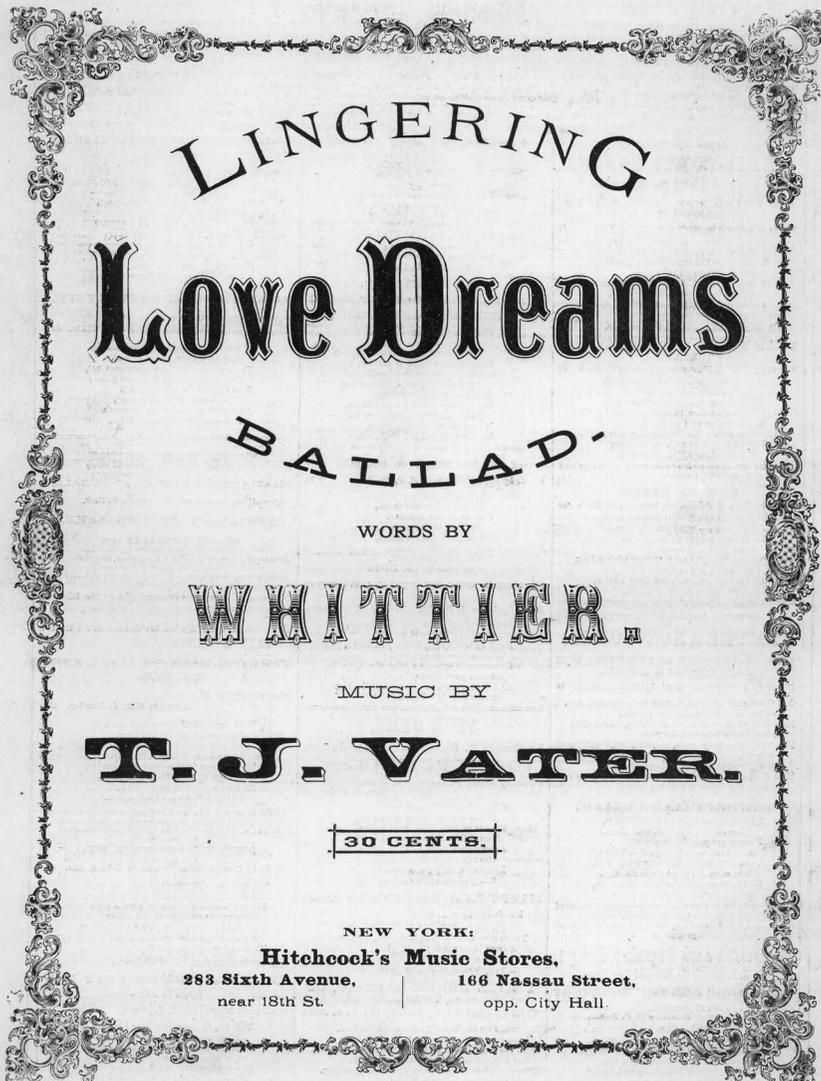


3-OCT 20
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LINGERING
Love Dreams

BALLAD.

WORDS BY

WHITTIER.

MUSIC BY

T. J. VATER.

30 CENTS.

NEW YORK:

Hitchcock's Music Stores,
283 Sixth Avenue, | 166 Nassau Street,
near 18th St. | opp. City Hall.

BOOKS THAT ARE DESERVEDLY POPULAR.

Mack's New and Improved School for Parlor Organ is the best selling book of the kind in the market. Bound nicely in boards; post-paid, \$2.50.

Sep. Winner's Dollar Method for the Organ is fast taking the place of the cheap instructors heretofore in the market. Boards, \$1.00.

Sep. Winner's Dollar Method for the Piano-Forte is becoming quite popular. It embraces the good points of other books, and discards all the useless and unimportant parts. Boards, \$1.00.

Would particularly call attention to the following series of \$1.00 books.

Golden Threads of English Song. 24 beautiful songs; 96 pages, with a portrait of Virginia Gabriel (Mrs. March). Contains over \$9.00 worth of music.

Gems of German and English Songs. 27 vocal pieces; 96 pages, with a portrait of Franz Abt. Contains over \$9.00 worth of music.

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Piano Treasures. 19 beautiful solos for Piano; 96 pages, with a portrait of L. M. Gottschalk. Contains over \$9.00 worth of music.

THREE EXCELLENT SERIO-COMIC SONGS.

ALL HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED.
**I'M DYING FOR SOME ONE TO
LOVE ME.**

Words and Music by Eastburn. 40
I'm dying for some one to love me,
To call me his idol, his own;
I can't bear the thought of remaining
Forever on earth all alone.
I want to be call'd pet and sweetheart,
I want to be loved and caressed,
I want to be cared for in earnest,
For flirting I o'er shall detest.
This song is meeting with great success.

THAT YOUNG MAN ACROSS THE WAY.

Words by Katie B. Wickham, Music by E. Mack. 40
Well, I wonder what's his meaning,
Always looking over here—
When I'm at the parlor window,
He is sure then to appear.
By ry'ing as I sit there,
Just before the close of day,
There he is, with roguish glances,
Watching me across the way.
For the last three or four years this piece has had
a large and increasing sale.

NOW OR NEVER.

Words by Katie B. Wickham, Music by E. Mack. 40
She looked at me with laughing eyes,
And said—"My friend, if ever
You've got a duty to be done—
Then do it now or never!"
"Sweet Sage," I said, "three wishes then
I gain in my endeavor;
And since you give me good advice,
I'll win them 'now or never'."

TWO BEAUTIFUL

TEMPERANCE SONGS. THE CLOUDS OF INTEMPERANCE ARE PASSING AWAY.

Words by A. W. French, Music by Chas. D. Blake. 40
Oh! the clouds of intemperance are passing away,
And the sunlight is shining at last;
How long have we watch'd for this glorious day,
In wearisome hours of the past,
For the skies they were darken'd with grief and
despair,
Not a glimmer of hope's cheering ray;
Now the pitying angels have answer'd our pray'r,
And intemperance is passing away.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

Dormant, you look so healthily now,
Your clothes are neat and clean.
I never see you drink about,
Come tell me where you've been;
Your wife and children now are well,
You one did treat them strange,
Oh! have you kinder to them grown,
How came this happy change?
A most beautiful and affecting ballad, dedicated
to the Good Templars throughout the country.

FIVE

Beautiful and Popular Songs.

By H. P. DANKS, the Successful Song Writer.

OH, WHERE ARE YOU ROAMING?

*Words by John T. Rutledge,
Music by H. P. Danks.* 40
Little Darling, oh, where are you roaming?
I'm sighing and longing to know,
Oh, why don't you come to the gloaming?
You promised you would long ago.
I've call'd for you, love, long and lonely,
My calling was only in vain,
I've thought, love, of you and you only,
Oh, why don't you meet me again?

PARTING ON THE SHORE.

Words by Geo. M. Vickers, Music by H. P. Danks. 35
The dew is softly falling,
Weeping for the day,
The whip-poor-will is calling
Forth its mournful lay;
Methinks it too is grieving
Alas perhaps like me!
Yet hearts are so deceiving,
"The better to be free;
Yet hearts are so deceiving,
"The better to be free.

ONLY DREAMING.

Words by Geo. M. Vickers, Music by H. P. Danks. 40
CONTRALTO. Beautiful Melody.

The wild-birds are singing,
The merry bells are ringing,
All the world seems full of glee!
But my poor heart is aching,
And my poor heart is breaking,
For Janie's pray'd takes to me,
E'en now to the wedding,
While bitter tears I'm shedding,
They enter the old church door—
Where oft in my dreaming,
With bright visions beaming,
I have been the bride before.

I HAVE SEEN A FAIRY.

Words by Pequot, Music by H. P. Danks. 35
I have seen a fairy,
Beauteous as the moon,
Joyous as the summer,
Radiant as the dawn;
Haunting all my visions,
Ever in my dreams,
Like a heavenly angel,
Charming me she seems.

IS YOUR HEART STILL TRUE TO ME?

Words by James A. Bartley, Music by H. P. Danks.
Sweet, is your heart still true to me,
In your far peaceful home,
I ask as you're ring where you move,
I search the starry dome;
Do thoughts of me, as one of old,
In that pure bosom dwell,
And does your heart its love still long
In whispers low to tell?

FIVE GEMS.

By Charles D. Blake, the Popular Author.

CLING TO ME, LITTLE ONE.

*Words by Arthur W. French,
Music by Chas. D. Blake.* 40

Cling to me, little one, ever,
Earth will be fairer with you;
Storms of this life cannot sever
Hearts that have sworn to be true.
I shall need some hand to guide me
Over the troublesome way;
Little one, linger beside me,
Cling to me night and by day.

HAPPY LAND BRIGHT AND FAIR.

*Words by Albert A. Hill,
Music by Charles D. Blake.* 40

There are shadowy hands waving welcome,
As our dark hours your bright golden shore;
There are voices of saints chanting welcome,
Loving voices of friends gone before.

I WILL DREAM, DARLING, OF THEE.

Words by Albert A. Hill, Music by Charles D. Blake.
My boat's on the beach in the cove, darling,
I must go when my shipmates shall hail;
With the first golden streak of the dawn, darling,
For a far clime my good ship will sail;
Then smile once again 'thru' your tears, darling,
Like a rainbow of promise for me,
And each night as we dance o'er the waves, darling,
I will dream, fondly dream, love, of thee.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS LINGER NEAR ME.

*Words by Samuel N. Mitchell,
Music by Charles D. Blake.* 40

Beautiful thoughts linger near me,
Sweetest of visions appear,
Bearing their gladness to cheer me,
Every bright day of the year;
Valley voices are bringing
Tidings delightful to hear,
Heavenly angels are singing,
Beautiful thoughts linger near.

FAIRY FORMS IN DREAMS I SEE.

*Words by Samuel N. Mitchell,
Music by Charles D. Blake.* 40

When the darkness falls around us,
And all nature seems at rest,
Then a peaceful sleep o'ercomes me,
Bringing in some welcome guest;
Faces that I fondly cherish'd
Come again to smile on me,
And until the morning dawns
Fair forms in dreams I see.

FOUR NEW SONGS,

THAT ARE SURE OF A LARGE SALE.

All by leading and well known Writers.

MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE.

Solo and Quartette Chorus.

Arranged from C. A. White's popular Quartette. 50
Come away, come away, O! come where the silv'ry
waves break,
O! come, O! come, there's moonlight on the lake,
There's moonlight on the lake, the sun has gone to
rest,
The birds have call'd their lov'd, have call'd their
lov'd ones to their nest.

TAKE ME BACK TO HOME AND MOTHER.

*Words by Arthur W. French,
Music by Wm. A. Huntley.* 40

Take me back to home and mother,
I am weary wand'ring here,
I can never be another
Spot on earth that is so dear.
I'd roam 'mid scenes of splendor,
Yet my heart is fill'd with pain,
And a longing, and tender,
Whisper take me back again.

This song and chorus must undoubtedly become
popular, as the words are well wedded to the music,
which is written in a flowing and effective manner.

SWEET DAYS GONE BY.

Words by Samuel Callan, Music by John S. Cox. 40
There is hope in the sweet by-and-by,
As we're aching to life's other shore,
Yet the heart oft will turn with a sigh
To a vision of days that are o'er.
How fond memory will bring back again
Many scenes that our childhood passed by,
The old home, meadow, brook and lane,
In the time of the sweet days gone by.

TELL ME, DARLING, THAT YOU LOVE ME.

Words and Music by J. E. Rogers. 40
Tell me, darling, that you love me,
Pace your little hand in mine—
Breathe in accents soft and tender,
Say love, I am only thine.
For my heart is ever yearning
For the glances of thy bright eyes;
All the world thou art to me, love,
Thy bright smile my dearest prize.

blos - - soms in the sweet May wind Were fall - - ing like the snow. They
 sea - - sons with as sweet May morns, But she came back no more. I
 what to her is now the boy Who fed her father's Kine? O

drifted all a - about our feet, The orchard birds sang clear; The
 walk with noiseless feet the round, Of un - e - vent - ful years; Still
 playmates in the old - en time, Our moss - y seat is green, Its

sweet - est and the saddest day, It seemed of all the year. She
 o'er and o'er I sow the spring, And reap the autumn ears. I
 fring - ing violets blossom yet, The old trees o'er it lean. And

kiss'd the lips of kith and kind, She
wonder if she thinks of me; And
still the pines of Ramoth wild, Are

laid her hand in mine; What more could ask the bashful boy, Who
how the old time seems, If e'er the pines of Ra-moth wild, Are
moaning like the sea, The moaning of the sea of change, Be -

Len

fed her fath - er's Kine? What more? What more?
sound - ing in her dreams? Her dreams? Her dreams?
tween my-self and thee. My-self and thee!

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