

Series No. 6.

TRIFLET
EDITION

SPARKLING

GEMS OF SONG

- | | | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Am I still beloved? . . . | H. P. Danks. 35 | Moss Rose, The . . . | K. Hall. 30 |
| Arthur and Martha, . . . | A. Lloyd. 35 | Must the Sweet Tie that | |
| Bride Bells, The . . . | J. L. Roedel. 35 | Bound Us be Broken? . . . | H. M. Estabrooke. 35 |
| Broken Flower, The . . . | J. Blumenthal. 30 | My Love, She is a Kitten, . . . | A. Cellier. 30 |
| But the Lord is mindful | | My Pretty Pearl, . . . | F. A. Jewell. 30 |
| of His Own, . . . | Mendelssohn. 30 | My World, . . . | J. A. Roberts. 30 |
| Cavaller's Whisper, . . . | M. Krohn. 35 | O, Baby Mine, . . . | N. L. Gilbert. 30 |
| Come to the Dance, . . . | P. Henrion. 30 | O, Bride of Mine, . . . | F. Clay. 30 |
| Conquer or Die, . . . | G. F. C. Foster. 30 | Old Timbertoes, . . . | C. Tovey. 35 |
| Courtship Lane, . . . | C. Dick. 30 | O, Sing again that gentle | |
| *Dearest Love, no longer sigh, | L. C. Elson. 35 | Strain, . . . | Lon. Dinsmore. 35 |
| Down by the Surging Sea, | J. P. Skelly. 35 | O, that Thou Hadst Harkened, . . . | A. Sullivan. 30 |
| Dream of a Violet, . . . | J. L. Roedel. 30 | Our Little Queen, . . . | P. Nijnsky. 30 |
| Dream of Love (Kuecken), | L. C. Elson. 35 | Out on the Rocks, . . . | C. H. S. Dolby. 30 |
| Evening, . . . | Claepius. 30 | Past, The . . . | Chas. H. Gabriel. 35 |
| Evening Softly is Steal- | | "Pinafore" on the Brain, . . . | E. P. Murphy. 30 |
| ing, op. 520-8 . . . | Fr. Abt. 30 | Shadows of the Past, . . . | C. H. R. Marriott. 30 |
| Ever Sweet is Thy Memory, | S. Hosfield. 35 | Shall I Tell You Whom I | |
| Fairest Love, Thy Face I | | Love? . . . | G. A. Daggett. 30 |
| Greet, op. 104, . . . | Gumbert. 35 | Sorry Her Lot Who | |
| Hear the Bells so gally | | Loves too well, . . . | A. Sullivan. 30 |
| Ring, . . . | C. Ludwig. 30 | Spanish Love Song, . . . | M. V. White. 30 |
| He is an Englishman, . . . | A. Sullivan. 30 | Speed On, . . . | J. L. Roedel. 30 |
| Hour of Rest, The . . . | J. L. Roedel. 30 | Storm at Sea, . . . | J. Hullah. 30 |
| I Bid Thee to Forget, . . . | F. L. Moir. 35 | Tell Me not That! . . . | E. P. Tosti. 30 |
| I'll Sing the Songs of Araby, | F. Clay. 30 | That Traitor, Love, . . . | J. L. Roedel. 30 |
| I'm Thinking of the Past, . . . | J. B. Roberts. 30 | There was a Time My Darling, . . . | A. Cellier. 30 |
| In the Month of Flowers, . . . | J. L. Molloy. 30 | Thirteen, Fifteen, Fourteen, . . . | F. A. Jewell. 35 |
| I Would not Forget Thee, . . . | T. F. Allen. 35 | This Bonnie Lass o' Mine, . . . | J. L. Roedel. 30 |
| Jack's Vow, . . . | W. C. Levey. 30 | Token, The (Dibden), . . . | J. L. Hutton. 30 |
| Keep a Light Heart, Say I, . . . | H. Face. 30 | Two Worlds, . . . | F. Campana. 30 |
| Light Hearted (Neumann), . . . | L. C. Elson. 35 | Unforgotten Song, The . . . | O. Baris. 30 |
| Little Bird so sweetly | | Vanity, . . . | W. D. Hall. 30 |
| Singing, . . . | G. B. Allen. 30 | Watermill, The . . . | L. Diehl. 30 |
| Lottie Bell, . . . | N. L. Gilbert. 35 | We Loved but to Part, . . . | G. Lindley. 30 |
| Marion's Complaint, . . . | C. Von Weber. 30 | Why Does your Color | |
| Moon is up, the Drum | | come and go, . . . | M. F. Ronalds. 30 |
| has Beat, The . . . | L. Puget. 30 | | |

DE BANJO AM DE INSTRUMENT FOR ME.



SONG AND CHORUS.
WRITTEN BY
JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.
Price Cents.

We would call special attention to this Song—the title of which is given above. All who have heard it pronounce it the most exhilarating song of the kind ever written. It will be sung and whistled everywhere. It is written in *E. Flat*, arranged for Piano or Organ.

The National Debt.

SONG.
Words by **NELLIE LOVE.**
Music by **GEO. DELANO.**

The Congressmen all have such fat positions,
They don't care to lose them, at least not quite yet;
They want one more dash at that much-talked-of cream,
That "horrible vulture," the National Debt.
While commerce is idle, and business stands waiting,
And poor men are striving for work they can't get,
The Statesmen grow fat, and their pockets are liming,
They've learned how to manage this National Debt.
Of course they must travel, and feast at their pleasure,
And drive their best horses, and gamble, and bet;
And grow all the time 'bout their great tribulations,
And brag how they're lessening this National Debt.
The soldiers and sailors, who fought for their country,
May shift for themselves, or stand out in the wet;
They gained enough glory to last them a lifetime,
And now they must help pay this National Debt.
This is all very fine, if the people can see it,
But the pill is so large that it won't go down yet;
We are perfectly willing the next generation
Should have a fair chance at this National Debt.

Linger near me, Little Treasure.

SONG AND CHORUS.
Words by **EBEN E. REXFORD.**
Music by **WM. T. KEEFER.**

Linger near me, Little Treasure,
When I have you by my side,
I forget all care and trouble,
And that ill may be beside.
Remember only, darling,
That the one I love is near,
In the sunshine of whose presence
All the shadows disappear.
Chorus—Oh my darling, life without you
Would a dreary journey be;
Let me keep you always near me,
For you're all the world to me.
Linger near me, Little Treasure,
Let me look into your eyes,
Where the sweetest violets blossom,
Underneath the summer skies.
Put your hand in mine, my darling,
And believe the words I speak;
Never say mine was false,
Than the roses on your cheek.
Linger near me, Little Treasure,
While the days are going by,
Meet me with a kiss at nightfall,
And the love that's in your eye.
Oh my darling, life without you
Would a dreary journey be;
Let me keep you always near me,
For you're all the world to me.

My Little Lost Irene.

SONG AND CHORUS.
Words by **A. ALPHONSE DAYTON.**
Music by **H. F. DANES.**

I see a winsome, girlish face,
With eyes of azure blue,
Within their depths a lingering trace
Of love so sweet and true;
Within my hands I feel the clasp
Of little hands so small,
And for the joy I feel them there,
I'd give my little all.
Chorus—Alas, my little darling sleeps
Beneath the willow grove,
And I am left alone to mourn
My little lost Irene.
The little birds that sang their songs
Through all the morning hours,
Would listen as she passed along,
Amid her garden flowers;
I then was happy with delight
That I can't now forget,
I now feel sad from morn till night,
With sadness of regret.
And I shall ne'er behold the light
Of those blue eyes again,
Shall never more feel her hands
In pleasure or in pain;
Beneath the drift of winter's snows,
Or spray of summer flow'rs,
She's sleeping while I wait alone,
Through all the lonely hours.

Down by the Surging Sea.

A COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL SONG.
Words and Music by **JOSEPH P. SKELLEY.**

I'm in love with the fairest of creatures,
Romantic, bewitching and sweet,
With blue eyes and "classical features,"
To gaze upon her is a treat;
I met her last summer at Long Branch,
While walking along by the sea,
And my heart beat with fondest emotion,
The moment she smiled upon me.
She's the gem of the very first water,
Rich man's only daughter,
Where we first met, I shall ne'er forget,
'T was down by the surging sea.
On the white sand we rambled and chatted,
Her voice sounding sweet as the birds,
Her soft hand I pressed and I groined,
While whirring the fondles of words;
Our love every day grew stronger,
Sweet vicarious of joy I could see,
My life will be lonely no longer,
My darling will share it with me.
Tho' the sweet summer days have departed,
Our love is as fervent and true,
As when on the seashore we parted,
Exchanging a sweet kiss or two;
Her image seems ever before me,
For me there's a treasure in store,
She has promised forever to love me,
I'm sure I could ask nothing more.

Can you, Sweetheart, keep a Secret

SONG AND CHORUS.
Words and Music by **H. M. ESTABROOKE.**

Can you, Sweetheart, keep a secret,
If I will say it very softly,
Can you, Sweetheart, keep it true?
Beside your head a little rose,
Put aside each curling tress,
For the words I'll gently whisper,
And their meaning—can you guess?
Chorus—Can you, Sweetheart, &c.
Do not turn away so shyly,
For my passion you must know;
Let me look into your face, love,
Where the roses come and go—
Let me look but once, my darling,
In your eyes of deepest blue,
Filled with love light, warm and tender,
And I'll guess your secret, too.
Ah! I no longer 'tis a secret,
For within those dewy eyes,
Veiled by lashes long and silken,
Only pure affection lies;
Brighter than the stars of evening
On my love they seem to shine,
And I fold my arms about you,
Knowing you are wholly mine.

Dear Heart, We're Growing Old.

SONG AND CHORUS.
Words and Music by **H. M. ESTABROOKE.**
Author of "For You we are Praying at Home."

Dear heart, I find we're growing old,
The years, so quickly rushing by,
Since first we met, have left their track
Upon us both, in threads of gray.
The rose has faded from your cheek,
But never has your heart grown cold,
Nor do we love each other less,
Dear heart, because we're growing old.
Chorus—Dear heart, because, &c.
To me you're fairer than my youth,
The day I saw you for my bride,
And held you fondly in my arms,
Unconscious of all else beside.
The faded cheek and the white hair
Have yet for me a charm untold,
That only strengthens with each year,
Dear heart, now we are growing old—
Chorus Full forty years have passed since then—
Years filled with only purest joy,
No cloud has ever crossed our path,
Our bliss has been without alloy;
And when we reach the shining shore,
And gently gaze for us unfold,
God grant that both may enter in,
Dear heart, and never more grow old—
Chorus —Price 25 cts.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT
"Better than 'Silver Threads,'"
"Charming melody."
"We are all delighted with it."
"Dear Heart" is perfectly lovely."

On the Banks of the Beautiful River.

SONG AND CHORUS.
Words and Music by **H. M. ESTABROOKE.**

On the banks of the beautiful river
That flows through the city of gold,
Our lost ones are waiting us every,
Their loving arms round us to fold;
They are watching and waiting to meet us,
To welcome us home to that shore
Where the songs of the angels will greet us,
And sorrow will come no more.
Chorus—On the bright, golden shore,
The beautiful, beautiful shore,
Our loved and our lost ones shall meet us,
And sorrow shall come no more.
There softest of breezes are blowing,
And blossom the fairest of flowers,
The sweetest of waters are flowing
Forever through happy bowers;
The skies are unclouded by sorrow,
No shadows fall dark o'er the way,
No Yesterday there, nor To-morrow,
But time is forever To-day.
O beautiful region immortal!
Bright home of the glorified souls,
Fair city, through whose open portals,
Sweet music unceasingly rolls;
A glory about thee is blending,
A radiance brighter than day,
And the songs of the seraphs ascending,
Are borne through the bright land away.

'Tis true, Dear Heart, We're fading.

Answer to "Dear Heart, We're growing old."
By **H. M. ESTABROOKE.**

It is true, dear heart, we're fading,
That our hair is growing white,
And the shadows gather round us
Like the coming of the night;
But you're fairer now than ever,
Dearest, too, a thousand fold,
And though time our locks may silver,
Still to me you're ever more
Chorus—Leaves may fall, and roses wither,
Tresses lose their shining gold,
But dear heart, you'll fade no more,
And to me you're never old.
Down the vale of life together
We have wandered many years,
Sharing all its joy and sorrow,
All its mingled hopes and fears;
Weary would have seemed our journey,
Long the time, dear heart, and cold,
Whod'd love like yours I never see,
Love which knows no growing old.
Chorus—Leaves may fall, and roses wither, &c.
As we near the shining portals,
Bless'd bend the skies above,
Songs of rapture from immortal,
Fall of faith and perfect love;
And your face grows brighter, dearest,
With a glory all untold,
As I fold to my love,
For to me you're never old.
Chorus—Leaves may fall, and roses wither, &c.

DEAREST LOVE, NO LONGER SIGH.

From the German. Adapted by LOUIS C. ELSON.

ALLEGRETTO.

GUMBERT.

1. Dear - est love, no lon - ger sigh, Though I thee am leav - ing,

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in a treble clef and a left-hand part in a bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Dear - est love, no lon - ger sigh, Though I thee am leav - ing,"

Wan - d'r'er's life I now must try, Bear it with - out griev - ing!

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of three flats and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in a treble clef and a left-hand part in a bass clef. The lyrics are: "Wan - d'r'er's life I now must try, Bear it with - out griev - ing!"

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BY THIS AUTHOR,—JUST OUT,—"FAIREST LOVE, THY FACE I GREET." 35 cts

poco rit.

Look *9* - hunt the whole wide earth. Stars and moon and Sun, love, Wan-der on in

poco rit.

joy - ous mirth, As their courses run, love, As their courses run, love.

2. And the sea has ebb and flow, Winds the clouds are blow - ing,
 3. Now my heart would fain be free, Oth - er thoughts have per - ished,

Sum - mer's heat and win - ter's snow Come, and soon are go ing,
But I'll of - ten think of thee, And the love we cher ished.

poco rit.
Thus the world grows old and new, Noth - ing lasts for - ev - er, For a long time
See! how fair and bright is May, O'er the earth it hov - ers; If I stay too

poco rit.

I was true, But we now must sev - er, But we now must sev - er,
long a - way, You'll find oth - er lov - ers, You'll find oth - er lov - ers.

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