

CHICAGO CELEBRATION

OF THE...

QUEEN VICTORIA

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# GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Authorized Revision.

*Maestoso.* *ff*

1. God save our gra - cious Queen,  
3. Thy choic - est gifts in store,

2. O Lord, our God a - rise,

1. God save our gra - cious Queen,  
3. Thy choic - est gifts in store,

*Maestoso.* *ff*

*on Ped.*

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It features four vocal staves and two piano staves. The vocal parts are arranged in two pairs. The first pair of vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) has lyrics: '1. God save our gra - cious Queen, 3. Thy choic - est gifts in store,'. The second pair (Tenor and Bass) has lyrics: '2. O Lord, our God a - rise, 1. God save our gra - cious Queen, 3. Thy choic - est gifts in store,'. The piano accompaniment is marked 'Maestoso.' and 'ff'. The first piano staff includes a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Long live our no - ble Queen, God save the Queen;  
On her be pleased to pour: Long may she reign.

Scat - ter Thine en - e - mies, Make wars to cease;

Long live our no - ble Queen, God save the Queen;  
On her be pleased to pour: Long may she reign.

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It features four vocal staves and two piano staves. The vocal parts are arranged in two pairs. The first pair of vocal staves has lyrics: 'Long live our no - ble Queen, God save the Queen; On her be pleased to pour: Long may she reign.' The second pair (Tenor and Bass) has lyrics: 'Scat - ter Thine en - e - mies, Make wars to cease; Long live our no - ble Queen, God save the Queen; On her be pleased to pour: Long may she reign.' The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

## God Save the Queen, Concluded.

Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,  
 May she de - fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause

Keep us from plague and dearth, Turn Thou our woes to mirth,

Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,  
 May she de - fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a tenor vocal part with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4.

Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.  
 To sing with heart and voice, God save the Queen.

And o - ver all the earth Let there be peace.

Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.  
 To sing with heart and voice, God save the Queen.

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a tenor vocal part with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo marking *rall. molto.* appears above the first vocal staff and below the piano accompaniment staff.

# THE MINSTREL BOY.

3

1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
 2. The min - strel fell, but the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul under;

His fa - ther's sword he hath girded on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again, For he tore its chords a - sun - der,

~ "Laud of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee,  
 And said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - very!"

One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp shall praise thee,"  
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free. They shall never sound in sla - very."

## ANNIE LAURIE.

LADY JOHN SCOTT.

*Tenderly.*

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew,  
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan;  
 3. Like dew on th'gowan ly - ing Is th'fa' o'her fair - y. feet,

And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true,  
 Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on,  
 And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet,

Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be,  
 That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,  
 Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me,

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

# THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS. 5

T. MOORE.

Arr. by SIR ROBERT STEWART.

*Adagio.*

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, . . .  
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; . .

Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled;  
The chord a - lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells;

So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er;  
Thus free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly thro' she gives,

And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.  
Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

## FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

J. E. SPILMAN.

ROBERT BURNS.

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes;  
 2. How lof - ty, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills,  
 3. Thy crys - tal stream. Af - ton, how love - ly it glides,

Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
 Far marked with the cours - es of clear - wind - ing rills;  
 And winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re - sides!

My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream,  
 There dai - ly I wan - der, as morn ris - es high,  
 How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave,

Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.  
 My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye.  
 As gath - ring sweet flow - 'rets, she stems thy clear wave!



## Flow Gently, Sweet Afton—Concluded.

7

Thou stock - dove, whose ech - o re - sounds from the hill,  
 How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be - low,  
 Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes,

Ye wild whist - ling black - birds in yon thorn - y den.  
 Where wild in the wood - lands the prim - ros - es blow!  
 Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays:

Thou green - crest - ed lap - wing, thy scream - ing for - bear,  
 There oft, as mild eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea,  
 My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream,

I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.  
 The sweet - scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.  
 Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

## THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

(NATIONAL WELSH AIR.)

Harmonized by JOSEPH BARNBY.

*ff*

1. Men of Har-lech! hon-or calls us, No proud Sax-on  
 2. Tho' our moth-ers may be weep-ing. Tho' our sis-ters

e'er ap-pals us! On we march! what-e'er be-falls us,  
 may be keep-ing Watch for some who now are sleep-ing

Ne-v-er shall we fly! For-ward, light-ly bound-ing,  
 On the bat-tle field. Still the trum-pet's bray-ing,

To the trum-pet's sound-ing. For-ward, ev-er,  
 Sounds on ev-er say-ing. Let each bow-man

THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH—Concluded. 9

back - ward, ne'er, The haugh - ty foe as -  
pierce a foe, And nev - er stop the

tound - ing, Fight for fa - ther, sis - ter, moth - er,  
slay - ing, Till in - va - ders learn to fear us,

Each is bound to each as broth - er, And with faith in  
And no Sax - on lin - ger near us. Men of Wales! our

one an - oth - er, We will win or die!  
God doth hear us, Nev - er will we yield!

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. 'Mid pleas-ures 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 gail - ly, that came at my

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

sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

# LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

Sir WALTER SCOTT.  
*Andante con moto.*

J. G. CALLCOTT.

*pp* *leggiero.* *ten.* *leggiero.* *ten.* *legato.*

Love wakes and weeps While Beau-ty sleeps! O for mu - sic's

*ten.* *leggiero.* *ten.* *leggiero.* *ten.*

Love . . . . . wakes and weeps While Beau-ty sleeps! O for mu - sic's

*pp*

Love . . . . . wakes and weeps While Beau-ty sleeps! O for mu - sic's

Love . . . . . wakes and weeps While Beau-ty sleeps! O for mu - sic's

*pp* *ten.* *ten.* *legato.*

*leggiero.* *ten.* *leggiero. cres.*

soft - est num - bers, To prompt a theme, For Beau - ty's dream, . .

soft - est num - bers, To prompt a theme, For Beau - ty's dream,

*ten.* *leggiero.* *cres.*

soft - est num - bers, To prompt a theme, For Beau - ty's dream,

soft - est num - bers, To prompt a theme, For Beauty's dream,

*ten.* *cres.*

## LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS—Continued.

*fp* *dim.* *e* *rit.* *mf a tempo.*

Soft as the pil - low of her slumbers! Thro' . . . groves of palm

Soft as the pil - low of her slumbers! Thro' . . . groves of palm

*fp* *dim.* *e* *rit.* *mf a tempo.*

Soft as the pil - low of her slumbers! Thro' . . . groves of palm

Soft, soft as the pil-low of her slumbers! Thro' groves of palm Sigh gales of

*fp* *dim.* *rit.* *mf a tempo.*

*p*

Sigh gales of balm, Fire-flies on the air are wheel - ing, While . . . thro' the

Sigh gales of balm, Fire-flies on the air are wheel - ing, While . . . thro' the

Sigh gales of balm, Fire-flies on the air are wheel - ing, While . . . thro' the

balm, Fire - flies on the air are wheel-ing, While thro' the gloom

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *ritard.*

gloom, comes soft per-fume, The distant beds of flowers re - veal-ing.

gloom, comes soft per-fume, The distant beds of flowers re - veal-ing.

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *ritard.*

gloom, comes soft per-fume, The distant beds of flowers re - veal - ing.

comes soft per-fume, The dis - - tant beds of flowers re - veal-ing.

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *ritard.*

*p a tempo.* *ten.* *ten* *legato.*

O wake and live! No dream can give a shad - ow'd bliss, the

O . . . . . wake and live! No dream can give A shadow'd bliss, the

*p a tempo.* *ten.* *ten.* *legato.*

O . . . . . wake and live! No dream can give A shadow'd bliss, the

O . . . . . wake and live! No dream can give A shadow'd bliss, the

*p a tempo.* *ten.* *legato.*

## LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS—Concluded.

real ex-cel-ling; No long-er sleep, From lat-tice peep, And list,  
 real ex-cel-ling; No no long-er sleep, From lat-tice peep, And list,  
 real ex-cel-ling; No no long-er sleep, From lat-tice peep, And list, . . .  
 real ex-cel-ling; No no long-er sleep, From lat-tice peep, And list,

*f* *p* *ten.* *cres.* *p dim.*

*f* *p* *ten.* *cres.* *p dim.*

*f* *p* *cres.* *p dim.*

list, list, . . . . to the tale that love is tell - - ing.  
 list, list, . . . . to the tale that love is tell - - ing.  
 . . . . . list . . to the tale that love is tell - - ing.  
 list, list, . . . . to the tale that love is tell - - ing.

*p* *p dim. e rit.*

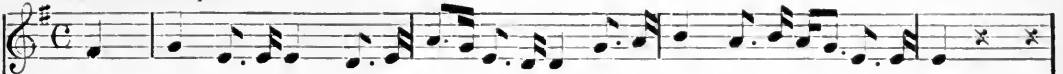
*p* *p dim. e rit.*



Brien the Brave.

*Martial with spirit.*

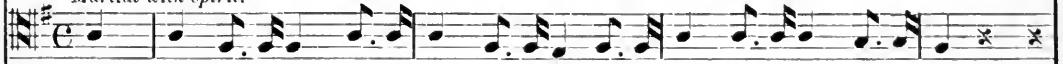
Old Irish.



1. Re - mem-ber the glo - ries of Bri-en the brave, tho' the days of the he - ro are o'er,  
2. Mo - no - nia! when nature em-bell-ish'd the tint of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,



*Martial with spirit.*



1. Re - mem-ber the glo - ries of Bri-en the brave, tho' the days of the he - ro are o'er,  
2. Mo - no - nia! when nature em-bell-ish'd the tint of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,



*Tenuto, il canto ben marcato.*



tho' lost to Mo-no - nia, and cold in the grave, he re - turns to Kin - ko - ra no more!  
did she e'er in-tend that a tyrant should print the foot - step of slav - er - y there?



tho' lost to Mo-no - nia, and cold in the grave, he re - turns to Kin - ko - ra do more!  
did she e'er in-tend that a tyrant should print the foot - step of slav - er - y there?



## Brien the Brave, Concluded.

That star of the field that so of - ten has pour'd it's beam on the bat-tle, is set:  
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never re - sign, go, tell our in-vad-ers, the Danes,

That star of the field that so of - ten has pour'd it's beam on the bat-tle, is set:  
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never re - sign, go, tell our in-vad-ers, the Danes,

*f*

This system contains the first two vocal staves and the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and includes a repeat sign at the end.

but e-nough of its glo - ry re-mains on each sword, to light us to vic - to - ry yet!  
that 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age—at the shrine, than to sleep but a mo-ment in chains!

but e-nough of its glo - ry re-mains on each sword, to light us to vic - to - ry yet!  
that 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age—at the shrine, than to sleep but a mo-ment in chains!

*p* *mf* *sf*

This system contains the second two vocal staves and the piano accompaniment. The piano part features dynamic markings of *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *sf* (sforzando), and concludes with a repeat sign.

# THE ASH GROVE.

17

Welsh Air.

*mf* *Con moto.*

1. How dear are these haunts when at ev - en I hear  
 2. And where as I pass, the bark, carv'd with rude art,  
 3. Ah! 'tis but an im - age; my fair El - len's gone!

The breeze fall in sighs on my fan - ci - ful ear,  
 De - clares what is gra - ven more deep on my heart,  
 And still shall I wan - der un - con - scious, a - lone,

*p*  
 And Phil - o - mel war - bling the branch - es a - mong,  
 Through tan - gled boughs peep - ing, the fair queen of night  
 Can re - gret fur - nish mem - 'ry with pleas - ing em - ploy,

In sym - pa - thy pours her me - lo - di - ous song.  
 On sweet El - len's name sheds here pale sil - ver light.  
 And the mind brood with fond - ness on scenes of past joy?

## THE ASH GROVE. Concluded.

*f*

How dear are these haunts, how de - light - ful the grove  
 Each spot where I lin - ger, each path where I rove  
 Still dear are those haunts, still de - light - ful the grove,

Where first I held con - verse with her that I love;  
 Re - calls the dear im - age of her that I love;  
 Tho' 'twas here that I part - ed from her that I love;

*ff*

How dear are these haunts, how de - light - ful the grove  
 Each spot where I lin - ger, each path where I rove  
 Still dear are those haunts, still de - light - ful the grove,

*f* *rall.*

Where first I held con - verse with her that I love.  
 Re - calls the dear im - age of her that I love.  
 Tho' 'twas here that I part - ed with her that I love.

# THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

19

English Air.

*mf Allegretto.*



1. On Richmond Hill there lives a lass More bright than May - day morn, Whose  
 2. Ye zeph - yrs gay, that fan the air, And wan - ton thro' the grove, Oh,  
 3. How hap - py will the shep - herd be Who calls this nymph his own; Oh,



charms all oth - er maids surpass, A rose with - out a thorn. This lass so neat, with  
 whis - per to my charm - ing fair, I die for her I love. This lass so neat, with  
 may her choice be fixed on me, Mine's fixed on her a - lone. This lass so neat, with



This lass so



smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will; I'd crowns re - sign to call her mine, Sweet



sweet,



lass of Rich - mond Hill. Sweet lass of Rich - mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich - mond




Hill; I'd crowns re - sign to call her mine, Sweet lass of Rich - mond Hill.



# 20 SEE THE CONQU'RING HERO COMES.

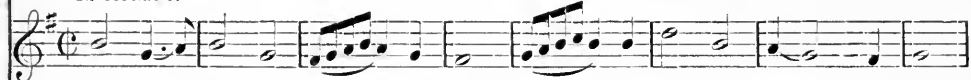
SOLO TRIO.

SOPRANO.



See the conqu'ring he - ro comes, Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;

2d SOPRANO.



See the conqu'ring he - ro comes, Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;

ALTO.

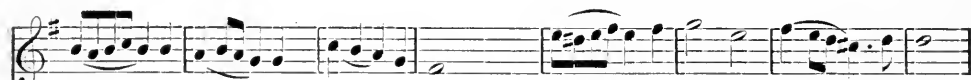


*mp*

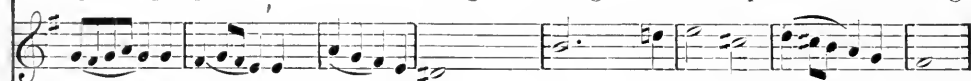
Solo Horns.



*mf*



Sports pre-pare, the lau - rel bring, Songs of tri-umph to . him sing.



Sports pre-pare, the lau - rel bring, Songs of tri-umph to him sing.



*mp*

Sports pre - pare, the lau - rel bring, Songs of tri-umph to him sing.

Sports pre - pare, the lau - rel bring, Songs of tri-umph to him sing.

*mf*

Detailed description: This system contains four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The first staff of the piano part includes the dynamic marking *mf*. The music is in a major key with a 2/4 time signature.

## CHORUS. DUET.

Soprano

See the God - like youth ad-vance, Breathe the

Alto.

*p* Flutes.

Detailed description: This system contains four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines for Soprano and Alto. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The first staff of the piano part includes the dynamic marking *p* and the instruction *Flutes.* The lyrics are: "See the God - like youth ad-vance, Breathe the".

flutes, and lead the dance; Myr - tle wreaths and ros - es

Detailed description: This system contains four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "flutes, and lead the dance; Myr - tle wreaths and ros - es".

twine, To deck the he-ro's brow di-vine; Myr-tle wreaths and

This system contains the first two lines of music. The first line is the vocal melody with lyrics. The second line is a piano accompaniment consisting of a treble clef staff with chords and a bass clef staff with a bass line.

ros - es twine, To deck the he-ro's brow di-vine.

This system contains the next two lines of music, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system.

*f* FULL CHORUS.

See the conqu'ring he-ro comes, Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;

See the conqu'ring he-ro comes, Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;

This system contains the full chorus, starting with a dynamic marking of *f*. It features a vocal melody with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and a grand piano (GP) part with a complex, rhythmic accompaniment in the bass clef.



SEE THE CONQU'RING HERO COMES—Concluded. 23



Sports pre- pare, the lau - rel bring, Songs of tri-umph to him sing,



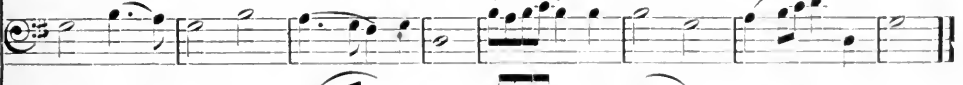
Sports pre- pare, the lau - rel bring, Songs of tri-umph to him sing,



See the conqu'ring he - ro comes, Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.



See the conqu'ring he - ro comes, Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.



## AULD LANG SYNE.

*Andante affettuoso.*

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got and nev-er brought to mind? Should  
 2. And there's a hand, my trust-y frien, and gie's a hand o' thine, And

*Andante affettuoso.*

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got and nev-er brought to mind? Should  
 2. And there's a hand, my trust-y frien, and gie's a hand o' thine, And

*Andante affettuoso.*

auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got and days o' lang syne?  
 we'll tak a right gude - wil - ly-waught, for auld lang syne.

auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got and days o' lang syne?  
 we'll tak a right gude - wil - ly-waught, for auld lang syne.

# Auld Lang Syne. Concluded.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll  
 For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll

For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll  
 For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll

*mf*

tak a cup o' kind - ness yet, for auld lang syne.  
 tak a cup o' kind - ness yet, for auld lang syne.

tak a cup o' kind - ness yet, for auld lang syne.  
 tak a cup o' kind - ness yet, for auld lang syne.

*f*

## Old Folks at Home.

1. { Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,  
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,

TENOR.

*Humming.*

BASS.

Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.  
Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

*f* SOP.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

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

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

2 All round de little farm I wander'd,  
When I was young,  
Den many happy days I squander'd,  
Many de songs I sung.  
When I was playing wid my brudder,  
Happy was I,  
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,  
Dere let me live and die.

3 One little hut among de bushes,  
One dat I love,  
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
No matter where I rove.  
When will I see de bees a humming,  
All 'round de comb?  
When will I hear de banjo tumming  
Down in my good old home?

# VESPER HYMN.

27

1. Hark the Ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the wa - ters soft and clear;

2. Now like moon-light waves re - treat - ing To the shore it dies a - long;

Near - er yet, and near - er peal - ing Soft it breaks up - on the ear:

Now, like an - gry sur - ges meet - ing, Breaks the min - gled tide of song:

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - - men;

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - - men;

VESPER HYMN—Concluded.

| d :- .d | d :d | r :- .r | r :r | d :d | d :r | d :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- ||

Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing Soft it fades up - on the ear.

| d :- .d | d :d | d :- .d | t<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :d | d :l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- ||

| m :m | m :m | l :l | s :s .f | m :m | m :f | m :r | m :- ||

Hark a - gain, like waves re-treat - ing, To the shore it dies a - long.

| d :t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | f<sub>1</sub> :f<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :f<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- ||

PEACE TO THE BRAVE.

| m :m .m | r :m | f :- .m | m :- | r :- .r | d :r | m :s | r :- |

1. Peace to the brave who no - bly fell, 'Neath our flag, their hope and pride,

| d :d .,d | t<sub>1</sub> :d | d :- .d | d :- | t<sub>1</sub> :- .t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :d | t<sub>1</sub> :- |

2. Hal - lowed for - ev - er be the graves Where our mar - tyrs dream - less sleep,

| s :s .,s | s :s | l :- .s | s :- | s :- .f | m :s | s :s | s :- |

3. No - bly they died in free - dom's name— Died our coun - try's flag to save;

| d :d .,d | s<sub>1</sub> :d | f<sub>1</sub> :- .d | d :- | s<sub>1</sub> :- .s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | d :m<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- |

| m :m .m | r :m | f :- .m | m :- | r :r | m :- .r | d :- | - : ||

They fought like he - roes, long and well, Then like he - roes died.

| d :d .,d | t<sub>1</sub> :d | d :- .d | d :- | d :d | d :- .t<sub>1</sub> | d :- | - : ||

Co - lum - bia weep thy fal - len braves But tri - umph - ant weep.

| s :s .,s | s :s | l :- .s | s :- | l :l | s :- .f | m :- | - : ||

For - ev - er sa - cred be their fame, Green their hon - ored grave.

| d :d .,d | s<sub>1</sub> :d | f<sub>1</sub> :- .d | d :- | f<sub>1</sub> :f<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- .s<sub>1</sub> | d :- | - : ||

# THE RISING OF THE LARK.

*Fast.*

Welsh Air.

*f* *p* *cres.*

1. Hark, hark! the mount-ain lark Has ris - en from the heath - er dark, A -  
 2. Raise, then, thy trill-ing wings, And leave be - low our earth - ly things Un -

*f* *mf* *p* *mf* *cres.*

bove the gloom of night; New joys each note he sings As he ascends on  
 heed - ed and un - known; Soar far, but thou art near, And tho' thy spir - it.

*f* *mf*

buoy - ant wings In ho - ly morn - ing light. There the new - born sun first found him,  
 dwells not here, Thy mu - sic show - ers down. Stars are pal - ing, day is break - ing

*p*

Ere did man on earth ex - ist; Streaks of sunshine gleam around him, Silv'ry clouds and  
 Round the ocean's burning rim; Thou a tongue of heav'n art speaking As her star - ry

*cres.* *ff*

gold - en mist, For - ev - er could I up - ward gaze To love him and to list.  
 eyes grow dim: They rise up - on a thous - and hills, Bright nature's ser - a - plim.

## SWANSEA MARKET.

A. J. FOXWELL.

Welsh Air.

*f*

1. See the trium Gla - mor - gan maid - en, For the Swan-sea mar - ket bound,  
 2. See her sit, for cus - tom wait - ing, On the stool be - hind her stall;  
 3. Sul - len speech is but a blun - der, None by it can hope to please;

*ff*

With her but - ter bas - kets la - den, And of poul - try ma - ny a pound;  
 Hope her feat - ures an - i - mat - ing; Sweet - ness shin - ing o - ver all;  
 View - ing her, we can - not won - der That her wares are sold with ease.

*cres.* *rall.*

Tall her hat, and short her kir - tle, Neat her a - pron, smoothe her hair,  
 Laughing, chat - ting, nod - ding, smil - ing, Or with looks de - mure and shy,  
 But - ter seems like snow to van - ish, Chickens al - most fly a - way;

*ff* *a tempo.*

While a sprig of heath or myr - tle In her bo - som she may wear.  
 Hearts of all a - round be - guil - ing, Till they long of her to buy.  
 Doubts of prof - its she may ban - ish, This will be a fa - mous day!



# LIFE IS A BATTLE.

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GEO. BENNETT.

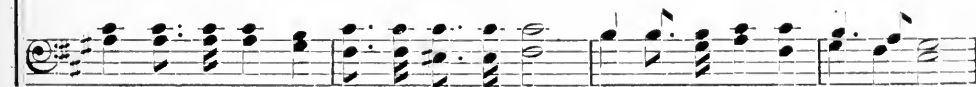
Welsh Air.



1. Life is a bat - tle, gird your ar - mor on, Life is a bat - tle all must wage,  
 2. Life is a bat - tle, 'tis our unseen foes Strong in our spir - it - might as - sail.



None but the brave the victor's prize have won, Ear - nest and bold from youth to age.  
 Wield then the Spir - it's sword with pray'ful blows, Shield well the heart with threefold mail.



Not for king - doms would we fight, Not for ti - tles urge our right;  
 In the con - flict fore - most stand, Christ is Cap - tain of our band,



For the reign of truth and heav'n We would strive from morn to even.  
 For the reign of truth and heav'n, Forth to bat - tle morn and even.



## FAR THOUGH I ROAM.

Welsh Air.

1. Far tho' I roam o - ver the sea, Cam-bria, my heart will turn to thee;  
 2. Born on thy hills, nursed on thy plains, Freedom in thee for - ev - er reigns;  
 3. Bards in their songs joy to pro-claim Wide as the world thy last - ing fame;

Hail to the land of mount-ain and of stream, Fair - er than the tho'ts of a  
 Ty-rants may seek thy chil - dren to en - slave, Vain-ly would they fet - ter the  
 Bright-er with time thy glo - ry shall be seen, Pour-ing on the na-tions a

po - et's dream! Hon - or shall still be thine, home of the free!  
 bold and brave. Strong in thy con - stan - cy still shalt thou be;  
 ray se - rene. Learn - ing and lib - er - ty here well a - gree;

Far though I roam o - ver the sea, Cambria, my heart will turn to thee.

