Down by the brooklet’s side

THE BLUE VIOLET’S SONG

J. H. Tenney
(1840-1918)
John Harrison Tenney (1840-1918) was born in Rowley, Massachusetts. His father was a choir director and his mother was the leading soprano in her husband’s choir. He was named after President William Henry Harrison, being born just after the presidential campaign of “Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.” By age 8, his parents had taught him to sight-read music and attended singing school and developed a pastime of composing tunes to well-known hymn texts. He studied his father’s books and taught himself the principles of harmony. He subscribed to the periodical “The Musical Pioneer”, consumed its contents, and began submitting items to the paper—many accepted for publication. He became a deacon and organist in the Congregational Church in Linebrook, Massachusetts. He edited or was associate editor of over 30 books, and contributed to hundreds more. He was a prolific composer of music for Sunday schools, churches, singing schools and choral societies.

Down by the brooklet’s side,
Where the soft waters glide
Gently and sweetly away to the sea,
Lifting my tiny bell
Up from the leafy dell,
There is my birth-place—the dwelling for me.

There, where the wild bird’s song
Chants, through the summer long,
Strains of affection, unchanging, and true,
   Formed by a fairy’s wand,
   Claiming no care, I stand
Wooing the sunbeams, and quaffing the dew.

Not where the diamond gleams,—
Not where the wine cup streams,
Jars not the revel the bowers that I wreathe,
   Sought for no festal hall,
   Prized by no pride at all,
Care heaps no sighs on the pure air I breathe.

But, o’er the dewy lawn,
Called by the breaking dawn
Up from their sleep in some vine-girded cot,
   Maidens of merry mien
   Gather the cowslips green,
Breathing the songs that their heaven-dreams have taught.

I, in my lowly bower,
   Envy no gayer flower;
Fanned by the bright wing of hum-bird and bee,
   While by the streamlet’s side,
   Glad as the laughing tide,
Velvet-cheeked children are seeking for me.

Still let the nightingale
   Fondly the rose assail,
Pouring its moon-sick strains—wasting its sighs;
   But on the Violet’s breast,
   Still shall the angels rest,
Long as we garner the tints of the skies.

Harriet Ellen Grannis Arey (1819-1901)
Down by the brooklet’s side

J. H. Tenney

Light and graceful

Down by the brooklet’s side,
Where the soft waters glide
Gently and sweetly away to the sea,
Lifting my tiny bell

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Down by the brooklet’s side

Up from the leafy dell, There is my birthplace— the dwelling for me.

There, where the wild bird’s song Chants, thro’ the summer long, Strains of affection.

There, where the wild bird’s song Chants, thro’ the summer long, Strains of affection.
Not where the diamond gleams,— Not where the wine cup streams,
Jars not the pride at all,
Sought for no fes tal hall,
Prized by no pride at all,
Care heaps no sighs on the pure air
 rev el the bow’rs that I wreathe,
Sought for no fes tal hall,
rev el the bow’rs that I wreathe,
Sought for no fes tal hall,
rev el the bow’rs that I wreathe,
Sought for no fes tal hall,
rev el the bow’rs that I wreathe,
Sought for no fes tal hall,
rev el the bow’rs that I wreathe,
Sought for no fes tal hall,
Down by the brooklet's side

breathe, Care heaps no sights on the pure air I breathe.

But, o'er the dewy lawn, Called by the breaking dawn Up from their

sleep in some vinegirded cot, Maidens of merry mien
Down by the brooklet's side

Gather the cow slips green, Breathing the songs that their heav'n dreams have taught.

I, in my lowly bow'r, Envy no gayer flow'r; Fanned by the
Still let the night in gale Fondly the rose as sail, Pouring its moon sick strains—wasting its sighs; But on the Violet's breast, Still shall the angels rest, Long as we garner the tints of the
Down by the brooklet's side

Lee & Shepard
(1875)
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