Isabel Thorsby
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THE CARELESS WORD.

BY

THE HONBLE MRS NORTON.

ENT. STA. HALL.

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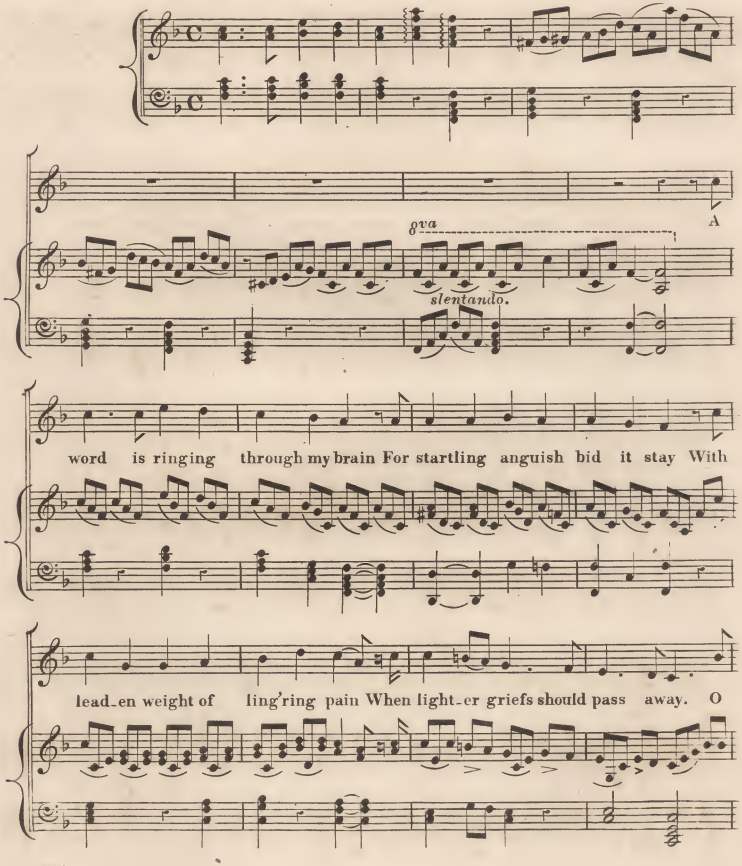
LONDON.

CHAPPELL, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

THE CARELESS WORD.

Written and Composed *By the Honble Mrs Norton.*



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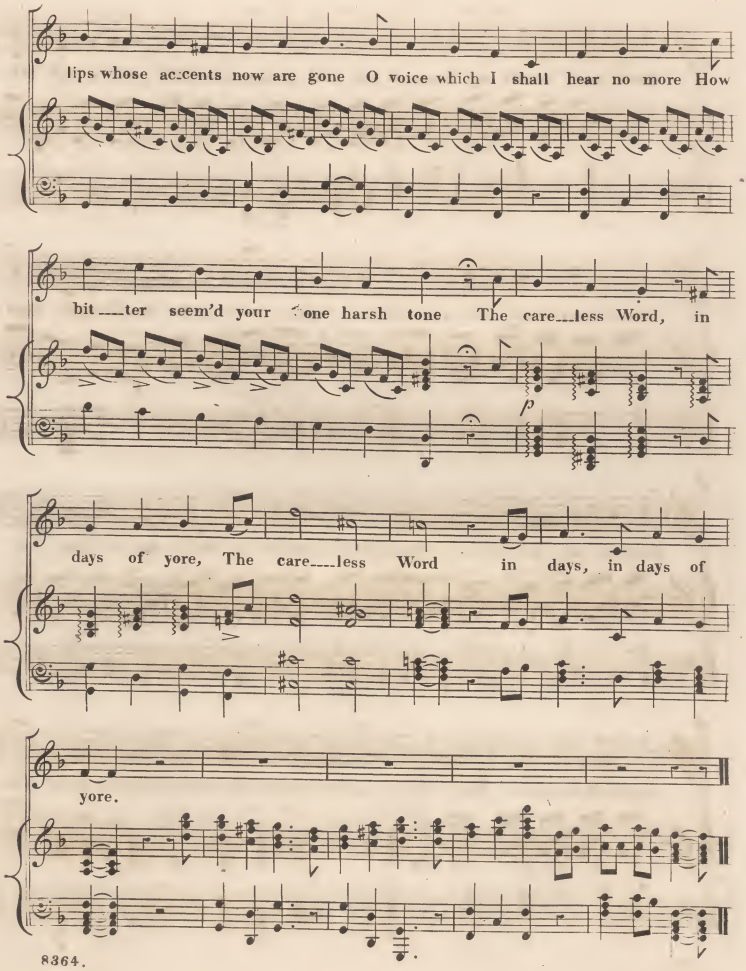

Even now, recall_ing hopes of old And musing lone, with many a sigh On

life grown sad, and love grown cold, I hear its e____cho wand'ring by That

discord in a voice be_loved, Which altered all life's mu_sic then, In

vain hath fleeting time removed — The careless Word comes back a_gain! The

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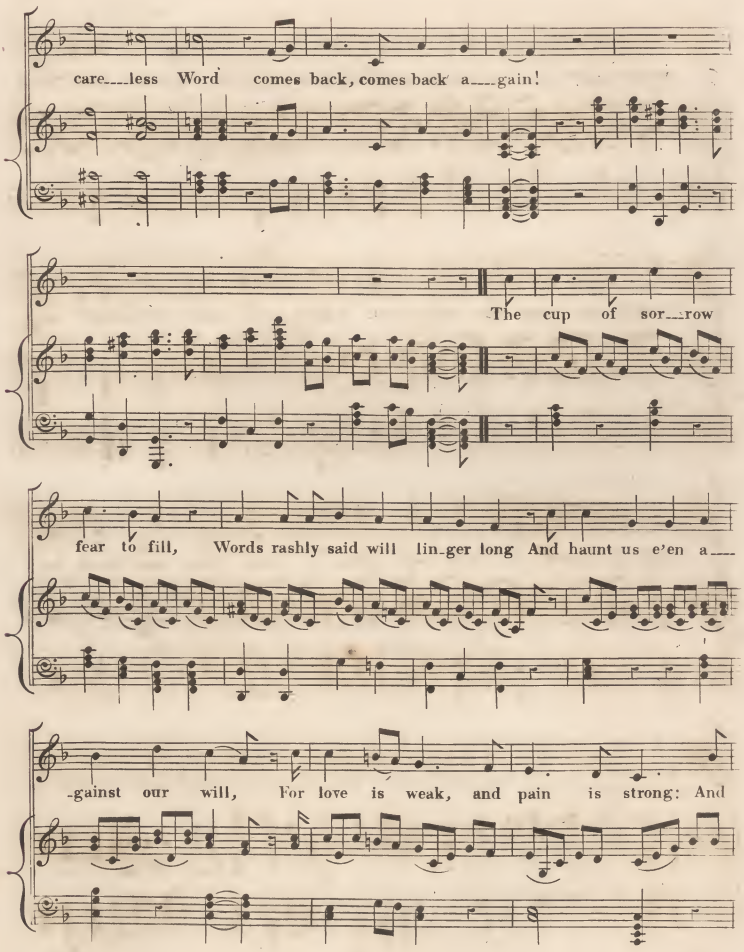

mem'ry gives to vanish'd sound, Like poison on the warrior's dart, Such

strength, by slen__der means to wound,— A care__less word may

ff *p*

break the heart! A care__less word may break, may break the

slentando.

heart!

LYRICS

FROM

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

WORDS BY **W. H. BELLAMY.** | MUSIC BY **CHAS. W. GLOVER.** | ILLUSTRATED IN COLORS BY **BRANDARD.**

INTRODUCTION.

The Tale from which these Songs are taken, it is needless to say, has already attained a world-wide celebrity; and is, from its intrinsic and inherent merit, well calculated to retain the hold which it has gained on public favour on both sides of the Atlantic. Nothing can be more slight than the materials out of which the story has been constructed; nothing more simple than the means by which the attention of the reader is rivetted upon the page before him. Almost without incident, and yet manifestly without effort, the interest is kept alive from the commencement to the close, by a genuine unaffected adherence to nature, truth, simplicity, and those better instincts which prompt us to look upon the sunny side of Religion, and which thankfully recognise it as the law, the light, and the life, of human action.

A gentle girl, some eight or ten years old, is, owing to adverse circumstances, cast by her parents upon the charities of "the wide, wide world,"—at least as they exist in America,—is received, and somewhat harshly treated, by a female relative; and is fostered with affection by strangers, on whom she had no other claim than those arising out of the guilelessness of her own nature, the kindliness of theirs, and the hardships upon which she is seen by them to be thrown. By them, a brother and sister especially, her character is moulded; and a very beautiful one, under their hands, it becomes. The sister, Alice, dies of consumption, and the little heroine, Ellen, eventually marries the brother.

Such is this simple tale—almost its only incidents being a snow-storm,—in which Ellen and Alice are very nearly lost—and the removal of Ellen from her adopted home to the family of her maternal grandmother in Edinburgh. The latter being the only interruption to a daily round of American rural and conversational life, depicted with a fidelity which it is impossible to question, and a particularity that extends over some hundred pages. And yet, it is a book which, once taken up, it is not easy to lay down; so insensibly does it win upon the reader as he proceeds. If, in the first chapter or two, it appears tediously minute, the defect, if it be such, as the tale proceeds, grows into a positive beauty.

By many it is looked upon simply as an excellent child's book. This is an error. True, its simplicity brings it within the easy grasp of youth, so far as the thread and surface of the story are concerned; but there are merits and beauties in it far higher and deeper than can be adequately appreciated by other than the matured intellect of "children of a larger growth."

It is greatly to the honour of America that works of this healthy description are found emanating from her press; and not less so to the character of the middle classes of our own country, that a book so rigidly moral, and so eminently religious in its tone and level, should find such universal acceptance at the hands of both young and old, as "The Wide, Wide World," has with us here in England.

The Songs would be wholly out of character, were they to any extent at variance with the general tone and spirit of the book. They are therefore purposely, so far as the writer can make them so, meant to be in harmony with both; and, as will be immediately seen, have been suggested in every instance by some thought, scene, or expression, which, on going through the volume, struck him as illustrative either of its purpose or its pathos, and as calculated to convey at least an outline of this slight but very charming tale. Beautifully has it been carried out by the graceful melodies of the Composer. W. H. B.

No. I.

THE HOME WHERE CHANGES NEVER COME.

THE MOTHER'S SONG.

"The home where changes never come,"
Nor pain, nor sorrow, toil, nor care;
Yes, 'tis a bright, a blessed home;
Who would not fain be resting there?
Yet, when bow'd down beneath the load,
By Heaven ordain'd thy earthly lot,
Thou yearn'st to reach that bless'd abode,—
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

II.

If in thy path some thorns are found,
Oh think Who bore them on his brow;
If some sharp griefs thy heart shall wound,
They reach'd a Holier than thou.
Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot;
The day of rest will dawn for thee,—
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

No. IV.

THE WOOD RAMBLE.

ELLEN'S SECOND SONG.

I.

Oh, the breeze, the breeze is blowing
Merrily over the lea;
And the brook, in the sunlight flowing,
Tumbles and laughs with glee.
The birds, on the light boughs swinging,
Their carols are blithely singing;
Oh, everything seems bringing
Its tribute of joy to me.

II.

Shall I ramble amid the meadows,
Where the thousand wild flowers be?
Or, dance with the dancing shadows,
Under the "hemlock tree?"
Or, gather the white "wind-flowers"
From those deep and shady bowers,
Where the fragrant Blue showers
Its sweets for the wandering bee?

III.

Shall I sit by the sparkling fountain,
Watching its waters fall?
No; I'll clamber about the mountain,
And look down like a queen on all.
And the wandering breezes there,
As they blow through and through my hair,
Shall blow away sorrow and care,
And happier thoughts recall.

No. II.

MY OWN, MY GENTLE MOTHER.

ELLEN'S FIRST SONG.

I.

My own, my gentle Mother, why, oh why art thou not here,
To soothe me with hut one sweet word—to kiss away this tear?
Indeed I strive my heart to calm, if only for thy sake;
But, oh, it is so desolate!—I think that heart must break;
I gaze upon the dancing waves—I gaze upon the sky;
I watch the long, long less'ning shore, that from me seems to fly;
But, homeward! homeward! rush my thoughts! Yet where is home to me?
Alone, in all this wide, wide world! oh, whom have I but thee!

II.

Again I seem my weary head in thy dear lap to lay;
Again I hear thy last sweet song, so sadly die away;
Again I hear them come in haste to rouse me from my dreams;
Can it have been but yesterday!—oh what a time it seems!
And now, upon this busy deck, what busy crowds pass by!
Yet, not one friendly voice I hear, nor meet one loving eye.
I know that there is One above, who will my safeguard be;
But, oh, in all this wide, wide world, who is there left to me?

No. V.

LOVELY, LOVELY, ALL BELOW!

ALICE'S SONG.

I.

Lovely! lovely all below!
Yet is heaven, oh, lovelier far!
Ev'n, as in its earthward glow,
Nightly, star outshineth star.
Cloth'd though all things are with beauty,
Eye nor heart has yet conceiv'd
Heav'nly meed for earthly duty,
Suff'ring borne, and truth believ'd.

II.

Anguish! anguish!—'tis to leave
Earth, and all that made earth dear;
Keener far to live, and grieve,
Mourn the lost—yet linger here.
Patience! patience!—still repining?
Ev'n upon this earthly scene
Think how bright the sun is shining,
Though the cloud may hang between.

No. III.

THE SNOW-STORM.

DUET—ALICE AND ELLEN.

Oh haste! oh haste! ere daylight fail;
We may, by sunset, reach the vale.
Ah, no! it leaves the mountain's brow—
The storm! the storm!—'tis on us now!

Ellen.

Oh, lady dear, oh lady dear!
The gathering of the winds, oh hear!
How thick the snow drives with the gale!
Oh, shall we ever reach the vale!

Alice.

Bear up, hear up, my gentle child,
And safely down this pathway wild
Thy steps I yet can see to guide;—
There—there—cling closer to my side.

Both.

Oh, hasten on! oh, hasten on!
The path is lost! the track is gone!
Each step, more dark and dark it grows!
And, oh, how keen the night-wind blows!

Coda.

E. A light through the gloom is glancing!
A. Ah, 'tis but a meteor dancing!
E. No, lady dear,
A voice I hear;
'Tis a friend—to our help advancing.

Both.

Oh joy! oh joy entrancing!
'Tis a friend to our help advancing.
We're sav'd! we're sav'd!
The storm we've brav'd!
Our joy—our joy enhancing!

No. VI.

CALMLY, BRIGHTLY, DAY IS FADING.

THE DEATH OF ALICE.

Trio.

Calmly, brightly, day is fading;
Soon the last faint flush will cease;
Stillness, heav'n and earth pervading,
Soothes the soul to rest and peace.

Hush! oh, hush! for life is waning;
Yes, she feels the hour is come,
And, each earthly tie unchaining,
Greets the gentle summons—"home!"

Slowly—slowly—slowly—climbing,
Heav'n's blue arch the moon doth gain:
Hark! yon sweet bells' distant chiming
She shall never hear again!

Hush! oh, hush! for life is parting
From the worn and wasted clay;
And the ransom'd soul, departing,
Wings to brighter worlds its way.

CHAPPELL, 50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

LONDON: C. RICHARDS, THE ST. MARTIN'S LANE