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A

Collection of popular DUETTS SONGS AND BALLADS

Arranged for the Piano

BY

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

The Minute gun at sea.	Duet	King	2
Let's be gay		Russell	5
Blind Mother		Ormond	2½
I'd mourn the hopes that leave me		Stevenson	1½
I cannot dance to night		Bailey	1½
Pensez amoi		Drake	1½
Twilight Dews			1½
When stars are in the quiet skies		Ball	1½
Old farm gate		Russell	5
Ah! dow sei mio caro titiro.		Lacy	2½
Would I were with thee		Norton	1½
How can I leave thee.		Thomas	2½
Laughing Trio		Addison	3
Queen of my soul		Wollaston	2½
Jonathan's appeal to Caroline			1½
Non giova il sospirar			2½
Call me pet names		Sconcia	2½
Who would be a Bachelor's wife		Marshall	2½
Maid of Athens		Kilmark	1½
A hundred years to come		Tillinghast	1½
Tyrant soon I'll burst thy chains		Bishop	4
Come to the forest.	Duet	Bricher	2½
What will you do love		Lover	2½
Kathleen Aroon		Abt	2½
Oh! ye tears, oh! ye tears.		Abt	2½
Do they think of me at home		Glover	2½
Ruth & Naomi		Topliff	2½
Young Rosabel		Osborne	2½
Heart bowed down		Balfe	1½

Miss M. Stoddard.

BOSTON.

Russell & Tolman 291 Washington St.

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JONATHAN'S APPEAL TO CAROLINE

OR

Mr. North to Madame South.

Written by Miss M. Stoddard.

p *cresc.* *dim.*

1. You are go - ing far a - way, far a - way my lit - tle pet, There is no one left to
2. On - ly think, the gold I've paid, buy - ing all your land and state, And then pursued the

love me now; Oh! Darling you for - get, How I've always bowed to you, let you always have your
Se - mi - nole with war and deadly hate, Tex - as too, I bought with blood, be - sides a heap of

way, Now Dearest don't un - grate - ful be, and tear yourself a - way, Think of
gold Be - - - cause you mean, that men shall be like cattle bought and sold; Then I've

all I've sa - cri - ficed, just for you, to keep your slaves, And to increase your wealth and power, and
car - ried all your mails, letters, pa - pers, all for you, And from my pocket I have paid quite

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1862 by Russell & Tolman in the Clerks Office of the District Court of Mass.

make your children knaves, Then how I have compromised, every-time you wished, you know, Ca-ro-
all your postage too Then to think how you have ruled, in Congress, Church and State, And

-li-na 'tis a shame to treat your lov-ing John-ny so! Ca-ro-li-na 'tis a
al-ways chad your Pre-si-dent, nor cared to please your Mate. And al-ways had your

shame, to treat your lov-ing John-ny so!
Pre-si-dent, nor cared to please your Mate.

cresc. *dim.*

3.

Now because for once my votes outdo your swindling plan,
You mean to break the Union up, and do what harm you can,
Think to please you how I worked, down upon my knees I've toiled
While for my sake you've never once your dainty fingers soiled;
Then you've called me wicked names, Yankee mudsill, farmer small,
And yet I have a christian been, and borne in meekness all,
Yes you know I've borne all this, and a thousand other ills,
Just to live in peace with you, and run my Cotton Mills.

4.

Then you know I've oft been chiding Preachers if they dared
Say aught against your darling sin, hard was the fate they shared;
Then to think I've caught your slaves, when they tried to run away,
And never let them stop to rest, this side of Canada;
Now it really makes me mad, to think how foolish I have been
How for your sake I've lost my peace and steeped my soul in sin;
And yet you have a further proved and stole my gods away,
But as I have a few more left, I guess I'll stop your play.

5.

Madam you will trouble see, unless your temper soon is mended,
And much you will wish you'd stayed with me, before the war is ended;
Yet since you the war have brought, blame yourself for all the sorrow,
That now enshrouds all hearts and homes, and fills our land with horror;
Though I fight but for the laws, and stand on Constitution,
Yet blame yourself, if mid st the crash, down comes your Institution!
And devoutly good men pray, for such a consummation,
And wise ones tell us, peace can come, but in Emancipation!!

6.

Caroline dear! you see, that we both have blinded been!
To think that God would always smile upon our Nation's sin!
Read the name of Nations bad, once they built their Babel Towers,
But sin lifts up them from the earth, will justice pass by ours?
Really now I've half inclined to think, that good men see aright,
That naught but justice to the slave, will bring our Nation light.
God of justice, grant me sight, show to me thy path more clear,
And grant me strength to walk therein, and trammeled too by fear.

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