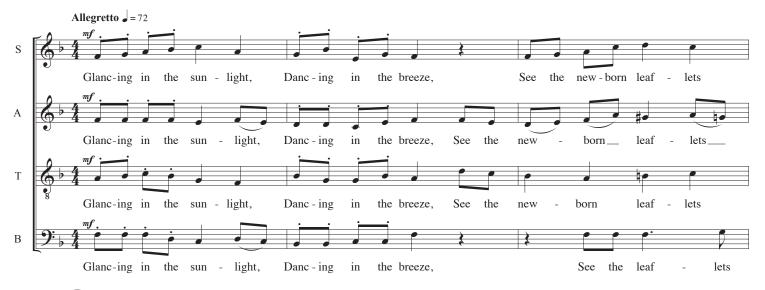
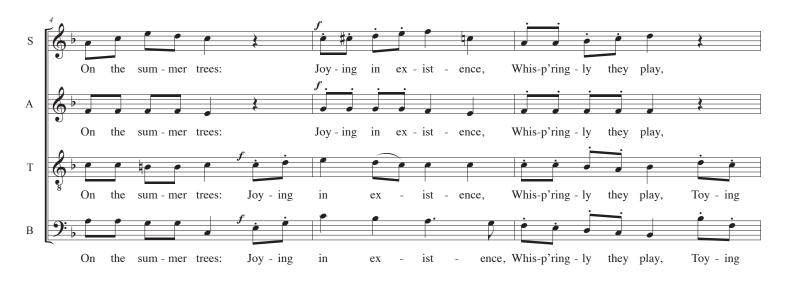


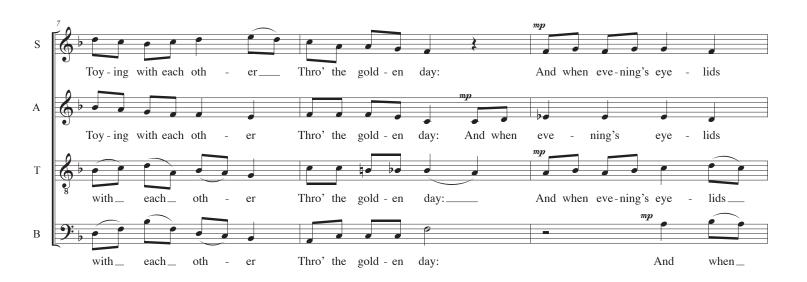
Alfred Alexander (1844-?)

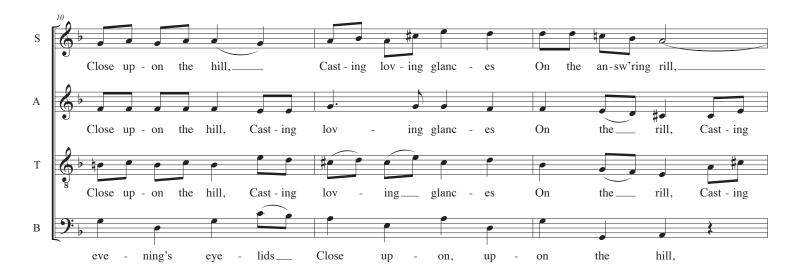


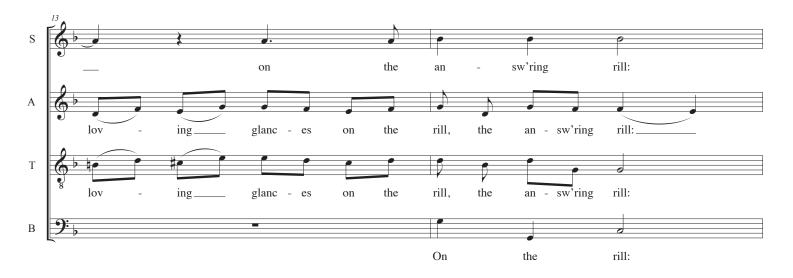


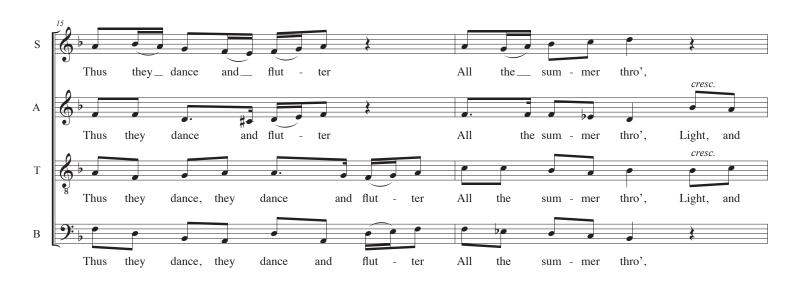
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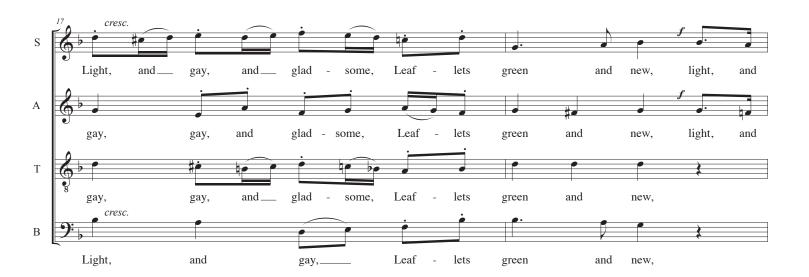


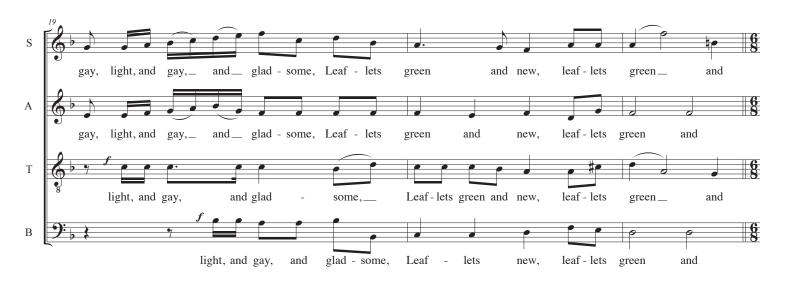


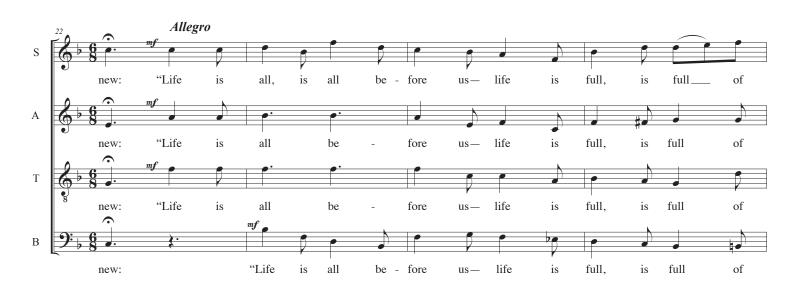


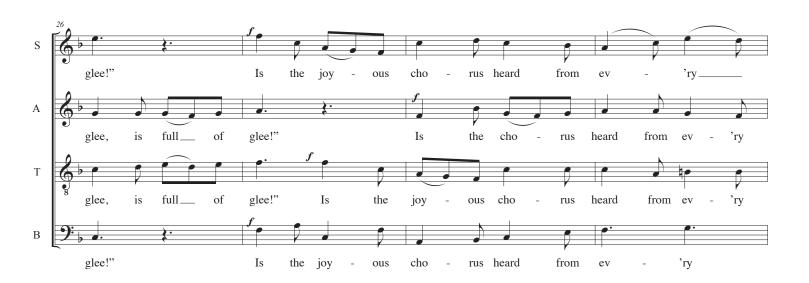


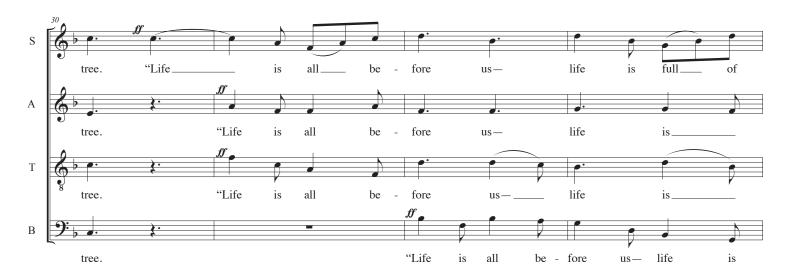


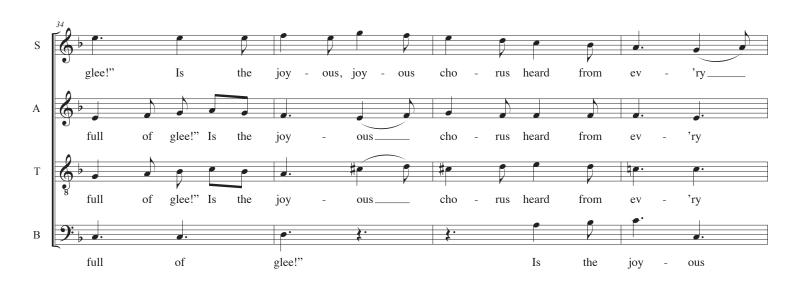


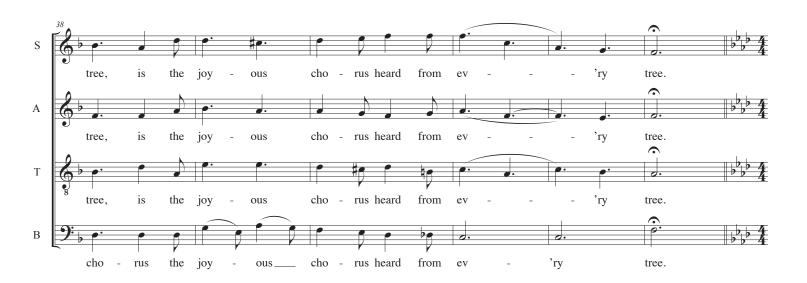


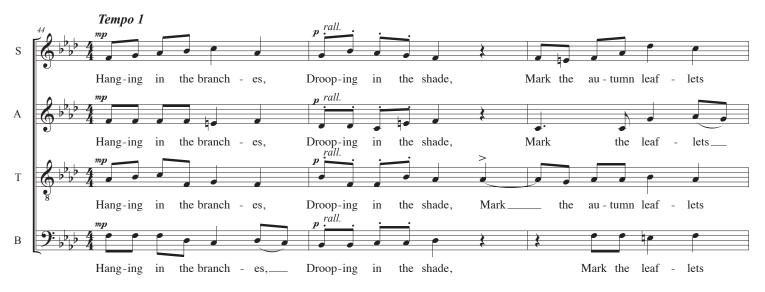


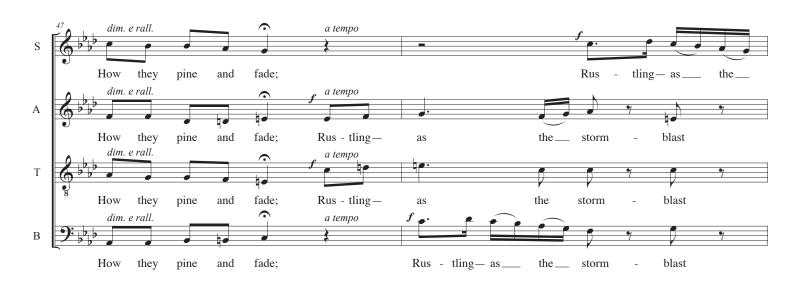


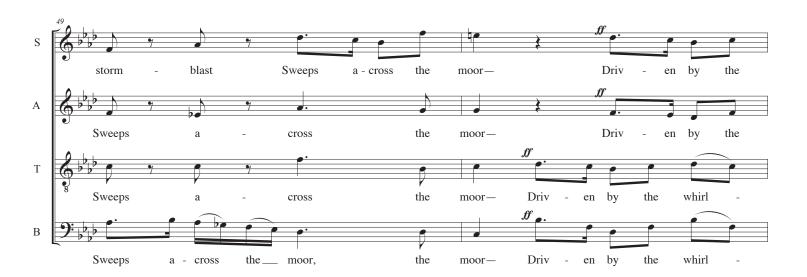


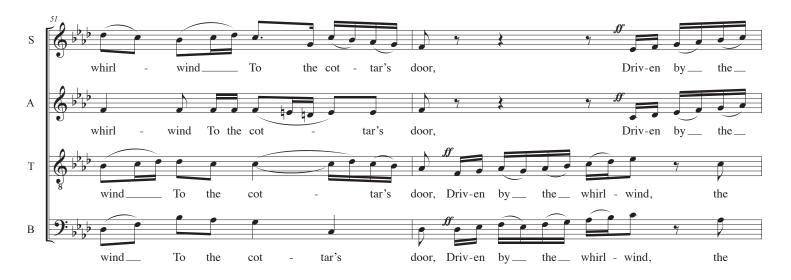


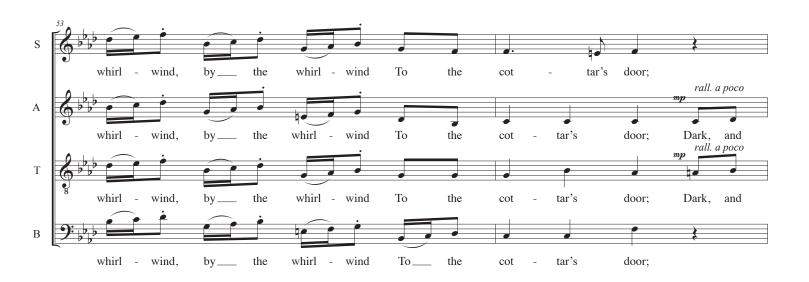


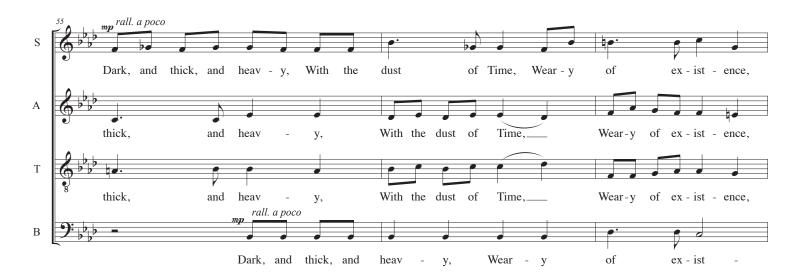


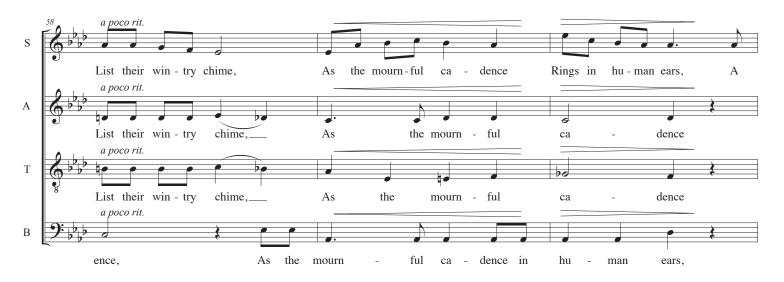


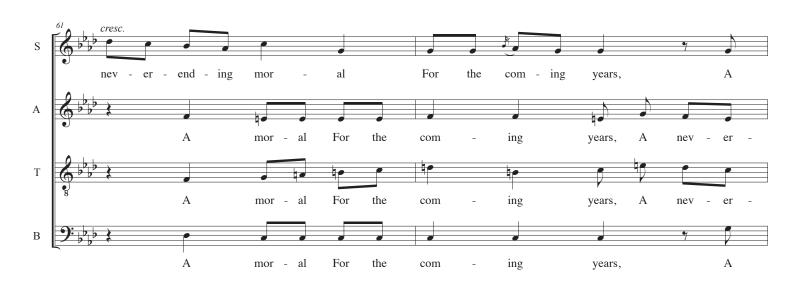


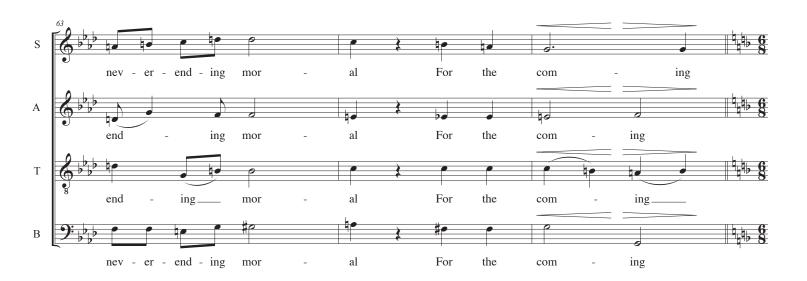


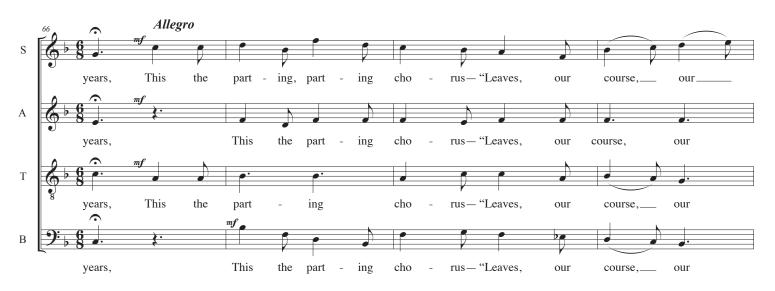


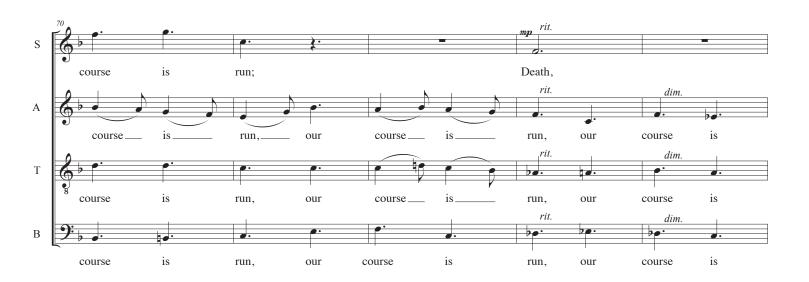


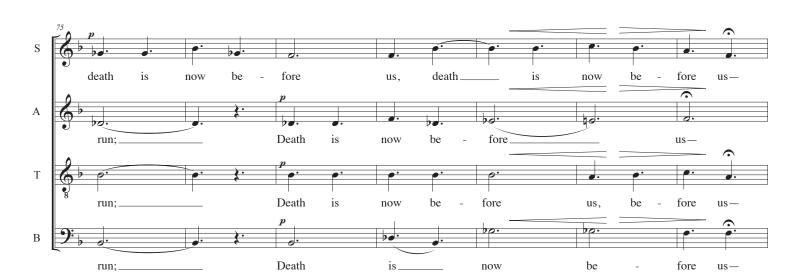


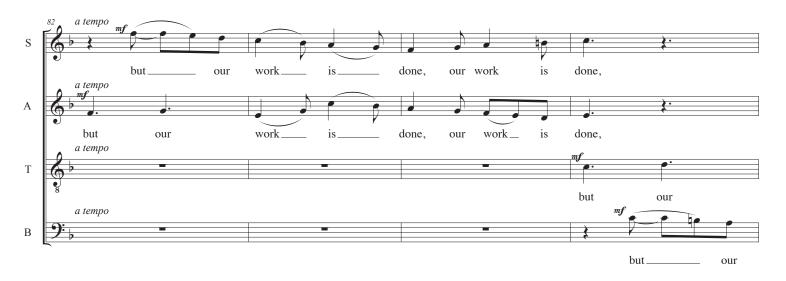


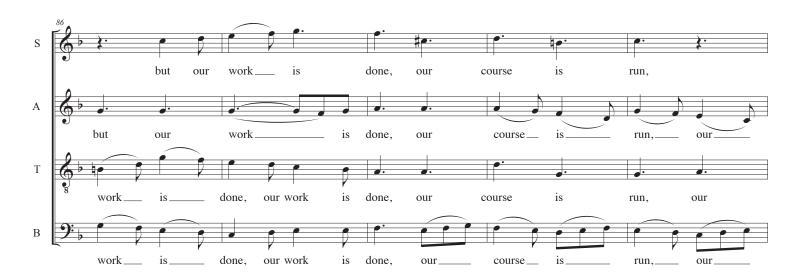


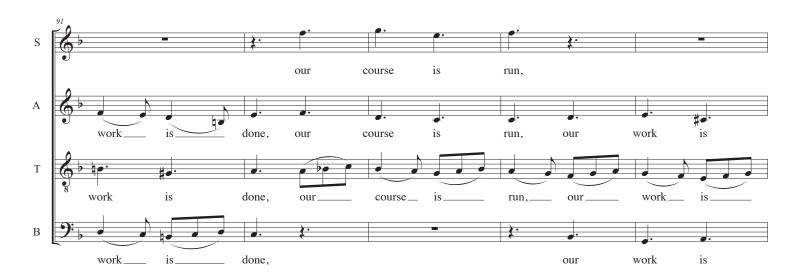


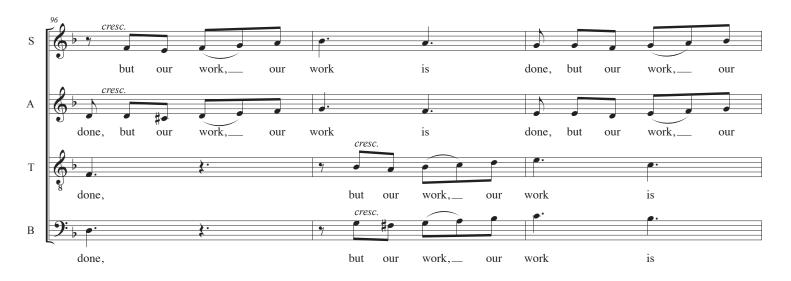


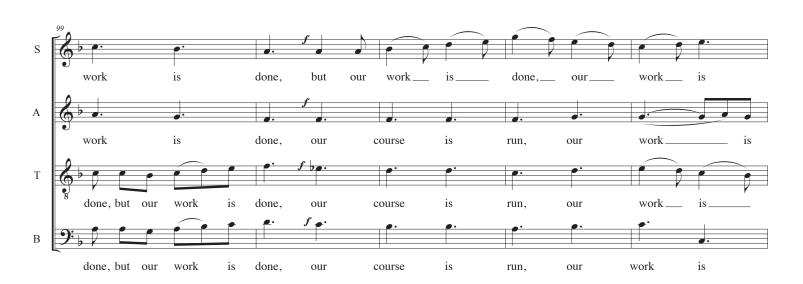


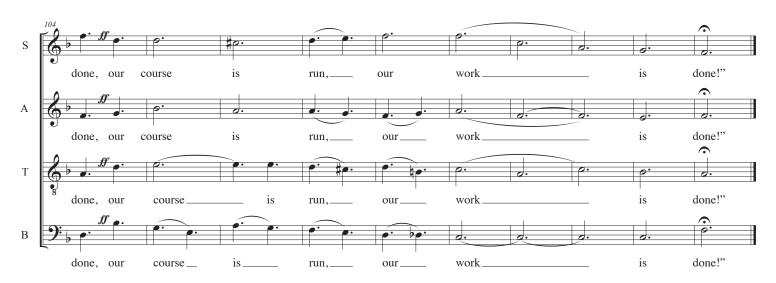












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1891)

Alfred Alexander (1844-?) was born at Rochester, Kent, England. He was chorister and studied at Rochester Cathedral and trained at Toronto University. He was organist at Shorne Church, Rochester; at Strood Parish Church, Rochester; to the Earl of Mar and Kelhe; at St. Michael College, Tenbury; and at Wigan Parish Church. He was organist and organ teacher at Alexander's School in Linslade Leighton Buzzard Buckinghamshire, then served in Nice, France, as organist of the American Church. He returned to England as organist at St. Andrew's, Southport. His compositions include a cantata, services, anthems, organ pieces, songs, and part-songs.

Glancing in the sunlight, Dancing in the breeze, See the new-born leaflets On the summer trees: Joying in existence. Whisp'ringly they play, Toying with each other Through the golden day: And when evening's eyelids Close upon the hill, Casting loving glances On the answering rill: Thus they dance and flutter All the summer through, Light, and gay, and gladsome, Leaflets green and new: "Life is all before us—life is full of glee!" Is the joyous chorus heard from every tree.

Hanging in the branches, Drooping in the shade, Mark the autumn leaflets How they pine and fade; Rustling— as the storm-blast Sweeps across the moor— Driven by the whirlwind To the cottar's door; Dark, and thick, and heavy, With the dust of Time, Weary of existence, List their wintry chime, As the mournful cadence Rings in human ears, A never-ending moral For the coming years, This the parting chorus— "Leaves, our course is run; Death is now before us—but our work is done!"

Isabella Varley Banks (1821-1897)

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