

**FRANKLIN SQUARE SONG
COLLECTION, NO. 5: TWO
HUNDRED FAVORITE SONGS AND
HYMNS FOR SCHOOLS AND
HOMES, NURSERY AND FIRESIDE**

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Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 5: Two Hundred Favorite Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes, Nursery and Fireside by J. P. McCaskey

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J. P. MCCASKEY

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COLLECTION, NO. 5: TWO
HUNDRED FAVORITE SONGS AND
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Franklin Square
Song Collection:

FIVE HUNDRED

**Favorite Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes,
Nursery and Fireside.**

No. 5.

SELECTED BY J. P. McCASKEY.

The direct relation of Music is not to ideas, but emotions. Music, in the works of its greatest masters, is more marvelous, more mysterious than poetry.—*Henry Giles.*

Some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of Music a sign of predestination; as a thing divine and reserved for the felicities of Heaven itself.—*Sir William Temple.*

I think sometimes, could I only have Music on my own terms; could I know where I could go whenever I wish the ablution and inundation of musical waves, that were a bath and a medicine.—*R. W. Emerson.*

It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my mind, at the present, with pure and useful thoughts; so that when the Music sounds the sweetest in my ears the truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

NEW YORK.
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE.

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In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony.

John Milton.

From "L'Allegro."

Gladness can scarcely be a solitary thing; the very life of praise seems choral; it is more than one bounded heart can utter. Its finest expressions are those that, in the Psalms and some ancient canticles, call on Nature, even that which is not conscious and animate, to swell the harmony: "O ye Showers and Dew, praise ye the Lord!" Once, even in Music, I was content with melody; a tune, with its sweetness, like that of a tinkling rill, was enough to gladden me; now my heart asks for a deeper spell. Surely when one has once entered into the blissful secrets of harmony, the note seems to suggest the chord, to ask to be built up within it.—*Two Friends.*

Our thanks are due to Publishers for copyright favors, and to Prof. CARL MATZ for invaluable aid here gratefully acknowledged. The Compiler may be addressed through Messrs. Harper & Brothers, in reference to Old Songs that have been popular favorites, and will be glad to have suggestions from any persons who are interested. Some of the best selections in the present Number have been suggested by lovers of song in different parts of the country, often widely separated. The full list of Contents of the different Numbers may be had on application to the Publishers.

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THE SONG COLLECTION.

HOME AGAIN.

MARSHALL S. PIZZ.
Per. OLIVER DITSON & Co.

1. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign shore! And oh, it fills my soul with
2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, But oh, the friends I loved in
3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers round the place, And oh, I feel the childhood

joy, To meet my friends once more. Here I dropped the parting tear, To cross the o - cean's
youth Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should be the fate, Which bids me longer
charm That time cannot ef - face. Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace

foam, But now I'm once again with those Who kindly greet me home. Home again, Home again,
roam, But death a - lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home. Home again, Home again,
dome, For I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home. Home again, Home again,

from a foreign shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.
from a foreign shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.
from a foreign shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

MELODY: This is the war-cry of amateurs. Of course, there is no music without melody, but you must know that what these persons mean by this word are tunes easily retained, rhythmical and agreeable. Notwithstanding there are others having little resemblance to these last, and which, when you turn over the pages of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, appear to you in a superior light. If, when running your fingers over the instrument, you should meet with little melodies which follow and run into each other, it is already a fair result; but if without the help of the instrument one of these melodies occurs to you, it is still better, and you ought to be a hundred times more pleased. It is then that the inward sense of the tone has awakened in you. The fingers must execute that which the brain has conceived, not the contrary. If you begin to compose, meditate, combine and ar-

range everything in your head; do not try a piece on your instrument before you have fixed it in your mind. If the music proceeds from your inward sense, if you have felt it, it will likewise move others. If Heaven has blessed you with an active imagination, you will remain for hours with your instrument, as if you were bewitched by it; you will aspire to throwing your entire soul into celestial strains. Those moments are some of the most pleasant to young musicians. But be careful not to give yourself up too often to this kind of talent, as nearly always it leads you to waste your strength and time upon what, so to speak, are but airy phantoms. It is only by the most careful precision and accuracy of writing music that you will be enabled to master form, and to express your ideas clearly. Thus you must apply yourself more to composing than to improvising.—*R. Schumann.*

WANDERING WILLIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Allegro.

1. { Here a-wa, there a-wa, wandering Willie, Here a-wa, there a-wa, hand a-wa hame; }
 { Come to my bo-som, my ain on-ly dearie, Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same. }
 2. { Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers, How your dread howling a lover a-larms; }
 { Wauken, ye breezes row gent-ly, ye billows! And wait my dear laddie ance mair to my arms. }

Win-ter winds blew loud an' cauld at our part-ing, Fears for my Wil-lie brought tears to my e'e;
 But oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nan-nie, Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main,

Welcome now simmer, and welcome, my Willie, The simmer to na-ture, my Wil-lie to me.
 May I never see it, may I nev-er know it, But dy-ing be-lieve that my Willie's my ain.

MUCH may be learned from the great singers, but all their teaching is not to be accepted. Remember that you are not alone in the world; therefore be modest. Do not forget that all you think or discover has been thought of or discovered by others before yourself; even should an idea be really your own, treat it as a gift from Heaven that you ought to share with all. The study of the history of music, and the practice of its masterpieces of the different epochs, will teach you best how to avoid vanity and presumption. If, when passing a church, you hear the organ playing, enter and listen; the grandeur and power of our art commands your admiration. Take advantage of every opportunity you have of practicing on the organ; there is no instrument more efficacious in correcting errors and habits of a bad musical education.—*Schumann.*

NOTHING is more comfortable, and what besides such a source of pleasure and benefit at home or in school, as pleasant, kind, soothing, decided tones? They carry a power beyond estimate. Use gentle tones even when most decided. Watch the voice day by day as a pearl of great price, worth vastly more than diamonds. A good voice is more valuable to a teacher than a diploma; it is like a lark's song. Its capacity for improvement is marvellous. The psalmist calls it his "glory." Henry Clay's voice was compared to a band of music; Webster's to a trumpet, and Channing's to a harp. When a man once complained to the latter of the severity of Christ's denunciation of the Pharisees, he read the passage to which reference was made, in such calm, solemn, and sympathetic tones that the critic exclaimed: "Well, if Christ spoke in that way my objection is withdrawn."

CREMONA! Who has not heard of this now celebrated Italian city? And yet but for a violin maker it is very probable that it would never have been known beyond the circle of its own local interests and its relations with neighboring cities. Now, however, its name is a spell to conjure with. A Cremona violin is, to a rich amateur, a loadstone that is sure to attract the shining metal from the depths of his purse. Thirty-five hundred dollars have been given for a Guarnerius violin, and a much higher price for a Stradivarius. Like pictures, the Cremona violins are noted works of art, and like them also, they were once to be had for trifling sums. Some of these violins that cost but three or four pounds each are now worth as many thousands. Cremona instruments have even been considered a worthy gift to pass between crowned heads. But

Cremona has lost its most famous names from among its citizens, and with them its most distinguished characteristic. For a hundred years no maker of great skill has arisen to dispute the place with the Amati, Stradivarius and Guarnerius, by whom the fame of Cremona will be carried to distant generations. It is now about three centuries since there flourished at Cremona its first great violin maker. Andrew Amati appears to have been born there in 1520, and died in 1580. The family was an ancient one, and is mentioned as early as 1097 in the records of the city. There is no account of how Andrew Amati acquired the art of violin-making; but it is clear that by some means he had attained to a considerable amount of skill. Some of his instruments are described as beautifully made, and to have amber varnish of excellent

FAREWELL, THOSE HAPPY HOURS.

Moderato.

G. DONIZETTI.

1. I re-remember well a sunny vale, Where roses fair were growing; And perfume breathed in
2. But now the Summer's voice is dumb, All past her gracious blooming; And sighing Autumn's
3. There are past scenes we love to trace, Fond scenes of youth and pleasure, Where hope and joy and

ev - ry gale That o'er the flow'rs was blow - ing: Where are the friends I cherished then, Those
storms have come To weep the flowers' perfum - ing, Now all the forest boughs are thinned, Nor
ev - ry grace Filled up life's bliss - ful meas - ure: Farewell, those hap - py - by - gone hours! Those

friends I knew so ear - ly? Oh! shall I nev - er meet again Those hearts I loved so dear - ly
fate can be e - vad - ed, Grieve gently, gently, waiving wind, Their Spring-time glory fade.
hours that knew no sorrow! To-day they bloom like summer flow'rs, Alas! they're dead to-morrow!

quality of a deep, rich yellow, tinted with brown or light red color. His violins appear to have been chiefly of the small pattern and high model. The backs are mostly cut the reverse way of the grain, which is at variance with the present rule, forming what are now termed "slab" backs. They possess a delicate graceful tone of wonderful sweetness, which has also been more or less the chief characteristic of the other makers of the family. With reference to this peculiarity, an ancient writer observes that in the times in which the Amati lived, the tone was not required to be of that powerful character which modern players demand, and that such an immense tone as many later instruments possess would not then have been tolerated. This is very probable, and may account also for the elevated model which was adopted

both by Andrew and some others of the Amati. This model, conjoined with their beautiful workmanship and generally small size, combined to produce that delightful clear sweet tone which, of all other makers, the Amatis especially possess. They also made a greater number of instruments of the smaller size than what is known as the grand pattern, no doubt because the tone produced by them was found generally sufficient for the demand of the times. They were also made to carry a much lower bridge and a lighter bass bar than now used, and the proportions were arranged accordingly.—Pearce's "Violins and Violin Makers."

Whether in power, purity, and sweetness of tone—or beauty of wood and workmanship—the best violins of Nicholas Amati, Antonius Stradivarius, and Joseph Guarnerius have never yet been equalled.