



BETHOVEN

ROSSINI

BELLINI

AUBER

MUSARD

SCHUBERT

# THE MUSICAL BOUQUET.

BOHLMAN

DONIZETTI

MOZART

WEBER

LABITZKY

STRAUSS

VERDI

H. RUSSELL

LE DUC

MENDELSSOHN

*Henry Russell*

"Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "what does make you act so?" "Dun no, mifsis. I 'spects 'cause I's so wicked!" \* \* \* "Law, mifsis, you must whip me; my old mifsis allers whipped me. I an't used to workin' unles I gets whipped." — UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

## LITTLE TOPSY'S SONG.

COMPOSED BY HENRY RUSSELL — THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ELIZA COOK.

*VIVACE.*

*con mf espress.*

"Topsy neber was born, Neber had a Mo - - der, 'Spects I grow'd a nigger brat

Jist like a - ny o - - der; Whip me till the blood pours down, Ole Missus used to do it, She

said she'd cut my heart right out But neber could get to it; Got no heart I don't believe,

Niggers do with-out 'em, Neber heard of God or love, So can't tell much a-bout 'em."

This is Topsy's sa-vage song— Topsy cute and clever— Hur-rah then for the white man's right

Slavery for ever! "I 'spects I'se we-ry wicked,

That's jist what I am..... On-ly you jist give me chance, Wont I rouse Ole Sam.

*Gres.* *p*

'Taint no use in be-ing good 'Cos I'se black you see, I neber car'd for nothin yet, And

nothin cares for me; Ha, ha, ha, miss Feely's hand Dun know how to grip me, Neber likes to

do no work And wont without they whip me." This is Topsy's savage song, Topsy cute and

clever, Hur-rah then for the white man's right, Slavery for ever!

"Don't you die Miss E...vy, Else I go dead too, I knows I'se wicked,

but I'll try To be all good to you;      You have taught me better things, Tho' I'se nigger

skin,      You have found poor Topsy's heart, Spite of all its sin,      Don't you die, Miss

E .vy dear, Else I go dead too,      Tho' I'se black, I'se sure that God, Will let me go with

you."      This is Topsy's *human* song, Un - der Love's en - deavour, Hur - rah then for the

white child's work, Hu - ma - ni - ty for ever!

78.