

CLARA A. H. CHARTERS.

From the Library of
Massachusetts

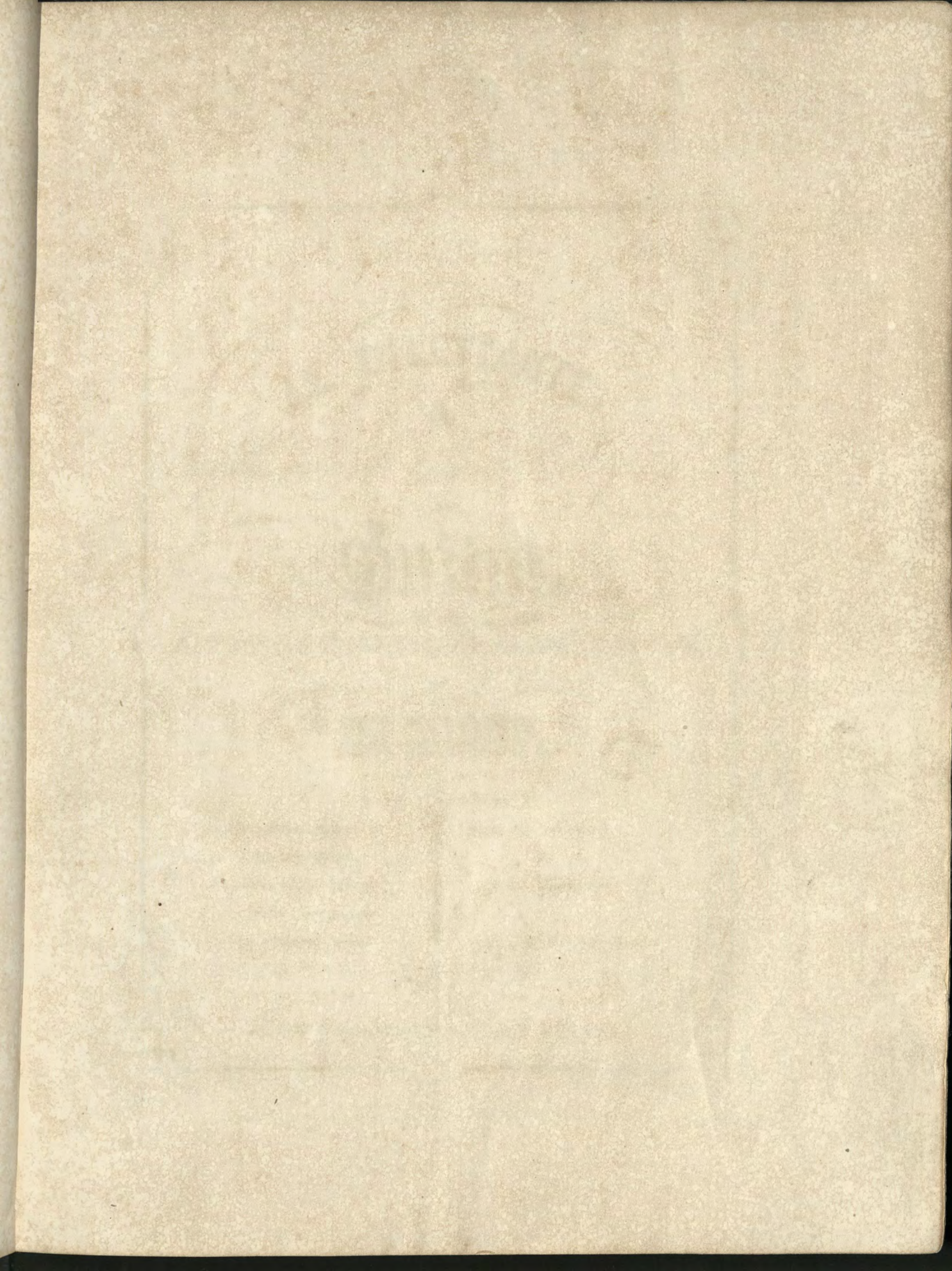
From the Library of
Massachusetts

year

1839-1849

From the Library of
Matanya Ophce

From the Library of
Mansour Oghese



LE DILETTANTE,
A
Collection of Choice Pieces for the

Guitar

Composed & Respectfully Dedicated to her Pupils

BY

MRS KNOOP.



PART FIRST.

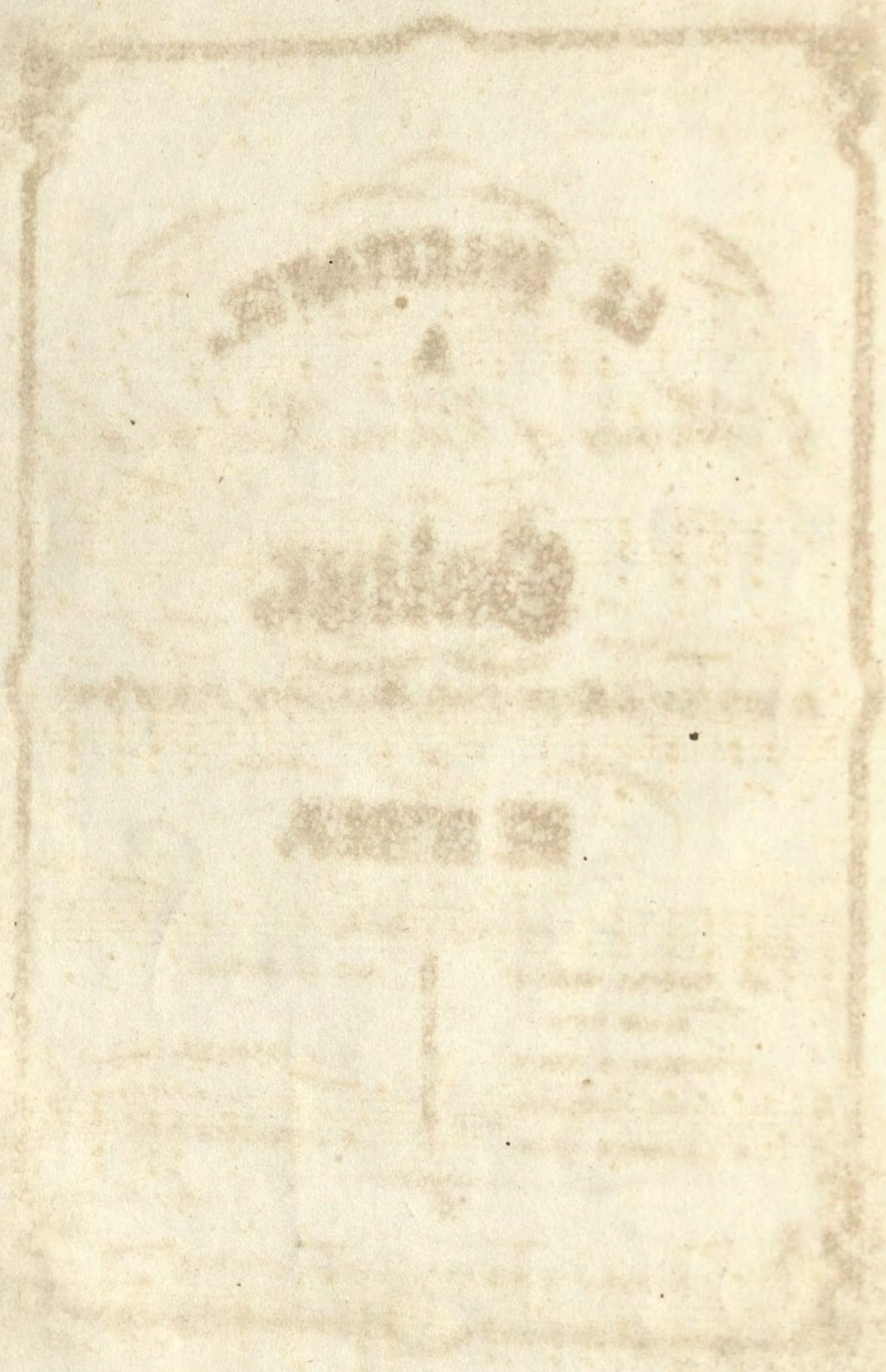
- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| Nº1 TRIUMPHAL MARCH OF
BUENA VISTA . | Nº 4 LE TREMOLO . |
| .. 2 CARNIVAL OF VENICE
WITH VARIATIONS. | .. 5 LA CAGHUCHA . |
| .. 3 L'ALHAMBRA , VALSE . | .. 6 L'ANDALOUSE , VALSE . |

No. 1

Pr. Cts.

Published by Schatzman & Brulon Cincinnati.

Entered according to Act of Congress, D 1847 by Schatzman & Brulon, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Ohio.



Harm. Harm.....

12th Fret. 7th Fret. 12th Fret.

5th Pos. 9th Pos.

staccato. pp

Barre.

0 4

0 0 0 0

0 0 0 0

Horns.

2 4

Play with the nails near the bridge.

Harm.....

7th Fret. 12th Fret. 7th Fret. 5th Fret. 7th Fret. 12th Fret.

Barre.

2^d Pos. ff

7th Pos.

Dr. Dr. Dr. Dr.

Triumphal March. 3

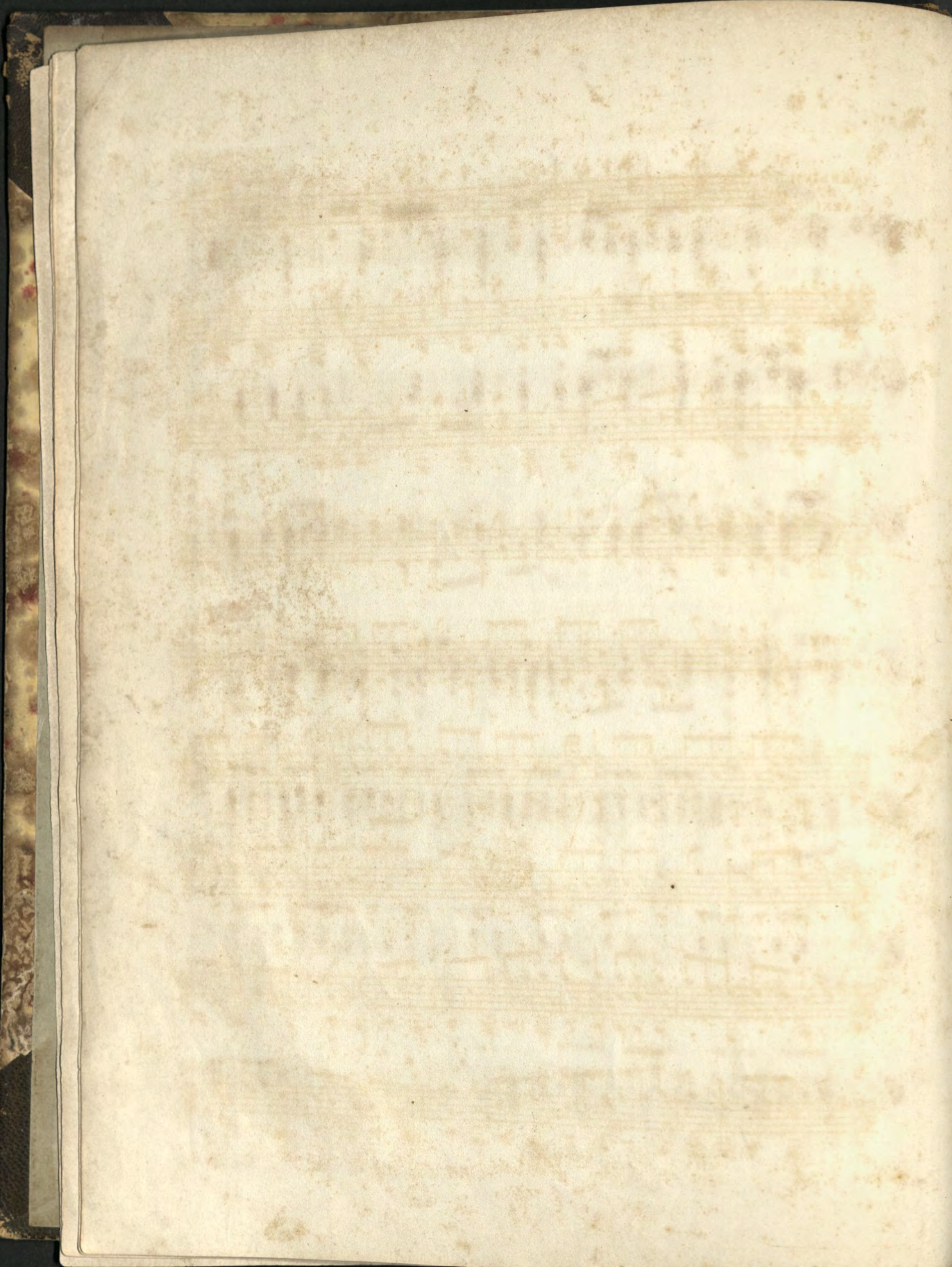
Dr. Dr. Dr. Dr. D.C.

CODA.

Staccato e *pp*

ff

ff



CARNIVAL
OF
VENICE.

Musical score for 'CARNIVAL OF VENICE'. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 6/8 time signature. The music is written in a style characteristic of 18th-century manuscript notation, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The second and third staves continue the melody and accompaniment. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

RORY
O'MORE.

Musical score for 'RORY O'MORE'. It consists of seven staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on the upper line of the staff, while the accompaniment is written on the lower line, primarily using eighth notes. The second staff includes the instruction 'Finc.' above the melody. The final staff concludes with the instruction 'D.C.' above the melody. The notation is consistent with the first piece on the page.

HOPE WALTZ.

Published by SCHATZMAN & BRULON, Cincinnati.

J. STRAUSS.

WALTZ.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a grand staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 3/4 time signature. The piece is a waltz, characterized by its 3/4 time signature. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, along with rests and dynamic markings. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

LA POLKA — No. 2.

OFFENBACH.

ALLEGRO. *p*

TRIO. *Fine.*

D.C.

A SELECTION

OF

Popular Sacred Songs,

Arranged with accompaniments

for the

SPANISH GUITAR,

By

JAMES FLINT JR.

Boston: Published by C. Bradlee 107 Washington St.

50 cents

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1837, by C. Bradlee, in the Clerk's Office in the District Court of Mass.

[Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

HOW CHEERING THE THOUGHT.

G. J. WEBB.

Tune the 6th. String to F.

ANDANTE CANTABILE.

Dolce.

How cheering the thought, that the spir - - its in

Glide.

p

bliss Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this; Will leave the sweet joys of the

ad lib:

mansions a - bove, To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

Dolce.

They come, on the wings of the morning they come, Im - pa - tient to

p

lead some poor wanderer home; Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy a - bode, And

ad lib:

lay him at rest in the arms of his God.

Dolce.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

G. KINGSLEY.

ANDANTINO GRAZIOSO.

o *f* *p* *f* *p*

I would not live away, I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.

I would not live away, I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.

p

The few lucid moments that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

The few lucid moments that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

Who, who would live away a-way from his God, Away from yon heaven, that blissful a-bode!

Who, who would live away a-way from his God, Away from yon heaven, that blissful a-bode!

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains And the noontide of glory e-ternally reigns ;
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains And the noontide of glory e-ternally reigns ;

3

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

VESPER HYMN.

Now like moonlight waves re-treating, To the shore it
 Hark the vesper hymn is stealing, O'er the waters
 dies a-long; Now like angry surges meeting, Breaks the mingled tide of song, Ju-be-la-te &c.
 soft and clear; Nearer yet and nearer pealing, Now it bursts up-on the ear; Ju-be-la-te
 Hush! a-gain, like waves re-treating, To the shore it dies a-long.
 Jubelate Jubelate A-men. Far-ther now, now farther stealing, Soft it fades up-on the ear.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

G. J. WEBB.

ANDANTE CON AFFETUOSO. When the spark of life is waning, Weep not for me.

Legato. *p* *dim:*

When the languid eye is stealing, Weep not for me. When the feeble pulse is ceasing Start not at its

p *Tempo.* *ad lib:*

Call? swift decreasing 'Tis the fettered soul's releasing, Weep weep not for me.

Tempo. *Call?* *f* *Smorz:*

When the pangs of death assail me, Weep not for me, Christ is mine he

cannot fail me, Weep not for me. Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour From his love my soul to sever *Call?*

Tempo. *ad lib:* *Smorz:*

Jesus is my strength forever, Weep weep not for me.

f

MARY'S TEARS.

O. SHAW.

LARGHETTO.

Were not the sin - ful Ma - ry's tears, An off' - ring wor - thy heav'n An
 off' - ring wor - thy heav'n, When o'er the faults of former years She
 wept and was for - giv'n! She wept and was for - giv'n!

2
 When bringing every balmy sweet
 Her day of luxury stored,
 She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
 The precious perfume poured,—

3
 And wip'd them with that golden hair,
 Where once the diamond shone,
 Though now those gems of grief were there
 Which shine for God alone!

4
 Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
 Oh! would'st thou wake in heaven,
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
 "Love much," and be forgiven!

COME YE DISCONSOLATE

LARGO AFFETTUOSO.

Come ye dis-con-solate, where e'er ye
 languish Come at the mercy seat, fer-vently kneel. Here bring your wounded hearts,
 Here tell your an-guish, Earth hath no sor-row that Heaven cannot heal. Here bring your
 wounded hearts, Here tell your an-guish, Earth hath no sor-row that Heaven can-not heal.

Soprano 1st & 2^d.
 Bass.

2

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the comforter, in mercy saying
 "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure?"

GO LET ME WEEP

CON ESPRESSIONE.

p *f* *pp* *Glide.*

Leave me to sigh o'er hours o'er hours that flew, More id-ly than the summers wind, And, while they

Go let me weep there's bliss there's bliss in tears, When he who sheds them in - ly feels Some lingering

pass'd a fra - grance threw, But left no trace of sweets be - hind. The warmest sigh, that pleasure heaves

stain of ear - ly years Ef - fac'd by ev' - ry drop that steals. The fruitless showers of worldly woe

Is cold, is faint to those that swell The heart, where pure re - pentance grieves O'er hours of pleasure,

Fall dark to earth and never never rise, While tears that from re - pentance flow, In bright exhalment

lov'd too well. Leave me to sigh o'er days o'er days that flew More id - ly than the summers wind,

reach the skies. Go let me weep there's bliss there's bliss in tears, When he who sheds them in - ly feels,

And, while they pass'd a fragrance threw, But left but left no trace of sweets behind. *ad lib:*

Some lingering stain of early years Effac'd effac'd by ev' - ry drop that steals. *Glide.*

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

ADAGIO.

Since our country, our God O my sire, De - - mand that thy
daughter ex - - pire, Since thy triumph was bought with thy
vow, Strike the bo - - som that's bar'd to thee now.

Dim: *Rallen* - - - - - tan - - - - - do.

2
And of this, O my father, be sure,
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg e'er it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

3
Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent;
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free.

4
When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smil'd as I died.

THE SAFFRON TINTS OF MORN APPEAR. MOZART.

The saffron tints of morn appear, And glow across the blushing east The brilliant orb of
 day is near, To dissi-pate the ling'ring mist; And while his mantling splendors dart, Their
 ra-diance o'er the kindling skies To chase the darkness of my heart, A - rise, O God of
 light,..... a - rise, a - rise, *ad lib:*..... a - rise, a - - rise.

WESTBOROUGH.

HAYDN.

Mighty God, Eternal Father, Now we glorify thy name; Lord of all cre-a-ted na-ture,
 Thou art ev'ry creatures theme - Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! A - - men.

W. B. SCHUBERT'S

SONATA

Andante

OP. 10, No. 3

A. SCHUBERT

Handwritten musical notation on ten staves, including clefs, notes, and rests, though the ink is very faint and difficult to read.



THE WIDOW OF NAIN

WRITTEN BY

Bishop Heber

Arranged for the

GUITAR

BY

A. SCHMITZ.

Philadelphia, A. FIOT, 196 Chestnut S.^t
W. Moland S.^r

ANDANTE
AFFETUOSO.

Wake not, oh mo ther

sounds of la menta — tion, Weep not, oh wi — dow weep not hopeless — ly.

Strong is his arm, the bringer of salva — tion Strong is the word — of



God to succour thee, Strong is the word of God to succour thee.

2nd VERSE. *LENTO.*

Bring forth the cold corpse, slowly slowly bear him, Hide his pale features with the sa - ble pall;

TEMPO.

Chide not the sad one wild - ly weep - ing near him, Widowed and child - - less,
she has lost her all, Widowed and child - - less she has lost her all.

3rd VERSE. *LENTO.*

Why pause the mourners? who forbids our weeping, Who the dark pomp of sorrow has de - layed?

WITH ENERGY. *LENTO.*

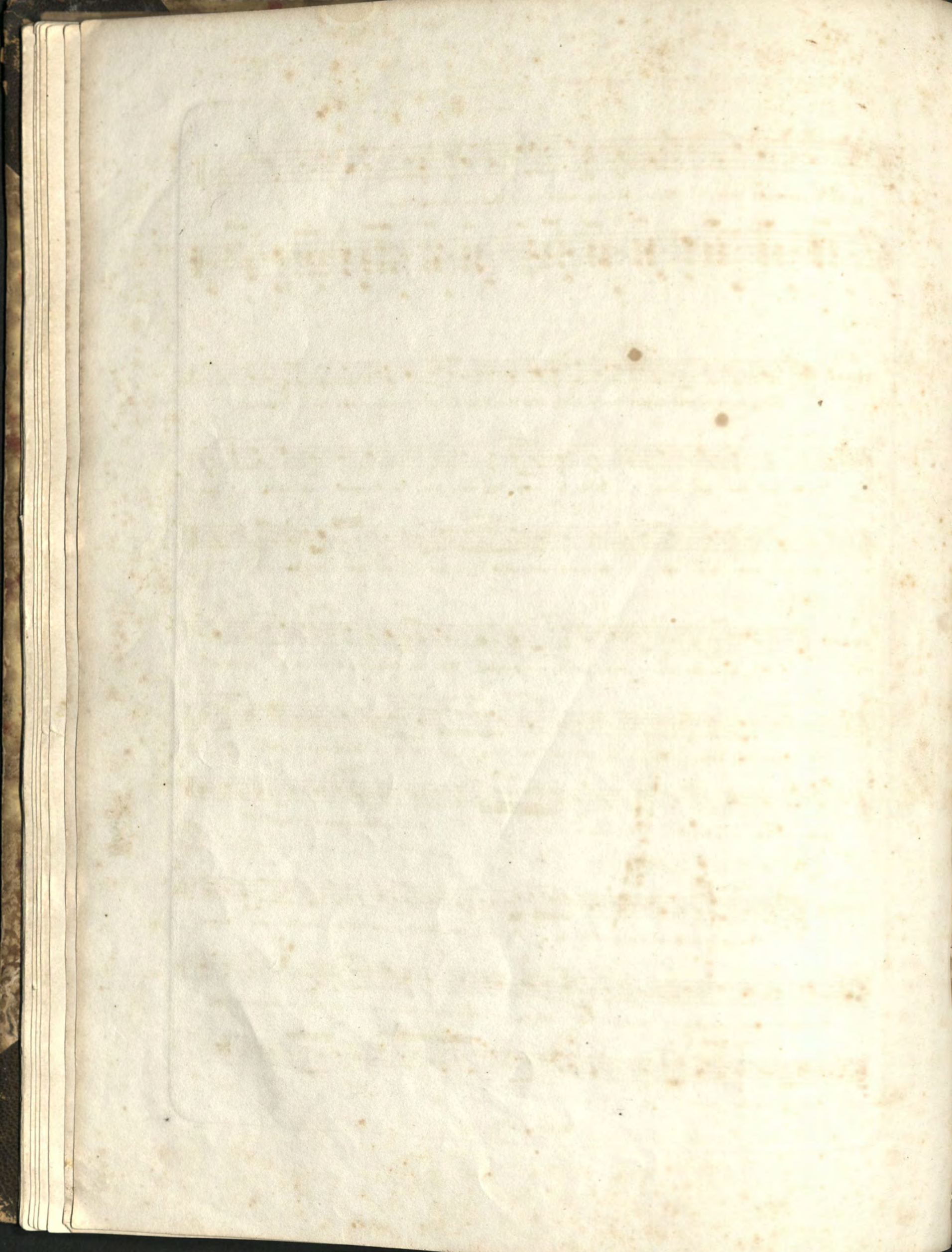
"Set down the bier, He is not dead but sleep - - - ing - - -; Young man a - rise", - He
spake and was o - beyed, Young man a - rise - - - - He spake and was o - beyed!

4th VERSE. *A LITTLE FASTER.*

Change then oh sad one! grief to ex - - ul - ta - tion, Worship and fall be - fore Messiah's knee;

AD LIB. *tr*

Strong was his arm, the bringer of sal - va - tion, Strong was the word of God to succour thee,
Strong was the word of God to suc - - - cour - - - thee.



THE BIRD AT SEA,

Arranged for the

Spanish Guitar

BY

S. CARUSI.

Words by Mrs Hemans

Melody by C. Meindoe.

Baltimore Published by Geo. Willig, Jr.

ANDANTE
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO

Bird of the green - wood! Oh!
why art thou here? Leaves dance not
o'er thee Flow - ers bloom not near;

The musical score is written for guitar and voice. It begins with a guitar introduction consisting of two staves. The first staff is marked 'ANDANTE' and the second 'QUASI ALLEGRETTO'. The introduction features a melodic line in the upper register and a rhythmic accompaniment in the lower register. The main piece follows with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is written in two staves. The lyrics are: 'Bird of the green - wood! Oh! why art thou here? Leaves dance not o'er thee Flow - ers bloom not near;'. The tempo markings 'ANDANTE', 'QUASI ALLEGRETTO', and 'ALLEGRETTO' are placed to the left of the first system. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 6/8.

2

All the sweet waters far hence, are at play— Bird of the greenwood, a way, a way A — way a — way, A way, a — way.

2.

'Midst the wild billows thy place must not be
 As midst the wavings of wild-rose and tree
 How shouldst thou battle with storm and with spray
 Bird of the greenwood away, away,
 Away, away. &c

3.

Or art thou seeking some brighter land,
 Where by the south-wind Vine-leaves are fanned?
 'Midst the wild billows why then delay?
 Bird of the greenwood away, away,
 Away, away. &c.

FOURTH VERSE.

3

"Chide not my ling - - ring where waves are

dark. A hand that has nurs'd me,

is in the bark A heart that hath cherished thro'

winters long day - So I turn from the greenwood A - way, away, a -

way, a - way, a - way, a - way!"

slen e smorz

THE
SPANISH
MEXICAN



THE BRAVE OLD OAK

as Sung by

Mr. Russell

The Music by

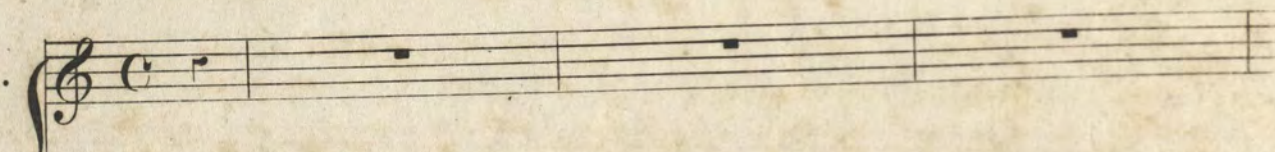
E. J. Boder. ARRANGED FOR THE


SPANISH GUITAR

by

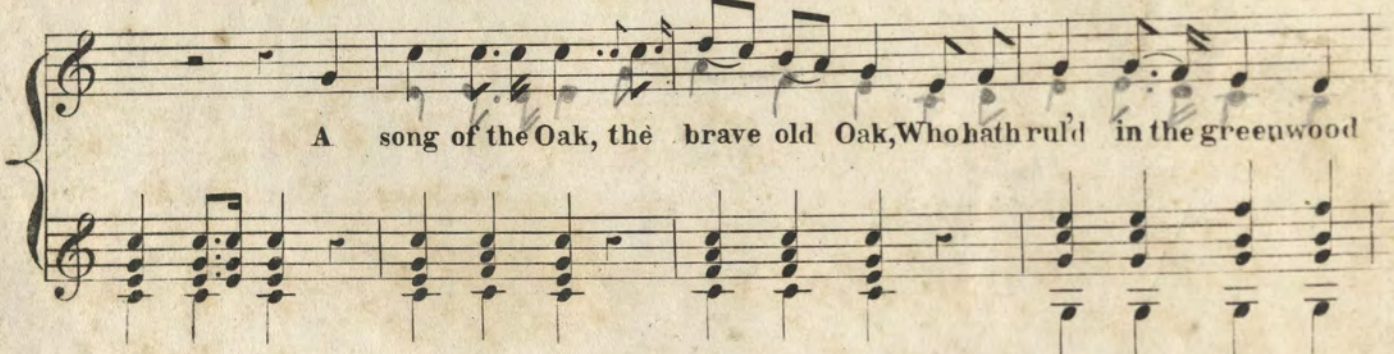
EDWARD FEHRMAN.

NEW YORK, Published by JAMES L. HEWITT & Co. 239 Broadway.

VOICE. 

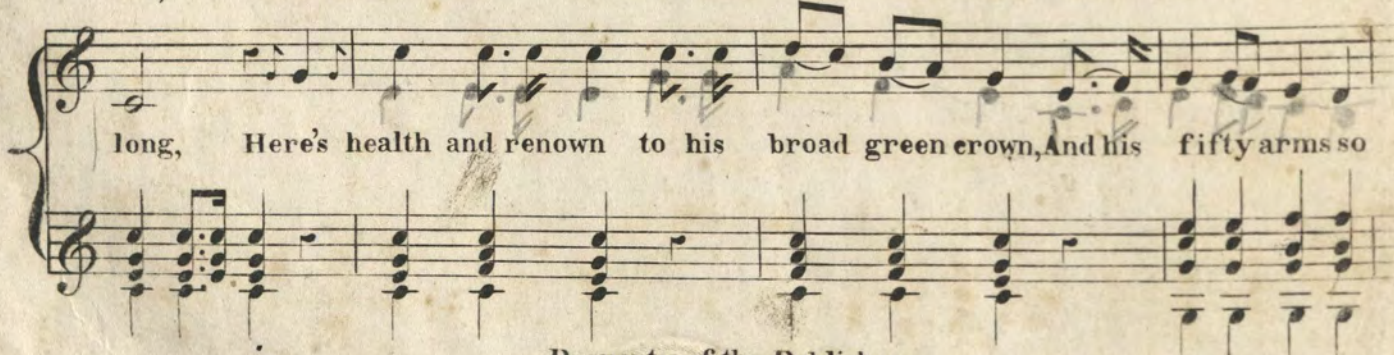
GUITAR. 

He saw the rare times, when the christ-mas chimes Were a mer-ry sound to



A song of the Oak, the brave old Oak, Who hath ruld in the greenwood

hear, And the squire's wide hall and the Cot-tage small Were full of American



long, Here's health and renown to his broad green crown, And his fifty arms so

Property of the Publishers.



cheer And all the day to the rebeck gay, They frolicked with lovesome

strong! There is fear in his frown When the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades.

swains They are gone, they are dead, In the church yard laid, But the tree he still re-

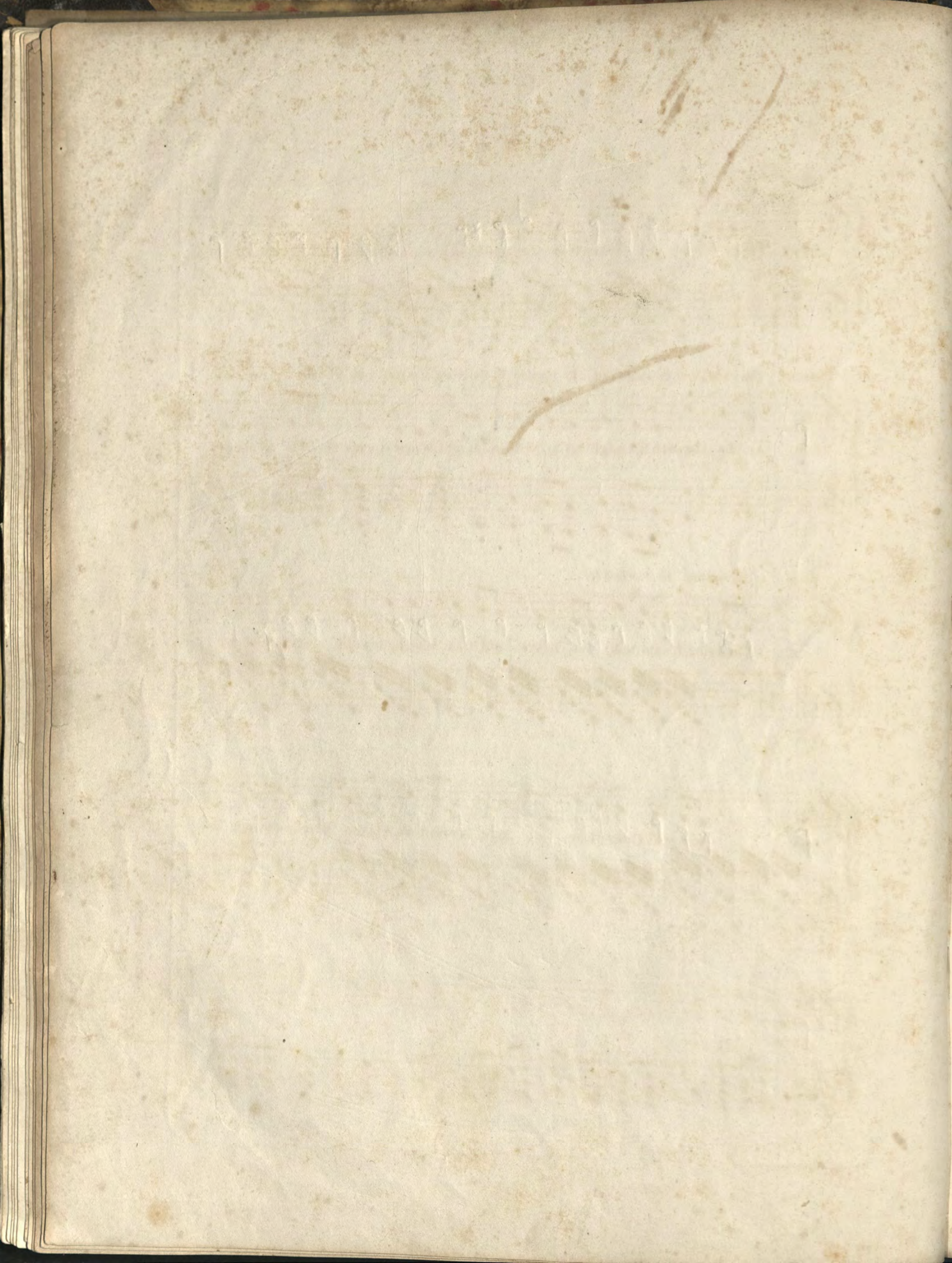
out, And he sheweth his might on a wild midnight, When storms thro' his branches

mains Then sing to the oak &c.

shout Then sing to the oak the brave old Oak, Who hath ruld in this land so

long And still flourish he a hale greentree, When a hundred years are

gone.



COME BRAVE WITH ME THE SEA, LOVE,

from Bellini's Opera

J PURITANI

Arranged for the

Guitar

by

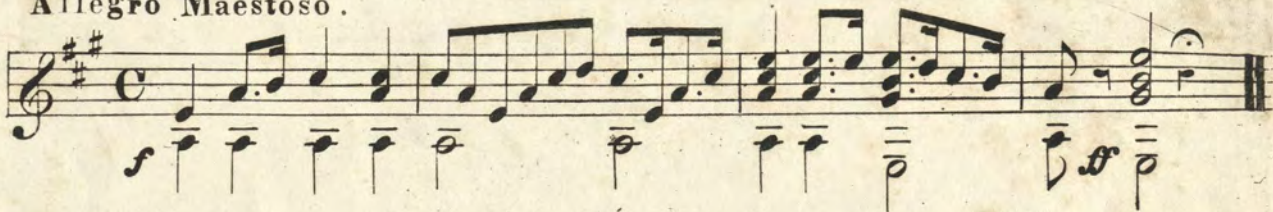
L. MEIGNEN.

Pr. 37 1/2 Ct.

Philadelphia, A. FIOT, N^o 196 Chestnut S^t

Allegro Maestoso.

GUITAR.



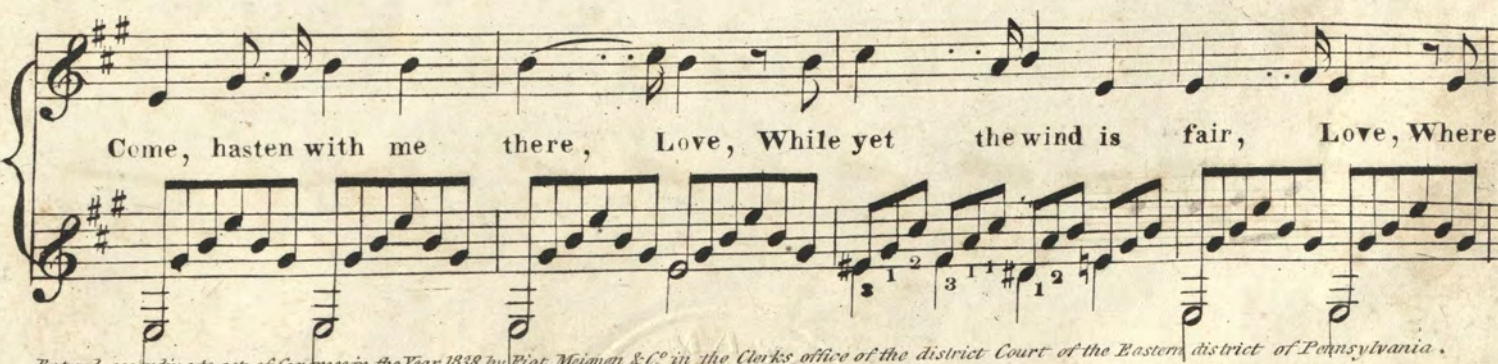
Introduction for guitar, consisting of a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a single line, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, and a final quarter note G4. The bass line consists of a series of chords: G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, and G2-B2-D2.



First system of vocal and guitar notation. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "Come, brave with me the sea, Love, The em- pire of the free; Love,". The guitar accompaniment is on a second staff with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. It features a series of chords: G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, and G2-B2-D2. The first measure of the guitar accompaniment is marked with a piano (p) dynamic.



Second system of vocal and guitar notation. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "There shalt thou dwell with me, Love, My bless- - - ing and my pride." The guitar accompaniment is on a second staff with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. It features a series of chords: G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, and G2-B2-D2.



Third system of vocal and guitar notation. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "Come, hasten with me there, Love, While yet the wind is fair, Love, Where". The guitar accompaniment is on a second staff with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. It features a series of chords: G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2, and G2-B2-D2. The final measure of the guitar accompaniment includes fingering numbers: 3 1 2, 3 1 1, 1 2.

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1838 by Fiot, Meigen & Co in the Clerks office of the district Court of the Eastern district of Pennsylvania.



spark - ling billows foam, Love, Where fate may bid us roam, Love! My

ship shall be thy home, Love, And thou a sailor's bride. Tho' fair the

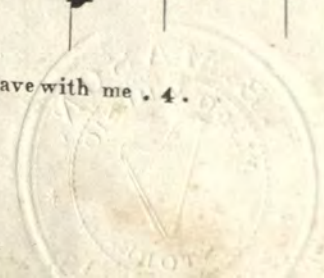
p *f*

earth may be, Love, It is not like the sea, Love; Where soars the spi - rit

free, Love, As on its breast we rise; Where soars the

spi - rit free, As on its breast we rise.

Come brave with me . 4 .



Dwell then with me there, Love,

Come while the wind is fair, Love; With me all dan - gers

dare, Love, As should a sailor's bridè.

Come, brave with me the sea, Love; Leave the green earth for

me, Love; Come while the wind is fair, Love, And

with me dan - gers share, oh! my Love! With me , all dangers dare, Love, As

should a sailor's bride . Oh! dwell then with me there, Love ;

Come while the wind be fair, Love ; With me all dan - - - gers

dare, As should a sai - - - lor's

bride .



WE CAN LOVE NO MORE
Ballad

Written by the Authoriss of

WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER

Adapted to a German Melody

Arranged for the

Spanish Guitar

BY

F. WELLAND.

Philadelphia, George Willig III Chesnut S^t

For sale by John P. Beile, Charleston, S. C.

Musical 3^d

Andante.

Guitar.

Fare thee well! we meet no more, For 'tis my bit - ter
fate Not on - ly to out - live thy love But to in - cur thy
hate; Yet tear of mine shall ne - vertell My bo - som's in - most woe.

Entered according to Act of Congress by G Willig in the Year 1829 at the Clerks Office in and for the Eastern District of Penn^a.

Deep in my heart I'll hush my sighs And none my grief shall know.

mf

3d Verse. Have borne will bear to the last, nor murmur at my lot, The

If in secret I may mourn The bright hopes now o'er thrown, I'll

pp time will come thou would'st give worlds The past should be for-got; No more the days of

wear a smile when friends are nigh, And weep my tears a-lone Look back up-on our

joy are gone, And fled the smile I wore. Thy heart is sear'd and

hap-pier years And all thy vows to love! Then ask thy heart have

mine is chill'd for we can love no more.

I deserv'd The wrongs I've borne from thee.

mf

We can love

276

ROME! THOU ART NO MORE ROMAN GIRL'S SONG

Written by
(Mrs. Hemans.)

Arranged for the
PUPIL
BY
(F. Weiland.)

Philadelphia A. PIOT 196 Chestnut St.
New York W. DUBOIS 515 Broadway.

MODERATO.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass line includes fingering numbers (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) and a '5 pos.' marking. The melody in the treble clef features eighth and sixteenth notes with accents.

Musical notation for the first line of the song. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Rome, Rome! thou art no more As thou hast been!". The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern.

Musical notation for the second line of the song. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "On thy sev'n hills of yore Thou satst a Queen.". The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef, continuing the eighth-note pattern from the previous line.



Thou hadst thy triumphs then Purpling the street, Princes and

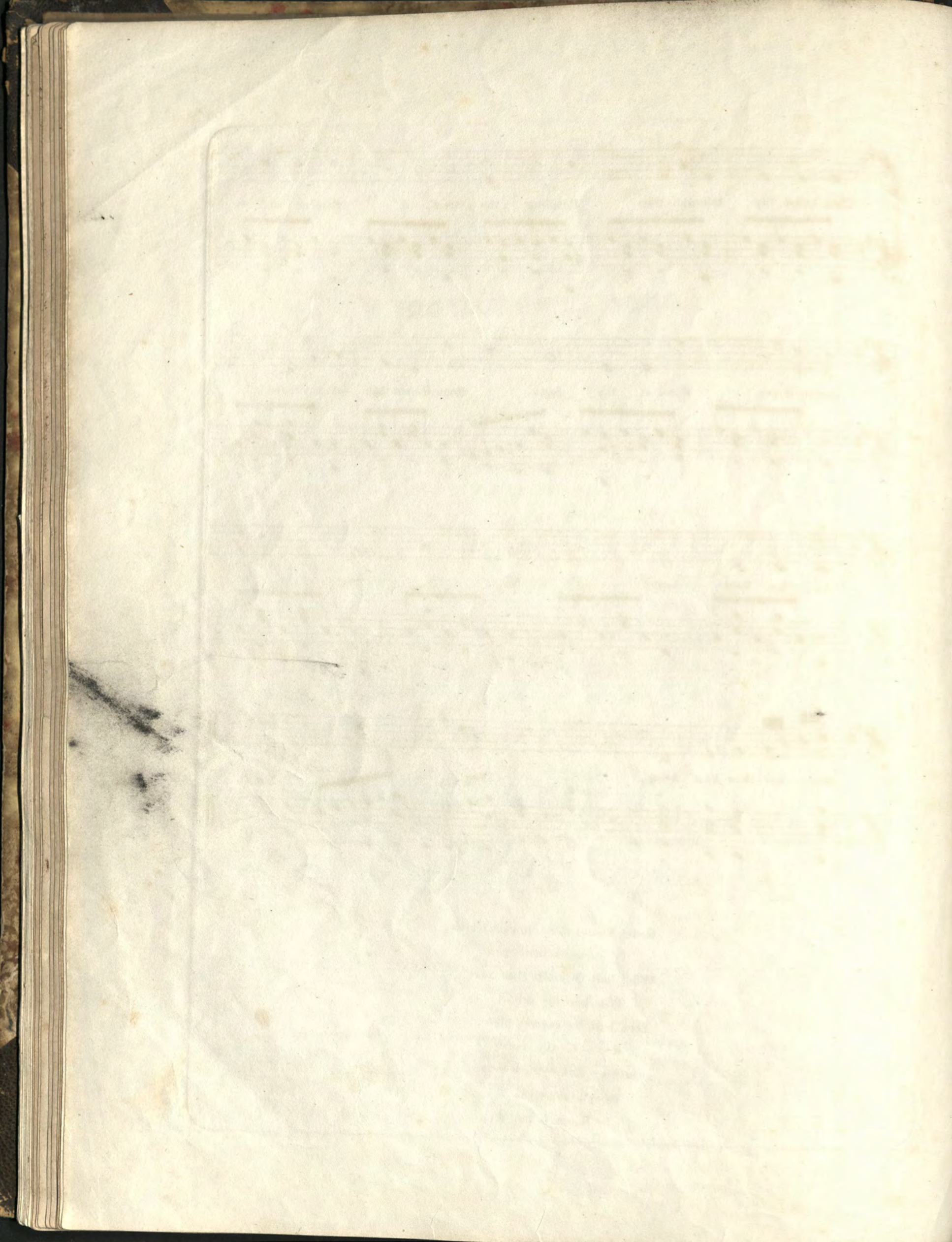
scepter'd men Bow'd at thy feet. Rome, Rome! thou art no more

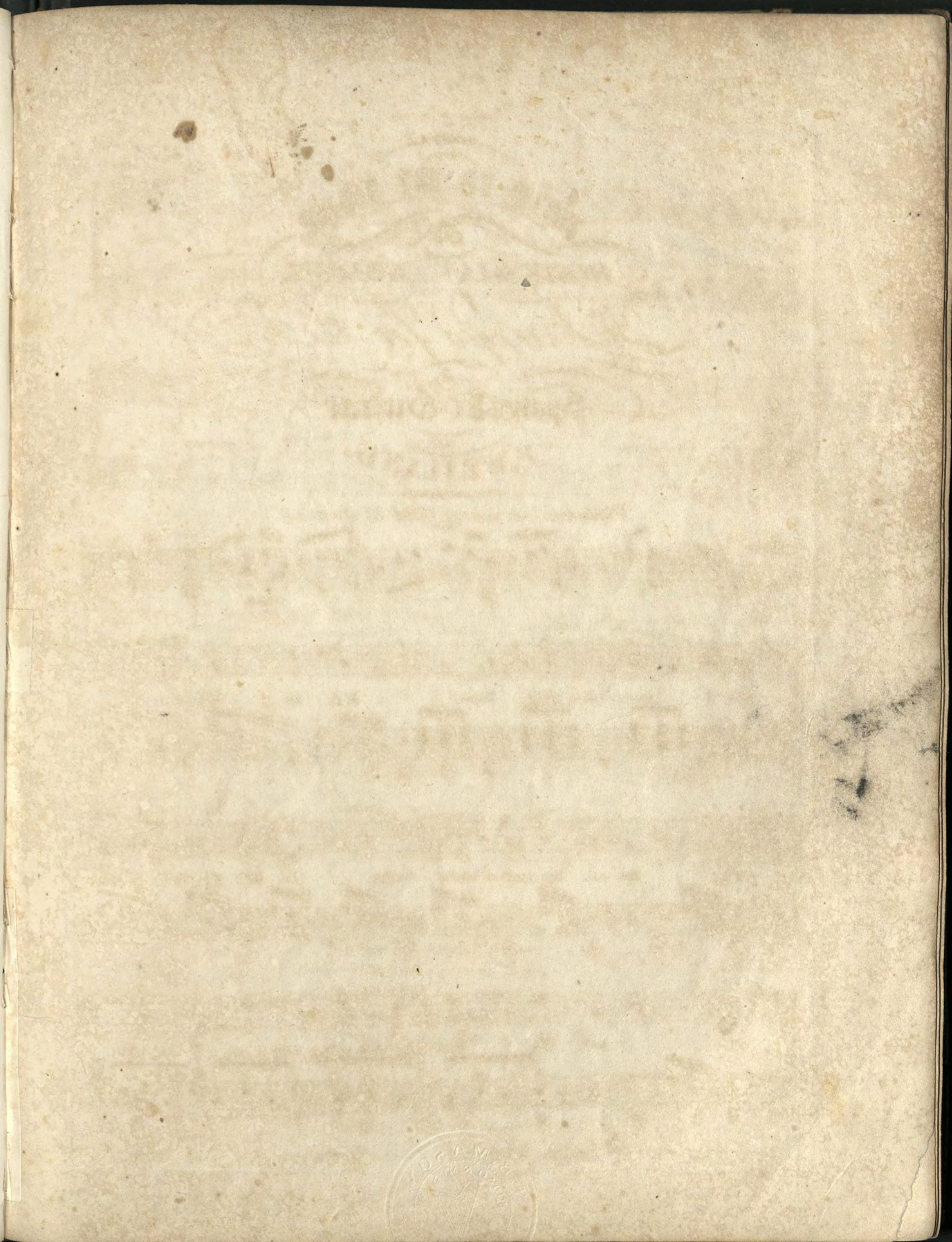
As thou hast been! No, no, no

more as thou hast been.

7 pos. 2 pos. fz

Rome, Rome! thine Imperial brow,
 Never more shall rise:
 What hast thou left thee now?
 Thou hast thy skies!
 Thou hast the sunset's glow,
 Rome! for thy dower
 Flushing dark cypress bough,
 Temple and tower.
 Rome, Rome! &c.





ERIN IS MY HOME
si
 BOHEMIAN MELODY,
 Arranged for the
 Spanish Guitar
 BY
 F. WETLAND.

Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chesnut St.

Andante
 Espressivo.

ritard.

Oh! I have roam'd in many lands; And ma - - ny friends I've

met; No one fair scene or kindly smile, Can this fond heart for - -

get; But I'll confess that I'm con - tent, No

more I wish to roam; Oh! steer my bark to Erin's

Isle For E - - rin is my home, Oh!

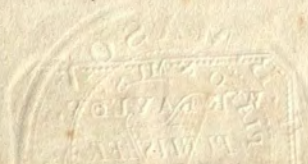
steer my bark to Erin's Isle For E - - rin is my

home.

2

If England were my place of birth,
 I'd love her tranquil shore;
 And If Columbia were my home,
 Her freedom I'd adore:
 Tho' pleasant days in both I pass,
 I dream of days to come;
 Oh steer my bark to Erin's Isle,
 For Erin is my home,
 Oh steer my bark to Erin's Isle,
 For Erin is my home.

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HARVARD UNIVERSITY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



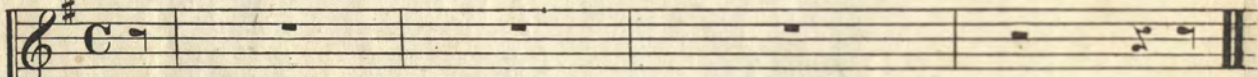
THE EVENING GUN

(A Favorite Song)

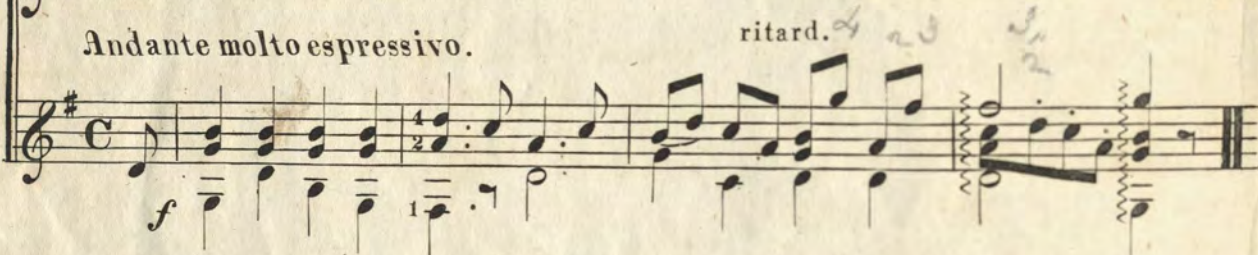
Arranged for the
SPANISH GUITAR

BY
Francis Weiland.

Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chesnut St.
W. Nolan St.

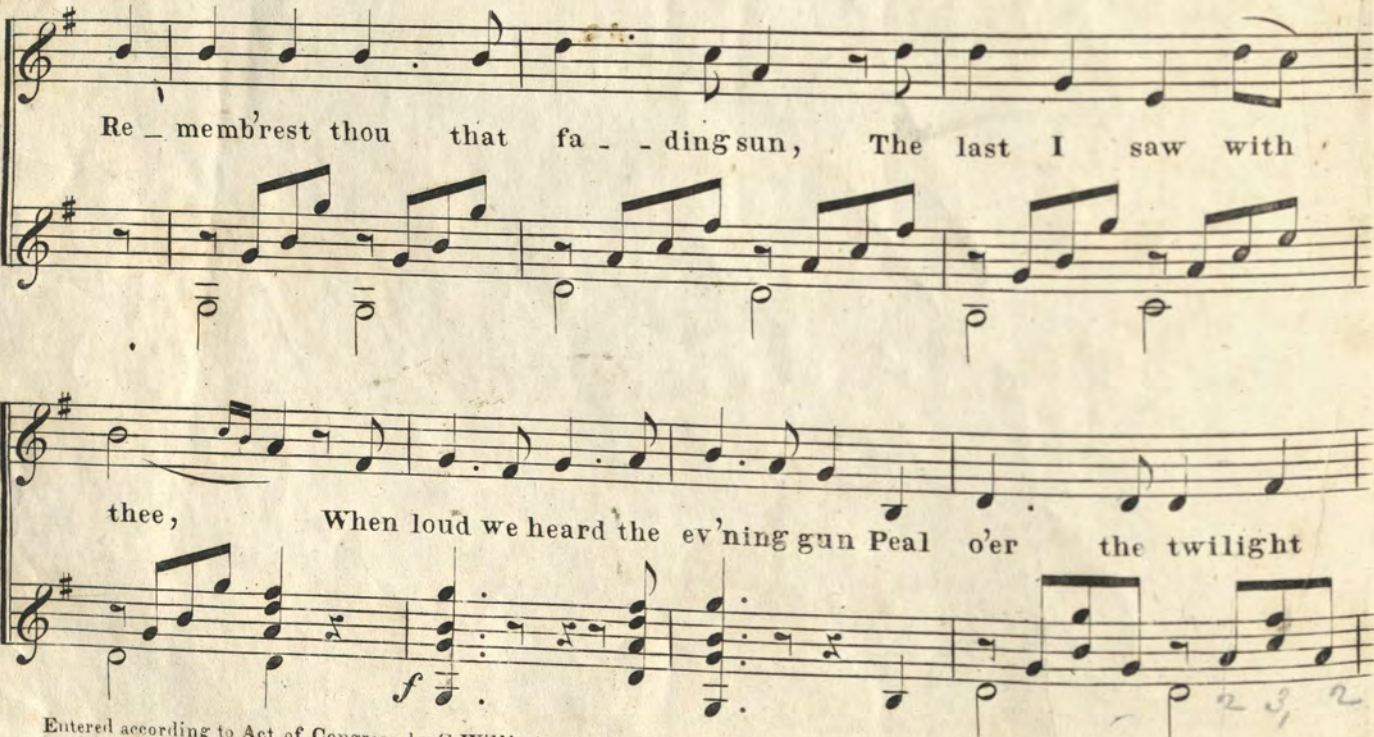
Voce. 

Andante molto espressivo. ritard. *2 3 2 3*

Guitar. 

Re - memb'rest thou that fa - - ding sun, The last I saw with

thee, When loud we heard the ev'ning gun Peal o'er the twilight



Entered according to Act of Congress by G. Willig in the Year 1840 at the Clerk's Office in and for the Eastern District of Penn^a.



dolce diminuendo.

sea The sound ap-pear'd to sweep Far

o'er the verge of day, Till in-to realms be-yond the deep, They

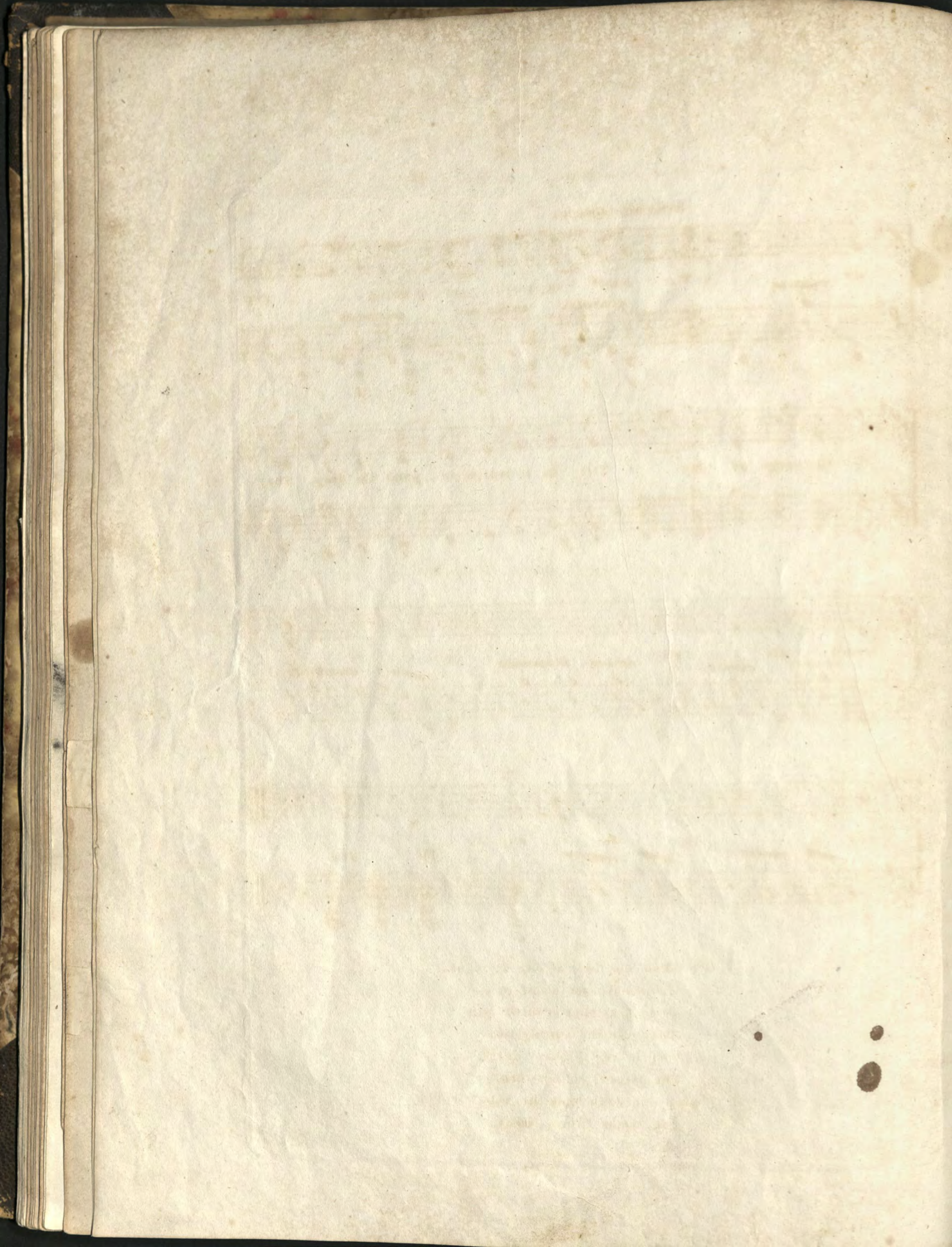
seem'd to die a - - way die a - -

- way die a - way.

pp *dim*

Oft when the toils of day are done,
In pensive dreams of thee,
I sit to hear that evening gun
Peal o'er the stormy sea;
And while o'er billows curl'd,
The distant sounds decay,
I weep and wish from this rough world,
Like them to die away.

Evening gun, Guitar.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607



THERE WAS A TIME
BALLAD

Adapted to a Favorite Melody, in Bellini's

NORMA.

Arranged for the

GUITAR

BY

F. Weiland.

Philadelphia, A. F. T. O. T., 196 Chesnut St.

MODERATO.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

Second system of musical notation with lyrics: "There was a time when in a trance My ve...ry soul seem'd". The treble staff contains the melody and the bass staff contains the accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation with lyrics: "bound, When love, caught from thy star-light glance, Turn'd earth to fai...ry". The treble staff contains the melody and the bass staff contains the accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation with lyrics: "ground. When hours flew by on ro...sy wings, We did not woo their". The treble staff contains the melody and the bass staff contains the accompaniment.



stay, Nor weep their loss, for bright-er things Came

Ritard? a Tempo.

ev'-ry new born day.

2nd VERSE. There was a time, the ti-mid blush, The low sweet faltering tone, Thy

3rd VERSE. There was a time, thou wert to me As dew is to the flow-er; As

gentle eyes, the tear's soft gush That flow'd for me a-lone; The
moonlight to the sum-mer sea, As fra-grance to the bower; Those

smile of wel-come when I came, The sigh to see me part, All
drea my times are o-ver now So cold so chang'd thou art! And

outward tokens told my name Was writ-ten on thy heart.
clouds have gather'd on my brow, And sha-dows on my heart.

THERE WAS A TIME
BALLAD

Adapted to a Favorite Melody, in Bellini's

NORMA.

Arranged for the

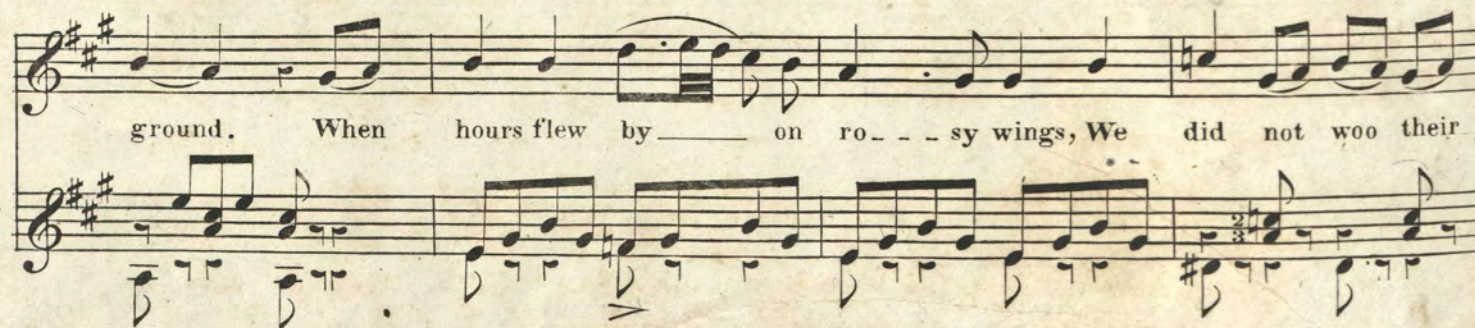
GUITAR

BY

F. Weiland.

Philadelphia, A. F. LOT, 196 Chestnut St.

MODERATO.



stay, Nor weep their loss, for bright-er things Came

Ritardº a Tempo.

ev'-ry new born day.

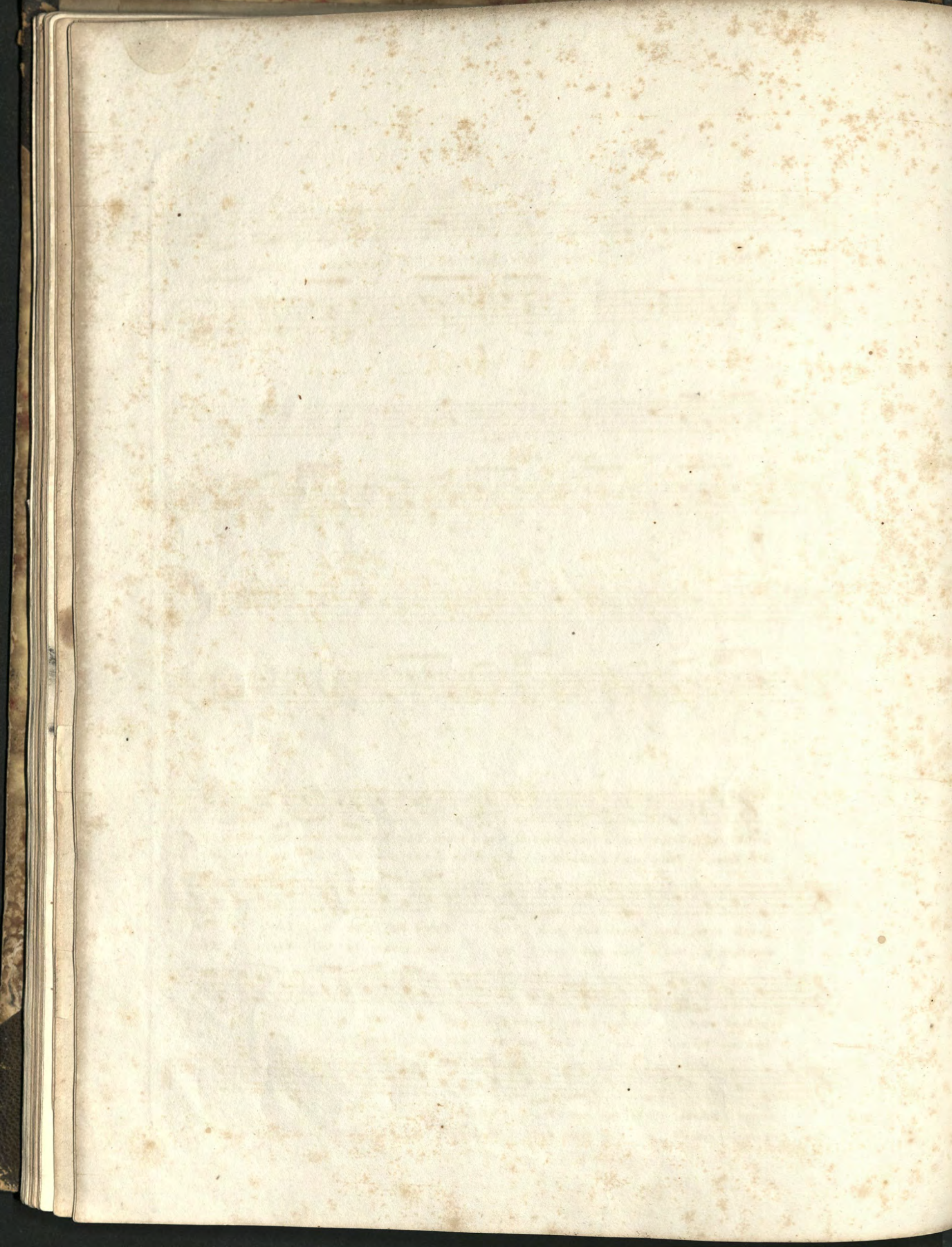
2nd VERSE. There was a time, the ti - mid blush, The low sweet faltering tone, Thy

3rd VERSE. There was a time, thou wert to me As dew is to the flow - er; As

gentle eyes, the tear's soft gush That flow'd for me a - - lone; The
moonlight to the sum-mer sea, As fra - - grance to the bower; Those

smile of wel - - come when I came, The sigh to see me part, All
drea my times are o - ver now So cold so chang'd thou art! And

outward tokens told my name Was writ-ten on thy heart.
clouds have gather'd on my brow, And sha - dows on my heart.



I LOVE THE FREE

ARRANGED FOR THE

Guitar

By

JAMES FLINT.

Words by
Eliza Cook

Music by
Henry Russell

25 Cts. nett.

Boston GEO. P. REED 17 Tremont Row.

Con
molto
Anima.

The first part of the guitar accompaniment consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Con molto Anima'. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The second staff continues the melodic line. The third staff includes dynamic markings: 'p' (piano) at the beginning, 'Cres' (crescendo) indicated by a dashed line, and 'ff' (fortissimo) at the end.

The first part of the lyrics is set to a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are: "The wild streams leap with headlong sweep, In their curbless course o'er the mountain steep, All fresh and strong they foam a long,"

The second part of the lyrics continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are: "mountain steep, All fresh and strong they foam a long,"



Waking the rocks with their cat'raet song, My eye bears a glance like the

beam on a lance, While I watch the waters dash and dance, I burn with glee.

for I love to see The path of any

thing that's free, I love, I love, Oh I love the free, I love I love the

free, I love, I love, Oh I love the free, I



ad lib:

love, I love, I love the free.

The Sky lark springs with dew on its wings And

up in the arch heav'n he sings, Tril la tril la Oh sweeter far Than the

notes that come thro' a gold...en bar, The joy...ous bay of a

hound at play The caw of a rook on its home...ward way Oh these shall be...

the mu... sic for me... For I love... I love the

path of the free I love I love Oh I love the free I love... I love the

free I love I love Oh I love the free I love I love I love the

free.

3

The mariner brave in his bark on the wave,
 May laugh at the walls round a kingly slave;
 And the one whose lot is the desert spot,
 Has no dread of an envious foe in his cot;
 The thrall and state at the palace gate,
 Are what my spirit has learnt to hate;
 I burn with glee, for I love to see,
 The path of any thing that's free.
 I love, I love, &c.

No. 10 of the Euterpeiad copy right secured.

THE SEA,

The Poetry by

BARRY CORNWALL ESQ.

The Music by

BARON NEUKOMM;

Arranged for the

SPANISH GUITAR

— BY —

Leopold Maignen.

A. FIOT, Philadelphia.

ALLEGRO
★

The Sea, The Sea, The o — pen Sea! The blue, the fresh, the

ev — er free, the ever ev — er free! Without a

mark, without a bound, It runneth the earth's wide re — gions round, It



plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies, Or like a cradled

creature lies, Or like a cradled creature lies. I'm on the Sea!

I'm on the Sea! I am where I would ever be, With the blue above, and the

blue below, And silence where-so e'er I go. If a storm should

come, and a wake the deep, What matter? what matter?

3

I shall ride and sleep, What matter? what matter? I shall ride and

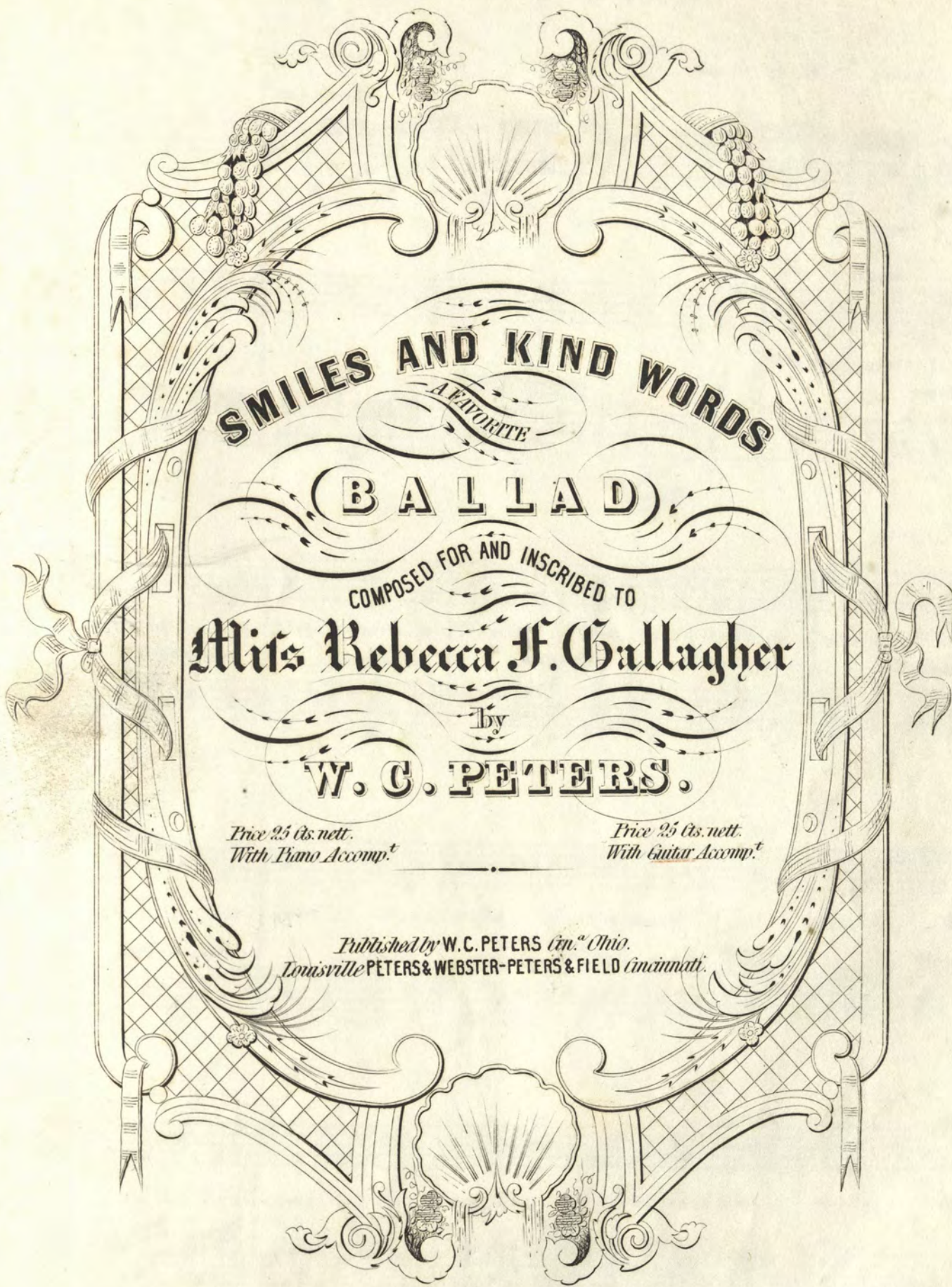
sleep.

2

I love, O how I love to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide.
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the sou' west blast doth blow!
 I never was on the dull tame shore
 But I loved the great sea more and more,
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
 And a mother she was and is to me,
 For I was born on the open sea.

3

The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born;
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild
 As welcomed to life the Ocean child.
 I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a rover's life,
 With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
 But never have sought or sighed for change;
 And death, whenever he come to me,
 Shall come on the wide unbounding sea.



SMILES AND KIND WORDS

A FAVORITE

BALLAD

COMPOSED FOR AND INSCRIBED TO

Mrs Rebecca F. Gallagher

by

W. C. PETERS.

Price 25 Cts. nett.
With Piano Accomp.^t

Price 25 Cts. nett.
With Guitar Accomp.^t

Published by W. C. PETERS *cin.^o Ohio.*
Louisville PETERS & WEBSTER-PETERS & FIELD *Cincinnati.*

WALKER AND KIRD BROS.

WALKER

This is a receipt for the sum of

W. J. WALKER

SMILES AND KIND WORDS.

Arranged for the Guitar.

Music by W. C. Peters.

ANDANTE *
Lusingando.

Con passione.

When the heart is de-

jected and plea-...sure is flown; When pass'd the bright moments, so

fond...ly our own; When still'd is the music of nature and

birds, How sweet to the bosom are smiles and kind words; How

ad lib.

sweet to the bosom, Are smiles and kind words.

When the

fond heart is breaking in burn...ing des...pair; While

cloth'd in broad sack cloth are skies that are fair: Oh!

save e'er it per...ish the sor...row...ful mind By

smiles that are pleasant and words that are kind: By

smiles that are pleasant and words that are kind. *ad lib.*

THIRD VERSE

I have been to the palace of the rich and the gay, Where the

syrens of pleasure chase sorrow a way; But never, no

never such joys have I seen, As gush from the bosom, where

kind words have been, As gush from the bosom, where kind words have been.

kind words have been, As gush from the bosom, where kind words have been.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, including a treble clef, a key signature, and several measures of music with notes and rests.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, including a treble clef, a key signature, and several measures of music with notes and rests.

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Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, including a treble clef, a key signature, and several measures of music with notes and rests.

OH! NO, WE NEVER TALK IN FRENCH

Oh! Song

The Words by
MISS LESLIE,

Arranged for
The Guitar by
R. WELAND.

Philadelphia **A. PIOT** 196 Chestnut St.
New York **W. DUBOIS** 235 Broadway.

MODERATO.

Oh! no, we ne-ver

talk in French, Its sound no more is heard, Our lips are now for-

- bid to speak The smallest for- eign word: I cannot say "Mon cher a-

- mi, Com-ment vous portez vous?" Nor he reply "Très bien mon ange" Oh!

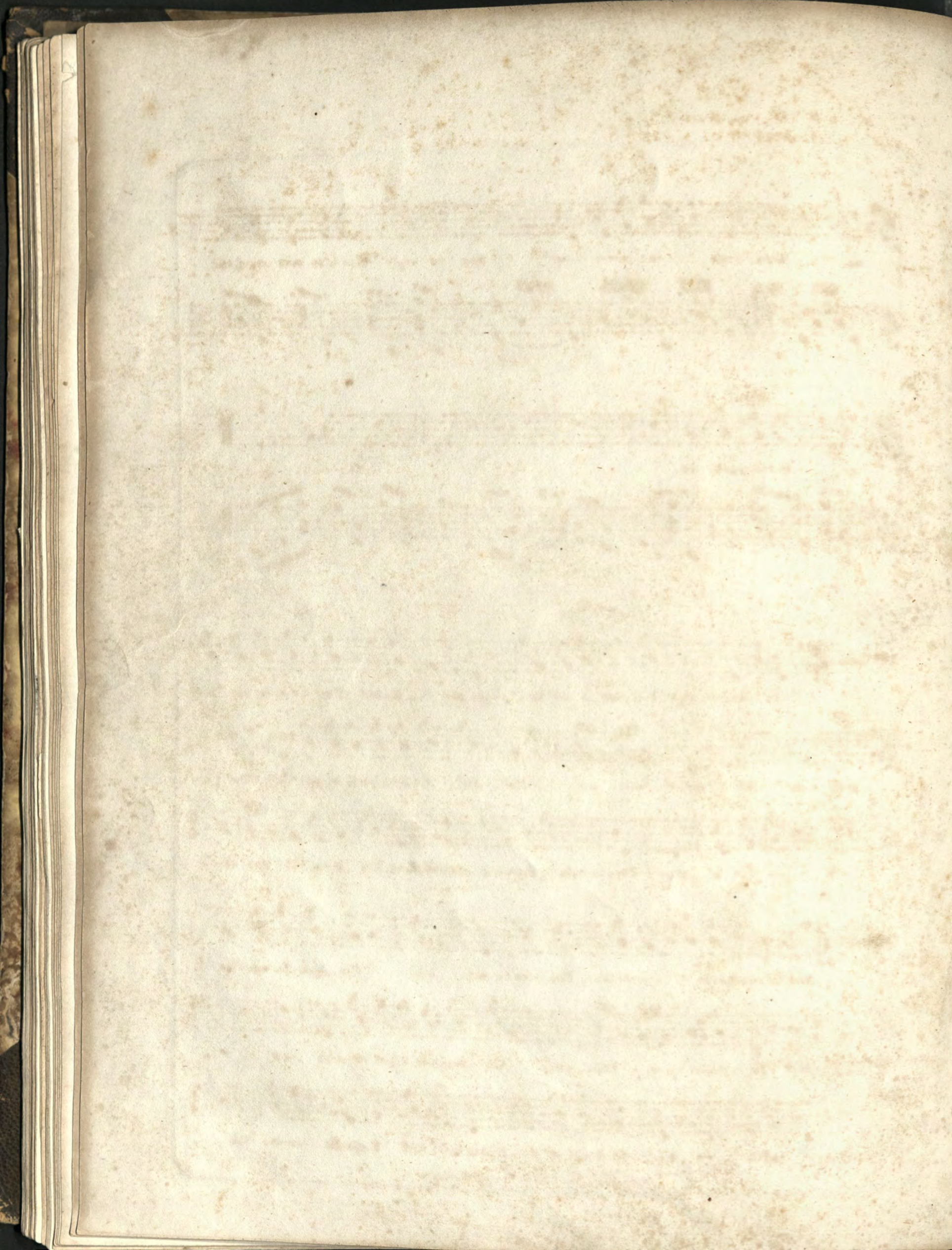
no, It would not do.

2nd Verse.

I dare not sigh "Pen-sez à moi" Or "Soyez moi fi-dè-le;" Nor can he say "Tou-jours à toi" Or "au re-voir ma-belle" And if "Ne m'oubli-ez pas" slips out, (As 'twill ere I'm a-ware) They're talking French! is sream'd about, Ere I can add "Mon cher."

3rd Verse.

And "m'aimez vous" I never hear, Nor dare he ever say "Jus-qu'à la mort" so much we fear To parler en Fran-çais. All ears are o-pen when he sits Be-side me, after tea, Lest he should say "Ac-ceptez moi?" And I should answer "Oui."



I'LL WATCH FOR THEE,

a favourite

SONG

Arranged for the

Spanish Guitar

by

J. A. STILL.

Philadelphia, Kretschmar & Nunns N^o 70 S^e Third & 196 Chesnut S^{ts}

E. Gillingham

with feeling
but not
too slow.

I'll watch for thee from my lone-ly bow'r, Come o'er the Sea at the twilight

hour; Come when the day passes a — — way, Come when the

Nightingale sings on the tree; Come and re-move, doubts of my

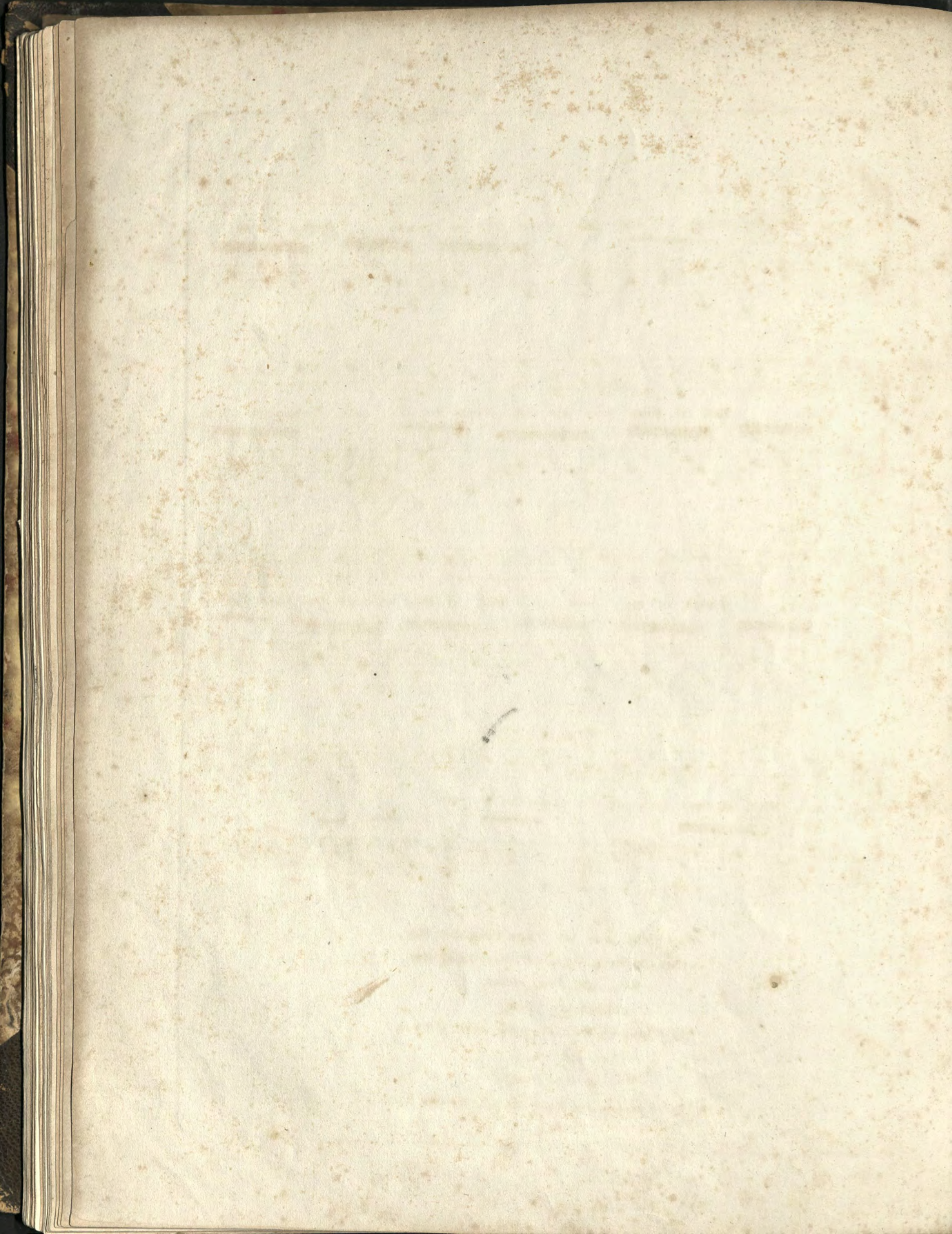
love, But if thou lov'st me not Come not to me, Come and re-

- move, doubts of my love, But if thou lov'st me not Come not to

me; But if thou lov'st me not Come not to me. *ad lib.*

2.

Why didst thou say I was brighter far
 Than the bright ray of the ev'ning star,
 Why didst thou come,
 Seeking my home,
 Till I believ'd that thy vows were sincere;
 Oh! if thy vow,
 Wearies thee now,
 Tho' I may weep for thee never come here.
 I'll watch for thee.





THE HAUNTED SPRING

from the Songs of the

Legends & Traditions

IRELAND

Arranged for the

GUITAR

BY

L. MEIGNEN.

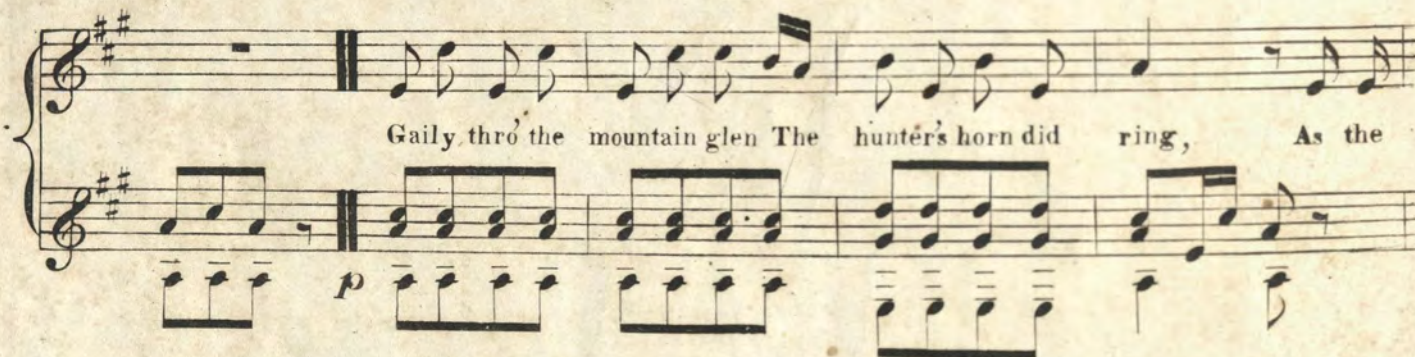
Philadelphia, A. FLOT. N°196 Chesnut St.

Allegro.

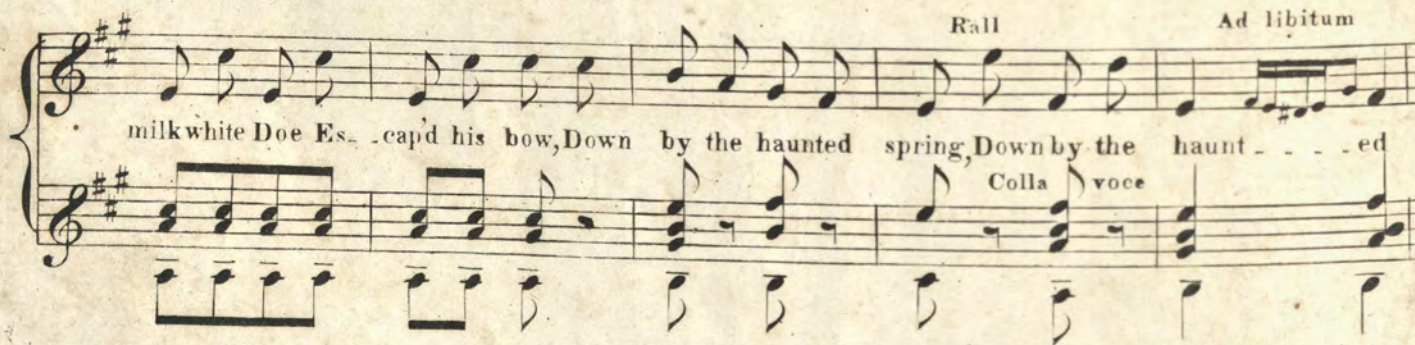
GUITAR:



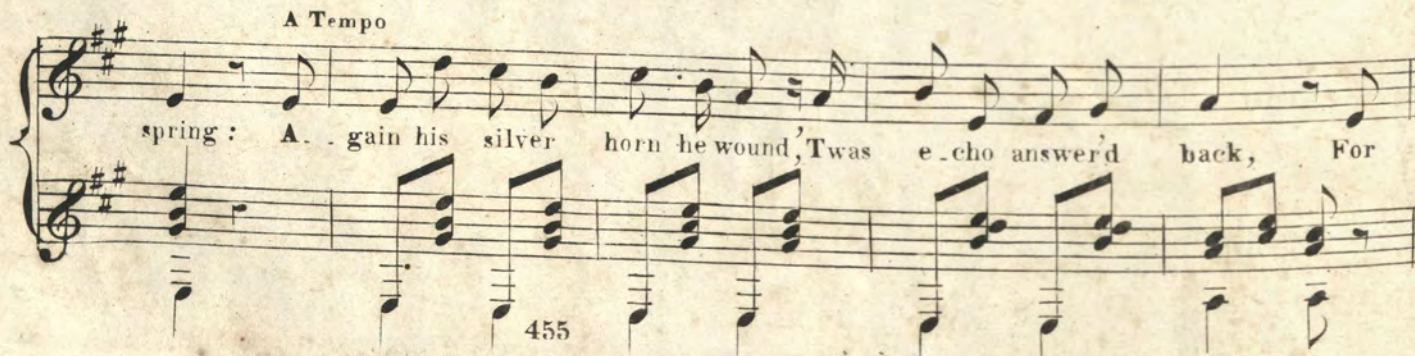
Musical notation for the guitar introduction, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (D major), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with a 'mf' dynamic marking.



First system of musical notation, including a vocal line and a guitar accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Gaily thro' the mountain glen The hunters' horn did ring, As the". The guitar accompaniment is marked with a piano 'p' dynamic.



Second system of musical notation, including a vocal line and a guitar accompaniment line. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "milkwhite Doe Escap'd his bow, Down by the haunted spring, Down by the haunt - - - ed". The guitar accompaniment includes markings for "Rall" and "Ad libitum".



Third system of musical notation, including a vocal line and a guitar accompaniment line. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "spring: A - gain his silver horn he wound, 'Twas e - cho answer'd back, For". The guitar accompaniment is marked with "A Tempo".



neither groon nor baying hound Was on the hunter's track; In vain he sought the

milkwhite doe That made him stray and 'scap'd his bow, For, save himself, no living thing Was

by the silent haunted spring, by the silent haunted spring.

Ad libitum

Second Verse.

The purple hearthbells blooming fair Their fragrance round did fling, As the hunter lay, At
close of day, Beside the haunted spring, Beside the haunted spring. A Lady fair in robe of white, To greet the hunter
came, She kiss'd a cup with jewels bright, And pledg'd him by his name "Oh! Lady fair" the hunter cried, Bethou my lovely
blooming bride, A bride that well might grace a king, Fair lady of the haunted spring, Fair lady of the haunted spring.

Third Verse.

In the Fountain clear she stoop'd And forth she drew a ring; And that bold knight, His faith did plight Be-
side the haunted spring, 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, With in the hills so green: But still the milkwhite doe appears, And wakes the peasant's
evening fears While distant bugles faintly ring, A round the lonely haunted spring, A round the lonely haunted spring.

The haunted spring 2



No 49 of the Euterpeiad - Copy right secured.

MY OWN ONE!

Arranged for the

GUITAR

by

L. MEIGNEN.

Philadelphia, Fiot, Meignen & Co 217 Chesnut St.

E Gillingham.

GUITAR.



gen_tle smile, And thy bright eye's si_lent spell; Oh! what is this cold

world to us, 'Mid such a fate as ours? A sha_dow o'er love's

sunny path, A blight on fancy's flow'rs.

My own one! My own one!
 When I woo'd with song and vow,
 Though thy beauty woke my spirits pride,
 Thou wert not so dear as now.
 I lov'd thee then, that others prais'd
 The charms which I had won;
 But now, when they forget to gaze,
 'Tis for thyself alone!

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.

My own one. (2)



Mary Gray

A BALLAD

Adapted to the Popular Air

Lucy Neal.

Written by

T. DUNN ENGLISH ESQ.

Arranged for the

GUITAR
BY
FRANCIS WEILAND.

Philadelphia A. FLOT 196 Chestnut S.
New York W. DUBOIS 345 Broadway.

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1844 by A. FLOT in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Penna.

AFETTUOSO.

The tangled briar creep-eth, It
hath for many a day, Up - - on the grave where sleepeth Fondly
cherish'd Mary Gray. My cherish'd Mary Gray, My cherish'd Mary

3 pos.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for guitar, consisting of a vocal line and a guitar accompaniment line. The music is in 2/4 time and the key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo/mood is marked 'AFETTUOSO'. The score begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'The tangled briar creep-eth, It hath for many a day, Up - - on the grave where sleepeth Fondly cherish'd Mary Gray. My cherish'd Mary Gray, My cherish'd Mary'. The score ends with a '3 pos.' (triple position) marking. There are some handwritten annotations in the guitar line, including '1', '2', and '3' near the end of the first line, and '2/3' and '1' near the end of the last line.



Gray, How quiet - -ly she sleepeth there, My cherish'd Mary Gray.

2

The little birds they love it, -
 They will not keep away;
 But sadly sing above it;
 For they mourn my Mary Gray.
 They mourn my Mary Gray, -
 They mourn my Mary Gray, -
 For she was kind to ev'ry thing, -
 My gentle Mary Gray.

3

Her heart and mine together
 Were knit like ray to ray.
 All time had summer weather
 While I knew my Mary Gray.
 I knew my Mary Gray, -
 I knew my Mary Gray, -
 Sweet blossoms grew before her steps, -
 My lovely Mary Gray.

4

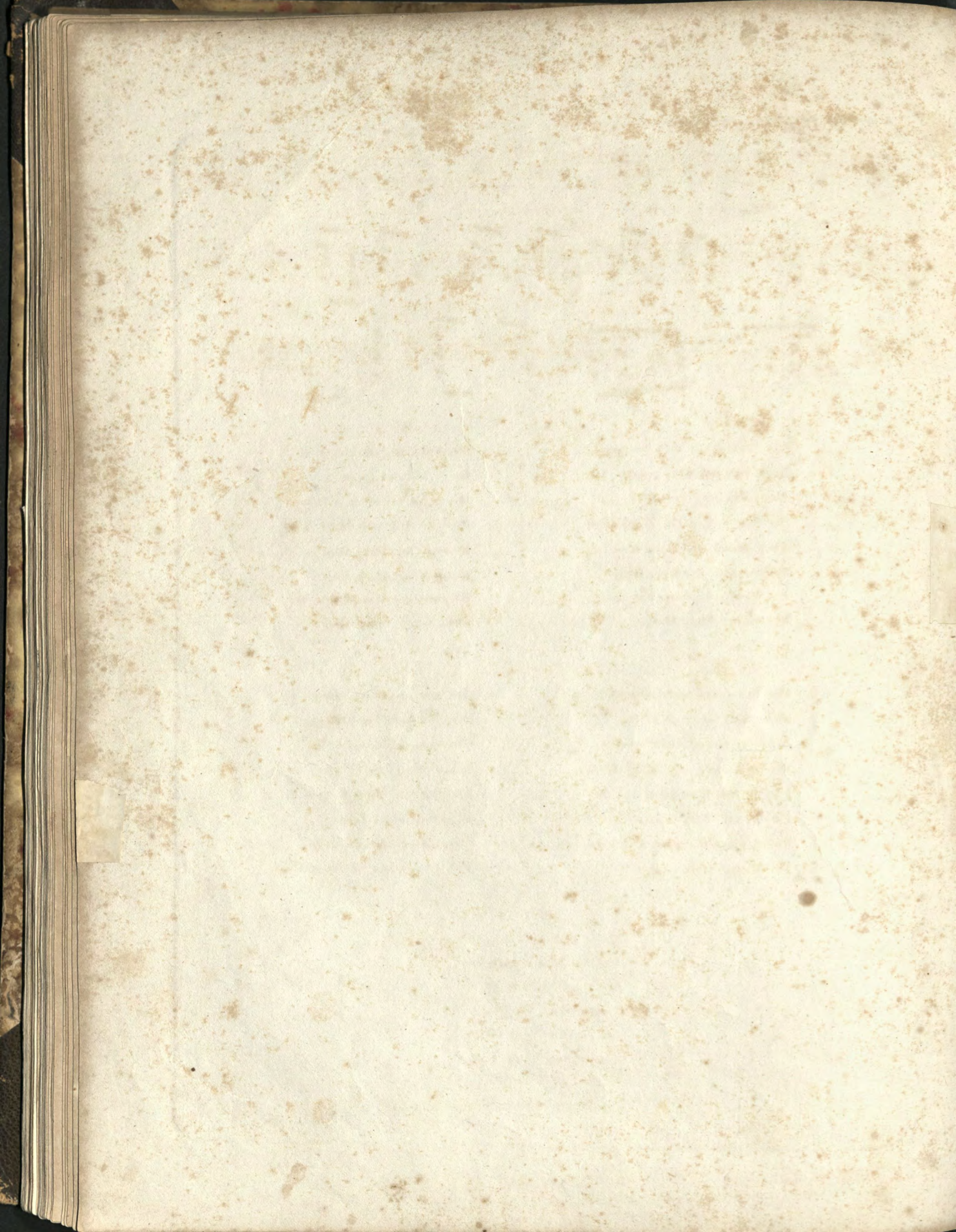
But death so cold and cruel
 He cross'd our happy way:
 He sigh'd for such a jewel,
 And he stole my Mary Gray.
 He stole my Mary Gray, -
 He stole my Mary Gray, -
 He never own'd a purer gem
 Than lovely Mary Gray.

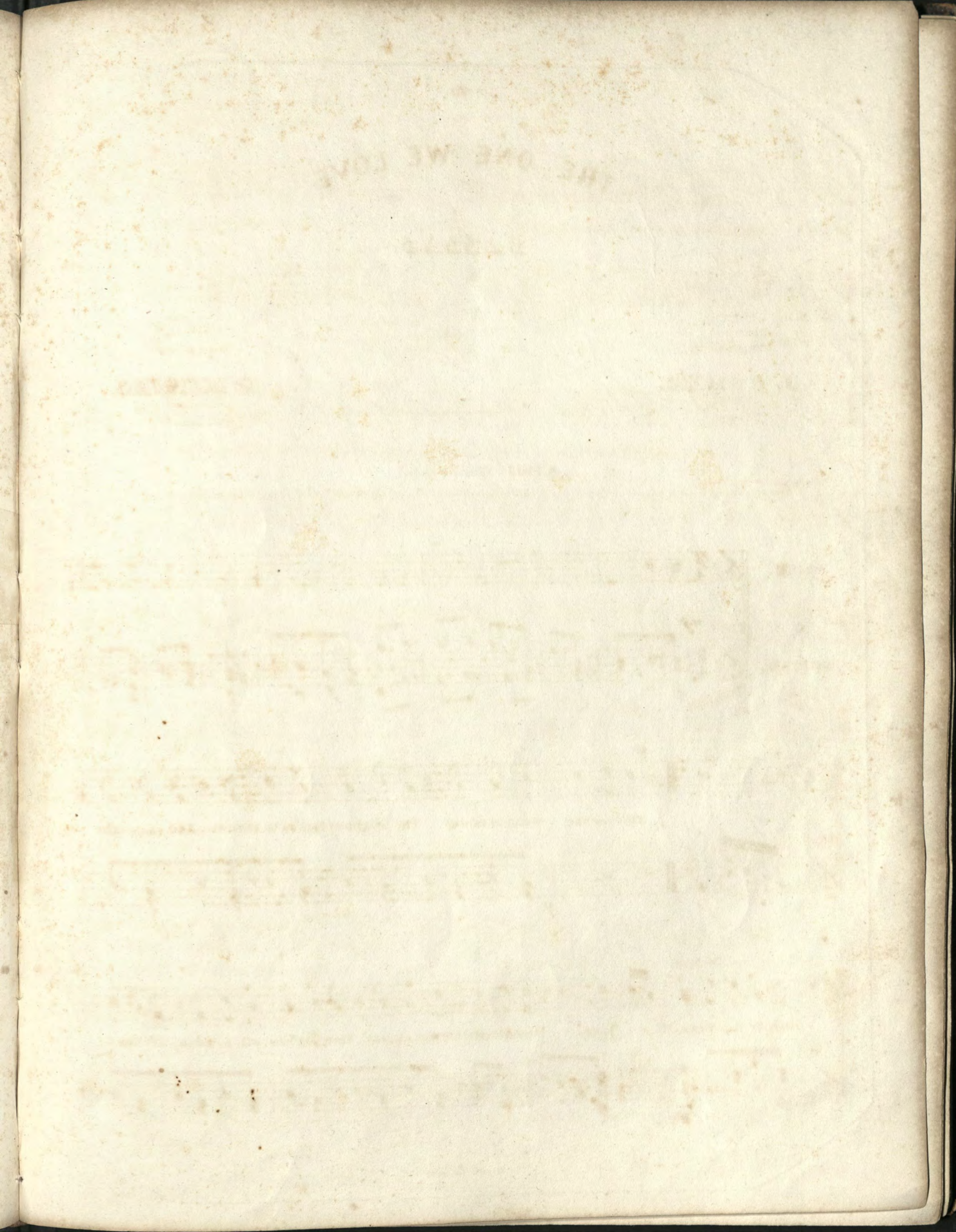
5

And now in yonder valley,
 Where bloom the flowers of may,
 The sighing breezes dally
 Round the grave of Mary Gray.
 The grave of Mary Gray, -
 Of pretty Mary Gray, -
 The sighing breezes dally
 Round the grave of Mary Gray.

6

Heart-broken, - sad, and lonely
 I tread life's weary way;
 My ear finds music only
 In the name of Mary Gray.
 Ah, me! my Mary Gray, -
 Ah, me! my Mary Gray, -
 I never shall behold thee more, -
 My long lost Mary Gray.





THE ONE WE LOVE

BALLAD

Composed by
F. ROMER.

Arranged for the
Guitar, by
P. MEIGNEN.

A. FIOT Philadelphia

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1847 by A. Fiot in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Penn^a

VOICE.

GUITAR.

VOICE.

GUITAR.

Tho'o'er the wanderer's way The brightest flow'rs be thrown, And sunlight

VOICE.

GUITAR.

Rallent.

thro' the day Beameth a lone, How dim the flow'rs appear, How joyless all above, If one be

ad lib.

wanting there, The one we love! But on the loneliest sea, Where winds to waters sigh, Sweet

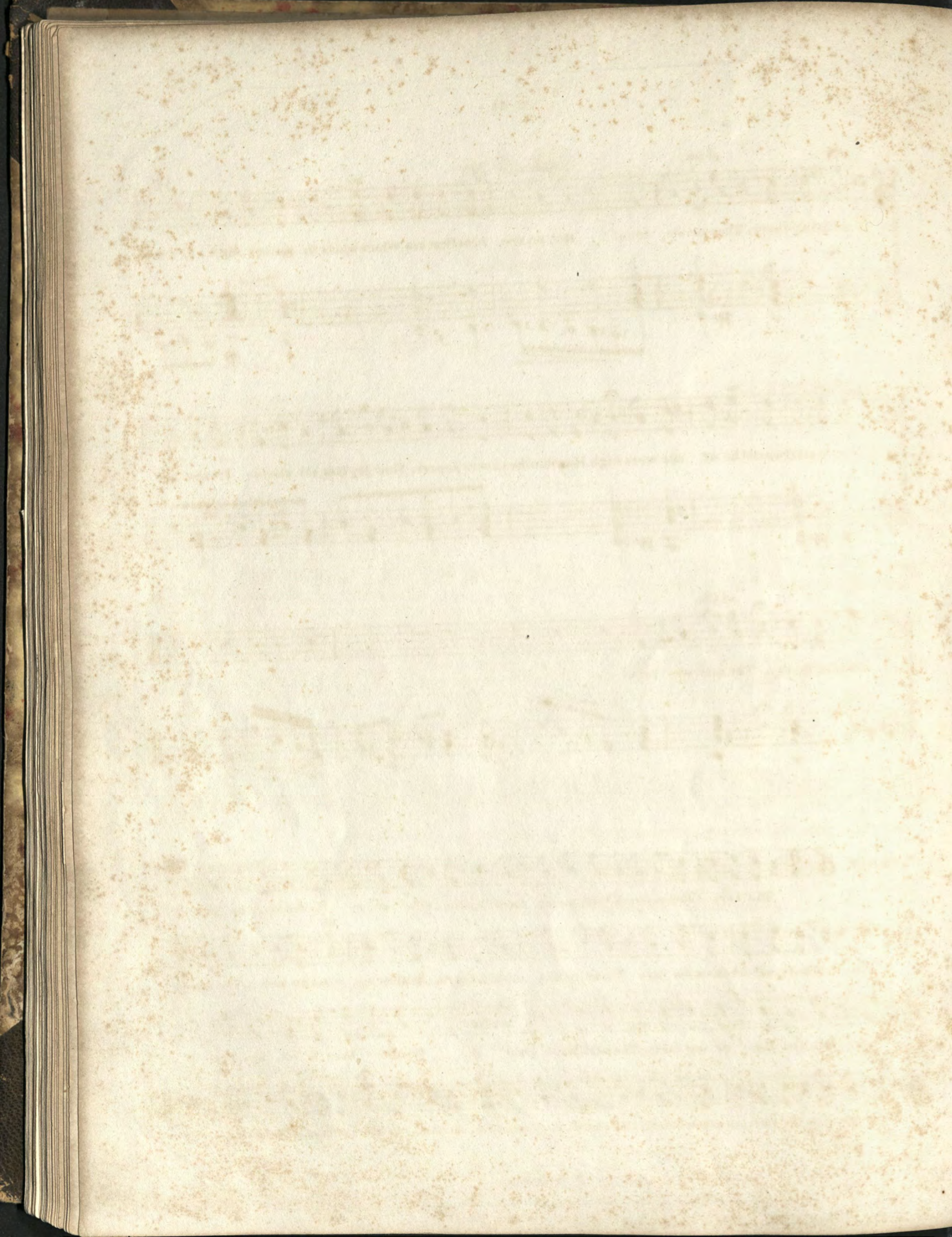
music still would be If she were nigh. How dim the flow'rs appear, How joyless all above, If one be

ad lib.

wanting there, The one we love!

2^d. VERSE.

Tho' ev'ry lute bestrung With music's chords a lone— Tho' ev'ry lay that's sung Be poesy's
own, They could not charm the ear, The heart they could not move, As when one voice we hear— The one we
love. But e'en the de_sert drear— The northland's lurid sky— Would beau-ti-ful ap-pear If
she were nigh. Oh! what can charm the ear! Oh! what the heart can move, As when one voice we hear— The one we love!



TRIO

TRIO FOR THE FIRST TIME

1845

1845

1845

1845

1845

1845

Musical notation on a five-line staff, including a treble clef and several measures of music with notes and rests.

Musical notation on a five-line staff, including a treble clef and several measures of music with notes and rests.

Musical notation on a five-line staff, including a treble clef and several measures of music with notes and rests.

Musical notation on a five-line staff, including a treble clef and several measures of music with notes and rests.

PEACE

THOU, WHO ART OF HEAVENLY BIRTH,

Song.

COMPOSED
by
G. PREYER.

Arranged for the
GUITAR
by
L. MEIGNEN.

A. FIOT Philadelphia

Andante.

VOICE.

GUITAR.

The musical score is written for voice and guitar. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The guitar part is written in a standard six-string format with fret numbers indicated below the notes. The lyrics are written below the voice line.

Lyrics:
 Thou, who art of heav'n-ly birth, Ev'ry pain and sor- - row
 stillest: Hea - - vy la - den Man, on earth, Pants to drink the cup thou
 fil - lest. Ah! for thee I droop - I wi - - ther: Here,

Joy is a tran - sient guest; Peace, come hi - - ther! Peace, come

hi - - ther! Come, come, Oh! come, and calm my

breast! Peace, come hi - ther! Come, Oh! come, and calm my

breast!

After the 2^d. Verse.

2^d. VERSE. Come from Heav'n, Oh! deign to guide Balmy sleep, whose dow - ny pinions Waft an - gelic strains that glide Gent - ly thro' thy fair do - minions! Here, I languish, pine, and wither, Homeless, vainly seeking rest; Peace, come hi - ther! Peace, come hi - ther! Come, come, and calm my pant - - - ing breast! Peace, come hi - ther! Come, and calm my pant - - - ing breast!

Faint musical notation on aged paper, including staves and notes, likely a score or manuscript page. The page is heavily faded and stained, making the text and notes illegible.



The
GREENWOOD TREE
As Sung by
M^r. Dempster
Arranged for the
SPANISH GUITAR
by
F. BLANCHOR.

Philadelphia, Geo. W. Hewitt & C^o / late Nunns / 70 S^o Third S^t
Moland's

Allegretto
e
delictezza

p

Here un-der the leaf-y greenwood tree I pass the noon-tide hour And

hap-pi-er far am I than he who seeks but the court-ly bow'r For

near me grows the wild white rose, A bright sky beams a-bove; And

x

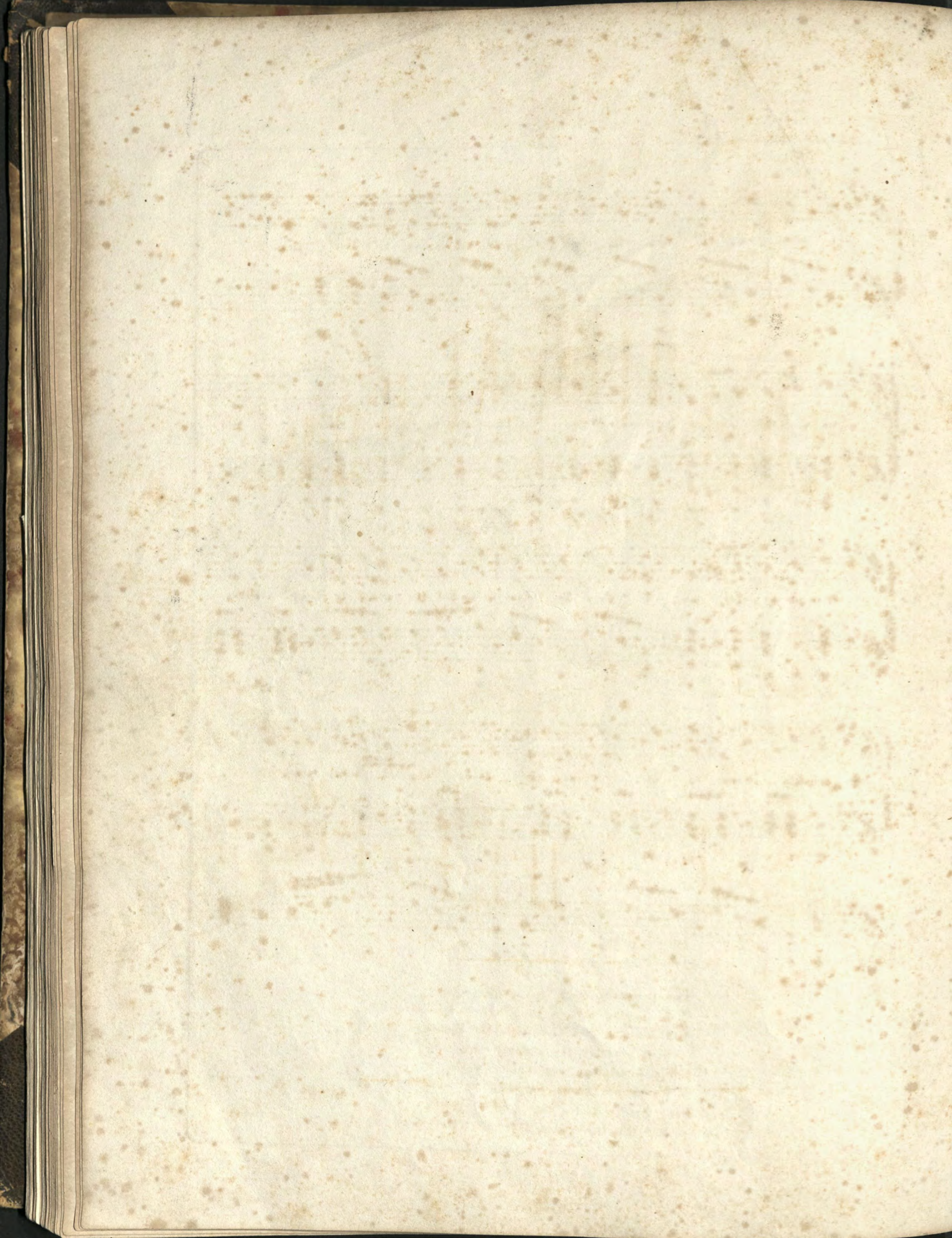
up - ward springs the lark who sings The true - est notes of love. Here

un - der the leaf - y greenwood tree I pass the noon - tide hour And

hap - pi - er far am I than he who seeks but the court - ly bow'r Hither

quickly hasten to me! Under the leafy green - wood tree.

2.
 The butterfly sports his golden wing,
 A singing stream runs by
 And many a bird that hail'd the Spring,
 Still greeteth the summer sky.
 For painted halls and palace walls
 I care not, whilst for me
 Dear Nature yields her smiling fields,
 And the shade of a greenwood tree. &c.



10TH EDITION.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

ETHIOPIAN MELODY.

As sung by

Christy's Minstrels.

WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY

F. P. CHRISTY.

Op. 24

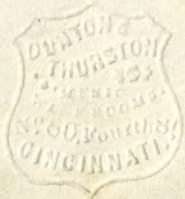
GUITAR.

PIANO

NEW YORK

Published by FIRTH POND & CO. Franklin St.

Printed by H. KLEBER.



OLD FOLKS AT HOME

George's Church
I 4 1883



OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Words and Music,

Arranged for the GUITAR

by G. F. H. LAURENCE.

MODERATO.

Way down upon de Swanee ribber, Far, far a - way,

Dere's wharmy heart is turning ebber, Dere's wharde old folks stay.

Entered according to Act of Congress AD. 1852 by Firth Pond & Co in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Southth Dist. of New York.

All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad - - ly I roam,

Still longing for de old planta-tion, And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS

All de world am sad and dreary, Eb-ry where I roam,

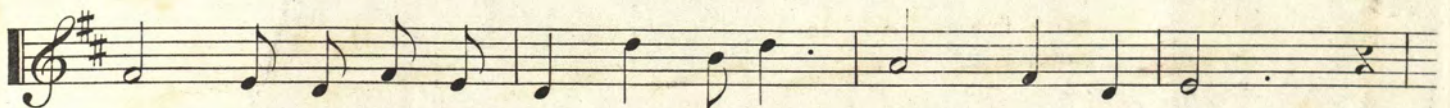
Oh! darkeys how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.



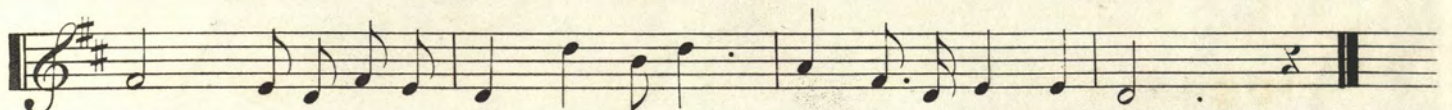
All round de little farm I wandered, When I was young,



Den ma-ny hap-py days I squandered, Many de songs I sung.



When I was play-ing wid my brudder, Hap- - py was I —



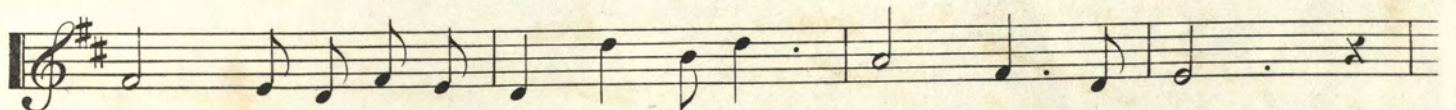
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die. CHORUS.



One lit-tle hut a - mong de bushes, One dat I love,



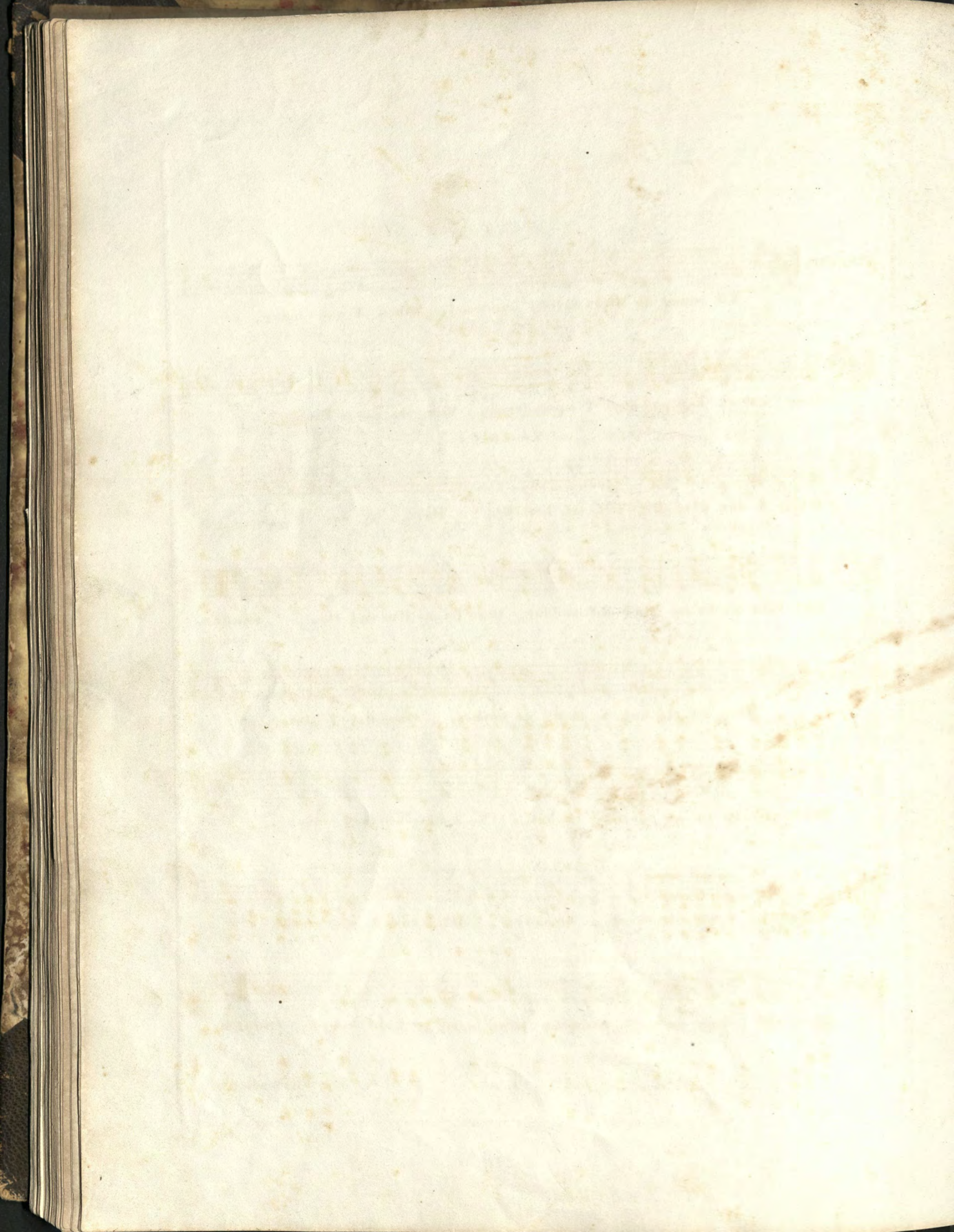
Still sad-ly to my mem'ry rushes, No matter where I rove.



When will I see de bees a humming All round de comb?



When will I hear de banjo tumming Down in my good old home? CHORUS.



Oh! Summer Night

THE CELEBRATED Serenade IN THE OPERA OF

DON PASQUALE

COMPOSED BY

Donizetti.

ARRANGED FOR THE

GUITAR
by R. Culver.

Philadelphia LEE & WALKER 120 Walnut S.^t

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1846 by Lee & Walker in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pa

ANDANTE MOSSO.

DOLCE.

Oh! summer

3^d Pos: p

night So soft_ly bright How sweet the bower . . . Where sleeps thy cra_dled

flow'r The light gale hies To rock her bed And scatter

dew Around her head Then o'er her fly - - ing She whispers sigh - ing

Sleep on till morning light.... Sweet flow'r good night Sweet flow'r good night

Sweet flow'r good night, Sweet flow'r good night, good night, good night. No

PIÙ MOSSO.

spoilers shall come near thee..... Lul - la - by..... No blight shall dare to sere thee..... Lulla -

- by

Oh! summer night So soft - ly bright..... How sweet the bower.... Where

sleeps thy cradled flow'r The light gale hies To rock her

bed And scatter dew A round her head The bud re -

- po - ses Her veil she clo - ses The gales sighs round With softer

sound Sweet flow'r good night Till morning

light Sweet flow'r good night good night, good night. Thy beauty's spell will

PIU MOSSO. *cres.*

charm thee Lul - la - by No stormy winds shall harm thee Lul - la -

- by No stormy winds shall harm thee Sweet flow'r sweet flow'r good night Fine.

ff *p* *pp* *fz*

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SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES
BALLAD

Composed by

J. P. KNIGHT

Arranged for the

GUITAR

by

L. MEIGNEN.

Philadelphia, A. FIOT. N^o 196 Chesnut S^t.

Andante.

VOICE .

GUITAR .

She wore a wreath of ro — ses The night that first we met, Her

lovely face was smi — ling Be — neath her curls of jet; Her foot step had the



lightness, Her voice the joyous tone, The tokens of a youthful heart Where

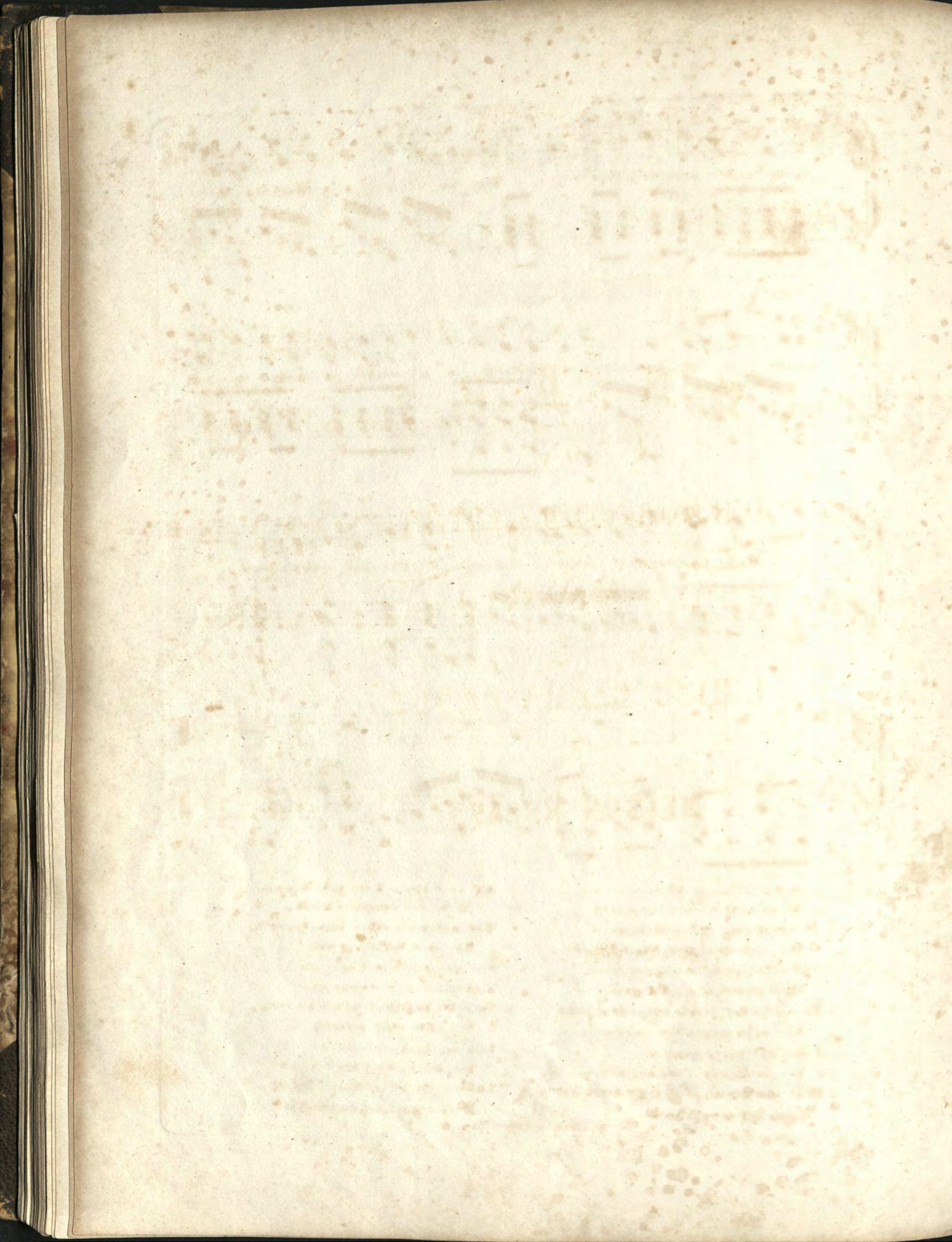
Rall: A tempo. cres.

sorrow is un-known; I saw her but a moment, Yet methinks I see her

now, With the wreath of summer flowers, Up on her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms
 When next we met, she wore;
 Th'expression of her features
 Was more thoughtful than before;
 And standing by her side was one
 Who strove, and not in vain,
 To soothe her, leaving that dear home
 She ne'er might view again.
 I saw her but a moment,
 Yet, methinks I see her now
 With the wreath of orange blossoms
 Upon her snowy brow.

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 a 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.



B E N B O L T

Or

OH! DONT YOU REMEMBER

Ballad

SINGBY

MISS CLARA BRUCE

COMPOSED BY

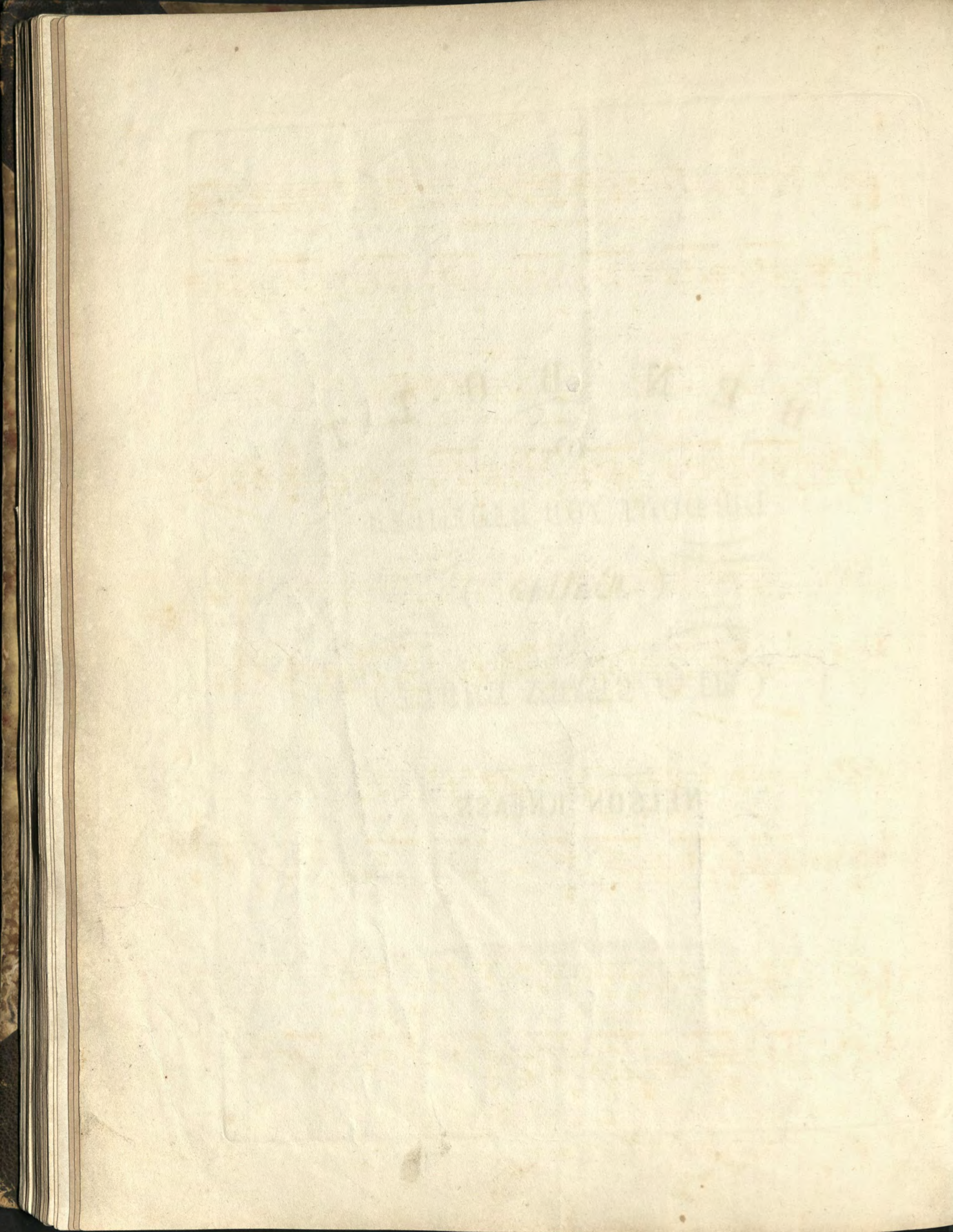
NELSON KNEASS.

Piano Accomp. 25 Cts. nett.

Guitar Accomp. 25 Cts. nett.

Louisville W. C. PETERS & C^o - PETERS, FIELD & C^o Cincinnati.

Entered according to Act of Congress 21. 1840 by W. C. Peters in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of E^c



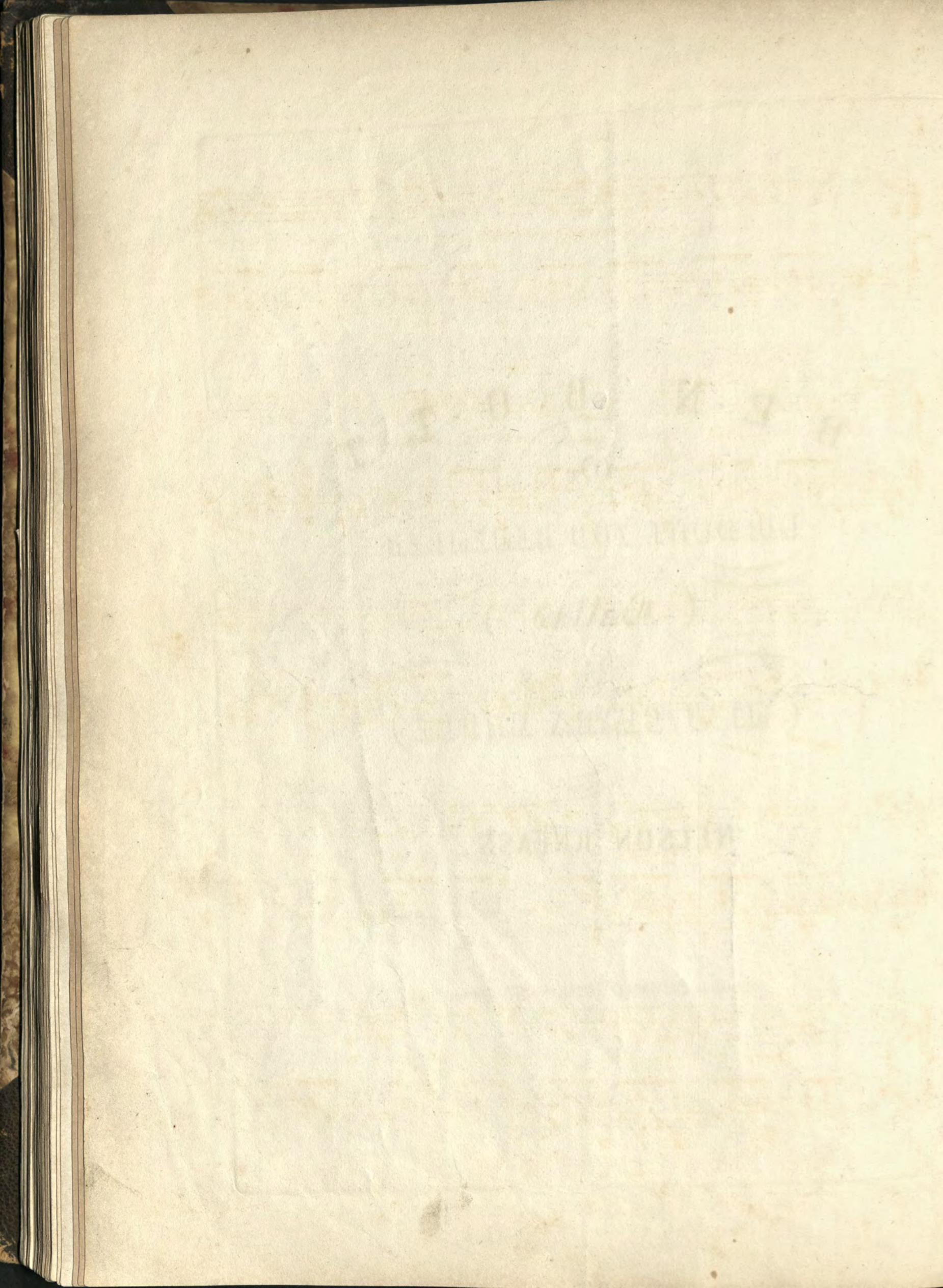
fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un-der the stone . They have

ad lib:
fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un-der the stone .

Oh!

don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the green sunny slope of the hill ; Where

oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading shade, And kept time to the click of the mill : The



fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un-der the stone . They have

fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un-der the stone .

ad lib:

Oh!

don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the green sunny slope of the hill ; Where

oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading shade, And kept time to the click of the mill : The

BEN BOLT,
or
AH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER.

As Sung by J.H.M^c Cann

Music by Nelson Kneass.

SEMPLICE.

The musical score consists of four systems. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—Sweet Alice, with hair so brown; She wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown. In the old churchyard, in the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner obscure and a... lone, They have". There are some handwritten annotations: a circled 'A' under the piano part of the second system and a circled '6' under the piano part of the fourth system.

mill has gone to de_cay, Ben Bolt, And a qui_et now reigns all a round, See the

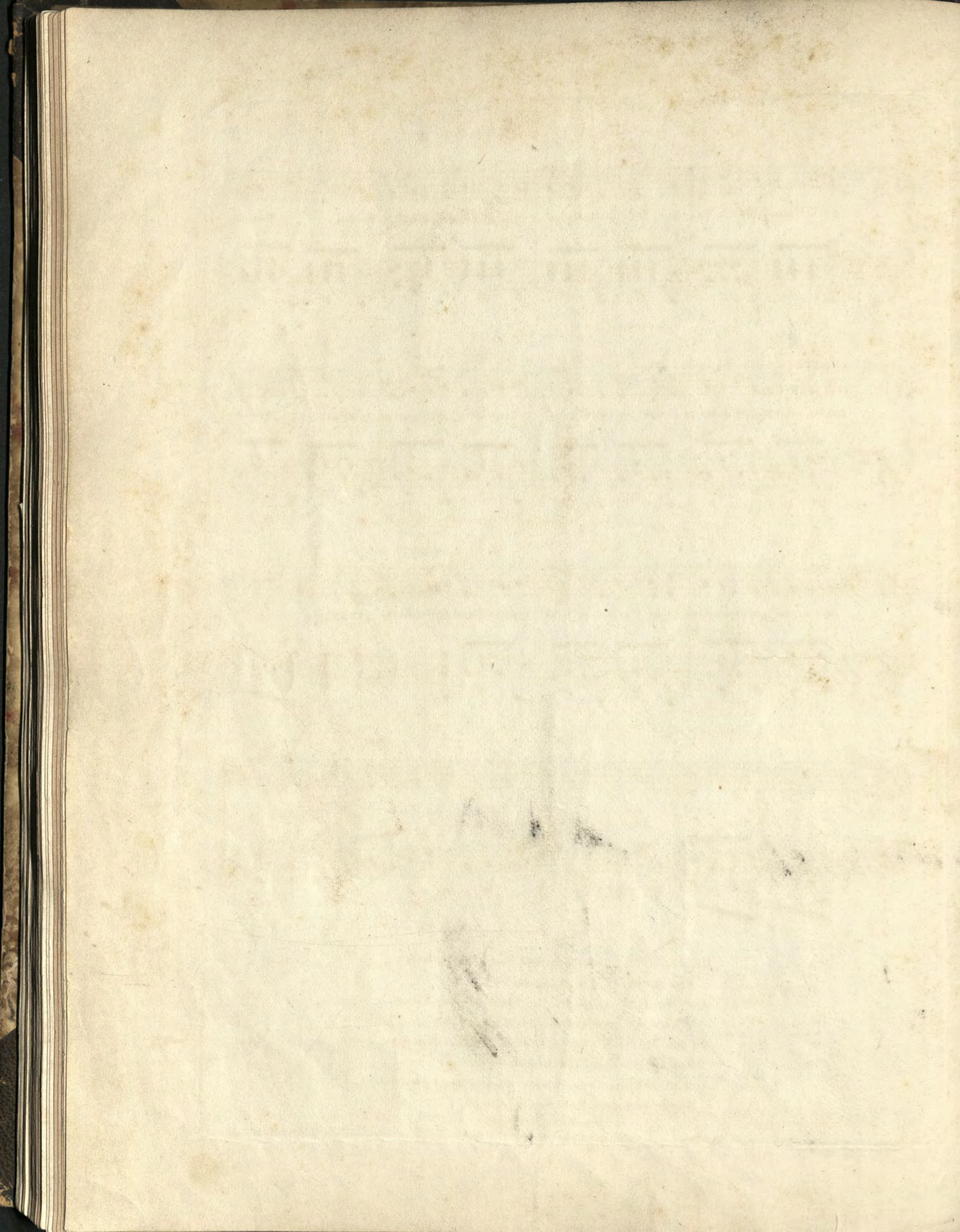
old rustic porch with its roses so sweet Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground, See the

ad lib:

old rus_tic porch with its roses so sweet, Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.

3

Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
 And the Master so kind and so true,
 And the little nook by the clear running brook,
 Where we gather'd the flowers as they grew.
 On the Master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,
 And the running little brook is now dry;
 And of all the friends who were school mates then,
 There remains Ben, but you and I.





AULD ROBIN GRAY

Arranged for the

GUITAR

by

L. MEIGNEN.

Philadelphia, Fiot, Meignen & Co. 217 Chesnut St.
E. Gillingham.

Recitativo.

When the shee are in the fauld, And a' the kye at

hame, And all the weary world a' sleep is gane; The waes o' my

heart fall in showers frae my ee, While my gude man sleeps sound by me.

Lento.

Young Jam-ie lovd me weel and

ask'd me for his bride, But saving a Crown he had naething else beside; To make the Crown a Pound my



Jamie went to sea, And the Crown and the Pound were baith for me: He
 had nae been gone but a year and a day, When my father brake his arm and our
 Cow was stole a-way; My mither she fell sick and Jamie at the sea, And
 auld Robin Gray came a court-ing to me.

My father cou'd nae wark, and my mither cou'd nae spin,
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'd nae win,
 Auld Robin fed 'em baith and wi' tears in his eye,
 Said Jeany for their sake, O pray marry me:
 My heart it said nae And I look'd for Jamie back,
 But the wind it blew hard and his Ship was a wrack!
 His Ship was a wrack, why did nae Jenny die,
 And why was she spar'd to cry wae is me.

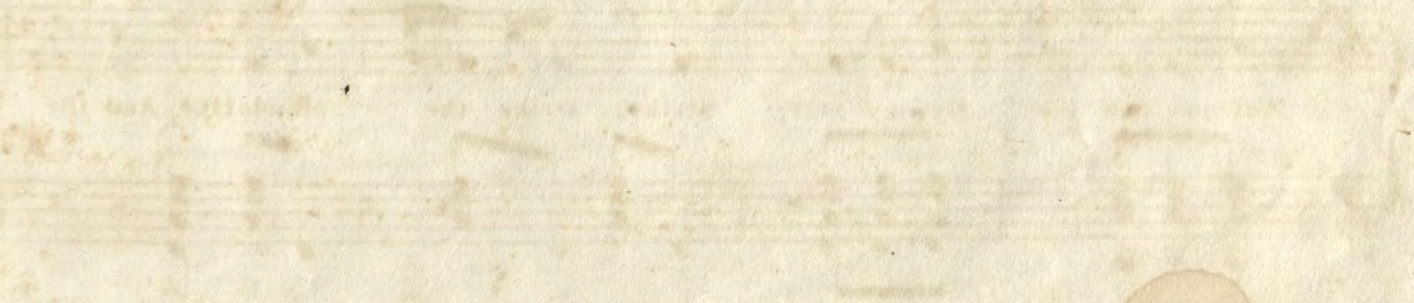
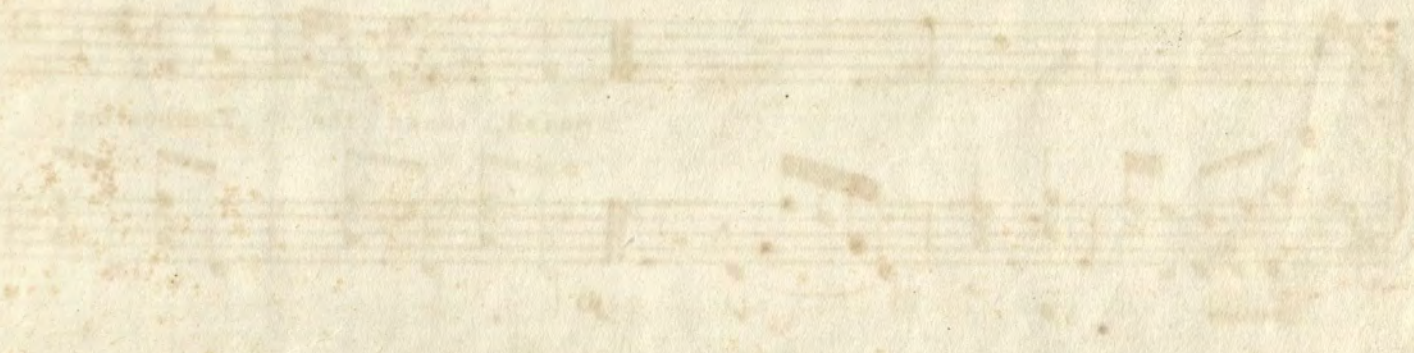
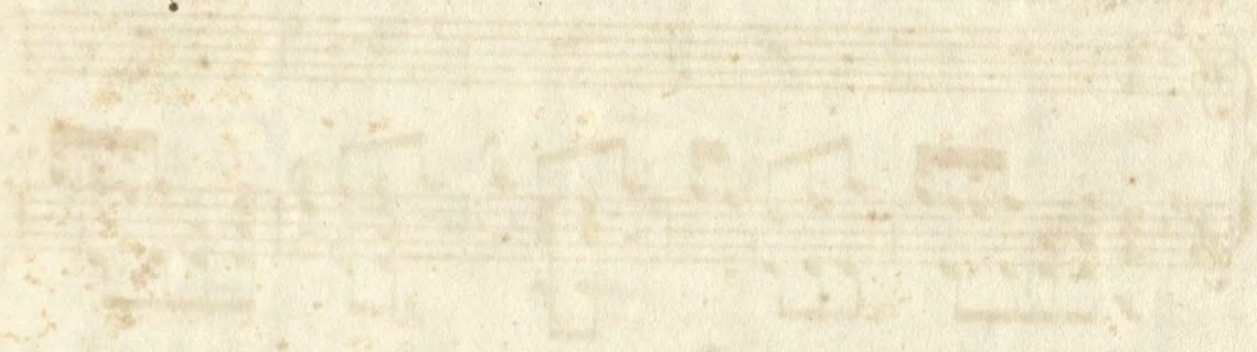
My father urged me sair, but my mither did nae speak,
 But she look'd in my face, till my heart was like to break:
 Sae they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me:
 I had nae been a wife, but weeks only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully, out my aim door;
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd nae think it he,
 Till he said I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
 We took but one ae kiss, and we tore oursels away;
 I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to die,
 O why was I born to say wae's me!
 I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin,
 I dare nae think o' Jamie for that would be a sin;
 But I'll do my best agude wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray, is very kind to me.

Auld Robin Gray. (2)

ALTO

W. B. E. W. E.



THE GYPSIES WILD CHANT

Arranged for the

GUITAR

by

L. MEIGNEN

GEORGE WILLIG 171 Chestnut St. Philad.

Andante Moderato.

GUITAR.

Sound, sound the Tambourine,

Sound, sound the Tambourine,

Welcome now the Gypsey star; Strike, strike the Mandoline, And the

Welcome now the Gypsey star; Strike, strike the Mandoline, And the

light gui - - - tar: Dancing at the

light gui - - - tar: When the moon is

midnight hour, On the sand, on the sand; Tho' the tem - - pest

beaming bright, The Gypsies dance, the Gypsies dance; 'Neath the moon beams

dark may lour, Are 'seen the Gypsey band: See, see, they trip a - long,

glitt'ring ray, Now their figures glance — See, see, they trip a - long,

O'er the green o'er the green; List, list, the cheerful song To the

O'er the green, o'er the green; List, list, the cheerful song To the *pp*

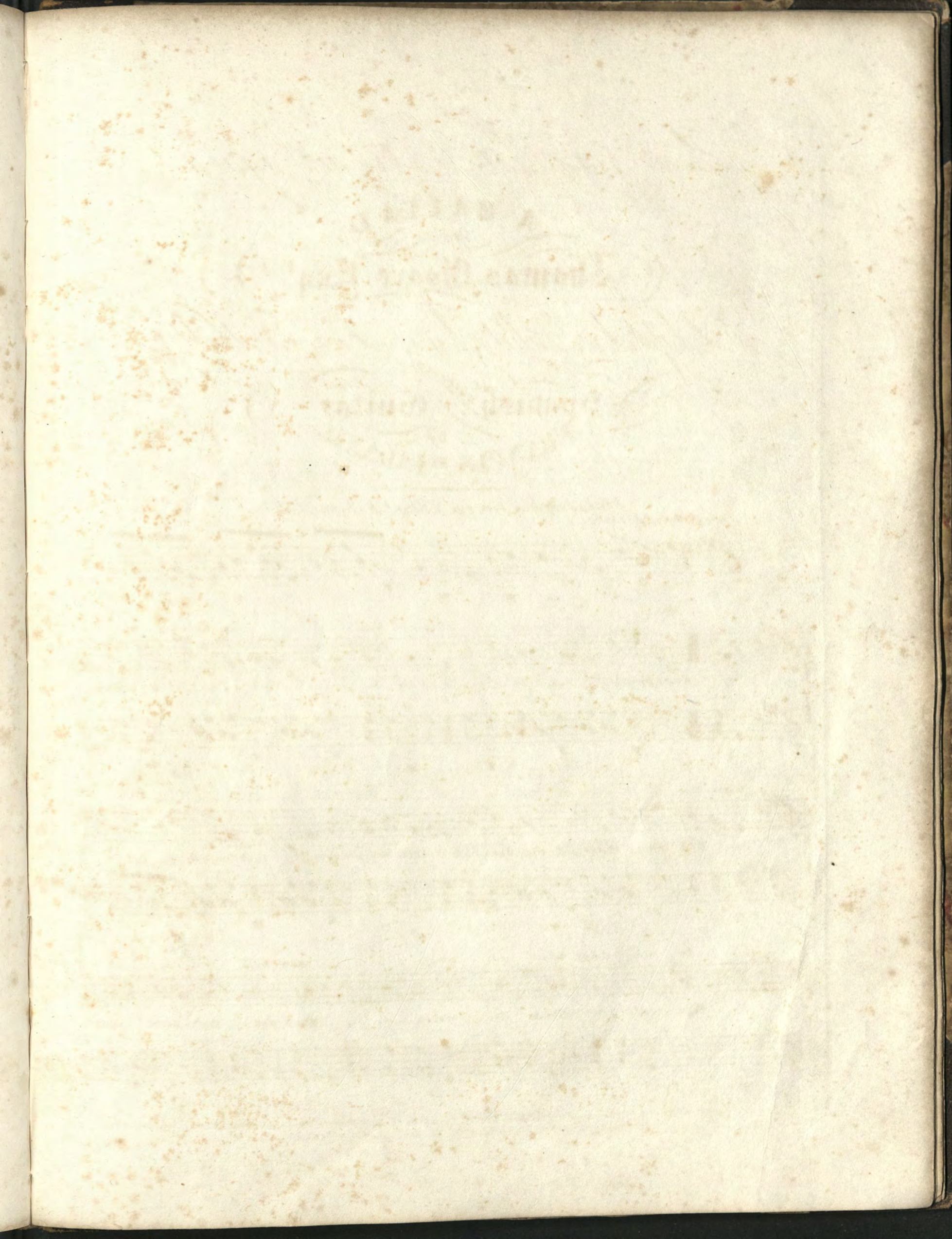
merry, &c .

Cres. *ff* merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, *Dim:* merry, merry, merry, merry, Tambourine .

pp *f*

Gypsies wild Chant . 2 .

Handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring multiple staves of music and lyrics. The text is mirrored across the page, suggesting bleed-through from the reverse side. The paper shows signs of age, including foxing and a circular stain near the bottom left.



Come play that simple air again:

A BALLAD

BY

Thomas Moore Esq.

Adapted to Labitzky's Aurora Waltz

Spanish ^{ARRANGED} for the ^{by} Guitar

FRANCIS WEILAND.

Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chesnut St.

Allegretto scherzando.

Guitar.

Sweet air how ev - - ry note brings back Some sun - ny hope, some day dream
Come, play me that sim - ple air a - gain I used so to love, in life's young

bright, That shi - - ning o'er life's ear - - ly track Fill'd even its tears with light.
day, And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then Were waken'd by that sweet lay.

The new found light that came With love's first ech - - oed
The ten - - der gloom its strain Shed o'er the heart and

Entered according to Act of Congress by G. Willig in the Year 1841 at the Clerk's Office in and for the Eastern district of Penn^a

vow. The fear the Bliss, the same — Say . . .

brow, Grief's shadow with - out its pain, — Say . . .

where where are they now? But still the same lov'd

where where is it now? But, play me the well known

'notes pro - - long For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay, In

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

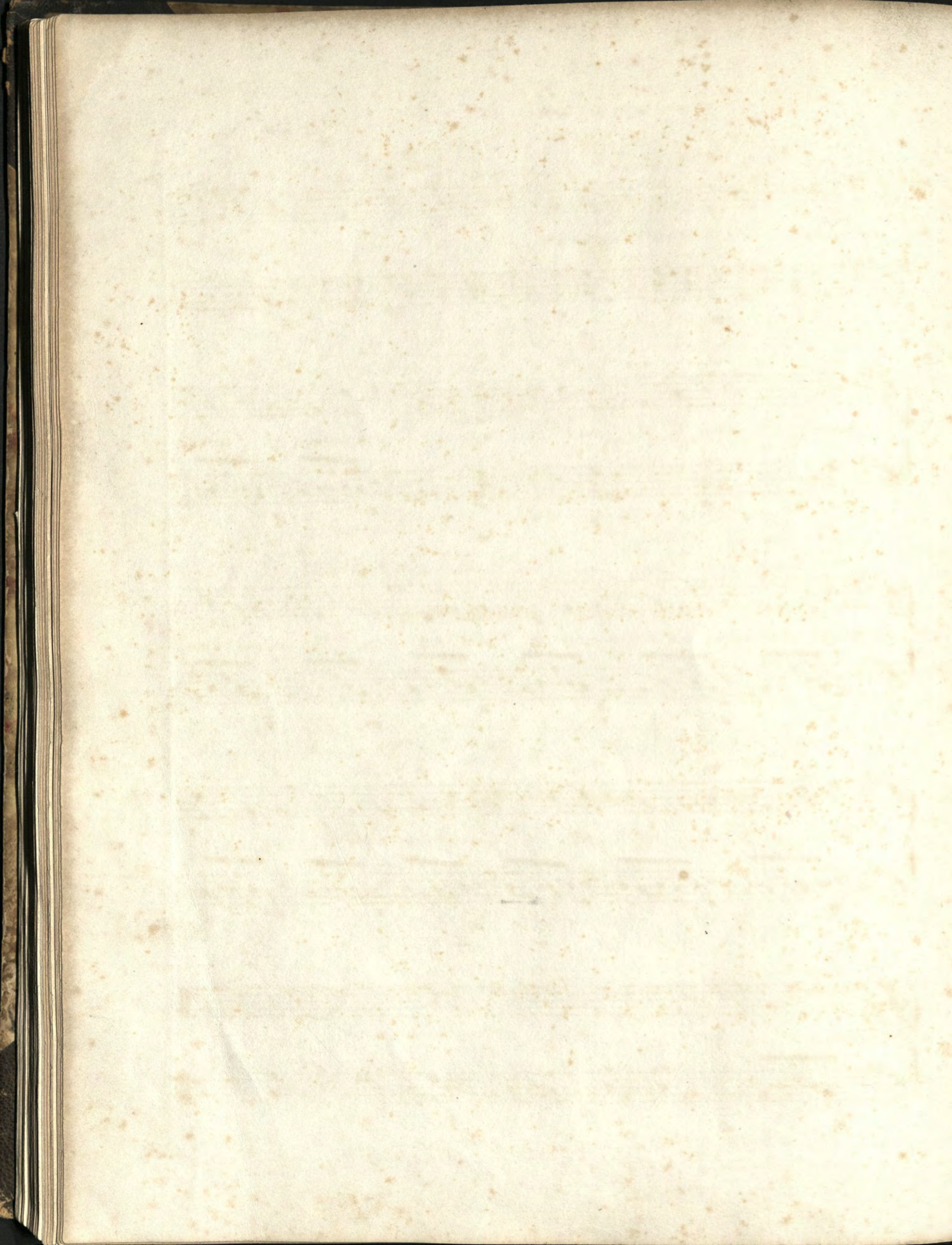
dreams of Youth and love and song, To breathe life's hour a -

dreams of some far fai - - ry shore, We're never to see a -

- way.

gain.

Come play me. Guitar.



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*See page 10 for friend
of Smith*

DARK EYED ONE DARK EYED ONE.

as Sung by

MR. HORN as SARASTRO,

In the

OPERA OF THE MAGIC FLUTE.

Written by

JOHN R. PLANCHE ESQR,

Arranged for the

SPANISH GUITAR,

By

JAMES B. TAYLOR.

New York **FIRTH & HALL, 1 Franklin Sq.**

Music Engravers, Printers and Publishers Wholesale and Retail.

Innocente

Dark eyed one, dark eyed one, come hither to me, I'll

sing thee a song, 'neath the Tama rind - tree, The queen of the garden, the

Sold by
HENRY W. DERBY,
Columbus, Ohio

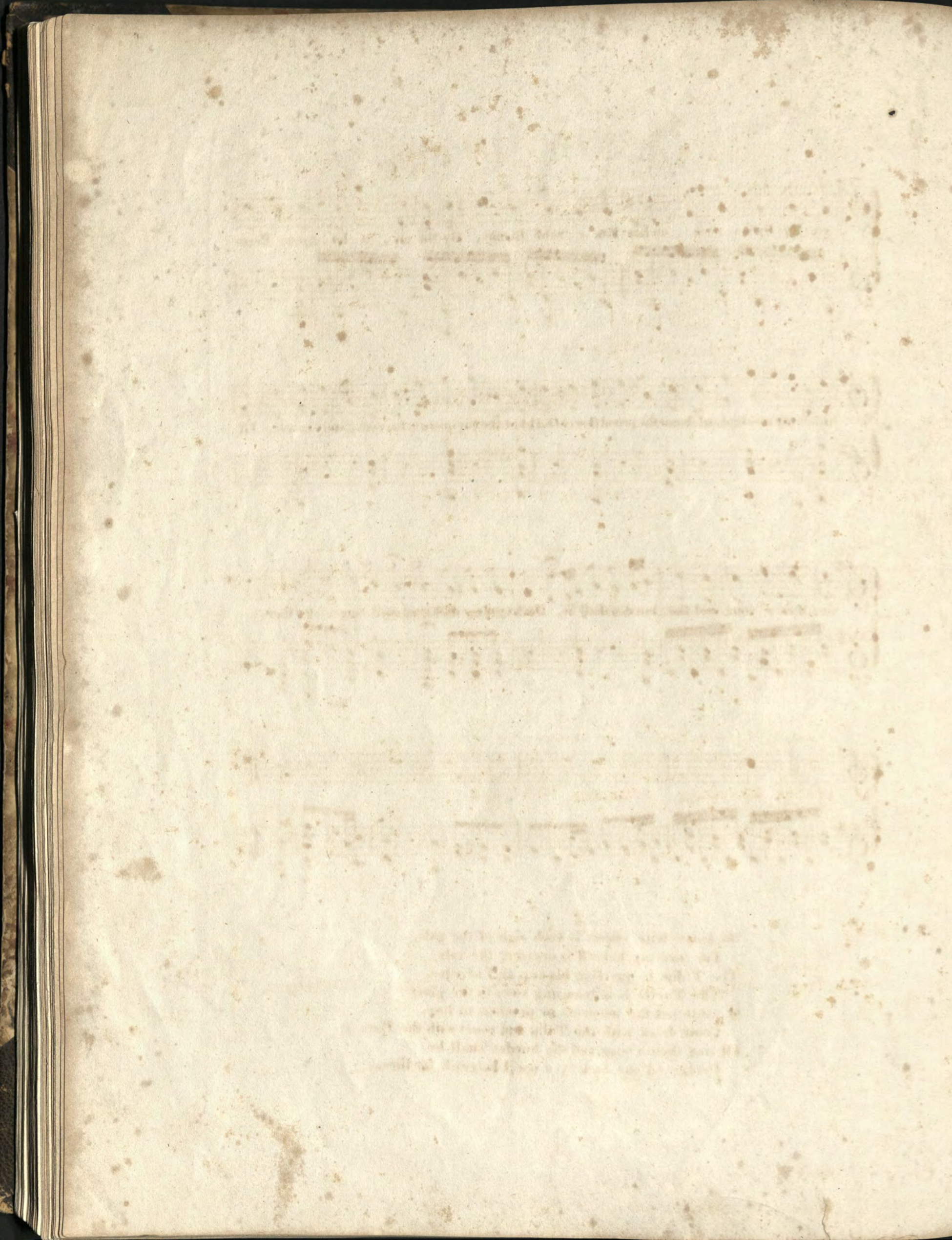
ru . by lip'd rose on her Em . e . rald throne, By the riv . . u . let grows, Come

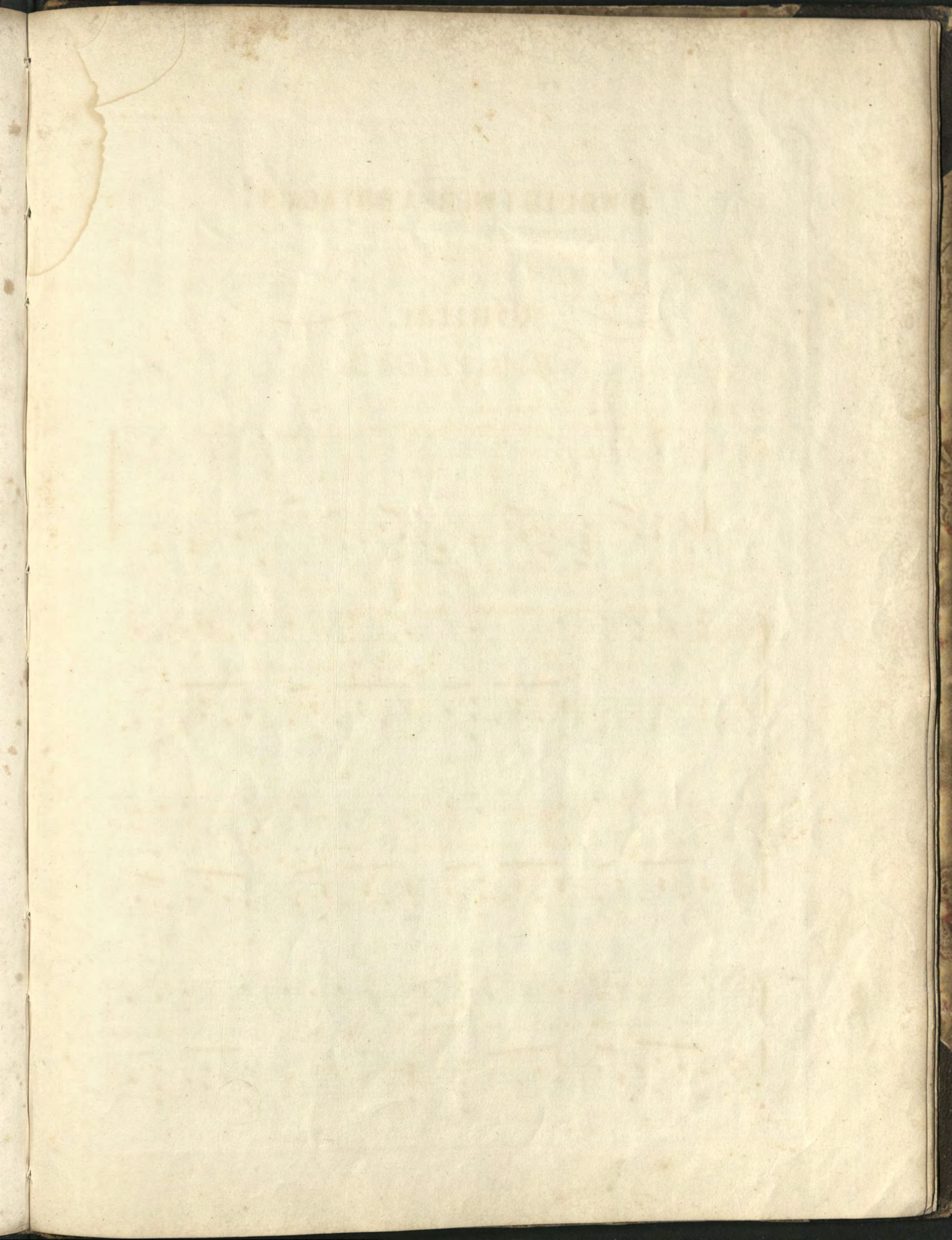
hither my rose bud and shame the proud flower, Out blush the gay queen in her own gaudy bower, I'll

sing thee a song, and the burden shall be, Darkeyed one darkeyed one I languish for thee . . .

2

So laden with sweets is each sigh of the gale,
 I'm sure my belov'd is crossing the vale,
 The Tulip is quaffing his cup full of wine,
 The Turtle is murmuring vows to the pine;
 O waste not the moments so precious to love,
 Come drink with the Tulip and court with the Dove,
 I'll sing thee a song, and the burden shall be,
 Dark eyed one, dark eyed one, I languish for thee.





O WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN!

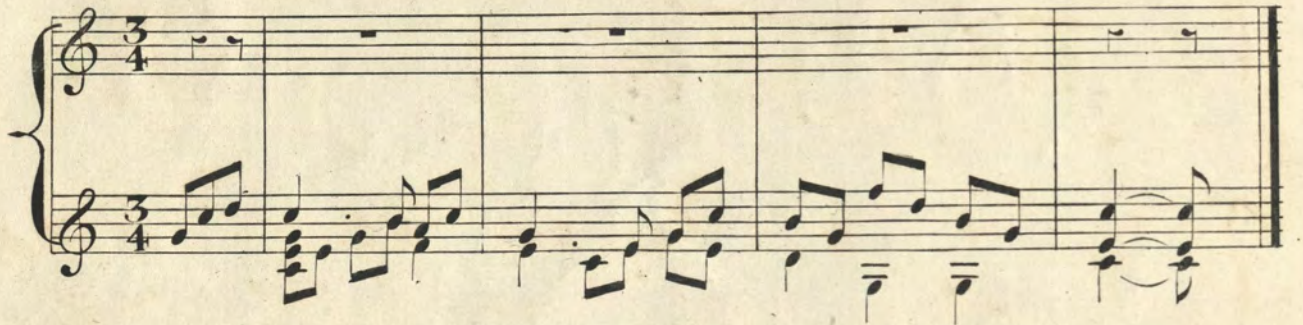
BALLAD,

Arranged for the
Guitar,

BY
W. C. PETERS.

W. C. PETERS.

Louisville PETERS & WEBSTER—PETERS & FIELD Cincinnati.



O would I were a boy a... gain, When life seem'd form'd of sunny

years, And all the heart then knew of pain was wept a... way in transient

tears was wept a... way in transient tears When ev'ry tale hope whisper'd

con anima.

then My fancy deem'd was on ly truth, O would that I could know a...

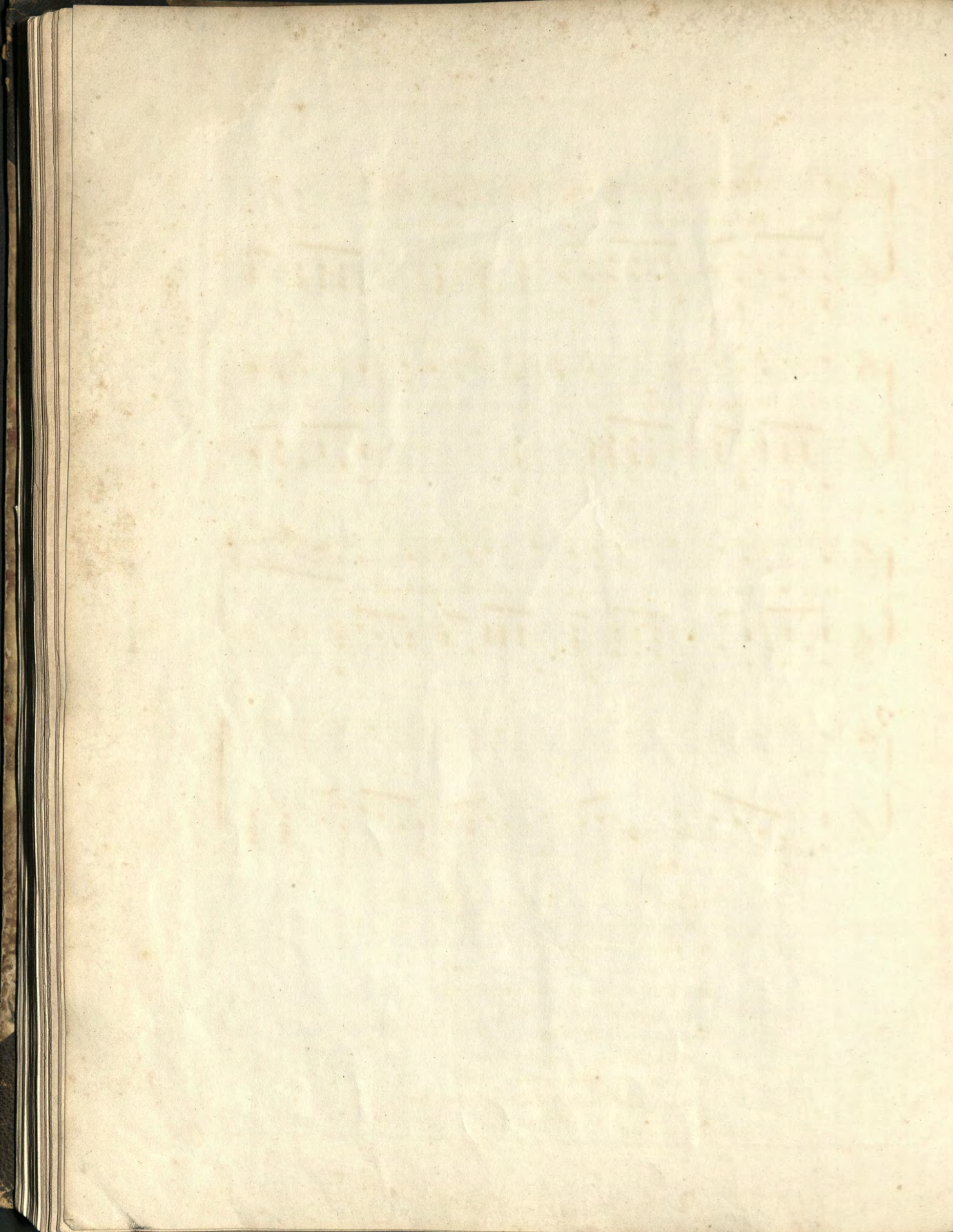
a tempo.

gain the happy visions of my youth! O would I were a boy a...

gain, When life seem'd form'd of sunny years, When life seem'd form'd of sun... ny

years...

'Tis vain to mourn that years have shown
 How false these fairy visions were,
 Or murmur that mine eyes have known
 The burthen of a fleeting tear.
 But still the heart will fondly cling
 To hopes no longer priz'd as truth,
 And mem'ry still delights to bring
 The happy visions of my youth.
 O would I were a boy again
 When life seem'd form'd of sunny years





COME SIT THEE DOWN!
 A FAVORITE
 Scotch Ballad, BY J. Sinclair Esq.
 Arranged for the **GUITAR** And respectfully
 DEDICATED TO
 Miss Fanny Paul
 BY
 J. Weiland.

Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chestnut St.

Guitar. *Moderato.*

Come sit thee down! my bonny, bonny lass, Come sit thee down by

me Love, And I will tell thee many a tale, Of the dangers of the sea. Of the perils of the

deep, love, Where the angry billows roar; And the raging waters wild - ly dash up -

on the bea-ten shore. Where the raging billows wildly dash, Up on the bea - - ten

ad lib: a tempo.

shore. Come sit thee down my bonny, bonny lass, Come sit thee down by me Love, And

I will tell thee many a tale, Of the dangers of the sea.

2^d. VERSE.

The stars are flaming red, my love, The stars are flaming red, love, And wildly rolls the

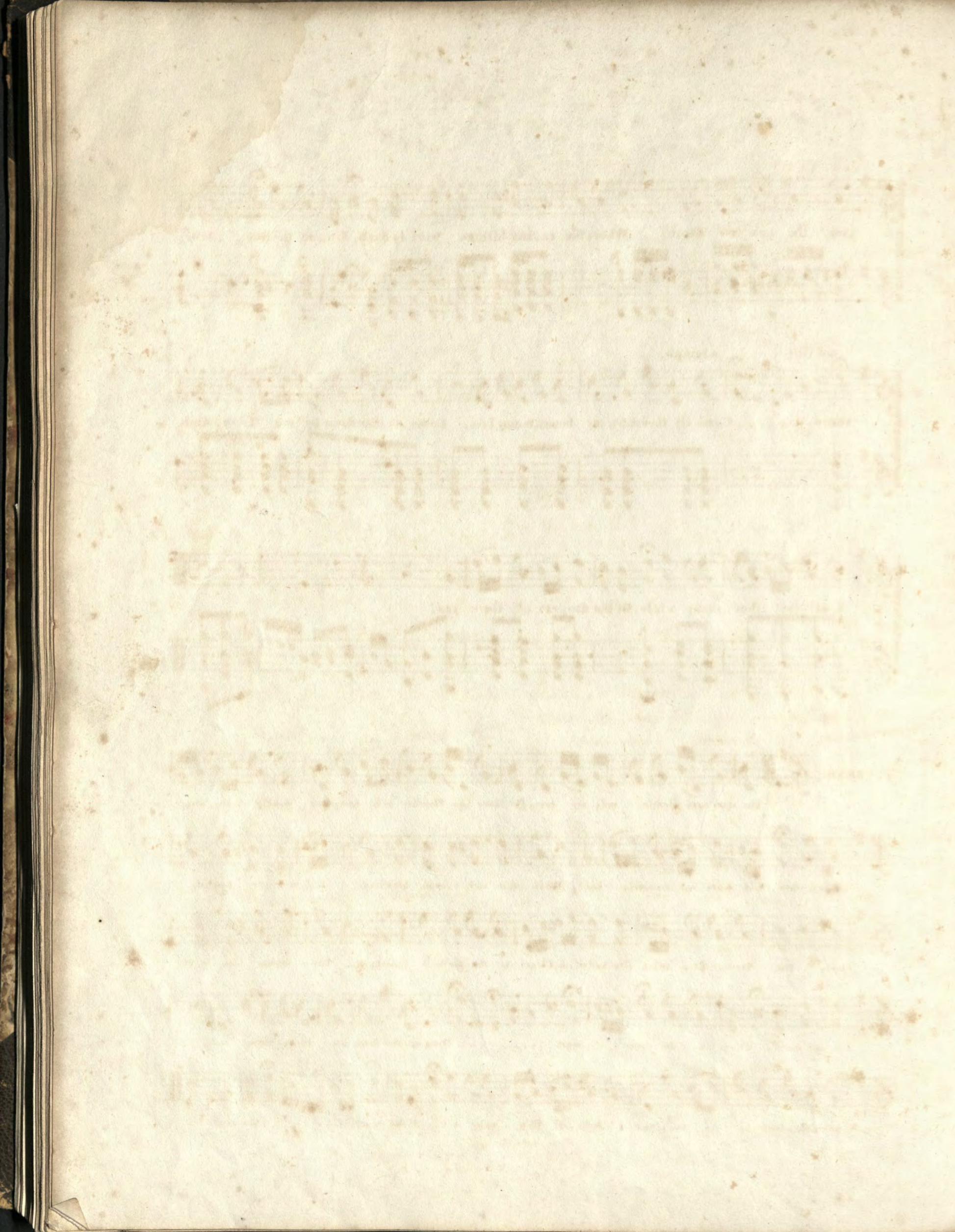
tempest wave And rears its mountain head, While skies and ocean blending A - mid the howling

blast, The daring Tar, 'twixt life and death, Clings to the shatter'd mast, . The daring Tar, 'twixt

life and death, Clings to the shatter'd mast Come sit thee down my bonny, bonny lass,

Come sit thee down by me love, And I will tell thee many a tale Of the dangers of the sea.

Come sit thee, Guitar.



Jerusalem my happy Home.

Arranged for the Spanish Guitar. By Leopold Meignen.

Philad.^a Geo. Willig 171 Chesnut St.

ANDANTE.

The musical score is written for a Spanish guitar, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE.' and the dynamics begin with a piano 'p' marking. The score consists of a single melodic line in the treble clef and a guitar accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Je — ru — sa — lem, my hap — py home, How do I sigh for thee, When shall my ex — ile have an end, Thy joys when shall I see. Je — ru — sa — lem, Je — ru — sa — lem, Je — ru — sa — lem, my hap — py home, How do I sigh for'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

TRIO.

thee. Je ru sa lem, Je ru sa lem, Je ru sa lem, my happy

Je ru sa lem, Je ru sa lem, Je ru sa lem, my happy

Je ru sa lem, Je ru sa lem, Je ru sa lem, my happy

home, How do I sigh for thee.

home, How do I sigh for thee.

home, How do I sigh for thee.

2

No sun, no moon, in borrow'd light,
 Revolve thine hours away,
 The Lamb on Calvary's mountain slain,
 Is thy eternal day,
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 How do I sigh for thee.

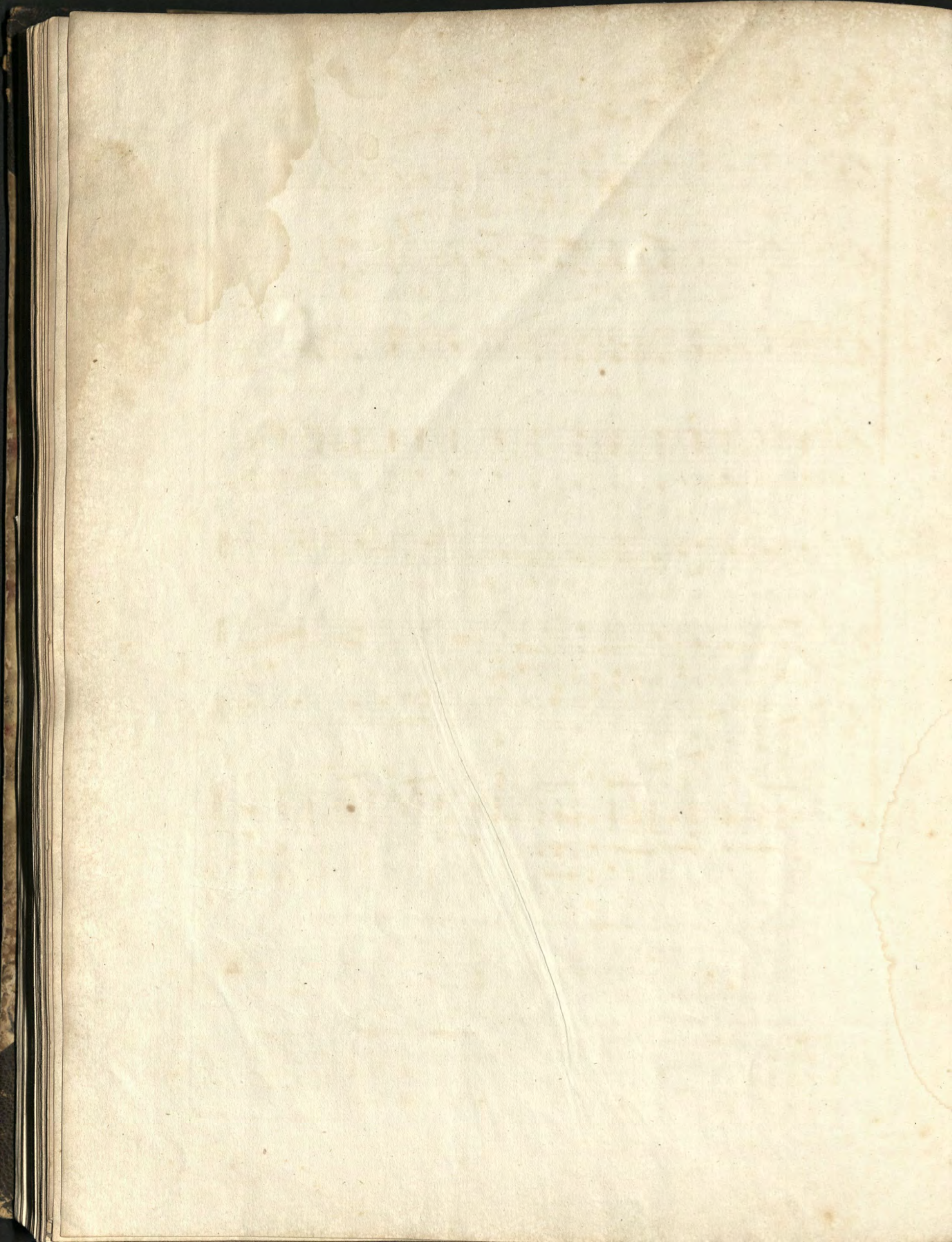
Jerusalem &c. Trio.

3

From ev'ry eye he wipes the tear,
 All sighs and sorrows cease,
 No more alternate hope and fear,
 But everlasting peace,
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 How do I sigh for thee.

Jerusalem &c. Trio.

Jerusalem.



THE INDIAN HUNTER

A Song Written by E. Cook

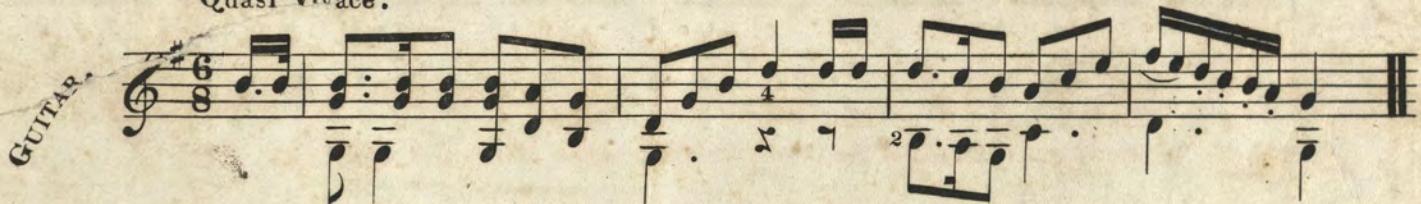
Composed
BY
E. RUSSELL,

Arranged
for the
GUITAR
BY
E. WELGLAND,

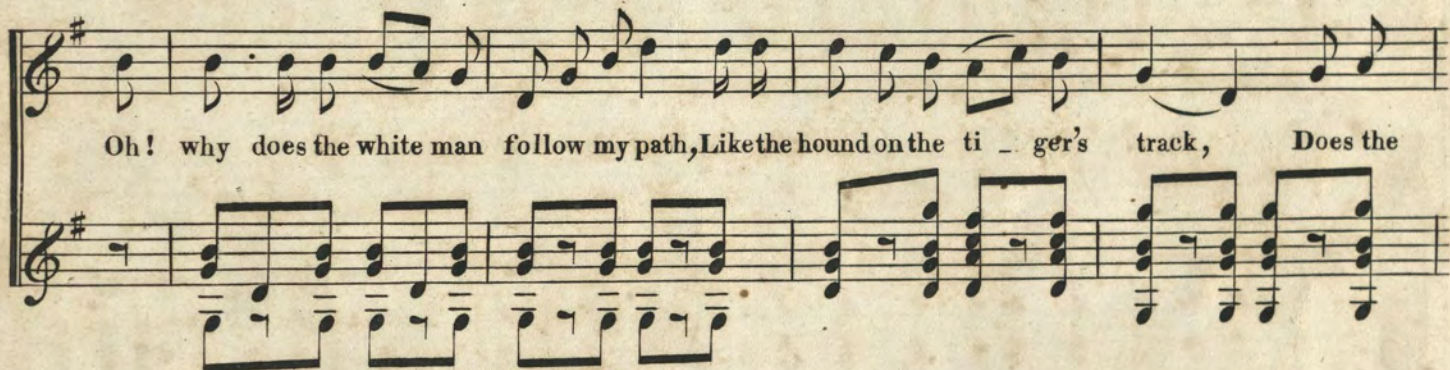
Philadelphia A. FIOT 196 Chesnut S.^t
New York W. DUBOIS 315 Broadway

Quasi Vivace.

GUITAR.

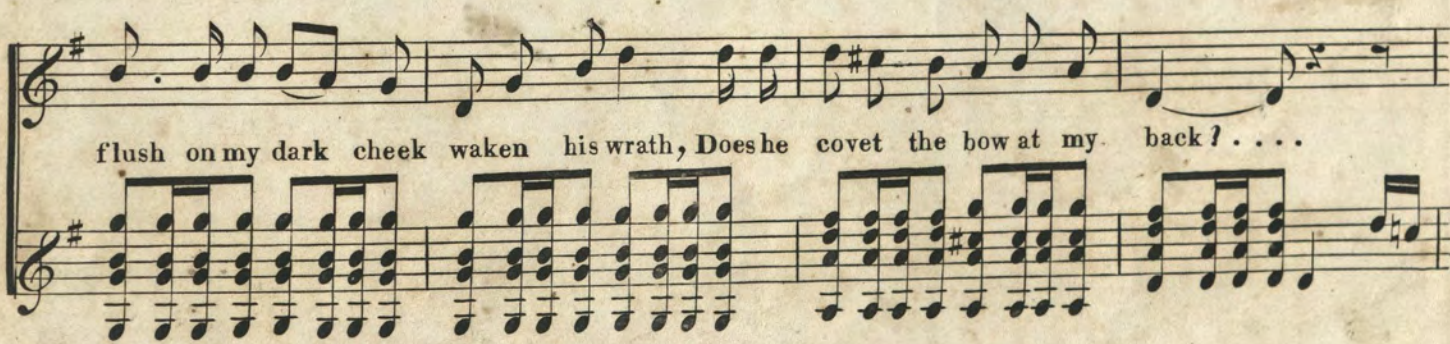


The guitar introduction consists of a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It features a series of chords and melodic lines, including a prominent eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with dotted rhythms.



Oh! why does the white man follow my path, Like the hound on the ti - ger's track, Does the

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a guitar accompaniment on a second treble clef staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The music is in 6/8 time and one sharp.



flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath, Does he covet the bow at my back?

The second system continues the vocal line and guitar accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The guitar accompaniment features a dense, rhythmic pattern of chords.

Likethe hound on the ti - - gers track; Does the

flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath, Does he covet the bow at my back. He has

rivers and seas where the billows and breeze, Rear riches for him a - - lone, And the

sons of the wood never plunge in the flood, Which the white man calls his own. Yha Then

why should he come to the streams where none, But the red skin dare to

swim; Why, why should he wrong the hun - - ter one, Who never did harm to

him. Yha yha yha

yha yha yha yha

yha . . . yha . . . yha .

3rd Pos. 7 Pos.

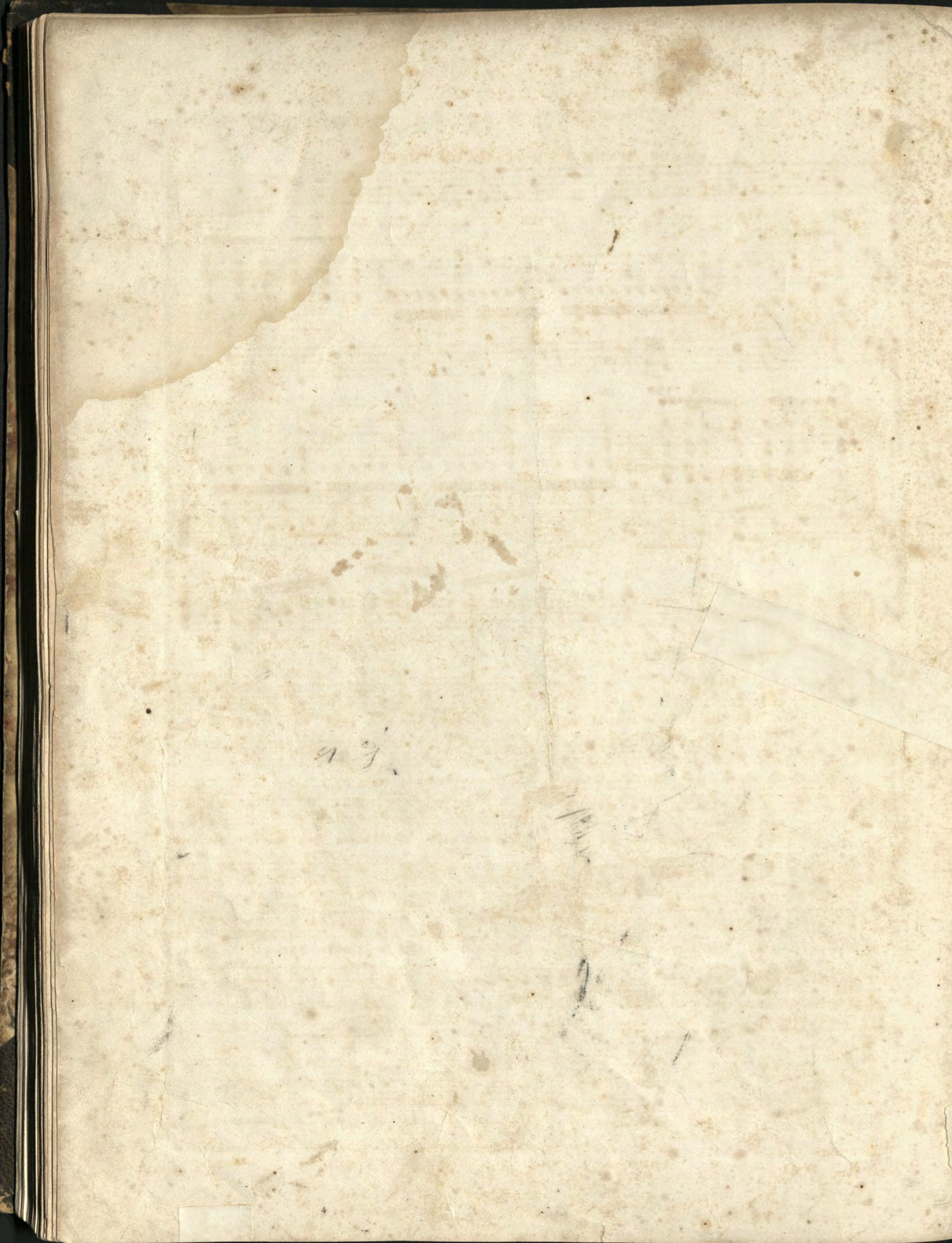
2nd VERSE.

The Fa-ther a-bove thought fit to give, The white man corn and wine; There are golden fields where they may live, But the fo- rest shades are mine.

The white man corn and wine; There are golden fields where they may live But the fo- rest shades are mine. The eagle hath its place of rest, The wild horse where to dwell; And the spirit that gave the bird its nest, Made me a home as well. Yha Then back go back from the red man's track, For the hun- ters eyes grow dim. To find that the white man wrongs the one Who never did harm to him. Yha yha

yha yha yha yha yha yha yha yha

The Indian Hunter. G.



SWEET WERE MY DREAMS OF THEE.

Written by L. H. Naghel Esq.

Arranged by F. J. Webster.

CON DELICATEZZA.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. It contains several measures of music, including a whole rest in the first measure. The lower staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature, providing a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature. It contains several measures of music, including a whole rest in the first measure. The lower staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature, providing a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature, containing a vocal line with the lyrics "Sweet were my dreams when far a -". The lower staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature, providing a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature, containing a vocal line with the lyrics "_ way, O sweet were my dreams of thee; In the mid - night hour and the". The lower staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature, providing a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature, containing a vocal line with the lyrics "blaze of day, My on - - - ly thoughts were of thee. I". The lower staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature, providing a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

dream'd a...las we were forc'd to part, Then sad was my dram of

thee... I wan...der'd forth with a bro...ken heart O

sad was my dream of thee.

I dreamt a...gain, thou wer't

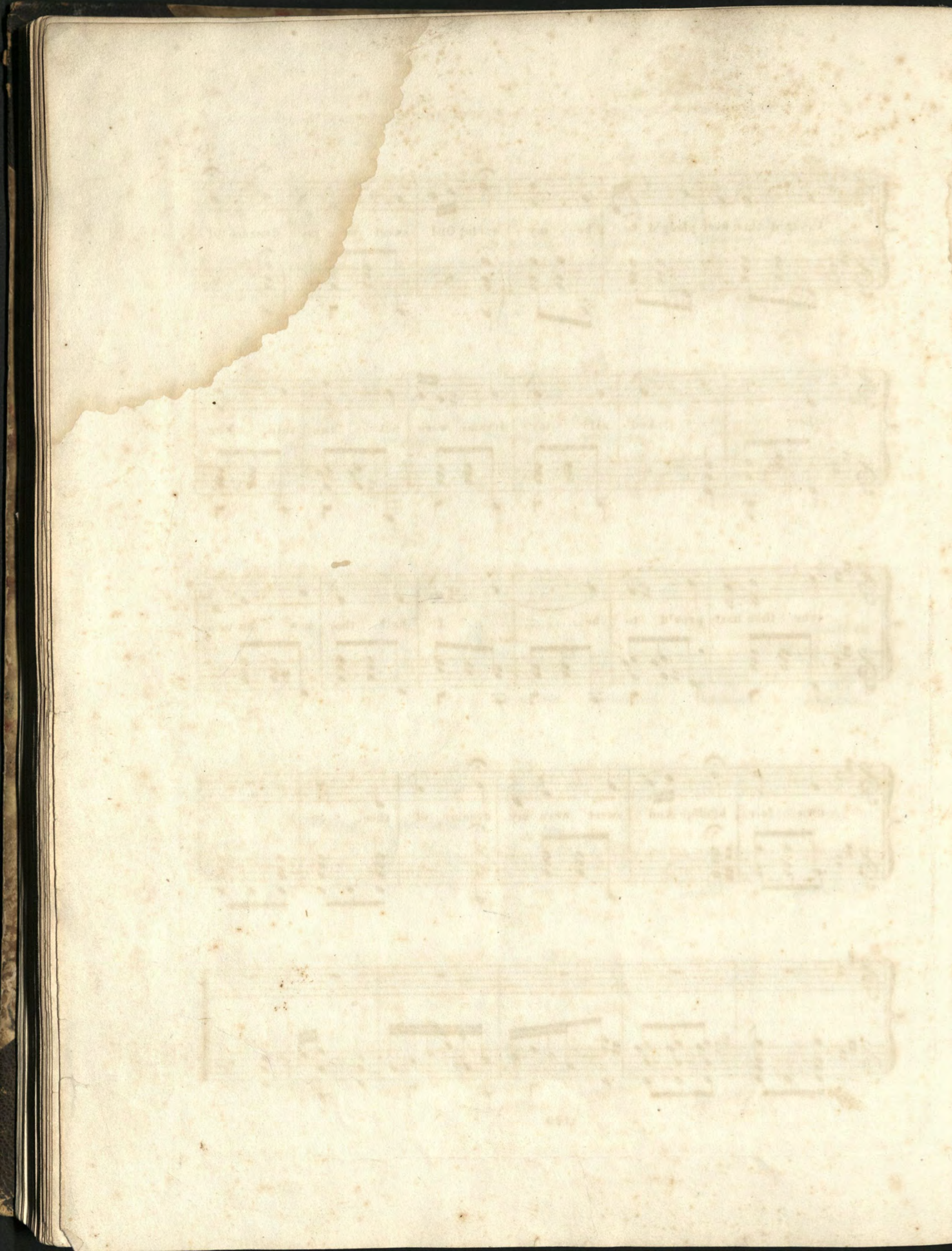
by my side, And sweet...ly smil'd on me; I

thought thou wert pledg'd to be my bride; Oh! sweet were my dreams of

thee. And all my dreams were not in vain, For

true thou hast prov'd to be ----- I hail thee now as mine

own fair bride; And sweet were my dreams of thee.



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