FRANKLIN SQUARE SONG COLLECTION: TWO HUNDRED, NO. 1

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Franklin Square Song Collection: Two Hundred, No. 1 by J. P. McCaskey

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J. P. MCCASKEY

FRANKLIN SQUARE SONG COLLECTION: TWO HUNDRED, NO. 1



Wwe+ Hundred

Tavorile Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes, Pursery and Kireside.

No. 1.

SELECTED BY J. P. McCASKEY.

And lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not.—Exekiel 33:32.

The way to the blessedness that is in music, as to all other blessedness, lies through weary labors, and the master must suffer with the disciple.—George Macdonald.

The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that in logical words can express the effect Music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze out into that.—Thomas Carlyle.

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Mus 510.5

HARVARD COLLEGE LISRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WE'SHELL
1914

"OF making many books"—The old saw is somewhat rusty. The only apology for this Song Collection which the Compiler presents is that he has wanted some such book, and, not finding it, has tried to make it. It claims little of merit in arrangement, Songs and Hymns being distributed throughout its pages almost at random. In no direction does it present anything very new or very original. It is not "the best," and we are content that it shall not claim rank as "rivaling the best." "Worth having" is the generous criticism of a friend. Let it be simply this—there will be room for it; and our effort shall be to render it still more worthy a place both at Home and in the School. Carlyle has said, "The meaning of song goes deep," thus expressing, in terse and striking phrase, a truth felt by most, and one to which the observation of all can bear testimony. None can tell how far the cradle hymn may go! Childhood songs especially are not readily forgotten, and alas! for the childhood barren of sweet influences like these, with no treasured wealth of songs and hymns that may come in after-years, like the saving memory of a mother's love, to soften, to cheer, and to bless. Hundreds of thousands all about us in the schools—from the "little ones" in the alphabet to those older grown, who are passing through their last years of school-life—can be reached and influenced here to their lasting pleasure and profit.

Special acknowledgments are made to Publishers and others for copyright privileges and personal favors. The Collection is strong, however, in its proportion of old Songs and Hymns which the world would not willingly let die; while the large space occupied by reading matter, a distinctive feature, contains much that will be found both suggestive and interesting. Should the book, as it stands,—which is designed not so much for the professional musician as for the People at large, in their Homes and Schools,—commend itself to lovers of music into whose hands it may fall, we ask for it no more satisfactory endorsement. The value of succeeding numbers will be increased, if those persons who do not find in the Collection certain of their own favorite songs and hymns will address the Compiler, in care of the Publishers. He will be pleased to have suggestions from all who enjoy music, and are in sympathy with the work he is doing "for and lang syne."

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HERITAGE OF SONG .- God has made the whole | sarth vocal with sweet sounds. The untraveled forest echoes the notes of the wild bird, and the habitations of men are made glad by the warbling of caged sing-ers. But above all, the human voice, which combines the highest charm of sweet sounds with the inspiration of thought, is given not alone for the ordinary purposes of human pleasure. Its whisper of affection, how grateful; its expression of religious devotion, how exalted; its solace in trouble, how dear; its participation

in joy, how unspeakable! Vocal music is the heri-tage of all classes. The palace may be furnished with instruments of superior tone and workmanship; but the cottage may vie with the palace in the rich tones of the voice and the extent of its compass. So while the difficult score of some elaborate piece may be executed with finished exactness by an inmate of a palatial mansion, the simple song of the peasant girl, as home-ward she comes from the meadows, shall win the silent admiration of those who pause as they listen



to the voice that, with liquid notes, intoxicates the ear. The voice of song speaks the language of the heart.

THERE VERSES.—We insert the old song on first page as a sweet-voiced mother sang it, decades since, by fireside and cradle. It is not Home, Sweet Home to us without the familiar second verse which, as a friend says, "belongs there." The homeless author, John Howard Payne, left little else of merit, either song or poem. Nor is anything besides needed to

rescue his name from oblivion. Worthier fame to have written this little song than to have wielded the sceptre of the First Napoleon! An old book, published a half century since, lies before us, in which the song appears in five stanzas,—the first three of these are here given. It may originally have been so written, the author afterwards retaining but two of the favorite verses; at all events, our mothers sang it thus when 'Home, Sweet Home' was new, some sixty years ago.

