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BIXBY'S HOME SONGS

A Large Collection of

PM
1-13

Old, Secular and Patriotic Songs

HARMONIZED AND ARRANGED

FOR FOUR PART SINGING IN THE
HOME CIRCLE

AS WELL AS IN MUSICAL SOCIETIES, SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Price, in Full Cloth Binding, \$1.00 each, postpaid

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY

S. M. BIXBY & COMPANY

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M
1-13
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PREFACE

This collection of "BIXBY'S HOME SONGS" forms a library of the best and most familiar old songs of the past one hundred years.

Many of these songs are out of print and, hence, hard to obtain. Every piece of music, we believe, is absolutely correct in melody, and each song has been harmonized and arranged for four-part singing, which makes it the book for singing societies as well as for family use.

No other collection has been so carefully arranged, or covers so wide a field of secular music. This work was commenced as an advertising medium in 1892, being published in four pamphlets of 64 pages each, and afterward bound in cloth, making a book containing 256 pages. It is now more than doubled in its complete form, making a book of 576 pages handsomely bound in cloth with index. It will be hard to recall many songs that have ever obtained popularity and merit that are not found in this collection.

The technical part of the work was commenced by the late Mr. Frank N. Shepperd, and has been continued by Mr. Hubert P. Main, who has also taken entire charge of the work as offered to the public to-day. His knowledge of the old songs, their origin, etc., is a guarantee that this work is fully up to date. There are 480 different pieces of music on 576 pages, including the four volumes of 256 pages originally published.

A great many thousands of these books have been scattered throughout the United States since 1892, and "BIXBY'S HOME SONGS" occupy a unique position among musical people throughout the country, ranging, as they do, from "AULD LANG SYNE" to "HOME, SWEET HOME," with here and there a sacred song adapted to the Sunday evening service in the home.

Especial pains have been taken to introduce many beautiful melodies from the operas with which most of us are familiar, and in many instances words have been written especially to fit these melodies.

S. M. BIXBY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

NOTICE.

The public are cautioned against using the copyright arrangement of music, and new words by Mrs. S. K. Bourne, without the written consent of the publishers.

No. 1

Home, Sweet Home

John Howard Payne

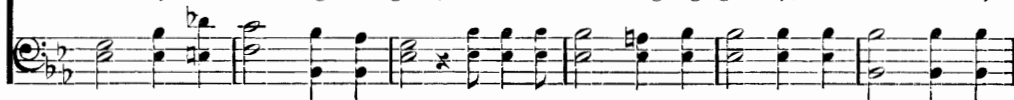
Henry R. Bishop



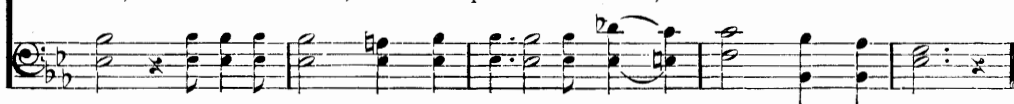
1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces.. though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And.. feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh,.. give me my



hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
 moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage
 low - ly thatch'd cot-tage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my



there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where.
 door, Thro' the wood - bine where fra - grance shall cheer me no more.
 call; Give me them, and that peace of mind,.. dear - er than all.



REFRAIN.



Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.



No. 2

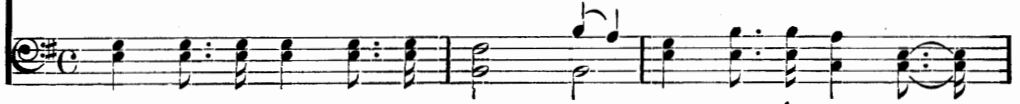
Flee as a Bird

Mary S. B. Dana, 1840

Spanish Melody



1. Flee as a bird to your mount - ain, Thou who art wea - ry of
 2. He will pro - tect thee for - ev - - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing....



sin; Go to the clear-flow - ing fount - ain, Where you may wash and be
 tear; He will for - sake thee, oh, nev - - er, Shel - ter'd so ten - der - ly



clean; Fly, for th' a - veng - er is near thee, Call, and the
 there! Haste then, the hours are..... fly - - ing, Spend not the



Sav - iour will hear.... thee, He on His bo - som will bear thee; Oh,
 mo - ments in sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The



Flee as a Bird

thou who art wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
 Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

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No. 3

Woodman, spare that Tree

George P. Morris

Henry Russell

1. Wood - man, . . . spare that tree! Touch not a sin - gle bough; In youth it shel - ter'd
 2. That old fa - mil - iar tree, Its glo - ry and re - nown Are spread o'er land and
 2. When but an i - dle boy, I sought its grate - ful shade; In all their gush - ing
 4. My heart-strings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend! Here shall the wild-bird

me, And I'll pro - tect it now; 'Twas my fore - fa - ther's hand, . . That
 sea, And wouldst thou hew it down? Wood - man, for - bear thy stroke! Cut
 joy, Here, too, my sis - ters played; My moth - er kissed me here; My
 sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree, the storm thou'lt brave, And,

placed it near his cot, There, woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall hurt it not!
 not its earth-bound ties; Oh! spare that a - ged oak, Now tow - ring to the skies.
 fa - ther pressed my hand, For - give this fool - ish tear, But let that old oak stand!
 woodman, leave the spot; While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not!

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No. 4

Sparkling and Bright

Chas. Fenno Hoffman

James B. Taylor



1. Spark-ling and bright, in its li - quid light, Is the wa - ter in our glass - es;
 2. Bet - ter than gold is the wa - ter cold, From the crys - tal fount-ain flow - ing;
 3. Sor - row has fled from.. hearts that bled, Of the weep - ing wife and moth - er,



'Twill give you health, 'Twill give you wealth, Ye lads and ros - y... lass - es!
 A... calm de - light, both day and night, To hap - py homes be - stow - ing:
 They have giv'n up the poi - son'd cup, Son, hus - band, daugh - ter, broth - er.



CHORUS.



Oh, then re - sign your ru - by wine, Each smil - ing son and daugh - ter,



There's noth - ing so good for the youth - ful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa - ter.



Robinson Crusoe

Air—Rogue's March

1. When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad, A ve - ry good friend I did
 2. But he sav'd from a - board an old gun and a sword, And an - oth - er odd mat - ter or
 3. His.. hut was a match for um - brel - la of thatch, And his clothes were too old to be

lose, O! I war-rant you, Dan, you have heard of this man, His name it was Rob-in - son
 two, so, That by dint of his thrift he just managed to shift, And keep a - live Rob-in - son
 new, so, That his par - rot at last would cry out as he pass'd, "Hurrah for old Rob-in - son

CHORUS.

Cru - soe. Oh, Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Oh, poor Rob-in - son Cru - soe! He...
 Cru - soe. Oh, Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Oh, poor Rob-in - son Cru - soe! Whether
 Cru - soe!" Oh, Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Oh, poor Rob-in - son Cru - soe! His..

went off to sea and between you and me, Old Neptune wreck'd Robin-son Cru - soe.
 temp-est or Turk, or wild man or work, No mat - ter to Rob - in - son Cru - soe.
 par - rot is dead, and his goats have all fled The home of old Rob - in - son Cru - soe.

No. 6

*A Life on the Ocean Wave**Epes Sargent*
*Lively f**Henry Russell*

1. A life on the o - cean wave, A.... home on the roll - ing
 2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own.... swift glid - ing
 3. The land is no longer in view, The... clouds have be - gun to

deep, Where the scat - ter'd wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els
 craft, Set.... sail! fare-well to the land, The.... gale fol-lows far a -
 frown, But.... with a stout ves-sel and crew, We'll.... say, let the storm come

keep! Like an ea - gle caged, I pine.. On this dull, un-echang - ing
 baft: We.. shoot thro' the spark-ling foam,.. Like an o - cean bird set
 down! And the song of our heart shall be,... While the winds and the wa - ters

shore; Oh, give me the flash - ing brine, The spray and the tem-pest
 free; Like the o - cean bird, our home We'll find far out on the
 rave, A life on the heav - ing sea, A home on the bound - ing

A Life on the Ocean Wave

ff *in time.*

roar!
sea!
wave!

A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing

deep! Where the scat - ter'd wa - ters rave; And the winds their rev - els keep!

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No. 7

Ben Bolt

Thos. Dunn English

Nelson Kneass

1. Oh! don't you re - mem - ber sweet Al - ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet
2. Un - der the lick - o - ry tree, . . . Ben Bolt, Which
3. And don't you re - mem - ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the
4. There's change in the things.. I loved, . . . Ben Bolt, They have

Al - ice whose hair was so brown, Who wept with de - light when you
stood at the foot of the hill, To - geth - er we've lain in the
mas - ter so kind and so true, And the shad - ed . . . nook by the
chang'd from the old to the new; But I feel in the depths of my

Ben Bolt

gave her a smile, And trem-bled with fear at your frown?
 noon - - day shade, And list - en'd to Ap - ple - ton's mill.
 run - - ning brook, Where the fair - - est wild flow - ers grew?
 spir - it the truth, There nev - er was change in... you.

In the old church - yard, in the val - ley, Ben Bolt, In a
 The mill - wheel has fall - en to pic - es, Ben Bolt, The...
 Grass.. grows on the mas - ter's grave,.. Ben Bolt, The...
 'Tho.... twelve months twen - ty have.... past,... Ben Bolt, Since..

cor - ner ob - scure and a - lone, They have fit - ted a slab of the
 raft - ers have tum - bled.. in, And a qui - et that crawls round the
 spring of the brook is... dry, And of all... the boys who were
 first we were friends—yet I hail Thy... pres - ence a bless - ing, thy

gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone ; They have stone.
 walls as you gaze, Has.. follow'd the old - en... din ; And a din.
 school - mates then, There are on - ly you and.... I ; And of I.
 friendship a truth, Ben.. Bolt of the salt sea.... gale ;.. Thy.... gale !

1st Ending. 2d Ending.

Far Away

M. Lindsay

1. Where is now the mer-ry par-ty, I re-mem-ber long a-go; Laughing
 2. Some have gone to lands far dis-tant, And with strangers made their home; Some up-
 3. There are still some few re-main-ing, Who remind us of the past, But they

round the Christmas fire-side, Brighten'd by its rud-dy glow: Or in sum-mer's balm-y
 on the world of wa-ters All their lives are forced to roam; Some are gone from us for-
 change as all things change here, Nothing in this world can last; Years roll on and pass for-

ev-nings, In the field ap-on the hay? They have all dispers'd, and wan-der'd Far a-
 ev-er, Long-er here they might not stay,—They have reached a fair-er re-gion Far a-
 ev-er, What is com-ing, who can say? Ere this clos-es man-y may be Far a-

way,.. far a-way; They have all dispers'd, and wander'd Far a-way, far a-way.
 way,.. far a-way; They have reached a fair-er re-gion Far a-way, far a-way.
 way,.. far a-way; Ere this clos-es man-y may be Far a-way, far a-way.

The Heart bowed down

Alfred Bunn

M. W. Balfe, from "Bohemian Girl"

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak - est hopes will.. cling, To
2. The mind will in its worse des-pair Still pon - der o'er the... past, On

thought and im - pulse while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, that can no
mo - ments of de - light that were Too beau - ti - ful to last, that were too

comfort bring, that can.. no com-fort bring; To those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er
beau-ti - ful, too beau - ti - ful to last; To long de - part - ed years ex - tend Its

pleasure's path-way thrown; But mem-'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call its
vis - ions with them flown; For mem-'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call, etc.

The Heart bowed down

own,.... That grief can call its own;.... That grief can call its own.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and expressive, with some grace notes and slurs.

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No. 10

The last Rose of Summer

Thomas Moore

Anon

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To.. pine... on the stem, Since the love - ly are
3. So... soon may I... fol - low, When friend - ships de - cay, And from love's shining

The first system of the musical score for 'The last Rose of Summer' features a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

pan-ions Are.. fad - - ed and gone; No flow'r of her kin - dred, No..
sleeping, Go.. sleep... thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The.. gems... drop a - way; When true hearts lie withered, And

The second system continues the musical score with the same notation as the first system.

rose - bud is nigh,.. To re - flect back her blushes, Or.. give... sigh for sigh,
leaves o'er the bed... Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead,
fond ones are flown,.. Oh... who would in - hab - it This bleak.. world a - lone!

The third system concludes the musical score for 'The last Rose of Summer' with the same notation as the previous systems.

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No. 11 *Let Erin remember the Days of Old*

T. Moore
f Animated.

1. Let E - rin re - mem - ber the days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be - tray'd her; When
2. On Lough Neagh's bank as the fish - er - man strays, When the clear cold eve's de - clin - ing, He

Ma - la - chi wore the col - lar of gold, Which he won from the proud in - vad - er; When her
sees the round towers of oth - er days, In the wave be - neath him shin - ing, Thus shall

kings, with standard of green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights to.. dan - ger; Ere the
mem - 'ry oft - en, in dreams sublime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o - ver; Thus,

em - rald gem of the west - ern world Was.. set in the brow of a stran - ger.
sigh - ing, look thro' the waves of time, For the long - fad - ed glo - ries they cov - er.

Don't kill the Birds

From Baker's "American School Music Book"

E. L. White

1. Don't kill the birds, the lit - tle birds, That sing a - bout your door,
 2. Don't kill the birds, the lit - tle birds, That play a - mong the trees ;
 3. Don't kill the birds, the hap - py birds, That bless the field and grove ;

Soon as the joy - ous spring has come, And chill - ing storms are o'er.
 'Twould make the earth a cheer - less place Should we dis - pense with these.
 So in - no - cent to look up - on, They claim our warm - est love.

The lit - tle birds, how sweet they sing ! O, let them joy - ous live ;
 The lit - tle birds, how fond they play ! Do not dis - turb their sport :
 The hap - py birds, the truth - ful birds, How pleas - ant 'tis to see ;

And nev - er seek to take the life Which you can nev - er give.
 But let them war - ble forth their songs Till win - ter cuts them short.
 No spot can be a cheer - less place Wher - e'er their pres - ence be.

We'd better bide a Wee

Words and Music by Mrs. Ch. Barnard



1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail and fail-ing sair, ... And weel I ken they'd
2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their blessings fell sae free, ... They gave no thought to
3. I fear me, sair, they're fail-ing baith, For when I sit a - part, ... They'll talk o' Heav'n sae



miss me, lad, Gin I came hame nae mair... The grist is out, the times are hard, The
 self at all, They did but think of me.... But, lad - die, that's a time a - wa, And
 earn - est - ly, It will-nigh breaks my heart! So, lad - die, din - na urge me mair, It



kine are on - ly three, } I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet-ter bide a
 mith-er's like to dec. }
 sure-ly win - na be;



wee; I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet-ter bide a wee.



Slumber Song

H. R. Palmer

H. R. Palmer, *lyrics*.

1. Gen - tly, my ba - by, I'll sing thee to
 2. Smile thou, my dar - ling, oh, smile in thy
 3. Fa - ther in heav - en, thou'lt watch o'er me

sleep, Then qui - et - ly, peace - ful - ly slum - - - ber ; Sweet - est, thy
 sleep, *The an - gels are whisp'ring to ba - - - - by ; Won - der - ful
 too, As I am now watch - ing my ba - - - - by ; Guard me, and

moth - er will lov - ing watch keep ; Then qui - et - ly, peace - ful - ly slum - - ber.
 sto - ry in dream - land they keep ; Which ser - aphs are whisp'ring to ba - - - by.
 shield me, life's rough journey through, As I am now shield - ing my ba - - - by.

Sleep, darling, sleep, Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Qui - et - ly, peaceful - ly slum - - ber ;
 CHORUS.

TENOR & BASS. Sleep, darling, sleep, Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Peaceful - ly sleep, darling, sleep ;

Sleep, darling, sleep, Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Qui - et - ly, peaceful - ly *rit. Repeat pp ad lib.*

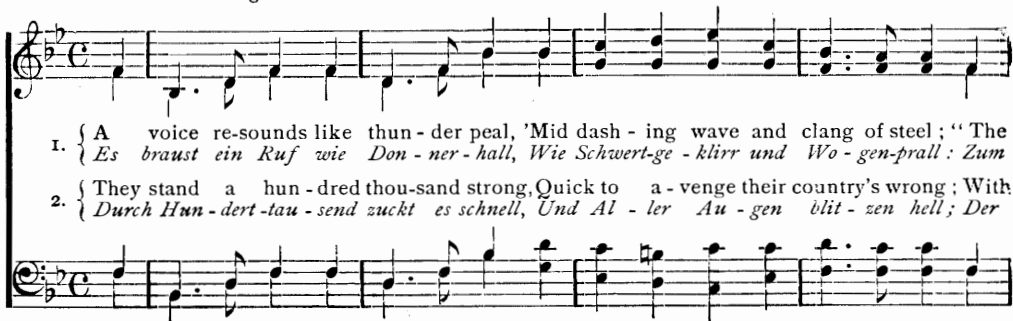
Sleep, darling, sleep, Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Peaceful - ly slum - ber.

* It is an old saying that when an infant smiles in its sleep the angels are whispering to it.

The Watch on the Rhine

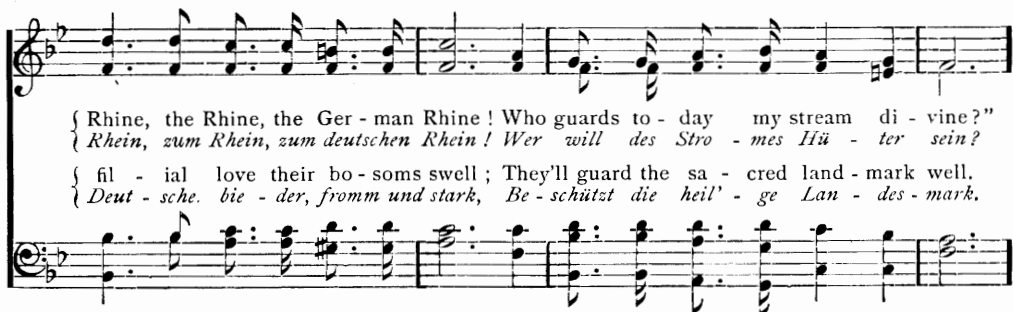
Max Schneckenburger

Carl Wilhelm



1. { A voice re-sounds like thun - der peal, 'Mid dash - ing wave and clang of steel ; " The
 { *Es braust ein Ruf wie Don - ner - hall, Wie Schwert - ge - klirr und Wo - gen - prall : Zum*

2. { They stand a hun - dred thou - sand strong, Quick to a - venge their country's wrong ; With
 { *Durch Hun - dert - tau - send zuckt es schnell, Und Al - ler Au - gen blit - zen hell ; Der*



{ Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger - man Rhine ! Who guards to - day my stream di - vine ?"
 { *Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein ! Wer will des Stro - mes Hü - ter sein ?*

{ fil - ial love their bo - soms swell ; They'll guard the sa - cred land - mark well.
 { *Deut - sche. bie - der, fromm und stark, Be - schützt die heil' - ge Lan - des - mark.*

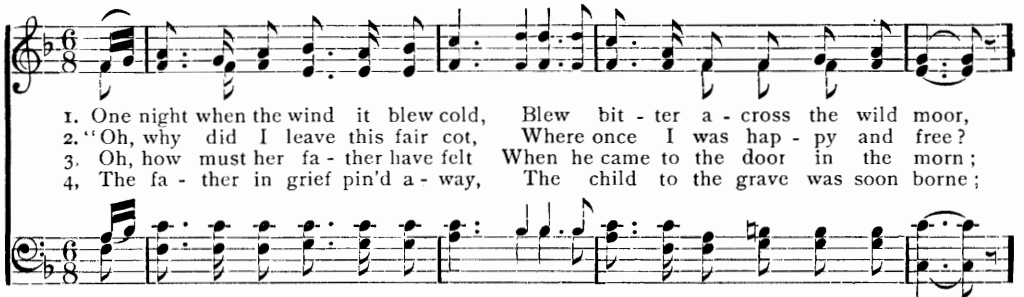
CHORUS.



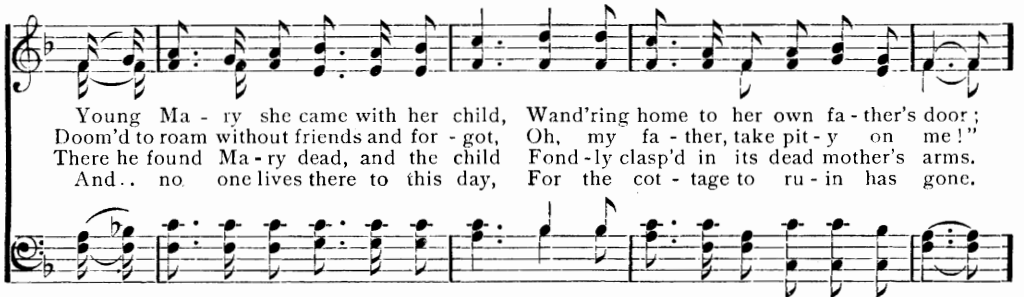
Dear Fa - ther - land ! no dan - ger thine, Dear Fa - ther - land ! no danger thine ; Firm stand thy
Lieb Va - ter - land, magst ru - hig sein, Lieb Va - ter - land, magst ru - hig sein ; Fest steht und



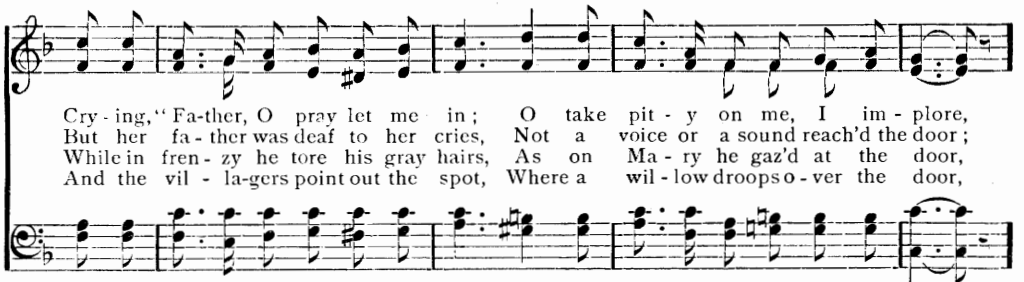
sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.
treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein ! Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein !

Mary of the Wild Moor


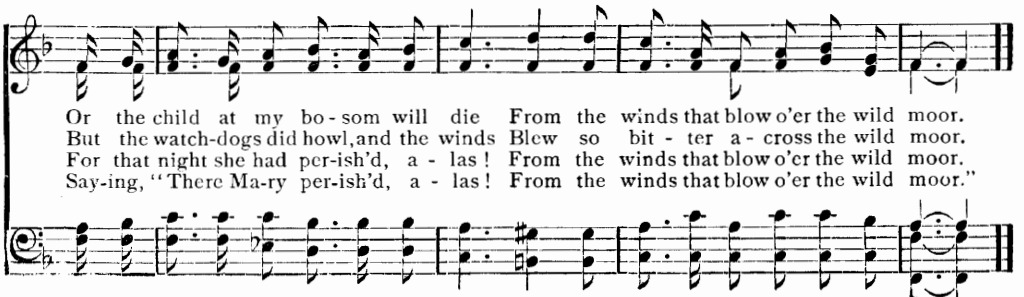
1. One night when the wind it blew cold, Blew bit - ter a - cross the wild moor,
 2. "Oh, why did I leave this fair cot, Where once I was hap - py and free?
 3. Oh, how must her fa - ther have felt When he came to the door in the morn;
 4. The fa - ther in grief pin'd a - way, The child to the grave was soon borne;



Young Ma - ry she came with her child, Wand'ring home to her own fa - ther's door;
 Doom'd to roam without friends and for - got, Oh, my fa - ther, take pit - y on me!"
 There he found Ma - ry dead, and the child Fond - ly clasp'd in its dead mother's arms.
 And.. no one lives there to this day, For the cot - tage to ru - in has gone.



Cry - ing, "Fa - ther, O pray let me in; O take pit - y on me, I im - plore,
 But her fa - ther was deaf to her cries, Not a voice or a sound reach'd the door;
 While in fren - zy he tore his gray hairs, As on Ma - ry he gaz'd at the door,
 And the vil - la - gers point out the spot, Where a wil - low droops o - ver the door,



Or the child at my bo - som will die From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor.
 But the watch - dogs did howl, and the winds Blew so bit - ter a - cross the wild moor.
 For that night she had per - ish'd, a - las! From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor.
 Say - ing, "There Ma - ry per - ish'd, a - las! From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor."

Do they miss Me at Home

Caroline Atherton Mason

Sidney M. Grannis

1. Do they miss me at home, Do they miss me? 'Twould be an as - su - rance most
 2. When twi - light ap - proach - es, the sea - son That ev - er is sa - cred to
 3. Do they set me a chair near the ta - ble When ev' - ning's home pleasures are
 4. Do they miss me at home— do they miss me At morn - ing, at noon, or at

dear, To know that this moment some loved one, Were say - ing, I wish he were
 song, Does some one re - peat my name o - ver, And sigh that I tar - ry so
 night, When the can - dles are lit in the par - lor, And the stars in the calm a - zure
 night? And lin - gers one gloom - y shade round them, That on - ly my pres - ence can

here, To feel that the group at the fire - side Were think - ing of me as I
 long? And is there a chord in the mu - sic That's miss'd when my voice is a -
 sky? And when the "good - nights" are re - peat - ed, And all lay them down to their
 light? Are joys less in - vit - ing - ly wel - come, And pleas - ures less hale than be -

roam... Oh yes, 'twould be joy be - yond meas - ure,... To
 way... And a chord in each heart that a - wak - eth Re -
 sleep... Do they think of the ab - sent, and waft me... A
 fore... Be - cause one is miss'd from the cir - cle,... Be -

Do they miss Me at Home

know that they miss'd me at home, To know that they miss'd me at home.
gret at my wea-ri-some stay, Re-gret at my wea-ri-some stay.
whisper'd "good-night" while they weep? A whisper'd "good-night" while they weep?
cause I am with them no more? Be-cause I am with them no more?

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No. 18 *Hurrah for the Days of Old*

1. Come, com-rades all, and list-en While a song I sing to you, Al-
2. There was a man a-mongst the rest, And Washington was his name, And
3. There's a place out here call'd Bunk-er Hill, The Mon-u-ment there stands, 'Twas

though the sto-ry it is old, The song you'll say 'tis true, 'Tis
each one said he was the best, He had such might-y fame, He
there where Gen-'ral War-ren fell While fight-ing for our lands; The

'bout the Rev-o-lu-tion-time, Which all the world ad-mire, When
nev-er fear'd the en-e-my Tho' oth-ers they should tire, He
Yankees were told to save their shot 'Till th'ene-my should get nigher, And

Hurrah for the Days of Old

hearts of all true men did blaze With pa - tri - ot - ic Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire. Hur -
 with the Con - ti - nen - tals brave, Would meet the red coats' Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire. Hur -
 when they saw the whites of their eyes They got the word to Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire. Hur -

- rah for the days of old, Hur - rah for the days of old! When ev - 'ry man and .

1st Ending. wo - man too. Were he - roes true and bold. Hur - he - roes true and bold. *2d Ending.*
slower.

4.

And then there is another hill
 They call Dorchester Height,
 Where they built a fort and cannon set,
 All in a single night;
 When the British Gen'ral saw the game
 He thought he would expire,
 So he sent an invitation kind
 To the Yankees not to Fire, Fire, &c.

5.

Again we're told by history
 Which very seldom fails,
 We fought them hard at New Orleans
 Behind the cotton bales,
 Till Packenham concluded
 It was better to retire,
 For he could not stand the racket
 Of our everlasting Fire, Fire, &c.

6.

But now upon the battle-fields,
 Where rude intruders fled,
 We find that by a brother's hand
 A brother's blood is shed;
 But what's the good of all we've gain'd,
 That foreign powers admire?
 If still we've nothing else to do,
 But deal in blood and Fire, Fire, &c.

No. 19

Auld Lang Syne

Robert Burns

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind?
 2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine;

Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 But we've wan-der'd mony a wea-ry foot Sin' auld.... lang.... syne.

♩ CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o'

Repeat Chorus ff.
 kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

3 We twa ha'e sported i' the burn
 Frae mornin' sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid ha'e roared
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 CHO.—For auld lang, etc.

4 And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
 CHO.—For auld lang, etc.

Upidee

College Song

1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, Tra la la, Tra la la, As through a moun-tain
 2. His brow was sad : his eyes be-neath, Tra la la, Tra la la, Flush'd like a fal-chion
 3. "O stay," the maid-en said, "and rest, Tra la la, Tra la la, Thy wea - ry head up -

vill - age passed, Tra la la la la, A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A
 from its sheath, Tra la la la la, And like a sil - ver clar - ion rung, The
 on this breast!" Tra la la la la, A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But

CHORUS.

ban - ner with the strange de - vice,
 ac - cents of that un-known tongue, } U - pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U - pi-dee, U - pi-da,
 still he an-swered with a sigh, }

U - pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U - pi-dee-i - da!

4 At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,
Cho.—Upidee, etc.

5 A travler, by the faithful hound,
 Half buried in the snow, was found ;
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device,
Cho.—Upidee, etc.

*The Campbells are Coming**Lively.*
♩*Old Scotch Air*

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho, The Camp-bells are comin', O ho, O ho! The

Campbells are com-in' to bon-nie Loch-lev-en, The Campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho!

1. Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I
2. The great Ar-gyle,.. he goes be-fore, He makes his can-non loud-ly roar; Wi'
3. The Campbells they.. are a' in arms, Their loy-al faith.. and truth to show; Wi'

D. S. al Fine.

look'd down to bonnie Loch-lev-en And heard three bon-nie pi-pers play. The
sound of trum-pet, pipe, and drum, The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho! The
ban-ners rat-tlin' in... the wind, The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho! The

* The Tenor and Bass are supposed to imitate the lower sustained tones of the bagpipe, and are to be produced, with closed lips, in as nasal a manner as possible.

Soft o'er the Fountain

Words by Mrs. Norton

(JUANITA.*)

Spanish Melody



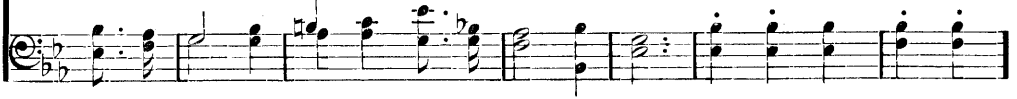
1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beaming,



Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,



Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!



Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!



* Wah-ne-ta.

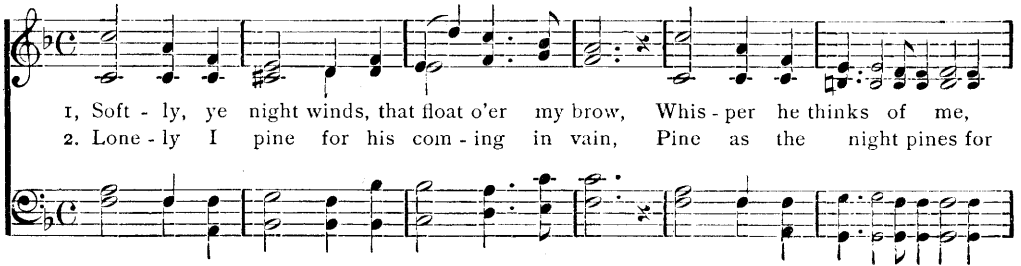
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No. 23

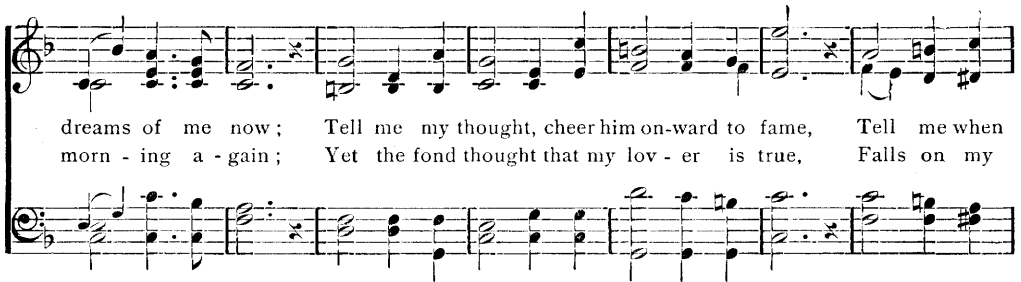
Softly, ye Night Winds

Mrs. Mary E. Hewitt

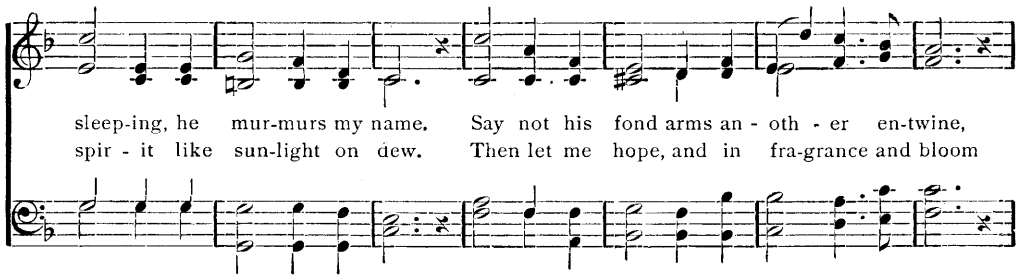
Wm. Vincent Wallace



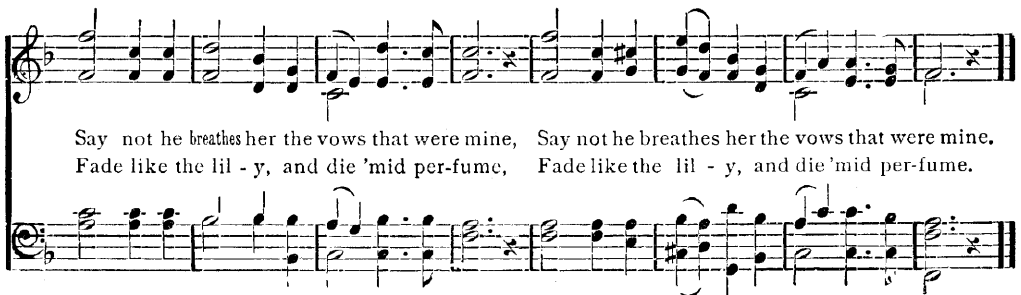
1, Soft - ly, ye night winds, that float o'er my brow, Whis - per he thinks of me,
2. Lone - ly I pine for his com - ing in vain, Pine as the night pines for



dreams of me now; Tell me my thought, cheer him on-ward to fame, Tell me when
morn - ing a - gain; Yet the fond thought that my lov - er is true, Falls on my



sleep-ing, he mur-murs my name. Say not his fond arms an - oth - er en-twine,
spir - it like sun-light on dew. Then let me hope, and in fra-grance and bloom



Say not he breathes her the vows that were mine, Say not he breathes her the vows that were mine.
Fade like the lil - y, and die 'mid per-fume, Fade like the lil - y, and die 'mid per-fume.

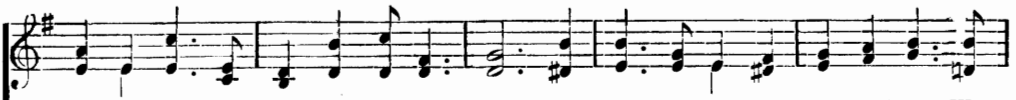
Little Maggie May

G. W. Moore

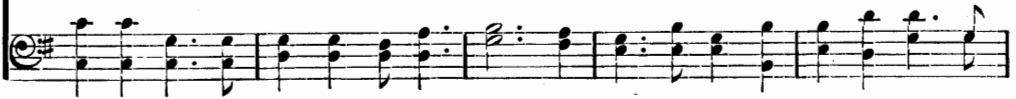
C. Blamphin



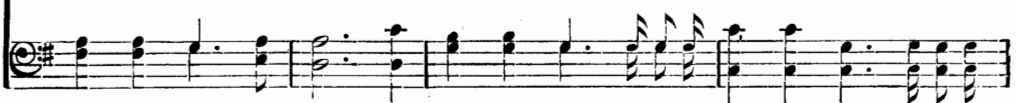
1. The spring had come the flow'rs in bloom, The birds sang out their lay, Down by a lit - tle
 2. Tho' years roll'd on, yet still I lov'd, With heart so light and gay, And nev - er will this
 3. May Heav'n pro-TECT me for her sake, I pray both night and day, That I ere long may



run-ning brook, I first saw Mag-gie May; She had a ro-guish jet-black eye, Was
 heart de-ceive My own dear Mag-gie May; When oth - ers tho't that life was gone, And
 call her mine, My own dear Mag-gie May; For she is all the world to me, Al -



sing - ing all the day, And how I lov'd her none can tell, My
 death would take a - way, Still by my side did lin - ger one, And
 though I'm far a - way, I oft - times think of the run - ning brook, And my



lit - tle Maggie May. }
 that was Maggie May. } My lit - tle, witching Mag-gie, Mag-gie, sing-ing all the
 lit - tle Maggie May. }



Little Maggie May

day; Oh! how I love her none can tell, My lit - tle Mag - gie May.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Little Maggie May', featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

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No. 25

Lightly Row

Johann Mendel

1. Light-ly row! Light-ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go; Smoothly glide!
2. Far a - way! Far a - way! Ech - o in the rock at play, Call - eth not,
3. Light-ly row! Light-ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go; Smoothly glide!

Musical notation for the first system of 'Lightly Row', featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature.

Smooth-ly glide! On the si - lent tide. Let the winds and wa - ters be
Call - eth not, To this lone - ly spot. On - ly with the sea - bird's note,
Smooth-ly glide! On the si - lent tide. Let the winds and wa - ters be

Musical notation for the second system of 'Lightly Row', featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature.

Mingled with our mel - o - dy; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.
Shall our dy - ing mu - sic float! Light-ly row! Light-ly row! Ech-o's voice is low.
Mingled with our mel - o - dy; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.

Musical notation for the third system of 'Lightly Row', featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature.

Arrangement Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

Jingle Bells

— O R —

The One-Horse Open Sleigh

J. Pierpont

Lively. f

1. Dash - ing thro' the snow, In a one - horse o - pen sleigh,
 2. A day or two a - go, I thought I'd take a ride, And



O'er the hills we go, Laugh - ing all the way; Bells on bob - tail
 soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was seat - ed by my side; The horse was lean and



ring, Mak - ing spir - its bright, Oh what sport to ride and sing A
 lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot. He got in - to a drift - ed bank, And



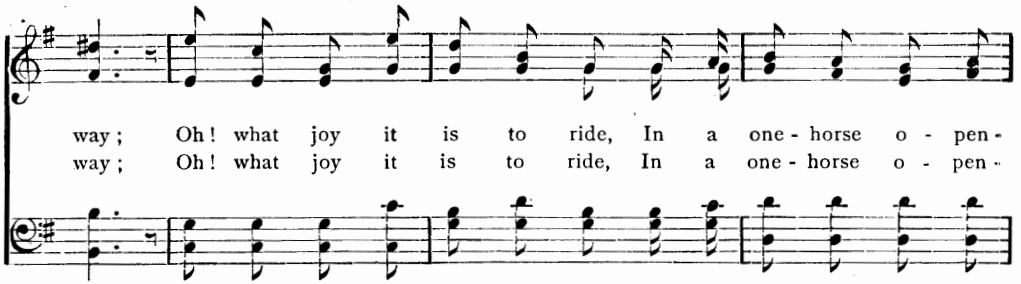
CHORUS.



sleigh - ing - song to - night. Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle all the
 we, we got up - sot. Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle all the

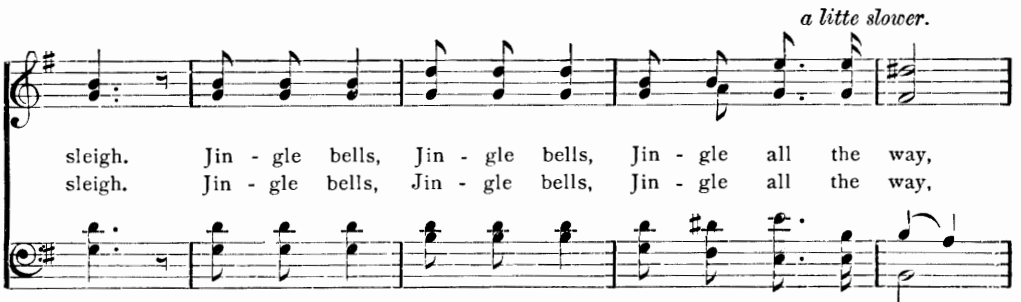


Jingle Bells



way ; Oh! what joy it is to ride, In a one-horse o - pen -
 way ; Oh! what joy it is to ride, In a one-horse o - pen -

a little slower.



sleigh. Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle all the way,
 sleigh. Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle all the way,

in time.



Oh! what joy it is to ride, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh.
 Oh! what joy it is to ride, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh.

3

A day or two ago,
 The story I must tell,
 I went out on the snow,
 And on my back I fell ;
 A gent was riding by
 In a one-horse open sleigh,
 He laughed as there I sprawling lie,
 But quickly drove away.

CHO.—Jingle bells, etc.

4

Now the ground is white,
 Go it while you're young,
 Take the girls to-night,
 And sing this sleighing-song ;
 Just get a bob-tail'd bay,
 Two-forty as his speed,
 Hitch him to an open sleigh,
 And crack, you'll take the lead.

CHO.—Jingle bells, etc.

No. 27

Bonnie Doon

Robert Burns

James Millar, 1752

1. Ye banks and braes of bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sa' fresh and fair?
 2. Oft have I roamed by bon-nie Doon,- To see the rose and wood-bine twine;
 3. Ye ros-es, blaw your bon-nie blooms, And draw the wild-birds by the burn;
 4. My Lu-man's love, in brok-en sighs, At dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear;

How can ye chant, ye lit-tle birds, While I'm so wae, and full of care?
 Where il-ka bird sung o'er its note, And cheer-ful-ly I join'd with mine:
 For Lu-man prom-is'd me a ring, And ye maun aid me should I mourn.
 And mid-day, by the wil-low green, For him I'd shed a si-lent tear.

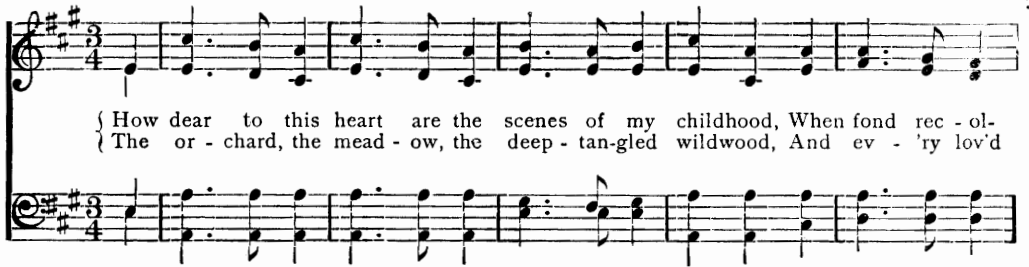
Ye'll break my heart, ye lit-tle birds, That wan-der thro' that flow-'ring thorn;
 Wi' heart-some glee i' pu'd a rose, A rose out of yon thorn-y tree;
 Ah, na, na, na, ye need na mourn, My een are dim and drows-y worn;
 Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pit-y me, And join me wi' a plain-tive sang,

Ye mind me of de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev-er to re-turn.
 But my false love has flown the rose, And left the thorn be-hind... me.
 Ye bon-nie birds, ye need na sing For Lu-man nev-er can re-turn.
 While ech-o wakes and joins the mane, I make for him, I lo'ed sae lang.

The Old Oaken Bucket

Samuel Woodworth

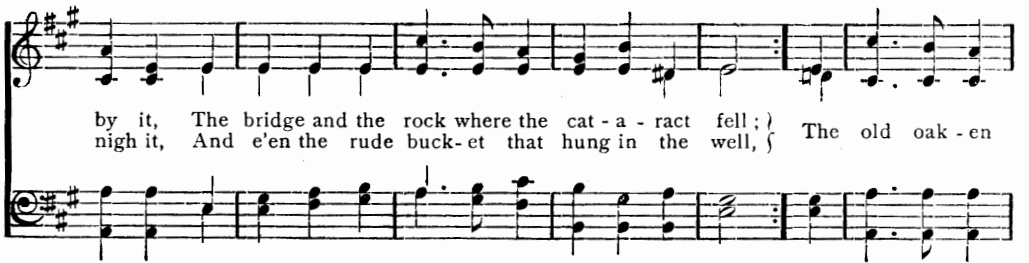
Geo. Kiallmark



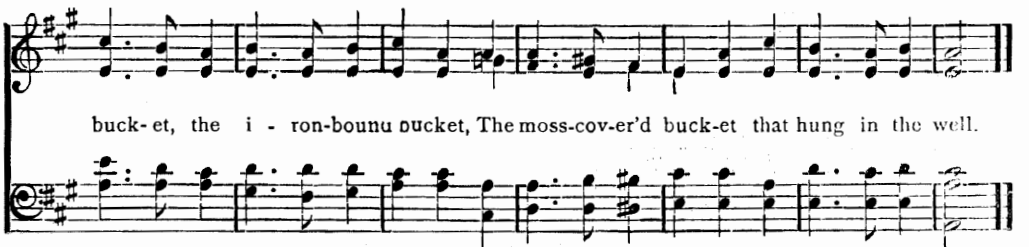
{ How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond rec - ol -
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan-gled wildwood, And ev - 'ry lov'd



lec - tion pre - sents them to view ! } { The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in - fan - cy knew ; } { The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - house



by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell ; } The old oak - en
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well, }

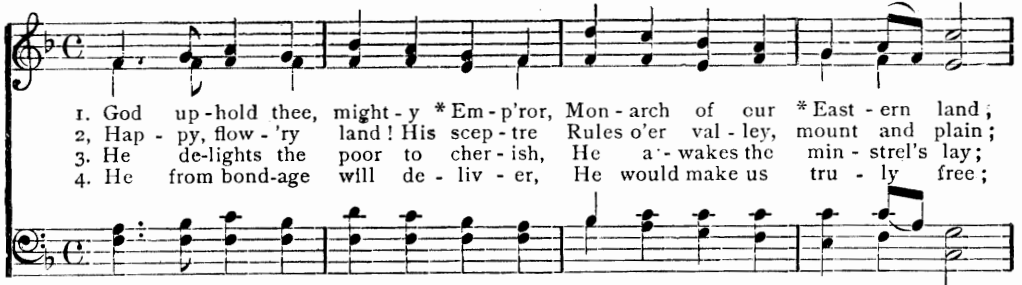


buck-et, the i - ron-bounu bucket, The moss-cov-er'd buck-et that hung in the well.

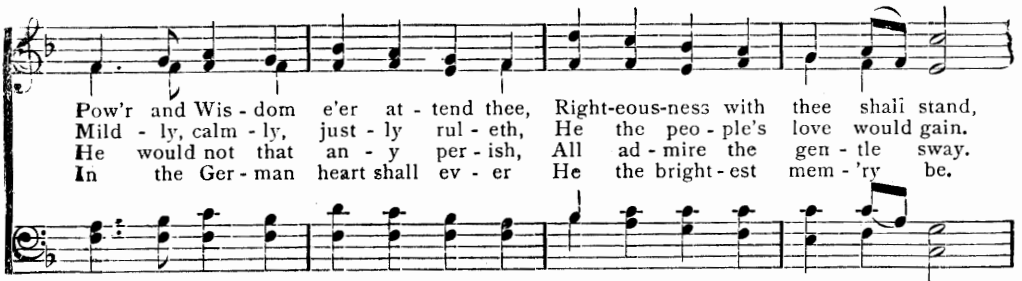
Austrian National Song

Laurenz Leop. Haschka, 1797

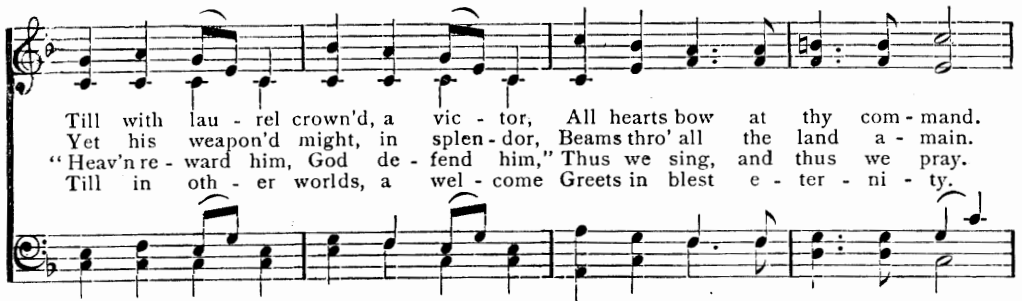
J. Haydn



1. God up-hold thee, might-y * Em-p'ror, Mon-arch of our * East-ern land;
 2. Hap-py, flow-ry land! His scep-tre Rules o'er val-ley, mount and plain;
 3. He de-lights the poor to cher-ish, He a-wakes the min-strel's lay;
 4. He from bond-age will de-liv-er, He would make us tru-ly free;



Pow'r and Wis-dom e'er at-tend thee, Right-eous-ness with thee shall stand,
 Mild-ly, calm-ly, just-ly rul-eth, He the peo-ple's love would gain.
 He would not that an-y per-ish, All ad-mire the gen-tle sway.
 In the Ger-man heart shall ev-er He the bright-est mem-'ry be.



Till with lau-rel crown'd, a vic-tor, All hearts bow at thy com-mand.
 Yet his weapon'd might, in splen-dor, Beams thro' all the land a-main.
 "Heav'n re-ward him, God de-fend him," Thus we sing, and thus we pray.
 Till in oth-er worlds, a wel-come Greets in blest e-ter-ni-ty.



God up-hold thee, and de-fend thee, Em-p'ror of our Aus-trian land!
 God up-hold thee, war-rior, Fa-ther, Mon-arch of our Aus-trian land!
 Kai-ser, Emp'-ror, Mon-arch, Fa-ther, All thy peace-ful rule o-bey!
 God de-fend thee, God at-tend thee, Em-p'ror Franz, all hail to thee!

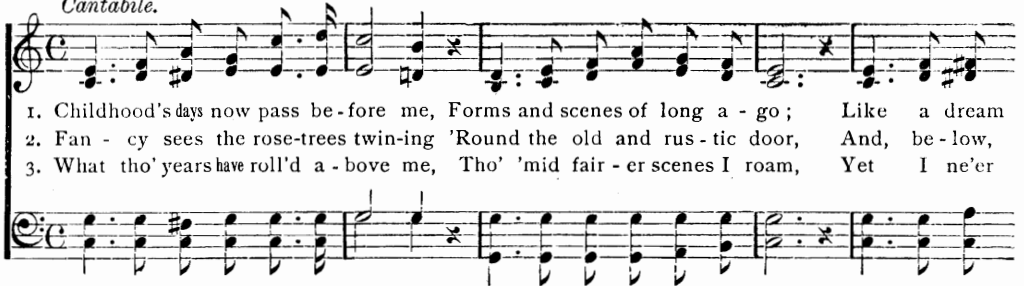
* Persons familiar with the German language will prefer to use the word "Kaiser," as more euphonious. "Austria," as "Oestereich," means "Eastern Kingdom."

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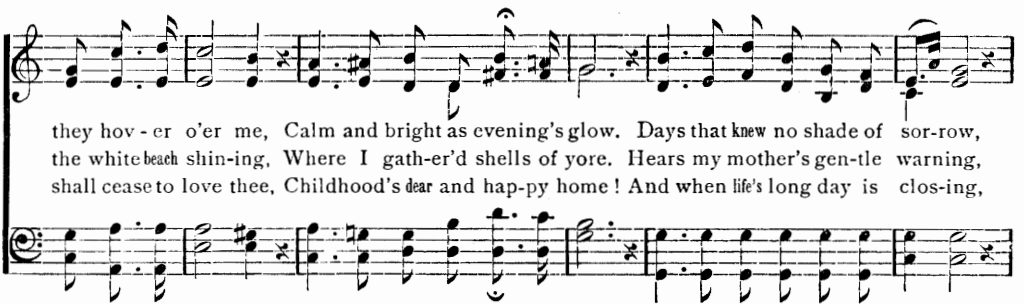
The Cottage by the Sea

J. R. T.
Cantabile.

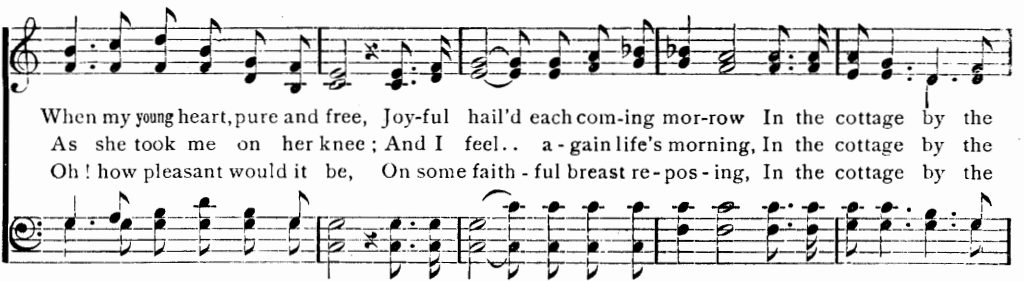
J. R. Thomas



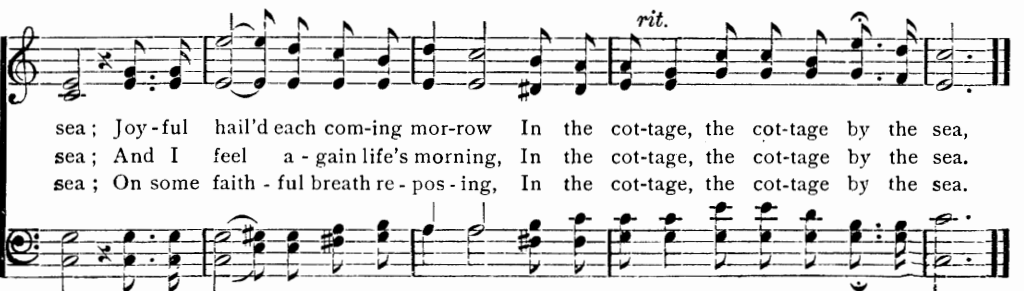
1. Childhood's days now pass be-fore me, Forms and scenes of long a-go; Like a dream
2. Fan-cy sees the rose-trees twin-ing 'Round the old and rus-tic door, And, be-low,
3. What tho' years have roll'd a-bove me, Tho' 'mid fair-er scenes I roam, Yet I ne'er



they hov-er o'er me, Calm and bright as evening's glow. Days that knew no shade of sor-row,
the white beach shin-ing, Where I gath-er'd shells of yore. Hears my mother's gen-tle warn-ing,
shall cease to love thee, Childhood's dear and hap-py home! And when life's long day is clos-ing,



When my young heart, pure and free, Joy-ful hail'd each com-ing mor-row In the cot-tage by the
As she took me on her knee; And I feel.. a-gain life's morning, In the cot-tage by the
Oh! how pleasant would it be, On some faith-ful breast re-pos-ing, In the cot-tage by the



sea; Joy-ful hail'd each com-ing mor-row In the cot-tage, the cot-tage by the sea,
sea; And I feel a-gain life's morning, In the cot-tage, the cot-tage by the sea.
sea; On some faith-ful breath re-pos-ing, In the cot-tage, the cot-tage by the sea.

No. 31 *Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground*

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster

Moderately slow. With expression.

mf

1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing, De dark - ey's mourn - ful song,
 2. When de au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas
 3. Mas - sa make the dark - eys love him, Cayse he was so kind,

While de mock - ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de
 hard to hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now, de
 Now, dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be - hind. I can - not

i - vy am a - creep - ing, O'er de gras - sy mound, Dare old mas - sa am a -
 or - ange tree am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore; Now, the sum - mer days am
 work be - fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow, I try to drive a way my

CHORUS.

sleep - ing, Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground. }
 com - ing, Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more. } Down in de corn - field Hear that mournful
 sor - row, Pick - in on de old ban - jo. }

Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground

Repeat softly.

sound : All de dark-eyes am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in the cold, cold ground.

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No. 32

Little Dicky-Bird

Melody by Henry O. Upton

Not too fast.

1. Poor lit - tle dick - y - bird, out in the snow, Where do you
 2. I have warm cloth - ing and I am well fed, I've a nice
 3. Poor lit - tle dick - y - bird, when the day's gone, What do you
 4. Why, lit - tle boys and girls, I've a nice nest, Un - der the

come from, where do you go? Where get your food? I'm
 fire, and I've a nice bed; What do you do? I'm
 do, to keep your - self warm? Where do you go when the
 house - top where I can rest; For God takes care of His

sure I don't know, Poor lit - tle dick - y - bird, out in the snow.
 sure I don't know, Poor lit - tle dick - y - bird, out in the snow.
 night - winds.. blow? Poor lit - tle dick - y - birds, out in the snow.
 creat - ures you know, Cares for the dick - y - bird, out in the snow.

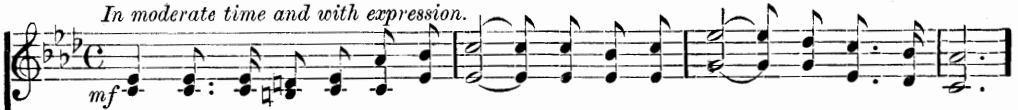
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No. 33 *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*

Emma Willard, 1832

J. P. Knight

In moderate time and with expression.



1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine;



Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or though the tempest's fi - ry breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death;



I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
In o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty;



REFRAIN.



And calm and peaceful is my sleep,... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep;



Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

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No. 34

Maxwelton's Braes are bonnie

— Douglas

(ANNIE LAURIE.)

Lady John Scott

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that An-nie
2. Her brow is like the snawdrift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the
3. Like dew on th' gow-an-ly-ing Is th' fa' o' her fair-y feet, And like winds in sum-mer

Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true, Gave me her prom-ise true, Which ne'er for-got will
fair-est That ere the sun shone on, That ere the sun shone on, And dark blue is her
sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to

be, }
e'e, } And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
me, }

Arrangement Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 35

Sweet and Low

Alfred Tennyson
Larghetto.

J. Barnby

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,..
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to his
Fa - - - ther will

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
wa - ters go, Come from the moon and blow, Un - der the sil - ver
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of.... the west,

me,.... While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
moon.. Sleep my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep.....

No. 36

The Sandman

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

S. M. Bixby. Arr. by Frank N. Sheppard

mp Simply. Not too fast.

1. Aft - er sup - per ev - 'ry night,
 2. Sleep - y dust the Sand - man brings,
 3. But not e - ven mam - ma knows

Moderately quick.

rit.

in time.

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

When the eve - ning lamp they light, When the fire so bright - ly glows, And our cheeks are
 And up - on our eys - lids flings, Soft - ly crooning, sweet and low, While to sleep - y
 Where the jol - ly Sand - man goes, Thro' the sun - ny hours of day, When the children

*Ped. * Ped. **

slower. *With expression.*

like the rose, — Then the Sandman is a - bout! Then we bring the night - gowns out,
 land we go. Oh, what love - ly tales he tells, Sounding sweet as fair - y bells,
 skip and play! But, wher - ev - er he may be, He'll come back just aft - ter tea!

*Ped. * Ped. **

slower.

And ere long each cur - ly head Nes - tles in its snow - y bed.
 While he throws the gold - en sand From the shores of fair - y - land!
 With his bag of gold - en sand From the shores of fair - y - land!

rit.

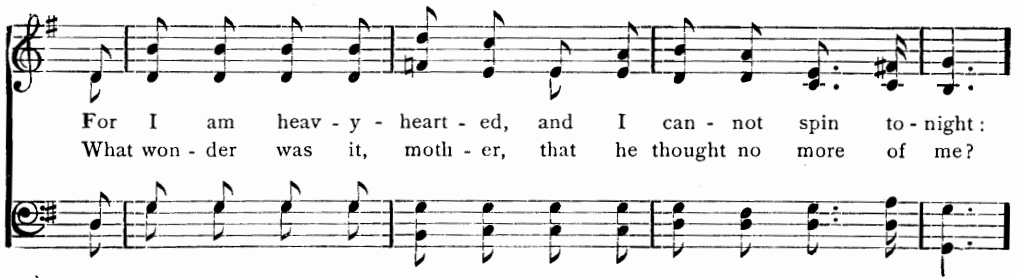
*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

No. 37 *Oh, Mother! take the Wheel Away*

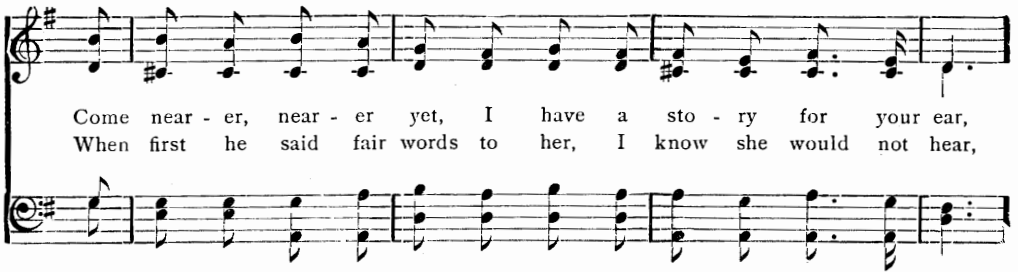
Mrs. Chas. Barnard



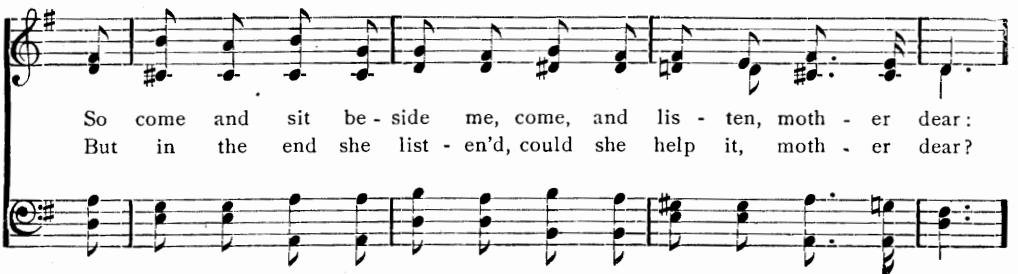
1. Oh, moth - er, take that wheel a - way, and put it out of sight,
2. But Ma - bel came a - mong us, and her face was fair to see;



For I am heav - y - heart - ed, and I can - not spin to - night :
What won - der was it, moth - er, that he thought no more of me?



Come near - er, near - er yet, I have a sto - ry for your ear,
When first he said fair words to her, I know she would not hear,



So come and sit be - side me, come, and lis - ten, moth - er dear :
But in the end she list - en'd, could she help it, moth - er dear?

Oh, Mother! take the Wheel Away

You heard the vil - lage bells, to - night, his wed - ding bells they were;
And aft - er - wards we met, and we were friend - ly all the same:

And Ma - bel is his hap - py wife, and I am lone - ly here;
For ne'er a word I said to them of an - ger, or of blame,

A year a - go to - night, I mind, he sought me for his bride,
Till both be - liev'd I did not care, and may be they were right;

And who so glad at heart as I, that hap - py East - er night?
But, moth - er, take the wheel a - way, I can - not spin to - night.

Bridal Chorus

Richard Wagner. From "Lohengrin"

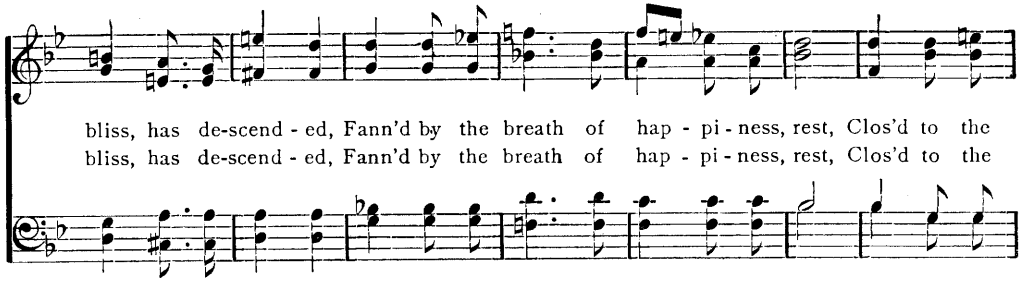
1. Guid - ed by us, thrice hap - py pair, En - ter its door - way, 'tis love that in -
 2. Home joys di - vine, home joys so pure, Love ev - er faith - ful and love ev - er

vites; All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri - umph - ant for - ev - er u -
 sure; All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri - umph - ant for - ev - er u -

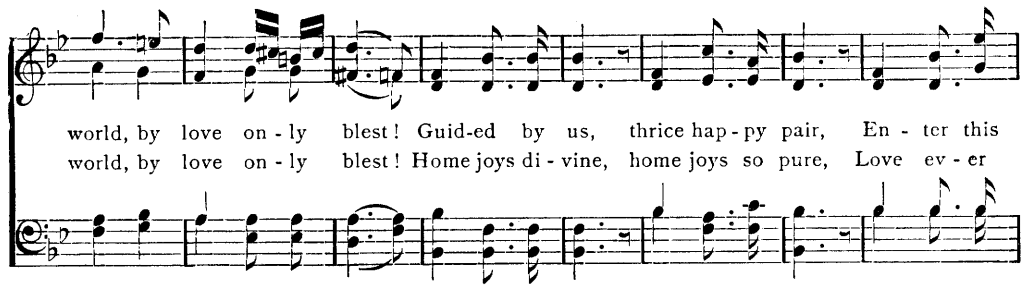
nites. Champion of vir - tue, bold - ly advance, Flow - er of beau - ty, gen - tly ad -
 nites. Champion of vir - tue, bold - ly advance, Flow - er of beau - ty, gen - tly ad -

vance; Now the loud mirth of rev - 'ling is end - ed, Night, bringing peace and
 vance; Now the loud mirth of rev - 'ling is end - ed, Night, bringing peace and

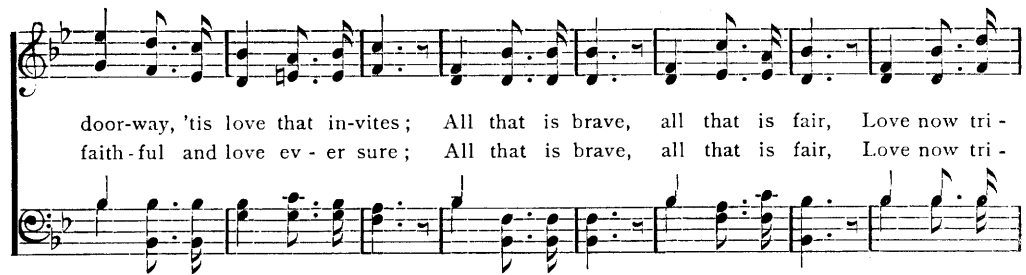
Bridal Chorus



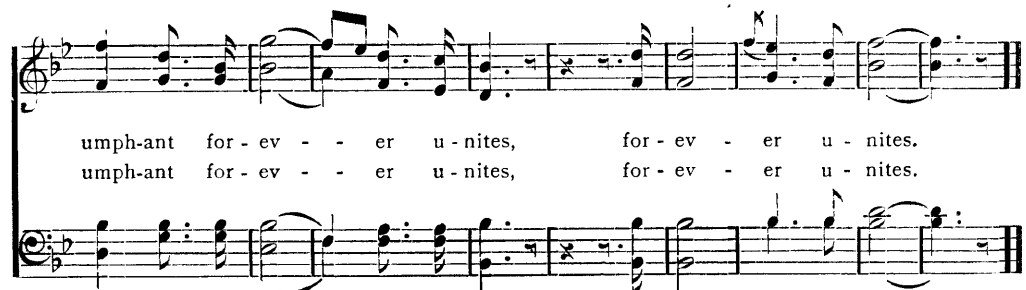
bliss, has de-scend - ed, Fann'd by the breath of hap - pi - ness, rest, Clos'd to the
bliss, has de-scend - ed, Fann'd by the breath of hap - pi - ness, rest, Clos'd to the



world, by love on - ly blest! Guid-ed by us, thrice hap - py pair, En - ter this
world, by love on - ly blest! Home joys di - vine, home joys so pure, Love ev - er



door-way, 'tis love that in - vites; All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri -
faith - ful and love ev - er sure; All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri -



umph - ant for - ev - - er u - nites, for - ev - er u - nites.
umph - ant for - ev - - er u - nites, for - ev - er u - nites.

Robin Ruff

Melody by Henry Russell

With motion.

1. If I had but a thou - sand a year, Gaf - fer Green! If I
 3. I'd do I... scarce - ly know what, Gaf - fer Green, I'd
 5. I scarce - ly can tell what you mean, Gaf - fer Green, For your

quicker.

had but a thou - sand a year, What a man would I be and what
 go faith I hard - ly know where, I'd... scat - ter the chink, and leave
 ques - tions are al - ways so queer; But as oth - er folks die, I sup -

sights would I see, If I had but a thou - sand a
 oth - - ers to think, If I had but a thou - sand a
 pose so must I. What, and give up your thou - sand a

year, Gaf - fer Green! If I had but a thou - sand a year!
 year, Gaf - fer Green! If I had but a thou - sand a year!
 year, Rob - in Ruff? And.... give up your thou - sand a year?

* From this point the last two lines of the fifth stanza may be sung to the music beginning at the dotted line.

Robin Ruff

Slower and with expression.

2. Did you have what you wish, take my word, Rob - in Ruff, 'Twould scarce
4. But when you are a - ged and gray, Rob - in Ruff, And the
6. There's a place that is bet - ter than this, Rob - in Ruff, And I

find you in bread or in beer; But be hon - est and true, and say
day of your death it draws near, Say,.... what with your pains would you
hope in my heart you'll go there, Where the poor man's as great, though he

what would you do If you had but a thou - sand a
do with your gains, If you then had a thou - sand a
hath no es - tate, Aye, as if he'd a thou - sand a

slower.

year, Rob - in Ruff? If you had but a thou - sand a year?
year, Rob - in Ruff? If you then had a thou - sand a year?
year, Rob - in Ruff, Aye, as if he'd a thou - sand a year.

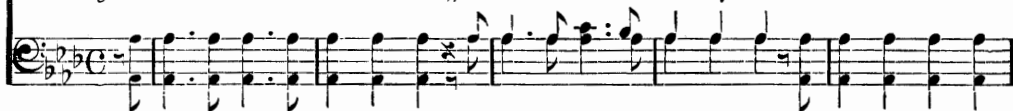
Hail Columbia, Happy Land

F. Hopkinson, 1798

Fayles, 1798



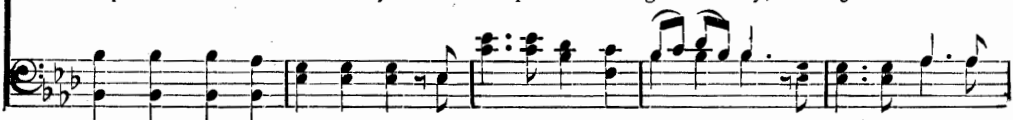
1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in
2. Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore! Let no rude foe, with
3. Be-hold the chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands The rock on which the



freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone En-
im - pi-ous hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pi-ous hand, Invade the shrine where sacred lies Of
storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat, But arm'd in vir - tue, firm and true, His



joy'd the peace your val - or won. Let in - dependence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful
toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize. While off 'ring peace, sincere and just, In Heav'n we place a
hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you. When hope was sinking in dis-may, When glooms obscur'd Co.



what it cost; Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
man - ly trust, That truth and jus-tice will pre-vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bondage fail.
lumbia's day, His stead - y mind, from changes free, Re-solv'd on death or lib - er - ty.



Hail Columbia, Happy Land

CHORUS

Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Ral - ly - ing round our lib - er - ty,

As a band of broth-ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

Arrangement Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 41

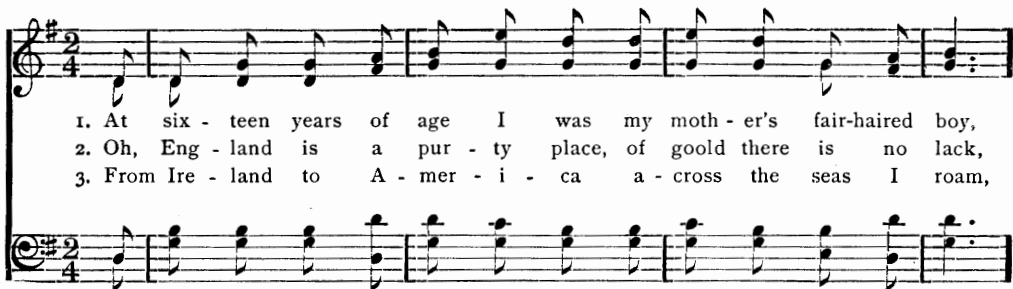
America

Rev. S. F. Smith, 1832.

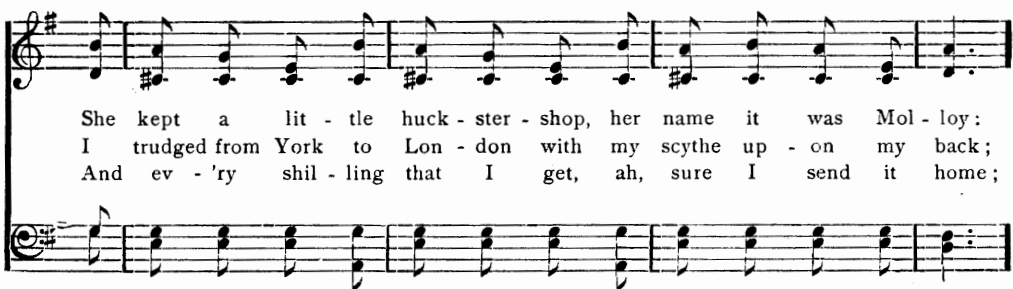
Dr. J. Bull

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

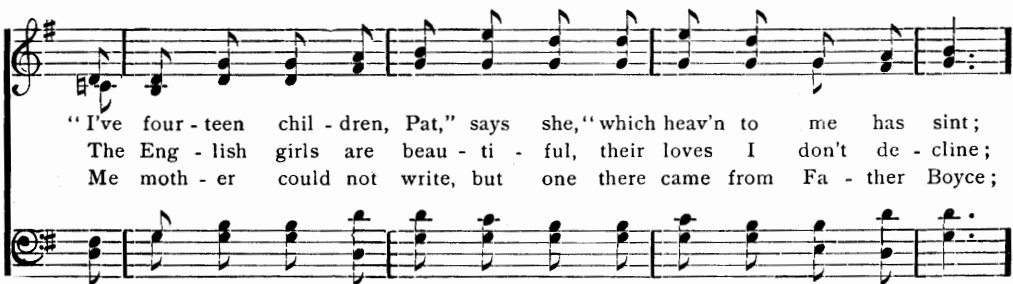
fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro - long.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King!

Dion Boucicault


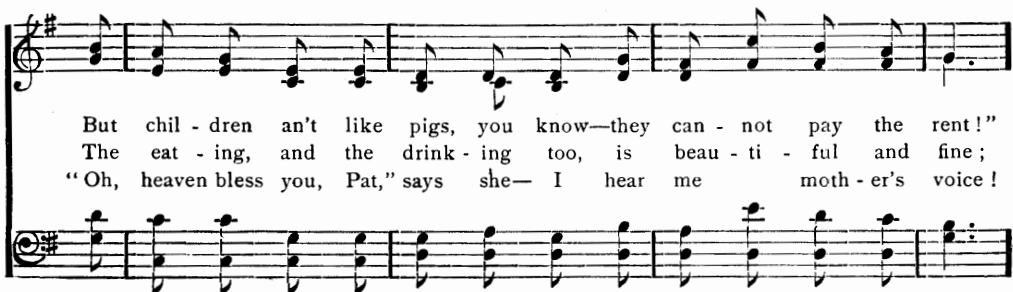
1. At six - teen years of age I was my moth - er's fair-haired boy,
 2. Oh, Eng - land is a pur - ty place, of goold there is no lack,
 3. From Ire - land to A - mer - i - ca a - cross the seas I roam,



She kept a lit - tle huck - ster - shop, her name it was Mol - loy:
 I trudged from York to Lon - don with my scythe up - on my back;
 And ev - 'ry shil - ling that I get, ah, sure I send it home;



"I've four - teen chil - dren, Pat," says she, "which heav'n to me has sint;
 The Eng - lish girls are beau - ti - ful, their loves I don't de - cline;
 Me moth - er could not write, but one there came from Fa - ther Boyce;



But chil - dren an't like pigs, you know—they can - not pay the rent!"
 The eat - ing, and the drink - ing too, is beau - ti - ful and fine;
 "Oh, heaven bless you, Pat," says she— I hear me moth - er's voice!

Pat Malloy

She gave me ev - 'ry shil - ling bright that she had in the till,
But in a cor - ner of my heart, which no - bod - y can see,
But now I'm go - ing home a - gain, as poor as I be - gan,

And kissed me fif - ty times or more, as if she'd nev - er get her fill.
Two eyes of I - rish blue are al - ways peep - ing out at me!
To make a hap - py girl of Moll, and sure I think I can,

"Oh, heav - en bless you, Pat," says she, "and don't for - get, my boy,
Oh, Mol - ly, dar - lin', nev - er fear, I'm still your own dear boy—
My pock - ets they are emp - ty, but me heart is filled with joy ;

That ould Ire - land is your coun - try, and your name is Pat Mal - loy!"
Ould Ire - land is me coun - try, and me name is Pat Mal - loy.
For ould Ire - land is me coun - try, and me name is Pat Mal - loy.

The Star-spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key, 1814

John Stafford Smith

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
 3. And where is the band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, That the hav - oc of
 4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their lov'd

hail'd at the twi - light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
 host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
 war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should
 home and wild war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the

per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly
 tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis -
 leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot - steps' pol -
 heav'n res - cu'd land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre - serv'd us a

streaming? And the rock - ets' red glare, Burst - ing bombs in the air, Gave
 clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam In full
 lu - tion. No ref - uge could save the.... hire - ling and slaves From the
 na - tion! Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And

The Star-spangled Banner

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled
 glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner; oh,
 ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-span-gled ban-ner in
 this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in

ban - ner yet wave
 long may it wave
 tri - umph doth wave
 tri - umph shall wave } O'er the land of.. the.. free, and the home of the brave.

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No. 44 *Twinkle, twinkle, Little Star*

Jane Taylor

French Air

1. Twinkle, twinkle, lit - tle star; How I wonder what you are, Up a - bove the world so high,
 2. When the blazing sun is gone, When he nothing shines up - on, Then you show your lit - tle light,
 3. Then the trav'ler in the dark Thanks you for your ti - ny spark; He could not see which way to go,
 4. In the dark blue sky you keep, While you thro' my window peep, And you nev - er shut your eye,

Like a diamond in the sky! }
 Twinkle, twinkle, all the night. }
 If you did not twinkle so. } Twinkle, twinkle, lit - tle star, How I wonder what you are.
 Till the sun is in the sky. }

Arrangement Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

Softly the Echoes come and go

(CHRISTMAS SONG.)

Melody by Henry O. Upton. Arr. by F. N. Shepperd

mf Not too fast, with expression.

1. Soft - ly the ech - oes
2. Soft - ly.. beats the

Moderato.
mf

in time. *slower.*

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

come and go, O - ver the crackling frost and snow, The ech - oes of the
list - 'ning heart, In all the.. mu - sic tak - ing part; And thro' the cor - ri -

bells which ring, And Christmas greet - ings to us bring! While children's voic - es
dors of tho't, Come breez - y tones, with bless - ings fraught, The tones which in our

mf

Softly the Echoes come and go

low and mild, Sing prais - es to the heav'n-born child. Far and near,
youth-ful days, Teach us to kneel in pray'r and praise. Far and near,

p
Ped. *

High and low, Soft - ly the ech - oes Come and go! Far and near,
High and low, Soft - ly the ech - oes Come and go! Far and near,

Ped. * Ped. *

<i>1st Ending. a little slower.</i>	<i>2d Ending. slower.</i>
---	---------------------------

High and low, Soft - ly the ech-oes Come and go!
High and low, Soft - ly the ech-oes [OMIT.....] Come and go!

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.*
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

*I Forget the Gay World**Marshall S. Pike**L. V. H. Crosby**In moderate time.*

1. I for - get the gay world at the lone hour of night, And the
 2. I for - get the gay rose when it los - es its blush, And the

man - y dear friends that are sleeping ; I for - get all the splendors that daz - zle my
 man - y sweet flow'rs close - ly twin - ing ; I for - get all the hap - pi - ness, sor - row can

sight, And the man - y sad hearts that are weep - ing ; But the mus - i - cal
 crush, And the man - y fond hearts that are pin - ing ; But I can - not for -

tones of thine an - gel voice, And the love in thy youth - ful eye,.... With the
 get when I go from thee, The love in thy soul - lit eye,.... And the

I Forget the Gay World

gen - tle touch on the light gui - tar, can a - lone with mem'ry die, ... Can a -
 gen - tle touch on thy light gui - tar, can a - lone with mem'ry die, ... Can a -

Lively.

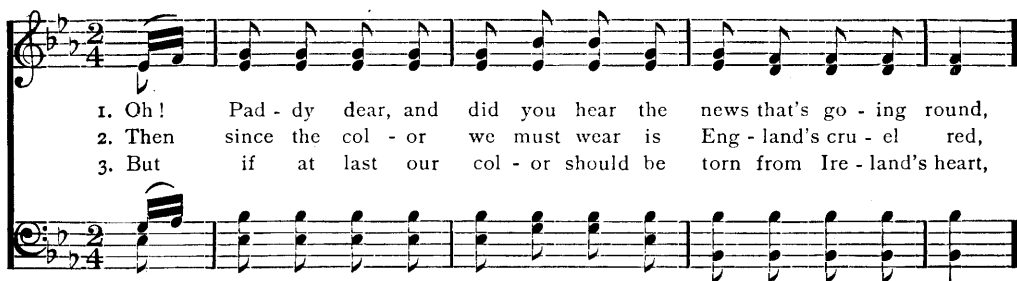
lone with mem - 'ry die... Tra la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la
 lone with mem - 'ry die... Tra la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la

CHORUS. *2d time slower.*

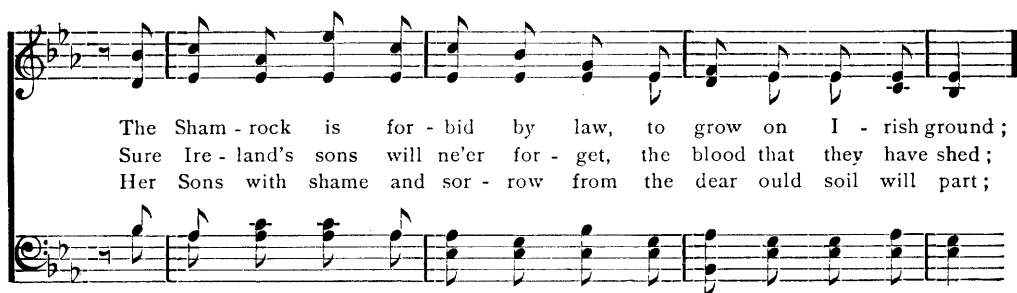
la la la la la. Then strike the gui-tar light - ly, light - ly, It's tone I'll ne'er for -
 la la la la la. Then strike the gui-tar light - ly, light - ly, It's tone I'll ne'er for -

get ; Oh ! strike the gui-tar light - ly, light - ly, 'Tis sweet as when we met. Then
 get ; Oh ! strike the gui-tar light - ly, light - ly, 'Tis sweet as when we [OMIT..... met.

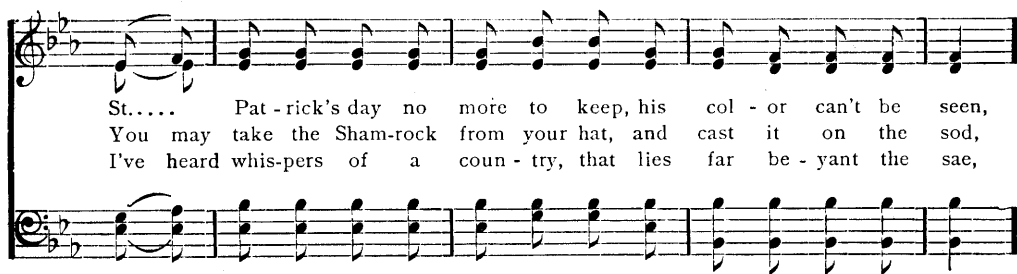
1st time. 2d.

Wearing of the Green


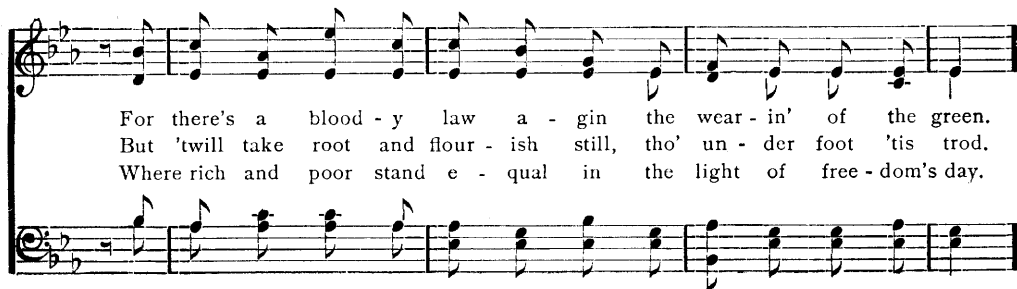
1. Oh! Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round,
 2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el red,
 3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart,



The Sham - rock is for - bid by law, to grow on I - rish ground ;
 Sure Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get, the blood that they have shed ;
 Her Sons with shame and sor - row from the dear ould soil will part ;

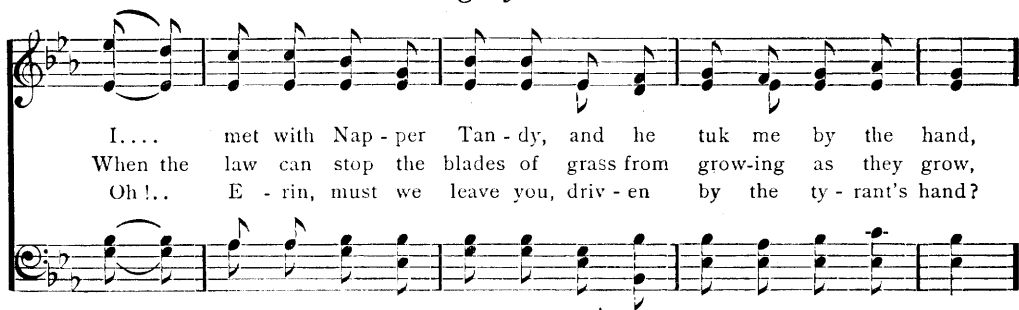


St.... Pat - rick's day no more to keep, his col - or can't be seen,
 You may take the Sham-rock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
 I've heard whis-pers of a coun - try, that lies far be - yant the sae,

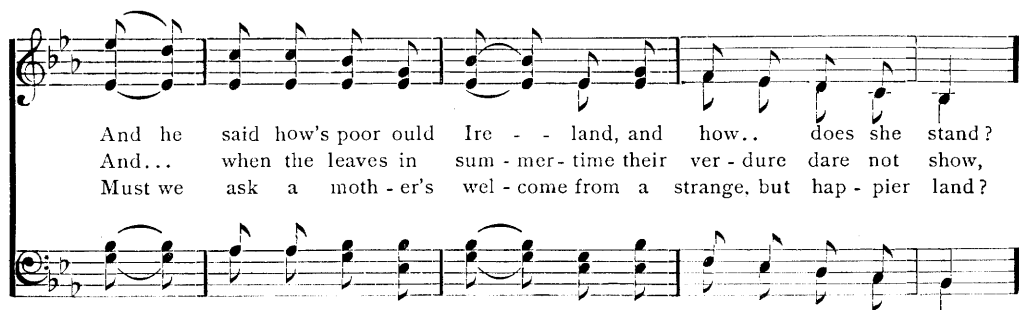


For there's a blood - y law a - gin the wear - in' of the green.
 But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der foot 'tis trod.
 Where rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of free - dom's day.

Wearing of the Green

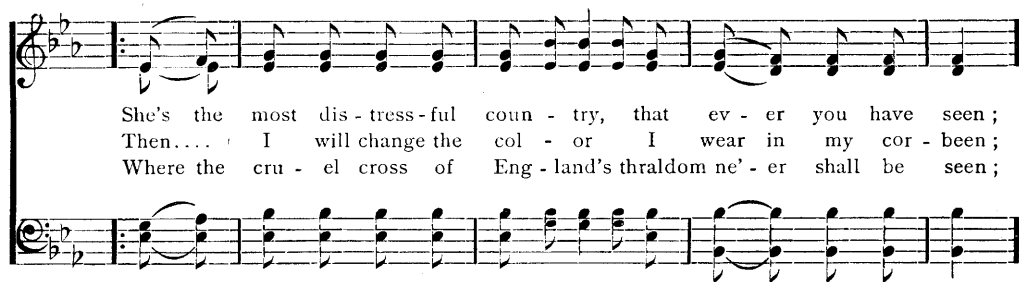


I . . . met with Nap - per Tan - dy, and he tuk me by the hand,
When the law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow,
Oh !.. E - rin, must we leave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand?

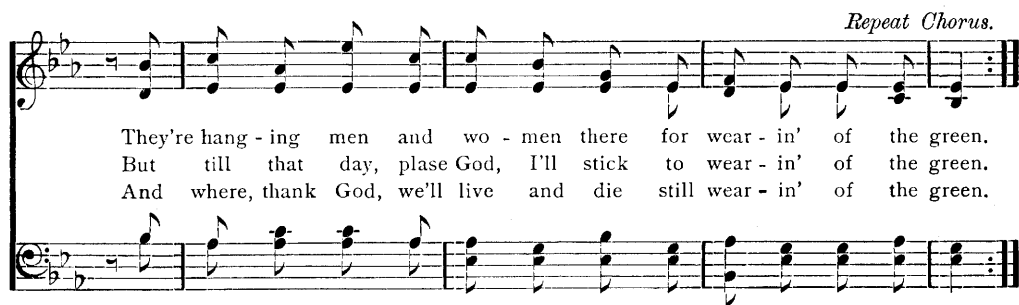


And he said how's poor ould Ire - - land, and how.. does she stand?
And... when the leaves in sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show,
Must we ask a moth - er's wel - come from a strange, but hap - pier land?

CHORUS.



She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try, that ev - er you have seen ;
Then I will change the col - or I wear in my cor - been ;
Where the cru - el cross of Eng - land's thraldom ne' - er shall be seen ;



Repeat Chorus.
They're hang - ing men and wo - men there for wear - in' of the green.
But till that day, plase God, I'll stick to wear - in' of the green.
And where, thank God, we'll live and die still wear - in' of the green.

*Mary of Argyle**Charles Jefferys**Sidney Nelson*

1. I have heard the ma - vis sing - ing His love - song to the morn ; I have
 2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine eye its bright - ness, too, Tho' thy



seen the dew - drops clinging To the rose just new - ly born ; But a sweet - er song has
 step may lack its fleet - ness, And thy hair its sun - ny hue, Still to me wilt thou be



cheer'd me At the eve - ning's gen - tle close, And I've seen an eye still brighter Than the
 dear - er Than.. all the world shall own ; I have lov'd thee for thy beau - ty, But....



dew - drop on the rose ; 'Twas thy voice, my gen - tle Ma - ry, And thine art - less, win - ning
 not for that a - lone ; I have watch'd thy heart, dear Ma - ry, And its goodness was the



Mary of Argyle

smile, That made this world an E - den, Bon - ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.
wile, That has made thee mine for - ev - er. Bon - ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.

The musical score for 'Mary of Argyle' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

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No. 49

Swedish National Song

O. Lindblad

1. In Ru - nic meas - ure, full and strong, Let heart and voice u - nite in song, To
2. O King! enthron'd in ma - jes - ty, Let thine the tru - est glo - ry be, For
3. Let heav - 'nly fa - vor now de - scend, Our monarch's glo - rious course at - tend, And

The first system of the 'Swedish National Song' features a treble staff with a common time signature and a bass staff. The melody is in a simple, rhythmic style. The lyrics are provided for three different verses.

hail our Swedish King! To thee, and to thy roy - al line, Our zeal, our love shall
Sweden's weal to reign. Then heav'n thy em - pire shall as - sure, Who shields the state, and
bless the Northern land. As when in he - ro days of yore, Our fa - thers fought on

The second system continues the musical notation and lyrics. The melody remains consistent with the first system. The lyrics describe the king's reign and the nation's history.

e'er in - cline, So bright thy king - ly crown doth shine, Great Os - car, thee we sing!
guards the poor, Full long in pow'r shall he en - dure, And foes as - sult in vain.
yon - der shore, Or, conquering, sail'd the dark seas o'er To many a dis - tant strand.

The third system concludes the musical notation and lyrics. The melody ends with a final cadence. The lyrics describe the king's protection and the nation's expansion.

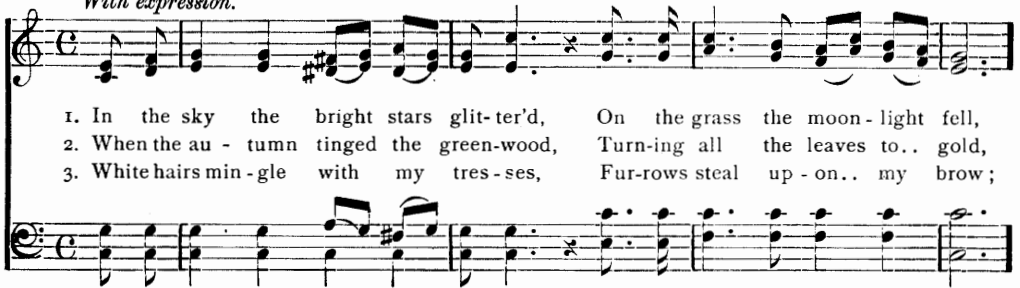
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No. 50

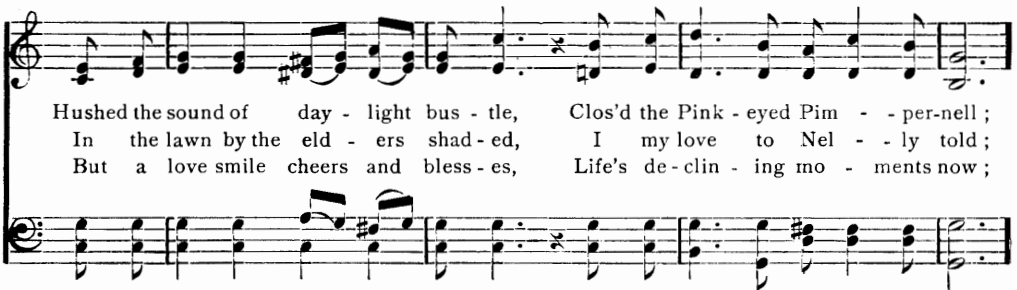
Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party

Francis Kyle

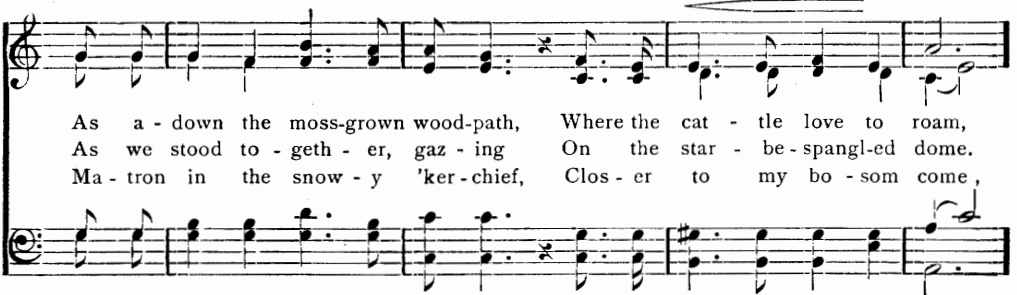
J. Fletcher

With expression.


1. In the sky the bright stars glit-ter'd, On the grass the moon-light fell,
2. When the au - tumn tinged the green-wood, Turn-ing all the leaves to.. gold,
3. White hairs min-gle with my tres-ses, Fur-rows steal up - on.. my brow;



Hushed the sound of day - light bus - tle, Clos'd the Pink - eyed Pim - - per-nell ;
In the lawn by the eld - ers shad - ed, I my love to Nel - - ly told ;
But a love smile cheers and bless - es, Life's de - clin - ing mo - ments now ;



As a - down the moss-grown wood-path, Where the cat - tle love to roam,
As we stood to - geth - er, gaz - ing On the star - be-spangl-ed dome.
Ma - tron in the snow - y 'ker-chief, Clos - er to my bo - som come ,



From Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing part - y, I was see - ing Nel - ly home.
How I blessed the Au - gust eve-ning, When I saw sweet Nel - ly home.
Tell me, dost thou still re - mem - ber, When I saw sweet Nel - ly home?

Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party

CHORUS.

In the sky the bright stars glit - ter, On the grass the moon-light shone;

pp From Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing part - y, I was see - ing Nel - ly home. *f* *p*

Arrangement Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 51 Hark! I hear an Angel sing

W. C. B.

R. G. Shrivall

In moderate time.

1. Hark! I hear an An - gel sing, An - gels now are on the wing,
2. Just be - yond yon cliff of snow, Sil - ver riv - ers bright - ly flow;
3. Look, oh look the south - ern sky, Mir - rors flow'rs of ev - 'ry dye;

And their voic - es sing - ing clear Tell us that the spring is near.
Smil - ing woods and fields are seen, Man - tled in a robe of green;
Chil - dren trip - ping o'er the plain, Spring is com - ing back a - gain;

Hark! I hear an Angel sing

Dost thou hear them, gen - tle one, Dost thou see the glo - rious sun,
Birds and bees and brooks and flowr's, Tell us all of ver - - nal.. hours,
Spring is com - ing, shouts of glee, Sing - ing birds on bush.. and.. tree,

slower.

Ris - ing high - er in the sky, As each day, as each day it pas - ses by?.....
There the birds are weav - ing lays For the hap - py, the hap - py spring - time day,....
And the bu - sy bee it hums, For the spring - time, the spring - time comes, it comes,...

In time.

Hark! I hear an an - gel sing, An - gels now are on the wing,
Just be - yond yon cliff of snow, Sil - ver riv - ers bright - ly flow;
Hark! I hear an an - gel sing, An - gels now are on the wing,

slower.

And their voic - es sing - ing clear, Tell us that the spring is near.
Smil - ing woods and fields are seen, Man - tled in a robe of green.
And their voic - es sing - ing clear, Tell us that the spring is near.

No. 52

The Dearest Spot

W. T. W.

W. T. Wrighton

1. The dearest spot of earth to me, Is home, sweet home; The fair- y land I've longed to see, Is
 2. I've taugt my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learn'd to look with lover's eyes, On

home, sweet home. There how charm'd the sense of hearing, There where hearts are so endearing,
 home, sweet home. There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are so u-nit-ed,

All the world is not so cheer-ing, As home, sweet home. The dear - est spot of
 All the world be-side I've slight-ed, For home, sweet home. The dear - est spot, etc.

earth to me, Is home, sweet home ; The fair - y land I've long'd to see, Is home, sweet home.

No. 53 *Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town*

James Hook, 1785

Thomas D. Urfey, 1690

1. 'Twas with-in a mile of Ed-in - ba - ro' town, In the ros - y time of the
 2. Jock - ie was a wag that nev - er wad wed, Tho'.. lang he had fol - low'd the
 3. But.... when he vow'd he wad make her his bride, Tho' his flocks and herds were not

year, Sweet flow - ers bloom'd, and the grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his
 lass; Con - tented she earn'd and ate her brown bread, And mer - ri - ly turn'd up the
 few, She gie'd him her hand and a kiss be - side, And vow'd she'd for - ever be

dear. Bon - nie Jockie, blithe and gay, Kiss'd young Jennie making hay; The lassie blush'd, and
 grass. Bon - nie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; Yet still she blush'd, and
 true. Bon - nie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; At kirk she no more

frowning cried, "Na, na, it win - na do; I can - na, can - na, win - na, win - na, maunna buckle to."

1. Breez - es sigh, The night is nigh, Safe in his nest doth ba - by lie;...
 2. To and fro, The rock - ers go, Moth - er sings sweet and soft and low;...
 3. Ba - by, sleep! Let slum - ber deep Gen - tly thy silk - en eye - lids steep!..

To and fro, He soon will go, To seek the land of Rock - a - by; By his
 And ere long The drow - sy song A dream - y cloud will o'er him throw. Sweet sur -
 An - gels bright, Thro' all the night, A sil - ent, lov - ing vig - il keep. Like a

side, His way to guide, The moth - er sits with lov - ing pride, And the while, With
 prise, For ba - by's eyes In far - off Rock - a - by there lies; There he'll roam Till
 rose, Whose pet - als close, He shuts his eyes and nev - er knows! Moth - er's kiss Brings

ten - der smile, She sings the songs of ev - en - tide.
 day is come, And far a - way the shad - ow flies. *Symphony.*
 dream - y bliss, And off to sleep the ba - by goes!

Old Folks at Home

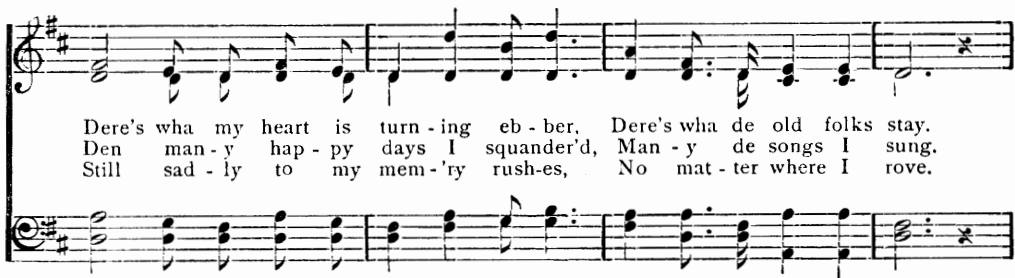
—OR—

Way down upon the Swanee Ribber

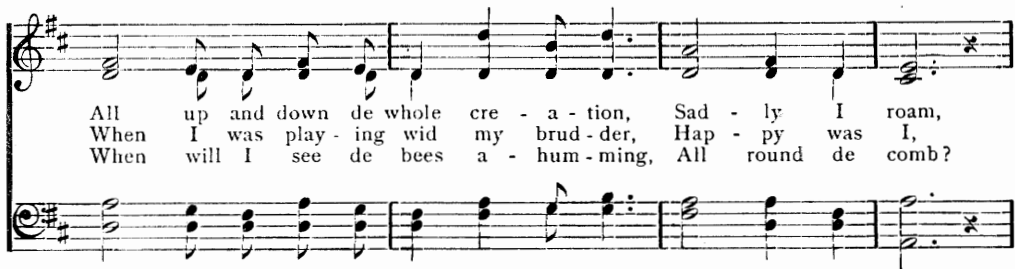
Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster



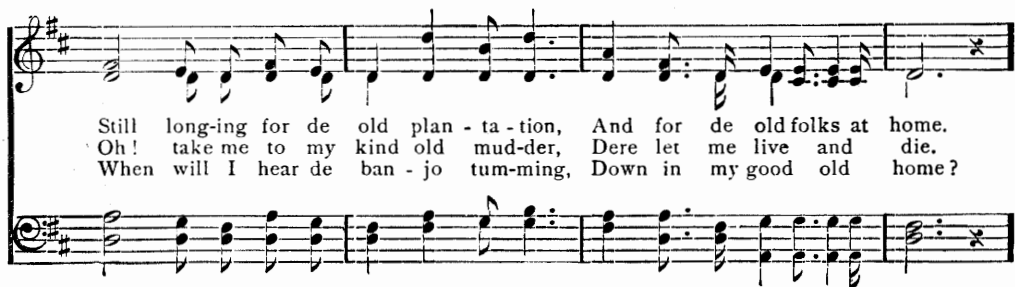
1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
 2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan - der'd When I was young,
 3. Or lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,



Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
 Den man - y hap - py days I squander'd, Man - y de songs I sung.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.



All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I,
 When will I see de bees a - hum - ming, All round de comb?



Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.
 When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

Old Folks at Home

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - ry where I roam,

Oh! dark-eyes, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

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No. 56

The Dream is Past

S. Glover

1. The dream is past, and with it fled The hopes that once my pas-sion fed ;
2. They can - not see the si - lent tear, That falls uncheck'd when none is near ;

And dark - ly die, 'mid grief and pain, The joys which gone, come not a - gain ;
Nor do they mark the smother'd sigh, That leaves my breast when they are by.

The Dream is Past



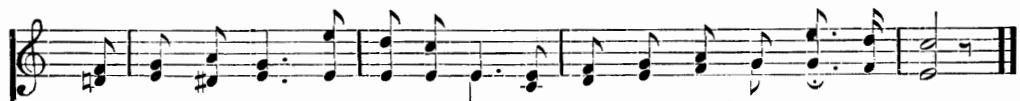
My soul in si - lence and in tears Has cher-ished now for man - y years,
I know my cheek is pal - er now, And smiles no long - er deck my brow;



A love for one, who does not know The thoughts that in my bo - som glow.
'Tis youth's de - cay—'twill soon be - gin To tell the thoughts that dwell with - in.



Oh! cease, my heart, thy throb-bing hide, A - noth - er soon will be his bride;
Oh! let me rouse my sleep-ing pride, And from his gaze my feel - ings hide;



And hope's last faint, but cheer-ing ray, Will then for - ev - er pass a - way.
He shall not smile to think that I With love for him could pine and die.



The Oak Tree

Melody by Henry O. Upton. Arr. by F. N. Shepperd.

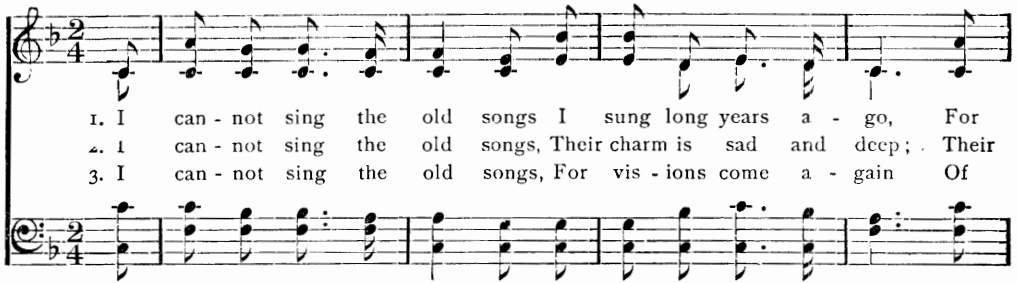
In moderate time and with expression.

mf 1. Long a - go, in change - ful au - tumn, When the leaves were
 2. And it tum - bled by the path - way, And a chance foot
 3. Man - - y years kind Na - ture nurs'd it, Sum - - mers hot and
 4. Now it stands up like a gi - ant, Cast - - ing shad - ows

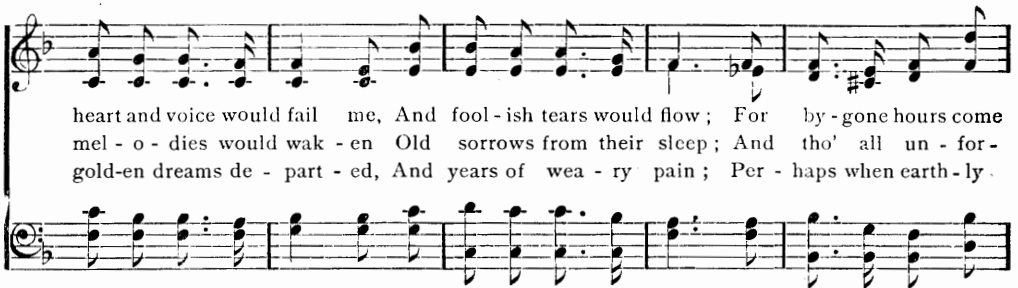
turn - ing brown, From the tall oak's top - most branch - es Fell a lit - tle
 trod it deep In the grond, where all the win - ter In its shell it
 win - ters long; Down the sun look'd bright up - on it, While it grew up
 broad and high, With huge trunk and leaf - y branch - es, Spreading up in -

1st, 2d & 3d Ending. a - corn down.
 lay a - sleep.
 tall and strong.
 [OMIT.....] to the sky.
4th Ending.

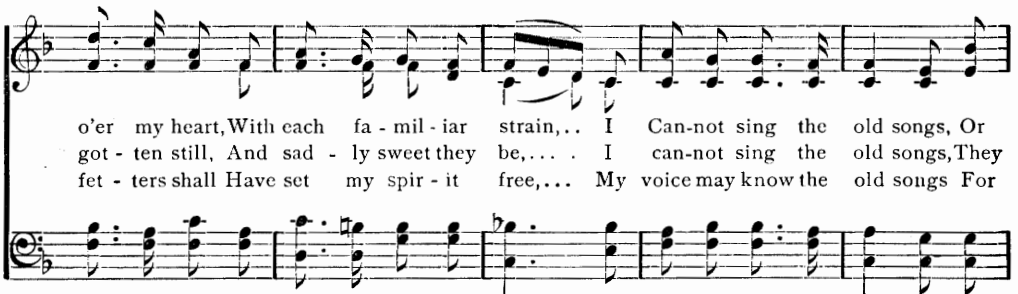
a tempo. rit. f rit.

*I cannot Sing the Old Songs**Words and Music by Mrs. Ch. Barnard*


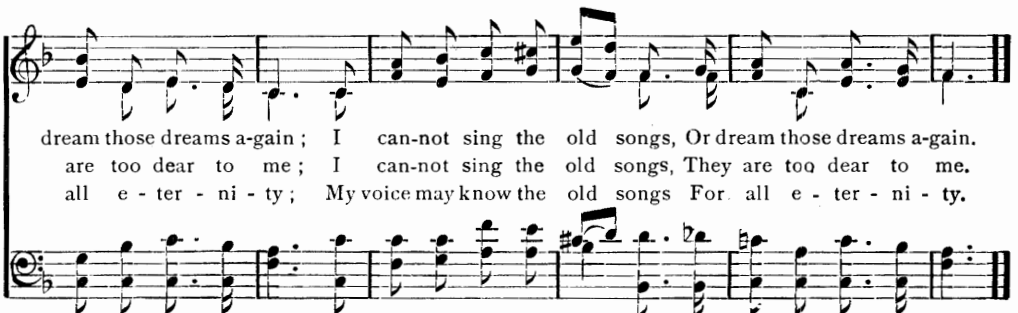
1. I can - not sing the old songs I sung long years a - go, For
 2. I can - not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their
 3. I can - not sing the old songs, For vis - ions come a - gain Of



heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For by - gone hours come
 mel - o - dies would wak - en Old sorrows from their sleep; And tho' all un - for -
 gold - en dreams de - part - ed, And years of wea - ry pain; Per - haps when earth - ly.



o'er my heart, With each fa - mil - iar strain, . . . I Can - not sing the old songs, Or
 got - ten still, And sad - ly sweet they be, . . . I can - not sing the old songs, They
 fet - ters shall Have set my spir - it free, . . . My voice may know the old songs For



dream those dreams a - gain; I can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.
 are too dear to me; I can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.
 all e - ter - ni - ty; My voice may know the old songs For all e - ter - ni - ty.

Good-bye

J. C. Engelbrecht

1. Farewell, fare-well is a lone - ly sound, And al - ways brings a sigh,
 2. Farewell, fare-well may do for the gay, When pleas - ure's throng is nigh,
 3. A - dieu, a - dieu. we hear it oft With a tear, per - haps with a sigh,
 4. Farewell, fare - well is nev - er heard, When the tear 's in the moth - er's eye ;

But give to me, when loved ones part, That sweet old word, "good-bye,"
 But give to me that bet - ter word, That comes from the heart, "good-bye,"
 But the heart feels most when the lips move not, And the eye speaks the gentle "good-bye,"
 A - dieu, a - dieu, she speaks it not, But, "My love, good - bye, good-bye,"

That sweet old word, "good-bye," That sweet old word, "good-bye ;"
 That comes from the heart, "good-bye," That comes from the heart, "good-bye ;"
 And the eye speaks the gentle "good-bye," And the eye speaks the gen - tle "good-bye ;"
 But, "My love, good - bye, good - bye," But, "My love, good - bye, good - bye ;"
 1. 2, 3, 4. good-bye, good-bye;

rit.
 But give to me, when loved ones part, That sweet old word, "good-bye."
 But give to me, that bet - ter word, That comes from the heart, "good-bye."
 But the heart feels most when the lips move not, And the eye speaks the gentle "good-bye."
 A - - dieu, a - dieu, she speaks it not, But, "My love, good-by, good-bye."

Poor Little Dicky-Bird

L. P

Melody by Henry O. Upton. Arr. by F. N. Sheppard.

mp Rather slow and with expression.

1. Poor lit - tle dick - y - bird,
2. I have warm cloth - ing and

Slowly. *mp* *rit.* *mp* *Smoothly.*

out in the snow, Where do you come from,
I am well fed, I've a nice fire, and

where do you go? Where get your food? I'm
I've a nice bed; What do you do? I'm

Poor Little Dicky-Bird

sure I don't know, Poor lit - tle dick - y - bird,
 sure I don't know, Poor lit - tle dick - y - bird,

slower.

out in the snow. 3. Poor little dicky-bird, when the day's gone,
 out in the snow. What do you do, to keep yourself warm?
 Where do you go when the night-winds blow?
 Poor little dicky-birds, out in the snow

rit.

4. Why, little boys and girls, I've a nice nest;
 Under the house-top where I can rest;
 For God takes care of His creatures you know,
 Cares for the dicky-bird, out in the snow.

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No. 61

Morning Hour

Melody by Henry O. Upton. Arr. by F. N. Shepperd

With motion and with expression. *mf*

1. Morn-ing
 2. Gen - tle
 3. Nought but

With motion. *accel.* *mf*

rit. *a tempo.*

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

Morning Hour

hour, O hour so gold - en, That so sweet - ly wak - est
 sleep, with hand ca - res - ing, Hath my life and strength re -
 good, but lov - ing kind - ness, Nought, but Fa - ther's ten - der

smoothly.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

me, For thy cheer - ful light be - hold - en, Heart and
 stor'd; Let me thank Thee for Thy bless - ing, That I
 care! Oh, the want of thought, the blind - ness, If I

Ped. *

slower. 1st & 2d Ending. Last Ending.

lips both wel - come thee!
 wake to health, O Lord!
 still un - grate - ful [OMIT.....] were!

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Lovely Rose

Venetian Melody

With emotion. *slower.* *in time.*

1. Of late so bright - ly glow - ing, Love - ly rose; We here be - held thee
2. The blast too rude - ly blow - ing, Love - ly rose; Thy ten - der form o'er-

slower. *in time.*

grow - ing, Love - ly rose, Thou seem'st some an - gel's care; Sum-mer's
throw - ing, Love - ly rose, A - las, hath laid thee low. Now a-

breath was warm around thee, Summer's beam with beauty crown'd thee, So sweet - ly..
mid thy na - tive bed, En-vi-ous weeds with branches spread, Un - kind - ly..

softly.

fair, So sweet - ly fair.
grow, Un - kind - ly grow.

3.

No fresh'ning dew of morning,
Lovely rose,
Thy infant buds adorning,
Lovely rose,
To thee shall day restore ;
Zephyrs soft that late caress'd thee,
Evening smiles that parting bless'd thee,
Return no more,
Return no more.

*Larboard Watch**T. Williams*

1. At drea-ry mid - night's cheerless hour, De - sert - ed e'en by Cynthia's beam, When
 2. With anxious care he eyes each wave That, swelling, threat-ens to o'er-whelm, And,

tem-pests beat and tor-rents pour, And twink-ling stars no long - er gleam ; The
 his storm beat - en bark to save, Di - rects with skill the faith - ful helm ; With

wea-ried sail - or, spent with toil, Clings firmly to the weather shrouds, And still the lengthened
 hope out-rings his cheering song, 'Mid storms that bellow loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the

hour to 'guile, And still the lengthened hour to 'guile, Sings as he views the gath - 'ring
 reel - ing log, With joy he heaves the reeling log, And marks the lee - way and the

Larboard Watch

In time.

clouds, Sings as he views the gath - ring clouds. Lar - board Watch, a - hoy! Larboard course, And marks the lee - way and the course. Lar - board Watch, a - hoy! etc.

Watch, a - hoy! But who can speak the joy he feels, While o'er the foam his ves - sel

reels, And his tired eye - lids slumb'ring fall, He rous - es at the wel - come call Of

f slower. *p*
Lar - board Watch, a - hoy! Larboard Watch, Larboard Watch, Larboard Watch, a - hoy!

*Rockaby, Lullaby**J. G. Holland**Hubert P. Main*

1. Rock - a - by, lul - la - by, bees in the clo - ver!— Croon - ing so
 2. Rock - a - by, lul - la - by, rain on the clo - ver! Tears on the
 3. Rock - a - by, lul - la - by, dew on the clo - ver! Dew on the

drow - si - ly, cry - ing so low— Rock - a - by, lul - la - by,
 eye - lids that wav - cr and weep; Rock - a - by, lul - la - by,
 eyes that will spar - kle at dawn! Rock - a - by, lul - la - by,

dear lit - tle rov - er! Down in - to won - der land— Down to the
 bend - ing it o - ver, Down on the moth - er - world, Down on the
 dear lit - tle rov - er! In - to the still - y world— In - to the

un - der - land— Go, oh, go! Down in - to won - der - land go!...
 oth - er world! Sleep, oh, sleep! Down on the moth - er - world sleep!
 lil - y - world Gone, oh, gone! In - to the li - ly - world, gone!

The Slumber-Song

F. Kücken

1. { All is still in sweet - est rest, Be thy sleep se - rene - ly blest !
 { Al - les still in süs - ser Ruh! D'rum, mein Kind, so schlaf auch du !

2. { Close each lit - tle, lov - ing eye, Let them like two rose - lets lie ;
 { Schlies - se dei - ne Aeu - ge - lein, Lass sie wie zwei Knos - pen sein !

{ Winds are moan - ing o'er the wild, Lul - la - by, sleep on, my child ;
 { Draus - sen säu - selt nur der Wind, Su, su, su! schlaf ein, mein Kind ;

{ And when pur - pling morn shall glow, Still as rose - lets fresh - ly blow,
 { Mor - gen wenn die Sonn' er - glüht, Sind sie wie die Blum' er - blüht,

{ Lul - la - by, sleep on, my child, La, lul - la - by, sleep on, .. my
 { Su, su, su! schlaf ein, mein Kind ; Su, su, su, su! schlaf ein, mein

{ Still as rose - lets fresh - ly blow ; La, lul - la - by, sleep on, .. my
 { Sind sie wie die Blum' er - blüht, Su, su, su, su! schlaf ein, mein

{ child ; May an - gel gleams Per - vade thy dreams ! Sleep on, sleep on.
 { Kind : Su, su, su, su! In - gu - ter Ruh! Schlaf ein, schlaf ein.

I am Lonely To-night

G. W. H. Griffin

G. W. H. Griffin

**With expression.*

mf

1. I am lone - ly to - night in my sad lit - tle cham - ber,
 2. I am lone - ly to - night, but ere spring - birds shall war - ble

While the stars sweet - ly shine up - on all I hold dear,
 Their ma - - ti - nal song in the wild for - est tree,

cres.

They are gone from their home with the bold, fear - less Ran - ger,
 And the bright lim - pid brook with sweet mu - sic shall bab - ble,

slower.

There's a void.. in my heart, for... they are not here!
 My... heart will grow light - er, while.. think - ing of thee;

** These marks of expression for first stanza only.*

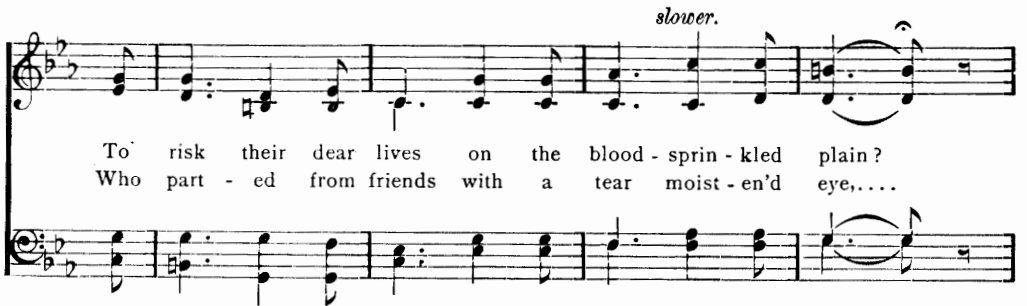
I am Lonely To-night

quicker.



Oh! why did they leave me a - lone and de - sert - ed,
Then fleet by, dull hours, . . . and bring back the loved ones,

slower.



To risk their dear lives on the blood - sprin - kled plain?
Who part - ed from friends with a tear moist - en'd eye, . . .

in time and with expression. *slower to the end.*



Should they nev - er re - turn, this poor heart will soon with - er,
For then this sad heart. will no long - er be lone - ly,



And nev - er know joy . . . or . . . com - fort a - gain!
But joy - ous and hap - py as the calm, a - zure sky!

*Singing in the Rain**Elizabeth Akers Allen**J. Haydn*

1. Where the elm-tree branch-es By the rain are stir'd, Care-less of the show-er,
 2. From their heav-y frin-ges Pour their drops a-main; Still the bird is sing-ing,
 3. Cheer-ful sum-mer proph-et! List'ning to thy song, How my faint-ing spir-it

Swings a lit-tle bird: Clouds may frown and dark-en; Drops may fall in vain;
 Sing-ing in the rain. O thou hope-ful sing-er, Whom my faith per-ceives
 Grow-eth glad and strong. Let the black clouds gath-er, Let the sun-shine wane,

Lit-tle heeds the war-bler Sing-ing in the rain. Dim-mer fall the shad-ows,
 To a dove trans-fig-ur'd, Bringing ol-ive leaves; Ol-ive leaves of prom-ise,
 If I may but join thee, Sing-ing in the rain. Let the black clouds gath-er,

Mist-ier grows the air,— Still the thick clouds gath-er, Dark'ning here and there.
 Types of joy to be;... How in doubt and tri-al Learns my heart of thee.
 Let the sunshine wane,... If I may but join thee, Sing-ing in the rain.

The Old Familiar Place

C. W. Glover

Moderato.

1. We may rove the wide world o'er, But we ne'er shall find a trace Of the home we loved of
 2. We may sail o'er ev-ery sea, But we still shall fail to find An-y spot so dear to

yore, Of the old fa-mil-iar place ; Oth-er scenes may be as bright, But we miss, 'neath alien
 be As the one we left be-hind ; Words of com-fort we may hear, But they can-not touch the

skies, Both the welcome and the light Of the old, kind, loving eyes. Home is home, of this be-
 heart, Like the tones to memory dear, Of the friends from whom we part. Home is home, the wand'rer

reft, Mem'ry loves a-gain to trace All the forms of those we left In the old fa-mil-iar place.
 longs All the scenes of youth to trace, And to hear the old home songs In the old fa-mil-iar place.

Dolly Day

Words and Music by S. C. Foster

Moderato.

1. I've told you 'bout de ban-jo, De fid-dle and de bow, Likewise about de cot-ton-field, De
2. I like to see de clo-ver, Dat grows a-bout de lane, I like to see de 'bac-co plant, I
3. When de work is o-ver, I make de ban-jo play, And while I strike de dulcem notes, I
4. Mas-sa give me mon-ey, To buy a peck of corn, I'se gwine to mar-ry Dol-ly Day, And



shub-ble and de hoe; I've sung a-bout de bul-gine Dat blew de folks a-way, And
 like de su-gar cane; But on de old plan-ta-tion, Der's nothing half so gay, Der's
 think of Dol-ly Day. Her form is like a po-sy—De lil-y of de vale, Her
 build my-self a barn; Den when I'm old and fee-ble, And when my head is gray, I'll



now I'll sing a lit-tle song A-bout my Dol-ly Day.
 noth-ing dat I love so much, As my sweet Dol-ly Day. } Oh, Dolly Day, looks so gay, I
 voice am far de sweetest sound, Dat floats up-on de gale.
 trab-ble down de hill of life, A-long with Dol-ly Day. }



run all round and round, To hear her fai-ry footsteps play, As she comes o'er de ground.



Would I were with Thee

Caroline E. S. Norton

Carlo Bossetti

1. Would I were with thee, ev - 'ry day and hour,.. Which now I
 2. Would I were with thee, when the world for - get - ting, Thy wea - ry
 3. Would I were with thee, when no lon - ger feign - ing The hur - ried
 4. Would I were with thee when the day is break - ing, And when the

pass so sad - ly far from thee ; Would that my form pos - sess'd the mag - ic
 limbs up - on the turf are thrown ; While bright and red the eve - ning sun is
 laugh, that sti - fles back a sigh ; When thy young lip pours forth its sweet com -
 moon has left the lone - ly sea ; Or when in crowds, some care - less note a -

pow'r To fol - low where my heav - y heart would be ; What - e'er thy lot.....
 set - ting And all thy tho'ts be - long to heav'n a - lone ; While hap - py dreams..
 plain - ing, And tears have quench'd the light within thy eye : When all seems dark....
 wak - ing Speaks to thy heart in mem - o - ry of me ; In joy or pain,....

o'er land or sea, Would I were with thee e - - ter - nal - ly.
 thy thoughts em - ploy ; Would I were with thee in..... thy joy.
 and sad be - low, Would I were with thee in..... thy woe.
 by sea or shore, Would I were with thee ev - - er - more.

Shells of Ocean

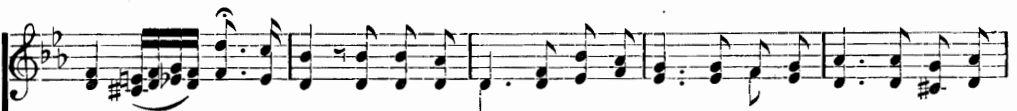
J. W. Cherry



1. One sum - mer eve, with pen - sive thought, I wan - der'd on the sea - beat
 2. I stoop'd up - on the peb - bly strand, To cull the toys that round me



shore, Where oft, in heed - less in - fant sport, I gather'd shells in days be - fore, I gather'd
 lay, But, as I took them in my hand, I threw them one by one a - way, I threw them



shells in . . . days be - fore : The plashing waves like music fell, Responsive to my fan - cy
 one by . . . one a - way : Oh, thus, I said, in ev - 'ry stage, By toys our fan - cy is be -



wild ; A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain a
 guil'd ; We gath - er shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, like a



Shells of Ocean

slower and with expression.

child : A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain, a - gain a child.
child : We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, leave them like a child.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including accents and slurs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Arrangement Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 72
R. Burns

Bruce's Address

Scotch Air

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has oft-en led ! Wel-come to your
2. Wha will be a trai-tor knave? Wha will fill a coward's grave? Wha sae base as
3. By op-pressions, woes and pains, By your sons in ser-vile chains, We will drain our

The first system of musical notation shows the treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a melody with dotted rhythms and eighth notes. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment of chords.

go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry! Now's the day, and now's the hour!
be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha for Scotland's King and law,
dear - est veins, But they shall be free! Lay the proud u - sur - pers low,

The second system continues the musical notation with treble and bass staves. The melody in the treble staff continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

See the front of bat-tle low'r! See approach proud Edward's pow'r! Chains and slavery!
Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Freeman stand, or freeman fa'? Let him fol - low me!
Ty-rants fall in ev - 'ry foe, Lib - er - ty's in ev - 'ry blow, Let us do, or die!

The third system concludes the piece with musical notation on treble and bass staves. The treble staff ends with a final cadence, and the bass staff provides a solid harmonic base.

Arrangement Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

The Soldier's Farewell

English Version by Martin Meyer
Moderately quick and with expression.

Melody by Johanna Kinkel
rit. a tempo.

1. Hark! trumpets far off sound-ing, And war-rior's steeds are bound-ing, May
 1. *Weh dass wir schei - den müs - sen, Lass mich noch ein - mai küs - sen, Ich*
 2. Take now this wreath of flow - ers, Pluck'd from our gar - den bow - ers, Where
 2. *Ich werd auf Mai - en Au - en, Dich nie - mals wie - der schau - en, Der*

cres - - - - *cen* - - - - *do*.

I once more em - brac - ing, With kiss thy tears ef - fac - ing? Fare -
muss an Kai - sers Sei - ten In's fal - sche Welsch - land rei - ten. Fahr -
 oft I was re - clin - ing, Thy fair - y form en - twin - ing. Fare -
Fein - de grim - me Schaa - ren, Sind kom - men an - ge - fah - ren. Fahr -

well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.
wohl, fahr - wohl, mein ar - mes Lieb, Fahr - wohl, fahr - wohl, mein ar - mes Lieb.

3.

I'll think of thee with longing,
 While foemen 'round me thronging,
 While sword and lance are gleaming,
 While my life's blood is streaming,
 Farewell, farewell my own true love.

3.

*Ich denk an dich mit Sehnen,
 Gedenk an mich mit Thränen,
 Wenn meine Augen brechen,
 Will ich zuletzt noch sprechen,
 Fahrwohl, fahrwohl, mein armes Lieb.*

No. 74

A Little Seed

V. 1. Anon

V. 2. Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892

Hubert P. Main

1. A ti - ny lit - tle seed am I, In the mold: Hid - den from the
 2. O not a min - ute can I wait! I must go! None shall say that

big blue sky And the cold. Guess I'll throw a root-let out, Feel a-
 I am late, O, no, no! Guess I'll shove a spear of green To the

round— There, I've real - ly turned a - bout In the ground. Did I hear a
 air— Nic - est place I've ev - er seen— An - y - where! Pus - sy - wil-lows

blue bird sing? Could it be? If I did it *must* be spring:— I'll go see!
 by the lake—Mayflow'rs near— Yes, indeed,—there's no mistake, Spring is here!

Down to F


No. 75

In the Gloaming


Meta Orred

Annie Fortescue Harrison

mf



1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling, when the lights are dim and low ;
2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling, think not bit-ter-ly of me!



And the qui-et shad-ows fall-ing soft-ly come, and soft-ly go ;
Though I pass'd a-way in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free.



p



When the winds are sob-bing faint-ly, with a gen-tle un-known woe,
For my heart was crush'd with long-ing, what had been could nev-er be ;

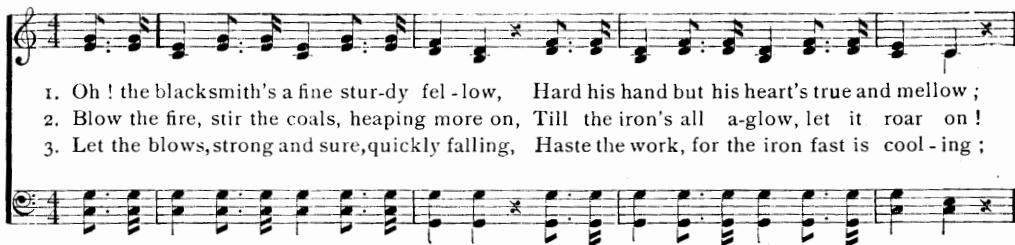


slower.

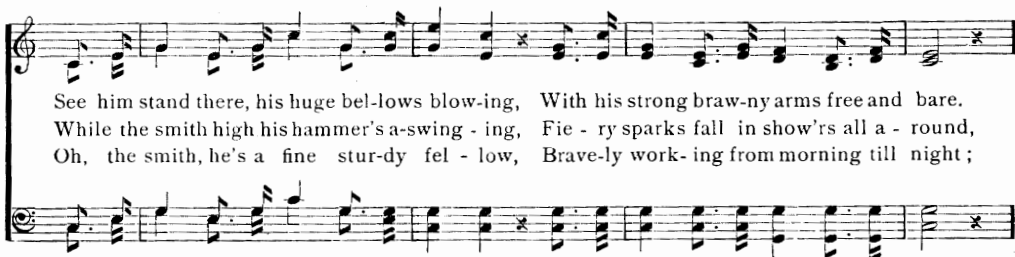


Will you think of me, and love me, as you did once, long a-go?
It was best to leave you thus, dear, best for you and best for me.



*The Blacksmith**Mozart. Chorus by Henry O. Upton*


1. Oh ! the blacksmith's a fine stur-dy fel - low, Hard his hand but his heart's true and mellow ;
 2. Blow the fire, stir the coals, heaping more on, Till the iron's all a-glow, let it roar on !
 3. Let the blows, strong and sure, quickly falling, Haste the work, for the iron fast is cool - ing ;

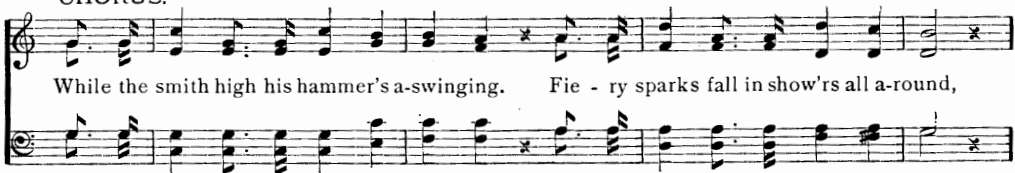


See him stand there, his huge bel-lows blow-ing, With his strong brow-ny arms free and bare,
 While the smith high his hammer's a-swing - ing, Fie - ry sparks fall in show'rs all a - round,
 Oh, the smith, he's a fine stur-dy fel - low, Brave-ly work-ing from morning till night ;

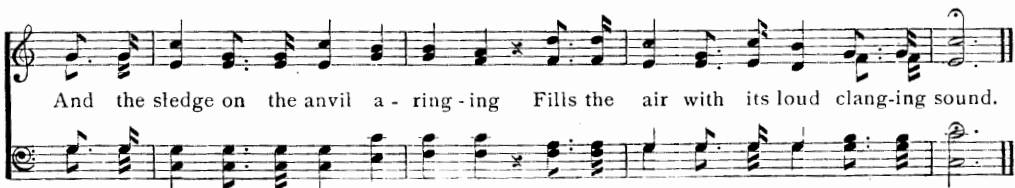


See the fire in the fur-nace a - glow - ing, Bright its spar-kle and flash, loud its roar.
 And the sledge on the anvil is a - ring - ing Fills the air with its loud clang-ing sound.
 Hard his hand, but his heart's true and mel - low, Like his an - vil, he stands for the right.

CHORUS.



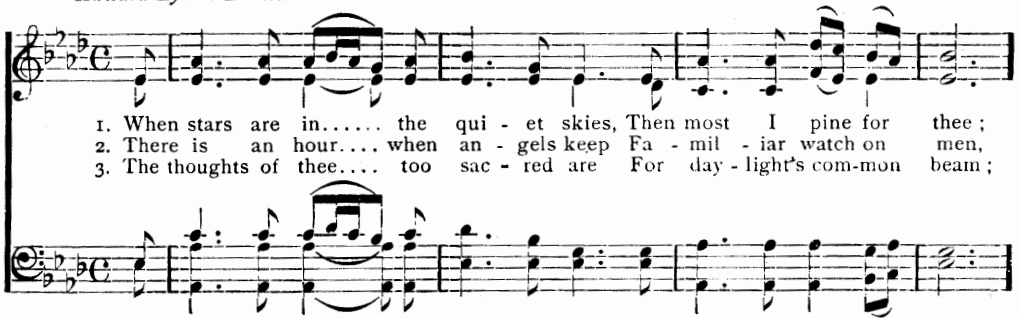
While the smith high his hammer's a-swinging. Fie - ry sparks fall in show'rs all a-round,



And the sledge on the anvil a - ring - ing Fills the air with its loud clang-ing sound.

No. 77 *When Stars are in the Quiet Skies*

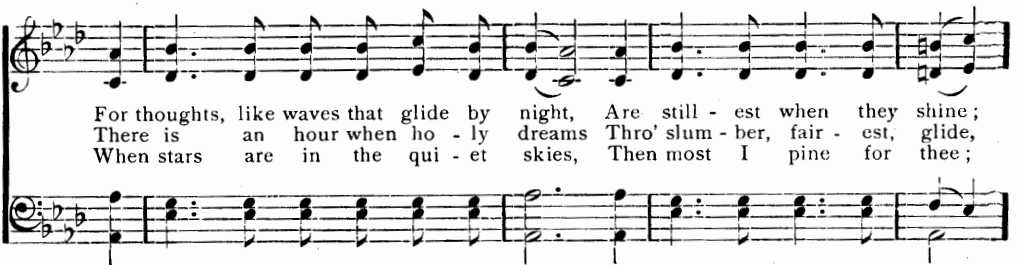
Edward Lytton Bulwer



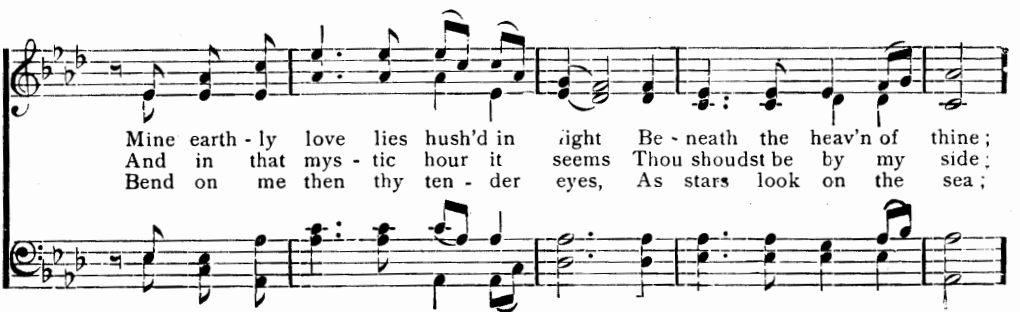
1. When stars are in..... the qui - et skies, Then most I pine for thee ;
2. There is an hour.... when an - gels keep Fa - mil - iar watch on men,
3. The thoughts of thee.... too sac - red are For day - light's com - mon beam ;



Bend on me then thy ten - der eyes, As stars like on the sea !
When coars - er souls are wrapped in sleep, Sweet spir - it, meet me then.
I can but know thee as my star, My an - gel, and my dream !



For thoughts, like waves that glide by night, Are still - est when they shine ;
There is an hour when ho - ly dreams thro' slum - ber, fair - est, glide,
When stars are in the qui - et skies, Then most I pine for thee ;



Mine earth - ly love lies hush'd in ight Be - neath the heav'n of thine ;
And in that mys - tic hour it seems Thou shouldst be by my side ;
Bend on me then thy ten - der eyes, As stars look on the sea ;

When Stars are in the Quiet Skies

Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light... Be-neath the heav'n of thine.
 And in that mys - tic hour it seems... Thou shouldst be by my side.
 Bend on me then thy ten - der eyes,... As stars look on the sea.

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No. 78

Robin Adair

Caroline Keppel, 1750

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near. What was't I wished to see,
 2. What made th'as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair. What made the ball so fine?
 3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair. But now thou'rt cold to me,

What wished to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a
 Rob - in was there; What, when the play was o'er, What made my...
 Rob - in A - dair; Yet him I loved so well, Still in my...

heaven on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
 heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.
 heart shall dwell; Oh! I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A - dair.

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Nancy Lee

Animated.

Michael Maybrick

f

1. Of all... the wives as e'er you know,..... Yeo - ho! lads, ho! Yeo -
 2. The har - bor's past, the breez - es blow,..... Yeo - ho! lads, ho! Yeo -
 3. The boa's - 'n pipes the watch be-low,..... Yeo - ho! lads, ho! Yeo -

ho!.. yeo - ho!.. There's none like Nan - cy Lee, I trow,..... Yeo -
 ho!.. yeo - ho!.. 'Tis long ere we come back I know,..... Yeo -
 ho!.. yeo - ho!.. Then here's a health be-fore we go,..... Yeo -

ho!.. lads, ho!.. yeo - ho!.. See there she stands and waves her hands, up -
 ho!.. lads, ho!.. yeo - ho!.. But true and bright, from morn till night, my
 ho!.. lads, ho!.. yeo - ho!.. A long, long life to my sweet wife, and

on... the quay, An' ev' - ry day when I'm a - way, She'll watch for..
 home will be,.. An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet, For Jack at...
 mates at sea; An' keep our bones from Da - vy Jones Wher-e'er... you..

Nancy Lee

me,.. An' whis - per low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea. Yeo - ho!.. lads,
sea,.. An' Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo - ho!.. lads,
be,.. An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy Lee. Yeo - ho!.. lads,

ho!.. yeo - ho!..
ho!.. yeo - ho!.. } The sail - or's wife the sail - or's star shall
ho!.. yeo - ho!..

be, Yeo - ho!.. we.. go a - - cross the sea; The sail - or's

wife the sail - or's star shall be, The sail - or's wife his star shall be...

The Boy who Laughs

Melody by Henry O. Upton. Arr. by F. N. Shepperd

Lively. f

1. I know a fun - ny
2. I saw him tum - ble
3. There's sunshine in each
4. No mat - ter how the

Lively.
f

lit - tle boy, The hap - piest ev - er born; His face is like a beam of joy, Al -
on his nose, And wait - ed for a groan; But how he laugh'd, do you sup - pose He
word he speaks, His laugh is something grand; Its rip - ples o - ver - run his cheeks, Like
day may go, You can - not make him cry; He's worth a doz - en boys, I know, Who

CHORUS.

tho' his clothes are torn,
struck his fun - ny bone?
waves on snow - y sand.
pout, and mope, and sigh.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho! Al - tho' his clothes are

torn; Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho! Al - tho' his clothes are torn!

Katy Darling

*In moderate time, and with expression.**G. Bellini*

1. Oh, they tell me thou art dead, Ka - ty Dar - ling, That thy smile I may
2. I'm... kneeling by thy grave, Ka - ty Dar - ling! This world is all a
3. 'Tis... use-less all my weep-ing, Ka - ty Dar - ling, But I'll pray that thy

nev - er more be - hold! Did they tell thee I was false, Ka - ty Dar - ling, Or my
bleak world to me; Oh, ..could'st thou hear my wailing, Ka - ty Dar - ling, Or think
spir - it be my guide, And that when my life be spent, Ka - ty Dar - ling, They will

love for thee had e'er grown cold? Oh, they knew not the lov - ing Of the
love, I am sigh - ing for thee; Oh, methinks the stars are weep - ing, By their
lay me down to rest by thy side; In my heart great grief I'm bear - ing, Tho' I

hearts of E - rin's sons, When a love like to thine, Ka - ty Dar - ling, Is the
soft and lam-bent light, And thy heart would be melting, Ka - ty Dar - ling, Could'st thou
scarce can heave a sigh, And I'll ev - er be dreaming, Ka - ty Dar - ling, Of thy

Katy Darling

mp *slowly.* *mf* *in time.*

goal to the race that he runs. Oh, hear me, sweet Ka - ty, For the
 see thy lone Der - mot this night. Oh, list - en, sweet Ka - ty! For the
 love ev - 'ry day till I die. Fare - well, then, sweet Ka - ty! For the

mf

wild flowers greet me, Ka - ty Dar - ling, And the love-birds are sing - ing in each tree ;
 wild flowers are sleeping, Ka - ty Dar - ling, And the love-birds are nestling in each tree ;
 wild flowers will blossom, Ka - ty Dar - ling, And the love-birds will war - ble in each tree ;

slower.

Wilt thou nev - er more hear me, Ka - ty Dar - ling, Be - hold, love, I'm wait - ing for thee !
 Wilt thou nev - er more hear me, Ka - ty Dar - ling, Or know, love, I'm kneeling by thee ?
 But in heav - en I will meet thee, Ka - ty Dar - ling, For there, love, thou'rt waiting for me.

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No. 82 *I heard the wee Bird singing*

With moderate motion.

George Linley

mf

1. I heard a wee bird sing - ing, In my cham - ber as I lay, The..
 2. He heard the wee bird sing - ing, For its notes were wond'rous clear, As if
 3. We heard the wee bird sing - ing, Aft - er man - y years had flown, The..

I heard the wee Bird singing

case - ment o - pen swinging,.. As morning woke the day ; And the boughs around were
wed - ding bells are ring - ing,.. Me - lo - dious to the ear ; And still it rang that
true bells had been ring - ing,.. And Wil - lie was my own ; Oft strolling thro' the

twin - ing, The bright sun thro' them shin - ing, And I had long been pin - ing
wee bird's song, Just like the bells, ding, dong, ding, dong, While my heart beat time so quick and strong,
for - est glade, I mind him what the wee bird said, That morn when he no long - er stray'd,

slower. *in time.*

For my Wil - lie, far a - way ; When I heard that wee bird singing, When I heard that wee bird
I... felt that he was near ; Ah ! he heard that wee bird singing, Ah ! he heard that wee bird
But.. flew to me a - lone ; Oh ! we love the wee bird singing, Oh ! we love the wee bird

> slower. *> in time.*

sing - ing, That wee bird, that wee bird, When I heard that wee bird sing - ing.
sing - ing, That wee bird, that wee bird, Ah ! he heard that wee bird sing - ing.
sing - ing, That wee bird, that wee bird, Oh ! we love the wee bird sing - ing.

No. 83

Sleighting Song

J. B. W.

Melody by Henry O. Upton. Arr. by F. N. Shepperd

Lively. f



1. Jin - gle, jin - gle, clear the way,
2. Jin - gle, jin - gle, past it flies,
3. Jin - gle, jin - gle, how they ring,
4. Jin - gle, jin - gle, down the hill,



'Tis the mer - ry, mer - ry sleigh ; As it swift - ly scuds a - long,
 Send - ing shafts from hood - ed eyes ; See them with their mer - ry pranks
 Raise your voice, and shout and sing ; Wrap the robes up, fold on fold,
 O'er the bridg - es, past the mill ; Fast - er now, but not too fast,

CHORUS.

Hear the burst of mer-ry song.
 Plowing now the drift-ed banks.
 To pro-tect us from the cold.
 Win-ter will not al-ways last. } Jin - gle, jin - gle, here we go, Thro' the heaps of

drift-ed snow ; Jin - gle, jin - gle, clear the way, 'Tis the mer-ry, mer-ry sleigh !

Sva.....

Joyous are We

Melody by Henry O. Upton. Arr. by F. N. Shepperd

Lively. f

1. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,
2. Hop-ping and skip-ping and
3. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly,

Lively. f

bound we a - long, Cheer-i - ly, cheer - i - ly, sing we a song, O - ver the
jump-ing we go, Noth-ing of care or of sor - row we know, Sing-ing and
all the bright hours, Gay as the birds as they sing 'mid the flow'rs, O - ver the

meadow with hearts light and free, Who are so hap - py and joy - ous as we?
dancing, come join in our glee, Who are so hap - py and joy - ons as we?
wood-lawn, the hill-side and lea, Who are so hap - py and joy - ous as we?

CHORUS.

Who are so hap - py? Who are so hap - py? Who are so hap - py and joy - ous as we?

staccato.

*Won't you tell me why, Robin**Words and Music by Mrs. Chas. Barnard*

1. You are not what you were, Rob - in ; Why so sad and strange? You
 2. One Sun - day aft - er church, Rob-in, I look'd a - round for you ;.. I
 3. The oth - er night we danc'd, Rob-in, Be - neath the haw-thorn tree,.. I

once were blithe and gay,... Rob - in ; What has made you change? You
 thought you'd see me home, Rob-in, As once you used to do ;.. But
 thought you'd sure - ly come, Rob-in, If but.. to dance with me ;.. But

nev - er come to see me now, As once you used to do ;.. I miss you at the
 now you seem a - fraid to come, And al - most ev - 'ry day.. I meet you in the
 Al - len ask'd me first, and so I join'd the reel with him ;.. But I was heav - y

wick - et gate You al - ways let me through ; It's ver - y hard to o - pen, But you
 mead-ows, And you look the oth - er way... You nev - er bring me po - sies now ; The
 heart-ed, And my eyes with tears were dim... And oh, how ver - y grave you look'd, As

Won't you tell me why, Robin

nev - er come and try.... }
 last are dead and dry.... } Won't you tell me why, Rob-in? Won't you tell me
 once we pass'd you by!.. }

why?.. Won't you tell me why... Rob-in? Oh, won't you tell me why?..

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No. 86

The Oak Tree

Melody by Henry O. Upton

Not too fast. With expression.

mf.

1. Long a - go in change-ful au - tumn, When the leaves were turn - ing brown,
2. And it tum - bled by the path - way, And a chance foot trod it deep
3. Man - y years kind Na - ture nursed it, Sum - mers hot and win - ters long :
4. Now it stands up like a gi - ant, Cast - ing shad - ows broad and high,

From the tall oak's top-most bran - ches Fell a lit - tle a - corn down.
 In the ground, where all the win - ter In its shell it lay a - sleep.
 Down the sun looked bright up - on it, While it grew up tall and strong.
 With huge trunk and leaf - y branch - es, Spreading up in - to the sky.

Arrangement Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

Bye, Baby, Bye

Mary Mapes Dodge

(LULLABY)

Hubert P. Main

Slow, with simplicity.

p legato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time. The right hand features a flowing melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Vocal line for the first three verses, marked *p*. The melody is simple and lullaby-like, with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp.

1. Bye, ba - by, day is o - ver, Bees are drowsing in the clo - ver ;
2. Bye, ba - by, birds are sleeping, One by one the stars are peep - ing ;
3. Bye, ba - by, moth - er holds thee, Lov - ing, ten - der care en - folds thee ;

Piano accompaniment for the first three verses, marked *pp*. The accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in both hands, supporting the vocal line.

Vocal line for the final verse, marked *p*. The melody concludes with a final note on a whole note.

Bye,..... ba - by, bye! Now the sun to bed is glid - ing,
 Bye,..... ba - by, bye! In the far - off sky they twin - kle,
 Bye,..... ba - by, bye! An - gels in thy dreams ca - ress thee,

Piano accompaniment for the final verse, marked *p*. The accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

Vocal line for the final verse, marked *rit.*. The final phrase is repeated three times, with the first two marked *1st and 2d time.* and the last marked *3d time.*

All the pret - ty flow'rs are hid - ing— Bye, • ba - by, bye !
 While the cows come, tin - kle, tin - kle— Bye, ba - by, bye !
 Thro' the dark - ness guard and bless thee— Bye, ba - by, [OMIT.....] bye !

Piano accompaniment for the final verse, marked *rit.*. The accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand, marked *p*.

Speed away

I. B. Woodbury, 1848

With moderate motion and with expression.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! on thine er - rand of light! There's a young heart a -
 2. And, . . . oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her moth - er hath
 3. Go, . . . bird of the sil - ver wing, fet - ter - less now, Stoop not thy bright

wait - ing thy com - ing to - night; She will fon - dle thee close, she will ask for the
 ev - er a sad song to sing: That she standeth a - lone, in the still, qui - et
 pin - ions on yon mountain's brow; But hie thee a - way, o'er rock, riv - er, and

lov'd, Who pine up - on earth since the "Day Star" has roved; She will ask if we
 night, And her fond heart goes forth for the be - ing of light, Who had slept in her
 glen, And find our young "Day Star" ere night close a - gain; Up! on - ward! let

slower.
 miss her, so long is her stay: Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a - way!
 bo - som, but who would not stay? Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a - way!
 noth - ing thy mis - sion de - lay: Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a - way!



1. Oh, tell me what it mean - eth, This gloom and tear - ful eye?
 2. A - bove the maid - en sit - teth, A won - drous form and fair;
 3. The boat - man on the riv - er... Lists to the song, spell - bound;



'Tis mem - o - ry that re - tain - eth The tale of years gone by,....
 With jew - els bright she plait - eth Her shin - ing gold - en hair :...
 Oh! what shall him de - liv - er From dan - ger threat - ning round?



The fad - ing light grows dim - mer, The Rhine doth calm - ly flow!.....
 With comb of gold pre - pares it, The task with song be - guiled;.....
 The wa - ters they have caught them, Both boat and boat - man brave;.....



The loft - y hill - tops glim - - mer... Red with the sun - set glow...
 A fit - ful bur - den bears it - That mel - o - dy so wild...
 'Tis Lore - ley's song that brought them Be - neath the foam - ing wave...



The Brookside

Richard Monckton Milnes. (Lord Houghton)

James Hine

1. I wan - der'd by the brook-side, I wan - der'd by the mill ;
 2. I sat... be - neath the elm tree, I watch'd the long, long shade,
 3. He came.. not,—no, he came not,— The night came on a - lone,—
 4. Fast, si - lent tears were flow - ing, When some - thing stood be - hind ;

I could not hear the brook flow, The nois - y wheel was still ;
 And as it grew still long - er, I did not feel a - fraid :
 The stars sat one by one... Each on his gold - en throne ;
 A hand was on my shoul - der, I knew its touch was kind ;

There was no burr of grass-hop-er, No chirp of a - ny bird,
 For I list - en'd for a foot - fall, I list - en'd for a word,
 The eve - ning air pass'd by my cheek, The leaves a - bove were stirr'd,
 It drew me near - er—near - er— We did not speak one word,

But the beat - ing of.. my.. own heart... Was all the sound I heard.
 But the beat - ing of.. my.. own heart... Was all the sound I heard.
 But the beat - ing of.. my.. own heart... Was all the sound I heard.
 For the beat - ing of.. our.. own hearts... Was all the sound we heard

Oft in the Stilly Night

Thomas Moore

John Stevenson. Moore's Melodies

1. Oft in the still - y night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,
 2. When I re - mem - ber all the friends, so link'd to - geth - er,

d. c. Thus, in the still - y night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,

Fond mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me,—
 I've seen a - round me fall, like leaves in win - try wea - ther,

Sad mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me.

Fine.

The smiles, the tears of child-hood's years, the words of love then spok - en,
 I feel like one who treads a - lone some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed,

The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, the cheer - ful hearts now brok - en,
 Whose lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, and all but him de - part - ed.

D. C. al fine.

Dublin Bay

Geo. Barker

1. They sail'd a - way in a gal - lant bark, Roy Neal and his fair young bride,
 2. Three days they sail'd when a storm a - rose, And the light - 'ning swept the deep,
 3. On the crowd-ed deck of that doom-ed ship Some fell in their meek de - spair,

They had ven - tur'd all in that bounding ship, That danc'd on the sil - v'ry tide;
 When the thun - der crash broke the short re - pose Of the wea - - ry sea - boy's sleep;
 But some more calm with a ho - lier lip Sought the God of the storm in pray'r;

Roy Neal he clasp'd his weep - ing bride, And he kiss'd the tears a - way,..
 Roy Neal he clasp'd his weep - ing bride, And he kiss'd the tears a - way,..
 "She has struck on a rock!" the sea - men cried, In the breath of their wild dis - may;

And he watch'd the shore re - cede from sight Of his own sweet "Dub - lin Bay."
 "O love, 'twas a fear - ful hour," he cried, "When we left sweet Dub - lin Bay."
 And that ship went down with that fair young bride, That sailed from Dub - lin Bay."

Marseilles Hymn

Rouget de Lisle, 1792

1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - - ry! Hark, hark! what
 2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - - ed, The vile, in -
 3. Oh, Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing

my - riads bid you rise! Your child - ren, wives, and grand - sires hoar - y:
 sa - tiate des - pots dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bound - ed,
 felt thy gen' - rous flame? Can dun - geons, bolts and bars con - fine thee?

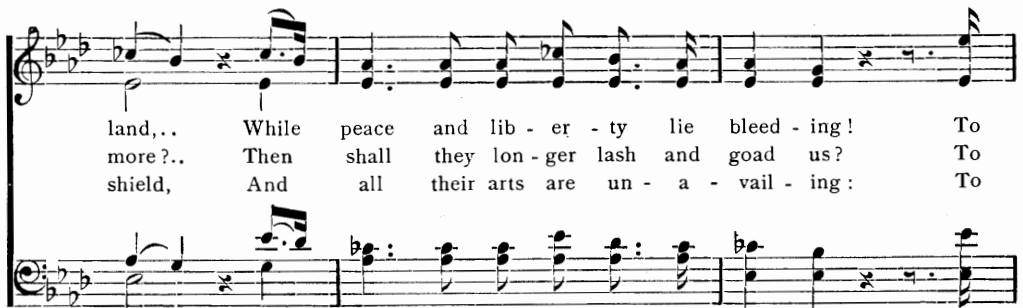
Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries, Be - hold their tears and hear their
 To mete and vend the light and air, To mete and vend the light and
 Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it

cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants, mis - chief breed - ing, With hire - ling
 air. Like beasts of bur - den would they load us, Like gods would
 tame? Too long the world has wept be - - wail - ing That false - hood's

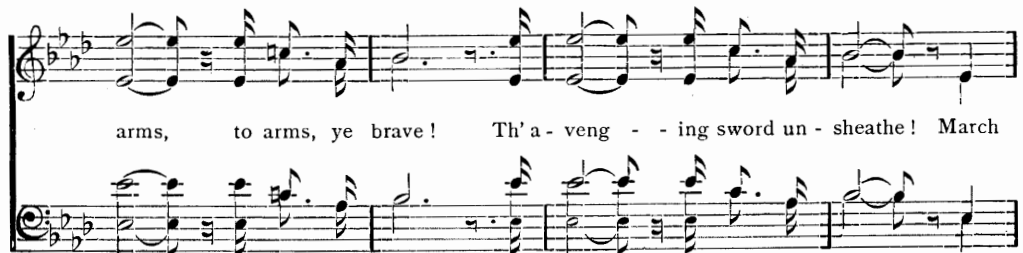
Marseilles Hymn.



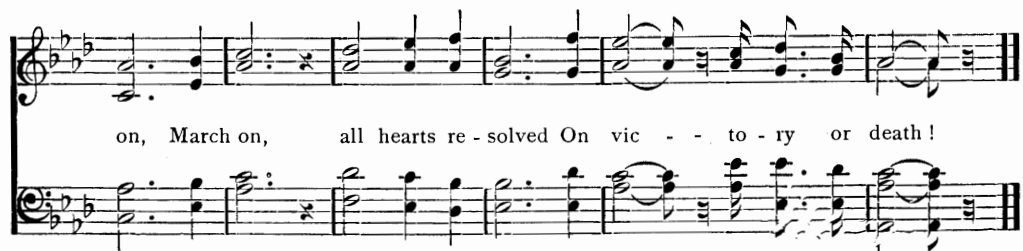
hosts, a ruf - fian... band, Af - fright and des - o - late the
bid their slaves a - - - dore; But man is man, and who is
dag - ger ty - rants... wield; But free - dom is our sword and



land,.. While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing! To
more?.. Then shall they lon - ger lash and goad us? To
shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing: To



arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - - ing sword un - sheathe! March



on, March on, all hearts re - solved On vic - - to - ry or death!

No. 94 *My old Kentucky Home, Good-night*

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster

With expression. Not too slow.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck - y home, 'Tis.....
 2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon On the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher -

sum - mer, the dark - ies are gay, The corn - top's ripe and the
 mead - ow, the hill, and the shore, They sing no more by the
 ev - er the dar - key may go: A few more days and the

mead - ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the
 glim - mer of the moon, On the bench by the old.... cab - in
 trou - ble all will end In the field where the su - gar - canes

day; The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All
 door: The day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With
 grow; A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No

My old Kentucky Home, Good-night

Slower.

mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'n - by Hard Times comes a -
 sor - row where all was de - light; The time has come when the
 mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A few more days till we

knock - ing at the door, Then my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night!
 dar - kies have to part, Then my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night!
 tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night!

CHORUS.

mf. With expression.

In time.

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will sing one

song for the old Ken-tuck-y Home, For the old Ken-tuck-y Home far a - way.

slower. *Repeat. (pp)*

Embarrassment

L. C. Elson

Franz Abt

With moderate motion.
mf with expression.

1. To tell thee something I am yearn - ing, Yet how to speak it, know not well,
2. To thee with joy would I be sing - ing A song which in my heart is heard,
3. I'd write a let - ter to thee, tell - ing How deep and hid - den are my sighs,

pp *slower.*

Yet would'st thou still the clue be learn - ing, I on - ly could as an - swer tell: I
But still my lips are on - ly bring - ing, One soul - felt ten - der, pleading word: I
But from my breast, with passion swell - ing, One sim - ple word a - lone will rise: I

mf Smoothly, with much expression.

love thee, dar - ling, faith - ful - ly, Love thee, and on - - ly thee,..... I
thee, on - ly thee, I

a little slower.

f

love thee, dar - ling, faith - ful - ly, Love thee, and on - ly thee!

No. 96 *Be kind to the Loved Ones at Home*

Words and Music by I. B. Woodbury

Not too fast.



1. Be kind to thy father—for, when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fond - ly as he?
2. Be kind to thy mother—for, lo! on her brow May trac - es of sor - row be seen;
3. Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have death If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
4. Be kind to thy sis - ter— not man - y may know The depth of true sis - ter - ly love;



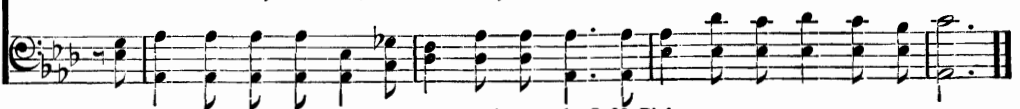
He caught the first ac - cent that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy in - no - cent glee.
Oh! well may'st thou cherish and com - fort her now, For lov - ing and kind has she been.
The flow - ers of feel - ing will fade at their birth, If the dew of af - fec - tion be gone.
The wealth of the o - cean lies fa - thoms be - low The sur - face that spark - les a - bove.



Be kind to thy fa - ther, for now he is old; His locks in - ter - mingled with gray;
Re - mem - ber thy moth - er, for thee will she pray, As long as God giv - eth her breath;
Be kind to thy broth - er, wherev - er you are, The love of a broth - er shall be
Be kind to thy fath - er, once fear - less and bold; Be kind to thy moth - er so near;



His foot - steps are fee - ble, once fearless and bold; Thy fa - ther is pas - sing a - way.
With ac - cents of kind - ness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death.
An or - na - ment pur - er and rich - er by far Than pearls from the depth of the sea.
Be kind to thy broth - er, nor show thy heart cold; Be kind to thy sis - ter so dear.



No. 97 *Hard Times come Again no More*

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster

In moderate time.



1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears While we all sup sor-row with the poor :
2. While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay There are frail forms fainting at the door :
3. There's a pale drooping maid-en who toils her life a-way With a worn heart whose bitter days are o'er :
4. 'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave, 'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,



There's a song that will lin-ger for-ev - er in our ears ; Oh ! Hard Times, come again no more.
 Tho' their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say—Oh ! Hard Times, come again no more.
 Tho' her voice would be merry, 'tis sing-ing all the day—Oh ! Hard Times, come again no more.
 'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,—Oh ! Hard Times, come again no more.



CHORUS.



'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry ; Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more ;



Ma - ny days you have linger'd around my cab-in door, Oh ! Hard Times, come again no more.



Comin' thro' the Rye

Robt. Burns
mf With motion.

Scotch Ballad

1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com - in' thro' the rye,
2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com - in' frae the town,
3. A - mang the train there is a swain, I dear - ly love my - sel'?

If a bod - y kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry?
If a bod - y greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown?
But what's his name, or where's his hame, I din - na choose to tell.

REFRAIN.

Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die; Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet

a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

* Small notes for third stanza only.

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Away! Away

D. F. E. Auber, 1828

A - way! a - way! the moon and stars are shin - ing; We'll dance o'er hill and

flow - 'ry green; With laugh - ing eyes and heart that knows no pin - ing, We'll make the

Fine.
night pay homage to our queen. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way!

D. C. al fine.
{ The fair - y moonlight streaming Up - on the mountain height, }
{ As if the world were dreaming Of mu - sic and de - light, } Of mu - sic and de - light.

No. 100 *Amid the Greenwood Smiling*

S. Thalberg, 1852



1. A - mid the green - wood smil - ing, Once stood a love - ly cot ;...
 2. The hunts-man hath de - part - ed, The maid - en, too, is gone ;..



A hunts-man's bloom-ing daugh-ter Gave beau-ty to the spot ;..
 The cot, in ru - ins fall - ing, Is des - a - late and lone ;..



And when a - broad she wan - der'd, Then I was ev - er nigh ;..
 A wil - low shall be plant - ed Up - on this or - phan ground.



When friend - ly I ad - dress'd her, Full sweet was her re - ply...
 O tree ! may'st thou still flour - ish, Shed bloom and fresh - ness round !



Over the Stars there is Rest

Franz Abt

1. O - ver the stars there is rest !..... O - ver the stars there is rest !....
 2. O - ver the stars there is rest !..... O - ver the stars there is rest !....

Suf - fer, in pa - tience con - fid - ing, Life with its tri - al and chid - ing;
 Bear up, to life's ills re - sign - ing; There, where the sun is still shin - ing,

There peace e - ter - nal, a - bid - ing, Makes the de - light of the blest....
 Comes neither grief nor re - pin - ing,—There are re - lieved the op - prest....

Dark tho' to - day be with sor - row. Hope gilds more brightly the mor - row,—
 On - ward with courage re - viv - ing, Ev - er more pa - tient - ly striv - ing,

Over the Stars there is Rest

O - ver the stars there is rest!..... O - ver the stars there is rest!...
 O - ver the stars there is rest!..... O - ver the stars there is rest!...

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No. 102

O Come, Come Away

W. E. Hickson

German Air

1. O, come, come a - way, From la - bor now re - pos - ing, Let bu - sy care a -
 2. From toil and from care, On which the day is clos - ing, The hour of eve brings
 3. While sweet Phil - o - mel, The wea - ry trav - ler cheer - ing, With evening song her
 4. The bright day is gone, The moon and stars ap - pear - ing, With silv - ry light il -

while for - bear, O come, come a - way. Come, come, our so - cial joys re - new, And
 sweet re - prieve, O come, come a - way. O come where love will smile on thee, And
 notes pro - long, O come, come a - way. In ans - w'ring song of sym - pa - thy, We'll
 lume the night O come, come a - way. We'll join in grate - ful song of praise, To

there with trust and friendship, too, Let true hearts wel - come you, O come, come a - way.
 round the heart will glad - ness be, And time fly mer - ri - ly, O come, come a - way.
 sing in tune - ful har - mo - ny, Of hope, joy, lib - er - ty, O come, come a - way.
 Him who crowns our peaceful days With health, hope, hap - pi - ness, O come, come a - way.

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Tit-Willow

W. S. Gilbert. From Mikado"

Arthur Sullivan

1. On a tree by a riv-er a lit-tle tom-tit Sang, "Willow, tit-wil-low, tit -
 2. He.. slapp'd at his chest as he sat on that bough, Singing "Willow, tit-wil-low, tit -
 3. Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name Is - n't Willow, tit-wil-low, tit -

wil-low!" And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit Sing-ing
 wil-low!" And a cold per-spi-ra-tion be-spangled his brow, Oh,..
 wil-low! That 'twas blighted af-fec-tion that made him ex-claim, "Oh,..

"Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low?" "Is it weak-ness of in-tel-lect,
 wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!" He.. sobb'd and he sigh'd, and a
 wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!" And if you re-main cal-lous and

bir-die?' I cried, "Or.. wounded af-fec-tion you can-not a-bide?" With a
 gur-gle he gave, Then he threw him-self in-to the bil-low-y wave, And an
 ob-du-rate I, Shall per-ish as he did, and you will know why, Tho' I

Tit - Willow

shake of his poor lit - tle head, he replied, " Oh, wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low !"
 ech - o a - rose from the su - i - cide's grave, " Oh, wil - low. tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low !"
 prob - a - bly shall not ex - claim as I die, " Oh, wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low !"

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No. 104

The Boat Song

C. M. Von Weber

1. On.. we are float - ing in sun - shine and shad - ow, Soft are the
 2. Light - ly our boat on the wa - ter is swing - ing, On - ward she
 3. Com - rades, sing on,.. while the ech - oes, a - wak - ing, Join in your
 4. Soon will the man - tie of ev - 'ning fall o'er us, Soon will the

rip - ples that sing.. as we go,... Soft - ly they break on the
 floats while the swift.. oars we ply,... Gay... are our hearts as the
 mu - sic with hap - py re - frain,.. Sing.. while the waves on the
 day - light fade out... from the sky,... Then.. with the thought of a

edge of the mead - ow, Woo - ing the grass - es with mel - o - dies low.
 songs we are sing - ing, Bright are our hopes as the ra - di - ant sky.
 sun - ny banks break - ing, An - swer your ca - dence with mu - sic a - gain.
 wel - come be - fore.. us, Back thro' the twi - light we'll cheer - ful - ly hie.

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No. 105 *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean*

David T. Shaw

Thos. à Becket

1. Oh, Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The
 2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And
 3. The... star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co -

home of the brave and the free,... The shrine of each pa - triot's de -
 threaten'd the land to de - form,... The ark then of free - dom's foun -
 lum - bia's true sons let it wave ;... May the wreaths they have won nev - er

vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee,... Thy
 da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the
 with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the

man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in
 gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave
 ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er sev - er, But.. hold to their col - ors so

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

view ;.. Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the
 crew,.. With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the
 true ;.. The ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the

red, white and blue,.. When borne by the red, white and blue,.. When
 red, white and blue,.. The boast of the red, white and blue,.. The
 red, white and blue,.. Three cheers for the red, white and blue,.. Three

borne by the red, white and blue,.. Thy.. ban - ners make tyr - an - ny
 boast of the red, white and blue,.. With her flag proud - ly float - ing be -
 cheers for the red, white and blue,.. The.. ar - my and na - vy for -

trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue....
 fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue....
 ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue....

No. 106

The Low-Backed Car

S. Lover

Samuel Lover

With motion.

1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day,.. A
 2. In bat-tle's wild com-mo-tion, The proud and might-y Mars, With
 3. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the
 4. I'd rath-er own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my side,.. Than a

low-backed car she drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay ;.. But
 hos-tile scythes de-mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars ;.. While
 scores of hearts she slaughters, sir, By far out-num-ber these; While
 coach-and-four and gold ga-lore, And a la-dy for my bride; For the

when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And decked with flow'rs of spring, No
 Peg-gy, peace-ful god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye,... That
 she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just like a tur-tle-dove,... Well
 la-dy would sit for-ninst.. me, On a cush-ion made with taste,.. While

flow'r was there that could compare With the bloom-ing girl I sing, As she
 knock men down in the mar-ket town, As.... right and left they fly, While she
 worth the cage I do en-gage, Of the bloom-ing god of Love! While she
 Peg-gy would sit be-side... me With my arm a-round her waist, As we

The Low-Backed Car

sat in the low-backed car;.. The man at the turn-pike bar... Nev-er
sits in her low-backed car— Than bat-tles more dangerous far— For the
sits in her low-backed car,.. The lov-ers come near and far And en-
drove in a low-backed car,.. To be mar-ried by Fa-ther Maher, Oh! my

asked for the toll, But just rubbed his auld poll, And look'd after the low-backed car...
doc-tor's art Can-not cure.. the heart That is hit from the low-backed car...
vy the chick-en That Peg-gy is pick-in', As she sits in the low-backed car...
heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Though it beat in a low-backed car...

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No. 107

Morning Hour

With motion, but not too fast.

Melody by Henry O. Upton

With expression. mf

1. Morn-ing hour, O hour so gold-en, That so sweet-ly wak-est me,
2. Gen-tle sleep, with hand ca-ress-ing, Hath my life and strength re-stor'd;
3. Nought but good, but lov-ing kind-ness, Nought, but Fa-ther's ten-der care!

For thy cheer-ful light be-hold-en, Heart and lips both wel-come thee!
Let me thank Thee for Thy bless-ing, That I wake to health, O Lord!
Oh! the want of thought, the blind-ness, If I still un-grate-ful were!

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Uncle Ned

S. C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster

1. There was an old darkey and his name was Un-cle Ned, And he died long a - go, long a
 2. His fin - gers were long as the cane in the brake, And he had no eyes for to
 3. One cold, frost - y morning, Un-cle Ned he died, Massa's tears they fell like the

go! He.. had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to
 see! And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe - cake, So he had to let the hoe - cake
 rain; For he knew when Ned was.. laid in the ground, He'd nev - er see his like a -

grow.
 be. } Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe,..... Hang up the fid-dle and the
 gain.

slower.
 bow! For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies go.

Home Again

Words and Music by M. S. Pike

1. Home a - gain, Home a - gain From a for - eign shore; And, oh! it
 2. Hap - py hearts, Hap - py hearts, With mine have laugh'd in glee; But, oh! the
 3. Mu - sic sweet, Mu - sic soft, Lin - gers 'round the place; And, oh! I

fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more. Here I dropp'd the
 friends I lov'd in youth Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my lot should
 feel thy childhood charm That time can - not ef - face; Then give me but my

part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam; But now I'm once a - gain with
 be the fate, Which bids me long - er roam, But death a - lone can break the
 home - stead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome; For I can live a hap - py

CHORUS.

those Who kind - ly greet me home.
 tie That binds my heart to home. } Home a - gain, Home a - gain From a for - eign
 life With those I love, at home. }

Home Again

shore ; And oh ! it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Home Again', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

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No. 110 *The Blue Bells of Scotland*

Annie McVicar, alt.

1. Oh, where ! and oh, where ! is your High-land lad - die gone ? Oh, where ! and oh,
2. Oh, where ! and oh, where ! does your High-land lad - die dwell ? Oh, where ! and oh,
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad - die clad ? What clothes, in what
4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die ? Sup - pose, and sup -

Musical notation for the first system of 'The Blue Bells of Scotland', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

where is your Highland lad - die gone ? He's gone to fight the foe, for King
where ! does your Highland lad - die dwell ? He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the
clothes is your Highland lad - die clad ? His bon - net's Sax - on green, and his ..
pose that your Highland lad should die ? The bagpipes shall play o - ver him, I'd ..

Musical notation for the second system of 'The Blue Bells of Scotland', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

slower.

George up - on the throne ; And it's oh ! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home !
sign of the Blue Bell ; And it's oh ! in my heart, how I love my lad - die well.
waist - coat of the plaid ; And it's oh ! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.
lay me down and cry ; And it's oh ! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

Musical notation for the third system of 'The Blue Bells of Scotland', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics and a 'slower' tempo marking.

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Beautiful Star

Words and Melody by J. M. Sayles, 1855



1. Beau-ti - ful star in heav'n so bright, Soft - ly falls thy silv' - ry light,
 2. In fan - cy's eye thou seem'st to say, Come, come with me from earth a - way,
 3. Shine on,... O star of love di - vine, May our soul's af - fec-tions twine A -



As thou mov'est from earth a - far, Star of the eve-ning, beau-ti-ful star,
 Up-wards thy spir - it's pin - ions try, To realms of peace be - yond the sky, To
 round thee, as... thou mov'st a - far, Star of the twi-light, beau-ti-ful star,



Beau - - - ti - ful star.....



Star of the eve - ning, beau-ti-ful star. }
 realms of peace be - yond the sky. } Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful star,
 Star of the twi - light, beau-ti-ful star. }



Beau - - - ti - ful star..... Star..... of the



Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful star, Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful



Beautiful Star

eve - - - - - ning, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful star.....



star of the eve - - ning, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful star.

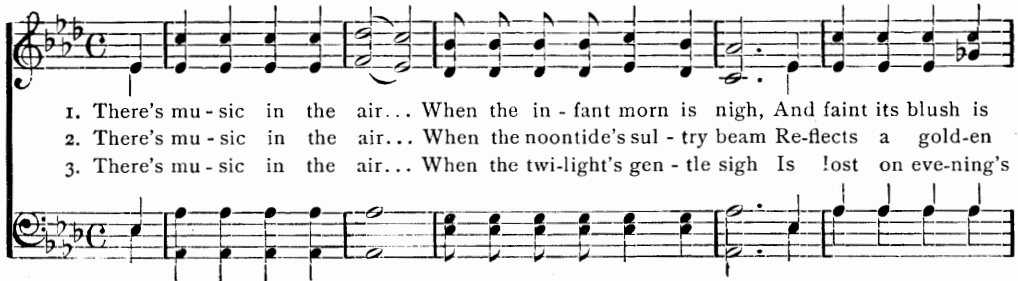
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No. 112

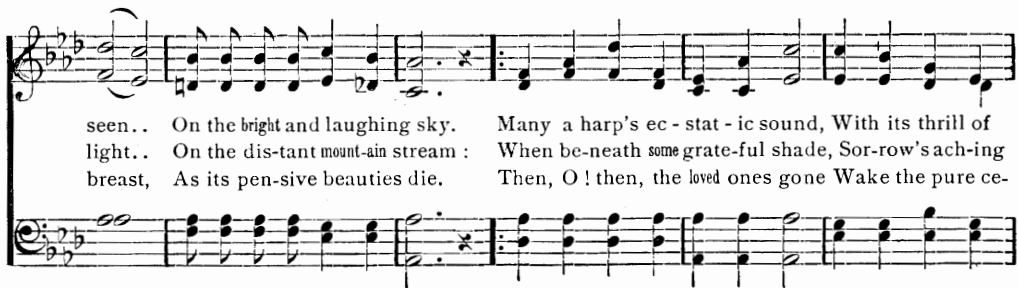
There's Music in the Air

F. J. Crosby, 1854

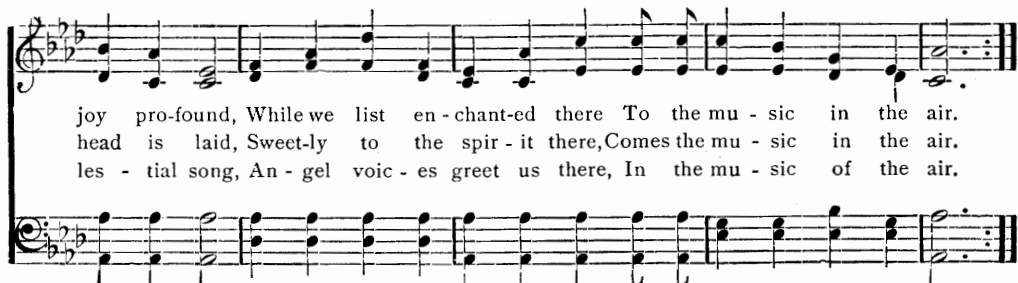
G. F. Root



1. There's mu - sic in the air... When the in - fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is
2. There's mu - sic in the air... When the noontide's sul - try beam Re - flects a gold - en
3. There's mu - sic in the air... When the twi - light's gen - tle sigh Is !ost on eve - ning's



seen.. On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of
light.. On the dis - tant mount - ain stream : When be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing
breast, As its pen - sive beauties die. Then, O ! then, the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce -



joy pro - found, While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air.
head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - it there, Comes the mu - sic in the air.
les - tial song, An - gel voic - es greet us there, In the mu - sic of the air.

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Follow me, full of Glee

1. Chil-dren go, to and fro, In a mer-ry, pret-ty row: Footsteps light, fac-es bright,
 2. Birds are free, so are we, And we live as hap-pi-ly; Work we do, stud-y too,
 3. Work is done, play's begun, Now we have our laugh and fun; Hap-py days, pret-ty plays,

'Tis a hap-py, hap-py sight; Swiftly turning round and round, Do not look upon the ground;
 Learning dai-ly something new; Then we laugh, and dance, and sing, Gay as birds or an-y-thing;
 And no naughty, naughty ways; Holding fast each other's hand, We're a happy, cheerful band;

CHORUS.

Fol-low me, full of glee, Singing mer-ri-ly.
 Fol-low me, full of glee, Singing mer-ri-ly. } Singing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,
 Fol-low me, full of glee, Singing mer-ri-ly. }

Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Fol-low me, full of glee, Singing mer-ri-ly.

*The Lone Starry Hours**Marshall S. Pike**J. P. Ordway**With moderate motion and with expression.*

1. Oh! the lone star - ry hours give me, love, When still is the beau - ti - ful night ;
 2. Till the red ros - y morn grows bright, love, Far a - way o'er the dis - tant sea ;



When the round, laugh - ing moon I see, love, Peep through the clouds sil - ver white.
 Till the stars cease their gen - tle light, love, I'll wait for a wel - come from thee.



When no winds thro' the low woods sweep, love, And I gaze on some bright ris - ing star ;
 And oh, if that pleas - ure's thine, love, We will wan - der to - geth - er a - far ;



When the world is in dreams and sleep, love, Oh! wake while I touch my gui - tar.
 My heart shall be thine, thine mine, love, Then wake while I touch my gui - tar.



The Lone Starry Hours

CHORUS.

When no winds thro' the low woods sweep, love, And I gaze on some bright ris-ing star ;
And oh, if that pleas - ure is thine, love, We will wan - der to-geth - er a - far ;

mf

When the world is in dreams and sleep, love, Oh ! wake while I touch my gui - tar.
My heart shall be thine, thine mine, love, Then wake while I touch my gui - tar.

slower.

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No. 115

Emmet's Lullaby

With moderate motion and with much expression.

Words and Melody by Jos. K. Emmet

1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my dar-ling ; While I sing your lul - la - by, fear thou no
2. Bright be de morn - ing, my dar-ling ; Ven you ope your eyes, sunbeams glow all a -

mf

a little slower.

In time.

dan - ger, Le - na ; Move not, dear Le - na, my dar-ling, For your broo - der watch - es
round you, Le - na ; Peace be with thee, love, my dar-ling, Blue and cloud - less be the

Emmet's Lullaby.

a little slower.

In time.

nigh you, Le - na dear. *mf* An-gels guard thee, Le - na dear, my dar - ling, Noth - ing e - vil
sky for Le - na dear. Birds sing their bright song for thee, my dar - ling, Full of sweet - est

can come near ; Bright - est flow - ers bloom for thee, Darling sis - ter, dear to me.....
mel - o - dy ; An - gels ev - er hov - er near, Darling sis - ter, dear to me.....

CHORUS.

a little slower.

In time.

a little slower.

Go to.. sleep, go to sleep, my ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by ;

In time. *a little slower.* *Quietly.*
Go to sleep, my ba - by, ba - by, oh bye, *mp* Go to sleep, Le - na, sleep. *mp* *pp*

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The Sword of Bunker Hill

Wm. R. Wallace
mf and with expression.

Bernard Covert

1. He lay up - on his dy - ing bed, His eye was grow - ing dim,
 2. The sword was brought, the sol - dier's eye Lit with a sud - den flame;

When with a fee - ble voice he called His weep - ing son to him:
 And... as he grasped the an - cient blade, He mur - mur'd War - ren's name;

expression.

"Weep not, my boy!" the vet - 'ran said, "I bow to heav'n's high will;
 Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold, But what is rich - er still,

f

But quick - ly from you ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill;
 I leave you—mark me, mark me now— The Sword of Bun - ker Hill;

The Sword of Bunker Hill

a little slower.

But quick-ly from yon ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."
I leave you—mark me, mark me now—The Sword of Bun - ker Hill.

3 "Twas on that dread immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band,
A captain raised this blade on me—
I tore it from his hand ;
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lighten'd freedom's will,
||: For, boy, the God of Freedom bless'd
The Sword of Bunker Hill. :||

4 "Oh, keep the sword !" his accents broke—
A smile—and he was dead,
But his wrinkled hand still grasped that blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still ;
||: And twenty millions bless the sire,
And Sword of Bunker Hill. :||

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No. 117

We're Tenting To-night

With moderate motion and with expression

Words and Music by Walter Kittredge

mf

1. We're tent - ing to - night on the old camp-ground, Give us a
2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old camp-ground, Think-ing of
3. We are wea - ry of war on the old camp-ground, Man - y are
4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old camp-ground, Man - y are

song to cheer Our wea - ry... hearts, a song.. of home, And...
days gone by, Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the
dead and gone, Of the brave and... true who've left... their homes,
ly - ing near ; Some are... dead, and dy - ing are some,

W'e're Tenting To-night

CHORUS.

mf

friends we love so dear,
tear that said "good-bye!" }
Oth - ers wound-ed long. } Man - y are the hearts that are wea-ry to - night.
Many a one in tears. }

Wish - ing for the war to cease; Man - y are the hearts look - ing

for the right, To see the dawn of peace; Tent - ing to - night,

LAST STANZA. Dy - ing to - night,
Softly.

tent - ing to - night, Tent - ing on the old camp - ground.

dy - ing to - night, Dy - ing on the old camp - ground.
Very much slower to the end.

*Our Flag o'er us Waving*Air—"Anvil Chorus," *Il Trovatore*. G. Verdi*Spirited.*

f

1. See the proud ban - ner of Lib - er - ty stream - ing, Its bright star - ry
2. Bright star - ry ban - ner! thy fame we will cher - ish, And shield thee and

olds o'er us ra - diant - ly gleam - ing; Hear the loud trump - et its
save thee, or no - bly we'll per - ish: Proud - ly our ea - gles are

war - note re - peat - ing, The roll of the drums where brave ar - mies are meet - ing,
float - ing a - bove thee, Co - lum - bia, for - ev - er we bless thee and love thee!

Hail! land of free - dom, Hail! land of free - dom, Co - lum - bia! Co -
Hail! land of free - dom, Hail! land of free - dom, Co - lum - bia! Co -

Our Flag o'er us Waving

lum - bia! On, on to glo - ry's field, our proud flag o'er us
lum - bia! On, on to vic - to - ry! our coun - try now and |

wav - ing! March - ing to con - quest, ev - 'ry dan - ger no - bly
ev - er, Pal - sied the trai - tor hand our Un - ion that would

with accent.

brav - ing. March, march, march on to vic - to - ry! March on! march
sev - er: Hail! hail! hail! land of Lib - er - ty! Hail! no - ble

on! march! March on! march on! march! March on to vic - - to - - ry!
land, hail! Hail! no - ble land, hail! Hail! land of Lib - - er - - ty!

No. 119 *Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love*

With motion.

Words and Music by John P. Ordway

mp

1. Twink-ling stars are laugh-ing, love, Laughing on you and me; While your bright eyes
2. Gold - en beams are shin - ing, love, Shin-ing on you to bless; Like the queen of

look in mine, Peep-ing stars they seem to be. Troub-les come and go, love,
night you fill Dark-est space with love - li - ness. Sil - ver stars how bright, love,

Bright-est scenes must leave our sight; But the star of hope, love, Shines with ra - diant
Moth - er moon in throne-ly night, Gaze on us to bless, love, Pur - est vows here

CHORUS.

mp

beams to-night.) Twinkling stars are laugh-ing, love, Laugh-ing on you and me;
made to-night.)

Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love

While your bright eyes look in mine, Peep - ing stars they seem to be.

slower.

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No. 120 *Sleeping I dream'd, Love*

Miss. M. E. Hewitt

W. V. Wallace

With moderate motion and with expression.

1. { Sleep - ing I dream'd, love—dream'd, love, of thee, O'er the bright waves, love,
Light in thy fair hair play'd the soft wind, Gen - tly thy white arms
2. { Soon o'er the bright waves howled forth the gale, Fierce-ly the light - ning
Yet while our frail bark drove o'er the sea, Thine eyes, like load - stars,

float - ing were we ; } And as thy song, love, swell'd o'er the
round me were twined ; }
flashed on our sail ; } Oh ! heart a - wak - en ! wrecked on lone
beamed, love, on me. }

sea, ... Fond - ly thy blue eyes beam'd, love, on me....
shore, Thou art for - sak - en ! dream, heart, no more.

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*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp**In march time.
mf*

George F. Root



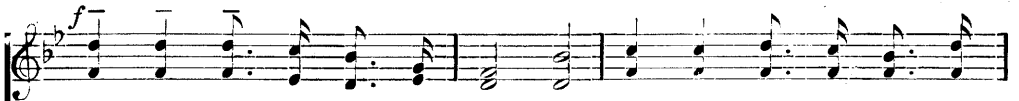
1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, moth - er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
3. So with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall



bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes, Spite of
swept us off, a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reach'd their lines, They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the



all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back dis - may'd, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.

**CHORUS.** *With accent.*

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com - rades, they will



Tramp, Tramp, Tramp

come, And be - neath the star - ry flag We shall
they will come,

breathe the air a - gain Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

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No. 122 *Battle-Hymn of the Republic*

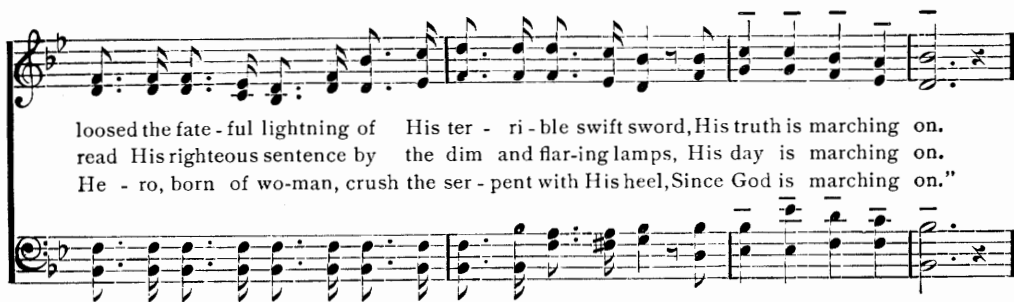
Julia Ward Howe
Allegretto.

Wm. Steffe, 1855

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps ; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur - nish'd rows of steel ; " As ye

tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored ; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ing dews and damps ; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal ; Let the

Battle-Hymn of the Republic



loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on.
He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with His heel, Since God is marching on."

CHORUS.



ff
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

- 4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat ;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory ! glory ! etc. .

- 5 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory ! glory ! etc.

No. 123 *I'd offer Thee this Hand of Mine*

With moderate motion and with expression

mf
 1. I'd of - fer thee this hand of mine, If I could love thee less,
 2. I leave thee to thy hap - pi - ness, As one too dear to love,
 3. And now my dreams are sad - ly o'er, Fate bids them all de - part,

But hearts as warm and pure as thine, Should nev - er know.. dis - tress.
 As one to think of but to bless, As wretch - ed - ly.... I rove.
 And I must leave my na - tive shore In brok - en - ness... of heart;

My for - tune is too hard for thee, 'Twould chill thy dear - est joy;
 But, oh! when sorrow's cup I drink, All bit - ter though it be,
 Then, oh! dear one, when far from thee, I ne'er know joy a - gain,

I'd rath - er weep to see thee free, Then win thee to.... de - stroy.
 How sweet 'twill be for me to think It holds no drop... for thee!
 I would not that one tho't of me Should give thy bo - som pain.

No. 124 *The Moon is Beaming o'er the Lake*

In moderate time.
Not too fast, with accent.

John Blockley

mf

1. The moon is beam - ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca -
 2. The ves - per bell is peal - - ing From yon - - der 1. light.....
lone - ly
2. lone - -

noe;... Sweet sounds of mu - sic we'll a - wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters
 ca - noe;
 tow'r;... Its tones now gen - tly steal - - ing, Pro - claim.. the ves - per
 - - ly tow'r; ves - -

1st time. *2d time.*

blue;..... The blue;..... In our light ca - noe, As
 - - ters blue; - - ters blue:
 hour;..... The hour;..... Sweet sounds a - rise, To the
 - - per hour; - - per hour;

mer - ry we row, O - ver the rip - pling sil - ver tide, While free from care, Our
 tran - quil skies Like one of earth's sweetest mel - o - dies; Now sad, now gay, As it

The Moon is Beaming o'er the Lake

Slowly and with expression. in time.

spir - its arc, As a - way, we mer - ri - ly glide..... The
floats a - way, On the wings of the sum - mer breeze..... The

moon is beam - ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca - noe;.... Sweet
moon is beam - ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca - noe;.... Sweet

sounds of mu - sic we'll a - wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue.
sounds of mu - sic we'll a - wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue.

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No. 125

When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear

Words and Music by Charles Blamphin

With moderate motion.

mf
1. When the corn is wav - ing, An - nie, dear, Oh meet me by the stile, To
2. When the corn is wav - ing, An - nie, dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be

When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear



hear thy gen - tle voice a - gain, And greet thy win - ning smile ; The moon will be at
side the gen - tle flow - ing stream, That both our hearts know well ; Where wild flow'rs in their



full, love, The stars will bright - ly gleam, Oh, come, my queen of night, love, And
beau - ty, Will scent the eve - ning breeze, Oh, haste, the stars are peep - ing, And the



grace the beauteous scene. When the corn is wav - ing An - nie, dear, Oh meet me by the
moon's be - hind the trees. The corn is wav - ing An - nie, dear, Oh meet me by the



Repeat p



stile. To hear thy gen - tle voice a - gain, And greet thy winning smile. When the smile.
stile, To hear thy gen - tle voice a - gain, And greet thy winning smile. The smile.



Wait for the Wagon

With motion but not too fast.

Arr. by Frederick Bixby

mf

1. Will you come with me, my Phil - lis dear, to yon blue mountain free, Where the
 2. Where the riv - er runs like sil - ver, and the birds they sing so sweet, I
 3. Do you be - lieve, my Phil - lis dear, old Mike with all his wealth, Can
 4. Your lips are red as pop - pies,.. your hair so slick and neat, All
 5. To - geth - er on life's jour - ney,.. we'll trav - el till we stop, And

blossoms smell the sweetest, come rove a - long with me. It's ev - 'ry Sun-day morning, when
 have a cab - in, Phil - lis, and something good to eat; Come, list - en to my sto - ry, it
 make you half so hap - py, as I with youth and health? We'll have a lit - tle farm, a
 braid - ed up with dah - lias and hol - ly-hocks so sweet; It's ev - 'ry Sun-day morning, when
 if we have no troub - le, we'll reach the hap - py top; Then come with me, sweet Phil - lis, my

I am by your side, We'll jump in - to the wag-on, and all.. take a ride.
 will re-lieve my heart, So jump in - to the wag-on, and off.. we will start.
 horse, a pig and cow, And you will mind the dai - ry, while I do guide the plow.
 I am by your side, We'll jump in - to the wag-on, and all.. take a ride.
 dear, my love - ly bride, We'll jump in - to the wag-on, and all.. take a ride.

CHORUS.

After the last stanza repeat Chorus softly.

f

Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

Good-bye, my Lover, good-bye

With moderate motion.

Words and Music by T. H. Allen

mf

1. The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye! We
 2. I'll miss you on the storm - y deep, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye! What
 3. Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye! I'll

may not meet for many a day, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye! My.
 can I do but ev - er weep? Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye! My
 try to bear my wea - ry pain, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye! Tho'

a little slower.

In time.

heart will ev - er - more be true, Tho' now we sad - ly say a - dieu; Oh,
 heart is brok - en with re - gret, But nev - er dream that I'll for - get; I
 far I roam a - cross the sea, My ev - 'ry thought of you shall be, Oh,

CHORUS.

a little slower.

kiss - es sweet I leave with you, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye. }
 lov'd you once, I love you yet, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye. } The
 say you'll some - times think of me, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye. }

Good-bye, my Lover, good-bye

In time.

mf
ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye! 'Tis

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, and A5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and accompaniment chords: G2-B2-D3, A2-C3-E3, F#3-A3-C4, D4-F#4-A4, B4-D5-F#5, G5-B5-D6, and C6-E6-G6.

sad to tear my heart a - way! Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye!

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody continues with quarter notes B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, and A6. The bass staff accompaniment continues with chords: G5-B5-D6, C6-E6-G6, F#6-A6-C7, D7-F#7-A7, B7-D8-F#8, G8-B8-D9, and C9-E9-G9.

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No. 128

Good-bye, my Little Lady

With moderate motion and with expression.

Words and Music by J. C. Macy

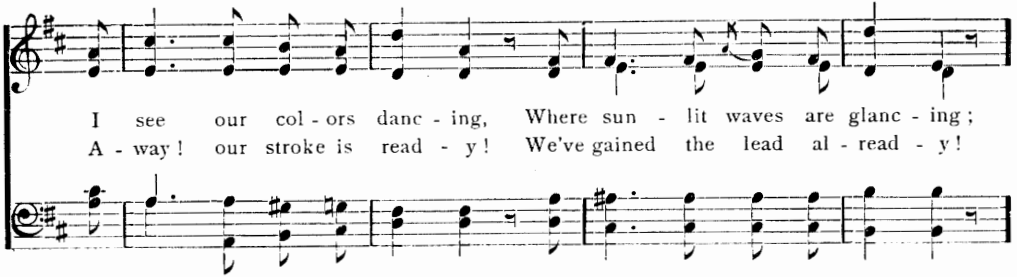
mf
1. The boats are push - ing from the shore, Good-bye, my lit - tle la - dy!
2. The oars are flash - ing o'er the blue, And on the shore *she* lin - gers;

The first system of musical notation for 'Good-bye, my Little Lady' features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, and G5. The bass staff has a bass clef and accompaniment chords: G2-B2-D3, A2-C3-E3, F#3-A3-C4, D4-F#4-A4, B4-D5-F#5, G5-B5-D6, and C6-E6-G6.

With brow - ny arms and trust - y oars, Each man is up and read - y!
I see her wave a fond a - dieu, With white and dain - ty fin - gers!

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody continues with quarter notes A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, and A6. The bass staff accompaniment continues with chords: G5-B5-D6, C6-E6-G6, F#6-A6-C7, D7-F#7-A7, B7-D8-F#8, G8-B8-D9, and C9-E9-G9.

Good-bye, my Little Lady



I see our col - ors danc - ing, Where sun - lit waves are glanc - ing ;
A - way ! our stroke is read - y ! We've gained the lead al - read - y !




A fond " a - dieu " I'll say to you, My la - dy, true and fair !
My la - dy's eyes shall see the prize, The prize, my lads, we'll win !

CHORUS.



mf *Expression.*
slower.
Good - bye, good-bye, my la - dy sweet ! Good - bye, my lit - tle la - dy !



In time. *a little slower.*
Good-bye, good-bye ! a - gain we'll meet, So here's fare-well, my la - dy ;

*Long, long ago**Thos. Haynes Bailey**Sidney Nelson*

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
 2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
 3. Tho' by your kind - ness my fond hopes were rais'd, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;

Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 You, by more el - o - quent lips have been prais'd, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Now you are come, all my grief is removed, Let me for - get that so long you have roved,
 Then, to all oth - ers my smile you preferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
 But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I list - en with pride,

Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Still my heart treas - ures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

No. 130

Listen to the Mocking Bird

Sep. Winner

Melody by Richard Milburn

1. I'm dream-ing now of Hal - ly, sweet Hal - ly, sweet Hal - ly, I'm
 2. Ah! well I yet re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, Ah!
 3. When the charms of spring a - wak - en, a - wak - en, a - wak - en, When the

dream - ing now of Hal - ly, For the thought of her is one that nev - er
 well I yet re - mem - ber When we gath - er'd in the cot - ton side by
 charms of spring a - wak - en, And the mock - ing bird is sing - ing on the

dies; She's sleeping in the val - ley, the val - ley, the val - ley, She's
 side; 'Twas in the mild Sep - tem - ber, Sep - tem - ber, Sep - tem - ber, 'Twas
 bough, I feel like one for - sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en, I

sleep - ing in the val - ley, And the mock - ing bird is sing - ing where she lies.
 in the mild Sep - tem - ber, And the mock - ing bird was sing - ing far and wide.
 feel like one for - sak - en, Since my Hal - ly is no long - er with me now.

Listen to the Mocking Bird

* CHORUS.

mf
List - en to the mock - ing bird, List - en to the mock - ing bird, The

The first system of musical notation for the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath. The tempo is marked *mf*.

mock - ing bird still sing - ing o'er her grave; List - en to the mock - ing bird,

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment with lyrics.

slower.
List - en to the mock - ing bird, Still sing - ing where the weep - ing wil - low waves.

The third system of musical notation, marked *slower.* and ending with a double bar line.

* After last stanza repeat Chorus very softly.

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No. 131

Old Dog Tray

Words and Music by S. C. Foster

Not too fast and with expression.

mf

1. The morn of life is past, And ev'ning comes at last, It brings me a
2. The forms I call'd my own Have van-ish'd one by one, The lov'd ones, the
3. When tho'ts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast; I know that he

The musical notation for 'Old Dog Tray' in 4/4 time, with lyrics and a *mf* marking.

Old Dog Tray

dream of once hap - py day; Of mer - ry forms I've seen, Up -
 dear ones have all.... pass'd a - way; Their hap - py smiles have flown, Their
 feels what my break-ing heart would say: Al-though he can - not speak, I'll

CHORUS.

on the vil - lage green, Sport-ing with my old dog Tray. }
 gen - tle voic - es gone; I've noth-ing left but old dog Tray. } Old dog Tray's ev - er
 vain - ly, vain - ly seek A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray. }

faith - ful, Grief can - not drive him a - way; He's gen - tle, he is kind; I'll

slower.

nev - er, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

Bring Back my Bonnie to me

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, ... My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, ... Last night as I lay on my

sea ; ... My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, ... Oh, bring back my
 bed, ... Last night as I lay on my pil - low, ... I dreamt that my

CHORUS.

Bon - nie to me } Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
 Bon - nie was dead }

me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me

Rock me to Sleep, Mother

Florence Percy (Elizabeth Akers Allen)

Ernest Leslie

With moderate motion and with expression.

mf

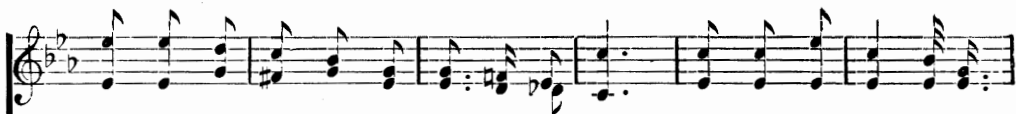
1. Back-ward, turn back-ward, oh, time, in your flight, Make me a child a-gain
2. O - ver my heart, in the days that are flown, No love like moth - er - love
3. Come, let your brown hair, just light - ed with gold, Fall on my shoul - ders a -

just for to - night! Moth - er, come back from the ech - o - less shore,
 ev - er has shown, No oth - er wor - ship a - bides and en - dures,
 gain as of old, Let it drop o - ver my fore - head to - night,

Take me a - gain to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my fore-head the
 Faith - ful, un - self - ish, and pa - tient like yours; None like a moth - er can
 Shad - ing my faint eyes a - way from the light; For with its sun - ny-edged

fur - rows of care, Smoothe the few sil - ver threads out of my hair,
 charm a - way pain, From the sick soul and the world wea - ry brain;
 shad - ows once more, Hap - ly will through the sweet vis - ions of yore,

Rock me to Sleep, Mother



O - ver my slum - bers your lov - ing watch keep ; Rock me to sleep, moth - er,
Slum - ber's soft calm o'er my hea - vy lids creep ; Rock me to sleep, moth - er,
Lov - ing - ly, soft - ly, its bright bil - lows sweep ; Rock me to sleep, moth - er,



CHORUS.



rock me to sleep. }
rock me to sleep. } Clasped to your heart in a lov - ing em - brace,
rock me to sleep. }



With your light lash - es just sweep - ing my face, Nev - er here - af - ter to



wake or to weep ; Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep !



No. 134 *Her Bright Smile haunts me still*

W. T. Wrighton

J. E. Carpenter

In moderate time and with expression.

1. 'Tis years since last we met, And we may not meet a - gain ; I have
 2. At the first sweet dawn of light, When I gaze up - on the deep, Her
 3. I have sailed 'neath a - lien skies, I have trod the des - ert path ; I have

strug - gled to for - get, But the strug - gle was in vain ; For her
 form still greets my sight, While the stars their vi - gils keep ; When I
 seen the storm a - rise Like a gi - ant in his wrath : Ev - 'ry

voice lives on the breeze, And her spir - it comes at will ; In the mid - night on the
 close mine ach - ing eyes, Sweet dreams my sens - es fill ; And from sleep when I a -
 dan - ger I have known, That a reck - less life can fill ; Yet her pres - ence is not

slower seas, Her bright smile haunts me still ; For her voice lives on the breeze, And her
in time rise, Her bright smile haunts me still ; When I close mine ach - ing eyes, Sweet
 floun, Her bright smile haunts me still ; Ev - 'ry dan - ger I have known, That a

Her Bright Smile haunts me still

spir - it comes at will ; In the mid-night on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still.
 dreams my sens-es fill ; And from sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still.
 reck - less life can fill ; Yet her pres - ence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still.

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No. 135

Strangers Yet

With moderate motion

Mrs. Chas. Barnard

1. Stran-gers yet, aft - er years of life to-geth-er, Aft - er fair and storm - y wea-ther,
 2. Stran-gers yet, aft - er child-hood's win-ning ways, Aft - er care and blame and praise,
 3. Stran-gers yet, will it ev - er - more be thus, Spir-it still im-per - vi - ous?

Aft - er trav - el in far lands, Aft - er touch of wed-ded hands, Why thus joined, why
 Counsel ask'd and wis-dom giv-en, Aft - er mut - ual prayers to heav-en, Child and pa-rent
 Shall we nev - er fair - ly stand Soul to soul, and hand to hand? Are the bounds e -

slower *in time*

ev - er met? If they must be stran-gers yet, stran-gers yet, stran - gers yet?
 scarce re - gret When they part, are stran-gers yet, stran-gers yet, stran - gers yet.
 ter - nal set To re - tain us stran-gers yet, stran-gers yet, stran - gers yet?

* 1st measure may be sung by any of the voices.

Arrangement Copyright, 1893, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 136

Coasting Song

Mrs. S. K. Bourne

Caryl Florio

Ho! Ho!.. a - way we go!..... a - way we go!

Allegro con brio.

Ho! Ho!.....
Ho! Ho!..... a - way we go!.....

Ho! Ho!.....

1. Ho! Ho! a - way we go! Whiz - zing o'er the glist - 'ning snow!
2. Now climb the slip - p'ry hill! Tum - bles here will nev - er kill.
3. Now for an - oth - er start! Swift - ly down the hill we dart!

Ro - sy girls and mer - ry boys,.....
Throw the flee - cy snow a - bout.....
If we're care - ful how we steer.....

Ro - sy girls and mer - ry boys,.....
Throw the flee - cy snow a - bout.....
If we're careful how we steer.....

What a crowd and what a noise,..
With a merry ringing shout,..
Then we nev - er need to fear,..

What a crowd and what a noise, Ro - sy girls and mer - ry boys!
With a mer - ry ring - ing shout, Throw the flee - cy snow a - bout!
Then we nev - er need to fear, If we're care - ful how we steer!

..... Ah, what a noise.
..... a ring - ing shout!
..... we need not fear!

Coasting Song

mf

Ah!.... Ah!.. See our stur-dy lit - tle sled, See our stur-dy lit - tle sled!
 Trudge a-long and do not stop, Trudge a-long and do not stop,
 On our stur-dy lit - tle sled, On our stur-dy lit - tle sled

mf Ah!..... Ah!..... Ah!..... Ah!..

mf Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

With - out boast - ing, When we're coast - ing, She's the one to keep a - head,
 Sing - ing, laugh - ing, Crowd - ing, chaff - ing, Till once more we're at the top,
 With - out boast - ing, When we're coast - ing, We're the ones to keep a - head,
 Ah!..... Ah!

Ah! Ah!

f

(After the third stanza.)

Ho! Ho! a-way we go!....

She's the one,.... the one to keep a - head! Ho! Ho!.....
 Till once more,.... once more we're at the top! Ho! Ho!..... a -
 We're the ones, ... the ones to keep a - head! Ho! Ho!.....

Ho! Ho!.....

..... a-way we go!

..... - way we go!..... Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! a-way we go!....

Sailing

Godfrey Marks

With spirit.

1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is
 2. The sail - or's life is bold and free, His home is on the
 3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set

on our lee; And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our 'gal - lant
 roll - ing sea; And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his who
 ev - 'ry sail: The har - bor bar we soon shall clear; Fare - well once

barque shall brave - ly steer; But ere we part from England's shores to -
 launch - es on the wave; A - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to
 more to home so dear, For when the tem - pest rag - es loud and

night, A song we'll sing for home and beau - ty bright. Then here's to the
 roam, With jo - cund song he rides the sparkling foam. Then here's, etc.
 long, That home shall be our guid - ing star and song. Then here's, etc.

Sailing

sail - or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who will think of him up - on the wa - ters

slower. *f* *in time.*

blue! Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding main; For man - y a - storm - y

wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain! Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding

slower.

main; For man - y a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain.

Moderately and with expression.

Words and Music by S. C. Foster

mf

1. Thou wilt come no more, gen-tle An-nie, Like a flow'r thy spir-it did de-part;
2. We have roamed and loved 'mid the bow-ers, When thy down-y cheeks were in their bloom;
3. Ah! the hours grow sad while I pon-der, Near the si-lent spot where thou art laid;

Thou art gone, a-las! like the man-y That have bloomed in the sum-mer of my heart.
 Now I stand a-lone 'mid the flow-ers, While they min-gle their per-fumes o'er thy tomb.
 And my heart bows down when I wan-der By the streams and the mead-ows where we strayed.

CHORUS.

mf

Shall we nev-er more be-hold thee; Nev-er hear thy win-ning voice a-gain;

slower.

When the spring time comes, gen-tle An-nie, When the wild flow-ers are scat-tered o'er the plain?

No. 139

Come, Soft and Lovely Evening

Laur

1. Come, soft and love - ly eve - ning, Spread o'er the grass - y fields ;
 2. See, where the clouds are weav - ing A rich and gold - en chain ;
 3. All na - ture now is si - lent, Ex - cept the pass - ing breeze ;
 4. Sweet eve - ning, thou art with us, So tran - quil, mild, and still ;

We love the peace - ful feel - ing Thy si - lent com - ing yields.
 See how the dark - ened shad - ow Ex - tends a - long the plain.
 And birds, their night - song warb - ling A - mong the dew - y trees.
 Thou dost our thank - ful bos - oms With hum - ble prais - es fill.

No. 140

Silver Threads among the Gold

Eben E. Rexford

H. P. Danks

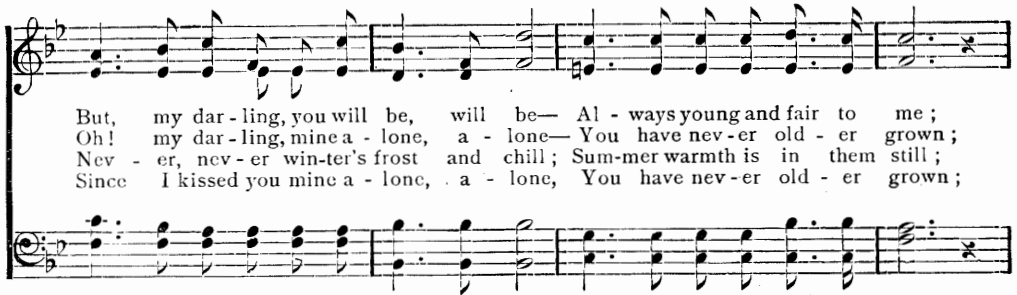
In moderate motion and with expression.

mf

1. Dar - ling, I am grow - ing old, Sil - ver threads a - mong the gold,
 2. When your hair is sil - ver white, And your cheeks no long - er bright,
 3. Love can nev - er more grow old, Locks may lose their brown and gold ;
 4. Love is al - ways young and fair, What to us is sil - ver hair ?

Shine up - on my brow to - day ; Life is fad - ing fast a - way ;
 With the ros - es of the May, I will kiss your lips, and say—
 Cheeks may fade and hol - low grow, But the hearts that love will know,
 Fad - ed cheeks, or steps grow slow, To the heart that beats be - low ?

Silver Threads among the Gold

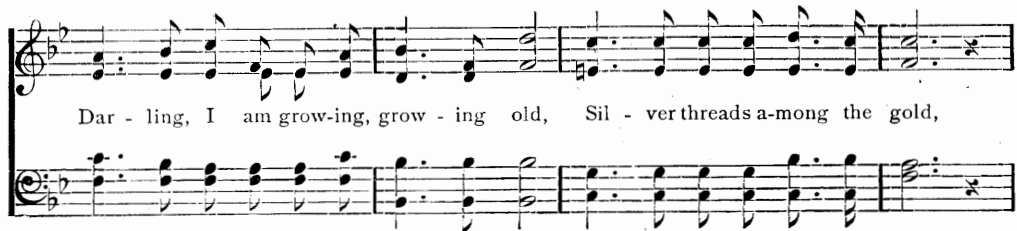


But, my dar-ling, you will be, will be— Al - ways young and fair to me ;
 Oh! my dar-ling, mine a - lone, a - lone— You have nev - er old - er grown ;
 Nev - er, nev - er win-ter's frost and chill ; Sum-mer warmth is in them still ;
 Since I kissed you mine a - lone, a - lone, You have nev - er old - er grown ;

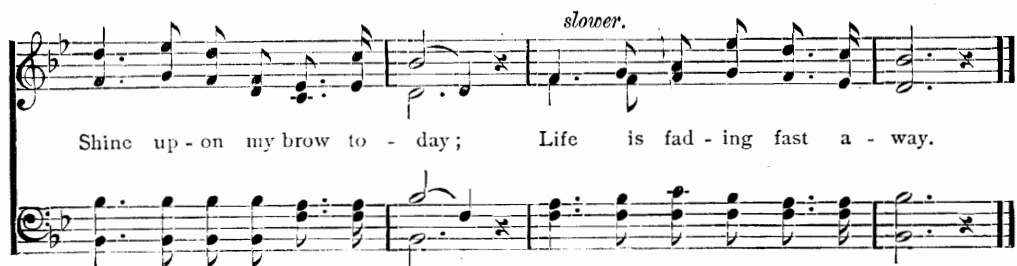


Yes! my dar-ling, you will be... Al - ways young and fair to me.
 Yes! my dar-ling, mine a - lone, You have nev - er old - er grown!
 Nev - er win-ter's frost and chill, Sum-mer warmth is in them still.
 Since I kissed you mine a - lone, You have nev - er old - er grown.

CHORUS.



Dar - ling, I am grow-ing, grow - ing old, Sil - ver threads a-mong the gold,



slower.

Shine up - on my brow to - day ; Life is fad - ing fast a - way.

*O ye Tears**With moderate motion and with expression.*

Franz Abt

mp

1. O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long re-fused to flow, Ye are
 2. O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thank-ful that ye run; Though ye

wel-come to my heart, Thaw-ing, thaw-ing as the snow; The ice-bound clod has
 come from cold and dark, Ye shall glit-ter in the sun; The rain-bow can-not

yield-ed, And the ear-ly snow-drops spring, And the heal-ing fountains gush, And the
 cheer us If the show'rs re-fuse to fall, And the eyes that can-not weep, Are the

a little slower.

wil-der-ness shall sing; O ye tears! O ye tears! O ye tears! O ye tears!
 sad-dest eyes of all; O ye tears! O ye tears! O ye tears! O ye tears!

Beautiful Spring-time

Verdi. "Il Trovatore"

With expression—spirited.

mf

1. Beau - ti - ful Spring-time! bright-blooming, ros - es, When hope with pleas - ure
2. Beau - ti - ful Spring-time! sea - son de - part - ed, When birds were sing - ing

sweet - ly re - pos - es, Dream - ing of glad - ness when day - light clos - es,
gay and light - heart - ed, Tell - ing of joys when our ear - ly life start - ed,

Dreams of the heart when no sor - row was near. Oh! hap - py days! we can
Oh! how those mo - ments have fad - ed a - way! Oh! bliss - ful hours! we shall

nev - er for - get thee, Life was too sweet, ev - 'ry moment was dear! We wander'd at
ev - er re - mem - ber: Sweet was our young life—too sweet to de - cay! We hear the bells

Beautiful Spring-time



eve-ning o'er val-ley and fountain, Thro' for-est and dell, by the swift-glid-ing
chim-ing, when peace-ful-ly dreaming Of past hap-py hours—of our lov'd hap-py



stream : We roam'd with light step to the mur-mur-ing fountain, 'Twas long, long a -
band; Tho' Time spreads his pin-ions with ra-di-ant seem-ing, He leads us at



go, but it seems a sweet dream. Sweet dream, sweet dream, beau-ti-ful
last to the beau-ti-ful land! Bright land, bright land, beau-ti-ful



dream, Sweet dream, sweet dream, beau-ti-tul dream, beau-ti-ful dream.
land, Bright land, bright land, beau-ti-ful land, beau-ti-ful land.



No. 143 *Come where my Love lies Dreaming*

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster

With moderate motion.

1. Come where my love lies dream - ing, Dream - ing the hap - py hours a -

mp

way, In vis - ions bright re - deem - ing The fleet - ing joys of day ;

mf SOLO. *smoothly.*

Dream - - ing the hap - py hours, Dream - ing the hap - py hours a -

Come where my love lies dream - ing, dream - ing, Dream - ing the hap - py hours a -

mp *staccato.*

- - way ;.....

My own love is sweet - ly

mf

slower. *in time.*

- - way ;..... Come where my love lies dream - ing, sweet - ly

in time. *slower.*

Come where my Love lies Dreaming

dream-ing the hap - py hours a - way. My
mf

dream-ing the hap - py hours a - way. Come where my love lies

own love is sweet-ly dream-ing, Her beau-ty beam-ing;

dream-ing, Come with a lute-toned lay; come, come, come,

My own love is sweet-ly dream-ing the hap - py hours a -

Come where my love lies dream-ing, sweet-ly dream-ing the hap - py hours a -

way; *in time.* My own love is sweet-ly

way; Come with a lute, come with a lay, Come, come, come, come,

(2)

Come where my Love lies Dreaming

dream - ing, Her beau - ty beam - ing; My

come, come, come. come, come, come, come, Come where my love lies
always staccato.

own love is sweet - ly dream - ing the hap - py hours a - way. *slower.* *Fine.*

dream - ing, sweet - ly dream - ing the hap - py hours a - way. *slower.*

in time.

Sof: is her slum - ber; Tho'ts bright and free, Dance thro' her dreams Like gushing mel - o - dy;

in time.

slower.

D. S. al Fine.

Light is her young heart, Light may it be: Come where my love lies dream - ing,

(3)

*Ever be Happy**M. W. Balfé. From "Enchantress"**Allegro.*

1. Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the loy - al heart;
 2. Ev - er thy brow, all un - cloud - ed with care, Beam as the sun - light fair;
 3. We can but bless thee, tho' sun - dered a - far, Bless thee, a dis - tant star;

Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the faithful heart. Long be thy reign,
 Ev - er thy brow, all un - cloud - ed with care, Beam as the sunlight fair. Long, etc.
 We can but bless thee, tho' sun - dered a - far, Bless thee, a dis - tant star. Long, etc.

O'er land and main, By the glaive, by the chart, Pride of the loy - al heart.

Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the faith - ful heart.

Russian National Anthem

A. T. Lvoff

Maestoso.
f

God save the no - ble Czar! Long may he live, in pow'r, in

hap - pi - ness, in peace, to reign! Dread of his en - e - mies, Faith's sure de -

cres - - - - *cen* - - - - *do.*

fend - er, God save the Czar, God save the Czar! Dread of his

en - e - mies, Faith's sure de - fend - er, God save the Czar, God save the Czar!

No. 146 *When the Swallows Homeward fly*

Franz Abt

1. When the swal - lows homeward fly, When the ros - es scat - ter'd lie, When from
 2. When the white swan southward roves, Seeks at noon the o-range groves ; When the
 3. Hush, my heart ! why thus complain ? Thou must still . . . thy woes con - tain ! Though on

nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the sil - v'ry night - in - gale : In these words my bleeding
 red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest ; In these words my bleeding
 earth no more we rove, Fond - ly breathing words of love ; Thou, my heart, must find re -

heart Would to thee its grief im - part, When I . . . thus thy im - age lose,
 heart Would to thee its grief im - part, When I . . . thus thy im - age lose,
 lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief ; I shall see thy form a - gain,

Can I, ah ! can I know re - pose, Can.. I, ah ! can I know re - pose?
 Can I, ah ! can I know re - pose, Can.. I, ah ! can I know re - pose?
 Tho' we must part, must part a - gain, Tho' we must part, must part . . . a - gain.

No. 147

Lullaby

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891
Andante tranquillo.

A. J. Holden

1. Ba - by, ba - by, lul - la - by!
2. Sleep, my ba - by! lul - la - by!
3. Ba - by, ba - by, lul - la - by!

ritard. dim.

In your mother's arms you lie; For a lit - tle while you'll rest Here up - on your
For the moon is in the sky— Look - ing down to see if you And the birds are
You shall wak - en bye and bye, For there'll be a bright new day When the night has

ritard.

a tempo. *ritard.*

mother's breast, In the cra - dle then you'll go— Rocking, rocking, to and fro; In the cra - dle
sleeping too! Now to dreamland you must go— Rocking, rocking, to and fro; Now to dreamland
pass'd a - way. Now you must to dreamland go— Rocking, rocking, to and fro; Now you must to

a tempo. *pp ritard.*

Lullaby

.....pp |End for v. 1,2. 3d Ending.

then you'll go— Rocking,rocking, to and fro!
 you must go— Rocking,rocking, to and fro!
 dreamland go— Rocking,rocking, to and fro!

pp *a tempo.* *p rall.* *p* *pp*

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No. 148

Hush-a-by

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891

S. M. Bixby

1. Hush - a - by, my ba - by! Shut your lit - tle eyes; All the stars are
 2. Hush - a - by, my ba - by! Moth - er's sit - ting near, Sing - ing while she's
 3. Hush - a - by, my ba - by! Moth - er loves thee well; But how much she

shin - ing In the pret - ty skies. Lit - tle birds are sleep - ing
 pray - ing For her ba - by dear. Bless my pre - cious dar - ling,
 loves thee She can nev - er tell. Hush - a - by, my ba - by!

In their ti - ny nest; Moth - er - birds are keep - ing Vig - il o'er the rest.
 O Thou lov - ing Lord! Guide the lit - tle pil - grim By Thy gen - tle word.
 Nev - er wake to cry;.. An - gels bend a - bove thee, Moth - er sits near by....

No. 149 *Dreaming of Home and Mother*

Poetry and Music by J. P. Ordway, M. D.



1. Dream-ing of home, dear old home! Home of my child-hood and moth-er;
2. Sleep, balm-y sleep, close mine eyes, Keep me still think-ing of moth-er;
3. Child-hood has come, come a-gain, Sleep-ing, I see my dear moth-er;



Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find I've been dream-ing of home and moth-er.
Hark! 'tis her voice I seem to hear, Yes, I'm dream-ing of home and moth-er.
See her loved form be-side me kneel, While I'm dream-ing of home and moth-er.



Home, dear home, childhood's happy home! Where I played with sis-ter and with brother;
An-gels come, sooth-ing me to rest, I can feel their presence as none oth-er;
Moth-er dear, whis-per to me now, Tell me of my sis-ter and my broth-er;



'Twas the sweet-est joy when we did roam, O-ver hill and thro' dale with mother.
For they sweetly say I shall be blest With bright visions of home and mother.
Now I feel thy hand up-on my brow, Yes, I'm dreaming of home and mother.



Dreaming of Home and Mother

CHORUS,

Dream - ing of home, dear old home, Home of my child - hood and moth - er,

Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find I've been dreaming of home and moth - er.

Arrangement Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 150

I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls

From "The Bohemian Girl"

M. W. Balfe

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my
2. I dreamt... that suit - ors sought my hand ; That knights upon bend - ed

side,... And of all who as - sem - bled with-in... those walls That I was the
knees,.. And with vows... no maid - en heart could with - stand, They pledg'd their

I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls

hope and the pride..... I had rich - es too great.. to count ; could
faith... to me..... And I dreamt.. that one of that no - ble

boast Of a high an - ces - tral name ;... But I al - so dreamt, which
host Came forth my hand to claim ;... But I al - so dreamt, which

pleas'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd.. me
charm'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd.. me

still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd.. me still.. the same....
still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd.. me still.. the same....

Then You'll Remember me

M. W. Balfe. From "Bohemian Girl"

1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In
 2. When cold-ness or de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize, And

lan-guage whose ex-cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well, There may, per-haps, in
 deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with-in your eyes; When hol-low hearts shall

such a... scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be... Of days that have as hap - py
 wear a... mask 'Twill break your own to see;.. In such a mo-ment I but

been, And you'll re - mem - ber me,... And you'll re-mem-ber, you'll re-mem-ber me.
 ask, That you'll re - mem - ber me,... That you'll re-mem-ber, you'll re-mem-ber me.

*A Warrior Bold**Edwin Thomas**Michael Maybrick*

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And barons held their sway,
2. So this brave knight, in armor bright, Went gallantly to the fray;

A warrior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang merrily his lay,.....
He fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had pass'd away,.....

Sang merrily his lay: "My love is young and fair, My
His soul had pass'd away. The plight-ed ring he wore Was

love hath golden hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That
crush'd and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he bravely cried, "I've

A Warrior Bold

none with her com - pare. So what care I, though death be nigh, I'll
kept the vow I swore. So what care I, though death be nigh, I've

1st time.

live for love or die; So what care I, though death be nigh, I'll
fought for love and die, So what care I, though [OMIT.....]

2d time.

live for love or die." } death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've
.....]

slower.

fought for love,.... I've fought for love, For love, for love I'll die."

Good Night, Ladies

mf. With moderate motion.

1. Good night, la - dies!.... Good night, la - dies!....
 2. Fare - well, la - dies!.... Fare - well, la - dies!....
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies!.... Sweet dreams, la - dies!....

a little slower.

Good night, la - dies!.... We're going to leave you now.
 Fare - well, la - dies!.... We're going to leave you now.
 Sweet dreams, la - dies!.... We're going to leave you now.

REFRAIN
Sprightly.

f
Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, roll a - long, roll a - long,

2d time p.

Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long O'er the dark blue sea.

Lucy Neal

Not too fast.

mf

1. I 'se born in Al - a - ba - ma,	My... mas - ter's name was	Meal,
2. She us'd to go out wid us,	And pick cot - ton in de	field;
3. Miss Lu - cy she was hand - some,	From de head down to de	heel;
4. De nig - gers gave a ball,....	Miss Lu - cy danced a	reel;
5. I ask'd her would she have me,	How glad she made me	feel;
6. My mas - sa he did sell me,	Be - - cause he said I'd	steal;
7. Miss Lu - cy she was tak - en sick,	And mourn'd for me a	deal;
8. One day I got a let - ter,	And jet black was de	seal;

He us'd to own a yal - ler gal,	Her name was Lu - cy	Neal.
And dar is whar I fell in love	Wid pret - ty Lu - cy	Neal.
And all de nig - gers fell in love	Wid pret - ty Lu - cy	Neal.
And no one could at all com - pare	Wid pret - ty Lu - cy	Neal.
For then she gave to me her heart,	Sweet, sim - ple Lu - cy	Neal.
And that's de way he part - ed	Poor me and Lu - cy	Neal.
De doc - tor he did give her up,	A - - las! poor Lu - cy	Neal.
And dere de words did tell.... me,	Ob de death ob Lu - cy	Neal.

CHORUS.

Not too fast, and with expression.

O poor Miss Lu - cy Neal, O poor Miss Lu - cy Neal! If

once I had her in my arms, How hap - py I should feel.

O! dem Golden Slippers

Words and Melody by Jas. A. Bland

With moderate motion.

mf

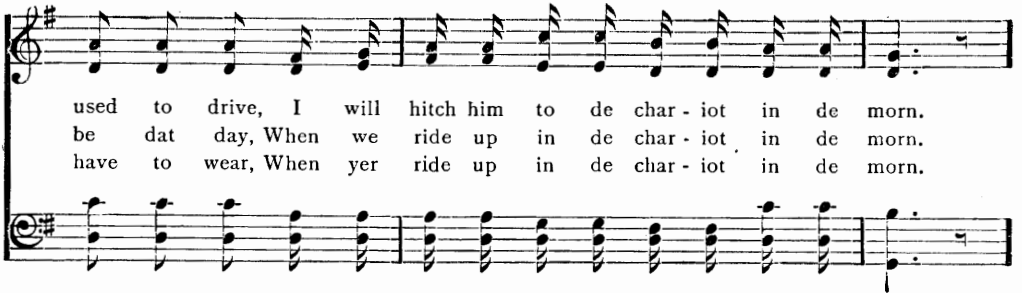
1. Oh, my gold-en slippers am laid a-way, Kase I don't 'spect to ware 'em till my
 2. Oh, my ole ban-jo hangs on de wall, Kase it aint been tuned since
 3. So, it's good bye, children, I will have to go Whar de rain don't fall or de

wed-din' day, And my long-tail'd coat, dat I loved so well, I will wear up in de
 way last fall, But de darks all say we will hab a good time, When we ride up in de
 wind don't blow, And yer uls-ter coats, why, yer will not need, When yer ride up in de

char-iot in de morn. And my long, white robe dat I bought last June, I'm
 char-iot in de morn. Dar's ole Brud-der Ben and Sis-ter Luce, Dey will
 char-iot in de morn. But yer gold-en slip-pers must be neat and clean, And yer

gwine to get changed Kase it fits too soon, And de ole gray hoss dat I
 tel-e-graph de news to Un-cle Bac-co Juce, What a great camp-meet-in' der will
 age must be Just sweet six-teen, And yer white kid gloves yer will

O! dem Golden Slippers



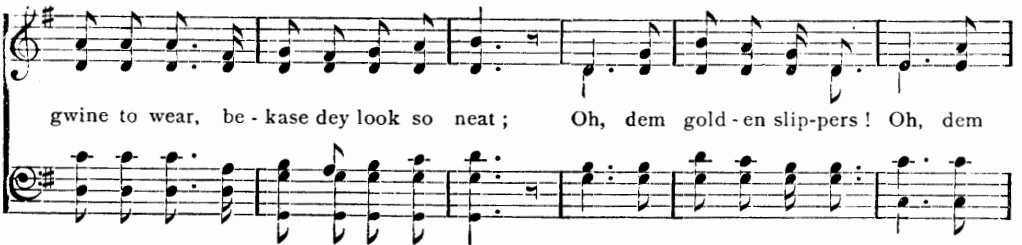
used to drive, I will hitch him to de char - iot in de morn.
be dat day, When we ride up in de char - iot in de morn.
have to wear, When yer ride up in de char - iot in de morn.

CHORUS.

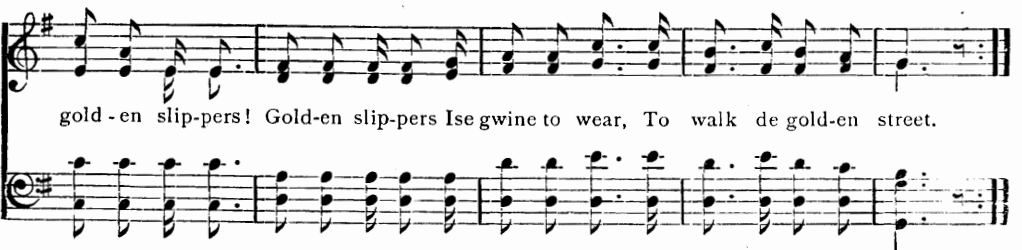
1st time p. 2d time f.



Oh, dem gold - en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold - en slip-pers! Gold - en slip-pers Ise



gwine to wear, be - kase dey look so neat; Oh, dem gold - en slip-pers! Oh, dem



gold - en slip-pers! Gold-en slip-pers Ise gwine to wear, To walk de gold-en street.

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De Golden Wedding

Words and Music by Jas. A. Bland

Joyously and with motion.

f

1. Le's go to de gold - en wed - ding, All de dar - kies will be there ;
 2. We will have ice - cream and hon - ey, Ap - ple bran - dy and mince pie ;
 3. Old Jim Grace will play de fid - dle, Beat de bones and old tam - bo,

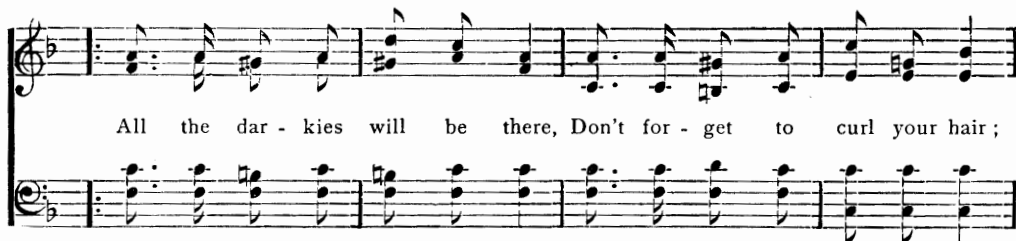
Oh ! such danc - ing and such tread - ing ! And such yel - low girls so fair !
 Dar - kies, won't it look too fun - ny, When Aunt Di - nah does Shoo - Fly ?
 And Ker - sands will play the es - sence On Jim Bo - hce's old ban - jo.

All de high - toned col - or'd peo - ple, That re - side for miles a - round,
 Un - cle Joe and Hez - e - ki - ah, From de old Car' - li - na state,
 Mac - In - tosh will kiss Lu - cin - da, Kase she is so ver - y shy ;

Have re - ceived an in - vi - ta - tion, And they sure - ly will come down.
 Will be at the Gold - en Wed - ding, Kase them col - ored gents am great.
 And the lit - tle pic - ca - nin - nies, They will dance and sing Shoo - Fly.

De Golden Wedding

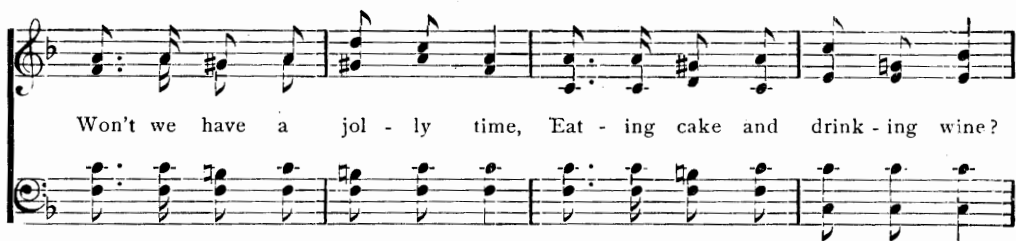
CHORUS. *1st time p, 2d time ff.*



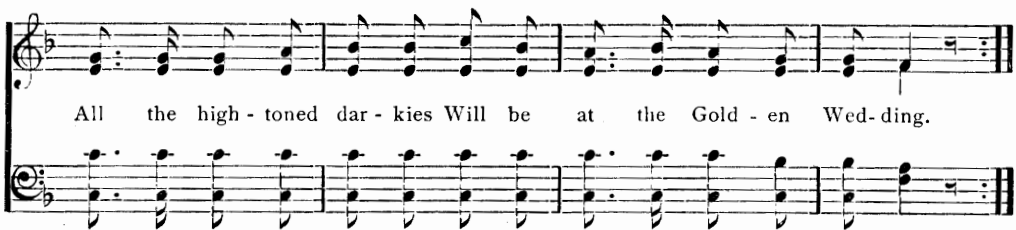
All the dar - kies will be there, Don't for - get to curl your hair ;



Bring a - long your dam - sels fair, For soon we will be tread - ing.



Won't we have a jol - ly time, Eat - ing cake and drink - ing wine?



All the high - toned dar - kies Will be at the Gold - en Wed - ding.

No. 157 *Don't forget dar's a Weddin' To-night*

Words by J. W. Wheeler

Music by Harry J. Ballou

♩: *With motion.*

1. Don't for - get dar's a wed - din' in de old town hall, And de
 2. Won't de coons look sas - sy in dere low - cut shoes, And dere
 3. For it's hun - gry Pe - ter and his cous - in Sue Will

coons am a - lay - in low; And dar's gwine to be a big swell ball, Wid a
 hair cut pom - pa - dore; Won't de old maids shout, to hear de news, And de
 jine de... bonds ob lub; And de coon who'll splice dat knot like glue, Am de

cop out-side de do'e; Oh, we won't go home till de day's let loose, And we'll
 pic - can - nin - nies roar; Dar'll be chick - en roast, and de juce smells sweet, Wid de
 reb - er - and Un - cle Job; How de old folks dar will all go wild, Like dey

jine dat pair so tight, I spec da'll all take lix - er juce, When de
 fix - ins crisp and light; De wine will fly, de gals will eat At de
 don't know what to do, Dar's eat - in big for this yer child Fore de

Don't forget dar's a Weddin' To-night

CHORUS.

,dance am froo to - night.
 wed - din' ball to - night. } Den get in - to line, when de bride goes
 wed - din' ball am froo. }

by, And swing de gals with all your might;... For we'll kick dat

floor till de shin-gles fly, Don't for - get dar's a wed-din' to - night.

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No. 158

Melinda May

Slowly and with much expression.

Words and Music by S. C. Foster

1. Lub - ly Me - lin - da, ... come now, my dear, I'm wait - ing, I'm watch - ing for
 2. Laugh in the sun - shine, weep in de rain, And walk wha de lil - y bud
 3. Lub - ly Me - lin - da is bright as de beam, No snow - drop was eb - ber more
 4. If I was a he - ro, and peo - ple would fall Wher - eb - ber I'd tell dem to

Melinda May

you, Shut down de win - dow, dry up de tear, And walk wid me
 bloom, Down in de mead - ow, o - ber de lane, Oh! come, my * Me -
 fair, She smiled like de ros - es dat bloom round de stream, And sings like de
 lie, I'd make my Me - lin - da de queen ob dem all, And lib on de

CHORUS. *2d time ♩.* *With expression.*

o - ber de dew. }
 lin - da lub, come. } Lub - ly Me - lin - da, Me - lin - da, Me - lin - da, my
 birds in the air. }
 light ob her eye. }

sweet Me - lin - da May! I could work in de field, and be hap - py all de

day, If you would on - ly smile a - gain, my sweet Me - lin - da May.

Mary Blane

With moderate motion.

1. I once did love a yel-low gal, I'll tell you what's her name ; She came from old Vir-
 2. They've sang of charming Lu-cy Neale, They've sang of pret-ty Jane, But I will sing of
 3. Saint Lou - is boasts of pret-ty girls, But oh ! 'tis all in vain, They have no gal that

CHORUS.

gin - i - a, And they call her Ma - ry Blane.
 one more fair, My own sweet Ma - ry Blane. } Den fare-well, den fare-well, Den
 fills my eye, As does my Ma - ry Blane.

fare-well, Ma - ry Blane, O do take care your-self, my dear, I'm com-ing back a - gain.

4 We lived together many years,
 And she was still the same ;
 In joy and sorrow, smiles and tears,
 I loved my Mary Blane. CHO.

5 The doctor gave me medicine,
 But said 'twas all in vain ;
 He said that I must surely die,
 And leave my Mary Blane. CHO.

5 I was taken very sick one day ;
 It gave my Mary pain ;
 Oh ! den I learned how kind she was,
 My own sweet Mary Blane. CHO.

7 Oh ! Mary, now before we part,
 Come smile on me again ;
 'Tis you can ease this dying heart,
 My own sweet Mary Blane. CHO.

Fading Away

Anne Fricker

Anne Fricker

1. Rose of the gar - den, Blush - ing and gay, E'en as we pluck thee,
 2. Spring's fair - est blos - som, Sum - mer's bright day, Au - tumn's rich clus - ter,
 3. Hope's fair - y prom - ise Charms to be - tray, All that is earth - ly

rall.

Fad - ing a - way ; Beams of the morn - ing, Prom - ise of day,
 Fad - ing a - way ; Song of the wild bird, Heart - stir - ring lay,
 Fad - eth a - way ; But there's a land Where nought shall de - cay,

While we are gaz - ing, Fad - ing a - way ; Rose of the gar - den,
 E'en as we list - en, Fad - ing a - way ; Spring's fair - est blos - som,
 Where there's no sor - row, No fad - ing a - way ; Hope's fai - ry prom - ise

Blush - ing and gay, E'en as we pluck thee, Fad - ing a - way ;
 Sum - mer's bright day, Au - tumn's rich clus - ter, Fad - ing a - way.
 Charms to be - tray, All that is earth - ly Fad - eth a - way.

Saw ye Aught of my Love

E. J. Loder

1. Saw ye aught of my love, Laugh-ing Jen - nie, Black-eyed Min - nie,
 2. Saw ye aught of my love, Gude - man Pa - tie, Cum - mer Ka - tie,

Saw ye aught of my love March - ing o'er the bor - der? His
 Saw ye aught of my love On his charg - er pranc - ing? When

breast-plate bright wi' mar - tial pride, His sa - bre danc - ing by his side, 'Twould
 trum - pets blaw, and drums gae rap, He wears a feath - er in his cap; Ye

Rit.
 glad - yer heart to see him ride Wi' all his troop in or - der.
 nev - er saw a like - lier chap, To set young hearts a - danc - ing,

Saw ye aught of my love, Laugh-ing Jen - nie, Black-eyed Min - nie;
 Saw ye aught of my love, Gude - man Pa - tie, Cum - mer Ka - tie,

Saw ye aught of my love March-ing o'er..... the bor - der?
 Saw ye aught of my love On his charg - - - - er pranc - ing?

No. 162 *Stop that Knocking at the Door*



1. I once did lub a col - ored gal Whose name was Su - zy Brown,
2. She was the pret - tiest yel - low gal That eb - er I did see,
3. Oh, de first one dat cum in de room, Was a dar - key dressed to death,



She came from old Vir - gin - ny, She was the fair - est in de town;
 She neb - er would go walk - ing Wid an - y col - ored man but me;
 He looked just like de show - man, What dey used to call Mack - beth;



Her eyes so bright, dey shine at night When de moon am gone a - way;
 And when I took my ban - jo down, And played three tunes or more,
 He was a Cal - i - for - ni man, And just had come on shore;



She nused to call this dar - key up Just a - fore de broke of day:
 All at once I heard three pret - ty hard raps, Come bang a - gain my door.
 I ax him whare - fore he did rap So hard a - gain my door?



Stop that Knocking at the Door

REFRAIN.

Wid a who dar? who dar? who dar? An' a who dar a - knocking at my

Bass Voice. Aint you gwan to let me in?

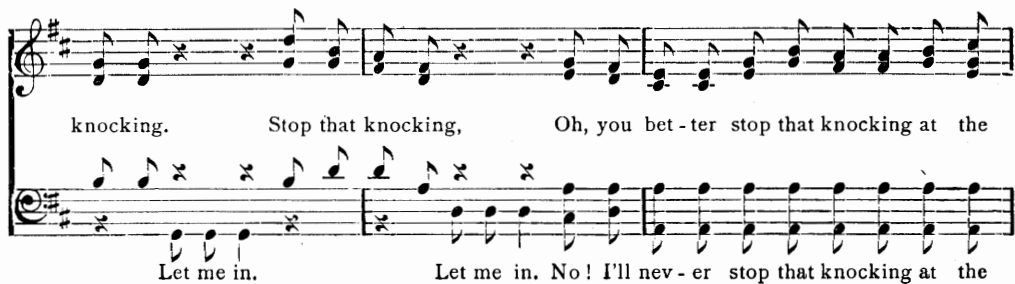
Soprano Voice. Why, Sam!

door? Am dat you, Sam? am dat you, Sam? No, you

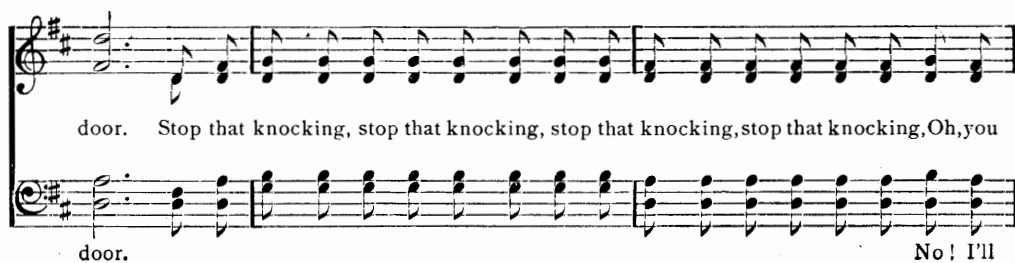
bet - ter stop that knocking at my door. Stop that knocking. Stop that
Let me in. Let me in.

knocking. Oh! you bet - ter stop that knocking at the door. Stop that
Let me in. Oh! I'll nev - er stop that knocking at the door. Let me in.

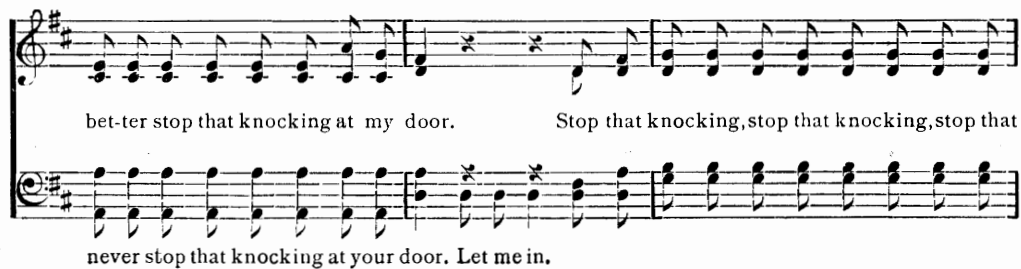
Stop that Knocking at the Door



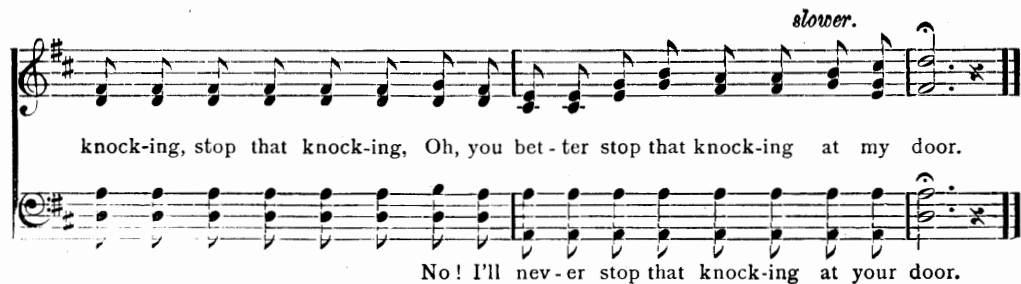
knocking. Stop that knocking, Oh, you bet-ter stop that knocking at the
Let me in. Let me in. No! I'll nev-er stop that knocking at the



door. Stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, Oh, you
door. No! I'll



bet-ter stop that knocking at my door. Stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that
never stop that knocking at your door. Let me in.



slower.
knock-ing, stop that knock-ing, Oh, you bet-ter stop that knock-ing at my door.
No! I'll nev-er stop that knock-ing at your door.

No. 163

Steal Away

In moderate motion.

Old Slave Hymn

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!

Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I've not got long to stay here.

1. My Lord ... calls me, He calls me by the thun - der;
 2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand... tremb - ling;
 3. My Lord... calls me, He calls me by the light - ning;

trum - pet sounds it in my soul: I've not got long to stay here.

Darling Nelly Gray

Not too fast and with much expression

B. R. Hanby

mf

1. There's a low green val-ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore, There I've
2. When the moon had climb'd the mountain, and the stars were shin-ing too, Then I'd
3. One.... night I went to see her, but "she's gone!" the neigh-bors say, The....
4. My ca-noe is un-der wa-ter, and my ban-jo is un-strung, I'm....
5. My.... eyes are get-ting blind-ed, and I can-not see my way; Hark! there's

whil'd man-y hap-py hours a-way, A - - sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the
 take my.... dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv-er in my
 white man.. bound her with his chain; They have tak-en her to Geor-gia for to
 tired of.... liv-ing an-y more; My.... eyes shall look downward, and my
 some-bod-y knocking at the door; Oh! I hear the an-gels call-ing, and I

lit-tle cot-tage door, Where liv'd my.... dar-ling Nel-ly Gray.
 lit-tle red ca-noe, While my ban-jo.... sweet-ly I would play.
 wear her life a-way, As she toils in the cot-ton and the cane.
 song shall be un-sung, While I stay on the old Ken-tuck-y shore.
 see my Nel-ly Gray, Fare-well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

CHORUS.

With feeling.

mp

Oh! my poor Nel-ly Gray, they have tak-en you a-way, And I'll
 CHORUS to the last stanza.
 Oh! my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, up in heav-en there they say, That they'll

Darling Nelly Gray

nev - er see my dar - ling an - y more ; I'm sit - ting by the riv - er, and I'm
nev - er take you from me an - y more ; I'm a com - ing - com - ing - com - ing, as the

slower.

weep - ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.
an - gels clear the way, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

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No. 165

Nelly Bly

Words and Music by S. C. Foster

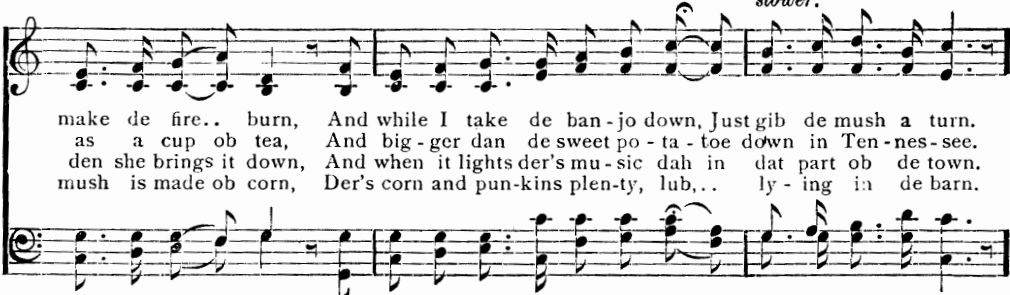
With motion. mf

1. Nel - ly Bly ! Nel - ly Bly ! bring de broom a - long, We'll sweep de kitch - en
2. Nel - ly Bly ! hab a voice like de tur - tle dove, I hears it in de
3. Nel - ly Bly ! shuts her eye when she goes to sleep, When she wak - ens
4. Nel - ly Bly ! Nel - ly Bly ! neb - ber, neb - ber sigh, Neb - ber bring de

clean, my dear, And hab a lit - tle song. Poke de wood, my la - dy lub, and
mead - ow, and I hears it in de grove ; Nel - ly Bly, .. hab a heart warm
up a - gain her eye - balls gin to peep ; De way she walks, she lifts her foot, and
tear - drop to de cor - ner ob your eye ; For de pie is made ob punkins, and de

Nelly Bly

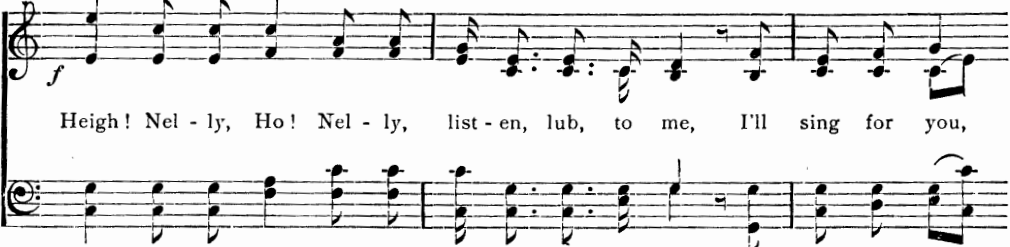
slower.



make de fire.. burn, And while I take de ban-jo down, Just gib de mush a turn.
as a cup ob tea, And big-ger dan de sweet po-ta-toe down in Ten-nes-see.
den she brings it down, And when it lights der's mu-sic dah in dat part ob de town.
mush is made ob corn, Der's corn and pun-kins plen-ty, lub,.. ly-ing in de barn.

CHORUS.
In time.

f



Heigh! Nel - ly, Ho! Nel - ly, list - en, lub, to me, I'll sing for you,



play for you, a dul - cem mel - o - dy; Heigh! Nel - ly, Ho! Nel - ly,

slower.



list - en, lub, to me, I'll sing for you, play for you, a dul-cem mel - o - dy.

Nelly was a Lady

Words and Music by S. C. Foster

With moderate motion and with expression.

mf

1. Down	on	de	Mis - sis - sip - pi	float - ing,	Long	time	I
2. Now	I'm	un - hap - py,	and	I'm	weep - ing,	Can't	tote
3. When I	saw	my	Nel - ly	in	de	morn - ing,	Smile
4. Close	by	de	mar - gin	ob	de	wa - ter,	Whar
5. Down	in	de	mead - ow,	'mong	de	clob - er,	Walk
							wid
							my

trab - ble	on	de	way,	All	night	de	cot - ton - wood	I'm	tot - ing,
cot - ton - wood	no	more;	Last	night,	while	Nel - ly	was	a	sleep - ing,
o - pen'd	up	her	eyes,	Seem'd	like	de	light	ob	day
weep - ing	wil - low	grows,	Dar	lib'd	Vir - gin - ny's	lub - ly	daugh - ter;		
Nel - ly	by	my	side;	Now	all	dem	hap - py	days	am
									o - ber,

CHORUS. *ad time pp.*

Slower and with expression.

mf

Sing	for	my	true - lub	all	de	day.	} Nel - ly was a la - dy,
Death	came	a - knock - in'	at	de	door.		
Jist	'fore	de	sun	be - gin	to	rise.	
Dar	she	in	death	may	find	re - pose.	
Fare - well,	my	dark	Vir - gin - ny	bride.			

slower.

Last night she died; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My dark Vir - gin - ny bride.

The Lily of the Valley

With lively motion.

f

1. A - way! now, dar - kies, a - way! De horn am sounding de broke of
 2. A - way! now, dar - kies, a - way! De horn am blow-ing de close of

day; To... work wid your shubble and your hoe, When your la - bor is
 day; From our work wid our hearts all so gay, Our la - bor all

CHORUS.

1st. 2d.

done haste a - way. A - way. To the lil - y, the lil - y, the
 done we'll a - way. A - way. To the lil - y, the lil - y, the

lil - y of the val - ley, When work is done, we'll haste to see The
 lil - y of the val - ley, When work is done, we'll haste to see The

The Lily of the Valley

slower. *Fine.*

lil - y of the val - ley. To mar - ry her you hab no chance, Her
lil - y of the val - ley. Wid eyes so bright, and waist so slim, She

eyes is like an In - jun lance, She sings to the horse to
dance and cut de wig - con - ping! Dat gal is..... up to

From S: to Fine.

make him prance, And beats all the dar - kies in the dance. The
eb - 'ry ting, And like a..... mar - tin - gale she sing. The

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No. 168

Rosa Lee


Anon., 1847

1. When I lib'd in Ten-nes-see, U-li-a-li, o-la-e, I went court-in'
2. I said, you lub-ly gal, dat's plain, U-li-a-li, o-la-e, Breff as sweet as
3. My sto-ry yet is to be told, U-li-a-li, o-la-e, Ro-sa cotch'd a
4. Dey give her up, no pow'r could save, U-li-a-li, o-la-e, She ax me fol'-wer

Rosa Lee

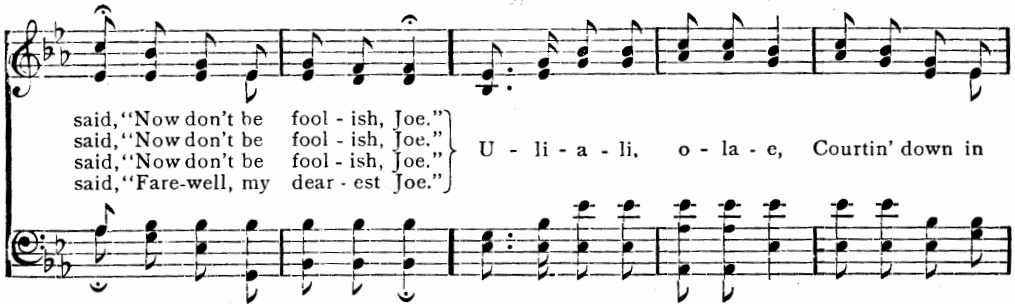


Ro - sa Lee, U - li - a - li, o - la - e; Eyes as dark as win - ter night,
 su - gar cane, U - li - a - li, o - la - e; Feet so large, and come - ly too,
 shocking cold, U - li - a - li, o - la - e; Send de Doc - tor, fetch de Nurse,
 to her grave, U - li - a - li, o - la - e; I take her hand, 'twas cold as death,



Lips as red as ber - ries bright; When first I did her woo - ing go, She
 Might make a cradle of each shoe, 7 Ro - sa, take me for your beau; She
 Doc - tor came, but made her worse; I tried to make her laugh, but no, She
 So cold, I hardly draw my breff; She saw my tears, in sor - row flow, And

CHORUS.



said, "Now don't be fool - ish, Joe." } U - li - a - li, o - la - e, Courtin' down in
 said, "Now don't be fool - ish, Joe." }
 said, "Now don't be fool - ish, Joe." }
 said, "Fare-well, my dear - est Joe." }



Ten - nes - see, U - li - a - li, o - la - e, 'Neath de wild Ban - an - a tree.

Old Black Joe

Words and Music by S. C. Foster

Slowly and with expression.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear, that I

cot - ton fields a - way, Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I
 friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a go, I
 held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

CHORUS.

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe." I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my

head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."

Gideon's Band

With motion.

mf

1. Oh, keep your hat up - on your head,
2. Oh, keep your nose up - on your face,
3. Oh, keep your coat up - on your back,
4. Oh, keep your pants up - on your legs,
5. Oh, keep your shoes up - on your feet,
6. Oh, stick your toe - - nails in the ground,
7. Oh, keep your mon - - ey in your pock-et,
8. 'Twixt you and I, I real - ly think,

Oh, keep your hat up -
 Oh, keep your nose up -
 Oh, keep your coat up -
 Oh, keep your pants up -
 Oh, keep your shoes up -
 Oh, stick your toe - nails
 Oh, keep your mon - ey
 'Twixt you and I, I

on your head, Oh, keep your hat up - on your head, For you will
 on your face, Oh, keep your nose up - on your face, For an - y - where
 on your back, Oh, keep your coat up - on your back, That you may be off
 on your legs, Oh, keep your pants up - on your legs, That you may hang 'em
 on your feet, Oh, keep your shoes up - on your feet, That you may walk
 in the ground, Oh, stick your toe - nails in the ground, That when you're want -
 in your pock-et, Oh, keep your mon - ey in your pock-et, So when it's want-ed
 real - ly think, 'Twixt you and I, I real - ly think, It's pret - ty near

CHORUS.

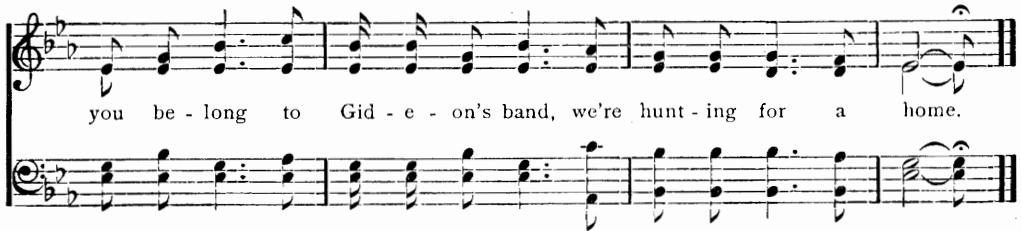
f

want	it....	when you're	dead.	} If you be - long to
else...	it's....	out of	place.	
on....	the....	oth - er	track.	
on....	the....	gold - en	pegs.	
in....	the....	gold - en	street.	
ed....	you...	may be	found.	
you've	not...	for - -	got it.	
time..	to....	take a	drink.	

Gideon's Band



Gid - e - on's band, Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand ; If



you be - long to Gid - e - on's band, we're hunt - ing for a home.

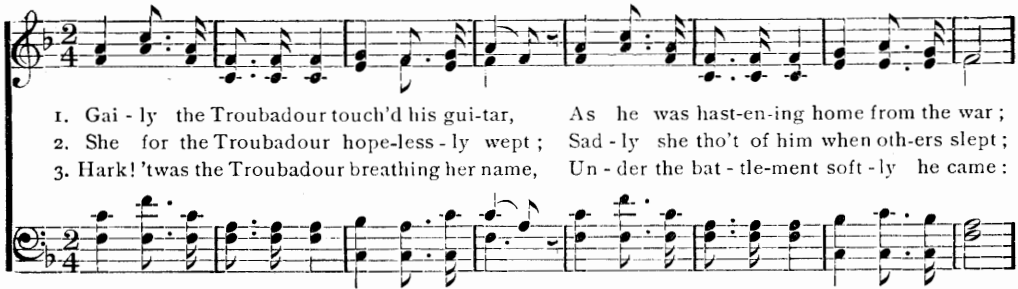
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No. 171

Gaily the Troubadour

T. H. B.

Thos. H. Bayley



1. Gai - ly the Troubadour touch'd his gui-tar, As he was hast-en-ing home from the war ;
2. She for the Troubadour hope-less - ly wept ; Sad - ly she tho't of him when oth-ers slept ;
3. Hark ! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name, Un - der the bat - tle-ment soft - ly he came :



Singing, " From Pales-tine, hith-er I come ; La - dy love, la - dy love, welcome me home."
Singing, " In search of thee would I might roam ; Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home."
Singing, " From Pales-tine, hith-er I come ; La - dy love, la - dy love, welcome me home."

Jamie's on the Stormy Sea

Bernard Covert

1. Ere the twi-light bat was flit-ting, In the sun - set at her knit-ting
 2. Warm - ly shone the sun - set glow-ing, Sweet - ly breath'd the young flow'rs blowing ;
 3. Cur - few bells re - mote - ly ring-ing, Min - gled with that sweet voice sing-ing,
 4. "Blow, ye west winds ! bland-ly hov - er O'er the bark that bears my lov - er ;
 5. How could I but list, but lin - ger, To the song, and near the sing - er,

Sang a lone - ly maid - en, sit - ting Un - der - neath her thresh - old tree ;
 Earth, with beau - y o - ver - flow-ing, Seem'd the home of love to be ;
 And the last red ray seem'd cling-ing Lin - g'ring - ly to tow'r and tree :
 Gen - tly blow and bear him o - ver To his own dear home and me ;
 Sweet - ly woo - ing heaven to bring her Ja - mie from the storm - y sea ;

And ere day - light died be - fore us, And the ves - per stars shone o'er us,
 As those an - gel tones as - cend-ing, With the scene and sea - son blending,
 Near - er as I came and near - er, Fin - er rose the notes and clear - er ;
 For when night-winds bend the wil - low, Sleep - for - sakes my lone - ly pil - low,
 And while yet her lips did name me, Forth I sprang, my heart o'er - came me—

Fit - ful rose her ten - der cho - rus, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea."
 Ev - er had the same low end-ing,—"Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea."
 Oh ! 'twas heav'n it - self to hear her,—"Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea !"
 Think - ing of the foam - ing bil - low—Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea !"
 "Grieve no more, sweet, I am Ja - mie, Home re - turn'd to love and thee !"

Nicodemus Johnson

J. B. Murphy

With moderate motion.

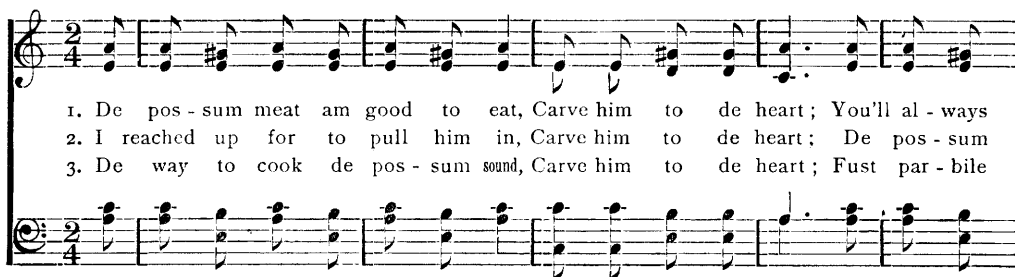
mf

1. I've just ar - rived in town to - day, And here I is be -
 2. My mas - ter was a u - nion man, He did not like se -
 3. I wish dis war would on - ly end, And peace come frew de

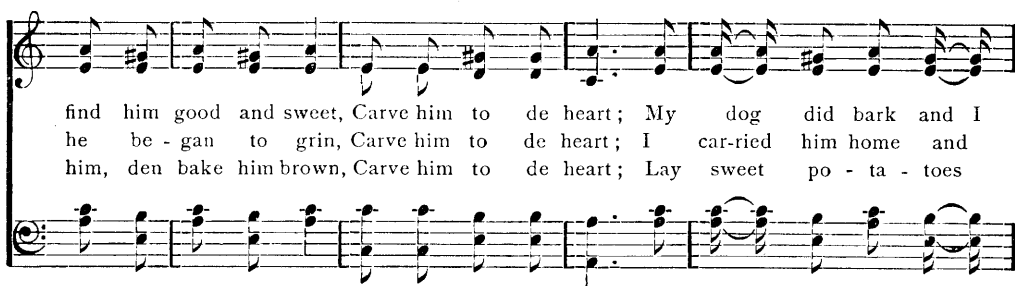
fore you, To sing a - bout my name and oc - cu - pa -
 ces - sion, And so he had to leave the old plan - ta -
 na - tion, I'd go right back to Dix - ie's land and stay

tion; I.... come from old Vir - gin - ny State, De best in all de
 tion; I.... thought to stay be - hind him there, 'Twould be an ag - gra -
 dar; For I is - n't an - y con - tra - band, I love de old plan -

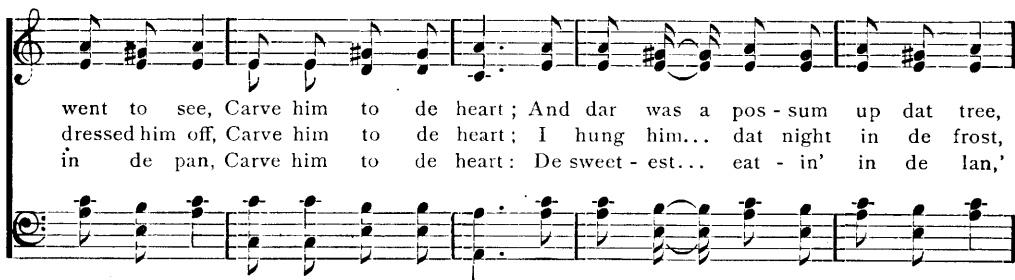
na - tion; O - ho! O - ho! To Nic - o - de - mus John - son.
 va - tion; O - ho! O - ho! To Nic - o - de - mus John - son.
 ta - tion; O - ho! O - ho! That's Nic - o - de - mus John - son.

*Carve dat Possum**Words and Music by Sam. Lucas*



1. De pos - sum meat am good to eat, Carve him to de heart; You'll al - ways
 2. I reached up for to pull him in, Carve him to de heart; De pos - sum
 3. De way to cook de pos - sum sound, Carve him to de heart; Fust par - bile



find him good and sweet, Carve him to de heart; My dog did bark and I
 he be - gan to grin, Carve him to de heart; I car-ried him home and
 him, den bake him brown, Carve him to de heart; Lay sweet po - ta - toes



went to see, Carve him to de heart; And dar was a pos - sum up dat tree,
 dressed him off, Carve him to de heart; I hung him... dat night in de frost,
 in de pan, Carve him to de heart: De sweet - est... eat - in' in de lan,'

CHORUS.


Carve him to de heart. }
 Carve him to de heart. } Carve dat pos - sum, carve dat pos - sum, chil - dren,
 Carve him to de heart. }

Carve dat Possum

Carve dat pos - sum, carve him to de heart; Oh, carve dat pos - sum,

carve dat pos - sum, chil - dren, Carve dat pos - sum, carve him to de heart.

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No. 175

Fanny J. Crosby

The Hazel Dell

With expression and not too fast.

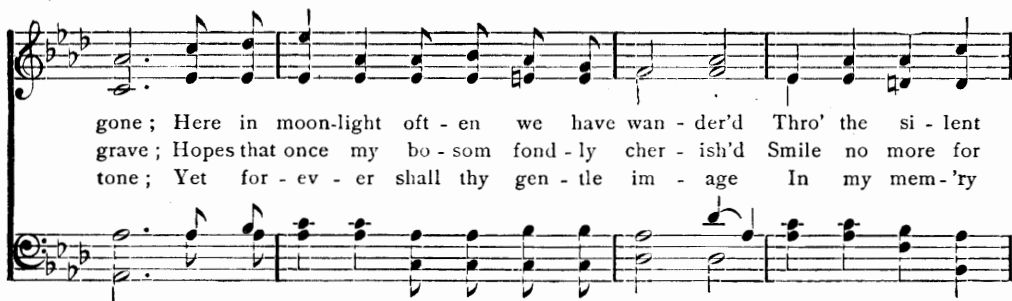
Geo. F. Root

mf

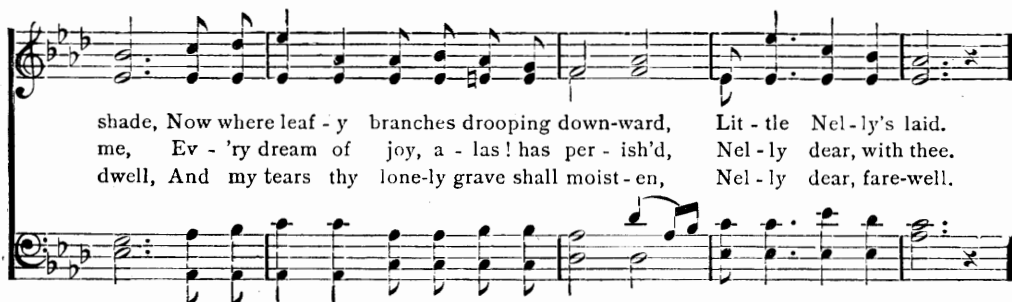
1. In the Ha - zel Dell my Nel - ly's sleep - ing, Nel - ly lov'd so
2. In the Ha - zel Dell my Nel - ly's sleep - ing, Where the flow - ers
3. Now I'm wea - ry, friend - less and for - sak - en, Watch - ing here a -

long! And my lone - ly, lone - ly watch I'm keep - ing, Nel - ly lost and
wave, And the si - lent stars are night - ly weep - ing, O'er poor Nel - ly's
lone, Nel - ly, thou no more will fond - ly cheer me With thy lov - ing

The Hazel Dell



gone; Here in moon-light oft - en we have wan - der'd Thro' the si - lent
grave; Hopes that once my bo - som fond - ly cher - ish'd Smile no more for
tone; Yet for - ev - er shall thy gen - tle im - age In my mem - 'ry

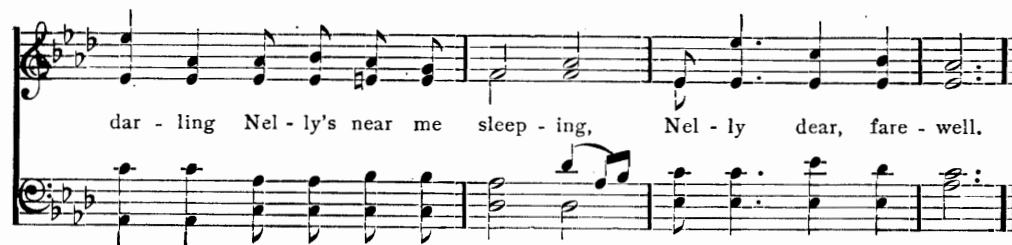


shade, Now where leaf - y branches drooping down-ward, Lit - tle Nel - ly's laid.
me, Ev - 'ry dream of joy, a - las! has per - ish'd, Nel - ly dear, with thee.
dwell, And my tears thy lone - ly grave shall moist - en, Nel - ly dear, fare-well.

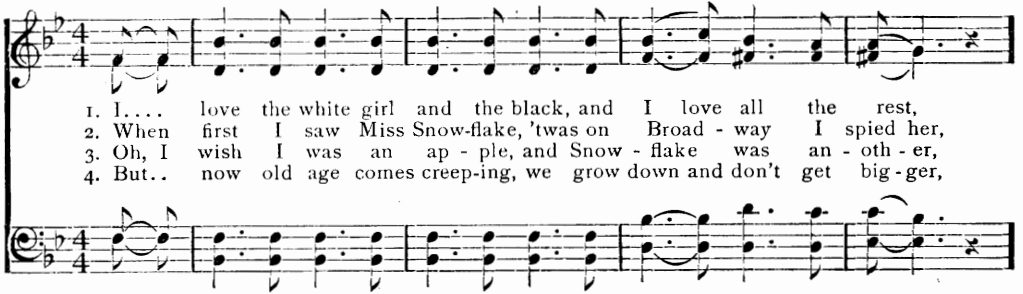
CHORUS,



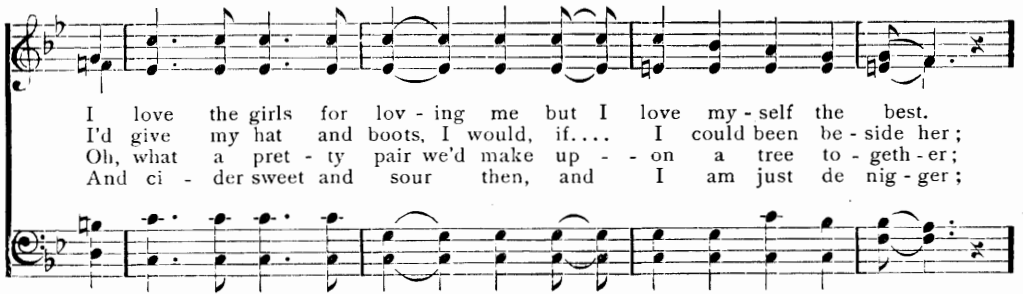
All a - lone my watch I'm keep - ing In the Ha - zel Dell, For my



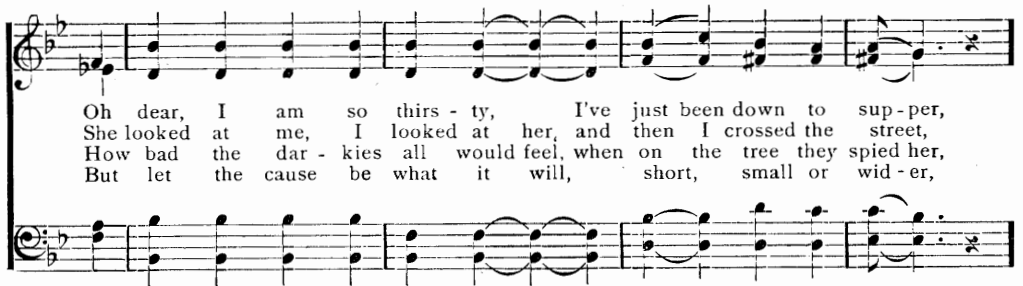
dar - ling Nel - ly's near me sleep - ing, Nel - ly dear, fare - well.

*Little more Cider**With lively motion.*


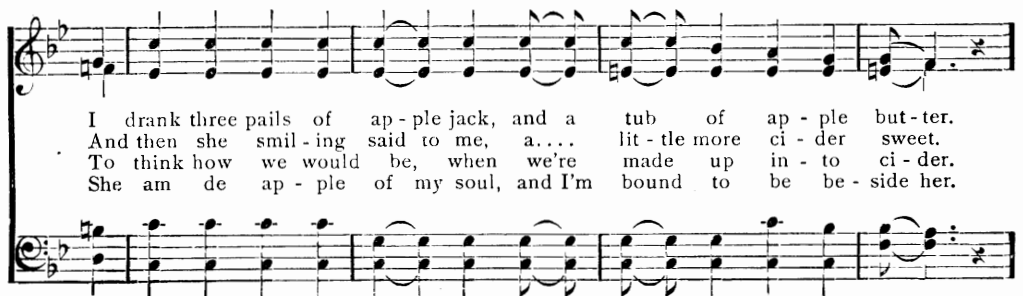
1. I... love the white girl and the black, and I love all the rest,
 2. When first I saw Miss Snow-flake, 'twas on Broad-way I spied her,
 3. Oh, I wish I was an ap-ple, and Snow-flake was an-oth-er,
 4. But.. now old age comes creep-ing, we grow down and don't get big-ger,



I love the girls for lov-ing me but I love my-self the best.
 I'd give my hat and boots, I would, if... I could be be-side her;
 Oh, what a pret-ty pair we'd make up--on a tree to-geth-er;
 And ci-der sweet and sour then, and I am just de-nig-ger;



Oh dear, I am so thirs-ty, I've just been down to sup-per,
 She looked at me, I looked at her, and then I crossed the street,
 How bad the dar-kies all would feel, when on the tree they spied her,
 But let the cause be what it will, short, small or wid-er,



I drank three pails of ap-ple jack, and a tub of ap-ple but-ter.
 And then she smil-ing said to me, a... lit-tle more ci-der sweet.
 To think how we would be, when we're made up in-to ci-der.
 She am de ap-ple of my soul, and I'm bound to be be-side her.

Little more Cider

CHORUS.

Oh, lit - tle more ci - der too, a... lit - tle more ci - der too,

A lit - tle more ci - der for Miss Di - nah, A lit - tle more ci - der too.

slower.

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No. 177

Little White Cottage

— O R —

GENTLE NETTIE MOORE

M. S. Pike

Melody by G. S. P.

With moderate motion and with expression.

mf

1. In a lit - tle white cot-tage, Where the trees are ev - er green, And the
2. Be - - low us in the val - ley, On the San-tee's danc-ing tide, Of a
3. One sun - ny morn in au-tumn, Ere the dew had left the lawn, Came a
4. Since that time the world is drear - y, And I long from earth to rise, And
5. You are gone, love - ly Net - tie, And my heart must sure - ly break, When the

climb-ing ros-es blos-som by the door: I've oft - en sat and lis-ten'd To the
 sum-mer eve I'd launch my o - pen boat; And when the moon was ris-ing, And the
 tra - der up from Loui-si - an - a bay; Who gave the Mas-ter mon-ey, And then
 join the hap - py an-gels gone be - fore; I... nev - er can be mer - ry For my
 tears come no more in - to my eyes; But when wea-ry life is past, I shall

Little White Cottage

mu - sic of the birds, And the gen - tle voice of charm - ing Net - tie Moore.
stars be - gan to shine, Down the riv - er we so mer - ri - ly would float.
shack - led her with chains, Then he took her off to work her life a - way,
heart is full of woe, And I'm pin - ing for my pret - ty Net - tie Moore.
meet you once a - gain, In... heav - en, dar - ling, up a - bove the skies.

CHORUS.

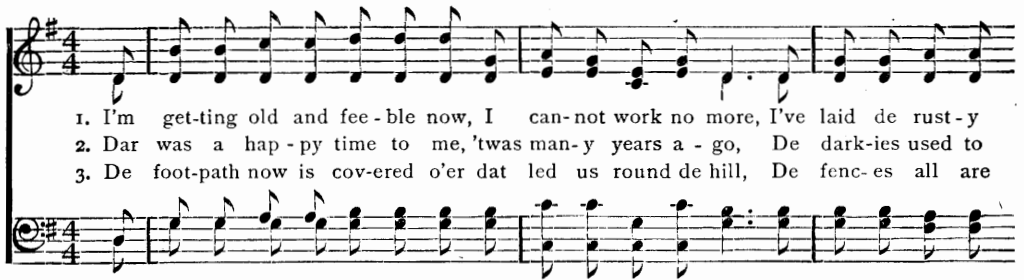
mf
Oh! I miss you, Net - tie Moore, And my hap - pi - ness is o'er, While a

spir - it sad a - round my heart has come; And the bu - sy days are long, And the

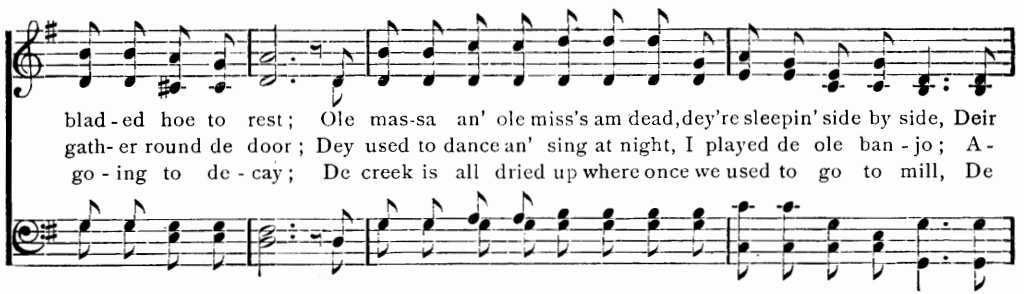
slower.
nights are lone - ly now, For you're gone from our lit - tle cot - tage home.

No. 178 *The Little Ole Log Cabin in the Lane*

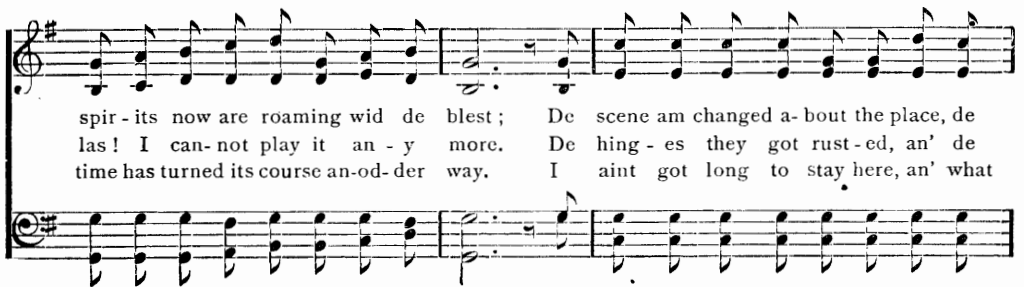
Words and Music by Will S. Hays



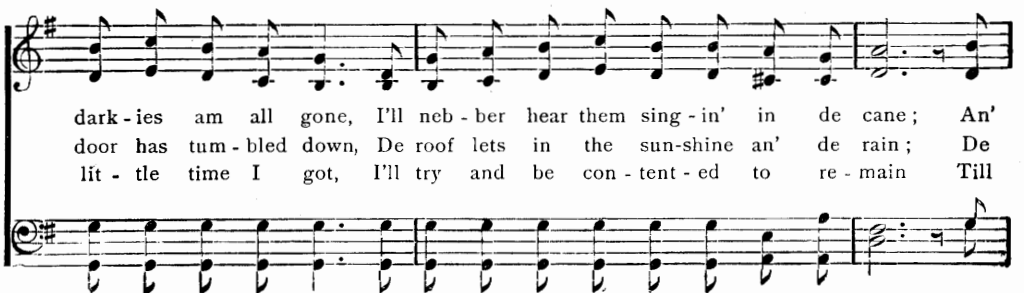
1. I'm get-ting old and fee-ble now, I can-not work no more, I've laid de rust-y
2. Dar was a hap-py time to me, 'twas man-y years a-go, De dark-ies used to
3. De foot-path now is cov-ered o'er dat led us round de hill, De fenc-es all are



blad-ed hoe to rest; Ole mas-sa an' ole miss's am dead, dey're sleepin' side by side, Deir
gath-er round de door; Dey used to dance an' sing at night, I played de ole ban-jo; A-
go-ing to de-cay; De creek is all dried up where once we used to go to mill, De



spir-its now are roaming wid de blest; De scene am changed a-bout the place, de
las! I can-not play it an-y more. De hing-es they got rust-ed, an' de
time has turned its course an-od-der way. I aint got long to stay here, an' what



dark-ies am all gone, I'll neb-ber hear them sing-in' in de cane; An'
door has tum-bled down, De roof lets in the sun-shine an' de rain; De
lit-tle time I got, I'll try and be con-tent-ed to re-main Till

The Little Ole Log Cabin in the Lane

I'se de on - ly one dat's left wid dis ole dog ob mine, In de lit - tle ole log
on - ly friend I've got now is dis good ole dog ob mine, In de lit - tle ole log
death shall call my dog an' me to find a bet - ter home Den dat lit - tle ole log

CHORUS. *With expression.*

cab - in in de lane. }
cab - in in de lane. } De chimney's fall - ing down, and de roof is cav - in' in, I
cab - in in de lane. }

aint got long round here to re - main ; But de an - gels watches o - ver me when

I lays down to sleep In de lit - tle ole log cab - in in de lane.

Dixie's Land

With motion.

Words and Music by Dan Emmett

1. I... wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar an
 2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry "Will - de - weab - er," Wil - lium was a...
 3. His face was sharp as a butch - er's cleab - er, But that did not
 4. Now here's a health to de next old Mis - sus, An all de gals dat
 5. Dar's buck - wheat cakes an In - gen' bat - ter, Makes you fat or a

not for - got - ten, Look a - way, look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land. In
 gay de - ceab - er; Look a - way, look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But
 seem to greab 'er; Look a - way, look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Old
 want to kiss us; Look a - way, look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But
 lit - tle fat - ter; Look a - way, look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Den

Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one
 when he put his arm a - round 'er, He smiled as fierce as a
 Mis - sus act de fool - ish part, An died for a man dat
 if you want to drive 'way sor - row, Come and hear dis
 hoe it down, an scratch your grab - ble, To Dix - ie's Land I'm

frost - y mor - nin', Look a - way! look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 for - ty pound - er. Look a - way! look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 broke her heart. Look a - way! look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 song to - mor - row, Look a - way! look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 bound to trab - ble, Look a - way! look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

Dixie's Land

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, hoo - ray! hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land, I'll

took my stand, To lib an die in Dix - ie. A - way, a - way, a -

way down south in Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, a - way, down south in Dix - ie.

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No. 180

Oh! Boys, carry me 'long

With moderate motion.

Words and Music by S. C. Foster

mf

1. Oh! car - ry me 'long ; Dere's no more trou - ble for me : I'se guine to roam In a
2. All o - ber de land I've wandered ma - ny a day, To blow de horn And
3. Fare - well to de boys, Wid hearts so hap - py and light, Dey sing a song De
4. Fare - well to de hills, De meadows cov - ered wid green, Old bri - dle Boss, And de

Oh! Boys, carry me 'long

hap - py home, Where all de nig-gas am free ; I've work'd long in de fields, I've
mind de corn, And keep de pos-sum a - way ; No use for me now. So,
whole day long, And dance de jub - ba at night ; Fare - well to de fields Ob
old grey-hoss, All beat - en, brok-en, and lean ; Fare - well to de dog Dat

han - dled man - y a hoe : I'll turn my eyes be - fore I die, And
dark - ies, bur - y me low : My horn is dry, and I must lie, Wha de
cot - ton, 'bac-co and all : I'se guine to hoe in a bress - ed row, Wha de
al - ways fol-lowed me round ; Old San-cho'll wail, and drop his tail, When

CHORUS. *2d time f.*

see de su - gar-cane grow. } *mf*
pos-sum neb - ber can go. } Oh! boys, car-ry me 'long, Car-ry me till I die ;
corn grows mellow and tall. }
I am un - der de ground. }

Slower to the end.

Car - ry me down to de bur - y - in'groun', Mas-sa, don't you cry.

Jim Crack Corn

With motion.

mf

1. When I was young I... used to wait On mas - sa, and hand
2. Den ar - ter din - ner mas - sa sleep, He bid dis nig - ger
3. An' when he ride in de ar - ter - noon, I fol - low wid a
4. De po - ney run, he... jump an' pitch, An' tum - ble mas - sa
5. Dey laid 'im un - der a... sim - mon tree, His ep - i - taph am
6. Ole mas - sa gone, now let 'im rest, Dey say all things am

him de plate, Pass down de... bot - tle when he get dry, An'
 vig - il keep, An' when he... gwine to... shut his eye, He
 lick - 'ry broom, De po - ney... be - - ing... ber - ry shy, When
 in de ditch; He died, an' de ju - - ry... won - der'd why De
 dar to see: "Be - neath dis... stone I'm... forced to lie, All
 for de best; I neb - er for - get till de day I die, Ole

CHORUS.


f

brush a - way de... blue - tail fly.	} Jim crack corn, I don't care,
tell me watch de... blue - tail fly.	
bit - ten by de... blue - tail fly.	
ver - dic' was de... blue - tail fly.	
by de means ob de blue - tail fly."	
mas - sa an' dat... blue - tail fly.	

slower.



Jim crack corn, I don't care, Jim crack corn, I don't care, Ole mas - sa gone a - way.

Angelina Baker


*With moderate motion and with expression.**Words and Music by S. C. Foster*


mf


1. Way down on de old plan - ta - tion, dah's where I was born ; I
 2. I've seen my An - ge - li - na in de spring-time and de fall, I've
 3. An - ge - li - na am so tall she neb - ber sees de ground, She
 4. Ear - ly in de mor - ning ob a lub - ly sum - mer day, I


used to beat de whole cre - a - tion hoe - in' in de corn : Oh !
 seen her in de corn - field, and I've seen her at de ball ; And
 hab to take a wel - lum - scope to look down on de town ;
 ax for An - ge - li - na, and dey say she's gone a - way ;




den I work, and den I sing so hap - py all de day, Till
 eb - 'ry time I met her she was smil - ing like de sun, But
 An - ge - li - na likes de boys as far as she can see dem, She
 don't know wha to find her, cayse I don't know wha she's gone ; She

An - ge - li - na Ba - ker came and stole my heart a - way.
 now I'm left to weep a tear cayse An - ge - li - na's gone.
 used to run old mas - sa round, to ax him for to free dem.
 left me here to weep a tear, and beat on de old jaw - bone.



Angelina Baker

CHORUS. *2d time mf.*

mf
An - ge - li - na Ba - ker! An - ge - li - na Ba - ker's gone; She
left me here to weep a tear, and beat on de old jaw - bone.

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No. 183

Oh! dat Watermelon

Moderate motion.

mf
1. My old mis - ses prom - ised me, Gwine to git a home bye and bye;
2. Shoo - fly cut a pig - un wing, Gwine to git a home bye and bye;
3. Sis - ter Sue and old aunt Sal, Gwine to git a home bye and bye;
f
When she died she'd set me free, Gwine to git a home bye and bye;
Rat - tle snake rolled in a 'pos - sum's skin, Gwine to git a home bye and bye;
Both lived down in... Shin-bone Al, Gwine to git a home bye and bye:

Oh! dat Watermelon

mf She did live till she got bald, Gwine to git a home bye and bye ;
Cow path crook-ed gwine frough de wood, Gwine to git a home bye and bye ;
Name for de house, name on de door, Gwine to git a home bye and bye ;

f

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef staff with lyrics and a bass clef accompaniment staff.

mf And she nev - er... died at all, Gwine to git a home bye and bye.
Mis-ses ses I shan't, I... ses I should, Gwine to git a home bye and bye.
Big green spot on de gro - cery store, Gwine to git a home bye and bye.

f

Musical notation for the second system, including a treble clef staff with lyrics and a bass clef accompaniment staff.

CHORUS.

f Den oh, dat wa - ter - mel - on, *mf* Lamb of good-ness, you must die,

Musical notation for the chorus, including a treble clef staff with lyrics and a bass clef accompaniment staff.

f I'm gwine to join de con - tra-band chil-dren, Gwine to git a home bye and bye.

Musical notation for the final system, including a treble clef staff with lyrics and a bass clef accompaniment staff.

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— OR —

CARRY ME BACK TO TENNESSEE

*With moderate motion and with expression**Sep. Winner*

1. Sweet El - lie Rhee, so dear to me, Is lost for - ev - er more ;
 2. Oh, why did I from day to day Keep wish - ing to be free,
 3. They said that I would soon be free And hap - py all de day,
 4. The war is ov - er now at last, De col - or'd race am free,

Our home was down in Ten - nes - see, Be - fore dis cru - el war.
 And from my mas - sa run a - way, And leave my El - lie Rhee.
 But if dey take me back a - gain I'll neb - er run a - way.
 Dat good time com - in' on so fast : I'se wait - in' for to see.

Refrain.

Then car - ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Back where I long to be ;

CHORUS. *f* Then car - ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Back where I long to be ;

A - mong the fields of yel - low corn ; To my dar - ling El - lie Rhee.

A - mong the fields of yel - low corn ; To my dar - ling El - lie Rhee.
mf

No. 185 *Floating Scow of Old Virginny*

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Words and Music by James A. Bland

With moderate motion.

mf

1. The float - ing scow of old Vir - gin - ny, I work'd in from day to
 2. If I was on - ly young a - gain, I'd lead a dif - f'rent
 3. And when I'm dead and gone place this Old ban - - jo by my

day, A - - fish - in' 'mongst de oys - ter beds, To... me it
 life; I'd... save my mon-ey, and buy a farm, And take Di - nah
 side; Let de pos-som and coon to my fun - 'ral go, For... dey was

was but play; But now I'm grow-ing ver - y old, I can - not work an - y
 for my wife; But now old age, he holds me tight, My limbs, dey are growing
 al - ways my pride; And den in soft re - pose I'll sleep, And dream for eb - er

more; So car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny's shore.
 sore; So take me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny's shore.
 more: You've carried me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny's shore.

Floating Scow of Old Virginy

CHORUS.

Moderately quick.

mf
Den car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny shore ;

Oh, car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny shore.

Arrangement Copyright, 1893, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 186

Shine on

With motion.

Luke Schoolcraft

f
1. Mon-key dress'd in sol - dier clothes, All cross o - ver to Jor - dan,
2. Make dat cof - fee good and brown, All cross o - ver to Jor - dan,
3. My old mas - ter liv'd in clo - ver, All cross o - ver to Jor - dan,

Went out in de woods to drill some crows, Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem.
Turn dat... hoe - cake round and round, Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem.
When he died he rolled right o - - ver, Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem. He

Shine on

Jay bird sat on a hick - o - ry limb, All cross o - ver to
A for Ad - am,... P.... for Paul, All cross o - ver to
rolled his eyes, gave.. one.... long breath, All cross o - ver to

Jor - dan! I up with a rock and hit him on the shin,
Jor - dan! G for the... gen - tle, great and.... small,
Jor - dan! He scared these nig - gers half... to.... death,

CHORUS.

Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem. }
Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem. } Shine on, shine on, All cross o - ver to
Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem. }

Jor - dan! Shine on, shine on, Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem.

No. 187

Lucy Long

With motion.

mf

1. Oh! I	jist come out a - fore you,	To sing a lit - tle song;	I
2. Miss Lu - cy	she is handsome,	And Miss Lu - cy she's tall;	To
3. Oh! Miss Lu - cy's	teeth is grin - ning	Just like an ear ob corn;	And her
4. I	axed her for to mar - ry	My - self de tod - er day;	She
5. If she makes a	scold - ing wife,	As sure as she was born,	I'll

CHORUS.

plays it on de	ban - jo,	And dey calls it	Lu - cy Long.	Oh!
see her dance	Ca - chu - cha,	Is death to	nig - gers all.	Oh!
eyes dey look so	win - ning!	Oh! would I'd	ne'er been born.	Oh!
said she'd	rah - er tar - ry,	So I let her	habe her way.	Pray
tote her down to	Geor - gia,	And trade her	off for corn.	Then

take your time,	Miss Lu - cy,	take your time,	Miss Lu - cy Long;	Oh!
-----------------	---------------	-----------------	--------------------	-----

take your time,	Miss Lu - cy,	take your time,	Miss Lu - cy Long.
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No. 188 *I would not die in Spring-time*

S. C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster

1. I would not die in Spring-time, When all is bright a-round, And
 2. I would not die in Sum-mer When mu-sic's on the breeze, And
 3. When breez-es leave the mount-ain, Its balm-y sweets all o'er— To
 4. But let me die in Win-ter, When night hangs dark a-bove; And

fair young flow'rs are peep-ing From out the froz-en ground, When
 soft, de-li-cious mur-murs Float ev-er thro' the trees, And
 breathe a-round the fount-ain, And fan our bow'rs no more; When
 cold the snow is ly-ing On bo-soms that we love,— Ah!

life is on the wa-ter, And joy up-on the shore;
 fai-ry birds are sing-ing From morn till close of day—
 sum-mer flow'rs are dy-ing, With-in the lone-ly glen,
 may the wind at mid-night, That blow-eth from the sea,

And win-ter, gloom-y win-ter, Then reigns o'er us no more.
 No! with its transient glo-ries I would not pass a-way.
 And Au-tumn winds are sigh-ing— I would not per-ish then.
 Chant mild-ly, soft-ly, sweet-ly A re-qui-em for me.

No. 189

Perri Merri Dictum, Domine

Old Nursery Ditty

Lively.

1. I. had four broth - ers o - ver the sea ; Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum,
 2. The first sent me cher - ries without an - y stones ; Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum,
 3. The third sent a blank - et that had no thread ; Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum,
 4. When the cherries are in blos - som they have no stones ; Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum,
 5. When the blanket's in the fleece it has no thread ; Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum,

Dom - i - ne ; And they each sent a pres - ent un - to me ;
 Dom - i - ne ; The second sent a chicken with - out an - y bones ;
 Dom - i - ne ; The fourth sent a book that could not be read ;
 Dom - i - ne, When the chicken's in the egg it has no bones ;
 Dom - i - ne, When the book's in the press it can - not be read ;

REFRAIN.

Par - tum quar - tem pe - re - di - cen - tum, Per - ri mer - ri dic - tum, Dom - i - ne.

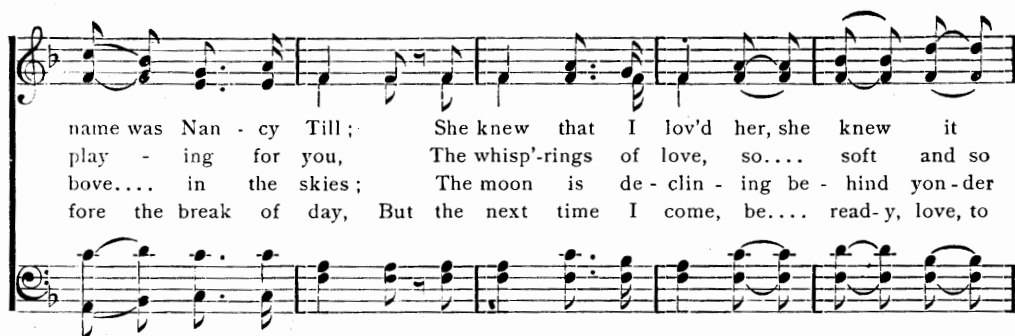
No. 190

Nancy Till

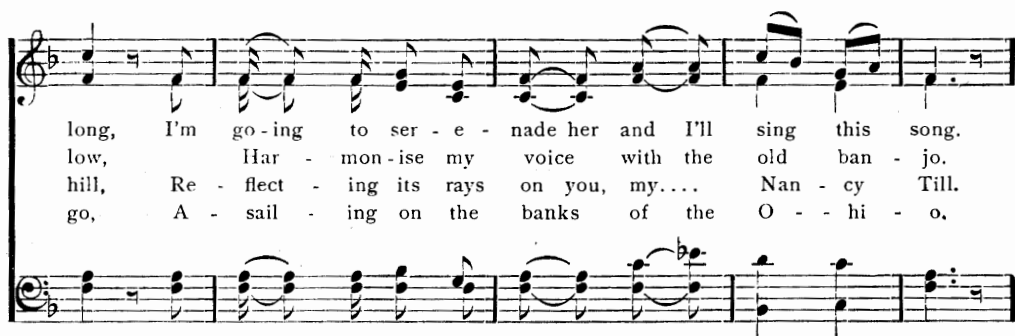
Not too fast, and with expression.

1. Down in the cane-brake, close by the mill, There liv'd a yel - low girl, her
 2. O - pen the win - dow, love, O . . . do, And list - en to the mu - sic I'm
 3. Soft - ly the case - ment be - gins for to rise— The stars are a - shin - ing a -
 4. Fare - well, love, I . . . must now a - way, I've a long way to trav - el be -

Nancy Till

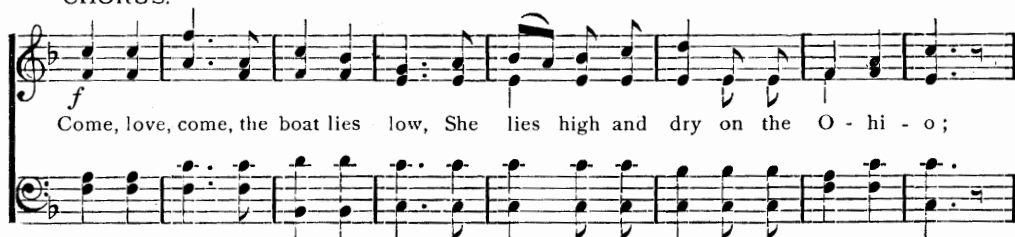


name was Nan - cy Till ; She knew that I lov'd her, she knew it
play - ing for you, The whisp'-rings of love, so... soft and so
bove... in the skies ; The moon is de - clin - ing be - hind yon - der
fore the break of day, But the next time I come, be... read - y, love, to

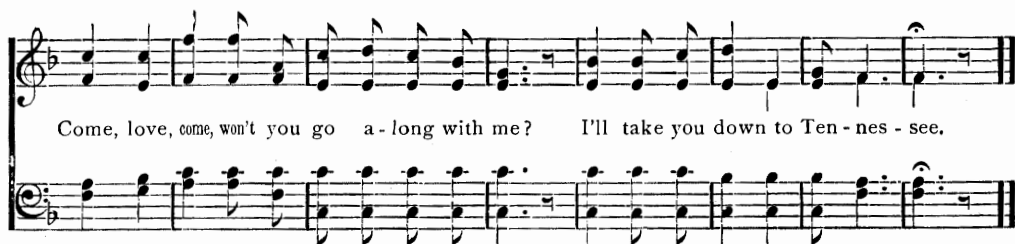


long, I'm go - ing to ser - e - nade her and I'll sing this song.
low, Har - mon - ise my voice with the old ban - jo.
hill, Re - flect - ing its rays on you, my... Nan - cy Till.
go, A - sail - ing on the banks of the O - - hi - o.

CHORUS.



f
Come, love, come, the boat lies low, She lies high and dry on the O - hi - o ;



Come, love, come, won't you go a - long with me? I'll take you down to Ten - nes - see.

Lilly Dale

Alexander W. Reese

H. S. Thompson

mf

1. 'Twas a calm still night, and the moon's pale light, Shone soft o'er
2. Her... cheeks that once glowed with the rose-tint of health, By the hand of dis-
3. "I... go," she said, "to the land of... rest," And ere my
4. Neath the chest-nut tree, where the wild flow'rs grow, And the stream rip-les

hill and vale, When friends mute with grief, Stood a-round the death bed Of my
ease had turned pale, And the death damp was on.. the.. pure, white brow Of my
strength shall fail, I must tell you where, near my own loved home, You must
forth thro' the vale, Where the birds shall war-ble their songs in spring, There

CHORUS.
A little slower.

In time.

mf

poor	lost	Lil - ly Dale.	} Oh ! Lil-ly, sweet Lil-ly, dear Lil-ly Dale, Now the
poor	lost	Lil - ly Dale.	
lay	poor	Lil - ly Dale.	
lay	poor	Lil - ly Dale.	

slower.

wild rose blos-soms o'er her lit - tle green grave, 'Neath the tree in the flow-'ry vale.

Susan Jane

Words and Music by Will S. Jays

1. I went to see my Su-san, She met me at the door, And told me that I
 2. Her mouth was like a cel-lar, Her foot was like a ham, Her eyes were like an
 3. Oh, Su-san's so de-ceiving, She will not do to trust; I've threaten'd once to

need-n't come To see her an-y more; She fell in love with Ru-fus
 owl's at night, Her voice was nev-er calm; Her hair was long and cur-ly, She
 leave her, And leave her now I must; I'll nev-er love an-oth-er, To

An-drew Jack-son Payne, I looked her in the face and said, "Good-bye, Su-san Jane."
 looked just like a crane, I've bid fare-well to all my love, "Good-bye, Su-san Jane."
 cause me a-ny pain; I've trust-ed her, and all the girls Are just like Su-san Jane.

CHORUS

Oh! Su-san Jane! Oh! Su-san Jane! Oh!

Oh! Susan, Susan Jane, Oh! Susan, Susan Jane,

Susan Jane

Su - san, quit your fool - in', And give my heart to me, Oh, give me back my

love a - gain, And I will let you be; I used to love you dear - ly, I

can - not love a - gain; I'm going a - way to leave you soon, Good-bye, Su - san Jane.

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No. 193

Belle ob Baltimore

J. G. Evans.

J. G. Evans, 1848

1. I've been thro' Car - o - li - na, I've been to Ten - nes - see, I sail'd the Mis - sis -
2. My Belle is tall and slen - der, And sings so ber - ry clear, You'd tink she was an
3. I found her by de rib - ber, My er - rand I did tell, Says she, "You gay de -
4. I wrote my lub a let - ter, And scent - ed it so sweet, De musk, de clobes, and

Belle ob Baltimore

sip - pi, For mas - sa set me free; I've kiss'd de lub - ly cre - ole On
owlingale, If once her voice you hear; I walk'd down to her cab - in, And
ceib - er, I know your tricks too well; I seen you kiss anudder gal, De
peppermint, Stuck out a - bout a feet; But all my trouble was no use, I

Lou - si - an - a's shore, But I neb-ber found de gal to match De blooming Belle ob
rapp'd up-on de door, I... went to gub my dog - ger-type To my sweet Belle ob
ber - ry night a - fore;" Wid.. dat she turn'd up - on her heel, And off went Belle ob
neb-ber seen her more, For I squash'd de ten-der 'feck-shins ob My blooming Belle ob

CHORUS.

Bal - ti - more. Oh, boys, Belle's a beau-ty, Eyes so bright and cheek so soot - y; No

gal I eb - er seen a - fore, So sweet as Belle ob Bal - ti - more.

*I seen her at de Window**With moderate motion.*

mf

1. As I walk'd out last Sun - day night, The wed - der it was ha - zy—
 2. Her hair was curl'd tight round her head, I... could not keep from grin - ning;
 3. I... go to de door and pull de string, De... bell it kept a - ring - ing;
 4. I... got in - side, I took a seat, And I thought I was a gon - ner;

A... pret - ty girl I chanced to meet— Oh! she set this col - or'd man cra - zy!
 I... real - ly thought I should sus - pire, When I heard that yal - ler girl sing - ing.
 Den she cum down and let me in, And dis here song kept sing - ing.
 Dar sat her beau, young Jul - ius Crow, A - - nod - din in... de cor - ner.

CHORUS.

f

Chorus for 1st, 2d and 3d Stanzas.
 I... seen her at the win - dow, It... was my dear Lu - cin - da;
Chorus for 4th Stanza.
 So I left her at de win - dow, I... kissed my hand, Lu - cin - da;

She dress'd so neat, and look so sweet, I'd gin my life to bin in thar.
 She dress'd so neat, and look so sweet, I wish dis nig - ga had - n't been dar.

Dearest Mae

Francis Lynch

James Power

With moderate movement and with expression.

mf

1. Now, nig-gers, list - en to me,.. a sto - ry I'll.. re - late; It
2. Old mas - sa gib me hol - i - day, an' say he gib.. me more, I
3. On de banks ob de riv - er, whar de trees dey hang so low, De
4. Be - nead de shad - y old oak tree, we sat for man - y an hour,

hap-pen'd in de val - ley, in de... old Car - li - na state; Way down in de
 tank'd him be - ry kind - ly, an'... shoved my boat from shore; So down de riv - er I
 coon a - mong thar branches play, while de mink he keep be - low; Oh, dar is de
 Hap - py as de buz - zard bird, dat... flies a - bout de flow'r; But oh, dear Mae, I

mead-ow,.. 'twas dare I mow'd de hay; I... al - ways work de
 glides a - long wid my heart so light and free, To de cot - tage ob my
 spot,..... an'.. Mae she looks so neat, Her eyes they spark - le
 leff her,.. she.. cried when boff we part-ed, I... bid sweet Mae a

CHORUS. *2d time f.*

f

hard - er when I think ob lub - ly Mae.	} Oh! dear - est Mae, you're lub - ly as the
lub - ly Mae, I long'd so much to see.	
like de stars, her lips are red as beet.	
long farewell, and back to mas - sa start - ed.	

Dearest Mae

day; Your eyes are bright, dey shine at night, When de moon am gone a - way.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Dearest Mae', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

Arrangement Copyright, 1893, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 196

Farewell, my Lilly dear

Moderate motion and with expression

Words and Music by S. C. Foster

mf

1. Oh! Lil - ly dear, it grieves me, The tale I have to tell: Old mas - sa sends me
2. I's gwine to roam the wide world, In lands I've nev - er hoed; With noth - ing but my
3. I wake up in the morn - ing, And walk out on the farm; Oh! Lil - ly am a
4. Oh! Lil - ly dear, 'tis mournful, To leave you here a - lone; You'll smile be - fore I

Musical notation for the first system of 'Farewell, my Lilly dear', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

roam - ing, So, Lil - ly, fare you well! Oh! fare you well, my true love, Fare -
ban - jo, To cheer me on the road; For when I'm sad and wea - ry, I'll
dar - ling, She take me by the arm, We wan - der thro' the clo - ver, Down
leave you, And weep when I am gone. The sun can nev - er shine, love, So

Musical notation for the second system of 'Farewell, my Lilly dear', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

well, old Ten - nes - see; Then let me weep for you, love, But do not weep for me.
make the ban - jo play, To mind me of my true love, When I am far a - way.
by the riv - er - side, I tell her that I love her, And she must be my bride.
bright for you and me, As when I worked be - side you In good old Ten - nes - see.

Musical notation for the third system of 'Farewell, my Lilly dear', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

Arrangement Copyright, 1893, by S. M. Bixby.

Gwine to Run all Night

— OR —

DE CAMPTOWN RACES

Words and Music by S. C. Foster

With moderate motion.

mf

1. De Camp - town la - - dies sing dis song— Doo - dah !
2. De long - tail fil - ly, and de big black hoss— Doo - dah !
3. Ole mul - ey cow came on to de track— Doo - dah !
4. See dem fly - in' on a ten mile heat— Doo - dah !

doo - dah ! De Camp-town race - track five mile long—Oh ! doo - dah -
 doo - dah ! Dey fly de track, and dey both cut cross—Oh ! doo - dah -
 doo - dah ! De bob - tail fling her o - ber his back—Oh ! doo - dah -
 doo - dah ! Round de race track, den re - peat—Oh ! doo - dah -

day ! I come down dar wid my hat caved in—Doo-dah ! doo - dah ! I
 day ! De blind hoss stick-en in a big mud hole—Doo-dah ! doo - dah ! He
 day ! Den fly a - long like a rail - road car—Doo-dah ! doo - dah ! A -
 day ! I win my mon-ey on de bob - tail nag—Doo-dah ! doo - dah ! I

go back home wid a pock-et full of tin—Oh ! doo - dah - day !
 can't touch bot-tom wid a ten - foot pole—Oh ! doo - dah - day !
 run-nin' a race wid a shoot - in' star—Oh ! doo - dah - day !
 keep my mon-ey in an old tow bag—Oh ! doo - dah - day !

Gwine to Run all Night

CHORUS.

f
Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day! I'll

bet my mon - ey on de bob - tail nag— Some - bod - y bet on de bay.

Arrangement Copyright, 1893, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 198

Oh! Susanna

With moderate motion.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster

mf
1. I came to Al - a - ba - ma, wid my ban - jo on my knee,
2. I jumped a - board de tel - e - graph, And trab - eled down de rib - er,
3. I had a dream de od - der night, When eb - 'ry ting was still;
4. I soon will be in New Or - leans, And den I'll look all 'round,

I'm g'wan to Lou - si - a - na, My..... true love for to see.
De lec - tric flu - id mag - ni - fied, And killed five hun - dred nig - ger.
I thought I saw Su - san - na, A - - com - ing down de hill.
And when I find Su - san - na, I'll..... fall up - on de ground.

Oh! Susanna

It rain'd all night de day I left, De wea - ther it was dry,
De bull - gine bust, de horse runs off, I real - ly thought I'd die;
De buck - wheat cake war in her mouth, De tear was in her eye;
But if I do not find her, Dis dark - ie'll sure - ly die;

De sun so hot I froze to death; Su - san - na, don't you cry.
I shut my eyes to hold my breath; Su - san - na, don't you cry.
Says I, I'm com - ing from de South, Su - san - na, don't you cry.
And when I'm dead and bur - - ied, Su - san - na, don't you cry.

CHORUS. *2d time softly.*

f Oh! Su - san - na, oh, don't you cry for me, I've

slower.
come from Al - a - ba - ma, wid my ban - jo on my knee.

The Dutchman's Serenade

O. M., 1862

Hubert P. Main

Lemoncolly—some slow.

1. 'Twas a gool zummer's night, Und der moon he shone
 2. It vill pe a rich dreat, To hear mu-zics zo

pright, Und I velt all zo shol-ly und gay— Ven I dough I vould
 schveet, Duz I zaid to mine-zelf, ash I blayed— I'll en-shant her, py

The Dutchman's Serenade

go, mine av-vec-tions to zhow, To a la-ty zom mu-zics I'd blay.
 zhing, zooch a tear lid-dle lamb, I ne'er zaw zince der tay I vos made.

Inst.

(Behold him play!)

Zo I dooned up mine
 Put a zash dere vos

Piz.

vlood, Und a-vay I did poot To der haus vere mein love she "hangs out;" Unt der
 raised, Und I velt kvite a-mazed, Ash a head vrom dere vin-der dere bops; On der

The Dutchman's Serenade

air id did ring mit der songs vot I zing, Vor at least half a mile round a-pout.
 dop of mein grown, mit a slash dumbling town, Gomes a puck-et of va-ter unt schlops.

QUARTET.

Zo I dooned up mein vloot, und a-vay I did poot To der haus vere mein
 Put a zash dere vos raised, und I veit kvite a-mazed, Ash a head vrom dere

love she "hang out;" Unt der air it did ring, Mit der songs vot I
 vin-der dere bops, *all de while*, On der dop of mein grown Mit a slash dumb-ling

zing, Vor at least half a mile round a-pout.
 down, Gomes a puck-et of va-ter unt schlops.

Inst.

No. 200

The Little Brown Jug

Sep. Winner

With lively motion.

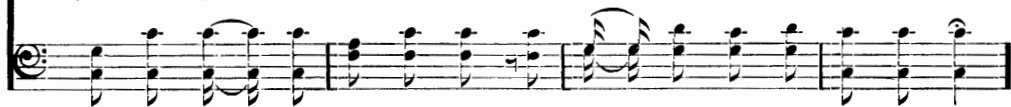
mf



1. My wife and I lived all a - lone, In a lit - tle log hut we called our own ;
2. 'Tis you who makes my friends my foes, 'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes ;
3. When I go toil - ing to my farm, I... take lit - tle "Brown Jug" un - der my arm ; I
4. If all the folks in A - dam's race, Were gather'd to - geth - er in... one place, Then
5. If I'd a cow that gave such milk, I'd clothe her in the fin - est silk ; I'd
6. The rose is red, my nose is too, The vi - o - let's blue, and so... are you ; And



She loved gin, and I loved rum,—I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.
 Here you are so near my nose, So tip her up, and down she goes.
 place it un - der a shad - y tree, Lit - tle "Brown Jug," 'tis you and me.
 I'd pre - pare to shed a tear, Be - fore I part from you, my dear.
 feed her on the choic - est hay, And milk her for - ty times a day.
 yet I guess be - fore I stop, We'd bet - ter take an - oth - er drop.



CHORUS.

f



Ha, ha, ha, you and me, "Lit - tle brown jug," don't I love thee ;



Ha, ha, ha, you and me, "Lit - tle brown jug," don't I love thee.



No. 201 *Do They Think of Me at Home*

J. E. Carpenter

Chas. W. Glover

1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who
2. Do they think of me at eve, Of the songs I used to sing? Is the
3. Do they think of how I loved In my hap - py, ear - ly days? Do they

shared their ev - 'ry grief, I who mingled in their glee? Have their hearts grown cold and
harp I struck untouched, Does a stranger wake the string? Will no kind, for - giv - ing
think of him who came, But could nev - er win their praise? I am hap - py by his

strange To the one now doom'd to roam, I would give the world to know—"Do they
word Come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I nev - er cease to sigh—"Do they
side, And from mine he'll nev - er roam, But my heart will sad - ly ask—"Do they

think of me at home?" I would give the world to know—"Do they think of me at home?"
think of me at home?" Shall I nev - er cease to sigh—"Do they think of me at home?"
think of me at home?" But my heart will sad - ly ask—"Do they think of me at home?"

The Battle-Cry of Freedom

G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root



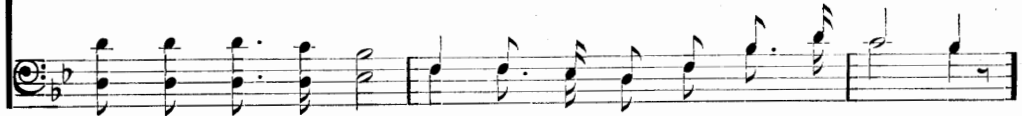
1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
 2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,



Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
 Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a



gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
 mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.



CHORUS.

Fortissimo.

The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hurrah! boys, hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the stars; While we



The Battle-Cry of Freedom

ral-ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral-ly once a-gain, Shouting the bat-tle-cry of Free-dom.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the upper staff.

No. 203

The Two Roses

FOR MALE VOICES

Johann G. Werner

1. On a bank two ro-ses fair, Wet with morning showers, Fill'd with dew, in
2. This in leaves of white arrayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I find the
3. Like her cheeks the blushing ray, Which thy bud en-clos-es; Bright-er far than

The first system of the musical score for 'The Two Roses' features two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

fragrance grew, As I, pen-sive, full of care, Gathered two sweet flow-ers;
spot-less mind Which a-dorns my spot-less maid, In-no-cen-ce's em-blem.
you they are; But her charms if I should say, You'd be jeal-ous, ro-ses.

The second system of the musical score continues with two staves in the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Tell me, ro-ses, tru-ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

The third and final system of the musical score consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

The Old Arm-Chair

Eliza Cook

Henry Russell

1. I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for lov-ing that
 2. In child-hood's hour I lin - gered near The hallowed seat with
 3. I sat and watched her many a day, When her eye grew dim, and her locks
 4. 'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now With quiv - 'ring breath and

old arm-chair? I've treasured it long as a ho - ly prize; I've bel-
 list'n - ing ear; And gen - tle words that moth - er would give, To
 were gray; And I al-most wor-ship - ped her when she smiled, And
 throbbing brow; 'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died; And

dewed it with tears, and em - balmed it with sighs; 'Tis bound by a thou - sand
 fit me to die, and teach me to live. She told me shame would
 turned from her Bi - ble to bless her child. Years roll - ed on, but the
 mem'ry..... flows with la - va tide. Say it is fol - ly, and

bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would ye
 nev - er be - tide, With truth for my creed, and God for my guide; She
 last one sped, My i - dol was shat - ter'd, my earth - star fled: I
 deem me weak, While the scald - ing drops start down my cheek; But I

The Old Arm-Chair

learn the spell? a mother sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that old arm-chair.
 taught me to lisp my ear - liest pray'r, As I knelt be - side that old arm-chair.
 learned how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.
 love it, I love it, and can - not tear My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

No. 205 *The Harp that Once thro' Tara's Halls*

Thomas Moore

"Molly Ashtore"

Andante.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
 2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a - lone, that

Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled; So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
 breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells: Thus Freedom now so sel - dom wakes, The

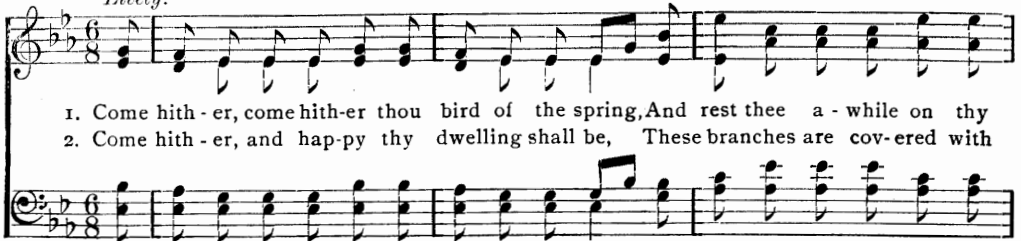
glory's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that praise no more.
 on - ly thro' she gives Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

No. 206

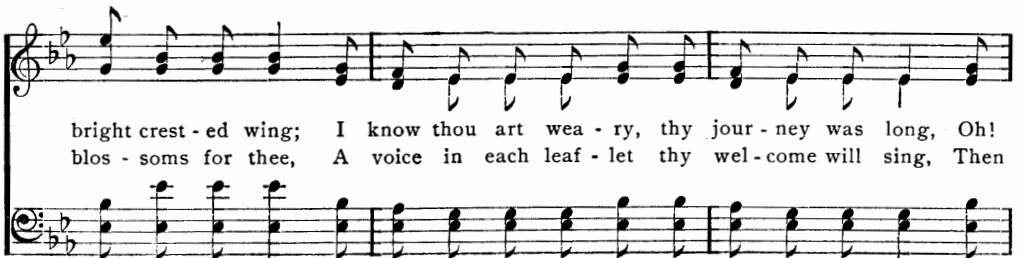
The Spring Bird

Fanny J. Crosby
Lively.

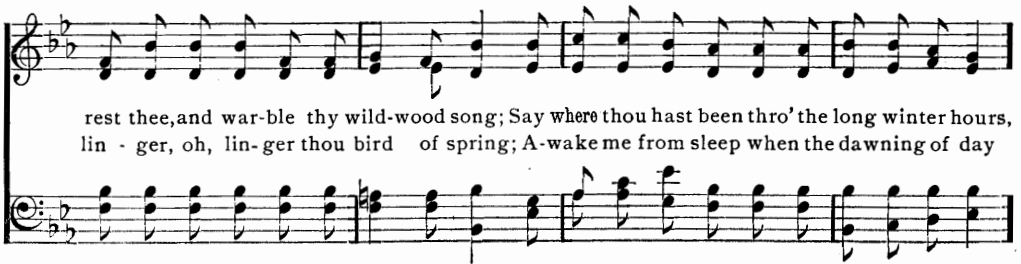
Hubert P. Main



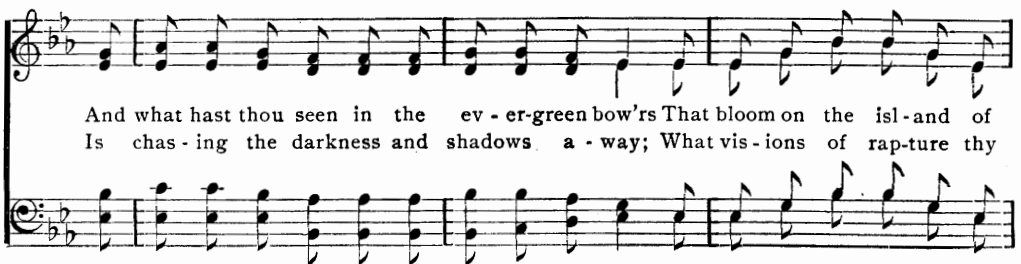
1. Come hith - er, come hith - er thou bird of the spring, And rest thee a - while on thy
2. Come hith - er, and hap - py thy dwelling shall be, These branches are cov - ered with



bright crest - ed wing; I know thou art wea - ry, thy jour - ney was long, Oh!
blos - soms for thee, A voice in each leaf - let thy wel - come will sing, Then



rest thee, and war - ble thy wild - wood song; Say where thou hast been thro' the long winter hours,
lin - ger, oh, lin - ger thou bird of spring; A - wake me from sleep when the dawning of day



And what hast thou seen in the ev - er - green bow'rs That bloom on the isl - and of
Is chas - ing the darkness and shadows a - way; What vis - ions of rap - ture thy

Used by permission.

The Spring Bird

pp dim.

beau - ty, that sleep, Cra - dled and rocked in the arms of the deep?
mu - sic will bring, Lin - ger, oh, lin - ger thou bird of the spring.

No. 207 *Am I not Fondly Thine Own?*

TENORS.

FOR MALE VOICES

1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bo - som, There, there, hast thou thy throne, Thou, thou
2. Then, then e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Tho'ts, tho'ts
3. Speak, speak, love, I im - plore thee, Say, say hope shall be thine; Thou, thou

BASSES.

know'st that I love thee, Am I not fond - ly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes,
ten - der and true, love, Say, wilt thou cher - ish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes,
know'st that I love thee, Say but that thou wilt be mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes,

Am I not fondly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fondly thine own?
Say, wilt thou cherish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say, wilt thou cherish for me?
Say but that thou wilt be mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say but that thou wilt be mine!

No. 208 *All by the Shady Greenwood Tree*

G. Rossini

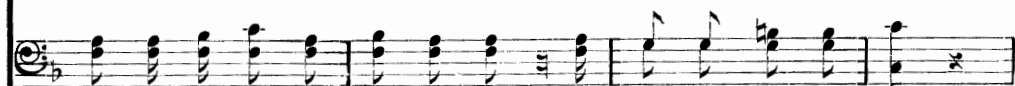
Allegretto.



All by the sha - dy green-wood tree, The mer - ry, mer - ry arch - ers roam;



Jov - ial and bold, and ev - er free, They tread their wood-land home;



Rov - ing be-neath the moon's soft light, Or in the thick, em - bow -'ring shade,



List -'ning the tale with dear de - light, Of a wand -'ring syl - van maid:



All by the Shady Greenwood Tree

p

All by the sha - dy green-wood tree, The mer - ry, mer - ry arch - ers roam;

The first system of music features a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is written in the treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The accompaniment is in the bass clef, consisting of a steady eighth-note bass line. The lyrics are: "All by the sha - dy green-wood tree, The mer - ry, mer - ry arch - ers roam;"

f

Jov - ial and bold, and ev - er free, They tread their wood-land home!

The second system of music features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The melody continues in the treble clef. The accompaniment in the bass clef includes some chords with a fermata. The lyrics are: "Jov - ial and bold, and ev - er free, They tread their wood-land home!"

Jov - ial and bold, and ev - er, ev - er free, They tread, they tread, they

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Jov - ial and bold, and ev - er, ev - er free, They tread, they tread, they"

tread their wood-land home, they tread their wood-land home, their wood-land home.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The melody and accompaniment end with a double bar line. The lyrics are: "tread their wood-land home, they tread their wood-land home, their wood-land home."

Hark! I Hear a Voice

Allegro.

Hark! I hear a voice, Way up in the moun-tain top, tip-top, De-

scend-ing down be-low, De-scend-ing down be-low, low.

1st. *2d.*

CHORUS.

Let us all u-nite in love, Trust-ing

Let us all u-nite in love,

in the pow'rs a-bove Mer-ri-ly now we

Trust-ing in the pow'rs a-bove.

1st. *2nd.*

Hark! I Hear a Voice

roll a - long, we roll a - long, we roll a - long. Mer - ri - ly now we .

roll a - long, O'er the deep blue sea.

No. 210 *Stars of the Summer Night*

Henry W. Longfellow

FOR MALE VOICES

I. B. Woodbury

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steepes, Sink, sink in

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

rall.

John Brown's Body

H. H. Brownell

Wm. Steffe

1. John Brown's bod - y lies a - mold - 'ring in the grave,
 2. The stars of heav - en are... look - ing kind - ly down,
 3. He's gone to be a sol - dier in the ar - my of the Lord,
 4. John Brown's knap - sack is strapped up - on his back,

John Brown's bod - y lies a - mold - 'ring in the grave,
 The stars of heav - en are look - ing kind - ly down,
 He's gone to be a sol - dier in the ar - my of the Lord,
 John Brown's knap - sack is strapped up - on his back,

John Brown's bod - y lies a - mold 'ring in the grave, His soul goes marching on!
 The stars of heav - en are looking kind - ly down, On the grave of old John Brown!
 He's gone to be a sol - dier in the ar - my of the Lord! His soul is marching on!
 John Brown's knap - sack is strapp'd upon his back! His soul is marching on!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le -

John Brown's Body

lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march - ing on.

No. 212

Noah's Ark

1. Old Noah he built him - self an ark, There's one wide riv - er to cross! He built it
2. The an - i - mals went in one by one, There's one wide riv - er to cross! And Ja - pheth
3. The an - i - mals went in two by two, There's one wide riv - er to cross! The Elephant
4. The an - i - mals went in three by three, There's one wide riv - er to cross! The Hip - po -
5. The an - i - mals went in fives by fives, There's one wide riv - er to cross! Shem, Ham, and

CHORUS.

all of hick'ry bark, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
 with a big bass drum, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
 and the Kan - ga - roo, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
 pota - mus and the Bumble - bee, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
 Ja - pheth, and their wives, There's one wide riv - er to cross!

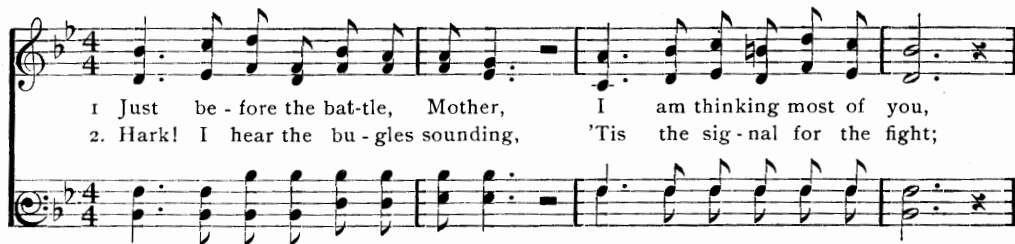
} There's one wide riv - er, and

that wide riv - er is Jor - dan, There's one wide riv - er, There's **one wide riv - er** to cross!

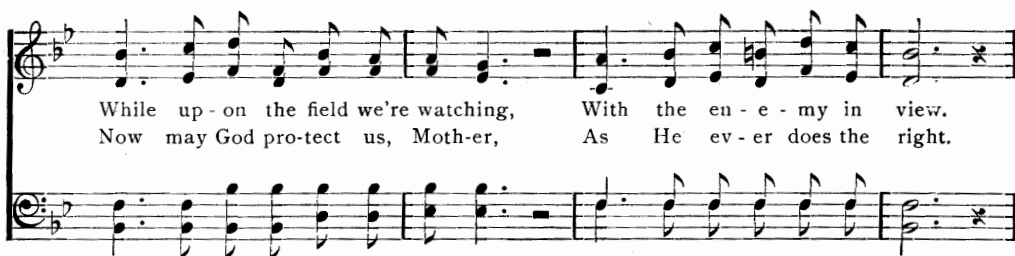
No. 213 *Just Before the Battle, Mother*

G. F. R.

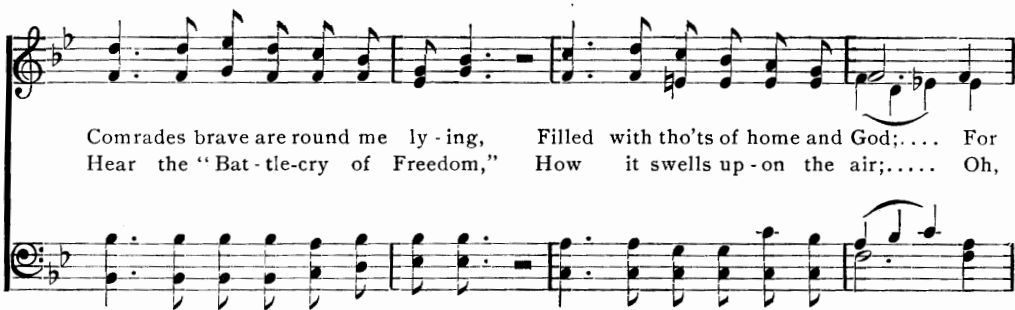
Geo. F. Root



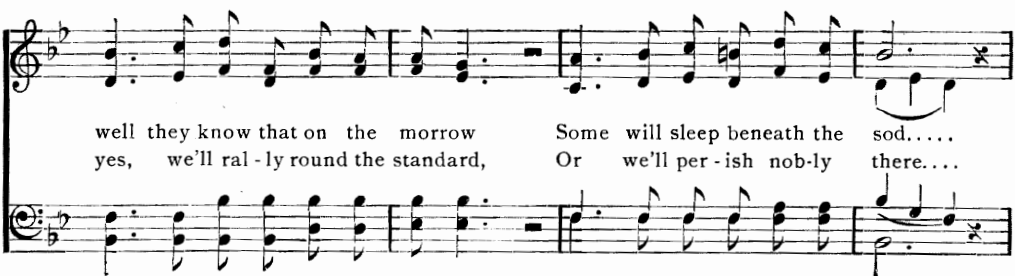
1 Just be - fore the bat - tle, Mother, I am thinking most of you,
2. Hark! I hear the bu - gles sounding, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight;



While up - on the field we're watching, With the en - e - my in view.
Now may God pro - tect us, Moth - er, As He ev - er does the right.



Comrades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God;... For
Hear the "Bat - tle - cry of Freedom," How it swells up - on the air;.... Oh,



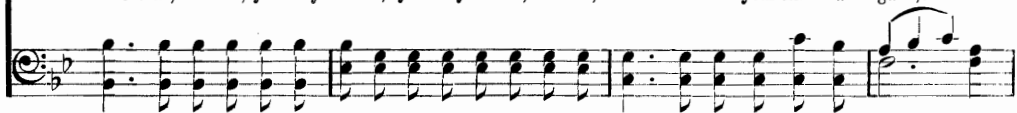
well they know that on the morrow Some will sleep beneath the sod....
yes, we'll ral - ly round the standard, Or we'll per - ish nob - ly there....

Just Before the Battle, Mother

Fare-well, Moth-er, you may nev-er,



Fare-well, Moth-er, you may nev-er, you may nev-er, Moth-er, Press me to your heart a - gain;... But



Oh, you'll not for-get me, Mother,

rit.



Oh, you'll not for-get me, Moth-er, you will not for - get me, If I'm numbered with the slain.



No. 214

Jesus Shall Reign

Isaac Watts

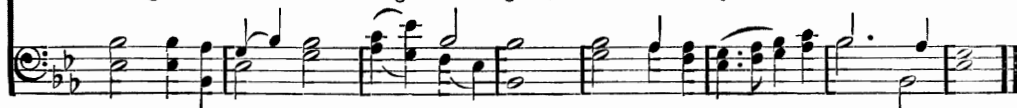
John Hatton



1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run,
2. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song,
3. Blessings a-bound wher - e'er He reigns; The pris - ner leaps to lose his chains,
4. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise, and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ors to our King;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their early bless - ings on His name.
The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.



Polly-wolly-doodle

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid - en fair, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 3. Oh, I came to a river, an' I couldn't get a - cross, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 4. Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a rail - road track, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 5. Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -

SOLO. CHORUS.

doo - dle all the day; My Sal - ly am a spunk - y girl, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 doo - dle all the day; With cur - ly eyes and laughing hair, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 doo - dle all the day; An' I jump'd upon a nigger, an' I tho't he was a hoss, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 doo - dle all the day; A - pick - in' his teef wid a car - pet tack, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 doo dle all the day; My feet stuck out for a chick - en roost, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -

CHORUS.

doo - dle all the day. } Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee
 doo - dle all the day. }
 doo - dle all the day. }
 doo - dle all the day. }
 doo - dle all the day. } Fare - well, fare - well, Fare thee

well, my fair - y fay, For I'm going to Loui - si - a - na, For to

Polly-wolly-doodle

see my Su - sy - an - na, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly - doo - dle all the day.

No. 216

Kate Kearney

Lady Morgan

Old Irish Air

1. Oh! did you not hear of Kate Kear - ney? She
 2. For that eye is so mod - est - ly beam - ing, You
 3. Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kear - ney, Who
 4. Tho' she looks so be - witch - ing - ly sim - ple, Yet there's

lives on the banks of Kil - lar - ney; From the glance of her eye, shun
 ne'er think of mis - chief she's dreaming Yet oh, I can tell how
 lives on the banks of Kil - lar - ney, Be - ware of her smile, for
 mis - chief in ev - e - ry dim - ple: And who dares to in - hale the

dan - ger, and fly, For fa - tal's the glance of Kate Kear - ney.
 fa - tal the spell That lurks in the eye of Kate Kear - ney.
 ma - ny a wile Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kear - ney.
 sigh's spi - cy gale, Must die by the breath of Kate Kear - ney.

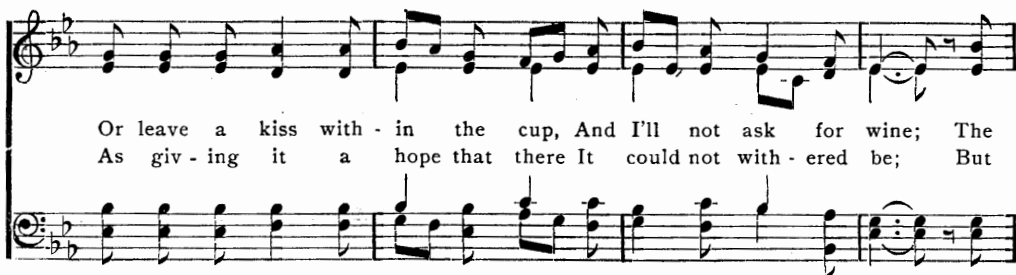
No. 217 *Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes*

Ben Jonson

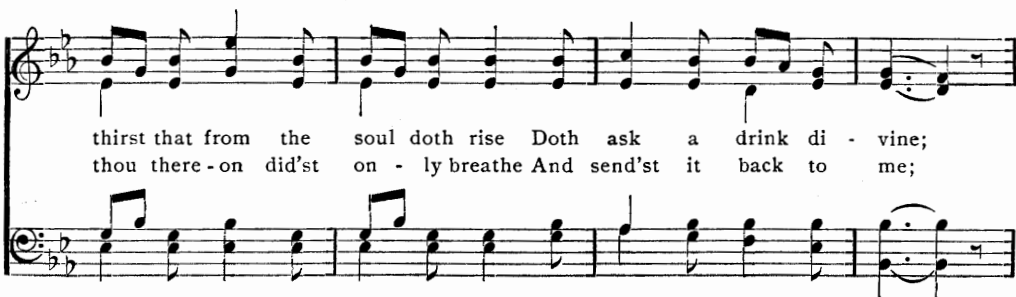
Old English Air



1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee,



Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - ered be; But



thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine;
thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe And send'st it back to me;



But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.

*Come, Dearest, with Me**Fanny J. Crosby*

FOR MALE VOICES

Hubert P. Main

1. Come, come, dear - est, with me, Stars in beau - ty are glow - ing;
 2. Soft winds whis - per of thee, Dear one, peace - ful - ly sleep - ing;
 3. Night dews mur - mur thy name, Wake! the mo - ments are fly - ing;

O'er the bil - low, light - ly, light - ly row - ing; Joy will call the
 O'er thy pil - low, love a watch is keep - ing; Yet im - pa - tient
 From my win - dow to my song re - ply - ing— Whis - per, dar - ling,

si - lent ech - oes, From the cav - ern dark and deep; Come, love, come! and
 I would rouse thee; I would break thy tran - quil rest; Come, love, come! and
 e'er so gen - tly, Bid my throb - bing heart be still; Come, love, come! and

o'er the rip - pling tide, Night's fair queen our barque shall guide.

Take Back the Heart

C. B.

Mrs Chas. Barnard

Moderato.

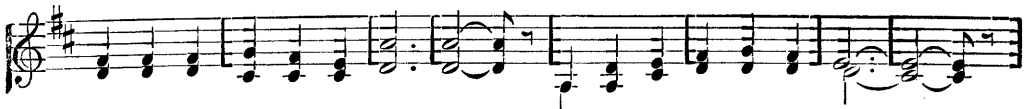
1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is mine anguish to thee!
 2. Then when at last o - ver - tak - en, Time flings its fet - ters o'er thee;

Take back the freedom thou cra - vest, Leav - ing the fet - ters to me.
 Come with a trust still un - shak - en, Come back a cap - tive to me.

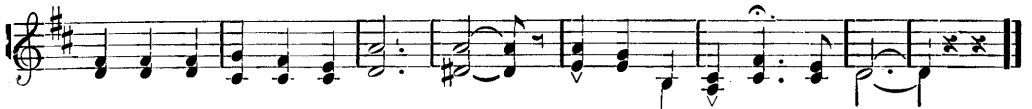
Take back the vows thou hast spok - en, Fling them a - side and be free;.....
 Come back in sadness or sor - row, Once more my dar - ling to be;.....

Smile o'er each pit - i - ful tok - en, Leav - ing the sor - row for me.....
 Come as of old, love, to bor - row Glimpses of sunlight from me.....

Take Back the Heart



Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion, Gaze on the storm-cloud and flee,.....
 Love shall re - sume her do - min - ion, Striv - ing no more to be free,.....



Swift - ly thro' strife and con - fu - sion, Leav - ing the bur - den to me.
 When on her world - wea - ry pin - ion, Flies back my lost love to me.



No. 220 *O Sweet, when First the Sun*

Christoph. Gluck



1. { O sweet, O sweet, when first the sun Comes laughing out his course to run: }
 { When night so drear and dawn so gray Blush o'er with joy to yield him way: }
2. { O sweet, O sweet, when first the sun His day-long course has spent and run: }
 { When cot - tage roofs with smoke are crown'd, When stars come blink - ing out a - round: }
3. { O sweet, O sweet, whose life's first morn The smiles of blameless mirth a - dorn: }
 { Whose widening years with joy are fraught From wisdom's own clear sunshine caught: }



When larks mount high and lin - nets sing, And all things give their wel - com - ing.
 When birds with song re - seek their nest, And all things fold them - selves to rest.
 Who sleep be - neath the pure de - fence, Life wins in age from in - no - cence.



Marching Through Georgia

H. C. Work

Henry C. Work



1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song—Sing it with a
2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
4. "Sherman's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - cy
5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in



spir - it that will start the world a - long—Sing it as we used to sing it
 gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
 reb - els said, and 'twas a handsome boast, Had they not for - got, a - las! to
 lat - i - tude—three hun - dred to the main; Trea - son fled be - fore us, for re -



CHORUS.



fif - ty thousand strong, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.	} Hur - rah! hur - rah! we
start - ed from the ground, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.	
breaking forth in cheers, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.	
reck - on with the host, While we wer marching thro' Geor - gia.	
sist - ance was in vain, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.	



bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!



Marching Through Georgia

So we sang the chorus from At-lan-ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia.

No. 222 *Hail Our Country's Natal Morn*

Wm. Gilmore Simms

I. B. Woodbury

Very spirited.

1. Hail our country's na - tal morn! Hail, ourspreading kindred born! Hail! thou ban ner,
2. Who would sev - er freedom's shrine? Who would draw th' in - vid - ious 'line? Tho' by birth one
3. By our al - tars pure and free, By our laws' deep - root - ed tree, By the past's dread
4. Fa - thers! have ye bled in vain? A - ges! must ye droop a - gain? Mak - er! shall we

not yet torn, Wav - ing o'er the free! While this day in fes - tal throng Millions swell the
spot be mine, Dear is all the rest: Dear to me the South's fair land; Dear the central
mem - o - ry, By our Wash - ing - ton; By our com - mon parent tongue, By our hopes, bright,
rash - ly stain Blessings sent by Thee! No! re - ceive our sol - emn vow, While be - fore Thy

pa - triot's song, Shall not we thy notes pro - long, Hal - lowed Ju - bi - lee?
moun - tain band, Dear New - Eng - land's rock - y strand, Dear the prai - ri - ed West.
buoy - ant, young, By the tide of coun - try strong, We will still be One.
throne we bow, Ev - er to main - tain as now "U - nion - Lib - er - ty!"

The Sleigh-Ride

T. F. Seward
Sempre marcato.

Arr. from Gottschalk, by T. F. Seward

I. { How bright and clear, The snow-beams spark-le far and near, With
 How swift we go. So light-ly o'er the frost-y snow, With

Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling,

hearts so light, We greet this joy-ful night. } Bril-liant stars so
 friends be-side, How mer-ri-ly we ride. }

jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling,

bright-ly shin-ing, Snow-drifts up the hill-sides climb-ing, Hoofs that dance with

mu-sic's chim-ing, What a scene of gay de-light! Jin-gle go the

Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling,

The Sleigh-Ride

bells so mer-ri-ly, Hap-py hearts and fa-ces beam-ing, Voi-ces sing-ing
 Jing-a-ling. jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling.

out so cheer-i-ly, What a joy-ful, joy-ful night, joy-ful night! With
 jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling,

hearts so light We greet this joy-ful night.
 Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing, jing, jing.

No. 224 *A Boat to Cross the Ferry*

ROUND IN THREE PARTS

1
 A boat, a boat to cross the fer-ry; For we are bound to
 2
 3
 Can-ter-bu-ry, To laugh and dance and to be mer-ry.

*The Fairy Boy**S. Lover**Samuel Lover*

1. A mother came, when stars were pal - ing, Wailing round a lone - ly spring;
2. O'er the moun - tain, thro' the wild - wood, Where his childhood loved to play,
3. But in vain my plaintive call - ing; Tears are fall - ing all in vain;



Thus she cried, while tears were falling, Calling on the Fairy King: "Why with spell my
Where the flow'rs are freshly springing, There I wander day by day; There I wander,
He now sports with fairy pleasure, He's the treasure of the train; Fare thee well, my



child ca - ressing, Courting him with fairy joy; Why destroy a mother's blessing,
growing fonder Of the child that made my joy; On the echoes wild - ly call - ing
child, for - ever! In the world I've lost my joy; In the next we ne'er shall sever,



Wherefore steal my baby boy? Why with spell my child caressing, Courting him with
To restore my fairy boy. There I wander, growing fond - er Of the child that
There I'll find my an - gel boy. Fare thee well, my child, for - ever; In the world I've



The Fairy Boy

Musical score for 'The Fairy Boy' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major and 3/4 time. The lyrics are:

fairy joy; Why destroy a mother's blessing, Wherefore steal my baby boy?

made my joy; On the echoes wild-ly call-ing To restore my fairy boy.

lost my joy; In the next we ne'er shall sever, There I'll find my an-gel boy."

No. 226

Sleep, Lady, Sleep

SERENADE

S. K. Bourne
Andante.

From Opera "Stradella" by F. von Flotow

Musical score for 'Sleep, Lady, Sleep' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in B-flat major and 3/4 time. The lyrics are:

1. Sleep, la-dy, sleep, while the stars are watching o'er thee, Sleep while the shadows lie so

2. Dream, la-dy, dream, may sweet vis-ions flit a-round thee, When ro-sy tho'ts of joy and

3. Rest, la-dy, rest, for the cares of day are o-ver, Rest while the sleepless stars shall

4. Sleep, dearest, sleep, and a-wak-en with the morn-ing, Ris-ing all fresh and fair from

Musical score for 'Sleep, Lady, Sleep' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in B-flat major and 3/4 time. The lyrics are:

soft-ly spread before thee. (*Piano*) Oh, let my song tell thee now how

hap-pi-ness have found thee. Queen of my be-ing my loy-al

o'er thee calmly hov-er. Rest while I watch and sing, faith-ful-

slum-ber's sweet a-dorn-ing, Heeding my pray'r and my love no

Musical score for 'Sleep, Lady, Sleep' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in B-flat major and 3/4 time. The lyrics are:

I a-dore thee, Sleep, oh sleep, my loved one, and dream, dream of me!

heart has crown'd thee! Sleep, oh sleep, my loved one, and dream, dream of me!

ly thy lov-er, Sleep, oh sleep, my loved one, and dream, dream of me!

long-er scorn-ing; Sleep, sleep now, my loved one, and dream, dream of me!

No. 227 *Those Endearing Young Charms* R

Thomas Moore

William Davenant



1. Be - lieve me, if all those en-dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
 2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's unprofaned by a



day, Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet from my arms, Like
 tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which



fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this
 time will but make thee more dear. Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved



mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will, And a -
 nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close: As the



Those Endearing Young Charms

round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would entwine it- self ver- dant-ly still.
sun - flow-er turns on her god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose.

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a bass clef staff below it.

No. 228

O Katy Darling

Theo. D. C. Miller

Hart Pease Danks

1. O Ka - ty dar-ling, Whyhide your blushes? Those ro-sy flush-es I love to see!
2. O Ka - ty dar-ling, My heart is pleading, And in - ter-ced-ing Each hour with thee!
3. O Ka - ty dar-ling, Morning is breaking, My heart is wak-ing Its bliss to see!

Musical notation for the first system of 'O Katy Darling', including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a bass clef staff below it.

Why tease me long - er— O cru - el blindness— In lov-ing kindness Come, love, to me.
Then, dear one, whis-per: 'Tis by thee tak - en In heart love spoken, I'll come to thee!
Then heed my call - ing, And o'er the o - cean In love's de - vo - tion O come to me.

Musical notation for the second system of 'O Katy Darling', including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a bass clef staff below it.

Sure, Ka - ty dar-ling, My heart is burn-ing, My heart is yearning For bliss and for thee.

Musical notation for the third system of 'O Katy Darling', including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a bass clef staff below it.

Maryland! My Maryland!

James R. Randall

"O Tannenbaum"

1. Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!
 2. Thou wilt not yield the Van-dal toll, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!
 3. I see no blush up-on thy cheek, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!
 4. I hear the dis-tant thun-der hum, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!

Thy beam-ingsword shall nev-er rust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!
 Thou wilt not crook to his con-trol, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!
 Though thou wast ev-er brave-ly meek, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!
 The Old Line bu-gle, fife and drum, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!

Re-mem-ber Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re-mem-ber How-ard's war-like thrust,
 Bet-ter the fire up-on thee roll, Bet-ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,
 For life and death, for woe and weal, The peer-less chiv- al-ry re-veal,
 Come! to thine own he-ro-ic throng, That stalks with Lib-er-ty a-long,

And all thy slum'bers with the just, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land,
 Than cru-ci-fix-ion of the soul, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land,
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land,
 And ring thy daunt-less slo-gan song, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!

Dr. Schackburg

Anon.



1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Captain Good'in, And there we saw the
2. And there we see a thousand men, As rich as Uncle Da - vid; And what they wasted
3. And there was Captain Washington Up - on a slapping stallion, A - giv - ing or - ders
4. And then the feath - ers on his hat, They look'd so very fine, ah! I want - ed pesk - i -



CHORUS.



men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.	} Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up,
ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.	
to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion.	
ly to get To give to my Je - mi - ma.	



Yankee Doo - dle dan - dy, Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.



5.

And there I see a swamping gun,
 Large as a log of maple,
 Upon a mighty little cart;
 A load for father's cattle.

6.

And every time they fired it off,
 It took a horn of powder;
 It made a noise like father's gun,
 Only a nation louder.

*Merrily Gliding On**Fanny J. Crosby**Hubert P. Main*

1. The moon is up, the winds are still, The waves, in i - dle play Now curl a - round the
 2. We leave the cool and sha - dy grot Where elves and fair - ies hide, And wake the myriads
 3. Ah! dear - er far than morning beams These moonlight hours we prize; Where love, its glance like

drip - ping oar, While glides our boat a - way: Then light - ly row, yes, light - ly row, Let
 from their sleep Be - neath the sparkling tide: There's not a breath disturbs the deep, No
 ar - row throws From mer - ry, laughing eyes: A - way, a - way, the wa - ter's blue, To

mu - sic's hap - py chime In tune - ful numbers float a - long, And heart and voice keep time.
 dread - ed storm is near; There's not a cloud in yon - der arch So lov - ing, calm and clear.
 mirth and song in - vite; And ev - 'ry star its beau - ty lends To speed us on to - night.

REFRAIN.

We're glid - ing, glid - ing, glid - ing; Oh, gen - tly ply the oar. We're

Merrily Gliding On

glid - ing, glid - ing, glid - ing, Mer - ri - ly glid - ing from the shore.

No. 232

God Speed the Right

W. E. Hickson

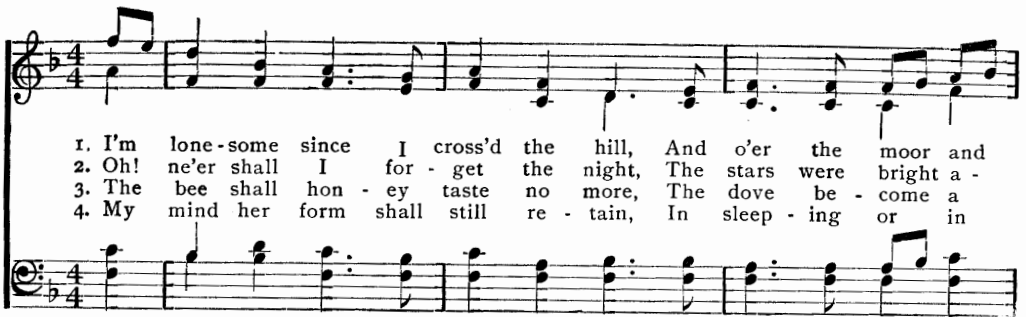
German

Maestoso.

1. Now to heav'n our pray'r as-cend - ing, God speed the right; In a no - ble
 2. Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed— God speed the right; Ne'er de - spair - ing,
 3. Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing; God speed the right; Ne'er th'e-vent nor

cause con-tend - ing, God speed the right. Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed,
 though de - feat - ed, God speed the right. Like the good and great in sto - ry,
 dan - ger fear - ing, God speed the right. Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing,

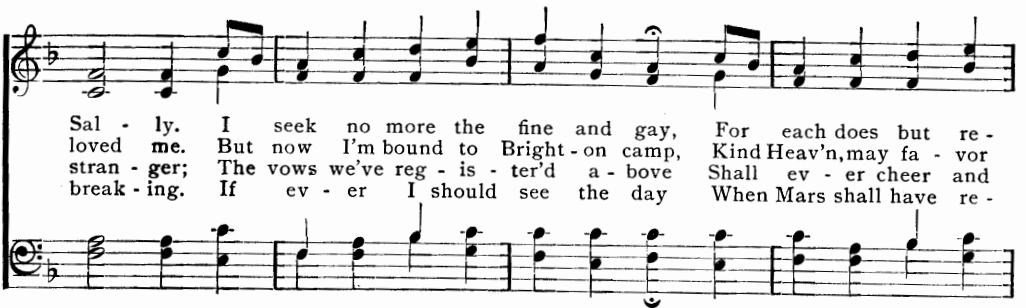
With suc-cess on earth re-ward-ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 If we fail, we fail with glo-ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 In the strength of heav'n succeeding—God speed the right, God speed the right.

*The Girl I Left Behind Me**Allegretto.*


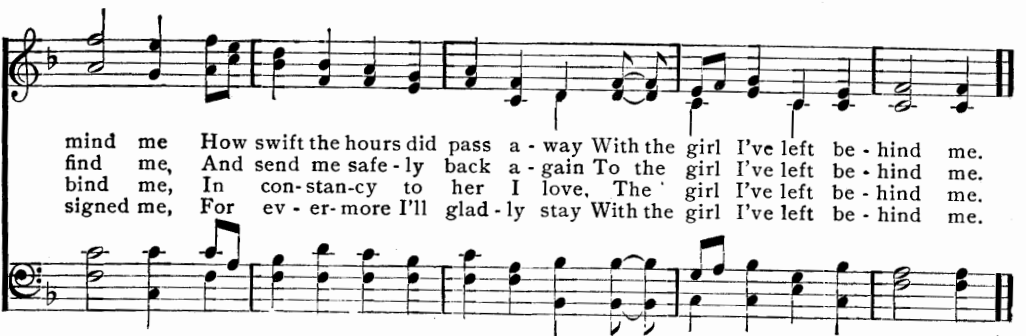
1. I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and
 2. Oh! ne'er shall I for-get the night, The stars were bright a-
 3. The bee shall hon-ey taste no more, The dove be-come a-
 4. My mind her form shall still re-tain, In sleep-ing or in



val-ley; Such heav-y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part-ing with my
 bove me, And gen-tly lent their sil-v'ry light, When first she vowed she
 rang-er, The dash-ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere she's to me a
 wak-ing, Un-til I see my love a-gain, For whom my heart is



Sal-ly. I seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re-
 loved me. But now I'm bound to Bright-on camp, Kind Heav'n, may fa-vor
 stran-ger; The vows we've reg-is-ter'd a-bove Shall ev-er cheer and
 break-ing. If ev-er I should see the day When Mars shall have re-



mind me How swift the hours did pass a-way With the girl I've left be-hind me.
 find me, And send me safe-ly back a-gain To the girl I've left be-hind me.
 bind me, In con-stan-cy to her I love, The girl I've left be-hind me.
 signed me, For ev-er-more I'll glad-ly stay With the girl I've left be-hind me.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Charles Wesley
Reverently.

Simeon B. Marsh

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh! re - ceive my soul at - last!
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!

Evening Bells

Fanny J Crosby

Wm. F. Sherwin

1. Evening bells, oh! evening bells, Peal - ing thro' the qui - et dells; Sweet the tale your
 2. Evening bells, I tread a - lone Where, in years that now have flown, Oft I heard your
 3. Evening bells, I lin - ger yet, Not to weep with vain re - gret, Tho' my soul can

rit.
 mu - sic tells, Float - ing on the breeze a - long. While among these rus - tic bow - rs
 sil - ver tone, Peal - ing on the twi - light air. Still for those I treasured then,
 ne'er for - get How I loved your hap - py chime; Once a - gain your mu - sic pour,

I am dream - ing—fond - ly dream - ing, Falls the light of vanished hours,
 I am pin - ing, ev - er pin - ing; Where is now that youthful train?
 Gen - tly swell - ing—rap - ture tell - ing, Joy my heart may feel no more,

rit.
 Mem'ries sweet of love and song. Eve - - ning bells! Eve - - ning
 Bells of evening tell me where?
 Eve - ning bells of old - en time. Evening bells, Oh, evening bells, Pealing thro' the
 Eve - - ning bells! Eve - - ning

Evening Bells

ritardando.

bells! Eve - - - ning bells!..... Float - ing on the breeze a - long.
 qui - et dells, Sweet the tale your mu - sic tells, Float - ing a - long.

bells!

The musical score for "Evening Bells" is written in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a *ritardando* marking.

No. 236

How Can I Leave Thee!

Andante.

H. Cramer

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
 2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -
 3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor

The musical score for "How Can I Leave Thee!" is written in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The piece is marked *Andante*.

hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine, So close - ly
 on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - 'ret and hope may die, Yet love with
 hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee. When by the fowl - er slain, I at thy

The musical score continues with a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef.

bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
 us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.
 feet should lie, Thou sad - ly should'st complain, Joy - ful I'd die!

The musical score concludes with a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef.

*The Vacant Chair**H. S. Washburn**George F. Root**Moderato.*

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall
 2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bos-om swell At re-
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry Ev-er-more will deck his brow, But this

lin-ger to ca-ress him, While we breathe our evening pray'r. When a year a-go we
 mem-brance of the sto-ry, How our no-ble Wil-lie fell; How he strove to bear our
 soothes the anguish on-ly Sweeping o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-day, oh, ear-ly

gathered, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a gold-en cord is sev-ered,
 ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the fight, And up-hold our coun-try's hon-or,
 fall-en, In thy green and nar-row bed, Dir-ges from the pine and cy-press

CHORUS.

And our hopes in ru-in lie. } We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will
 In the strength of manhood's might. }
 Min-gle with the tears we shed.

The Vacant Chair

be one va-cant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca-ress him, When we breathe our evening pray'r.

No. 238

The Blue Juniata

M. D. S.
Moderato.

Mrs. M. D. Sullivan

1. Wild roved an In - dian girl, — Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the
 2. Gay was the moun-tain song Of bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the
 3. "Bold is my war - rior good, The love of Al - fa - ra - ta, Proud waves his
 4. So sang the In - dian girl, — Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the

wa - ters of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Swift as an an - te - lope,
 wa - ters of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Strong and true my ar - rows are,
 snow-y plume a - long the Ju - ni - a - ta. Soft and low he speaks to me, And
 wa - ters of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Fleet-ing years have borne a - way The

Thro' the for - est go - ing, Loose were her jet - ty locks, In wa - vy tress - es flow - ing.
 In my paint - ed quiv - er, Swift goes my light ca - noe A - down the rap - id riv - er.
 then his war - cry sounding, Rings his voice in thun - der loud, From height to height resounding.
 voice of Al - fa - ra - ta, Still sweeps the riv - er on, Blue Ju - ni - a - ta.

Alpine Song

Fanny J. Crosby

Hubert P. Main

1. Hur-rah! wel-come the day, Tra la la la la la la! A - way, let us a -
 2. Hur-rah! mer-ry are we, Tra la la la la la la! The stag yon-der we
 3. A - way, hunt-ers, a - way! Tra la la la la la la! We'll soon cap-ture the

way, Tra la la la la la la! We'll climb to yon - der rock - y steep, Our
 see, Tra la la la la la la! Then gai - ly on, while spear and lance In
 prey, Tra la la la la la la! Then gath-ered safe with friends at home, Our

Al - pine song re - peat - ing, While far and clear the bu - gle's note With
 morn-ing's light are gleam - ing; No faint - ing heart, nor flag - ging steed, Till
 Al - pine song re - peat - ing, The gen - tle tones we dear - ly love With

CHORUS.

joy our ear shall greet.
 ro - sy eve shall beam. } Hur-rah! wel-come the day, Tra la la la la la
 joy our ear shall greet. }

Alpine Song

la! A - way! a - way! A - way to the hills, a - way!

The musical notation for 'Alpine Song' consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including accents and slurs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

No. 240

Try, Try Again

Chas. W. Sanders

Wm. B. Bradbury

1. 'Tis a les - son you should heed, Try, try a - gain; If at first you
2. Once or twice tho' you should fail, Try, try a - gain; If at last you
3. If you find your task is hard, Try, try a - gain; Time will bring you

The first system of musical notation for 'Try, Try Again' shows the treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4.

don't suc - ceed, Try, try a - gain; Then your cour - age should ap - pear, For, if
would pre - vail, Try, try a - gain; If we strive 'tis no dis - grace, Tho' we
your re - ward, Try, try a - gain; All that oth - er folks can do, Why with

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4.

you will per - se - vere, You will con - quer, nev - er fear. Try, try a - gain.
may not win the race; What should you do in that case? Try, try a - gain.
pa - tience may not you? On - ly keep this rule in view, Try, try a - gain.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4.

Good Night, Beloved!

H. W. Longfellow

Ciro Pinsuti

pp Andante cantabile.

Good night, good night, be - lov - ed! I come to watch o'er thee! Good night, good night, be -

f *p* *sf* *pp* *f riso.*

lov - ed! I come to watch o'er thee! I come to watch o'er thee. To be

f *rfz*

near thee, to be near thee, a - lone is peace for me; To be near thee, to be

ff *p*

near thee, a - lone is peace for me! Good night, be - lov - ed! I

Good night. Good night,

Good Night, Beloved!

Rall......

come to watch o'er thee! Good night, good night, be - lov - ed! I come to watch o'er

thee! Good night, good night, be - lov - ed! I come to watch o'er

thee! I come to watch o'er thee. Thine eyes are stars of

morn - ing, Thy lips are crim - son flowers; Thy

(2)

are crim - son flowers; Thine eyes are stars of morn - ing,

Good Night, Beloved!

lips are crim - son flowers. Good night, be - lov - ed,
Good night, be - lov - ed,

While I

Rallentando.....

The wea - ry hours, While I count the wea - ry hours.
count the wea - ry hours,

Good night, good night, be - lov - ed! I come to watch o'er thee! Good

night, good night, be - lov - ed! I come to watch o'er thee! I
I come...

Good Night, Beloved!

come, I come, I come to watch, to
 I come,..... I come,..... I come to watch,

I come,..... I come to watch, to watch o'er
 watch o'er thee, I come, I come to watch o'er

thee. Good night,.... good night,....
 thee. Good night, good night, good night, good night.....

No. 242

Three Crows

Largo.

1. There were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be.
2. Said one old crow un - to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to eat?"
3. "There lies a horse on yon - der plain, Who's by some cru - el butch - er slain.
4. We'll perch up - on his bare back - bone, And pick his eyes out, one by one."

(4)

Vive L'Amour

French Air

CHORUS.



1. Let ev - 'ry good fel - low now fill up his glass, Vi - ve la com - pagn - ie,
 2. Let ev - er - y mar - ried man drink to his wife, Vi - ve la com - pagn - ie.
 3. Come fill up your glasses, I'll give you a toast, Vi - ve la com - pagn - ie,
 4. Since all with good hu - mor I've toast - ed so free, Vi - ve la com - pagn - ie,



CHORUS



- And drink to the health of our glo - ri - ous class, Vi - ve la com - pagn - ie.
 The joy of his bos - om and plague of his life, Vi - ve la com - pagn - ie.
 Here's a health to our friend, our kind, wor - thy host, Vi - ve la com - pagn - ie.
 I hope it will please you to drink now with me, Vi - ve la com - pagn - ie.



FULL CHORUS.



Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve la, vi - ve la,



vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve la com - pagn - ie!



*Twilight is Stealing**Aldine S. Kieffer**Benjamin Carl Unseld*

1. Twi - light is steal - ing O - ver the sea, Shad - ows are fall - ing Dark on the lea;
 2. Voic - es of loved ones! Songs of the past! Still lin - ger round me, While life shall last;
 3. Come in the twi - light, Come, come to me! Bring - ing some mes - sage O - ver the sea;

Borne on the night winds, Voic - es of yore Come from the far - off shore.
 Lone - ly I wan - der, Sad - ly I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.
 Cheer - ing my path - way While here I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.

CHORUS.

Far a - way be - yond the star - lit skies, Where the love - light nev - er, nev - er dies,

Gleameth a man - sion filled with de - light, Sweet hap - py home, so bright.

Song of the Free

Arr. from Gounod's "Faust," by T. F. Seward



Sing, sing our joy - ful song, mer - ri - ly sing, Hap - py hearts are ours to - day,



now we are free! Shout, shout our free - dom song, and let it ring, Now our life is



worth the liv - ing, we are free! Then un - fur! the ban - ner, lift it on high,



Free - dom for all, free - dom for all, Is the mot - to which it floats 'neath the sky,



Song of the Free

Lib - er - ty and freedom un - to all, to all.

Lib - er - ty to all, to all. Come from the meadow, come from the brake,

Come ev - 'ry one, come quickly, ev - 'ry-thing for-sake, And now un - furl the ban - ner,

lift it on high, Free - dom for all, free - dom for all, Is the mot - to which it

Lib - er - ty and free - dom un - to all, to all.

floats 'neath the sky, Lib - - er - - ty to all, to all.

Hark! What Mystic Sounds

G. Verdi.

Tempo di Marcia.

1. Hark! what mys - tic sounds are these, Steal - ing soft - ly o'er the seas?
 2. List a - gain, the sound draws near, Fall - ing sweet - ly on the ear;

Whence that mu - sic soft and low, Sound - ing as the bil - lows flow?
 Borne up - on the breeze a - long, 'Tis the mer - maid's eve - ning song.

SOLO *

'Tis the mermaid's song, Borne up - on the breeze a - long.

'Tis the mermaid's evening song, Borne up - on, up - on the breeze a - long.

* The first strain may be sung with the second, in the repeat, if without the accompaniment.

No. 247 *Don't be Sorrowful, Darling!*

Alice Cary

Harrison Millard



1. O don't be sor-row-ful, dar-ling! Now don't be sor-row-ful, pray!
2. We're old folks now, com-pan-ion— Our heads are grow-ing gray,
3. But God is God, my faith-ful, Of night, as well as of day,...



For.. taking the year to-geth-er, my dear, There is - n't more night than day.
But.. taking the year to-geth-er, my dear, You al-ways will find the May.
And we feel... and know, that we... can go Wher-ev-er He leads the way...



'Tis rain-y weather, my lov'd one, Time's waves, they heav-i-ly run;..
We've had our May,.. my dar-ling, And our ros-es long.. a-go;..
Aye! God of night, my dar-ling, Of the night of death, so grim,...



But... tak-ing the year to-geth-er, my dear, There's no more cloud than sun...
And the time of the year is come, my dear, For the long dark nights, and snow.
But the gate that from life leads out,.. good wife, Is the gate that leads to Him!



Home of My Heart

Fanny J. Crosby

From Flotow's "Martha," by T. F. Seward



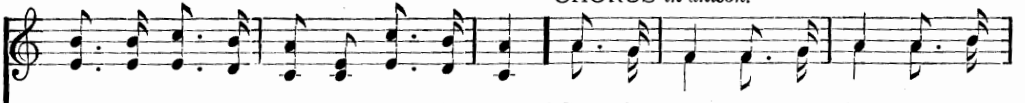
1. Home of my heart, Ev - er dear to me, Hal - lowed spot, ne'er for - got,
 2. Friends warm and true, Gathered 'round me there, All was bright, all de - light,



Still I cling to thee; Spring's ear - ly flowers blos - som in the glade, Down by the
 Not a cloud of care; Sweet was the hour, when at close of day, Close by a



CHORUS *in unison.*



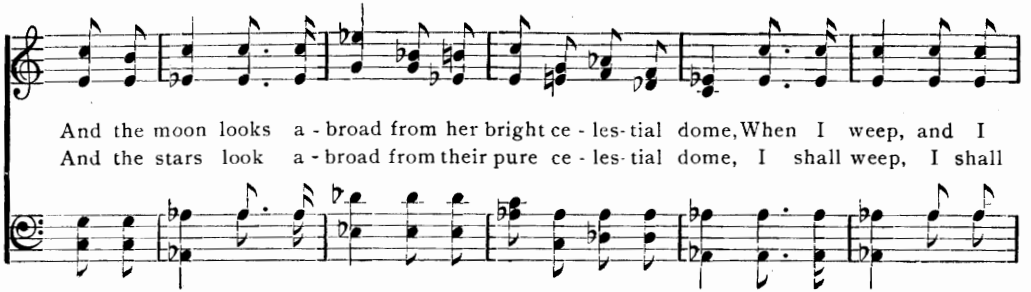
wil - low where in hap - py days I played; When the sweet voice of night calls the
 mother's side I knelt and learned to pray; Though my child - hood may pass like a



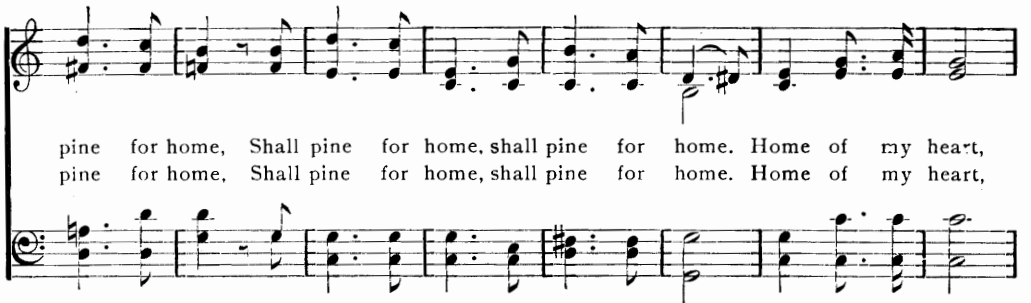
bus - y world to rest, And the bird flies a - way to her qui - et leaf - y nest,
 morn - ing dream a - way, And the friends of my youth, like a fleet - ing summer's day,



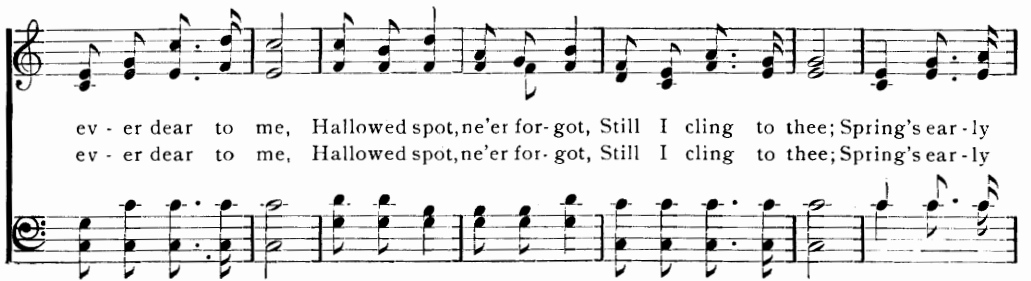
Home of My Heart



And the moon looks a - broad from her bright ce - les - tial dome, When I weep, and I
And the stars look a - broad from their pure ce - les - tial dome, I shall weep, I shall



pine for home, Shall pine for home, shall pine for home. Home of my heart,
pine for home, Shall pine for home, shall pine for home. Home of my heart,



ev - er dear to me, Hallowed spot, ne'er for - got, Still I cling to thee; Spring's ear - ly
ev - er dear to me, Hallowed spot, ne'er for - got, Still I cling to thee; Spring's ear - ly



flowers, blooming in the glade, All these hap - py mem'ries ne'er shall fade.
flowers, blooming in the glade, All these hap - py mem'ries ne'er shall fade.

Palm Branches

LES RAMEAUX

J. Faure, arr. by H. P. Main

Andante maestoso.

cres.

1. O'er all the way, green palms and blos-soms gay Are strewn, this day, in fes-tal
 2. His word goes forth and peo-ple by its might Once more re-gain free-dom from
 3. Sing and re-joyce, O blest Je - ru - sa - lem, Of all thy sons, sing the e -

a tempo.

prep - a - ra - tion; Where Je - sus comes to wipe our tears a - way, E'en now the
 deg - ra - da - tion; Hu - man - i - ty doth give to each his right, While those in
 man - ci - pa - tion; Thro' boundless love, the Christ of Beth - le - hem Brings faith and

CHORUS.
a tempo.

rall.

throng to wel - come him pre - pare.
 dark - ness find re - stored the light. } Join all and sing, His name de - clare,
 hope to thee for ev - er - more.

Ho - san - - na!

Let ev - 'ry voice re-sound with ac - cla - ma - tion: Praise ye the Lord, O

Ho - san - - na!

Palm Branches

Praised be the Lord! *ad lib.* 3 3 *Largo.* 3

Praise the Lord! Bless Him who cometh to bring us sal - va - - - - tion!
Praised be the Lord!

No. 250

My Dog Dash

Theodore E. Perkins

1. My dog Dash is full of fun, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow; See him jump, and
2. Now he's romp - ing far a - way, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow; Now he's roll - ing

roll, and run, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow; Lis - ten to his joy - ful bark, Bow, wow,
in the hay, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow; Bet - ter dog you ne'er did see, Bow, wow,

wow, wow, wow; As he scampers thro' the park, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow.
wow, wow, wow; I love "Dash" and "Dash" loves me, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow.

No. 251

Down the Stream

T. F. S.

From Flotow's "Martha," by T. F. Seward

Down the stream there lies a val - ley, Beau - ti - ful vale, Beau - ti - ful vale,

Na - ture there e'er smiles so gai - ly, Beau - ti - ful vale, Beau - ti - ful vale.

Rip - pling brooklets soft - ly mur - mur, Flash - ing so bright in the gay light;

On the banks sweet lil - ies blooming, Here must all sor - row take its flight. Down the stream there

Down the Stream

lies a val-ley, Beau-ti-ful vale, Beau-ti-ful vale, Na-ture there'er smiles so gai-ly,

Beau-ti-ful vale, Beau-ti-ful vale. Oh, yes, there's naught but glad-ness here, We'll

welcome mirth and banish fear; Pleasure and song on-ly belong Where the sweet gifts of

na-ture throng. Hear the ech-oes faint-ly call-ing, Borne on the breeze, Lost in the trees.
Hear.....

Down the Stream

cres. *dim.*

Hear the ech - oes faint - ly call - ing, Borne on the breeze, Lost in the trees. Down the stream there
Hear.....

lies a val - ley, Beau - ti - ful vale, Beau - ti - ful vale, Nature there e'er smiles so gai - ly,

Beau - ti - ful vale, Beau - ti - ful vale. We sing sweet vale, Sing thy praise, O
thy praise, sweet vale,

f

love - ly vale, We sing thy praise, sweet vale, sweet vale, Sing we thy praise, sweet vale.

To the Tap of the Drum

T. F. Seward

From Rossini's "William Tell," by T. F. S.

Sempre staccato.

To the tap of the drum we will march a - long, With the light and the gay and the

joy - ous throng; Not a fear have we now of the bat - tle fray, On this

glad,..... hap - py day, hap - py day,
hap - py, hap - py day, hap - py day, With a step ev - er firm we will

move a - long, With ban - ners wav - ing in the air; Hear them shout as we come with our

To the Tap of the Drum



joy - ous song, What greetings meet us ev - 'ry-where, Now shout we all hur - rah! and



sing of vic - to - ry! With joy - ous cry we rend the sky, Oh, hear the cheer-ful



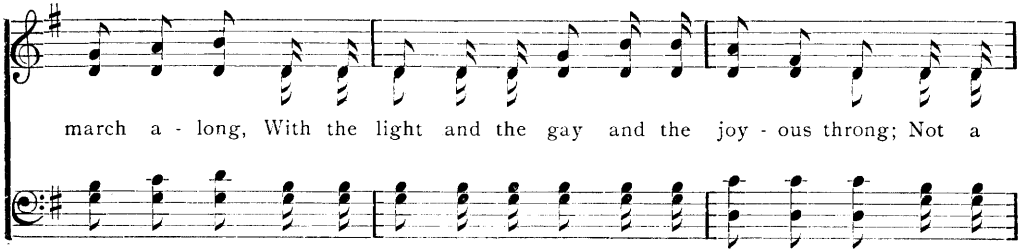
sound, And once a - gain hur-rah! We shout for lib - er - ty! For freedom's light, for



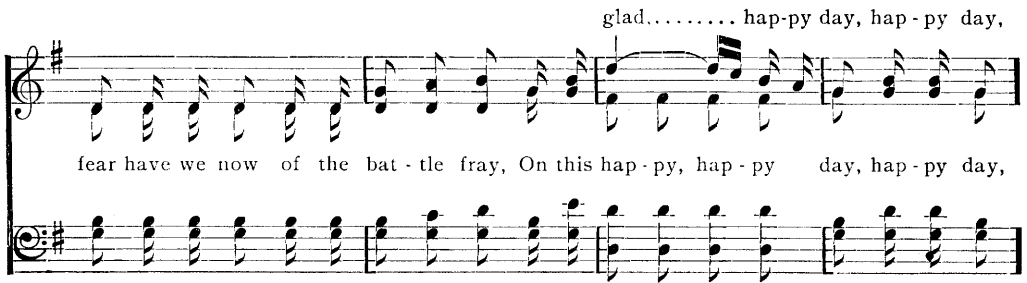
man-hood's right, Let hill and vale re - sound. To the tap of the drum we will



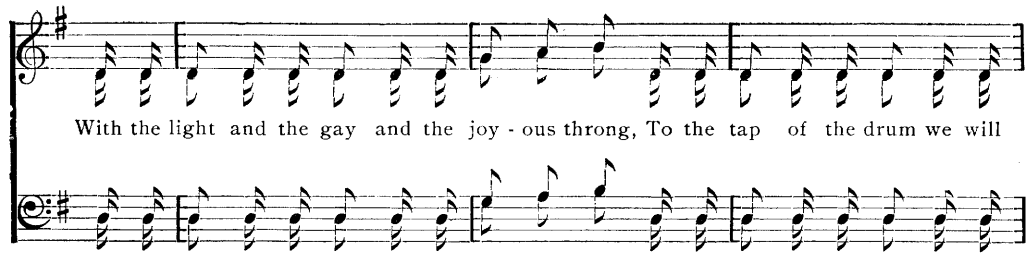
To the Tap of the Drum



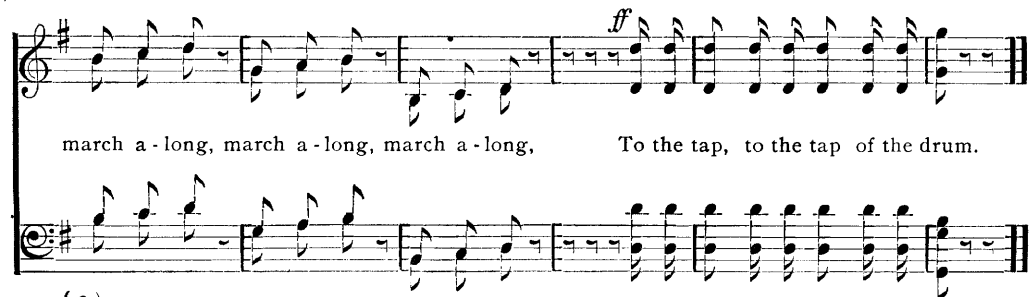
march a - long, With the light and the gay and the joy - ous throng; Not a



glad..... hap-py day, hap - py day,
fear have we now of the bat - tle fray, On this hap - py, hap - py day, hap - py day,



With the light and the gay and the joy - ous throng, To the tap of the drum we will



march a - long, march a - long, march a - long, *ff* To the tap, to the tap of the drum.

The Bridge

H. W. Longfellow
With expression.

M. Lindsay



1. I stood on the bridge at mid-night, As the clocks were strik-ing the hour, And the
2. For my heart was hot and rest-less, And my life was full of care, And the



moon rose o'er the ci - ty, Be - hind the dark church tow'r, And,
bur - den laid up - on me Seemed greater than I could bear. But



like the wa - ters rush - ing A - mong the wood - en piers, A
now it has fall - en from me, It is bur - ied in the sea, And



flood of thoughts came o'er me, That filled my eyes with tears. How
on - ly the sor - row of oth - ers Throws its shad - ow o - ver me; Yet when-



The Bridge

oft - en, oh! how oft - en, In the days that had gone by, I had
ev - er I cross the riv - er, On its bridge with wood - en piers, Like the

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bridge'. It consists of a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/2. The vocal line begins with a half note 'oft - en, oh! how oft - en, In the days that had gone by, I had' followed by a quarter note 'ev - er I cross the riv - er, On its bridge with wood - en piers, Like the'. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines.

stood on that bridge at mid - night, And gazed on that wave and sky! How
o - dor of brine from the o - cean Comes the thought of oth - er years, And for -

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with 'stood on that bridge at mid - night, And gazed on that wave and sky! How' followed by a quarter note 'o - dor of brine from the o - cean Comes the thought of oth - er years, And for -'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

oft - en, oh! how oft - en, In the days that had gone by, I had
ev - er. and for - ev - er, As long as the riv - er flows, As

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with 'oft - en, oh! how oft - en, In the days that had gone by, I had' followed by a quarter note 'ev - er. and for - ev - er, As long as the riv - er flows, As'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

stood on that bridge at mid - night, And gazed on that wave and sky! How
long as the heart has pas - sions, As long as life has woes, The

The fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with 'stood on that bridge at mid - night, And gazed on that wave and sky! How' followed by a quarter note 'long as the heart has pas - sions, As long as life has woes, The'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

The Bridge

oft - en, oh! how oft - en, I had wished that the ebb - ing tide
moon and its bro - ken re - flec - tion, And its shad - ows shall ap - pear

Musical notation for the first system of 'The Bridge', featuring a treble and bass clef with lyrics.

Would bear me a - way on its bos - om, O'er the o - cean wild and wide!
As the sym - bol of love in heav - en, And its wav - er - ing im - age here.

Musical notation for the second system of 'The Bridge', featuring a treble and bass clef with lyrics.

No. 254

Three Blind Mice

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS

1 2
Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run! See how they run!

3
They all ran aft - er the farm - er's wife; She cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife:

4
Did ev - er you see such a sight in your life, As three blind mice.

Musical notation for 'Three Blind Mice', showing four parts (1, 2, 3, 4) with lyrics.

No. 255

Morning Bells

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS

1 2 3 4
Morn - ing bells I love to hear, Ring - ing mer - ri - ly, loud and clear.

Musical notation for 'Morning Bells', showing four parts (1, 2, 3, 4) with lyrics.

Dear Love, I'll Think of Thee

(FOR MALE VOICES)

Fanny J. Crosby

Hubert P. Main

1. O dar-ling one, whose ra-diant smile Is all the world to me;
 2. In dreams I hear thy ten-der voice, Thy an-gel form I see,
 3. God keep from harm my gen-tle flow'r, To bloom a-lone for me,

In weal or woe, wher-e'er I go, Dear love, I'll think of thee.
 And with the morn-ing's ro-sy light I wake to think of thee,
 And while a throb of life re-mains, Dear love, I'll think of thee.

CHORUS

Dear love, I'll think of thee, ... Bright star of hope to
 Dear love, Bright star

me; In weal or woe, wher-e'er I go, Dear love, I'll think of thee.

Hail to the Chief!

Sir Walter Scott

Sir H. R. Bishop

Moderato.



1. Hail to the chief, who in tri-umph ad vanc-es! Hon - or'd and blest be the
 2. Row, vas-sals, row, for the pride of the Highlands; Stretch to your oars for the



ev - er - green Pine! Long may the tree in his ban - ner that glanc-es,
 ev - er - green Pine! Oh, that the rose bud that grac - es yon is - land, Were



Flour - ish the shel - ter and grace of our line! Heav'n send it hap - py dew,
 wreath'd in a gar - land a round him to twine! Oh! that some seed - ling gem,



Earth lend it sap a - new Gai - ly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow! While ev - 'ry
 Wor - thy such no - ble stem, Honor'd and blest in their shadow might grow! Loud should clan



Hail to the Chief

highland glen Sends our shout back a-gain, "Rod - er-ick, Rod - er-ick, Rod - er-ick Vich
Al - pine then Ring from her deepest glen, "Rod - er-ick, Rod - er-ick, Rod - er-ick Vich

Al - pine dhu ho! ie - roe!..... ho! ie - roe! ie - roe!"
Al - pine dhu ho! ie - roe!..... ho! ie - roe! ie - roe!"
ho! ie - roe!".....

No. 258

Old John Cross

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS

1
Old John Cross kept the village day-school, And a queer old man was he, was he, For he

2
spared not the rod, and he kept the old rule, As he beat in the A, B, C, A, B, C;

3
Ev - 'ry let - ter in the lit - tle boy's nod - dle Was driv'n as fast, as fast could be; So

4
C aft - er B followed A thro' the nod - dle, Like nails, all the A, B, C.

Old John Cross kept the vil - lage day - school, And a queer old man was he, was he.

O Love Divine

O. Wendell Holmes

From *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Mendelssohn*Andante.*

O Love Di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit - ter - est tear, On

Ther we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while thou art near, Tho'
We smile at pain while thou art near,
On Thee we cast

long the wea - ry way we tread, And sor - row crown each lingering year;
Tho' long the wea - ry way we tread, And sor-row crown each lingering year:

No path we shun, no dark-ness dread, O Love Di - vine, while
O Love Di - vine, while
No path we shun, no dark-ness dread,

O Love Divine

Thou art near, while Thou art near, while Thou art near.
 Thou art near, while Thou art near,..... while Thou art near.

rit.

No. 260

O Father, Hear Us

SENTENCE .

Fanny J. Crosby

Hubert P. Main

O Fa-ther, hear us, O Fa-ther, hear us, Hear Thou in mer-cy the

prayer of Thy chil-dren. Grant us Thy Spir-it Still to watch o'er us. Guide and de-

fend us thro' Christ our Sav-iour. Guide and de-fend us thro' Christ our Lord. Amen.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

Rev. Wm. W. Walford

William B. Bradbury

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
 2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
 3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,

And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:
 To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless.
 Till, from Mount Pis - gah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

And oft es - caped the temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!
 I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
 And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet Hour of Prayer

And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
And shout, while pass-ing through the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

No. 262

Sleep, my Darling

SERENADE

Arr. by Hubert P. Main

Slowly.

1. Sleep, my dar-ling, take thy rest; Pil-lowed on a moth-er's breast;
2. May their kind and fost-'ring care Guard thy heart from ev-'ry snare;

The first system of the musical score is in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Slowly'. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Slum-ber sweet-ly thro' the night, Slum-ber till the morn-ing light;
Oh, a-bove thy gen-tle head May their ra-diant wings be spread!

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, with lyrics written below the notes.

May good an-gels vig-il keep, While thine eyes are closed in sleep.
Sleep, my dar-ling, take thy rest, Pil-lowed on a moth-er's breast.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece, with lyrics written below the notes.

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No. 263

Rock of Ages

Augustus M. Toplady

Thomas Hastings

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 264

Now to All Good Night

ROUND IN THREE PARTS

1
 Now to all a kind "good night," Sweet - ly sleep till morn - ing light: Till
 2
 morn - ing light, To all "good night," Sweet - ly sleep till morn - ing light;
 3
 "Good night," To all a kind "good night," To all - good night."

Forsaken, Forsaken

Thomas Koschat

Melody partly in Alto.

1. For - sak - en, for - sak - en, For - sak - en am I; Like the stone in the
 2. A mound in the church-yard, That blos-soms hang o'er; It is there my love



cause-way. My bur - ied hopes lie; I go to the churchyard, My
 sleep - eth, To wak - en no more; 'Tis there all my foot-steps. My



eyes fill with tears; And kneeling I weep there, Oh, my loved one, for
 pas - sions all lead; And there my heart turn - eth, I'm for - sak - en in -



years, And kneel - ing I weep there, Oh, my loved one, for years.
 deed, And there my heart turn - eth, I'm for - sak - en in - deed.



The Bright Flag of America

Wm. B. Bradbury

Maestoso.

1. The bright Flag of A - mer - i - ca, How gal - lant - ly it waves A - bove the
 2. Where'er a peace - ful ham - let lies, Its sheltering hills be - tween, The star - ry
 3. Where prairies' spreading plains are seen, And wild war - whoops ring by, Or by the

free - man's dwell - ing - place, A - bove the free - man's grave; By no - ble streams and
 bea - con floats a - bove, As guard - ian of the scene; Where'er the north pine -
 dis - tant wa - ter course, Be - neath a south - ern sky: The stars and stripes wave

for - ests deep, And on the bounding sea, A thousand hearts are wel - com - ing The
 for - ests bind, The tempest's sweeping blast; And ev - ery stone a re - cord keeps, Of
 proudly out, And from far wood to sea, From heart and voice breaks forth the shout, "The

ban - ner of the free,..... The ban - ner of the free,..... The ban - ner of the free.
 struggles of the past,..... Of struggles of the past,..... Of struggles of the past.
 ban - ner of the free,..... The ban - ner of the free,..... The ban - ner of the free."

On Alpine Heights

Waltz movement.

German

1. On Al - pine heights the love of God is shed, On Al - pine heights the
 2. On Al - pine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath, On Al - pine heights, o'er
 3. On Al - pine heights, be-neath His mild blue eye, On Al - pine heights, be -
 4. Down Al - pine heights the silv'ry streamlets flow, Down Al - pine heights the

SEMI-CHORUS.

mp

love of God is shed, the love of God is shed; He paints the morning red,
 many a fragrant heath, o'er many a fragrant heath, The loveliest breezes breathe,
 neath His mild blue eye, beneath His mild blue eye, Still vales and meadows lie;
 silv'ry streamlets flow, the silv'ry streamlets flow, There the bold chamois go;

FULL CHORUS.

Ritard.

The flow'rets white and blue, And feeds them with His dew, And feeds them with His dew. On
 So free and pure the air, His breath seems floating there, His breath seems floating there. On
 The soar - ing glacier's ice Gleams like a par - a - dise, Gleams like a par - a - dise! On
 On gid - dy crags they stand, And drink from His own hand, And drink from His own hand. On

Tempo primo.

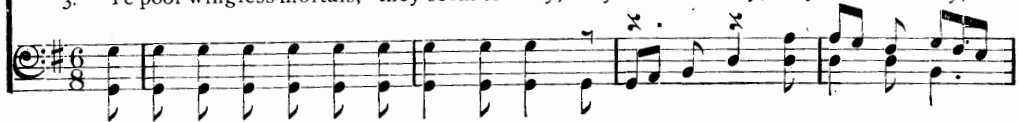
Al-pine heights a lov - ing Father dwells, On Al-pine heights a lov - ing Father dwells!
 Al-pine heights a loving Fa-ther dwells, On Al-pine heights a loving Fa-ther dwells!

The Bird Carol

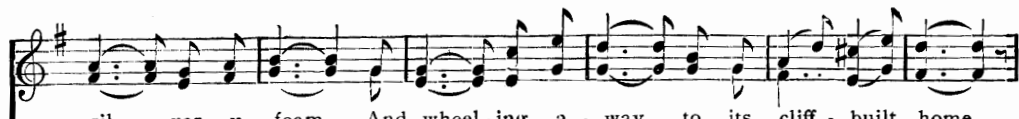
Wm. B. Bradbury



1. How mer-ry the life of a bird must be, a bird must be, a bird must be,
2. How hap-py the life of a bird must be, a bird must be, a bird must be,
3. "Ye poor wingless mortals," they seem to say, they seem to say, they seem to say,



Skim-ming a-bout o'er the breezy sea, the breezy sea; Crest-ing the bil-lows like
 Wher-e'er it lis-teth a-way to flee; Sail-ing wher-ev-er its
 Come where the twigs in the breezes sway, the breezes sway; Sing-ing and swinging the



sil-ver-y foam, And wheel-ing a-way to its cliff-built home.
 fan-cy may call. Then dash-ing a-down thro' the wa-ter-fall.
 world here is fair. The leaves are all danc-ing in soft summer air.



WHISTLING)DUET. *Whistle or Flute.*



Accomp. *Vocal or Inst.*



Night, Lovely Night

T. F. Seward

Arr. from F. Mendelssohn

Con Spirito.

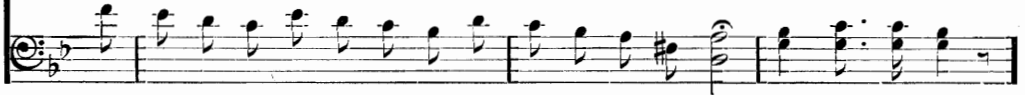
1. Night, love-ly night! I sing thy won-drous beau-ty; Stars shin-ing bright O-ver
 2. Bright-ly the moon, O'er hill and val-ley shin-ing, Robes ev-'ry tree With its



field and flower; No glare of day can e-equal thee, Thou dark and si-lent mys-ter-y;
 sil-v'ry light; No glare of day can e-equal thee, Thou dark and si-lent mys-ter-y;



What mar-vels are beneath thee hid, O thou mys-ter-ious night! Per-fumes, so rare,
 What mar-vels are beneath thee hid, O thou mys-ter-ious night! Soon, ah! too soon



From blossoms sweet as-cend-ing, Fill all the air, Like a fra-grant bower.
 Her pearl-y rays de-clin-ing, Leave in its darkness The si-lent night.



No. 270 *In My Own Sweet Native Vale*

Alex. Lee

Allegretto. p *Cres.*

1. I would not be a fai-ry light, To dance on moonbeam's ray, I would not be an
 2. For there the mountain maidens meet Their swains with lov-ing song; And fairies lead, with

My heart still sighs for

el - fin sprite, To shun the glo-rious day; *p* La, la, la, la, la, la,
 un - seen feet, Their moon-light dance a - long: *mp* La, la, la, la, la, la,

cloud-less skies; I love the perfumed gale, Oh!

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

let me be a blue-bell free, *Cres.*

In my own sweet na-tive vale,
 la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,.....

In My Own Sweet Native Vale

p

In my own..... sweet na-tive vale, In my own..... sweet
 vale, In my own.... sweet na-tive vale, In my own sweet na-tive vale.

No. 271

The Lone Fish-Ball

R. Storrs Willis

1. There was a man went up and down To seek a din-ner thro' the town.
 2. What wretch is he who wife for-sakes, Who best of jam and waf-fles makes?
 3. He feels his cash to know his pence, And finds he has but just six cents.

CHORUS.

There was a man went up and down To seek a din-ner thro' the town.
 What wretch, etc.

- 4 He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.
- 5 The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.
- 6 The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-balls."
- 7 The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers,—"One Fish-ball."
- 8 The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "One Fish-ball!"

- 9 The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."
- 10 The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball!"

MORAL.

- 11 Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,
Must get it first, or not at all.
- 12 Who would Fish-ball with fixins eat,
Must get some friend to stand a treat

Welcome, O Spring

Fanny J. Crosby

Arr. from Gounod's "Faust"

f

Come, come, there's pleas-ure for us to - day! Come, come, and

join in our fes-tive lay! Bright skies are smiling a - long our way, We

mer - ri - ly sing, To wel-come the Spring, to wel - come the Spring!

p

Now o'er val-ley and glen.... how the soft winds blow—

Welcome, O Spring

cres.

Wild birds car - ol their songs, and the brook - lets flow.

The first system of music features a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is written in the treble clef and the accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked 'cres.' (crescendo). The lyrics are 'Wild birds car - ol their songs, and the brook - lets flow.'

f

Dew - drops spar - kle a - gain,.... And the dai - sies grow: They

The second system of music features a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is written in the treble clef and the accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats. The tempo is marked 'f' (forte). The lyrics are 'Dew - drops spar - kle a - gain,.... And the dai - sies grow: They'

mer - ri - ly sing, They mer - ri - ly sing to wel - come the Spring.

The third system of music features a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is written in the treble clef and the accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats. The lyrics are 'mer - ri - ly sing, They mer - ri - ly sing to wel - come the Spring.'

f

Come, come, there's pleas - ure for us to - day! Come, come, and

The fourth system of music features a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is written in the treble clef and the accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats. The tempo is marked 'f' (forte). The lyrics are 'Come, come, there's pleas - ure for us to - day! Come, come, and'

Welcome, O Spring

join in our fes-tive lay! Bright skies are smil-ing a-long our way, We

The first system of the musical score features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are positioned below the treble staff.

mer-ri-ly sing, To wel-come the Spring, to wel-come the Spring.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to one flat.

Hear..... the wood-land call,..... Its ech-oes

Hear the wood-land call, Hear its ech-oes fall,

The third system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a chordal accompaniment. The lyrics are split between the two staves. The system ends with a double bar line.

fall Its gold-en hours..... and smiling

Fall like hallowed mem'ries of our child-hood, Brings its golden hours,

(3)

The fourth system continues the musical piece. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to two flats. A circled number '3' is located at the bottom left of the page.

Welcome, O Spring

flowers..... Like fair-y dreams

And its smiling flowers, Dreams around the hap-py spir - it cast.

Now like tones of distant music,

ff

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The vocal line is in G major with a key signature of one flat (F major) and a 7/8 time signature. It begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The first line ends with a double bar line. The second line continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and a fermata over the final note.

Hear..... the laughing rill..... from yonder hill that leaps

Hear the laughing rill, Hear the laughing rill, How it leaps and sparkles in its

Hear the laughing rill,

p

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of music. The vocal line starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The first line ends with a double bar line. The second line continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

A-way, a - way..... Each cloud of sad - ness,... Each cloud of

glad-ness, Sadness now a-way, Sadness now a-way,

cres.

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of music. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a melodic line. The first line ends with a double bar line. The second line continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo).

sad - ness,.. While merry clear,..... Our chorus

Sadness now away, Merry bells are ringing sweet and clear, so sweet and clear,

(4)

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of music. The vocal line starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The first line ends with a double bar line. The second line continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. A page number (4) is located at the bottom left.

Welcome, O Spring

swell - ing,..... of rapt - ure

Musical notation for the first system, vocal line. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody starts with a dotted quarter note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. A *cres.* (crescendo) marking is placed above the first half note. The melody continues with a series of quarter notes and eighth notes.

Swell - ing now of rapt - ure tell - ing, wel - come back the gen - tle,

Musical notation for the first system, piano accompaniment. It features a bass clef and a 2/4 time signature. The accompaniment consists of a steady stream of quarter notes, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal line.

Swell - ing, swell - ing, now of rapt - ure tell - ing,

Musical notation for the second system, vocal line. It continues from the first system. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *p* (piano). The melody features a half note followed by a quarter note, and then a half note.

gen - tle Spring we love, we love so dear..... A - way, a - way.....

Musical notation for the second system, piano accompaniment. It continues from the first system, featuring a bass clef and a 2/4 time signature. The accompaniment includes a half note followed by a quarter note, and then a half note.

Musical notation for the third system, vocal line. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 2/4 time signature. A *cres.* marking is present at the start, followed by a *ff* (fortissimo) marking. The melody consists of a series of quarter notes.

O'er meadows gay! We'll joy - ful sing Thy wel - come, Spring!

Musical notation for the third system, piano accompaniment. It features a bass clef and a 2/4 time signature. The accompaniment consists of a series of quarter notes.

Musical notation for the fourth system, vocal line. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 2/4 time signature. A *f* (forte) marking is present. The melody consists of a series of quarter notes.

Come, come, there's pleas - ure for us to - day! Come, come, and

Musical notation for the fourth system, piano accompaniment. It features a bass clef and a 2/4 time signature. A *f* (forte) marking is present. The accompaniment consists of a series of quarter notes.

Welcome, O Spring

join in our fes-tive lay! Bright skies are smil-ing a-long our way, We

The first system of the musical score features a treble and bass staff in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats. The melody in the treble staff includes a fermata over the final note of the first phrase. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

mer-ri-ly sing, To wel-come the Spring, to wel-come the Spring.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Thy welcome, O Spring, We'll mer-ri-ly sing
Thy welcome, O Spring, Thy welcome, O Spring,

The third system features a more complex accompaniment with chords and rests. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Thy welcome, O Spring, Thy welcome, O Spring, Thy wel-come, O Spring!

The fourth system concludes the piece with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking above the final notes. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Sweet Summer Time

Arr. by Edward A. Perkins

1. Oh! the sweet Sum - mer time for me, for me, When we
 2. Thro' the val - ley run the murm'ring streams, And the
 3. Let oth - ers sing for the Win - ter king, Let them

dance and we sing so light and free; When the birds gai - ly car - ol
 war - bler's song comes from the shade; All na - ture charms with
 give loud shouts for the mer - ry Spring, But a - loud each voice shall

thro' the air, And the leaves are so green, so fresh and fair.
 bright - est beams, And all things seem for glad - ness made.
 sing in praise Of the bright and the sun - ny sum - mer days.

Then sing a song for the bright summer time,.....

Sweet Summer Time

..... Sing a song for the bright Summer time,.....

bright Summer time, Sweet Summer, gay Summer,

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a whole note chord, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a steady accompaniment of chords. The lyrics are positioned between the two staves.

..... Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

bright Summer time,

This system contains the second two staves of music. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are positioned between the two staves.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

This system contains the third two staves of music. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are positioned between the two staves.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

This system contains the final two staves of music. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are positioned between the two staves.

Early Morning

F. Kücken

1 Come forth this dawn - ing ear - ly, La, la, la,..... la, la, The
 2. The east - ern clouds are light - er, La, la, la,..... la, la, The
 3. The morn - ing blush is pal - ing, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, The

La, la, la, la, la,

dew is bright and pearl - y, La, la, la,..... la, la, The
 sky - blue arch is bright - er, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, The
 morn - ing star is fail - ing, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, The

La, la, la, la, la,

morn - ing star is blink - ing, The bees have left their hive,.... And
 ca' - tle all are low - ing, To taste their hill - side fare,.... And
 charms of youth and beau - ty Like morn will soon be gone;.... A -

wak - ing flowers are wink - ing, And birds are all a - live;..... The
 chan - ti - cleer is crow - ing, Lone maid - ens drove them there;.... And
 wake to love and du - ty, A - wake, and hail the dawn;.... A -

Early Morning

wak - ing flowers are wink - ing, And birds are all a -
 chan - ti - cleer is crow - ing, Lone maid - ens drove them
 wake to love and du - - ty, A - wake, and hail the

live. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 there. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 dawn. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

No. 275 *He who would Lead a Happy Life*

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS

1 He who would lead a hap - py life, He who would lead a hap - py life, Must
 2
 3
 4
 keep him - self from an - gry strife, Must keep him - self from an - gry strife.

Lead, Kindly Light

John Henry Newman

John B. Dykes

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom. Lead Thou me
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me

on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till

Lead Thou me on... Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
 Lead Thou me on... I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
 The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces

see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me....
 fears,..... Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not... past years..
 smile,..... Which I have loved long since, and lost... a - while..

The Flag of the Free

Fanny J. Crosby

Theodore E. Perkins

1. Na - tive land, na - tive land, with thy skies ev - er blue, We will cling to thee still
 2. Oh, Co - lum - bia, Co - lum - bia, how tran - quil and bright Was the morn - ing that dawned
 3. Now the day - star of hope in its glo - ry ap - pears, Then a - wake from thy sor -
 4. Let it wave, let it wave, to the bree - zes unfurled, 'Tis the pride of the vet -

with our hearts warm and true; Like a watch - fire as - cend - ing, be - hold on the sea,
 on thy per - il - ous night, When the an - gel of peace spread her wings o'er the sea,
 row, and ban - ish thy fears: For thy he - roes have plant - ed o'er land and o'er sea,
 'ran, the boast of the world; Then hurrah for the brave! and our mot - to shall be,

CHORUS.

Wav - ing proud - ly as ev - er, "The Flag of the Free." The Flag of our Un - ion,
 And she blessed the old standard, "The Flag of the Free." The Flag of our Un - ion,
 Wav - ing proud - ly as ev - er, "The Flag of the Free." The Flag of our Un - ion,
 God pro - tect the old standard, "The Flag of the Free." The Flag of our Un - ion,

The Flag of our Un - ion, The Flag of our Un - ion, The Flag of the Free.

The Sweet Voice

Fanny J. Crosby

Hubert P. Main



1. I dream'd that a - far I had wandered, And stood on a des - ert a - lone
 2. The cares of my life in a mo - ment Were lost in a thrill of de - light,
 3. That voice in my heart I will cher - ish, And, when I am sad and op - pressed,



A voice o'er my spir - it came steal - ing; How soft its mag - ic - al tone!
 The des - ert transformed to a gar - den, Where all was love - ly and bright.
 Its ech - o, per - haps in my slum - ber, Will calm my sor - row to rest.



CHORUS.



Sweet voice, sweet voice, Dear, lov - ing voice! Where, where is the
 Sweet voice, sweet voice, sweet voice, sweet voice,



bliss it gave? Why is the vis - ion o'er? Sweet voice, sweet voice, That
 Sil - ver voice, sil - ver voice



The Sweet Voice

made my inmost soul rejoice! Oh, say, was it all a dream? Gone to re-torn no more?

No. 279

Soft and Low

Louis Spohr

Andantino. p

1. Soft and low, I breathe my pas - sion, Will she wake and bless my sight?
 2. Dost thou smile, my love dis - dain - ing, While in chill - ing mid-night's spite,
 3. Far from love, o'er plain and riv - er, Late I rush'd in head-long flight;
 4. Leave me not in dark - ness pin - ing, From thy cur - tain'd win - dow's height:

Ah! if dreams her form might fash - ion, How un - wel - come were the light;
 Here I wait, of thee com - plain - ing To the stars so cold and bright?
 Oh! he fol - lowed ev - er, ev - er, Vain is speed a - gainst his might;
 Let one look of pit - y shin - ing, Warm my heart to new de - light:

Fair - est, speak, and say good night, and say good night.
 Oh! re - lent! and say good night, and say good night.
 Here I yield! oh! one good night, oh! one good night.
 Let me hear one sweet good night, one sweet good night.

The Mermaid

Anon.

Anon.

Moderato. mf

1. 'Twas Fri - day.. morn when we set sail, And we were not
 2. Then out spake the cap-tain of our gal - lant ship, And a well spok-en
 3. Then out spake the cook of our gal - lant ship, And a fat old
 4. Then out spake the boy of our gal - lant ship, And a well spok-en
 5. "Oh! the moon shines bright and the stars give light; Oh! my mammy'll be
 6. Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And three times a -

far from the land, When the cap - tain.. spied a....
 man was.... he: "I have mar - ried... me... a....
 cook-ie was.... he: "L..... care.. much.. more for my
 lad-die was.... he: "I've a fa - ther and a moth - er in....
 look-ing for..... me; She may look... she may weep, she may
 round went... she; Then... three times a - round went our

love - ly mer - maid.. With a comb and a glass, in her hand.
 wife in Sa - lem town.. And to - night she a wid - der will... be."
 pot - ties and my kets,.. Than I do for the depths of the sea."
 Bos - ton... cit - y, But to - night they.. child - less will... be."
 look... to the deep,.. She may look to the bot - tom of the sea."
 gal - lant.. ship,.. And she sank to the depths of the sea.

CHORUS.

ff

Oh! the o - cean waves may roll..... And the storm - y winds may

The Mermaid

blow..... While we poor sail - ors go skip - ping to the tops And the land lub - bers

The first system of musical notation for 'The Mermaid' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, and begins with a dotted quarter note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

lie down be - low, be - low, be - low, And the land lub - bers lie down be - low.

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a double bar line.

No. 281

The Bell Doth Toll

ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

1

The bell doth toll, I love its roll, Its song I know full well;

The first part of the round is written in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The melody starts with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, and C, and ends with a quarter note G.

2

I love its ring - ing, For it calls to sing - ing, With its

The second part of the round is written in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The melody starts with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, and C, and ends with a quarter note G.

3

bim, bim, bim, bome bell, Bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bome bell.

The third part of the round is written in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The melody starts with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, and C, and ends with a quarter note G. The final two measures of the melody are marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

When Mary Was a Lassie

T. A. N.

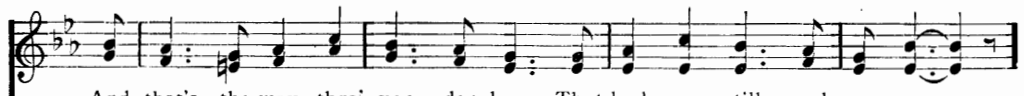
Hubert P. Main



1. The ma - ple trees are tinged with red, The birch with gold - en yel - low,
2. You'd hard - ly think that pa - tient face, That looks so pale and fad - ed,...
3. Now on her face, though once so fair, We trace the deep'ning fur - rows,...
4. And so you see I've grown to love The wrin - kles more than ros - es;...



And high a - bove the or - chard wall Hang ap - ples rich and mel - low; ..
 Was once the ver - y sweet - est one That ev - er bon - net shad - ed; ...
 That man - y a weary care has worn, And man - y ten - der sor - rows; ..
 Earth's win - ter flow'rs are sweet - er far Than all spring's dew - y po - sies; ..



And that's the way thro' yon - der lane, That looks so still and gras - sy, ...
 But when I went thro' yon - der lane, That looks so still and gras - sy, ...
 Four times to yon - der church - yard, Thro' the lane so still and gras - sy, ...
 They'll car - ry us thro' yon - der lane, That looks so still and gras - sy, ...



The way I took one Sun - day eve, When Ma - ry was a las - sie....
 Those eyes were bright, those cheeks were fair, Then Ma - ry was a las - sie....
 We've borne and laid a - way our dead, Since Ma - ry was a las - sie....
 A - down the lane I used to go, When Ma - ry was a las - sie....



When Mary Was a Lassie

CHORUS.

When Ma - ry was a las sie,... When Ma ry was a las - sie,...

rit.

Those eyes were bright, those cheeks were fair, When Ma - ry was a las - sie.

No. 283 *O Wipe Away that Tear, Love*

Anon.

German

1. O, wipe a - way that tear, love, The pearl - y drop I see;.. Let hope thy
 2. Yes, when a - way from thee, love, Sweet hope shall be my star; We do not
 3. At close of part - ing day, love, Ere yon bright star is set,.. Still meet me
 4. I'll watch the set - ting star, love, And think I look on thee; And thus, tho'

rit.

bo - som cheer love, Let hope thy bo som cheer, love, As yon bright star we see.
 part for aye. love, We do not part for aye, love, I'll wel - come thee a - far.
 while a - way love Still meet me while a - way, love, 'Mid scenes we'll ne'er for - get.
 sun - dered far love, And thus, tho' sun - dered far, love, How near our hearts may be.

Morning's Ruddy Beam

G. Linley, arr.

Allegro.

1. Morning's ruddy beam tints the eastern sky,..... Up, comrades, climb the mountain
 2. Evening's gentle ray gilds the glowing west,..... Each hunter sighs for home and

high; Let the slug-gard sleep, we must slum-ber shun,..... Ere night-fall
 rest; Hap-py in his toil, roam-ing blithe and free,..... O hun-ter,

hon - or must be won. Haste, haste, haste, haste, the mer - ry bu - gle
 thine's the life for me. Haste, haste, haste, haste, with spoils in plen - ty

sound - ing, Chides our de - lay,..... chides our de - lay.
 la - den, Each one is stored,..... each one is stored.

Morning's Ruddy Beam

Haste, haste, haste, haste, o'er rock and gla - cial bound - ing, Soon each gal - lant hunt - er will
Haste, haste, haste, haste, fond wife or anx - ious maid - en, Wait her gal - lant hunt - er a -

sin - gle out his prey. Morning's rud - dy beam tints the east - ern sky,.....
round the humble board. Evening's gen - tle ray gilds the glow - ing west,.....

Up, com - rades, climb the moun - tain high; Let the slug - gard sleep,
Each hunt - er sighs for home and rest, Hap - py in his toil,

we must slum - ber shun,..... Ere night - fall hon - or must be won.
roam - ing blithe and free,..... O hunt - er, thine's the life for me.

(2)

Morning's Ruddy Beam

la, la, la, la, la;.....

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,.....

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la;.....

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,.....

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Tra, la, la, la, la, la,

(3)

No. 285 *I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree*

Anon.

Arr. by W. Guernsey

1. I'll hang my harp on a wil - low tree, I'll off to the wars a - gain,
 2. She took me a - way from my war-like lord, And gave me a silk - en suit,
 3. I'll hide in my breast ev-'ry self - ish care, I'll flush my pale cheek with wine,
 4. But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine In my helmet's sa - ble plume,

My peace - ful home has no charm for me, The bat - tle - field no pain;
 I thought no more of my mas - ter's sword, When I played on my master's lute;
 When smiles a - wake the bri - dal pair, I'll hast - en to give them mine.
 And then on the field of Pal - es - tine I'll seek for an ear - ly doom;

The lady I love will soon be a bride, With a di - a - dem on her brow,
 She seemed to think me a boy a - bove Her pages of low de - gree,
 I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed, And I'll walk in the fes - tive train.
 And if by the Sarascen's hand I fall, 'Mid the no - ble and the brave,

Oh! why did she flat - ter my boy - ish pride, She's go - ing to leave me now.
 Oh! had I but loved with a boy - ish love It would have been better for me.
 And if I sur - vive it I'll mount my steed And I'll off to the wars a - gain.
 A tear from my la - dy's love is all I ask for the war - rior's grave.

Onward, Christian Soldiers

S. Baring-Gould

Sir Arthur Sullivan

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, March - ing as to war; With the cross of Je - sus,
2. Like a mighty ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. } Onward, Christian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. }

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
war, With the cross of

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

Tom-Big-Bee River

S. S. Steele

Anon.

1. On Tom-big-bee Riv-er so bright I was born, In a hut made ob
 2. All de day in de field de soft cot-ton I hoe, I tink of my
 3. Wid my hands on de ban-jo and toe on de oar, I sing to de
 4. One night de stream bore us so far a-way, Dat we couldn't cum

husks ob de tall yal-ler corn, And dar I fust meet wid my Ju-la so
 Ju-la an' sing as I go; Oh, I catch her a bird, wid a wing ob true
 sound ob de riv-er's soft roar; While de stars dey look down at my Ju-la so
 back, so we tho't we'd jis' stay; Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true

CHORUS.

true, An' I row'd her a-bout in my Gum Tree Ca-noe. Singing row a-way,
 blue, An' at night sail her round in my Gum Tree Ca-noe. Singing row a-way,
 true, An' dance in her eye in my Gum Tree Ca-noe. Singing row a-way,
 blue, An' it took us in tow wid my Gum Tree Ca-noe. Singing row a-way,

row, O'er de wa-ters so blue, Like a feather we'll float, In my Gum Tree Ca-noe.

Anon.

Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst

Allegretto. mf



1. Way down in the mead-ow where the lil - y first blows, Where the wind from the
2. She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev - er was
3. Ev - e - li - na and I... one fine eve - ning in June Took a walk all a -
4. Three years have gone by,... and I've not got a dol - lar, Ev - e - li - na still



moun-tains ne'er ruf-fles the rose, Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit-tle dove,
 known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace-ful curls hangs her raven black hair,
 lone by the light of the moon; The.. plan - ets all shone, for the heavens were clear,
 lives in that green gras - sy hol-ler, Al - though I am fa - ted to mar - ry her nev - er,



CHORUS.



The.. pride of the val - ley, the girl that I	love.	} Dear Ev - e - li - na,
And she nev - er re - quires per - fum - er - y	there.	
And I felt round the heart tre - mend - ous - ly	queer.	
I've sworn that I'll love her for ev - er and	ev - er.	



sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die; Dear Ev - e -



Dear Evelina

li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

The musical score for 'Dear Evelina' is written in G minor (one flat) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. There are asterisks in the piano part indicating specific chords.

No. 289

Scenes that are Brightest

Alfred Bunn

From "Maritana" by William V. Wallace

1. Scenes that are brightest May charm a - while Hearts that are light - est, And
2. Words can-not scat - ter The thoughts we fear, For tho' they flat - ter, They

The first system of the musical score for 'Scenes that are Brightest' is in G minor and 4/4 time. It includes two vocal lines and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features triplets and chords. The lyrics are provided below the vocal lines.

eyes that smiles; Yet o'er them, a - bove us, Tho' nature beam, With none to
mock the ear; Hopes will still deceive us With tear-ful cost, And when they

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are provided below the vocal line.

love us How sad they seem, With none to love us How sad they seem.
leave us The heart is lost, And when they leave us The heart is lost.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are provided below the vocal line.

Anon.

Anon.

1. In Brook-lyn ci - ty there lived a maid, And she was known to fame,
 2. She fell in love with a char - coal man, Mc - Clos-key was his name,
 3. Mc - Clos - key shouted and hollered in vain, For the don - key would-n't stop,

Her moth - er's name was Ma - ri Ann, And hers was Ma - ri
 His fight - ing weight was seven stone ten, And he loved sweet Ma - ri
 And he threw Ma - ri Jane right o - ver his head, Right in - to a pol - i - cy

Jane; And ev - 'ry Sat - ur - day morn - ing, She used to go
 Jane; He took her to ride in his chareoal cart, On a fine St.
 shop; When Mc-Clos - key saw that ter-rible sight, His heart it was

o - ver the riv - er, And went to mar - ket, where she sold eggs, And
 Pat - rick's day, But the donkey took fright at a Jer - sey man, And
 moved with pi - ty, So he stabbed the don-key with a bit of char-coal, And

Michael Roy

CHORUS.

sass-a-ges, likewise liv-er....
started and ran a-way.... } For oh!... for oh!... he was my darling boy,
started for Salt Lake City....

Shouted. *Rep. Cho. pp*

FOR he was the lad with the au-burn hair And his name was Mi-chael Roy.

No. 291 Hark! the Merry Christ-Church Bells

ROUND IN THREE PARTS

1
Hark! the mer-ry Christ-church bells, One, two, three, four, five. six, They sound so
loud and deep. so clear and sweet, And they troul so mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly.

2
Hark! the first and sec-ond bell Which ev-'ry day at four and ten, Cry
come, come, come, come, come to prayers, And the ver-ger troops be-fore the dean.

3
Tin-gle, tin-gle, ting, goes the small bell at nine, To call the stu-dent home,
But he'll nev-er care To leave his chair Till he hears the might-y Tom.

No. 292 *March of the Men of Harlech.*

(NATIONAL SONG OF WALES.)

Har. by Joseph Barnby.

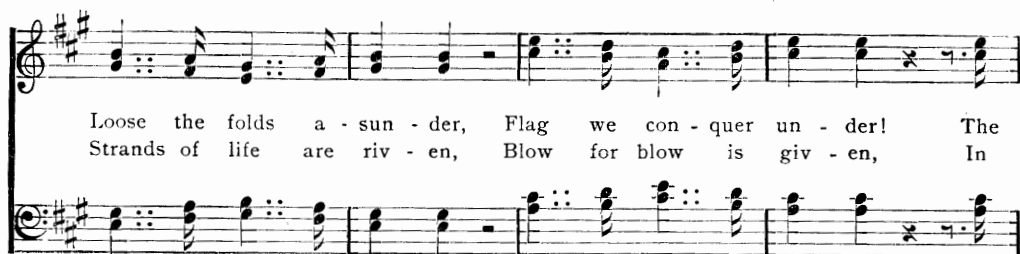
1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
2. Rock-y steep-s and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row!

Wave on wave that sur-ging fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound?
Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry now!

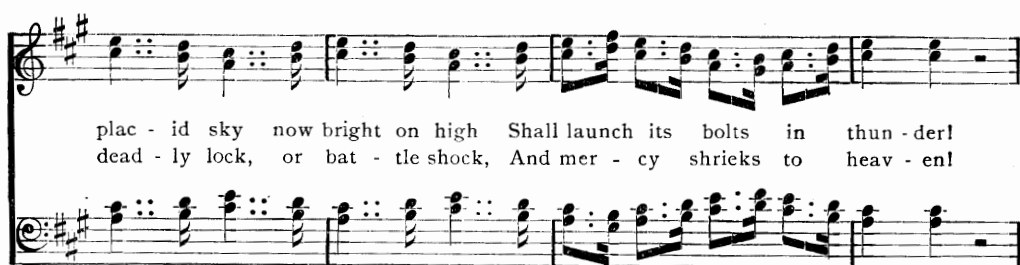
'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men;
Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver, Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er!

Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo men, They shall bite the ground!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lov-er, Trem-bles on a blow!

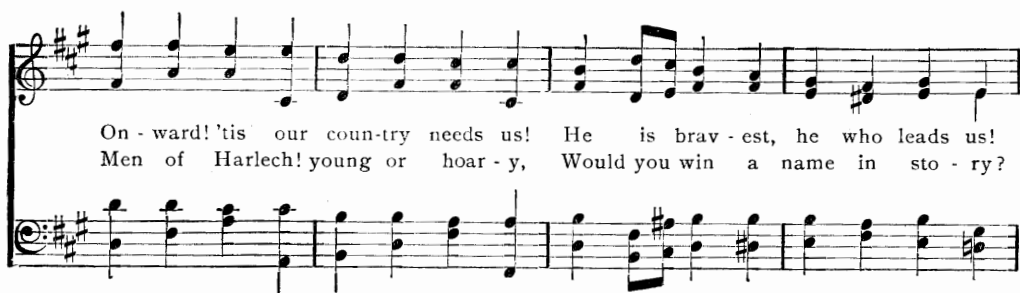
March of the Men of Harlech.



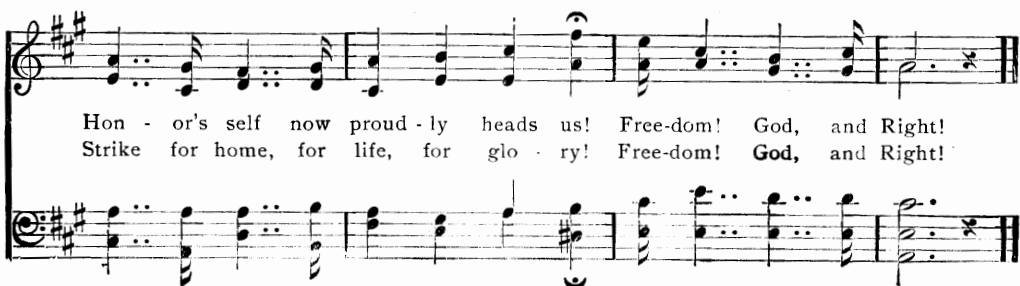
Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Strands of life are riv - en, Blow for blow is giv - en, In



plac - id sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun - der!
dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav - en!



On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us! He is brav - est, he who leads us!
Men of Harlech! young or hoar - y, Would you win a name in sto - ry?



Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right!
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Free - dom! God, and Right!

Alice, Where Art Thou?

W. Guernsey

Joseph Ascher

Arr. by Hubert P. Main

Andante con espress.

1. The birds sleep-ing gent - ly Sweet Ly - ra gleameth bright, Her rays tinge the
2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing Just as it fall - eth now, And all things slept

for - est, And all seems glad to-night; The winds sigh - ing by me,
gen - tly! Ah! Al - ice, where art thou? I've sought thee by lake - let, I've

Cool - ing my fevered brow, The steam flows as ev - er, Yet, Al - ice, where art
sought thee on the hill, And in the pleas - ant wild-wood, When winds blew cold and

thou? One year back this ev - en And thou wert by my side: One
chill; I've sought thee in for - est, I'm look - ing heav'n-ward now; I've

Alice, Where Art Thou?

And.....
I'm.....

Vow - - - -
Oh!.....

year back this ev - en And thou wert by my side, Vow - ing,
sought thee in for - est, I'm look - ing heav'n-ward now. Oh! there,

Vow - - - -
Oh!.....

ing.....
there.....

vow-ing, vow - ing to love me; One year past this e - ven And thou wert by my
'mid, there mid the star shine; I've sought thee in for - est, I'm look-ing heav'n-ward

ing.....
there.....

side,..... Vow - ing to love me, Al - ice, What-e'er might be - tide!
now!..... Oh! there a - mid the star shine, Al - ice, I know art thou!

No. 294

Sweet is the Hour

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS

1

Sweet is the hour of twi - light gray. When evening veils the face of day;

2

3

4

When shades of night be - gin to fall, The dark-ness soon will cov - er all.

No. 295 *Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah*

Wm. Williams

From Flotow's "Martha," arr. by Hubert P. Main

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land, I am
 2. Feed me with the heav'nly man - na, In this bar - ren wil - der - ness; Be my

weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow - 'rful hand. O - pen now the
 sword, and shield, and ban-ner, Be the Lord my Righteousness. When I tread the

crys - tal fountain, Whence the liv - ing wa - ters flow, Let the fie - ry, cloud - y
 verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; Death of death, and hell's de -

rall.
 pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro', Lead me all my jour - ney thro'.
 struction, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side.

My Mother Dear

S. Lover

Samuel Lover

1. There was a place in child-hood That I re-mem - ber well, And there a voice of
 2. When fair - y tales were end - ed, "Good-night," she soft-ly said, And kissed, and laid me
 3. In the sickness of my child-hood, The per - ils of my prime, The sor-rows of my

sweet-est tone Bright fair - y tales did tell; And gen - tle words, and fond embrace, Were
 down to sleep With - in my ti - ny bed; And ho - ly words she taught me there, Me-
 rip - er years, The cares of ev - 'ry time; When doubt or dan-ger weighed me down, Then

giv'n with joy to me, When I was in that hap - py place, Up - on my mother's
 thinks I yet can see Her an - gel eye, as close I knelt Be - side my mother's
 plead - ing all for me, It was a fer-vent prayer to Heaven That bent my mother's

knee. My moth-er dear, My moth-er dear, My gen - tle, gen - tle moth-er.
 knee. My moth-er dear, My moth-er dear, My gen - tle, gen - tle moth-er.
 knee. My moth-er dear, My moth-er dear, My gen - tle, gen - tle moth-er.

The Sunbeams are Glancing

Anon.

G. Rossini

1. The sunbeams are glancing o'er for-est and mountain, The hill-tops are
2. Let's go to the peak where the last sun-beam lin-gers, And gaze on the

tig'd with the last fee-ble ray; Let's dip in the stream of the bright-flow-ing
day-god as calm-ly he sinks; The lau-rel will wreath with our own fair-y

fountain, And steal its sweet vio-lets and lil-ies a-way. The wild rose and
fin-gers, And rob the night-shade of the dew that it drinks. Let's go to the

myr-tle their soft leaves are clos-ing, The cow-slip is catch-ing the
val-ley where darkness is wreathing And mock the cool stream as it

The Sunbeams are Glancing

dew in its bell; Let's go to the val-ley where darkness is wreathing And
day-light farewell; Let's count the wild flow-ers whose o-dors are breathing, And

mock the cool stream as it mur-murs a - long; To day - light fare-well, to
make hill and val - ley re - ech - o our song; Re - ech - o our song, re -

day - light fare - well, To day - light fare-well, to day - light fare well.
ech - o our song, Re - ech - o our song, re - ech - o our song

No. 298

Merrily Greet the Morn

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS

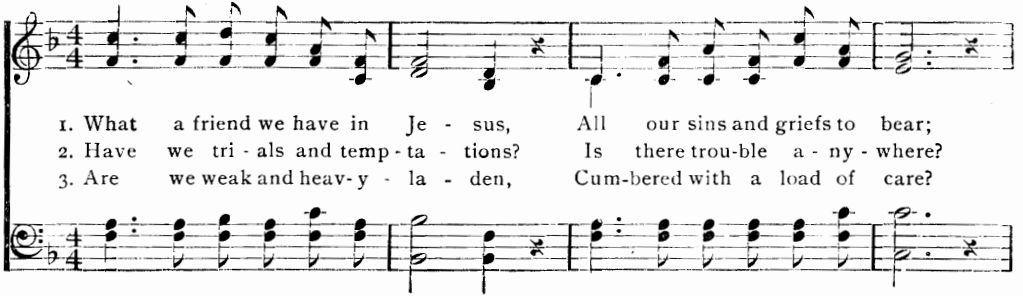
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly greet the morn; Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sound the horn;

Hark to the ech - oes how they play O'er hill and dale, far, far a way.

No. 299 *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*

Joseph Scriven

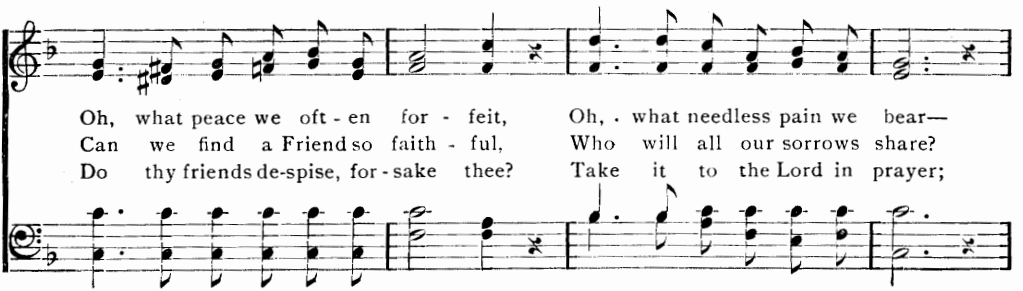
C. C. Converse



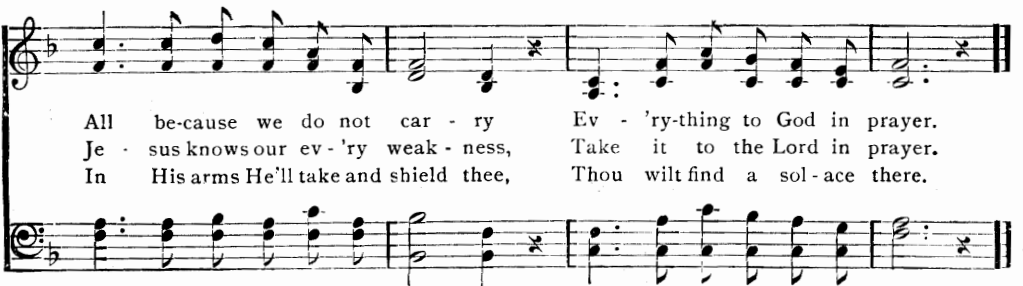
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - iour still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

No. 300 *Softly now the Dew is Falling*

Words arranged *Arr. from Flotow by F. N. Shepperd. From Opera of "Martha"*

Andante. mf



1. Soft - ly now the dew is fall - ing, Peace o'er all the scene is spread ;
2. Oh, Thou ten - der Fa - ther, hear us, In this tran-quil even - ing hour ;



On His chil - dren, meck - ly call - ing, Pur - er in - fluence God will shed.
May Thy Spir - it lin - ger near us, Guid - ing by its lov - ing pow'r.



While Thine ear of love ad - dress - ing, Thus our part - ing hymn we sing :
So, when life's long day is end - ing, And the shad - ows gath - er fast,



Fa - ther, give Thine even - ing bless - ing, Hold us, fold us 'neath Thy wing.
With our even - ing prayer as - cend - ing, Take us to Thy - self at last.



Starlight is Streaming

From the "Siege of Rochelle," by Michael W. Balfe

Andante. *pp* *pppp* *pp* *Allegro.* *pp*

1. 'Tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, Star-light is stream-ing,
 2. 'Tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, Eyes bright-ly shin-ing,

Moon-light is beam-ing, Sweet birds are dream-ing: Hail, si-lent night! Star-light is
 Gay chap-lets twin-ing, Nev-er re-pin-ing, Joy-ous and free. Eyes brightly

stream-ing, Moonlight is beaming, Sweet birds are dreaming: Hail, si-lent night!
 shin-ing, Gay chap-lets twin-ing, Nev-er re-pin-ing, Joy-ous and free.

QUARTET.

Still gai-ly dancing, In moonlight glancing, Mus-ic entranc-ing, Calls to de-light.
 Night creeps a-round us, Dim shades have bound us; Still as they found us, Hap-py we'll be.

Starlight is Streaming

CHORUS.

Starlight is streaming, Moonlight is beaming, Sweet birds are dreaming: Hail, si-lent night!
Eyes brightly shining, Gay chaplets twining, Nev - er re - pin - - ing, Joy - ous and free.

No. 302

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.

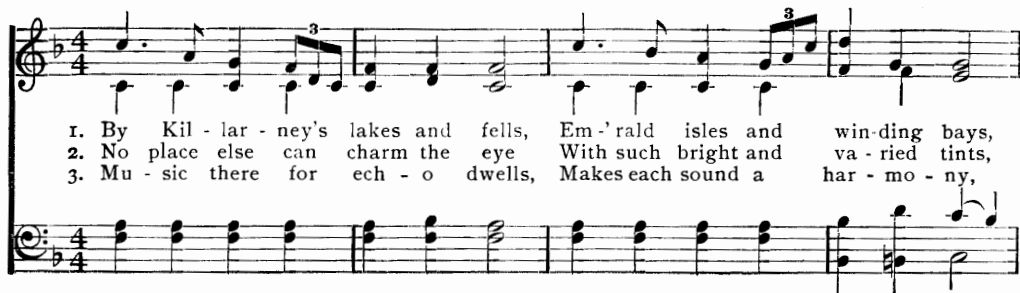
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!.. E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, . Dark - ness be
3. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, . Out of my
4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, . . . Sun, moon, and

be a cross That.. rais - eth me.... Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My... rest a stone, . . . Yet in my dreams I'd be,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; . . . So by my woes to be,
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, . . . Still all my song shall be,

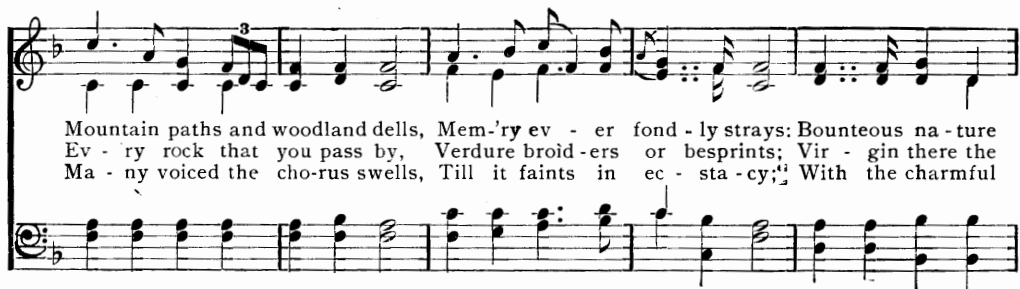
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

Killarney

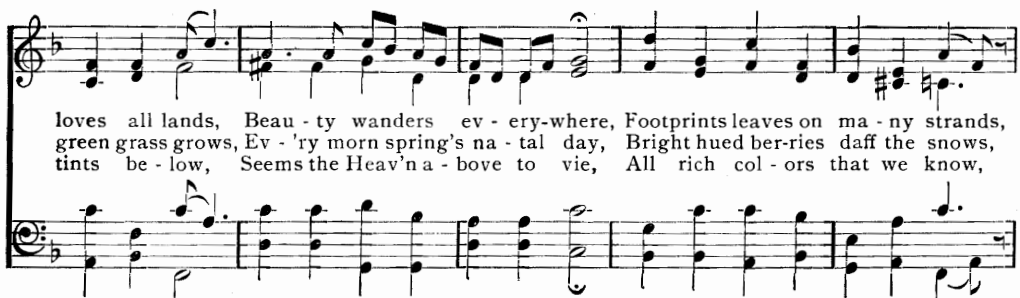
Michael W. Balfe. Har. by Hubert P. Main



1. By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em -'rald isles and win - ding bays,
 2. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va - ried tints,
 3. Mu - sic there for ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny,



Mountain paths and woodland dells, Mem -'ry ev - er fond - ly strays: Bounteous na - ture
 Ev - ry rock that you pass by, Verdure broid - ers or besprints; Vir - gin there the
 Ma - ny voiced the cho - rus swells, Till it faints in ec - sta - cy; With the charmingful



loves all lands, Beau - ty wanders ev - ery - where, Footprints leaves on ma - ny strands,
 green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn spring's na - tal day, Bright hued ber - ries daff the snows,
 tints be - low, Seems the Heav'n a - bove to vie, All rich col - ors that we know,



But her home is sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den
 Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels oft - en pas - sing there, Doubt if E - den
 Tinge the cloud - wreaths in that sky. Wings of an - gels so might shine, Glancing back soft

Killarney.

of the west, Beau-ty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
 were more fair, Beau-ty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
 light di-vine, Beau-ty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.

No. 304 *My Jesus, as Thou Wilt!*

Tr. J. Borthwick

From Weber's "Der Freischutz," adap. by Hubert P. Main

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In-to Thy
 2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! If need-y here and poor, Give me Thy
 3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
 4. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing

hand of love I would my all re-sign; Through sor-row or through joy,
 peo-ple's bread, Thy por-tion rich and sure; The man-na of Thy word
 star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept,
 fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a-bove

Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 Let my soul feed up-on; And if all else should fail, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 And sor-rowed oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 I trav-el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

O Hush Thee, My Babie

Sir Walter Scott

Sir Arthur Sullivan

p *cres.*

i. O hush thee, my ba - bie, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy both

dim. *p*

gen - tle and bright, both gen - tle and bright; The woods and the glens from the

They are all be - long - ing, *cres* - cen - - - do.

tow'rs which we see, They are all be - long - ing to thee,

dim. *pp* *stacc.*

They are all be - long - ing, dear ba - bie to thee, O hush thee my

to thee, O hush thee,

O Hush Thee, My Babie

O hush..... thee, my ba - - - - - bie.

ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - - - - - bie.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with a long note on 'ba' and a fermata over the final 'bie'. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the lower staff.

2. O fear not the bu - gle, though loud-ly it blows; It calls but the ward-ers that

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking at the start and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking towards the end. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

guard thy re - pose, that guard thy re - pose. Their bows would be bend - ed, their

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with a diminuendo (*dim.*) dynamic marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Ere the step of a foe - man
blades would be red, draws near to thy bed,

Ere the step of a foe - man draws near.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with a crescendo (*cres*) dynamic marking and a fermata over the final note. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A second ending bracket labeled (2) is shown below the first staff of this system.

O Hush Thee, My Babie

f Er · the step of a foe · man draws near to thy bed. *dim. pp stacc.* O hush thee, my
 near, O hush thee,

O hush..... thee, my ba - - - - - bie.

ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.

3. O hush thee, my ba - bie, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be

cres. bro - ken by trum-pet and drum, *dim.* by trum-pet and drum, *p* Then hush thee, my
 by trum - pet

(3)

O Hush Thee, My Babie

cres. *dim.*

dar - ling, take rest while, you may. For strife comes with man-hood, and wak - ing with
For strife..... comes with man - -

day. For strife comes with man-hood, and wak - - ing with day. O
hood,
and wak - ing with day O hush thee O

O hush..... thee, O hush.....

pp hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie. O hush thee my

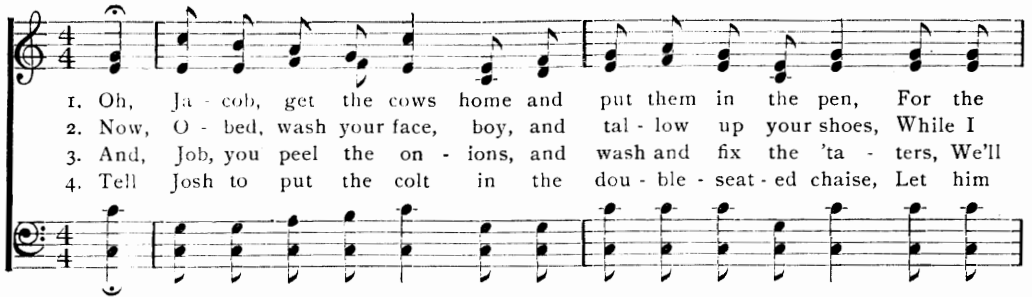
dim. *pp rall.*

..... thee, O hush..... thee, O hush thee, O hush thee, my ba - - bie!
ba - bie, O hush thee, my babe,

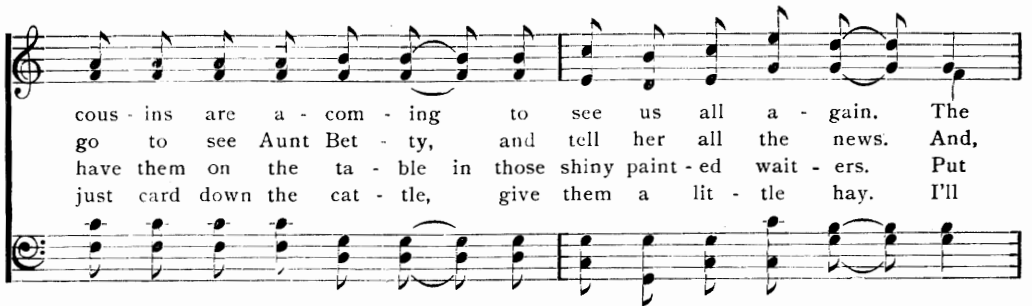
(4)

Anon.

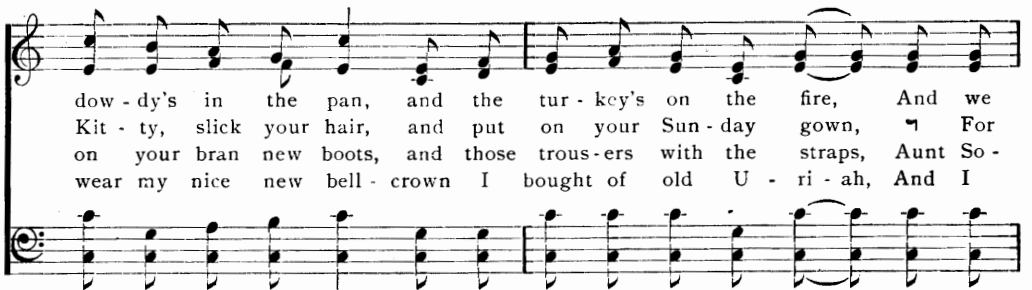
H. S. Thompson



1. Oh, Ja - cob, get the cows home and put them in the pen, For the
 2. Now, O - bed, wash your face, boy, and tal - low up your shoes, While I
 3. And, Job, you peel the on - ions, and wash and fix the 'ta - ters, We'll
 4. Tell Josh to put the colt in the dou - ble - seat - ed chaise, Let him



cous - ins are a - com - ing to see us all a - gain. The
 go to see Aunt Bet - ty, and tell her all the news. And,
 have them on the ta - ble in those shiny paint - ed wait - ers. Put
 just card down the cat - tle, give them a lit - tle hay. I'll



dow - dy's in the pan, and the tur - key's on the fire, And we
 Kit - ty, slick your hair, and put on your Sun - day gown, For
 on your bran new boots, and those trous - ers with the straps, Aunt So -
 wear my nice new bell - crown I bought of old U - ri - ah, And I



all must get read - y for Cous - in Jed - e - di - ah.
 Cous - in Jed - e - di - ah comes right from Bos - ton town.
 phia 'll take a shine to you, if you look real slick, per - haps.
 guess we'll as - ton - ish our Cous - in Jed - e - di - ah.

Cousin Jedediah

There's Hez - e - ki - ah, And Az - a - ri - ah, And
Cous - in Jed - e - di - ah,

Aunt So - phi - a, All com - ing here to tea.
And Jed - e - di - ah,

CHORUS.

Lively

Oh! won't we have a jol - ly time, Oh! won't we have a jol - ly

time! Je - ru - sha, put the ket - tle on, We'll all take tea.

*Hew Ainslie**T. V. Weisenthal*

1. It's rare to see the morn - ing bleeze, Like a bon - fire frae the sea;
2. Glens may be gilt wi' gow - ans rare, The birds may fill the tree,

It's fair to see the bur - nie kiss The lip o' the flow - 'ry lea;
And haughs hae a' the scent - ed ware That sim - mer growth can gie;

An' fine it is on green hill - side, Where hums the bon - ny bee,
But the can - ty hearth where cro - nies meet, An' the dar - ling o' our e'e,

But rar - er, fair - er, fin - er far, Is the In - gle Side for me!
That makes to us a ware com - plete, O, the In - gle Side for me!

No. 308

Come, Thou Almighty King

Charles Wesley

Felice Giardini

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all -
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour; Thou, who al -
 4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more! His sov'reign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word success, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend,
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 309

Abide with Me

Henry F. Lyte

William H. Monk

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a - bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry passing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies.

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

Ah! for Wings!

PRIMA DONNA SONG

Louis A. Jullien.

With feeling.

1. Ah! for wings to soar O'er the dark blue sea, Speed ing
 2. Ah! for one sweet word Whisper'd in my ear, Stir-ring,
 3. Ah! for one bright smile Full of love's sweet art, Strong to

D.C.—Ah! for wings to soar O'er the dark blue sea; Speed - ing

dim.

from this ex - ile shore, To live and die with thee. The
 as it oft hath stirr'd, My heart with mem' - ries dear. The
 cheer, and charm'd to wile Each sor - row from the heart. No

from this ex - ile shore, To live and die with thee.

years seem bright when hope's soft star Shone out its light a - cross our way,
 years roll on, and hope once strong Grows faint and wea - ry with de - lay;
 stran - ger's words can com - fort bring, No stran-ger's smile give joy to me;

D.S.

And ev' - ry hill and vale a - far Was gladden'd with its ray.
 Ah me! how earn - est - ly I long To thee to fly a - way.
 Oh! for some sea-bird's buoy - ant wing To bear me home to thee!

Let's Go A-Maying

Anon.

Arr. by Isaac B. Woodbury.



1. Fair May un-veils her rud-dy check, And decks her brow with dai-sies,
2. Ten years have pass'd since first I saw Thy fresh and bud-ding beau-ty,
3. Leave house af-fairs to shift a-while, Leave work and care and sor-row:



And scat-ters blos-soms as she goes Thro' fields and for-est maz-es.
 And love has rip-ened with the grass, And linked it-self with du-ty.
 We'll be the mer-ri-er to-day, And hap-pi-er to-mor-row.



CHORUS.



Let's go a-may-ing, go a-may-ing, go a-may-ing, May-ing the



woods de-light, The fields in-vite, Let's go a-may-ing, may-ing.



S. C. F.

Stephen C. Foster

1. Soft be thy slumbers, Rude cares de-part, Vi - sions in num-bers Cheer thy young
 2. Dream not in an-guish, Dream not in fear, Love shall not languish, Fond ones are
 3. Scenes that have vanished Smile on thee now, Pleasures once banished Play round thy

heart; Dream on while bright hours And fond hopes remain, Blooming like smiling bow'rs
 near; Sleep-ing or wak - ing, In pleasure or in pain, Warm hearts will bea: for thee,
 brow; Forms long de - part-ed ¶ Greet thee a - gain, Sooth-ing thy dreaming heart,

For thee, El - len Bayne. Gen - tle slumbers o'er thee glide, Dreams of beau - ty
 ¶ Sweet El - len Bayne. Gen - tle slumbers o'er thee glide, Dreams of beau - ty
 ¶ Sweet El - len Bayne. Gen - tle slumbers o'er thee glide, Dreams of beau - ty

round thee bide, While I lin - ger by thy side, Sweet El - len Bayne.

I. B. W.

I. B. Woodbury.

FINE.

PUPILS { Do, re, mi,
Do, si, do,

TEACHER—Sit up e-rect, don't be a-fraid, To bend up dou-ble, man nev-er was made;

D.C.—Ah! what a rogue break-ing the rule; I'll turn you, turn you right out of my school.

Do, re, mi, O hear me, hear me;
Do, si, do, do,

Beat, beat the time, quick - ly and light, And then you nev-er need fear you're not right.

Ah, I love to sing with a fa la la,
Gen - tly, gen - tly, don't you be so bois - ter - ous;

D. C.

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Ah! I see the rogue in yon - der cor - ner is the naugh - ti - est;

Mary had a Little Lamb

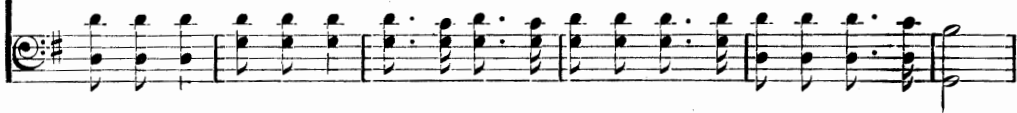
1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, Ma - ry had a
 2. It fol-low'd her to school one day, school one day, school one day, It fol-low'd her to



lit - tle lamb, Its fleece was white as snow; And ev - 'ry-where that Ma - ry went,
 school one day, It was a - gainst the rule; It made the chil-dren laugh and play,



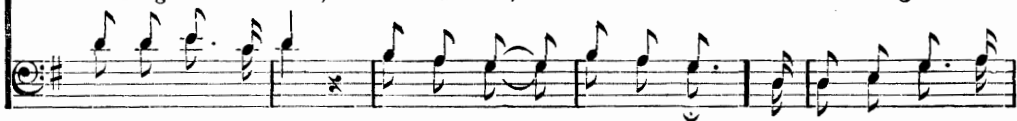
Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ev - 'ry-where that Ma-ry went, The lamb was sure to go.
 laugh and play, laugh and play, Made the children laugh and play, To see the lamb in school!



CHORUS.



Bleat-ing of the lamb, Ba - a - ah,... Ba - a - ah! O! ain't I glad to



Mary had a Little Lamb

get out the wil - der - ness, get out the wil - der - ness, get out the wil - der - ness;

The first system of music for 'Mary had a Little Lamb' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth notes and triplets. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and triplets.

Ain't I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, Lean - ing on the Lamb.

The second system of music continues the piece. It follows the same musical structure as the first system, with a treble staff for the melody and a bass staff for the accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Ain't I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, Lean - ing on the Lamb.'

No. 315 Farewell! my own Dear Land

Anon.

Hubert P. Main

Farewell, my own dear native land; Dear friends, a long farewell; Each liv - ing heart and

The first system of music for 'Farewell! my own Dear Land' is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The upper staff contains the melody, and the lower staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Farewell, my own dear native land; Dear friends, a long farewell; Each liv - ing heart and'

kind - ly hand, I bid you now farewell; Fare ye well, Fare... ye well!
Fare ye well!

The second system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are 'kind - ly hand, I bid you now farewell; Fare ye well, Fare... ye well! Fare ye well!'. The musical notation includes a final cadence in the upper staff.

All Hail the Stars and Stripes

Wm. Oland Bourne

Theodore E. Perkins

1. All hail the stars and stripes! The ra-diant flag—all hail! Un - furl to ev - 'ry
 2. All hail the stars and stripes! Hope beams in ev - 'ry ray, And shin - ing thro' the
 3. All hail the stars and stripes! They bind us all in One, In Un - ion, Peace and
 4. All hail the stars and stripes! All hail our beauteous flag, Fling out from mast and

breeze, Fling wide to ev - 'ry gale; From loft - y dome and spire, From
 night Of gloom, points out the way; Then hail the stars and stripes, They
 Love Be - neath the west - ern sun; All 'round the wak - ing earth, Let
 peak, From loft - y moun - tain crag; Then float - ing in the air, O'er

hill and mountain height, A - blaze with Freedom's fire, To give the nation's light.
 float on ev - 'ry sea, The crys - tal waves speed on The em - blem of the free.
 ev - 'ry eye be - hold The sign of Freedom's birth, The ra - diant stars of gold.
 hill, and vale, and sea, Shall float for - ev - er fair, The em - blem of the free.

CHORUS.

Then hail to the stripes and stars! The flag of our Un - ion free; The

All Hail the Stars and Stripes

flag that for-ev - er in glo - ry shall wave, The ra - diant flag of the free.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

No. 317

The Bay of Biscay O!

Andrew Cherry
Maestoso.

John Davy

1. Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder, The rain a del-uge showers, The clouds were rent a -
2. Now dash'd up-on the bil - low, Our op'-ning tim - bers creak; Each fears a wa - tery
3. At length the wish'd-for morrow Broke thro' the ha - zy sky, Ab-sorb'd in si - lent
4. Her yielding tim-bers sev - er, Her pitch - y seams are rent, When heav'n, all bounteous

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

sun - der By lightning's viv - id powers: The night, both drear and dark, Our
pil - low, None stop the dread-ful leak; To cling to slipp'-ry shrouds, Each
sor - row, Each heaved the bit - ter sigh; The dis - mal wreck to view, Struck
ev - er, Its bound-less mer - cy sent; A sail in sight ap-pears, We

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves.

poor, de-lud-ed bark, 'Till next day, Then she lay In the Bay of Bis-cay O!
breath-less seaman crowds As she lay, 'Till the day, In the Bay of Bis-cay O!
hor - ror to the crew; As she lay, On that day, In the Bay of Bis-cay O!
hail her with three cheers; Now we sail With the gale From the Bay of Bis-cay O!

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves.

Young Agnes

SERENADE

Anon.

From opera, "Fra Diavolo," by D. F. E. Auber

cresc. *p*

1. Young Ag-nes, beauteous flow - er, Sweet as blooming May,..... One
 2. The si - lent hour in - vites thee, No star sheds its ray,..... No

cresc. *cresc.*

eve - ning from her tow'r Thus pour'd her ten - der lay. The night now hath
 dan - ger, love, af - frights thee, Wherefore then dost thou stay? When sun - beams il -

m *cresc.*

spread its shade, And 'twill hide thee from all; Then haste to thy faith-ful maid;
 lume the sky, Guardians then may ap - pal, But now closed is ev - 'ry eye,

p

Darkness veils bower and hall, Oh! haste beneath her tow - er. Dost thou not hear love's
 Let thy steps gen - tly fall! The si - lent hour in - vites thee, Dost thou not hear love's

Young Agnes

call?..... Dost thou not hear love's
 call?..... Dost thou not hear love's

call?..... Dost thou not hear love's call?
 call?..... Dost thou not hear love's call?

No. 319 *You Say, Dear Kate, You'll Marry Me*

Anon.

I. B. Woodbury

1. You say, dear Kate, you'll mar - ry me, On one— a hard con - di - tion;
 2. If this right arm can win thee, Kate, I'll pull it from the shoul - der;
 3. For thee I'd walk from pole to pole, And deem the task a plea - sure;
 4. With ro - sy blush her cheek was dyed— E - mo - tion seem'd to rack her;

Oh, name it! what - so - e'er it be, You'll find me all sub - mis - sion.
 Or this right eye— to pluck it out, No mar - tyr could be bold - er.
 Then speak—Oh speak! and tell me what Will win earth's bright - est trea - sure.
 "Oh, prom - ise me," she soft - ly sigh'd, "That you won't *chaw to - back - er!*"

On to the Field of Glory!

From opera of "Belisario," by G. Donizetti

In Martial Style.

On to the field of glo - ry! Brave-ly the bat - tle wag - ing;

There where fates are rag - ing, *ff* A - like the strife will dare! *mp* A
Yes, a - like the strife will dare! A

triumph dear to Bar-dic sto - ry; With thee I'll die or with thee share! *rall.*
tri - umph dear to Bar-dic sto-ry; Yes, with

f Tempo. War, with his fal-chion go - ry, *Fame* with her wreaths vi - to - rious,

On to the Field of Glory!

Mar-shal the path be-fore us, Their mu - sic fills the air! Ah! a triumph

Ah! yes, a triumph

dear,..... to Bar - dic sto - ry; With thee I'll die,..... or with thee

dear to Bar - dic sto - ry; Yes, with thee I'll die, or with thee

share! Ah! a tri-umph dear..... to Bar - dic sto - - ry;.... With

share! Ah! yes, a tri-umph dear to Bar - dic sto - ry; Yes, with

thee..... I'll glad-ly die, or share! Ah! still with thee, With thee I'll

(2) thee, Yes, with thee I'll Yes, with thee I'll

On to the Field of Glory

glad - ly... share! With thee I'll die, or with thee share! With thee I'll
 glad - ly share! With thee I'll die, or with thee share! With thee I'll
stac.
 die, or with thee share! Triumph or sto - ry, with thee I'll die, or with thee share.
 die, or with thee share! Tri-umph or sto - ry, with thee I'll die, or with thee share!

No. 321 *Softly Fades the Twilight Ray*

Samuel F. Smith

From "Der Freischütz," by C. M. Von Weber

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray... Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day,
 2. Night her sol - emn man - tle spreads O'er the earth as day-light fades;
 3. Peace is on the world a - broad, 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
 4. Sav - iour, may our Sab - baths be.... Days of joy and peace in Thee,

Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Chris - tian's course is run.
 All things tell of calm re - pose, At the ho - ly Sabbath's close.
 Sym - bol of the peace with - in, When the spir - it rests from sin.
 Till in heaven our souls re - pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.

Sound the Battle-Cry!

Wm. F. Sherwin

Wm. F. Sherwin

Vigorously, in march time.



1. Sound the bat - tle - cry! See, the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord;
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must pre - vail;
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us one and all By Thy grace;



Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one; Rest your cause up-on His ho - ly word.
Shield and ban - ner bright, Gleaming in the light; Bat tling for the right We ne'er can fail.
When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won, May we wear the crown Be - fore Thy throne.



CHORUS. *ff*



Rouse then, sol - diers! ral - ly round the ban - ner! Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a -



long; Onward, forward, shout aloud Ho - san - na! Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.



Roll On, Silver Moon

J. W. T., arr.

J. W. Turner

1. As I stray'd from my cot at the close of the day, To muse on the
 2. As the hart on the moun-tain, my lov - er was brave, So handsome and
 3. But... now he is dead, and the youth once so gay Is cut down like a
 4. But his grave I'll seek out un - til morn-ing appears, And weep for my
 5. O..... nev - er a - gain can my heart thro' with joy, My "lost one" I

beau-ties of June, 'Neath a jes - samine shade I es - pied a fair maid, And she
 man - ly to view; So..... kind and sin-cere, and he loved me most dear, O, Ed -
 rose in full bloom; And he si - lent-ly sleeps, and I'm thus left to weep By the
 lov - er so brave; I'll em-brace the cold earth, and be-dew with my tears The.....
 hope to meet soon; And kind friends will weep o'er the grave where we sleep, By the

CHORUS.

sad - ly com-plain'd to the moon....
 win, no love was more true.... } Roll on, sil - ver moon, guide the trav-
 sweet sil - ver light of the moon....
 flow - ers that bloom o'er his grave....
 sweet sil - ver light of the moon....

'ler his way While the nightingale's song is in tune; I nev-er, nev-er

Roll On, Silver Moon

more with my true love will stray By the sweet sil - ver light of the moon.

The musical score for "Roll On, Silver Moon" consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the upper staff is accompanied by a bass line in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

No. 324 *The Midday Sun is Pouring*

From the Opera of "Fra Diavolo," by D. F. E. Auber

1. 'Tis noon, 'tis noon, 'tis noon! The mid-day sun is pour-ing His scorching beams a -
2. 'Tis noon, 'tis noon, 'tis noon! The herds in shades are panting, The leaves hang drooping
3. 'Tis noon, 'tis noon, 'tis noon! The wa-ters bright are shining, Re - flect - ing back the

The first system of the musical score for "The Midday Sun is Pouring" features two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

long the sky; No more the birds are soar-ing, The flow'rets droop and die. Fly, then,
on the bough; No more her sweet song chanting, The thrush is silent now. Hide, then,
burning ray; The vales and hills seem pining Beneath the day-god's sway. Rest, then,

The second system of the musical score continues with two staves in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

sis - ter spirits, fly!... The mid-day sun is pour - ing His beams along the sky....
sis - ter spirits, hide!.. The herds in shades are pant-ing, The leaves droop on the bough.
sis - ter spirits, rest!.. The wa-ters bright are shin - ing, Re-flect-ing back the ray....

The third system of the musical score concludes with two staves in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

The Rataplan

From the Opera of "La Fille du Régiment," by G. Donizetti

1. { What a charm has the drum, with its tan - a - ran - tan, When we march to the
 Ev - ery heart is in - spired by its mag - ic - al sound, There's a soul in the

2. { To the field, when we march, how the tan - a - ran - tan Makes the heart of the
 When the bat - tle is done, and the vic - to - ry won, Still the sound of the

gay pa - rade! O, the mu - sic we love is the bold ra - ta - plan, And the
 stirr - ing drum, And there is not a voice while its ech - oes re - bound But would
 sol - dier glow! Let him hear but the roll of the bold ra - ta - plan, And how
 roll - ing drum Sends his ech - oes a - far from the red field of war, To the

"rub - a - dub" mer - ri - ly played } So mer - ri - ly O! so
 cry, "Let the en - e - my come!" }
 gal - lant - ly for - ward he'll go! } Then mer - ri - ly, etc.
 dear friends who wel - come us home! }

cry, "Let the

cheer - i - ly O! so mer - ri - ly march a - way! Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta -

The Rataplan

plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, March a -

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

way while we may, tis a gay ga - la - day, And our ban - ners are flaunt - ing

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

high! In the sun sword and gun flash a - round ev - ery one, With a

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

glance just as bright as the sky. Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, tan - a - ran, tan - a -

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

The Rataplan

ran, ra - ta - plan, tan - a - ran, ra - ta - plan, tan - a - ran, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta -

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rataplan'. It consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The vocal line has lyrics: 'ran, ra - ta - plan, tan - a - ran, ra - ta - plan, tan - a - ran, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta -'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and chords.

plan, tan - a - ran, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, tan - a - ran, tan - a - ran!

The second system of musical notation for 'The Rataplan'. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The vocal line has lyrics: 'plan, tan - a - ran, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, tan - a - ran, tan - a - ran!'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

No. 326 *Those Evening Bells. (Round.)*

1

Those evening bells, those evening bells, How many a tale their mus - ic tells,

The first line of musical notation for 'Those Evening Bells'. It is a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note on G4, followed by eighth notes. A first ending bracket is shown above the staff.

2

Of youth, and home, and that sweet time When first we heard their soothing chime;

The second line of musical notation for 'Those Evening Bells'. It continues the melody from the first line. A second ending bracket is shown above the staff.

3

Those ringing, jingling, evening bells, How many a tale their mu - sic tells:

The third line of musical notation for 'Those Evening Bells'. It continues the melody from the second line. A third ending bracket is shown above the staff.

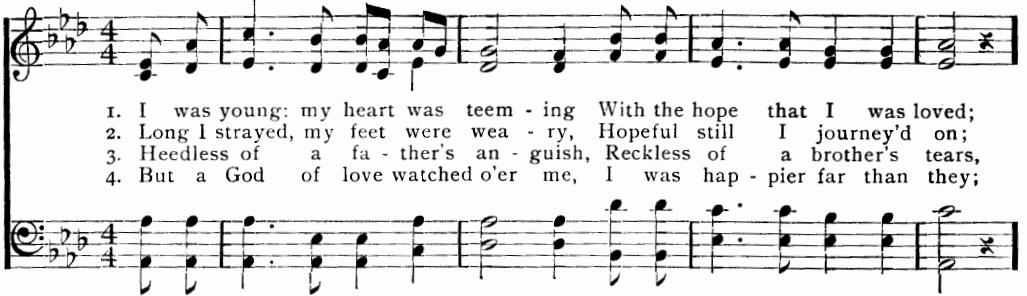
4

Those evening bells, those evening bells, How many a tale their mu - sic tells.

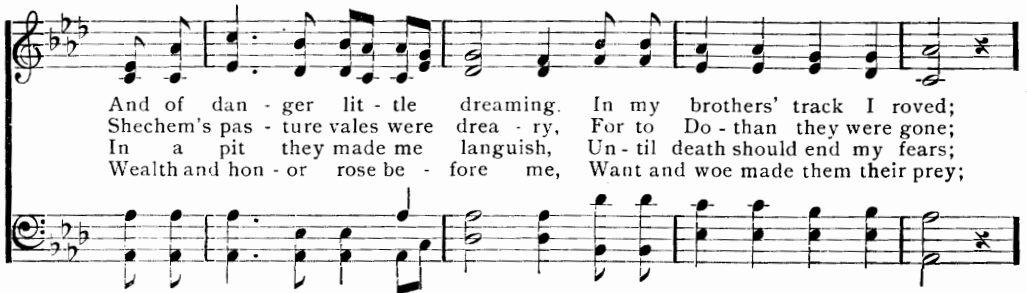
The fourth line of musical notation for 'Those Evening Bells'. It continues the melody from the third line. A fourth ending bracket is shown above the staff.

Joseph and his Brethren

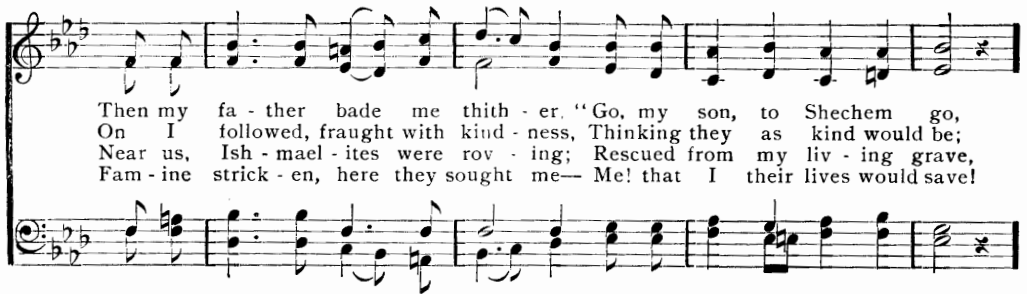
From the opera of "Joseph," by Etienne H. Mehul

Andante. Tenderly.


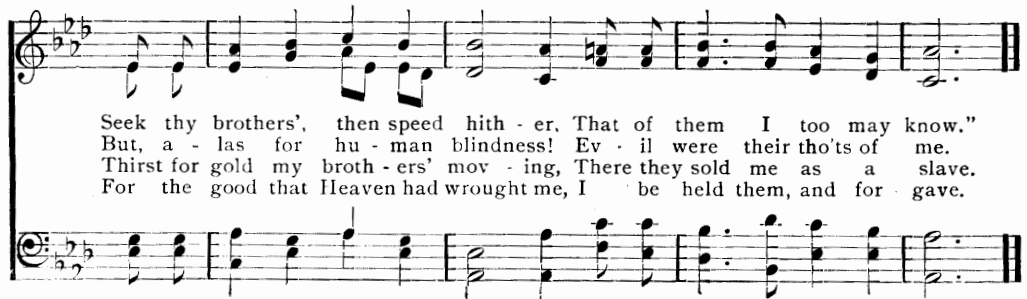
1. I was young: my heart was teem - ing With the hope that I was loved;
 2. Long I strayed, my feet were wea - ry, Hopeful still I journey'd on;
 3. Heedless of a fa - ther's an - guish, Reckless of a brother's tears,
 4. But a God of love watched o'er me, I was hap - pier far than they;



And of dan - ger lit - tle dreaming. In my brothers' track I roved;
 Shechem's pas - ture vales were drea - ry, For to Do - than they were gone;
 In a pit they made me languish, Un - til death should end my fears;
 Wealth and hon - or rose be - fore me, Want and woe made them their prey;



Then my fa - ther bade me thith - er. "Go, my son, to Shechem go,
 On I followed, fraught with kind - ness, Thinking they as kind would be;
 Near us, Ish - mael - ites were rov - ing; Rescued from my liv - ing grave,
 Fam - ine strick - en, here they sought me— Me! that I their lives would save!



Seek thy brothers', then speed hith - er, That of them I too may know."
 But, a - las for hu - man blindness! Ev - il were their tho'ts of me.
 Thirst for gold my broth - ers' mov - ing, There they sold me as a slave.
 For the good that Heaven had wrought me, I be held them, and for - gave.

Singing Cheerily

W. F. S.

Wm. F. Sherwin

Polka movement.

1. Sing-ing cheer - i - ly come we now, Tra la, la la la, gai - ly twin - ing
2. Oh! how pleasant - ly time glides on, Tra la, la la la, bringing pleasure,

Wreaths of mel - o - dy for each brow, Tra la, la la la la la.
When in har - mo - ny sings each one, Tra la, la la la la la.

Fine.

Eyes that sparkle with a pure delight, So brightly gleaming, On us beaming,
All life's tri - als are a-while for-got, Its troubled dreaming, I - dle scheming;

D. C. Fine.

Bring with beau-ty in their glance to - night A cheer-y welcome to our song. So—
Care and wea - ri - ness can harm us not If we can sing a mer - ry glee. Then—

No. 329 *Work, for the Night is Coming*

Mrs. A. L. Coghill

Lowell Mason



1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;



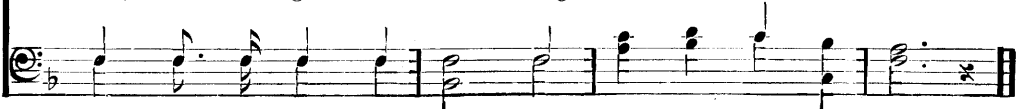
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies:



Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.



No. 330

Come to the Home of Youth

Invitingly.

From opera of "Norma," by G. Bellini

mf

1. Come to the home of youth, dearest love, Come to the shade of childhood's tree;
2. Dark were the clouds that pass'd o - ver thee; Rude were the storms that round me blew;

f

Sweet are the winds that whis - per a - bove, Here we will ev - er hap - py be.
But now we come to the shel - t'ring tree Where love with ear - ly pleasures grew;

ff

Birds sing - ing gai - ly now as then, Flit thro' the wood and glen, Hark!
All looks as cheer - i - ly and gay As in that calm - er day, Yes!

Loud is the voice of the wa - ter - fall, Dash - ing against its rock - y wall,
Here is the home of youth, dearest love, Here is the shade of childhood's grove,

Come to the Home of Youth

Just as it did in days of yore, When we were shouting to its roar, to its roar.
 Hopes hov-er round and hearts are free And we will ev - er hap - py be, hap-py be.

No. 331

Love, My Star!

Mrs. S. K. Bourne

P. Mascagni

Intermezzio, from "Cavaleria Rusticana"

1. Sil - v'ry star! Up - on my path thou beamest, Shin-ing soft with mel-low light.
 2. Love, my love! My heart is thine for - ev - er, Here I lay it at thy feet.
 3. Love, my star! In thy soft light a - bid - ing, Thou shalt be my guide and stay.

Far a - bove thou seem-est,—Thro' the clouds thou gleamest, Oh, lead me, gen - tly
 Life can part us nev - er, Naught our souls can sev - er, Oh, lead me by thy
 Safe in love con-fid - ing, Down life's riv - er glid - ing, Thou art a - lone my

ritard

guide by thy soft rays so bright! O silv'-ry star! Sweet silv'ry star! O star, my star!
 pow'r. so strong and yet so sweet! O love, my love! O love, my love! O love, my love!
 star to lead me all the way! O love, my star! O love, my star! O love, my star!

No. 332 *Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple Tree*

O. R. B.

Oren R. Barrows.

Moderato.

1, Oh, the sports of childhood! Roaming thro' the wildwood, Running o'er the meadows, happy and free;
 2. Swaying in the sunbeams, Floating in the shadows, Sail - ing on the breezes, happy and free;
 3. Oh, the sports of childhood! Roaming thro' the wildwood, Singing o'er the meadows, happy and free;

But my heart's a beat - ing For the old - time greet - ing, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple tree.
 Chasing all our sadness, Shouting in our gladness, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple tree.
 How my heart's a beat - ing Think - ing of the greet - ing, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple tree.

CHORUS

Swinging, swinging, Swinging, swinging, Lulling care to rest 'neath the old ap - ple tree,
 Swing - ing, Swing - ing, Swing - ing 'neath the old ap - ple tree,

Swinging, swinging, Swinging, swinging, Swinging 'neath the old ap - ple tree.
 Swing - ing, Swing - ing, Swinging 'neath the old ap - ple tree.

A Song of Summer

Mrs. S. K. Bourne

From opera "Guy Mannering," by Sir Henry R. Bishop

1. With joy we greet the love - ly June, Fair June, the month of ros - es,
 2. Oh, sum - mer, love - ly sum - mer-time, How sweet the war - blers sing!
 3. Oh, let the tho'ts of sum - mer time In grat - i - tude a - rise.

When soft and warm the la - den air Its fra grant wealth dis - clos - es;
 And all the myr - iad things of earth Their ten - der mes sage bring.
 For all His con - stant love and care, To Him who rules the skies;

When sun - ny glades are wait - ing, And for - est shades in - vite,
 The seed - time and the har - vest, The growth and bud and bloom,
 For earth and all its beau - ty, For life and all its joy.

And June comes back with buds and flow'rs To bring the sum - mer bright!
 They shall re - turn to cheer the earth As each for each makes room
 May ev - 'ry heart be filled with love, And praise each voice em - ploy!

It is better to laugh

Anon.

From opera of "Lucrezia Borgia," by G. Donizetti

Lively.

1. To be hap-py and pass life with pleas - ure Is a se-cret 'twere well all would
 2. Tho' our pathway with thorns may be crowd - ed And the prospect a-round dark and

cresc.

treas - ure; If the sky be se - rene or o'er - shad - ed, If the bloom from the
 cloud - ed, Shall we yield to de - spair or to sor - row While a comfort from

f

roses have fad - ed, Tho' of for - tune the fates may be-reave me... I re-
 hope we can bor-row? In each cup there's some bit - ter - ness flow - ing... Let us
 me, I re -
 flow - ing Let us

solve to be mer - ry and gay,..... For time trav - els too fast to be
 taste of life's stream when we may,..... And the wis - est are those who for -

solve
taste

For time
And the.....

It is better to laugh

dim. *rit.*

sad or o'er-cast, It is wisdom to laugh while we may,..... Not a
 get all their woes And re-solve to be happy and gay,..... Not a

care for to-mor-row shall grieve... me, While joy beams on me brightly to - day.....
 care on to - morrow be - stow - ing, While joy beams on them brightly to - day.....

No. 335

Integer Vitæ

Horace Ode 22
Legato.

Friedrich F. Flemming

1. In - te - ger vi - tæ sce - le - risque pu - rus Non e - get Mau - ri jac - u - lis nec
 2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter æ - stu o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - ho - spi -
 3. Namque me sil - va lu - pus in Sa - bi - na, Dum me - am can - to La - lagen, et
 4. Qua - le por - ten - tum ne - que mil - i - tar - is Dau - ni - as la - tis a - lit æs - cu -

ar - cu, Nec ve - ne na - tis gra - vi da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.
 ta - lem Cau ca sum vel quæ lo - ca fa - bu - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - pes.
 ul - tra Ter - minum cu - ris va - gor ex - pe - di - tus Fu - git in - er - mem.
 le - tis, Nec Ju - bæ iel - lus ge - ne - rat, le - o - num A - ri - da nu - trix.

Welcome to May

Mrs. S. K. Bourne

From "The Bohemian Girl," by Michael W. Balfe



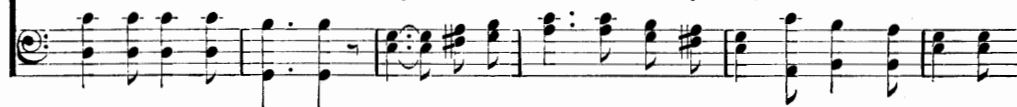
1. Welcome to May! So blythe and gay, So full of life, so fair, so sweet! Hap-py the hours and
2. Beau-ti-ful May! The gold-en day Comes ros-y from the dis-tant hills, Filling each heart with
3. Welcome to May, with joy we say! And welcome blossoms everywhere! Ros-y and sweet, once



sweet the flow'rs She strews before our ea-ger feet May, we a-dore thee, Blue
Spring's own art, While joy thro' all our be-ing thrills. Glad-ly we meet thee, With
more we greet The dain ty blooms so fresh and fair! Vi-o-o-lets hear thee, And



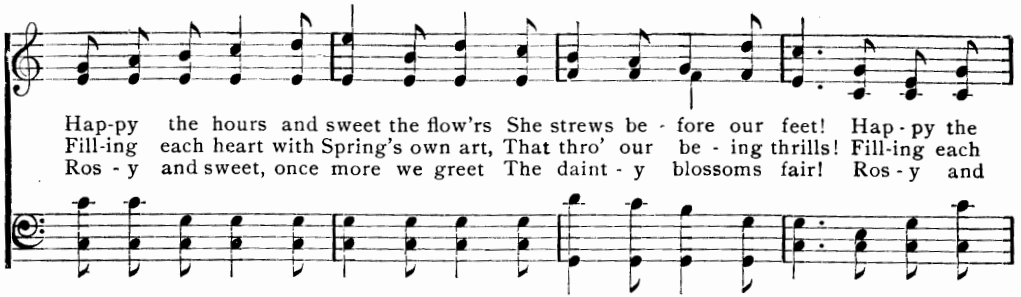
skies and sunshine o'er thee! Beau-ti-ful maid-en, With thine arms all blossom-lad-en!
hap-py hearts we greet thee! Dear-ly we love thee, And the bright Spring skies above thee!
shed their fragrance near thee, May flow-ers know thee And they bring their blooms to show thee!



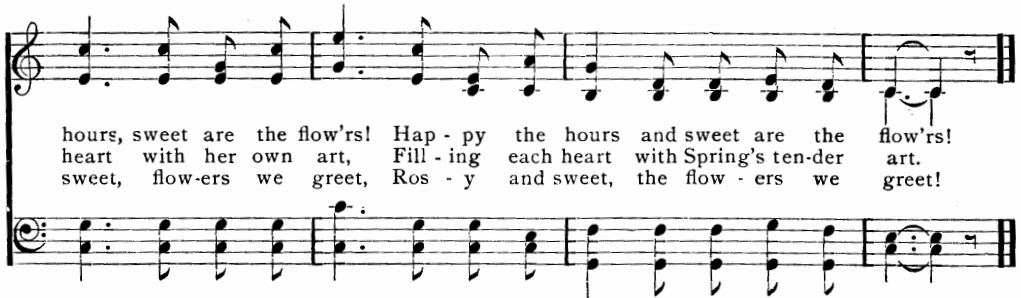
Oh wel-come to May! So blythe and gay, So full of life, so fair, so sweet!
Oh beau-ti-ful May! The gold-en day Comes ros-y from the dis-tant hills,
Oh wel-come to May, with joy we say! And wel-come blossoms ev-'ry-where!



Welcome to May



Hap - py the hours and sweet the flow'rs She strews be - fore our feet! Hap - py the
Fill - ing each heart with Spring's own art, That thro' our be - ing thrills! Fill - ing each
Ros - y and sweet, once more we greet The daint - y blossoms fair! Ros - y and

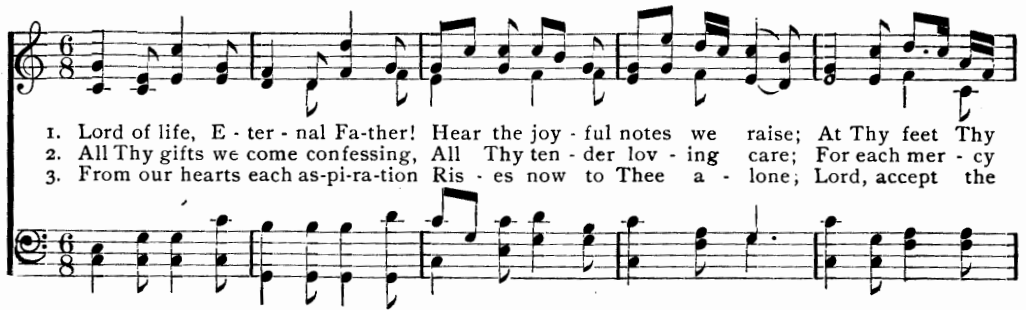


hours, sweet are the flow'rs! Hap - py the hours and sweet are the flow'rs!
heart with her own art, Fill - ing each heart with Spring's ten - der art.
sweet, flow - ers we greet, Ros - y and sweet, the flow - ers we greet!


No. 337 *Lord of Life, Eternal Father!*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne

From "Preciosa," by C. M. Von Weber



1. Lord of life, E - ter - nal Fa - ther! Hear the joy - ful notes we raise; At Thy feet Thy
2. All Thy gifts we come confessing, All Thy ten - der lov - ing care; For each mer - cy
3. From our hearts each as - pi - ra - tion Ris - es now to Thee a - lone; Lord, accept the

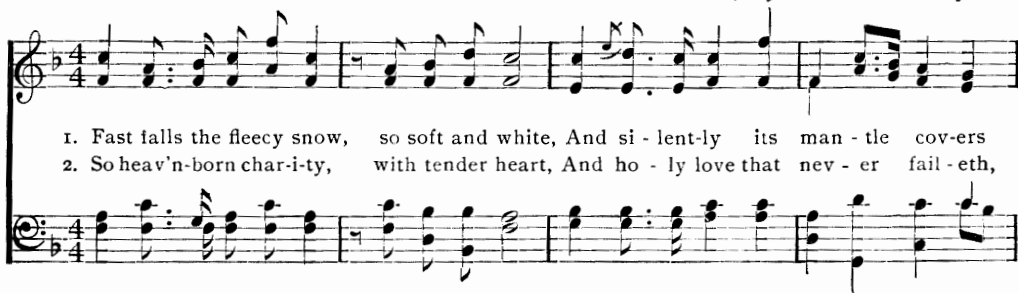


children gath - er, Lord, ac - cept our grateful praise! Lord, ac - cept our grate - ful praise!
and each blessing, Lord, ac - cept our praise and pray'r, Lord, ac - cept our praise and pray'r
sweet ob - la - tion, Make our hearts and lives Thine own, Make our hearts and lives Thine own

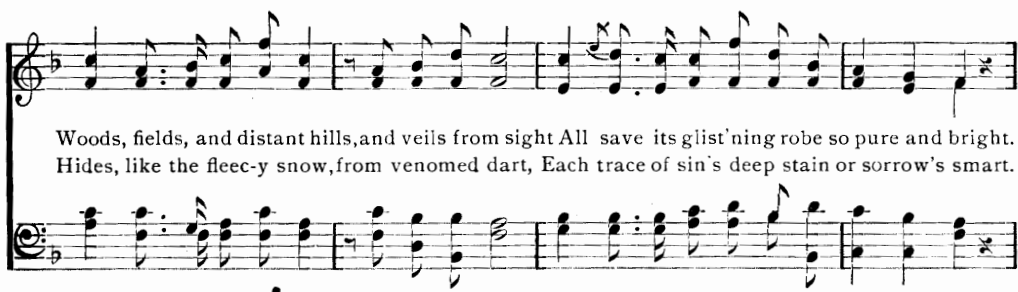
Fast falls the Fleecy Snow!

Mrs. S. K. Bourne

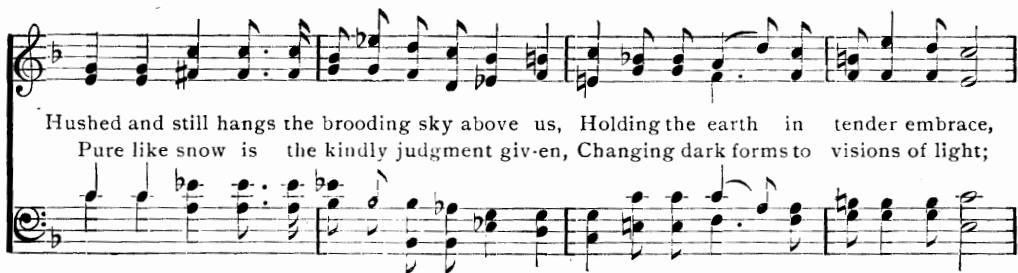
From "Bohemian Girl," by Michael Wm. Balfe



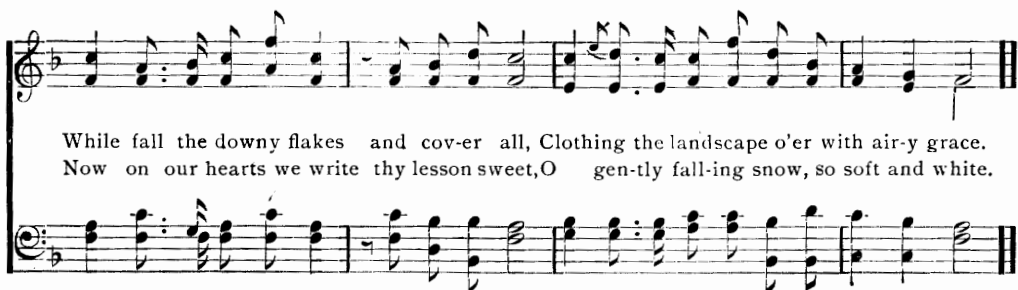
1. Fast falls the fleecy snow, so soft and white, And si - lent-ly its man - tle cov - ers
2. So heav'n-born char-i-ty, with tender heart, And ho - ly love that nev - er fail - eth,



Woods, fields, and distant hills, and veils from sight All save its glist'ning robe so pure and bright.
Hides, like the fleec-y snow, from venomed dart, Each trace of sin's deep stain or sorrow's smart.



Hushed and still hangs the brooding sky above us, Holding the earth in tender embrace,
Pure like snow is the kindly judgment giv-en, Changing dark forms to visions of light;



While fall the downy flakes and cov-er all, Clothing the landscape o'er with air-y grace.
Now on our hearts we write thy lesson sweet, O gen-tly fall-ing snow, so soft and white.

Shadows of Evening

QUARTET

Mrs. S. K. Bourne
Andante.

From opera "Semiramide," by G. Rossini

1. Shad - ows of eve - ning fall soft ly o'er us, Slow - ly the
 2. When, on life's jour - ney, shad - ows close 'round us, When sor - row's
 3. Fa - ther in heav - en, lead us and guide us! Help us to

day sinks in pur - ple waves be - fore.... us, Soon comes the night,
 keen shaft with cru - el art has found... us, Fear not! The night
 see Thee in all that shall be - tide..... us, Thro' good or ill, *Inst.*

Stars will be bright, Slum - ber will bring us rest - ing and dream - ing,
 Soon brings the light, Thro' dark - est shad - ows comes daylight gleam - ing,
 Not as we will, Now from our sins and fol - lies re - deem - ing,

Wak - ing to life a - gain to greet morn - ing light...
 Hope finds her look'd-for dream and faith ends in sight...
 Oh, let Thy love and care re - main with us still....

Come, oh, Come with me

In waltzing time.

1. Come, oh, come with me, the moon is beam - ing; Come, oh, come with
 2. My skiff is by the shore, she's light and free; To ply the feathered

me, the stars are gleaming: All around, a - bove, with beau - ty teem - ing:
 oar is joy to me; And while we glide a - long, my song shall be, "My

Moonlight hours were made for love. Tra - la la la la la la la
 dear - est maid, I love but thee." Tra - la la la la la la la

CHORUS.

la la la la la la la la la la la. } Then come, oh, come with
 la la la la la la la la la la la.

Come, oh, Come with me

me, the moon is beaming; Come, oh, come with me, the stars are gleaming;

All around, above, with beau - ty teem - ing; Moonlight hours were made for love.

No. 341

Dream on

QUARTET

German

p Andante. *cresc.*

1. Dream on, in life's bright rosy day, When hope is deck'd with flowers; When all is gladsome
2. Dream on, when riper years have come, O'ershading with their wings, Each i - dol of the
3. Dream on, in spite of com-ing years, That hast-en to de - stroy And bur - y, 'mid the
4. Dream on, up - on the waking soul, Hope's rainbow hues are cast; And waves of blissful

dim. *rall.* *pp*

as the ray Which shines o'er beauty's bow'rs. Dream on, dream on, dream on, dream on.
 heart's deep home To which the mem'ry clings. Dream on, dream on, dream on, dream on.
 tide of tears. All trace of present joy. Dream on, dream on, dream on, dream on.
 sun-light roll Up - on the darksome past. Dream on, dream on, dream on, dream on.

Cheerily, Lightly Row

Fanny F. Crosby

Hubert P. Main, 1872



1. Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, light - ly row, While o - ver the bil - low so free, The
 2. Stead - i - ly on - ward our course we keep, As gay as the bird on its wing; The



bark we are guid - ing is grace - ful - ly glid - ing, Ah! who are so hap - py as
 splash of the oar and the mur - mur of wa - ters, Keep time to the mu - sic we



we? The moonbeams are dancing a - long the waves, That mur - mur soft as they
 sing. We welcome the beau - ti - ful star - ry night, When balm - y winds gen - tly



flow, And bright are the glanc - es from eyes that we love, As o - ver the sparkling
 blow, And bright are the glanc - es from eyes that we love, As o - ver the sparkling



Cheerily, Lightly Row

deep we row, As mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly on we row, we row.

No. 343

The Song of the Bee

Marian Douglas

Alfred Taylor

Buzz,.. This is the song of the bee: His legs are of yel-low, A jol-ly good

Fine.

fel-low, And yet a great work-er is he.

1.	{	In days that are sun - ny	He's
	{	On pinks and on lil - ies,	And
2.	{	The sweet smelling cio - ver,	He
	{	He nev - er gets la - zy—	From
3.	{	From morning's first gray light,	Till
	{	Oh! we may get wea - ry,	And

D. C. Chorus.

get - ting his hon - ey;	In days that are cloud - y	He's mak - ing his wax:	}
gay daf - fo - dil - lies,	And col - um - bine blossoms,	He lev - ies a tax!	}
hum - ming hangs o - ver;	The scent of the ros - es	Makes fragrant his wings:	}
this - tle or dai - sy,	And weeds of the meadow,	Some treasure he brings.	}
fad - ing of day - light,	He's sing - ing and toil - ing	The sum - mer day thro':	}
think work is drea - ry:	'Tis hard - er, by far,	to Have noth - ing to do!	}

The Foot Traveler

German, tr.

Franz Abt

1. On foot I gai - ly take my way, Hurrah, hurrah, hur - rah! O'er mountains bare and
 2. No snail-paced friend I want, not I, Hurrah, hurrah, hur - rah! At ev - 'ry step to
 3. Foot-trav - el to the gay is sweet, Hurrah, hurrah, hur - rah! But heavy hearts make

meadows gay, Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! And he who is not of my mind, An-
 stop and sigh, Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! No gloomy man to scowl and groan, And
 heav - y feet, Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! The man who loves the sunshine bright And

oth - er trav'ling mate may find, He can - not go with me, He can - not go with
 o - ver oth - ers' sins to moan, I'd rath - er trudge a-lone, I'd rath - er trudge a-
 nev - er peeps be-hind for night, That is the man for me, That is the man for

me.
 lone. } Hurrah, hurrah! Tra la la la la, Hurrah, hurrah! Tra la la la
 me.

The Foot Traveler

la, Hur-rah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Tra la la la la....

No. 345 Good Night, My Darling—Serenade

Fanny J. Crosby, alt.

FOR MALE VOICES

Hubert P. Main

1. Good night, good night, my dar - ling, May earth - ly cares now cease, God
 2. Good night, good night, my dar - ling, Let smil - ing eyes a - bove Look
 3. Good night, good night, my dar - ling. Sweet dreams I ask for thee, Oh,

rall.
 give thee rest and peace. Good night, good night, my dar - ling, Fair
 down on thee in love. Good night, good night, my dar - ling, Fair
 think and dream of me. Good night, good night, my dar - ling, Fair

an - gels guard thy slum - ber. Good night!.....
 Good night, good night!

No. 346 *Welcome, Sweet Spring Time*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne
Moderato.

From "Melody in F," by Anton Rubinstein

1. { Welcome, sweet Springtime! We greet thee in song; Murmurs of gladness
Sun-shine now wakes all the flow-'rets from sleep; Joy-giv-ing in-cense

2. { Welcome, bright Springtime, what joy now is ours! Win-ter has fled to
Brooklets are whis-p'ring, as on-ward they flow! Songs of de-light at

fall on the ear,... Voic-es, long hushed, now their full notes pro-
floats on the air,... Snow-drop and prim-rose both tim-id-ly
far dis-tant climes;.. Flo-ra, thy pres-ence a-waits in the
thy glad re-turn;... Bound-less the wealth thou in love dost be-

poco. rit. long, Ech-o-ing far and near..... } Balm-y and life-breathing
peep, Hail-ing the glad new year..... }
bowers, Long-ing for thy com-mands..... } How na-ture loves thee, each
stow, Ev-er with lav-ish hands..... }

a tempo.

breez-es are blowing, Swift-ly to na-ture new vig-or be-stow-ing.
glad voice dis-clos-es; Her-ald thou art of the time of the ros-es.

Welcome, Sweet Spring Time

REFRAIN.

Con espress.

rall.

Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a - new, As earth's fair - est

a tempo.

beau - ties a - gain meet my view! Sing, then, ye birds! raise your

rit.

a tempo.

voic - es on high! Flow'rets, a - wake ye! burst in - to bloom! Spring-time is

cresc.

ad lib.

come, and sweet Sum-mer is nigh, Sing, then, ye birds! O sing!...

R. L.

Robert Lowry

1. Who so full of fun and glee, Hap - py as a cat can be?
 2. Some will like the tor-toise-shell, Oth - ers love the white so well;
 3. When the boys, to make her run, Call the dogs and set them on,

Polished sides so nice and fat— Oh, how I love the old black cat.
 Let them choose of this or that, But give to me the old black cat.
 Quickly I put on my hat, And fly to save the old black cat.

Affetuoso.

Poor kit - tyl Oh, poor kit - ty! Sit - ting so co - sy Un - der the stove.

CHORUS.

Pleasant, purr - ing, pret - ty pus - sy, Fris - ky, full of fun, and fus - sy,

The Old Black Cat

Mor - tal foe of mouse and rat, Oh, I love the old black cat, Yes, I do.

The musical score for 'The Old Black Cat' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics printed below the notes.

No. 348 *Awake! The Starry Midnight Hour*

Barry Cornwall

F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

1. Awake! the star - ry midnight hour Hangs charm'd, and pauseth in its fight; A -
2. Awake! soft dews will soon a - rise From dai - sied mead and thorn-y brake; A -

The first system of the musical score for 'Awake! The Starry Midnight Hour' features two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics printed below the notes.

wake! Awake! Awake! Awake! In its own sweetness sleeps the flow'r, And doves lie
wake! Awake! Awake! Awake! Then, sweet, uncloud those east-ern eyes, And like the

The second system of the musical score continues with two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics printed below the notes.

hushed in deep delight! Awake! Awake! Look forth, my love, for love's sweet sake!
ten - der morning, break! Awake! Awake! Dawn forth, my love, for love's sweet sake!

The third system of the musical score concludes with two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics printed below the notes.

C. W. Elliott

John R. Thomas

1. O sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gen - tly glides On its
 2. O sweet are the scenes of my boyhood's sun - ny years, That be •
 3. O sweet are the mo - ments when dream - ing I roam Thro' my

clear winding way to the sea, And dear - er than all sto - ried
 span - gle the gay val - ley o'er, And dear are the friends seen thro'
 loved haunts now mos - sy and gray, And dear - er than all is my

streams on earth be - sides Is this bright roll - ing riv - er to me;
 mem - o - ry's fond tears, That have lived in the best days of yore;
 childhood's hal - low'd home, That is crumbling now slow - ly a - way;

REFRAIN.

But sweeter, dear - er, yes, dearer far than these, Who charms where others all fail,

Bonny Eloise

Is blue-eyed bon-ny, bon-ny El - o - ise, The bell of the Mohawk vale.

No. 350

Some Folks

S. C. F.

Stephen C. Foster.

1. Some folks love to sigh, Some folks do, some folks do; Some folks long to
 2. Some folks fear to smile, Some folks do, some folks do; Oth - ers laugh thro'
 3. Some folks fret and scold, Some folks do, some folks do; They'll soon be dead and
 4. Some folks get gray hairs, Some folks do, some folks do; Brood-ing o'er their
 5. Some folks toil and save, Some folks do, some folks do; To buy them-selves a

CHORUS.

die, But that's not me nor you.
 guile, But that's not me nor you.
 cold, But that's not me nor you.
 cares, But that's not me nor you.
 grave, But that's not me nor you.

} Long live the mer-ry, mer-ry heart That

laughs by night and day, Like the Queen of Mirth, No mat-ter what some folks say.

No. 351

Our Native Land

(MALE VOICES.)

Mrs. S. K. Bourne

From "Tannhäuser" by Richard Wagner

1. Our na - tive land, with thy val - leys and mountains, Thy hills and plains and thy
 2. If sor - row comes and the war cloud shall low - er, Thy sons shall rise in the
 3. O Lord of Hosts! be our Na - tion's De - fend - er! To Thee our praise and our

riv - ers and fountains, Thy forests and lakes from the East to the West, Oh this land of
 might of their power; With love in each heart and strength in each hand, We'll stand for our
 homage we ren - der! Oh guard us from harm, and direct us, we pray, May we be Thy

ours is the land we love best. Thy spark - ling skies with bright - ness shine, And
 country, our own native land! And peace shall find our flag un - furled, The
 peo - ple and walk in Thy way. With foes with - out and foes with - in, Oh

Na - ture's grand - est gifts are.. thine. Our hearts, our lives we
 flag of... wel - come to the.. world. Our hearts, our hopes, our
 keep us,.. Lord, from wrong and sin... Be Thou our God, our

Our Native Land

pledge to... thee,... to thee,... dear land, for - ev - er!.....
 lives are... thine,... are thine, dear land, for - ev - er!.....
 Strength, our Hope,.. and guide our land, for - ev - er!.....

No. 352

The Wood Robin

Anon.

"Boston Melodeon"

1. Stay, sweet enchanter of..... the grove, Leave not so soon.. thy na - tive tree;
2. Rest thy soft bo - som on..... the spray, Till chil - ly Au - tumn frowns.. se - vere,
3. But soon as Spring, enwreath'd with flowers, Comes dancing o'er the new - dress'd plain,

Oh, war - ble still those notes of love, While my fond heart responds to thee;
 Then charm me with thy part - ing lay, And I... will an - swer with a tear;
 Re - turn and cheer thy na - tal bowers, My rob - in, with those notes a - gain;

Oh, war-ble still those notes of love, While my fond heart responds to... thee.
 And I will answer, and I will answer, And I will.. an - swer with a... tear.
 Return and cheer thy na-tive bowers, My rob - in... with those notes a gain.

Ave Maria

Franz Schubert

Moderately slow.

1. A - ve Ma - ri - a! Ho - ly Maid! Oh, deign to hear a maiden's
 2. A - ve Ma - ri - a! Moth - er dear! The heath on which we now lie
 3. A - ve Ma - ri - a! Hear..... our pray'r! If still by thy protection

vow; To thee we humbly look for aid, To thee, to thee in sup - pli -
 sleeping A down bed seems if thou art near, To guard us in thy ho - ly
 blest, No spir - its of the earth or air Shall dare, shall dare to break our

ca - - - tion... bow. The heart with sin and sor-row la - den,
 keep - - - ing. When thy soft smile cre-a - tion cheer - eth,
 peace - - - ful... rest. Thy child, with care and sor-row la - den,

Beneath thy care shall find re - pose; Then hear, oh, hear a low - ly maid - en,
 To rest is lulled the stormy gale, The moon more sil - v'ry white appear - eth,
 In low - ly sup - pli - ca - tion bows, Be near, we pray thee, Ho - ly Maid - en,

Ave Maria

And soothe the an-guish of her woes. A - ve Ma - ri - - a!
 The dew shines bright-er o'er the vale. A - ve Ma - ri - - a!
 O vir - gin moth - er! hear our vows. A - ve Ma - ri - - a!

No. 354 *Oh, Why art Thou not Near Me*

SERENADE

Anon.

Lowell Mason

Slowly.

1. O, why art thou not near me, O.... my love! The stars would mild-ly
 2. Soft heaves the o - cean bil - low, O.... my love! Rest sweet-ly on thy
 3. The tho't my heart is rend-ing, O.... my love! With grief and joy con-

cheer thee, O..... my love! The moon now dim-ly glow-ing, Her wan-ing
 pil - low, O... my love! I wan - der forth de - spair-ing, To - night my
 tend - ing, O..... my love! That I thy cares will cher-ish, Till all things

light is throwing. Good night, good night, good night, my dear - est love.
 woes de - clar - ing. Good night, good night, good night, my dear - est love.
 else shall per - ish. Good night, good night, good night, my dear - est love.

Mary and Martha

Slave Song.

1. Ma-ry and a Martha's just gone 'long, Mary and a Martha's just gone 'long, Mary and a
 2. The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, The preacher and the
 3. My father and mother's just gone 'long, My father and mother's just gone 'long, My fa-ther and
 4. The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long, The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long, The Methodist and

CHORUS.

Martha's just gone 'long, to ring those charming bells; Crying: Free grace and dy - ing love,
 eld - er's just gone 'long, to ring those charming bells; Crying: Free grace and dy - ing love,
 mother's just gone 'long, to ring those charming bells; Crying: Free grace and dy - ing love,
 Baptist's just gone 'long, to ring those charming bells; Crying: Free grace and dy - ing love,

Free grace and dying love, Free grace and dying love, To ring those charming bells, Oh, way o-ver

Jordan, Lord, Way o - ver Jordan, Lord, Way o - ver Jordan, Lord, To ring those charming bells.

Come to Me, Darling

Fanny J. Crosby

SERENADE

Hubert P. Main

With expression.

1. Come to me, dar-ling, the moments are long, While I am waiting and watching for
 2. Soft - ly the dewdrops are pearling the flow'rs, Gen - tly the moonlight looks down on the
 3. Come, and the Fair-ies thy footsteps will greet, Joy - ing, the blush of thy beau-ty to

thee; Come to me, dar-ling, with lute and with song, Trip-ping so light - ly o'er
 sea; Lose not the charm of those love-breathing hours, Come to me, dar - ling, I'm
 see; Rest thee, my dar-ling, where, mel-low and sweet, Zeph- yrs are mak - ing their

mead - ow and lea. Come when all na - ture is hush'd to re - pose; Come when the
 wait - ing for thee. Come when, etc.
 mu - sic for thee. Come when, etc.

Night - in - gale sings to the rose; Come when the Night-in-gale sings to the rose.

Jerusalem the Golden

Bernard of Cluny

Alex. Ewing

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
 And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

CHORUS.

O re-deemed, re - deemed, I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb, O re -

deemed, re - deemed, I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb. **FINE.**

{ 1. Al-though you see me
2. When I was a mourner
3. Re - li - gion's like a

going a - long so, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, I have my tri - als
just like you, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, I fast-ed and pray'd till
bloom - ing rose, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, As none but those that

here be - low, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, O re-deemed, re-deemed.
I got through, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, O re-deemed, re-deemed.
feel it knows, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, O re-deemed, re-deemed.

D.S.

*Attention is called to this characteristic manner of connecting the last strain with the Chorus in the D.C.

Swift as a Flash

From opera of "Cinderella," by G. Rossini

Swift as a flash..... that mocks the

Allegro.
SOPRANO SOLO.

ALTO.
While to joy we sing in - vit - ing, While to joy we

CHORUS.
TENOR. *pp*

BASS.

light..... Thou seem'st a

light..... Thou seem'st a

ALTO.
sing in - vit - ing, Hearts and voic - es all u - nit - ing,

bird..... in air - y flight.....

bird..... in air - y flight.....

ALTO.
Hearts and voic - es all u - nit - ing, Oh, what pleasure, what delight,

FULL CHORUS.

When, home re - turn - ing, We leave these cool fountains, And

Swift as a Flash

Solo. Ah

loft - y mountains, What pleas - ure, what de - light in bow - ers,

sweet - est flow - ers, Wet by show - ers, Ev - er fair and

bright. While to joy we

flash that mocks the light.....

sing in - vit - ing. While to joy we sing in - vit - ing.

Swift as a Flash

..... Thou seem'st a bird..... in air - y flight.....

Hearts and voic - es all u - nit - ing, Oh, what pleas - ure,

..... With what de - light.....

what de - light, Oh, what de - light, With what joy our

..... our songs in - vite,..... Our songs in -

songs in - vite; Oh, what pleasure, what de-light,

vite,..... our songs in - vite,

With what joy our songs in - vite. Oh, what pleas - ure,

Swift as a Flash

.... *ff* CHORUS. *pp*

what de - light, When, home re - turn - ing, We leave these cool

fountains, And loft - y mountains, What pleas - ure, what de - light.

No. 360

The Lullaby

T. H.

Thomas Hastings

Not too slow.

1. Sleep, oh, sleep, While breezes so soft - ly are blowing; Sleep, oh, sleep, While
 2. Sleep, oh, sleep, While flocks in the meadow are straying; Sleep, oh, sleep, While
 3. Sleep, oh, sleep, While birds in the for - ests are sing - ing; Sleep, oh, sleep, While
 4. Sleep, oh, sleep, While an - gels are watch - ing be - side thee; Sleep, oh, sleep, May

streamlets so gen - tly are flow - ing; Sleep, oh, sleep, Sleep, oh, sleep.
 lambskins are mer - ri - ly play - ing; Sleep, oh, sleep, Sleep, oh, sleep.
 ech - oes with mus - ic are ring - ing; Sleep, oh, sleep, Sleep, oh, sleep.
 blessings for - ev - er be - tide thee; Sleep, oh, sleep, Sleep, oh, sleep.

Singing Through the Forests

John G. Saxe

(RAILROAD CHORUS)

Isaac B. Woodbury

CHORUS.

1. Sing - ing thro' the for - ests, Rat - tling o - ver ridg-es, Shooting un - der
 2. Men of dif - f'rent "sta-tions" In the eye of Fame, Here are ver - y
 3. An - cient maid-en la - dy Anx - ious - ly re - marks, That there must be
 4. Mar - ket - wo - man care - ful Of the pre - cious cas - ket, Knowing eggs are

arches, Run - ning o - ver bridg-es, Whizzing thro' the mountain,
 quickly Com - ing to the same; High and low - ly peo - ple,
 per - il 'Mongst so ma - ny sparks; Rogu-ish look - ing fel - low,
 eggs, Tight - ly holds her bas - ket, Find - ing that a smash,

TENOR SOLO.

Buzz - ing o'er the vale; Bless me, this is pleas - ant, A -
 Birds of ev - 'ry feath - er stran - ger, On a com - mon lev - el, A -
 Turn - ing to a stran - ger, Says it's his o - pin - ion
 If it came, would sure - ly Send her eggs to pot.....

CHORUS to each verse

rid - ing on a rail: Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo
 trav - el - ing to - geth - er.
 SHE is out of dan - ger. Sing - ing thro' the moun - tains, Buzzing o'er the
 Rath - er pre - ma - ture - ly.

Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo,

Singing Through the Forests

woo, woo, woo, woo,
vale, Bless me, this is pleas-ant, A - rid - ing on a rail.

woo, woo, woo, woo.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes.

No. 362

Roll, Jordan, Roll

Slave Song

Roll, Jor-dan, roll, roll, Jor-dan, roll, I want to go to heav-en when I

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes.

Fine.

die, To hear Jor-dan roll. 1. Oh, brothers, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my
2. Oh, preachers, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my
3. Oh, sinners, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my
4. Oh, mourners, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes.

D.C.

Lord! A - sit - ting in the King - dom, to hear Jor - dan roll.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes.

Song of a Thousand Years

H. C. W.

Henry C. Work

1. Lift up your eyes, de-spond-ing free-men! Fling to the winds your needless fears!
 2. What if the clouds one lit-tle mo-ment Hide the blue sky when morn ap-pears—
 3. Tell the great world these bless-ed ti-dings! Yes, and be sure the bondman hears!
 4. Haste thee a-long, thou glo-rious noon-day! Oh, for the eyes of an-cient seers!

He who un-furl'd your beau-teous ban-ner Says it shall wave a thousand years!
 When the bright sun, that tints them crimson, Ris-es to shine a thousand years!
 Tell the op-press'd of ev-'ry na-tion, Ju-bi-lee lasts a thousand years!
 Oh, for the faith of Him who reck-ons Each of His days a thousand years!

CHORUS.

"A thousand years!" my own Co-lum-bi-a! 'Tis the glad day so long fore-told!

'Tis the glad morn whose ear-ly twi-light Washington saw in times of old.

Moderato.

1. Shades of eve-ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly barque a - while;
 2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fac - es Smile a - round the ta - per's light;
 3. When the waves are round me break-ing, As I pace the deck a - lone,

Morn, a - las! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle;
 Who will fill our va - cant plac - es, Who will sing our songs to - night?
 And my eye in vain is seek - ing Some green spot to rest up - on,

Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell,
 Through the mist that floats a - bove us Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell,
 What would I not give to wan - der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell?

Dark - er shad - ows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau - ty, fare thee well!
 Like a voice from those who love us, Breathing fond - ly, "Fare thee well!"
 Ab - sence makes the heart grow fond - er, Isle of Beau - ty, fare thee well!

Rally Round the Flag, Boys

Anon.

Theo. F. Seward

1. *Ral - ly* round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the banner we love, On the
 2. Floating high above us, Glowing in the sun, Speaking loud to all hearts Of a

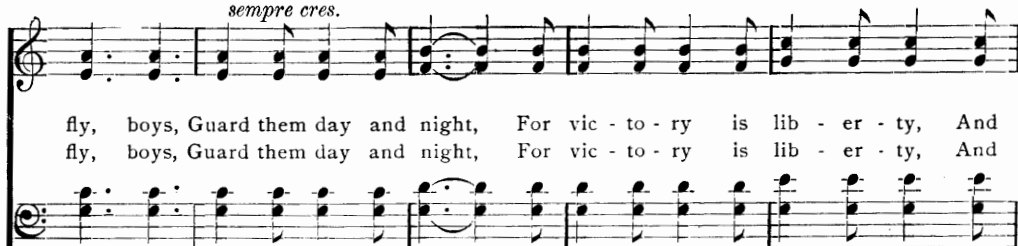
land and seas; Brave hearts are un - der it, Let the trai-tors brag; Gal-lant lads,
 free-dom won, Who dares to sul - ly it, Bought with precious blood? Gallant lads, we'll

fire a - way, And fight for the flag. Their flag is but a rag, Ours is the
 fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood. Raise, then, the ban-ner high, Ours is the

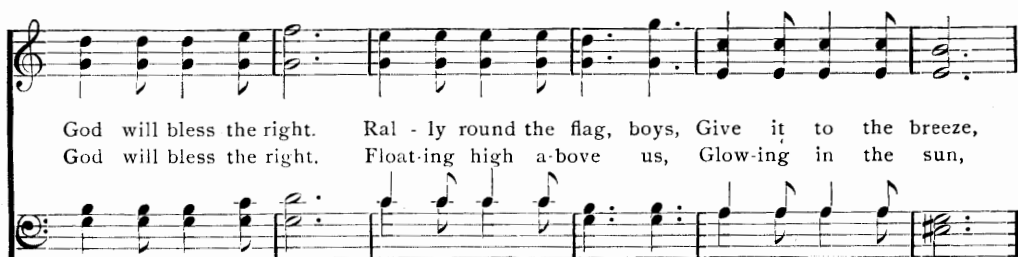
true one; Up with the stars and stripes, Down with the new one. Let our col - ors
 true one; Up with the stars and stripes, Down with the new one. Let our col - ors

Rally Round the Flag, Boys

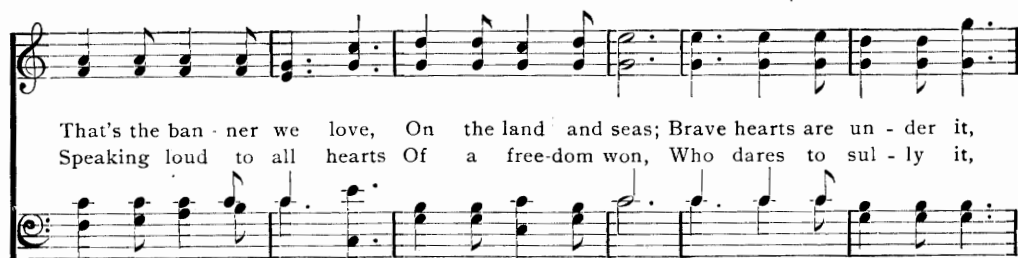
sempre cres.



fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For vic - to - ry is lib - er - ty, And
fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For vic - to - ry is lib - er - ty, And



God will bless the right. Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze,
God will bless the right. Float - ing high a - bove us, Glow - ing in the sun,



That's the ban - ner we love, On the land and seas; Brave hearts are un - der it,
Speaking loud to all hearts Of a free - dom won, Who dares to sul - ly it,



Let the trai - tors brag; Gal - lant lads, fire a - way, And fight for the flag.
Bought with precious blood? Gal - lant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood.

Kingdom Coming

H. C. W.

Henry C. Work



1. Say, dar-keys, hab you seen de Mas-sa Wid de muff-stash on his face?
 2. He six foot one way, two foot tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred pounds,
 3. De dar-keys feel so lone-some lib-ing In de log-house in de lawn,
 4. De o-ber-seer he make us trou-ble, An' he drike us round a spell;



Go long de road some time dis mornin', Like he gwine to leab de place?
 His coat so big he could'n't pay de tai-lor, An' it won't go half way round.
 Dey move dar tings to Mas-sa's par-lor For to keep it while he gone.
 We lock him up in de smoke-house cel-lar, Wid de key trown down de well.



He seen a smoke way up de rib-ber, Whar de Lin-kum gun-boats lay;
 He drill so much dey call him Cap'an, An' he get so dref-ful tann'd,
 Dar's wine an' ci-der in de kitchen, An' de dar-keys dey'll hab some;
 De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken, But de Mas-sa'll hab his pay;



He took his hat an' lef' ber-ry sudden, An' I spec he's run a-way!
 I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees For to tink he's con-tra-band.
 I spose dey'll all be con-fis-cat-ed When de Lin-kum so-jers come.
 He's ole e-nough, big e-nough, ought to know better Dan to went an' run a-way.



Kingdom Coming

CHORUS

De Mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho, ho! It

mus' be now de king-dom com - in' An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

No. 367

Chairs to Mend

(ROUND IN THREE PARTS)

1

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend; rush or cane bot - tom, old

2

chairs to mend, old chairs to mend. New mack - er - el, new mack - er - el,

3

New mack - er - el, new mack - er - el. Old rags, a - ny old rags? Take

mon - ey for your old rags? A - ny have skins, or rab - bit skins?

Blue-Eyed Mary

Anon.

German Air

1. "Come, tell me, blue-eyed stran - ger, Say, whith - er dost thou roam?
 2. "Come here, I'll buy thy flow - ers, And ease thy hap - less lot;
 3. "Look up, thou poor for - sak - en, I'll give thee house and home,

O'er this wide world a ran - ger, Hast thou no friends, no home?"
 Still wet with ver - nal show - ers, I'll buy for - get - me - not."
 And if I'm not mis - tak - en, Thou'lt nev - er wish to roam."

"They called me blue-eyed Ma - ry, When friends and For - tune smiled;
 2. { "Kind sir, then take these po - sies, — They're fad - ing, like my youth;
 "Born thus to weep my for - tune, Though poor, I'll vir - tu - ous prove;
 "Once more I'm hap - py Ma - ry, Once more has For - tune smiled;

But, ah! how for - tunes va - ry — I now am Sor - row's child."
 2. { But nev - er, like these ros - es, Shall with - er Ma - ry's truth.
 I ear - ly learn'd this cau - tion, That pit - y is not love."
 Who ne'er from vir - tue va - ry, May yet be For - tune's child."

Keep Me from Sinking Down

Slowly.

Slave Song.



1. Oh, Lord! Oh, my Lord! Oh, my good Lord! Keep me from sinking down.



1. I tell you what I mean to do; Keep me from sink-ing down:
 2. I look up yonder, and what do I see? Keep me from sink-ing down:
 3. When I was a mourner just like you; Keep me from sink-ing down:
 4. I bless the Lord I'm gwine to die; Keep me from sink-ing down:



I mean to go to heav - en too; Keep me from sink-ing down.
 I see the an - gels beck'ning to me; Keep me from sink-ing down.
 I mourned and mourned till I got thro'; Keep me from sink-ing down.
 I'm gwine to judgment by - and - by; Keep me from sink-ing down.



Oh, Lord! Oh, my Lord! Oh, my good Lord! Keep me from sinking down.



The Pauper's Drive

Baptist Noel

Isaac B. Woodbury

Spirited

1. There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jol - ly round trot; To the church-yard a
 2. Oh, . . . where are the mourners? A - las! there are none: He has left not a
 3. What a jolt - ing and creaking, and splash - ing and din; The whip how it
 4. Poor paup - er de - funct! he has made some approach To gen - til - i - ty,
 5. But a truce to this strain, for my soul it is sad To think that a

pau - per is go - ing, I wot; The road it is rough, and the
 gap in the world now he's gone; Not a tear in the eye of child,
 cracks, and the wheels how they spin! How the dirt, right and left, o'er the
 now that he's stretched in a coach! He's tak - ing a drive in his
 heart, in hu - man - i - ty clad, Should make, like the brute, such a

hearse has no springs; And hark to the dirge which the sad dri - ver sings:
 wo - man, or man, To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can.
 hedg - es is hurled! The pau - per at length makes a noise in the world!
 car - riage at last, But it will not be long if he goes on so fast.
 des - o - late end, And de - part from the light without leav - ing a friend!

Unison.

"Rat - tle his bones o - ver the stones, He's on - ly a pau - per whom no - bod - y owns;
 *Bear soft his bones o - ver the stones, Though a pauper he's one whom his Maker yet owns

* After verse 5. Verse 5 much slower and expressive.

The Pauper's Drive

full harmony.

Rat-tle his bones o - ver the stones, He's on - ly a pauper whom no-bod-y owns."
Bear soft his bones o - ver the stones, Tho' a pauper he's one whom his Maker yet owns,

No. 371 *I've just come from the Fountain*

Slave Song

1. I've just come from the fountain, I've just come from the fountain, Lord! I've
2. Been drinking from the fountain, Been drinking from the fountain, Lord! I've
3. I found free grace at the fountain, I found free grace at the fountain, Lord! I've
4. My soul's set free at the fountain, My soul's set free at the fountain, Lord! I've

CHORUS.

Fine.

just come from the fountain, His name's so sweet, O broth-ers, I love Je-sus, O
just come from the fountain, His name's so sweet, O sis-ters, etc.
just come from the fountain, His name's so sweet, O preachers, etc.
just come from the fountain, His name's so sweet, O sin-ners, etc.

brothers, I love Je - sus, O broth-ers, I love Je - sus, His name's so sweet.

Oh, Come, Early Morning

From opera of "Lucia di Lammermoor," by G. Donizetti

Allegro vivace.

{ Oh, come, ear - ly morn - ing, Bright sun of the mor - row, }
 { Let no clouds give warn - ing A - round thee of sor - row. } Like snails how ye

lin - ger, Slow mo - ments de - lay - ing, That long the a - veng - er Is

rall. *a tempo.*
 from vengeance stay - ing. Oh, haste, ear - ly morn - ing, Bright sun of the

cresc.
 Oh, haste, ear - ly morn - - - - ing,
 mor - row, the mor - row, Oh, haste, ear - ly morn - ing, Bright sun of the

Oh, Come, Early Morning

mor - row, Oh, haste, ear - ly morning, Oh, haste, ear - ly morn ing, Bright

mor - row, haste, bright
sun of the morrow, Bright sun of the mor - row, Oh, haste, bright
Oh, haste,
Oh, haste, bright

sun, haste, bright sun *ff* *cres.*
sun, Oh, haste, bright sun of the mor - row; We wait thy dawn - ing, We wait thy
bright sun, bright sun
sun, Oh, haste, bright sun

dawn - ing, To set the cap - tives free, set the cap - tives free, the cap - tives free. *fff*

Dreaming

C. Everest

C. Everest

1. Of thee I'm dreaming, Ma - ry, When the sun has gone to rest, And the
 2. Of thee I'm dreaming, Ma - ry, When the shad - ows grow more deep, And the
 3. Of thee I'm dreaming, Ma - ry, When the mel - low morn a - gain Wakes the

wea - ry, roam - ing sea - bird Finds its high and rock - y nest; Ah,
 stars their watch are keep - ing, While the world is hushed in sleep. Ah,
 mu - sic of the wood - land, And the lark sings o'er the plain. Ah,

then of thee I'm dream - ing, I am dreaming, I am dreaming then of thee.
 then of thee I'm dream - ing, I am dreaming, I am dreaming then of thee.
 then of thee I'm dream - ing, I am dreaming, I am dreaming then of thee.

CHORUS.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
 Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,

Dreaming

Ah, then of thee I'm dream-ing, I am dreaming, I am dreaming then of thee.

Musical score for 'Dreaming' in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece consists of two staves of music.

No. 374 *Good Night, Good Night*

I. B. Woodbury

Lively.

{ Now to all a kind good night, Good night, good night, good night; }
{ Soon will dawn the morn - ing light, Good night, good night, good night. }

Musical score for 'Good Night, Good Night' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece is marked 'Lively.' and consists of two staves of music.

m good night,.....

Good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good

Musical score for 'Good Night, Good Night' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece is marked 'm' and consists of two staves of music.

Good night,.....

night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.

Musical score for 'Good Night, Good Night' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece is marked 'm' and consists of two staves of music.

S. L.

Samuel Lover

1. "What will you do, love, when I am go - ing, With white sail flow - ing,
 2. "What would you do, love, if dis - tant ti - dings Thy fond con - fid - ings
 3. "What would you do, love, when home re - turn - ing, With hopes high burn - ing,

The seas be - yond? What will you do, love, when waves di - vide us
 Should un - der - mine; And I a - bid - ing 'neath sul - try skies, Should
 With wealth for you; If my barque, which bound - ed o'er for - eign foam, Should

And friends may chide us For be - ing fond?" "Tho' waves di - vide us and friends be
 think oth - er eyes Were as bright as thine?" "Oh, name it not! 7 tho' guilt and
 be lost near home—Ah! what would you do?" "So thou wert spar'd 7 I'd bless the

chid - ing, In faith a - bid - ing I'll still be true, And I'll pray for
 shame 7 Were on thy name, I'd still be true! But that heart of
 mor - row, In want and sor - row, that left me you! And I'd wel - come

What Will You do, Love?

thee on the storm-y o - cean, In deep de - vo-tion—That's what I'll do."
 thine, should an - oth - er share it, I could not bear it— What *would* I do?"
 thee from the wast-ing bil - low, This heart thy pil - low— *That's* what I'd do!"

No. 376 *Oh, Let Those Hallowed Themes*

T. H.

Thomas Hastings

1. Oh, let those hallowed themes In sweet-er numbers flow, And let no earth-ly
 2. Let med-i-ta-tion rise Up - on the wings of song, As-cend-ing to the
 3. Oh, let those hallowed themes In - sweet-er num-bers flow, And let no earth-ly

dreams Their soft en-chantment throw; In gen-tle ac-cents tell Of things that
 skies, Where all such themes be-long; Let no am-bi-tious tho't, No pur-
 dreams Their soft en-chant-ment throw; It is no tri-pling strain That trembles

are un-seen, While waves of mu-sic rise and swell, Mild, tranquil, and se-rene.
 of dis-play, No i-dle wish be thith-er bro't To steal the heart a-way.
 on the lyre, Let not its chords be swept in vain Where dwells no heav'nly fire.

The Blessedness of Tears

Anon.

Franz Schubert



1. Pilgrim on life's drear - y o - cean, Vain - ly seek - ing peace be - low, Heed thou
 2. Yet to soothe thy heart in sad - ness, Tears are given, a sweet re - lief; Mourning
 3. Or has love thy peace in - vad - ed, Burning deep with restless flame, All in



not the wild com - mo - tion, Softer gales for thee shall blow. Soon the
 quick - ly turns to glad - ness, Joy re - plac - es banished grief. Mourn'st thou
 fear and doubt seems shad - ed, Still the fire burns on the same. Spark - ling



tem - pest sweep - ing o'er thee Hush'd shall be to gen - tle sigh; Struggle
 hap - py days de - part - ed, Blight - ed hopes, and friends grown cold? Tears will
 tears can ban - ish sor - row, Lighting up the dark - est night; Stars of



on! the path before thee Upward leads to rest on high, Upward leads to rest on high.
 make thee lighter hearted, And new hopes of bliss unfold, And new hopes of bliss unfold.
 hope, they gild the morrow With a brighter, purer light, With a brighter, purer light.



Turn Back Pharaoh's Army

Slave Song.

SOLO. *Moderato.*



1. Going to write to Mas - sa Je - sus, To send some val - iant sol - dier,
2. If you want your souls con - vert - ed, You'd bet - ter be a - pray - ing,
3. When the chil - dren were in bond - age, They cried un - to the Lord,
4. When Mo - ses smote the wa - ter, The chil - dren all passed o - ver,
5. When Pha - raoh crossed the wa - ter, The wa - ters came to - geth - er,



CHORUS. *Faster.*



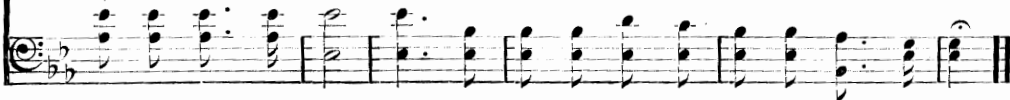
To turn back Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal - le - lu!	To turn back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le -
To turn back Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal - le - lu!	To turn back, etc.
He turn'd back Pharaoh's army, Hal - le - lu!	He turn'd back, etc.
And turn'd back Pharaoh's army, Hal - le - lu!	And turn'd back, etc.
And drown'd ole Pharaoh's army, Hal - le - lu!	And drown'd ole, etc.



lu - jah! To turn back Pha-raoh's ar-my, Hal - le - lu! To turn back Pha-raoh's



ar - my. Hal - le - lu - jah! To turn back Pha-raoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu!



*The Honeysuckle Glen**Fanny J. Crosby**George F. Root*

1. In the hon - ey - suc - kle glen, where o - dors sweet Perfume the breeze that
 2. In the hon - ey - suc - kle glen, se - clud - ed far, The home of Na - ture's
 3. Thro' the hon - ey - suc - kle glen I've wandered now For ma - ny wea - ry

floats a - long, And the ros - y tints of morn with blushes greet The
 fair - est bow'rs, Where with mild and gen - tle light the eve - ning star Looks
 years; a - lone; Oh! I nev - er more shall see her an - gel brow, Or

lark as she trills her song; In the hon - ey - suc - kle glen how
 forth on the dew - y flow'rs; In the hon - ey - suc - kle glen how
 list to her win - ning tone; But the part - ing words she spoke I'll

pleasant - ly The hap - py summer days would glide, When I wandered by the
 ten - der - ly I looked up - on my love - ly bride, And I nev - er dream'd that
 cher - ish still, And wear them on my breaking heart, 'Till I meet her on that

The Honey-Suckle Glen

REFRAIN.

rill so mer - ri - ly, And Lil - la was by my side.
 care could reach me there, When Lil - la was by my side. } Lil - la, Lil - la,
 shore, our sor - rows o'er, Where loved ones no more shall part.

wake a - gain From thy sleep in the hon - ey - suc - kle glen.

Lil - la, dear - est, all is o'er, Thou wilt re - turn no more.

No. 380

God Save America

ROUND IN FIVE PARTS

God save A - mer - i - ca! Bless the U - nit - ed States! Con -

tin - ue the Un - ion for - ev - er, and ev - er, A - men.

The Grave of Uncle True

J. H. Nones

H. S. Colman

1. Be - side the worn and moss-grown rock The i - vy vine doth cling,
 2. His pil grim - age on earth is done, His toil of life is o'er,
 3. The chap - let wreath'd by lov - ing hands, Of ros - es white and red,

And the blue - bird from the shad - ow - y oak Folds up his trem - bling
 And sum - mer's gale or win - ter's wail Shall meet his ear no
 Un - heed - ed in their fresh - ness lie A - bove his low - ly

wing; And there un - til the ves - per hour His song comes sweet and
 more; Death's shad - ow hides his sleep ing form, And veils him from our
 head; And the eve - ning crick - et's chirp is heard When falls the pearl - y

low, A re - qui - em to the faith - ful heart That slum - ber -
 view, But the spir - it of the past still dwells Round the grave of
 dew, And the lamps of heav'n shine bright - ly down On the grave of

The Grave of Uncle True

eth be - low.
 Un - cle True. } Poor Un - cle True, Poor Un - cle True, And the
 Un - cle True. }

rall......

lamps of heav'n shine bright - ly down On the grave of Un - cle True.

No. 382

When all Within is Peace

Wm. Cowper
Quick.

Thomas Hastings

1. When all with - in is peace, How Na - ture seems to smile, De - lights that
 2. From morn to dew - y eve, With op - ning hand she showers Fresh blessings
 3. It is con - tent of heart Gives Na - ture pow'r to please; The mind that
 4. Can make a win - t'ry sky Seem bright as smil - ing May, And evening's

nev - er cease The live - long day be - guile,..... The live - long day be - guile.
 to de - ceive And soothe the si - lent hours,..... And soothe the si - lent hours.
 feels no smart En - liv - ens all it sees,..... En - liv - ens all it sees.
 clos - ing eye As fresh as ear - ly day,..... As fresh as ear - ly day.

Angel of Hope

FOR MALE VOICES

Fanny J. Crosby

Hubert P. Main

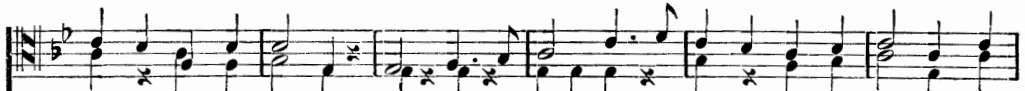
Lively.



1. Come, let us roam o'er the mag-ic scenes of pleas-ure, Heart, step and voice keep-ing
 2. Come, where the leaves in the breeze are gen-tly sway-ing; Come, where the rose with a
 3. Roam by the stream in its si-lent grandeur flow-ing; Close to its bank see the
D. C.—Come, let us roam o'er the mag-ic scenes of pleas-ure, Heart, step and voice keep-ing



La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la,



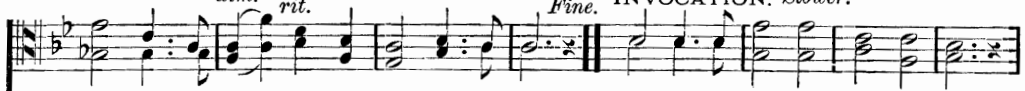
time in sweetest meas-ure; Come, let us roam where the fair-ies hide their treasure, A
 tru-ant beam is play-ing; Come, where the elves, in the vale of beau-ty stray-ing, In
 wa-ter lil-ies grow-ing; Come, while our hearts with de-light are fond-ly glow-ing, 'Tis
time in sweet-est meas-ure; Come, let us roam where the fair-ies hide their treas-ure, A



la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, A -

dim. rit.

Fine. INVOCATION. *Slower.*



way in the wilds of the lone for-est shade. An-gel of Hope with mild blue eye,
 vite to the green-wood the young and the gay. An-gel of Hope with brow se-rene,
 joy bids us on-ward, O come, come a-way. An-gel of Hope on dove-like wing,
way in the wilds of the lone for-est shade.



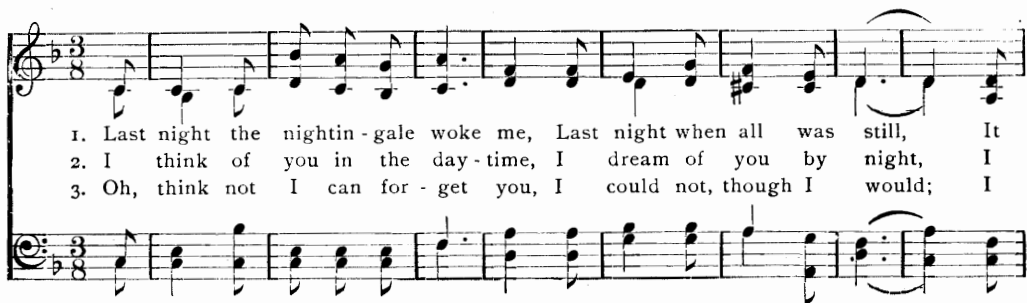
way in the wilds of the lone for-est shade.

D. C.



Pure as the blush of morning sky— Angel of Hope, our guardian be, O keep us from danger free.
 An-gel of Hope our lovely queen, Breathe, while we twine our festal flow'rs, Thy spell o'er the bright, bright hours.
 Wake, wake thy harp, and sweetly sing; An-gel of Hope, we call on thee, O keep us from danger free.



*Last Night**Tr. Anon.**Halfdan Kjerulf*


1. Last night the nightin-gale woke me, Last night when all was still, It
2. I think of you in the day-time, I dream of you by night, I
3. Oh, think not I can for-get you, I could not, though I would; I



sang in the gold-en moon-light From out.... the wood-land hill. I
wake.. and would you were here, love, And tears... are blinding my sight. I
see.... you in all a-round me, The stream, the night, the wood. The



o-pen'd my window so gen-tly, I look'd on the dream-ing dew, And
hear a low breath in the lime-tree, The wind is float ing through. And
flow-ers that slum-ber so gen-tly. The stars a-bove the blue,— Oh!



oh! the bird, my dar-ling, was sing-ing, Sing-ing of you, of you.
oh! the night, my dar-ling, Is sigh-ing, sigh-ing for you, for you.
heav-en it-self, my dar-ling, Is pray-ing, pray-ing for you, for you

No. 385 *Thou Art Gone from my Gaze*

George Linley

p *Moderato*

1. Thou art gone from my gaze Like a beau-ti - ful dream, And I seek thee in
2. Of the birds in thy bower, Now, compan-ions I make; Ev - 'ry sim - ple wild

mf

vain By the mead - ow and stream, Oft I breathe thy dear name To the
flower I.... prize for thy sake; The deep woods and dark wilds Can a

rall. *mp*

winds float - ing by, But thy sweet voice is mute To my bo - som's lone sigh.
pleas - ure im - part, For their sol - i - tude suits My sad sor - row - worn heart.

Tempo.

In the still - ness of night, When the stars mild - ly shine, My heart fond - ly
Thou art gone from my gaze, Yet I will not re - pine, Ere long we shall

Thou Art Gone from my Gaze

rall. *Tempo.*

holds A com-mun-ion with thine; For I feel thou art near, And wher-
meet In the home that's now thine; For I feel thou art near, And wher-

e'er I may be, That the Spir-it of Love keeps a watch o-ver me.
e'er I may be, That the Spir-it of Love keeps a watch o-ver me.

No. 386

The Bell is Ringing

(ROUND IN THREE PARTS)

F. Silcher

1
Hark! the bell is ring-ing, Call-ing us to sing-ing, Hear the cheer-ful

2
lay. Come, come, come away! Hark! the bell is ring-ing, Call-ing us to sing-ing,

3
Hear the cheer-ful lay. Come, come, come a-way! Hark! hark! the bell is

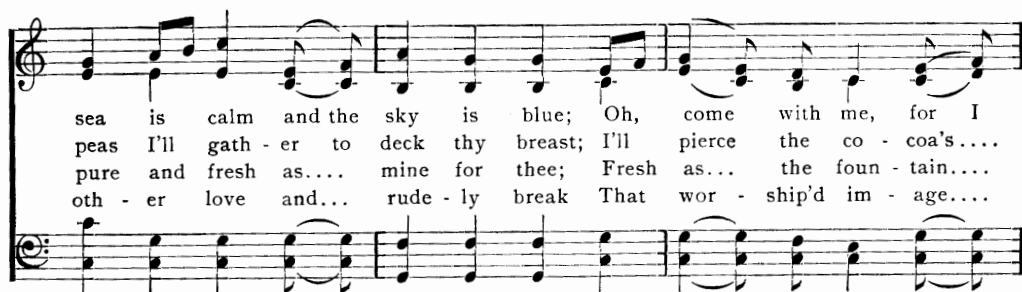
ring-ing, Call-ing us to sing-ing, Come, come, come, come a-way.

Ossian's Serenade

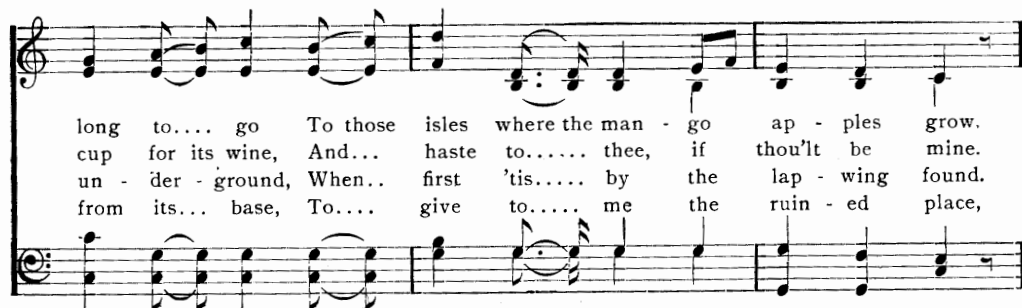
Ossian E. Dodge

Allegretto

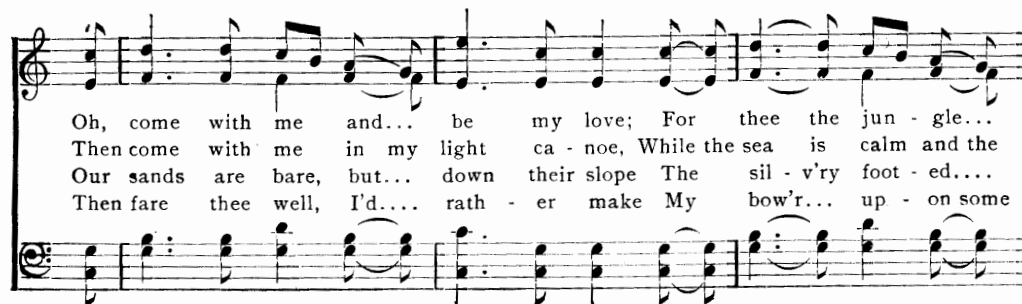

1. Oh, ... come with me in my lit - tle ca - noe, Where the
 2. I'll ... climb the palm for the bi - a's..... nest, Red...
 3. Oh, ... come, if the love thou... hast for..... me Is.....
 4. But.. if.... for me thou... dost for - sake Some



sea is calm and the sky is blue; Oh, come with me, for I
 peas I'll gath - er to deck thy breast; I'll pierce the co - coa's....
 pure and fresh as... mine for thee; Fresh as... the foun - tain....
 oth - er love and... rude - ly break That wor - ship'd im - age....

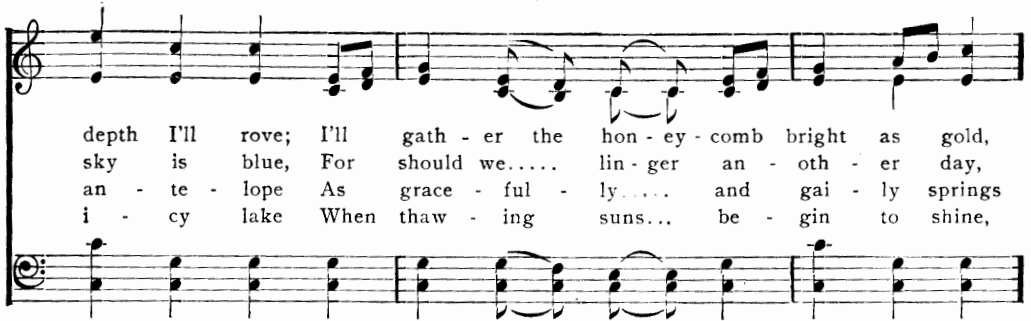


long to... go To those isles where the man - go ap - ples grow.
 cup for its wine, And... haste to..... thee, if thou't be mine.
 un - der - ground, When.. first 'tis..... by the lap - wing found.
 from its... base, To.... give to..... me the ruin - ed place,



Oh, come with me and... be my love; For thee the jun - gle...
 Then come with me in my light ca - noe, While the sea is calm and the
 Our sands are bare, but... down their slope The sil - v'ry foot - ed....
 Then fare thee well, I'd.... rath - er make My bow'r... up - on some

Ossian's Serenade



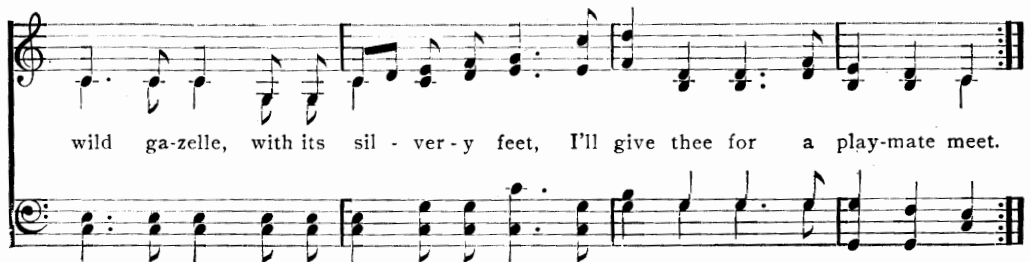
depth I'll rove; I'll gath - er the hon - ey - comb bright as gold,
sky is blue, For should we.... lin - ger an - oth - er day,
an - te - lope As grace - ful - ly.... and gai - ly springs
i - cy lake When thaw - ing suns... be - gin to shine,



And chase the elk to its se - cret hold.
Storms may a - rise, and.... love de - cay. } I'll chase the an - te - lope
As o'er the mar - ble.... courts of kings. }
Than trust to love so.... false as thine.



o - ver the plain, The ti - ger's cub I'll bind with a chain, And the



wild ga-zelle, with its sil - ver - y feet, I'll give thee for a play-mate meet.

No. 388

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Robert Burns

J. E. Spilman

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, I'll
2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far mark'd with the
3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the

sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
cours - es of clear wind - ing rills; There dai - ly I wan - der, as
cot where my Ma - ry re - sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her

mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
morn ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye.
snow - y feet lave, As, gath - ring sweet flow - rets, she stems thy clear wave!

Thou stock - dove, whose ech - o re - sounds from the hill, Ye wild whist - ling
How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be - low, Where wild in the
Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

black-birds in yon thorn-y den, Thou green-crest-ed lap-wing, thy
 wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild eve-ning creeps
 riv-er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy

screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
 o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma-ry and me.
 mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

No. 389

Be Hushed, My Dear

T. H.

Thomas Hastings

1. Be hush'd, my dear, Thy mother's here, Thou needst no lon-ger weep; Soft mel-o-dy She
 2. Be hush'd, my dear, Dry ev-'ry tear, In sweetest qui-et keep; Oh, weep not so O'er
 3. Be hush'd, my dear, No tho't of fear Should break thy slumbers deep; Angels above, With

sings to thee, Now close thine eyes in sleep, Now close thine eyes in sleep, be hushed.
 in-fant woe, But close thine eyes in sleep, But close thine eyes in sleep, be hushed.
 wings of love, Their vig-ils near thee keep, Their vigils near thee keep, be hushed.

be hush'd.....

No. 390 *But the Lord is Mindful of His Own.*

F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, arr. by T. F. Seward.

p Andante.

But the Lord is mind-ful of his own, He re - mem-bers his chil - dren, But the

Lord is mind-ful of his own, The Lord re-mem-bers his chil - dren, re -

mem - bers all his chil - dren. Bow down be-fore him, ye

might - y, for the Lord is near us, Bow down be-fore Him, ye might - y,

But the Lord is Mindful of His Own.

for the Lord is near us,

for the Lord is near, is near us, Yea, the Lord is mind-ful of His own,

for the Lord is near us,

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first line of music has dynamic markings of *p*, *pp*, and *p*. The lyrics are: "for the Lord is near us," followed by "for the Lord is near, is near us, Yea, the Lord is mind-ful of His own," and "for the Lord is near us,".

He re - mem - bers His chil - dren; Bow down be - fore Him, ye

Detailed description: This system contains the third line of music. The lyrics are: "He re - mem - bers His chil - dren; Bow down be - fore Him, ye". The musical notation continues with the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

For the Lord is

might - y, For the Lord is near us, But the

Detailed description: This system contains the fourth line of music. The lyrics are: "For the Lord is might - y, For the Lord is near us, But the". Dynamic markings include *f*, *dim.*, *pp*, and *p*. The musical notation continues with the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Lord is mind-ful of His own, He re - mem - bers His chil - dren, His chil - dren.

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth line of music. The lyrics are: "Lord is mind-ful of His own, He re - mem - bers His chil - dren, His chil - dren." The dynamic marking *rit. pp* is present. The musical notation concludes with the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Maggie by my Side

S. C. F.

Stephen C. Foster

1. The land of my home is flit-ting, Flit-ting from my view; A gale in the
 2. The wind howling o'er the bil-low From the dis-tant lea, The storm rag-ing
 3. ¶ Storms can ap-pal me nev-er While her brow is clear; ¶ Fair weath-er

sail is sit-ting, Toils the mer-ry crew. Here let my home be, On the wa-ters wide
 round my pil-low Brings no care to me; Roll on, ye dark waves, O'er the troubled tide,
 lin-gers ev-er Where her smiles appear. When sorrow's break-ers Round my heart shall hide,

mf
 I roam with a proud heart, Mag-gie by my side; My own love, Mag-gie dear,
 I heed not your an-ger, Mag-gie by my side; My own love, Mag-gie dear,
 ¶ Still may I find her Sit-ting by my side; My own love, Mag-gie dear,

rit.
 Sit-ting by my side; Mag-gie dear, my own love, Sit-ting by my side.
 Sit-ting by my side; Mag-gie dear, my own love, Sit-ting by my side.
 Sit-ting by my side; Mag-gie dear, my own love, Sit-ting by my side.

The Rocks and the Mountains

Slave Song

Oh, the rocks and the mountains shall all flee a - way, And you shall have a

new hid - ing - place that day. 1. Seek - er, seek - er, give up your heart to God, And
 2. Doubter, doubter, give up your heart to God, And
 3. Mourner, mourner, give up your heart to God, And
 4. Sin - ner, sin - ner, give up your heart to God, And
 5. Moth - er, moth - er, give up your heart to God, And
 6. Children, children, give up your heart to God, And

you shall have a new hid - ing - place that day. Oh, the rocks and the mountains shall

all flee a way, And you shall have a new hid - ing - place that day.

Angel of Peace

Dr. O. W. Holmes

Mathias Keller

1. An - gel of Peace, thou hast wan - dered too long! Spread thy white
2. Broth - ers we meet on this al - tar of thine, Min - gling the
3. An - gels of Beth - le - hem, an - swer the strain! Hark! a new

wings to the sun - shine of love! Come while our voic - es are blend - ed in
gifts we have gath - ered for thee, Sweet with the o - dors of myr - tle and
birth-song is fill - ing the sky! Loud as the storm-wind that tum - bles the

song, — Fly to our ark like the storm - beat - en dove,
pine, Breeze of the prai - rie and breath of the sea,
main, Bid the full breath of the or - gan re - ply,

Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove, Speed o'er the
Mead - ow and moun - tain and for - est and sea! Sweet is the
Let the loud tem - pest of voic - es re - ply, Roll its long

Angel of Peace

far - sound - ing bil - lows of song, Crowned with thine ol - ive - leaf
 fra - grance of myr - tle and pine, Sweet - er the in - cense we
 surge like the earth - shak - ing main! Swell the vast song till it

gar - land of love, An - gel of Peace, thou hast wait - ed too long!
 of - fer to thee, Broth - ers once more round this al - tar of thine!
 mounts to the sky! An - gels of Beth - le - hem, ech - o the strain!

No. 394 *The Sun Hath Sunk to Rest*

T. H.

Thomas Hastings

1. The sun hath sunk to rest,.... The cool - ing breez - es play,.... The
 2. The stars, all day con - cealed,.. Are ven - t'ring to ap - pear; Their
 3. Soon as the full - orb'd moon Looks o'er the east - ern hills,.... A -
 4. Be - fore the ris - ing sun..... The moon her - self grows dim;.... Leaves

twi - light, lin - g'ring in the west, Is fad - ing fast a - way, Is fad - ing fast a - way.
 gen - tle radiance is reveal'd, The ev'ning hours to cheer, The ev'ning hours to cheer.
 gain the star - ry gems are gone, Till she her course fulfills, Till she her course fulfills.
 him to run his course a - lone, Yet shows her need of him, Yet shows her need of him.

*The Flag of the Free**H. Millard**Harrison Millard*

1. No - bly our flag flut - ters o'er us to - day, Em - blem of peace, pledge of
2. With it in beau - ty no flag can compare, All na - tions hon - or our

lib - er - ty's sway, Its foes shall trem - ble and shrink in dis - may
ban - ner so fair; If to in - sult it a trai - tor should dare,

If e'er in - sult - ed it be. Our stripes and stars, lov'd and
Crush'd to the earth let him be. Free - dom and Prog - ress our

hon - or'd by all, Shall float for - ev - er where free - dom may call;
watch-words to - day, When du - ty calls us, who dare dis - o - bey?

The Flag of the Free

cres. *ad lib.*

It still shall be the flag of the free, Em - blem of sweet lib - er -
Hon - or to thee, thou flag of the free, Em - blem of sweet lib - er -

REFRAIN

mf

ty! Here we will gath - er, its cause to de - fend;

mf

Let pa - triots ral - ly and wise coun - sels lend. It still shall be the

ff rall.

flag of the free, Em - blem of sweet lib - er - ty!

ff

Annie Lisle

H. S. T.

H. S. Thompson

1. Down where the wav - ing wil - lows 'Neath the sunbeams smile, Shadowed o'er the
 2. Sweet came the hal - lowed chim - ing Of the Sab - bath bell Borne.. on the
 3. Toll the bells of Sab - bath morning, I shall nev - er more Hear your sweet and
 4. Raise me in your arms, dear moth - er, Let me once more look On the green and

mur - ring wa - ters, Dwelt sweet An - nie Lisle; Pure as the for - est lif - y,
 morn - ing breez - es, Down the wood - y dell. On a bed of pain and an - guish
 ho - ly mu - sic On this earth - ly shore. Forms clad in heav'n - ly beau - ty
 wav - ing wil - lows, And the flow - ing brook; Hark, those strains of an - gel mu - sic

Nev - er thought of guile Had its home with - in the bo - som Of lov'd
 Lay dear An - nie Lisle, Chang - ed were the love - ly fea - tures, Gone the
 Look on me and smile, Wait - ing for the long - ing spir - it Of your
 From the choirs a - bove; Dear - est moth - er, I am go - ing, Tru - ly,

An - nie Lisle. Wave, wil - lows, mur - mur, wa - ters, Gold - en sun beams, smile;
 hap - py smile Wave, wil lows, mur - mur, wa - ters, Gold - en sun - beams, smile;
 An - nie Lisle. Wave, wil lows, mur mur, wa - ters, Gold - en sun - beams, smile;
 God is Love. Wave, wil - lows, mur - mur, wa - ters, Gold - en sun - beams, smile;

Annie Lisle

Earth - ly mu - sic can - not wak - en Love - ly An - nie Lisle.

No. 397 *The Hour when Daylight Dies*

T. H.

Thomas Hastings

1. How dear to..... me... the hour when day - light dies..... And
 2. And as I..... watch the line of light that plays..... A -

the hour when day - light
 the line of light that

sun-beams melt a - long the si - lent sea, For then sweet dreams of
 long the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west, I long to tread that

dies
 plays

o - ther days a - rise, And Mem - 'ry.... breathes her ves - per sigh to thee.
 gold - en path of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

My Native Land

D. K.

Hubert P. Main

1. God be with thee, my na - tive land, Stand strong, stand true and free;
2. Tho' loud - ly ad - verse winds may blow, Let not their rage ap - pal;

The pi - ous heart and read - y hand, Thy birth-right ev - er be!
Fear not, thou coun - try of the brave, Grant e - qual rights to all!

More clear and bright shine forth thy ray, Thou ris - ing star of West - ern day!
Stand firm, tho' tempests rave around, Thou no - blest oak on freedom's ground!

All hail! all hail! all hail! All hail to thee, my na - tive land!
All hail! all hail! all hail! All hail to thee, my na - tive land!

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Slave Song

Slowly.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-ing for to car - ry me home;

Fine.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.

1. I looked o - ver Jor-dan, and what did I see, Com-ing for to car - ry me home?
 2. If you get there be - fore.. I do, Com-ing for to car - ry me home,
 3. The brightest day.. that.. ev - er I saw, Com-ing for to car - ry me home,
 4. I'm some-times up and.. some-times down, Com-ing for to car - ry me home,

D. C.

A band of an - gels coming aft - er me, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.
 Tell all my friends I'm com - ing,.. too, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.
 When Je - sus washed my sins.. a - way, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.
 But still my soul feels heav'n - ly bound, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.

No One to Love

E. L. W. & Lewis Dela

Edward L. Walker

1. No one to love, none to ca - res, Roam - ing a - lone through this
 2. In dreams a - lone loved ones I see, And well-known voic - es then
 3. No one to love, none to ca - res, None to re - spond to this

world's wil - der - ness, Sad is my heart, joy is un-known, For in this
 whis - per to me; Sigh - ing I wake, wak - ing I weep; Soon with the
 heart's ten - der - ness! Trust - ing, I wait; God in His love Prom - is - es

cold world I'm now all a - lone; No gen - tle voice, no ten - der smile,
 lov'd and the lost I shall sleep; Oh, bliss in store, oh, joy mine own,
 rest in the man - sions a - bove: Oh, bliss - ful rest! what heart would stay,

Makes me re - jice, or cares be - guile.... No one to love, none to ca
 There nev - er more to weep a - lone!.... No one to love, none to ca
 Un - loved, un - blessed, from heav'n a - way?.... No one to love, none to ca

No One to Love

ress, Roaming a - lone thro' this world's wil - der - ness, Sad is my heart,

joy is un-known, For in this cold world I'm now all a - lone.

No. 401

Free from Slumber

T. H.

Thomas Hastings

Quick

1. Free from slumber, free from care, Free from tho't of sad - ness, Let us greet the
2. While the mu - sic of the grove On the ear is steal - ing, Tho'ts of friendship
3. Fragrance fills the gen - tle breeze, Now in - ces - sant blow - ing, While beneath the
4. See all Na - ture join in praise, Earth, and air, and o - cean; Thus let men in

morn - ing air With a song of glad - ness, With a song of glad - ness.
and of love Wak - en ten - der feel - ing, Wak - en ten - der feel - ing.
for - est trees Gen - tle rills are flow - ing, Gen - tle rills are flow - ing.
con - cert raise Songs of true de - vo - tion, Songs of true de - vo - tion.

Why, No One to Love?

S. C. F.

Stephen C. Foster

1. No one to love in this beau - ti - ful world, Full of warm hearts and
 2. Dark is the soul that has noth - ing to dwell on! How sad must its
 3. Ma - ny a fair one that dwells on the earth Who would greet you with

bright beam - ing eyes?... Where is the lone heart that noth - ing can
 bright - est hours prove;... Lone - ly the dull brood - ing spir - it must
 kind words of cheer;... Ma - ny who glad - ly would join in your

find That is love - ly be - neath the blue skies?... No one to love!
 be That has no one to cher - ish and love.... No one to love!
 pleas - ures Or share in your grief with a tear.... No one to love!

No one to love! Why, no one to love?... What have you done in this

Why, No One to Love?

beau - ti - ful world That you're sigh-ing of no one to love?.....

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

No. 403

Oh, Breathe not his Name

Thos. Moore

Thos. Hastings

p *Moderato.* *cres.*

1 Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and un -
2. But the night-dew that falls, tho' in si lence it weeps, Shall bright-en with

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

dim. *cres.*

hon - or'd his rel - ics are laid; Soft, si - lent, and dark be the
ver - dure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho'

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

tears that we shed. As the night-dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.
in secret it rolls. Shall.. long keep his mem - o - ry green in our souls.

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

Guide Me

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891

S. M. Bixby

1. Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide me! Let me clasp Thy hand!.....
 2. Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide me! Hold my way - ward heart,.....
 3. Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide me! Let me hear Thy voice,.....

1. Choose Thou,
 2. Clasp me,
 3. Guide me,

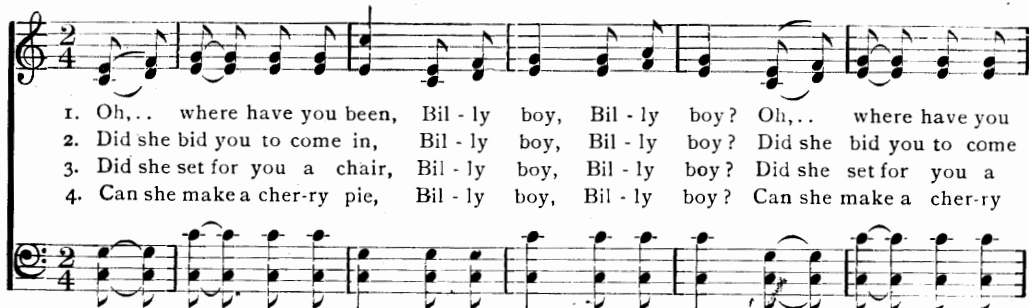
Choose my path, and guide my foot - steps To the heav'n - ly land....
 Clasp me clos - er to Thy bo - som, Nev - er - more to part....
 In the light or thro' the shad - ow Make my soul re - joice....

1, 2, 3. Oh, guide me,
 Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me close to Thee!.....
 Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me, Lord, with Thee!.....
 Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me safe with Thee!.....

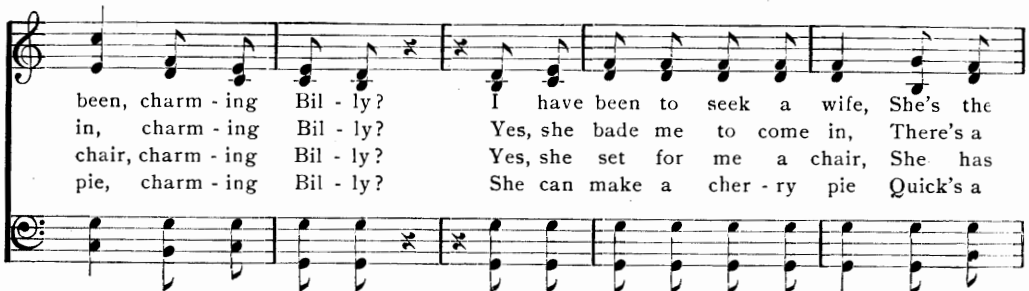
Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me close to Thee!.....
 Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me, Lord, with Thee!.....
 Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me safe with Thee!.....

Anon.

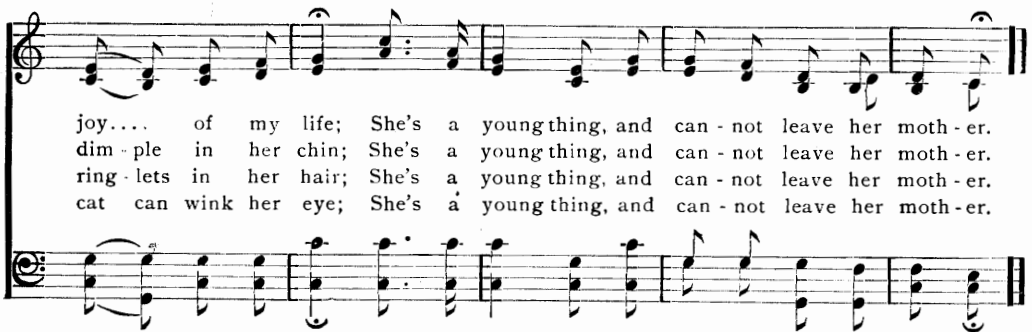
Ed. L. White



1. Oh... where have you been, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? Oh... where have you
 2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? Did she bid you to come
 3. Did she set for you a chair, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? Did she set for you a
 4. Can she make a cher - ry pie, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? Can she make a cher - ry



been, charm - ing Bil - ly? I have been to seek a wife, She's the
 in, charm - ing Bil - ly? Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a
 chair, charm - ing Bil - ly? Yes, she set for me a chair, She has
 pie, charm - ing Bil - ly? She can make a cher - ry pie Quick's a



joy... of my life; She's a young thing, and can - not leave her moth - er.
 dim - ple in her chin; She's a young thing, and can - not leave her moth - er.
 ring - lets in her hair; She's a young thing, and can - not leave her moth - er.
 cat can wink her eye; She's a young thing, and can - not leave her moth - er.

5.

7.

Is she often seen at church, Billy boy, Billy boy? Are her eyes very bright, Billy boy, Billy boy?
 Is she often seen at church, charming Billy? Are her eyes very bright, charming Billy?
 Yes, she's often seen at church Yes, her eyes are very bright,
 With a bonnet white as birch; But alas, they're minus sight;
 She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother. She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

6.

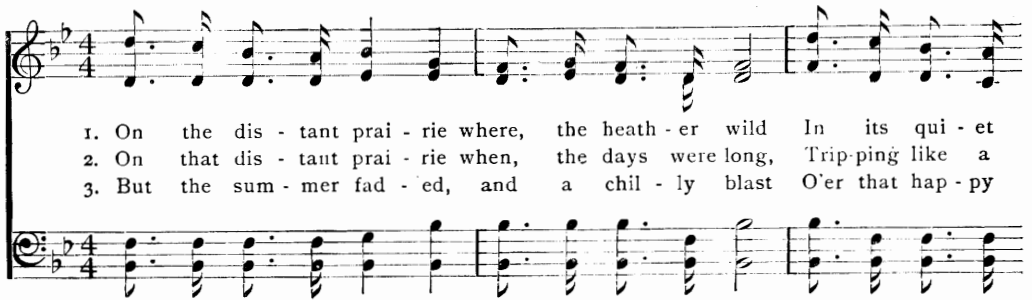
8.

How tall is she, Billy boy, Billy boy? How old is she, Billy boy, Billy boy?
 How tall is she, charming Billy? How old is she, charming Billy?
 She's as tall as any pine, Three times six, and four times seven,
 And as straight's a pumpkin vine; Twenty-eight and forty-seven;
 She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother. She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

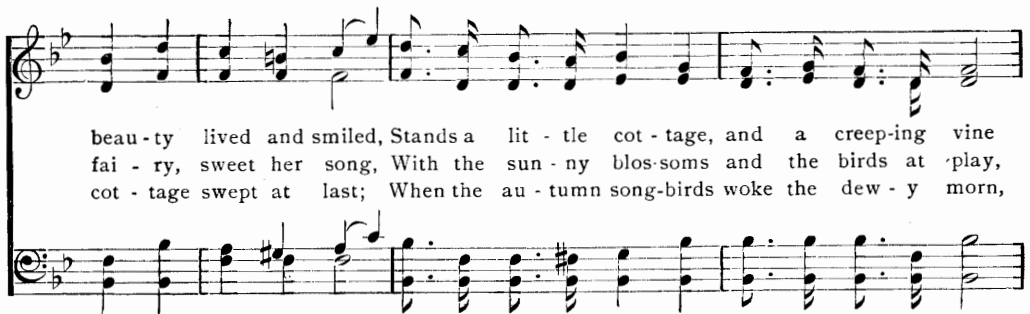
Rosalie, the Prairie Flower

Fanny J. Crosby

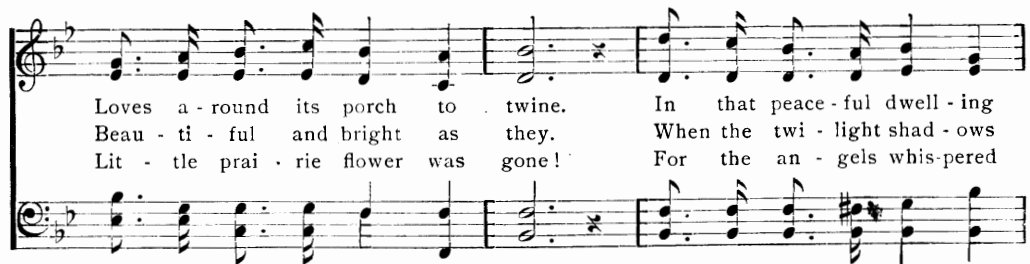
George F. Root



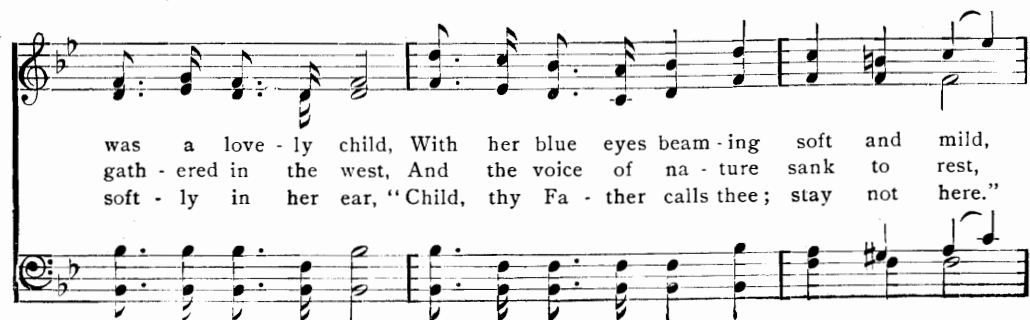
1. On the dis - tant prai - rie where, the heath - er wild In its qui - et
 2. On that dis - tant prai - rie when, the days were long, Trip - ping like a
 3. But the sum - mer fad - ed, and a chil - ly blast O'er that hap - py



beau - ty lived and smiled, Stands a lit - tle cot - tage, and a creep - ing vine
 fai - ry, sweet her song, With the sun - ny blos - soms and the birds at play,
 cot - tage swept at last; When the au - tumn song - birds woke the dew - y morn,



Loves a - round its porch to twine. In that peace - ful dwell - ing
 Beau - ti - ful and bright as they. When the twi - light shad - ows
 Lit - tle prai - rie flower was gone! For the an - gels whis - pered



was a love - ly child, With her blue eyes beam - ing soft and mild,
 gath - ered in the west, And the voice of na - ture sank to rest,
 soft - ly in her ear, "Child, thy Fa - ther calls thee; stay not here."

Rosalie, the Prairie Flower

And the wa - vy ring - lets of her flax - en hair Floating in the sum - mer air.
Like a cher - ub kneel - ing seem'd the love - ly child With her gen - tle eyes so mild.
And they gen - tly bore her, robed in spot - less white, To their blissful home of light.

CHORUS

Fair as a lil - y, joy - ous and free, Light of that prai - rie home was she;
* Tho' we shall nev - er look on her more, Gone with the love and joy she bore;

Ev - 'ry one who knew her felt the gentle power Of Ro - sa - lie, the prai - rie flower.
Far away she's blooming, in a fadeless bower, Sweet Ro - sa - lie, the prai - rie flower.

* Chorus for 3d Stanza

No. 407 *Come, Let us o'er the Fields*

(ROUND IN THREE PARTS)

Anon.

1
Come, let us o'er the fields a - way; Morning's ro - sy hour Has tipped with gold the

2

3
east - ern hills, Spangled ev - 'ry flower, Birds are sing - ing in each shady bower.

No. 408 *O Willie, we have Missed You*

S. C. F.

Stephen C. Foster

Moderato

1. O Wil - lie, is it you, dear, Safe, safe at home? They did not tell me
2. We've longed to see you night - ly, But this night of all: The fire was blaz - ing
3. The days were sad with - out you, The nights long and drear; My dreams have been a -

true, dear, They said you would not come. I heard you at the gate, And it
bright - ly, And lights were in the hall, The lit - tle ones were up Till 'twas
bout you; Oh, wel - come Wil - lie dear! Last night I wept and watched By the

made my heart re - joice, For I knew that wel - come foot - step, And that
ten o' - clock and past, Then their eyes be - gan to twin - kle, And they've
moon - light's cheer - less ray, Till I thought I heard your foot - step, Then I

ritard.

dear, fa - mil - iar voice Mak - ing mu - sic on my ear In the
gone to sleep at last; But they list - ened for your voice Till they
wiped my tears a - way; But my heart grew sad a - gain When I

O Willie, we have Missed You

The musical score for "O Willie, we have Missed You" is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody features a series of eighth notes and quarter notes, with a final phrase marked "ritard." (ritardando) leading to a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the melody.

lone - ly midnight gloom: O Wil - lie, we have missed you; Welcome, welcome home!
tho't you'd nev - er come: O Wil - lie, we have missed you; Welcome, welcome home!
found you had not come: O Wil - lie, we have missed you; Welcome, welcome home!

No. 409

Welcome, Little Zephyr

Fanny J. Crosby

Anon. P.

The first system of the musical score for "Welcome, Little Zephyr" is in 4/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the melody.

1. Wel - come, lit - tle zeph - yr, Play - ing with the flowers, Blooming all so
2. Wel - come, lit - tle zeph - yr, Ev - er light and free, Bring - ing, kind - ly

The second system of the musical score for "Welcome, Little Zephyr" continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the melody.

love - ly In their leaf - y bowers; Bask - ing in the sunbeams, Laughing
bring - ing - Hap - py tho'ts to me. Let thy dew - y pin - ions Gen - tly

The third system of the musical score for "Welcome, Little Zephyr" concludes the piece. The melody and accompaniment end with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the melody.

in its light, Wak - ing with the morn - ing, Dy - ing with the night.
fan my brow, Touch the lute that slum - bers In my win - dow now.

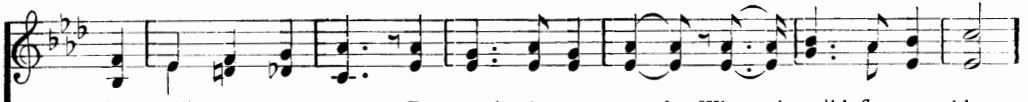
Strike the Harp Gently

I. B. W.

Isaac B. Woodbury



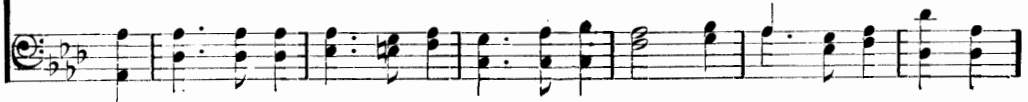
- 1. Strike the harp gen - tly To the mem'ry of those Who ev - er loved fond - ly,
- 2. Strike the harp gen - tly And breathe thy sweet strain, For those that loved fond - ly,
- 3. Strike the harp gen - tly, Oh, mourn for them not; In the fold that is love - ly,



Ere call'd to re - pose Be - neath the green turf, Where the wild flow - ers bloom,
 But who ne'er a - gain Can meet to ca - ress thee In all this lone world;
 The Shep - herd has brought Per - haps a kind father, And . . . moth - er most dear,



♩ Scent - ing the earth And em - broid - 'ring the tomb; Oh, strike the harp gen tly
 The dear ones are hap - py With ser - apts un - told. Oh, strike the harp gen - tly
 A child, or a broth - er, Or sis - ter so near; Oh, strike the harp gen - tly



To the mem'ry of those Who ev - er loveu fond - ly Ere called to re - pose.
 To the mem'ry of those Who ev - er loved fond - ly Ere called to re - pose.
 To the mem'ry of those Who ev - er loved fond - ly Ere called to re - pose.



I'm a-rolling

Not too slow

Slave Song

I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing thro' an un -

FINE.

friendly world, I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing thro' an un - friend - ly world.

1. O broth - ers, won't you help me, O broth - ers, won't you help me to pray,
 2. O sis - ters, won't you help me, O sis - ters, won't you help me to pray,
 3. O preach - ers, won't you help me, O preach - ers, won't you help me to fight,

D. C.

O broth - ers, won't you help me, Won't you help me in the serv - ice of the Lord?
 O sis - ters, won't you help me, Won't you help me in the serv - ice of the Lord?
 O preach - ers, won't you help me, Won't you help me in the serv - ice of the Lord?

Ring the Bell, Watchman!

H. C. W.

Henry C. Work

1. High in the bel - fry the old sex - ton stands, Grasp - ing the rope with his
 2. Bar - ing his long sil - ver locks to the breeze, First, for a mo - ment, he
 3. Hear from the hill - top the first sig - nal gun, Thun - ders the word that some
 4. Bon - fires are blaz - ing and rock - ets as - cend,—No mea - ger tri - umph such

thin, bo - ny hands; Fixed is his gaze, as by some mag - ic spell, Till he hears the
 drops on his knees; Then, with a vig - or that few could ex - cel, Answers he the
 great deed is done; Hear, thro' the val - ley the long ech - oes swell, Ev - er and a -
 to - kens por - tend; Shout, shout, my brothers, for all, all is well! 'Tis the u - ni -

CHORUS

dis - tant mur - mur, " Ring, ring the bell. Ring the bell, watchman! ring! ring! ring!
 wel - come bid - ding, " Ring, ring the bell. Ring the bell, watchman! ring! ring! ring!
 non re - peat - ing, " Ring, ring the bell. Ring the bell, watchman! ring! ring! ring!
 ver - sal cho - rus, " Ring, ring the bell. Ring the bell, watchman! ring! ring! ring!

Yes, yes! the good news is now on the wing: Yes, yes! they come, and with

Ring the Bell, Watchman!

tid - ings to tell— Glo - ri - ous and bless - ed tid - ings— Ring, ring the bell!"

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics placed below the notes.

No. 413

What Fairy-like Music

Anon.

Anon.

1. What fai - ry - like mu - sic steals o - ver the sea, En - tranc - ing the
2. The winds are all hush'd, and the wa - ter's at rest; They sleep like the

The first system of the musical score is in treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), and 3/8 time. The melody is light and airy, with lyrics placed below the notes. The bass line is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature.

sens - es with charm'd mel - o - dy; 'Tis the voice of the mer - maid that
pas - sions in in - fan - cy's breast; Till storms shall un - chain them from

The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. It features the same key signature and time signature, with lyrics placed below the notes.

floats o'er the main, As she min - gles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain.
out their dark cave, And break the re - pose of the soul and the wave.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It maintains the same key signature and time signature, with lyrics placed below the notes.

S. C. F.

Stephen C. Foster

1. The pride of the vil - lage, and the fair - est in the dell, Is the
 2. She sings to the meadows and she car - ols to the streams, She
 3. Her soft notes of mel - o - dy a - round me sweet - ly fall; Her

queen of my song, and her name is Fai - ry Belle: The sound of her light step
 laughs in the sun - light and smiles while in her dreams; Her hair, like the this - tle -
 eye, full of love, is now beam - ing on my soul; The sound of that gen - tle

may be heard up - on the hill, Like the fall of the snow-drop or the
 down, is borne up - on the air, And her heart, like the hum - ming - bird's, is
 voice, the glance of that eye, Sur - round me with rap - ture that no

CHORUS

drip - ping of the rill. Fai - ry Belle, gen - tle Fai - ry Belle, The
 free from ev 'ry care. Fai - ry Belle, gen - tle Fai - ry Belle, The
 oth - er heart could sigh. Fai - ry Belle, gen - tle Fai - ry Belle, The

Fairy Belle

star of the night and the lil - y of the day, Fai - ry Belle, the

The first system of music for 'Fairy Belle' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat major) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

queen of all the dell, Long may she rev - el on her bright sun - ny way.

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

No. 415

See Yonder Group

Anon.

Anon.

1. See yon - der group of chil - dren fair, Their fes - tive gar - lands bring - ing,
2. Hur - rah, hur - rah, it comes at last, Our May - day, full of glad - ness,

The first system of music for 'See Yonder Group' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F# major) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.


And gai - ly o'er the vil - lage green The mer - ry bells are ring - ing.
Then let us hail its bright re - turn, And ban - ish care and sad - ness.

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.



Babylon is Fallen

H. C. W.



Henry C. Work




1. Don't you see de black clouds Ris - in' o - ber yon - der
 2. Don't you see de light - nin' Flash - in' in de cane - brake,
 3. Way up in de corn - field, Whar' you hear de tun - der,
 4. Mas - sa was de Ker - nel In de reb - el ar - my,
 5. We will be de Mas - sa, He will be de sar - vant—


Whar' de mas - sa's ole plan - ta - tion am? Neb - ber you be fright - en'd—
 Like as if we gwine to hab a storm? No! you is mis tak - en—
 Dat is our ole for - ty - pound - er gun; When de shells are miss - in'
 Eb - ber sence he went an' run a - way; But his lub - ly dark - eys,
 Try him how he like it for a spell; So we crack de butt' - nuts,


Dem is on - ly dark - eys Come to jine and fight for Un - cle Sam.
 'Tis de dark - eys bay - 'nets, An' de but - tons on dar u - ni - form.
 Don' we load wid pun - kins, All de same to make de cow - ards run.
 Dey has been a watch - in', An' dey take him pris - 'ner tud - der day.
 So we take de Ker - nel, So de can - non car - ry back de shell.



CHORUS



Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot! Look out, dar, don't you un - der -



Babylon is Fallen

stand? Bab - y - lon is fall - en! Bab - y - lon is

O, don't you know that

fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - cu - py de land!

No. 417

The Coming Spring

Anon.

Wm. B. Bradbury

mf *cres.* *mf*

1. Shout and sing, For soon will come the spring, And then their green dress wearing, The
2. Soon they'll go, The melt-ing ice and snow, For now from all the mountains, Roll
3. Sing on, then, We're joy - ful once a - gain, We bid a - dieu to sor - row, For
4. Wel-come spring! Thou dear, de-light - ful spring, O, quick-ly may we greet thee, In

f

wood and fields ap - pear - ing, We'll shout and sing To wel-come in the spring,
 down the small-er fountains, And soon they'll go, The melt-ing ice and snow.
 hope gilds ev 'ry mor - row, Sing on, sing on, We're joy - ful once a - gain.
 field and gar - den meet thee, Then wel come, spring, Thou dear, de-light - ful spring.

*For Thee, Love, for Thee**Wm. H. McCarthy**Stephen C. Foster*

1. I'll watch o'er thy dreams while thou'rt sleeping, For thee, love, for thee, love;
 2. I'll dwell on thy smiles when thou'rt waking, For thee, love, for thee, love;
 3. The lark and the lin - net seem sing - ing For thee, love, for thee, love;

I'll weep o'er thy cares when thou'rt weeping, For thee, on - ly thee.
 My heart would be faith - ful though break - ing, For thee, on - ly thee.
 The bud in - to blos - som seems springing, For thee, on - ly thee.

The wild lands of In - dia, the prai - rie, the sea, May lure me, but
 In bow - ers where we've lin - gered, each flow'ret and tree Re - mains in my
 The bloom of the mead - ows, the ripp - ling of streams, Re - call but thy

CHORUS

fond - ly I'll still turn to thee. For thee, dear - est, thee, I would
 mem - 'ry An em - blem of thee. For thee, dear - est, thee, I would
 fair form, The queen of my dreams. For thee, dear - est, thee, I would

For Thee, Love, for Thee

roam night and day, And thy love, and thy love Would cheer my lone

rit - ar - dan - do.

way ; And thy love, and thy love Would cheer my lone - ly way.

No. 419 *Silent Night, though Dark thy Future*

Anon.

Isaac B. Woodbury

1. Si - lent night! tho' dark thy fu - ture, Still thy qui - e - tude I hail,
 2. Cyn-thia's love - ly ray now glanc - es On the lim - pid, murm'ring stream,
 3. All a - round, how calm - ly sleep - ing, Hush'd the din of toil - some day,

While se - rene - ly wea - ried na - ture Sleeps be - neath thy sa - ble veil.
 While up - on its sur - face danc - es, Gai - ly sport - ive, that chaste beam.
 Scarce - ly heard, those wave - lets creep - ing O'er the peb - bles as they stray.

O Summer Night

(SERENADE)

Anon.
Gently—Smoothly.

From opera of "Don Pasquale," by G. Rossini

pp

1. Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la
 2. Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la

dolce.

1. O summer night, So soft - ly bright,.....
 2. O summer night, So soft - ly bright,.....

la la la la la, O summer night! la la la la, So soft - ly
 la la la la la, O summer night! la la la la, So soft - ly

..... How sweet the bow'r..... Where sleeps my cra - dled flow'r;.....
 How sweet the bow'r..... Where sleeps my cra - dled flow'r;.....

bright, la la la la, How sweet the bow'r Where sleeps my cra-dled flow'r, Where
 bright, la la la la, How sweet the bow'r Where sleeps my cra-dled flow'r, Where

pp

..... The light gale hies,..... To rock her
 The light gale hies,..... To rock her

sleeps my cra - dled flow'r; The light gale hies, la la la
 sleeps my cra - dled flow'r; The light gale hies, la la la

O Summer Night

bed,.....
bed,.....

And scat - ter dew.....
And scat - ter dew.....

a - round her
a - round her

la, To rock her bed, la la la la, And scat - ter dew a-round her
la, To rock her bed, la la la la, And scat - ter dew a-round her

head,.....
head,.....

Then o'er her fly - ing
The bud re - pos - es,

She whispers
Her veil she

head, la la la la, Then o'er her fly - ing, la la la, She whispers
head, la la la la, The bud re - pos - es, la la la, Her veil she

sigh - ing,
clos - es,

Sleep on 'till morn-ing light.....
The gale sighs round.....

Sweet flow'r, good
With soft - er

sigh - ing, la la la, Sleep on till morn-ing light, la la, Sweet flow'r, good
clos - es, la la la, The gale sighs round with soft - er sound, With soft - er

night;.....
sound;.....

Sweet flow'r, good night,....
Sweet flow'r, good night,....

night; Sleep on till morning, Sweet flow'r, good night,..
sound; The gale sighs round With soft - er sound,....
Sweet flow'r, good
Sweet flow'r, good

O Summer Night

Sweet flow'r, good night,..... Sweet flow'r, good night,.....
 Sweet flow'r, good night,..... Sweet flow'r, good night,.....

night, la la la la, Sweet flow'r, good night, la la la la, Sweet flow'r, good
 night, la la la la, Sweet flow'r, good night, la la la la, Sweet flow'r, good

..... good night, good night.
 good night, good night.

Piu mosso.

night, good night; No spoiler shall come near thee, Lul - la -
 night, good night; No spoiler shall come near thee, Lul - la -

Piu mosso.

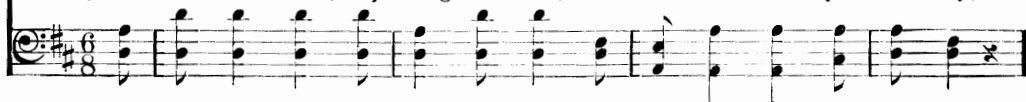
thee.....

by, No blight shall dare to sere thee, Lul - la - by;
 by, No blight shall dare to sere thee, Lul - la - by;

f No blight shall dare to sere thee, Sweet flower, sweet flower, good night!
 No blight shall dare to sere thee, Sweet flower, sweet flower, good night!
pp
ppp

*Billy Grimes the Drover**Richard Coe**Wm. Henry Oakley*

1. To - mor - row, ma, I'm sweet six - teen, And Bil - ly Grimes the drov - er
2. You must not go, my daugh - ter dear, There's now no use of talk - ing;
3. Old Grimes is dead, you know, ma - ma, And Bil - ly is so lone ly;
4. I did not hear, my daugh - ter dear, Your last re - mark quite clear ly;



Has popp'd the ques - tion to me, ma, And wants to be my lov - er.
 You shall not go a - cross the field With Bil - ly Grimes a - walk - ing.
 Be - sides, they say of Grimes' es - tate That Bil - ly is the on - ly
 But Bil - ly is a clev - er lad, And no doubt loves you dear - ly.



To mor - row morn, he says, ma ma, He's com - ing here quite ear - ly,
 To think of his pre - sump - tion, too, The dirt - y, ug - ly drov - er,
 Sur - viv - ing heir to all that's left, And that they say is near - ly
 Re - mem - ber, then, to - mor row morn To be up bright and ear - ly,



To take a plea - sant walk with me A - cross the field of bar ley
 I won - der where your pride has gone, To think of such a rov - er!
 A good ten thou sand dol - lars, ma, - A - bout six hun - dred year - ly.
 To take a pleas - ant walk with him A - cross the field of bar ley.



No. 422 *Where the Sparkling Waters Play*

Fanny J. Crosby

Hubert P. Main

1. Where the spark - ling wa - ters play, Laughing, danc - ing all the day,
 2. Where the swal - low from her nest, Calls her ten - der brood to rest,
 3. Where the mu - sic of the breeze Gen - tly floats a - mong the trees,

Where my skiff may safe-ly glide... O'er a calm... and peace-ful tide,
 Fold - ing each beneath her wings .. While her lul - la - by she sings;
 While a - mid the boughs of green,.. Moonlight hangs her sil - ver sheen;

safe-ly glide
 her wings,
 of green,

With its snow - white sail, In the laugh - ing gale:
 With the min - strel throng In their ves - per song,
 'Tis a mag - ic hour, And I feel its power,

snow-white, snow-white
 minstrel, minstrel
 mag-ic, mag - ic

laughing, laughing
 ves-per, ves-per
 I feel its

There is joy..... for me, There is joy..... for me.
 How I long.... to be, How I long.... to be.
 There is joy..... for me, There is joy..... for me.

joy, is joy
 long, I long
 joy, is joy

joy, is joy
 long, I long
 joy, is joy

Where the Sparkling Waters Play

CHORUS

Where the sweet - est flowrets grow, And the pur - est zephyrs blow.

Cantabile *Ritardando pp*

How I love... to roam in my for - est home, By the wa - ters murm'ring low.

murm'ring, murm'ring

No. 423

Evening by the Sea

Heinrich Heine

H. Lautenschlager

1. In eve - ning's glow, O sea,..... Be - side thy waves at rest,
2. My burn - ing heart for - gets.... Its strug - gles and its pain,
3. Scarce doth a gen - tle pain.... Steal soft - ly through the mind,

My tor - ments seem to flee, And peace reigns in my breast.
Each wail - ing cry be - gets A soft, me - lo - dious strain.
As o'er the o - cean's plain A sail be - fore the wind.

I've been Roaming

Chas. E. Horn

Lively

1. I've been roam - ing, I've been roam - ing Where the mea - dow dew is sweet;
 2. I've been roam - ing, I've been roam - ing By the rose and lil y fair;
 3. I've been roam - ing, I've been roam ing Where the hon ey suc - kle creeps;
 4. I've been roam ing, I've been roam - ing O - ver hill and o ver plain;

And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With its pearls up - on my feet.
 And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With their blos - soms in my hair.
 And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With its greet ing on my lips.
 And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing To my bow'r back a - gain.

CHORUS.

I've been roam - ing, I've been roam - ing Where the mea - dow dew is sweet,
For verse 4
 O ver hill, and o - ver plain, To my bow'r back a - gain,

And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing With its pearls up - on my feet.
 And I'm com - ing, and I'm com - ing To my bow'r back a - gain.

Proud World, Good-bye

Fanny J. Crosby

Geo. F. Root

1. Go, proud world, I'm wea - ry of your splen - dor And the heartless pleasure
 2. By a calm and shin - ing lit - tle riv - er Stands a peaceful cot - tage
 3. There from pride and ev - 'ry wile I'll hide me, And the world with all its

which your gift be - stows, And I go to seek a pur - er pleas - ure
 in a flow - 'ry vale, And the pine, its shelt'ring branches wav - ing,
 care and strife for - get; Sweet - ly then shall glide each fit - ting mo - ment,

CHORUS

Where af - fec - tion bids my wand'ring heart re - pose. From your scenes I
 Gen - tly mur - murs to the pass - ing sum - mer gale. To these scenes I
 Till the sun of life in hope and peace shall set. To these scenes I

hast - en now with glad - ness, Yes, proud world, good - bye, good - bye, I'm go - ing home.

*Mrs. Crawford**F. W. N. Crouch*

1. Kath-leen Ma - vour - neen, the grey dawn is break-ing, The horn of the
2. Kath-leen Ma - vour - neen, a - wake from thy slum-bers; The blue mountains

hun - ter is heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the
glow in the sun's gold - en light; Ah! where is the spell that once

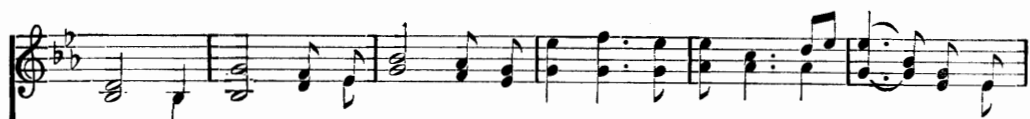
bright dew is shak - ing; Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, what! slum - b'ring still?
hung 'on my numbers? A - rise in thy beau - ty, thou star of my night;

7 Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, what! slum - b'ring still? Or hast thou for -
A - rise in thy beau - ty, thou star of my night! Ma - vour - neen, Ma -

Kathleen Mavourneen



got - ten how soon we must sev - er? Oh, hast thou for - got - ten this day we must
vourneen, my sad tears are fall - ing, To think that from E - rin and thee I must



part? It may be for years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou
part! It may be for years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou



si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it
si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it



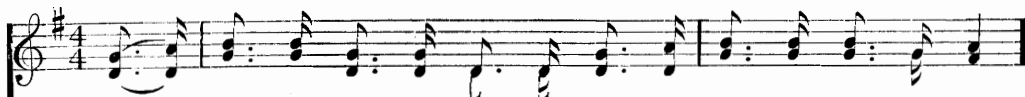
may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?
may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?



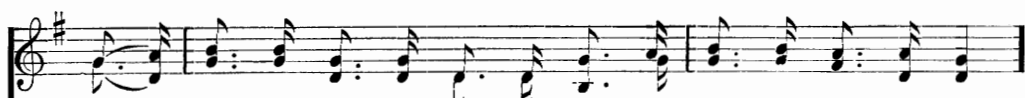
Uncle Sam's Farm

Jesse Hutchinson, Jr.


Arr. by Hubert P. Main




1. Of all the might - y na - tions In the east or in the west,
 2. St. Lawrence marks our north - ern line, As fast her wa - ters flow,
 3. While the South shall raise the cot - ton And the west the corn and pork,



Oh, this glo - rious Yan - kee na - tion Is the great - est and the best;
 And the Ri - o Grande our south - ern bound 'Way down to Mex - i - co;
 New - Eng - land man - u - fac - t'ries Shall do up the fin - er work;



We have room for all cre - a - tion, And our ban - ner is un - furled,
 From the great At - lan - tic O - cean, Where the sun be - gins to dawn,
 For the deep and flow - ing wa - ter - falls, That course a - long our hills,



Here's a gen - 'ral in - vi - ta - tion To the peo - ple of the world.
 Leap a - cross the Rock - y Moun - tains, Far a - way to Or - e - gon.
 Are just the thing for wash - ing sheep And driv ing cot - ton - mills.

Uncle Sam's Farm

CHORUS

Then come a - long, come a - long, Make no de-lay ; Come from ev - 'ry na - tion,

Come from ev - 'ry way ; Our lands they are broad e - nough, Don't be a-larmed,

For Un - cle Sam is rich e - nough To give us all a farm !

4 Our fathers gave us Liberty,
But little did they dream
The grand results that pour along
This mighty age of steam ;
For our mountains, lakes, and rivers
Are all a blaze of fire,
And we send our news by lightning
On the telegraphic wire.

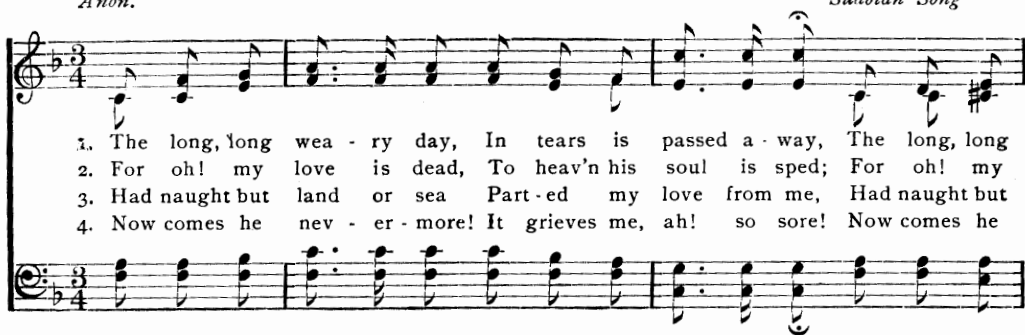
CHO.—Then come along, etc.

5 Yes, we're bound to beat the nations,
For our motto's "Go ahead,"
And we'll tell the foreign paupers
That our people are well fed ;
For the nations must remember
Uncle Sam is not a fool,
For the people do the voting,
And the children go to school.

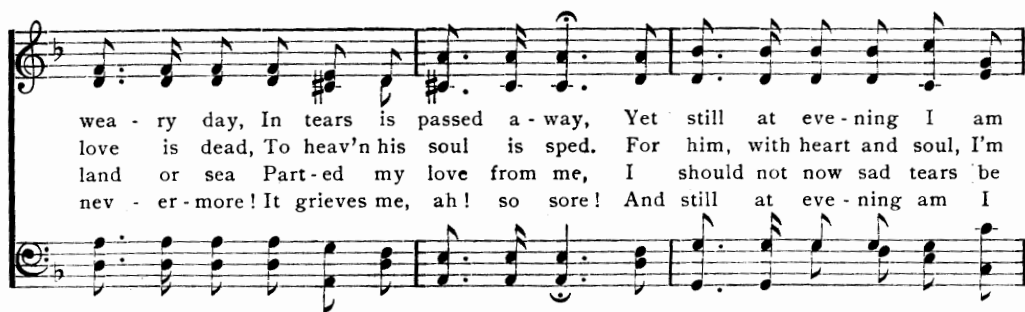
CHO.—Then come along, etc.

The Long, Long Weary Day

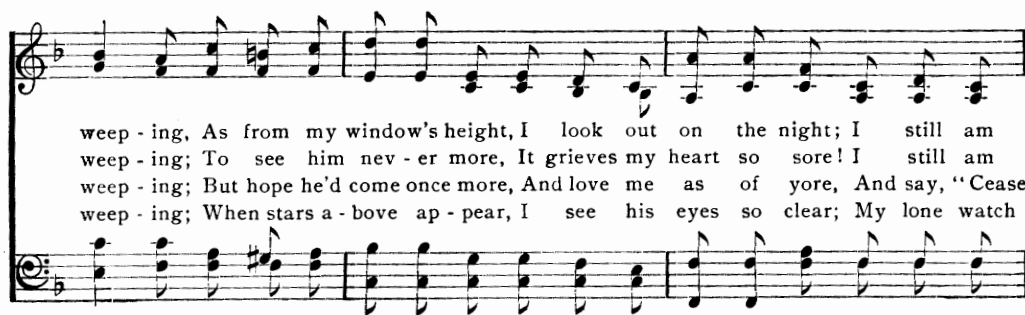
Anon.

Suabian Song


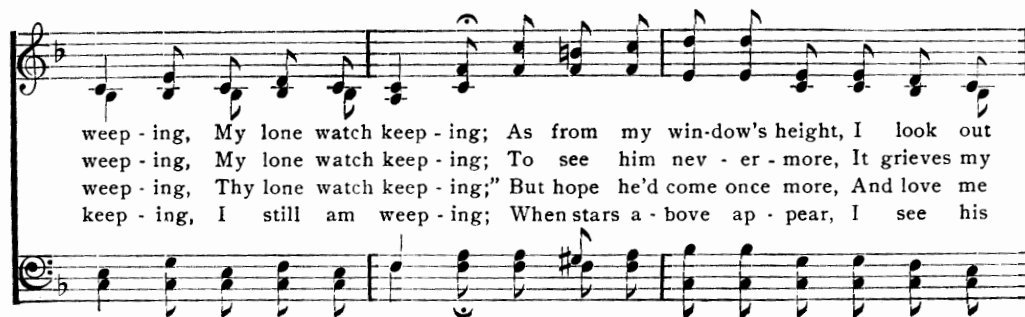
1. The long, long wea - ry day, In tears is passed a - way, The long, long
 2. For oh! my love is dead, To heav'n his soul is sped; For oh! my
 3. Had naught but land or sea Part - ed my love from me, Had naught but
 4. Now comes he nev - er - more! It grieves me, ah! so sore! Now comes he



wea - ry day, In tears is passed a - way, Yet still at eve - ning I am
 love is dead, To heav'n his soul is sped. For him, with heart and soul, I'm
 land or sea Part - ed my love from me, I should not now sad tears be
 nev - er - more! It grieves me, ah! so sore! And still at eve - ning am I



weep - ing, As from my window's height, I look out on the night; I still am
 weep - ing; To see him nev - er more, It grieves my heart so sore! I still am
 weep - ing; But hope he'd come once more, And love me as of yore, And say, "Cease
 weep - ing; When stars a - bove ap - pear, I see his eyes so clear; My lone watch



weep - ing, My lone watch keep - ing; As from my win - dow's height, I look out
 weep - ing, My lone watch keep - ing; To see him nev - er - more, It grieves my
 weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep - ing;" But hope he'd come once more, And love me
 keep - ing, I still am weep - ing; When stars a - bove ap - pear, I see his

The Long, Long Weary Day

on the night; I still am weep - ing, My lone watch keep - ing.
 heart so sore! I still am weep - ing, My lone watch keep - ing.
 as of yore, And say, "Cease weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep - ing."
 eyes so clear; My lone watch keep - ing, I still am weep - ing.

No. 429

How Soft the Evening's Close

Volkslied

Moderato

1. How soft the hap - py eve - ning's close, 'Tis the hour for sweet re - pose, Good
2. These tran - quil hours of so - cial mirth Form the dear - est ties of earth: Good
3. Oh, how each gen - tle thought is stirred, As we breathe the part - ing word: Good

night! The sum - mer winds have sunk to rest, The moon, se - rene - ly bright, Sheds
 night! And while each hand is kind - ly press'd, Oh, may our pray'rs to heav'n With
 night! Could we but ev - er feel as now, Our hearts with love up - raised, And

dim. *rit.*
 down her calm and gen - tle ray, Soft - ly now she seems to say, Good night!
 hum - ble fer - vor be addressed, For its bless - ings on our rest: Good night!
 while our fond af - fec - tions flow, Hear in mur - murs soft and low—Good night!

By the Sad Sea Waves

From "The Brides of Venice"

J. Benedict

Not too fast.

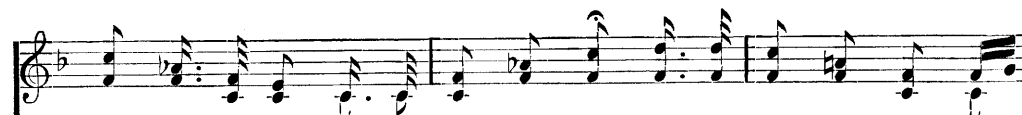
1. By the sad sea waves, I list - en while they moan A la-mento o'er graves of
 2. From my care last night by ho - ly sleep beguiled, In the fair dream-light my



hope and pleas - ure gone. I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care,
 home up - on mesmil'd. Oh, how sweet 'mid the dew, Ev - 'ry flow'r that I knew



From the ris - ing of the morn to the set - ting of the sun, Yet I
 Breath'd a gen - tle wel - come back to the worn and wea - ry child. I a -



pine like a slave By the sad sea wave. Come a - gain, bright days of
 wake in my grave By the sad sea wave. Come a - gain, dear dream so



By the Sad Sea Waves

hope and pleas - ure gone, Come a - gain, bright days, Come a - gain, come a - gain.
 peace - ful - ly that smil'd, Come a - gain, dear dream, Come a - gain, come a - gain.

No. 431

The Bright, Rosy Morning

E. L. White

1. The bright ro - sy morn - ing Peeps o - ver the hills, With blush - es a -
 2. The deer roused be fore us A - way seems to fly, And pants to the
 3. The day's sport when o - ver, The fire - side all bright But gives the tired

CHORUS

dorn - ing The mea - dows and fields.
 cho - rus Of hounds in full cry } While the mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry horn Calls,
 hun - ter Fresh charms for the night.

"Come, come a - way, A - wake from your slum - bers, And hail the new day."

*Douglas, Tender and True**D. M. Mulock**Lady Jane Scott*

1. Could ye come back to me, Doug-las! Doug-las! In the old like-ness
 2. Nev-er a scorn-ful word should grieve ye; I'd smile as sweet as the
 3. Oh, to call back the days that are not! Mine eyes were blinded, your



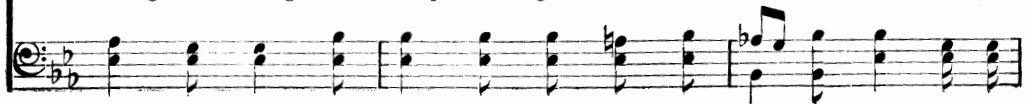
that I knew, I would be so faith-ful, so lov-ing, Doug-las!
 an-gels do,— Sweet as your smile on me shone ev-er,
 words were few: Do you know the truth now up in heav-en,



Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true. 4. I was not half wor-thy
 Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true. 5. Stretch out your hand to me,
 Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true?



of you, Doug-las! Not half wor-thy the like of you; Now all
 Doug-las! Doug-las! Drop for-giv-ness from heav'n like dew, As I



Douglas, Tender and True

men be - side are to me like shad - ows, Doug - las! Doug - las! ten - der and true.
lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas! Doug - las! Doug - las! ten - der and true.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and accompaniment consists of chords.

No. 433

The Winter is Over

German

1. The win - ter is o - ver, good - by to the snow; The grass in the
2. It seemed as if life had from Earth pass'd a - way, So still in her
3. The sweet breath of vi - o - lets comes on the breeze, How bus - y the

The first system of the musical score is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. It contains the first three lines of the lyrics.

fields is be - gin - ning to grow. Now, skim - ming the meadows, the
cold win - ter man - tle she lay. Ah no, she was sleep - ing, and
rocks seem a - mong those tall trees. Yes, win - ter is o - ver, I

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment for the second and third lines of the lyrics.

swal - low is seen; How soft on the trees is the first tinge of green.
now, fresh and bright, Her buds and her blossoms un - fold to the light.
hear the birds sing, We'll join in the cho - rus, and greet thee, O Spring.

Repeat to word La.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The lyrics describe the arrival of spring.

Viva l'America

Harrison Millard

1. No - ble Re - pub - lic! happiest of lands! Fore-most of na - tions
 2. Should ev - er trai - tor rise in the land, Curs'd be his home - stead,
 3. To all her he - roes, jus - tice and fame; To all her foes, a

Co - lum - bia stands, Free - dom's proud ban - ner floats in the skies!
 with - er'd his hand; Shame be his mem - 'ry, scorn be his lot,
 trait - or's foul name; Our stripes and stars still proud - ly shall wave,

Where shouts of Lib - er - ty dai - ly a - rise! U - nit - ed we stand, di -
 Ex - ile his her - i - tage, his name a blot! U - nit - ed we stand, di -
 Em - blem of Lib - er - ty - Flag of the brave! U - nit - ed we stand, di -

vid - ed we fall, Un - ion for - ev - er, free - dom for all;
 vid - ed we fall, Grant - ing a home and free - dom to all;
 vid - ed we fall, Glad - ly we'll die at our coun - try's call;

Viva l'America

CHORUS

Throughout the world our mot-to shall be, Vi - vi l'Amer - i - ca, Home of the free!

The image shows the musical notation for the chorus of 'Viva l'America'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

No. 435

Stars Trembling O'er Us

D. M. Mulock

Anon.

Quietly

1. Stars trembling o'er us, And sun - set be - fore us, Moun - tain in shad - ow and
2. Come not, pale Sor - row, But flee till to - mor - row, Rest soft - ly fall - ing o'er
3. As the waves cov - er The depths we glide o - ver, So let the past in for -
4. Heav'n shines a - bove us, Bless all . . . that love us, — All that we love, in thy

The image shows the first system of musical notation for 'Stars Trembling O'er Us'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

for - est a - sleep; Down the dim riv - er We float on for - ev - er, Speak not, ah,
eye - lids that weep; Down the dim riv - er We float on for - ev - er, Speak not, ah,
get - ful - ness sleep; Down the dim riv - er We float on for - ev - er, Speak not, ah,
ten - der - ness keep; Down the dim riv - er We float on for - ev - er, Speak not, ah,

The image shows the second system of musical notation for 'Stars Trembling O'er Us'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

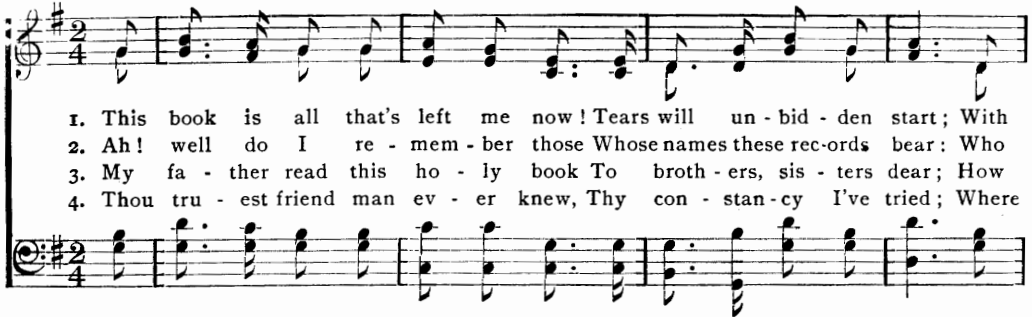
breathe not! there's peace on the deep; Speak not, ah, breathe not! there's peace on the deep.

The image shows the third system of musical notation for 'Stars Trembling O'er Us'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

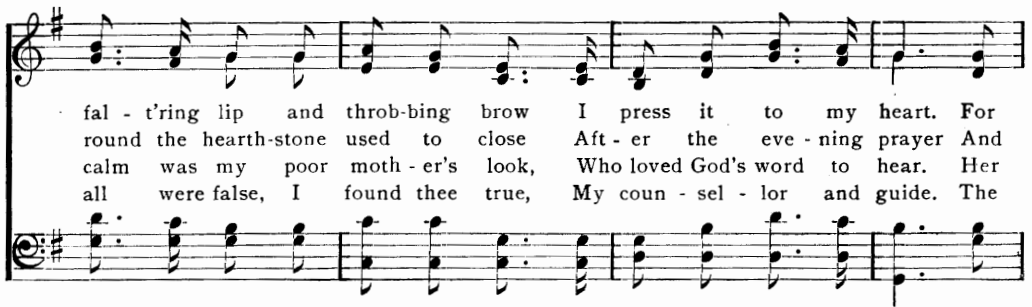
My Mother's Bible

George P. Morris

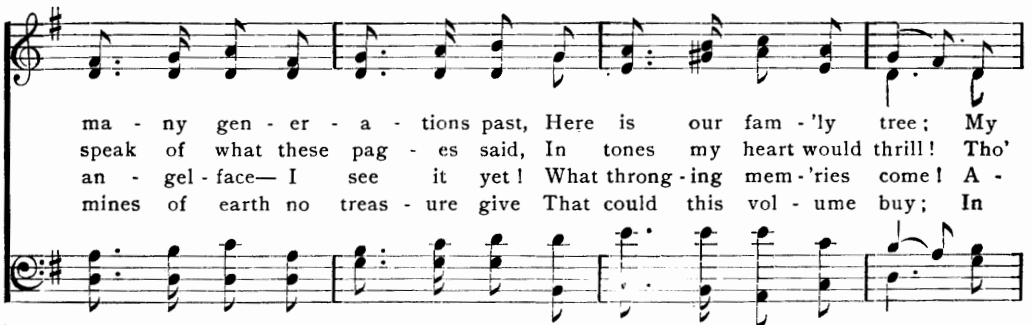
Henry Russell



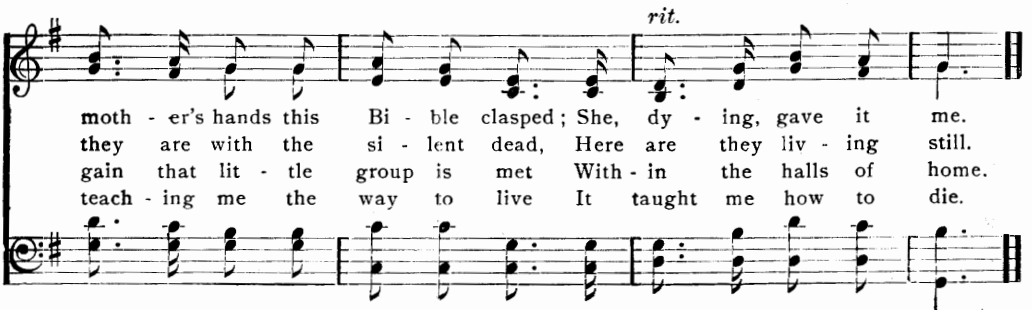
1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start; With
 2. Ah! well do I re-mem-ber those Whose names these rec-ords bear: Who
 3. My fa-ther read this ho-ly book To broth-ers, sis-ters dear; How
 4. Thou tru-est friend man ev-er knew, Thy con-stant-cy I've tried; Where



fal-tering lip and throb-bing brow I press it to my heart. For
 round the hearth-stone used to close Aft-er the eve-ning prayer And
 calm was my poor moth-er's look, Who loved God's word to hear. Her
 all were false, I found thee true, My coun-sel-lor and guide. The



ma-ny gen-er-a-tions past, Here is our fam-ly tree; My
 speak of what these pag-es said, In tones my heart would thrill! Tho'
 an-gel-face—I see it yet! What throng-ing mem-ories come! A-
 mines of earth no treas-ure give That could this vol-ume buy; In



rit.
 moth-er's hands this Bi-ble clasped; She, dy-ing, gave it me.
 they are with the si-lent dead, Here are they liv-ing still.
 gain that lit-tle group is met With-in the halls of home.
 teach-ing me the way to live It taught me how to die.

No. 437 *What is Home Without a Mother?*

S. W.

Septimus Winner

Moderato

1. What is home with - out a moth - er? What are all the joys we meet,
 2. Things we prize are first to van - ish, Hearts we love to pass a - way;
 3. Old - er hearts may have their sor - rows, Griefs that quick - ly die a - way,

When her lov - ing smile no lon - ger Greet the com - ing, com - ing of our feet? The
 And how soon, e'en in our child - hood, We be - hold her turn - ing, turn - ing grey : Her
 But a moth - er lost in child - hood Grieves the heart, the heart from day to day, We

days seem long, the nights are drear, And time rolls slow - ly on; And
 eye grows dim, her step is slow; Her joys of earth are past; And
 miss her kind, her will - ing hand, Her fond and ear - nest care; And

oh! how few are childhood's pleasures, When her gen - tle, gen - tle care is gone.
 sometimes ere we learn to know her, She hath breath'd on earth, on earth her last.
 oh! how dark is life a - round us, What is home without, without her there?

*In the Starlight**J. E. Carpenter**Stephen Glover*

1. In the star-light, in the star-light, let us wan-der gay and free,
2. In the star-light, in the star-light, at the day-light's dew-y close,

For there's nothing in the day-light half so dear to you and me.
When the night-in-gale is sing-ing his last love-song to the rose;

Like the fai-ries in the sha-dow of the woods we'll steal a-long,
In the calm clear night of sum-mer, when the breez-es soft-ly play,

And our sweet-est lays we'll war-ble, for the night was made for song;
From the glit-ter of our dwell-ing we will gen-tly steal a-way,

In the Starlight

When none are by to list - en, or to chide us in our glee,
Where the sil - v'ry wa - ters mur - mur, by the mar - gin of the sea,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

In the star - light, in the star - light, let us wan - der gay and free;
In the star - light, in the star - light, we will wan - der gay and free;

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5, followed by a half note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including some triplet figures.

In the star - light, in the star - light, let us wan - der, let us wan - der,
In the star - light, in the star - light, we will wan - der, we will wan - der,

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line features quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, and C5. The piano accompaniment includes some chords marked with an 'x' symbol, possibly indicating a specific voicing or a correction.

In the star - light, in the star - light, let us wan - der gay and free.
In the star - light, in the star - light, we will wan - der gay and free.

The final system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5, followed by a half note G5. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand.

*Landing of the Pilgrims**Felicia Hemans**Mary A. Browne*

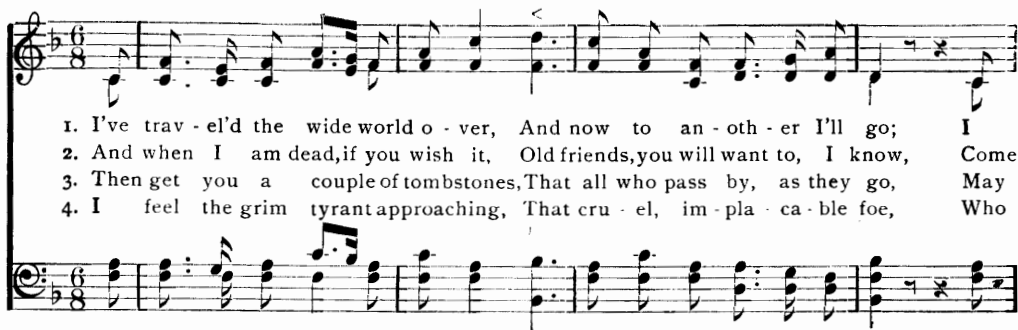
1. The break - ing waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the
2. Not as the con - queror comes, They, the true heart-ed, came; Not
3. A - midst the storm they sang, And the stars heard and the sea! And the
4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine? The

woods a - gainst a storm - y sky Their gi - ant branch-es tossed; And the
with the roll of stir - ring drums, And the trum - pet that sings of fame; Not
sound - ing aisles of the dim woods rang To the an - them of the free; The
wealth of the seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine; Aye,

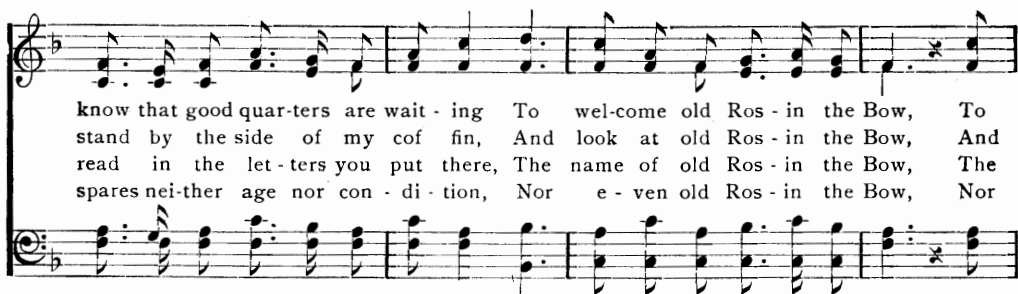
heav - y night hung dark The hills and wa - ters o'er, When a
as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in fear; They
o - cean ea - gle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam, And the
call it ho - ly ground, The soil where first they trod! They have

band of ex - iles moored their bark On the wild New Eng - land shore.
shook the depths of the des - ert gloom With their hymns of loft - y cheer.
rock - ing pines of the for - est roared, This was their wel - come home!
left un - stained what there they found, Free - dom to wor - ship God.

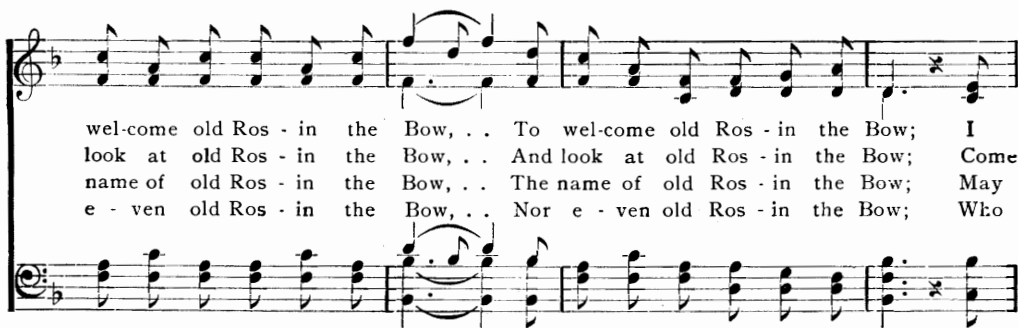
Anon.



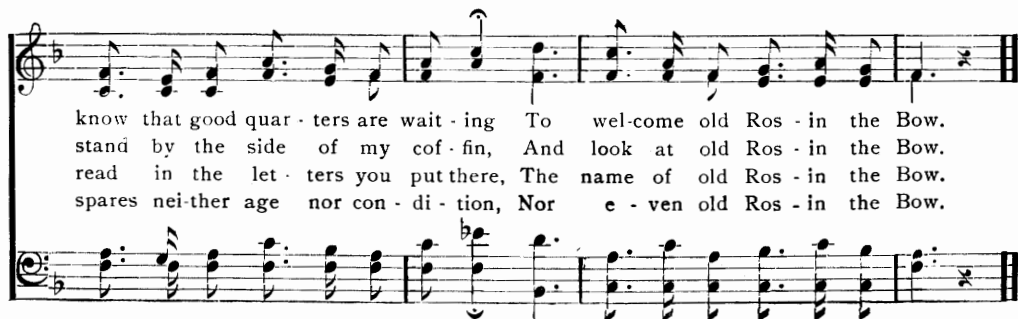
1. I've trav - el'd the wide world o - ver, And now to an - oth - er I'll go; I
 2. And when I am dead, if you wish it, Old friends, you will want to, I know, Come
 3. Then get you a couple of tombstones, That all who pass by, as they go, May
 4. I feel the grim tyrant approaching, That cru - el, im - pla - ca - ble foe, Who



know that good quar - ters are wait - ing To wel - come old Ros - in the Bow, To
 stand by the side of my cof - fin, And look at old Ros - in the Bow, And
 read in the let - ters you put there, The name of old Ros - in the Bow, The
 spares nei - ther age nor con - di - tion, Nor e - ven old Ros - in the Bow, Nor



wel - come old Ros - in the Bow, . . . To wel - come old Ros - in the Bow; I
 look at old Ros - in the Bow, . . . And look at old Ros - in the Bow; Come
 name of old Ros - in the Bow, . . . The name of old Ros - in the Bow; May
 e - ven old Ros - in the Bow, . . . Nor e - ven old Ros - in the Bow; Who



know that good quar - ters are wait - ing To wel - come old Ros - in the Bow.
 stand by the side of my cof - fin, And look at old Ros - in the Bow.
 read in the let - ters you put there, The name of old Ros - in the Bow.
 spares nei - ther age nor con - di - tion, Nor e - ven old Ros - in the Bow.

Spring, Gentle Spring

J. R. Planche

J. Riviere



1. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Youngest sea - son of the year, Hith - er
 2. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Gus - ty March be - fore thee flies, Gloom - y



haste, and with thee bring A - pril with her smile and tear; Hand in hand with
 Win - ter ban - ish - ing, Clear - ing for thy path the skies. Flocks and herds, and



joc - und May, Bent on keep - ing hol - i - day. With thy dai - sy di - a -
 meads and bow'rs, For thy gra - cious pres - ence long! Come and fill the fields with



dem, And thy robe of bright - est green, — We will wel - come thee and them,
 flow'rs, Come and fill the woods with song, — We will wel - come thee and them,



Spring, Gentle Spring

As ye've ev - er welcomed been. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Youngest sea - son

of the year, Life and joy to na - ture bring! Na - ture's dar - ling, haste thee here.

No. 442

Three Children Sliding

Anon.

Not too fast

Anon.

1. Three chil - dren slid - ing on the ice, All on a sum - mer's day, As
2. Now had these chil - dren been at home, Or slid - ing on dry ground, Ten
3. You par - ents all that chil - dren have, And you, too, that have none, If

it fell out they all fell in, The rest they ran a - way.
thou - sand pounds to pen - ny one, They had not all been drown'd.
you would have them safe a - broad, Pray keep them safe at home.

*The Danube River**Hamilton Aide*

1. Do you re-call that night in June Up - on the Dan - ube Riv - er?
 2. Our boat kept meas - ure with its oar, The mu - sic rose in snatch - es



We list - ened to a Länd - ler tune, And watched the moon - beams quiv - er.
 From peas - ants danc - ing on the shore, With bois - t'rous songs and catch - es.



I oft sincethen have watch'd the moon, But nev - er, no, Oh, nev - er, nev - er
 I know not why that Länd - ler rang Thro' all my soul, But nev - er, nev - er



Can I for - get that night in June Up - on the Dan - ube Riv - er,
 Can I for - get the songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube Riv - er,



The Danube River

Can I for get that night in June Up on the Dan ube Riv er,
Can I for get the songs they sang Up on the Dan ube Riv er,

Can I for - get that night in June Up - on the Dan - ube Riv - er,
Can I for - get the songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube Riv - er,

Can I for - get that night in June Up - on the Dan - ube Riv - er.
Can I for - get the songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube Riv - er.

No. 444

Now the Day is Gone

(ROUND IN FOUR PARTS)

1 2
Now the day is gone, And the night is come; When the

3 4
day of life is flown, May heav'n be our home.

Ever of Thee

George Linley

Foley Hall

Moderato

1. Ev - er of thee I'm fond - ly dream - ing, Thy gen - tle voice my
 2. Ev - er of thee, when sad and lone - ly, Wand - 'ring a - far my

spir - it can cheer; Thou art the star that, mild - ly beam - ing, Shone o'er my path when
 soul joy'd to dwell; Ah! then I felt I loved thee on - ly, All seemed to fade be -

all was dark and drear, Still in my heart thy form I cher - ish,
 fore af - fec - tion's spell; Years have not chill'd the love I cher - ish,

Ev - 'ry kind tho't like a bird flies to thee. Ah! nev - er till life and
 True as the stars hath my heart been to thee. Ah! nev - er till life and

Ever of Thee

mem - 'ry per - ish, Can I for - get how dear thou art to me:
mem - 'ry per - ish, Can I for - get how dear thou art to me:

Morn, noon, and night, wher - e'er I may be, Fond - ly I'm dream - ing
Morn noon, and night, wher - e'er I may be, Fond - ly I'm dream - ing

ev - er of thee, Fond - ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee.
ev - er of thee, Fond - ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee.

No. 446 *It is the Hour to Haste Away*

(ROUND IN FOUR PARTS)

1 2

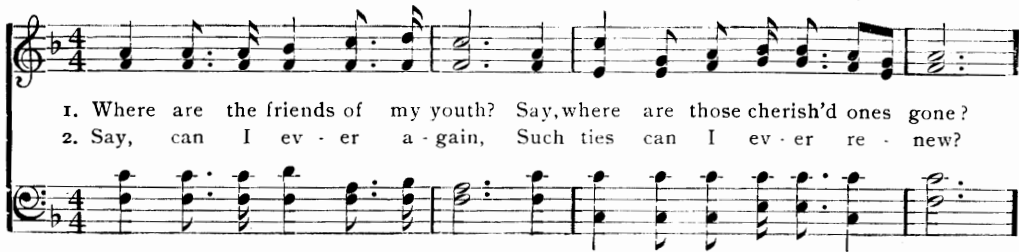
It is the hour to haste a - way, Be - hold the eve - ning of the day,

3 4

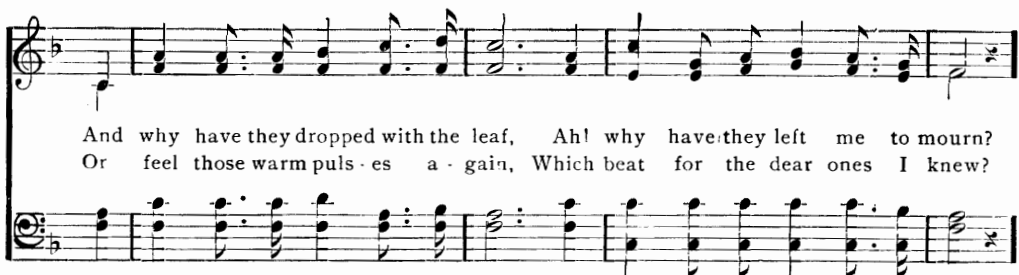
The dews of night be - gin to fall And dark - ness soon shall cov - er all.

No. 447 *Where are the Friends of my Youth?*


George Barker



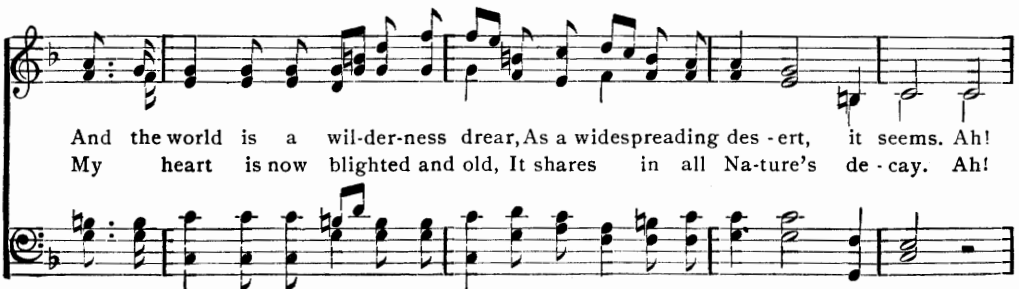
1. Where are the friends of my youth? Say, where are those cherish'd ones gone?
2. Say, can I ev - er a - gain, Such ties can I ev - er re - new?



And why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to mourn?
Or feel those warm puls - es a - gain, Which beat for the dear ones I knew?



Their voic - es still sound in mine ear, Their fea - tures I see in my dreams,
The world as a win - ter is cold, Each charm seems to van - ish a - way,



And the world is a wil - der - ness drear, As a widesprea - ding des - ert, it seems. Ah!
My heart is now blighted and old, It shares in all Na - ture's de - cay. Ah!

Where are the Friends of my Youth?

.....where are the friends of my youth, Ah! where are those cherish'd ones gone?
where are the friends of my youth, Say, where are those cherish'd ones gone?

And why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to mourn?
 And why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to mourn?

No. 448

The Wanderer's Song

Anon.

Anon.

1. The sky is so blue, and all na - ture is gay; Fare-well, dear - est
 2. Be - yond the wide plains on the banks of the Rhine, Shall for - tune and
 3. A tap at the win - dow, a knock at the door, And there stands your
 4. "God bless thee, dear Ma - ry!" de - light - ed he cries; And emp-ties his

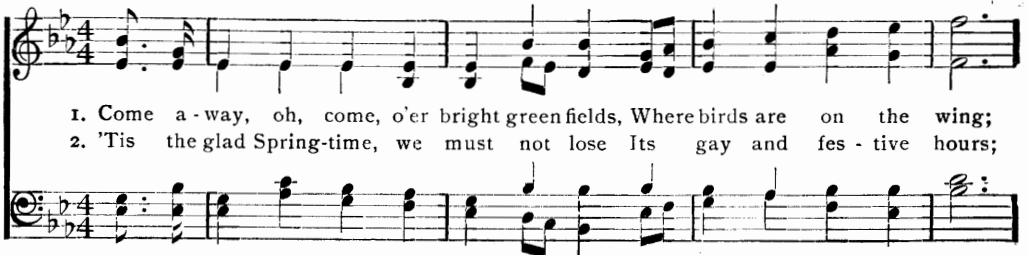
Ma - ry, for I must a - way, Farewell, dearest Ma - ry, for I must a - way.
 rich - es be speed - i - ly mine, Shall for-tune and rich-es be speed - i - ly mine.
 wan-d'rer, to wan-der no more, And there stands your wand'rer, to wander no more.
 treas - ure be - fore her glad eyes, And empties her treasure be - fore her glad eyes.

No. 449

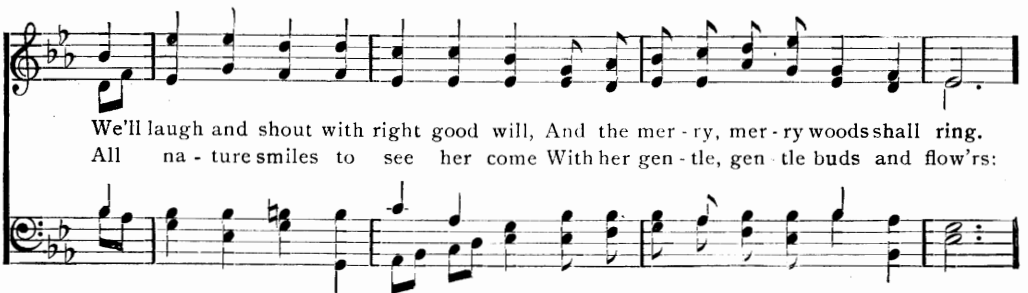
The Glad Spring Time

Fanny J. Crosby

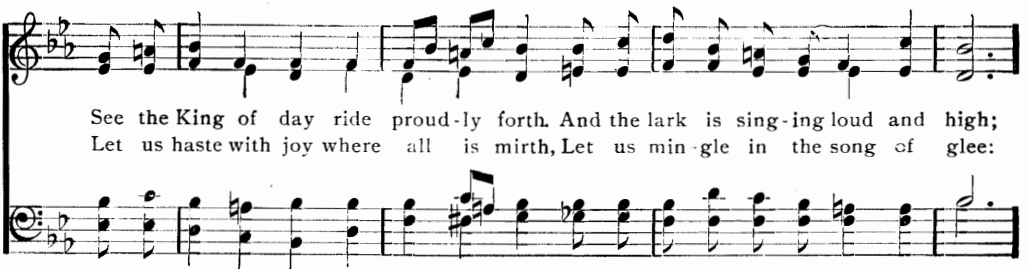
Hubert P. Main



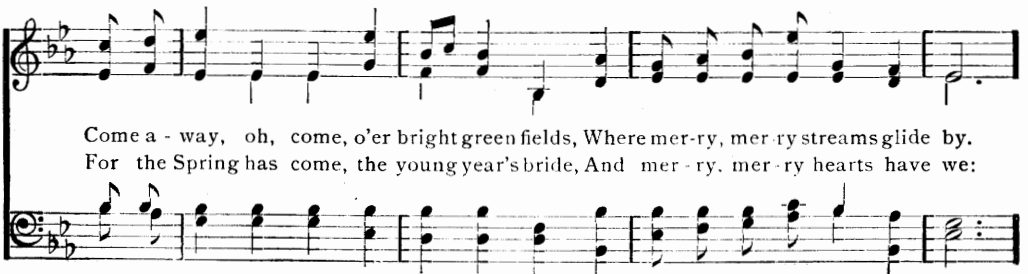
1. Come a-way, oh, come, o'er bright green fields, Where birds are on the wing;
2. 'Tis the glad Spring-time, we must not lose Its gay and fes-tive hours;



We'll laugh and shout with right good will, And the mer-ry, mer-ry woods shall ring.
All na-ture smiles to see her come With her gen-tle, gen-tle buds and flow'rs:



See the King of day ride proud-ly forth. And the lark is sing-ing loud and high;
Let us haste with joy where all is mirth, Let us min-gle in the song of glee:



Come a-way, oh, come, o'er bright green fields, Where mer-ry, mer-ry streams glide by.
For the Spring has come, the young year's bride, And mer-ry, mer-ry hearts have we:

The Glad Spring Time

We will climb the hills where the pine trees wave, And wake the echoes there;
When the day-beams fade and the evening brings A soft and mellow light,

Far a-way shall float each wild, sweet note On the merry, merry mountain air.
Still a-way shall float each wild, sweet note, While the merry, merry moon shines bright.

No. 450

My Mountain Home

Sidney Dyer

J. William Suffern

Lively.

1. Let others sigh for a valley home, Where the brook runs murm'ring by,
2. I love to dwell where the eagles soar, See them perch on its starry crown:
3. Let others pine for the vale below, Tho' a home is genial there;

I'll build my cot on the mountain dome, Where it leans to the deep blue sky.
The wild winds howl and the thunders roar, And the storm in its might comes down.
I love the drift of the mountain snow, And the health of its bracing air.

Annie, My Own Love

Chas. P. Shiras

Stephen C. Foster

1. There's a wound in my spir - it No balm can e'er heal; In my
 2. Like the moon to the twi - light She came to my heart, And.....
 3. Like the night when the moon-beam Is gone from the sky, In the

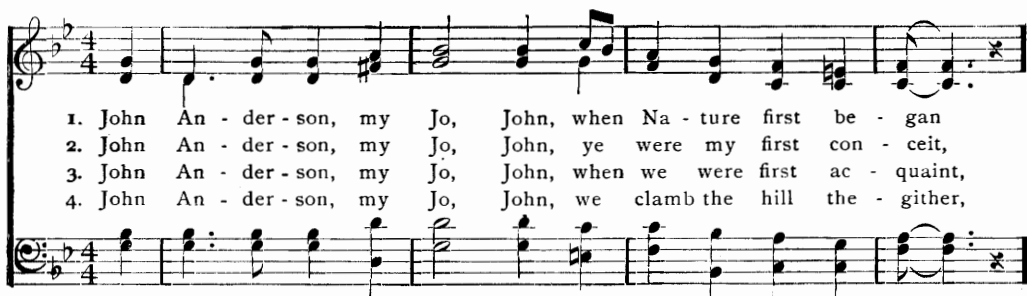
soul is a sor - row No voice can re - veal, And deep - er the
 fond - ly she told me We nev - er should part; By death un - re -
 gloom of my sor - row Heart - bro - ken I lie; Oh, seek not to

fur - rows Will sink on my brow, For An - nie, my own love, Is
 lent - ing She's freed from her vow, And An - nie, my own love, Is
 soothe me, To earth let me bow, For An - nie, my own love, Is

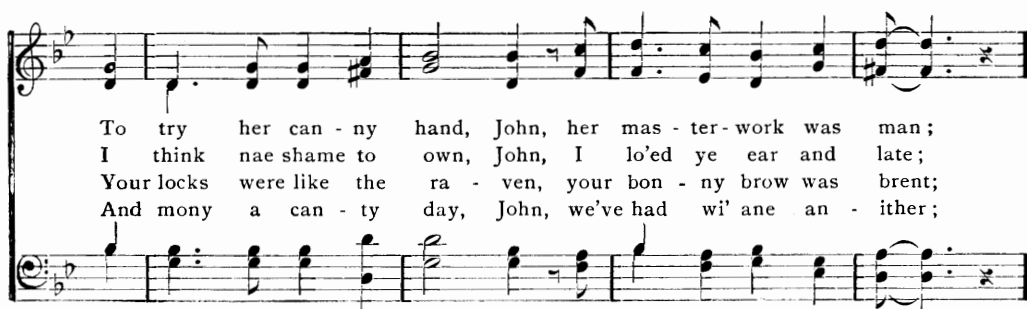
gone from me now, For An - nie, my own love, Is gone from me now.
 gone from me now, And An - nie, my own love, Is gone from me now.
 gone from me now, For An - nie, my own love, Is gone from me now.

Robert Burns

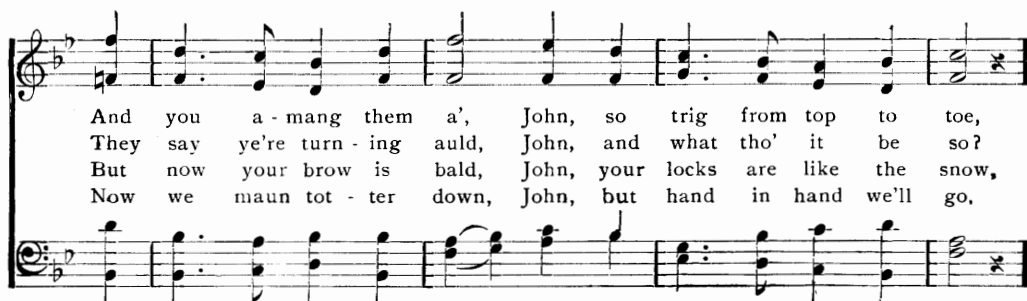
Anon.



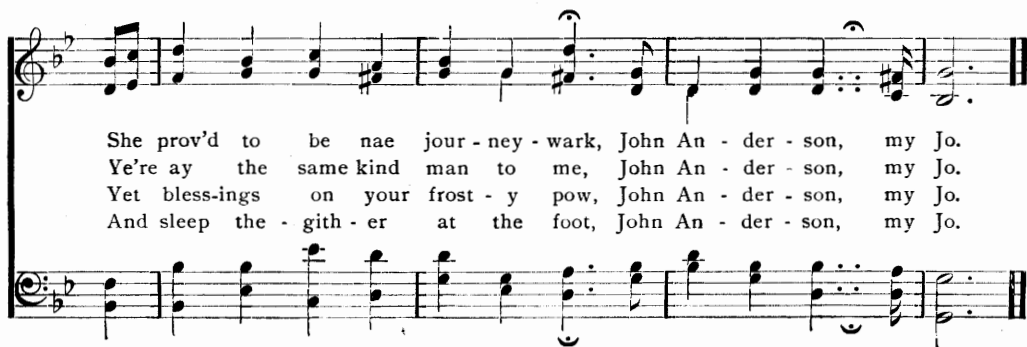
1. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, when Na - ture first be - gan
 2. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, ye were my first con - ceit,
 3. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, when we were first ac - quaint,
 4. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, we clamb the hill the - gither,



To try her can - ny hand, John, her mas - ter-work was man;
 I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear and late;
 Your locks were like the ra - ven, your bon - ny brow was brent;
 And mony a can - ty day, John, we've had wi' ane an - ither;



And you a - mang them a', John, so trig from top to toe,
 They say ye're turn - ing auld, John, and what tho' it be so?
 But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow,
 Now we maun tot - ter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,



She prov'd to be nae jour - ney - wark, John An - der - son, my Jo.
 Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John An - der - son, my Jo.
 Yet bless - ings on your frost - y pow, John An - der - son, my Jo.
 And sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der - son, my Jo.

The Old Folks are Gone

Fanny J. Crosby

George F. Root



1. Far, far in ma - ny lands I've wan - dered, Sad - ly and lone,
2. Here's where I fro - lick'd with my broth - er Un - der the tree,
3. Down where the old ba - na - na's wav - ing, They're laid to rest,



My heart was ev - er turn - ing south - ward To all the dear ones at home;
 Here's where I knelt be - side my moth - er, From care and sor - row free;
 Where Sua - nee's peaceful wa - ter's lav - ing The green turf o'er their breast;



Here, aft - er all my wea - ry roam - ing, At ear - ly dawn,
 Still sing the lit - tle birds as sweet - ly, At night and morn,
 But there's a home I know where part - ing Nev - er can come,



I've come and find the cot still standing, But— oh, the OLD FOLKS are gone.
 Still runs the lit - tle brook so sweet - ly, But— oh, the old folks are gone.
 Oh, for that home I must be start - ing, There's where the old folks are gone.



The Old Folks are Gone

CHORUS

Here I wan-der, sad and lone-ly, In the dear old home;.....

Those that I loved so well and fond-ly, All, all the old folks are gone.

No. 454

Cuckoo

Anon.

Anon.

1. Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Bra-vo! how clear! Let us be sing-ing,
 2. Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Bra-vo! sing on! We'll to the meadows,
 3. Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Bra-vo! I say; Thou hast fore-told it,
 Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Bra-vo! Let us be

Danc-ing and springing; Springtime, Springtime Soon will be here.
 Chas-ing the shad-ows; Springtime, Springtime Com-eth a-new.
 Now we be-hold it; Win-ter, Win-ter Hast-ens a-way.
 sing ing... Springtime, Springtime

The Mellow Horn

Wm. Jones

Lively

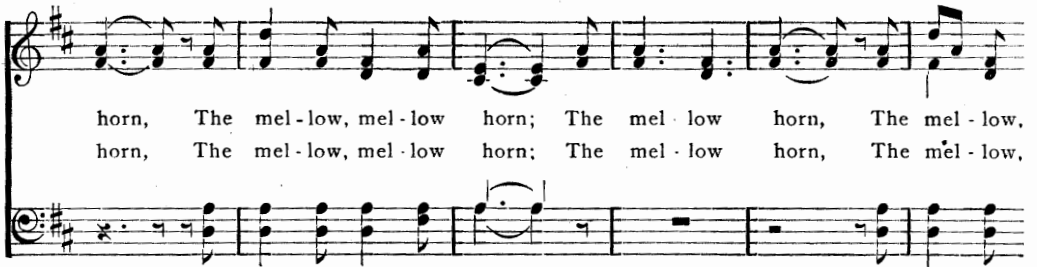
1. At dawn Au ro ra gai - ly breaks, In all her proud at tire,
2. At eve, when gloom - y shades ob - scure The tran - quil shep - herd's cot,

Ma - jes - tic o'er the glass - y lake, Re flect - ing li - quid fire;
When tink - ling bells are heard no more, And dai - ly toil for got,

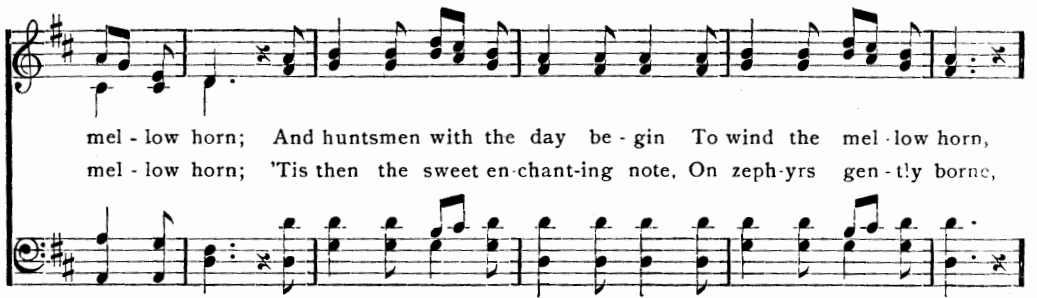
All na - ture smiles to ush - er in The blushing queen of morn,
'Tis then the sweet en - chant - ing note On zeph - yrs gen - tly borne,

And huntsmen with the day be - gin To wind the mel - low horn. The mel - low
With witching ca - dence seems to float A - round the mel - low horn. The mel - low

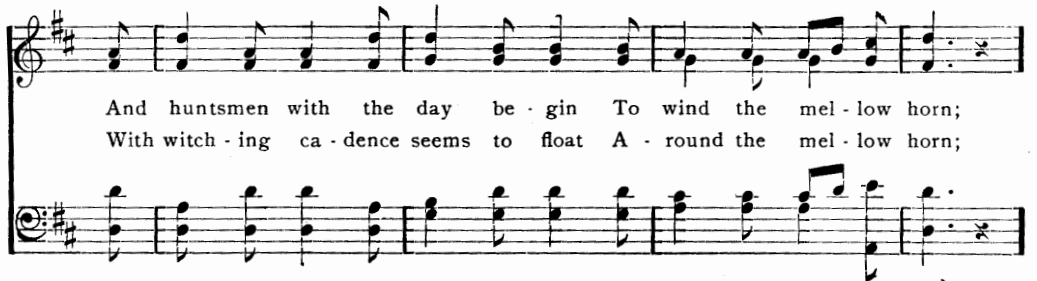
The Mellow Horn



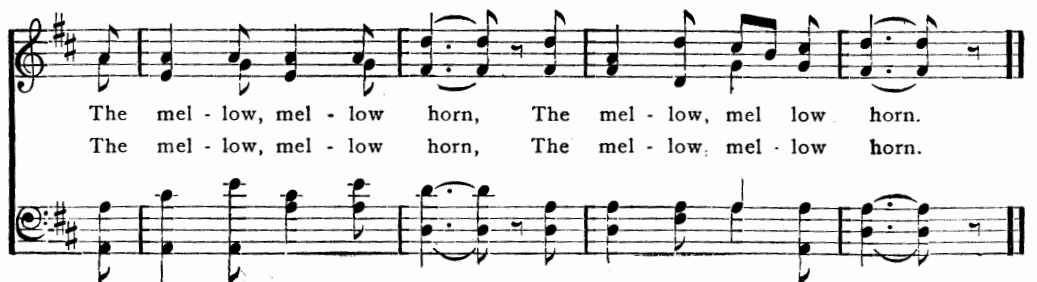
horn, The mel-low, mel-low horn; The mel-low horn, The mel-low,
horn, The mel-low, mel-low horn; The mel-low horn, The mel-low,



mel-low horn; And huntsmen with the day be-gin To wind the mel-low horn,
mel-low horn; 'Tis then the sweet en-chant-ing note, On zeph-yrs gen-tly borne,



And huntsmen with the day be-gin To wind the mel-low horn;
With witch-ing ca-dence seems to float A-round the mel-low horn;



The mel-low, mel-low horn, The mel-low, mel-low horn.
The mel-low, mel-low horn, The mel-low, mel-low horn.

The Miller of the Dee

Chas. Mackay

1. There dwelt a mill - er, hale and bold, Be - side the riv - er Dee;
 2. "Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be;
 3. The mill - er smiled and doffed his cap: "I earn my bread," quoth he;
 4. "Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while, "Fare-well! and hap - py be;

He wrought and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he;
 For could my heart be light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee.
 "I love my wife, I love my friend, I love my chil - dren three.
 But say no more, if thou'dst be true, That no one en - vies thee;

And this the bur - den of his song For - ev - er used to be,
 And tell me now what makes thee sing With voice so loud and free,
 I owe no one I can - not pay, I thank the riv - er Dee,
 Thy meal - y cap is worth my crown; Thy mill my king - dom's fee!

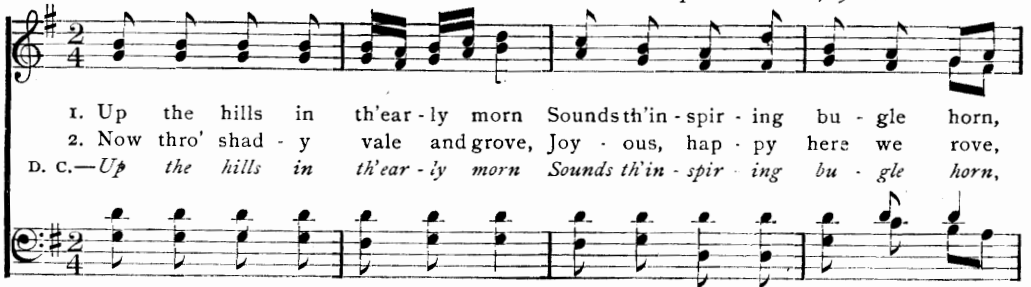
"I en - vy no one—no, not I! And no one en - vies me!"
 While I am sad, though I'm the King, Be - side the riv - er Dee?"
 That turns the mill that grinds the corn To feed my babes and me!"
 Such men as thou are Eng - land's boast, O mill - er of the Dee!"

No. 457

Up the Hills

Anon.

From opera *Tancredi*, by G. Rossini



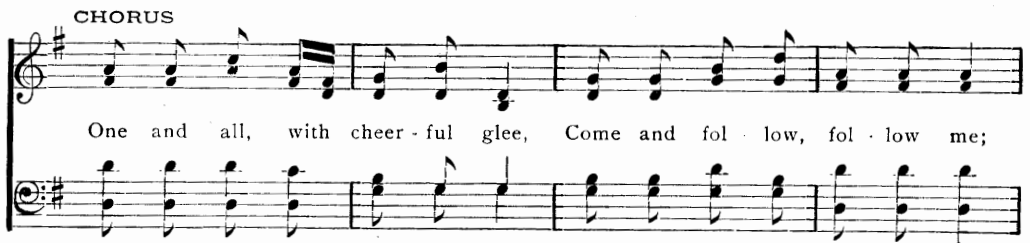
1. Up the hills in th'ear-ly morn Soundsth'in-spir-ing bu-gle horn,
2. Now thro' shad-y vale and grove, Joy-ous, hap-py here we rove,
D. C.—Up the hills in th'ear-ly morn Sounds th'in-spir-ing bu-gle horn,



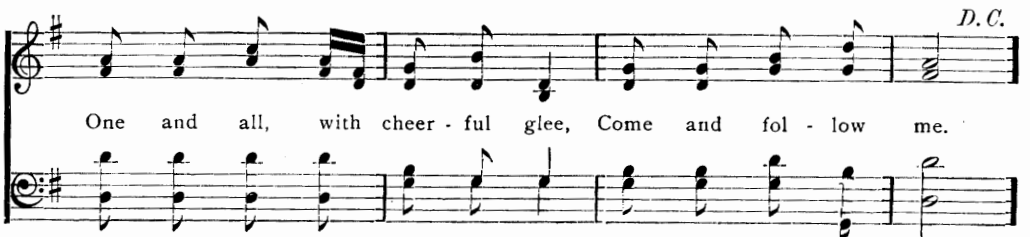
List to th'ech-oes as they flow; Now, a-way we go!
Hear the songs-ter's mer-ry lay, Hail the bright, new day!
List to th'ech-oes as they flow; Now, a-way we go!

Fine.

CHORUS



One and all, with cheer-ful glee, Come and fol-low, fol-low me;



One and all, with cheer-ful glee, Come and fol-low me.

D. C.

Night Shades no Longer

From "Mose in Egitto," by G. Rossini

Allegro.

Nightshades no lon - ger na - ture en - tranc - es, Dark - ness re - tir - ing,

hast - ens a - way; Beaming with brightness, morn - ing advanc - es, Smil - ing with

pleas ure, wel - comes the day;... Beam - ing with bright - ness, morn - ing advanc - es,

Smil - ing with pleas - ure, wel - comes the day,.....

Night Shades no Longer

Beam-ing with bright - ness, morn-ing ad - vanc - es, Smil - ing with

pleas - ure, wel - comes the day; Beam-ing with bright-ness, morn-ing ad-

vanc-es, Smil-ing with pleas-ure, wel comes the day; Beam-ing with brightness, morning ad-

vanc - es, Smil - ing with pleas-ure, wel-comes the day, the day, the day, the day.

*Hail to the Chief**Sir Walter Scott. From "The Lady of the Lake"**James Sanderson*

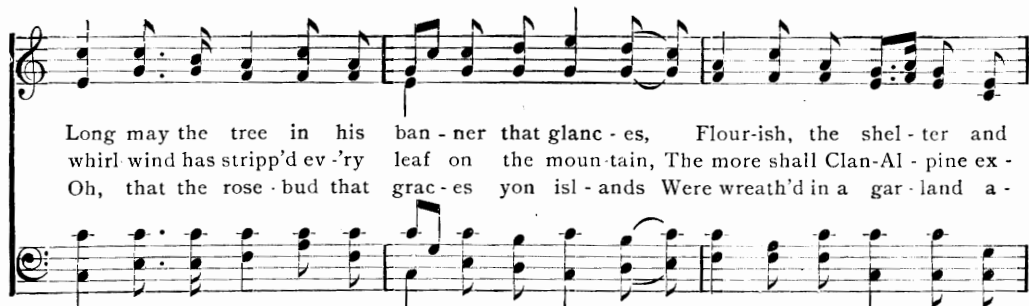
1. Hail to the chief who in tri-umph, ad-vanc-es, Hon-or'd and bless'd be the
 2. Ours is no sap-ling, chance-sown by the foun-tain, Bloom-ing at Bel-tane, in
 3. Row, vas-sals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the

ev-er-green pine! Long may the tree in his ban-ner that glanc-es,
 win-ter to fade; When the whirl-wind has stripp'd ev-'ry leaf on the mountain, The
 ev-er-green pine! Oh, that the rose-bud that grac-es yon isl-ands Were

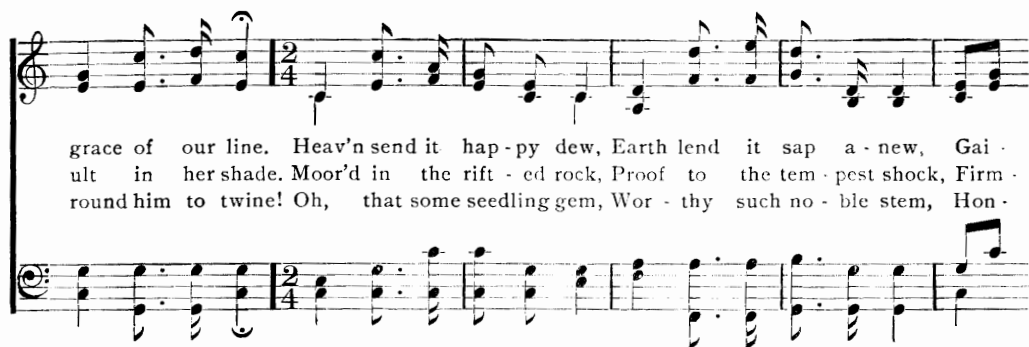
Flour-ish, the shel-ter and grace of our line. Hail to the chief who in
 more shall Clan-Al-pine ex-ult in her shade. Ours is no sap-ling, chance-
 wreath'd in a gar-land a-round him to twine! Row, vas-sals, row, for the

tri-umph ad-vanc-es, Hon-ored and bless'd be the ev-er-green pine!
 sown by the foun-tain, Bloom-ing at Bel-tane, in win-ter to fade; When the
 pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the ev-er-green pine!

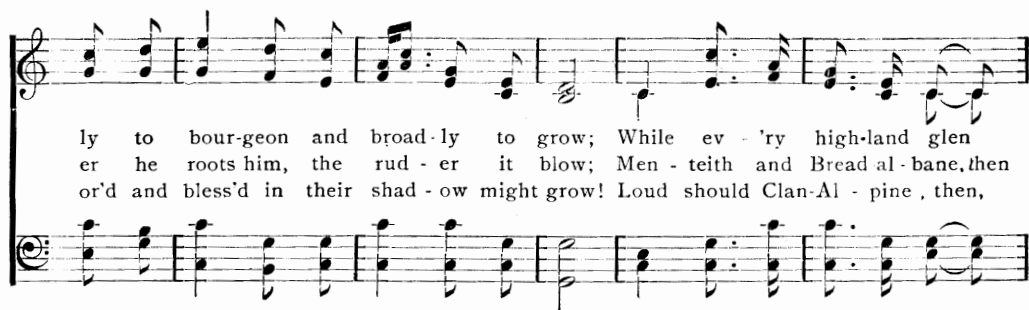
Hail to the Chief



Long may the tree in his ban - ner that glanc - es, Flour-ish, the shel - ter and
whirl wind has stripp'd ev - 'ry leaf on the moun - tain, The more shall Clan - Al - pine ex -
Oh, that the rose - bud that grac - es yon isl - ands Were wreath'd in a gar - land a -



grace of our line. Heav'n send it hap - py dew, Earth lend it sap a - new, Gai -
ult in her shade. Moor'd in the rift - ed rock, Proof to the tem - pest shock, Firm -
round him to twine! Oh, that some seedling gem, Wor - thy such no - ble stem, Hon -



ly to bour-geon and broad-ly to grow; While ev - 'ry high-land glen
er he roots him, the rud - er it blow; Men - teith and Bread al - bane, then
or'd and bless'd in their shad - ow might grow! Loud should Clan - Al - pine, then,



Sends our shout back a - gain, "Rod - er - ick Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"
Ech - o his praise a - gain, "Rod - er - ick Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"
Ring from her deepest glen, "Rod - er - ick Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"

No. 460 *Ha! ha! ha! That's so Too*

Lowell Call

Joseph P. Webster

1. The Un - ion cause is gain - ing ground, Ha! ha! ha! that's so.
 2. What made that vict - 'ry so sub - lime? Ha! ha! ha! that's so.
 3. Port Hud - son, too, for Un - ion ranks, Ha! ha! ha! that's so.
 4. We've got a Hun - ter on their track, Ha! ha! ha! that's so.

And South - ern sym - pa - thiz - ers frown, Ha! ha! ha! that's so too.
 We *Grant* - ed them a lit - tle time, Ha! ha! ha! that's so too.
 Al - though the South don't like our *Banks*, Ha! ha! ha! that's so too.
 And we ex - pect to bring them back, Ha! ha! ha! that's so too.

Our Vicks - burg fight has pass'd to fame, Ha! ha! ha! that's so.
 We've oft - en *Grant* - ed them be - fore, Ha! ha! ha! that's so.
 Our *Banks* don't deal in worth - less trash, Ha! ha! ha! that's so.
 And when their hosts are put to rout, Ha! ha! ha! that's so.

And with it our brave gen - eral's name, Ha! ha! ha! that's so too.
 And we ex - pect to *Grant* them more, Ha! ha! ha! that's so too.
 But is - sue balls in - stead of cash, Ha! ha! ha! that's so too.
 The trai - tors North will be "played out," Ha! ha! ha! that's so too.

Ha! ha! ha! That's so Too

FULL CHORUS

All hail the Un - ion strong and true! All hail our old *Red, White and Blue!*

Con - fu - sion to the trai - tor crew! Ha! ha! ha! That's so too!

No. 461

The Dying Flowers

Fanny J. Crosby

(QUARTET)

Hubert P. Main

1. How drear-y and dark are the sad au-tumn hours, How mournful the dirge of the
2. How drear-y the heart when its sum-mer has flown, And all its bright ros-es are

poor lone - ly flowers. *Inst.*..... The poor dy - ing flowers.....
with-ered and strewn. Are with - ered and strewn.....
strewn, and strewn.

The poor lone - ly flowers.—
Are with-ered and strewn:—

Baby Mine

Charles Mackay

Archibald Johnston

p

1. I've a let ter from thy sire, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; I could
 2. Oh, I long to see his face, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; In his
 3. I'm so glad, I can not sleep, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; I'm so

cres.

read and nev-er tire, Ba-by mine, Ba-by mine; He is sail-ing o'er the
 old ac-customed place, Ba-by mine, Ba-by mine, Like the rose of May in
 hap-py, I could weep, Ba-by mine, Ba-by mine; He is sail-ing o'er the

sea, He is com-ing back to me, He is com-ing back to me, Ba-by
 bloom, Like a star a-mid the gloom, Like the sun-shine in the room, Ba-by
 sea, He is com-ing home to me, He is com-ing back to thee, Ba-by

cres. *f* *rit.*

mine, Ba-by mine, He is com-ing back to me, Ba-by mine.
 mine, Ba-by mine, Like the sun-shine in the room, Ba-by mine.
 mine, Ba-by mine, He is com-ing back to thee, Ba-by mine.

Mrs. Grant

Niel Gow

D.C.

Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch! Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch!

Wot ye how she cheat - ed me, As I came o'er the braes of Bal - loch?

1. She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me best o' o - ny;
2. Oh, she was a can - ty queen, Weel could she dance the Highland wal - loch;
3. Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear, Her wee bit mou' sae sweet an' bon-nie,

But ah, the fick - le, faith-less queen, She's ta'en the carle, and left her John-nie.
How hap - py I had she been mine, Or I been Roy of Al - di - val - loch!
To me she ev - er will be dear, Tho' she's for - ev - er left her John-nie.

The Sweet By-and-By

S. Fillmore Bennett

Joseph P. Webster

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer our trib - ute of

far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a
 blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the
 praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless - ings that

CHORUS

dwel - ing - place there. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall
 bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall
 hal - low our days. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall

In the sweet by-and-by,

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by - and -
 by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and -

The Sweet By-and-By

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

by, by - and - by,

No. 465

The Broken Ring

Jos. von Eichendorff

F. Gluck

1. Far in a shad - ed val - ley A wa - ter - mill ap - pears, But
 2. She prom - ised to be faith - ful, She pledged it with a ring, But
 3. How sad - ly now as min - strel Throughout the world I'd roam, My

she I love has van - ish'd From scenes of hap - pier years; But *pf*
 faith - less hath she prov - en, Her gift in twain did spring; But
 wea - ry bal - lad sing - ing, A - far from friends and home; My

she I love has van - ished From scenes of hap - pier years,
 faith - less hath she prov - en, Her gift in twain did spring.
 wea - ry bal - lad sing - ing, A - far from friends and home.

4 As soidier would I hasten
 Where rages fierce the fight,
 And by the watch - fire linger
 Through all the gloomy night.

5 Yet whilst the mill I'm hearing
 I know not what my mind;
 Ah! would my days were ended,
 I then should quiet find.

*The Rose of Allandale**Charles Jefferys**Sidney Nelson*

1. The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No breath came o'er the sea,
 2. Wher-e'er I wan-der'd, east or west, Tho' fate be-gan to low'r,
 3. And when my fe-vered lips were parch'd On Af-ric's burn-ing sand,

When Ma-ry left her high-land cot, And wan-der'd forth with me.
 A sol-ace still was she to me, In sor-row's lone-ly hour:
 She whis-per'd hopes of hap-pi-ness, And tales of dis-tant land:

The flow-ers deck'd the moun-tain-side, And fra-grance filled the vale,
 When tem-pests lash'd our gal-lant bark, And rent her shiv-er-ing sail,
 My life had been a wil-der-ness Un-blest by for-tune's gale,

By far the sweet-est flow-er there Was the rose of Al-lan dale;
 One maid-en form with-stood the storm, 'Twas the rose of Al-lan-dale;
 Had fate not link'd my lot to hers, The rose of Al-lan-dale;

The Rose of Allandale

Was the rose of Al - lan - dale, The rose of Al - lan - dale;.....
 'Twas the rose of 'Al - lan - dale, The rose of Al - lan - dale;.....
 The rose of Al - lan - dale, The rose of Al - lan - dale;.....

By far the sweetest flow - er there Was the rose of Al - lan - dale.
 One maid - en form with - stood the storm, 'Twas the rose of Al - lan - dale.
 Had fate not link'd my lot to hers, The... rose of Al - lan - dale.

No. 467

Gaily Singing

Anon.

Anon.

1. Gai - ly sing - ing, Rap - ture bring - ing, Bird of spring - time, hail to thee!
 2. In our play - ing Gen - tly stray - ing By the streamlet glid - ing free,
 3. Do not leave us, It will grieve us, When the sum - mer days are o'er,

War - ble near us, Sweet - ly cheer us, From the bough of yon - der tree.
 We shall meet thee, We shall greet thee, Pret - ty bird - ling, joy to thee.
 When thy sing - ing, Rap - ture bring - ing, Fills the hap - py vale no more.

He Watching over Israel

From "Elijah," by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

He watch - ing o - ver Is - ra - el, Slum - bers not, nor sleep - s, He slum - bers

not, nor sleep - s. He watch - ing o - ver Is - ra - el, He slum - bers not, nor sleep - s, He slum - bers not,

He watch - ing, slum - bers not, nor

He watch - ing o - ver Is - ra - el, slum - bers not, nor sleep - s, slum - bers not, nor sleep - s. He watch - ing o - ver Is - ra - el, slum - bers not, nor sleep - s. He slum - bers not, nor sleep - s, slum - bers not, He

sleep - s, He slum - bers not, nor sleep - s, slum - bers

bers not, nor sleep - s, He slum - bers not, sleep - s not, He watch - ing Is - slum - bers not, nor sleep - s, He slum - bers not, sleep - s not. He watch - ing slum - bers not, nor sleep - s, He slum - bers not, sleep - s not. He watch -

not, nor sleep - s, He slum - bers not, sleep - s not. He watch - ing

He Watching over Israel

ra - el, slum - bers not, nor sleeps.
cres. *dim.* *pp*

Is - ra - el, slum - bers not, nor sleeps.
 ing, slum - bers not, nor sleeps.

Is - ra - el, slum - bers not, nor sleeps.

No. 469 *Trusting, my Lord, in Thee*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne

Frank N. Shepperd

1. Trust - ing, my Lord, in Thee, Trust - ing in Thee; Sun - shine and
 2. Lean - ing, my Lord, on Thee, Lean - ing on Thee! Make Thou Thy
 3. Work - ing, my Lord, for Thee, Work - ing for Thee; Tell - ing in

storm a - like Cam - ly I see, Peace - ful my life shall be,
 strength di - vine Per - fect in me! So shall my weak - ness be
 grate - ful praise Thy love for me. So would I joy - ful - ly

Hap - py my heart and free, Trust - ing, my Lord, in Thee, Trust - ing in Thee.
 Ref - uge and strength to me, Lean - ing, my Lord, on Thee, Lean - ing on Thee.
 Spend all my life for Thee—Work - ing, my Lord, for Thee, Work - ing for Thee.

The Summer Days are Coming

Charles Jeffreys

Spirited

1. The sum - mer days are com - ing, The blos - soms deck the bough, The
 2. The min - strel of the moon - light, The love - lorn night - in - gale, Hath
 3. We'll rise and hail thee ear - ly, Be - fore the sun hath dried The

ees are gai - ly humming, And the birds are sing - ing now. We've had our May - day
 sung his month of mu - sic To the rose queen of the vale; And what tho' he be
 dew - drops that will spar - kle On the green hedge by our side; And when the blaze of

garlands, We have crown'd our May - day queen With a cor - o - net of ros - es Set in
 si - lent? As the night comes slowly on, We will trip a - long the green - sward To sweet
 noonday Shines up - on the thirst - y flowers, We will seek the wel - come cov - ert Of our

leaves of brightest green; But her reign is al - most o - ver, The spring is on the
 mu - sic of our own. Oh, the sum - mer days are com - ing, And sum - mer nights more
 jas - mine shad - ed bowers. Oh, the sum - mer days are com - ing, The spring is on the

The Summer Days are Coming

wane; Oh, haste thee, gen - tle Sum - mer, To our pleas - ant land a - gain.
dear; Oh, haste thee, gen - tle Sum - mer, For there's joy when thou art near.
wane; Oh, haste thee, gen - tle Sum - mer, To our pleas - sant land a - gain.

The musical score consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 471 *Golden Slumbers Kiss Your Eyes*

Anon. 17th Century

Smoothly

1. Gold - en slum - bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wake you when you rise ;
2. Care is heav - y, there - fore sleep, You are care, and care must keep ;

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo marking 'Smoothly' is placed above the vocal line.

Sleep, pret - ty loved ones, do not cry, And I will sing a
Sleep, pret - ty loved ones, do not cry, And I will sing a

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same key signature and time signature.

lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by....
lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by....

The third system concludes the piece with a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef, ending with a double bar line.

T. F. Winthrop

James R. Murray



1. Way down in the meadows the vio - lets were blow - ing And the
2. Her eyes, soft and ten - der, the vio - lets out - vie - ing, And a
3. The bright flow'rs are fad - ed, the young grass has fall - en, And a
4. Oh, down in the meadows I still love to wan - der, Where the



Spring-time grass was fresh and green; And the birds by the brook-let, that
 fair - er form was nev - er seen— With her brown silk - en tress - es, her
 dark cloud hov - ers o'er the scene; For the death - an - gel took her, and
 young grass grew so fresh and green; But the bright gold - en vi - sions of



sweet songs were sing - ing, When I first met my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.
 cheeks like the ros - es There was none like my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.
 left me in sor - row For my lost one, my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.
 Spring-time have fad - ed With the flow'rs, and my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.



CHORUS



None knew thee but to love thee, Thou dear one of my heart, Oh, thy



Daisy Deane

mem - ry is ev - er fresh and green, Tho' the sweet buds may wither and
ev - er fresh and green, the

fond hearts be bro - ken, Still I'll love thee, my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

No. 473 *Prayer for our Native Land*

John R. Wreford.

Hubert P. Main

Devotional.

1. Lord! while for all man - kind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast,
2. Our fa - thers' sep - ul - chers are here, And here our kin - dred dwell;
3. O guard our shores from ev - 'ry foe, With peace our bor - ders bless;
4. U - nite us in the sa - cred love Of knowl - edge, truth and Thee;
5. Lord of the na - tions! thus to Thee Our coun - try we com - mend;

Oh! hear us for our na - tive land, — The land we love the most.
Our chil - dren, too; how should we love An - oth - er land so well.
With pros - p'rous times our cit - ies crown, Our fields with plen - t'ous - ness.
And let our hills and val - leys shout The songs of lib - er - ty.
Be Thou her Ref - uge, and her Trust, Her ev - er - last - ing Friend.

Why do I Weep for Thee?

Anon.

Wm. V. Wallace



1. Why do I weep for thee? Why weep in my sad dreams? Part-ed for aye are we,
2. Once, ah! what joy to share With thee the noon-tide hour; Then not a grief nor care



Yes, part-ed like mountain streams; Yet with me lin-gers still That word that one last
Had canker'd the heart's young flow'r; The sun seems not to shed A radiance o'er me



word, Thy voice, thy voice yet seems to thrill The heart's fond chord.
now, Save mem'-ry, all seems dead, since lost, Since lost art thou. Ah, why weep for



Why do I weep for thee? Why do I weep for thee?
thee? Ah, why weep for thee? Ah, why weep for thee? Why do I weep for thee?

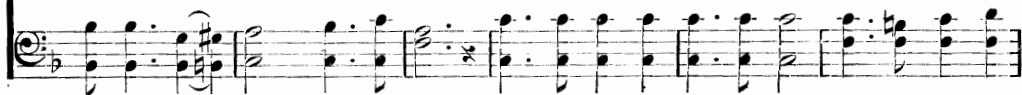


*Sweet Belle Mahone**J. H. McNaughton**J. H. McNaughton*

1. Soon be-yond the har-bor bar Shall my bark be sail-ing far— O'er the world I
 2. Lone-ly, like a with'er'd tree, What is all the world to me? Life and light were
 3. Calm-ly, sweet-ly slumber on,— On-ly one I call my own!—While in tears I



wander lone, Sweet Belle Mahone! O'er thy grave I weep good bye, Hear, oh, hear my
 all in thee, Sweet Belle Mahone! Dai-sies pale are grow-ing o'er All my heart can
 wander lone, Sweet Belle Mahone! Fad-ed now seems ev-'ry thing, But when comes e-



lone-ly cry. Oh, without thee what am I, Sweet Belle Mahone? Sweet Belle Ma-
 e'er a-dore, Shall I meet thee nev-er-more, Sweet Belle Mahone? Sweet Belle Ma-
 ternal Spring, Then with thee in Heav'n I'll sing, Sweet Belle Mahone! Sweet Belle Ma-



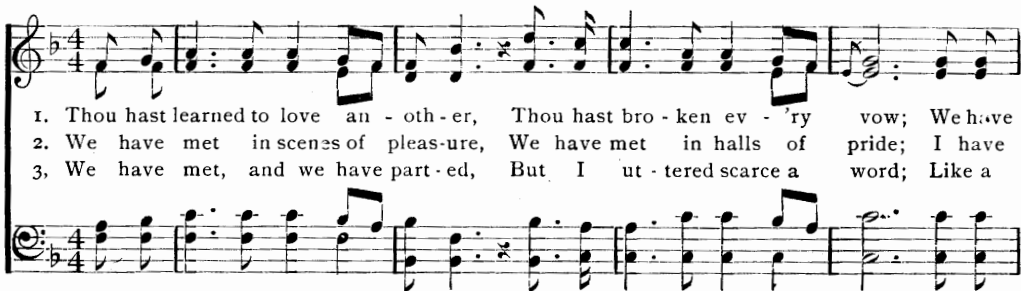
hone! Sweet Belle Ma-hone! Wait for me at Heaven's gate, Sweet Belle Mahone!



No. 476 *Thou hast Learned to Love Another*

Anon.

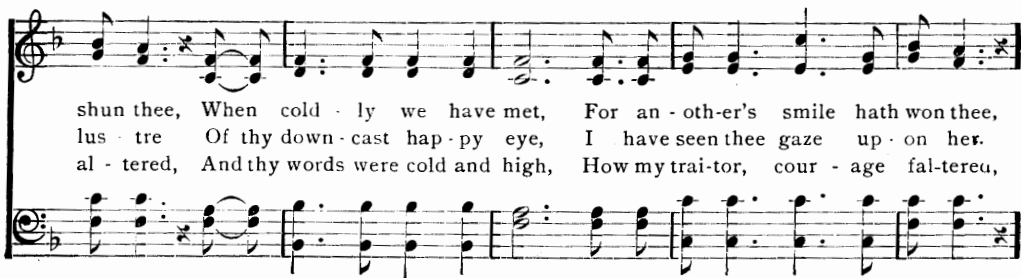
Charles Slade



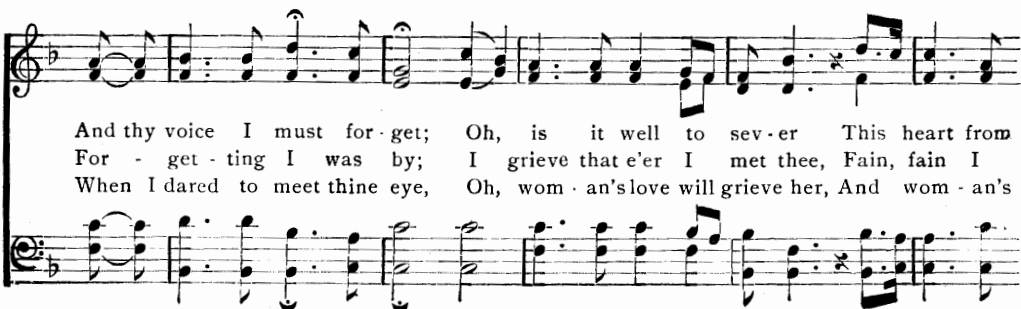
1. Thou hast learned to love an - oth - er, Thou hast bro - ken ev - 'ry vow; We have
 2. We have met in scenes of pleas - ure, We have met in halls of pride; I have
 3. We have met, and we have part - ed, But I ut - tered scarce a word; Like a



part - ed from each oth - er, And my heart is lone - ly now; I have taught my looks to
 seen thy new-found treas - ure, I have gazed up - on thy bride, I have marked the tim - id
 guilt - y thing I start - ed When thy well-known voice I heard: Thy looks were stern and



shun thee, When cold - ly we have met, For an - oth - er's smile hath won thee,
 lus - tre Of thy down - cast hap - py eye, I have seen thee gaze up - on her.
 al - tered, And thy words were cold and high, How my trai - tor, cour - age fal - tereu,



And thy voice I must for - get; Oh, is it well to sev - er This heart from
 For - get - ting I was by; I grieve that e'er I met thee, Fain, fain I
 When I dared to meet thine eye, Oh, wom - an's love will grieve her, And wom - an's

Thou hast Learned to Love Another

thine for - ev - er? Can I for - get thee? Never! Fare - well, farewell for - ev - er!
 would for get thee, 'Twere fol - ly to re - gret thee; Fare - well, farewell for - ev - er!
 pride will leave her; Life has fled when love deceives her. Fare - well, farewell for - ev - er!

No. 477

Good Night

Louis Spohr

Andante.

1. Good... night! good.. night! All our la - bor now is done,
 2. Now to rest! now to rest! Let the wea - ry eye - lids close!
 3. Rest in peace! rest in peace! Till the morn - ing gai - ly breaks;

Day - light sweet - ly round us clos - ing, Bus - y hands and heads re -
 Sleep in ev - 'ry eye is ly - ing, Hark! the whip - poor - will is
 Till the day, its cares re - new - ing, Calls us to be up and

pos - ing, Till to - morrow's ris - ing sun. Good night! good night!
 cry - ing, All in - vites thee to re - pose. Good night! good night!
 do - ing, Rest in peace—thy Fa - ther wakes! Good night! good night!

No. 478 *Only Waiting till the Shadows*

Mrs. Frances Laughton Mace
Andante. *Con espressione.*

Stephen H. Carpenter

1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle lon - ger grown;
2. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers Have the last sheaf gathered home,
3. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the mys - tic gate;
4. On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle lon - ger grown;

On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown,
For the sum - mer - time is fad - ed And the au - tumn winds have come.
At whose feet I long have lingered, Wea - ry, poor, and des - o - late;
On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown;

Till the night of earth is fad - ed From the heart once full of day,
Quick - ly, reap - ers, quick - ly gath - er The last ripe hours of my heart;
E - ven now I hear their footsteps And their voic - es far a - way;
Then from out the gath'ring darkness Ho - ly, deathless stars a - rise,

ritard ad lib.

Till the stars of heav'n are break - ing Thro' the twi - light, soft and gray.
For the bloom of life is withered, And I has - ten to de - part.
If they call me I am wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey.
By whose light my soul shall glad - ly Tread its path - way to the skies.

Parting Song

Prof. Homer B. Sprague

Hubert P. Main

Con espressione.

1. Not a link of love is bro - ken, Nor its chain less bright and strong,
 2. Lo! the pres - ent! cheer - ing voi - ces Bid us la - bor morn and noon;
 3. Break the chain of hate and ter - ror, Lift the fall - en, ban - ish pain;
 4. We are part - ing, we are part - ing, Hushed the voice, the vis - ion o'er;

Tho' the last good - bye is spo - ken, And we breathe our fare - well song;
 Bid us hush the jar - ing noi - es Mingling with earth's sweet - est tune;
 Light the dark, tread down the er - ror, Win by love, live not in vain;
 Sighs are heav - ing, tears are start - ing, We may meet on earth no more;

On the Past, how Mem - 'ry lin - gers, Tell - ing oft of du - ties done!
 Hark! Hu - man - i - ty is call - ing— "Live, work, bat - tle for the Right;
 Faint not, rest not, work thy mis - sion, Ev - er pur - er, stron - ger rise,
 But some - where in yon blue heav - en, Far a - bove earth's din and storm,

Lo! the Fu - ture! Hope's bright fin - gers Lift new crowns, and beck - on on.
 Stand for Truth, its friends are fall - ing, Take their pla - ces in the fight."
 Till at last the gates E - lys - ian, Flash in splen - dor thro' the skies.
 Friends who now from friends are riv - en, See for aye each van - ished form.

God be with You

Jeremiah E. Rankin

William G. Tomer, 1879

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up - hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro - tect - ing hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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