



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

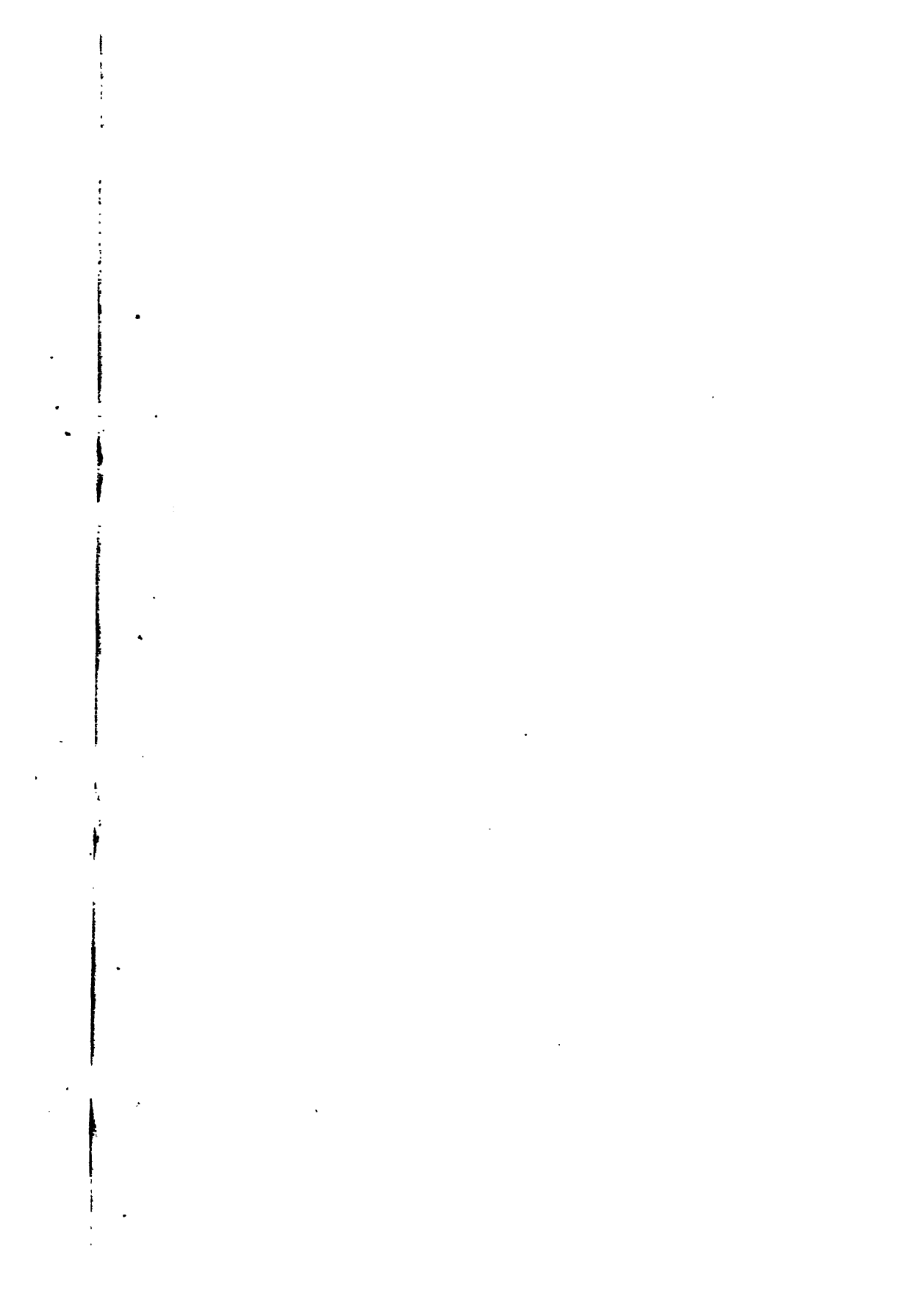
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

GIFT OF
Sir Henry Heyman



EX LIBRIS







Contributed by 20,000 People

HEART SONGS



Bear to the American People *M. A. W.*

And by them Contributed in the Search for Treasured Songs
Initiated by the

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



Published by

THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd.
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Expressly for
WORLD SYNDICATE COMPANY
110 West Fortieth Street
New York City

Copyright, 1909
Grafton Publishing Company, Ltd
Boston

M1627
H4

Copyright, 1909

GRAFTON PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD
BOSTON

Gift of Sir Henry May



THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE
BOSTON, MASS.
EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

Heartily congratulating you upon having your favorite selection included in the splendid book of "HEART SONGS," I am pleased to announce that you have been awarded a prize for your contribution to this unrivalled collection of popular "melodies of today, and the days gone by."

Yours sincerely,

Joe Mitchell Chapple

We take pleasure in conferring the above award.

G. W. Chadwick
Victor Herbert

For the Committee.

Fac-simile of the letter sent out to those awarded prizes by the Committee, signed by Mr. George W Chadwick, Director of the New England Conservatory of Music, one of the foremost American musicians and composers, and by Mr. Victor Herbert, the eminent composer and conductor whose varied compositions so well combine musical art and popular melody.



M162
H4

FOREWORD

HEART SONGS is more than a collection of music—it is a book compiled directly by twenty thousand people, who not only sent in their favorite songs, but in accompanying letters told how these songs had been interwoven with the story of their own lives. All have been sent in by men and women who loved them; who cared little for the prizes, but desired to add a truly worthy contribution to the collection of Heart Songs. The personal associations of these melodies add to the familiar words a new thrill of heart interest. Each song recalls to the individual reader some tender, sad, joyous or martial association. It is a book which will be to American musical literature what "Heart Throbs" is to prose and verse.

For four years contributions have poured in from all parts of the republic—from neighboring Canada and Mexico; from distant isles of the sea and almost every continent on the globe—yet the harvest was overwhelmingly American, and although sectional features have added much to the variety of songs and to some extent represent days of strife and dissension, the mass of heart tributes shows how nearly and closely all true American hearts beat in unison, and how the bonds of music are strong and universal.

The original plan was to divide the contributions into ten classes as indicated in the announcements:—Patriotic and war songs; sea songs; lullabies and child songs; dancing songs, lilt and jigs; plantation and negro melodies; sacred songs and hymns; love songs; songs from operas and operettas; popular concert hall songs and ballads; college, school and fraternity songs. It was soon discovered that no balanced classification could be made—the tremendous preponderance of love songs, hymns, college songs, ballads, operatic and patriotic airs, any one of which might have been adjudged correctly to two or more classes, soon convinced the judges that to make the book a true reflection of the contributors' tastes and feelings—a Heart Song book in the true sense—some classes would

have to be abridged, and selections made with a view to securing those songs about which cluster personal and heartfelt associations.

In the mails came the yellow, ragged, timeworn music that had been on "mother's" piano when as a young man "father" timidly turned the music and with a glance silently responded to love's message. Old songs and hymns came in, betwixt covers that were familiar thirty, forty and fifty years ago. The old-time singing school was represented, and many a stirring strain that had made the crisp winter air ring, as the refrain was sung on a sleigh ride.

Contributors in the far West sent in songs that have the breezy "go" and dash of the intrepid pioneer. Eastern readers preserved for us songs that have been factors in history-making, and the consensus of opinion on patriotic songs reveals "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Dixie" and "America" as the standard all over the land.

The old-time sea songs, the chanteys and stirring airs, sung at capstan and halyard, were sent in by those whose memories of old days were kindled when a request came for music having in it the tang of salt air, the rush of sharp bows against crested seas, and the vikings of forgotten voyages and old wars. "A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew," "Blow, Boys, Blow," "A Life On The Ocean Wave" came in side by side with "Sailing," "Nancy Lee" and many others which suggest the scud of the white foam and the careening deck.

The lullabies include some rare gems—plaintive minor airs of the past century, rich with sacred memories of mothers crooning over old wooden cradles, but modern selections, Emmet's "Lullaby" and the sweet refrain from "Erminie" were not overlooked. "Rock-a-bye, Baby" proved a very popular favorite.

Many of the lilts and dancing tunes are full of suggestions of a remote past, and martial events possess a close kinship to love songs because of romantic memories of festal nights when dainty feet kept time to the strains of "Old Dan Tucker," as the couples mustered reluctantly for "the last dance."

Southern contributors brought to light stirring and plaintive melodies that swayed the hearts of millions during the dark days of the Lost Cause, nor did the North forget songs that were sung with heartache and tearful eyes, or cheered march and bivouac. The remarkable interest centering

in the old darkey songs—the melodies of the Jubilee singers, breathing of old plantation days, show that the folk songs of America and even our national music of the future must bear the impress of the race that gave us this class of music. This is already indicated in the popularity of “rag time,” which has already found its way into well-known symphonies, reflecting the *motif* that rings through such an air as “Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.”

Strange to relate, the chief difficulty was in the selection of love songs. While a wide range of selection was offered, the contributors were more insistent on the merit of these particular songs than on any other music sent in, because these melodies had meant so much to them in the days of “love’s young dream.” The man or woman who had found a thrill in singing “Bonny Eloise” could not understand how “Sweet Genevieve” and more modern songs could mean so much to others. Consequently the judges reduced them all to the common denominator of heart interest and found that the old, old story is ever new, and always bewitching, no matter how the melody may vary. “Annie Laurie” is the one great international favorite ballad of all English-speaking people.

There was remarkable unanimity in the choice of hymns. The universal selection seemed to turn to “mother’s favorite,” which had meant so much at the turning point of life’s highway. The choice of “Lead, Kindly Light” and “Come, Thou Fount,” “Rock of Ages,” “Nearer, My God, to Thee” and other hymns loved by many celebrated men, proved these songs to be also the favorites of people all over the world.

In operatic selections the familiar arias of Verdi, echoed around the world, were most in favor. The song of Manrico in the tower appeared to touch more hearts than any other aria sung behind American operatic footlights. Popular opera airs were mingled through the other classes.

The long list of concert songs submitted contained many beautiful and rare selections, but the greater number were songs that have been household words for many a day, and some are still largely sold after nearly a half century of publication. These contributions throw an interesting light on national character. The popularity of “Old Folks at Home” and “My Old Kentucky Home” was emphasized, and “Massa’s in de Cold, Cold Ground” was a strong universal favorite. The melody and senti-

ment of the songs of Stephen C. Foster come close to the affections of the American people, and Dan Emmet, Henry C. Work, Root and other composers who flourished between 1840 and 1880 are well represented. "Old Black Joe," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" and many other sweetly human songs were sent in by large numbers.

The choice of college songs proved to be a matter of location. There were prime old favorites that have been inherited from the halcyon days of early schools, and are full of patriotic sentiment; many of these are almost classics, being standard tunes with only a variation in the words. "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean" and "The Quilting Party" appeared equally attractive to various alma maters.

Like "Heart Throbs," this book represents the history, the sentiment of the American people of today, as well as of the various European races who, in this new world, have been moulded into a great and powerful nation. "Heart Songs" is a valuable and striking gauge and indicator of the popular taste of the people now comprising the republic of the United States of America. Few "rag time" songs were sent in; operatic selections were not largely in favor. Love ballads, patriotic, sacred and concert melodies were the most popular.

Songs that have entertained thousands from childhood to the grave and have voiced the pleasure and pain, the love and longing, the despair and delight, the sorrow and resignation, and the consolation of the plain people—who found in these an utterance for emotions which they felt but could not express—came in by the thousands. The yellow sheets of music bear evidence of constant use; in times of war and peace, victory and defeat, good and evil fortune, these sweet strains have blended with the coarser thread of human life and offered to the joyful or saddened soul a suggestion of uplift, sympathy and hope.

It is not unlikely that a second volume of "Heart Songs" will be demanded by the American public if the publishers can judge by the orders already received for the first. There is ample material not drawn upon, and still more contributions indicate that the mine has only begun to yield its treasury of heart songs.

BOSTON, 1909

Sir Mitchell Chapple

HEART SONGS

'Tis All That I Can Say

TOM HOOD

HOPE TEMPLE

Moderato

legato

- | | |
|--|-----------------------|
| 1. I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say; | It is my vis-ion |
| 2. I love thee, I love thee, is ev - er on my tongue; | In all my proud-est |
| 3. I love thee, I love thee, thy bright and ha-zel glance; | The mel-low lute up - |

rall.


in the night, My dream - ing in the day. . . The ve - ry ech - o of my heart, The
po - e - sy That cho - rus still is sung. . . It is the ver - dict of my eyes, A -
on those lips Whose ten - der tones en - trance; . . . But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs That

rall.

Auld Lang Syne


Scotch Folk Song

ROBERT BURNS

p Slow



1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till din-, But
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

p CHORUS



auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang
 wan-der'd mony a wea - ry foot Sin' auld . lang . syne.
 seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld . lang . syne.
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld . lang . syne.

Repeat Chorus ff

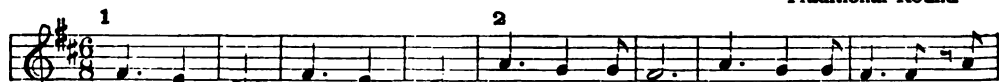


syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.

Three Blind Mice


Traditional Round

1 2



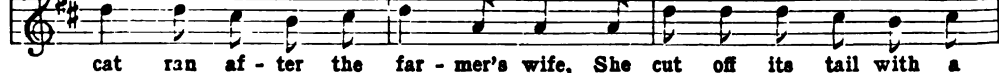
Three blind mice, three blind mice, See how they run, see how they run! The

3



cat ran af - ter the far - mer's wife, She cut off its tail with a

4



carv - ing knife! Did you ev - er see such a sight in your life As these blind mice?

Homeward Bound

W. F. WARREN

C. S. HARRINGTON

1. Out on an o - cean all bound - less we ride, We're home-ward bound,
 2. Wild - ly the storm-sweeps us on as it roars, We're home-ward bound,
 3. In - to the har - bor of heaven now we glide; We're home at last;

home-ward bound; Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're home-ward
 home-ward bound; Look! yon - der lie the bright heav - en - ly shores: We're home-ward
 home at last; Soft - ly we drift on its bright sail - ver tid.: We're home at

bound, home-ward bound; Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we rode,
 bound, home-ward bound; Stead - y O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel;
 last, home at last; Glo - ry to God! all our dan - gers are o'er;

Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode; Prom - ise of
 Stead - y! we soon shall out - weath - er the gale; Oh, how we
 We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore; Glo - ry to

which on us each He be - stowed: We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound.
 fy 'neath the loud - creak - ing sail! We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound.
 God! we will shout ev - er more: We're home at last, home at last.

Brother, Tell Me of the Battle

THOMAS MANAHAN

GEORGE F. ROOT

1. Broth - er, tell me of the bat - tle, How the sol - diers fought and
 2. Broth - er, tell me of the bat - tle, For they said your life was
 3. Broth - er, tell me of the bat - tle, I can bear to hear it

FINE

fell; Tell me of the wea - ry march - es, She who loves will lis - ten well.
 o'er; They all told me you had fall - en, That I'd nev - er see you more.
 now; Lay your head up - on my bo - som, Let me soothe your fe - vered brow.

Broth - er, draw thee close be - side me, Lay your head up - on my
 Oh, I've been so sad and lone - ly, Filled my breast has been with
 Tell me, are you bad - ly wound - ed? Did we win the dead - ly

D.C.

breast, While you're tell - ing of the bat - tle, Let your fe - vered fore-head rest.
 pain, Since they said my dear - est broth - er I should nev - er see a - gain.
 fight? Did the vic - t'ry crown our ban - ner? Did you put the foe to fight?

The Loreley

F. SILCHER

1. O tell me what it mean-eth, This gloom and tear-ful eye? 'Tis mem'-ry that re -
 2. A - bove, the maid-en sit - teth, A won-drous form and fair; With jew - els bright she
 3. The boat-man on the riv - er Lists to the song, spell - bound; Oh! what shall him de -

tain - eth The tale of years gone by; . The fad - ing light grows dim - mer, The
 plait - eth Her shin - ing gold - en hair: With comb of gold pre - pares it, The
 liv - er From dan - ger threat'ning round? The wa - ters deep have caught them, Both

Rhine doth calmly flow, . The loft - y hill-tops glim - mer Red with the sun - set glow.
 taak with song be - gulled; A fit - ful bur - den bears it, That mel - o - dy so wild.
 boat and boatman brave; 'Tis Loreley's song hath brought them Beneath the foaming wave.

Strike the Harp Gently

I. B. WOODBURY

Andante affetuoso

1. Strike the harp gent-ly, To the mem-'ry of those Who ev - er loved fond-ly, Ere
 2. Strike the harp gent-ly, And breathe thy sweet strain For those that loved fond-ly, But
 3. Strike the harp gent-ly, Oh! mourn for them not; In the fold that is love-ly, The

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Andante affetuoso'. The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo).

call'd to re- pose; Be- neath the green turf, Where the wild flow - ers bloom,
 who ne'er a - gain Can meet to ca - ressthee, In all this lone world. The
 shep-herd has brought Per - haps a kind fa - ther, And moth - er most dear, A

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *p* (piano) and *pp* (pianissimo).

Scent-ing the earth, And em - broid-'ring the tomb; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the
 dear ones are hap - py With ser - apts un - told; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly. To the
 child or a broth - er Or sis - ter so near; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *p* (piano) and *pp* (pianissimo).

mem-'ry of those Who ev - er loved fond-ly, Ere called to re - pose.

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *p* (piano) and *pp* (pianissimo).



JENNY LIND

The celebrated Swedish singer whose American appearance was arranged at enormous cost by P. T. Barnum of circus fame. She was born in Stockholm in 1821 and died in 1887. Her popular encore was "Home, Sweet Home"—Heart Songs, p. 374.



ADELINA PATTI

The famous operatic singer. She is of Italian extraction, born in Madrid, 1843, and sang in New York at an early age. Her career has been unusually successful. She has sung in all parts of Europe and America, and has been decorated by the Emperor of Russia. She now lives in retirement in Wales, as the wife of Baron Cedarstrom. Her popular encore was "The Last Rose of Summer"—Heart Songs, p. 146.

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 sing thee a
 2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours - es of
 3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by tho cot where my

song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet
 clear - wind - ing rills! There dai - ly I wan - der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my
 Ma - ry re - sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As, gath - ring sweet

Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock - dove, whose ech - o re - sounds from the
 Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -
 flow - 'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green

hill, Ye wild whist - ling black - birds in yon thorn - y dell, Thou green - crest - ed
 low, Where wild in the wood - lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild
 brass, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Ma - ry's a -

lap - wing, thy scream - ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
 eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet - scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
 sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

Star of the Twilight

L. O. EMERSON

1ST VOICE

1. Star .. of the twi-light, Beau - ti-ful star, Glad - ly I hail thee,
2. Ea - ger-ly watch - ing, Wait - ing for thee, Looks the lone maid - en

2^D VOICE

Shi-ning a - far; Rest from your la - bors, Chil - dren of toil, .. Night clos-es
O'er the dark sea; Soon as thou shi-nest Soft on the air, .. Borne by thy

DUET

o'er ye, Rest .. ye a - while; This is thy greet-ing, Sig-nalled a - far;
light breeze, Float - eth her pray'r; Watch o'er him kind - ly, Home from a - far;

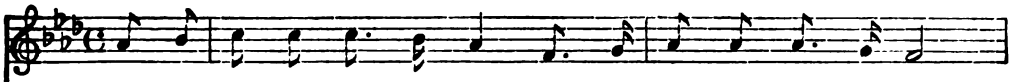
Star .. of the twi-light, Beau - ti-ful star; Star of the twi - light,
Light . thou his path - way, Beau - ti-ful star; Star of the twi - light,

Beau - ti-ful star; .. Star .. of the twi-light, Beau-ti - ful star.

The Battle Cry of Freedom

(RALLYING SONG)

GEORGE 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,
3. We will wel - come to our num - bers the loy - al true and brave,
4. So we're spring - ing to the call from the East and from the West,



(Bass with octaves throughout)



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
Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom, And al - tho' they may be poor, not a
Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom, And we'll hurl the reb - el crew from the



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.
man shall be a slave, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
land we love the best, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.



The Battle Cry of Freedom

CHORUS
Fortissimo

The Un - ion for-ev - er, Hur - rah boys, Hur - rah! Down with the trai - tor,

Up with the star; While we ral - ly round the flag, boys,

Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

The Dying Volunteer

From the "New Orleans Times"

A. E. A. MUSE

1. Come moth-er, dear moth-er, oh! come to me now; My soul wings its flight, I would
 2. Thou'lt hear, dearest moth-er, a - las! not from me, I hunt-ed the foe thro' green

The Dying Volunteer

see thee once more, A - gain I would feel thy dear hand on my brow One mo - ment on val - ley and crag, For stamped on my brain were the last words from thee, " Tho' life be the

earth, ere the strug - gle is o'er. Ere life's pulse is stilled, and the cold chill of for - feit, be true to thy flag!" Those words nerved my arm when I struck the bold

death Creeps o'er my heart I would see thee once more. Fond words of fare - well with my blow For my country, my flag, For glo - ry, for thee. But now all is o - ver, I've

ver - y last breath I'd whis - per to thee from e - ter - ni - ty's shore. done with earth's foe, For hea - ven's bright por - tals are op' - ning to me.

Take Me Home

RAYMOND

Andante affettuoso

1. Take me home to the place where I first saw the light, To the
 2. Take me home to the place where the or-ange trees grow, To my
 3. Take me home, let me see what is left that I know, Can it
 D. C. Take me home to the place where my lit-tle ones sleep, Poor

The piano accompaniment for the first system consists of a treble and bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a series of chords, each marked with a '7' (dominant seventh chord). The bass staff contains a series of chords, each marked with an 'x' (chord symbol). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C).

sweet sun-ny South take me home,
 cot in the ev - er - green shade,
 be that the old house is gone,
 mas-sa lies bur - ied close by,

Where the mock-ing-bird sung me to
 Where the flow-ers on the riv - er's green
 The dear friends of my child-hood in -
 O'er the grave of the loved ones I

The piano accompaniment for the second system consists of a treble and bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a series of chords, each marked with a '7'. The bass staff contains a series of chords, each marked with an 'x'. The key signature is B-flat major and the time signature is common time.

rest ev - 'ry night, Ah! why was I tempt-ed to roam?
 mar - gin may blow Their sweets on the bank where we play'd.
 deed must be few, And I must la-ment all a - lone.
 long to weep, And a-mong them to rest when I die.

FINE

The piano accompaniment for the third system consists of a treble and bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a series of chords, each marked with a '7'. The bass staff contains a series of chords, each marked with an 'x'. The key signature is B-flat major and the time signature is common time.

FINE

Take Me Home

I think with re-gret of the dear ones I left, Of the
The path to our cot - tage they say has grown green, And the
But yet I'll re - turn to the place of my birth, Where my

warm hearts that shelt - er'd me then; Of the wife and the dear ones of
place is quite lone - ly a - round; And I know that the smiles and the
chil - dren have play'd at the door; Where they pull'd the white blos - soms that

whom I'm be - reft, And I sigh for the old place a - gain.
forms I have seen, Now lie deep in the soft moss - y ground.
gar - nish'd the earth, Which will ech - o their foot - steps no more.

D.C.

D.C.

To the Evening Star

From WAGNER'S "Tannhäuser"

Andante

The piano introduction begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole note chord of D major (F#4, A4, C#5) and a bass clef staff with a whole note chord of D major (D2, F#2, A2). The tempo is marked *Andante*. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 2/8. The introduction continues with a series of chords in the bass clef, some marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and others with *piu p*. The chords are: D major (D2, F#2, A2), D major (D2, F#2, A2), D major (D2, F#2, A2), D major (D2, F#2, A2), and D major (D2, F#2, A2).

p *pp*

O thou sub - lime sweet eve - ning star, Joy - ful I

The first line of the song features a vocal line in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The vocal line starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a *pp* marking. The lyrics are: "O thou sub - lime sweet eve - ning star, Joy - ful I". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the bass clef, some marked with *pp*.

greet . . . thee from . . . a - far; With

The second line of the song continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "greet . . . thee from . . . a - far; With". The piano accompaniment includes a *p* dynamic marking.

p *pp*

glow - ing heart, that ne'er . . dis-clos'd, Greet her when

The third line of the song concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "glow - ing heart, that ne'er . . dis-clos'd, Greet her when". The piano accompaniment includes *p* and *pp* dynamic markings.

To the Evening Star

she in thy light . . . re-posed, When part - ing from this

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a half note 'she', followed by a quarter note 'in', a quarter note 'thy', a quarter note 'light', a dotted quarter note 're-posed', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'When', a quarter note 'part -', a quarter note 'ing', a quarter note 'from', a quarter note 'this'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

vale, a vi - sion, she ri - ses to an an - gel's mis - sion,

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note 'vale', a quarter note 'a', a quarter note 'vi -', a quarter note 'sion,', a quarter note 'she', a quarter note 'ri -', a quarter note 'ses', a quarter note 'to', a quarter note 'an', a quarter note 'an -', a quarter note 'gel's', a quarter note 'mis -', a quarter note 'sion,'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'p' dynamic marking and a 'pp' dynamic marking. There are also '8' markings under the bass line.

When part - ing from this vale . a vi - sion, she ri - ses

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note 'When', a quarter note 'part -', a quarter note 'ing', a quarter note 'from', a quarter note 'this', a quarter note 'vale .', a quarter note 'a', a quarter note 'vi -', a quarter note 'sion,', a quarter note 'she', a quarter note 'ri -', a quarter note 'ses'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: 'p un poco ritard.', 'piu p', 'piu ritard.', and 'cres.'. There is also a 'poco cres.' marking in the piano part.

to an . . an - gel's mis - - - sion . . .

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter note 'to', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'an . .', a quarter note 'an -', a quarter note 'gel's', a quarter note 'mis -', a quarter note 'sion . . .'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: 'dim.', 'pp', and 'p'.

Sweet Genevieve

GEORGE COOPER

HENRY TUCKER

1. O Gen - e - vieve I'd give the world To live a - gain the
2. Fair Gen - e - vieve my ear - ly love, The years but make thee

love - ly past! The rose of youth was dew - im - pearled; But now it with - ers
dear - er far! My heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove: Thou art my on - ly

in the blast. I see thy face in ev - 'ry dream, My wak - ing tho'ts are
guid - ing star. For me the past has no re - gret, What - e'er the years may

full of thee; Thy glance is in the star - ry beam That falls a - long the
bring to me; I bless the hour when first we met, - The hour that gave me

Sweet Genevieve

CHORUS

sum - mer sea. O Gen - e - vieve, Sweet Gen - e - vieve, The
love and thee!

days may come, the days may go, But still the hands of

CODA ad lib.

mem - 'ry weave The bliss - ful dreams of long a - go. O Gen - e - vieve!

colla voce

The Faded Coat of Blue

J. H. McNAUGHTON

Tenderly

1. My brave lad sleeps in his faded coat of blue; In a
2. He cried, "Give me wa - ter and just a lit - tle crumb, And my
3. Long, long years have van - ished, and though he comes no more, Yet my

lone - ly grave un-known lies the heart that beat so true. He sank faint and hun - gry a -
moth - er she will bless you thro' all the years to come; Oh! tell my sweet sis - ter, so
heart will start-ling beat with each foot-fall at my door; I gaze o'er the hill where he

mong the fam-ish'd brave, And they laid him sad and lone - ly with - in his nameless grave.
gen - tle, good and true, That I'll meet her up in heaven, in my faded coat of blue."
waded a last a - dieu, But no gal-lantlad I see, in his faded coat of blue.

The Faded Coat of Blue

f CHORUS *p*

No more the bu - gle calls the wea - ry one, Rest, no - ble spir - it,

This system contains the first line of the chorus. It features a vocal line in the upper staff with lyrics, and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The music is in G major and 4/4 time. Dynamics range from forte (f) to piano (p).

in thy grave un-known! I'll find you, and know you, a - mong the good and true.

This system contains the second line of the chorus. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The piano part includes some rests marked with an 'x'.

When a robe of white is giv'n for the faded coat of blue.

This system contains the third line of the chorus. It concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment for this section. The piano part includes some rests marked with an 'x'.

We're Tenting To-Night

WALTER KITTREDGE

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
 2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
 3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are dead and gone, Of the
 4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are ly-ing near;

wea-ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
 loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
 brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long.
 Some are dead and some are dy-ing, Ma-ny are in tears.

CHORUS

Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;

Ma-ny are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,
Last verse. — Dy-ing to-night,

1, 2, 3 *V 4 ppp*
 Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.
 Dy-ing to-night, (*Omit.*) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

The Switzer's Farewell

GEORGE LINLEY

Andante

1. A - dien, dear land, With beau-ty teem - ing, Where first I rov'd a care - less
 2. Far from my home I soon must wan - der, In stran-ger land be doom'd to

legato.

child; Of thee my heart Will e'er be dream - ing, Thy snow-clad
 dwell. O! best be - loved! My heart grows fond - er, While thus I

peaks and moun-tains wild. Dear land! that I cher-ish, Oh! long may'st thou
 breathe my last fare-well. Re - ceive this sad to - ken, I leave thee, heart

hour-ish; My mem-'ry must per-ish, Ere I for-get... thee.
 bro-ken, Our part-ing is spo-ken, Be-loved one! fare-well.

rall.

Nut Brown Maiden

Moderato

(MALE VOICES)

mf

1. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
 2. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru-by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
 3. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen-der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
 4. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast such pearl-y, pearl-y teeth, Nut brown maid-en, Thou

mf

FINE

D.C.

hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love!
 hast a ru-by lip; A ru-by lip is thine, love! The kiss-ing of it's mine, love!
 hast a slen-der waist; A slen-der waist is thine, love! The arm a-round it's mine, love!
 hast such pearl-y teeth; The pearl-y teeth are false, love! They rat-tle when you waltz, love!

How Gentle God's Commands

P. DODDRIDGE

H. G. NÄGELI

1. How gen-tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre-cepts are!
 2. Be-neath His watch-ful eye His saints se-cure-ly dwell:
 3. Why should this al-l-i-ous load Press down your wea-ry mind?

Come, cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust His con-stant care.
 That Hand which bears cre-a-tion up Shall guard His chil-dren well.
 Haste to your heav'n-ly Fa-ther's throne, And sweet re-fresh-ment find.

Kathleen Aroon

Words by Mrs. CRAWFORD

Music by FRANZ ABT

mf Andante *p* *mf*

1. Why should we part - ed be, Kath - leen A - roon! When thy fond
 2. Give me thy gen - tle hand, Kath - leen A - roon! Come to the
 3. Why should we part - ed be, Kath - leen A - roon! When thy fond

molto legato

p *cres.*

heart's with me, Kath - leen A - roon! Come to those gold - en skies,
 hap - py land, Kath - leen A - roon! Come o'er the waves with me,
 heart's with me, Kath - leen A - roon! Oh! leave these weep - ing skies,

cres.

poco rit. *p*

Bright days for us may rise, Oh! dry those tear - ful eyes, Kath - leen A - roon.*
 These hands shall toil for thee, This heart will faith - ful be, Kath - leen A - roon.
 Where man a mar - tyr dies, Come dry those tear - ful eyes, Kath - leen A - roon.

marcato. *poco rit.* *p*

*Aroon means "secret treasure of my heart."

The Vacant Chair

GEO. F. ROOT

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant
 2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Oft - en will the bo - som
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er - more will deck his
 D. C. *We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant*

FINF.
 chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve - ning pray'r.
 swell At re - mem - brance of the sto - ry, How our no - ble Wil - lie fell;
 brow, But this soothes the an - guish on - ly Sweep - ing o'er our heart - strings now.
chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve - ning pray'r.

When a year a - go we gath - ered, Joy was in his mild blue
 How he strove to bear our ban - ner Thro' the thick - est of the
 Sleep to - day, O ear - ly fall - en, In thy green and nar - row

D. C.
 eye, But a gold - en cord is sev - ered, And our hopes in ru - in lie.
 fight, And up - hold our coun - try's hon - or, In the strength of man - hood's might.
 bed, Dir - ges from the pine and cy - press Min - gle with the tears we shed.

Cradle Song

(Sung by Jenny Lind)

Andante con espressione

SWEDISH

1. Light and ro - sy be thy slumbers, Rock'd up-on thy moth-er's breast,
2. When thy looks her care in - vi - teth, All the mother turns to thee,

She can lull thee with her numbers, To the cradled heav'n of rest.
And her in-most life de - light-eth, Drink-ing from thy cup of glee. *dim.*

In her heart is love re - volving, Like the plan - ets round the moon; Hopes and
O'er thee now her spir - it bend-eth; Child of prom - ise, cher - ish'd well! With thine

dolce
pleas - ures fond - ly solving, Keep - ing ev - 'ry tho't in tune.
own, her be - ing blendeth, Ho - lied by af - fection's spell.

A Warrior Bold

EDWIN THOMAS

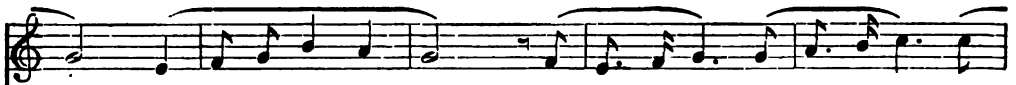
STEPHEN ADAMS



1. In days of old, when knights were bold And barons held their sway, A warrior bold, with
 2. So this brave knight, in armor bright, Went gayly to the fray; He fought the fight, but



spurs of gold, Sang mer-ri - ly his lay, Sang mer-ri - ly his lay: "My love is young and
 ere the night, His soul had pass'd a-way, His soul had pass'd a-way. The plighted ring he



fair, My love hath gold - en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That
 wore Was crushed and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave - ly cried, "I've



none with her com- pare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or
kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and

colla voce *f*

die, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die." death be nigh, I've

f

fought for love, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."

ad lib. molto. rallentando e dim.

piu lento

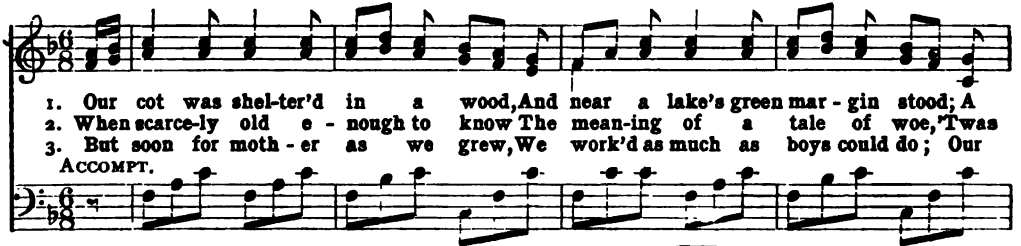
cres. f f p colla voce. a tempo ff

Ped.

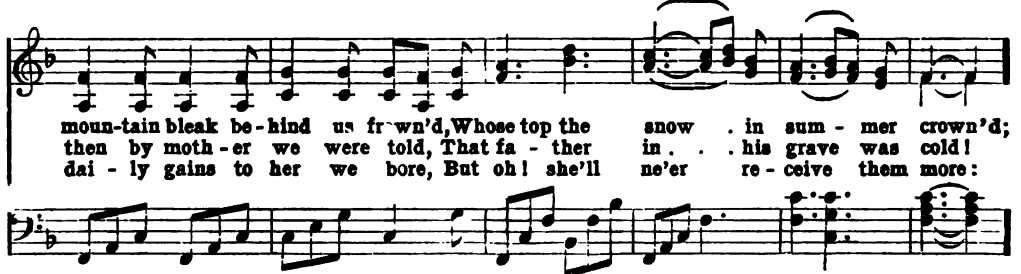
The Orphan Boys

DUET

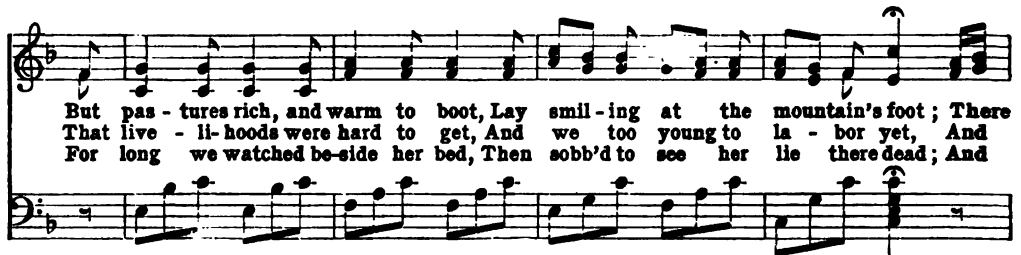
From "The Young Choir," 1840



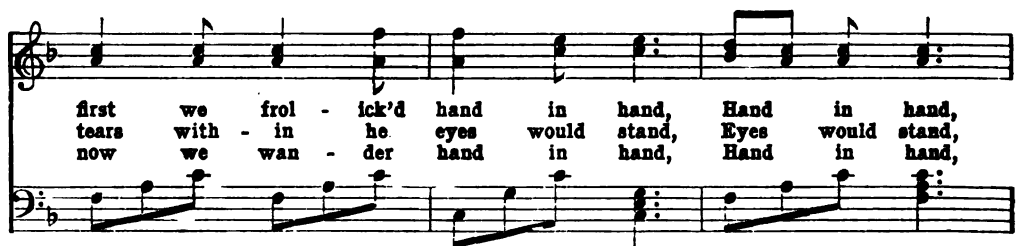
1. Our cot was shel-ter'd in a wood, And near a lake's green mar - gin stood; A
 2. When scarce-ly old e - nough to know The mean-ing of a tale of woe, 'Twas
 3. But soon for moth - er as we grew, We work'd as much as boys could do; Our
 ACCOMPT.



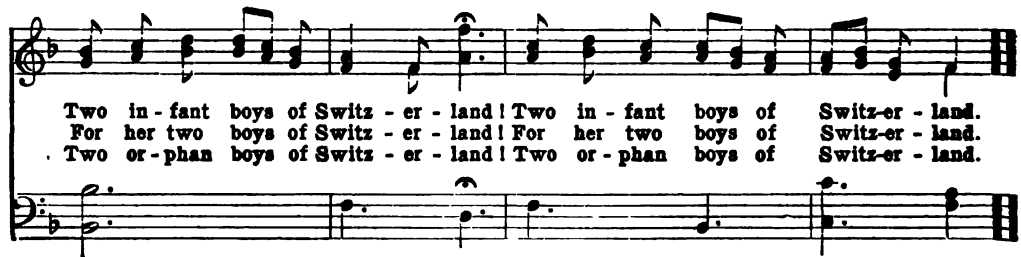
moun-tain bleak be-hind us frwn'd, Whose top the snow . in sum - mer crown'd;
 then by moth - er we were told, That fa - ther in . . . his grave was cold!
 dai - ly gains to her we bore, But oh! she'll ne'er re - ceive them more:



But pas - tures rich, and warm to boot, Lay smil - ing at the mountain's foot; There
 That live - li-hoods were hard to get, And we too young to la - bor yet, And
 For long we watched be-side her bed, Then sobb'd to see her lie there dead; And



first we fro - lick'd hand in hand, Hand in hand,
 tears with - in he eyes would stand, Eyes would stand,
 now we wan - der hand in hand, Hand in hand,



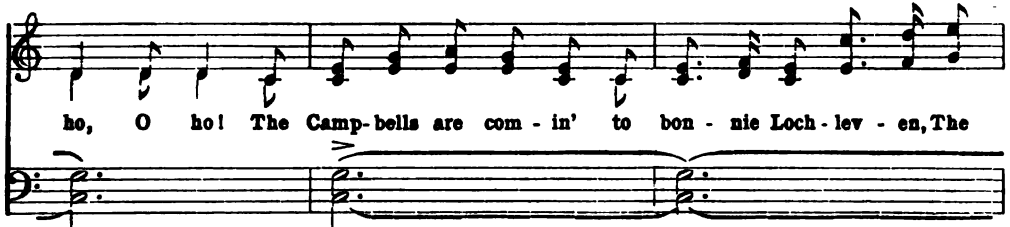
Two in - fant boys of Switz - er - land! Two in - fant boys of Switz - er - land.
 For her two boys of Switz - er - land! For her two boys of Switz - er - land.
 Two or - phan boys of Switz - er - land! Two or - phan boys of Switz - er - land.

The Campbells are Coming

Old Scotch Air

Lively 

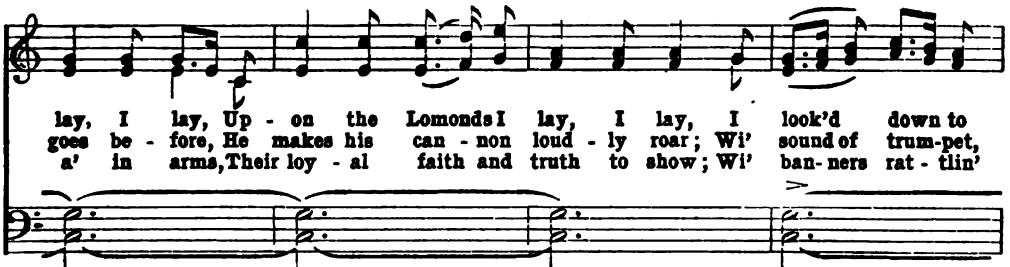
The Campbells are com - in', O ho, O ho, The Campbells are com - in', O



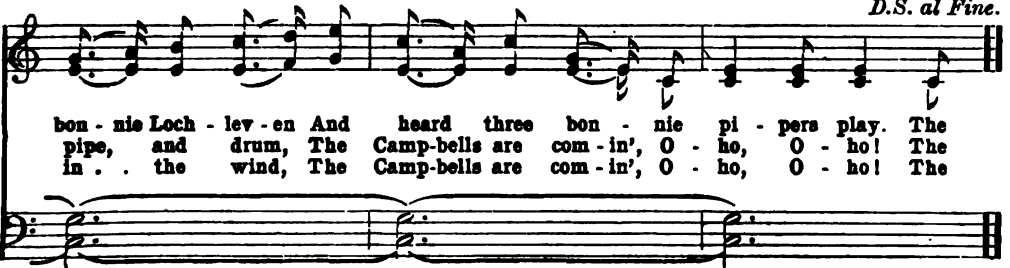
ho, O ho! The Camp-bells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch - lev - en, The



FINE.
Camp-bells are com - in', O ho, O ho! 1. Up - on the Lo-monds I
2. The great Ar - gyle, he
3. The Camp-bells they are

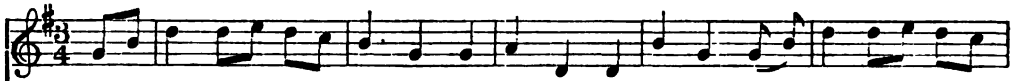


lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look'd down to
goes be - fore, He makes his can - non loud - ly roar; Wi' sound of trum-pet,
a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi' ban - ners rat - tiin'

D.S. al Fine.

bon - nie Loch - lev - en And heard three bon - nie pi - pers play. The
pipe, and drum, The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The
in . . the wind, The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The

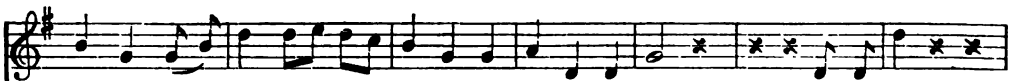
Buy a Broom



1. From Teutschland I come with my light wares all la-den, To the land where the
 2. To brush a - way in-sects that sometimes an - noy you, You'll find it quite
 3. Ere win - ter comes on, for sweet homesoon de - part-ing, My toils for your



bles-ing of free-dom doth bloom; Then lis-ten, fair la - dy, and young pret-ty
 hand - y to use night and day; And what bet - ter ex - er - cise pray can em -
 fa - vor a - gain I'll re - sume; And while grat-i - tude's tear in my eye - lid is



maid-en, Oh, buy of the wand'ring Ba-va-rian a broom. Buy a broom,
 ploy you, Than to sweep all vex - a-tious in - tru-ders a-way? Buy a broom,
 start-ing, Bless the time that in England I cried, buy a broom. Buy a broom,



Buy a Broom

Spoken

Buy a broom, (Buy a broom.) Oh, buy of the wand'ring Ba - va - rian a broom.
Buy a broom, And sweep all vex - a - tious in - tru - ders a - way.
Buy a broom, Bless the time that in England I cried buy a broom.

Allegro vivace

O mein lie - ber Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin, O mein lie - ber

Au - gus - tin, Al - les ist weg: Bock ist weg, Stock ist weg,

Auch ich bin in dem Dreck O mein lie - ber Au - gus - tin, Al - les ist weg.

O Ye Tears

FRANZ ABT

Andantino

1. O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long re-fus'd to flow, Ye are
 2. O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thank-ful that ye run, Tho' ye
 3. O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt ye on my cheek, I was

The first system of the musical score for 'O Ye Tears' by Franz Abt. It features a vocal line in 3/4 time with a tempo marking of 'Andantino'. The lyrics are presented in three numbered lines. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff.

con espressione

wel - come to my heart, thaw - ing, thaw - ing like the snow; The
 come from cold and dark ye shall glit - ter in the sun: The
 self - ish in my sor - row; I was stub - born, I was weak; Ye have

The second system of the musical score. The tempo remains 'Andantino'. The lyrics continue from the first system. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of 'p' (piano) at the end of the system.

ice-bound cloud has yield-ed, and the ear - ly snow-drops spring, And the
 rain-bow can - not cheer us if the show'rs re - fuse to fall, And the
 giv'n me strength to con-quer, and I stand e - rect and free, And

The third and final system of the musical score. The lyrics conclude with the word 'And'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic and harmonic patterns as the previous systems.

heal - ing foun-tains gush, and the wil - der-ness shall sing.
 eyes that can - not weep are the sad - dest eyes of all.
 know that I am hu - man, by the light of sym - pa - thy.

O ye tears! O ye tears!
 O ye tears! O ye tears!
 O ye tears! O ye tears!

4 O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain,
 The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
 Like the rock that Moses smote amid Horeb's burning sand,
 It yields the flowing water, to make gladness in the land.
 O ye tears! O ye tears!

5 There is light upon my path! there is sunshine in my heart,
 And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart;
 Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago,
 O ye tears! O happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.
 O ye tears! happy tears!

Johnny Sands

JOHN SINCLAIR

1. A man whose name was Johnny Sands Had mar-ried Bet - ty Hague, And
 2. "For fear that I should courage lack And try to save my life, Pray

though she brought him gold and lands, She proved a ter - ri - ble plague; For
 tie my hands be - hind my back; "I will" re - plied his wife. She

oh! she was a scold - ing wife, Full of ca - price and whim, He said, that he was
 tied them fast as you may think, And when se - cure - ly done, "Now stand" she says "up -

tired of life, And she was tired of him, And she was tired of him, And she was tired of
 on the brink And I'll prepare to run, And I'll pre - pare to run, And I'll prepare to

Johnny Sands

him. Says he "Then I will drown myself—The riv-er runs be-low," Says
run." All down the hill his lov-ing bride Now ran with all her force To

she, "Pray do, you sill-ly elf, I wished it long a-go." Says he "Up-on the
push him in;—he stepped a-side, And she fell in of course. Now splash-ing, dashing

brink I'll stand, Do you run down the hill, And push me in with all your might," Says
like a fish, "Oh save me, John-ny Sands." "I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish, For

she "My love, I will," Says she "My love, I will," Says she "My love, I will."
you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands."

The British Grenadiers

16th Century

Allegro con spirito

1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu - les, Of
 2. When-e'er we are com-mand - ed To storm the pal - i - sades, Our
 3. Then let us fill a bump - er, And drink a health to those Who



Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as these;
 lead - ers march with fu - sees, And we with hand - gre - nades;
 car - ry caps and pouch - es, And wear the loup - ed clothes:



But of all the world's brave he - roes There's none that can com -
 We throw them from the gla - cis A - bout the en - e - mies'
 May they and their com - mand - ers Live hap - py all their

pare With a tow row row row row row, To the Brit-ish Gren - a - dier.
ears, Sing tow row row row row row, The Brit-ish Gren - a - diers.
years, With a tow row row row row row, For the Brit-ish Gren - a - diers.

Free America *

Tune—"BRITISH GRENADIERS"

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 That seat of science, Athens,
And earth's proud mistress, Rome;
Where now are all their glories?
We scarce can find a tomb.
Then guard your rights, Americans,
Nor stoop to lawless sway,
Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose
For North America.</p> <p>2 We led fair Franklin hither,
And, lo! the desert smiled;
A paradise of pleasure
Was opened to the world!
Your harvest, bold Americans,
No power shall snatch away!
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
For free America.</p> <p>3 Torn from a world of tyrants,
Beneath this western sky,
We formed a new dominion,
A land of liberty.
The world shall own we're masters here;
Then hasten on the day:
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
For free America.</p> <p>4 Proud Albion bowed to Cæsar,
And numerous lords before;
To Picts, to Danes, to Normans,
And many masters more;</p> | <p>But we can boast, Americans,
We've never fallen a prey;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
For free America.</p> <p>5 God bless this maiden climate,
And through its vast domain
May hosts of heroes cluster,
Who scorn to wear a chain:
And blast the venal sycophant
That dares our rights betray;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
For free America.</p> <p>6 Lift up your heads, ye heroes,
And swear with proud diadems
The wretch that would ensnare you
Shall lay his snares in vain;
Should Europe empty all her force,
We'll meet her in array,
And fight and shout, and shout and fight
For free America.</p> <p>7 Some future day shall crown us
The masters of the main.
Our fleets shall speak in thunder
To England, France and Spain;
And the nations o'er the oceans spread
Shall tremble and obey
The sons, the sons, the sons, the sons
Of brave America.</p> |
|--|--|

* By voice, sword and pen, Joseph Warren contributed to the cause of Independence. In 1772 and 1773, he delivered orations on the Boston Massacre. During the delivery of the second oration, the British soldiery lined the pulpit stairs, but nevertheless it was pronounced in defiance of their threats. Not long, it is thought, before his lamented death, he wrote the above ballad.

The Land o' the Leal

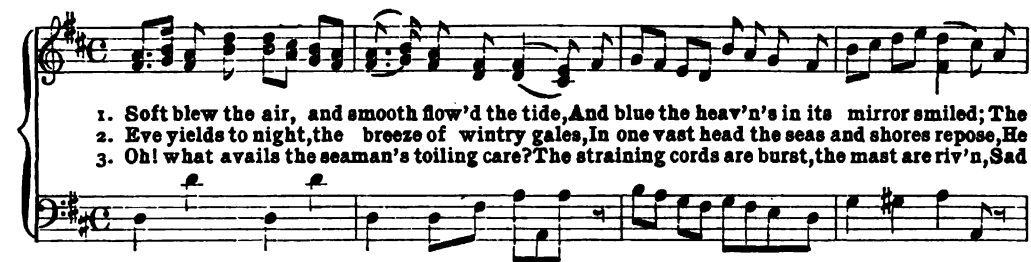
Lady NAIRNE
Adagio

1. I'm wear - in' a-wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear-in' a'-wa' To the
2. Ye aye were leal and true, Jean, Your task's ended noo, Jean, And I'll wel-come you To the
3. Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean, My soul lango to be free, Jean, And an-gels wait on me To the

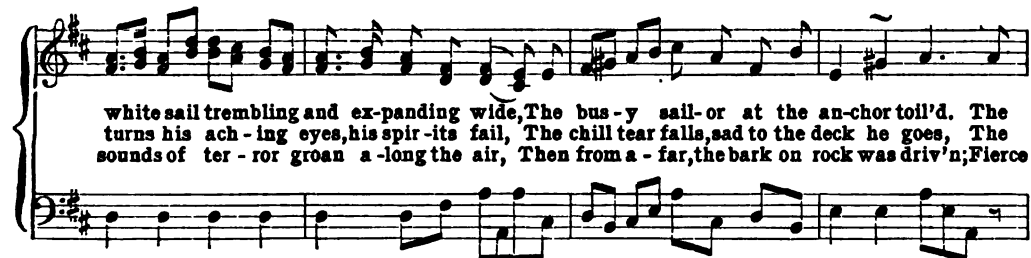
land o' the leal. There's nae sor - row there, Jean, There's neither cauld nor care, Jean, The
land o' the leal. Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith gude and fair, Jean, And
land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This world's care is vain, Jean, We'll

day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.
we grudged her sair To the land o' the leal.
meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

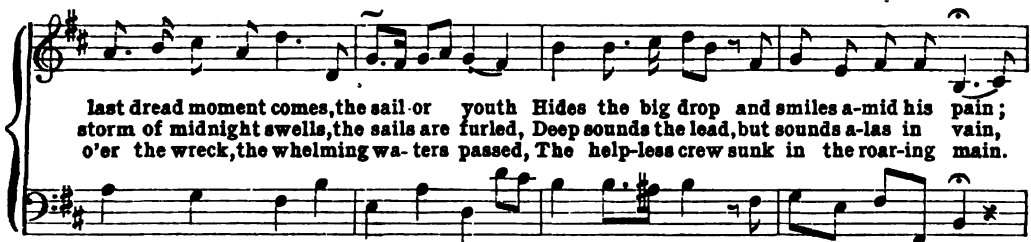
The Mariner



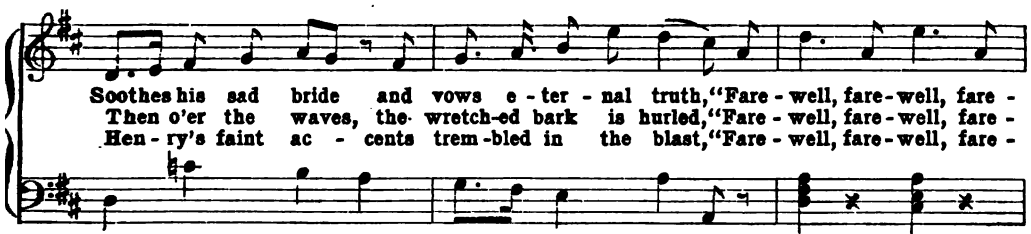
1. Soft blew the air, and smooth flow'd the tide, And blue the heav'n's in its mirror smiled; The
2. Eye yields to night, the breeze of wintry gales, In one vast head the seas and shores repose, He
3. Oh! what avails the seaman's toiling care? The straining cords are burst, the mast are riv'n, Sad



white sail trembling and ex-panding wide, The bus-y sail-or at the an-chor toil'd. The
turns his ach-ing eyes, his spir-its fail, The chill tear falls, sad to the deck he goes, The
sounds of ter-ror groan a-long the air, Then from a-far, the bark on rock was driv'n; Fierce



last dread moment comes, the sail-or youth Hides the big drop and smiles a-mid his pain;
storm of midnight swells, the sails are furled, Deep sounds the lead, but sounds a-las in vain,
o'er the wreck, the whelming wa-ters passed, The help-less crew sunk in the roar-ing main.



Soothes his sad bride and vows e-ter-nal truth, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well,
Then o'er the waves, the wretch-ed bark is hurled, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well,
Hen-ry's faint ac-cents trem-bled in the blast, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well,



well," he crys, "we soon shall meet again."
well," he crys, "we ne'er shall meet again." *mf*
well, my love, we ne'er shall meet again."

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming

S. C. FOSTER

Come where my love lies dream - ing, Dreaming the hap-py hours a - way, . . . In
 vi-sions bright re-deem - ing The fleeting joys of day; . . .
 Dream - ing the hap-py hours, . . . Dream-ing the happy hours a - way. . .
 Come, where my love lies dream - ing, so sweetly dreaming the happy hours a - way. . .

p
pp
cres. *riten.* *dim.*
cres. *riten.* *p*

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming

49

1ST SOPRANO
CHORUS. *a tempo*

mf *dim.*

Musical staff for the 1st Soprano part, showing the first line of the chorus. The staff is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody begins with a rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes.

My own love is sweet-ly dreaming, Her beau-ty beam-ing;

2D SOPRANO

mf

Musical staff for the 2nd Soprano part, showing the second line of the chorus. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, Come with a lute - ton'd lay;

TENOR AND BASS

mf

Musical staff for the Tenor and Bass parts, showing the second line of the chorus. The part is written in a bass clef and consists of chords and single notes.

Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, . . . Come with a lute - ton'd lay;

mf a tempo

dim.

Piano accompaniment for the first system, showing the first line of the chorus. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and features a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

cres.

dim.

Musical staff for the 1st Soprano part, showing the second line of the chorus. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes.

My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours a - way. . .

mp cres.

dim.

Musical staff for the 2nd Soprano part, showing the second line of the chorus. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes.

Come where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dream-ing the happy hours a - way. . .

cres.

dim.

Musical staff for the Tenor and Bass parts, showing the second line of the chorus. The part continues with chords and single notes.

Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dream-ing the happy hours a - way. . .

mp cres.

dim.

Piano accompaniment for the second system, showing the second line of the chorus. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming

mf

My own love is sweet-ly dream-ing, Her beauty

f *p*

Come with a lute, come with a lay. Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

f *p*

Come with a lute, come with a lay. Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

dim.

beaming; My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours a-

mp cres. *dim.*

come, come, come, come, Come where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the happy hours a-

mp *dim.*

come, come, come, come, Come where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the hap-py hours a-

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming

51

pp riten. FINE

way, . . . Dream - ing the hap - py hours a - way.

pp riten.

way, . . . Dream - ing the hap - py hours a - way.

pp riten.

way, . . . Dream - ing the hap - py hours a - way. FINE

Detailed description: This system contains three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "way, . . . Dream - ing the hap - py hours a - way.". The first vocal staff has a dynamic marking of *pp riten.* and a *FINE* marking at the end. The second vocal staff also has *pp riten.*. The piano accompaniment has a dynamic marking of *pp riten.* and a *FINE* marking at the end.

p

Soft is her slumber, Tho'ts, bright and free, Dance thro' her dreams like gushing melo - dy,

p

Detailed description: This system contains one vocal staff in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is two flats and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "Soft is her slumber, Tho'ts, bright and free, Dance thro' her dreams like gushing melo - dy,". The vocal staff has a dynamic marking of *p*. The piano accompaniment has a dynamic marking of *p*.

riten. D.S. al Fine

Light is her young heart, Light may it be, Come, where my love lies dream - ing.

riten.

Detailed description: This system contains one vocal staff in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is two flats and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "Light is her young heart, Light may it be, Come, where my love lies dream - ing." The vocal staff has a dynamic marking of *riten.* and a *D.S. al Fine* marking at the end. The piano accompaniment has a dynamic marking of *riten.*

Then You'll Remember Me

WEBB

M. W. BALFE

1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall
cold - ness or de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they

tell, In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so
prize, And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with - in your

well, There may per - haps in such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be Of
eyes; When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask, 'Twill break your own to see, In

days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
such a mo - ment I but ask That you'll re - mem - ber

Then You'll Remember Me

me, and you'll re-member, you'll re - mem - ber me. 2. When
me, that you'll re-member, you'll re - mem - ber (*Omit.*) me.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two endings, marked '1' and '2'. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line with some grace notes.

Clime Beneath Whose Genial Sun

Old Scotch Folksong

1. Clime be - neath whose ge - nial sun Kings were quell'd and free - dom won :
2. Crown - less Ju - dah mourns in gloom ; Greece lies slum - b'ring in the tomb ;
3. Em - pire of the brave and free ! Stretch thy away from sea to sea, -

The musical score is in 4/4 time and features a simple, rhythmic melody with a consistent accompaniment.

Where the dust of Wash - ton Sleeps in glo - ry's bed, - He - roes from thy syl - van shade
Rome hath shern her - ea - gle - plume, Lost her conqu'ring name. Youthful Na - tion of the West,
Who shall bid thee bend the knee To a tyrant's throne ? Knowledge is thine armor bright,

This section continues the musical notation with the same melody and accompaniment as the previous section.

Chang'd the plough for bat - tle blade ; Ho - ly men for thee have pray'd, Pa - triot martyrs bled.
Rise ! with tru - er greatness blest ; Sain - ted bands from realms of rest Watch thy bright'ning fame.
Lib - er - ty thy bea - con - light, God Him - self thy shield of might, Bow to Him a - lone.

The final section of the musical score concludes the piece with the same melodic and accompanimental structure.

Captain Jinks

Arranged by CHARLES E. PRATT

1. I'm Cap-tain Jinks, of the Horse Ma-rines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And
 2. I joined my corps when twen-ty-one, Of course I thought it cap-i-tal fun; When the
 3. The first time I went out to drill, The bu-gle sound-ing made me ill; Of the

p

sport young la - dies in their teens, Tho' a cap - tain in the
 en - e - my came, of course I run, For I'm not cut out for the
 bat - tle - field I'd had my fill, For I'm not cut out for the

ar-my. I teach young la - dies how to dance, How to dance,
 ar-my. When I left home, Ma-ma, she cried, Ma - ma, she cried, Ma -
 ar-my. The of - fi - cers, they all did shout, They all did shout, They

mf

How to dance, I teach young la - dies how to dance, For I'm the pet of the ar-my.
 ma she cried, When I left home, Ma-ma she cried, He's not cut out for the ar-my.
 all did shout, The of - fi - cers they all did shout, Why! kick him out of the ar-my.

Captain Jinks

CHORUS

Cap - tain Jinks of the Horse Ma - rines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And

oft - en live be - yond my means, Tho' a cap - tain in the ar - my.

Chinese Baby-Song

Alleruo
Snail, snail, come out and be fed, Put out your horns, and then your head,

And your Pa - pa and your Ma - ma Will give you boiled mut - ton.

Repeated ad infinitum.

Call Me Pet Names

Mrs. OSGOOD

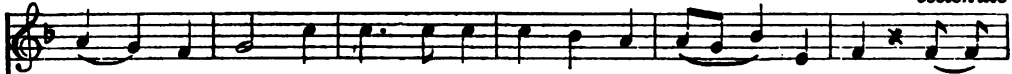
Poco andante



1. Call me pet names, dearest! Call me a bird, That flies to thy breast at one
2. Call me fond names, dearest! Call me a star, Whose smile's beaming welcome thou
3. Call me sweet names, darling! Call me a flow'r! That lives in the light of thy
4. Call me dear names, dar-ling! Call me thine own! Speak to me al-ways in



sostenuto



cher-ish-ing word; That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dream-ing of flight, That
 feel'st from a - far; Whose light is the clear-est, the tru - est to thee, When the
 smile each hour; That droops when its heav-en thy love . . . grows cold, That
 love's low tone; Let not thy look nor thy voice . . . grow cold,



ad lib.

RECITATIVE



ten - der-ly sings there in lov-ing de-light! Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for
 "night time of sor-row" steals o-ver life's sea. Oh! trust thy rich bark, where
 shrinks from the wick-ed, the false and bold, That blooms for thee on-ly, thro'
 Let my fond wor-ship thy be-ing en-fold; Love me for-ev-er, and



Call Me Pet Names

f Tempo

one fond word! Call me pet names, dear-est! Call me a bird!
 its warm rays are, Call me pet names, dar-ling! Call me thy star!
 sun-light and show'r. Call me pet names, dar-ling! Call me a flow'r!
 love me a-lone! Call me pet names, dar-ling! Call me thine own!

fp

See at Your Feet

M. W. BALFE
 From "Bohemian Girl"

1. See at your feet a suppliant one, Whose place should be . . your heart; Be-hold the on-ly
 2. Oh! do not spurn the on-ly friend On whom she could de-pend; I was the on-ly

liv-ing thing To which she had to cling. And saved her life, watch'd o'er her years,

With all the fondness faith endears, And her affec-tion won. Rend not such ties a-part.

"Vive La Compagnie"

As sung by the Maryland Cadets

1. Let Bac-chus to Ve-nus li - ba-tions pour fast, Vi - ve la com - pa - gnie, And
 2. Let ev - 'ry old bach - e - lor fill up his glass, Vi - ve la com - pa - gnie, And
 3. Let ev - 'ry old mar-ried mandrink to his wife, Vi - ve la com - pa - gnie, The

let us make use of our time to the last, Vi - ve la com - pa - gnie... Oh!
 drink to the health of his fav - o - rite lass, Vi - ve la com - pa - gnie... Oh!
 friend of his bos - om and com - fort of life, Vi - ve la com - pa - gnie... Oh!

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 la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a-mour, vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a-mour,

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

"Vive La Compagnie"

Vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve la com - pa - gnie.

Vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve la com - pa - gnie.

ff

4 Come fill up your glasses — I'll give you a toast, 5 Since all, with good humor, I've toasted so free,
 Vive la compagnie. Vive la compagnie.
 Here's a health to our friend — our kind, worthy host, I hope it will please you to drink now with me,
 Vive la compagnie. Cho. Vive la compagnie. Cho

How Can I Leave Thee

Moderato

Thuringian Folksong

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
 2. True is a flow'r - et Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -
 3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor

hast my heart, Dear one, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine
 on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - 'ret and hope may die,
 hawk would fear, Speed - lag to thee. When by the fowl - er slain,

So close - ly bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
 Yet love with us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Dear one, be - lieve.
 I at thy feet should lie, Thou sad - ly shouldst complain, Joy - ful I'd die.

The Bonnie Blue Flag

HARRY MACARTHY

1. We are a band of broth-ers, and na - tive to the soil, . . . Like
2. As long as the old Un-ion was faith - ful to her trust, . . .

Fight - ing for the prop - er - ty we gain'd by hon - est toll; . . . And
friends and like broth - ers, kind were we and just; . . . But

when our rights were threaten'd, the cry rose near and far, . . . Hur -
now, when North-ern treach-ery at-tempts our rights to mar, . . . We

rah for the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle Star.
hoist on high the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle Star.

The Bonnie Blue Flag

CHORUS

1..6. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! for South - ern Rights, Hur - rah!
 7. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! for South - ern Rights, Hur - rah!

Hur - rah! for the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle Star.
 Hur - rah! for the Bon - nie Blue Flag has gain'd th' E - lev - enth Star.

- 3 First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand ;
 Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand ;
 Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
 All rais'd on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. Cho.
- 4 Ye men of valor, gather round the Banner of the Right,
 Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight ;
 Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesman rare,
 Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. Cho.
- 5 And here's to brave Virginia ! the Old Dominion State
 With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate ;
 Impell'd by her example, now other states prepare
 To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Fag that bears a Single Star. Cho.
- 6 Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
 Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save ;
 And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
 So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. Cho.
- 7 Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,
 For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out ;
 And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given —
 The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven. Cho.

Kiss Me Quick, and Go

F. BUCKLEY

Allegretto ma moderato

1. The oth - er night, while I was sparking Sweet Tar - li - na Spray, The more we whis - per'd
 2. Seen af - ter that I gave my love A moonlight prom - e - nade, At last we fetch'd up
 3. One Sun - day night we sat to - geth - er, Sigh - ing, side by side, Just like two win - ter

our love talk - ing, The more we had to say: . . . The old folks and the
 to the door, Just where the old folks stay'd; The clock struck twelve, her
 leaves of cab - bage, In the sun - shine fried. . . My heart with love was

rall.
 lit - tle folks, We tho't were fast in bed, We heard a foot - step on the stairs,
 heart struck too, And peep - ing o - ver head, We saw a night - cap raise the blind,
 night to split, To ask her for to wed, Said I, "Shall I go for the priest,

rail. *ff*

a tempo
 And what d'ye think she said? O! "Kiss me quick, and go! my hon - ey,

Kiss Me Quick, and Go

63

Kiss me quick and go! . . . To cheat surprise, and prying eyes, Why, kiss me quick and go!"

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The vocal line contains the lyrics "Kiss me quick and go! . . . To cheat surprise, and prying eyes, Why, kiss me quick and go!". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and a bass line.

CHORUS

"Kiss me quick! and go! my hon-ey, Kiss me quick and go! . . . To cheat sur-prise, and
Sing one octave only

The chorus section begins with the vocal line in the upper staff, followed by the piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The lyrics are "Kiss me quick! and go! my hon-ey, Kiss me quick and go! . . . To cheat sur-prise, and". A performance instruction "*Sing one octave only*" is placed below the first line of the vocal staff.

pry-ing eyes, Why, kiss me quick, and go!"

dim. rall. *mf* *dim.*

The final system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are ". pry-ing eyes, Why, kiss me quick, and go!". Performance markings include "*dim. rall.*" above the vocal staff, "*mf*" below the piano staff, and "*dim.*" below the piano staff.

A Thousand Leagues Away

W. C. BENNETT

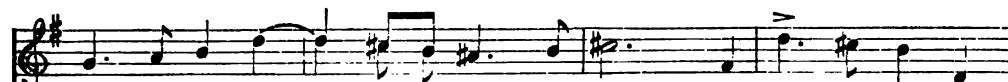
J. BARNEY

Allegro con spirito

1. The wind is blow-ing fresh, Kate, The boat rocks there for me; One kiss and I'm a -
 2. I half could be a landsman, While those dear eyes I see, To hear the gale rave
 3. One kiss; the tide ebbs fast, love; I must not lag-gard be Up-on the voy-age



- way, Kate, For two long years to sea; For two long years to
 by with-out, While you sat snug with me; But I must hear the
 which, I hope, Will give my Kate to me. Pray for us, Kate; such



- think of you, Dream of you night and day, To long for you a -
 storm howl by, The salt breeze whist-ling play Its weird sea-tune a -
 pray'rs as yours God bids the winds o-bey, By for-tune heard, your



A Thousand Leagues Away

dim. *mezza voce*
p

cross the sea, . . A thou-sand leagues a - way, A thou - sand leagues a -
mong the shrouds, A thou-sand leagues a - way, A thou - sand leagues a -
lov - ing word Will speed us far a - way, A thou - sand leagues a -

cres. *f*
way, dear Kate, A thousand leagues a - way, While round the pole we toss and roll, . . A
way, dear Kate, A thousand leagues a - way, While south we go, blow high, blow low, . . A
way, my Kate, A thousand leagues a - way, God will be - friend the lad you send . . A

thou - sand leagues a - way.

f *ff*

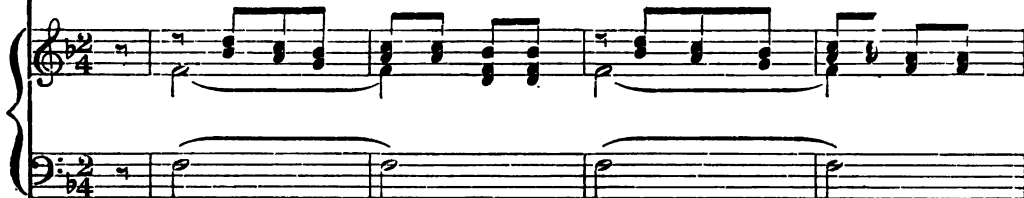
The Girl I Left Behind Me

Author Unknown

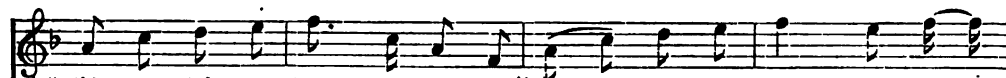
Old Irish Air



1. The dames of France are fond and free, And Flem-ish lips are will - ing, And
2. For she's as fair as Shannon's side, And pur - er than its wa - ter, But
3. She says, "My own dear love, come home, My friends are rich and ma - ny, Or
4. For nev - er shall my true love brave A life of war and toil - ing, And



soft the maids of I - ta - ly, And Span-ish eyes are thrill - ing; Still
 she re - fus'd to be my bride Though ma - ny a year I sought her; Yet,
 else a - broad with you I'll roam, A sol - dier stout as an - y; If
 nev - er as a skulk - ing slave I'll tread my na - tive soil on; But



though I bask be - neath their smile, Their charms fail to bind me, And my
 since to France I sail'd a - way, Her let - ters oft re - mind me, That I
 you'll not come, nor let me go, I'll think you have re - signed me," My
 were it free or to be freed, The bat - tle's close would find me To



heart falls back to E-rin's Isle, To the girl I left be-hind me.
 prom-is'd nev-er to gain-say The girl I left be-hind me.
 heart nigh broke when I an-swered "No" To the girl I left be-hind me.
 Ire-land bound, nor mes-sage need From the girl I left be-hind me.

A Song of the Sea

Written from memory, by Mrs. W. A. FISHER

Probably 100 years old

1. A sail-or's life is a rov-ing life, It robbed me of my heart's de-light,
 2. Go build me up some lit-tle boat, That I may on the o-cean float,
 3. I had not sailed far o'er the deep, Be-fore a large ship I chanced to meet.
 4. "A deep blue jack-et he used to wear, With ro-sy cheeks and coal black hair,

And caus-ed me to la-ment and mourn, And sad-ly wait for his re-turn.
 And ev-'ry ship that I do pass by, I will in-quire for my sail-or boy.
 I said "Bold Cap-tain, O tell me true, Does my sweet Wil-liam sail with you?
 His lips were of a vel-vet fine, And oft time used to meet with mine."

5 "Oh no, fair maid, he sails not here,
 He's drowned in the deep, I fear,
 Near that lone island, which you passed by,
 You've chanced to lose your sailor boy."

6 She wrung her hands, she tore her hair,
 Like some fair maid in deep despair,
 Her boat against the rocks she run,
 Crying, "Alas, I am undone.

7 "Now, I'll go home and write a song,
 I'll write it true, I'll write it long,
 On every line I'll shed a tear,
 On every verse, 'Fare you well, my dear.'"

8 Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
 Place a marble stone at my head and feet,
 And, on my breast, a turtle dove,
 To show this world, I died for love.

Beautiful Star in Heaven so Bright

S. M. SAYLES

Allegretto con anima

1. Beau-ti-ful star, in heav'n so bright, Soft - ly falls thy sil - v'ry light,
 2. In fan - cy's eye thou seem'st to say, "Fol - low me, come, from earth a - way;"
 3. Shine on, oh! star of love di - vine, And may our souls' af - fec - tion twine A -

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

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

cres. *p*

Beautiful Star in Heaven so Bright

69

Beau - ti - ful star, . . . Star . . of the eve - ning, Beautiful, beauti - ful star.

Arise, My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY

LEWIS EDSON

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed - ing Sac - ri -
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all - re - deem - ing
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceiv - ed on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef - fect - ual
4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pardon - ing voice I hear: He owns me for His

lice In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - love, His pre - cious blood, to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race, His prayers, They strong - ly plead for me: "For - give him, Oh, for - give," they cry, "For - child; I can no lon - ger fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With

fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands. blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace. give him, Oh, for - give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die." con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

Angels Ever Bright and Fair

HÄNDEL

Larghetto
mf

p
An-gels ev-er bright and fair,
tr
p

An-gels ev-er bright and fair, take, oh, take me, take, oh, take me to your

care, take me, take, oh, take me, An-gels

Angels Ever Bright and Fair

71

ev - er bright and fair, take, oh, take me to your care,

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'ev - er bright and fair, take, oh, take me to your care,'.

take, oh, take me to your care.

FINE

This system contains the second line of music. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'take, oh, take me to your care.' The system concludes with the word 'FINE' in the upper right corner.

Speed to your own courts my flight, clad in robes of vir - gin

This system contains the third line of music. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'Speed to your own courts my flight, clad in robes of vir - gin'.

white, clad in robes of vir - gin white, clad in robes of vir - gin white, take me,

D.S.

This system contains the fourth line of music. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'white, clad in robes of vir - gin white, clad in robes of vir - gin white, take me,'. The system concludes with the instruction 'D.S.' in the upper right corner.

A Yankee Ship, and a Yankee Crew

C. M. KING

f *ff* *p*

1. A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know; O'er the
 2. A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know; With
 3. A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know; The
 4. A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know;

ff *p*

bright blue waves like a sea-bird flew, Sing hey a-loft and a-low. . Her
 hearts on board both gal-lant and true; The same a-loft, and a-low. . The
 boats all clear, the wreck we now view, "All hands" a-loft and a-low. . A
 Free-dom de-fends the land where it grew, We're free a-loft and a-low. . Bearing

p *fz*

wings are spread to the fai-ry breeze The spray sparkling as thrown from her
 black-en'd sky, and the whist-ling wind, Fore-tell the ap-proach of the
 ship's his throne, the sea his world, He ne'er sheers from a ship-mate dis-
 down is a foe in re-gal pride, De-fi-ance at each mast-

A Yankee Ship, and a Yankee Crew



proW, Her flag is the proudest that floats on the seas, Her way homeward she's steering
gale; As home and its joys flit o'er each mind, Husbands! lovers! "on deck there, a
treas'd; All's well; the reef'd sails a - gain unfurled, O'er the swell, he is cradled to
head. One's a wreck and she bears, as she floats a - longside, Stars and stripes e'er to vic-to-ry



now. A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know, O'er the
sail!" A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know; Dis -
rest. A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know, Storm past,
wed, For a yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know, Ne'er



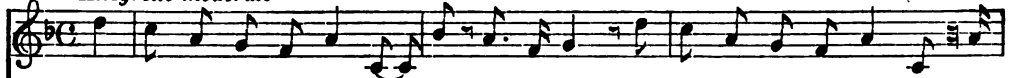
bright blue waves like a sea - bird flew, Sing hey a - loft and a - low.
tress is the word, God speed them thro', Bear a hand, a - loft and a - low.
drink to "wives and to sweethearts" too, All hands! a - loft and a - low.
strike to a foe while the sky is blue, Or a tar's a - loft or a - low.



Oh! Willie, We Have Miss'd You

Allegretto moderato

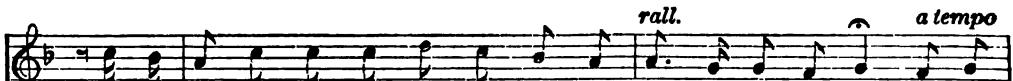
S. C. FOSTER



1. Oh! Wil-lie, is it you, dear, Safe, safe at home? They did not tell me true, dear, They
2. We've long'd to see you nightly, But this night of all; The fire was blaz-ing bright-ly, And
3. The days were sad without you, The nights long and drear; My dreams have been about you, Oh!



said you would not come. I heard you at the gate, And it made my heart re-joice,
lights were in the hall; The lit-tle ones were up Till 'twas ten o'-clock and past,
wel-come, Wil-lie dear! Last night I wept and watch'd By the moonlight's cheerless ray,



For I knew that wel-come foot-step, And that dear, fa-mil-iar voice, Mak-ing
Then their eyes be-gan to twin-kle, And they're gone to sleep at last; But they
Till I thought I heard your foot-step, Then I wip'd my tears a-way; But my

rall. *a tempo*

mu - sic on my ear, In the lone - ly mid - night gloom : Oh !
lis - ten'd for your voice, Till they thought you'd nev - er come : Oh !
heart grew sad a - gain, When I found you had not come : Oh !

p a tempo

rall.

Willie, we have miss'd you; Welcome, welcome home !

a tempo. cres. FINE

English Chanty

ff SOLO CHORUS

1. Come, ship - mates and broth - ers, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men,
2. The wind it blows hard, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, Each
3. Come, loose ev - 'ry sail, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, We'll
4. Our hearts they are light, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, Each

SOLO CHORUS SOLO

Haul all to - geth - er, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, Help one an - oth - er,
tar knows his card, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, We'll soon man the yards,
soon face the gale, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, Stout hearts which ne'er fail,
eye it seems bright, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, We bid you good - night,

CHORUS

Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, O hau - ley, ho yo, Cheer - ly, men!

De Boatmen's Dance

DAN D. SMITH

High row, de boat-men, row, float-in' down de rib - ber, de O - hi - o. 1. De
 2. De
 3. I

boat-men dance, de boat - men sing, De boat - men up to eb - ry ting, An
 oys - ter boat should keep to de shore, De fish - in smack should ven - ture more. De
 went on board de od - der day To see what de boat-men had to say; An

when de boat-men gets on shore, He spends his cash an works for more, Den
 schoon-er sails be - fore de wind, De steam-boat leaves a streak be - hind. O
 dar I let my pas - sion loose, Andey cram me in de cal - la - boose. O

dance de boat-men dance, O dance de boat-mon dance, O dance all night till

De Boatmen's Dance

77

broad day - light An go home wid de gals in de morn - ing.

4 I've come dis time, I'll come no more,
Let me loose, I'll go ashore;
For dey whole hoes, an dey a bully crew
Wid a hoosier mate an a captain too.
O dance, etc.

6 De boatman is a thrifty man,
Dar's none can do as de boatman can;
I nebber see a putty gal in my life
But dat she was a boatman's wife.
O dance, etc.

5 When you go to de-boatmen's ball,
Dance wid my wife, or don't dance at all;
Sky blue jacket an tarpaulin hat,
Look out, my boys, for de nine-tall cat.
O dance, etc.

7 When de boatman blows his horn,
Look out, old man, your hog is gone;
He cotch my sheep, he cotch my shoat,
Den put em in a bag an toat em to de boat.
O dance, etc.

Just as I Am

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

WM. B. BRADBURY

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With man - ya con - flict, man - ya doubt,
4. Just as I am; poor, wretch-ed, blind, Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am; Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yes, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Larboard Watch

DUET

T. WILLIAMS

mf *p*

1. At drear - y mid - night's cheer - less hour, De - sert - ed e'en by
 2. With anx - ious care he eyes each wave, That swell - ing, threat - ens

f *p*

Cyn - thia's beams, When tempests beat and tor - rents pour, And twinkling stars no lon - ger gleam;
 to o'er - whelm, And his storm - beat - en bark to save, Di - rects with skill the faith - ful helm.

p *p e dol.*

The wea - ried sai - lor, spent with toil, Clings firm - ly to the weather shrouds And
 With joy he drinks the cheer - ing grog, Mid storms that bellow loud and hoarse, With

still the lengthen'd hour to guile, And still the lengthen'd hour to guile,
 joy he heaves the reel - ing log, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log,

Larboard Watch

Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds, Sings as he views the
And marks the lee - way and the course, And marks the lee - way

dol.

f ad lib.

gath - 'ring clouds, "Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!"
and the course, "Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!"

f Poco allegretto animato *slower*

But who can speak the joy he feels While o'er the foam his ves - sel

f animato *rit.*

a tempo

reels, And his tir'd eye - lids slumb'ring fall, He rous-es at the welcome call Of

a tempo

Larboard Watch

adagio ad lib.

"Lar - board Watch, A-hoy! Lar-board Watch, Lar - board Watch, Larboard Watch, A-hoy!"

The musical score for "Larboard Watch" is written in G major and 2/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a forte (f) dynamic and includes a piano (p) section. The piano accompaniment also has a forte (f) section. The tempo is marked "adagio ad lib.".

Bonnie Dundee

WALTER SCOTT

1. To the Lords of Con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver - house spoke, "Ere the
 2. Dun - dee he is mount - ed, he rides up the street, The
 3. There are hills be - yond Pent - land, and lands be - yond Forth, If there's
 4. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I

The first system of the musical score for "Bonnie Dundee" is in B-flat major and 6/8 time. It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (p) dynamic.

King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, So each Ca - va - lier who loves
 bells they ring back-ward, the drums they are beat, But the Pro - vost (douce man) said "Just
 lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north; There are brave Dinnie was - sels, three
 own a u - surp - er I'll crouch wi' the fox; And trem - ble, false Whigs, in the

The second system of the musical score for "Bonnie Dundee" continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system.

Bonnie Dundee

hon - or and me, Let him fol - low the bon - nets of Bon - nie Dun - dee." o'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun - dee;" thou - sand times three, Will cry "Hey for the bon - nets of Bon - nie Dun - dee." midst of your glee, Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bon - nets and me.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can, Come,

mf

sad - die my hors - es, and call out my men, Un - hook the west port and

let us gae free, For it's up with the bon - nets of Bon - nie Dun - dee.

p

Hard Times Come Again No More

S. C. FOSTER

1. Let us pause in life's pleas-ures, and count its ma - ny tears, While we
 2. While we seek mirth and beau - ty, and mu - sic light and gay, There are
 3. 'Tis a sigh that is waft - ed a - cross the trou - bled wave, 'Tis a

all sup sor - row with the poor; . . There's a song that will lin - ger for
 frail forms faint - ing at the door: . . Tho' their voi - ces are si - lent, their
 wail that is heard up - on the shore; . . 'Tis a dirge that is mur - mur'd a -

ev - er in our ears, "Oh! Hard times, come a - gain no more." . . .
 plead - ing looks will say, "Oh! Hard times, come a - gain no more." . . .
 round the low - ly grave, "Oh! Hard times, come a - gain no more." . . .

Hard Times Come Again No More

First, SOLO; then, CHORUS

mp

'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry, Hard times, hard times,

mp

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are: "'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry, Hard times, hard times,". The dynamic marking *mp* (mezzo-piano) is present at the beginning and in the piano part.

cres.

come a - gain no more; Ma - ny days you have lin - ger'd a -

cres.

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "come a - gain no more; Ma - ny days you have lin - ger'd a -". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The dynamic marking *cres.* (crescendo) is placed above the vocal line and below the piano part.

riten. dim.

round my cab - in door, Oh! Hard times come a - gain no more. . . .

riten. dim.

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "round my cab - in door, Oh! Hard times come a - gain no more. . . .". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord. The dynamic marking *riten. dim.* (ritardando and diminuendo) is placed above the vocal line and below the piano part.

Douglas! Tender and True

Author Unknown

Lady JOHN SCOTT

Soave

1. Could ye come back to me, Doug-las! Doug-las!
 2. Nev-er a scorn-ful word should pain you,
 3. I was not half wor-thy of you, Doug-las!
 4. Oh! to call back the days that are not;
 5. Stretch out your hand to me, Doug-las! Doug-las!

rall.

In the old like-ness that I knew, I would be so faith-ful, so lov-ing, Douglas!
 I'd smile as sweet as an-gels do; Sweet as your smile on me shone ev-er,
 Not half wor-thy the like of you; Now all men be-sides are to me like shadows,
 Mine eyes were blinded, your words are few; Do you know the truth now up in Heaven?
 Drop forgiveness from Heav'n like dew, As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas!

Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.

cres. *dém.*

When the Swallows

FRANZ ABT

1. When the swal - lows home - ward fly, When the ro - - ses scat - tered
 2. When the white swan south - ward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange
 3. Hush, my heart! why thus com - plain? Thou must, too, thy woes con -

lie, When from nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the sil - v'ry night - in - gale;
 groves, When the red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest;
 tain. Tho' on earth no more we rove, Fond - ly breath - ing words of love.

In these words my bleed - ing heart Would to thee its grief im - part,
 In these words my bleed - ing heart Would to thee its grief im - part,
 Thou, my heart, must find re - lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief:

"When I . . . thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I
 "When I . . . thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I
 "I shall see thy form a - gain, Though to - day . . .

e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?"
 e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?"
 we part in pain, Though to - day we part in pain."

I've Left the Snow-Clad Hills

G. LINLEY

Allegretto ma non troppo

1. I've left the snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, . My
2. Be - side those snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, . Dwells

rall.

own, my dear Dal - kar - lia, For a stran - ger land. I'm
one, to whom I'm plight - ed To be - stow my hand. But

rall. *fz*

but a poor, young girl, In my sim - ple, peas - ant guise; . Un -
not with - out a heart, Would I pledge with word or vow, . . And

rall.

skill'd in all the arts and wiles That world - lings prize; I
I've no heart to give him, For he has it now. That

fz

I've Left the Snow-Clad Hills

Piu mosso

trill my moun - tain lay, Ev - 'ry - where I chance to roam; Oh!
youth he is so no - ble, That youth he is so brave, Oh!

rall.

sweet the song to me, For it takes me back to home. No
soon - er than de - sert him I'd lie me in my grave. No

col voce.

A tempo

rall.

place can ev - er be, to me, Like that dear home. My
won - der, I am pi - ning then, For home a - gain. My

rall.

own, sweet home! My own be - lov - ed home!

ritard.

Upidee

1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, Tral la la, Tral la la, As
 2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Tral la la, Tral la la, Flashed
 3. "O stay," the maid - en said, "and rest," Tral la la, Tral la la, "Thy

through an Al - pine vil - lage passed, Tral la la la la la! A
 like a faul - chion from his sheaf, Tral la la la la la! And
 wea - ry head up - on this breast," Tral la la la la la! A

ritard.
 youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice A ban - ner with the strange de - vice,
 like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac - cents of that un - known tongue,
 tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he an - swered with a sigh,
ritard.

f CHORUS
 U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da,
f

U-pi-dee-i-da! * r-ryahlyahlyahyah!

FINE

4 At break of day as heavenward
 Trai la la, Trai la la!
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard,
 Trai la la la!
 Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,
 Chorus.

5 A trav'ler, by the faithful hound,
 Trai la la, Trai la la!
 Half buried in the snow was found,
 Trai la la la!
 Still grasping in his hand of ice,
 That banner with the strange device,
 Chorus.

• Imitating a watchman's rattle.

Jerusalem the Golden

ST. BERNARD, A.D., 1150. NEALE, Tr.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem -
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an
 3. And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quer'd in the fight, For - ev - er and for -
 4. Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect! Oh, sweet and bless - ed

pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - press'd. I know not, - oh, I know not,
 an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid,
 ev - er Are clad in robes of white. Oh, land that see'st no sor - row!
 coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us

What joys a - wait me there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 And there from toil re - leased, The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
 Oh, state that fear'st no strife! Oh, roy - al land of flow - ers! Oh, realm and home of life!
 To that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it ev - er blest.

Break, Break, Break

ALFRED TENNYSON

WM. R. DEMPSTER

1. Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could
 2. Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea! But the ten - der grace of a

ut - ter . . . The tho'ts that a - rise in me. O well for the fish - erman's boy, That he
 day that is dead Will nev - er come back to me. And the state - ly ships go on To their

shouts with his sis - ter at play! O well for the sail - or lad, That he
 ha - ven un - der the hill; But, O for the touch of a vanished hand, And the

Break, Break, Break

sings in his boat on the bay! Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 sound of a voice that is still! Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

Oft in the Stilly Night

THOMAS MOORE

Andantino

1. Oft in the still-y night, Ere slum-ber's chain has 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 has 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 weath-er,
 Sad mem-'ry brings the light Of oth-er days a-round me.

The smiles, the tears Of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spo-ken. The
 I feel like one Who treads a-lone Some ban-quet hall de-sert-ed, Whose

eyes that shone, Now dimm'd and gone, The cheer-ful hearts now bro-ken!
 lights are fled, Whose gar-lands dead, And all but he de-part-ed.

D.C.

Dream Faces

W. M. HUTCHINSON

1. The shad - ows lie a - cross the dim old room, The fire - light
 2. Once more I see a - cross the dis - tant years A face, long

p

glows and fades in - to the gloom, While mem - 'ry sails to
 gone with all its smiles and tears, Once more I press a

child - hood's distant shore, And dreams, and dreams of days that are no more.
 ten - der, lov - ing hand, And with my dar - ling 'neath the old oak stand.

Dream Faces

93

♩: p Allegro

Sweet dreamland fa - ces, pass - ing to and fro, . . . Bring back to

mem - 'ry days of long a - go, . . . Mur - mur - ing gent - ly

thro' a mist of pain, "Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet a - gain!" Once

2. Andante p

gain!" 3. But all I loved are gone, And I a - lone in life, To wait, and wait, and

Dream Faces

pp cres

wait, Till Death shall end the strife; Un - til once more I join The

pp cres

cen - - - - *do* *pp rall.*

hearts that loved me best, Where the wick - ed cease from

cen - - - - *do* *pp rall.*

ad lib. *D.S.*

troub - ling, And the wea - ry are at rest!

ad lib. *D.S.*

3 ff ad lib.

gain, We shall meet, shall meet a - gain!''

3 ff ad lib.

Bridal Chorus, from Lohengrin

RICHARD WAGNER

Andante

mf Guid-ed by us, thrice hap-py pair, En-ter this door-way, 'tis love that in-vites;

mf

All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri-umph-ant for-ev-er u-nites.

Cham-pion of vir-tue, bold-ly ad-vance, Flow'r of all beau-ty, gen-tly ad-vance;

p Now the loud mirth of rev-'ling is end-ed, Night, bring-ing peace and bliss, has de-

p

scend-ed. Fann'd by the breath of hap-pi-ness, rest, Clos'd to the world, by love on-ly blest!

D.C.

um-phant for ev-er u-nites, for-ev-er u-nites.

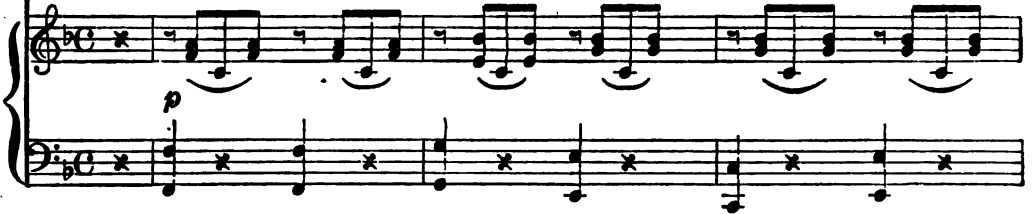
f

Oh! Don't You Remember Sweet Alice

Or Ben Bolt



1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice with hair so
 2. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the green sun-ny slope of the
 3. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, And the mas-ter so kind and so



brown, . . . She wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And
 hill, . . . When oft we have sung 'neath its wide spread - ing shade, And kept
 true, . . . And the lit-tle nook by the clear run-ning brook, Where we



trem-bled with fear at your frown; . . . In the old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt,
 time to the click of the mill; . . . The mill has gone to de-cay, Ben Bolt,
 gath-ered the flow'rs as they grew; . . . On the Mas-ter's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,



Oh! Don't You Remember, Sweet Alice

In a cor-ner ob - scure and a - lone . . . They have fit-ted a slab of
 And a qui - et now reigns all a - round. . . See the old rus-tic porch with its
 And the run-ning lit-tle brook is now dry; . . . And of all the friends who were

gran-ite so grey, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone. . . They have
 ro - ses so sweet, Lies scat - ter'd and fall'n to the ground. . . See the
 school - mates then, There re - main, Ben, but you and I. . . . And of

fit-ted a slab of gran-ite so grey, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone. . .
 old rus-tic porch, with its ro - ses so sweet, Lies scatter'd and fall'n to the ground. . .
 all the friends, who were school-mates then, There remain, Ben, but you and I. . . .

rit.

rit.

Fading, Still Fading

Portuguese Melody

Andantino mf

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last . . . beam is shin - ing,
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, Oh! hear . . . when we call, . . .

Fa - ther in heav - en, the day . . . is de - clin - ing;
Hear for Christ's sake, who is Sav - iour of all,

Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light, Temp -
Fee - ble and faint - ing we trust in Thy might, In

ta - tion and dan - ger, walk forth with the night; From the
doubt - ing and dark - ness Thy love be our light; Let us

Fading, Still Fading

fall of the shade till the morn - ing bells chime,
 sleep on Thy breast while the night ta - per burns, And

Shield me from dan - ger and save me from crime.
 wake in Thy arms when the morn - ing re - turns.

QUARTET

Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy,

Fa - ther, have mer - cy, thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.

Katey's Letter

Lady DUFFERIN

1. Och girls dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al -
 2. My heart was full, but when I wrote I dar'd not put the half in, The
 3. I wrote it, and I fold - ed it, and put a seal up - on it, 'Twas a
 4. Now girls, would you be - lieve it, that post - man so con - sult - ed, No

tho' he can - not read, sure I tho't 'twas all the bet - ter, For
 neigh - bors know I love him, and they're might - y fond of chaff - ing, So I
 seal al - most as big, as the crown of my best bon - net, For I
 an - swer will he bring me, so long as I have wait - ed, But

why should he be puz - zled with hard spell - ing in the mat - ter, When the
 dar'd not write his name out - side, for fear they would be laugh - ing, So I
 would not have the Post - mas - ter make his re - marks up - on it, As I
 may - be there mayn't be one, for the ra - son that I stat - ed, That my

Katey's Letter

101

mane - ing was so plain that I love him faith - ful - ly, I
 wrote, "From lit - tie Kate to one whom she loves faith - ful - ly," I
 said in - side the let - ter, that I lov'd him faith - ful - ly, I
 love can neith - er read nor write but he loves me faith - ful - ly, He

love him faithful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with - out one word from me.
 love him faithful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with - out one word from me.
 love him faithful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with - out one word from me.
 loves me faithful - ly, And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.

Baby Bunting

Bye, O Ba - by Bunt - ing, Dad - dy's gone a hunt - ing, To

get a lit - tie rab - bit - skin To wrap his Ba - by Bunt - ing in.

Long Ago

FRANK MUSGRAVE

Moderato

1. "Long, long a - go, . . . long, long a - go," Do not these words re -
2. "Long, long a - go," when ma - ny a sound A - woke to mirth that
3. "Long, long a - go," the hopes we nurs'd - In sol - i - tude - of
4. "Long, long a - go," who breathes there here, O'er whom the past hath

call past years, And scarce - ly know - ing why they flow,
 sad - dens now, And ma - ny a spark - ling eye went round,
 earth - ly fame Were bright as bub - bles are that burst,
 no such pow'r? Young heart if now thy sky is clear,

Bring to the eyes un - bid - den tears; Do you not
 That weeps be - neath a dark - en'd brow; When with our
 A glit - t'ring drop, an emp - ty name: Oh, but to
 Be - ware, be - ware the fu - ture hour: Per - chance the

feel as back they come, . . . Those dim sweet
 whole young hap - py hearts, . . . We lov'd and
 be . . . one hour a - gain . . . (What - ev - er
 tones that ech - - o now, . . . In af - ter

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef, starting with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. It consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

dreams of old - en days, . . . A yearn - ing to your
 laugh'd a - way the time, . . . Nor thought how quick - ly
 that sweet hour might cost! . . . Free from mem - 'ry's
 years thou't hear a - gain; . . . And gaz - ing on each

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same structure as the first system, with the piano part marked *dim.* and featuring a consistent eighth-note accompaniment.

child - hood's home, Peo - pled with tones of love and praise.
 all de - parts, So cher - ish'd in life's ear - ly prime.
 tor - turing pain, With those we loved, with those we lost.
 fa - ded brow, Wilt sigh - ing say, I heard that strain.

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a final note and a fermata. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a final chord and a fermata. The system ends with a double bar line and a 3/4 time signature change.

Long Ago

f

Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go, In the young soul's ear - ly flow,

f

Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go, In the young soul's ear - ly flow,

f

Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go, In the young soul's ear - ly flow,

f

Allegretto moderato

p *rall.*

We sang the songs of home and love, Round the fire - side's laugh - ing glow.

p *rall.*

Long long a-go, Long, long a-go, Round the fire - side's laughing glow.

p *rall.*

Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go, Round the fire - side's laughing glow.

p *rall.*

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

BEN JONSON

W. A. MOZART

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 didst on - ly breathe, and send'at it back to me, . . .

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine, . . . for thine.
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee, . . . but thee.

Tempest of the Heart

From VERDI'S "Il Trovatore"

Largo

1. Her bright eyes whose ra - diant gleam - ing Pales the stars in yon fair
 2. Ains that wan - der, mur - m'ring round us, Waft the prayer that I, so
 1. *Il ba - len del suo sor - ri - so d'u - na stel - la vin - ce il*

heav - en, With her smile in beauty beam - ing, Round me throw their witching spell, new ardor
 lonely, Breathe for those blest ties that bound us, While her love, oh! rare sweet dream, is mine, mine
rag - gio; il ful - gor del suo bel vi - so no - vo in - fon - de, no - vo in fon - de a me co -

giv - en! Ah! this pas - sion pure with - in me burn - ing, More than
 on - ly! Ah! this pas - sion pure with - in me bara - ing, More than
rag - gio. Ah! l'a mor, l'a - mo - re ond' ar - do le fa -

words shall plead a lov - er's part; . . . Her bright glan - ces on me . . .
vel - li in mi - o fa - vor . . . sper - da il so - le d'un suo . . .

turn - ing, Calm the tem - pest, Calm the tem - pest, in my heart.
sguar - do la tem - pes - ta, la tem - pes - ta del mio cor.

Tempest of the Heart

con espressione

This pure pas-sion in me burn - ing, More than words shall win me
 Ah! l'a - mor, l'a - mo-re ond' ar - do le fa - vel - li in mio fa -

fa - vor, Her bright glan - ces on me turn - ing Calm the tem - pest in my
 vo - re, sper - da il so - le d'un suo sguar - do la tem - pes - ta del mio

heart. This pure pas - sion in me burn - ing More than words shall win me
 cor. Ah! l'a - mor, l'a - mo-re ond' ar - do le fa - vel - li in mio fa -

fa - vor, Her bright glan - ces on me turn - ing, Calm the tem - pest,
 vo - re, sper - da il so - le d'un suo sguar - do la tem - pes - ta

Cadenza ad lib.
 Ah! calm the tem-pest in my heart.
 Ah! si, la tem-pes-ta del mio cor.

Tempest of the Heart

From VERDI's "Il Trovatore"

Largo

1. Her bright eyes whose ra - diant gleam - ing Pales the stars in yon fair
 2. Airs that wan - der, mur - m'ring round us, Waft the prayer that I, so
 1. *Il ba - len del suo sor - ri - so d'u - na stel - la vin - ce il*

heav - en, With her smile in beauty beam - ing, Round me throw their witching spell, new ardor
 lonely, Breathe for those blest ties that bound us, While her love, oh! rare sweet dream, is mine, mine
rag - gio; il ful - gor del suo bel vi - so no - vo in fon - de, no - vo in fon - de a me co -

pp
 giv - en! Ah! this pas - sion pure with - in me burn - ing, More than
 on - ly! Ah! this pas - sion pure with - in me burn - ing, More than
rag - gio. Ah! l'a - mor, l'a - mo - re ond' ar - do le fa -

dolce
 words shall plead a lov - er's part; . . . Her bright glan - ces on me . . .
vel - li in mi - o fa - vor. . . sper - da il so - le d'un suo . . .

turn - ing, Calm the tem - pest, Calm the tem - pest, in my heart.
squar - do la tem - pes - ta, la tem - pes - ta del mio cor.

Tempest of the Heart

con espressione

This pure pas-sion in me burn-ing, More than words shall win me
 Ah! l'a-mor, l'a-mo-re ond' ar-do le fa-vel-li in mio fa-

fa-vor, Her bright glan-ces on me turn-ing Calm the tem-pest in my
 vo-re, sper-da il so-le d'un suo sguar-do la tem-pes-ta del mio

heart. This pure pas-sion in me burn-ing More than words shall win me
 cor. Ah! l'a-mor, l'a-mo-re ond' ar-do le fa-vel-li in mio fa-

fa-vor, Her bright glan-ces on me turn-ing, Calm the tem-pest,
 vo-re, sper-da il so-le d'un suo sguar-do la tem-pes-ta

Cadenza ad lib.
 Ah! calm the tem-pest in my heart.
 Ah! si, la tem-pes-ta del mio cor.

Bonny Eloise

The Belle of the Mohawk Vale

A song taken up by Military Bands North and South in 1861

C. W. ELLIOTT

J. R. THOMAS

1. O, sweet is the Vale where the Mohawk gently glides On its
 2. O, sweet are the scenes of my boy-hood's sunny years, That be -
 3. O, sweet are the moments when dream - ing I roam, Thro' my

clear wind - ing 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 moss - y and grey, And dear - er than all is my

streams on earth be - sides, In this bright roll - ing riv - er to me;
 mem - o - ries' fond tears That have lived in the blest days of yore;
 child-hood's hal - low'd home, That is crumb - ling now slow - ly a - way;

First, SOLO; then CHORUS

But sweet-er dear - er, yes, dear-er far than these Who charm where others all

fall Is blue-eyed, bon-ny, bon-ny E - lo - ise, The Belle of the Mohawk Vale.

Soft, Soft Music is Stealing

Andante

German Melody

1. Soft, soft mu - sic is steal - ing, Sweet, sweet lingers the strain: Loud, loud now it is
 2. Join, join, chil - dren of sad - ness, Send, send sor - row a - way; Now, now changing to
 3. Sweet, sweet mel - o - dy's num - bers, Hark! hark! gen - tly they swell, Deep, deep, wak - ing from

peal - ing, Waking the ech - oes a - gain. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Wak - ing the ech - oes a - gain.
 glad - ness, Warble a beau - ti - ful lay. Yes, yes, yes, yes, War - ble a beau - ti - ful lay.
 slumbers Thoughts in the bosom that dwell. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Thoughts in the bosom that dwell.

Hoop de Dooden Do

A. NISH



1. Some hun - dred years a - go or so, . . . Good ole Mas - sa set me free,
 2. I walk'd a - long a mile or two, Wid - out a boot, wid - out a shoe;
 3. I did - n't go so ber - ry far, Be - fore I seen de rail - road car,
 4. I went to pick a ba - by up, And look to see if 't was hurt, Soon



Den de mis - sus she did cry; "Hoop de doo - den do!" . . . I
 Den my feet did hurt me so, "Hoop de doo - den do!" . . . I
 Jump - ing ober a turn - pike bar; "Hoop de doo - den do!" . . . I
 it be - gan a squeal - ing out; "Hoop de doo - den do!" . . . An -



clap't my trunk up - on my back, And start - ed for de rail - way track, And
 stood my trunk down on de ground, just for to take a look a - round, De
 heard de noise and see de sight, Den run a - way wid all my might:
 oth - er fel - low broke his leg, He now goes on a wood - en peg; Don't





ALICE NIELSEN

The charming American lyric soprano. She was born in Nashville, Tennessee, 1876, studied music in San Francisco, and made her first public appearance in California. She was a popular member of the Bostonians, and has played in both light and grand opera. Her popular encore is "Bonnie Eloise"—Heart Songs, p. 108.



MARY GARDEN

An American singer of world-wide renown. She was born in Chicago, and received her musical education in Paris. She was for some time with the Opera Comique, Paris, and has since toured in Europe and America. Her popular encore is "The Blue Bells of Scotland"—Heart Songs, p. 387.

soon I heard the whis-tle hol-ler; "Hoop de doo - den dol . . .
 whis - tle scream'd wid all his might "Hoop de doo - den dol . . .
 (All de cars went off de track) "Hoop de doo - den dol . . .
 ask for an - y more I beg - "Hoop de doo - den dol . . .

Holy, Holy, Holy

R. HEBER

J. B. DYKES

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide Thee, Though the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

The Heart of a Sailor

STEPHEN ADAMS

Con spirito

1. Now who's the man for a lass to wed, To be true and nev - er fail her? You may
 2. Then he has to be so oft at sea, Which saves a deal of both - er, For
 3. So lass - es all, when he comes to you And de - clares his a - do - ra - tion, Your

trust to me, for I've sail'd the sea, There's none like an hon - est sai - lor! For his
 hus - bands and wives don't al - ways a - gree As they should with one an - oth - er. And
 love con - fess, and an - swer "yes" With - out an - y hes - i - ta - tion. For

thoughts are free as the wind or sea, And he's got such a dash of the bri - ny, His
 if he flirts with one or two In the ports of ev - 'ry na - tion, You can
 he's the man for a las - sie's hand, To be true and nev - er fail her, And of

heart is light and his laugh so bright, He makes life all sun - shi - ny. He may
 all do the same without an - y blame, Which is surely a con - so - la - tion. He may
 all the hus - bands in the land There's none like a true born sai - lor. He may

sail in a smack or a man - o' - war, Or a - board of an Arc - tic wha - ler,

But it's all the same, If Jack's his name, And he's

got the heart of a sai - lor. got the heart of a sai - lor.

Comin' Thro' the Rye

ROBERT BURNS
Lively

1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod - y
2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y Com-in' frae the town, If a bod - y
3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my - sel'; But what's his name, or

kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry? Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,
greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown? Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,
where's his name, I din - na choose to tell. 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.

Some Day

HUGH CONWAY

MILTON WELLINGS

Moderato p

1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not where our eyes may
 2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead, or do you

meet, What wel-come you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or
 live; I know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead, or who for -

sweet; It may not be till years have passed, . Till eyes are dim and tress - ea
 give. But when we meet some day, some day, . . Eyes clear - or grown the truth may

gray, . . The world is wide—but, love, at last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day.
 see, . . And ev - 'ry cloud shall roll a - way, That dark-ens love, 'twixt you and me.

Some Day

115

L'istesso tempo

Some day, some day, Some day I shall meet you, Love, I know not when or how,

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand in treble clef with chords and moving lines, and the left hand in bass clef with a simple bass line. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present at the beginning of the piano part.

Love, I know not when or how, On-ly this, on-ly this, this, that once you loved me,

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano part includes various chordal textures and rhythmic patterns, with some notes marked with an 'x'.

I ad lib. On-ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now. *D.C.V*

1
colla voce *a tempo* *ril.*

The third system introduces a first ending. The vocal line is marked *I ad lib.* and *D.C.V*. The piano part is marked *1*, *colla voce*, *a tempo*, and *ril.* (ritardando). The piano part features a more complex accompaniment with some notes marked with an 'x'.

2 ad lib. On-ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now. *ril.*

2
colla voce *ril.*

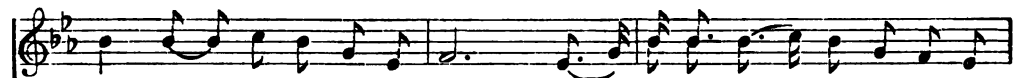
The fourth system introduces a second ending. The vocal line is marked *2 ad lib.* and *ril.*. The piano part is marked *2*, *colla voce*, and *ril.*. The piano part features a more complex accompaniment with some notes marked with an 'x'.

Darling Nelly Gray

B. R. HANBY

Moderato espressivo

1. There's a lone green val-ley by the old Ken-tuck - y shore Where we've
2. When the moon had climb'd the mountain and the stars were shin - ing too, Then I
3. Oh! my eyes are get-ting blind-ed and I can - not see my way; Hark! there's



whil'd many hap-py hours a - way; A - sit-ting and sing-ing by the
 took my love-ly Nel-ly Gray. And I travell'd down the riv - er in my
 some - bod - y knock-ing at the door. I . . . hear the an - gels call-ing and I



lit - tle cot - tage door Where dwelt my love - ly Nel - ly Gray.
 lit - tle red ca - noe While the ban - jo so sweet - ly I did play.
 see my Nel - ly Gray, Fare - well to my old Ken-tuck - y shore.



Darling Nelly Gray

p First, SOLO; then CHORUS

Oh! my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll

p

p

This system contains the first two lines of music. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

nev - er see my dar - ling an - y more; I am sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm

This system contains the next two lines of music. The vocal line continues in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment continues in the lower two staves. The musical notation includes various rests and note values, with some notes marked with an 'x'.

riten. *a tempo*

weep - ing all the day, For you're gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

riten. *a tempo*

This system contains the final two lines of music. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. The tempo markings *riten.* and *a tempo* are placed above and below the piano staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Beautiful Dreamer

Serenade

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

(His last song)

Moderato

1. Beau-ti - ful dream - er, wake us - to me, Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for
 2. Beau-ti - ful dream - er, out on the sea Mermaids are chanting the wild lore-

thee; Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
 lie; O - ver the stream - let va - pors are borne,

Lull'd by the moonlight, have all pass'd a - way! Beau-ti - ful dream - er,
 Wait-ing to fade at the bright coming morn. Beau-ti - ful dream - er,

queen of my song, List while I woo thee with soft mel - o - dy;
 beam on my heart, E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;

Beautiful Dreamer

119

Gone are the cares of life's busy throng, Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to
 Then will all clouds of sor-row de-part, Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to

me! Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to me.

ad lib.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the song 'Beautiful Dreamer'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'Gone are the cares of life's busy throng, Then will all clouds of sor-row de-part, Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to me! Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to me.' The piano part includes a section marked 'ad lib.' (ad libitum) with a hairpin indicating a crescendo.

Our Baby

French Folksong

1. Cheeks of rose, Ti - ny toes, Has our lit - tle ba - by;
 2. Mouth so fair, Skin so clear, Just as soft as may be;
 3. Thee I love, Sweet-est dove, Dar - ling lit - tle ba - by!
 4. Crow and play All the day, Hap - py lit - tle ba - by!

Eyes of blue, Fin - gers too, Cun - ning all as may be.
 Bon - ny eyes, Look - ing wise, Such a pre - cious ba - by.
 While I live, Thee I'll give Kiss - es warm as may be.
 May your life, Free from strife, Pure as 'tis to - day be.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the French folksong 'Our Baby'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: '1. Cheeks of rose, Ti - ny toes, Has our lit - tle ba - by; 2. Mouth so fair, Skin so clear, Just as soft as may be; 3. Thee I love, Sweet-est dove, Dar - ling lit - tle ba - by! 4. Crow and play All the day, Hap - py lit - tle ba - by! Eyes of blue, Fin - gers too, Cun - ning all as may be. Bon - ny eyes, Look - ing wise, Such a pre - cious ba - by. While I live, Thee I'll give Kiss - es warm as may be. May your life, Free from strife, Pure as 'tis to - day be.'

The Old Folks at Home

S. C. FOSTER

Moderato

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

Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing ob - 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 beee 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. .

First, SOLO; then CHORUS

mp
 All de world am sad and wea - ry, Eb' - ry-where I roam,
mp

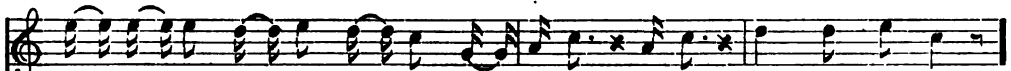
Oh! dark-les, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.

Old Shady

B. R. HANBY



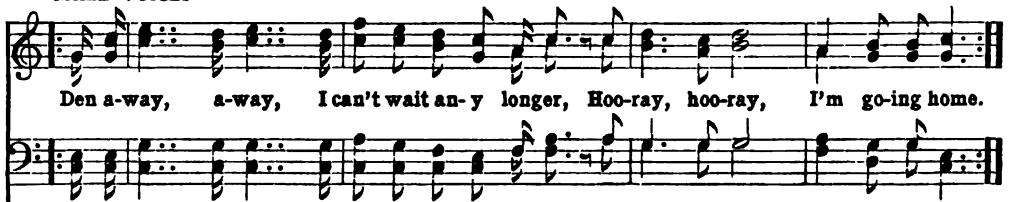
1. Oh! yah! yah! dar-kies, laugh wid me, For de white folks say Old Sha-dy's free; So
2. Oh, Mass' got scared and so did his la - dy, Dis chile breaks for old Uncle A - by;
3. Good bye, Mass' Jeff, good - bye, Mis'r Ste - phens, 'Scuse dis niggah for tak-in his leav-ens;
4. Good bye, hard work wid never an-y pay, Ise a gwine up North where de good folk say Dat
5. Oh, I've got a wife and I've got a ba - by, Lib-in up yon-der in Lower Can - a - dy;



don't you see dat de ju - bi - lee is a - com-ing, coming, Hail! might - y day.
 O - pen de gates out, here's old Sha - dy a - com-ing, coming, Hail! might - y day.
 'Spect pretty soon you'll hear Un-cle A - bram's com-ing, coming, Hail! might - y day.
 white wheat bread and a dol - lar a day am com-ing, coming, Hail! might - y day.
 Won't dey laugh when dey see old Sha - dy a - com-ing, coming, Hail! might - y day.



MALE VOICES



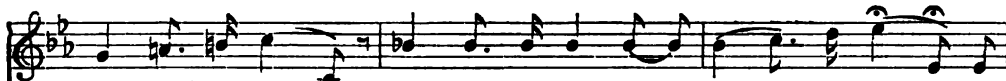
Körner's Battle Prayer

KÖRNER

HIMMEL

Adagio

1. Fa - ther! I bend to Thee, Life, it was Thy gift,
 3. Fa - ther! I trust in Thee, When midst the bat-tle's strife,
 3. All I give back to Thee! When at Thy call, I my



Thou now canst shield it, From Thee it came, And to Thee I yield it! In
 Death did sur-round me, E'en at the can-non's mouth Death has not found me.
 life then shall yield, When in the cold tomb My fate shall be seal'd,



life or death, For-sake not me. Fa - ther, I bend to Thee.
 Fa - ther, 'twas Thy will! I trust in Thee. Fa - ther, still guide Thou me.
 Fa - ther, my soul take un - to Thee! Fa - ther, for-sake not me.



Darby and Joan

F. E. WEATHERLY

- J. L. MOLLOY

1. Dar - by dear, we are old and gray, Fif - ty years since our wed - ding - day,
 2. Dar - by dear, but my heart was wild When we bur - ied our ba - by child,
 3. Hand in hand when our life was May, Hand in hand when our hair is gray,

f

cres.

Shad - ow and sun for ev - 'ry one As the years roll on:
 Un - til you whis - pered "Heav'n knows best!" And my heart found rest;
 Shad - ow and sun for ev - 'ry one As the years roll on;

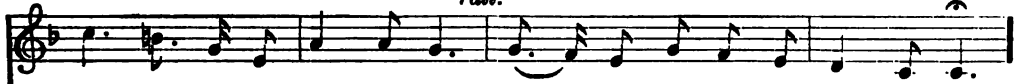
cres.

Dar - by dear, when the world went wry, Hard and sor - row - ful then was I.
 Dar - by dear, 'twas your lov - ing hand Show'd me the way to the bet - ter land;
 Hand in hand when the long night - tide Gen - tly cov - ers us side by side:

p *cres.*

Darby and Joan

rall.

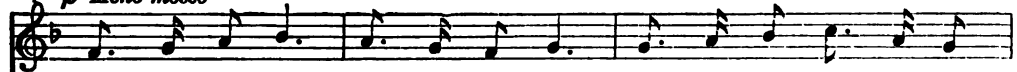


Ah! lad, how you cheer'd me then. "Things will be bet - ter, sweet wife, a - gain!"
Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear, Life grew bet - ter and heav'n more near:
Ah! lad, though we know not when, Love will be with us for - ev - er then:

rall.



p *Meno mosso*



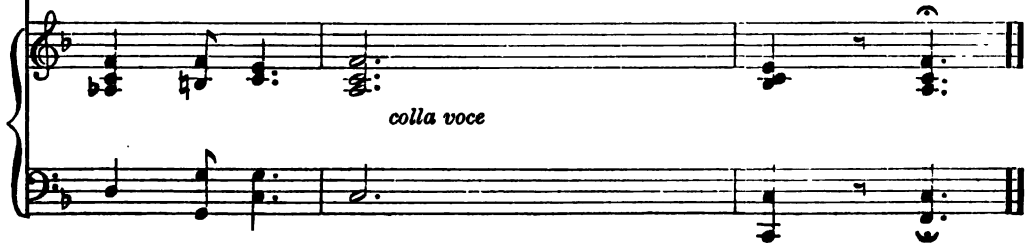
Al - ways the same, Dar - by my own, Al - ways the same to your

Meno mosso



old wife Joan, Al - ways the same to your old wife Joan.

colla voce



Make Me No Gaudy Chaplet

From DONIZETTI'S "Lucrezia Borgia"

Make me no gau - dy chap - let, Weave it of sim - ple flow - ers;

pp *simile*

Seek them in low - ly val - lies, Af - ter the gen - tle show - ers. Bring me the dark red

ro - ses, Gay in the sun - shine glow - ing, Bring me the pale moss

cres.

rose - bud, Be - neath the fresh leaves growing. Bring not the proud - eyed

cres. *dim.* *pp*



MARCELLA SEMBRICH

An Austrian opera singer who particularly endeared herself to American audiences. She was born in Lemberg, Galicia, 1858, and made her first appearance in grand opera at Athens. Her first American appearance was in 1883, and she has since made several American tours. Her popular encore is "Comin' Thro' the Rye"—Heart Songs, p. 113.



EMMA ABBOTT

The noted American opera singer. She was born in Chicago in 1849 and first sang in public at the age of nine. Clara Louise Kellogg was her friend and patron, and helped her prepare for her formal debut, made in London, 1878. She died in 1891. Her popular encore was "Then You'll Remember Me"—Heart Songs, p. 52.

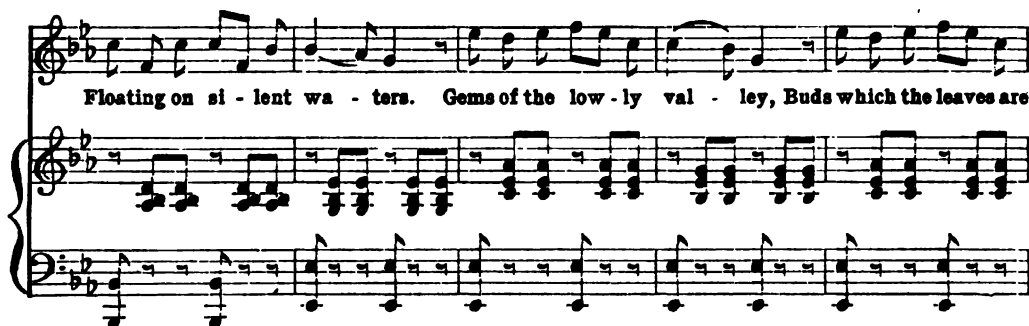
Make Me No Gaudy Chaplet

blos - som, Dar-ling of East-ern daugh - ters, Bring me the snow - y li - ly,

simile



Floating on si - lent wa - ters. Gems of the low - ly val - ley, Buds which the leaves are



shad ing; Li-lies of peace-ful wa - ters, Emblems be mine un - fad - ing.

cres. *f* *p*



Li - lies of peace - ful wa - ters, Emblems be mine, be mine.

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



Last Night

HALFDAN KJERULF

Allegretto
p

1. Last night the night-in-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. O think not I can for-get you; I could not, tho' I would! I

p dolce

ritard.

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

p dolce

Tempo lo. dolce

o-pen'd my win-dow so gent-ly; I look'd on the dream-ing dew, . . . And
hear a low breath in the lime-tree, The wind is float-ing thro', . . . And
flow'rs that slum-ber so gent-ly, The stars a-bove the blue, . . . Oh I

mf p cres.

Last Night

129

rit.

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'n its - self, my dar-ling, Is pray-ing, pray-ing for you, for you.

colla voce p

Lightly Row

Spanish Melody

1. Light-ly row! Light-ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go; Smooth-ly 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; Smooth-ly glide!

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

Min-gled 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.
 Min-gled with our mel - o - dy; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.

Far Away

Miss M. LINDSAY

Mrs. J. W. BLISS

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 stran - gers made their home; Some up -
 3. There are still some few re - main - ing Who re - mind us of the past, But they

'round the Christmas fires, Brighten'd by the rud-dy glow, Or in summer's balmy
 on the world of wa-ters All their lives are forc'd 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 -

un poco cres.

p
 eve-nings, In the field, up-on the hay? They have all dispers'd and wander'd Far a -
 ev - er, Lon-ger here they might not stay: They have reach'd a fair-er re-gion Far a -
 ev - er, What is com-ing, who can say? Ere this clo - ses, man-y may be Far a -

dim. p

way, Far a-way; They have all dis-pers'd and wander'd Far a - way, Far a-way.
 way, Far a-way; They have reach'd a fair-er re- gion, Far a - way, Far a-way.
 way, Far a-way; Ere this clo- ses, man- y may be Far a - way, Far a-way.

Come, All Ye Faithful

J. READING

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri- um-phant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. Sing al- le- lu- ia, All ye choirs of an- gels; O sing, all ye blissful ones of
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morn- ing; Je- sus, to Thee be the

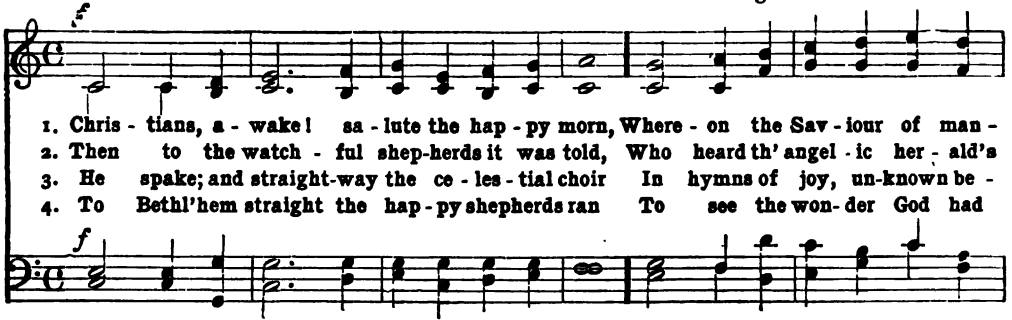
Ad- es- te, fi- de- les, La- ti tri- um- phan- tes, Ve- ni- te, ve- ni- te in

Beth- le- hem. Come and be- hold Him, Mon- arch of An- gels! O come, let us a -
 Heav'n a-bove. Glo- ry to God In the highest, glo- ry! O come, let us a -
 glo- rygiv'n. Word of the Fa- ther, Now in flesh ap- pear- ing, O come, let us a -
 Beth- le- hem; *Na- tum vi- de- te Regem an- ge- lo- rum! Ve- ni- te, a- do-*

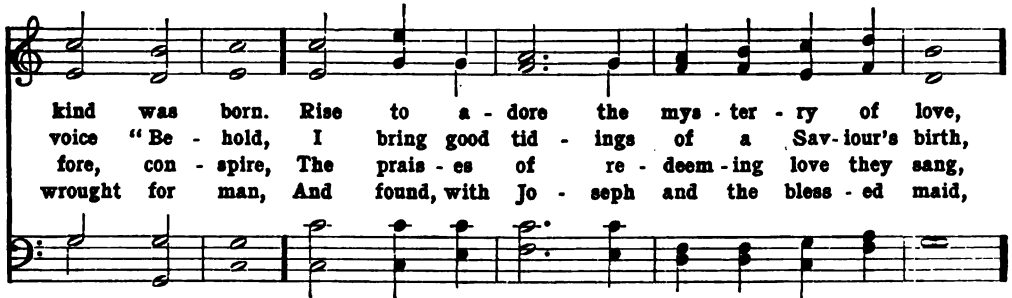
dore Him, O come, let us a- dore Him, O come, let us a- dore Him, Christ the Lord.
re- mus, Ve- ni- te, a- do- re- mus, Ve- ni- te, a- do- re- mus Do- mi- num.

Christians, Awake

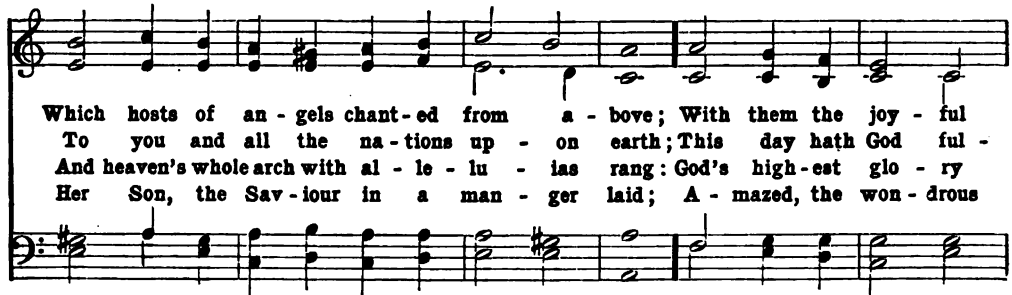
An old English Christmas Carol



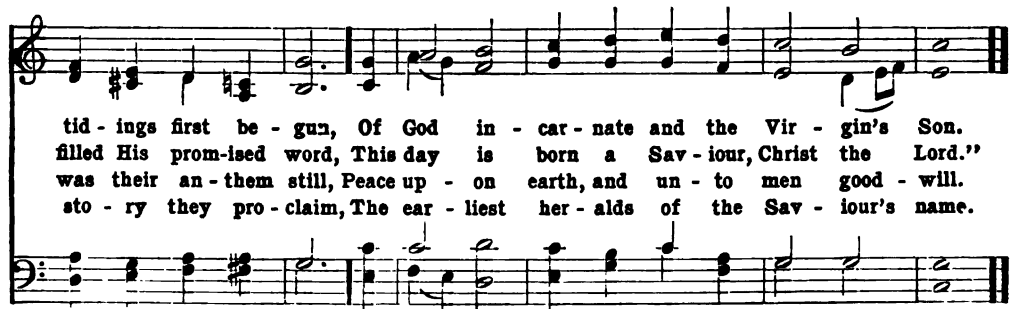
1. Chris - tians, a - wake! aa - lute the hap - py morn, Where - on the Sav - iour of man -
 2. Then to the watch - ful shep - herds it was told, Who heard th' angel - ic her - ald's
 3. He spake; and straight - way the ce - les - tial choir In hymns of joy, un - known be -
 4. To Beth'hem straight the hap - py shepherds ran To see the won - der God had



kind was born. Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - ry of love,
 voice "Be - hold, I bring good tid - ings of a Sav - iour's birth,
 fore, con - spire, The prais - es of re - deem - ing love they sang,
 wrought for man, And found, with Jo - seph and the bless - ed maid,



Which hosts of an - gels chant - ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful
 To you and all the na - tions up - on earth; This day hath God ful -
 And heaven's whole arch with al - le - lu - ias rang: God's high - est glo - ry
 Her Son, the Sav - iour in a man - ger laid; A - mazed, the won - drous



tid - ings first be - gun, Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son.
 filled His prom - ised word, This day is born a Sav - iour, Christ the Lord."
 was their an - them still, Peace up - on earth, and un - to men good - will.
 sto - ry they pro - claim, The ear - liest her - ald's of the Sav - iour's name.

5 Let us like these good shepherds, then employ
 Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy ;
 Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
 From His poor manger to His bitter cross ;
 Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
 Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
 To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song ;
 He, that was born upon this joyful day,
 Around us all His glory shall display :
 Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
 Of angels and of angel-men the King.

Hush, My Babe

ISAAC WATTS

J. J. ROUSSEAU

1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed,
 2. Soft and ea - sy is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav - iour lay :
 3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem so hard :

Heav'n-ly bless - ings with - out num - ber, Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head.
 When His birth - place was a sta - ble, And his soft - est bed was hay.
 'Tis thy moth - er sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.

How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend - ed Than the Son of God could be,
 Oh, to tell the won - drous sto - ry, How his foes a - bused their King ;
 May'st thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him - all thy days ;

When from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee !
 How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.
 Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell His love and sing His praise.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch

Andantino

1, 2, 3. Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch! Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch!

ad lib. FINE

Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I came o'er the braes of Bal - loch; FINE

ad lib.

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She said that she loo'd me best of o - ny, But
Oh, she was a can - ty quean, And weel cou'd she dance the High - land walloch; How
Her hair so fair, her een sae clear, Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bon - ny, To

f *rallent.* D.C.

oh! the fic - kle, faith - less quean She's ta'en the carl and left her John - nie!
hap - py I, had she been mine, Or I'd been Roy of Al - di - val - loch!
me she ev - er will be dear, Tho' she's for - ev - er left her John - nie! D.C.

rallent.

Maggie By My Side

S. C. FOSTER

Allegretto

1. The land of my home is flit-ting, Flit-ting from my view, A
 2. The wind howl-ing o'er the bil-low From the dis-tant lea, The
 3. Storms can ap-pal me nev-er, While her brow is clear,

mp

gale in the sails is sit-ting, Tolls the mer-ry crew. Here let my home be,
 storm rag-ing round my pil-low Brings no care to me. Roll on, ye dark waves,
 Fair weather lin-gers ev-er Where her smiles ap-pear. When sorrow's break-ers

rall. *a tempo*

On the wa-ters wide, I roam with a proud heart, Maggie's by my side; My
 O'er the trou-bled tide, I heed not your an-ger, Maggie's by my side; My
 Round my heart shall hide, Still may I find her, Sit-ting by my side; My

rall. *a tempo*

Maggie By My Side

own love, Maggie dear, Sit-ting by my side. Maggie dear, my own love, Sit-ting by my side.

cres.

cres.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song 'Maggie By My Side'. It features a vocal line at the top and a piano accompaniment below. The vocal line is in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics: 'own love, Maggie dear, Sit-ting by my side. Maggie dear, my own love, Sit-ting by my side.' The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The right hand uses chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand features a simple bass line with some rests. Dynamics include 'cres.' (crescendo) markings above the vocal line and below the piano accompaniment.

Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabbel

Animato con spirito

T. F. BRIGGS

1. I ri - bed in - to New York, to pass de time a - way, I
 2. Den I look to de Norf, and I look to de East, And I
 3. Clem in de hay-loft, try'n to get a - sleep,
 4. I went an' made a ban-jo, so well I kept it strung, An'

mp

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song 'Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabbel'. It features a vocal line at the top and a piano accompaniment below. The vocal line is in G major and 2/4 time, with four verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The right hand uses chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand features a simple bass line with some rests. Dynamics include 'mp' (mezzo-piano) marking below the piano accompaniment.

trabbel'd ober de Russ pav'ent ac-cord-in'. Dargawne to hab it fin-ish'd when de
 hol-ler for de ox - cart to come on, Wid four grey hor-sea a
 Mas-sa John went out to mau-lum, He hit him on de head wid a
 rang'd all my mu-sic now ac-cord-in', I play'd up a tune call'd

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second part of the song 'Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabbel'. It features a vocal line at the top and a piano accompaniment below. The vocal line is in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics: 'trabbel'd ober de Russ pav'ent ac-cord-in'. Dargawne to hab it fin-ish'd when de hol-ler for de ox - cart to come on, Wid four grey hor-sea a Mas-sa John went out to mau-lum, He hit him on de head wid a rang'd all my mu-sic now ac-cord-in', I play'd up a tune call'd'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The right hand uses chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand features a simple bass line with some rests.

Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabel

Repeat this burden in Chorus, forte

Cit - y Hall bell Sounds o - ber on de or - der side of Jor-dan. I
 driy-en on de lead, To take us to de or - der side of Jor-dan. I
 bar of soft soap, An' it sound-ed on de or - der side of Jor-dan. I
 "goit while you're young," An' dey sing it on de or - der side of Jor-dan. I

took off my coat, and roll up my sleeve, Jor-dan am a hard road to trabel.

mp

Repeat from this sign in Chorus

took off my coat, and roll up my sleeve, Jor-dan am a hard road to trab-bel, I be-lieve.

Killarney

M. W. BALFE's Last Song

Moderato

1. By Kill-ar-ney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and wind-ing bays, Mountain paths and
 2. In-nis-fal-len's ru-ined shrine May suggest a pass-ing sigh; But man's faith can
 3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va-ried tints, Ev-'ry rock that
 4. Mu-sic there for ech-o dwells, Makes each sound a har-mo-ny; Ma-ny-voic'd the

woodland dells, Mem-'ry ev-er fond-ly strays. Boun-teous na-ture loves all lands,
 ne'er de-cline Such God's won-ders float-ing by; Cas-tle Lough and Glen-a bay;
 you pass by, Ver-dure broid-ers or be-sprits. Vir-gin there the green grass grows,
 cho-russwells, 'Till it faints in ec-sta-sy. With the charmful tints be-low,

Beau-ty wan-ders ev-'ry-where, Foot-prints leaves on ma-ny strands,
 Moun-tains Tore and Ea-gle's Nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray
 Ev-'ry morn springs na-tal day, Bright-hued ber-ries daff the snows,
 Seems the heav'n a-bove to vie, All rich col-ors that we know

rall. But her home is sure-ly there! An-gels fold their wings and rest, In that E-den
 Tho' the monks are now at rest. An-gels won-der not that man There would fain pro-
 Smil-ing win-ter's frown a-way. An-gels oft-en paus-ing there, Doubt if E-den
 Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky. Wings of an-gels so might shine, Glanc-ing back soft

dim. pp a tempo

Killarney

139

cres.

of the West, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
 long life's span, 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.

Song of the Fowler

From MOZART'S "Magic Flute"

1. A fow - ler bold in me you see, A man of mirth and min-strel-sy; My
 2. I am a fow - ler bold and free, A man of mirth and min-strel-sy; My

name is ev - er in de-mand, With old and young thro'-out the land. I
 name is ev - er in de-mand, With old and young thro'-out the land. A -

set my traps, the birds flock round I whis - tle and they know the sound, For
 far from men who delve with spades Ho! mine's the rar - est of all trades! For

wealth my lot I'd not re - sign, For ev - 'ry bird that flies is mine.
 e'en the sweep of moun-tain blast But brings my birds all fly - ing fast.

O Dear! What Can the Matter Be?

1. O dear! what can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat - ter be?
2. O dear! what can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat - ter be?

O dear! what can the mat - ter be? John - ny's so long at the fair!
O dear! what can the mat - ter be? John - ny's so long at the fair!

FINE

He prom - ised to bring me a fair - ing to please me, And then for a
He prom - ised to bring me a bas - ket of po - sies, A gar - land of

kiss, Oh! he vowed he would tease me; He prom - ised to bring me a
lil - ies, a gar - land of ro - ses; A lit - tle straw hat to set

bunch of blue rib - bons To tie up my bon - nie brown hair.
off the blue rib - bons That tie up my bon - nie brown hair.

Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl

1. Come, land-lord, fill the flow-ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver, Come,
 2. The man that drinks good whis-ky punch, And goes to bed right mel - low, The
 3. The man who drinks cold wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite so - ber, The
 4. But he who drinks just what he likes, And get - teth "half seas o - ver," But
 5. The pret - ty girl that gets a kiss, And goes and tells her moth - er, The

land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver,
 man that drinks good whis - ky punch, And goes to bed right mel - low,
 man who drinks cold wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite so - ber,
 he who drinks just what he likes, And get - teth "half seas o - ver,"
 pret - ty girl that gets a kiss, And goes and tells her moth - er,

CHORUS

For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,
 Lives as he ought to live, Lives as he ought to live,
 Falls as the leaves do fall, Falls as the leaves do fall,
 Will live un - til he dies, Will live un - til he dies,
 Does a ver - y fool - ish thing, Does a ver - y fool - ish thing,

For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, To - mor - row we'll be so - ber.
 Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jol - ly fel - low.
 Falls as the leaves do fall, So rare - ly in Oc - to - ber.
 Will live un - til he dies, per - haps, And then lie down in clo - ver.
 Does a ver - y fool - ish thing, And don't de - serve an - oth - er.

*Tempo di masurka

The Danube River

HAMILTON AIDE

1. Do you re-call that night in June, Up -
 2. Our boat kept meas - ure with its oars, The

on the Dan-ube riv-er? We list-en'd to a Länd-ler tune, We
 mu - sic rose in snatches From peas-ants danc - ing on the shore, With

a little slower

watch'd the moonbeams quiv-er. I oft since then have watch'd the moon, But
 boist' - rous songs and catch-es. I know not why that Länd-ler rang Through

original time

nev - er, love, oh, nev - er, nev - er Can I for-get that
 all my soul, but nev - er, nev - er Can I for-get the

• To be played in moderate time but with great variation according to the sentiment of the words.

The Danube River

with expression

night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get that
songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get the

This system features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *mf* and *f*, and phrasing slurs.

night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get that
songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get the

This system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment includes a *ben marc.* marking at the end of the system.

night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get that
songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get the

This system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a dense texture with many sixteenth notes in the right hand.

night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er.
songs they sang Up - (Omit.) on the Dan - ube riv - er.

1 D.S. 2

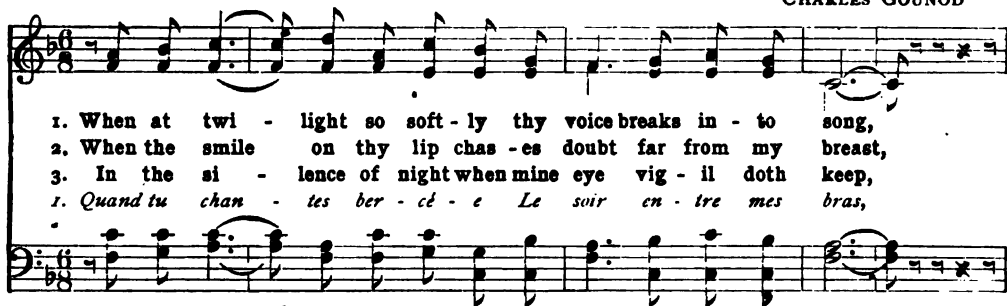
1 D.S. 2

This system concludes the piece with a first ending (1) and a second ending (2) marked *D.S.* (Da Capo). The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings like *f* and *mf*.

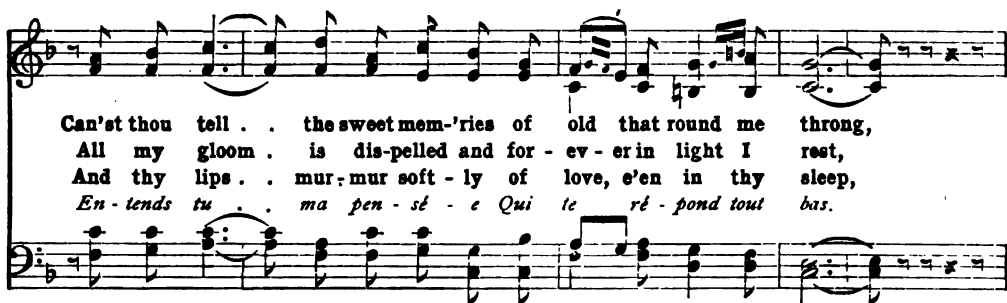
Sing, Smile, Slumber

(Canti, Ridi, Dormi)

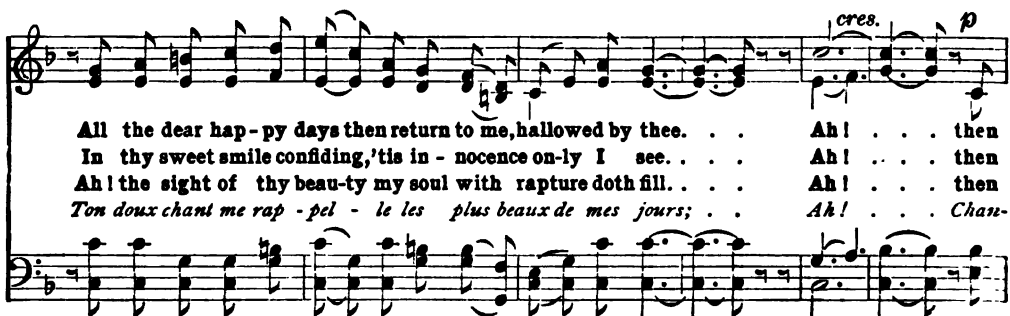
CHARLES GOUNOD



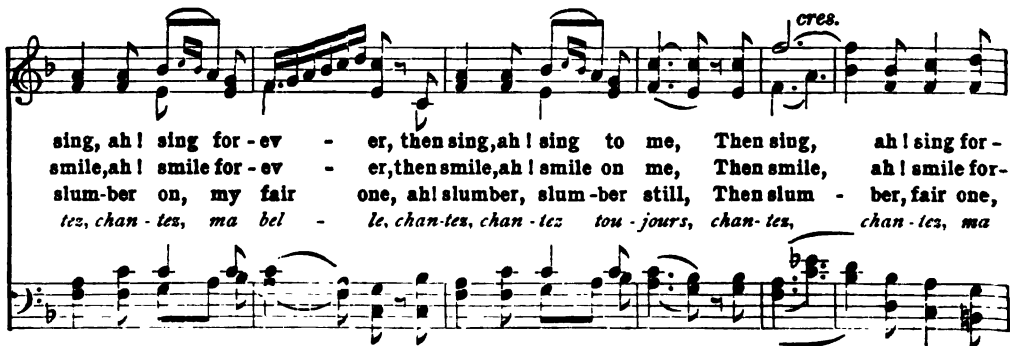
1. When at twi - light so soft - ly thy voice breaks in - to song,
 2. When the smile on thy lip chas - es doubt far from my breast,
 3. In the si - lence of night when mine eye vig - il doth keep,
 1. *Quand tu chan - tes ber - cé - e Le soir en - tre mes bras,*



Can't thou tell . . . the sweet mem-'ries of old that round me throng,
 All my gloom . . . is dis-pelled and for - ev - er in light I rest,
 And thy lips . . . mur - mur soft - ly of love, e'en in thy sleep,
En - tends tu . . . ma pen - sé - e Qui te ré - pond tout bas.



All the dear hap - py days then return to me, hallowed by thee. . . Ah! . . . then
 In thy sweet smile confiding, 'tis in - nocence on - ly I see. . . Ah! . . . then
 Ah! the sight of thy beau - ty my soul with rapture doth fill. . . Ah! . . . then
Ton doux chant me rap - pel - le les plus beaux de mes jours; . . . Ah! . . . Chan -



sing, ah! sing for - ev - er, then sing, ah! sing to me, Then sing, ah! sing for -
 smile, ah! smile for - ev - er, then smile, ah! smile on me, Then smile, ah! smile for -
 slum - ber on, my fair one, ah! slumber, slum - ber still, Then slum - ber, fair one,
tez, chan - tes, ma bel - le, chan - tes, chan - tes tou - jours, chan - tes, chan - tes, ma

Sing, Smile, Slumber

dim.

1 & 2

ev - er, sing still to me. Ah! sing for - ev - er, still sing to me.
 ev - er, smile still on me. Ah! smile for - ev - er, still smile on me.
 slum - ber, slum - ber still; Then (Omit)
 bel - le, chan - tex tou - jours, chan - tex, ma bel - le, chan - tex tou - jours.

3

slumber, my fair one, ah! slum - ber, slum - ber still.

Good-night

Male Voices

f Sostenuto

1. Good - night, la - dies! good - night, la - dies! Good - night,
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well,
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams,

Allegro

la - dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,

Repeat pp

roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

The Last Rose of Summer

English Air

1. 'Tis the last Rose of Sum-mer left bloom - ing a - lone, All her
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem; Since the
 3. So soon may I fol - low, when friend - ships de - cay, And from

love-ly com-pan-ions are fa - ded and gone. No flow'r of her kin-dred, no
 love-ly are sleep-ing, go sleep thou with them; Thus kind-ly I scat-ter thy
 love's shin - ing cir - cle, the gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie withered, and

ad lib.

rose - bud is nigh . . . To re-lect back her blush-es, 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, . . O! who would in - hab - it this bleak world a - lone?

No, Never, No

Written from memory by EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

Old Ballad



1. They sat by the fire-side, his fair daughters three, They talked of their
2. "I'll give him this vest all of sat-in so fine;" "And I'll be his
3. "O did ye not hear it?" the sis-ters de-clare, "There's sure-ly a
4. "It is but the tem-pest that ra-ges so strong; The gale will it-
5. Pre-pare ye, fair maid-ens, pre-pare ye to weep! Your fa-ther lies



fa-ther who sail'd on the sea: "Oh! when he comes back, we will all love him
car-ver when he sits to dine;" "And I'll climb his knee and such kiss-es be-
spir-it that talks in the air; And wheth-er we speak eith-er loud-ly or
self-waft our fa-ther a-long; Go look at the vane and see how the winds
cold in the dark-roll-ing deep; Look not at the vane nor ask how the winds



so, . . . He nev-er a-gain to the salt sea shall go. No! nev-er, no!"
stov . . . He nev-er a-gain to the salt sea shall go. No! nev-er, no!"
low, . . . It an-sw-ers in accents all mournful and slow, "No! nev-er, no!"
blow, . . . He'll bring us gay things for he promised us so." "No! nev-er, no!"
blow, . . . His ghost in the storm whispers mournful and slow: "No! nev-er, no!"



Jingle, Bells

Allegro mf

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
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young;

mf

O'er the fields we go, Laughing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring
 soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was seat-ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mts-
 Take the girls to-night, And sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-

Mak-ing spir - its bright; What fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song to-night!
 for-tune seem'd his lot; He got in - to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot.
 for - ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS * *f*

Jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a

f

* Accompanied by jingling glasses.

Jingle, Bells

one-horse o - pen sleigh! Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way!

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

The musical score for 'Jingle, Bells' is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a treble clef with chords and a bass clef with a simple bass line. The first system includes an accent (^) over the first note of the vocal line.

Gaily the Troubadour

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY

1. Gai - ly the Trou - ba - dour touch'd his gui - tar, When he was hast - en - ing home from the war ;
2. She for the Trou - ba - dour hope - less - ly wept; Sad - ly she tho't of him when others slept ;
3. Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name; Un - der the bat - tlement soft - ly he came;

Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine, hith - er I come; La - dy love, la - dy love, wel - come me home."
 Sing - ing, "In search of thee would I might roam; Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home."
 Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine, hith - er I come; La - dy love, la - dy love, wel - come me home."

The musical score for 'Gaily the Troubadour' is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a treble clef with chords and a bass clef with a simple bass line. The score includes three systems of music, each with lyrics underneath.

Birds in the Night

LIONEL H. LEWIN

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

Andante, ma non troppo lento

1. Birds in the night that soft - ly call,
2. Life may be sad for us that wake,

Winds in the night that strange - ly sigh, Come to me, help me,
Sleep, lit - tle bird, and dream not why. Soon is the sleep but

one and all, And murmur, mur-mur, mur-mur, mur-mur ba - by's
God can break, When an - gels whis-per, whis-per, an - gels whis - per

f *pp*
lul - la - by, Lul - la by, Lul - la - by, Lul - la -

Birds in the Night

p
lul-la lul-la lul-la lul-la - by, Lul-la - by ba - by,

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are "lul-la lul-la lul-la lul-la - by, Lul-la - by ba - by,". The piano accompaniment starts with a whole rest in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *p* is placed above the vocal line. The piano part includes a *rail.* (rallentando) marking and a *pp* (pianissimo) marking.

While the hours run, Fair may the day be, When night is done,

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "While the hours run, Fair may the day be, When night is done,". The piano accompaniment features a dense texture of chords in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. A *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the piano part.

Lul-la - by ba - by, While the hours run, Lul-la - by, Lul-la - by, Lul-la -

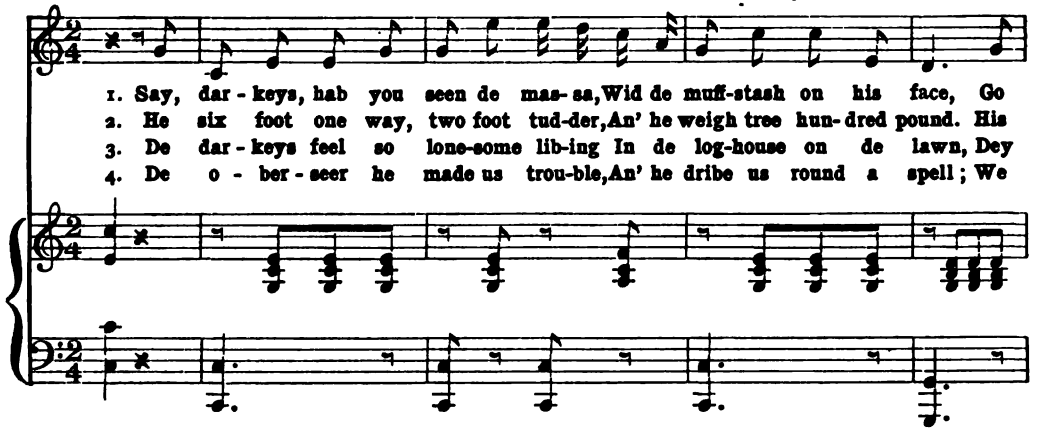
The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "Lul-la - by ba - by, While the hours run, Lul-la - by, Lul-la - by, Lul-la -". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar chordal texture. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats.

by, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by.

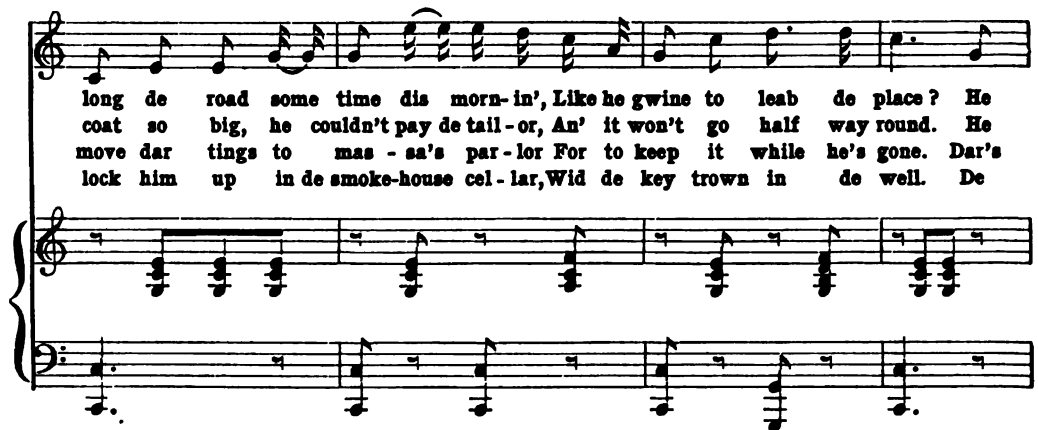
The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "by, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by.". The piano accompaniment features a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The system ends with a double bar line.

Kingdom Coming

Words and music by HENRY C. WORK



1. Say, dar - keys, hab you seen de mas - sa, Wid de muff - stash on his face, Go
 2. He six foot one way, two foot tud - der, An' he weigh tree hun - dred pound. His
 3. De dar - keys feel so lone - some lib - ing In de log - house on de lawn, Dey
 4. De o - ber - seer he made us trou - ble, An' he dribe us round a spell; We



long de road some time dis morn - in', Like he gwine to leab de place? He
 coat so big, he couldn't pay de tail - or, An' it won't go half way round. He
 move dar tings to mas - sa's par - lor For to keep it while he's gone. Dar's
 lock him up in de smoke - house cel - lar, Wid de key trown in de well. De



seen a smoke, way up de rib - ber, Whar de Link - um gum - boats lay; He
 drill so much dey call him Cap - 'an, An' he get so dref - ful tann'd, I
 wine an' ci - der in de kit - chen, An' de dar - keys dey'll hab some; I
 whip is lost, de han' - cuff bro - ken, But de mas - sa'll hab his pay. He's

Kingdom Coming



took his hat, an' lef ber-ry sud-den, An' I spec he's run a-way!
 spec he try an' fool dem Yan-kees For to tink he's con - tra-band.
 spouse dey'll all be con - fis - ca - ted When de Lin - kum so - jers come.
 ole e-nough, big e-nough, ought to know bet-ter Dan to went an' run a-way.



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!

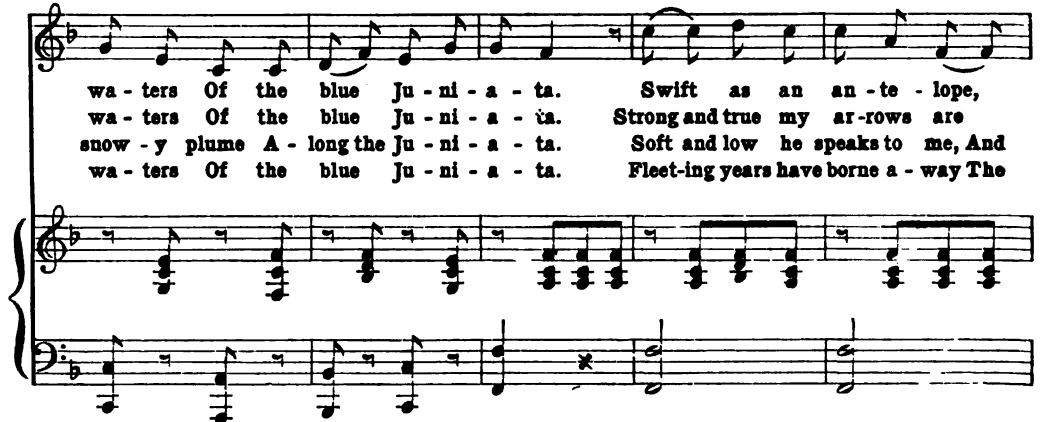


The Blue Juniata

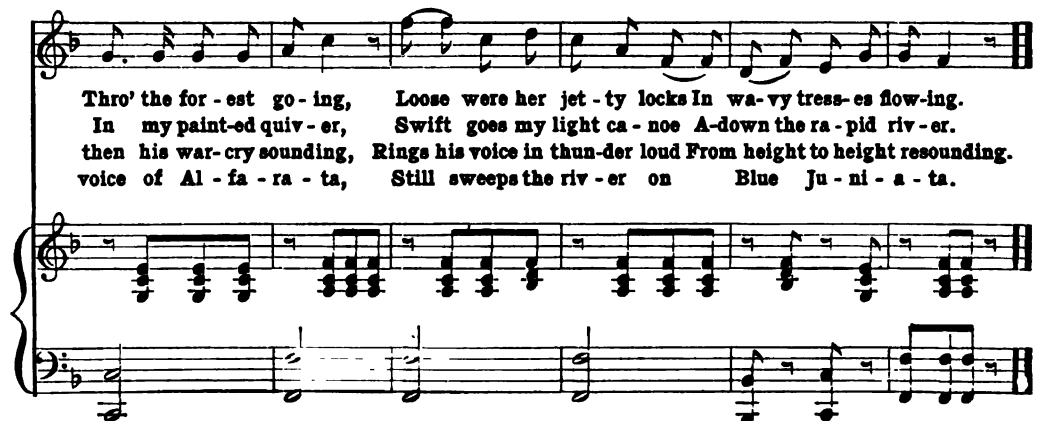
Mrs. M. D. SULLIVAN



1. Wild rov'd an In-dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Wheresweep the
 2. Gay was the moun-tain song Of bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Wheresweep 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, Wheresweep 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 ra - pid 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.

Dutch National Song

Composer Unknown

Andante

1. Let him in whom old Dutch blood flows, Un-taint-ed, free and strong; Whose
 2. We broth-ers, true un - to a man, Will sing the old song yet; A -

heart for Prince and coun-try glows, Now join us in our song; Let him with us lift
 way with him who ev - er can His Prince or land for-get; A hu-man heart glow'd

up his voice, And sing in pa-triot band, The song at which all
 in him ne'er, We turn from him our hand, Who cal-lous hears the

hearts re-joice, For Prince and Fa-ther-land, For Prince and Fa-ther-land!
 song and pray'r, For Prince and Fa-ther-land, For Prince and Fa-ther-land!

My Old Dog Tray

S. C. FOSTER

Andantino con moto

1. The morn of life is past, And ev' - ning comes at last, It
 2. The forms I call'd my own Have van - ish'd one by one; The
 3. And once when near - ly drown'd, The no - ble heart - ed hound, From
 4. When thoughts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I

brings me a dream of a once hap - py day; Of youth - ful forms I've seen, Up -
 lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a - way; Their hap - py smiles have flown, Their
 death's o - pen jaws snatch'd his mas - ter a - way; And bore me safe to shore, Where I
 know that he feels what my poor heart would say; Al - though he can - not speak, I should

on the vil - lage green A sport - ing with my old dog Tray. . .
 gen - tle voi - ces gone, I've noth - ing left but old dog Tray. . .
 nev - er, nev - er more Shall have bet - ter friends than old dog Tray. . .
 vain - ly try to seek A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray. . .

My Old Dog Tray

Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful, Grief can - not drive him a - way, . . He's

gentle, he is kind, I shall never, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray. . .

America

National Hymn

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. Our Fa - ther's God ! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty ! To thee we sing ; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Dearest Mae

FRANCIS LYNCH

L. H. V. CROSBY

1. Now dar - kies, list - en to me, a sto - ry I'll re -
 2. My Mas - sa gib me a ho - li - day, he said he'd gib me
 3. Be - neath de sha - dy old oak - tree, we sat for ma - ny

late, It hap - pen'd in de val - ley of de old Car - li - na State; A -
 more, I tank him ber - ry kind - ly, and I push'd my boat from shore; As
 hours, As hap - py as de buz - zard bird dat flies a - mong de fow'rs; Oh!

way down in de mead - ows 'twas dere I mow'd de hay, And I
 down the rib - ber I glide a - long, wid a heart so light and free, To de
 dere's de spot where's dear - est Mae, she al - ways looks so sweet, Her

Dearest Mae

al - ways work de hard - er when I tink ob dear - est Mae . . .
cot - tage ob my dear - est Mae, I lub'd so much to see . . .
eyes dey spar - kle like de stars, and her lips as red as beet . . .

p First, SOLO; then CHORUS

Oh! dear - est Mae, you're lub - ly as de day, Your eyes so bright dey

shine at night, When de moon am gwan a - way.

Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye

J. L. HATTON

Moderato

1. The bright stars fade, the morn is break - ing, The dew - drops pearl each
 2. The sun is up, the lark is soar - ing, Loud swells the song of

rall. un poco

bud and leaf, And I from thee my leave am tak - ing, With bliss too brief, with
 chan - ti - clear, The lev - 'ret bounds o'erearth's soft flow'ring, Yet I am here, yet

*tr**a tempo*

bliss, . . . with bliss . . . too brief. How sinks my heart with
 I, . . . yet I . . . am here. For since night's gems from

fond a - larms, The tear is hid - ing in mine eye, For time doth tear me
 heav'n do fade, And morn to flo - ral lips doth hie, I could not leave thee

Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye

con calore

from thine arms, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye, Good - bye, sweetheart, good-
 though I said Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye, Good - bye, sweetheart, good-

bye, For time doth tear me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.
 bye, I could not leave thee though I said Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

colla voce

Heaven is My Home

T. R. TAYLOR

A. S. SULLIVAN

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a dee-ert drear, Heav'n is my home.
 2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grimage, Heav'n is my home.
 3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home.

Dan-ger and sorrow stand Round me on ev'ry hand, Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 There are the good and blest, Those I lov'd most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

ri.

My Old Kentucky Home

S. C. FOSTER

Rather slow

1. { The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay:
 { The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;
 2. { They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore;
 { The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light;
 3. { The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may go;
 { A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load— No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;

The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day.
 By'm-by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my (*Omit*)
 They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door.
 The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my (*Omit*)
 A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the sugar-caes grow;
 A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my (*Omit*)

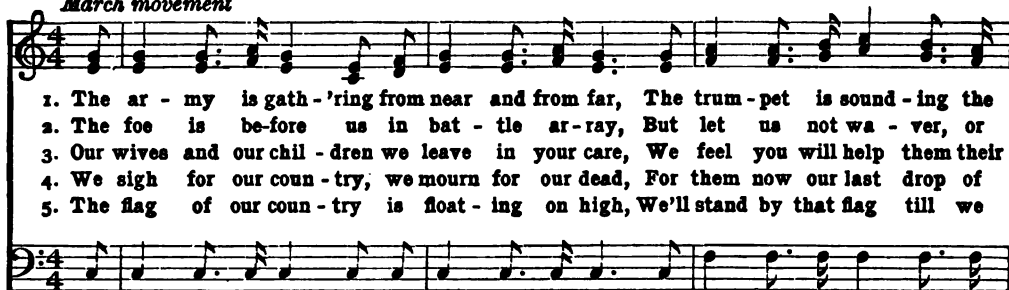
2 CHORUS

old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day!

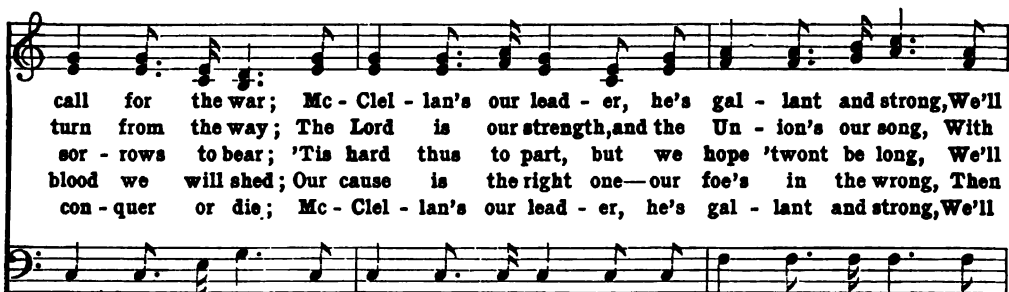
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a-way.

Marching Along

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

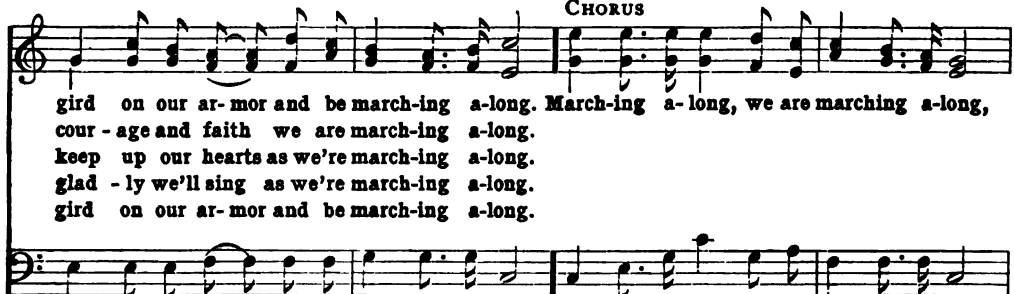
March movement


1. The ar - my is gath - 'ring from near and from far, The trum - pet is sound - ing the
2. The foe is be - fore us in bat - tle ar - ray, But let us not wa - ver, or
3. Our wives and our chil - dren we leave in your care, We feel you will help them their
4. We sigh for our coun - try, we mourn for our dead, For them now our last drop of
5. The flag of our coun - try is float - ing on high, We'll stand by that flag till we




call for the war; Mc - Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's gal - lant and strong, We'll
turn from the way; The Lord is our strength, and the Un - ion's our song, With
sor - rows to bear; 'Tis hard thus to part, but we hope 'twont be long, We'll
blood we will shed; Our cause is the right one—our foe's in the wrong, Then
con - quer or die; Mc - Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's gal - lant and strong, We'll

CHORUS



gird on our ar - mor and be march - ing a - long. March - ing a - long, we are march - ing a - long,
cour - age and faith we are march - ing a - long.
keep up our hearts as we're march - ing a - long.
glad - ly we'll sing as we're march - ing a - long.
gird on our ar - mor and be march - ing a - long.



Gird on the ar - mor and be march - ing a - long; Mc - Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's



gal - lant and strong, For God and our coun - try we are march - ing a - long.

Carry Me Back to Old Virginy

JAMES BLAND

Moderato

1. Car-ry me back to old Vir-ginny, There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
 2. Car-ry me back to old Vir-ginny, There let me live till I wither and de-cay,

There's where the birds war-ble sweet in the spring-time, There's where the old dar-key's
 Long by the old Dis-mal Swamp have I wan-dered, There's where this old dar-key's

heart am long'd to go, There's where I la-bored so hard for old Mas-sa,
 life will pass a-way. Mas - sa and Mis-sis have long gone be-fore me,

Day at - ter day in the field of yel-low corn, No place on earth do I
 Soon we will meet on that bright and gold-en shore, There we'll be hap-py and

Used by arrangement with the OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, owners of the copyright.

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

165

ritard.

love more sin-cere-ly Than old Vir-gin-ny, the state where I was born.
free from all sor-row, There's where we'll meet and we'll nev-er part no more.

ritard.

CHORUS
SOPRANO AND ALTO

Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cot-ton and the
TENOR AND BASS

corn and ta-toes grow, There's where the birds war-ble

ritard. *Repeat pp last time*

sweet in the spring-time, There's where this old dar-key's heart has long'd to go.

Dixie

Adapted by COLLIN COX

DAN EMMET

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten, Look a -
 2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry "Will de Wea-ber," Willium was a gay de-ceab-er; Look a -
 3. His face was sharp as a butcher's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er; Look a -

p

way! Look a-way! Look away! Dixie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,
 way! Look a-way! Look away! Dixie Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er, He
 way! Look a-way! Look away! Dixie Land. Old Mis-sus acted de fool-ish part, And

p

Ear-ly on one frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
 smiled as fierce as a for-ty-pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
 died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.

f

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll

take my stand, To lib and 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.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
 An all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away! etc.
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
 Look away! etc.
 Cho. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

5 Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingun' batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Look away! etc.
 Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
 Look away! etc.
 Cho. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Italian National Hymn

Canto.

1. All for-ward! All for-ward!
2. All for-ward! All for-ward!
3. All for-ward! All for-ward!

All for-ward to bat-tle! The trumpets are
All for-ward for Freedom! In ter - ri - ble
All forward to conquer! Where free hearts are

cry - ing, All for - ward! All for - ward! Our old flag is fly - ing. When lib - er - ty
splen - dor She comes to the loy - al who die to de - fend her; Her stars and her
beat - ing, Death to the cow - ard who dreams of re - treat - ing! Lib - er - ty

calls us we lin - ger no lon - ger; Reb - els, come on! tho' a thou - sand to one!
stripes o'er the wild wave of bat - tle Shall float in the heavens to wel - come us on. All
calls us from mountain and val - ley; Wav - ing her ban - ner, she leads to the fight.

Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty! death - less and glo - rious, Un - der thy ban - ner thy
for - ward! to glo - ry, though life - blood is pouring, Where bright swords are flashing, and
For - ward! all for - ward! the trum - pets are cry - ing; The drum beats to arms, our old

sons are vic - to - rious, Free souls are val - iant, and strong arms are stronger,
can - ons are roar - ing. Wel - come to death in the bul - let's quick rat - tle,
flag, it is fly - ing; Stout hearts and strong hands a - round it shall ral - ly,

Italian National Hymn

God shall go with us, and bat - tle be won. Hur - rah for the
 Fight - ing or fall - ing shall free - dom be won. Hur - rah for the
 For - ward to bat - tle, for God and the Right! Hur - rah for the

ban - ner! Hur - rah for the ban - ner! Hur - rah for our ban - ner, the flag of the free.

Joy to the World

ISAAC WATTS

Tune, "Antioch." I. MASON

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King;
 2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy;
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing
 The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His

And
 Re -
 And

sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 love, And won - ders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.

heav'n and nature sing,
 peat the sounding joy,
 won - ders of His love,

And heav'n and nature sing,
 Re - peat the sounding joy,
 And won - ders of His love.

I'm a Pilgrim

M. S. B. SHINDLER.

Italian Melody

Allegretto con amour

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a
 2. There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing, I am long - ing, I am long - ing for the
 3. Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing, My Re - deem - er, my Re - deem - er is the

night; I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger, I can
 sight; There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing, I am
 light; Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing, My Re -

tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for I am
 long - ing, I am long - ing for the sight! With - in a coun - try, unknown and
 deem - er, my Re - deem - er is the light; There no sor - row, nor an - y

I'm a Pilgrim

171

go - ing To where the stream-lets are ev - er flow - ing. I'm a
 drear - y, I have been wandering, for-lorn and wea - ry. I'm a
 sigh - ing, Nor an - y sin there, nor an - y dy - ing. I'm a

pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

Cradle Song

C. M. VON WEBER

Moderato

1. Sleep, my heart's darling, in slumber re - pose; Let the fair lids o'er those blue eyes now close;
2. Now, dear - est ba - by, is morn's golden time; Not thus thou'lt slumber in life's la - ter prime;
3. An - gels from heav - en, as love - ly as thou, Watch o'er thy cra - dle and smile on thee now;
4. Sleep, my heart's darling, straight cometh the night; Mother doth watch by thy bed with de - light;

All is as peace - ful and still as the tomb, Nor shall the gnats wake thee with their low hum.
 Sor - row and care then will watch by thy bed, Ne'er more sweet peace will there pillow thy head.
 An - gels will tend thee in life's la - ter years; Then they will come to dry manhood's sad tears.
 Tho' it be ear - ly, or late it may be, Mother's love slumbers not, watch - ing o'er thee.

Oh! Susanna

Allegretto

1 I came from A - la - ba - ma, Wid my ban - jo on my knee, I'm
 2. I jumped a - board de tel - e - graph, And trab - bled down de riber, De
 3. I had a dream de od - der night When eb - 'ry ting was still, I
 4. I soon will be in New Or - leans, And den I'll look all round, And

gwyne to Loui - si - a - na, My true love for to see; It
 lec - tric flu - id mag - ni - fied, And killed five hun - dred nigger. De
 thought I saw Su - san - na A - - com - ing down de hill; The
 when I find Su - san - na, I will fall up - on de ground. And

rained all night the day I left, The weath - er it was dry, The
 bull - gine bust, de horse run off, I real - y thought I'd die; I
 buck-wheat cake was in her mouth, The tear was in her eye; Says
 if I do not find her, Dis dar - kie'l sure - ly die, And

sun so hot I froze to death, Su - san - na, don't you cry.
 shut my eyes to hold my breath, Su - san - na, don't you cry.
 I, "I'm com - ing from de south, Su - san - na, don't you cry."
 when I'm dead and bur - i - ed, Su - san - na, don't you cry.

CHORUS.

Oh ! Su - san - na, Oh don't you cry for me, I've
 come from A - la - ba - ma Wid my ban - jo on my knee.

come from A - la - ba - ma Wid my ban - jo on my knee.

Old Dan Tucker

Allegro

1. I come to town de ud - der night, I hear de noise an
2. Old Dan he went down to de mill, To get some meal to
3. Ole Dan and I we did fall out And what you tink it
4. Ole Dan be - gun in ear - ly life To play de ban - jo
5. And now Ole Dan is a gone suck-er And neb - ber can go



saw de fight, De watch-man was a run - nin roun, Cry - in
 put in the swill; The mil-ler he swore by the point of his knife He
 was a - bout? He tread on my corn; I kick him on the shin And
 and de fife; He play de nig - gers all to sleep An
 home to sup - per; Ole Dan he has had his last ride And de



"Old . . . Dan . . . Tuck - er's come to . . . town," So
 nev - er . . . seed such a man in his life! So
 dat's . . . the . . . way dis row be gin! So
 den . . . in - to his bunk he creep. So
 Ban - jo's bur - led by his side. So



Old Dan Tucker

get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er, get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er

get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er, You're too late to come to sup- per.

The musical score for 'Old Dan Tucker' is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and eighth-note patterns.

Adieu! 'Tis Love's Last Greeting

SCHUBERT

1. A-dieu! 'tis love's last greet-ing, The part-ing hour is come! And fast thy soul is
2. A-dieu! go thou be- fore me, To join the ser-aph throng! A se-cret sense comes

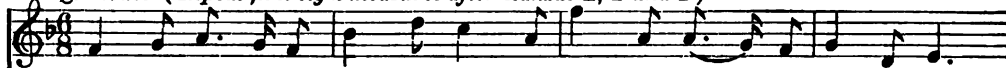
fleet-ing, To seek its star-ry home! Yet dare I mourn when Heaven Has bid thy soul be
o'er me, I tar-ry here not long! A- dieu! there comes a morrow, To ev- 'ry day of

free; A life of bliss has giv-en For-ev-er-more to thee! Yet ev-er-more to thee!
pain! On earth we part in sor-row, To meet in bliss a-gain! A- meet in bliss a-gain!

The musical score for 'Adieu! 'Tis Love's Last Greeting' is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). It includes dynamic markings such as *p*, *f*, *mf*, and *pp*. The score is divided into two systems, each with a first ending (I) and a second ending (2). The piano accompaniment features a complex texture with sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

The Kerry Dance

J. L. MOLLOY

♩: Vivace (Repeat first eight measures after stanzas 1, 2 and 4)

1. Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune!
 2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er col - leen In the dance than Ei - ly More!
 4. Lov - ing voi - ces of old com - pan - ions, Steal - ing out of the past once more,

♩:

FINE



Oh, for one of those hours of glad - ness, Gone - a - las! like our youth, too soon!
 Or a proud - er lad than Tha - dy, As he bold - ly took the floor!
 And the sound of the dear old mu - sic, Soft and sweet as in days of yore,



When the boys be - gan to gath - er In the glen of a sum - mer night,
 "Lads and lass - es, to your pla - ces, Up the mid - dle and down a - gain,"
 When the boys be - gan to gath - er In the glen of a sum - mer night,

The Kerry Dance

And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing Made us long with wild de - light:
 Ah! the mer - ry - heart - ed laugh - ter Ring - ing through the hap - py glen!
 And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing Made us long with wild de - light:

rit.
 Oh, to think of it, Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!

piu lento
 3. Time goes on, and the hap - py years are dead, And one by one the mer - ry hearts are

fed; Si - lent now is the wild and lone - ly glen, Where the bright glad laugh will

The Kerry Dance

D.C.

ech - o ne'er a-gain, On - ly dream-ing of days gone by, in my heart I hear,

D.C.

The musical score for 'The Kerry Dance' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

Castanets are Sounding

Spanish "La Cachuca"

Allegretto

1. Come, O come! Cas-ta - nets are gai - ly sound - ing; Light feet to their notes are
2. Day is past: Stars now bright-ly beam a - bove us, Hearts are near that fond - ly

The musical score for 'Castanets are Sounding' is in a grand staff with a key signature of two flats and a 4/4 time signature. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piece is marked 'Allegretto' and includes two verses of lyrics. The piano part features rhythmic patterns characteristic of castanets.

bound-ing; Mer - ry dance and joy - ous song Glad - den now that hap - py throng.
love us; Sweet gui - tar and man - do - lin Give new pleas - ure to the scene.

This block contains the second system of the musical score, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics continue from the previous system.

Nev - er, nev - er yet did mu - sic's meas - ure Bear such thrill - ing notes of
Come, then come! nev - er yet did mu - sic's meas - ure Bea. such thrill - ing notes of

This block contains the third system of the musical score, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics continue.

pleasure; Hearts and eyes are filled with glee, And gay - est of the gay we'll be.

This block contains the final system of the musical score, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Bonnie

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . My Bon - nie lies
 2. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And blow, ye winds,
 3. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . The winds have blown

o - ver the sea; My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
 o - ver the sea; Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the
 o - ver the sea; The winds have blown o - ver the

o - cean, . . . Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me.
 o - cean, . . . And bring back my Bon - nie to me.
 o - cean, . . . And brought back my Bon - nie to me.

CHORUS

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

Bring back, bring back, — Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .

See-Saw Waltz Song

A. G. CROWE

Tempo di Valse

See - saw, see - saw, now we're up or down, See - saw, see - saw, Now we're

off to Lon-don Town. See - saw, see - saw, Boys and girls come out and play, See - saw,

FINE

see - saw, On this our hol - i - day. 1. There's Pol-ly and John-ny and Kit-ty and
2. Then come, boys and girls, and all join hands a -

Jane, All run-ning to get on the See-saw a - gain, But Bob-by and Sal-ly al -
round, And mer - ri - ly skip with de - light o'er the ground, Such fro - lic - some games ne'er be -

read - y are there, And swing- ing the See-saw up high in the air. Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha,
fore have been seen, As we'll have to - day on the old vil - lage green. Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha,

See-Saw Waltz Song

181

ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun! Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun!

D.C. al fine

Angelic Songs are Swelling

Rev. F. W. FABER

J. M. ARMSTRONG, arr.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
 4. Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and
 5. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments

o - cean's wavebeat shore. . . How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come!" . . . And, through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea; . . . And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing,
 darksome night be past; . . . All jour - neys end in wel - come to the wea - ry,
 of the songs a - bove; . . . Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

dim. CHORUS

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
 Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
 And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less sky.

rall.

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

Good-Night, Farewell

F. KÜCKEN

Con anima

1. Good-night, fare-well, my own true heart, A thou-sand times good-
 2. I see thy heart re-lect-ed by A star with-in the

The first system of music 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 3/4. The piano part includes a 'sempre Ped.' marking.

night; . . . Each thought of thee bids grief de-part, And
 stream; . . . It shines forth from thy clear blue eye, And

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment includes markings for 'mf ril.' and 'dim.' with a 'Ped.' instruction at the end.

ren-ders joy more bright: Tho' far, thy im-age
 sheds o'er me its beams: And though no more than

The third system concludes the piece. The piano part includes markings for 'legato' and 'stacc.' with 'poco animato' above the vocal line. The system ends with a '* Ped.' marking.

Good-night, Farewell

sempre cres. *cres.*

dwells with me, Thou art my guid - ing star,
 one . . bright glance I e'er of thee pos - sess'd,

cres. *f* *sempre. cres. marc.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

f

. When o'er . . . me dark - 'ning clouds I see, Thy
 That look . . . my heart will ere en - trance, And

f *ff*

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

love guides me a - far, When o'er . . . me
 ren - der ev - er blest, That look . . . my

p *f*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Good-Night, Farewell

dark - 'ning clouds I see, Thy love . . . guides me a - far.
heart will e'er en - trance, And ren - der ev - er blest.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *p* *rit.* *pp* *stacc.* * *Ped.* *

cres - cen - do

Fare - well, my own true heart, A . . .

f *rit.*
dim.
thou - sand times fare - well! Good - night, fare - well, my

ff *rit. dim.* *p* *tranquillo dol. p* *Ped.* * *pp*

own true heart.

Ped. * *cres. e sostenuto. f marc.* *Andante*

Ah! So Pure

From FLOROW'S "Martha"

Moderato. Dolce ed espress.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the first measure of the left hand.

The first vocal phrase is written on a single staff with lyrics: "Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright, Burst her beauty on my sight; Oh! so mild, so di - vine,". The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves below the vocal line, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a steady bass line.

The second vocal phrase is written on a single staff with lyrics: "She be - guil'd this heart of mine: . . . Reft of aim, E'er she came, Dark the". The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves below the vocal line, featuring a dynamic marking of *p* in the right hand.

The third vocal phrase is written on a single staff with lyrics: "fu - ture seem'd to loom, Till her clear Brill - iant sphere New with light dis - pelled the". The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves below the vocal line, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a steady bass line.

Ah! So Pure

gloom. Woe! she fled, Quick-ly sped All my joy in fleet-ing gleams; As I

wake, Hopes for-sake, Rob-bing me of god-like dreams, of god-like dreams. . .

Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright Bursther beau-ty on my sight, Oh! so mild, so di-

pp

vine, She beguil'd this heart of mine. Mar-tha, Martha! Thou has ta-ken ev-'ry

ad lib. *piu animato*

colla voce.

Ah! So Pure

affret.

bliss a-way with thee! Canst thou leave me, Thus for-sak-en! Come and share thy boon with

cres. colla voce.

me, Come, share thy boon with me, Yea, with me.

a tempo

f ff piu p

Lauriger Horatius

Male Voices

Pitch in B♭ when possible

1. Lau-ri-ger Ho-ra-ti-us, Quam dix-is-ti ve-rum! Fu-git Eu-ro
 2. Cre-scit u-va mol-li-ter Et pu-el-la cre-scit, Sed po-e-ta
 3. Quid ju-vat æ-ter-ni-tas No-mi-nis, a-ma-re Ni-si ter-ræ

CHORUS

ci-ti-us, Tem-pus e-dax re-rum! U-bi sunt O poc-u-la,
 tur-pi-ter Si-ti-ens ca-ne-scit.
 fi-li-as Li-cet, et po-ta-rel

Dui-ci-o-ra mel-le, Rix-æ, pax et os-cu-la, Ru-ben-tis pu-el-læ.

The Enchanted Isle

From VERDI'S "Hernani"

Allegro con brio

p

1. The morn is fair, our hearts are light, And mu - sic sings her sweet-est lay; The
2. The air is calm, the sky is clear, That bends a - bove that is - land fair; And

f

lake is sleep - ing calm and bright, Come, let us a - way; We'll ply the
si - ren mu - sic there we hear, Our hearts to en - snare. The flow'rs may

p

oar, and o - ver the sea Our boat will bear us hap - py and free, And seek a -
bloom, but soon de - cay; The songs be sweet, yet seem to say, "Be - ware the

ff

far the flower - y isle To rest our oar where ro - ses smile; And seek a -
false, de - lu - sive smile That lights up life's en - chant - ed isle; Be - ware the

p

far the flower - y isle To rest our oar where ro - ses smile; And seek a -
false, de - lu - sive smile That lights up life's en - chant - ed isle; Be - ware the

far the flower - y isle To rest our oar where ro - ses smile.
false, de - lu - sive smile That lights up life's en - chant - ed isle."

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 glowing; 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. How could I but list, and lin - ger, To the song, and near the sing - er,

Sang a lone - ly maid - en, sit - ting Un - der - neath her thres - hold tree;
Earth with beau - ty o - ver - flow - ing, Seemed the home of love to be.
And the last red ray seemed cling - ing, Lin - gering - ly to tower and tree;
Sweet - ly woo - ing Heav'n 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 blend - ing,
Near - er as I came, and near - er, Fin - er rose the notes and clear - er!
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 Heaven it - self to hear her, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"
"Grieve no more, love, I am Ja - mie, Home re - turned to love and thee."

The Heart Bowed Down

M. W. BALFE

Larghetto cantabile

1. The heart bowed down by weight of woe, To
 2. The mind, will, in its worst de-spair, Still

weak - est hopes will cling; To thought and im - pulse
 pon - der o'er the past, On mo - ments of de -

while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, that can, that
 light, that were Too beau - ti - ful . . . to last, too beau - ti -

rallent.
 can no com - fort bring, With those ex - ci - ting
 ful, too beau - ti - ful to last. To long de - part - ed



LUISA TETRAZZINI

The great Spanish coloratura soprano. She is an Italian by birth. Her first operatic success was in San Francisco, followed by triumphs in London and European countries. The flute-like qualities of her voice are the marvel of audiences. Her popular encore is "Bonnie Dundee"—Heart Songs, p. 80.



JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS

An American contralto who was most successful as Alan-a-Dale in "Robin Hood." (This photograph shows her in the role.) She was born in Morris, Illinois, the daughter of well-known musicians. Her professional debut was in 1890, in "Pinafore." She died in 1905. Her popular encore was "Robin Adair"—Heart Songs, p. 288.

The Heart Bowed Down

scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But
years ex-tend its vis - ions with - them flown, For

mem - 'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call . . . its

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

grief can call its own. 1. The own. 2. The own.

Three Fishers Went Sailing

C. KINGSLEY
Andantino

J. HULLAH



1. Three fish - ers went sail - ing out
2. Three wives sat up in the
3. Three corps - es lay out on the



in - to the west, Out in - to the west as the sun went down; Each
light - house tow'r And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down; They
shin - ing sands, In the morn - ing gleam as the tide went down, And the



thought on the wo-man who lov'd him the best, And the chil-dren stood watching them
look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the show'r, And the night-rack came roll - ing up
wo - men are weep - ing and wring - ing their hands For those who will nev - er come



Three Fishers Went Sailing

a tempo

out of the town; For men must work and wo - men must weep, And there's
rag - ged and brown! But men must work, and wo - men must weep, Though
back to the town; For men must work, and wo - men must weep, And the

cres.

lit - tle to earn, and man - y to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar . . be
storms be sud - den, and wa - ters deep, And the har - bor bar . . be
soon - er it's o - ver, the soon - er to sleep, And good - bye to the bar and its

f *dim.* 1 & 2 3
moan - - - - - ing. ing.

The Tar's Farewell

STEPHEN ADAMS

Moderato con energia

1. When forced to bid fare-well to Loo, Pull a-way, my boys, pull a-way, I
 2. But then if false should prove my fair, Pull a-way, my boys, pull a-way, I'd

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part includes several measures with 'x' marks, indicating where the piano should be silent.

did not know what I should do, pull a-way, pull a-way, I
 burn this lit - tle lock of hair, pull a-way, pull a-way, If

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords in the right hand. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls.

left her weep-ing on the quay, She said she would be true to me, As we
 she be false and I be free, I'll sail a - gain to the south-ern sea, Where

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The vocal line has a more complex melodic structure with some chromaticism.

sailed a - way to the south-ern sea, Pull a-way, my boys, pull a -
 there are plen - ty as good as she, Pull a-way, my boys, pull a -

The final system of the score concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a strong bass line and chords. The vocal line ends with a final phrase. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *p* and *f*.

The Tar's Farewell

rall. *p cantabile*

way, pull a-way, pull away, pull a - way. For the wind must

This system features a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo marking is *rall.* and the dynamic marking is *p cantabile*. The lyrics are: "way, pull a-way, pull away, pull a - way. For the wind must".

blow, and the ship must go, And lov - ing souls must part, But the ship will

This system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "blow, and the ship must go, And lov - ing souls must part, But the ship will".

con spirito

tack and the Tar come back, To the first love of his heart, For the wind must

This system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking is *con spirito*. The lyrics are: "tack and the Tar come back, To the first love of his heart, For the wind must".

blow, and the ship must go, And lov - ing souls must part, And the ship will

This system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "blow, and the ship must go, And lov - ing souls must part, And the ship will".

The Tar's Farewell

tach and the Tar come back, To the first love of his heart, To the first love

of his heart. . . To the first love of his heart. . .

colla voce.

2 ad lib.

p *f* *ff*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line starts with the lyrics 'tach and the Tar come back, To the first love of his heart, To the first love of his heart. . . To the first love of his heart. . .'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *p*, *f*, and *ff*. There are also performance instructions like *colla voce.* and *2 ad lib.* indicating a second ending.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

Mrs. EMMA WILLARD

JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT

1. Rocked in the cradle of the deep, . . . I lay me down . . . in peace to
2. And such the trust that still were mine . . . Tho' storm-y winds . . . swept o'er the

sleep; Se-ure I rest up-on the wave, . . For thou, O! Lord, hast pow'r to
brine, Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath . Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and

p *pp*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line starts with two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *p* and *pp*. The score is divided into two systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

save. death! I know Thou wilt not slight my call, In o - cean's cave still safe with Thee, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's The germ of im-mortal - i -

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "save. death! I know Thou wilt not slight my call, In o - cean's cave still safe with Thee, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's The germ of im-mortal - i -". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A trill (tr) is marked above the first few notes of the vocal line.

fall! ty; And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics: "fall! ty; And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. A trill (tr) is marked above the vocal line.

deep, And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . .

The third system shows the vocal line with the lyrics: "deep, And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . .". The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) and a trill (tr) above the vocal line.

Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

The fourth system concludes the piece with the lyrics: "Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep." The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *pp* and trills (tr) above the vocal line. First and second endings are indicated by "1" and "2" above the vocal staff.

I Would That My Love

From the German of H. HEINE

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Allegretto con moto

1. I would that my love could si - lent - ly flow in a sin - gle word; I'd
2. To thee on their wings, my fair - est, that soul - felt word they would bear, Should 'st

give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a - way in sport, I'd
hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry - where, Should 'st

give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a - way in sport, a - way in
hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry - where, and ev - 'ry

sport, a - way in sport, they'd waft it a - way in sport. 3. At night, when thine eye - lids in
where, and ev - 'ry - where, and hear it ev - 'ry - where.

slum - ber have closed thine bright heav'ny beams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee,

I Would That My Love

199

Musical score for "I Would That My Love". The score is in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system begins with a vocal line starting on a whole note G4, followed by a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *cres.*, *f*, *dim.*, and *pp*.

e'en in thy deepest dreams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee, e'en in . . thy deepest
 dreams, e'en in thy deep-est, thy deepest dreams, E'en in . . thy deepest, deep - est dreams.

Sleep, Beloved, Sleep

W. TAUBERT

Andantino con moto

Musical score for "Sleep, Beloved, Sleep". The score is in G major and 8/8 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system contains three numbered lines of lyrics. The second system contains two lines of lyrics. The third system contains two lines of lyrics. Dynamics include *rit.* and *dim.*.

1. Sleep, be - lov - ed, sleep; Round thee watch we keep; List how the rain doth fall,
2. Close thy wea - ry eye; Wind doth rus - tle by; Hare doth lift a list-'ning ear,
3. Sleep, till morn a - rise In yon az - ure skies; Watch-dog now hath ceased to bark;

How the neighbor's dog doth call: He hath bit - ten some one stray-ing, That's the cause of
 As the hun-ter's foot draws near; Coat of green is hun - ter wear-ing But the hare is
 Beg - gar hides where all is dark; Lit - tle dove her young is tend-ing Where no hun - ter's

all this bay - ing, Round thee care - ful watch we keep. Sleep, be - lov - ed, sleep.
 lit - tle car - ing; Hun - ter can - not come him nigh. Close thy wea - ry eye.
 foot is wend-ing; Hare is hid in ver - dure deep. Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep.

Bunker Hill

Sung at the Dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843

JAMES B. TAYLOR

HENRY L. TUCKERMAN



1. Lone - ly and still was the wood and hill, And the waves be - low yet slumbered. The
2. The he - roes tho't as they brave - ly wrought, Their coun - try's al - tar rear - ing, Of a
3. Then wav'd the sword, then blood was pour'd, Op - pres - sion's host dis - may - ing, Death
4. Once more the skies with sum - mer dyes, A - bove the fields are bend - ing, And the
5. To - day a throng with fes - tal song, The sa - cred mount o'er - flow - ing, Have



breez - es light of a sum - mer night All the dew - y hours num - bered. The
no - ble land by val - or's hand Made free and home en - dear - ing. In
rent the air and the can - nons' glare O'er Free - dom's birth were play - ing. And
wa - ters still be - neath the hill Their crys - tal waves are blend - ing. But
gath - ered there with pomp and prayer, All hearts with rap - ture glow - ing. On the



sen - try's tramp from the foe - man's camp, With his tone of has - ty warn - ing, Came
firm ar - ray when broke the day, The dead - ly charge they wait - ed, And
that green height, with the eve - ning light Its crim - son turf o'er - shad - ing, Had
Peace di - vine a - round the shrine, Her bound - less har - vest wear - ing, Bids
go - ry bed of the mar - tyred dead, Its shade ma - jes - tic sleep - ing, Stands



low and clear to the yeo-man's ear As he watch'd the ear - ly dawn - ing.
 side by side in si - lent pride With skill their prow - ess mat - ed.
 ho - ly grown as Free-dom's throne Like her star - ry crown un - fad - ing.
 us pro - claim to a death-less fame, Our fa - thers' match-less dar - ing.
 Free - dom's pile in glo - ry's smile, E - ter - nal vig - il keep - ing.

Missionary Hymn

Bishop HEBER

L. MASON

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny
 2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle; Though ev - 'ry pros - pect
 3. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of

foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand, - From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From
 pleas - es And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The
 glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The

ma - ny a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 gifts of God are strown; The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone!
 Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign!

Rory O'Moore

S. LOVER

1. Young Ro - ry O - Moore court - ed Kath - leen Bawn, He was bold as a hawk and she
 2. " In - deed then," says Kathleen, " don't think of the like, For I half gave a prom - ise to
 3. " Arrah, Kathleen, my dar - lint, you've teas'd me enough, And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny

soft as the dawn, He wish'd in his heart pret - ty Kath - leen to please, And he
 Sooth - er - ing Mike ; The ground that I walk on, he loves, I'll be bound ; " Faith " says
 Grimes and Jim Duff, And I've made my - self drink - ing your health quite a baste, So I

thought the best way to do that was to tease. " Now Ro - ry, be ai - sy," sweet
 Ro - ry, " I'd rath - er love you than the ground." " Now Ro - ry, I'll cry, if you
 think af - ter that, I may talk to the Priest." Then Ro - ry, the rogue, stole his

ad lib.

Kath-leen would cry, Re-proof on her lip but a smile in her eye, "With your don't let me go, Sure I dream ev-'ry night that I'm hat-ing you so!" "Oh!" says arm round her neck, So soft, and so white, with-out freck-le or speck, And he

colla voce.

tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm a-bout, Fain you've teas'd till I've put on my Ro-ry, "that same I'm de-light-ed to hear, For dhramas al-ways go by con-looked in her eyes that were beam-ing with light, And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you

colla voce.

cloak in-side out." "Oh! jew-el" says Ro-ry "that same is the way, You've thair-es, my dear; Oh! jew-el, keep dream-ing that same till you die, And bright think he was right? "Now Ro-ry, leave off, Sir—you'll hug me no more, That's

thrat-ed my heart for this ma - ny a day, And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why morn - ing will give dir - ty night the black lie, And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why eight times to - day that you've kissed me be - fore;" "Then here goes an - oth - er" says not to be sure, For 'tis all for good luck " says bold Ro - ry O' - Moore. not to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck " says bold Ro - ry O' - Moore. he "to make sure, For there's luck in odd num - bers," says Ro - ry O' - Moore.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. WALFORD

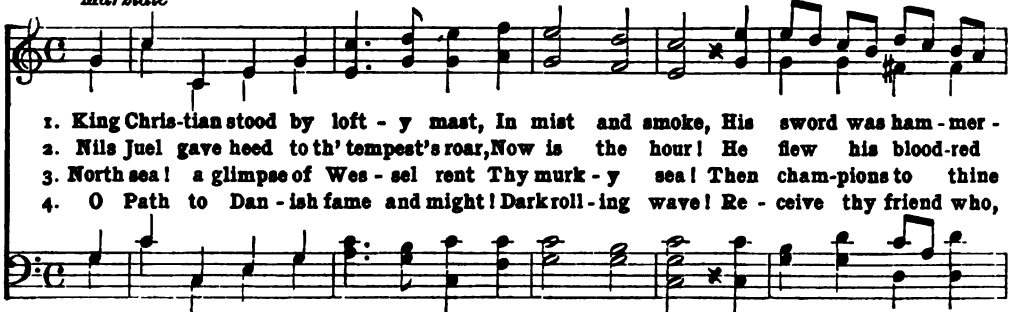
W. B. BRADBURY

1. { Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit . .) wish-es known. 2. { Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing (Omit . .) soul to bless: D.C. And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet (Omit . .) hour of prayer. D.C. I'll cast on Him my cu - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet (Omit . .) hour of prayer. D.C. 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,

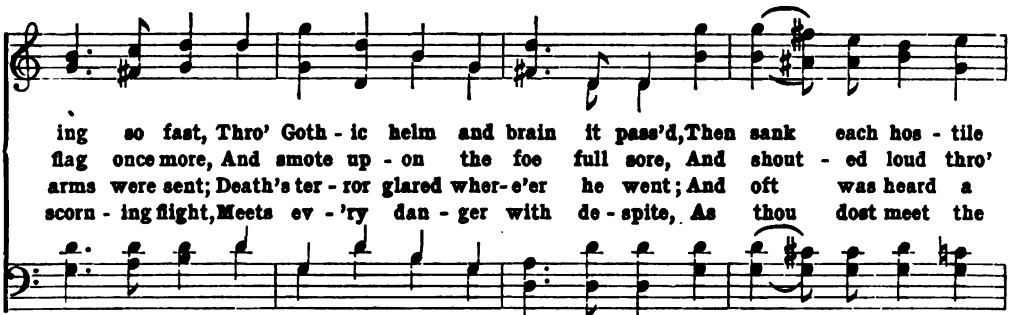
Danish National Hymn

Marziale

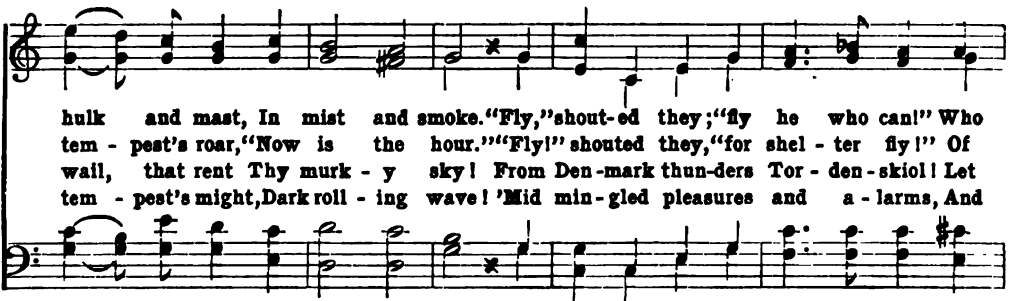
JOHANNES ERAID



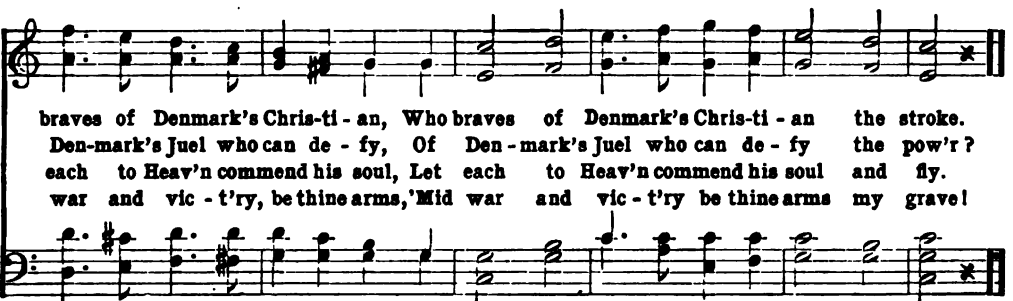
1. King Chris-tian stood by loft - y mast, In mist and smoke, His sword was ham - mer -
 2. Nils Juel gave heed to th' tempest's roar, Now is the hour! He flew his blood-red
 3. North sea! a glimpse of Wes - sel rent Thy murk - y sea! Then cham-pions to thine
 4. O Path to Dan - ish fame and might! Dark roll - ing wave! Re - ceive thy friend who,



ing so fast, Thro' Goth - ic helm and brain it pass'd, Then sank each hos - tile
 flag once more, And smote up - on the foe full sore, And shout - ed loud thro'
 arms were sent; Death's ter - ror glared wher - e'er he went; And oft was heard a
 scorn - ing flight, Meets ev - 'ry dan - ger with de - spite, As thou dost meet the



hulk and mast, In mist and smoke. "Fly," shout-ed they; "fly he who can!" Who
 tem - pest's roar, "Now is the hour." "Fly!" shouted they, "for shel - ter fly!" Of
 wall, that rent Thy murk - y sky! From Den-mark thun-ders Tor - den-skiol! Let
 tem - pest's might, Dark roll - ing wave! 'Mid min-gled pleasures and a - larms, And



braves of Denmark's Chris-ti - an, Who braves of Denmark's Chris-ti - an the stroke.
 Den-mark's Juel who can de - fy, Of Den-mark's Juel who can de - fy the pow'r?
 each to Heav'n commend his soul, Let each to Heav'n commend his soul and fly.
 war and vic - t'ry, be thine arms, 'Mid war and vic - t'ry be thine arms my grave!

Sally Come Up

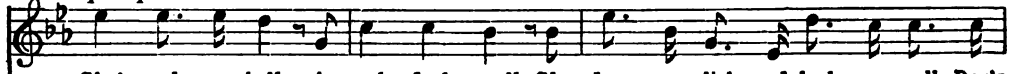
T. M. SEWELL, arr.



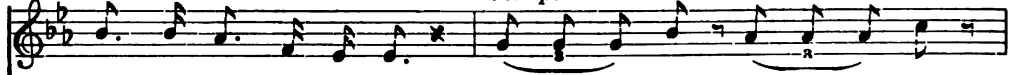
1. Mas - sa's gone de news to hear, An' he has lef' de o - ber-seer To
2. Mon - day night I gave a ball, And I in - vite de nig - gars all; De
3. De fiddle was played by Pom - pey Jones, Un - cle Ned he shook de bones;



look to all de nig - gers here, While I make lub to Sal - ly.
 thick, de thin, de short, de tall, But none come to Sal - ly.
 Joe he played de pine stick stones, But I made lub to Sal - ly.

*poco piu lento*

She's such a belle, A real dark swell, She dress so slick, and look so well, Dar's

*a tempo*

not a gal like Sal - ly. Sal - ly come up, Sal - ly go down,





Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

EMMA EAMES

The eminent American prima donna. She was born in Shanghai, China, in 1867, studied music in Boston and in Paris, and made her debut in the latter city, 1889. Two years later she made tremendous successes at Covent Garden and in New York, and has since been a leading member of American and European opera companies. Her popular encore is "Dixie"—Heart Songs, p. 166.



LILLIAN NORDICA

The beloved American opera singer. She is a New England girl, born in Farmington, Maine, 1859. She studied at the New England Conservatory of Music, later at Milan, and first appeared in grand opera at Brescia. Her popular encore is "John Anderson, My Jo"—Heart Songs, p. 378.

Sally Come Up

Sal - ly cometwist your heel a-round; De ol' man he's gone down to town, Oh

Sal - ly, come down the mid - dle.

Interlude ad lib.

Detailed description: This musical score is for the piece 'Sally Come Up'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Sal - ly cometwist your heel a-round; De ol' man he's gone down to town, Oh' and continues with 'Sal - ly, come down the mid - dle.' The piano accompaniment consists of chords and rhythmic patterns. An 'Interlude ad lib.' section follows, marked with a repeat sign and a fermata.

Little Bo-Peep

J. W. ELLIOTT

Andante quasi allegretto

p

1. Lit - tle Bo - Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them;
2. Lit - tle Bo - Peep fell fast a - sleep, And dreamt she heard them bleat - ing;
3. Then up she took her lit - tle crook, De - ter - mined sure to find them;

cres. *f* *dim.*

Leave them a - lone, and they'll come home, Wag - ging their tails be - hind them.
 When she a - woke 'twas all a joke, Ah! cru - el vi - sion so fleet - ing.
 What was her joy to be - hold them nigh, Wag - ging their tails be - hind them.

cres. *fz* *dim.*

Detailed description: This musical score is for the piece 'Little Bo-Peep' by J. W. Elliott. It is marked 'Andante quasi allegretto' and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score includes three verses of lyrics. The first verse is: '1. Lit - tle Bo - Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them; 2. Lit - tle Bo - Peep fell fast a - sleep, And dreamt she heard them bleat - ing; 3. Then up she took her lit - tle crook, De - ter - mined sure to find them;'. The second part of the score features dynamics of *cres.*, *f*, and *dim.* The lyrics are: 'Leave them a - lone, and they'll come home, Wag - ging their tails be - hind them. When she a - woke 'twas all a joke, Ah! cru - el vi - sion so fleet - ing. What was her joy to be - hold them nigh, Wag - ging their tails be - hind them.' The piano accompaniment includes dynamics of *cres.*, *fz*, and *dim.*

Farewell, My Own

From SULLIVAN's "Pinafore"

RALPH

Allegretto moderato

Fare - well, my own, Light of my life, fare-well!

For crime un-known I go to a dun - geon cell.

JOSEPHINE

I will, a - tone; In the meantime, fare-well! And all a -

FINE

Sir J. PORTER

lone Re-joice in your dun - geon cell! A bone, . . a bone, . I'll

FINE

pick with this sai-lor fell; Let him be shown at once to his dun-geon cell.

p SOPRANO & ALTO.
He'll hear no tone Of the maid-en he loves so well! No tel-e-

TENOR & BASS

LITTLE BUTTERCUP (*Mysteriously*)

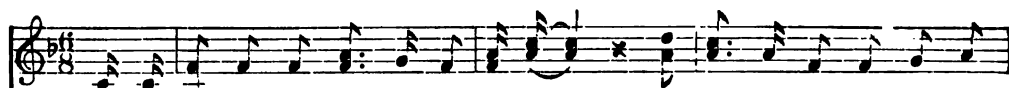
phone Com-mu-ni-cates with his cell! But when is known The

D.S.



se-cret I have to tell, Wide will be thrown The door of his dun-geon cell.

cres.

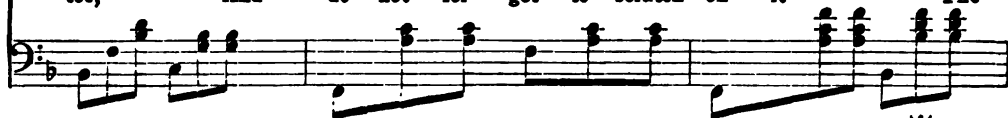
Old Rosin, the Beau




1. I . . live for the good of my na - tion, And my sons are all grow - ing
2. In the gay round of pleas - ure I've trav - eled, Nor will I be - hind leave a
3. When I'm dead and laid out on the coun - ter, The peo - ple all mak - ing a
4. Oh! when to my grave I am go - ing, The chil - dren will all want to
5. Then shape me out two lit - tle do - nochs,* Place one at my head and my


low, But I hope that my next gen - e - ra - tion Will re -
foe; And when my com - pan - ions are jo - vial, They will
show, Just sprin - kle plain whis - key and wa - ter On the
go; They'll run to the doors and the win - dows, Say - ing, The
toe, And do not for - get to scratch on it




sem - ble old Ros - in, the beau . . . I've trav - el'd this coun - try all
drink to old Ros - in, the beau . . . But my life is now drawn to a
corpse of old Ros - in, the beau . . . I'll have to be bur - ied, I
"There goes old Ros - in, the beau." . . . Then pick me out six trust - y
name of old Ros - in, the beau . . . Then let those six trust - y good

o - ver, And now to the next I will go: For I
clos - ing, And all will at last be so: So we'll
reck - on, And the la - dies will all want to know, And they'll
fel - lows, And let them all stand in a row, And
fel - lows, Oh! let them all stand in a row, And



* Drinking-mugs.

Old Rosin, the Beau

211

know that good quar-ters a-wait me,
 take a full bump-er at part-ing,
 lift up the lid of my cof-fin,
 dig a big hole in a cir-cle,
 rake down that big bel-lied bot-tle,

To wel-come old Ros-in, the beau...
 To the name of old Ros-in, the beau...
 Saying, "Here lies old Ros-in, the beau."
 And in it toss Ros-in, the beau...
 And drink to old Ros-in, the beau...

Old Black Joe

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Poco adagio

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear,

from the cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know,
 that my friends come not a-gain, Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go?
 that I held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

CHORUS

I 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!"

The Hazel Dell

G. F. Root

Moderato

1. In the Ha-zel Dell my Nel-ly's sleep-ing, Nel-ly lov'd so long! And my
 2. In the Ha-zel Dell my Nel-ly's sleep-ing, Where the flow-ers wave, And the
 3. Now I'm wea-ry, friendless and for-sak-en, Watch-ing here a-lone, Nel-ly,

lone-ly, lone-ly watch I'm keep-ing, Nel-ly lost and gone; Here in
 si-lent stars are night-ly weep-ing, O'er poor Nel-ly's grave; Hopes that
 thou no more will fond-ly cheer me, With thy lov-ing tone; Yet for-

moon-light oft-en we have wan-der'd Thro' the si-lent shade, Now where
 once my bos-om fond-ly cher-ish'd Smile no more for me, Ev-'ry
 ev-er shall thy gen-tle im-age In my mem-'ry dwell, And my

The Hazel Dell

213

leaf - y branch-es droop-ing down - ward, Lit-tle Nel - ly's laid.
 dream of joy, a - las! has per - ish'd, Nel-ly dear, with thee.
 tears thy lone - ly grave shall moist - en, Nel-ly dear, fare - well.

CHORUS 2nd time *pp*

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.

The Bowld Sojer Boy

SAMUEL LOVER

1. O, there's not a thrade that's go - ing, Worth show - ing or know - ing Like
 2. But when we get the rout, How they pout and they shout, While
 3. Then come a - long with me, Gra - ma - chree, and you'll see How

that from glo - ry grow - ing For a bowld so - jer boy! Where right or left we go, Sure you
 to the right a - bout, Goes the bowld so - jer boy; 'Tis then that la - dies fair, In de -
 hap - py you will be, With your bowld so - jer boy; Faith if you're up to fun, With me

know, friend or foe, Will have the hand or toe From the bowld so - jer boy, There's
 spair tear their hair, But the Div'l a one I care, Says the bowld so - jer boy; For the
 run, 'twill be done In the snap - ping of a gun, Says the bowld so - jer boy. And 'tis

The Bowld Sojer Boy

not a town we march thro' But la-dies look-ing arch thro' The win-dow-panes, will
 world is all be-fore us, Where the land-la-dies a-dore us, And ne'er re-fuse to
 then that with-out scan-dal, My - self will proud-ly dan-dle The lit-tle farth-ing

f *p* *f*

sarch thro' The ranks to find their joy, While up the street, each girl you meet With
 score us, But chalk us up with joy; We taste her tap, we tear her cap, "O
 can-dle Of our mu-tual flame, my joy; May his light shine as bright as mine, 'Till

p

look so sly will cry "My eye! Oh, is - n't he a dar-ling, The bowld so-ger boy!"
 that's the chap for me," says she, "Oh! is - n't he a dar-ling, The bowld so-ger boy!"
 in the line he'll blaze and raise The glo-ry of his corps, Like a bowld so-ger boy!

ff

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'

Scotch Folksong

Andante *Con espressione*

1. By yon bon - nie banks, and by yon bon - nie braes, Where the
 2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in yon sha - dy glen, On the
 3. The wee bird - ies sing, and the wild flow - ers spring, An' in

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mon', Where I and my love were
 steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mon', Where in pur - ple hue, the
 sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - in'; But the bro - ken heart it

ev - er out to gae, On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.
 high - land hills we view, An' the moon com - in' oot in the gloam - in'.
 kens nae se - cond spring, Tho' the wae - fu' may cease frae' their greet - in'.

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'

First, SOLO; then CHORUS
Poco piu mosso

O, you'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low, An'

Poco piu mosso

First time *p*, second *f*

I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye; But I and my true love will

rall. *a tempo.*

nev - er meet a - gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.

rall. *a tempo*

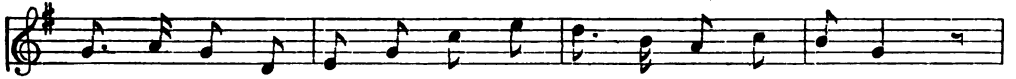
The Rose of Alabama

S. S. STEELE

With spirit



1. A - way from Mis - sis - sip - pi's vale, Wid my ole hat dar for a sail, I
 2. I land - ed on de sand bank, I sat up - on a hol - ler plank, An'
 3. Oh, ar - ter d'reck - ly, by an' bye, De moon rose white as Rose's eye, Den
 4. De riv - er rolled, de crick - ets sing, De light - nin' - bug he flash'd his wing, And



cross'd up - on a cot - ton bale, To Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.
 dare I made the ban - jo twank, For Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.
 like a young coon out so sly, Stole Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.
 like a rope my arms I fling Round Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.



Oh, brown Ro - sey, The Rose of Al - a - ba - ma, A sweet to - bac - co po - sey Is de



The Rose of Alabama

Rose of Al - a - ba - ma, A sweet to - bac - co po - sey Is de Rose of Al - a - ba - ma.

The musical score for 'The Rose of Alabama' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and catchy, with a piano accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

The Hardy Norseman

Norse National Song

Risolutto f

1. The har - dy Norseman's home of yore Was on the foam - ing wave ! And there he gathered
 2. What tho' our pow'r be weak - er now Than it was wont to be, When bold - ly forth our

bright re - nown, The brav - est of the brave. Oh ! ne'er should we for - get our sires, Wher -
 fa - ther sail'd, And conquer'd Nor - man - die ! We still may sing their deeds of fame In

ev - er we may be ; They brave - ly won a gal - lant name And rul'd the stormy sea.
 thrilling har - mo - ny ; For they did win a gal - lant name And rul'd the stormy sea.

cres. *f*

cres. *f*

The musical score for 'The Hardy Norseman' is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Risolutto' and the dynamics range from 'f' (forte) to 'p' (piano). The score includes two verses of lyrics and dynamic markings such as 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'f' (forte).

Who is Sylvia

SHAKESPEARE

"One of the world's purest vocal gems"

SCHUBERT

1. Who is Syl - via? What is she, That
 2. Is she kind, as she is fair? For
 3. Then to Syl - via let us sing, That

pp

all our swains commend her? Ho - ly, fair, and
 beauty lives with kind - ness; To her eyes love
 Syl - via is ex - cel - ling; She ex - cels each

wise is she; The heav'n's such grace did lend her,
 doth re - pair, To help him of his blind - ness;
 mor - - tal thing Up - on the dull earth dwell - ing;

Who is Sylvia

That a - dor - ed she might
 And, be - - ing help'd, in - hab - - its
 To her gar - lands let us

be, That a - dor - ed She might be.
 there, And, be - ing help'd, in - hab - its there.
 bring, To her gar - lands let us bring. FINE

Soldier's Farewell

MALE VOICES
poco riten.

JOHANNA KINKEL

Crescendo e poco accel. al fine

p Andante

- How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee; And then what-e'er befalls me,
- Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With spear and pennon glancing,
- I think of thee with longing, Think thou when tears are thronging, That with my last faint sighing,

Tempo I. Tranquillo e molto espress.

I go where honor calls me. Farewell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
 I see the foe advancing. Farewell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
 I'll whisper soft when dying. Farewell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Ever of Thee

GEORGE LINLEY

FOLEY HALL

1. Ev - er of thee I'm fond - ly dream - ing, Thy gen - tle voice my spir - it can cheer;
2. Ev - er of thee, when sad and lone - ly, Wand'ring a - far my soul joy'd to dwell,

pp *f* *p* *p* *p*

Thou wert the star that mild - ly beam - ing, Shone o'er my path when
Ah! then I felt I lov'd thee on - ly All seem'd to fade be -

pp *f* *p*

no *rall.*
all was dark and drear.
fore af - fec - tion's spell.

p *rall.* *pp* *a tempo* *tr*

Still in my heart thy form I cher - ish, Ev - 'ry kind thought like a
Years have not chill'd the love I cher - ish, True as the stars hath my

p *p*

Ever of Thee

rall. *a tempo*

bird, flies to thee; Ah! nev-er till life and mem-'ry per-ish, Can I for-get how
heart been to thee; Ah! nev-er till life and mem-'ry per-ish, Can I for-get how

dear thou art to me; Morn, noon, and night, Wher-e'er I may be, . .

p *f* *cres.*

piu lento

Fond - ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee, Fond - ly I'm dream - ing

ff *p* *p*

rall.

ev - er of thee!

rall. *a tempo* *p* *f* *tr*

Beautiful Isle of the Sea

GEORGE COOPER

J. R. THOMAS

Allegro moderato

1. Beau - ti - ful isle of the sea! Smile . . on the brow of the
 2. Oft . . . on your shell-gird-led shore, Eve - ning has found me re -

wa - ters, Dear . . are your mem'ries to me,
 clin - ing, Vi - - sions of youth dreaming o'er,

Sweet as the songs of your daughters; O - ver your mountains and vales,
 Down where the lighthouse was shin-ing; Far from the glad-ness you gave,

Down by each murmur-ing riv - er, Cheer'd by the flow'r-lov-ing
 Far . . . from all joys worth pos-sess - ing, Still . . o'er the lone wea-ry

Beautiful Isle of the Sea

calando

gales, Oh, . . . could I wan-der for-ev - er!
wave, Comes, to the wand'rer your bless - ing.

calando *a tempo*



Land . . of the True and the Old, Home . . ev - er dear un - to



f

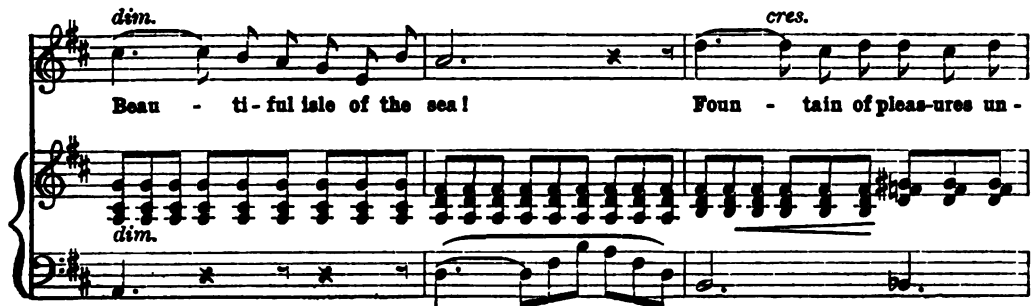
me; Foun - tain of pleas-ures un - told, . . .



dim. *cres.*

Beau - ti - ful isle of the sea! Foun - tain of pleas-ures un -

dim.



Beautiful Isle of the Sea

ten. *sielando*

told, . . . Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful isle of the sea!

colla voce.

Integer Vitæ

HORACE, Ode XXII. Translated by W. N. EAYRS

F. FLEMMING

p Andante con moto

1. He who is up - right, kind, and free from er - ror, Needs not the
 2. What tho' he jour - ney o'er the burn - ing des - ert, Or climb a -
 3. Place me where fate de - nies to man a dwell - ing, Con - scious of

aid of arms of men to guard him; Safe - ly he moves, a
 lone the dread - ful, dan - g'rous moun - tains, Or taste the wa - ters
 right, all oth - er cares neg - lect - ing; There could I live, thy

child to guilt - y ter - rors, Strong in his vir - - tues.
 of the famed Hy - das - pes, Gods will at - tend . . him.
 charms and vir - tues tell - ing, Sweet smil - ing maid - den.

1 Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
 Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu
 Nec venenatis gravaida sagittis,
 Fusce, pharetra.

2 Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.

3 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis in terra domibus negata:
 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulce loquentem.

Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth

Adapted by JOHN PARRY

From HAYDN's "Surprise Symphony"

SIMON

RUTH

1. Dost thou love me, Sis-ter Ruth? Say, say, say! As I fain would speak the truth,
 2. Wilt thou prom-ise to be mine, Maid-en fair? Take my hand, my heart is thine,
 3. Love like ours can nev-er cloy, Humph! humph! humph! While no jeal-ous fears an-noy,

Yea! yea! yea! Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee, Pret-ty Sis-ter Ruth;
 There, there, there. Let us thus the bar-gain seal, O! dear me, high-ho!
 Humph! humph! humph! O! how blest we both should be, Hey down, ho down hey!

Rising alternately on their tip-toes.

That has been the case with me, Dear engaging youth!
 Lauk! how ver-y odd I feel! O! dear me, high-ho!
 I could almost dance with glee, Hey down, ho down hey!

Flee as a Bird

Written and adapted by Mrs. M. S. B. DANA

Moderato

1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of
 2. He will protect thee for ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing

sin; . . . Go to the clear flow - ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be
 tear; . . . He will for - sake thee, O nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly

clean; Fly, for th'aven - ger is near . . . thee; Call and the Sav - iour will
 there; Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in

hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear . . . thee, Thou who art wea - ry of
 sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry

un poco ritenuto

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

colla voce

O Paradise

Rev. F. W. FABER

JOSEPH BARNEY

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! We're looking, waiting here; We long to be where
 3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! We want to sin no more, We want to be as
 4. Lord Je - sus, Prince of Par - a - dise! Oh, keep us in Thy love, And guide us to that

CHORUS
 Where loy - al hearts and true

hap - py land Where they that loved, are blest? Where loy - al hearts and true Stand
 Je - sus is, To feel, and see Him near.
 pure on earth As on thy spot-less shore.
 hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove.

ev - er in the light, All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

Come Home, Father

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK



1. Fa -ther, dear fa -ther, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes one; You
2. Fa -ther, dear fa -ther, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes two; The
3. Fa -ther, dear fa -ther, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes three; The



said you were com -ing right home from the shop, As soon as your day's work was done. Our
night has grown cold -er, and Ben -ny is worse, But he has been call -ing for you. In -
house is so lone -ly—the hours are so long For poor weep -ing moth -er and me. Yes,

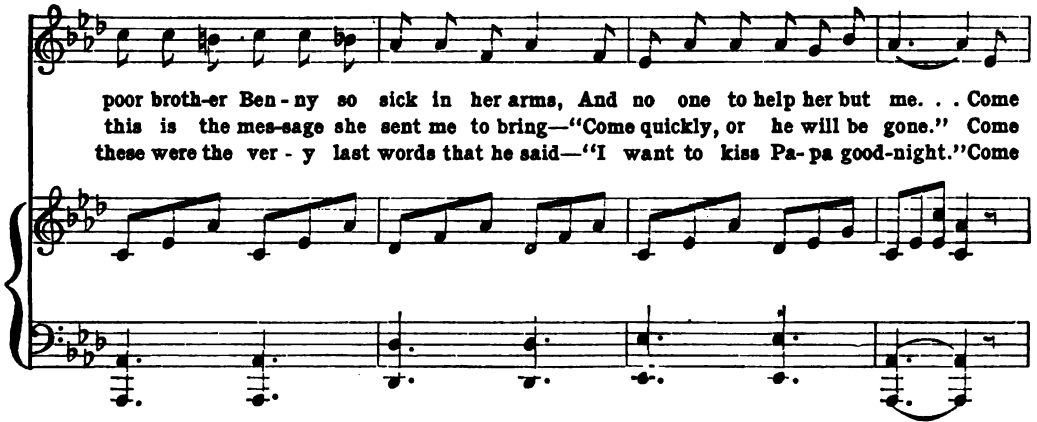


fire has gone out— our house is all dark—And moth -er's been watch -ing since tea, . . With
deed he is worse—Ma says he will die, Per -haps be -fore morn -ing shall dawn; And
we are a -lone— poor Ben -ny is dead, And gone with the an -gels of light; And



Come Home, Father

231



poor broth-er Ben-ny so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but me. . . Come this is the mes-sage she sent me to bring—"Come quickly, or he will be gone." Come these were the ver - y last words that he said—"I want to kiss Pa-pa good-night." Come



home! come home! come home! . Please, fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home. . .

CHORUS



Hear the sweet voice of the child, . Which the nightwinds re-peat as they roam! . Oh,

Come Home, Father

who could re-sist this most pleading of prayers? "Please, father, dear fa-ther, come home!"

The musical score for "Come Home, Father" consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics. The piano accompaniment is written for both the right and left hands, with the right hand playing a melody and the left hand providing harmonic support.

The Three Sailor Boys

THEO. MARZIALS

Merrily

1. Oh, we're three jol-ly, jol-ly sai-lor boys, And we're new-ly home from
 2. There were three pretty girls in mer-ry Portsmouth town, And each one was like a
 3. Then up we spoke, we jol-ly sai-lor boys, All arm in arm so

South A-mer-i-kee, With our hearts still ting-ling with the salt, salt wind, And the
 po-sy on the tree. There was great-eyed Mar-ga-ret and trim-set Sal, And sweet
 jol-ly for to see. "There are girls beside the wa-ter at Ja-nei-ro or Gib-raltar Who can

The musical score for "The Three Sailor Boys" is in two systems. The first system includes the vocal line with three verses of lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked "Merrily".

The Three Sailor Boys

tum - ble and the toss - ing of the sea, O, hon - ey, we've our
 Kit - ty from the north coun - tree, No, hon - ey, tho' your
 dance as right mer - ri - ly as ye;" So hon - ey, while our

poco rall.

pock - ets full of mon - ey, Will you trip, trip, trip, will you trip it on the Quay For the
 pock - et's full of mon - ey, We won't trip, trip, trip, we won't trip it on the Quay, Till you've
 pock - et's full of mon - ey, Come and trip, trip, trip, come and trip it on the Quay, For we

a tempo

wind's in the sail and the thunder in the gale And our good ship plunging to be free.
 set the clerk a-singing, and the wedding bells a-ringing, And the parson has pocketed the fee.
 sailors love the ocean and the change, and the commotion, And the good ship plunging on the sea.

My Trundle-Bed

J. C. BAKER

Moderato

1. As I rum-mag'd thro' the at-tic, List-'ning to the fall-ing
 2. So I drew it from the re-cess, Where it had re-main'd so
 3. As I lis-ten'd, rec-ol-lec-tions, That I thought had been for-
 4. Then it was with hands so gent-ly Placed up-on my in-fant
 5. Years have pass'd, and that dear moth-er Long has mould-er'd'neath the
 6. This she taught me, then she told me Of its im-port, great and

rain, As it pat-ter'd on the shin-gles And a-
 long, Hear-ing all the while the mu-sic Of my
 got, Came with all the gush of mem-'ry, Rush-ing,
 head, That she taught my lips to ut-ter Care-ful-
 sod, And I trust her saint-ed spir-it Rev-els
 deep- Af-ter which I learned to ut-ter "Now I

gainst the win-dow pane; Peep-ing o-ver chests and box-es,
 moth-er's voice in song; As she sung in sweet-est ac-cents,
 throng-ing to the spot; And I wan-der'd back to child-hood,
 ly the words she said; Nev-er can they be for-got-ten,
 in the home of God: But that scene at sum-mer twi-ght,
 lay me down to sleep:" Then it was with hands up-lift-ed,

1, 3, 5

Which with dust were thick-ly spread; Saw I in the farth-est cor - ner
 What I since have oft - on read— (Omit.)
 To those mer - ry days of yore, When I knelt be-side my moth - er,
 Deep are they in mem-'ry riven— (Omit.)
 Nev - er has from mem-'ry fled, And it comes in all its fresh-ness
 And in ac - cents soft and mild, (Omit.)

1, 3, 5

What was once my trun-dle-bed.
 By this bed up-on the floor,
 When I see my trun-dle-bed.

mf

2, 4, 6
Larghetto *ad lib.*

2. "Hush, my dear, lie still and slum-ber, Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed."
 4. "Hallowed be Thy name, O Fa-ther! Fa-ther! Thou who art in heaven."
 6. That my moth-er asked—"Our Fa-ther! Fa-ther! do Thou bless my child!"

2, 4, 6

colla voce

Tom Bowling

T. DIBDIN

Andante

1. Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bow-ling, The dar-ling of our crew, No
 2. Tom nev-er from his word de-part-ed, His vir-tues were so rare, His
 3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleas-ant weath-er, When He who all com-mands Shall

more he'll hear the tem-pest howling, For death has broach'd him to. His form was of the
 friends were ma-ny and true-heart-ed, His Poll was kind and fair; And then he'd sing so
 give, to call life's crew to-geth-er, The word to pipe all hands; Thus Death who kings and

man-liest beau-ty, His heart was kind and soft, . . . Faith-ful be-low he
 blithe and jol-ly, Ah! many's the time and oft; . . . But mirth is turn'd to
 tars dis-patches, In vain Tom's life has doff'd; . . . For tho' his bod-y's

cres.

did his du - ty, And now he's gone a - loft, . . . And now he's gone a - loft.
mel - an - cho - ly, For Tom has gone a - loft, . . . For Tom has gone a - loft.
un - der hatch-es, His soul has gone a - loft, . . . His soul has gone a - loft.

Pirates' Chorus

Moderato BALFE

p Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rate's heart!

f Long be thy reign, O'er land and main, By the glaive, by the chart, Queen

of the Pirate's heart! Queen! Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rate's

ff heart! Pride, pride of the Pi - rate's heart! Pride, pride of the Pi - rate's heart.

The Blue Alsatian Mountains

CLARIBEL

STEPHEN ADAMS

Not too slow

1. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun-tains Dwelt a maid - en young and fair, . Like the
 2. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun-tains Came a stran - ger in the Spring, And he
 3. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun-tains Ma - ny spring-times bloom'd and pass'd, And the

care-less - flow - ing foun-tains Were the rip - ples of her hair, Were the rip - ples
 lin-ger'd by the foun-tains Just to hear the maid-en sing, Just to hear the
 maid-en by the foun-tains Saw she lost her hopes at last, She lost her

of her hair; Angel mild her eyes so win - ning, Angel bright her hap - py smile,
 maid-en sing; Just to whis - per in the moonlight, Words the sweetest she had known,
 hopes at last. And she with - ered like a flow - er That is wait - ing for the rain;

When be - neath the foun-tains spin - ning, You could hear her song the while. A -
 Just to charm a - way the hours, Till her heart was all his own. A -
 She will nev - er see the stran-ger, Where the foun-tains fall a - gain. A -

dé, A - dé, A - dé, . . Such songs will pass a - way, Tho' the blue Al - sa - tian
 dé, A - dé, A - dé, . . Such dreams may pass a - way, But the blue Al - sa - tian
 dé, A - dé, A - dé, . . The years have passed a - way, But the blue Al - sa - tian

The Blue Alsatian Mountains

CHORUS

moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way. A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, Such songs will
[A-day]

pass a - way, Tho' the blue Al - sa-tian mountains Seem to watch and wait al - way.

Lulu is Our Darling Pride

p A little lively

Arr. by C. JARVIS

1. Lu - lu is our dar-ling pride, Lu - lu bright, Lu - lu gay, Danc-ing light-ly
2. As the flow'rs of ear - ly spring Seem more gay, seem more light, As their per - fume
3. When the clouds of trou - ble come, Lu - lu soothes all our care; Ah! how dark would

FINE

at our side All the live - long day. Not a bird that wings the air,
first they fling Fra - grant at our feet. So tho' oth - ers loved there be,
be our home, Were not Lu - lu there! Lu - lu with her sun - ny smiles,

D.C.

Soar-ing to the sun, Free-er is from ev-'ry care, Than our dar - ling one. Oh!
Blooming in our bower, Lu - lu wins our hearts, for she Is our loveliest flow'r. Oh!
Cheer-ing ev - 'ry heart, Till each trou-ble she be-guiles, And the clouds de-part. Oh!

They All Love Jack

F. E. WEATHERLY

STEPHEN ADAMS

1. When the ship is trim and rea-dy, And the jol - ly days are done, When the
2. Where he goes their hearts go with him, E'en his ship he calls her "she;" Up a -
3. When he's sail'd the world all o - ver, And a - gain he steps a - shore, There are

last good-byes are whisper'd, And Jack a-board is gone; The lass - es fall a -
loft that "lit - tle che-rub" Sure a maid-en she must be. And as o'er the sea he
scores of lass - es wait-ing To love him all the more; He may lose his gold - en

weep-ing, As they watch his ves-sel's track, For all the lands-men lov - ers Are
trav-els, The mer-maids down be - low Would give their crys - tal kingdoms For the
gui-neas, But a wife he'll nev - er lack, If he'd wed them all, they'd take him, For they

They All Love Jack

rall.

noth - ing af - ter Jack, For all the lands - men lov - ers Are noth - ing af - ter
 love of Jack, I trow, Would give their crys - tal king - doms For the love of Jack, I
 all love Jack! If he'd wed them all, they'd take him, For they all, they all love

tempo.

Jack. For his heart is like the sea, Ev - er o - pen, brave, and free, And the
 trow. For his heart is like the sea, Ev - er o - pen, brave, and free, And the
 Jack! For his heart is like the sea, Ev - er o - pen, brave, and free, And the

girls must lonely be, Till his ship comes back ; But if love's the best of all . . That

They All Love Jack

can a man be - fall, . . . Why, Jack's the king of all, . . . For they all love Jack!

ad lib.

f *colla voce.*

Lorena

Rev. H. D. L. WEBSTER

J. P. WEBSTER

1. The years creep slow-ly by, Lo - re - na, The snow is on the grass a - gain, The
 2. A hundred months have pass'd, Lo - re - na, Since last I held that hand in mine, And
 3. We loved each oth - er then, Lo - re - na, More than we ev - er dared to tell; And
 4. The sto - ry of that past, Lo - re - na, A - las! I care not to re - peat, The
 5. Yes, these were words of thine, Lo - re - na, They burn with-in my mem-'ry yet; They
 6. It mat - ters lit - tle now, Lo - re - na, The past - is in th' e - ter - nal Past, Our

sun's low down the sky, Lo - re - na, The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been. But the
 felt that pulse beat fast, Lo - re - na, Tho' mine beat fast - er far than thine. A
 what we might have been, Lo - re - na, Had but our lov - ings prosper'd well - But
 hopes that could not last, Lo - re - na, They lived, but on - ly lived to cheat. I
 touched some tender chords, Lo - re - na, Which thrill and tremble with re - gret. 'Twas
 heads will soon lie low, Lo - re - na, Life's tide is ebb - ing out so fast. There

heart throbs on as warmly now,
 hundred months, 'twas flow-ry May,
 then, 'tis past—the years are gone,
 would not cause e'en one re-gret
 not thy woman's heart that spoke;
 is a Fu-ture! O thank God,

As when the summer days were nigh;
 When up the hill-y slope we climbed,
 I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
 To ran- kle in your bo-som now;
 Thy heart was al-ways true to me;
 Of life this is so small a part;

Oh! the
 To
 I'll
 For
 A
 'Tis

sun can nev-er dip so low, . .
 watch the dy-ing of the day . .
 say to them, "lost years, sleep on!
 "if we try, we may for-get"
 du-ty stern and press-ing, broke
 dust to dust be-neath the sod;

A-down af-fec-tion's cloud-less sky;
 And hear the dis-tant church-bells chimed;
 Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt-ing storm;
 Were words of thine long years a-go;
 The tie which linked my soul with thee;
 But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart:

The
 To
 I'll
 For
 A
 'Tis

sun can nev-er dip so low, . . .
 watch the dy-ing of the day . . .
 say to them, "lost years, sleep on! . .
 "if we try, we may for-get" . . .
 du-ty stern and pressing, broke . . .
 dust to dust be-neath the sod; . . .

A-down af-fec-tion's cloud-less sky.
 And hear the dis-tant church-bells chimed.
 Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt-ing storm."
 Were words of thine long years a-go.
 The tie which linked my soul with thee.
 But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls

From BALFE'S "Bohemian Girl"

Andantino

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With
2. I dreamt that suit - ors sought my hand; That

vas - sals and serfs at my side, . . . And of all who as - sem - bled with - in those
knights up - on bend - ed knees, . . . And with vows no maid - en heart could with -

walls That I was the hope and the pride. . . I had rich - es too great to
stand, They pledg'd their faith to me, . . . And I dreamt that one of that

count; could boast Of a high an - ces - tral name; . . . But I al - so
no - ble host Came forth my hand to claim; . . . But I al - so

sva.....

pp

I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls

245

dreamt, which pleas'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you
 dreamt, which 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. same.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent bass line with a steady eighth-note pattern. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs, with first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above the staff.

Retreat

H. STOWELL

T. HASTINGS

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spi - rits blend, Where friend holds fel - low-ship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and sin mo - lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
 A place than all be - sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat!

The musical score is in 6/4 time and features a simple, hymn-like melody. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line with chords. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, and the piece ends with a double bar line.

My Mary Anne

M. TYTE

Moderato

1. Fare-you-well, my own Ma-ry Anne, Fare-you-well a - while, For the
 2. Don't you see that tur-tle dove, Sit-ting on yon pine, La -
 3. A lob-ster in a lob-ster pot, A blue fish wrig-gling on a hook, May
 4. The pride of all the pro-duce rare, That in the kit-chen gar-den grow'd, Was

p

ship it is read - y, And the wind it is fair, And I am bound for the
 ment - ing the loss of its own true love? And so am I for
 suf - fer some, but oh, no, not What I do feel for
 pump - kins, but none could com - pare, In an - gel form to

sea, Ma - ry Anne, I am bound for the sea. . .
 mine, Ma - ry Anne, So am I for mine. . .
 my Ma - ry Anne! What I feel for Ma - ry Anne. . .
 my Ma - ry Anne! Could compare with Ma - ry Anne. . .

mf

Barbara Allen

Old Song

Andante

1. In Scar - let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwell-in', Made
 2. And death is print - ed on his face, And o'er his heart is steal-in', Then
 3. When he was dead and in his grave, Her heart was struck with sor - row; "O

ev-'ry youth cry "well-a-way;" Her name was Barb'ra Al-len. All in the mer - ry
 haste a-way to com-fort him, O love-ly Bar-b'ra Al-len. So slow-ly, slow - ly
 moth-er, moth-er, make my bed, For I shall die to-mor-row. Fare-well," she said, "ye

month of May, When green buds then were swell-in', Young Jem-my Grove on his
 she came up, And slow-ly she came nigh him; And all she said, when
 vir-gins all, And shun the fault I fell in; Hence-forth take warn - ing

death-bed lay, For love of Bar - b'ra Al - len.
 there she came, "Young man, I think you're dy - ing."
 by the fall Of cru - el Bar - b'ra Al - len."

mf

Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms

TOM MOORE

1. Be - lieve me if all those en - dearing young charms Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
 a. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unpro-fan'd by a

day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts
 tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but

fad - ing a - way, . Thou would'st still be a - dor'd, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
 make thee more dear. . . Oh! the heart that has tru - ly lov'd nev - er for - gets, But as

love - li - ness fade as it will; . . And a - round the dear ru - in each
 tru - ly loves on to the close; . . As the sun - flow - er turns on her

wish of my heart Would en-twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.
god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose !

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, with lyrics written below it. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a simple, melodic line for the voice and a harmonic accompaniment for the piano.

Fair Harvard

- 1 Fair Harvard ! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
By these festival rites, from the age that is past,
To the age that is waiting before.
O relic and type of our ancestor's worth,
That has long kept their memory warm,
First flower of their wilderness ! star of their night,
Calm rising through change and through storm !
- 2 To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth,
From the home of our infantile years,
When our fathers had warned, and our mothers had prayed,
And our sisters had blest, through their tears ;
Thou then wert our parent, the nurse of our souls,
We were moulded to manhood by thee,
Till freighted with treasure-thoughts friendships, and hopes,
Thou did'st launch us on Destiny's sea.
- 3 Farewell ! be thy destinies onward and bright !
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
As the world on truth's current glides by ;
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

The Graduates' Farewell

W. T. ADAMS

- 1 How sad mid the sunshine that gladdens this scene,
Comes the thought that to-day we must part ;
That the bond which affection has ever kept green
Must be severed to-day in the heart ;
That we meet in this home of our childhood no more,
As we lovingly meet to the last ;
That we never again on this time-bounded shore
May unite in the songs of the past !
- 2 But fondly our thoughts will return to the spot
On the wings of remembrance borne up ;
And our hearts shall rejoice, while we cherish the lot
That permits us to drink of this cup.
Then farewell to our school, and farewell to the friends
Who have lighted our pathway with love ;
Though to-day we must part, yet our prayers will ascend
That our school be united above !

Tom-Big-Bee River

S. S. STEELE

1. On Tom-big-bee riv-er so bright I was born, In a hut made eb
2. All de day in de field de soft cot-ton I hoe, I tink ob my

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

CHORUS
true, An I row'd her a-bout In my gum-tree ca-noe. Sing-ing row a-way,
blue, An at night sail her round In my gum-tree ca-noe.

row, O'er de wa-ters so blue, Like a fea-ther we'll float, In my gum-tree ca-noe.

Torn-Big-Bee River

251

- 3 Wid my hands on de banjo and toe on de oar, I sing to de sound ob de river's soft roar ;
 While de stars dey look down at my Jula so true,
 An' dance in her eye in my gum-tree canoe.
 Singing row away, etc.
- 4 One night de stream bore us so far away,
 Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we'd
 jis stay,
 Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
 An' it took us in tow wid my gum-tree canoe.
 Singing row away, etc.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Slave Hymn

p

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.

mf

1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see, Com - ing for to car - ry me
 2. If you get there be - fore I do, Com - ing for to car - ry me
 3. The bright - est day that ev - er I saw, Com - ing for to car - ry me
 4. I'm some - times up and some - times down. Com - ing for to car - ry me

mf

D.C.

home? A band of an - gels com - ing af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
 home? Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
 home? When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
 home? But still my soul feels heav - en - ly bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

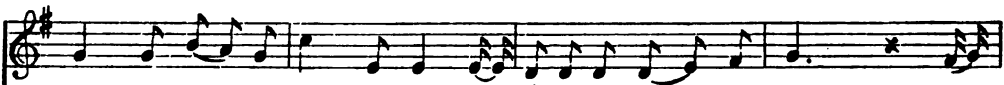
Good-Bye

J. C. ENGLBRECHT

Andante



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



give to me when lov'd ones part, That sweet old word, "good-bye," That
 give to me that bet - ter word That comes from the heart, "good-bye," That
 heart feels most when the lips move not, And the eye speaks the gen-tle "good-bye," And the
 dieu, a - dieu, she speaks it not, But "my love, good - bye, good - bye," But "my



sweet old word, "good-bye," That sweet old word, "good-bye," But
 comes from the heart, "good-bye," That comes from the heart "good-bye," But
 eye speaks the gen-tle "good-bye," And the eye speaks the gen-tle "good-bye," But the
 love, good - bye, good - bye," But "my love, good - bye, good - bye," A -





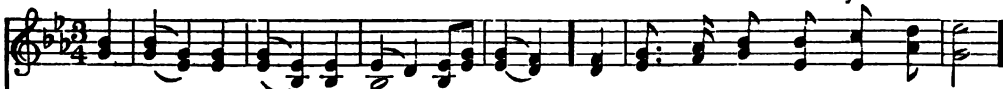
give to me when lov'd ones part, That good old word "good-bye,"
 give to me that bet - ter word that comes from the heart, "good-bye."
 heart feels most when the lips move not, And the eye speaks the gen-tle "good-bye"
 dieu, a - dieu, she speaks it not, But "my love, good-bye, good-bye."



Ariel

S. MEDLEY

Arr. by L. MASON



1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth,
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran - som from the dread - ful guilt,
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,
4. Well - the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,



Which in my Sav-iour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-briel,
 Of sin and wrath di-vine! I'd sing his glo-rious right-eous-ness, In which all-per-fect
 Ex - alt - ed on his throne: In loft-iest songs of sweet-est praise, I would to ev - er -
 And I shall see his face: Then with my Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni -



while he sings in notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 heav'n - ly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 last - ing days Make all his glo - ries known, Make all his glo - ries known.
 ty I'll spend, Tri - um - phant in his grace, Tri - um - phant in his grace.



I Wandered by the Sea-Beat Shore

J. W. CHERRY

Moderato con espressione

1. One sum-mer eve, with pen-sive thought, I wander'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 gath-er'd shells in days be-
 lay, But as I took them in my hand, I threw them one by one a-

fore, I gath-er'd shells in days be-fore. The plas-hing waves like mu-sic
 way, I threw them one by one a-way. "Oh! thus," I said, "in ev-'ry
Sva.....

fell, Re-spon-sive to my fan-cy wild, A dream came o'er me like a
 stage By toys our fan-cy is be-guil'd, We gath-er shells from youth to
Sva.....

I Wandered by the Sea-Beat Shore

255

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

espressivo *ad lib.*
spell, I thought I was a - gain, a - gain a child.
age, And then we leave them, leave them like a child."
colla voce

The Independent Farmer

W. W. Fosdick

G. F. Root

Allegretto

Let sail - ors sing of o - cean deep, Let sol - diers praise their ar - mor, But

1st DIVISION

in my heart this toast I'll keep, The In - de - pend - ent Farm - er. He cares not how the

The Independent Farmer

world may move, No doubts nor fears con - found him, His lit - tle flock is linked in love as

2d DIVISION

house-hold an - gels round him. The gray old barn whose doors en-fold His am - ple store in

Sva. bassu

meas - ure, More rich than heaps of heard-ed gold, A pre - cious, bless-ed treas - ure.

CHORUS

He loves his coun - try and his friends, His hon - es - ty's his ar - mor, He's

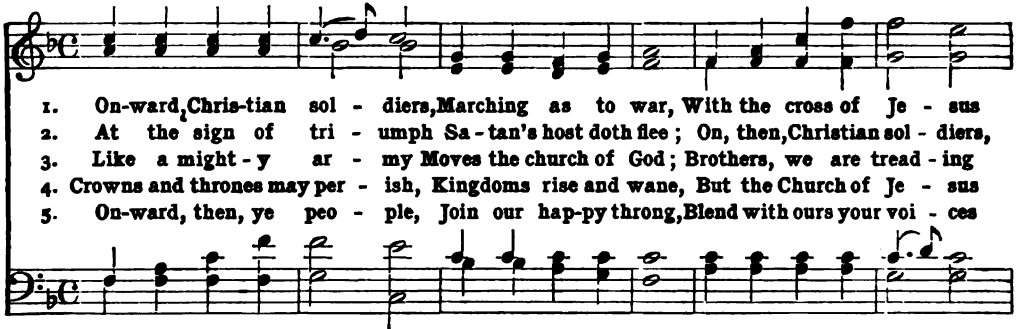
na - ture's no - ble - man in life, The in - de - pend - ent farm - er.

He is na - ture's no - ble - man, The in - de - pend - ent farm - er.

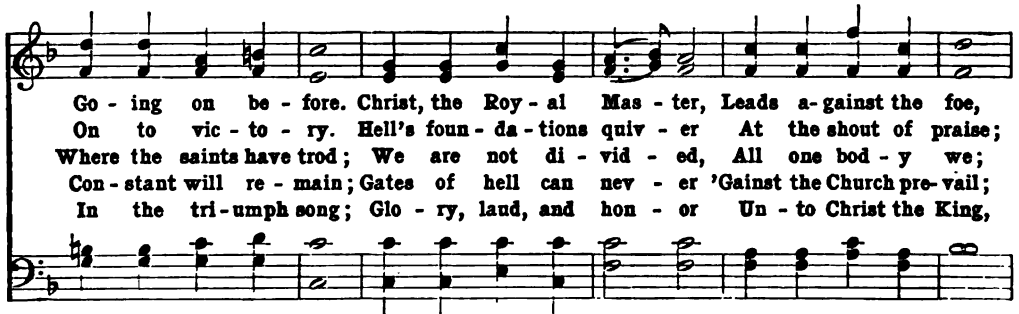
Onward, Christian Soldiers

S. BARING-GOULD

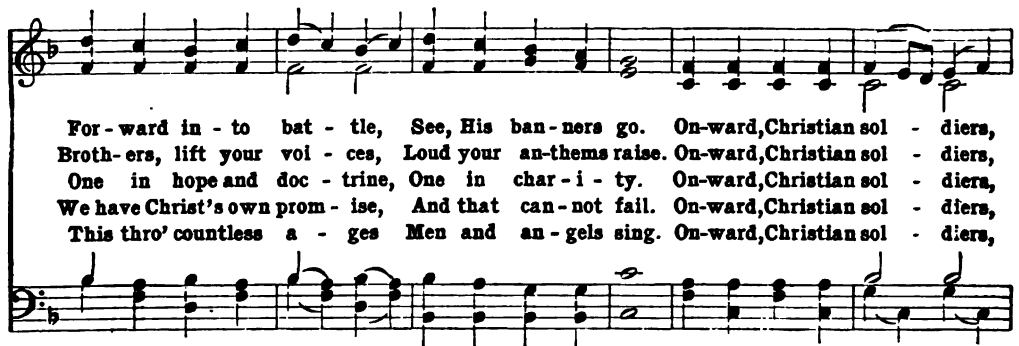
Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN



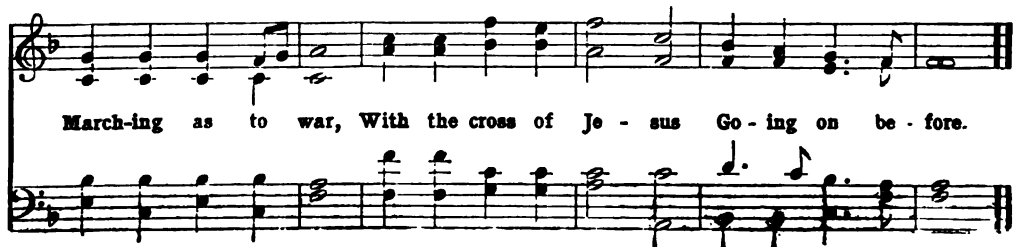
1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee ; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
 3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of God ; Brothers, we are tread - ing
 4. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
 5. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces



Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe,
 On to vic - to - ry. Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise ;
 Where the saints have trod ; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we ;
 Con - stant will re - main ; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst the Church pre - vail ;
 In the tri - umph song ; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,



For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. On - ward, Christian sol - diers,
 Broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise. On - ward, Christian sol - diers,
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On - ward, Christian sol - diers,
 We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail. On - ward, Christian sol - diers,
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing. On - ward, Christian sol - diers,



March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

You Never Miss the Water

HARRY LINN

R. HOWARD

1. When a child, I lived at Lin - coln with my par - ents at the farm, The
 2. As years roll'd on, I grew to be a mis - chief - mak - ing boy, De -
 3. When I ar - riv'd at man - hood, I em - bark'd in pub - lic life, And
 4. Then I stud - ied strict e - con - o - my, and found to my sur - prise, My
 5. I'm mar - ried now and hap - py, I've a care - ful lit - tle wife, We

mf

les - sons that my moth - er taught to me were quite a charm; She would
 struc - tion seem'd my on - ly sport, it was my on - ly joy; And
 found it was a rug - ged road, be - strewn with care and strife; I
 funds in - stead of sink - ing, ve - ry quick - ly then did rise; I
 live in peace and har - mo - ny, de - void of care and strife; Kind

of - ten take me on her knee when tir'd of child - ish play, And
 well do I re - mem - ber, when oft - times well chas - tised, How
 spec - u - la - ted fool - ish - ly, my loss - es were se - vere, But
 grasp'd each chance, and al - ways struck the i - ron while 'twas hot, I
 For - tune smiles up - on us, we have lit - tle chil - dren three, The

You Never Miss the Water

as she press'd me to her breast, I've heard my moth - er say:
 fa - ther sat be - side me then, and thus has me ad - vis'd:
 still a ti - ny lit - tle voice kept whis - p'ring in my ear:
 seiz'd my op - por - tu - ni - ties, and nev - er once for - got:
 les - son that I teach them, as they prat - tle round my knee:

CHORUS

Waste not, want not, is the max - im I would teach, Let your watch - word be des - patch, and

prac - tise what you preach; Do not let your chan - ces like

sun - beams pass you by, For you nev - er miss the wa - ter till the well runs dry.

Co-ca-che-lunk

SOLO



1. When we first came on this cam - pus, Fresh - men we, as green as grass ;
2. We have fought the fight to - geth - er, We have strug - gled side by side ;
3. Some will go to Greece or Hart - ford, Some to Nor - wich or to Rome ;
4. When we come a - gain to - geth - er, Vi - gin - ten - ni - al to pass,



Now, as grave and rev - er - end sen - iors, Smile we o - ver the ver - dant past.
 Bro - ken is the bond that held us—We must cut our sticks and slide.
 Some to Green - land's i - cy mountains—More, per - haps, will stay at home.
 Wives and chil - dren all in - clud - ed,—Won't we be an up - roar - ious class ?



CHORUS (MALE VOICES)



Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - lay,



Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Hi! O chick - a - che - lunk - che - lay.

The score consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a bass line. The second system has a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4.

Lead, Kindly Light

Cardinal NEWMAN

J. B. DYKES

mf *p*

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'encir- cling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Should'at lead me on; I lov'd to
 3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and

The first system includes a vocal line and a bass line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4.

p *cres.*

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

The second system includes a vocal line and a bass line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4.

dim. *p*

do not ask to see . . . The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day; and, spite of fears, . . . Pride ruled my will; re - mem - ber not past years.
 an - gel fa - ces smile, . . . Which I have loved long since and lost a - while.

The third system includes a vocal line and a bass line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4.

It's a Way We Have at Old Harvard*

1. It's a way we have at old Har-vard, It's a way we have at old Har-vard, It's a
 2. For we think it is . . no sin, sir, To take the Fresh-men in, sir, And
 3. For we think it is . . but right, sir, On Wednesday and Saturday night, sir, To . .

CODA

way we have at old Har-vard, To drive dull care a - way ; To drive dull care a - way, To
 ease them of their tin, sir, To drive dull care a - way ; To drive dull care a - way, To
 get most glorious-ly tight sir, To drive dull care a - way ; To drive dull care a - way, To

drive dull care a - way, . It's a way we have at old Har-vard, It's a way we have at old

*The name "Harvard" may be changed to that of any college

Har - vard, It's a way we have at old Har - vard, To drive dull care a - way. . .

This musical score consists of three systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and a bass line. The second system contains a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass line. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

Rev. Wm. O. CUSHING

When He Cometh

GEO. F. ROOT

Moderato

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els; All His
 2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom; All the
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren Who love their Re - deem - er, Are the

This musical score consists of two systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and a bass line. The second system contains a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass line. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 4/4.

CHORUS

jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morn - ing,
 pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
 jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

This musical score consists of two systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and a bass line. The second system contains a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass line. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 4/4.

His bright crown a - dorn - ing; They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

This musical score consists of two systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and a bass line. The second system contains a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass line. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 4/4.

Tapping at the Garden Gate

J. LOKER

S. W. NEW

1. Who's that tap-ping at the gar-den gate? Tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate?
 2. Oh, you sly lit-tle "Fox" you know, Fid-get-ting a-bout un-til you go,

The first system of the score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

Ev - 'ry night I have heard of late, Some-bod - y tap-ping at the gar-den gate.
 Drop'd the sugar spoon! Why, there it lies! Bless the girl, where are your eyes?

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some syncopation.

What? you, sly lit-tle puss, don't know Why do you blush and fal-ter so?
 Were I a-ble to leave my chair, Soon would I find out who is there;

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some syncopation. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present.

What are you look-ing for un-der the chair? The tap, tap, tap-ping comes not from there.
 Don't tell me you think it's the cat, Cats don't tap, tap, tap like that.

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some syncopation. A *rall.* (rallentando) marking is present above the piano part.

Tapping at the Garden Gate

p a tempo.

Ev - 'ry night a - bout half past eight There's tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate,
 Cats don't know when it's half past eight, And come tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate,

p a tempo.

f

Ev - 'ry night a - bout half past eight, There's tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate.
 Cats don't know when it's half past eight, And come tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate.

f

The musical score for 'Tapping at the Garden Gate' consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system is marked 'p a tempo.' and the second system is marked 'f'. The lyrics are: 'Ev - 'ry night a - bout half past eight There's tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate, Cats don't know when it's half past eight, And come tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate,'.

Take Back the Heart

CLARIBEL

1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is my an-guish to thee? . . .
 2. Then, when at last o - ver - tak - en, Time sings its fet-ters o'er thee, . . .

Take back the free-dom thou crav - est, Leav-ing the fet-ters to me. . .
 Come with a trust still un-shak - en, Come back a cap-tive to me. . .

sf *dim.*

The musical score for 'Take Back the Heart' consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains two verses of lyrics. The second system contains the chorus lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings 'sf' and 'dim.'.

Take Back the Heart

Take back the vows thou hast spo - ken, Fling them a - side and be free.
 Come back, in sad - ness or sor - row, Once more my dar - ling to be;

Stringendo

Smile o'er each pit - i - ful to - ken, Leav - ing the sor - row for me.
 Come as of old, love, to, bor - row Glimp - ses of sun - light from me.

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. . .

My Ain Countrie

MARY LEE DEMAREST

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aft - en-whiles, For the
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con - tent, un - til mine een do see The
D.C. But these sights an' these soun's will as naeth-ing be to me, When I

langed-for hame-bring-in', an' my Fai-ther's wel-comesmiles, }
gow-den gates o' heav'n an' my { Omil } ain coun - trie.
hear the an - gels sing-in' in my { Omil } ain coun - trie.

1 V 2 FINE

{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flow - ers, mon - y tint - ed, fresh an' gay. }
{ The bird - les war - ble blithe - ly, for my Fai-ther made them sae : }

D.C.

- 2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring ;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair,
For His bluid has made me white, and His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.
- 3 Sae little noo I ken o' yon blessed, bonnie place,
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face ;
It wad surely be eneuch forever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.
- 4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken ;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate.
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

My Last Cigar

mf

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glo - rious sum - mer day, I
 2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter - rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en
 3. I watched the ash - es as it came Fast draw - ing to the end; I
 4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, I've

mf

eat up - on the quar - ter - deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And
 there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. O,
 watched it as a friend would watch Be - side a dy - ing friend; But
 watched a - bove the blight - ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've

as the vol - umed smoke a - rose, Like incense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to
 what had I at such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem - bling
 still the flame crept slow - ly on, It van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me,
 nev - er known a sor - row That could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca -

f REFRAIN.

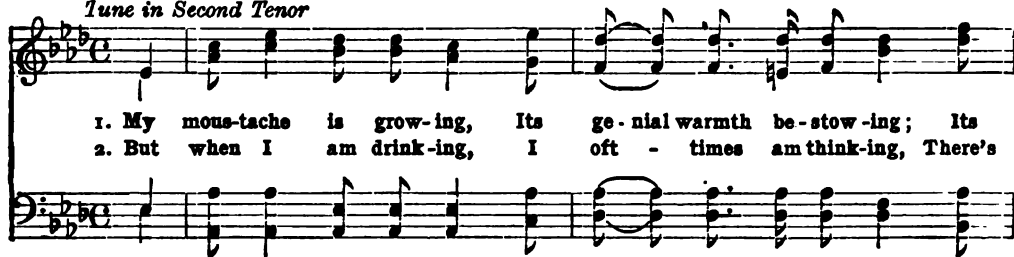
think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar, It
 tear pro - claimed It was my last ci - gar.
 spare the tale, It was my last ci - gar.
 na - ry Isles, I smoked my last ci - gar.

was my last ci - gar; I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.

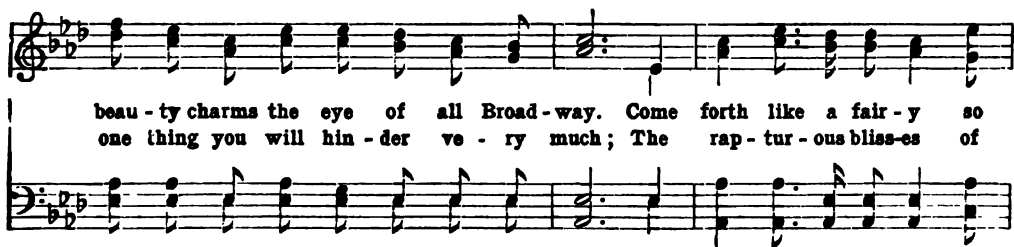
My Moustache

(MALE VOICE)

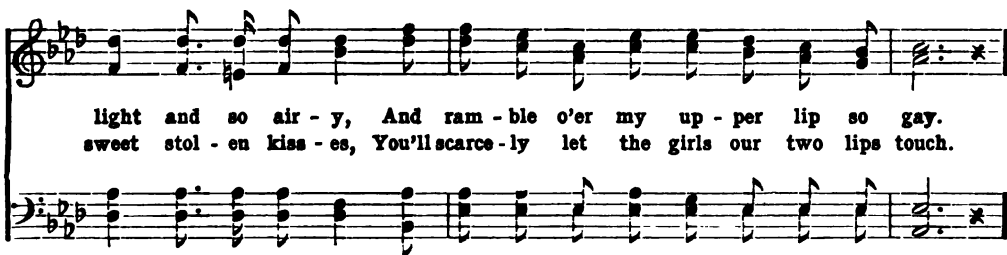
Tune in Second Tenor



1. My mous-tache is grow-ing, Its ge-nial warmth be-stow-ing; Its
2. But when I am drink-ing, I oft - times am think-ing, There's

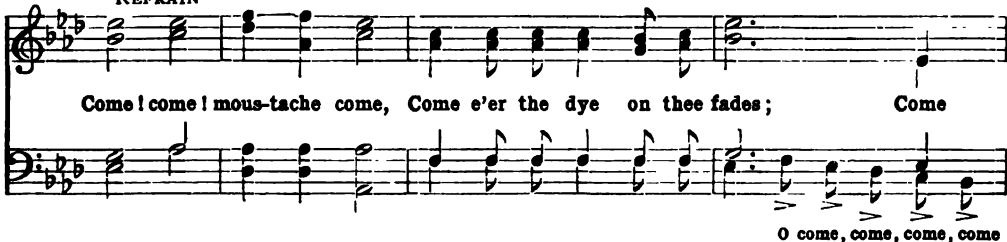


beau-ty charms the eye of all Broad-way. Come forth like a fair-y so
one thing you will hin-der ve-ry much; The rap-tur-ous bliss-es of

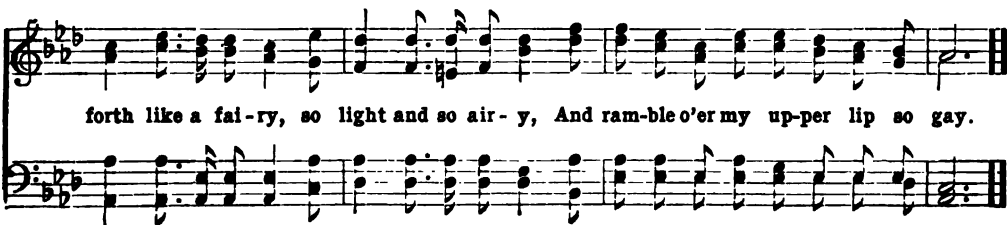


light and so air-y, And ram-ble o'er my up-per lip so gay.
sweet stol-en kiss-es, You'll scarce-ly let the girls our two lips touch.

REFRAIN



Come! come! mous-tache come, Come e'er the dye on thee fades; Come
O come, come, come, come



forth like a fai-ry, so light and so air-y, And ram-ble o'er my up-per lip so gay.

The Old Arm Chair

ELIZA COOKE

HENRY RUSSELL

Andante con espressione.

1. I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To
 2. I sat and watch'd her man - y a day, When her
 3. 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With

chide me for lov - ing that old arm chair? I've treas - ured it long as a
 eye grew dim, and her locks were grey, And I al - most wor-shipp'd her
 quiv - er - ing breath and throb-bing brow; 'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas

ho - ly prize, I've be - dew'd it with tears, and em - balm'd it with sighs; 'Tis
 when she smil'd, And turn'd from her bi - ble to bless her child.
 there she died; And mem-'ry flows with la - va tide.

The Old Arm Chair

bound by a thou - sand bonds to my heart, Not a
 Years roll'd on, but the last one sped, My
 Say it is fol - ly, and deem me weak, While the

tie will break, not a link will start! Would ye learn the spell? A
 i-dol was shatter'd, my earth - star fled; I learnt how much the
 scald - ing drops start down my cheek; But I love it, I love it, and

moth-er sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that old arm chair.
 heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm chair.
 can - not tear My soul from a moth - er's old arm chair.

Love Not

CAROLINE NORTON

JOHN BLOCKLEY

Andantino

1. Love not! love not! ye hap-less sons of clay; Hope's gay-est
 2. Love not! love not! the thing you love may die, May per-ish
 3. Love not! love not! the thing you love may change, The ro-sy
 4. Love not! love not! O warn-ing vain-ly said! In pres-ent

wreaths are made of earth-ly flow'rs; Things that are made to
 from the gay and glad-some earth; The si-lent stars, the
 lip may cease to smile on you, The kind-ly beam-ing
 hours, as in the years gone by, Love flings a ha-lo

fade and fall a-way, Ere they have blossomed, for a few . . short hours,
 blue and smiling sky, Beams on its grave as once up-on . . its birth,
 eye grow cold and strange, The heart still warmly beat, yet not . . be true,
 round the dear one's head, Fault-less, im-mor-tal, till they change or die,

ad lib.

Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours. Love not! love not!
 Beams on its grave as once up-on its birth. Love not! love not!
 The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true. Love not! love not!
 Fault - less, im - mor-tal, till they change or die. Love not! love not!

SCHMOLKE
Tr. BORTHWICK

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt

WEBER

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Though seen thro' ma - ny a tear, Let not my
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing

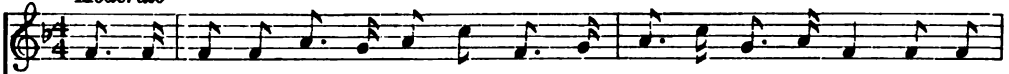
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
 fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove,

Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 And sor - row'd 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."

Your Mission

JESSIE R. GATES
Moderato

S. M. GRANNIS



1. If you can not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet, Rock - ing
 2. If you are too weak to jour - ney Up the moun - tain, steep and high; You can
 3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to command; If you
 4. If you can not in the con - flict Prove your - self a sol - dier true, If, where
 5. Do not, then, stand i - dly wait - ing, For some great - er work to do; For - tune



on the high - est bil - lows, Laugh - ing at the storms you meet; You can
 stand with - in the val - ley, While the mul - ti - tudes go by; You can
 can not t'wards the need - y, Reach an ev - er o - pen hand; You can
 fire and smoke are thick - est, There's no work for you to do; When the
 is a la - zy god - dess, She will nev - er come to you. Go and



stand a - mong the sail - ors, An - chor'd yet with - in the bay, You can
 chant in hap - py meas - ure, As they slow - ly pass a - long, Though they
 vis - it the af - flict - ed, O'er the err - ing you can weep, You can
 bat - tle - field is si - lent, You can go with care - ful tread, You can
 toil in an - y vine - yard, Do not fear to do or dare, If you



Your Mission

275



lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.
 may for- get the sing-er, They will not for- get the song, They will not for- get the song.
 be a true dis- ci- ple, Sit- ting at the Sav- iour's feet, Sit- ting at the Sav- iour's feet.
 bear a- way the wound- ed, You can cov- er up the dead, You can cov- er up the dead.
 want a field of la- bor, You can find it an- y- where, You can find it an- y- where.



God Speed the Right

W. E. HICKSON
Maestoso

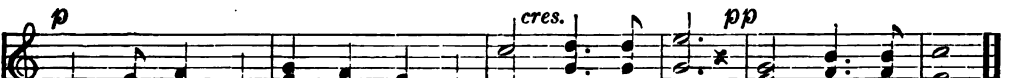
German Air



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,
 tho' 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 suc- ceed- ing, God speed the right, God speed the right.



Love's Old, Sweet Song

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

J. L. MOLLOY

1. Once in the drear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mist be-gan to fall,
2. E-ven to-day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er more;

Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng Low in our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
 Foot-steps may fal-ter, wea-ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day;

And in the dusk where fall the firelight gleam, Softly it wove itself in - to our dream.
 So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Low will be found the sweetest song of all.

a tempo

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the sick-ning sha-dows

p cantando

sempre Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

soft - ly come and go, Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long,

Still to us at twi - light comes Love's old song, comes Love's old, sweet song.

f
mf
rit.
Ped.

Jack and Gill

H. L. HANDY

1. Jack and Gill went up the hill, To draw a pail of wa - ter,
2. Lit - tle Jane ran up the lane, To hang her clothes a - dry - ing,
3. Nim - ble Dick ran up so quick, He tum - bled o'er a tim - ber,
4. Care - ful Mat took up the cat, And flung her in the wa - ter,
5. Whined one young pike, "I do not like A cat here in the riv - er,"
6. Here came a trout, and founced a - bout, And made his gills to rat - tle,
7. 'Twas pike and trout, now in, now out, Till when they both went un - dor,
8. And all this ill, when Jack and Gill Went for that pail of wa - ter,

Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Gill came tum - bling af - ter.
 She called for Nell to ring the bell, For Jack and Gill were dy - ing.
 He bent his bow to shoot a crow, And killed poor puss in the win - dow.
 The fish - es 'round came at the sound, To see what made the splat - ter.
 "Hush! hush! she's dead," an old pike said, And I will eat her liv - er."
 "Leave her for me a - lone," cried he; And then there came a bat - tle.
 An eel slipped in as sly as sin, And car - ried off the plun - der.
 And Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Gill came tum - bling af - ter.

I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree

W. GUERNSEY.

Andante moderato

1. I'll hang my harp on a wil - low tree, I'll off to the wars a -
2. She took me a - way from my war - like lord, And gave me a silk - en
3. Then I'll hide in my breast ev - 'ry self - ish care, I'll flush my pale cheek with
4. But one gold - en tress of her hair I'll twine, In my hel - met's aa - ble



gain, My peace - ful home has no charms for me, The bat - tle field no pain; The
 suit, I tho't no more of my mas - ter's sword, But play'd my mas - ter's lute; She
 wine; When smiles a - wake the bri - dal pair, I'll has - ten to give them mine. I'll
 plume, And then on the field of Pal - es - tine I'll seek an ear - ly doom; And



la - dy I love will soon be ' a bride, With a di - a - dem on her brow. Oh!
 seem'd to think me a boy a - bove Her pa - ges of low ae - gree, Oh!
 laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed, And I'll walk in the fes - tive train, And
 if by the Sar - a - cen's hand I fall, 'Mid the no - ble and the brave, A

1 2

why did she flat-ter my boy-ish pride, She's go-ing to leave me now, Oh! now.
 had I but lov'd with a boy-ish love, It would have been better for me, Oh! me.
 if I sur-vive it I'll mount my steed, And off to the wars a-gain, And gain.
 tear from my La - dy love is all I ask for the war-rior's grave, A grave.

1 2

Rest for the Weary

S. Y. HARMER.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN

1. In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There re-mains a land of rest, There my
 2. He is fit-ting up my man-sion, Which e-ter-nal-ly shall stand, For my
 3. Pain nor sick-ness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in
 4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be with-drawn; Shout for
 5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo-ry, Shout your tri-umph as you go; Zi-on's

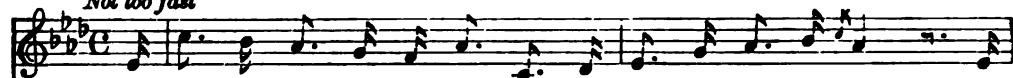
CHORUS

Saviour's gone be-fore me, To ful-fil my soul's re-quest. There is rest for the
 stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho-ly, hap-py land. On the oth-er side of
 that ce-les-tial cen-tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
 gladness, O, ye ransomed, Hail with joy the ris-ing morn.
 gate will o-pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.

wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you.
 Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

Twenty Years Ago

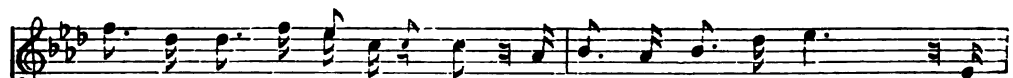
WILLIAM WILLING

Not too fast

- | | |
|---|------|
| 1. I've wan-der'd to the vil-lage, Tom, I've sat be-neath the tree, | Up- |
| 2. The grass is just as green, dear Tom, bare-foot-ed boys at play | Were |
| 3. The riv-er's run-ning just as still; the wil-lows on its side | Are |
| 4. The spring that bub-bled 'neath the hill, close by the spread-ing beech, | Is |
| 5. Near by the spring, up-on an elm, you know I cut your name, | Your |
| 6. My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears came in my eyes; | I |
| 7. Some now are in the church-yard laid, some sleep be-neath the sea, | But |



on the school-house play-ing ground, which shel-ter'd you and me.	But
sport-ing just as we did then, with spir-its just as gay;	But the
larg-er than they were, dear Tom, the stream ap-pears less wide.	The
ve-ry low, 'twas once so high that we could al-most reach;	And
sweet-heart's just be-neath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;	Some
thought of her I loved so well, those ear-ly bro-ken ties;	I
few are left o: our old class, ex-cept-ing you and me;	And



none were there to greet me, Tom; and few were left to know,	That
Mas-ter sleeps up-on the hill which coat-ed o'er with snow,	Af-
grape-vine swing is ru-ined, now where once we played the bean,	And
knee-l-ing down to get a drink, dear Tom, I start-ed so	To
heart-less wretch had peeled the bark, 'twas dy-ing sure but slow,	Just
vis-it-ed the old church-yard, and took some flow'rs to strew	Up-
when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go,	I



play'd with us up - on the grass, some twen - ty years a - go.
 ford - ed us a slid - ing place just twen - ty years a - go.
 swung our sweet - hearts, "pret - ty girls," just twen - ty years a - go.
 see how much that I was changed since twen - ty years a - go.
 as that one, whose name was cut, died twen - ty years a - go.
 on the graves of those we loved some twen - ty years a - go.
 hope they'll lay us where we played just twen - ty years a - go.

O Weary Feet

CLARA L. HAYES

ALFRED BEIRLY

1. O wea - ry feet, the way seems drear and long; O tir - ed
 2. In self - ish toil you can - not find the way; To seek re -
 3. Be strong in hope, nor doubt your Fa - ther's care; Bright is God's

eyes, you peer in - to the night; Soul, sing a - gain hope's
 ward will nev - er bring you gain; O trust God's love, your
 world, the clouds are all your own; Sun - shine, and joy, and

long - for - got - ten song; Look up, dear heart, be - hold the per - fect Light.
 ef - fort He'll re - pay, Ho giv - eth smiles for tears, and joy for pain.
 glo - ry ev - 'ry - where, Make earth a heav'n where dark - ness is un - known.

I Cannot Sing the Old Songs

CLARIBEL

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 sor - rows 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.

Shall We Meet

H. L. HASTINGS

ELISHA S. RICE

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll,
2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine,
4. Shall we meet there ma - ny loved ones, That were torn from our em - brace?
5. Shall we meet with Christ, our Sav - iour, When He comes to claim His own?

FINE

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the bright, ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?
 Shall we lis - ten to their voi - ces, And be - hold them face to face?
 Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

D. S. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

CHORUS

D. S.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

When Shall We Three Meet Again

1. When shall we three meet again? When shall we three meet a-gain? Oft shall glowing hope ex-pire,
 2. Tho' in dis-tant lands we sigh, Parch'd beneath the burning sky; Tho' the deep beneath us rolls,
 3. When around the youthful pine Moss shall creep, and ivy twine; When these burnish'd locks are gray,
 4. When the dreams of life are fled, When its wast-ed lamp is dead; When in cold ob - livion's shade

Oft shall wearied love re-tire, Oft shall death and sor-row reign, Ere we three shall meet a-gain.
 Friendship shall unite our souls; Still in Fan-cy's rich domain Oft shall we three meet a-gain.
 Thinned by ma-n-y a toil-spent day, May this long-lov'd bow'r remain, Here may we three meet again.
 Beau-ty, wealth, and pow'r are laid, Where immortal spirits reign, There shall we three meet again.

When This Cruel War is Over

CHAS. C. SAWYER

HENRY TUCKER

Moderato e cantabile

1. Dear - est one, do you re - mem - ber When we last did meet?
 2. When the sum-mer breeze is sigh - ing Mourn - ful - ly a - long;
 3. If a - mid the din of bat - tle, No - bly you should fall;
 4. But our coun-try called you, loved one, An - gels guide your way;

When you told me how you loved me, Kneel-ing at my feet?
 Or when autumn leaves are fall - ing, Sad - ly breathes the song.
 Far a - way from those who love you, None to hear you call:
 While our "Southern boys" are fight - ing, We can on - ly pray.

When This Cruel War is Over

285

Oh! how proud you stood be - fore me, In your suit of gray; . . .
 Oft in dreams I see you ly - ing On the bat - tle plain; . . .
 Who would whis - per words of com - fort? Who would soothe your pain? . . .
 When you strike for God and Free - dom, Let all na - tions see . . .

When you vowed from me and coun - try Ne'er to go a - stray!
 Lone - ly, wound - ed, ev - en dy - ing, Call - ing, but in vain.
 Such are ma - ny cru - el fan - cies Ev - er in my brain!
 How you love our South - ern ban - ner, Em - blem of the free.

CHORUS

Weep - ing, sad and lone - ly, Sighs and tears, how vain;

When this cru - el war is o - ver, Pray - ing then to meet a - gain!

Paddle Your Own Canoe

H. CLIFTON

M. HOBSON

1. I've trav-ell'd a - bout a bit in my time And of
 2. I have no wife to both - er my life, No
 3. It's all ve - ry well to de - pend on a friend, - That
 4. If a hur - ri - cane rise in the mid - day skies, And the

trou - bles I've seen a few, But found it bet - ter in
 lov - er to prove un - true, But the whole day long with a
 is, if you've prov'ed him true, - But you'll find it bet - ter by
 sun is lost to view, Move stead - i - ly by with a

ev - 'ry clime To pad - dle my own ca - noe. My wants are small, I
 laugh and a song, I pad - dle my own ca - noe. I rise with the lark, and from
 far, in the end, To pad - dle your own ca - noe. "To bor - row is dear - er by
 stead - fast eye, And pad - dle your own ca - noe. The dai - sies that grow in the

Paddle Your Own Canoe

care not at all If my debts are paid when due. . . . I
 day-light till dark I do what I have to do. . . . I'm
 far than to buy,—" A max-im, tho' old, still true; . . . You
 bright green fields, Are bloom-ing so sweet for you. . . . So

drive a - way strife, in the o - cean of life While I pad-dle my own ca - noe.
 care-less of wealth, if I've on - ly the health To pad-dle my own ca - noe.
 nev - er will sigh, if you on - ly will try To pad-dle your own ca - noe.
 nev - er sit down, with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca - noe.

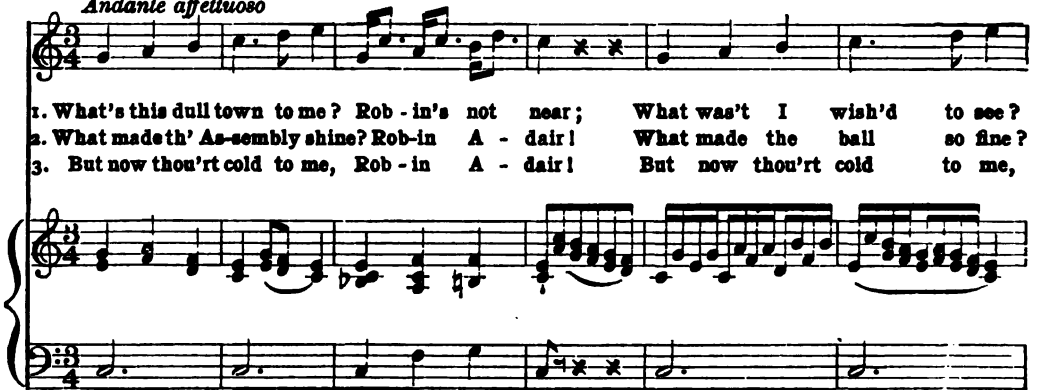
rit.

CHORUS

Then love your neigh-bor as your-self, As the world you go trav - el - ing through, And

nev - er sit down, with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca - noe. . . .

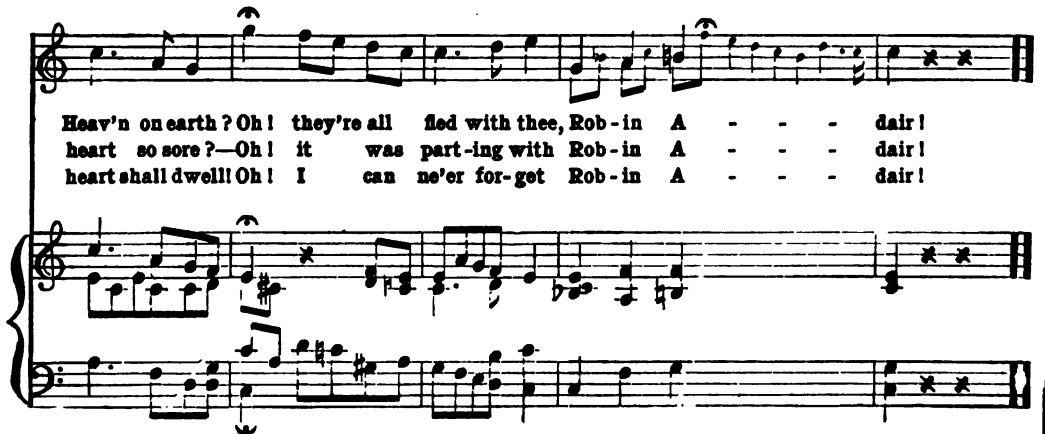
Robin Adair

Andante affettuoso


1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; What was't I wish'd to see?
 2. What made th' As-sembly 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,

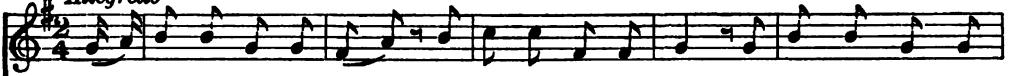


What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town a
 Rob - in was there! What, when the play was o'er, What made my
 Rob - in A - dair! Yet, him I lov'd so well Still in my



Heav'n 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!

Miss Lucy Long

Allegretto

1. I jist come out a - fore you, To sing a lit - tle song, I plays it on de
 2. I ask her for to mar - ry, She hadn't much to say, But said she'd rath - er
 3. My mam - ma's got de tis - ic, My dad - dy's got de gout, Good morn - ing, Mis - ter
 4. If I had a scold - ing wife, As sure as she was born, I'd take her down to



CHORUS



ban - jo, And dey calls it Lu - cy Long. Oh, take your time, Miss Lu - cy, Take your
 tar - ry, So I let her have her way.
 Phis - ick, Does your mother know you're out?
 New-Orleans And trade her off for corn.



time, Miss Lu - cy Long, Oh, take your time, Miss Lu - cy, Take your time, Miss Lu - cy Long.



Stonewall's Requiem

M. DEEVES

1. The muf - fled drum is beat - ing, There's a sad and sol - emn tread, Our
2. They've borne him to an hon - or'd grave, The lau - rel crowns his brow, By

Ban - ner's draped in mourn - ing, As it shrouds "th'illustrious dead." Proud forms are bent with
hal - low'd James's si - lent wave He's sweet - ly sleep - ing now; Vir - gin - ia to the

sor - row, And all South - ern hearts are sore, The He - ro now is sleep - ing, No - ble
South is dear, She holds a sa - cred trust, Our fall - en braves from far and near Are

very slow

Stone - wall is no more. 'Mid the rat - tling of the mus - kets And the
cov - ered with her dust; She . . shrines the spot where now is laid The

a tempo

Stonewall's Requiem

can - non's thun - drous roar, He stained the field of glo - ry With his
brav - est of them all, The mar - tyr of our coun - try's cause, Our

ritard.

brave life's pre - cious gore, And though our flag waved proud - ly, We were
i - dol - ized Stone-wall; But though his spir - it's waft - ed To the

ritard.

vic - tors ere sun - set, The gal - lant deeds of Chance - lers - ville Will min - gle with re - gret.
hap - py realms a - bove, His name shall live for - ev - er link'd With rev - er - ence and love.

The Lord's Prayer

1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give us this | day our | dally | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a - | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, *but* de - | liver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for - | ever. A - | men.

The First Nowell

Ancient Song

Moderato

1. The first Now-ell the an - gels did say, Was to cer - tain poor
 2. They looked a - bove, and there saw a star, As it shone in the
 3. And by the light of that same bright star There were three wise men
 4. The star drew nigh un - to the north-west; O - ver Beth - le - hem
 5. Then en - tered in those wise men all three Ver - y rev - er - ent -
 6. Then let us all with one . . . ac - cord Sing prais - es un -

shep - herds in fields as they lay - In fields where they lay keep - ing their
 east but be - yond them a - far; And to the earth it gave forth great
 came from the east coun - try far; To seek the King it was their in -
 paus - ed, and there it did rest; And there did shine most bright, and did
 ly up - on bend - ed knee, And of - fered there in His pres -
 to . . . our heav - en - ly Lord, That made the heav - ens and earth of

sheep, On a cold win - ter's night, that was so deep.
 light, And con - tin - u - ed so both day and night.
 tent, And to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went.
 stay O - ver where the young Child and His moth - er lay.
 ence Gifts of gold and of myrrh and of frank - in - cense.
 naught, And with His blood man - kind hath bought.

CHORUS *f*

Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

'Tis Midnight Hour

Moderato scherzando semplice

1. 'Tis midnight hour, the moon shines bright, The dew-drops blaze be-neath her ray, The
2. 'Tis midnight hour, from flow'r to flow'r The way-ward ze - phyr floats a - long, Or

twink-ling stars their trembling light Like beau-ty's eyes dis-play; Then
lin-gers in the shad-ed bow'r To hear the night-bird's song; Then

sleep no more, tho' round thy heart Some ten - der dream may i - dly play, For

mid - night song with mag - ic art Shall chase that dream a - way.

The Lost Chord

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Andante moderato

The piano introduction begins in G major with a 3/4 time signature. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and a final chord marked *dim.*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with a *p* dynamic and includes a *Ped.* instruction with an asterisk.

Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was wea-ry and ill at

The vocal line is accompanied by piano chords. Dynamics include *p* and *f*. Pedal instructions with asterisks are present below the piano part.

ease, And my fin-gers wander'd i-dly O-ver the noi-sy keys; I know not what I was

The vocal line continues with piano accompaniment. A *Ped.* instruction with an asterisk is shown below the piano part.

play-ing, Or what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the

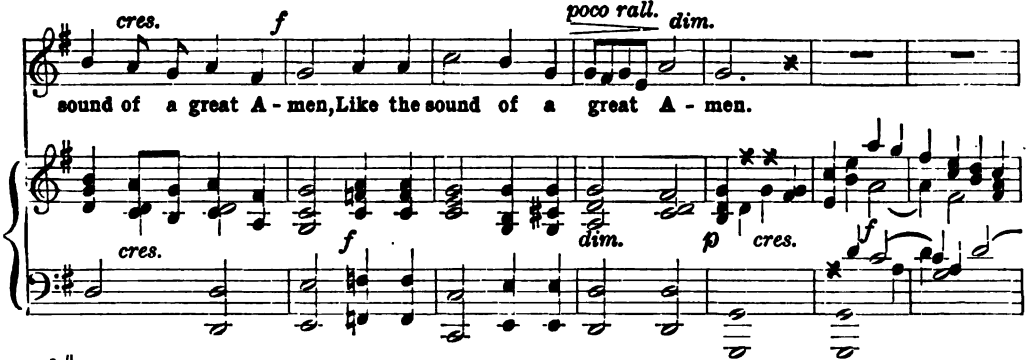
The vocal line concludes with piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *cres.*, *dim.*, and *p*. Pedal instructions with asterisks are present below the piano part.

The Lost Chord

cres. *f* *poco rall.* *dim.*

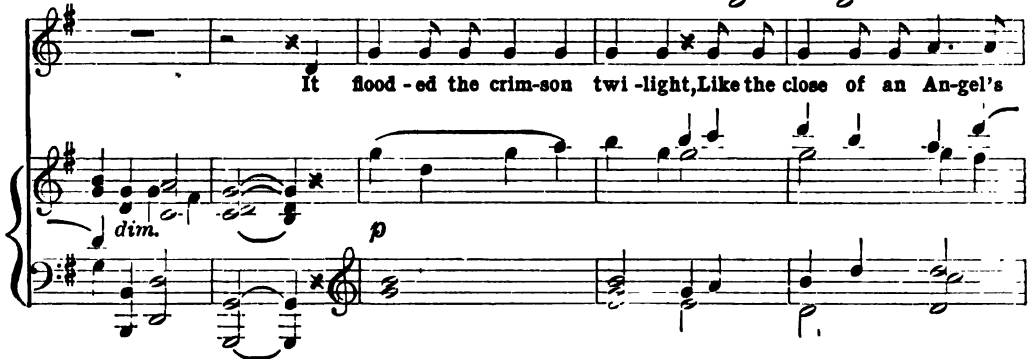
sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great A - men.

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



It flood - ed the crim - son twi - light, Like the close of an An - gel's

dim. *p*

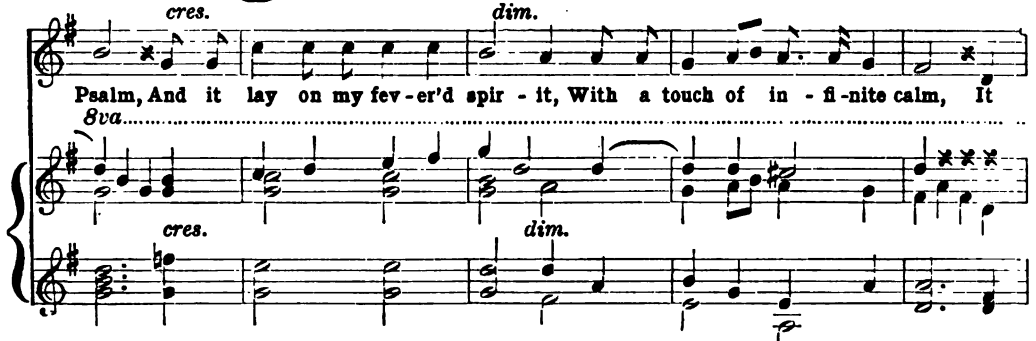


cres. *dim.*

Psalm, And it lay on my fev - er'd spir - it, With a touch of in - fi - nite calm, It

Sva

cres. *dim.*



cres. *dim.*

qui - et - ed pain and sor - row, Like love o - ver - com - ing strife, It seem'd the har - mo - nious

Sva

cres. *dim.* *p*



The Lost Chord

tranquillo sempre

ech - o From our dis-cord - ant life, It link'd all per-plex - ed mean-ings In - to

p tranquillo

poco a poco piu animato

one per - fect peace, And trembled a-way in - to si - lence, As if it were loth to

cres. animato

Ped. * # #

f agitato

cease; I have sought but I seek - it vain - ly, That one lost chord di -

f agitato

Ped. *

vine, Which came from the soul of the Or - gan, And on - ter'd in - to

Ped. *

The Lost Chord
f *grandioso*

mine. It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord a-

cres. molto *ritard.* *f* *ff*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

gain; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that great A - men. It

sempre. ff

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

may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that o - - ly in

sf *sf* *fff ritard.*

Heav'n, I shall hear that grand A - men.

con gr in forza *colla voce con gran forza* *a tempo* *rall.*

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

Go 'way, Old Man!

Song of Louisiana Negroes

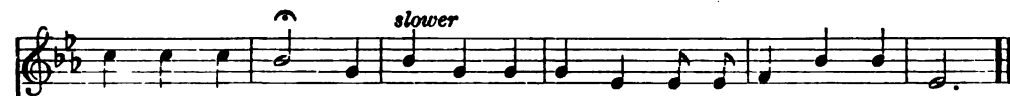
Arranged by A. M. KERR



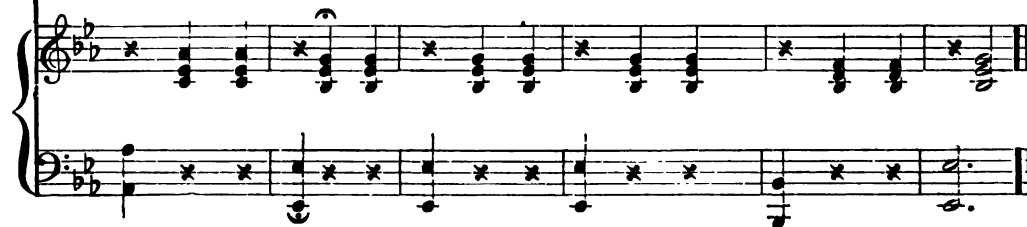
1. Oh I'll build me a lit-tle hut, In the moun-tains so high For to
2. Oh! her eyes spar-kle like de di-a-mond, Like de bright morn-in' star, Oh! her
3. Oh! she do look so sweet, Like de rose on de vine, Long
4. Now s'posin I should go to New Or-leans An' take sick an die, Like de
5. Then come back to your true love When de pun'kins am in bloom, When de



gaze on my true love, As she do pass by! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
 cheeks am so lub-ly Her face am so fa'r! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
 lib dat lub'-ly la-dy Dat dwells in my min'! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
 flies in - to de coun-try, My spir-it would fly! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
 hummin' birds am a sing-in' In de sweet month of June! Go 'way, old man, . . . and



leave me a-lone, For I am a stran-ger, and a long way from home!



Lilly Dale

H. S. THOMPSON

Andante

1. 'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light Shone soft o'er hill and
2. Her cheeks that once glowed with the rose tint of health, By the hand of disease had turned
3. "I go, she said, to the land of rest," And ere my strength shall
4. 'Neath the chest - nut tree, where the wild flow'rs grow, And the stream rip-ples forth thro' the



vale; When friends mute with grief stood around the death-bed Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale.
 pale, And the death damp was on the pure white brow Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale.
 fail, I must tell you where, near my own loved home, You must lay poor Lilly Dale.
 vale, Where the birds shall war - ble their songs in spring, There lay poor Lil - ly Dale.



Oh! Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her



lit - tle green grave, 'Neath the trees in the flow - 'ry vale.



In the Gloaming

META ORRED
Andante

ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON

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

rall.

And the qui-et shad-ows fall-ing, soft-ly come and soft-ly go,—
Tho' I passed a-way in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free,

Agitato

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

con anima

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 (Omit.)

2 *rall.* *cres.*

me,— It was best to leave you thus, . . . Best for you and best for me. . .

Annie Laurie

Lady JOHN SCOTT

Tenderly

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her face it
3. Like dew onth'gow-an ly-ing Isth' fa'o'her fair-y feet, And like winds in

cres.

An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true. Gave me her prom-ise true, Which is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone on, And sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet. Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

p

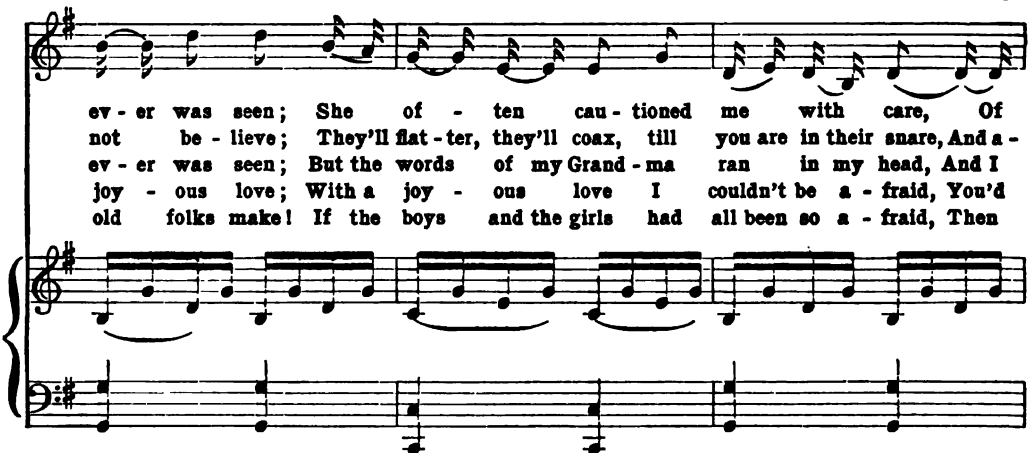
ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and dee. dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and dee. a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and dee.

My Grandma's Advice

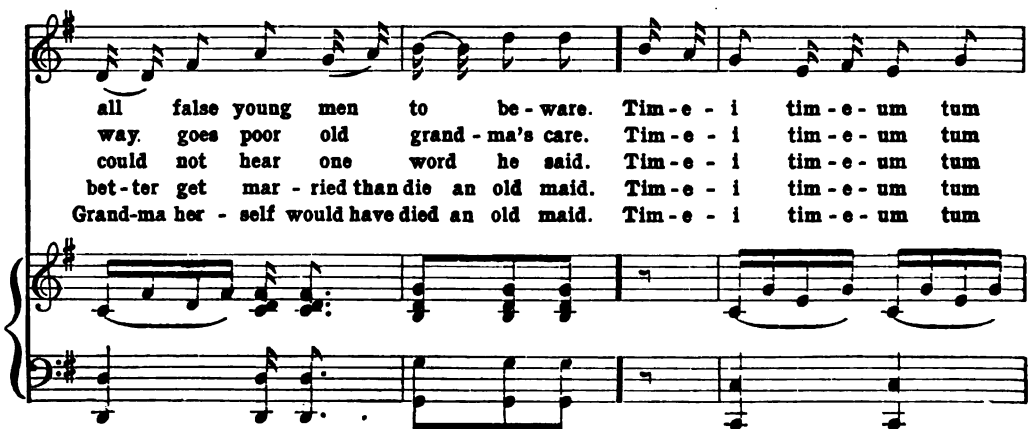
Anonymous



1. My Grand - ma lives on yon - der lit - tle green, Fine old la - dy as
 2. These false young men they flat - ter and de - ceive, So, my love, you must
 3. The first came a court - ing was lit - tle Johny Green, Fine young man as
 4. The next came a court - ing was young El - lis Grove, 'Twas then we met with a
 5. Thinks I to my - self, there's some mis - take: What a fuss these



ev - er was seen; She of - ten cau - tioned me with care, Of
 not be - lieve; They'll flat - ter, they'll coax, till you are in their snare, And a -
 ev - er was seen; But the words of my Grand - ma ran in my head, And I
 joy - ous love; With a joy - ous love I couldn't be a - fraid, You'd
 old folks make! If the boys and the girls had all been so a - fraid, Then



all false young men to be - ware. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
 way. goes poor old grand - ma's care. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
 could not hear one word he said. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
 bet - ter get mar - ried than die an old maid. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
 Grand - ma her - self would have died an old maid. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum

My Grandma's Advice

303

tim-e-um pa ta, . . . Of all false young men to be-ware.
 tim-e-um pa ta, . . . And a-way goes poor old Grand-ma's care.
 tim-e-um pa ta, . . . And I could not hear one word he said.
 tim-e-um pa ta, . . . You'd bet-ter get mar-ried than die an old maid.
 tim-e-um pa ta, . . . Then Grandma her-self would have died an old maid.

O Come, Come Away

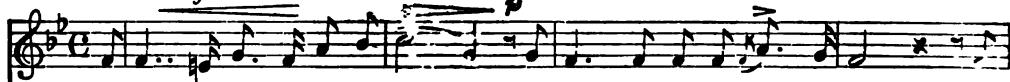
1. Oh come, come a-way, from la-bor now re-pos-ing, Let bu-sy care a-
 2. From toil, and the cares, with which the day is clos-ing, The hour of eve brings
 3. While sweet Phil-o-mel the wea-ry trav-'ler cheer-ing, With eve-ning songs her
 4. The bright day is gone, the moon and stars ap-pear-ing, With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

while for-bear, Oh, come, come a-way. Come, come our so-cial joys re-new,
 sweet re-prieve, Oh, come, come a-way. Oh, come, where love will smile on thee,
 note pro-longs, Oh, come, come a-way. In an-sw'ring songs of sym-pa-thy,
 lume the night, Oh, come, come a-way. We'll join in grate-ful songs of praise,

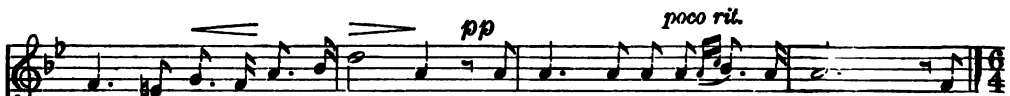
And there, where love and friendship grew, Let true hearts welcome you, Oh, come, come a-way.
 And round its hearth will gladness be, And time fly mer-ri-ly, Oh, come, come a-way.
 We'll sing in tune-ful har-mo-ny, Of hope, joy, lib-er-ty, Oh, come, come a-way.
 To Him who crowns our peace-ful days, With health, hope, happiness, Oh, come, come a-way.

Embarrassment

F. ARR

Andantino grazioso

1. I fain a winning tale would tell thee, And know my-self scarce what it is: And
 2. I fain would sing in plain-tive mea-sure A lay that to thy heart should go, But
 3. I fain would write a lov-ing let - ter That might to me thy heart in-cline, But
Con leggerezza



if the question thou shouldst ask me, My an - swer should be on-ly this: 'Tis
 when I seek the tuneful trea - sure, A voice 'within me an-swers so: 'Tis
 here a - gain I fare no bet - ter For all my tho'ts in this com-bine: I

*molto espressivo**molto cres. e appassionato*

thee I love with all my heart, 'Tis thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . . I
 thee I love with all my heart, 'Tis thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . . I
 love but thee with all my heart, But thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . . I

love but thee with all my heart, But thee a-lone, yes, thee!

The Son of God Goes Forth to War

Bishop HEBER

H. S. CUTLER

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Mas-ter
3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came, Twelve valiant saints, their
4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid, A-round the Saviour's

streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe,
in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like Him, with par-don on his tongue
hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame: They met the ty-rant's brandished steel,
throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed: They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n

Tri-umphant o-ver pain, Who patient bears his cross below, He fol-lows in His train.
In midst of mor-tal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?
The li-on's go-ry mane; They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who follows in their train?
Thro' per-il, toil, and pain: O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train. A-men.

In Old Madrid

CLIFTON BINGHAM

H. TROTTER

Tempo di Bolero

1. Long years a -
2. Far, far a -

go, in old Ma-drid, Where soft-ly sighs of love the light gui-tar, Two sparkling
way from old Ma-drid, Her lov-er fell, long years a - go, for Spain;—A con-vent

eyes a lat-tice hid, Two eyes as dark-ly bright as love's own star! There
veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain! But

on the casement ledge, when day was o'er, A ti-ny hand was light-ly laid; A
still, between the dusk and night, 'tis said, Her white hand opens the lat-tice wide, The

In Old Madrid

rall.

face looked out, as from the riv - er shore There stole a ten - der ser - e -
faint sweet ech - o of that ser - e - nade Floats wierd - ly o'er the mist - y

a tempo

nade! . . . Rang the lov - er's hap - py song, Light and low from
tide! . . . Still she lists her lov - er's song, Still he sings up -

a tempo

shore to shore, But ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long Be -
on the shore, Though flows a stream than all more strong Be -

f

tween them ev - er - more.

rall.

con teneressa

"Come, my love, the stars are shin - ing, Time is fly - ing, Love is sigh - ing ;

a tempo

Come, for thee a heart is pin - ing, Here a - lone I wait for thee!

I *D.C.V*

thee, a - lone I wait, . . I wait for thee, my love, . . I wait for

a tempo

thee; O come, my love, . . I wait for thee, I wait for

rall.
colla voce

In Old Madrid

dim.

thee, my love, for thee!

p dim. e rall. 8.....

Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON
pp Larghetto

JOSEPH BARNEY

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; O - ver the ver the
Fa - - - - - ther will

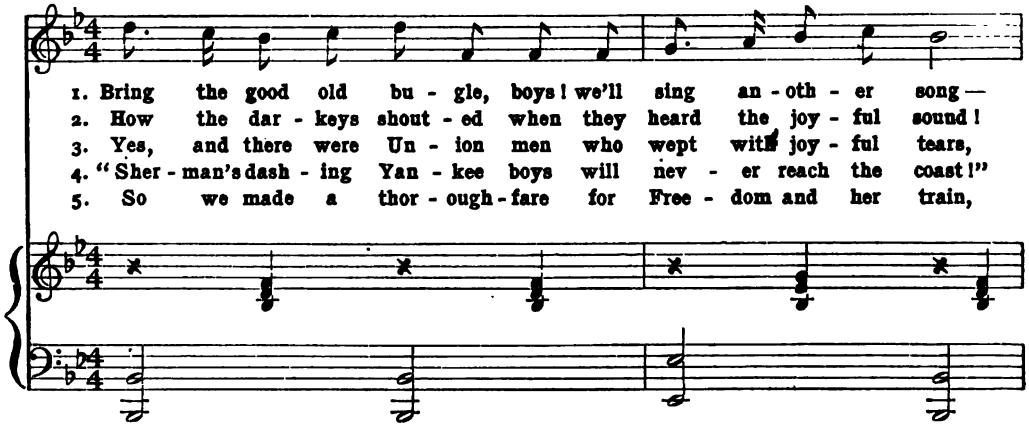
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
wa - ters go, Come from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

pp *rall. e dim.* *pp*

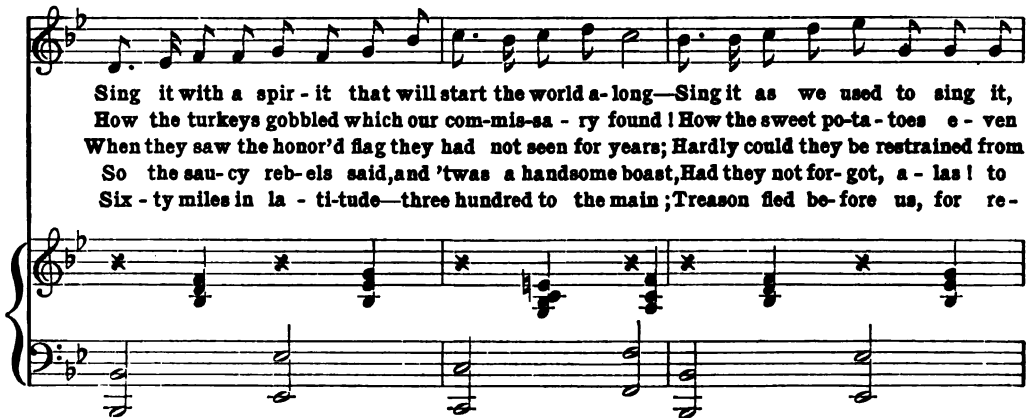
me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep.

Marching Through Georgia

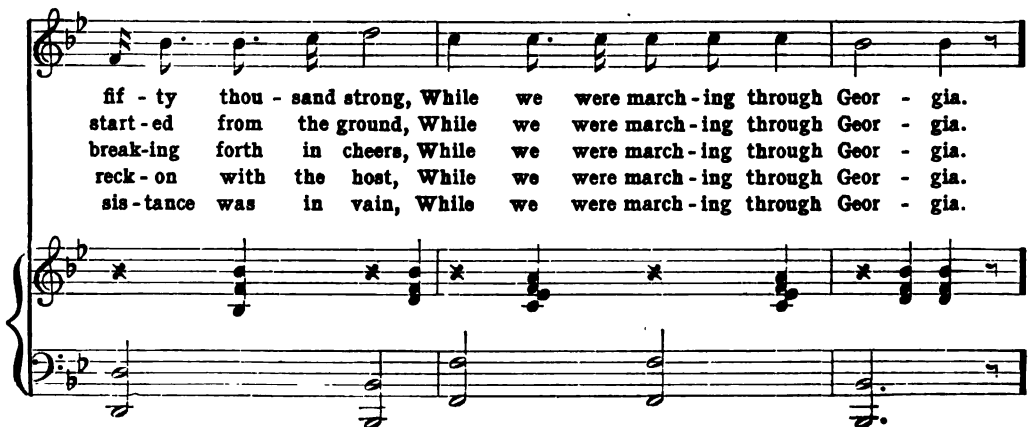
HENRY C. WORK



1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song -
 2. How the dar - keys shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound!
 3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears,
 4. "Sher - man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!"
 5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train,



Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long - Sing it as we used to sing it,
 How the turkeys gobbled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years; Hardly could they be restrained from
 So the sau - cy reb - els said, and 'twas a handsome boast, Had they not for - got, a - las! to
 Six - ty miles in la - ti - tude - three hundred to the main; Treason fled be - fore us, for re -



fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
 break - ing forth in cheers, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
 reck - on with the host, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
 sis - tance was in vain, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.

CHORUS

"Hur-rah! Hur-rah! we bring the Ju-bi-lee! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! the flag that makes you free!"

So we sang the cho-rus from At-lan-ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Stars of the Summer Night

MALE VOICES

I. B. WOODBURY

p dolce

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 steep, Sink, sink in
3. Wind of the sum-mer night, Where yon - der wood - bine creeps, Fold, fold thy
4. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch, while in

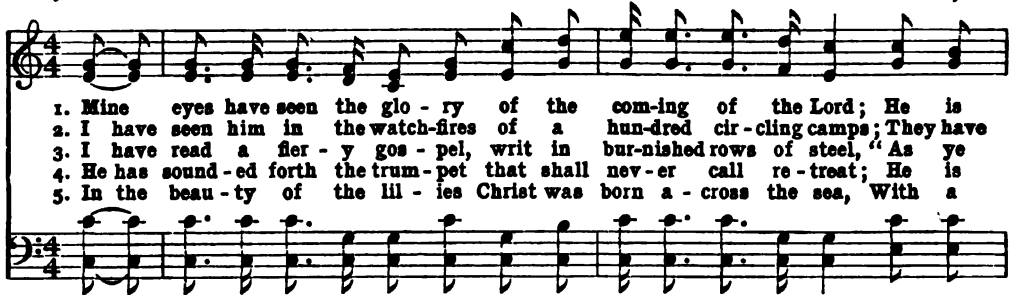
p *rall. pp*

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.
pin - ions light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps,	She	sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
slumbers light She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps,	She	sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

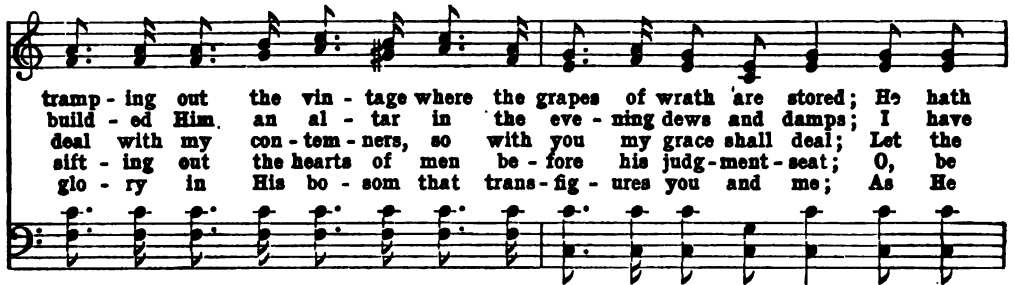
Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

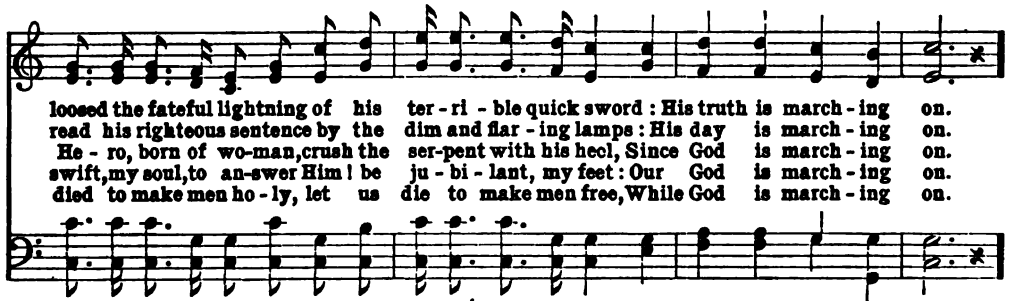
Old Plantation Melody



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 fier - y gos - pel, writ in bur - nished rows of steel, "As ye
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

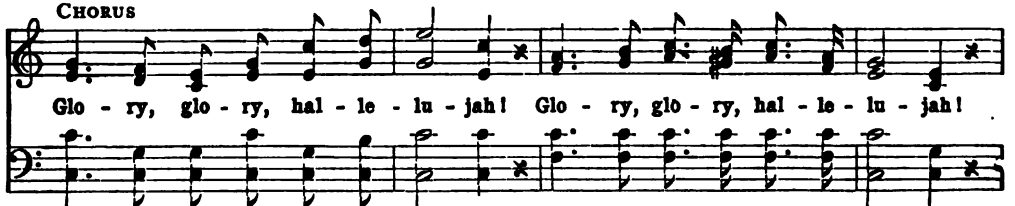


tramp - ing out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I have
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment - seat; O, be
 glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



loosed the fateful lightning of his ter - ri - ble quick sword: His truth is march - ing on.
 read his righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march - ing on.
 He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on.
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet: Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS



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.

John Brown's Body

- 1 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
 His soul is marching on!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 His soul is marching on!
- 2 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 On the grave of old John Brown! Cho. — Glory, etc.
- 3 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
 His soul is marching on. Cho. — Glory, etc.
- 4 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
 His soul is marching on. Cho. — Glory, etc.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY (Another Version)

- 1 Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in the grave,
 Old John Brown lies slumbering in his grave —
 But John Brown's soul is marching with the brave,
 His soul is marching on.
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 His soul is marching on.
- 2 He has gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
 He is sworn as a private in the ranks of the Lord —
 He shall stand at Armageddon with his brave old sword,
 When Heaven is marching on.
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
 For Heaven is marching on.
- 3 He shall file in front where the lines of battle form —
 He shall face to front when the squares of battle form —
 Time with the column, and charge with the storm,
 Where men are marching on.
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
 True men are marching on.
- 4 Ah, foul tyrants! do ye hear him where he comes?
 Ah, black traitors! do ye know him as he comes?
 In thunder of the cannon and roll of the drums,
 As we go marching on.
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
 We all go marching on.
- 5 Men may die, and moulder in the dust —
 Men may die, and arise again from dust,
 Shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of the Just,
 When Heaven is marching on.
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
 The Lord is marching on.

H. H. BROWNELL

The Old Sexton

PARK BENJAMIN

HENRY RUSSELL

1. Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made, Lean'd a sex - ton old, on his
 2. "I gath - er them in; for, man and boy, Year af - ter year of
 3. "Ma - ny are with me, but still I'm a - lone; I'm king of the dead—and I
 4. "I gath - er them in and their fi - nal rest is here, down here, in the

staccato *colla voce*

earth - worn spade; His work was done, and he paused to wait The
 grief and joy, I've build - ed the hous - es that lie a - round, In
 make my throne On a mon - u - ment slab of mar - ble cold, And my
 earth's dark breast!" And the Sex - ton ceased—for the fu - n'ral train Wound

fu - n'ral train thro' the o - pen gate: A rel - ic of by - gone
 ev - 'ry nook of this bu - rial ground. Moth - er and daugh - ter,
 scap - tre of rule is the spade I hold; Come they from cot - tage or
 mute - ly o'er that sol - emn plain; And I said to my heart—when

days was he, And his locks were white as the foam - y sea; And
 fa - ther and son, Come to my sol-i - tude, one by one,— But
 come they from hall, Man - kind are my sub - jects— all, all, all! Let them
 time is told, A might - ier voice than that sex - ton's old Will

these words came from his lips so thin, "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
 come they stran-gers or come they kin,— I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
 lol - ter in pleas - ure, or toil - ful - ly spin— I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
 sound o'er the last trump's dread-ful din—"I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,

gath-er, gath-er, gath-er, I gath-er them in."

Sva

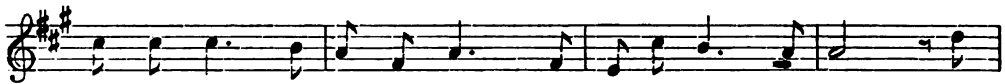
The Sword of Bunker Hill

W. R. WALLACE

B. COVERT

Allegretto

1. He lay up-on his dy-ing bed; His eye was grow-ing dim, When
 2. The sword was bro't, the sol-dier's eye Lit with a sud-den flame; And
 3. 'Twas on that dread, im-mor-tal day, I dared the Brit-on's band, A
 4. "Oh, keep the sword!"—his ac-cents broke— A smile— and he was dead! His



with a fee-ble voice he call'd His weep-ing son to him: "Weep
 as he grasp'd the an-cient blade, He murmured War-ren's name: Then
 cap-tain raised this blade on me— I tore it from his hand; And
 wrin-kled hand still grasped the blade Up-on that dy-ing bed. The



not, my boy!" the vet-'ran said, "I bow to Heav'n's high will,— But
 said, "My boy, I leave you gold,— But what is rich-er still, I
 while the glo-ri-ous bat-tle raged, It light-ened free-dom's will— For
 son re-mains; the sword re-mains— Its glo-ry grow-ing still— And



The Sword of Bunker Hill

317

quick - ly from you ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; But
 leave you, mark me, mark me now — The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; I
 boy, the God of free - dom blessed The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; For,
 twen - ty mil - lions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun - ker Hill; And

quick - ly from you ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."
 leave you, mark me, mark me now — The Sword of Bun - ker Hill.
 boy, the God of free - dom blessed The Sword of Bun - ker Hill.
 twen - ty mil - lions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun - ker Hill.

The Spring

ROUND

Dr. HAVES

¹
 The Spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush.

²
 Hark! hark! I hear them sing.

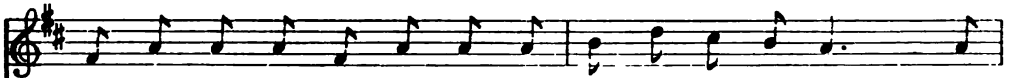
³
 The lin - net and the lit - tle wren, the black-bird and the thrush.

The Field of Monterey

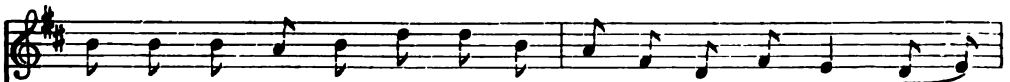
M. D. SULLIVAN



1. The sweet church bells are peal - ing out A cho - rus wild and free, And
 2. When spring was here with op - ning flow'rs And I the proud May queen, And
 3. The per - sim - mon is blush - ing now, The paw - paw's fruit is red, But
 4. The bu - gles swell their wild - est notes And loud the can - non roar, And



ev - 'ry thing re - joic - ing For the glo - rious vic - to - ry; But
 all the young and gay were met To dance up - on the green; The
 he, the loved and man - ly one, Lies low a - mong the dead. And
 mad - ly peal the sweet church bells For ho - ly rest no more; But



bit - ter tears are gush - ing For the gal - lant and the gay, Who
 no - blest and the man - li - est Was by my side that day, Who
 bit - ter tears are fall - ing For the gal - lant and the gay Who
 lone - ly hearts are bleed - ing Up - on this glo - ri - ous day, For the



The Field of Monterey

319

now in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey; On the
 now in death is sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey; On the
 now in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey; On the
 loved in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey; On the

field of Mon - te - rey, Who now in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey.
 field of Mon - te - rey, Who now in death is sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey.
 field of Mon - te - rey, Who now in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey.
 field of Mon - te - rey, For the lov'd in death are sleep - ing On the field of Mon - te - rey.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

Our Native Song

METHFESSEL

1. O sing with voi - ces clear and strong, The song of songs up - rais - ing; Our
 2. Thou old - en, bard - ic fa - ther - land, Thou land of truth and beau - ty, Thou
 3. With thee for aye we cast our lot; To home and vir - tue tru - ly We

own, our fa - thers' na - tive song, Set wood - land ech - oes prais - ing.
 dear, thou well - be - lov - ed land, Thy praise is jey and du - ty.
 ded - i - cate our hand, and heart, And soul, and spir - it new - ly.

The musical score is in G major and 4/4 time. It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are arranged in three numbered lines, with the piano accompaniment continuing throughout.

Gaudeamus Igitur

Andante
mf



1. Let us now in youth re-joice, None can just-ly blame us;
2. Where have all our fa-thers gone? Here we'll see them nev-er:
3. Raise we, then, the joy-ous shout: Life to Al-ma Ma-ter!

For, when gold-en youth has fled, And in age our joys are dead,
Seek the gods' se-rene a-bode Cross the dol-'rous Sty-gian flood;
Life to each Pro-fes-sor here, Life to all our com-rades dear,

cres. *f*

Then the dust doth claim us, Then the dust doth claim us.
There they dwell for-ev-er, There they dwell for-ev-er.
May they leave us nev-er, May they leave us nev-er.

Gaudeamus Igitur

Gaudeamus igitur,
Jvenes dum sumus;
Gaudeamus igitur,
Jvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus,
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?

Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre,
Quos si vis videre.

Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore,
Semper sint in flore.

The Dutch Company

MALE VOICES

1. Oh! when you hear the roll of the big bass drum, Then you may know that the
 2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch, then comes the

Deitch have come; For the Deitch com-pany is the best com-pany That
 la-ger beer; For the Deitch com-pany is the best com-pany That

ev-er came o-ver from Old Ger-ma-ny. Ho-ra ho-ra

ho-ra la la la la, Ho-ra, Ho-ra, ho-ra la la la la,

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, He is my oys-ter raw.

Love's Young Dream

THOMAS MOORE

Moderato con espressione

1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau - ty bright My heart's chain
 2. Tho' the bard to a pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's
 3. Oh! that hal - lowed form is ne'er for - got Which first love

wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still
 past; Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd be - fore, To smile at
 trac'd; Still it lin - g'ring haunts the green - est spot On mem - 'ry's

love! New hope may bloom, And days may come, Of mild - er, calm - er
 last; He'll nev - er meet A joy so sweet In all his noon of
 waste! 'Twas o - dor fled As soon as shed, 'Twas morn - ing's wing - ed

Love's Young Dream

323

beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life, As love's young
fame, As when first he sung to wo - man's ear His soul - felt
dream, 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull

dream! Oh! there's noth - ing half so sweet in life, As love's young dream!
flame, And, at ev - 'ry close, she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name!
stream! Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.

Cradle Song

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Thy fa - ther guards the sheep, Thy moth - er shakes the
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The large stars are the sheep, The lit - tle ones the
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our Sav - iour loves His sheep, He is the Lamb of

dreamland-tree, And from it fall sweet dreams for thee; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
lambs, I guess, The gen - tle moon the shep - herd - ess; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
God on high, Who for our sakes came down to die; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

Jerusalem

NELLA

HENRY PARKER

Moderato

p

dolce

1. From out their peace-ful vil-lage A-long the sun-lit
 2. He rides as Is-rael's rul-ers Once rode in king-ly

p ma sempre marc.

cres.

way, The Prince of Peace leads on-ward A pil-grim band this day. Then
 state, The palm-leaves wave a-round Him, The peo-ple through the gate. Re-

dim.

lo! with shout tri-umph-ant They hear the hill-side ring, With shouts of crowds that
 joyce, O Gold-en Ci-ty! Let loud Ho-san-nas ring, While thro' thy streets He

mf

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

f

cres.

ten To greet their pro-phet King. Ho-san-na! Ho-
 eth, Thy Sav-iour and thy King. Ho-san-na! Ho-

f

f

Ped.

** Ped. **

*Ped. **

Jerusalem

ff rit. *Andante non troppo*

san-na, Ho-san - - na! Lord, now as we meet Thee,

molto rit.

ff *p*

Ped. * Ped. * con Ped.

Sing we Ho-san - na, Sav - iour, we greet Thee, Lord and

p *cres.*

poco rit. *f a tempo*

King... Lord, now as we meet Thee, Sing we Ho -

poco rit. *f a tempo*

cres. *ff*

san - na! Sav - iour, we greet Thee, Re - deem - er, Lord . . and

cres. *marcato.* *ff* *rit.*

Jerusalem

King! . . King! . . Ho - san - - - - -

na, Ho - san - - - na!

dim. *p trem.* *ff*

Farewell Song

From the German, by H. Zick

f *p*

1. A last good - bye! The part - ing hour draws near - er, So
 2. For - get us not! This word shall be the to - ken, Our
 3. Fare - well! fare - well! Thou can't no lon - ger lin - ger. Time

grows our friend - ship dear - er, Auf Wie - der - seh'n! Auf Wie - der - seh'n!
 faith shall not be bro - ken. For - get us not! For - get us not!
 bends the warn - ing fin - ger. Fare - well, fare - well, For - get us not!

cres. *ff* *ff*

Home Again

MARSHALL 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 laughed 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 dropped the
 friends I loved in youth Seem hap - pl - er to me; And if my guide should
 feel the child - hood 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 those
 be the fate Which bids me long - er roam, But death a - lone can break the tie
 homestead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome, For I can live a hap - py life

CHORUS

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

And oh, it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.

Belle Mahone

J. H. McNAUGHTON

With simplicity *cres.* *dim.*

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 withered 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

wan-der lone, Sweet Belle Ma-hone. . . O'er thy grave I weep good-bye,
 all in thee, Sweet Belle Ma-hone. . . Dai-sies pale are grow-ing o'er
 wan-der lone, Sweet Belle Ma-hone. . . Fa-ded now seems ev-'ry-thing,

cres. *tenuto* *mf* *dim.* *p*

Hear, O hear my lone-ly cry, O without thee what am I, Sweet Belle Ma-hone?
 All my heart can e'er a-dore, Shall I meet thee nev-er-more, Sweet Belle Ma-hone?
 But when comes e-ter-nal spring, With thee I'll be wan-der-ing, Sweet Belle Ma-hone?

cres. *mf* *dim.* *p* *pp*

Belle Mahone

329

CHORUS

cres.

p dolce

Sweet Belle Mahone! Sweet Belle Ma-hone! Wait for me at Heaven's gate, Sweet Belle Mahone!

Come, Ye Disconsolate

THOMAS MOORE

SAMUEL WEBBE

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
 2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel! Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
 throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
 ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure.
 come, ev-er know-ing, Earth has no sor-rows but heav'n can re-move.

Would I Were with Thee

Mrs. NORTON

CARLO BOSETTI

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 ma - gic
 limbs up - on the turf are thrown, While bright and red our eve - ning sun is
 laugh that sti - fies back a sigh, When thy young lip pours forth its sweet com -
 moon has lit the lone - ly sea, Or when in crowds some care - less note a -

power To follow where my heavy 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
 plaining, And tears have quench'd the light within thine eye, When all seems dark
 waking 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 !

Lutzwow's Wild Hunt

Allegro molto WEBER

1. From yon - der dark for - est what horsemen advance? What sounds from the rocks are rebound -
2. Why roars in yon val - ley the dead - ly fight—What glit - ter - ing swords are clash -
3. 'Tis our hunt! the proud tyrant and das - tard - ly slave, Be - fore our hunt - ers are fly -

ing? The sunbeams are gleaming on sword and on lance. And loud the shrill trumpet is
 ing? Our true - heart - ed rid - ers main - tain the right, And the torch of free - dom is
 ing, And weep not for us if our country we save, Al - tho' we have saved it by

Marcato

sound - ing, And loud the shrill trum - pet is sound - ing. And if you
 flash - ing, And the torch of free - dom is flash - ing. And if you
 dy - ing! Al - tho' we have saved it by dy - ing. From age to

Lutzow's Wild Hunt

Slower

1 & 2. ask what you there be- hold — 'Tis the hunt, 'Tis the hunt.
3. age it shall still be told — 'Twas the hunt, 'Twas the hunt.

pp *Allegro vivace*

1 & 2. 'Tis the hunt of Lut - zow the free and the bold, the bold;
3. 'Twas the hunt of Lut - zow the free and the bold, the bold;

Repeat ff

'Tis the hunt of Lut - zow, the free and the bold.
'Twas the hunt of Lut - zow, the free and the bold.

Lovely Night

MALE VOICES

F. X. CHWATAL

Andantino cres.

1. Love-ly night! O love-ly night, Spreading o - ver hill and meadow Soft and slow thy
2. Ho - ly night! O ho - ly night, Plac - ing brighter worlds be - fore us, Hap - pi - ness thou

ha - zy shadow, Soon our wea - ried eyelids close, And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose;
shed - dest o'er us, O that we might ne'er re - turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn;

cres.

Soon our wea - ried eye - lids close, And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose.
O that we might ne'er re - turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn.

Santa Lucia

Neapolitan Boat Song

Moderato

mf



1. O, moon, whose mys-tic vell, From the skies fall-ing, Gilds sigh-ing
 2. Zeph-yrs are ne'er at rest O'er the sea bring-ing Cool-ness to
 3. What great-er joy can be In our love-dream-ing, Than thus to

Moderato



wave-lets pale, To our hearts call-ing; Glo-rious the sum-mer night,
 brow and breast, Far a-way sing-ing. Still waits my bark for thee,
 drift with thee, O'er wave-lets gleam-ing? Bride borne o'er sum-mer sea,



Sea-strand and billows white, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a!
 Come, dream and drift with me, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a!
 Na-ples, thy pride to be, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a!

Robin Ruff

HENRY RUSSELL

1. If I had but a thou - sand a year, Gaf - fer Green! If I
 2. The best wish you could have, take my word, Rob - in Ruff, Would scarce
 3. I'd do I scarce - ly know what, Gaf - fer Green, I'd
 4. But when you are a - ged and grey, Rob - in Ruff, And the
 5. I scarce - ly can tell what you mean, Gaf - fer Green, For your
 6. There's a place that is bet - ter than this, Rob - in Ruff, And I

had but a thou - sand a year, . . . What a man would I be, and what
 find you in bread or in beer; . . . But be hon - est and true, and say
 go, faith! I hard - ly know where; . . . I'd scat - ter the chink and leave
 day of your death it draws near, . . . Say what with your pains would you
 ques - tions are al - ways so queer, . . . But as oth - er folks die, I sup -
 hope in my heart you'll go there, . . . Where the poor man's as great though he

sights would I see, If I had but a thou - sand a
 what would you do, If you had but a thou - sand a
 oth - ers to think, If I had but a thou - sand a
 do with your gains, If you then had a thou - sand a
 pose so must I.— What, and give up your thou - sand a
 hath no es - tate, Aye, as if he'd a thou - sand a

year, Gaf - fer Green! If I had but a thou - sand a year! . . .
 year, Rob - in Ruff? If you had but a thou - sand a year? . . .
 year, Gaf - fer Green! If I had but a thou - sand a year! . . .
 year, Rob - in Ruff? If you then had a thou - sand a year? . . .
 year, Rob - in Ruff? And give up your thou - sand a year? . . .
 year, Rob - in Ruff, Aye, as if he'd a thou - sand a year. . . .

The Homeland

H. R. HAWEIS

A. S. SULLIVAN

1. The Home - land! O the Home - land! The land of souls free - born! No gloom - y night is
 2. My Lord is in the Home - land, With an - gels bright and fair; No sin - ful thing, nor
 3. For loved ones in the Home - land Are wait - ing me to come Where neither death nor

known there, But aye the fade - less morn: I'm sigh - ing for that coun - try, My
 e - vil, Can ev - er en - ter there; The mu - sic of the ran - somed Is
 sor - row In - vades their ho - ly home: O dear, dear na - tive coun - try! O

heart is ach - ing here; There is no pain in the Home - land To which I'm draw - ing near.
 ring - ing in my ears; And when I think of the Home - land, My eyes are wet with tears.
 rest and peace a - bove! Christ bring us all to the Home - land Of His e - ter - nal love.

When the Lights are Low

Moderato

GERALD M. LANE

p

1. When twilight falls on the dim old walls, And day is past and done; As we
2. With distant sounds in the streets around, The throng goes surging by; But

sit and dream in the fading gleam, Come memories one by one. . . .
far away in dreams we stray, Where verdant meadows lie. . . .

Old friends known in the years long gone, In fancy greet us still, And
There once more, as in days of yore, To roam each well-known way, Till

rall.

voices dear, that we long to hear, The silence seem to fill.
o - ver all night's shadows fall, And dreamland fades away.

rall.

When the Lights are Low

337

p Allegretto

Just when the day is o - ver, Just when the lights are low, . . .

pp

*Ped. * Ped. * rall.*

Back to the heart re - turn - eth Life's gold - en long a - go; . . .

rall.

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

a tempo

Far, far a - way we wan - der, Watch - ing the fire - light gleams; . . .

a tempo

Far, far a - way from the world's shadows grey, In - to the land of dreams.

p rit.

f

p rit.

O Loving Heart, Trust On

Andante moderato

1. There are
2. That happy

tho'ts which seem to come from heav'n . . . To calm all pain, all pain and strife; As dew falls
tho't . . . shed o'er my life A bright, a bright and joy - ful ray, As sun-light

on the parch-ed flower To nur-ture it, to nourish it to
gilds the night's dim clouds Ere breaks, ere breaks the glo-rious

cres.

life There came to me a hap - py thought, One morn when hope seem'd
day My soul is bath'd in sun - shine, All gloom - y dreams are

f espress.

dim.

O Loving Heart, Trust On
cres. animato

gone; It whis-per'd low in ac-cents sweet, it whis-per'd
 gone; For that hap-py thought, that hap-py thought, that hap-py

p ril. *un poco più lento*

low . . in ac - cents sweet, "O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust
 thought . . still . . . whis-pers, "O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust
armonioso, colla voce

ril.

on, One true heart beats for you a - lone; O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust

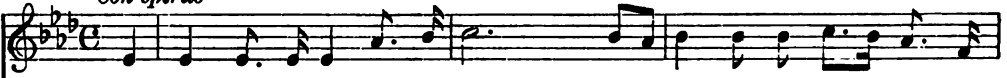
on, O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust on." on."

f ril. *p*

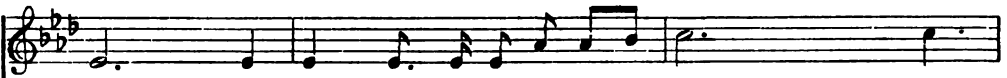
O Give Me a Home by the Sea

E. A. HOSMER

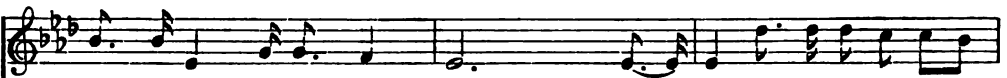
Con spirito



1. Oh! give me a home by the sea,	Where wild waves are crest - ed with
2. At morn when the sun from the east	Comes man - tled in crim - son and
3. At eve when the moon in her pride	Rides queen of the soft sum - mer



foam,	Where shrill winds are car - ol - ing	free,	As
gold,	Whose hues on the bil - lows are	cast,	Which
[night,	And gleams on the mur - mur - ing	tide,	With



o'er the blue wa - ters they come;	For I'd list to the ocean's loud
spar - kle with splendor un - told,—	Oh! then by the shore would I
floods of her sil - ver - y light,—	Oh earth has no beau - ty so



O Give Me a Home by the Sea

roar, And joy in its stormi - est glee, Nor ask in this wide world for
 stray, And roam as the hal - cy - on free, From en - vy and care far a -
 rare, No place that is dear - er to me. Then give me so free and so

more, . . . Than a home by the deep heav - ing sea, A home, a
 way, . . . At my home by the deep heav - ing sea! My home, my
 fair, . . . A home by the deep heav - ing sea! A home, a

home, A home by the heav - ing sea, A
 home, My home by the heav - ing sea, My
 home, A home by the heav - ing sea, A

O Give Me a Home by the Sea

home, A home, A home by the heav - ing sea.
 home, My home, My home by the heav - ing sea.
 home, A home, A home by the heav - ing sea.

tr

The musical score consists of a vocal line in G major (one flat) and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

There's Music in the Air

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 twilight's gen-tle sigh Is lost on eve-ning's

The score includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part has a consistent eighth-note bass line and block chords in the right hand.

seen On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ecs-tat-ic sound Thrills us with its
 light On the distant mountain stream. When beneath some grateful shade Sorrow's ach-ing
 breast, As its pensive beauties die: Then, O, then, the loved ones gone Wake the pure, ce -

The score continues with a vocal line and piano accompaniment, maintaining the same musical texture as the previous section.

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-ic voi-ces greet us there, In the mu-sic in the air.

The score concludes with a vocal line and piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

Rig-a-jig

(MALE VOICES)

Presto

1. As I was walk - ing down the street, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -
 2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -

o, heigh - o, A pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.
 o, heigh - o, Said she to me, "I'm a weav - er's maid," Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.

CHORUS

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a - way we go, a - way we go;

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.

FINE

heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.

D.S.

What Fairy-like Music

Mrs. C. B. WILSON
SOLO *Grazioso*

J. DE-PINNA



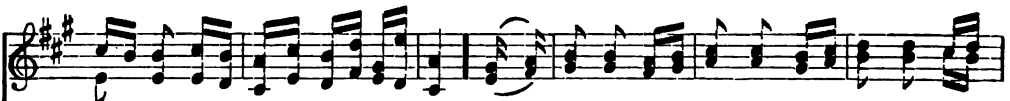
1. What fai-ry-like mu-sic steals o-ver the sea, En-trancing the sen-ses with
2. The winds are all hush'd and the wa-ters at rest; They sleep like the passions in



DURT



- charm'd mel-o-o-dy? What fairy-like mu-sic steals o-ver the sea, En-trancing the
in-fan-cy's breast! The winds are all hush'd and the waters at rest; They sleep like the



- sen-ses with charm'd mel-o-o-dy? 'Tis the voice of the mer-maid, that floats o'er the
pas-sions in in-fan-cy's breast. Till storms shall un-chain them from out their dark



main, As she mingles her song with the gon-do - lier's strain! 'Tis the voice of the cave, And break the re - pose of the soul and the wave, 'Till storms shall un -

poco cres.

mermaid that floats o'er the main, As she mingles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain. chain them from out their dark cave, And break the re - pose of the soul and the wave.

p

Mary Had a Little Lamb

1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, Ma - ry had a
2. And ev - 'rywhere that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, And ev - 'rywhere that

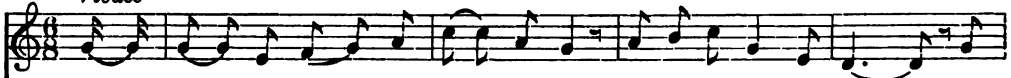
lit - tle lamb, Its fleece was white as snow.
Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go.

- 3 It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
- 4 It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.
- 5 And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near.
- 6 And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

Over the Garden Wall

HARRY HUNTER

G. D. Fox

Vivace

1. Oh, my love stood un-der the wal - nut tree, O-ver the gar-den wall, She
2. But her fa - ther stamped, and her fa - ther raved, O-ver the gar-den wall, And
3. One day I jumped down on the oth - er side, O-ver the gar-den wall, And
4. But where there's a will, there's al-ways a way, O-ver the gar-den wall, There's



whis-per'd and said she'd be true to me, O-ver the gar - den wall, She'd
 like an old mad - man he be-haved, O-ver the gar - den wall. She
 brave - ly she prom-ised to be my bride, O-ver the gar - den wall; But she
 al - ways a night as well as day, O-ver the gar - den wall, We



beau - ti - ful eyes, and beau-ti - ful hair, She was not ver - y tall so she
 made a bou - quet of ro - ses red, But im - me - di - ate - ly I
 scream'd in a fright, "Here's fa - ther, quick, I have an im - pres-ion he's
 had - n't much mon-ey, but wed-dings are cheap, So while the old fel-low was



Over the Garden Wall

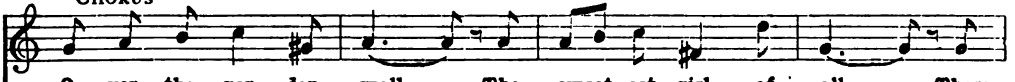
347



stood on a chair, And ma-ny a time have I kissed her there, O-ver the gar-den wall.
 popped up my head, He gave me a buck-et of wa-ter instead, O-ver the gar-den wall.
 bring-ing a brick;" But I got the im-pression of one good kick, O-ver the gar-den wall.
 snor-ing a-sleep, With a lad and a lad-der she managed to creep O-ver the gar-den wall.



CHORUS



O - ver the gar - den wall, . . The sweet-est girl of all, . . There



nev-er were yet such eyes of jet, And you may bet, I'll nev-er for-get The



night our lips in kiss-es met, O - ver the gar - den wall. . .



Simon the Cellarer

W. H. BELLAMY

J. L. HATTON

p

1. Old Si-mon the Cell-ar - er keeps a rare store, Of Malm-sey and Mal-voi-sie . . . And
 2. Dams Mar-ger-y sits in her own still room, And a ma - tron sage is she . . . From
 3. Old Si-mon reclines in his high-back'd chair, And talks about tak-ing a wife; . . . And

Cyp-rus, and'who can say how man-y more! For a char - y old soul is he . . . A
 thence oft at cur-few is waft-ed a fume; She says it is Rose-ma-rie, . . . She
 Mar-ger-y of - ten is heard to de-clare She ought to be settled in life, . . . She

char-y old soul is he . . . Of Sack and Ca-na-ry he nev-er doth fail, And
 says it is Rose-ma-rie. . . But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair, And the
 ought to be set-tled in life. . . But Mar-ger-y has (so the maids say) a tongue And she's

Simon the Cellarer.

ad lib.

all the year round there is brew-ing of ale, Yet he nev-er all-eth, he
 maids say they of-ten see Mar-ger - y there, Now Mar-ger-y says that she
 not ver - y hand-some, and not ver - y young, So somehow it ends with a

Sua

leggiero

col voce

sosten.

a tempo

quaint - ly doth say, While he keeps to his so - ber six flag-ons a day;
 grows ver - y old And must take a some-thing to keep out the cold!
 shake of the head, And Si - mon he brews him a tank-ard in - stead,

a tempo

p
 But ho! ho! ho! His nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
 But ho! ho! ho! Old Si-mon doth know, Where many a flask of his best doth go.
 While ho! ho! ho! He will chuckle and crow, What! marry old Mar-ger-y no, no, no!

p

Massa's in de Cold Ground

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Round de mea-dows am a-ring-ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful song, While de
 2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
 3. Mas - sa make de dark-eyes love him, Cayse he was so kind; Now, day

mock-ing-bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long. Where de i-vy am a-
 hear old mas-sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or-ange-trees am
 sad-ly weep a - bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem be-hind. I can-not work be-fore to -

creep-ing O'er de grass-y mound, Dare old mas-sa am a-sleep-ing,
 bloom-ing, On de sand-y shore, Now de sum-mer days am com-ing,
 mor-row, Cayse de tear-drop flow; I try to drive a-way my sor-row,

CHORUS

Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn-field Hear dat mourn-ful
 Mas-sa ne-ber calls no mere.
 Pick-in' on de old ban-jo.

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



JOHANNA GADSKI

One of Germany's most popular opera singers. She was born in Anclam, Prussia, 1871, received her musical training in her own country, and first appeared in grand opera in New York. She created many Wagnerian parts, and made a remarkable concert tour through America in 1898-99. Her popular encore is "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"—Heart Songs, p. 105.



LOUISE HOMER

A noted American contralto, in private life the wife of Sidney Homer, the composer. She was born in Pittsburgh, and made her debut as an opera singer in Paris, 1898. She has sung at Covent Garden, London, and for ten successive seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Her popular encore is "Abide With Me"—Heart Songs, p. 447.

Annie Lisle

H. S. THOMPSON

Andante moderato

p dolce. *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a flowing melody with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Andante moderato' and the dynamics range from piano (*p dolce.*) to mezzo-forte (*mf*).

1. Down where the wav-ing wil-lows 'Neath the sunbeams smile, Shad-ow'd o'er the
 2. Sweet came the hal-low'd chiming Of the Sabbath bell, Borne on the
 3. "Raise me in your arms, dear mother, Let me once more look On the green and

The piano accompaniment for the first verse consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand plays a simple accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. The music is in a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat.

murm'ring wa-ters Dwelt sweet Annie Lisle ; Pure as the for - est lil - y,
 morn-ing breez-es Down the wood - y dell. On a bed of pain and an-guish
 wav-ing wil-lows, And the flow-ing brook ; Hark ! those strains of an - gel mu - sic,

The piano accompaniment for the second verse consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand plays a simple accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. The music is in a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat.

Ne - ver thought of guile Had its home within the bo - som of sweet Annie Lisle.
 Lay dear An-nie Lisle, Chang'd were the lovely fea-tures, Gone the hap-py smile.
 From the choirs a - bove, Dear-est moth - er, I am go - ing ; Tru-ly ' God is Love. ' "

The piano accompaniment for the third verse consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand plays a simple accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. The music is in a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat.

SOLO; then CHORUS

Wave wil-lows, mur-mur wa-ters, Gold - en sun-beams, smile!

mf

Repeat *pp*

Earth - ly mu - sic can - not wa - ken Love - ly An - nie Lisle.

Camptown Races

Allegro vivace

S. C. FOSTER

1. De Camptown la - dies sing dis song, Doo-dah! doo-dah! De Camptown race-track
 2. De long-tail'd fil - ly, and de big black hoss, Doo-dah! doo-dah! Dey fly de track, and dey
 3. Old mu - ley cow came on to de track, Doo-dah! doo-dah! De bob-tail flog her
 4. See dem fly - in' on a ten-mile heat, Doo-dah! doo-dah! Round de race - track,

mp

nine miles long, Oh! doo-dah day! I came down dar wid my hat cav'd in, Doo-dah!
 both cut a-cross, Oh! doo-dah day! De blind hoss stick'n in a big mud-hole, Doo-dah!
 o-ber his back, Oh! doo-dah day! Den fy a-long like a rail-road car, Doo-dah!
 den re-peat—Oh! doo-dah day! I win my money on de bob-tall nag, Doo-dah!

doo-dah! I go back home wid a pock-et full of tin, Oh! doo-dah day!
 doo-dah! Can't touch de bottom wid a ten - feet pole, Oh! doo-dah day!
 doo-dah! Run-nin a race wid a shoot - in' star, Oh! doo-dah day!
 doo-dah! I keep my mon-ey in an old tow bag, Oh! doo-dah day!

SOLO; then CHORUS

Gwine to run all night, . Gwine to run all day, . . I'll

Camptown Races

bet my mon-ey on de bob-tail nag, Some-bo-dy bet on de bay. . .

Gentle Annie

S. C. FOSTER

Andante con moto

1. Thou wilt come no more, gen-tle An-nie, Like a flow'r thy spir-it did de-
 2. We have roam'd and lov'd 'mid the bow-ers, Whenthy down - y cheeks were in their
 3. Ah! the hours grow sad while I pon-der Near the si - lent spot where thou art

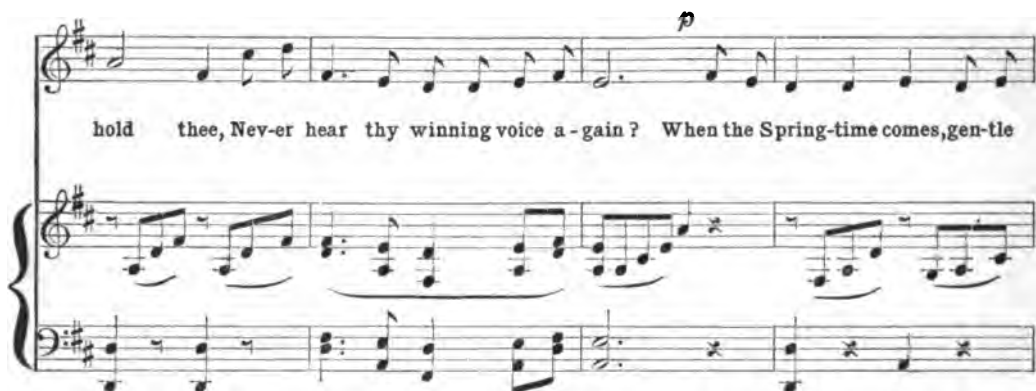
part; Thou art gone, a - las! like the man-y That have
 bloom; Now I stand a - lone 'mid the flow-ers, While they
 laid, And my heart bows down when I wan-der By the

Gentle Annie

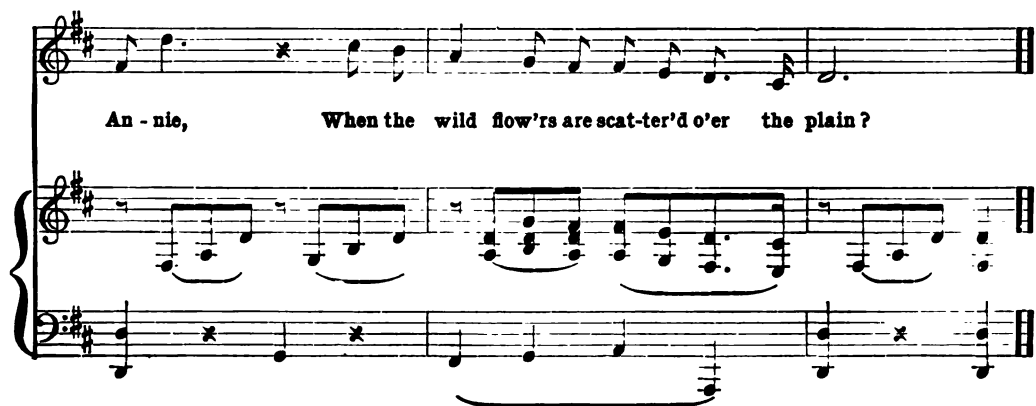
355



bloom'd in the sum-mer of the heart. Shall we nev-er more be-
min - gle their perfumes o'er thy tomb. Shall we nev-er more be-
streams and the meadows where we stray'd. Shall we nev-er more be-



hold thee, Nev-er hear thy winning voice a-gain? When the Spring-time comes, gen-tle



An-nie, When the wild flow'rs are scat-ter'd o'er the plain?

Baby Mine

CHARLES MACKEY

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

p

cres.

read and nev - er tire, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; He is sail - ing o'er the
 old ac - cus - tom'd 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

cres.

sea, He is com - ing home to me, He is com - ing back to thee! 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

Baby Mine

357

cres. *f* *rit.*

mine! Ba - by mine; He is com - ing back to thee! 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. . . .

cres. *f* *rit.*

Ten Little Niggers

1. Ten lit - tle nig - gers go - ing out to dine, One chok'd his
2. Eight lit - tle nig - gers slept un - til e - leven, One o - ver -
3. Six lit - tle nig - gers play - ing with a hive, A bum - ble - bee
4. Four lit - tle nig - gers go - ing out to sea, A red her - ring
5. Two lit - tle nig - gers sit - ting in the sun, One got
6. One lit - tle nig - ger with his lit - tle wife, Lived all his

lit - tle self, and then there were nine; Nine lit - tle nig - gers
 slept him - self, and then there were seven; Seven lit - tle nig - gers
 killed one, and then there were five; Five lit - tle nig - gers
 swal - low'd one, and then there were three; Three lit - tle nig - gers
 friz - zled up, and then there was one; One lit - tle nig - ger
 days a hap - py lit - tle life; One lit - tle cou - ple

cry - ing at his fate, One cried him - self a - way, and then there were eight.
 cut - ting up sticks, One chopp'd him - self in halves, and then there were six.
 go - ing in for law, One got in chan - cer - y, and then there were four.
 walk - ing in the Zoo, A big bear cud - dled one, and then there were two.
 liv - ing all a - lone, He got mar - ried, and then there were none.
 dwell - ing by the shore, Soon raised a fam - i - ly of ten nig - gers more.

CHORUS

- 1-5. One lit - tle, two lit - tle, three lit - tle, four lit - tle, five lit - tle nig - ger boys;
6. One lit - tle, two lit - tle, three lit - tle, four lit - tle, five lit - tle nig - gers more;

Six lit - tle, seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle, nine lit - tle, ten lit - tle nig - ger boys.
 Six lit - tle, seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle, nine lit - tle, ten lit - tle nig - gers more.

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.

CHORUS

Let us all u-nite in love, Trust-ing

in the pow'rs a - bove. Mer - ri - ly now we

Trust-ing in the pow'rs a-bove.

roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer - ri - ly now we

Hark! I Hear a Voice

359

roll, we roll, O'er . . . the deep blue sea. . .

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is simple and features a prominent dotted rhythm. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Peter Gray

(MALE VOICES)

Andante

Once on a time there was a man, his name was Pe - ter Gray; He
lived way down in that 'ere town call'd Penn - syl - va - ni - a.

The musical score is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Andante'. The melody is simple and features a prominent dotted rhythm. The lyrics are written below the notes.

CHORUS

Blow, ye winds of the morn - ing, Blow, ye winds, heigh - o;
Blow, ye winds of the morn - ing, Blow, blow, blow!

The musical score is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Andante'. The melody is simple and features a prominent dotted rhythm. The lyrics are written below the notes.

- 2 Now Peter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl;
The first three letters of her name were L-U-C, Anna Quirl. Cho.
- 3 But just as they were going to wed, her papa he said "No!"
And consequently she was sent way off to Ohio. Cho.
- 4 And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scalp-y-ed, by the bloody Inji-ins. Cho.
- 5 When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until she di-i-ed. Cho.

The Mermaid

Moderato

1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when we . . . set . . . sail, And we
 2. Then up spake the cap - tain . . . of our gal - lant ship, And a
 3. Then up spake the cook of our gal - lant ship, And a
 4. Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And

were not far from the land, When the cap - tain spied a
 well - spok - en man was he; "I have mar - ried a wife in
 red hot cook was he; "I care much more for my
 three times a - round went she; Then three times a - round went our

love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand. O, the
 Sa - lem town, And to - night she a wid - ow will be." O, the
 ket - tles and my pots, Than I do for the depths of the sea." O, the
 gal - lant ship, And she sank to the depths of the sea. O, the

o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While

we poor sail - ors go skip - ping to the tops, And the land - lub - bers lie down be -

The Mermaid

low, be - low, be - low, And the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.

Forsaken

(MALE VOICES)

KOSCHAT

pp *Slow*

1. For - sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en am I; Like a
2. A mound in the church-yard, that bles - soms hang o'er; It is

mf

pp

stone in the cause-way, my bur - led hopes lie; I go to the
there my love sleep - eth, to wak - en no more; 'Tis there all my

church-yard, my eyes fill with tears; And kneel - ing I weep there, Oh, my
foot - steps, my pas - sions all lead; And there my heart turn - eth; I'm for -

ff *p*

love, loved for years; And kneel - ing I weep there; Oh, my love, loved for years.
sak - en in - deed; And there my heart turn - eth; I'm for - sak - en in - deed.

ff *p*

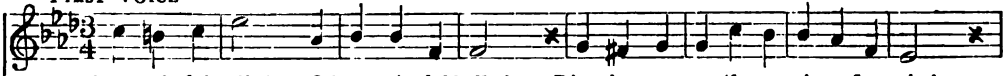
Beautiful Bells

GEORGE COOPER

DUET AND CHORUS

Arr. by W. F. WELLMAN, Jr.

FIRST VOICE

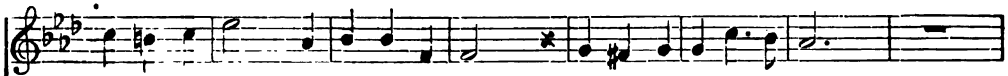


1. Beau-ti-ful bells! O beau-ti-ful bells! Ring-ing so sweetly a-gain and a-gain!
 2. Voice of the morn And voice of the night, Wak-en, O wak-en the mem'ries of old!

PIANO.



BASS with octaves throughout



Welcomes of joy and wea-ry fare-wells, Chim-ing in sunlight and rain.
 Bring to my heart your dreams of delight, Vis-ions of beauty un-told!



SECOND VOICE

BOTH



Long, long a-go, so dear un-to me, O hap-py and pure was the



SECOND VOICE

BOTH



mes-sage you bore, Loud o'er the vale, and soft o'er the sea, O could I but



hear you once more! Beau-ti-ful bells! or mer-ry or sad,



Beautiful Bells

363

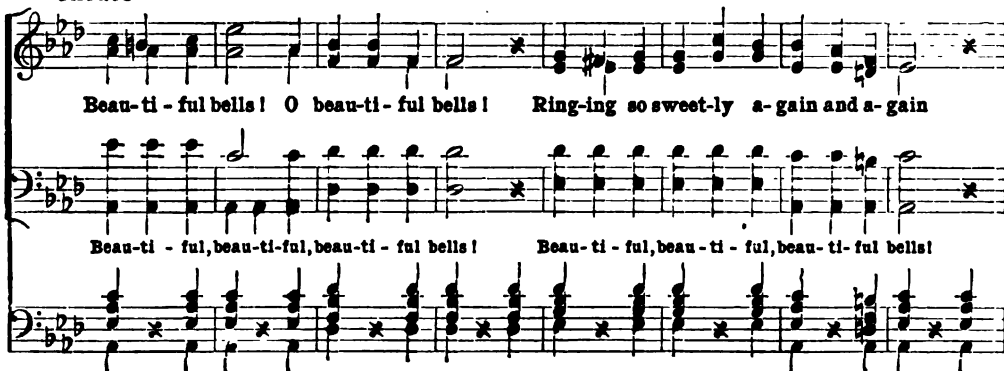


Tell - ing your mes - sage of good - ness to all; Whis - per of



mo - ments hopeful and glad, Van - ished be - yond our re - call!

CHORUS



Beau - ti - ful bells! O beau - ti - ful bells! Ring - ing so sweet - ly a - gain and a - gain

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful bells! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful bells!



Welcomes of joy and wea - ry farewells, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful bells!

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful bells! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful bells!

rall.

Sva.

Lullaby

From JAKOBOWSKI'S "Erminie"

Moderato

p

1. Dear moth - er, in dreams I see her, .. With lov'd face sweet and calm, . . . And
2. Ah! e'en when her life was ebb - ing, .. Her words were all to me, . . . My

hear her voice With love re - joice When nest - ling on her arm. . . . I
fu - ture years Were all her fears, Her fate 'twas not to see. . . . My

think how she soft - ly press'd me, Of the tears in each glist'-ning eye, . . . As her
fa - ther, I heard him weep - ing, As in sor - row he hov - er'd nigh, . . . And my

mf

watch she'd keep, When she rock'd to sleep Her child with this lul - la - by, Bye,
moth - er's plaint, In her ac - cent faint, Was ev - er this lul - la - by, Bye,

mf

Buffalo Gals

1. As I went lum-brin' down de street,
 2. I ax'd her if she'd hab some talk,
 3. I'd like to make dat gal my wife,

down de street, down de street, A lub - ly gal I chanc'd to meet, Oh!
 hab some talk, hab some talk, Her feet cov-er'd up de whole side walk, As
 gal my wife, gal my wife; I would be hap - py all my life, If I

she was fair to view. Oh! Buf - fa - lo gals, will ye come out to-night, will ye
 she stood side by me. Oh! Buf - fa - lo gals, will ye come out to-night, will ye
 had her by my side. Oh! Buf - fa - lo gals, will ye come out to-night, will ye

come out to-night, will ye come out to-night, Buf - fa - lo gals, will ye



MARIA GAY

A particularly vivacious mezzo-soprano, whose greatest success has been "Carmen." She is Spanish by birth, a native of Catalonia, and her principal following is in the United States. Her popular encore is "Castanets are Sounding"—Heart Songs, p. 178.



ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

The famous Austrian prima donna. She was born near Prague, Austria, 1861, and at the age of seventeen was leading contralto at the Dresden Court Opera. She has been most popular in Germany and in America, and has appeared in nearly all the leading cities of the United States. Her popular encore is "Home to Our Mountains"—Heart Songs, p. 452.

come out to-night, And dance by de light ob de moon?

The score for 'Buffalo Gals' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

Keller's American Hymn

f Maestoso

M. KELLER

1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high, Lead us in path - ways of
2. Fore - most in bat - tle, for Free - dom to stand, We rush to arms when a -
3. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wing o'er this

The first system of the hymn features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'f Maestoso'. The key signature has one flat and the time signature is 4/4.

jus - tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
roused by its call; Still as of yore when George Wash - ing - ton led,
fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old!

The second system continues the hymn with dynamic markings *p* and *cres.*

Gir - dle with vir - tue, the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our
Thunders our war - cry, "We con - quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our
Show that it still is for free - dom un - furled! Hail! three times hail to our

The third system includes dynamic markings *mf* and *f*.

coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
coun - try and flag! Still as of yore when George Wash - ing - ton led,
coun - try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old!

The fourth system concludes the hymn with the marking *FINE mf* and *D.S.*

'Tis but a Little Faded Flower

J. R. THOMAS

Andante semplice

1. 'Tis but a lit - tle fa - ded flow'r, But, oh, how fond - ly dear! 'Twill
2. Where is the heart that doth not keep With - in its in - most core, Some

espress. *p*
bring me back one gold - en hour, Through many, thro' ma - ny a wea - ry year. I
fond remembrance, hid - den deep, Of days, of days that are no more?

may not to the world im - part The se - cret, the se - ret of its pow'r, But
Who hath not sav'd some trifling thing, More priz'd, more priz'd than jewels rare! A

cres. *dim.* *p rit.*
treas - ur'd in my in - most heart, I keep my fad - ed flow'r, I keep my
fad - ed flow'r, a bro - ken ring, A tress of gold - en hair, A tress of
dim. *p colla voce*

fad - ed flow'r. 'Tis but a lit - tle fad - ed flow'r, But oh, how fond - ly
gold - en hair? 'Tis but a lit - tle fad - ed flow'r, But oh, how fond - ly

dear ! 'Twill bring me back one gold - en hour, Through ma - ny, thro' ma - ny a wea - ry year.

Old Hundred

Rev. ISAAC WATTS

GOUDIMEL

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise ;
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord ; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word ;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Just Before the Battle, Mother

G. F. Roor

G. F. Roor

1. Just be - fore the bat - tle, moth - er, I am think - ing 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 watch - ing, With the en - e - my in view.
Now may God pro - tect us, moth - er, As He ev - er does the right.

Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God; .. For
Hear the "Bat - tle Cry of Free - dom," How it swells up - on the air; .. Oh,

well they know that on the mor - row Some will sleep be - neath the sod. . .
yes, we'll ral - ly round the standard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there. .

CHORUS

Fare - well, moth - er, you may nev - er, you may never, mother, Press me to your heart a - gain; . . But

Just Before the Battle, Mother

371

rit. *Repeat pp.*

oh, you'll not for- get me, Moth-er, you will not forget me If I'm numbered with the slain.

Juanita

mf Andante

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling-ring falls the south- ern moon; Far o'er the mountain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a- gain, And day-light beam-ing

mf

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 thy ab- sent lov- er sigh,

p slower *mf a tempo*

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!

p tenderly. rit.

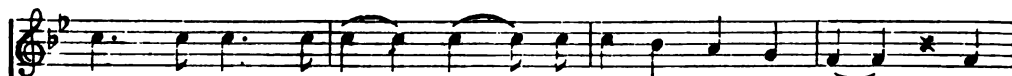
Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni- ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin- ger by thy side! Ni- ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

A Little More Cider

A. HART



1. I love the white girl and the black, And I love all the rest, I
 2. When first I saw Miss Snow - flake 'Twas on Broadway I spied her, I'd
 3. Oh! I wish I was an ap - ple, And Snow-flake was an - oth - er, Oh!
 4. But now old age comes creep - ing, We grow down and don't get bigger, And



love the girls for lov - ing me, But I love my - self the best; O,
 give my hat and boots, I would, If I could have been be - side her; She
 what a pret - ty pair we'd make, Up - on a tree to - geth - er; How
 ci - der sweet and sour then, And I am just de nig - ger; But



dear, I am so thirst - y, I've just been down to sup - per, I've
 look'd at me, I look'd at her, And then I cross'd the street, And
 bad the dar - kies all would feel, When on the tree they spied her, To
 let the cause be what it will, Short, small, or wi - der, She



A Little More Cider

drank three pails of ap - ple jack, And a tub of ap - ple but - ter.
then she smil - ing said to me, "A lit - tle more ci - der sweet."
think how lus - cious we would be, When we're made in - to ci - der.
am de ap - ple of my soul, And I'm bound to be be - side her.

cres.

CHORUS

mf A lit - tle more ci - der too, A lit - tle more ci - der too, A

mf

mf

cres. lit - tle more ci - der for Miss Di - nah, A lit - tle more ci - der too.

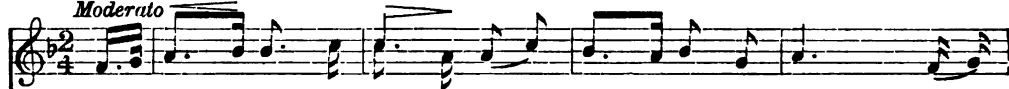
cres.

cres. *f*

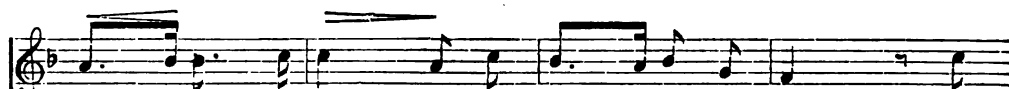
Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

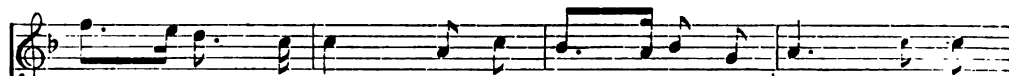
HENRY R. BISHOP

Moderato

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam, Be it
 2. An ex - ils from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh!
 3. How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond fa - ther's smile, And the
 4. To thee I'll re - turn, o - ver - bur - den'd with care, The



ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home! A
 give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The
 cares of a moth - er to soothe and be - gulle; Let
 heart's dear - est so - lace will smile on me there; No



charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
 birds sing - ing gai - ly, that come at my call; Give me
 oth - ers de - light 'mid new pleas - ures to roam, But
 more from that cot - tage a - gain will I roam, Be it



Home, Sweet Home

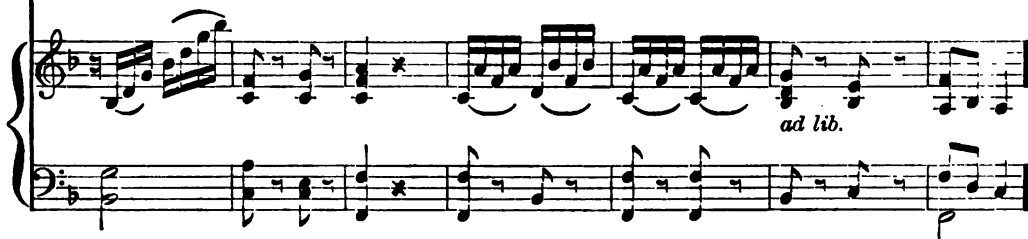
375



seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where; Home!
 them with that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home!
 give me, oh! give me the pleas-ures of home. Home!
 ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home. Home!



home! sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, there's no place like home!
 home! sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home, there's no place like home!
 home! sweet, sweet home; But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!
 home! sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home, there's no place like home!



CHORUS



Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home.



Kathleen Mavourneen

Mrs. CRAWFORD

F. NICHOLLS CROUCH

*Andante e penseroso**mf**mf**mf*

1. Kath - leen Ma - your - neen! the grey dawn is break-ing, . . . The
 2. Kath - leen Ma - your - neen! a - wake from thy alu - bers; . . . The



horn of the hun - ter is heard on the hill; The lark from her
 blue mountains glow in the sun's gold-en light; Ah! where is the



light wing the bright dew is shak - ing, Kathleen . . . Mavour-neen! what,
 spell that once hung on my num - bers? A - rise in . . . thy beau-ty, thou



Kathleen Mavourneen

377

mf 

slum - b'ring still! Oh, hast thou for - got - ten how soon we must sev - er? Oh,
star of my night. Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vourneen, my sad tears are falling, To

Espressivo e legato





hast thou for - got - ten this day we must part? It may be for
think that from E - rin and thee I must part; It may be for



p 

years, and it may be for - ev - er; Oh, why . . . art thou si - lent, thou
years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then why . . . art thou si - lent, thou



Kathleen Mavourneen

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?

John Anderson, My Jo

ROBERT BURNS

Andante

1. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent, Your
 2. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill the-gith-er, And
 3. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When na - ture first be - gan, To
 4. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We've seen our bairns' bairns, And

John Anderson, My Jo

locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - ny brow was brent; But
 mon-y a can - ty day, John, We've had wi' ane an - ith - er; Now
 try her can - ny hand, John, Her mas - ter-wark was man; And
 yet, my dear John An - der-son, I'm hap - py in your arms, And

now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the snaw; Yet
 we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go; And we'll
 you a - mang the lave, John, Sae trig frae tap to toe— She
 sae are ye in mine, John; I'w sure ye'll ne'er say no, Tho' the

bles - ings on your frost - y pow, John An - der-son, my jo!
 sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der-son, my jo.
 proved her - sel' nae jour - ney - wark, John An - der-son, my jo.
 days are gane that we ha'e seen, John An - der-son, my jo.

rit.
pp rit.

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still

W. T. WRIGHTON

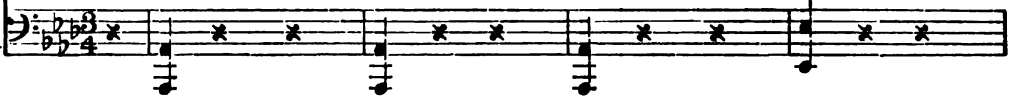
With expression



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've sail'd 'neath a - lien skies, I have trod the des - ert path, I have



legato



rall. a tempo



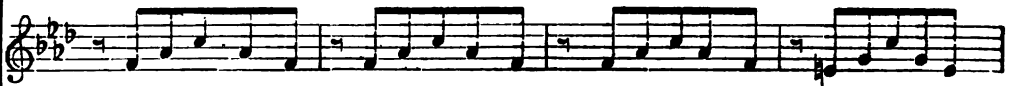
strug - gled to for - get, But the strug - gle was in vain; For her
 form still greets my sight, While the stars their vig - ils keep; When I
 seen the storm a - rise, Like a gi - ant in his wrath; Ev - 'ry



rall. a tempo



voice lives on the breeze, And her spir - it comes at will; In the
 close mine ach - ing eyes, Sweet dreams may sen - ses fill; And from
 dan - ger I have known, That a reck - less life can fill; Yet her



Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still

381

mid - night, on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still. For her
sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still. When I
pres - ence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still. Ev - 'ry

rall. *tr* *a tempo*

rall. *ff* *a tempo*

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The tempo markings are *rall.*, *tr*, *a tempo*, *rall.*, *ff*, and *a tempo*. The lyrics are arranged in three columns, with the first column corresponding to the vocal line and the second and third columns corresponding to the piano accompaniment.

voice lives on the breeze, And her spir - it comes at will ; In the
close mine ach - ing eyes, Sweet dreams my sens - es fill, And from
dan - ger I have known, That a reck - less life can fill ; Yet her

The second system continues the musical score with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are arranged in three columns, with the first column corresponding to the vocal line and the second and third columns corresponding to the piano accompaniment.

mid - night, on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still.
sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still.
pres - ence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still.

The third system concludes the musical score with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are arranged in three columns, with the first column corresponding to the vocal line and the second and third columns corresponding to the piano accompaniment.

Yankee Doodle



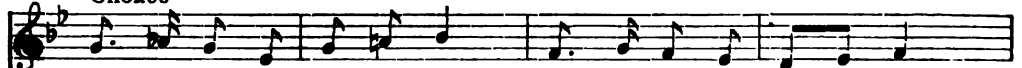
1. Fath'r and I went down to camp A - long with Cap - tain Good - win, And
2. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton Up - on a slap - ping stal - lion, A
3. And then the feath - ers on his hat, They look'd so tar - nal fin - ey, I
4. And there they had as wamp - ing gun, As big as a log of ma - ple,
5. And ev - 'ry time they fired it off It took a horn of pow - der; It
6. I went as near to it my - self, As Ja - cob's un - der - pin - in', And



there we saw the men and boys, As thick as has - ty pud - ding.
 giv - ing or - ders to his men, I guess there was a mil - lion.
 want - ed pes - ki - ly to get, To give to my Je - mi - ma.
 On a deu - ced lit - tle cart, - A load for fa - ther's cat - tle.
 made a noise like fa - ther's gun, On - ly a na - tion loud - er.
 fa - ther went as near a - gain, - I tho't the deuce was in him.



CHORUS



Yan - kee doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy,



Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

7 It scared me so, I ran the streets,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
'Till I got home, and safely locked
In granny's little chamber. Cho.

8 And there I see a little keg,
Its heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together. Cho.

9 And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on corn-stalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All bound around their middles. Cho.

10 The troopers too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races. Cho.

11 Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For 'lasses cakes to carry home
To give his wife and young ones. Cho.

12 But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother. Cho.

Bohunkus

1. There was a farm - er had two sons, And these two sons were brothers; Bo -
2. Now, these two boys had suits of clothes, And they were made for Sun - day; Bo -
3. Now, these two boys to the thea - tre went, When - ev - er they saw fit; Bo -
4. Now, these two boys are dead and gone Long may their ash - es rest! Bo -
5. Now, these two boys their sto - ry told, And they did tell it well: Bo -

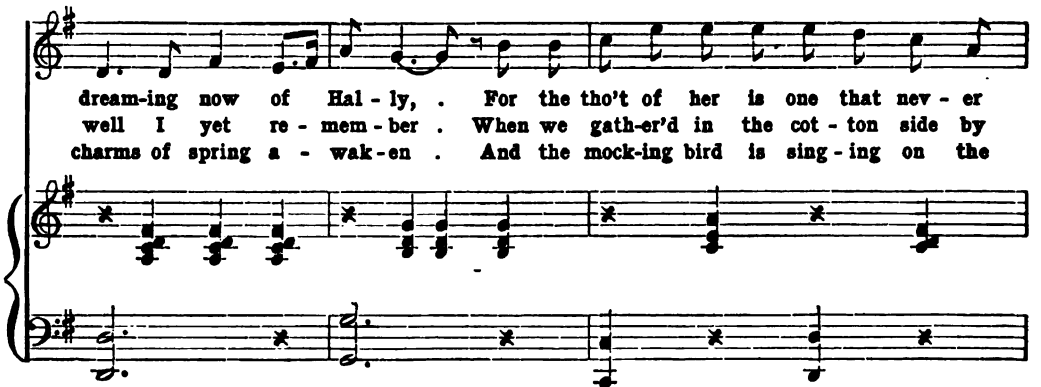
hunk - us was the name of one, Jo - se - phus was the oth - er's.
hunk - us wore his ev - 'ry day, Jo - se - phus his on Mon - day.
hunk - us in the gal - l'ry sat, Jo - se - phus in the pit.
hunk - us of the chol - era died, Jo - se - phus by re - quest.
hunk - us he to heav - en went; Jo - se - phus he to

Listen to the Mocking Bird

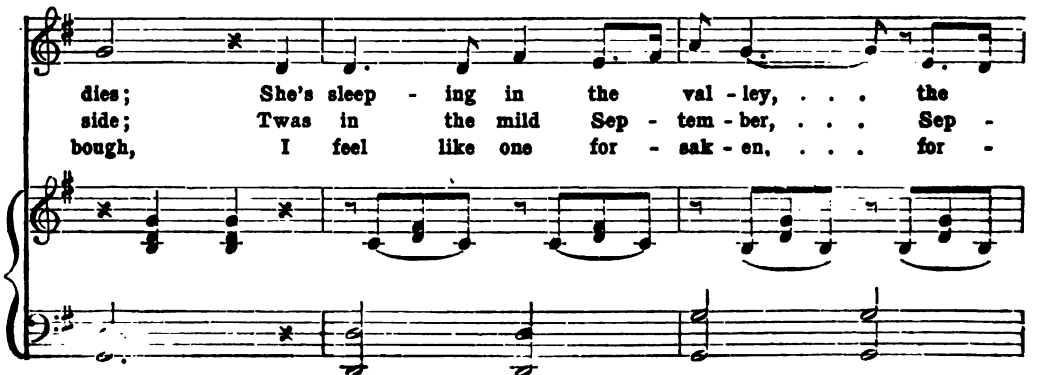
ALICE HAWTHORNE



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 tho't 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 sleep - ing in the val - ley, . . . the
 side; Twas in the mild Sep - tem - ber, . . . Sep -
 bough, I feel like one for - sak - en, . . . for -

Listen to the Mocking Bird

val - ley, . . . the val - ley, . . . She's sleep - ing in the
 tem - ber, . . . Sep - tem - ber, . . . 'Twas in the mild Sep -
 sa - ken, . . . for - sa - ken, . . . I feel like one for -

val - ley, . . . And the mock - ing bird is sing - ing where she lies.
 tem - ber, . . . And the mock - ing bird was sing - ing far and wide.
 sa - ken, . . . Since my Hal - ly is no lon - ger with me now.

First, SOLO; then CHORUS

Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, The

Sva.
tr

Listen to the Mocking Bird

mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,

Soa...

The first system of the musical score for 'Listen to the Mocking Bird'. It features a vocal line in G major with lyrics 'mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,'. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef. The piano part includes trills in the right hand and block chords in the left hand. A 'Soa...' marking is present above the piano part.

Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing willows wave.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line with lyrics 'Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing willows wave.' The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures, including trills and block chords.

O Music

ROUND

O mu - sic sweet mu - sic, your prais - es we'll sing, We
will tell of the pleas - ure and glad - ness you bring.

The 'O Music' round consists of two staves. The first staff is in G major, 4/4 time, and the second staff is in E minor, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'O mu - sic sweet mu - sic, your prais - es we'll sing, We will tell of the pleas - ure and glad - ness you bring.'

The Blue Bells of Scotland

Mrs. JAMES GRANT
Andante moderato

Folksong

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland lad- die gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland lad- die dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your
3. Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain? Oh! what, tell me what if your

p

High - land lad - die gone? He's gone with streaming ban - ners where
High - land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, where
High - land lad be slain? Oh, no! true love will be his guard and

cres.

no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh, . . . in my heart I wish him safe at home.
blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's oh, . . . in my heart I lo'e my lad - die well.
bring him safe a - gain, For it's oh, my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

p

We'd Better Bide a Wee

CLARINET

Moderato

1. The pair 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 blessing fell sae free, They gave no tho't to
 3. I fear me sair, they're fail-ing baith, For when I sit a - part, They'll talk o' Heav'n sae



mise me, lad, Gin I came hame nae mair; The grist is out, the
 self at all, They did but think of me; But, lad - die, that's a
 earn - est - ly, It well nigh breaks my heart; So, lad - die, din - na



times are hard, The kin are on - ly three, I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd
 time a - wa, And mith-er's like to dee, I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd
 urge me mair, It sure - ly win - na be, I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd



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

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics: "bet-ter bide a - wee, I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet-ter bide a - wee. . .". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

He Leadeth Me

Rev. JOSEPH H. GILMORE

W. B. BRADBURY

1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought! O words with heav'n'ly com - fort fraught!
 2. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
 3. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won,

The first system of the musical score for "He Leadeth Me" is in G major and 4/4 time. It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought! O words with heav'n'ly com - fort fraught! 2. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine; 3. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won,".

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He
 Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me. He
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me. He

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me. He E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me. He".

lead - eth me, He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me. He lead - eth me.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "lead - eth me, He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me. He lead - eth me." There are first and second endings indicated by "I" and "V 2" above the final notes.

Sailing

GODFREY MARKS

1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free; A pleas - ant gale is on our lee, And
 2. The sai - lor's life is bold and free; His home is on the roll - ing sea, And
 3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale; Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev - 'ry sail. The

cres.
 soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant barque shall brav - ly steer; But ere we
 nev - er heart more true or brave Than he who launch - es on . . . the wave. A - far he
 har - bor bar we soon shall clear, Fare - well once more to home so dear; For when the

p legato

part from England's shores tonight A song we'll sing for home and beau - ty bright.
 speeds in dis - tant climes to roam; With jo - cund song he rides the sparkling foam.
 temp - est ra - ges loud and long, That home shall be our guid - ing star a - mong.

Sailing

Then here's to the sail - or and here's to the hearts so true Who will think of him up -

p

ad lib.
on the wa-ters blue. Sail - ing, sail - ing o-ver the bound-ing main; For

colla voce *p*

ma-ny a storm - y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain. Sail - ing, sail-ing

f

ad lib.
o-ver the bounding main; For ma-ny a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain.

colla voce.

Those Evening Bells

THOMAS MOORE
Pensively and in moderate time

Attributed to BEETHOVEN

1. Those eve - ning bells, those eve - ning bells, How ma - ny a
 2. Those joy - ous hours are past a - way, And, ma - ny a
 3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - ful

legato

tale . their mu - sic tells, Of youth and home and that sweet time, When
 heart, that then was gay, With - in . the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And
 peal will still ring on, While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And

last I heard their sooth - ing chime! Of sooth - ing chime!
 hears no more those eve - ning bells! With - eve - ning bells!
 sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells. While eve - ning bells.

The Bull-Dog

Modcrato

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank! And the bull-frog in the pool; Oh! the bull-dog on the
 2. Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the snapper caught his paw; Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to
 3. Says the mon-key to the owl, "O what'll you have to drink?" Says the mon-key to the
 4. Pharaoh's daughter on the bank; Lit - tle Mo - ses in the pool; Pharaoh's daughter on the

Più allegro

bank! And the bull-frog in the pool; Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the
 catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw; Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the
 owl, "O what'll you have to drink?" Says the mon-key to the owl, "O
 bank; Lit - tle Mo - ses in the pool; Pha-raoh's daugh-ter on the bank; Lit - tle
ritard.

bull-frog in the pool. The bull - dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa - ter fool.
 snap-per caught his paw; The pol-ly-wog died a-laughing To see him wag his jaw.
 what'll you have to drink?" "Since you are sov-er-y kind, I'll take a bottle of ink."
 Mo - ses in the pool; She fish'd him out with a ten-foot pole, And sent him off to school.

CHORUS

Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, Sing-ing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, Sing-ing

Repeat pp

tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra la, la, la, la.
 tra, la, la.

Nancy Lee

FRED E. WEATHERLY

STEPHEN ADAMS

With spirit

1. Of all . . . the wives as e'er you know, Yeo ho! . . . lads!
 2. The har - bor's past, the breez - es blow, Yeo ho! . . . lads!
 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, . . .
 ho! Yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! 'Tis long e'er we come back I know, . . .
 ho! Yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! Then here's a health be-fore we go, . . .



. . . Yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! See there she stands an'
 . . . Yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! But true an' bright from
 . . . Yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! . . . yeo ho! A long, long life to



waves her hand up - on . . . the quay, An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a-way, she'll
 morn till night my home . will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for
 my sweet wife and mates . at sea, An' keep my bones from Dav - y Jones wher-

watch . for me, An' whis - per low when tem - pests blow, for Jack . . . at
 Jack . at sea, An' Nan - cy's face to bless the place an' wel - come
 o'er . we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy

sea; Yeo ho! . . . lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's wife, the sail-or's
 me; Yeo ho! . . . lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's wife, the sail-or's
 Lee; Yeo ho! . . . lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's wife, the sail-or's

rall. *p*

Nancy Lee

star . shall 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. . . .

colla voce

Out on the Deep

SAMUEL K. COWAN

FREDERIC N. LOHR

mf Allegro moderato

1. Out . . on the deep, when the sun is low, . . And the sea with splen - dor
2. Out . . on the deep, when the sun is dead, . . And the first sweet star doth

mf

marcato *cres.*

burns, . . . With his sca - ly spoil from his eve - ning toil, The
gleam, . . . Of a day that is dead and a love is fled, The

cres.

Out on the Deep

mf

fish - er home - ward turns, . . . And his oars flash bright, in the
 fish - er oft will dream, . . . And he thinks, though far, . . . like that

cres. *f*

o - cean light, . . . And he knows that eyes on shore . . . Look
 first bright star, . . . She is still . . . be - yond, as of yore, . . . And his

out . . . on the deep . . . for his bright . . . oar sweep; . . . And he
 oars . . . gleam bright . . . in its sweet . . . pale light, . . . And he

f *cres.*

sings as he swings his oar: . . . "A long sweep, lads, and a strong sweep,
 sings as he plies his oar: . . . "A long sweep, lads, and a low sweep,

Out on the Deep .

cres.

boys, And a song as a - way we go! For the hearts that
 boys, And a song as a - way we go! For the star of

cres.

dim.

yearn for our home re - turn, When the eve - ning sun is low, . . .
 Love, that is bright, a - bove, And its gleam in the wave be - low, . . .

molto rall. *mf a tempo* *dim. poco a poco*

When the eve - ning sun . . is low.
 And its gleam in the wave . . be - low.

f col canto *mf a tempo* *dim. colla voce*

1 *D.C.* 2

D.C.

p *ff* *f*

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a first ending marked '1' and a double bar line, followed by a *D.C.* (Da Capo) instruction and a second ending marked '2'. The second system has a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. It features a *D.C.* instruction and dynamic markings of *p* (piano), *ff* (fortissimo), and *f* (forte).

Aura Lee

1. As the black-bird in the spring, 'Neath the wil-low tree
2. On her cheek the rose was born; 'Twas mu-sic when she spake;

The first system of the vocal line is in a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and 4/4 time. It contains two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is shown in a grand staff below the vocal line.

Sat and pip'd, I heard him sing, Sing of Au-ra Lee.
In her eyes the rays of morn, With sud-den splen-dor break.

The second system of the vocal line continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, with lyrics describing the scene.

Au-ra Lee! Au-ra Lee! Maid of gold-en hair!

The third system of the vocal line features a call-and-response style melody with the lyrics 'Au-ra Lee! Au-ra Lee! Maid of gold-en hair!'.

Sun-shine came a-long with thee, And swal-lows in the air.

The fourth and final system of the vocal line concludes the piece with the lyrics 'Sun-shine came a-long with thee, And swal-lows in the air.'

Let Me Dream Again

B. C. STEPHENSON

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Andante espressivo

1. The sun is set - ting and the hour is late, Once more I
 2. The clock is strik - ing in the bel - fry tower, And warns us

stand be - side the wick - et gate, The bells are ring - ing out the
 of the ev - er - fleet - ing hour, But neith - er heeds the time which

dy - ing day, The chil - dren sing - ing on their home - ward way, And
 on - ward glides, For time may pass a - way, but love a - bides! I

crec. he is whisp'ring words of sweet in - tent, While I, half doubting,
dim. feel his kiss - es on my fev - 'red brow, *p* If we must part,

crec. *dim.* *p*

Let Me Dream Again

rall.

un poco piu lento

pp

whis - per a con - sent.
ah! why should it be now?

Is this a dream? then
Is this a dream? then

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and arpeggiated figures. There are two '8' markings below the bass staff, indicating eighth notes. Dynamics include *pp* and *p*.

wak - ing would be pain, Oh! do not wake me, let me dream a -

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features a dense texture of chords and arpeggios. There are two '8' markings below the bass staff. Dynamics include *p*.

gain. Is this a dream? then wak - ing would be pain,

The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features a dense texture of chords and arpeggios. There are two '8' markings below the bass staff. Dynamics include *cres.* and *p*.

appassionato ad lib. con forza

Oh! do not wake me, do not wake me, let me dream a - gain.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a dense texture of chords and arpeggios. There are three '8' markings below the bass staff. Dynamics include *f*, *ff*, and *sf*.

Sally in Our Alley

HENRY CAREY
Andante

Old English Air

1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty
 2. Of all the days with - in the week, I dear - ly love but
 3. My mas - ter, and the neigh - bors all, . . . Make game of me and

pp

Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our . .
 one day; And that's the day that comes be - twixt The Sat - ur - day and
 Sal - ly; And but for her I'd rath - er be A slave, and row a

al - ley: There is no la - dy in the land That's half so sweet as
 Mon - day: Oh, then I'm dress'd all in my best, To walk a - broad with
 gal - ley. But when my seven long years are out, Oh, then I'll mar - ry

p

Sally in Our Alley

Sal-ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley.
 Sal-ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley.
 Sal-ly, And then how hap-pi-ly we'll live! But not in our al-ley.

The Quilting Party

Andante

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o-cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis-per trem-bled, Trem-bled till it dared to come; And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing, And those hopes have liv'd and grown; And 'twas

cres. *dim.*

from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing, par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

REFRAIN *cres.*

I was see-ing Nel-lie home, I was see-ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas

dim. e rit.

from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

SAMUEL ARNOLD

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. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved

hailed at the twilight's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the
host in dread si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
homes 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 streaming? And the
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
heav'n-res - cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion. Then

rock-et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our
catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now
con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-to, "In

poco ritard.

flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-span - gled ban - ner: Oh, long may it
God is our trust!" And the star-span - gled ban - ner In tri - umph shall

The Star-Spangled Banner

a tempo *poco ritard.*
 wave O'er the land . . . of the free, And the home of the brave.
a tempo *poco ritard.*

Too Late! Too Late

Miss M. LINDSAY

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill! Late, late, so late! But
 2. No light had we: for that we do re-pent, And, learn - ing this, the

we can en-ter still! Too late! too late, ye can-not en-ter
 bride-groom will re-lent. Too late! too late, ye can-not en-ter

sf *sf*

now, Too late! too late, ye cannot en-ter now.

Loch Lomond

Scotch Folksong

Andante con moto

1. By yon bon - nie banks, and by yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
 2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in yon sha - dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben
 3. The wee bir - dies sing and the wild flow - ers spring, And in sun - shine the wa - ters are

f
 Lo - mon', Where me and my true love Were ev - er wont to gae, On the
 Lo - mon', Where in pur - ple hue The Hie - land hills we view, And the
 sleep - in', But the bro - ken heart it kens Nae sec - ond Spring a - gain, Tho' the

Faster
 bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mon' Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and
 moon com - ing out in the gloam - ing. Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and
 wae - fu' may cease frae their greet - in'. Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and

Loch Lomond

407

cres. *rall.*

I'll tak' the low-road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But me and my true love will

cres. *ril.*

a tempo *ril.*

nev - er meet a - gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond. . .

a tempo *ril.*

Silent Night

Anonymous

German Folksong

1. Si-lent night, peace-ful night! All things sleep, shepherds keep Watch on Bethlehem's silent hill,
 2. Bright the star shines a - far, Guid-ing trav'lers on their way, Who their gold and incense bring,
 3. Light a - round! joyous sound! An - gel voices wake the air; "Glo-ry be to God in heav'n;

And un - seen, while all is still, An - gels watch a - bove, An - gels watch a - bove.
 Of - frings to the prom - ised King, Child of Da - vid's line, Child of Da - vid's line.
 Peace on earth to you is giv'n, Christ the Sav - iour's come, Christ the Saviour's come."

Michael Roy

Allegretto mf

1. In Brook-lyn cit - y there lived a maid, And she was known to fame; Her
 2. She fell in love with a char - coal man, Mc - Clos - key, was his name; His
 3. Mc - Clos-key shout-ed and hol-lered in vain, For the don - key would -n't stop, And he

mf

moth - er's name was Ma - ri Ann, And hers was Ma - ri Jane;— And
 fight - ing weight was sev - en stone ten, And he loved sweet Ma - ri Jane; He
 threw Ma - ri Jane right o - ver his head, Right in - to a pol - i - cy shop; When Mc -

ev - 'ry Sat - ur - day morn - ing She used to go o - ver the riv - er, And
 took her to ride in his char - coal cart, On a fine St. Pat - rick's day, But the
 Clos - key saw that ter - ri - ble sight, His heart it was moved with pi - ty, So he

p

went to mar-ket where she sold eggs, And sass-a-ges, like-wise liv-er. . .
 don-key took fright at a Jer-sey man, And start-ed and ran a-way. . .
 stabbed the don-key with a bit of char-coal, And start-ed for Salt Lake Cit-y. . .

CHORUS *f* *shouted*

For oh! . . . for oh! . . . he was my dar-ling boy, . . . **FOR**

Repeat Chorus pp

he was the lad with the au-burn hair, And his name was Mi-chael Roy. . .

Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest Me

C. JEFFERYS

From VERDI'S "Il Trovatore"

*Andante sostenuto
dolce*

1. Ah! I have sigh'd to rest . . . me Deep in the qui-et
2. Out of the love I bear . . thee, Yield I my life for

grave,— sigh'd to rest me, But in vain do I
thee; Wilt thou not think, . . Wilt thou not think of

crave. O fare thee well, my Le-o-no-ra, fare thee well! . .
me? O think of me, my Le-o-no-ra, fare thee well! . .

Ah! I have sigh'd for rest, Yet all in vain do I crave, . . O

Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest Me

fare . . thee-well, my Le - o - no - ra, fare-thee-well! well!

sf

1 2

col canto *a tempo*

a tempo

Out of the love I bear thee, Yield I my life for thee. Ah! think of
 Tho' I no more be - hold thee, Yet is thyname a spell, Yet is thy

me, ah! think of me, my Le - o - no - ra, fare-thee-well!
 name, yet is thyname a spell,

1

f

Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest Me

2 *cres - cen - do*

Cheer-ing my last lone hour, Le - o - no - ra, fare-well! . . .

2 *pp* *cres - cen - do* *fff*

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first piece. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a '2' above the staff, indicating a second ending. The lyrics are 'Cheer-ing my last lone hour, Le - o - no - ra, fare-well! . . .'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *pp*, *cres - cen - do*, and *fff*.

The Two Roses

MALE VOICES

WERNER

Andante
mf *cres.* *p*

1. On a bank two ro - ses fair, Wet with morn-ing show - ers, Fill'd with dew in
2. Thus in leaves of white ar-rayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I find the
3. Like her cheeks the blush-ing ray, Which the bud en - clos - es. Bright-er far than

mf *cres.* *p*

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'The Two Roses'. It is for male voices and includes piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The first system shows the vocal line with dynamics *mf*, *cres.*, and *p*. The lyrics are: '1. On a bank two ro - ses fair, Wet with morn-ing show - ers, Fill'd with dew in / 2. Thus in leaves of white ar-rayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I find the / 3. Like her cheeks the blush-ing ray, Which the bud en - clos - es. Bright-er far than'. The piano accompaniment also has dynamics *mf*, *cres.*, and *p*.

fra-grance grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gath - ered 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.

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score for 'The Two Roses'. It features the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'fra-grance grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gath - ered 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.'

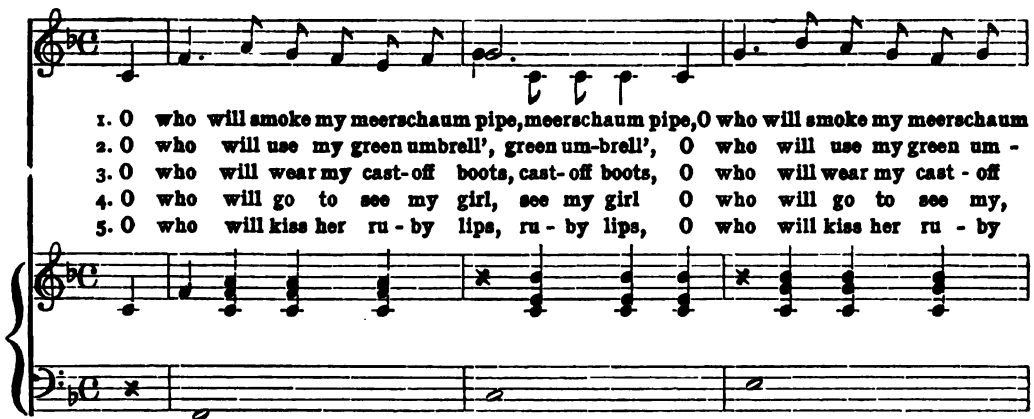
mf *cres.* *p*

Tell me, ro - ses, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

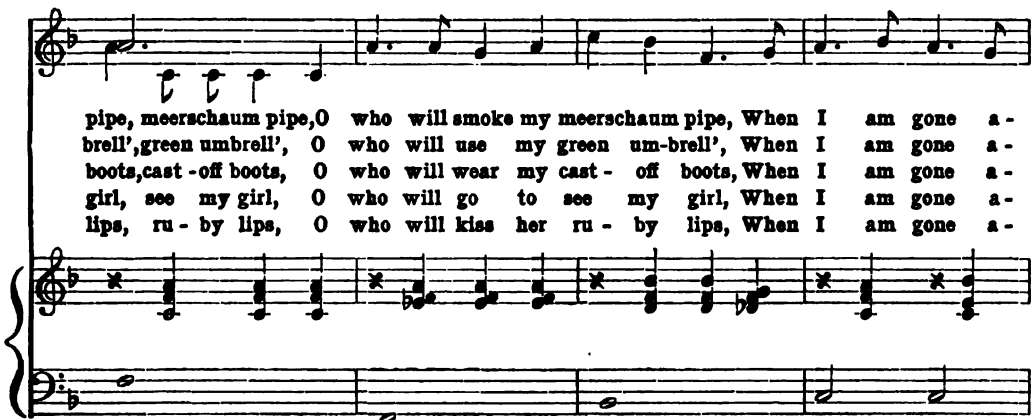
mf *cres.* *p*

Detailed description: This block contains the final system of the musical score for 'The Two Roses'. It features the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Tell me, ro - ses, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.' The piano accompaniment has dynamics *mf*, *cres.*, and *p*.

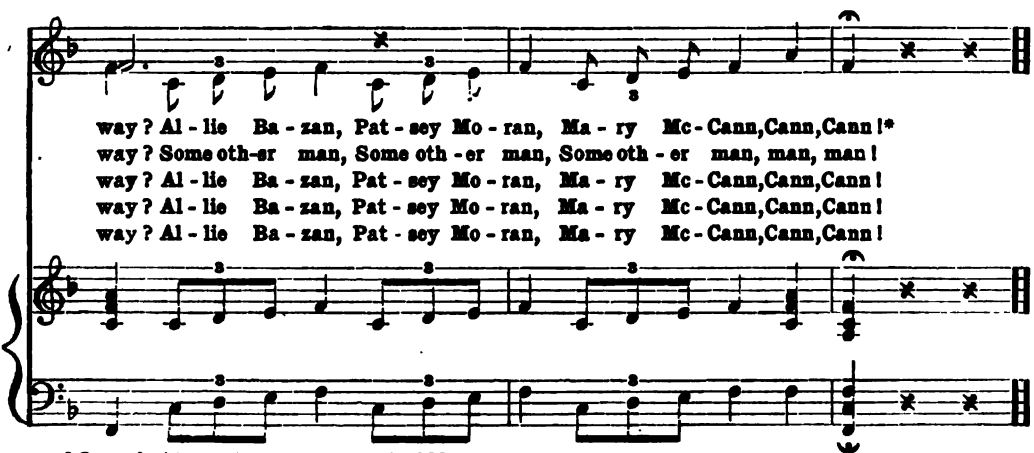
Meerschaum Pipe



1. O who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, meerschaum pipe, O who will smoke my meerschaum
 2. O who will use my green umbrell', green um-brell', O who will use my green um -
 3. O who will wear my cast-off boots, cast-off boots, O who will wear my cast - off
 4. O who will go to see my girl, see my girl O who will go to see my,
 5. O who will kiss her ru - by lips, ru - by lips, O who will kiss her ru - by



pipe, meerschaum pipe, O who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, When I am gone a -
 brell', green umbrell', O who will use my green um-brell', When I am gone a -
 boots, cast - off boots, O who will wear my cast - off boots, When I am gone a -
 girl, see my girl, O who will go to see my girl, When I am gone a -
 lips, ru - by lips, O who will kiss her ru - by lips, When I am gone a -



way? Al - lie Ba - zan, Pat - sey Mo - ran, Ma - ry Mc - Cann, Cann, Cann!*

way? Some oth - er man, Some oth - er man, Some oth - er man, man, man!

way? Al - lie Ba - zan, Pat - sey Mo - ran, Ma - ry Mc - Cann, Cann, Cann!

way? Al - lie Ba - zan, Pat - sey Mo - ran, Ma - ry Mc - Cann, Cann, Cann!

way? Al - lie Ba - zan, Pat - sey Mo - ran, Ma - ry Mc - Cann, Cann, Cann!

* Or, on last two notes, any stanza, "Bad Man!"

The Midshipmite

FRED. E. WEATHERLY
Con spirito

STEPHEN ADAMS



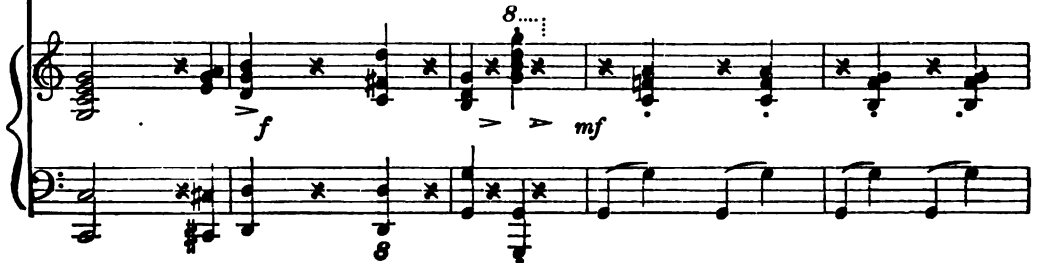
1. 'Twas in fif - ty - five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd
 2. We launch'd the cut - ter and shov'd her out, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The
 3. "I'm done for now; good - 'ye!" says he, Stead - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You



got the Roosh - an lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle
 lub - bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my
 make for the boat, nev - er mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or



Mid - ship - mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a - shore to - night," says he, "An'
 lads, put a - bout; Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We made for the guns an' ramm'd 'em tight, But the
 die," says we! Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoisted him in, in a terrible plight, An' we



spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why, bless 'ee, sir, come a-long!" says we,
 mus - ket shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor lit - tle Mid - ship - mite,
 pull'd ev - 'ry man with all his might, An' sav'd the poor lit - tle Mid - ship - mite,

Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! . . . With a

long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai - ly, boys, make her go? . . . And we'll

drink to - night To the Mid - ship - mite, Singing cheer - i - ly, lads, yo ho! . . .

Firmly Stand, My Native Land

(MALE VOICES)

NÄGELI

With energy

1. Firm - ly stand, firm - ly stand, my na - tive land, Firm - ly stand, firm - ly
 2. Safe - ly dwell, safe - ly dwell, my na - tive land, Safe - ly dwell, safe - ly
 3. Sing for joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, Sing for joy, sing for

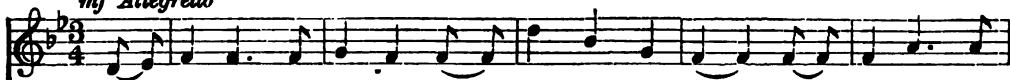
stand, my na - tive land, Free in heart, and true in hand, All that's love - ly
 dwell, my na - tive land, May thy sons u - ni - ted stand, Firm and true for -
 joy, my na - tive land, In thee dwells a no - ble band, All thy weal to

cher - ish; Thus shall God re - main thy friend, Then shall heav'n thy walls defend, Free - dom!
 ev - or; God for - bid the day should rise, When 'tis said our free - dom dies! Free - dom!
 cher - ish; God with might will guard thee round, While thy steps in truth are found, Freedom!

Free - dom! Freedom shall not per - ish! Firm - ly stand, firm - ly stand, Firm - ly
 Free - dom! Freedom die? Oh, nev - er! Safe - ly dwell, safe - ly dwell, Safe - ly
 Free - dom! Freedom shall not per - ish! Sing for joy, sing for joy, Sing for

stand, firm - ly stand, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.
 dwell, safe - ly dwell, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.
 joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.

Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina

mf Allegretto

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

mf



moun-tains ne'er ruf - fles the rose; Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the
 known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace - ful curls hangs her
 lone by the light of the moon; The plan - ets all shone, for the
 lives in that green gras - sy hol - ler; Al - though I am fa - ted to



sweet lit - tle dove, The pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.
 ra - ven black hair, And she nev - er re - quires per - fum - er - y there.
 heav - ens were clear, And I felt round the heart tre - men - dous - ly queer.
 mar - ry her nev - er, I've sworn that I'll love her for ev - er and ever.

Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina

CHORUS

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for
 thee shall nev - er, nev - er die; nev - er, nev - er die.

f *rit.* *2 rit.*

Hail! Columbia

J. HOPKINSON

PHYLA

1. Hail! Colum - bia, hap - py land! Hall! ye he - roes, heav'n-born band, Who
 2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de-fend your shore; Let
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash - ing-ton's great name Ring
 4. Be - hold the chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun - try stands, The

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And
 no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand In -
 through the world with loud ap - plause! Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause! Let
 rock on which the storm will beat! The rock on which the storm will beat! But

when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won; Let
vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize; While
ev - 'ry clime, to free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With
armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you; When

In - de - pen - dence be your boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost,
off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
e - qual skill, with stead - y pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day, His

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fall!
hor - rid war, or guides with ease, The hap - pier time of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind, from chang - es free, Re - solved on death or Lib - er - ty.

CHORUS


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

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

Kitty Tyrrell

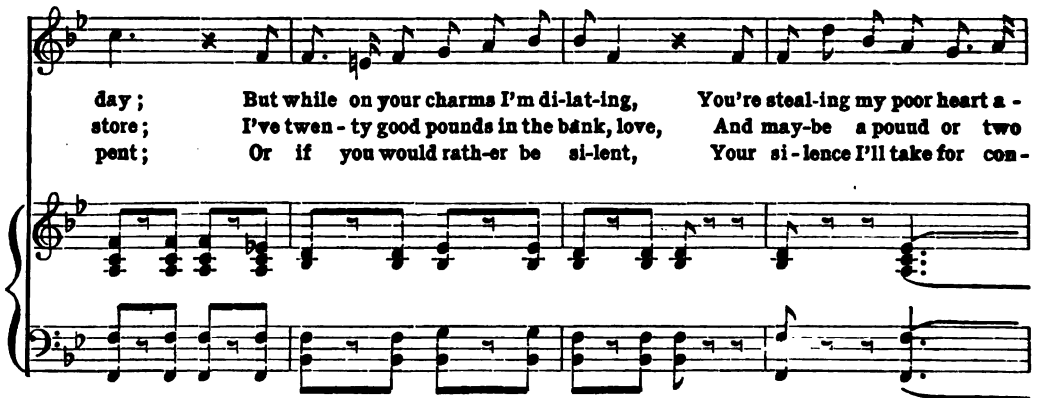
CHARLES JEFFERYS

C. W. GLOVER


Andante non troppo


1. You're look-ing as fresh as the morn,
2. I've built me a neat lit-tle cot,
3. You're smil-ing, and that's a good sign,

dar-ling, You're look-ing as bright as the
dar-ling, I've pigs and po-ta-toes in
dar-ling, Say "yes" and you'll nev-er re-



day ; But while on your charms I'm di-lat-ing, You're steal-ing my poor heart a -
store ; I've twen - ty good pounds in the bank, love, And may-be a pound or two
pent ; Or if you would rath-er be si-lent, Your si-lence I'll take for con-



way : But keep it and wel-come, ma-vour-neen, Its loss I'm not go-ing to
more : It's all ve-ry well to have rich-es, But I'm such a cov-e-tous
sent ; That good-na-tured dim-ple's a tell-tale, Now all that I have is your

mourn; Yet one heart's e-nough for a bo-dy, So pray give me yours in re-
elf, I can't help still sigh - ing for some-thing, And, dar-ling, that some-thing's your-
own; This week you may be Kit - ty Tyr-rell, Next week you'll be Mis-tress Ma-

a piacere

turn. Ma-vour-neen, ma-vour-neen, O! pray give me yours in re-tun.
self. Ma-vour-neen, ma-vour-neen, That some-thing, you know is your-self.
lone. Ma-vour-neen, ma-vour-neen, You'll be my own Mis-tress Ma-lone.

pp

Rock of Ages

A. M. TOPLADY

THOMAS HASTINGS

FINE

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee :
D.C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
D.C. In my hana no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
D.C. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
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,

D.C.

My Mother's Bible

GEORGE P. MORRIS

HENRY RUSSELL

With great feeling and expression

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 - stan - cy I've tried! . . . When

fal - t'ring lip and throb - bing brow, I press it to my heart. For
 round the hearth - stone used to close, Af - ter the eve - ning prayer; And
 calm was my poor moth - er's look, Who leaned 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 passed Here is our fam - 'ly tree! . . . My
 speak of what this vol - ume said, In tones my heart would thrill: . . . Though
 an - gel face! I see it yet! What throng - ing mem - 'ries come! . . . A -
 mines of earth no treas - ures give, From me this book could buy; . . . For,

rallentando

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. . . .

Nearer, My God, to Thee

S. F. ADAMS

L. MASON

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send - est me
 4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone, — Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 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.

The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring

W. S. GILBERT

From SULLIVAN'S "Mikado"

1. The flow - ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Breathe prom - ise of mer - ry sun -
 2. The flow - ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Have noth - ing to do with the

shine, As we mer - ri - ly dance and we sing, Tra la, We
 case. I've got to take un - der my wing, Tra la, A

wel - come the hope that they bring, Tra la, Of a sum - mer of ro - ses and
 most un - at - trac - tive old thing, Tra la, With a car - i - ca - ture of a

wine, Of a sum - mer of ro - ses and wine, And that's what we mean when we
 face, With a car - i - ca - ture of a face, And that's what I mean when I

The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring

425

say that a thing is wel- come as flow- ers that bloom in the spring, Tra
say or I sing, "Oh, both- er the flow- ers that bloom in the spring!" Tra

la la la la, Tra la la la la, The flow- ers that bloom in the spring, Tra

la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la.

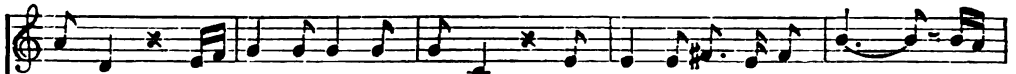
Cooper's Song

From VON SUPPÉ'S "Boccaccio"

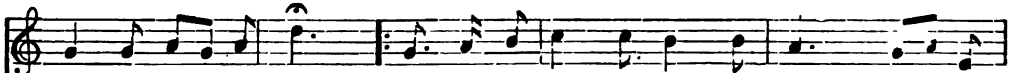
Allegro deciso

1. From day to day my wife doth scold, it is my fate, And noth- ing else but
2. I tri- umph, for she flies be- fore my ham- mer's sound; And peace to me is

Cooper's Song



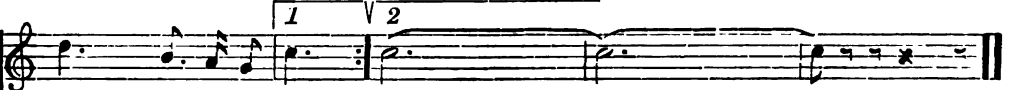
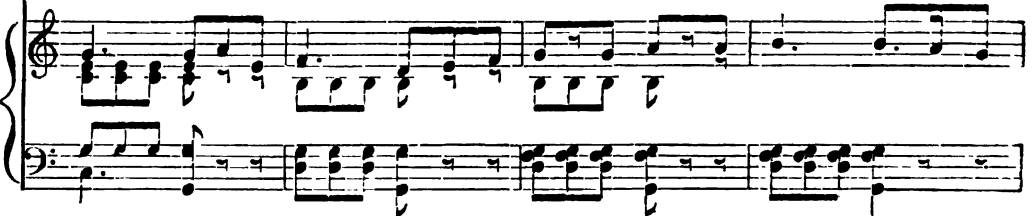
sing-ing, With an-vil loud-ly ring-ing, And jov-ial tra-la-ra-la, . . . Cau-
giv-on, For far a-way she's driv-en, By mer-ry tra-la-ra-la, . . . It



bring her down, tra-la. Tra-la-ra la la la la la oi-a
makes her flee, tra-la. Tra-la-ra la la la la la oi-a



he, oi-a-ha, la la ra la la la la la tra-la-ra-



la tra la la la, la!



Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love

J. P. ORDWAY

Dolce e legato

1. Twink - ling stars are laugh - ing, love,
2. Gold - en beams are shin - ing, love,

legato e delicato

Laugh - ing on you and me;
Shin - ing on you to bless;

While your bright eyes look in mine, . . .
Like the queen of night you fill . . .

cres.

Peep - ing stars space they seem to be.
Dark - est space with love - li - ness.

dim.

The Bass Staff alone may be used as an Accompaniment for the first eight measures.

Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love

Trou - bles come and go, love, Bright-est scenes must leave our sight;
Sil - ver stars how bright, love, Moth-er moon in throne-ly night,

But the star of hope, love, Shines with ra - diant beams to-night.
Gaze on us to bless, love, Pur - est vows here made to-night.

CHORUS

Twink-ling stars are laugh-ing, love, Laugh-ing on you and me;

dolce e legato

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

cres. *rall.*

Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for the song 'Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love'. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and a grand piano section. The grand piano section includes dynamic markings 'cres.' and 'rall.'.

Bruce's Address

ROBERT BURNS
Andante maestoso

Scotch Melody

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, whom Bruce has of-ten led, Wel-come to your
2. Wha will be a trai-tor's knave? Wha will fill a cow-ard's grave? Wha sae base as
3. By op-pres-sion's woes and pains, By your sons in ser-vile chains, We will drain our

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 Scot-land's king and law,
dear-est veins, But they shall be free! Lay the proud u-surp-ers low,

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

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'Bruce's Address' by Robert Burns. It is set in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The score includes a vocal line with three verses of lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and a grand piano section. The lyrics are arranged in three columns corresponding to the three verses.

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 stran-ger 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 doomed 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?"

A Life on the Ocean Wave

BYES SARGENT

HENRY RUSSELL

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

scat - tered wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep:
 sail! fare-well to the land, The gale fol-lows far a - baft.
 with a stout ves - sel and crew We'll say "Let the storm come down!"

FINE

mp

Like an ea - gle caged I pine On this dull, un - chang - ing shore; Oh!
 We shoot thro' the sparkling foam, Like an o - cean bird set free; Like the
 And the song of our heart shall be, While the winds and the wa - ters rave, A

mp

agitato

Sing first verse in D.C.

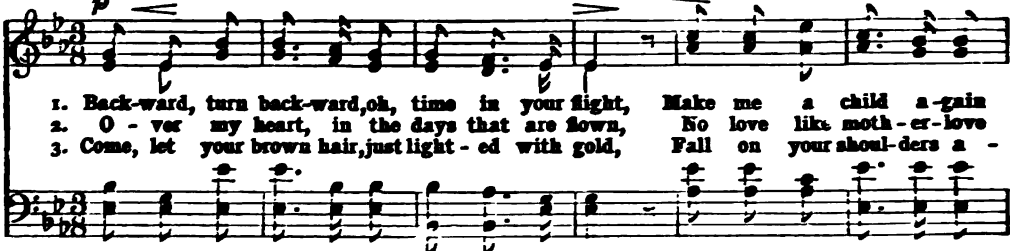
give me the flash - ing brine, The spray and the tem - pest roar!
 e - cean bird, our home We'll find far out on the sea!
 life on the heav - ing sea, A home on the bound - ing wave!

Rock Me to Sleep, Mother

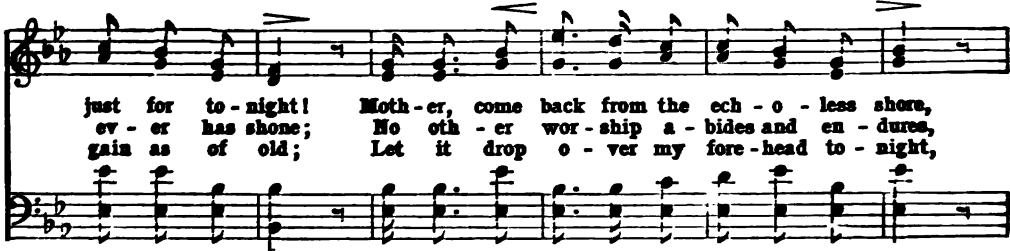
ERNEST LESLIE

With feeling

p

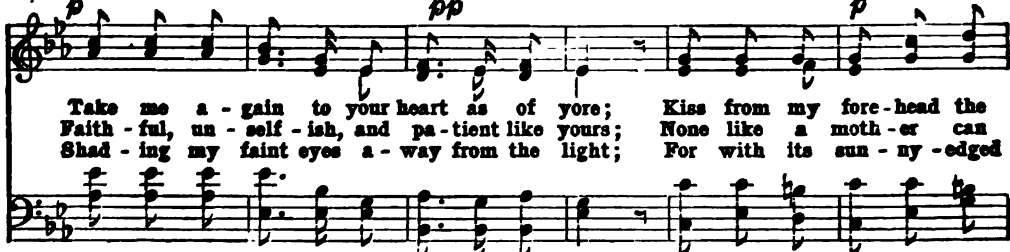


1. Back-ward, turn back-ward, oh, time in your flight, Make me a child a-gain
 2. O - ver my heart, in the days that are flown, No love like moth-er-love
 3. Come, let your brown hair, just light - ed with gold, Fall on your shoul-ders a -



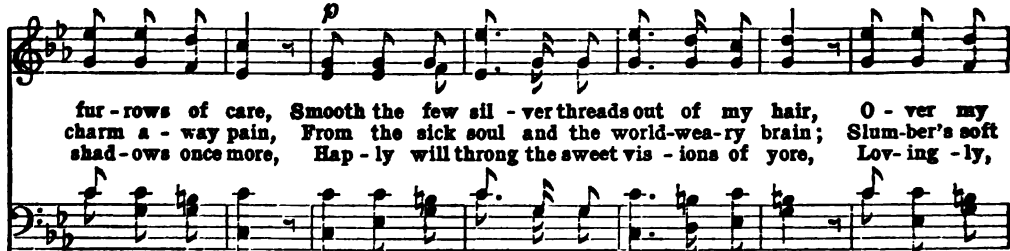
just for to - night! Moth-er, come back from the ech - o - less shore,
 ev - er has shone; No oth - er wor - ship a - bides and en - dures,
 gain as of old; Let it drop o - ver my fore-head to - night,

pp *p*




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

p



fur - rows of care, Smooth the few sil - ver threads out of my hair, O - ver my
 charm a - way pain, From the sick soul and the world - wea - ry brain; Slum - ber's soft
 shad - ows once more, Hap - ly will through the sweet vis - ions of yore, Lov - ing - ly,

ritard.



slum - bers your lov - ing watch keep; Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep.
 calms o'er my heav - y lids creep; Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep.
 soft - ly, its bright bil - lows sweep; Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep.

The Lone Fish-ball

SOLO



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.
(Repeat words of stanza each time)



- 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 fixin's eat,
 Must get some friend to stand the treat.

We'll Pay Paddy Doyle

CHANTY SONG

Way - ay - ay, .. ah! We'll pay Pad - dy Doyle for his boots!

Go to Sleep, Lena Darling

J. K. EMERY

J. K. EMERY

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

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 cloudless be the

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

can come near; Brightest flow-ers blow for thee, Dar - ling sis-ter, dear to me.
mel - o - dy; An-gels ev - er hov - er near, Dar - ling sis-ter, dear to me.

CHORUS

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

Go to sleep, my ba - by, ba - by, oh, bye! Go to sleep, Le - na, sleep.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4.

Long, Long Ago

T. H. BAYLY

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. Though by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;

The first system of the musical score for 'Long, Long Ago' features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has the melody and the first three lines of lyrics. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

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-e-quent lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff contains the lyrics and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,
 Then, to all oth-ers my smile you pre-ferr'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 lis-ten with pride,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff contains the lyrics and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

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.

The fourth and final system of the musical score concludes the piece. The treble staff contains the lyrics and the bass staff concludes the accompaniment. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

Polly-wolly-doodle

SOLO **CHORUS**

1. Oh, I went down south far to see my Sal, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the
 2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid-on fair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the
 3. Oh, I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the

SOLO **CHORUS**

day; My Sal-ly am a spua-ky gal, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the
 day; With cur-ly eyes and laugh-ing hair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the
 day; An I jump'd upon a nigger, an' I the't he was a boss, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the

CHORUS

day. Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee
 day. Fare - well, fare - well, Fare thee
 day.

well, my fair - y fay, For I'm going to Lou' - si - a - na, For to

see my Su - sy - an - na, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly - doo - dle all the day.

4 Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
 A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

5 Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
 My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

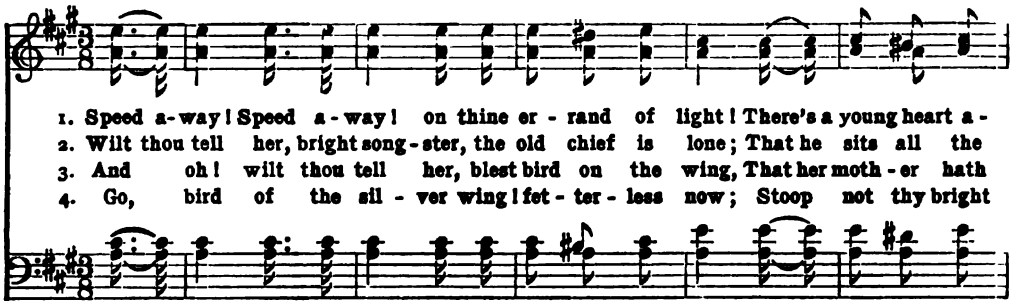
6 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
 I thought I heard that chicken sneeze.

7 He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin'-cough,
 He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.

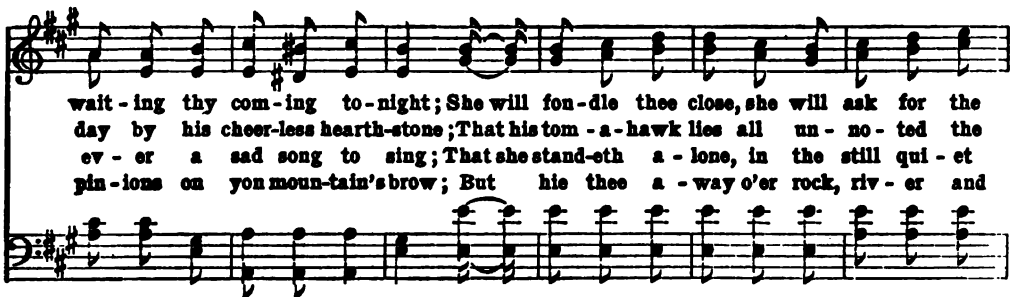
And so on, ad infm.

Speed Away! Speed Away

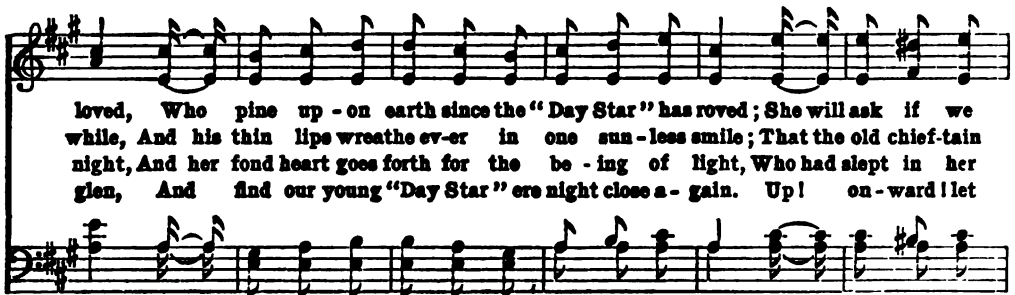
I. B. WOODBURY



1. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! on thine er - rand of light! There's a young heart a -
 2. Wilt thou tell her, bright song - ster, the old chief is lone; That he sits all the
 3. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her moth - er hath
 4. Go, bird of the all - ver wing! fet - ter - less now; Stoop not thy bright



wait - ing thy com - ing to - night; She will fon - die thee close, she will ask for the
 day by his cheer - less hearth - stone; That his tom - a - hawk lies all un - no - ted the
 ev - er a sad song to sing; That she stand - eth a - lone, in the still qui - et
 pin - ions on yon moun - tain's brow; But hie thee a - way o'er rock, riv - er and



loved, Who pine up - on earth since the "Day Star" has roved; She will ask if we
 while, And his thin lips wreath - ev - er in one sun - less smile; That the old chief - tain
 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



miss her, so long is her stay. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
 mourns her, and why would she 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!

Come Back to Erin

CLARIBEL

Moderato

1. & D.C. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Come back, A-roon, to the
 2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Long shone the white sail that
 3. Oh, may the an - gels while wak - in' or sleep - in', Watch o'er my bird in the

land of thy birth; . . . Come with the sham-rocks and spring-time, Ma-vour - neen,
 bore thee a - way; . . . Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',
 land far a - way, . . . And it's my pray'rs will con-sign to their keep - in'.

rit.

1
 And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure, when you left us, our
 Just like a May - flower a - float on the bay. Oh, but my heart sank when
 Care o' my jew - el by night and by day. When by the fire - side I

bean - ti - ful dar - ling, Lit - tle wethought of the lone win - ter days,
 clouds came be - tween us, Like a grey cur - tain the rain fall - ing down;
 watch the bright em - bers, Then all my heart flies a - way o'er the sea,

Come Back to Erin

Lit - tle wetho't of the hush of the star-shine O - ver the moun-tain, the
 Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my
 Cra - vin' to know if my dar - lin' re-mem - bers, Or if her thot's may be

D.C. 2

bluffs and the brays! Then And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
 Col - leen had flown. Then
 cross - in' to me. Then

colla voce.

Three Little Kittens

CHANT

TENORS

1, 2, 3. Once upon a time there were three little kittens who lay in a basket of saw - aw - dust ;

BASSES


After last stanza

Said the { first } little kitten un-to the { other two } { If you don't get }
 . { second } little cats, { little cats, } { out of this, then } I must! *That's all.*
 { third }

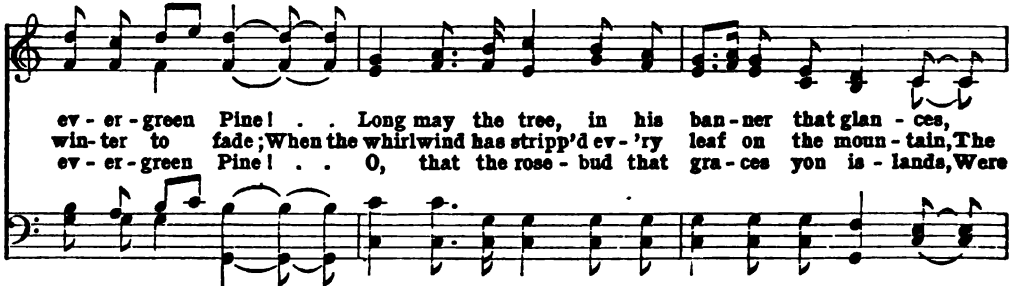
Hail to the Chief

Sir WALTER SCOTT
Maestoso

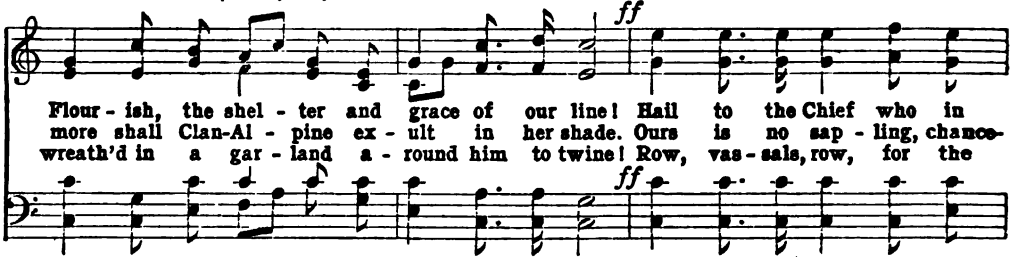
JAMES SANDERSON



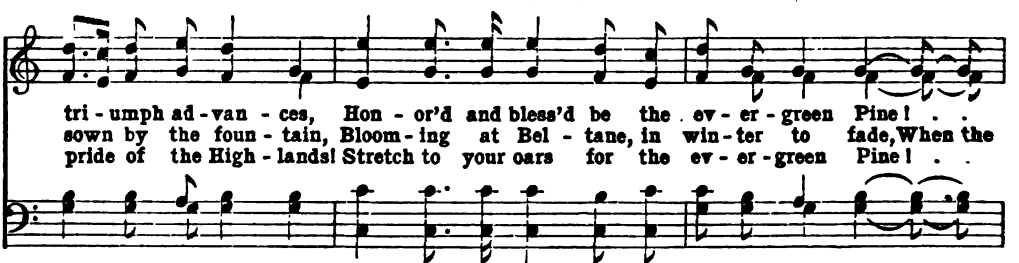
1. Hail to the Chief who in tri-umph ad-van-ces! Hon-or'd and bless'd be the
2. Ours is no sap-ling, chance-sown by the foun-tain, Bloom-ing at Bel-tane, in
3. Row, vas-sals, row for the pride of the High-lands! Stretch to your oars, for the



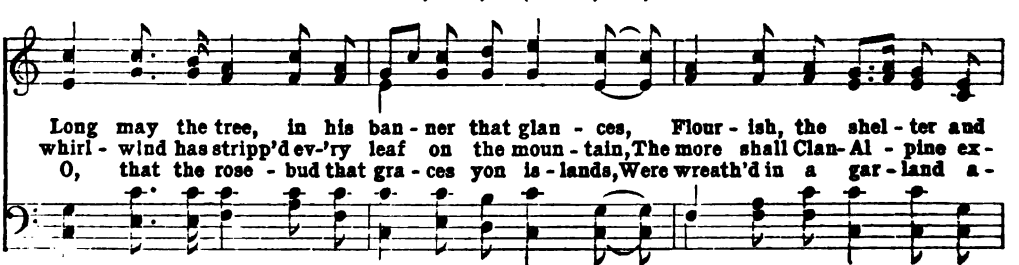
ev-er-green Pine! . . Long may the tree, in his ban-ner that glan-ces,
win-ter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripp'd ev-'ry leaf on the moun-tain, The
ev-er-green Pine! . . O, that the rose-bud that gra-ces yon is-lands, Were



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-van-ces, Hon-or'd 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 High-lands! Stretch to your oars for the ev-er-green Pine! . .



Long may the tree, in his ban-ner that glan-ces, 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-
O, that the rose-bud that gra-ces yon is-lands, Were wreath'd in a gar-land a-

Hail to the Chief

f Allegro

grace of our line! Heav'n send it hap - py dew, Earth lend its sap a - nev
ult in her shade. Moor'd in the rift - ed rock, Proof to the tem - pest sho
round him to twine! O, that some seed - ling gem, Wor - thy such no - ble ste!

Gai - ly to bour - geon and broadly to grow; While ev - 'ry High - land glen,
Firm - er he roots him, the ru - der it blow; Mentieth and Bread - al - bane, then,
Hon - or'd and bless'd in their sha - dow might grow! Loud should Clan - Al - pine them

Sends our shout back a - gain, "Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"
Ech - o his praise a - gain, "Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"
Ring from the deepest glen, "Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"

Come, Thou Almighty King

C. WESLEY

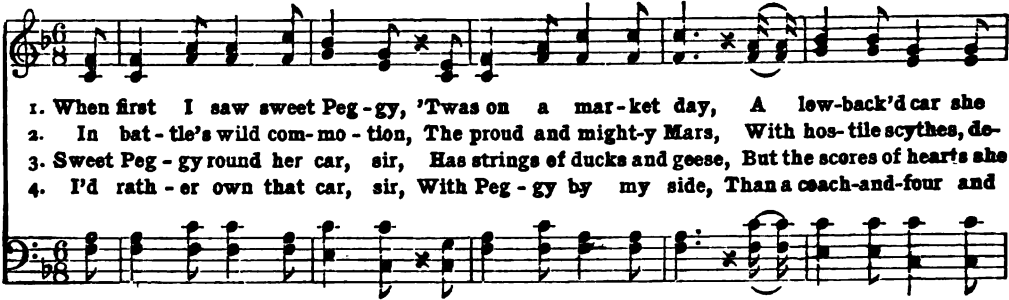
F. GIARDINI

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 -

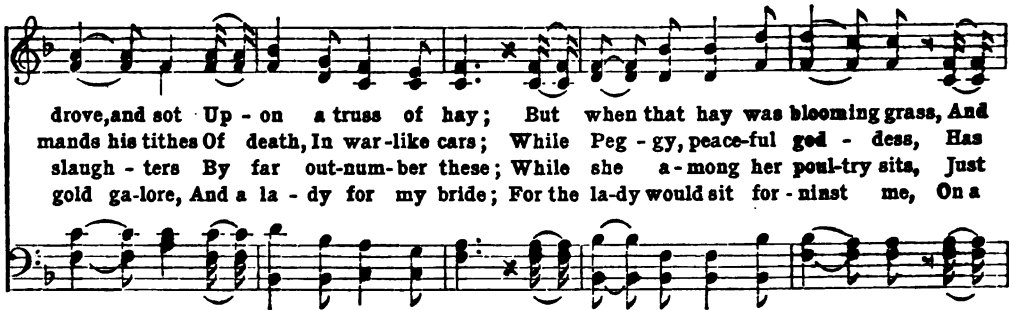
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!

The Low-Backed Car

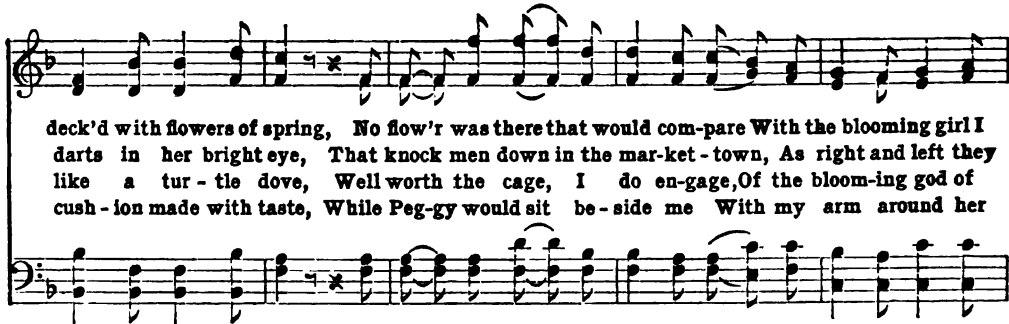
SAMUEL LOVER



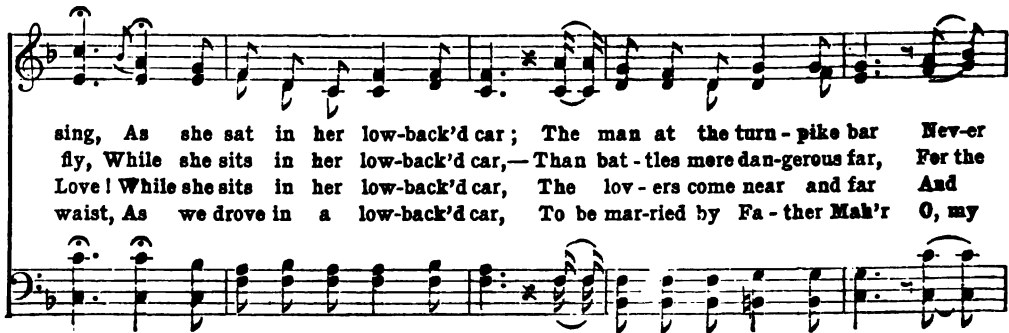
1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A low-back'd car she
 2. In bat-tle's wild com-mo-tion, The proud and might-y Mars, With hos-tile scythes, de-
 3. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts ahs
 4. I'd rath-er own that car, sir,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



drove, and sot Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And
 mands his tithes Of death, In war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peace-ful god - dess, Has
 slaugh - ters By far out-num-ber these; While she a-mong her poul-try sita, Just
 gold ga-lore, And a la - dy for my bride; For the la-dy would sit for - ninst me, On a



deck'd with flowers of spring, No flow'r was there that would com-pare With the blooming girl I
 darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the mar-ket - town, As right and left they
 like a tur - tle dove, Well worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the bloom-ing god of
 cush - ion made with taste, While Peg-gy would sit be - side me With my arm around her



sing, As she sat in her low-back'd car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev-er
 fly, While she sits in her low-back'd car, - Than bat-tles mere dan-gerous far, For the
 Love! While she sits in her low-back'd car, The lov-ers come near and far And
 waist, As we drove in a low-back'd car, To be mar-ried by Fa - ther Mah'r O, my

The Low-Backed Car

443

rall. *a tempo* *rall. ad lib.*

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

The Miller of the Dee

CHARLES MACKAY

1. There dwelt a mil - ler, hale and bold, Be-side the riv - er Dee; He wrought and sang from
 2. "Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be; For could my heart be
 3. The mil - ler smiled and doff'd his cap: "I earn my bread" quoth he; "I love my wife, I
 4. "Good friend," said Hal, and sigh'd the while, "Farewell! and happy be; But say no more, if

morn till night, No lark more blithe than he; And this the bur - den of his song For -
 light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee. And tell me now what makes thee sing With
 love my friend, I love my chil-dren three. I owe no debt I can - not pay, I
 thou'dst be true, That no one en - vies thee; Thy meal - y cap is worth my crown; Thy

ev - er used to be, "I en - vy no one, no, not I! And no one en - vie - me!"
 voice so loud and free, While I am sad, tho' I'm the King, Be-side the riv - er Dee?"
 thank the riv - er Dee, That turns the mill that grinds the corn To feed my babes and me!"
 mill my king-dom's fee! Such men as thou are Eng-land's boast, O mil-ler of the Dee!"

Farewell

From the German, by H. ZICK

SILCHER

mf Andante *p*

1. Love! so beau-ti-ful and true! I must leave to-mor-row,
 2. In true friend-ship heart to heart Close-ly clings for-ev-er,
 3. When soft breez-es kiss your cheek, Touch your hands ca-ress-ing,

mf *p*

mf *cres.*

Can no lon-ger be with you, Part-ing caus-es sor-row.
 Sun and moon on high may part, But true friends will nev-er.
 Sighs they are and thee may seek, Sent by me with bless-ing;

mf *cres.*

p

Ah! I love thee faith-ful-ly, More than words can tell to thee;
 Who the depths of woe can tell, When two lov-ers say fare-well,
 Thou-sands send I day by day, And with thee I bid them stay,

p

cres. *f*

Yet from thee must wan-der, Yet from thee must wan-der.
 Say fare-well for-ev-er, Say fare-well for-ev-er.
 To re-call me to thee, To re-call me to thee!

cres. *f*

Auld Robin Gray

Lady ANN LINDSAY

Old Melody

Larghetto

1. Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride, But
 2. He had na been gone a week but on - ly twa, When my
 3. My fa - ther urged me sair, my mith - er did - na speak, But she

sav - ing a crown he had naeth-ing else be-side; To make that crown a pound, my
 fa-ther brake his arm, and our cow was stown a-wa'; My mith-er she fell sick, and my
 look'd in my face till my heart was like to break; They gied him my hand tho' my

Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
 Ja - mie at the sea, And auld Rob - in Gray cam' a-court - ing me.
 heart was at the sea; And auld Rob - in Gray is gude - man to me.

Rosalie

Tempo de valse

1. I'm Pierre de Bon - tou de Pa - ree, de Pa - ree, I drink my di -
 2. I'm Pierre de Bon - tou de Pa - ree, de Pa - ree, I'm called by les
 3. I go to the fete de Mar-quise, de Mar-quise, I go and make

vive eau - de - vie, eau - de - vie. As I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou -
 dames très jo - li; très jo - li; When I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou -
 love at my ease, at my ease. I go to her père and de-mand for my

pé, I tell you I'm some-thing to see. But I care not what
 pé, I tell you I'm some-thing to see. But I care not what
 own The hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie. But I care not what

Rosalie

447

oth - ers may say, I'm in love with Ro - sa - lie. Charm-ing

Rose, pret-ty Rose, . . I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie. . . .

The musical score for 'Rosalie' consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The first system includes the lyrics 'oth - ers may say, I'm in love with Ro - sa - lie. Charm-ing'. The second system includes the lyrics 'Rose, pret-ty Rose, . . I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie. . . .'. The third system is a continuation of the melody. The piano accompaniment is shown in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature, featuring a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Abide with Me

H. F. LYRE

W. H. MONK

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain

com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
 round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 shad - ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

The musical score for 'Abide with Me' is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features three systems of music. The first system includes three verses of lyrics. The second system continues the lyrics. The third system includes the final verse of lyrics. The score includes a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The piano part consists of chords and single notes, providing a simple harmonic accompaniment for the vocal line.

The Laird o' Cockpen

Allegro

1. The Laird o' Cock - pen he's proud an' he's great, His
 2. Down by the dyke - side a la - dy did dwell, At his
 3. His wig was weel - pouth-er'd, as good as when new, His

mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state; He want - ed a wife his
 ta - ble - head he thocht she'd look well; M' - Cle - ish's ae doch - ter a'
 waist-coat was white, his coat it was blue; He put on a ring, a

braw house to keep, But fa - vour wi' woo - in' was fash - ious to seek.
 Clav - ers' - ha' Lee, A pen - ni - less lass wi' a lang ped - i - gree.
 sword, and cock'd hat; And wha could re - fuse the Laird wi' a' that?

- 4 He mounted his mare, and rade cannillie :
 An' rapped at the yett o' Clavers'-ha' Lee.
 "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben :
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."
- 5 Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine—
 "What brings the Laird here at sic a like time ?"
 She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.
- 6 An' when she came ben, he bowed fu' low ;
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said — "Na."
 An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.
- 7 Dumbfounded was he—but nae sigh did he gie ;
 He mounted his mare, and rade cannillie ;
 An' aften he thocht, as he gaed through the glen,
 "She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp

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 of a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the

D.S. neath the star - ry flag We shall

FINE

all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis - mayed, 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.

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

CHORUS *D.S.*

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com - rades, they will come, And be -
march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,

Rosa Lee

Allegretto

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-by gal, dat's plain, U - li - a - li o - la - e, Breff as sweet as

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, Might

Lips as red as ber - ry bright, When first I did her woo - ing go, She
 make a cra - die ob each shoe. Ro - sa, take me for your bean, She

said "Now don't be fool - ish, Joe." U - li - a - li o - la - e, Court-in' down in

f
 Ten - nes - see, U - li - a - li o - la - e, 'Neath de wild Ba - na - na - tree.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a forte dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a steady accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

Were You Ever in Rio Grand

(A "HEAVE THE ANCHOR" CHANTEY-SONG)

SOLO CHORUS SOLO CHORUS

1. Were you ev - er in Ri - o Grand? Way, Ri - o, O were you ev - er on that strand? We're
 2. Where the Portugee girls can be found, Way, Ri - o, And they are the girls to waltz around, We're

The first system of the score is in 6/8 time and features alternating sections of solo and chorus. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff. The lyrics are: "1. Were you ev - er in Ri - o Grand? Way, Ri - o, O were you ev - er on that strand? We're 2. Where the Portugee girls can be found, Way, Ri - o, And they are the girls to waltz around, We're".

bound for the Ri - o Grand? Way, . . . Ri - o, Way, . . . Ri - o, Then

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff. The lyrics are: "bound for the Ri - o Grand? Way, . . . Ri - o, Way, . . . Ri - o, Then".

fare you well, my pret - ty young girl, we're bound for the Ri - o . . . Grand.

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff. The lyrics are: "fare you well, my pret - ty young girl, we're bound for the Ri - o . . . Grand."

Home to Our Mountains

C. JEFFERYS

From VERDI'S "Il Trovatore"

Home to our moun-tains Let us re - turn, love, There in its young days

Peace had its reign; There shall thy sweet song fall on my slum - bers,

There shall thy lute make me joy - ous a - gain. Rest thee, my moth - er,
Sra.....
dolciss

kneel - ing be - side thee, I will pour forth my
Sra.....

Home to Our Mountains

458

pl AZUCENA *>*

trou - ba - dour lay. Oh, sing and wake now thy sweet lute's soft

Sua

p

num - bers, Lull me to rest, charm my sor - rows a - way, Oh, way.

MANRICO

Yes, I will pour forth. . my trou - ba - dour lay. lay.

pp

Now the Day is Over

S. BARING-GOULD

J. BARNEY

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose,
 3. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may we a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d' rest bless - ing, May our eye - lids close.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

The Rainy Day

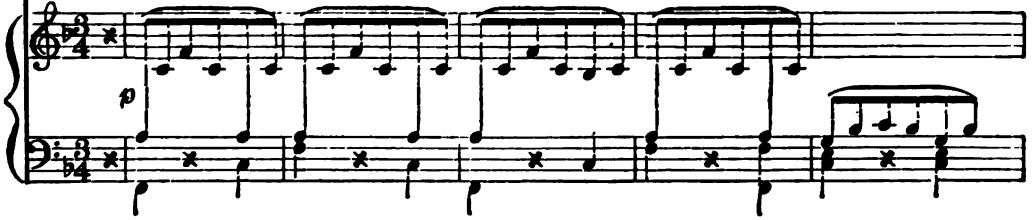
H. W. LONGFELLOW

p Andante

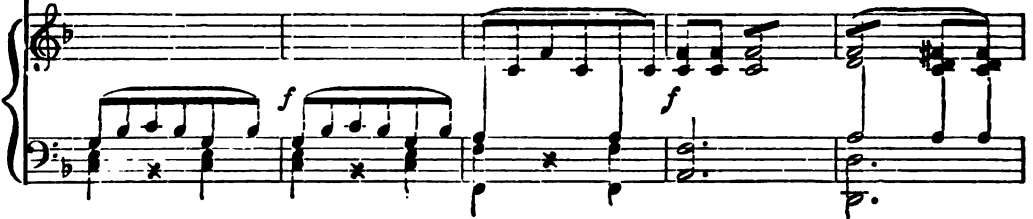
WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER

cres.

1. The day is cold, and dark, and drear-y; It rains, and the
 2. My life is cold, and dark, and drear-y; It rains, and the
 3. Be still, sad heart! and cease re - pin - ing; Be - hind the



- wind is nev - er wea - ry; The vine still clings to the
 wind is nev - er wea ry; My thoughts still cling to the
 clouds is the sun still shin - ing; Thy fate is the com - mon



- moul - der - ing wall, But at ev - 'ry gust the dead leaves fall, And the
 moul - der - ing past, But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast, And the
 fate of all, In - to each life some rain must fall, Some



The Rainy Day

455

day is dark and drear-y, And the day is
 days are dark and drear-y, And the days are
 days must be dark and drear-y, Some days must be

pp

dark and drear-y, And the day is dark and drear - y.
 dark and drear-y, And the days are dark and drear - y.
 dark and drear-y, Some days must be dark and drear - y.

p

Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee

E. CASWALL

J. B. DYKES

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee Withsweet-ness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
 3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek!

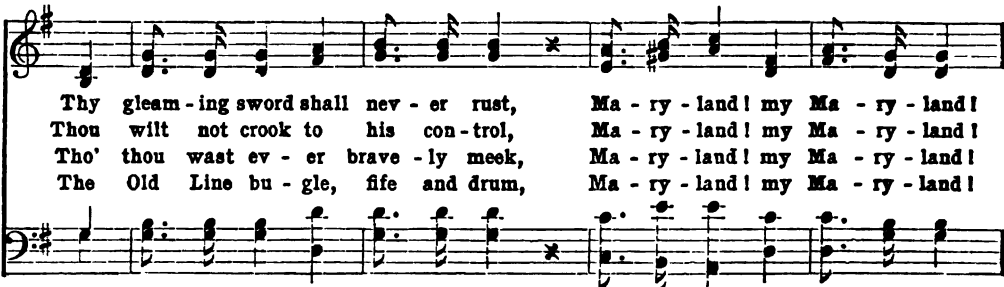
But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
 A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man - kind!
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!

Maryland! My Maryland

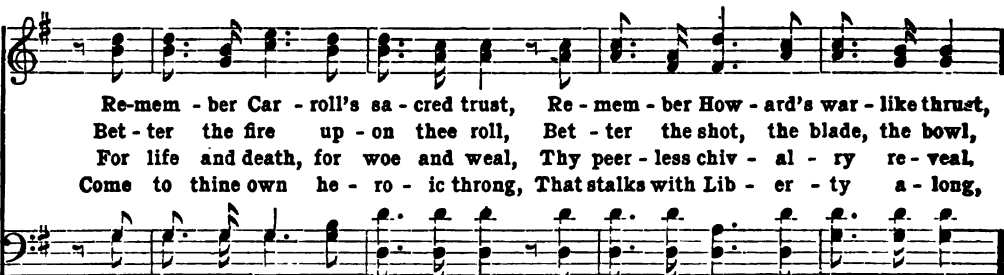
J. R. RANDALL, adapted



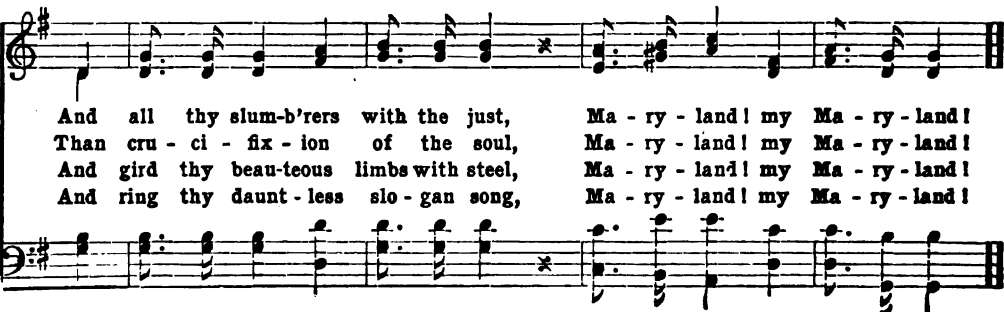
1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!



Thy gleam - ing sword 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!
 Tho' 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, Thy 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 - b'ers 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 beau - teous 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!

The Old Cabin Home

1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the
 2. I am go - ing to leave this land, With this, our dark - ey band, . . To
 3. When old age . . comes on us, And my hair is turn - ing gray, . . I'll

Mis - sis - sip - pi val - ley I am go - ing; I will take my old ban - jo,
 trav - el all the wide . . world . . o - ver, And when I get . . tired,
 hang up the ban - jo all a - lone; . . I'll . . sit down by the fire,

And I'll sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
 I will set - tle down to rest, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
 And I'll pass the time a - way, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.

CHORUS

Here is my Old Cab - in Home, . . Here is my sis - ter and my broth - er,

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mother.

Looking Back

LOUISA GRAY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

1. I heard a voice long years a-go, A voice so wondrous sweet and low, That
2. But ere our sum-mer pass'd a-way, That gen-tle voice was hush'd for aye; I

trem-bling tears un-bid-den rose From the depths of love's re- pose. . . . It
watch'd my love's last smile and knew, How well the angel's lov'd her too. . . . Then

float-ed thro' my dreams at night, And made the dark-est day seem
si-lent but with blind-ing tears, I gath-er'd all the love of

bright, It whis-per'd to my heart, "My love," And nest-ling there for-got to
years And laid it with my dreams of old, . . . Where all I lov'd slept white and

Looking Back

rall. *Un poco piu lento e con mollo tenerezza*

rove. . . cold. . . O my love, I lov'd her so, My love that lov'd me

years a - go, . . . O . . . my love, . . . O . . . my love, . . .

rall. *f* *Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.*

tres largement

O my love, I lov'd her so, My love . . . that lov'd me years a - go.

cres. *f* *colla voce*

Haul on the Bowlin'

(A SHORT-HAUL CHANTEY-SONG)

Solo CHORUS

1. Haul on the bow-lin', Our bul - ly ship's a - roll - in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!

2. Haul on the bow-lin', Our cap-tain he's a - growl-in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!

3. Haul on the bow-lin', O Kit - ty, you're my darl-in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!

For You

ARTHUR CHAPMAN
Andante espressivo

SYDNEY SMITH

1. They say the years have swallow's wings, But mine have leaden feet, Since last we stood and
 2. They told me if we linked our lives, That you would rue the day, And when the sor-rows

Bass with octaves

said "good-bye," That eve in June-tide sweet; I read the an-guish in your eyes, As
 gath-ered round, Your love would pass a-way; But had I known what life would be When

f con dolore *dim. e ritard.* *p*
 sad you turn'd a-way, But oh! you guessed not what I bore, The tears I could not stay. For
 ev-'ry hope had fled, Those cru-el words I spoke that night, Had ne'er by me been said. For

dim e ritard

REFRAIN *Lento, e con moto espressivo*

you! for you! my dar-ling, I spoke those words un-true. . . I

left you, tho' I loved you, And broke my heart for you! . . .

rilard.

rilard. *cres.*

Detailed description: This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melodic line with several slurs and accents. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The piano part includes chords and a bass line with a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking.

. . . For you! for you! my dar - ling, I spoke those words un - true, I

f

f *cres.*

Detailed description: This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a 'f' (forte) dynamic marking and a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking. The piano part includes chords and a bass line.

left you, tho' I loved you, And broke my heart for you.

con passione *p* *rall.*

con forza

Detailed description: This system contains the final line of the song. The vocal line concludes the melody. The piano accompaniment features a 'con passione' (with passion) marking and a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking. The piano part includes chords and a bass line.

Alice, Where art Thou

J. ASCHER

Andante con espressione

1. The birds sleep - ing gen - tly, Sweet Ly - ra gleam-eth bright, Her
 2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing Just as it fall-eth now; And

Bass with octaves

rays tinge the for - est, And all seems glad to-night. The
 all things sleep gen - tly! Ah! Al - ice, where art thou? I've

wind sigh - ing by me, Cool - ing my fev - er'd brow; The
 sought thee by lake - let, I've sought thee on the hill, . . . And

stream flows as ev - er, Yet, Al - ice, where art thou? One
 in the pleas-ant wild - wood, When winds blew cold and chill; I've

year back this e - ven, And thou wert by my side,
sought thee in for - est; I'm look - ing heav'nward now,

And thou wert by my side, Vow - - ing to
I'm look - ing heav'nward now; Oh! there . . . 'mid

love me; One year past this e - ven, And thou wert by my side,
star-shine, -I've sought thee in for - est, I'm look-ing heav'nward now.

Vow - ing to love me, Al - ice, what - e'er might be - tide.
Oh! . . . there a - mid the star-shine, Al - ice, I know, art thou.

No One to Love

A. H. G. RICHARDSON

Arranged by C. EVEREST

Andante

cres.

f



1. No one to love, none to ca-ress, Roam-ing a-lone through this
 2. In dreams a-lone, loved ones I see, And well-known voi-ces then
 3. No one to love, none to ca-ress, None to re-pond to this

(For D.C. sing words of first stanza)



dim.



world's wil-der-ness; Sad is my heart, joy is un-known,
 whis-per to me; Sigh-ing I wake, wak-ing I weep;
 heart's ten-der-ness! Trust-ing I wait; God in His love



cres.

f

dim.

FINE *p*



For in my sor-row I'm weep-ing a-lone; No gen-tle voice,
 Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep. Oh, bliss-ful rest!
 Prom-is-es rest in His man-sions a-bove; Oh, bliss in store,



No One to Love

465

The musical score for 'No One to Love' is written in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics: 'no ten - der smile / what heart would stay, / oh, joy mine own, / Makes me re - joice, / Un - loved, un - bless'd, / There nev - er - more / or cares be - guile. . . / from heaven a - way? . . . / to weep a - lone!'. The piano accompaniment starts with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and includes markings such as 'mf' and 'rit.'. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

no ten - der smile Makes me re - joice, or cares be - guile. . .
what heart would stay, Un - loved, un - bless'd, from heaven a - way? . . .
oh, joy mine own, There nev - er - more to weep a - lone!

mf rit. *rit.* *D.C.*

Blow, Boys, Blow

(A HOISTING CHANTEY-SONG)

The musical score for 'Blow, Boys, Blow' is in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is divided into 'Solo' and 'Chorus' sections. The lyrics are: '1. Blow, my bul - lies, I long to hear you, Blow, boys, blow! / 2. A Yan - kee ship's gone down the riv - er, Blow, boys, blow! And / 3. Dan - dy - funk and don - key's liv - er, Blow, boys, blow! Then / Blow, my bul - lies, I come to cheer you, Blow, my bul - ly boys, blow! / what do you think they got for din - ner? Blow, my bul - ly boys, blow! / blow, my boys, for bet - ter wea - ther, Blow, my bul - ly boys, blow!'. The piano accompaniment includes markings for 'Solo' and 'Chorus' sections. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Solo **CHORUS** **Solo**

1. Blow, my bul - lies, I long to hear you, Blow, boys, blow!
2. A Yan - kee ship's gone down the riv - er, Blow, boys, blow! And
3. Dan - dy - funk and don - key's liv - er, Blow, boys, blow! Then

CHORUS

Blow, my bul - lies, I come to cheer you, Blow, my bul - ly boys, blow!
what do you think they got for din - ner? Blow, my bul - ly boys, blow!
blow, my boys, for bet - ter wea - ther, Blow, my bul - ly boys, blow!

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

PHOEBE CAREY

R. S. AMBROSE

One sweet-ly sol- emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,

I am near- er home to- day Than I've ev- er been be- fore.

Near- er my Fa- ther's house, Where the man- y man- sions be,

cres. Near- er the great white throne, .. *pp* Near- er the crys- tal sea.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down,

This system contains the first line of the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Near - er leav - ing the cross, . . . Near - er gain - ing the crown.

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It includes a repeat sign at the end of the system. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern.

But ly - ing darkly be - tween, . . . Wind - ing a - down thro' the night, . . .

This system features a change in the piano accompaniment. The right hand now plays a series of chords, and the left hand plays a more complex, rhythmic accompaniment. The vocal melody continues with a long note followed by a series of eighth notes.

Is the si - lent, un - known stream, That leads at last to the light.

This system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *cres.* (crescendo) and *rall.* (rallentando). The system ends with a final chord and a repeat sign.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Fa - ther, be near when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink, For it
 may be I am near - er home, Near - er now than I think.

p

Blow the Man Down

(A HOISTING CHANTEY-SONG)

SOLO **CHORUS** **SOLO**

1. As I was a-walking down Para-dise Street, (Way! Hey! Blow the man down!) A
 2. Says she to me, "Will you stand treat?" (Way! Hey! Blow the man down!) "De-

CHORUS

pret - ty young dam - sel I chanced for to meet. (Give me some time to blow the man down.)
 lighted," says I, "for a charm - er so sweet." (Give me some time to blow the man down.)

The Red, White and Blue

D. T. SHAW

THOMAS A BECKET

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threat-en'd the land to de-
 3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it

free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to
 form, The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the
 wave; May the wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the

thee; Thy man-dates make he-ros as-sem-ble, When lib-er-ty's form stands in
 storm; With the gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave
 brave; May the ser-vice u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so

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

D.S.

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
 The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

smil - ing, Is the glance which your eye can't con - ceal, And your
 bout you, And you don't know how hap - py I feel, But I'm
 meet me With a kiss, at the foot of the lane? And I'll

voice is so sweet and be - gull - ing That I love you, sweet No - ra O' - Neal. Oh!
 lone - ly to - night, love, without you, My dar - ling, sweet No - ra O' - Neal. Oh!
 prom - ise when - ev - er you greet me, That I'll nev - er be lone - ly a - gain. Oh!

don't think that ev - er I'll doubt you, My love I will nev - er con - ceal; Oh! I'm

lone - ly to - night, love, with - out you, My dar - ling, sweet No - ra O' Neal.

Kind Words are Dear to All

NELLY E. ELWELL
Andante con moto

P. E. VAN NOORDEN

1. Speak gen - tly, there's e-nough of care! Be-neath the bright-est smile, . . . The
 2. Speak gen - tly, kind words bless the lips From whence they sweet-ly fall Like

lips may ut - ter mer - ry words, The heart be sad the while, The
 dew - drops to the droop - ing flow'rs, Kind words are dear to all, Kind

heart be sad the while. A kind word is a lit - tle thing, But
 words are dear to all. The heart grows strong be - neath their light, Dark

colla voce.

oh! how great its pow'r To light us on to no - ble deeds, In
 vis - ions fade a - way, We wake as from a trou - bled dream, To

colla voce. *p* *f*

Kind Words are Dear to All

some sad, si - lent hour, In some sad, si - lent hour, To
wel - come hope's bright ray, To wel - come hope's bright ray, We

light us on to no - ble deeds, In some sad, si - lent hour.
wake as from a trou - bled dream, To wel - come hope's bright ray.

pp *rall.* *rall.*

The Promised Land

1. I have a Fa - ther in the prom - ised land, I have a Fa - ther in the prom - ised land,
2. I have a Sav - iour in the prom - ised land, I have a Sav - iour in the prom - ised land,
3. I have a crown in the prom - ised land, I have a crown in the prom - ised land,
4. I hope to meet you in the prom - ised land, I hope to meet you in the prom - ised land,
D.C. I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the prom - ised land, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the prom - ised land,

D.C.

My Fa - ther calls me, I must go To meet Him in the prom - ised land.
My Sav - iour calls me, I must go To meet Him in the prom - ised land.
When Je - sus calls me, I must go To wear it in the prom - ised land.
At Je - sus' feet a joy - ous band; We'll praise Him in the prom - ised land.
My Fa - ther calls me I must go To meet Him in the prom - ised land.

The Soldier's Tear

ALEXANDER LEE

T. H. BAYLY

Larghetto

1. Up - on the hill he turned To take a last fond look Of the val - ley and the
 2. Be - side that cot-tage porch A girl had knelt in pray'r; She held a - loft a
 3. He turn'd and left the spot, Oh, do not think him weak, For dauntless was the



village church, And the cot-tage by the brook. He list-ened to the sounds so ta-
 snow - y scarf Which flut-tered in the air; She breathed a sigh for him, A
 sol-dier's heart, Tho' tears were on his cheek. Go watch the foremost ranks in



mil - iar to his ear, And the sol - dier leant up - on his sword, And
 pray'r he could not hear, But he paused to bless her as she knelt, And
 dan - ger's dark ca - reer, Be sure the hand most dar - ing there Has



The Soldier's Tear

475

wiped . . a - way a tear.

f

This musical score is for the song 'The Soldier's Tear'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'wiped . . a - way a tear.' The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the right hand.

When to Thy Vision

From GOUNOD's "Faust"

1. When to thy vis - ion life ap - pears sweet - ly smil - ing, Then all a -
2. As two fond flow'r - ets on one stem u - nit - ed, So link'd by

about me seems to smile on me, But if sad tears come and naught seems life be -
des - ti - ny our hearts are bound, Should ev - er sor - rows come, or hopes be

guil - ing, Then, O my lov'd one, then, O my lov'd one, then I will weep for thee, will weep for thee.
blight - ed, Then ev - er faith - ful, then ev - er faith - ful, I shall be faithful, ev - er faithful found.

This musical score is for the song 'When to Thy Vision' from Gounod's 'Faust'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a consistent rhythmic pattern of chords marked with 'x'. The lyrics are presented in two verses (1 and 2) across the three systems.

Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer

LURLINE

WM. VINCENT WALLACE

Largamente

1. Oh! Thou, to whom this heart ne'er yet Turned in an-guish or re-gret, The
 2. Oh! Thou, to whom my thro'ts are known, Calm, oh! calm these trembling fears; Ah!

past for-give, the fu-ture spare; Sweet Spir-it, hear my pray'r! Oh!
 turn a-way the world's cold frown, And dry my fall-ing tears! Oh!

dolente

leave me not a-lone in grief, Send this blight-ed heart re-lief! Send this

dolcissimo

blight-ed heart re-lief! . . . Make Thou my life thy fu-ture care, Sweet

dolcissimo

Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer

con espressione

Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Ah! make . . my life thy fu - ture care, Sweet

rall.

Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Hear, oh! hear my pray'r! Ah! hear . . my pray'r!

Softly Now the Light of Day

G. W. DOANE

C. M. VON WEBER

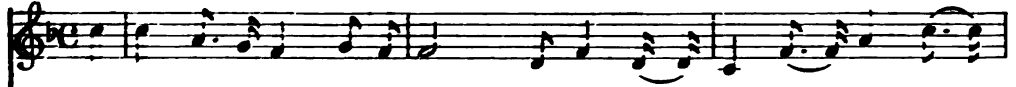
1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way ;
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
 3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way ;
 4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty ;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
 Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye. '

When You and I Were Young

Geo. W. Johnson

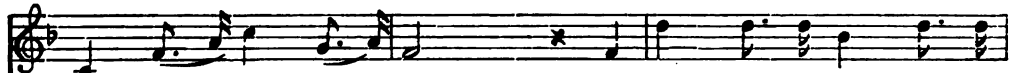
J. A. Butterfield



1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be -
 2. A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the
 3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright-ly than



low ; The creek and the creak - ing old mill, Mag-gie, As
 best, In pol - ished white man - sions of stone, Mag-gie, Have
 then, My face is a well - writ - ten page, Mag-gie, But



we used to long a - go. The green grove is gone from the
 each found a place of rest, Is built where the birds used to
 time a - lone was the pen. They say we are a - ged and



When You and I Were Young

479

hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai - sies sprung; The
 play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were sung: For we
 gray, Mag-gie, As sprays by the white break-ers flung; But to

reak - ing old mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
 sang as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
 me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

God is Love, His Mercy Brightens

JOHN BOWRING

ITHAMAR CONKEY

1. God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
 2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
 3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem-eth Will His changeless good - ness prove;
 4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin-eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;

Bliss He wakes and woe He light-ens: God is wis - dom, God is love.
 But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er: God is wis - dom, God is love.
 From the gloom His bright - ness streameth: God is wis - dom, God is love.
 Ev - 'ry - where His glo - ry shin-eth: God is wis - dom, God is love.

Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby

Andantino



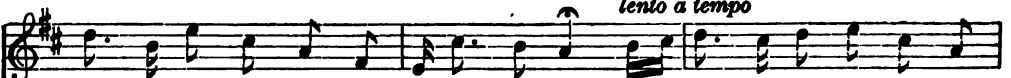
1. Oh, hush thee, my ba-by! thy sire was a knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy so
2. Oh, rest thee, my dar-ling, the time soon will come, When sleep shall be brok-en by
3. Oh, fear not the bu-gle tho' loud - ly it blows, It calls but the ward-ers that



love - ly and bright; The woods and the glens from these tow'rs which we see, They
trum - pet and drum; Then rest thee, my dar - ling, oh sleep while you may, For
guard thy re - pose; Their bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the



lento a tempo



all are be - long - ing, dear ba - by, to thee. Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,
strife comes with man-hood, as light comes with day. Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,
step of a foe - man drew near to thy bed. Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,



Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby

481

sleep on till day! Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may!

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature, and two piano accompaniment lines in treble and bass clefs. The melody is simple and lullaby-like, with a final cadence.

The Three Little Pigs

A. S. GATTY

1. A jol - ly old sow once lived in a sty, And three lit - tle pig-gies had she,
 2. "My dear lit - le brothers," said one of the brats, "My dear lit - tle pig-gies," said he,
 3. Then these three lit - tle pig-gies grew skin-ny and lean, And lean they might ver-y well be,

The musical score is in 8/8 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are numbered 1, 2, and 3, corresponding to the three lines of text.

And she wad-died a - bout, say - ing "Umph, Umph, Umph," While the lit - tle ones said "Wee, Wee ;"
 "Let us all for the fu - ture say Umph, Umph, Umph," 'Tis so child-ish to say Wee, Wee ;"
 For some-how they could-n't say "Umph, Umph, Umph," And they wouldn't say "Wee, Wee, Wee ;"

This section continues the musical score with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are presented as a single block of text.

The musical score concludes with a final vocal line and piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line and repeat signs.

MORAL

4 So after a time these little pigs died,
 They all died of *felo de se*,
 From trying too hard to say "Umph, Umph,
 Umph,"
 When they only could say "Wee, Wee."

5 A moral there is to this little song,
 A moral that's easy to see,
 Don't try when you're young to say "Umph,
 Umph, Umph,"
 For you only can say "Wee, Wee."

Mary of Argyle

Allegretto con delicatezza

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

seen the dew - drop cling - ing, To the rose just new - ly born; But a
 step may lack its fleet - ness, And thy hair its sun - ny hue, Still to

sweet - er song has cheer'd me At the eve - ning's gen - tle close, And I've
 me wilt thou be dear - er Than all the world shall own; I have

cres.

seen an eye still bright - er Than the dew - drop on the rose; 'Twas thy
 loved thee for thy beau - ty, But not for that a - lone; I have

mf

Mary of Argyle

483

a tempo

voice, my gen - tle Ma - ry, And thine art - less win - ning smile, That
 watch'd thy heart, dear Ma - ry, And its good - ness was the wile That has

a tempo

ad lib.

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

ad lib.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

Rev. RAY PALMER

LOWELL MASON

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,

while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray, From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

With spirit

LOUIS LAMBERT

SOLO CHORUS SOLO

1. When Johnny comes marching home a-gain, Hur-rah, hur - rah! We'll give him a heart-y
 2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur-rah, hur - rah! To wel - come home our
 3. Get rea - dy for the Ju - bi - lee, Hur-rah, hur - rah! We'll give the he - ro

CHORUS SOLO

wel-come then, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
 dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With
 three times three; Hur - rah, hur - rah! The lau - rel wreath is rea - dy now To

CHORUS *Repeat ad lib.*

la - dies, they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
 ro - ses they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
 place up - on his loy - al brow; And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.

There Were Three Crows

(TUNE: "WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME")

1 | There were three crows sat on a tree,
O Billy McGee, McGaw :||

There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as crows could be,

Ref. And they all flapped their wings and cried
(Spoken: Caw! Caw! Caw!) Billy McGee, McGaw.

(Repeat last two lines without "Caw.")

2 ||:Said one old crow unto his mate, etc.:|

"What shall we do for grub to eat?" Ref

3 ||:"There lies a horse on yonder plain, etc.:|
Who's by some cruel butcher slain. Ref.

4 ||:We'll perch upon his bare back-bone, etc.:|
And pick his eyes out, one by one." Ref.

Sweet By-and-By

JOSEPH P. WEBSTER

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day,
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove,

And by faith we can see it a-far;
The me-lo-di-ous songs of the blest,
We will of-fer our trib-ute of praise,

For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way,
And our spir-its shall sor-row no more,
For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love,

To pre-pare us a dwell-ing-place there.
Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest.
And the bless-ings that hal-low our days.

CHORUS

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore,
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and-by,

By permission of THE OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

The Carrier Dove

DANIEL JOHNSON

Slowly and with much expression

1. Fly a-way to my na - tive land, sweet dove, Fly a-way to my na - tive
2. Oh! fly to her bower, and say, the chain Of the ty - rant is e'er me
3. I shall miss thy vis - it at dawn, sweet dove, I shall miss thy vis - it at

legato

land, . . . And bear these lines to my la - dy love, That I've
 now, . . . That I nev - er shall mount my steed a - gain, With
 eve, . . . But bring me a line from my la - dy love, And

trac'd with a fee - ble hand. . . . She mar - vels much at my long de - lay, A
 hel - met up - on my brow. . . . No friend to my lat - tice a sol - ace brings, Ex -
 then I shall cease to grieve! . . . I can bear in a dun - geon to waste away youth, I can

The Carrier Dove

487

ru - mor of death she has heard, Or she thinks per-haps I
 cept when your voice is heard, When you beat the bars with your
 fall by the con-quer-or's sword, But I can-not en-dure she should

ad lib.

false - ly stray, — Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.
 snow - y wings, — Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.
 doubt my truth, — Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.

Sun of My Soul

J. KEBLE

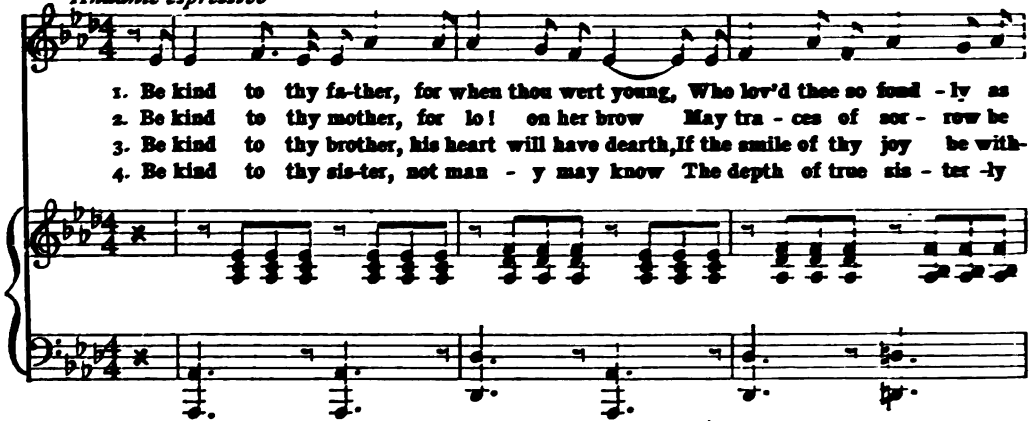
W. H. MONK

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - lour dear, It is not night if Thou be near ;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live ;
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

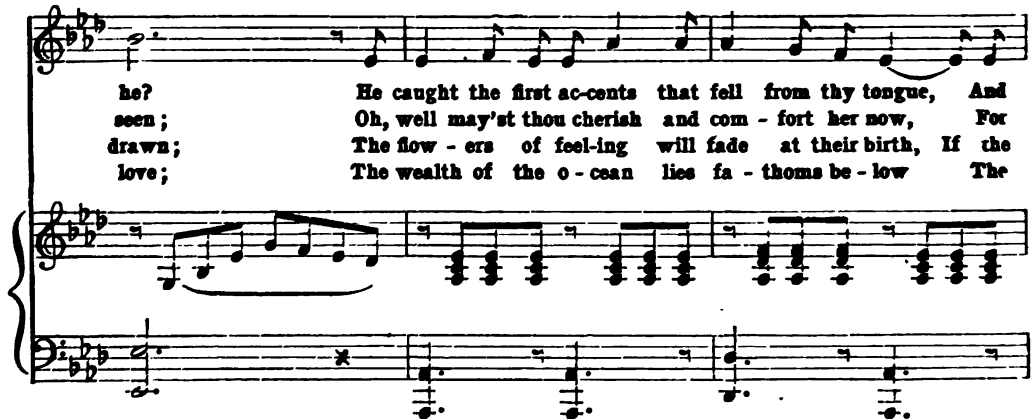
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - lour's breast !
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home

ISAAC R. WOODBURY

Andante espressivo


1. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for when thou wert young, Who lov'd thee so fond - ly as
 2. Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow May tra - ces of sor - row be
 3. Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth, If the smile of thy joy be with-
 4. Be kind to thy sis-ter, not man - y may know The depth of true sis - ter - ly



he?
 seen;
 drawn;
 love;

He caught the first ac - cents that fell from thy tongue, And
 Oh, well may'st thou cherish and com - fort her now, For
 The flow - ers of feel - ing will fade at their birth, If the
 The wealth of the o - cean lies fa - thoms be - low The



joined in thy in - no - cent glee. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for
 lov - ing and kind hath she been. Re - mem - ber thy mother, for
 dew of af - fec - tion be gone. Be kind to thy brother whet
 sur - face that spark - les a - bove. Be kind to thy fa-ther, once

Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home

489

now he is old, His locks in-ter-min-gled with gray; His
 thee will she pray, As long as God giv-eth her breath; With
 ev-er you are, The love of a broth-er shall be An
 fear-less and bold, Be kind to thy moth-er so near; Be

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

Holy Ghost, with Light Divine

ANDREW REED

L. M. GOTTSCHALK

1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho-ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
 3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
 4. Ho-ly Spit-it all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.
 Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma-n-y woes de-part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
 Cast down ev-'ry i-dol throne, Reign su-preme and reign a-lone.

By the Sad Sea Waves

J. BARNUM

Andante

1. By the sad sea waves I lis - ten while they moan A la - ment o'er graves of
 2. From my care last night, by ho - ly sleep be - guil'd, in the fair dream - light, my

hope and pleas - ure gone; I was young, I was fair, I had
 home up - on me smil'd. O how sweet 'mid the dew, Ev - 'ry

once not a care, From the ris - ing of the morn to the set - ting of the sun; Yet I
 flow'r that I knew 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

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The score is divided into four systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the next two lines. The fourth system contains the final two lines. The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as dynamics (f, dim., pp, espress.), articulation (accents), and phrasing slurs. The tempo is marked 'Andante'.

ad lib.

hope and pleasure 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.

pp

The Glorious Fourth

Old Colonial Melody

1. We'll march and shout hur - rah! With flags and ban - ners gay! For is it not the
 2. Co - lum - bia's free - men brave Re - joice to do and dare! This day the winds ex -
 3. Our land is broad and fair, Sweet free - dom ev - 'ry - where. We wel - come oth - ers

glo - rious Fourth We cel - e - brate to - day? This day gave Free - dom birth; Its
 ult to wave The stars and stripes in air! 'Tis North and South no more; One
 to our shores, This home with us to share. Though wealth in goods we own, True

fame now fills the earth. For this th'embat - tled he - roes stood To serve their country's good.
 Coun - try we a - dore. No stars have from our ban - ner fled, — What glorious light they shed!
 free - men prize a - lone The laws up - held by ev - 'ry one — The peace our fa - thers won.

Afterwards

MARY MARK LEMON

JOHN MULLEN

p

1. Af - ter the day has sung its song of sor - row, And one by one the
2. Some - times my heart grows wea - ry of its sad - ness, Some - times my life grows

p

gold - en stars appear, I lin - ger yet, where once we met, be - lov - ed,
wea - ry of its pain, Then, love, I wait and lis - ten for your whis - per,

p *poco rit.* *dolce*

And seem to feel thy spir - it still is near. The flow'rs have fled that
Till fears de - part and sunshine comes again. It can - not be that

colla voce

sf

blossom'd in that spring - tide, The birds are mute that sang their songs a - bove,
we should part for - ev - er, That love's sweet song is hush'd for us al - way;

And tho' the years have drifted us asun - der, Time can-not break the golden chain of love.
I hear it yet, al-tho' its theme be al-ter'd, 'Twill reach thy heart and bring thee back some day.

rit.

dolce

Still we can love al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er, Still we can hope, un -
Love, we can love al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er, Still we can hope, un -

a tempo

cres.

til the clouds be past: Come to my heart and whisper thro' the silence, "Hope on, dear heart, our

cres. *ff*

1 rit. *V 2* *rit.*

lives shall meet at last." lives shall meet at last. Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last!"

rit. *rit.*

Marseillaise Hymn

ROUGET DE LISLE

Con spirito

f

1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what myr-iads bid you
2. O, lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen-'rous

mf *p*

rise! Your chil-dren, wives, and grand-sires ho - ry: Be - hold their tears, and hear their
flame? Can dun-geons, bolts, and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it

f

ries, Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants, mis - chief
tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it? Too long the world has wept be -

mf

breed - ing, With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the
wall - ing That falsehood's dag - ger ty - rants wield; But free - dom is our sword and

ff

land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a -
shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing; To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a -

veng-ing sword unsheathe! March on, march on, all hearts resolved On vic - to - ry or death!

The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol -
 1. The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep tan - gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved
 D.C. The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov - ered

FINE

lec - tion pre - sents them to view! } The wide - spread - ing pond, and the
 spot which my in - fan - cy knew; } The cot of my fa - ther, the
 buck - et that hung in the well.

D.C.

mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; }
 dai - ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. }

- 2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure, 3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive
 For often at noon, when returned from the field, it,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure, As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield. Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were it,
 glowing, Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell, And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflow- The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 ing, [well. As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well. The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the
 well.

Toyland

GLEN MACDONOUGH

VECTOR HERBERT

Very slow and dreamily

1. When you've grown up, my dears, And are as old as I, . . . You'll oft - en pon - der
 2. When you've grown up, my dears, There comes a drear - y day . . . When 'mid the locks of

Plegato

on the years That roll so swift - ly by, My dears, that roll so swift - ly
 black ap - pears The first pale gleam of gray. My dears, the first pale gleam of

by . . . And of the man - y lands You will have jour - neyed through, You'll
 gray. . . Then of the past you'll dream As gray - haired grown - ups do, . . . And

poco animato

p animato e cres.

oft re - call The best of all The land your child - hood knew! Your
 seek once more Its phan - tom shore, The land your child - hood knew! Your

molto rit.

pp

mf

Toyland

molto rit.

child - hood knew. Toy - land! Toy - land! Lit - tle girl and

molto rit. e dim. p *pp dolcissimo*

boy - land, While you dwell with - in it, You are ev - er hap - py

then. Child - hood's joy - land, Mys - tic mer - ry Toy - land!

rit. Once you pass its bor - ders you can ne'er re - turn a - gain. . gain.

rit. rit. *pp*

Because You're You

HENRY BLOSSOM
Molto moderato
 BERTHA

VICTOR HERBERT

GOVERNOR

Love is a queer lit-tle el - fin sprite, Blest with the dead - li - est aim!

BERTHA

Shooting his ar - rows to left and right, Bagging the rar - est game.

BERTHA

GOVERNOR

BERTHA

Filling our hearts with a glad sur-prise, Al-most too good to be true! And

GOVERNOR

still can you tell me why do you love me? On - ly be - cause you are you, dear!

rit.

poco rit.

Because You're You

499

REFRAIN.

Not that you are fair, dear, Not that you are true. Not your gold-en
GOVERNOR.

Not that I am fair, dear, Not that I am true.

Slower.

hair, dear, Not your eyes of blue. When we ask the rea - son,

Not my gold-en hair dear, Not my eyes of blue. . . When we ask the

Words are all too few! So I know I love you, dear, be - cause you're you.

rea - son, Words are all too few! I love you, dear, because you're you.

rit.

All is Quiet

A. H. Roszwa
tr

Andante
VIOLIN

1. All is qui - et, all is still, Sleep, my child, and fear not ill,
2. Let thy lit - tle eye - lids close, Like the pet - als of the rose;

Win - try winds blow chill and drear, Lul - la - by, my ba - by dear,
When the morn - ing sun shall glow, They shall in - to blos - som blow,

Win - try winds blow chill and drear, Lul - la - by, my ba - by dear.
They shall in - to blos - som blow, When the morn - ing sun shall glow.

rit.
colla voce.

All is Quiet

Con spirito

3. Then the lit - tle flow'rs I'll prize, Then I'll kiss those lit - tle eyes,

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melodic line with several trills (tr) and a dynamic marking of *f*. The lower staff is a piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one sharp. It consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

And thy moth - er will not care, If 'tis spring or win - ter drear,

This system contains the second two staves of music. The vocal line continues with trills and a dynamic marking of *p*. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system, providing a rhythmic foundation for the vocal melody.

And thy moth - er will not care, If 'tis spring or win - ter drear.

rall. dim.

rall. dim.

This system contains the final two staves of music. The vocal line concludes with a *rall.* and *dim.* marking. The piano accompaniment also features *rall.* and *dim.* markings, ending with a final chord. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The Long, Long, Weary Day

Allegro moderato

1. The long, long, wea - ry day Is pass'd in tears a-way, The long, long,
 2. When I, his truth to prove, Would tri - fle with my love, When I, his
 3. A - las! if land or sea Had part - ed him from me, A - las! if
 4. But he is dead and gone! Whose heart was mine a-lone, But he is

mf

wea - ry day Is pass'd in tears a-way, And still at eve - ning, I am
 truth to prove, Would tri - fle with my love, He'd say, "For me thou shalt be
 land or sea Had part - ed him from me, I would not these sad tears be
 dead and gone! Whose heart was mine a - lone, And now for him I'm ev - er

p legato

weep - ing, When from my win - dow's height, I look out on the night, I still am
 weep - ing, When at some fu - ture day, I shall be far a - way, Thou shalt be
 weep - ing, But hope he'd come once more, And love me as be - fore, And say, "Cease
 weep - ing. His face I ne'er shall see, And nought is left to me But bit - ter

The Long, Long, Weary Day

503

cres.

weep - ing, My lone watch keep-ing. When from my win-dow's height, I look out
weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing. When at some fu - ture day, I shall be
weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing." But hope he'd come once more, And love me
weep - ing, My lone watch keep-ing! His face I ne'er shall see, And naught is

cres.

deces. rit.

on the night, I still am weep - ing, My lone watch keep - ing.
far a - way, Thou shalt be weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing."
as be - fore And say "Cease weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing."
left to me, But bit - ter weep - ing, My lone watch keep-ing!

deces.

dim.

Blanche Alpen

CHARLES JEFFERYS

STEPHEN GLOVER

moderato

1. You speak of sun-ny skies to me, Of or-ange grove and bower; Of
2. You tell me oft of riv-ers bright, Where gold-en gal - leys float, But
3. Had you been rear'd by Al-pine hills, Or lov'd in Al - pine dells, You'd

Blanche Alpen

rall.

winds that waik soft mel - o - dy From leaf and bloom - ing flow'rs; And
 have you seen our lakes by night, Or melt'd in Al - pine heat? Yes
 prize, like me, our moon - tain rills, Nor fear the tar - nant souls. E

a tempo

you may prize these far - off skies, But tempt not me to roam. In
 speak of lands where hearts and hands Will greet me as I come, But
 mat - ters not how drear the spot, How proud or poor the dame, — Love

sweet con - tent my days are spent — Then where - fore leave my
 tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kind - - er still at
 still re - tains some death - less chains, That bind . . . the heart to

home? In sweet con-tent my days are spent—Then wherefore leave my home?
 home. But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kind-er still at home.
 home. Love still re-tains some death-less chains, That bind the heart to home.

Shining Shore

G. F. Root

1. My days are gild-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger, Would not de-tain them
2. Should com-ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing; That per-fect rest naught
3. Let sor-row's rud-east tem-pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev-er, Our King says, Come, and

CHORUS

as they fly,—Those hours of toil and dan-ger. For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our
 can mo-lest Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
 there's our home, For-ev-er! Oh, for-ev-er!

friends are pass-ing o-ver; And just be-fore the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

ROBERT ROBINSON

JOHN WYETH

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of
 2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come; And I
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be! Let Thy

mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net,
 hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger,
 good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee: Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it,

Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount (I'm fixed upon it) Mount of Thy redeeming love.
 Wan - d'ring from the fold of God; He, to re - cue me from dan - ger, Interposed His precious blood.
 Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

Happy Land

Hindoostan Air

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
 2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubt - ing stand,
 3. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Fa - ther's hand,

Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our
 Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and
 Love can - not die. Oh, then, to glo - ry run; Be a crown and

Happy Land

507

Sav-lour King, Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
 sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 king-dom won; And bright, a - bove the sun, We reign for aye.

God Be with You

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels 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 con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-n . 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 pro-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 before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS

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 at Je - sus' feet, 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,

Come, Oh! Come with Me, the Moon is Beaming

B. S. BARCLAY

Italian Melody

1. Oh! 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 feath-er'd

me, the stars are gleam - ing; All a-round, a-bove with beau - ty teem - ing,
 ear is joy to me; And while we glide a-long, my song shall be: My

FINE

Moon - light hours are meet for love. Tra la la la la la
 dear - est maid, I love but thee. Tra la la la la la

D. C. al fine

la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la.

INDEX

	Page		Page	
Abide With Me	Monk	447	Bull Dog, The	393
Adieu! 'Tis Love's Last Greeting	Schubert	175	Bunker Hill	Tuckerman
Afterwards	Mullen	492	Buy a Broom	English
Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest Me	Verdi	410	By the Sad Sea Waves	Benedict
Ah! So Pure	Flotow	185	Call Me Pet Names	Osgood
Alice, Where Art Thou?	Ascher	462	Campbells are Coming, The	Scotch
All is Quiet, Lullaby, Violin Obliga- gato	Rosewig	500	Camptown Races	Foster
America	National	157	Captain Jinks	Pratt
American Hymn	Keller	367	Carrier Dove	Johnson
Angelic Songs are Swelling	Armstrong	181	Carry Me Back to Old Virginny	Bland
Angels Ever Bright and Fair	Handel	70	Castanets are Sounding	Spanish
Annie Laurie	Scott	301	Chinese Baby-Song	55
Annie Lisle	Thompson	351	Christians, Awake	English
Ariel	Mason	253	Clime Beneath Whose Genial Sun	Scotch
Arise, My Soul	Edson	69	Co-ca-che-lunk	280
Auld Lang Syne	Scotch	10	Come, All Ye Faithful	Reading
Auld Robin Gray	Old Melody	445	Come Back to Erin	Claribel
Aura Lee	399		Come Home, Father	Work
Baby Bunting	101		Come, O Come with Me	Italian
Baby Mine	Johnston	356	Come, Thou Almighty King	Giardini
Barbara Allen	Old Song	247	Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing	W'yeth
Battle Cry of Freedom, The	Root	17	Come, Where my Love Lies Dreaming (Quartette)	Foster
Battle Hymn of the Republic	312		Come, Ye Disconsolate	W'ebbe
Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home	Woodbury	488	Comin' Thro' the Rye	Scotch
Beautiful Bells	Wellman	362	Cooper's Song	Von Suppe
Beautiful Dreamer	Foster	118	Cradle Song	Swedish
Beautiful Isle of the Sea	Thomas	224	Cradle Song	Weber
Beautiful Star in Heaven so Bright	Sayles	68	Cradle Song	323
Because You're Young	Herbert	498	Danish National Hymn	Eruld
Believe Me if all Those Endear- ing Young Charms	Scotch	248	Danube River, The	Aide
Belle Mahone	McNaughton	328	Darby and Joan	Mulloy
Birds in the Night	Sullivan	150	Darling Nellie Gray	Hanby
Blanche Alpen	Glover	503	Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina	417
Blow the Man Down	Chantey-Song	468	Dearest Mae	Crosby
Blow, Boys, Blow	Chantey-Song	465	Dearest Spot is Home, The	Wrighton
Blue Alsatian Mountains, The	Adams	238	Dixie	Emmet
Blue Bells of Scotland, The	Folksong	387	Do They Think of Me at Home	430
Blue Juniata, The	Sullivan	154	Doat Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth	Haydn
Boatmen's Dance, De.	Smith	76	Douglas! Tender and True	Scott
Bobunkus	383		Dream Faces	Hutchinson
Bonnie	179		Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes	Mozart
Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond, The	Scotch	216	Dutch Company, The	321
Bonnie Blue Flag, The	Macarthy	60	Dutch National Song	155
Bonnie Dundee	Scotch	80	Dying Volunteer, The	Muse
Bonny Eloise	Thomas	108	Embarrassment	Abt
Bowld Sojer Boy, The	Lover	214	Emmet's Lullaby	Emmet
Break, Break, Break	Dempster	90	Enchanted Isle, The	Verdi
Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin	Wagner	95	English Chantey	75
British Grenadiers, The	16th Century	44	Evening Star (Tannhauser)	Wagner
Brother, Tell Me of the Battle	Root	12	Ever of Thee	Hall
Bruce's Address	Scotch	429	Faded Coat of Blue	McNaughton
Buffalo Gals	366		Fading, Still Fading	Portuguese
			Fair Harvard	249
			Far Away	Bliss

	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>	
Farewell	<i>Silcher</i>	444	In the Gloaming <i>Harrison</i>	300
Farewell, My Own	<i>Sullivan</i>	208	In the Sweet Bye and Bye	<i>Webster</i> 485
Farewell Song		326	Independent Farmer, The	<i>Root</i> 255
Field of Monterey, The	<i>Sullivan</i>	318	Integer Vitae	<i>Flemming</i> 226
Firmly Stand, My Native Land	<i>Nageli</i>	416	Italian National Hymn	168
First Nowell, The	<i>Ancient</i>	297	It's a Way We Have at Old Harvard	262
Flee as a Bird	<i>Dana</i>	228	I've Left the Snow-Clad Hills	<i>Linley</i> 86
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton	<i>Spilman</i>	15	Jack and Gill	<i>Handy</i> 277
Flowers that Bloom in the Spring, The	<i>Sullivan</i>	424	Jamie's on the Stormy Sea	<i>Covert</i> 189
For You	<i>Smith</i>	460	Jerusalem	<i>Parker</i> 324
Forsaken	<i>Kochat</i>	361	Jerusalem the Golden	<i>Ewing</i> 89
Free America	<i>16th Century</i>	45	Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee	<i>Dykes</i> 455
Gaily the Troubadour	<i>Bayley</i>	149	Jingle, Bells	148
Gaudeamus Igitur		320	John Anderson, My Jo	<i>Scotch</i> 378
Gentle Annie	<i>Foster</i>	354	John Brown's Body	313
Girl I Left Behind Me, The	<i>Irish</i>	66	Johnny Sands	<i>Sinclair</i> 42
Glorious Fourth, The	<i>Old Melody</i>	491	Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabbel	<i>Briggs</i> 136
Go to Sleep, Lena Darling	<i>Emmet</i>	434	Joy to the World	<i>Mason</i> 169
Go 'way, Old Man!	<i>Keith</i>	298	Just as I Am	<i>Bradbury</i> 77
God Be With You	<i>Tomer</i>	507	Just Before the Battle, Mother	<i>Root</i> 370
God is Love	<i>Conkey</i>	479	Juanita	371
God Speed the Right	<i>German</i>	275	Katey's Letter	<i>Dufferin</i> 100
Good-Bye	<i>Engelbrecht</i>	252	Kathleen Aroon	<i>Abt</i> 31
Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye	<i>Hatton</i>	160	Kathleen Mavourneen	<i>Crouch</i> 376
Good-night		145	Keller's American Hymn	<i>Keller</i> 367
Good-night, Farewell	<i>Kucken</i>	182	Kerry Dance, The	<i>Molloy</i> 176
Graduates' Farewell, The		249	Killarney	<i>Balfe</i> 138
Hail, Columbia	<i>Phyla</i>	418	Kind Words are Dear to All	<i>Van Noorden</i> 472
Hail to the Chief	<i>Sanderson</i>	440	Kingdom Coming	<i>Work</i> 152
Happy Land		506	Kiss Me Quick, and Go	<i>Buckley</i> 62
Hard Times Come Again No More	<i>Foster</i>	82	Kitty Tyrrell	<i>Glover</i> 420
Hardy Norseman, The	<i>Norse</i>	219	Korner's Battle Prayer	<i>Himmel</i> 123
Hark! I Hear a Voice		358	Laird o' Coekpen, The	<i>Scotch</i> 448
Haul on the Bowlin'	<i>Chantey-Song</i>	459	Land o' the Leal, The	<i>Scotch</i> 46
Hazel Dell, The	<i>Root</i>	212	Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl	141
He Leadeth Me	<i>Bradbury</i>	389	Larboard Watch	<i>Williams</i> 78
Heart Bowed Down, The	<i>Balfe</i>	190	Last Night	<i>Kjerulf</i> 128
Heart of a Sailor, The	<i>Adams</i>	112	Last Rose of Summer, The	<i>English</i> 146
Heaven is My Home	<i>Sullivan</i>	161	Lauriger Horatius	187
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still	<i>Wrighton</i>	380	Lead, Kindly Light	<i>Dykes</i> 261
Holy, Holy, Holy!	<i>Dykes</i>	111	Let Me Dream Again	<i>Sullivan</i> 400
Holy Ghost, with Light Divine	<i>Gottschalk</i>	489	Life on the Ocean Wave, A	<i>Russell</i> 431
Home Again	<i>Pike</i>	327	Lightly Row	<i>Spanish</i> 129
Home, Sweet Home	<i>Bishop</i>	374	Lilly Dale	<i>Thompson</i> 299
Home to our Mountains	<i>Verdi</i>	452	Listen to the Mocking Bird	384
Homeland, The	<i>Sullivan</i>	335	Little Bo-Peep	<i>Elliott</i> 207
Homeward Bound	<i>Harrington</i>	14	Little More Cider, A	<i>Hart</i> 372
Hoop de Dooden Do	<i>Nish</i>	110	Loch Lomond	<i>Scotch</i> 406
How Can I Leave Thee	<i>Thuringian</i>	59	Lone Fish-ball, The	433
How Gentle God's Commands	<i>Nageli</i>	30	Long Ago	<i>Musgrave</i> 102
Hush, My Babe	<i>Rousseau</i>	133	Long, Long Ago	<i>Bayly</i> 435
I Cannot Sing the Old Songs	<i>Claribel</i>	282	Long, Long Weary Day, The	502
I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls	<i>Balfe</i>	244	Looking Back	<i>Sullivan</i> 458
I Wandered by the Sea-Beat Shore	<i>Cherry</i>	254	Lord's Prayer, The	291
I Would That My Love	<i>Mendelssohn</i>	198	Loreley, The	<i>Silcher</i> 13
I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree	<i>Guernsey</i>	278	Lorena	<i>Webster</i> 242
I'm a Pilgrim	<i>Italian</i>	170	Lost Chord, The	<i>Sullivan</i> 294
I'm Wearing Awa', Jean	<i>Scotch</i>	46	Love Not	<i>Blockley</i> 272
In Old Madrid	<i>Troters</i>	306	Lovely Night	<i>Chrystal</i> 332
			Love's Young Dream	<i>Moore</i> 322
			Love's Old, Sweet Song	<i>Molloy</i> 276
			Low-Backed Car, The	<i>Irish</i> 442

INDEX

511

	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>
Lullaby	<i>Jacobowski</i>	Onward, Christian Soldiers	<i>Sullivan</i> 257
Lulu is Our Darling Pride	<i>Jarvis</i>	Orphan Boys, The	36
Lutzow's Wild Hunt	<i>Weber</i>	Our Baby	<i>French</i> 119
Maggie By My Side	<i>Foster</i>	Our Native Song	<i>Methfessel</i> 319
Make Me No Gaudy Chaplet	<i>Donizetti</i>	Out on the Deep	<i>Lohr</i> 396
Marching Along	<i>Bradbury</i>	Over the Garden Wall	<i>Fox</i> 346
Marching Through Georgia	<i>Work</i>	Paddle Your Own Canoe	<i>Hobson</i> 286
Mariner, The	47	Peter Gray	359
Marseillaise Hymn, The	<i>de Lisle</i>	Pirates' Chorus	<i>Balfe</i> 237
Mary Had a Little Lamb	345	Polly-wolly-doodle	436
Mary of Argyle	482	Promised Land, The	473
Maryland! My Maryland!	456	Quilting Party, The	403
Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground	<i>Foster</i>	Rainy Day, The	<i>Dempster</i> 454
Meerschaum Pipe	413	Red, White and Blue, The	<i>Becket</i> 469
Mermaid, The	360	Rest for the Weary	<i>Dadmun</i> 279
Michael Roy	408	Retreat	<i>Stowe</i> 245
Midshipmite, The	<i>Adams</i>	Rig-a-jig	343
Miller of the Dee, The	443	Robin Adair	<i>Scotch</i> 288
Miss Lucy Long	289	Robin Ruff	<i>Russell</i> 334
Missionary Hymn	<i>Mason</i>	Rock Me to Sleep, Mother	<i>Leslie</i> 432
My Ain Countrie	<i>Scotch</i>	Rock of Ages	<i>Hastings</i> 421
My Faith Looks Up To Thee	<i>Mason</i>	Rocked in the Cradle of the	
My Grandma's Advice	302	Deep	<i>Knight</i> 196
My Jesus, as Thou Wilt	<i>Weber</i>	Rory O'Moore	<i>Lover</i> 202
My Last Cigar	268	Rosa Lee	450
My Mary Anne	<i>Tyte</i>	Rosalie	446
My Mother's Bible	<i>Russell</i>	Rose of Alabama, The	218
My Moustache	269	Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch	<i>Scotch</i> 134
My Old Dog Tray	<i>Foster</i>	Sailing	<i>Marks</i> 390
My Old Kentucky Home	<i>Foster</i>	Sally Come Up	<i>Sewell</i> 206
My Trundle-Bed	<i>Baker</i>	Sally in Our Alley	<i>English</i> 402
Nancy Lee	<i>Adams</i>	Santa Lucia	<i>Italian</i> 333
Nearer, My God, to Thee	<i>Mason</i>	See at Your Feet	<i>Balfe</i> 57
No, Never, No	<i>Old Ballad</i>	See-Saw Waltz Song	<i>Crows</i> 180
No One to Love	<i>Everest</i>	Shall We Meet	<i>Rice</i> 283
Nora O'Neal	<i>Hays</i>	Shining Shore, The	<i>Root</i> 505
Now the Day is Over	<i>Barnby</i>	Silent Night	<i>German</i> 407
Nut Brown Maiden	30	Simon the Cellarer	<i>Hatton</i> 348
O, Come, Come Away	303	Sing, Smile, Slumber	<i>Gounod</i> 144
O Dear! What Can the Matter		Sleep, Beloved, Sleep	<i>Taubert</i> 199
Be?	140	Soft, Soft Music is Stealing	<i>German</i> 109
O Give Me a Home by the Sea	<i>Hosmer</i>	Softly now the Light of Day	<i>Weber</i> 477
O Loving Heart, Trust On	<i>Gottschalk</i>	Soldier's Farewell	<i>Kinkel</i> 221
O Music	386	Soldier's Tear	<i>Bayly</i> 474
O Paradise	<i>Barnby</i>	Some Day	<i>Wallings</i> 114
O Weary Feet	<i>Beirly</i>	Son of God Goes Forth to War,	
O Ye Tears	<i>Abb</i>	The	<i>Cutler</i> 305
Of in the Stilly Night	<i>Moore</i>	Song of a Thousand Years	<i>Work</i> 0
Oh! Don't You Remember		Song of the Fowler	<i>Mozart</i> 139
Sweet Alice	96	Song of the Sea, A	67
Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby	<i>Whittaker</i>	Speed Away! Speed Away	<i>Woodbury</i> 437
Oh! Susanna	172	Spring, The	<i>Hayes</i> 317
Oh! Willie, We Have Miss'd		Star of the Twilight	<i>Emerson</i> 16
You	<i>Foster</i>	Star-Spangled Banner, The	<i>Arnold</i> 404
Old Arm Chair, The	<i>Russell</i>	Stars of the Summer Night	<i>Woodbury</i> 311
Old Black Joe	<i>Foster</i>	Stonewall's Requiem	<i>Deeves</i> 290
Old Cabin Home, The	457	Strike the Harp Gently	<i>Woodbury</i> 14
Old Dan Tucker	174	Sun of My Soul	<i>Monk</i> 487
Old Folks at Home, The	<i>Foster</i>	Sweet and Low	<i>Barnby</i> 309
Old Hundred	369	Sweet Bye and Bye	<i>Webster</i> 485
Old Oaken Bucket, The	<i>Woodworth</i>	Sweet Genevieve	<i>Tucker</i> 24
Old Rosin, The Beau	210	Sweet Hour of Prayer	<i>Bradbury</i> 204
Old Sexton, The	<i>Russell</i>	Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer!	<i>Wallace</i> 476
Old Shady	<i>Hanby</i>	Swing Low, Sweet Chariot	<i>Slave Hymn</i> 251
One Sweetly Solemn Thought	<i>Ambrose</i>	Switzer's Farewell, The	<i>Linley</i> 29

	Page		Page
Sword of Bunker Hill, The	316	Twinkling Stars are Laughing,	427
Take Back the Heart	265	Love	Orduway
Take Me Home	20	Two Roses, The	412
Tapping at the Garden Gate	264	Upides	88
Tar's Farewell, The	194	Vacant Chair, The	32
Tempest of the Heart	106	Vive La Compagnie	58
Ten Little Niggers	357	Warrior Bold, A	34
Tenting Tonight	28	We'd Better Bide a Wee	388
Then You'll Remember Me	52	We'll Pay Paddy Doyle	433
There Were Three Crows	485	Were You Ever in Rio Grande?	451
There's Music in the Air	342	What Fairy-Like Music	344
They All Love Jack	240	When He Cometh	263
Those Evening Bells	392	When Johnny Comes Marching	41
Thousand Leagues Away, A	64	Home	Lambert
Three Blind Mice	10	When Shall We Three Meet	284
Three Fishers Went Sailing	192	Again	336
Three Little Kittens	439	When the Lights are Low	85
Three Little Pigs, The	481	When the Swallows	284
Three Sailor Boys, The	232	When This Cruel War is Over	475
'Tis All That I Can Say	7	When to Thy Vision	478
'Tis But a Little Faded Flower	368	When You and I Were Young	220
'Tis Midnight Hour	293	Who is Sylvia	330
Tom-Big-Bee River	250	Would I Were with Thee	382
Tom Bowling	236	Yankee Doodle	72
Too Late! Too Late!	405	Yankee Ship, and a Yankee	274
Toylaud	496	Crew, A	Grannis
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!	449	Your Mission	258
Twenty Years Ago	280	You Never Miss the Water	Howard

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS

A

A Ballata. In ballad style.
A Battuta. In exact beat; true time.
A Cappella. In church or chapel style; for chorus, without accompaniment.
A Capriccio. As you please.
A Deux Temps. Two crotchets or beats in a bar.
A Due. For two voices or instruments; separately or in unison.
A Piacere. At the performer's pleasure as to time.
A Quatre Mains. For four hands, as a pianoforte duet.
A Tempo. In regular time.
A Tre. For three voices or instruments.
Accelerando. Gradually quickening the movement.
Acciacatura. A species of grace-note.
Accolade. The brace that binds all parts of a score.
Accoppiate. Parts joined by a brace.
Adagio. Slow and sustained.
Adagio Assai. Very slow and sustained.
Affetto. Emotion, feeling.
Afflizione. Sorrow, mournfulness.
Air Ecosais. A Scotch air.
Alla Polacca. In style of a Polish dance.
Alla Siciliana. In style of Sicilian shepherd's dance.
Alla Zoppa. In constrained, halting, syncopated style.
Allegro. Quick, lively.
Allegro Assai. Very quick.
Allegro ma non Troppo. Quick, but not too much so.
Allegretto. Cheerful, but not so quick as Allegro.
Allegretto Scherzando. Moderately vivacious, playfully but without haste.
Al Segno, dal Segno. To return to the similar preceding sign and play thence to the word *Fine*.
Alternative. Proceeding alternately from one to another movement.
Andante. Slow, gentle, soothing.
Andante con Moto. Slow, but with movement, not dragging.
Aria Buffa. Comic song.
Aria d'Abilita. Song of difficult execution.
Arpeggio. Passages formed of the notes of regular chords, played in succession.

B

Ben Marcato. Render passage or air in a clear, distinct and strongly accented manner.
Bis. Twice. Passage marked by a curved line under or over it to be played or sung twice.

Bravura. Boldness, spirit, dash, brilliancy.
Brillante. Brilliant, showy, sparkling.
Brio. Brilliancy, spirit.
Brioso. Split into arpeggios; in violin playing, short, detached strokes of the bow.
Buffo, Buffa. Humorous, comic, especially as applied to an air or a singer.
Burden. A return of the theme of a song at the end of each verse.
Burletta. A musical farce

C

Calore. Warmth, animation.
Cantabile. In singing style.
Cantando, Cantante. In singing style, smooth and flowing.
Cantata. A vocal composition consisting of an intermixture of recitative, air and chorus.
Capriccio. Fanciful, irregular composition; caprice.
Che. Than, that.
Coda. A "tail-piece," or concluding passage
Col Arco. With the bow.
Colla Parte. Accompanist must accommodate his tempo to the leading part.
Colla piu gran Forza e Prestezza. As loud and quick as possible.
Come. As, like.
Come Primo. As at first.
Come Tempo del Tema. Same movement as the theme.
Commodo, Comodo. Quietly, with composure.
Con Amore. Tenderly, with affection.
Con Brio ed Animato. Brilliant and animated.
Con Diligenza. In studied manner.
Con Espressione. With expression.
Con Fuoco. With fire, with intense animation.
Con Gusto. With taste.
Con Impetuosità. With impetuosity.
Con Energia. With much energy.
Con Moto. With motion, actively, not dragging.
Con Spirito. With quickness, with spirit.
Con Variazioni. With variations.
Con Velocita. In swift time.
Con Vivacita. With animation.
Contrapuntal. In the style of counterpoint, fugal, with rich and varied parts or voices.
Counterpoint. The science of writing parts or melodies in combination.
Crescendo. Gradually increasing the tone-volume.

D

Da Capo. From the beginning, repeat from the beginning.
Dal Segno. From the sign, or mark of repetition.
Decrescendo. Gradual decreasing the tone-volume.
Delicato, Delicatamenta. Delicately.
Destra. Right, right hand.
Dito. The finger.
Divertissement. Short, light composition; also airs introduced between the acts of Italian opera.
Divoto. In solemn style.
Dolente. Pathetically.
Doloroso. In a soft, sorrowful style.

E

Energico. With energy, force.
Espressivo. With expression.

F

Fine. End.
Flebile. In mournful style, weepingly.
Forste. Loud.
Fortissimo. Very loud.
Forza. With force, energy.
Fresco. Fresh, quick, lively.
Furioso. Furiously, with fire, energy, intense animation.

G

Giusto. Exact, precise.
Glissando. In gliding manner, sweeping across the keys.
Grizioso. Gracefully.
Gregorian Music. Sacred compositions, after the style introduced into the Roman Catholic Service by Pope Gregory (about 600 A.D.).
Gusto. Taste.

H

Harmonic Triad. A common chord, like C-E-G, F-A-C, G-B-D.
Hauptsatz. The principal section of an extended movement.
Hauptstimme. The most prominent voice, or part; the voice or part which has the theme.
Haut-contre. Counter-tenor, high tenor, alto.
Haut-dessus. First treble, high soprano.
Hinrich. An up-bow.
Holding-note. A note that is sustained or continued, while others are in motion.

I

Il Ponticello. In singing, where the natural tone forms a junction with the falsetto; the "break" in a voice.
Impetuoso. With impetuosity.
Impromptu. Without study or preparation.
Innocent. Innocent, natural, unaffected, ingenuous.
Instrumentation. The art of arranging music for the various instruments of an orchestra or band.

L

L. H. The left hand.
Largamente. Sustaining or broadening the chords or tones, ponderously, with breadth.
Larghetto. Time less slow than Largo.
Larghissimo. Very slowly and broadly.
Largo. A very slow, stately movement.
Legato. Smooth, connected, the opposite of *staccato*.
Leggiero. With lightness.
Lento. Slow.
Lentando. With increasing slowness.

M

Main Droit. The right hand.
Main Gauche. The left hand.
Meno Mosso. Slower movement.
Mesto. Pensive, sad, melancholy.
Mezza Voce. With moderate strength of tone.
Mezzo. Half, middle.
Mezzo Forte. Moderately loud.
Mezzo Piano. Moderately soft.
Mit Begleitung. With accompaniment.
Moderato. With moderation, as *Allegro Moderato*, moderately fast, not too fast.
Molto Adagio. Very slow.
Molto Allegro. Very fast.
Mordent. A quick trill, with but a single stroke of the grace-note (side-note).
Morendo. Dying away, gradually growing softer.
Murmorando. With a gentle, murmuring sound.
Metet. Composition of a sacred character in several parts: an unaccompanied anthem.
Motive, Motivo. Leading theme of a composition; a brief and characteristic theme.

Musica di Camera. Chamber-music; music in serious style, intended for performance in a house or small hall—such as string-quartets, violin sonatas, piano trios, etc.

N

Nachspiel. A postlude.
Non Troppo Presto. Not too fast.

O

Obligato. Voices or instruments indispensable to the proper performance of a piece; also a part added for ornament or display.
Opera Buffa. A comic opera.
Ottava. An octave.
Ottava Alta. An octave higher.
Ottava Bassa. An octave lower.

P

Parte Cantante. The singing part, the voice or part which has the sustained melody.
Pastorale. In rustic or pastoral style.
Perdendo or Perdendosi. Gradually decreasing in speed and volume to the last note, which is nearly, if not quite, lost on the ear.
Piu Forte. Louder.
Piu Lento. Slower.
Piu Mosso. With more movement.
Piu Piano. Softer.
Piu Presto. Quicker.
Pizzicato. Plucked; played with the finger, not with the bow.
Poco a Poco. Gradually. By degrees.
Poco Meno. Somewhat less.
Poco Piano. Rather soft.
Poco Piu. Somewhat more.
Poco Presto. Rather quick.
Portamento. Gliding from one to another note.
Premiere. A first performance.
Prestissimo. The most rapid possible movement.
Primo. The first.

R

Rallentando, Ritardando, Ritenente. Slackening the speed.
Rondino, Rondiletta, Rondinetto, or Rondoletto. A short *Rondo*.
Rondo. A composition of several strains, with frequent return to first theme.

S

Scherzando. In a light, breezy manner.
Scherzo. A joke or jest; the quick movement of a sonata or symphony.
Seconda Volta Molto Crescendo. Much louder the second time.
Segue il Coro. Here follows the chorus.
Segue la Finale. Here follows the Finale.
Segue Senza Interruzione. Go on; do not stop.
Sempre Forte. Continuing loud, without decreasing the force.
Sempre Piu Forte. Steadily increasing in force.
Senza Ripetiz. Without repetition. *Da capo senza replica*, play from the beginning, but disregard repeat-marks.
Sin' al Fine. To the end.
Slentando. Reducing the speed.
Sostenuto. Sustained.
Sotto Voce. In an undertone.
Spiritoso. With spirit, animation, energy.
Staccato. Short, pointed, detached; the opposite of *Legato*.
Stark. Loud.
Syncopeation. A displacement of accent, either by having a rest on a strong beat, or by tying a strongly accented tone to a weaker.

T

Tasto Solo. Played without chords.
Tempo Giusto. In exact time.
Tempo Primo. In the first or original time.
Tenete Sino Alla Fin del Suono. Keep keys down as long as sound lasts.
Tenuto. Sustained; held for the full time-value.
Tutti. All voices or instruments, or both.

V

Variazioni. Variations of an air or theme.
Veloce. In rapid time.
Vivace. With animation.
Volta. Time, turn; as *prima volta*, the first time; *usa volta*, once.
Volti Subito. Turn the leaf quickly.

CLASSIFIED INDEX

Under this head will be found the songs in the alphabetical index, which precedes this. In this index the same song will often appear in two or more classes; because in its history it has been found popular under circumstances not originally contemplated by its composer. Thus Dixie appeared originally as a negro minstrel song, became popular as dance music, and eventually was played by military bands North and South during the great Civil War. Bonny Eloise, a sweet little ballad, mingled its strains with the rhythm of dancing feet all through the winter of 1860-61, and then (like "The Girl I Left Behind Me" in the English Army) became the last greeting of hundreds of volunteers to the loving hearts they left forever. Other compositions have been accepted by fraternal and collegiate singers for so long that they are also a part of the recognized melodies, sung at fraternal and collegiate gatherings.

It has been also considered best to recognize this fact, because some have sent songs in in one class and others the same in another, in either of which its popularity has been recognized.

CLASS I

	Page
America.....	157
American Hymn.....	367
Battle Cry of Freedom, The.....	17
Battle Hymn of the Republic.....	312
Bonnie Blue Flag, The.....	60
Bonnie Dundee.....	80
Bonny Eloise.....	108
Bowld Sojer Boy, The.....	214
British Grenadiers, The.....	44
Brother, Tell Me of the Battle.....	12
Bruce's Address.....	429
Bunker Hill.....	200
Campbells are Coming, The.....	37
Cline Beneath Whose Genial Sun.....	53
Danish National Hymn.....	205
Dixie.....	166
Dutch National Song.....	155
Dying Volunteer, The.....	18
Faded Coat of Blue, The.....	26
Field of Monterey, The.....	318
Firmly Stand, My Native Land.....	416
Free America.....	45
Girl I Left Behind Me, The.....	66
Glorious Fourth, The.....	491
God Speed the Right.....	275
Hail Columbia.....	418
Hail to the Chief.....	440
Hardy Norseman, The.....	219
Italian National Hymn.....	168
John Brown's Body.....	313
Just Before the Battle, Mother.....	370
Keller's American Hymn.....	367
Kingdom Coming.....	152
Korner's Battle Prayer.....	123
Lutzow's Wild Hunt.....	331
Marching Along.....	163
Marching Through Georgia.....	310
Marseillaise Hymn, The.....	494
Maryland, My Maryland.....	456
Old Shady.....	122
Red, White and Blue, The.....	469
Soldier's Farewell, The.....	221
Soldier's Tear, The.....	474
Song of a Thousand Years, The.....	9
Star Spangled Banner, The.....	404
Stonewall Jackson's Requiem.....	290
Switzer's Farewell, The.....	29
Sword of Bunker Hill, The.....	316
Tenting Tonight.....	28
Trump! Trump! Trump!.....	449
Warrior Bold, A.....	24

When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again.....	484
When This Cruel War is Over.....	284
Yankee Doodle.....	382

CLASS II

Beautiful Isle of the Sea.....	224
Belle Mahone.....	328
Blow the Man Down.....	468
Blow, Boys, Blow.....	465
Boatman's Dance, De.....	76
Bonnie.....	179
Break, Break, Break.....	90
By the Sad Sea Waves.....	490
Captain Jinks.....	54
Danish National Hymn.....	205
English Chantey.....	75
Hardy Norseman, The.....	219
Haul on the Bowlin'.....	459
Heart of a Sailor, The.....	112
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.....	380
Homeward Bound.....	14
I Wandered by the Sea-Beat Shore.....	254
Jamie's on the Stormy Sea.....	189
Larboard Watch.....	78
Life on the Ocean Wave, A.....	431
Lightly Row.....	129
Maggie's By My Side.....	135
Mariner, The.....	47
Mermaid, The.....	360
Midshipmite, The.....	414
My Last Cigar.....	268
My Mary Anne.....	246
Nancy Lee.....	394
No, Never, No.....	147
Oh, Give Me a Home by the Sea.....	340
Out on the Deep.....	396
Pirates' Chorus.....	237
Red, White and Blue, The.....	469
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.....	196
Sailing.....	390
Santa Lucia.....	333
Song of the Sea, A.....	67
Tar's Farewell, The.....	194
They All Love Jack.....	240
Thousand Leagues Away, A.....	64
Three Fishers Went Sailing.....	192
Three Sailor Boys, The.....	232
Tom Bowling.....	236
We'll Pay Paddy Doyle.....	433
Were You Ever in Rio Grande?.....	451

CLASSIFIED INDEX

	Page		Page			
What Fairy-like Music.....	De Pinna	344	Castanets are Sounding.....	Spanish	178	
Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew, A.....	King	72	Come, Oh, Come With Me.....	Italian	508	
CLASS III						
All is Quiet, Lullaby, Violin Obligato.....	Rosewig	500	Comin' Thro' the Rye.....	Burns	113	
Baby Bunting, Lullaby.....	Johnston	101	Darling Nellie Gray.....	Hanby	116	
Baby Mine, Lullaby.....	Johnston	356	Dearest Mae.....	Crosby	158	
Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home.....	Woodbury	488	Dixie.....	Emmet	166	
Beautiful Bells.....	Wellman	362	Dream Faces.....	Hutchinson	92	
Chinese Baby Song, Lullaby.....	Work	55	Field of Monterey, The.....	Sullivan	318	
Come Home, Father.....	Work	230	Gentle Annie.....	Foster	354	
Cradle Song, Lullaby.....	Swedish	33	Girl I Left Behind Me, The.....	Irish	66	
Cradle Song, Lullaby.....	Weber	171	Home, Sweet Home.....	Bishop	374	
Cradle Song, Lullaby.....	Weber	323	Hoop de Dooden Do.....	Nish	110	
First Nowell, The.....	Christmas Carol	292	It's a Way We Have at Old Har- vard.....		262	
Glorious Fourth, The.....	Revolutionary Song	491	Kerry Dance, The.....	Molloy	176	
Go to Sleep, Lena Darling.....	Emmet	434	Kingdom Coming.....	Work	152	
Happy Land.....	Rout	506	Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl.....		141	
Hush My Babe, Lullaby.....	Rousseau	133	Love's Young Dream.....	Moore	322	
Independent Farmer.....	Rout	255	Lulu is Our Darling Pride.....	Jarvis	239	
Jack and Gill.....	Handy	277	Maryland, My Maryland.....		456	
Kind Words are Dear to All.....	Van Noorden	472	Miss Lucy Long.....		289	
Lightly Row.....	Spanish	129	My Old Dog Tray.....	Foster	156	
Little Bo-Peep.....	Elliott	207	O Dear, What Can the Matter Be?.....		140	
Lord's Prayer, The.....	Rout	291	O Susanna.....	Foster	172	
Lullaby.....	Jakobowski	364	O Willie, We Have Missed You.....	Foster	74	
Lulu is Our Darling Pride.....	Jarvis	239	Oft in the Stilly Night.....	Moore	91	
Mary Had a Little Lamb.....		345	Old Dan Tucker.....		174	
My Old Dog Tray.....	Foster	156	Old Folks at Home.....	Foster	120	
My Trundle Bed.....	Baker	234	Old Rosin the Beau.....		210	
Now the Day is Over.....	Barnby	453	Rory O'Moore.....	Lover	202	
O Come, Come Away.....	Whittaker	303	Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.....	Scotch	134	
Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby.....	Whittaker	480	Sally Come Up.....	Sewell	206	
Orphan Boys, The.....	French	119	See-Saw Waltz Song.....	Crouse	180	
Our Baby.....	French	119	Sweet Bye and Bye.....	Webster	485	
See-Saw Waltz Song.....	Crouse	180	Ten Little Niggers.....		357	
Sleep, Beloved, Sleep.....	Taubert	199	Yankee Doodle.....		382	
Softly Now the Light of Day.....	Weber	477	CLASS V			
Soft, Soft, Music is Stealing.....	German	109	Negro Melodies and Minstrel Songs			
Spring, The.....	Dr. Hayes	317	Annie Lisle.....	Thompson	351	
Sweet Bye and Bye.....	Webster	485	Aura Lee.....		399	
Sweet and Low.....	Barnby	309	Beautiful Bells.....	Wellman	362	
Ten Little Niggers.....		357	Beautiful Dreamer.....	Foster	118	
There's Music in the Air.....		342	Beautiful Isle of the Sea.....	Thomas	224	
Those Evening Bells.....	Beethoven	392	Boatmen's Dance, De.....	Smith	76	
Three Blind Mice.....		10	Bonnie Eloise.....	Thomas	108	
Three Little Kittens.....		439	Buffalo Gals.....		366	
Three Little Pigs, The.....	Gatty	481	Camptown Races.....	Foster	352	
Toyland.....	Herbert	496	Captain Jinks.....	Pratt	54	
When He Cometh.....	Rout	263	Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.....	Bland	164	
When Johnny Comes Marching Home.....	Lambert	484	Darling Nellie Gray.....	Hanby	116	
Yankee Doodle.....		382	Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina.....		417	
CLASS IV						
Songs that have been popular as Dance Music.						
Beautiful Bells.....	Wellman	362	Dearest Mae.....	Crosby	158	
Blue Juniata, The.....	Sullivan	154	Dixie.....	Emmet	166	
Boatmen's Dance, De.....	Smith	76	Dutch Company, The.....		321	
Bonnie Blue Flag, The.....	Macarthy	60	Gentle Annie.....	Foster	354	
Bonnie Dundee.....	Scott	80	Go 'way, Old Man!.....	Keith	298	
Bonny Eloise.....	Thomas	108	Hard Times Come Again No More.....	Foster	82	
Bowl Sojer Boy.....	Lover	214	Hazel Dell, The.....	Rout	212	
Buffalo Gals.....		366	Hoop de Dooden Do.....	Nish	110	
Bunker Hill.....	Tuckerman	200	Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabbel.....	Briggs	136	
Buy a Broom.....	English	38	Kingdom Coming.....	Work	152	
Campbells are Coming, The.....		37	Kiss Me Quick and Go.....	Buckley	62	
Camptown Races.....	Foster	352	Kitty Tyrrell.....	Glover	420	
Captain Jinks.....	Pratt	54	Lilly Dale.....	Thompson	299	
			Listen to the Mocking Bird.....		384	
			Little More Cider, A.....	Hart	372	
			Maggie By My Side.....	Foster	135	
			Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.....	Foster	350	
			Michael Roy.....		408	

CLASSIFIED INDEX

	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>
Miss Lucy Long.....	289	Shall We Meet?.....	<i>Rice</i> 283
My Grandma's Advice.....	302	Shining Shore, The.....	<i>Root</i> 505
My Old Dog Tray.....	<i>Foster</i> 156	Softly Now the Light of Day.....	<i>Weber</i> 477
My Old Kentucky Home.....	<i>Foster</i> 162	Son of God Goes Forth to War,	
Nora O'Neal.....	<i>Hays</i> 470	The.....	<i>Cutler</i> 305
Oh, Susanna.....	172	Sun of My Soul.....	<i>Monk</i> 487
Old Arm Chair.....	<i>Russell</i> 270	Sweet Bye and Bye.....	<i>Webster</i> 485
Old Black Joe.....	<i>Foster</i> 211	Sweet Hour of Prayer.....	<i>Bradbury</i> 204
Old Cabin Home, The.....	457	Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.....	<i>Slave Hymn</i> 251
Old Dan Tucker.....	<i>Foster</i> 174	Too Late, Too Late.....	<i>Lindsay</i> 405
Old Folks at Home.....	<i>Foster</i> 120	When He Cometh.....	<i>Root</i> 263
Old Shady.....	<i>Hanby</i> 122	When Shall We Three Meet	
Over the Garden Wall.....	<i>Fox</i> 346	Again?.....	284
Peter Gray.....	359	Your Mission.....	<i>Granni's</i> 274
Quilting Party, The.....	403	CLASS VII	
Rosa Lee.....	450	Love Songs	
Rosalie.....	446	Adieu, 'Tis Love's Last Greeting.....	<i>Schubert</i> 175
Rose of Alabama, The.....	218	Afterwards.....	<i>Mullen</i> 492
Sally Come Up.....	<i>Sewell</i> 206	Alice, Where Art Thou.....	<i>Ascher</i> 462
Sweet Genevieve.....	<i>Tucker</i> 24	Annie Laurie.....	<i>Scott</i> 301
Tapping at the Garden Gate.....	<i>New</i> 264	Annie Lisle.....	<i>Thompson</i> 351
There Were Three Crows.....	485	Aura Lee.....	399
Tombigbee River.....	250	Barbara Allen.....	<i>Old English</i> 247
CLASS VI		Beautiful Dreamer.....	<i>Foster</i> 118
Sacred Songs, Revival Hymns, etc.		Because You're You.....	<i>Herbert</i> 498
Abide with Me.....	<i>Monk</i> 447	Believe Me, if all Those Endear-	
Angelic Songs are Swelling.....	<i>Armstrong</i> 181	ing Young Charms.....	<i>Moore</i> 248
Angels Ever Bright and Fair.....	<i>Handel</i> 70	Belle Mahone.....	<i>McNaughton</i> 328
Arise, My Soul.....	<i>Edson</i> 69	Birds in the Night.....	<i>Sullivan</i> 150
Christians, Awake.....	<i>English</i> 132	Blanche Alpen.....	<i>Glover</i> 503
Come, All Ye Faithful.....	<i>Reading</i> 131	Blue Juniata, The.....	<i>Sullivan</i> 154
Come, Thou Almighty King.....	<i>Giardini</i> 441	Bonny Eloise.....	<i>Thomas</i> 108
Come, Thou Fount of Every		Call Me Pet Names.....	<i>Osgood</i> 56
Blessing.....	<i>Wyeth</i> 506	Come Back to Erin.....	<i>Claribel</i> 438
Come, Ye Disconsolate.....	<i>Webbe</i> 329	Come, Oh, Come With Me.....	<i>Italian</i> 508
Fading, Still Fading.....	<i>Portuguese</i> 98	Comin' Thro' the Rye.....	<i>Burns</i> 113
First Nowell, The.....	<i>Old English</i> 292	Danube River.....	<i>Aide</i> 142
Flee as a Bird.....	<i>Dana</i> 228	Darby and Joan.....	<i>Molloy</i> 124
God Be With You.....	<i>Tomer</i> 507	Darling Nellie Gray.....	<i>Hanby</i> 116
God is Love.....	<i>Conkey</i> 479	Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina.....	417
Happy Land.....	506	Dearest Mae.....	<i>Crosby</i> 158
He Leadeth Me.....	<i>Bradbury</i> 389	Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth.....	<i>Haydn</i> 227
Heaven is My Home.....	<i>Sullivan</i> 161	Douglas! Douglas! Tender and	
Holy, Holy, Holy.....	<i>Dykes</i> 111	True.....	<i>Scott</i> 84
Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.....	<i>Gottschalk</i> 489	Dream Faces.....	<i>Hutchinson</i> 92
Homeland, The.....	<i>Sullivan</i> 335	Drink to Me Only With Thine	
Homeward Bound.....	<i>Harrington</i> 11	Eyes.....	<i>Mozart</i> 105
How Gentle God's Commands.....	<i>Nageli</i> 30	Embarrassment.....	<i>Abt</i> 304
I'm a Pilgrim.....	<i>Italian</i> 170	Ever of Thee.....	<i>Hall</i> 222
Jerusalem.....	<i>Parker</i> 324	Farewell.....	<i>Silcher</i> 444
Jerusalem, The Golden.....	<i>Ewing</i> 89	For You.....	<i>Smith</i> 460
Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.....	<i>Dykes</i> 455	Forsaken.....	<i>Koschat</i> 361
Joy to the World.....	<i>Mason</i> 169	Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye.....	<i>Hatton</i> 160
Just as I Am.....	<i>Bradbury</i> 77	Good-night, Farewell.....	<i>Kucken</i> 182
Land o' the Leal, The.....	<i>Scotch</i> 46	Her Bright Smile Haunts Me	
Lead, Kindly Light.....	<i>Dykes</i> 261	Still.....	<i>Wrighton</i> 380
Lord's Prayer, The.....	291	How Can I Leave Thee.....	<i>Thuringian</i> 59
Missionary Hymn.....	<i>Mason</i> 201	I Would That My Love.....	<i>Mendelssohn</i> 198
My Ain Countrie.....	<i>Scotch</i> 267	I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow	
My Faith Look up to Thee.....	<i>Mason</i> 483	Tree.....	<i>Guernsey</i> 278
My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.....	<i>Weber</i> 273	In the Gloaming.....	<i>Harrison</i> 300
My Mother's Bible.....	<i>Russell</i> 422	John Anderson, My Jo.....	<i>Scotch Song</i> 378
Nearer, My God, to Thee.....	<i>Mason</i> 423	Juanita.....	371
O Paradise.....	<i>Barnby</i> 229	Katey's Letter.....	<i>Dufferin</i> 100
Old Hundred.....	<i>Goudimel</i> 369	Kathleen Aroon.....	<i>Abt</i> 31
One Sweetly Solemn Thought.....	<i>Ambrose</i> 466	Kathleen Mavourneen.....	<i>Crouch</i> 376
Onward, Christian Soldiers.....	<i>Sullivan</i> 257	Kiss Me Quick and Go.....	<i>Buckley</i> 62
Promised Land, The.....	473	Kitty Tyrrell.....	<i>Glover</i> 420
Rest for the Weary.....	<i>Dadmun</i> 279	Last Night.....	<i>Kjerulf</i> 128
Retreat.....	<i>Hastings</i> 245	Loch Lomond.....	<i>Scotch Song</i> 406
Rock of Ages.....	<i>Hastings</i> 421	Lorena.....	<i>Webster</i> 242
		Love's Young Dream.....	<i>Moore</i> 323

CLASSIFIED INDEX

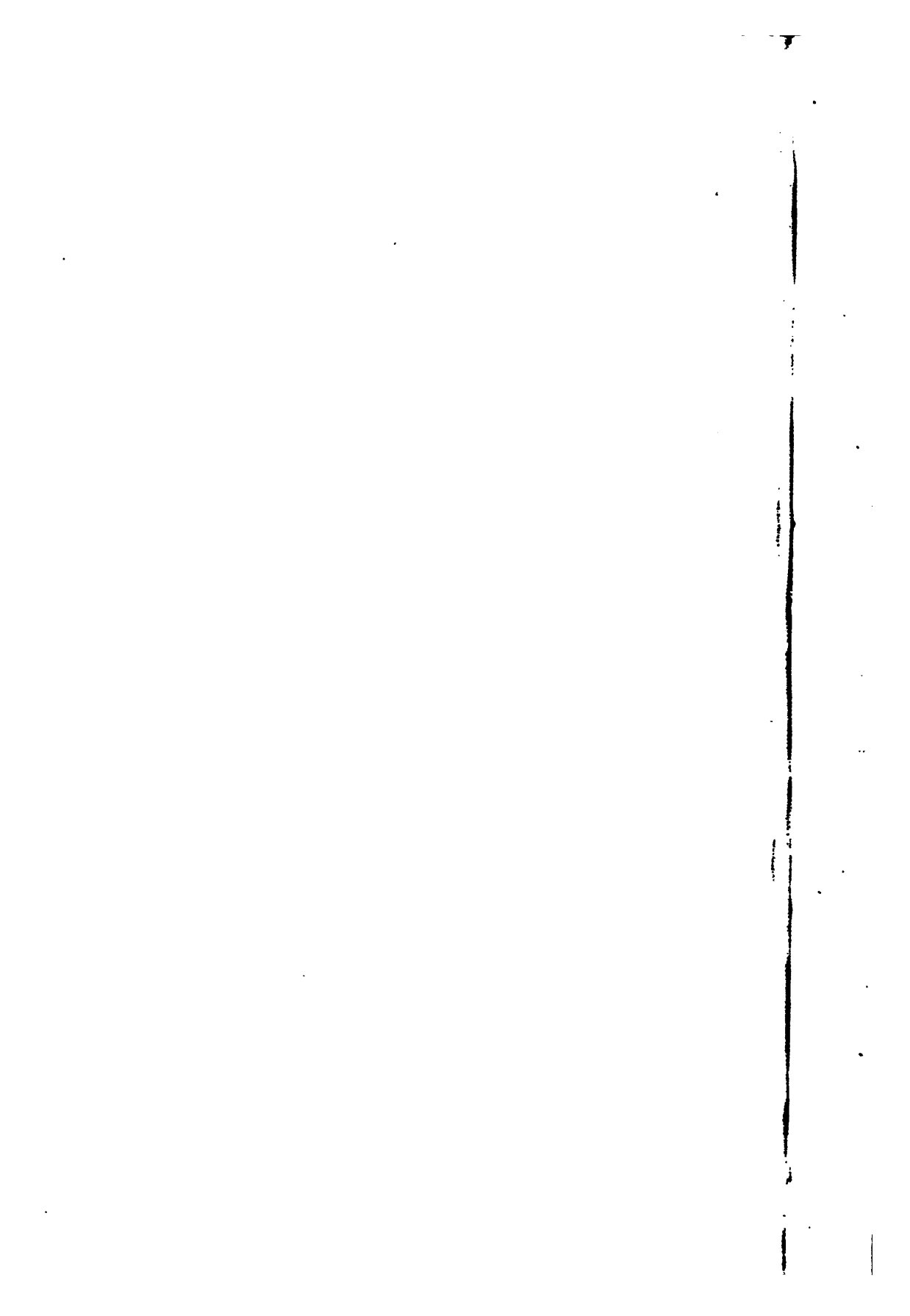
	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>
Love's Old Sweet Song.....	Molloy..... 276	See at Your Feet.....	Balfe..... 57
Low-Backed Car, The.....	Irish Song..... 442	Soldier's Farewell.....	Kinkel..... 221
Maggie By My Side.....	Foster..... 135	Sing, Smile, Slumber.....	Gounod..... 144
Mary of Argyll.....	482	Sleep, Beloved, Sleep.....	Taubert..... 199
My Grandma's Advice.....	302	Song of the Fowler.....	Mozart..... 139
My Mary Anne.....	Tyle..... 246	Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer, "Naiad Queen".....	Wallace..... 476
Nancy Lee.....	Adams..... 394	Tempest of the Heart.....	Verdi..... 106
No, Never, No.....	Old Ballad..... 147	Then You'll Remember Me.....	Balfe..... 52
No One to Love.....	Everest..... 464	Those Evening Bells.....	Beethoven..... 392
Nora O'Neal.....	Hays..... 470	'Tis Midnight Hour.....	293
Nut Brown Maiden.....	30	Toyland.....	Herbert..... 496
O Dear, What Can the Matter Be?.....	140	When the Swallows Homeward Fly.....	Abt..... 85
O Willie, We Have Missed You.....	Foster..... 74	When to Thy Vision.....	Gounod..... 475
Over the Garden Wall.....	Foz..... 346	Who is Sylvia (Shakespeare).....	Schubert..... 220
Quilting Party, The.....	403	You Never Miss the Water.....	Howard..... 258
Robin Adair.....	Scotch Song..... 288	CLASS IX	
Sally in Our Alley.....	English..... 402	Concerts, Solos and Quartettes	
Sleep, Beloved, Sleep.....	Taubert..... 199	Adieu! 'Tis Love's Last Greeting.....	Schubert..... 175
Soldiers' Farewell.....	Kinkel..... 221	Alice, Where Art Thou.....	Ascher..... 462
Some Day.....	Wellings..... 114	Ariel.....	Mason..... 253
Sweet Genevieve.....	Tucker..... 24	Auld Robin Gray.....	Scotch Song..... 445
Take Back the Heart.....	Claribel..... 265	Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home.....	Woodbury..... 488
Tapping at the Garden Gate.....	New..... 264	Beautiful Bells.....	Wellman..... 362
Then You'll Remember Me.....	Balfe..... 52	Beautiful Isle of the Sea.....	Thomas..... 224
Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love.....	Ordway..... 427	Beautiful Star In Heaven so Bright.....	Sayles..... 68
When the Lights are Low.....	Lans..... 336	Birds in the Night.....	Sullivan..... 150
When the Swallows Homeward Fly.....	Abt..... 85	Blanche Alpen.....	Glover..... 503
Would I Were With Thee.....	Bosetti..... 330	Blue Alsatian Mountains, The.....	Adams..... 238
Who is Sylvia.....	Schubert..... 220	Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'.....	Scotch Song..... 216
CLASS VIII			
Songs of the Great Masters in Operas, Operettas, Oratorios, Etc.			
Ah, I Have Sighed to Rest Me.....	Verdi..... 410	By the Sad Sea Waves.....	Benedict..... 490
Ah, So Pure.....	Flotow..... 185	Carrier Dove, The.....	Johnson..... 486
Adieu! 'Tis Love's Last Greeting.....	Schubert..... 175	Come Home, Father.....	Work..... 230
Angels Ever Bright and Fair.....	Handel..... 70	Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming (Quartette).....	Foster..... 48
Because You're You.....	Herbert..... 498	Danube River, The.....	Aide..... 142
Birds in the Night.....	Sullivan..... 150	Dearest Spot on Earth, The.....	Wrighton..... 8
Bridal Chorus (Lohengrin).....	Wagner..... 95	Do They Think of Me at Home.....	430
Buy a Broom.....	38	Dream Faces.....	Hutchinson..... 92
Casnetans are Sounding.....	Spanish..... 178	Dutch Company, The.....	321
Cooper's Song.....	Von Suppe..... 425	Embarrassment.....	Abt..... 304
Cradle Song.....	Weber..... 171	Far Away.....	Bliss..... 130
Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth.....	Haydn..... 227	Farewell Song.....	326
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.....	Mozart..... 105	Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.....	Spilman..... 15
Emmet's Lullaby.....	Emmet..... 434	Gaily the Troubadour.....	Bayley..... 149
Enchanted Isle, The.....	Verdi..... 188	God Speed the Right.....	German..... 275
Evening Star (Tannhauser).....	Wagner..... 22	Good-Bye.....	Engelbrecht..... 252
Fading, Still Fading.....	Portuguese..... 98	Good-night.....	145
Farewell, My Own (Pinafore).....	Sullivan..... 208	Hark! I hear a Voice.....	358
Flowers that Bloom in the Spring.....	Sullivan..... 424	Home Again.....	Pike..... 327
Hail to the Chief.....	Sanderson..... 440	I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.....	Claribel..... 282
Heart Bowed Down, The.....	Balfe..... 190	I Wandered by the Sea-Beat Shore.....	Cherry..... 254
Home to Our Mountains.....	Verdi..... 452	I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree.....	Guernsey..... 278
I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls.....	Balfe..... 244	Independent Farmer, The.....	Foot..... 255
I Would That My Love.....	Mendelssohn..... 198	I've Left the Snow-Clad Hills.....	Linley..... 86
Last Rose of Summer, The.....	Moore..... 146	Johnny Sands.....	Sinclair..... 42
Lullaby.....	Jakobowski..... 364	Katey's Letter.....	Dufferin..... 100
Lutzow's Wild Hunt.....	Weber..... 331	Kathleen Aroon.....	Abt..... 31
Make Me No Gaudy Chaplet.....	Donizetti..... 126	Kathleen Mavourneen.....	Crouch..... 376
Mariner, The.....	Old Ballad..... 47	Killarney.....	Balfe..... 138
No, Never, No.....	Old Ballad..... 147	Kind Words are Dear to All.....	Van Noorden..... 472
O Ye Tears.....	Abt..... 40	Laird o' Cockpen, The.....	Old Scotch..... 448
Of in the Stilly Night.....	Moore..... 91	Last Rose of Summer, The.....	Moore..... 146
Out on the Deep.....	Lohr..... 396	Let Me Dream Again.....	Sullivan..... 400
Pirates' Chorus.....	Balfe..... 237	Listen to the Mocking Bird.....	384
Robin Adair.....	Scotch..... 288	Long Ago.....	Musgrave..... 102
Santa Lucia.....	Italian..... 333	Long, Long Ago.....	Bayly..... 435

CLASSIFIED INDEX

	Page		Page
Long, Long Weary Day, The.....	502	CLASS X	
Loreley, The.....	13	College and Fraternal Songs	
Lost Chord, The.....	294	America.....	157
Love Not.....	272	Annie Laurie.....	301
Lovely Night.....	332	Auld Lang Syne.....	10
Low-Backed Car, The.....	442	Bohunkus.....	333
Lutzow's Wild Hunt.....	331	Bonnie Dundee.....	80
Mermaid, The.....	360	Bull Dog, The.....	393
Miller of the Dee, The.....	443	Co-ca-che-lunk.....	260
Now the Day is Over.....	453	Come Where My Love Lies	
O Loving Heart, Trust On.....	338	Dreaming (Quartette).....	48
O Music.....	386	Danube River, The.....	142
O Weary Feet.....	281	Dearest Spot on Earth, The.....	8
O Ye Tears.....	40	Do They Think of Me at Home.....	430
Of in the Stilly Night.....	91	Dutch Company, The.....	321
Oh, Don't You Remember Sweet		Fair Harvard.....	249
Alice.....	96	Gaudeamus Igitur.....	320
Old Oaken Bucket, The.....	495	Good-Bye.....	252
Old Sexton, The.....	314	Graduates' Farewell, The.....	249
Our Native Song.....	319	Hail Columbia.....	418
Over the Garden Wall.....	346	Home Again.....	327
Paddle Your Own Canoe.....	286	In Old Madrid.....	306
Rainy Day, The.....	454	Integer Vitae.....	226
Robin Ruff.....	334	It's a Way We Have at Old	
Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.....	432	Harvard.....	262
Santa Lucia.....	333	Jingle, Bells.....	148
Silent Night.....	407	John Brown's Body.....	313
Simon, the Cellarer.....	348	Juanita.....	371
Soft, Soft Music is Stealing.....	109	Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl.....	141
Soldier's Tear.....	474	Lauriger Horatius.....	187
Speed Away, Speed Away.....	437	Lone Fish-ball, The.....	433
Spring, The.....	317	Mary Had a Little Lamb.....	345
Star of the Twilight.....	16	Meerscham Pipe.....	413
Stars of the Summer Night.....	311	My Last Cigar.....	268
Strike the Harp Gently.....	14	My Moustache.....	269
Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer.....	476	Of in the Stilly Night.....	91
Switzer's Farewell, The.....	29	Old Folks at Home, The.....	120
There's Music in the Air.....	342	Old Oaken Bucket, The.....	495
'Tis All That I Can Say.....	7	Old Sexton, The.....	314
'Tis But a Little Faded Flower.....	368	Peter Gray.....	359
'Tis Midnight Hour.....	293	Polly-wolly-doodle.....	436
Twenty Years Ago.....	280	Rig-a-jig.....	343
Two Roses, The.....	412	Simon the Cellarer.....	348
Vacant Chair, The.....	32	Star Spangled Banner, The.....	404
We'd Better Bide a Wee.....	388	Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.....	251
What Fairy-Like Music.....	344	Ten Little Niggers.....	357
When the Swallows Homeward		Then You'll Remember Me.....	52
Fly.....	85	There Were Three Crows.....	485
When You and I Were Young.....	478	Those Evening Bells.....	392
Who is Sylvia?.....	220	Updee.....	88
Your Mission.....	274	Vive La Compagnie.....	58
You Never Miss the Water.....	258	When Shall We Three Meet Again?.....	284







552497

7/21/28

H.H.
H. H. [unclear]

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

DATE DUE

Music Library
University of California at
Berkeley