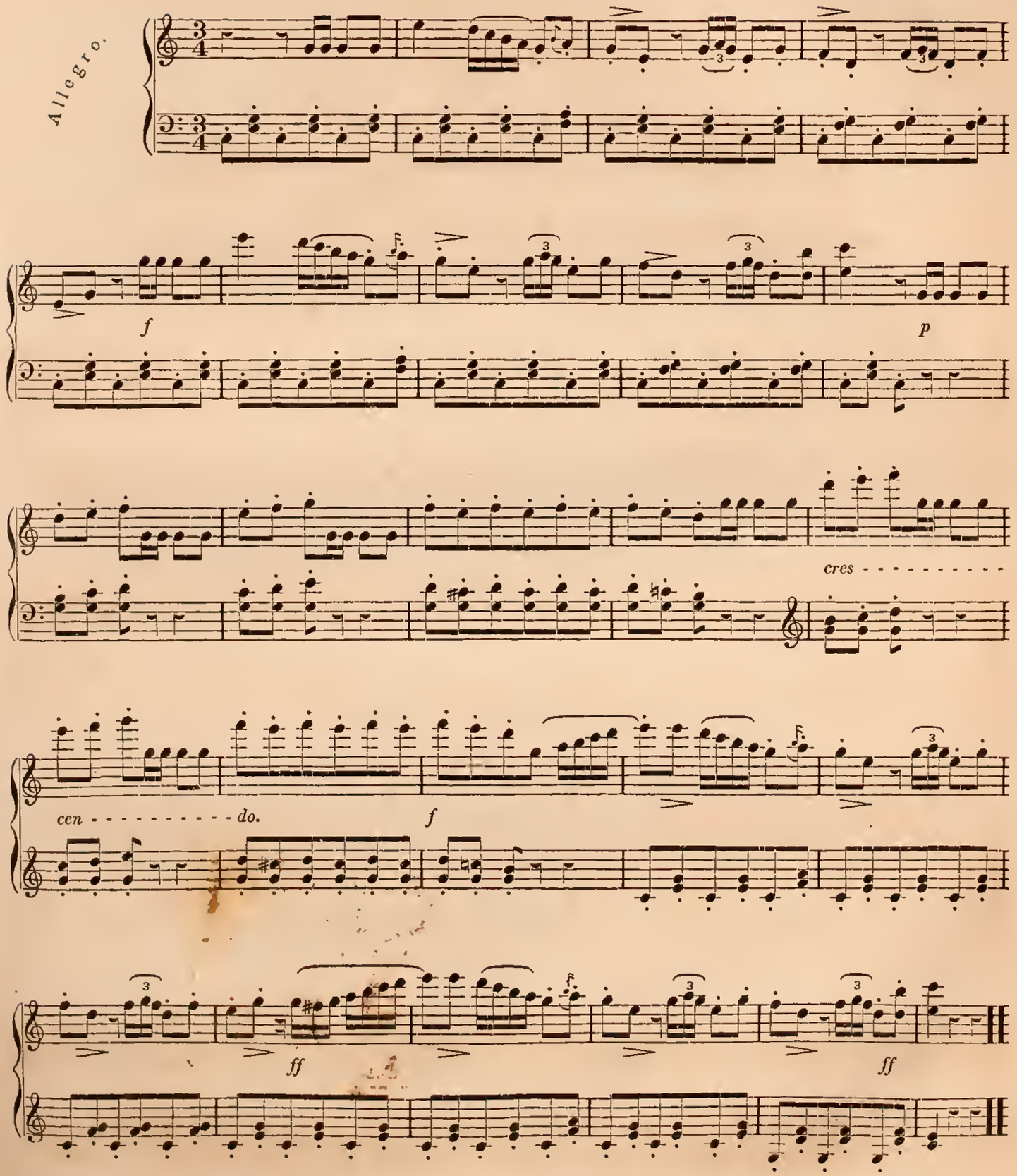
3d Verse.

The rose has faded from my cheek,
The flush of health has pass'd away,
My hand is faint, my voice is weak,
The harp's sweet strings I scarce can sway.

Yet ere I die, to native home
My heart's best feelings warmly yearn,
For all its scenes like music come,
And fondly sing—return—return.

EL ZAPATEADO.

A SPANISH DANCE.

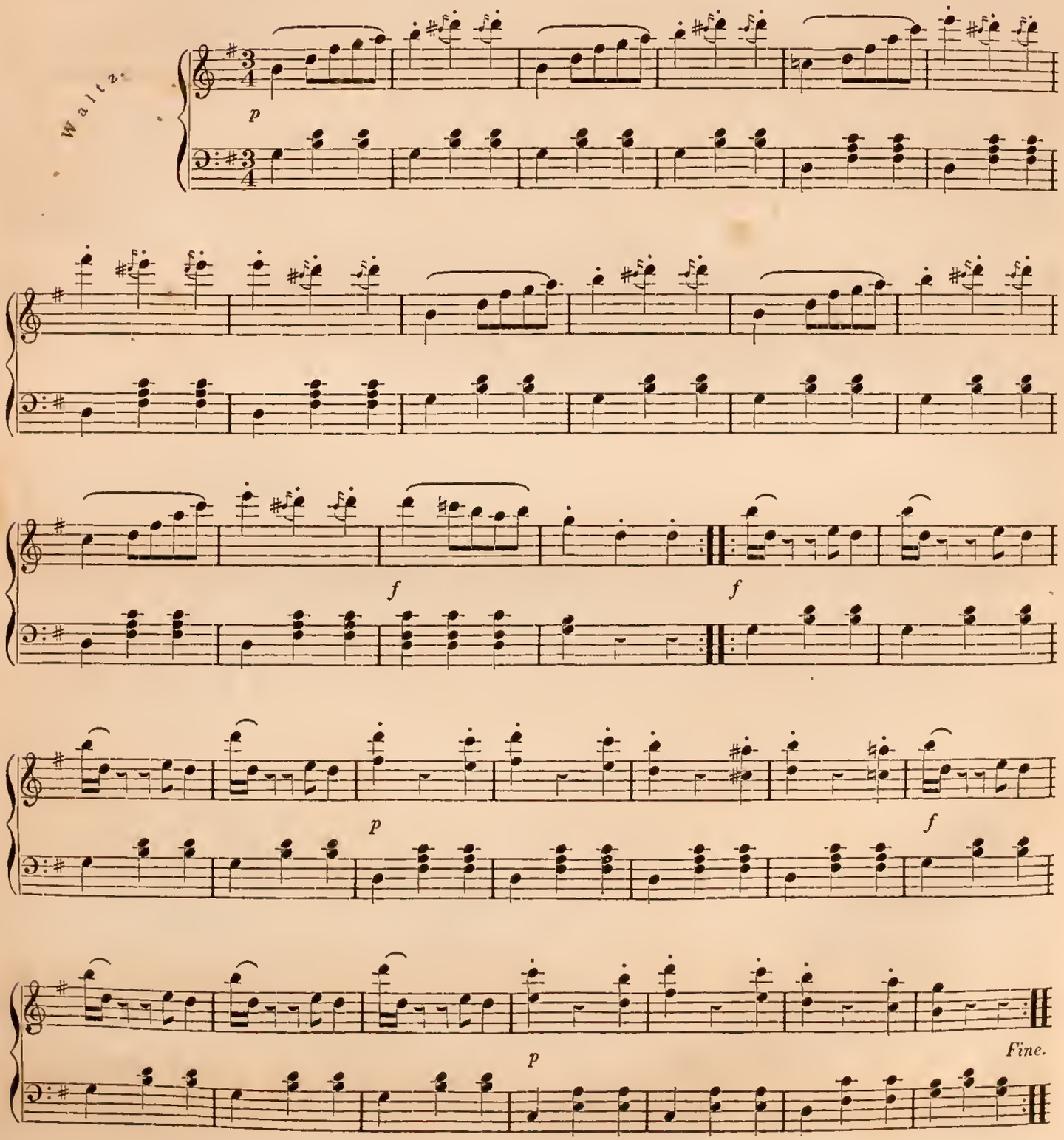


THE AUSTRIAN ROSE WALTZ.

(VERY LOVELY.)

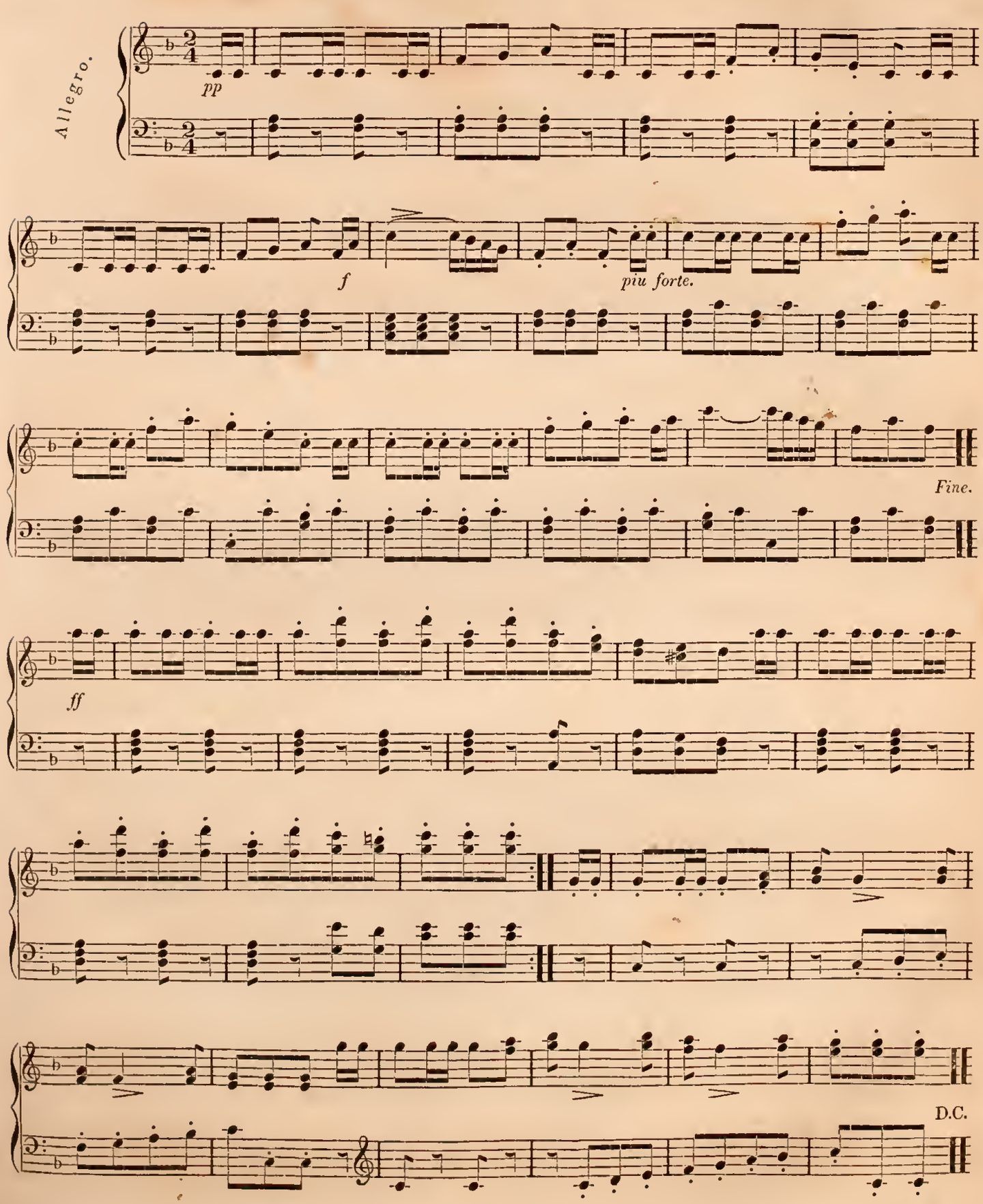
(SELECTED FROM THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.)

BY LANNER.

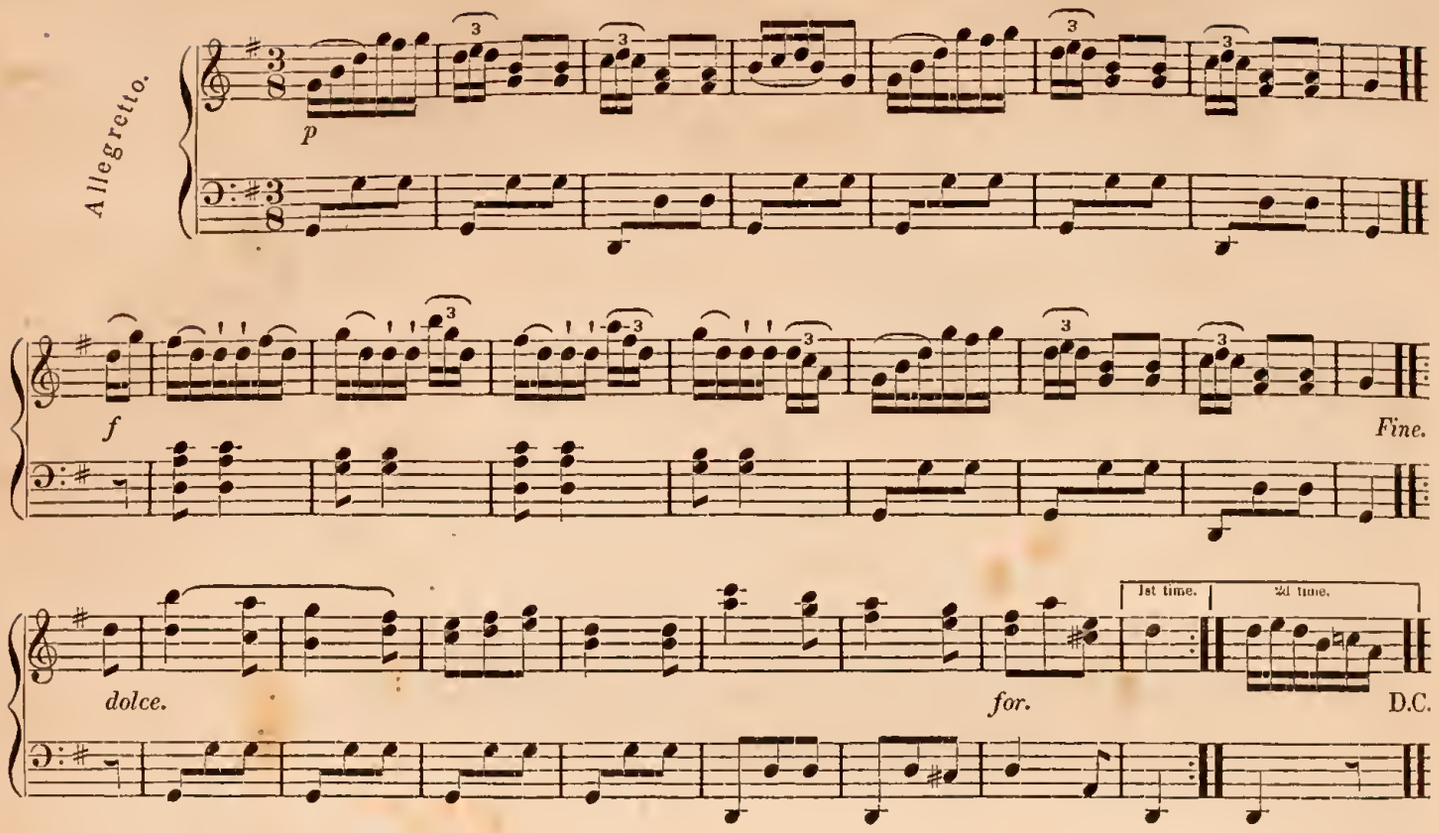


GALOPADE FROM WM. TELL.

ARRANGED BY J. B. DUVERNOY.

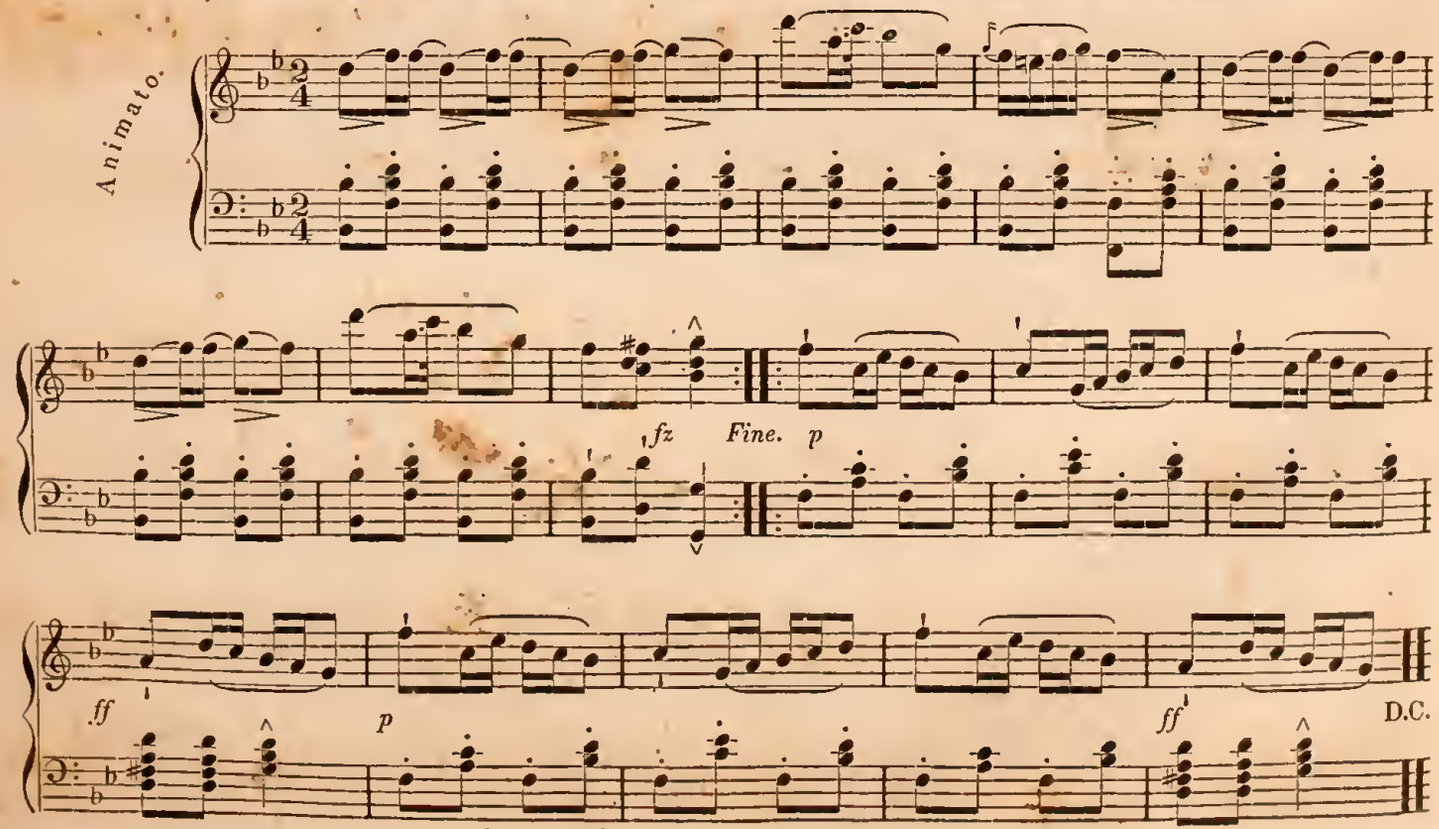


THE TIVOLIAN WALTZ.



A SCOTCH WEDDING DANCE.

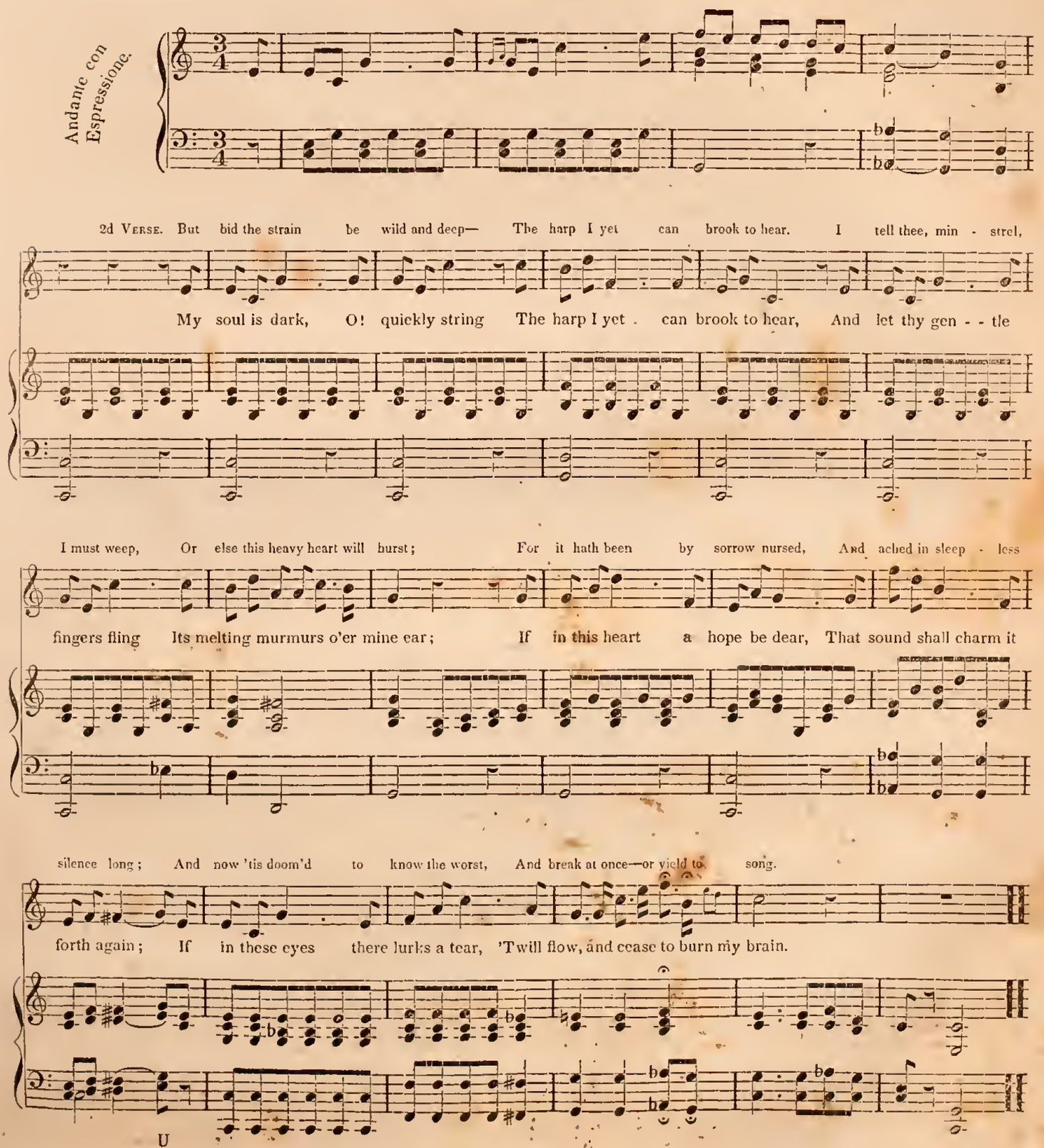
C. JARVIS.



MY SOUL IS DARK.

Song.

POETRY BY **LORD BYRON.**——MUSIC BY **DE BERIOT.**

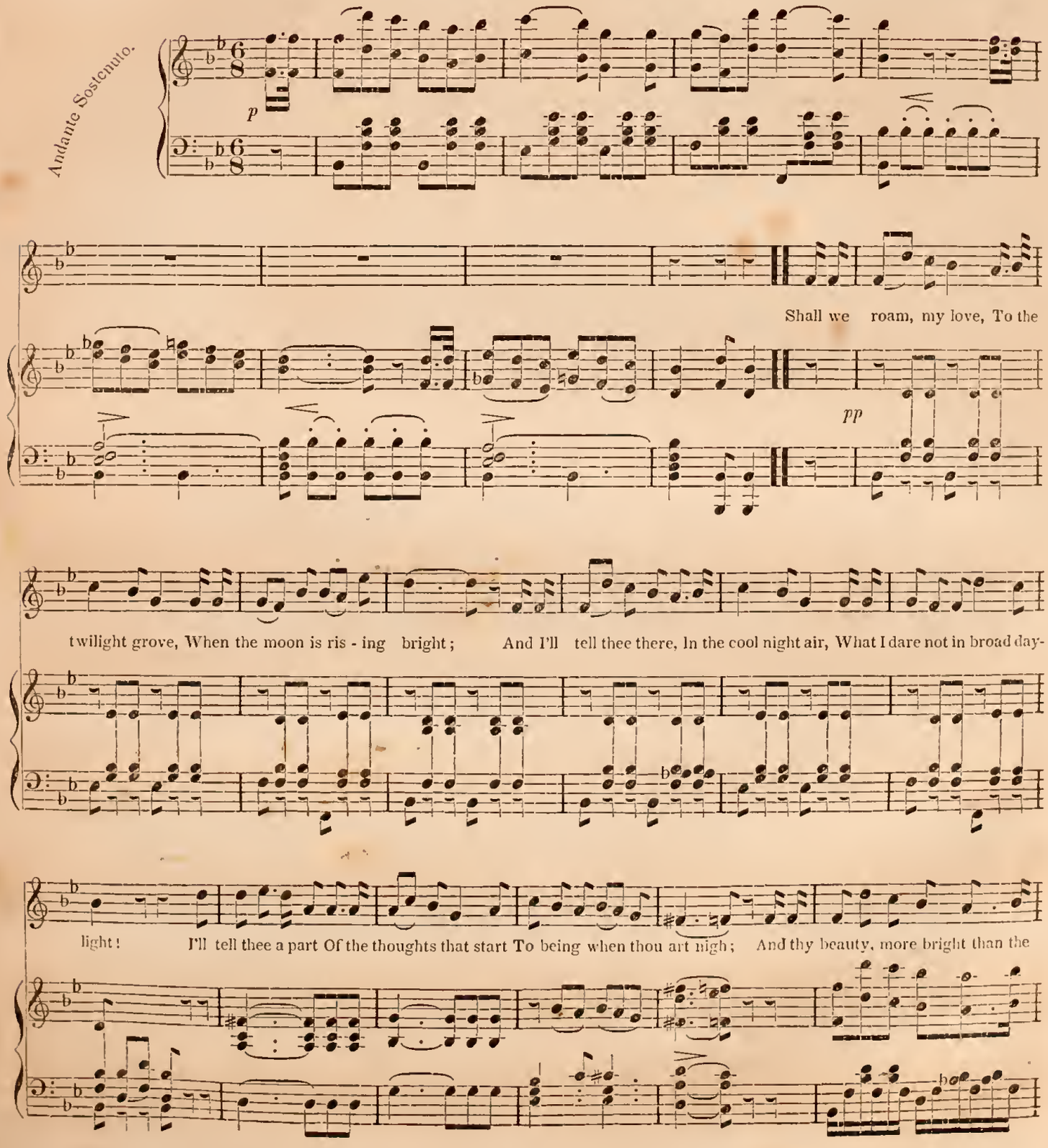


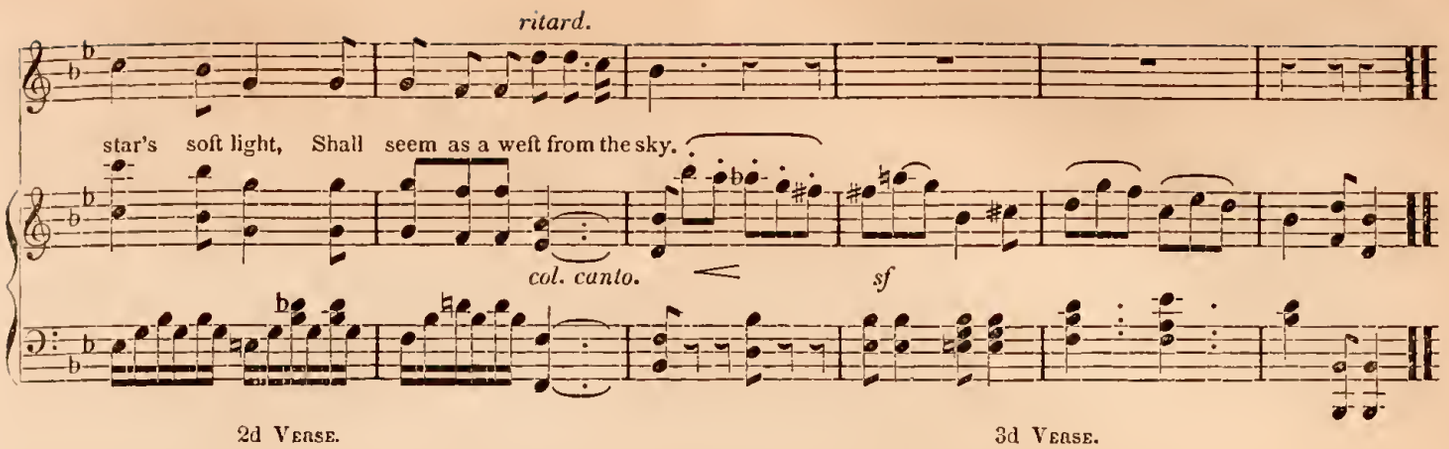
TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

WORDS BY SHELLEY, FROM HIS POSTHUMOUS PAPERS.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY W. H. FRY.





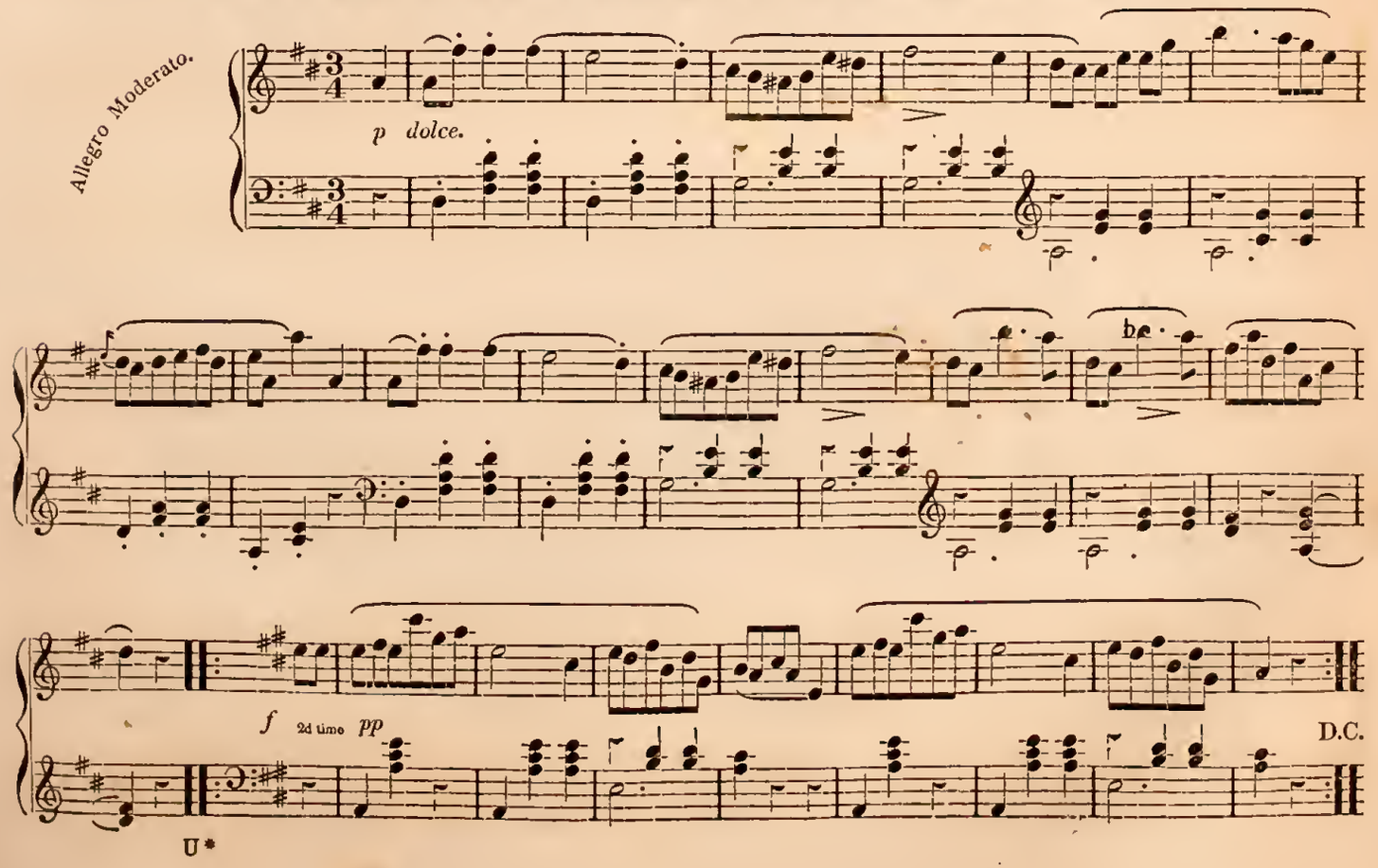
2d Verse.

When the pale moonbeam
On tower and stream
  Sheds a flood of silver sheen,
How I love to gaze
As the cold ray strays
  O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen!
Wilt thou roam with me
To the restless sea,
  And linger upon the steep,
And list to the flow
Of the waves below
  How they toss, and roar, and leap?

3d Verse.

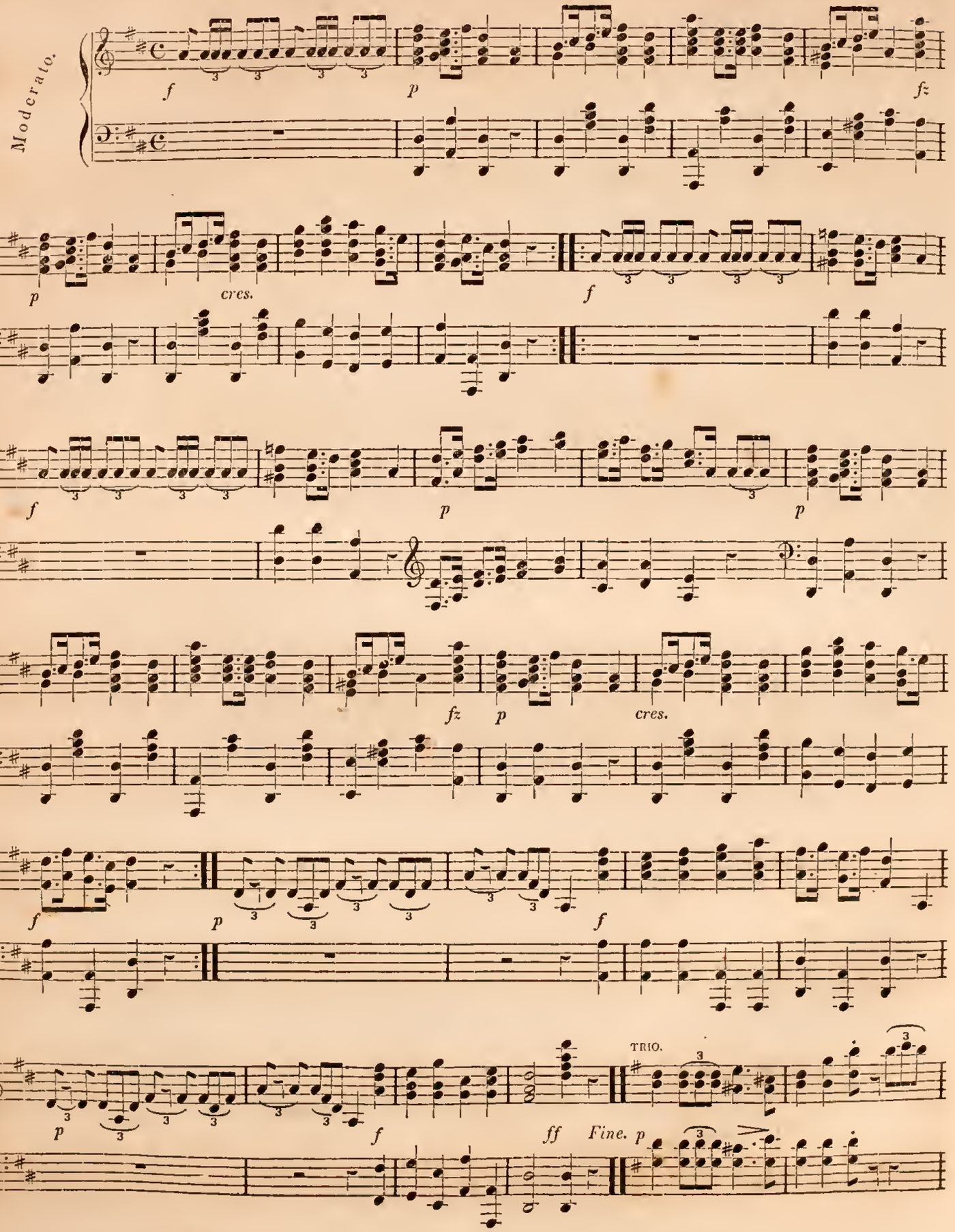
Those boiling waves
And the storm that raves
  At night o'er their foaming crest
Resemble the strife
That, from earliest life,
  The passions have waged in my breast.
Oh, come then and rove
To the sea or the grove,
  When the moon is rising bright,
And I'll whisper there
In the cool night air
  What I dare not in broad daylight.

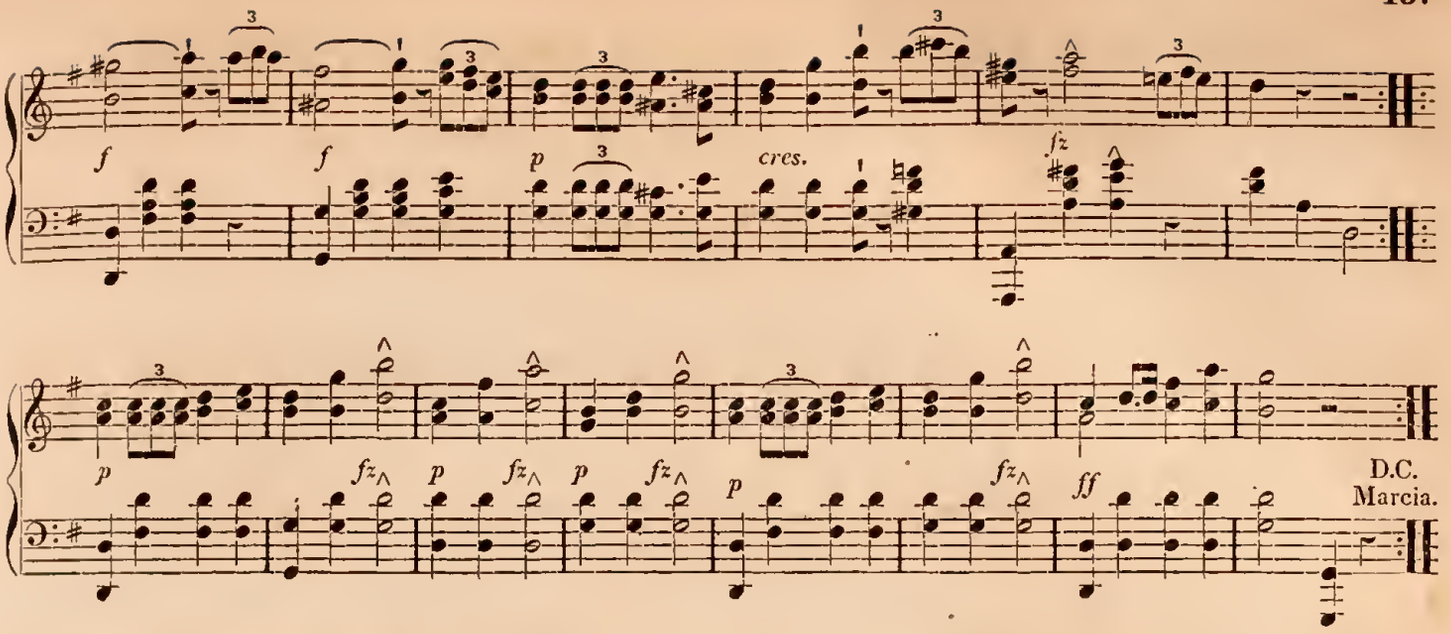
THE YOUNG WALTZER.



AFFGHANISTAN MARCH.

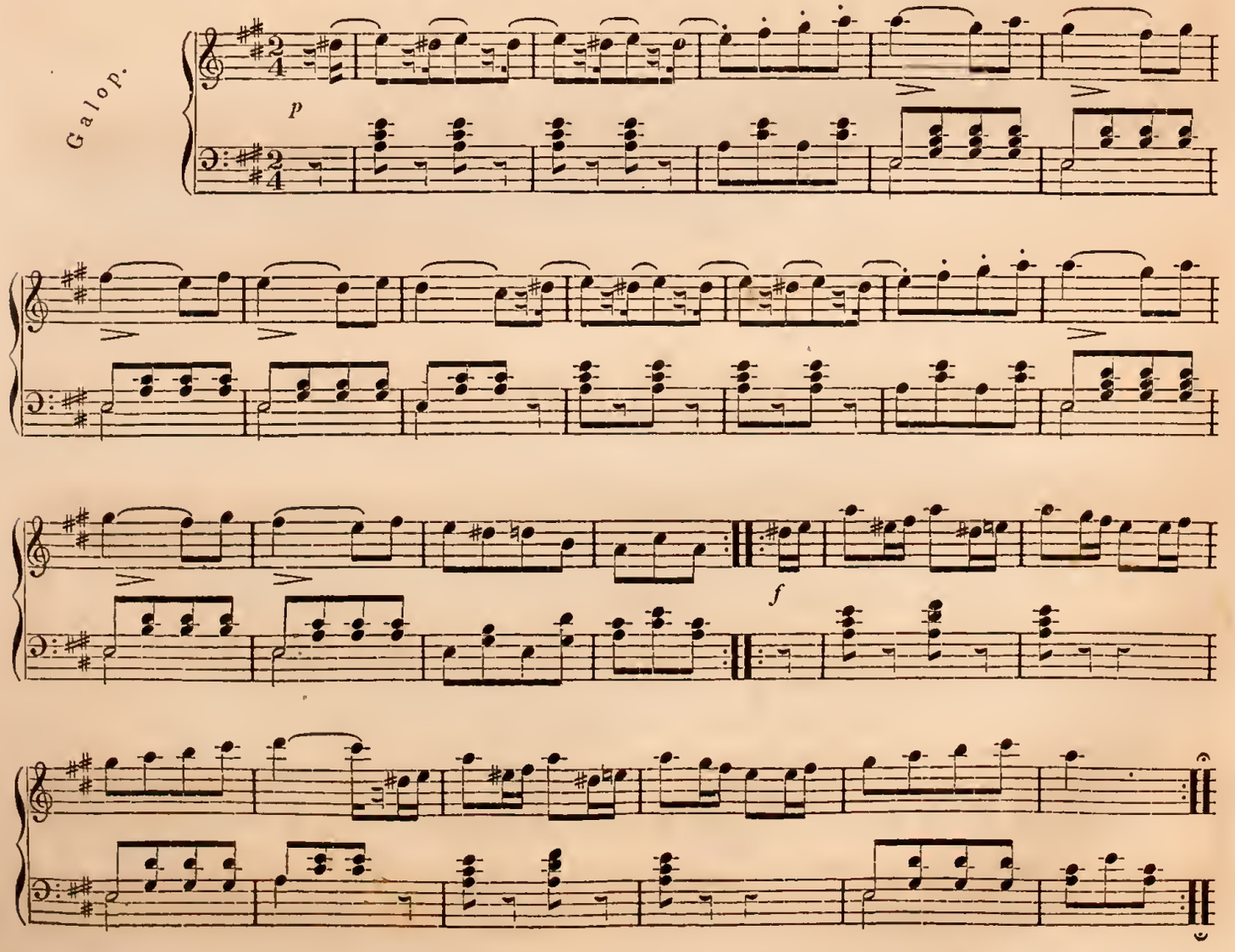
COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY J. A. GETZE.





THE LADIES' GALOP.

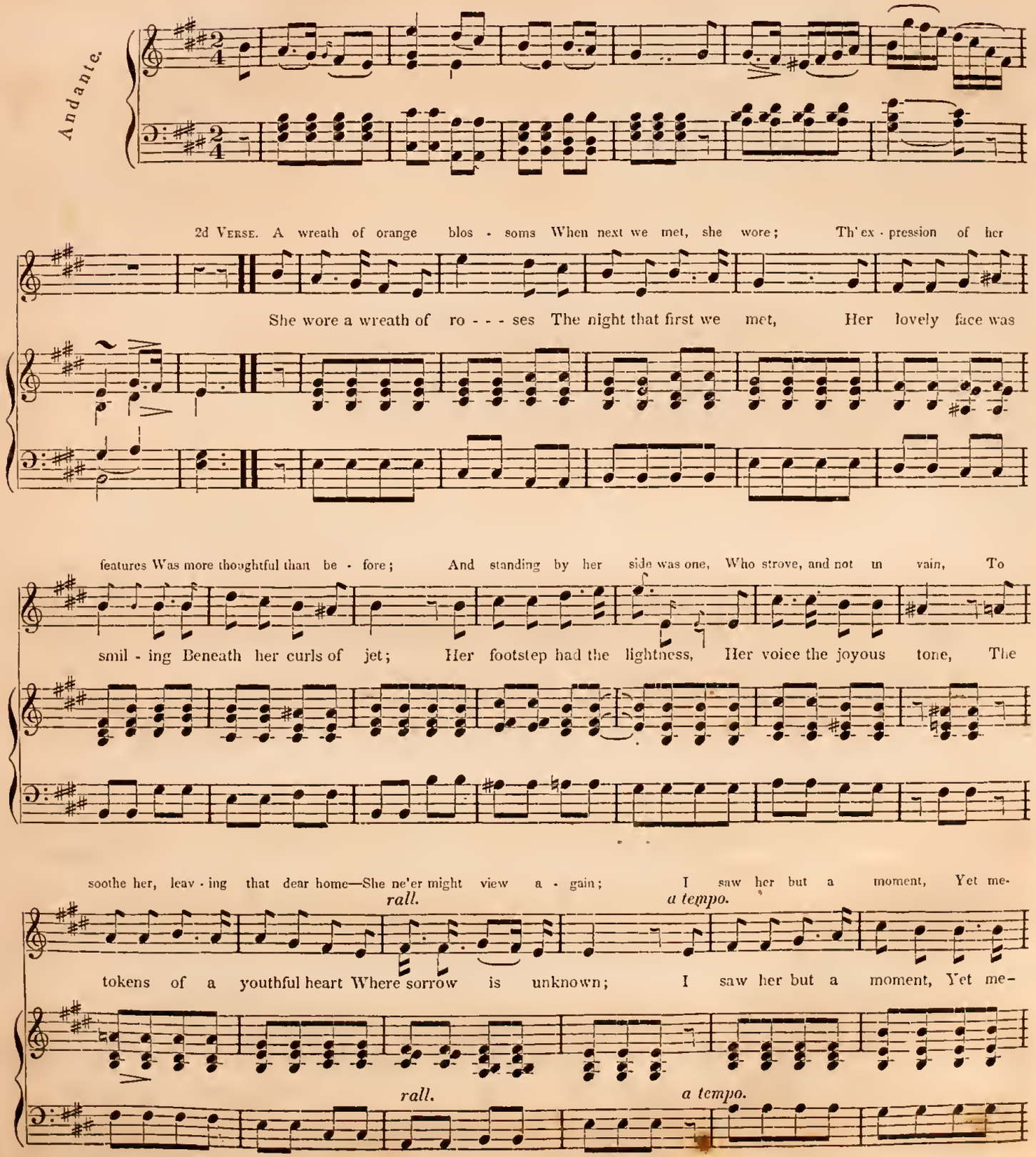
J. STRAUSS.

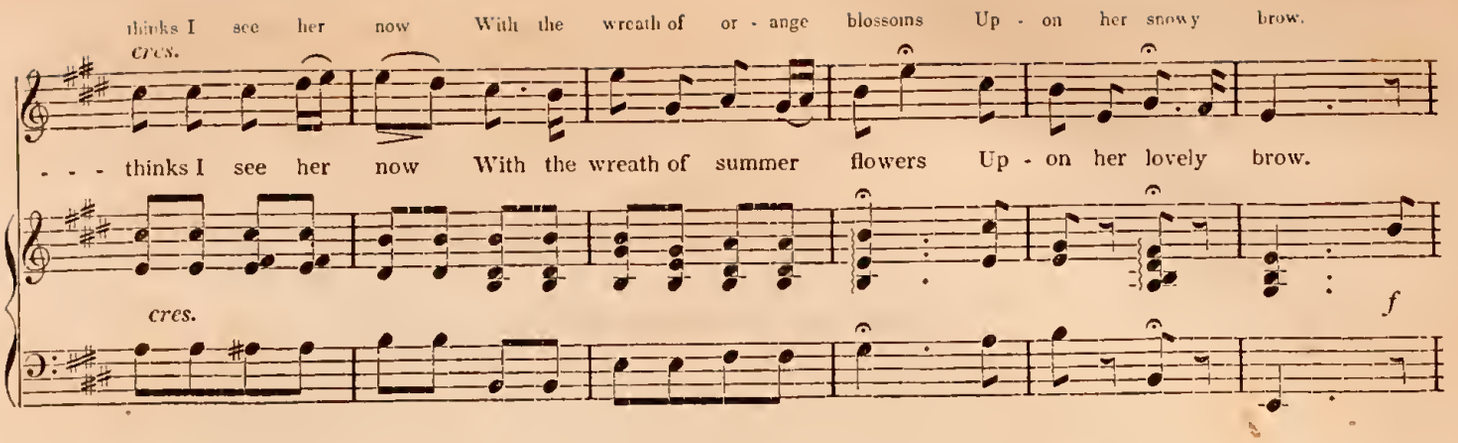


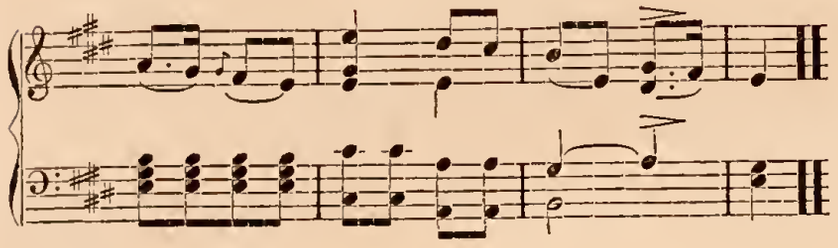
SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

MUSIC BY JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.





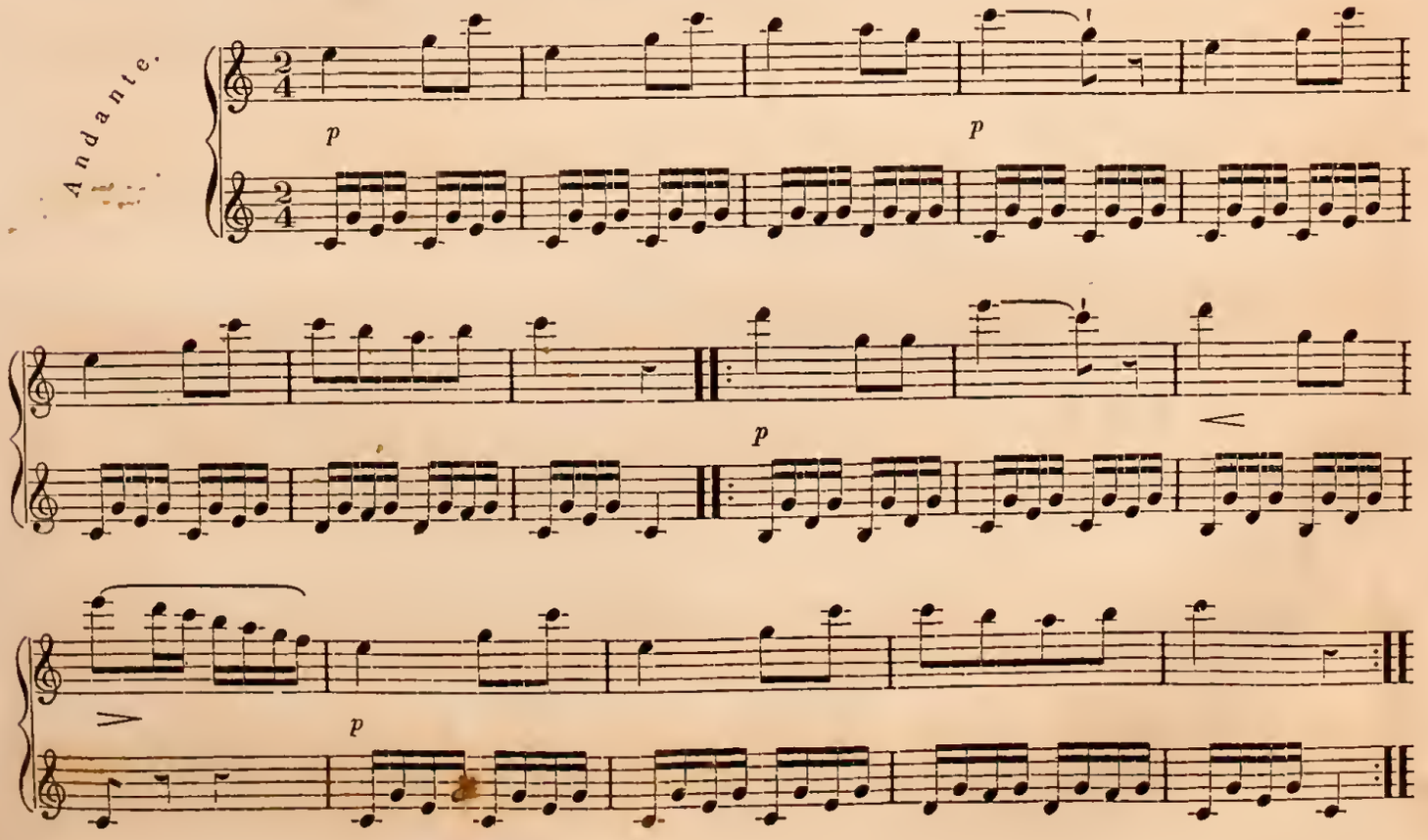


3d Verse.

And once again I see that brow
No bridal wreath is there,
The widow's sombre cap conceals
Her once luxuriant hair;
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away the tear;
I see her broken - hearted,
Yet methinks I see her now,
In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow.

THE YOUNG AMATEUR.

HUNTEN.

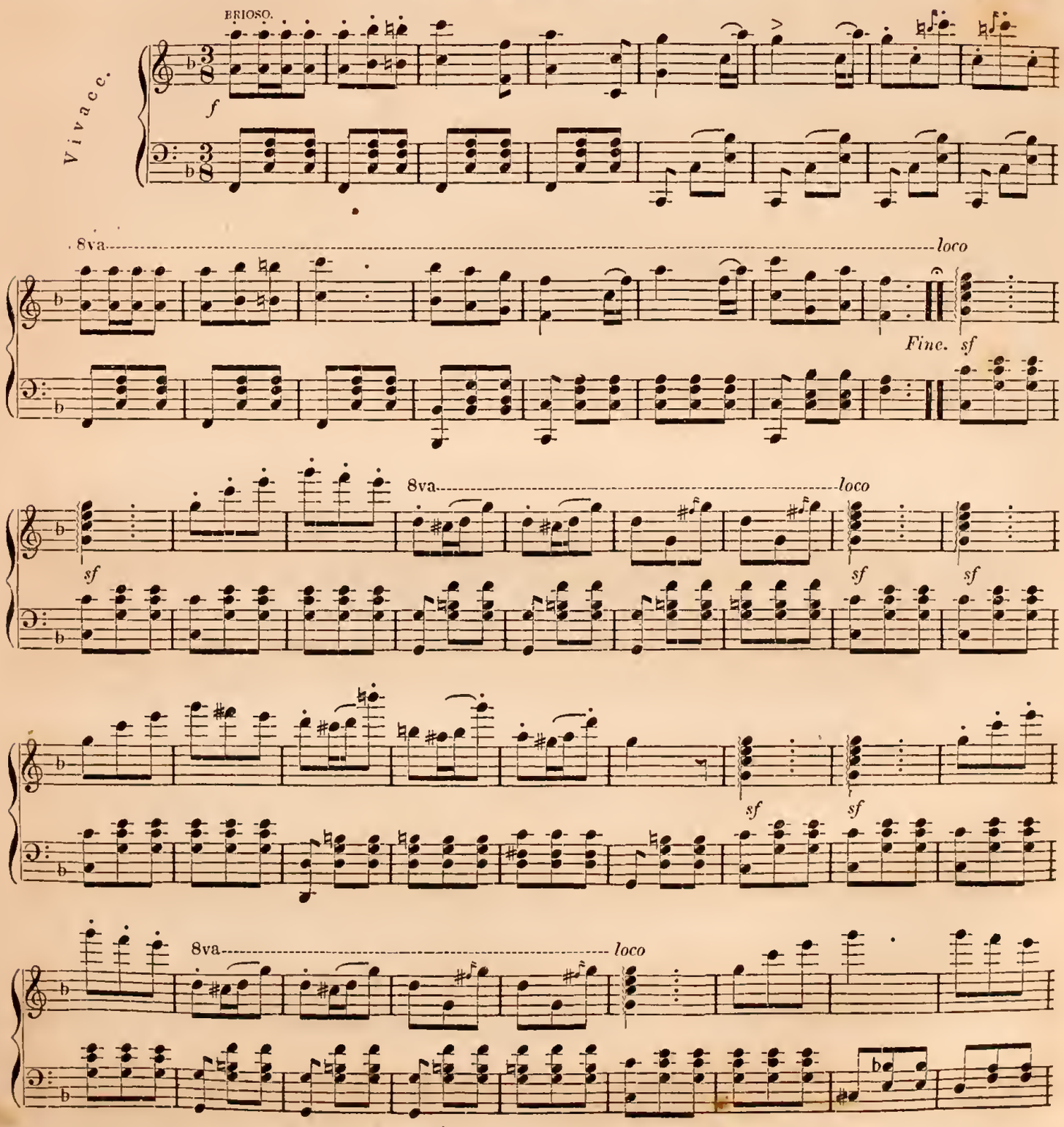


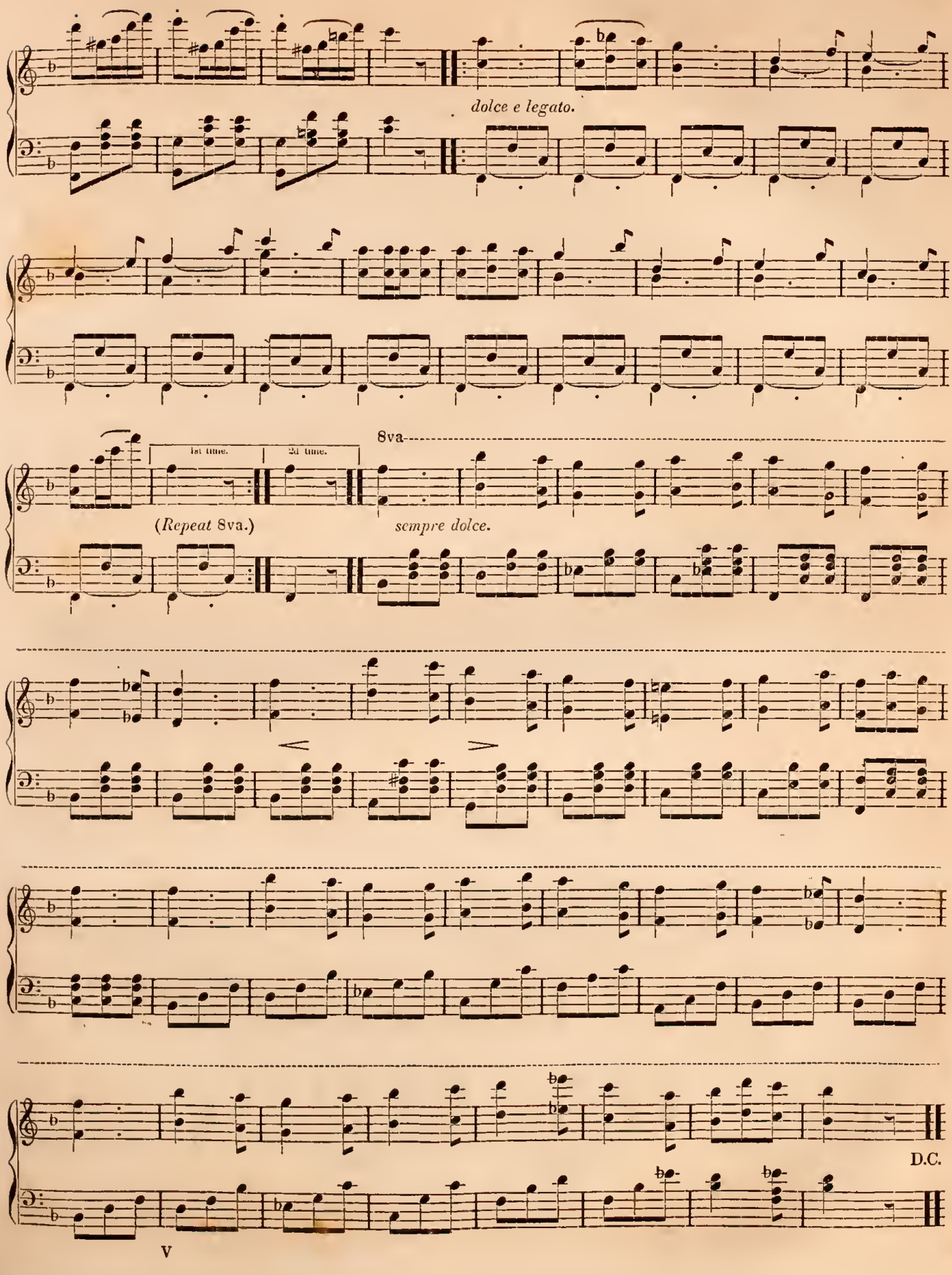
MONTICELLO WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, AND VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

To Miss M. Schriver, of York, Pa.

BY C. HOMMANN.

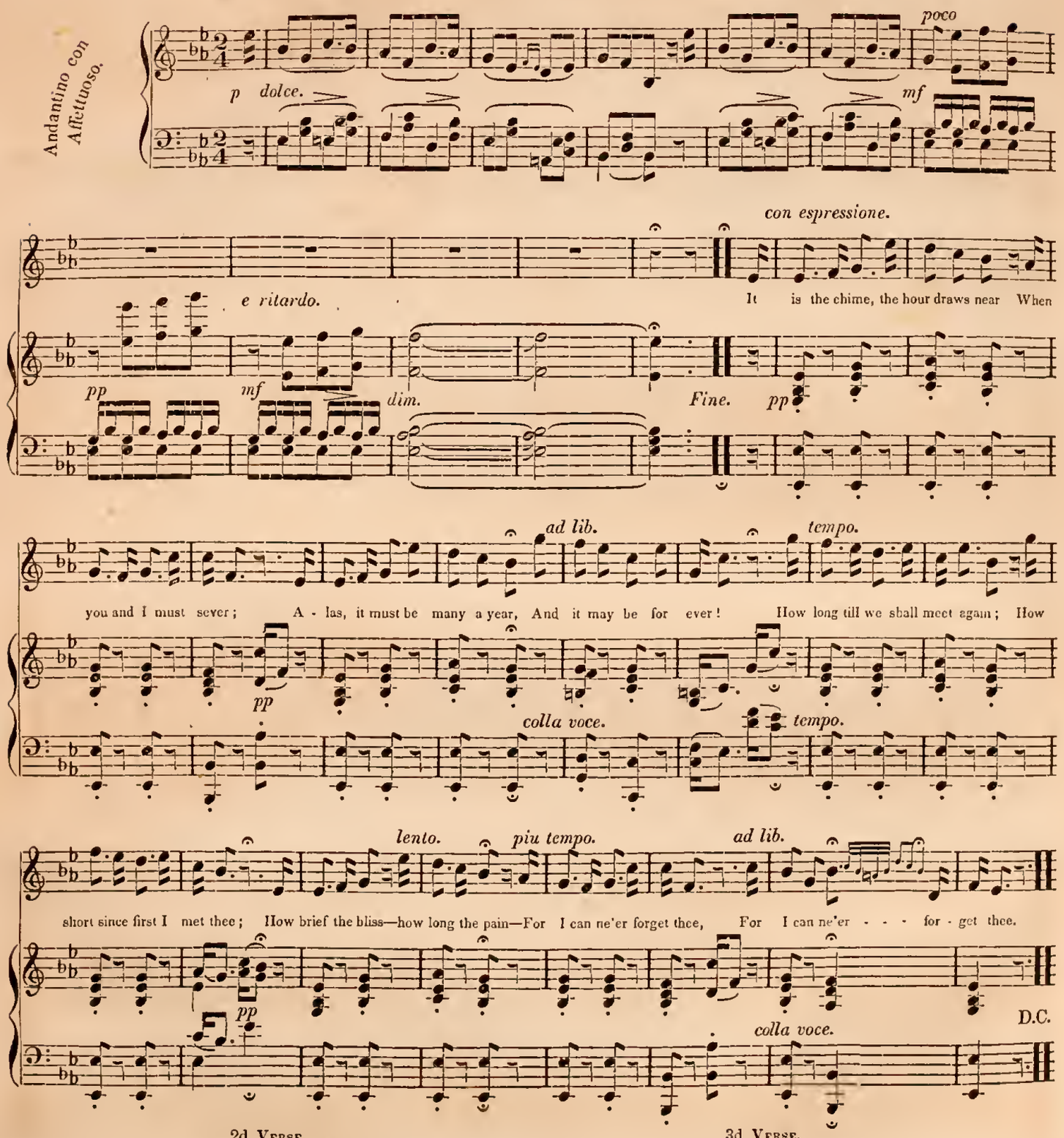



dolce e legato.
8va
1st time.
2d time.
(Repeat 8va.)
sempre dolce.
D.C.
V

I CAN NE'ER FORGET THEE.

FROM HANDY ANDY——WRITTEN BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

The Music Composed by Charles Jarvis.



2d Verse.

You said my heart was cold and stern;
You doubted love when strongest;
In future days you'll live to learn
Proud hearts can love the longest.
Oh! sometimes think, when press'd to hear,
When flippant tongues beset thee.
That all must love thee, when thou'rt near;
But one will ne'er forget thee!

3d Verse.

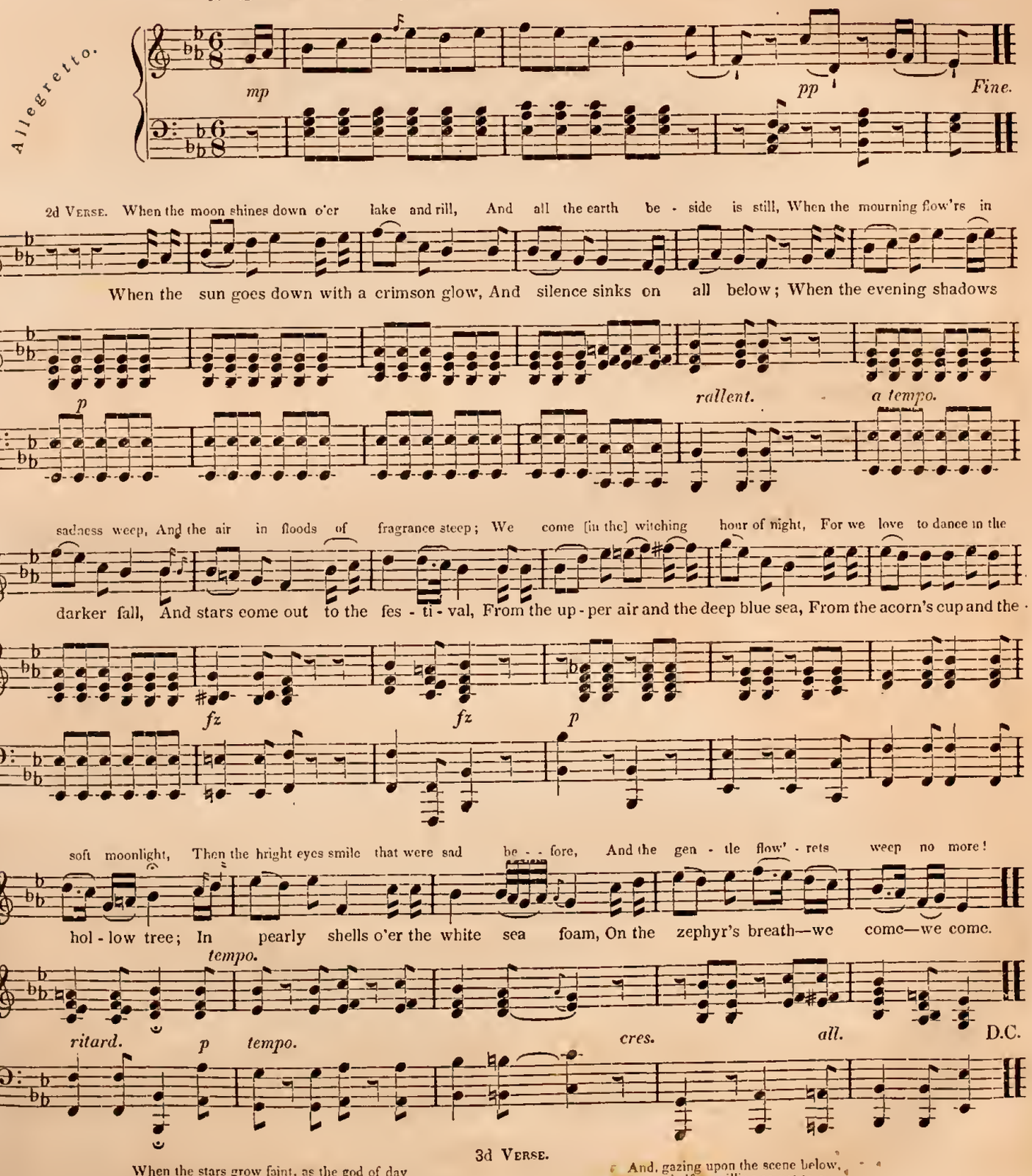
The changeful sand doth only know
The shallow tide and latest;
The rocks have mark'd its highest flow,
The deepest and the greatest;
And deeper still the flood-marks grow;—
So, since the hour I've met thee,
The more the flood of time doth flow
The less can I forget thee!

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

WORDS BY M. H. R.

TO WHOM THE MUSIC IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

By J. A. Getze, Professor of Music.



3d Verse.

When the stars grow faint, as the god of day
Strikes their glories dim with his first bright ray,
And the sad, pale moon, with her earnest eye,
Speaks a last farewell as she passes by—

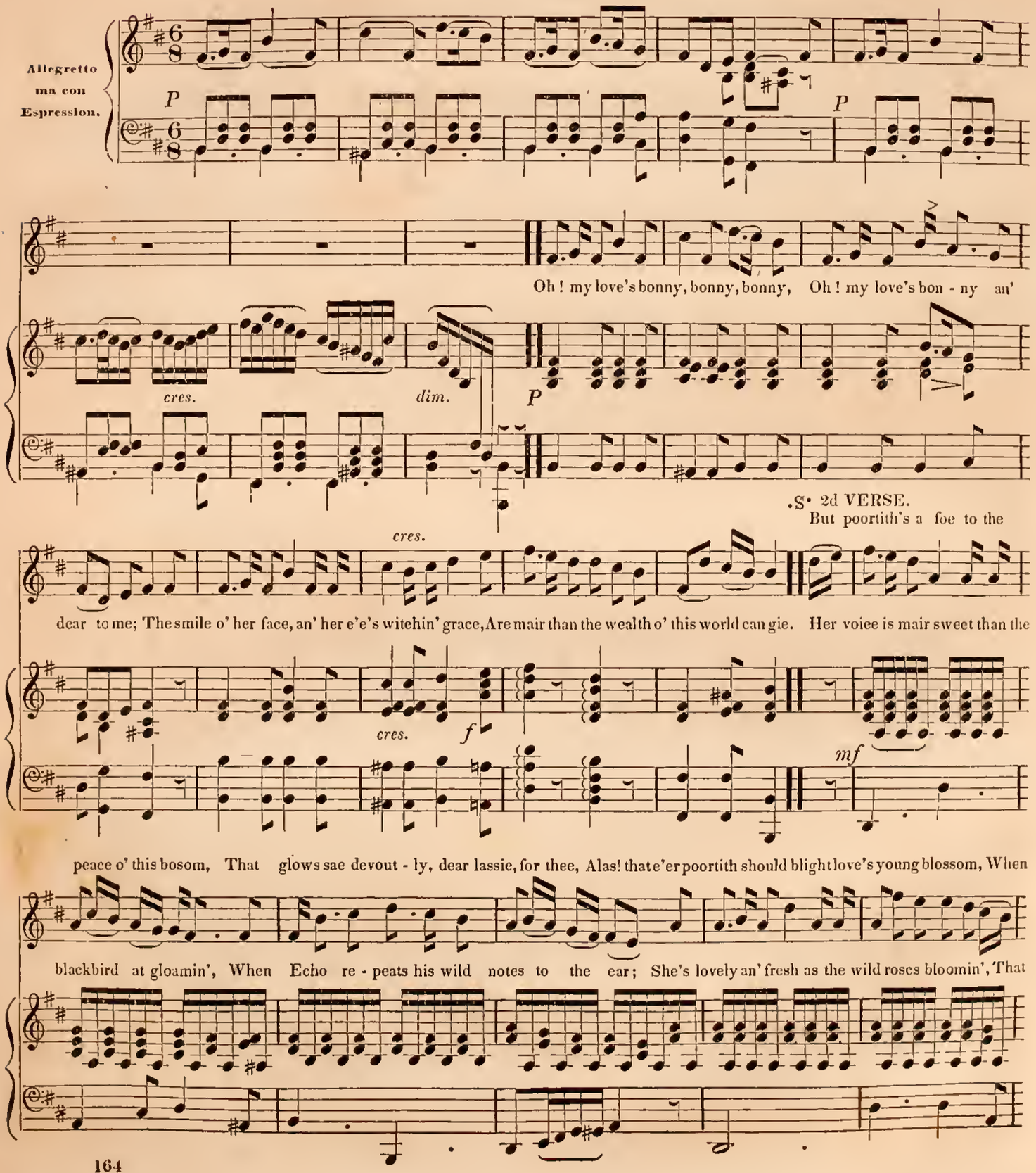
And, gazing upon the scene below,
Seems half unwilling as yet to go—
We hasten the signal to obey
And vanish with her last ling'ring ray!

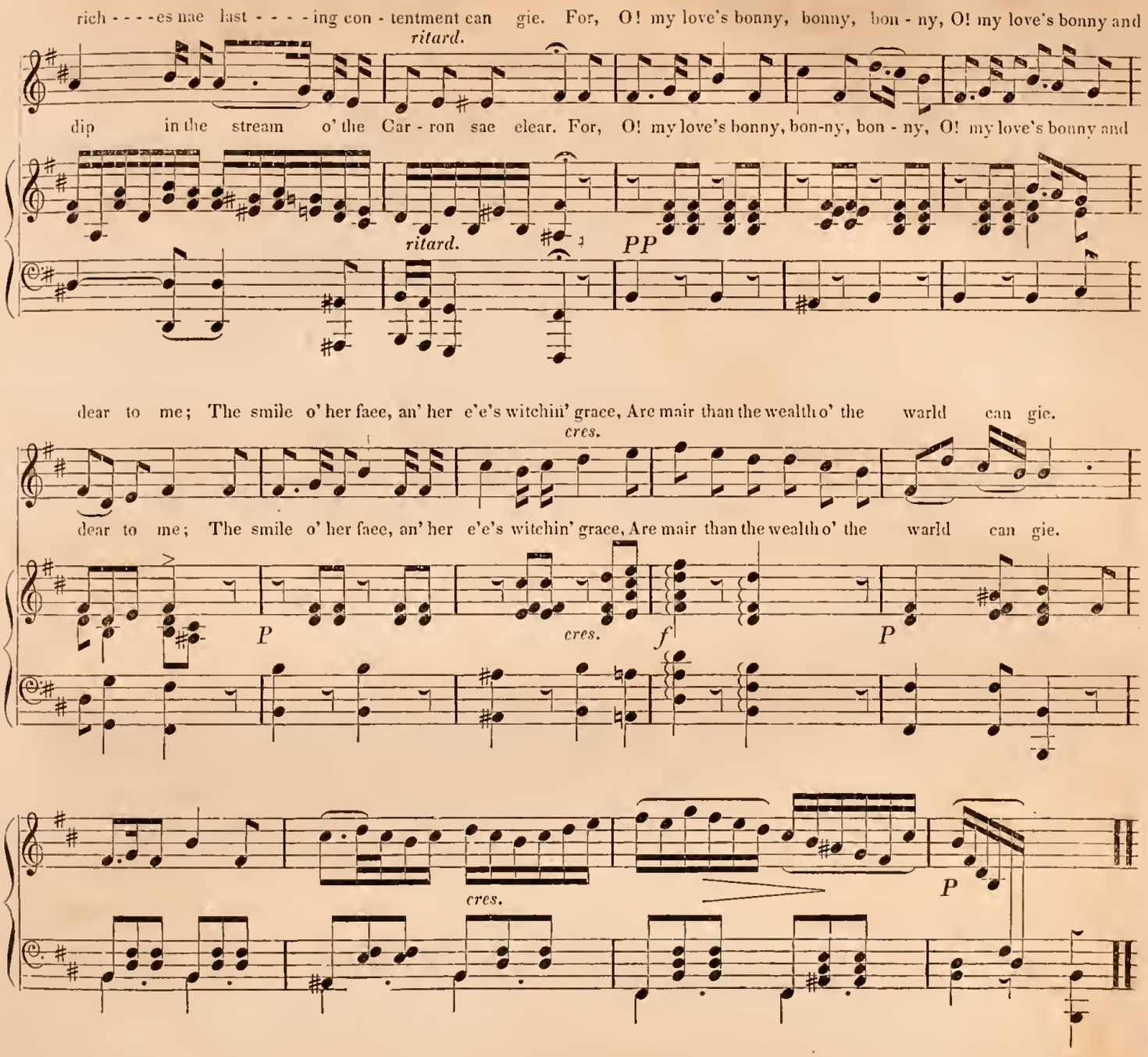
O, MY LOVE'S BONNY.

A CELEBRATED SCOTCH BALLAD.

WORDS BY J. FINLAYSON, ESQ.

MUSIC BY J. M. MULLER.





3

Yet hope's cheerfu' sun shall aboon my head hover,
An' guide a lone wand'rer, when far, far frae thee;
For ne'er till it sets will I prove a fause lover,
Or think o' anither, dear Annie, but thee.
For, O! thou art bonny, bonny, bonny,
O! my love's bonny and dear to me,
The smile o' her face, an' her e'e's witchin' grace,
Are mair than the wealth o' the warld can gie.

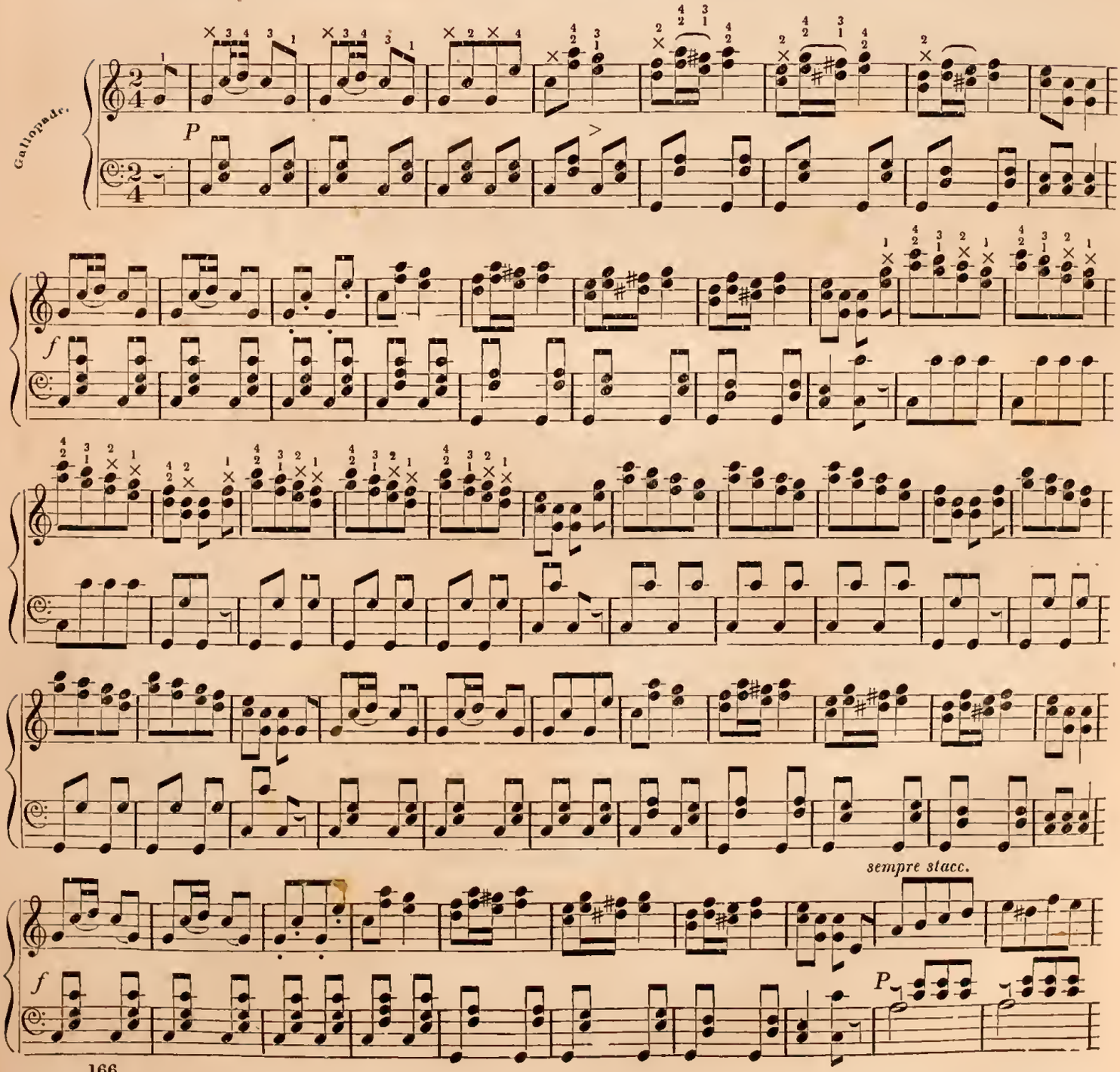
FAVOURITE GALLOPADE,

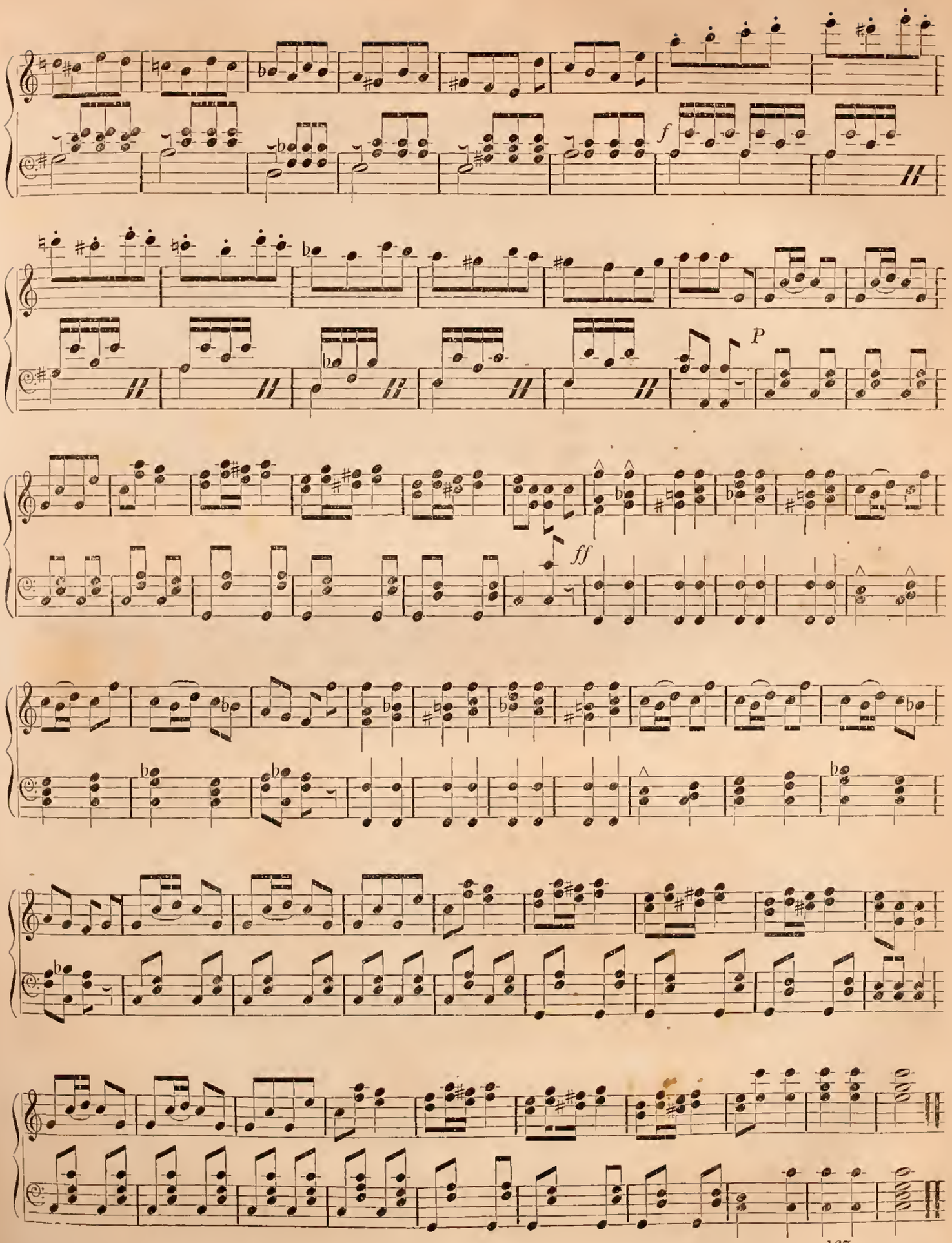
FROM THE OPERA

GUSTAVE.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

BY C. F. HAUSMAN.

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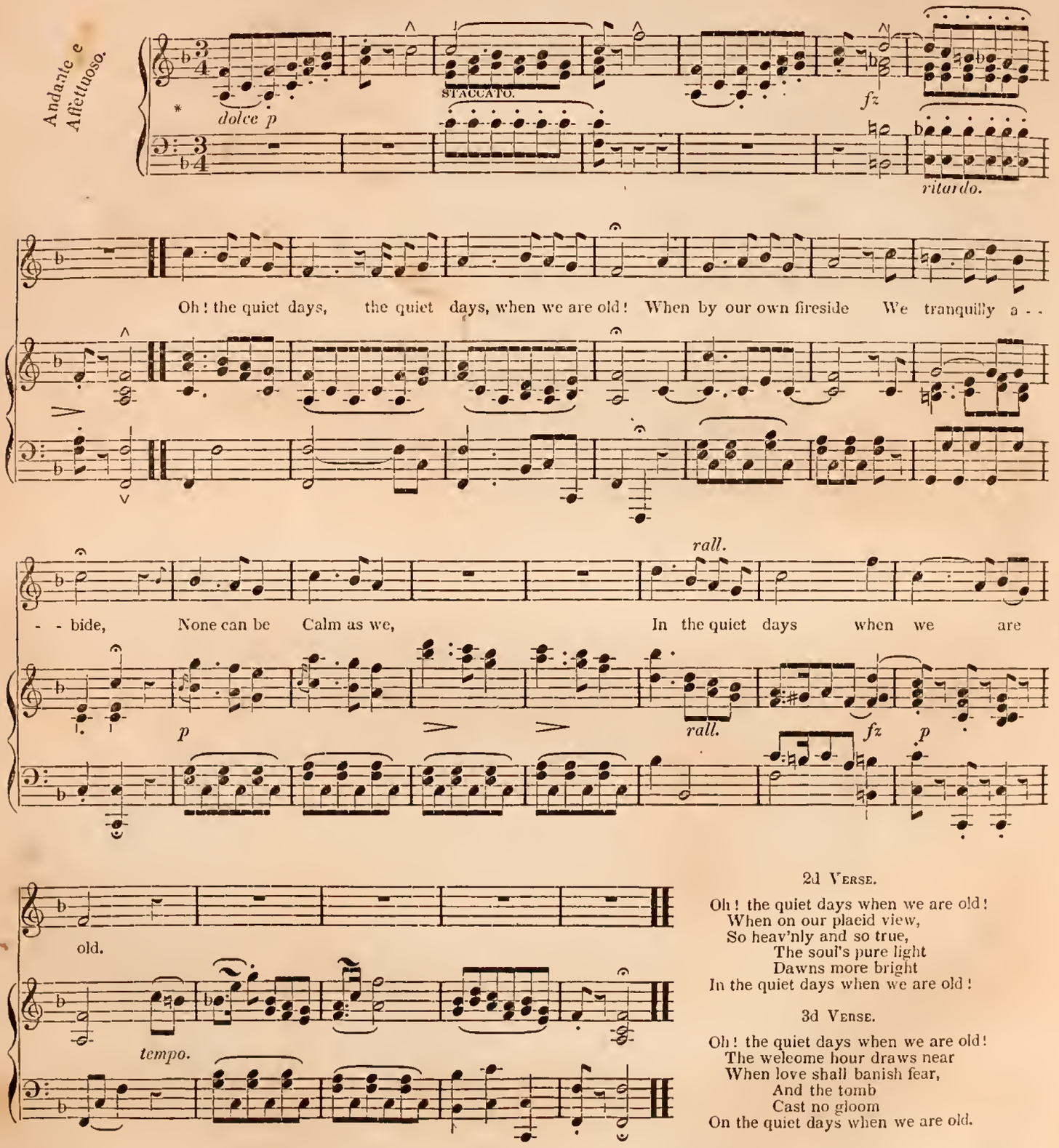
ff

OH! THE QUIET DAYS WHEN WE ARE OLD!

THE WORDS BY MRS. HEMANS.—THE MUSIC BY HER BROTHER.



2d Verse.

Oh! the quiet days when we are old!
When on our placid view,
So heav'nly and so true,
The soul's pure light
Dawns more bright
In the quiet days when we are old!

3d Verse.

Oh! the quiet days when we are old!
The welcome hour draws near
When love shall banish fear,
And the tomb
Cast no gloom
On the quiet days when we are old.

Glenmary, August 1, 1842.

Dear Sir:—I have not seen the accompanying song published in America. If new to you, please insert it in your "Musical Library"—for it is a gem of pathos and harmony.

Yours very truly.

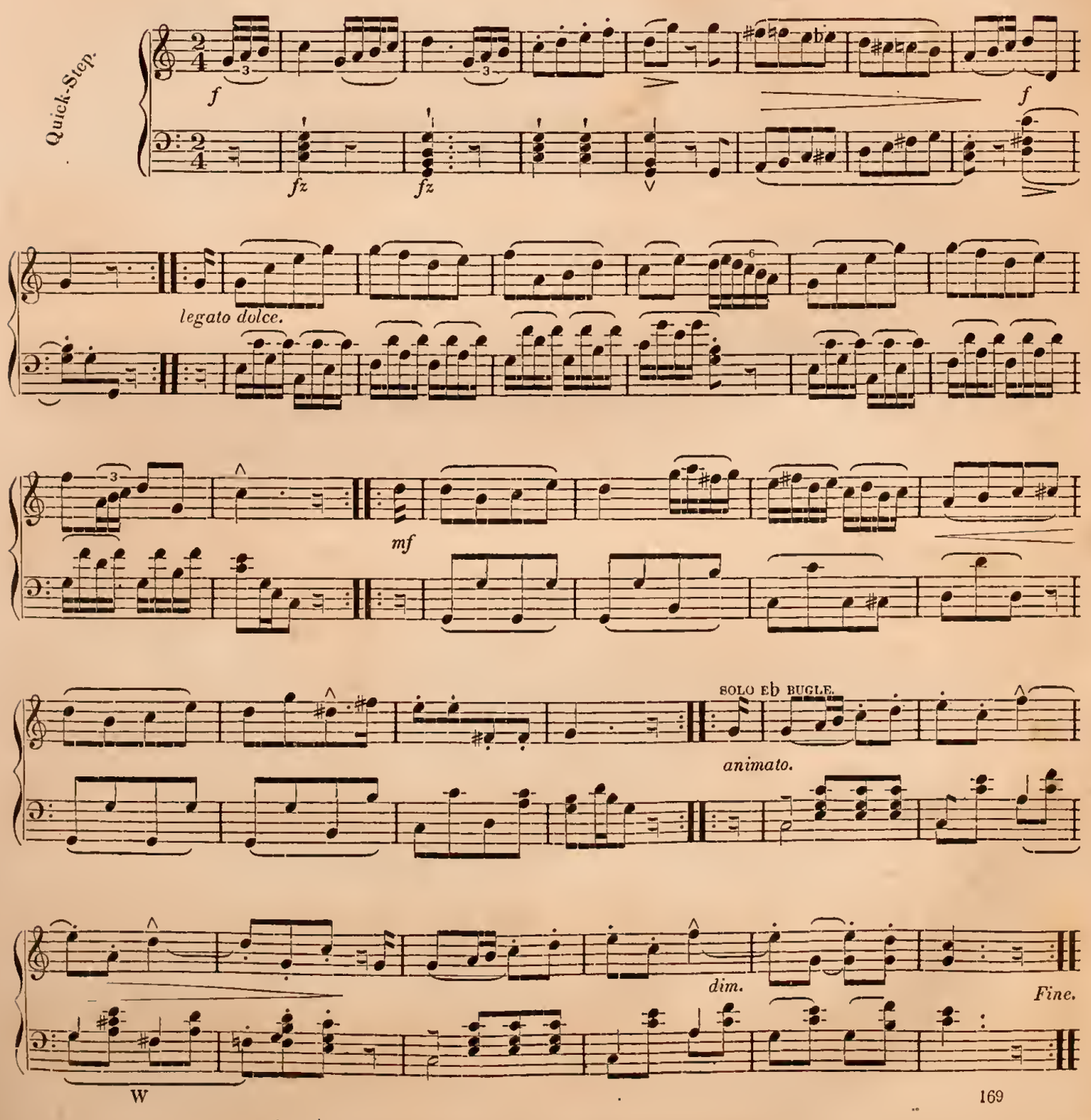
L. A. Godey, Esq. N. P. Willis.

* The Introduction to this song is added by the Editor, the original being without one.

THE BUGLE QUICK-STEP.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY FRANCIS JOHNSON.



BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING.

SUNG BY MICKEY FREE.

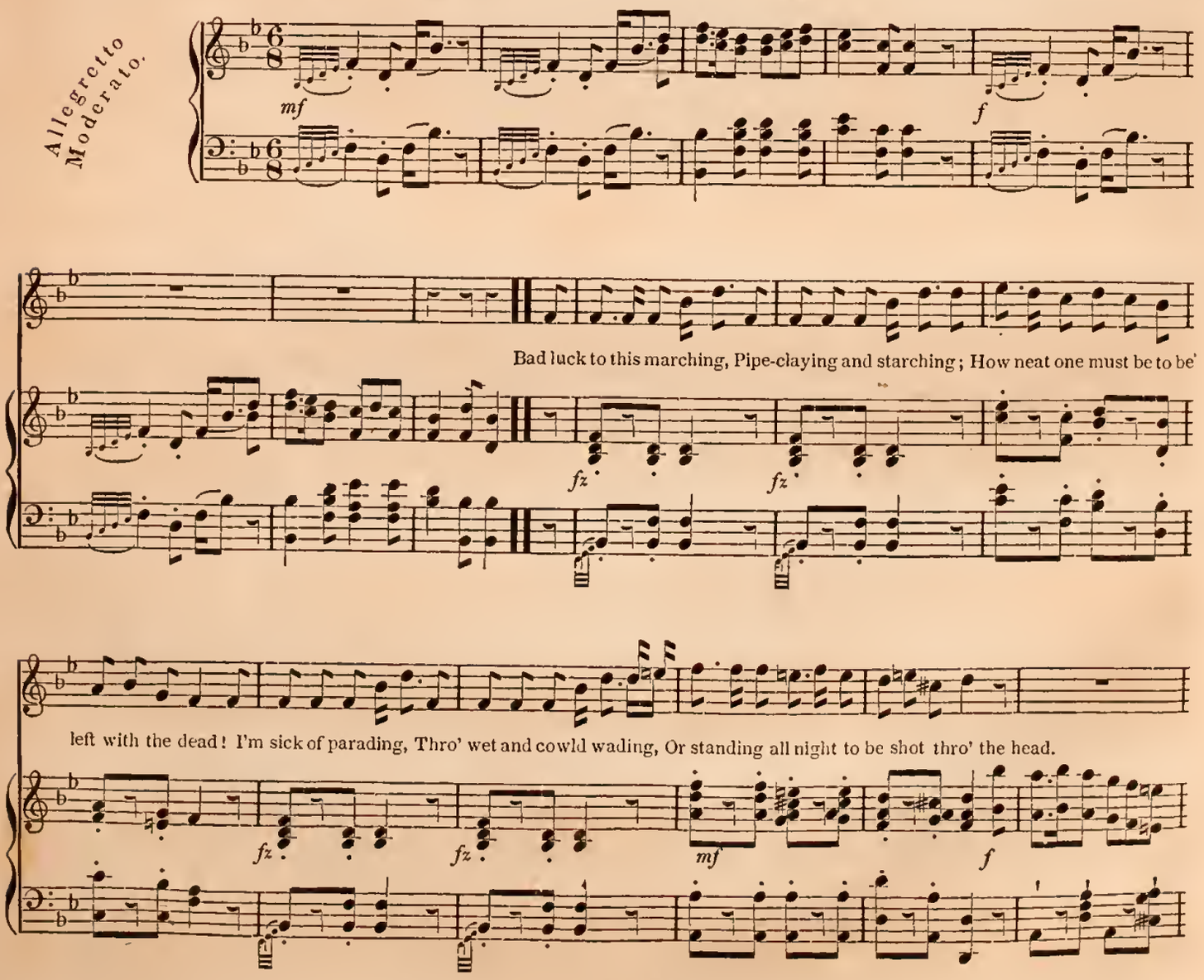
FROM CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

WRITTEN BY HARRY LORREQUER.

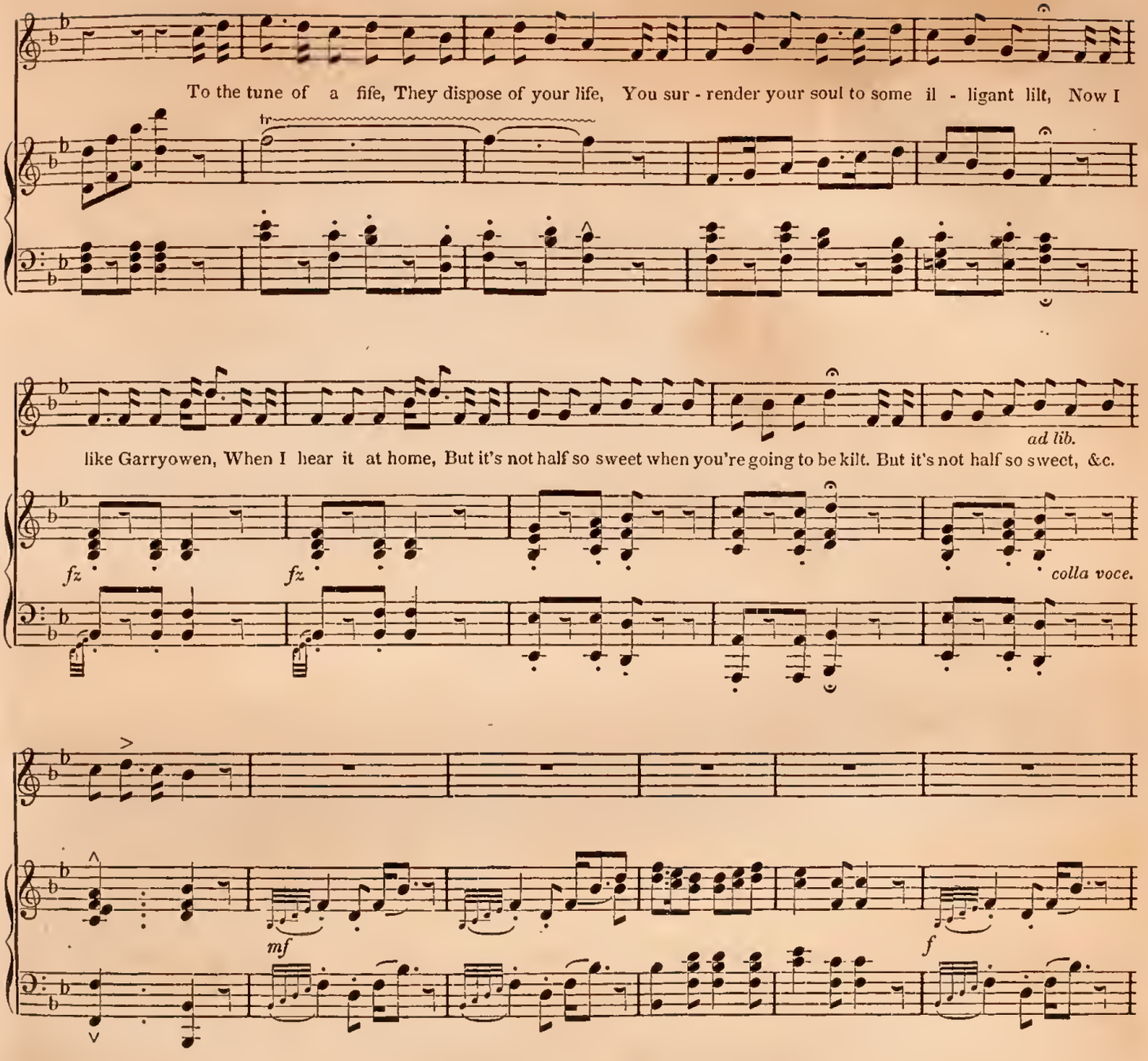
THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.

[Godey & M'Michael, Publishers' Hall, 101 Chesnut Street.]



Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by Godey & M'Michael.



2d Verse.

Though up late and early,
Our pay comes so rarely,
That not a brass farthing we've ever to spare;
They say some disaster
Befel the paymaster;
On my conscience, I think that the money's not there.
And, just think, what a blunder;
They won't let us [plunder,*]
While the convents invite us to rob them, 'tis clear;
Though there isn't a village,
But cries, 'come and pillage,'
Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mounseer.

3d Verse.

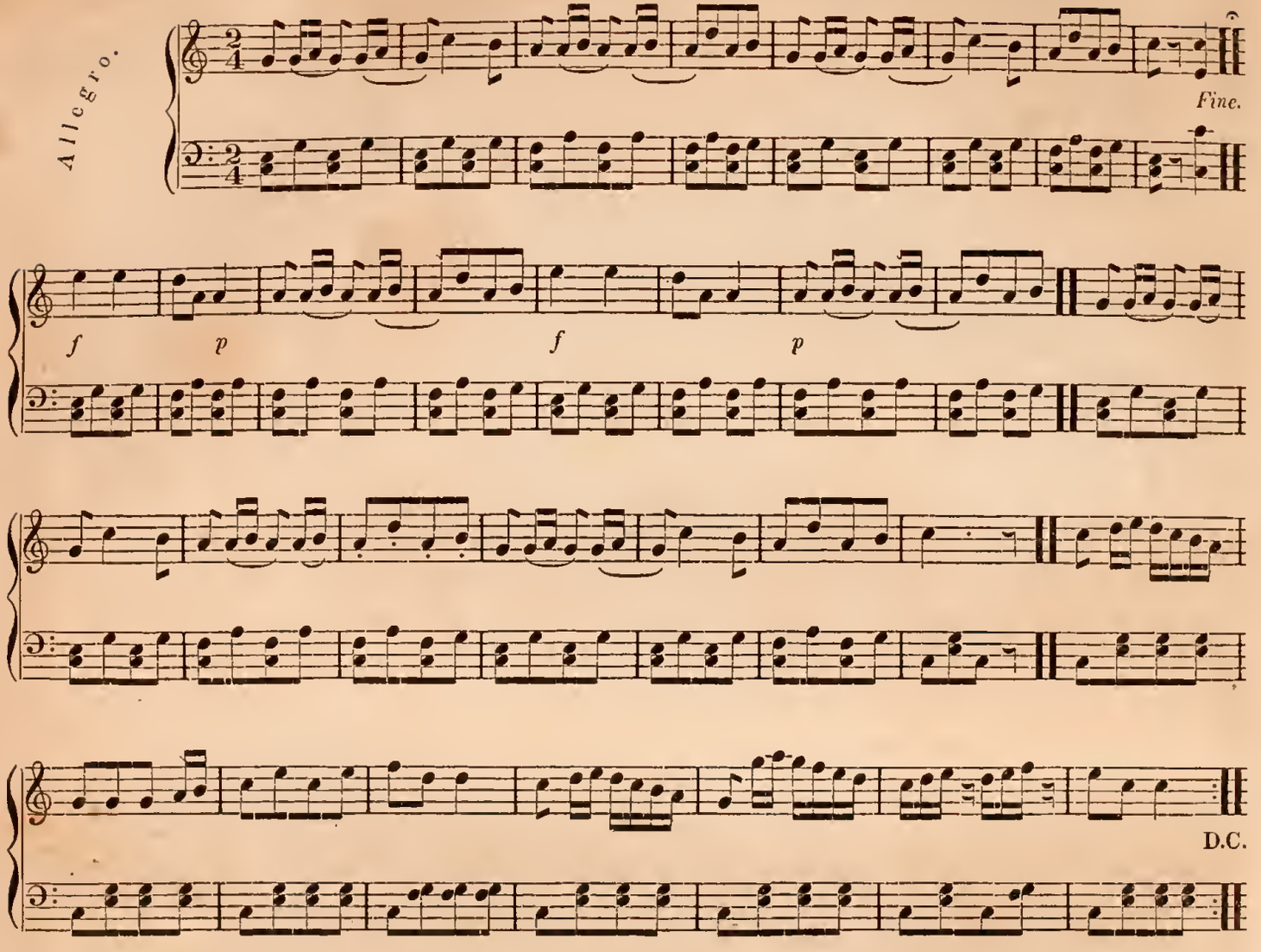
Like a tar that's nigh land,
I long for that island
Where even the kisses we steal if we please;
Where 'tis no disgrace
[If you] don't wash your face,
And you've nothing to do but to stand at your ease.

With no sergeant t' abuse us,
We fight t' amuse us,
Sure it's better beat Christian than kick a baboon,
How I'd dance like a fairy,
To see ould Dunleary,
And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon!

* All words enclosed thus [ ] to be sung to one note.

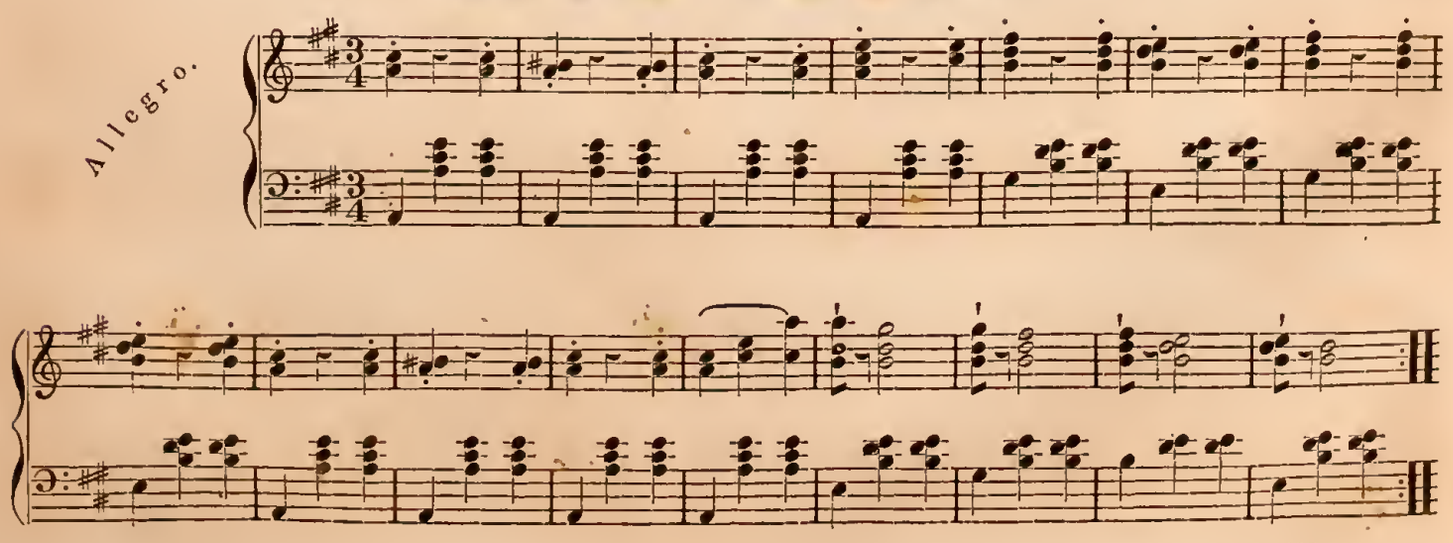
MACGREGOR'S MARCH.

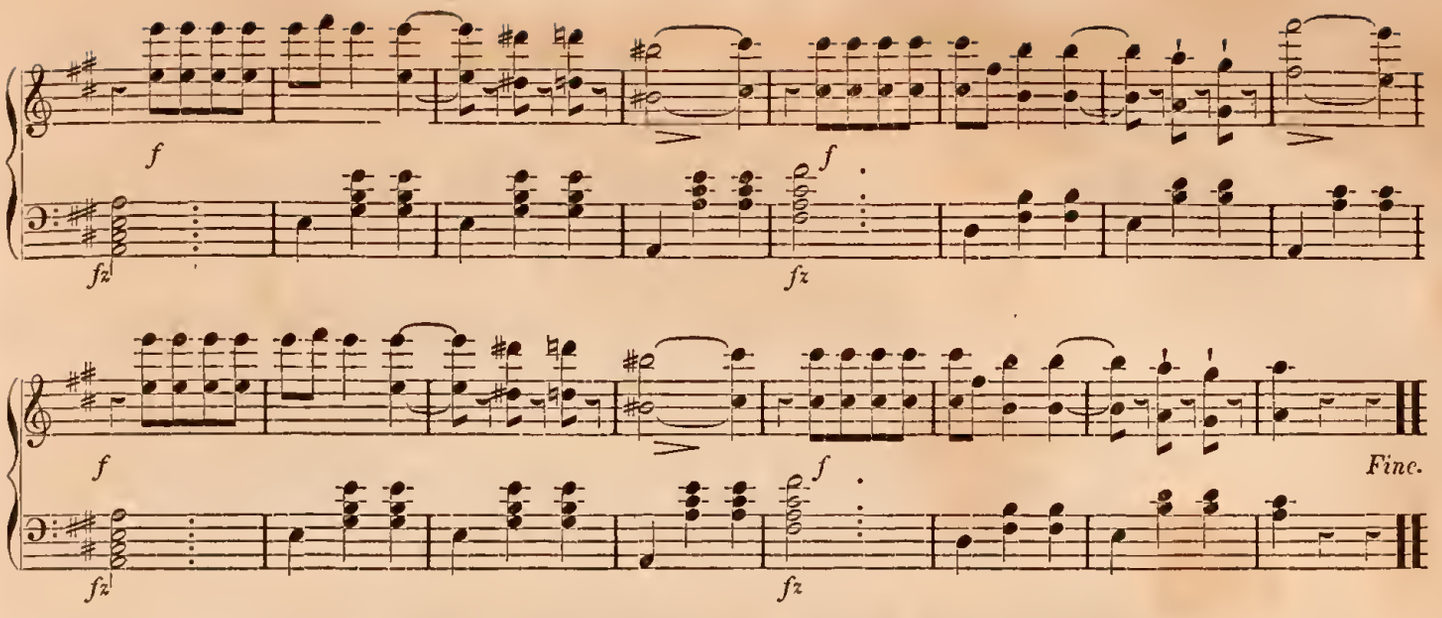
[Philadelphia, Godey & M'Michael, Publishers' Hall, 101 Chesnut Street.]



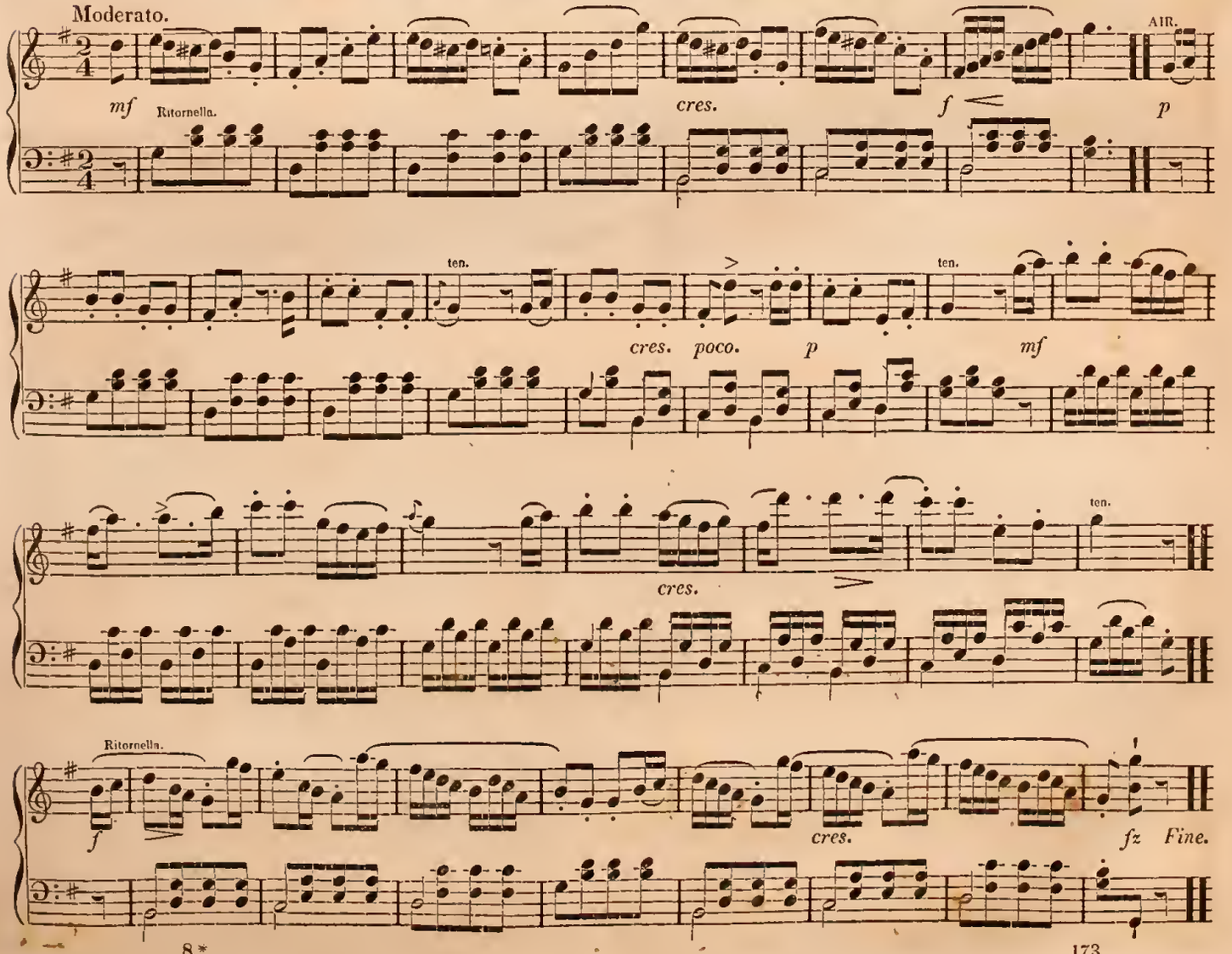
HOPE WALTZ.

STRAUSS.



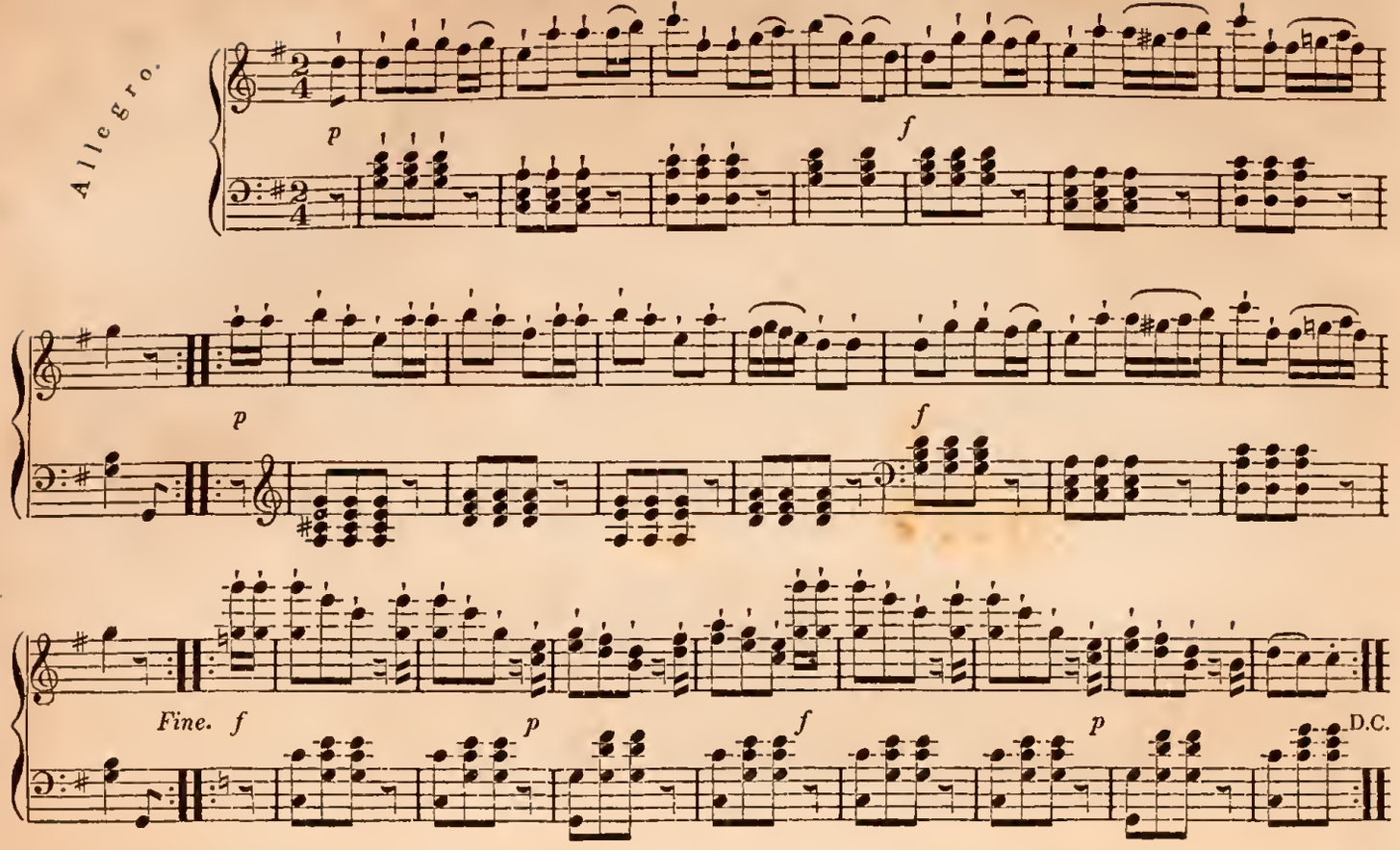


MISS LUCY LONG.

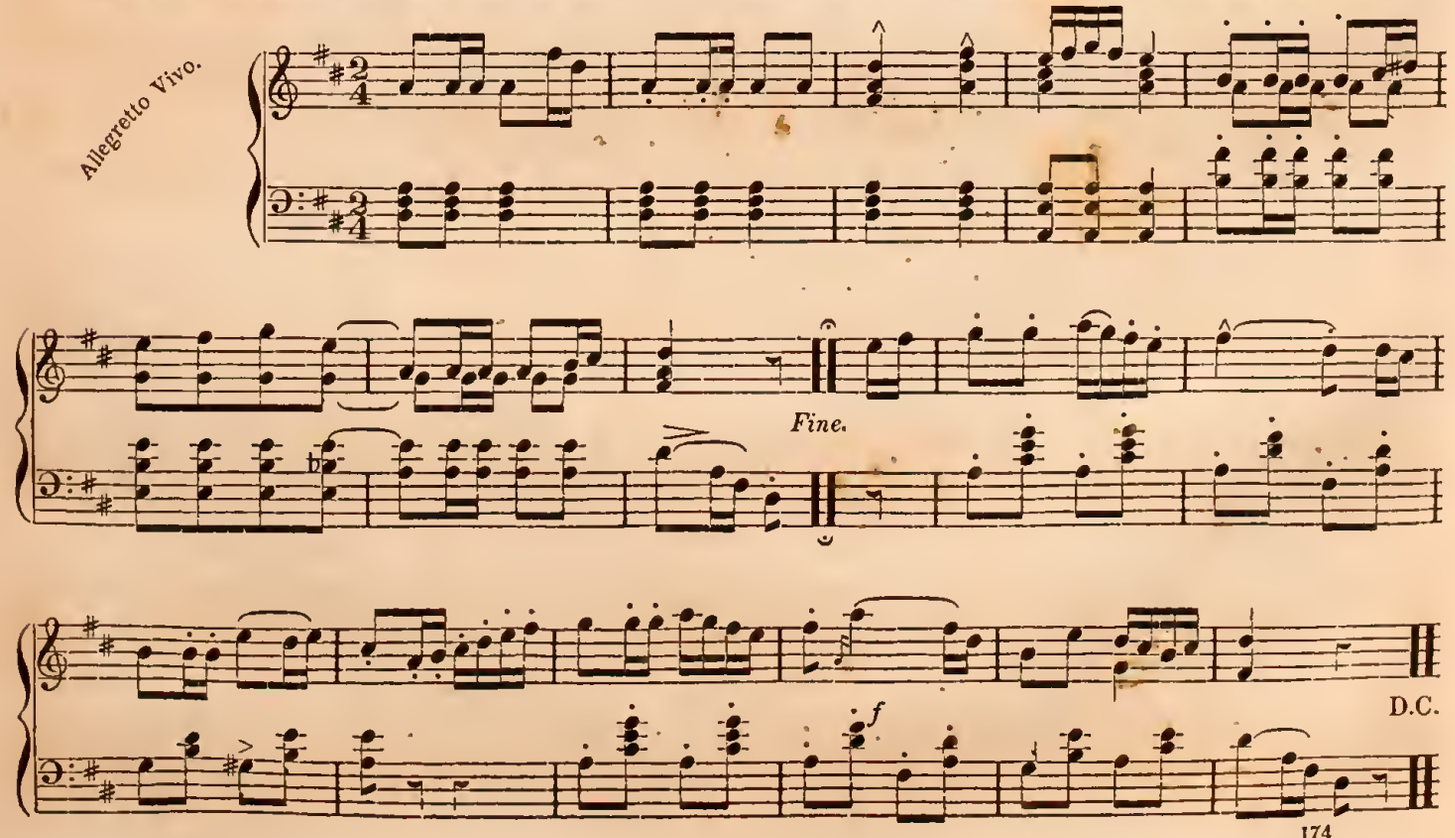


THE SCOTCH WALTZ.

F. T. HÜBNER.



CHANSONETTE DE L'ENFANT DU REGIMENT.



THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY

MRS. JOHN VALENTINE.

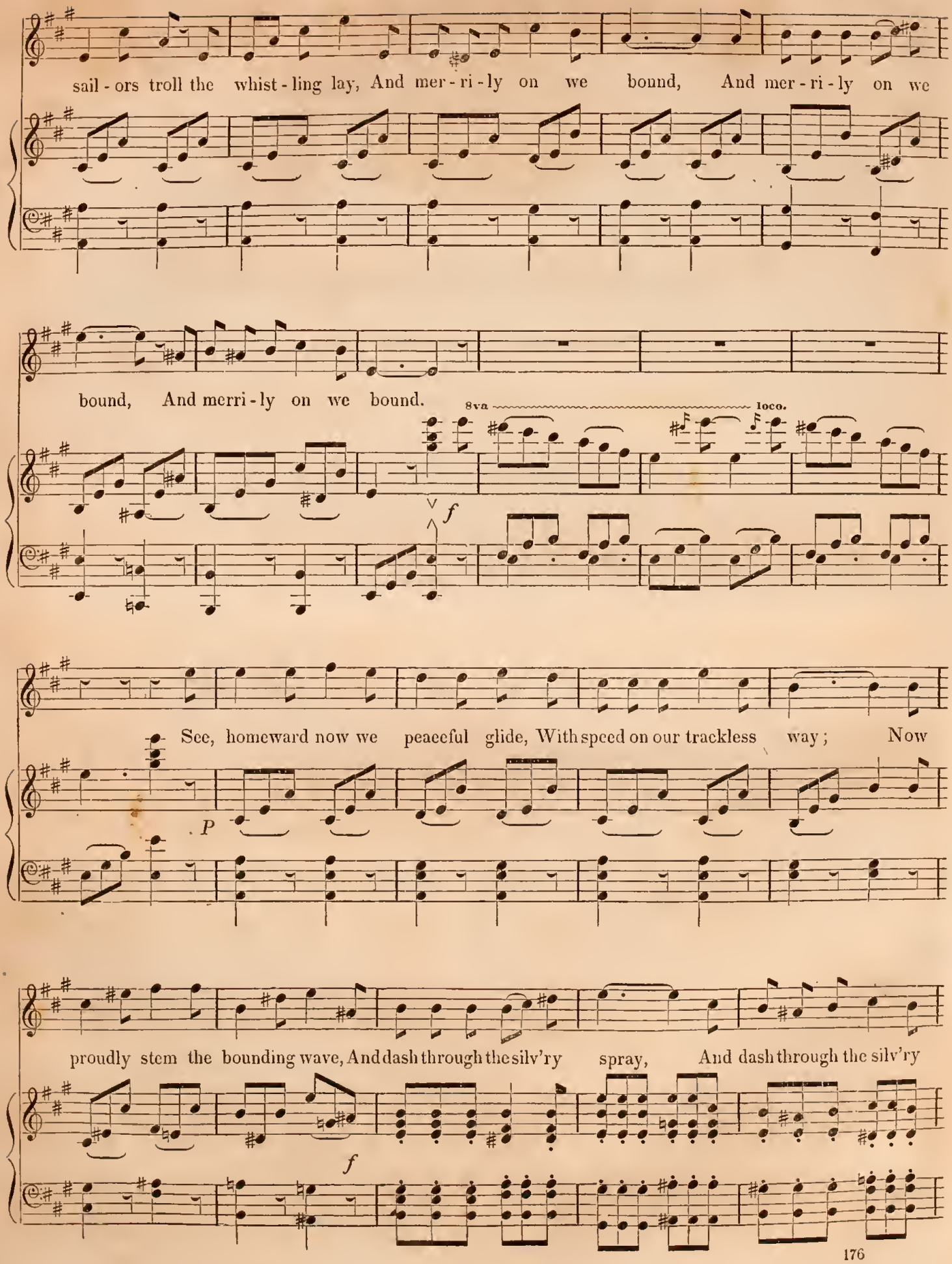
THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

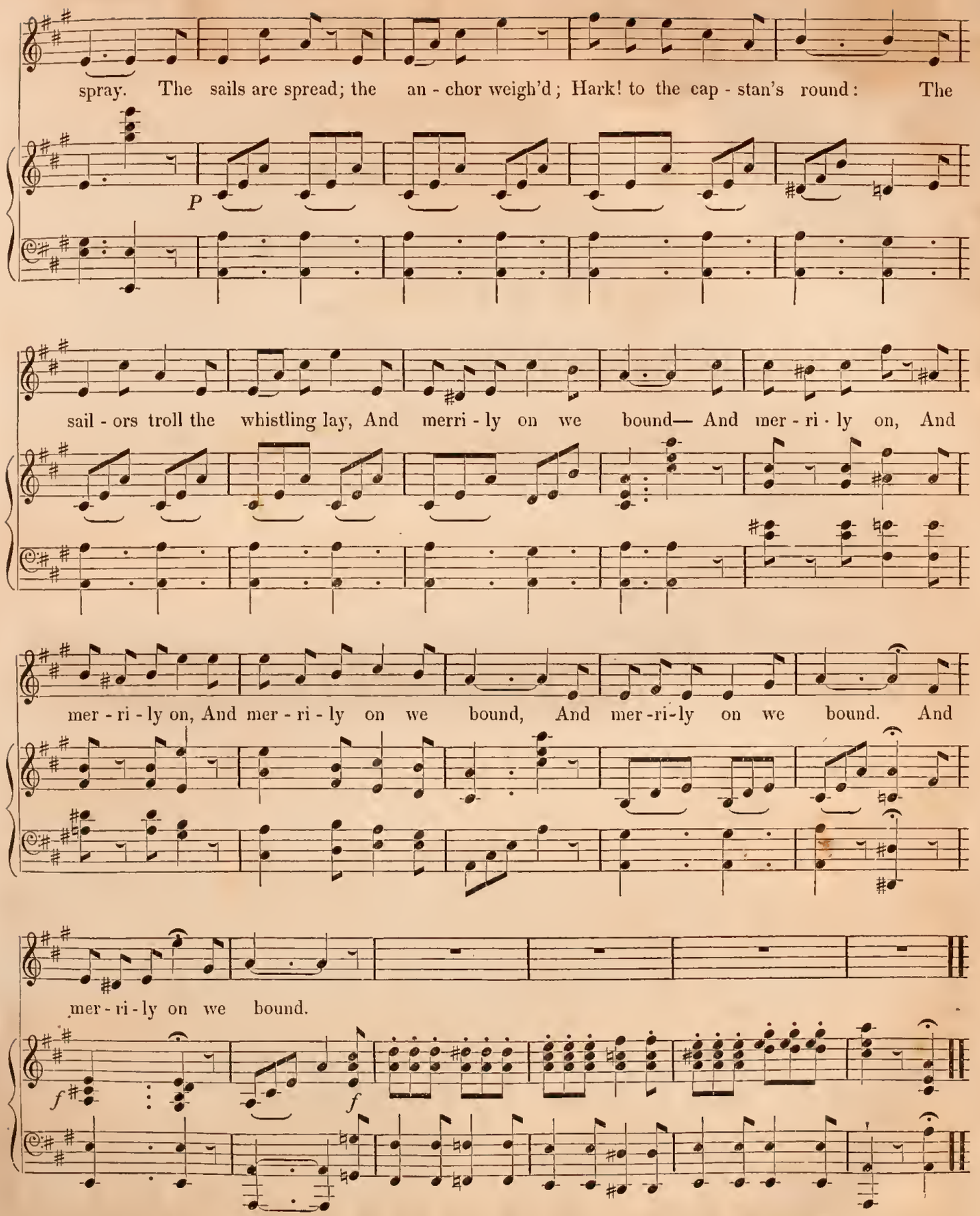
JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.

Allegro

Spiritoso.

The sails are spread, The an - chor weigh'd; Hark! to the cap - stan's round; The


sail - ors troll the whist - ling lay, And mer - ri - ly on we bound, And mer - ri - ly on we
bound, And merri - ly on we bound.
8va
loco.
f
See, homeward now we peaceful glide, With speed on our trackless way; Now
P
proudly stem the bounding wave, And dash through the silv'ry spray, And dash through the silv'ry
f



Our sails are furl'd, the anchor cast—
No more to the capstan's round

The sailors troll the whistling lay,
But swift to the shore we bound.

But swift to the shore, &c.

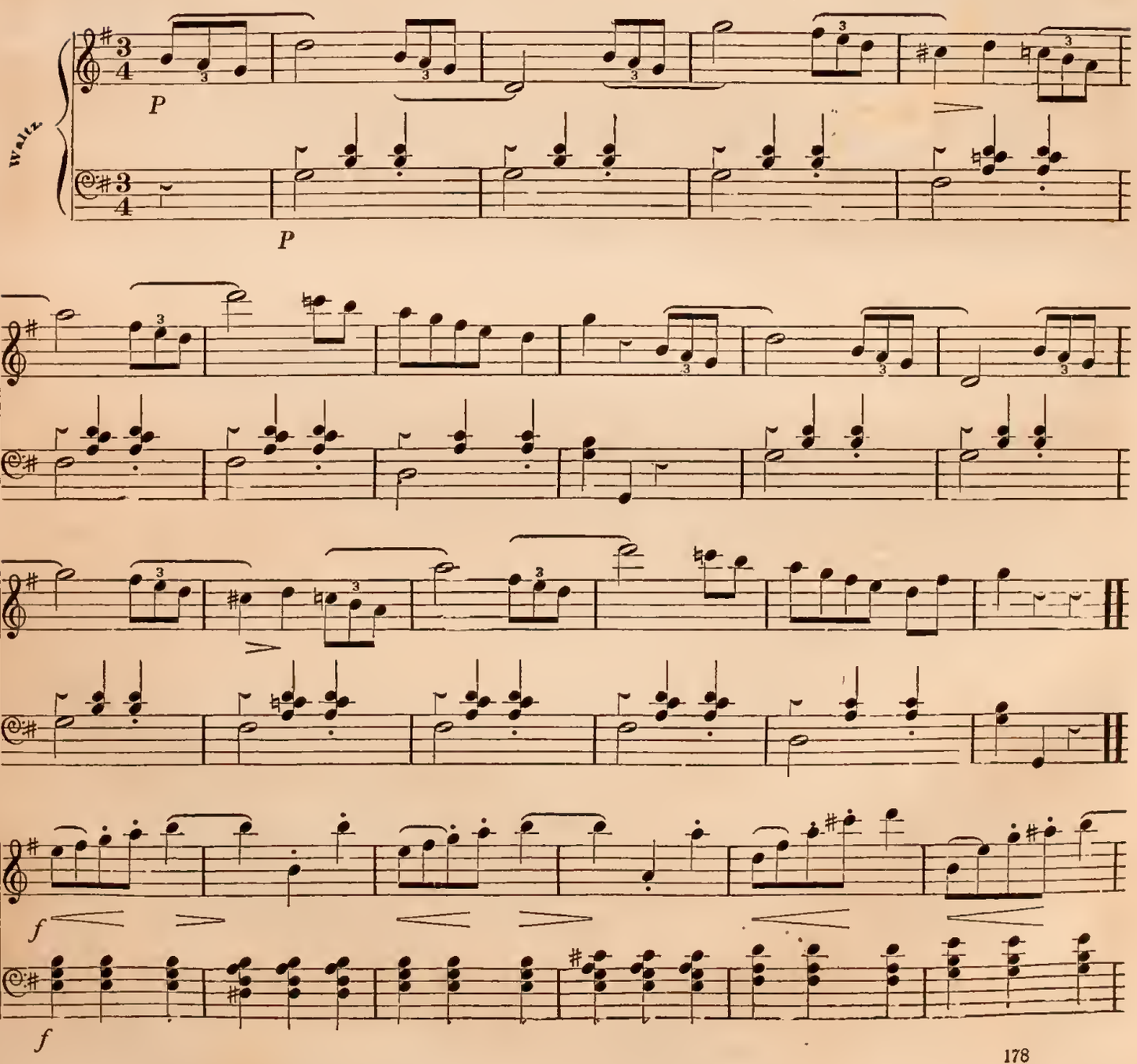
WALTZ.

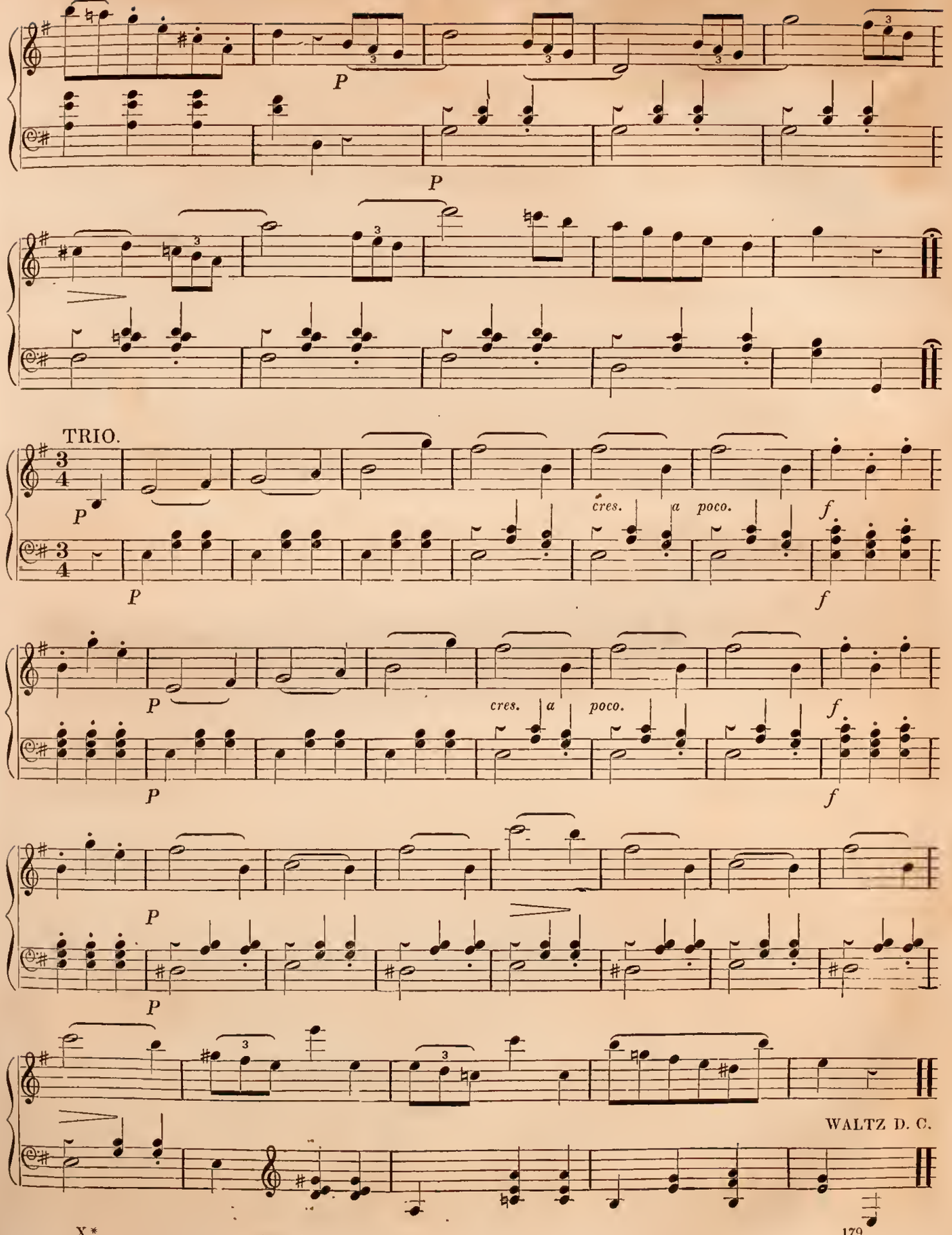
FROM AUBER'S OPERA,

LE PHILTRE.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

BY J. KUFFNER.




P
P
TRIO.
P
P
cres.
a
poco.
f
f
P
P
cres.
a
poco.
f
f
P
P
WALTZ D. C.

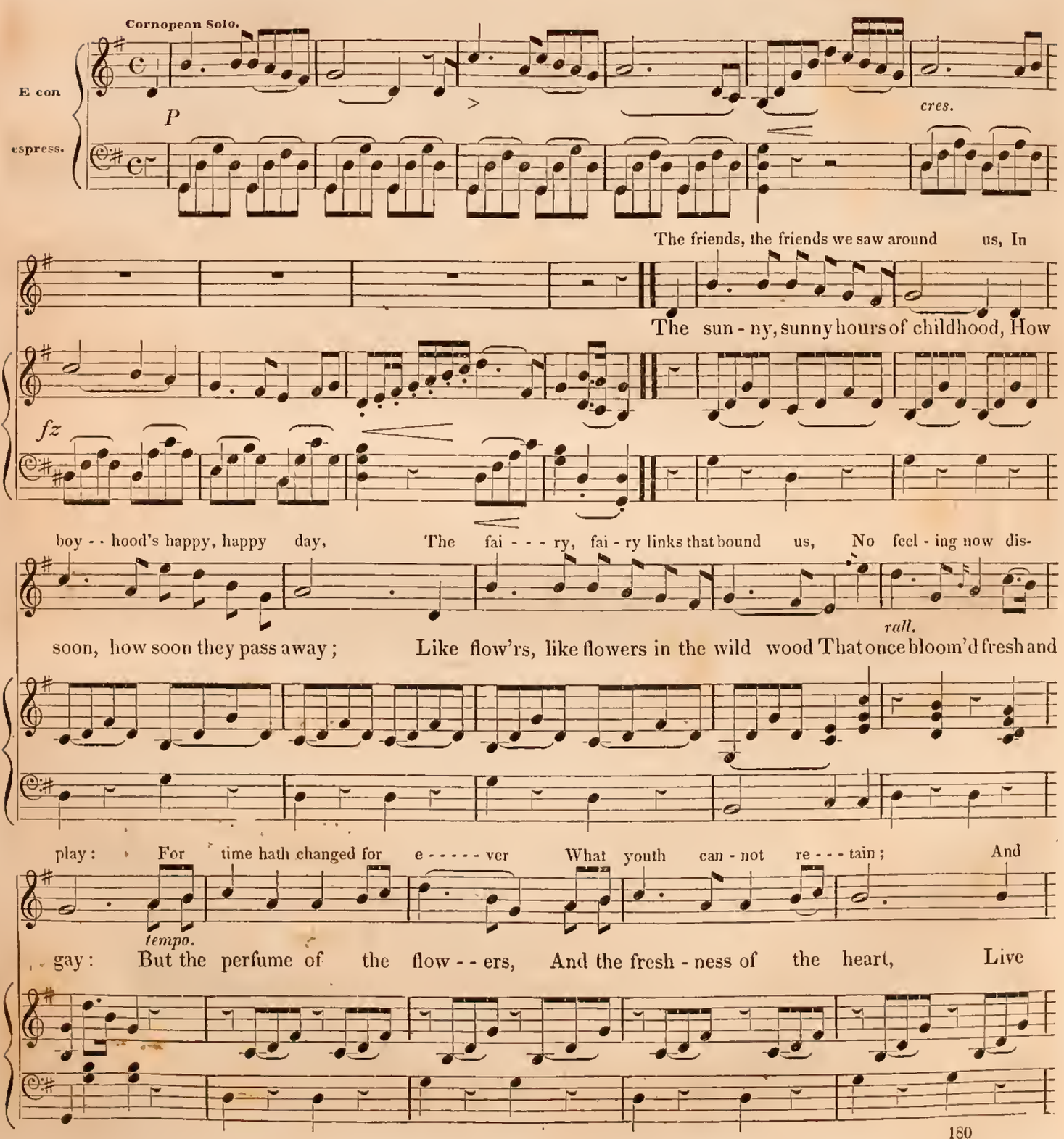
THE SUNNY HOURS OF CHILDHOOD.

BALLAD.

WRITTEN BY T. L. CARPENTER, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

BY J. HARROWAY, R. A.



we may know, ah! ne - - - - ver, Those sun - ny hours a - - gain. The sun - - ny, sunny hours of

ad lib.

rall.

but a few brief hours— And then for aye de - part. The sun - ny, sunny hours of

child - - - - - hood, How soon, how soon they pass a - - - way; Like flow'rs, like flow - ers in the

child - - hood, How soon, how soon they pass a - way, Like flow'rs, like flowers in the

wild wood, That once bloom'd fresh and gay, Like flow'rs, like flowers in the wild wood, That

f con anima.

wild - wood, That once bloom'd fresh and gay. Like flow'rs, like flowers in the wild - wood, That

once bloom'd fresh and gay.

tr

ad lib.

once bloom'd fresh and gay.

colla voce.

M z

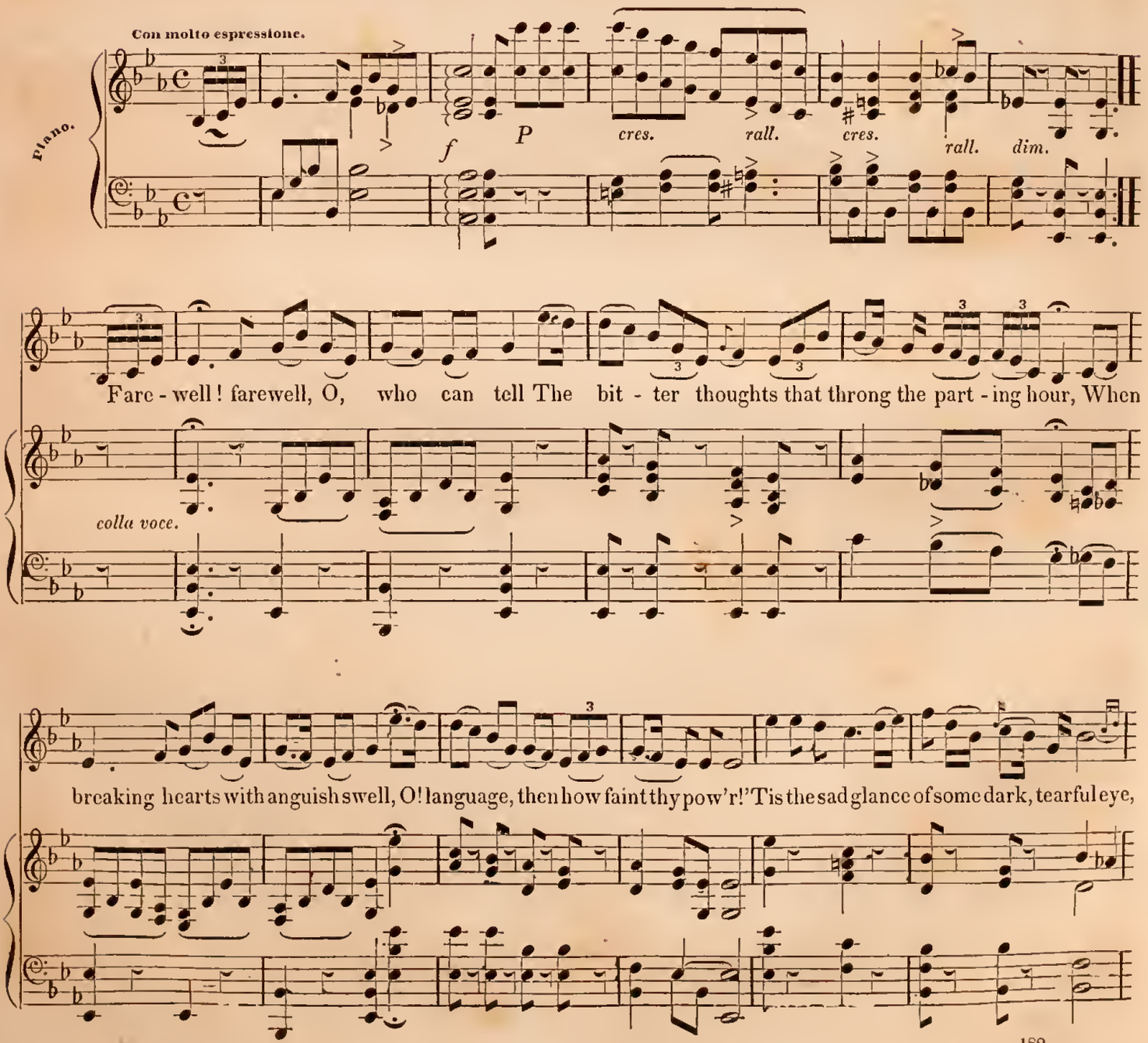
DEAR LOVE, AND NATIVE LAND, FAREWELL.

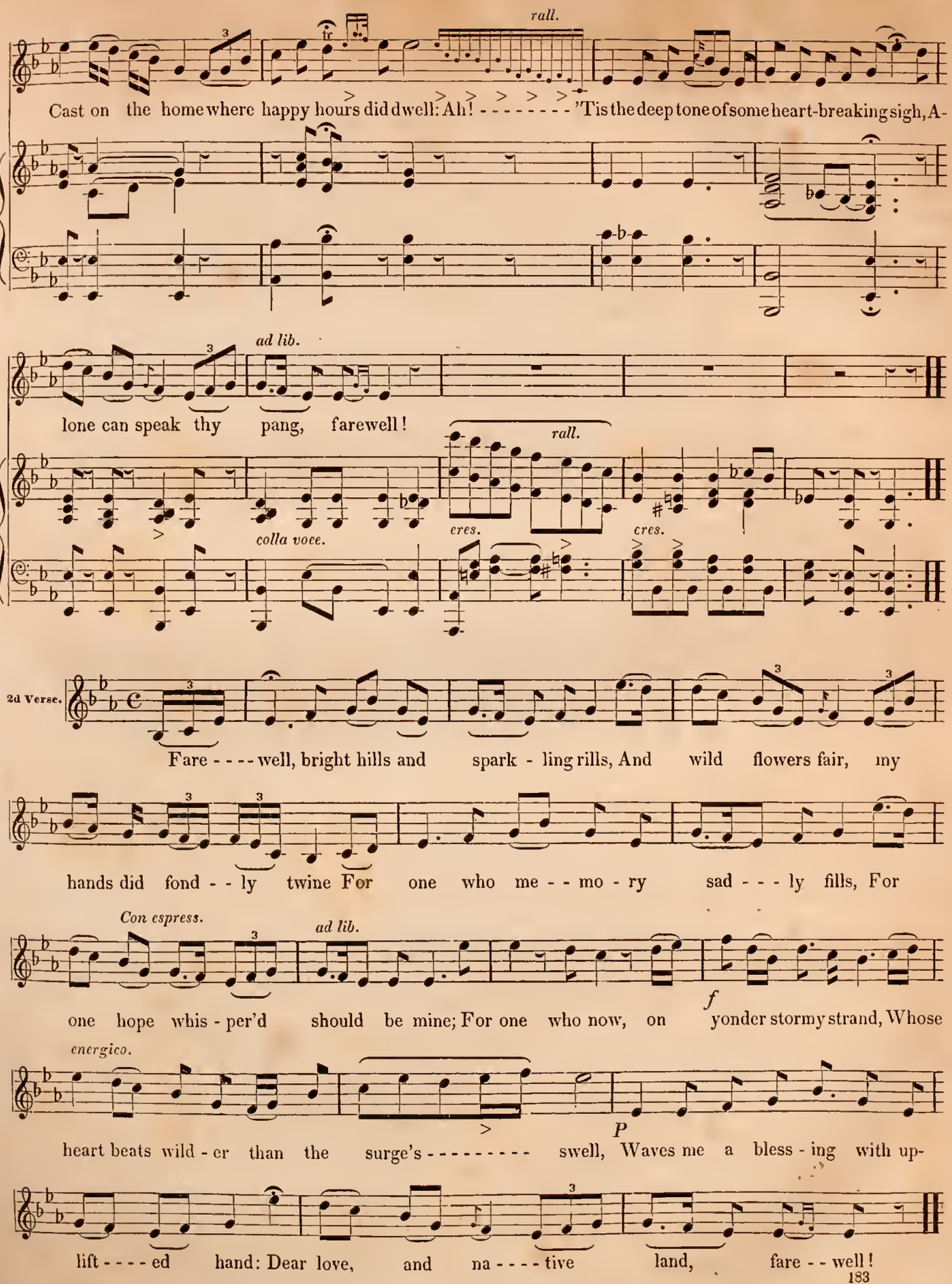
SONG.

WRITTEN AND ADAPTED TO

AN ADMIRED IRISH AIR.

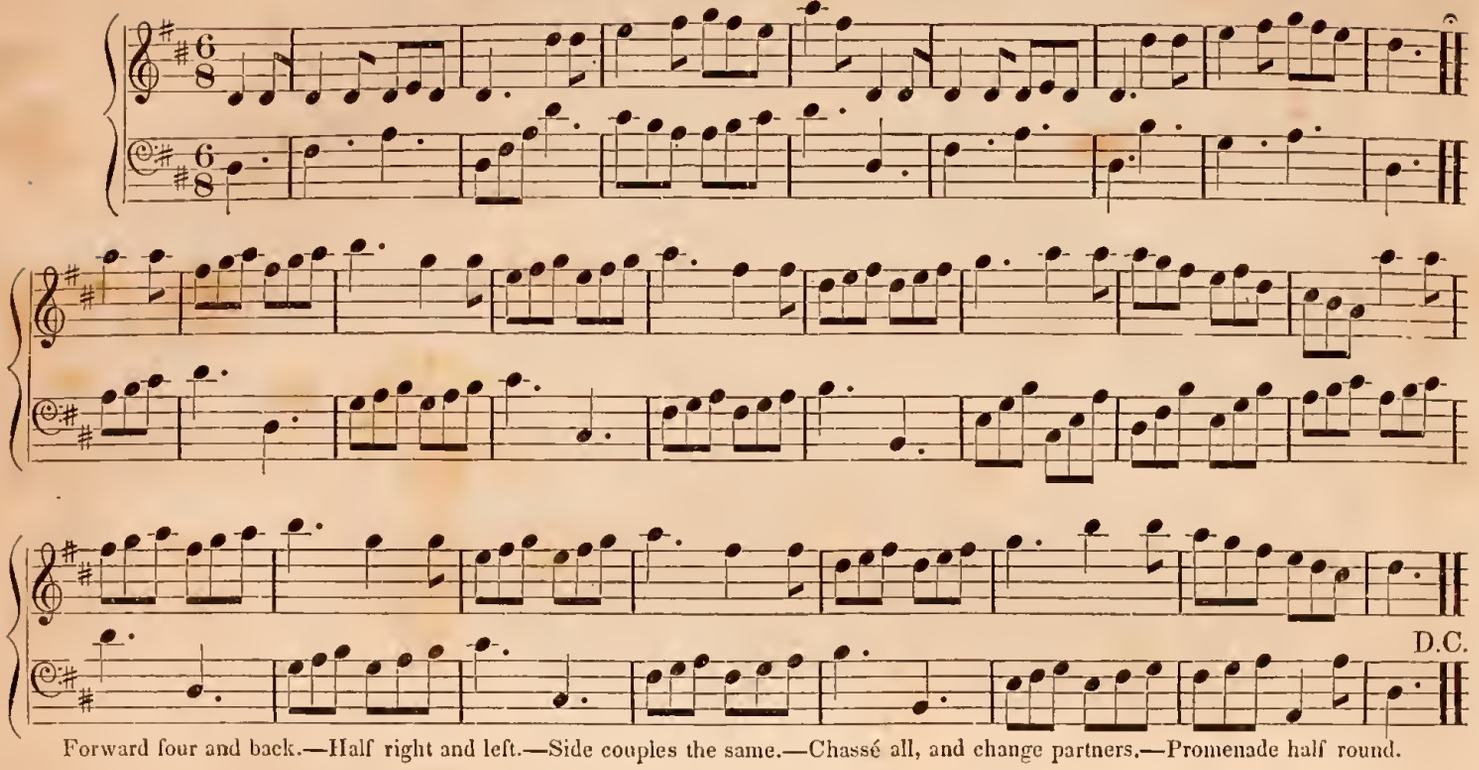
BY S. LOVER, ESQ.




rall.
Cast on the home where happy hours did dwell: Ah! 'Tis the deep tone of some heart-breaking sigh, A-
ad lib.
lone can speak thy pang, farewell!
rall.
cres.
colla voce.
cres.
2d Verse.
Fare - well, bright hills and spark - ling rills, And wild flowers fair, my
hands did fond - ly twine For one who me - mo - ry sad - ly fills, For
Con espress.
ad lib.
f
one hope whis - per'd should be mine; For one who now, on yonder stormy strand, Whose
energico.
P
heart beats wild - er than the surge's swell, Waves me a bless - ing with up-
lift - ed hand: Dear love, and na - tive land, fare - well!

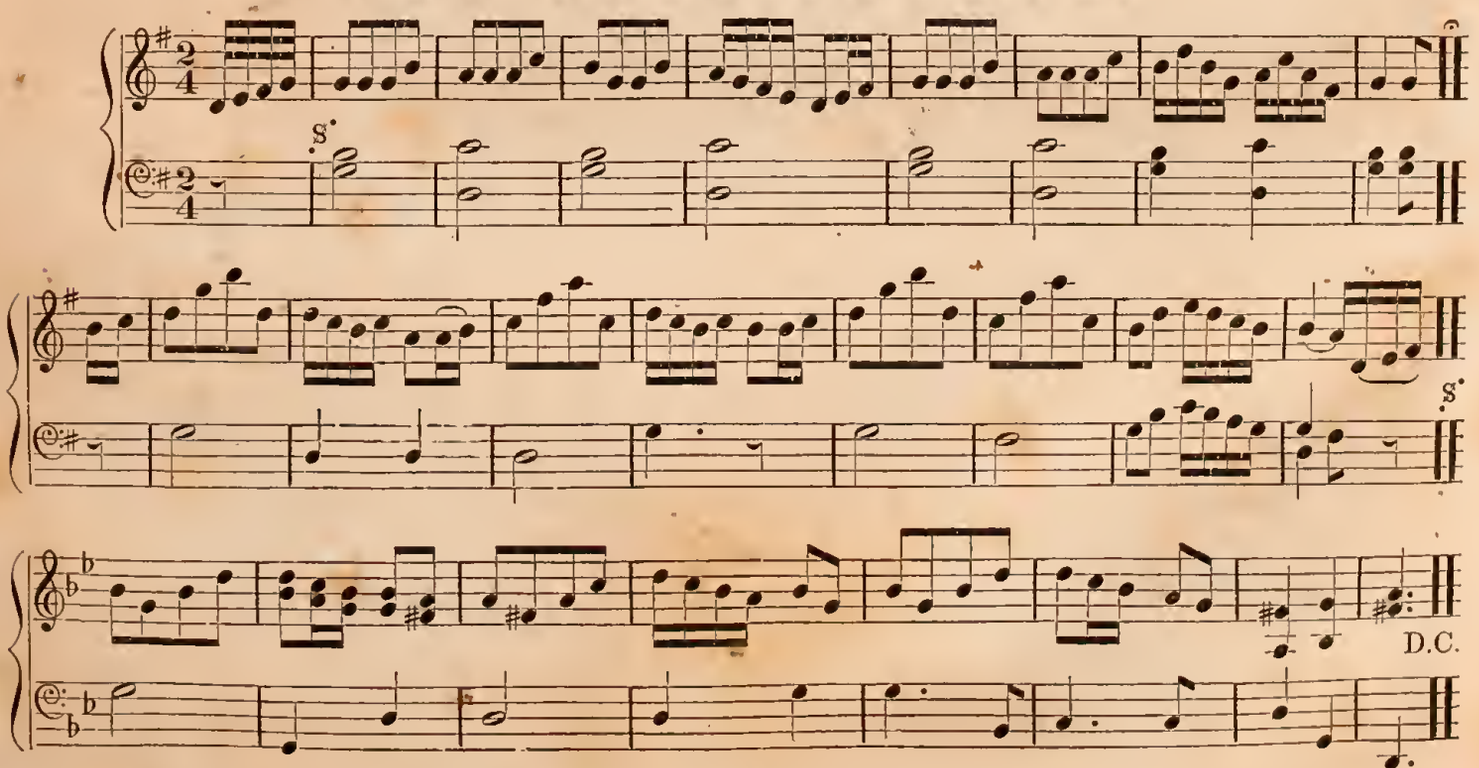
FASHIONABLE QUADRILLES.

THE SOCIABLE.



Forward four and back.—Half right and left.—Side couples the same.—Chassé all, and change partners.—Promenade half round.

THE CAULIFLOWER.

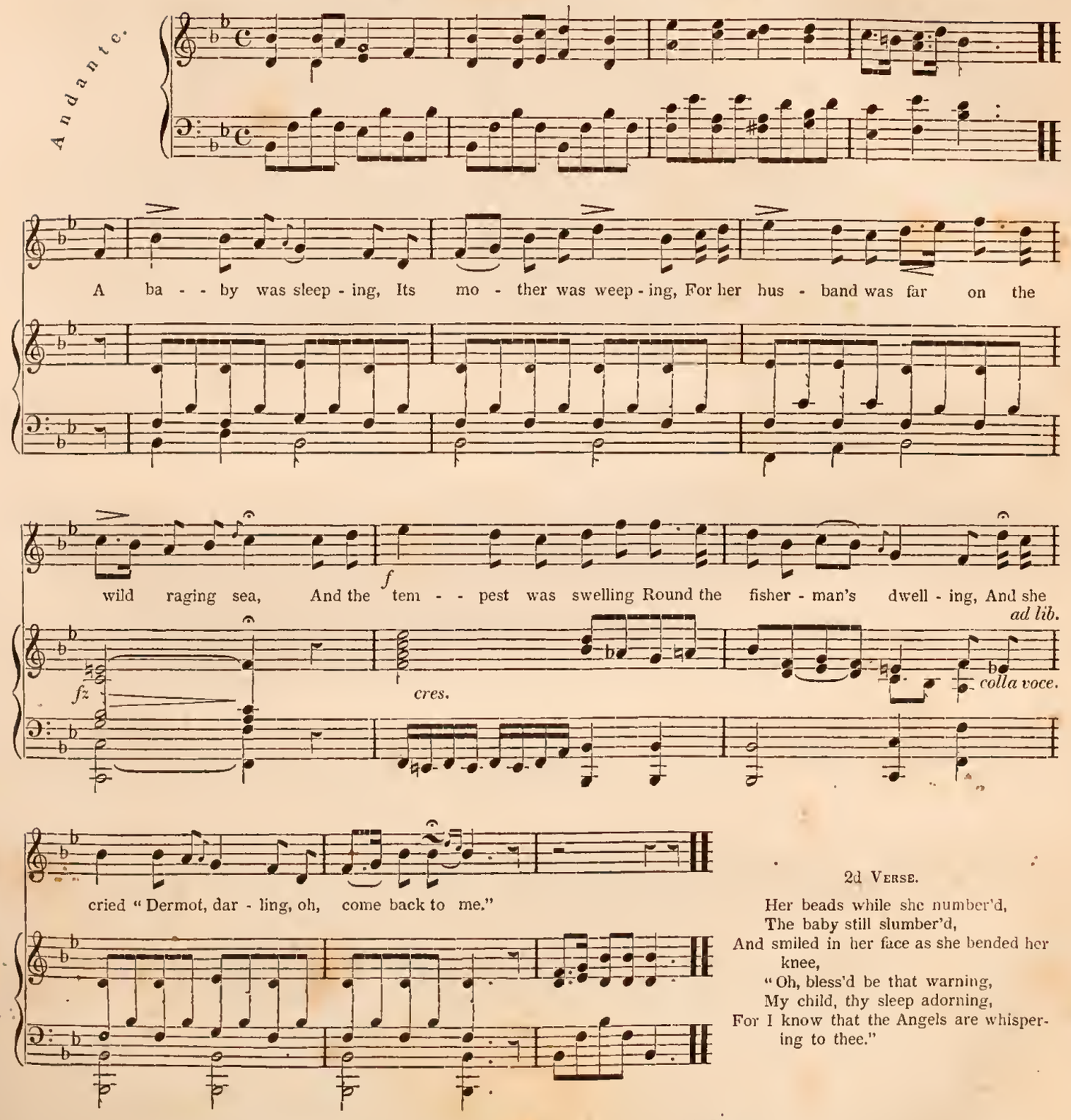


Forward four, and turn partners.—One lady join opposite couple, lead forward and back twice.—One gentleman forward twice.—Four hands round and turn partners to place.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

FROM THE SONGS OF THE SUPERSTITIONS OF IRELAND.

BY S. LOVER, ESQ.



2d Verse.

Her beads while she number'd,
The baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee,
"Oh, bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the Angels are whispering to thee."

3d Verse.

And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the Angels are whispering with thee.

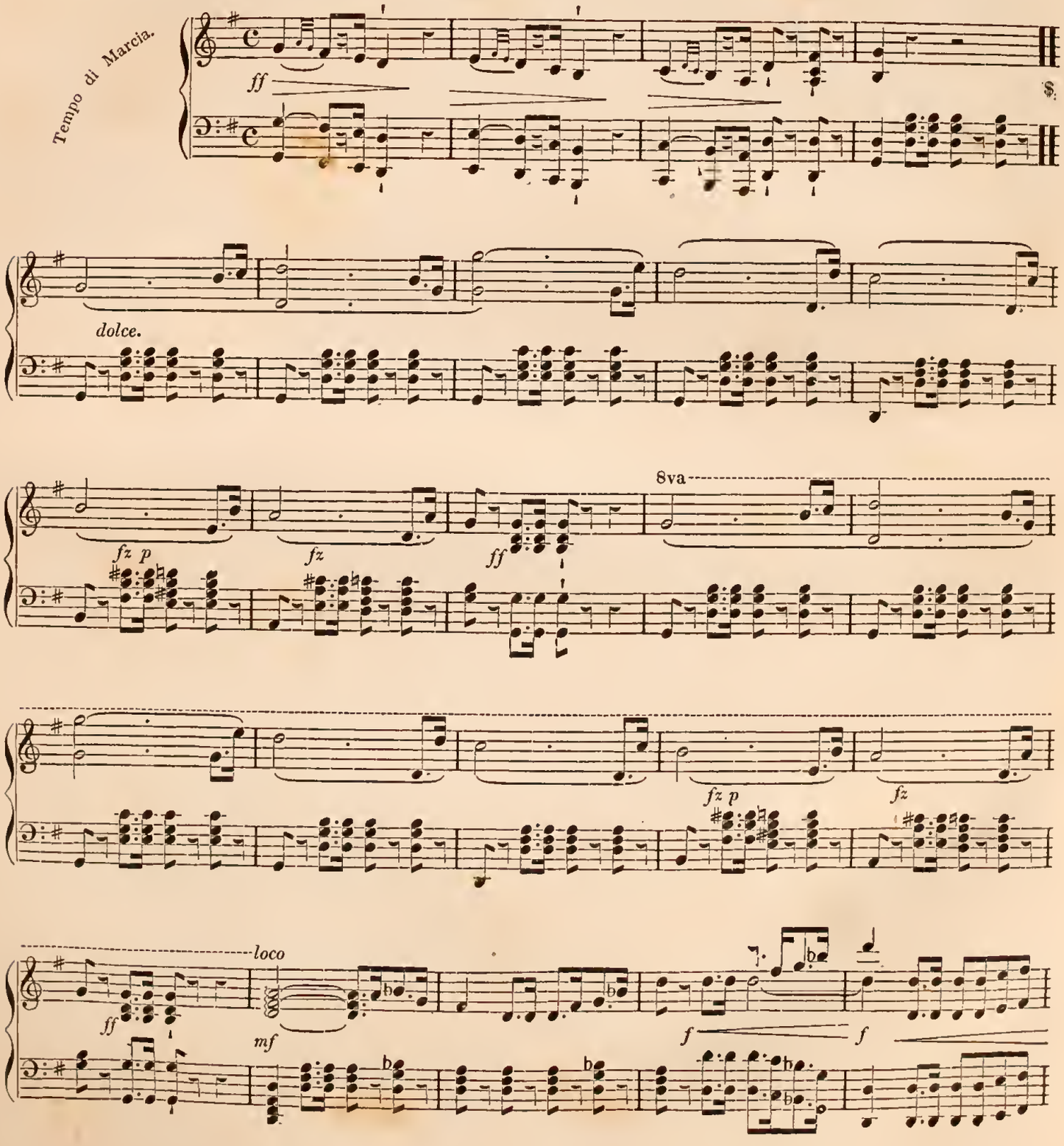
4th Verse.

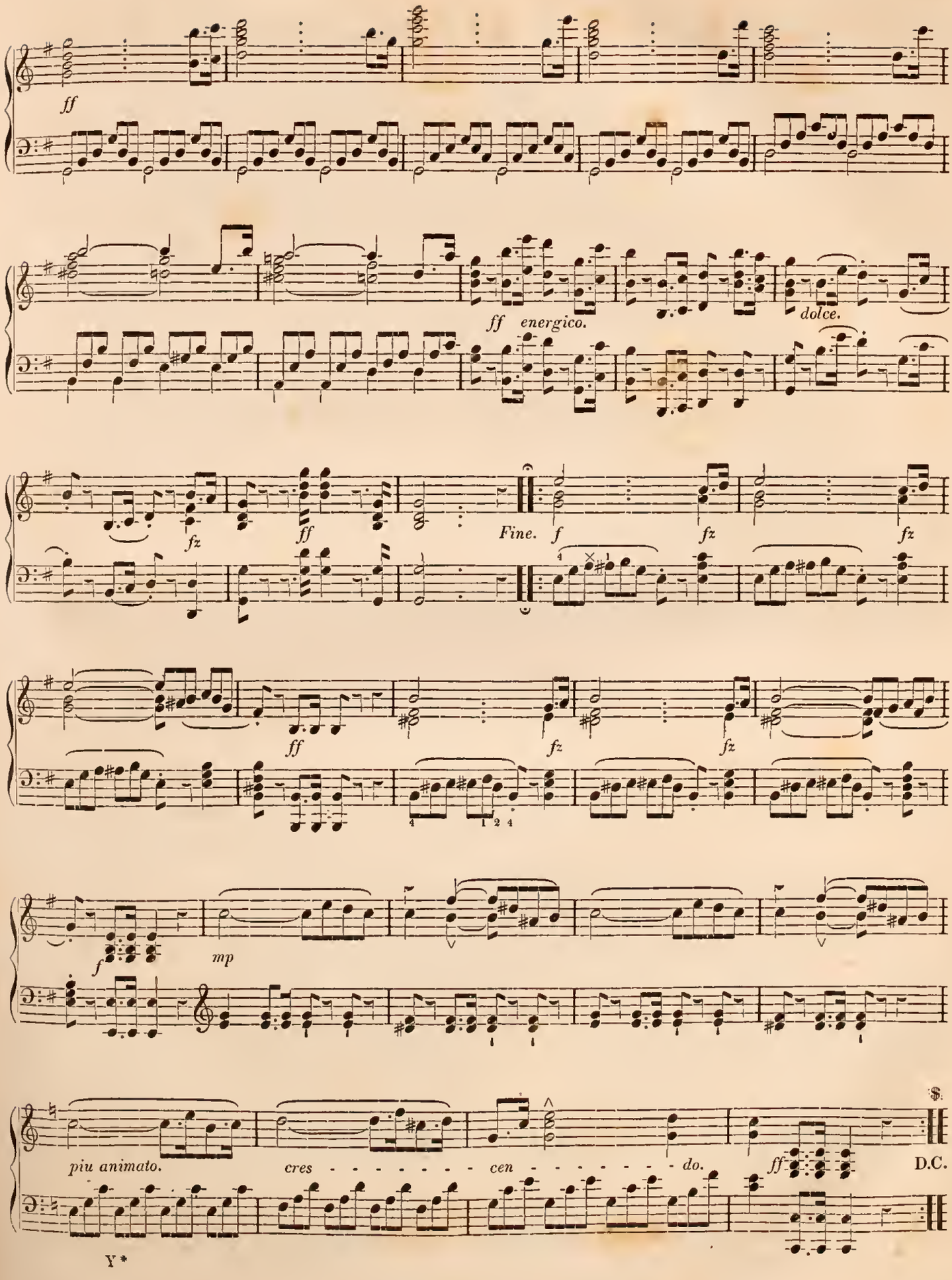
The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And, closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said "I knew that the Angels were whispering to thee."

MARCHE PONTIFICALE.

EXTRACTED FROM A SONG IN ROSSINI'S CELEBRATED "STABAT MATER."

BY CHARLES JARVIS.

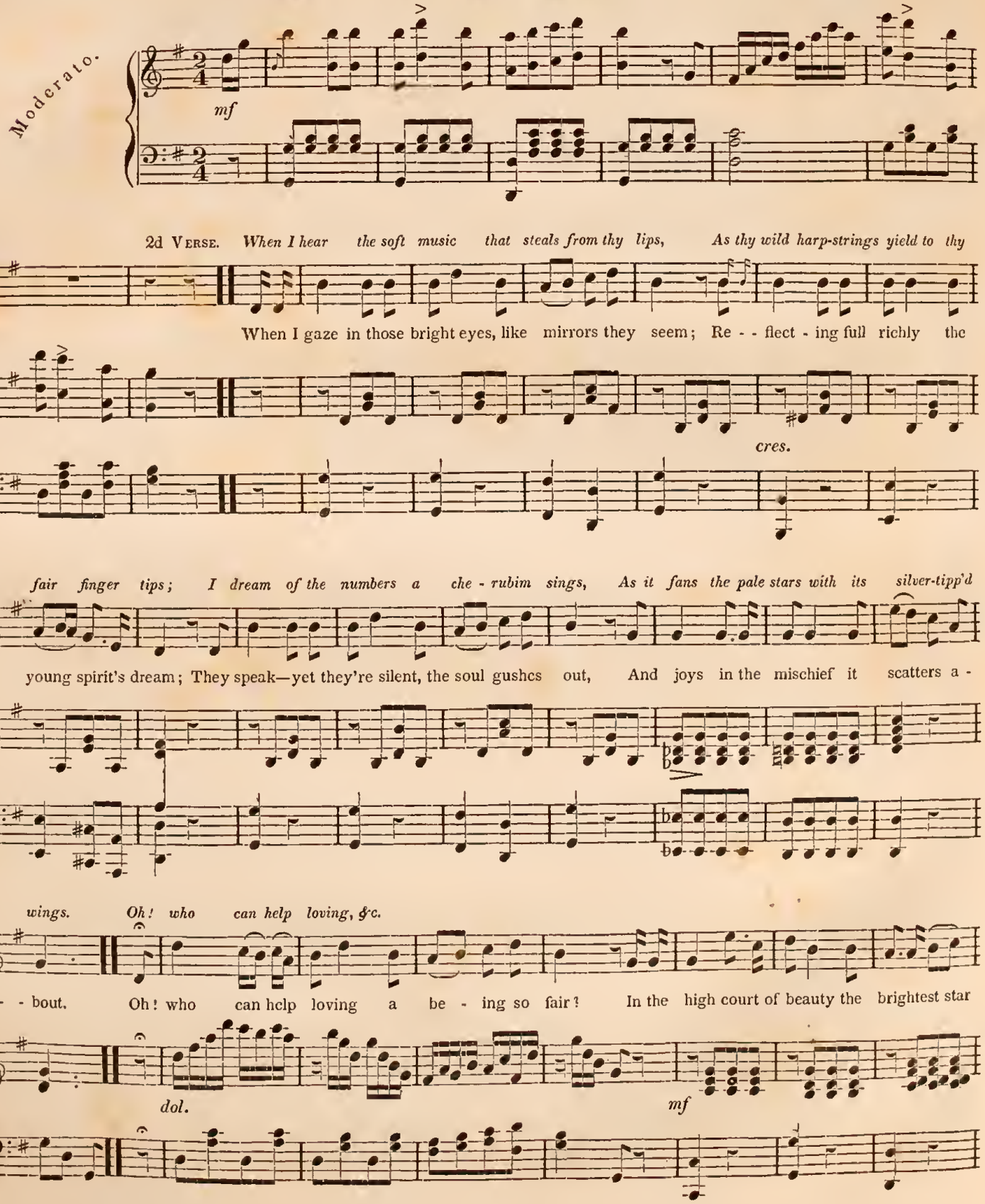


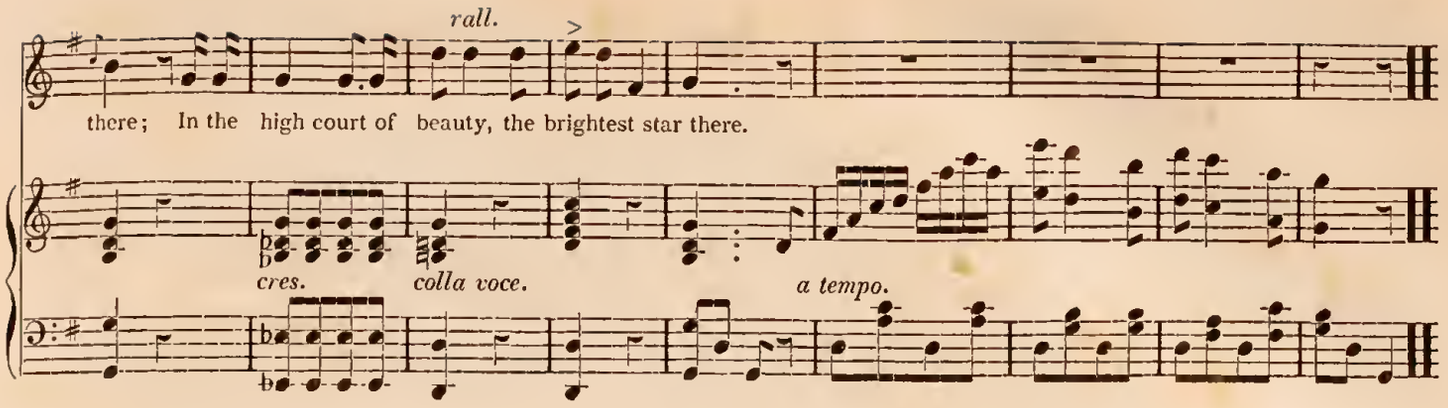

ff
ff energico.
dolce.
fz
ff
Fine.
f
fz
fz
ff
fz
fz
f
mp
piu animato.
cres - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - do.
ff
D.C.
Y *

WHEN I GAZE IN THOSE BRIGHT EYES.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.

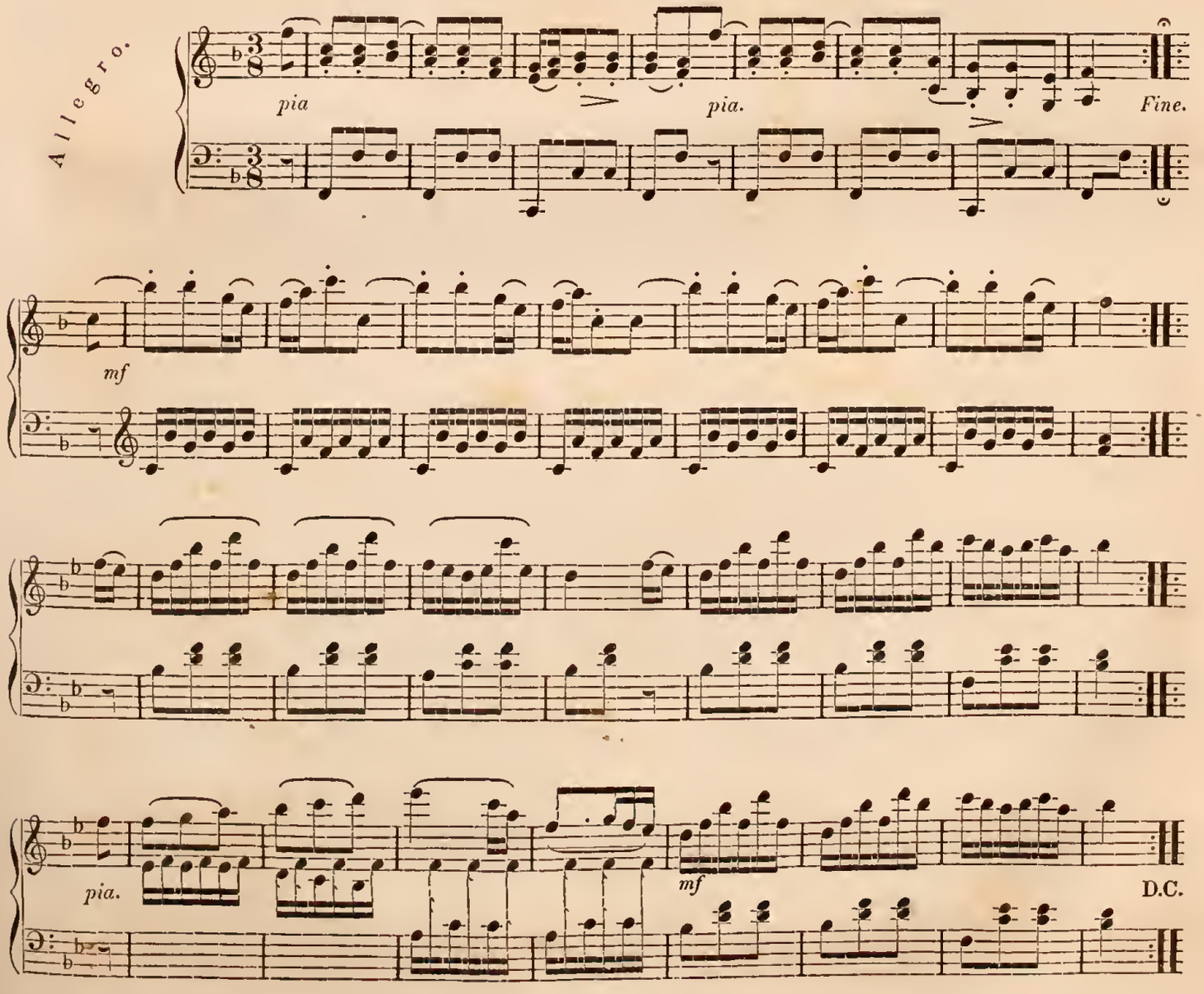
BY JOHN H. HEWITT.





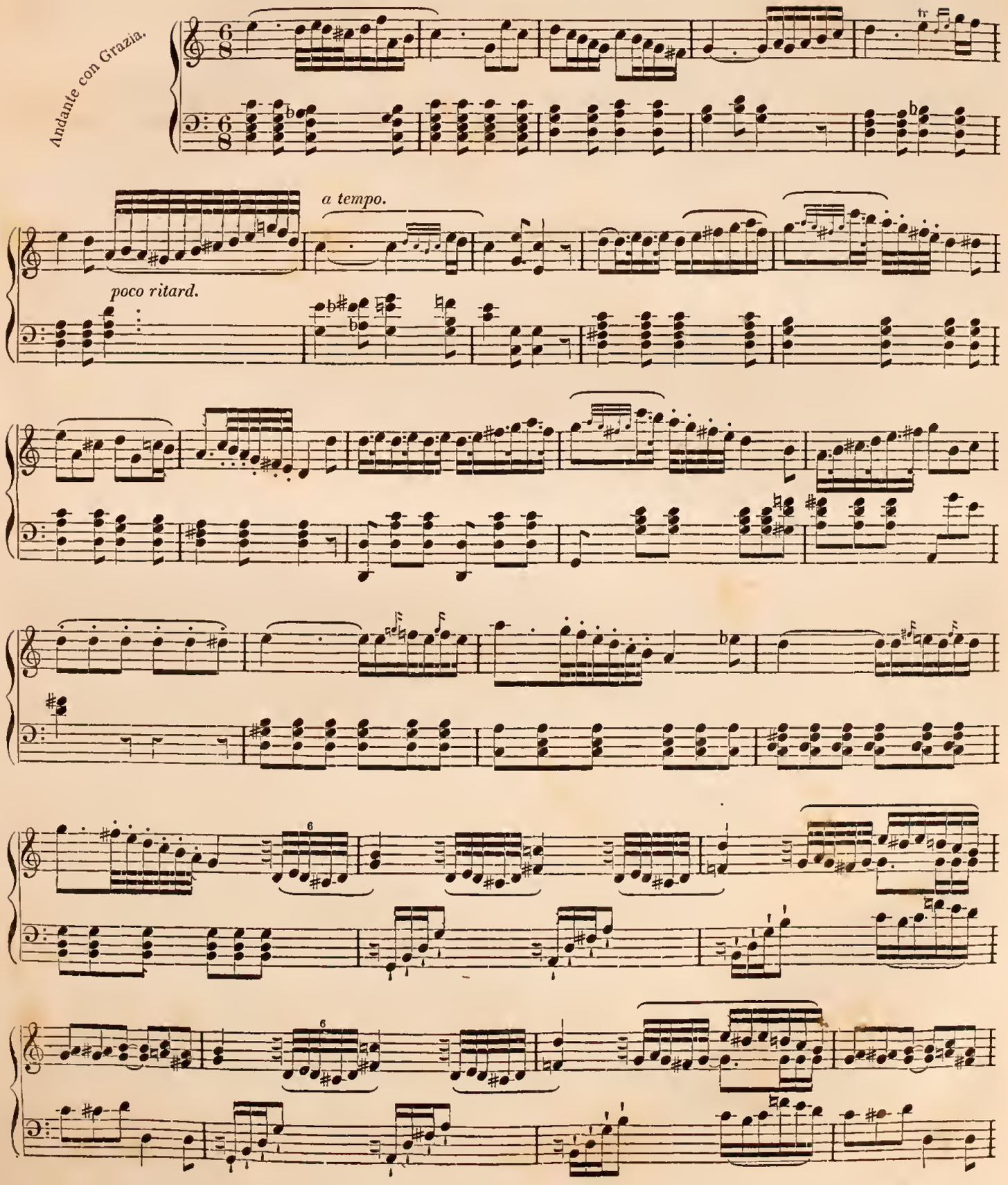
2ND COMBINATION WALTZ.

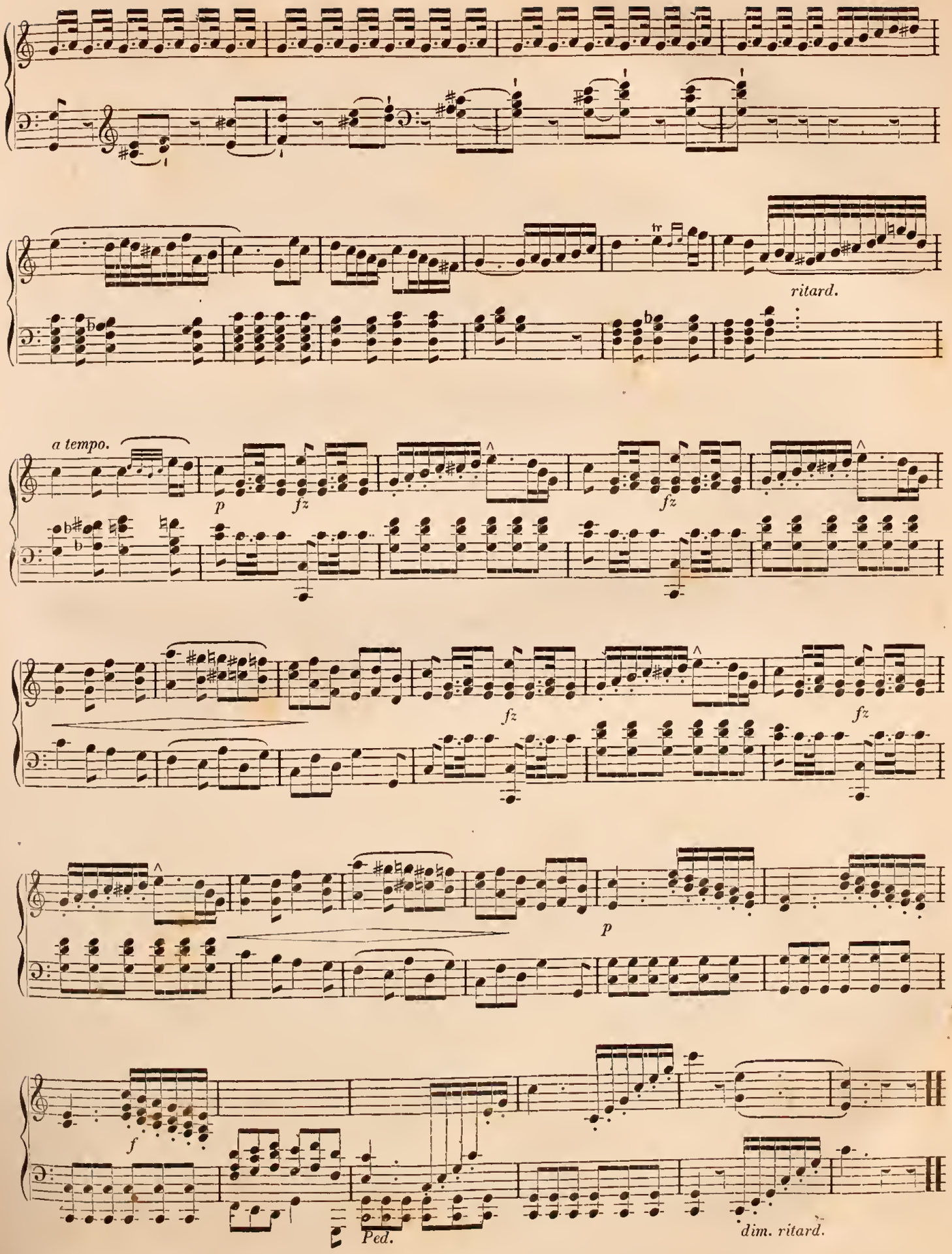
By P. A. Kreutzer.



ROMANZA.

BY F. HUNTEN.

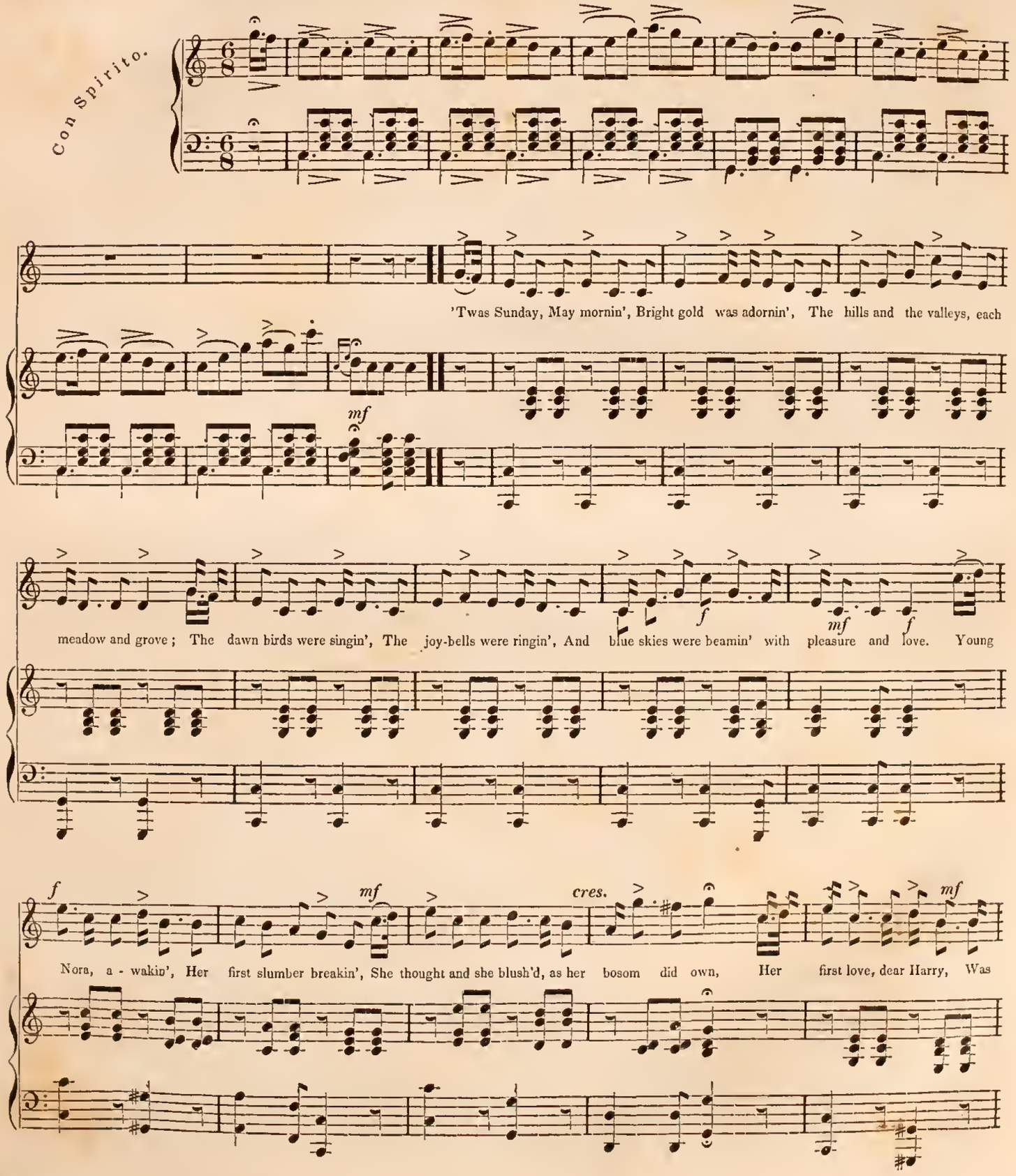


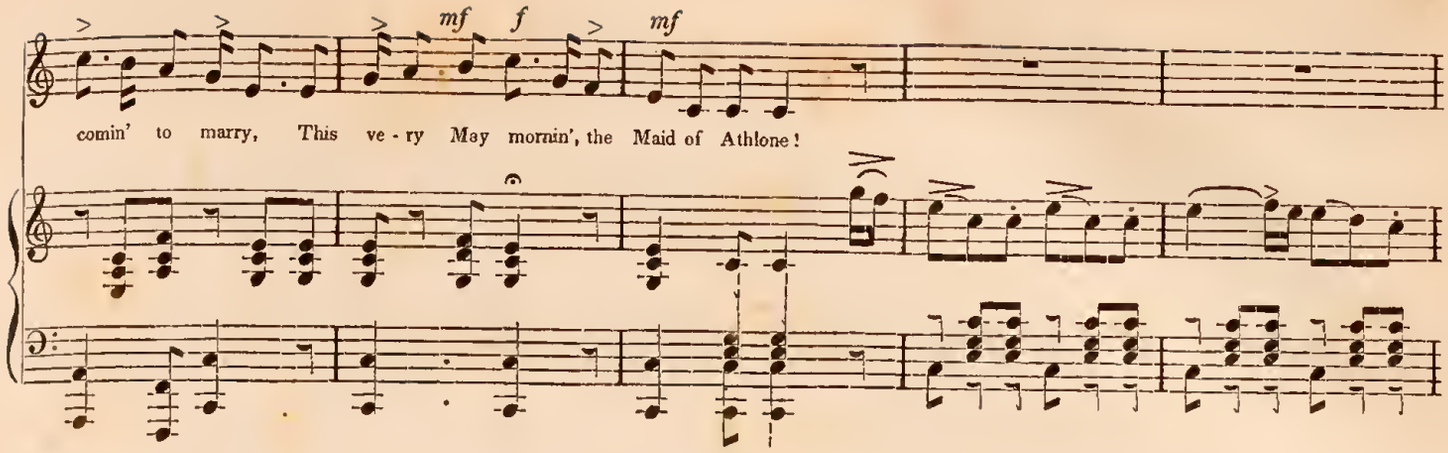

ritard.
a tempo.
p
fz
fz
fz
fz
p
f
Ped.
dim. ritard.

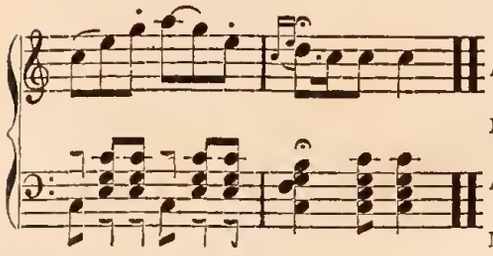
THE BRIDE OF ATHLONE.

FROM THE SONGS OF ERIN.

Poetry by Desmond Ryan, Esq.——Music by F. N. Crouch.







2d Verse.

She rose an' she bless'd her,
Her heart it oppress'd her,
An' tears, they were joys, fell like rain from her eyes;
In her white robes attirin'
Her sweet self admirin'
Full happy she smiled in simplicity's guise,
One virgin white rose, in
Her dark locks disposin',
All ornament else her pure choice did disown,
Oh, your dame in high bow'r,
Had she look'd on that flow'r,
Might borrow a grace from the Maid of Athlone!

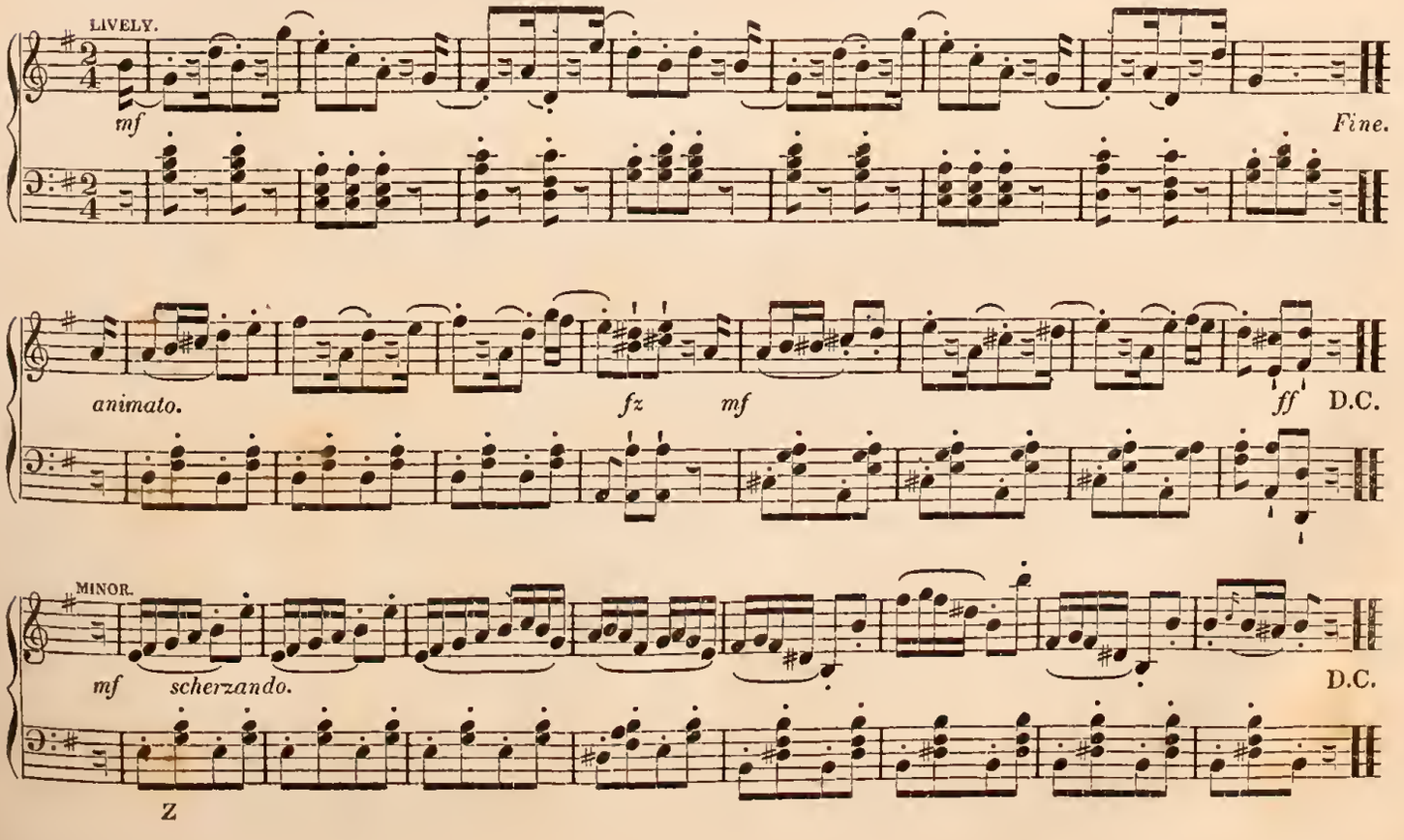
3d Verse.

When her toilet was ended,
To the hall she descended,
An' she stole on the guests like a day-break in June,
All eyes were astounded,
Her lover's heart bounded,
An' he thought her a goddess jump'd down from the moon.
The priest then he hasten'd,
Their hands were soon fasten'd,
An' friend, an' relation, an' stranger did own,
That light never play'd on
Wife, widow or maiden,
So lovely as Nora, the Bride of Athlone!

HANDY ANDY'S QUICK-STEP.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.



OH MOTHER WHY SO WARMLY TELL.

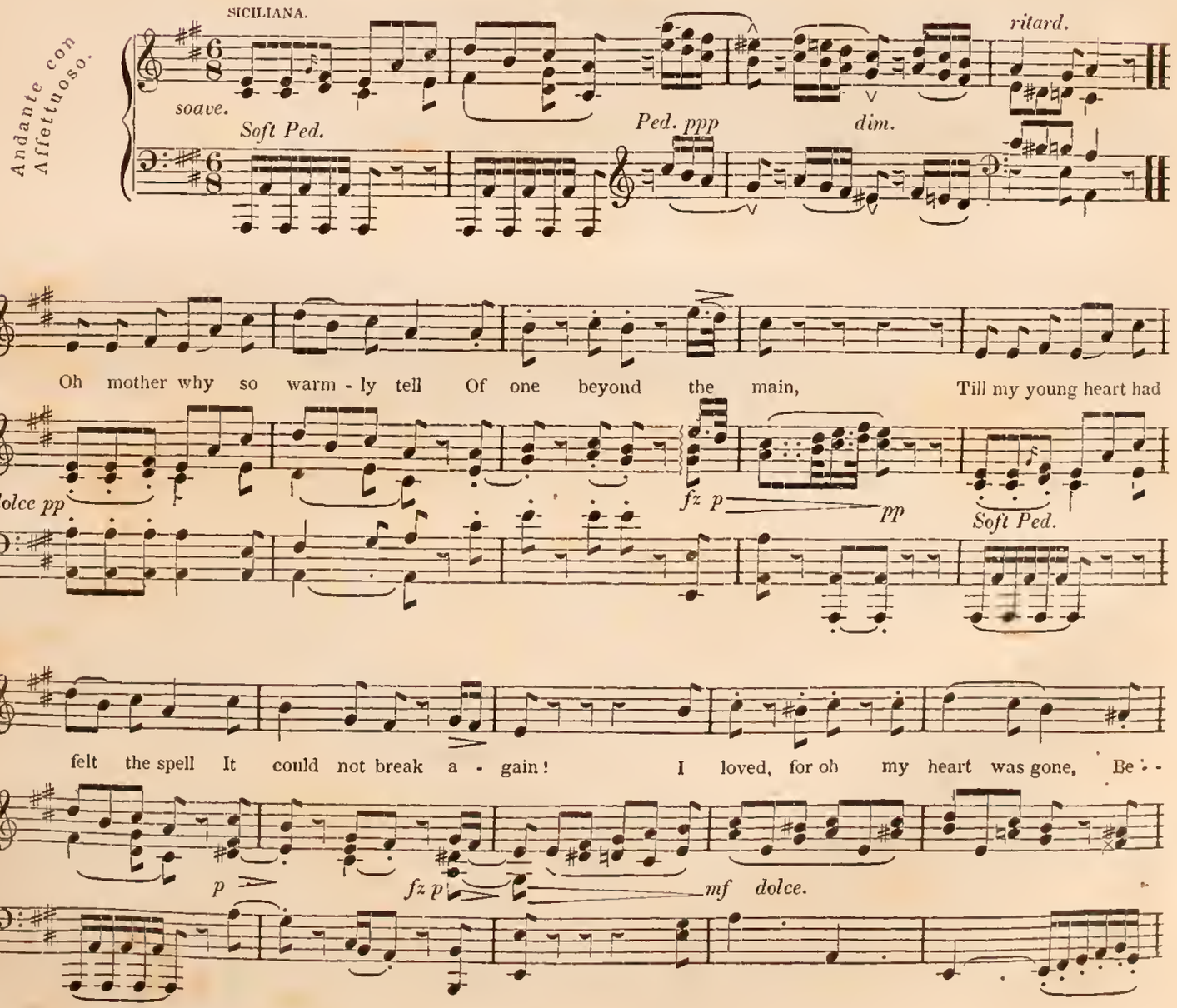
A Ballad.

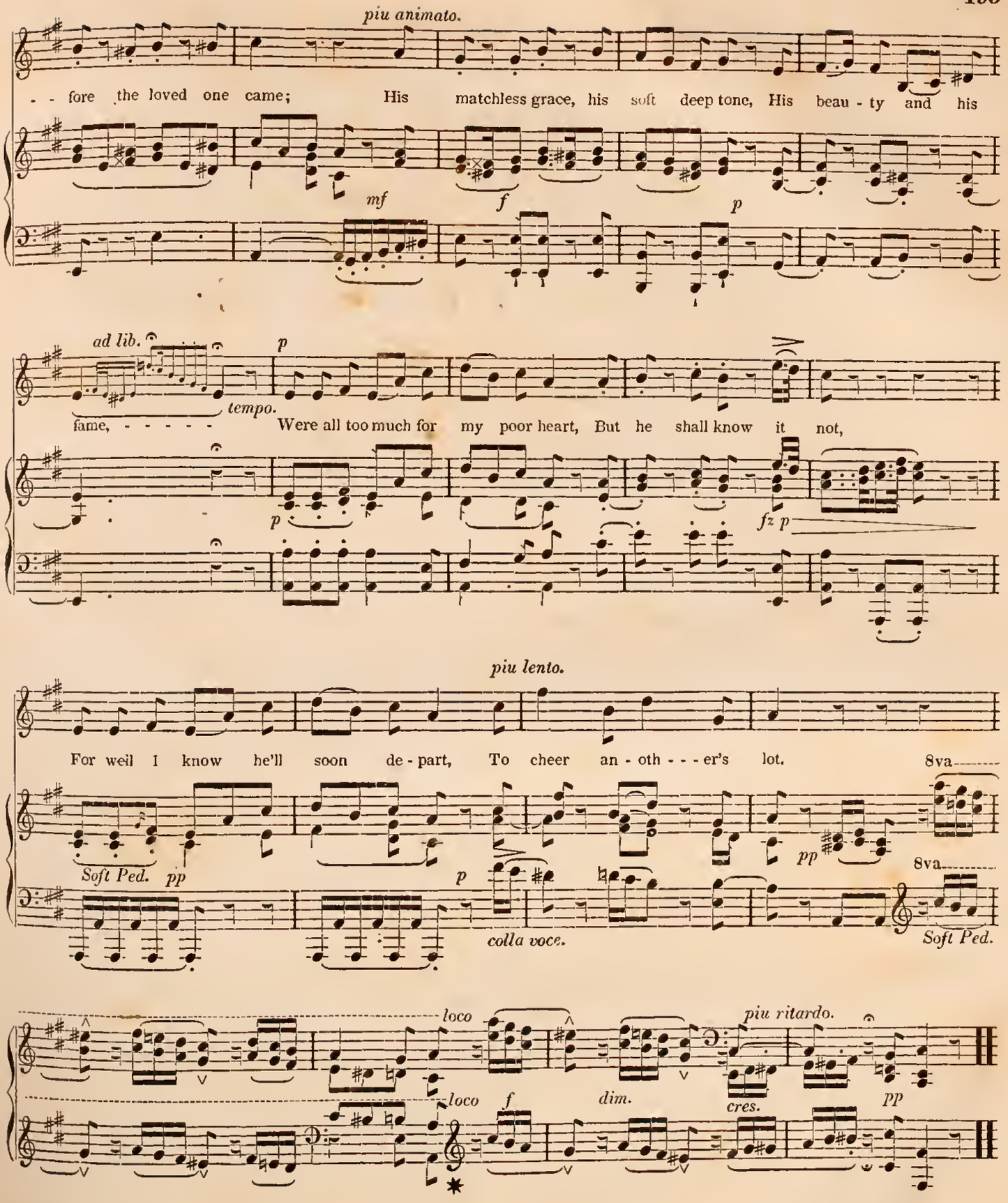
THE WORDS BY J. K. MITCHELL, M. D.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY W. D. BRINCKLE, M. D.

AND DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND

C. D. MEIGS, M. D.





2d Verse.

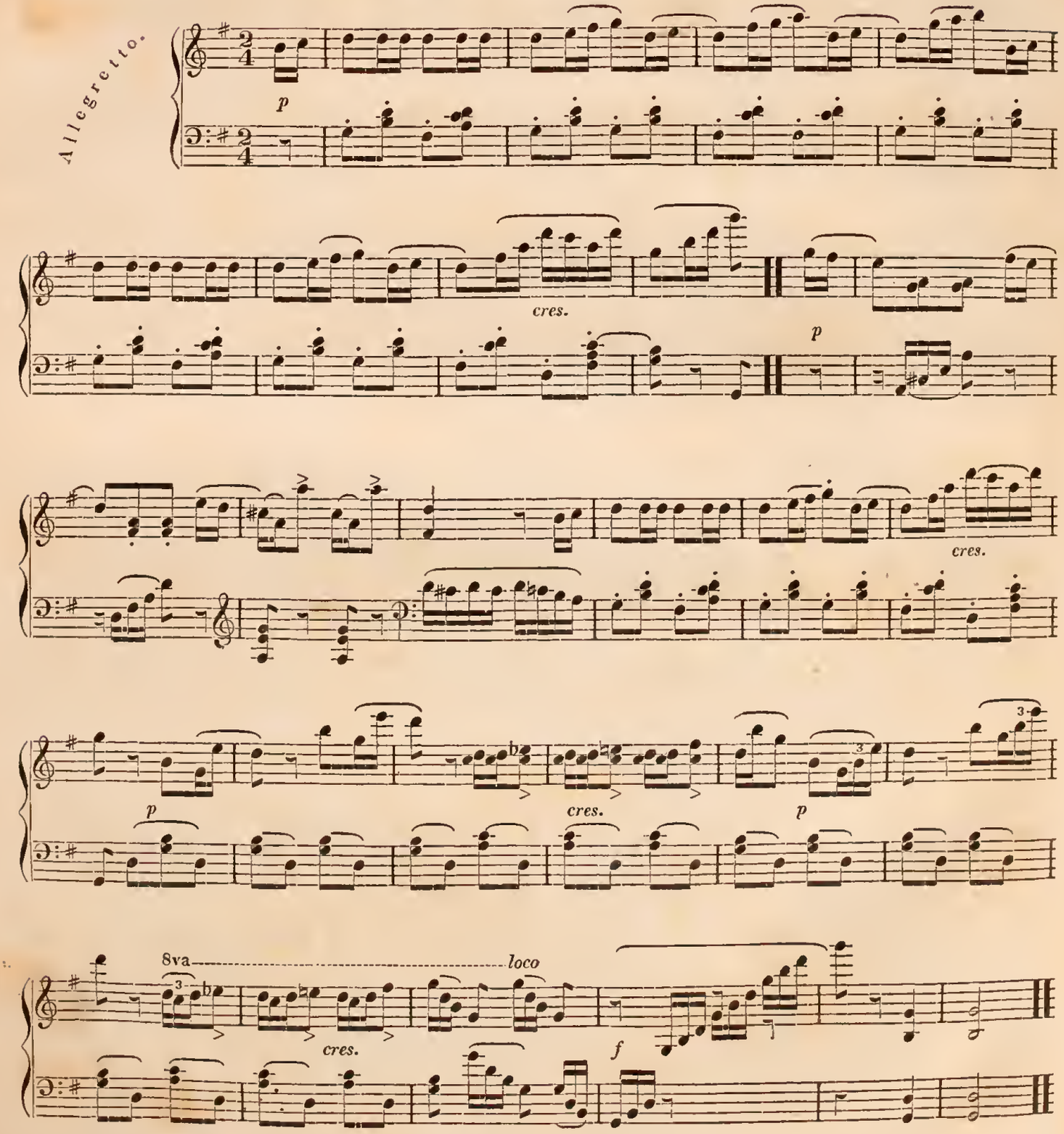
And though my soul as wintry wave,
Is cold, I must be gay;
For who would weep with her who gave
Her heart, unask'd, away!
And I must keep my hopeless love
Within its ruin'd cell;

I may not, like the widow'd dove,
My cureless sorrows tell;
I may not own my utter woe,
I dare not seem to pine,
The tear of sympathy may flow
For ev'ry grief but mine.

LA RECOMPENSE.

Rondonetto.

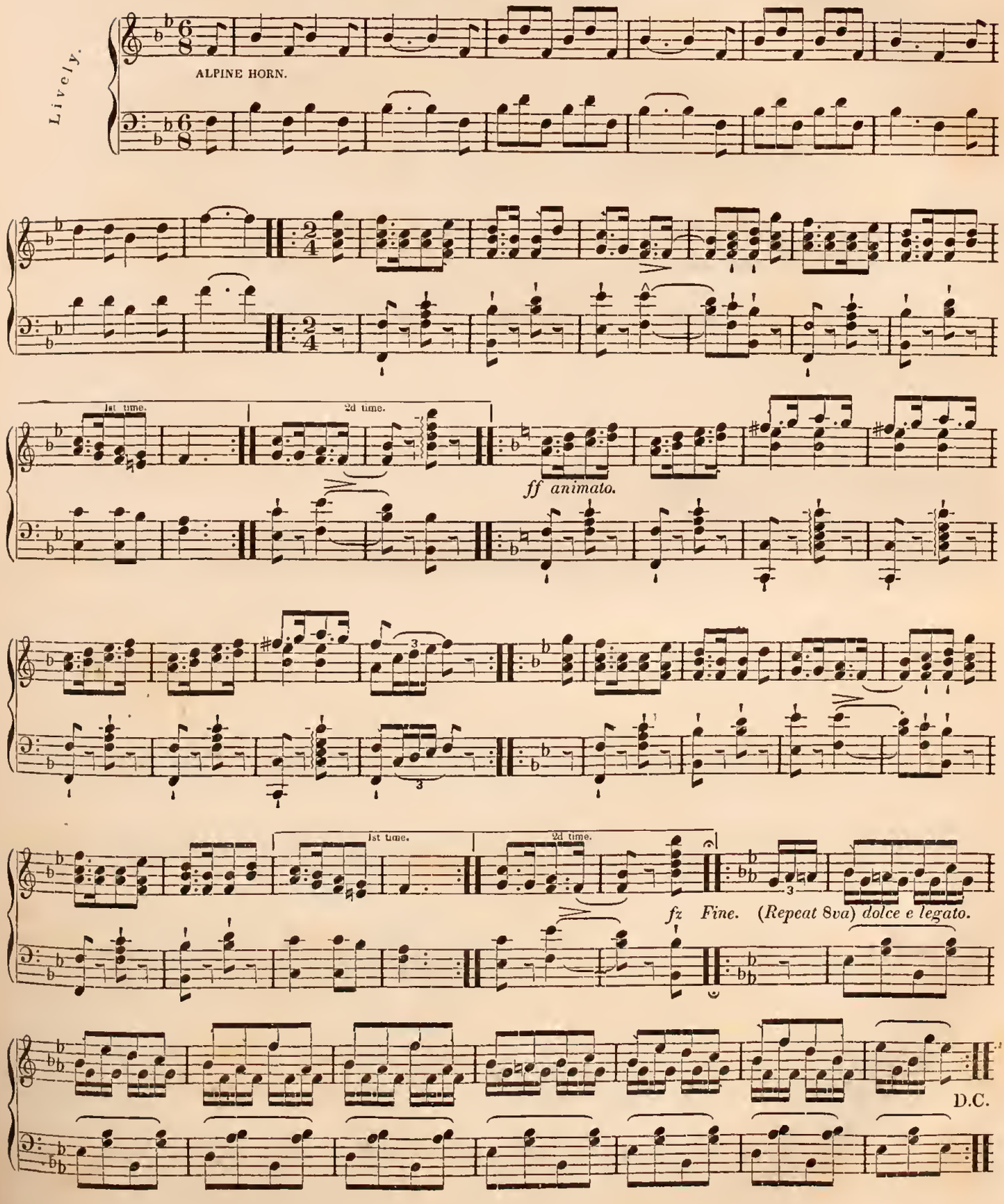
BY C. CORTICELLI.



ALPINE GALOP.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.

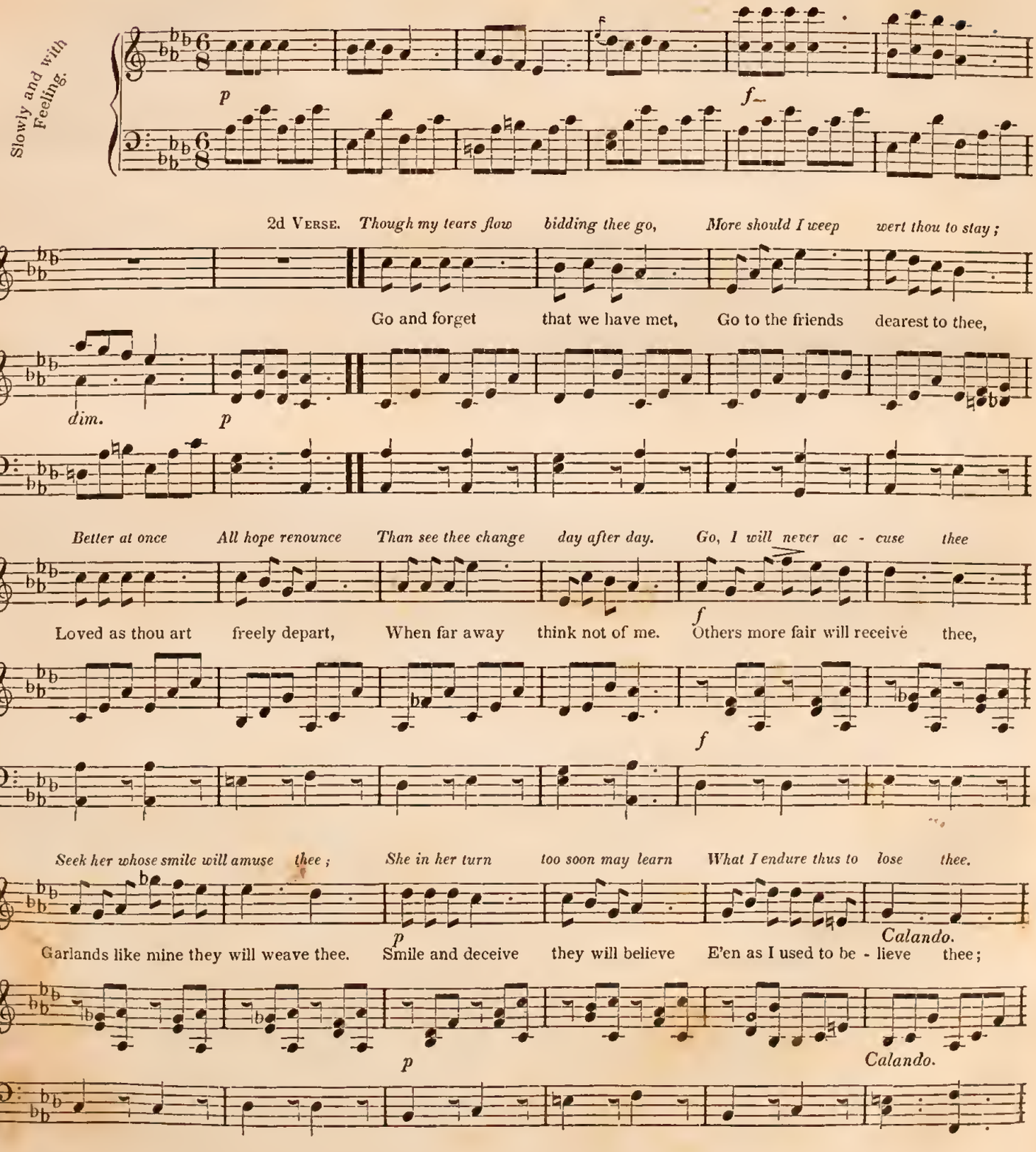


GO AND FORGET THAT WE HAVE MET.

Ballad.

THE POETRY BY
T. H. BAYLY.

COMPOSED BY
J. P. KNIGHT.



Go and forget that, &c.

a tempo.

Go and forget that we have met, Go to the friends dearest to thee. Loved as thou art freely depart,

a tempo.

When far away Think not of me.

f *dim.* *p*

CAVATINA.

FROM THE STRANGER—BY BELLINI.

Andante.

p

ESPRESSIVO.

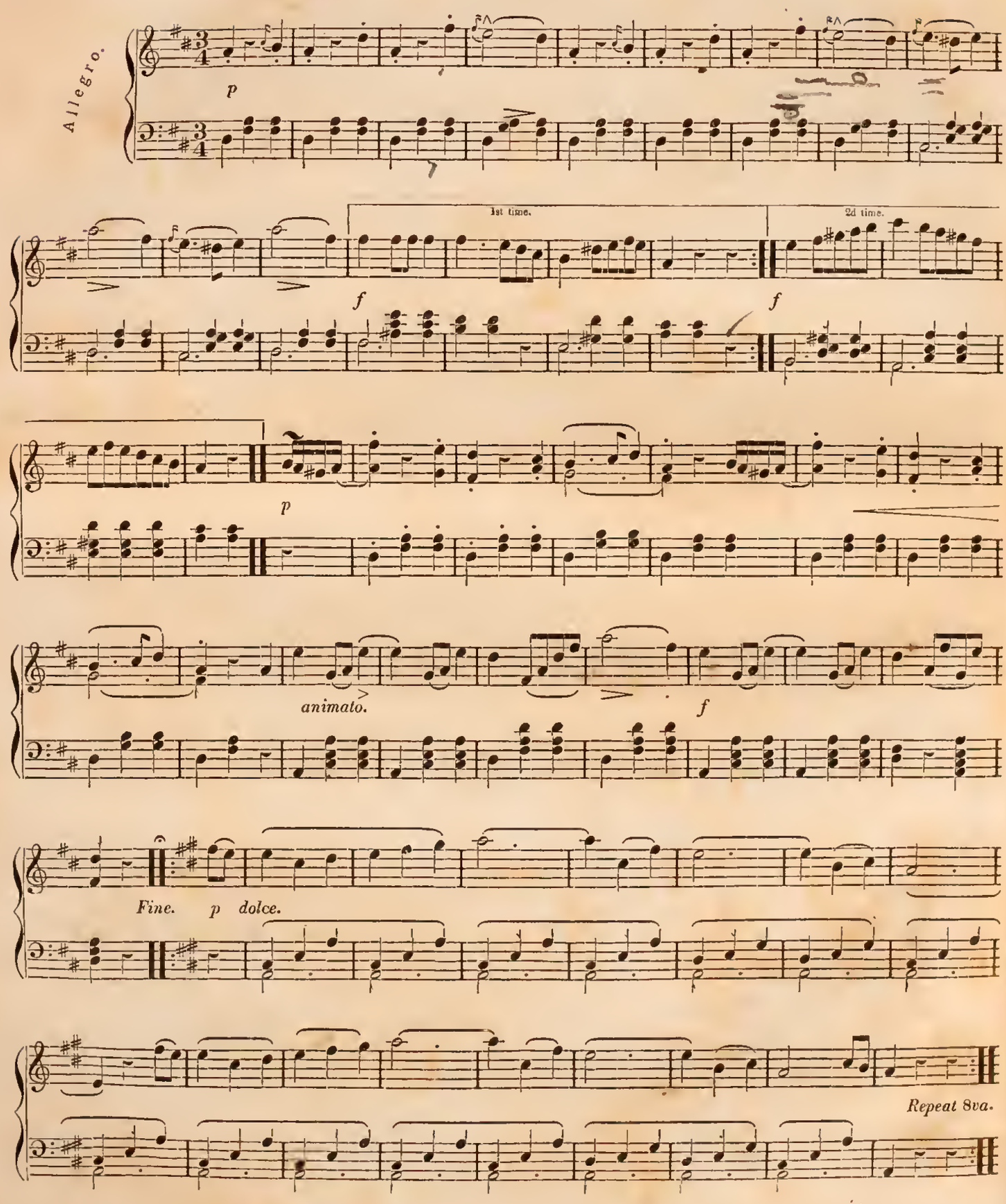
sf *p*

sf *p* *p*

THE CHRISTMAS WALTZ.

By J. W. Kalliwoda.

EXTRACTED AND ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS.



MISS LUCY LONG

With

(Introduction and Variations)

Composed for the

Piano Forte

AND DEDICATED TO

JULIUS LEUPOLD ESQ.

Founder of the German Settlement in Hermann Mo.

By

J. C. VIERECK.

Member of the said Settlement.

Op. 75.

Pr. 75.
Abridged Edition 50.

Philadelphia **A. FIOT,** *196 Chesnut St.*
Importer of Music & Musical Instruments.

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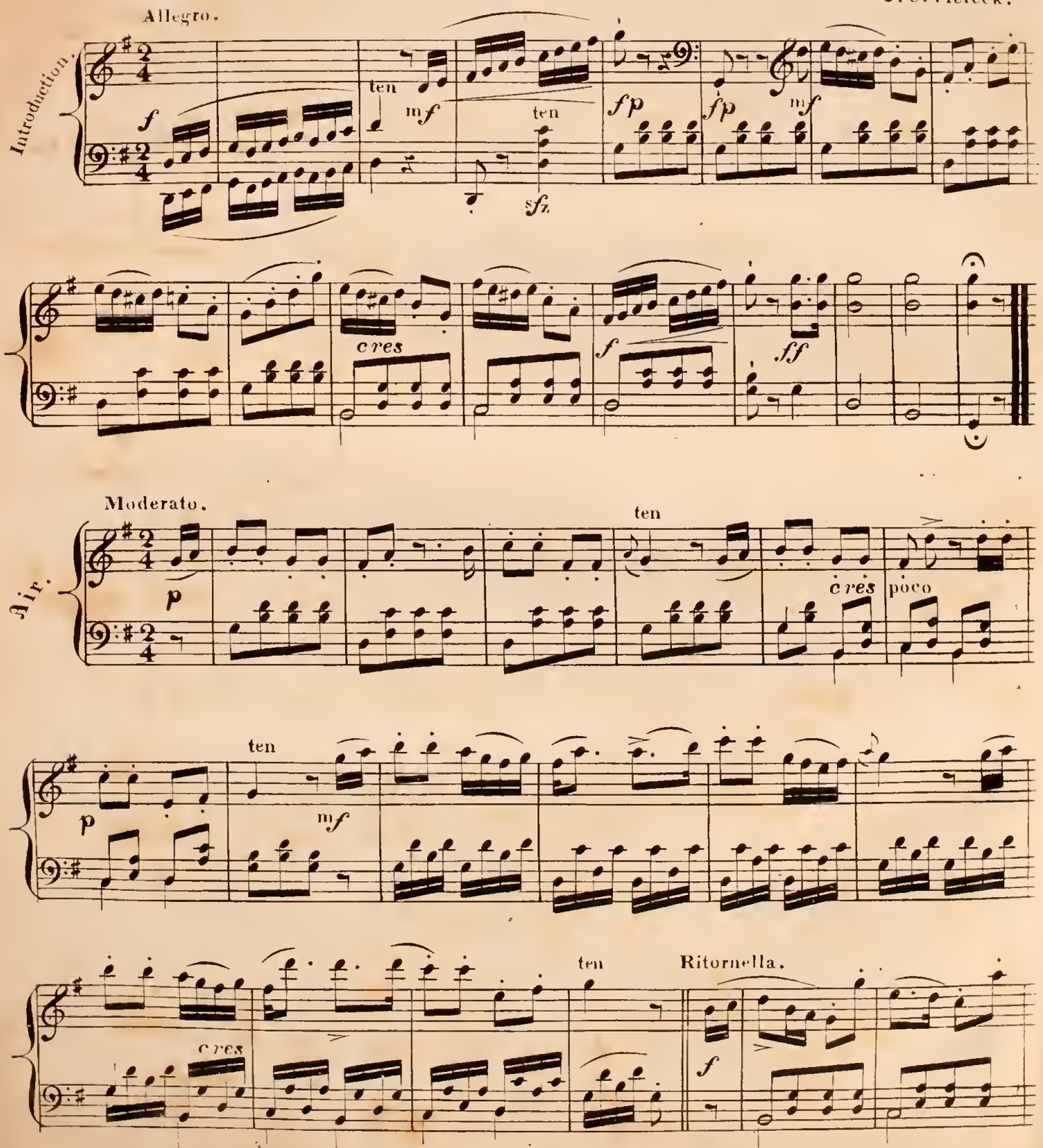
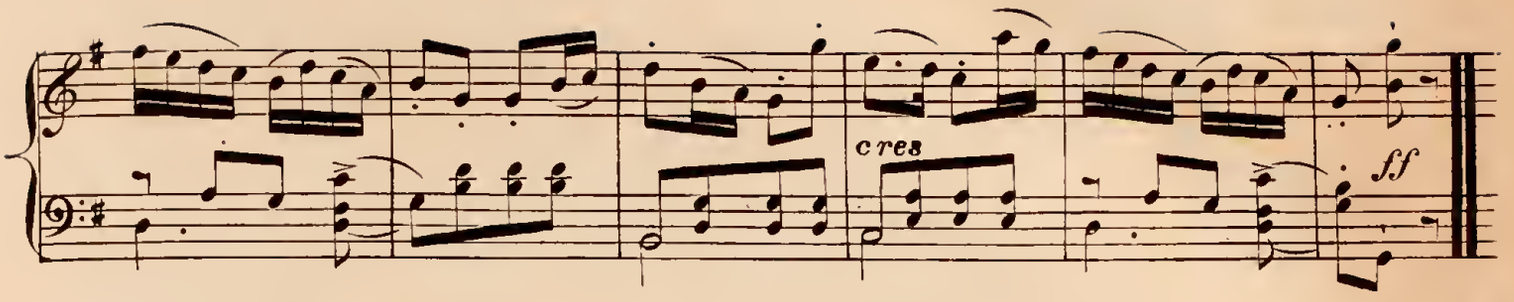
MISS LUCY LONG

With Introduction and Variations

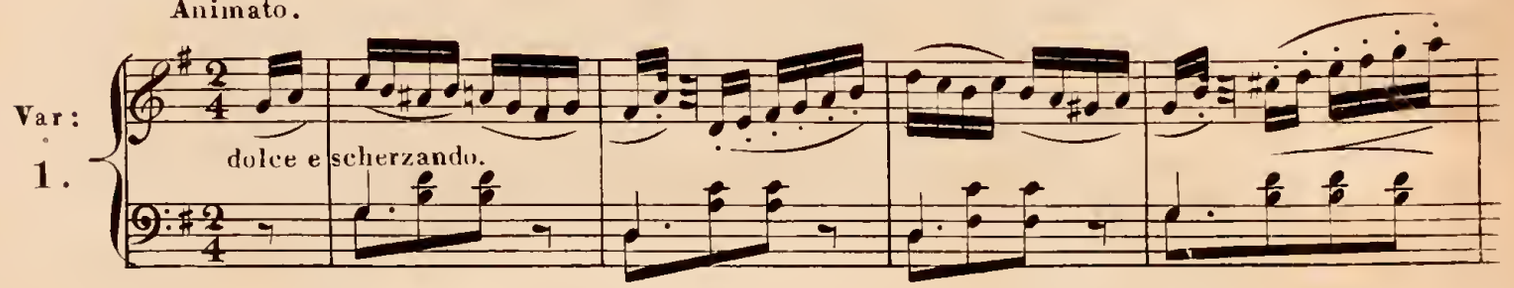
J. C. Viereck.

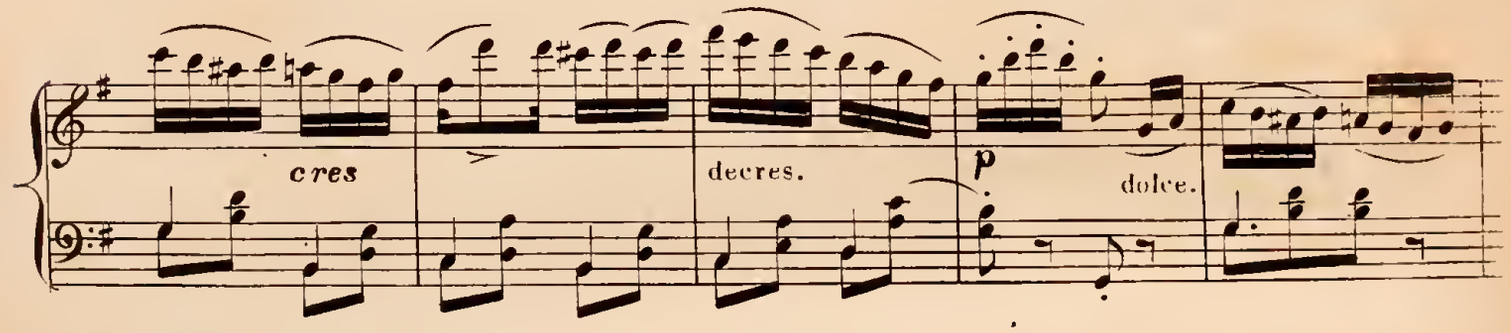


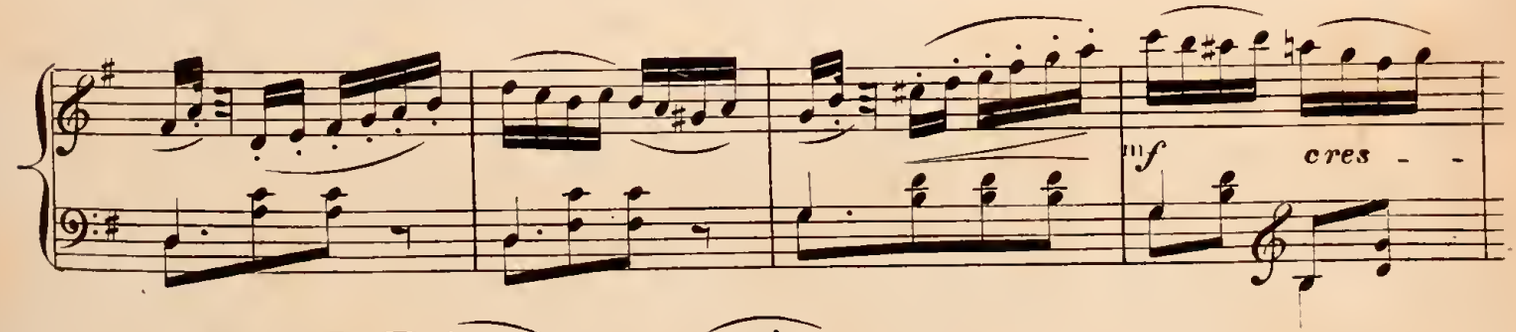


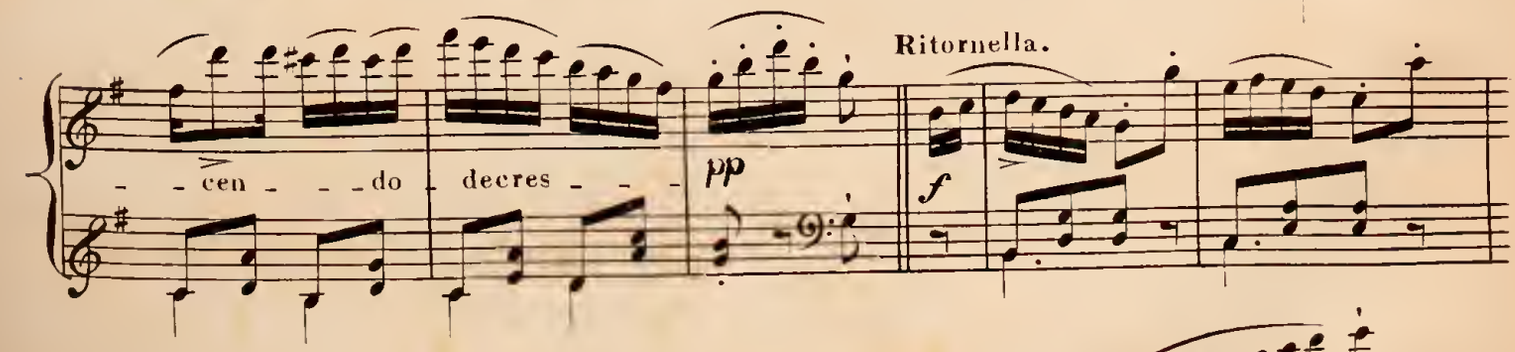
Animato.

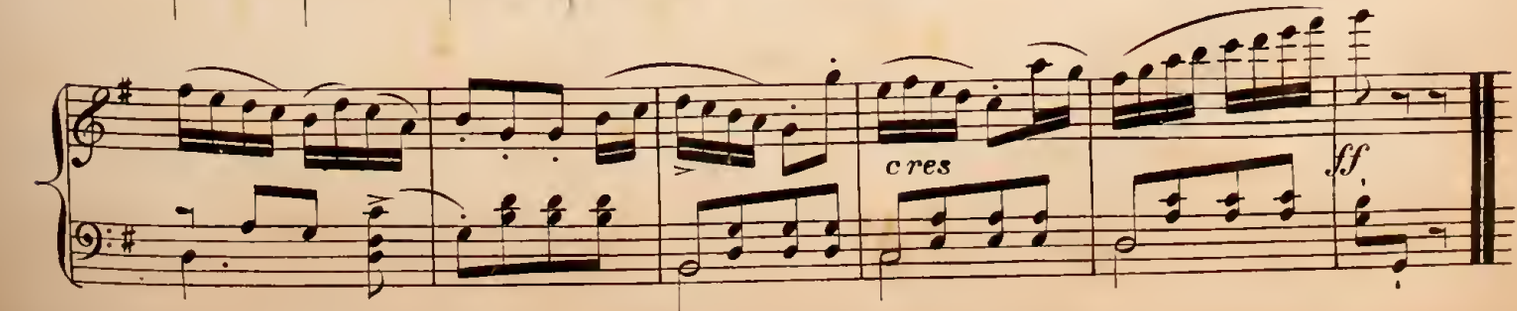
Var: 1.





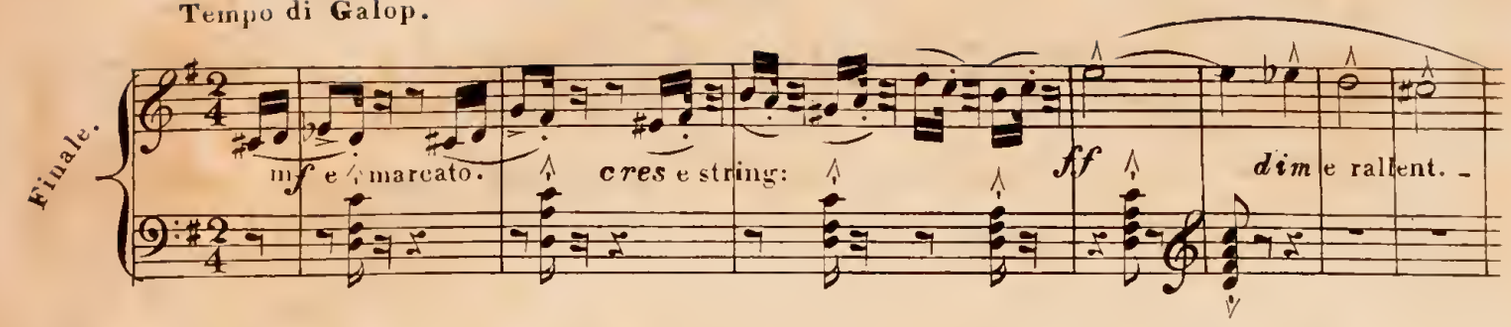




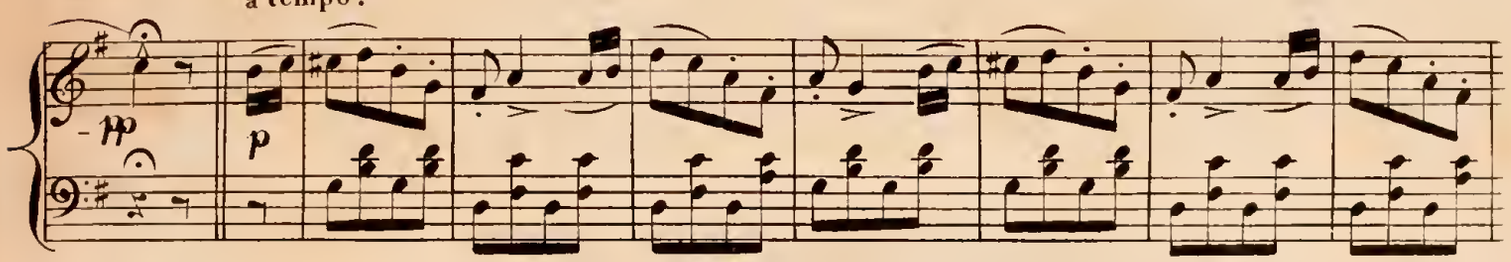


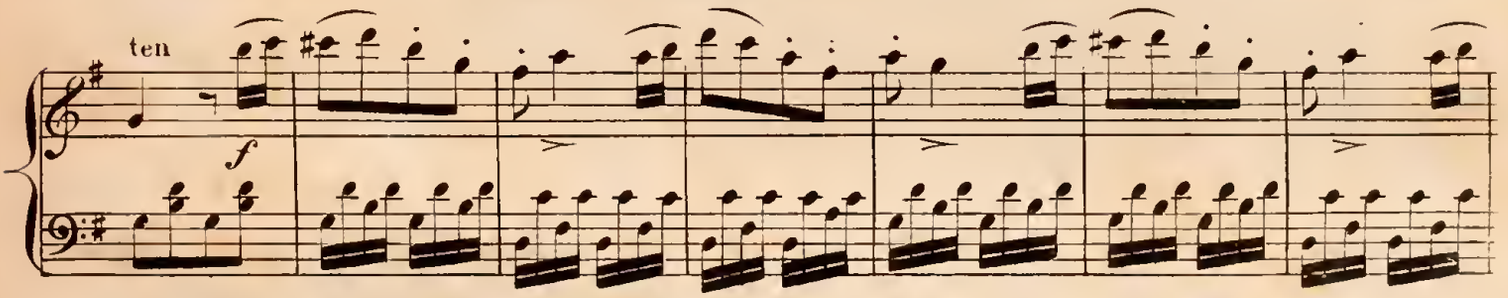
Var: Lucy Long.

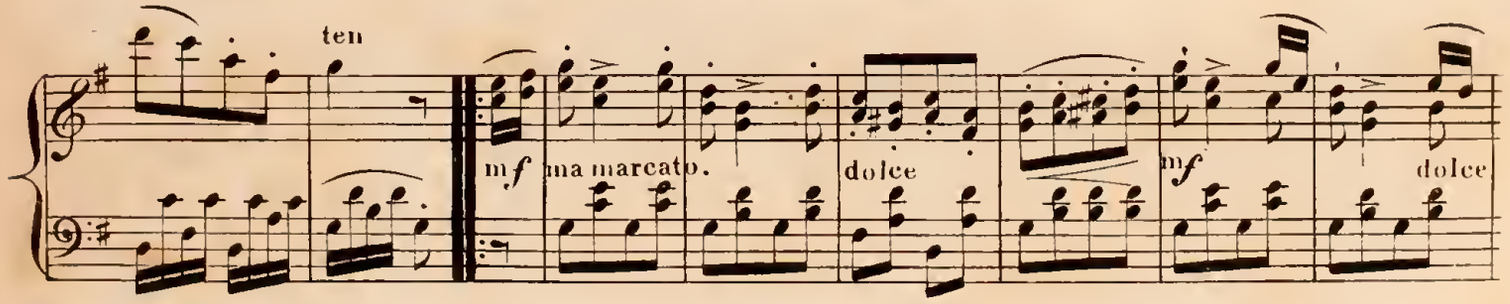
Tempo di Galop.

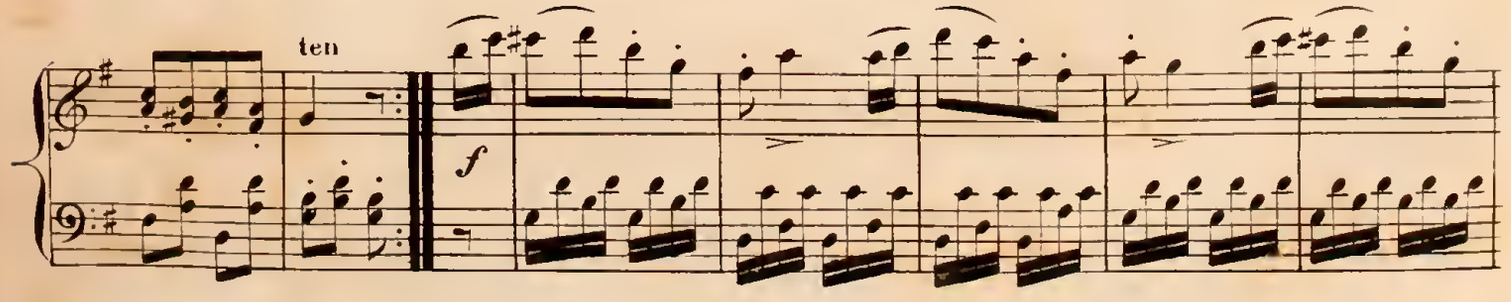


a tempo.

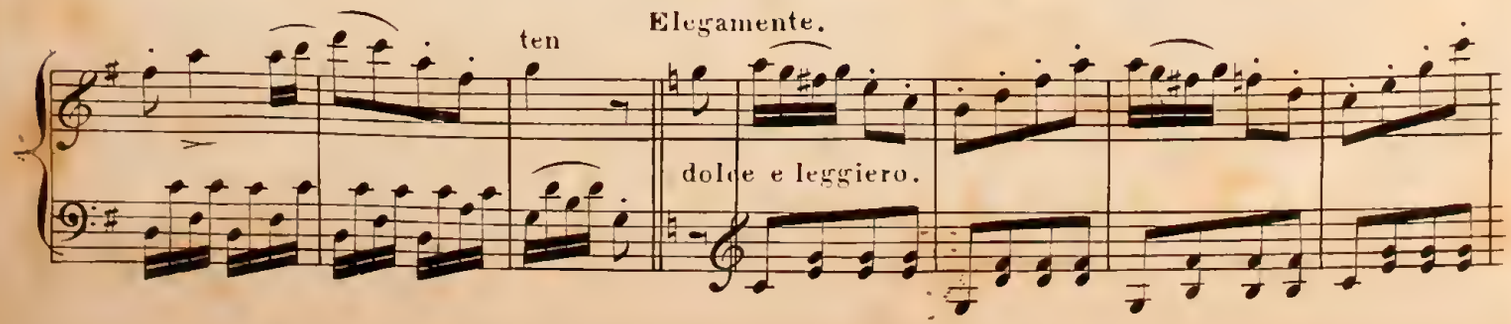








Elegamente.



8va

ten

mf

8va

Un poco piu animato.

cres - - cen - - do

f

dolce e poco marcato.

ten

mf cres con fuoco - - -

f

ten

ten

dim

p

dim

Piu Allegro.

cres e stringendo - - poco - - - a - - - poco - - - -

-f - - cres - molto - - -

ff

ff

ff

Fine.

THE DREAM IS PAST

AS A

ARRANGED QUICK STEP

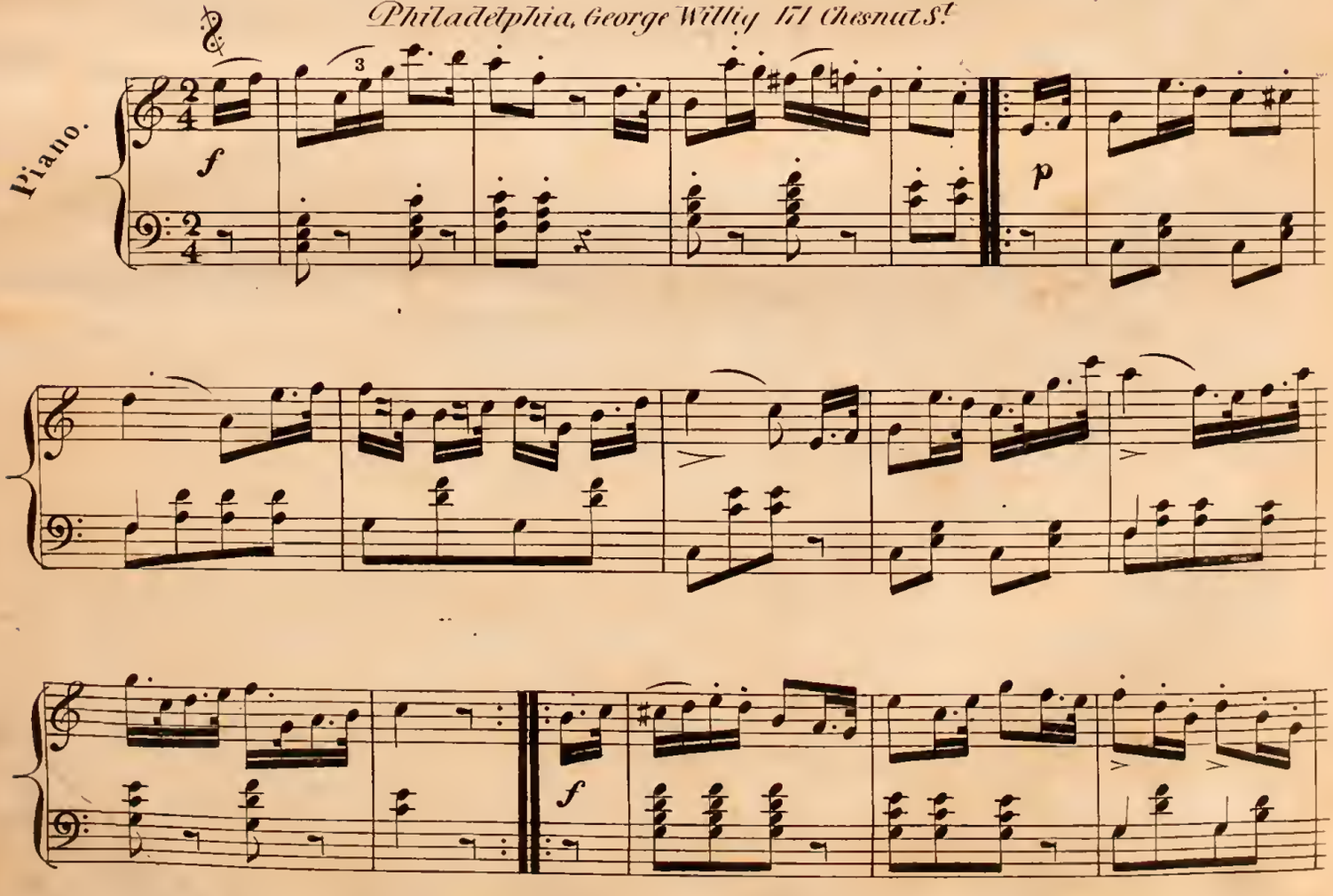
for the

Piano Forte

BY

FRANCIS WEILAND.

Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chesnut St.



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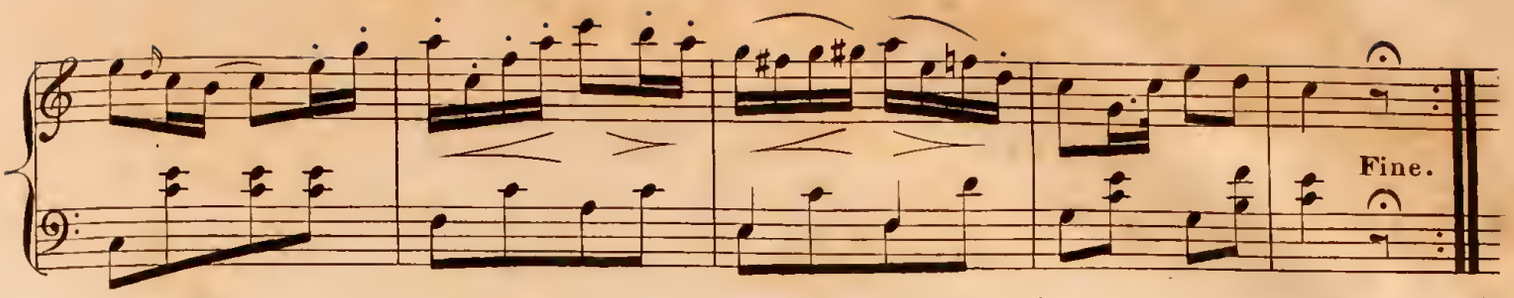
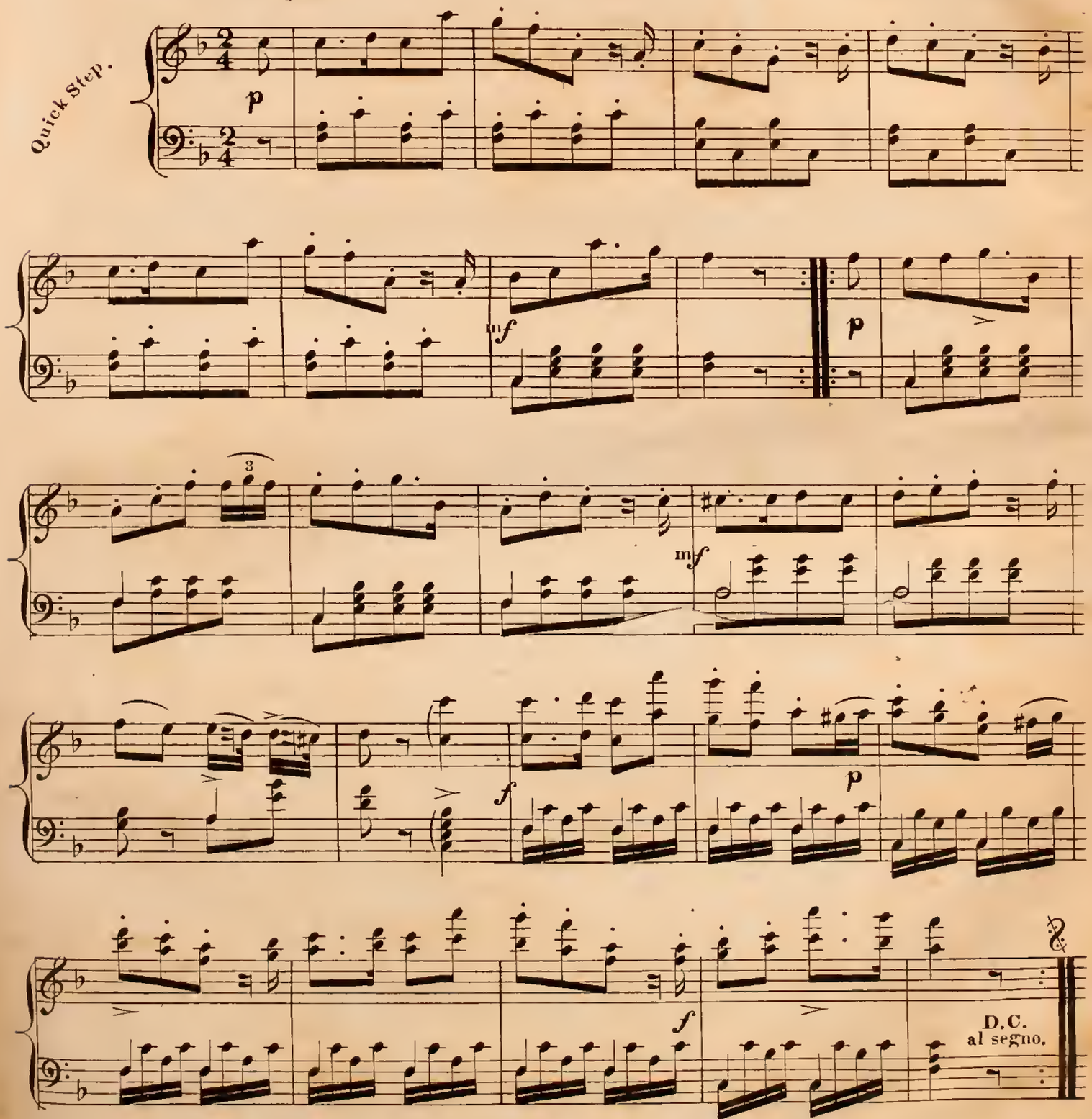
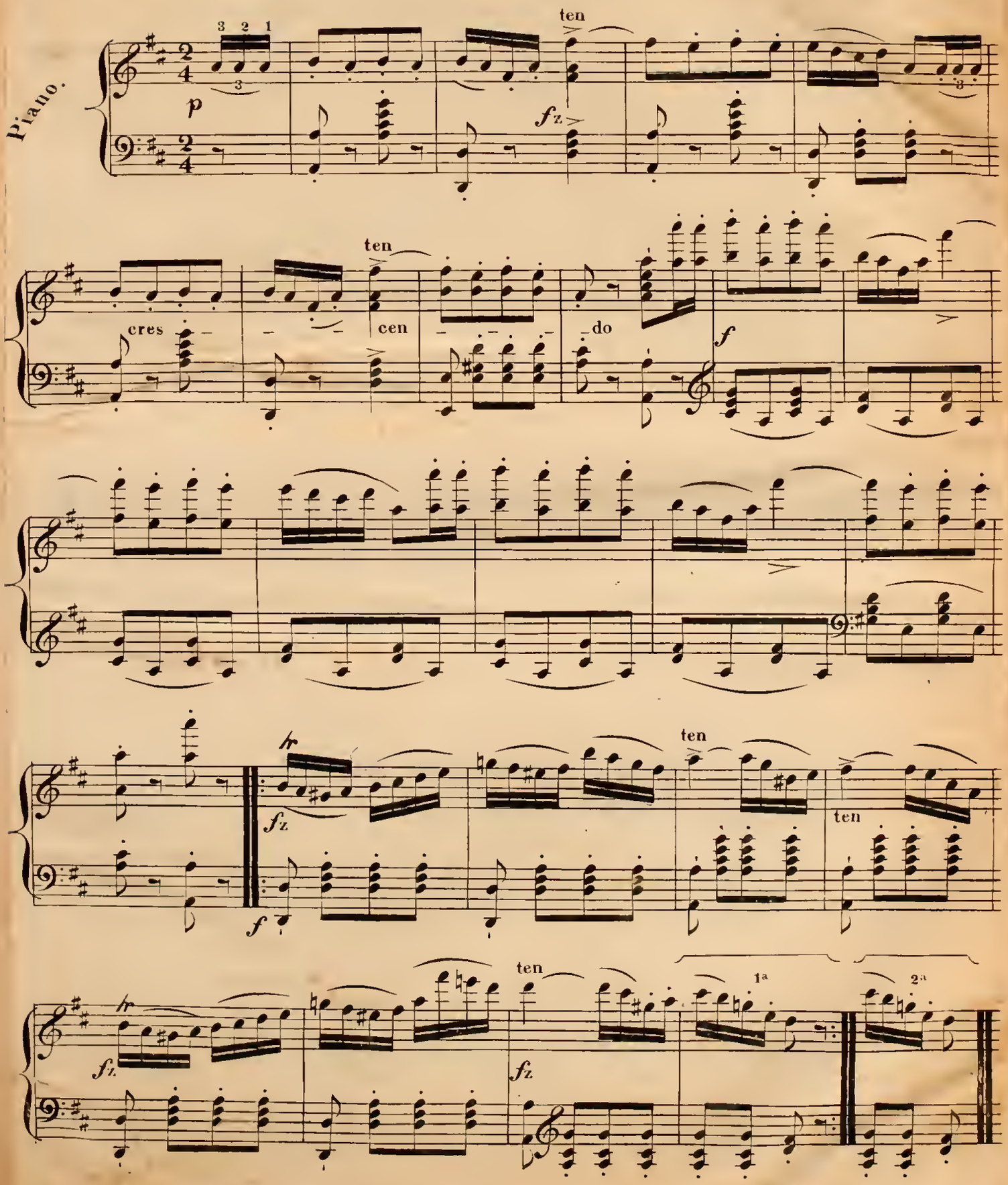


The Dream is past.



SARATOGA GALLOP

G Blessner.



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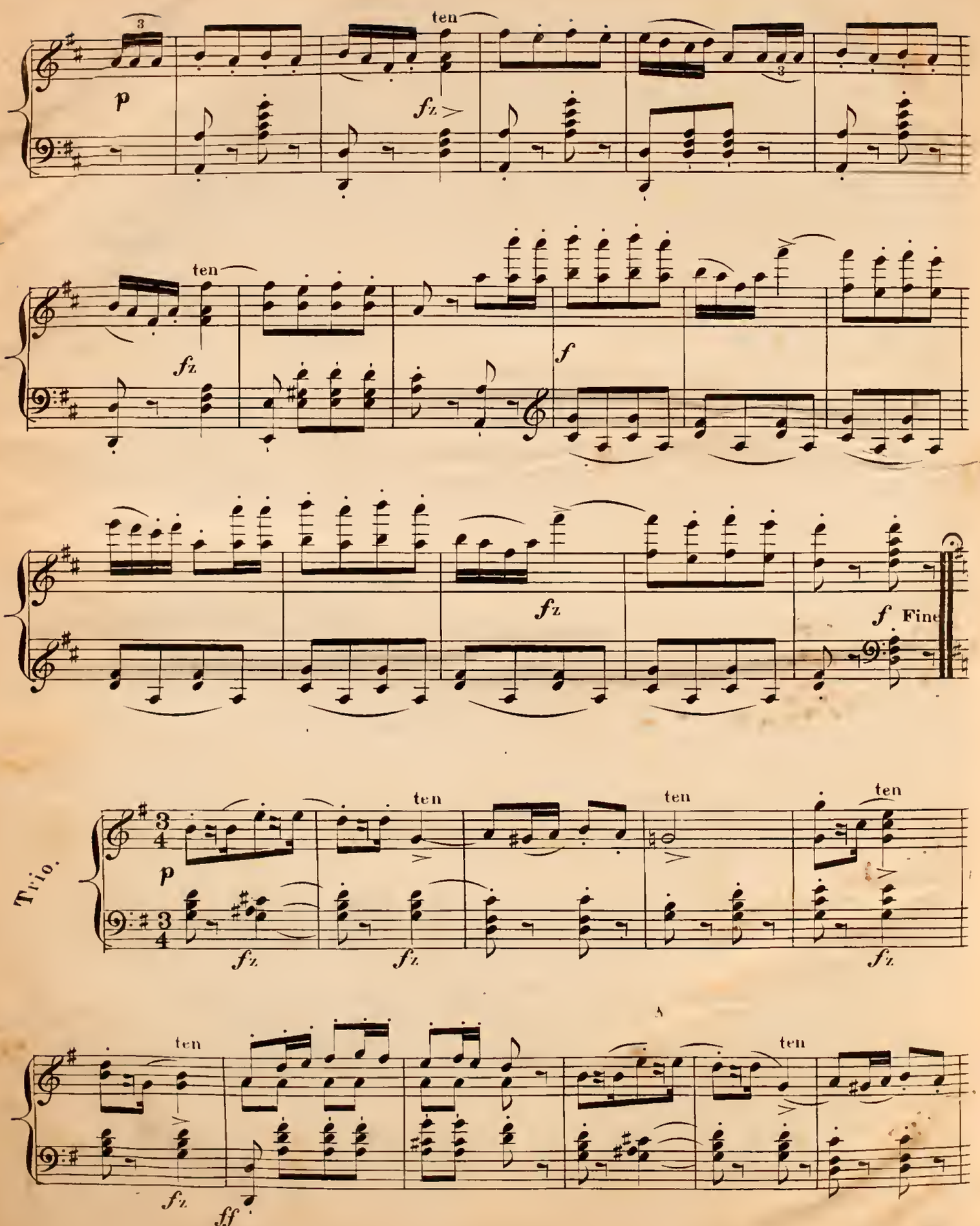
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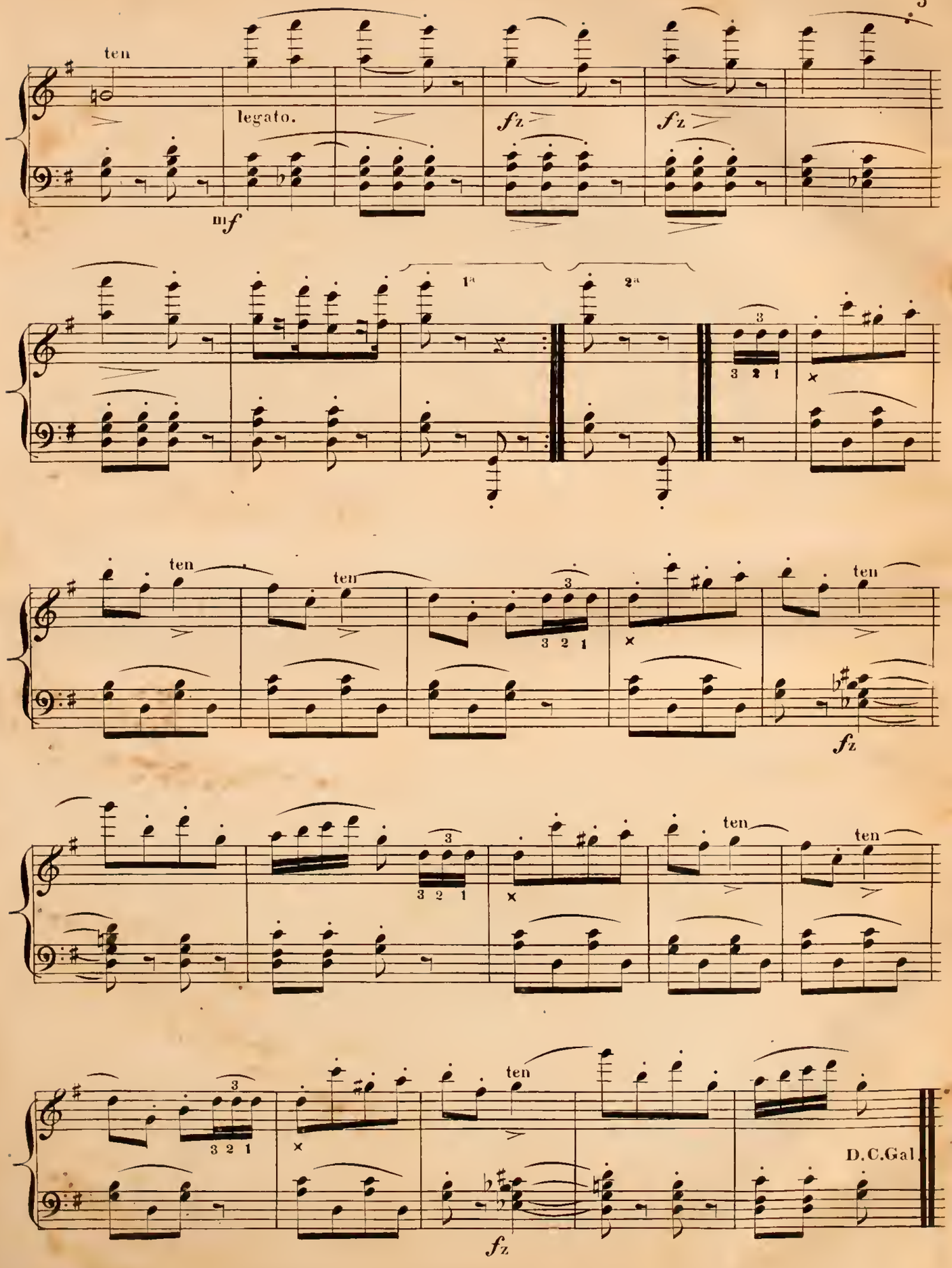
ten
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1a
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ten
fz
3 2 1
ten
ten
3 2 1
ten
fz
D.C.Gal

THE FAVOURITE EXTRAVAGANZA

MISS LUCY LONG

Arranged as a

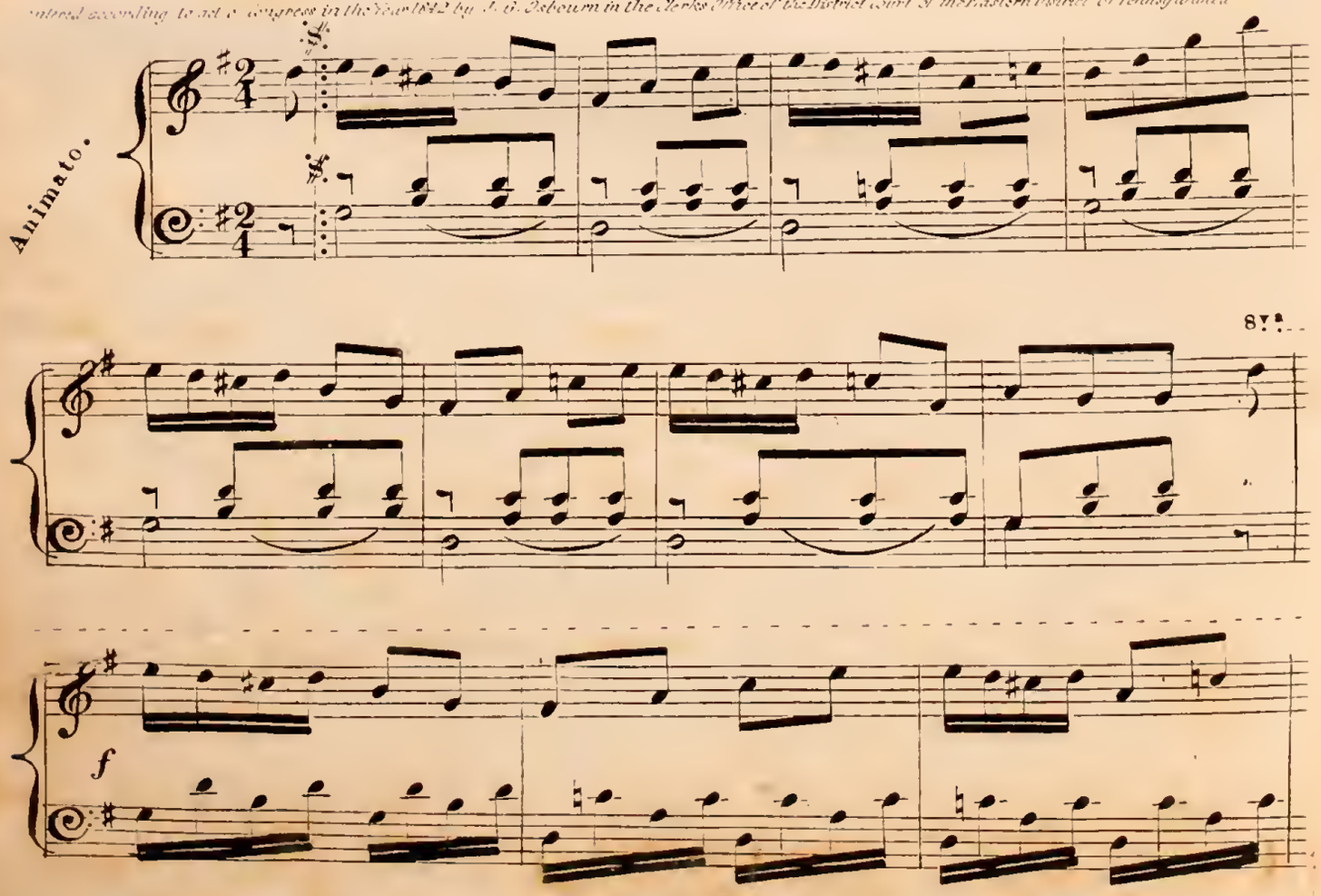
COTILLION

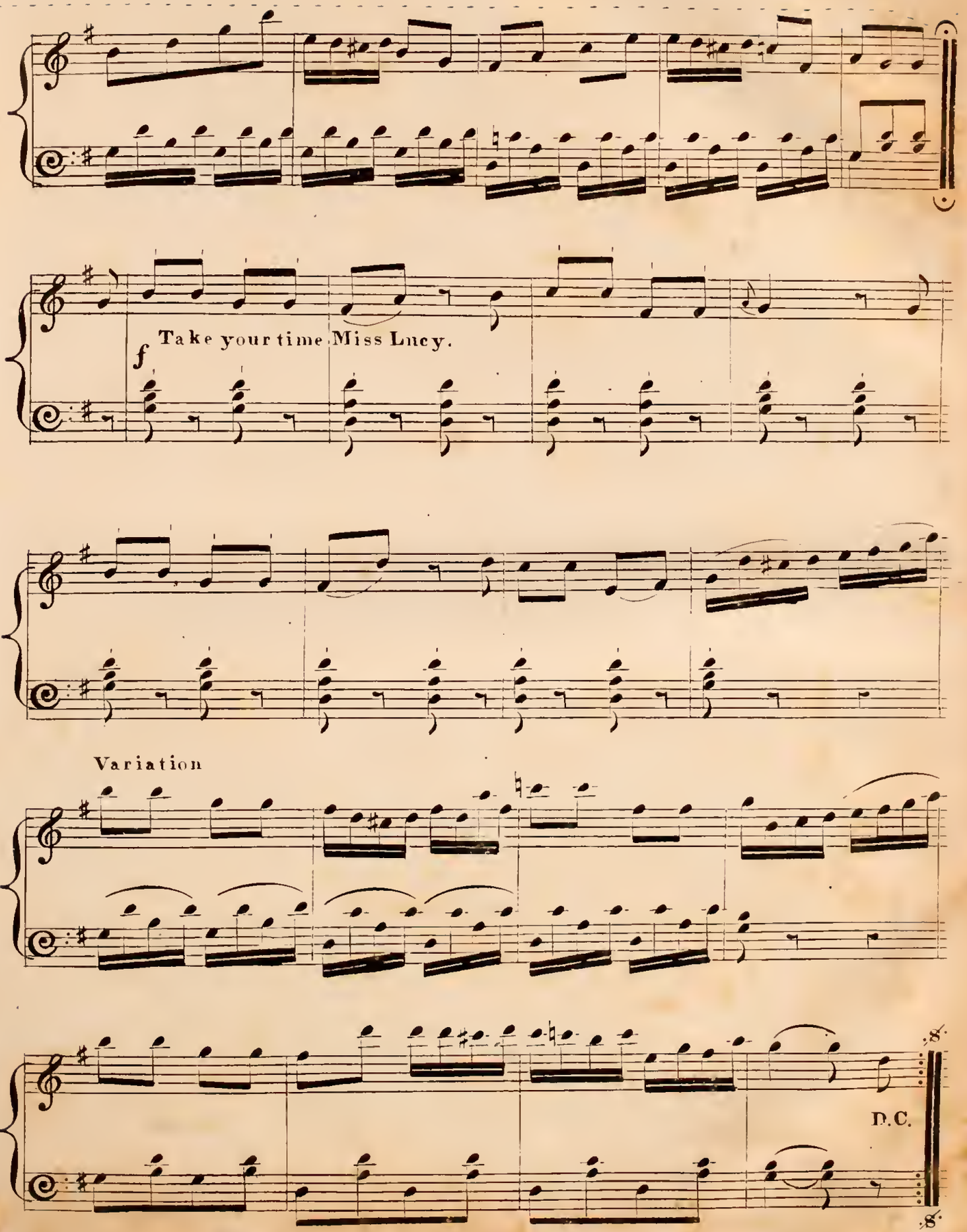
BY

Frank Johnson.

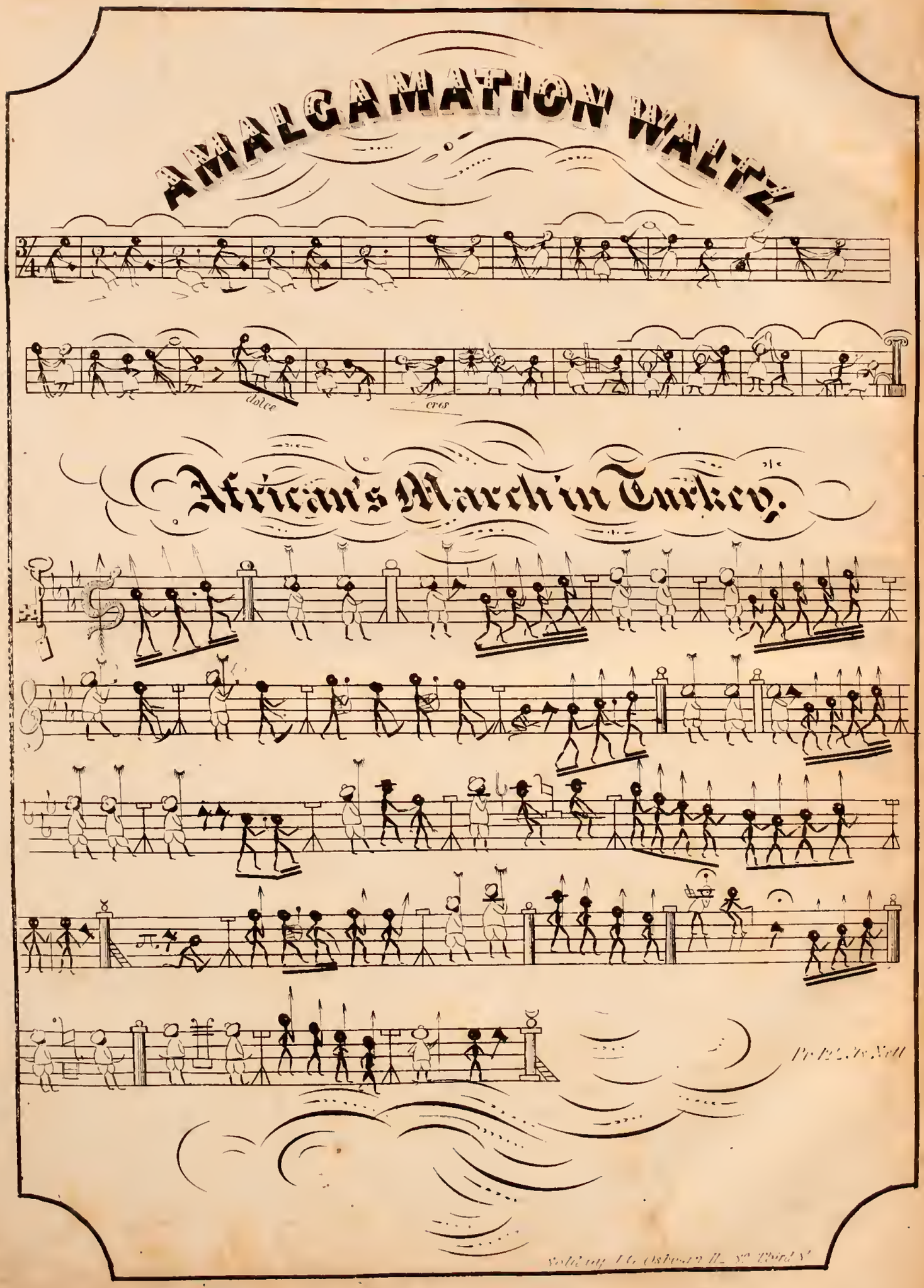
Philadelphia, **OSBOURN'S MUSIC SALOON,** *308 S. Fourth St.*

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1842 by J. G. Osbourn in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania





(Figure.) Swing corners. 2 forward two. Cross over. Chassez de chasse. recross to places. ballance &c


AMALGAMATION WALTZ

African's March in Turkey.

The Popular Song

MISS LUCY LONG

Adapted to the

Piano Forte

BY

T. CARR.

Philadelphia, **OSBOURN'S MUSIC SALOON,** *30 S.t Fourth S.t*

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1842 by J.G.Osbourn in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pa

With Spirit.

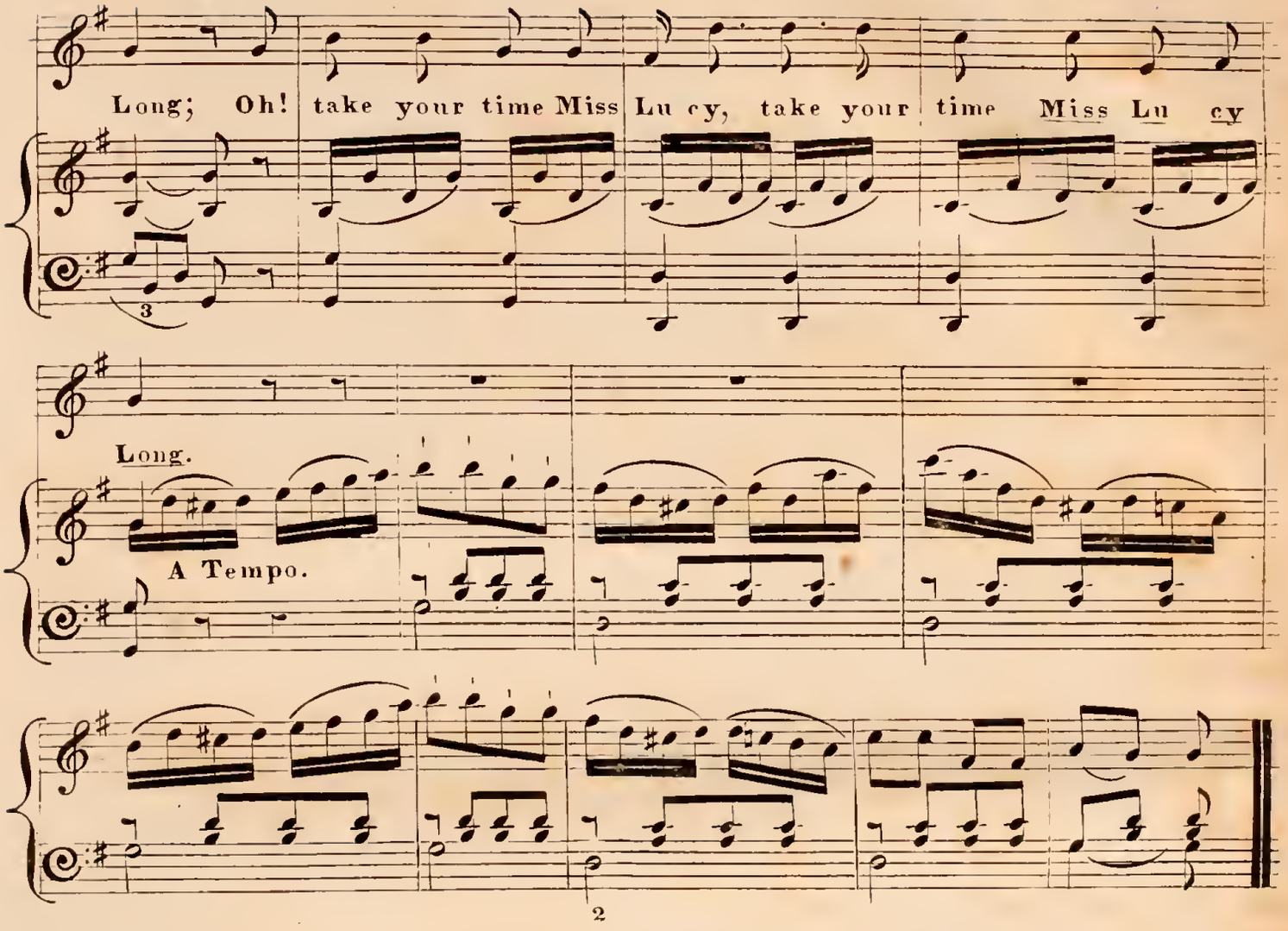
I just come out a____fore you, To

sing a little song; I plays it on de Banjo, And dey calls it Lucy

ritard: *p*

Long. Oh! take your time Miss Lucy, take your time Miss Lu_cy

ritard: *p*



I ask her for to marry,
She had'nt much to say;
But said, she'd rather tarry,
So I let her have way
Oh! take &c &c

3

My mamma's got de tisic,
And my Daddy, got de gout;
Good morning Mister Phisick,
Does your mother know you're out
Oh! take &c &c

4

If I had a scolding wife,
As sure as she was born,
I'd tote her down to New Orleans,
And trade her off for Corn.
Oh! take &c &c

THE DREAM IS PAST

A Song, Written by

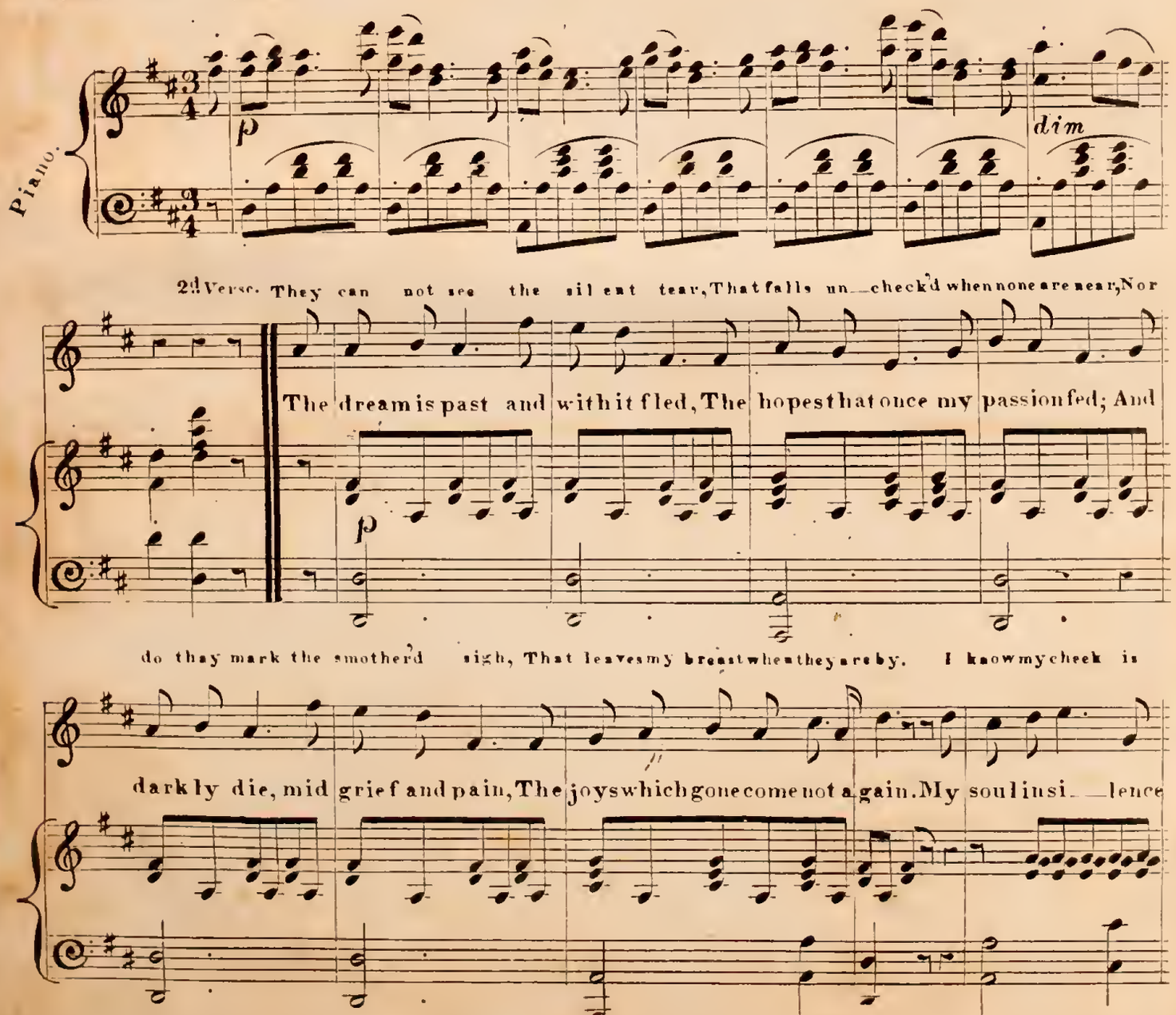
Edward Fitz-Aubyn Esq

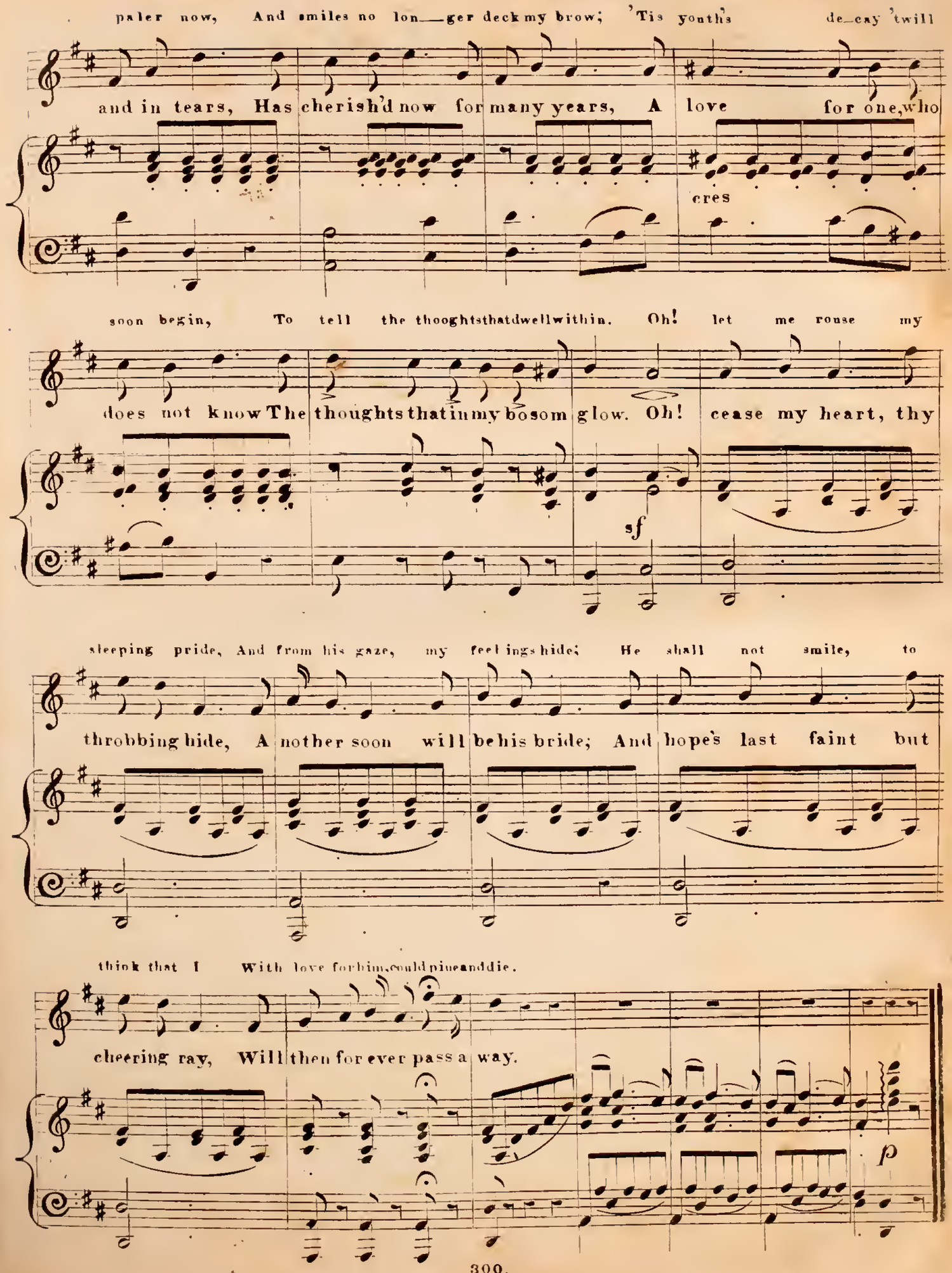
Composed by

STEPHEN GLOVER.

Philadelphia, **OSBOURN'S MUSIC SALOON,** *30 South 4th St.*

Andante con espressione.




paler now, And smiles no lon__ger deck my brow; 'Tis youth's de_cay 'twill
and in tears, Has cherish'd now for many years, A love for one, who
cres
soon begin, To tell the thooghtsthatdwellwithin. Oh! let me rouse my
does not know The thoughts that in my bosom glow. Oh! cease my heart, thy
sf
sleeping pride, And from his gaze, my feel ings hide; He shall not smile, to
throbbing hide, A nother soon will be his bride; And hope's last faint but
think that I With love for him, could pine and die.
cheering ray, Will then for ever pass a way.
p

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY DEAREST

A Popular

Song

The Words by the Author

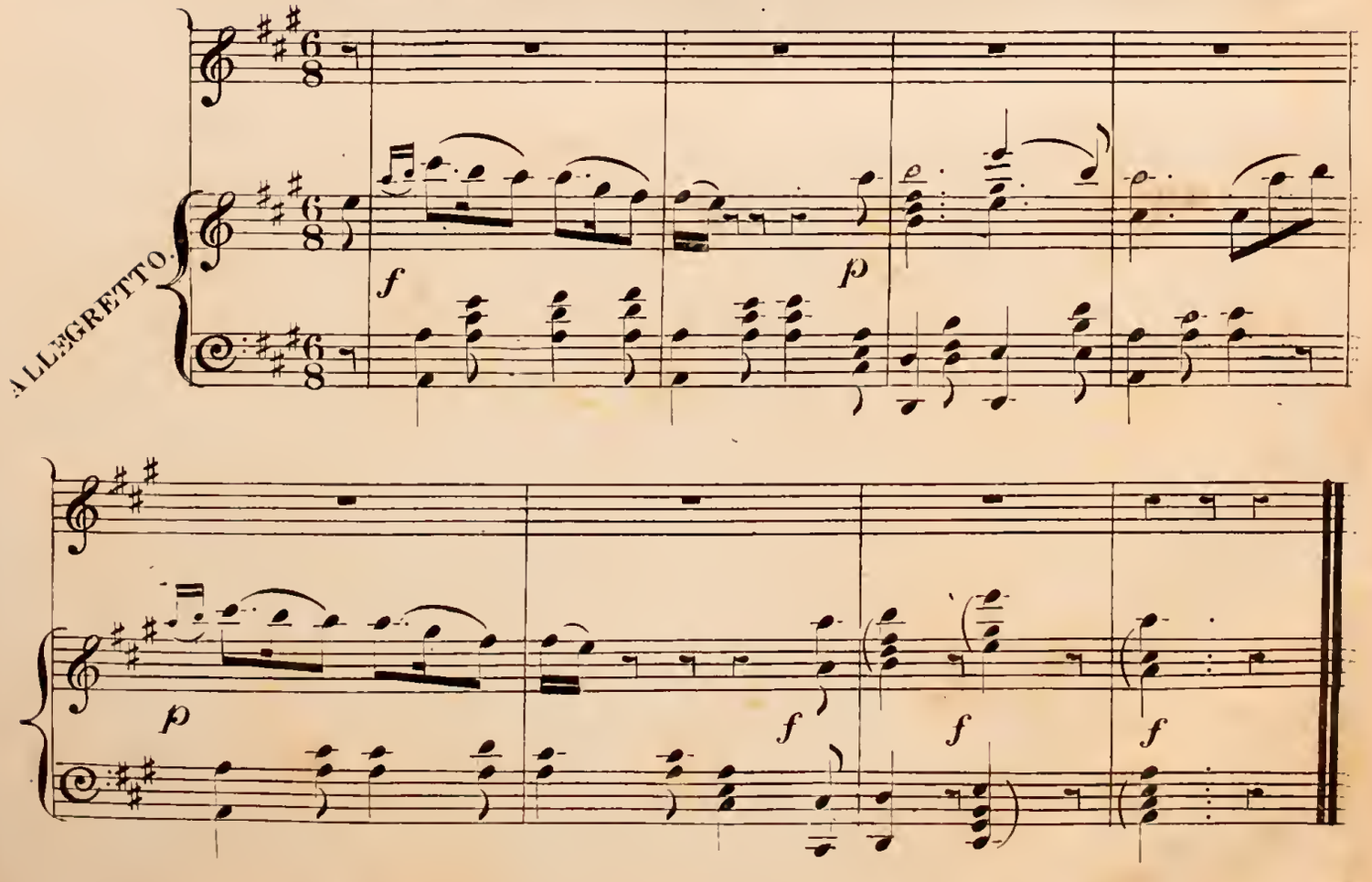
OF

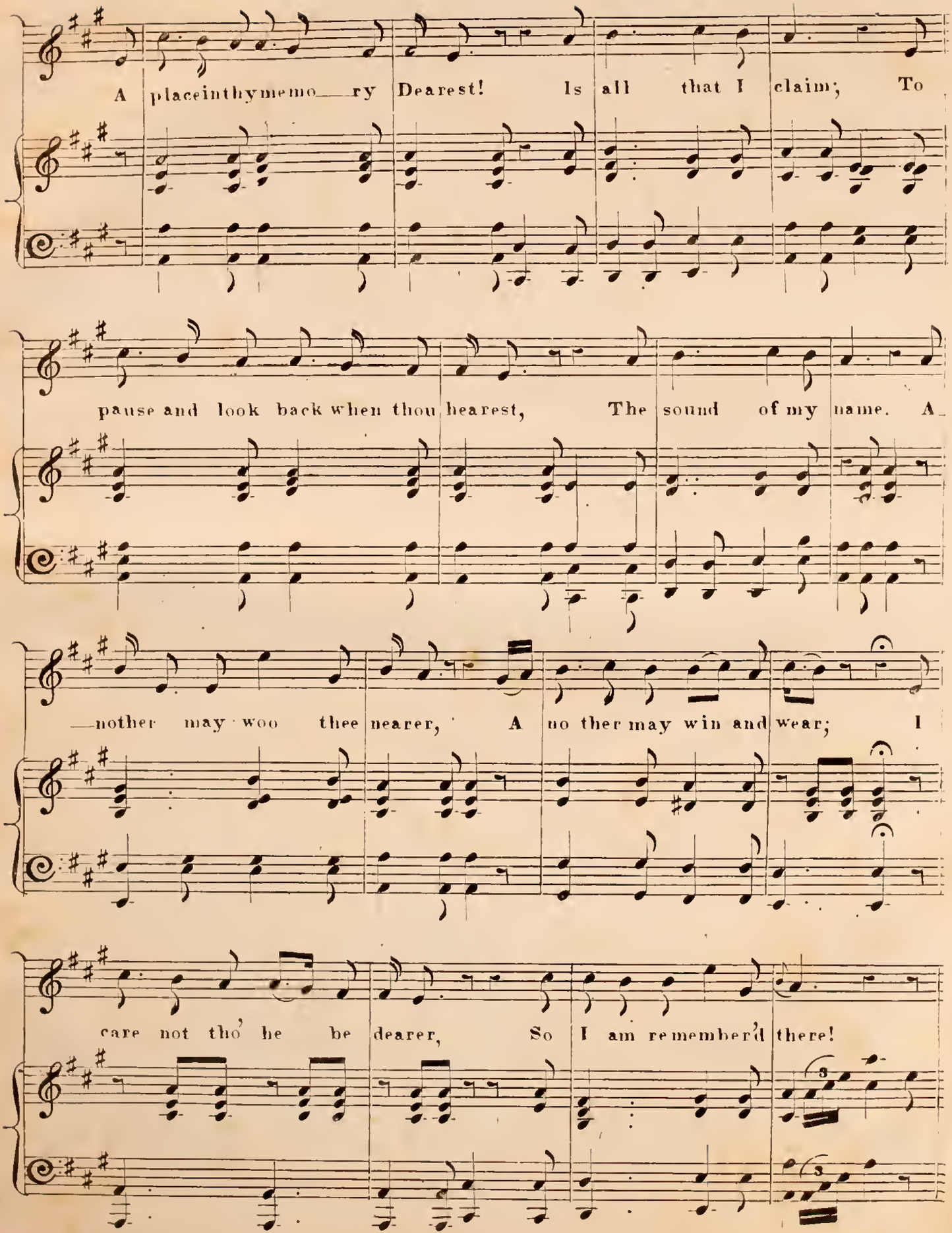
"The Collegians"

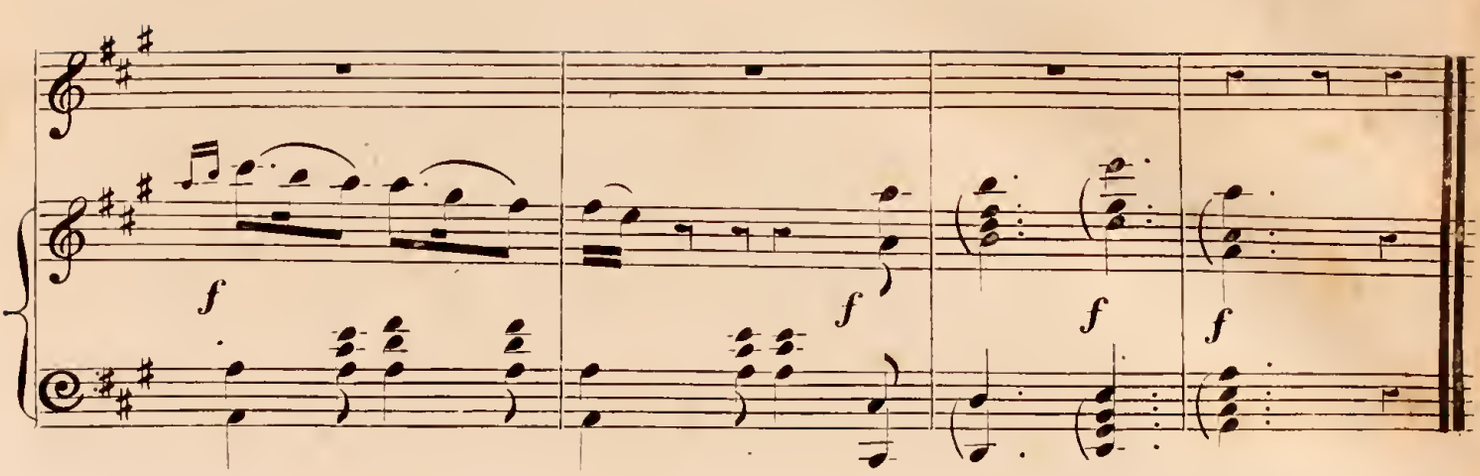
Composed by

Miss Smith.

Philadelphia **OSBOURN'S MUSIC SALOON** *30 So 4th St.*




A placeinthymemo___ry Dearest! Is all that I claim; To
pause and look back when thou hearest, The sound of my name. A_
—nother may woo thee nearer, A no ther may win and wear; I
care not tho' he be dearer, So I am remember'd there!
3
3



2d Verse.

Re_mem_ber me not as a Lover, Whose hopes has been crost, Whose bo_som can ne_ver re_

cover The Light it has lost! As the young Bride re_mem_bers the Mo_ther, She

loves tho she ne_ver may see, As a Sister re_members a Brother, Oh! Dearest! remember me!

3d Verse.

Could I be thy true Lover Dearest! Couldst thou smile on me! I would be the fondest and

nearest That e_ver lo_ved thee But a cloud on my pathway is glooming, That

never must hurt upon thine, And Heaven that made thee all blooming Ne_er made thee to wither on mine.

4th Verse.

Re member me then Oh! re_member My calm light Love! Tho bleak as the blast of No

vember My life may prove; That Life will tho' lone_ly be sweet, If its

brightest en_joyment should be! A smile and kind word when we meet, And a place in thy me_mo_ry!

AIR FAVORI

de l'Opera de Bellini

La Norma

Varié pour le

PIANO

par

FRANÇOIS HÜNTEN,

Op: 65.

Price 75 Cts.

Philadelphia.

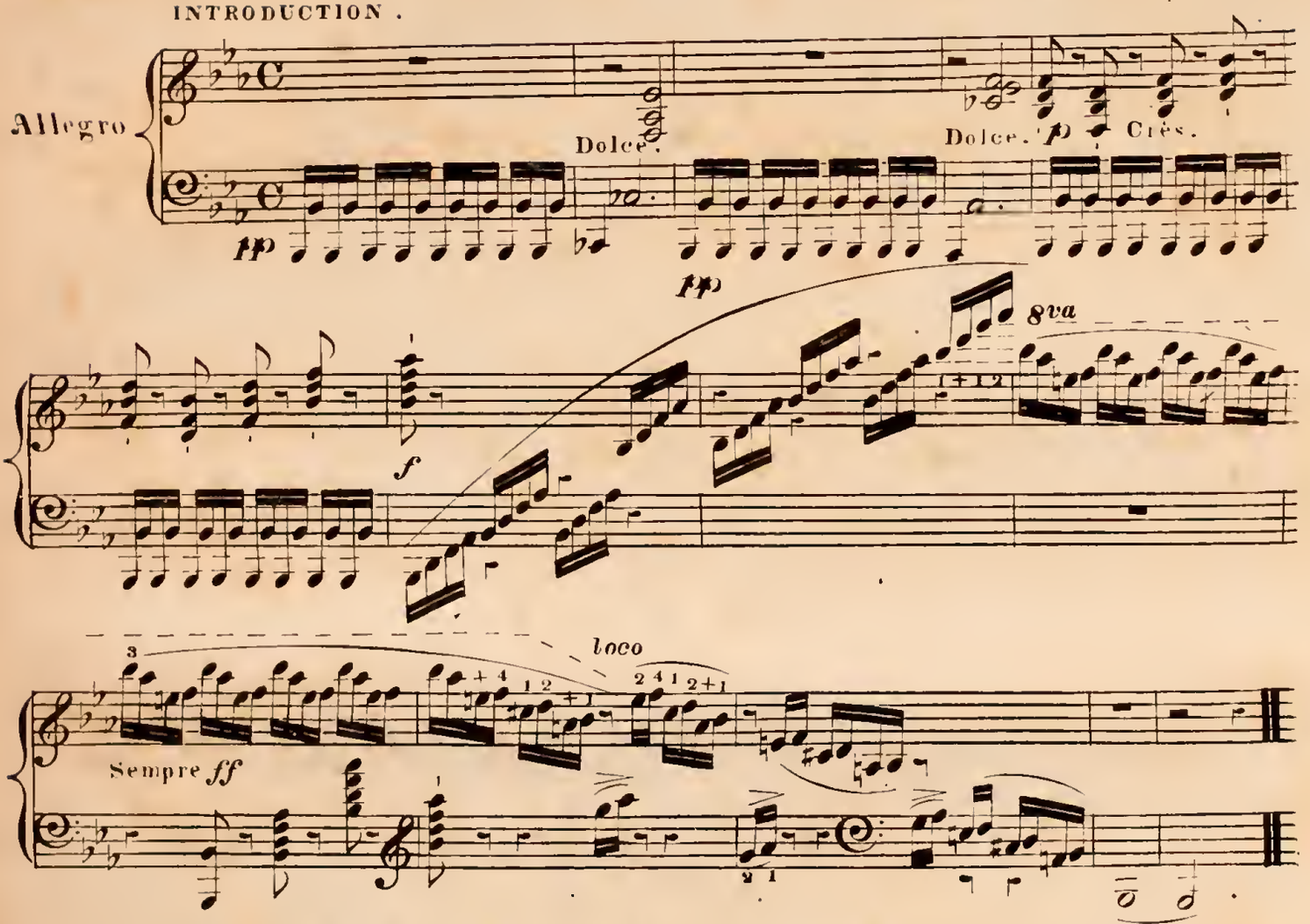
A. Fiot, Publisher & Importer of Music and Musical Instruments N.° 196 Chesnut Street.

E. Gillingham

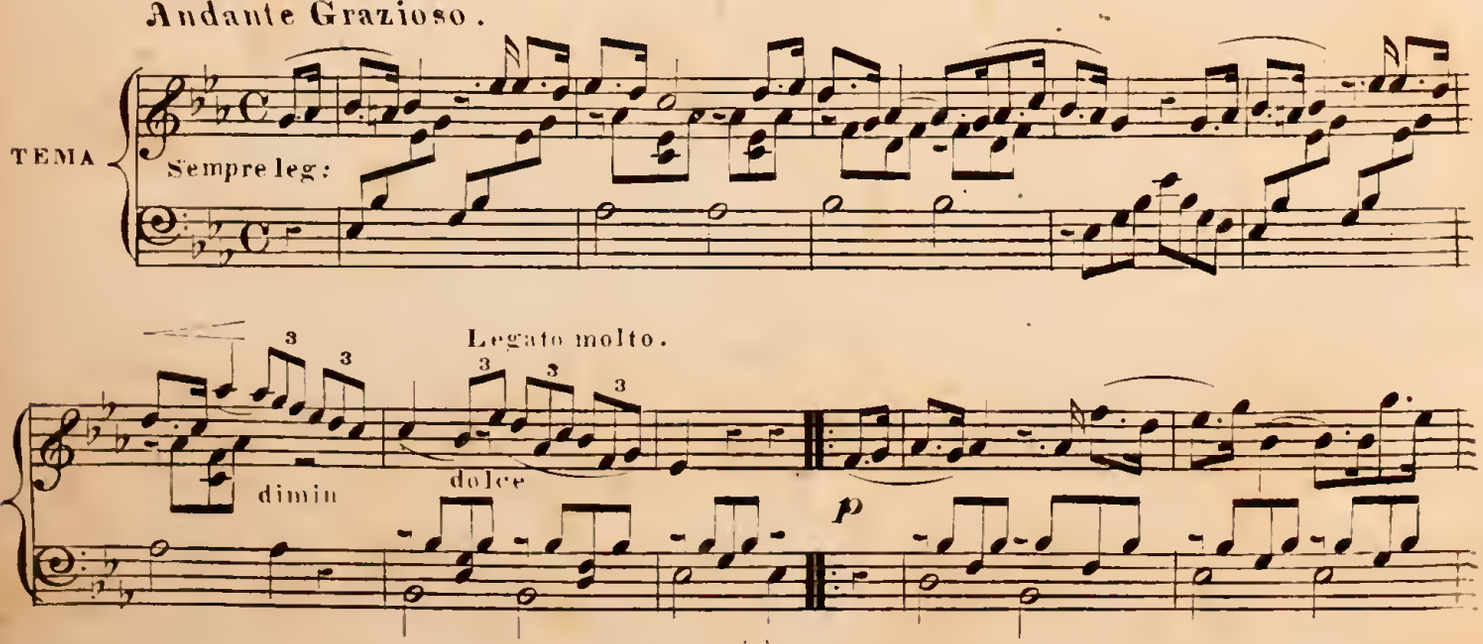
LA NORMA .

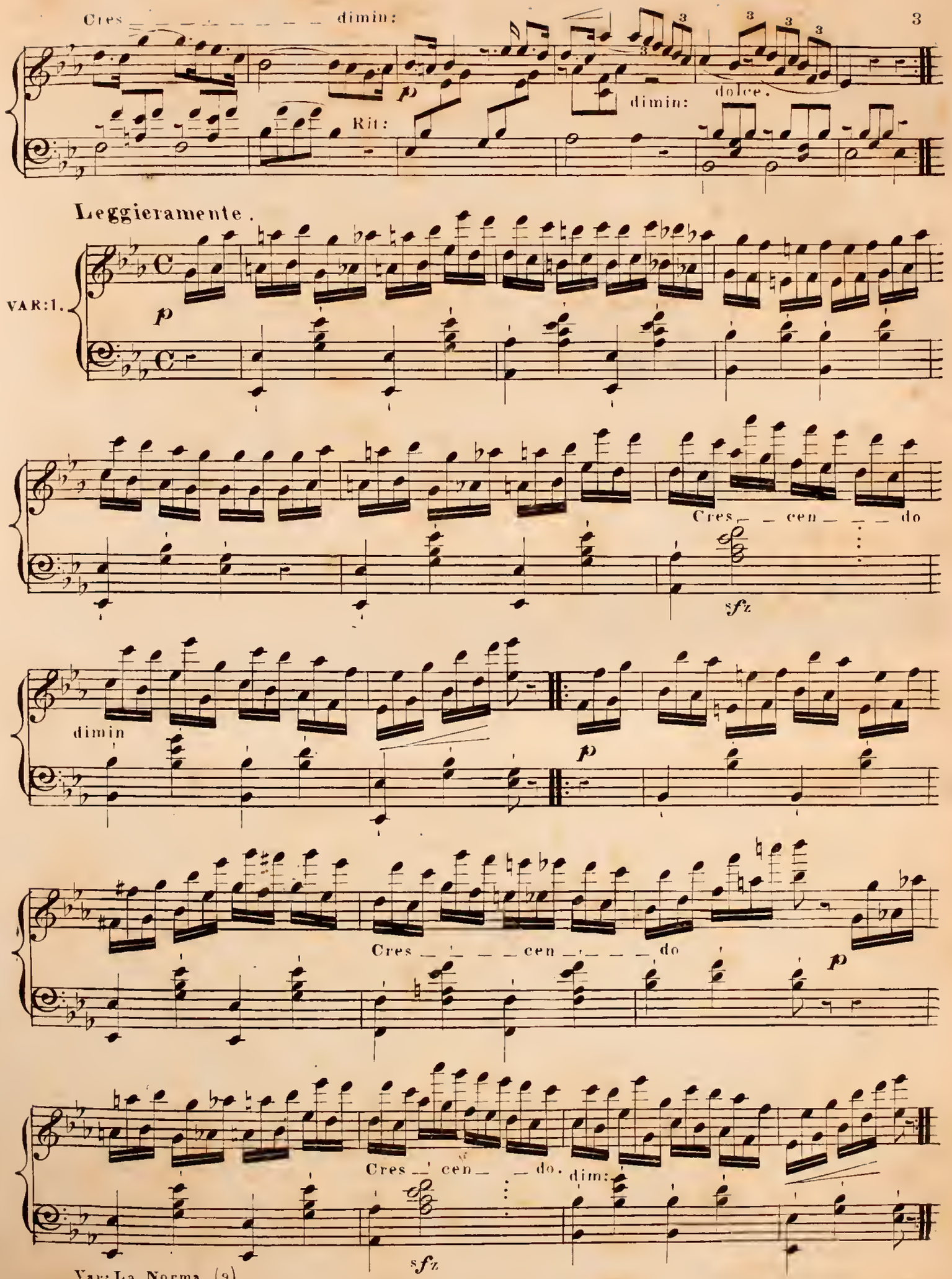
F. HUNTEN Op: 65 .

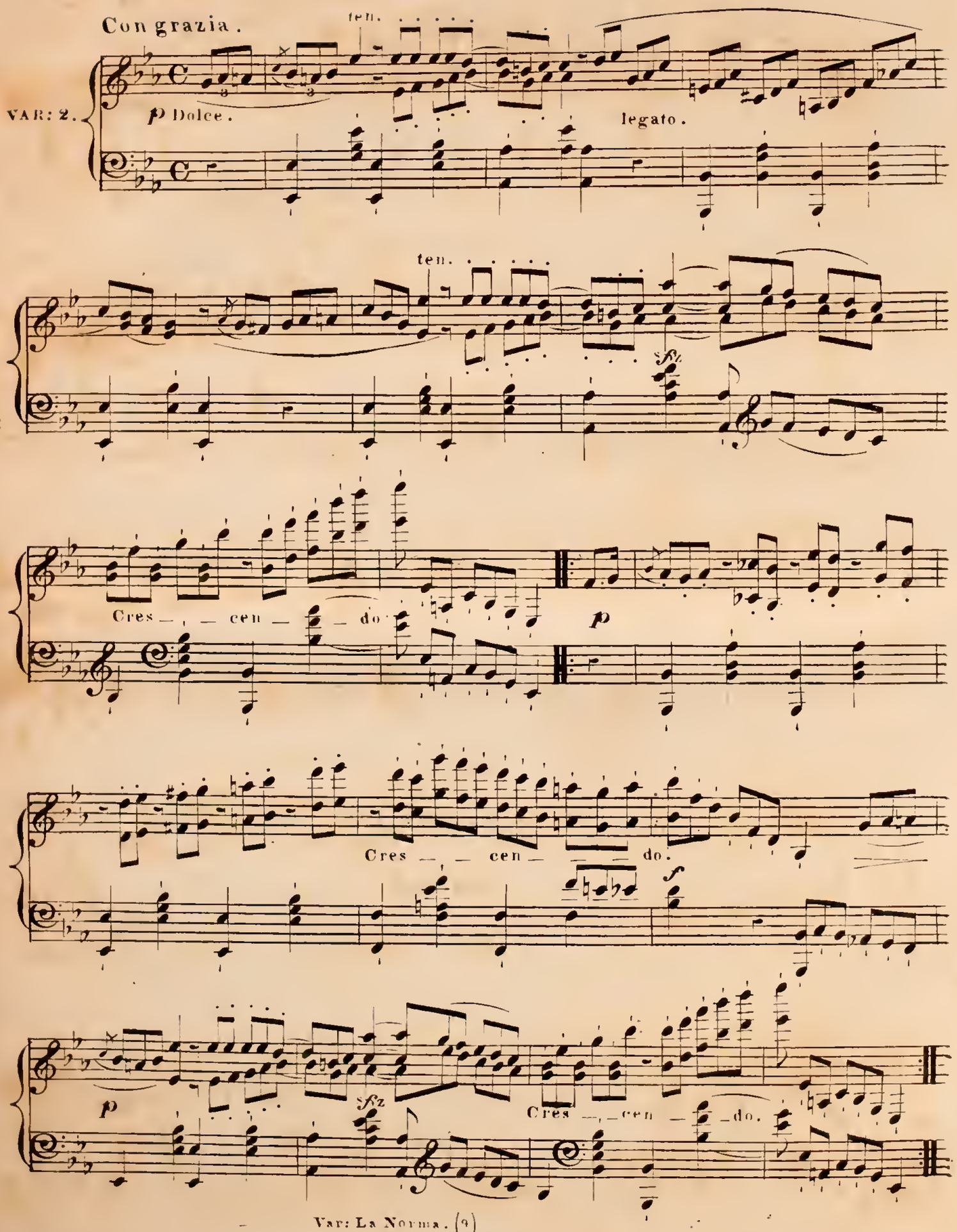
INTRODUCTION .

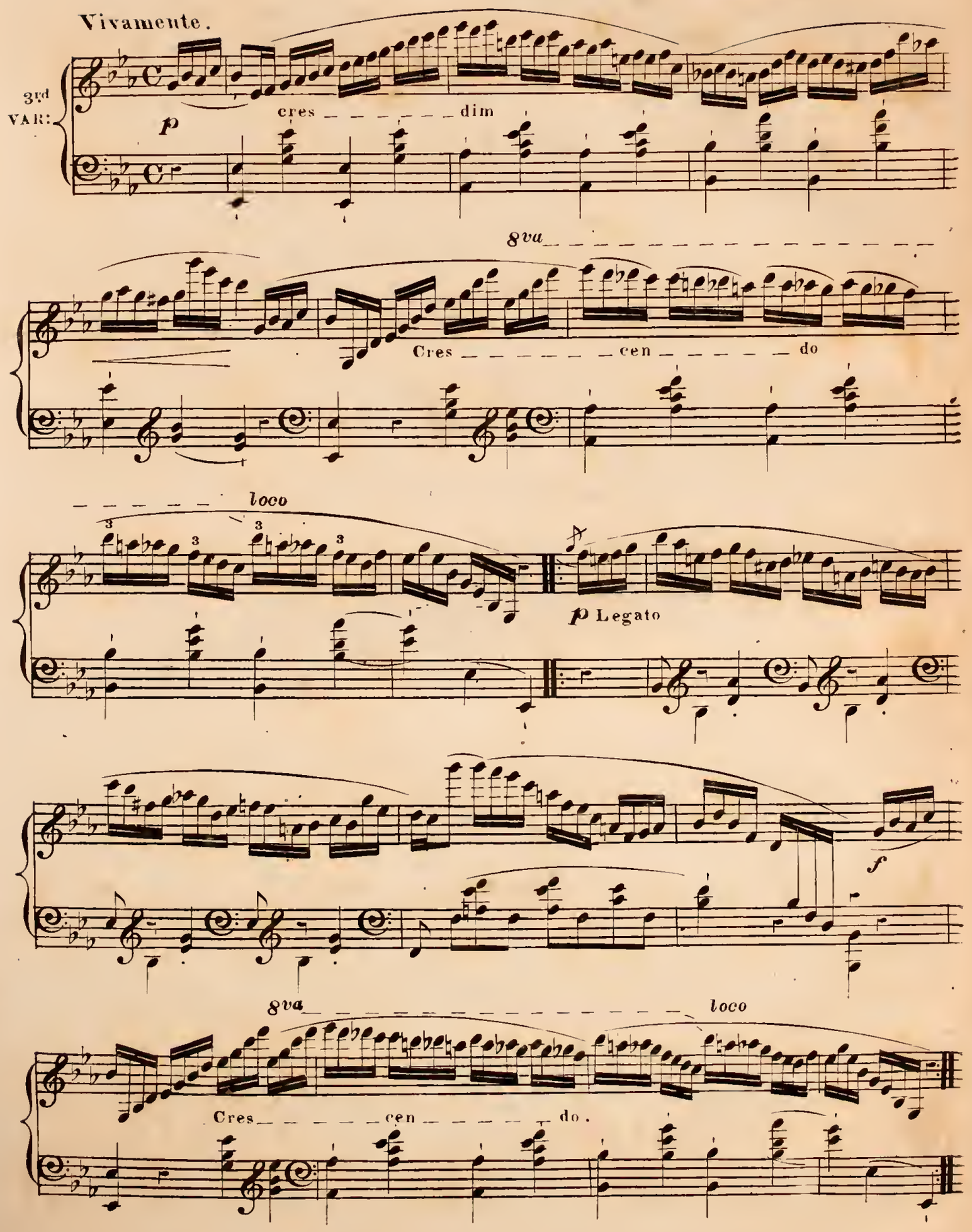


Andante Grazioso .




Cres _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ dimin:
p
Rit:
dimin:
dolce.
Leggieramente.
VAR:1.
p
Cres _ _ cen _ _ _ do
sfz
dimin
p
Cres _ _ _ _ cen _ _ _ _ do
p
Cres _ _ cen _ _ do. dim:
sfz


Con grazia.
ten.
VAR: 2.
p Dolce.
legato.
ten.
sfz
Cres — — cen — — do
p
Cres — — cen — — do.
f
p
sfz
Cres — — cen — — do.


Vivamente.
3rd VAR:
p
cres _ _ _ _ _ _ dim
8va
Cres _ _ _ _ _ _ cen _ _ _ _ _ _ do
loco
p Legato
f
8va
loco
Cres _ _ _ _ _ _ cen _ _ _ _ _ _ do.

Brillante.

Diminuendo.

VAR: 4.

Cres: Dimin:

Cres:

Con grazia.

VAR: 5.

p

Cres:

f

sinis des sinis

p

cres

in tempo

dimin ritenuto

cres

f

Vivace .

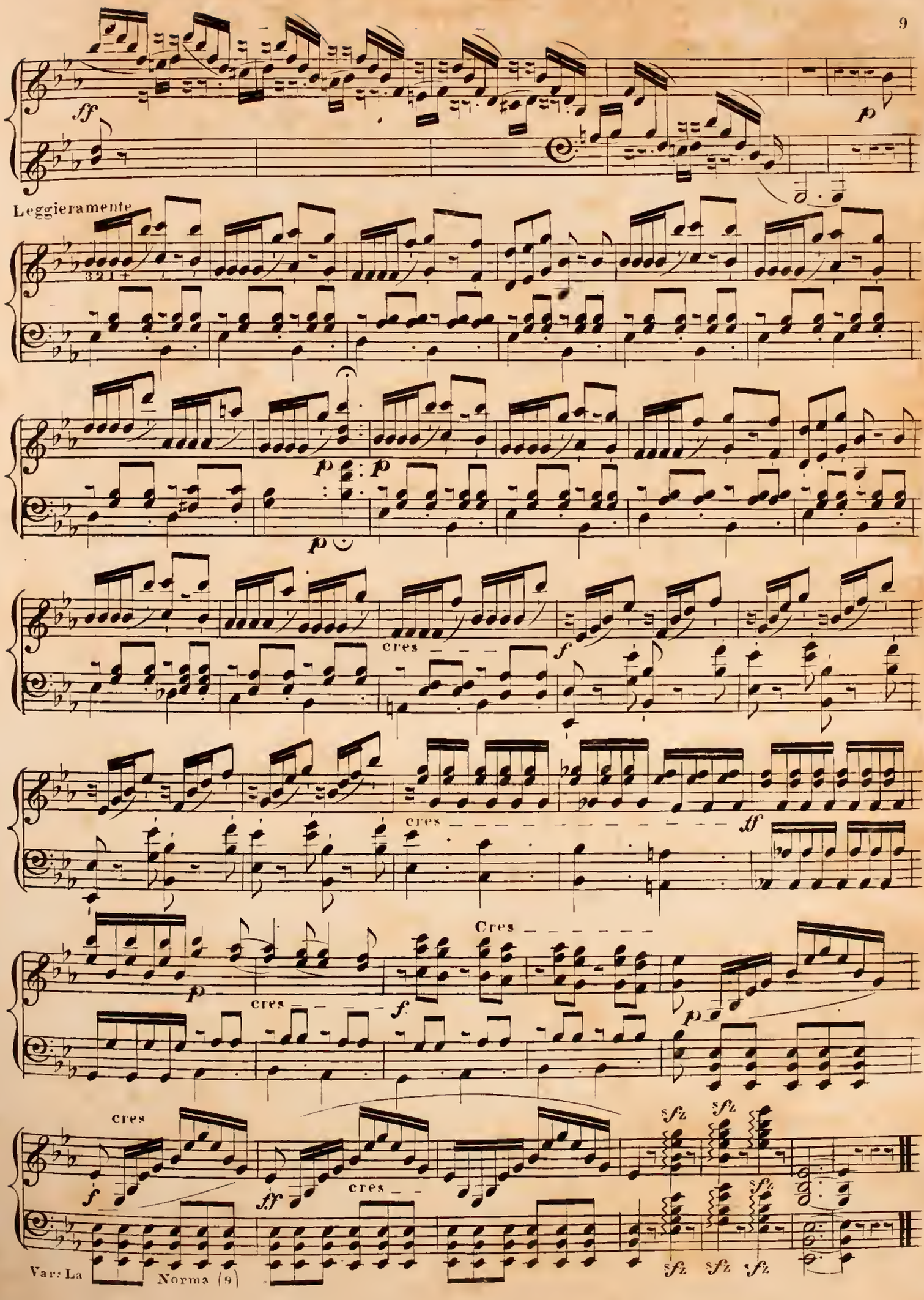
Finale.

ritard dim in tempo vivace.

cres

cres

cres


ff
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Leggieramente
321
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cres
f
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Cres
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p
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ff
cres
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
Vars La Norma (9)

"TAKE THEM I IMPLORE THEE"

Deh con te li prendi

Duett

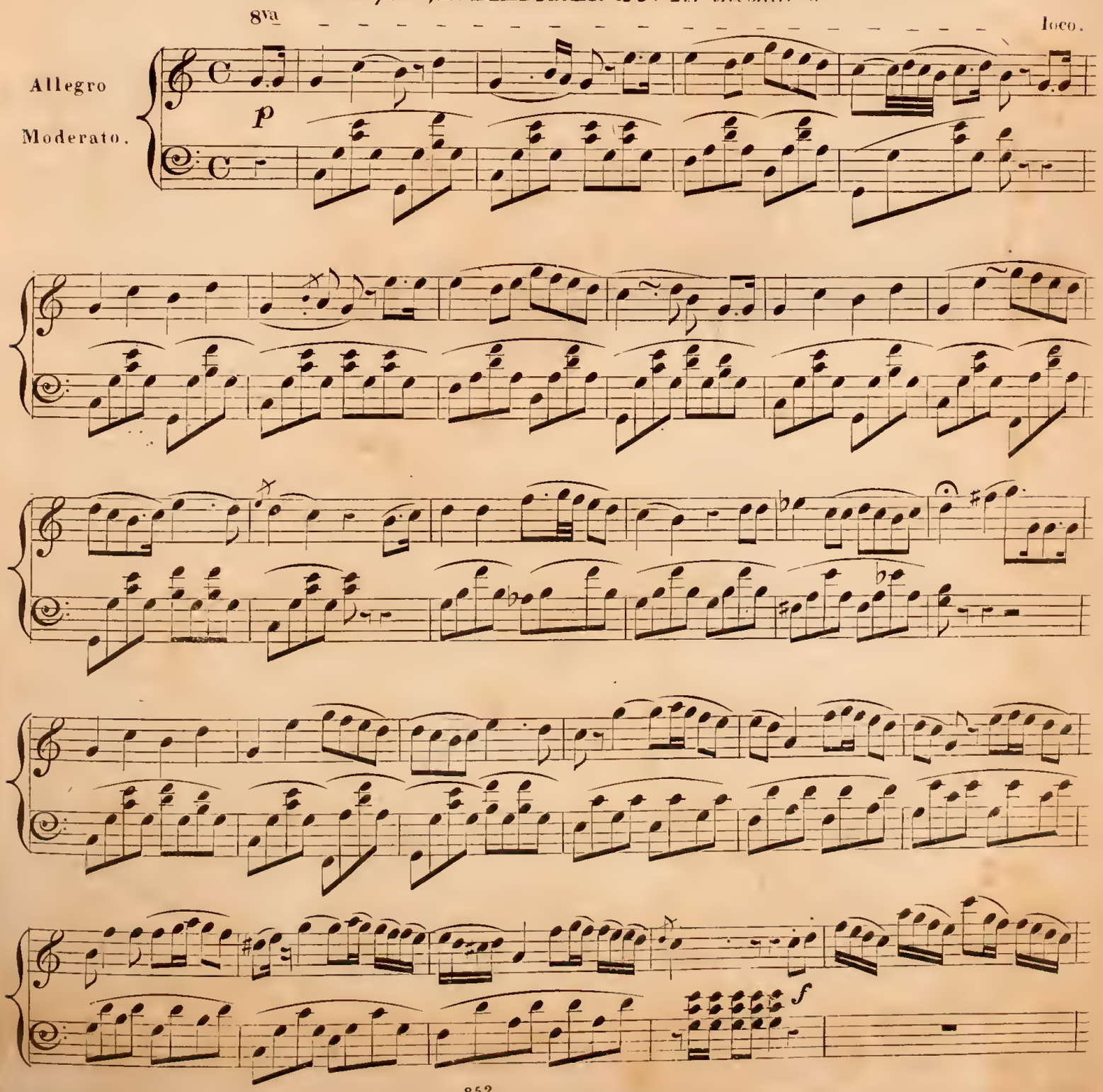
From BELLINI'S Celebrated Opera

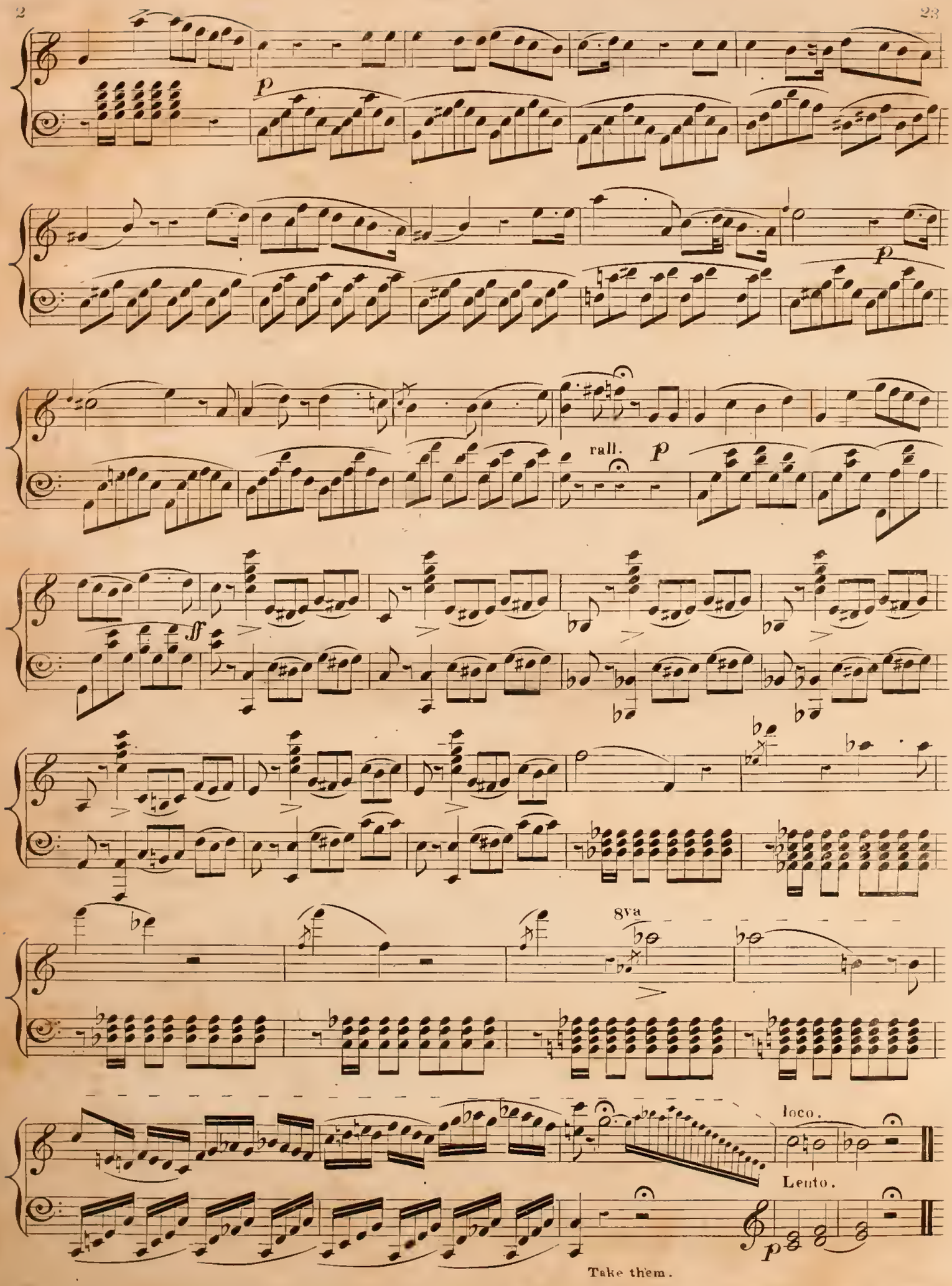
NORMA

ARRANGED FOR THE

Piano Forte.

Philadelphia, **Lᴰ. MEIGNEN & Cᵒ.** *217 Chesnut Sᵗ.*




p
p
rall.
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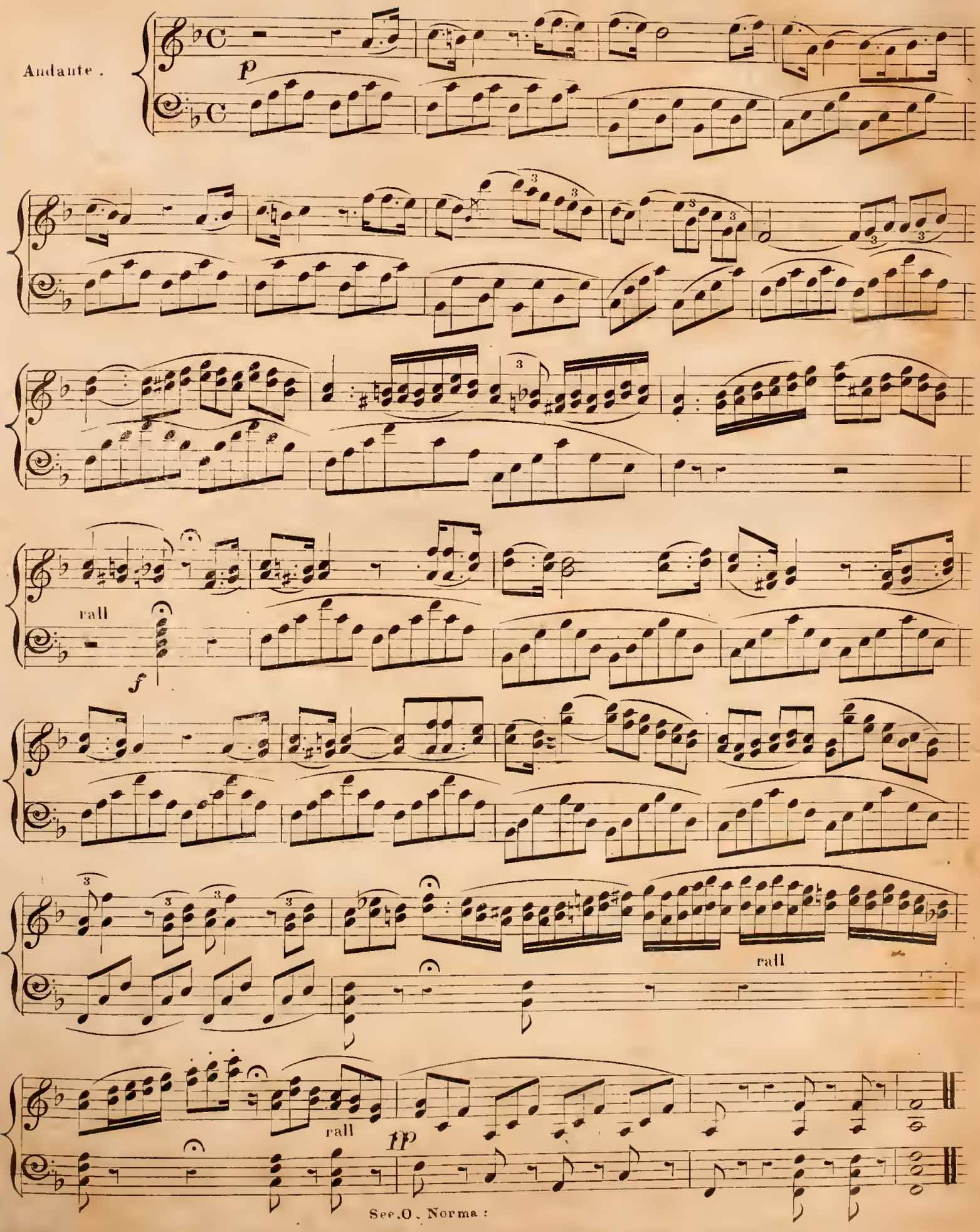
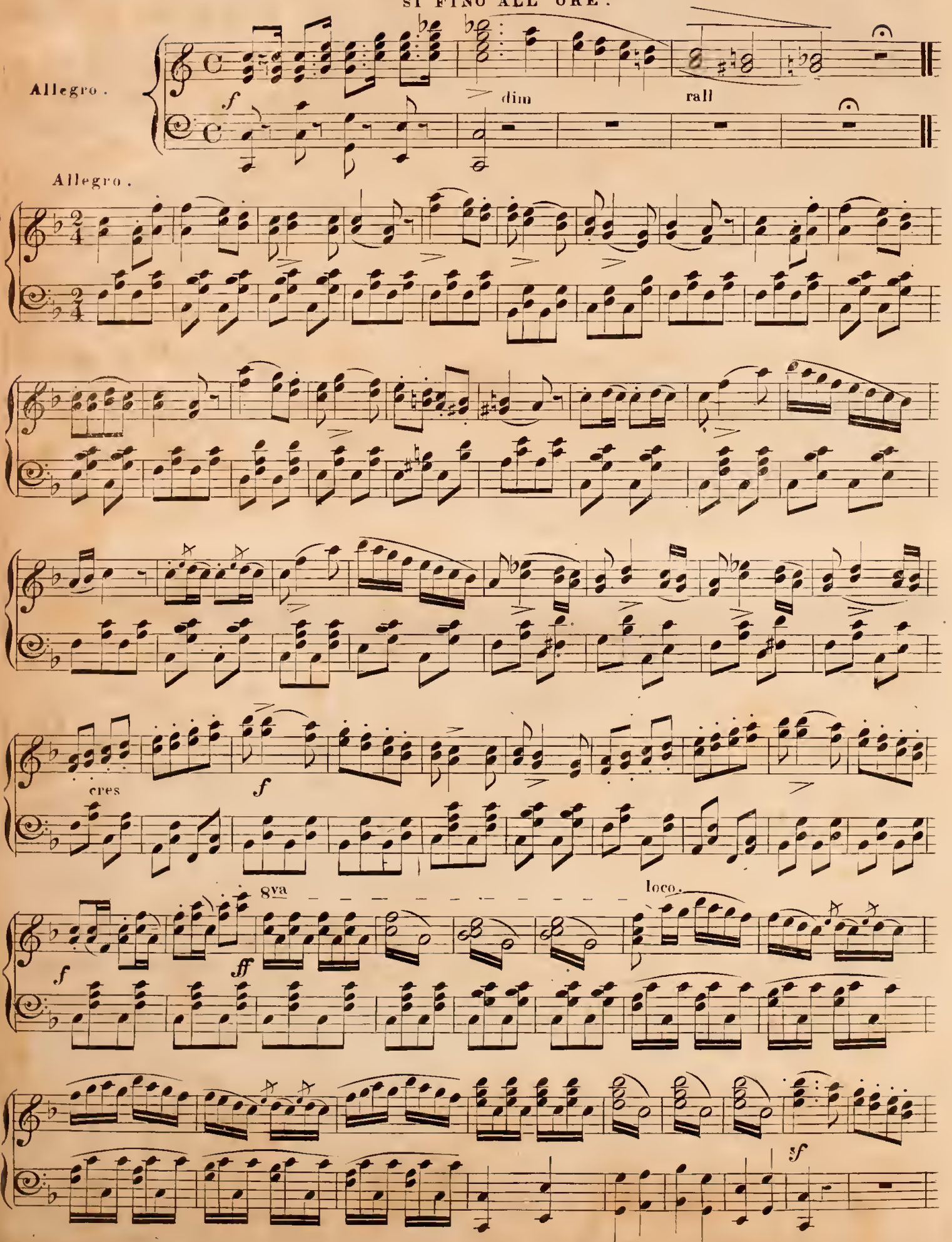
ff
8va
loco.
Lento.
p
Take them.

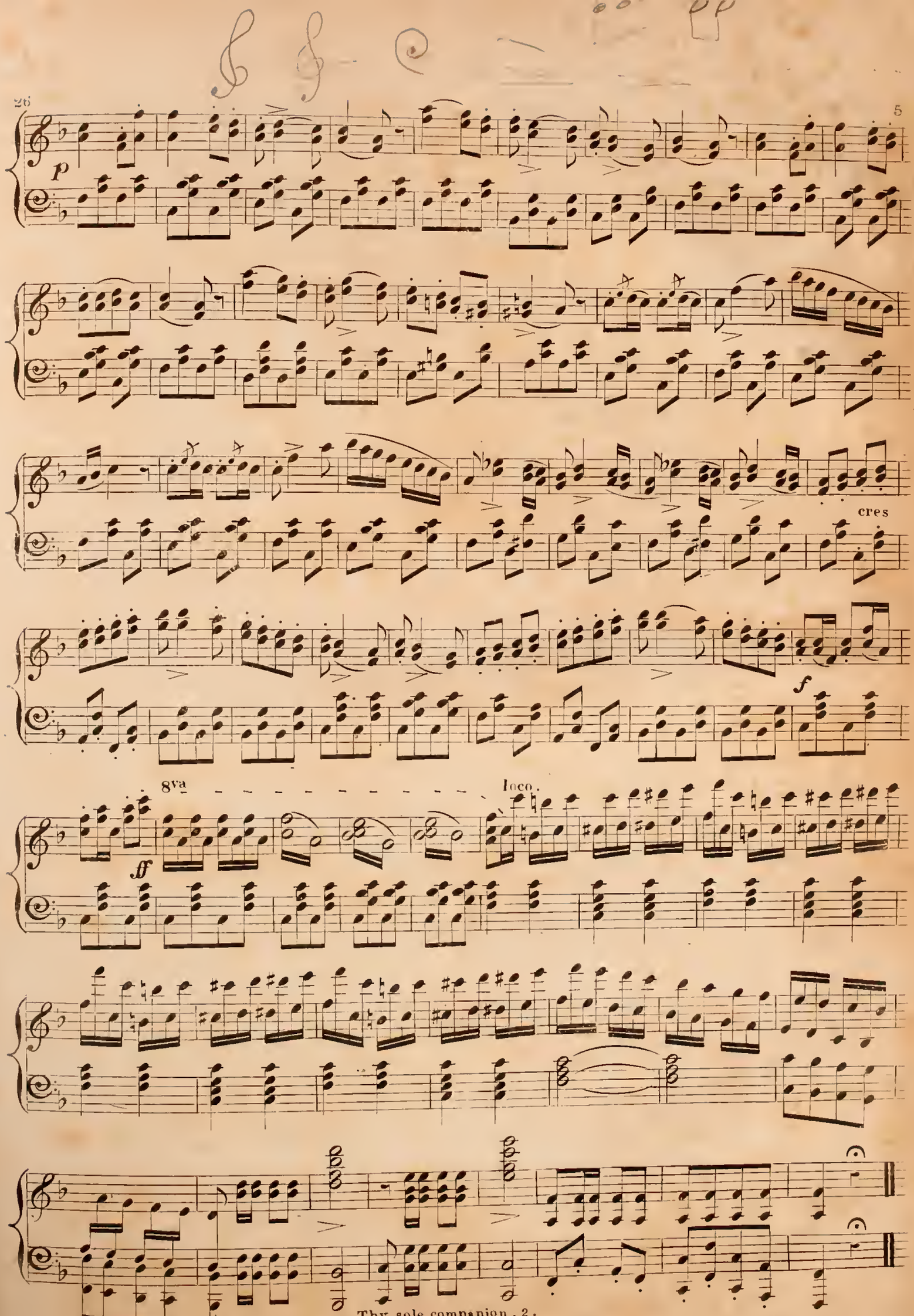
SEE, O NORMA:

MIRA, O NORMA.



SI FINO ALL' ORE.




5
p
cres
f
8va
loco
ff

"Fly, Alberta, fly with me to Rome!"

Vieni in Roma ah vieni

Duett

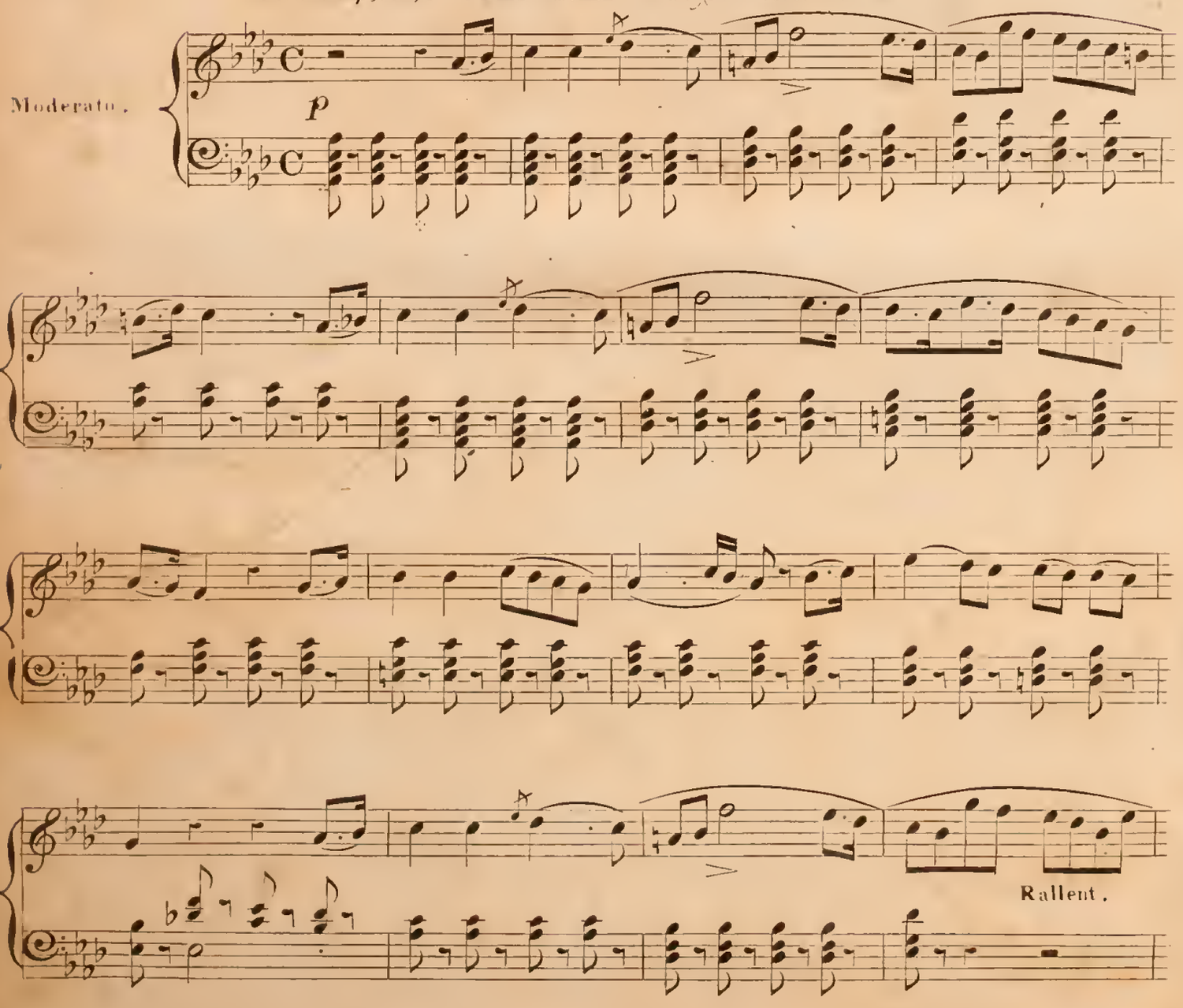
From BELLINI'S Celebrated Opera

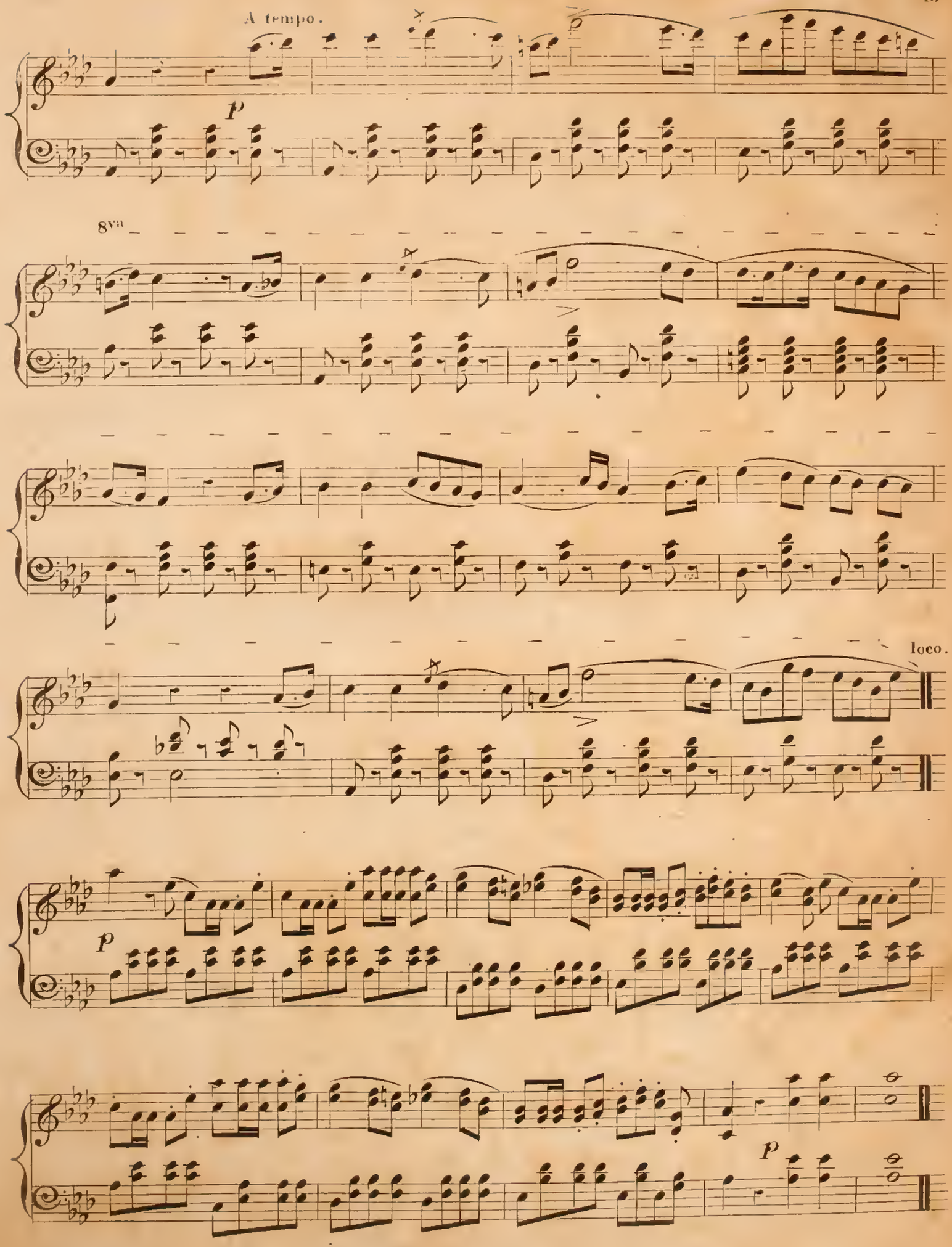
NORMA

ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE.

Philadelphia, **Lᵖ MEIGNEN & Cᵒ** *217 Chestnut Sᵗ.*




A tempo.
P
8va
loco.
P
P

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