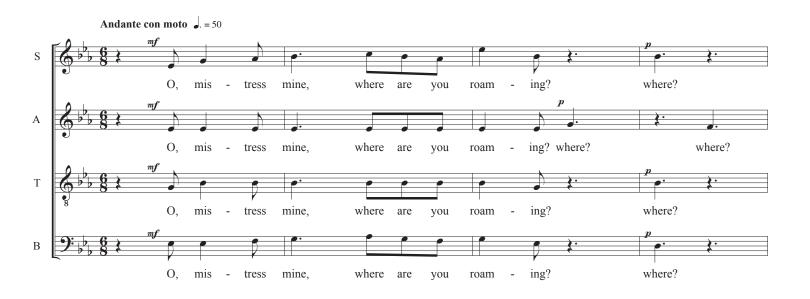


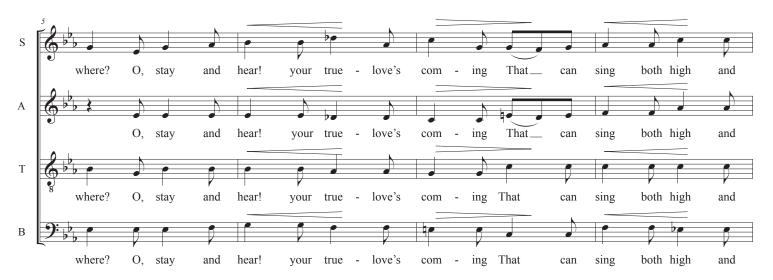
0 mistress mine

George A. Macfarren (1813-1887)

O mistress mine

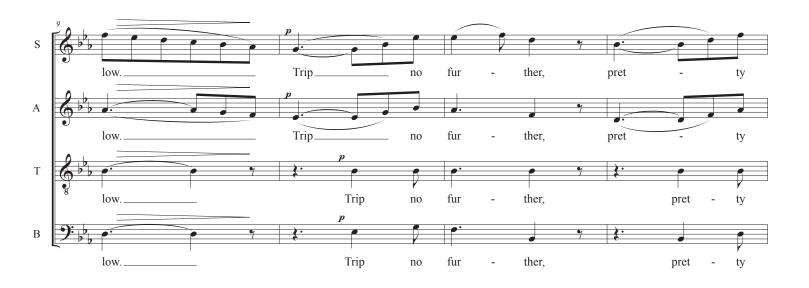
G. A. Macfarren

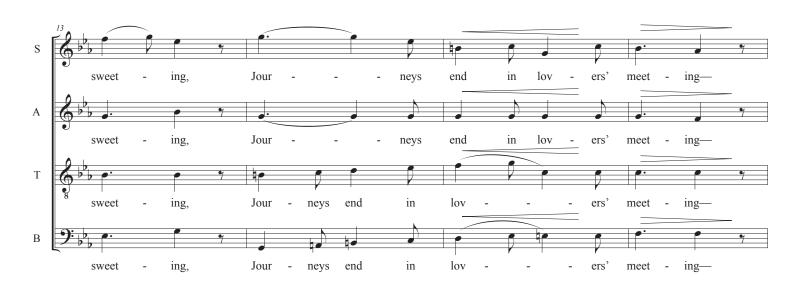


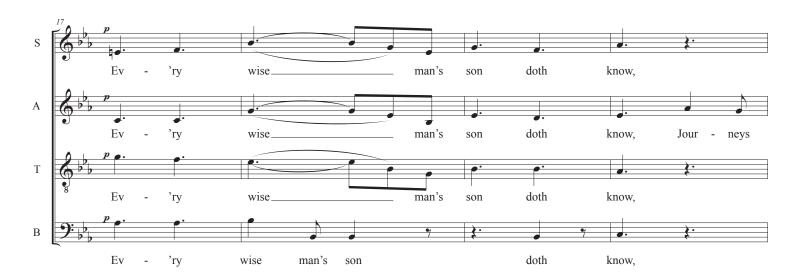


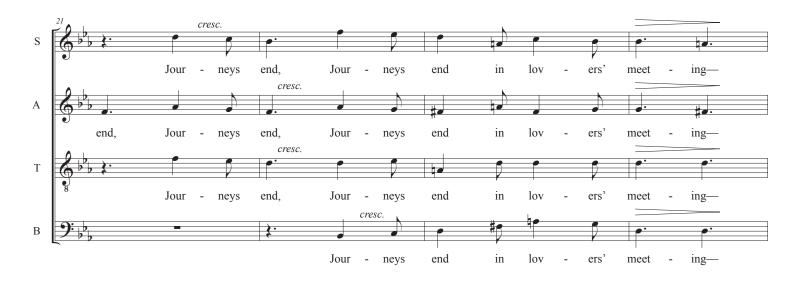


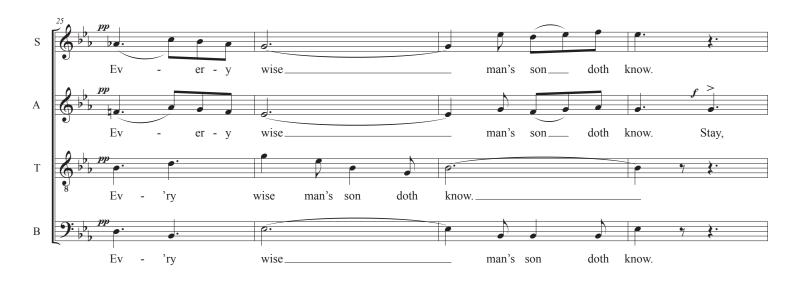
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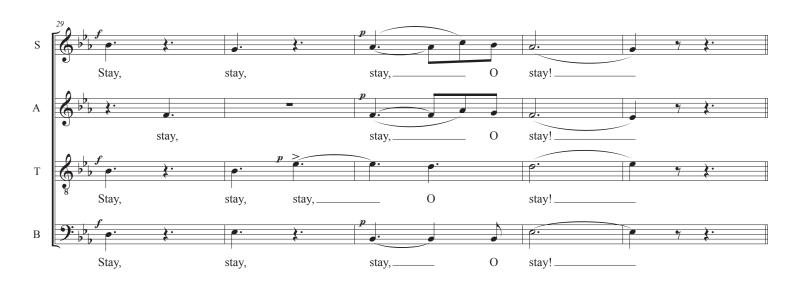


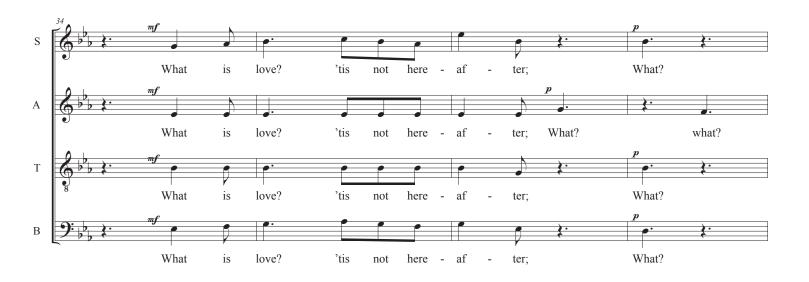




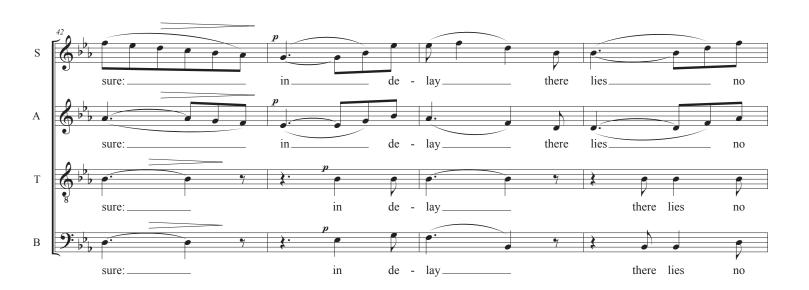


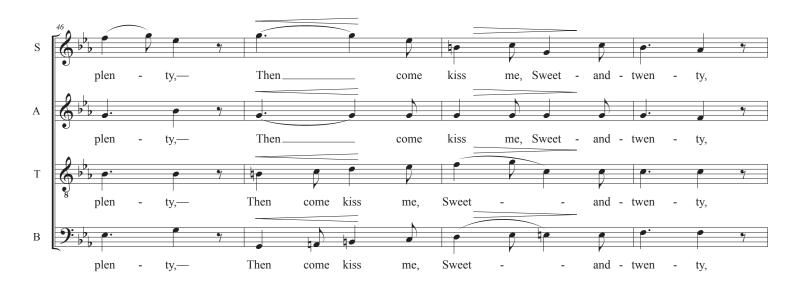


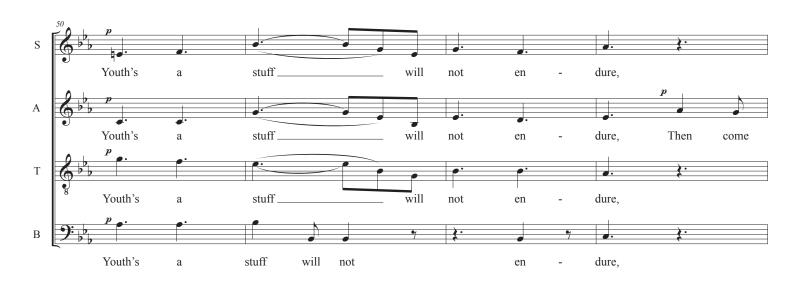


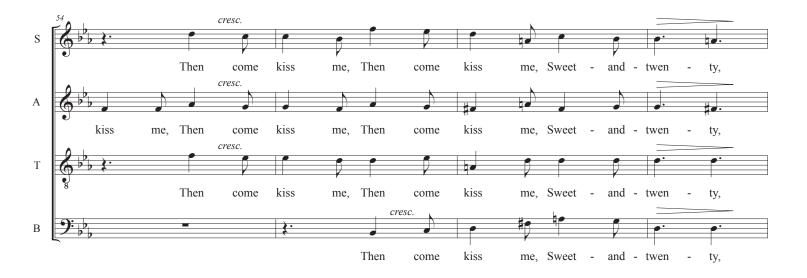


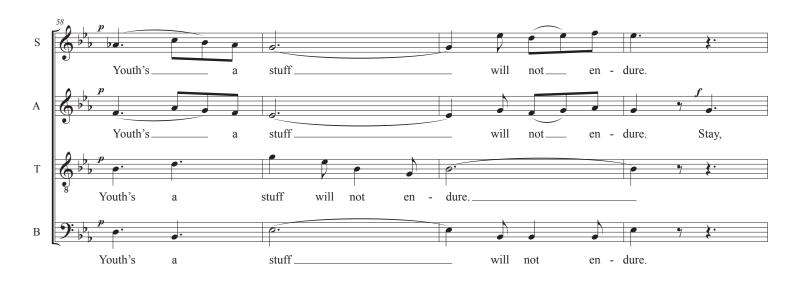


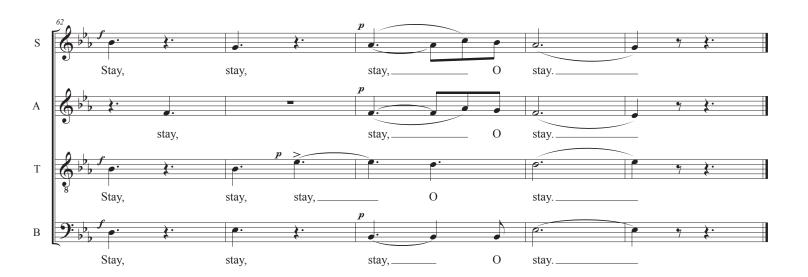












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1860-1885)

Sir George Alexander Macfarren (1813-1887) was born in London. From early youth, he suffered from poor health and weak eyesight. His eyesight continually deteriorated until he became totally blind in 1860. However, his blindness had little effect on his productivity. Macfarren began to study music when he was fourteen and, at sixteen, entered the Royal Academy of Music. Because of his eyesight, he abandoned performance and concentrated on composition. He later taught at the Academy, eventually becoming a principal. He was also appointed professor of music at Cambridge University in 1875. He was conductor at Covent Garden, London; founder the Handel Society; program note writer for the Philharmonic Society; and editor of *Handel and Purcell*. He wrote 18 operas, 13 oratorios and cantatas, 9 symphonies, and 162 songs. He was active as writer of part-songs, literature for the many amateur choirs appearing throughout the country. He was knighted in 1883 on the same day as Arthur Sullivan and George Grove. His brother Walter Macfarren (1826-1905) was a pianist, composer and professor of the Royal Academy.

O, mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear! your true-love's coming
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting.
Journeys end in lovers' meeting —
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
in delay there lies no plenty,—
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure,
Then come kiss me,
Then come kiss me,
Sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.
Stay, stay, stay, O stay.

Twelfth Night
Act 2, Scene 3
William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

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