



# WHISPERS

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD.

Music by GORDON SAUNDERS.

VOICE.

PIANO. *Tempo di Valse.*

1. In the gloam - ing when the  
2. Is it one a - far is

*ppp rall.*

sha - dows Length - en o'er the ver - dant lea,..... Oft I wan - der  
speak - ing Of the lone - ly heart at home,..... And his ten - der





thro' the meadows, And my thoughts are all of thee,..... my  
 words are seek - ing Ears that list a - cross the foam,..... his

thoughts are all of thee, are all of thee, of thee;.....  
 ten - der words are seek - ing ears that list a - cross the foam?.....

..... Sweet words then,..... so  
 ..... Yes; and ere..... the

long since..... spo - - - ken, Breez - - -  
 flowers are..... dy - - - ing, He





- es..... seem once..... more..... to frame,.....  
will..... haste..... a - gain..... to me;.....

..... And the twi - light calm is bro - ken By the e - cho of thy  
..... When I hear the breez - es sigh - ing, Love, I know they come from

*poco a poco cres.* *piu cres.*

name,..... And the twi - light calm is bro - ken By the e - cho of thy  
thee,..... When I hear the breez - es sigh - ing, Love, I know they come from

*ff*

name. } O, 'tis sweet a - lone to wan - der 'Neath the peep - ing ev - 'ning star; For, whilst  
thee. }

*pp*

on the past I pon - der, Whis - pers reach me from a - - far, Whis - pers,...



*Tempo, ad lib.*

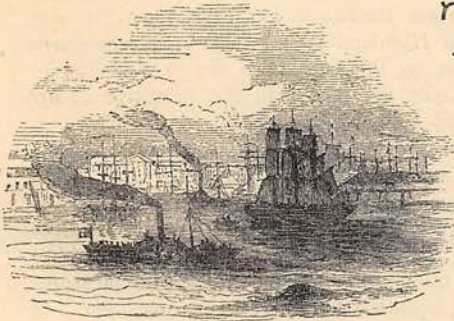
whis - pers,..... whis - pers reach me from a - far, Whispers,

*Imitez la voix.*

whispers, whispers reach me from a - far, from a - far.....  
*rall.*

PED.

## A GLANCE AT GLASGOW.



TO the ordinary Southron tourist with his ideal "Glasgie," first impressions of the city are disappointing. The western metropolis of Scotland has little Scottish about it. The London tourist seems to have brought London with him to the North. St. Enoch's railway terminus is the replica of St. Pancras. But for the absence of brick in the buildings, and the prevalence of Scotch names on the shop-signs, Trongate, Argyle Street, or Buchanan Street might pass for Oxford Street, the Strand, or Holborn. St. George's Square suggests Trafalgar Square, and its tall monument to Sir Walter seems an echo of Nelson's Column. Glasgow Green might be mistaken for one side of Hyde Park. The Albert Bridge is a fac-simile of Blackfriars. The Clyde is even dirtier than the Thames, and in the matter of smoke Glasgow runs London a very close competition.

The Glasgow of to-day is newer than the Glasgow of twenty years ago. The old landmarks are receding.

The old Tolbooth, which the wand of the Wizard of the North should have preserved, is gone; but you can behold the Old Tontine, where the stage-coaches to London were wont to start, with drivers and guards attired in crimson coats, only the day but one before yesterday, when people were wont to make their wills before starting upon a journey, instead of taking a twopenny insurance ticket. Glasgow is a city of public statues. Among them is only one unfortunate: the equestrian effigy of William III. The sculptor committed suicide when he saw his work unveiled, for the Prince of Orange is riding without stirrups.

Bailie Nicol Jarvie's regret was that "ye canna carry a' the comforts o' the Saut Mearcat wi' ye." It would, however, puzzle one to discover the comforts of the modern Salt Market. Anything more squalid is not to be found even "down Whitechapel way," where shoes and stockings are, at least, not obsolete. In this St. Giles' of Glasgow there are surely no bootmakers. Naked feet flourish. Riches and rags, wealth and want, are mixed up in most big towns, but in Glasgow the contrast is sharper between the two than in any other place I know of. Dives and Lazarus rub shoulders, and the former in Kelvingrove Park gives a dinner-party, the cost of which would clothe and feed the latter and his family for two or three years in their reeking rookery in the Salt Market purlieus.

In proportion to the population, Glasgow takes up a very limited area. The houses grow upward, and