CLARA A. H. CHARTERS.

From the Library of
Matanya Ophax

year

1839-1849

LE DILETTANTE,

A Collection of Choice Pieces for the Guitar,

Composed & Respectfully Dedicated to her Pupils

BY

MRS KNOOP.

PART FIRST.

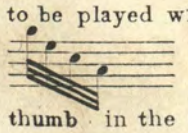
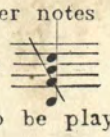
Nº1 TRIUMPHAL MARCH OF BUENA VISTA.	Nº 4 LE TREMOLO.
„ 2 CARNIVAL OF VENICE WITH VARIATIONS.	„ 5 LA CACHUCHA.
„ 3 L'ALHAMBRA, VALSE.	„ 6 L'ANDALOUSE, VALSE.

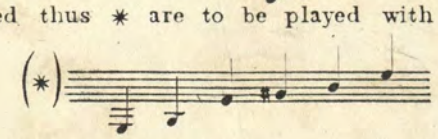
No. 1 *Pr. Cts.*

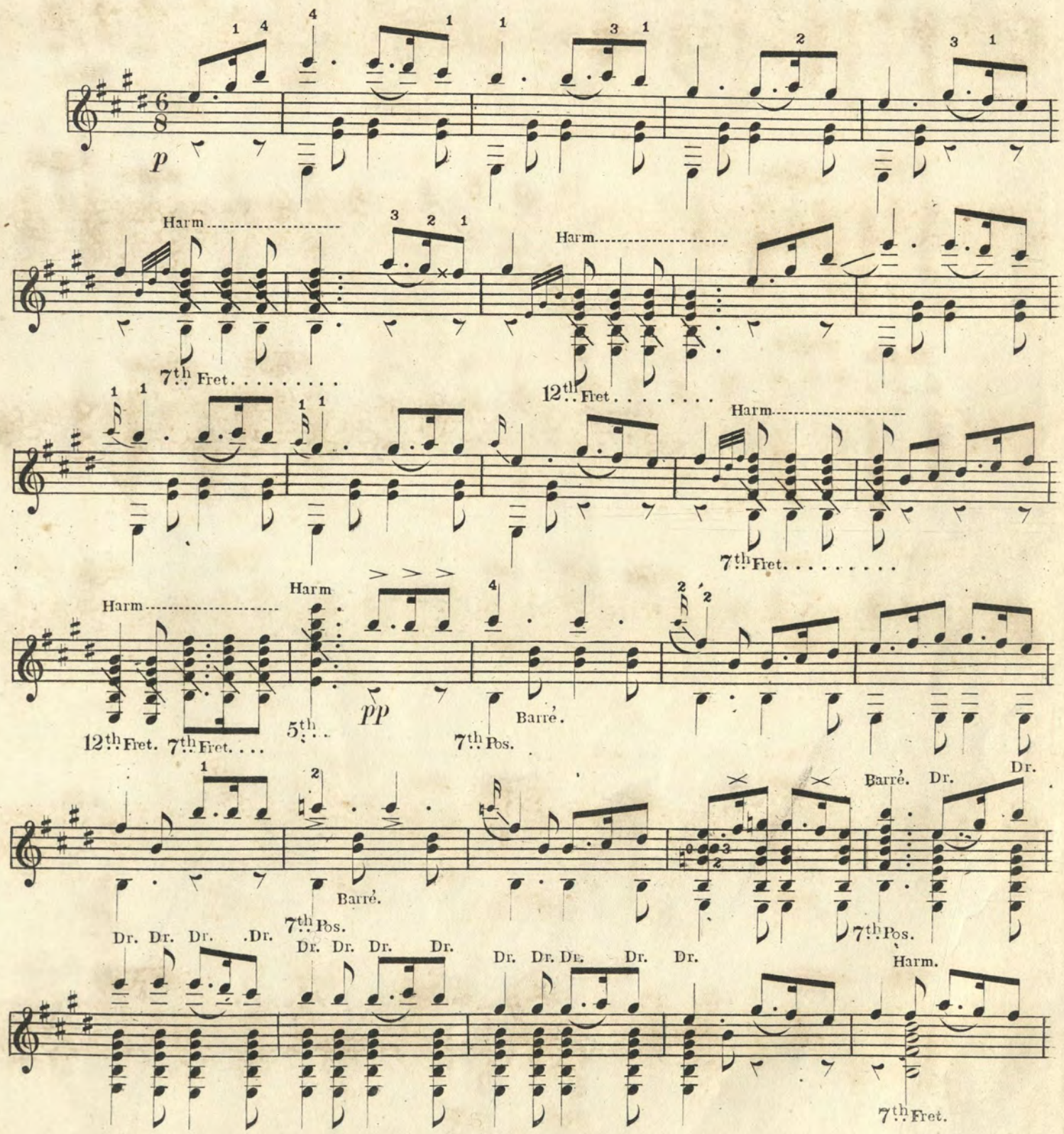
Published by Schatzman & Brulon Cincinnati.

Printed by T. J. Williams

TRIUMPHAL MARCH OF BUENA VISTA.

REMARKS. The Guitar is to be tuned in E. (*) Dr. Signifies the beating with the thumb as near the bridge as possible to imitate the Drum. Chords marked thus ✕ are to be played with the first finger, beginning by the upper notes to produce the effect  Those Chords with a line across, thus  are to be struck with the thumb in the usual way. Chords marked thus * are to be played with the back of the nails.





staccato.

Harm.

Harm.

12th Fret.

7th Fret.

12th Fret.

pp

5th Pos.

9th Pos.

Barré.

Horns.

Play with the nails near the bridge.

Harm

7th Fret.

12th Fret.

7th Fret.

5th Fret.

7th Fret.

12th Fret.

Barré.

2d Pos.

ff

7th Pos.

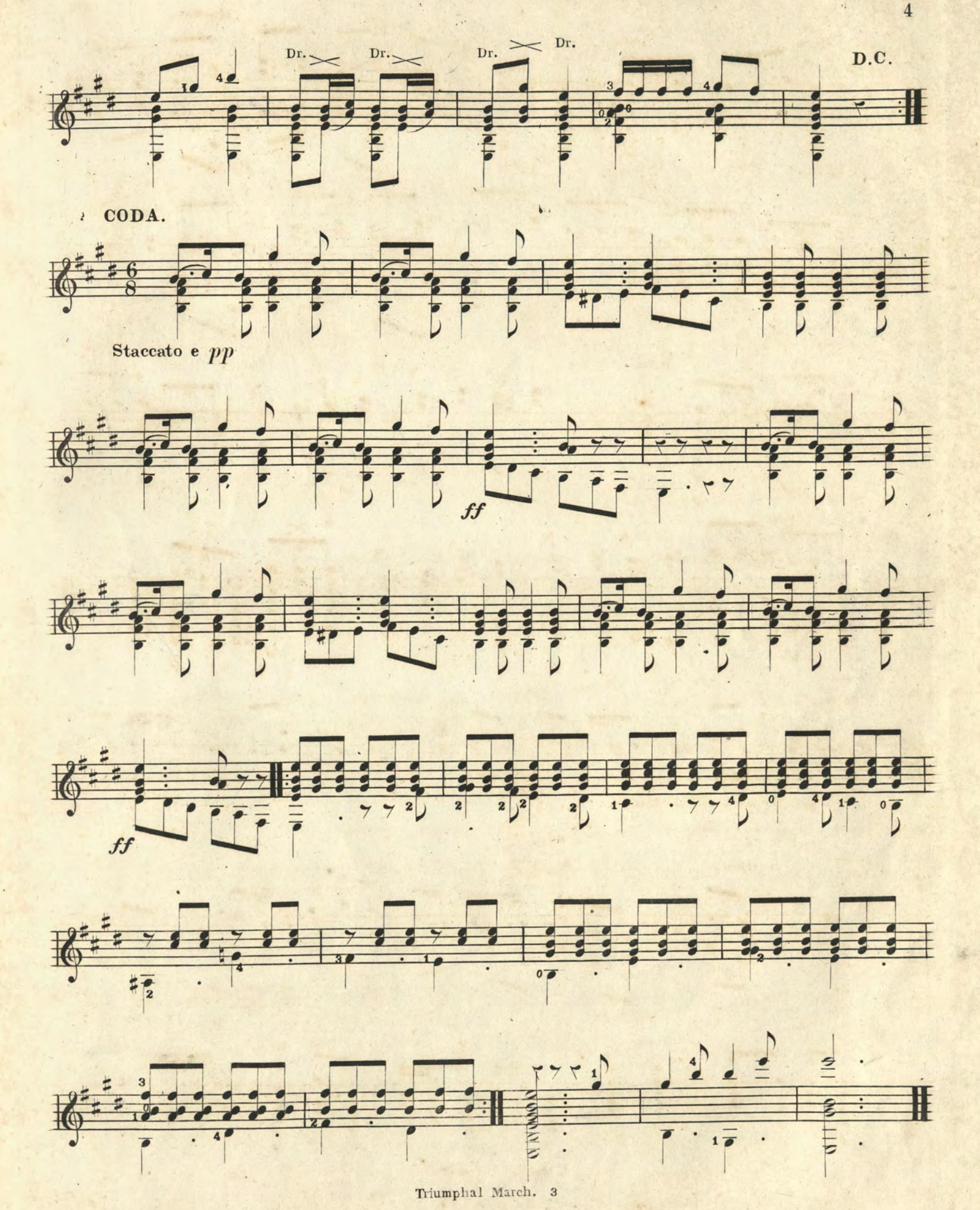
Dr.

Dr.

Dr.

Dr.

Triumphal March.


Dr.
Dr.
Dr.
Dr.
D.C.
CODA.
Staccato e pp
ff
ff

CARNIVAL OF VENICE.

RORY O'MORE.

Fine.

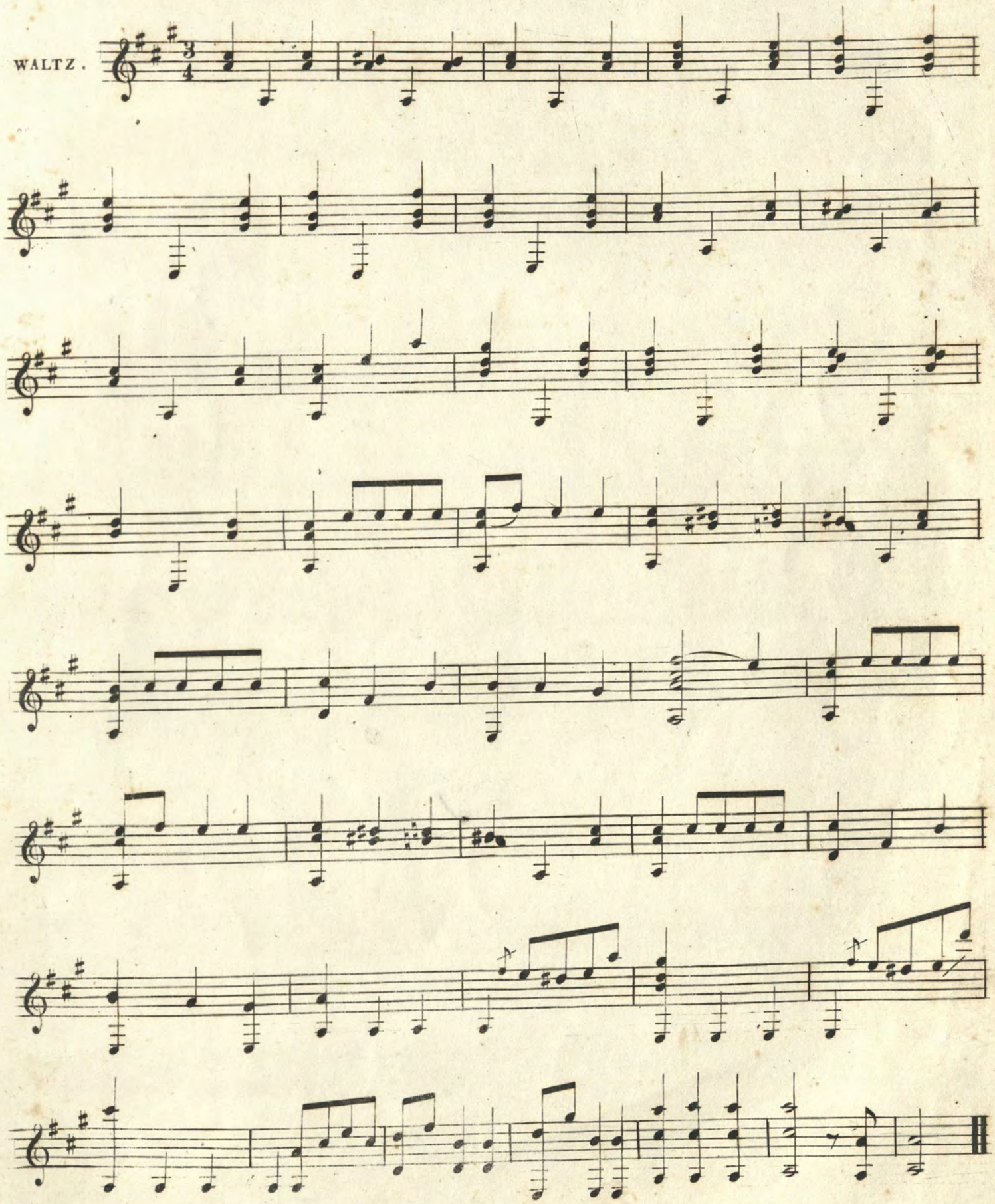
D.C.

HOPE WALTZ.

Published by SCHATZMAN & BRULON. Cincinnati.

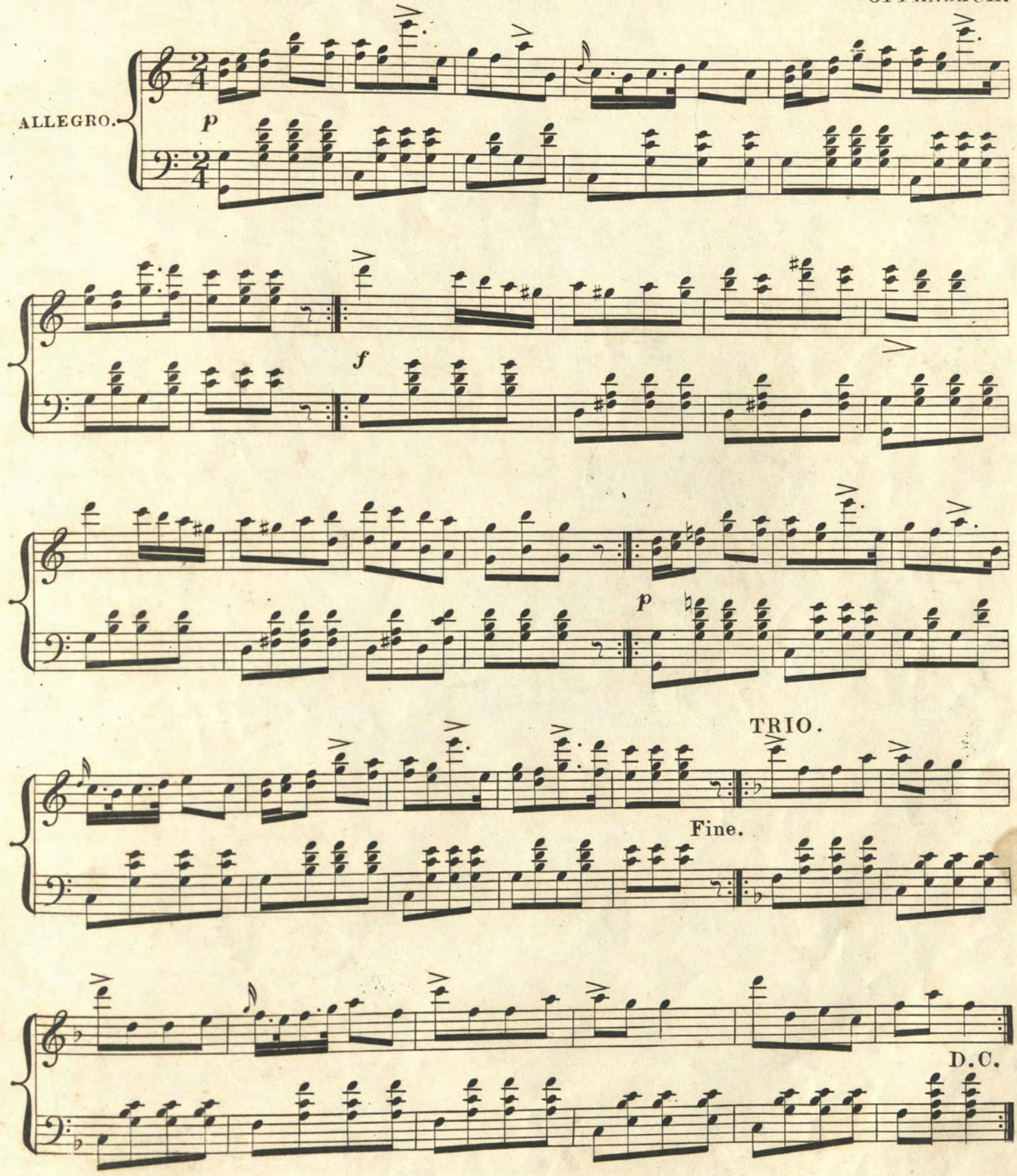
J. STRAUSS.

WALTZ.



LA POLKA — No. 2.

OFFENBACH.



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

HOW CHEERING THE THOUGHT.

G. J. WEBB.

ANDANTE CANTABILE.

Tune the 6th. String to F.

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

Glide.

p

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

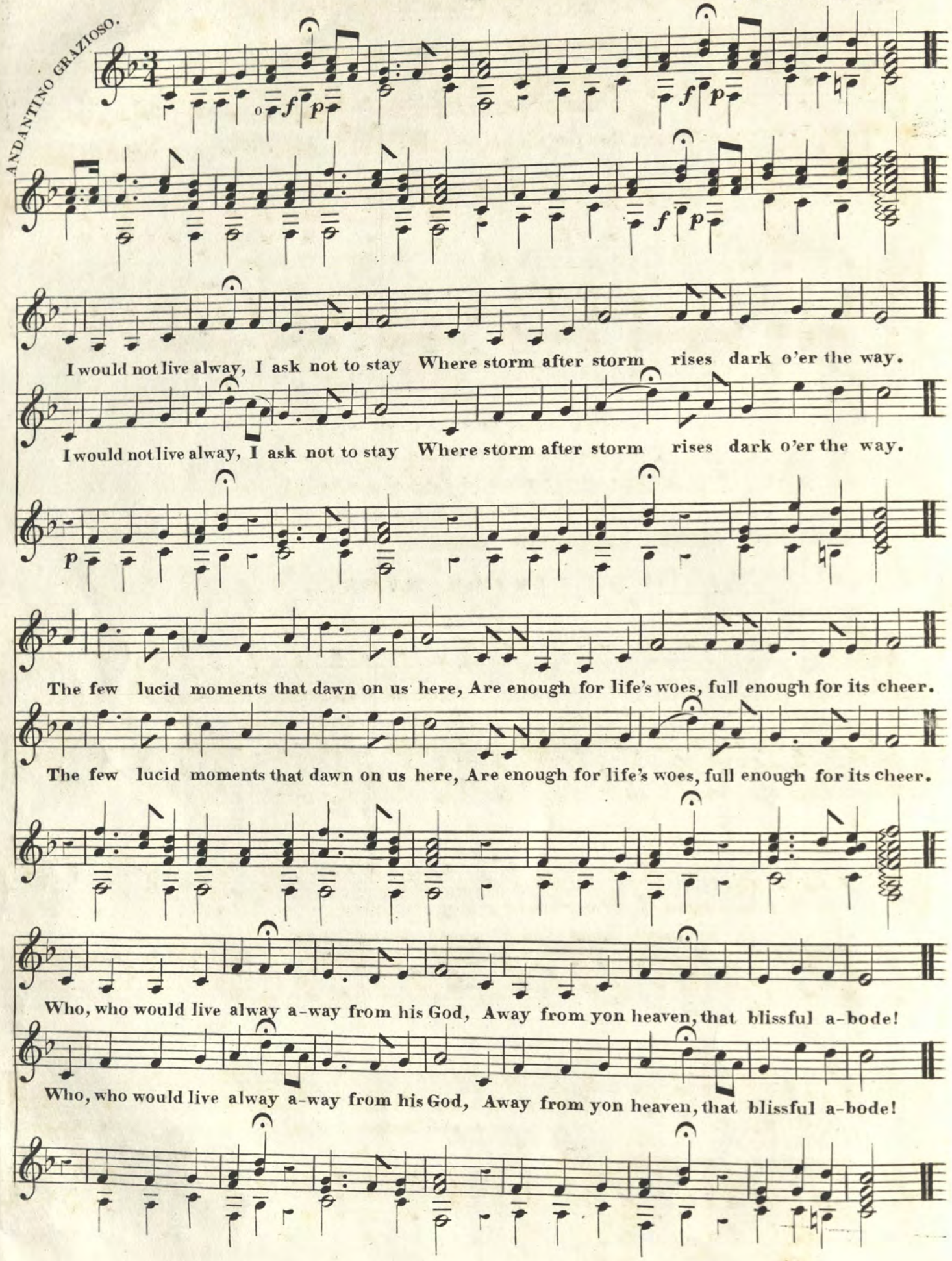
ad lib:

lay him at rest in the arms of his God.

Dolce.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

G. KINGSLEY.



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;

f *p*

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.

MODERATO.

Now like moonlight waves re-treating, To the shore it

Hark the vesper hymn is stealing, O'er the waters

p

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

f

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.

p

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

G. J. WEBB.

ANDANTE CON AFFETUOSO.

Legato.

p dim:

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

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

p

Tempo.

Call?

swift decreasing 'Tis the fettered soul's releasing, Weep ad lib: 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.

Smorz:

ad lib:

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

p

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,

Soprano 1st & 2d.

Here tell your an-guish, Earth hath no sor-row that Heaven cannot heal. Here bring your

Bass.

wounded hearts, Here tell your an-guish, Earth hath no sor-row that Heaven can-not heal.

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 lingring

p

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 exhalement

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

fr

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

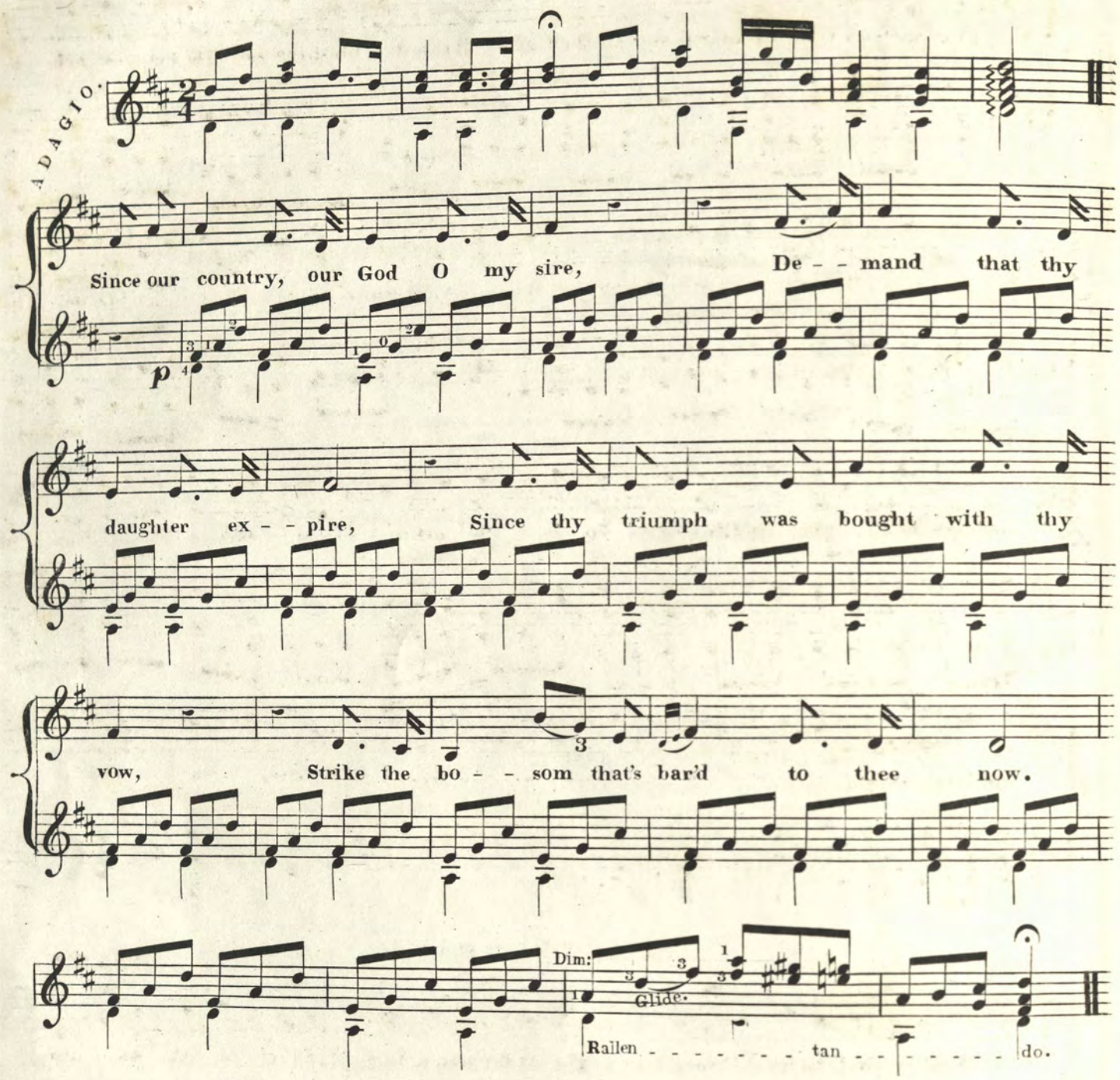
And, while they pass'd a fragrance threw, But left but left no trace of sweets behind.

ad lib:

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

Glide

JEPTHA'S DAUGHTER.



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.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN

WRITTEN BY

Bishop Heber

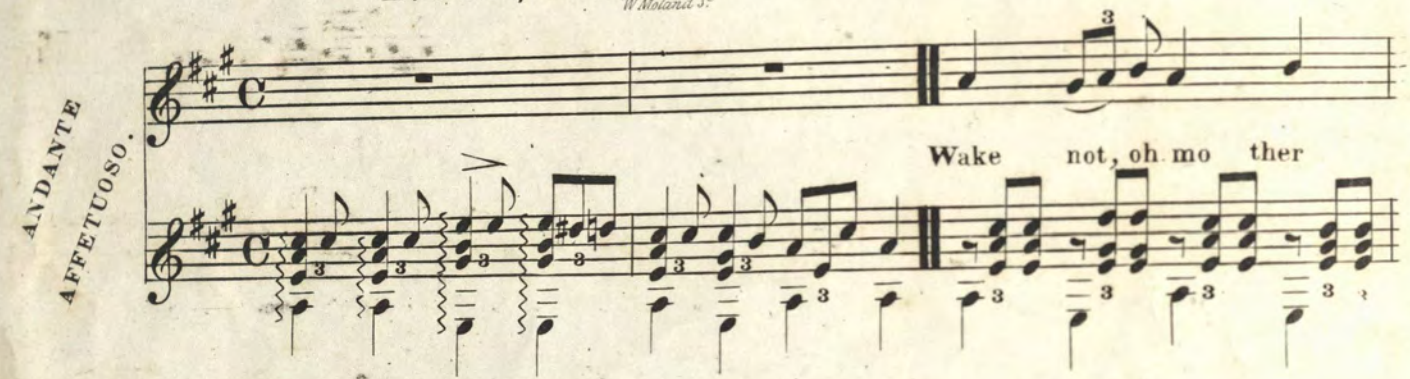
Arranged for the

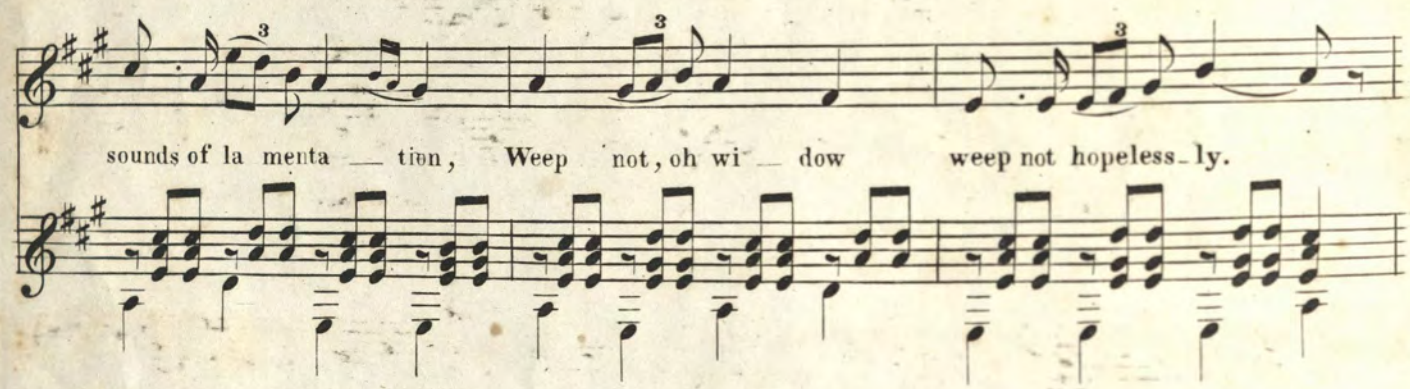
GUITAR

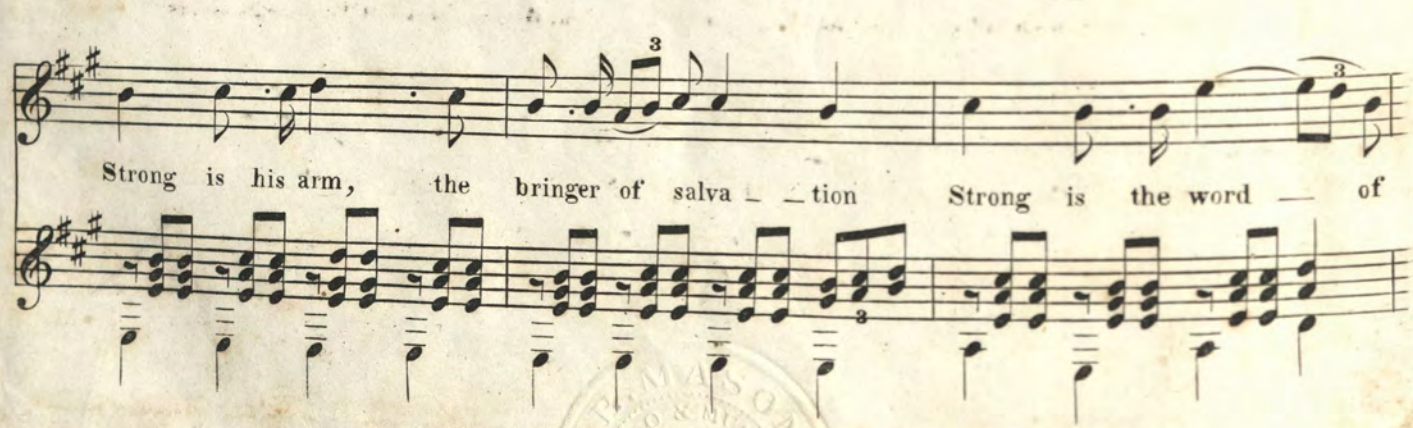
BY

A. SCHMITZ.

Philadelphia, **A. FIOT,** *196 Chesnut St.*
W. Moland Sc.







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;

Strong was his arm, the bringer of sal _ va _ tion, Strong was the word of God to succour thee,

AD LIB

tr

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. Meindee.*

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;

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.

"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!"

sien e smorz

THE BRAVE OLD OAK

as Sung by

Mr. Russell

The Music by

E. J. Loder.

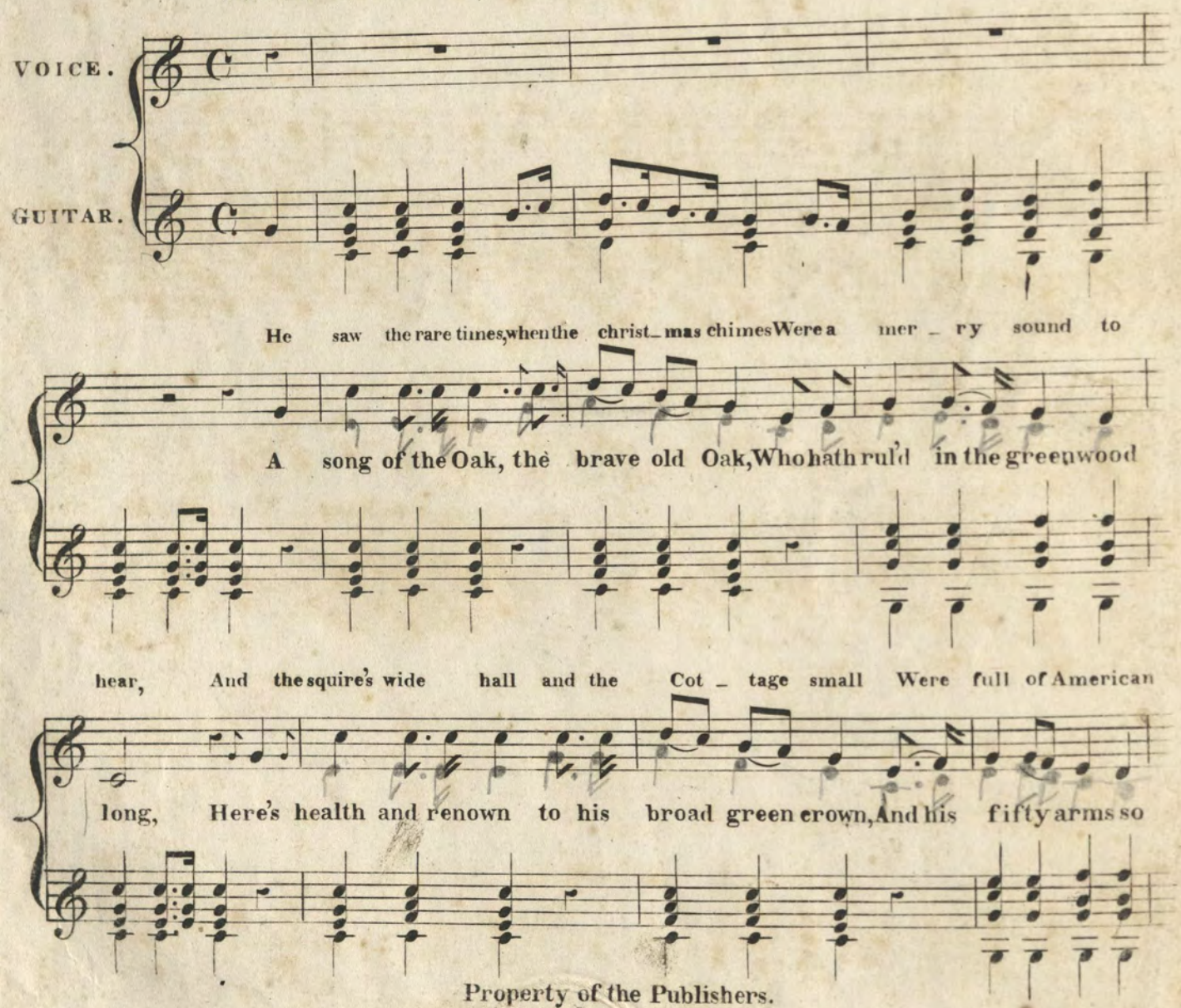
ARRANGED FOR THE

SPANISH GUITAR

by

EDWARD FEHRMAN.

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



cheer And all the day to the re_beck 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_

ad lib

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 green tree, When a hundred years are

gone.

COME BRAVE WITH ME THE SEA, LOVE,

from Bellini's Opera

I PURITANI

Arranged for the

Guitar

by

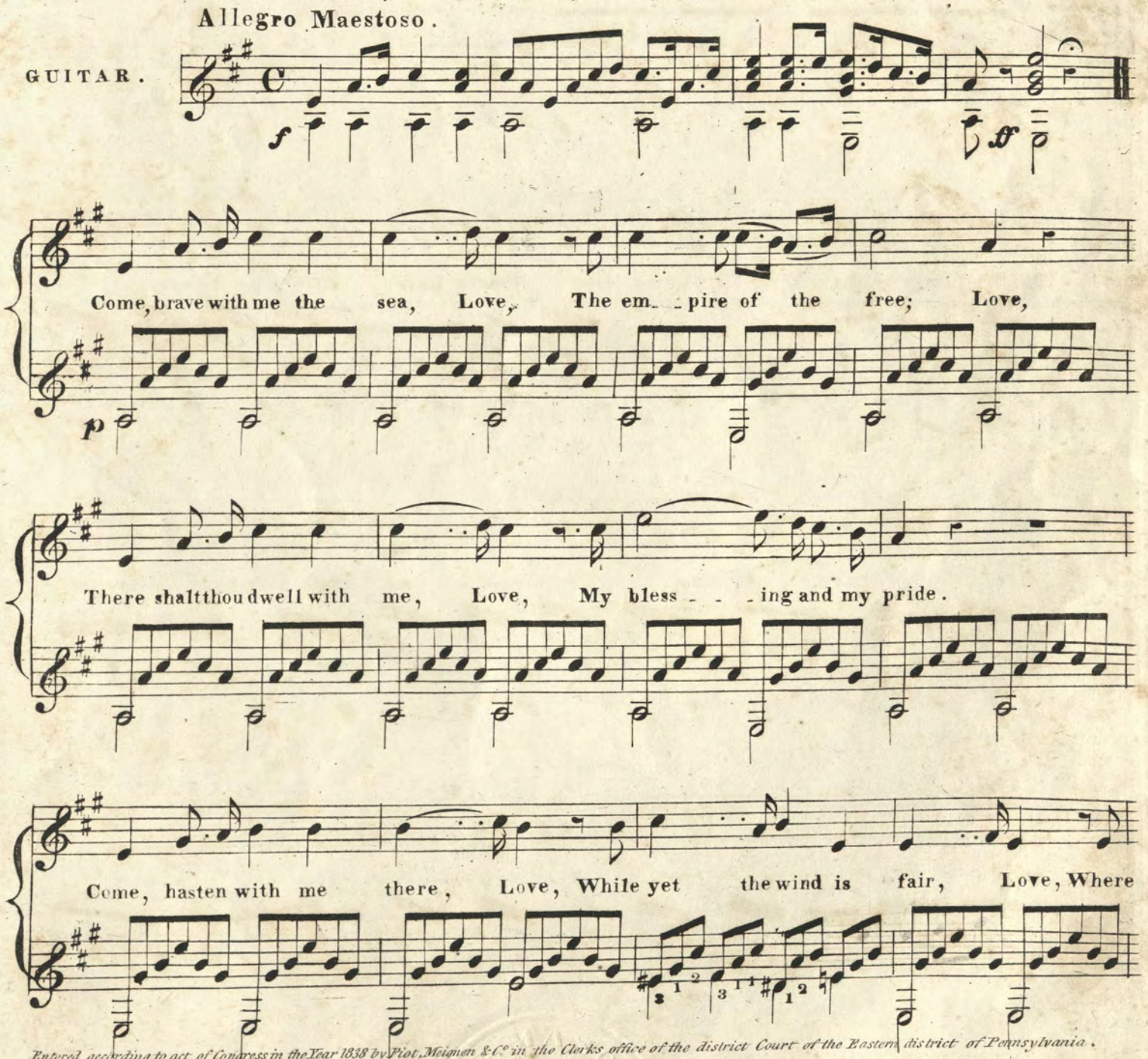
L. MEIGNEN.

Pr. 37½ Cts.

Philadelphia, A. FIOT, Nº 136 *Chesnut St.*

Allegro Maestoso.

GUITAR.



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

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.

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 bride.

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;

f

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

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

bride.

f

WE CAN LOVE NO MORE

Ballad

Written by the Authoress of

WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER

Adapted to a German Melody

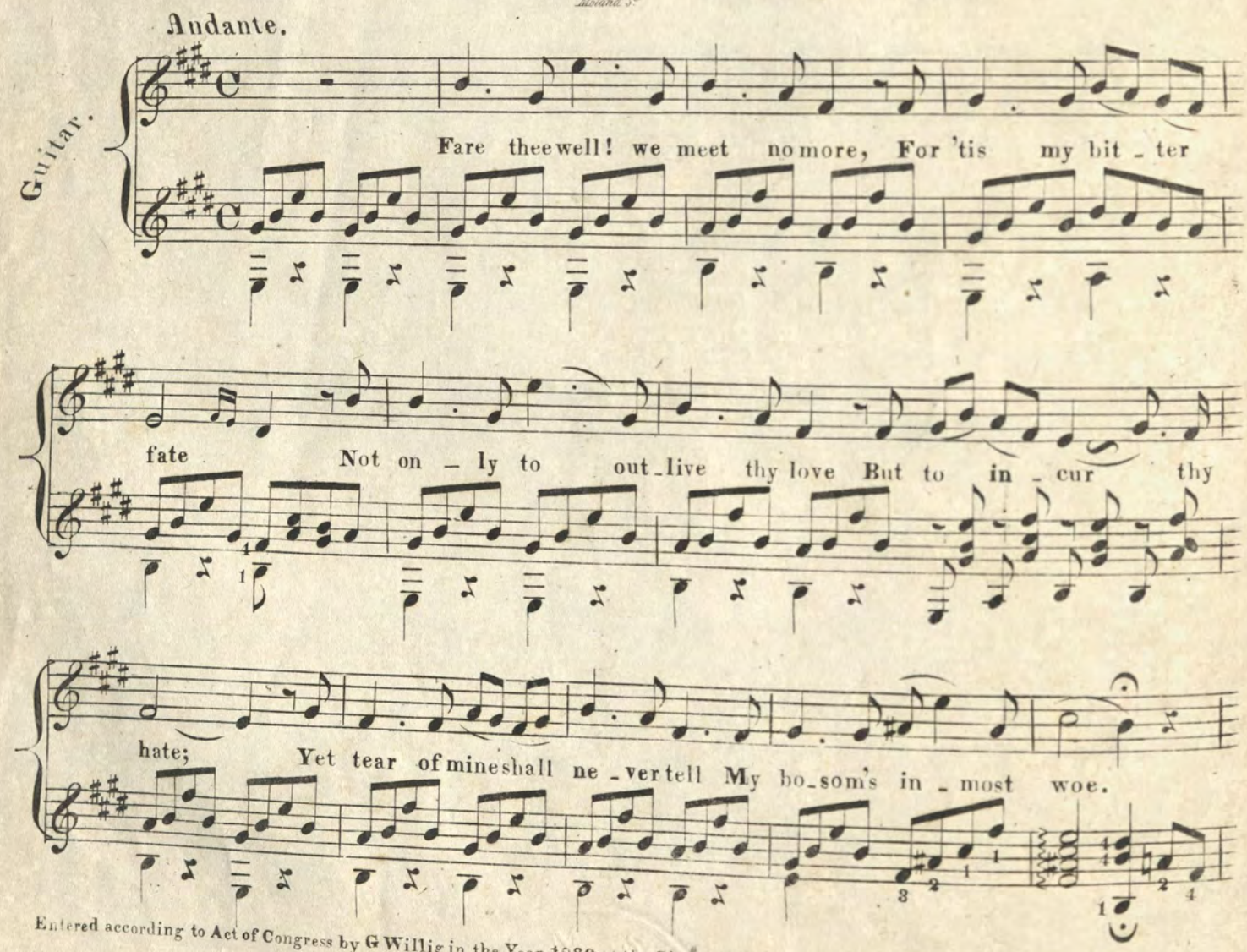
Arranged for the

Spanish Guitar

BY

F. WEILAND.

Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chesnut St.
For sale by John P. Beile, Charleston, S. C.
Moland Sc



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 mur_mur at my lot, The

If in se_cret 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

'ROME, THOU ART NO MORE'

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG

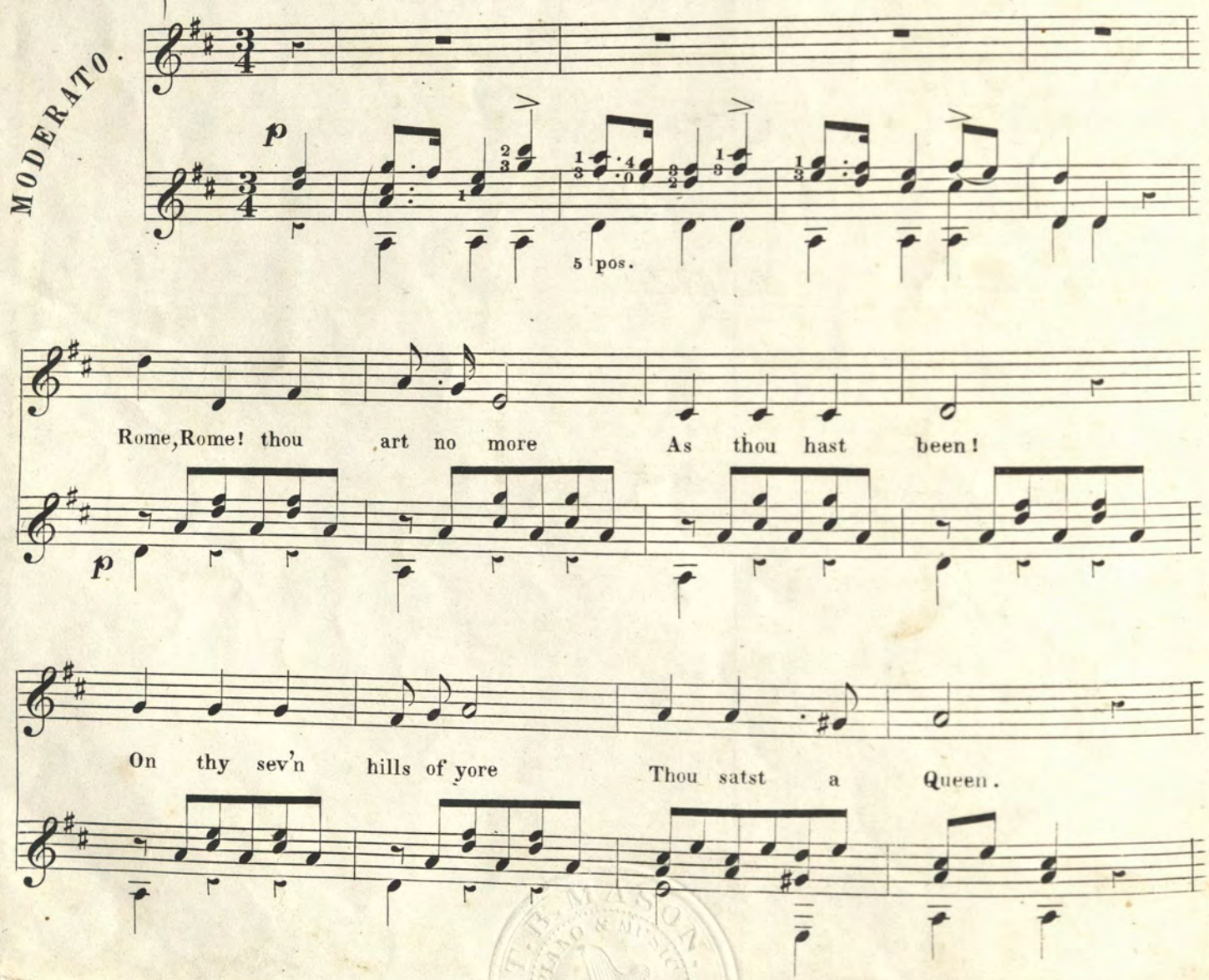
Written by

Mrs. Hemans.

Arranged for the GUITAR BY

F. Weiland.

Philadelphia A. FIOT *196 Chesnut St.*
New York W. DUBOIS *315 Broadway.*



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

A BOHEMIAN MELODY,

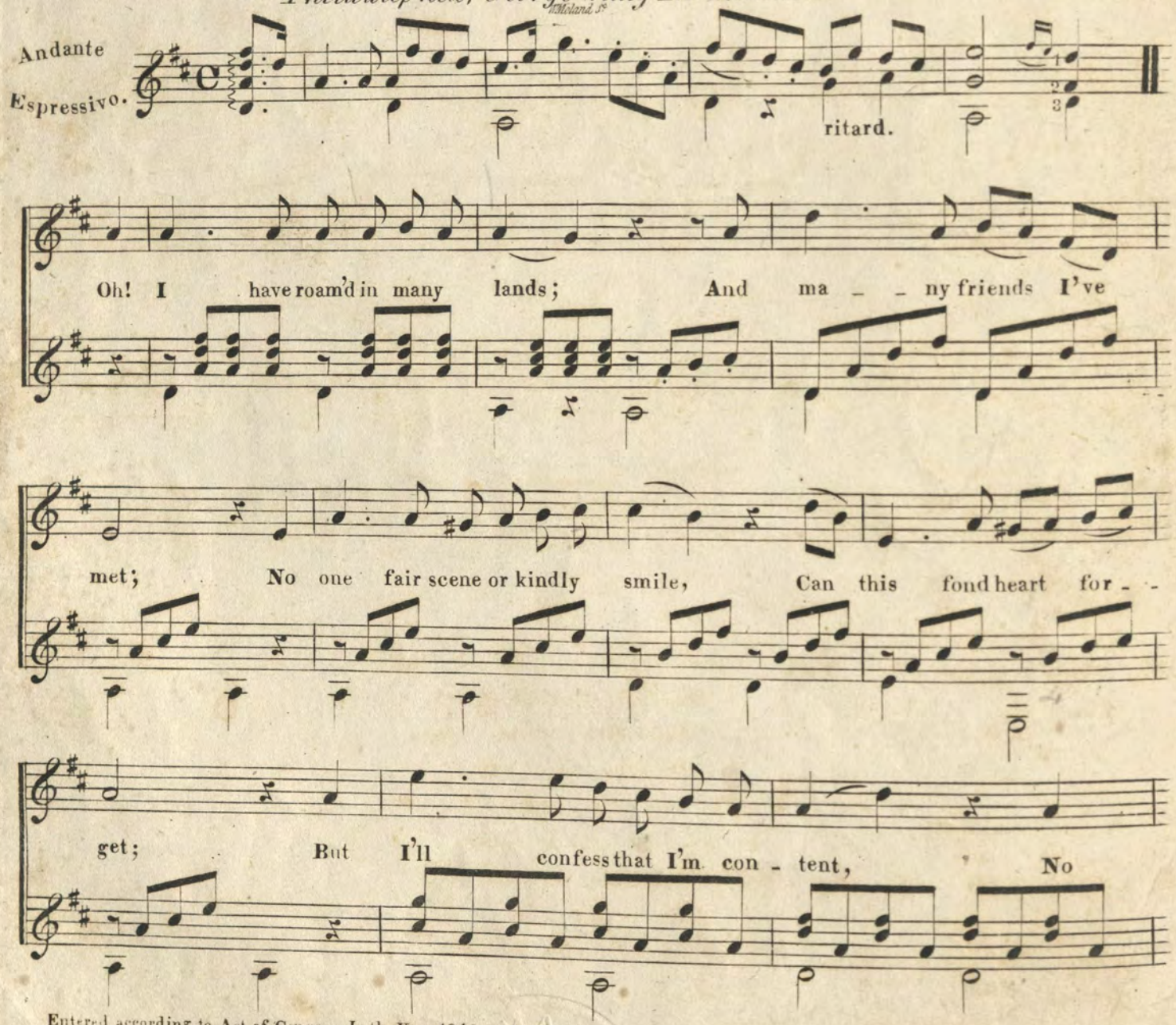
Arranged for the

Spanish Guitar

BY

F. WEILAND.

Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chesnut St.
Weiland Sc



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.

THE EVENING GUN

(A Favorite Song)

Arranged for the

SPANISH GUITAR

BY

Francis Weiland.

Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chesnut St.
W. Moland Sc.

Voce.

Guitar.

Andante molto espressivo.

ritard.

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

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

f

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

p

- way die a - way.

pp *dim*

2

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.

THERE WAS A TIME

BALLAD

Adapted to a Favorite Melody, in Bellini's

NORMA.

Arranged for the

GUITAR

BY

F. Weiland.

Philadelphia, **A. FIOT,** *196 Chesnut St.*

MODERATO.

p

There was a time when in a trance My ve_ _ _ry soul seem'd

bound, When love, caught from thy star_light glance, Turn'd earth to fai_ _ _ry

ground. When hours flew by_____ on ro_ _ _sy wings, We did not woo their

stay, Nor weep their loss, for bright_er things Came

Ritard.º 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

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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

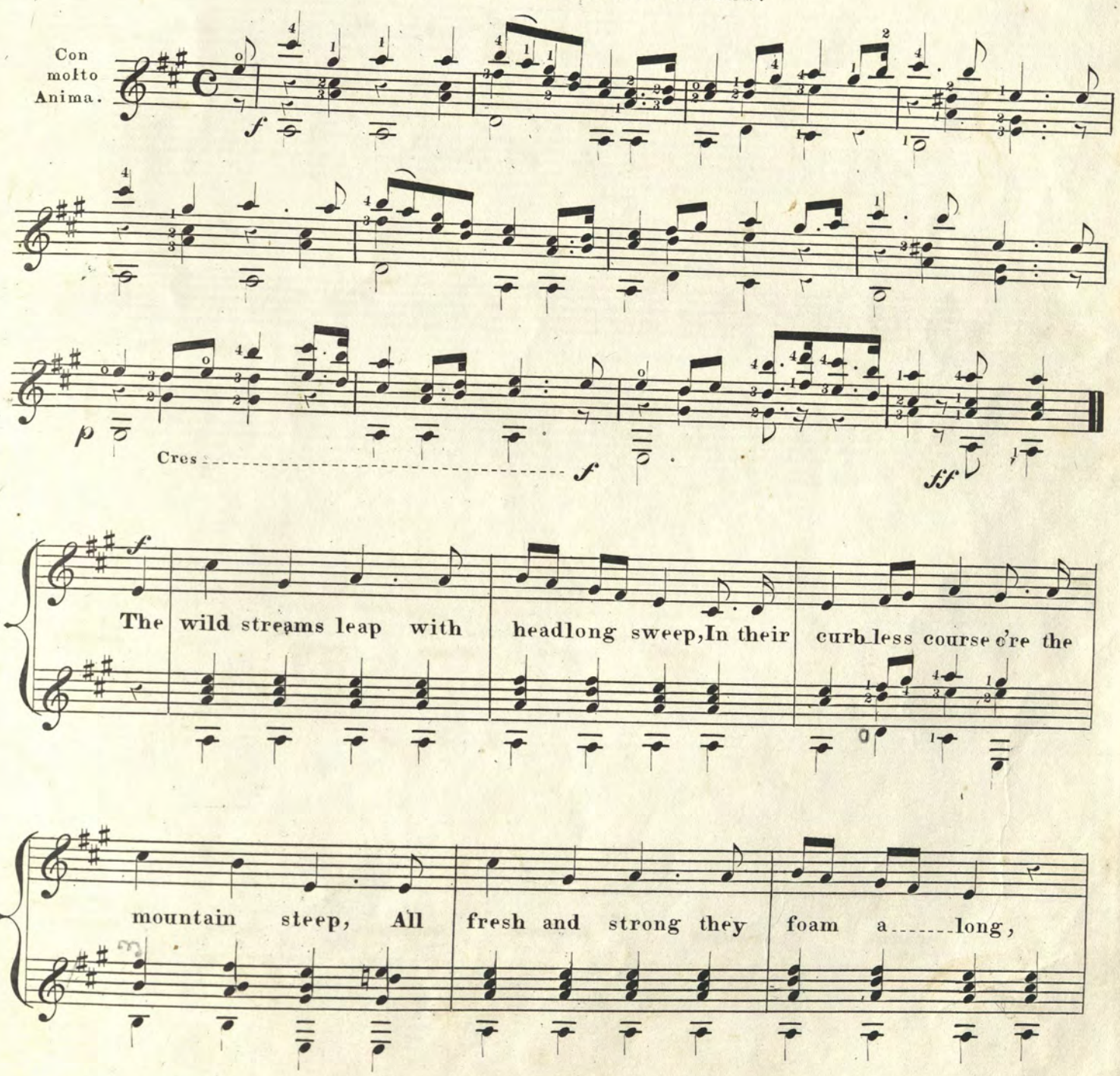
JAMES FLINT.

Words by Eliza Cook

Music by Henry Russell

25 Cts. nett.

Boston GEO. P. REED 17 Tremont Row.



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

beam on a lance, While I watch the wa---ters 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.

THE SEA,

The Poetry by

BARRY CORNWALL ESQ.

The Music by

BARON NEUKOMM;

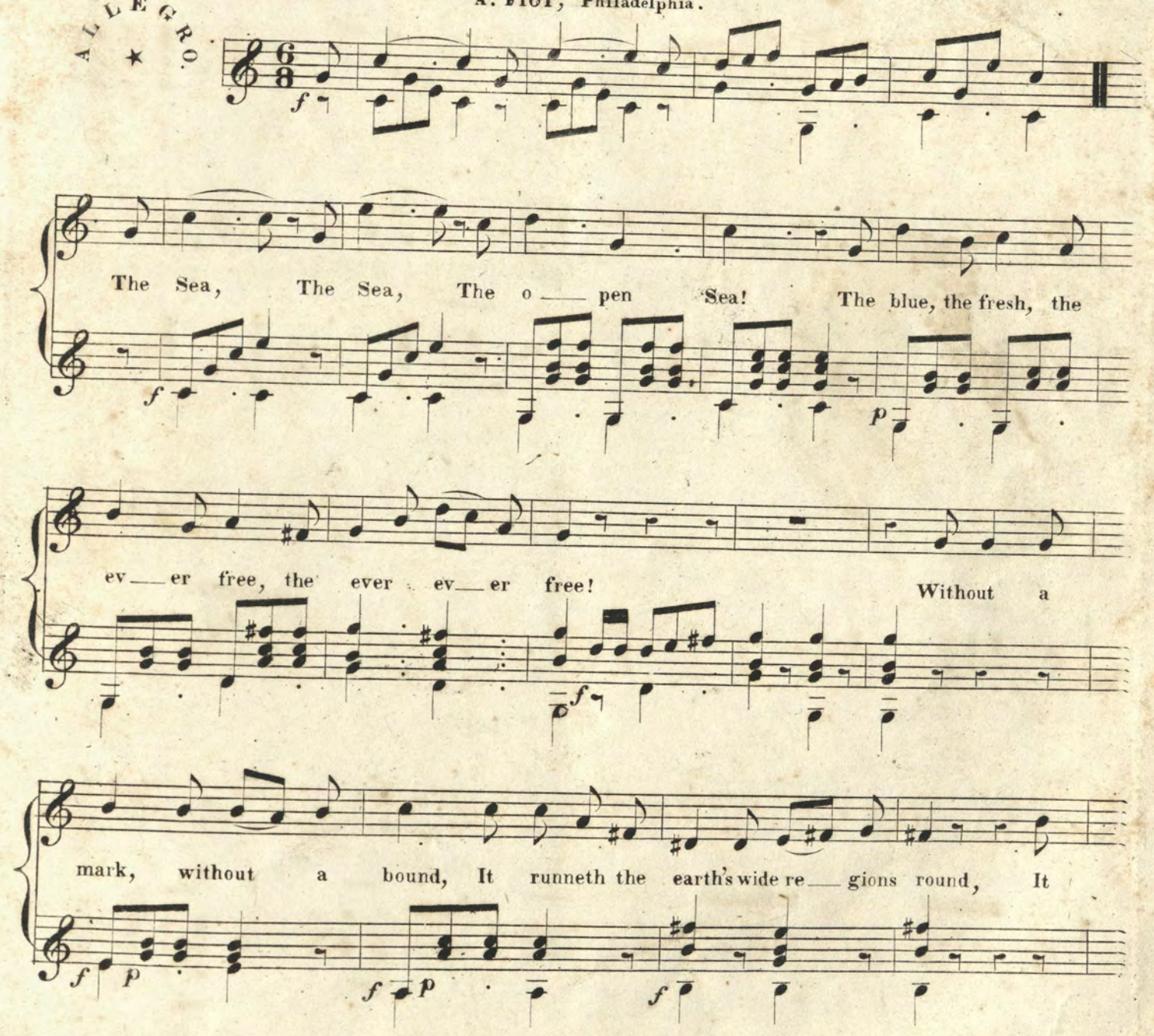
Arranged for the

SPANISH GUITAR

— BY —

Leopold Meignen.

A. FIOT, Philadelphia.



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

p

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

f

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

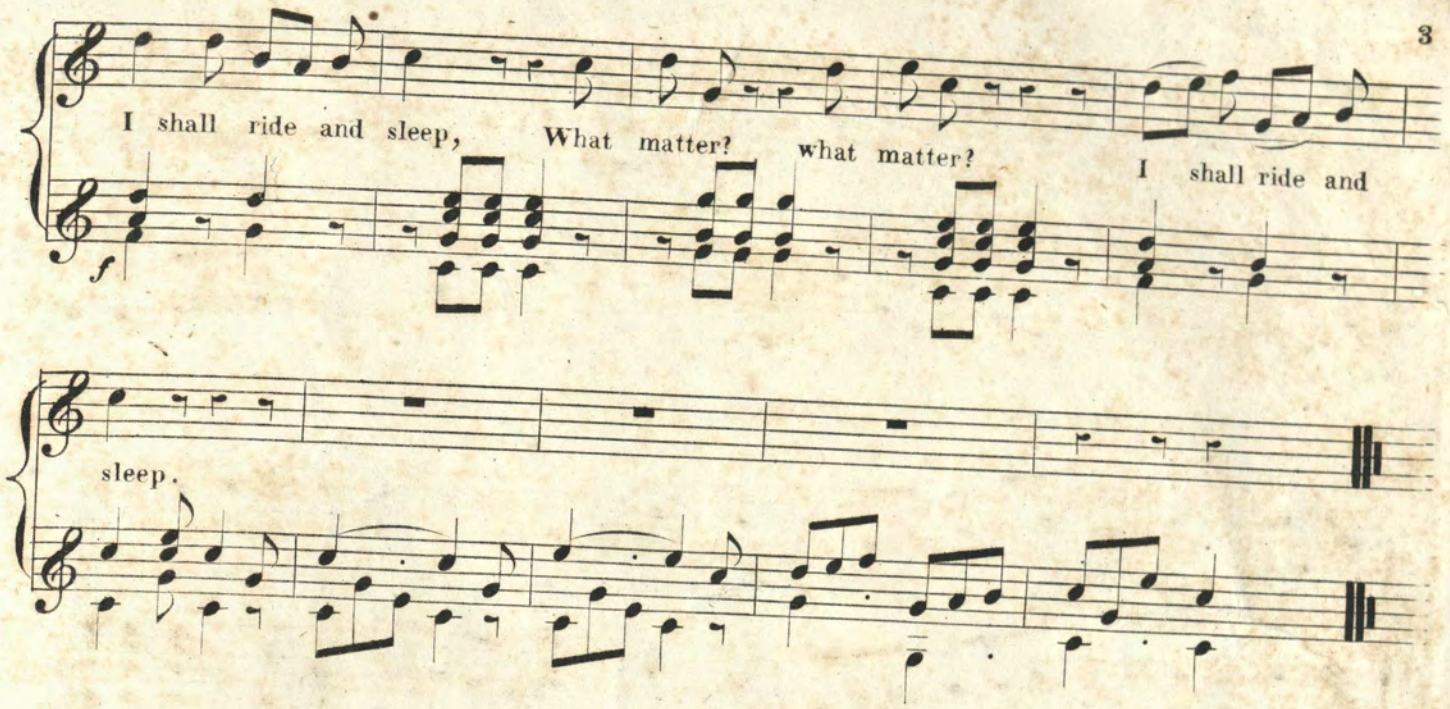
p

blue below, And silence where_so — e'er I go If a storm — should

come, — and a_wake — the deep, What matter? what matter?

Cres

f



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

Miss Rebecca F. Gallagher

by

W. C. PETERS.

Price 25 Cts. nett.
With Piano Accomp.t

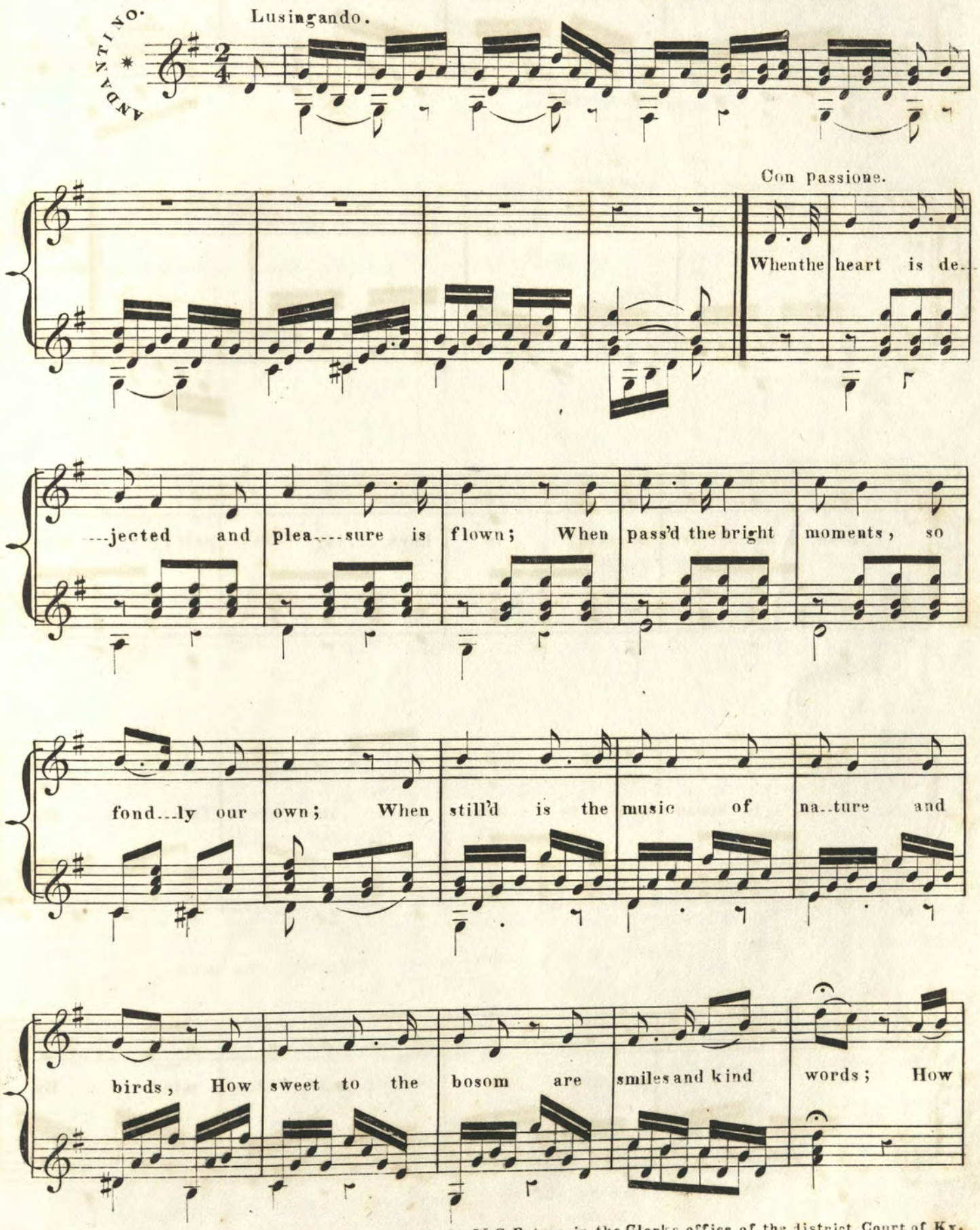
Price 25 Cts. nett.
With Guitar Accomp.t

Published by W. C. PETERS *Cin.a Ohio.*
Louisville PETERS & WEBSTER - PETERS & FIELD *Cincinnati.*

SMILES AND KIND WORDS.

Arranged for the Guitar.

Music by W. C. Peters.



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

ad lib.

smiles that are pleasant and words that are kind.

THIRD VERSE

I have been to the pa--lace of the rich and the gay, Where the

sy-----rens of pleasure chase sor-----row a way; But nev----er, no

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

ad lib.

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

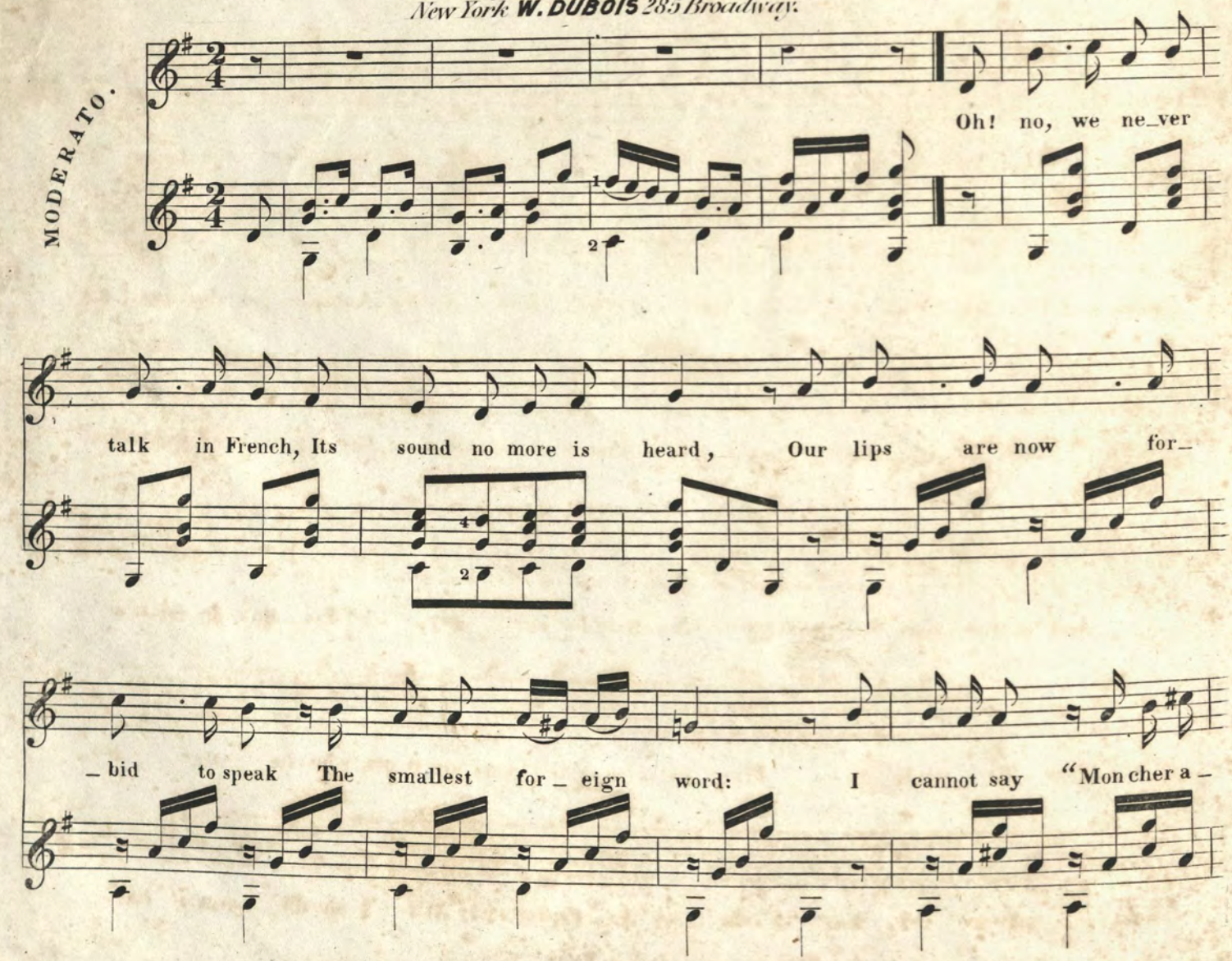
OH! NO, WE NEVER TALK IN FRENCH

A Song

The Words by
MISS LESLIE,

Arranged for
The Guitar by
F. WEILAND.

Philadelphia A. FIOT 196 Chesnut St.
New York W. DUBOIS 285 Broadway.



_ 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

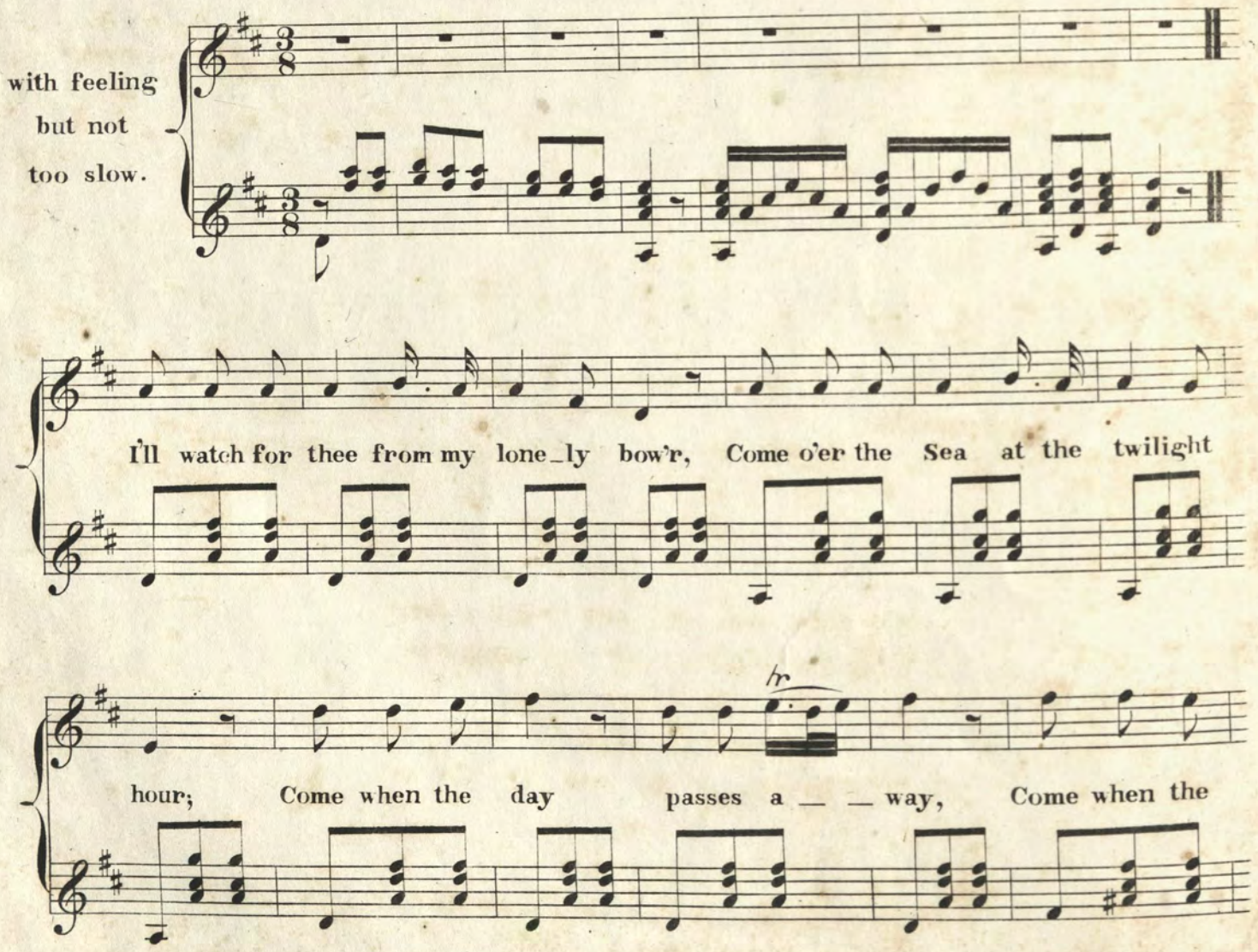
Spanish Guitar

by

J. A. STILL.

Philadelphia, Kretschmar & Nunns No. 70 S. Third & 196 Chesnut S.ts

E. Gillingham



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

ad lib:

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

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 OF IRELAND

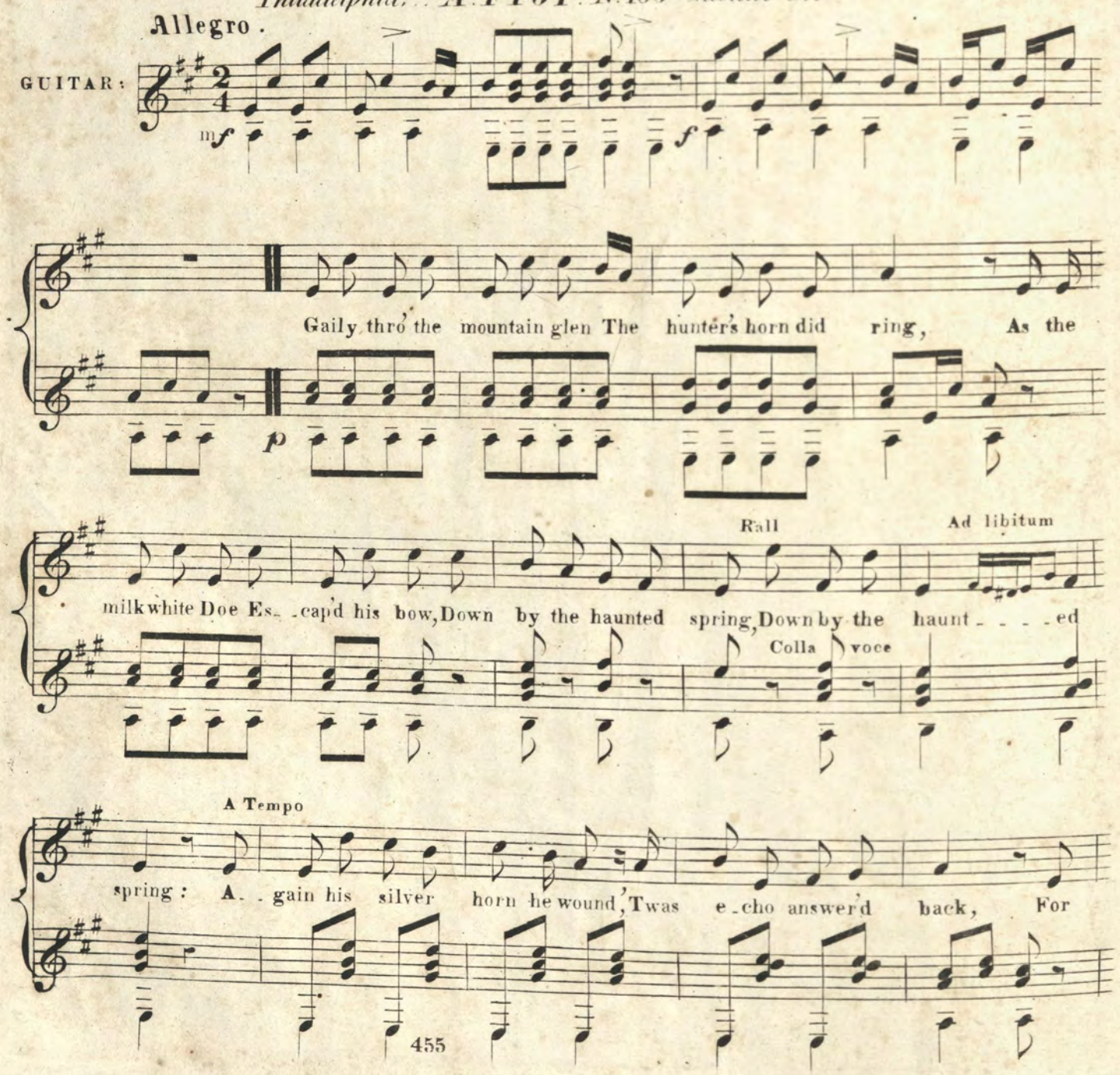
Arranged for the

GUITAR

BY

Lᵒ MEIGNEN.

Philadelphia. A. FIOT. Nº 196 Chesnut St.



neither groom 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 himslef, no living thing Was

Ad libitum

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

Second Verse.

The purple hearthbells blooming fair Their fragrance round did fling, As the hun_ter lay, At

close of day, Be_side the haunted spring, Beside the haunt_ _ed 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, "Be thou my lovely

blooming bride, A bride that well might grace a king, Fair lady of the haunted spring, Fair la_dy 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 haunt _ed 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 milk white doe appears, And wakes the peasant's

ev'ning fears While distant bugles faintly ring, A round the lonely haunted spring, A round the lonely haunted spring.

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.

mf

1 3

f

My own one! My own one! Whom I have lov'd so well; With thy rav___en hair, and

p

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.

Mary Gray

A BALLAD

Adapted to the Popular Air

Lucy Neal.

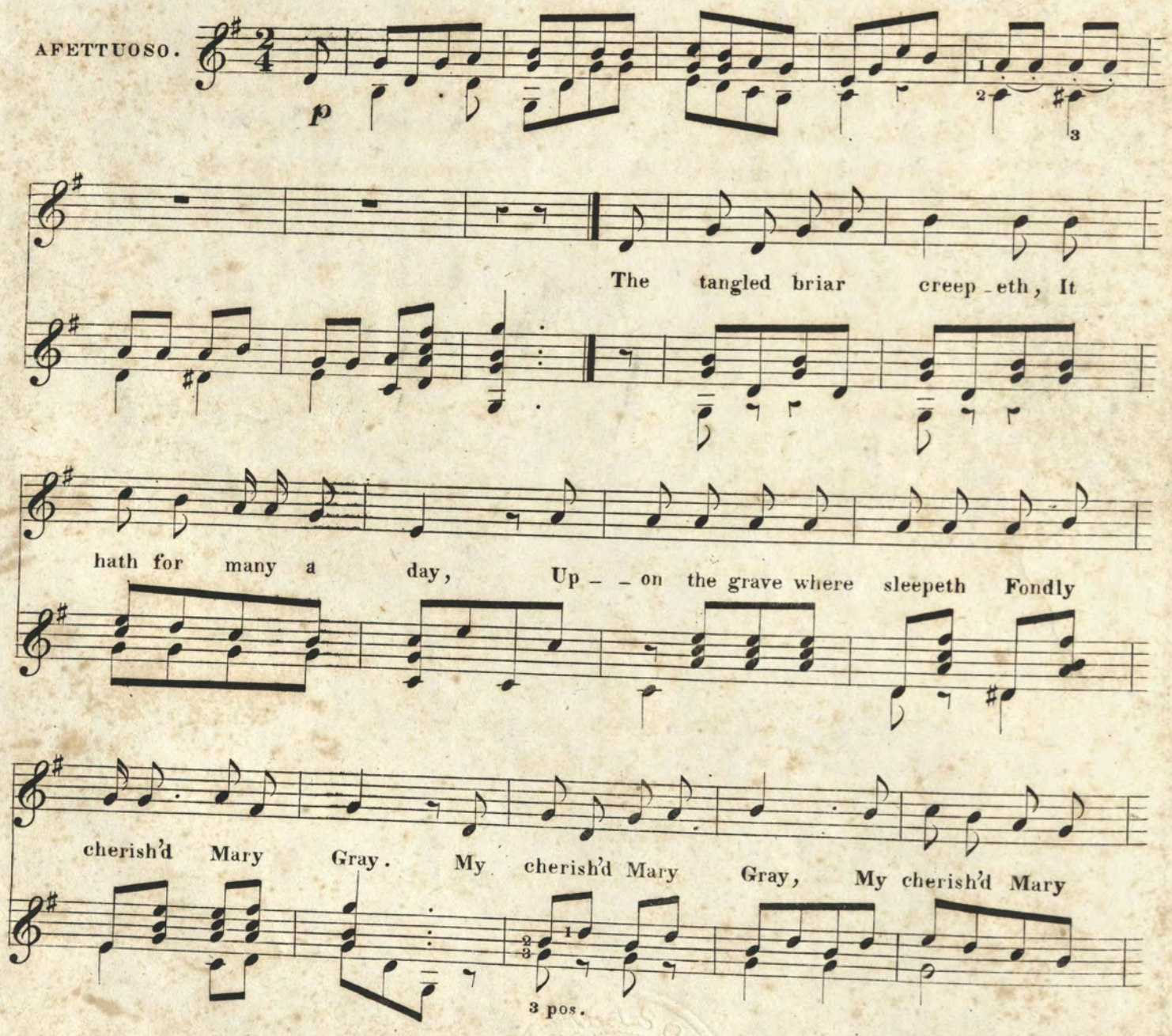
Written by

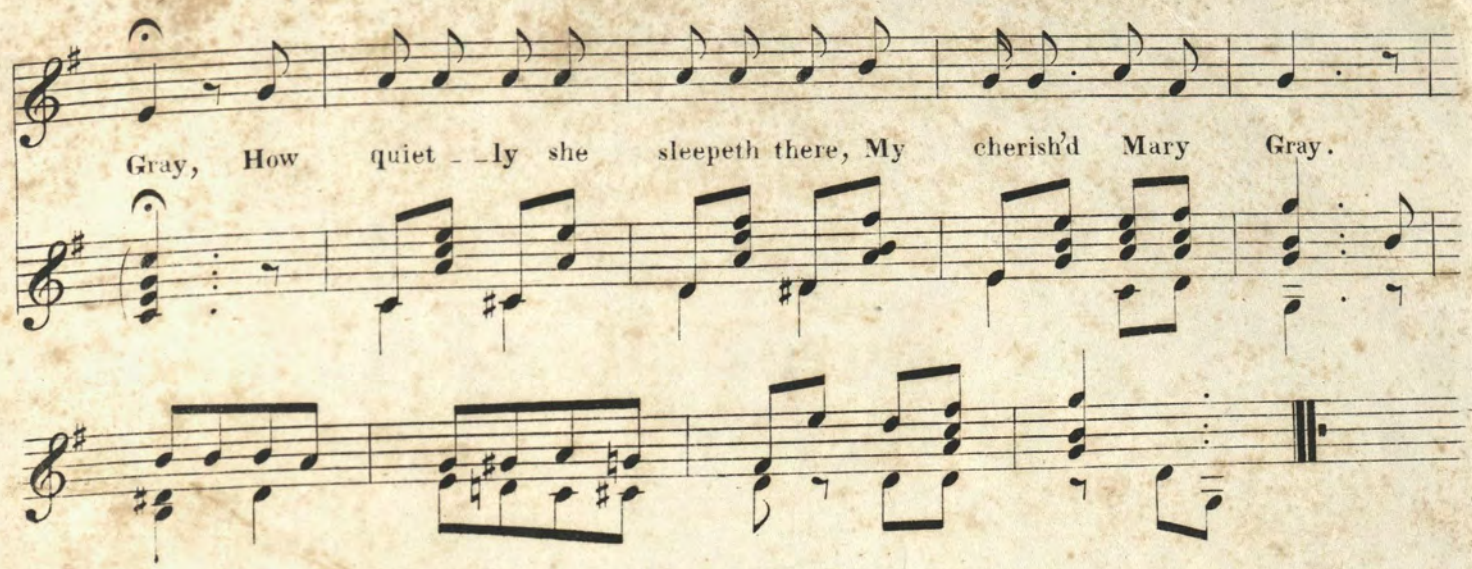
T. DUNN ENGLISH ESQ.

Arranged for the GUITAR BY

FRANCIS WEILAND.

Philadelphia A. FIOT *196 Chestnut St.*
New York W. DUBOIS *345 Broadway.*





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*

VOICE.

GUITAR.

mf f

p

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

p

Rallent.

thro' the day Beameth a - lone, How dim the flow'rs appear, How joyless all a - bove, 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!

2d. VERSE.

Tho' ev'ry lute be strung 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!

PEACE

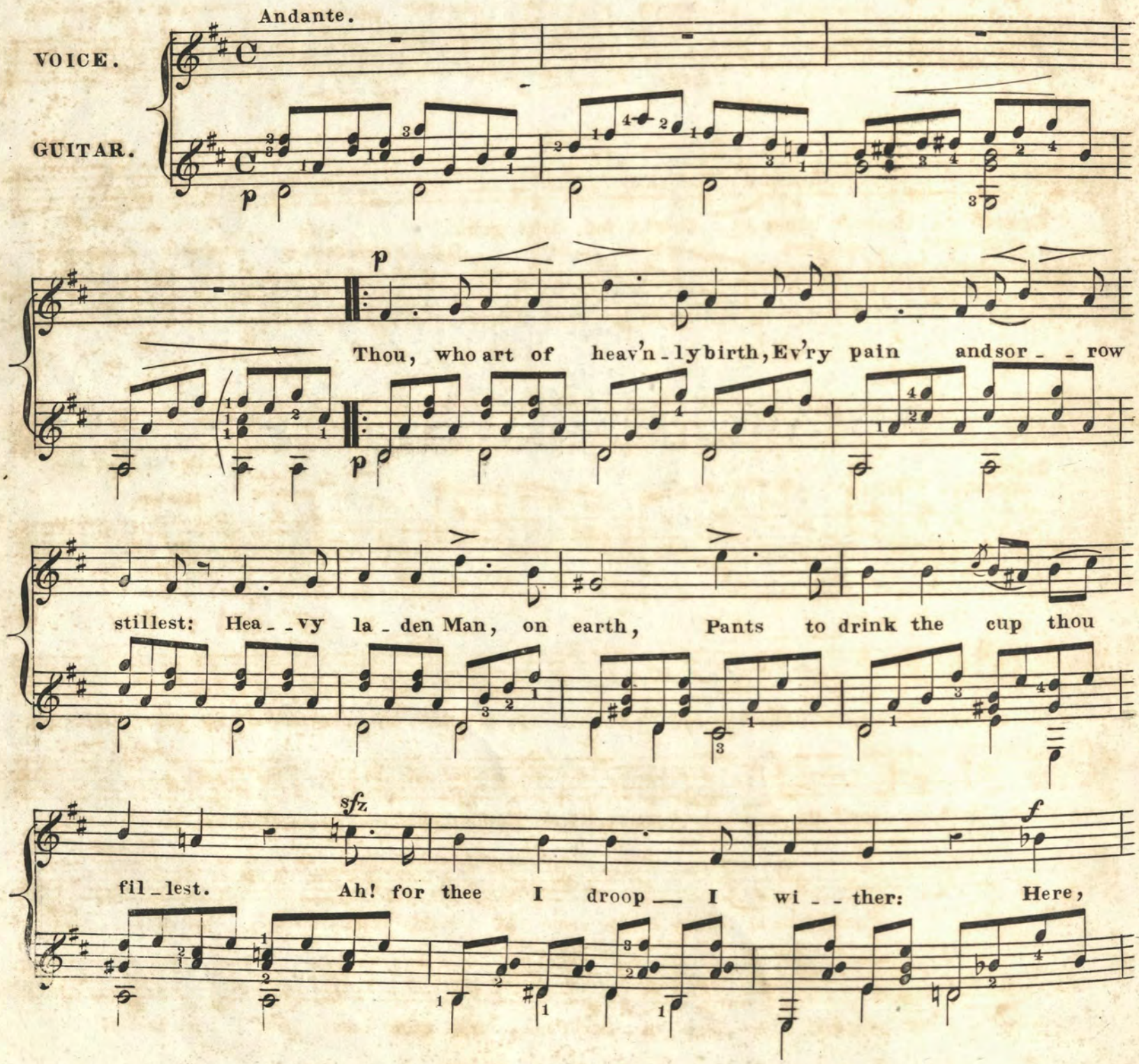
THOU, WHO ART OF HEAVENLY BIRTH,

Song.

COMPOSED by G. PREYER.

Arranged for the GUITAR by Ld. MEIGNEN.

A. FIOT *Philadelphia*



pp

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

pp

cres. f

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

cres. f p

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

breast!

After the 2d. Verse.

2d. VERSE.

Come from Heav'n, Oh! deign to guide Balmy sleep, whose dow - ny pinions Waft an - gelic strains that

f

glide Gent - ly thro' thy fair do - minions! Here, I languish, pine, and wither, Homeless, vainly seeking

pp

rest; Peace, come hi - ther! Peace, come hi - ther! Come, come, and calm . . . . my

pp

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

The

GREEN WOOD TREE

As Sung by

Mr. Dempster

Arranged for the

SPANISH GUITAR

by

F. BLANCHOR.

Philadelphia, Geo. W. Hewitt & Co. / late Nunns / 70 So. Third St.
Moland S.

Allegretto e delictezza

p *fz* *fz*

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

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 EDITON.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

ETHIOPIAN MELODY.

As sung by

Christy's Minstrels.

WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY

E. P. CHRISTY.

Arranged

GUITAR. PIANO

NEW YORK

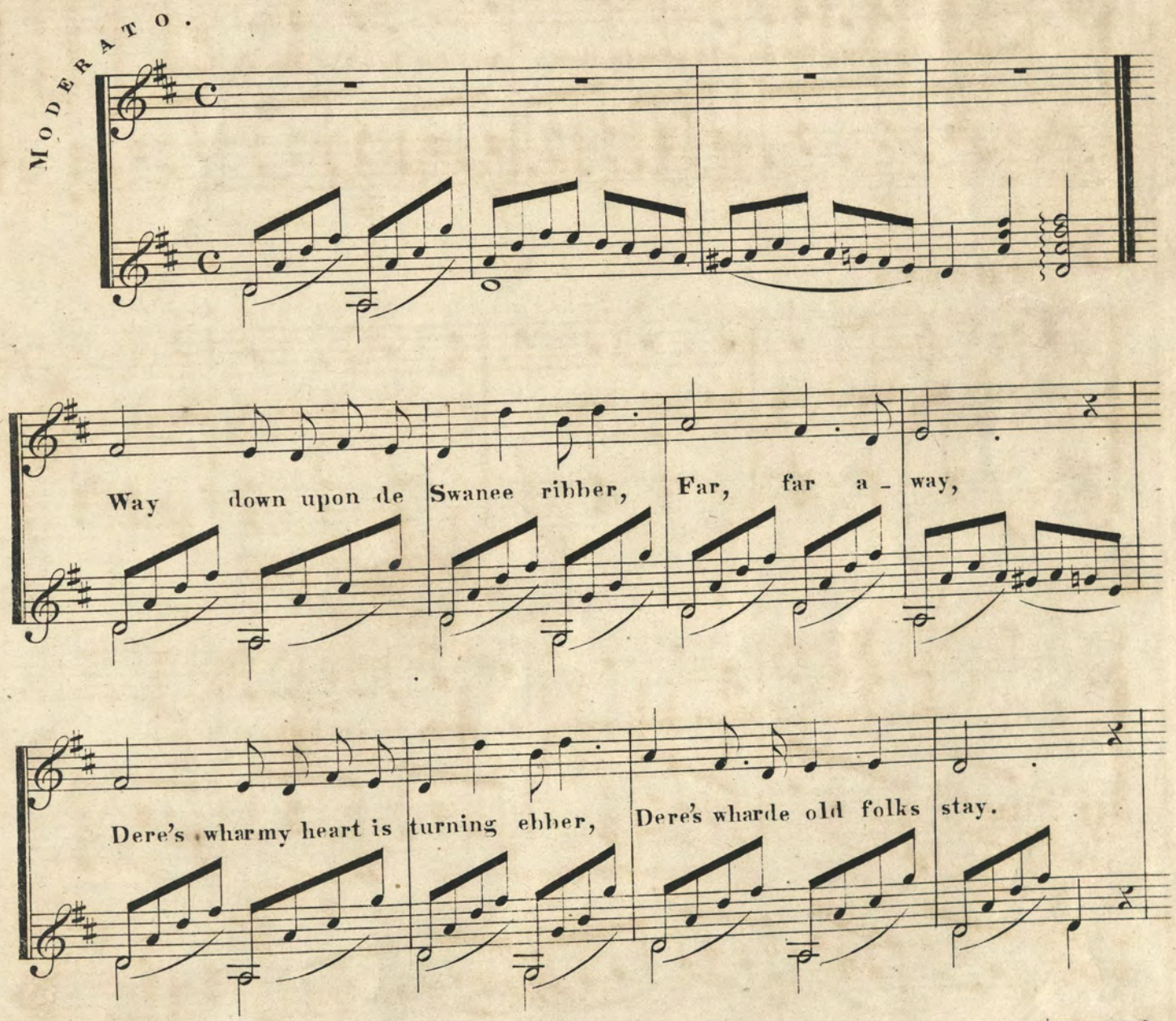
Published by FIRTH POND & Co. *Nº 547 Broadway*

Philadelphia H. KLEBER.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Words and Music,

Arranged for the GUITAR by G. F. H. LAURENCE.



All up and down de whole cre_a_tion, Sad _ _ ly I roam,

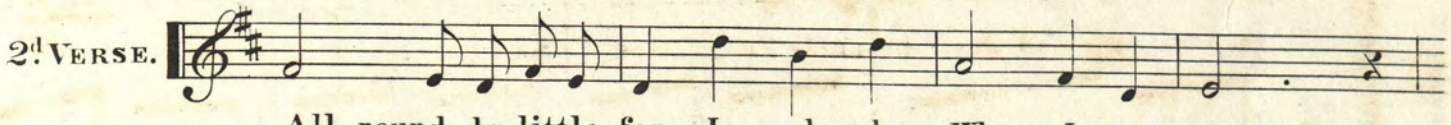
Still longing for de old planta_tion, And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS

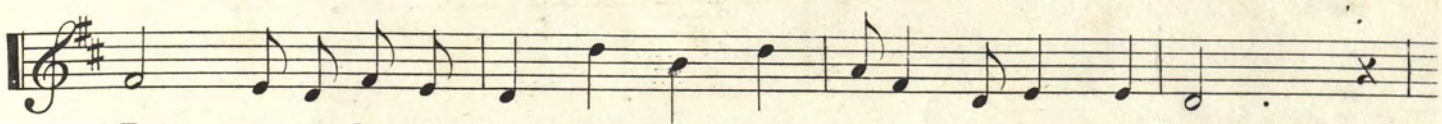
All de world am sad and dreary, Eb_ry where I roam,

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

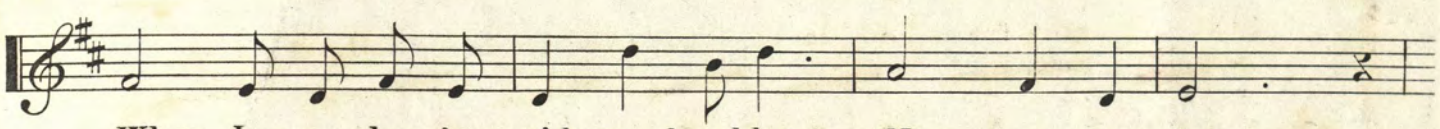
2d. VERSE.



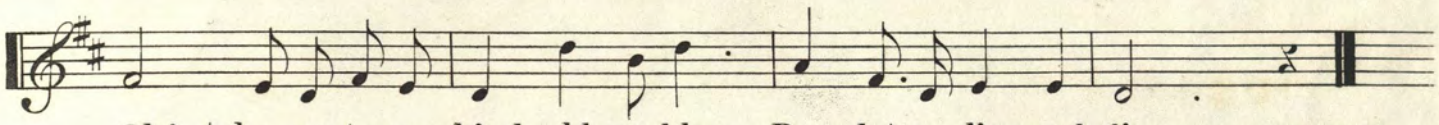
All round de little farm I wandered, When I was young,



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

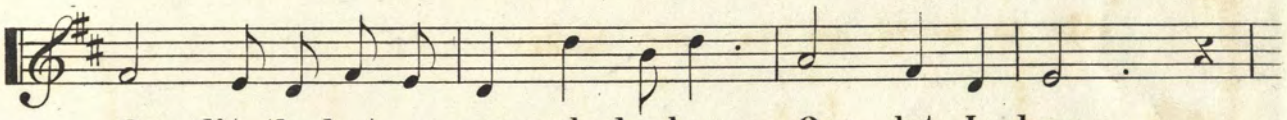


When I was play-ing wid my brudder, Hap--py was I—

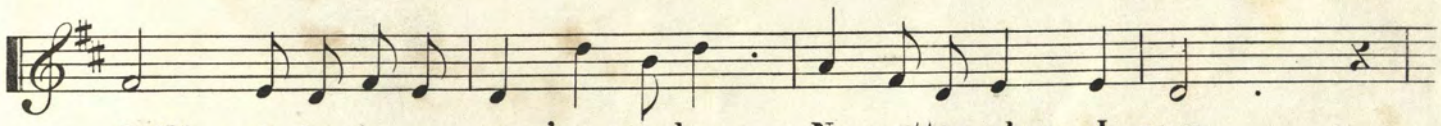


Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die. CHORUS.

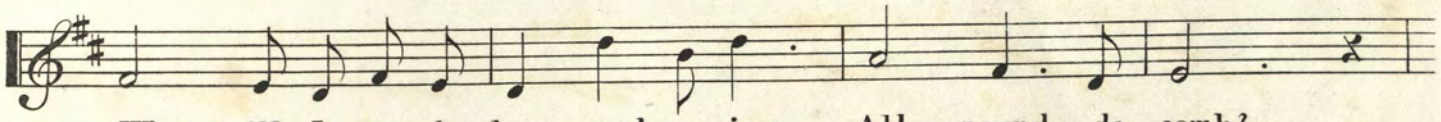
3d. VERSE.



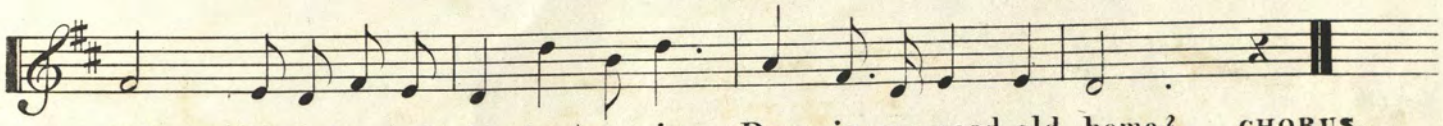
One lit-tle hut a-mong de bushes, One dat I love,



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.

15 d

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 St.*

ANDANTE MOSSO.

DOLCE.

3d Pos:

Oh! summer 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

PIÙ MOSSO.

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

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

- by....

sf *p*

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 gale sighs round . . . . . With softer

sound . . . . . Sweet flow'r good night . . . . . Till morning

PIÙ MOSSO.

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

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.*

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES

BALLAD

Composed by

J. P. KNIGHT

Arranged for the

GUITAR

by

L. MEIGNEN.

Philadelphia, A. FIOT. N° 196 Chesnut St

Andante.

VOICE.

GUITAR.

f

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

p

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_me_thinks I see her

now, With the wreath of summer flow_ers, Up_on her snowy brow.

f *p*

f

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.

BEN BOLT

Or

OH! DONT YOU REMEMBER

Ballad

SUNG BY

MISS CLARA BRUCE

COMPOSED BY

NELSON KNEASS.

Piano Accomp. 25 Cts. nett. *Guitar Accomp. 25 Cts. nett.*

Louisville W. C. PETERS & C°. – PETERS, FIELD & C°. *Cincinnati.*

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

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

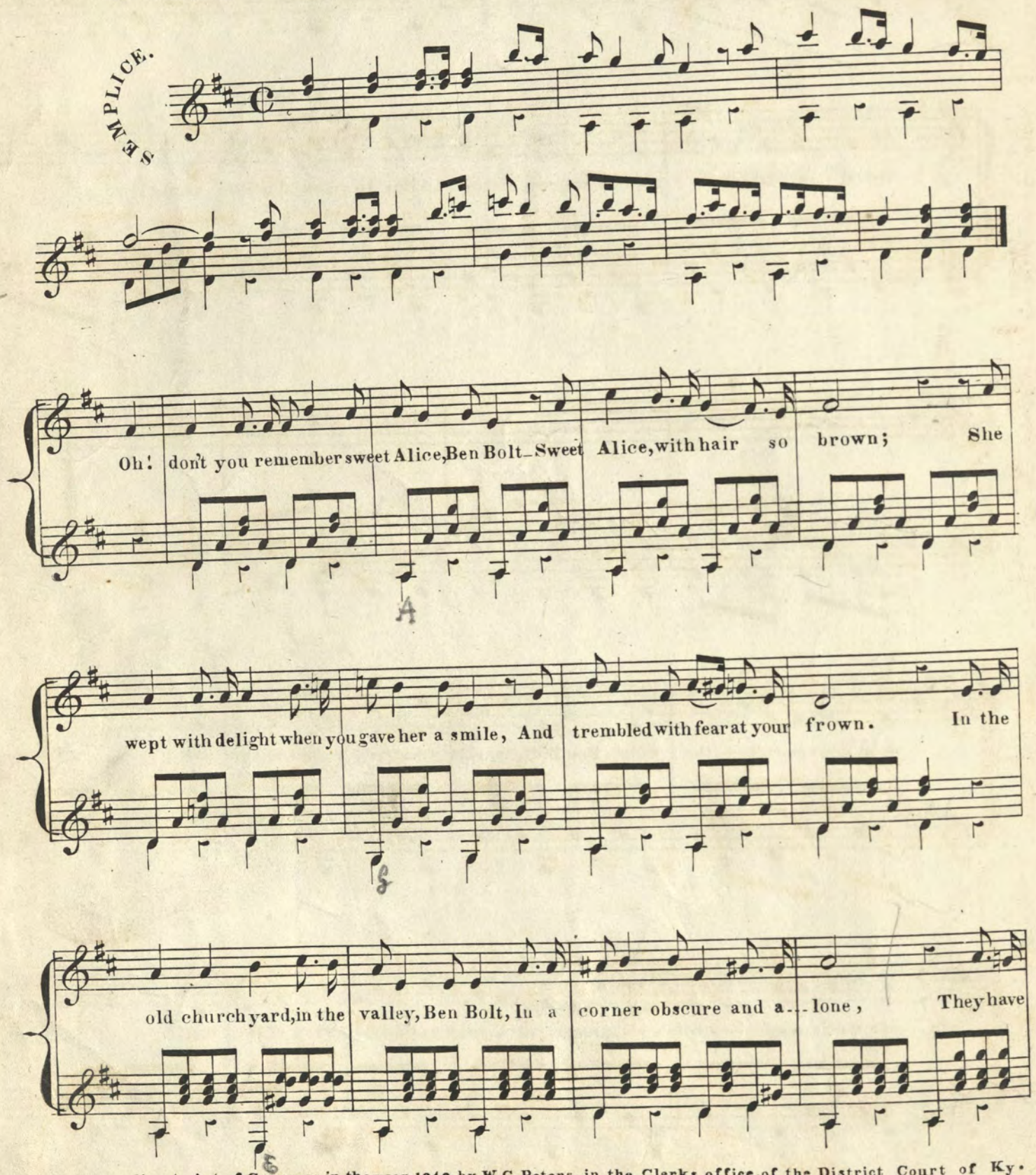
BEN BOLT,

or

AH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER.

As Sung by J.H.Mc Cann

Music by Nelson Kneass.



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.

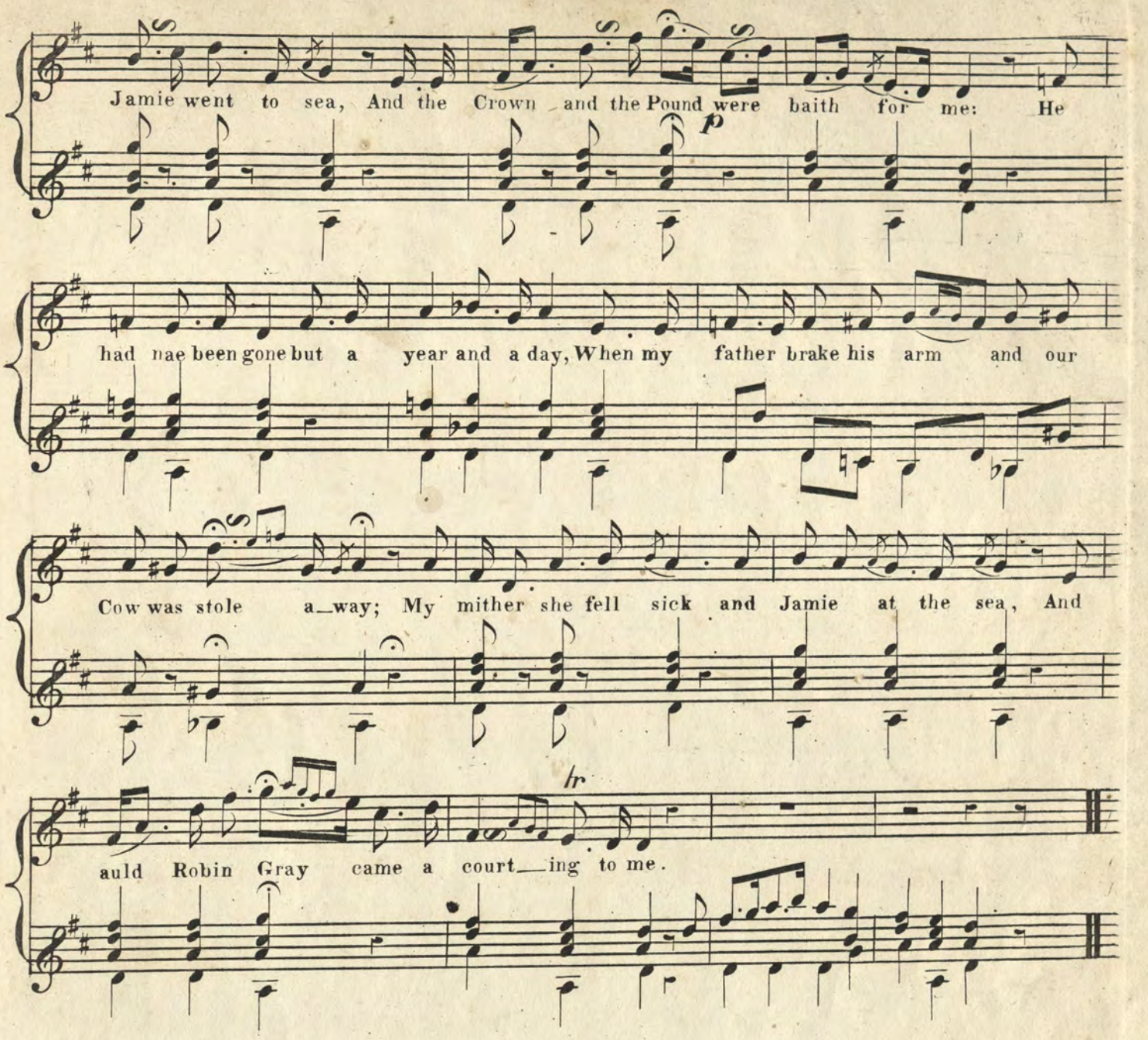
E. Gillingham.

Recitativo.

When the sheep are in the fauld, And a' the kye at hame, And all the weary warld 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 lov'd me weel and ask'd me for his bride, But saving a Crown he had nae thing else beside; To make the Crown a Pound my



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 coud 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 a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray, is very kind to me.

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THE GYPSIES WILD CHANT

Arranged for the

GUITAR

by

L. MEIGNEN

GEORGE WILLIG 171 *Chestnut St. Philad.*

Andante Moderato.

GUITAR.

f

Sound, sound the Tambourine,

Sound, sound the Tambourine,

p

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: Danc - ing at the

light gui - - - tar: When the moon is

f *p*

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

beaming bright, The Gypsies dance, the Gypsies dance; 'Neath the moon beam's

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* Dim: *f*

merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, Tambourine.

pp

f

Come play that simple air again:

A BALLAD

BY

Thomas Moore Esq.r

Adapted to Sabitzky's Aurora Waltz

Spanish ARRANGED for the **Guitar**

by

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

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.

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

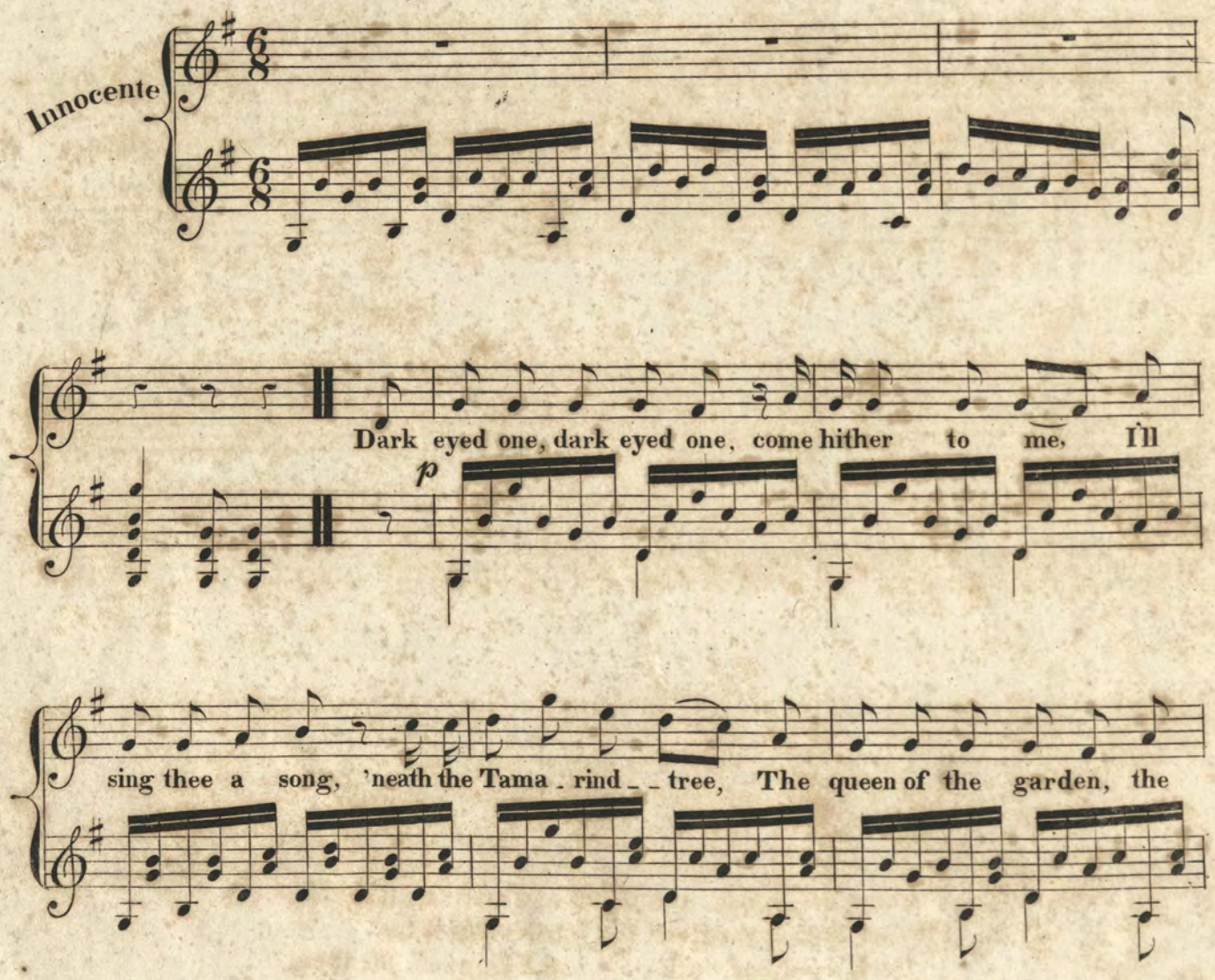
SPANISH GUITAR,

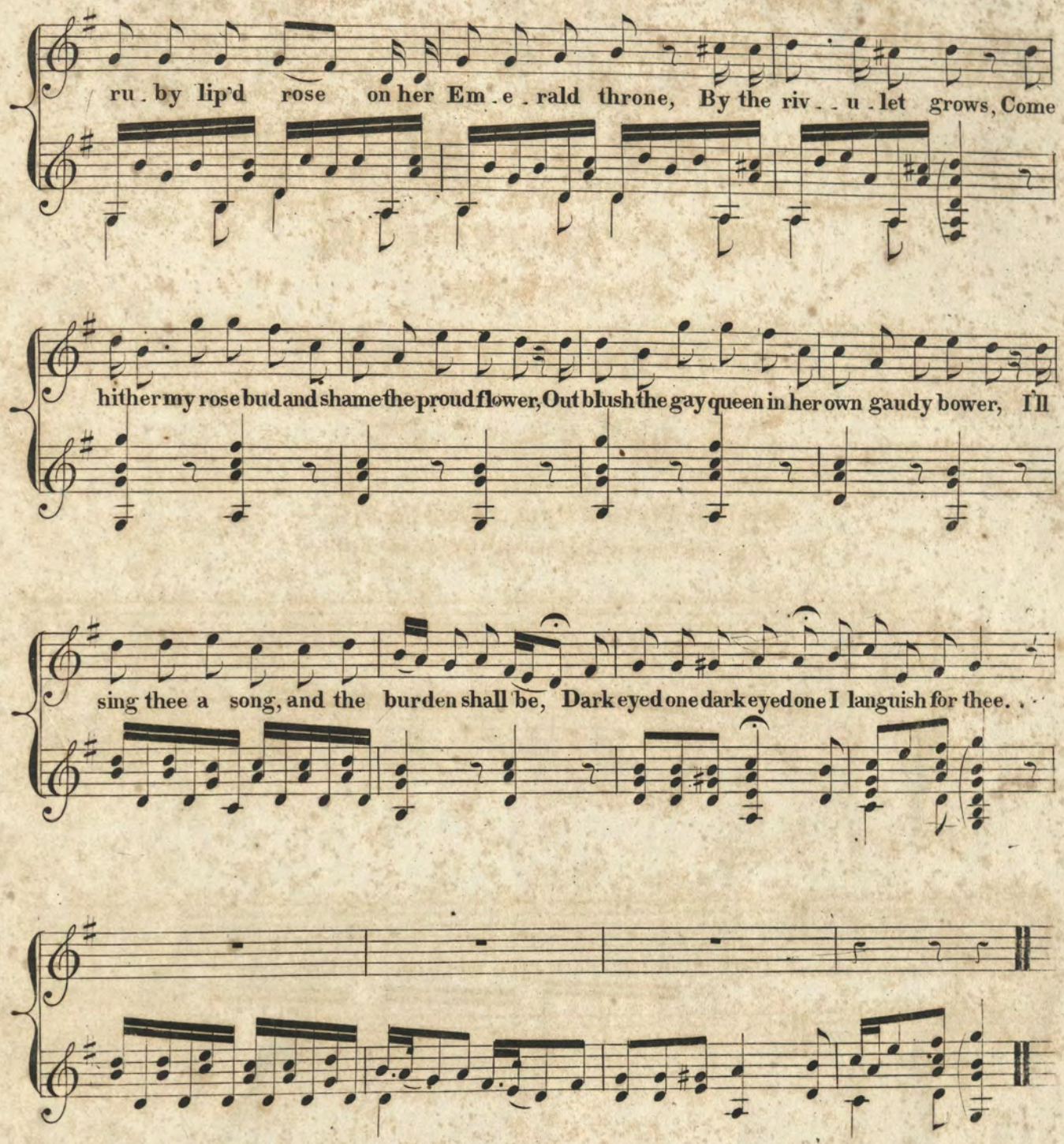
By

JAMES B. TAYLOR.

New York FIRTH & HALL, 1 Franklin Sqe.

Music Engravers, Printers and Publishers Wholesale and Retail.





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

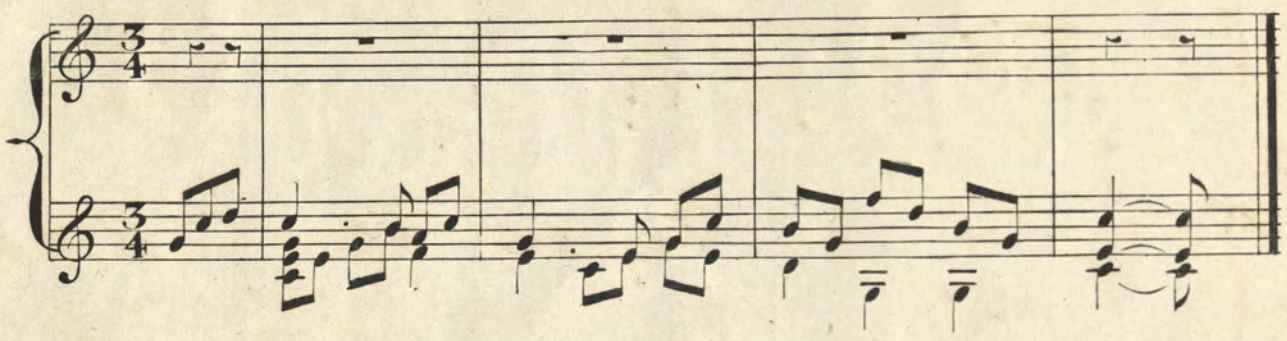
Guitar.

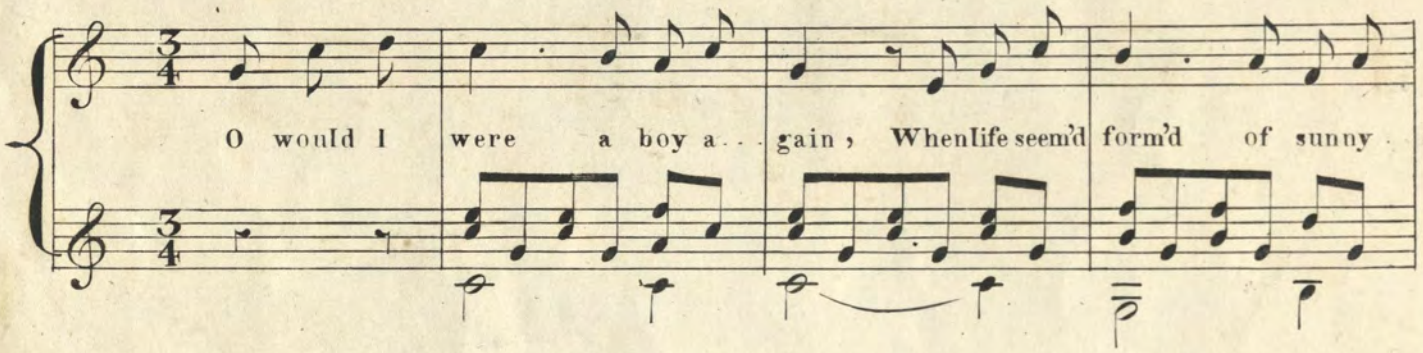
BY

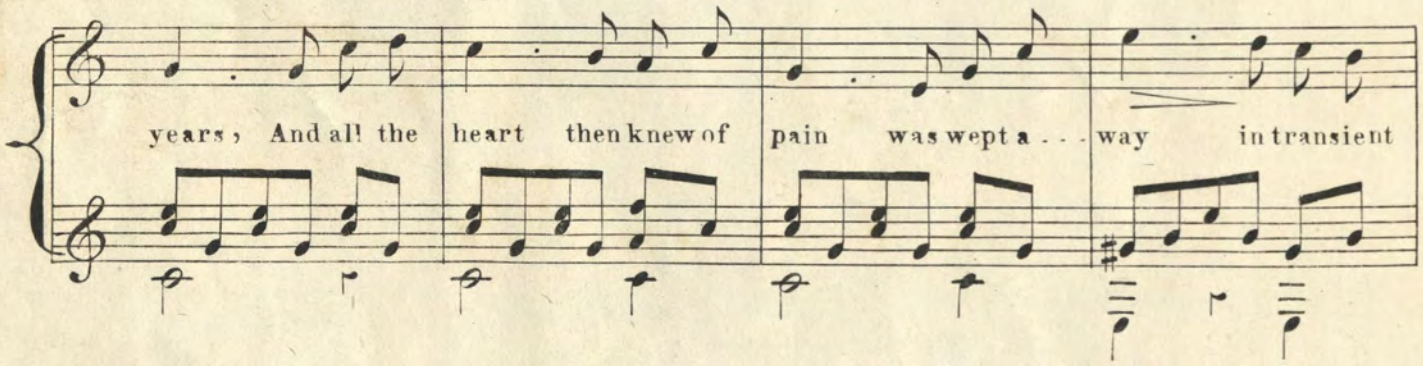
W. C. PETERS.

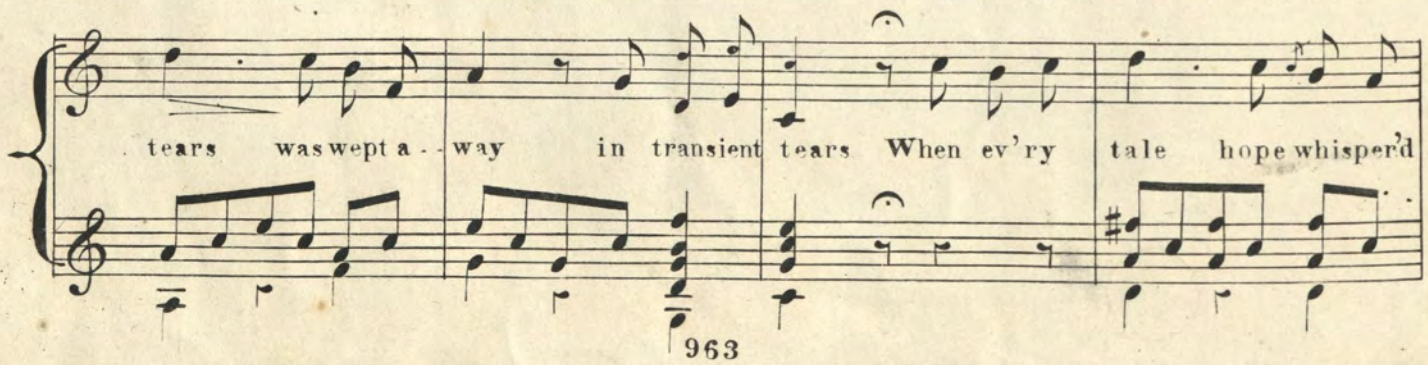
W.C. PETERS.

Louisville PETERS & WEBSTER—PETERS & FIELD *Cincinnati*.









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 murmer 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 F. Weiland.

Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chesnut St.

Moderato.

Guitar.

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 ra-ging wa-ters wild-ly dash up-

_on the bea_ten shore. Where the raging billows wild_ly 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.

2d. 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 o_cean 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.

p

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

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.

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.

THE INDIAN HUNTER

A Song written by E. Cook

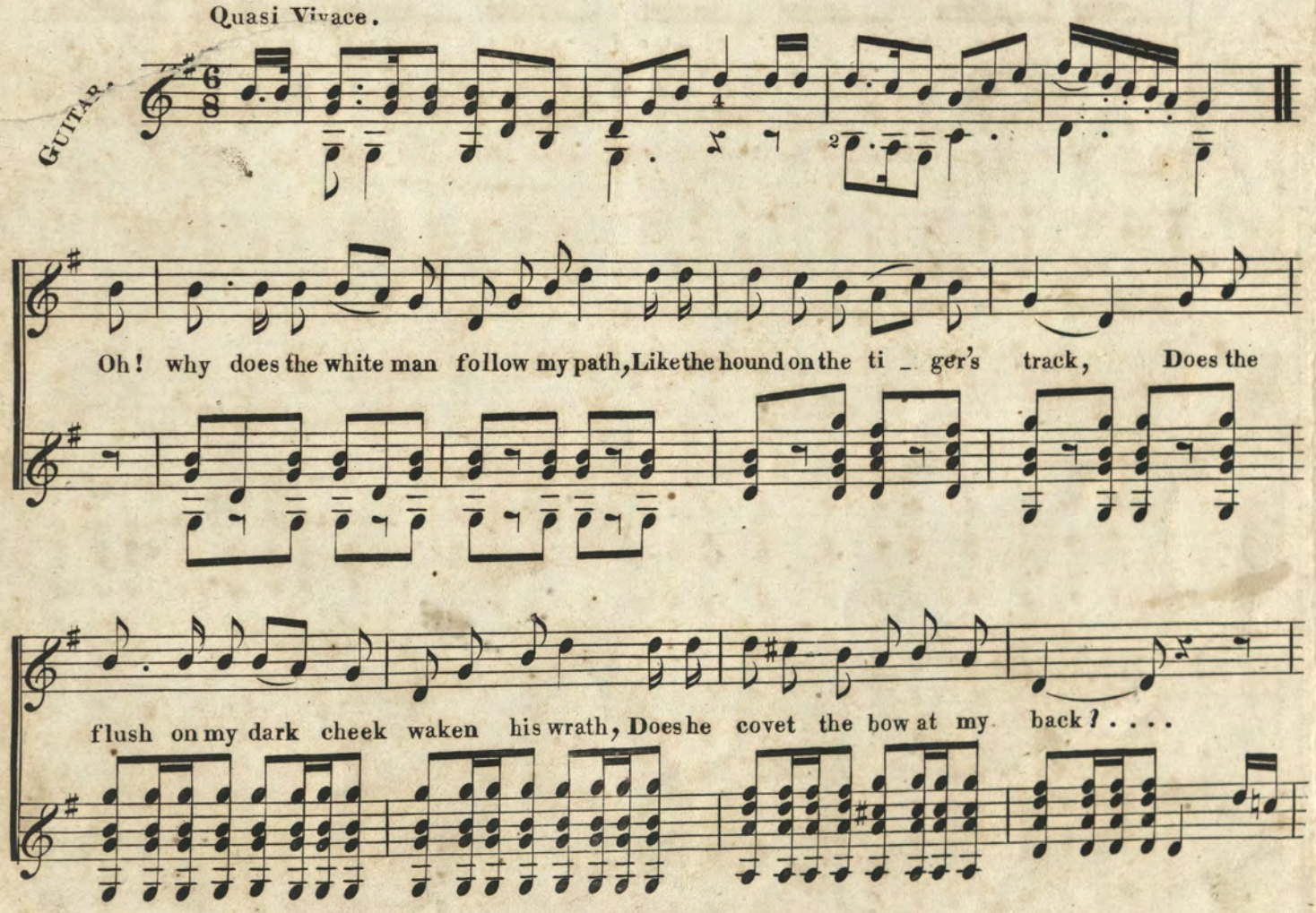
Composed BY H. RUSSELL.

Arranged for the GUITAR BY F. WEILAND.

Philadelphia A. FIOT 196 Chesnut St.
New York W. DUBOIS 315 Broadway.

Quasi Vivace.

GUITAR.



Like the 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.

3d Pos. 7 Pos. . . . . .

2nd VERSE.

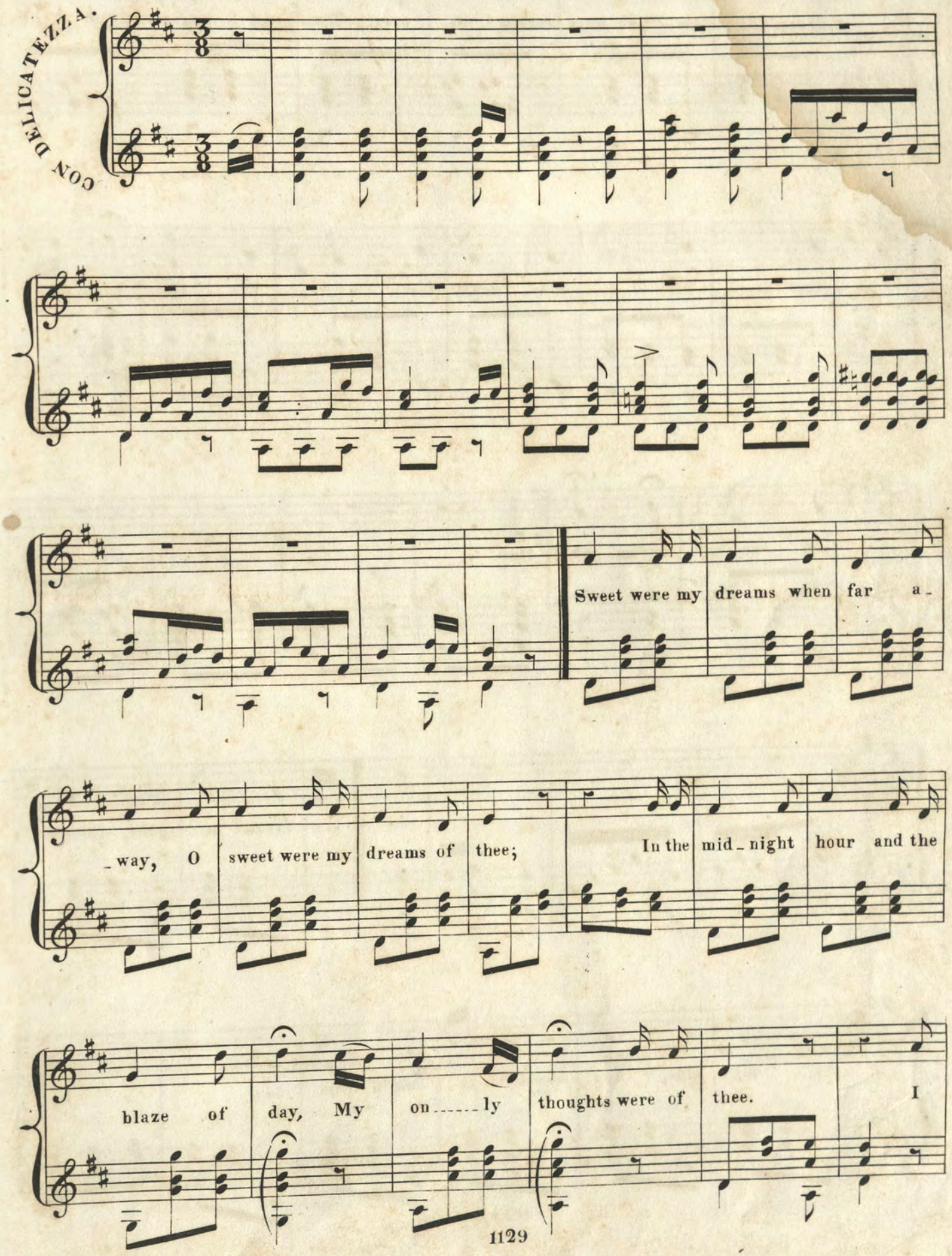
The Fa_ther a_bove thought fit to give, The white man corn and wine; There are golden fields where they may live, But the fo_rest shades are mine.

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.

SWEET WERE MY DREAMS OF THEE.

Written by L. H. Naghel Esq. Arranged by F. J. Webster.



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.