

The Foundations of the American Musical Theater

VICTOR HERBERT (1859–1924)

COLLECTED SONGS

Disc 1 [TT: 74:25]

Songs, 1888–1894

Three Songs, Op. 15

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| 1. <i>Die stille Rose</i> (The Silent Rose) | 2:08 | Margaret Jane Wray |
| 2. <i>Liebesleben</i> (Love's Token) | 2:13 | Jonathan Michie |
| 3. <i>Nur du bist's</i> (Ah! Love Me) | 4:16 | Jonathan Michie |

From *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (Songs of a Wayfarer), Op. 10

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| 4. <i>Wirthstöchterlein</i> (The Hostess' Daughter) | 2:50 | Jonathan Michie |
| 5. <i>Vogelfang</i> (Bird-Catching) | 2:41 | Jonathan Michie |

Lieder und Gesänge für eine Singstimme & Klavier, Op. 13

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| 6. <i>Geständniss</i> (Confession) | 3:35 | Margaret Jane Wray |
| 7. <i>Geweihte Stätte</i> (Consecrated Spot) | 4:48 | Margaret Jane Wray |

Lieder und Gesänge für eine Singstimme & Klavier, Op. 14

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| 8. <i>Frühlingslied</i> (A Song of Spring) | 3:39 | Jonathan Michie |
| 9. <i>Ich liebe dich</i> (I Love Thee) | 2:39 | Margaret Jane Wray |
| 10. <i>Ständchen</i> (Serenade) | 5:12 | Marnie Breckenridge |
| 11. <i>Das Geheimniss</i> (Secrecy) | 3:29 | Marnie Breckenridge |

Lieder und Gesänge für eine Singstimme & Klavier, Op. 18

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| 12. <i>Fliege fort</i> (Fly Away) | 2:19 | Margaret Jane Wray |
| 13. <i>Schnelle Blüthe</i> (Hasty Bloom) | 5:19 | Rosalie Sullivan |

Lieder und Gesänge für eine Singstimme & Klavier, Op. 21

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| 14. <i>Du ahnst es nicht</i> (Thou Knowest Not) | 2:35 | Rosalie Sullivan |
| 15. <i>Mein Herz ist treu</i> (My Heart Is True) | 3:21 | Rosalie Sullivan |
| 16. <i>Im Mondenlicht</i> (In Moonlight) | 3:19 | Marnie Breckenridge |

Drei Lieder

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|------------------------------------|------|----------------|
| 17. <i>Liebeslied</i> (Love Song) | 1:13 | Korliss Uecker |
| 18. <i>Heimweh</i> (Home Sickness) | 1:54 | Korliss Uecker |
| 19. <i>Frieden</i> (Peace) | 2:35 | Korliss Uecker |

From *Prince Ananias*

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| 20. <i>Under an Oak</i> | 3:35 | Valerian Ruminski |
| 21. <i>Ah, Cupid, Meddlesome Boy</i> | 2:19 | Dillon McCartney |
| 22. <i>The Hamlet of Fancy</i> | 7:05 | Rosalie Sullivan |

DISC 2**Songs, 1894–1906** [TT: 72:35]From *Prince Ananias*

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|--------------------------------|------|-------------------|
| 1. <i>Love Ne'er Came Nigh</i> | 2:25 | Valerian Ruminski |
| 2. <i>Love Is Spring</i> | 3:10 | Rosalie Sullivan |
| 3. <i>The Time Will Come</i> | 3:08 | Valerian Ruminski |

For vaudeville star Madge Ellis

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| 4. <i>Me and Nancy</i> | 3:52 | Jeanne Lehman |
| 5. <i>Jenny's Baby</i> | 3:08 | Jeanne Lehman |

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| 6. <i>Belle O'Brien</i> | 4:44 | Valerian Ruminski |
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From *Peg Woffington*

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| 7. <i>To Be Near Thee</i> | 4:30 | Rosalie Sullivan |
| 8. <i>The Song of the Bagpipes</i> | 2:31 | Valerian Ruminski |

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| 9. <i>Sweet Nancy</i> | 3:44 | George Dvorsky |
| 10. <i>The Secret</i> | 2:10 | Rebecca Luker |
| 11. <i>Columbia, an Anthem</i> | 6:04 | Margaret Jane Wray, Zachary Stains |
| 12. <i>The Fight Is Made and Won</i> | 2:40 | Jonathan Michie |

From *Babes in Toyland*

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| 13. <i>She Was a Country Girl</i> | 3:26 | Korliss Uecker |
| 14. <i>Don't Be a Villain</i> | 3:39 | George Dvorsky, Daniel Marcus |

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| 15. <i>In the Folds of the Starry Flag</i> | 3:14 | Jonathan Michie |
| 16. <i>Kiss Me Again</i> | 2:30 | Rebecca Luker |
| 17. <i>An Easter Dawn</i> | 2:31 | Margaret Jane Wray |
| 18. <i>Mary's Lamb</i> | 2:54 | Jeanne Lehman |
| 19. <i>Friars</i> | 3:57 | Valerian Ruminski |

The Bards of Ireland

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|---|------|----------------------|
| 20. <i>The Minstrel Boy</i> | 1:10 | Zachary Stains |
| 21. <i>Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave</i> | 1:04 | Jonathan Michie |
| 22. <i>Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill</i> | :58 | William Hicks, piano |
| 23. <i>Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms</i> | 1:33 | Zachary Stains |
| 24. <i>Tho' the Last Glimpse of Erin</i> | 1:09 | Jonathan Michie |
| 25. <i>The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls</i> | 1:12 | Zachary Stains |

Disc 3**Songs, 1907–1921** [TT: 72:59]

Two songs by Algernon Charles Swinburne

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| 1. <i>If Love Were What the Rose Is</i> | 2:10 | Dillon McCartney |
| 2. <i>Love Laid His Sleepless Head</i> | 3:04 | Dillon McCartney |
| 3. <i>Love's Oracle</i> | 2:24 | Korliss Uecker |
| 4. <i>Old Ireland Shall Be Free</i> | 4:43 | Zachary Stains, Margaret Jane Wray,
George Dvorsky, Rosalie Sullivan |
| 5. <i>The Twirly Little Girlies at the End of the Line</i> | 2:45 | Daniel Marcus |
| 6. <i>Love's Hour</i> | 4:06 | Marnie Breckenridge |
| 7. <i>Remembrance</i> | 1:50 | Jeanne Lehman |
| 8. <i>Sweet Harp of the Days That Are Gone: To the Irish Harp</i> | 2:26 | Dillon McCartney |
| 9. <i>Out of His Heart He Builds a Home</i> (from the play, <i>The Cinderella Man</i>) | 2:13 | Ron Raines |
| From <i>The Century Girl</i> | | |
| 10. <i>The Century Girl</i> | 2:17 | Zachary Stains, Ladies |
| 11. <i>You Belong to Me</i> | 1:57 | Jonathan Michie |
| 12. <i>Humpty Dumpty</i> | 1:53 | Daniel Marcus |
| 13. <i>The Romping Redheads</i> | 2:00 | Rebecca Luker, Sara Jean Ford |
| 14. <i>When Uncle Sam Is Ruler of the Sea</i> | 1:17 | Aaron Lazar |
| 15. <i>Can't You Hear Your Country Calling</i> (from <i>The Ziegfeld Follies of 1917</i>) | 1:33 | Margaret Jane Wray |
| From the play, <i>The Dream Song</i> | | |
| 16. <i>Farewell</i> | 1:58 | Rebecca Luker |
| 17. <i>Lovelight</i> | 2:11 | Rebecca Luker |
| 18. <i>When the Sixty-ninth Comes Back</i> | 3:20 | Aaron Lazar |
| 19. <i>Molly</i> | 1:54 | Zachary Stains |
| 20. <i>The Dodge Brothers March</i> | 4:08 | Zachary Stains, Gentlemen |
| From <i>The Ziegfeld Follies of 1920</i> | | |
| 21. <i>When the Right One Comes Along</i> | 2:43 | Rebecca Luker, Gentlemen |
| 22. <i>The Love Boat</i> | 2:06 | Jeanne Lehman |
| From <i>The Ziegfeld Follies of 1921</i> | | |
| 23. <i>In Khorassan</i> | 2:43 | Zachary Stains |
| 24. <i>The Legend of the Golden Tree</i> | 2:01 | Ron Raines |
| 25. <i>The Princess of My Dreams</i> | 2:27 | George Dvorsky |
| 26. <i>The Equity Star</i> | 3:11 | Korliss Uecker |
| 27. <i>Alma Mater Song for the Catholic University of America</i> | 6:10 | Steven LaBrie, Korliss Uecker, George Dvorsky, Margaret Jane Wray |

Disc 4

Songs, 1922–posthumous [TT: 73:38]

1. *Weaving My Dreams* (from *The Ziegfeld Follies of 1922*)
2:54 Marnie Breckenridge
2. *Mary Came Over to Me*
3:24 Zachary Stains

- From *The Ziegfeld Follies of 1923*
3. *That Old-Fashioned Garden of Mine* 2:57 Zachary Stains, Ladies
4. *Lady of the Lantern* 3:17 Aaron Lazar
5. *I'd Love to Waltz Through Life With You* 2:56 Daniel Marcus

6. *When Knighthood Was in Flower* 1:45 Sara Jean Ford
7. *God Spare the Emerald Isle* 3:38 Steven LaBrie
8. *Little Old New York* 2:11 Sara Jean Ford
9. *Heart O' Mine* (from the comedy, *The Fanshastics*) 1:36 Aaron Lazar
10. *Give Your Heart in June-Time* (from *Sky High*) 3:14 Rebecca Luker, Dillon McCartney

- Unpublished Songs
11. *The Crucible's Toast* 1:03 Jonathan Michie
12. *It's Just the Harmless Guile of Her* 2:24 Dillon McCartney
13. *O My Love's Like a Red Red Rose* 3:36 Ron Raines
14. *Wild Oats* 1:54 Valerian Ruminski
15. *Just a Dream of a Bygone Day* 3:22 Jonathan Michie
16. *Give Me That Rose* 2:03 Jeanne Lehman
17. *A Nautical Song in High C* 2:41 Daniel Marcus, Ron Raines
18. *Ha! Ha!* 1:36 Jeanne Lehman
19. *She's a Doggone Lovable Girl* 1:49 Daniel Marcus
20. *Nina* 1:37 Marnie Breckenridge
21. *The Kid Is Clever* 1:18 Rebecca Luker
22. *Tell Me, Daisy* 4:36 Sara Jean Ford, Ladies
23. *I'm Looking for a Little Cinderella* 1:55 Daniel Marcus
24. *Cuban* 2:48 Ron Raines
25. *I'm Going in the Movies* 2:34 Korliss Uecker

- Posthumously Published Songs
26. *I Love the Isle of the Sea* 3:17 Ron Raines
27. *Someone I Love* 2:35 Ron Raines
28. *Indian Summer* 2:56 Rebecca Luker

William Hicks, piano

The Ladies: Laura Daniels, Maeve Höglund, Elizabeth Inghram, Irene Snyder

The Gentlemen: Jason Bratton, Christopher Cazwell, Chris Carfizzi, David Winkworth

New World Records Introduction

In an attempt to understand the foundations of the modern American musical theater, we believe that it is best to start with an understanding of the man who has often been called the Father of the American Musical Theater.

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., called him “the greatest musician America ever developed.”

Jerome Kern referred to him as “the greatest of them all.”

Musical theater historian Gerald Bordman considers him “the first towering master of our musical stage . . .”

His name was Victor Herbert. Although he wrote two operas, forty-six works for the commercial theater, two cello concerti, one tone poem and many other serious works, he is little known to today’s artists, composers, and the public in general. We hope to change that.

We have no intention of recording everything he wrote, but we would like to provide major examples of the breadth of his work and its beauty. We would like to demonstrate how the next generation of composers built on Herbert’s theatrical groundwork. For this reason, we are beginning a new series of recordings highlighting American musical theater composers whose work pre-dates the 1943 production of Rodgers and Hammerstein’s *Oklahoma!* We call this series of releases “The Foundations of the American Musical Theater.”

For our second release in this new series, we have chosen a selection of Herbert’s compositions for the voice, most of which are recorded here for the first time.

The Life and Times of Victor Herbert

“May you live in interesting times,” is both an invitation and an admonition.

In the case of Victor Herbert, it was an invitation to participate in one of the most fascinating periods in world history. Herbert was born in Dublin on February 1, 1859, leaving there under difficult circumstances when his father died unexpectedly in 1862, and his mother Fanny moved to England to live with her father, Samuel Lover. By 1866, his mother had married a German Doctor Schmidt, and they had settled in Stuttgart. On October 1, 1886, Herbert and his wife, Therese, sailed to the United States. He later became a U.S. citizen and died in Manhattan on May 26, 1924.

In his relatively short lifespan, his native Ireland went from being a colony of England, devastated by the Great Potato Famine, to becoming an independent nation, the new Republic of Ireland. Even with this bold transformation, Ireland’s greatest export continues to be its people. The population of both North and South Ireland today is an estimated six million citizens. Across the world, its diaspora amounts to more than seventy million.

Victor Herbert must be counted as one of them. He never studied in Ireland, so his only sources of Irish inspiration came from his maternal grandfather, Samuel Lover, his mother Fanny, and the sounds he picked up from published music of traditional airs. During his time in Stuttgart,

when it was still part of Württemberg, next to Baden and Bavaria, Herbert witnessed the creation, under Bismarck, of the German Empire (1871). Germany was an amalgamation of many disparate cultures, from the edge of Austria to the Baltic Sea. It had a rather aggressive foreign policy and was very much involved in two world wars. Yet, its science and art were also the envy of Europe for many decades. It is in the new Germany that Herbert studied cello, composition, harmony, and counterpoint. By the time he left for America, he was aware of much of Europe's greatest contributions to music.

Herbert came to America only twenty-one years after the Civil War had ended and stayed long enough to see it emerge after World War One as the greatest nation on earth. America's contributions to the world of art forms lay mostly in the future. It was in this new world that Herbert blossomed as a cellist, conductor, and composer. His musical curiosity led to an appreciation of the new sounds found in the great melting pot of New York City, from the music halls to vaudeville to ragtime. The emerging African-American and Latin rhythms were already in evidence in his music by the 1901 publication of "Pan Americana." During his stay in America, Herbert saw the transitions from telegraph and messenger to the telephone; from the horse-and-carriage to the automobile; from the trolley car to the subway; from gas illumination to electricity; from live performances to radio and motion pictures.

The Musical Education of Victor Herbert

From the ages of fifteen to seventeen, Herbert studied the cello with Bernhard Cossmann (1822–1910). He began his career as a cellist in Europe. His last orchestral work before returning to Stuttgart was with Eduard Strauss's orchestra in its 1880–1881 Vienna season, an experience that undoubtedly provided him with an appreciation of the human voice and good music that was composed for it.

Herbert joined the cello faculty of a new music school in Stuttgart in the fall of 1885. In the summer of that year, a young dramatic soprano, Therese Förster, joined the Royal Opera of Stuttgart. After a feverish courtship, they were married in Vienna on August 14, 1886. Around the same time, Frank Damrosch signed her to the roster of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. The only obstacle to her signing was a concern for her cellist husband. To Damrosch, the solution was obvious. During her brief Metropolitan Opera career, Therese sang the title role of Verdi's *Aida* in the American premiere; Herbert took his seat in the Metropolitan Opera orchestra as the first cellist.

The Musical Development of Victor Herbert

By 1889, three years later, Herbert would be called the best cellist in America. He would be chosen by the finest conductors in New York City to introduce the major works of European composers to American audiences, and he would be encouraged by those conductors to introduce his own works into their musical programs.

However, his greatest success came as a composer of music for the voice. It's only natural that Herbert, who had married a singer, would turn to writing for the voice. As a cellist in Europe, he most likely was on intimate terms with various forms of European vocal genres. Moreover, as the Metropolitan Opera's repertoire was performed in German, it's natural he would initially set the words of German poets to music. The first evidence that he had begun to work with English-

speaking lyricists is found in 1893, when Herbert's attention had turned to the music hall and musical theater.

Once begun, there was no stopping him. There were seven completed operettas in the next five years: *Prince Ananias*, which opened on November 20, 1894; *The Wizard of the Nile* (September 26, 1895); *The Gold Bug* (September 21, 1896); *The Serenade* (February 17, 1896); *The Idol's Eye* (September 20, 1897); *Peg Woffington*, which opened in Scranton, Pennsylvania, on October 18, 1897, played Baltimore and Washington, D.C., before vanishing; and *The Fortune Teller* (September 14, 1898). Before *Prince Ananias*, there was the unfinished *La Vivandière* that he and Francis Neilson offered to Lillian Russell.

Herbert went on to write a total of 46 operettas, two operas, and many songs until his death on May 26, 1924. He began his songwriting in impressive style, as we can tell from an initial review of his early compositions in Musical Notes of the *New York Tribune*, April 21, 1890:

Friedrich Luckhardt, in Berlin (G. Schirmer in New York), published a number of songs by Victor Herbert, which in melodic invention and harmonic treatment stand high above the plane of the English ballad and partake of much of the poetical feeling of the German Lied in its best estate.

His song output runs the gamut of styles classical and popular at the turn of the twentieth century, from parlor and concert song to anthem and popular song. In some of them, the lines blur. His vaudeville numbers and "Belle O'Brien" are written in the style of what we would term songs of the Gay Nineties, like "After the Ball" or "The Bowery." On the other hand, "When the Sixty-ninth Comes Back," with its references to the harp that once played in Tara's halls and "the Fighting Irish," may be a stirring American march but will appeal strongly to Irish sympathies.

Herbert was no musical snob. He had an appreciation for talent wherever he found it. He was as comfortable writing songs for vaudeville star Madge Ellis, a headliner at Tony Pastor's in 1894, as he was for coloratura opera stars like Luisa Tetrazzini. He wrote musical comedies for limited singers like Elsie Janis and Montgomery & Stone and operettas for diva sopranos Emma Trentini and Fritzi Scheff.

A huge Irish and American patriot, he arranged songs from the famous collection *Moore's Irish Melodies* and turned out a large quantity of patriotic numbers to celebrate and support American politics. His love for Ireland infuses a romantic strain into much of his music, particularly in his comic opera of 1917, *Eileen*. Nevertheless, the same themes can be heard in songs such as "Molly" or "Heart O' Mine." An avidly social man, Herbert was a member of the Friars, the Lambs, and Pittsburgh's Crucible Club, and he wrote songs for all of them. A co-founder of ASCAP, he was pro-union, writing an anthem, "The Equity Star," for one of the Actors Equity events.

In this CD anthology, 102 songs are presented as examples of his work. While a few songs written for well-known musicals and operettas may be found here, the emphasis has been placed on songs for occasion and event, along with much of the music he wrote for performance in plays and revues. Many of these songs have never before been recorded, and they are presented in chronological order to display his progression from art song to the popular 32-bar song. Jerome Kern referred to Herbert as "the greatest of them all," high praise coming from a great songwriter like Kern.

CD 1 (1898–1894)

The German Lieder (1888–1896) (Tracks 1–19)

Herbert's solid musical training at the Stuttgart Conservatory and his orchestral experience as a cellist gave him valuable exposure to all the leading composers of his time. This had a great influence on his compositional style, which is reflected in his German Lieder, or songs. These nineteen songs are rooted firmly in the traditional German romantic style of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Herbert certainly knew very well the German art song and its composers past and present. His style also looks toward future composers. Schumann's influence can be heard, particularly in the piano accompaniments. There are, however, murmurs of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Brahms, Grieg, Pfitzner, Liszt, Wolf, and Rachmaninoff as well. If we were to ask what style, then, does emerge in these works, the answer would be that it is Herbert's own particular style. Although there are only nineteen songs currently extant, Herbert had already found that delicate balance between word and music that is so often elusive with the art song. Unabashedly romantic in style, Herbert knew the fine line where an art song retains its serious musical dignity without crossing over into excessive sentimentality.

Op. 15, Three Songs with Pianoforte Accompaniment (Tracks 1–3)

These three songs, dedicated to soprano Emma Juch, all have different poets. The first song, *Die stille Rose*, text by Ida von Düringsfeld, is tender and has a simple *legato* line in the voice depicting the lover's desire to be a silent flower on the bosom of the loved one. The piano accompaniment also remains simple with repeated quarter notes. In the middle of the song is a short *animato*, which provides contrast to the beginning and end. A high G-flat on the word *Herzen* provides this peaceful song with an unexpected, but heartfelt climax as the song ends quietly.

Robert Schumann's influence is heard directly at the beginning of the second song, *Liebesleben*, text by Friedrich Brunold, with syncopated chords in the piano, as in "Intermezzo" from Schumann's *Liederkreis*, op. 39. Again there is an ABA structure with the middle section going through different keys momentarily. The vocal part remains simple within an octave. This song of love also ends tenderly with the piano repeating the main motif in the short postlude. In 1940, this song was given a new English text by Lorraine Noel Finley, titled "Day Is Here," and published in the set, "Three Songs for Voice and Piano."

The third song, *Nur du bist's*, text by O. E. Ehlers, begins with a short, intimate and sentimental motif in the piano and continues with repeated eighths before moving into a much larger emotional second half, climaxing with the words, "only you are the one." Herbert's use of triplets for this climax recalls Rachmaninoff.

Op. 10, Aus Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen von Rudolph Baumbach (Tracks 4–5)

These two splendid songs, inspired by Rudolph Baumbach's *Songs of a Wayfarer*, are unlike most of Herbert's songs in that they have a distinctive German ballade-like character, which lends additional weight and declamatory freedom for the singer. *Wirthstochterlein* starts with a fresh march before the baritone enters with his avowal of love for the maiden. The singer states his "to thee" with total determination singing an extended high F. A middle section follows in quieter triplets, recalling Schumann's *Die beiden Grenadiere*, and the song ends with a repeat of the opening section. Herbert's embellishments of the word *Brevier* (prayer book) and the swaying of the boat (*schaukelnden*) are imaginative.

The second song, *Vogelfang*, is even more colorful. After a playful entrance in the piano with bird-like fluttering, the singer enters for two humorous verses describing his experience of being “captured” like a bird by the hostess’ daughter, depicted by a long trill. Herbert then moves into a quasi-recitative passage with sustained chords to describe the moment when the man is so smitten that he is unable to leave her. This song also repeats the opening section and closes with the original motif. Both songs are fine examples of the symbiosis between word and music, and show a deeper compositional style.

Op. 13, Lieder und Gesänge für eine Singstimme & Klavier (Tracks 6–7)

Herbert’s two opus 13 songs, inspired by his love for his wife and dedicated to her, have an expressive beauty fitting for the texts of Froböse and J. G. Fischer. *Geständniss* shows Herbert in full compositional control (able to write an excellent German lied). It begins with a charming lilted piano accompaniment and moves into a most effective C-major key change when the singer decides to ask his little star about “what has happened to him.” This quiet and mysterious section reminds one of Hugo Wolf’s *Mörrike-Lieder* and is a further reminder of Herbert’s ability at this early stage in his life to compose effectively for voice and piano. A quasi-recitative passage follows and the singer suddenly realizes that he is totally in love. The song continues with a passionate and enthusiastic exclamation of love, but ends with a final quiet question of “not knowing how it all happened.”

Geweihte Stätte has a steady eighth-note piano accompaniment, lending the song its necessary sacred character in describing the surroundings where the event of a first kiss took place. Herbert’s change of key to a warm A-flat major and a higher piano part are most effective in describing a summer rain. He then changes the accompaniment into enthusiastic triplets for the climatic high A in the voice, “when two people kiss each other for the first time.”

Op. 14, Lieder und Gesänge für eine Singstimme & Klavier (Tracks 8–11)

Frühlingslied, text by Kastrop, is dedicated to British pianist Marie Wurm. Sung by a man proclaiming his love, it starts with gentle vernal triplets in the piano, during which the singer describes the natural beauty of his surroundings. Here, it is interesting to observe the piano part. Herbert has further developed the role of the accompaniment with two short but effective interludes, which have the effect of providing the landscape an additional beauty and warmth. The middle section moves into repeated chords as the singer declares his love, followed by the second verse, which ends abruptly with a high note.

Now it is the woman’s turn to proclaim her love, *Ich liebe dich*, text by Joseph Siegel. This song, in ABA form without a varied repeat, opens with a lovely Mendelssohn-like arpeggio accompaniment before climaxing in her declaration of love. Again, Herbert changes into repeated chords for more intimacy as she sings of life and her changed feelings. There is an effective transition in the piano part before the opening melody repeats for the final section. Unlike the last song, Herbert seizes the opportunity for a more developed closing by repeating, “I love you” several times, and moves into a heartfelt *lento*. The singer ends on a soft high G. He also provides a short postlude in the piano. The compositional quality of the middle part of this song, dedicated to dramatic soprano Fanny Moran-Olden, would fit very comfortably nestled in the middle of Schumann’s song cycle, *Frauenliebe und Leben*, op. 42.

The next two songs have a higher *tessitura* and need to be sung by a coloratura soprano. The first song is dedicated to soprano Clementine De Vere. *Ständchen*, text by an unidentified poet, opens with the longest piano introduction thus far in Herbert’s songs. The staccato *grazioso* prelude looks

toward Hugo Wolf. The singer then enters, greeting her handsome beloved with dulcet tones, including a trill. A key change to A-flat major, with a soft rocking figure in the piano part, provides a respite from her merrymaking. The vocal line now also becomes more lyrical. Short-lived, it is then back to more high notes, trills, and the like, including even a series of “la la la’s,” which add to her contentment. The second verse employs the same accompaniment.

Das Geheimniss, text by Rudolph Baumbach, which is dedicated to Chicago voice coach Florence Magnus, has two parts with a repeat. It opens with a slow gracious waltz, in which the girl is well aware that nature knows her secret. In a rubato transition, very much like Richard Strauss, she says, “hush” four times. It is to no avail, for she is foolish and does not know what she wants. She continues to sing in a sprightly manner with additional staccato “hushes.” The last one then ends on a high A. The second verse only confirms that she cannot keep a secret.

Op. 18, Lieder und Gesänge für eine Singstimme & Klavier (Tracks 12–13)

According to Herbert, *Fliege fort*, dedicated to soprano Corinne Moore Lawson, should be sung in the manner of a folk song. Each verse opens with little flutters of the forest bird, which the abandoned lover tells to fly away. It is a simple work of love’s transience. W. A. Corrodi’s text in three verses, set to a simple piano accompaniment, provides just enough harmonic support for the depressed mood of the singer. A series of sad, sustained chords follows for the words *gestorben* and *verdorben* (dead, faded away).

Schnelle Blüthe, also dedicated to Corinne Moore Lawson, is one of Herbert’s more structurally developed songs. Heinrich Seidel’s text reflects the mood (how love can so suddenly fade). Plucked rose petals and forget-me-nots flutter away in the wind as the piano plays in an upper range, and the voice sings in a staccato manner. A short *lento* depicts a once-loved youth who passes by, causing embarrassment between the two former lovers. The song ends with philosophical thoughts on how everything blooms so quickly, as in life. The accompaniment fits the text like a glove with its frequent tempo changes and rhythmic alterations.

Op. 21, Lieder und Gesänge für eine Singstimme & Klavier (Tracks 14–15)

The two songs of opus 21, texts by Heinrich Seidel, could not be more contrasted in their musical structure. *Du ahnst es nicht*, dedicated to flautist Otto Oesterle, is a languid, simple song with a gentle syncopated accompaniment reflecting the loving thoughts of a man toward a girl who is unaware of his feelings. Herbert then changes keys from F major to F minor with a *poco animato* and the accompaniment doubles the vocal line. This short intensification provides the song with just the right amount of contrast between the calm opening and closing.

Mein Herz ist treu, dedicated to baritone Gardner Lamson, is an exciting and extensive song not unlike the great songs of Brahms, Liszt, or even Rachmaninoff. Here Herbert skillfully uses a four-note leitmotif for the song’s musical development. It is first introduced in the piano and then subsequently interwoven throughout the work. The restless triplets and tremolo in the piano accompaniment lead to two large dramatic climaxes before the work ends in triumphant E major. There are two remarkable developments in Herbert’s compositional style in this song. One is the continued use of a leitmotif as a thematic basis such as the transition between the two verses, which he constructs by using only this motif. Even more important is the musical development of the second verse. Avoiding the use of a direct repeat as in most of his songs, he develops the vocal line even further, which gives the song a wonderful musical maturity and places him alongside his great German contemporaries.

Im Mondenlicht (Track 16)

Unpublished and without an opus number, *Im Mondenlicht* is dedicated to Clementine De Vere Sapio. Miss De Vere by the time of the song's composition had married pianist Romualdo Sapio. This scintillating song opens with a restless, spirited accompaniment of expectation. The mood is set for the fragrance of red roses and the nightly song of the nightingale. Both bring their serenade (or *Ständchen*, the original title of the poem by Heinrich Seidel) to the beloved. Their wordless song is set high in the voice like a vocalise, and the accompaniment calms from arpeggios to peaceful, sustained chords, as the bird continues its song. A second verse follows, ending with a high vocal D flat. In this endearing work, Herbert captures so well the essence of a late spring night, with the scent of roses and the song of a nightingale.

Drei Lieder (Track 17–19)

These three songs were dedicated to Charles F. Tretbar, music publisher and executive at Steinway & Sons. The first song, *Liebeslied*, text by Hans Mueller, philosophically vows that life is not to be lived without love. It is a short song, which has a staccato lightness in character. Voice and piano have the same melodic line. This gives the song a simple and positive aura.

The following song, *Heimweh*, text by Carl Beck, is even shorter, beginning with D minor feelings of longing, changing to a D major proclamation of homesickness for the native land. Could Herbert's choice of text be a reflection on Germany, the country where, in his youth, he lived and studied, or Ireland, where his grandfather Samuel Lover was a national hero? In 1940, this song was given a new English text by Lorraine Noel Finley, titled "Exile's Haven," and published in the set, "Three Songs for Voice and Piano."

Frieden, text by Rosa Maria Assing, has a lovely fluidity, not unlike Mendelssohn, in the piano accompaniment. This depicts vividly a person in nature enjoying an early evening with comforting thoughts, as if the loved one were also present. The song ripples on, ending in a gentle climax. In 1940, this song was given a new English text by Lorraine Noel Finley, titled "The River Song," and published in the set "Three Songs for Voice and Piano."

Six Songs from *Prince Ananias* (1894) (Tracks 20–22; CD 2, Tracks 1–3)

Herbert's first completed operetta was *Prince Ananias*, written for The Bostonians, a touring group whose huge success was the Reginald de Koven comic opera *Robin Hood* of 1891. The librettist for *Prince Ananias* was Francis Nelson (1867–1961), a British novelist, playwright, and member of Parliament, who had come to the United States to work in the theater. The plot involves a troupe of traveling players brought to the court of Navarre to make the king laugh: they include an outlaw in love with a village girl and a poet who turns out to be Prince Ananias.

Because the composer's full score is missing, it's unlikely that this work will see a full revival. The songs recorded here are the major numbers composed for Bostonian stars contralto Jessie Bartlett Davis, whose popular success had come with her performance of "O Promise Me" in *Robin Hood*, and bass Eugene Cowles, who went on to perform roles in Herbert's *The Fortune Teller* and *The Rose of Algeria*.

"Under an Oak" was Eugene Cowles' first solo in the score. Tenor Joseph Sheehan, as Eugene, apprentice to the manager of the acting troupe, sang "Ah, Cupid! Meddlesome Boy," which sounds as if it stepped out of an early Gilbert & Sullivan comic opera. "The Hamlet of Fancy" was the Act One showpiece for Jessie Bartlett Davis. From the evidence of this number, she must have been an amazing singer.

CD 2 (1894-1906)

“Love Ne’er Came Nigh” and “Love Is Spring” were the second-act solos for Cowles and Davis. “The Time Will Come,” which Eugene Cowles also performed in concerts, was an interpolation added to the production, perhaps as a replacement for Cowles’s “Under an Oak.” The song is copyrighted 1895. Fred Dixon, a performer with The Bostonians, wrote the lyrics.

Two Songs for Madge Ellis (1895) (Tracks 4–5)

The sheet music covers for the two songs refer to her as “America’s Favorite Singer” and “New York’s Favorite Character Artiste,” but there are no newspaper reviews for Miss Ellis to verify that she ever performed either song. From the nature of these two songs, it is likely that she performed, at times, as a male impersonator. Called “the dainty little singer” by *The Washington Post*, she appeared in music halls in the United States, London, and Dublin. In 1897, in London, she threatened to sue Charles Reed and Edith Mary Reed for their accusation that she performed on stage bare-legged and sang obscene songs; they settled out of court for £300 and a public apology.

There is scant information on John Ernest McCann, playwright and author of popular verse. His contributions to American literature include a play, *The Captain’s Mate* (1894), the column “Odds and Ends,” published by New York-based *Alliance* in 1891 and his collection of poems, *Songs From an Attic*, published by Brentano in 1890.

Both songs have a similar construction of a verse in common time, followed by a waltz refrain. “Me and Nancy,” which was also published as “Sweet Nancy” (Track 9) without a cover photograph of Miss Ellis, speaks directly to the shantytown immigrant, most likely Irish, with upwardly mobile ambitions, a theme Herbert would use again in the duet “I’d Love to Be a Lady” from his 1917 Irish comic opera *Eileen*. “Jenny’s Baby” begins as a swaggering character song that concludes sentimentally on the things one passes down to one’s children. It offers the singer good choices to play to an audience.

“Belle O’Brien” (1895) (Track 6), also written by John Ernest McCann, may have been intended for Miss Ellis; it succeeds as both a vaudeville number and a sentimental ballad of the period.

Two Songs from Peg Woffington (1897) (Tracks 7–8)

Written for Camille D’Arville and her opera company, *Peg Woffington* was loosely based on the life of an eighteenth-century British actress. The book and lyrics were by Herbert’s frequent collaborator Harry B. Smith. The first performance took place in Scranton, Pennsylvania, on October 18, 1897. The reviews were not good, and the show moved to Washington, D.C. for further work. Smith and Herbert were busy at the same time opening their second collaboration, *The Idol’s Eye*, in New York, and *Peg Woffington* suffered from their neglect. Although the score received decent reviews, the book did not, and D’Arville closed the show rather than risk failure in New York. The score remains unpublished.

“To Be Near Thee” was a solo for the leading lady, Camille D’Arville. “The Song of the Bagpipes,” which the critics liked, was performed by Albert Hart, who played Joe Wattles, the manager of a theatrical troupe.

Songs 1897–1898 (Tracks 10–12)

“The Secret,” (1897) is a poem by James Russell Lowell (1819–1891), one of a group of New England poets of the 1840s, along with Longfellow and John Greenleaf Whittier, collectively referred to as the “Fireside Poets.” The song was published as a newspaper supplement, perhaps as a promotion for Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Lowell’s publisher.

The word “anthem” is generally used to refer to a celebratory song or composition for a distinct group of people, such as a “national anthem” or a “sports anthem.” “Columbia, an Anthem” (1898) appears to be Herbert’s first attempt at this genre. Clay M. Greene (1850–1933), a member of the theatrical fraternity the Lambs Club, of which Herbert was an enthusiastic member, provided the words.

“The Fight Is Made and Won” (1898) has a text by Thomas J. Vivian, a reporter and political writer, author of *With Dewey at Manila*, *The Fall of Santiago*, and *Everything About Our New Possessions: Being a Handy Book on Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines*. This anthem, “written especially for the Peace Festival, in aid of the National Fund, for a monument to the dead heroes of the Cuban battlefields and the Martyrs of the Maine,” was published in September 1898 as a newspaper supplement by William Randolph Hearst’s *The New York Journal*.

Two Songs from *Babes In Toyland* (1903) (Tracks 13–14)

The “extravaganza” was a form of family entertainment similar to the British Christmas pantomime, usually based on a fairy tale and filled with eccentric performances, melodrama, knockabout comedy, *grotesquerie*, and stunning scenic effects. After the success of *The Wizard of Oz*, the 1902 summer extravaganza for Chicago’s Grand Opera House, its producer Fred Hamlin and director Julian Mitchell began to look for their next success. They had a libretto by Glen MacDonough (1867–1924), based on the British pantomime *The Babes in the Wood*, and they wanted Herbert to compose the score.

Herbert later told the press he accepted the commission because he wanted to write a show for his son, Clifford. He was so taken with MacDonough’s libretto that it generated a huge amount of music of a consistently high quality. After the Chicago opening at the Grand Opera House on June 17, 1903, several numbers were cut and revisions began to improve the show for its Broadway opening in October.

“She Was a Country Girl” was intended to be the big Act Three number for Mabel Barrison as Jane, one of the “babes” of the title. According to the opening night program of June 17, 1903, the song was titled “Evaline McCook” and was sung by Miss Barrison, Charles Barry, Elmer Tenley, and the chorus. The performers’ reviews were not good and the song was cut immediately. Elmer Tenley left the show in September, replaced by Frank Hayes, but Charles Barry was kept because his wife, Hulda Halvers, was also in the show. Miss Barrison was the protégé of director Julian Mitchell, who clearly believed in her abilities. One Chicago critic suggested Miss Barrison’s voice “needed sandpapering” and another suggested Mabel “turn her toes out and her tones in.” Four months later, when the show opened on Broadway, Mabel’s performance of a new song, “I Can’t Do the Sum,” made her a star.

When the show closed on Broadway in March 1904, the production went out on tour, returning to New York’s Majestic Theatre at Columbus Circle for a three-week run beginning on January 2, 1905. There was a new number in the first act for the two comic villains Gonzorgo and Rodrigo, a rollicking song, “Don’t Be a Villain,” with lyrics by Vincent Bryan (1877–1937), who

had written the words for the Montgomery & Stone hit “Hurrah for Baffin’s Bay” in *The Wizard of Oz*.

Songs, 1904–1906 (Tracks 15–19)

The *Chicago Tribune* of July 31, 1904, offered its new subscribers (with a coupon) “a complimentary copy of *The World’s Patriotic Song* entitled ‘In the Folds of the Starry Flag’ by Victor Herbert, with colored cover by Dan Smith.” The lyrics for the anthem “In the Folds of the Starry Flag” were by Paul Clarendon West (1871–1918), who is perhaps best known today for his collaboration with *The Wizard of Oz* illustrator W. W. Denslow, *The Pearl and the Pumpkin: A Classic Halloween Tale*. Herbert’s melody for this patriotic song bears some similarity to his song, “Oh, I Sing the Praise of the Sword,” written for bass Eugene Cowles for the London production of *The Fortune Teller*.

“Kiss Me Again” began life in the 1905 comic opera, *Mlle. Modiste*, as the third section of Fritz Scheff’s Act One showpiece “If I Were on the Stage,” a number very similar to Adele’s Act Three audition number “Spiel’ ich die Unschuld vom Lande” in Johann Strauss, Jr.’s *Die Fledermaus*. In the number Miss Scheff as the *modiste* Fifi showed her approach to playing three different roles if she became a singer. The third section, a “romantic waltz,” became so popular that it was eventually published as a separate song. Lyricist Henry Blossom and Herbert wrote a new, sincere verse, allowing the romantic song to stand on its own outside the score for *Mlle. Modiste*.

“An Easter Dawn,” lyrics by Glen MacDonough, was performed in at least three Herbert Orchestra concerts, according to *New York Times* announcements: on April 24, 1905, the song was given its premiere performance by soprano Frieda Stender at the Majestic Theatre, along with a performance of Herbert’s Easter cantata, “Christ Is Risen.” It was performed again on March 31, 1907, by soprano Blanche Duffield, at Daly’s Theatre, and on April 19, 1908, at the Broadway Theatre, by soprano Elizabeth Dodge. The song is both a dramatic number and a good example of the religious anthems of the period, such as the 1903 anthem, “Open the Gates of the Temple,” by Joseph F. Knapp and Fanny Crosby.

Dedicated to the Lambs Club, “Mary’s Lamb,” lyrics by playwright Edward E. Kidder (1849–1927), which welcomes the ladies to a performance, may have been the opening number for one of their annual Gambols, a one-night revue presented to the public, similar to the Hasty Pudding shows in which the all-male membership played the all of the roles.

Victor Herbert was also a member of New York’s Friars Club, founded in 1904. On November 10, 1907, the *New York Times* reported that, at a Friars Club dinner honoring David Belasco on the previous night, “Clifford Wiley sang the Friars Song with Victor Herbert, its composer, at the piano.” The lyrics for “Friars” were written by Charles Emerson Cook (1870–1941), writer of several comic operas and a publicist for Belasco.

The Bards of Ireland, 1908 (Tracks 20–25)

In 1806 Dublin-born Thomas Moore, in collaboration with John Stevenson, began writing lyrics to Irish melodies at the request of a publisher, who published between 1808 and 1834 one hundred twenty-four songs in ten volumes, each volume containing around twelve songs. The tenth volume contained sixteen.

Every year, on March 17, the Society of the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick held a festive dinner. Records are vague on the year that Herbert became a member, but his biographer Edward Waters believed it was in 1907. It is likely that, after the dinner at Delmonico's on March 17, 1908, each person attending went home with a copy of Herbert's arrangement of six Irish melodies. The slim volume, beautifully hand-copied by Henry Boewig, Herbert's principal copyist, had a preface on Irish music written by the composer. While Thomas Moore wrote more than one verse for each song, Herbert curiously chose to publish only the first verse.

The first song, "The Minstrel Boy," seems an apt introduction to a collection with the word "bard" in its title. The melody is the Irish air "The Moreen," and it is believed that Thomas Moore composed the song in remembrance of friends who died in the Irish Rebellion of 1798.

"Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave," also titled "War Song" and set to the tune of "Molly Macalpin," is about the great Irish King Brien Bromhe, or Boru, (941–1014) who was killed at the battle of Clontarf.

"Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill" is a dirge for piano solo, taken from an Irish *caoine* (pronounced "keen"), a wail or dirge sung by professional mourners. Owen Roe O'Neill (1590–1649), from the O'Neill dynasty of Ulster, is now looked on as an Irish patriot. Herbert's note on the song is that he was "a popular Irish general poisoned, according to common belief, shortly before Cromwell's landing in Ireland in 1648." Herbert's date and that officially given for O'Neill's death do not match up.

"Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms" is set to the melody of Matthew Locke's seventeenth-century "My Lodging Is in the Cold, Cold Ground." Moore supposedly wrote the words after his wife, disfigured by smallpox, refused to leave her room or to allow anyone, including Moore, to see her scarred looks. He sang the words to her from outside her bedroom door, and she finally relented and let him inside, her confidence restored.

"Tho' the Last Glimpse of Erin" is set to the tune of "The Coulin," a sixteenth-century air, supposedly composed by elves. Moore's lyrics and the melody create an intense emotional yearning for those far from their homeland. Herbert added this footnote to the song: "In 1537 during the reign of Henry VIII an act was made respecting habits and dress of the Irish. All persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears or from wearing 'coulines' (long locks) on their heads. One of our bards wrote this song, in which an Irish virgin gives preference to her 'Coulin' (the youth with flowing locks)."

"The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," set to the tune of "Grammachree," became a popular revolutionary theme that will occur again in these notes. Tara was the mysterious home to Irish high kings, actually existing somewhere in what is now County Meath from very ancient times well before the time of Saint Patrick (432 A.D.) until its destruction, probably in the sixth century, but in any case well before the death of High King Brian Boru on the battlefields of Clontarf. In Moore's poem, written while Ireland was still under an unwelcome British rule, the poet lets Tara symbolize the seat of Irish government and the rule of Ireland.

The harp, the traditional musical instrument of Ireland, symbolizes the Irish people, culture, and spirit. It has been said that the soul of Ireland, the harp, cannot express itself, unless some brave individual asserts his or her freedom in the face of oppression.

CD 3 (1907-1921)

Two Songs to Lines by Algernon Charles Swinburne (Tracks 1–2)

There is neither a dedicatee for the two songs Herbert wrote to the poetry of British poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–1909), nor mention of their composition by any of Herbert's biographers. Swinburne's 1866 poem, "A Match," is the source for "If Love Were What the Rose Is," a meditation on the tests of love and the mysteries of life. Herbert chose to use two of the six stanzas.

Herbert's setting of "Love Laid His Sleepless Head" is one of several musical settings of Swinburne's poem "Song," published in his 1878 collection, *Poems and Ballads, Second Series*, but written at an earlier date. Sir Arthur Sullivan may have been the first to set the poem to music; it was sung by the character of Anne Page in his 1874 incidental music to Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the song was the only portion of Sullivan's score to be published. Herbert's composition is dated 1907. In 1918, Sir William Walton composed a song to the same text.

Songs, 1909–1916 (Tracks 3–9)

Playwright Edward Peple (1869–1924) provided the words for "Love's Oracle," which actress Billie Burke sang in the Actors Fund Benefit on December 11, 1908. Reporting on the event in the *Washington Tribune* of December 20, 1908, reporter Franklin Flyer wrote: "such a comely creature is she [Burke] that, although 'Love's Oracle' was weak stuff, she made it work good."

"Old Ireland Shall Be Free" (1909), subtitled "National Anthem," is Herbert's arrangement of the Irish air "Boys of Wexford." The sheet music cover indicates the song was "Sung by William Ludwig" (1847–1923), an Irish baritone praised by Wagner for his roles of Vanderdecker and Hans Sachs. Ludwig did indeed sing the anthem on May 23, 1909, in a festival of Irish music. The words for the anthem were written by John Jerome Rooney (1866–1934), an Irish-American Catholic poet who wrote the lyrics to "Right Makes Might," the official song of New York City.

"The Twirly Little Girlies at the End of the Line" (1912) is the only published song from *Seven Little Widows*, which was to be produced by George M. Cohan and Sam H. Harris. The show was a collaboration between Victor Herbert, Rida Johnson Young (1869–1926), and William Carey Duncan. Little information exists on this abandoned show beyond the press announcements and the scores in the Victor Herbert Collection of the Library of Congress.

"Love's Hour" (1912), written for, sung by, and dedicated to Signora Luisa Tetrazzini (1871–1940), was first performed by the coloratura soprano at the Hippodrome on February 18, 1910, with lyrics by Rida Johnson Young.

"Remembrance" (1915) is Herbert's setting of an English version of *Erinnerung*, a poem by Carl Weitbrecht (1847–1904). The published song credits the words to "F.L.," whom we know to be Herbert's mother, Fanny. She had written on her manuscript "A song for my Vic to compose if he likes." Very little is known about Herbert's mother, Fanny Lover Herbert Schmidt. Famous as her son and her father Samuel Lover were, there are no confirmed dates for her birth or death. Around the end of the nineteenth century, she and Herbert's half-brother Willy visited New York, and the newspapers reported that Herbert was urging her to remain. She chose to return to Stuttgart and she remains a shadowy but supportive influence on her son's life. Something, perhaps news of his family or concerns about the war in Europe, prompted this song and the next.

“Sweet Harp of the Days That Are Gone: To the Irish Harp” (1915) is set to the poetry of Samuel Lover (1797–1868), Herbert’s maternal grandfather, an Irish songwriter, novelist, playwright, and painter. Dedicated to the great Irish tenor John McCormack, this wonderful ballad, with its intentional harp-like accompaniment, points the way to *Eileen*, Herbert’s romantic Irish comic opera, inspired, incidentally, by *Rory O’More*, Lover’s novel of the 1798 Irish rebellion, “Out of His Heart He Builds a Home” (1916) was sung in *The Cinderella Man*, a comedy about a rich heiress who loves a starving artist, by Edward Childs Carpenter (1872–1950). Herbert and Carpenter, who had been introduced to each other in 1906 as possible collaborators for an opera, also worked together on an unfinished musical, *The House That Jack Built*.

Songs from *The Century Girl* (1916) (Tracks 10–14)

A co-production by Florenz Ziegfeld and Charles Dillingham, this three-act revue, featuring Hazel Dawn, Marie Dressler, Elsie Janis, Leon Erroll, and Frank Tinney, opened at the Century Theatre on November 6, 1916, and ran for a total of 200 performances. The score was composed by Herbert and Irving Berlin. Berlin wrote his own lyrics, while Herbert worked with lyricist Henry Blossom. Ever *au courant* on Broadway musical theater developments and styles of popular music, the 56-year-old Herbert proved that he was capable of writing an up-to-date song as good as those of the youngsters Berlin and Kern.

The opening song, “The Century Girl” followed a Herbert ballet, *The Birth of the Century Girl*. Originally sung by the show’s star Hazel Dawn and the ladies of the ensemble, the arrangement here by Larry Moore features Zachary Stains and the ladies.

“You Belong to Me” was originally a duet for Miss Dawn and Irving Fisher. “Humpty Dumpty” is not listed in the program, although it may have been a part of the “Alice in Wonderland” sequence or a portion of the duet “The Toy Soldiers.”

“The Romping Redheads” was part of the number “Jumping Jacks,” performed by Leon Erroll and the ladies of the ensemble. “When Uncle Sam Is Ruler of the Sea,” led by Irving Fisher, was the show’s patriotic Act Two Finale.

Songs, 1917–1920 (Tracks 15–20)

On April 6, 1917, the United States officially entered World War One, and the country rallied in support. In the theaters, the national anthem was played before a show’s overture, and several shows added musical numbers supporting the American war effort. For the Big Pageant of his 1917 edition of the *Follies* Ziegfeld turned to Herbert. “Can’t You Hear Your Country Calling” was part of the patriotic Act One Finale for *The Ziegfeld Follies of 1917*. Lyricist Gene Buck (1885–1957), who worked as a Ziegfeld contract writer, wrote the lyrics for all of the *Follies* numbers Herbert composed for the next seven years. He became one of Herbert’s closest friends, serving as one of his executors after Herbert’s death.

On October 19, 1919, a Broadway-bound play by Edward Locke (1870–1945), *The Dream Song* began its tryout in Chicago. *Chicago Tribune* critic Percy Hammond called it “a slice of grand opera life.” Herbert’s two songs, “Farewell” and “Lovelight,” sung by Marjory Owens, made no impression on Hammond, who wrote on November 2, 1909, “Edward Locke, the author, will soon be here to cause important changes in ‘The Dream Song,’ his intention being ‘to make it more human. Hurry, hurry, Edward.’” The play never left Chicago.

A huge parade and blessing by the Archbishop of New York celebrated the departure of the

165th Infantry, composed of 2,100 men and ninety-five officers, for the front on August 20, 1917, under the command of Colonel Charles De Lano Hine. A National Guard unit, the infantry was “the Old Sixty-ninth Regiment,” also known as “the Fighting Irish.” American poet Joyce Kilmer, perhaps best known today for his poem “Trees,” was a sergeant in the intelligence division. “When the Sixty-ninth Comes Back” was written by Kilmer near the close of the First World War.

This song epitomizes the conflict felt by Victor Herbert, as the leader of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. After the unsuccessful Easter Rising in 1916 and the brutal English reprisals, Herbert led efforts to help the families of the dead Irish rebels. When America entered the war on the side of England in 1917, Herbert and the Irish-American community, whose sympathies lay with England’s enemy Germany, laid aside whatever enmities they held against England in support of their adopted country without hesitation. On July 30, 1918, at the age of thirty-three, Sgt. Joyce Kilmer was killed in the second battle of the Marne.

The cover of the song “When the Sixty-ninth Comes Back” (1919) informs the reader “Lieut. Victor Herbert has waived his royalties on this song in behalf of Mrs. Joyce Kilmer.” The song was officially performed for the first time on the occasion of the parade of the Sixty-ninth and the posthumous award of the *croix de guerre* to Kilmer’s oldest son Kenton on April 28, 1919.

“Molly” (1919) is dedicated to great Irish tenor John McCormack (1884–1945). The lyrics for this glorious song were written by Rida Johnson Young (1875–1926), his librettist for *Naughty Marietta*, *The Dream Girl*, and the unfinished *Seven Little Widows*. A competent craftsman, Miss Young occasionally rose to lyrical heights, as she does here.

“The Dodge Brothers March” (1920) was written expressly for the Dodge Brothers Company, a Detroit automobile manufacturer, and “dedicated by Mr. Herbert to the late Mr. Horace E. Dodge in respectful appreciation towards the advancement of American music.” The beginning and end of the piece feature a stirring march, while the middle section had lyrics by Maxwell I. Pitkin (1889–1960), who worked for several advertising firms.

Songs for the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1920 and 1921* (Tracks 21–25)

After a two-year absence, Herbert returned to work for Ziegfeld and the Follies with Gene Buck. For the 1919 edition, he composed a circus ballet for Marilyn Miller and an unused number, “Dispossessed,” which was orchestrated and cut from the production. None of Herbert’s work for the production was published.

For the 1920 edition, starring Fanny Brice, W. C. Fields, and Eddie Cantor, he composed a “Creation” ballet and two songs with lyrics by Buck. Mary Eaton and the gentlemen of the ensemble sang “When the Right One Comes Along.” The recording arrangement, by Larry Moore, is based on cues in the published song and other choral arrangements of the period. John Steel sang “The Love Boat,” introducing a pictorial fantasy of romantic Venice.

In the 1921 edition, which starred Fanny Brice, W. C. Fields, and Mary Eaton, “The Legend of the Golden Tree” was an exotic pageant that also featured the song “The Princess of My Dreams.” There is no mention of “In Khorassan,” which may have been a part of the same pageant or a number dropped from the show. The Act One closer was a comedy number for Brice and Fields, “The Championship of the World,” also written by Herbert and Buck and now lost.

Songs, 1921 (Tracks 26–27)

Founded in 1913 by 112 professional actors, the Actors Equity Association joined the American Federation of Labor in 1919 and called a strike, which ended the dominance of the “Theatrical Syndicate,” led by producers Erlanger and Klaw, and increased the membership from 3,000 to 14,000. “The Equity Star” was written with British playwright/actor Grant Stewart (1866–1929), one of the most active members of the union. Performed at several New York and Chicago rallies and drives for Actors Equity, the song’s royalties went to the union. On November 19, 1921, it was staged by Hassard Short for the Equity Annual Ball. Six months later, in the Actors Equity Annual Show, it was performed by Belle Story and a chorus composed of two hundred of Broadway’s leading men and women on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

“Alma Mater Song for the Catholic University of America” (1921) is proof that being the best doesn’t mean you’re the winner. In 1920, John Joseph Relihan, along with other students in the senior class, organized a contest for an Alma Mater song. The prize, awarded by a committee of students, was \$50.00 for first place and \$25.00 for second place, and the money was donated by a Msgr. Daugherty. The winner of the contest received the honor of having his words set to music by the famous composer Victor Herbert (under the composer’s stipulation that the words were suitable). According to the Catholic University newspaper *The Tower* (Vol. 36, No.6, November 1, 1957), “Mr. Relihan had contacted Mr. Herbert because he had always enjoyed his music, and because, after reading of his staunch devotion to Ireland, his birthplace, concluded the composer was Catholic. Mr. Herbert wondered if the fact that he was not a Catholic would matter.”

Herbert, who was at the height of his fame, “very magnanimously donated” his work anyway (according to *The University Symposium*, Vol. 9, No. 1, October 1920), setting the text written by the first-prize winner Robert H. Mahoney (1895–1979). Mysteriously, although the Herbert/Mahoney Alma Mater was declared to be the official Alma Mater of the university, the second prize song, known as “Guardian of Truth,” with words and music by Fr. Thomas J. McLean, was adopted as the official Alma Mater only months after the contest ended.

CD 4 (1922–posthumous)

Songs (1922) (Tracks 1-2)

For *The Ziegfeld Follies of 1922*, Herbert provided three pieces: a series of marches for the Act One Finale “Bring on the Girls,” a pantomime sequence titled “Farljandio,” and a scene in Lanceland, where Mary Lewis introduced a ballet with the song “Weaving My Dreams.” Again, the lyrics were by Gene Buck.

“Mary Came Over to Me” (1922), a moving ballad speaking to the Irish immigration experience, has lyrics by Irving Caesar (1895–1996), the son of Russian Jewish immigrants, who most likely saw the same emotions in his own family. This heartfelt song appears to be the only Herbert-Caesar collaboration, and none of Herbert’s biographers mention more than a passing acquaintance between them. The most obvious place they would have met was ASCAP, but they worked in the same tight theatrical circle; Julian Mitchell, the director of Herbert’s *The Fortune Teller*, *Babes in Toyland*, *It Happened in Nordland*, and others, had staged a 1922 revue, *Pins and Needles*, with lyrics by Caesar.

Songs from *The Ziegfeld Follies of 1923* (Tracks 3–5)

“That Old-Fashioned Garden of Mine” was introduced by Olga Steck; it was performed as the middle section of a three-part sequence of “Mirror Dance” (music uncredited), song by Miss Steck, and a Fanny Brice routine “Pretty Flowers From Me to You” (music uncredited). After the opening, the sequence was cut from the show. The lyrics are by Gene Buck, and the recording arrangement is by Larry Moore.

“Lady of the Lantern” does not appear in the program, but it’s possible that it was a section of the Herbert-Buck number “Legend of the Drums.” Another number cut from the show after the opening night, “I’d Love to Waltz Through Life With You,” was introduced by Olga Steck and Roy Cropper.

Songs 1923–1925 (Tracks 6–10)

“When Knighthood Was in Flower” (1923) was written with William LeBaron (1883–1958) in conjunction with the 1922 film adaptation of Charles Major’s novel for actress Marion Davies. Davies played Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII, in love with Charles Brandon but forced to marry Louis XII of France for political reasons before all ends happily. William Norris, the star of the original production of *Babes in Toyland*, played King Louis XII. Although the film’s score was composed by William Frederick Peters (1871–1938), producer William Randolph Hearst and the Cosmopolitan Corporation asked Herbert to compose two pieces to advertise the film, this song and the “Marion Davies March.”

May 1923 saw the end of the short and bloody Irish Civil War, the conflict that accompanied the establishment of the Irish Free State. While there is no documentation that “God Spare the Emerald Isle” (1923) was composed by Herbert with lyricist William Jerome (1865–1932) in response to Ireland’s “troubles,” the song is most certainly directed to the sentiments of the Irish-American population. William Jerome, who worked as an actor, singer, songwriter, and music publisher, is perhaps best known today for “Chinatown, My Chinatown.” His wife Maude Nugent, was the writer of “Sweet Rosie O’Grady.”

“Little Old New York (Waltz Song)” (1923) was played at the New Cosmopolitan Theatre, New York, for the Marion Davies film, *Little Old New York*. Although the film score was again composed by William Frederick Peters, producer William Randolph Hearst and the Cosmopolitan Corporation asked Herbert to compose for the film’s publicity this charming waltz song and an overture, “Little Old New York.” In this overture, Herbert curiously makes no reference to this song, but he does include musical quotes from his popular song “The Streets of New York” from *The Red Mill* and Moore’s Irish melody, “Tho’ the Last Glimpse of Erin.”

“Heart O’ Mine: An Irish Song” (1924) was written by Laurence Eyre (1881–1959) for his play, *The Fanshastics*, which opened on January 16, 1924. During its Broadway run, the title was changed to *The Merry Wives of Gotham*. The song was sung by Metropolitan Opera soprano and future star of Rudolf Friml’s *Rose Marie*, Mary Ellis. This heartbreaking song captures the tone of Eyre’s bittersweet comedy, set in Manhattan in 1873, about the friendship between Irish washerwoman Annie O’Tandy and wealthy Park Avenue socialite, Anne DeRhonde, who never learn what the audience knows from the play’s prologue: they are sisters who were separated in Ireland forty-three years earlier. The sisters were played by Laura Hope Crews and Grace George. A year later, the play was filmed as *The Lights of Old New York* with Marion Davies playing both roles.

Nearly ten months after Herbert's death on May 26, 1924, the Shuberts produced a musical for comedian Willie Howard, *Sky High*, based on a Viennese operetta by Robert Bodansky, Bruno Hardt-Warden, and Robert Stoltz. The operetta was overhauled, keeping only the Stoltz portion of the score and adding songs by Alfred Goodman, Carlton Kelsey, and Maurie Rubens as the primary writers. The program also listed songs by Sammy Fain, Jimmy McHugh, Hal Dyson, and a Herbert waltz, "Give Your Heart in June-Time," for the romantic couple played by Joyce Barbour and James R. Liddy.

No effort was made to capitalize on the late composer's contribution to the score in advance publicity. The lyrics were provided by Harold Atteridge (1887–1938), a writer under contract to the Shuberts, and British writer Clifford Grey (1887–1941), who worked in London and New York.

Unpublished Songs (Tracks 11–25)

There are a great many unpublished manuscript songs in the Herbert Collection of the Library of Congress. A few of them, unfortunately, have no lyrics, and the majority of them are in Herbert's hand. A few, which made it so far as rehearsals, are in the hand of various copyists. On occasion Herbert added to the manuscript the name of the lyricist, which is helpful in identifying a possible source for the number. Titles are often provisional, such as "She Was a Country Girl," which was called "Evaline McCook" in the Chicago *Babes in Toyland* program, or the manuscript titled "My Arms Are Yearning" which was published as "The Princess of My Dreams." At times, such as the case of "Nina," he may have simply written in the upper margin the name of the character or performer for whom the material was intended. None of them are dated, which makes it difficult to assign them a composition date. Occasionally a time period can be estimated from evidence within the number or from the brand of paper used. Most of the songs written for shows published by M. Witmark & Sons are written between 1898 and 1918 on their brand of music paper, "The Crest." By 1918, Herbert's songs were published by Harms, and are usually written on paper manufactured by Carl Fischer.

"The Crucible's Toast," like "Friars," appears to be Herbert's song of appreciation on his becoming a member of Pittsburgh's Crucible Club, a social group composed of important citizens. The December 3, 1903, edition of *The Pittsburgh Press* had an article on the second annual banquet of the Crucible Club on December 2nd, which implies that the Club was founded in 1902. Since Herbert's tenure as music director of the Pittsburgh Symphony ran from 1898 to 1903, he could be one of the Club's founding members. Pittsburgh journalist and poet of light verse Arthur G. Burgoyne ((1861–1914) provided the words for Herbert's jocular drinking song. The manuscript paper is the M. Witmark & Sons twelve-stave paper "The Crest."

"It's Just the Harmless Guile of Her" is an undated manuscript, also written on Witmark paper. The *New York Times*, commenting on a 1926 memorial concert for Victor Herbert, referred to playwright Augustus Thomas (1857–1934) as "the oldest friend of Victor Herbert." Thomas and Herbert were among the founders of ASCAP, members of the Friars and the Lambs clubs, and, from the evidence of this song, collaborators at one time. Thomas, whose first play *Alabama* was produced in 1891, wrote the successful *Fiddle-dee-dee* (1900), directed by Julian Mitchell, for the Weber-Fields comedy troupe. His most famous play, the ghostly *The Witching Hour*, was produced in 1907. From its romantic text to its ambiguous harmonies and atypical accompaniment (2/4 against 3/4), "It's Just the Harmless Guile of Her" bears signs of its being intended for parlor or concert performance and written between 1898 and 1908. Perhaps it was meant to be a song performed in one of Thomas's plays.

“O My Love’s Like a Red Red Rose,” undated manuscript, is a setting of the poem by Robert Burns (1759–1796). It’s surprising that a song so lovely was never published. The music is written on sixteen-stave manuscript paper of no identifiable brand. It’s difficult to date this song, perhaps 1907 when Herbert set Swinburne to music, but it could have been written as late as 1919 and “Molly.”

“Wild Oats,” an undated manuscript, has lyrics by Glen MacDonough, and it was clearly written for one of the Herbert and MacDonough shows. The vocal line is set to a bass clef, meaning this humorously melancholy song was intended for a bass singer. The most obvious choice for the singer is Eugene Cowles (1860–1948), who had introduced “The Gypsy Love Song” in *The Fortune Teller* and played principal roles in Herbert’s *Prince Ananias*, *The Singing Girl*, and *Babette*. The first line of the song, “I’m well over fifty and what is called by the world a success” provides information on the character’s age and rank; Cowles was 49 when he played General Petipons in the 1909 Herbert-MacDonough show, *The Rose of Algeria*.

“Just a Dream of a Bygone Day,” a parlor song of romantic yearning, has no lyricist credit on the undated manuscript, sad because the opening line “When the sun in golden splendor” has such romantic resonance. It’s one of many songs from the mid-nineteenth century into the twentieth, dealing with lost love, erotic yearnings, and tender memories, from Stephen Foster’s “I Dream of Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair” to many others popular before the First World War, such as “Love’s Old Sweet Song” and “Roses of Picardy.”

The song is written on twelve-stave paper, “The Crest.” The text must have had some familiarity at the time; a 1914 parody called “A Junior’s Dream” was published in the 1914 West Virginia Wesleyan College yearbook. Written by M.R.G., it begins:

When the sun in golden splendor
Sinks behind the distant hills,
Then a mem’ry sweetly tender
All my inmost being thrills.
’Tis the mem’ry of my school-days
And of friends both kind and true;
But the Juniors of Old Wesleyan
Break most clearly on my view.

“Give Me That Rose” is set to lyrics by playwright/novelist Booth Tarkington (1869–1946). There are no newspaper clippings, or acknowledgement of their acquaintance from biographers of either Herbert or Tarkington. Since both men were members of the Lambs, it’s possible this number was written for one of the Gambols or a stage adaptation of Tarkington’s 1900 novel, *Monsieur Beaucaire*. The copyist’s score is written on Carl Fischer twelve-stave paper, placing this song later in Herbert’s career.

The first joke of the funny “A Nautical Song in High C” is that the key is D major. The fact that the song was orchestrated and given dance music means that it was dropped late in rehearsals, or during previews, from a production. The song is in a copyist’s hand on Witmark music paper “The Crest.” The full score shows the orchestration was for a smaller orchestra than most of Herbert’s shows, and it’s likely this number was written for a revue, perhaps *The Century Girl*. The lyrics are by Henry Blossom (1866–1919).

Henry Blossom must have been fond of the opening phrase of “Ha! Ha!” (“Since Adam blamed Eve”). He used a variation on it for the opening lines of his 1906 lyrics for Herbert’s song “A Widow Has Ways” from *The Red Mill* (“Since Adam first made Mother Eve take the blame”). This comedy song of male manipulation bears a strong resemblance to “Make Him Guess,” sung by the character of Grace Holbrook in their 1915 musical comedy *The Princess “Pat.”* It’s possible that “Ha! Ha!” was the first attempt at a song that became “Make Him Guess.” At the end of the undated manuscript, Herbert has written “more verses to follow.” Sadly, there are no more.

The lyrics for “She’s a Dog Gone Lovable Girl” are by Gene Buck, and it’s likely that this song was intended for an edition of *The Ziegfeld Follies*. Although the composer’s manuscript, on Carl Fischer paper, is undated, Herbert’s work for Ziegfeld places this song between 1919 and 1924.

Herbert has written “Song Nina?” at the top of the undated manuscript. The song’s lyrics have no reference to anyone named “Nina.” Herbert further complicates the issue by assigning no credit for the lyrics on his score. Perhaps “Nina” was the name of the actress for whom he wrote the song, but it’s more likely that “Nina” is a character singing the song. One possible clue is a character named Nina Romaine in Herbert’s 1920 show, *The Girl in the Spotlight*. The fact that the song is written on Carl Fischer paper places the song after 1919. If this song were indeed intended for *The Girl in the Spotlight*, the song’s lyricist is “Richard Bruce,” pen name of Robert B. Smith (1875–1951), brother of Harry B. Smith.

Robert B. Smith is definitely the lyricist for “The Kid Is Clever,” sung by “Pansy.” The song was orchestrated and copied before it was cut. The copyist’s score ends with a pickup word “when,” implying that there was a second verse beginning with that word. Sadly, the lyrics are missing. There are two clues for dating this number: the song is copied on Carl Fischer paper and there is a character named Pansy, played by comedienne Georgia O’Ramey, in their 1920 failure, *Oui, Madame*, which closed out of town before opening on Broadway.

The undated copyist’s score, on Witmark paper, “The Crest,” credits Harry B. Smith for the lyrics of “Tell Me, Daisy,” but there is no character assignment or show title on the manuscript. Smith’s last two shows with Herbert were *Sweethearts* and *The Debutante*, and this song could have been written for either of them. The choral parts recorded here are Herbert’s original arrangement. In 1915, for *The Princess “Pat,”* Herbert reused the melody of the refrain for a new song “There’s a Message of Love in Your Eyes,” with lyrics by Henry Blossom. That song was published and cut before the show’s Broadway opening. Perhaps it would have had better luck as the charming “Tell Me, Daisy.”

“I’m Looking for a Little Cinderella,” lyrics by Gene Buck, was intended for an edition of *The Ziegfeld Follies*. The composer’s manuscript, on Carl Fischer paper, is undated, but Herbert’s work for Ziegfeld places this song between 1919 and 1924.

“Cuban (Play on)” is a publisher’s attempt to create a popular song from the “Cuban” movement of Herbert’s *Suite of Serenades* for Paul Whiteman’s February 12, 1924, Aeolian Hall concert that saw the premiere of Gershwin’s *Rhapsody in Blue*. The song has no credit for a lyricist, and it may have been “assembled” by the publisher after the 1939 success of “Indian Summer.” The copyist’s manuscript is undated, and its very simple chordal piano accompaniment has been expanded and developed for the recording by Larry Moore.

“I’m Going in the Movies” was to be sung by a “Miss Meadow Brooks” but the show and lyricist remain unknown. In 1915, cinema siren Theda Bara played the title role in *Siren of Hell*, filmed in

Fort Lee, New Jersey. The copyist's score, on Witmark paper, "The Crest," implies this song was written no later than 1918.

Posthumous Songs, 1935–1939 (Tracks 26–28)

Between 1935 and 1939 three songs appeared, credited to Victor Herbert. The information on two is scant, although they were clearly published through permission of Herbert's executor, his daughter Ella Herbert Bartlett.

The cover of "I Love the Isle of the Sea (Irish Song)" provides several bits of information. It was sung by the popular 1930s radio tenor Charles Sears, and the "vocal arrangement," most likely the adaptation of Herbert's unidentified original score into a popular song, by Carleton Colby. The lyrics were by Chicago songwriter Louis O'Connell, and the song was dedicated to the Honorable Edward J. Kelly, Mayor of the City of Chicago.

"Someone I Love" had lyrics by Haven Gillespie (1888–1975), best known for "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town," "You Go to My Head," and "Breezin' Along With the Breeze." Leo Feist, the publisher, wrote this on the cover: "Victor Herbert was an indefatigable worker, prolific in his chosen field of composition, and it has only now been discovered that some of his choice works were never published. Among them was this delightful and typical melody characteristic of America's best loved composer, a treasure too good to remain unsung and unheard."

"Indian Summer" began as a 1919 piano solo, "Indian Summer (An American Idyll)." In 1939, the piece was adapted into a song, and Al Dubin (1891–1945), whose best-known songs include "42nd Street," "Lullaby of Broadway," "Boulevard of Broken Dreams," and "Tiptoe Through the Tulips," wrote lyrics that perfectly capture the music's elegiac and melancholic tone. The song was published with a French lyric by Emelia Renaud.

—Larry Moore, Sean O'Donoghue, and Gary B. Holt

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Op. 15, Drei Lieder, “To Miss Emma Juch”

1. Die Stille Rose

(German text by Ida von Duringsfeld)

Wenn auf der Erde Schweigen,
am Himmel Sternenschein,
will ich an deinem Herzen
deine stille Rose sein.

Mein Innigstes, mein Stummstes,
ich geb' es dir im Kuss,
es weiss es meine Seele
es weiss es meine Seele
dass sie dir duften muss.

Ich will nicht weiter fragen:
was ist und was kan sein?
Ich will an deinem Herzen
deine stille Rose sein.

The Silent Rose

(English version by Max Bendix)

When all the earth is silent,
And stars in Heaven shine,
I'd be thy little rose love
And on thy heart recline.

My heart felt love, my secret,
I'd give thee in a kiss,
For in my soul I feel it
For in my soul I feel it
To bloom for thee were bliss.

I will not question further
What future will be mine,
Content to be thy Rose love,
And on thy heart recline.

2. Liebesleben

(German text by Brunold)

Könnt in ein Wort ich legen:
wie lieb', wie lieb' du mir!

Ich würd mit meinem Segen
es senden heut' zu dir.

Liess in ein Ringlein graben
das Wort im Golde klar
das Ringlein müsst' du haben
und tragen immerdar.

Kein Wort kann Zeugniß geben
kein Ringlein sagt es dir,
es muss ein ganzes Leben
zeigen wie lieb du mir.

Love's Token

(English version by Henry Bueck)

If but one word could tell thee
How dear to me thou art!
That word I'd gladly send thee
This day with all my heart.

Deep I would have engraven
A golden ring for thee
Forever shouldst thou wear it
For ever think of me.

No word which may be spoken
No ring can prove to thee,
My life shall be a token
How dear thou art to me.

3. Nur du bist's

(German text by O. E. Ehlers)

Lass mich zum letztenmal dir sagen
wie du so lieb und werth mir bist
wie an der Welt ich müsst' verzagen
wenn du mich, theure Maid vergisst.
Nur du bist's, nur du bist's die in dieser Welt,
mich an das enge Leben hält.

Und solltest du die Hand verschmähen
die dir in Liebe wird gereicht
so muss mein Herz zu Grunde gehen
wenn nicht dein Herze sich erweicht.
Nur du bist's, nur du bist's die in dieser Welt,
mich an das enge Leben hält.

In deine Hände ist gegeben
mein Unglück und mein höchstes Glück
in deinen Händen liegt mein Leben
gieb deine Liebe mir zurück.

Nur du bist's, nur du bist's die in dieser Welt,
mich an das enge Leben hält.

Ah! Love Me!

(English version by Sophie Schneider)

Once more I crave to let me tell thee
How precious, dear, thou art to me,
This life would seem to me so lonely
If thou should'st ne'er remember me.

Ah! love me, Ah! love me! World's a dreary place
Without this blessing of thy grace.

Should'st thou refuse the hand I offer
The love I've borne thee strong and true
Ah! If thy heart could never love me
Then mine would die, but still I woo.

Ah! love me, Ah! love me! World's a dreary place
Without this blessing of thy grace.

Into thy hands my fate I've given
My sorrow and my happiness
O grant me bliss! on earth a heaven
Give me thy love my life to bless!

Ah! love me, Ah! love me! World's a dreary place
Without this blessing of thy grace.

Op. 10, Aus Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen von Rudolph Baumbach

4. Wirthstöchterlein

(German text by Rudolf Baumbach, 1840–1905)

Und wärst du, Traute, ein Engelein
und hättest Flugel bekommen,
und trügest um's Haupt einen Heiligenschein,
dann ginge ich unter die Frommen.

Dann läs' ich täglich mein Brevier
bei Orgel und Glockengebimmel,
auf dass Sanct Peter mich zu dir, zu dir
einliesse in den Himmel.

Und wärst du, Traute, ein Teufelein,
mit Hörnchen unter den Haaren,
dem Bösen verschreib ich die Seele mein,
und thät in die Hölle fahren.

Dann glitten wir über den Feuersee
im sänftlich schaukelnden Kahne
und tranken duftigen Schwefelthee
mit des Teufels würdiger Ahne,

Du bist kein Engel im Glorienschein
du bist keine Teufelinne,
du hast als Eva's Töchterlein
die glückliche Mitte ihne.

Zur Hölle nicht noch himmelwärts
ich meine Schritte lenke;
der Wirthin Kind besitzt mein Herz, mein Herz,
mein Weg geht nach der Schenke.

The Hostess' Daughter

(English version by E. Buck)

And wert thou, sweet one, an angel fair
With wings all white on thee growing,
And didst o'er thy brow thou a halo wear,
Then with the devout I'd be going.

My breviary I'd daily read
Would visit the church morn and even,
So that my way to thee might lead to thee,
Dwelling in realms of heaven.

And wert thou in with the Evil One,
And horns on brow wert thou wearing,
My soul then by him too should be won,
Thy life then below I'd be sharing.

Then gently over the fiery sea,
We'd glide in boat swaying lightly,
We'd drink the fragrant brimstone tea
With the devil's grandmother nightly.

Thou art not angel with halo pure,
Thou art not a devil here flitting,

A daughter of Eve thou art, to be sure,
The happy medium hitting.

So not for realms above I start,
Not yet below I'm descending;
The hostess' daughter has my heart, my heart,
So to the inn I'm wending.

5. **Vogelfang**

(German text by Rudolf Baumbach, 1840--1905)

Man fängt die Vögel gross und klein
and besten an der Tränke.

Mich fing der Wirthin Töchterlein
beim Wein krug in der Schenke,
Mich fing der Wirthin Töchterlein
beim Wein krug in der Schenke.

Es war das Netz, das nicht bedroht,
gezwirnt aus blonden Strähnen.
Lockspeise war im Mündlein roth
mit schimmernd weissen Zähnen,
Lockspeise war im Mündlein roth
mit schimmernd weissen Zähnen.
Sie hält mich fest, lässt mich nicht heim,
ich lass es gern geschehen
Es giebt auch Vögel die auf den Leim
aus freien Stücken gehen.

Manch einer auch is unverhofft
den Käfig wieder entgangen,
zu halten ist weit schwerer oft
der Vogel als zu fangen.

Bird Catching

(English version by E. Buck)

The birds are caught both tame and wild,
And best when least they're thinking.
Caught too was I and by a child
When in the tavern drinking,
Caught too was I and by a child
When in the tavern drinking.

The net by which I was ensnared
Was golden ringlets flowing,

Bait used was cherry lips so red
With pearly white teeth showing,
Bait used was cherry lips so red
With pearly white teeth showing.
She holds me now, here I must stay,
I cheerfully endure it.

There's many a bird caught and that each day
Without the bait to lure it.
It comes to pass that unaware
A bird leaves snares that fold it,
It sometimes is more easy far
To catch a bird than hold it.

Op. 13 Lieder und Gesänge für eine Singstimme

6. Geständniss

(German text by Frubose)

Als Liebchen ich zuerst dich sah,
Sah' in dein dunkles Augenpaar,
sah in dein trautes schön Gesicht,
was da geschah ich weiss es nicht,
wollt' fragen ob du liebest mich?
Doch wie ich's wollte, konnt ich's nicht;
warum, das kann ich dir nicht sagen,
musst in der Nacht, musst in der Nacht
mein Sternlein fragen.

Drauf in der Nacht bei Sternenpracht,
da hab' ich meinen Stern gefragt.
Fuhlt jenes Mädchen Lieb' für mich?
Da sprach der Stern: das weiss ich nicht,
doch eines weiss ich ganz bestimmt
dass du für sie in Lieb' erglimmt.
Kaum hat er dieses mir vertraut
da sprang ich auf und jauchzte laut,
da wurde es mir sonnenklar,
denn was er sprach was wirklich wahr,
ich liebe ja, ich liebe dich,
wie es gekommen weiss ich nicht,
ich liebe ja, ich liebe dich,
wie es gekommen weiss ich nicht.
Ich liebe ja, ich liebe dich,
wie es gekommen weiss ich nicht.

Confession

(English version by E. Buek)

When dearest love, I first thee met,
Gazed in thy eyes so dark as jet,
Gazed in thy sweet and lovely face,
I know no more what then took place.
I fain had asked thee, lovest me?
But as I would the words failed me;
I know not why nor what befell me
'Twas best I thought, 'twas best I thought
My star should tell me.

That very night the stars shone bright,
So of my star I sought for light,
Asked does that maiden love me well?
The star replied: I cannot tell.
But one thing I most surely know,
Thy heart for her in love doth glow.
Scarce did it thus confide to me
When up I leaped with joy and glee,
Then all to me was clear as day
For true was what the star did say:
I love thee, ay, I love thee well,
But how it happened, none can tell.
I love thee, ay, I love thee well,
But how it happened, none can tell.
I love thee, ay, I love thee well,
But how it happened, none can tell.

7. Geweihte Stätte

(German text by J. G. Fischer)

Wo Zweie sich küssen zum ersten Mal,
bleibt noch auf Erden ein Duft und Strahl
bleibt auf Erden ein Duft und Strahl.
Es leuchtet der Platz, es wärmt der Weg
vor seligem Zittern, erbebt der Steg
und der Baum geht früher in Blüth' und Blatt,
wenn ein Sommerregen geregnet hat,
wenn ein Sommerregen geregnet hat!

Denn Alles ist Seele und Sonnen strahl,
wo Zweie sich küssen zum ersten Mal,
zum ersten Mal, zum ersten Mal!

Die Erde wimmelt von Klang und Licht,
wie Feiertag ist es und ist doch nicht,
wie Feiertag ist's und doch nicht.
Und wär auch die Sonn' am Untergehn,
auf Erden ist's eben wie Auferstehn,
und wacht eine Mutter, sie hält entzückt
in die Arme tiefer ihr Kind gedrückt,
in die Arme tiefer ihr Kind gedrückt!

Denn Alles ist Seele und Sonnen strahl,
wo Zweie sich küssen zum ersten Mal,
zum ersten Mal, zum ersten Mal!

Consecrated Spot

(English version by E. Buck)

Wherever two beings give love's first kiss,
A trace there remaineth, a trace of bliss,
There remainest a trace of bliss.
That brightens the spot and makes life's way
The lighter for having received its ray;
As the tree sooner sprouts forth to buds and flow'rs,
That is timely watered by summer showers,
That is timely watered by summer showers!

For all is brightness and dreams of bliss,
Where for the first time two exchange love's kiss,
Exchange love's kiss, exchange love's kiss!

And earth seems brimming with joyful sound,
And light and gladness alone abound,
Light and gladness alone abound.
And e'en tho' the sun long since have set,
It seemeth still shining in brightness yet.
A mother viewing such happiness,
To her heart more closely her child doth press,
To her heart more closely her child doth press!

For all is brightness and dreams of bliss,
Where for the first time two exchange love's kiss,
Exchange love's kiss, exchange love's kiss!

**Op. 14 Lieder und Gesänge für eine Singstimme,
"To Miss Marie Wurm, New York"**

8. Frühlingslied

(German text by Kastrop)

Mir Frühlingsglanz in Blüthenschnee
erdämmert das Thal hervor,
im Walde wandeln Hirsch und Reh
im Morgenne bellor!
Es winkt am hellen Himmelssaum
das Frühroth schon von fern,
es schwindet wie ei Mainachttraum,
der holde Morgenstern!

Und Lerche singt und Nachtigall
von Liebe und seeliger Zeit,
sie wissens wohl, sie wissens all'
ich lieb' dich, du herrliche Maid,
ich lieb' dich, du herrliche Maid!

Der Sonne Gluth küsst von der Hoh'
und kleidet wie mit Gold
den stillen aber tiefen See,
als wär's ihr Liebchen hold!
Ein leiser Wind zieht durch den Hain
das Fruhroth schon von fern,
und säuselt in ihr Kämmerlein
ein Lied von Liebesweh!

Der Bäume Kronen neigen sich,
ein Echo erhallt in die Weit;
es klingt so wonne inniglich
ich lieb' dich, du herrliche Maid,
ich lieb' dich, du herrliche Maid!

Song of Spring

(English version by E. Buek)

In Spring's array with blossoms fair
The valley charms the gaze,
In forest depths roam hart and deer
In early morning's haze.
The morning dawns to fairest day
Foretold by gleam of light,
The morning star like dream of May
Doth vanish from the sight.

The lark doth sing and nightingale,
Of love that can never fade
They know it and they know it well,
I love thee, beautiful maid,
I love thee, beautiful maid!

The sunlight bright doth tinge the height
With very brilliant hue,
The placid lake seems to the right,
Of molten gold to view.
And softly breezes o'er it blow
O'er hilltop and o'er plain;
They fan her casement, sighing low
Of love and bliss and pain.

The proud treetops incline to me,
Sweet fragrance the air doth pervade
The echo rings thro' wood and lea
I love thee, beautiful maid,
I love thee, beautiful maid!

9. Ich Liebe Dich

(German text by Joseph Siegel)

Wie so verwandelt fühl' ich mich
welch eine Lust ist über mich gekommen
seit ich das süsse Wort von ihm vernommen,
das süsse Wort, das süsse Wort
Ich liebe dich, ich liebe dich.

Die Ruh aus meinem Herzen wich,
doch ruf' ich nicht zurück den stillen Frieden,
unendlich höhres Glück hat mir beschieden
unendlich höhres Glück hat mir beschieden
das süssen Wort, ich liebe dich.

In seinem Banne hält es mich
gefesselt stark mit unlösbaren Schwingen
und ewig wird's in meinem Herzen klingen
das süsse Wort, das süsse Wort
ich liebe dich, ich liebe dich.

I Love Thee

(English version by E. Buek)

What change is this come over me,
As of rest and joy so strangely blended,
Since from his lips the words I comprehended,
Those tender words, those tender words
I love thee, I love thee.

Repose and rest have flown from me,
Tho' from my heart the tranquil peace seems driven,
Still greater joy and happiness are given
Still greater joy and happiness are given
With those sweet words, I love thee.

Now in love's fetters he holds me,
So firmly bound and yet so strongly clinging
And ever in my heart the words are ringing,
Those tender words, those tender words
I love thee, I love thee.

10. **Ständchen**

Traute Laute, lass ertönen
süsse Grüße, lass ertönen
süsse Grüße meiner Schönen.
Hoch in blauen, Himmels auen
leise zieht das Sternenheer,
durch die Lüfte wehen Düfte
aus des Gartens Blumenmeer
aus des Gartens Blumenmeer.
Traute Laute, lass ertönen
süsse Grüße, lass ertönen
süsse Grüße meiner Schönen.
La la la la, etc.

Traute Laute, lass ertönen
süsse Grüße, lass ertönen
süsse Grüße meiner Schönen.
Flüstre lide meinem Kinde
ihres Treuen Namen zu
dann verklingen lass' dein Singen
und Süßliebchen schläft in Ruh,
und Süßliebchen schläft in Ruh.
Traute Laute, lass ertönen
süsse Grüße, lass ertönen
süsse Grüße meiner Schönen.
La la la la, etc.

Serenade

(English version by E. Buek)

Tones so tender softly render,
Like a greeting lov'd ears meeting,
Full of loving, faithful proving.
High in heav'n, now at even
Gently stars their pathway tread
Perfume breathing, flowers are wreathing
Every fragrant garden bed,
Every fragrant garden bed.
Tones so tender softly render,
Like a greeting lov'd ears meeting,
Full of loving, faithful proving.
La la la la, etc.

Tones so tender softly render,
Like a greeting lov'd ears meeting,
Full of loving, faithful proving.
Whisper sweetly and secretly
In her ear who loves her best
Sighing lowly then cease wholly
And let naught disturb her rest,
And let naught disturb her rest.
Tones so tender softly render,
Like a greeting lov'd ears meeting,
Full of loving, faithful proving.
La la la la, etc.

11. Das Geheimniss

(German text by Rudolph Baumbach)

Hecken röslein, uber Nacht
seid ihr auf gegangen
Schaut mich freundlich an und lacht
mit verschämten Wangen.
Ein Geheimniss wie man spricht
wisst ihr zu bewahren
Heckenröslein plaudert nicht.
Sollt etwas erfahren,
sollt etwas erfahren,
sollt etwas erfahren.

Still! Still! Still! Still!
Ich bin ein thöricht Mädcl und weiss nicjt was ich will,
Ich bin ein thöricht Mädcl und weiss nicjt was ich will.
Still! Still! Still! Still!

Schwalbe, komm aus deinem Bau,
will dir was er zählen,
Aber deiner Schwalbenfrau
musst du es verhehlen.
Mein Geheimniss würde bald
aller Welt zu eigen
denn die Frauen jung und alt
wissen nicht zu schweigen,
wissen nicht zu schweigen.

Still! Still! Still! Still!
Ich bin ein thöricht Mädcl und weiss nicjt was ich will,
Ich bin ein thöricht Mädcl und weiss nicjt was ich will.
Still! Still! Still! Still!

Secrecy

(English version by E. Buck)

Briar roses, thro' the night
ye have oped completely;
Now ye gaze at me so bright,
Smiling, blushing sweetly.
Now a secret, so they say,
Ye can guard securely,
Briar roses, on this day.
Ye shall know it surely,
Ye shall know it surely,
Ye shall know it surely.

Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!
I am a foolish maiden and know not heart and mind,
I am a foolish maiden and know not heart and mind.
Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!

Swallow, come out of your nest,
You shall know my secret,
To your spouse howe'er, 'tis best
You should not repeat it.
Soon my secret would be told,
To all she'd reveal it,
For the women, young and old,
Cannot long conceal it,
Cannot long conceal it.

Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!
I am a foolish maiden and know not heart and mind,

I am a foolish maiden and know not heart and mind.
Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!

Op. 18 Lieder und Gesänge für eine Singstimme

12. Fliege Fort

(German text by W.A. Corrodi)

Fliege fort, fliege fort, du klein Waldvögelein,
die Röslein sind verglommen,
die Liebe hat Abschied genommen,
gestorben, verdorben sind all' meine Blümelein,
gestorben, verdorben sind all' meine Blümelein.

Fliege fort, fliege fort, du klein Waldvögelein,
Flieg' aus nach allen Winden,
Wirst's nimmer wieder finden,
gestorben, verdorben ist all' die Freude mein,
gestorben, verdorben ist all' die Freude mein.

Fliege fort, fliege fort, du klein Waldvögelein,
Möcht' mir ein Bettlein werden,
wohl in der kühlen Erden,
gestorben, verdorben ist all' die Glücke mein,
gestorben, verdorben ist all' die Glücke mein!

Fly Away

(English version by E. Buek)

Fly away, fly away, oh birdie light and free,
The roses from earth have vanished,
And love seems forever banished,
Ah, faded and vanished is all that was fair to see,
Ah, faded and vanished is all that was fair to see.

Fly away, fly away, oh birdie light and free,
Fly hence, for thou never will find them,
They left not a trace behind them
Ay, faded and vanished is all that was dear to me,
Ay, faded and vanished is all that was dear to me.

Fly away, fly away, oh birdie light and free,
I would 'neath the sod I were lying,
My soul e'en within me is dying.
For faded and vanished is all that meant life to me,
For faded and vanished is all that meant life to me!

13. **Schnelle Blüthe**

(German text by Heinrich Seidel)

Mädchen ging im Feld allein,
pflücken wollt' sie Blümelein.
Blüht ein Röslein, blüht ein Röslein an dem Hag,
blüht ein Röslein an dem Hag,
doch als sie das Röslein brach,
flattert es dahin im Wind,
flattert es dahin,
flattert es dahin im Wind.

Ei!

Wie blüht du so geschwind,
wie blüht du so geschwind.

Nebenher im hohen Gras,
Männertreu, wie blau blüht das.
Will es binden, will es binden in den Kranz,
will es binden in den Kranz,
aber schnell in luft'gem Tanz,
flattert es dahin im Wind,
flattert es dahin,
flattert es dahin im Wind.

Ei!

Wie blüht du so geschwind,
wie blüht du so geschwind.

Kommt ein junger Knab' daher.
Kannst' ihn einst, kennt ihn nicht mehr,
er schaut weg und sie bei Seit;
so verändert sich die Zeit,
Männertreu und Ros' im Wind,
Männertreu und Ros' im Wind.

Ei!

Wie blüht du so geschwind,
wie blüht du so geschwind!

Hasty Bloom

(English version by E. Buek)

Maiden went o'er mead and field,
Flowers to cull that these did yield.
Saw a rose, saw a rose that blossomed fair,
Saw a rose that blossomed fair,
Hied to pluck it then and there.
But its petals fluttered on,

Its petals fluttered on,
But its petals fluttered on.
Far
Too soon its bloom is done,
Too soon its bloom is done.

Further on, blue flowers she spied,
Sweet forget-me-nots her pride.
Token they, token they of love and faith,
Token they of love and faith,
But alas! her touch and breath
Sent their petals flutt'ring on.
Sent them flutt'ring on,
Sent their petals flutt'ring on.
Far
Too soon its bloom is done,
Too soon its bloom is done.

Passed a youth her pathway near.
Knows him not, who once was dear,
He looks down and she aside;
But such changes oft betide,
Rose, forget-me-not have flown,
Rose, forget-me-not have flown.
Far
Too soon its bloom is done,
Too soon its bloom is done!

Op. 21 Lieder und Gesänge für eine Singstimme

14. Du ahnst es nicht

(German text by Heinrich Seidel)

Mein Blick ruht gern auf dir, du Mädchenangesicht,
weil du so lieblich bist, und ahnst es nicht.
Wie in der Frühlingsnacht das Veilchen Dülte haucht,
ist in der Anmuth Duft dein Thun getaucht,
ist in der Anmuth Duft dein Thun getaucht.
Du lächelst freundlich mir, du meiner Seele Licht.
Wie du so lieb mir bist, du ahnst es nicht!

Thou Knowest Not

(English version by E. Buek)

I fondly gaze on thee, O face of lovely thought,
Thou art so dear to me, and know'st it not.
As in a night in Spring the violets fragrance shed,

So o'er thy face and form sweet grace is spread,
So o'er thy face and form sweet grace is spread.
Thou kindly smil'st on me, O thou, my soul's one thought.
Thou art so dear to me, and know'st it not!

15. **Mein Herz ist treu**

(German text by Heinrich Seidel)

Der Liebsten Namen schreib ich in Sand,
das war am rauschenden Meeres strand.
Am rauschenden Meeres strand,
die Wellen, sie kamen, die Wellen, sie kamen,
sie kamen mit Gebräus,
und löschten ihn aus.

Ich schnitt ihn in den Lindenbaum
am buschumkränzten Waldessaum,
da war, als wieder ich kam zur Stell'.
Verwachsen er schnell.
In den Stein an ragender Felsenwand,
da grub ich ihn mit starker Hand,
da grub ich ihn ein,
der Fels, verwittert im Wetter braus,
einst löscht er aus.

Doch auch in's Herz, in's Herze mein
schreib ich den süssen Namen ein,
den sussen Namen hinein.
Ihr Wellen und Stürme, nun brauset herbei,
ihr Wellen und Stürme, nun brauset herbei!
Mein Herz ist treu, mein Herz is treu, mein Herz,
mein Herz is treu!

My Heart Is True

(English version by E. Buek)

My dearest's name I wrote in the sand,
Where roaring waves broke on the strand.
Where roaring waves broke on the strand,
The billows oncoming, the billows oncoming
With force and might,
Expunged it quite.

I carved it in a linden tree
That spreads its branches wide and free,
But when, again to that tree I came,

O'ergrown was the name.
In a rock I carved it with steady hand,
Where waves come not, nor boughs expand,
I carved it there,
The rock may crumble as time rolls on,
Then 'twill be gone.

But in my heart 'tis graven now
That name, the sweetest on earth, I trow,
The sweetest name, I trow.
Ye billows and tempests your worst may do,
Ye billows and tempests your worst may do,
My heart is true, my heart is true, my heart.
My heart is true!

16. **Im Mondenlicht**

(German text by Heinrich Seidel)

Die rothen Rosen duften im blüthenreicher Pracht;
Die Nachtigall im Garten singt wohl die ganze Nacht.
Die Nachtigall im Garten ist freundlich mir gesinnt
Sie singt von meiner Liebe,
Sie singt von meiner Liebe dem allerliebsten Kind.
Ah!

Gar hold sind mir die Rosen sie bringen durch die Luft
ein Ständchen meinem Kinde von lauter süssem Duft.
Nun schweben Duft und Klänge in Liebshaus Fensterlein,
Da ziehn durch ihre Träume,
Da ziehn durch ihre Träume die goldnen Melodein.
Ah!

In the Moonlight

(English translation by Gary Holt)

The red roses smell in lavish blooms;
The nightingale in the garden sings already the entire night.
The nightingale in the garden is kindly inclined towards me
She sings of my love,
She sings of my love to the most charming child.
Ah!

So dear are the roses to me they bring
Through the air a serenade of pure sweet aroma to my child.
Aroma and sounds now drift through the little window of my dearest's house,
There they drift through her dreams,
There the blissful melodies drift through her dreams.
Ah!

Drei Lieder, "To Charles F. Tretbar"

17. Liebeslied

(German text by Hans Mueller)

Ohne Flamme brennt kein Licht
ohne Sonne grünt kein Baum
ohne Liebe lebt ich nicht
auf dem düstern Erdenraum
Liebe ist das einz'ge Gut
das der Himmel mir verlieh!
Geht es schlimm mir oder gut
von der Liebe lass ich nie!
Geht es schlimm mir oder gut
von der Liebe lass ich nie!

Love Song

(English version by Helen Tretbar)

Absent flame no light can give
Lacking sun no tree will grow
Lacking love I would not live
On this dreary earth below
Heaven's brightest gift to me
Surely love must ever prove;
Life may sad or merry be
I will never cease to love!
Life may sad or merry be
I will never cease to love!

18. Heimweh

(German text by Carl Beck)

Der Heimath fern, mit nassem Blick
So stand ich da, verwaist in Leben,
doch dich erkor ein gut Geschick,
die neue Heimath mir zu geben.

Dein Herz das ist mein Vaterland,
ein banges Heimweh ist mein Lieben,
ein Heimweh das mit starker Hand
zur teuren Stätte mich getrieben!

Homesickness

(English version by Helen D. Tretbar)

Afar from home with tearful gaze
I stood alone, by all forsaken;
In thee a kinder fate I trace,
Anew fond thoughts of home awaken.

Thy heart it is my native land
My love for thee a homesick yearning,
A longing that with mighty hand
To that lov'd spot is turning,

19. Frieden

(German text by Rosa Maria Assing)

Es ragt das goldne Saatenfeld
in lauer Abendluft,
die Wiese und des Waldes Grün
dekt leichter Nebelduft,
von Abendsterne weht es mir
wie leise Hoffnung zu
und auch der Mond mit stillem Licht
giesst in die Seele Ruh.
Es weicht von mir mein stilles Weh
und freudig schwillt die Brust!
Mich überkommt, weiss nicht woher,
die reinste Himmelslust,
ich sinne hin, ich sinner her,
welch Wunder wohl geschah;
mir ist so leicht, mir ist so wohl,
mir ist als wärst du nah!
mir ist so wohl, mir ist so leicht,
mir ist als wärst du da!

Peace

(English version by Helen D. Tretbar)

Now golden grainfields gently bend
Beneath the balmy breeze
And misty veils of dew descend
On mead and forest trees.
The star of evening beckons bright
Like hope's sweet smile it beams,
And o'er my soul the moon's still light
Sheds tender restful dreams

They chase away my silent grief,
With joy my bosom swells!
And o'er me steals a deep relief,
Of heavenly peace it tells;
I ponder well how this can be,
What wonder doth appear;
I feel so light, so glad, so free,
I fancy thou art near!
I feel so glad, so light and free
I fancy thou art here!

20. **Under An Oak**

(Words by Francis Neilson)

Under an oak one fine June morn,
Unostentatiously was born
A babe ordained for fickle fate
To play with far from lightly.
Now thrived and grew this babe apace
In stature high with added grace
The forest broad for his estate
At manhood bound him tightly.
By law an outlaw termed
The epithet I've earned,
For all who stray
Through paths my way
Must pay the toll I claim
Who dares my might and power disdain?
A noble lord was asked for toll,
Who in my equipage did roll,
With daughter fair as summer skies,
I kissed her hand, I kissed her hand politely.
O tiny hand, O cruel theft!
Of much this outlaw she bereft, of much this outlaw she bereft,
Though untold wealth lay in her eyes,
She stole my heart, she stole my heart completely.
Ah!
Into a palmer turned, for love this outlaw yearned,
Her heart I'll win and count no sin to worship at her shrine,
Her heart I'll win and count no sin to worship at her shrine
And dare to call her mine!

21. **Ah! Cupid, Meddlesome Boy, Good-bye!**

(Words by Francis Neilson)

Come, Venus and Hebe, adorn my bark and float with me;
Euterpe, thy lute bring, and bid the sirens to me sing,
And bid the sirens to me sing.
With Bacchus for good cheer and Momus gay the craft to steer,
Take Cupid? Nay, nay, boy, a shaft of thine would wreck my joy,
A shaft of thine, fair boy, would wreck my joy,
My pleasure love shall not destroy.

Ah! Cupid, meddlesome boy, good bye!
My heart you'll never annoy, don't try!
I sail with pleasures throng,
Hail, mirth and beauty, wine and song.

22. **The Hamlet of Fancy**

(Words by Francis Neilson)

Far from the mountains that cleave the blue skies
Lies the fair hamlet of Fancy:
There dwell the maidens with flashing black eyes,
Charming with grace and piquancy.
Long are their joys.
For time never cloys
In the fair hamlet of Fancy,
In the fair hamlet of Fancy.

Hark! The music from the zithers falling!
Hark!
List the lovers for the dance are calling!
Hark!
Soft melodious rhythms sweet,
See, bewitching flashing feet;
In delicious caprice hearts entralling.
Ah! Hark!
List the lovers for the dance are calling!
Ah!
The perfume laden zephyrs blow
O'er verdant vales when purple glow
Of languid twilight falling.
There life is rich with music bright,
And love is one supreme delight;
And love is one supreme delight
Of golden echoes, golden echoes calling.

Hark! The swains' seductive pipes are blowing!
Hark!
Great the frolic, brisk the cadence flowing!
Hark!
Oh, the laughter ripples bright;
Hearts and voices ever light;
Look! the face of every maid is glowing!
Ah! Hark!
Ah! Come all ye weary who sigh for bright skies
Over the mountains to Fancy;
There dwell the maidens with flashing black eyes,
Charming with grace and piquancy.
Joys are sublime and life is divine,
Joys are sublime and life is divine
In the fair hamlet of Fancy, of Fancy,
In the fair hamlet of Fancy.
Ah!

Disc 2

1. Love Ne'er Came Nigh

A bandit bold lived like a king
'Way in a forest deep,
Of pining love none dared to sing
From care his heart to keep.
Through busy day or peaceful night
His cup of joy ran o'er;
"From maiden's eyes and fancies light
My heart's my own," he swore.
"My heart's my own," he swore.

Love ne'er came nigh,
So the thought left his mind;
The tears flow by,
And his heart never pined.
Love ne'er came nigh,
So the thought left his mind;
The years flew by, the years flew by
And his heart never pined.

Ah! None can tell when love is nigh,
Some watch and wait in tears;
The outlaw fell beneath the spell—
One moment undid years.
A maiden fair as June's best day,

Like bloom of eglantine;
“Alas,” quoth he, “love’s passed my way;
My heart’s no longer mine,
My heart’s no longer mine.”

Ah, love’s bright star,
Lead me on, ever shine;
I’ll journey far
For thy heart, love of mine.
Ah! Love’s bright star,
Lead me on, ever shine;
I’ll journey far, I’ll journey far
For thy heart, love of mine.

2. **Love Is Spring**

(Words by Francis Neilson)

A ray of golden sunlight fell
Across my life, when you passed by,
I felt my heart with rapture swell—
A glance, ’twas all, and love came nigh;
And love came nigh and fluttered round,
All thro’ the hours till spring made bright
The earth with myriad flowers was crowned,
For thee, my love, for thee, my heart’s delight.

In beauteous garb was nature clad,
When heart to heart we pledged our troth;
The birds with joyous song made glad,
And clearest heaven smiled on both.
For love is spring, and ne’er grows old,
When once the light shines clear and bright;
What though the earth is crowned with gold?
Love flowers for thee, my heart’s delight!
What though the earth is crowned with gold?
Love flowers for thee, my heart’s delight.

3. **The Time Will Come (The Outlaw’s Song)**

(Words by Fred Dixon)

Who rides abroad so fierce and fast
Through the storm and the blinding rain,
And laughs aloud at the thunder’s blast
As he crosses the open plain?
’Tis the outlaw bold, so fierce and strong;

Like a hunted dog he flies,
But he laughs as he rides
With an oath and a song
To the goal that before him lies.
Who stays the fair maid's trembling fear,
As she stands by her lone threshold,
And passes a cup of water clear
To the rider, grim and bold?

'Tis the outlaw he whose name none call
But whisper, and with fear,
But he harms no woman or child,
They all to him are ever dear;
But he harms no woman or child,
They all to him are ever dear.

Who is it sits 'neath the red hot sun,
And pulls at the heavy oar,
With a whip for his back
And a sentry's gun,
While the sweat from his brow doth pour?
'Tis the outlaw, poor wretch,
They have got him fast,
But they won't hold him there for long,
Though they think that his soul is crushed at last,
And their bars are safe and strong.

For the time will come when the outlaw he
Will escape to a land afar;
And he'll rattle his chains
As he shouts with glee:
Ho! Ho! The outlaw's free!

4. Me and Nancy

(Words by John Ernest McCann)

In an alley, me and Nancy
Live in houses side by side;
We were boy and girl together,
And she is to be my bride.
I'm not solid with the neighbors,
So they want us two to part;
And they're telling my sweet Nancy
That I want to break her heart!

Sweet Nancy, you're my fancy!
Do not heed the neighbor's talk
Sweet Nancy, only fancy
Some day we may own New York!
Sweet Nancy, none can fancy
How I love you night and day!
Sweet Nancy, my own fancy,
Don't mind what the neighbors say!

Ev'ry Sunday, me and Nancy
Go uptown to Central Park;
We pretend the Park's the country,
Coming home when it is dark,
Then I leave her on her doorstep,
My hand holding her hand tight.
If the neighbors should be looking,
Then I softly say "good night!"

Sweet Nancy, you're my fancy!
Do not heed the neighbor's talk
Sweet Nancy, only fancy
Some day we may own New York!
Sweet Nancy, none can fancy
How I love you night and day!
Sweet Nancy, my own fancy,
Don't mind what the neighbors say!

When we're married, me and Nancy,
Far uptown we'll go for good;
Say goodbye to alley neighbors;
That is fully understood.
Ev'ry day will then be Sunday,
Circled by a plain gold ring.
And, when we are old and feeble,
Then this dear old song I'll sing:

Sweet Nancy, you're my fancy!
Do not heed the neighbor's talk
Sweet Nancy, only fancy
Some day we may own New York!
Sweet Nancy, none can fancy
How I love you night and day!
Sweet Nancy, my own fancy,
Don't mind what the neighbors say!

5. **Jenny's Baby**

(Words by John Ernest McCann)

Jenny ain't like other girls,
That dress up fit to kill:
Jenny is a little peach,
She grewed on Cherry Hill.
All me heart's wrapped up in her,
For Jenny is me wife;
And I love her and her kid,
You'd better bet your life!

Jenny's baby never cries,
Jennie's baby's sweet
From his little mug and eyes
To his lively feet.
You have never seen a jay
Just like Jennie's baby;
You may see one some fine day
If you're very lucky maybe!

All the girls were sore on her,
Because she married me;
But when Jenny flashed the kid,
They were a sight to see!
First they yelled, and then they laughed,
It gave them such a shock;
Now they're very sweet on her,
For Jenny owns the block!

Jenny's baby never cries,
Jennie's baby's sweet
From his little mug and eyes
To his lively feet.
You have never seen a jay
Just like Jennie's baby;
You may see one some fine day
If you're very lucky maybe!

Jenny never yet has lost
That first look of surprise,
All the world that's known to her
Is in her baby's eyes.
Other ladies have their kids,
That look as if they'd break
They take prizes ev'ry Spring,
But Jenny's takes the cake!

Jenny's baby never cries,
Jennie's baby's sweet
From his little mug and eyes
To his lively feet.
You have never seen a jay
Just like Jennie's baby;
You may see one some fine day
If you're very lucky maybe!

6. **Belle O'Brien**

(Written by John Ernest McCann)

I ain't no swell, me clothes are poor,
Me ways are sometimes rough,
But I always had me reasons,
And I was never tough;
And that is why I liked a girl
We were each others pride.
I trusted her and she owned me,
A year ago she died.

Belle O'Brien, you are lyin'
Where the flowers grow
All me thoughts to you are flyin'
Where you're lyin' low;
Belle O'Brien, hard I'm tryin'
Now to find some rest,
Since I laid those roses cryin'
On your quiet breast.

I lie awake at night and dream
Of what we were to be
When my Belle got good and ready
To up and marry me;
She liked me better than the rest,
One day she told me so!
I wish she could come back again,
Just like a year ago.

Belle O'Brien, you are lyin'
Where the flowers grow
All me thoughts to you are flyin'
Where you're lyin' low;
Belle O'Brien, hard I'm tryin'
Now to find some rest,
Since I laid those roses cryin'
On your quiet breast.

I work all day from dawn till dark,
And try to live it down,
But I nevermore am happy,
Beneath misfortunes frown.
The world is not the same to me,
For joy has taken wing,
And thro' the dreary years my heart
Can only softly sing,

Belle O'Brien, you are lyin'
Where the flowers grow
All me thoughts to you are flyin'
Where you're lyin' low;
Belle O'Brien, hard I'm tryin'
Now to find some rest,
Since I laid those roses cryin'
On your quiet breast.

7. **To Be Near Thee**

(Lyrics by Harry B. Smith)

As the flowers turn sunward their faces
To welcome their lord's early ray;
As the ivy the oak tree embraces
As the wave to the shore finds its way,
As the bee flies afar to the clover,
As the brook follows onto the sea,
E'en thus the world over and over
Would I, dearest heart, follow thee.

To be near thee, darling, to be near thee
Is sunlight of my life to me,
'Tis like a happy dream to hear thee
Say tenderly, "I love but thee."
To be near thee, parting from thee never
All other joys of life I'd give.
My heart is in thy keeping ever
For thee to die, for thee to live.

In the byways of doubting and dreaming
I've followed thee smiling through tears,
With faint hope like a will-o'-wisp gleaming
Afar in the night of my fears.
But dark forests no longer surround thee,
All the danger and doubting are past.
My journey is over, I've found thee,
'Tis here I shall meet thee at last.

To be near thee, darling, to be near thee
Is sunlight of my life to me,
'Tis like a happy dream to hear thee
Say tenderly, "I love but thee."
To be near thee, parting from thee never
All other joys of life I'd give.
My heart is in thy keeping ever
For thee to die, for thee to live.

8. **The Song of the Bagpipes**

(Lyrics by Harry B. Smith)

An English laird, he loved a lass
But she replied to him, bold as brass,
"I'll wed nane of yer Lowland class
'Cause ye don't love the bagpipes."
Then quoth the Laird, "for your sweet sake
I'll Scottish music lessons take,
My ears may ache, my ears may break,
But I shall learn the bagpipes."

And so he got a piper lad to play with all his might.
That piper laddie played all day and far into the night.
E-ah! E-ah! E-ah!

Though pale and calm that laird began
Right soon to howl and yell,
"Help! Help!" he cried, "ye heav'nly pow'rs against the pow'rs of hell"
He shouted "Welcome, stake or rack, come torturers, burn and hack.
But I shall be a maniac with these infernal bagpipes."

For many days he tossed and groaned
The while that hireling piper droned.
At last one day he feebly moaned
"At last I love the bagpipes."
So then to that Scotch girl he creeps;
Her promise true to him she keeps,
And now that laird, he eats and sleeps
To music of the bagpipes.

His seven children play the pipes, his servants play as well.
His wife's relations play all day. The laird he plays himself'.
E-ah! E-ah! E-ah!

Whene'er he hears a piper play
He gibbers in his glee.
He sings and dances at the sound in Highland ecstasy.
And now that English lord knows why Scotch fight and death defy
For why should heroes fear to die who do no' fear the bagpipes?

9. **Sweet Nancy**

(See lyrics for **Me and Nancy**, track 4)

10. **The Secret**

(James Russell Lowell)

I have a fancy: how shall I bring it
Home to all mortals wherever they be?
Say it or sing it? Shoe it or wing it,
So it may outrun or outfly me,
Merest cocoon-web whence it broke free?

Only one secret can save from disaster,
Only one magic is that of the Master:
Set it to music; give it a tune,—
Tune the brook sings you, tune the breeze brings you,
Tune the wild columbines nod to in June!

This is the secret: so simple, you see!
Easy as loving, easy as kissing,
Easy as—well, let me ponder—as missing,
Known, since the world was, by scarce two or three.

11. **Columbia, an Anthem**

(Clay M. Greene)

While Freedom guides exultingly
The genius of our country's fame,
Let no fell breath of tyranny
Bedim the lustre of her name;
Else fired by patriotic zeal,
Our guerdon ev'ry freemans right,
With common woe and common weal,
We'll battle for Columbia's might.

We'll fight for the right, fair Columbia,
Thou art Mother, thou art Goddess, thou art Shrine;
Ever be our proudest boast,
And our never failing toast
Heart and soul, and good right arm were ever thine.

Columbia! Columbia! Thou'rt Goddess, Mother, Shrine,
Columbia! Columbia! Our strong right arms are thine.

While braggart foeman flaunts his power,
Let no born freeman's pulse be still;
For in his country's dark'ning hour,
Her glory ev'ry nerve must thrill.
From sea to sea, from gulf to lake,
From valley deep to mountain high,
Let Freedom's sons again awake,
Columbia to defend or die.

We'll fight for the right, fair Columbia,
Thou art Mother, thou art Goddess, thou art Shrine;
Ever be our proudest boast,
And our never failing toast
Heart and soul, and good right arm were ever thine.
Columbia! Columbia! Thou'rt Goddess, Mother, Shrine,
Columbia! Columbia! Our strong right arms are thine.

While purpled thralldom's heavy chains
Defile the heritage of Kings;
While sceptres gall a bondman's pains,
Beside the land where freedom sings:
Then must Columbia's heart and hand
Demand that tyranny must cease,
Or win for that crown-ridden land
Eternal liberty and peace.

We'll fight for the right, fair Columbia,
Thou art Mother, thou art Goddess, thou art Shrine;
Ever be our proudest boast,
And our never failing toast
Heart and soul, and good right arm were ever thine.
Columbia! Columbia! Thou'rt Goddess, Mother, Shrine,
Columbia! Columbia! Our strong right arms are thine.

There came a cry across the deep,
Wailed from a bondage-burdened land,
To rouse from Freedom's golden sleep
The succor of a brother's hand.
To arms the Blue! To arms the Grey!
March onward to that southern sea;
Columbia wrests from cruel sway,
A fettered race that would be free.

We'll fight for the right, fair Columbia,
Thou art Mother, thou art Goddess, thou art Shrine;
Ever be our proudest boast,
And our never failing toast
Heart and soul, and good right arm were ever thine.
Columbia! Columbia! Thou'rt Goddess, Mother, Shrine,
Columbia! Columbia! Our strong right arms are thine.

12. **The Fight Is Made and Won**

(Words by Thomas J. Vivian)

There's much blood on our hands, Lord,
But no blood guiltiness;
'Twas shed to give men Freedom
From rapine and duress
Spain's blood was of Atonement
For ills that she had done,
And ours was sacrificial,
As that of Thy dear son.

Gloria in Excelsis,
For the fight is made and won;
Gloria in Excelsis,
For the fight is made and won.

We came to Thee in arms, Lord,
In panoply of war;
And found Thy battle chargers
Yoked to Thy fighting car
We come to Thee in arms, Lord,
And asked Thy benison;
And lo! the Seraph's flame sword
Was made out swift falchion.

Gloria in Excelsis,
For the fight is made and won;
Gloria in Excelsis,
For the fight is made and won.

We come to Thee in peace, Lord,
Fresh from the reeking fields;
With new, strange names of glory
Emblazon'd on our shields
The warfare is accomplished,
The fierce Crusade is done,
And on the One-starr'd Standard
Has risen a nation's sun.

Gloria in Excelsis,
For the fight is made and won;
Gloria in Excelsis,
For the fight is made and won.

13. **She Was a Country Girl**

(Lyrics by Glen MacDonough)

When Miss Evaline Cook at the city took a look,
There on her a very pleasant lady smiled;
And she said to her, "My dear, will you hold this infant here
Till I go and buy a biscuit for this child?"
But Eva answered "Nix!
Though such amateurish tricks
Often catch the country bumpkin and beguile 'em,
Your child I will not mind
So run along and find
Somebody else to act as an asylum!"

Oh, she was a country girl,
Her switch was so full of hay,
But when she had to cross the street,
She always knew the way!
Oh, she was a country girl
But well did she know her book;
If in search of a jay,
You had best stay away
From sweet Evaline McCook!

When Miss Evaline Cook at the city took a look,
A pocketbook upon the street she spied;
The people passed it by for 'twas April fool, that's why
To take that pocketbook nobody tried.
"Ah, an ancient trick like that,"
They remarked, "is quite too flat;
That purse is filled with nothing else but hay."
Then up from the cold cold ground
Eva plucked the purse and found
The sum of twenty thousand dollars in it.

Oh, she was a country girl,
Her switch was so full of hay,
But when she had to cross the street,
She always knew the way!
Oh, she was a country girl

But well did she know her book;
If in search of a jay,
You had best stay away
From sweet Evaline McCook!

14. **Don't Be a Villain**

(Lyrics by Vincent Bryan)

We are a pair of villains,
We're the worst you ever saw.
We're trying hard to break in jail,
We've broken ev'ry law.
The jails are so exclusive,
Now it really is a sin,
You have to bribe the keepers,
Or they will not let you in.
If you have no money,
They will throw you out.
We killed a doll a year ago,
We stabbed it with a gun.
They wouldn't lock us up,
Because they didn't see it done.
We're pirates, and we're burglars
And we kill folks now and then,
But otherwise, we are a pair
Of strictly moral men,
And that is why we're free
To roam about.

Don't be a villain, boys,
For crime is bound to fail,
'Twill cost you all your earnings
To stay a week in jail.
Don't be a villain, boys,
Unless it's in a play,
Oh, do not be a villain for,
You'll find it does not pay.

We are so bad that on the whole,
We couldn't tell you half.
We love to see a woman cry,
Because it makes us laugh.
Last summer we were sleighing
Up around the Toyland flats.
We slayed a flat house janitor,
And eighty-seven cats,

If we had a larger sleigh
We'd sleigh his wife.
When we were boys, two bad men came,
And killed us while we slept.
They took our lives, and went away,
But after them we crept.
We caught them and we killed them both,
They made an awful fuss.
The judge said that it served them right,
For they had just killed us,
But we were angry when he gave them life.

Don't be a villain, boys,
But live a life of peace.
There are not many villains,
Excepting our police.
But do not join the force,
The pay is very small.
If you can't own an auto,
Don't be criminal at all.

When we were very little boys,
Our stealing first began.
One day while at a baseball game,
We stole a base and ran.
We went into a fur store,
And we saw a muff and stole.
We robbed the village bakery,
And got the baker's roll.
And since then the baker hasn't had a bun.
We tried to corner copper,
But we found it wouldn't work.
The copper was a roundsman,
And his name was Michael Burke.
We cornered him behind a house,
He clubbed us both so hard,
He thought we'd die by inches,
But we fainted by the yard.
Now frenzied finance is a thing we shun.

Don't be a villain, boys
For you'll get but little thanks.
You'll have to be a lady,
If you go robbing banks.
Don't try to rob the banks,
It's no work for a man.

Unless you are a robber
On the Cassie Chadwick plan.

15. In the Folds Of the Starry Flag

(Words by Paul West)

I am the flag of red and white, with starry field of blue,
Beneath my folds have martyrs died that I might wave for you.
Within my folds have heroes lain, by storm of battle hurled;
And giv'n to me with dying breath this message to the world:

O, come to the flag, all ye weary,
Throw off the tyrant's thrall!
For here in the arms of Old Glory
See there is room for all.
All men are equal beneath me,
None dare to boast or brag.
By East or by West,
There is Freedom,
There is Rest,
In the folds of the starry Flag.

I am the flag of Bunker Hill and of Manila Bay,
I am the flag beneath whose folds our country's Father lay.
I am the flag for all the brave, for all the staunch and true;
For all the world, for all the free, the only flag for you.

O, come to the flag, all ye weary,
Throw off the tyrant's thrall!
For here in the arms of Old Glory
See there is room for all.
All men are equal beneath me,
None dare to boast or brag.
By East or by West,
There is Freedom,
There is Rest,
In the folds of the starry Flag.

My red is not my heroes' blood; it is the flush of pride
That marks the cheeks of those who see my pinions floating wide.
My blue is of the open air; my white is of the dove
That heralds peace, and ev'ry star a token is of love.

O, come to the flag, all ye weary,
Throw off the tyrant's thrall!
For here in the arms of Old Glory
See there is room for all.
All men are equal beneath me,
None dare to boast or brag.
By East or by West,
There is Freedom,
There is Rest,
In the folds of the starry Flag.

16. **Kiss Me Again**

(Lyric by Henry Blossom)

Ah! dear one!
How often I think of the past!
Can it be you forget?
Perchance 'twas a passion too wondrous to last,
But I dream of it yet!
I see you again, as you gazed in my eyes
With joy of delight!
So fondly you'd fold me as softly you told me
Of love through the star-sprinkled night.

Sweet summer breeze, whispering trees,
Stars shining softly above;
Roses in bloom, wafted perfume,
Sleepy birds dreaming of love.
Safe in your arms, far from alarms,
Daylight shall come but in vain.
Tenderly pressed close to your breast,
Kiss me! Kiss me again.

17. **An Easter Dawn**

(Words by Glen MacDonough)

Night o'er the city hangs a starless pall,
Folly and Sin are there and drear Despair.
Upon the great cathedral, high in air,
A cross keeps holy vigil o'er all.

And then the dawn, the dawn of Easter Day!
Its jewelled glories solemnly unfold,
While still the city lies 'neath shadows gray,
The cross is turned to living gold.

The cross of gold in Easter's Dawn aglow,
As to the pious king of long ago,
This message speaks again in words divine,
"Go thou and conquer in this sign!"
Oh, falt'ring soul take heart anew,
"Go thou and conquer in this sign!"
Oh, falt'ring soul take heart anew,
"Go thou and conquer in this sign!"

18. **Mary's Lamb: Dedicated to the Lambs Club**

(Words by Edward E. Kidder)

Mary had a little lamb,
So famous it did grow
That everywhere the lambkin went,
That girl was sure to go.
But when it gamboled in its glee
She never had a sight,
So Mary said the girls must see—
That's why we're here tonight

Mary, Mary, eyes of black or blue,
Brownish eyes that lovers prize—
Eyes of hazel hue—
Though each little fairy
Be Sophie, Kate, or Belle,
We'll bunch them up as Mary—and—
The Lambs will wish them well

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
Electrify the Scene,
Tinkle with a timely touch
The tuneful tambourine.
We are out for merriment,
With thoughts of pleasing you,
But I'll mention—on the side—
We're out for Mary too.

Mary, Mary, eyes of black or blue,
Brownish eyes that lovers prize—
Eyes of hazel hue—
Though each little fairy
Be Sophie, Kate, or Belle,
We'll bunch them up as Mary—and—
The Lambs will wish them well

19. **Friars**

(Lyrics by Chas. Emerson Cook)

The Friars of old were a merry old fold;
Care and sadness to them were but folly,
With pipe and with glass, and an eye for a lass,
And a quip, to defy melancholy.
Well versed in the stars, and in musical bars,
Dispensers of fiction and fable,
And at friendship's command they would pass the glad hand
With a toast that would ring 'round the table.

Here's to the Friars!
Here's to them all!
Out on the road, or here in the hall,
Raise high your glasses with cheer that inspires,
And drink a deep toast,
To the boys we love most!
A toast to all other good Friars!

Now on with your cowls: And away with your scowls!
For good fellowship still shall reward us.
It's clear as can be, loyal Friars are we;
Ev'ry man of us has taken orders.
So, true to the name, let us gladly proclaim
Fraternity that wants no urger.
In this Land of Good Cheer, with its brotherhood dear
We are one, with no need for a merger.

Here's to the Friars!
Here's to them all!
Out on the road, or here in the hall,
Raise high your glasses with cheer that inspires,
And drink a deep toast,
To the boys we love most!
A toast to all other good Friars!

Tonight no stars shine (neither your star or mine)
So we'll sing as we strike up the band, boys,
To ev'ry true chap on the breadth of the map,
Out from here to the far one-night-stand boys.
Too oft we must prate others virtues as great.
In one well self-advertised pageant.
But tonight with a will (while we OK the bill)
Let us drink to the health of the agent.

Here's to the Friars!
Here's to them all!
Out on the road, or here in the hall,
Raise high your glasses with cheer that inspires,
And drink a deep toast,
To the boys we love most!
A toast to all other good Friars!

The Bards of Ireland

Lyrics by Thomas Moore

Irish Songs Arranged by Victor Herbert

20. The Minstrel Boy

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you will find him;
His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him;
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

21. Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave

Remember the glories of Brien the Brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet!

22. Lament (piano solo)

23. Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy wings fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

24. Tho' the Last Glimpse Of Erin

Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

25. The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls

The harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

Disc 3

1. If Love Were What the Rose Is

(Lines by Algernon Charles Swinburne)

If love were what the rose is
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flow'rful closes
Green pleasure or gray grief.

If love were what the rose is
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together,
In pleasure or gray grief.

If you were April's Lady
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flow'rs,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day.
If you were April's Lady
And I were lord in May!

2. **Love Laid His Sleepless Head**

(Lines by Algernon Charles Swinburne)

Love laid his sleepless head
On a thorny rosebed,
And his eyes with tears were red
And pale his lips as the dead.

And fear and sorrow and scorn
Kept watch by his head forlorn.
Till the night was overworn
And the world was merry with morn.

And joy came up with the day,
And kissed love's lips as he lay,
And the watchers ghostly and gray
Sped from his pillow away.

And his eyes at the dawn grew bright,
And his lips waxed ruddy as light.
Sorrow may reign for a night
But day shall bring back delight.

3. **Love's Oracle**

(Words by Edward Peple)

A daisy, smiling at the sun, beside a brooklet grew,
I plucked its petals ev'ry one, to tell if thou wert true.
At last one petal stood alone,
Which told of love forgot;
A trusted heart inconstant grown,
He loves me, he loves me not!

Deep, deep my heart was cut with pain,
Oh! bitter, bitter lot,
To love and yet to love in vain!
He loves, he loves me not!

At last I smiled and wildly kiss'd its stem and laughing cried
I crush thee thus within my fist!
For daisy, thou hast lied!

4. Old Ireland Shall Be Free
(Old Air “The Boys of Wexford”)
(Words by J. Jerome Rooney)

By all the glories of our race,
Who never yet were slaves,
By ev’ry mem’ry hallow’d place
That holds our martyr graves,
In Heaven’s sight, by freemen’s right,
From troubled sea to sea,
In deathless troth we pledge our oath,
Old Ireland shall be free!

Old Ireland shall be free! We swear,
Old Ireland shall be free!
In deathless troth we pledge our oath,
Old Ireland shall be free!

We claim no right we do not give,
None less shall be our lot,
God made one law for all who live
In palace or in cot;
Then who shall take the bread we make
By sweat of hand or brow?
Not you, Sir Lord, save by the sword,
We shall have justice now.

Old Ireland shall be free! We swear,
Old Ireland shall be free!
In deathless troth we pledge our oath,
Old Ireland shall be free!

Wolf Tone has shown us what to do
And Emmet is not dead;
Each Irish heart was leal and true
When Dan O’Connell lead;
Our Parnell’s mound is holy ground,
And holier yet shall be,
When full confessed from East to West,
Old Ireland shall be free.

Old Ireland shall be free! We swear,
Old Ireland shall be free!
In deathless troth we pledge our oath,
Old Ireland shall be free!

For who shall bind a Nation's soul,
Born by the grace of God,
And who shall fix a slave control
Upon a virgin sod?
None, none shall dare, while Irish air
Breathes life on you and me,
From the giant's Way to Bantry Bay,
Old Ireland shall be free.

Old Ireland shall be free! We swear,
Old Ireland shall be free!
In deathless troth we pledge our oath,
Old Ireland shall be free!

5. The Twirly Little Girlies at the End of the Line
(Lyric by Rida Johnson Young)

You may talk about your actresses,
Your stars who make a hit,
And who take the centre of the stage
And think that they are "it,"
Or of your prima donna,
Who must stand and sing high "C"
With her eyes glued to the leader
Of the tooting *orchestree!*
You may rave about the heroine,
Who makes the women weep,
She's a-moaning out a lot of woes
That put the boys to sleep.
That little corner by the box,
Ah, that's the place to shine
For there's always something doing at the end of the line.

She's airy, this fairy,
A queen of the stage,
She has a string on the chappies,
She's really the rage,
A stunner, a one-er,
She's mine! mine!
Yes, mine!
This twirly little girlie
At the end of the line.
This twirly little girlie
At the end of the line.

Now you may be playing in a piece,
That makes a great big hit,
But the critics never notice you,
That doesn't hurt a bit;
You dance till you are out of breath,
And gaily sing "tra la"
Hid behind the leading woman,
The contralto and the star!
But you don't care for the gallery,
The standees you abhor,
And at matinees you go to sleep,
It's such an awful bore.
The front row bald head Johnnies all
Declare you are divine,
For they're always true and faithful to the end of the line.

She's airy, this fairy,
A queen of the stage,
She has a string on the chappies,
She's really the rage,
A stunner, a one-er,
She's mine! mine!
Yes, mine!
This twirly little girlie
At the end of the line.
This twirly little girlie
At the end of the line.

6. **Love's Hour: A Song**

(Poem by Rida Johnson Young)

Love is like the rose, dear heart,
That opens with the morn,
Its fragrance on the sunlit air
For one short day is borne.
Ah!
Alas, before the shades of night
Are drawn across the sky,
Each dewy, blushing petal falls
Upon the ground to die,
Ah!
Come, let us drink deep in love's hour!
E'en now it is flying, 'twill pass;
One moment the bloom's on the flow'r
And falling petals we grasp;
Let love's hour be full with gladness

Unshadow'd by sorrow or strife,
For sweet as the rose is the love that one knows
In the glorious morn of life!

Youth, dear heart, will fly away,
Just like the fragile rose;
Its morn, its noon, its night, its day
Lend shadows to its close.

Ah!

Then think not of tomorrow, sweet,
Be happy while you may,
Refuse all thoughts of sorrow,
And love me, dear heart, today.

Ah!

Come, let us drink deep in love's hour!
E'en now it is flying, 'twill pass;
One moment the bloom's on the flow'r
And falling petals we grasp;
Let love's hour be full with gladness
Unshadow'd by sorrow or strife,
For sweet as the rose is the love that one knows
In the glorious morn of life!

7. **Remembrance**

(Original text by Carl Weitbrecht
English version by Fanny Lover)

What by day was long forgotten
Comes in dreams to me again,
All that once my heart so treasured,
Ancient rapture, ancient pain!

Then I wake, my heart appeasing
With the thought, "All this is o'er."
Yet a secret yearning thrills me
For the joys and griefs of yore, of yore!

8. **Sweet Harp of the Days That Are Gone: To the Irish Harp**

(Words by Samuel Lover)

Oh, give me one strain of that wild harp again,
In melody proudly its own!
Sweet harp of the days that are gone!
Time's wide-wasting wing its cold shadows may fling
Where the light of the soul hath no part;
The sceptre and sword both decay with their lord,

But the throne of the bard is the heart;
The sceptre and sword both decay with their lord,
But the throne of the bard is the heart.

And hearts while they beat to thy music so sweet,
Thy glories will ever prolong;
Land of honor, and beauty, and song!
The beauty whose sway woke the bard's native lay,
Hath gone to eternity's shade;
While fresh in its fame, lives the song to her name,
Which the minstrel immortal has made!

Oh, give me one strain of that wild harp again,
In melody proudly its own!
The sceptre and sword both decay with their lord,
But the throne of the bard is the heart!

9. Out of His Heart He Builds a Home

(Lyric by Edward Childs Carpenter)

The world is blind, it only sings
The praises of poets, masters and Kings!
Their work, their words, their deed of flame,
Win all the fame!

So let my voice ring out for one
Who has no fame for great deeds done.
He spins no song, he rears no dome:
Out of his heart he builds a home.

He rules no realm, he's more than King:
A woman's joy his harvesting!
He spins no song, he rears no dome:
Out of his heart he builds a home.

10. The Century Girl

(Words by Henry Blossom)

As the years have rolled on
There have come and have gone
Women fair past compare,
Some have made them a name,
So immortal in fame
That we all may recall!
Ev'ry one in the hour of her beauty or pow'r
Reigned supreme!

But 'twould seem
That to rule us at last,
With a charm unsurpassed,
Comes the beautiful queen of our dreams,
'Tis the Century Girl!

Oh, Century Girl,
My Century Girl!
The world is in love with you!
For so rare you are, and so fair you are,
That you're sweet as the morning dew!
Your form, your face,
Your style, your grace
Has set ev'ry heart a-whirl
And what rapture lies
Within your lovelit eyes!
Wonderful Century Girl!

11. **You Belong to Me**

(Lyrics by Harry B. Smith)

I've looked all my life for a girl like you.
Ev'ry guess that I made was wrong.
So I'd made up my mind
That I never should find the right one,
Then you came along.
And now don't imagine I'll let you go
Because you say "No" to me;
"No" often means "Yes."
I'll make you confess
In time, just wait and see.

So don't forget where ever you are
That you belong to me.
Led by fate, soon or late
My own you're bound to be.
The flowers belong to the sunlight,
The pearls belong to the sea
So don't forget
That you'll love me yet
For you, you belong to me.

12. **Humpty Dumpty**

(Words by Henry Blossom)

You've read the story many times
In Mother Goose or nurs'ry rhymes
Of Humpty Dumpty's tumble from the wall!
And what the tale would teach is that
The altitude we reach is apt
To make us hit the harder when we fall!
And though the story doesn't tell
Exactly why or how he fell,
No doubt if you'll investigate, you'll find
That some untrue or jealous friend,
To satisfy a selfish end,
Sneaked up on him and pushed him from behind!

Learn a lesson from the tale of Humpty Dumpty!
And the way in which he came to lose his seat!
For that sad and sudden cropper
Must have jarred him good and proper,
As I'm sure he never lit upon his feet!
Though the King with men and horses may have tried to,
They could never put him back upon the wall!
When he fell and he was bumped, he
Put the "hump" in Humpty Dumpty
So be careful how you're pushed and where you fall!

13. **The Romping Redheads!**

(Lyric by Henry Blossom)

Night lies soft and the world's at rest;
Children sleep in their cozy nest!
Tho' in dreams of their childish joys
They still play with their funny toys
Buster Brown, Tom and Jerry, Dan and Dick
Teddy Bear and the monkey on a stick.
We have to work all through the day
Ah, but the night is our time for play.

Up then! This is our play time,
We know soon it will be daytime.
So romp and ramble around about,
How we love to gambol when the lights are out!
Each one's sweetheart is with him,
So come now moving in rhythm,
We'll dance all night

Till the broad daylight.
We're the Romping Redhead Kids!

14. **When Uncle Sam Is Ruler of the Sea**

(Lyric by Henry Blossom)

Hear the trumpet sound
With its militant call to arms!
All the world around
Is uneasy with vague alarms!
It may chance that we
By cruel Fate's decree
May be among them ere we see the end of the fray!
There are envious eyes
Looking greedily toward our land!
'Twere a golden prize
As they readily understand!
But there's no mistake!
Our Uncle Sam's awake,
A fighting chance to take with one or all, as he may!

Uncle Sam has ne'er been known to lose a fight, boys!
For his "cause" was ever just!
And for freedom and the right.
He again will gladly fight!
And again "In God" we'll trust!
But we'll build a lot of battleships beside boys
And the time is soon to be,
When with ship and gun
We're greater than anyone
And Uncle Sam is ruler from sea to sea!

15. **Can't You Hear Your Country Calling**

(Lyric by Gene Buck)

Now all the world's a stage, they say,
And we all have a part to play;
Our greatest role is called today,
The President will lead you.
Before you humbly I appear,
And play the modern Paul Revere
To warn you all that war is here.
You must awake, we need you.

Can't you hear your country calling,
Calling to fight for peace?

Help on land and sea
For humanity,
Rise in might to shield our honor,
Can't you see your country needs you?
Answer the call today!
Now we all must stand by our dear beloved land
The U.S.A.

16. **Farewell**

(Words by Edward Locke)

“Farewell” that grieving sad’ning word
To native land and loved ones dear
For tho’ ’tis brief upon the tongue
Long are its leagues, ’tis ages wide.
Death answers not its question sad,
The grieving sad’ning word Farewell! Farewell!

When I behold the stars at night
In heaven’s dome a-shining
My heart in dreaming wanders back
To loved ones dear, to native land
But distance answers back my call
That sad’ning word “Farewell!” “Farewell!”
But distance answers back my call
That grieving sad’ning word “Farewell!”

17. **Lovelight**

(Words by Edward Locke)

Sing for the world and for thee, Love,
Cling close thy soul to mine.
Send out the light in thine eyes, Love,
Lovelight that glows sublime.
Cloistered close into Love’s arms
Soothing away life’s alarms
All o’er the world shall our love shine,
Thou art the world and mine!

Heart beats thrilling my being, dear,
With love divine
Heart throbs throbbing together.
Ever thine and mine.
Soul songs in harmony sweet
Soaring aloft, Heaven to greet
Sing me thy melody sweet,
’Tis thy song divine.

Soul songs in harmony sweet
Soaring aloft, Heaven to greet
Sing me thy melody love,
For 'tis thy song and mine.

18. **When the Sixty-Ninth Comes Back**

(Lyric by Sergeant Joyce Kilmer)

The Sixty-ninth is on its way, France heard it long ago
And the Germans know we're coming to give them blow for blow
We've taken on the contract, and when the job is through,
We'll let them hear a Yankee cheer and an Irish ballad, too.

The harp that once through Tara's Halls shall fill the air with song,
And the shamrock be cheered as the port is neared
By our triumphant throng,
With the Potsdam Palace on a truck,
And the Kaiser in a sack,
New York will be seen one Irish green,
When the Sixty-ninth comes back.

We brought back from the Border our Flag, 'twas never lost;
We left behind the land we love, the stormy sea we crossed.
We heard the cry of Belgium, and France the free and fair,
For where there's work for fighting men the Sixty-ninth is there.

The harp that once through Tara's Halls shall fill the air with song,
And the shamrock be cheered as the port is neared
By our triumphant throng,
With the Potsdam Palace on a truck,
And the Kaiser in a sack,
New York will be seen one Irish green,
When the Sixty-ninth comes back.

God rest our valiant leaders dead, whom we cannot forget;
They'll see the Fighting Irish are the Fighting Irish yet.
While Ryan, Roe and Corcoran
On hist'ry's pages shine,
A wreath of laurel and shamrock waits the head of Colonel Hine.

The harp that once through Tara's Halls shall fill the air with song,
And the shamrock be cheered as the port is neared
By our triumphant throng,
With the Potsdam Palace on a truck,
And the Kaiser in a sack,
New York will be seen one Irish green,
When the Sixty-ninth comes back.

19. **Molly**

(Words by Rida Johnson Young)

Oh, Molly dear, the spring is here,
And birds their mates are calling;
They're nesting now and so should we,
For sheltered close we two must be,
When dark is falling.

Oh, Molly dear, the honey bee
The blushing rose is kissing;
Then why should you so cruel be?
The honey on your lips for me
You'd not be missing!

Oh, Molly dear, the sun so clear
The silver mist is mating,
And Mother Earth the sky draws near;
The World has wed so why, my dear,
Should we be waiting?

20. **The Dodge Brothers March**

(Lyric by Maxwell I. Pitkin)

From the hills of San Jose
To the lights of gay Broadway
Sing a song of old Detroit
For she's the flashing dashing
Pioneer of motor glory.
Born of thunder, steel and flame
All the world now hails her name
Here's to Dodge and old Detroit
We pledge the glory of their fame.

21. **When the Right One Comes Along**

(Words by Gene Buck)

BOYS:

There's a lovely little maid
We are here to serenade,
She is like a breath of springtime, only sweeter.
She is like unto a rose
From her head down to her toes,
She is altogether charming when you meet her.

How de do, how are you?
Is there something we can do?
Won't you tell us, little girlie, don't be shy.

MARY:
Pardon me, can't you see
I'm embarrassed as can be;
This is all so very sudden, me oh my!

BOYS:
We admire, we inquire,
Your affections we desire.
Pray tell us, little girl, is there a chance?

MARY:
I confess more or less
That I really do possess
A heart that's truly looking for romance.

I love romance,
I'll take a chance,
Whene'er the right one comes along
But he must be
Quite fancy free,
Romantic ever, clever,
And never leave me all alone
And he must phone
Whenever he's away
And he must hold me, fold me,
Never scold me,
I will love him when the right one comes along,

22. The Love Boat
(Words by Gene Buck)

When the twinkling stars are coming
In the purple afterglow,
And the soft guitars are strumming,
Gondoliers are humming low.
I am longing and I'm yearning
For a boat that's out to sea.
Fondest memories are burning
And I'm calling tenderly.

Bring back my beautiful love boat
That drifts on the blue lagoon,

Like clouds in heaven above float
And kissed by the silvery moon
My boat with beauty is laden
One only one love I see,
Bring back my beautiful maiden,
My loveboat come back to me.

23. **In Khorassan**

(Words by Gene Buck)

The temple bells are ringing,
The nightingales are singing,
The Persian moon is gleaming from above.
The lotus flow'rs are sleeping,
The silver stars are peeping,
The soft wind sighs a melody of love.

In Khorassan
Fair garden of delight,
When day is gone
We greet the love-kissed night,
While golden bells in the mango trees
Tinkle dream-like entrancing wondrous harmonies
'Neath Persian skies
We linger, love, and dream
In Persian eyes
You see the lovelight gleam
No spot on earth like this
A paradise of bliss
In Khorassan.

24. **The Legend of the Golden Tree**

(Words by Gene Buck)

Fair Princess your indulgence I would ask.
To make you ever happy is my task.
To seek and find that something you adore,
A sight you've never seen before,
I've searched and found to win your precious hand
A miracle upon the desert sand
More beautiful than you would ever dream
A wondrous sight a miracle supreme.

On the desert sands alone there stands
A slender golden tree,
Now I have been told this tree of gold

Will come to life for thee,
But it must be night when the moon is bright,
For the moonbeams' silver glow,
Twice change and wake and strangely make
The tree dance to and fro.

25. **The Princess of My Dreams**

(Words by Gene Buck)

Lady fair,
There is something I'm longing to impart
I would dare
Sing a melody that flows from my heart
Hear my plea for I'm imploring
Constantly to hear my song
Can't you see for you, dearest,
For you I ever long.

My arms are yearning
My lips are burning
To tell you of my love for you
Your cheeks are like the Persian rose dear
And you have soft eyes like Heaven's blue.
I'll be your slave, dear
You're all I crave, dear,
My love and life are yours alone,
You are the princess of my dreams, dear,
I want you only, won't you be my own!

26. **The Equity Star**

(Lyric by Grant Stewart)

The Equity star shines clear and bright;
A beacon that never shall pale;
Emblem of Justice that guides us right
To the haven to which we sail.
Steady and true in Heav'n above,
No journey is ever too far,
If we shape our course by the Star we love,
By the light of the Equity Star.

Follow the star, follow the star.
Follow its guiding ray;
To where Truth and Justice and Freedom are,
Clearly it points the way.
Hark to the call, good comrades all,

Echo it near and far;
“Be staunch and true for the goal’s in view
And follow the Equity Star.”

Tho’ gathering clouds oppress the sky
Darkling the night now and drear;
Suddenly, swiftly, the storm is nigh
And hearts are beset with fear;
Out from the dark the silver ray
Shows clearly what dangers there are,
We are safe and sure if we guide our way
By the light of the Equity Star.

Follow the star, follow the star.
Follow its guiding ray;
To where Truth and Justice and Freedom are,
Clearly it points the way.
Hark to the call, good comrades all,
Echo it near and far;
“Be staunch and true for the goal’s in view
And follow the Equity Star.”

27. Alma Mater Song of the Catholic University of America
(Words by Robert H. Mahoney)

Hail, C. U. A.! Thy sons acclaim
The triumph of thine honored name;
In happy song, they vow to thee
Undying love and loyalty.
Their hearts are valiant in the fight,
Inspired by thy guiding light;
Their deeds shall ever prove to thee
How boundless their fidelity.

Forever shall thy fame be bright,
Thy name resplendent as the light;
Thine honored sons all join today
And sing thy praises, C. U. A.!

Forever shall thy fame be bright,
Thy name resplendent as the light;
Thine honored sons all join today
And sing thy praises, C. U. A.!

Great C. U. A.! Thy sons are brave,
Thy banners bright they proudly wave;
Loud praises rise from sea to sea
In tribute to thy majesty.
The blood thy heroes gladly shed,
The spirit that in battle led,
Still bide on campus and on field
And keep unsullied thy fair shield.

Forever shall thy fame be bright,
Thy name resplendent as the light;
Thine honored sons all join today
And sing thy praises, C. U. A.!

Forever shall thy fame be bright,
Thy name resplendent as the light;
Thine honored sons all join today
And sing thy praises, C. U. A.!

Enriched by Nature and by art,
Endeared to ev'ry loyal heart,
Endowed by gift of saint and sage,
Illumining each passing age,
Thy monumental spaces wide
Are shrines where joy and truth abide;
Thy ramparts rising in the skies
Are hallowed in the nation's eyes.

Forever shall thy fame be bright,
Thy name resplendent as the light;
Thine honored sons all join today
And sing thy praises, C. U. A.!

Forever shall thy fame be bright,
Thy name resplendent as the light;
Thine honored sons all join today
And sing thy praises, C. U. A.!

The woodland hearkens to our cheers
And hails thy progress with the years;
The breezes bear thy fame along,
All Nature joins our happy song;
Throughout the world, by field and town,
Resound thy glory and renown;
Forever grows the joyous cry,
"Dear C. U. A. shall never die!"

Forever shall thy fame be bright,
Thy name resplendent as the light;
Thine honored sons all join today
And sing thy praises, C. U. A.!

Forever shall thy fame be bright,
Thy name resplendent as the light;
Thine honored sons all join today
And sing thy praises, C. U. A.!

Disc 4

1. Weaving My Dreams

(Words by Gene Buck)

Beautiful laces I weave the day long,
I love it so,
Sing as I go;
Laces and graces I weave with a song,
Soft and low;
Waiting and wishing and weaving the while,
Each new design,
Each ev'ry line;
Weaving sweet dreams in soft lace to beguile
Dreams of mine.

Ever weaving,
E'er believing dreams come true;
Ever yearning,
Thoughts are burning all night through;
In the lovely purple glow,
When the shadows come and go,
I keep weaving dreams in laces
That I love so.

2. Mary Came Over to Me

(Words by Irving Caesar)

The picture of Mary was in my heart
When I sailed over the sea,
It filled me with sorrow that we should part
For she was Ireland to me.
Sure I know what it is to be lonesome,
No sweetheart and far from home.

I dream of Mary and Ireland,
And in my fond dreams, I could see
Her eyes like the blue skies of old County Clare,
With her cheeks like the roses that bloom in Kildare.
Sad were the days of my yearning,
Today though, my heart's full of glee;
My dreams of old Ireland at last have come true,
For Mary came over to me.

The lark and the mavis forgot their song
When Mary bid them goodbye;
Each lad and colleen wept the whole night long
And stars grew dim in the sky.
Ev'ry true Irish heart loves my Mary,
But none love her more than I.

I dream of Mary and Ireland,
And in my fond dreams, I could see
Her eyes like the blue skies of old County Clare,
With her cheeks like the roses that bloom in Kildare.
Sad were the days of my yearning,
Today though, my heart's full of glee;
My dreams of old Ireland at last have come true,
For Mary came over to me.

3. That Old Fashioned Garden of Mine

(Lyrics by Gene Buck)

Far away from the glare and the whirl of the town,
There's a quaint little garden so rare,
Simple and sweet,
A lovely retreat,
You forget all your trouble and care.
Old-fashioned flow'rs welcome you there.
In beautiful colors arrayed,
Each every one
Kissed by the sun
And I fancy each one is a maid.

There's an old-fashioned garden that's dear to my heart,
Where old fashioned flowers I love
Bloom year after year,
Perennial and dear,
Then vanish like soft clouds above.
I await their return like girlies in dreams,

For their sweetness and fragrance I pine.
I will stray never more,
I just love and adore
That old-fashioned garden of mine.

4. Lady of the Lantern

(Words by Gene Buck)

When the day bids farewell to the flowers
And soft evening shadows are near,
I welcome and greet the night hours
And long for my love to appear;
My love is a Fantasy Princess,
A dream on a dim lantern shade;
I adore at her shrine
This dream girl of mine
And each night my love I serenade.

Lady of the lantern,
Lovely princess, I yearn
To caress and hold you
Close under my heart.
On my knees before you,
Dearest, I adore you,
Vision of my soul, dear,
Don't depart.
Perfume of the flowers
Scents this world of ours,
Gleam forever for me:
Let your lovelight glow.
You're the one I sigh for,
You're the one I die for,
Lady of the lantern, I love you so.

5. I'd Love to Waltz Through Life With You

(Words by Gene Buck)

Waltzing with you on a night like this
Makes all my dreams come true;
Filling my heart with tender bliss,
Moonlight, music and you.
Nights of romance and silver moon,
Gleaming for you alone;
Hours vanish all too soon
Waltzing with you, my own.

I'd love to waltz through life with you,
Holding you close to me.
I'd love to gaze in eyes so blue
Until eternity.
Feeling your lovely presence near,
Thrilling me through and through,
I'd love to waltz through life with you, dear,
With you, just you.

6. When Knighthood Was in Flower

(Words by William LeBaron)

There was a Princess fair
In the days of the long ago.
She loved and did not care
If the whole of the world should know;
Though kings opposed her will
All the stronger her heart became
And though they offered her a crown
She loved him just the same.

When knighthood was in flower,
When hearts and lances were strong,
When ladies fair were in despair
Until their knights came along;
They lived romantic stories
And took what fortune might bring
When knighthood was in flower
And love forever was king!

7. God Spare the Emerald Isle

(Words by William Jerome)

The angels of Erin are calling,
Are calling dear Father to you;
Her sorrowful tears now are falling,
The shamrocks are covered with dew.

God spare the Emerald Isle!
Send back to Erin her smile;
Bring back the blue to her skies
And clear ev'ry tear from her eyes;
Give back to Erin her mirth,
Her sad hearth still for a while;
Ev'ry Mother Machree is appealing to thee,
God spare thee my Emerald Isle!

May Erin's brave sons and daughters
Repose once again in her arms;
May God with his goodness and mercy
Bring back those endearing young charms.

God spare the Emerald Isle!
Send back to Erin her smile;
Bring back the blue to her skies
And clear ev'ry tear from her eyes;
Give back to Erin her mirth,
Her sad hearth still for a while;
Ev'ry Mother Machree is appealing to thee,
God spare thee my Emerald Isle!

8. **Little Old New York**

(Words by William LeBaron)

In old New York there was a place
I wish we had today
Where boys and girls would meet
And fall in love without delay;
Just above Bowling Green in the night time
That was the right time;
Bells were tolling
When they went strolling
Up that way.

Back in little old New York
When the moon was in the sky
To the kissing bridge boys with their girls would stray
Where the old canal ran across Broadway
For romance was in the air
They were happy, ne'er a care
And each boy loved his miss
As he stole a kiss
Back in little old New York.

9. **Heart O' Mine**

(Words by Laurence Eyre)

Heart o' mine, my own, where have you been keepin'
In the weary waitin' since we two were one?
And my eyes glow dim sorrowin' and weepin'
As I watch you comin' home when day is done.
Heart o' mine, don't you hear?

Sure I'm callin' you my dear,
Don't you hear the echo singin' through the rain?
I can feel the sunlight shine
When your path shall follow mine,
And our hearts will surely find their own again.

10. **Give Your Heart in June Time**

(Words by Clifford Grey and Harold Atteridge)

We two are here in a world of dreams all our own;
Don't miss this chance of romance
In this wonderful moment alone.
Why do you plead with me so?
I must not obey!
Don't run away,
Do you regret we met?
What can you do but stay?

Give your heart in love time,
Do not part in June;
Give your heart in love time,
Hear that voice compelling us,
Telling us
Joy was made for sunshine,
Roses fade too soon.
Here is your fate
Love will not wait;
Give your heart in June.

Life has been changed since you came and I want but you;
How your sweet glance does entrance
With a love thrill that I never knew.
Is this my "Kismet" at last,
Will love find a way?
What can I say,
You can my soul control!
Ah, what a happy day!

Give your heart in love time,
Do not part in June;
Give your heart in love time,
Hear that voice compelling us,
Telling us
Joy was made for sunshine,
Roses fade too soon.
Here is your fate

Love will not wait;
Give your heart in June.

11. **The Crucible's Toast**

(Lyrics by Arthur G. Burgoyne)

Here's a toast to the jovial Crucible Club which
For any achievement is fit.
May it never run short of good spirits and grub,
Of good fellowship, humor and wit!

May it thrive on a diet of rollicking chaff.
May its deeds be the pride of the town.
To the Crucible, boys, with a heart and a half,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down!

Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.
Drink a toast to the pride of the town.
To the Crucible, boys, with a heart and a half,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down!

12. **It's Just the Harmless Guile of Her**

(Lyrics by Augustus Thomas)

It's just the harmless guile of her
That hints more than she'll speak.
It's just the slanting smile of her
That dimples to her cheek:
The long Egyptian lids above,
Their pools of green grey sheen.
Where gentlest angels whisper love
With roguish imps between.

And oh! the swooning smell of her,
From breast and throat and hair;
The fragrant airs that tell of her
And hold me captive there:
The dewy look of wistful lure,
The inbreathed tempting lip,
Its pearly bondage insecure
'Neath coral fingertip.

And ah! the haunting thought of her,
Day long and twilight deep;
The mad heart fever caught of her
That purrs through throbbing sleep.

The patient vision sentinel,
That wears her hallow'd hair,
Mute lips compassionate that tell,
Peace to my soul's despair.

13. **O My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose**

(Poem by Robert Burns)

O my love's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
That's newly sprung in June.
O my love's like a melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune;
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till all the seas gang dry.
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till all the seas gang dry.

Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun;
The rocks melt with the sun.
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run;
While the sands of life shall run.
And fare thee well, my only love!
And fare thee well a while!
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

14. **Wild Oats**

(Words by Glen MacDonough)

I'm well over fifty and what
Is called by the world a success.
I've been lucky and thrifty, I've got
A fortune of size to impress.

I've money and leisure to go
Wherever I will and remain
But the one happy spot
I would choose of the lot
Isn't reached by the steamer or train.

I want to go where the wild oats grow,
Where is the road?
Does anybody know?
I want one more of the hours to see
When near ev'ryone was certain
Of what my end would be.
I want to go where the wild oats grow,
Where is the road?
Does anybody know?
My wealth I'd give to its final groat
For one day of life at twenty and one male wild oat!

15. **Just a Dream of a Day Gone by**

When the sun in golden splendor
Sinks behind the distant hills,
Then a calling sweetly tender
All my inmost being thrills;
With the breath of springtime laden
Mirrored in the twilight air
Lo, appears a beauteous maiden
Tall of form, divinely fair.

Just a dream of a bygone day
Steals in my soul in the gloaming gray,
Thrilling my heart in the same old way,
Just a dream of a bygone day.

Lo! Her lips are softly speaking
With a cadence half divine;
Now her eyes my eyes are seeking,
Breathing low a name, 'tis mine.
As my arm to her extending,
Pleading her to ever stay,
With the mists of twilight blending,
Vanishes my dreams away.

Just a dream of a bygone day
Steals in my soul in the gloaming gray,
Thrilling my heart in the same old way,
Just a dream of a bygone day.

16. Give Me That Rose

(Words by Booth Tarkington)

At Versailles in the garden of Pompadour,
Madame Pompadour, Marquise de Pompadour,
Where the roses were flowing by thousands and more,
Madame Pompadour saw only one,
Just one rose was there,
As she said to King Louis the Debonaire:

Who gave you the rose in your coat lapel?
Was it someone who likes you very well?
When she pinned it there what did she say?
Will she give you another another day?
Will she sing you a song like this, my dear?
That you wear her rose for a boutonniere.
Will she dance or weep or die if you say:
Oh, give me the rose you wear today.

17. A Nautical Song in High C

(Lyrics by Henry Blossom)

Oh we are two of the gallant crew
Of the good ship Ocean Foam!
We're homesick when we're out at sea
And we're seasick when we're home.
We've sailed the ocean near and far!
As pilots most expert we are
In guiding schooners 'cross the bar
Isn't anybody goin' to treat?

For it's rum!
Drink rum to a life on the ocean wave!
For we won't go dry till the day we die!
And we're looked for a damn, damp grave!
It's rum!
Drink rum! Sail home with the rolling tide!
The water blue for me and you
We love it on the side!

Oh, the nor' west wind was blowing east
As we found ourselves becalmed!
A pirate craft came sailing aft
And we signaled "You be damned,"
In half the time that takes to tell
He raked our poop with a ten-inch shell

And the parrot shouted “War Is Hell”
And we didn’t have a drink that day.

For it’s rum!
Drink rum to a life on the ocean wave!
For we won’t go dry till the day we die!
And we’re looked for a damn, damp grave!
It’s rum!
Drink rum! Sail home with the rolling tide!
The water blue for me and you
We love it on the side!

18. **Ha! Ha!**

(Words by Henry Blossom)

Since Adam blamed Eve for that little affair
In the days of the long long ago,
We women have all had a great deal to bear,
For the men are like Adam, you know.
But Eve found a way and set Adam to work
In an hour or two after the fuss
And from that time to this
For a tear or a kiss
We have had the men working for us.

For there are two ways in which to rule a man
And ev’ry woman knows that there’s no doubt of it,
A good cry’s the safest thing to try
But if it doesn’t work, then laugh him out of it!
Real tears are something that he fears
When you sob and say that you’ll go home to Ma,
But the best thing as a rule is a little ridicule.
Ha ha! Ha ha! Ha ha!

19. **She’s a Doggone Lovable Girl**

(Lyrics by Gene Buck)

Nearly ev’ry fellow I know raves about his lady love,
So beautiful, so brilliant and so smart.
They rave about the knowledge of their latest turtle dove
In regard to golf and bridge and books and art.
They brag about her dancing, her demeanor and her poise,
Her ultramodern taste in mode and dress.
Now, I’m afraid the girl I love would never please the boys,
She’s just a little diff’rent, I confess.

She might dub a shot in driving off the tee,
And at bridge I've seen her trump her own trick.
She's rather hear a jazz tune than a Mozart symphony,
She admits that cigarettes have made her sick.
She don't like Valentino though she goes to movie shows,
She'd rather have a sapphire than a pearl.
Her picture's never in the paper for a beauty ad or caper
But she's a doggone lovable girl!

20. **Nina**

Somewhere there is somebody to love me,
Somewhere to make me a blushing bride.
His heart, like my own, will be so lonely,
Only 'til fate comes to bring him to my side.

My day will come I know,
A gypsy told me so
My lot the fates have blessed,
For in the West my love is calling,
Fair is he with millions saved for me
For years she tells me he has found me enthralling.

Soon wedding bells will chime,
Ring in the wedding time
My heart shall be his throne
For he alone shall reign forever,
Love, we're told, shall bring its weight in gold
Oh, happy day, when I will call him my own!

21. **The Kid Is Clever**

(Lyric by Robert Smith)

I think that I have talent
I know I have, in fact;
I've never tried but I've inside
A feeling I can act.
I'd like to play "Camilly,"
I love to see folks cry;
And thousands would come ev'ry night
For just to see me die.
And when they go their way,
I know what they will say.

“The kid is clever, she’s clever.
She’s bound to make a star.
For there has never, no never
Been anything like her.
Her name will linger forever
She’ll land a millionaire!
The kid is clever, she’s clever,
She’s there!”

22. **Tell Me, Daisy**

(Words by Harry B. Smith)

She stood within a meadow on a lovely summer day,
A meadow white with daisy starry-eyed,
A maiden who had given all her gentle heart away
As she thought of him she very softly sighed.
Then as she pulled the leaves from a daisy white and gold,
And blushed to think that someone might be near,
She asked the flower the question
That’s ever new but old
And as always to a maiden’s heart so dear:

Daisy, tell me,
Tell me does he love me still?
Let your petals answer me, I pray,
My heart is so unruly,
I know you’ll answer truly,
Does he love or love me not,
O daisy, say,
Daisy, tell me,
Does he think of me alone
As I dream of him the livelong day?
Now, don’t be irritating,
Your message I am waiting,
My daisy, do not say me nay.

The daisy’s final petal answered her, “He loves you not,”
Then tears stood in her pretty azure eyes.
She said, “I can’t believe that it will be my sorry lot
To have any man my loving heart despise.”
She tried a score of daisies ’til at last one answered “yes,”
And then she smiled in radiant delight.
She said, “That only shows me
While many may be wrong,
There is always one that’s certain to be right.”

Daisy, tell me,
Tell me does he love me still?
Let your petals answer me, I pray,
My heart is so unruly,
I know you'll answer truly,
Does he love or love me not,
O daisy, say,
Daisy, tell me,
Does he think of me alone
As I dream of him the livelong day?
Now, don't be irritating,
Your message I am waiting,
My daisy, do not say me nay.

23. **I'm Looking for a Little Cinderella**

(Words by Gene Buck)

Since a wee small tot I have searched a lot
For a girl like Cinderella to be mine.
She is my ideal, and somehow I feel
Someday I'll meet a girlie so divine.
Now I soon forget all the girls I've met
'Cause they're not what Cinderella ought to be,
But somewhere, some way, I'll meet her some day
And I hope her little heart is fancy free.

I'm looking for a little Cinderella
A sweet and simple, loving little girl,
And someday I will find the one I have in mind
She will set this heart of mine a-whirl.
I'll give a ball of crystal in her honor,
I'll shower all my love and wealth upon her.
I'm looking for a little Cinderella,
I'll search until my dream comes true.

24. **Cuban**

If music you play
Can thrill me this way,
Play on, play on
If music can be
So oh, heavenly,
Play on, play on
For that song seems to fly through space
And I'm back in a dim-lit place
Where my arms once again embrace

Someone I know, and so
If music I hear
Can bring her so near,
Play on, play on
And let me recall
The thrill of it all,
Play on, play on
I'm trying to hold
Those mem'ries of old
The night that love was born
As long as I stay,
Don't take them away,
Play on.

25. **I'm Going in the Movies**

I wish I knew just what to do;
Say, girls, this life is boring.
It don't amuse, I can't enthuse
With jazz and cocktail pouring.
Golf and bridge and so-called teas,
And weekends never ending,
From such I'm weak'ning in the knees,
A diff'rent way I'm wending.

I'm going in the movies,
The latest thing to do,
The world is admirin' the studio siren,
And I'm goin' to be one, too.
I'll be a champ at vamping,
That's one thing I can do;
I'm going in the movies,
Society, I'm through.

26. **I Love the Isle of the Sea (Irish Song)** (Lyrics by Louis O'Connell)

My memory dwells
In the lakes and the dells.
In Erin's dear valleys and rills.
When dreams dispossess me,
Ah! nothing can rest me,
Like the dawn in the Irish hills.

I love the isle of the sea,
Spot of beauty, Killarney, Kildare, and Athlone,
Sure, I owe all my pride
To the proud countryside
Of Clare, County Downe, and Tyrone;
Its melodies still fill my heart with romance,
Ah, 'tis more than the whole wide world to me,
That gem He impearl'd was God's gift to the world,
That isle that I love in the sea.

I love the isle of the sea.

27. **Someone I Love**

(Lyric by Haven Gillespie)

I never thought that love at a glance
Could ever happen to me,
Now in my dreams the spell of romance
Lingers tenderly.

Someone I love came in my heart
From out of a golden night,
Someone I love has filled my heart
With rapture and sweet delight,
Someone with eyes like summer skies,
Revealing their love at dawning
Heavenly bliss was born with the kiss of one I love.

I never knew the touch of a hand
Ever held such alarm,
I never knew the sound of a voice
Ever had such charm.

Someone I love came in my heart
From out of a golden night,
Someone I love has filled my heart
With rapture and sweet delight,
Someone with eyes like summer skies,
Revealing their love at dawning
Heavenly bliss was born with the kiss of one I love.

28. **Indian Summer**

(Lyric by Al Dubin)

Summer, you old Indian Summer,
You're the tear that comes after
June time's laughter,
You see so many dreams that don't come true,
Dreams we fashioned when Summer time was new,
You are here to watch over
Some heart that is broken
By a word that somebody
Left unspoken,
You're the ghost of a romance in June
Going astray, fading too soon,
That's why I say
Farewell, to you, Indian Summer.

Marnie Breckenridge's versatility of roles ranges from highly acclaimed performances of *Lucia di Lammermoor* to Emily in Ned Rorem's *Our Town*. She recently made her European and Asian debuts as Cunegonde in *Candide* with the English National Opera, Prague State Opera, and on tour in Japan. A champion of contemporary music, she has sung Sierva Maria in Peter Eötvös's *Love and Other Demons* at Glyndebourne Festival Opera, La Princesse in Philip Glass's *Orphée* with Ensemble Parallèle, made her Ravinia Festival debut in Jake Heggie's *To Hell and Back* with Philharmonia Baroque, co-starring Patti LuPone, and her Berkeley Symphony debut in Unsuk Chin's *Cantanrix Sopranica* with Kent Nagano. She regularly performs under the baton of Lorin Maazel as Lucia in Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia* at his Castleton Foundation and on tour.

George Dvorsky's Broadway credits include the title role in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, the revival of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, Sondheim's Tony Award-winning *Passion, Marilyn: An American Fable*, and *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. He was seen in the Off-Broadway *Pete N Keely*, the revival of *Dames at Sea*, and *And the World Goes Round*. Mr. Dvorsky starred as Prince Charming in the New York City Opera premiere of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Cinderella* at Lincoln Center. He has performed with orchestras all over the world, including Iceland, Hong Kong, Sweden, and Italy. He was featured with the Boston Pops in *Bernstein's Broadway* on PBS. His solo recordings *All Through the Night* and *In the Still of the Night* are available on the JAY Records label.

Sara Jean Ford was most recently seen playing Christine Daaé in Broadway's *The Phantom of the Opera*. Other Broadway credits include *A Little Night Music* and *Finian's Rainbow*. Ms. Ford holds the unique distinction of performing in two Broadway shows at the same time, as Christine in *Phantom of the Opera* and as Petra in *A Little Night Music*. Off-Broadway, she starred as Louisa in *The Fantasticks* and can be heard on the original revival cast recording. Regionally, she has been seen in *Candide* (Cunegonde), *Carousel* (Carrie Pipperidge) and originating the role of Nellie Oleson in *Little House on the Prairie: The Musical* at the Guthrie Theater. She graduated with a B.F.A. from Carnegie Mellon University's prestigious drama program.

Steven LaBrie, a native of Dallas, Texas, is a graduate of The Academy of Vocal Arts (AVA) in Philadelphia. Last summer, he made his debut with Glimmerglass Opera as Araspe in the United States premiere of Handel's *Tolomeo* followed by another U.S. premiere as the Miller in Xavier Montsalvatge's *El gato con botas* with Gotham Chamber Opera at the New Victory Theatre in New York. He made his debut with the Dallas Opera in February as Paris and Mercutio in Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*. Mr. LaBrie has been the recipient of several awards from Opera Index, Inc, The Metropolitan Opera National Council auditions, Palm Beach Opera Competition, and the Dallas Opera Competition.

Aaron Lazar can be seen in Clint Eastwood's *J. Edgar* in movie theaters nationwide. Broadway credits include originating roles in the world premiere of *Impressionism* starring Jeremy Irons and Joan Allen, the revival of *Les Misérables* (for which he received a Drama Desk Award nomination), and the Broadway revival of Stephen Sondheim's *A Little Night Music*. He is also known for playing the role of Fabrizio in the PBS Live From Lincoln Center broadcast of the Tony Award-winning production of *The Light in the Piazza*. Mr. Lazar has performed with the New York Philharmonic, the New York Pops, the Boston Pops, the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, the National Symphony, and at venues all over the world from the English National Opera to Carnegie Hall. www.aaronlazar.com

Jeanne Lehman's Broadway roles include Mrs. Potts in *Beauty and the Beast* and the Mother Abbess in the most recent revival of *The Sound of Music*. She has been seen in Off-Broadway productions of *Putting It Together*, *Company*, *Steel Magnolias*, *Milk and Honey*, and *The Grass Harp*. At Carnegie Recital Hall she appeared in the Kern Festival concert productions of *Oh, Boy!*, *Oh, Lady! Lady!*, and *Zip! Goes a Million*. A popular guest soloist, she has graced numerous concert stages, performing with the New York Pops, the Philly Pops; John Green and the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, and at the Library of Congress. She has been seen in many television programs and commercials. Recordings include *Sondheim: A Celebration at Carnegie Hall*, *A Jerome Kern Treasury*, *Broadway Showstoppers*, and *Kurt Weill on Broadway* with Thomas Hampson. www.jeanne-lehman.com

Rebecca Luker has been nominated for the Tony Award for performances in *Mary Poppins*, *The Music Man*, and *Show Boat*. She has had leading roles in the Broadway productions of *Nine*, *The Sound of Music*, *The Secret Garden*, and *The Phantom of the Opera*. She has appeared in New York City Opera productions of *X: The Life And Times of Malcolm X* and *Brigadoon*. Her concert work includes the American Songbook Series, The Library of Congress, Carnegie Hall, City Center Encores!, and numerous symphony engagements including the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra. Television appearances include *The Good Wife*, *Law & Order: SVU*, *Cupid & Cate*, *An Evening With the Pops*, and *An Oscar Hammerstein Celebration*. Her recordings include *Anything Goes: Rebecca Luker sings Cole Porter*, *Greenwich Time*, *Leaving Home*, and *Aria*, *Aria 2*, and *Aria 3*.

Daniel Marcus made his Broadway debut in Joseph Papp's production of *The Pirates of Penzance*. Other Broadway shows include *1776*, *A Christmas Carol*, *Woman in White*, *Pal Joey*, and *Urinetown!*, in which he originated the role of Officer Barrel. Other New York credits include *The Apple Tree* at NY City Center's Encores!, and, most recently, *Adding Machine* and *Our Town*, both directed by David Cromer. TV and film credits include *Law and Order: SVU*, *You Don't Know Jack* on HBO and playing a goldfish for Hi-C Punch. Last year he made his London debut at the Menier Chocolate Factory in *Paradise Found*, directed by Susan Stroman and Hal Prince.

Since graduating from Carnegie Mellon University's College of Fine Arts, **Dillon McCartney** has performed as a singer and actor in musical genres from opera to cabaret, popular standards, musical theater, and "classical-crossover" at international venues that include Carnegie Hall, Avery Fisher Hall, Broadway's Town Hall Theater, Teatro Bellini (Sicily), San Marco Basilica (Venice) and the Teatro São Pedro (São Paulo). He has been lauded for his interpretations of the Irish folk ballads made famous by John McCormack, The Roasting Swan in Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*, and for his recording *Dillon McCartney: From My Heart*, music performed at the rededication of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in New York City. He is featured on the recording of Leonardo Balada's *Torquemada and Other Works*, also on New World Records.

www.dillonmccartney.com

Baritone **Jonathan Michie** has performed with the Los Angeles Opera, Santa Fe Opera, Florida Grand Opera, Oper Leipzig, Chautauqua Opera, Opera Saratoga, Ohio Light Opera, and San Francisco Opera's Merola Program, among other organizations. Recital and concert work have led him to collaborations with the National Chorale, Musica Sacra, the Slovenian Philharmonic, the Spoleto Festival USA, the Ravinia Festival, NY City Center Encores!, the New World Symphony, the Buffalo Philharmonic Chorus and the Rochester Philharmonic. Michie has

received awards from organizations including the William Matheus Sullivan Foundation, the Kurt Weill Foundation for Music, the Licia Albanese-Puccini Foundation, the Lotte Lehmann Foundation and the Liederkrantz Foundation. He has also appeared as an actor in Off-Broadway and regional theater. He holds master's and bachelor of music degrees from the Eastman School of Music.

Ron Raines is a three-time Emmy nominee for *The Guiding Light*. He has been seen on Broadway in the 2011 revival of *Follies*, *Chicago*, *Teddy and Alice*, and *Show Boat*. Regionally, he has been seen in *South Pacific*, *Kismet*, *Annie*, *Kiss Me, Kate*, *The King and I*, *Brigadoon*, *Oklahoma!*, *Carousel*, *Side by Side by Sondheim*, *Man of La Mancha*, and *A Little Night Music*. Television appearances include *My Favorite Broadway: The Love Songs*; *Ira Gershwin at 100*; *The Rodgers & Hart Story: Thou Swell, Thou Witty*; and *Evening at the Pops*. He has sung with more than fifty symphony orchestras including the Boston Pops, Philadelphia Pops, Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco, Israeli Philharmonic, BBC, and the Royal Philharmonic. His recordings include *Broadway Passion*, *So in Love With Broadway*, *110 in the Shade*, *Wonderful Town*, *Pajama Game*, and *One Touch of Venus*.

Valerian Ruminski is a graduate of the Academy of Vocal Arts in Philadelphia. He has sung with many major opera companies including The Metropolitan Opera, New York City Opera, Dallas Opera, Opera de Montréal, Opera Ireland, the New Israeli Opera, and Vancouver Opera, to list a few. He was the Year 2000 Martin Segal Lincoln Center Artist and has received a Richard Tucker Grant. He is also the artistic director of Nickel City Opera. Mr. Ruminski was featured on the Naxos recording *A Night at the Opera* as well as on the Deutsche Grammophon DVDs of *I Puritani* and *Boris Godunov* with the Met. www.valruminski.com

Tenor **Zachary Stains** is gaining widespread recognition for roles ranging from Monteverdi, Handel, and Mozart, to Donizetti, Rossini, Verdi, and Britten. Recent engagements include the role of Hercules in Vivaldi's *Ercole sul Termodonte* (also on DVD) at the Spoleto Festival; Telemaco in Monteverdi's *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria* with William Christie and Les Arts Florissants at the Aix-en-Provence Festival; the title role in Handel's *Giove in Argo* with Alan Curtis; the title role in Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers* with Opera Vivente in Baltimore; Beppe in *I Pagliacci* with Virginia Opera; and Il Conte d'Almaviva in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* for Hawaii Opera Theater. Recordings include Tiridate in Handel's *Radamisto* and Lurcanio in Handel's *Ariodante*.

www.zacharystains.com

Mezzo-soprano **Rosalie Sullivan** is a former Santa Fe Opera Apprentice Artist and an alumna of the Merola program. She has performed at Carnegie Hall in the Mozart Requiem and in Stephen Edwards's Ave Maria Mass. Recent concert appearances include the Lincoln Center premiere of David Jackson's staged song cycle *Model Love*, songs of Paul Moravec with Trio Solisti for Opera America's Salon Series, and performances of works by Mark Adamo, Gerald Busby, Stephen Paulus, and Malcolm Peyton. Her operatic repertoire includes Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Sesto in *La Clemenza di Tito*, Dorabella and Despina in *Così fan tutte*, Zenobia in *Radamisto*, Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and The Chinese Woman in Paul Moravec's *The Letter*.

Korliss Uecker has sung more than 150 performances at the Metropolitan Opera including Susanna in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Marzelline in *Fidelio*, Oscar in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and Valencienne in *The Merry Widow*. She sang Giannetta in a telecast of *L'elisir d'amore* with Luciano Pavarotti and Frasquita in *Carmen* with Placido Domingo. Other opera credits include Stella in André Previn's *A Streetcar Named Desire* in Strasbourg, France; Sybil in Lowell Liebermann's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* with Opera de Monte Carlo; the Wexford Festival, Santa Fe Opera, the Spoleto Festival, and the Ravinia Festival. She has recorded for Deutsche Grammophon, London Decca, and Arabesque Records and has appeared on CBS Sunday Morning and Live from Lincoln Center. Ms. Uecker has bachelor's and master's degrees from The Juilliard School and a B.S. in nursing science.

Margaret Jane Wray has performed at many opera houses around the world, including the Metropolitan Opera, Teatro alla Scala, Bavarian State Opera, Berlin State Opera, and Opéra National de Paris. She has won special acclaim in the Wagnerian repertoire, particularly for her powerful and evocative portrayal of Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*. Her Wagnerian roles include both Brangäne and Isolde in *Tristan und Isolde*, Guttrune in *Götterdämmerung*, Ortrud in *Lohengrin*, Kundry in *Parsifal*, Elisabeth in *Tannhäuser*, and Eva in *Die Meistersinger*. She was triumphantly received at the Cincinnati Opera as Sister Helen in Jack Heggie's *Dead Man Walking*. She has sung with orchestras including the New York Philharmonic, the Chicago Symphony, Boston Symphony, and National Symphony, under conductors Kurt Masur, Daniel Barenboim, James Conlon, Bernard Haitink, and Mariss Jansons. She has recorded for Deutsche Grammophon, Telarc, and Naxos.

William Hicks has had a lifelong love affair with opera, operetta, and American musical theater, serving for twenty years as associate conductor, voice coach, and pianist to Maestro John McGlinn. As conductor for the Packard Humanities Institute he recorded Jerome Kern's *Have a Heart*, and served as assistant conductor for six years at the Metropolitan Opera, where he made his stage debut as the concert pianist Lazinski in Giordano's *Fedora*. He also served as associate conductor for the Santa Fe Opera, the Canadian Opera Company, the Cincinnati Opera, and the New York City Opera. He prepared and performed in Maestro Lorin Maazel's first production of Britten's *Turn of the Screw*. He has long collaborated on recordings, on television, radio, and in master classes and private coaching with some of the world's most distinguished singers, including Luciano Pavarotti, Franco Corelli, Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Licia Albanese, Anna Moffo, Regina Resnik, Martha Eggerth Kiepura, Jerry Hadley, Deborah Voigt, Renee Fleming, Judy Kaye, Ron Raines, Rebecca Luker, and Harolyn Blackwell; he gives master classes in preparation and presentation to young singers, and also has extensive training as a singer, actor, and dancer.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Babes in Toyland, The Red Mill. Razumovsky Symphony Orchestra, Keith Brion, conductor. Naxos 8559025.

Beloved Songs and Classic Miniatures. Virginia Croskery, soprano; Czecho-Slovak Radio Symphony Orchestra Bratislava; Keith Brion, conductor. Naxos 8559026.

Cello Concertos. Lynn Harrell, cello; Academy of St. Martin in the Fields, Neville Marriner, conductor. Decca 417672.

Columbus Suite, Irish Rhapsody, Auditorium Festival March, Selections from Natoma. Bratislava Slovak Radio Symphony Orchestra, Keith Brion, conductor. Naxos 8559027.

Music of Victor Herbert. Beverly Sills, soprano; London Symphony Orchestra, André Kostelanetz, conductor. EMI Classics 47197.

Works for Cello and Piano, Solo Piano Works. Jerry Grossman, cello; William Hicks, piano. New World Records 80721-2. (2 CDs).

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