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1886

Called Back To Thee

Chauncey Olcott
Composer

Chauncey Olcott
Lyricist

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CHAUNCEY OLCOTT'S NEW SONGS

A ROMANCE OF ATHLONE

BY
AUGUSTUS PITOU
MANAGER.

Many Year Ago.
We'll Drown It In The Bowl.
Olcott's Lullaby.
The Irish Swell.
My Wild Irish Rose.

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS
NEW PLAY A ROMANCE OF ATHLONE.

4p.009483
1886
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OLCOTT'S LULLABY.

Written, composed and Sung by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

COPYRIGHTED, 1890,

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS NEW PLAY "A ROMANCE OF ATHLONE."

By M. WHITMARK & SONS.



Go to sleep my darling,
Go to sleep I pray.
Close your little eyelids
Till the dawn of day.
The sandman's been about dear ;
Your pretty eyes now close ;
So rest your little head here
And sleep in sweet repose.

If you will sleep till morning,
I will promise you
Something that will please you
With eyes of azure blue.
A dolly sweet and simple,
All dressed in lovely green,
The likes of which my dear one
Your eyes have never seen.

CHORUS.

Then go to sleep my darling,
You have nothing to fear.
Slumber on my loved one
I am always near.
Angels flit about you,
Through your sweet little dreams,
While the light from heaven
Sheds its radiant beams.

M. Whitmark & Sons, Publishers and Proprietors.

My Wild Irish Rose.

Written, composed and Sung by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

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AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS NEW PLAY, "A ROMANCE OF ATHLONE."

By M. WHITMARK & SONS.



If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
Of a flower that's now drooped and dead ;
Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates
(Though each holds aloft its proud head.)
'Twas given to me by a girl that I know—
Since we met faith I've known no repose,
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star
And I call her My Wild Irish Rose.

They may sing of their Roses which by other names
Would smell just as sweetly they say,
But I know that my Rose would never consent
To have that sweet name taken away.
Her glances are shy, whene'er I pass by
The bower where my true love grows,
And my one wish has been
That some day I may win
The heart of My Wild Irish Rose.

CHORUS.

My Wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows—
You may search everywhere,
But none can compare
With My Wild Irish Rose.
My Wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flower that grows—
And some day for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from My Wild Irish Rose.

M. Whitmark & Sons,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Many Years Ago.

Written, composed and Sung by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

COPYRIGHTED, 1895.

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS NEW PLAY, "A ROMANCE OF ATHLONE."

By M. WHITMAN & SONS.

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Childhood days come back again
When I was no older than you ;
Thoughts that cling to my memory
Like flowers besparkled with dew ;
When my good old nurse would take me
To the rose garden down the lane,
And sit me on her knee there
To sing me this old refrain :
" 'Twas on a bright morning in summer
That I first heard his voice spakin' low,
As he said to a colleen beside him,
Who's that purty girl milkin' her cow ?"
That was the song she sang to me
So many, many years ago.

Those were days, dear sweetheart
When life was in its bloom,
Like the roses that you love dear,
Like the glorious month of June.
Everywhere gladness and sunshine—
Days then were never too long,
As I sat with my faithful old nurse dear,
And listened to that old song :
" If it please yer I'll dress me in satin
And jewels I'll put on me brow,
But och don't be after forgettin'
Your purty maid milkin' her cow."
That was the song she sang to me
So many, many years ago.

M. Whitman & Sons, Publishers and Proprietors.

The Irish Swell.

Written, composed and sung by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

COPYRIGHTED, 1895.

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS NEW PLAY, "A ROMANCE OF ATHLONE."

By M. WHITMAN & SONS.

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If an Irish swell you would see
Just cast your eyes upon me.
You can always tell
When you see a real swell
By the cut of his clothes do you see.
A very old saying is that
You can tell a real swell by his hat,
The cut of his coat,
And the ladies all dote
On this genuine Irish swell.

Now of course there are swells and swells,
But there's something about them forlorn ;
Not like an Irishman whom you can see
Is true to the manner born.
There's a something about them they say
You can tell from across the way ;
For such a swell is the bold Pat O'Dell,
And his home is the King's highway.

CHORUS.

For I am an Irish swell,
That you can easily tell,
For to look at my clothes,
From my head to my toes
I'm a genuine Irish swell.

M. Whitman & Sons, Publishers and Proprietors.

CALLED BACK TO THEE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

Moderato con espress.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The time signature is common time (C). The music is marked 'Moderato con espress.' and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern.

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It includes a 'poco rall.' (poco ritardando) marking above the piano part. The piano accompaniment features some chords with a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking.

1. Clouds have dispell'd, the sun is shin - - ing, All nature chants a sweet re-
2. In fu - ture years let joy re - mind us That angry words bring naught but

The third system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note pattern with some triplets.

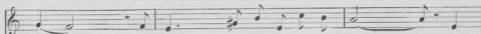
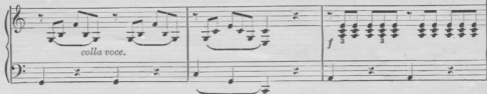
frain ;..... .. Two lov - ing hearts have ceas'd re - pin - - ing,
pain ;..... .. Though rag - ged paths fate has des - tin'd us,

The fourth system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note pattern with some triplets.



Sweet words of hope, "Call'd back a - gain!"
 What - e'er be-tide, we're friends a - gain.

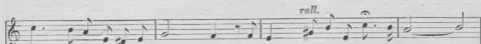
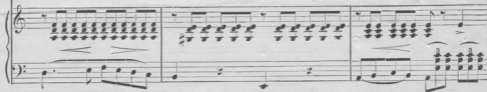
Those cru - - el words, in an - ger
 In tran - - quil dreams each joy - ous



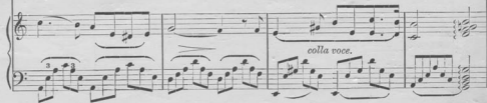
spo - ken,
 hour

That caus'd two souls a kin - dred
 With ver - - dant flow'rs life's path - way

pain ; Those
 strew ; En -



oft - pledg'd vows so near-ly bro - - ken— Love's sa - cred ties made strong a - gain!
 trans'd with love's mag-net-ic pow - - er, In ev - 'ry thought! live for you!



CHORUS.

ATR.

Call'd back to thee a - gain!..... Call'd back to thee a - gain!..... Those

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

p

vows of love so near-ly bro - - ken, Call'd back, call'd back to thee a - gain!.....

vows of love so near-ly bro - - ken, Call'd back a - gain!.....

rall.

f

colla voce

We'll Drown It in the Bowl.

Written, composed and sung by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

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AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS NEW PLAY, "A ROMANCE OF ATHLONE."

By M. WHITMARK & SONS.



The glasses sparkle on the board,
The wine is ruby bright;
The reign of pleasure is restored
An Irishman's delight.
The day is gone, the night is ours—
Then let us feast the soul—
If any pain or cares are here
Why drown them in the bowl.
If any pain or cares are here
Why drown them in the bowl.

This world they say is a world of woe
But down that cry to-night.
Proud woman, I do scorn you,
Bright wine is my delight.
I'll drink all day, I'll drink all night
Who would their joys control—
If life's a pain, I say again
Let's drown it in the bowl.
If life's a pain, I say again
Let's drown it in the bowl.

This life for all of us you know
Has sorrows, cares galore.
But never be disheartened boys
There's joy for all in store.
If care should overtake you,
Try your feelings to control
And like a true born Irishman
Why drown it in the bowl.
And like a true born Irishman
Why drown it in the bowl.



M. Whitmark & Sons, Publishers and Proprietors.





CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.