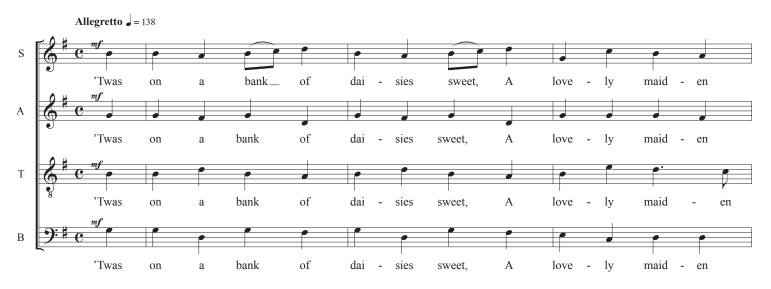




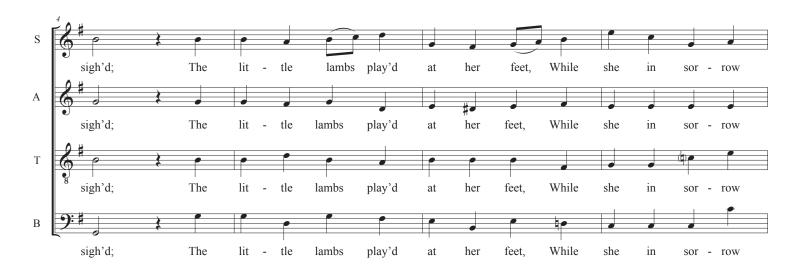
Twas on a Bank of Vaisies sweet

John Hullah (1812–1884)

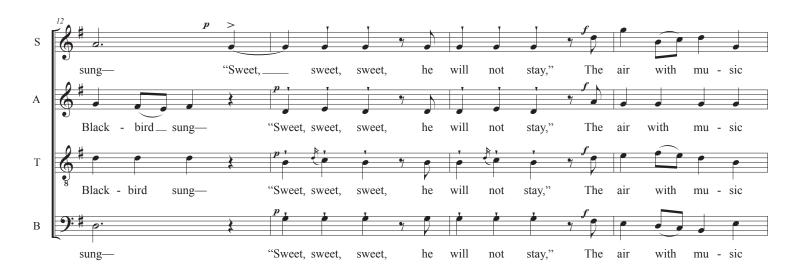


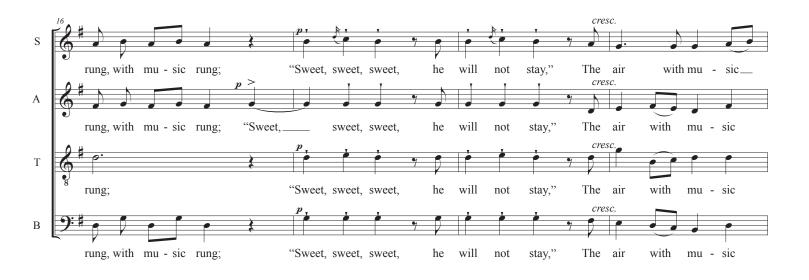


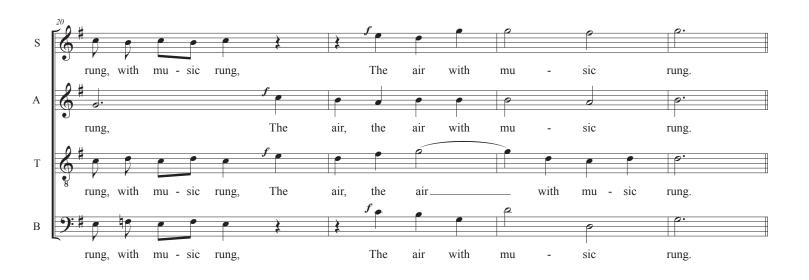
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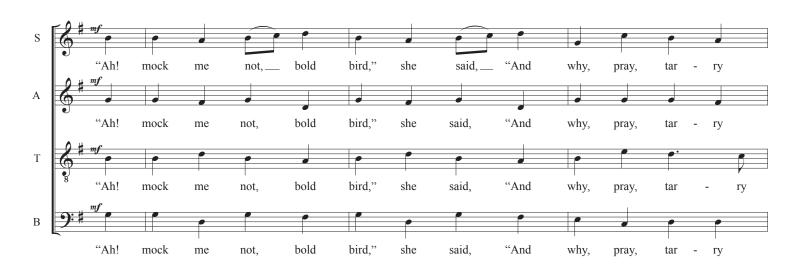


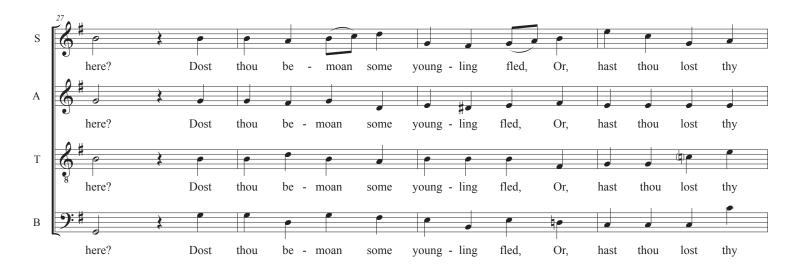


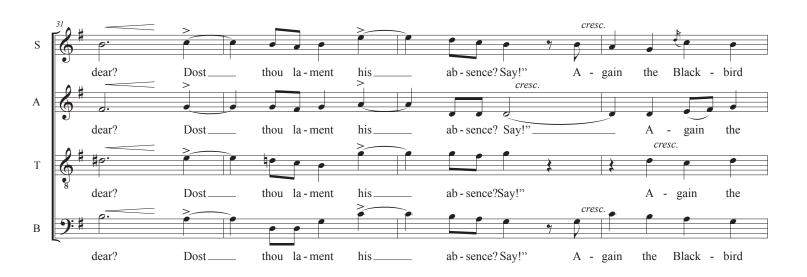


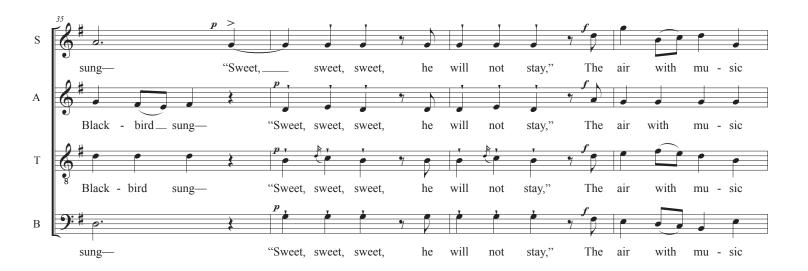


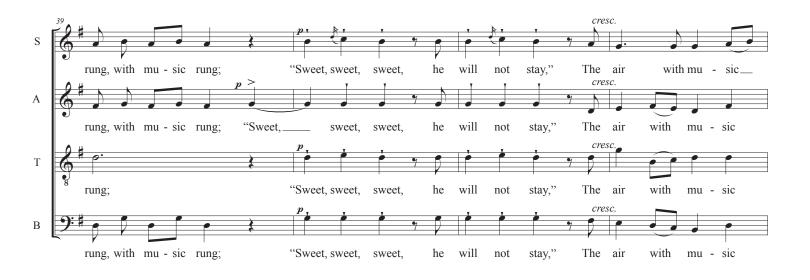


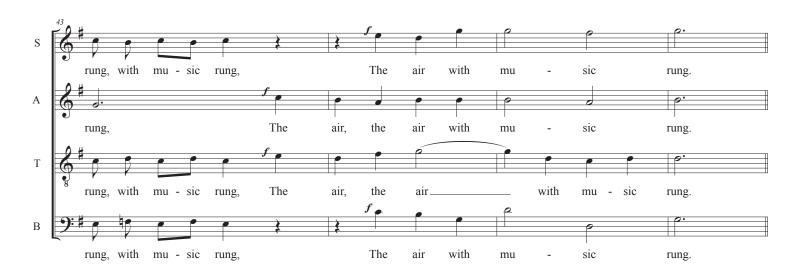


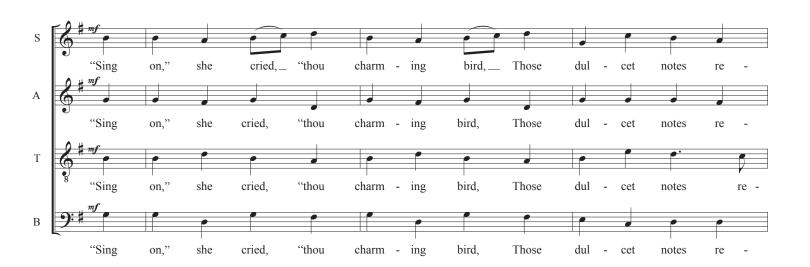


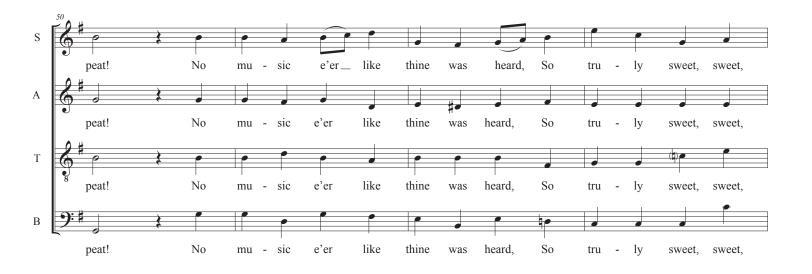


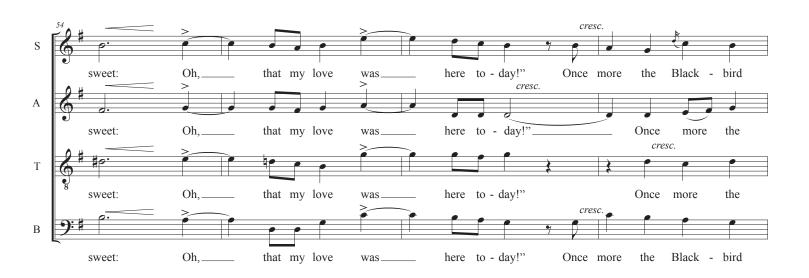


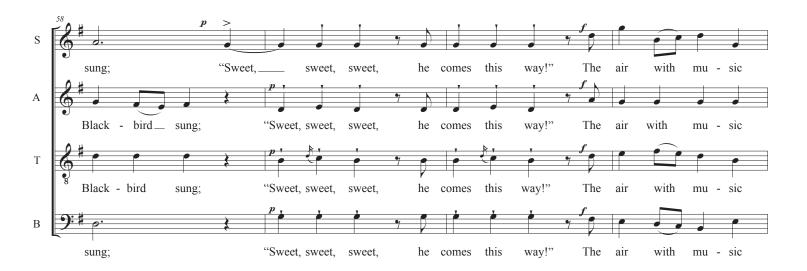


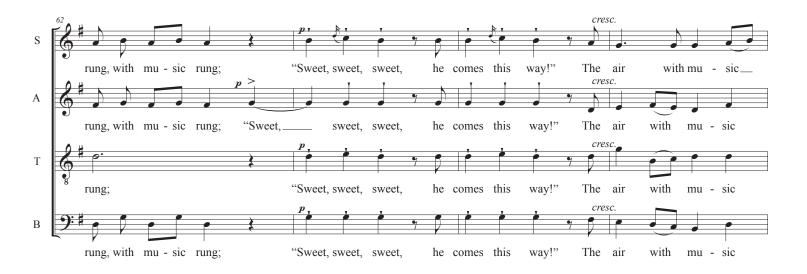


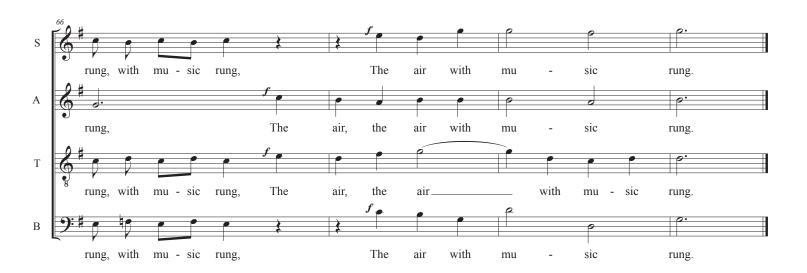












Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer (1867)

John Pyke Hullah (1812–1884) was born at Worcester, England. He was trained by William Horsley and at the Royal Academy of Music. He traveled to Paris to investigate various systems of teaching music and became active in the singing-class movement, particularly adapting the fixed "do" system. He held positions at the Training College, Battersea; Exeter Hall, London; St. Martin's Hall; King's College, London; Queen's College, London; and Bedford College. He was organist of the Charterhouse, London. He received an honorary degree from the University of Edinburgh; and was a member of Society of St. Cecilia, Rome, and of Music Academy of Florence. He died in London. He wrote many texts on teaching singing, music theory, history, etc., and edited volumes of songs and part-songs. He arranged many glees and song for use by mixed voice choirs. His compositions include operas, one with libretto by Dickens; motets, anthems, and psalms; concerted vocal music; songs; and part-songs.

THE BLACKBIRD

'Twas on a bank of daisies sweet, A lovely maiden sigh'd; The little lambs play'd at her feet, While she in sorrow cried—
"Where is my love, where can he stray?"
When thus a Blackbird sung—
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay,"
The air with music rung.

"Ah! mock me not, bold bird," she said, "And why, pray, tarry here?
Dost thou bemoan some youngling fled, Or, hast thou lost thy dear?
Dost thou lament his absence? Say!"
Again the Blackbird sung—
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay,"
The air with music rung.

"Sing on," she cried, "thou charming bird, Those dulcet notes repeat!
No music e'er like thine was heard,
So truly sweet, sweet; sweet:
Oh, that my love was here to-day!"
Once more the Blackbird sung;
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, he comes this way!"
The air with music rung.

Old English Ballad

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