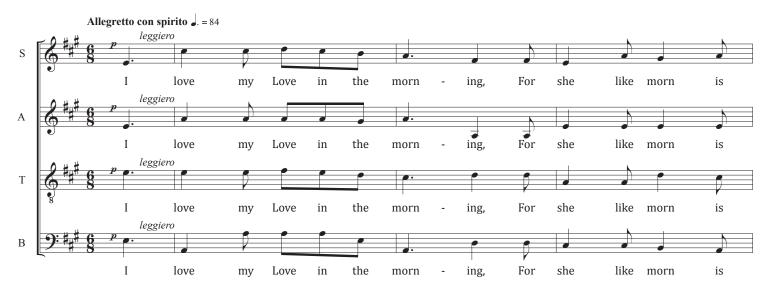
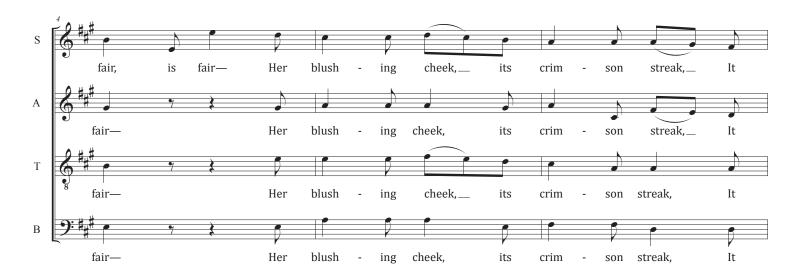


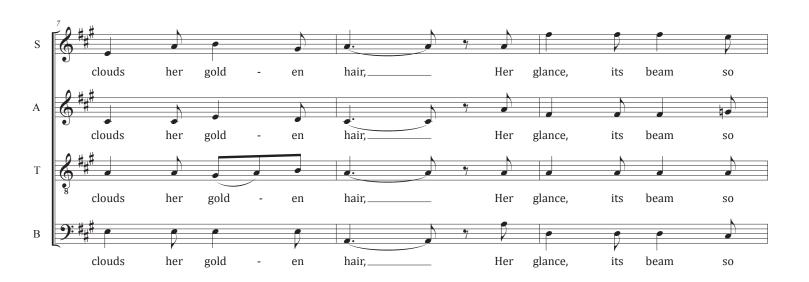


George B. Allen (1822-1897)

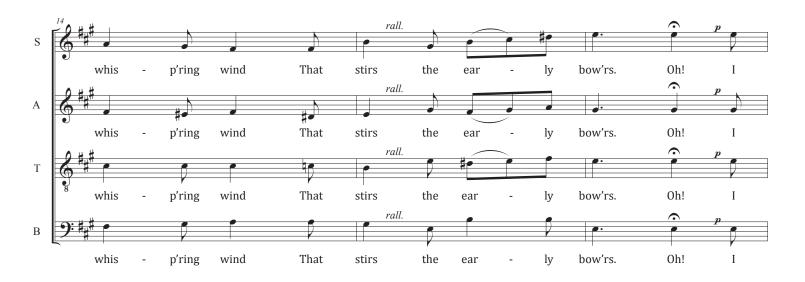


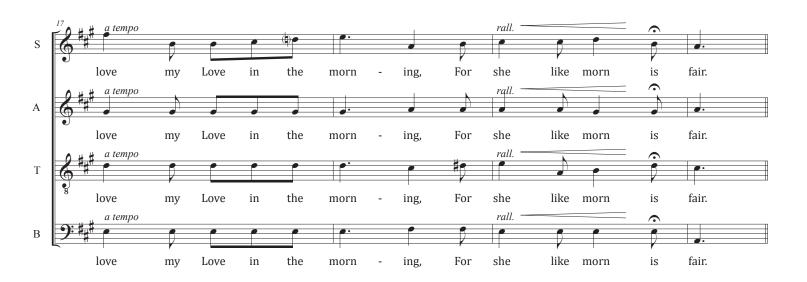


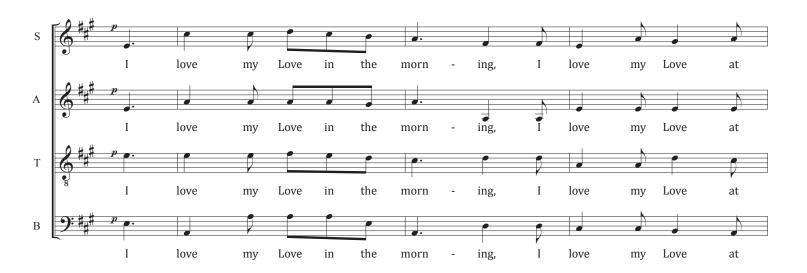


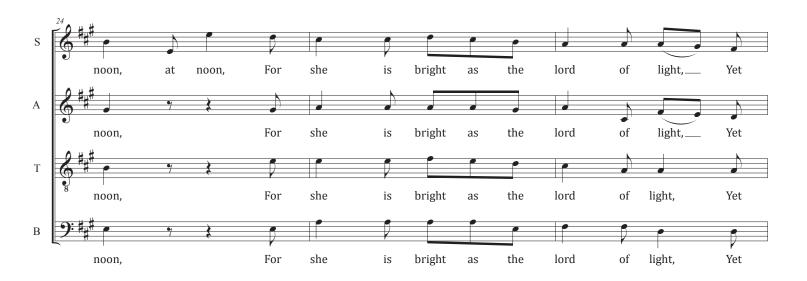


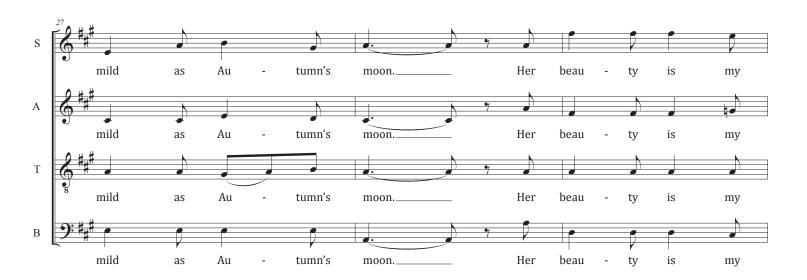




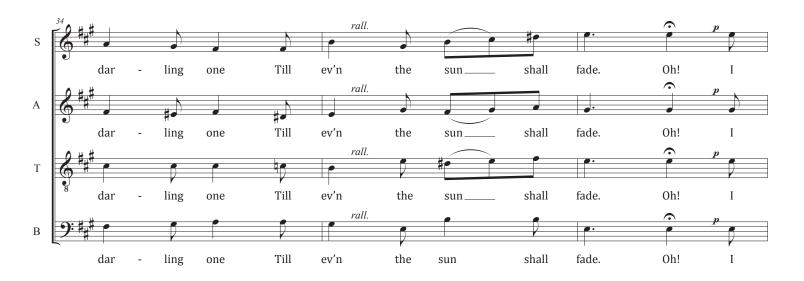


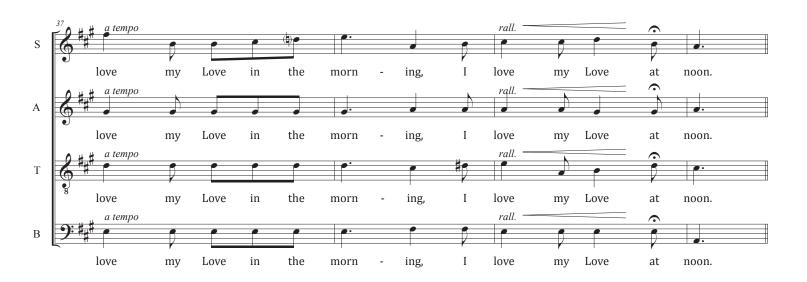


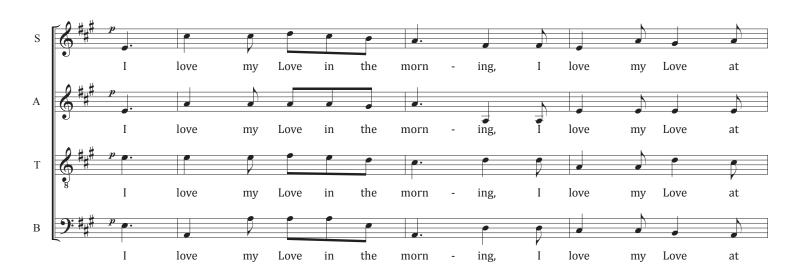


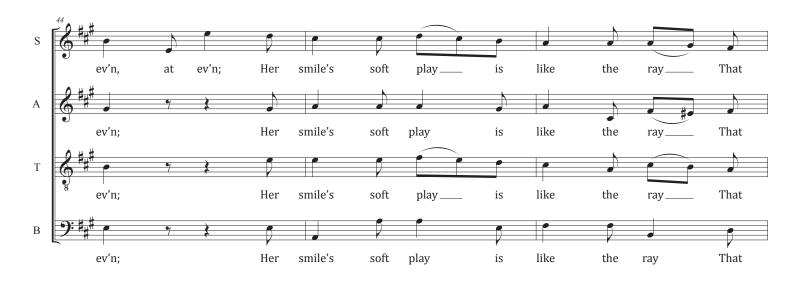


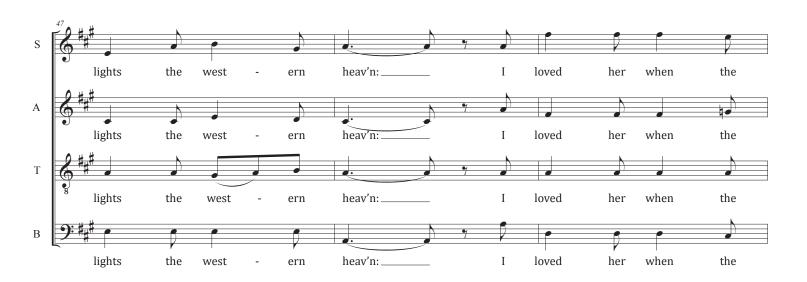


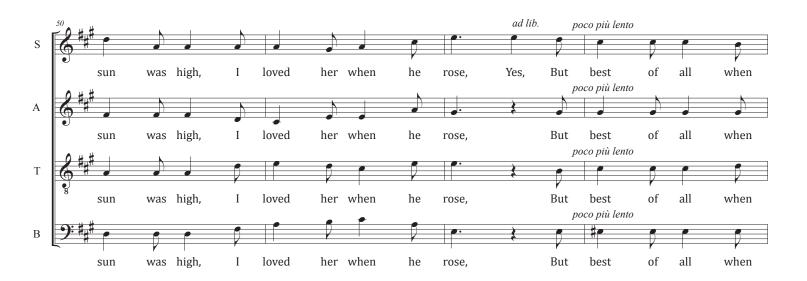


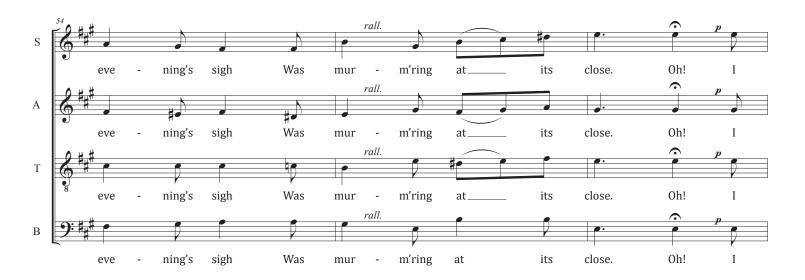


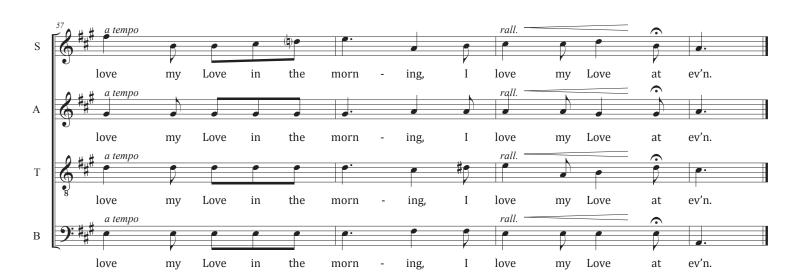












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1860-1885)

George Benjamin Allen (1822-1897) was born in London and trained early as chorister at St. Martin-in-the-Flelds and Westminster Abbey. He established the Abbe Glee Club. He went to Ireland as Vicar-Choral at Armagh Cathedral and conducted the Classical Harmonic Society in Belfast. He originated the scheme for building the Ulster Hall in Belfast. He graduated from Oxford and became organist at All Saints', Kensington, London. He relocated to Melbourne, Australia, as organist at Toorak, Melbourne, and became conductor of Lyster's Opera Company. He later organized an opera company of his own which he traveled through Australia, New Zealand and India. For a time, he returned to England and established a comedy opera company, which produced several operas by Sir Arthur Sullivan. He died in Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. He was active as a composer and wrote 5 operas, 3 cantatas, 2 Te Deums, anthems, part-songs and about 300songs.

I love my Love in the morning,
For she like morn is fair —
Her blushing cheek, its crimson streak,
It clouds her golden hair,
Her glance, its beam so soft and kind,
Her tears, its dewy showers,
And her voice, the tender whispering wind
That stirs the early bowers.

I love my Love in the morning, I love my Love at noon, For she is bright as the lord of light, Yet mild as Autumn's moon. Her beauty is my bosom's sun, Her faith my fostering shade, And I will love my darling one Till ever the sun shall fade.

I love my Love in the morning, I love my Love at even; Her smile's soft play is like the ray That lights the western heaven: I loved her when the sun was high, I loved her when he rose, But best of all when evening's sigh Was murmuring at its close.

Gerald Griffin (1803-1840)

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