

Angels' Visits and Other Vocal Gems of Victorian America
New World 80220-2

*The good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or if it did, its visits
Like Those of angels, short, and far between.*

Robert Blair (1699-1746), "The Grave"

This album is a selection of American songs and hymns published mostly during the 1860s and '70s that deal generally with death, heaven, and angels.

It is not always easy to determine which is a secular song and which is a hymn intended for church use (mostly Protestant). For the language of the texts and the musical styles are frequently similar. Furthermore, some were published in hymn-books as four-part chorales and in sheet music as well, like popular songs. As solos with keyboard accompaniments. Apparently little distinction was made between songs for sacred or secular use: they were often interchangeable.

One reason is that the songwriters were aiming at a broad popular audience that might include the monied and the poor — though the usual cost of the sheet music (twenty-five to sixty cents — not trifling sums in mid-nineteenth-century America) suggests that the middle and upper classes were the largest markets. There was subject matter of wide common interest to be exploited, and some of the most popular subjects — death, dying, spirits, and life after death — were easily suitable to both a home and a church market and to both rich and poor. One product, especially in the friendly, simple, yet sensuous popular music styles, could frequently serve the needs of many.

Death and its associated aspects were major subject matter in fiction, poetry, art, and music during much of the nineteenth century, especially — though by no means exclusively — in Victorian England and America. It was a prominent theme in the high art of nineteenth-century Romanticism, with its love for the tragic and the supernatural, typified by the suicide of Goethe's hero Werther, by Chopin's "Funeral March," and by the love-death in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. In America Longfellow could write:

*Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is
Only
More austere to behold.
With a kiss upon lips that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in the arms of
affection,
Places the child, new born, 'fore the face of its father.*

It was a large theme in popular music and art partly perhaps because of this exaltation by the great creative talents of the time: as Marguerite Gauthier could be put away so effectively by Dumas in *La Dame aux Camélias*. and *Little Nell* by Dickens, so could

Darling Clementine and Little Eva by the popularist Americans. If death could be Romantic, it could also be romanticized.

But there were more important factors involved in this preoccupation. As the great leveler of all classes, death is the exclusive concern of no one special-interest group. In the United States during the advancing decades of the nineteenth century, as the industrialization of the country spread at an incredible rate, early death and an increasing death rate became ordinary fact to a large segment of the population. The historian Thomas Cochran and William Miller in *The Age of Enterprise* tell us that the infant-mortality rate in New York City, for instance, rose sixtyfive percent between 1810 and 1870. In the spread of infectious diseases, many southern cities fared worse than New York. An epidemic that started in the slums of Memphis wiped out almost ten percent of that city in 1873, and raw sewage oozing from the unpaved streets of New Orleans during this period "spread typhoid among rich and poor alike." Outside the cities, ruined farmers in Kansas and Nebraska starved to death during the 1880s. Some songs of the period can seem quite realistic in such social contexts. In *The Melodeon* (1860), a collection by Rev. John William Dadmun, composer of "The Babe of Bethlehem" included on this recording, one finds a stanza of a typical hymn ("The Eden Above") that illustrates this. It describes heaven:

*No poverty there – no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of his glory whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?*

Widespread death, especially among young men, was a new and terrible reality during the Civil War, when casualties amounted to over 630,000. Americans had never experienced a war of such scale, and this one was fought on their own soil – for southerners in their own towns, cities, and countryside. (See notes for New World Records 80202-2 *Songs of the Civil War*.) From the distance of another century, one can perceive only dimly the emotional impact and shock it brought to a vast part of the population. The Industrial Revolution and the Civil War worked dramatic changes on the country, and the popular music of the time retains tiny images of the era's fast-paced changes – changes beneficial and progressive, debilitating and tragic. The large number of songs about death might tell us that it was a subject very much in the open in one form or other, that it was a common subject for discourse (and hence for popular musical commerce), that it was, too often, a casual aspect of day-to-day life. The situation contrasts with the twentieth century, of course, in that death generally has maintained a very low profile as a most unpopular subject.

The celebration of death in the Victorian English-speaking world is one of the more fascinating, bizarre, and questionable phenomena of our heritage ("heritage" because aspects of this celebration are still current). It was the product of a pervasive social attitude, a mixture of religion, the high death rate, and status seeking. It generated an incredible baggage – entire industries – that included funeral paraphernalia such as mourning dress and emblems, hearses, coffins, tombstones, real estate, and special personnel. It also generated art, some of it fine, much of it kitsch. A large body of music

was created to accompany the celebration and also to exploit it. Some is authentic and moving, with a unique sweetness and charm; much of it is flat and mechanical, with sentiments drawn from a common commercial store rather than from life. All of it is priceless as firsthand evidence – aural history, really.

Part of the Victorian attitude to death and the creation of after-death rituals originated in living conditions and in the overcrowding of churchyards and graveyards. These became acute problems in the earlier decades of the century as the new industrial society produced more people and killed more people. As if life and death in the slums were not horrible enough, there came to be mass burials in vaults and common graves, widespread grave robbing for medical and other more heinous and gothic purposes. The condition and treatment of one's corpse became a disturbing concern. Isaac Baker Woodbury would reflect this in his hymn "Let Me Rest in the Land of My Birth" (1850):

*'Tis true it will matter but little,
Tho' living the thought makes one pine,
Whatever befalls the poor relic
When the spirit has flown from its shrine.*

Religion's promise of a life after death dominated the popular imagination of the era. Religious revivals swept America and England, and men like Dwight L. Moody (1837-1899), the evangelist, and Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908), his musical director, toured extensively and successfully with their stirring sermons and electrifying gospel hymns. The songs in this collection that deal with heaven are part of that tradition.

Reforms in corrupt burial practices and the overcrowding of churchyards in towns and cities led to a great Victorian invention: the modern suburban cemetery. Like so many other nineteenth-century inventions, it was based on scientific principles, was socially beneficial and progressive, and made its inventors immensely wealthy. It also satisfied the Victorian craving for status (cemetery burial was expensive and quickly became associated with the upper classes) and artistic pretension. Describing America's first suburban cemetery – Mount Auburn of Boston – Nehemiah Cleaveland wrote in 1847:

Here wounded Affection could resort, attracting no notice, and dreading no intrusion.
Here
Sorrow could bring its graceful offerings, and Taste and Art join with Nature herself,
in adorning the last home of the loved and lost.

Affection. . . Sorrow. . . Taste. . . Art. . . Nature: an aggregate of key words defining the Victorian aesthetic, and the new cemeteries afforded a marvelous setting. Cleaveland assures that Mount Auburn was projected by "men of energy and taste" and that its success was immediate and great." Viewing the cemeteries of another century, one finds that many are now themselves the victims of overcrowding and are shabby and all but closed to use. Others, however, remain the magnificent sites intended by the original planners and promoters. Brooklyn's Green Wood Cemetery, founded in 1842 by a corporation headed by Major David B. Douglass, is a monument to the best Victorian ideals in cemetery planning, design, and atmosphere. It is not difficult to understand the

almost awesome hold these places could have on earlier generations. Green Wood is a place of great proportion: it spreads over an impressive acreage of rolling hills, willow and cypress groves, landscaped valleys and shadowy lily ponds, wooded trails carefully placed to afford vistas of deep depressions and the distant New York bay. It is fronted by a massive gate that is a classic piece of Victorian architecture. The monuments and funerary sculpture, some quite elaborate, are, like the songs of the period, memento mori intended to soothe the living.

Many Americans at mid-century – so buoyant, optimistic, and materialistic as to be easily satirized by Mark Twain in *The Gilded Age* and by others – were eager to have their sadder feelings aroused and massaged. They published and purchased a large song literature that reminded them relentlessly of dying children, decimated families, sailors buried at sea, soldiers shot in battle with a whispered message for mother on their dying lips, young girls abandoned and frozen to death in the street, and fresh graves in sunlit meadows. To a major degree, they seem to have fancied songs about angels. The subject must have been especially attractive because it could combine the poignancy of death and the reassurance of heaven.

These fabulous beings have occupied a special niche in Christianity, and their literature is detailed and ancient. The Victorian era, however, shaped a detailed, literal, and peculiar image of angels that has persisted in the popular imagination. It was delineated by good and bad contemporary painting, poetry, and sculpture, and by the kinds of songs in this recording. Outside of special angels such as Gabriel, Michael, or Uriel, they were pictured frequently as pretty females of various ages wearing white gowns, usually a band around the hair, and large feathered wings. They generally sing, and play gold harps. The role that angels could play in human life was often exploited. A fine rounded contemporary definition of this role was enunciated by Mrs. Stone in her book *God's Acre, or Historical Notes Relating to Churchyards* (1858) and is quoted by John Morley:

They never leave us. In sorrow they sympathize, in joy they rejoice, in prayer they unite with us; and in sin, alas! they behold us. In every varied scene of life, from the cradle to the grave, they are ever with us, to soothe us in affliction, to warn us from evil, to stimulate us to good, if we disregard not their ad Monitions... at the bed of death, angels do most specially minister.

Angels could be depended upon. "The Angels Are Hovering Near," an 1863 song by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst and Henry W. Adams, assured that

*When the clouds of misfortune are dark in the sky,
And the waves of the ocean are tossing thee high;
When the wounds of the spirit in loneliness smart,
And its love unreturned giveth pain to the heart;
The angels are hovering near.
The angels' life style was especially enviable,*

*and one longed to give up the miserable
mortal life and join them:
Mother, dear Mother, oh! list to their song,
How it steals thro' the soft night air;
O'er the golden hill doth the strain prolong,
Where the water of life grows fair.
I long to be singing that heavenly strain,
In that glorious golden land,
And join, when I'm free from all earthly pain,
The beautiful angel band.*

This is from Mrs. Parkhurst's 1863 ballad "The Beautiful Angel Band." Like a number of songs of this kind, it seems to have been written in sincerity and with personal meaning; it is "Inscribed to the Memory of Mary F. Thoms, who went to sing with the angels May 16th 1863, Aged 16 Years." Perhaps sentimentality was a defense against the harsh reality of death.

One vivid song of 1872 pictures an angel flying down to a window for a certain wife and the husband refusing to let her go—he slams the window, barring the angel's entry. The husband regrets "the selfishness, / That had me keep her with me, / In a world of wretchedness" (again, the idea that an afterlife had to be superior to real life); finally the angel comes again

*And gladly I let her go. I open'd the casement wider
And lifted my much-lov'd one,
On the angel's wings I placed her,
And gazed till they were gone.*

("The Angel at the Window," words by Wilhelmina Baines, music by Berthold Tours)

Some of the most fascinating songs are those that personalize angels as dead loved ones: children, sweethearts, wives—always females. Though the emphasis remains on the pathos and grief that can be wrung from the situations—and always with the appropriate gossamer atmosphere—there can be occasional naturalistic touches that clash with the "poetic" tone. A. J. Curtis' lyrics for "Angel Mary" (music by J. M. Hubbard, 1863) opens with a stanza distinguished by a fine spooky image:

*'Neath the oak leaves murrn' ring lowly,
Whisp' ring to themselves apart
Of a dark train moving slowly,
Sleeps the angel of my heart.*

But his chorus ends with an indecorous jolt:

*Oh my Mary! angel Mary!
Thy fair form the cold clods press.*

Many of these songs are in the form of a direct address to the departed one, like A.

Brooks Everett's "Angel Mary Dell" (1860):

*I'm bending o'er thy grave, Mary,
And many a tear I've shed;
I'm kneeling on the slab, Mary,
That rests above thy head.*

In the same form is yet another "Angel Mary" (the second song of this title published in 1863), the work of the busy Mrs. Parkhurst. (The life and career of this prolific songwriter await full inquiry. Little seems to be known except that she worked for the New York music publisher Horace Waters as a young woman in the early 1860. befriended Stephen Foster during his last days, and wrote numerous temperance songs and performed them publicly with her daughter, who was billed as Little Effie.) Her "Angel Mary," written when the composer was probably in her early twenties, is, despite its subject, a bright waltz-song intended for the popular market:

*You are lying low down in your grave, darling,
With the mould creeping over your face,
And sadly the green willows wave, darling,
And sigh o'er your lone resting place.*

The interest in angels did not fade with the passing of the Victorian era. It remained quite alive, if not so fashionable. One best-selling book of 1975 was Billy Graham's *Angels: God's Secret Agents*. In it Rev. Graham issued what might be considered a modern fundamentalist credo on the subject:

I am convinced that these heavenly beings exist and that they provide unseen aid on our behalf. I do not believe in angels because someone has told me about a dramatic visitation from an angel, impressive as such rare testimonies may be. I do not believe in angels because UFOs are astonishingly angel-like in some of their reported appearances. I do not believe in angels because ESP experts are making the realm of the spirit world seem more and more plausible. I do not believe in angels because of the sudden worldwide emphasis on the reality of Satan and demons. I do not believe in angels because I have ever seen one – because I haven't. I believe in angels because the Bible says there are angels; and I believe the Bible to be the true Word of God.

UFOs...ESP...Word of God: how removed from Victorian coziness and poetic fancy! (Rev. Graham cautions, perhaps with humor, "Don't believe everything you hear about angels!") And popular songs can still deal with angels (and occasionally betray the songs' nineteenth-century origins). One of the most delightful is "Angel," by Jimi Hendrix (1942- 1970), which deftly mixes humor, irony, and sex with traditional Victorian images and a gospel sincerity. It tells of an angel who flew down from heaven and stayed "long enough to rescue me.

Track 1

Sweet By and By (1867)

Joseph Philbrick Webster and Sanford Fillmore Bennett

Some of the accounts of Joseph Philbrick Webster's life (1819-1875) describe him as "moody" and "eccentric"; his friend Sanford Fillmore Bennett (1836-1898), lyricist of "Sweet By and By" and other Webster songs, wrote that he was "of an exceedingly nervous and sensitive nature, and subject to periods of depression, in which he looked upon the dark side of all things in life" (quoted in Sankey). Webster kept himself very busy in spite of his depressions. He had to. During his early travels he acquired a wife, three children, and, reputedly, a Stradivarius violin. After he settled in Elkhorn, Wisconsin, a fourth child was born. Something of Webster's personality may be glimpsed from his choice of names for his children: his boys were named Joseph Haydn, Louis Beethoven, and Frederick Handel; his daughter was named Mary. (Ernest Emurian writes in his little book about Webster's song "Lorena" that the sons dropped their middle names after their father's death.)

Royalties from the sheetmusic sale of his songs or from contractual arrangements with publishers must have provided Webster's major income. (In the early 1860s the Chicago publisher H. M. Higgins announced that Webster was writing exclusively for the firm "by a liberal engagement.") While he had perhaps only two long-lasting national best sellers – "Lorena" and "Sweet By and By" – the sheer bulk of music published before his death could have provided a small but fairly steady income. For instance, in less than two years (February, 1870 - October, 1871) near the end of his life, his last Chicago publisher, the prestigious Root & Cady, brought out at least thirty- two new Webster songs (Epstein: Music Publishing in Chicago Before 1871). The cover of "Paul Vane" (1901) advertised the series Western Gems: 100 Songs, Composed by J. P. Webster and itemized the titles. Further, all hundred songs in this series were issued simultaneously as piano solos.

When Webster wrote "Sweet By and By" he had been Elkhorn's musical celebrity and eccentric for about ten years. He had spent most of the Civil War years in neighboring states helping to recruit and drill men for the Union army, perhaps from a sense of duty since he himself could not enlist because of his near-sightedness. (One wonders how well his family fared during this period.) His hymns for the collection The Signet Ring (1868), in which "Sweet By and By" first appeared, may have been intended to restore his frayed local reputation: back in town from his war duties, during which he must have enjoyed a bachelor life in the company of army men in the barracks and mess hall, he had opened a combination billiard parlor and saloon in "downtown Elkhorn" (to quote Emurian). "His establishment rapidly [became] the principal gathering place for all young men with a literary or musical bent," reports Emurian. (A den of bohemia in downtown Elkhorn!) It apparently wasn't long, however, before Webster closed the saloon and composed "Sweet By and By."

Sanford Bennett himself told Ira D. Sankey (see Bibliography) that the song had been written in his drugstore in Elkhorn. Webster had come into the drugstore "in one of his melancholy moods," and Bennett had penned the verses on the spot for the composer to set as a diversion. Webster composed the song on his violin, wrote it out, and with the

help of two customers and the lyricist gave the premiere performance as a third customer arrived in time to exclaim, "That hymn is immortal!" Bennett also reported that the song received good promotion by its Chicago publisher Lyon & Healy. Circulars advertising *The Signet Ring* included a printing of "Sweet By and By," and Bennett said the demand for the book was a result of this exposure. In the same year the publisher further exploited the song's potential by issuing it in a sheetmusic version (performed in this recording).

After the Civil War and his experience with the army, Webster seems to have become eager to be part of the modern postwar world. Symptomatic is the billiard-parlor/saloon venture and the appearance of uncharacteristic new songs. With Root & Cady he inaugurated a series with the grand Victorian title *Songs of the Present Time: Melodies of Beauty, Ideas of Progress, Words of Sense*, by J. P. Webster. Two titles in the series, both composed a year after "Sweet By and By," were "All Rights to All" and "Woman Is Going to Vote – Song for the Times." In 1868 there were also three campaign songs for Grant – "For President, Ulysses Grant, A-Smoking His Cigar," "Hurrah for General Grant," and "Old Glory and U.S. Grant" – and in 1869 an unusual song, "What Then," whose words (by Mrs. William H. Hammersley) betrayed marked disillusion with the traditional concept of afterlife that Webster had celebrated so often:

*Awhile the dazzling scenes of earth,
Awhile its whirl of pleasing mirth;
Elate with joy, oppressed with fears,
A few short years mid smiles and tears,
But Oh! my soul what then?*

Emurian writes that Webster lost his Stradivarius in the Chicago fire of 1871 after having left it in the city for repairs. He perhaps never quite emerged from the depression caused by this loss. As his funeral moved out of the Elkhorn Methodist Church four years later, the massed congregation sang "Sweet By and By"; three measures of the song were inscribed on his metal grave marker. The epitaph on the grave of the onetime itinerant singing-school teacher from New Hampshire remembers him as "Composer, Patriot, Student, Genius."

Charles Ives (1874-1954) was fond of the Bennett-Webster song and used it importantly in his *Second Orchestral Set* (1915), thus contributing to the tune's perpetuation; but he was apparently ignorant of its origin. Writing in his *Memos* of an experience on a New York subway platform, with the crowd spontaneously singing "Sweet By and By" on the day the *Lusitania* was sunk (the experience he sought to recapture in the *Second Orchestral Set*), Ives asks rhetorically:

Now what was this tune?... It was (only) the refrain of an old Gospel Hymn that had stirred many people of past generations. It was nothing but – In the Sweet Bye and Bye. It wasn't a tune written to be sold, or written by a professor of music – but by a man who was but giving out an experience.

This statement neatly summarizes an attitude of a generation who would romanticize and idealize old songs, who would see them as childlike and untainted by wicked commercialism. One might hope that Ives could have responded to the grace and pungent wistfulness of "Sweet By and By" even if he had known that it indeed was written to be sold, that it was written by a professor of music (and a rather complex man), and that it had little to do with "a man... giving out an experience."

*There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.*

Chorus

*In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.*

*We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.*

(Chorus)

*To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessing [sic] that hallow
our days!*

(Chorus)

Track 2

Willie's Grave (1857)

Joseph Philbrick Webster and Henry DeLafayette Webster

One of the most popular songs before the Civil War was the lovely ballad "Lorena." Joseph Philbrick Webster, its composer, and Rev. Henry DeLafayette Webster (1824-1896), its author, were not related. One of the very few other pieces by the Websters is the lachrymose "Willie's Grave," composed in the same town as "Lorena" – Madison, Indiana – and published the same year. The song did not attain the fame of "Lorena," but it did apparently fix the character of Willie in the composer's mind. He wrote at least three other Willie songs: "Willie Lee," "Little Willie's Last Question," and "Poor Willie's All Alone." In the last (1859), Willie is portrayed alone and at night kneeling at his mother's fresh grave: "Oh! Father, take thy little one/ Where dear mama is gone," he prays. His prayer is answered: mama appears as an angel ("something gleaming white")

and carries him away. These songs were part of a series that H. M. Higgins issued as Songs of the Land of Sunset.

But Willie was not Webster's exclusive property. Stephen Foster, among others, also wrote a series of sad songs about Willie, beginning in 1851 with "Willie My Brave," in which Willie is a sailor lost at sea, and including "Willie, We Have Missed You" (1854), "Our Willie Dear Is Dying" (1861), "Willie Has Gone to the War" (1863), and final "Willie's Gone to Heaven" (1863). Willie seems to have achieved the status of a national mythic figure like G.I. Joe and Kilroy in the 1940s. "Willie's Grave" is a meditation about his burial called up by the sight of his grave. Curiously, in his last stanza Rev. Webster seems more eager to comfort the dead than the living: "Farewell, dear Willie, for today,/But not for aye;/Tomorrow with its 'Life beyond' / Is very nigh." Composer Webster gave the text a thoughtful setting, with the verses' gently running undercurrent in nice contrast to the slow sustained chorus.

The two Websters knew each other in Madison briefly during careers marked by traveling and by residencies in a number of towns and cities. (They did meet again in Wisconsin and wrote the song "Paul Vane, or Lorena's Reply" [1862], an unsuccessful sequel to their hit.) Henry Webster, born in Oneida County, New York, was an itinerant minister of the Universalist Church who traveled with his family among churches in New York and the Midwest. Joseph P. Webster was musically precocious and taught himself to play the violin and flute. He left his native New Hampshire at twenty-one for Boston (where he studied with Lowell Mason and George James Webb) and New York (where he developed his singing voice, appeared as a recitalist, and toured the state). His singing career was cut short by bronchitis, the same illness that would cause his death. Webster's career combined music teacher, choir leader, professional songwriter (after his voice failed), and occasional piano salesman. His life was apparently one of restlessness and vagabondage for about a dozen years before he settled in Elkhorn, Wisconsin, for his last seventeen years.

*The grass is growing on the turf
Where Willie sleeps,
Among the flow'rs we've planted there,
The soft wind creeps.
We laid him there in wintertime,
The frost was on the air;
The frost was on our hearts that day
And thus we left him there.*

Chorus

*Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on dear
Willie sleep;
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on, dear
Willie sleep.
Farewell, dear Willie, for today,
But not for aye;
Tomorrow with its "Life beyond"*

*Is very nigh.
Then, hearts long severed here in
earth,
And creased with care and grief,
Shall feel the bliss of that New Birth
Which brings for all, relief.*

(Chorus)

Track 3

We Are Happy Now, Dear Mother, or Heavenly Voices (1853)

Isaac Baker Woodbury

Isaac Baker Woodbury (1819- 1858; born in Beverly, Massachusetts) was one of the contemporaneous group of prominent musicians, mostly New Englanders, who combined the careers of teaching in the new field of "scientific" music education (as opposed to the oldfashioned singing schools), compiling and publishing books of sacred and secular songs, conducting church choirs, and songwriting. The axis and origin of activity were Boston and New York. The group included its founder and guiding light Lowell Mason (1792-1872), Thomas Hastings (1784-1872), George James Webb (1803-1887), William Batchelder Bradbury (1816-1868), and George Frederick Root (1825-1895).

Woodbury was perhaps one of the more sophisticated of the group. He studied the violin in Boston from thirteen to nineteen and then went abroad for a year for further study in London and Paris. He returned to Boston to teach, to tour with choral organizations (he is said to have had a beautiful voice), and to edit collections of tunes (his first was The Boston Musical Education Society's Collection, 1842): in short, to take up some of the pursuits open to American musicians for making a living in the 1840s. And he did need a substantial living, for during his brief life he and his wife had six children.

Woodbury was the typical middle-class artisan of his time, though the touches of worldliness and tragedy in his career give him a slightly romantic aura. The chief descriptive word Frank Metcalf uses for Woodbury's life and music is "gentleness." He sums up Woodbury's artistic reach in one sentence that is both friendly and telling: "His compositions were for the church, the fireside and the social circle." (American Writers. . ., p.282) He also relates a little scene that is most appropriate to the theme of this recording and that tells us that some of the traders in commercialized religion and the afterlife really believed in their subjects:

It was but a few weeks previous to his death that he turned from his desk, almost sinking from exhaustion, with the remark to his brokenhearted wife, "No more music for me until I am in heaven," and from that moment his thoughts were wholly given to preparation for the expected change.

"We Are Happy Now, Dear Mother" is sung by angel children to their surviving mother. While the song is obviously intended to extol the joys of heaven, the children rather cruelly can think of no good reason to return to the mother (".., why oh! why, dear mother, / Should we leave our glorious home?"). But then, the song was perhaps also intended to comfort bereaved mothers with the thought that their children were happier dead than alive.

*Oh, we are happy now, dear mother,
Our home's amid the flowers,
And zephyrs from the throne of God
Are borne in fragrant showers.
Would we come back, dear mother,
And leave our glorious home?
Oh, though we love you dearly,
From Heav'n we would not roam.*

Chorus

*No! No! No! For tho' we love you dearly,
From Heav'n we would not roam.
Your world is very fair, dear mother,
With its sunny hills and dales,
But ours is fairer fairer far,
Its beauty never pales.*

*Then why oh! why, dear mother,
Should we leave our glorious home?
Oh, though we love you dearly,
From Heav'n we would not roam.*

(Chorus)

Track 4

Flee As a Bird (1842?)

Mary Stanley Bruce Dana

This lovely song was apparently popular for at least two decades and perhaps much longer. Its first appearance was in the songbook *The Northern Harp* in 1842, and there were sheet-music editions in 1857 and later. The only name associated with the piece is that of Mrs. Dana, who was born in South Carolina in 1810 and died in Texas in 1883. (Her first husband died and she subsequently became Mrs. Schindler, but she seems always to have retained the name Dana in her professional work.) Mrs. Dana wrote poems and hymn texts (though no music) that were published during her lifetime but are largely unknown in the twentieth century.

For *The Northern Harp* and its companion *The Southern Harp* (1841), Mrs. Dana provided a large number of original secular and religious texts that were set to extracts from European operas and other classical works. She used material from masters such as

Mozart and Rossini and from several now obscure English and Italian composers. This was becoming a standard practice of the day and was especially associated with Lowell Mason and followers such as I. B. Woodbury. It was seen as a legitimate method of introducing classical music to the culturally deprived American middle class. An ordinary church or school tunebook could be a rather classy item when sprinkled with Haydn, Beethoven, and Cherubini.

Mrs. Dana identified some of her musical sources but left others anonymous, including "Flee as a Bird." All editions of the song identify the music simply as a "Spanish Melody." The tune is suave, professional, effectively melodramatic – not typical characteristics of a folk melody. It smacks of an early nineteenth-century opera influenced by the Italian style. Mrs. Dana's verse was clearly inspired by Psalm 11, especially the central image of the fleeing bird.

*Flee as a bird to your mountain,
Thou who art weary of sin;
Go to the clear flowing fountain,
Where you may wash and be clean:
Fly for th' avenger is near thee;
Call and the Saviour will hear thee,
He on his bosom will bear thee.
Thou who art weary of sin,
O thou who art weary of sin.
He will protect thee forever,
Wipe ev'ry falling tear;
He will forsake thee O never,
Sheltered so tenderly there;
Haste then, the hours are flying,
Spend not the moments in sighing,
Cease from your sorrow and crying,
The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear,
The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear.*

Track 5
Shall We Know Each Other There? (1868)
Robert Lowry

This gospel song was the lesser-known companion piece to "Shall We Gather at the River?" – the popular title of "Beautiful River" (1865), both by Rev. Robert Lowry (1826-1899). The earlier song asks if the redeemed dead will meet in heaven, and the later song wonders if they will know each other after they get there. The answers, of course, are that they do and they will. Like "Shall We Gather at the River?," "Shall We Know Each Other There?" was published first in a hymnbook (in this case *Chapel Melodies: A Collection of Choice Hymns and Tunes*, edited by Rev. Lowry and S. J. Vail, 1868) and then as sheet music because the song showed signs of becoming popular.

When hymns were published separately as songs with piano accompaniment, special musical arrangements were necessary, and the pieces' effectiveness was greatly enhanced by the publishers' house musicians. The version of "Shall We Know Each Other There?" heard in this recording is the work of Augustus Cull, a busy New York songwriter and arranger, who gave a stylish finish to Lowry's plain four-part hymn and added a piano part that sounds full, even lush, while remaining well within amateur technical capability.

Rev. Lowry, a native of Philadelphia, was a man of learning and religious devotion who was not above working hard in the vineyards of commerce to supplement his meager income as a Baptist minister in Brooklyn. He was associated with New York music publishers) – in the 1860s and '70s in the production of a number of best-selling song collections aimed at the Sunday-school market (with titles like *Bright Jewels*, *Pure Gold*, *Royal Diadem*, *Brightest and Best*, *Good as Gold*, and *Joyful Lays*). Quite removed from the music business was his later work as a professor of literature for six years at Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Before his death in Plain-field, New Jersey, the retired minister-professor had become best known as a songwriter, though he remained rather indifferent to his musical work and unimpressed by the popular fame of certain of his pieces. His hymns "All the Way My Savior Leads Me" and "I Need Thee Every Hour" are still in use.

*When we hear the music ringing
Thro' the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home,
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In the land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?*

Chorus

*Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other there?*

*When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us,
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us, as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us, as before?*

(Chorus)

Oh! ye weary, sad and toss'd ones,

*Drop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!"
(Chorus)*

Track 6
Trusting (1873?)
Charles Albert White

Charles Albert White (1832- 1891) founded the successful and long-lasting music-publishing house of White, Smith & Perry (later White, Smith & Co.) in Boston in 1868 after he had had several songs issued by Oliver Ditson and had seen the profits that could be made from publishing and selling popular music.

He had come a long way from the farm in Taunton, Massachusetts, where he grew up and played a fiddle made of barrel hoops and shingles (according to F. O. Jones's biographical dictionary). He learned music, shed his farmboy ways, and eventually pushed himself up to the United States Naval Academy in August Newport as a teacher of dancing and fencing. One wonders where he might have attained these arts in rural New England of the 1850s and '60s. Ever keen on advancement, he then turned his hand to writing, and finally publishing, popular music. His company flourished and outlived him by many years.

A biography published on the back covers of White's songs in the 1880s called his compositions "exquisite," described him as "original, prolific and popular," and declared that he was "the greatest song-writer of the age." He was "of good old Puritan stock, and at the present time is at the zenith of his creative powers as a composer, although for many years he has done much of life's real and earnest work" — the last phrase a dead giveaway of "good old Puritan" attitudes. "Altogether he is one of the remarkable men of his time," the biography concluded, "and eminently a selfmade man."

For a self-made Yankee Capitalist Puritan, White composed an amazing number of dreamy waltz-songs (like "Thou Art an Angel," 1890), love songs, and songs of tender petition. His advertising copy for "Mother, Take Me Home Again" promised that it was "A most touching and beautiful appeal, from one who has evidently had his share of the rebuffs of a cold world. Very popular. 35 cents." His "Put Me in My Little Bed" vied for popularity with that other pleading hit of 1870, Charles E. Pratt's "Put My Little Shoes Away." There were also numerous comic songs for male voices, like "The Old Home Ain't What It Used to Be" and "The Farmer and His Boys." White seemed to classify his work under three labels: Comic, Sentimental (songs of love and romance), and Home (including songs of death and angels, and appeals of various kinds).

If White's career does not suggest the presence of a real musical spirit, "Trusting" may offer a surprise. It has considerable flair and musicality, and shows the hand of a robust and enthusiastic craftsman. With its somewhat operatic reach and melodrama, it stands much above other pieces of the time, which are so often timid and mechanical. White was a real musician. His text, on the other hand, is a fairly colorless string of familiar phrases; it does not seem to be about anything. It also fits the music awkwardly. One phrase is memorable, however, and seems tailored for a modern gospel television commercial: "Angels whisper soft and low: 'Trust in God-you'll find relief.'"

"Trusting" was issued in more than one version (for solo with quartet, etc.). It is performed here as a duet for soprano and tenor.

*When in life come darkest hours,
And the heart is bowed with grief,
Angels whisper soft and low:
"Trust in God – you'll find relief."
When life's shadows hover round,
And we near the golden shore,
Then our thoughts will turn back
To the friends that have gone before,
Then our thoughts will turn back
To the friends that have gone before.
We would live in Thee, Oh God,
Give us now our daily bread.
Thou hast watch'd the sparrows fall,
And Thy hands have ravens fed.
Now we turn to Thee in prayer,
Trusting ever in Thy love.
Guard and guide, take us home
In Thy arms to Thy great love,
Guard and guide, take us home
In Thy arms to Thy great love.*

Track 7

Rock of Ages (1873)

Dudley Buck and Augustus Montague Toplady

The hymn "Rock of Ages" that became so well known in the churches and homes of nineteenth-century America and England was based on a poem by the eccentric English author and clergyman Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778). The original poem had the curious title "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World" and was published in Toplady's own Gospel Magazine in March, 1776. As set to music for congregational singing by Thomas Hastings in 1832 (the most famous setting) and as a choir anthem by Dudley Buck in 1873, Toplady's original text was compressed and altered in other ways. Four lines that contained vivid images were eliminated, probably because they offended Victorian taste:

*Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.*

The poem seems to have a kinship with Psalm 19, especially with its last verses, and, like so much English devotional verse of the eighteenth century, betrays the powerful influence of Dr. Watts. Two stanzas from the Watts paraphrase of the 19th Psalm:

*In vain to Idol Saints they cry,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a Rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God?
The Rock of Isr'el ever lives,
His Name be ever blest;
'Tis His own Arm the Vict'ry gives,
And gives His People Rest.*

The message of the hymn seems to remain as meaningful and important in the twentieth century as it was in the two previous centuries. Perhaps it expresses a human need for assurance and protection that may be universal and separate from specific Victorian concepts of life after death.

The anthem heard here is a beautifully made musical realization of the text. Dudley Buck (1839-1909) was one of the most talented American musicians of the second half of the nineteenth century. He was also one of the best trained (in Leipzig, Dresden, and Paris). In church music he was the most influential American figure for decades. His obituary in the *New York World* pointed out his great contributions as a composer, organist, and conductor "to the dignity and quality of American religious music," and the *Dictionary of American Biography* stated that "American organ-music practically begins with him." Buck had important church positions in Hartford (his native city), Chicago, Boston, and Brooklyn; he was Theodore Thomas' assistant conductor in New York; he toured as a concert organist for fifteen years; and he established a major reputation as a composer in 1876 with his festival work for chorus and orchestra *The Centennial Meditation of Columbia* (poem by Sidney Lanier). His "Rock of Ages" setting, composed in Boston, is typical of his polished technique: it is subtle, balanced, and unforced; it is finely emotional and involved with its text.

Unlike the Hastings hymn, it treats each verse to a different musical expression and works to a natural climax at the poem's final phrases. Artistically it is easily the most accomplished piece in this recording. (Buck's *Grand Sonata in E flat* for organ may be heard on New World Records 80280-2: *Fugues, Fantasia, and Variations*.)

*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.
Let the water and the blood
From thy side, a healing flood,*

*Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.*

*Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and thou alone.*

*In my hand no price I bring.
Simply to thy cross I cling.
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.*

Track 8

Angels' Visits (1869)

Claude Melnotte and Charles Spooner

"Claude Melnotte" was the rather high-sounding pseudonym of Charles Kunkel (1840-1923), who was born in Kleiniedesheim, Rheinpfalz, Germany, and brought by his family to Cincinnati as a child of eight. He became a pianist of sufficient ability to be engaged by Louis Moreau Gottschalk to join his company of singers and assisting artists for local appearances and for tours in the Northwest. Kunkel was part of the large German-American population of the time that played an important role—for better and for worse—in influencing American musical taste. He was one of the many "nephews of Spohr and Mendelssohn," as Gottschalk wryly remarked in *Notes of a Pianist*, "who abound in the United States."

Kunkel appeared with Gottschalk from 1862 to 1864 but apparently knew him earlier. Kunkel's piano composition *Restless Love*, *Caprice Brilliant*, Op. 13, published in 1860, is dedicated "A mon Ami L. M. Gottschalk." Gottschalk's *Le Chant die Martyr*, published in 1864 under Gottschalk's pseudonym *Seven Octaves*, is dedicated "To my friend Charles Kunkel of Cincinnati."

In 1868 Charles and his brother Jacob Kunkel (1846-1882) moved to St. Louis, where they established a music store and began to publish music in 1869. (From 1878 to 1910 they also published Kunkel's *Musical Review*, Missouri's longestlasting music magazine.) They published one of Gottschalk's least-known salon pieces, *The Dying Swan*, in 1870 after the composer's death.

"Angels' Visits" was one of the earliest publications under the Kunkel Brothers imprint and one of the first pieces by "Claude Melnotte." The song is a sterling example of the mid-nineteenth-century angel-song repertory: it borrows religious imagery but is totally

secular. These angels visit sleeping prisoners, orphans, and the bereaved, but the purpose of their visits is never explained – the angels seem mostly to hover, weep, and kiss – though it is perhaps not surprising that they visit only at night, when man is traditionally most vulnerable to unseen evil. Their mission is less impressive than their magic, their ability to enter through locked doors, barred windows, and stone walls.

Illustrating the poetic imagery of the angels' whisperings and their pinions and rustling garments, the musical setting completes and enhances this Victorian drama. It is a slow waltz that begins and ends with a passage of hushed arpeggios high on the keyboard that gives the song a pretentious "classical" touch and is intended, the printed music tells us, to suggest "harps in the air and fluttering of angels' wings."

*O'er the slumbering earth
Hush'd in stilly spell
Wings seraphic sweep
With melodious swell
Speeding through the air
Ever in the night
Come the Angel band
From their homes of light
Hear the whisp'rings of the angels
"Ye dear ones, Ye dear ones
The whisp'rings of the angels
"Behold us" "Behold us"
The waving of their pinions
Their pinions their pinions
The rustling of their garments
As they come to visit us
Through the fastened doors
Through the windows barred
Naught may them arrest
Nothing can retard
Silently they come
With unceasing sweep.
Soon their broad wings crown
Beds where lov'd ones weep.
Down in prisons dark
Where the wretched moan
Wings of angels burst
Through the walls of stone
O'er the lonely cots
Where the orphans sleep
Angel mothers come
Silently and weep
Hear the whisp'rings of the angels
"Ye dear ones, Ye dear ones
The whisp'rings of the angels
"Behold us" "Behold us"*

*The waving of their pinions
Their pinions their pinions
The rustling of their garments
As they come to visit us
Ever in the night
Mates of bygone years
Still when earth is hush'd
Wipe away our tears
Brothers, sisters them
From the realms of bliss
Hover softly o'er
Lov'd ones whom they kiss.*

Track 9

Oh, You Must Be a Lover of the Lord (1866)
J.N.S. and Isaac Watts

This rollicking tune would do very well as a vehicle for secular lyrics, say a minstrel number or a patriotic song. Yet here it is from a setting of Isaac Watts's austere and poetic hymn of 1709 about the difficulties of the Christian life. The text received numerous settings by English and American composers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and is found in the hymnbooks of several Protestant denominations with various tunes.

The tune heard here undoubtedly originated in an American camp meeting. It is essentially folk music. (The published sheet music credits the music to an anonymous "J.N.S.," who undoubtedly was the arranger of the piece for publication; Dr. Watts is given his proper credit as author of the poem.) The first clue to the song's origin is the text that appears as the refrain: "Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord, / Or you can't go to heav'n when you die." This is not part of Watts's original poem and was added by unknown hands. The lines' vernacular, childlike quality contrasts sharply with the eighteenth-century style of the original.

It is likely that the tune and refrain developed as a vehicle useful with a number of texts. And in fact the same tune and refrain can be found in print as the basis for another Watts hymn, "Alas, and Did My Saviour Bleed." In *Songs of the Old Camp Ground*, L. L. McDowell remarks that the song was especially popular in revival meetings:

*Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?*

Chorus

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord, etc.

The congregation would not be concerned that the words of the refrain might not precisely match the theme of the poem, because the words amounted to a simple statement of the theme of the meeting itself: love God while you are alive, and you will go to heaven when you die.

The tune must have provided marvelous emotional stimulation. It is built of only two musical phrases repeated with only slight changes; the simplicity, repetition, and marching rhythm work up a slightly hypnotic intensity (which is evident in this performance, even with a small group and in J.N.S.'s stock parlor arrangement with its tinkling piano accompaniment). Imagine it sung by one of those huge enclaves of mid-nineteenth-century rural America, out of doors at night with fires blazing and voices soaring, perhaps with an instrument or two joining in: it might be a scene of trancelike behavior, jerking, dancing, weeping, one of those occasions of powerful emotional release that were the essence of the camp meeting.

It is appropriate that many of Watts's hymns were "liberated" from the church to be transformed into folk expressions among the hills and campgrounds of the South and the Midwest. Watts was most influential in turning English-speaking Protestantism from the exclusive use of Old Testament psalms in verse to hymns in modern but poetic language that made doctrine vivid and relevant to contemporary human experience. His work helped popularize religion and, appropriate to the Age of Enlightenment, to humanize it. He wrote at least six hundred hymns and other religious texts, most of them during his twenties, and they came to dominate the hymnody of the Reformed Protestant churches in England and America in the eighteenth century and far into the nineteenth.

Watts was an unusual and brilliant cleric, poet, scholar, and author of about sixty books on many subjects. He lived his seventy-four years in and near his native Southampton, England. He was five feet tall and an invalid from his thirties on. When he was thirty-eight he went to visit friends for a week and stayed for thirty-six years; the friends were devoted and persuaded him to live with them. He is the author of some of the classic beloved texts of the Christian Church, including "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne," "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," "Joy to the World!," and "Oh God, Our Help in Ages Past." He also wrote many verses for children.

*Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?*

Chorus
*Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heav'n when you die.*

Must I be carried to the skies

*On flow'ry beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?*
(Chorus)

*Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?*
(Chorus)

*Sure I must fight, if I must reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.*
(Chorus)

Track 10

Put My Little Shoes Away (1870)

Charles E. Pratt and Samuel N. Mitchell

"Put My Little Shoes Away" was published in Boston in 1870, appropriately inaugurating a decade in American popular music notable for a commercial bathos so flagrant as to bring a blush to the cheek of a P. T. Barnum. Charles E. Pratt – only one among a small army – contributed to the market such other titles as "Angels Rock My Babe to Sleep" (1873), "Deck My Grave with Violets Blue" (1878) ("Companion to the popular song 'See That My Grave's Kept Green'"), and the hightoned "Lovely Mercedes, Where Art Thou Flown?" (1878). He managed a happier number occasionally, such as "Bonnie Blue-Eyed Bessie" (1887), though even here a superficial reminder of mortality persists: on the published music is the dedication to a James R. Pitcher, "Secretary of the U.S. Mutual Accident Association." Partaking in the success of "Put My Little Shoes Away" were Charles A. White's "Put Me in My Little Bed" (1870) and J. C. Macey's "Let Me Say My Little Prayer" (1871).

Pratt (born in Hartford in 1841, died in New York in 1902) was a busy professional in the New York music business, turning out a lyric ("We'll Fight for Uncle Abe," a Civil War entry) or a tune ("When Jamie Comes over the Sea," 1879) or both ("Bring Back My Bonnie to Me," 1882, his one lasting piece) as necessary. For "Put My Little Shoes Away" Pratt provided the graceful setting for verses by Samuel N. Mitchell. During the 1868 New York appearances of Charles H. Lingard (1839- 1927), the famous English female impersonator and comedian, Pratt supplied the tune for his text "Walking Down Broadway," an immensely popular hit. One of his later successes was the pleading "Don't Go Out Tonight, Boy" of 1895.

Another document – a nonmusical one – of the 1870s published in Boston was the "Testimony of Workingmen," gathered by the Massachusetts Bureau of the Statistics of

Labor as its Tenth Annual Report (1879). It was a sampling of answers from around the state to a questionnaire on attitudes to current wage levels, working conditions, and other critical matters. During that era of great industrial expansion and revolution in the American economy, the laboring class found itself frequently overworked and cheated. One man wrote in the questionnaire (quoted in Garraty):

I have had to pay \$1.35 for a pair of children's shoes [at the company store] that I could buy outside for 50 cents, and so on with every thing else....A workingman has a boy; and that child is on the quarry, lugging tools, or, with himself, pounding on granite, at the age of ten years. He cannot afford to send him to school only a few months in winter. All summer the child must work hard for his living. Consequently, before he is twenty years old, in seven out of ten cases, he is broken down, and a sorry-looking specimen of manhood, without education or any thing else, and totally unfit to work at any other kind of laboring work. This is a very sorry-looking picture Mr. Chief; and the worst feature in it is, that it is true....

The child with the company store shoes in this searing testimony is in dramatic contrast to that other child of the 1870s, who coyly tells his mother to put his little shoes away, especially as we see him on the cover of the sheet music in a lush cameo with his mother as he is dying gorgeously in a spotless bed with marvelous toys strewn carelessly on the floor. The conceit of the dying child advising his mother to save his shoes for the younger brother who will survive him can be seen as appalling cute and artificial. A mother of the working class, in which child mortality was far greater of course than in the upper classes, would reuse clothing as a matter of necessity.

"Put My Little Shoes Away" and its many kin of the period did not really communicate or comment on the ever present reality of the death of children. They served as genteel devices to stimulate feeling among middle- and upper-class Victorians, safely within their comfortably upholstered and gaslit homes. These songs could not realistically deal with tragic matters or life styles potentially repugnant to polite audiences. Their role was to stir the feelings deliciously, not to disturb or insult.

The sheet-music price of this song – forty cents – was a considerable portion of the daily salaries of many blue-collar workers and laborers of the day; this alone suggests the public for whom it was tailored.

Nevertheless, the poor and the working class could take up some of these classy, posturing songs and make them their own, which suggests that people were quite moved by them. "Put My Little Shoes Away" apparently moved into the oral tradition and traveled the countrysides of the Midwest

and South as a folk song. Its perpetuation has therefore gone far beyond that of most of its fellow commercial-music products of the 1870s. It may be found in at least three published collections of folk songs: Louis W. Chappell's Folk-Songs of Roanoke and the Albemarle (1939), Charles Neely's Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois (1938), and Byron Arnold's Folksongs of Alabama (1950).

*Mother dear come bathe my forehead,
For I'm growing very weak,
Mother let one drop of water
Fall upon my burning cheek.
Tell my loving little schoolmates,
That I never more will play,
Give them all my toys, but Mother
Put my little shoes away.*

Chorus

*I am going to leave you Mother,
So remember what I say,
Oh! do it, won't you please, dear Mother,
Put my little shoes away.
Santa Clause he gave them to me,
With a lot of other things;
And I think he brought an angel,
With a pair of golden wings.
Mother I will be an angel,
By perhaps another day;
So you will then dearest Mother,
Put my little shoes away.
(Chorus)*

*Soon the baby will be larger,
Then they'll fit his little feet;
Oh! he'll look so nice and cunning,
When he walks along the street.
Now I'm getting tired Mother,
Soon I'll say to all good day;
Please remember what I tell you,
Put my little shoes away.
(Chorus)*

Track 11

I Love to Tell the Story (1869)
William G. Fischer and Kate Hankey

Kate Hankey's long poem on the life of Jesus had been published in London in two parts, *The Story Wanted* and *The Story Told*, three years before William Fischer read it in Philadelphia in 1869. Fischer drew four stanzas (two are performed here) from the poem and added his own refrain to form "I Love to Tell the Story."

[To receive a fax of the full notes for Tracks 11, 12 & 13, please contact New World Records]

RICHARD JACKSON, in 1977, was Curator of the Americana Collection at the New York Public Library. In addition to numerous articles and reviews, Mr. Jackson's publications include the bibliography, *United States Music* (1973), and *The Little Book of Louis Moreau Gottschalk* (1976), co-edited with Neil Ratliff.

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1 SWEET BY AND BY

(J. P. Webster) 3:37

The Harmonieion Singers and Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

2 WILLIE'S GRAVE

(J. P. Webster) 4:39

Raymond Murcell, baritone; The Harmoneion Singers; Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

3 WE ARE HAPPY NOW, DEAR MOTHER

(I. B. Woodbury) 2:27

The Harmoneion Singers and Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

4 FLEE AS A BIRD (unknown) 3:11

Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano, and Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

5 SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

(Rev. R. Lowry) 4:13

Jacqueline Pierce, soprano; Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; The Harmoneion Singers;
Lawrence
Skrobacs, piano

6 TRUSTING

(C. A. White) 4:05

Kathleen Battle, soprano; Curtis Rayam, tenor; Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

7 ROCK OF AGES (Dudley Buck) 3:54

Maeretha Stewart, soprano; The Harmoneion Singers; Lawrence Skrobacs, harmonium

8 ANGELS' VISITS (Claude Melnotte) 4:19

Kathleen Battle, soprano, and Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

9 OH, YOU MUST BE A LOVER OF THE LORD (J.N.S.) 3:10

Howard Crook, tenor; Raymond Murcell, baritone; The Harmoneion Singers; Lawrence
Skrobacs,
piano

10 PUT MY LITTLE SHOES AWAY (Charles E. Pratt) 5:18

Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; The Harmoneion Singers; Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

11 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY (William G. Fischer) 3:22

Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Raymond Murcell, baritone; The Harmoneion Singers;
Lawrence
Skrobacs, piano

12 THE LAST HYMN (J. W. Hicks) 7:58

Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Raymond Murcell, baritone; The Harmoneion Singers;
Lawrence
Skrobacs, harmonium

13 THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM (Rev. J. W. Dadmun) 3:08 The Harmoneion Singers and

Lawrence
Skrobacs, piano

Producer: Andrew Raeburn
Researcher: Richard Jackson
Recording engineer: Don Puluse
Mixing engineer: Arthur Kendy
Recorded at Columbia Recording Studios, 30th Street, New York
Digital Remastering: Nelson Wong
Cover design: Bob Defrin
Library of Congress Card No. 76-750900

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