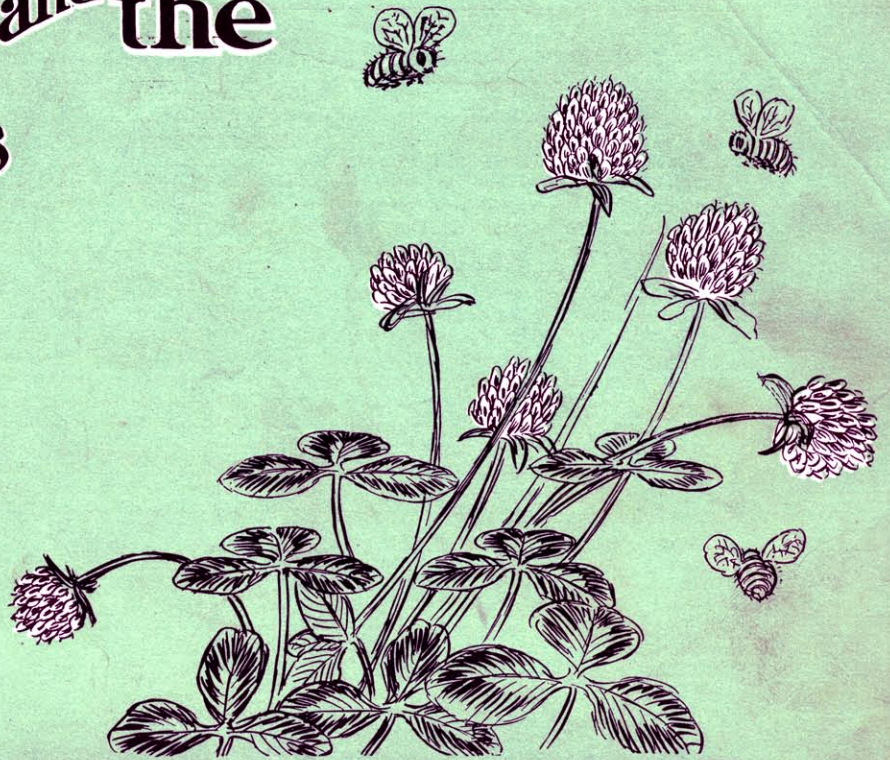


By the Authors of { "Where the Silv'ry Colorado Wends Its Way."  
"The Girl I Loved Out in the Golden West."

# Back Among the Clover and the Bees

A BIG HIT AS SUNG BY FRANK PEARSE  
IN THE W. H. WEST MINSTRELS.



WORDS BY  
C.H. SCOGGINS

MUSIC BY  
CHARLES AVRIL



**PUBLISHED BY**  
**THE TOLBERT R. INGRAM MUSIC Co., DENVER, COLO.**  
**ALBERT & SON, LONDON & SYDNEY.**

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# The Pathetic Story of "My Rosary"

From the Boston Post of Feb. 2, 1902.

**R**ESTING in a rose-marked grave in Southern Tennessee lies the remains of Ferdinand Lust, the composer of "My Rosary," and once well known in Boston as the Director of the Symphony Orchestra.

The once famous composer died recently without friends and in poverty. The end came at Clarksville, Tenn., where he was left by a stranded opera company. The man who had charmed thousands by his sweet music had his last days marked by a peculiarly pathetic romance and sad tragedy, and the story of "My Rosary," his last song, which is now being sung everywhere, is told for the first time.

When Ferdinand Lust's music was at the height of its popularity, not many years ago, he had all the money and friends he desired. He held the position of organist in a Vermont church at a salary of \$3,000 a year, and was instructor of Modjeska's son.

An opera of his was meeting with big success and his royalties from the famous "Trilby Waltz" alone brought him in a small fortune. He traveled far and wide and visited many parts of the earth. He had all that wealth, health and fame could give him.

But there came a change. When the years began to creep upon him the wealth, health and all began to fade away. He drifted out to San Francisco, and taught a few years, and then went to Colorado Springs. Then he became a wanderer without home or friends.

He joined the Marie Bell Opera Company as conductor, but things didn't go well, and when Clarksville, Tenn., was reached the organization disbanded.

Without a cent of money the composer was thrown upon his own resources, and tried to earn a few dollars by teaching. But he was lonely, in bad health, and had no friend, brother or sister. His sorrow was increased by a romance of his youth. The girl he had loved in the fatherland and from whom he had been separated by a lovers' quarrel had been lost to him, and he knew not whether she was dead or alive.

W. W. Barksdale, proprietor of the Leaf Chronicle, helped him to get a few pupils, but he was dependent upon charity for the remainder of his days.

He talked very little about his past life, but in addition to what is given in the story it was learned that he came to the United States from Germany about thirty-five years ago. He taught Mme. Modjeska's son in San Francisco in 1876, when that actress was preparing for her American debut. He was chorus master at the Winter Garden Theater at the same time. He afterward

became music critic for S. Brainard & Sons' Company of Chicago. He then went to Boston, where he became director of the Symphony.

But there was one who brought cheer to his last days. She was a beautiful Southern girl with the fair, soft complexion of the Southern clime. She had seen but nineteen summers, and was as sweet and unselfish as she was beautiful.

She was his favorite pupil, and she always tried to throw a few days of sunshine into his life. Sometimes, when the lessons were over, she would pin a rosebud on his coat or send some little delicacy to his lonely study. Often there were big bunches of Southern roses. He would place them on his piano and play out his soul to the sweet-scented beauties. Once he pressed a bud in a book and pinned it to a poem.



"MY ROSARY."

But prematurely gray hairs were growing thicker among the thin locks, and his health was failing. One morning in the fall—that pretty Indian summer of the South—he went to her home to give a lesson as usual. She saw that he was very weak, and she did not want him to teach that day. But he insisted. He needed the money, and she reluctantly yielded. That morning she sang sweeter than usual, and there was something especially tender in his music.

But the effort was too much for him. All of sudden his head began to reel, his eyes dimmed and his voice failed. He clutched at a chair and fell to the floor. He awoke on a couch and felt the touch of a gentle hand upon his brow. He seemed to realize that the end was drawing near, and his eyes filled with tears as he gazed upon the young girl.

If a friend like the one beside him could do so much for an old man, what would

love have been in his younger days? She had been so kind to him and he owed so much to the tender words and gentle deeds! He seemed to be thinking of the past as he looked into her eyes and began to talk.

"Your name is Rosa. It is a sweet name. Your are my friend; you—you are my Rosa!" Then a sudden light came into his eyes and he sprang from the couch, "My Rosa!" he exclaimed. "My Rosary! I will write a song and it shall be called that for you." He faltered a minute, and then added in a pathetic voice, "and I fear it will be my last."

It was then that one of the sweetest songs ever composed was born. He was enthused with the inspiration, and, almost too sick to stand alone, went to his studio. There, all night long, by the light of an oil lamp, he toiled at the piano, putting his emotions into music.

He adapted Robert Cameron Roger's poem, "My Rosary," to the music of his inspired soul.

By daylight it was finished. He made a copy and carried it to her to try. He never played an accompaniment as he did that morning, and she sang the song as it has never been sung since. A week later she sang it in a concert, and it caught the public ear like a whirlwind, until today it is being sung from ocean to ocean.

But the musician never recovered from the shock. He took to his bed and gradually the eyes dimmed until last week they closed forever.

During his illness almost every morning there was a bunch of roses beside his bed that had been gathered by the fair Southern girl, and often she would drop in for a few minutes to cheer him up and bring some delicacy which she had prepared with her own hands to tempt his appetite. It was she who sat beside his bed and cooled his brow as the last light in his eyes died away.

The funeral took place at the church which he had served as organist. It was an unusually solemn occasion.

Just as the minister finished his discourse, a beautiful, sunny-faced girl stepped to the chancel rail and began the tender, sweet strains of a melody to the soft accompaniment of the great organ.

"My Rosary" was the singer and the song was the same. The dead composer lay at her feet. The audience was still as death, and as the last notes of the pure, sweet voice died away many eyes were filled with tears.

The remains were laid away in Greenwood, and on the red earth of the new mound the same girlish figure placed a large bunch of Southern roses.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.** There are many imitations of this song on the market. Insist on having the one composed by Ferdinand Lust. If dealers do not have it in stock, send 25 cents for a copy to The Tolbert R. Ingram Music Co., Denver, Colorado.

A reproduction of Smith's famous painting, "A New England Landscape," is given free with each copy of this song. Insist upon receiving it.

# BACK AMONG THE CLOVER AND THE BEES.

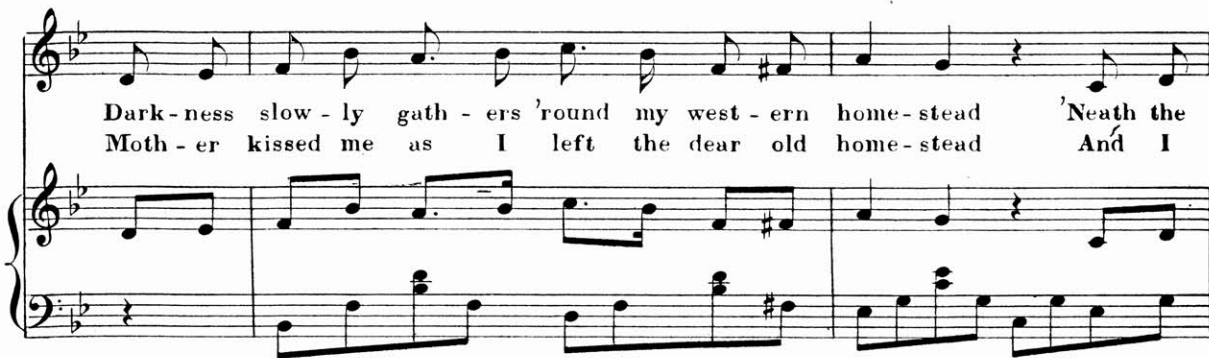
Words by C.H. SCOGGINS.

Music by CHARLES AVRIL.

*Moderato.*



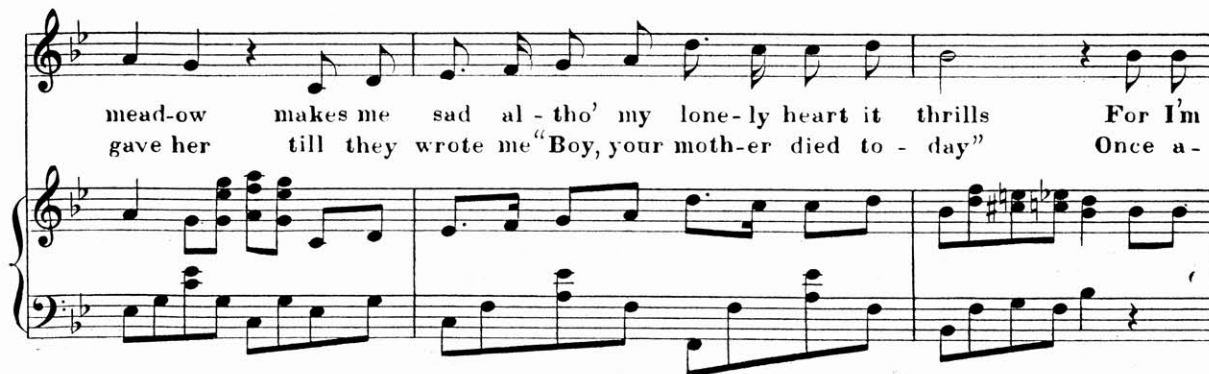
Piano introduction musical notation in G major, 2/4 time, marked Moderato. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.



Dark-ness slow-ly gath-ers 'round my west-ern home-stead 'Neath the  
Moth-er kissed me as I left the dear old home-stead And I



shad-ow of the ev-er-last-ing hills And the crick-ets lone-ly chirp-ing in the  
prom-ised that I'd write her ev-'ry day And I guard-ed well the prom-ise that I



mead-ow makes me sad al-tho' my lone-ly heart it thrills For I'm  
gave her till they wrote me "Boy, your moth-er died to-day" Once a-

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4

think - ing of the sweet - heart of my boy - hood And the  
gain I see her sit - ting in the gloam - ing See her

ev - 'nings neath the soft - ly sigh - ing trees. There I  
white hair wav - ing gent - ly in the breeze And I

kissed her and I left her bro - ken - heart - ed,  
long to see a - gain the dear old home - stead

Back a - mong the clo - ver and the bees.  
Back a - mong the clo - ver and the bees.

*rall.*

Back among the Clover, etc. 3.

A BEAUTIFUL COWBOY-GIRL PICTURE (READY FOR FRAMING), WITH EVERY COPY OF THE SWEET BALLAD ENTITLED: "THE GIRL I LOVED OUT IN THE GOLDEN WEST."

**REFRAIN.**

There the ro - bin sings its best and all na - ture is at rest As the

per - fume soft - ly floats up - on the breeze And a -

gain I long to be hap - py, care - less light and free

Back a - mong the clo - ver and the bees.

Back among the Clover, etc. 3.

WALTON PROCESS CHICAGO.

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