

# Songs of the Days Gone By

Of all the days that's in the week  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes be-  
twixt  
A Saturday and Monday.  
—Henry Carey.

And then it went on about Sally in  
our alley, which meant the girl we  
loved best, whether she lived in an  
alley, or down a farm lane, or over  
the hill, for it never was far to where  
she lived, although others might fig-  
ure out that it was several miles.

While Mr. Carey wrote love songs,  
and the like, and some of them are  
still alive and singable, his greatest,  
and most enduring work was the na-  
tional song of England, "God Save  
the King."

To write songs that live the au-  
thor must hold the human interest  
key to the heart, for it is their hu-  
man interest that perpetuates them.

## SWEET KITTY CLYDE

Maybe you never heard this once  
popular song, almost universally pop-  
ular, as it had a big run in Europe.  
If not, ask your elders, even back to  
your grandparents, for it is no last  
spring's song.

Oh! who has not seen Kitty Clyde?  
She lives at the foot of the hill  
In a sly little nook,  
By the babbling brook,  
That carries her father's old mill.  
Oh! who does not love Kitty Clyde?  
That sunny-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass,  
With a sweet dimpled chin,  
That looks roguish as sin,  
With always a smile as you pass.

Chorus—  
Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty,  
My own sweet Kitty Clyde,  
In a sly little nook  
By the babbling brook,  
Lives my own sweet Kitty Clyde.

With a basket to put in her fish,  
Every morning with line and a hook,  
This sweet little lass  
Through the tall, heavy grass,  
Steals along by the clear running  
brook.

She throws her line into the  
stream,  
And trips along the brook side.  
Oh! how I wish that I were a fish  
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.

How I wish that I were a bee.  
I'd not gather honey from flowers;  
But would steal a sip  
From Kitty's sweet lip  
And make my own hive in her bow-  
ers.

Or if I were some little bird  
I would not build nests in the air;  
But keep close by the side, of sweet  
Kitty Clyde

And sleep in her soft, silken hair.  
**OLD FAVORITES**

Away back yonder the people were  
as songful, and as soulful as they  
are now, if not more so. Then songs  
meant something besides jingle and  
ragtime. There were foolish songs,  
to be sure, but they were meant to  
be foolish.

Now and then you would hear a  
bit from some opera, and not badly  
rendered, as a song. One of the fa-  
vorites was "The Gypsy's Warning"  
from "Il Trovatore." It is a love  
song, of a kind, and suggests a state  
of affairs most to be dreaded. It ran  
thus:

"Trust him not, oh, gentle lady,  
Though his voice be low and sweet;  
Heed not him, who kneels before you,  
Gently pleading at thy feet.  
Now thy life is in its morning,  
Cloud not thus thy sunny lot;  
Listen to the gypsy's warning,  
Gentle lady, trust him not."

Of course it wasn't sung with  
grand opera effect, but it answered  
the purpose all right among the mu-

sically uncultured. The air was  
pleasing, and the words appealed to  
all interested in the very important  
matter of love.

AND THERE WERE OTHERS  
"I have wandered today to the hill,  
Maggie,  
To watch the scenes below—  
The creek, and the creaking old mill,  
Maggie,  
As we used to, long ago.

"But now we are aged and gray,  
Maggie,  
The trials of life nearly done.  
Let us sing of the days that are gone,  
Maggie,  
When you and I were young.

When it came to something serious  
as well as sentimental, "Lorena"  
never failed to give satisfaction.  
You may have heard this yourself,  
for it is still on the list of good sen-  
timental songs.

"The story of the past, Lorena,  
Alas! I care not to repeat.  
The hopes that could not last, Lor-  
ena,  
They lived, but only lived to cheat.  
I would not 'cause e'en one regret  
To rankle in thy bosom now.  
For 'if we try, we may forget'  
These words of thine, long years  
ago.

"It matters little now, Lorena,  
The past is in the eternal past.  
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,  
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.  
There is a future, Oh, thank God!  
Of life this is so small a part,  
'Tis dust to dust, beneath the sod,  
But there, up there, 'tis heart to  
heart.

Among the prime favorites, and  
still in vogue, was Tom Moore's  
charming ballad:

"Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me;  
The smiles, the tears,  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken;  
The eyes that shone  
Now dimmed and gone,  
The cheerful heart's now broken."

## YOU CAN'T FORGET

"Allow me to write the songs of a  
people and I care not who writes  
their philosophy," some one has said,  
and if you think of the influence of  
the songs of your mother, and those  
sung around the fireside when you  
were young, you may feel like agree-  
ing with him as to the power of song.  
—Erasmus Wilson, from Pittsburg  
Gazette.

## WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN (Nashville Tennessean)

When he first came into national  
prominence we saw him capture the  
nation with the power of his genius.  
We saw him sway the multitude  
with his words of wisdom, and  
amaze and terrorize the enemies of  
free institutions with the logic of his  
speech. We saw him rise from the  
disaster of defeat again and again,  
and each time he had the confidence  
of the people. We saw him as a  
twice defeated candidate for presi-  
dent on a foreign tour honored by  
the nations of the world. We saw  
this defeated man return to his na-  
tive land, honored by all the civil-  
ized nations on the earth and greeted  
by his own people as no other private  
citizen has ever been greeted.

And we have asked why this man  
should touch the human heart of  
every nation and appeal to the hu-  
man conscience in every land? The  
answer is Bryan himself. Constant  
in his devotion to principle, firm in

conviction, consistent in his course,  
brave and steadfast, he stands be-  
fore the world the incarnation of un-  
selfish patriotism.

As the mark of hostile critics he  
has been misrepresented, maligned  
and slandered, but over it all he has  
triumphed, towering as an intellec-  
tual and moral giant, the champion  
of the purest principles and the  
noblest sentiments that have ever  
possessed a great and powerful peo-  
ple.

What was once in scorn and con-  
tempt termed Bryanism is being  
written into the laws of the states,  
the constitutions and into the stat-  
utes of the nation.

Those who once derided this man  
for his fallacies are now singing his  
praises for his virtues. Those who  
once abused him for his iniquity are  
now lauding him for the sanity and  
strength of his convictions.

No wonder this man will remain  
in politics, for the crowning glory of  
his life will be when his creed of  
universal justice shall have been  
written deeply into the statutes of  
his country.

## Utterly Useless

"John," asked Mrs. Dorkins, "what  
is a 'political con game?'"  
"Why, it's—it's a frame-up, you  
know."

"Yes, but what is a frame-up?"  
"A—er—a piece of bunk, of course;  
can't you—"

"What is a piece of bunk?"  
"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed Mr. Dor-  
kins. "What's the use of trying to  
tell a woman anything about poli-  
tics?"—Chicago Tribune.

It's no fun for a woman to tell a  
secret to anyone she thinks will keep  
it.—Chicago Herald.

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