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MUSIC DEPARTMENT

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We'll show you when we come to vote

THE GREAT WOMANS SUFFRAGE

Ladies
Mass Meeting
Faneuil
Hall
BOSTON
Vote for Susan B. Anthony
For President.

For Governor of
Mass.
Beware of
Spurious Tickets, Lucy Stone.

For Vice President
Mrs. Geo. F. Train
Vote Early and Often

Down with
Male Rule

FOR
GENTS

FOR
Governor of N.Y.
Lecture
by
Elizabeth Lucy Stone
Cady Stanton

FOR LADIES

Mrs. Pillsbury
Governor

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Song & Chorus by FRANK HOWARD.

AUTHOR OF

Only a poor little Beggar 40° Out in the Starlight I'm waiting for thee 30° Drunkards Home 40°
Fairy of the Vale 40° I'm happy little Ned 40° Grape Vine Swing in the Dell 50° & c.

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A COLLECTION OF NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS.

DOWN AMONG THE LILY BELLS. Piano Song. By C. T. DONDORE. Picture Title. Price, 40 cts.
 I will cull the fair - est flow - er, From the lake - let's cold em - broo;

SWEET LUELLA KATE. Piano Song. By C. T. DONDORE. Price, 30 cts.
 Sweet is thy face as the dawn of the morn - ing, Sweet is the spir - it to earth's scenes so new.

O SING THE SONG I LOVE, TO ME. Piano Song. By C. T. DONDORE. Price, 30 cts.
 O sing the song I love to me, I sang it long a - go.

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 Weep not for sweet "Belle Ma - hone," Though she left thee all a - lone.

"THE GRAPE VINE SWING IN THE DELL." Piano Song. By FRANK HOWARD. Picture Title. 50 cts.
 Oh, well I ro - member the day, In the bright, beau - ti - ful month of May.

"I'M HAPPY LITTLE NED." Piano Song. By FRANK HOWARD. Picture Title. Price, 40 cts.
 I'm hap - py lit - tle Ned, And oft - en it is said,

"ONLY A POOR LITTLE BEGGAR." Piano Song. By FRANK HOWARD. Picture Title. 40 cts.
 On - ly a poor lit - tle beg - gar for - lorn, Walk - ing the streets in the sun - shine or storm.

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 A cold chill - ing night in the month of De - cem - ber, And sad moans the winds o'er the moor.

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 Oh! where can he be? I've been wait - ing his com - ing;

NORAH, THE PRIDE OF DUNDEE. Piano Song. By W. A. OGDEN. Picture Title. 40 cts.
 To the shores of sweet Scot - land, where the sunlight's bright dawn, Throws his rays on the cot - tage that stands on the lawn;

BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF THE NORTH. Piano Song. By W. A. OGDEN. Price, 30 cts.
 She laughs with the stream - lets, and sings with the rills, She blush - es like ros - es in mor - ning.

ONLY A FACE AT THE WINDOW. Piano Song. By W. A. OGDEN. Price, 30 cts.
 On - ly a face at the win - dow, On - ly a smile as I passed;

"MEET ME, GENTLE BRIGHT-EYED BESSIE." Piano Song. By C. F. SHATTUCK. Price, 33 cts.
 Meet me, gen - tle Bright eyed Des - sic, When the sun - light leaves the glade;

"SING TO ME THUS AS OF OLD." Piano Song. By C. F. SHATTUCK. Price, 35 cts.
 Oh! sing to me, sing to me thus as of old, Keep sing - ing the song of those years.

"THE SUNLIGHT OF MY LIFE IS SHADED." Baritone Song. By C. F. SHATTUCK. Price, 35 cts.
 The sun - light of my life is shad - ed, Dark clouds ob - scure my brow;

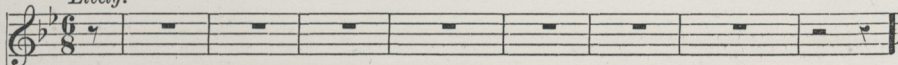
"A HUNDRED FATHOMS DEEP." Bass Song. By C. F. SHATTUCK. Picture Title. 50 cts.
 There's a mine of wealth un - told, In a hun - dred fath - oms deep.

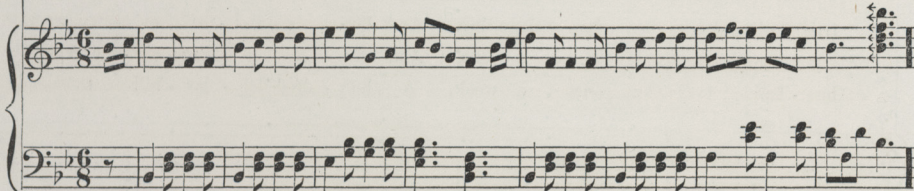
We'll Vote against the Terrible Men.

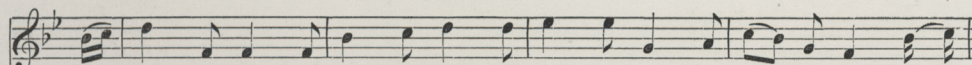
SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by FRANK HOWARD.

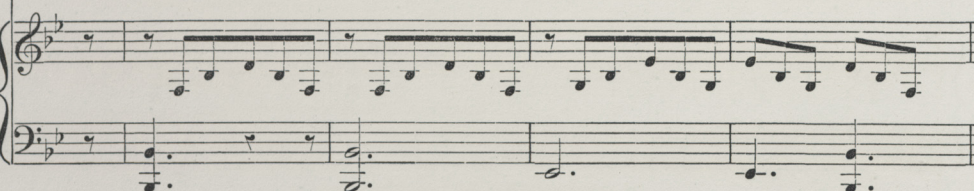
Lively.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 



1. Oh, how we suf - fer, maids and wives, Although our wants are ver - ry slight ; How
2. There's Mis - ter Bra - dy's pret - ty wife, Although she lives in queen - ly style, I
3. Of course we know each word is false, That's said of Mis - tress Wil - liam Brown, That
4. And when you hear my own sad case, I know your hearts will bleed for me ; You can



sad and drear - y pass our lives, Now who can say it's right? We're
 know she leads a wretch - ed life, She seems sad all the while; It's
 she so dear - ly loves to walk And flirt a - bout the town; They
 tell by my thin, care - worn face, How wretch - ed I must be; My

snubbed at night and we're snubbed at morn, And looked up - on the same as slaves; We're
 true she rides in her car - riage fine, And buys six dress - es ev - ry week, It's
 say she leaves Mister B. a - lone, And out to "suf - frage cir - cles" goes, While
 hus - band gives me but once a week, A hun - dred dol - lar bill to spend; Of such

treat - ed oft with contempt and scorn, By the men, the cru - el knaves, Oh,
 true she "gads a - bout" all the time, But of tri - fles we'll not speak, For
 he the lit - tle ones rocks at home, Which I'm sure quite plain - ly shows, That
 cru - el - ty I'll no far - ther speak, But wont stand it long, de - pend, Oh,

WE'LL VOTE AGAINST THE TERRIBLE MEN

CHORUS.

AIR.

Sad is the life of wo - man-kind, Trod un - der foot we've al - ways been, But

ALTO.

Sad is the life of wo - man-kind, Trod un - der foot we've al - ways been, But

TENOR.

Sad is the life of wo - man-kind, Trod un - der foot we've al - ways been, But

BASS.

Sad is the life of wo - man-kind, Trod un - der foot we've al - ways been, But

PIANO.

when we vote, you soon will find That we'll fix these "ter - ri - ble men."

when we vote, you soon will find That we'll fix these "dread - ful men."

when we vote, you soon will find That we'll fix these "wick - ed men."

when we vote, you soon will find That we'll fix these "aw - ful men."

PIANO.

WE'LL VOTE AGAINST THE TERRIBLE MEN

THE BEST MUSIC PAPER PUBLISHED,
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DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE	
Latest Music Published by	
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173 Summit Street,	TOLEDO, O
New and charming Songs with Chorus, by the	
popular Song Writer, <i>Frank Howard.</i>	
<i>Vocal.</i>	
The Little Ones at Home..... 30	Oh! Lend to me Sweet Nightingale, or The Daughter of Mendoza. (F. 3.)..... 30
"Though life should be a bitter blank, With joy and smiles unknown, Oft through the darkness bright thoughts come, Of little ones at home."	"For who can see and then forget The glories of my gay brunette; Thou art too bright a star to set, Sweet daughter of Mendoza."
Angel-like Music, or the Voice of my Mother 30	New and beautiful Songs with Chorus by the fa- vorite writer, <i>C. T. Dondore.</i>
"Angel like music that sounds like none other, Cheering the heart when in sadness and tears, Tis that sweet true guiding voice of my mother, Fresh in my memory, 'though silent for years."	Gentle Lula of the Vale. (B2, 2.)..... 30
"The Cottage in the Valley. (A, 3, A.)..... 40	"She was bright, and pure, and lovely, Was the flower of the Vale," &c. But a band of shining angels Won our Lula of the Vale," &c.
"The hill-side and heather, where I roamed in my child- Free from care, and happy as could be, Good, Those old, well-known haunts and paths that would thru' the wildwood. As in youth are cherished still by me."	When You and I were Young. (F, 2.)..... 30
"There's Mister Shoddy, o'er the way, who used to be quite poor; He 'listed in his country's cause, and keep a sutler's store; He now rides in his princely coach, while Pompey holds the reins; But naughty Mistress Jenkins says he's got more bonds than brains. Out in the Starlight I'm Waiting for Thee (C, 2.)..... 30	Chorus—"And the star of love will shine In the darkness, till the time When we reach that happy clime, And we again are young."
"Light may your heart be, joyous with glee, Happy the moments while singing for thee; Bright as the stars that shine in the sky, Good, Is that sweet love-light that beams in your eye." Meet me to-night, &c., &c.	Does our Darling Hover Near. (E2, 2.)..... 30
The Fairy of the Vale. (A, 2.)..... 35	We have had him in his cradle, In the cold earth's icy bond; There's no coverlet o'er him folded, Save the snow that wraps the ground."
"If she were to love me, I'd give all this wide world; And the time with such pleasure I should had, When I could but call her my lov'd one, my own one, That young beauty, the fairy of the Vale," &c.	Give Back to Me my Native Home. (G, 2.) 30
New and popular Songs with Chorus by the well-known author <i>W. A. Ogen.</i>	Give back, give back those hills and vales, And I shall cease to roam Oh! give me back the friends of youth, And my beloved home."
Leaves of Autumn..... 30	So Near Sighted. (F, 2.)..... 30
"Leaves of Autumn ye are falling With a patter like the rain; And my heart grows sad to listen To your sorrowful refrain; For you whisper of a lov'd one That the angels called away, When the forest leaves were falling On a sad and mournful day."	To meet my sister, once I went, Down to the railroad station; As the engine stopped, on the train I hopped, Quite filled with expectation, I caressed her, sitting on the bench, But soon I was aghast; For I found I'd kissed a nigger—female From being so near sighted. I am a most unucky chap, &c.
Good Night—Farewell. (E2, 4.)..... 30	You need nae come courting o' me. (F, 2.)
Bass solo by <i>F. Kucken.</i>	By <i>W. F. Wrighton.</i> 30c
Good night, farewell, my own true heart, A thousand times good night, Each thought of thee bids sorrow part, And renders joy more bright, A correct edition of this excellent concert song. Sweet be thy Dreams. (A2, 3.) <i>M. F. H. Smith</i> 30	Thought you ca' me your ain bonny Jenny, Your heart is as cold as the north sea, Such a husband is dear at a penny, You need nae come courting o' me."
I knew thou wilt not weep of me, Some lovelier one will haunt thy rest; I care not what those dreams may be, So they are sweet and thou art blest. A fascinating ballad. The air is pleasing, written in a stylish manner, and will be appre- ciated by good singers. The Cottage in the Vale. (C, 2.)	That Song of Thine. (F, 2.) <i>Carl Mezzo</i> 30
Ballad, <i>M. H. F. Smith.</i> 30	Oh sing again! That song of thine Hath waken'd memories old and dear, And bringeth joy unto my heart, Thou' from my eye there falls a tear; Each word and tone recalls the time When I, in childhood's ignorance Dream'd life was bliss; alas! its cares Soon radeily broke that glowing trance. This is one of those home songs that are always welcome I am waiting. (B2, 2.) S'g & C. <i>A. B. Irving</i> 30
Companion to the "Cottage by the Sea." Oh! Ask Me Not, I Cannot Sing. (F, 3.)..... 30	Only waiting, till the shadows Are a little longer grown, Only waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam has flown, Then from out the gathered darkness, Holy breathless stars shall rise, By whose light my soul shall gladly Tread its pathway to the skies. Only waiting, &c., &c.
"Ask me not, I cannot sing Those dear old songs among the gray, Their music chastened memories bring, Of one dear heart now past away."	Every one should obtain this beautiful song; it has reached the twentieth edition already. Thou art gone far away. (E2, 3.) Song & Chorus. 30
Sweetly they sleep in the dim shadow'd Vale. (G, 2.)..... 30	Thou art gone far away where a dear mother's care Will console thee if sorrow is near; A sister's caress, and a brother's kind word Will remove the perchance falling tear. A plaintive and sweet song of great merit. It is peculiarly attractive, exciting both our sym- pathy and admiration. It is sung by our first class singers throughout the country and is one of the most popular sentimental ballads printed. The melody is very striking and original and the arrangement very showy.
Sprinkle with flowers the mound where they sleep, At morn and at eve's gentle close! And the stars will keep watch through the dim ether deep. O'er the graves where our heroes repose, Hushed are their voices, &c.	Bonnie Kittle. (E2, 3.) Song and chorus.... 40
	When the moonlight kissed the mountain, Bonnie Kittle came to bring Silver water from the fountain, Where the water crosses spring; A new publication, praised highly both by professionals and amateurs. It is now being sung at the principal concerts and by the leading Glee Clubs throughout the country. Two splendid songs by T. M. Brown.
	Oh! Millie is my Darling. (E2, 2.) Song and Chorus. <i>M. F. Towne</i> 30
	Oh! Millie is my Darling..... 30
	Oh! Millie is like the fawn That sports upon the mountain, With mornings early dawn; This is the latest and best production, and we pre- dict an immense sale for it, as it is both very pretty and easy."
	Little Empty Cradle. (G, 2.)..... 30
	There's a little empty cradle, Shoe and stockings on the floor, But the little feet that pressed them, We shall hear, Ah! never more!
	I would I were a Child Again (D, 2.)
	Song and Chorus..... 30
	Oh all the loved ones of that home To cheer and comfort me, And sing the song of those glad days, How happy I should be. I would I were, &c.
	Death of Our Darling. (B2, 2.) S'g & Cho. 30
	Part the damp curls from her forehead, For the spirit hath flown to the skies; Tread down those darkly fringed eyelids, Over those beautiful, beautiful eyes. Two splendid songs by W. Phelps Bair; they are unusually attractive, and would recommend them to all, are easily arranged and sure to please.
	Brightest Eyes. F, 5.) <i>Stigelli.</i> 30
	Thou'st pearls and diamonds, fair one, Hast all that men adore, And hast the brightest eyes, love, My dearest what would'st thou have more? &c. A correct edition of this celebrated German Song, English and German words.
	The Empty Sleeve. (F, 2.) <i>Harry Badger</i> 30
	It tells in silent tone to all, Of a country's need and a country's call, Of a kiss and a tear, for mother and wife, Of a hurried march for a nation's life, Of the camp—the charge—the wild surprise, Of the lonely watch beneath the midnight skies, Until this hour I could never believe What a story goes with an empty sleeve. Music and words are happily blended together.
	Peeping through the Blinds. (C, 2.) Song and Chorus. <i>H. W. Gifford</i> 30
	Oh yes! I'm very certain That to some enquiring minds, There's nothing gives such perfect joy As peeping through the blinds.
	Happy Dream of Childhood's Home. (B2, 2.)
	Song and Chorus..... 30
	Dearest sister, I am dreaming, And my heart is sad and lone, For I miss thy gentle counsels And thy loving words of cheer; An easy and pretty song and chorus. The air is pleas- ing, and written in the popular vein and will be appre- ciated by all lovers of good music.
	Johnny Kean's Courtship. (G, 2.)
	By <i>J. Wm. Sufferin.</i> 30
	Now Mollie McCree will you listen to me, And be serious for once, and not laugh, For I've something to say—now don't turn away, When I ask you to be Mrs. Grant, Melody of the Irish style and is a faithful representa- tion of Johnny's trouble in courtship.
	Mollie McCree, or answer to Johnny Kean's Courtship. (B2, 2.) <i>J. Wm. Sufferin</i> 30
	"Now whist, Johnny Kean, since it's your turn that are mean. To make me be shedding a tear; Let go t' my hand, and I think I can stand Without your broad shoulder so near; You may open your eyes and try to look wise But never a bit shall I mind, At sight of my tears you'll banish your fears A little too soon you may find."
	Do we love as we loved long ago? (B2, 2.)
	<i>Harry Luckline.</i> 30
	Oh, loud trilled the robin, oh, bright was the river, The lillies did dance on their ripples in glee, 'Neath the low-drooping lids where the tear drops did quiver A smile like the sunshine, did answer to me. Now dost thou remember, &c.
	After passing the allotted term of three years and ten, the mind wanders back to the first meeting and asks, "Do we love as we loved long ago." A showy and elegant ballad, fast becoming popular; written with marked taste and ability by this prominent author. Its sweet melody and peculiar charm, and we can heartily recommend it as a song of more than ordi- nary beauty.
	We are waiting for you Darling. (B2, 2.)
	Song. <i>C. K. Orison.</i> 30
	We are waiting for you, waiting, And the stars are in the sky, And the evening hours are slowly, Oh, how slowly passing by; A sweet melody with easy accompaniment. This song is well written, and is now very popular, having been sung by the Minstrel Troupes, Concerts, Glee Clubs, &c., and always receiving much praise. The sentiment contained in the words is also very delightful, and is well suited to the music.

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