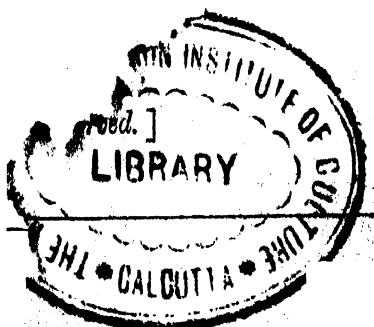


ENGLISH VERSES,
SET TO
HINDU MUSIC.



ENGLISH VERSES,
SET TO
HINDU MUSIC

IN
HONOR OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

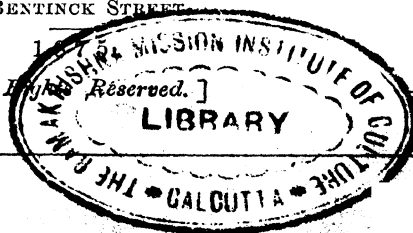
BY
SOURINDRO MOHUN TAGORE,
PRESIDENT, BENGAL MUSIC SCHOOL.



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David Suran Mukerji -
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ELEMENTARY RULES

FOR THE HINDU MUSICAL NOTATION

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE SIGNS THAT HAVE BEEN USED IN THIS BOOK.

SAPTASVARA OR SEVEN NOTES.

THERE are seven notes in Hindu Music, viz., *Shadja*, *Risava*, *Gándhāra*, *Madhyama*, *Panchama*, *Dhaibata*, and *Nishāda*. They are generally indicated by the initials of the above words, i. e., *Sá*, *Re*, *Ga*, *Ma*, *Pa*, *Dha*, *Ni*, which correspond respectively with the English notes C, D, E, F, G, A, B.

SAPTACAS OR HEPTACHORDS.

Three *Saptacas* or Heptachords are commonly used in Hindu Music. They proceed from the three different organs, navel, chest and scull, and are called, *Udárá*, *Mudárá* and *Tárá*, as shewn in the *stabaca* or staff below :

C D E F G A B C D E F G A B C D E F G A B

The first seven notes that have the dots *under* them belong to the *Udárá* or lower *Saptaca*. The next seven notes belong to the *Mudárá* or middle *Saptaca*. The last seven notes that have the dots *over* them belong to the *Tárá* or higher *saptaca*. The *mudárá* or the middle

saptaca is the standard *saptaca* to go by. If there is any occasion to note down *saptacas* higher or lower than the three already shewn, as many dots must be used *over* or *under* the notes as they are higher or lower than the middle or standard *saptaca*. Thus, the note \ddot{C} would indicate that this \ddot{C} is *two saptacas* higher than the *mudará saptaca*, or one *saptaca* higher than the (higher) *Tará saptaca*. Similarly, $\underset{\cdot}{C}$ would indicate that this $\underset{\cdot}{C}$ is *two saptacas* lower than the *mudará saptaca*, or one *saptaca* lower than the lower (*udará*) *saptaca*.

The three *saptacas* noted down in the above staff are all sufficient for Hindu vocal music. The provision for more *saptacas* than three is for the purpose of noting down instrumental music, or for the music of other nations.

Patáka (†) is the sign for *tibra-suras* (sharp-tones) and is placed upon the notes. Thus, $\overset{\text{†}}{F}$ (F sharp).

Trikona (Δ) is the sign for *komala-suras* (flat-tones) and is placed upon the notes. Thus, $\underset{\Delta}{D}$ (D flat).

When the signs for *Tibra* and *Komala Suras* bear a dot upon each of their heads, they are called *Ati-tibra* (very sharp) and *Ati-komala* (very flat): Thus, $\overset{\circ}{\overset{\text{†}}{F}}$ (very sharp F), $\overset{\circ}{\underset{\Delta}{D}}$ (very flat D).

Ati-tibra, and *Ati-komala* are the minor divisions of notes used in some of the melodies of Hindustan.

MĀTTRÁS OR THE SPECIES OF TIME.

The time in which one alphabet can be easily pronounced, is called the *Hrswa māttrá* or the single time : two alphabets,—*Deergha māttrá*, or the double time, and three or more alphabets—*Pluta-māttrá*, i. e., Triple or more time.

The sign for māttrá (|) is placed upon the notes :—

Hrswa-māttrá or single time, Thus C.[|]

Deergha-māttrá or double time, C.^{||}

Pluta-māttrá, i. e., Triple or more time, C.^{|||} D.^{|||} &c., &c.

Hrswa-māttrá is, again, divided into *Ardha* (i. e. half) and *Anoo* (i. e., quarter) time.

The sign (∙) for *Ardha-māttrá*, (called in Sanskrit *Ardha-chandra-chinha*) and that (×) for *Anoo-māttrá* (called in Sanskrit, *Damaru-chinha*) are placed upon the notes. Thus : C[∙] D[×] C^{|∙} D^{|×} C^{|∙×} D^{|×} &c., &c.

If two or three notes are written in one place, but the sign for māttrá falls only upon the first note, and the notes that succeed it are tied by a sign of *Bandhane* (———), then all the notes placed after the first note should be expressed according to the value of that

note, e. g., $\overbrace{\text{C D E}}$

Again, if one or two notes are tied by the sign of *Bandhane*, but are not marked with the sign of *mātrā*, the sign of *mātrā* falls upon a separate note placed after them. In such case, the note on which the sign of *mātrā* or time is given, embraces its previous notes in

the same proportion of time, e. g., $\overline{\text{CD}}$ $\overline{\text{E}}$.

Sometimes, the sign of *mātrā* falls upon an empty place, i. e., a place where there is no note. In such case time must be allowed up to that vacant place, e. g.,

$\overline{\text{CDE}}$ $\overline{\text{F}}$

TĀLA.

From simple, compound, and broken *mātrās* are formed *Tālas*, the only object of which is to calculate the measure of beating time. They are in use amongst us in both vocal and instrumental music. It is to music what metre is to poetry. *Tālas* derive different names from the variety of *mātrās* that form them, viz., four *mātrās* form the *Tāla*, named *Drutatritālee*; eight, *Madhyamāna*; six, *Chowtāla*, &c., &c.

Tāla consists of two principal actions, viz., *Aghāta* and *Birāma*, i. e., the beating and the rest.

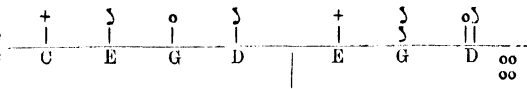
The sign of *Aghāta* or beating (३) is placed upon the sign of *mātrā*. Thus :— $\overset{3}{\text{C}}$.

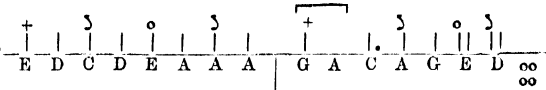
The sign of *Biráma* or rest (°) is also placed upon the sign of *mátrá*. Thus:—C.[°]


According to Sanskrit music, the first beating of a *tála* is named *Shoma*, the sign of which (+) lies upon the sign of *mátrá*. Thus:—C.⁺ The space of time from *Shoma* to *Biráma* is called in Sanskrit a *Mancha*. Every *mancha*, according to the number of *mátrás*, is divided by perpendicular lines, called *Bivájaka Rekhas* (|), which might be expressed in English as bars.


The *Padma Chinha* (%%) or the sign of the lotus-flower indicates the completion of a melody, song or an air.

EXAMPLES OF TÁLAS.

Drutatritálee or 4 *mátrás* to the bar.


Madhyamána or 8 *mátrás* to the bar.


Slathatritálee or 16 *mátrás* to the bar.


Ektálá or 6 *mátrás* to the bar.




Thoongree or 4 *mātrās* to the bar.

Chowtāla or 6 *mātrās* to the bar.

Though the number of *mātrās* in *Drutatritālī* and *Ek-tālā* is the same as in *Thoongree* and *Chowtāla* respectively, yet it will be observed that there is a difference between them, about the actions of “beating and rest.” This difference in the *Aghāta* and *Bīrāma* separates one *tāla* from another of a similar number of *mātrās*.

In vocal music, the words of a song are put exactly under the notes in which they are to be sung. But if it is found in the notation, that a note or a number of notes have no word or words to be expressed, the note of the previous word should be made to gradually glide through the note or notes that have not the corresponding words under them,—without stopping the voice, and according to the given time.

In such case, the notes that have no words under them will have dots instead, thus $\overset{|}{\text{C}} \overset{|}{\text{D}} \overset{|}{\text{E}} \overset{|}{\text{F}}$. It will be sung

No • • •

exactly as if it were $\overset{|}{\text{C}} \overset{|}{\text{D}} \overset{|}{\text{E}} \overset{|}{\text{F}}$

No o o o

E N G L I S H V E R S E S,

SET TO

HINDU MUSIC.


GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

AMONG our ancient mountain,
And from our lovely vales,
Oh ! let the prayer re-echo,
“ God bless the Prince of Wales.”
With heart and voice awaken
Those minstrel strains of yore,
Till Britain’s name and glory
Resound from shore to shore.


Should hostile bands or danger
E'er threaten our fair isle,
May God's strong arm protect us,
May heaven still on us smile !
Above the throne of England
May fortune's star long shine,
And round its sacred bulwarks
The olive branches twine.

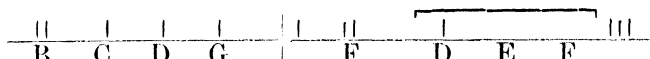
GEORGE LINLEY.

In Imitation of a Vedic Hymn.

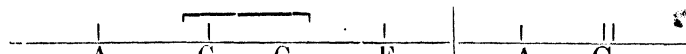

 A- mong our an- cient moun- tain,


 And from our love- ly vales,


 Oh ! let the pray- er re- echo,


 "God bless the Prince of Wales."


 With heart and voice a- waken


 Those minis- trel strains of yore

E F D C B C D
Till Bri- tain's name and glo- ry

G F G A B C D C F
Re- sound from shore o o o to shore.

C A G A G F E
Should hos- tile bands or dan- ger

D E E F G F
E'er threa- ten our fair isle,

A G A B A A G
May God's strong arm pro- tect us,

A F A G A G F
May heav- en still on us smile!

A- bove the throne of Eng- land

May for- tune's stars long shine,

And round its sacred o bul- warks

The olive o branch- es twine.



In Imitation of a Vedic Hymn.

A musical score for a hymn, consisting of six staves of music. The music is written in a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The notes are simple, with some rests and a few accidentals. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score is enclosed in a decorative border with square corner ornaments.

A-- mong our an-

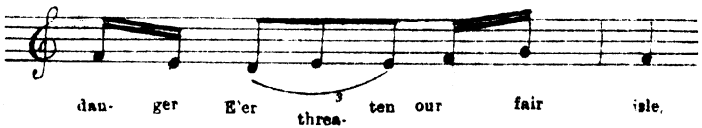
cient moun- tain, 3 And

from our leve- ly vales, Oh!

let the pray- er re- echo -

"God bless the Prince of

Wales." 3 With heart and voice



heav- en still on us smile! ³ A- bove the
 throne of Eng- land May ³ for- tune's stars
 long shine, And ³ round its sacred
 bul- warks The olive branch-
 es twine.



RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain :
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves !"

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame :
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.

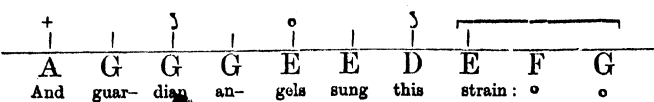
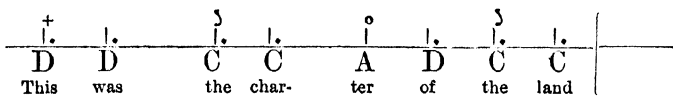
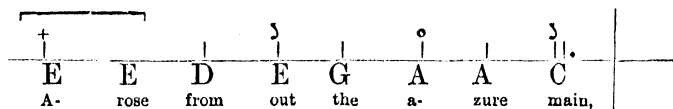
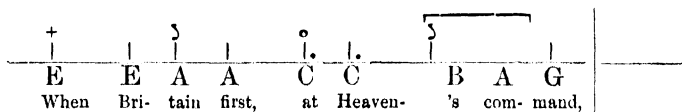
To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All shine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

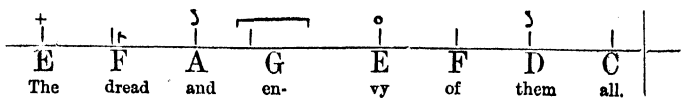
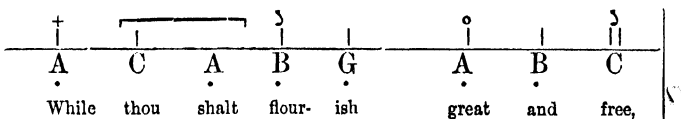
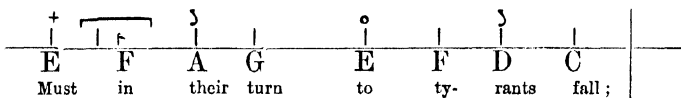
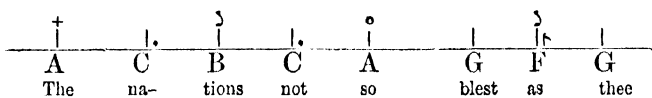
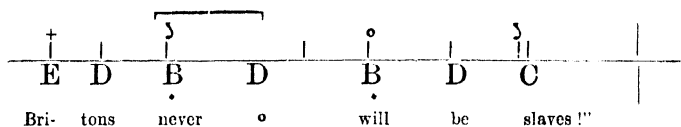
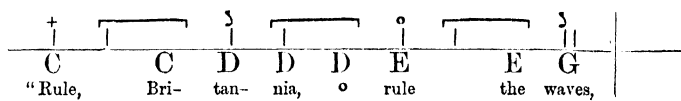
The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair :
 " Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves !"

THOMSON.

(2.)

Hámeera—Kalyána—Madhyamána.





⁺
C D E F G E F G
Still more ma- jes- tic shalt thou rise,

⁺
C B A B F A F
More dread- ful from each foreign stroke ;

⁺
B A C B D C C B
As the loud blast that tears the skies

⁺
G F A F E F D C
Serves but to root thy na- tive oak.

⁺
B A C B D C E D
Thee haughty ° ty- rants ne'er shall tame :

⁺
C B A B A G F G
All their At- tempts to bend thee down.

⁺
 D E F G A B A F A
 Will but a- rouse thy go ner- ous flame,

⁺
 G F E D E D C C
 But work their woe and thy re- nown.

⁺
 A D E F G A G
 To thee be- longs the rural reign,

⁺
 E F D E E D C
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;

⁺
 A B C D D E E A
 All thine shall be the sub- ject main,

⁺
 B A G F E D C
 And every shore it circles thine.

⁺
C D ³E D ^oE F ³G
The Muses still with free- dom found,

⁺
C C ³B A ^oG F ³G
Shall to thy happy const re- pair ;

⁺
C A ³D C ^oE D ³C
Blest isle ! with match- less beauty crowned,

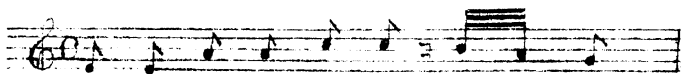
⁺
A G ³F G ^oE E A ³A
And man- ly hearts to guard the fair :

⁺
C C ³D D D ^oE E ³G
Rule, Bri- tan- nia, o rule the waves,

⁺
E D ³B D ^oB D ³C
Bri- tons never o will be slaves !



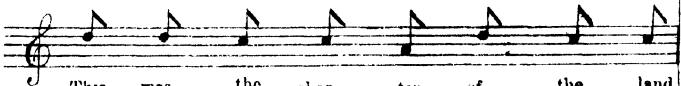
Rule Britannia.



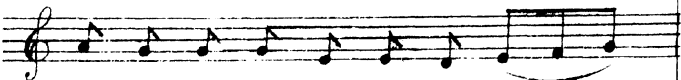
When Bri- tain first, at Heaven- 's com- mand,



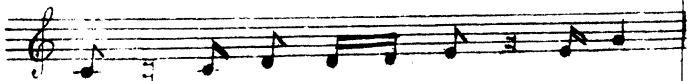
A- rose from out the a- zure main,



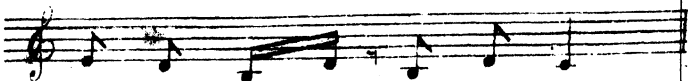
This was the char- ter of the land



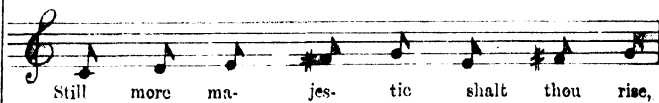
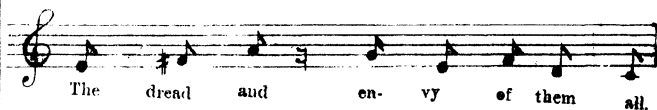
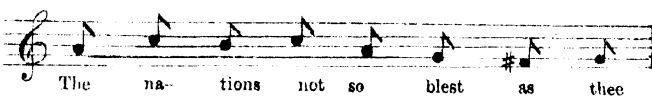
And guar- dian an- gels sung this strain: 3- -

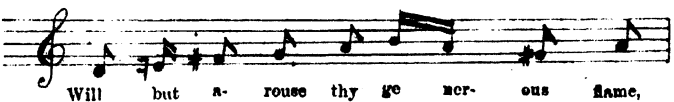
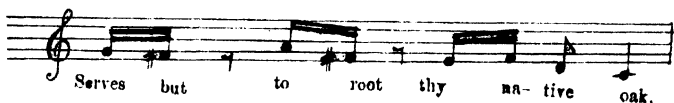
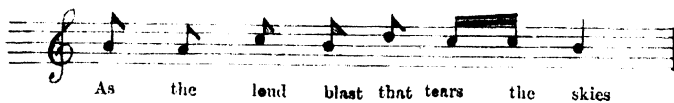


"Rule, Bri- tan- nia, — rule the waves,

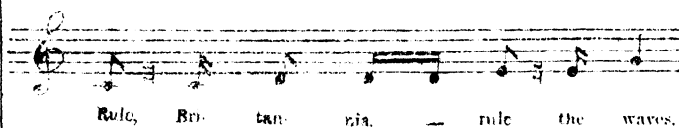


Bri- tons never — will be slaves!"







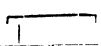

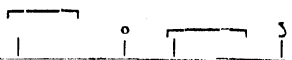


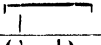
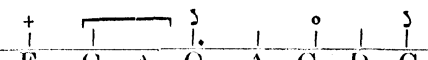
THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

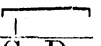
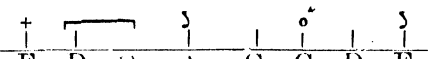
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.


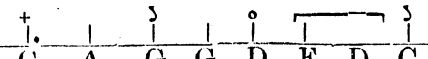
(3.)

Bhoopālī Madhyamāna.

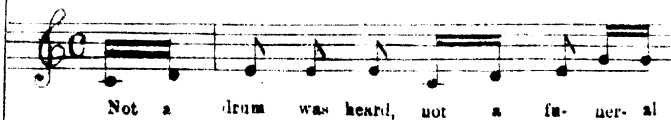
 C D Not a	 E E E drum was heard,	 C D E G G D not a fu- ner- al note,
---	---	---

 C D As his	 E G A C A G D C corse to the ram- part we hurri- ed ;
--	---

 C D Not a	 E D C A G C D E sol- dier dis- charged his fare- well shot
---	--

 G A O'er the	 C A G G D E D C grave where our he- ro we buri- ed.
--	---

The Burial of Sir John Moore.



We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
 And we far away on the billow ! [head,

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame[~]fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory.

REV. C. WOLFE.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

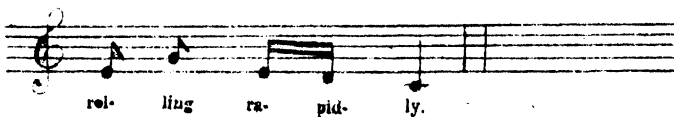
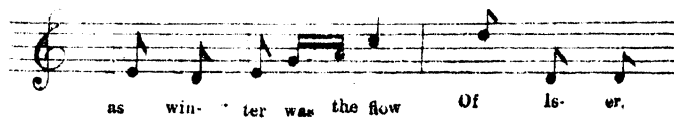
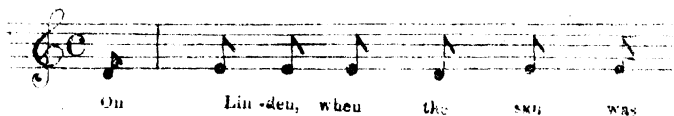
ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

(4.)

Bhoopali—Madhyamāna.

 D On	+ E Lin	 E -den,	3 E when	 D the	° E sun	 E was	3 G low,	 A °	 G °	 A °
 G .	+ G All	 D blood-	3 D less	 E lay	° G the	 E un-	 D tro-	 D den	3 C snow ;	
+ A And	 G dark	3 E as	 D win-	 E ter	° G was	 A the	3 C flow			
+ D Of	 D Is-	3 D er,	 E rol-	° G ling	 E ra-	 D pid-	3 C ly.	°°	°°	°°

The Battle of Hohenlinden.



But Linden show'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet-sound array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry :

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven ;
And, volleying like the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder still these fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of purpled snow ;
And bloodier still shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout 'mid their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens : On, ye brave !
Who rush to glory or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave !
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet, .
And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !

CAMPBELL.

K I N G C A N U T E.

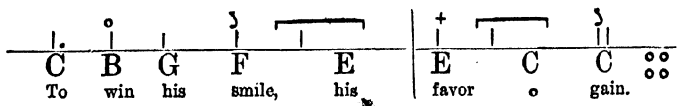
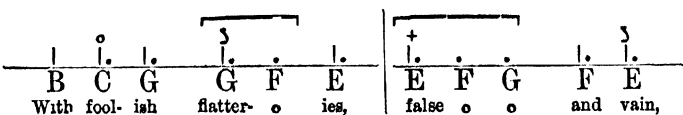
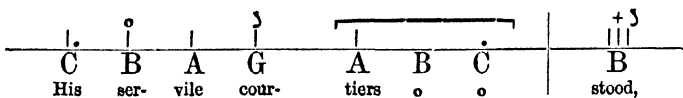
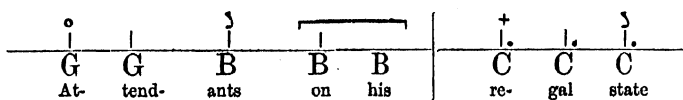
UPON his royal throne he sat,
In a monarch's thoughtful mood ;
Attendants on his regal state
His servile courtiers stood,
With foolish flatteries, false and vain,
To win his smile, his favour gain.

(5.)

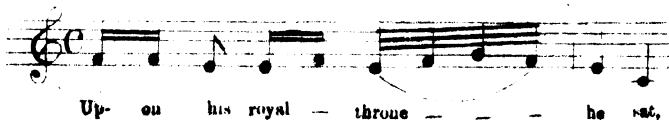
Behāga Madhyamāna.

$\overbrace{\text{F} \text{ F}}^{\circ}$ $\overbrace{\text{E} \text{ E} \text{ F}}^{\text{3}}$ $\overbrace{\text{E} \text{ F} \text{ G} \text{ F}}^{\text{4}}$ $\overbrace{\text{E} \text{ C}}^{+\text{1} \text{ 3}}$
 Up- on his royal throne he sat,

$\overbrace{\text{G G}}^{\circ}$ $\overbrace{\text{G A B C}}^{\circ}$ B° G^{+} F° E°
 In a mon- o o o arch's thought- ful mood ;



King Canute.



They told him e'en the mighty deep
His kingly sway confessed ;
That he could bid its billows leap
Or still its stormy breast !
He smiled contemptuously, and cried,
" Be then my boasted empire tried !"

Down to the ocean's sounding shore
The proud precession came,
To see its billows' wild uproar
King Canute's power proclaim ;
Or, at his high and dread command,
In gentle murmurs kiss the strand.

Not so, thought he, their noble king,
As his course he seaward sped ;—
And each base slave like a guilty thing,
Hung down his conscious head ;—
He knew the ocean's Lord on high !
They, that he scorned their senseless lie.

His throne was placed by ocean's side,
He lifted his sceptre there ;
Bidding, with tones of kingly pride,
The waves their strife forbear :—
And, while he spoke his royal will,
All but the winds and waves were still.

Louder the stormy blast swept by,
In scorn of his idle word ;
The briny deep its waves tossed high,
By his mandate undeterred,
As threatening, in their angry play,
To sweep both king and court away.

The monarch with upbraiding look,
Turned to the courtly ring ;
But none, the kindling eye could brook
Even of his earthly king ;
For in that wrathful glance they see
A mightier monarch wronged than he !

Canute ! thy regal race is run ;
Thy name had passed away,
But for the meed this tale hath won
Which never shall decay :
Its meek, unperishing renown,
Outlasts thy sceptre and thy crown.

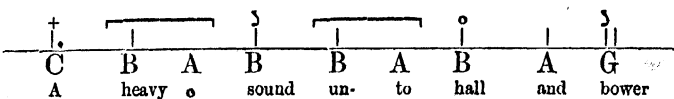
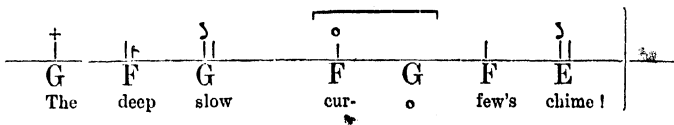
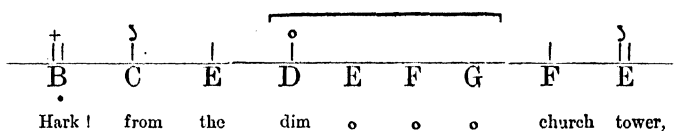
The Persian, in his mighty pride,
Forged fetters for the main ;
And when its floods his power defied,
Inflicted stripes as vain ;—
But it was worthier far of thee
To know thyself, than rule the sea !

BERNARD BARTON.

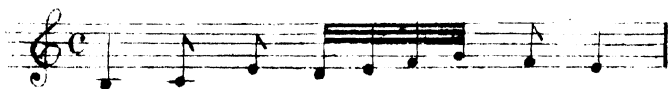
THE CURFEW-SONG OF ENGLAND.

HARK ! from the dim church tower,
 The deep slow curfew's chime !
 A heavy sound unto hall and bower
 In England's olden time !

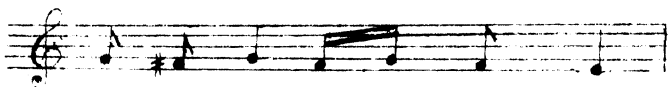
(6.)

Gaur-Sáranga—Madhyamána. 11240

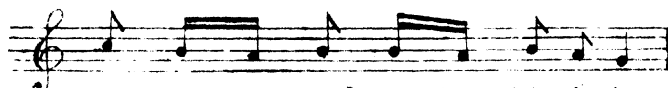
The Curfew-Song of England.



Hark! from the dim — — — church tower,



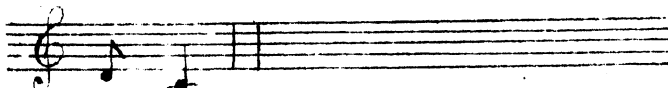
The deep slow, cur- — few's chime!



A heavy — sound un- to hall and bower



In — — — Eng- land's el-



den time!

Sadly 'twas heard by him who came
From the fields of his toil at night,
And who might not see his own hearth-flame
In his children's eyes make light.

Sternly and sadly heard,
As it quench'd the wood-fires glow,
Which had cheer'd the board with the mirthful word,
And the red wine's foaming flow !

Until that sullen boding knell
Flung out from every fane,
On harp, and lip, and spirit, fell,
With a weight and with a chain.

Woe for the pilgrim then,
In the wild deer's forest far !
No cottage lamp, to the haunts of men
Might guide him, as a star.

And woe for him whose wakeful soul,
With lone aspirings fill'd,
Would have lived o'er some immortal scroll,
While the sounds of earth were still'd !

And yet a deeper woe
For the watcher by the bed,
Where the fondly loved in pain lay low,
In pain and sleepless dread !

For the mother, doom'd unseen to keep
By the dying babe, her place,
And to feel its flitting pulse, and weep,
Yet not behold its face !

Darkness in chieftain's hall !
Darkness in peasant's cot !
While freedom, under that shadowy pall,
Sat mourning o'er her lot.

Oh ! the fireside's peace we well may prize
For blood hath flowed like rain,
Pour'd forth to make sweet sanctuaries
Of England's homes again.

Heap the yule-fagots high
Till the red light fills the room !
It is home's own hour when the stormy sky
Grows thick with evening gloom.

Gather ye round the holy hearth,
And by its gladdening blaze,
Unto thankful bliss we will change our mirth,
With a thought of the olden days !

HEMANS.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer's evening,
 Old Kasper's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun ;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

(7.)

Súranga—Ektála.

† F It	 G was	 B a	} C sum-	 D mer's	} C even-	 B ing,
 B Old	† B Kas-	 C par's	 B work	} C was	} D done,	

C D G F G F D D
 And he be- fore his cot- tage door

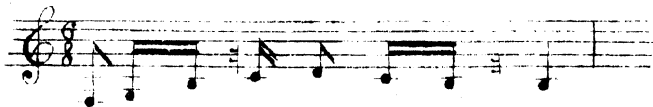
C G F D C B
 Was sit- ting in the sun ;

C D F G B D C B
 And by him sport- ed on the green

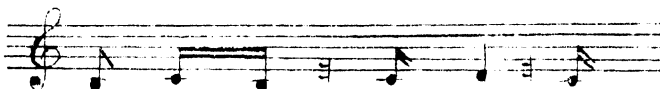
G F G D F D C C
 His little grand o - child wil- hel minc.



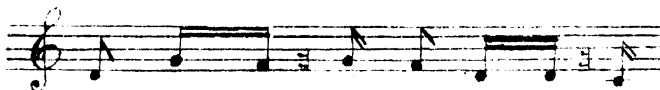
The Battle of Blenheim.



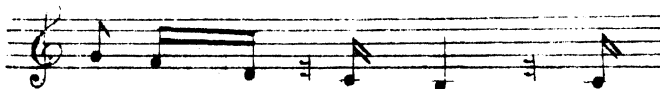
It was a summer's evening. Old



Kaspar's work was done, And



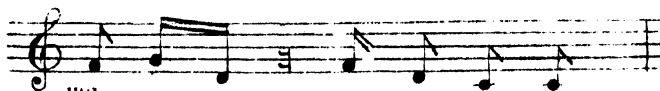
he before his cottage door Was



sit-ting in the sun ; And



by him sport-ed on the green His



little grand child will- hel mine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found :
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“ Who fell in the great victory !

“ I find them in the garden,
For there’s many here about ;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out,
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Where slain in that great victory ! ”

“ Now, tell us what ’twas all about,”
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill’d each other for.”

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ Who put the French to rout ;
But what they kill’d each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“ That ’twas a famous victory !

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burn’d his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forc’d to fly :
So, with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide ;
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“ They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“ Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good prince Eugene.”

“ Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !”

Said little Wilhelmine.

“ Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,

“ It was a famous victory !”

“ And everybody praised the Duke

Who this great fight did win.”

“ But what good came of it at the last ?”

Quoth little Peterkin.

“ Why that I cannot tell,” said he,

“ But ’twas a famous victory !”

SOUTHEY.



Verses

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK
IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

(8.)

Kúlangrú Drootatritalee.

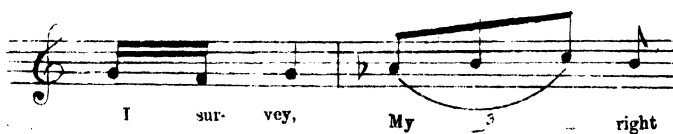
+ C	C	3 E	o F	3 G	+ A	3 G	o3 F	o3 G
I	am	mon-	arch	of	all	I	sur-	vey,

+ A	B	. C	3 B	o A	3 G	+ E	3 F	3 E	3 D	. D	o3 C
My	o	o	right	there	is	none	o	o	to	dis-	pute ;

+ C	C	3 E	F	o A	3 G	+ B	3 B	o3 C
From	the	cen-	tre	all	round	to	the	sea,

+ D	. C	3 B	o A	3 G	3 F	+ E	3 D	o3 C	o3 o3
I	am	lord	of	the	fowl	and	the	brute.	

Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk
in the Island of Juan Fernandez.



O Solitude ! where are the charms
Which sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach ;
I must finish my journey alone ;
Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts, that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
O ! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again !

My sorrows I then might assuage,
In the ways of religion and truth ;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion !—What treasures untold
Reside in that heavenly word !
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard ;
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there :
But, alas ! recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cavern repair.

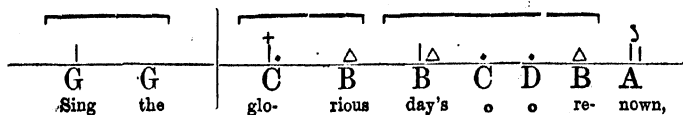
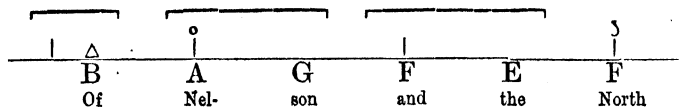
There is mercy in every place ;
 And mercy (encouraging thought !)
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
 By each gun the lighted brand
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the prince of all the land
 Led them on.

(9.)

Khámbája Madhyamána.

When to battle fierce came forth

All the might of Den- o o mark's crown,

And her arms a- long the deep proud- ly shone ;

By each gun the light- ed o o brand

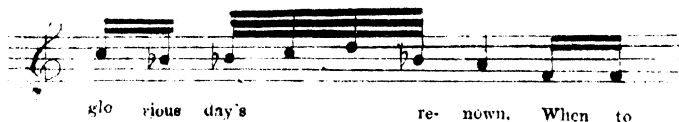
In a bold de- ter- mined hand,

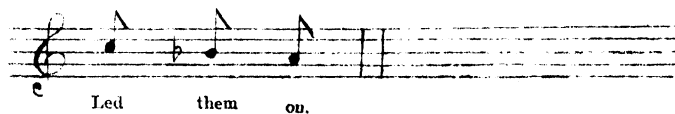
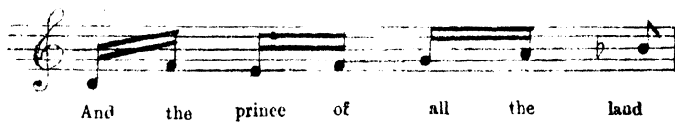
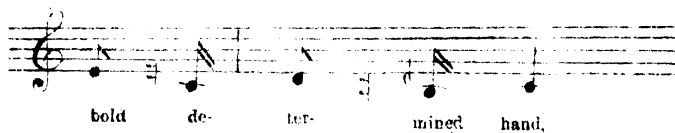
And the prince of all the land

Led them on.



Battle of the Baltic.





Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest—held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleetest rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak !" our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun !

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back :—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom !

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save !—
So peace, instead of death, let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave their wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose ;
As death withdrew his shades from the day :
While the sun look'd smiling-bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away !

Now joy, old England raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light—
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,
 With the gallant—good Riou !
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !

CAMPBELL.

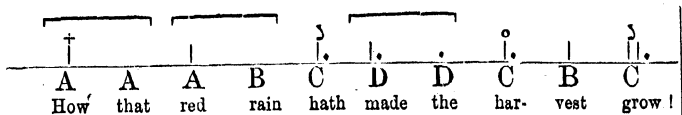
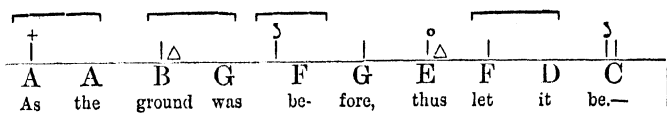
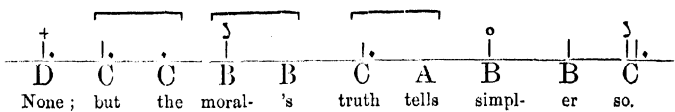
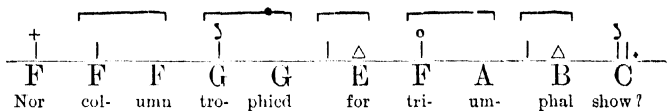
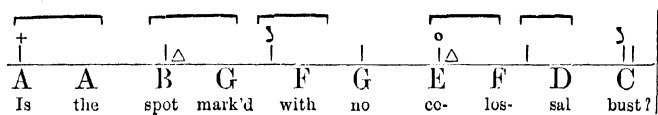
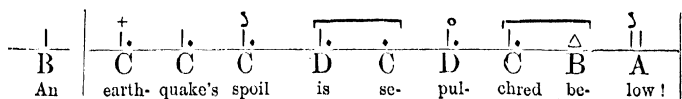
FIELD OF WATERLOO.

STOP !—for thy tread is on an empire's dust !
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust ?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?
 None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
 As the ground was before, thus let it be.—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ?

(10.)

Báhára-Khámhája—Madhyamána.

†	┌───┐		┐	┌───┐		┐	°	┌───┐		┐
F̣	F̣	F̣	G̣	G̣	F̣	Ẹ	F̣	Ạ	Ḅ	C̣
Stop !—	for	thy	tread	is	on	an	em-	pire's	o	dust !

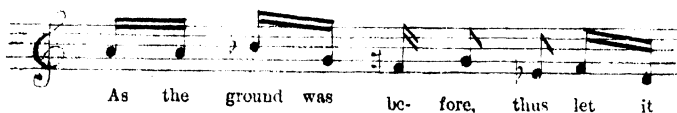


$\overset{+}{\cdot}$ \cdot \cdot $\overset{\gamma}{\cdot}$ \cdot \cdot \circ $\overset{\gamma}{\cdot}$
 E E E F E D C B B C
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,

$\overset{+}{\cdot}$ \cdot $\overset{\gamma}{\cdot}$ \cdot \cdot \circ $\overset{\gamma}{\cdot}$ \cdot \cdot
 C B A G F G E F F E D C ::
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making o Vic-to-ry?

Field of Waterloo.

Stop!— for thy tread is on an em-
 pire's — dust! An earth-quake's spoil
 is sc-pul-chred be-low! Is the
 spot mark'd with no co-los-sal bust?
 Nor col-umn tro-phied for tri-um-phal show?



There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry ; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men :
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;—
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined !
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm !—it is ! it is !—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amid the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smil'd because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And rous'd the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! they come,
they come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With their fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years ;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure ; when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay ;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover—heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

BYRON.

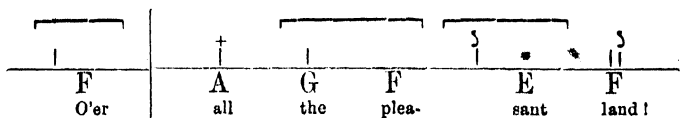
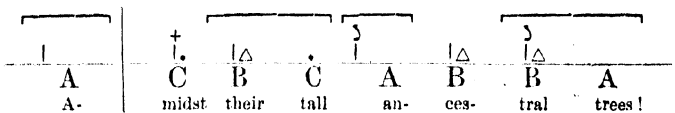
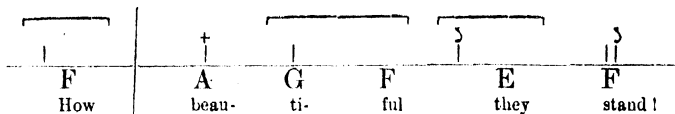
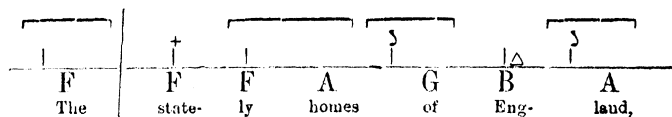


THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England,
 How beautiful they stand !
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees !
 O'er all the pleasant land !
 The deer across their greensward bound
 Through shade and sunny gleam,
 And the swan glides past them with the sound
 Of some rejoicing stream.

. (11.)

Khámbája—Ektála.



	+			}		.	}	.
F	F	F	A	B	C	B	C	.
The	deer	a-	cross	their	green-	sward	bound	

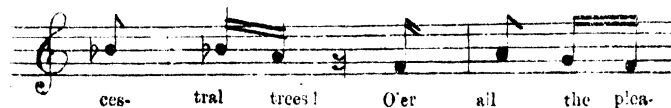
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A	B	D	C	B	A	.	.	.
Through	shade	and	sun-	ny	gleam,			

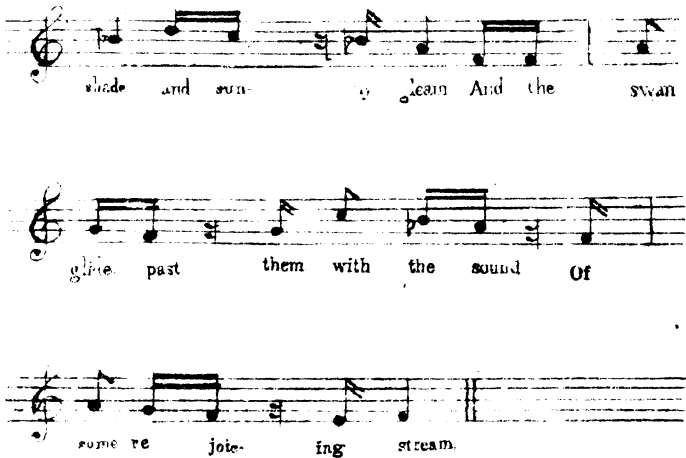
	+			}		.	}	.
F	A	G	F	G	C	B	A	.
And the	swan	glides	past	them	with	the	sound	

	+			}		}	}	}
F	A	G	F	E	F	.	.	.
Of	some	re-	joic-	ing	stream.			



The Homes of England.





The merry homes of England !
 Around their hearths by night,
 What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light !
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childhood's tale is told ;
 Or lips move tunefully along
 Some glorious page of old.

The cottage homes of England !
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brook,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves ;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England !
Long, long in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall.
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

MRS. HEMANS.



THE NAME OF ENGLAND.

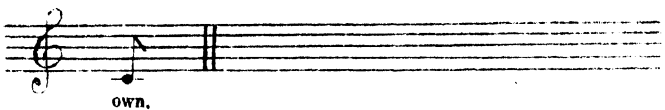
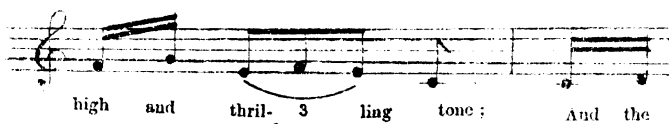
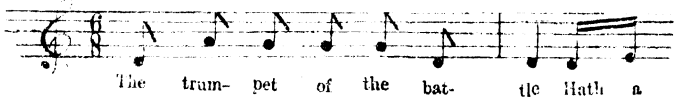
THE trumpet of the battle
 Hath a high and thrilling tone ;
 And the first deep gun of an ocean fight
 Dread music all its own.

(12.)

Chhayánata—Choutála.

+ D The	° A trum-	J G pet	° G of	J G the	J D bat-	+° D tle
~						
J D Hath	E a	° F high	G and	J E thril-	F o	J D ling
C And	D the	C first	A deep	G gun	A of	A an
E Dread	F mu-	G sic	E all	F o	D its	C own.
D fight						°°°

The Name of England.



But a mightier power, my England !
Is in that name of thine,
To strike the fire from every heart
Along the banner'd line.

Proudly it woke the spirits
Of yore, the brave and true,
When the bow was bent on Cressy's field,
And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated
Through the battles of the sea,
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke-wreaths play'd,
Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion,
Its echoes have been known ;
By a thousand streams the hearts lie low,
That have answered to its tone.

A thousand ancient mountains
Its pealing note hath stirr'd ;
Sound on, and on, for evermore,
O thou victorious word !

MRS. HEMANS.

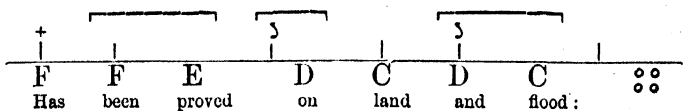
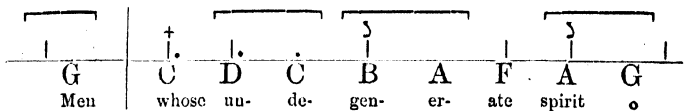
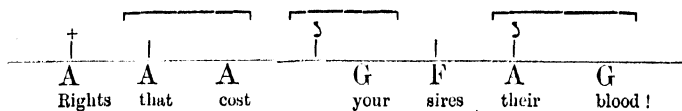
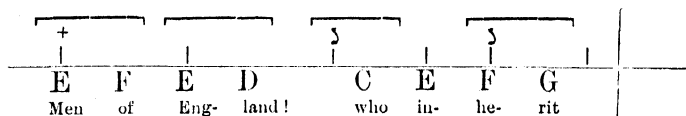
MEN OF ENGLAND.

MEN of England ! who inherit
 Rights that cost your sires their blood !
 Men whose undegenerate spirit
 Has been proved on land and flood :

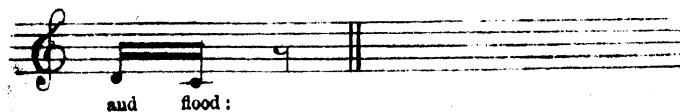
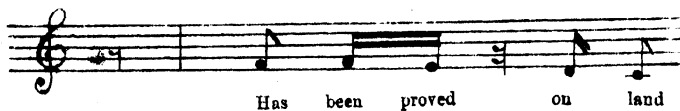
In Imitation of the Hindustanee.

(13.)

AIR.—“ *Tazabatāz.*”—*Ektāla.*



Men of England.



By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won !

Yet remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the virtues of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom ?
What avail in lands of slavery
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?

Pageants !—let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a thousand Agincourts !

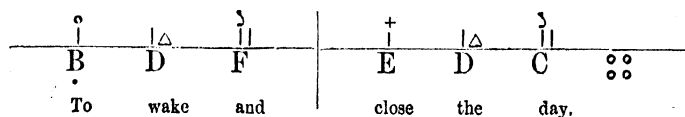
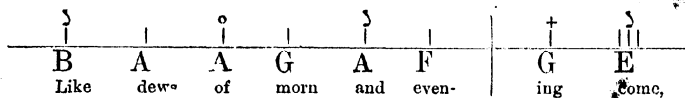
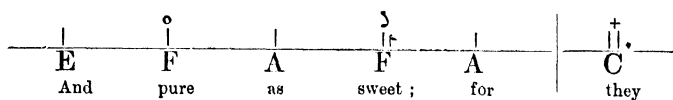
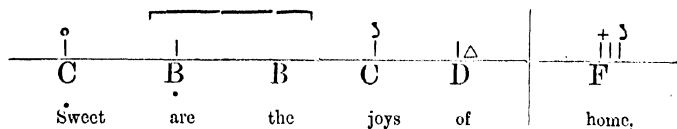
We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitred tyranny :
They defied the field and scaffold,
For their birthrights—so will we.

CAMPBELL.

HOME JOYS.

SWEET are the joys of home,
 And pure as sweet ; for they
 Like dews of morn and evening come,
 To wake and close the day.

(14.)

Lalita Madhyamāna.

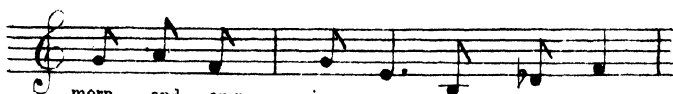
Home Joys.



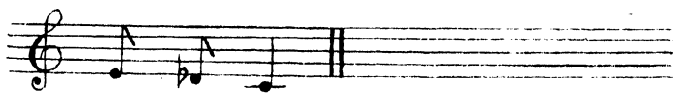
Sweet are the joys of home. And pure



as sweet; for they Like dews of



morn and even- ing come, To wake and



close the day.

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions too ;
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride ;
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light, •
Spread smilingly afar ;
But stars approached, become more bright,
And home is life's own star.

The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground !
But in home's holy joys, again
An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see,
To none on earth is given ;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven.

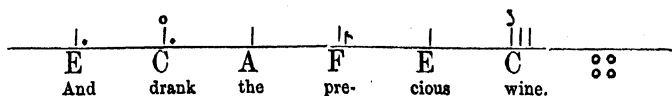
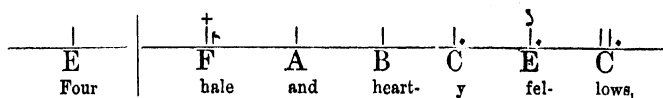
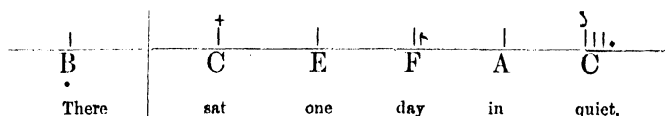
JOHN BOWRING.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

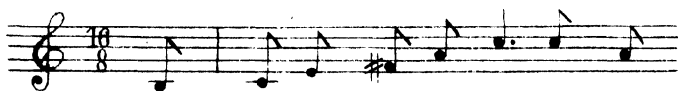
THERE sat one day in quiet,
 By an alehouse on the Rhine,
 Four hale and hearty fellows,
 And drank the precious wine.

(15.)

Hindola—Slathatritalee.



The Happiest Land.



There sat one day in quiet, By an



ale-house on the Rhine, Four hale



and heart-y fel-lows, And drank the pre-



cious wine.



The landlord's daughter fill'd their cups,
Around the rustic board ;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

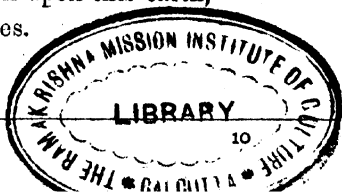
But when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
“ Long live the Swabian land !

“The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare ;
With all the stout and hardy men,
And the nut-brown maidens there.”

“Ha !” cried a Saxon, laughing,—
And dashed his beard with wine,—
“I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine !

“The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land !
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand !”

“Hold your tongues ! both Swabian and Saxon !”
A bold Bohemian cries ;
“If there's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.



“There the tailor blows the flute,
 And the cobbler blows the horn,
 And the miner blows the bugle,
 Over mountain gorge and bourn.”

And then the landlord's daughter
 Up to heaven raised her hand,
 And said, “Ye may no more contend,—
 There lies the happiest land !”

LONGFELLOW.

ENGLAND'S HEART.

ENGLAND'S heart ! Oh never fear
 The sturdy good old stock ;
 Nothing's false or hollow here,
 But solid as a rock :
 England's heart is sound enough,
 And safe in its old place,
 Honest, loyal, blithe, and bluff,
 And open as her face !

(16.)

Desa—Ektála.

+	┌───┐	┌──┐			┌───┐
D	D	F	G	A	A A
Eng-	land's	heart !	Oh	ne-	ver fear

A The G stur- A dy F good A old G stock ;

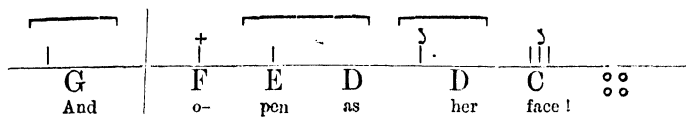
A No- G thing's F false E or D hol- D low D here,

E But F so- G lid F as D a C rock ;

F Eng- G land's B heart C is D sound C enough, °

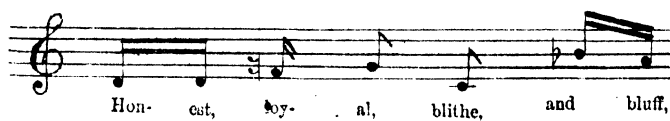
A And A safe A in G its A old G place,

D Hon- D est, F loy- G al, C blithe, B and A bluff,



England's Heart.





England's heart ! With beating nerves
It rallies for the throne,—
And, like Luther, well preserves
The knee for God alone !
England's heart is sound enough,
Unshaken and serene,
Like her oak-trees, true and tough,
And old,—but glad and green !

England's heart ! All Europe hurl'd
To ruin, strife, and death,
Sees yet one Zoar in all the world
The Goshen of the earth !
England's heart is sound enough,—
And—though the skies be dark,
Though winds be loud, and waves be rough—
Safe as Noah's ark !

England's heart,—ay God be praised,
That thus, in patriot pride,
An English cheer can yet be raised
Above the stormy tide :
Safe enough and sound enough,
It thrills the heart to feel
A man's a bit of English stuff,
True from head to heel !

TUPPER'S *Ballads and Poems.*

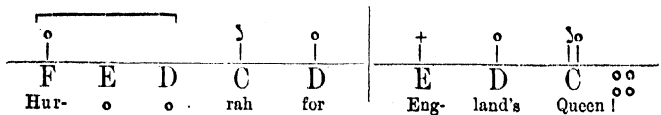
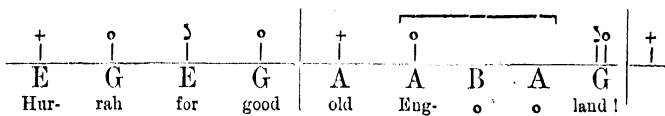
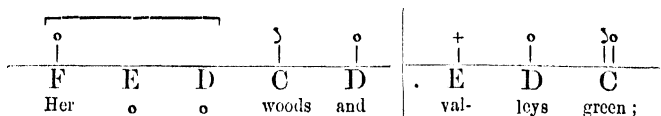
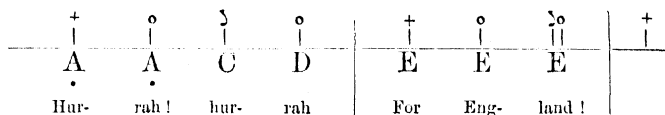
ENGLAND AND HER QUEEN.

HURRAH ! hurrah for England !
 Her woods and valleys green ;
 Hurrah for good old England !
 Hurrah for England's Queen !

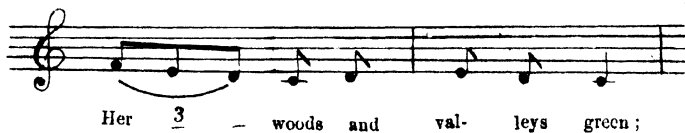
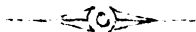
In Imitation of the Hindustanee.

(17.)

AIR.—“*Hilimili Ponia.*”—*Thoongree.*



England and Her Queen.



Strong ships are on her waters,
Firm friends upon her shores ;
Peace, peace within her borders,
And plenty in her stores.

Right joyously we're singing,
We're glad to make it known,
That we love the land we live in,
And our Queen upon the throne.

Then hurrah for merry England !
And may we still be seen
True to our own dear country,
And loyal to our Queen !

M. A. STODART.



EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior !

(18.)

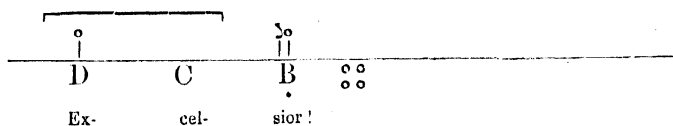
Pilu—Thoongree.

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The	shades	of	night	were	fal-	ling	o	o	fast,

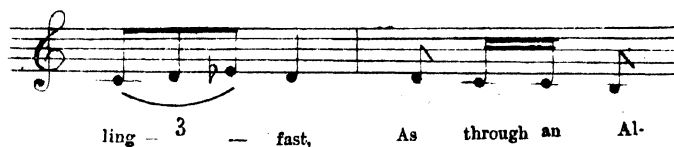
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As	through	an	Al-	pine	vil-	lage	passed

$\begin{array}{c} + \\ \\ \Delta \end{array}$ E	$\begin{array}{c} \circ \\ \end{array}$ F	$\begin{array}{c} \circ \\ \\ \end{array}$ G	$\begin{array}{c} \circ \\ \end{array}$ B	$\begin{array}{c} + \\ \\ \end{array}$ C	$\begin{array}{c} \circ \\ \end{array}$ B	$\begin{array}{c} \circ \\ \end{array}$ C	D	$\begin{array}{c} \Delta \\ \end{array}$ E	$\begin{array}{c} \circ \\ \\ \end{array}$ D
A	youth,	who	bore,	'mid	snow	o	o	and	ice,

$\begin{array}{c} + \\ \\ \end{array}$ B	$\begin{array}{c} \circ \\ \end{array}$ C	C	$\begin{array}{c} \circ \\ \\ \end{array}$ B	$\begin{array}{c} \Delta \\ \end{array}$ A	$\begin{array}{c} \circ \\ \end{array}$ G	F	$\begin{array}{c} + \\ \\ \Delta \end{array}$ E
A	ban-	ner	with	the	strange	de-	vice,



Excelsior.



His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

“Try not the Pass !” the old man said ;
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !”
And loud that clarion voice replied
Excelsior !

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !”
This was the peasant’s last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

LONGFELLOW.



YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England !
 That guard our native seas ;
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and breeze.
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

(19.)

Khámhája—Ektála.

	+		}		}
C	D	D	D	E	F E
Ye	ma-	ri-	ners	of	Eng- land !

	+		}	}	}
C	C	D	C	B	C
That	guard	our	na-	tive	seas ;

	+		}		}
C	C	C	E	F	G F G
Whose	flag	has	braved	a	thou- sand years

E The F bat- A tle G and F the E breez.

C Your B glo- C ri- B ous C stan- D dard E launch o F again G

G To F match E o D an- C other C foe !

C And C sweep C through F the E deep,

D While E the F stor- F my F winds A do G blow ;

F While E the F bat- A tle A rages o A loud B and C long,

Δ		\dagger		\dagger		$\ddot{\text{C}}$	$\ddot{\text{C}}$
B	A	G	F	E	D	C	$\circ \circ$
And	the	stormy	o	winds	do	blow.	$\circ \circ$

Ye Mariners of England.

Ye ma-ri-ners of Eng-

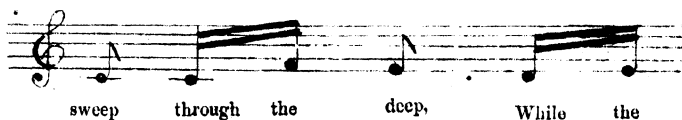
land ! That guard our na- tive

seas : Whose flag has braved a thou-

sand years The bot- tle and the breeze.



 Your glo-ri-ous stan-dard launch again



The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave ;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm hath ceased to blow !
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

BRITAIN'S BEST BULWARKS ARE HER WOODEN WALLS!

WHEN Britain on her sea-girt shore
Her ancient Druids erst addressed,
What aid, she cried, shall I implore ?
What best defence, by numbers pressed ?
The hostile nations round thee rise—
The mystic oracles replied,—
And view thine isle with envious eyes ;
Their threats defy, their rage deride,
Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls :
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

(20.)

Aláhíá—Madhyamána.

When Bri- o o tain on her sea- o o girt shore

E	D	E	F	G	F	D	C
Her	an-	cient	Dru-	ids	crst	ad-	dressed,

What aid, she cried, shall I implore?

	†	l.	3.	l.	o.	l.	3.
B	C	D	E	D	C	B	A
What	best	de-	fence,	by	num-	bers	pressed?

$\overset{|}{\text{G}}$ | $\overset{+}{\text{G}}$ G | $\overset{|}{\text{A}}$ B | $\overset{\text{J}}{\text{C}}$ D | $\overset{|}{\text{C}}$
 The hos- tile na- tions round thee rise—

$\overset{\cdot}{\text{C}}$ | $\overset{\cdot}{\text{C}}$ $\overset{\cdot}{\text{E}}$ | $\overset{|}{\text{D}}$ $\overset{\cdot}{\text{F}}$ | $\overset{\text{J}}{\text{E}}$ D | $\overset{|}{\text{C}}$
 The mys- tic o- ra- cles re- plied,—

$\overset{|}{\text{E}}$ | $\overset{+}{\text{E}}$ D | $\overset{\text{J}}{\text{E}}$ G | $\overset{\circ}{\text{A}}$ B | $\overset{\text{J}}{\text{C}}$
 And view thine isle with en- vious eyes;

$\overset{|}{\text{C}}$ | $\overset{+}{\text{C}}$ A | $\overset{\text{J}}{\text{B}}$ G | $\overset{\circ}{\text{A}}$ F | $\overset{\text{J}}{\text{E}}$
 Their threats de- fy, their rage de- ride,

$\overset{|}{\text{E}}$ | $\overset{+}{\text{D}}$ E | $\overset{\text{J}}{\text{F}}$ G | $\overset{\circ}{\text{E}}$ F | E D | $\overset{\text{J}}{\text{C}}$
 Nor fear in- va- sion from those ad- verse Gauls:

$\overset{|}{\text{C}}$ $\overset{\cdot}{\text{C}}$ | $\overset{+}{\text{B}}$ A A | $\overset{\text{J}}{\text{G}}$ G | A B | $\overset{\circ}{\text{C}}$ $\overset{\text{J}}{\text{C}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{C}}$
 Bri- tain's best bul- warks are her wood- en walls.

Britain's Best Bulwarks are Her Wooden Walls!

When Bri-
 3
 tain on her

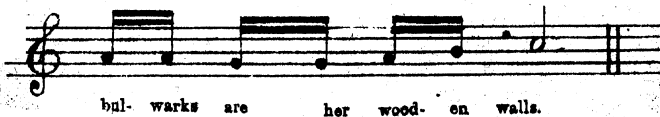
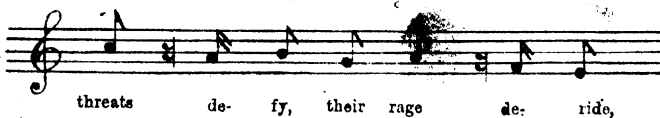
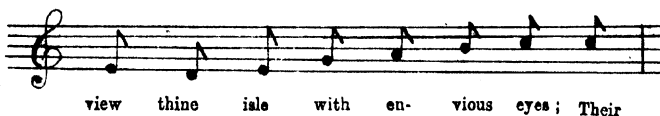
sea-
 3
 girt shore Her an- cient

Dru- ids erst ad- dressed, What aid, she

cried, shall I im- plore? What best de-

fence, by num- bers pressed? The hos- tile

na- tions round thee rise— The



Thine oaks, descending to the main,
With floating forts shall stem the tide,
Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
Where'er her thund'ring navies ride.
Nor less to peaceful arts inclined,
Where commerce opens all her stores,
In social bands shall league mankind,
And join the sea-divided shores :
Spread thy white sails where naval glory calls :
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

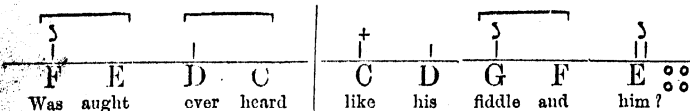
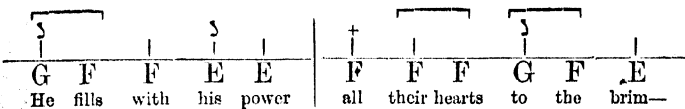
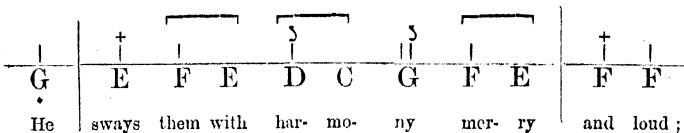
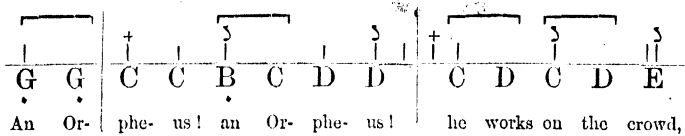
Hail, happy isle ! What though thy vales
No vine-impurpled tribute yield,
Nor fanned with odour-breathing gales,
Nor crops spontaneous glad the field.
Yet liberty rewards the toil
Of industry to labour prone,
Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
And reaps the harvest she has sown ;
While other realms tyrannic sway enthral,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

ARNL.

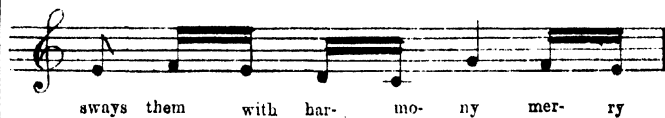
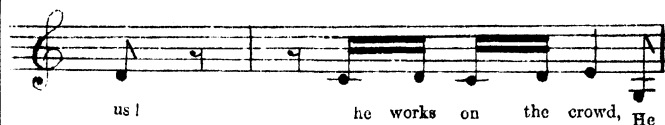
THE STREET-MUSICIAN; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN Orpheus! an Orpheus!—he works on the crowd,
 He sways them with harmony merry and loud;
 He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—
 Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him?

(21.)

Lama Jhijhiti—Ektála.

The Street-Musician; or, the Power of Music.



What an eager assembly ! what an empire is this !
The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss ;
The mourner is cheer'd, and the anxious have rest ;
And the guilt-burthen'd soul is no longer oppress.

That errand-bound 'prentice was passing in haste—
What matter ! he's caught—and his time runs to waste
The newsman is stopp'd, though he stops on the fret,
And the half-breathless lamplighter—he's in the net !

The porter sits down on the weight which he bore ;
The lass with her barrow wheels hither her store ;—
If a thief could be here, he might pilfer at ease ;
She sees the musician, 'tis all that she sees !

That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,
Not an inch of his body is free from delight ;
Can he keep himself still, if he would ? oh, not he !
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that cripple,—but little would tempt him to try
To dance to the strain and to fling his crutch by !—
That mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,
While she dandles the babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots ! roar on like a stream ;
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream :
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue !

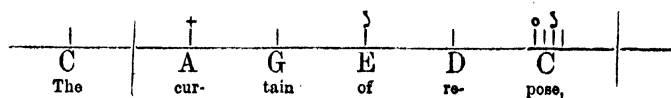
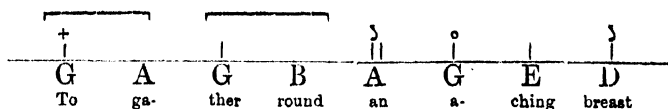
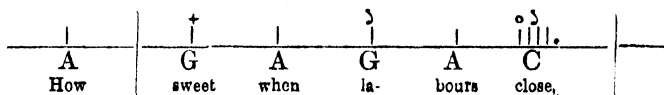
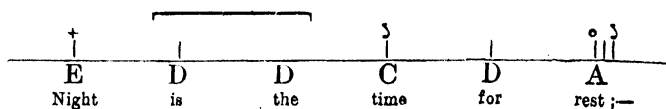
WORDSWORTH.

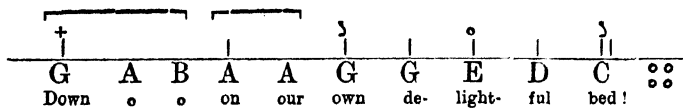
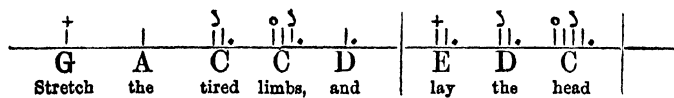
NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;—
 How sweet when labours close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose,
 Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
 Down on our own delightful bed !

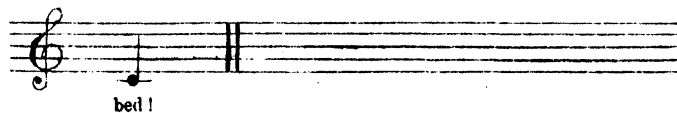
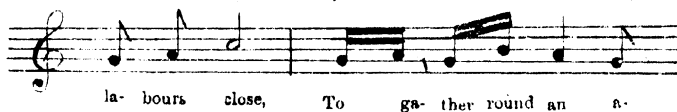
(22.)

Bivása—Madhyāmana.





Night.



Night is the time for dreams ;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems
Mix in fantastic strife ;
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil ;—
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sung and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;—
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes that were angels at their birth,
But died when young like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch ;
O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Phœades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus midst his slumbering host,
Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think ;—
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away ;
So will his followers do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death ;—
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends ;—that death be mine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

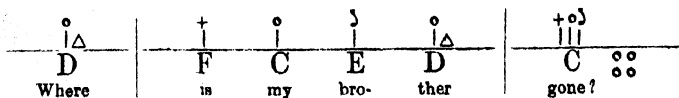
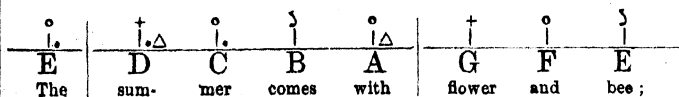
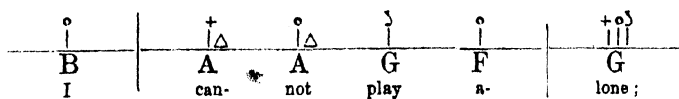
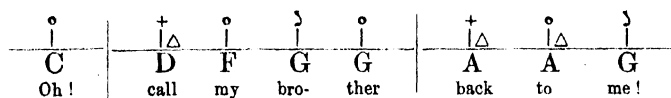
Oh ! call my brother back to me !

I cannot play alone ;

The summer comes with flower and bee ;

Where is my brother gone ?

(23.)

Jogeeah—Thoongree.

The Child's First Grief.

Oh ! call my bro- ther back

to me ! I can- not play a-

lone . The sum mer comes with

dower and tree . Where

my bro- ther gone ?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh ! call my brother back !

The flowers run wild,—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh ! call him back to me !

He would not hear thy voice, fair child—
He may not come to thee !
The face that once like spring-time smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;
Go, thou must play alone, my boy !
Thy brother is in heaven.

And has he left his birds and flowers ?
And must I call in vain ?
And thro' the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again ?

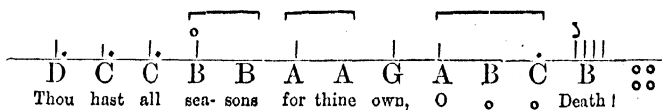
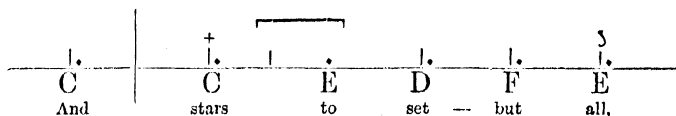
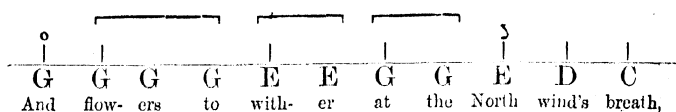
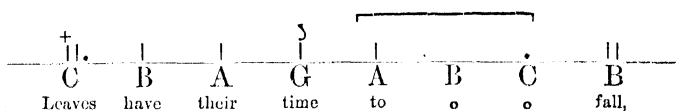
And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er ?
Oh ! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more !

MRS. HEMANS.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

(24.)

Sankarā—Slathatritālee.

The Hour of Death.

Leaves have their time to 3

fall, And 3 flow-ers to with-er

at the North wind's breath, And stars

to set -- but all, Thou hast

all sea-sons for thine own,

3 Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer ;
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth !

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain ;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam ;
Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home ;
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there ;

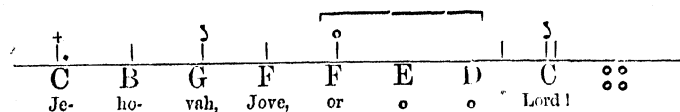
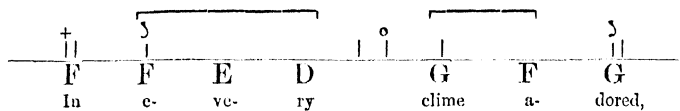
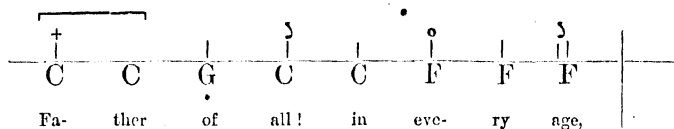
Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest !

MRS. HEMANS.

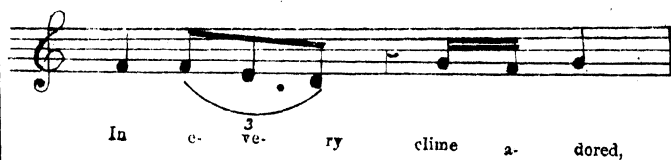
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

(25.)

Megha—Madhyamāna.

Universal Prayer.



Thou Great First Cause, least understood :
Who all my sense confined
To know but this—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will :

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay :
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way !

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's wo,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath ;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun,
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !
One chorus let all beings raise !
All nature's incense rise !

POPE.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

(26.)

Parájicá—Ektúla.

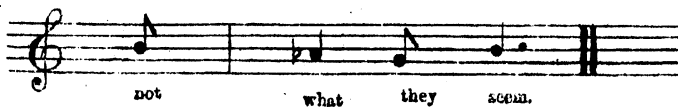
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C	B	C	C	B	A	G	G
Tell	me	not,	in	mourn-	ful	num-	bers,

$\begin{smallmatrix} + \\ \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} \text{ } \\ \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} \text{ } \\ \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} \\ \text{ } \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} + \\ \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} \text{ } \\ \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} \text{ } \\ \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} \text{ } \\ \end{smallmatrix}$
F	G	A	F	E	D	C	
"Life	is	but	an	emp-	ty	dream!"	

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C	C	E	E	F	A	B	C
For	the	soul	is	dead	that	slum-	bers,

$\begin{smallmatrix} + \\ \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} \text{ } \\ \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} \text{ } \\ \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} \\ \text{ } \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} + \\ \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} \text{ } \\ \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} \text{ } \\ \end{smallmatrix}$	$\begin{smallmatrix} \text{ } \\ \end{smallmatrix}$
E	D	C	B	A	G	B	
And	things	are	not	what	they	seem.	⋮

A Psalm of Life.



Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the gave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.



THE LORD'S PRAYER PARAPHRASED.

FATHER of all ! we bow to thee,
 Who dwell'st in heaven adored ;
 But present still through all thy works,
 The universal Lord.

(27.)

Shohini—Ektūla.

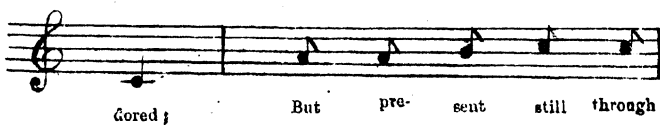
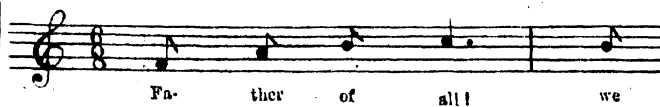
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F	A	B	C		B	A	F	E
Fa-	ther	of	all !		we	bow	to	thee,

†		ᳵ	ᳵ		†		ᳵ	ᳵ
F	E	F	A		F	E	D	C
Who	dwel-	l'st	in		hea-	ven	a-	dored ;

†		ᳵ	ᳵ		†		ᳵ	
A	A	B	C	C	B	A	B	
But	pre-	sent	still	through	all	thy	works,	

ᳵ		†		ᳵ		ᳵ	
A	E	D	C	B	A	ᳶᳶ	
The	u-	ni-	ver-	sal	Lord.	ᳶᳶ	

The Lord's Prayer paraphrased.



For ever hallowed be thy name,
By all beneath the skies ;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.

A grateful homage may we yield,
With hearts resigned to thee ;
And as in heaven thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still ;
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.

Our sins before thee we confess ;
O may they be forgiven !
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from Heaven.

Still let thy grace our life direct ;
From evil guard our way ;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.

For thine the power, the kingdom thine ;
All glory's due to thee :
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

ROBERT BLAIR.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

(28.)

Imana.—Slatha Tritālee.

	†					°				
D	E	E	G	D	E	F	G	A	G	
The	cur-	few	tolls	the	knell	of	part-	ing	day,	

	†					°				
B	A	D	C	B	A	G	F	E	D	
The	low-	ing	herd	winds	slow-	ly	o'er	the	lea,	

	†					°				
E	E	E	G	A	C	C	B	C	D	C
The	plough-	man	home-	ward	plods	his	wea-	o.	o.	ry way,

	†									
E	D	D	E	G	E	D	B	D	C	°°
And	leaves	the	world	to	dark-	ness	and	to	me.	

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.



Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being o'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne ;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.



Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished), a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.



THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land :

Thou callest its children a happy band ;
Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore ?—

Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?

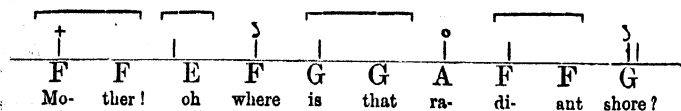
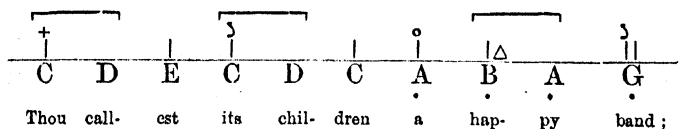
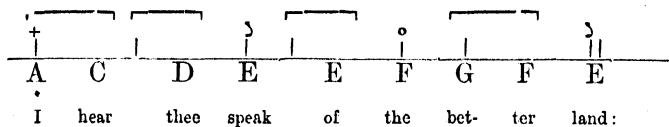
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,

And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs ?"

"Not there, not there, my child !"

(29.)

Jhijhitee—Madhyamāna.



$\overset{+}{A}$ $\overset{|}{A}$ $\overset{\text{J}}{F}$ $\overset{|}{G}$ $\overset{\circ}{A}$ $\overset{|}{G}$ $\overset{|}{F}$ $\overset{|}{E}$ $\overset{\text{J}}{D}$
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?

$\overset{+}{E}$ $\overset{|}{F}$ $\overset{|}{E}$ $\overset{|}{D}$ $\overset{\text{J}}{E}$ $\overset{|}{G}$ $\overset{|}{A}$ \hat{B} $\overset{\circ}{A}$ $\overset{|}{G}$ $\overset{\text{J}}{F}$
 Is it where the flow-er of the o-range blows,

$\overset{+}{F}$ $\overset{|}{F}$ $\overset{|}{F}$ $\overset{\text{J}}{F}$ $\overset{|}{E}$ $\overset{\circ}{D}$ $\overset{|}{G}$ $\overset{|}{F}$ $\overset{|}{F}$ $\overset{\text{J}}{G}$
 And the fire-flics dance through the myrtle boughs?"

$\overset{+}{C}$ $\overset{|}{D}$ $\overset{|}{E}$ $\overset{\text{J}}{C}$ $\overset{|}{D}$ $\overset{|}{C}$ $\overset{\circ}{A}$ $\overset{\text{J}}{G}$ $\circ\circ$
 "Not there, not o there, my child!"



The Better Land.



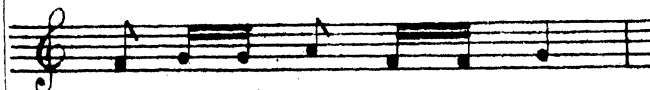
I hear thee speak of the



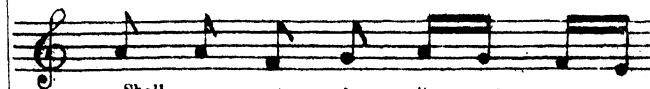
bet- ter land: Then call- est its chil- dren



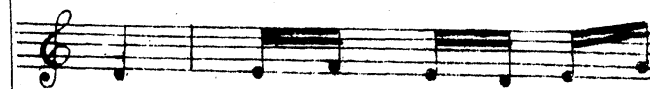
a hap- py band; Mo- ther! oh



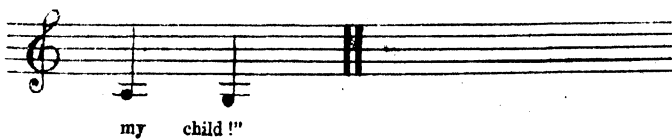
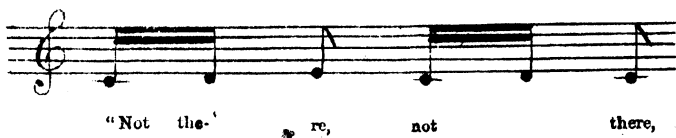
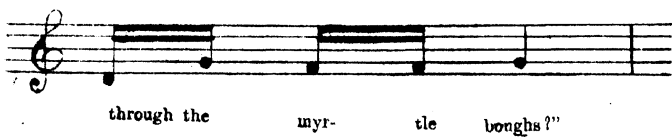
where is that ra- di- ant shore?



Shall we not seek it, and weep no



more? Is it where the flow- er



“Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?”
 “Not there, not there, my child !”

“Is it far away, in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?—
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?”
 “Not there, not there, my child !”

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
 It is there, it is there, my child !”

MRS. HEMANS.



BRIDAL SONG.

May the hour of marriage be happy and blest,
 Blest and happy, and happy and blest ;
 May the hour of marriage be happy and blest ;
 May its brightness be seen like the east in the west.

Long may thy smile, fairest bride ! beam with gladness,
 Long be all joys near thee, far from thee sadness,
 Be thou happy and blest.

May the hour of marriage be happy and blest.

MRS. CARSHORE.

(Songs of the East.

(30.)

Sáhání—Ektála.

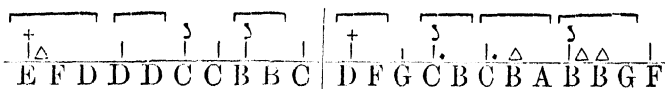
+		3		3		+		3		3		Δ			
F	G	A	A	G	G	G	F	G	A	A	G	F	G	F	E
May the hour o of mar- o riage be hap- py and o ble- o st,															

+		3		3		+		3		3		3		Δ	Δ				
E	F	D	C	D	C	D	F	G	B	C	B	B	C	B	A	B	B	G	F
Ble- o st and hap- py a- nd hap- py a- nd ble- o o o o o o st ;																			

+		3		3		+		3		3		3		3		3		3	
B	B	B	B	B	C	B	B	C	D	D	D	C	B	C	B	A			
May the hour o of mar- riage o be hap- py a- nd o ble- o st ;																			



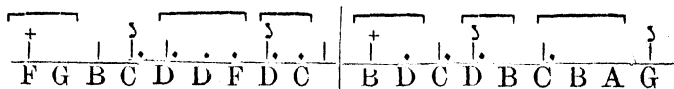
May its o o bri o ght-ness be seen like the ea-st in the we o o st.



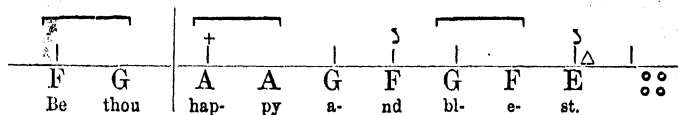
May the o ho-ur of ma-ri-age be hap-py a-nd o ble o o o o o st;



Long o may thy smile o fa-ir-est o bri-de beam o with gla-d o o ne-ss

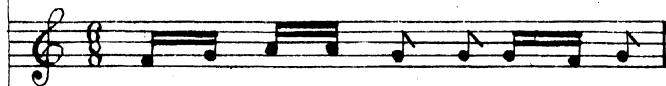


Long be all joy ne- a- r thee, far from the sa- o d- ne o o ss,



Be thou hap-py a-nd bl-e-st.

Bridal Song.



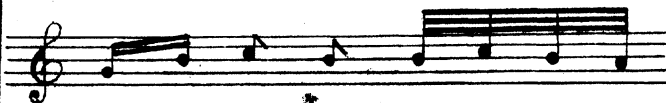
May the hour — of mar- — riage be



hap- py and — ble- — st,



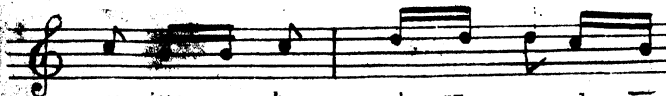
Ble- — st and hap- py a- nd



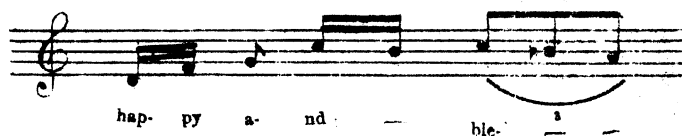
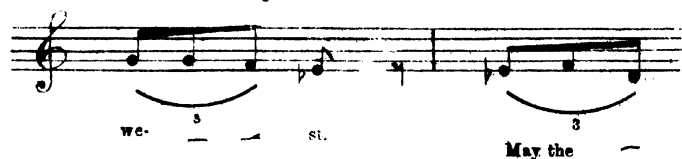
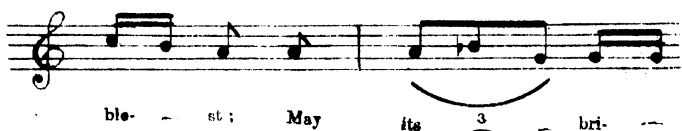
hap- py a- nd ble- — — —

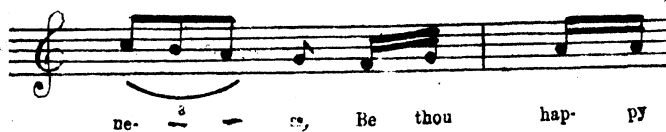
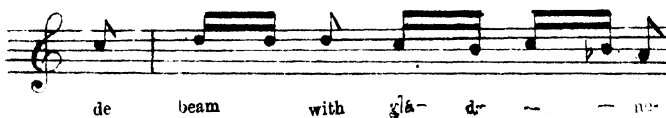


st ; May the hour — of



mar- riage be hap- py a- nd —





VILLAGE SONG.

I

WE come to adore thee, O Gunga ! thy daughters.
 How pure art thou, Gunga, how sacred and holy !
 We come with our off 'rings to worship thy waters ;
 How pure art thou, Gunga, how sacred and holy !
 We come to adore thee, O Gunga ! thy daughters.

II

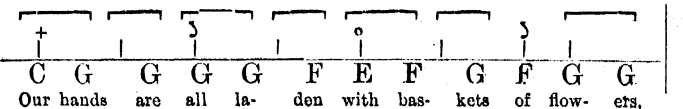
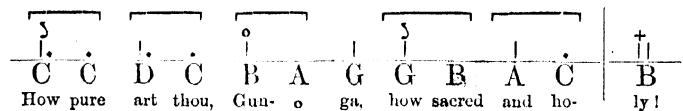
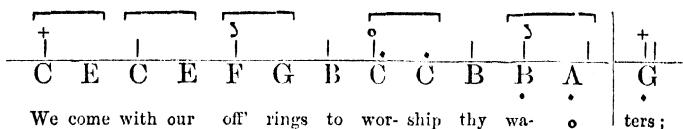
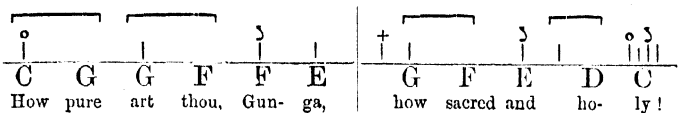
Our hands are all laden with baskets of flowers, [ers ;
 Which every young maiden has brought from her bow-
 We come to adore thee, O Gunga ! thy daughters.
 O ! bless every token and every light blossom,
 Unshaken, unbroken, we fling on thy bosom,
 We come to adore thee, O Gunga ! thy daughters.

MRS. CARSHORE.

(31.)

Behúga—Madhyamána.

$\overset{+}{\mid}$		$\overset{\mid}{\mid}$		$\overset{3}{\mid}$		$\overset{\mid}{\mid}$		$\overset{\circ}{\mid}$		$\overset{3}{\mid\mid}$		$\overset{\mid}{\mid}$		$\overset{+}{\mid\mid\mid}$
C	C	C	B	B	A	G	G	G	B	B	C			C
We	come	to	a-	dore	o	thee,	O	Gun-	ga !	thy	daugh-			ters.



Which e- very young maid- en has brought from her bow- ers;

We come to a- dore thee O Gun- ga! thy daugh- ters

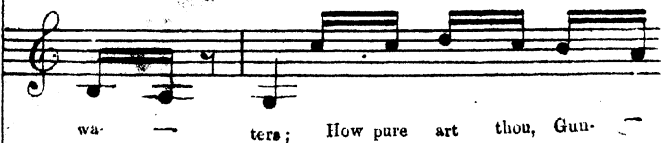
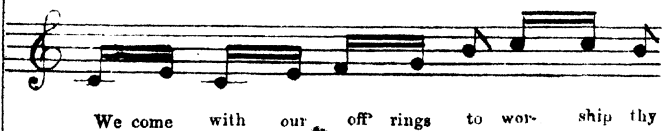
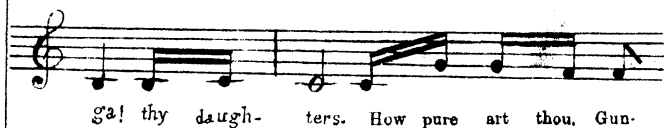
O bless e- very token, and e- very light blos- som;

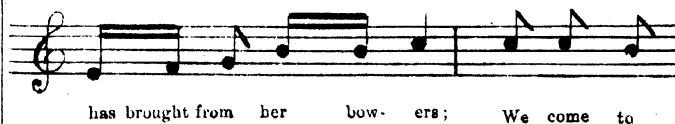
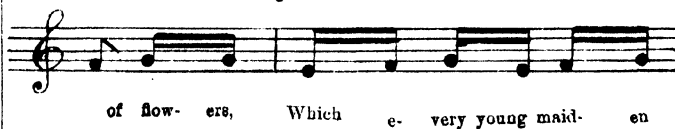
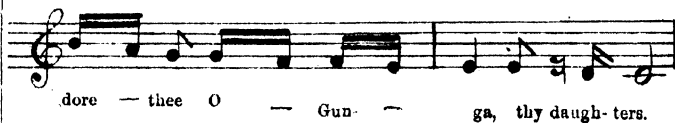
Un- sha- ken, un- bro- ken, we fling on thy bo- som;

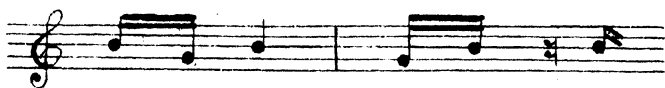
We come to a- bove thee O Gun- ga! thy daugh- ters.



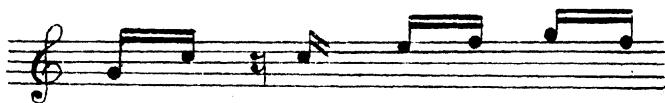
Village Song.



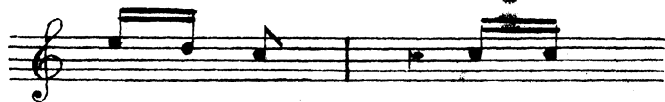




light blos- som; Un- sha- ken,



un- bro- ken, we sing on thy



bo- — som; We come



to a- bove — thee O — Gun-



ga! thy daugh- ters.

THE HINDU WIDOW'S LAMENT.

I.

AH ! when shall these my sufferings end
 My solitary grief ?
 Ah ! when from all these sorrows deep
 Shall I have found relief ?
 Thus early am I doomed to know
 A widow's lot severe ;
 This world is now a blank to me,
 A lonely desert drear.

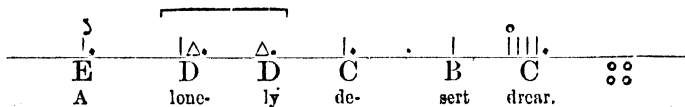
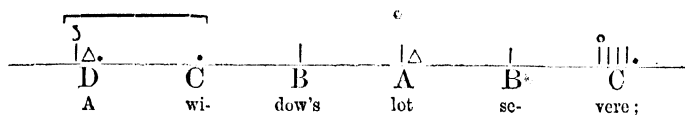
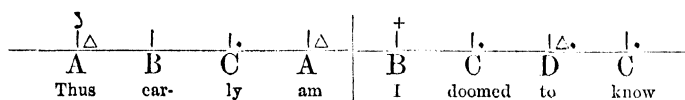
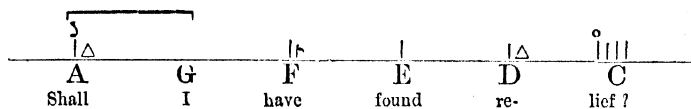
(32.)

Paraja—Slatha Tritalee.

♩ A	— G	♩ F	— G	♩ A	— B	— B	— B	— C
Ah !	when	shall	these	my	suf-	fer-	ings	end

— G	♩ B	♩ A	— G	♩ F	— E
My	so-	li-	ta-	ry	grief ?

♩ F	— E	♩ F	♩ A	— B	— C	— C	— B
Ah !	when	from	all	these	sor-	rows	deep



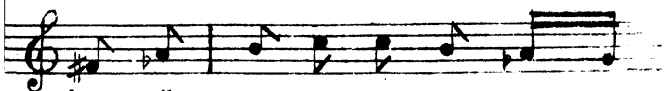
The Hindu Widow's Lament.



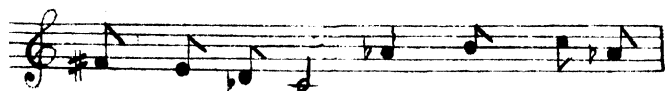
Ah! when shall these my suf-fer-ings end



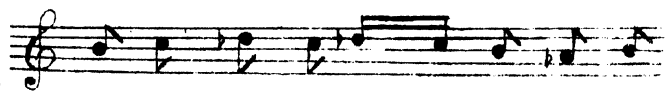
My so-li-, ta-ry grief? Ah! when



from all these sor-rows deep Shall I



have found re-lief? Thus ear-ly am



I doomed to know A wi-dow's lot se-



vere; This world is now a blank to me.



II.

With penance and with fastings I
A widow's virtue keep,
And when I think upon my lot,
With heavy heart I weep.
Alas! the time when fortune smiled,
How little then I thought,
Such endless grief and pangs severe
Should ever be my lot!

III.

My mother loved me dearly once,
But now she weeps to see
My features wild and widow'd state,
But speaks no word to me;
And when upon her lap I lie,
My head she presses slow,
And as she fondly plaits my hair.
Her tears unbidden flow.

IV.

How sweetly do my youthful friends
 The bliss of wedlock share,
 While I, a wretched girl, am doomed
 To pine in lonely care ;
 Kind Krishna, do receive the pray'rs
 Of a poor widow'd wife ;
 And if my tears can move thee, Lord,
 O rid me of my life !

SONG OF THE RAS-MANDALA.*

I.

It is Autumn's gay night
 And the moon's lucid light,
 On jumna's bright bowers is mellowly glancing ;
 Elowers are smiling,
 Music beguiling,
 And the gay dance of *Rás* the *gopees* are dancing.

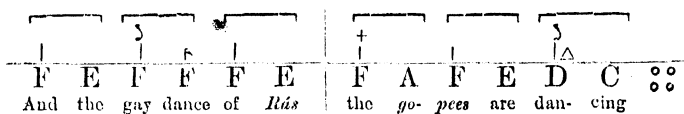
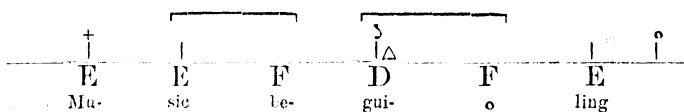
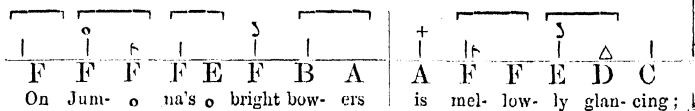
(33.)

J. M. TAGORE.

Basanta—Madhyamāna.

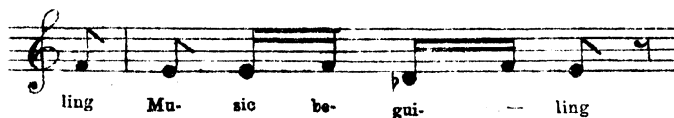
┌───┐ F	o F	┌───┐ F	E	┌───┐ F	A	B	┌───┐ C
It	is	Au-	o	tumn's	o	gay	night,

* A sort of Mystic Dance.



Song of the Ras-Mandala.





II.

Merrily bounding,
 The Blue-God surrounding,
 Sweet smiles and soft blushes their beauty enhancing
 All joyous they sing,
 As their zone-bells ring,
 While the gay dance of *Rās* the maidens are dancing!

III.

Sweet perfume and flower
 On their lover they shower,
 While he with soft music their soul is entrancing.
 Or with love's magic arts
 Beguiles their fond hearts,
 As the gay dance of *Rās* the *gopees* are dancing.

J. M. TAGORE.



Am.