

EARLY MUSICAL EDUCATION IN GER-
MANY.

In visiting the school at Schwalbach, the first room we came to was that of the girls, who were all learning astronomy! A strange preparation thought I, for the after-life of a Nassau female. Who would think that the walking masses, half grass, half woman, one meets every day in the fields and lanes, would be able to tell whether the earth moved round the sun, or the sun round the earth, or if the moon were any bigger than their own reaping hooks? We asked the master to allow us to hear them sing. Great was the delight of the little madchens when this request was made known; there was a universal brightening of faces and shuffling of leaves; the pedagogue took down an old violin from a peg where it hung, and accompanied their sweet voices in a pretty simple air, which they sung in parts and from the notes. * *

The next room was full of little boys between six and eight years of age. They sang a hymn for us, the simple words of which were very touching. As I stood behind one dear little fellow, "hardly higher than the table," I understood how it was that the Germans were a nation of musicians, and that, in listening to the rude songs of the peasants at their

work, the ear is never shocked by the drawing, untaught style of the same class of people in our countries. From the time they are able to lisp, they are all made to sing by note. My little friend in the ragged blouze, and all the other children, had the music as well as the words they were singing, in their hands, written on sheets of paper; they followed the time as correctly as possible, marking with their little fingers on the page, the crotchets, quavers, rests, &c. * *

At Leipsic, the most un-English trait I gathered during my speculations at the window this evening, was a group of little boys playing in the grass-plot outside. They were all poor, and a few stockingless, and were engaged in some uproarious game, when, in the middle of it, the little urchins burst into the most harmonious melody—each taking his part, soprano, tenor, bass, &c.—with exquisite correctness. I saw them jump up, and linking each other's arms in true schoolboy fashion, sally down the street, vociferating their song in such time and tune, that, but for my initiation into the mystery at the Schwalbach school, I should have stared at them as so many little wonders. What a delightful system is this music, as early and as indispensable a branch of education as the A B C!—*Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany.*

L O R D L Y G A L L A N T S .

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

Allegretto

Lord - ly Gal - lants tell me this, Tho' my safe con - tent you weigh not,

Lord - ly Gal - lants tell me this, Tho' my safe con - tent you weigh not,

In your great - ness what one bliss, Have you gain'd, That I en - joy not.

In your great - ness what one bliss, Have you gain'd, That I en - joy not.

You have hon - our, You have wealth, All the day I
I have peace, and I have health. All the day I

mer - ry mer - ry make, And at night no care I take. All the day I
mer - ry mer - ry make, And at night no care I take. All the day I

mer - ry mer - ry make, And at night no care I take, And at night no
mer - ry mer - ry make, And at night no care I take, And at night no

care I take. Bound to none my fortunes be, This or that man's fall I fear not,
care I take. Bound to none my fortunes be This or that man's fall I fear not,

Him I love that lov-eth me, For the rest, A pin I care not. You are sad when

Him I love that lov-eth me, For the rest, A pin I care not. You are sad when

others chafe, I that hate it and am free,

And grow mer-ry as they laugh, I that hate it and am free,

Laugh and weep as plea - seth me, I that hate it and am free,

Laugh and weep as plea - seth me, I that hate it and am free,

Laugh and weep as pleas - eth me, Laugh and weep as pleas-eth me.

Laugh and weep as pleas - eth me, Laugh and weep as pleas-eth me.