

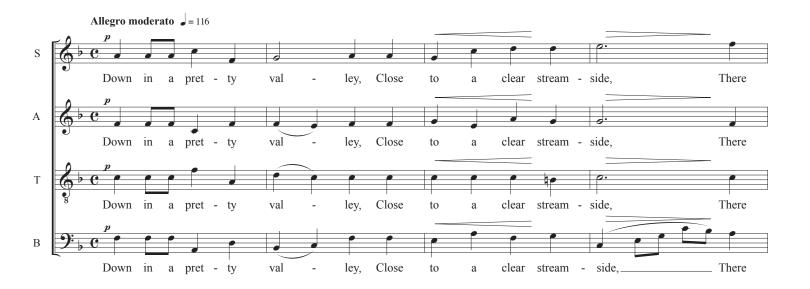


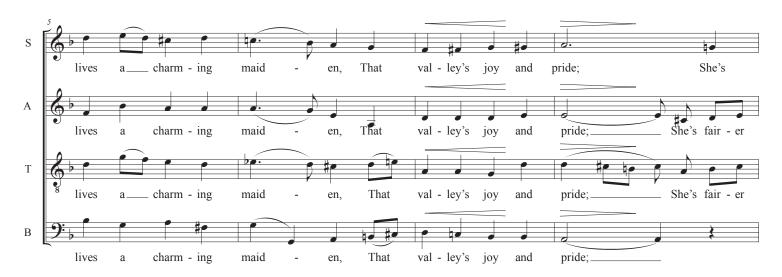
## Pown in a pretty valley

Henry Leslie (1822-1896)

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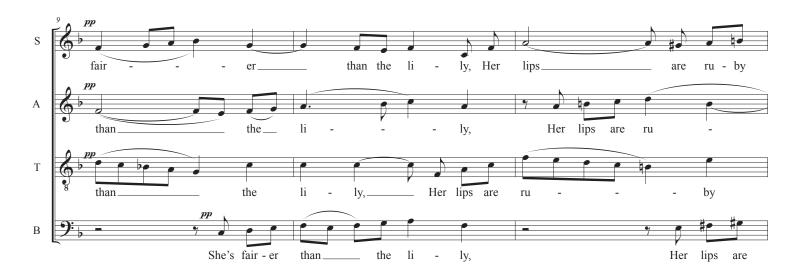
Henry Leslie

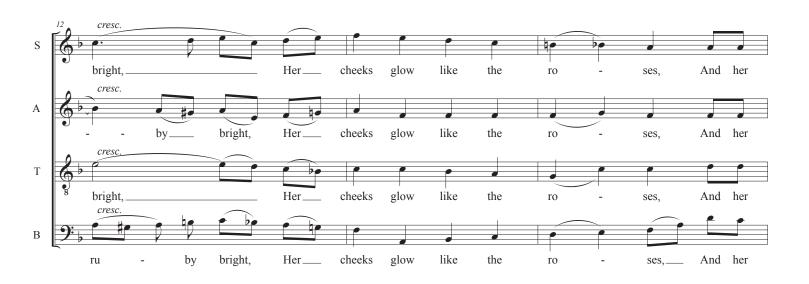


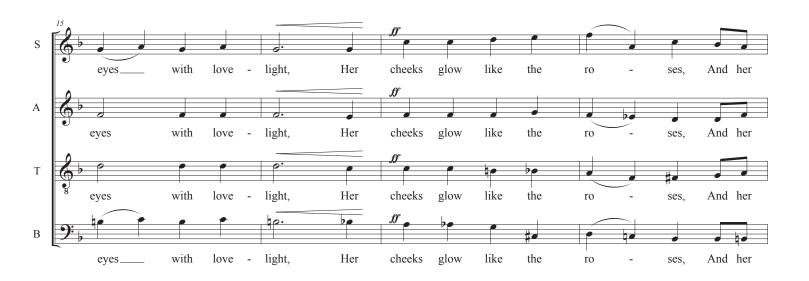


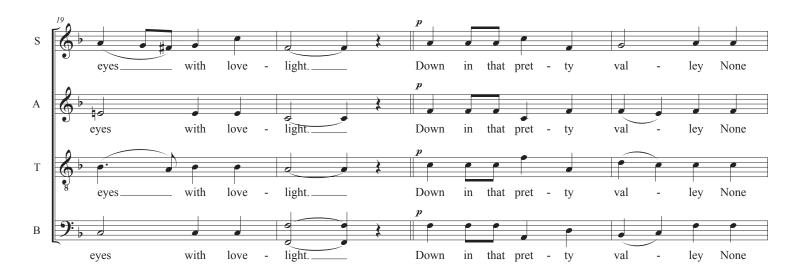


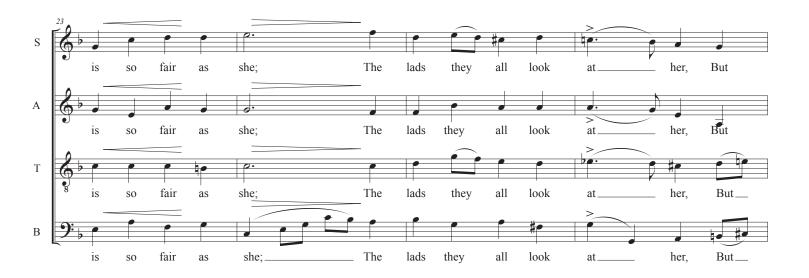
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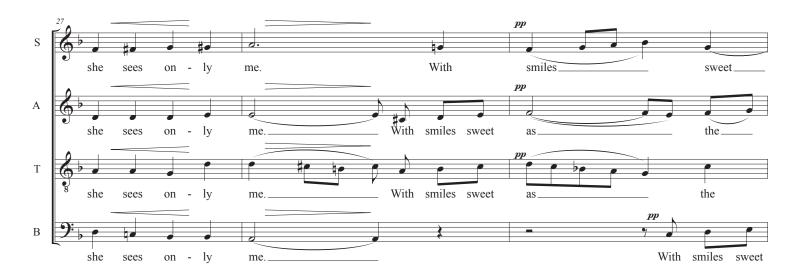


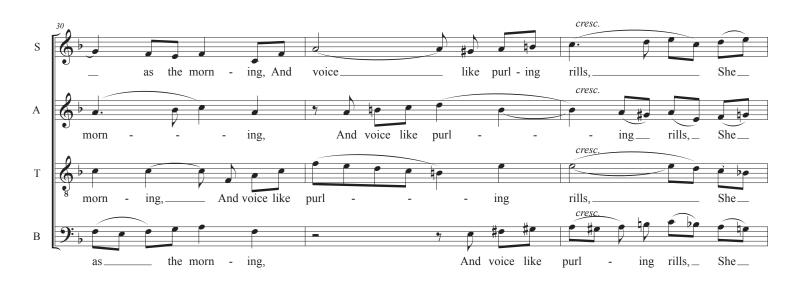


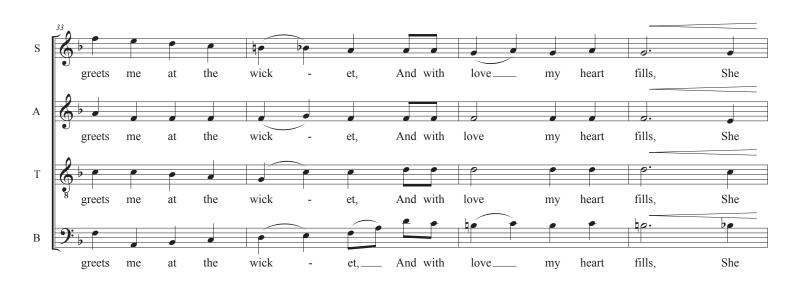


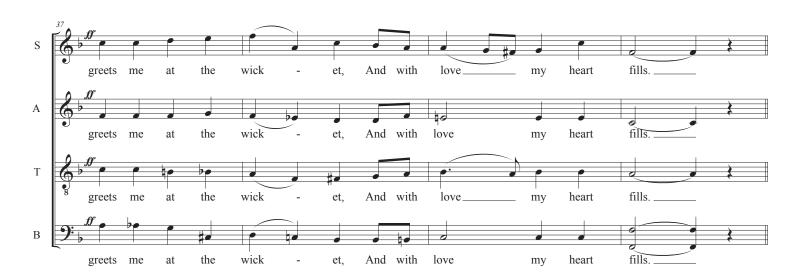


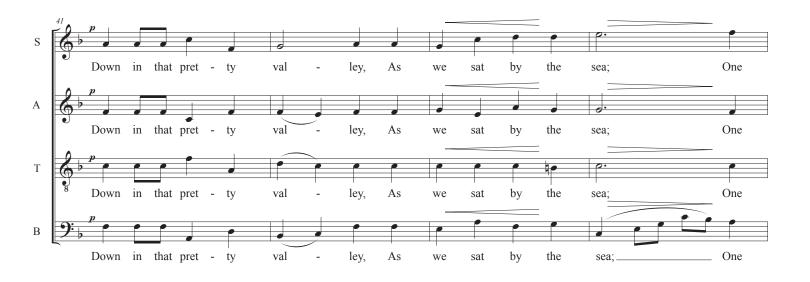


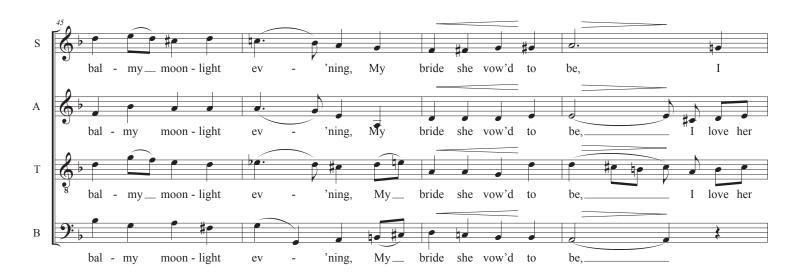




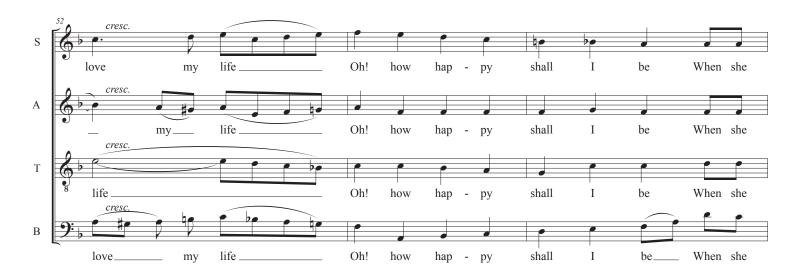


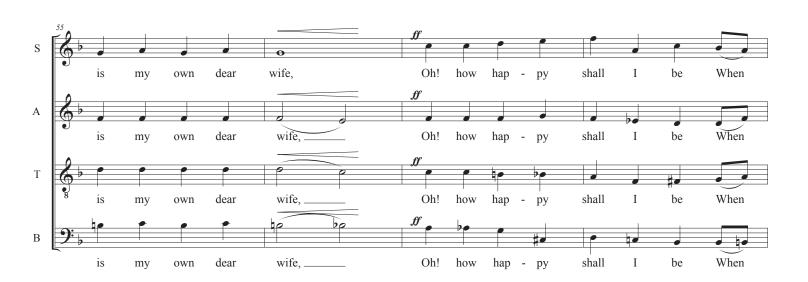














Novello, Ewere and Co. (1875-1890)

Henry David Leslie (1822-1896) was born in London, England. He studied the cello as a youth, later playing in the Sacred Harmonic Society. In 1855, he organized an a cappella singing society. The society grew to 200 voices and became known as "Henry Leslie's Choir." The choir won numerous international competition prizes and enjoyed a strong reputation for singing unaccompanied music, both ancient and modern. He also became conductor of the Guild of Amateur Musicians. In 1864, Leslie established a National College of Music, but the college survived only two years. In 1878, Leslie and others made another attempt to form a national music school. This effort was successful, becoming the predecessor of the Royal College of Music. After he retired, he founded the Oswestry School of Music and its Festival of Village Choirs. Throughout his life, he was a champion of amateur choral musicians. He composed symphonies, oratorios, sacred works as well as chamber music, piano music and many part-songs.

Down in a pretty valley, Close to a clear streamside, There lives a charming maiden, That valley's joy and pride; She's fairer than the lily, Her lips are ruby bright, Her cheeks glow like the roses, And her eyes with love-light. Down in that pretty valley
None is so fair as she;
The lads they all look at her,
But she sees only me.
With smiles sweet as the morning,
And voice like purling rills,
She greets me at the wicket,
And with love my heart fills.

Down in that pretty valley, As we sat by the sea; One balmy moonlight evening, My bride she vowed to be, I love her true and dearly, More than I love my life Oh! how happy shall I be When she is my own dear wife.

John Philips (1676-1709)

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