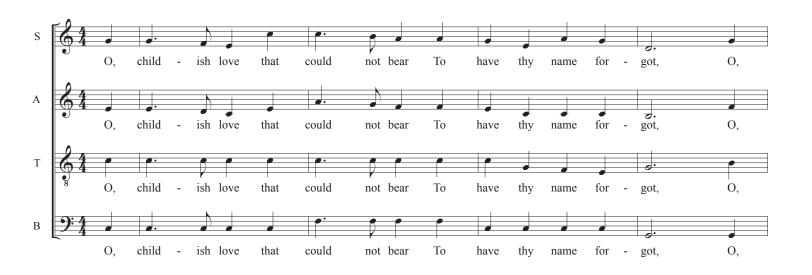
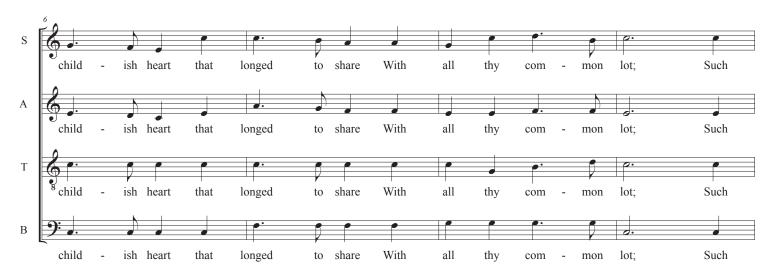




James R. Murray (1841-1905)

R. J. Murray

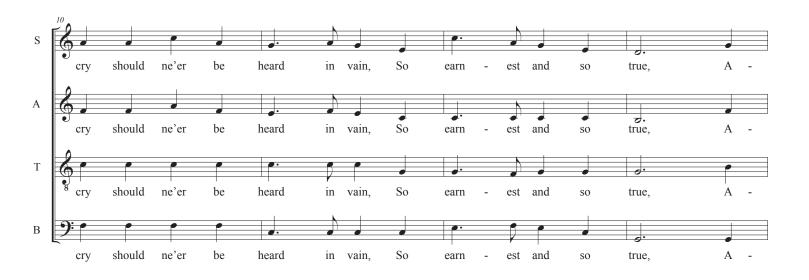


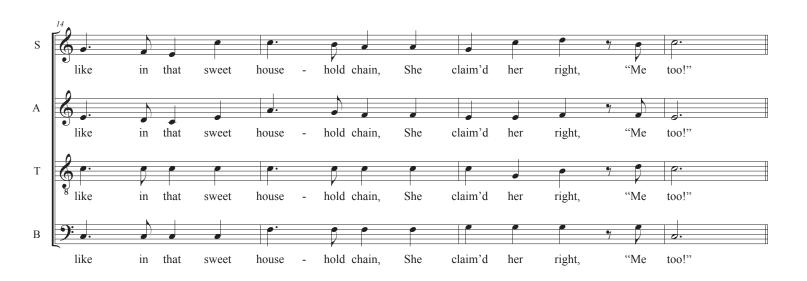


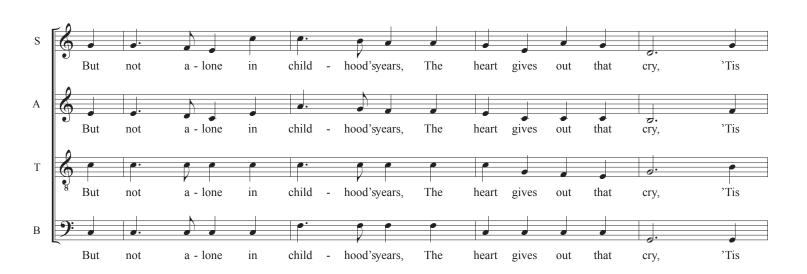


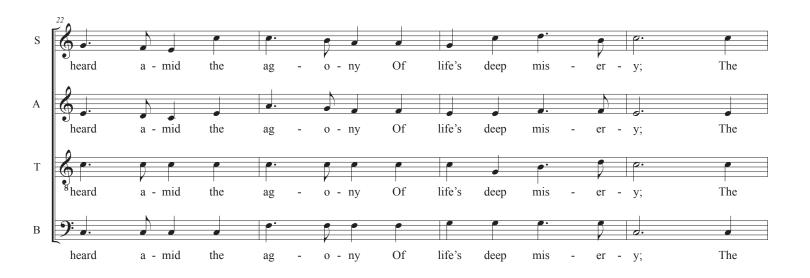
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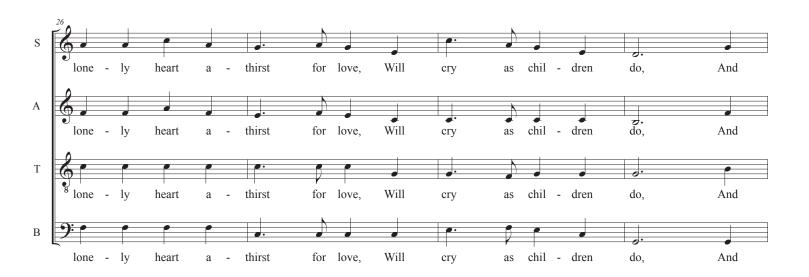
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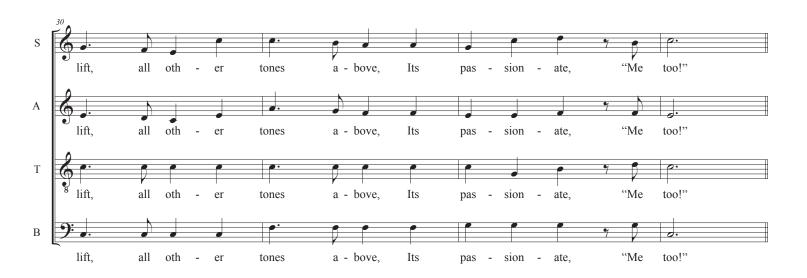


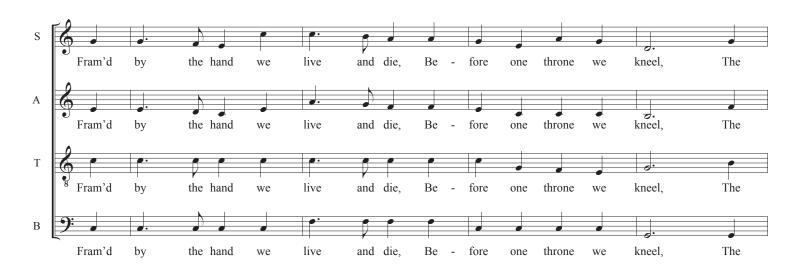


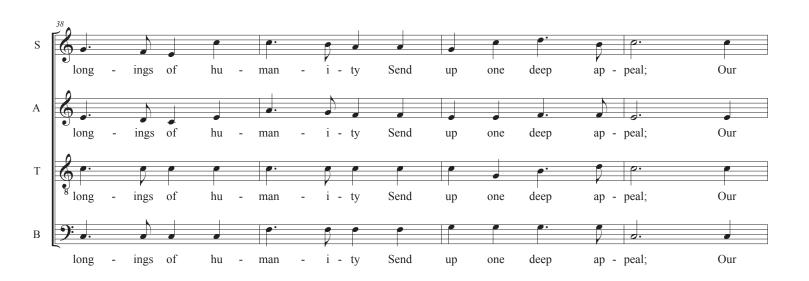


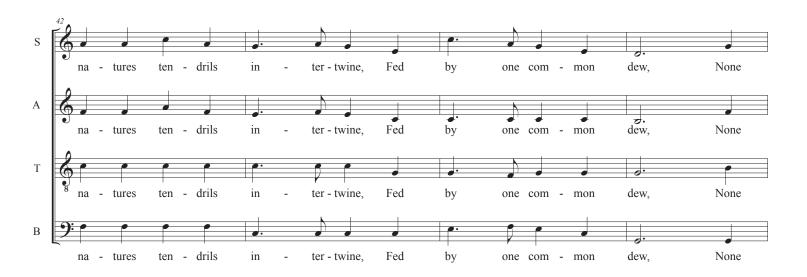


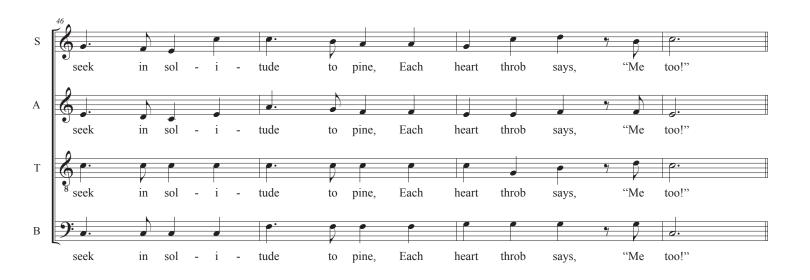


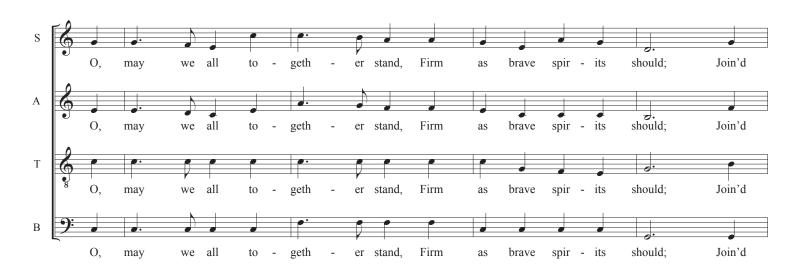


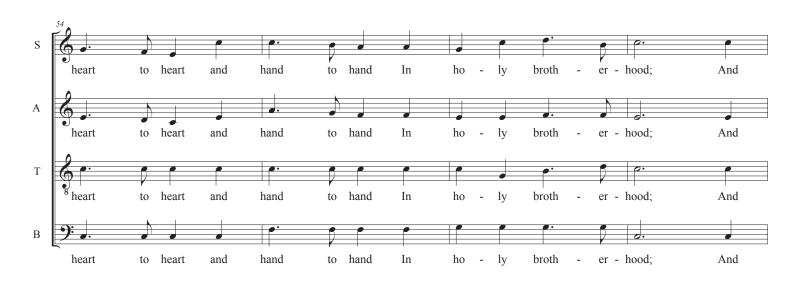


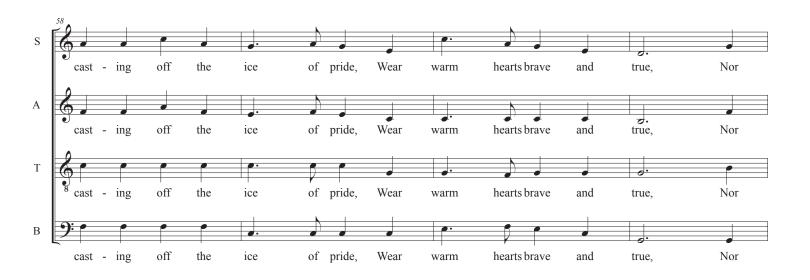


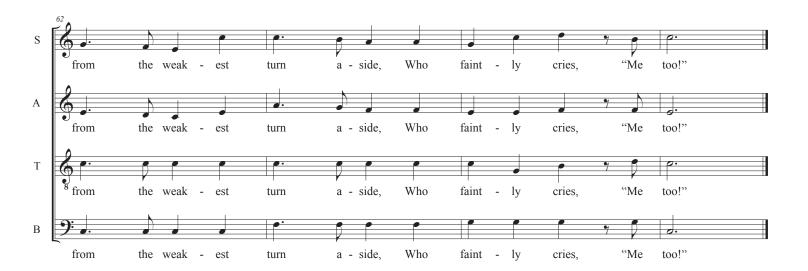












Root & Cady (1869)

James Ramsey Murray (1841-1905) was born to Scottish immigrants in Ballard Vale, Andover, Massachusetts. He was educated in the public schools and started a business career with the Tyer Rubber Company. His life changed directions when, at the encouragement of his friends, he studied at the Musical Institute in North Reading, Massachusetts. There he studied with some of the best teachers of the day including Lowell Mason, George F. Root, William B. Bradbury, and George J. Webb. He enlisted as an Army musician during the Civil War and his first song, "Daisy Deane," was composed in a Virginia camp in 1863. After the war, he returned home and taught piano, but soon moved to Chicago, Illinois, to join the Root & Cady publishing house as editor of "The Song Messenger." He remained there until the great Chicago fire of 1871, when he returned to Andover and taught music privately and in the public schools. In 1881, he moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, to work for the John Church Company as editor of "The Musical Visitor" and taking charge of the publishing department. He died in Cincinnati. He wrote many songs and gospel songs, compiled and edited many volumes of music for church or school use, and edited five volumes of Wagner's musical dramas.

O, childish love that could not bear
To have thy name forgot,
O, childish heart that longed to share
With all thy common lot;
Such cry should ne'er be heard in vain,
So earnest and so true,
Alike in that sweet household chain,
She claimed her right, "Me too!"

But not alone in childhood's years, The heart gives out that cry, 'Tis heard amid the agony Of life's deep misery; The lonely heart athirst for love, Will cry as children do, And lift, all other tones above, Its passionate, "Me too!" Framed by the hand we live and die, Before one throne we kneel, The longings of humanity Send up one deep appeal; Our natures tendrils intertwine, Fed by one common dew, None seek in solitude to pine, Each heart throb says, "Me too!"

O, may we all together stand,
Firm as brave spirits should;
Joined heart to heart and hand to hand
In holy brotherhood;
And casting off the ice of pride,
Wear warm hearts brave and true,
Nor from the weakest turn aside,
Who faintly cries, "Me too!"

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