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Copy 1973

The Angels Have taken Our Little Born OR We'll Meet in the Morning



Words by W.P. PARKER.
Music by A.J. ABBEY.

Poetry by "MAUD"
Music by LEFTWICH.

40 cts.

40 cts.

TOLEDO, O.
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I will call the fair - est dower, From the lake - let's cold em - brace;

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Sweet is thy face as the dawn of the morn - ing. Sweet is the spir - it to earth's scenes so new.

O SING THE SONG I LOVE, TO ME. Piano Song. By C. T. DONDORE. Price, 30 cts.
I sing the song I love to me, I sang it long a - go.

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Weep not for sweet "Belle Ma - hone," Though she left thee all a lone.

"THE GRAPE VINE SING IN THE DELL." Piano Song. By FRANK HOWARD. Picture Title. 50 cts.
Oh, well I re - member the day. In the bright, beau - ti - ful month of May.

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I'm hap - py lit - tle Ned, And oft - en it is said,

"ONLY A POOR LITTLE BEGGAR." Piano Song. By FRANK HOWARD. Picture Title. 40 cts.
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Oh! where can he be? I've been wait - ing his com - ing;

NORAH, THE PRIDE OF DUNDEE. Piano Song. By W. A. OGDEN. Picture Title. 40 cts.
To the shores of sweet Scot - land, where the sun - light's bright dawn, Thro' his eyes on the cot - tage that stands on the lawn;

BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF THE NORTH. Piano Song. By W. A. OGDEN. Price, 30 cts.
She laughs with the stream - lets, and sings with the rills, She blush - es like ros - es in morn - ing

ONLY A FACE AT THE WINDOW. Piano Song. By W. A. OGDEN. Price, 30 cts.
On - ly a face at the win - dow, On - ly a smile as I passed;

"MEET ME, GENTLE BRIGHT-EYED BESSIE." Piano Song. By C. F. SHATTUCK. Price, 35 cts.
Meet me, gen - tle Bright - eyed Bes - sie, When the sun - light leaves the glade;

"SING TO ME THUS AS OF OLD." Piano Song. By C. F. SHATTUCK. Price, 35 cts.
Oh! sing to me, sing to me thus as of old, Keep sing - ing the song of those years.

"THE SUNLIGHT OF MY LIFE IS SHADED." Baritone Song. By C. F. SHATTUCK. Price, 35 cts.
The sun - light of my life is shad - ed. Dark clouds ob - scure my life;

"A HUNDRED FATHOMS DEEP." Bass Song. By C. F. SHATTUCK. Picture Title. 50 cts.
There's a mine of wealth un - told, In a hun - dred fath - oms deep.

To Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Davis.

LITTLE DORA;

OR,
"WE'LL MEET IN THE MORNING."
SONG AND CHORUS.

Little Dora, just before she died, looking up, said: "Good-by, papa, we'll meet in the morning."

Poetry by "MAUD."

C. R. LEFTWICH.

The musical score is written in G major and 2/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction in the right hand, marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The vocal melody enters in the second system, marked 'MODERATO. CON AFFETUOSO.' The lyrics are: '1. Yes, we'll meet in the morn - ing, 2. But we miss the pat - t'ring'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. The second system of the piano part includes the instruction 'Col. voce. p' (Crescendo). The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'dar - ling, And our tears will be wiped a - way, And we'll lose this shadow from our footsteps, Gone out in the si - lent land, And a voice, earth's sweet est'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

Andante.

hearts In the dawn of an end-less day; You have on-ly gone be-fore us— Heaven
mu-sic, And the touch of a dim-pled hand; And we scarce can see, thro' blinding tears, The

Tremolando.

pp

Cres. A tempo. Ad lib.

o-pened first to you— And we'll meet in the morn-ing, dar-ling, For God's prom-is-es are true.
crown so ear-ly won, Or say, from this depth of bit-ter-ness, Not ours, but Thy will be done.

CHORUS.

A tempo.

SOPRA. Oh, the night may be long and wea-ry, And the end far out of view, But we'll
ALTO. Oh, the night may be long and wea-ry, long and weary, And the end far out of view, Darling Do-ra, But we'll
TENOR. Oh, the night may be long and wea-ry, long and weary, And the end far out of view, Darling Do-ra, But we'll
BASS. Oh, the night may be long and wea-ry, long and weary, And the end far out of view, Darling Do-ra, But we'll

PIANO. pp

Little Dora; or, "We'll meet in the Morning."

Repeat pp. ad lib.

meet in the morn - ing, dar-ling, For God's prom - is - es are true.

meet in the morn - ing, darling, in the morning, For God's prom - is - es, his prom - is - es are true.

meet in the morn - ing, dar-ling, For God's prom - is - es are true.

pp *Dim.* *ppp*

3. And our feet have grown so weary,
 And the way so dark and long,
 And our hearts in dust are humbled,
 That late beat high and strong;
 And we long with intensest yearning,
 And a wordless, passionate pain,
 For the joy of the earthly presence
 We shall never know again.

4. But the loving, all-wise Father
 Will some day make it plain—
 We shall some day see and understand
 How this loss is perfect gain.
 Oh, the night may be long and weary,
 And the end far out of view,
 But we'll meet in the morning, darling,
 For God's promises are true.

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From the Catalogue of W. W. Whitney, Toledo, O.

Yea! There's Love among the Angels, Price 30c.

Words by Mrs. Carrie M. Sitter. Music by W. A. OGDEN. B. flat, 3. Answer to the beautiful and popular song *There's Love among the Angels*, by the same author. The thousands who have satiated and wept over the pathetic and touching appeal of the "little angel" will find here a new and more beautiful one.

"'Tis no truly darling angel,
 Is there room in Heaven for me?
 Will I gain the home of spirits,
 And the shining Angels see?"

Will welcome die with equal appreciation.

And how beautifully this appeal is answered.

"Room for thee among the angels,
 Child, 'tis Jesus bids thee come,
 And there's room for little children,
 Even in his starry home.
 He hath said, 'Of each my Kingdom,
 Let the children come to me;
 And I know there's room in Heaven,
 For every Mary, now for thee."

Many orders were received for this song, even, when it was in press, and since its publication there has been a continued demand for it.

I'm standing by the gate, or the Whippoorwill song, Howard 40c.

"I'm standing by the little gate,
 Before the cottage door,
 And every night watch and wait,
 As in the days of yore,
 The evening shadows dimly fall,
 The moonbeams stream the hill,
 In answer to my anxious call,
 Come, come, 'tis Whippoorwill."

The style in which the song is written is very attractive. There is something so pleasing in the melody and in the echo, "Whippoorwill" with the violin and instrument that it has become a great favorite.

Bee-Eyed Daisy Belle, Shattuck 50c

She's a wee, frae bonnie lassie,
 With laughing eyes of blue,
 And mouth like a red, June rose-bud,
 And her silvery voice is sweeter
 Than the carol of a bird,
 And by her gentle winning glow,
 My lonely heart is cheered,
 In her silken curls the sunbeams love
 To play at hide and seek,
 While smiles and dimples... each other
 Over and o'er,
 She's a wee, frae, winsome lassie,
 And she weaves magic spell,
 With her glances so bewitching,
 In my blue-eyed Daisy Belle.

Not only the words but the melody of this song is interesting. It expresses the charms of "Miss Jessie" as near as music is capable of doing, for as you sing, you can almost see her silken curls and laughing eyes of blue, and finally when the soprano takes up the song "Daisy Belle, Sweet Daisy Belle," and the remaining parts of chorus echo it you are convinced that she is the loveliest lassie in the country round.

Our Darling is an Angel Now, Ogdan 40c

All hushed the merry voice so sweet,
 That called the sunshine to our door!
 All cold and still the little feet,
 That pattered up and down no more.
 This song has often been referred to in our columns as one of unusual merit, and we are glad to note that it is receiving the popularity it deserves.

Don't be Sorrowful Darling, Price 30c.

Song and Chorus. Words by Alice Cary. Music by A. J. Abbey. G 2.

Among the many beautiful poems from the pen of this one gifted and now lamented author, none, among them have been read with greater interest than this, under the above title.

"O don't be sorrowful darling,
 Don't be ever so woe;
 For take the year together my dear,
 There's not more to be prayed;
 It's rainy weather my darling,
 Time's woe they heavily run,
 But taking the year together, my dear,
 There's not more to be said than this."

We think Mr. Abbey has done full justice to the poem in adapting it to a sweet melody.

Birdie, Tell Winnie I'm Waiting, Price 30c

Song and Chorus by Frank Howard, E. 2. Although this song has been published some time, we insert it here for it is one that does "wear out," but grows brighter and sweeter every time it is sung. The words.

"Go birdie tell Winnie I'm waiting,
 Down the old path in the lane,
 While you wait of the minister I'm talking,
 'Till I find she gets me again.
 The dearest adoring the minister,
 Seem knowingly nodding at me,
 As here in the spreading oak shadow,
 Sweet Winnie I'm waiting for."

and the melody seem so natural and life-like that you are singing them over and over before you are aware of it. With the present edition just printed, this song has reached its old glory, showing a popularity which it fully deserves. Very appropriately following this song is the answer to "Birdie tell Winnie I'm Waiting," just published in sheet form, entitled

Birdie go Tell Him I'm Coming, Price 35c.

Words and Music by Frank Howard, G. 2. Could there be anything more appropriate than the following words.

"Go, Birdie, and tell him I'm coming,
 With love as of old just the same,
 Tell him to wait in the gloaming,
 Adown the old path thro' the lane,
 The dearest adoring the minister,
 I'll gather to put in his hair,
 Oh by the spreading oak shadow,
 And tell him I soon will be there."

In the melody of this song Mr. Howard has even exceeded the original and it is not fair to become equally as popular. The two would be very pretty song in connection with each other, a gentleman singing the first, followed by the latter sung by a lady.

Little Moore, or the Good Bye at the Cottage Door, Shattuck 40c

To-night the pearty stars are gleaming,
 The silver moon above is beaming,
 While I stand sweetly dreaming,
 Of far off darling Little Moore.

One of the best productions from this popular author's pen. The beautiful picture title is worth the price of the piece.

Beautiful Girl of the North, Ogdan 30c

"Her eyes are as bright as the stars at night,
 And her cheeks soft as other snows,
 Her lips are as sweet as the poplars that meet,
 To whisper of angels that love us."

This popular author has imparted to this song more than an ordinary amount of sprightliness and beauty. It has reached several editions and bids fair to equal in popularity the "Beautiful Girl of the South."

It tickled me so I liked to die, Dondora 40c

All dressed to kill I see her sit,
 Leaning on the window sill;
 She winked her eye as I passed by,
 Haught! it tickled me so I liked to die."

A comic song with illustrative title page. Words are by Sol Smith Russell and sung by him and Billy Edwards, with great applause.

Mother will pray for you, (E 2) Howard 40c

"I pray you my son, 'never touch the first drop,
 'Till bright tapers weary with despair,
 Oh! think of the years since your first began,
 I've watched you with tenderest care,
 The hand me, be careful, your going you know
 From true guiding counsel away,
 And ever remember where you will go,
 That "mother" for you will still pray."

A good temperance song is always received with pleasure and it is in favor of the temperance cause. We are sure it is steadily receiving orders for it from the different temperance lodges and their members.

Out in the straight I'm waiting for thee, Howard, 40c

Light may your heart be, joyous with glow,
 Happy the moment's while singing to you,
 Bright as the stars that shine in the sky,
 Letting for the welcome sound,
 If they sweet loving and true for your eye,
 This very popular song has already reached its 25th edition, and is still having a large sale.

Are you coming, love, to-night? (E 2) Howard 40c

"Reach the glimmer of the stars,
 By the dainty, tender stars,
 Where softly falls the moonbeams in a glow of moonlight,
 Listening for the welcome sound,
 Impatiently I'm waiting for your coming, love, to-night.
 The music of this song has a graceful movement, and is very pleasing. It far surpasses this popular author's "Out in the Straight," which has had such a tremendous sale, and we predict for it even a greater popularity. The title has a very correct expression of Mr. Howard

What are they doing at home to-night? Howard 30c

"Oh what are they doing at home to-night,
 While I'm lonely about on the seas,
 Is Alice my darling now watching the light,
 With sweet loving thoughts but of me,
 Young Alice, the girl with the golden brown hair,
 And mid-beaming love-lit blue eyes,
 With bright smiling face and innocent air,
 As pure as the stars in the skies.
 This is arranged as a duet for tenor and soprano, the tenor singing the first verse and the soprano, the second, the soprano taking up the refrain, "Oh what are they doing far out on the sea, etc." Both joining in the chorus, producing a strange and beautiful effect.

Grape-vine in the Dell, Howard 30c

Oh! well I remember the Dell,
 In the bright, beautiful month of May,
 When first I met sweet woe's cheek'd Belle,
 At the old grape-vine swing in the dell.
 This is another favorite, and it will deserve all the popularity it receives. The title is a splendid one.

CHOICE TEACHING PIECES.

Lookout Polka, by L. Mathias, Price 40c

Written in the key of C, in a style original, light and graceful. All who carefully study Mr. Mathias' compositions will find that they combine more than ordinary musical talent. The harmony is always excellent, the movements are pleasing and graceful, the ideas novel and new. In these days of an over-abundance of musical publications, it is a scarcity of musical thought, it is really a pleasure to find such compositions as these are so arranged. Lookout Polka is no difficult. It was evidently written to please the popular taste but it never-the-less deserves the consideration of advanced players.

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