

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.

MADRIGAL FOR FOUR VOICES.

Ford, 1620.

*Andante.*1st
SOPRANO.

Since first I saw your face I resolv'd to ho - nour and re -

2d SOPRA-
NO, or ALTO.

Since first I saw your face I resolv'd to ho - nour and re -

TENOR.

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd to ho - nour and re -

BASS.

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd to ho - nour and re -

nown ye; If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver

nown ye; If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver

nown ye; If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver

nown ye; If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver

known ye. What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wrangle?

known ye. What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wrangle?

known ye. What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wrangle?

known ye. What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wrangle?

No, no, no, no, no, my heart is fast, And can not dis-en-tan-gle.

No, no, no, no, no, my heart is fast, And can not dis-en-tan-gle.

No, no, no, no, no, my heart is fast, And can not dis-en-tan-gle.

No, no, no, no, no, my heart is fast, And can not dis-en-tan-gle.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
Rejecteth no beholder;
And your sweet beauty past compare,
Makes my poor eyes the bolder.

Where beauty moves, and wit delights,
And signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there, where'er, where'er I go,
I leave my heart behind me.

DEVOTION TO MUSIC.

One of the best educated musicians of our acquaintance owes his distinguished position in life to the accident of being invited to hear a quartet. The story is agreeably enough told, in a letter once addressed to us by the hero, the brother-in-law of the late Baillot. "The vicissitudes of my family forced me to seek employment in a commercial establishment in the vicinity of Paris, where I was treated with much kindness by my employer, and allowed to prosecute my practice on the violin as an amateur. After receiving a lesson, as usual, from my master, the celebrated Baillot, the latter, seeing that I was passionately fond of music, invited me to one of his quartet parties. On asking permission of my employer to enjoy so great a treat, I was peremptorily refused. Anticipating the fatal consequences of disobedience, I could not, however, resist the temptation to hear the famed quartet party of my master, and at all risks I ventured to gratify my anxious wish. The next morning I was dismissed, and thrown upon the wide world without a home, or an employment. The tide of fortune happily soon turned in my favour; the cause of my dismissal having excited the sympathy of Baillot, he at once admitted me a pupil of the Conservatoire, and ever afterwards proved to me a most sincere and devoted friend." Some of our professional readers will probably recognize in this anecdote our amiable friend Guynemer, one of the recent candidates for the Edinburgh professorship. Had the members of the senate of the Edinburgh university appointed Mr. Guynemer to fill the professor's chair, they would have found him a thorough practical and theoretical musician, an elegant scholar, and a polished gentleman.

[We take the foregoing anecdote from the

"Record of the Musical Union," a society recently organised in London, by Mr. J. Ella, for the practice of chamber music.]

AN ERA IN MUSIC!

"We have waited until the very last moment, and yet we scarcely know in what way to speak of this musical prodigy—this wonder of the century—the beautiful, bewitching, thrilling Signora Anaide Castellan Giampietro. She is the very embodiment—the personification—of that exquisite harmony which glows and thrills in the deep heart of nature; and which, as Carlyle so rapturously expresses it, 'is nature, and beauty, and truth, and the inmost soul of all things lovely.' Her very name modulates itself into a liquid cadence—her rounded, graceful form is a ripe melody—her beautiful face is a rare and beautiful burst of many mingling harmonies; while her voice!—what shall we say of it? The warble of a bird, as she greets the first warm rain of spring, hid among the bursting buds and balmy branches—the voice of summer winds, as they whisper and sign on the bosom of the starry lakelet, where the wild rose is born—the clear music of foam-bells, breaking beneath the piercing eye of morning, whose music is listened to by the heart and not the ear—the softest, roundest tone of the flute, when breathed upon by most exquisite lips full of love and lavish of the grace of perfect art—all these, concentrating their several beauties and fascinations, would still give you but a most faint and imperfect image of that wild and delicious voice. The tones of beatific spirits, which we think we hear in dreams, can alone express a type of this wonderful woman's voice, which seems to well up from her heart into her little throbbing and melting