

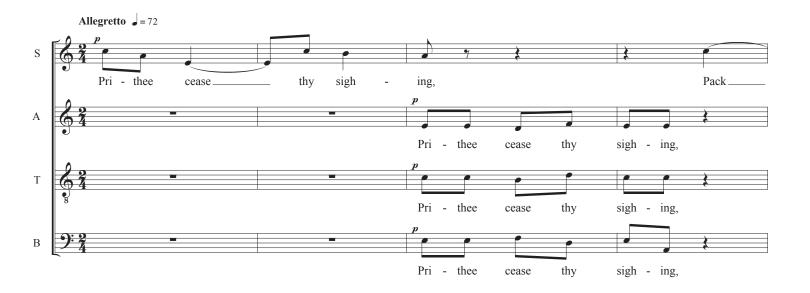


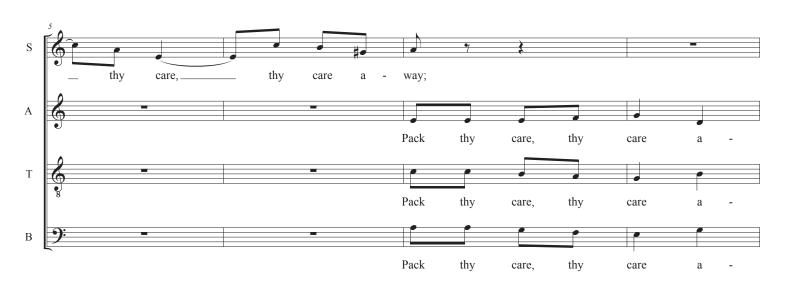
What is not him sinhing?

John T. Matton (1809-1886)

What is got by sighing?

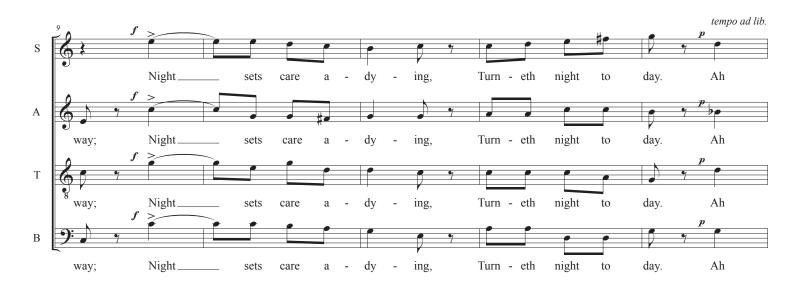
J. L. Hatton

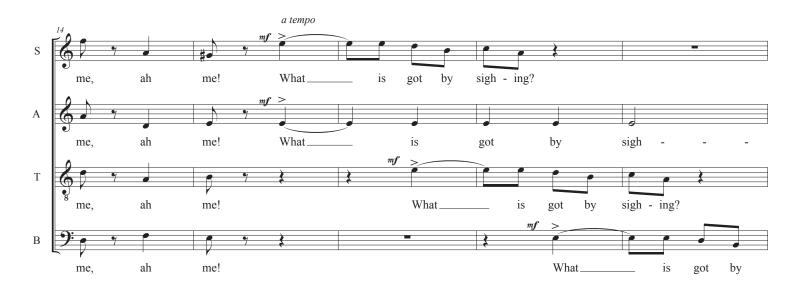


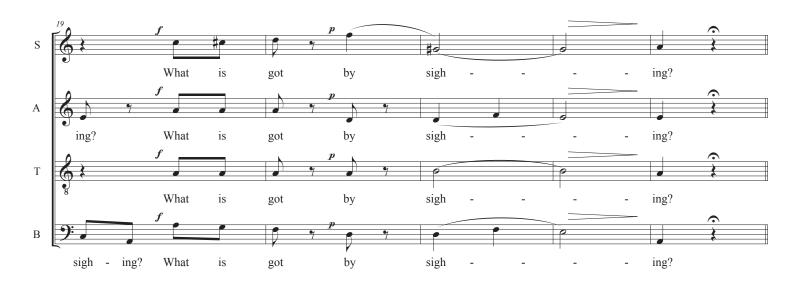


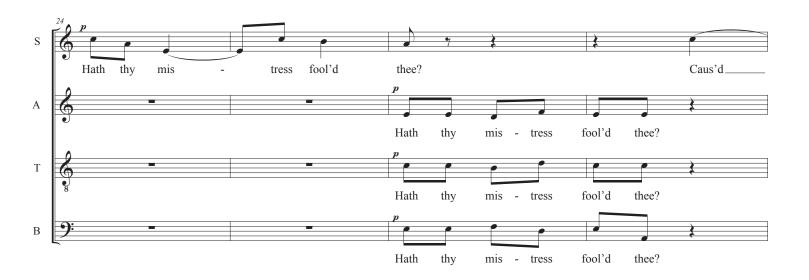


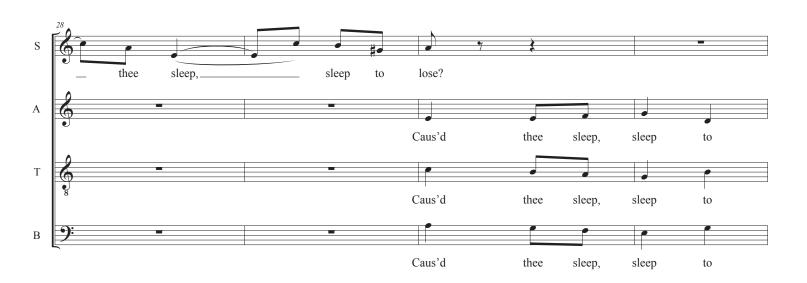
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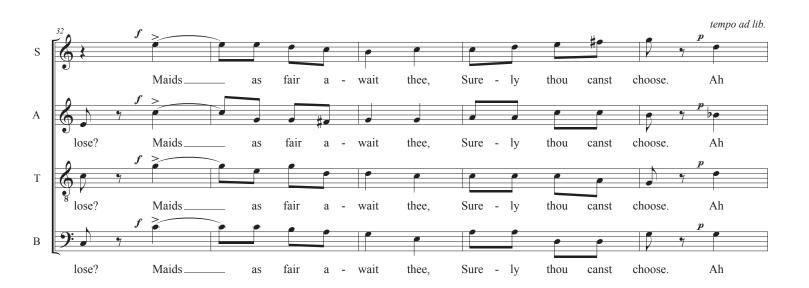


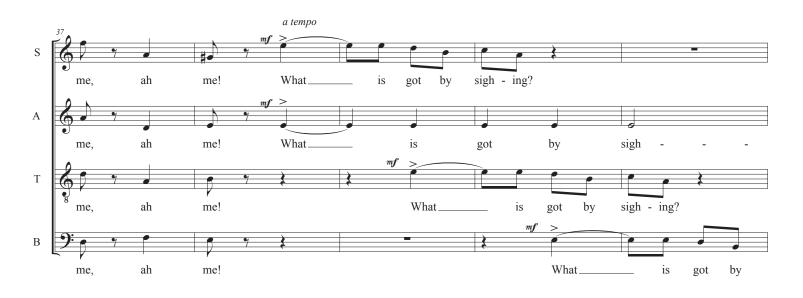


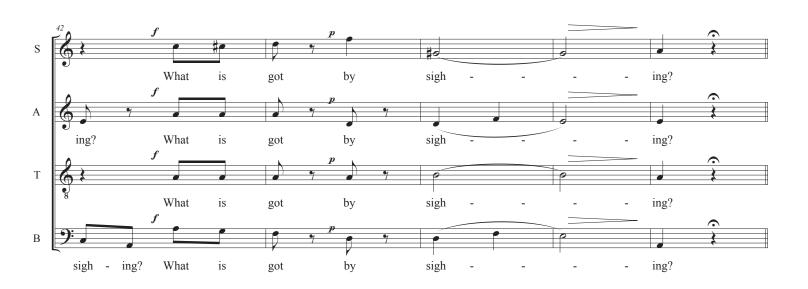


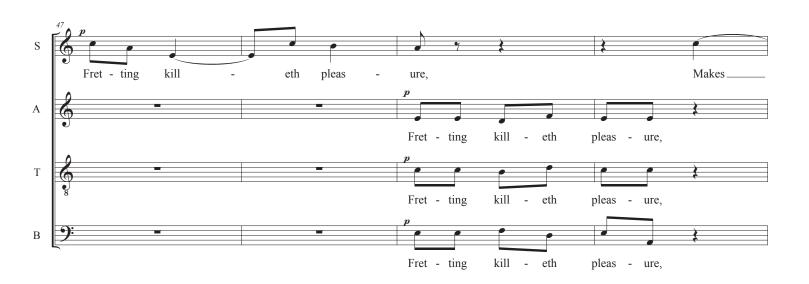


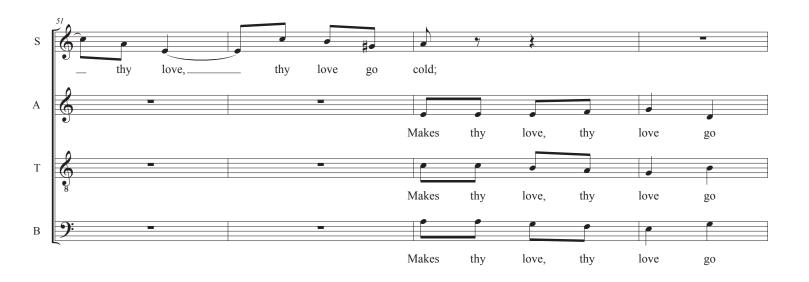


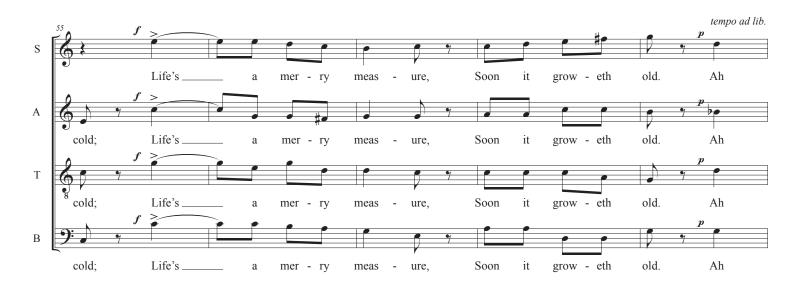


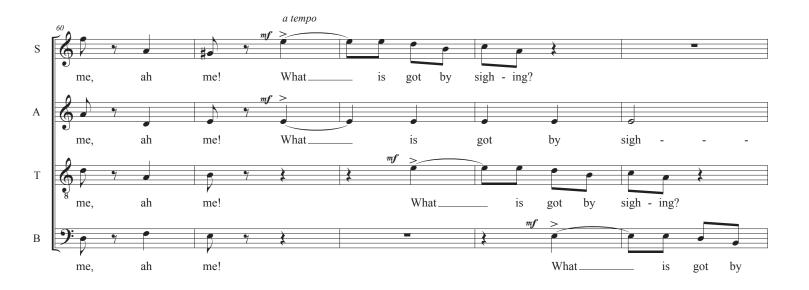


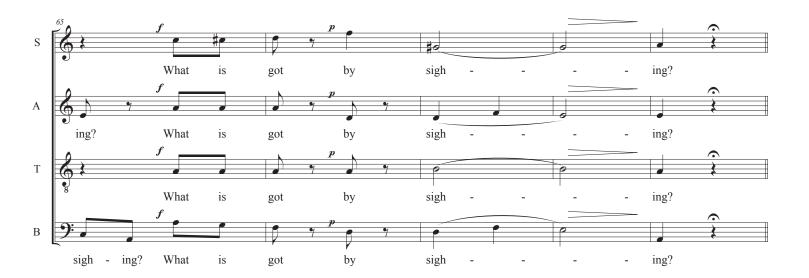












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1860-1885)

John Liptrot Hatton (1809-1886) was born in Liverpool. He received a rudimentary music education as a child, but was essentially a self-taught musician. He held several appointments as organist in Liverpool and appeared as an actor on the Liverpool stage. He relocated to London in 1832 as a member of Macready's company at Drury Lane and began to establish himself as a composer. His first operetta, "Queen of the Thames", was successful in 1844; he then went to Vienna and brought out his opera "Pascal Bruno." He wrote several songs on his return to England and appeared at the Hereford festival as a singer. He also undertook piano concert tours at this time. From 1848 to 1850 he was in America, giving public and private concerts in New York City. Notably, in 1848, he shared the stage in Pittsburgh, PA with Stephen C. Foster. Returning to England, he became conductor of the Glee and Madrigal Union and director of music at the Princess's Theatre, London. He wrote operas, cantatas, incidental music, anthems, cathedral pieces, and many songs. His part-songs were regarded as some of the best of the genre. Hatton's daughter, Frances J. Hatton, emigrated to Canada in 1869, where she became a respected composer and the singing instructor at the Hellmuth Ladies College in London, Ontario.

Lo! the peaceful shades of evening Slowly falling all around, Hush to silence, ever deepening, Every voice and every sound.

Soon, in darkness deep enshrouded, Wearied nature will repose; As a life by sorrow clouded, Sinks to rest from all its woes.

When the first bright rays of morning
Tinge with gold each mountain height,
To Creation giving warning,
Day has broken thro' the night!

Then, thanksgivings without number, From the earth to heaven will rise; As the soul from mortal slumber Wings its flight beyond the skies!

Walter Maynard (pseud.), Thomas Willert Beale (1828-1894)

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