

MUSICAL ALBUM

— OF THE —

NORTH AMERICAN ZITHER JOURNAL

GEMS OF POPULAR MUSIC.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE ZITHER.

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|---------|--|--|----|
| No. 1. | GOOD NIGHT, (Gute Nacht,) by <i>R. Franz</i> , | | |
| | FOREST DEVOTION, (Waldandacht) by <i>F. Abt</i> , | | |
| | | arr. by <i>Max Albert</i> | 30 |
| No. 2. | DA BURGEI IHR JODLER, by <i>C. Millocker</i> , | | |
| | WHEN I AWAKE FROM PLEASANT DREAMS, (Wenn ich aus | arr. by <i>R. Hose</i> | 30 |
| | süßem Traum erwach,) by <i>H. Brandt</i> , | | |
| No. 3. | "TWO AIRS FROM BOCCACCIO," by <i>von Suppe</i> , | arr. by <i>Max Albert</i> , | |
| | "FORSAKEN AM I" (Verlassen bin i) by <i>Koschat</i> , | arr. by <i>R. Hose</i> . | 30 |
| | SCNADAHUEPFL. | | |
| No. 4. | PRAYER, (Gebet,) by <i>Haendl</i> , | arr. by <i>R. Maurer</i> , | |
| | "TRANQUILLITY," (Gewissensruhe,) by <i>Mozart</i> , | arr. by <i>R. Maurer</i> , | 30 |
| | "THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER ONCE," Old English Tune, arr. by <i>L. Melcher</i> , | | |
| No. 5. | "MAID OF THE MILL," (with Text,) by <i>S. Adams</i> , | arr. by <i>Ed. Himmler</i> , | 25 |
| No. 6. | "THE GLIDERS" WALTZ, by <i>F. X. Burgstaller</i> , | | |
| | ISABELLE ST. CLAIR, | arr. by <i>Ed. Himmler</i> , | 25 |
| No. 7. | THE GOLDEN SHORE, (with text,) by <i>A. S. Gatty</i> , | | |
| | AULD LANG SYNE, (with text,) | arr. by <i>Max Maier</i> , | 25 |
| No. 8. | POLKA IMPROMTU, | by <i>M. Jacobi</i> , | 25 |
| | "KILLARNEY," by <i>M. Balfe</i> , | arr. by <i>M. Jacobi</i> , | |
| No. 9. | "FLOWERS OF AUTUMN," (Herbst Blumen,) | Polka Mazurka by <i>Alois Plover</i> , | 25 |
| No. 10. | "ROSE GAVOTTE," by <i>Henry Dersch</i> , | arr. by <i>G. Albert Reuhl</i> , | 25 |
| | ROBIN ADAIR, | | |

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Edward G. Egge,

964 East 163rd Street, New York.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

Music by A.S. GATTY.

Arr. for Zither by MAX MAIER.

Andante.

I re-mem-ber, I re-mem-ber, In years long pass'd a-way. A

lit the maid and I would meet Re-side the stream to play. We used to watch the

sun go down Up-on the gold-en tide. And count the ships that glided by. To

reach the o-cean wide. And count the ships that glided by. To reach the o-cean

wide.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Arr. for ZITHER

by MAX MAIER.

Moderato.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot And nev-er bro't to mind, Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And

days of auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang

syne. We'll take a cup o' kind-ness yet, for auld lang syne. For

syne.