

James E. Porter \$20

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James E. Porter

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James G. Porter



"Thoroughly enjoying himself."

CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely Pure.

WEATHERS."

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With a Portrait of Miss NECCIE STEWART, by Percy B. Spence, after a Photo by FALK, Sydney.

NORTON & REED
185 PITT ST. SYDNEY.

FOR ART FURNITURE

Speak, Dark Eyes of Blue.

Tempo di Valse

a tempo

thro the gloam-ing chil - ly falls the si - lent snow ... like a shat-tered lili - ly

ritard

Driftin' to and fro: ... Yet be-side our in - gle Sum-mer dreams a-rise

CABINET MAKERS **NORTON & REED** 185 PITT ST. SYDNEY. UPHOLSTERERS

a tempo

If you love me, Dar - ling, Tell me with your eyes

Lis - ten to my plead - ing Speak, dark eyes of blue

Lift your dusk - y lash - es Let the love light through

Be no prom - ise spoken - ken; Breathe no broken sighs

rit *a tempo*

If you love me, Dar - ling, Tell me with your eyes

J. G. HANKS & CO.

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514 GEORGE STREET,
SYDNEY.
ESTABLISHED over 30 YEARS.



Jock o' Hazeldean.

Why weep ye by the side la-dye? Why

dolce

weep ye by the side? Ill wed ye to my youngest son And ye shall be his bride And

ye shall be his bride la-dye, Sae come ly to be seen. But age she loot the tears down fa for

cres *f* *p*

Jock o' Ha-zel-dean

sf *dolce*

G.H. Smith & Son HAT MANUFACTURERS, 302 GEORGE-ST., SYDNEY (Three Doors South of Hunter Street).
Sole Agents for HENRY HEATH, Oxford Street, London.

The Soldene Grand March.

Dedicated to Miss Emily Soldene

Allegro maestoso

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a tempo marking of 'Allegro maestoso'. The first system includes a forte (f) dynamic. The score consists of seven systems of music. The fifth system is divided into a '1st time' section and a '2nd time' section. Dynamics include forte (f), piano (p), mezzo-forte (mf), and fortissimo (ff). The piece concludes with a final chord in the seventh system.

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trava

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6

Whist! the Bogie Man.

f

Oh gather round me little ones So full of fun and glee, - Your

f *mp* *f*

father's going to be a fool To please the fa-mi-ly All jump up on the ta-ble Up set the dish and pan I love to hear your

Mother say, Whist, whist! the bogie man! Oh Whist whist whist, Here comes the bo-gie man Now go to bed you ba-by You

CHORUS

Tom-my Nell and Dan Oh whist whist whist He'll catch ye if he can And all the pop-seys wop-seys wop Ran from the bogie

f *p*

1st time 2nd time

man Oh man

f *ff* *ff*

last verse only

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As beautiful as the flowers in Spring are the GLOVES you buy from
LLOYD & COLLINS, 306 & 308 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

Scenes that are Brightest.

7

Scenes that are bright...est may charm a while

Hearts which are light...est and eyes that smile; yet o'er them a...

bove us, tho' na...ture beam, with none to love us How

sad they seem With none to love us How

sad they seem!

BRIGHTEN YOUR HOMES BY USING BROOKES' MONKEY SOAP

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

Slowly and with Expression

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/mood is 'Slowly and with Expression'. The score consists of several systems of staves. The vocal line is in the upper staff of each system, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, trills (tr), and dynamic markings (p, mf, dim, pp). The lyrics are: 'Rock'd in the cradle of the deep I lay me down in peace to sleep Se-cure I rest up-on the wave for thou O Lord hast power to save I know thou will not slight my call for Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall and calm and peaceful shall I sleep Rock'd in the cradle of deep and calm and peaceful shall I sleep'. The score ends with a final piano accompaniment section.

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 Manufacturer and Importer of Furniture, Bedsteads, Carpets, Floorcloths, Crockery, Ironmongery.

The Bloom is on the Rye.

Andantino - Expressione non troppo lento



My pret-ty Jane my pretty Jane. Ah ne-ver never look so shy. But meet me, meet me in the

eve ning, While the bloom is on the rye. The spring is wa-ning fast my love, the corn is in the

ear the summer nights are coming, love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pretty Jane, my

dear-est Jane, Ah! never look so shy. But meet me, meet me in the ev'ning, While the bloom is on the rye...

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E. H. HARRIS & CO.,
TEAMEN,
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10

Rock-a-bye Baby.

Ba-by is sleep-ing so co-zy and fair While

Mother sits near in her old oak-en chair. Her foot on the rock-er the cra-dle she swings And though ba-by slumbers he hears what she

LULLABY *Rit.*
Sings Rock-a-bye on the tree top When the wind blows the cradle will rock When the bough breaks the cradle will fall, And

a tempo *Rit.*
down will come ba-by, cradle and all Oh rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, mother is near. Then rock-a-bye

Rit.
rock-a-bye, nothing to fear for angels of slumber are hovering near. So rock-a-bye ba-by, mother is here

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Every Requisite kept in Stock for Housekeeping. CASH OR TERMS.

White Wings.

11

Moderato

mf Sail! home as straight as an arrow, My yacht shoots a-long on the
 crest of the sea. Sail home to sweet Maggie Darrow In her dear lit-tle home she is waiting for me. High up! where cliffs they are crag-gy,
 There's where the girl of my heart waits for me! Heigh ho! I long for you Maggie! I spread out my White Wings and Sail home to thee

rit *a tempo*

colla voce

CHORUS

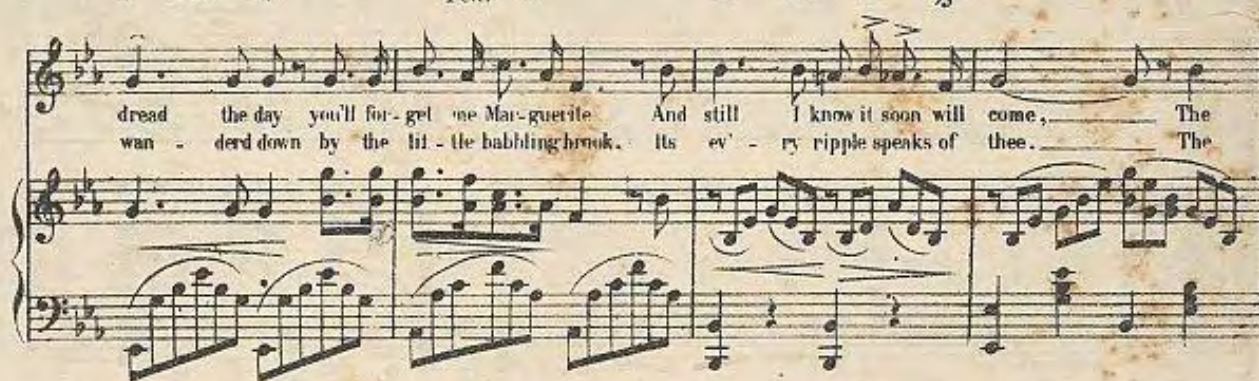
f Yo! ho how we go! Oh! how the winds blow White Wings they ne-ver grow weary, They
 carry me cheerily o-ver the sea; Night comes I long for my dear-ry I'll spread out my White Wings and sail home to thee!

Rall

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rit.

home, Margue-rite, I would not chide thee, chide thee Mar-guerite, Nor mar one joy of thine so
me, Margue-rite. If this bright world, it were all of mine to give, I'd proud-ly lay it at thy

colla voce.

sweet But oh, I dread that drea-ry day, You'll me for-get, Marguerite, But
feet But oh, the thought you'll not be mine Will break my heart, Marguerite, But

1st time.

oh, I dread that drea-ry day, You'll me for-get, Marguerite.
oh, the thought you'll not be mine Will break my

a tempo.

2nd time. *ad lib.*
heart, Marguerite, Mar-guerite.

vall. *ad lib.*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

13

USE SCANDINAVIAN GOLD-MEDAL MILK

Let me like a Soldier Fall.

Yes let me like a Soldier fall up - on some o - pen plain This breast ex - panding for the

ball To blot out ev - ry stain Brave man - ly hearts con - fer my dome that gen - tler one - may

tell How e'er for - got un - known my tomb I like a sol - der fell How e'er for got un

known my tomb I like a sol - dier fell I like a sol - dier fell

cresc *f* *mf* *f*

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SYDNEY.

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Love Not.

Andantino con espressione. *Semplice.*

Love not, love not, ye hap-less sons of
Love not, love not, the thing you love may
Love not, love not, the thing you love may
Love not, love not, on warning rain-ly

clay, Hope's gay-est wreaths are made of earthly flowers, Things that are
die, May per-ish from the gay and glad some earth, The si-lent
change, The ro-sy lips may cease to smile on you, The kind-ly
said, In pre-sent hours as in years gone by, Love flings a

dolce

made to fade and fall a-way, Ere they have blossom'd for a few short
stars the blue and smil-ing sky, Beam on its grave as once up-on its
beam-ing eye grow cold and strange, The heart still warmly beat, Yet not be
ha-lo round the dear one's head, Fault-less, im-mor-tal, till they change or

Ad lib.

hours. Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours. Love not, love not.
birth. Beam on its grave as once upon its birth. Love not, love not.
true. The heart still warm-ly beat, yet not be true. Love not, love not.
die. Fault-less, im-mortal, till they change or die. Love not, love not.

colla voce.

WE ALL WEAR JOHN HUNTER'S BOOTS & SHOES

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT NEW SOUTH WALES.

Hearts of Oak.

Risoluto

PIANO *f*

Come cheer up my lads tis to glo-ry we steer. We've ruld o'er the o-cean for ma-ny a year To

mf

hon- or we call you Not press you like slaves, for who are so free, as the sons of the waves? Hearts of

oak are our ships! Hearts of oak are our men! we al- ways are rea- dy Stea- dy bogs stea- dy We'll

fight and well con- quer a- gain and a- gain.

GALLEY WHISKY

JUST TRY A WEE DRAP.
'Twill save doctors. W

AUNT ABBEY'S COOKED ROLLED OATS.

Babies on the Block.

17

If you're in want of in-for-ma-tion or in

searched merri-ment Come o-ver wid me so-cially to Mur-phy's re-me-mber He owns a row of houses in the first ward near the dock Where

Ireland's re-pre-sented By the Ba-bies on our Block There's the Phalen's and the Whalens from the sweet Donock-a-dee And the Na-lans and the

rall a tempo
Dolans Wid their babies on their knee all gossip-ing and talk-ing Wid the neighbours in a flock Singing little Sally Wa-ters wid the

rall a tempo

CHORUS
Ba-bies on our Block Little Sally Wa-ters sitting in the sun a cry-ing a weep-ing for a young

Worn **ELECTROPLATE**, Cruets, Spoons, Forks, etc., etc., **RE-PLATED** equal to New at Moderate Prices.
WATSON & CRANE, BRASS FOILERS AND ELECTRO-PLATERS, 375 PITT-ST., SYDNEY.

18

man Rise Sally Rise Wipe your eyes out wid your freck As sung by our Ba-bies that's liv-ing on our Block

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in Sydney.
All Goods sent for and Delivered, but
BEWARE OF CANVASSERS.

Only a Pansy Blossom.

Tempo di Valse

Ah! ... 'Tis on-ly a pan-sy blossom

On-ly a wither'd flow'r Yet to me far dearer Than all in par-tis-fair

bow'r Bring-ing me back the June time Of a Sum-mer long a-go The fair-est



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Mandolins, Zithers, Flutes, Cornets, and other Musical Instruments. 33 per cent. cheaper than at any other
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musical score for "Sunnest Summer" (page 19). The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are:

sunnest summer Ive known or eer shall know Off from this pala dead blossom... I see a
fair face start... a face like a sweet wild flower Out of its fa-ded heart... Ah...
Ah... tis only a pansy blossom Only a witherid flower...
yet to me tis dearer than all in earths fair bow'r Bringing me back the June time of a
summer long a-go the fairest Sunniest summer Ive known or eer shall know...

Dynamic markings include *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), *cres* (crescendo), and *Rit* (Ritardando). The score includes a double bar line in the piano part after the first system.

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20

Auld Robin Gray.

Young Ja-mie loed me weel and sought me for his bride. But sa-ving a crown, he had naething else be-side; to

make the crown a pound my Ja-mie gaed to sea, and the crown, and the pound were baith for me. He had na been gane a

week but on-ly twa when my fa-ther brake his arm and our cow was stown a-wa my mither she fell sick and my Ja-mie at the sea and

auld Robin Gray cam a court-ing me.

mf *dim* *p* *con dolore* *mf* *dim*

HACON BROS. { **MERCHANT TAILORS,** ———
NEW PREMISES: 107-109 OXFORD STREET.

A Life with Thee.

21

mf
 Oh promise me that some day you and
pesante
 I will take our love to- geth- er to some sky Where we can be a- lone and faith re- new and
semplce p
cres
poco rall Find the hol- lows where those flow- ers grew — rose first sweet no- lets of eag- ly - spring, Which come in whisper thrills as
p con tenerezza
p poco rall both and sing of love un speak- a- ble that is to be; Oh prom- ise me, or prom- ise me!
p marc. la. melodia
f rall
a tempo
dim

We have always in stock a choice Selection of TROUSERINGS and SUITINGS, SERGES, COATINGS, etc.
 Specialities: Trousers to order at 16/6; Sac Suits to order at 63/-

The Vicar of Bray.

in good King Charles's

golden days when loy-al-ty no harm meant A zea-lous High Church - man was I, and so I got pre-

fer-ment; To teach my flock I ne-ver miss'd, Kings were by God ap-point-ed and dam'd are those that

do resist, or touch the lords a - noin - ted and this is law I will main-tain Un - till my dy-ing

day Sir That What-so-e-ver King may reign Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray Sir.

GALLEY WHISKY

THE "LANCET"
RECOMMENDS IT.

WORDS OF SONGS.

23

SPEAK, DARK EYES OF BLUE.

1. Fires that burn in quiet long and brightly glow,
Flames that rush and riot soon to ashes go;
Lips that move not often, when they love are wise,
If you love me, darling, tell me with your eyes.
Listen to my pleading, etc.
2. There are none to listen, yet why should we speak?
When soft glances glisten, whispered words are weak;
We who know love's silence need no low replies—
If you love me, darling, tell me with your eyes.
Listen to my pleading, etc.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

2. A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you the foremost o' them a'
Shall ride our forest green—
But aye she loots the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.
3. The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight were there.
They sought her faith by bower and ha',
The lady was not seen;
She's o'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

2. Words cannot scatter the thoughts we fear,
For tho' they flatter, they mock the ear;
Hope will still deceive us, with tearful cost,
And when they leave us the heart is lost.

WHIST! THE BOGIE MAN!

2. When I sit down to dinner, it's seldom I have pie,
If I must speak, it's once a week, then all the babies cry;
It's with their little fingers, they dip into the pan,
It's then I hear their mother's cry, Whist, whist! the bogie man!
Oh, CHORUS.
3. I hid out in the closet, I hid out in the hall,
To frighten all the little ones, I let the dishes fall;
Then they begin boo-hooing, away, away they ran,
'Tis then I heard their mother say, whist, whist! the bogie man!
Oh, CHORUS.
4. Oh when I meet an old time friend, who's coming home quite late,
I take a drop of rye and rock, and oysters on a plate;
Oh, in the house I stumble, and wake up Nell and Dan,
'Tis then I hear their mother say, whist, whist! the bogie man!
Oh, CHORUS.

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

2. And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine;
Or thro' the tempest's fiery breath,
Rous'd me from slumber to wreck and death.
In ocean cave still safe with Thee—
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

2. But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring;
The lads and maids in favors white,
And village bells, the village bells shall ring.
The Spring is waning, etc.

ROCK-A-BYE BABY.

2. Grandma sits knitting close by the fire place,
With snowy white hair and a smile on her face,
The years have passed by, yet it does not seem long,
Since she rocked baby's papa to sleep with that song.
Rock-a-bye baby, etc.
3. Dear little baby, their joy and their pride,
Long may he be with them whatever betide,
The kitchen, the cradle, that tender refrain,
In mem'ry will linger that lullaby strain.
Rock-a-bye baby, etc.

WHITE WINGS.

2. Sail home to love and caresses,
When Maggie, my darling is there by my side;
Sail home blue eyes and gold tresses,
The fairest of all is my own little bride.
Sail home, to part from thee never,
Always together life's voyage shall be;
Sail home to love thee for ever,
I'll spread out my "white wings" and sail home
to thee. Yo ho! how we go, etc.

HEARTS OF OAK.

2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay;
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow and chase them ashore,
And if they won't fight us what can we do more?
Hearts of Oak are our ships, &c.
3. Our warships are ready our rights to uphold,
And our sailors will be at the front as of old,
Then cheer up my lads, let them come if they will,
We have powder and shot, so can give them their fill
Hearts of oak are our ships, &c.

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BABIES ON THE BLOCK.

2. Of a warm day in the summer, when the breeze blows off the sea,
A hundred thousand children live on the battery;
They come from Murphy's buildings, oh, their noise would stop a clock,
There's no perambulatory 'wid the babies on our block.
There's the Cleary's and the O'Leary's from the sweet black water side,
They are sitting on the railings, and a gazing at the tide,
All loyal blood and noble some of Dan O'Connell stock,
Singing greeny, greeny, gravel, 'wid the babies on our block.
Little Sally Waters, etc.
3. Its good morning to you, landlord, and how are you to-day,
And Patrick Murphy, Esquire, steps down the alley way;
'Wid his shiney silken beaver, he's as solid as a rock,
The envy of the neighbours' boys that's living on our block.
There's the Connolly's and the Donnelly's all far down Connaught men,
They are aisy 'wid the shovel, and handy 'wid the pen,
All neighbourly and friendly 'wid relations in a flock,
Singing little Sally Waters 'wid the babies on our block.
Little Sally Waters, etc.

A LIFE WITH THREE.

2. Oh promise me that you will take my hand,
The most unworthy in this lonely land;
And let me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision of our paradise—
Hearing God's message while the organ rolls
Its mighty music to our very souls,
No love less perfect than a life with thee,
Oh promise me, oh promise me.

LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

2. I only ask of that proud race which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last, and not disgrace its ancient chivalry!
Tho' o'er my clay no banner wave, nor trumpet requiem swell,
Enough they murmur o'er my grave: he like a soldier fell.

A FOND SAD HEART.

2. I love our other children, father, and my sore heart to them has turned,
But even while I struggled to forget him, for this wild boy my heart has yearned;
Our hearts seem bound together, in sweet mem'ry of days when he was still our pride,
And now my heart would break if he were driven,
Forever driven from my side!
Oh, don't be too hard with him, etc.
3. Oh, he will yet do better, father, and surely give us no more pain;
I have a mother's faith, the time is coming when he will be our pride again:
A little care, a little love and kindness, a little patience it may cost—
But then our circle will remain unbroken, and this wild boy will not be lost.
Oh, don't be too hard with him, etc.

ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM.

2. Only a pansy blossom I gathered at her feet,
Faded unlike the love that made that summer sweet;
Still in this pansy blossom her tender face I see,
From under the churchyard grasses bringing her back to me.
Ah! 'tis only a pansy blossom, etc.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

2. My father argued sair, my mither did na speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break,
They gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea;
And auld Robin Gray is gude man to me.
I had na been a wife, weeks but only four,
When mournful as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist I could na think it he,
Till he said "I'm come hame my love to marry thee!"
3. O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!
I gang like a ghaist, and I care na to spin
I dare na think o' Jamie, for that wad be i sin.
But I will do my best a guide wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

2. When royal James obtain'd the crown and pop'ry came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down, and read the declaration;
The Church of Rome I found would fit full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit, but for the Revolution.
And this is law, etc.
3. When George in pudding time came o'er, and mod'rate men look'd big, sir,
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more, and so became a whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procur'd, from our new faith's defender,
And almost ev'ry day ahjur'd the Pope and the Pre-tender.
And this is law, etc.

ERRATUM.—Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep, page 8, instead of E flat read A flat.

W. D. JOHNSTONE & CO.

27 THE STRAND, SYDNEY.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN MUSIC SELLERS.

Cheapest House for Musical Instruments in New South Wales.

A Fond Sad Heart.

Moderato
mf

Oh don't be too hard with him fa - ther I know our boy has gone a - stray The more he needs our kind and loving coun - sel To

win him to the bet - ter way Oh turn your thoughts a little mo - ment back - ward And your own days of youth re - call When loving

CHORUS

hands that now alas! have van - ished, Held you for fear that you should fall Oh don't be too hard with him fa - ther I

rall *mf*

know our boy has gone a - stray The more he needs our kind and lo - ving coun - sel to win him to the better way

rall *f* *rall*

JAMES STEDMAN,

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And not doing well, endeavours to sell
Other Powder than "**WAUGH'S**" forsooth, just because
More profit he gets.
If thus he does act, be sure of this fact.
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