

BEADLE'S

**DIME**



**Song Book**

No. 10.

A COLLECTION OF NEW AND POPULAR

**COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL**

**SONGS.**



NEW YORK AND LONDON:  
Beadle and Company, 118 William St., N. Y  
44 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

PUBLISHER'S' NOTE.

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BEADLE AND COMPANY.

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(S. B. 10.)

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BEADLE'S

DIME SONG BOOK No. 10.

Who will Care for Mother now?

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Why am I so weak and weary,  
See how faint my heated breath,  
All around to me seems darkness,  
Tell me, comrades, is this death?  
Ah! now well I know your answer;  
To my fate I'll meekly bow,  
If you'll only tell me truly,  
Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS—Soon with angels I'll be marching,  
With bright laurels on my brow,  
I have for my country fallen,  
Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow,  
Who will dry the falling tear,  
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead,  
Who will whisper words of cheer?  
Even now I think I see her  
Kneeling praying for me, how  
Can I leave her in her anguish,  
Who will care for mother now? (CHORUS.)

Let this knapsack be my pillow,  
 And my mantle be the sky,  
 Hasten, comrades, to the battle,  
 I will like a soldier die.  
 Soon with angels I'll be marching,  
 With bright laurels on my brow,  
 I have for my country fallen,  
 Who will care for mother now? (CHORUS.)

### I Muse on Thee.

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I muse on thee when morning springs  
 Upon the purple hills,  
 Or when the summer twilight brings  
 The music of the rills.  
 And thou art present in my dream,  
 Though sundered from me far,  
 Till fades away the weary beam  
 Of evening sentry star.

I scarcely tell my soul the tale,  
 That I have dared to love,  
 I trust it not upon the gale,  
 Nor breathe it to the grove.  
 Yet comest thou ever in the dream,  
 Where holier musings are,  
 Till prayer and praise to heaven but seem  
 To seek love brighter star.

## How are you, Conscripts ?

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The wheel is turning round, boys,  
Hurrah, now, for the jam;  
How are you, conscripts?—hurry up!  
To fight for Uncle Sam:  
Come up, Bob, don't stand there, shaking,  
Take your musket, shoulder arms!  
Stand in line with Larry Brady,  
Who now cares for war's alarms?

CHORUS—How are you, conscripts? ha! ha!

On with the draft, hurrah!

How are you, conscripts, ha! ha! ha!

On with the draft, hurrah! hurrah!

Hark, the drum is rolling,  
The rebs you soon will see,  
And pop them off like pigeons,  
What glorious fun 'twill be!  
Put away that dirty wiper,  
What a time to pipe your eye!  
Hold your head up, courage, conscript,  
Soldiers never fear to die! (CHORUS.)

Shoulder arms, now, conscripts—  
Blackguard, what's your name?  
Terence Darby—blood an' 'ouns!  
How Paddy jumps for fame!  
Frenchmen, Scotchmen, all press forward!  
Oh, mein' got! here mynheer comes!  
Blow the bugle, split the trumpet,  
Shout hosannas! pelt the drums! (CHO.)

## When this Cruel War is Over.

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Dearest love, do you remember  
When we last did meet,  
When you told me that you loved me  
Kneeling at my feet?  
Oh, how proud you stood before me,  
In your suit of blue,  
When you vowed to me and country  
Ever to be true.

CHORUS—Weeping, sad and lonely,  
Hopes and fears how vain;  
Yet praying, when this cruel war is over,  
Praying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing  
Mournfully along,  
Or, when autumn leaves are falling,  
Sadly breathes the song.  
Oft, in dreams I see thee lying  
On the battle-plain,  
Lonely, wounded, even dying,  
Calling but in vain. (CHORUS.)

If, amid the din of battle,  
Nobly you should fall  
Far away from those who love you,  
None to hear you call;  
Who would whisper words of comfort?  
Who would soothe your pain?  
Ah! the many cruel fancies  
Ever in my brain. (CHORUS.)



But our country called you, darling,  
 Angels cheer your way ;  
 While our nation's sons are fighting,  
 We can only pray.  
 Nobly strike for God and Liberty,  
 Let all nations see  
 How we love our starry banner,  
 Emblem of the free. (CHORUS.)

### My Emma Louise.

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You may talk of your beauties with eyes so bewitching,  
 Of forms that are faultless and cheeks like the rose,  
 You may speak of sly glances that keeps one's heart  
 twitching,

It's all very well just as far as it goes ;  
 You may tell me of voices that sound like the ringing  
 Of "silvery bells," just as much as you please ;  
 But yet I am sure none could be half so winning  
 As my little darling, my Emma Louise

CHORUS.

My Emma Louise, my own little darling,  
 There is none to compare with my Emma Louise.

Though others may boast of their beautiful faces,  
 Such delicate hands, and small, fairy-like feet;  
 Just compare them to any or all of the graces, &  
 But none with my darling can ever compete ;  
 Though Venus, they say, was in all things perfection,  
 It all may be true, yet I ne'er will believe  
 That even the angels, upon close inspection,  
 Could be half so sweet as my Emma Louise.

## Away Goes Cuffee.

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Abram Linkon las' September,  
Told de Souf 'less you surrender  
Afore de las' of next December,

Away goes Cuffee.

For de cannon may boom when dey fight a big battle,  
But de darkey's no more as de sheep and de cattle,  
For freedom's watchman has sprung his rattle,  
Hooray for sixty-three.

De Souf dey's mad at Norf's invasion,  
Said Abe Linkon's proclamation,  
Don't go down in darkey nation,

Nor way goes Cuffee. (CHORUS.)

Dar's France, she favors mediation,  
England scorns dis rival nation,  
And wants to see a separation,

Away goes Cuffee. (CHORUS.)

But Abe sustains his trying station,  
Says to France and English nation,  
Just stand back wid mediation,

Away goes Cuffee. (CHORUS.)

De Yankee soldiers shout hosanna,  
While dey wave de spangled banner,  
Bound for Charleston and Savannah,

Away goes Cuffee. (CHORUS.)

Richmond's walls old Joe will batter,  
How de rebels den will scatter,  
Hang Jeff D. and end dis matter,

Away goes Cuffee. (CHORUS.)

## Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die.

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Dear mother, I remember well  
The parting kiss you gave to me,  
When merry rang the village-bell,  
My heart was full of joy and glee.  
I did not dream that one short year  
Would crush the hopes that soared so high ;  
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me,  
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

CHORUS—Call sister, brother, to my side,  
And take your soldier's last good-by ;  
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me,  
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Hark, mother, 'tis the village-bell,  
I can no longer with thee stay ;  
My country calls—"To arms! to arms!"  
The foe advance in fierce array.  
The vision's past—I feel that now  
For country I can only sigh ;  
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me,  
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Dear mother, sister, brother, all,  
One parting kiss—to all good-by ;  
Weep not, but clasp your hand in mine,  
And let me like a soldier die.  
I've met the foe upon the field,  
Where kindred fiercely did defy ;  
I fought for right—God bless the flag !  
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

## Lanigan's Ball.

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In the town of Athol lived one Jimmy Lanigan,  
He bather'd away till he hadn't a pound;  
His father he died and made him a man again,  
Left him a farm of ten acres of ground;  
He gave a large party to all his relations,  
That stood beside him when he went to the wall;  
So if you but listen, I'll make your eyes glisten,  
With the rows and the ructions at Lanigan's ball  
CHORUS—Whack, fal lal, fal lal, tal ladedy,  
Whack, fal lal, fal lal, tal ladedy,  
Whack, fal lal, fal lal, tal ladedy,  
Whack, hurroo, for Lanigan's ball.

'Twas meself had free invitations  
For all the boys and girls I might ask;  
In less than five minutes I'd frinds and relations,  
Singing as merry as flies round a cask;  
Kitty O'Harra, a nate little milliner,  
Tipt me the wink, and ask'd me to call,  
Whin I arrived with Timothy Galligan,  
Just in time for Lanigan's ball. (CHORUS.)

Whin we got there they were dancing the polka,  
All round the room in a quare whirligig;  
But Kitty and I put a stop to this nonsense,  
We tipt them a taste of a nate Irish jig;  
Oh, Mavrone, wasn't she proud of me,  
We bather'd the flure till the ceiling did fall,  
For I spent three weeks at Brooks' academy,  
Larning a step for Lanigan's ball. (CHORUS.)

The boys were all merry, the girls were frisky,  
 Drinking together in couples and groups,  
 Whin an accidint happened to Paddy O'Rafferty,  
 He stuck his right *foot* through Miss Flanigan's hoops;  
 The craythur she fainted, and roared "millia murther!"  
 Called for her frinds, and gathered thim all;  
 Tim Dermody swore that he'd go no further,  
 But have satisfaction at Lanigan's ball. (Chorus.)

Och, arrah, boys, but thin was the ructions,  
 Meself got a wollop from Phelim McCoo,  
 Soon I replied to his nate introduction,  
 And we kicked up the divil's own phillaloo;  
 Casey the piper, he was nearly strangled,  
 They squeezed up his bags, chaunters and all;  
 The girls in their ribbons all got entangled,  
 And that put a stop to Lanigan's ball. (Chorus.)

In the midst of the row Miss Kavanah fainted,  
 Her face all the while was as red as the rose;  
 The ladies declared her cheeks they were painted,  
 But she'd taken a drop too much I suppose;  
 Paddy Macaty, so hearty and able,  
 When he saw his dear colleen stretched out in the hall,  
 He pulled the best leg out from under the table,  
 And broke all the *chaney* at Lanigan's ball.

## CHORUS.

Whack, fal la!, fal la!, tal ladedy,  
 Whack, fal la!, fal la!, tal ladedy,  
 Whack, fal la!, fal la!, tal ladedy,  
 Whack, hurroo, for Lanigan's ball.

## Away down East.

There's a famous fabled country, never seen by mortal eyes,  
Where the pumpkins they are growing, and the sun is said  
to rise;

Which man doth not inhabit, neither reptile bird nor beast;  
And this famous fabled country is *away down east*.

It's called the land of notions, of apple-sauce and greens,  
A paradise of pumpkin pies, and the land of pork and beans;  
But where it is, who knoweth? neither mortal man nor beast;  
But one thing we're assured of, 'tis *away down east*.

Once a man in Indiana took his bundle in his hand,  
And he came to New York city to seek this fabled land;  
But how he stares on learning, what is new to him at least,  
That this famous fabled country is farther *down east*.

Then off he goes to Boston, with all his main and might,  
He puts up at the Tremont House, quite sure that all is right;  
But they tell him in the morning, a curious fact at least,  
That he hadn't yet begun to get *away down east*.

Then he hurries off to Portland with his bundle in his hand,  
And he sees Mount Joy, great joy for him, for this must be  
the land;

Pooh! nonsense, man, you're crazy, for doubt not in the least,  
You'll go a long chalk farther, ere you find *down east*.

Then away through mud to Bangor, by which he soils his drabs,  
The first that greets his vision is a pyramid of slabs;  
Why this, says he, is Egypt, here's a pyramid at least,  
And he thought that with a vengeance he had found *down east*.

My gracious! yes, he's found it; see how he cuts his pranks;  
He's sure he can't get farther for the piles of boards and planks;  
So pompously he questions a Pat of humble caste,  
Who tells him he hasn't begun to get *away down east*.

Then he meets a native, who's up to snuff, I ween,  
Says he, pointing to a precipice, don't you see something green  
So off he jumped to rise no more, except he lives on yeast;  
And that's what they drink, I think, *away down east*.

And now his anxious mother, who's race is almost run,  
Is ever on the look-out to see her rising son;  
But whether she'll see him or no, I calculate at least,  
Her son is set in regions wet, *away down east*.

## All Round my Hat.

All round my hat I wears a green villow,  
 All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day;  
 If hany one should hax the reason vy I wears it,  
 Tell them that my true love is far, far away.  
 'Twas a-going of my rounds in the street I first did meet her,  
 I thought she vos a hangel just come down from the sky;  
 SPOKEN—(She'd a nice vegetable countenance.)  
 And I never heard a voice more louder and more sweeter,  
 When crying, "Buy my primroses, my primroses come buy."  
 SPOKEN—(Here's your fine colliflowers.)  
 CHORUS—All round my hat, etc.

Oh, my love was werry fair, and my love was werry kind,  
 But cruel vos the crucl judge vot had my love to try;  
 SPOKEN—(Here's your precious turnips.)  
 For thieving vos a thing she never vos inclined to,  
 But he sent my love alone across the seas far away.  
 SPOKEN—(Here's your hard-hearted cabbages.)  
 CHORUS—All round my hat, etc.

For seven long years my love and I are parted,  
 For seven long years my love is bound to stay;  
 SPOKEN—('Tis a precious long time 'fore I does any trade  
 to-day.)  
 Bad luck to that chap vot would hever be false-hearted;  
 I'll love my love for hever, though she's far, far away.  
 SPOKEN—(Here's your nice heads of celery.)  
 CHORUS—All round my hat, etc.

There is some young is, so preciously deceitful,  
 A coaxing off the young gals they vish to lead astray,  
 SPOKEN—(Here's your walnuts, crack 'em and try 'em, a  
 shilling a hundred.)  
 As soon as they deceivre 'em, so cruelly they leave 'em,  
 They never sighs nor sorrows ven they're far, far away.  
 SPOKEN—(Do you want any hingons to-day, marm?)  
 CHORUS—All round my hat, etc.

I bought my true love a ring on the werry day she started,  
 Which I gav her as a token all to remember me;  
 SPOKEN—(Bless her heyes!)  
 And ven she does come back, oh, ve'll never more be parted,  
 Ve'll marry and be 'appy, oh, for hever and a day.  
 SPOKEN—(Here's your fine spring reddishes.)  
 CHORUS—All round my hat, etc.

## Long, Long Ago.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,  
 Long, long ago, long, long ago;  
 Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,  
 Long, long ago, long ago.

Now you are come, my grief is remov'd,  
 Let me forget that so long you have rov'd;  
 Let me believe that you love as you lov'd,  
 Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met,  
 Long, long ago, long, long ago.  
 Ah, yes! you told me you ne'er would forget,  
 Long, long ago, long ago.

*Then* to all others *my* smile you preferr'd,  
 Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word;  
 Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,  
 Long, long ago, long ago.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were rais'd,  
 Long, long ago, long, long ago;  
 You by more eloquent lips have been prais'd,  
 Long, long ago, long ago.

But by long absence your truth has been tried,  
 Still to your accents I listen with pride;  
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side,  
 Long, long ago, long ago.



## I Dreamed my Boy was Home again.

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Lonely, weary, broken-hearted,  
As I laid me down to sleep,  
Thinking of the day we parted,  
When you told me not to weep.  
Soon I dreamed that peaceful angels  
Hovered o'er the battle-plain,  
Singing songs of joy and sadness,  
And my boy was home again.

CHORUS—How well I know such thoughts of joy,  
Such dreams of bliss are vain;  
My heart is sad, my tears will flow,  
Until my boy is home again.

Tears were changed to loud rejoicings,  
Night was turned to endless day,  
Lovely birds were sweetly singing,  
Flowers bloomed in light array;  
Old and young seemed light and cheerful,  
Peace seemed everywhere to reign,  
My poor heart forgot its sorrow,  
For my boy was home again. (CHORUS.)

But the dream is past, and with it  
All my happiness is gone;  
Cheerful thoughts of joy have vanished,  
I must still in sorrow mourn;  
Soon may peace with all its blessings  
Our unhappy land reclaim;  
Then my tears will cease their flowing,  
And my boy be home again. (CHORUS.)

## The Battle-Cry of Freedom.

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Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom ;  
We'll rally from the hillside, we'll rally from the plain,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

### CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah,  
Down with the traitor, up with the star ;  
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom ; [more,  
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS—The Union forever, etc.

We will welcome to our numb'rs the loyal true and brave  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom ;  
And altho' he may be poor, he shall never be a slave,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS—The Union forever, etc.

[west,  
So we're springing to the call from the east and from the  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom ; [best,  
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS—The Union forever, etc.

## Come Back, Massa, Come Back.

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Since massa went to war the deuce has been to pay,  
De cotton-pickin' darkies hab all run away ;  
Some are up at Richmon', de good for noffin scamps,  
And some are diggin' muck in de Union army camps.

### CHORUS.

Den come back, massa, come back,  
Oh, come back, massa, come back ;  
Shake hands with Uncle Sam, an' be a Union man,  
And sabe de ole plantation.

Ole missus once was gay, and dressed in satin fine,  
Now she's awful poor, and wears no crinoline :  
De prog is mighty high, de money awful scarce,  
And Linkum's got a mortgage on de niggers ob de place.

CHORUS—Den come back, massa, etc.

De 'possum and de coon are as sassy as you please  
Since all de blooded dogs were toted off by fleas ;  
De measles toted off all de cunnin' little nigs,  
And de sojers ob de army hab toted off de pigs !

CHORUS—Den come back, massa, etc.

What de war is all about, dis darkie doesn't know,  
But he thinks dat Mars'r Davis has a mighty slim show ;  
Down here in ole Virginny ole harry's to pay,  
Den come back, mars'r, or dis darkie'll run away.

CHORUS—Den come back, massa, etc.

## High Daddie.

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The sun's gone down to take a little sleep,  
The moon's come out to take another peep ;  
Then wake up, boys, for master's gone to bed,  
We'll have a spree if we haven't got a red.

CHORUS.

Then, darkie, never die, black face and china eye,  
Go down to the barnyard, boys, the owl's on the roos'  
High Daddie won't come nigh, he's choked on chicken  
pie,  
Tis all "O. K.," I say, and right upon the goose.

I know'd a darkie, and his name it was Joe,  
I know it was, for he once told me so ;  
He used to hoe and dig up all the land,  
But now he says that *work is contraband*.

He drank skimmed milk from morn 'till night,  
Somebody said that it would make him white ;  
But let him drink until he gets his fill,  
He's always bound to be a darkie still !

His color will stick, but that's not a sin,  
To wash it off you're compelled to rub it in ;  
For darkie will be darkie, as I have said before,  
To the end of the world, and for *two days more !*

The black man is a very curious thing,  
His jay-bird heel can shuffle, cut and wing ;  
But fill him up with gin and lay him in the shade,  
He'll work very well, *especially* if he's made !

## Bring my Brother Back to Me.

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Bring my brother back to me  
When this war is done,  
Give us all the joys we shared  
Ere it had begun ;  
Oh, bring my brother back to me,  
Never more to stray,  
This is all my earnest prayer  
Through the weary day.

CHORUS—Bring him back, bring him back,  
With his smiling, healthful glee ;  
Bring him back, bring him back,  
Bring my brother back to me.

All the house is lonely now,  
And my voice no more,  
In the pleasant summer eve  
Greets him at the door ;  
Never more I hear his step  
By the garden-gate,  
While I sit in anxious tears,  
Knowing not his fate. (CHORUS.)

Bring my brother back to me  
From the battle strife,  
Thou who watchest o'er the good,  
Shield his precious life.  
When this war has passed away,  
Safe from all alarms,  
Bring my brother home again  
To my longing arms. (CHORUS.)

## Fannie Grey.

" Well, well, sir, so you've come at last !

I thought you'd come no more ;

I waited with my bonnet on,

From one till half-past four !

You know I hate to sit alone,

Unsettled where to go ;

You'll break my heart, I feel you will,

If you continue so."

" Now pray, my love, put by that frown,

And don't begin to scold ;

You really will persuade me soon

You're growing cross and old.

I only stopped at Grosv'nor gate,

Young Fannie's eye to catch ;

I *won't*, I swear I *won't*, be made

To keep time like a watch !"

" It took you, then, two hours to bow !

Two hours ! Take off your hat ;

I wish you'd bow that way to *me* ;

And apropos of that.

I saw you making love to *her*,

(You see I know it all.)

I saw you making love to *her*,

At Lady Glossop's ball."

" Now really, Jane, your temper is

So *very* odd to-day !

You jealous, and of such a girl

As little Fannie Grey !

Make love to *her* ! Indeed, my dear,

You could see no such thing ;

I sat a minute by *her* side,

To see a turquoise ring !"

"I tell you that I *saw* it all,  
The whisp'ring and grimace,  
The flirting and coquetting,  
In her little foolish face.

Oh, Charles, I wonder that the earth  
Don't open where you stand;  
By the heaven that is above us both,  
I *saw* you kiss her hand!"

"I didn't love! or if I did,  
Allowing that 'tis true,  
When a pretty woman shows her rings,  
What *can* a poor man do?  
My life, my soul, my darling Jane,  
I *love* but you alone;  
I never *thought* of Fannie Grey—  
How tiresome she is grown!"

"Put down your hat, don't take your stick,  
Now, prithee, Charles, *do* stay!  
You never come to see me now,  
But you long to run away;  
There *was* a time, there was a time,  
You never wished to go;  
What have I done, what *have* I done,  
Dear Charles, to change you so?"

"Pooh, pooh, my love, I am not changed,  
But dinner is at eight,  
And my father's so particular,  
He never likes to wait.  
Good-by." "Good-by, you'll come again?"  
"Yes, one of these days!"

"He's turn'd the street, I knew he would,  
He's gone to Fannie Grey's!"

## Oh, Sing to me those dear old Songs.

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Oh, sing to me those dear old songs,  
Whose tones I love so well,  
Let music's soft and syren touch  
Awaken mem'ry's spell ;  
And while my heart retraces swift  
The footsteps of the past,  
Full many a sad and pleasant thought  
Comes crowding thick and fast.  
CHORUS—Oh, sing to me those dear old songs,  
Whose tones I love so well ;  
Let music's soft and syren touch  
Awaken mem'ry's spell.

The loved, the lost of former years  
Before my vision stands,  
Some who have gone to distant climes,  
Some to the better land ;  
But still, the trusted and the tried,  
A faithful few remain ;  
'Twill cheer their hearts on life's rough way  
To hear those songs again. (CHORUS.)

Then sing to me the dear old songs,  
Each word your lips let fall  
Awakes the thought of other days,  
At mem'ry's potent call ;  
And till life's latest lingering hour,  
'Twill give me untold joy  
To hear the tones, and feel their power,  
I owned when but a boy. (CHORUS.)



## The Stars and Stripes.

Copied by permission of S. T. GORDON, Music Publisher, 539  
Broadway, New York, owner of the copyright.

Rally round the flag, boys, give it to the breeze,  
That's the banner we love on the land and the seas ;  
Brave hearts are under it, let the traitors brag,  
Gallant lads, fire away, and fight for the flag ;  
Their flag is but a rag, ours is the true one,  
Up with the stars and stripes, down with the new one.  
Let our colors fly, boys, guard them day and night,  
For victory is liberty, and God will bless the right.

### CHORUS.

Rally round the flag, boys, give it to the breeze,  
That's the banner we love on the land and the seas ;  
Brave hearts are under it, let the traitors brag,  
Gallant lads, fire away, and fight for the flag.

Floating high above us, glowing in the sun,  
Speaking loud to all hearts of a freedom won,  
Who dares to sully it, bought with precious blood,  
Gallant lads, we'll fight for it, tho' ours should swell  
the flood.

Raise, then, the banner high, ours is the true one,  
Up with the stars and stripes, etc.

Tyrants learn to fear it, tremble at its sight,  
All who sigh for freedom hail it with delight ;  
Freedom and liberty, let the echoes ring,  
That is what the world wants, that our flag will bring.  
Raise, then, the banner high, ours is the true one  
Up with the stars and stripes, etc.

## Will he Never Come?

Will he never come ?

Never come—no more ?

Will this long life never cease ?

And the battle-drum

And the cannon's roar ?

I'm weary, and I sigh for peace—

Peace that only in the grave may be ;

Will he never come again,

Never come to me ?

Dreaming all the night

Of my own, my own ;

Weeping all the long, long day,

Oh ! this world of blight !

For his missing tone

And his tender smile now passed away,

Oh ! his noble heart this night may be

Trodden by harsh feet, and cold,

Cold in death, to me !

How the guns of brass,

Hurling peal on peal,

Rend my soul at every crash !

Minié balls, alas !

Blades of gleaming steel

At his precious life, each moment clash.

Only held to earth by a slender breath,

Why is death so slow to me ?

Grant my prayer, oh death !

On my breast my child,

His sweet babe I hold ;

Hold it till my weak arms ache—

Just his blue eye, mild ;

Just his hair of gold—  
 May it die, for soon this heart must break;  
 May it, ere I die, from earth be free!  
 Then we three shall part no more—  
 Husband, babe—we three.

## Why do I Weep for Thee?

Why do I weep for thee?  
 Weep in my sad dreams,  
 Parted for aye are we,  
 Yes, parted like mountain streams.  
 Yet with me linger still  
 That word, that one last word,  
 Thy voice, thy voice yet seems to thrill  
 My heart's fond chord.

CHORUS.

Why do I weep for thee?  
 Parted for aye are we,  
 Yes, parted like the mountain streams,  
 Yes, parted, why do I weep for thee?

Oh, why do I weep for thee?  
 Once, ah! what joy to me to share  
 With thee the noontide hour,  
 Then not a grief nor care  
 Had cankered the heart's young flower.  
 The sun seems not to shed  
 A radiance o'er me now,  
 Save memory, all seems dead,  
 Since lost, since lost art thou. (CHORUS.)

## Gentle Annie Ray.

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I'm sitting by thy grave to-night,  
I'm weeping bitter tears,  
For, ah! stern sorrow's withering blight  
Hath dimmed the hopes of years.  
The smile hath vanished from my brow,  
My heart is sad to-day;  
The world is dark and lonely now,  
My gentle Annie Ray.

CHORUS—The smile has vanished from my brow,  
My heart is sad to-day;  
The world is dark and lonely now,  
My gentle Annie Ray.

The night-wind sighs around thy tomb,  
The gentle willows o'er thee weep;  
The summer flowers in beauty bloom  
Where thou art laid to sleep.  
An angel form and sweeter strain  
Now call my soul away;  
I know in heaven I'll meet again  
My gentle Annie Ray. (CHORUS.)

## I'm Coming Home to Die.

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Unwelcome winds are sighing,  
Within the distant west,  
And wrapt in pain I'm lying,  
With vision-broken rest;

I often dream thy bosom  
Is pillowing my head,  
And wake, to find illusion  
Has gathered round my bed;  
But starting from my dreaming,  
I check the rising sigh,  
For I'm coming home to die, mother!  
I'm coming home to die!

I long to see thee, mother,  
And kiss thy dear old cheek;  
I feel there is no other  
With whom I wish to speak;  
No heart has half such kindness,  
No voice such music's flow;  
Why did I in my blindness,  
Cause you a moment's woe?  
I know you've mourned full often,  
But wipe the glistening eye,  
For I'm coming home to die, mother!  
I'm coming home to die!

My memory is clinging  
To childhood's sunny hours,  
And sister's voice seems ringing  
Amid the garden flowers;  
The moments seem to lengthen,  
As starting hour draws near,  
And hope begins to strengthen,  
With thoughts of leaving here;  
So let the heart be gladdened,  
Our meeting hour is nigh,  
For I'm coming home to die, mother!  
I'm coming home to die!

## Roses Lie along the Way.

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Roses lie along the way  
Which our feet are treading,  
Fortune sends a transient day  
Free from all we're dreading;  
Now the youth on pleasure's wave  
Light and gay is flowing,  
Now how soon across his grave  
Wintry winds are blowing.

Full of hope the blushing bride  
Now the youth is wedding,  
But how soon the ebbing tide  
Blight o'er all is shedding;  
Pleasure's day is quickly past,  
All the good to mortals falling,  
Chilled like flowers by wintry's blast,  
Fate is soon recalling.

Yet while springtime's lovely light  
Sheds its cheerful beaming,  
Be by day each pleasure bright,  
Sweet by night our dreaming;  
Ev'ry joy that chimes with truth,  
Let us gladly cherish,  
So shall smile our age and youth,  
Till our life shall perish.

## Wouldn't You Like to Know?

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Who is that comes to the garden gate,  
And sets up a whistling scream,  
When you're off and away, so happy and gay,  
Like a beautiful fairy dream?  
Who is that comes to the old back door,  
As off at a signal you go?  
The maiden sighed, and, blushing, replied,  
"Well, wouldn't you like to know?"

What is it that makes you look for things  
So straight before your eyes?  
At ev'ry knock or stroke of the clock  
You quickly as lightning rise,  
And oft at a sound you quickly dress,  
You say for a walk to go?  
The maiden sighed, and, smiling, replied,  
"Well, wouldn't you like to know?"

But time has passed, and many a change  
In the village is easily seen,  
Yet a form with a face full of beauty and grace  
Trips lightly o'er the green;—  
'Tis she who did meet her true love at the gate,  
And a tiny ring doth show  
She's now the bride, the joy and the pride  
Of—wouldn't you like to know?

Gaffer Grey.

Oh! why dost thou shiver and shake,  
Gaffer Grey?

And why doth thy nose look so blue?

'Tis the weather that's cold,

'Tis I'm grown very old,

And my doublet is not very new,

Well-a-day!

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,

Gaffer Grey,

And warm thy old heart with a glass,

Nay, but credit I've none,

And my money's all gone;

Then say how may that come to pass?

Well-a-day!

Hie away to the house on the brow,

Gaffer Grey,

And knock at the jolly priest's door.

The priest often preaches

Against worldly riches,

But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,

Well-a-day!

The lawyer lives under the hill,

Gaffer Grey,

Warmly fenced both in back and in front.

He will fasten his locks,

And will threaten the stocks,

Should he ever more find me in want,

Well-a-day!



The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,  
Gaffer Grey,

And the season will welcome you there.

His fat beeves and his beer,

And his merry new year,

Are all for the flush and the fair,

Well-a-day!

My keg is but low, I confess,

Gaffer Grey,

What then? while life lasts, man, we'll live.

The poor man alone,

When he hears the poor moan,

Of his morsel a morsel will give,

Well-a-day!

### Beggar Girl.

Over the mountain and over the moor,

Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn;

My father is dead and my mother is poor,

And she grieves for the days that will never return.

Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,

Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;

Give me some food for my mother, for charity,

Give me some food and then I'll be gone.

Call me not lazy-back, beggar, and bold enough,

Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew;

I've two little brothers at home, when they're old en'gh

They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.

Give me some food for my mother, for charity,

Give me some food and then I'll be gone.

## Werry Pekooliar.

Have you ever been in love? if you haven't I have ;  
 To the mighty god Coopid I have been a great slave ;  
 He shot in my bosom a quiver of harrows,  
 As naughty boys shoot roosters, robins and sparrows ;  
 My heart was as pure as the white alabaster,  
 Till Coopid my bosom did weak overmaster ;  
 Ye gods only know how I loved one Miss Julia,  
 There was something about her so werry pekooliar.

We met first at a ball, where our hands did entwine,  
 And I did squeeck her fingers, and she did squeeck mine ;  
 To be my next partner I ventured to press her, [sir ;"  
 And I found that she lisped when she answered me, "Yes,  
 Now in lisping I think there is something uncommon,  
 I love in pertiklar a lisp in a woman ;  
 I'm sure you'd have liked the lisp of Miss Julia,  
 There was something about it so werry pekooliar.

Like a beautiful peach was the cheek of my Julia,  
 And then in her eye there was something pekooliar ;  
 Speaking wolumes it darted each glance in one's marrow  
 As swift and as keen as the wicked boy's harrow ;  
 A slight cast in her eye to her looks added vigor,  
 A cast in the eye often tends to disfigure,  
 But not so the cast in the eye of my Julia,  
 There was something about it so werry pekooliar.

Good friends were we soon, and midst smiles and midst  
 I courted her nearly for three or four years ; [tears,  
 I took her to plays and to balls ; oh, ye powers,  
 How swiftly and sweetly did then pass my hours.  
 But once, oh, e'en now I my feelings can't smother,  
 She danced all the evening along with another ;  
 Now I didn't say nothing that night to Miss Julia,  
 But I couldn't help thinking 'twas werry pekooliar.

I went next day to scold, when she to my heart's core  
 Cut me up by requesting I'd call there no more,  
 And I should be affronted if longer I tarried,  
 For next day to another she was to be married.  
 "Oh, Julia," said I, "why you do not say so!"  
 "Oh, yes, but I do, sir, though you'd better go."  
 "Well, I will go, but surely you'll own it, Miss Julia,  
 Your behavior to me has been werry pekoooliar."

### Mister Hill, pray be Still.

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Mister, Hill, pray be still,

Don't worry me, sir;

Such a man never can

My lover be, sir.

Ha, ha, ha, etc.

You men are so vain, so false, yet endearing;  
 Your vows like the wind, which is constantly veering,

Ha, ha, ha, etc.

Laughing eyes, smiles or sighs,

Cooing like the dove, sir;

Vows or prayers, or winning airs,

Ne'er can me move, sir. Ha, ha, etc.

Last night in the grove, there you proffered your love  
 To Julia, invoking the bright orbs above. Ha, ha, etc.

Not quite yet, in your net,

The bird have you caught, sir;

Ne'er will I wedded be

To a male coquette, sir. Ha, ha, etc.

Besides, I've a secret profound to confide:

To-morrow *another* will greet me his bride. Ha, etc.

## Keep this Bible near your Heart.

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"Go forth, my darling, to the conflict,"  
Thus spoke a mother to her boy,  
"Ne'er let me hear you turned away  
When traitors threaten our loved country to  
destroy;

Take with you a mother's blessing,  
Keep this Bible near your heart,  
Never forget a mother's prayers are ever with you,  
And her love for you will ne'er depart."

### CHORUS

All's well, he sleeps, the orange flowers bloom on his  
grave,  
Sadly she weeps for him who died upon the battle-  
field,  
Her own loved soldier boy so brave.

"Go! for your country's voice is calling,  
All stout of heart and strong of hand,  
How could you nobler die, than fighting bravely  
For your God and honored native land?  
And if this is our last parting,  
If death breaks the loving spell,  
Trust him who watcheth e'en the sparrow when it  
falleth,  
All is well, 'He doeth all things well.'" (Спо.)

Foremost among the ranks in battle,  
Stood forth the patriot mother's joy,  
Clear o'er the din of musket's rattle,  
Rung the cheering words of that brave soldier boy;

Eyes lit up with strangest beauty,  
 Soul that knew no danger near,  
 Firmly he stood amid the harvest death was reaping,  
 With a heart that knew no trembling fear.

But soon the fatal ball came swiftly,  
 Slowly he sunk upon the sod,  
 Faintly he whispered, "Dearest mother—  
 Comrades, I shall soon be o'er beyond the flood ;  
 Take from out my vest my Bible,  
 Place the treasure in my hand,"  
 One loving look, one gentle quiver,  
 And his spirit took its flight home to the heavenly land

### The Sunny Hours of Childhood.

The sunny, sunny hours of childhood,  
 How soon, how soon they pass away,  
 Like flowers, like flowers in the wildwood,  
 That once bloomed fresh and gay ;  
 But the perfume of the flowers,  
 And the freshness of the heart,  
 Live but a few brief hours,  
 And then for aye depart.

The friends, the friends we saw around us,  
 In boyhood's happy, happy days,  
 The fairy, fairy links that bound us,  
 No feeling now displays ;  
 For time hath changed forever,  
 What youth can not retain,  
 And we may know, oh ! never,  
 These sunny hours again.

## Stop Dat Knockin'.

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I once did love a yaller gal, whose name was Susie  
Brown,  
She came from Alabama, and was the fairest in the town;  
Her eyes so bright that they shine at night,  
When the moon has gone away;  
She used to call this nigga up,  
Just afore the broke of day,  
With a "Who dat, who dat, who dat knocking at de  
door?"

*Spoken*—"Am dat you, Sam—am dat you, Sam?"

"Why, Sam, ain't you guine to luff me in?"

"No, you'd better stop dat knockin' at the door"—

"let me in,"

"Stop dat knockin'"—"let me in,"

"Stop dat knockin'"—"let me in,"

"Stop dat knockin'"—"let me in."

"Ah! you better stop dat knockin' at my door,"—  
"let me in,"

"Stop dat knockin', stop dat knockin', stop dat  
knockin',"

"Stop dat knockin', oh! you better stop dat knockin'  
at my door."

She was the handsomest gal dat eber I did see;  
She neber went out walkin' with any colored man  
but me;

I took my banjo to the house to play three times or more,  
When I heard two or three knocks pretty hard  
Come bang agin the door.

*Spoken*—With a "Who dat, who dat," etc.

## Come, oh, Come with Me.

Come, oh, come with me, the moon is beaming,  
 Come, oh, come with me, the stars are gleaming,  
 All around, above, with beauty teeming,  
 Moonlight hours are meet for love.

CHORUS.

Fal le lar le lar, fal lar lar lar, fal le lar le lar, etc.,  
 Come, oh, come with me, the moon is beaming,  
 Come, oh, come with me, the stars are gleaming.

My skiff is by the shore, she is light and free,  
 To fly the feathered oar is joy to me,  
 And as we glide along, my song shall be,  
 My dearest maid, I love but thee. (CHORUS.)

## Switzer's Song of Home.

Why, oh, why, my heart, this sadness,  
 Why, mid scenes like these decline?  
 Where all, tho' strange, is joy and gladness,  
 Say, what wish can yet be thine?  
 Oh, say, what wish can yet be thine?

All that's dear to me is wanting,  
 Lone and cheerless here I roam;  
 The stranger's joys howe'er enchanting,  
 To me can never be like home,  
 To me can never be like home.

Give me those, I ask no other,  
 Those that bless the humble dome  
 Where dwell my father and my mother,  
 Give, oh, give me back my home,  
 Give, oh, give me back my home.

## Mother would Comfort Me.

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Wounded and sorrowful, far from my home,  
Sick, among strangers, uncared for, unknown;  
Even the birds that used sweetly to sing  
Are silent, and swiftly have taken the wing;  
No one but mother can cheer me to-day,  
No one for me could so fervently pray;  
None to console me, no kind friends near,  
Mother would comfort me if she were here.

CHO.—Gently her hand o'er my forehead she'd press,  
Trying to free me from pain and distress;  
Kindly she'd say to me, "Be of good cheer,  
Mother will comfort you, mother is here!"

If she were with me I soon would forget  
My pain and my sorrow, no more would I fret;  
One kiss from her lips, or one look from her eye,  
Would make me contented and willing to die.  
Gently her hand o'er my forehead she'd press,  
Trying to free me from pain and distress;  
Kindly she'd say to me, "Be of good cheer,  
Mother will comfort you, mother is here!"

Cheerfully, faithfully, mother would stay  
Always beside me, by night and by day;  
If I should murmur, or wish to complain,  
Her gentle voice would soon calm me again.  
Sweetly a mother's love shines like a star,  
Brightest in darkness when daylight's afar;  
In clouds or in sunshine, pleasure or pain,  
Mother's affection is ever the same. (CHORUS)



## The Miseries of Sneezing.

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I've lots of trouble and pain through life,  
And ever am in hot water and strife!  
My nose has got such a queer disease,  
I'm almost dying for having to sneeze!

CHORUS—And thus in trouble my life began,  
And now I am known as the sneezing man;  
And thus in trouble my life began,  
Oh, pity the nose of a sneezing man!

When first a baby in nurse's arms,  
I went to meeting and caused alarm,  
The people were roused from slumbering ease,  
By hearing that pesky infant sneeze!

When next at seven I went to school,  
To study, to read and write by rule,  
I saw the children as thick as bees,  
But they scampered away when they heard me sneeze!

When next my frolicking days came round,  
A beautiful damsel soon I found,  
But as the maiden was just the cheese,  
She fainted away when she heard me sneeze!

"I wish," cried I, to my angel dear,  
"To tell of my love while kneeling here!"  
But though I was there on my bended knees,  
It couldn't be done, for I had to sneeze!

The damsel screamed and fell to the floor,  
In agony wild her hair she tore!  
When turning I went like an autumn breeze,  
Skedaddling off with another sneeze.

## Bonnie Blue Flag.

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We are a band of patriots,  
 Who each leave home and friend,  
 Our noble constitution  
 And banner to defend ;  
 Our Capitol was threatened,  
 And the cry rose near and far,  
 To protect our country's glorious flag,  
 That glitters with many a star.

**CHORUS**—Hurrah, hurrah, for the union, boys, hurrah!  
 Hurrah for our forefather's good old flag,  
 That glitters with many a star.

Much patience and forbearance  
 The North has always shown,  
 Toward her Southern brethren,  
 Who had each way their own ;  
 But when we made our president,  
 A man whom we desired,  
 Their wrath was roused, they mounted guns,  
 And on Fort Sumter fired. (CHORUS.)

They forced the war upon us,  
 For peaceful men are we,  
 They steal our money, seize our forts,  
 And then as cowards flee ;  
 False to their vows, and to the flag  
 That once protected them,  
 They sought the union to dissolve,  
 Earth's noblest, brightest gem. (CHO.)

We're in the right, and will prevail,  
 The Stars and Stripes must fly,  
 The "bonnie blue flag" be hauled down,  
 And every traitor die;  
 Freedom and peace enjoyed by all,  
 As ne'er was known before,  
 Our Spangled Banner wave on high,  
 With stars just thirty-four. (CHORUS.)

### Murmuring Sea.

Murmuring sea! beautiful sea!  
 How I love to list to thy melody,  
 When the winds are still in thy rocky caves,  
 And the sweet stars glance on thy purple waves;  
 'Tis then I dream of the distant land,  
 Where I left a loving and joyous band;  
 Oh, dearer than ever they seem to be,  
 As I muse on the shore of the murmuring sea.  
 Murmuring sea! beautiful sea!  
 Oh, dearer than ever they seem to be.  
 As we muse on the shore of the murmuring sea,  
 The murmuring, murmuring sea.

Murmuring sea! beautiful sea!  
 I no more shall sail o'er thy waters free,  
 But I watch the ships as they fade from sight,  
 And my fancy follows their trackless flight,  
 Bounding away to their distant mart,  
 To the land so dear to my lonely heart;  
 Oh, dearer than ever it seems to be,  
 As I muse on the shore of the murmuring sea.  
 Murmuring sea! beautiful sea! etc.

## Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

The sun has gone down on the lofty Ben Lomond,  
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene ;  
While lonely I stray in the calm summer gloaming,  
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the briar, wi' its soft foulding blossom,  
And sweet is the birck wi' its mantle o' green ;  
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom  
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's as modest as any, and blithe as she's bonnie,  
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;  
And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,  
Who'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymns to the evening,  
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen,  
So dear to this bosom, so artless and winning  
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessie,  
The sports of the city seemed foolish and vain,  
I ne'er saw a nymph I could call my dear lassie,  
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine was the station of loftiest grandeur,  
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain ;  
And reckon as nothing the height o' its splendor,  
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

## I know a Pair of Hazel Eyes.

I know a pair of hazel eyes  
So tender and so bright,  
That I could sit a livelong day,  
And gaze upon their light.  
How would my heart impulsive beat  
If, when on mine they rove,  
Those hazel eyes should give to me  
A single look of love.

I know a pair of rosy lips,  
Whose smile is so divine,

That I would give the world, to press  
 Them fervently to mine.  
 How would my soul dilate with joy  
 If, when to speak to move,  
 Those rosy lips should say to me  
 A single word of love.

I know a pair of snowy arms,  
 And what delight were mine,  
 If round my neck one fond embrace  
 Those snowy arms should twine.  
 The look, the word, the fond embrace,  
 So dear to me would prove,  
 That earth, enchanted, would appear  
 A paradise of love.

### Call Me not Back from the Echoless Shore.

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Why is your forehead deep furrowed with care?  
 What has so soon mingled frost in your hair?  
 Why are you sorrowful? why do you weep?  
 Why do you ask me to rock you to sleep?  
 Could you but see through this world's veil of tears,  
 Light would your sorrows be, harmless your fears,  
 All that seems darkness to you would be light,  
 All would be sunshine where now is but night.

CHORUS—Follow me cheerfully, pray, do not weep,  
 In spirit I'll soothe you and rock you to sleep.

Why would you backward with time again turn?  
 Why do you still for your childhood's days yearn?  
 Weary one, why through the past again roam,  
 While in the future the path leads you home?  
 Oh, dearest child, dry these tears, weep no more,  
 Call me not back from the echoless shore;  
 Follow me cheerfully, pray, do not weep,  
 In spirit I'll soothe you and rock you to sleep.

CHORUS—Follow me cheerfully, pray, do not weep,  
 In spirit I'll soothe you and rock you to sleep  
 Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,  
 Sleep, sleep, sleep, oh, sleep.

## Bingen on the Rhine.

A soldier of the Legion  
 Lay dying at Algiers ;  
 There was lack of woman's nursing,  
 There was dearth of woman's tears ;  
 But a comrade stood before him,  
 While his life-blood ebbed away,  
 And bent with pitying glances  
 To hear what he might say.  
 The dying soldier faltered  
 As he took that comrade's hand,  
 And he said, " I never more shall see  
 My own, my native land ;  
 Take a message and a token  
 To some distant friends of mine ;  
 For I was born at Bingen,  
 Fair Bingen on the Rhine.  
 " Tell my brothers and companions,  
 When they meet and crowd around  
 To hear my mournful story,  
 In the pleasant vineyard ground,  
 That we fought the battle bravely,  
 And when the day was done,  
 Full many a corse lay ghastly pale  
 Beneath the setting sun ;  
 And midst the dead and dying,  
 Were some grown old in wars,  
 The death-wound on their gallant breast,  
 The last of many scars ;  
 But some were young, and suddenly  
 Beheld life's morn decline,  
 And one had come from Bingen,  
 From Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons  
 Shall comfort her old age;  
 And I was still a truant bird,  
 That thought his home a cage;  
 For my father was a soldier,  
 And even as a child  
 My heart leaped forth to hear him tell  
 Of struggles fierce and wild;  
 And when he died and left us  
 To divide his scanty hoard,  
 I let them take whate'er they would,  
 But kept my father's sword;  
 And with boyish love I hung it  
 Where the bright light used to shine  
 On the cottage wall at Bingen,  
 At Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me,  
 And sob with drooping head  
 When the troops are marching home again,  
 With glad and gallant tread;  
 But look upon them proudly,  
 With a calm and steadfast eye,  
 For her brother was a soldier,  
 And not afraid to die.  
 And if a comrade seek her love,  
 I ask her in my name,  
 To listen to him kindly,  
 Without regret or shame,  
 And hang the old sword in its place  
 (My father's sword and mine.)  
 For the honor of old Bingen,  
 Dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another, not a sister—  
 In the happy days gone by,  
 You'd have known her by the merriment  
 That sparkled in her eye ;  
 Too innocent for coquetry,  
 Too fond for idle scorning—  
 Oh ! friend, I fear the lightest heart  
 Makes sometimes heaviest mourning !  
 Tell her the last night of my life—  
 For ere the morn be risen  
 My body will be out of pain,  
 My soul be out of prison—  
 I dreamed I stood with her,  
 And saw the yellow sunlight shine  
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,  
 Fair Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along ;  
 I heard or seemed to hear  
 The German songs we used to sing,  
 In chorus sweet and clear,  
 And down the pleasant river,  
 And up the slanting hill  
 The echoing chorus sounded  
 Through the evening calm and still ;  
 And her glad blue eyes were on me,  
 As we passed with friendly talk,  
 Down many a path beloved of yore,  
 And well-remembered walk ;  
 And her little hand lay lightly,  
 Confidingly in mine—  
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen,  
 Loved Bingen on the Rhine."



His voice grew faint and hoarser  
 His grasp was childish weak,  
 His eyes put on a dying look,  
 He sighed and ceased to speak;  
 His comrade bent to lift him,  
 But the spark of life had fled—  
 The soldier of the Legion  
 In a foreign land was dead!  
 And the soft moon rose up slowly,  
 And calmly she looked down  
 On the red sand of the battle-field  
 With bloody corpses strewn—  
 Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene,  
 Her pale light seemed to shine  
 As it shone on distant Bingen,  
 Fair Bingen on the Rhine.

## I Know my Mother Weeps for Me.

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'Twas on a balmy summer night,  
 As I lay gazing at the stars,  
 And thinking of the hearts once light,  
 That I had left to join the wars.  
 And of a mother far away,  
 With step so feeble, cheek so pale,  
 My thoughts then dwelt upon the day  
 I left her, as she said, "Farewell."  
**CHORUS**—I know my mother weeps for me,  
 When all the world is hushed in sleep;  
 Oh, soon may we the hour see,  
 When mother need no longer weep.

And as the midnight hour drew near,  
 I fell asleep, and presently  
 I dreamed I saw my mother dear,  
 With open arms to welcome me.  
 She could not speak, but oh, those tears  
 That lingered in her joyful eyes,  
 Bespoke much more, by far, than lip  
 Could utter to her darling boy.

I thought she clasped me to her heart,  
 Impressed a kiss upon my brow,  
 And bade her sorrows all depart,  
 For nought but joy is with her now.  
 The daylight broke, and with it came  
 Sadly the truth, 'twas but a dream!  
 Dear mother, weep no more in vain,  
 While we our native land redeem.

I know my mother weeps for me,  
 When all the world is hushed in sleep;  
 Oh, soon may we the hour see,  
 When mother need no longer weep.  
 Soon may our glorious stars and stripes,  
 That blood-bought banner of the free,  
 Wave proudly forth from every height,  
 Proclaiming peace and liberty.

CHORUS.

I know my mother weeps for me,  
 When all the world is hushed in sleep;  
 Oh, soon may we the hour see,  
 When mother need no longer weep.

## Kiss Me, Darling, ere we Sever.

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Kiss me, darling, ere we sever,  
Ere I journey life's bleak plain,  
For on earth, I never, never,  
May behold thy face again.  
But thy smile so sweet and winning,  
And thy voice so soft and low,  
Still shall keep my heart from sinning,  
And my soul as pure as snow.

I would linger, oh, how gladly,  
In thy much-loved presence yet,  
But each moment tells me sadly  
That 'tis better to forget;  
Not forget thy love and beauty,  
Nor thy kind and winsome ways,  
For no blighted hope nor duty  
Bids me cease to give them praise.

But the hopes I long have cherished,  
Now like autumn leaves are sere,  
Like the flowers of spring they perished,  
In the springtime of their year.  
Naught is left me but to sever  
From the scene of all my pain;  
Kiss me, darling, for I never  
May behold thy face again.

## The Answer of Ben Bolt.

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Ah, yes, I remember that name with delight,  
Sweet Alice, so cherished and dear;  
I seek her bower in the pale hour of night,  
And moisten the turf with a tear;  
And there, when the heart is o'erburdened with woes,  
I wander and muse all alone,  
And long for the time when my head shall repose  
Where "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

I roam through the wood where so joyous we strayed,  
 And recline on the green sunny hill ;  
 All things are as bright in that beautiful glade,  
 But my heart is all lonely and chill.  
 The hand that so fondly I pressed then in mine,  
 And the lips that were melting in love,  
 Are cold in the grave, and I'm left to repine  
 Till I meet with sweet Alice above.

Ah, well I remember the schoolhouse and brook,  
 "And the master so kind and so true,"  
 The wild blooming flowers in the cool, shady nook,  
 So fragrant with incense and dew.  
 But I weep not for these, though so dear to my heart,  
 Nor the friends that have left us alone ;  
 The bosom will heave, and the tear-drops will start,  
 For "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

### Jennie June.

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Did you see dear Jennie June,  
 When the meadows were in tune,  
 With the birds among the bowers  
 In the sweet summer time ?  
 You would love her I am sure,  
 For her heart is warm and pure,  
 And as guileless as the flowers  
 In the sweet summer time.

CHORUS--Did you see dear Jennie June, etc

All the robins cease their song,  
 As she gayly speeds along,  
 Just to listen to her singing  
 In the sweet summer time.  
 And her modest, beaming eyes  
 Are the color of the skies,  
 Many pleasant fancies bringing,  
 In the sweet summer time. (CHORUS.)

With my darling Jennie June,  
 When the meadows are in tune,

How I love to go a roving,  
 In the sweet summer time.  
 While her presence seems to be  
 Like a ray of light to me,  
 For she's ever fond and loving,  
 In the sweet summer time. (CHORUS.)

### Tell Mother I Die Happy.

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I am dying, comrades, dying,  
 As you bear me, lightly tread;  
 Soon, ah, soon I shall be lying  
 With the silent, sleeping dead.

I am dying, comrades, dying,  
 Still the battle rages near,  
 Tell me, are our foes a flying?  
 I die happy, mother dear.

CHORUS—Tell my mother I die happy,  
 That for me she must not weep;  
 Tell her how I longed to kiss her,  
 Ere I sunk in death to sleep.

I am going, comrades, going,  
 See how damp my forehead's now,  
 Oh, I see the angels coming,  
 With bright garlands for my brow.  
 Bear this message to my mother,  
 How in death that God was near,  
 He to bless and to support me,  
 I die happy, mother dear. (CHORUS.)

Lay me, comrades, 'neath the willow,  
 That grows on the distant shore;  
 Wrap the starry flag around me,  
 I would press its folds once more.  
 Let the cold earth be my pillow,  
 And the "Stars and Stripes" my shroud,  
 Soon, oh, soon I shall be marching,  
 Amid the heavenly crowd. (CHORUS.)

## Katie Bell.

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Going down the shady dell,  
Where the honeysuckles grow  
I met lovely Katie Bell,  
With her dimpled cheeks aglow ;  
Oh, the beauties of her face,  
As she flitted by apace,  
With a step of fairy grace,  
My poor words can never tell.

CHORUS.—Katie Bell, in the dell,  
How I love her none can tell.

All the flowers in the dell  
Seemed to own her for their queen,  
Bright and peerless Katie Bell,  
Fairer flower was never seen.  
How I loved the very ground  
Over which she'd lightly bound,  
With her sunny ringlets crowned,  
I can never, never tell. (CHORUS.)

Long I waited in the dell,  
Where the honeysuckles grow,  
Waited for sweet Katie Bell,  
Till the sun was sinking low :  
And before I left her side,  
In the quiet eventide,  
I had won her for my bride,  
Won my bonnie Katie Bell. (CHORUS.)

## Oh, I shall wear a Uniform.

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Oh, I shall wear a uniform,  
And march away to war,  
To bravely meet the enemy,  
Until the strife is o'er.  
They say I shall be furnished arms,  
No legs do they provide,

Although they would of service prove  
If rank and file divide.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Oh, I shall wear a uniform,  
And march away to war.

Oh, I shall wear a uniform,  
And soon become renowned,  
And quartered in the army be,  
To keep my body sound;

For if I should but single go,  
I might become in two;

Or, take to legs instead of arms,  
As foes to freedom do. (CHORUS.)

Oh, I shall wear a uniform,  
And be a soldier bold;

I thought it best to get me one,  
The draft might give me cold.

So now I shall be warmly clad,  
And in convincing style,

I'll teach the foe that stars and stripes  
They never shall defile. (CHORUS.)

### Make Me no Gaudy Chaplet.

Make me no gaudy chaplet,

Weave it in simple flowers,

Seek them in lowly valleys,

After the gentle showers.

Bring me no dark red roses,

Gay in the sunshine glowing;

Bring me the pale moss rose-bud

Beneath the fresh leaves growing.

Bring not the proud-eyed blossom,

Darling of the eastern daughters;

Bring me the snowy lily,

Floating on silent waters.

Gems of the lowly valley,

Buds which leaves are shading,

Lilies of peaceful waters,

Emblems be mine unfading.

## I'll tell Nobody.

Oh, I am in love, but I won't tell with who,  
 For I know very well what the fair ones would do,  
 They'd chatter and flatter, and make themselves fine,  
 So poor little some one would have a sad time.

CHORUS.—So I'll tell nobody, I'll tell nobody,  
 Nobody, nobody, nobody, no!

If I tell it to one, she will tell it to two,  
 And the next cup of tea they would plot what to do;  
 And as men have no constancy in their own minds,  
 He'd seek a new face and leave some one behind.

But this much I'll tell you, he's not very tall,  
 And lest you should guess him, he's not very small;  
 I met him last night, and he pulled off my glove,  
 So I think you may guess who is somebody's love.

But when I am sure that his heart's all my own,  
 That he loves sincerely, and never will roam,  
 Oh, then I'll defy all their jeers and taunts,  
 For, plainly 'twill show what each of them wants;  
 They all want somebody, are dying for somebody,  
 Somebody, somebody, I know who, etc.

## Larry's Good-By.

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Brave Larry went up to his darling  
 To bid her a speedy good-by,  
 When bound where the cannon was snarling,  
 The fortunes of battle to try.  
 "Sweet Norah," he said, "don't be weeping,  
 I soon will come back to your side,  
 With all your fond love in my keeping,  
 And make you my beautiful bride."

A thousand times Larry did kiss her,  
 Before he was willing to go,  
 For now he just felt how he'd miss her,  
 When fronting the ranks of the foe.



My heart will be ever the same, love,  
 "So, Norah," he whispered, "don't sigh;  
 I soon will have money and fame, dear,  
 And then a nice farm we will buy."  
 Fair Norah through teardrops was blushing,  
 And spoke between sobbings and sighs,  
 As backward her glossy curls pushing,  
 She timidly looked in his eyes.  
 "Dear Larry, you say that you're going  
 To wed when you come from the war;  
 I'm afraid you'll be killed, there's no knowing,  
 Now, could we not marry before?"  
 Now Larry, how could he refuse her?  
 He saw that he might as well wed,  
 For if he was killed he would lose her,  
 So unto fair Norah he said:  
 "Mavourneen, it's truth you've been saying,  
 And where there's a will there's a way;  
 I see there's no use in delaying,  
 I'll wed you this very same day."

### Buy a Broom.

From Teutschland I come with my light wares all laden  
 To dear, happy Boston, in summer's gay bloom,  
 Then listen, fair lady, and young, pretty maiden,  
 Oh, buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom.  
 Buy a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom,  
 Oh, buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom.  
 To brush away insects that sometimes annoy you,  
 You'll find it quite handy to use night and day,  
 And what better exercise, pray, can employ you,  
 Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away.  
 Buy a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom,  
 And sweep all vexatious intruders away.  
 Ere winter comes on, for sweet home soon departing,  
 My toils for your labors again I'll resume,  
 And while gratitude's tear in my eyelid is starting,  
 Bless the time that in Boston I cried, buy a broom,  
 Buy a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom,  
 Bless the time that in Boston I cried, buy a broom,

## Billie Boy.

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Oh, where have you been, Billie Boy, Billie Boy,  
Oh, where have you been, charming Billie?

I have been to seek a wife,  
She's the joy of my life,  
She's a young thing, and can not leave her mother.

Did she bid you to come in, Billie Boy, Billie Boy,  
Did she bid you to come in, charming Billie?

Yes, she bid me to come in,  
There's a dimple in her chin, etc.

Did she set for you a chair, Billie Boy, Billie Boy,  
Did she set for you a chair, charming Billie?

Yes, she set for me a chair,  
She has ringlets in her hair, etc.

Can she make a cherry pie, Billie Boy, Billie Boy,  
Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billie?

She can make a cherry pie,  
Quick as a cat can wink her eye, etc.

Is she often seen at church, Billie Boy, Billie Boy,  
Is she often seen at church, charming Billie?

Yes, she's often seen at church,  
With a bonnet white as birch, etc.

How tall is she, Billie Boy, Billie Boy?

How tall is she, charming Billie?

She's as tall as any pine,  
And as straight as a pumpkin-vine, etc.

Are her eyes very bright, Billie Boy, Billie Boy,  
Are her eyes very bright, charming Billie?

Yes, her eyes are very bright,  
But, alas! they're minus sight, etc.

How old is she, Billie Boy, Billie Boy,

How old is she, charming Billie Boy,

She's three times six, four times seven,  
Twenty-eight and eleven, etc.

## Things that never Die.

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The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts in youth,  
The impulse to a worldless prayer,  
The dreams of love and truth ;  
The longings after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The striving after better hopes,  
These things that never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid  
A brother in his need,  
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,  
That proves the friend indeed ;  
The plea for mercy softly breathed  
When justice threatens nigh,  
The sorrow of a contrite heart,  
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,  
The pressure of a kiss,  
And all the trifles sweet and frail,  
That make up love's first bliss ;  
If, with a firm, unchanging faith,  
And holy trust and high,  
Whose hands have clasped, those lips have met,  
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word  
That wounded as it fell,  
The chilling want of sympathy  
We feel but never tell ;  
The hard repulse that chills the heart,  
Whose hopes were bounding high,  
And an unfading record kept,  
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand  
Must find some work to do ;  
Lose not a chance to waken love,  
Be firm, and just, and true ;

So shall a light that can not fade,  
 Beam on thee from on high,  
 And angel voices say to thee,  
 These things shall never die.

### Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

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Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
 I lay me down in peace to sleep;  
 Secure I rest upon the wave,  
 For thou, oh Lord, hast power to save;  
 I know thou wilt not slight my call,  
 For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!  
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
 Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,  
 Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath  
 Roused me from sleep to wreck and death,  
 In ocean cave still save with Thee,  
 The germ of immortality;  
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

### In the Wild Chamois' Track.

In the wild chamois' track at the breaking of morn,  
 With a hunter's pride,  
 O'er the mountain's side,  
 We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn,  
 Tra la la la la la la la la.

I have crossed the proud Alps, I have sailed down the  
 And there is no spot [Rhone,  
 Like the simple cot,  
 And the hill and the valley I call my own,  
 Tra la la la la la la la la.