

NO

3 - OCT 30  
1873

# BEAUTIES OF SONG:

(FIRST SERIES.)

Collection of the Most Popular and Beautiful

## SONGS AND BALLADS.

Ah! my Child. (Prophète). *Meyerbeer*, . . . . . 3½  
 Annie Laurie. (Scotch). *Glover*, . . . . . 3½  
 Autumn Leaves. *Hullah*, . . . . . 3  
 Beating of my own heart. *Macfarren*, . . . . . 4  
 Be Watchful and Beware. *C. W. Glover*, . . . . . 3½  
 Bird of Beauty. *Miss Scott*, . . . . . 3½  
 Blanche Alpen. *S. Glover*, . . . . . 3  
 Blanche and Lisette. *S. Glover*, . . . . . 3  
 Castles in the Air. *London*, . . . . . 3  
 Change not thou. *Donizetti*, . . . . . 3  
 Cherry Ripe. *Horn*, . . . . . 3½  
 Child of the Regiment. (Fille du Regiment.) 3  
 Come to the Woods. *S. Glover*, . . . . . 4  
 Come where sweet-toned zephyrs pass. *F. Mori*, 3  
 Cot where we were born. *Hutchinson*, . . . . . 4  
 Crystal Spring. *Guernsey*, . . . . . 3½  
 Day and night I thought of thee. *Strival*, . . . . . 3  
 Dearest spot on earth to me is home. *Wrighton*, 3  
 Do they think of me at home? *C. W. Glover*, 3  
 Dreams. *Hodges*, . . . . . 5  
 Ever of thee. *Hall*, . . . . . 3  
 Flee as a bird to your mountain, . . . . . 3  
 Hark! I hear an angel sing. *Strival*, . . . . . 3½  
 Haunted Stream. *Barker*, . . . . . 3½  
 Heart bowed down. *Balfe*, . . . . . 3  
 Her bright smile haunts me still. *Wrighton*, 3  
 Home of my heart. *Harvey*, . . . . . 3  
 Home, sweet home. *Bishop*, . . . . . 3½  
 Home that I love. *S. Glover*, . . . . . 3½  
 I breathe once more my native air. *Harvey*, 3  
 I'd be a star. *Gerken*, . . . . . 3  
 I know that my Redeemer liveth. *Handel*, 4  
 I love the merry sunshine. *S. Glover*, . . . . . 3  
 I'll be no submissive wife. *Lee*, . . . . . 4  
 I'm not myself at all. *Lover*, . . . . . 3½  
 I see her still in my dreams. *Foster*, . . . . . 3  
 I'll meet thee in the Lane. *Blamphin*, . . . . . 3½  
 Beggar Child. *Gumbert*, . . . . . 4  
 Kathleen Arcon. *Abt*, . . . . . 3  
 Consider the Lilies. *Topliff*, . . . . . 3  
 Too Late. *Miss Lindsay*, . . . . . 4  
 Like the Song of Birds in Summer. *J. W. Cherry*, 4

It is better to laugh than be sighing. *Donizetti*, 3½  
 Juanita. *Mrs. Norton*, . . . . . 3  
 Kathleen Mavourneen. *Crouch*, . . . . . 3½  
 Kitty Tyrrell. *Glover*, . . . . . 3½  
 List what I say. (Fille du Regiment.) . . . . . 3½  
 Mary of Argyll. *Nelson*, . . . . . 3½  
 Murmur of the Shell. *Mrs. Norton*, . . . . . 3  
 My last thoughts are of thee. *Maynard* . . . . . 3  
 Near the banks of that lone river. *La Roche*, 3  
 O Charming May. *Rodwell*, . . . . . 3  
 Oh! Sing to me. *Osborne*, . . . . . 3½  
 O Summer night. *Donizetti*, . . . . . 4  
 Oh! take me to thy heart again. *Balfe*, . . . . . 3  
 Oh! whisper what thou feelest. *Harrison*, 3  
 Pirates' Chorus. (Enchantress.) *Balfe*, . . . . . 3½  
 Ratanaplan. (Fille du Regiment.) . . . . . 3½  
 Ruth and Naomi. *Topliff*, . . . . . 4  
 Scenes that are brightest. *Wallace*, . . . . . 3  
 Search thro' the wide world. (Fille du Regiment,) 3½  
 Shells of Ocean. *Cherry*, . . . . . 3  
 She wore a wreath of roses. *Knight*, . . . . . 3  
 Something to love me. *Hime*, . . . . . 3  
 Star-Spangled Banner. (National.) . . . . . 3  
 Still so gently o'er me stealing. *Bellini*, . . . . . 3  
 Sunny Hours of Childhood. *Horrocks*, . . . . . 3½  
 Sweet love, good night to thee. *Hatton*, . . . . . 3  
 Take this Lute. *Benedict*, . . . . . 3½  
 Then you'll remember me. *Balfe*, . . . . . 3½  
 There's a sigh in the heart—Durr. *Fricke*, . . . . . 4  
 Three Fishers. *Hullah*, . . . . . 4  
 Through meadows green. *Haas*, . . . . . 3½  
 'Tis the last rose of summer. *Moore*, . . . . . 3  
 Valley of Chamouni. *Glover*, . . . . . 3  
 We are happy and free. *Hutchinson*, . . . . . 3  
 Why do I weep for thee? *Wallace*, . . . . . 3  
 Why do summer roses fade? *Barker*, . . . . . 4  
 The Good-bye at the Door. *Glover*, . . . . . 3  
 Would I were a Bird. *Blamphin*, . . . . . 3  
 When the Quiet Moon. *Schondorf*, . . . . . 4  
 Merriest Girl that's Out. *Minasi*, . . . . . 3  
 Brook. *Dolores*, . . . . . 3  
 Dublin Bay. *Geo. Barker*, . . . . . 3

NEW YORK:

Published by **WM. A. POND & CO.**, 547 Broadway,

And 39 UNION SQUARE, near 17th Street

London: O. DITSON & CO.      Chicago: ROOF & CADY.      Buffalo: COTTING & DENTON.      Montreal: A. J. BOUCHER.      Syracuse: REDDINGTON & HOWE.      Pittsburgh: H. KLEBER & BRO.      Milwaukee: H. N. HEMPFERT.

## I'LL MEET THEE AT THE LANE.

OR

MY SWEET MOUNTAIN ROSE.

CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

*grr*

*grr*

1. I'll meet thee at the lane, When the clock strikes nine, In ec-stasy again, love, To  
 2. I'll meet thee at the lane, When the clock strikes nine, Thine eyes like stars of eve-ning, So  
 3. I'll leavethee at the lane, When the clock strikes ten, - And faithful will remain love, Be-

*ritard.* *tempo.*

call thee mine, My heart for thee is burning, My brain is almost whirling, Thro'  
 soft-ly shine, Thy voice its love tale tel-ling, All oth-er thought dis-pel-ling, But  
 -lieve me then, De-ceive thee I will nev-er, And breath must from me sev-er, If

*ritard.* *tempo.*

lov-ing thee so mad-ly    My sweet Mountain Rose.    When ev-ning stars are  
 lov-ing thee, but lov-ing    My sweet Moun-tain Rose.    The Night - in - gale shall  
 I forget thee ev-er    My sweet Mountain Rose.    Thy pres-ence care dis -

peep-ing                    Oh then will be our meet-ing,                    Old  
 sing love,                    Sweet flow'rs I to thee bring love,                    While  
 -pel-ling,                    All oth - er charms ex - cel - ling,                    Oh

Time to swift - ly    fleet-ing,    Our happy time a -  
 mo - ments quick - ly    pass love,    One hap-py hour with  
 what to grace my    dweel-ing    As thee my Moun - tain

-way.                    }  
 thee!                    }    I'll meet thee at the lane, When the clock strikes nine,    In  
 Rose.                    }

ec - stasy a - gain, love, To call thee mine, My heart for thee is burning, My

*ritard.*

brain is almost whirling, Thro' loving thee so madly, My sweet Mountain Rose.

CHORUS.

AIR. I'll meet thee at the lane, When the clock strikes nine, In

ALTO. I'll meet thee at the lane, When the clock strikes nine, In

TENOR. I'll meet thee at the lane, When the clock strikes nine, In

BASS. I'll meet thee at the lane, When the clock strikes nine, In

PIANO.

ec-sta-sy a-gain, love, To call thee mine, My heart for thee is burning, My  
 ec-sta-sy a-gain, love, To call thee mine, My heart for thee is burning, My

*ritard.*

brain is almost whirling, Thro' loving thee so madly, My sweet Mountain Rose.  
*ritard.*  
 brain is almost whirling, Thro' loving thee so madly, My sweet Mountain Rose.

# WM. A. POND & Co's

## THEMATIC CATALOGUE of NEW and CHOICE MUSIC.

*That song of Thine.* J. R. THOMAS. 40.  
Oh, sing a-gain; that song of thine Hath wakened men's'ries old & new.

*Rock the Baby to sleep.* G. OPRETT. 40.  
In lone log hut young Creole sits, With anxious watch-ful eye.

*Where shall the Baby's dimple be?* ALBERT W. BERG. 50.  
O - ver the cra - die a moth - er hung,  
*Loved ones far away.* J. R. THOMAS. 40.  
When the quiet stars are gleaming In the deep and love - ly blue,  
*Love may come to-morrow.* ALBERT W. BERG. 50.  
In the gold - en morn-ing, Far be - yond the sea.

*What shall I say?* D. FRANK FLECK. 40.  
Jam - ie has long been a court-ing me, Nev - er was lover more true.

*The little Coquette.* BERTHOLD TOURS. 40.  
Bon - nie brown hair which the breeze loves well, A face as found  
*Gone Before.* BERTHOLD TOURS. 40.  
O do not grieve that those you love Have left this world for happier

*Make believe I'm Dreaming.* VIOLETTA. 40.  
When you meet me at the brook, In the gold-en weather.

*Linger near me, little Darling.* VIOLETTA. 40.  
Linger near me, lit - tle darling, Make my life a pleas-ant dream.

*Farting.* H. MILLARD. 50.  
How sad the hour of parting! Oh! must we nev - er - ed be?

*The Warrior's Return.* BERTHOLD TOURS. 50.  
From distant lands I come, I come, With joy to gain my lov'd one's home

*Barney.* FRANK HOWSON. 40.  
If love is an in - no - cent thing, my dear.

*Ah, never deem my love can Change.* J. R. THOMAS. 40.  
Ah, never deem my love can change, Or fainsthat I could prove to be.

*Join the Dance.* ADELINE RUBIO-CELLI. 50.  
Join the dance while hours are fleeting, Hap - py hearts in joy are

*He kissed Her, and she kissed Him.* H. P. DAKES. 30.  
Oh, he kiss'd her, and she kiss'd him, And both kiss'd one another.

*Three Roses.* FACENTIA HASSÉ RODGERS. 35.  
Just when the red June ro - ses blow, She gave me one.

*Fishes.* FACENTIA HASSÉ RODGERS. 30.  
O Margaret! that I could be The breeze that softly kiss-es thee.

*What is Home without a Mother-in-law?* A. P. NUTT. 40.  
What is home with-out a wife, To cheer his lone - ly way?

*The Streamlet and the River.* BERTHOLD TOURS. 40.  
Streamlet! flow-ing to the riv - er, Winding thro' the meadow green

*The Old Man's Darling.* BERTHOLD TOURS. 40.  
Her moth - er was his car - ly love, Her sire his boyhood's friend.

*Our Wandering Ships.* J. R. THOMAS. 40.  
Oh, they sailed away so gal - ly When our youth was in the prime.

*Too late to go to Church.* J. REMINGTON FAIRLAND. 40.  
I met her in the qui - et lane, One Sabbath morn-ing ear - ly.

*When the Sun has sunk to Rest.* J. REMINGTON FAIRLAND. 40.  
When the sun has sunk to rest, And stars ap - pear.

*Don't forget the Old Folks.* H. TUCKER. 30.  
Don't for - get the old folks, Love them more and more.

*Beloved One.* ALBERT H. PEASE. 40.  
And will she love thee as well as I? Will she do for thee

*Angel at the Window.* BERTHOLD TOURS. 50.  
I stood at an o - pen window, And gazed out o - ver the sea.

*Alone.* H. MILLARD. 40.  
Fors'ten, un - happy and a - lone, Without one ray of light to cheer.

*All in the Mist of the Morning.* H. TUCKER. 30.  
Blossoms and il - lies were peary, And sweet was the bird's early song.

*By the Brook.* J. R. THOMAS. 40.  
How fair - ly it sparkles by, How bit - terly it speeds a - long

*Darling.* H. MILLARD. 50.  
Dar - ling, nev - er leave thy nest, Lean thy head up - on my breast.

*Once Before.* ALBERT H. PEASE. 40.  
Sole she sat be - side the window, Hearing - on - ly rain - drops pour.

*I saw thee Weep.* JOHN WIEDER. 40.  
I saw thee weep; the big bright tear Came o'er that eye of blue.

*The happiest Land.* J. ERNEST FERRING. 60.  
There sat one day In qui - et, By an ale - house on the Rhine.

*La prima Viola. (The first Violet).* EDUARDO MARZO. 50.  
Mus - zia... gra - ti - le... le Nuzia om - ni - ta.  
Her - a - id of spring - time, First in Love's bower.

*Pity the Homeless One.* CHARLES E. PRATT. 30.  
Torn from home, I'm sad and weary, Far from scenes that once were bright

*King Fun.* HARRISON MILLARD. 50.  
King Fun is a jol - y old soul, He rules with a mighty sway.

*Sunny Days of Old.* ERNEST LERIE. 40.  
On sweet each dream of ear - ly days, When hope and joy were mine.

*Sweet Dora Dare.* CHARLES D. BLAKE. 40.  
Trip - ping down the val - ley, Skip - ping o'er the sea.

*Old Black Joe.* R. C. FOSTER. 40.  
Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay.

NEW YORK:

No. 547 BROADWAY, and No. 39 UNION SQUARE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1874, by W. M. A. POND & CO., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington

# Scanning Target

## Edison Sheet Music

**Item no.:** 100004749

**Title:** I'll meet thee at the lane

**Box no. and finding aid no.:** 7/469

**Cover to be scanned in color:** no

**Contact:** Karen Lund, x70156  
Lauren Woodis, x73939  
Pat Padua, x75904