

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S GALOP.

no 14
101



Composed & Respectfully inscribed

To Col. M. R. M. The Prince of Wales,

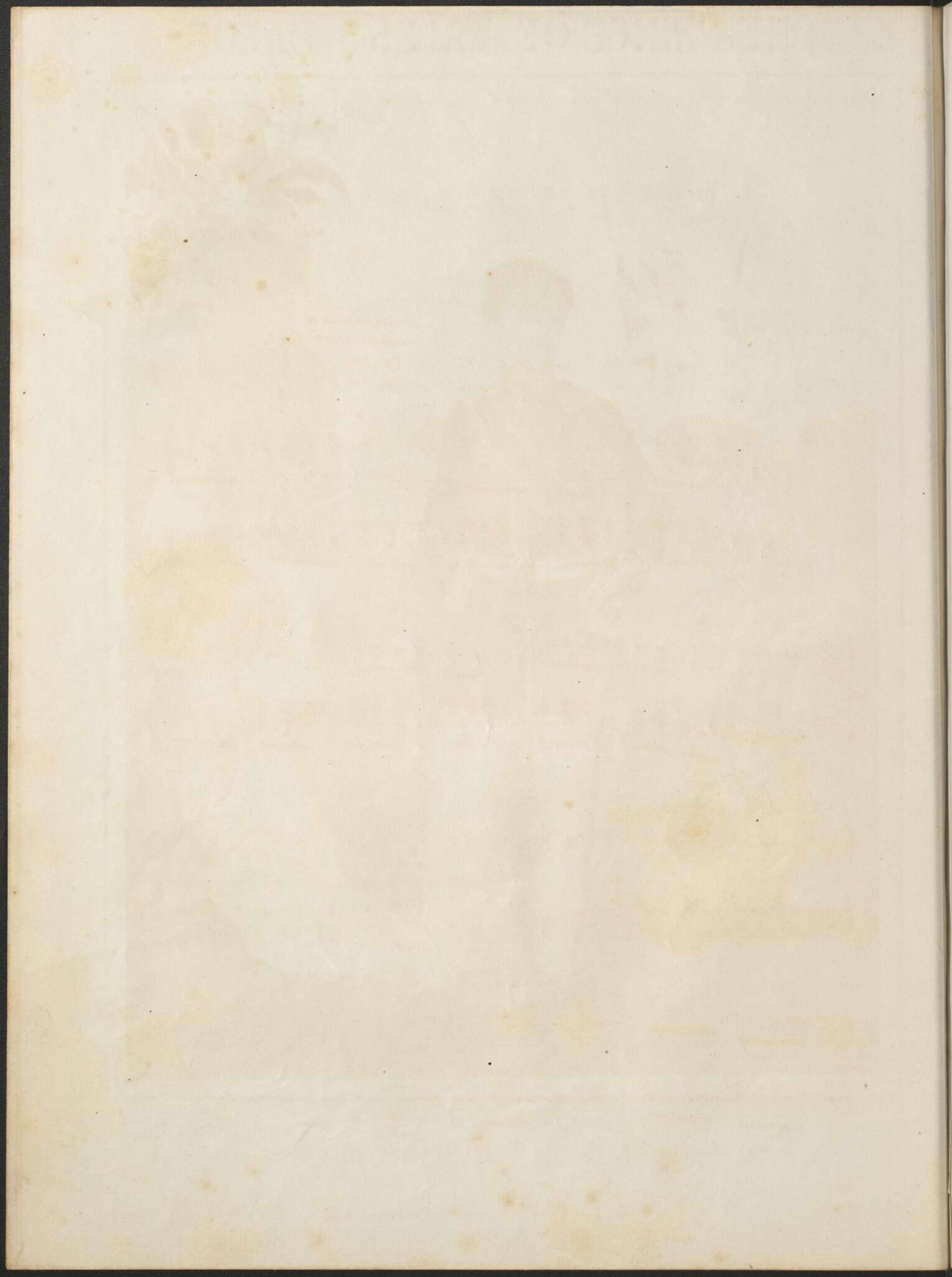
BY
HENRY PRINCE.

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IX

G.A.

I

THE PRINCE OF WALES GALOP.

HENRY PRINCE.

INTRODUCTION.

GALOP.

1st *2nd*
ff Vivat Re-gi-na Al-ber-tis que

Vivat Re-gi-na Vivat Princeps

1st 2nd fz

This system contains the first two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system features a treble clef with a melodic line and a bass clef with a rhythmic accompaniment. A first ending bracket labeled '1st' and a second ending bracket labeled '2nd' are present. A fortissimo (fz) dynamic marking is placed above the second system.

TRIO. ff TRUMPET. fff *Energico.*

This system is the beginning of the TRIO section, specifically for the TRUMPET. It consists of two staves in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The first staff is marked *ff* and the second *fff* *Energico.*

Allo

This system continues the piano accompaniment for the TRIO section. It features a treble clef with a melodic line and a bass clef with a rhythmic accompaniment. The tempo marking *Allo* is written above the first staff.

1st 2nd

This system continues the piano accompaniment for the TRIO section. It features a treble clef with a melodic line and a bass clef with a rhythmic accompaniment. A first ending bracket labeled '1st' and a second ending bracket labeled '2nd' are present.

FINALE

p fz p fz f

p fz p fz

f fff Vi - vat Re - gi - na

Al - bertis que Vi - vat Re -

- gi - na Vi - vat Princeps

1st

2nd

fz *fz*

TRUMPET. Vi - vat Re - gi - na Vi - vat Princeps

fff

Morendo.

Vi - vat Re - gi - na Vi - vat Prin - ceps *Cres.*

f

ff *fff* *fff*

PRINCE IMPERIAL GALOP.



CHARLES COOTE.

PIANO. *p*



S: TRIO.

Fine. p



Fine.



time was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. John Smith and the three men arrested at number Twenty-two all received the punishment they merited—penal servitude for many years.

As to Mary, out of consideration to her youth and inexperience, and in remembrance of her partial faithfulness, and further, as a recognition of the readiness and activity of Police-constable brother Tom, she was retained in her situation; and thus was preserved to her that invaluable possession to anybody, but especially a young girl—A CHARACTER.

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.

"Gustav, on Wednesday we must order the sledge at 8 p.m., for the S.'s have sent us an invitation to their ball?"

The said Gustav looked up from the newspaper he had been perusing attentively, and removing his everlasting companion, his pipe, from his mouth, he answered his wife's query with a gaze followed by "all right dear: but I fear there will be a thaw to-morrow. See," said he, rising and looking at the weather-glass, which had risen several degrees, "see, it would by no means be a pleasant trip, if the snow were not perfectly crisp and hard, as you remember by experience, when Fritz and Anna were with us last year."

Here the conversation ended. A few hours, however, soon materially altered the condition of the glass, and it promised to turn out fine.

It suffices to say the weather turned out agreeable to all parties, and so after an hour's brisk drive, they were set down at their friend's house in the heart of Moscow. They arrived in very good time for the ball, and anticipated an agreeable evening.

I hope, kind reader, you will pardon me for not having given the name of the Russian family, S——, to whose ball the Keims were invited: it is one of those unmentionable names ending in a sneeze, and as too often they try English mouths very severely, I will content myself with using the initial letter.

The occupation of the evening—dancing, soon commenced with great zest.

I shall not try the reader's patience by describing the ball in question, for as far as I know Russian balls do not differ materially from English ones. The evening passed pleasantly enough, but towards the close the heat began to get intolerable, and although the gentlemen did their duty well, it is only fair to say, in fanning the fair ones, and bringing them ices, it became more and more oppressive. At last a gentleman braver than the rest—(probably his arm ached)—threw open the top part of a window, and now happened the phenomenon.

A cold gust of wind blew suddenly in through the open window, and the heated air which was congregated in the upper part of the room became suddenly condensed, and descended upon the assembled party in the form of snow-flakes. Probably there was never seen so curious a sight in a ball-room. Ladies and gentleman in ball toilette, in the midst of a dance, snow-flakes descending; and were it not for the incongruity of the attire, more like a skating party. However, to return to our company. The snow storm was, as may be imagined, the conversation of the guests for the rest of the evening, and of the inhabitants of the town for the ensuing week. On his way home, Gustav was also busily engaged in explaining the phenomenon of the evening to his wife. His description ran as follows:—Of course you know that light bodies ascend and heavy ones fall by the law of gravitation. Well, a certain quantity of air being shut up in a room necessarily becomes heated, and when heated becomes lighter, and therefore ascends. Then any cold body coming in contact with the heated air will naturally freeze it, and if frozen, can descend in no other form than that of snow flakes. Ida, being satisfied of the truth of Gustav's explanation, and feeling tired, speedily consigned herself to sleep, and did not wake till she found herself at their own door.

A FEATHER FROM ABOU TOB.

SOMETIMES, at the peep of dawn in the desert, where you have been perhaps sleeping all night on your prayer carpets, if you glance along the surface of the sand-hills, you may discern millions of spikes diminutive as the finest needle, and green as an emerald, spreading forth a fairy mantle to the sky. It would be difficult to imagine anything softer or more lustrous than this evanescent robe of verdure, which fades as the dawn advances, and disappears altogether at the first touch of the sun. An Arab said it was as green as the wings of the angel Gabriel, or as a feather plucked from the breast of Abou Tob. Who and what is Abou Tob? we inquired, and to our surprise found it was the phoenix, which, after having been evicted from the natural history of Europe, has taken refuge in the warmer faith of the children of Ishmael.

A princess, the Arabs say, once dwelt in Persia, whose beauty was so great, that all the kings of the surrounding countries sought her in marriage; the sole condition, however, on which she would consent to bestow her hand was hard to be complied with: her lover, she insisted, should present her with a feather from one of the wings of Abou Tob. Construing this into an insult, all her suitors retired from the field, save one, an emir of the country of Oman, who owned groves of frankincense-trees, quarries of emerald, and tracts of desert strewn thickly with the beryl and moonstone. Before quitting the Persian court, he obtained the shah's permission to enjoy a short interview with his beloved, in presence of her mother. His object was to obtain a promise that, however long he might be absent, she would patiently wait his return. The promise was given. The emir set out; in what direction he wandered was known to no one. On the twentieth day he arrived at the brink of a rocky eminence overlooking a circular valley, in which there was a lake, surrounded by grassy banks, sloping down to the water's edge. Here, worn out by fatigue, and having consumed all his provisions, he alighted from his horse, and turning the animal loose to graze, lay down, resolved there to await the terminator of delights, and the separator of companions. His attention, however, was soon attracted by a spectacle which, in spite of weariness, violently excited his curiosity. Clouds of birds, issuing from trees which he had not previously noticed, alighted in such numbers on the lake, that they almost hid the water, and as the sun was then shining, threw forth at every motion coruscations and flashes so dazzling and bright, that he felt persuaded he saw before him the children of Abou Tob. Here, then, he thought his toils might end, if he could only obtain one feather from those countless wings. Language would be exhausted in the attempt to describe the colours spread out before the eye—purple, scarlet, rose colour, green, amethyst, saffron, gold, mingling, traversing each other in flocks, in clouds, in bars, glancing, shifting, quivering, now reflecting the light in one direction, now in another, like an accumulation of the most gorgeous gems, till, as he gazed, the emir's heart throbbed with delight. To descend into the valley, to find one feather, would surely not be difficult, where so many birds had stretched out their pinions. He descended accordingly, and found—not a feather, but an idea, with which he was so completely satisfied, that he resolved immediately to retrace his steps, and present himself with his discovery before the princess. How he lost his way, how he lived on roots and berries, how his clothes were torn, his sandals worn out, his face emaciated, need not be dwelt upon. He arrived at the capital of Persia, and declaring he had found what he went in search of, was conducted into the presence of his beloved. "And where is the feather?" she inquired. Placing his hand upon his heart, he replied, "It is here." "Emir," she said, "you have understood my meaning; you might have understood it sooner; but better late than never. I accept the feather of Abou Tob, and in return give you myself." Thus, according to the dwellers in the Nejed, the Emir of Oman won the Princess of Persia—

YADACE.

THIS strange word is the title of a game very popular in Algeria. It is very simple, and consists solely in abstaining from receiving anything whatsoever from the person with whom you play.

The following story will suffice to initiate anyone into the mysteries and peculiarities of the game; and also show the danger to a Moor of playing at "Yadacé" with his wife:—

Hassan-el-Djeninah was vizier, and chief favourite to the Pasha of the Oudjah of Constantine.

Gay young Mussulmans trembled as they saw Hassan-el-Djeninah waddle across the great square of Constantine or issue from the barber's shops. He walked slowly, for his breath was short; but his yataghan was long, and he could use it. Hassan had four wives—a very moderate and respectable number for a Moor. The name of the youngest was Leila Khanoum. Now, if Hassan-el-Djeninah was jealous of his wives, they, you may be sure, were jealous of each other; save poor little Leila, who was only sixteen, and not at all of a jealous disposition; but between the envy of her sister-wives, who hated her, and the unceasing watchfulness of her husband, who loved her with most inconvenient fondness, she led a terrible life of it. Leila Khanoum was Hassan's favourite wife. He would suffer her, but no one else, to fill his pipe, to adjust the jewelled mouthpiece to his lips, and to tickle the soles of his august feet, when he wished to be lulled to sleep. He would lol for hours on the cushions of his divan, listening while she sung monotonous love-songs—rocking herself two and fro the while, and accompanying herself upon a guitar, in the manner of Moorish ladies. He gave her rich suites of brocade and cloth of gold; he gave her a white donkey from Spain to ride on; he gave her jewels, scented tobacco to smoke, henna for her eyelids and finger-nails—in short, he paid her every little delicate attention that he could think of; and finally, he condescended to play with her for a princely stake—nothing less than the repudiation of the other three wives and the settlement of all his treasures upon her—at Yadacé.

At the same time, as I said before, he was terribly jealous of her—watched her day and night. He kept spies about her, bribed her attendants, came home at day-break after a night of watching silent and unobserved. He studied the language of flowers (which in the East is rather more nervous and forcible than with us); finally he took a lodging on the opposite side of the street, that he might sit and watch who went in or out of his house, when he was supposed to be far away.

One day, while employed in this dignified pursuit, he saw his wife's female negro slave emerge from his house, look round cautiously and beckon with her hand. Then from a dark passage a figure habited as a Frank followed the slave into the house and shut the door. This was quite enough. Up jumped Hassan, rushed across the street, and into his wife's apartment, where the beautiful Leila was in the act of bending over a large chest that stood upon the ground. Hassan-el-Djeninah saw the state of affairs in an instant. The Giaour must be in the chest! He knocked over the wretched black slave like a ninepin, rushed to the chest, and tried to raise the lid.

"The key, woman! the key!" he cried.

"My lord, I have it not. It is lost; it is gone to be mended."

Hassan was not a man to be trifled with; the trembling Leila knew it, and soon handed him the key. He rushed to the chest, and tore open the lid. There was certainly some one inside, habited as a Giaour; but beneath the Frank habit were discovered the face and form of Sulee, Leila Khanoum's favourite Georgian slave!

"What—what means this?" asked Hassan, looking very foolish.

"Yadacé! O my lord, for you took the key."

"Yadacé!" repeated the Georgian slave.

"Yadacé!" screamed the negroes with a horrible grin.

"Allah akbar!" exclaimed the vizier.

MUSIQUE DE DANSE.

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