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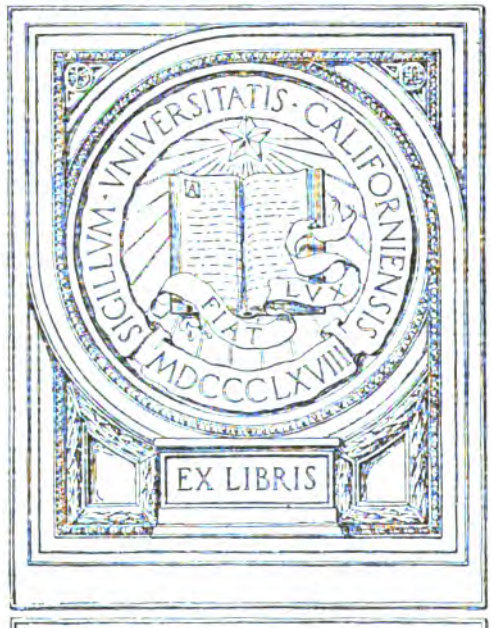
GIFT OF
Sir Henry Heyman



Contributed by 20,000 People

HEART SONGS

Dear to the American People M. a. v.

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

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Published by

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Gift of Dr. Henry Hay

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,

Jr 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.

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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 erwhelmingly 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, lilts 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

Ira 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 in the night, My dream-ing in the day. . . . The ve-ry ech-o of my heart, The
2. I love thee, I love thee, is ev-er on my tongue; In all my proud-est po-e-sy That cho-rus still is sung. . . It is the ver-dict of my eyes, A-
3. I love thee, I love thee, thy bright and ha-zel glance; The mel-low lute up-on those lips Whose ten-der tones en-trance; . . But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs That

rall.

rall.

f

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

Scotch Folk Song

p Slow

1. Should auld ac-quaintance 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

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 sil - ver tide: 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.
fly '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 fell; Tell me of the wea-ry march-es, She who loves will lis-ten well.
2. Broth - er, tell me of the bat - tle, For they said your life was o'er; They all told me you had fall - en, That I'd nev - er see you more.
3. Broth - er, tell me of the bat - tle, I can bear to hear it now; Lay your head up - on my bo - som, Let me soothe your fe-vered brow.

FINE

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 flight?

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.
task with song be - guiled; 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 call'd to re-pose; Be-neath the green turf, Where the wild flow-ers bloom, Scent-ing the earth, And em-broid-'ring the tomb; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the mem-'ry of those Who ev - er loved fond-ly, Ere called to re-pose.
2. Strike the harp gent-ly, And breathe thy sweet strain For those that loved fond-ly, But who ne'er a-gain Can meet to ca-ress thee, In all this lone world. The dear ones are hap-py With ser-aphs un - told; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the
3. Strike the harp gent-ly, Oh! mourn for them not; In the fold that is love-ly, The shep-herd has brought Per-haps a kind fa-ther, And moth - er most dear, A child or a broth-er Or sis - ter so near; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the

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 the 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

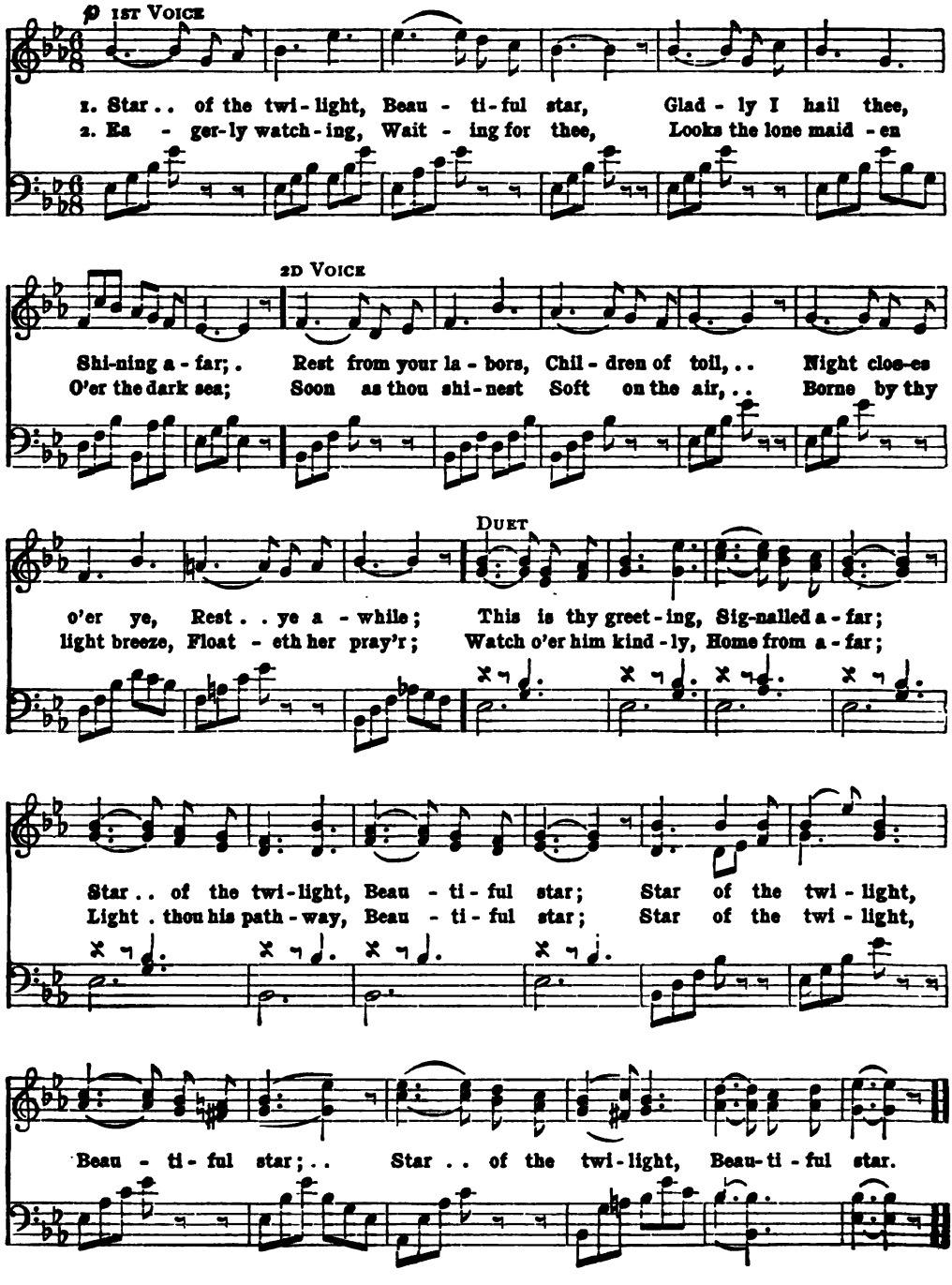
Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re - sounds from the
Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -
flow -'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green

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
braes, 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

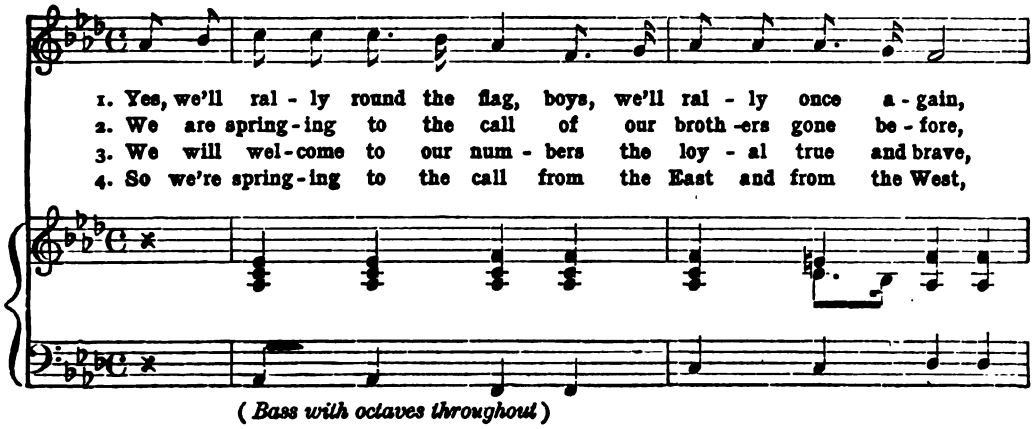
L. O. Emerson



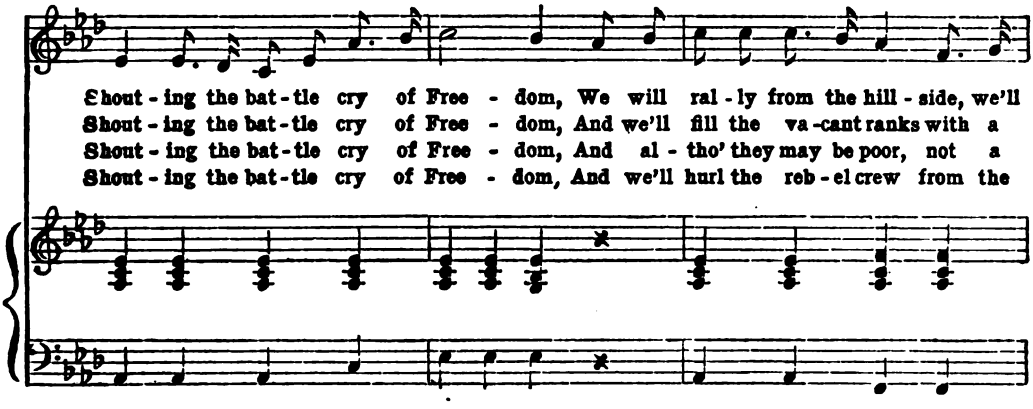
The Battle Cry of Freedom

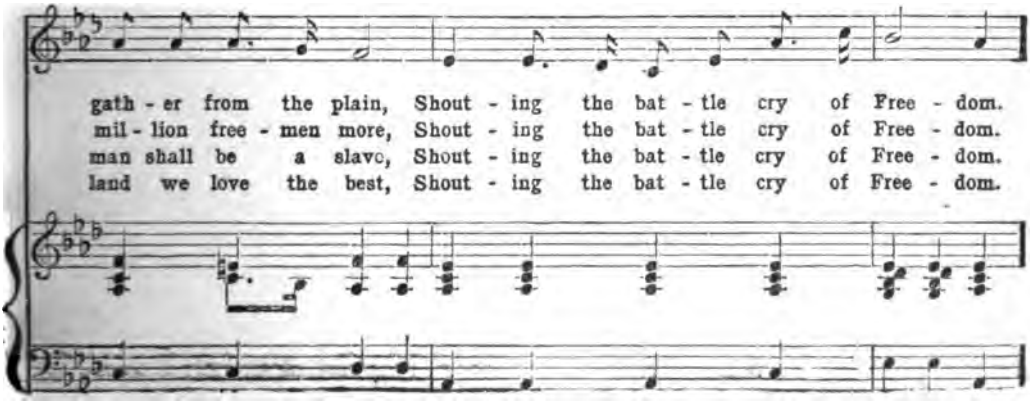
(RALLYING SONG)

GEORGE F. ROOT

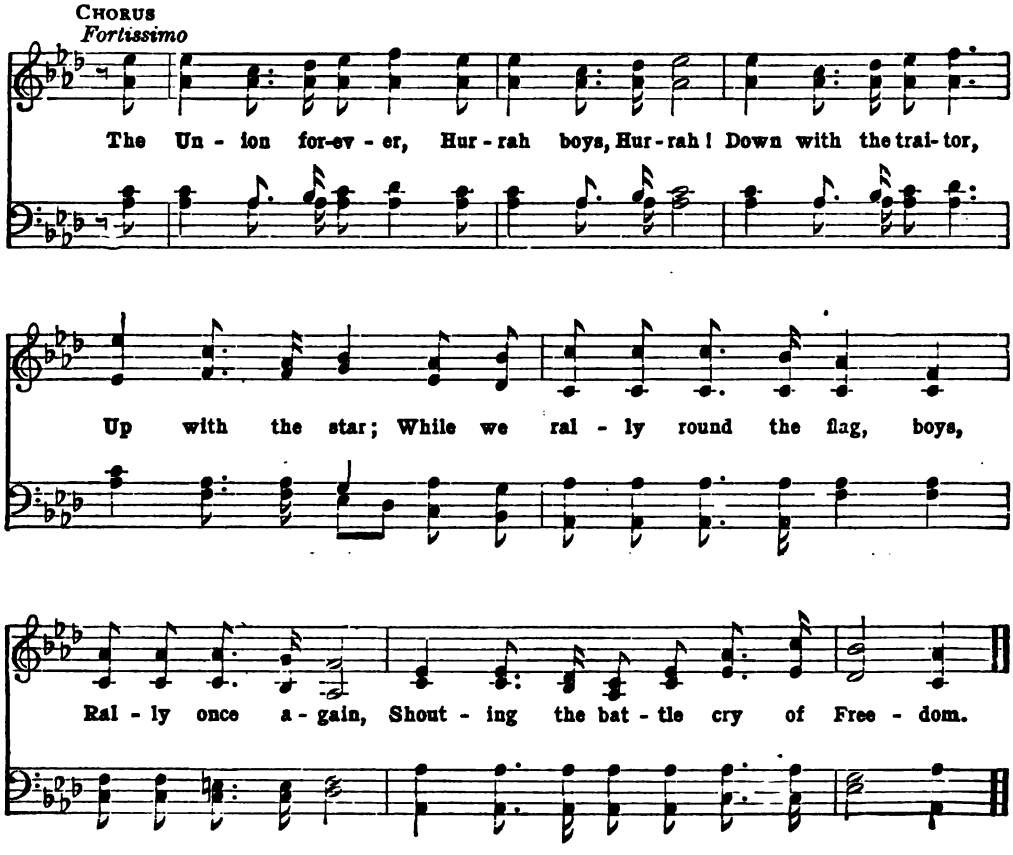


(*Bass with octaves throughout*)



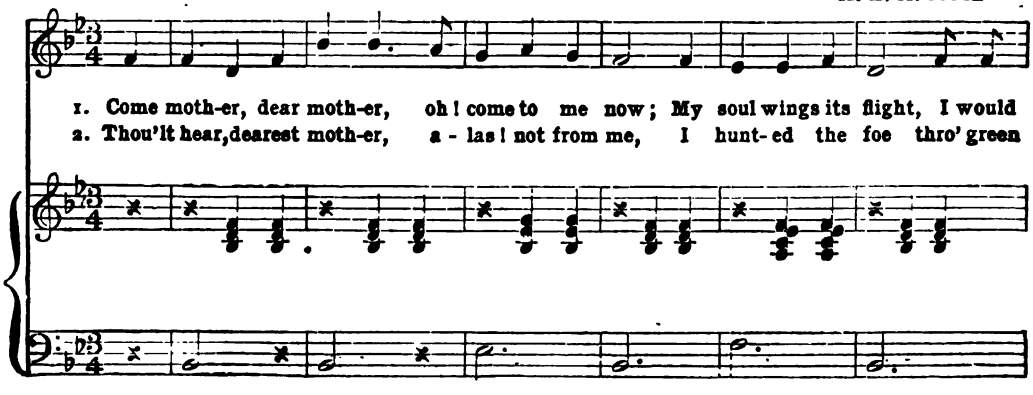


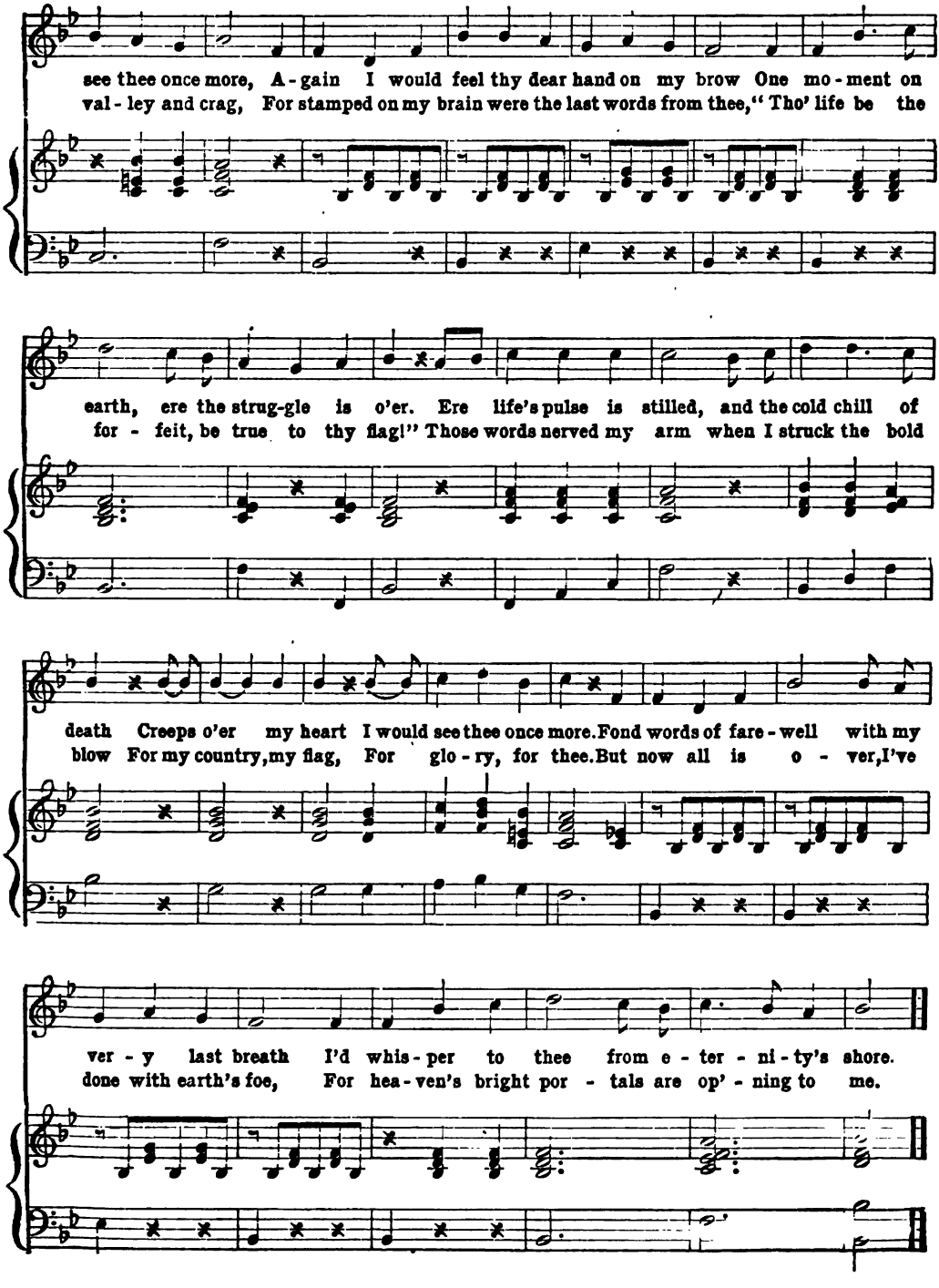
The Battle Cry of Freedom



The Dying Volunteer

From the "New Orleans Times" — A. E. A. MUSE




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

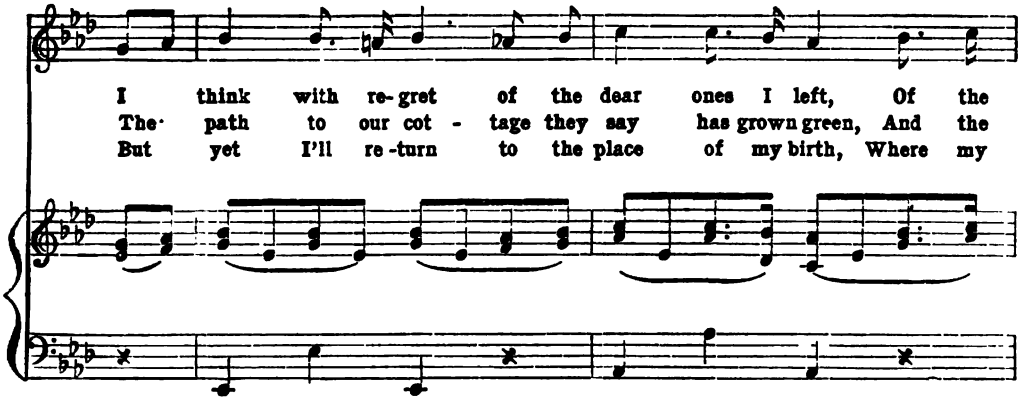
D. C. *Take me home to the place where my lit-tle ones sleep, Poor*

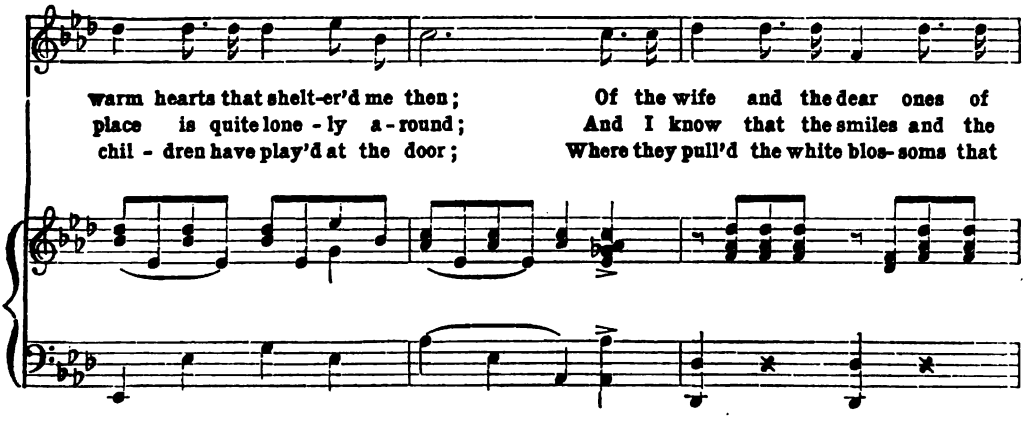
sweet sun-ny South take me home, Where the mocking-bird sung me to
cot in the ev-er-green shade, Where the flow-ers on the riv-er's green
be that the old house is gone, The dear friends of my child-hood in-
mas-sa lies bur-ied close by, O'er the grave of the loved ones I

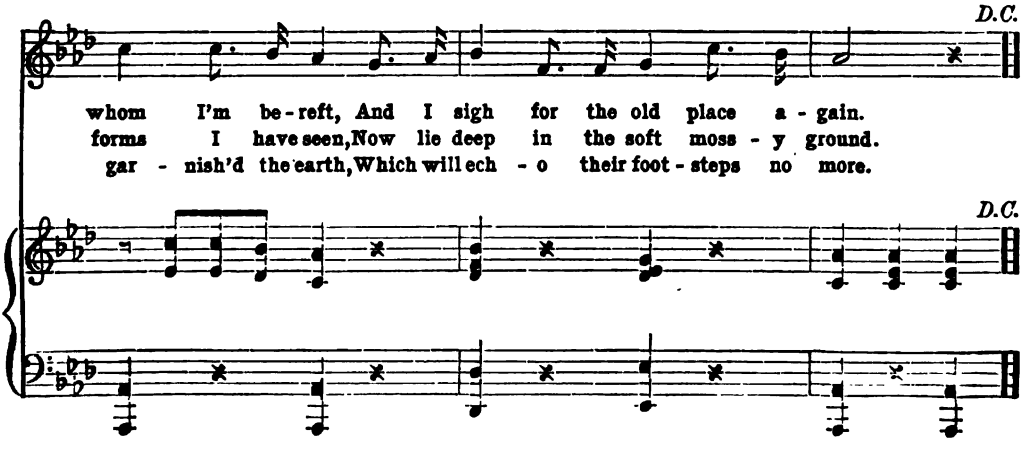
FINE

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

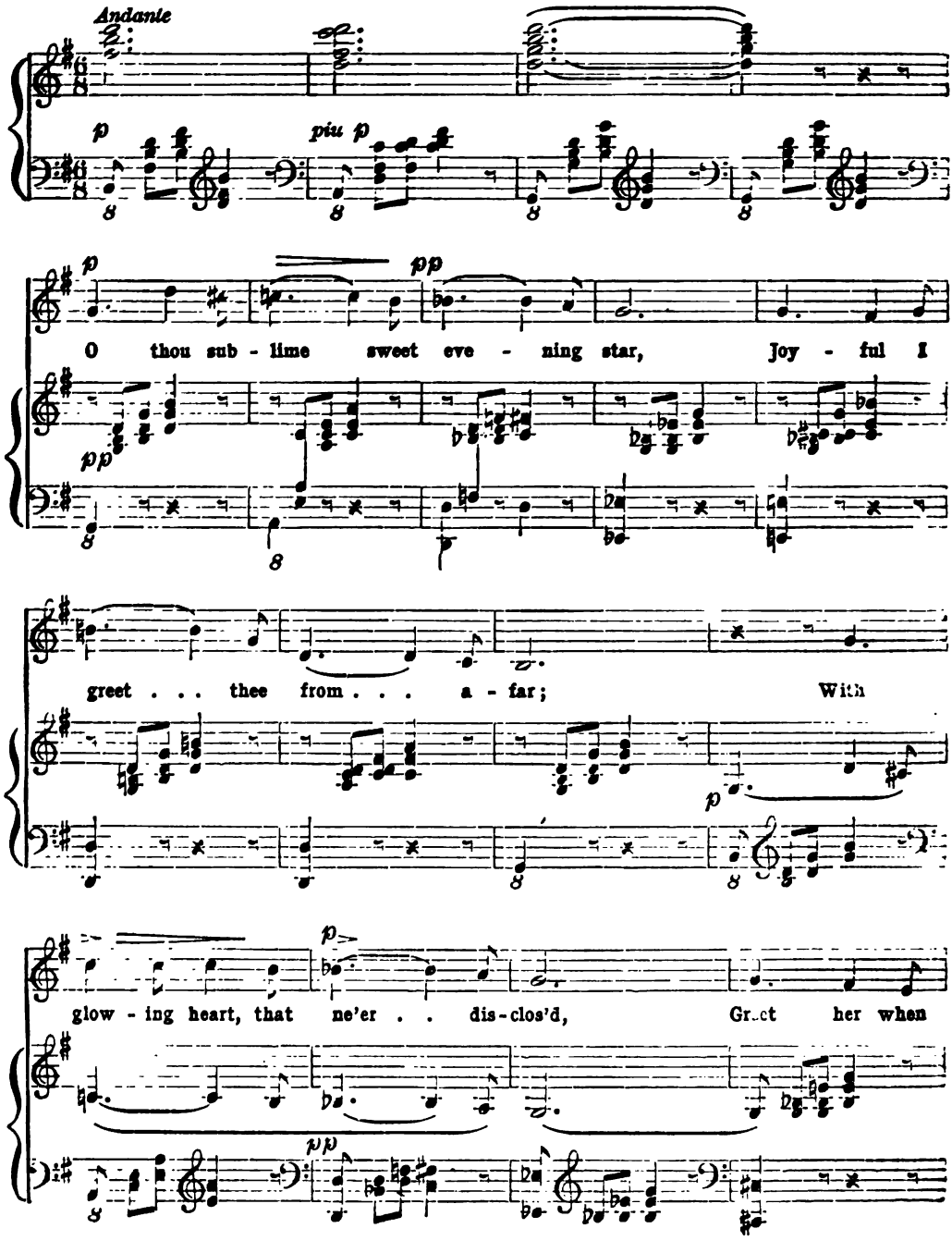

I think with re-gret of the dear ones I left, Of the
The path to our cot - tage they say has grown green, And the
But yet I'll re-turn to the place of my birth, Where my

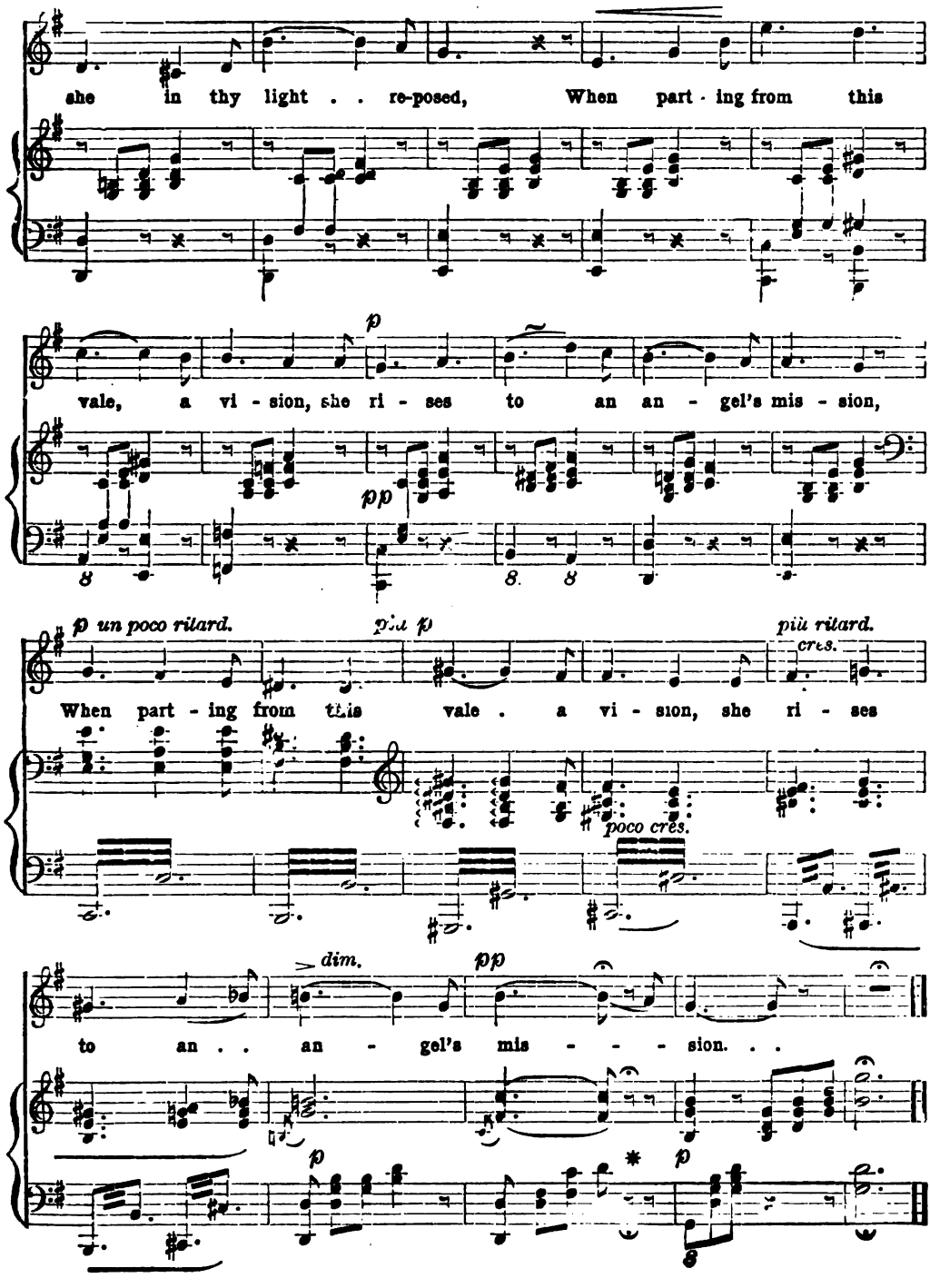

warm hearts that shelt-er'd me then; Of the wife and the dear ones of
place is quite lone - ly a - round; And I know that the smiles and the
chil - dren have play'd at the door; Where they pull'd the white blos-soms that


D.C.
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.

To the Evening Star

From WAGNER'S "Tannhäuser"




she in thy light . . re-posed, When part - ing from this
p
vale, a vi - sion, she ri - ses to an an - gel's mis - sion,
pp
p un poco ritard.
più p
più ritard.
cres.
When part - ing from this vale . a vi - sion, she ri - ses
poco cres.
dim.
pp
to an . . an - gel's mis - - - sion. . .
p
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

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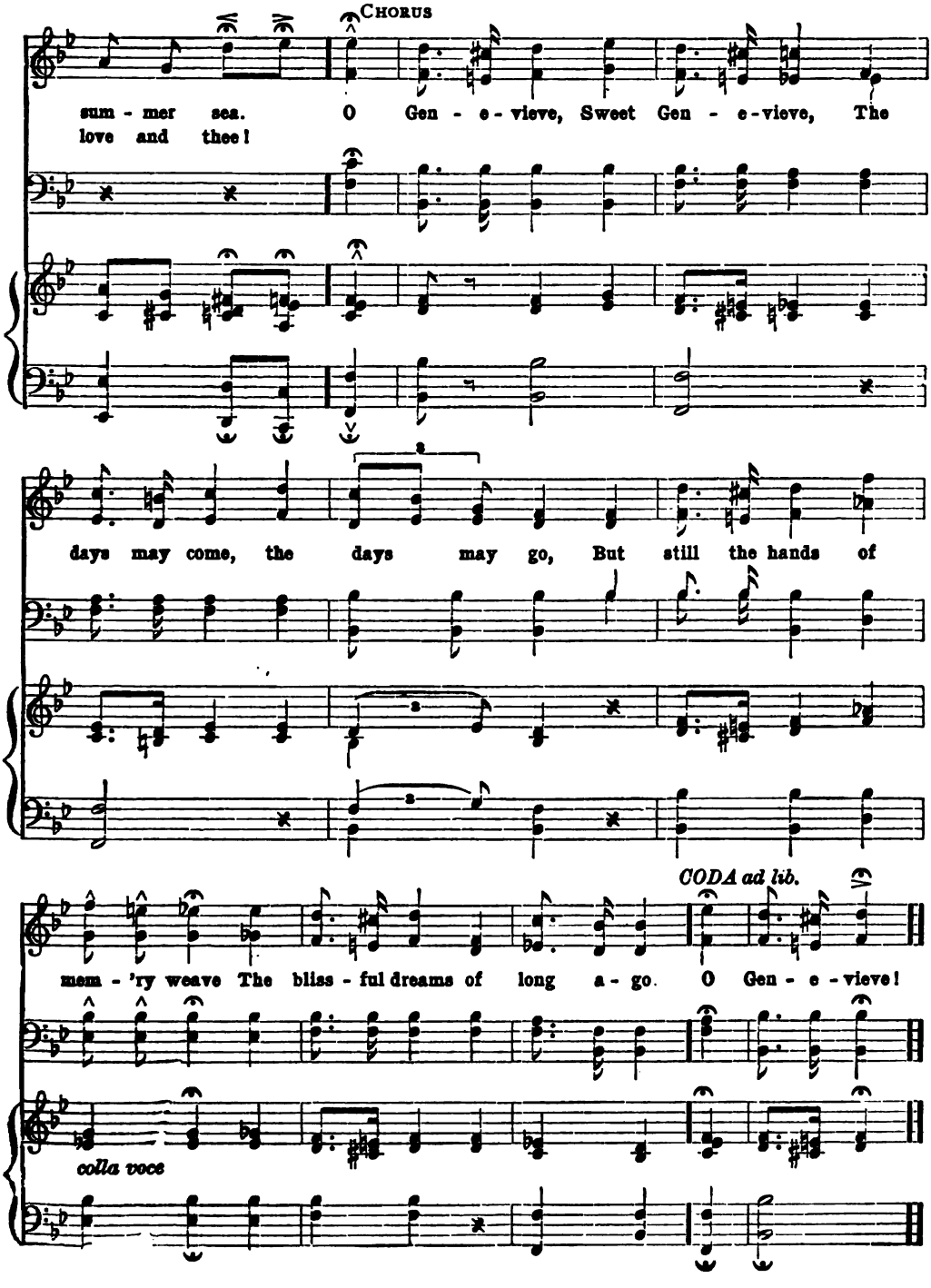

CHORUS
sum - mer sea. O Gen - e - vieve, Sweet Gen - e - vieve, The
love and thee!
days may come, the days may go, But still the hands of
CODA ad lib.
mem - 'ry weave The bliss - ful dreams of long a - go. O Gen - e - vieve!
colla voce

The Faded Coat of Blue

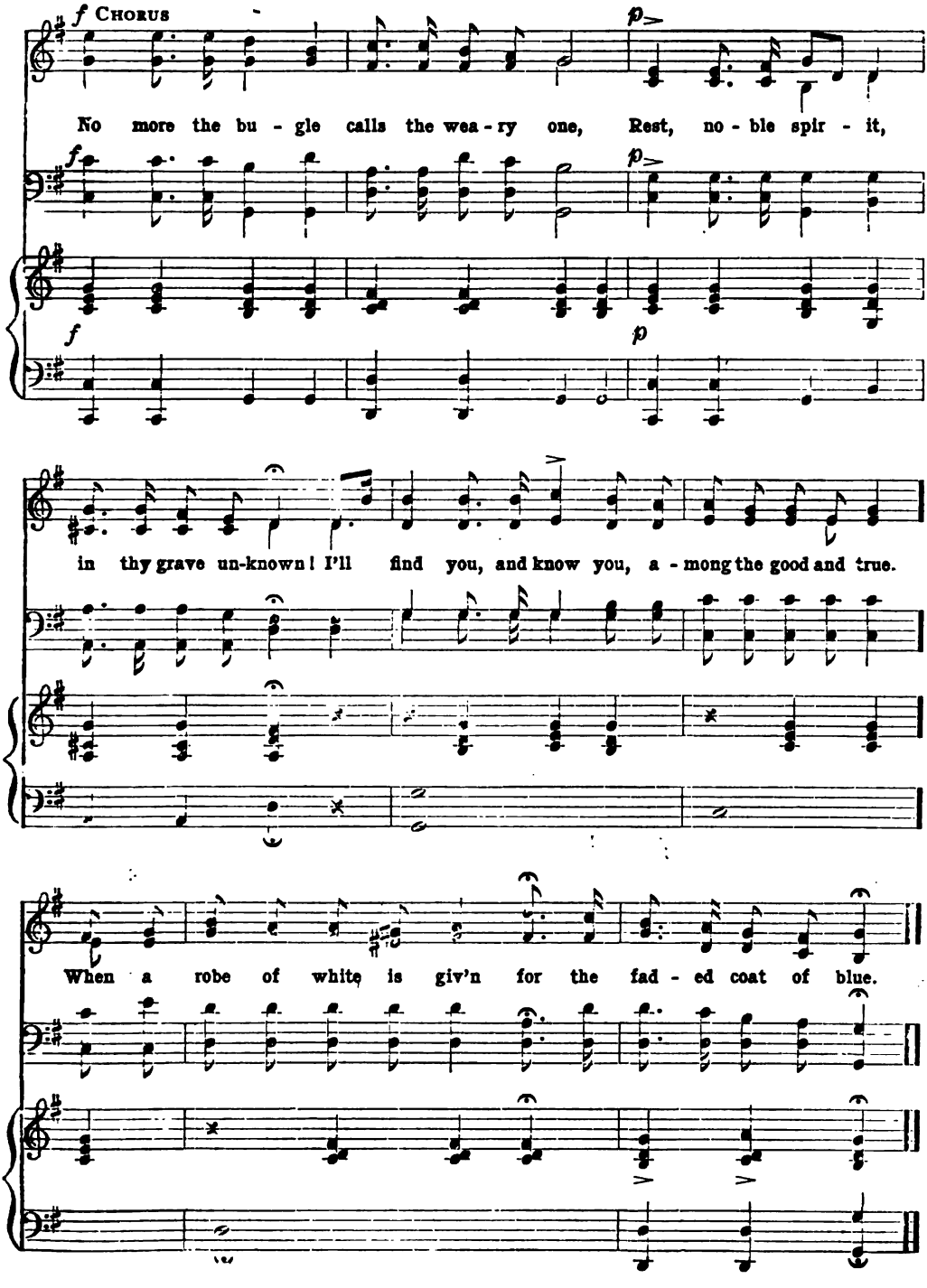
J. H. McNaughton

Tenderly

1. My brave lad sleeps in his fad - ed coat of blue; In a lone - ly grave un-known lies the heart that beat so true. He sank faint and hun - gry a - mong the fam-ish'd brave, And they laid him sad and lone - ly with - in his nameless grave.

2. He cried, "Give me wa - ter and just a lit - tle crumb, And my moth - er she will bless you thro' all the years to come; Oh! tell my sweet sis - ter, so gen - tle, good and true, That I'll meet her up in heaven, in my fad - ed coat of blue."

3. Long, long years have van - ished, and though he comes no more, Yet my heart will start-ling beat with each foot - fall at my door; I gaze o'er the hill where he waved a last a - dieu, But no gal - lant lad I see, in his fad - ed coat of blue.


f CHORUS
p
No more the bu - gle calls the wea - ry one, Rest, no - ble spir - it,
in thy grave un-known! I'll find you, and know you, a - mong the good and true.
When a robe of white is giv'n for the fad - ed coat of blue.

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 | *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 - dieu, 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

rall.

flour - 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.

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 anx - ious 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*

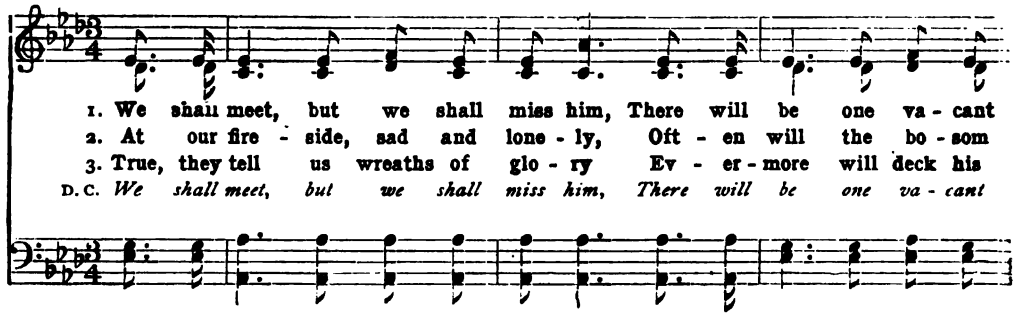
Bright days for us may rise, Oh! dry those tear - ful eyes, Kath-leen A - roon.*
These hands shall toil for thee, This heart will faith- ful be, Kath-leen A - roon.
Where man a mar - tyr dies, Come dry those tear - ful eyes, Kath-leen A - roon.

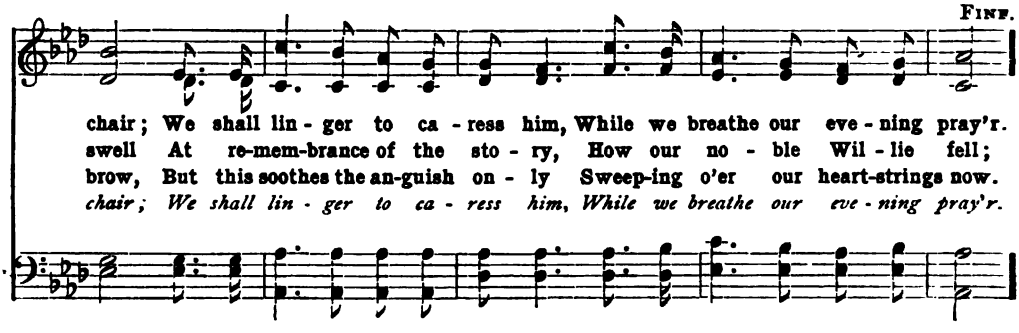
marcato. *poco rit.* *p*

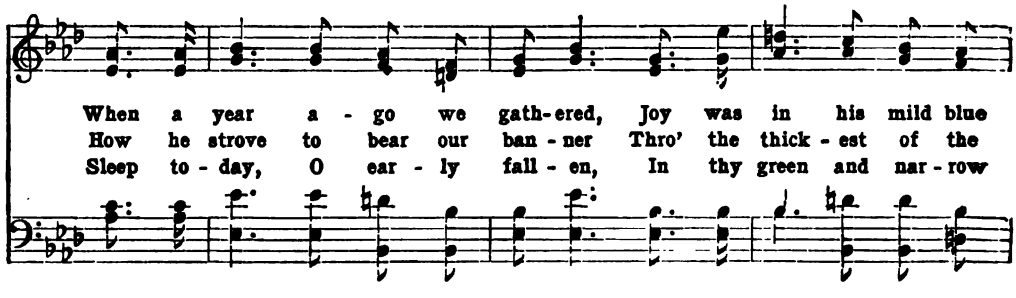
* Aroon means "secret treasure of my heart."

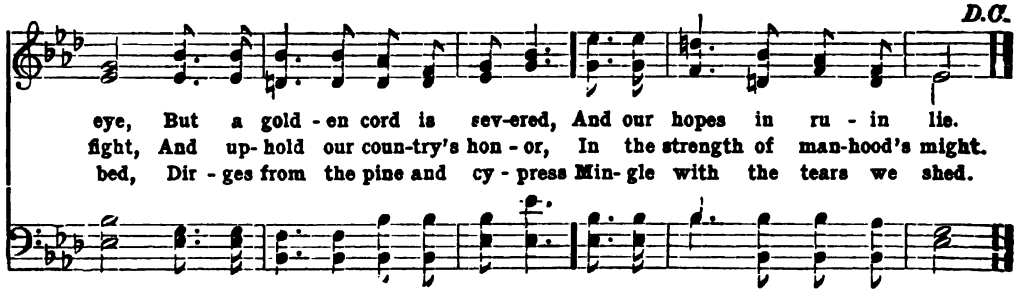
The Vacant Chair

Geo. F. Root









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, ...

p

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.

ff

In her heart is love re - volv-ing, 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 war- rior bold, with
2. So this brave knight, in ar- mor bright, Went gayly to the fray; He fought the fight, but

p

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

p

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

cres - cen - do

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

f *colla voce*

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

pp *f*

ad lib. *molto.* *rallentando e dim.*

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

più lento

cres. *f* *f* *p* *colla voce.* *ff*

a tempo

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 fr~wn'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 frol - ick'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

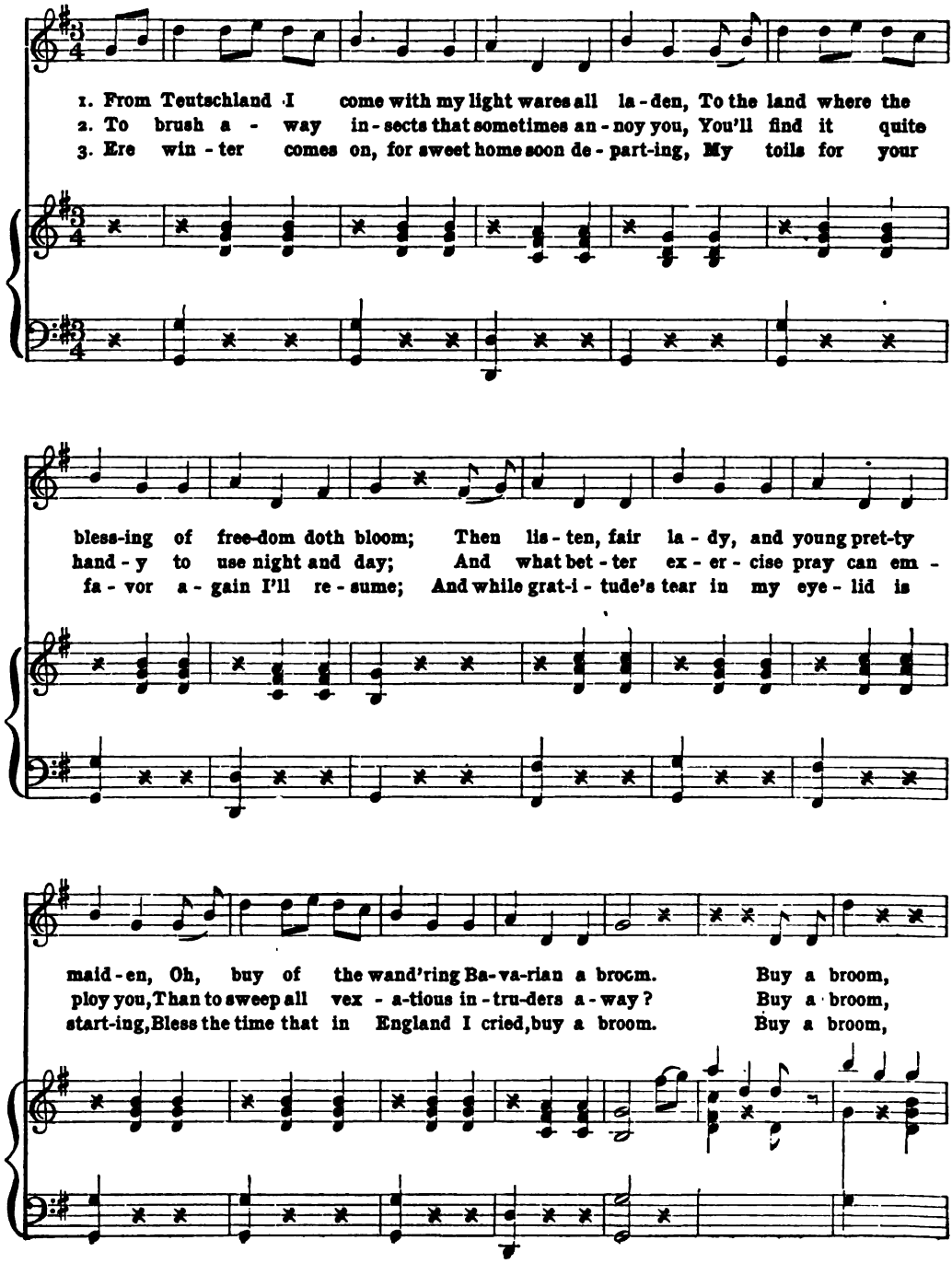
FINE.

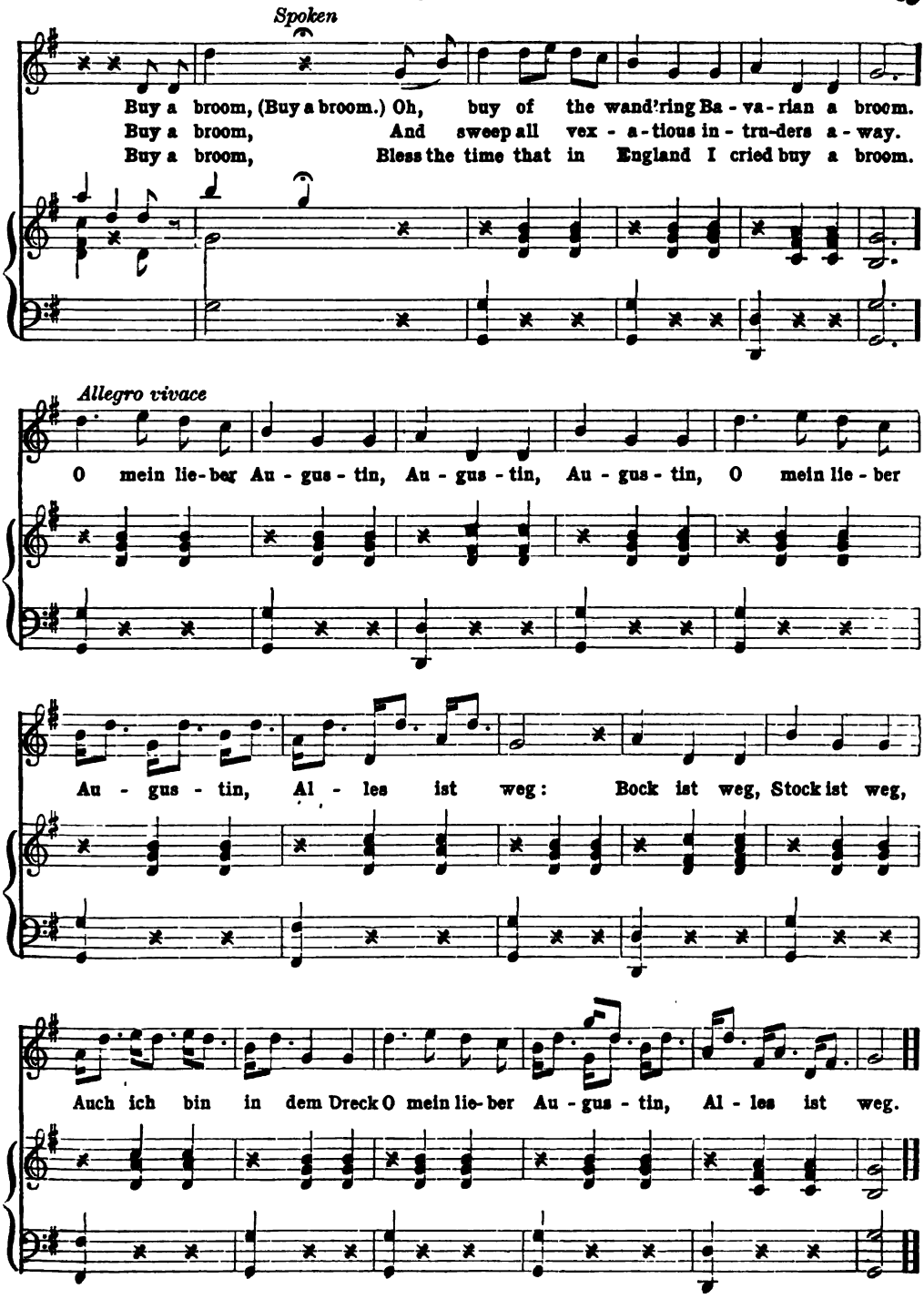
Camp-bells are com - in', O ho, O ho!

1. Up - on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look'd down to bon - nie Loch - lev - en And heard three bon - nie pi - pers play. The
2. The great Ar - gyle, he goes be - fore, He makes his can - non loud - ly roar; Wi' sound of trum-pet, pipe, and drum, The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The
3. The Camp-bells they are a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi' ban-ners rat - tlin' in . . the wind, The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The

D.S. al Fine.

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 home soon de - part-ing, My toils for your
bless-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,


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

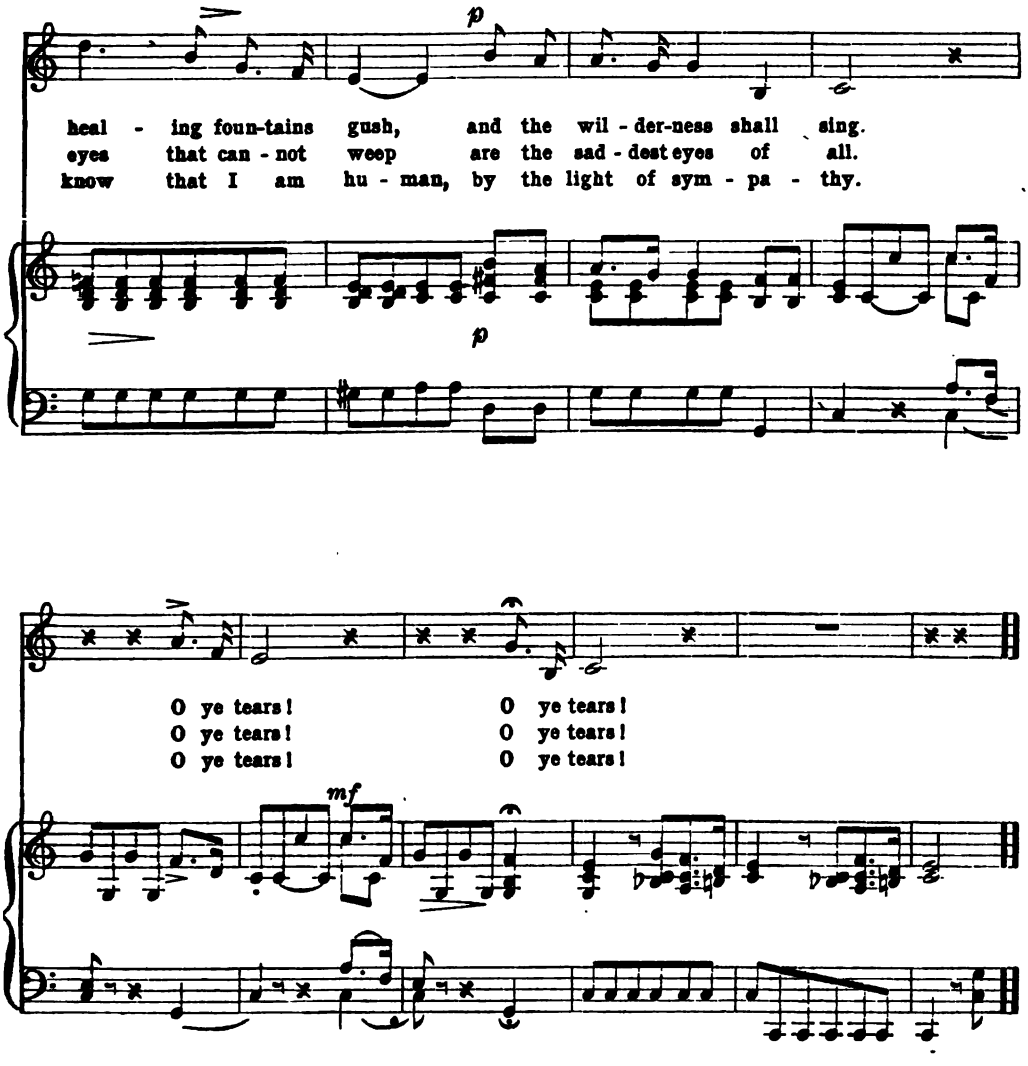
Andantino

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

con espressione *p*

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

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

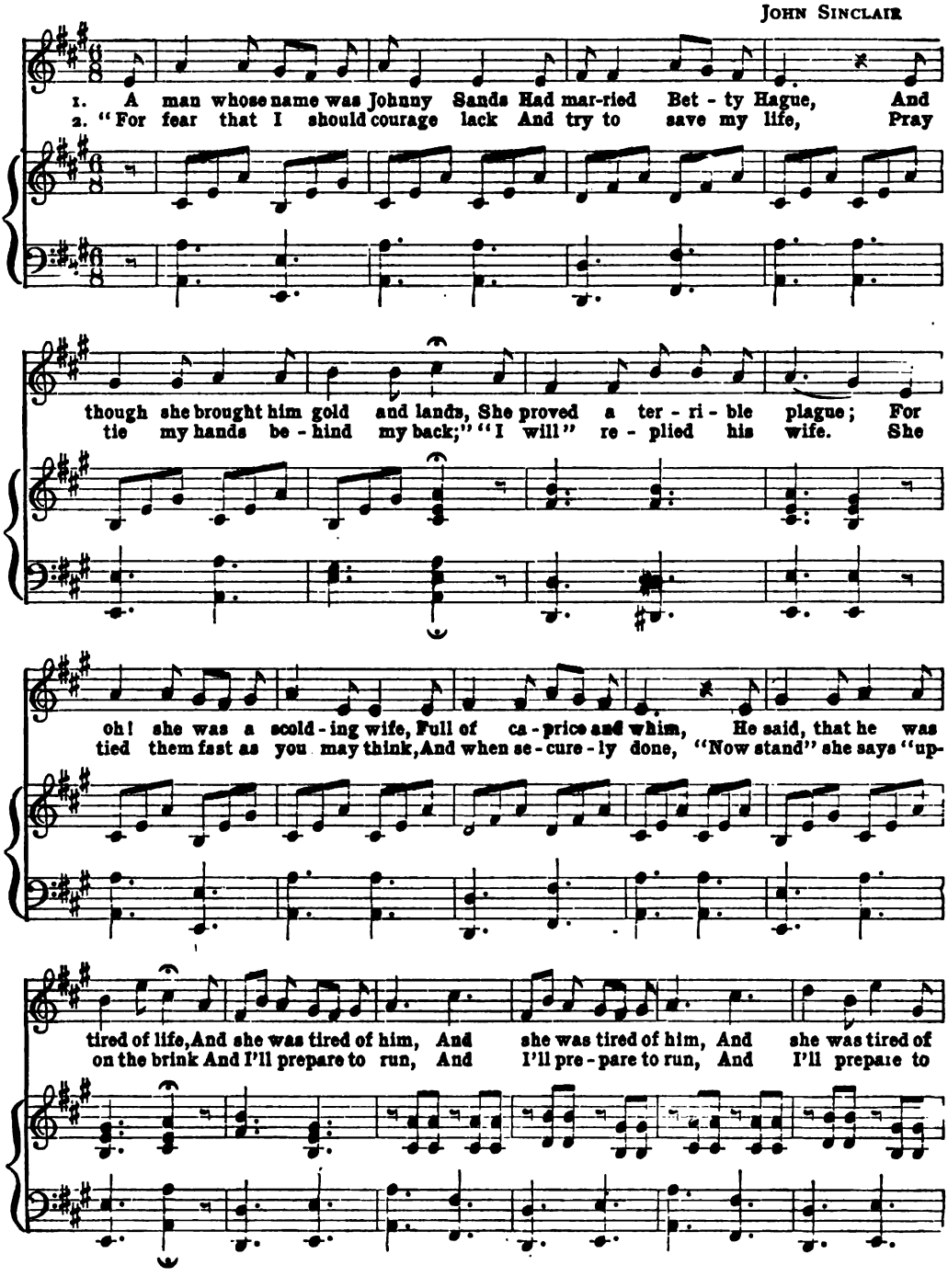


4 O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain,
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
Like the rock that Moses smote amid Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water, to make gladness in the land.
O ye tears! O ye tears!

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



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 sil - 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

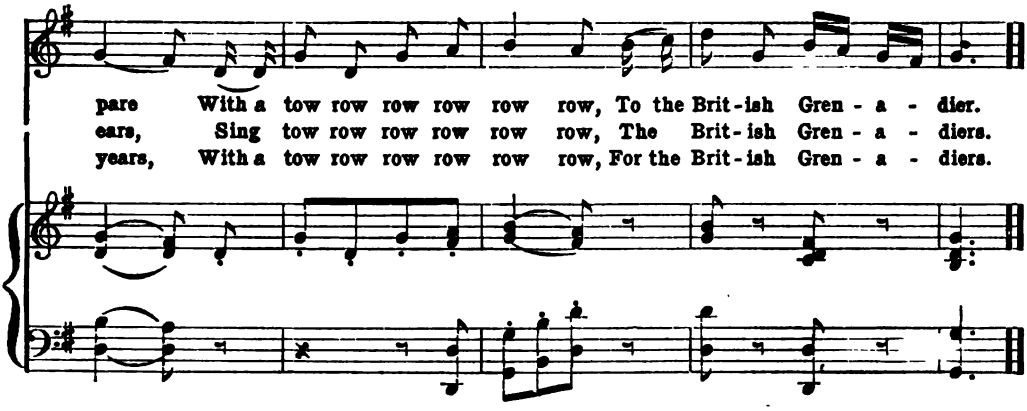
p *cres.*

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:

p *cres.*

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

p



Free America *

Tune—"BRITISH GRENADIERS"

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.

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.

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.

4 Proud Albion bowed to Cæsar,
And numerous lords before;
To Picts, to Danes, to Normans,
And many masters more;
But we can boast, Americans,
We've never fallen a prey;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
For free America.

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.

6 Lift up your heads, ye heroes,
And swear with proud disdain
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.

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.

* By voice, sword and pen, Joseph Warren contributed to the cause of Independence. In 1772 and 1775, 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 langs to be free, Jean, And an-gels wait on me To the

pp *legato*

mf

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 warld's care is vain, Jean, We'll

mf *p*

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.

mf

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. Eve 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-
Then o'er the waves, the wretch-ed bark is hurled, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-
Hen-ry's faint ac-cents trem-bled in the blast, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-

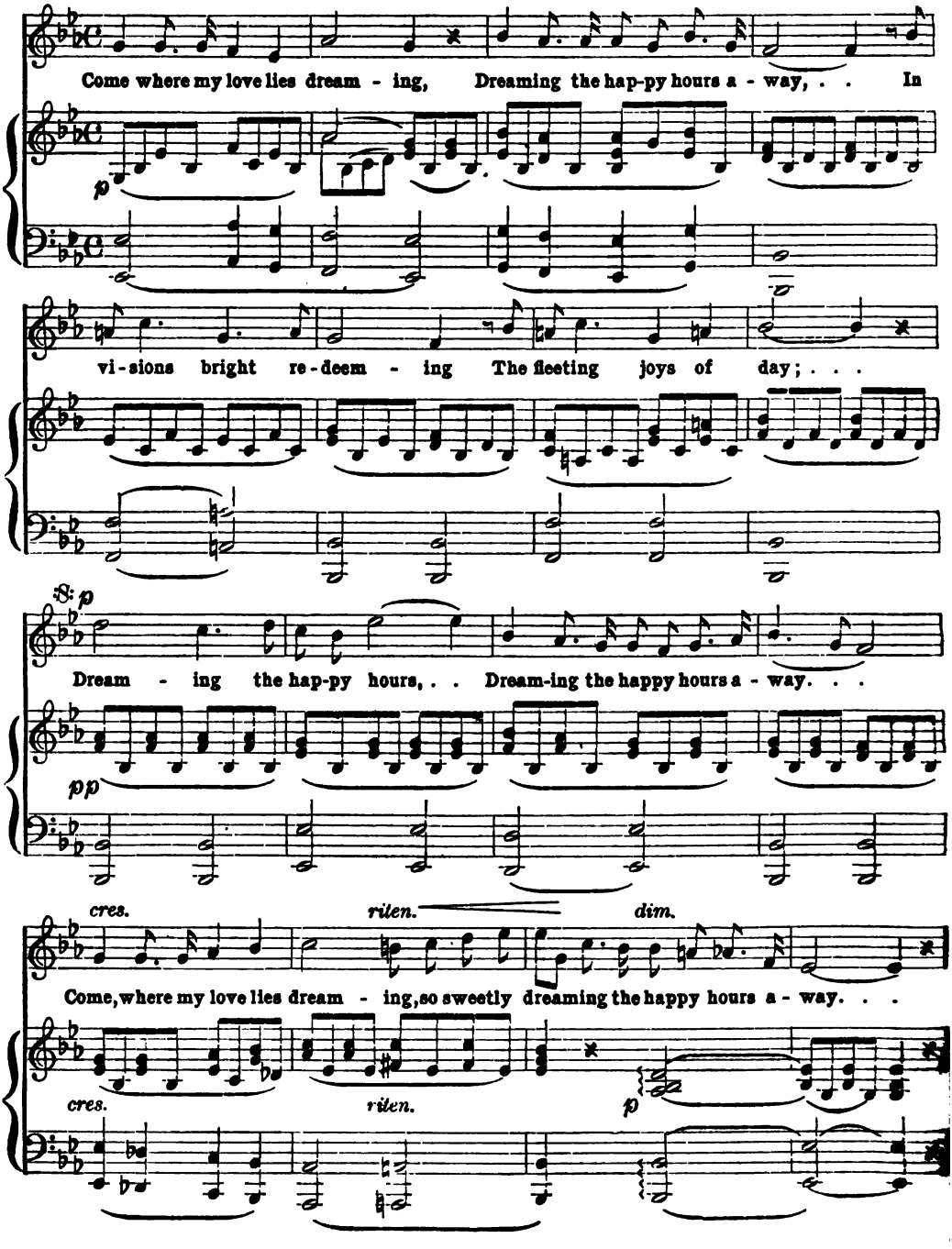
ad lib.

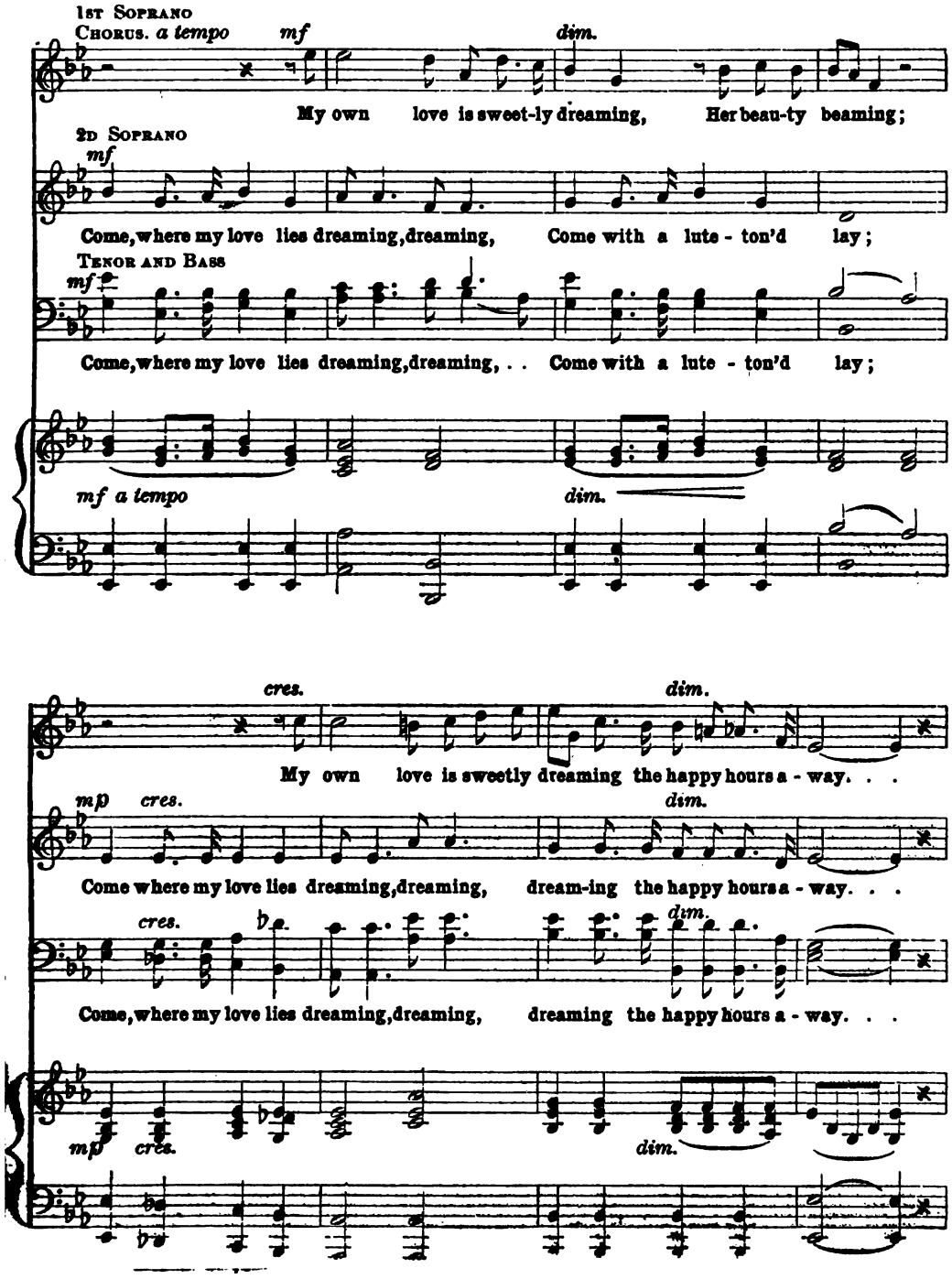
tr

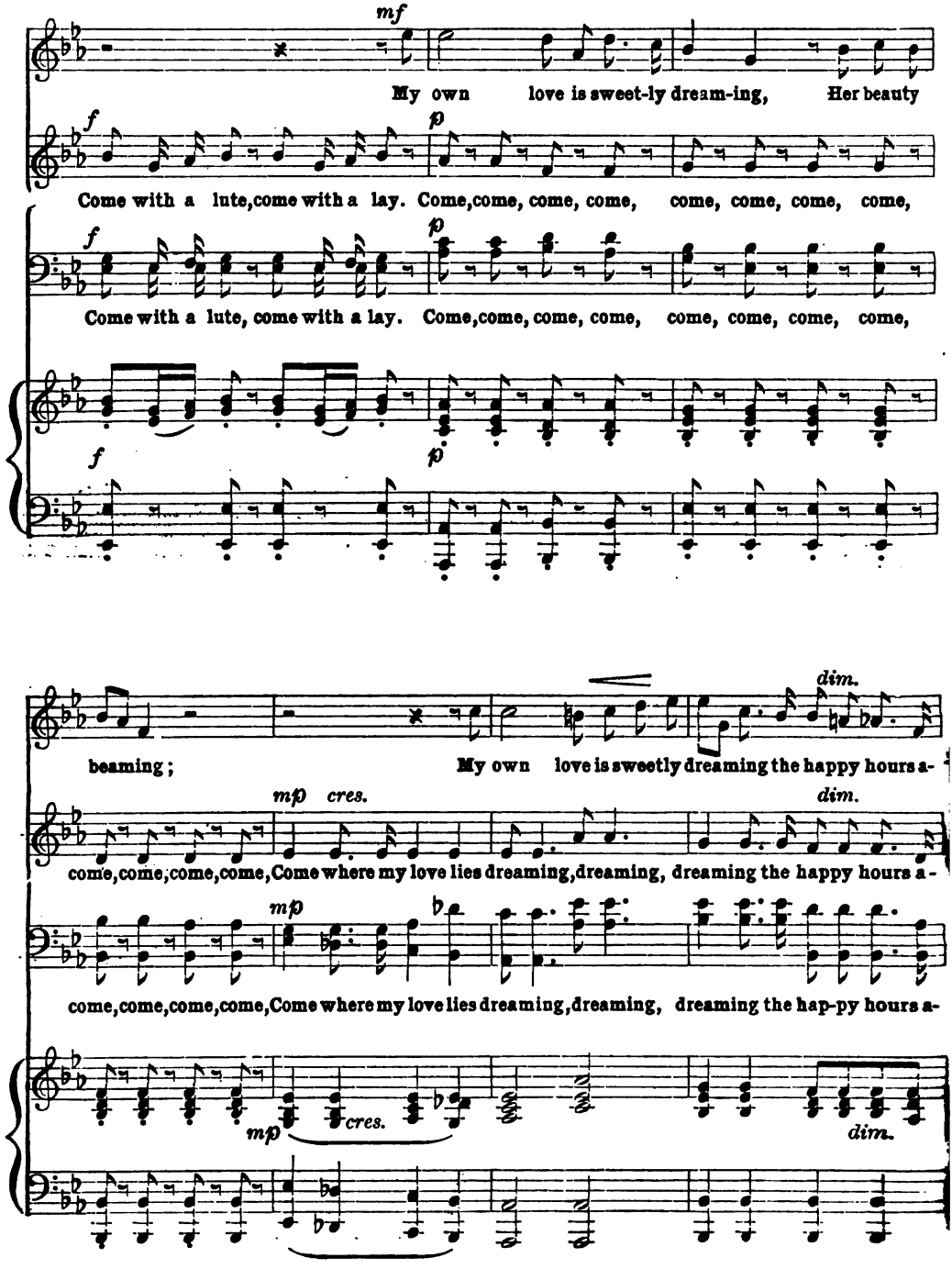
well," he crys, "we soon shall meet again."
well," he crys, "we ne'er shall meet again." *mf*
well, my love, we ne'er shall meet again."

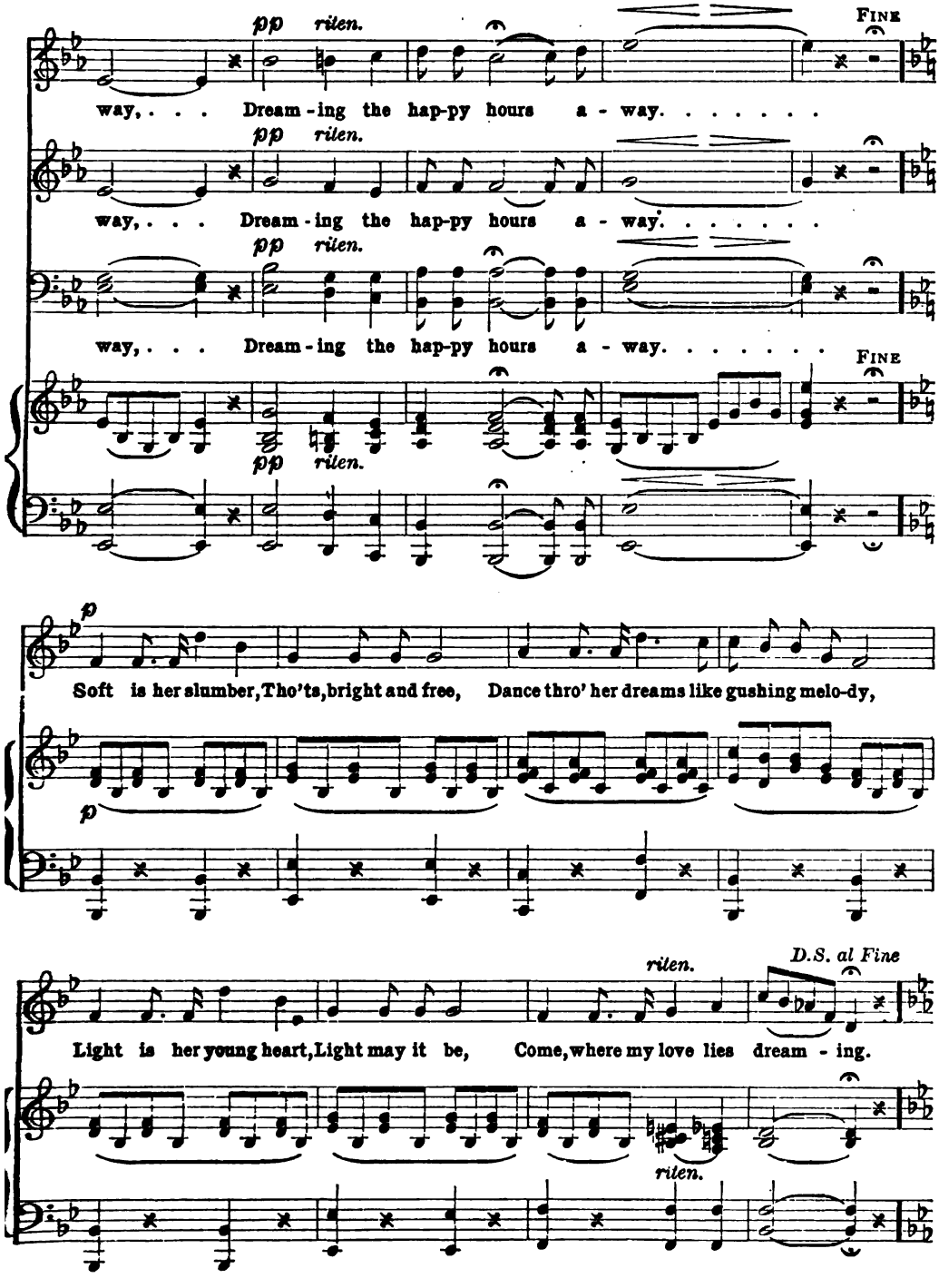
Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming

S. C. Foster




1st Soprano
Chorus. a tempo
mf
dim.
My own love is sweet-ly dreaming, Her beau-ty beaming;
2d Soprano
mf
Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, Come with a lute - ton'd lay;
Tenor and Bass
mf
Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, . . Come with a lute - ton'd lay;
mf a tempo
dim.
cres.
dim.
My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours a - way. . .
mp
cres.
dim.
Come where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dream-ing the happy hours a - way. . .
cres.
dim.
Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the happy hours a - way. . .
mp
cres.
dim.

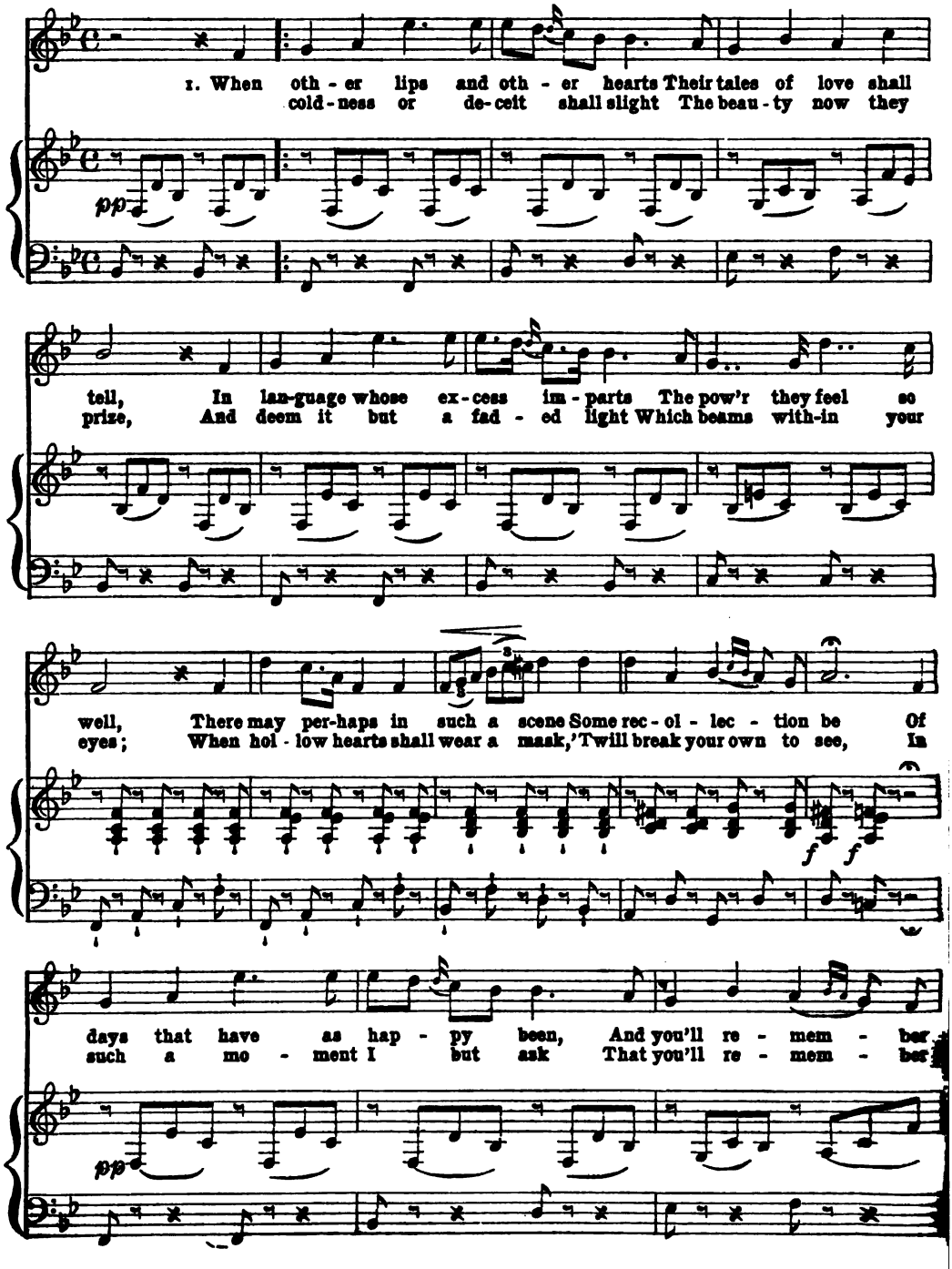

mf
My own love is sweet-ly dream-ing, Her beauty
f
p
Come with a lute, come with a lay. Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
f
p
Come with a lute, come with a lay. Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
f
p
dim.
beaming; My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours a-
mp cres.
dim.
come, come, come, come, Come where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the happy hours a-
mp
come, come, come, come, Come where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the hap-py hours a-
mp
cres.
dim.

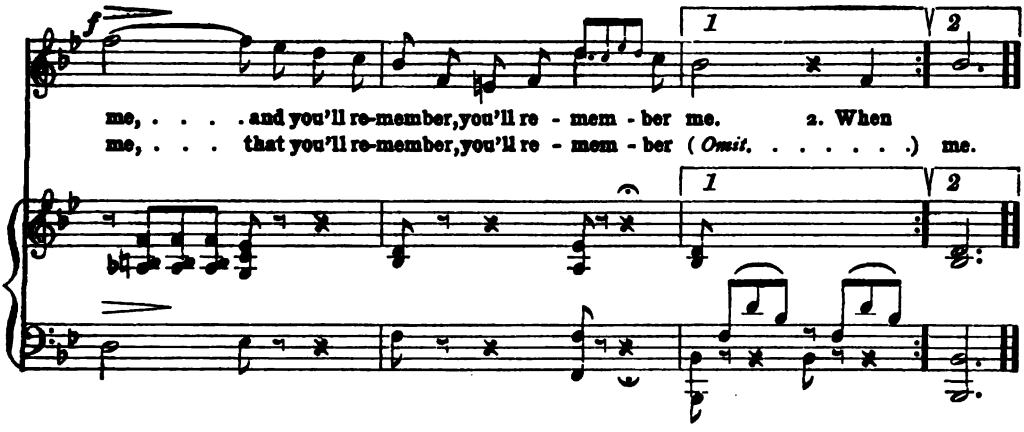

pp rilen.
FINE
way, . . . Dream - ing the hap-py hours a - way. . . . . .
pp rilen.
way, . . . Dream - ing the hap-py hours a - way. . . . . .
pp rilen.
way, . . . Dream - ing the hap-py hours a - way. . . . . .
FINE
pp rilen.
p
Soft is her slumber, Tho'ts, bright and free, Dance thro' her dreams like gushing melo-dy,
p
rilen.
D.S. al Fine
Light is her young heart, Light may it be, Come, where my love lies dream - ing.
rilen.

Then You'll Remember Me

WEBB

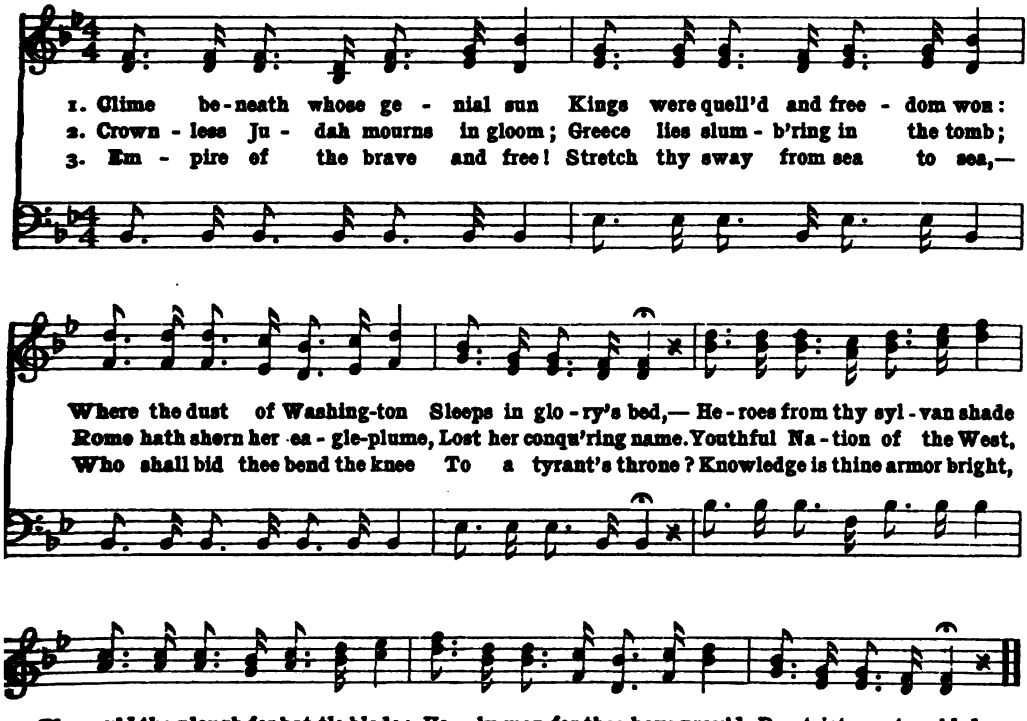
M. W. BALFE





Clime Beneath Whose Genial Sun

Old Scotch Folksong



Captain Jinks

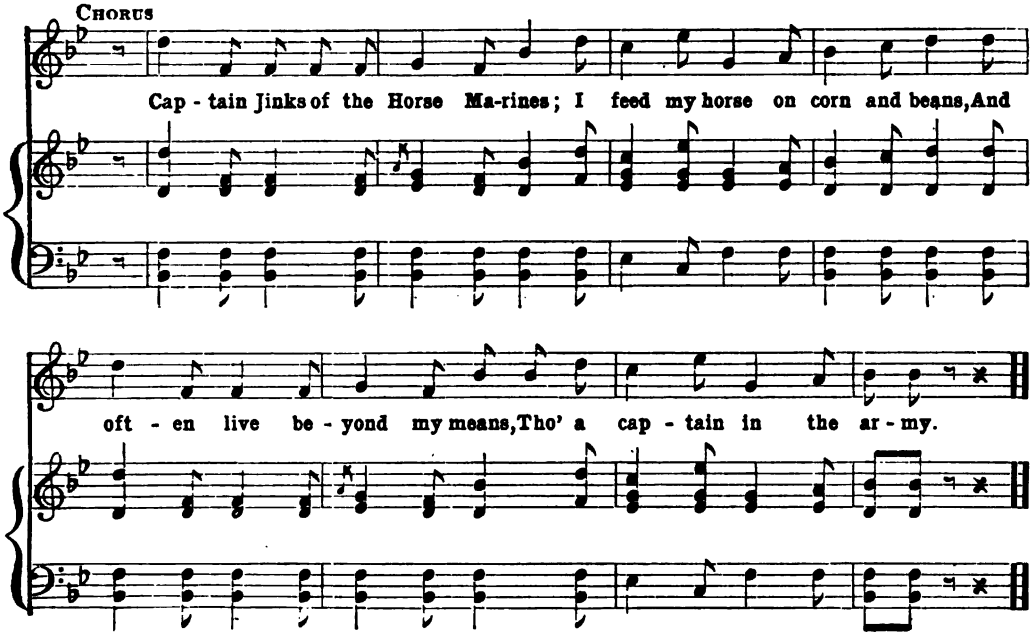
Arranged by CHARLES E. PRATT

1. I'm Cap- tain Jinks, of the Horse Ma-rines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And sport young la - dies in their teens, Tho' a cap - tain in the ar - my. I teach young la - dies how to dance, How to dance, How to dance, I teach young la - dies how to dance, For I'm the pet of the ar-my.

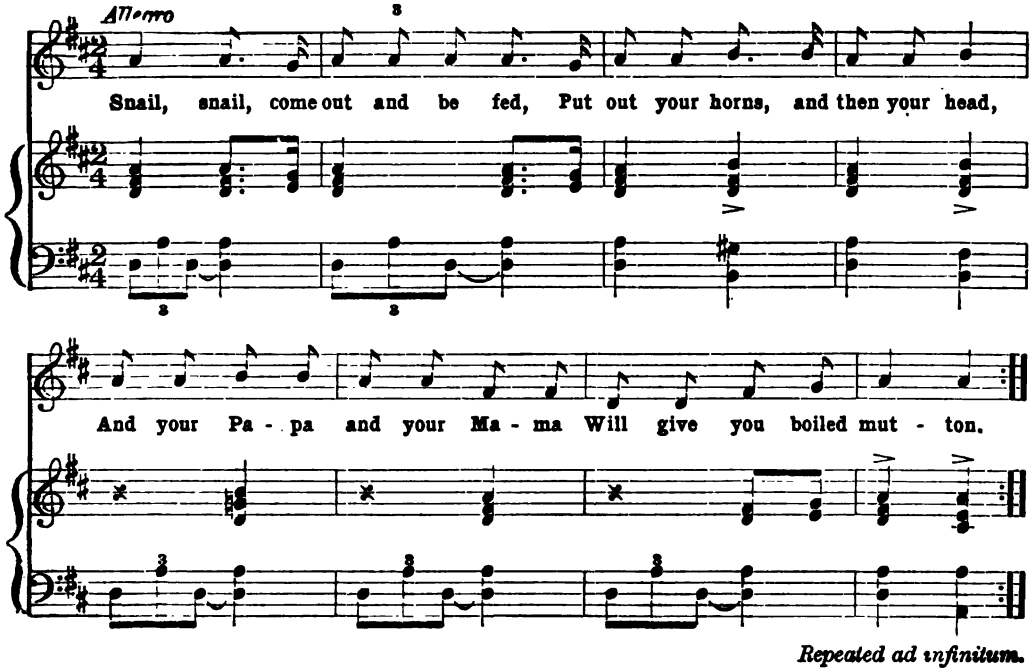
2. I joined my corps when twen-ty-one, Of course I thought it cap- i - tal fun; When the en - e - my came, of course I run, For I'm not cut out for the ar - my. When I left home, Ma - ma, she cried, Ma - ma, she cried, Ma - ma she cried, When I left home, Ma- ma she cried, He's not cut out for the ar-my.

3. The first time I went out to drill, The bu - gle sound-ing made me ill; Of the bat - tle - field I'd had my fill, For I'm not cut out for the ar - my. The of - fi - cers, they all did shout, They all did shout, They all did shout, The of - fi - cers they all did shout, Why! kick him out of the ar-my.

p *mf*



Chinese Baby-Song



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

pp

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 man drink 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,
Vive la compagnie.
Here's a health to our friend — our kind, worthy host,
Vive la compagnie. Cho.

5 Since all, with good humor, I've toasted so free,
Vive la compagnie.
I hope it will please you to drink now with me,
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. Blue 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 - ing 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

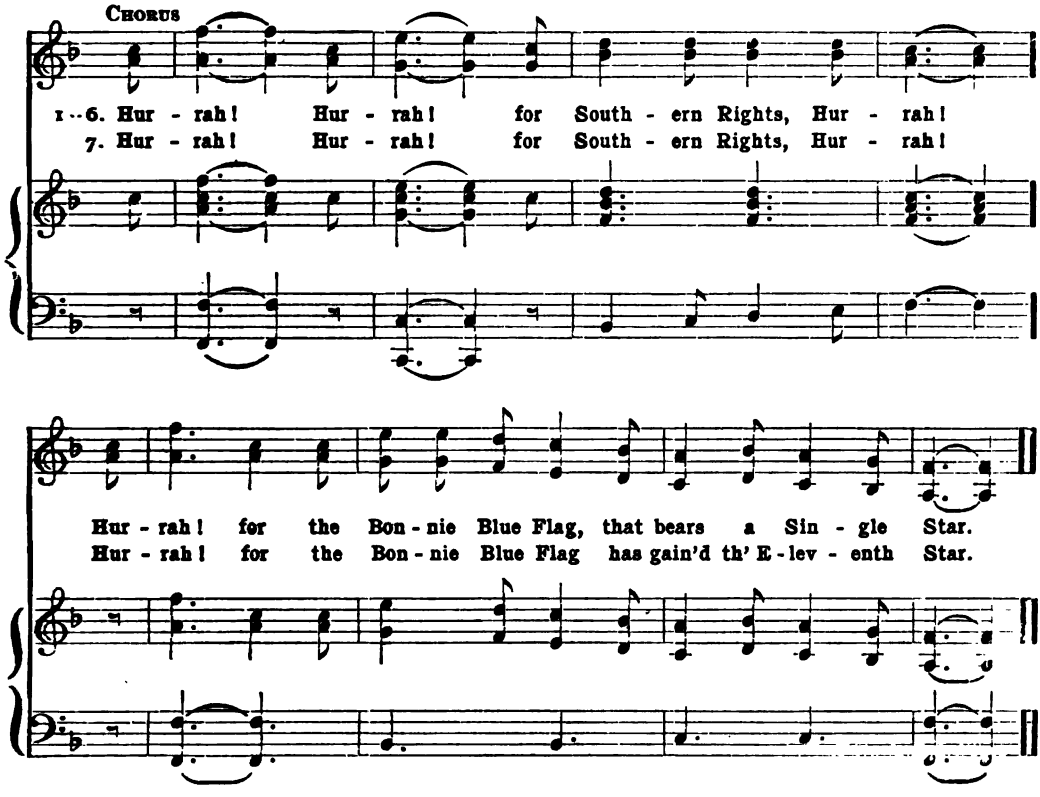
HARRY MACARTHY

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

Fight - ing for the prop - er - ty we gain'd by hon - est toil; . . 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.



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 our love talk - ing, The more we had to say: . . The old folks and the lit - tle folks, We tho't were fast in bed, We heard a foot-step on the stairs,

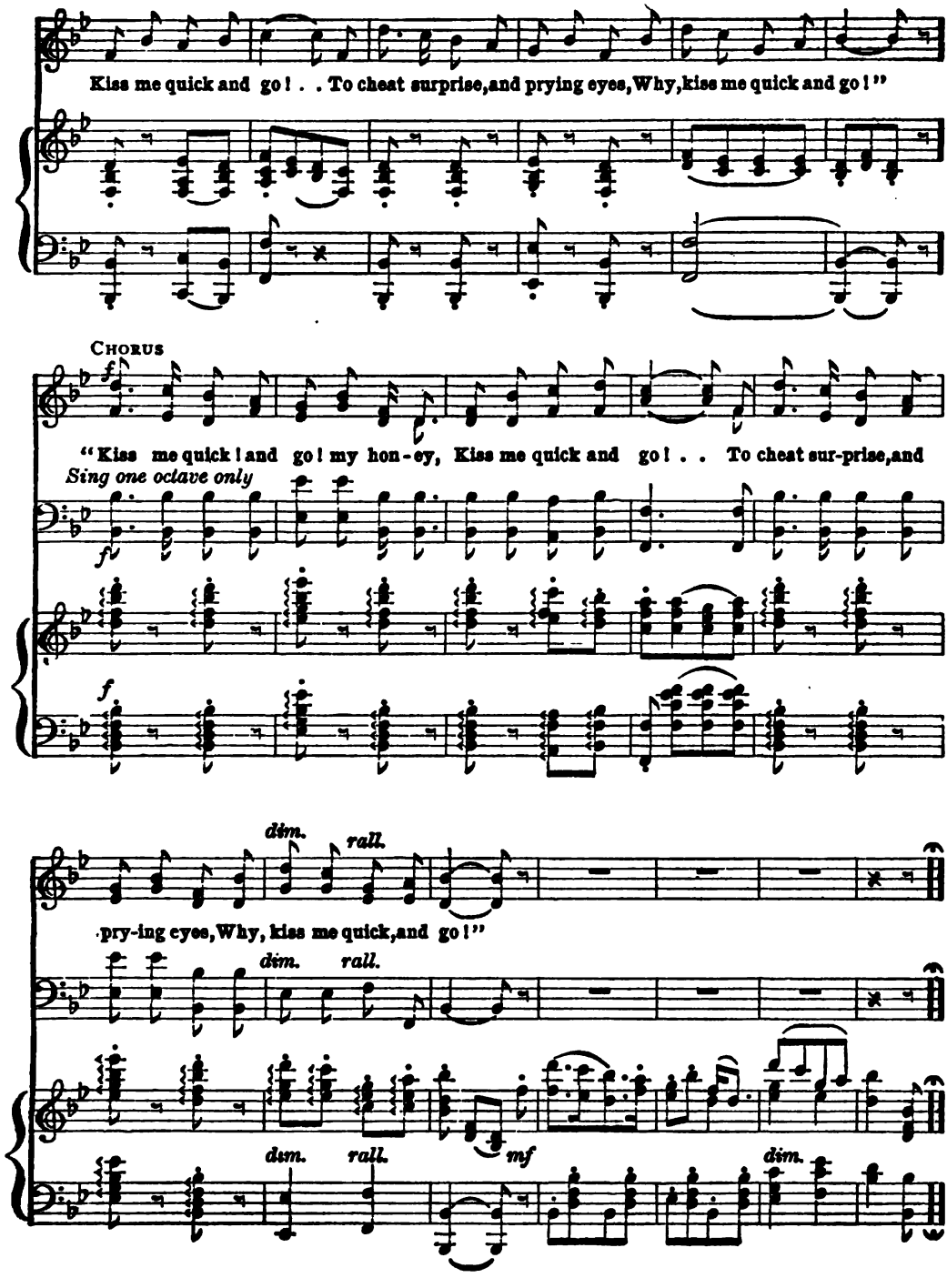
2. Soon af - ter that I gave my love A moonlight prom-e - nade, At last we fetch'd up to the door, Just where the old folks stay'd; The clock struck twelve, her heart struck too, And peep-ing o - ver head, We saw a night-cap raise the blind,

3. One Sun-day night we sat to-geth-er, Sigh-ing, side by side, Just like two win-ter leaves of cab - bage, In the sun-shine fried. . My heart with love was nigh to split, To ask her for to wed, Said I, "Shall I go for the priest,

rall. *ff* *rall.*

a tempo *p*

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


Kiss me quick and go! . . To cheat surprise, and prying eyes, Why, kiss me quick and go!"
Chorus
f
"Kiss me quick! and go! my hon-ey, Kiss me quick and go! . . To cheat sur-prise, and
Sing one octave only
f
f
dim.
rall.
pry-ing eyes, Why, kiss me quick, and go!"
dim.
rall.
dim.
rall.
mf
dim.

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

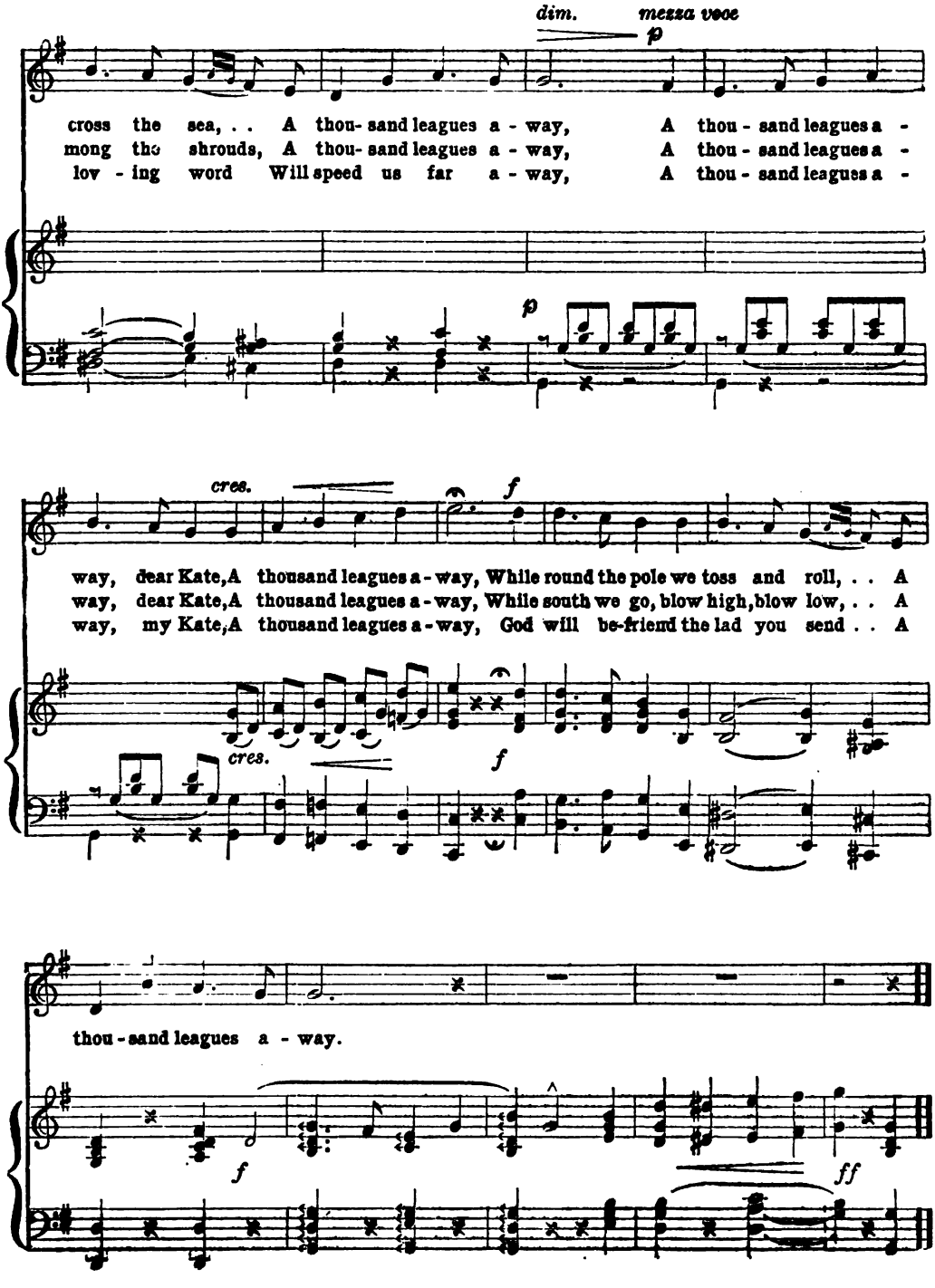
p

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

rall. *a tempo*

colla voce

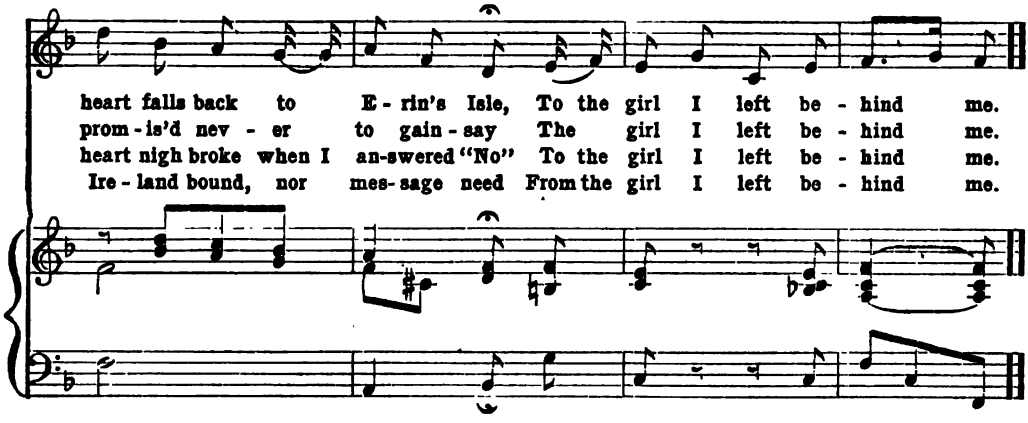
think of you, Dream of you night and day, To long for you a -
storm howl by, The salt breeze whist-ling play Its weird sea-tune a -
pray'rs as yours God bids the winds o-bey, By for-tune heard, your


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 -
low - ing word Will speed us far a - way, A thou - sand leagues a -
p
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
cres.
f
thou - sand leagues a - way.
f
ff

The Girl I Left Behind Me

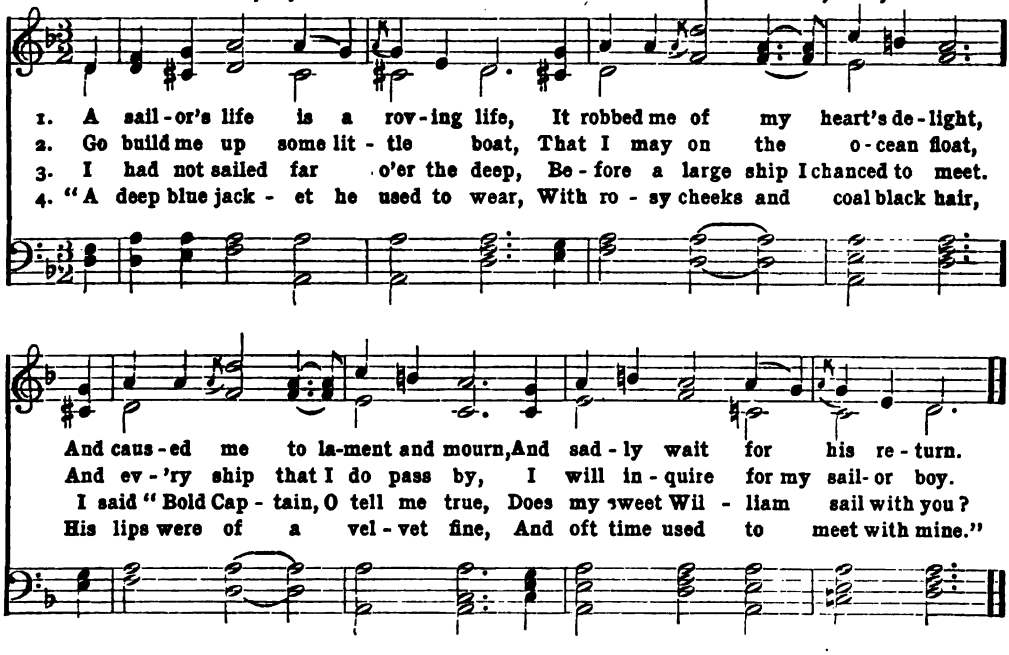
Author Unknown — Old Irish Air

1. The dames of France are fond and free, And Flem-ish lips are will-ing, And soft the maids of I-ta-ly, And Span-ish eyes are thrill-ing; Still though I bask be-neath their smile, Their charms fail to bind me, And my
2. For she's as fair as Shannon's side, And pur-er than its wa-ter, But she re-fus'd to be my bride Though ma-ny a year I sought her; Yet, since to France I sail'd a-way, Her let-ters oft re-mind me, That I
3. She says, "My own dear love, come home, My friends are rich and ma-ny, Or else a-broad with you I'll roam, A sol-dier stout as an-y; If you'll not come, nor let me go, I'll think you have re-signed me," My
4. For nev-er shall my true love brave A life of war and toil-ing, And nev-er as a skulk-ing slave I'll tread my na-tive soil on; But were it free or to be freed, The bat-tle's close would find me To



A Song of the Sea

Written from memory, by Mrs. W. A. Fisher — Probably 100 years old



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 -

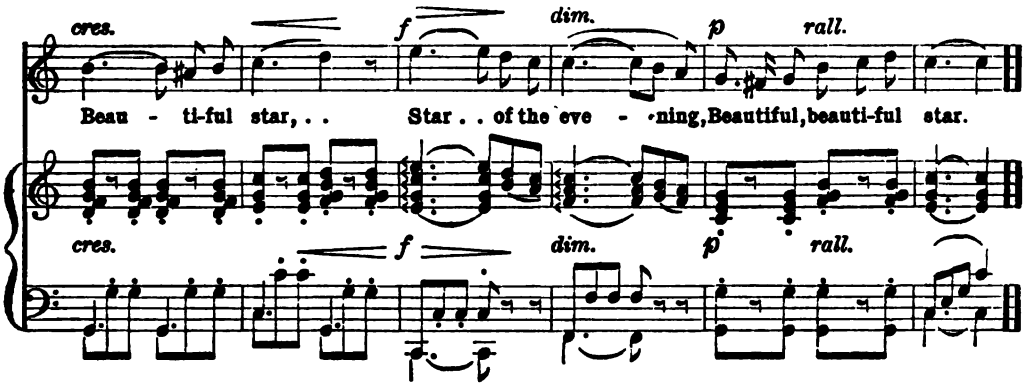
p

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. *p*

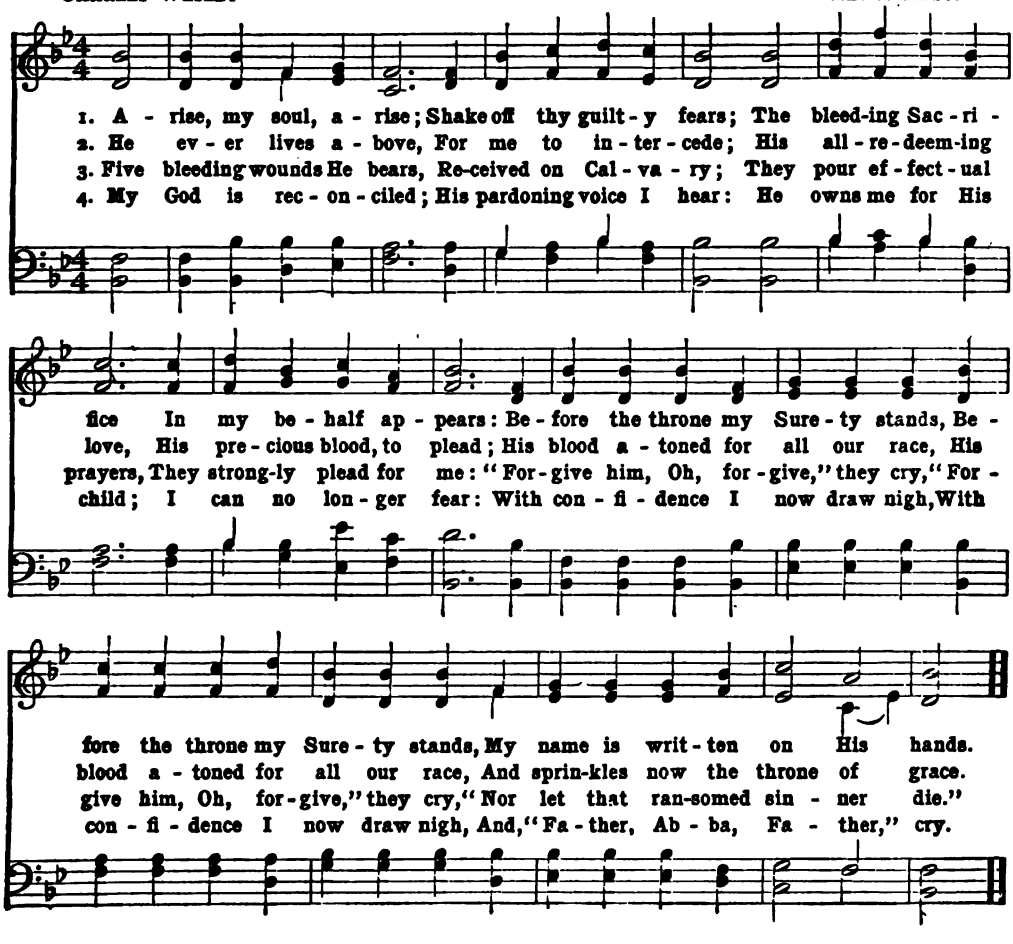
Star of the eve - ning, beau-ti - ful star. Beau - ti - ful star, . . .
realms of love be - yond the sky. Beau - ti - ful star, . . .
Star of the twi - light, beau-ti - ful star. Beau - ti - ful star, . . .

cres. *p*



Arise, My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY — LEWIS EDSON



Angels Ever Bright and Fair

HÄNDEL

Larghetto

mf

p

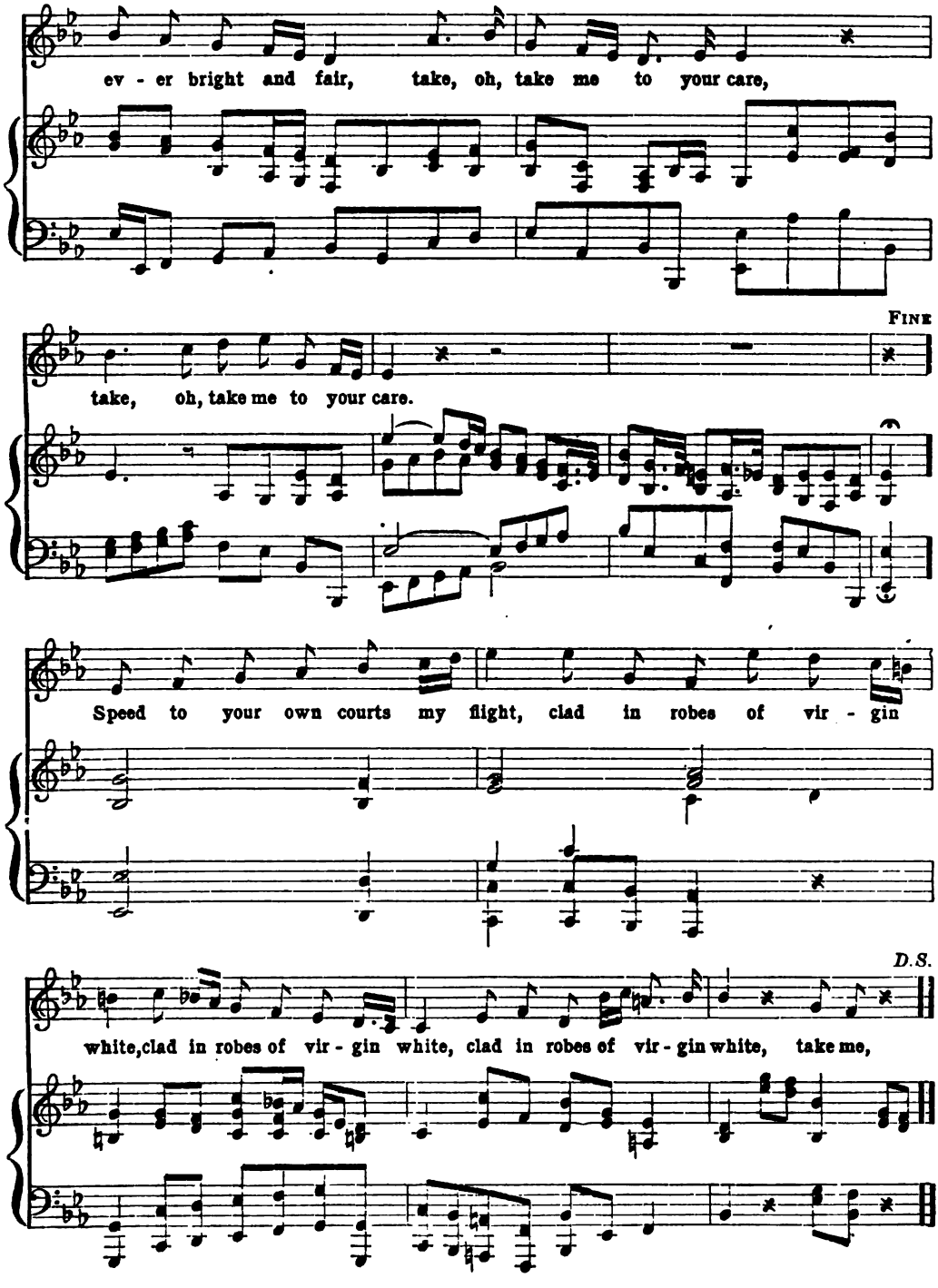
An-gels ev-er bright and fair,

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


ev - er bright and fair, take, oh, take me to your care,
FINE
take, oh, take me to your care.
Speed to your own courts my flight, clad in robes of vir - gin
D.S.
white, clad in robes of vir - gin white, clad in robes of vir - gin white, take me,

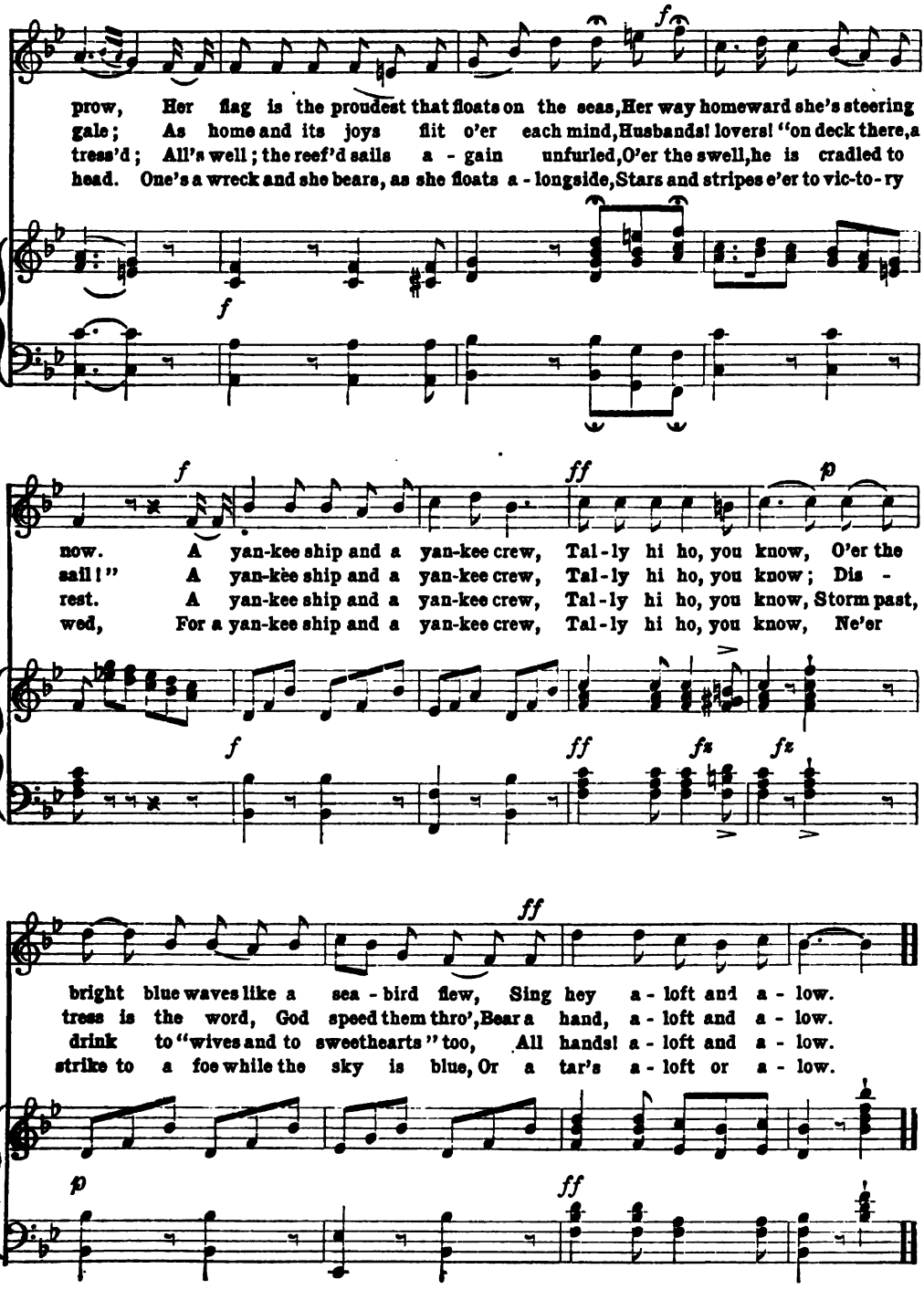
A Yankee Ship, and a Yankee Crew

C. M. King

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;

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

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 -


f
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
tress'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
f
f
ff
p
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
f
ff
fz
fz
ff
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.
p
ff

Oh! Willie, We Have Miss'd You

S. C. Foster

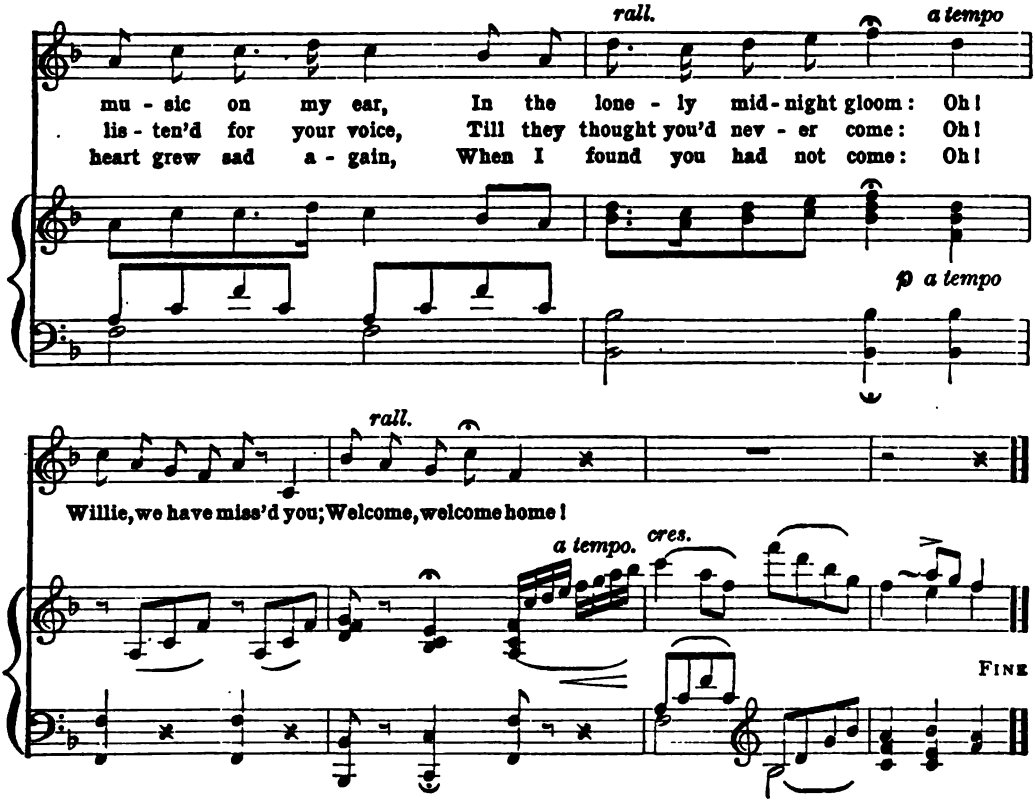
Allegretto moderato

1. Oh! Wil-lie, is it you, dear, Safe, safe at home? They did not tell me true, dear, They said you would not come. I heard you at the gate, And it made my heart re-joice, For I knew that wel-come foot-step, And that dear, fa-mil-iar voice, Mak-ing
2. We've long'd to see you nightly, But this night of all; The fire was blaz-ing bright-ly, And lights were in the hall; The lit-tle ones were up Till 'twas ten o'-clock and past, Then their eyes be-gan to twin-kle, And they're gone to sleep at last; But they
3. The days were sad without you, The nights long and drear; My dreams have been about you, Oh! wel-come, Wil-lie dear! Last night I wept and watch'd By the moonlight's cheerless ray, Till I thought I heard your foot-step, Then I wip'd my tears a-way; But my

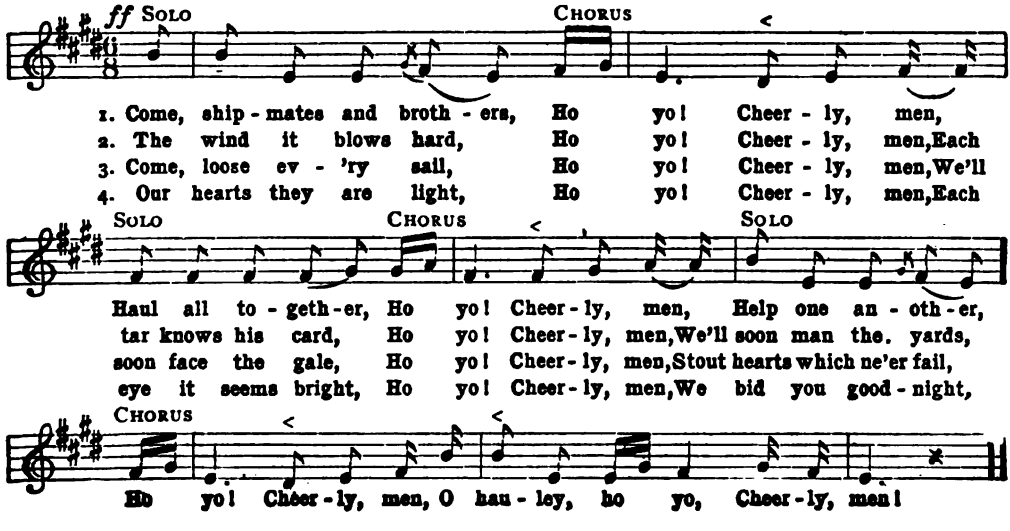
p

cres. un poco

rall. *a tempo*

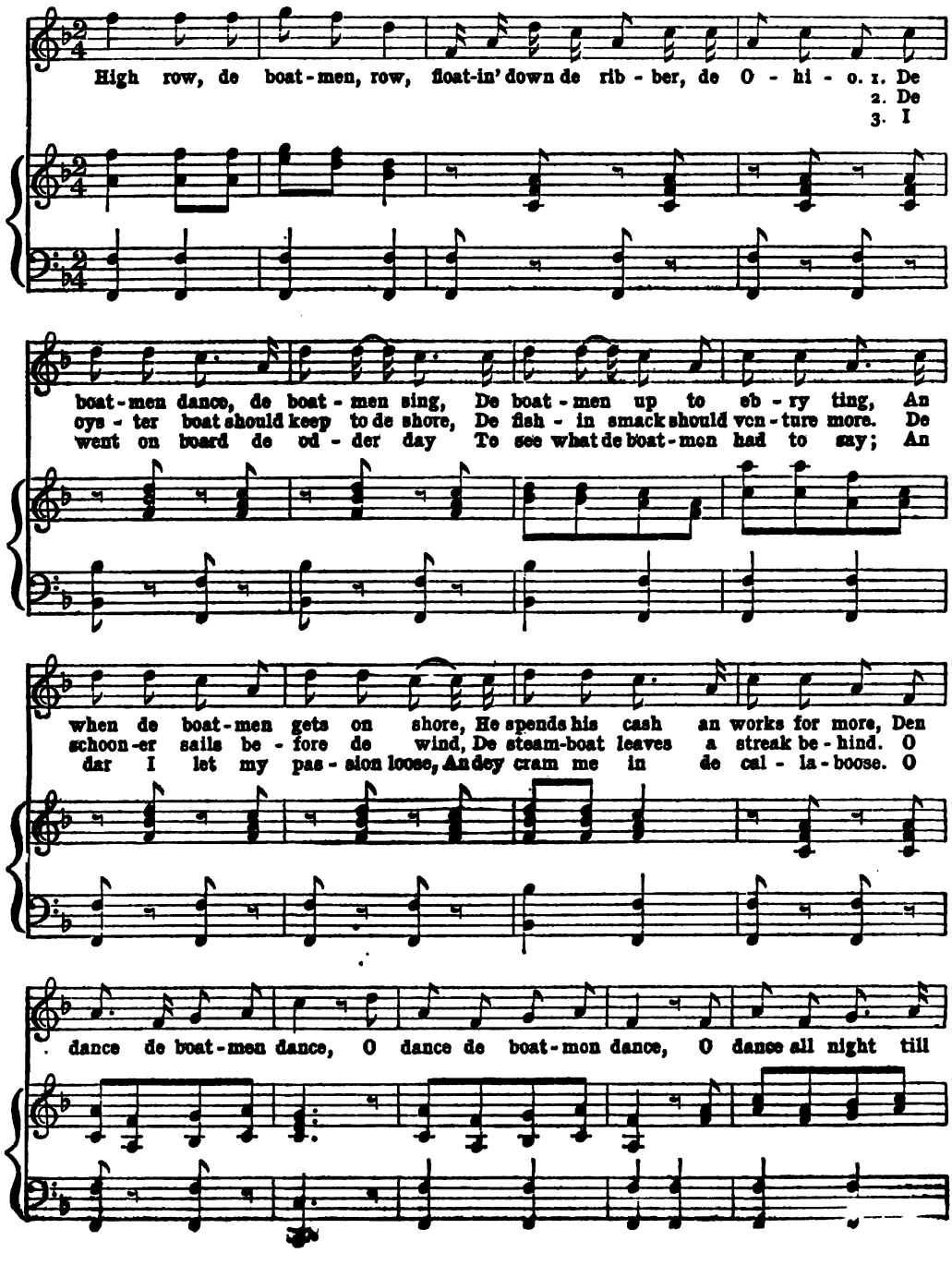


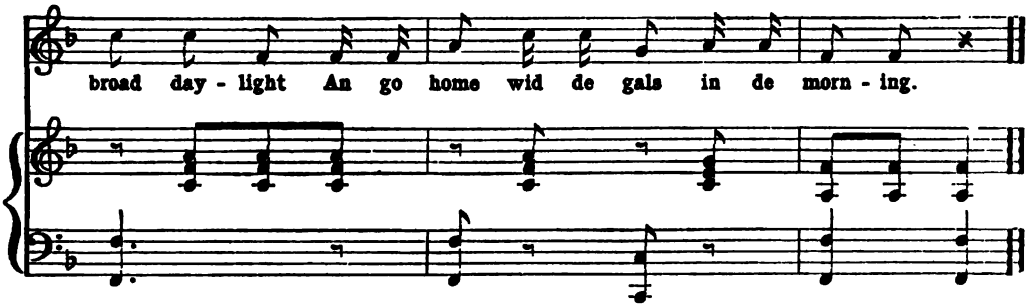
English Chanty



De Boatmen's Dance

DAN D. SMITH





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

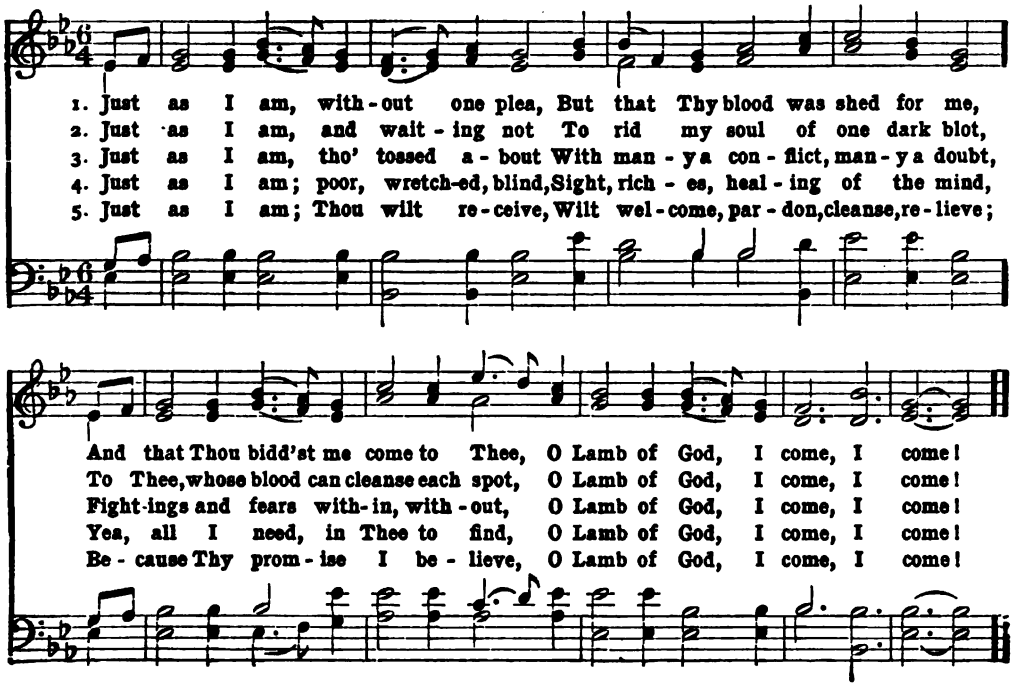
5 When you go to de boatmen's ball,
Dance wid my wife, or don't dance at all;
Sky blue jacket an tarpaulin hat,
Look out, my boys, for de nine-tail cat.
O dance, etc.

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.

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



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

mf *p*

f *p*

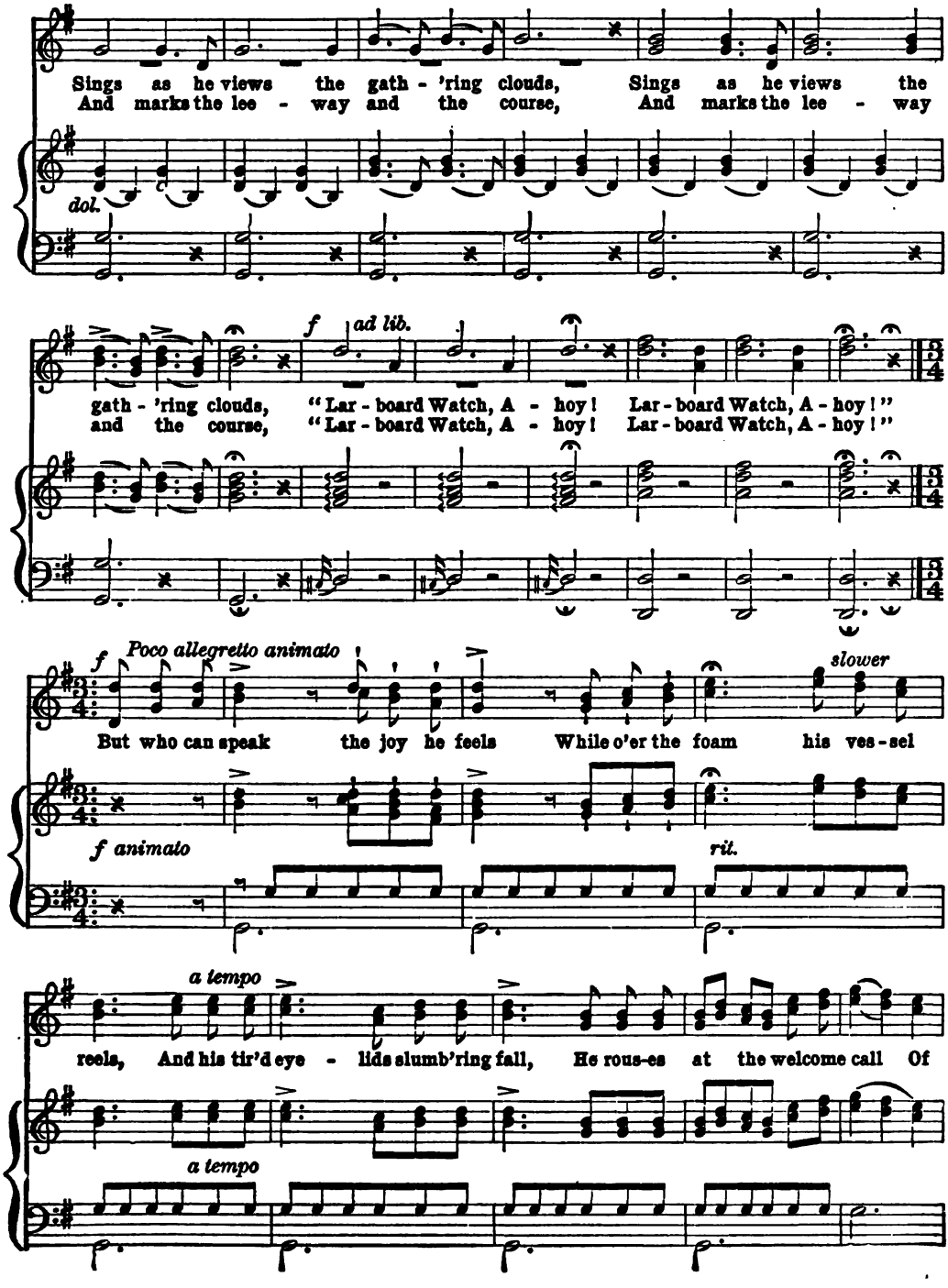
Cyn-thia's beams, When tempests beat and tor-rents pour, And twinkling stars no lon - ger gleam;
to o'er-whelm, And his storm-beat-en bark to save, Di-rects with skill the faith-ful helm.

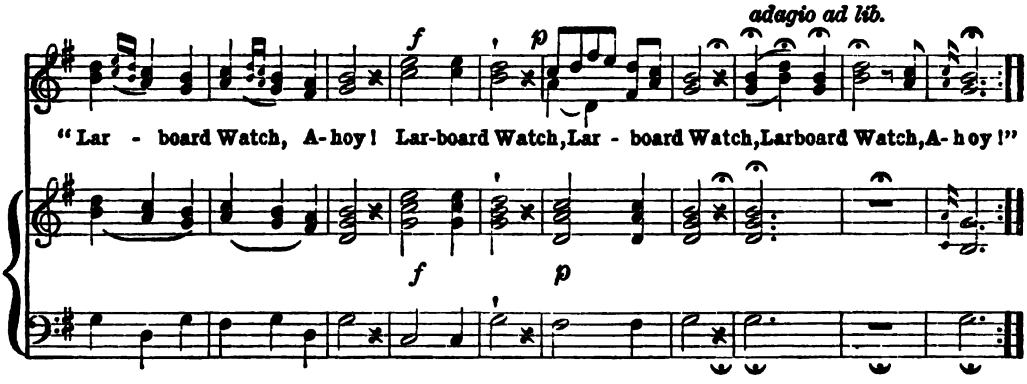
f *p*

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

p *p e dol.*

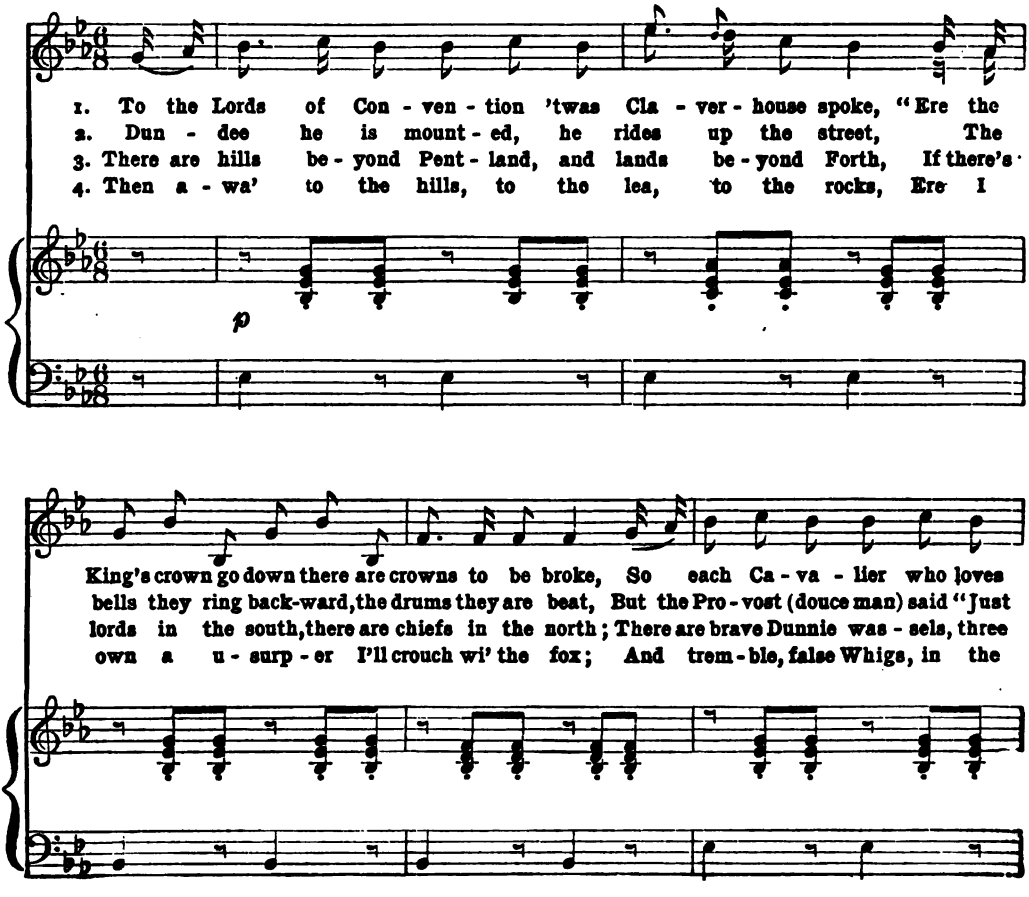
still the lengthen'd hour to guile, And still the lengthen'd hour to guile,
joy he heaves the reel - ing log, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log,

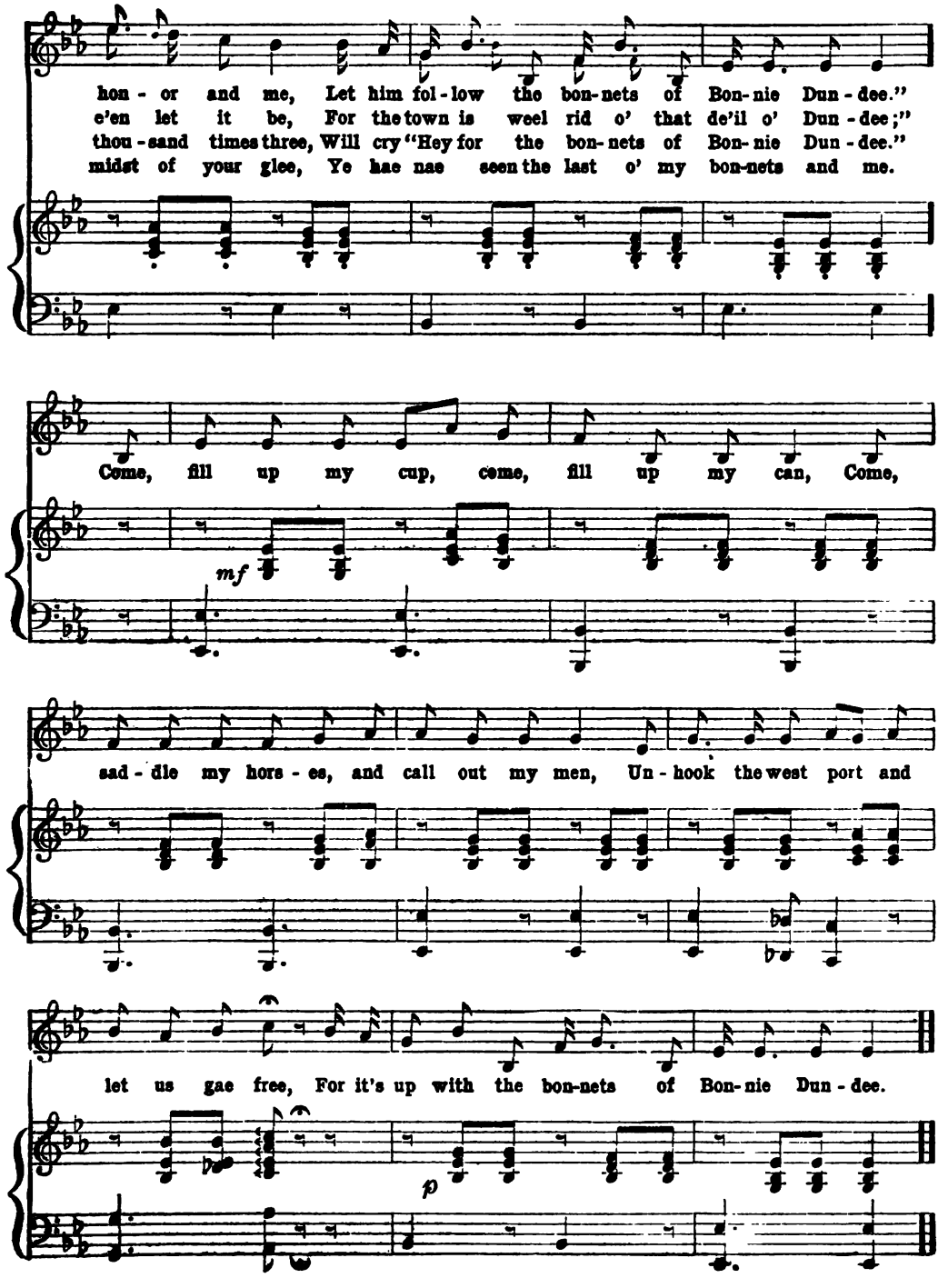

Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds, Sings as he views the
And marks the lee - way and the course, And marks the lee - way
dol.
f
ad lib.
gath - 'ring clouds, "Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!"
and the course, "Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!"
f
Poco 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



Bonnie Dundee

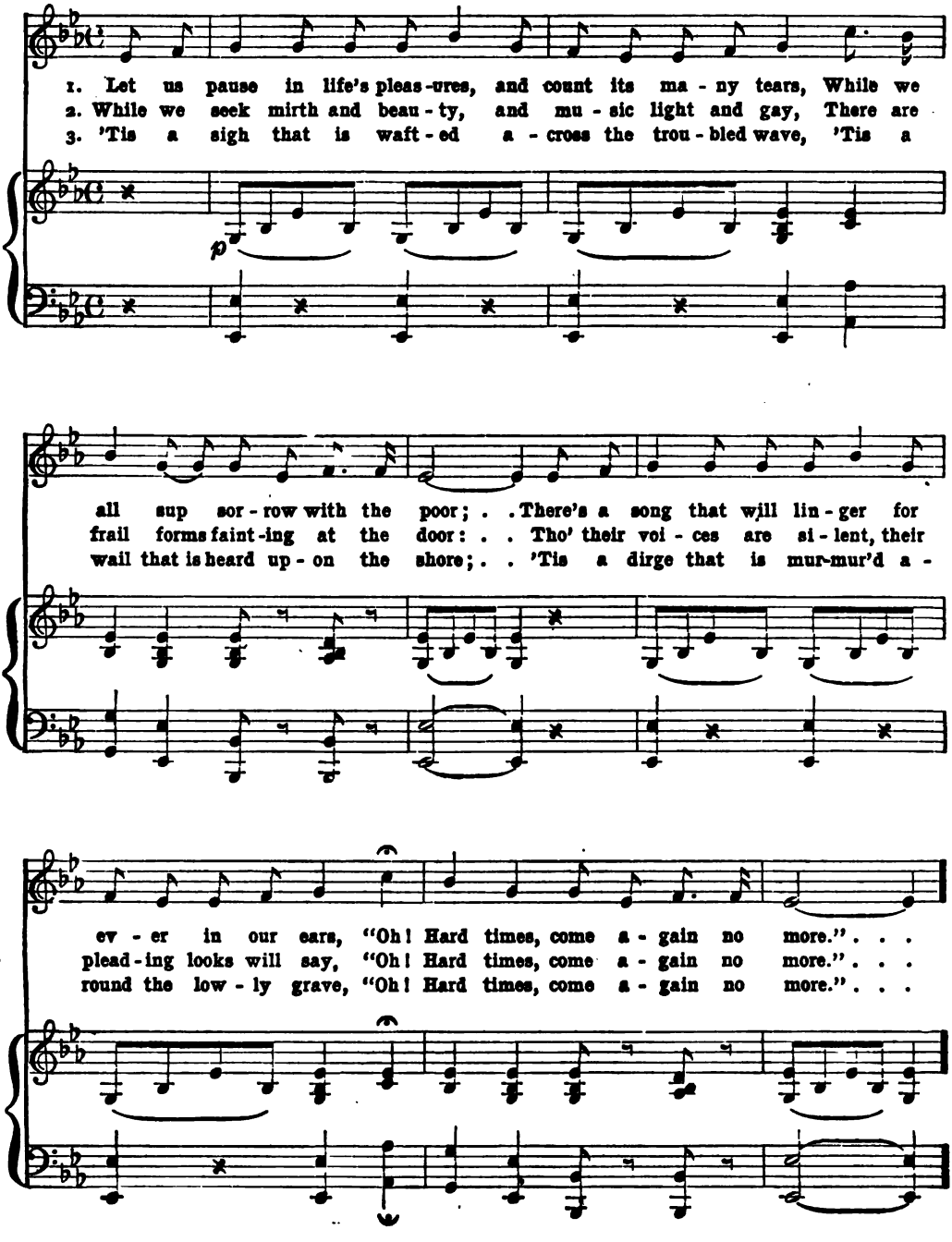
WALTER SCOTT

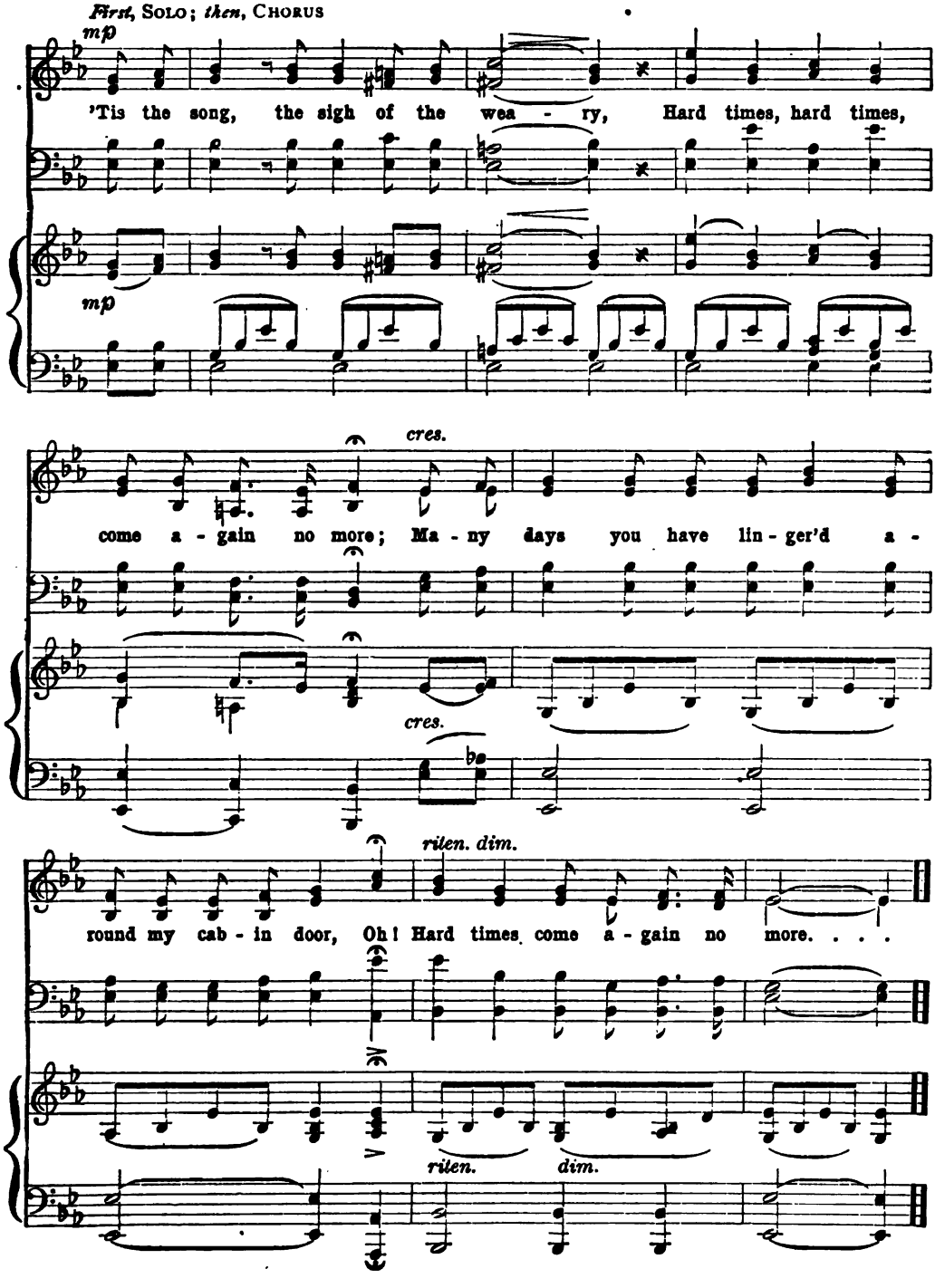



hon - or and me, Let him fol - low the bon - nets of Bon - nie Dun - dee."
e'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun - dee;"
thou - sand times three, Will cry "Hey for the bon - nets of Bon - nie Dun - dee."
midst of your glee, Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bon-nets and me.
Come,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




First, SOLO; then, CHORUS
mp
'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry, Hard times, hard times,
mp
cres.
come a - gain no more; Ma - ny days you have lin - ger'd a -
cres.
riten. dim.
round my cab - in door, Oh! Hard times come a - gain no more. . . .
riten.
dim.

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.

p

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.

dim.

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

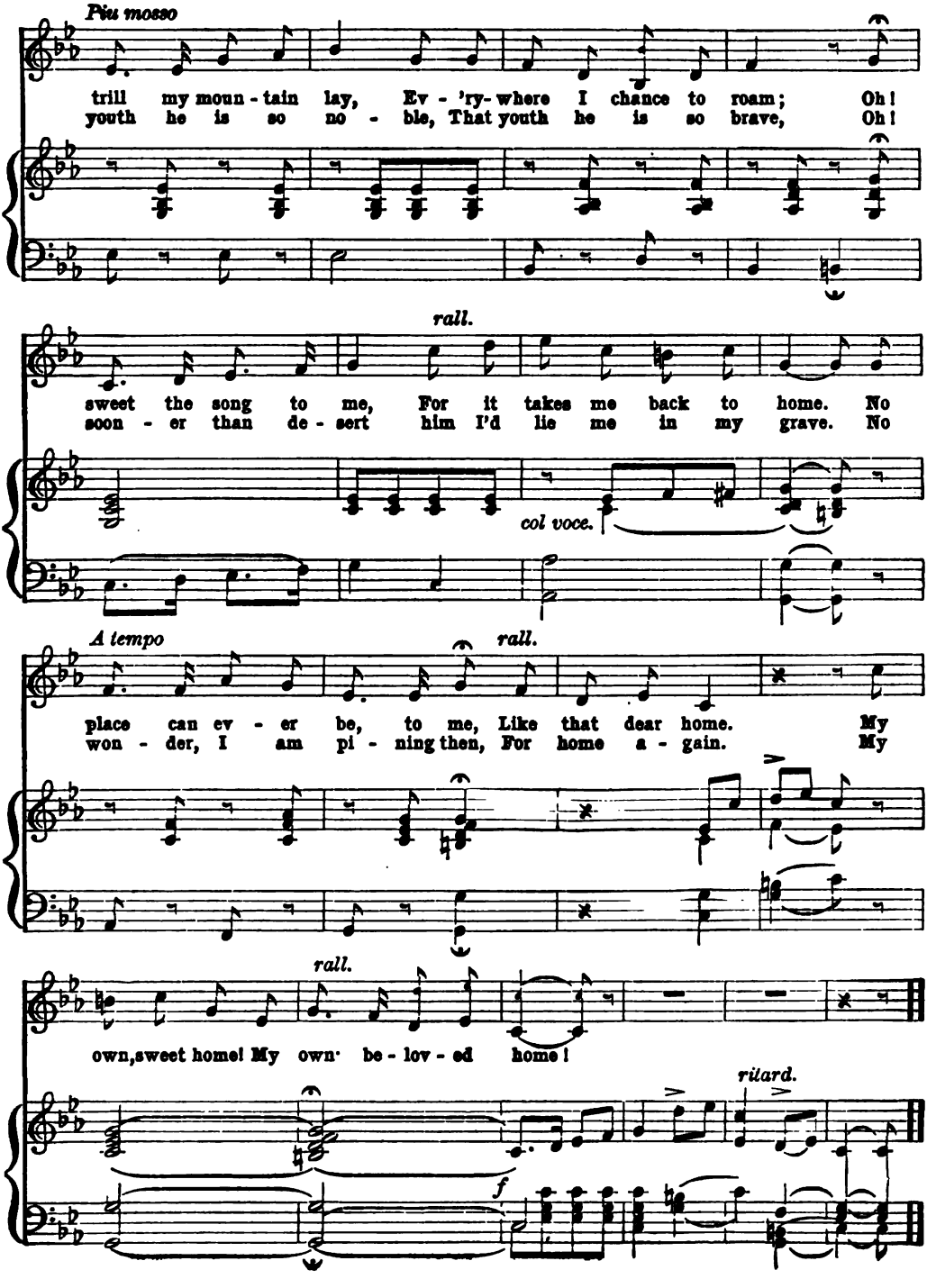
rall. *fz*

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

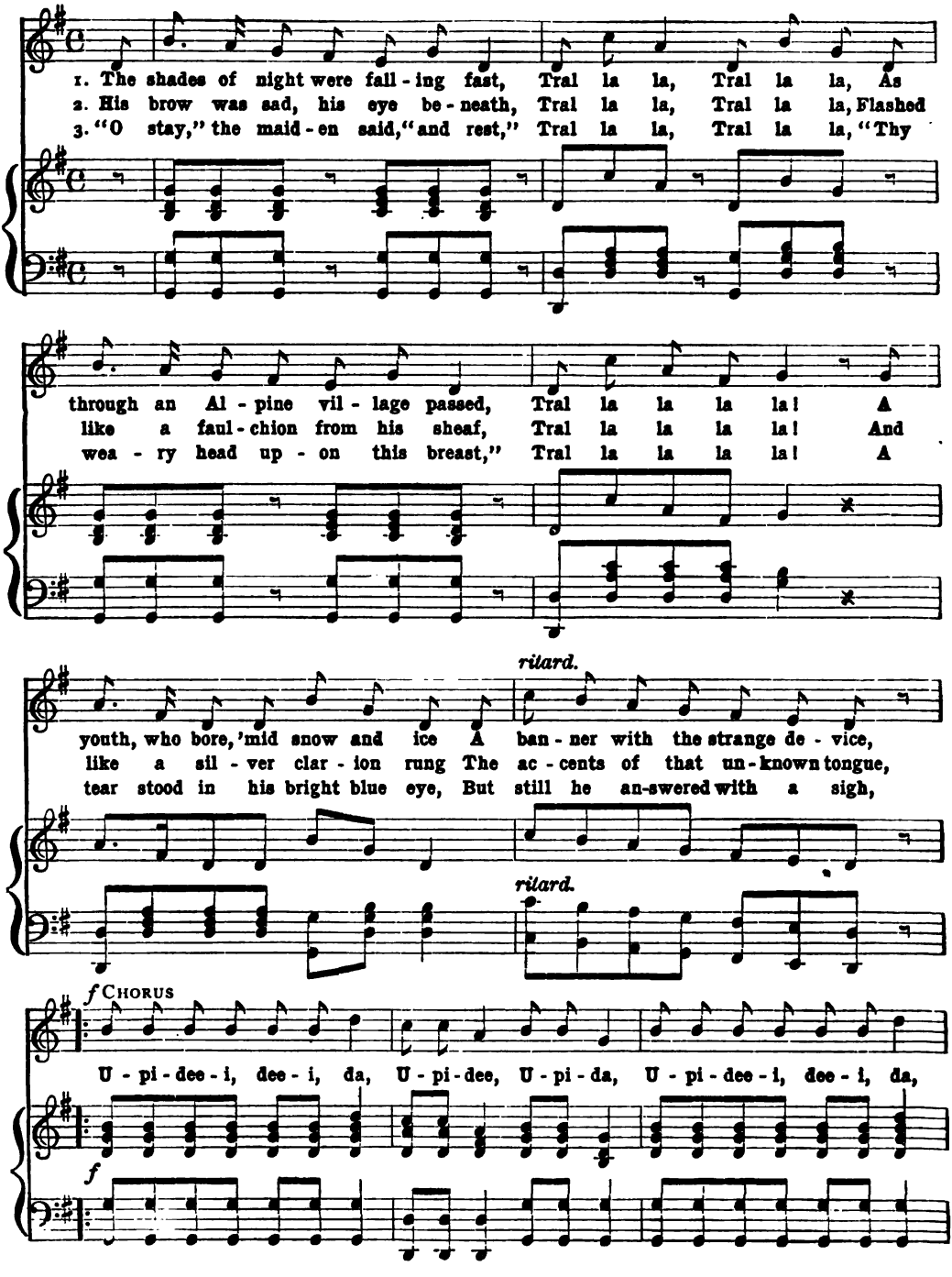
rall.

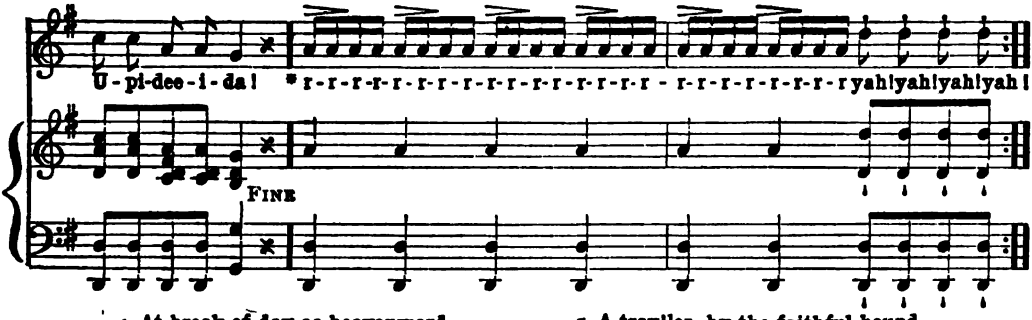
skill'd in all the arts and wiles That world - lings prize; I
I've no heart to give him, For he has it now. That

fz


Più 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.
f

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! A
like a faul - chion from his sheaf, Tral la la la la! And
wea - ry head up - on this breast," Tral la la la la! A
rilard.
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,
rilard.
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-r-r-

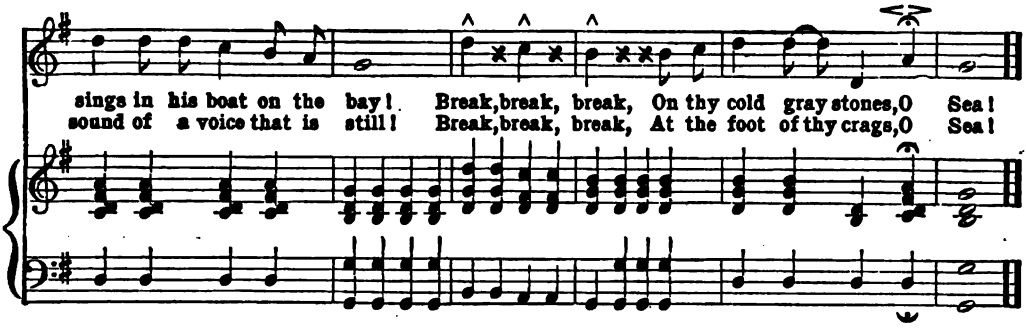
Break, Break, Break

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

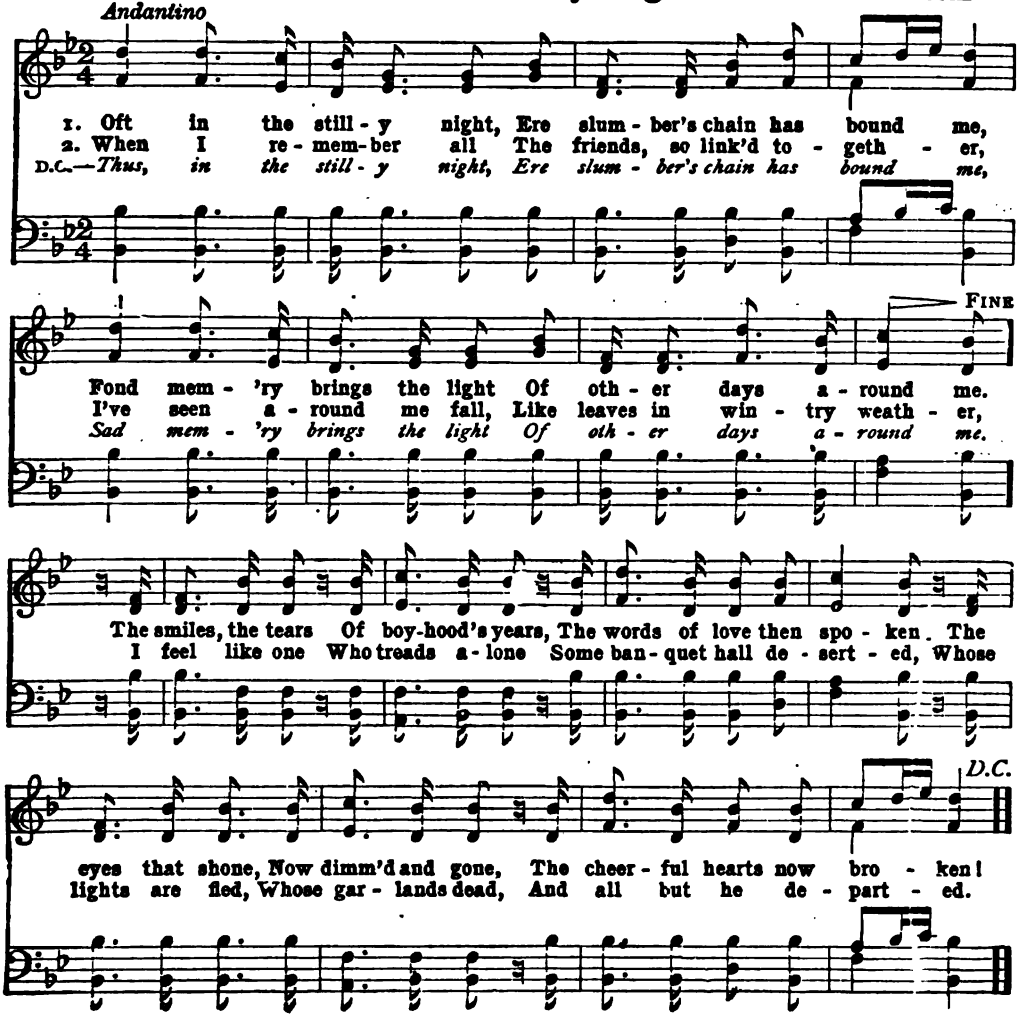
ut - ter . . The tho'ts that a-rise in me. O well for the fish-erman's boy, That he
day that is dead Will nev-er come back to me. And the state-ly ships go on To their

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



Oft in the Stilly Night

THOMAS MOORE



Dream Faces

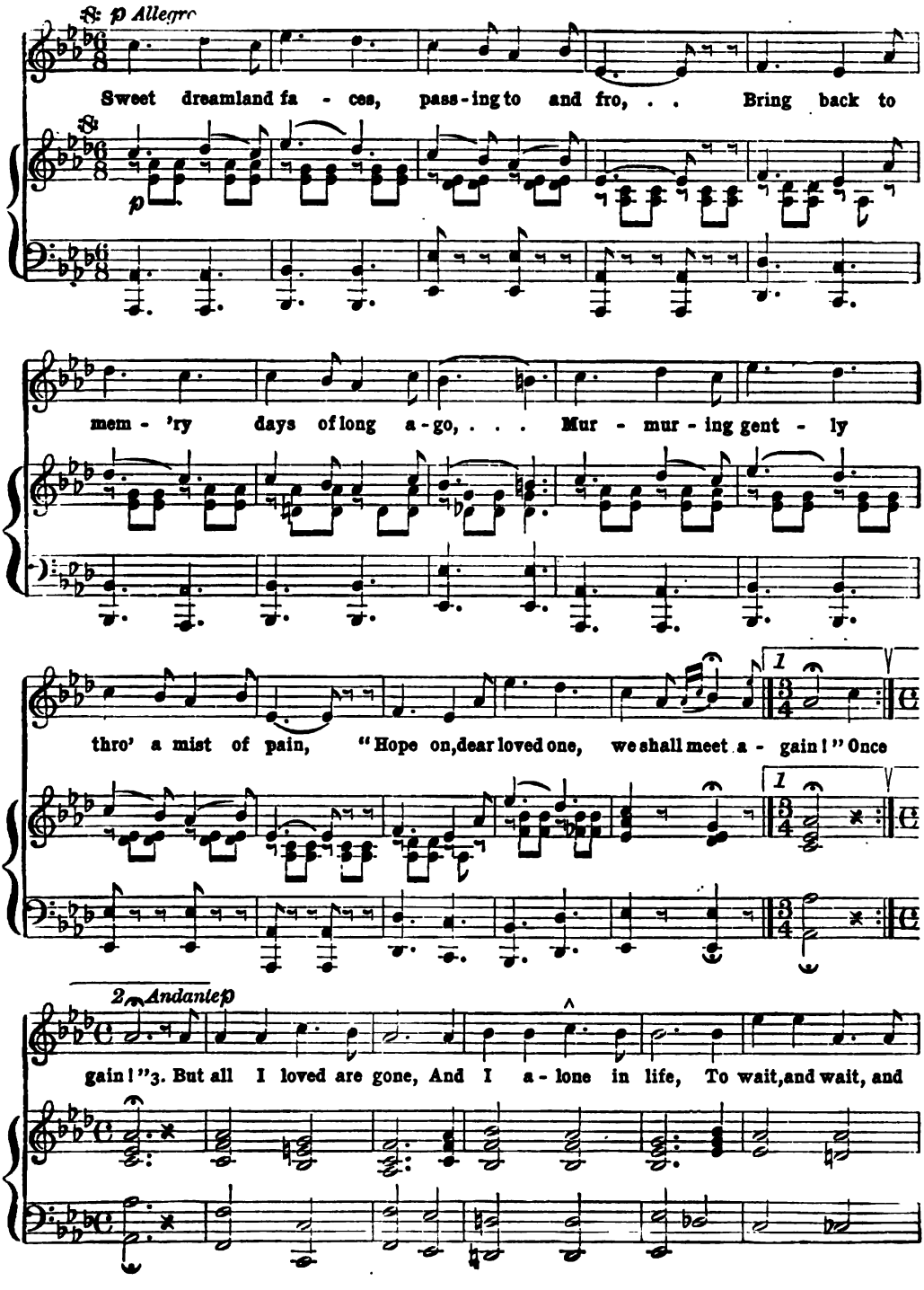
W. M. Hutchinson

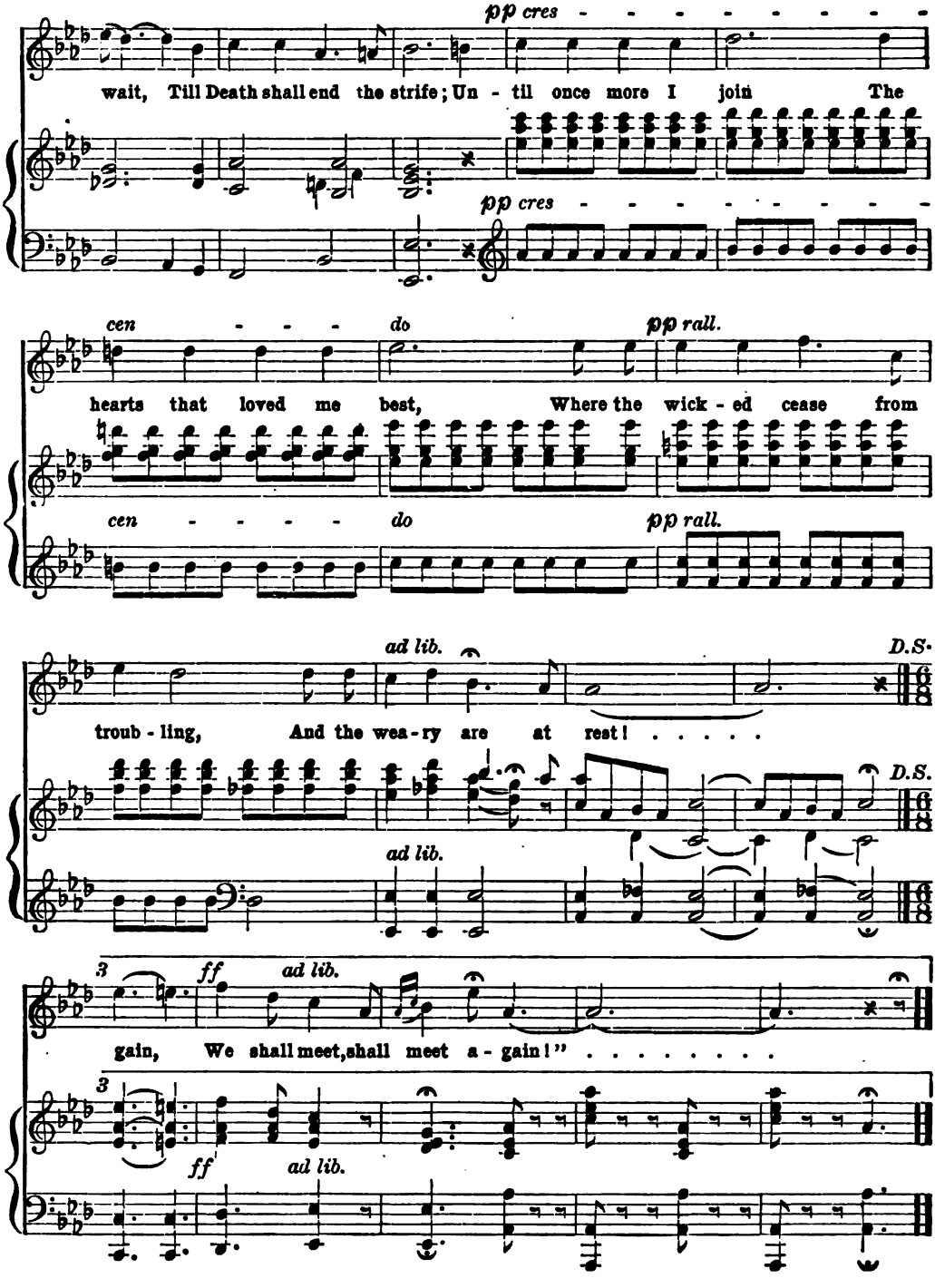
1. The shad - ows lie a - cross the dim old room, The fire - light
2. Once more I see a - cross the dis-tant years A face, long

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.


p Allegro
Sweet dreamland fa - ces, pass-ing to and fro, . . Bring back to
p
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
1
1
2 Andante p
gain!" 3. But all I loved are gone, And I a - lone in life, To wait, and wait, and


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! . . . . .
D.S.
ad lib.
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;

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-

D.C.

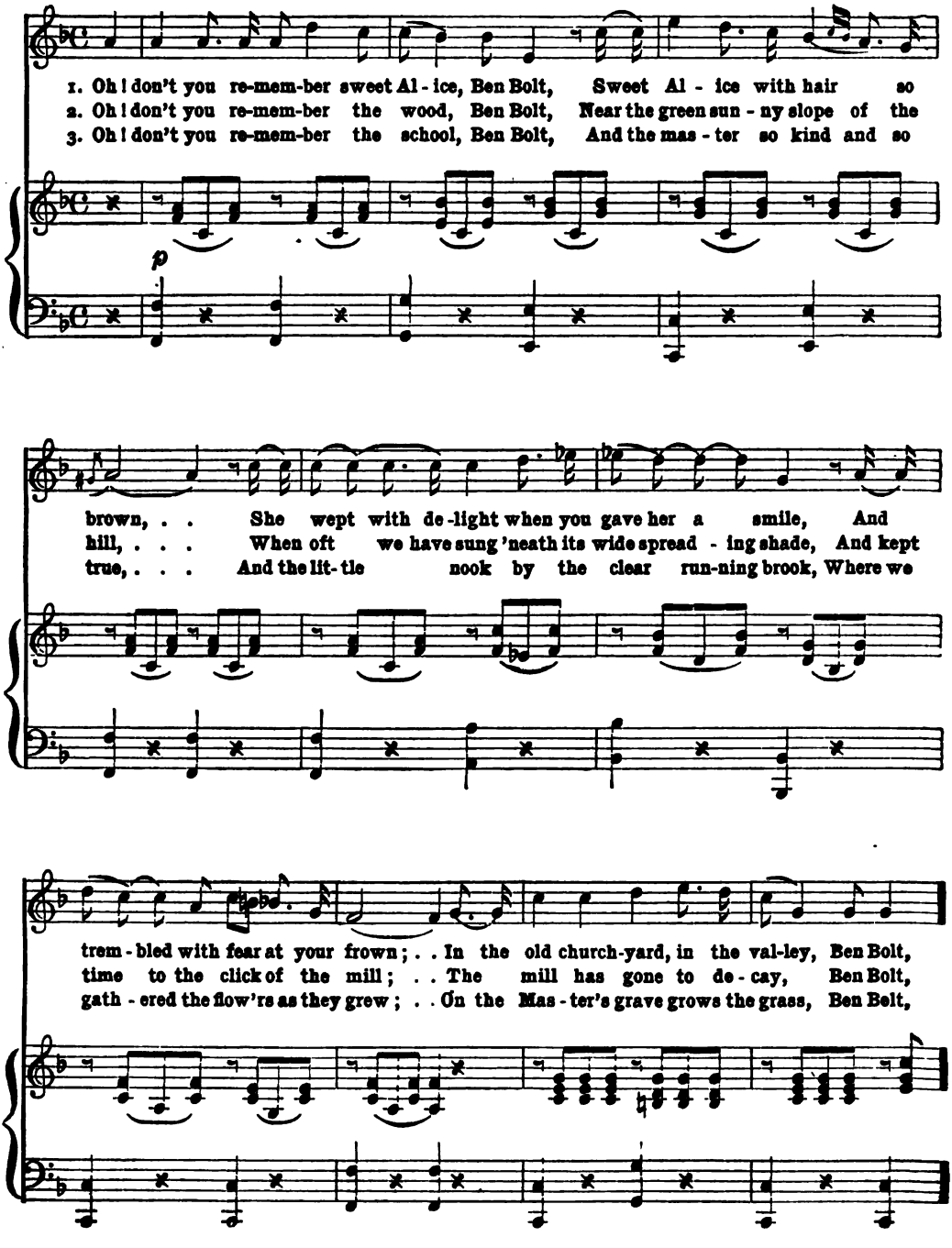
scend-ed. Fann'd by the breath of hap-pi-ness, rest, Clos'd to the world, by love on - ly blest!

f

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

Oh! Don't You Remember Sweet Alice

Or Ben Bolt



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

rit.

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.

Fading, Still Fading

Portuguese Melody

Andantino mf

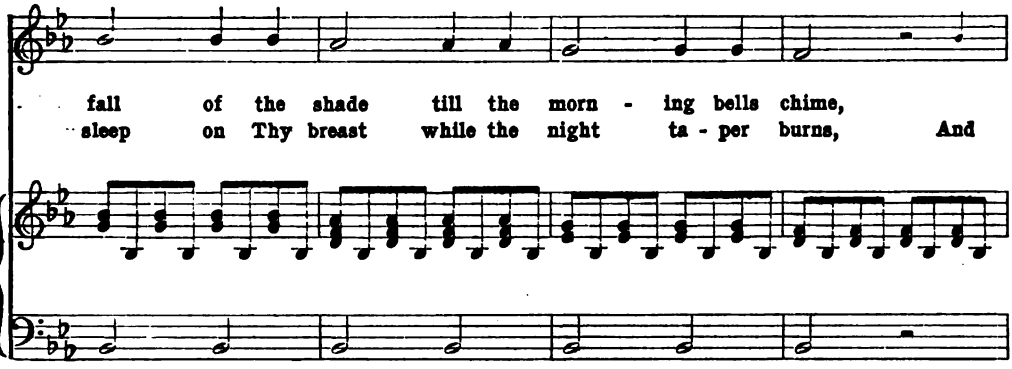
1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last . . . beam is shin - ing,
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, Oh! hear . . . when we call, . . .

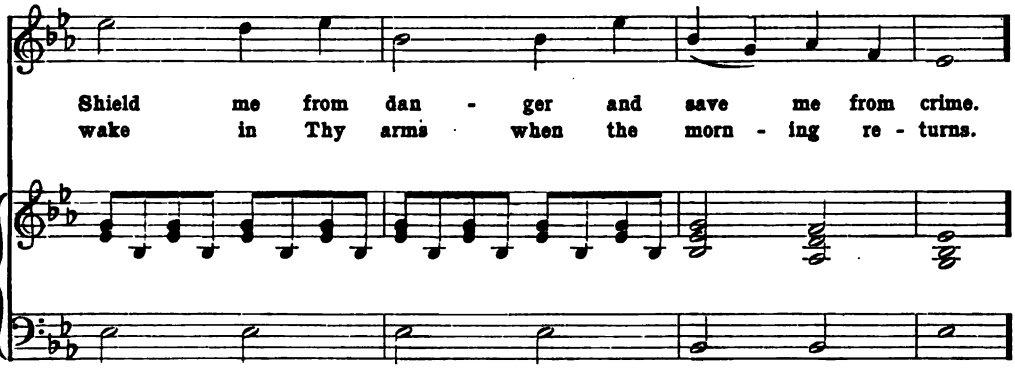
p

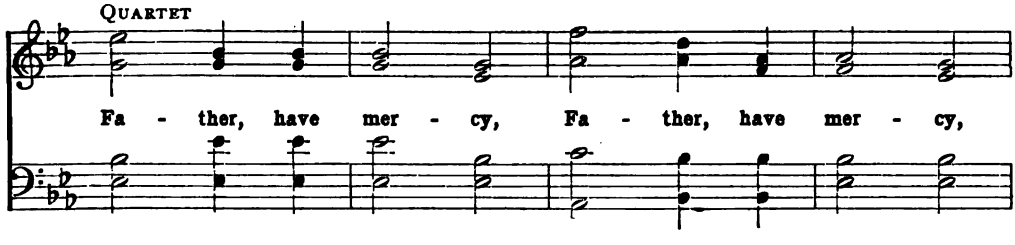
Fa - ther in heav - en, the day . . is de - clin - ing;
Hear for Christ's sake, who is Sav - iour of all, ...

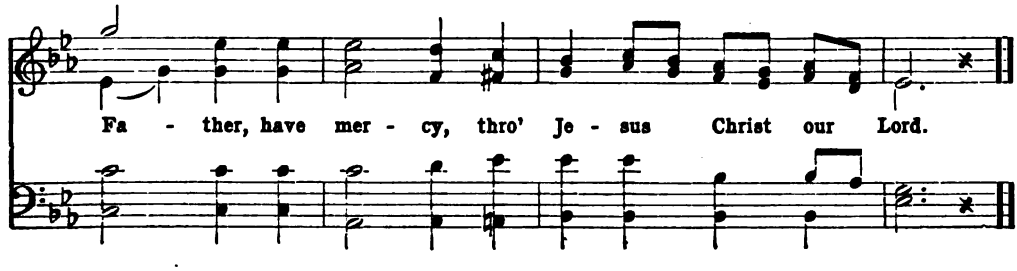
Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light, Temp -
Fee - ble and faint - ing we trust in Thy might, In

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


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

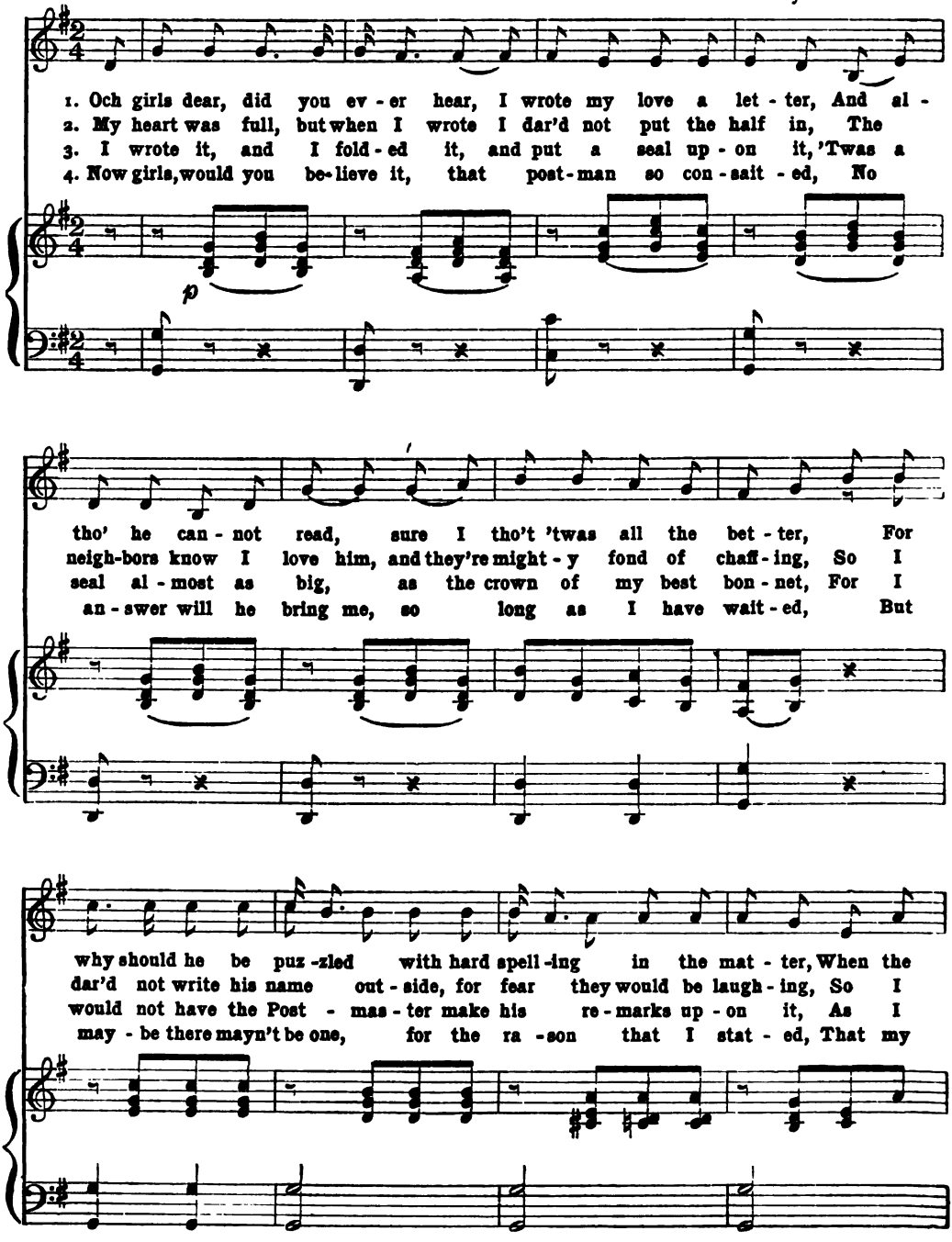

Shield me from dan - ger and save me from crime.
wake in Thy arms when the morn - ing re - turns.

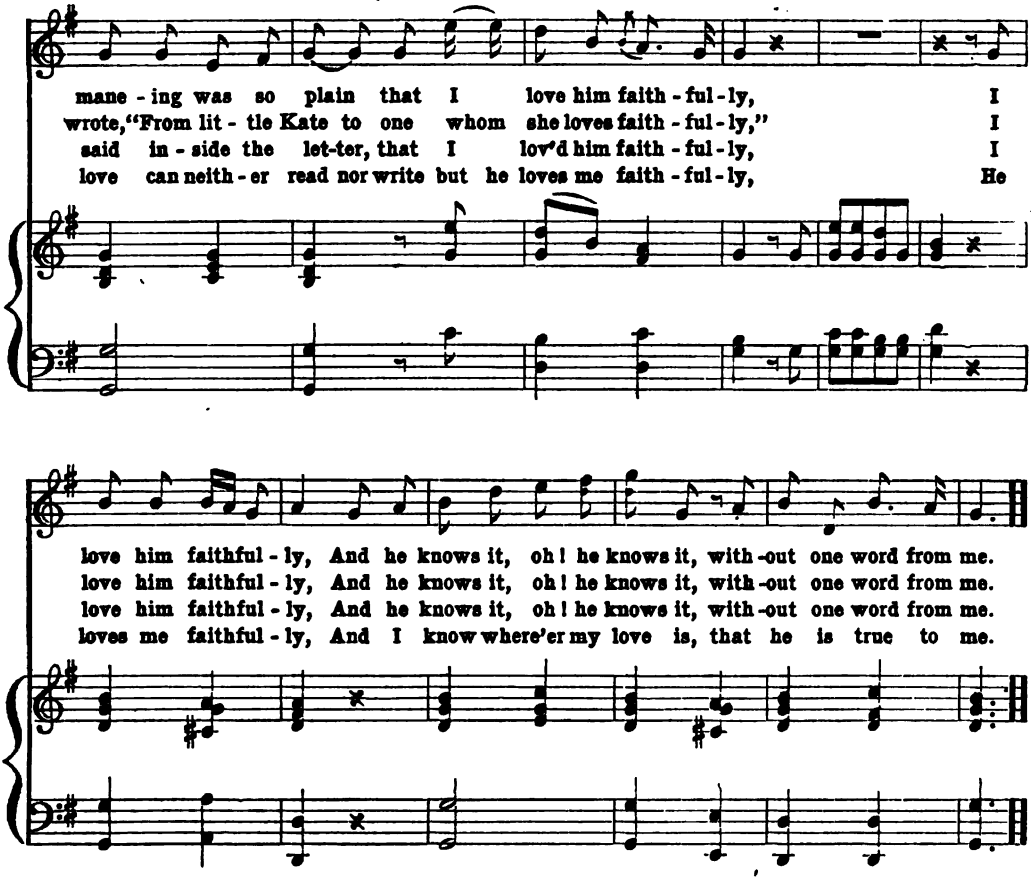

QUARTET
Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy,


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

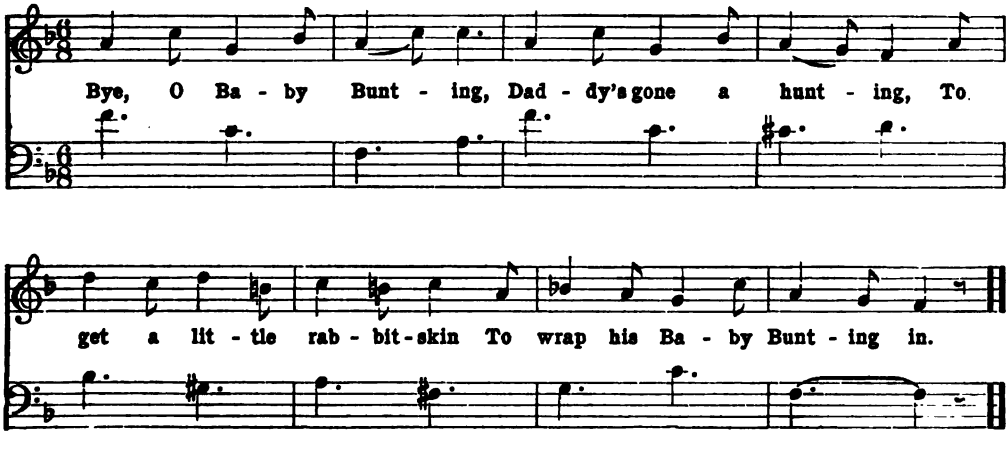
Katey's Letter

Lady DUFFERIN





Baby Bunting



Long Ago

FRANK MUSGRAVE

Moderato

1. "Long, long a - go, . . long, long a - go," Do not these words re - call past years, And scarce - ly know-ing why they flow,
2. "Long, long a - go," when ma - ny a sound A - woke to mirth that sad - dens now, And ma - ny a spark-ling eye went round,
3. "Long, long a - go," the hopes we nurs'd— In sol - i - tude— of earth - ly fame Were bright as bub-bles are that burst,
4. "Long, long a - go," who breathes there here, O'er whom the past hath no such pow'r? Young heart if now thy sky is clear,

p *f* *rit.* *p*

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

agitato *dim.* *cres.*

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

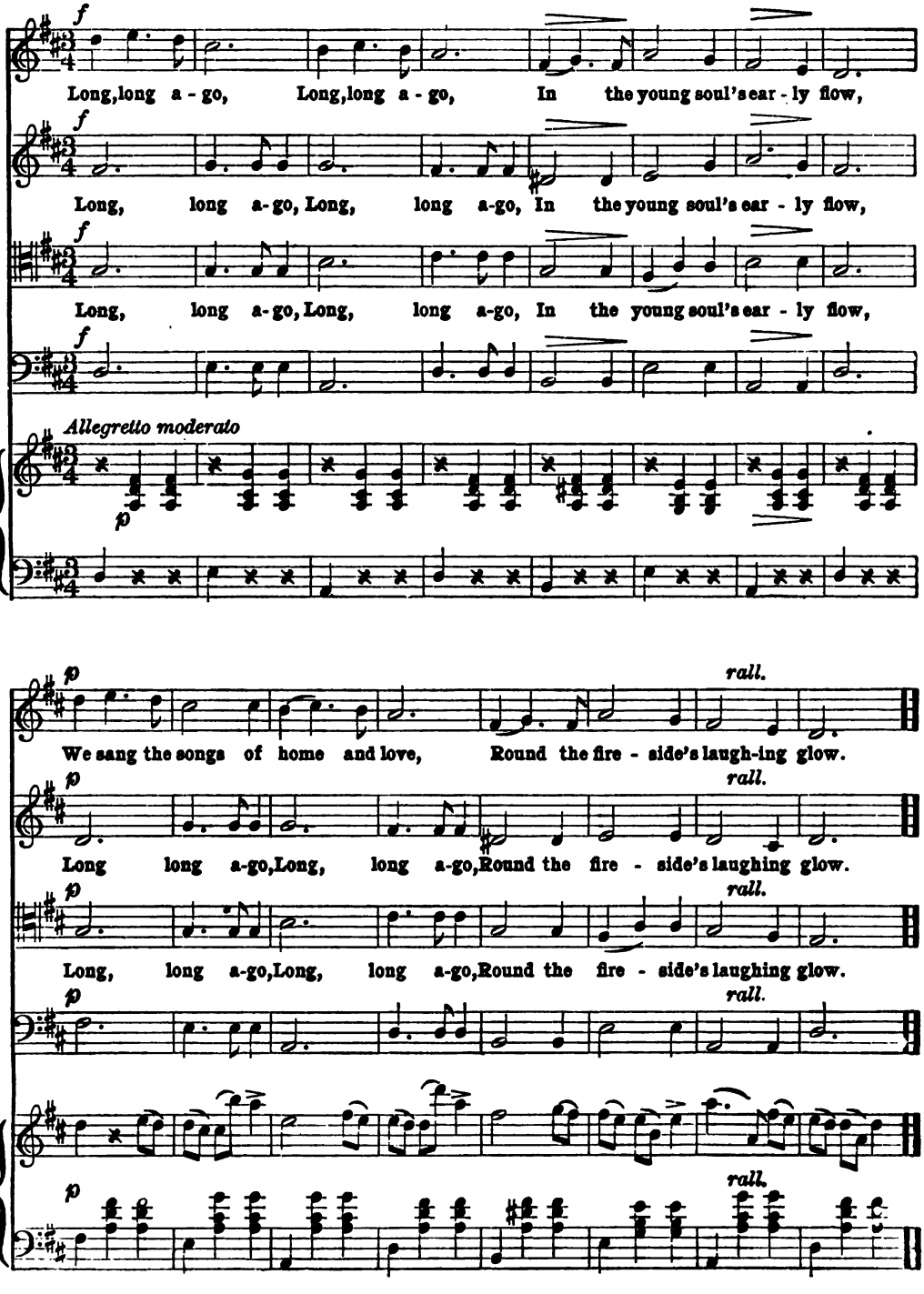
dim.

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'lt hear a - gain; . . And gaz - ing on each

dim.

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.

p


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
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.
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'st 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. 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 infonde a me co-

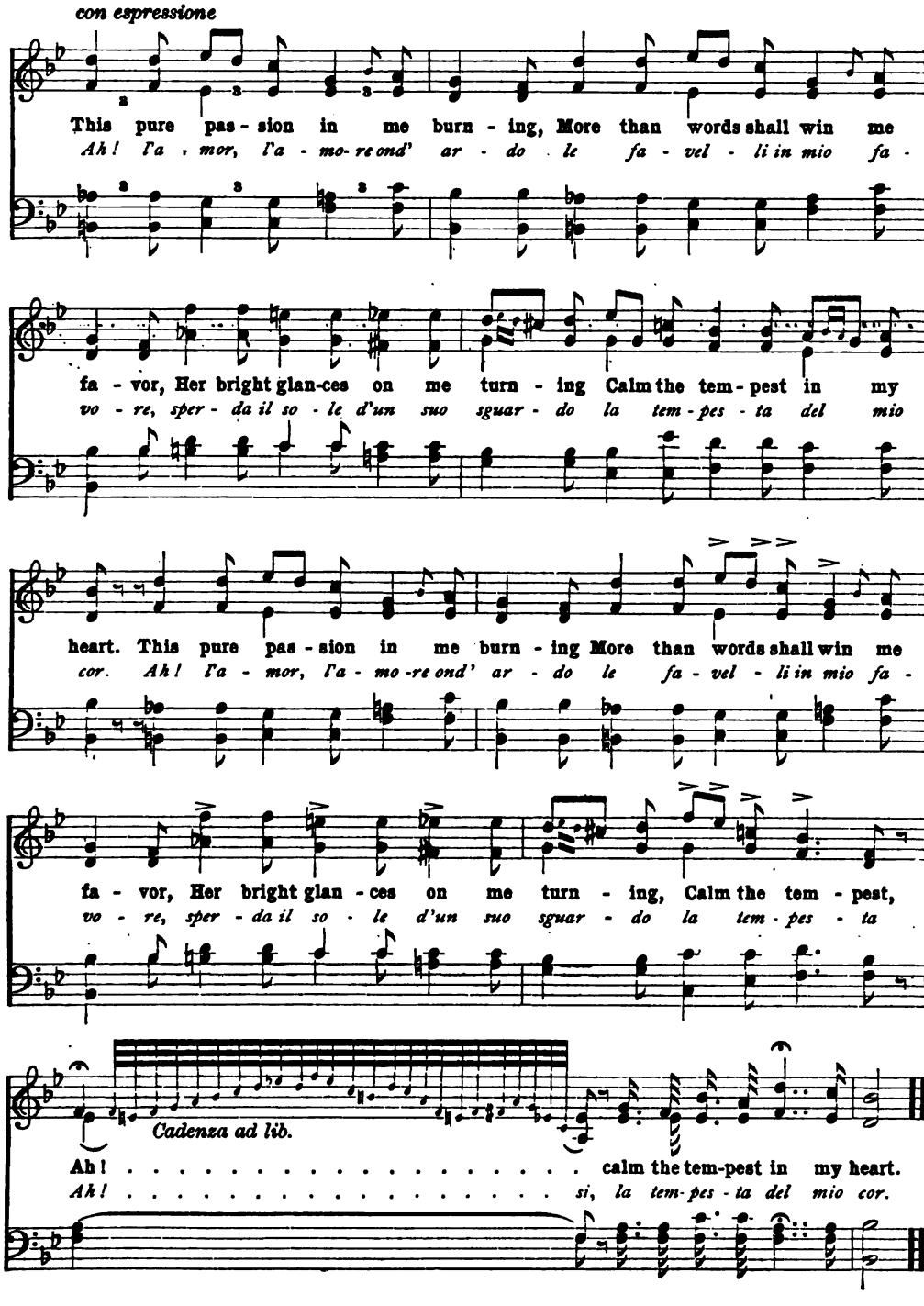
pp

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.
sguar - do la tem - pes - ta, la tem - pes - ta del mio cor.


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

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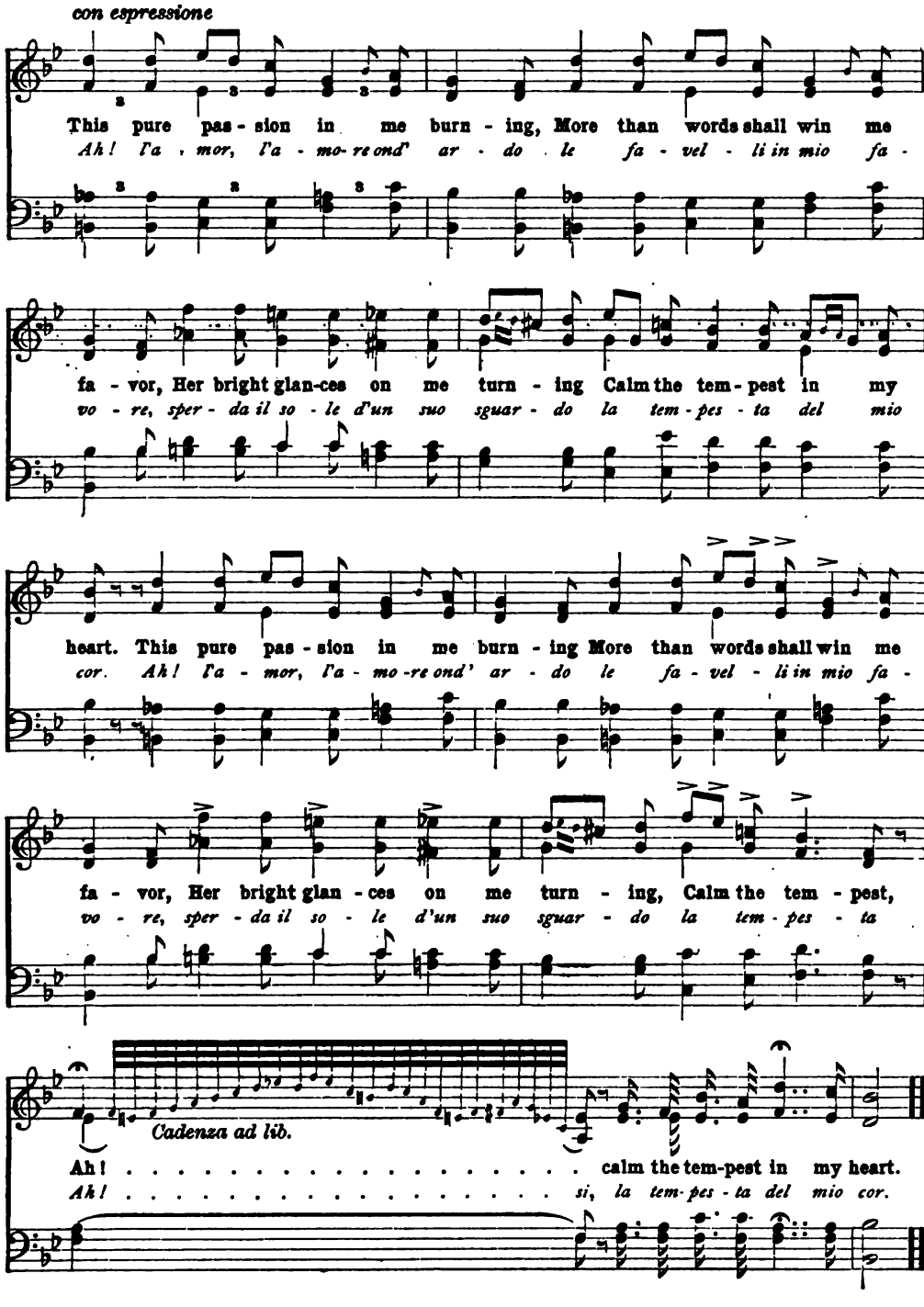
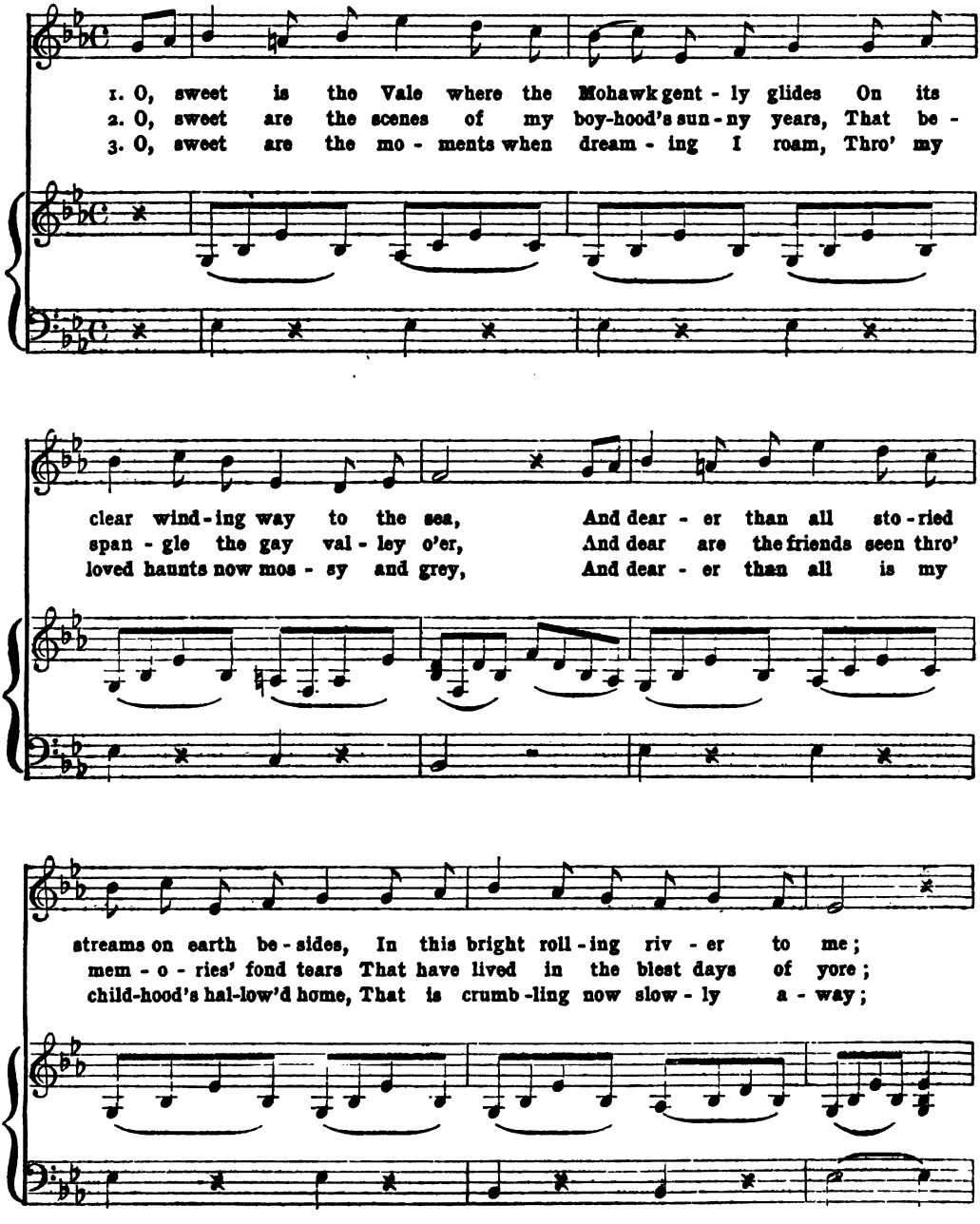

con espressione
This pure pas - sion in me burn - ing, More than words shall win me
Ah! l'a - mor, l'a - mo- re ond' ar - do le fa - vel - li in mio fa -
fa - vor, Her bright glan-ces on me turn - ing Calm the tem - pest in my
vo - re, sper - da il so - le d'un suo sguar - do la tem - pes - ta del mio
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



First, SOLO; *then* CHORUS

But sweet-er dear - er, yes, dear - er far than these Who charm where others all fail 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 peal - ing, Waking the ech-oes a - gain. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Wak-ing the ech-oes a - gain.
2. Join, join, chil-dren of sad - ness, Send, send sor - row a - way; Now, now changing to glad - ness, Warble a beau-ti - ful lay. Yes, yes, yes, yes, War-ble a beau-ti - ful lay.
3. Sweet, sweet mel - o - dy's num-bers, Hark! hark! gen - tly they swell, Deep, deep, wak-ing from 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 it was hurt, Soon

mp cres. *dim.*

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 -

mp cres. *p dim.*

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

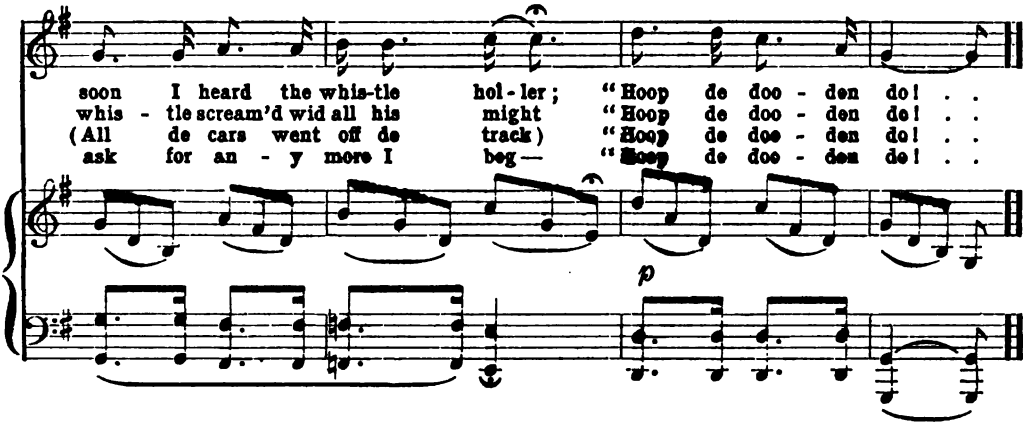
mp *cres.* *dim.*

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.

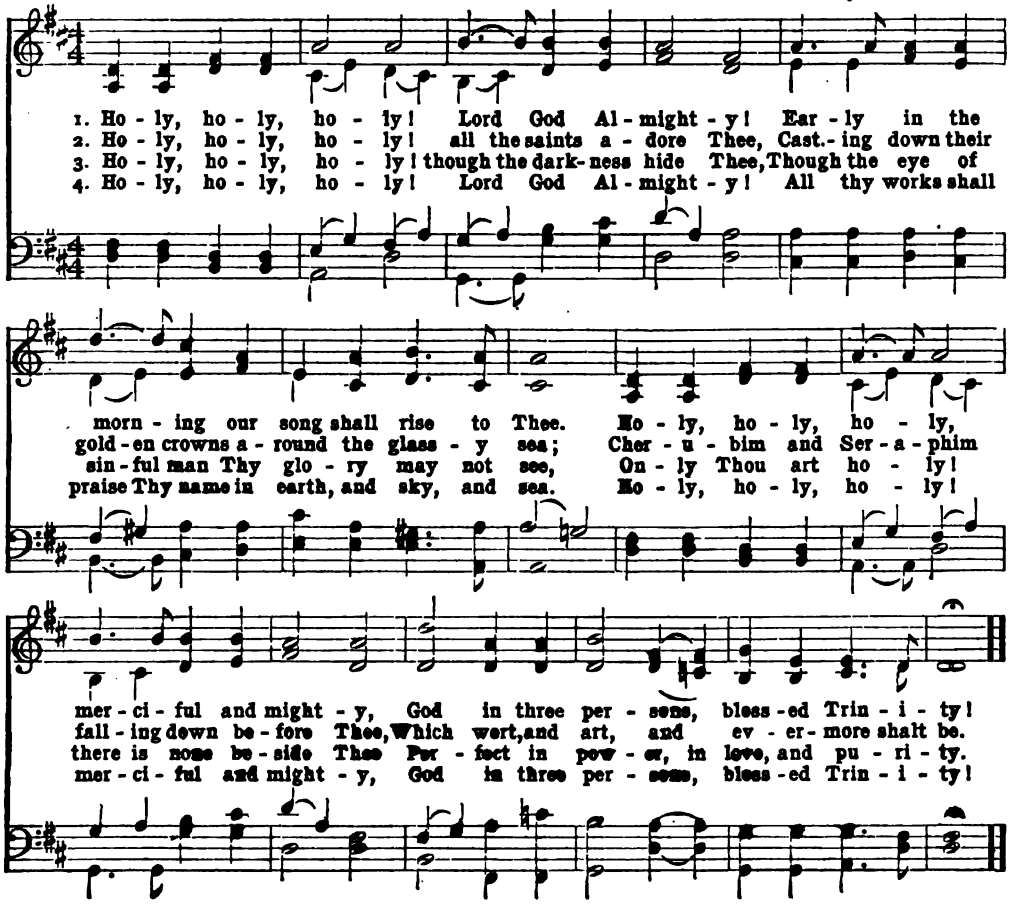
MARY GARDEN

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.



Holy, Holy, Holy

R. Heber J. B. Dykes



The Heart of a Sailor

STEPHEN ADAMS

Con spirito

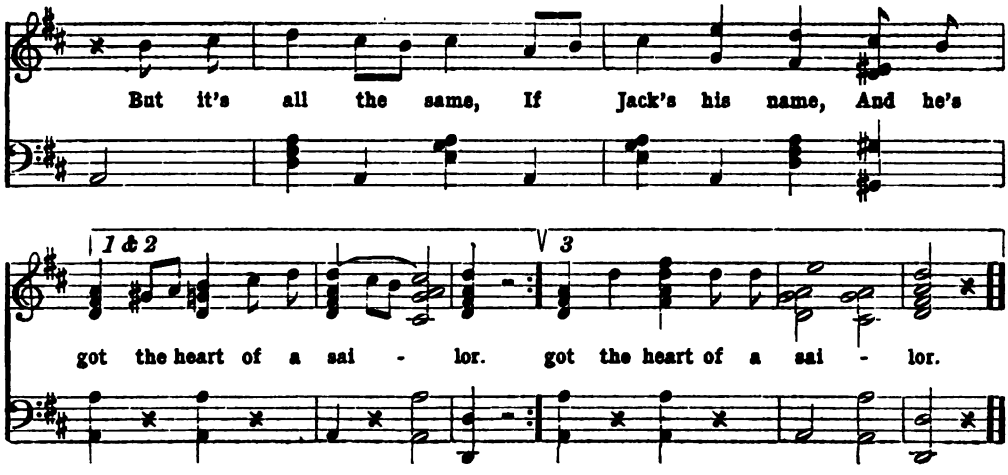
1. Now who's the man for a lass to wed, To be true and nev - er fail her? You may
2. Then he has to be so oft at sea, Which saves a deal of both - er, For
3. So lass - es all, when he comes to you And de-clares his a - do - ra - tion, Your

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

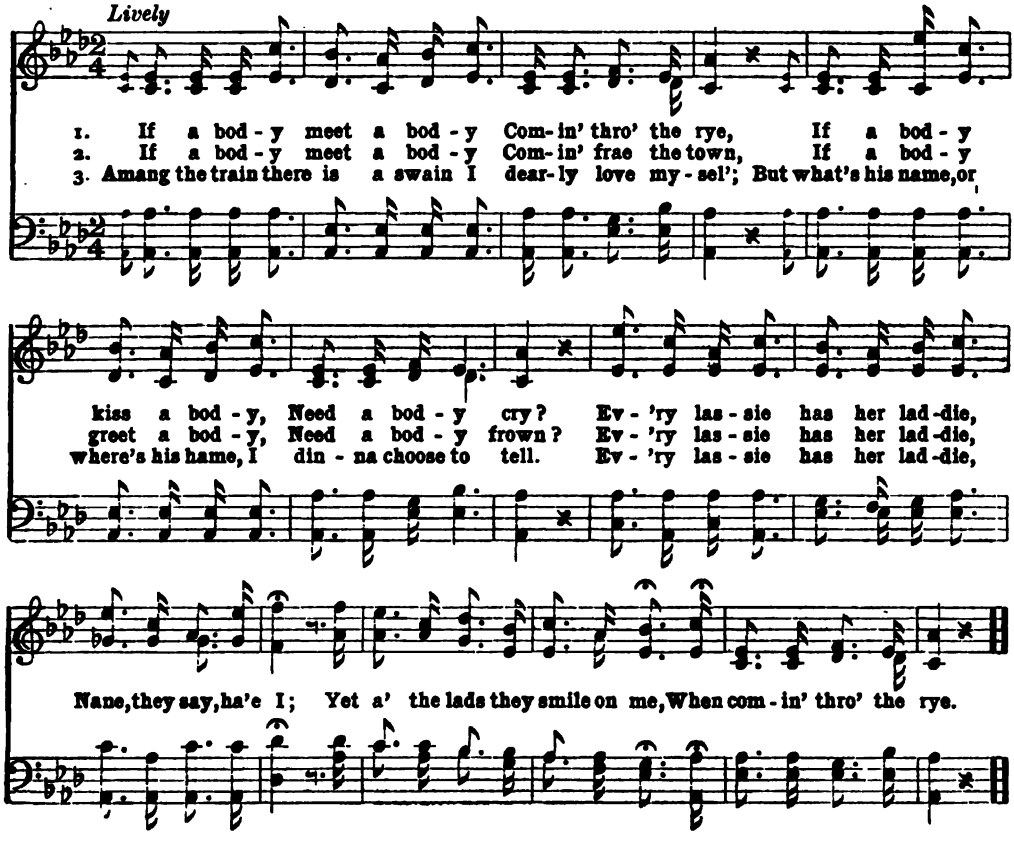
sail in a smack or a man - o' - war, Or a - board of an Arc - tic wha - ler,



Comin' Thro' the Rye

ROBERT BURNS

Lively



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

p

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-

ril.

accell.

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

p

ril.

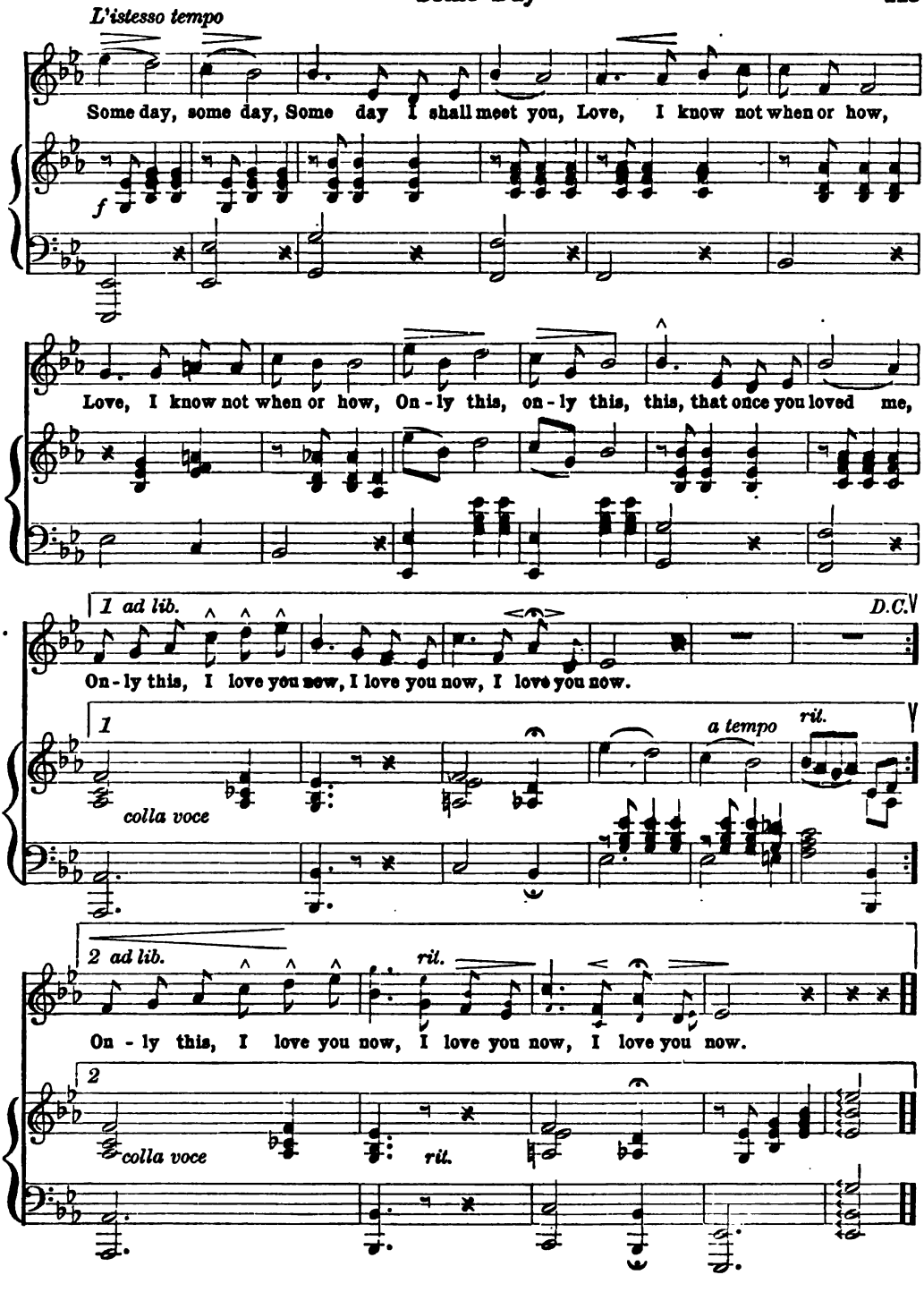
accell.

tempo

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.

ril.

ril.


L'istesso tempo
Some day, some day, Some day I shall meet you, Love, I know not when or how,
f
Love, I know not when or how, On - ly this, on - ly this, this, that once you loved me,
1 ad lib.
D.C.
On - ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.
1
colla voce
a tempo
rit.
2 ad lib.
rit.
On - ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.
2
colla voce
rit.

Darling Nelly Gray

B. R. Hanby

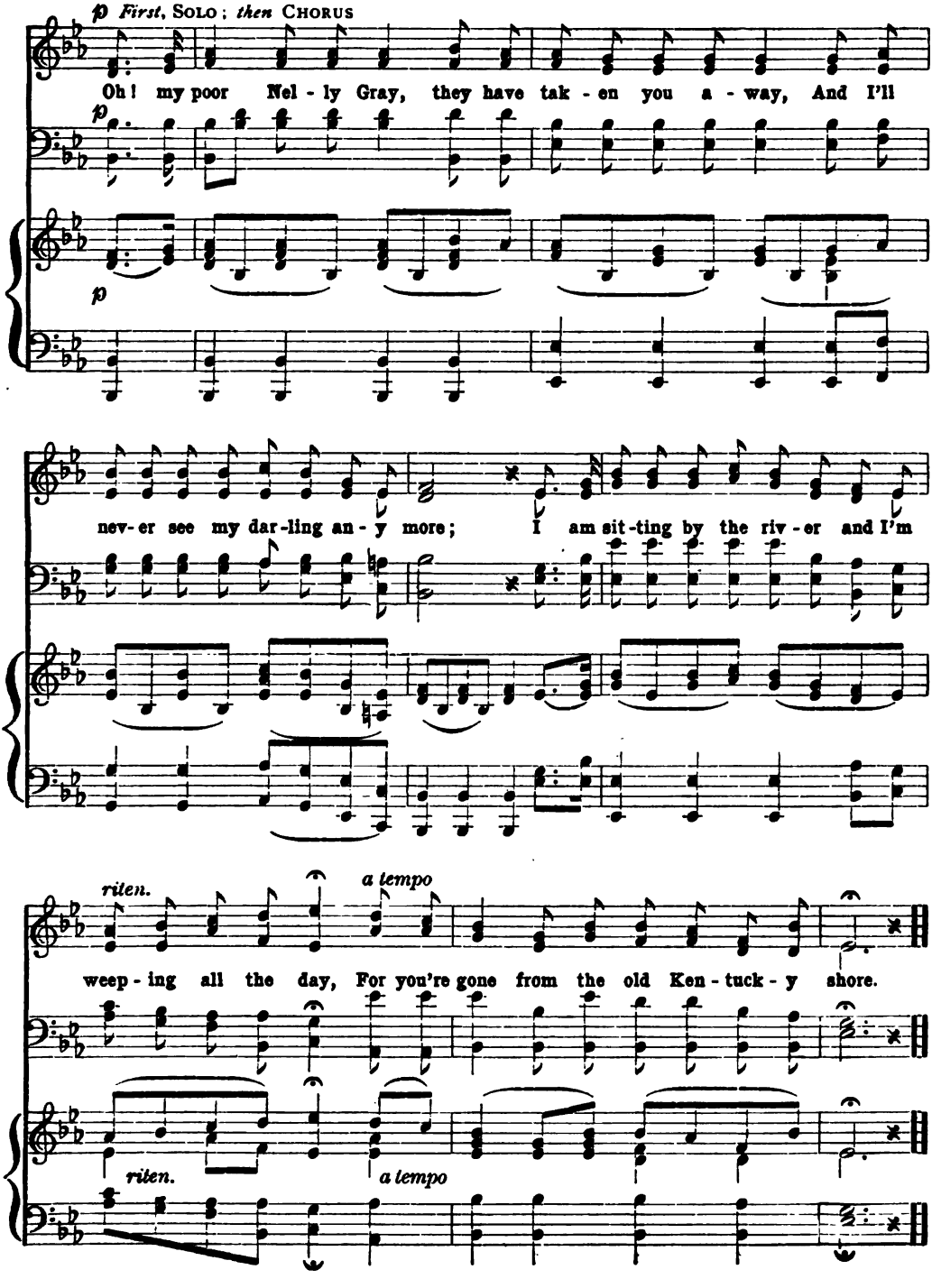
Moderato espressivo

1. There's a lone green val-ley by the old Ken-tuck-y shore Where we've whil'd many hap-py hours a-way; A-sit-ting and sing-ing by the lit-tle cot-tage door Where dwelt my love-ly Nel-ly Gray.
2. When the moon had climb'd the mountain and the stars were shin-ing too, Then I took my love-ly Nel-ly Gray. And I travell'd down the riv-er in my lit-tle red ca-noe While the ban-jo so sweet-ly I did play.
3. Oh! my eyes are get-ting blind-ed and I can-not see my way; Hark! there's some-bod-y knock-ing at the door. I . . hear the an-gels call-ing and I see my Nel-ly Gray, Fare-well to my old Ken-tuck-y shore.

p

f

dim.


p First, SOLO; then CHORUS
Oh! my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll
p
p
nev - er see my dar - ling an - y more; I am sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm
riten.
a tempo
weep - ing all the day, For you're gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.
riten.
a tempo

Beautiful Dreamer

Serenade

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
(His last song)

Moderato

1. Beau-ti - ful dream - er, wake un - to me, Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee; . . . . . Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, Lull'd by the moonlight, have all pass'd a - way! . . . . Beau-ti - ful dream - er, queen of my song, List while I woo thee with soft mel - o - dy;

2. Beau-ti - ful dream - er, out on the sea Mermaids are chanting the wild lore- lie; . . . . . O - ver the stream - let va - pors are borne, Wait-ing to fade at the bright coming morn. . . . . Beau-ti - ful dream - er, beam on my heart, E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;

Gone are the cares of life's bu - sy 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.

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.

The Old Folks at Home

S. C. Foster

Moderato

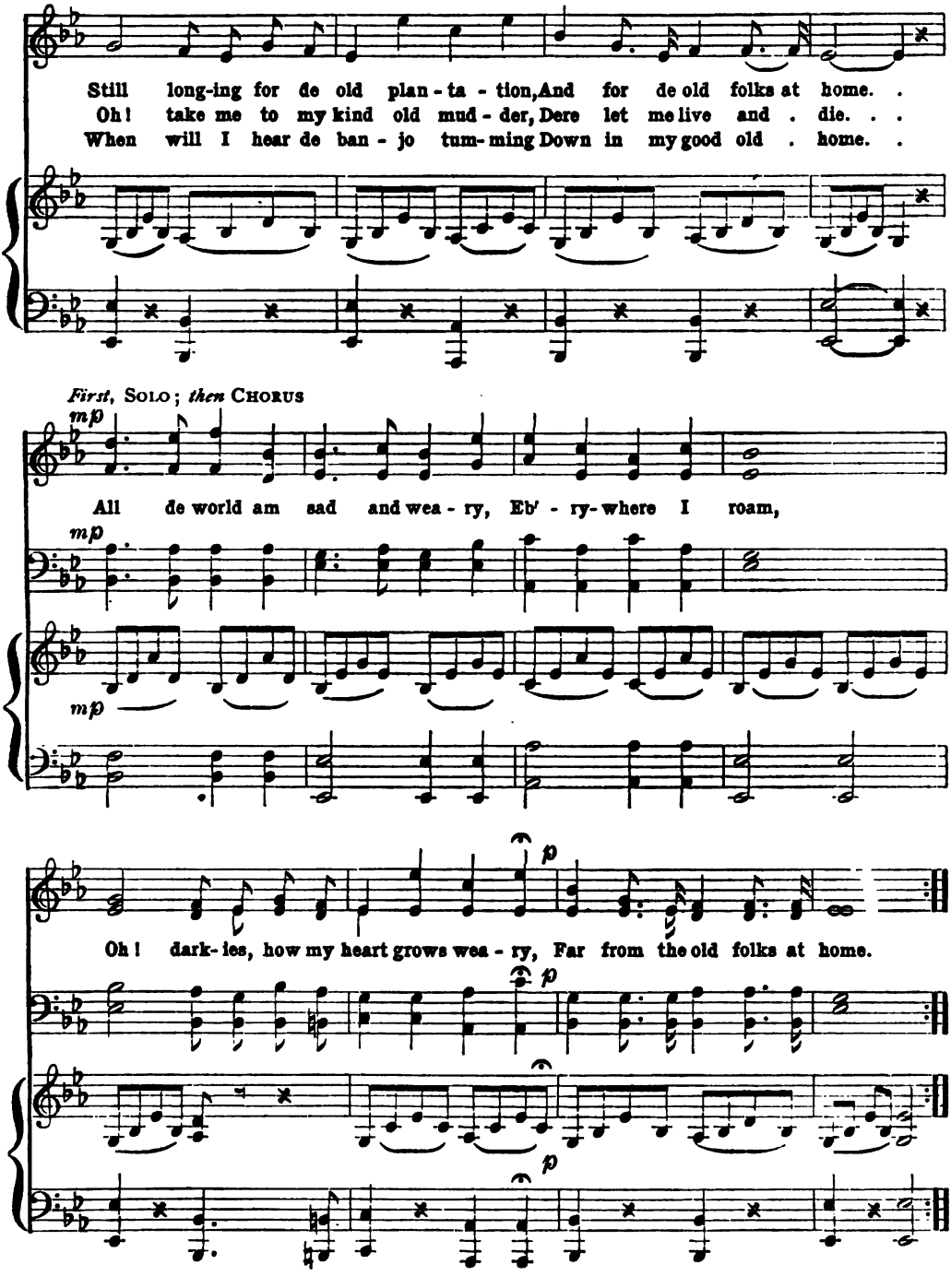
1. Way down up - on the Swan - ee rib - ber, Far, far a - way, . .
2. All round the lit - tle farm I wander'd, When I was young, . .
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love, . .

p

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

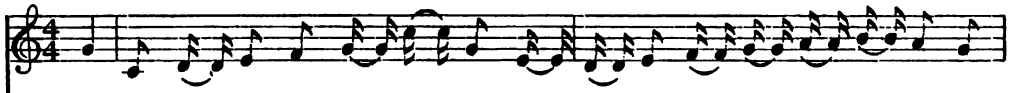
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam, . .
When I was play-ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I. . . . .
When will I see de bees a - hum - ming, All round de comb! . .

mp

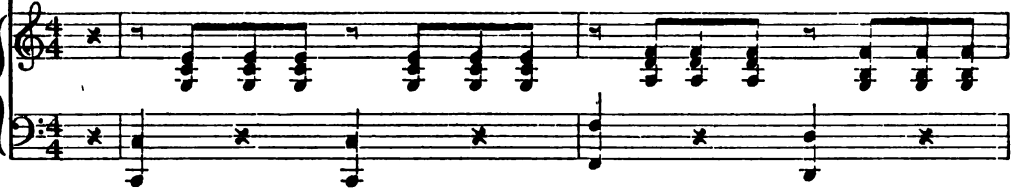

Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.
When will I hear de ban - jo tum-ming Down in my good old home.
First, SOLO; then CHORUS
mp
All de world am sad and wea - ry, Eb' - ry-where I roam,
mp
mp
p
Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.
p
p

Old Shady

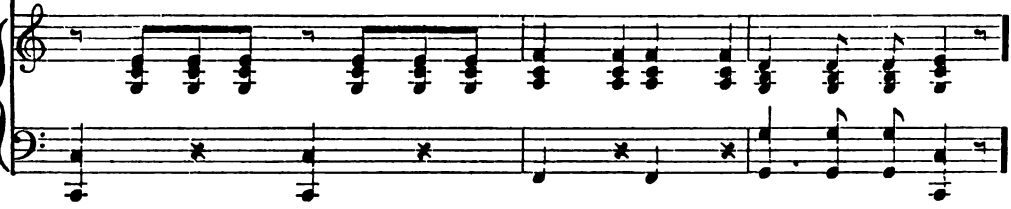
B. R. Hanby



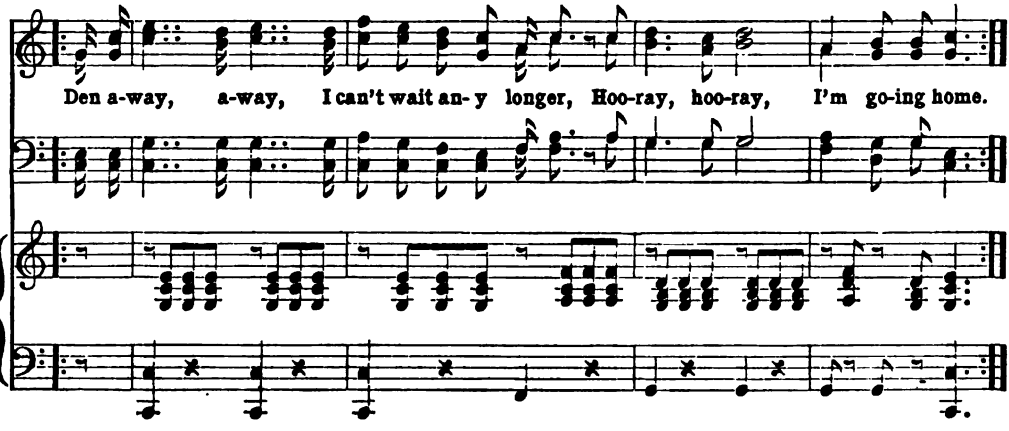
1. Oh! yah! yah! dar - kies, laugh wid me, For de white folks say Old Sha-dy's free; So
2. Oh, Mass' got scared and so did his la - dy, Dis chile breaks for old Uncle A - by;
3. Good bye, Mass' Jeff, good - bye, Mis'r Ste - phens, 'Scuse dis niggah for tak-in his leav-ens;
4. Good bye, hard work wid 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



Den a-way, a-way, I can't wait an- y longer, Hoo-ray, hoo-ray, I'm go-ing home.

Körner's Battle Prayer

KÖRNER HIMMEL

Adagio

p

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

p

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.

pp

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

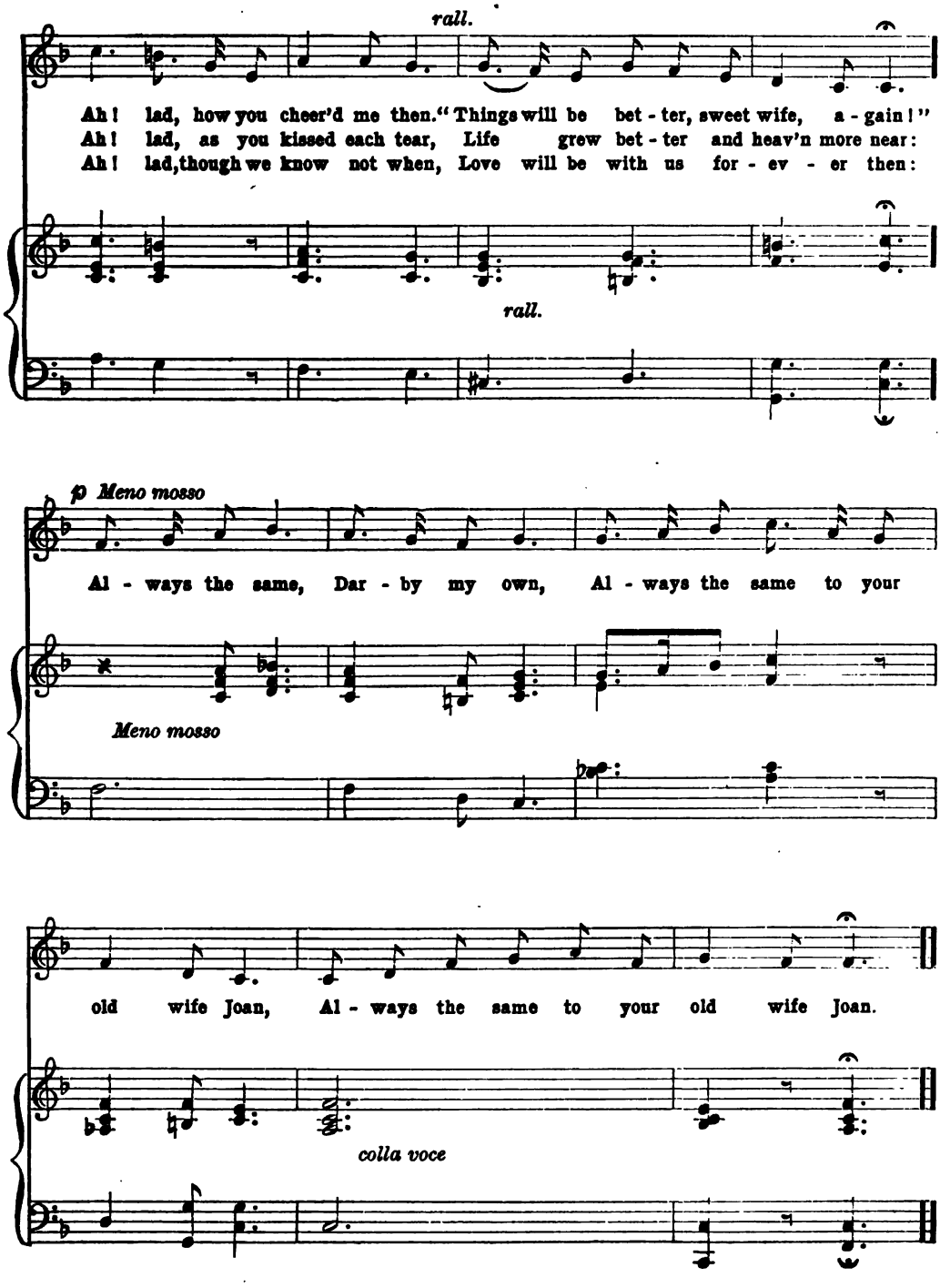
cres.

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.

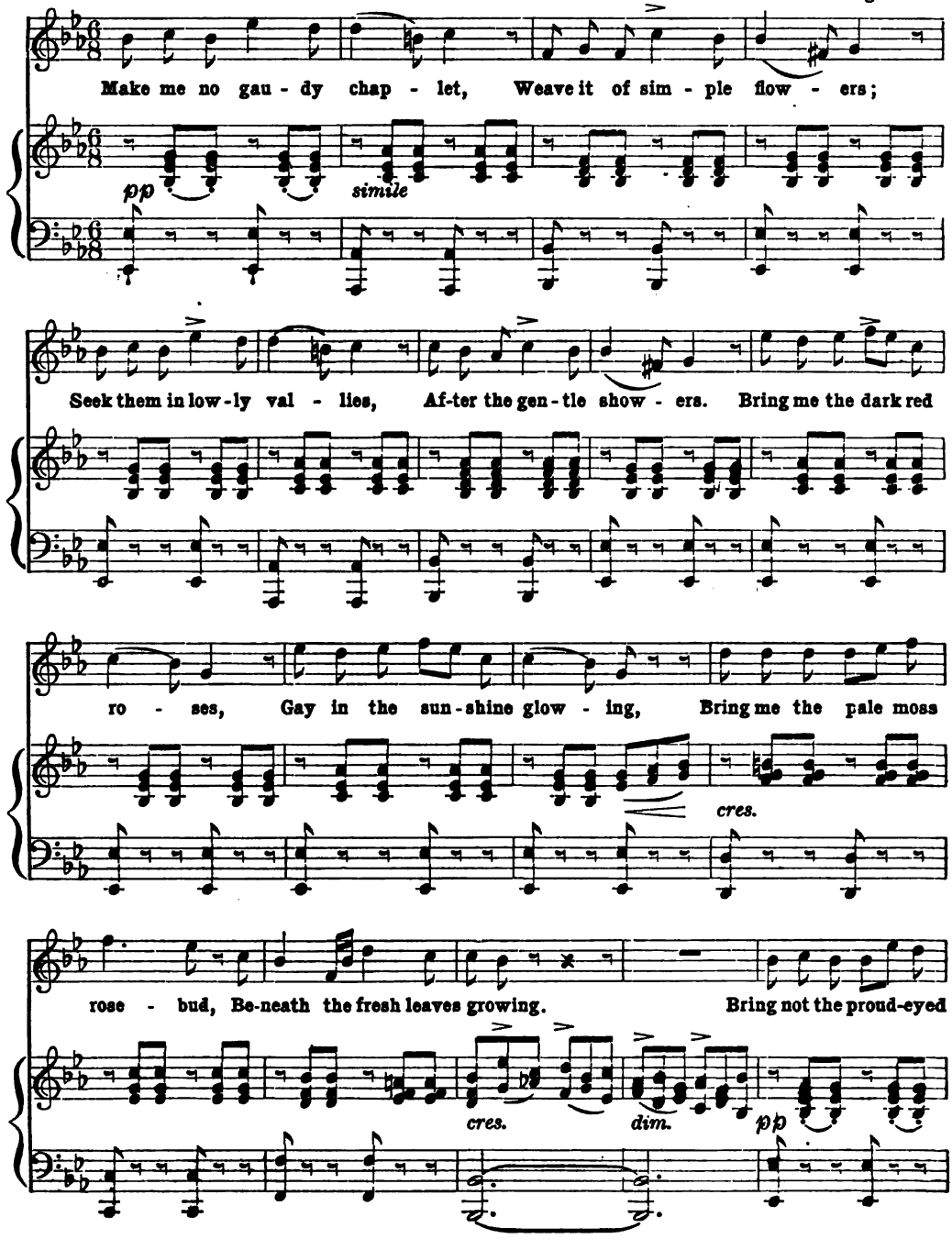
Dar - by dear, when the world went wry, Hard and sor - row-ful then was I.
Dar - by dear, 'twas your lov - ing hand Show'd me the way to the bet - ter land;
Hand in hand when the long night-tide Gen - tly cov - ers us side by side:

p *cres.*


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"

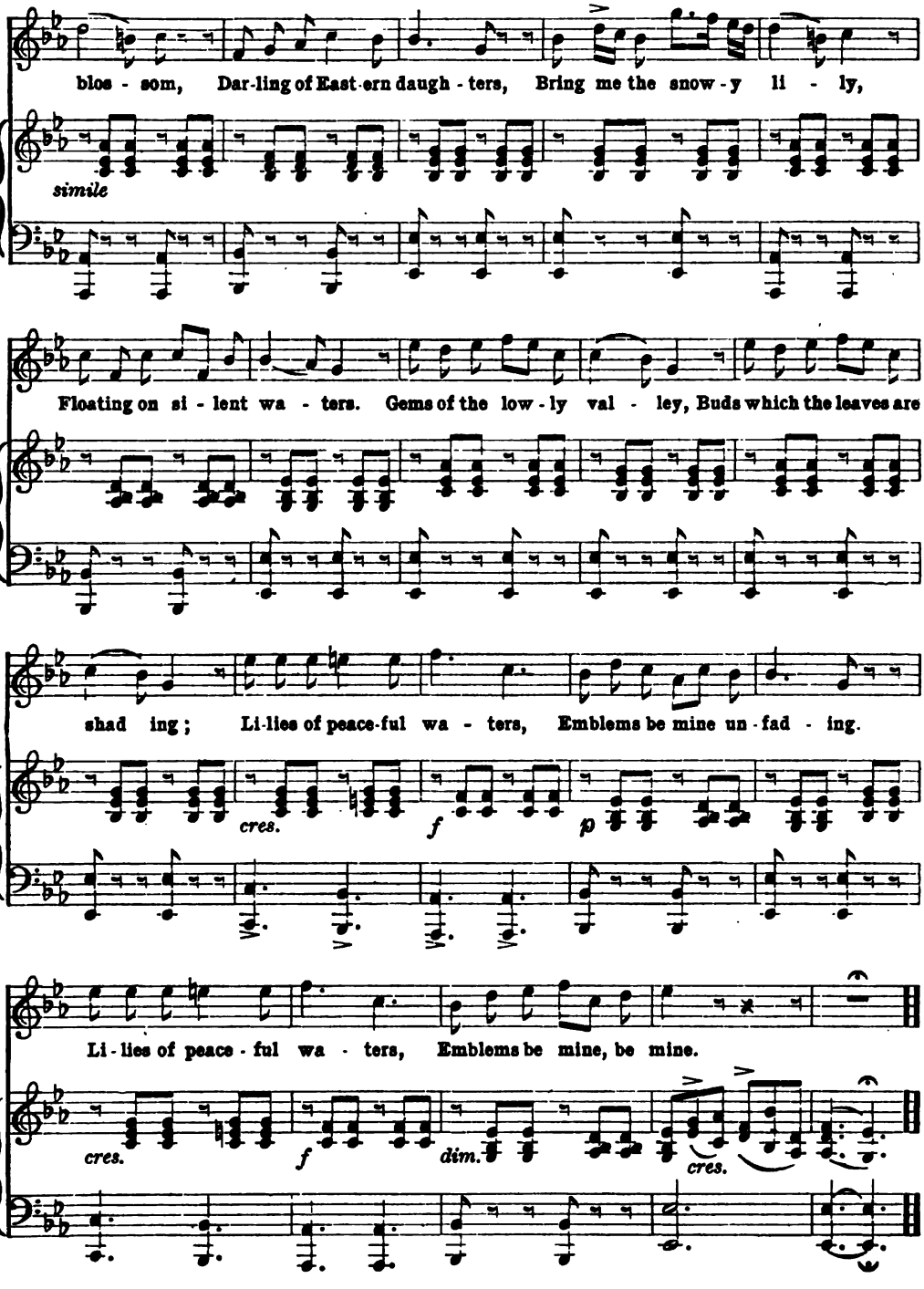


MARCELLA SEMBRICH

An Austrian opera singer who particularly endeared herself to American audiences. She was born in Lemberg, Galacia, 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.


bloo - 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

Allegretto HALFDAN KJERULF

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.

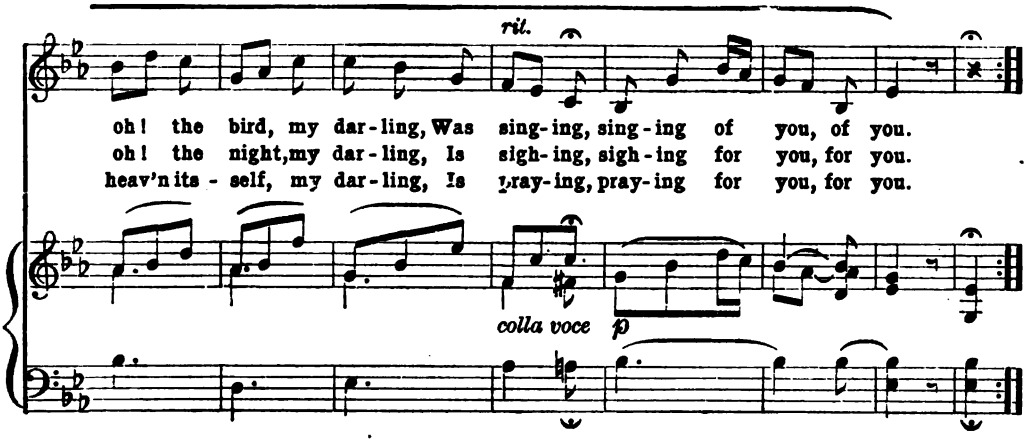
sang in the gold-en moon-light, From out . . the wood-land hill. I
wake, and would you were here, love, And tears . are blinding my sight. I
see you in all a-round me, The stream, the night, the wood, The

p *dolce*

Tempo 1o. dolce *cres.*

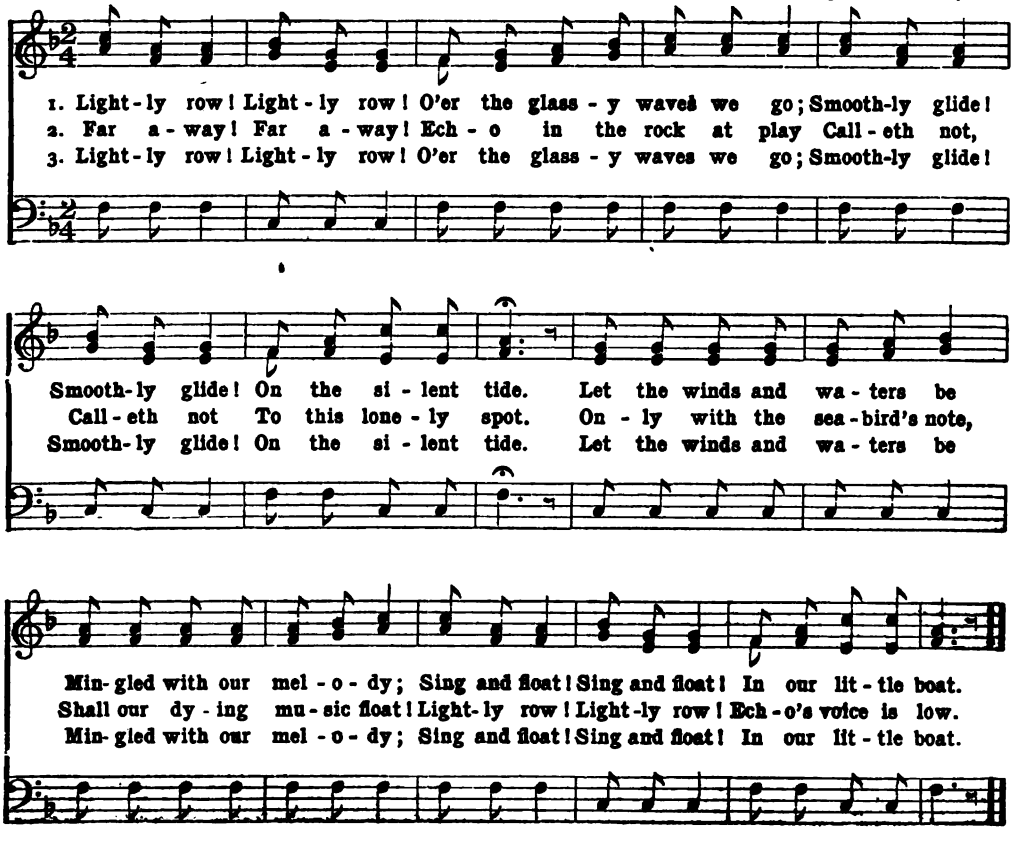
o-pen'd my win-dow so gent-ly; I look'd on the dream-ing dew, . . And
hear a low breath in the lime-tree, The wind is float-ing thro', . And
flow'rs that slum-ber so gent-ly, The stars a-bove the blue, . . Oh!

mf *p*



Lightly Row

Spanish Melody



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 'round the Christmas fires, Brighten'd by the rud-dy glow, Or in summer's balmy eve-nings, In the field, up-on the hay? They have all dispers'd and wander'd Far a-
2. Some have gone to lands far dis-tant, And with stran-gers made their home; Some up-on the world of wa-ters All their lives are forc'd to roam; Some are gone from us for-ev-er, Lon-ger here they might not stay: They have reach'd a fair-er re-gion Far a-
3. There are still some few re-main-ing Who re-mind us of the past, But they change as all things change here, Nothing in this world can last: Years roll on and pass for-ev-er, What is com-ing, who can say? Ere this clo-ses, man-y may be Far a-

p — *un poco cres.* — *p* — *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, Læ - 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 - ry giv'n. Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing, O come, let us a -

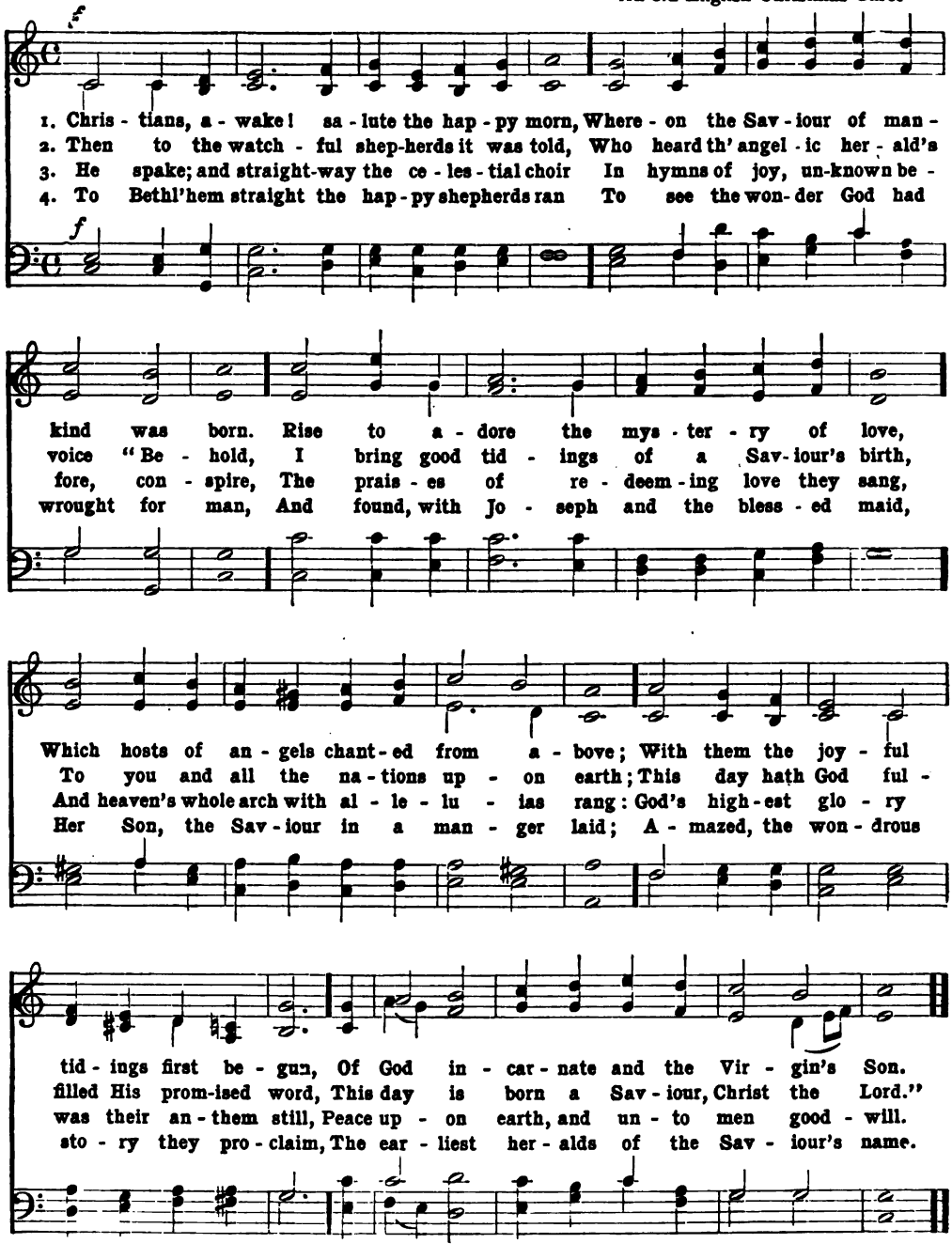
Beth - le - hem; Na - tum vi - de - te Regem an - ge - lo - rum! Ve - ni - te, a - do -

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

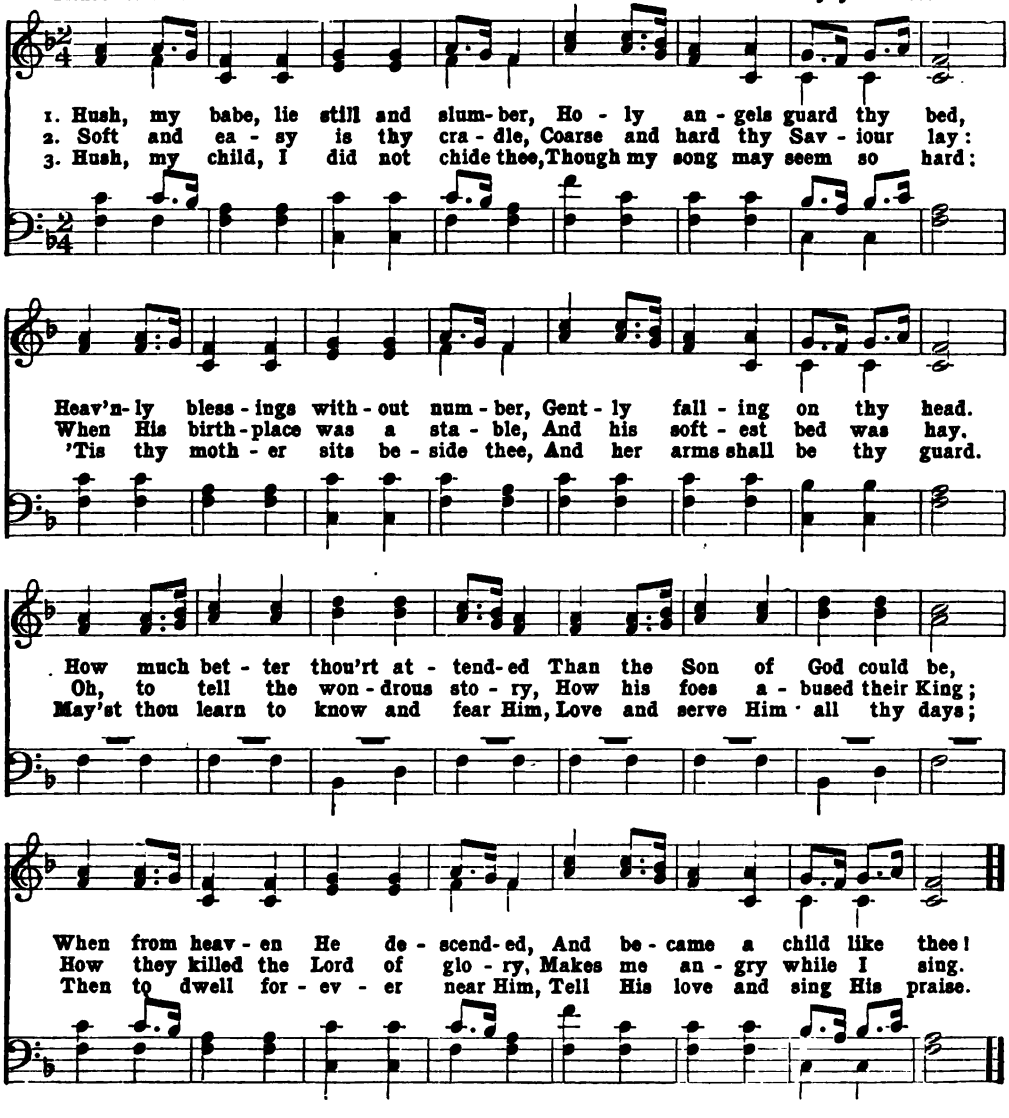


5 Let us like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

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



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;

ad lib. FINE

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!

f *rallent.* D.C.

Maggie By My Side

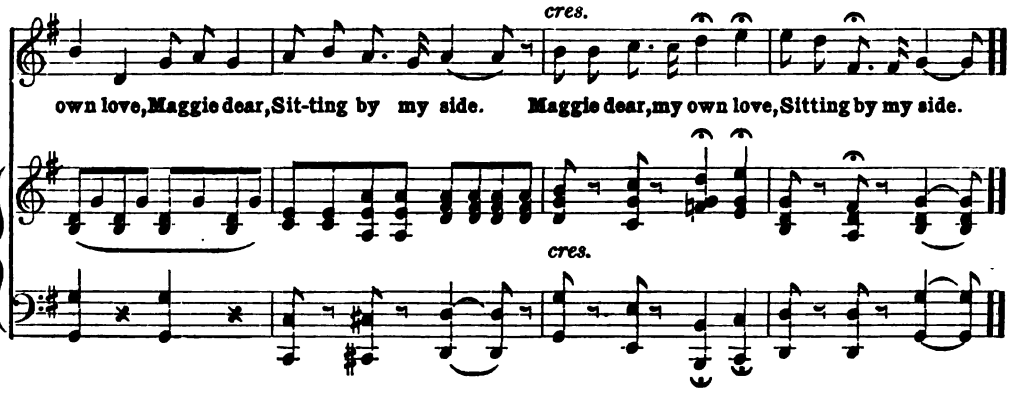
S. C. Foster

Allegretto

mp

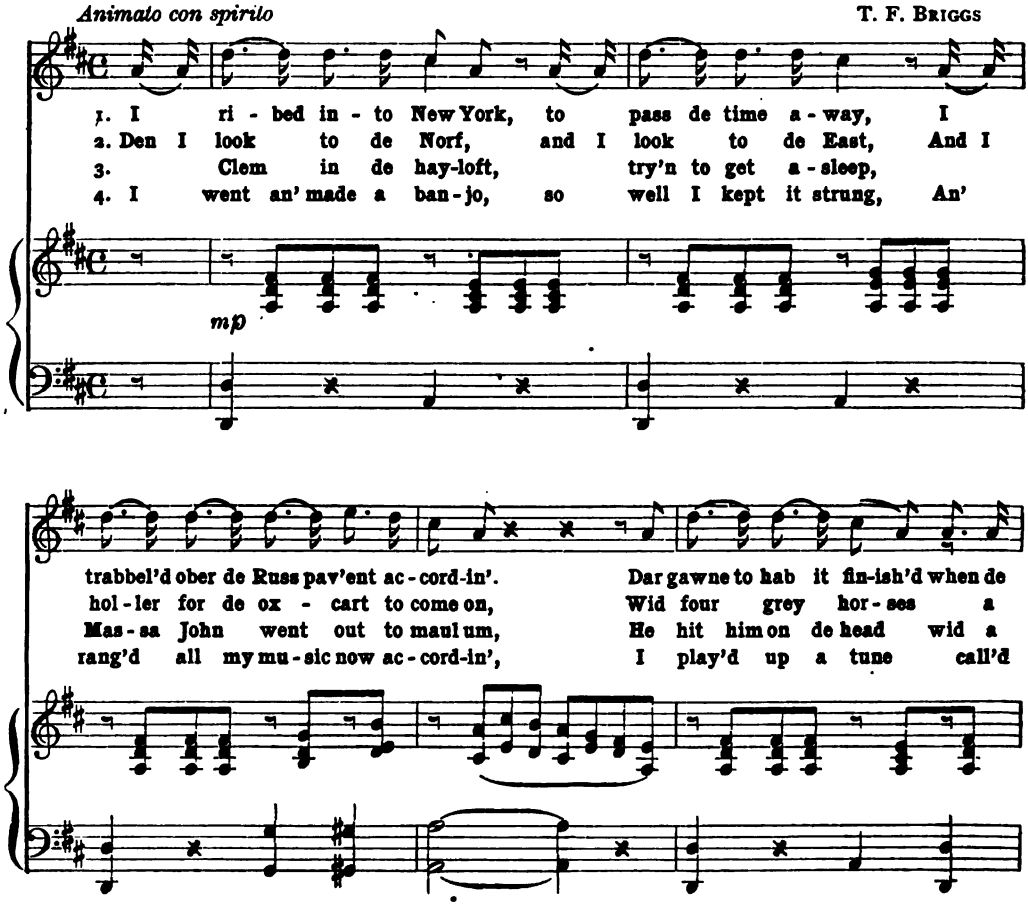
1. The land of my home is flit - ting, Flit-ting from my view, A gale in the sails is sit - ting, Toils the mer - ry crew. Here let my home be, On the wa - ters wide, I roam with a proud heart, Maggie's by my side; My
2. The wind howl - ing o'er the bil - low From the dis - tant lea, The storm rag - ing round my pil - low Brings no care to me. Roll on, ye dark waves, O'er the trou-bled tide, I heed not your an - ger, Maggie's by my side; My
3. Storms can ap - pal me nev - er, While her brow is clear, Fair weather lin - gers ev - er Where her smiles ap - pear. When sorrow's break-ers Round my heart shall hide, Still may I find her, Sit-ting by my side; My

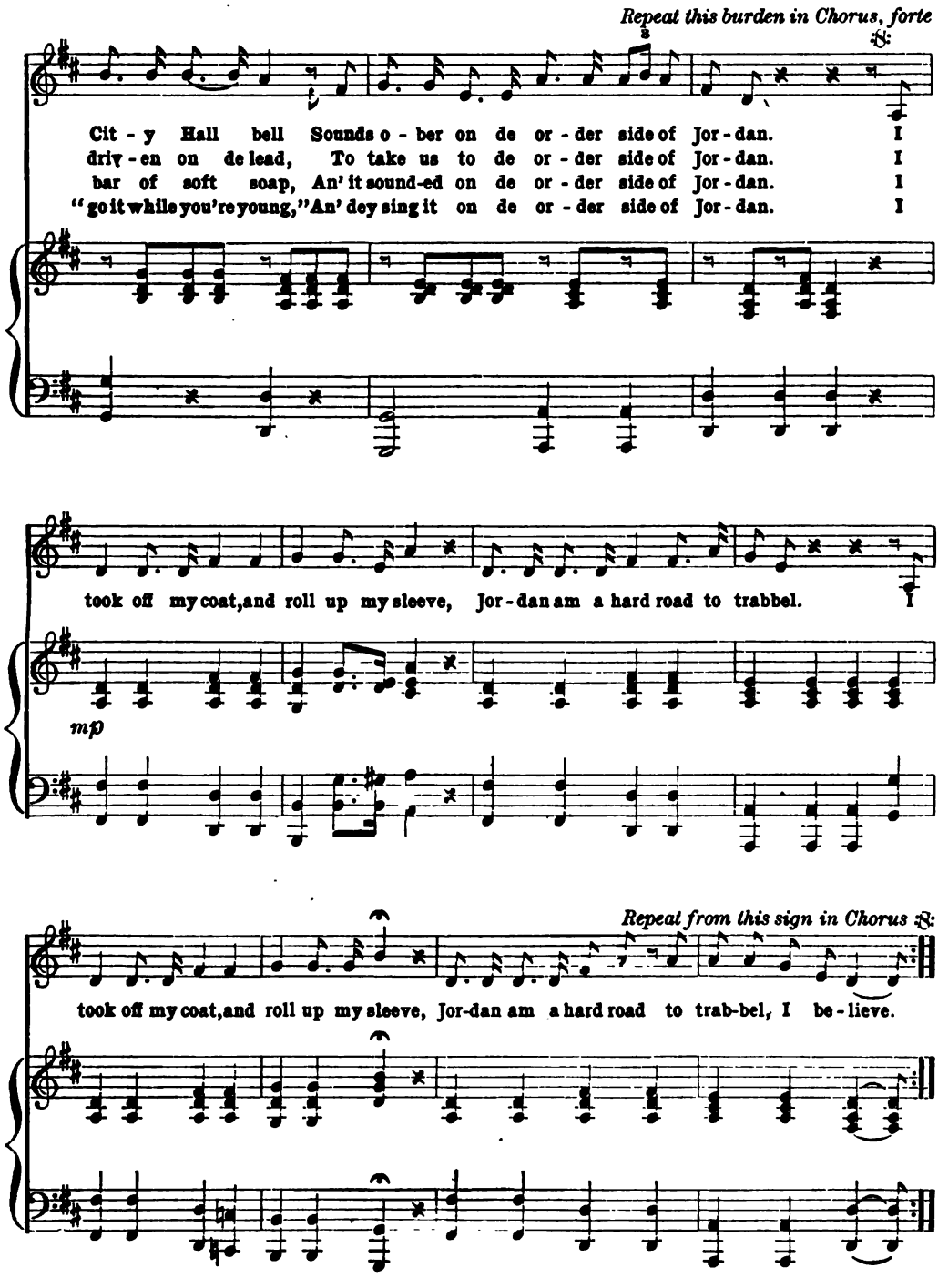
rall. *a tempo*



Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabbel

Animato con spirito T. F. Briggs




Repeat this burden in Chorus, forte
Cit - y Hall bell Sounds o - ber on de or - der side of Jor - dan. I
driv - 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
"go it 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 trabbel. I
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

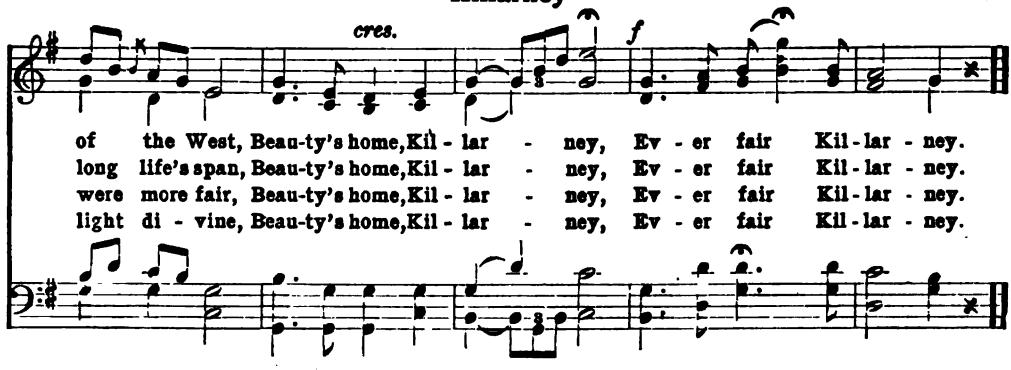
1. By Kil-lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and wind-ing bays, Mountain paths and
2. In - nis-fal - len's ru - ined shrine May suggest a pass-ing sigh; But man's faith can
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va - ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that
4. Mu - sic there for ech - 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-sprints. Vir - gin there the green grass grows,
cho - rus swells, '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

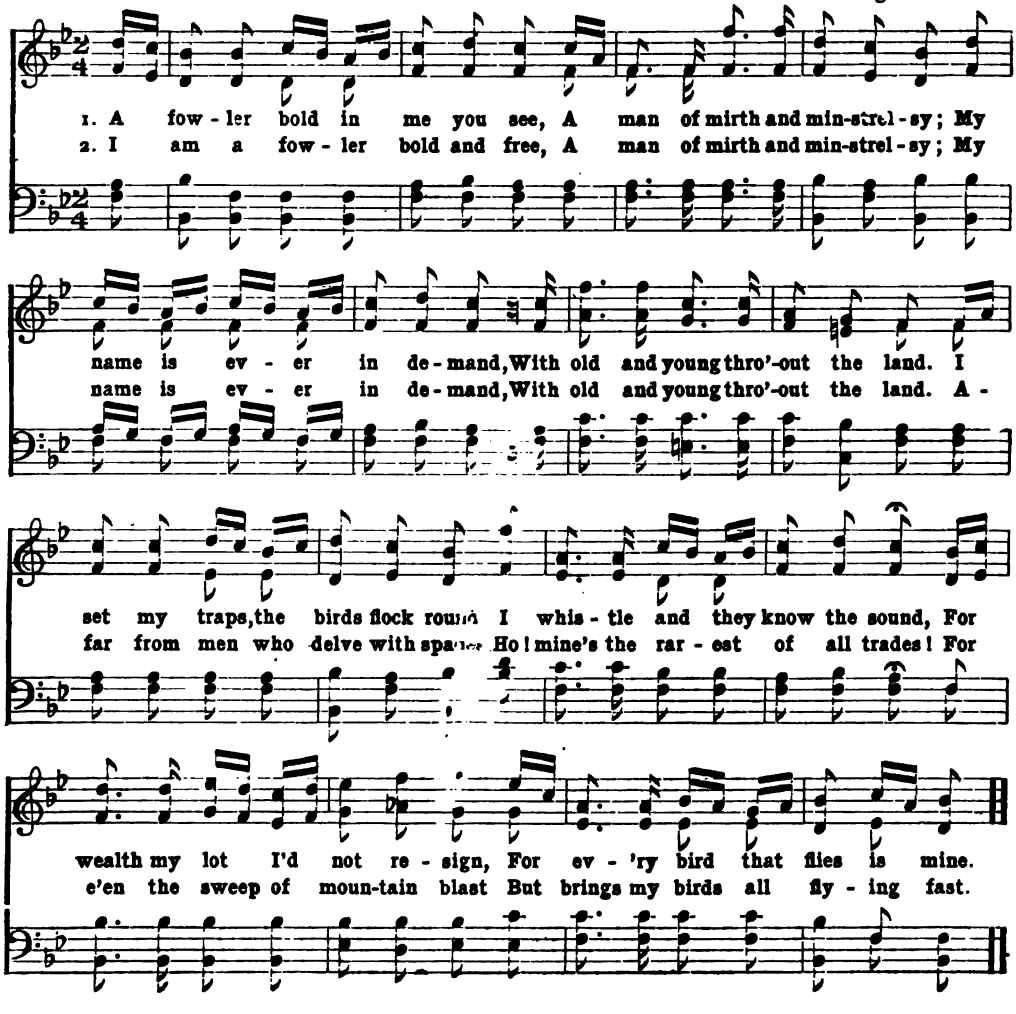
rall. *dim. pp a tempo*

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

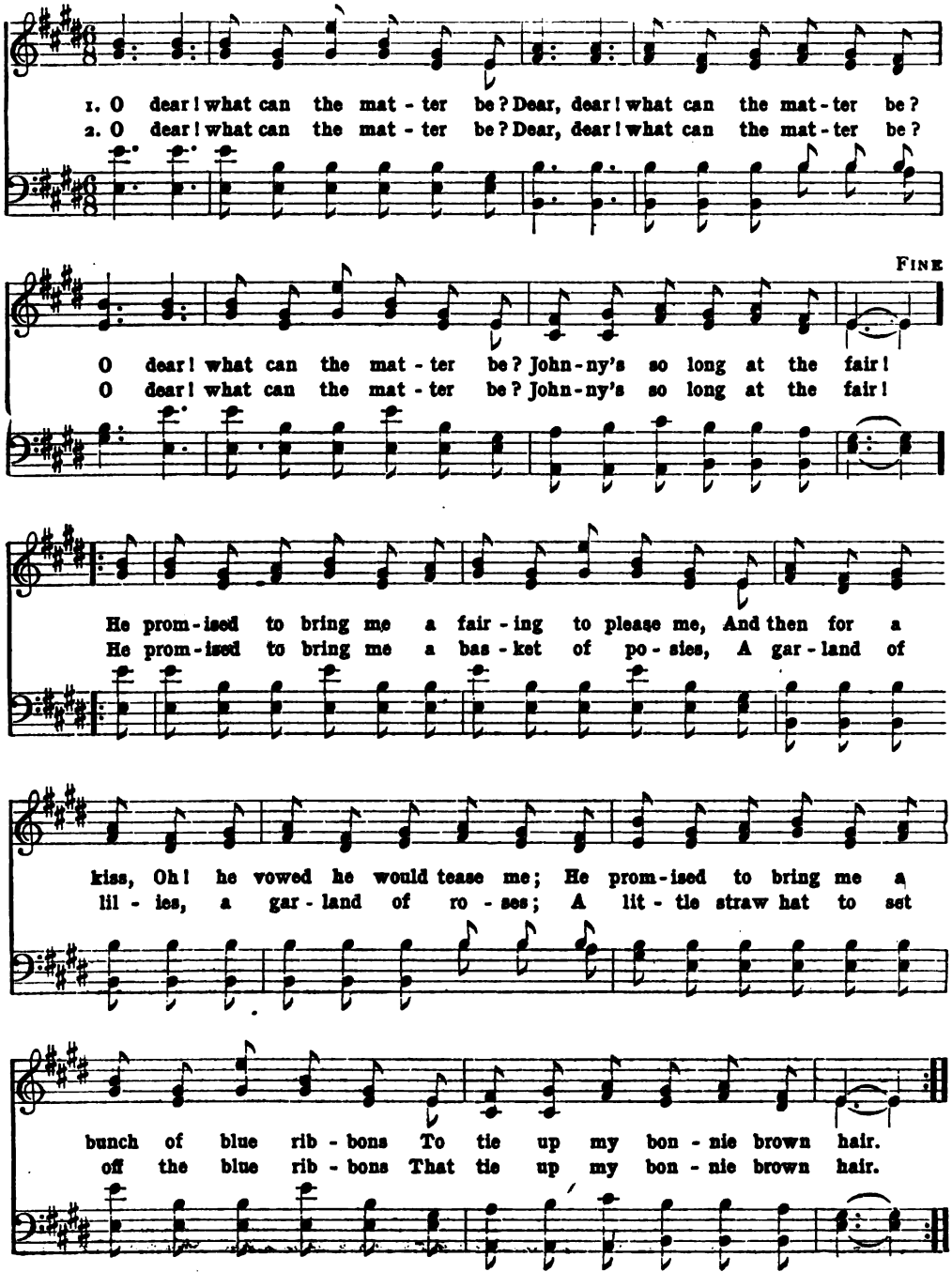


Song of the Fowler

From MOZART's "Magic Flute"



O Dear! What Can the Matter Be?



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.

The Danube River

*Tempo di mazurka

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

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

ben marc.

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

1 D.S. 2

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

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,

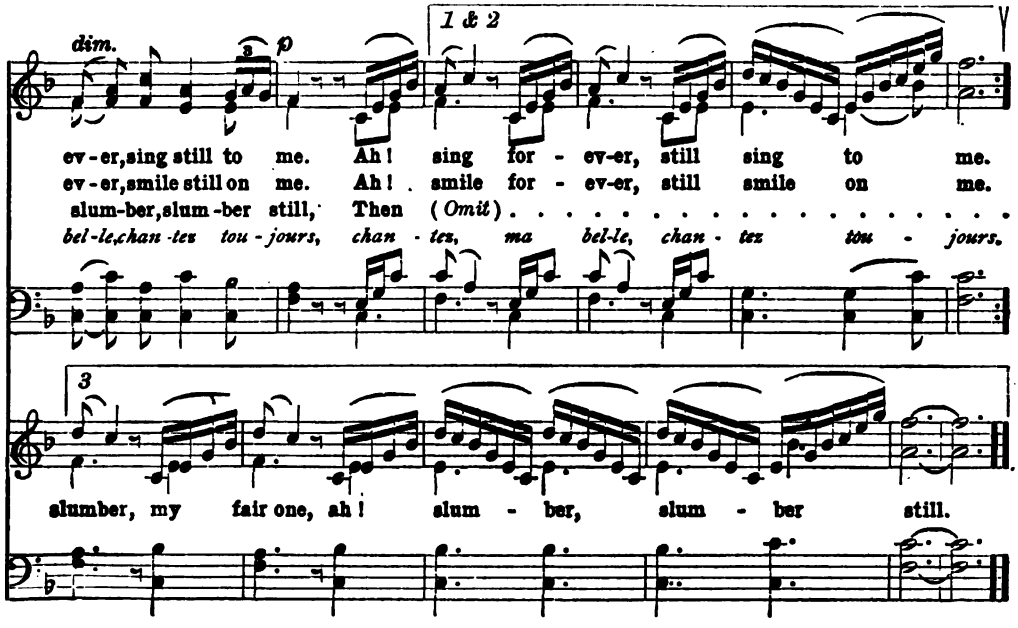
Can'st thou tell . . the sweet mem-'ries of old that round me throng,
All my gloom . is dis-pelled and for - ev - er in light I rest,
And thy lips . . mur - mur soft - ly of love, e'en in thy sleep,
En - tends tu . . ma pen - sé - e Qui te ré - pond tout bas.

cres. *p*

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-

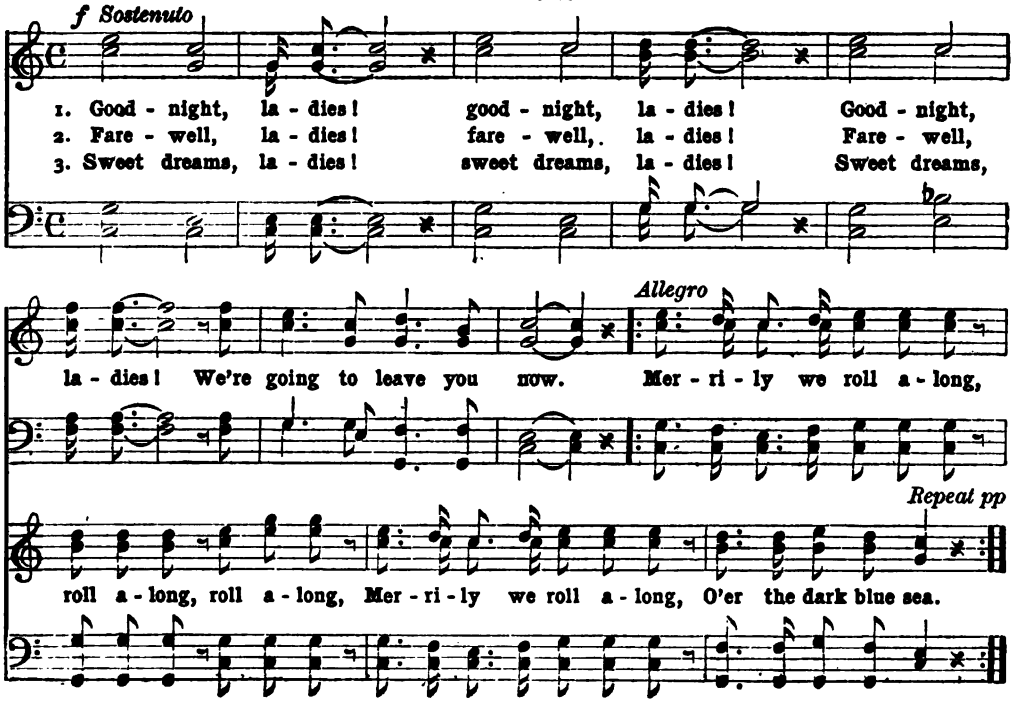
cres.

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 - tez, ma bel - le, chan-tez, chan - tez tou - jours, chan- tez, chan - tez, ma



Good-night

Male Voices



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

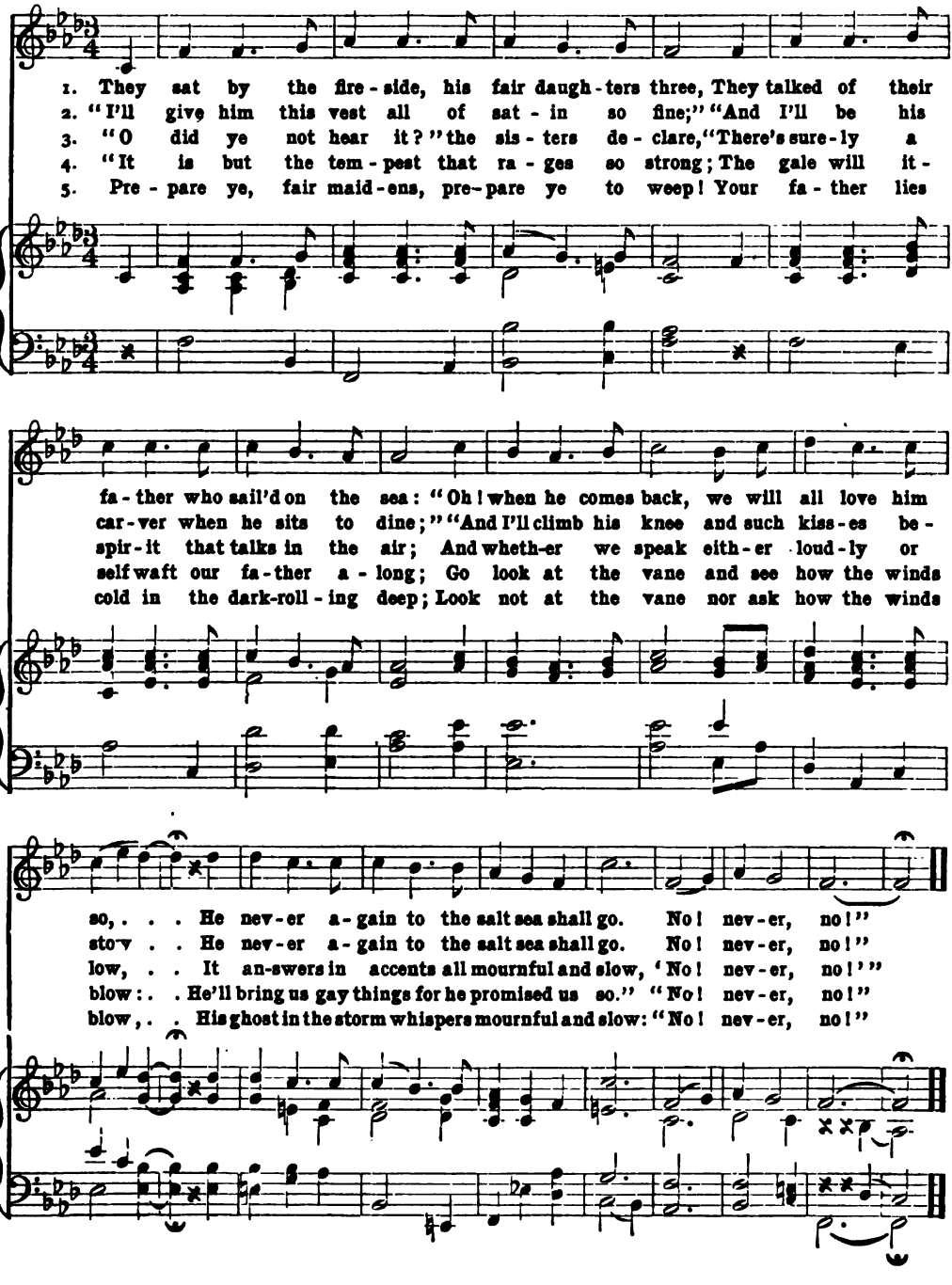
love - ly com - pan - ions are fa - ded and gone. No flow'r of her kin - dred, no
love - ly are sleep - ing, go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter thy
love's shin - ing cir - cle, the gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie withered, and

ad lib.

rose - bud is nigh . . . To re - flect 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



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; Mis-
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-set.
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.

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!

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."

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,

p

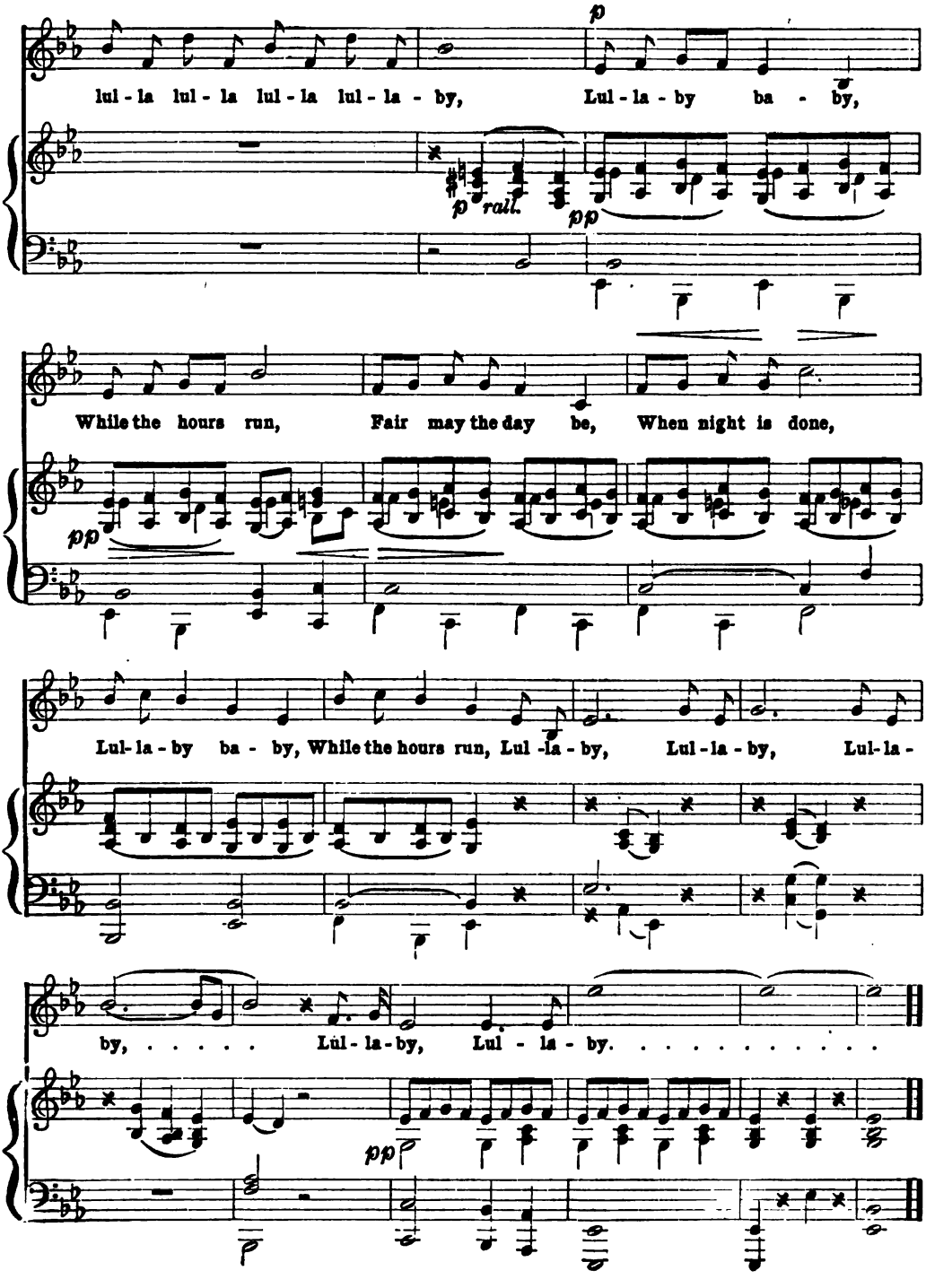
Winds in the night that strange - ly sigh, Come to me, help me,
Sleep, lit - tle bird, and dream not why. Soon is the sleep but

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*

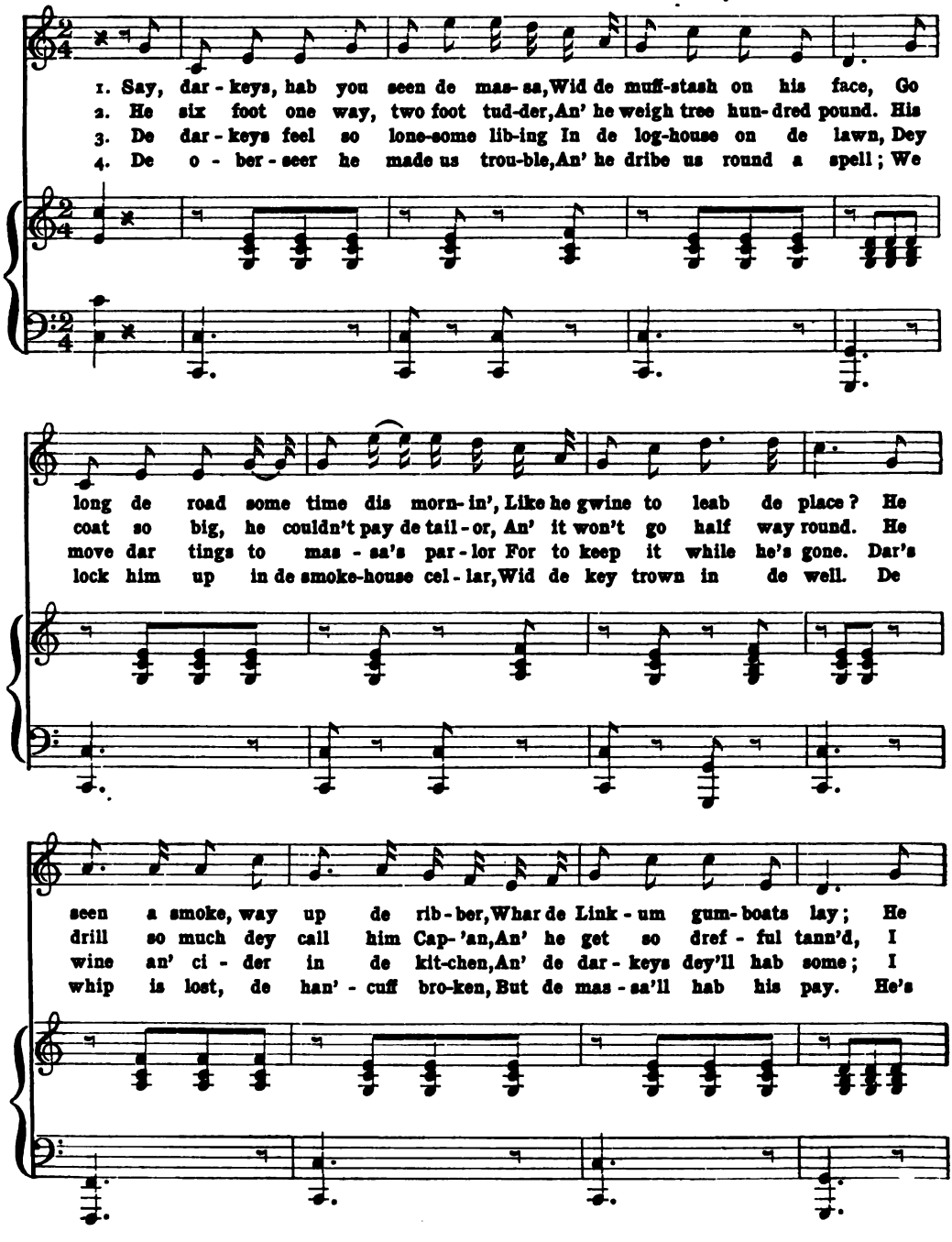
lul - la - by. Lul - la by, Lul - la - by, ... Lul - la -

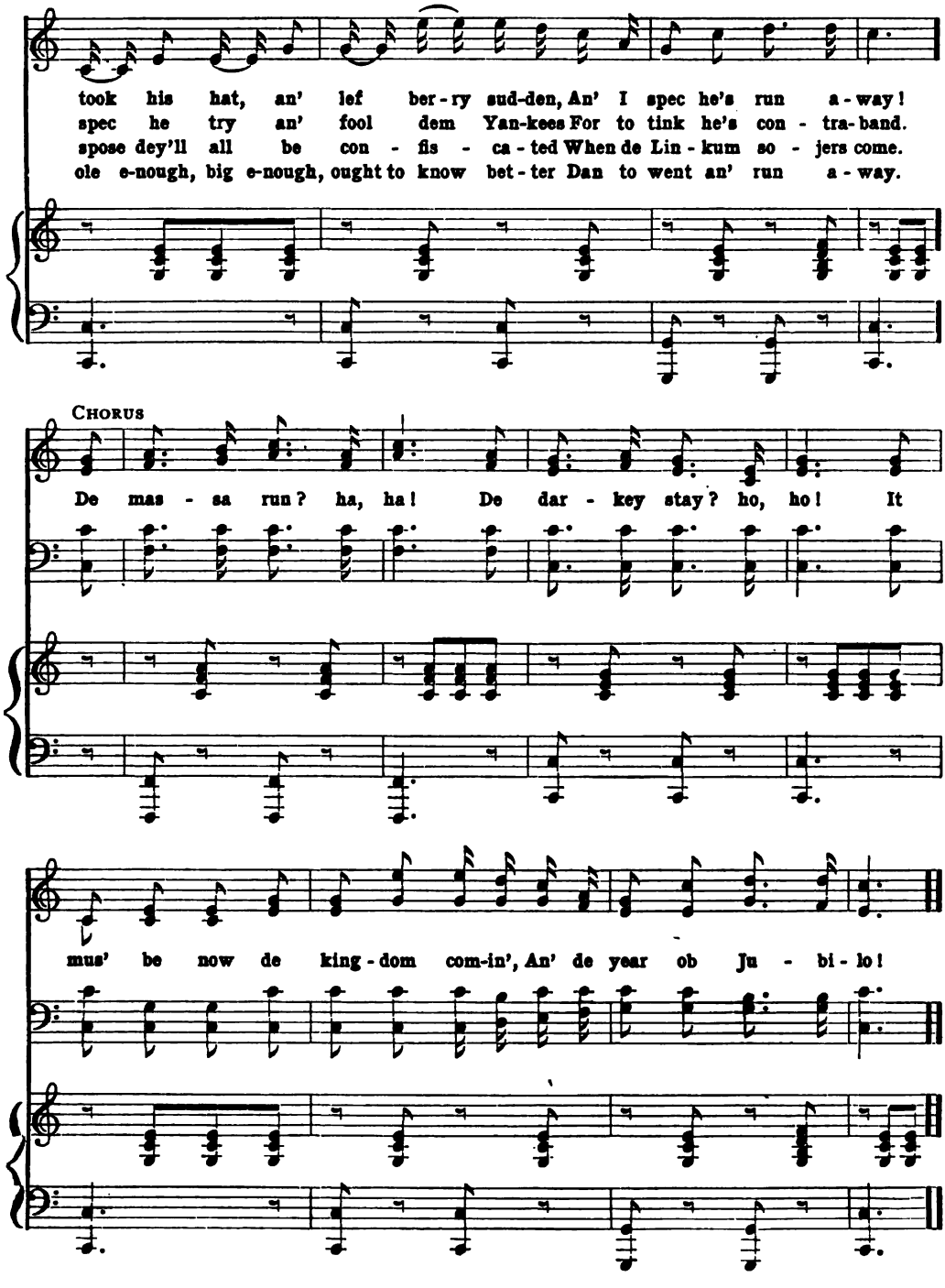
f


p
lul - la lul - la lul - la lul - la - by, Lul - la - by ba - by,
p rall.
pp
While the hours run, Fair may the day be, When night is done,
pp
Lul- la - by ba - by, While the hours run, Lul -la - by, Lul - la - by, Lul- la -
by, ... Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by. . . . . .
pp

Kingdom Coming

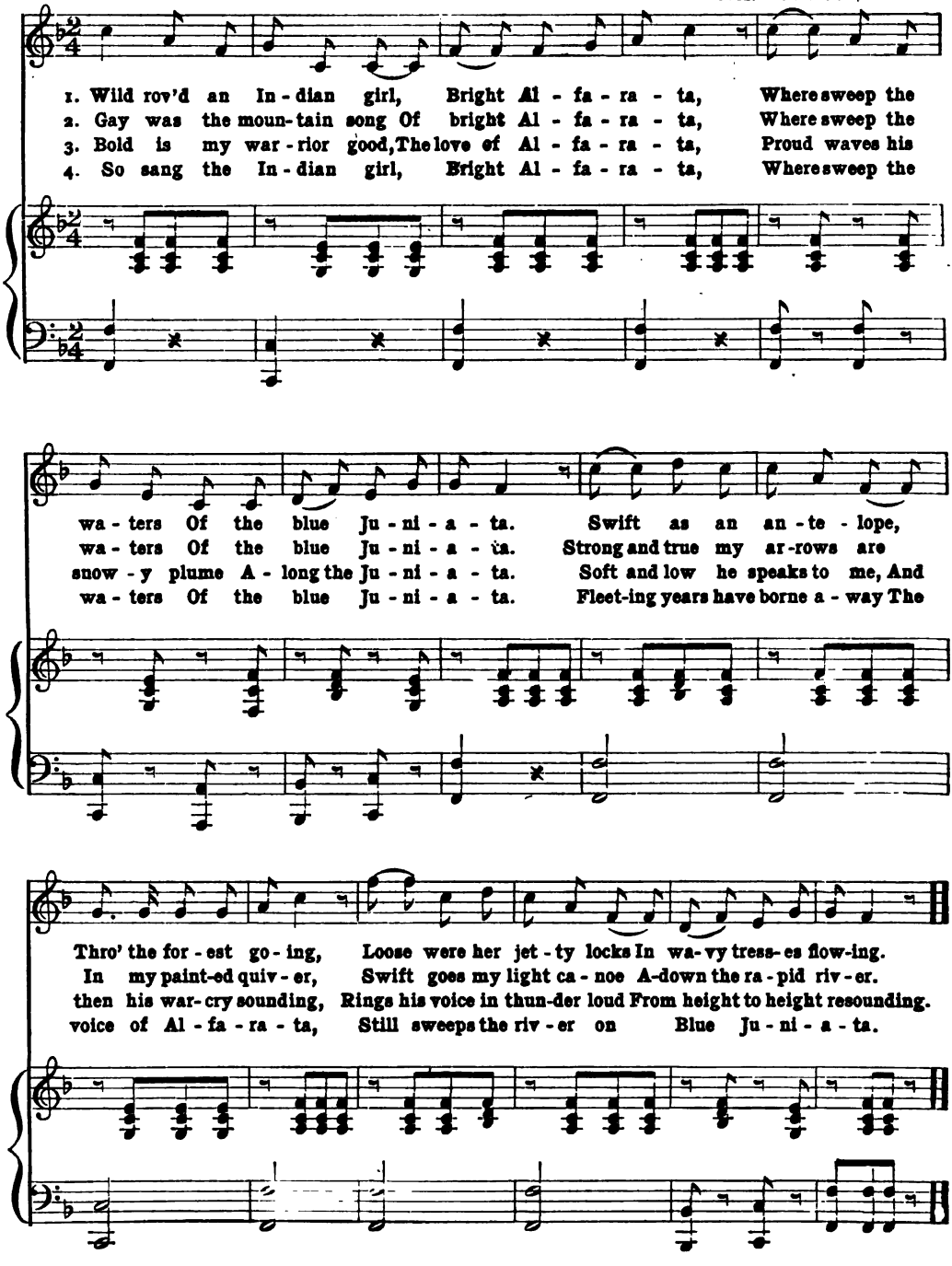
Words and music by HENRY C. WORK




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.
spose 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



Dutch National Song

Composer Unknown

Andante

1. Let him in whom old Dutch blood flows, Un-taint-ed, free and strong; Whose heart for Prince and coun-try glows, Now join us in our song; Let him with us lift up his voice, And sing in pa-triot band, The song at which all hearts re-joice, For Prince and Fa-ther-land, For Prince and Fa-ther-land!

2. We broth-ers, true un-to a man, Will sing the old song yet; A-way with him who ev-er can His Prince or land for-get; A hu-man heart glow'd in him ne'er, We turn from him our hand, Who cal-lous hears the song and pray'r, For Prince and Fa-ther-land, For Prince and Fa-ther-land!

p *ff* *mf* *p* *f*

My Old Dog Tray

Andantino con moto

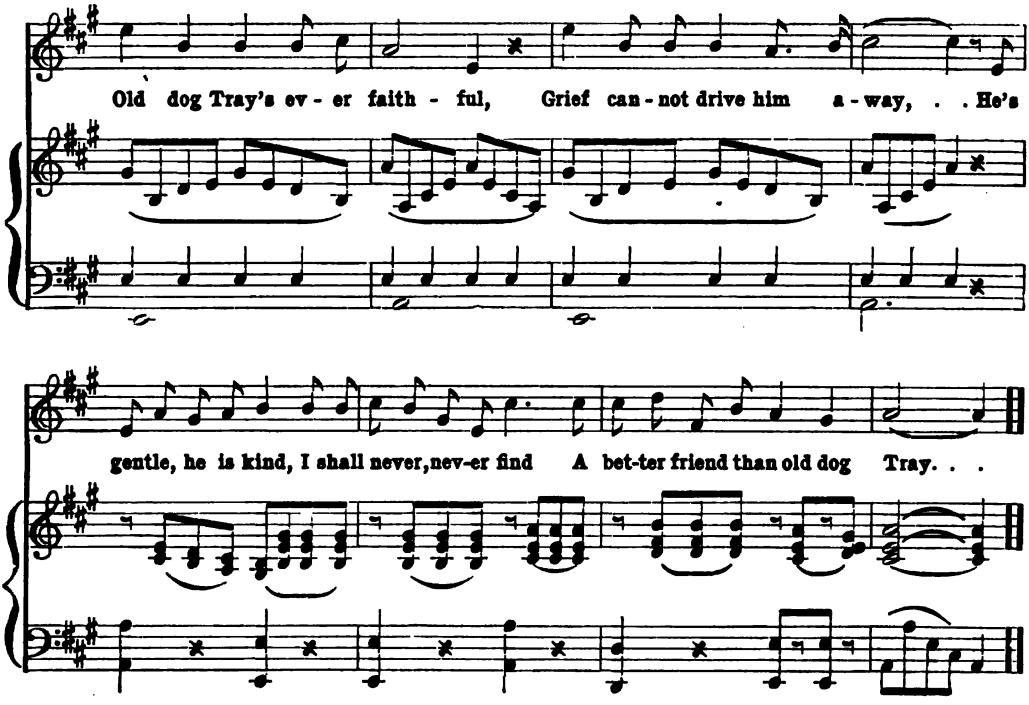
S. C. Foster

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

p

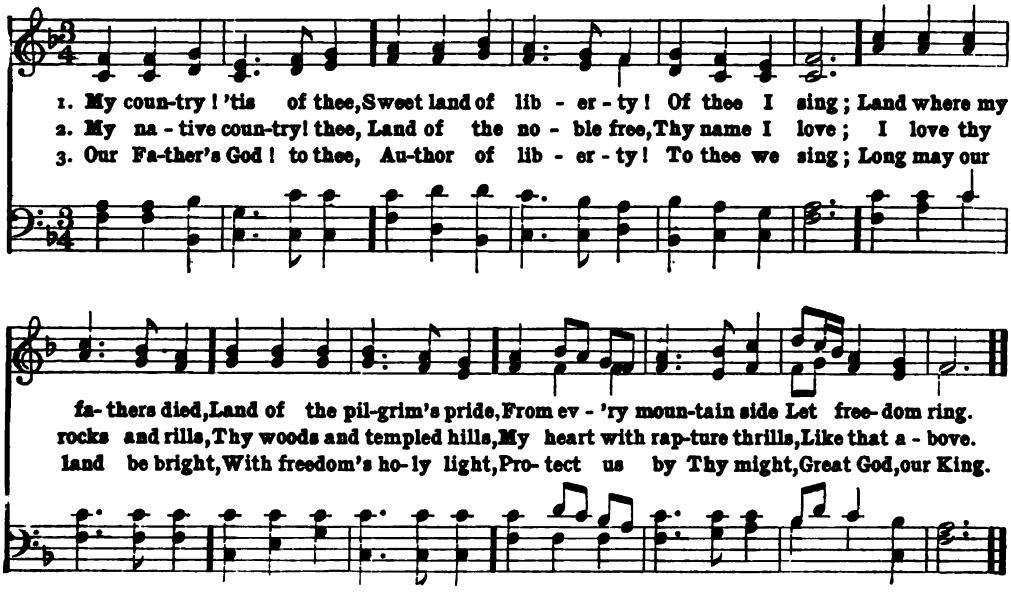
brings me a dream of a once hap - py day; Of youth-ful forms I've seen, Up -
lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a - way; Their hap-py smiles have flown, Their
death's o - pen jaws snatch'd his mas - ter a - way; And bore me safe to shore, Where I
know that he feels what my poor heart would say; 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. . .



America

National Hymn



Dearest Mae

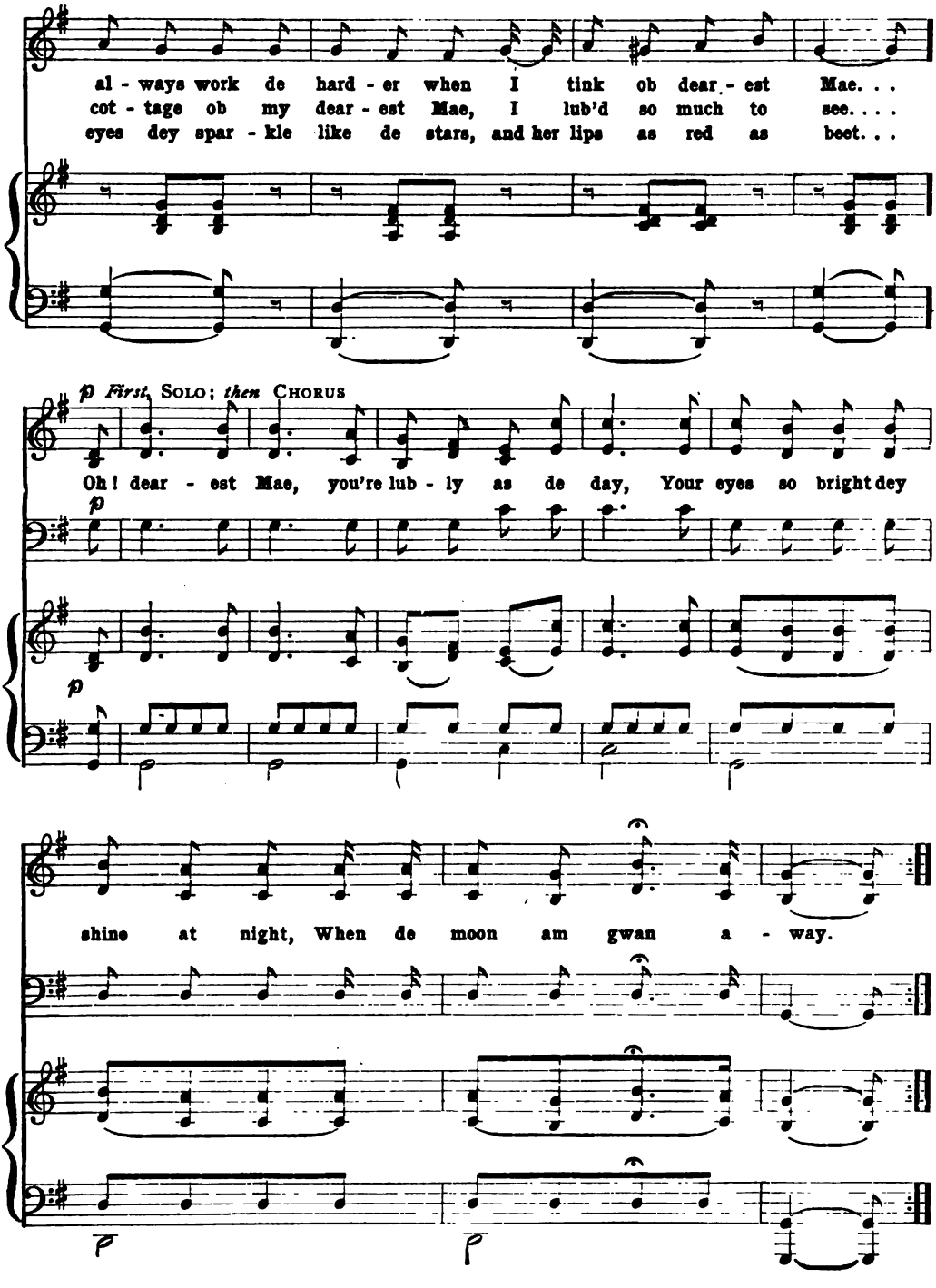
FRANCIS LYNCH

L. H. V. CROSBY

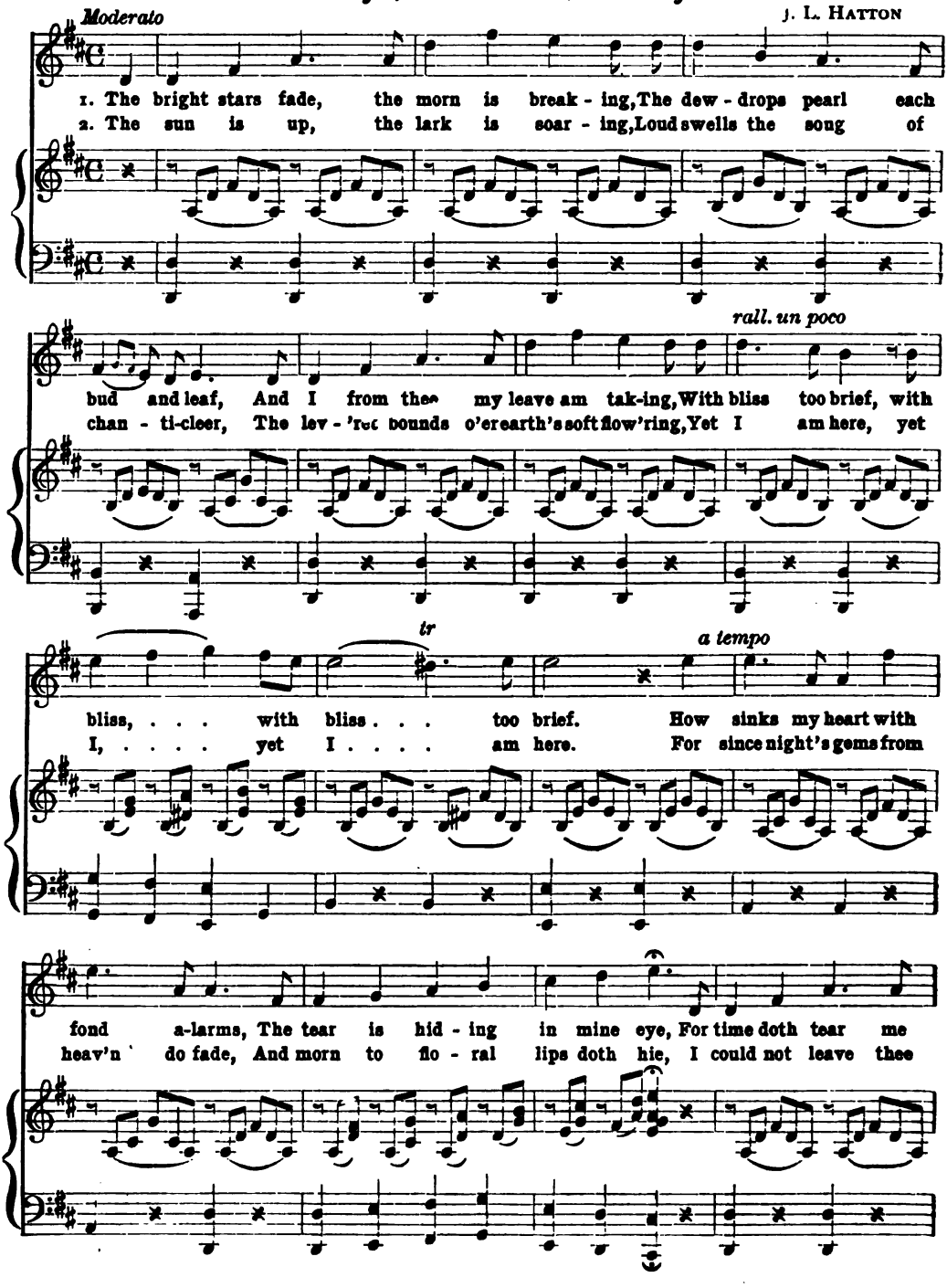
1. Now dar - kies, list - en to me, a sto - ry I'll re -
2. My Mas - sa gib me a ho - li - day, he said he'd gib me
3. Be - neath de sha - dy old oak - tree, we sat for ma - ny

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 flow'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


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

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 des-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.

rit.

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.

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;

1

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-canes 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 marching 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 Virginny

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,

p

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 af-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

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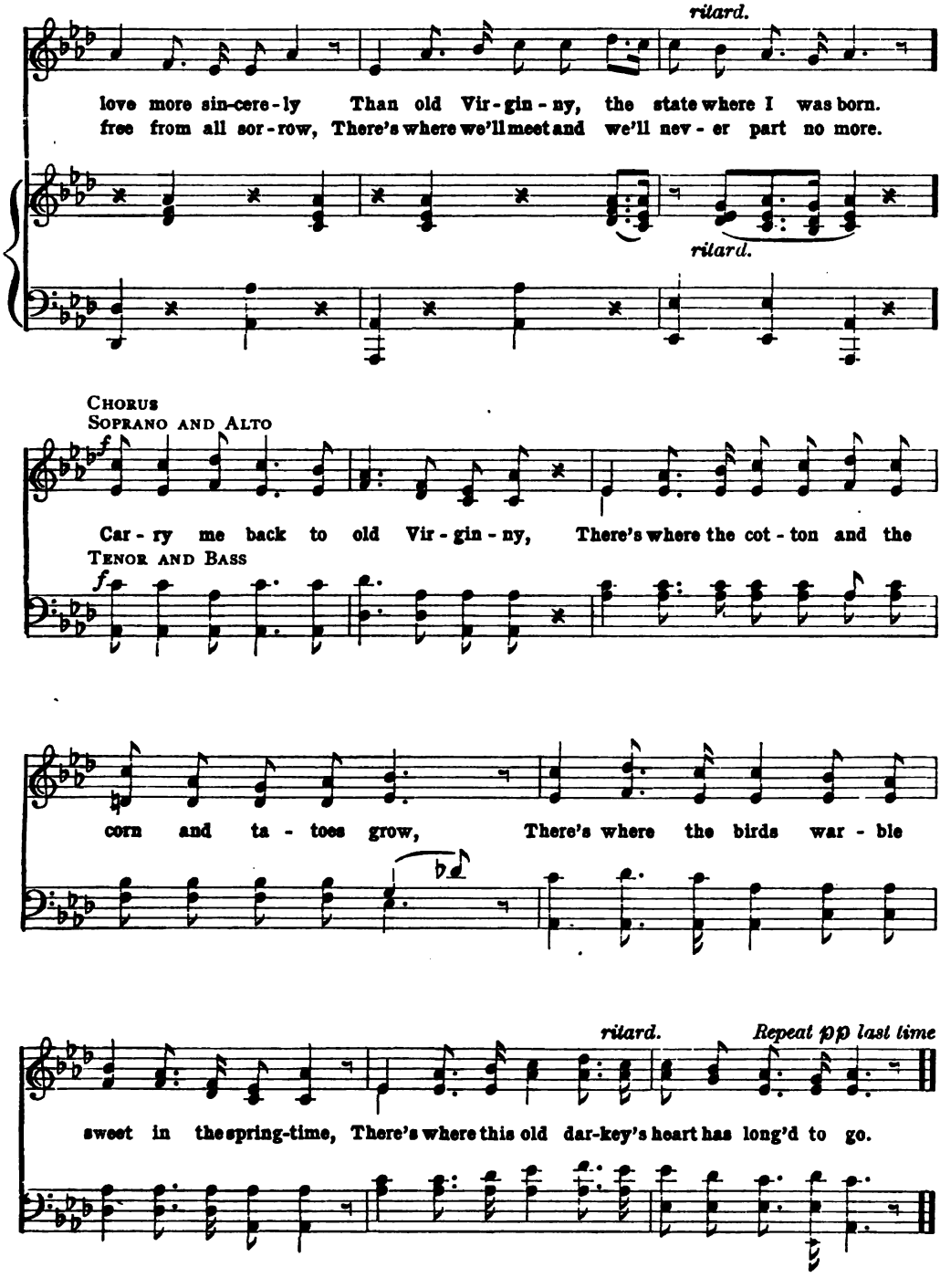

ritard.
love more sin-cere-ly Than old Vir-gin-ny, the state where I was born.
free from all sor-row, There's where we'll meet and we'll nev-er part no more.
ritard.
Chorus
Soprano and Alto
f
Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cot-ton and the
Tenor and Bass
f
corn and ta-toes grow, There's 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.

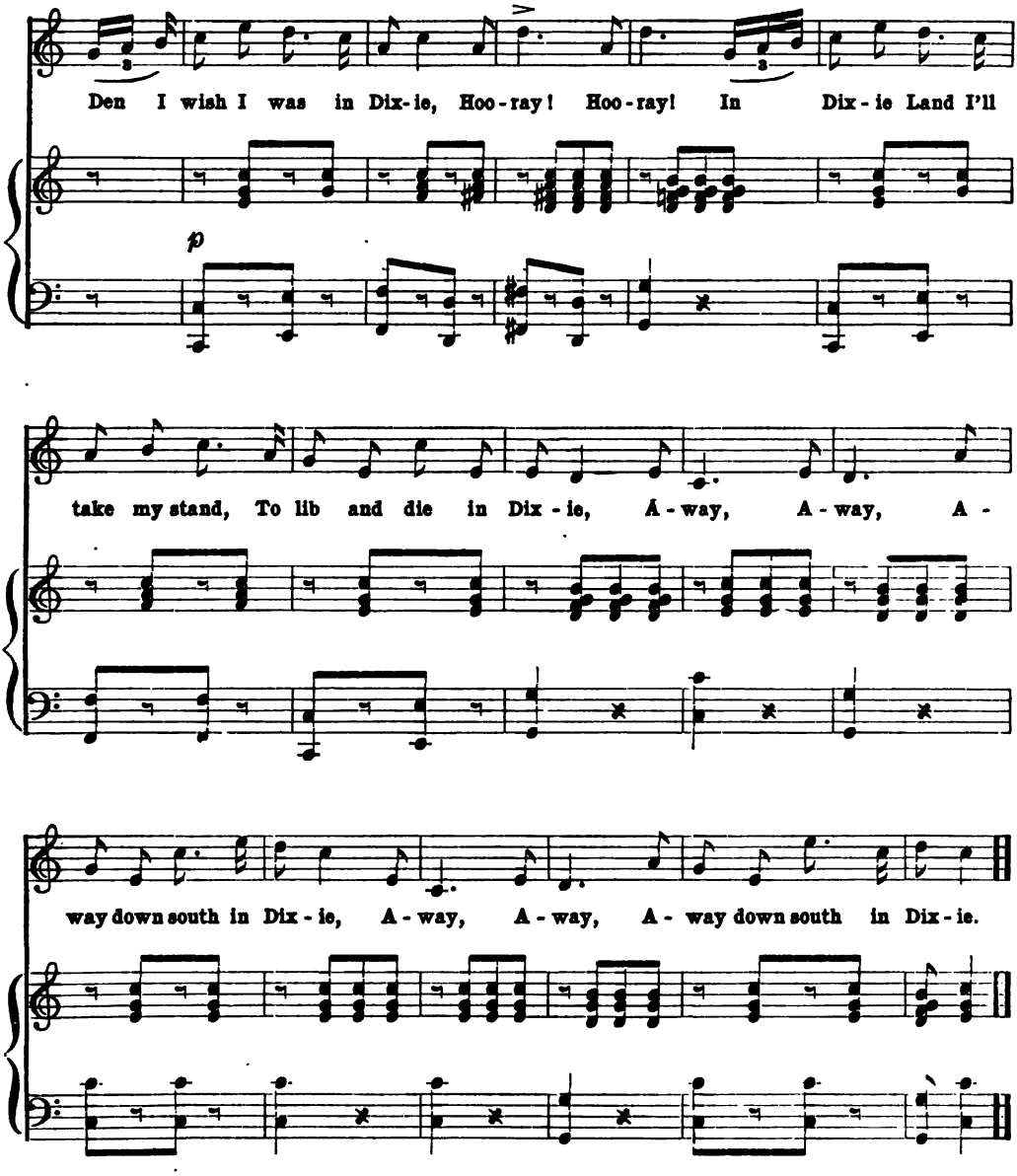
Dixie

Adapted by COLLIN COE — 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-

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

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.



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.

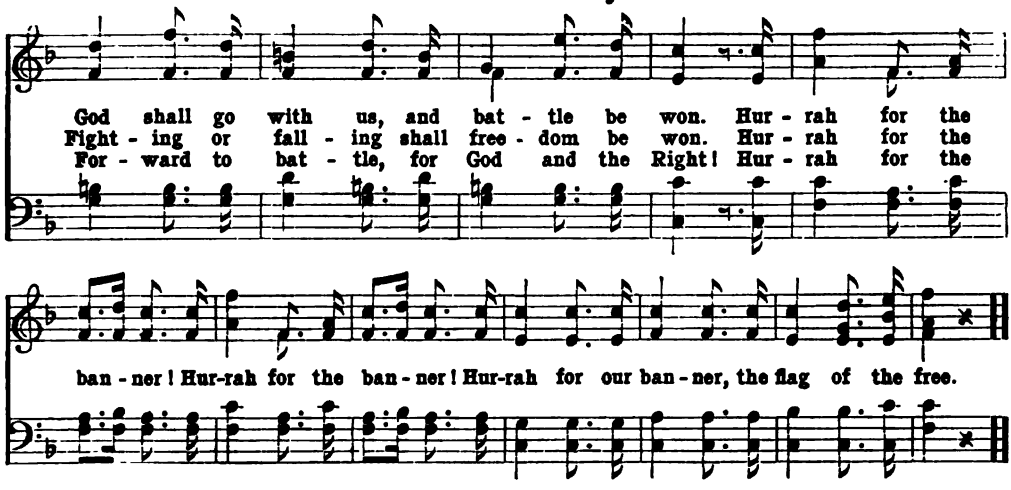
1. All for-ward! All for-ward! All for-ward to bat-tle! The trumpets are
2. All for-ward! All for-ward! All for-ward for Freedom! In ter - ri - ble
3. All for-ward! All for-ward! All forward to conquer! Where free hearts are

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.

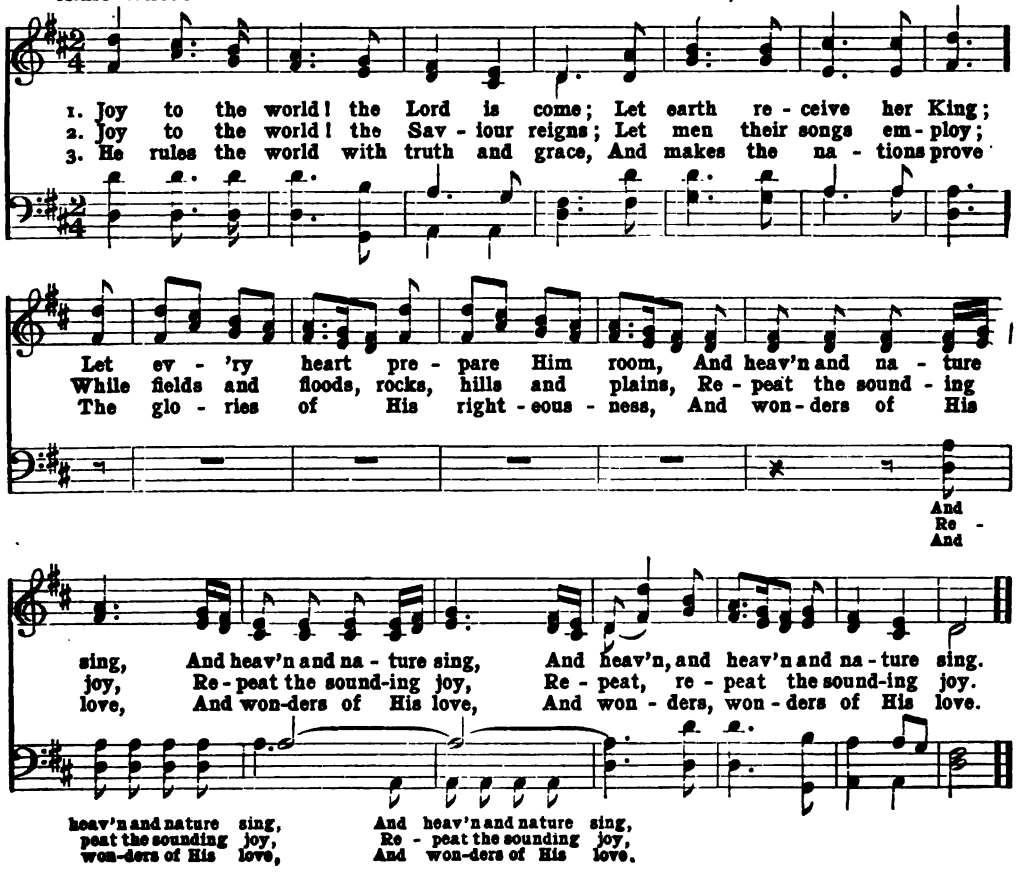
Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty! death-less and glo - rious, Un - der thy ban - ner thy
for - ward! to glo - ry, though life-blood is pouring, Where bright swords are flashing, and
For - ward! all for - ward! the trum - pets are cry - ing; The drum beats to arms, our old

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,



Joy to the World

ISAAC WATTS — Tune, "Antioch." I. MASON



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 night; I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for I am
2. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin - ing, I am long-ing, I am long-ing for the sight; There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing, I am long-ing, I am long-ing for the sight! With - in a coun - try, unknown and
3. Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing, My Re - deem-er, my Re-deem-er is the light; Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing, My Re - deem-er, my Re-deem-er is the light; There no sor - row, nor an - y

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.

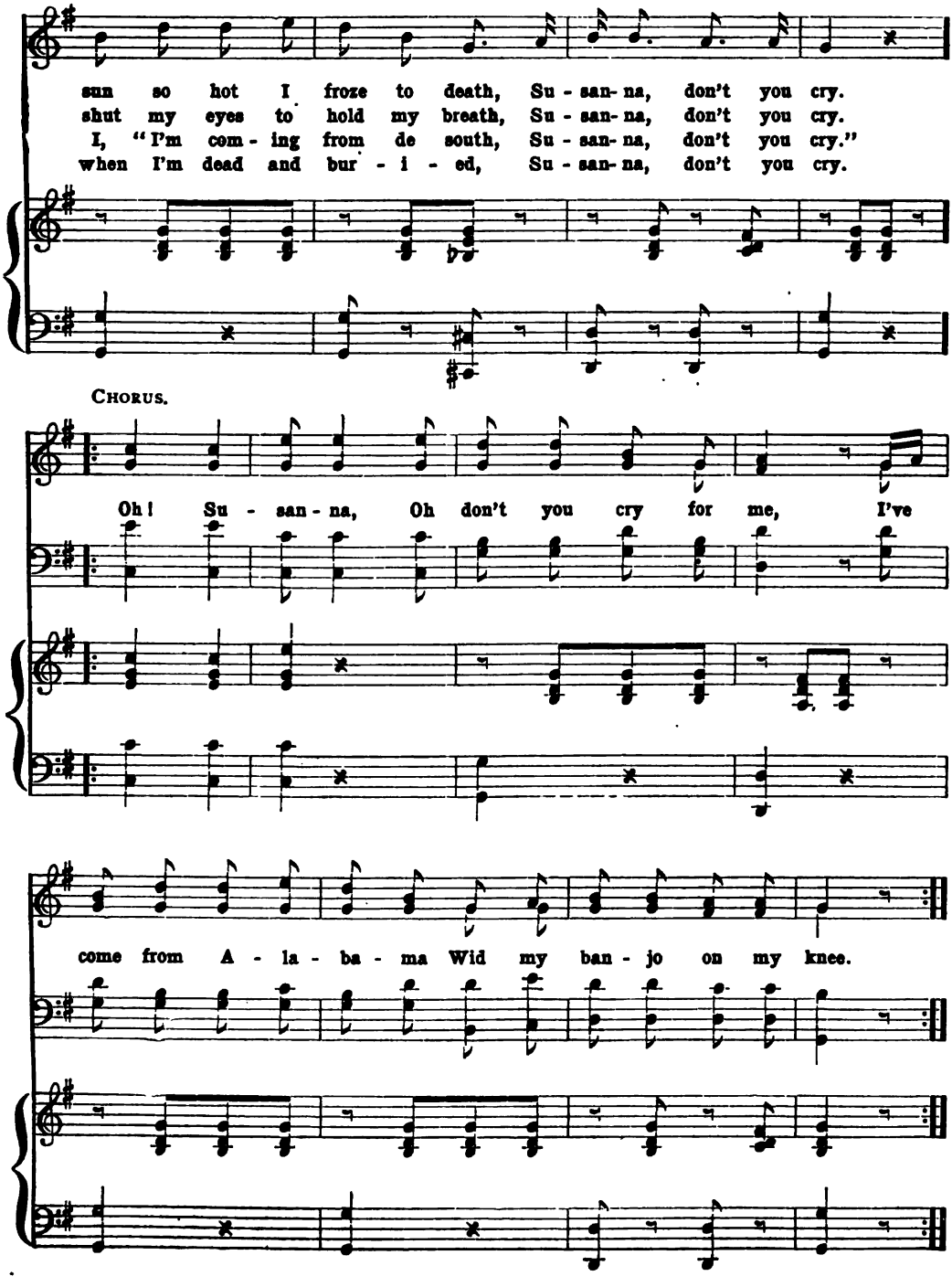
Oh! Susanna

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.

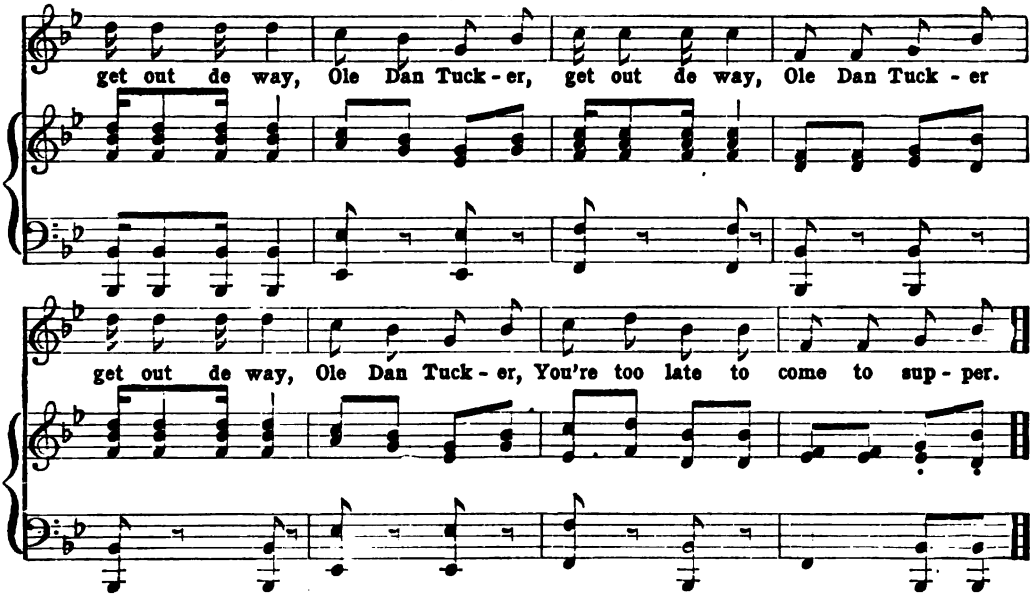
Old Dan Tucker

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

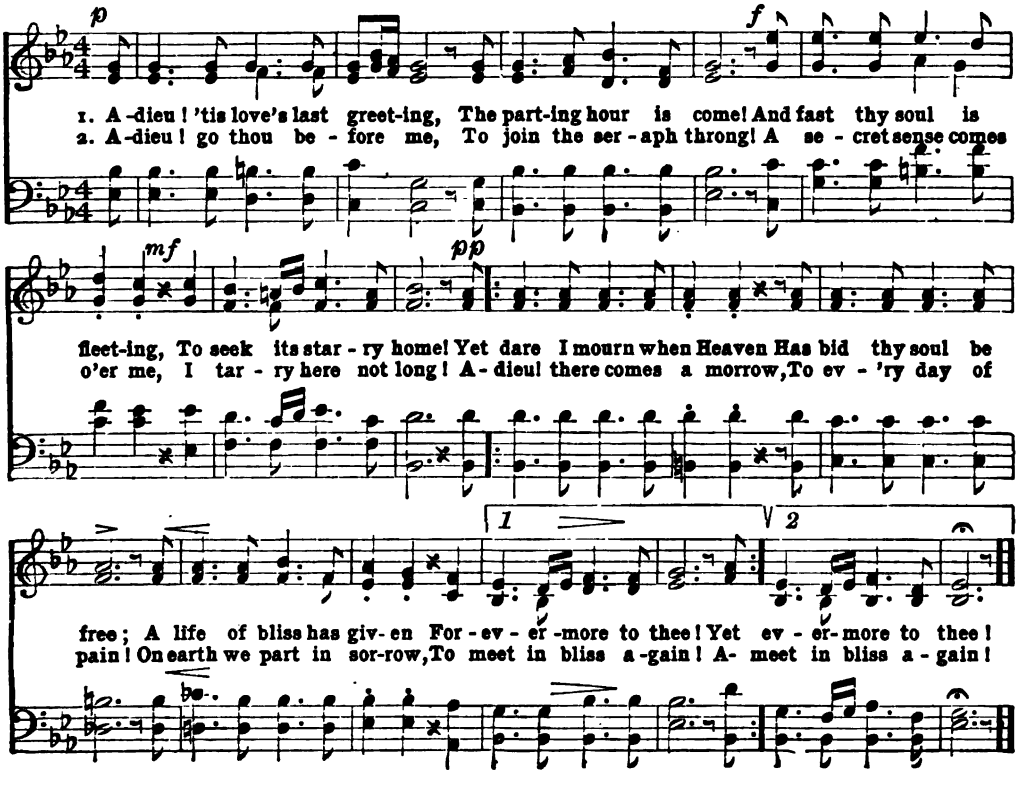
saw de fight, De watch-man was a run - nin roun, Cry - in
put in the swill; The mil-ler he swore by the point of his knife He
was a - bout? He tread on my corn; I kick him on the shin And
and de fife; He play de nig - gers all to sleep An
home to sup - per; Ole Dan he has had his last ride And de

"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 - ied by his side. So



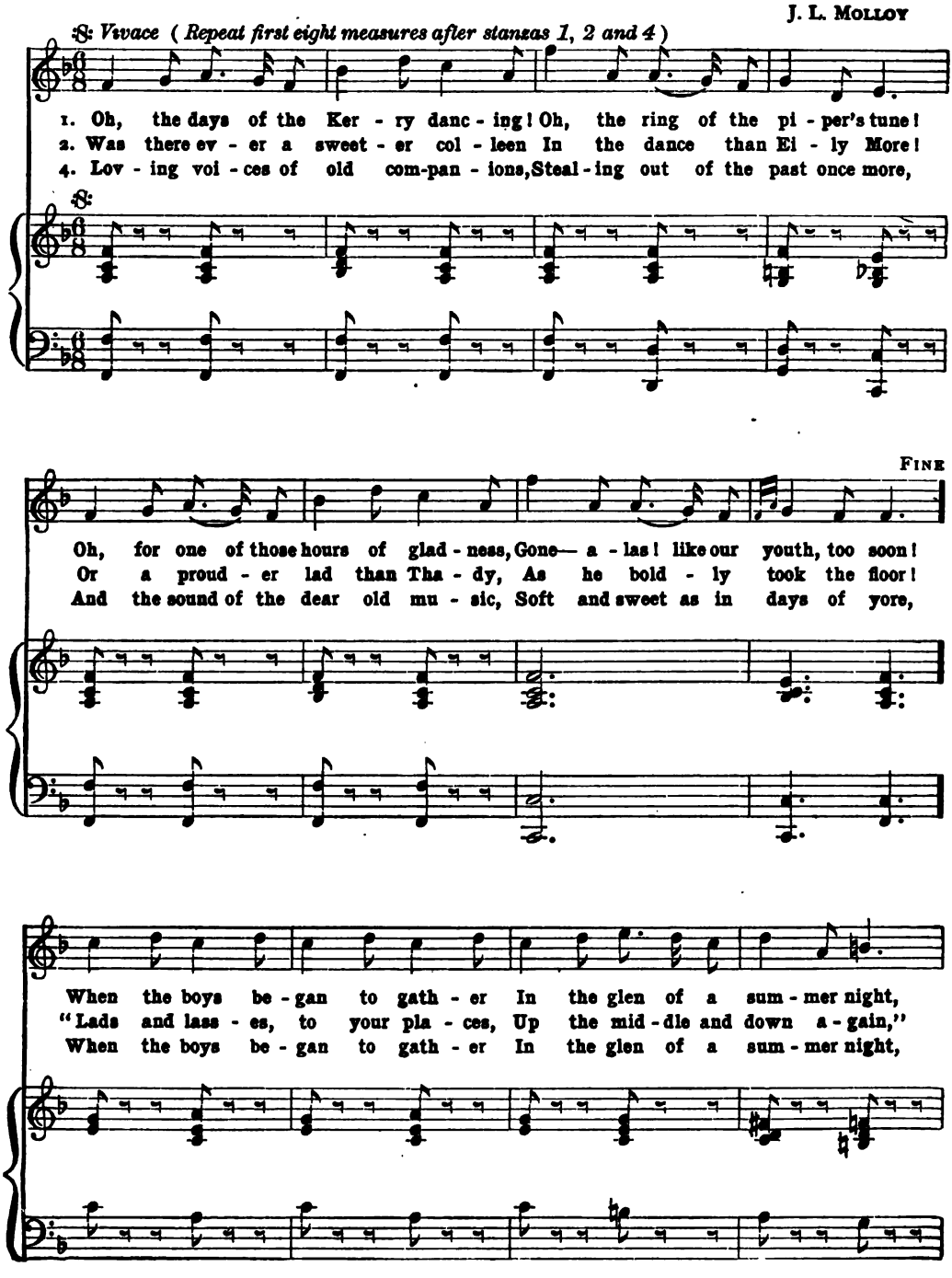
Adieu! 'Tis Love's Last Greeting

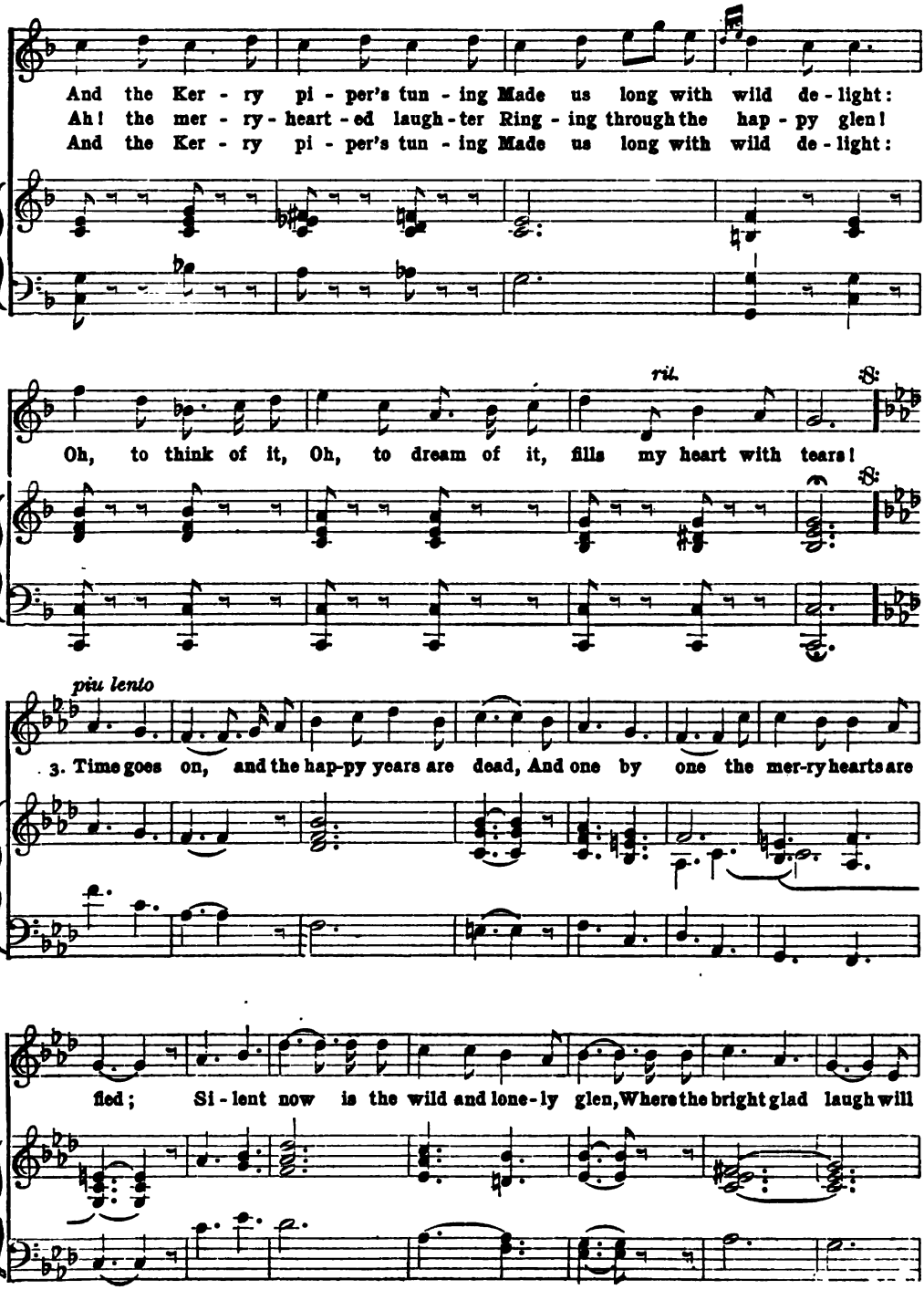
SCHUBERT

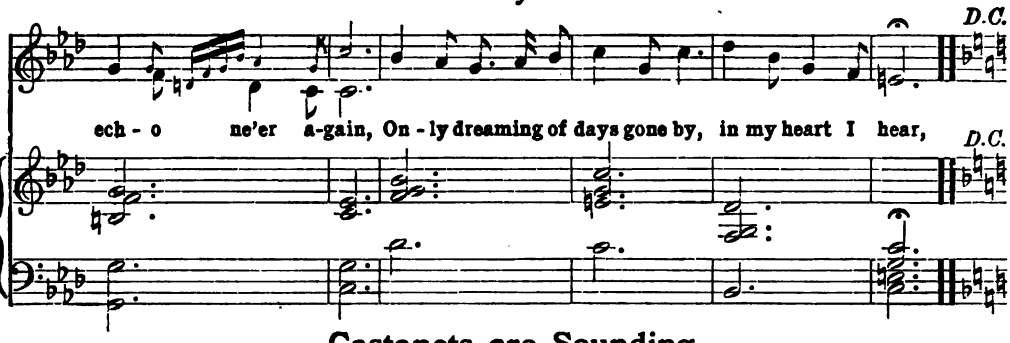


The Kerry Dance

J. L. Molloy

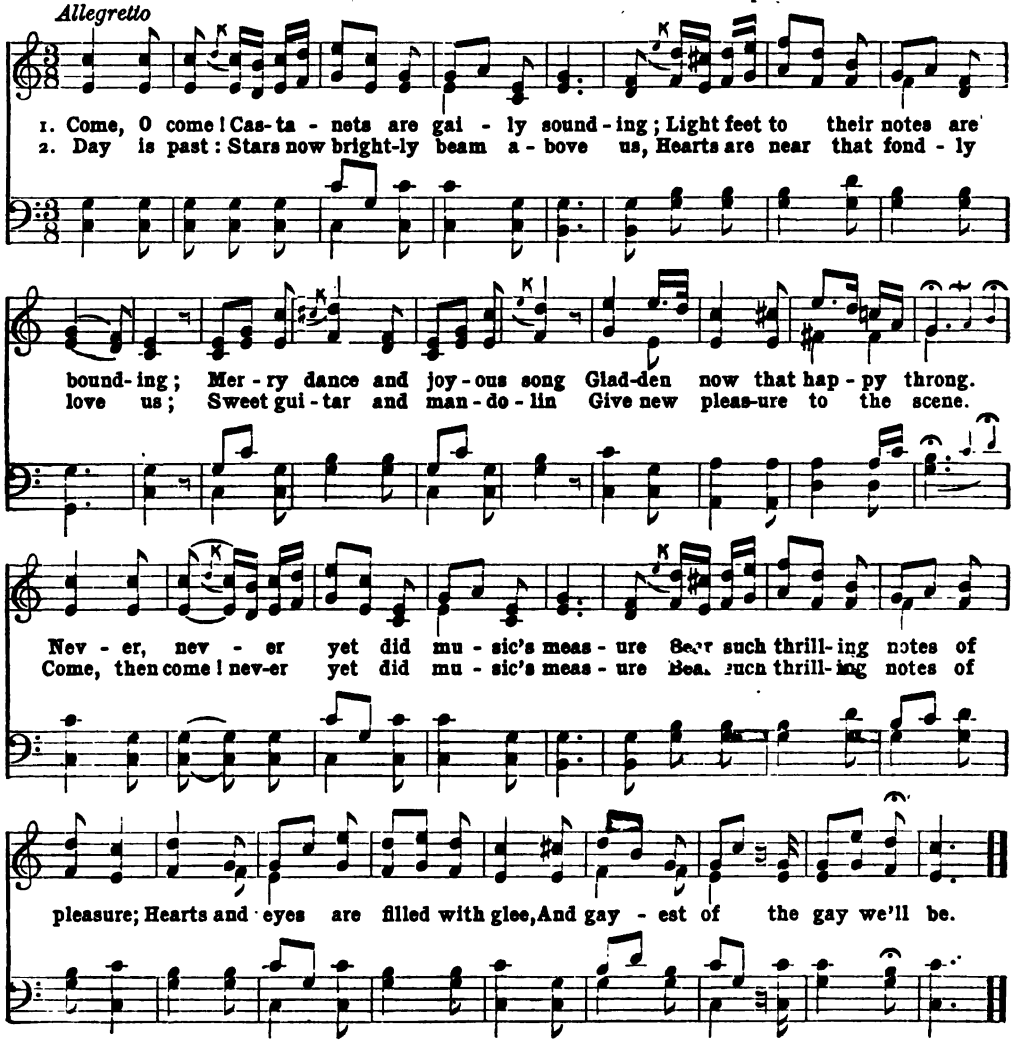



And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing Made us long with wild de - light:
Ah! the mer - ry - heart - ed laugh - ter Ring - ing through the hap - py glen!
And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing Made us long with wild de - light:
rit.
Oh, to think of it, Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!
più lento
3. Time goes on, and the hap-py years are dead, And one by one the mer-ry hearts are
fled; Si - lent now is the wild and lone - ly glen, Where the bright glad laugh will

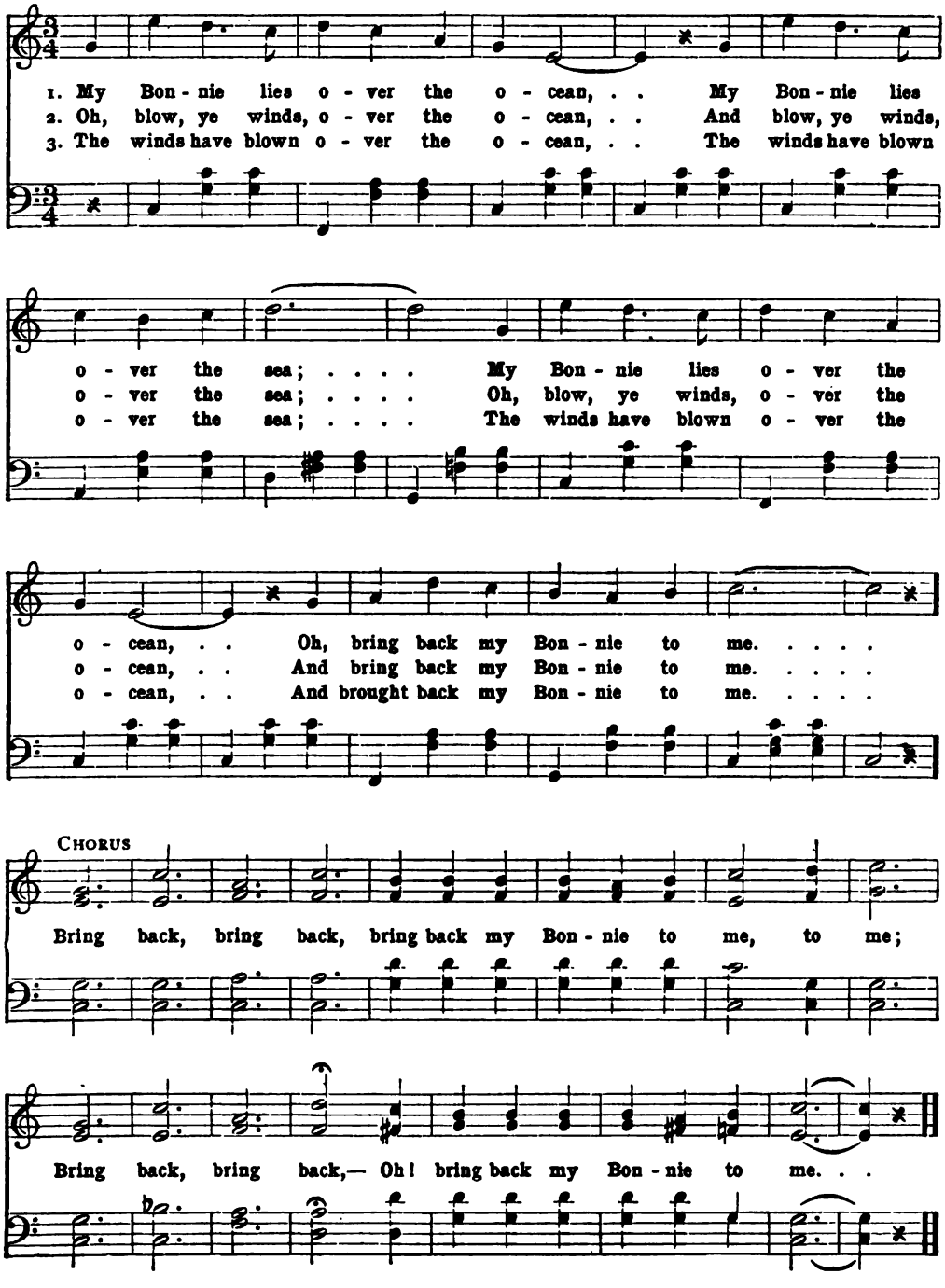


Castanets are Sounding

Spanish "La Cachuca"



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

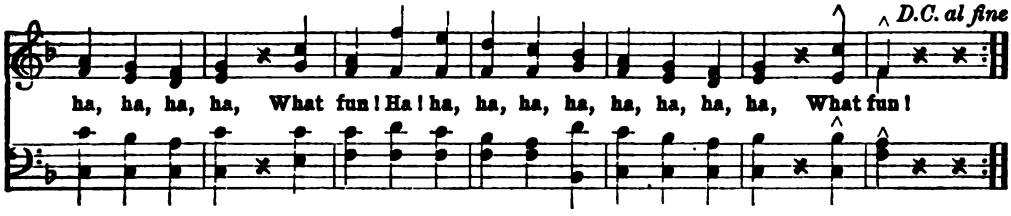
A. G. Crowe

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, see - saw, On this our hol - i - day. 1. There's Pol-ly and John-ny and Kit-ty and Jane, All run-ning to get on the See-saw a - gain, But Bob-by and Sal-ly al - read - y are there, And swinging the See-saw up high in the air. Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha,

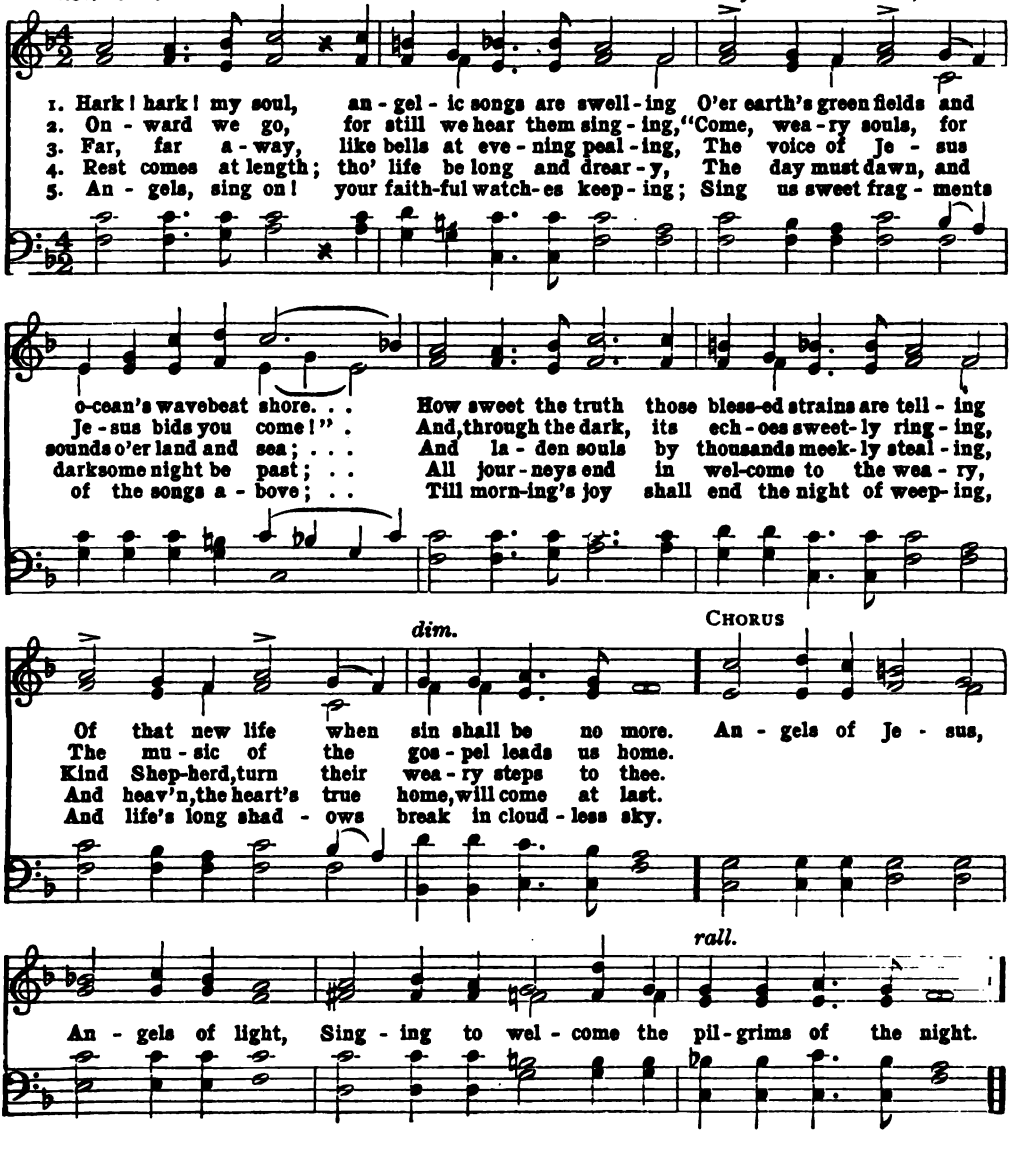
Fine

2. Then come, boys and girls, and all join hands a - round, And mer - ri - ly skip with de - light o'er the ground, Such frol - ic-some games ne'er be - fore have been seen, As we'll have to - day on the old village green. Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha,



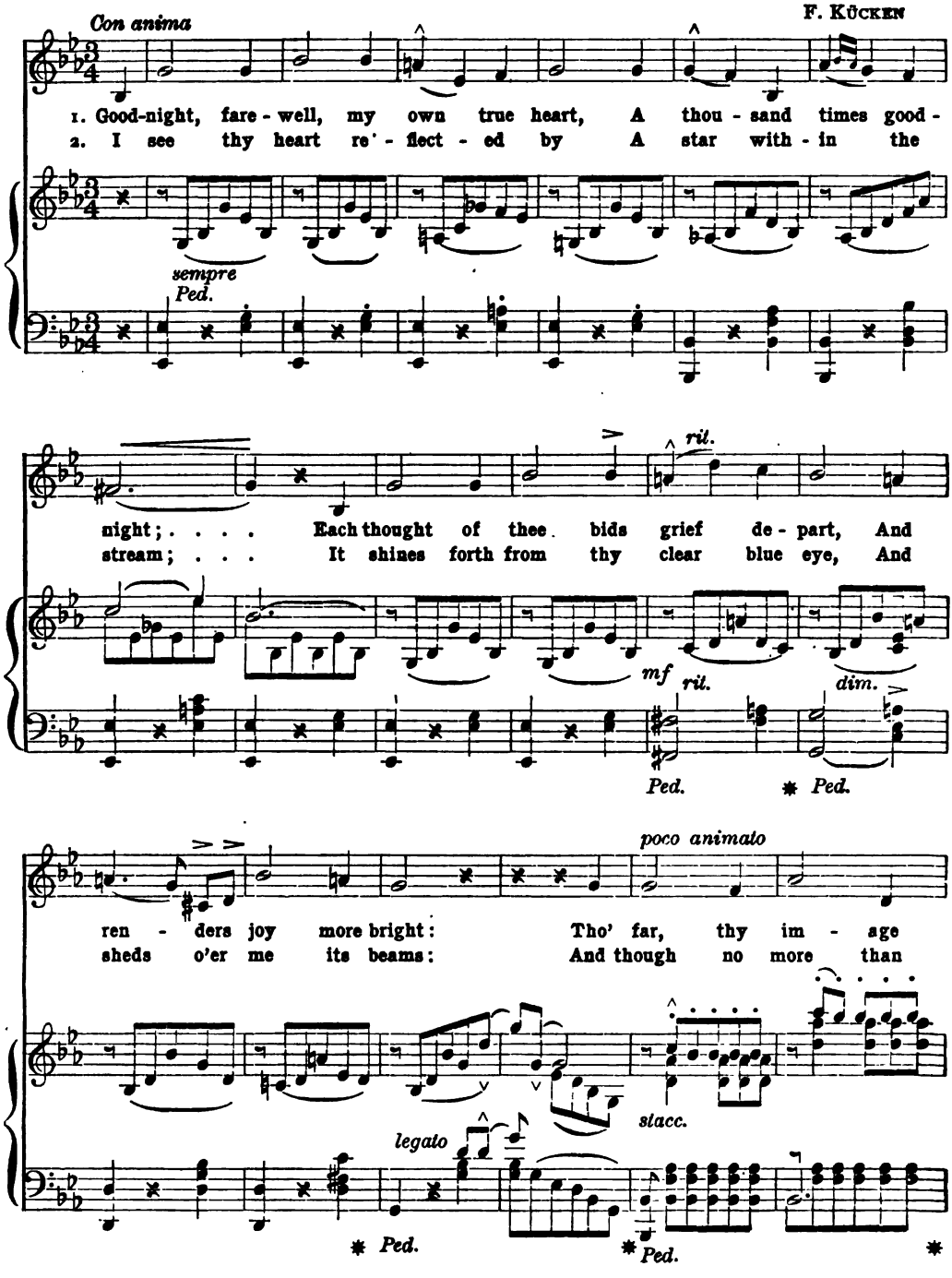
Angelic Songs are Swelling

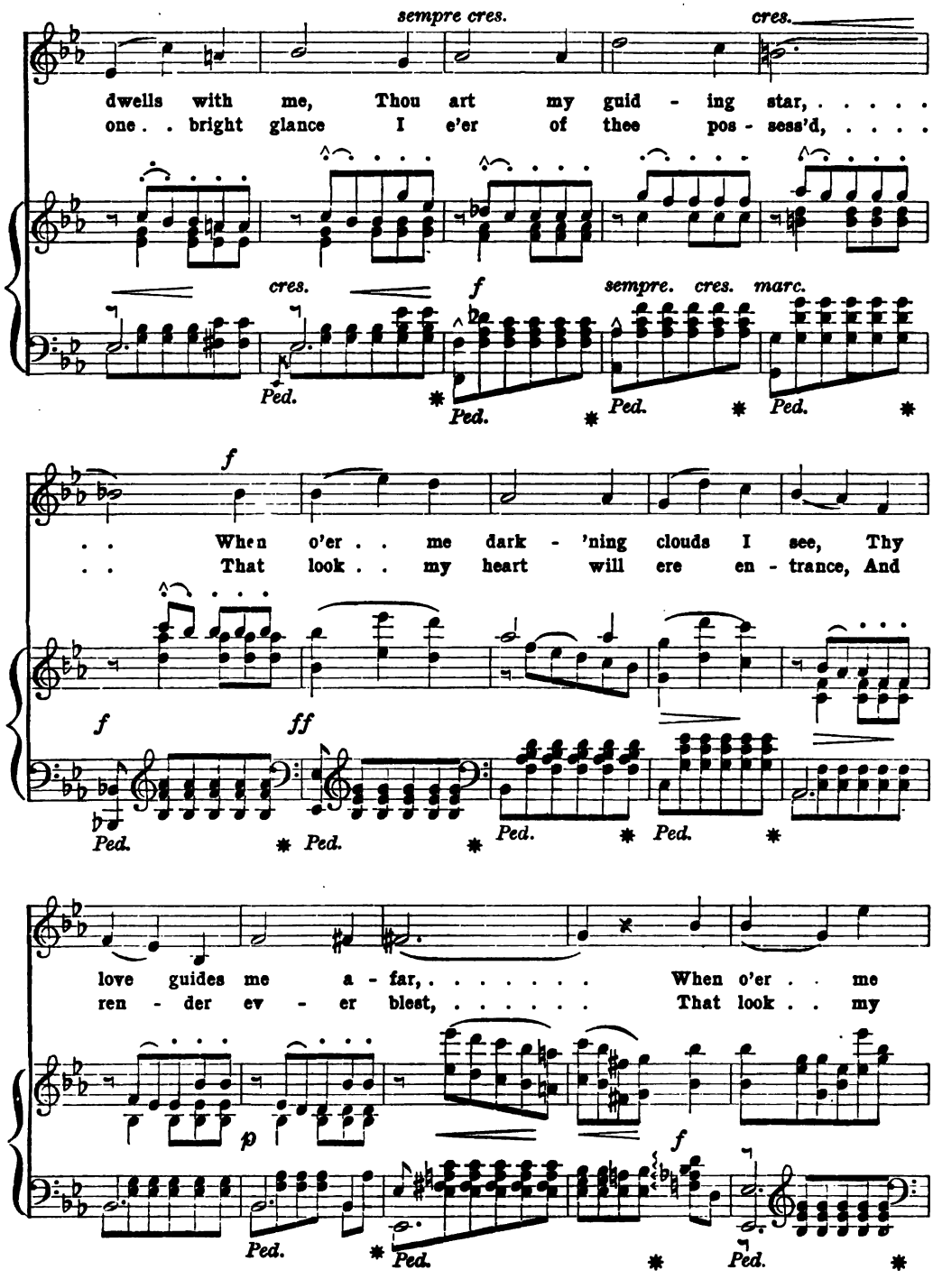
Rev. F. W. Faber — J. M. Armstrong, arr.



Good-Night, Farewell

F. Kücken




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.
f
. . When o'er . . me dark - 'ning clouds I see, Thy
. . That look . . my heart will ere en - trance, And
f
ff
Ped.
love guides me a - far, ... When o'er . . me
ren - der ev - er blest, ... That look . . my
p
f
Ped.

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 . .

Ped. * *Ped.* *cres.*

f *rit.* *dim.*

thou - sand times fare - well! Good - night, fare - well, my

f *ff* *rit. dim.* *p* *tranquillo dol.* *p* *Ped.* * *pp*

own true heart. . . . . .

Andante

Ped. * *cres. e sostenuto.* *f marc.*

Ah! So Pure

From FLOTOW's "Martha"

Moderato. Dolce ed espress.

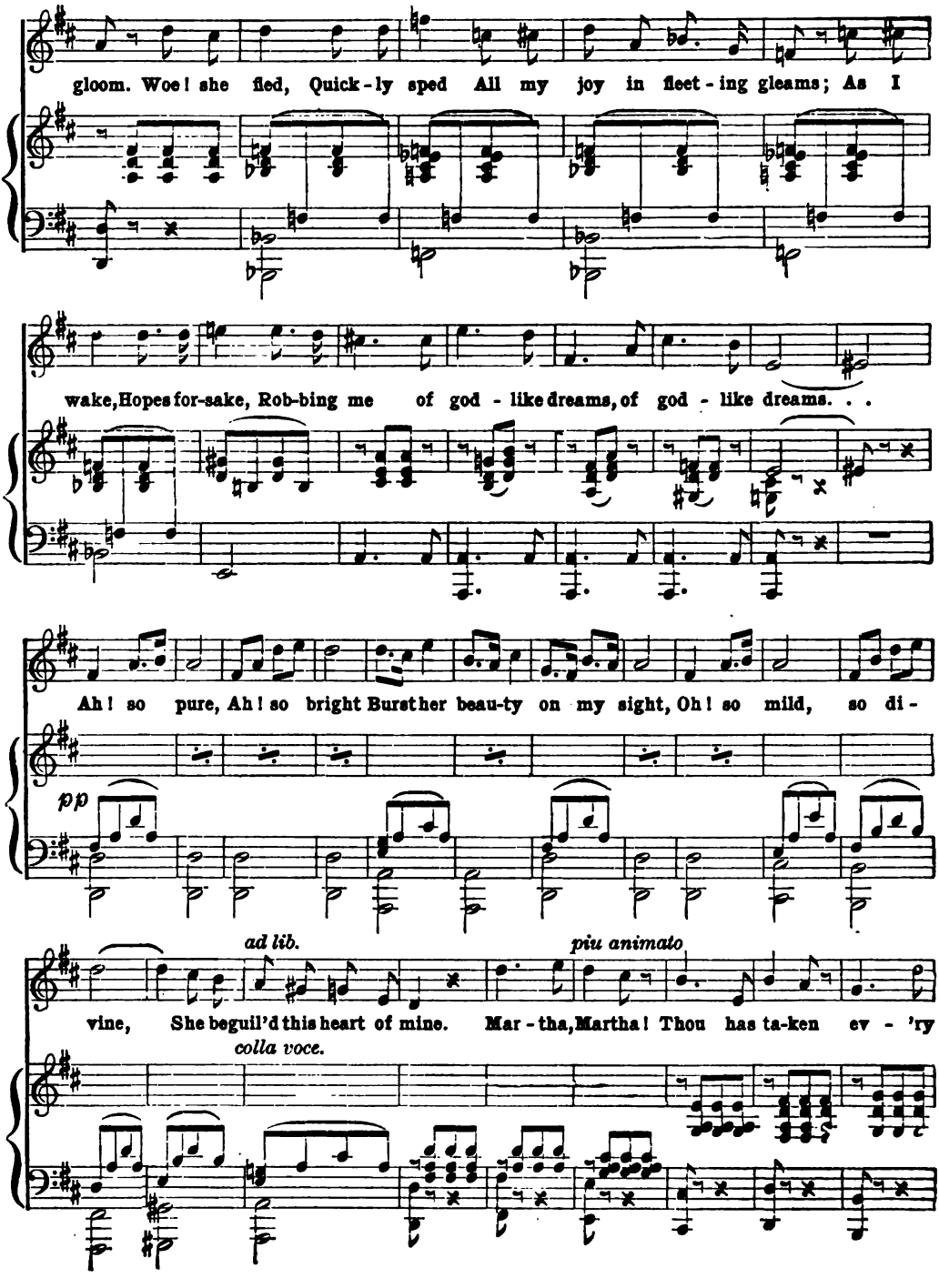
p

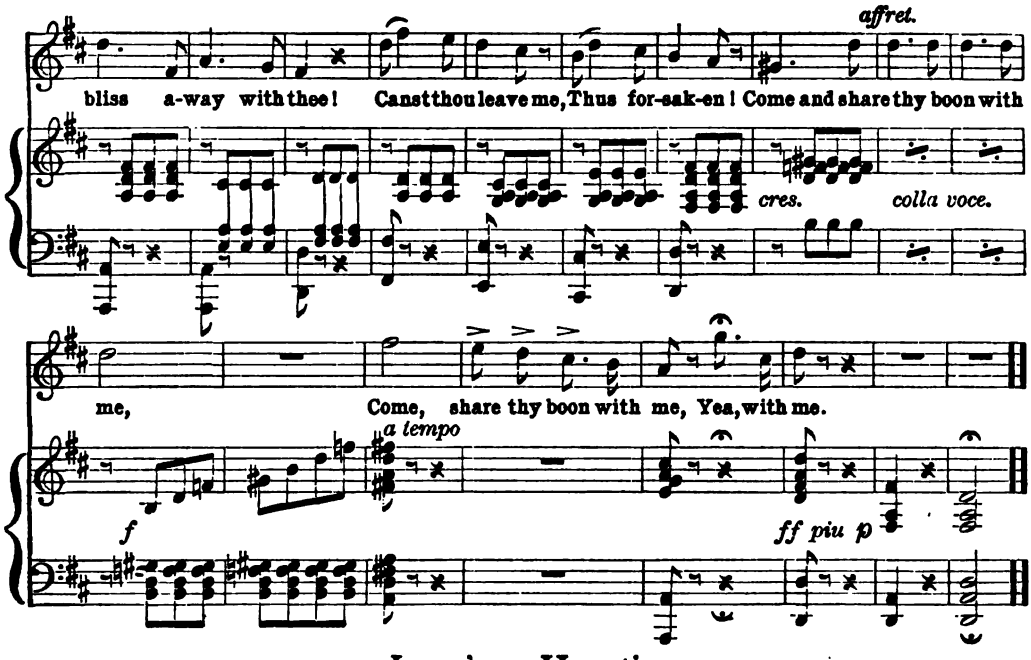
Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright, Burst her beauty on my sight; Oh! so mild, so di - vine,

She be - guil'd this heart of mine: . . . Reft of aim, E'er she came, Dark the

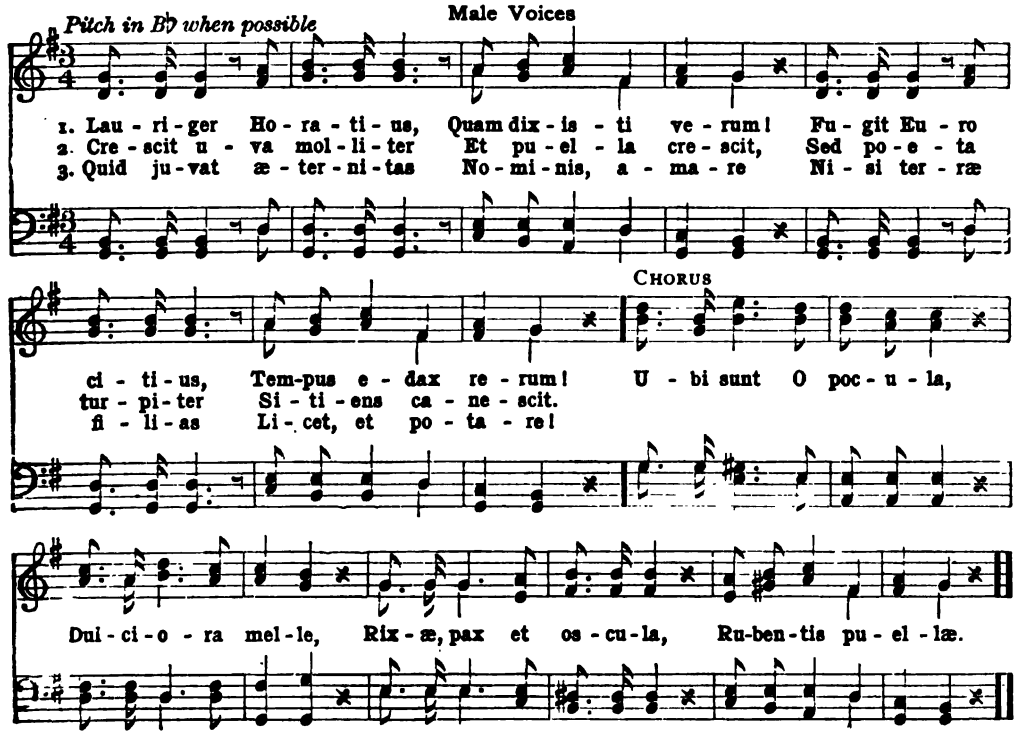
p

fu - ture seem'd to loom, Till her clear Bril - liant sphere New with light dis-pelled the


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 Burst her beau-ty on my sight, Oh! so mild, so di-
pp
ad lib.
piu animato
vine, She beguil'd this heart of mine. Mar-tha, Martha! Thou has ta-ken ev-'ry
colla voce.



Lauriger Horatius



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

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

f

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

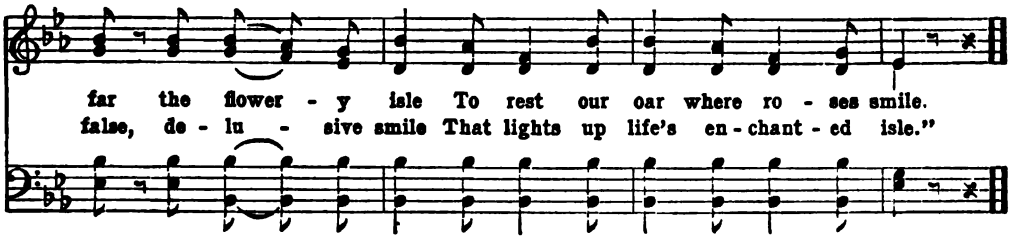
p

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

ff

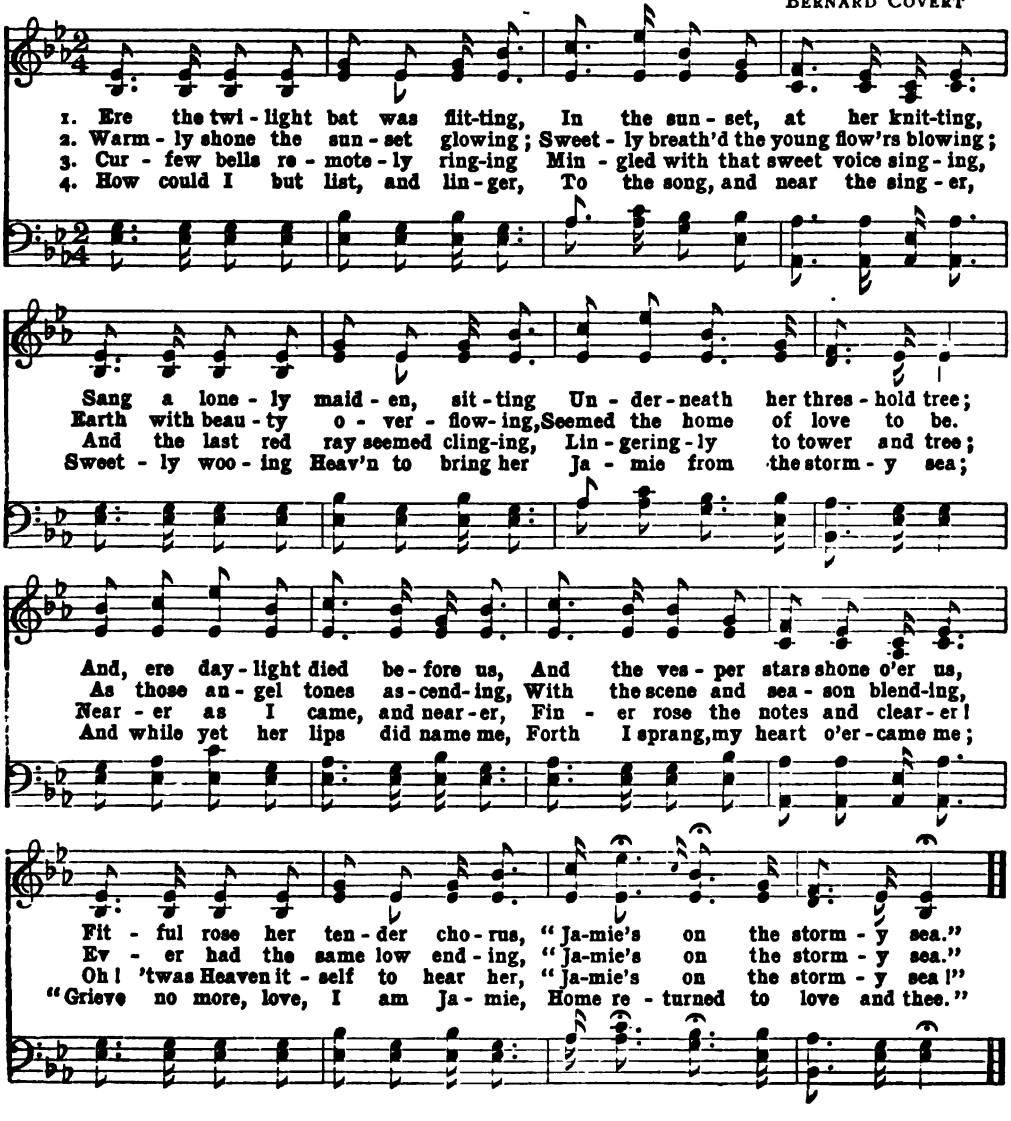
far the flower - y isle To rest our oar where ro - ses smile; And seek a -
false, de - lu - sive smile That lights up life's en - chant-ed isle; Be - ware the

p



Jamie's on the Stormy Sea

BERNARD COVERT



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

p

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

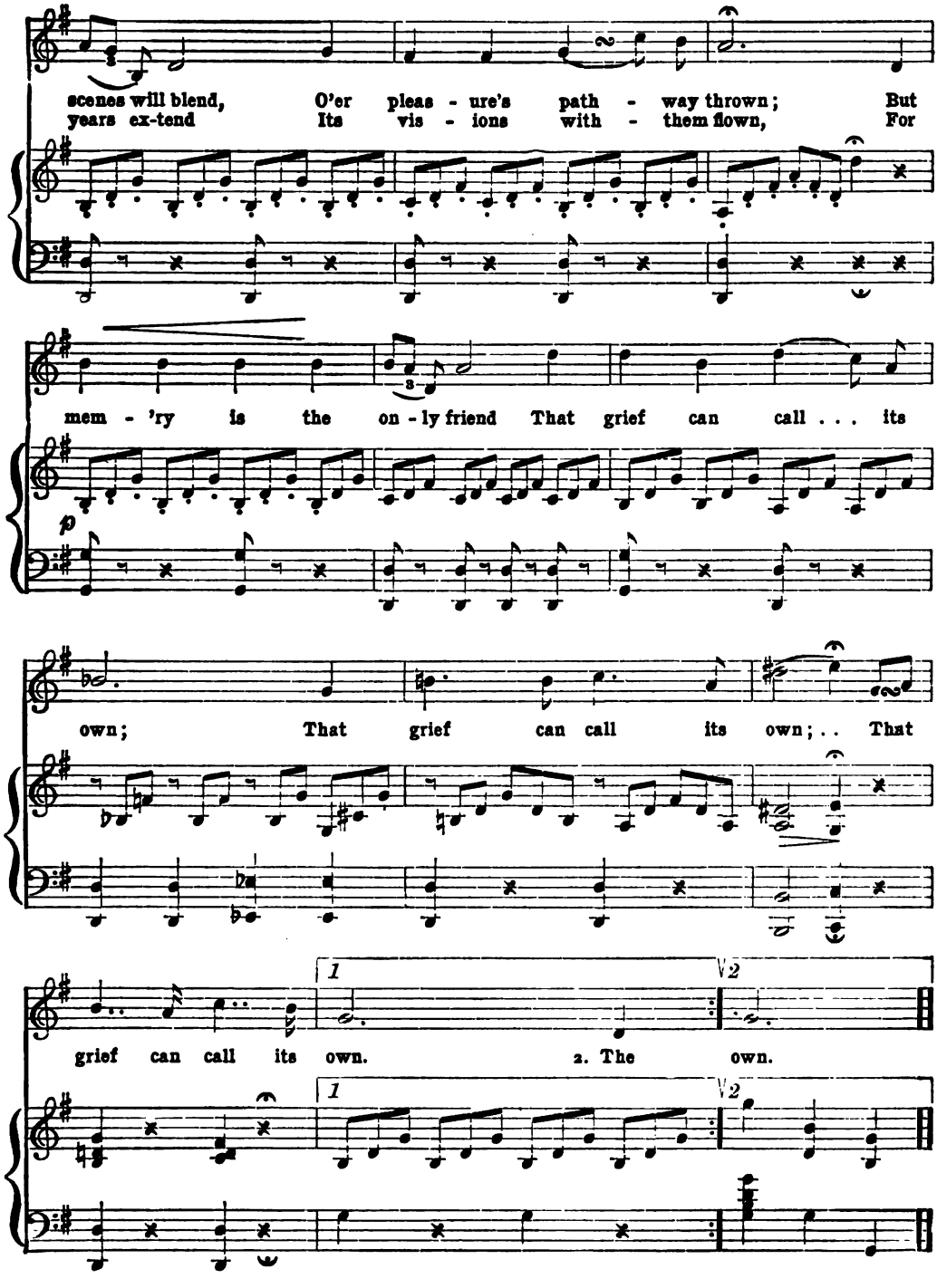
pp

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 1880, in "Pinafore." She died in 1905. Her popular encore was "Robin Adair"—Heart Songs, p. 288.


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
p
own; That grief can call its own; . . That
grief can call its own. 2. The own.
1
2

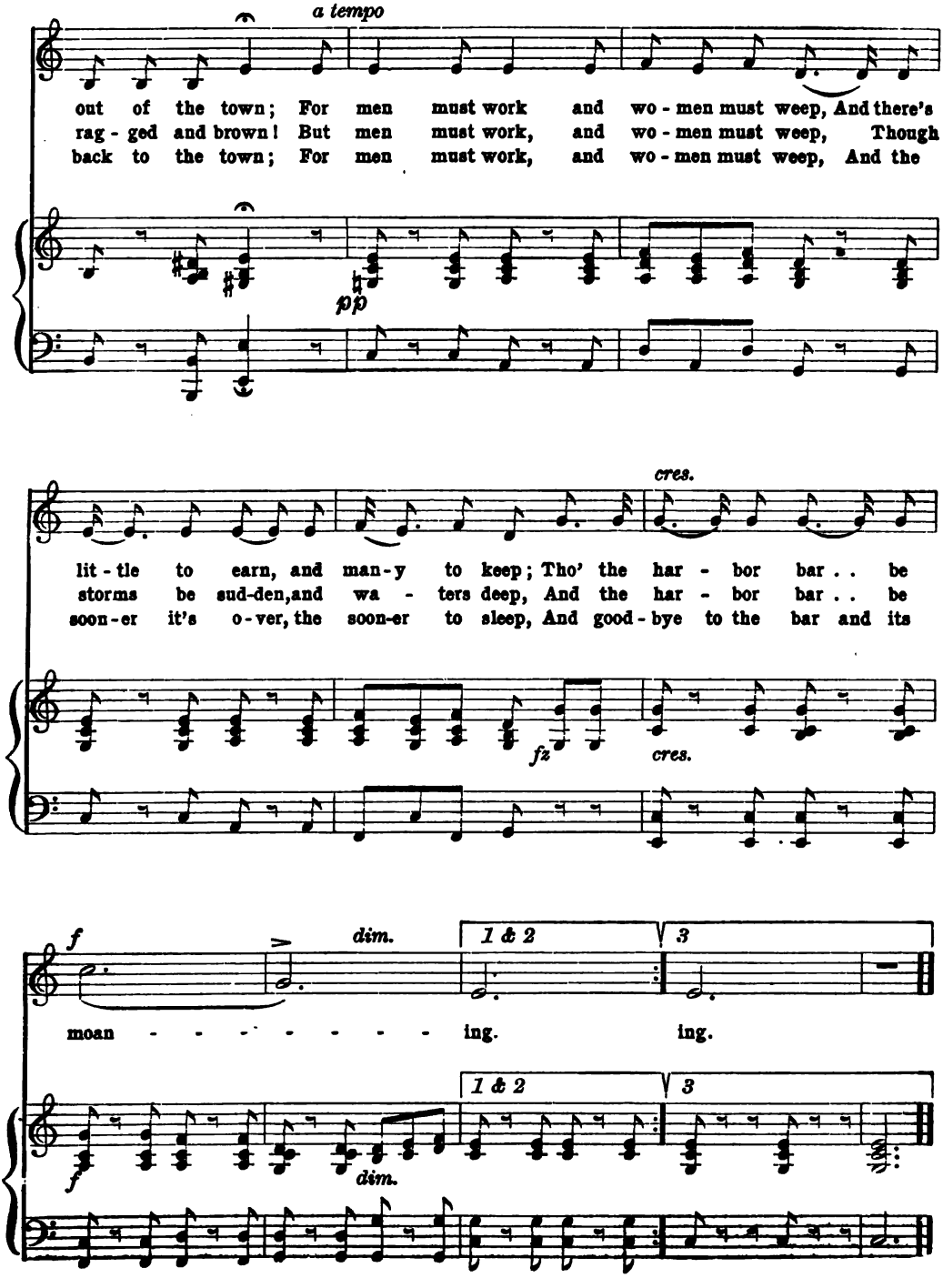
Three Fishers Went Sailing

C. Kingsley — J. Hullah

Andantino

1. Three fish - ers went sail - ing out in - to the west, Out in - to the west as the sun went down; Each thought on the wo-man who lov'd him the best, And the chil-dren stood watching them
2. Three wives sat up in the light - house tow'r And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down; They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the show'r, And the night-rack came roll - ing up
3. Three corps - es lay out on the shin - ing sands, In the morn - ing gleam as the tide went down, And the wo - men are weep-ing and wring - ing their hands For those who will nev - er come

pp *mf* *un poco rall.* *fz* *p*

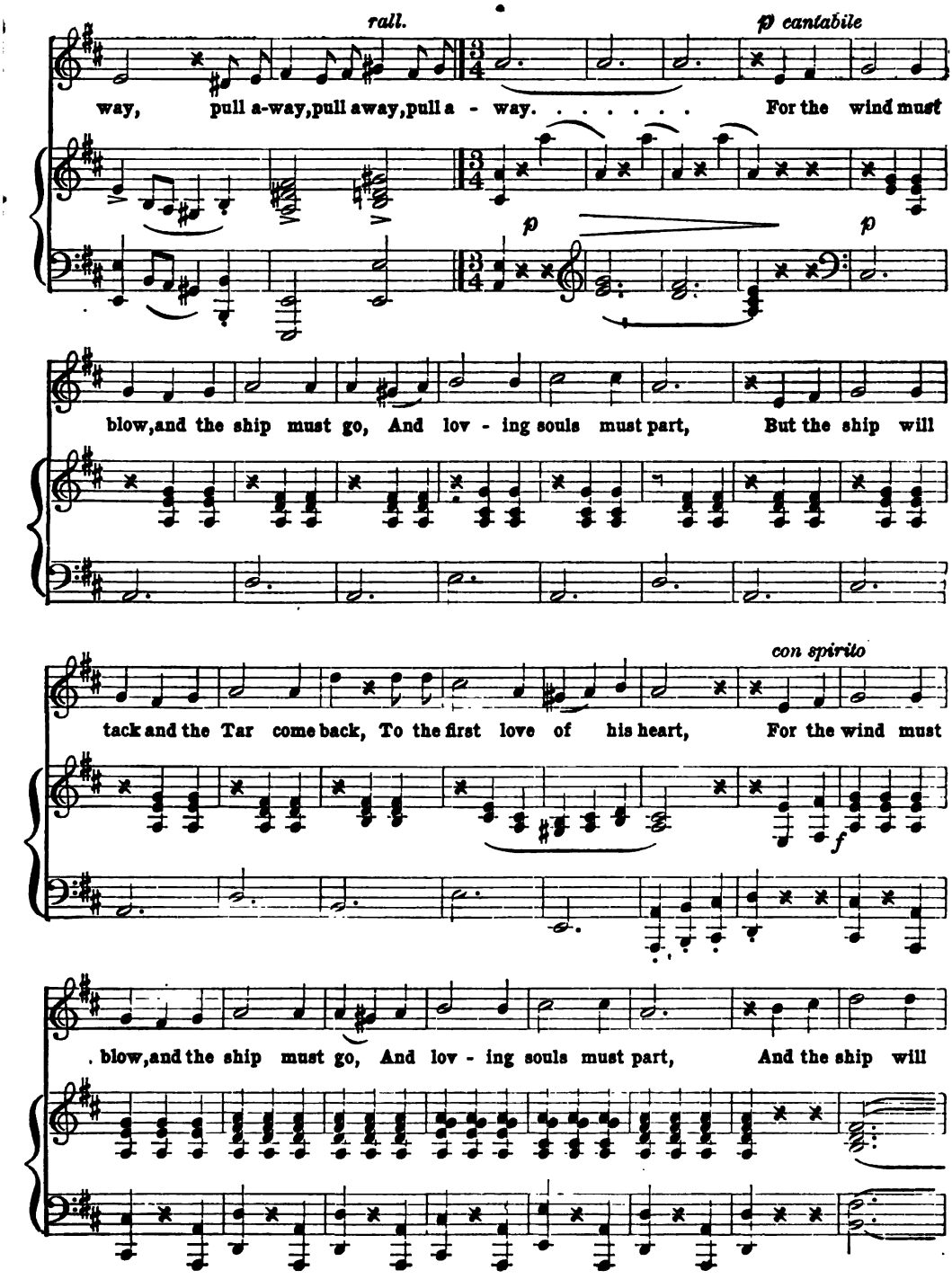

a tempo
out of the town; For men must work and wo - men must weep, And there's
rag - ged and brown! But men must work, and wo - men must weep, Though
back to the town; For men must work, and wo - men must weep, And the
pp
cres.
lit - tle to earn, and man - y to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar . . be
storms 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
fz
cres.
f
dim.
1 & 2
3
moan - - - - - - - - ing. ing.
f
dim.
1 & 2
3

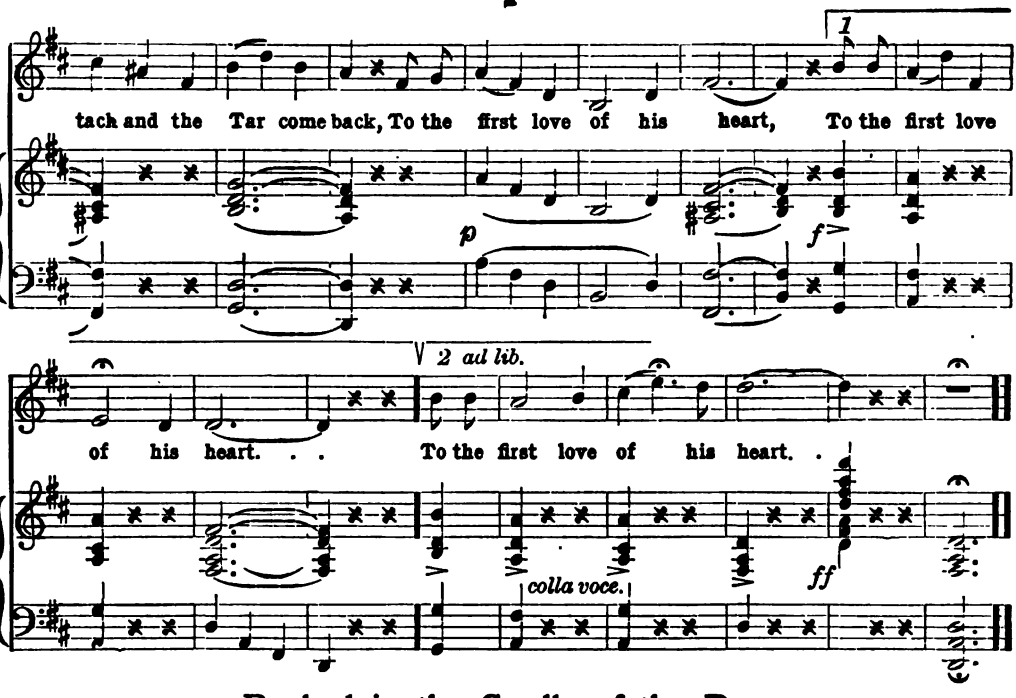
The Tar's Farewell

STEPHEN ADAMS

Moderato con energia

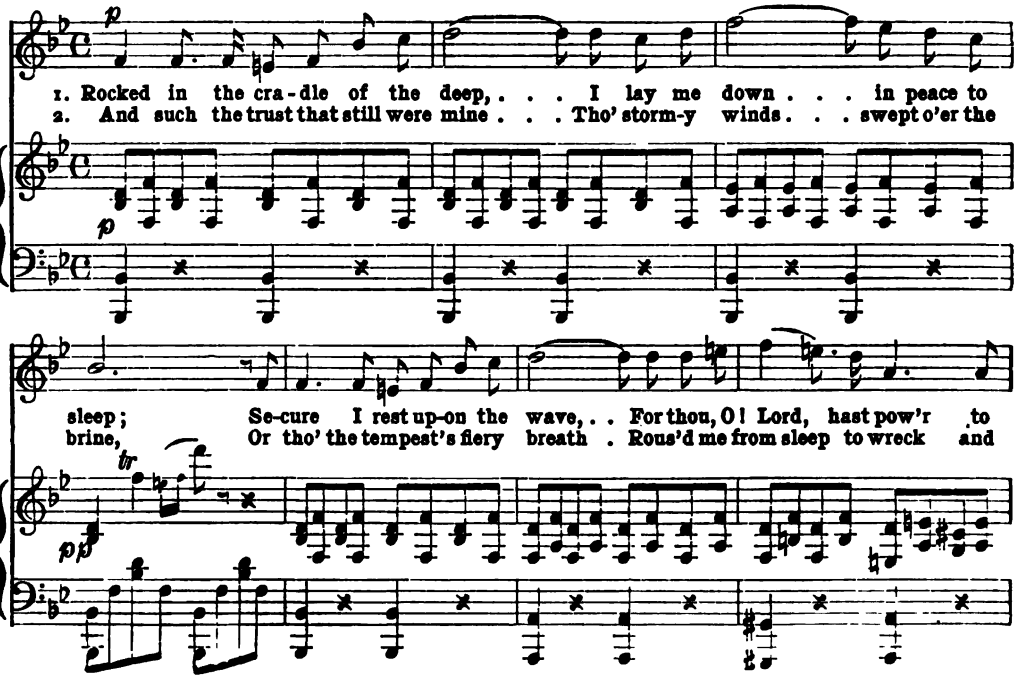
1. When forced to bid fare-well to Loo, Pull a-way, my boys, pull a-way, I did not know what I should do, pull a-way, pull a-way, I left her weep-ing on the quay, She said she would be true to me, As we sailed a-way to the south-ern sea, Pull a-way, my boys, pull a-
2. But then if false should prove my fair, Pull a-way, my boys, pull a-way, I'd burn this lit-tle lock of hair, pull a-way, pull a-way, If she be false and I be free, I'll sail a-gain to the south-ern sea, Where there are plen-ty as good as she, Pull a-way, my boys, pull a-

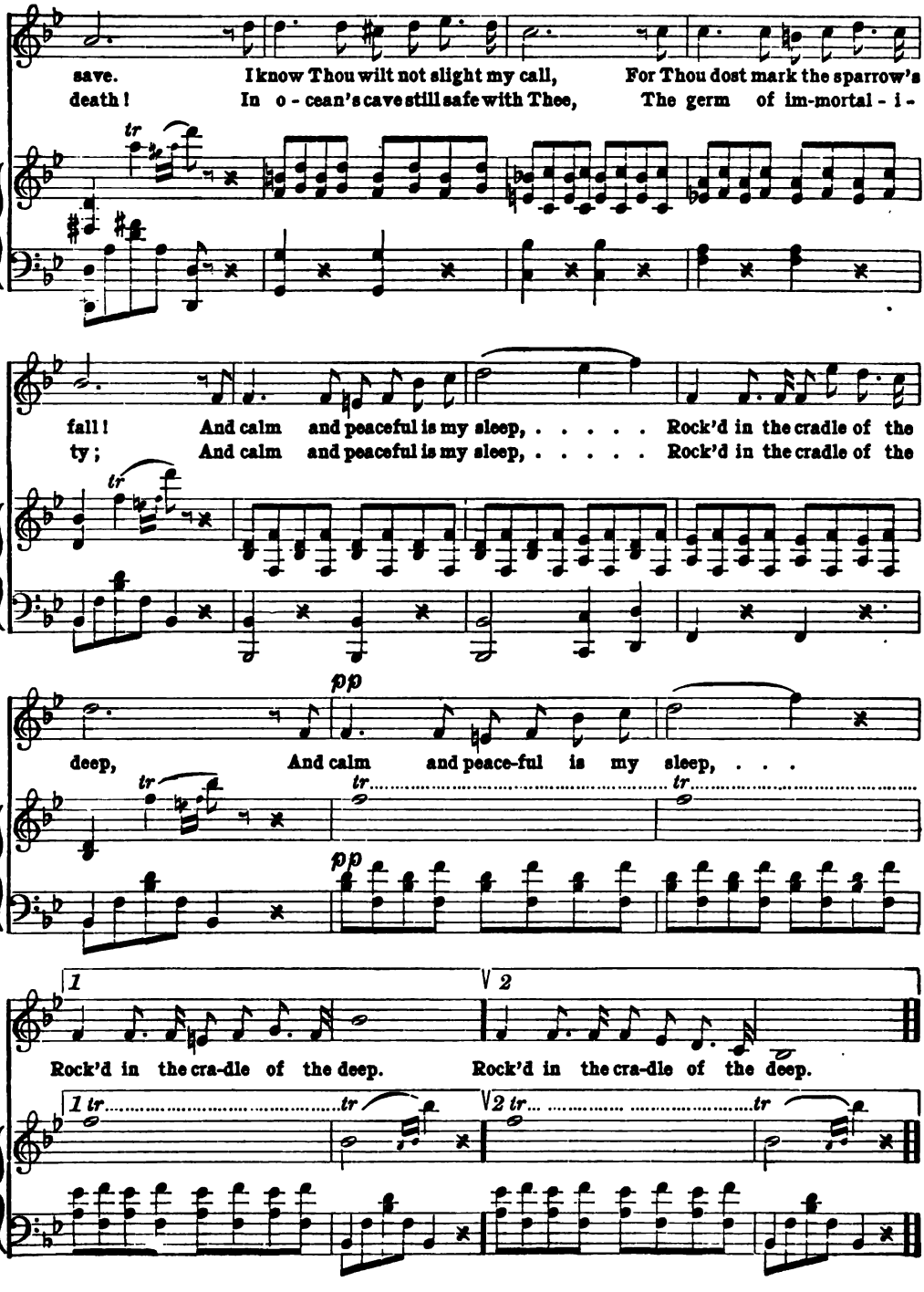

rall.
p cantabile
way, pull a-way, pull away, pull a - way. . . . . For the wind must
p
p
blow, and the ship must go, And lov - ing souls must part, But the ship will
con spirito
tack and the Tar come back, To the first love of his heart, For the wind must
f
. blow, and the ship must go, And lov - ing souls must part, And the ship will



Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

Mrs. Emma Willard — Joseph Philip Knight




save. I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's
death! In o - cean's cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mortal - i -
fall! And calm and peaceful is my sleep, ... Rock'd in the cradle of the
ty; And calm and peaceful is my sleep, ... Rock'd in the cradle of the
deep, And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . .
pp
1
2
Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.
tr

I Would That My Love

From the German of H. Heine — Felix Mendelssohn

Allegretto con moto

p

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

cres. *cres.*

f *dim.*

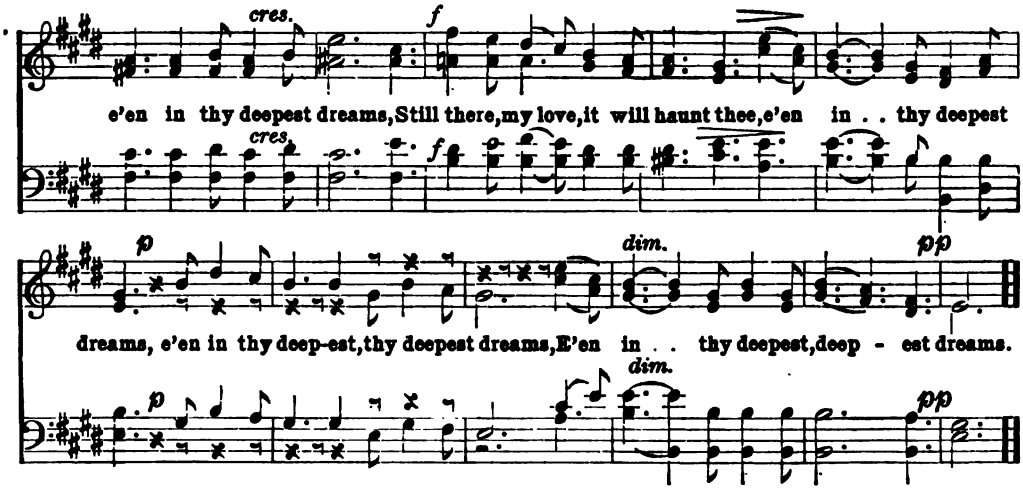
give it the mer-ry breez - es, They'd waft it a-way in sport, a - way in
hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry-where, and ev- 'ry

pp

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.

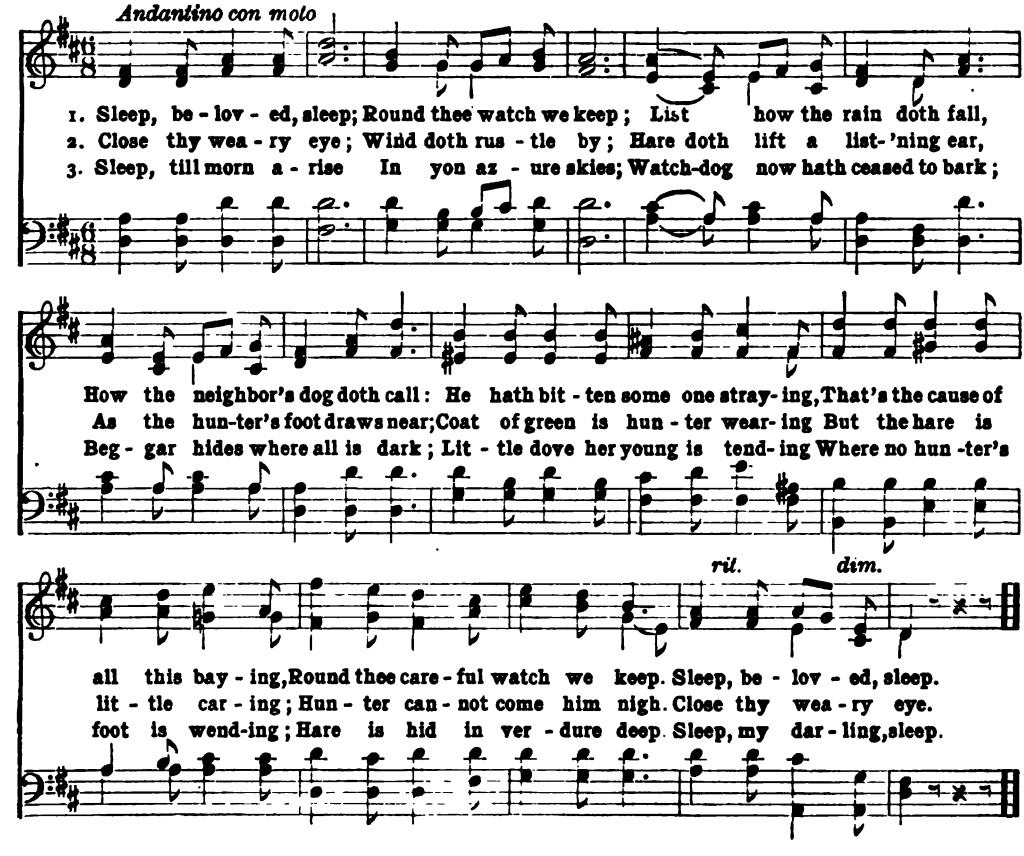
pp sempre *cres.*

slum - ber have closed thine bright heav'nly beams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee,



Sleep, Beloved, Sleep

W. Taubert

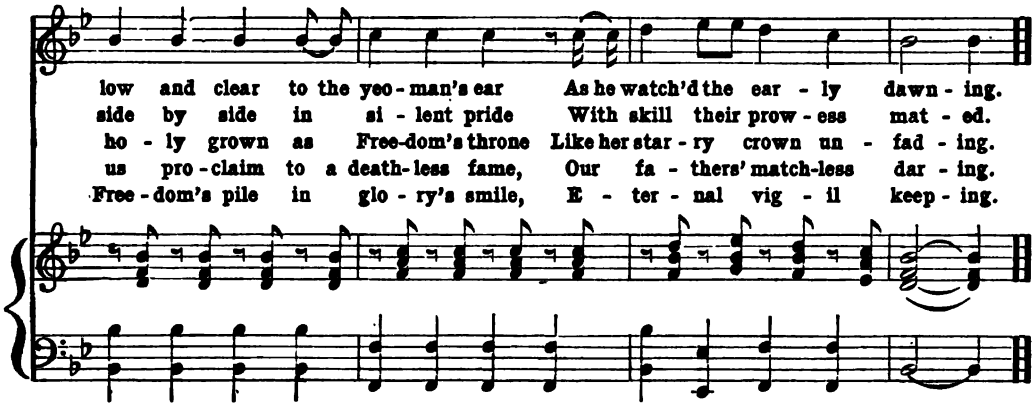


Bunker Hill

Sung at the Dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843

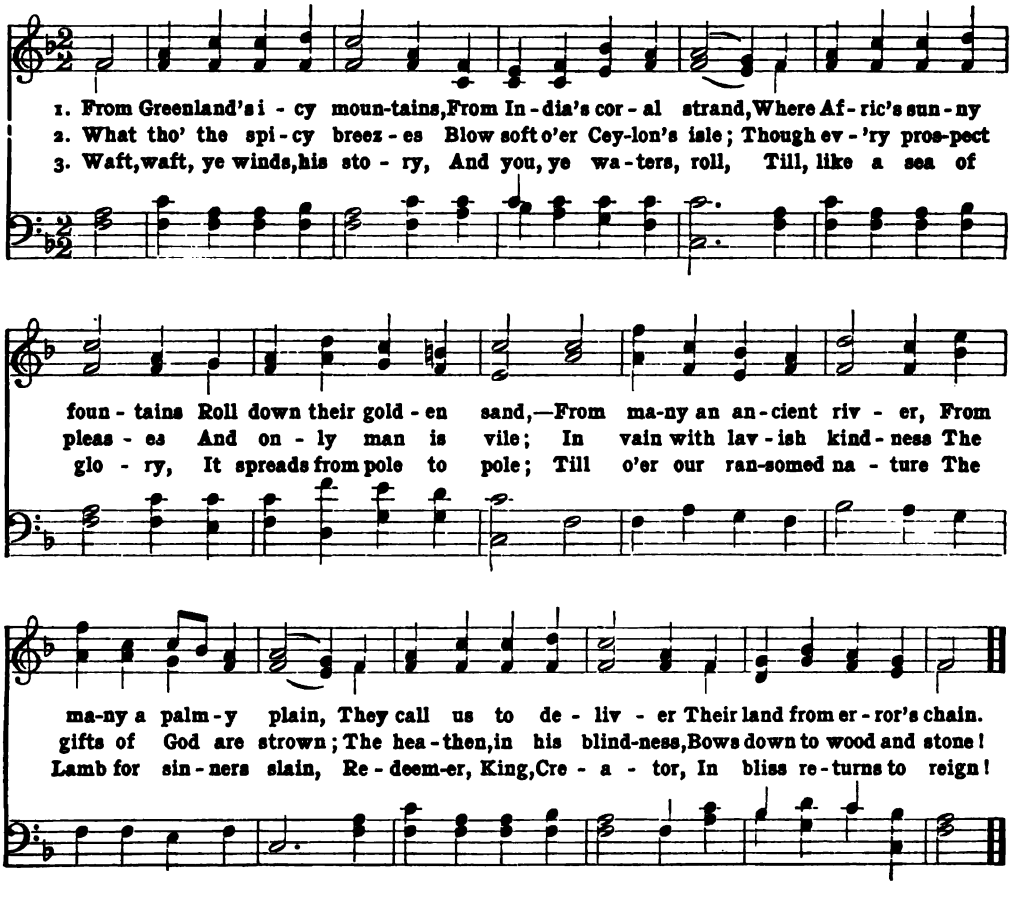
JAMES B. TAYLOR — HENRY L. TUCKERMAN

1. Lone - ly and still was the wood and hill, And the waves be - low yet slumbered. The breez - es light of a sum - mer night All the dew - y hours num - bered. The sen - try's tramp from the foe-man's camp, With his tone of has - ty warn - ing, Came
2. The he-roes tho't as they brave-ly wrought, Their coun-try's al - tar rear - ing, Of a no - ble land by val - or's hand Made free and home en - dear - ing. In firm ar - ray when broke the day, The dead - ly charge they wait - ed, And
3. Then wav'd the sword, then blood was pour'd, Op - pres-sion's host dis - may - ing, Death rent the air and the can - nons' glare O'er Free-dom's birth were play - ing. And that green height, with the eve - ning light Its crim - son turf o'er - shad - ing, Had
4. Once more the skies with sum - mer dyes, A - bove the fields are bend - ing, And the wa - ters still be - neath the hill Their crys - tal waves are blend - ing. But Peace di - vine a - round the shrine, Her bound-less har - vest wear - ing, Bids
5. To - day a throng with fes - tal song, The sa - cred mount o'er - flow - ing, Have gath-ered there with pomp and prayer, All hearts with rap - ture glow - ing. On the go - ry bed of the mar - tyred dead, Its shade ma - jes - tic sleep - ing, Stands



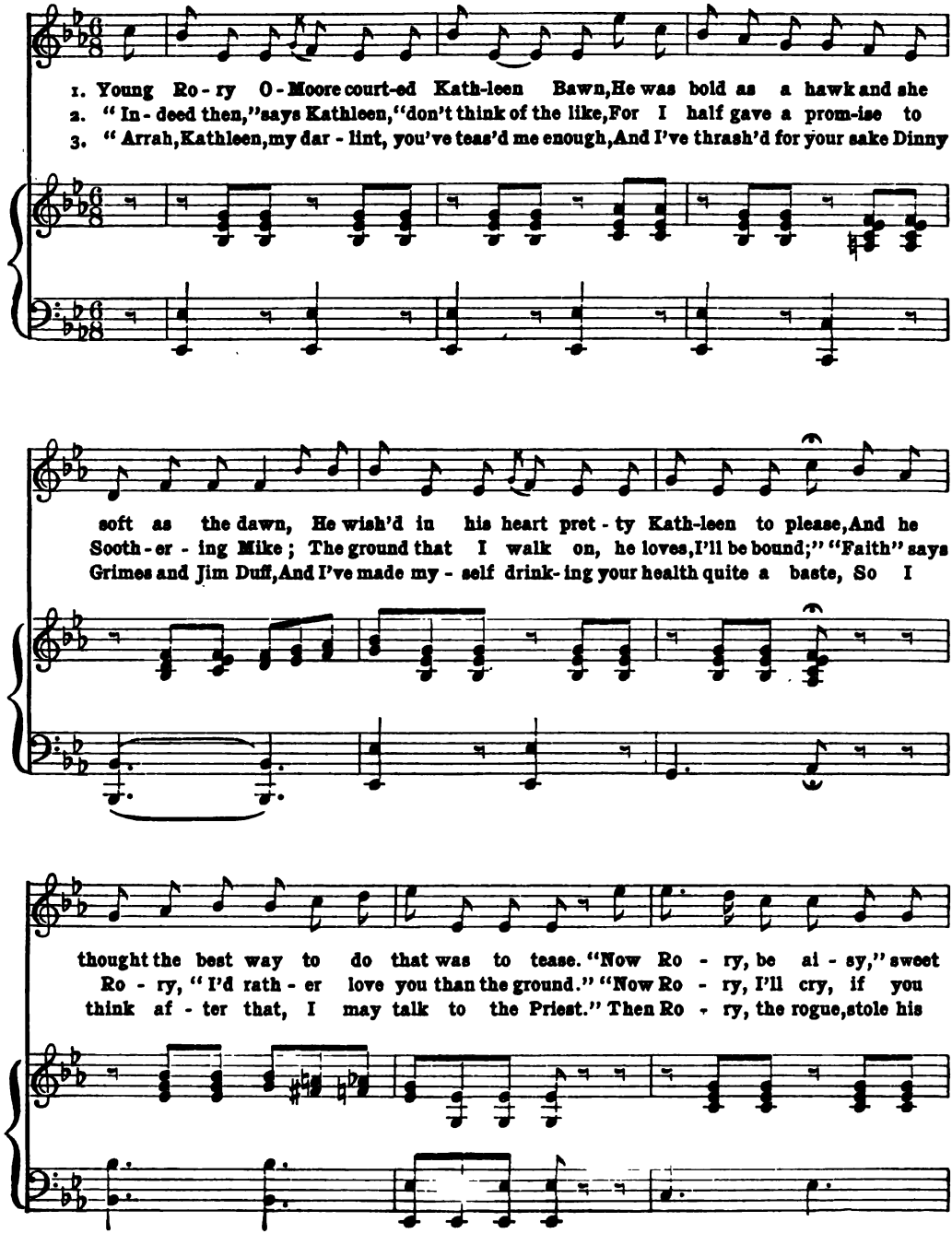
Missionary Hymn

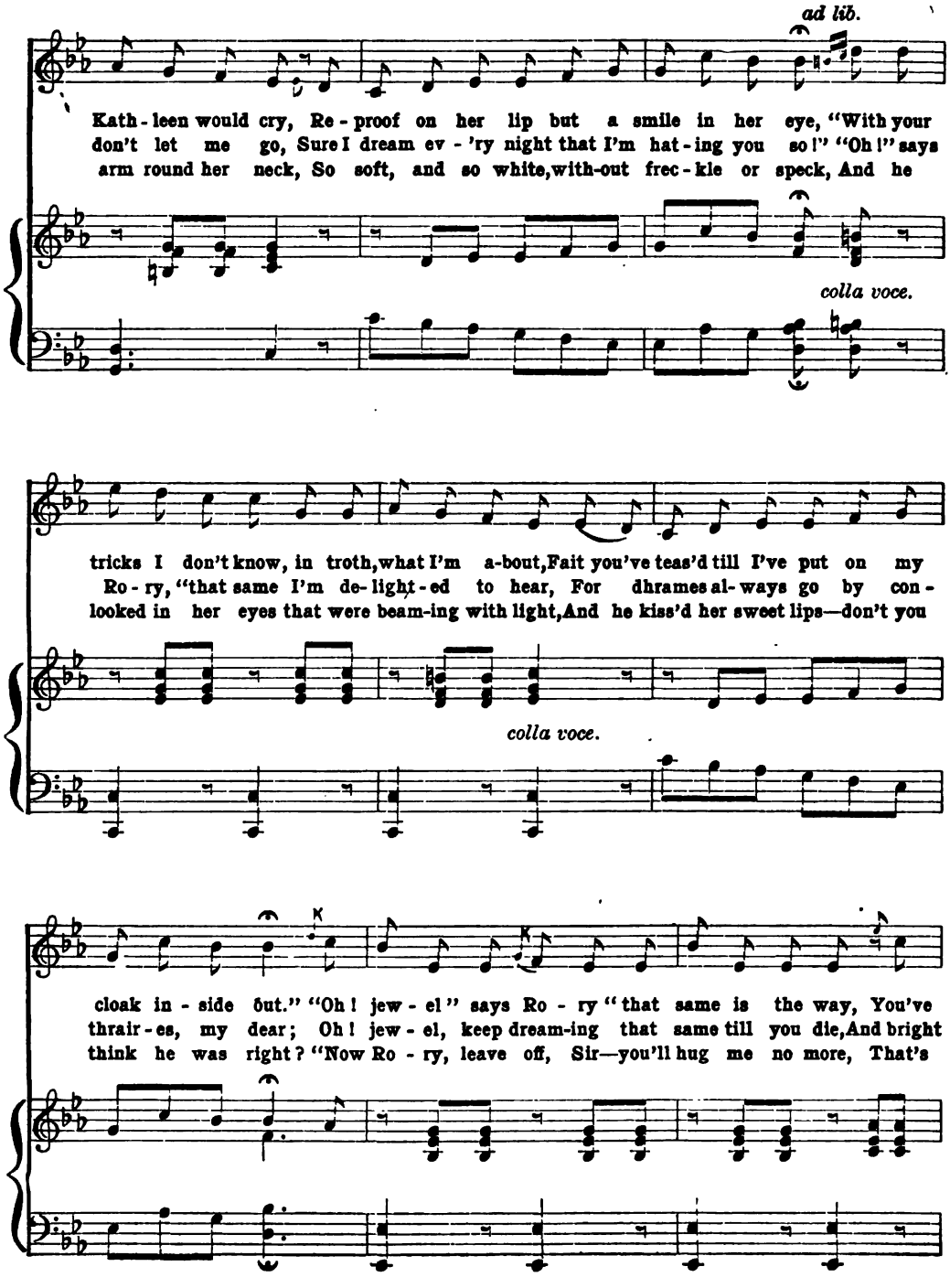
Bishop Heber — L. Mason



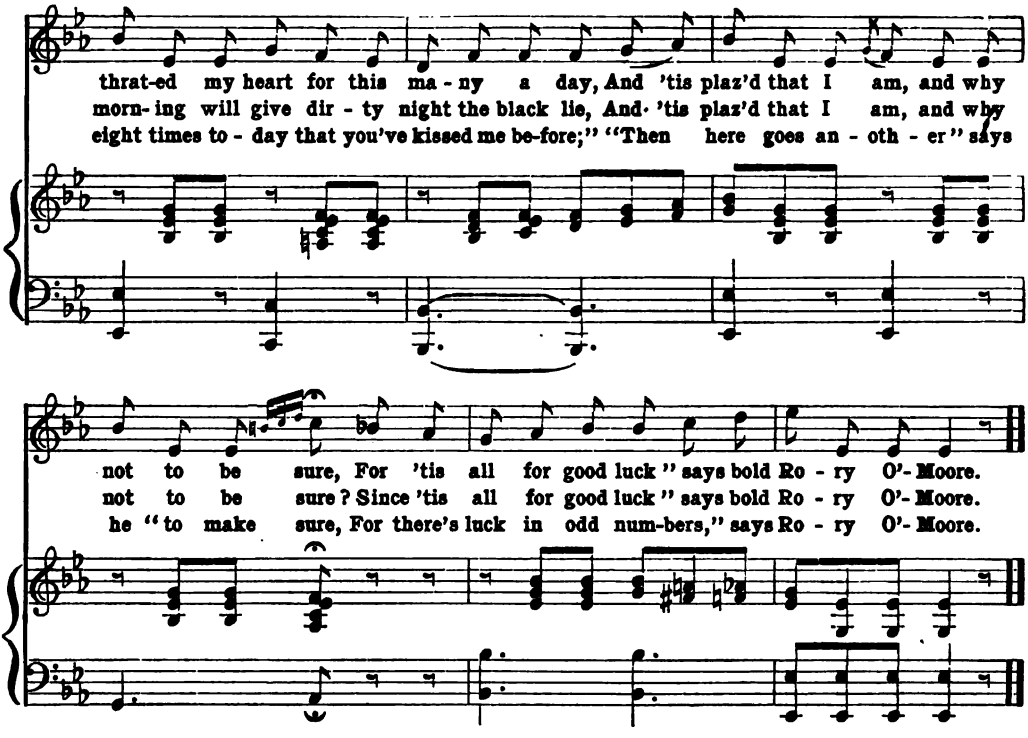
Rory O'Moore

S. Lover



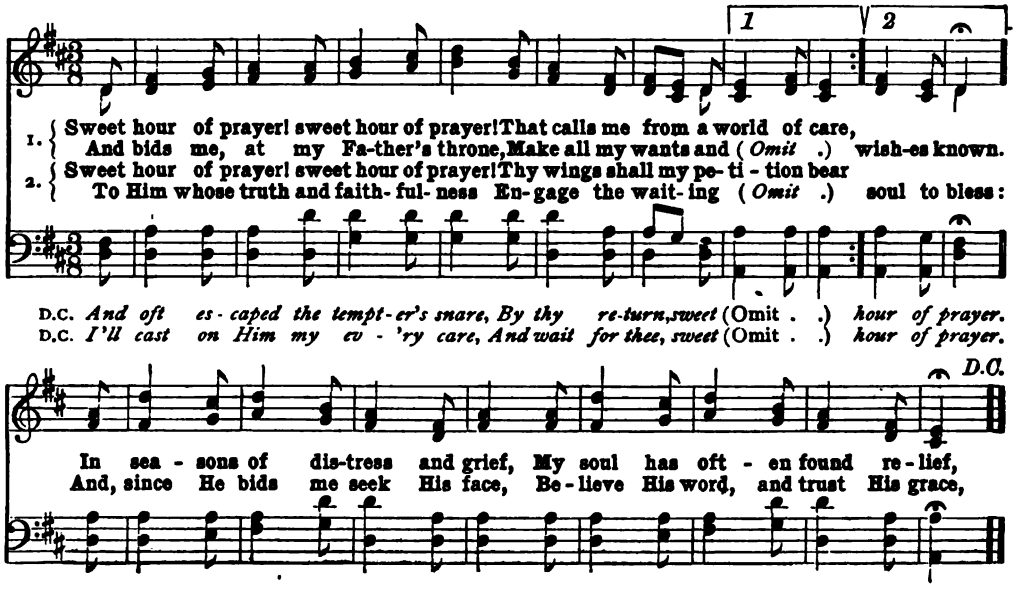

ad lib.
Kath - leen would cry, Re - proof on her lip but a smile in her eye, "With your
don't let me go, Sure I dream ev - 'ry night that I'm hat - ing you so!" "Oh!" says
arm round her neck, So soft, and so white, with-out frec - kle or speck, And he
colla voce.
tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm a-bout, Fait you've teas'd till I've put on my
Ro - ry, "that same I'm de- light - ed to hear, For dhrames 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
thrair - 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

Rory O'Moore



Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. Walford — W. B. Bradbury



Danish National Hymn

Marziale

JOHANNES ERALD

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,

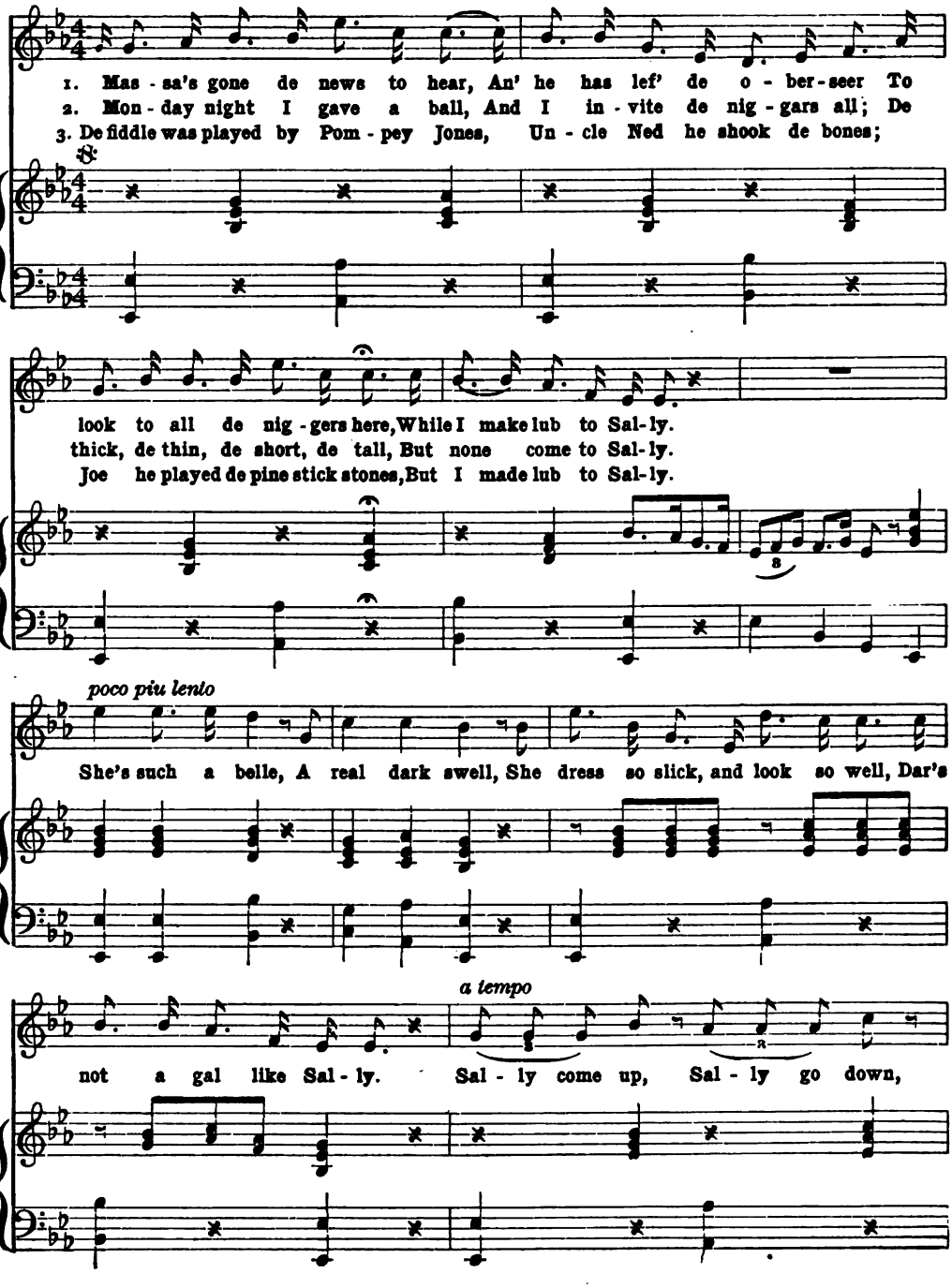
ing so fast, Thro' Goth - ic helm and brain it pass'd, Then sank each hos - tile
flag once more, And smote up - on the foe full sore, And shout - ed loud thro'
arms were sent; Death's ter - ror glared wher - e'er he went; And oft was heard a
scorn - ing flight, Meets ev - 'ry dan - ger with de - spite, 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
wail, 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.



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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 come twist your heel a-round; De ol' man he's gone down to town, Oh

Sal - ly, come down the mid - dle.

Interlude ad lib.

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;

p

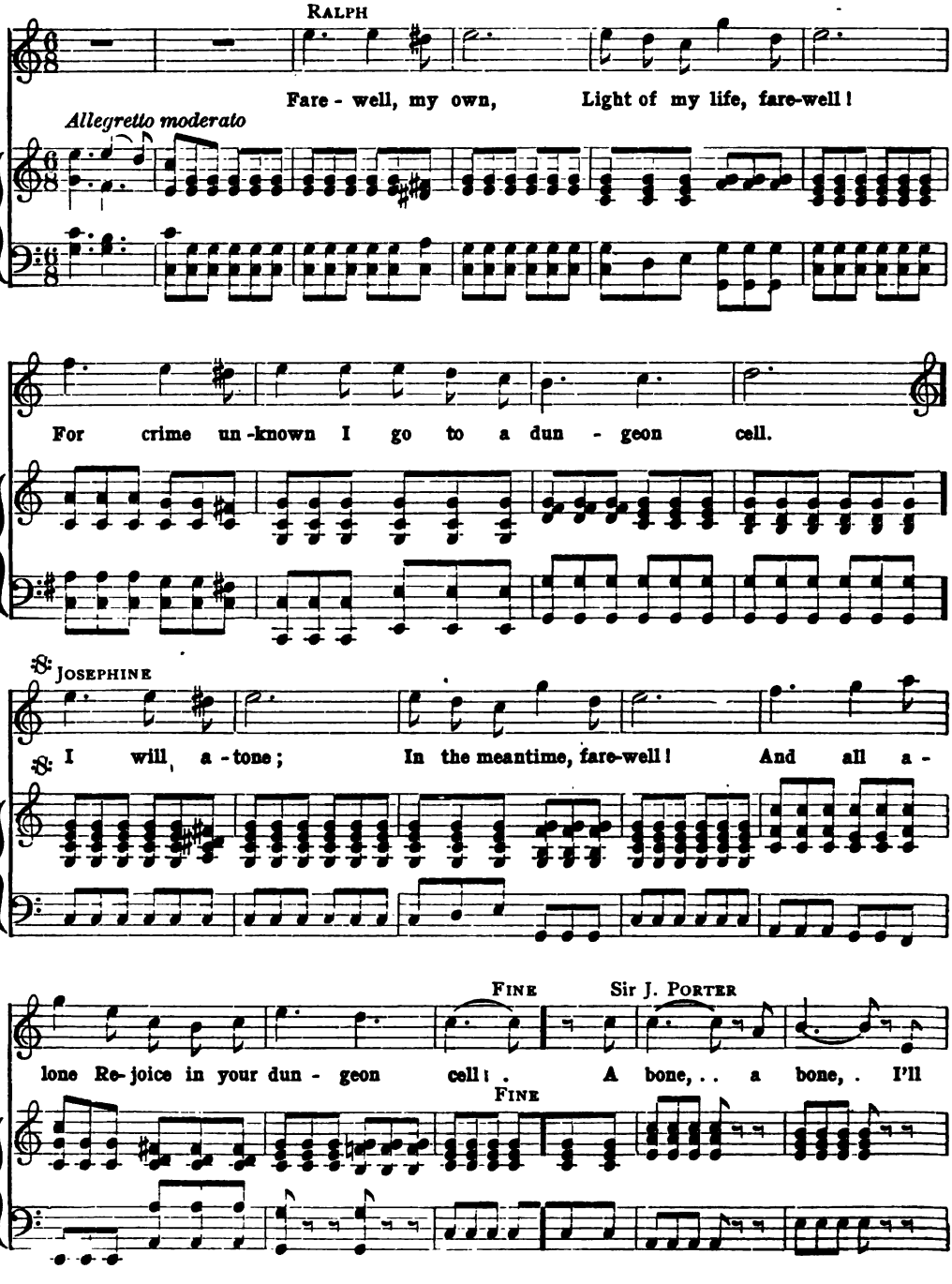
cres. *f* *dim.*

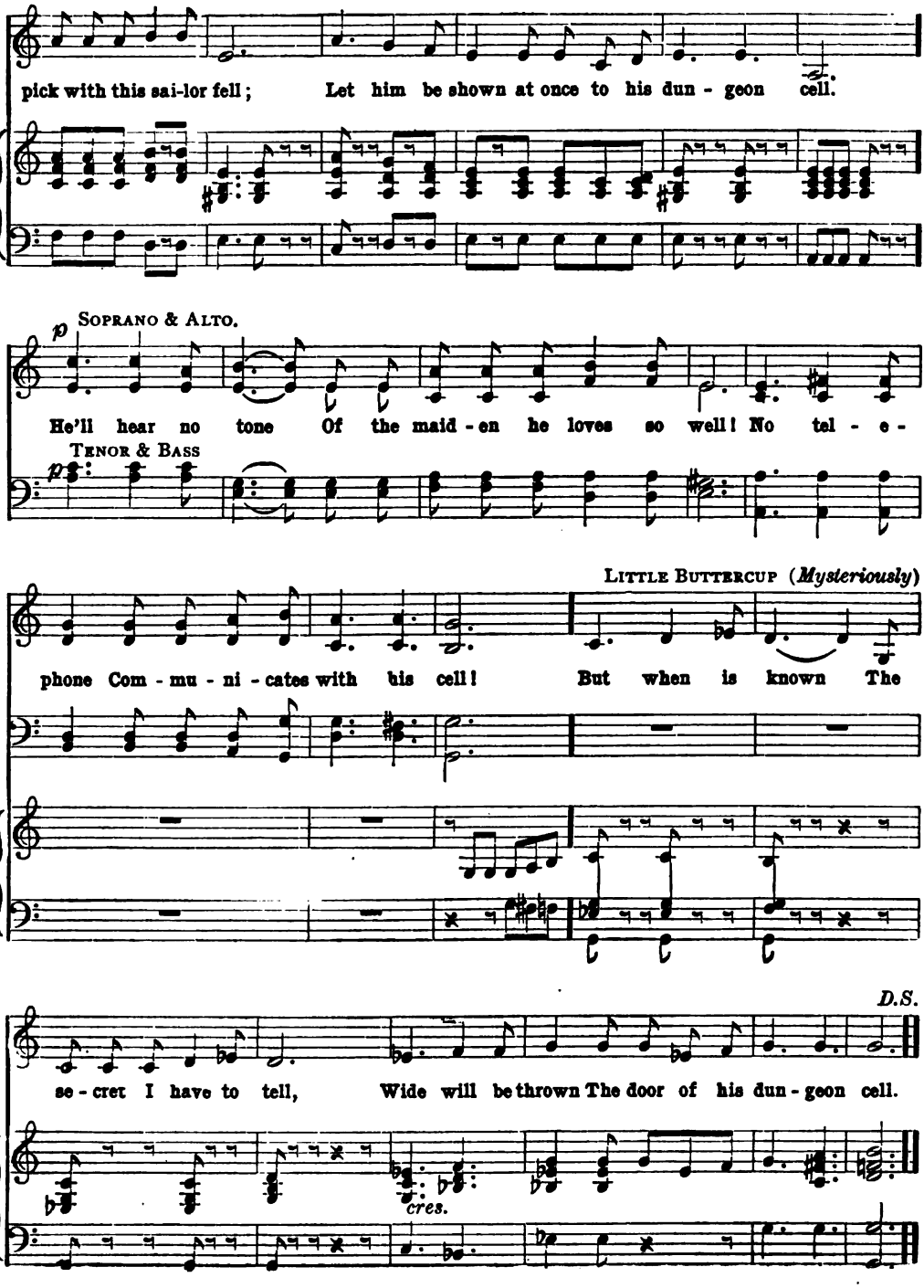
Leave them a - lone, and they'll come home, Wag-ging their tails be - hind them.
When she a - woke 'twas all a joke, Ah! cru - el vi-sion so fleet - ing.
What was her joy to be - hold them nigh, Wag-ging their tails be - hind them.

cres. *fz* *dim.*

Farewell, My Own

From SULLIVAN'S "Pinafore"

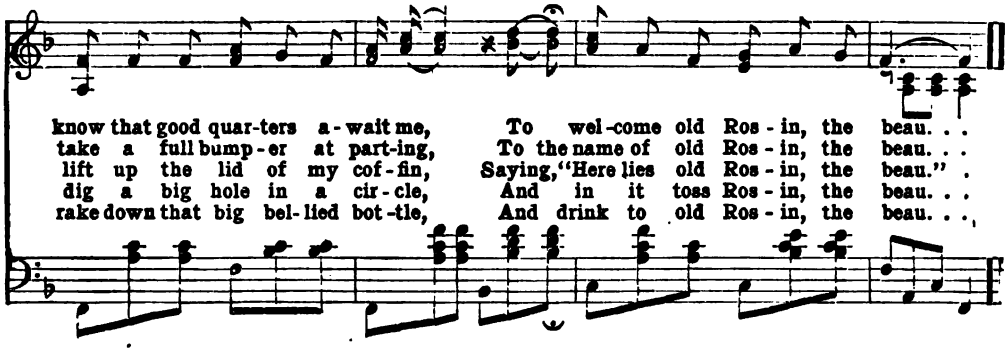



pick with this sai-lor fell; Let him be shown at once to his dun - geon cell.
p
Soprano & Alto.
He'll hear no tone Of the maid - en he loves so well! No tel - e -
Tenor & Bass
p
Little Buttercup (Mysteriously)
phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell! But when is known The
D.S.
se - cret I have to tell, 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 low, But I hope that my next gen - e - ra - tion Will re - sem - ble old Ros - in, the beau. . . I've trav - el'd this coun - try all o - ver, And now to the next I will go: For I
2. In the gay round of pleas - ure I've trav - eled, Nor will I be - hind leave a foe; And when my com - pan - ions are jo - vial, They will drink to old Ros - in, the beau. . . But my life is now drawn to a clos - ing, And all will at last be so: So we'll
3. When I'm dead and laid out on the coun - ter, The peo - ple all mak - ing a show, Just sprin - kle plain whis - key and wa - ter On the corpse of old Ros - in, the beau. . . I'll have to be bur - ied, I reck - on, And the la - dies will all want to know, And they'll
4. Oh! when to my grave I am go - ing, The chil - dren will all want to go; They'll run to the doors and the win - dows, Say - ing, "There goes old Ros - in, the beau." . Then pick me out six trust - y fel - lows, And let them all stand in a row, And
5. Then shape me out two lit - tle do - nochs,* Place one at my head and my toe, And do not for - get to scratch on it The name of old Ros - in, the beau. . . Then let those six trust - y good fel - lows, Oh! let them all stand in a row, And

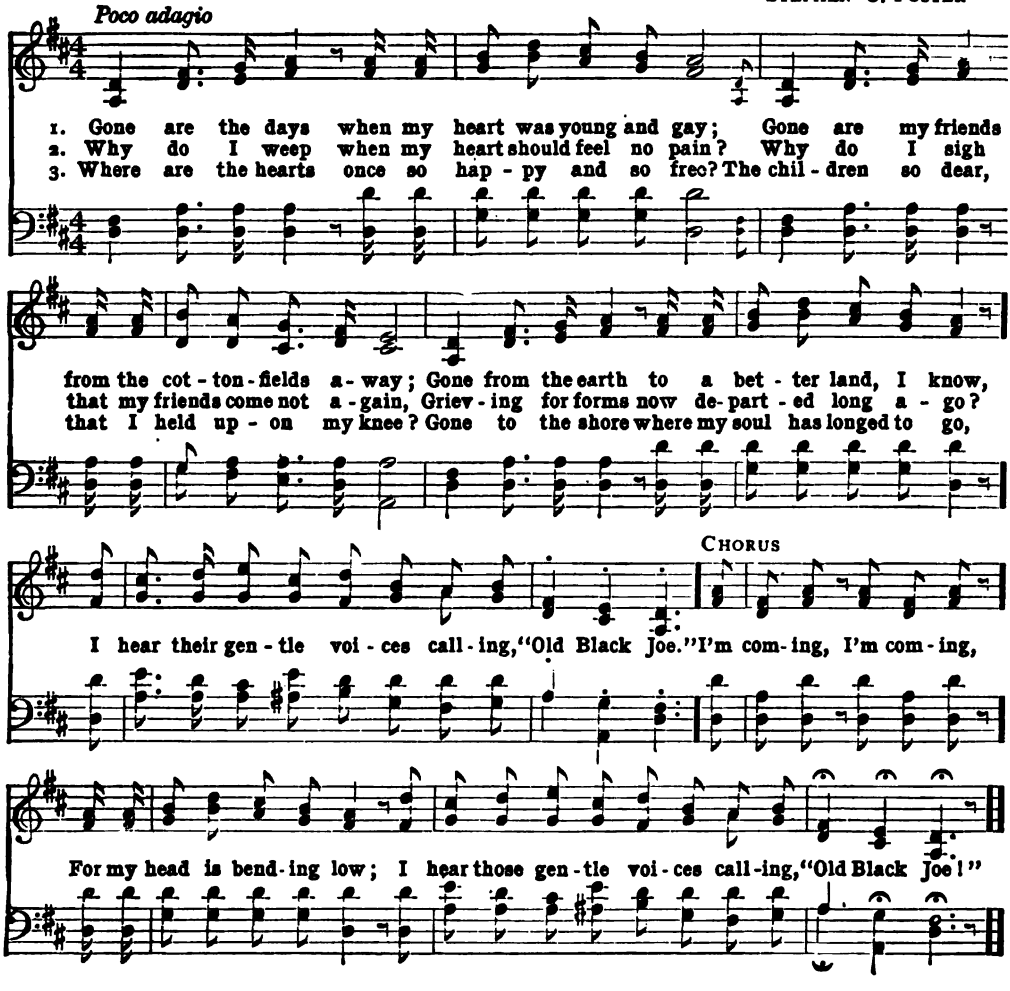
* Drinking-mugs.



Old Black Joe

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Poco adagio



The Hazel Dell

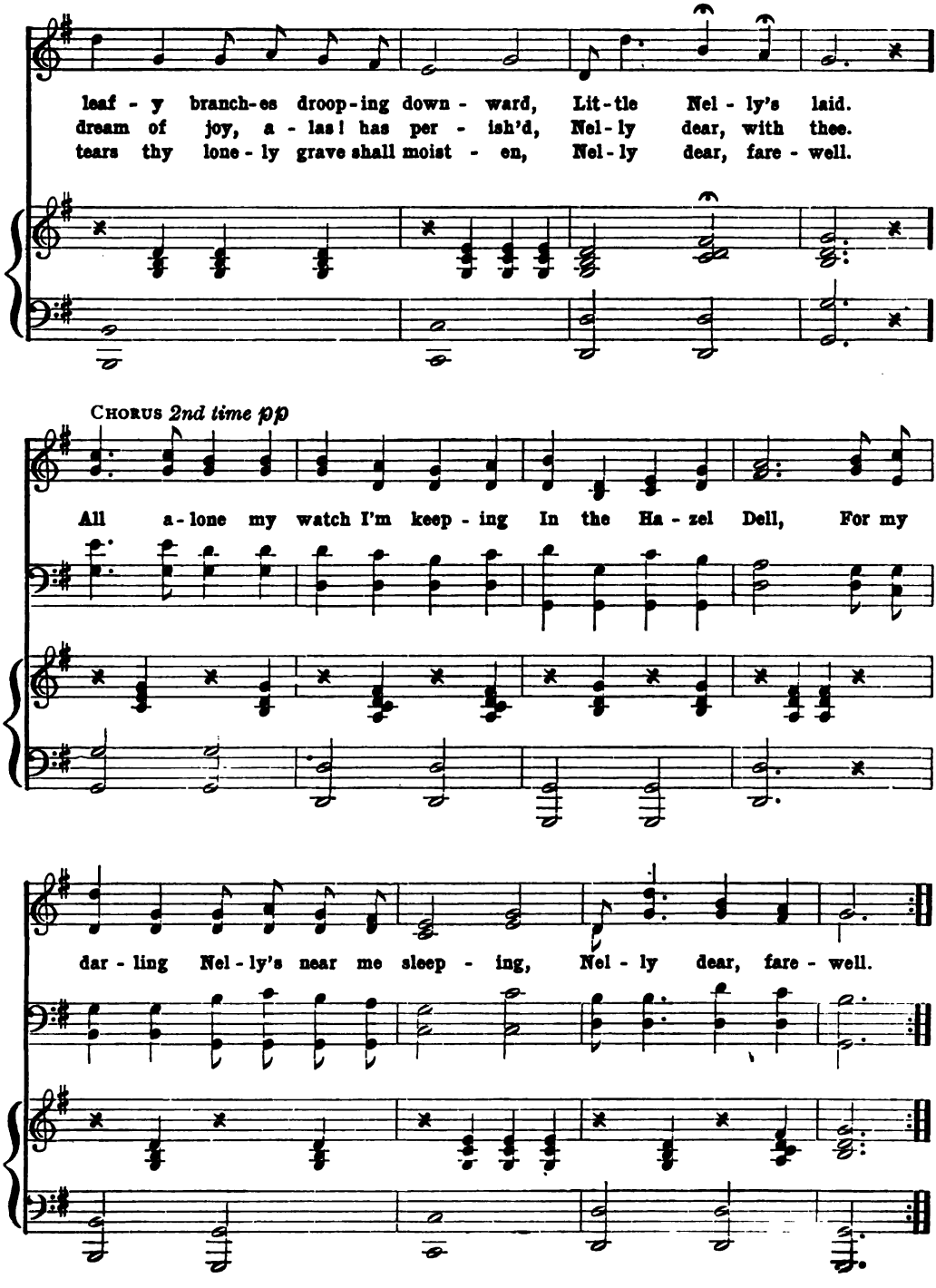
G. F. Root

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,

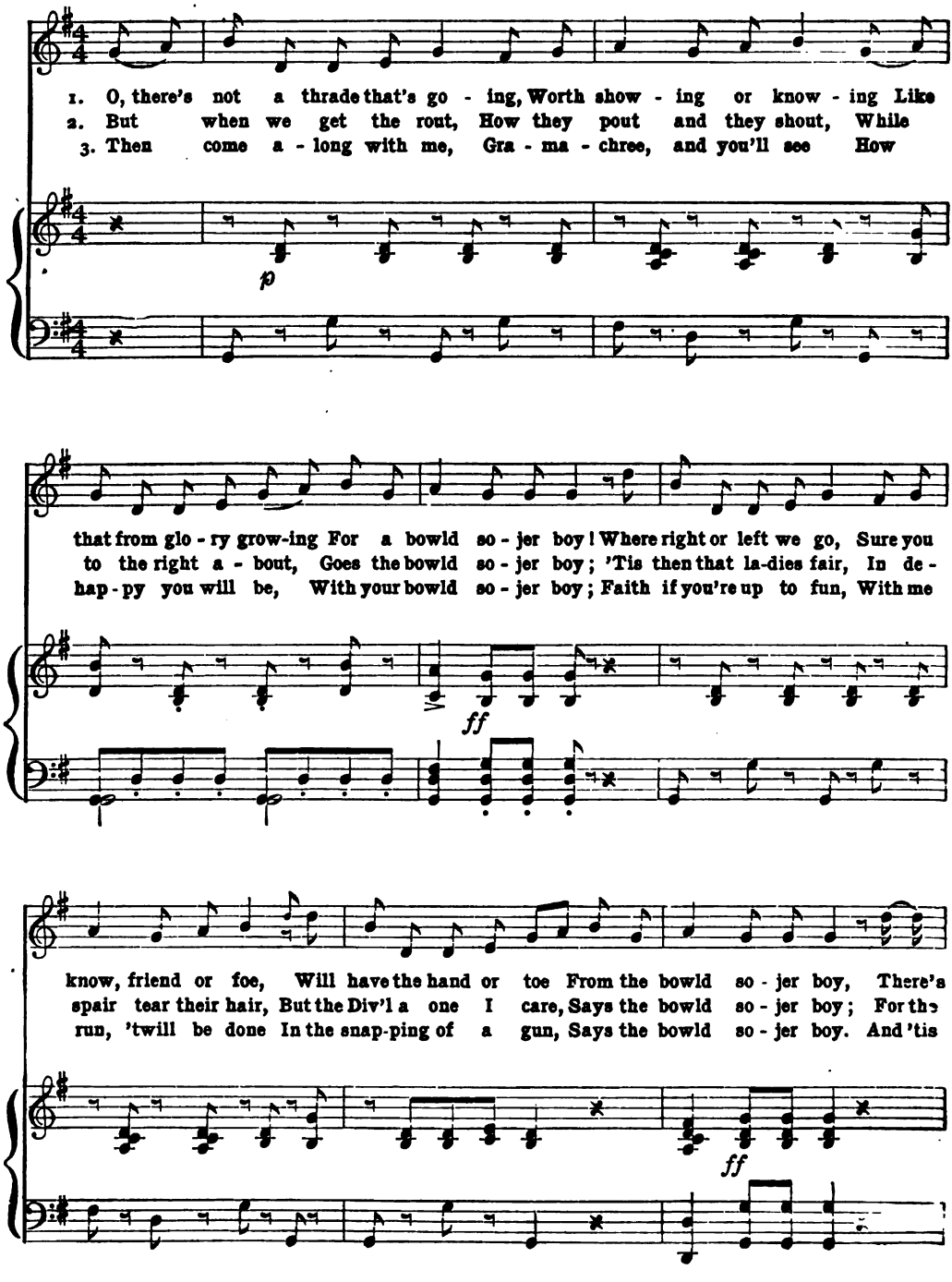
lone-ly, lone-ly watch I'm keep-ing, Nel-ly lost and gone; Here in
si-lent stars are night-ly weep-ing, O'er poor Nel-ly's grave; Hopes that
thou no more will fond-ly cheer me, With thy lov-ing tone; Yet for-

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


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



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 flamo, my joy; May his light shine as bright as mine,' Till

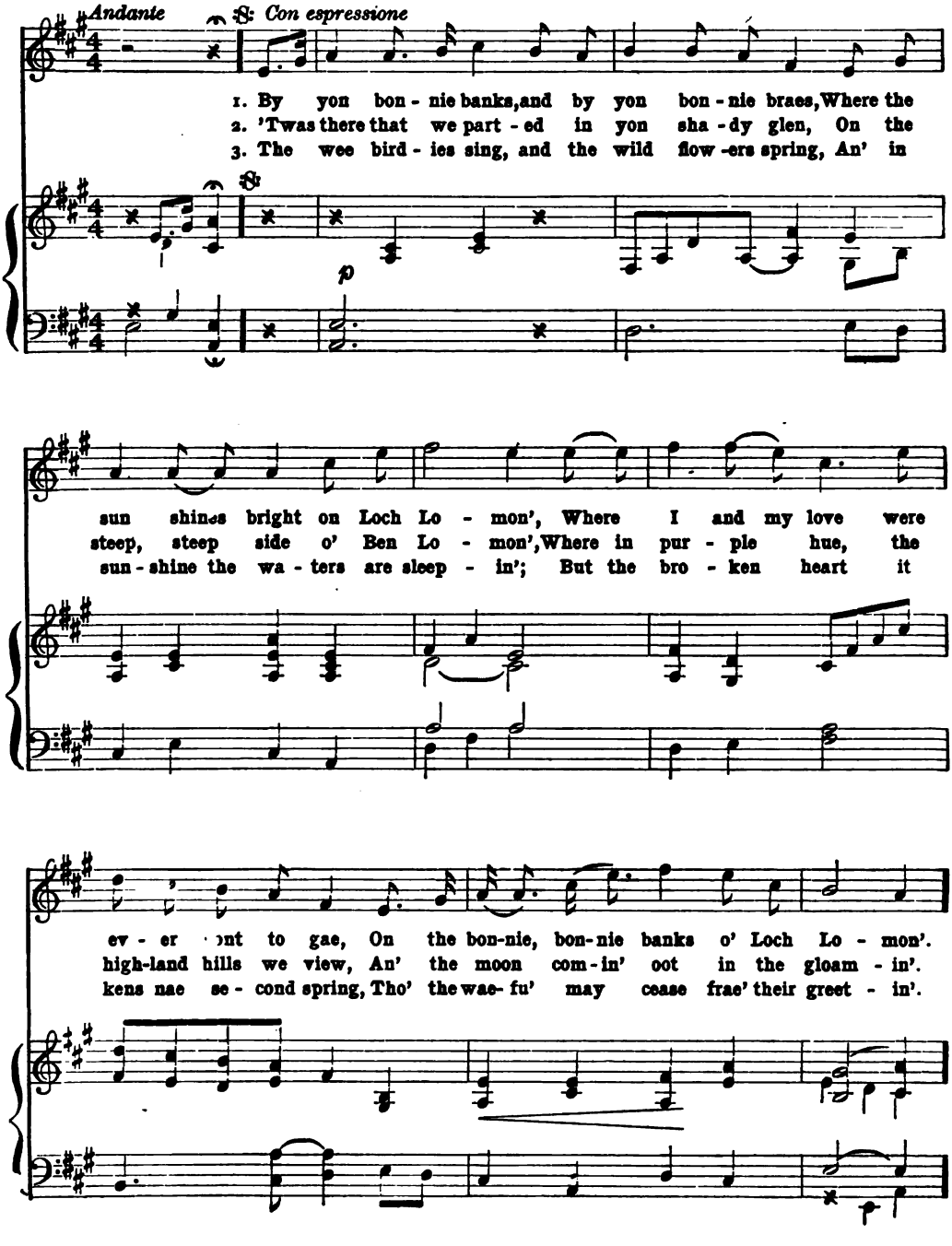
p

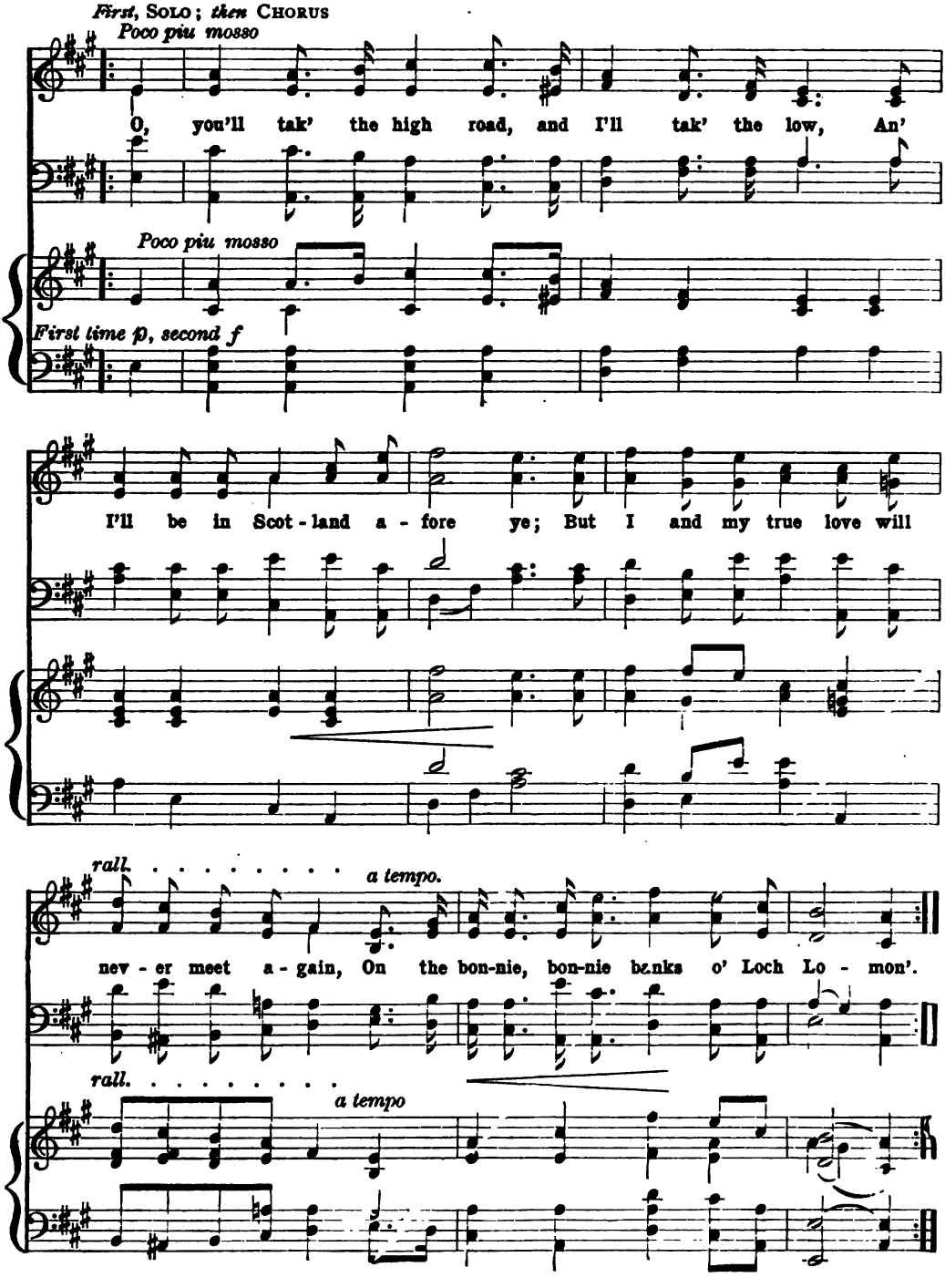
look so sly will cry "My eye! Oh, is-n't he a dar-ling, The bowld so-jer boy!"
that's the chap for me," says she, "Oh! is-n't he a dar-ling, The bowld so-jer boy!"
in the line he'll blaze and raise The glo-ry of his corps, Like a bowld so-jer boy!

ff

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'

Scotch Folksong




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

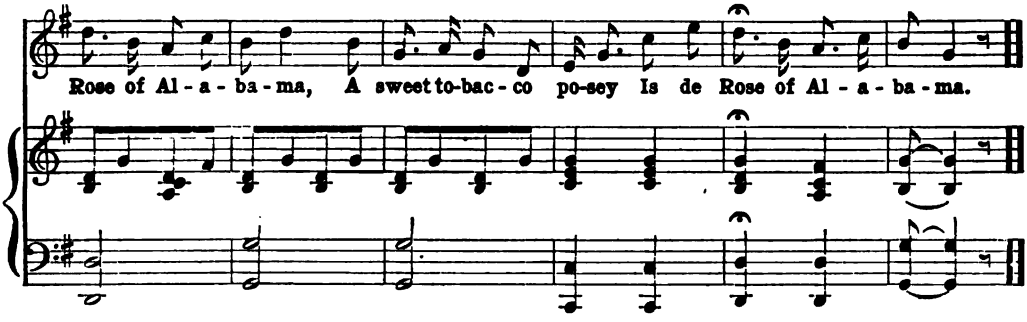
S. S. Steele

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

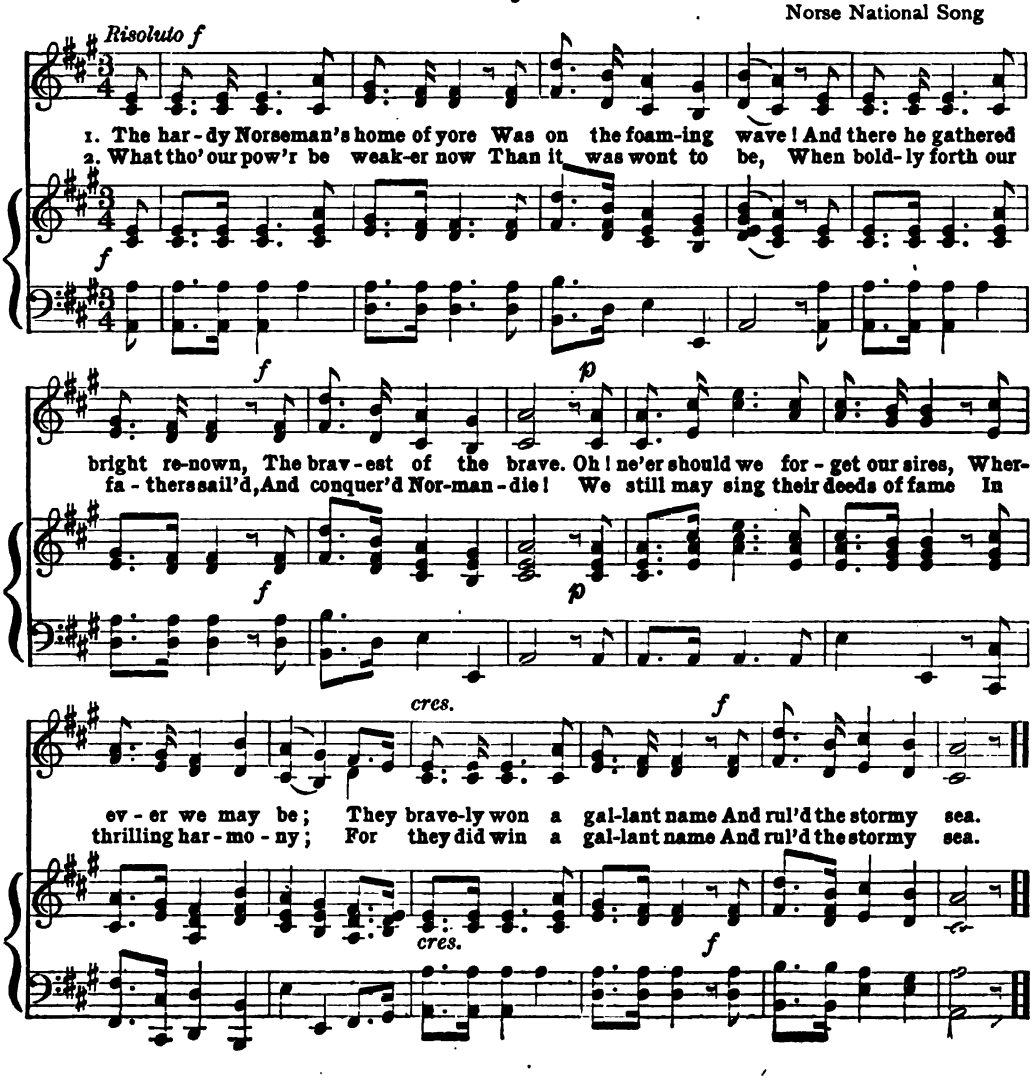
cross'd up - on a cot - ton bale, To Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.
dare I made the ban - jo twank, For Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.
like a young coon out so sly, Stole Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.
like a rope my arms I fling Round Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.

Oh, brown Ro - sey, The Rose of Al - a - ba-ma, A sweet to-bac-co po-sey Is de



The Hardy Norseman

Norse National Song



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'ns 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;

That a - dor - ed she might
And, be - - ing help'd, in - hab - - its
To her gar - lands let us

pp

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

JOHANNA KINKEL

p Andante *poco riten.* *Crescendo e poco accel. al fine*

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee; And then what-e'er befalls me,
2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With spear and pennon glancing,
3. I think of thee with longing, Think thou when tears are thronging, That with my last faint sighing,

Tempo 1. 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 dreaming, 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*

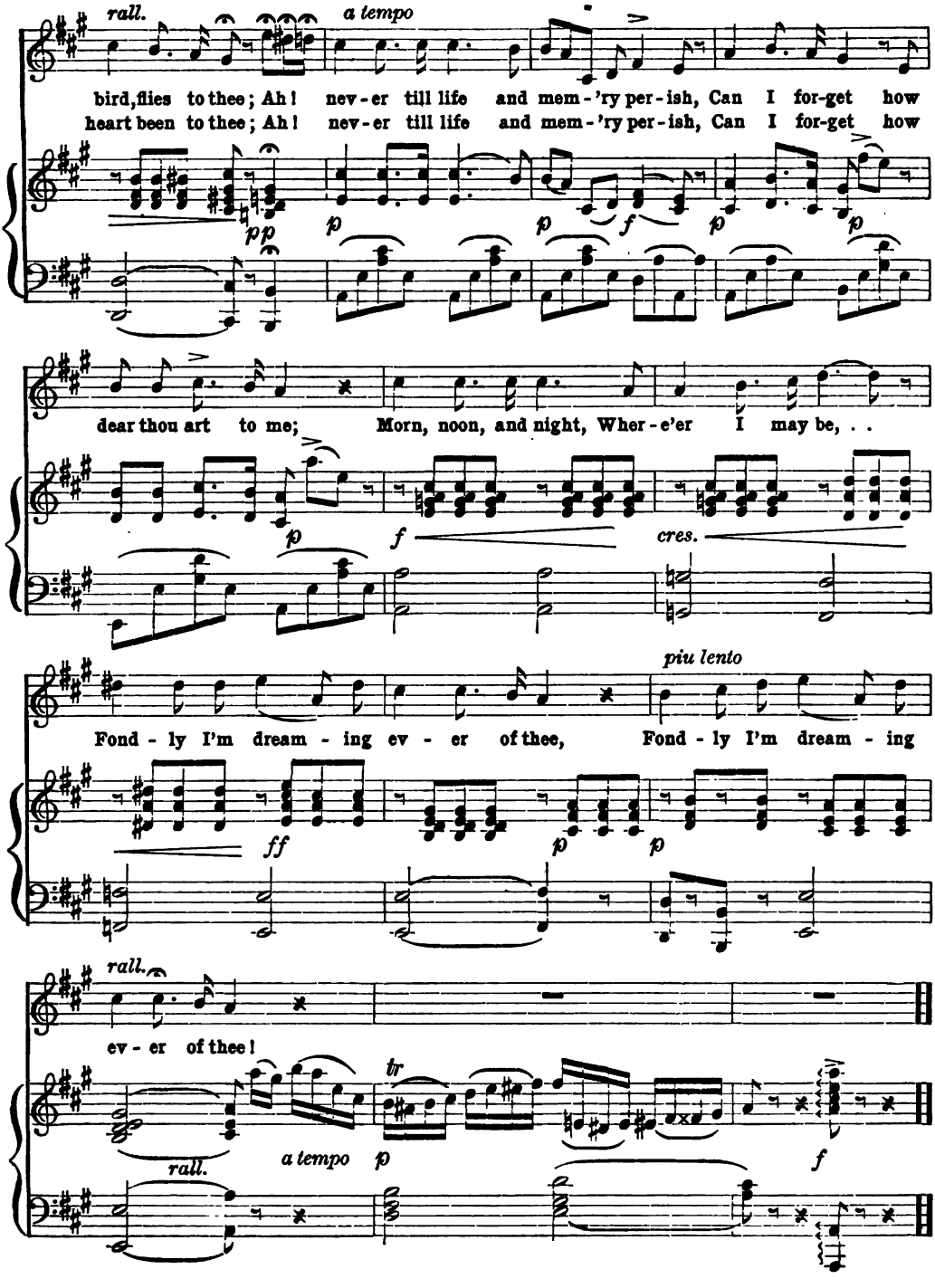
rall.

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*


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
pp
p
p
f
p
p
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!
tr
rall.
a tempo
p
f

Beautiful Isle of the Sea

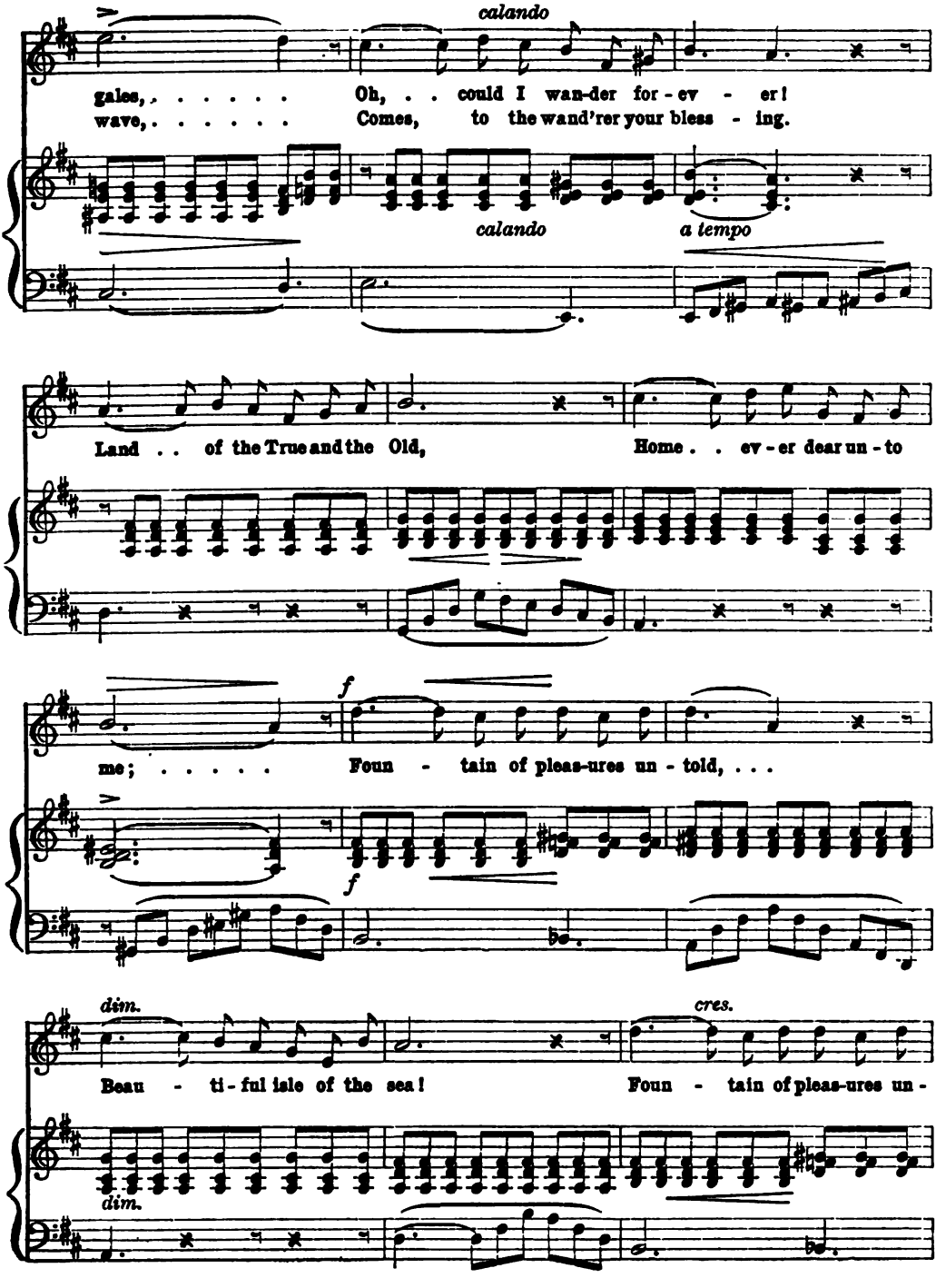
George Cooper

J. R. Thomas

Allegro moderato

1. Beau - ti - ful isle of the sea! Smile . . on the brow of the wa - ters, Dear . . are your mem'ries to me, 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

2. Oft . . . on your shell-gird-led shore, Eve - ning has found me re - clin - ing, Vi - - sions of youth dreaming o'er, Far . . . from all joys worth pos-sess - ing, Still . . o'er the lone wea-ry


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
me; . . . . . Foun - tain of pleas-ures un - told, . . .
f
f
dim.
cres.
Beau - ti-ful isle of the sea! Foun - tain of pleas-ures un -
dim.

ten. *slentando*

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

p

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 gravida 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,

p

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!

SIMON

cres. *ff* *p*

RUTH

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!

f

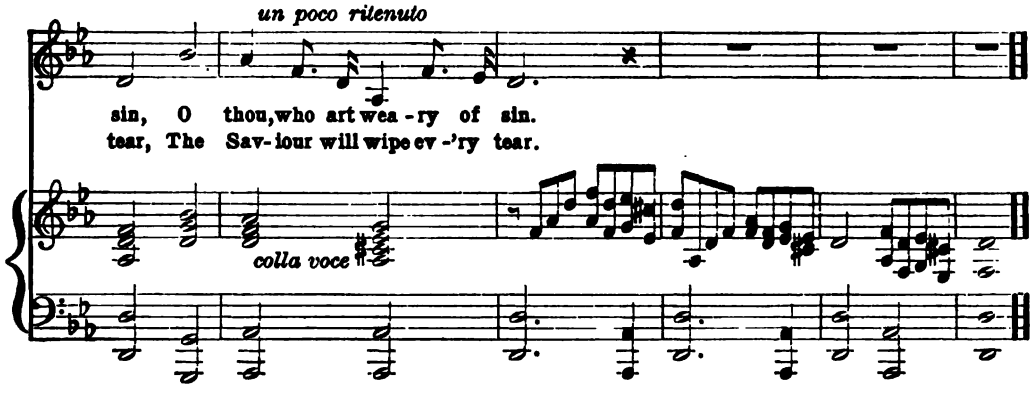
Flee as a Bird

Written and adapted by Mrs. M. S. B. Dana

Moderato

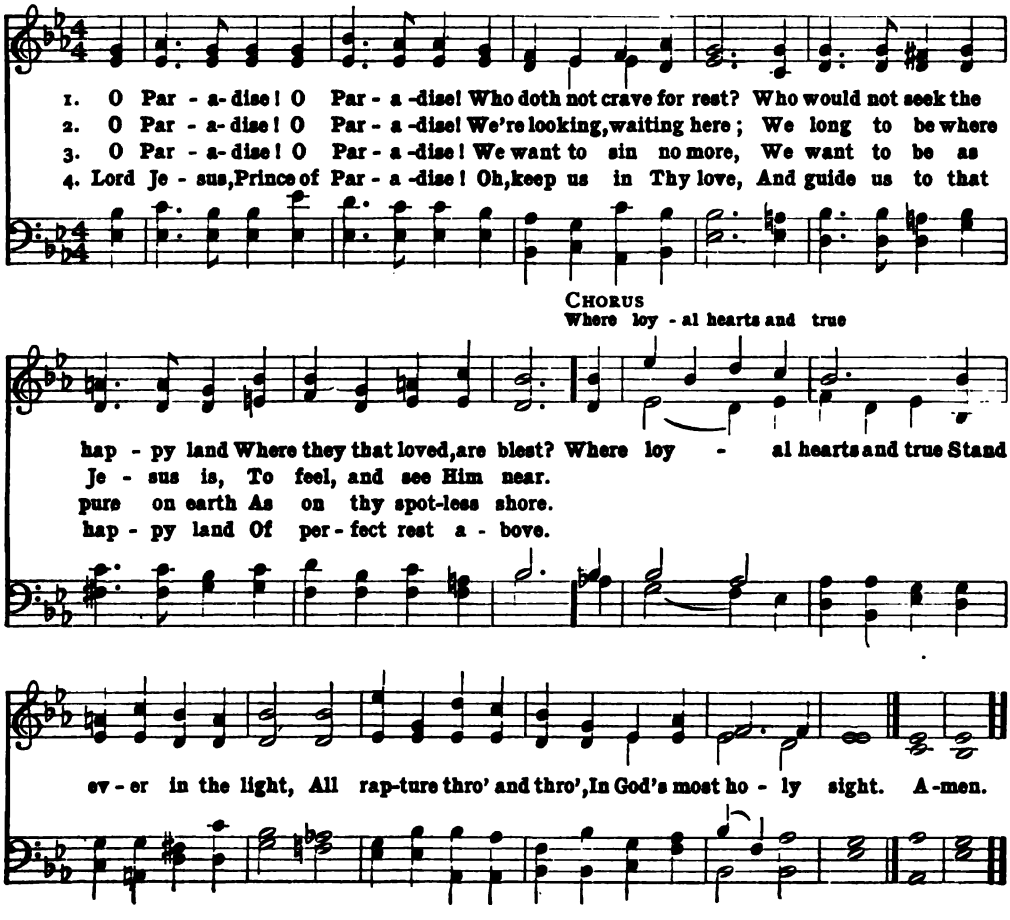
1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin; . . Go to the clear flow-ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean; Fly, for th' aven - ger is near . . thee; Call and the Sav-iour will hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear . . thee, Thou who art wea - ry of

2. He will protect thee for ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear; . He will for-sake thee, O nev - er, Shel- tered so ten - der - ly there; Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in sigh - ing, Cease from your sor- row and cry - ing, The Sav-iour will wipe ev - 'ry



O Paradise

Rev. F. W. Faber — Joseph Barnby



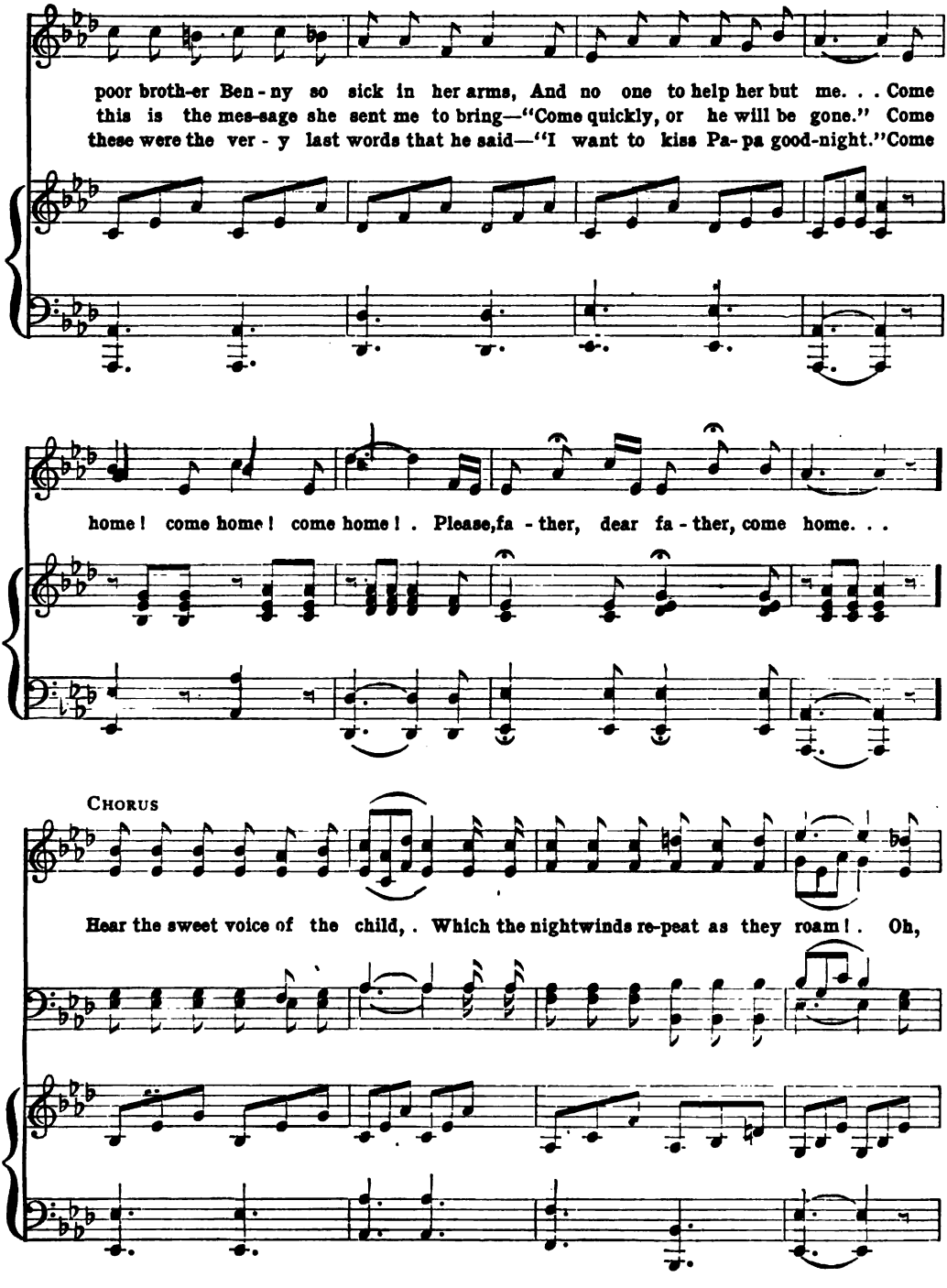
Come Home, Father

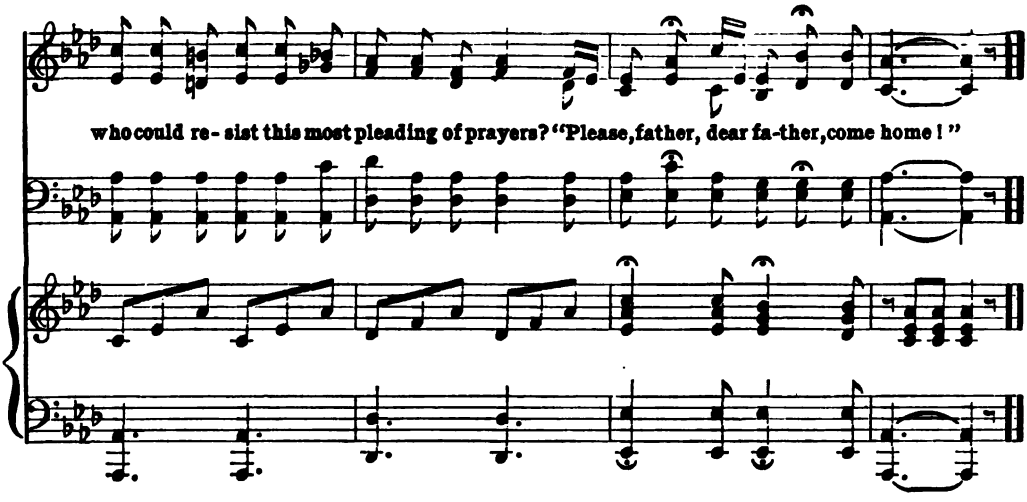
Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK

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 weeping moth-er and me. Yes,

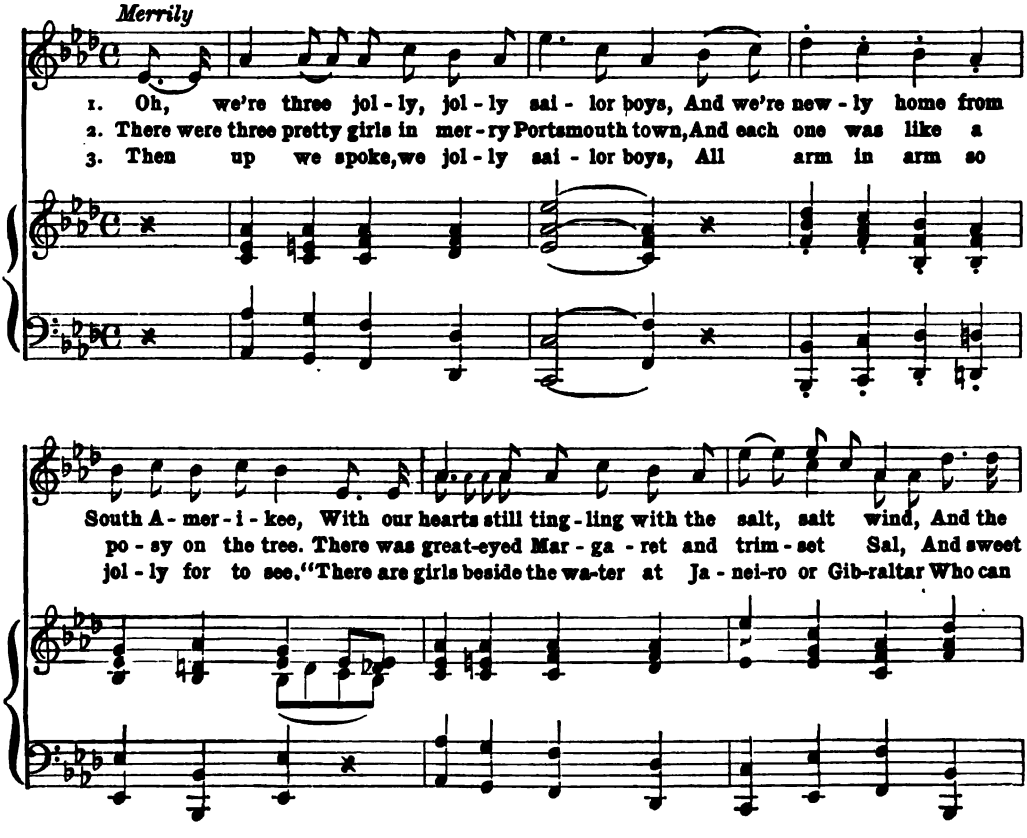
fire has gone out— our house is all dark—And moth-er's been watch-ing since tea, . . With
deed he is worse—Ma says he will die, Per-haps be-fore morn-ing shall dawn; And
we are a-lone—poor Ben-ny is dead, And gone with the an-gels of light; And

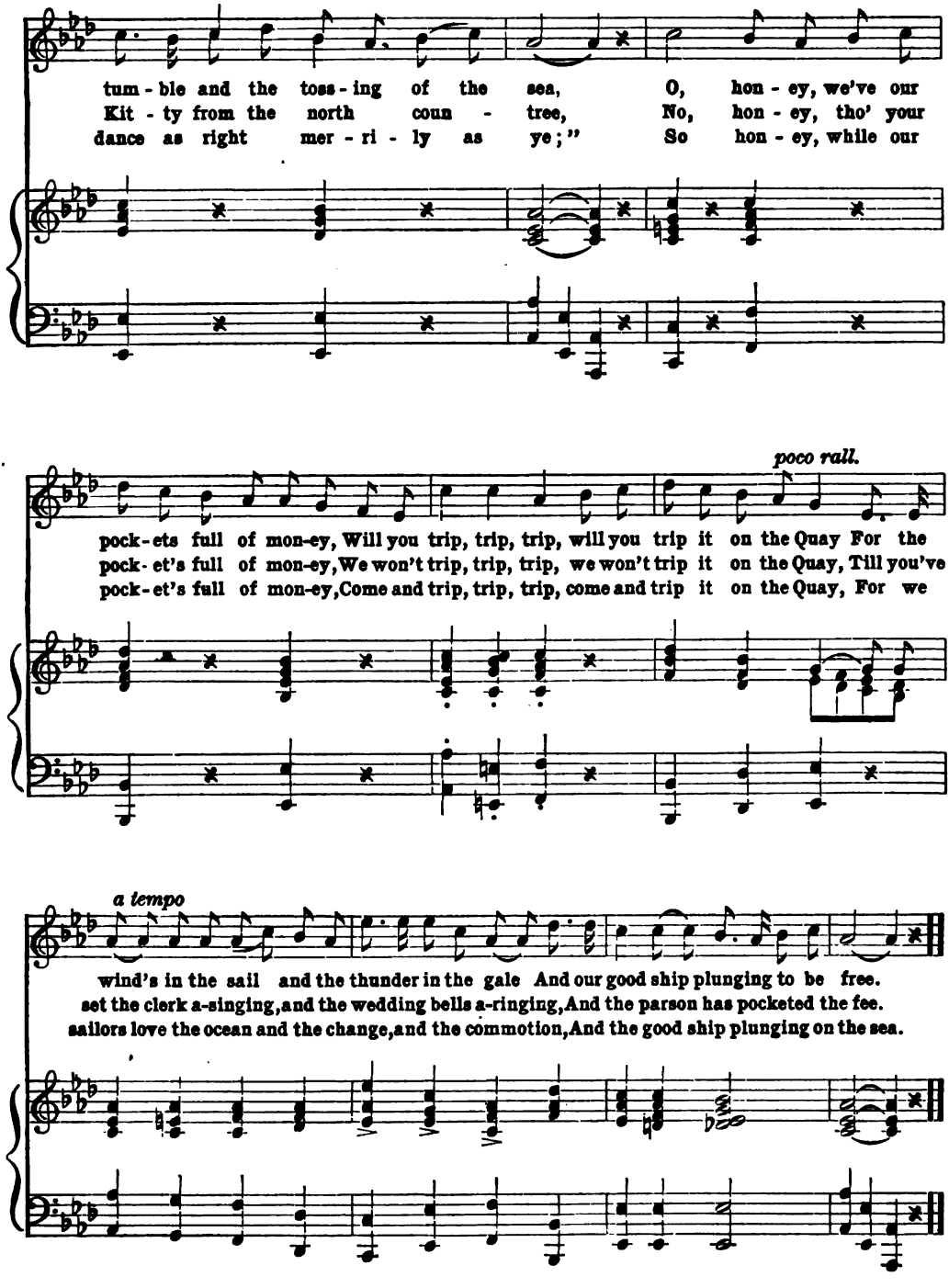

poor broth-er Ben-ny so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but me. . . Come
this is the mes-sage she sent me to bring—"Come quickly, or he will be gone." Come
these were the ver-y last words that he said—"I want to kiss Pa-pa good-night."Come
home! come home! come home! . Please,fa-ther, dear fa-ther, come home. . .
CHORUS
Hear the sweet voice of the child, . Which the nightwinds re-peat as they roam! . Oh,



The Three Sailor Boys

THEO. MARZIALS




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.

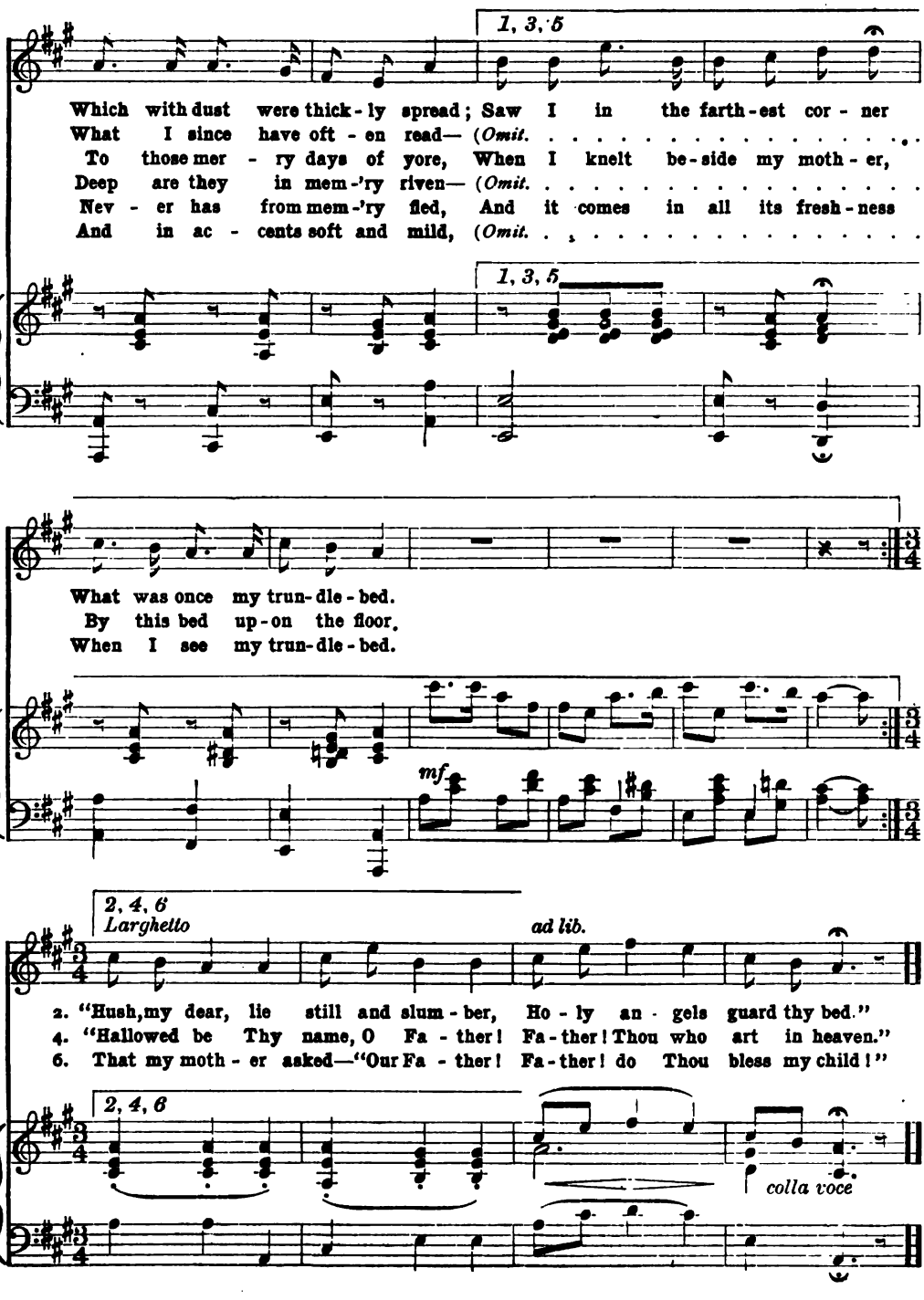
My Trundle-Bed

J. C. Baker

Moderato

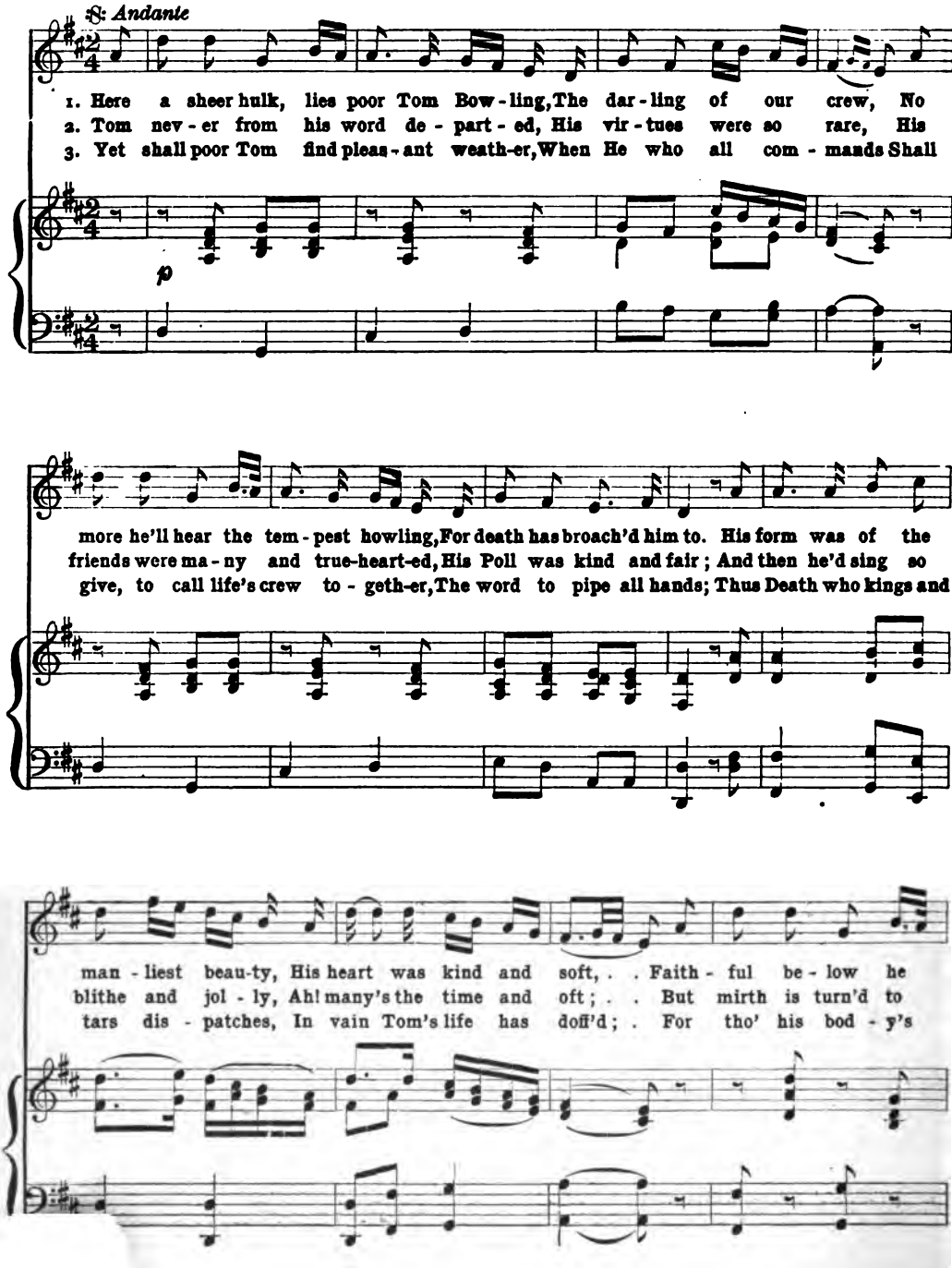
1. As I rum - mag'd thro' the at - tic, List - 'ning to the fall - ing rain, As it pat - ter'd on the shin - gles And a - gainst the win - dow pane; Peep - ing o - ver chests and box - es,
2. So I drew it from the re - cess, Where it had re-main'd so long, Hear - ing all the while the mu - sic Of my moth - er's voice in song; As she sung in sweet - est ac - cents,
3. As I lis - ten'd, rec - ol - lec - tions, That I thought had been for - got, Came with all the gush of mem - 'ry, Rush - ing, throng - ing to the spot; And I wan - der'd back to child - hood,
4. Then it was with hands so gent - ly Placed up - on my in - fant head, That she taught my lips to ut - ter Care - ful - ly the words she said; Nev - er can they be for - got - ten,
5. Years have pass'd, and that dear moth - er Long has mould - er'd 'neath the sod, And I trust her saint - ed spir - it Rev - els in the home of God: But that scene at sum - mer twi - light,
6. This she taught me, then she told me Of its im - port, great and deep— Af - ter which I learned to ut - ter "Now I lay me down to sleep:" Then it was with hands up - lift - ed,

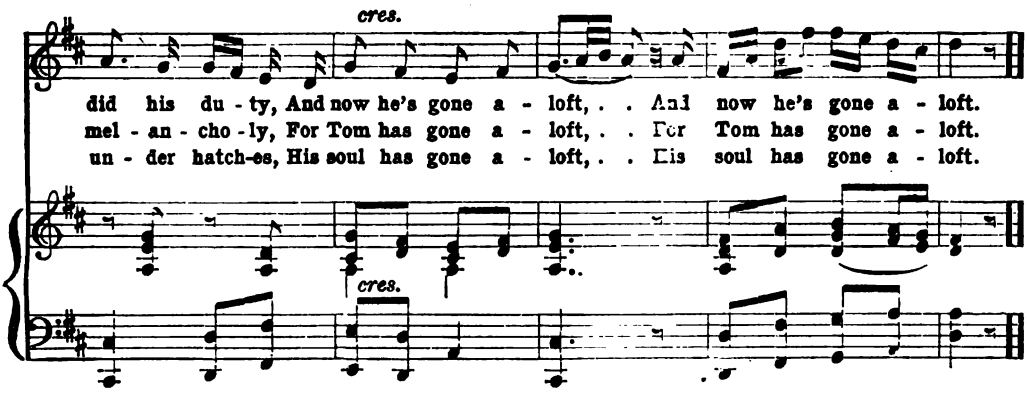
p


1, 3, 5
Which with dust were thick-ly spread; Saw I in the farth-est cor-ner
What I since have oft-en 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

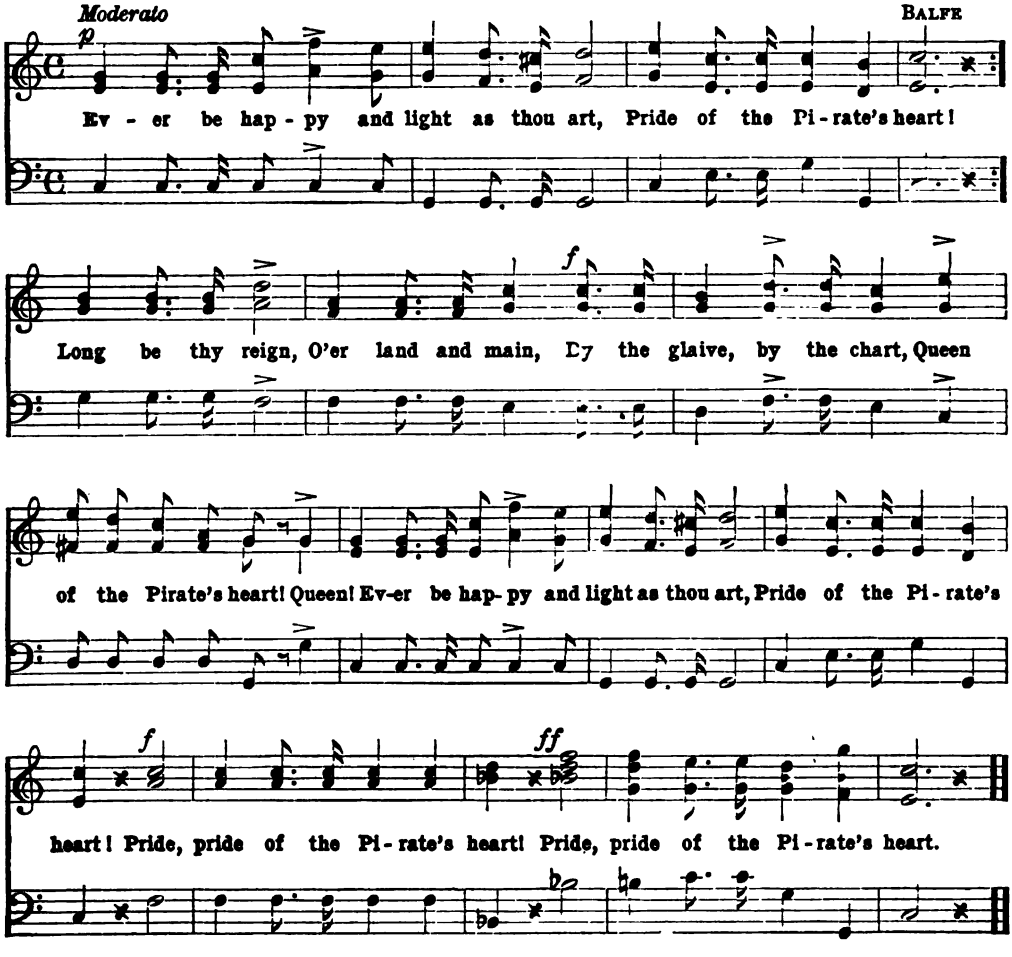
Tom Bowling

T. Dibdin





Pirates' Chorus



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; An-gel mild her eyes so win - ning, An-gel 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

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

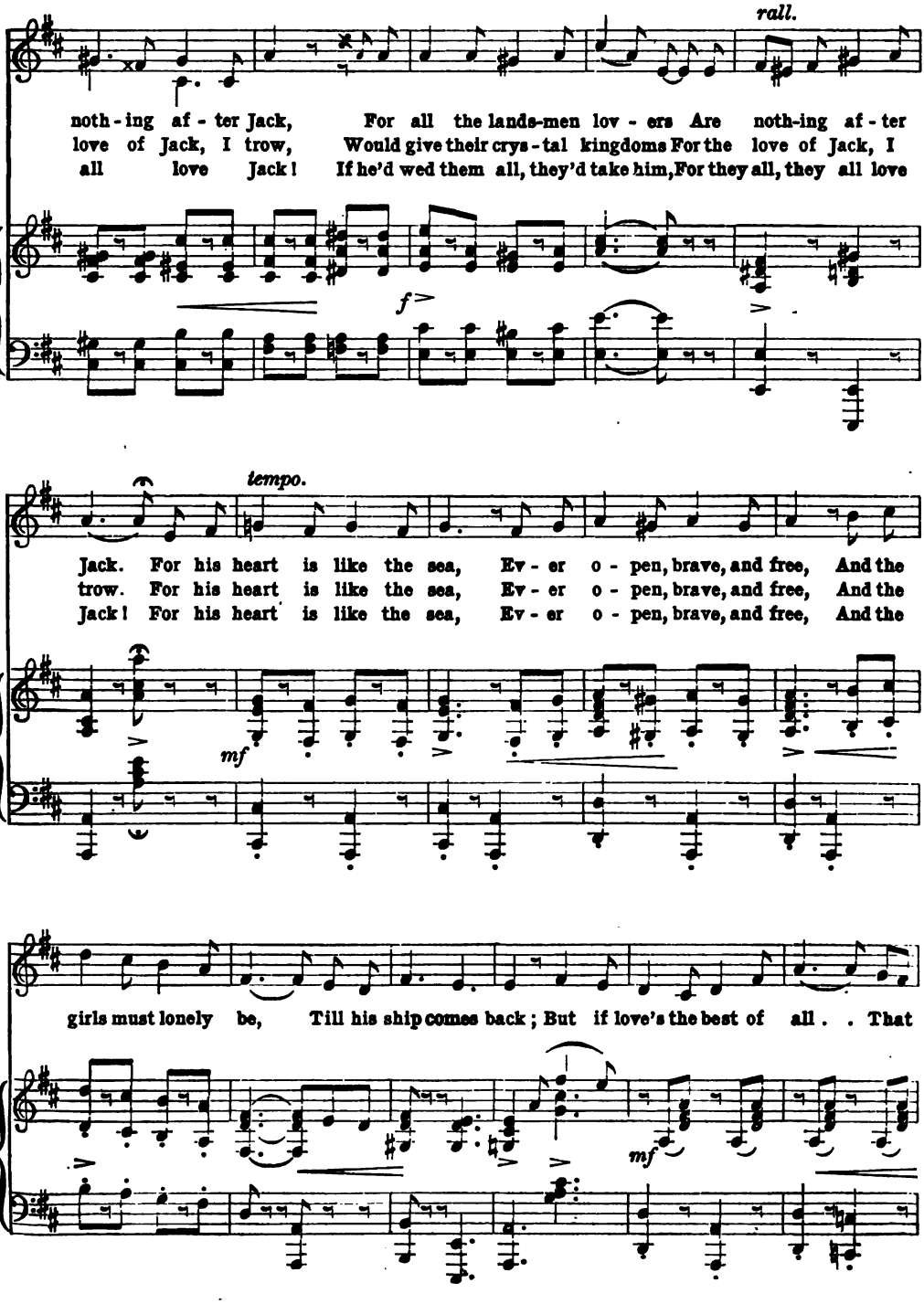
p

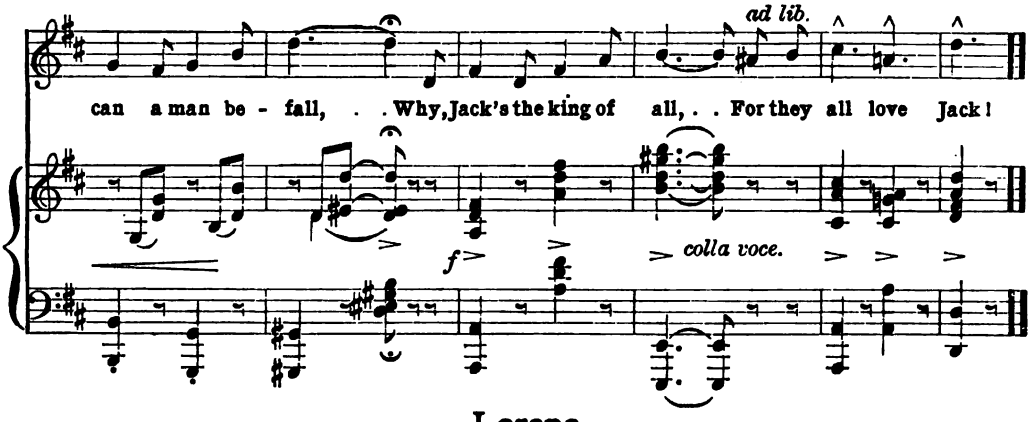
last good-byes are whisper'd, And Jack a - board is gone; The lass - es fall a -
loft that "lit - tle che - rub" Sure a maid - en she must be. And as o'er the sea he
scores of lass - es wait - ing To love him all the more; He may lose his gold - en

p

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

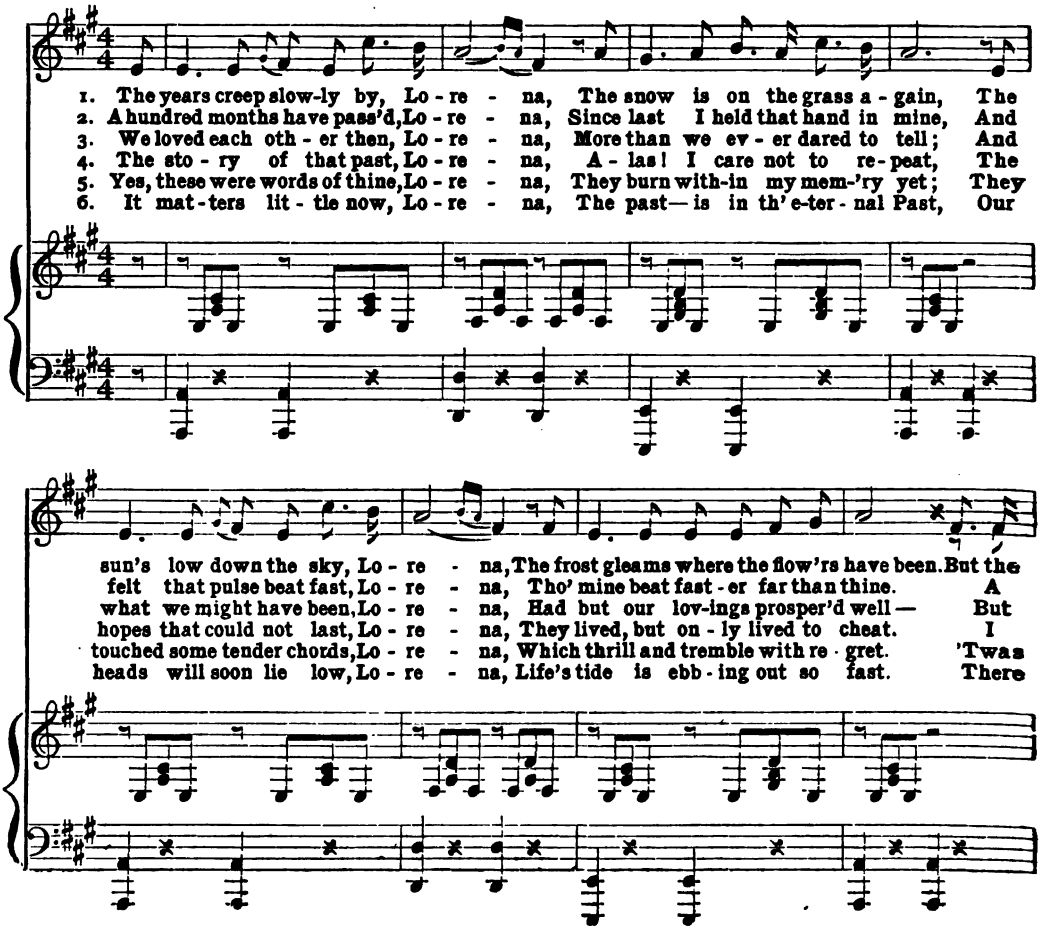
cres.

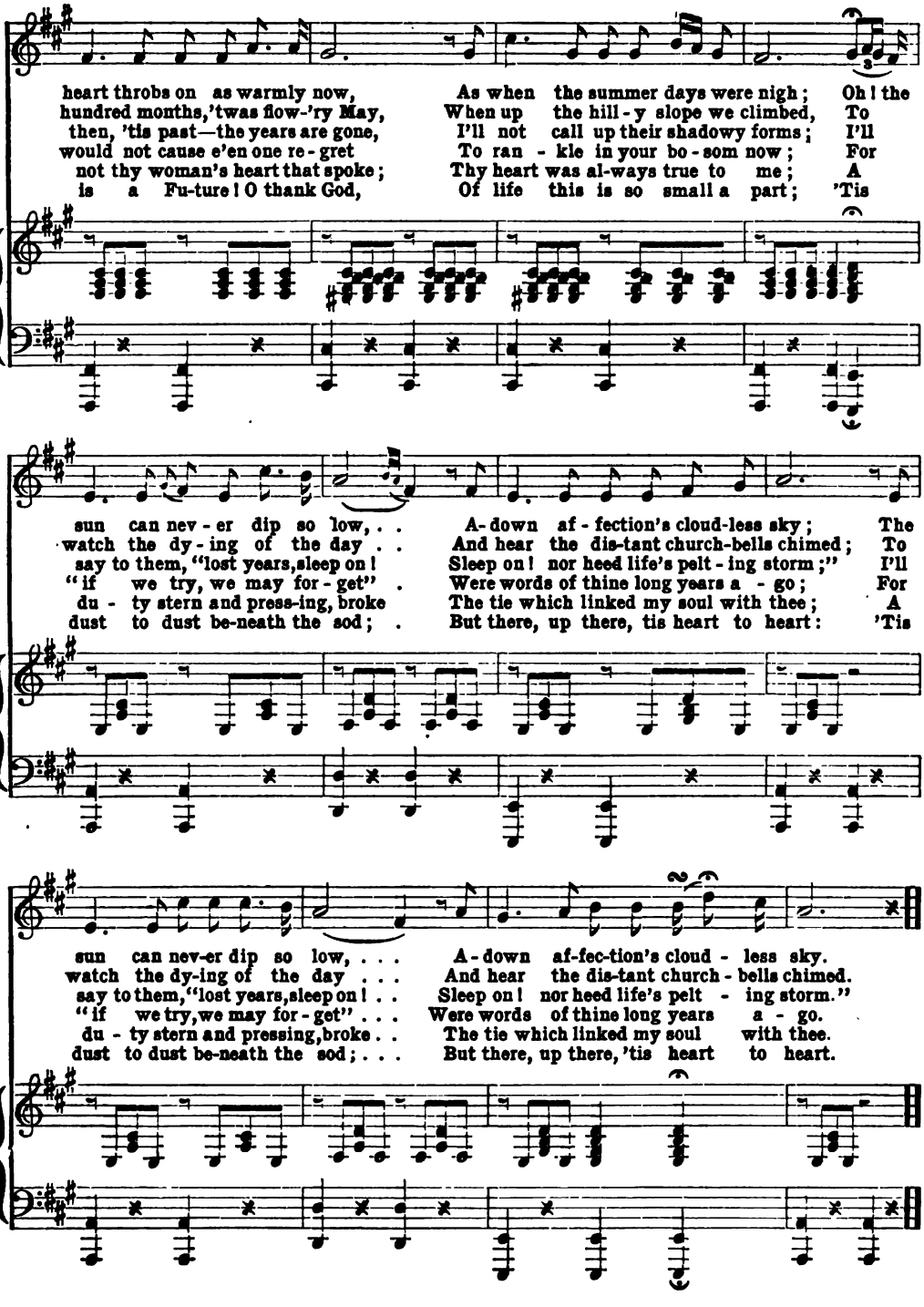

rall.
noth - ing af - ter Jack, For all the lands-men lov - ers Are noth-ing af - ter
love of Jack, I trow, Would give their crys - tal kingdoms For the love of Jack, I
all love Jack! If he'd wed them all, they'd take him, For they all, they all love
f
tempo.
Jack. For his heart is like the sea, Ev - 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
mf
girls must lonely be, Till his ship comes back; But if love's the best of all . . That
mf



Lorena

Rev. H. D. L. Webster — J. P. Webster




heart throbs on as warmly now, As when the summer days were nigh; Oh! the
hundred months,'twas flow-'ry May, When up the hill-y slope we climbed, To
then, 'tis past—the years are gone, I'll not call up their shadowy forms; I'll
would not cause e'en one re-gret To ran-kle in your bo-som now; For
not thy woman's heart that spoke; Thy heart was al-ways true to me; A
is a Fu-ture! O thank God, Of life this is so small a part; 'Tis
sun can nev-er dip so low, . . A-down af-fection's cloud-less sky; The
watch the dy-ing of the day . . And hear the dis-tant church-bells chimed; To
say to them, "lost years, sleep on! Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt-ing storm;" I'll
"if we try, we may for-get" . Were words of thine long years a-go; For
du-ty stern and press-ing, broke The tie which linked my soul with thee; A
dust to dust be-neath the sod; . But there, up there, tis heart to heart: 'Tis
sun can nev-er dip so low, . . . A-down af-fec-tion's cloud-less sky.
watch the dy-ing of the day . . . And hear the dis-tant church-bells chimed.
say to them, "lost years, sleep on! . . Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt-ing storm."
"if we try, we may for-get" . . . Were words of thine long years a-go.
du-ty stern and pressing, broke . . The tie which linked my soul with thee.
dust to dust be-neath the sod; . . . But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls

From BALFE'S "Bohemian Girl"

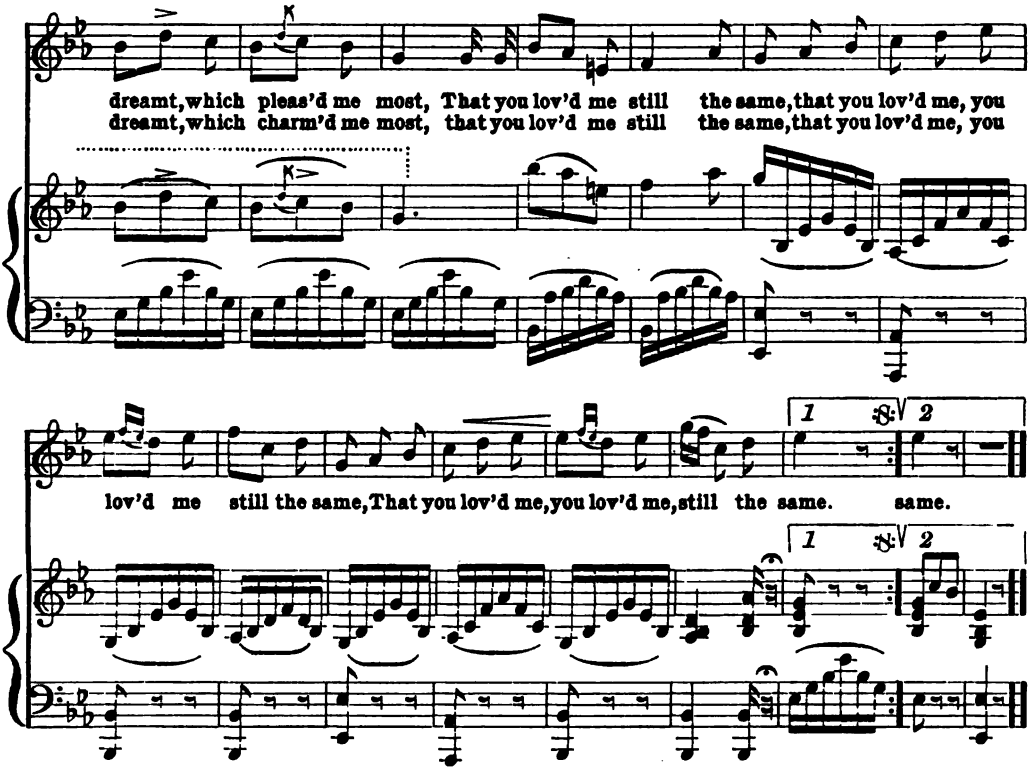
Andantino

pp

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With vas-sals and serfs at my side, . . . And of all who as-sem-bled with-in those walls That I was the hope and the pride. . . . I had rich-es too great to count; could boast Of a high an - ces - tral name; . . . But I al - so
2. I dreamt that suit - ors sought my hand; That knights up - on bend - ed knees, . . And with vows no maid-en heart could with-stand, They pledg'd their faith to me, . . . And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host Came forth my hand to claim; . . . But I al - so

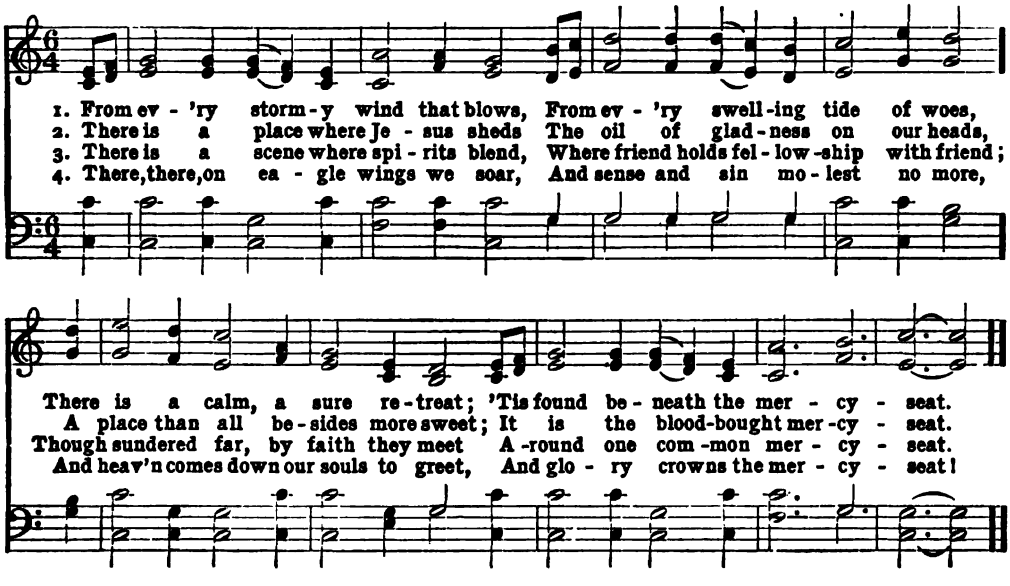
8va

pp



Retreat

H. Stowell T. Hastings



My Mary Anne

M. Tyte

Moderato

1. Fare-you-well, my own Ma-ry Anne, Fare-you-well a-while, For the ship it is read-y, And the wind it is fair, And I am bound for the sea, Ma-ry Anne, I am bound for the sea. . .
2. Don't you see that tur-tle dove, Sit-ting on yon pine, La-ment-ing the loss of its own true love? And so am I for mine, Ma-ry Anne, So am I for mine. .
3. A lob-ster in a lob-ster pot, A blue fish wrig-gling on a hook, May suf-fer some, but oh, no, not What I do feel for my Ma-ry Anne! What I feel for Ma-ry Anne. .
4. The pride of all the pro-duce rare, That in the kit-chen gar-den grow'd, Was pump-kins, but none could com-pare, In an-gel form to my Ma-ry Anne! Could compare with Ma-ry Anne. .

p

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 nd 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

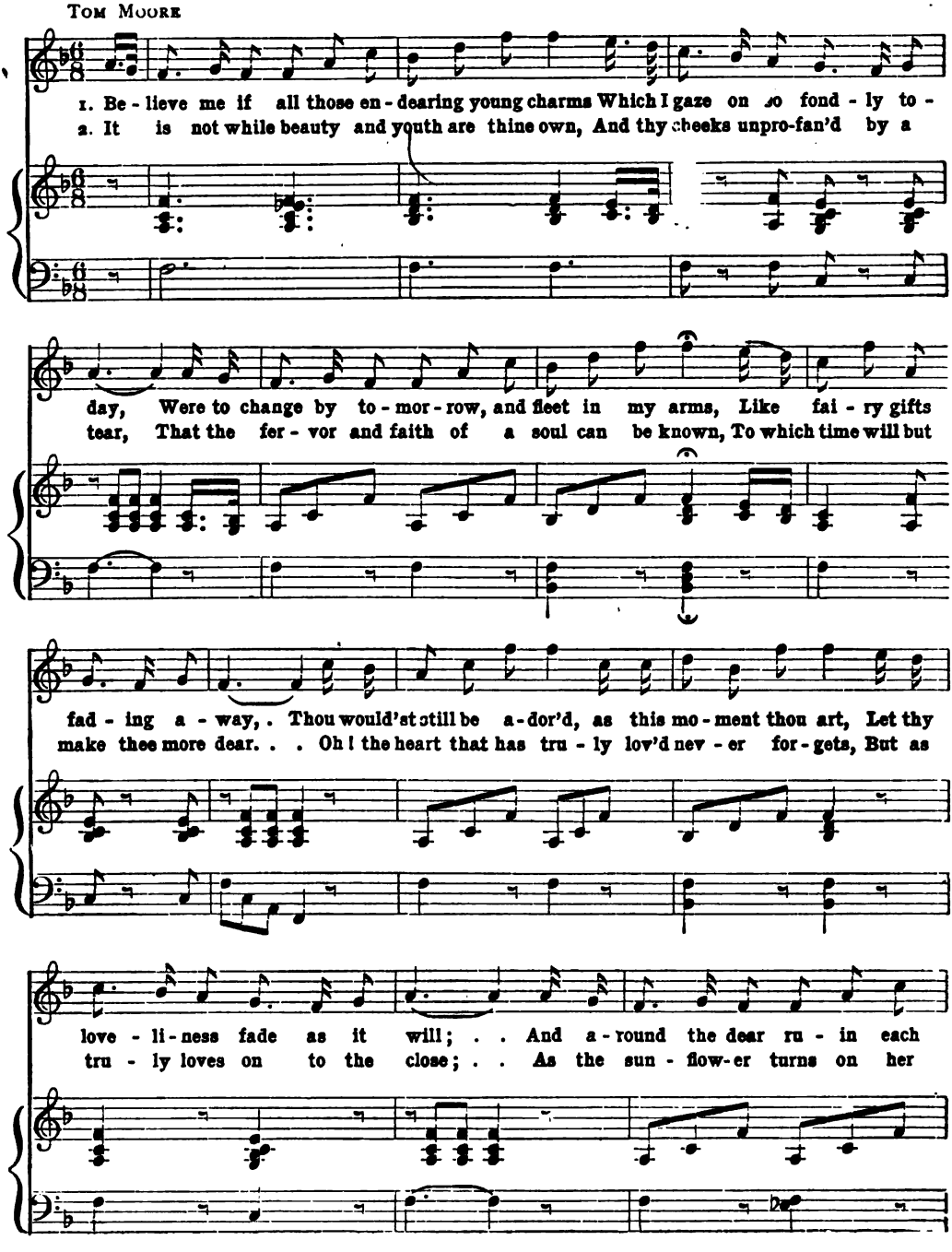
month of May, When green buds then were swell-in', Young Jem - my Grove on his
she came up, And slow - ly she came nigh him; And all she said, when
vir-gins all, And shun the fault I fell in; Hence - forth take warn - ing

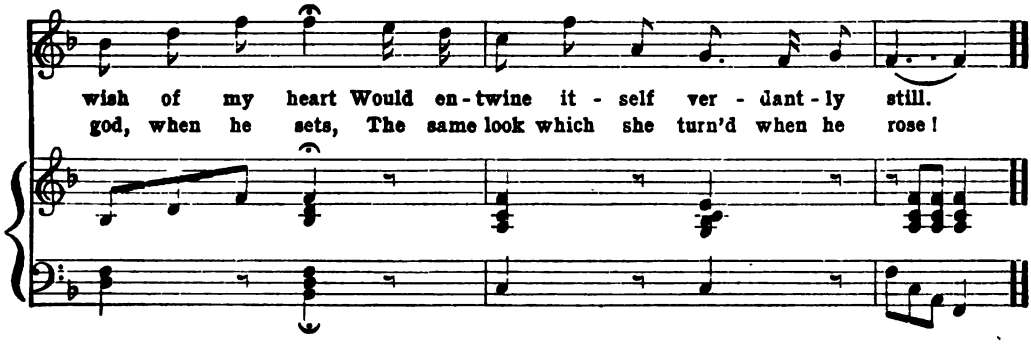
death-bed lay, For love of Bar - b'ra Al - len.
there she came, "Young man, I think you're dy - ing."
by the fall Of cru - el Bar - b'ra Al - len."

mf

Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms

TOM MOORE





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

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.

Chorus

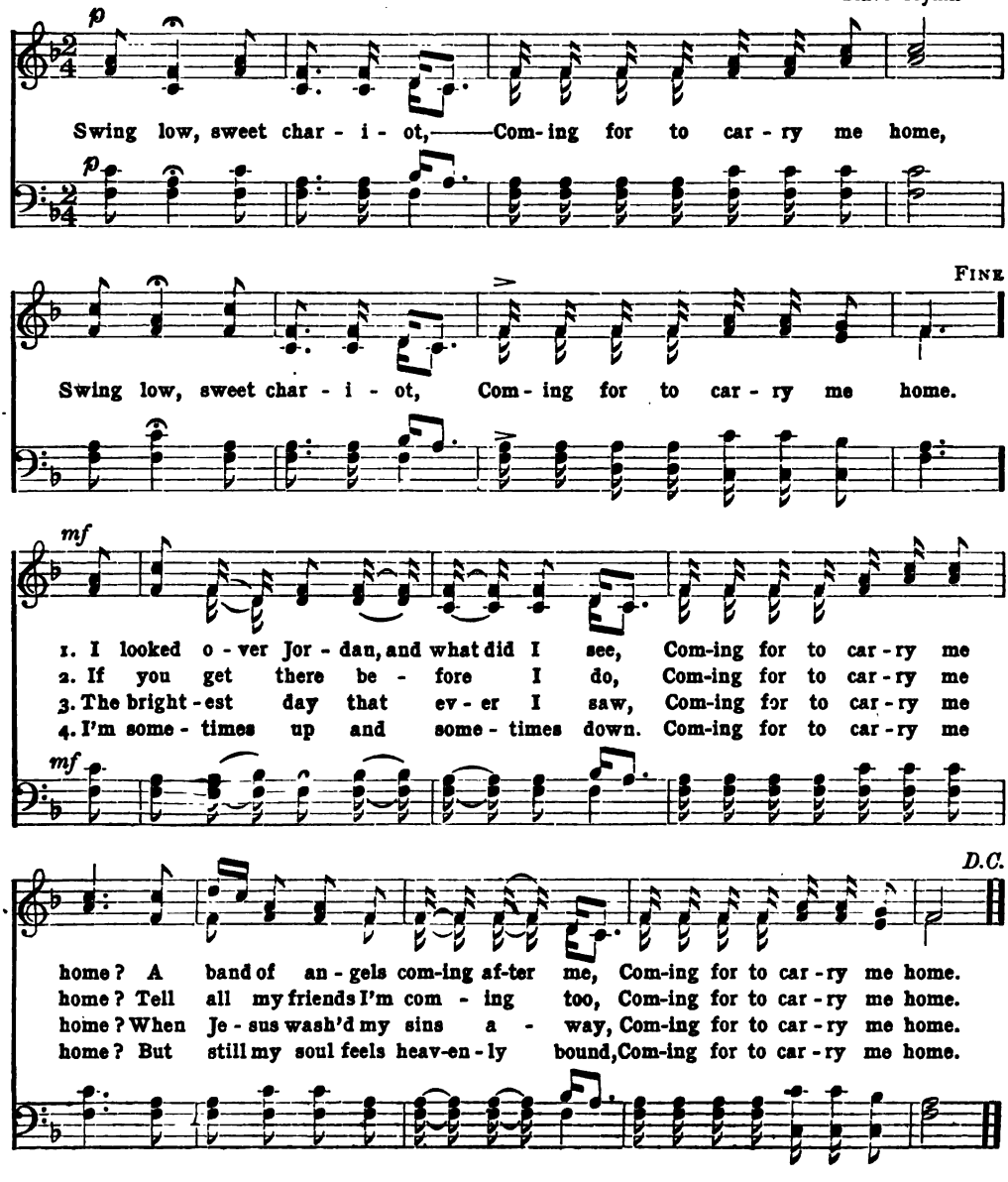
row, O'er de wa-ters so blue, Like a fea-ther we'll float, In my gum-tree ca-noe.

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



Good-Bye

J. C. Engelbrecht

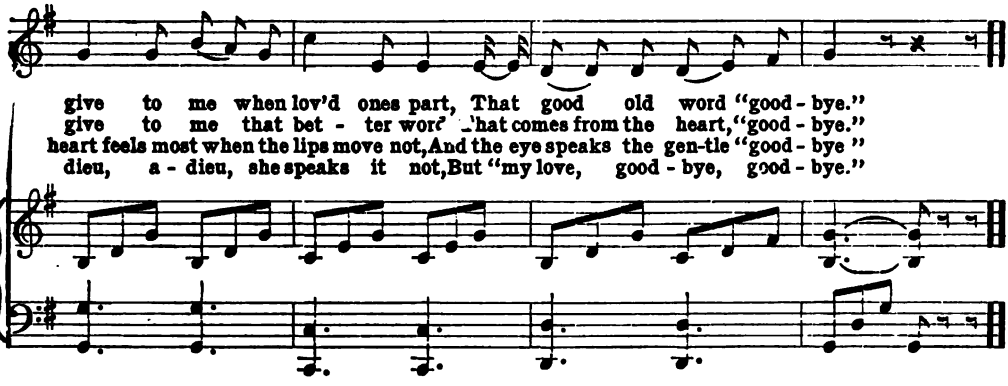
Andante

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 -

p

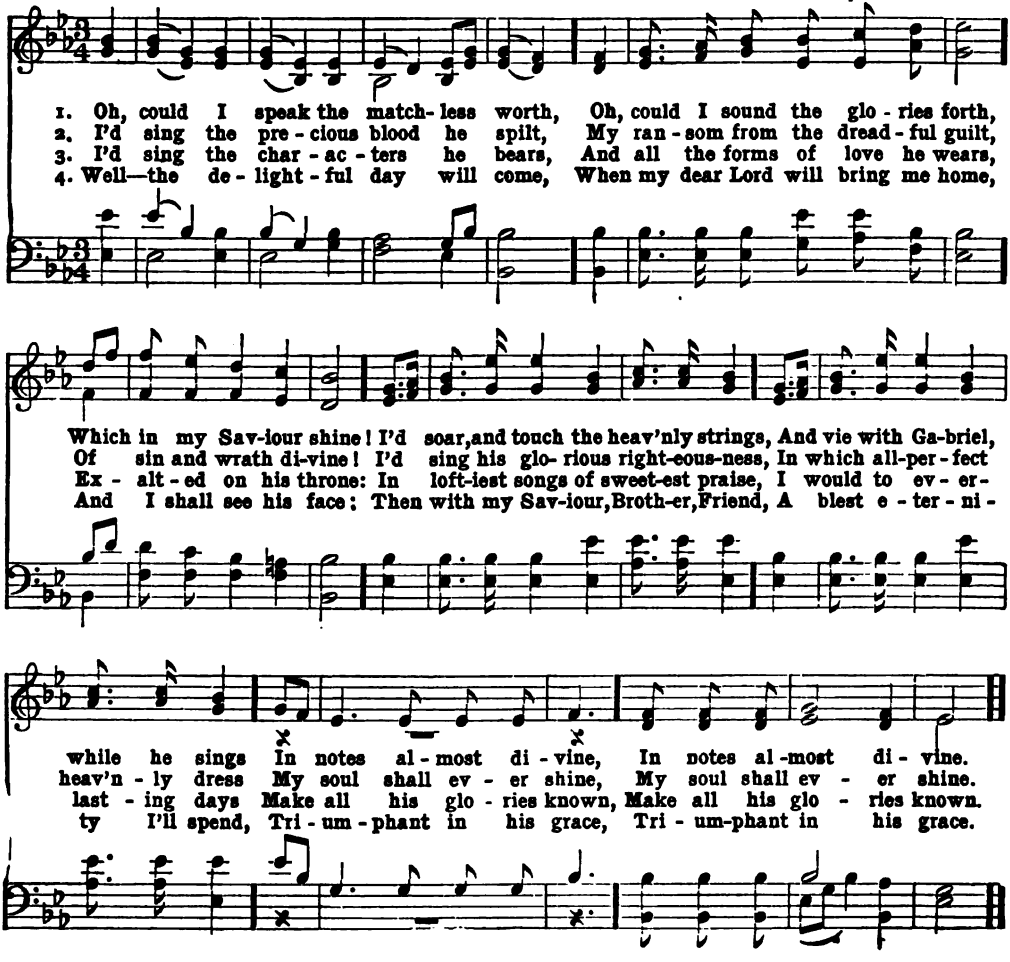
give to me when lov'd ones part, That sweet old word, "good - bye," That
give to me that bet - ter word That comes from the heart, "good-bye," That
heart feels most when the lips move not, And the eye speaks the gen-tle "good - bye," And the
dieu, a - dieu, she speaks it not, But "my love, good - bye, 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 -



Ariel

S. Medley — Arr. by L. Mason



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 plash-ing waves like mu-sic
way, I threw them one by one a-way. "Oh! thus," I said, "in ev-'ry

8va

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

8va

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

fz

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

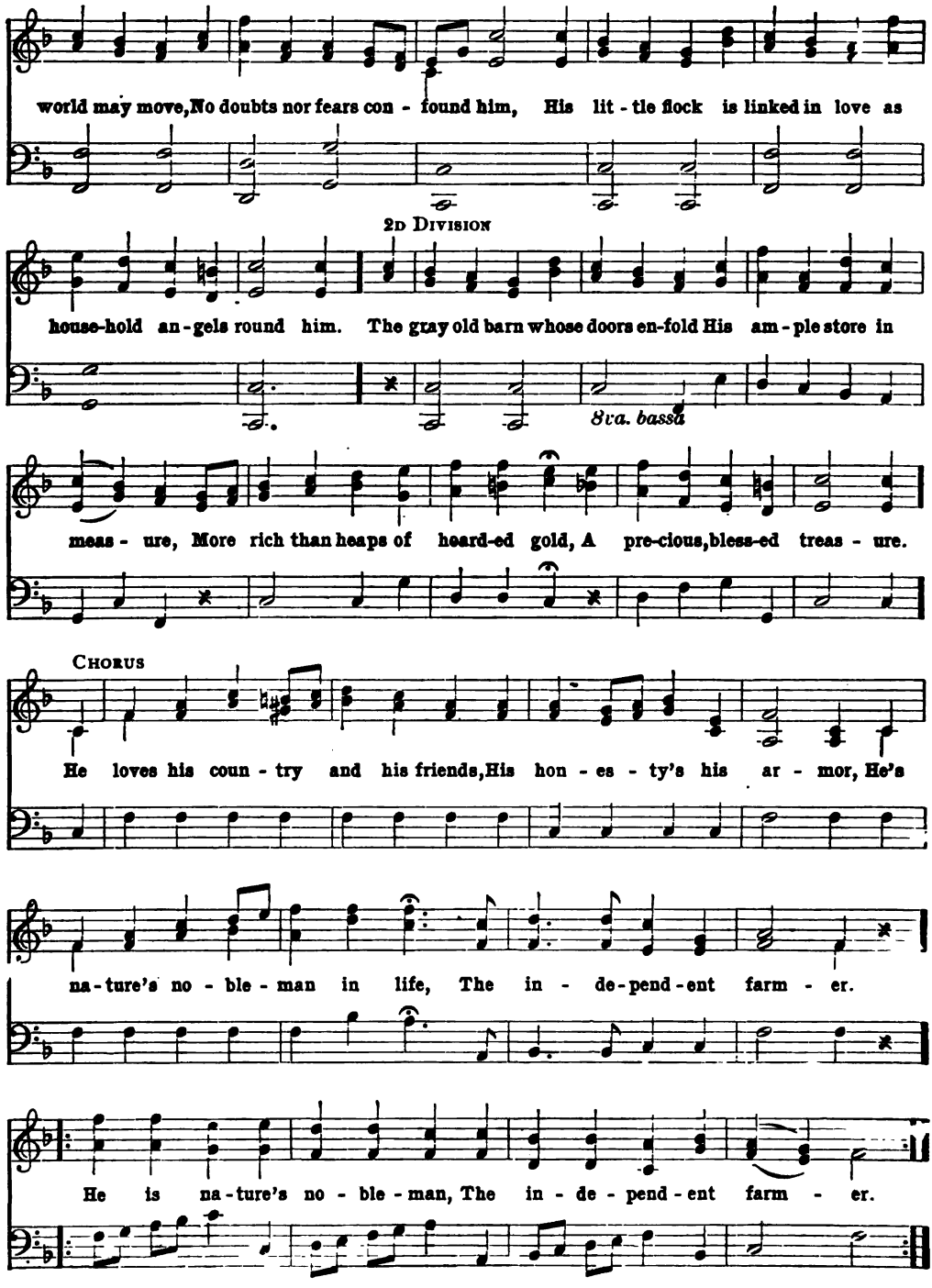
W. W. Fosdick G. F. Root

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


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
8va. bassa
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

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 - vised:
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

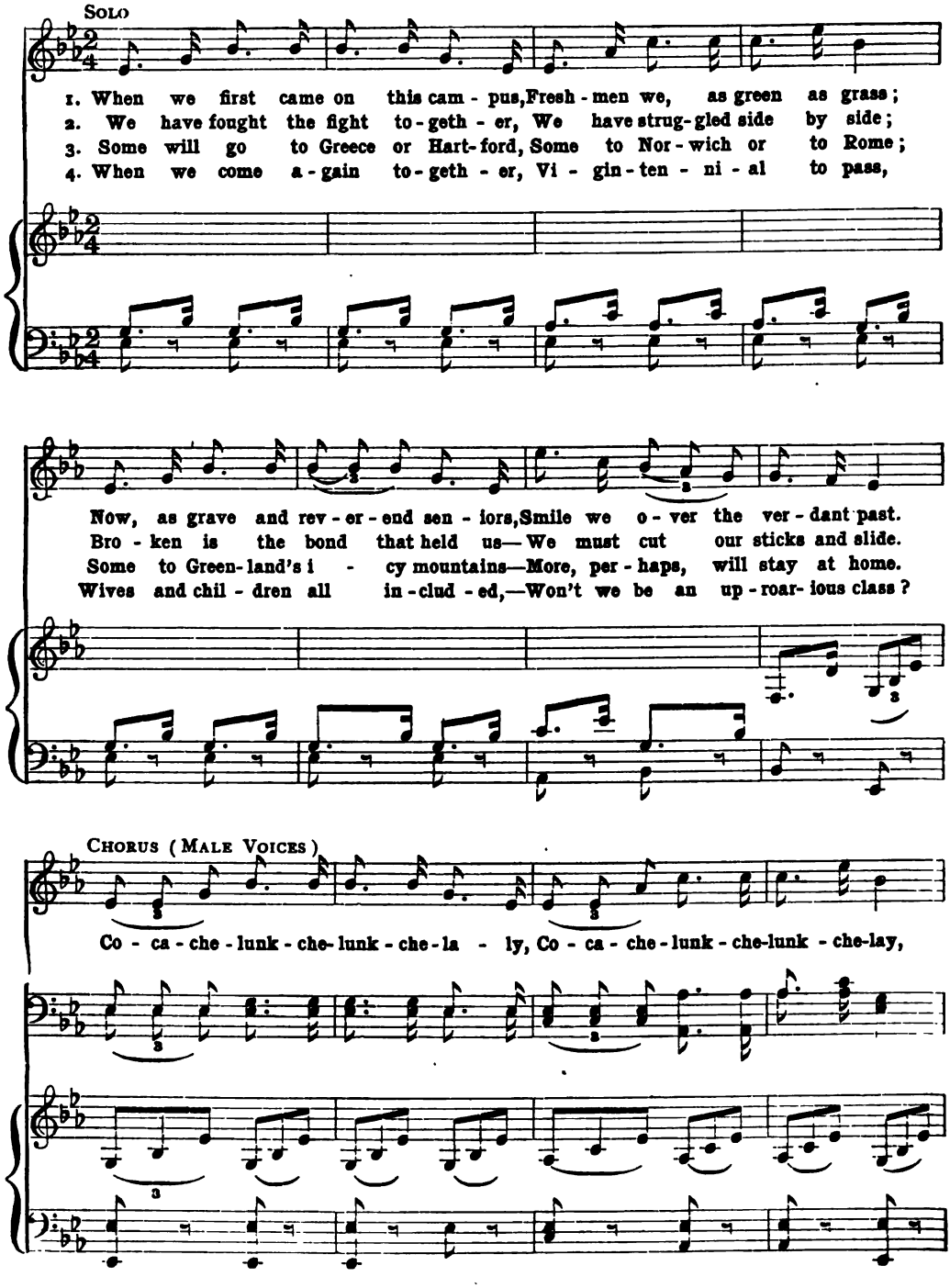
Waste not, want not, is the max - im I would teach, Let your watch-word be des-patch, and

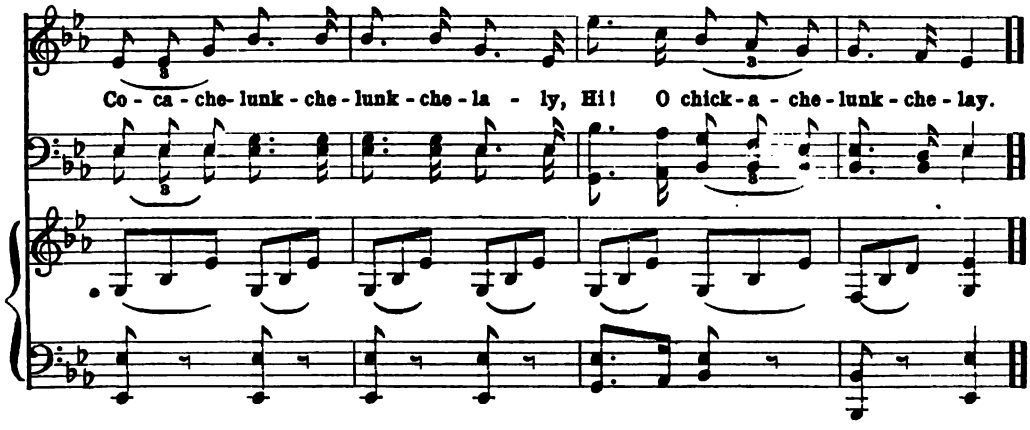
f

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





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'st 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

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

dim. — *p*

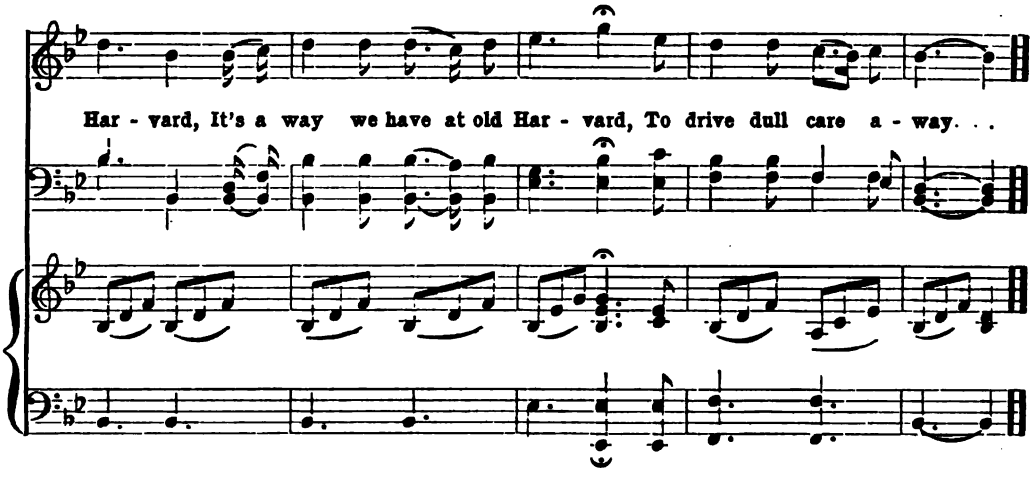
do not ask to see . . The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, . . Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
an - gel fa - ces smile, . Which I have loved long since and lost a - while.

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 way we have at old Har-vard, 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
2. For we think it is . . no sin, sir, To take the Fresh - men in, sir, And ease them of their tin, sir, To drive dull care a - way; To drive dull care a -way, To drive dull care a - way, To
3. For we think it is . . but right, sir, On Wednesday and Saturday night, sir, 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, To

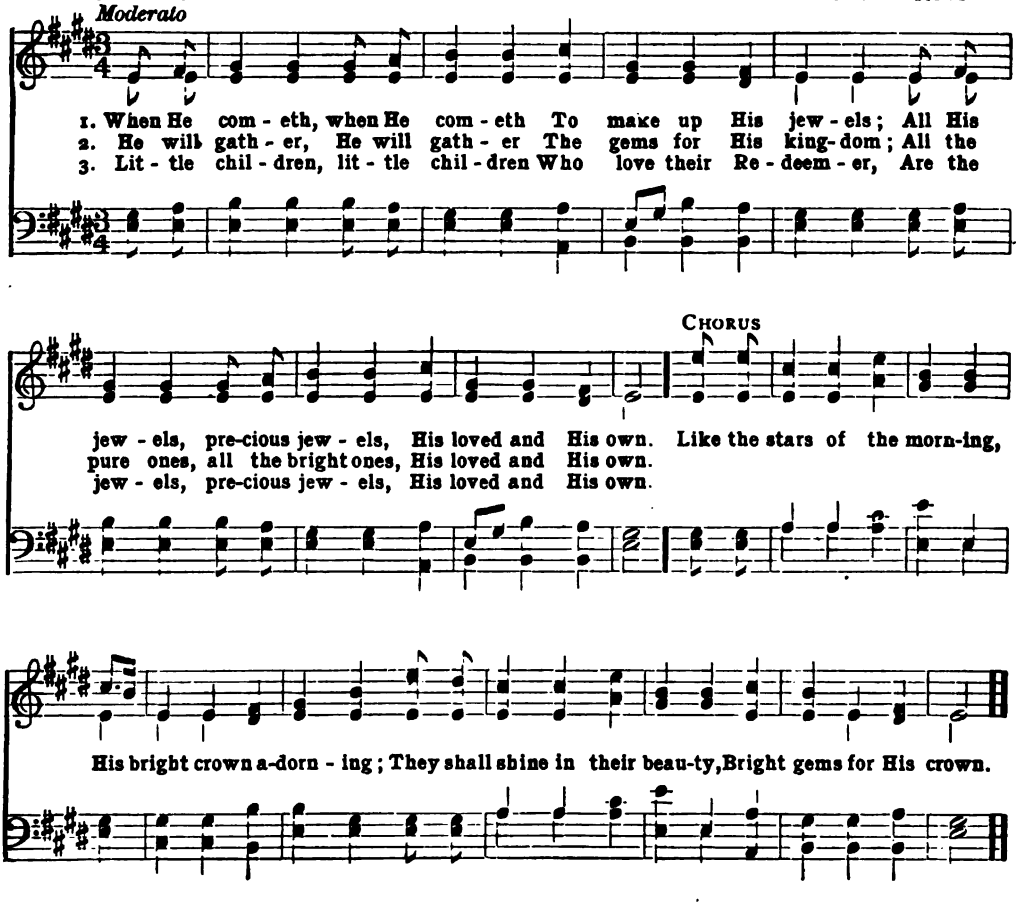
CODA

*The name "Harvard" may be changed to that of any college



When He Cometh

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing — Geo. F. Root



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,

p

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?

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;

f

rall.

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.

rall.

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

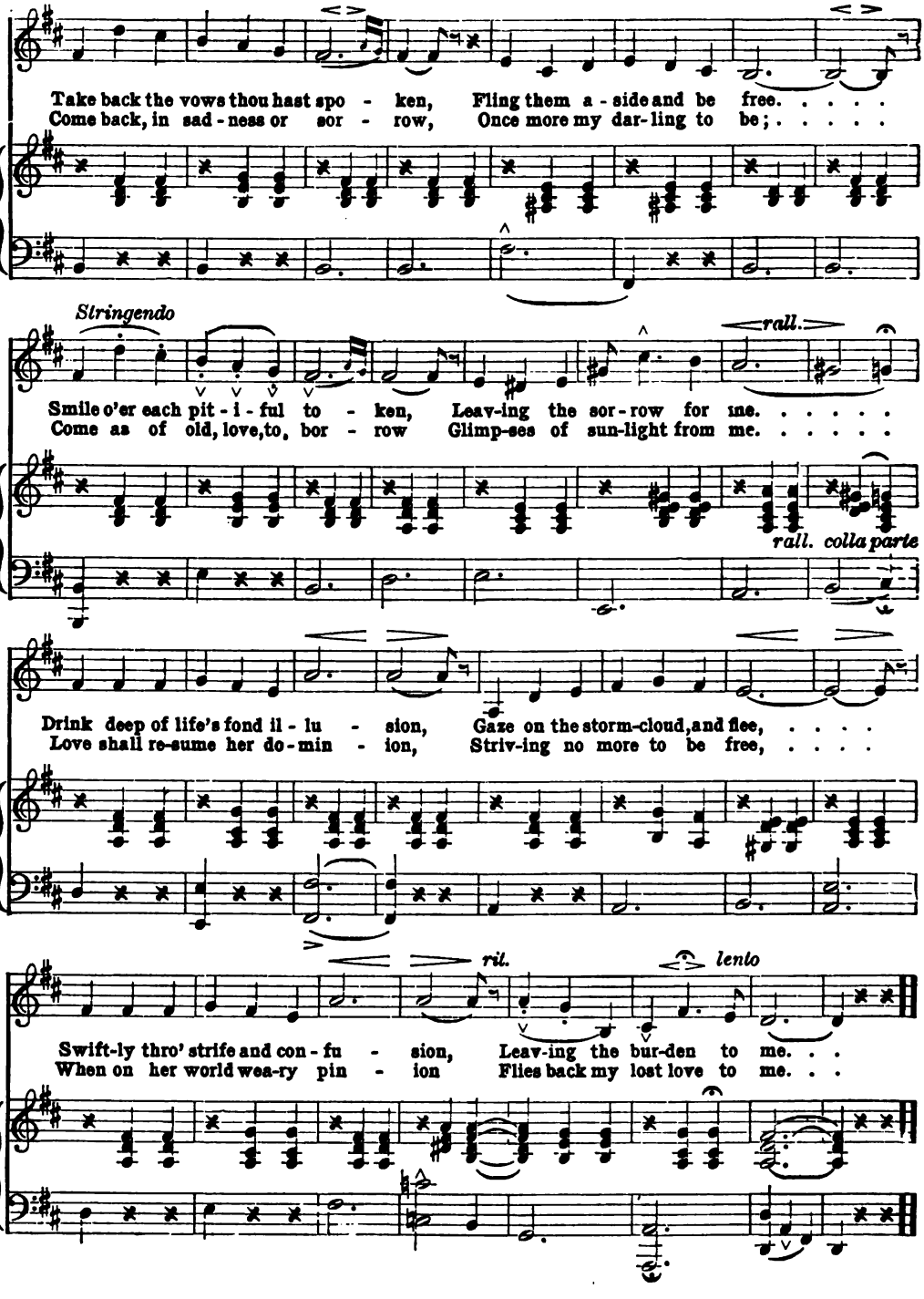
Take Back the Heart

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 flings its fet-ters o'er thee, . .

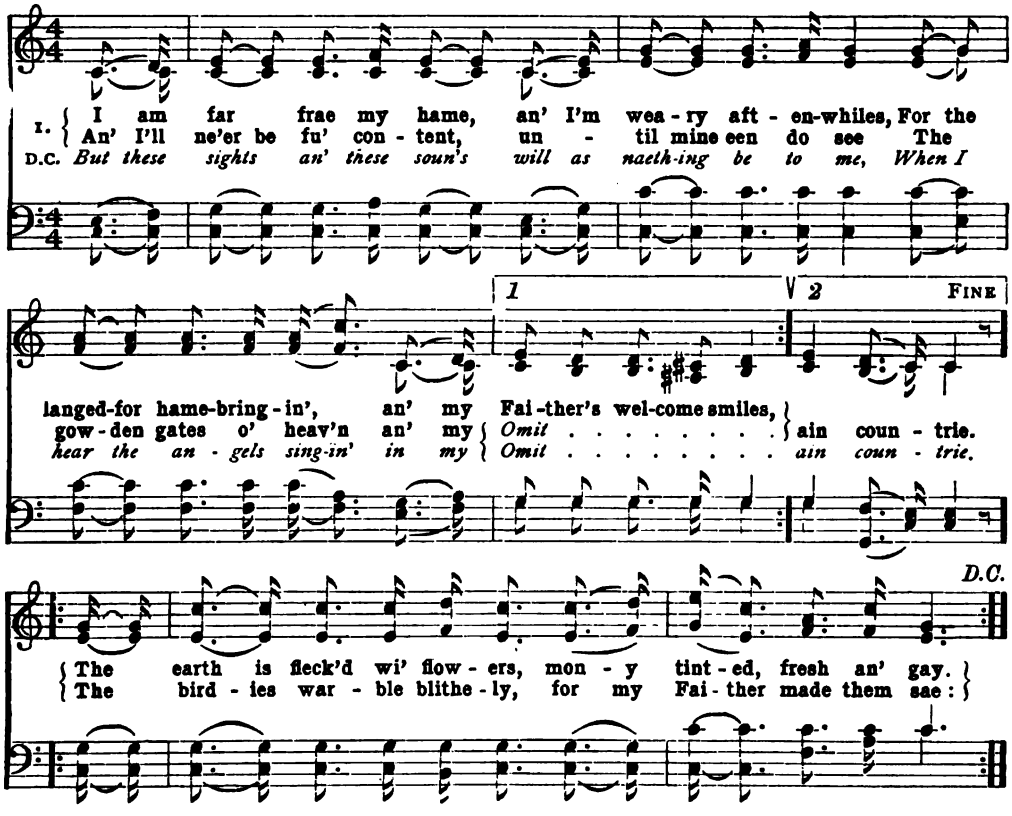
Take back the free-dom thou crav - est, Leav - ing the fet - ters to me. . .
Come with a trust still un - shak - en, Come back a cap-tive to me. . .

sf *dim.*


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
rall.
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. . . . . .
rall. colla parte
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, ...
ril.
lento
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



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

sat 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 in - cense 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.

f

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

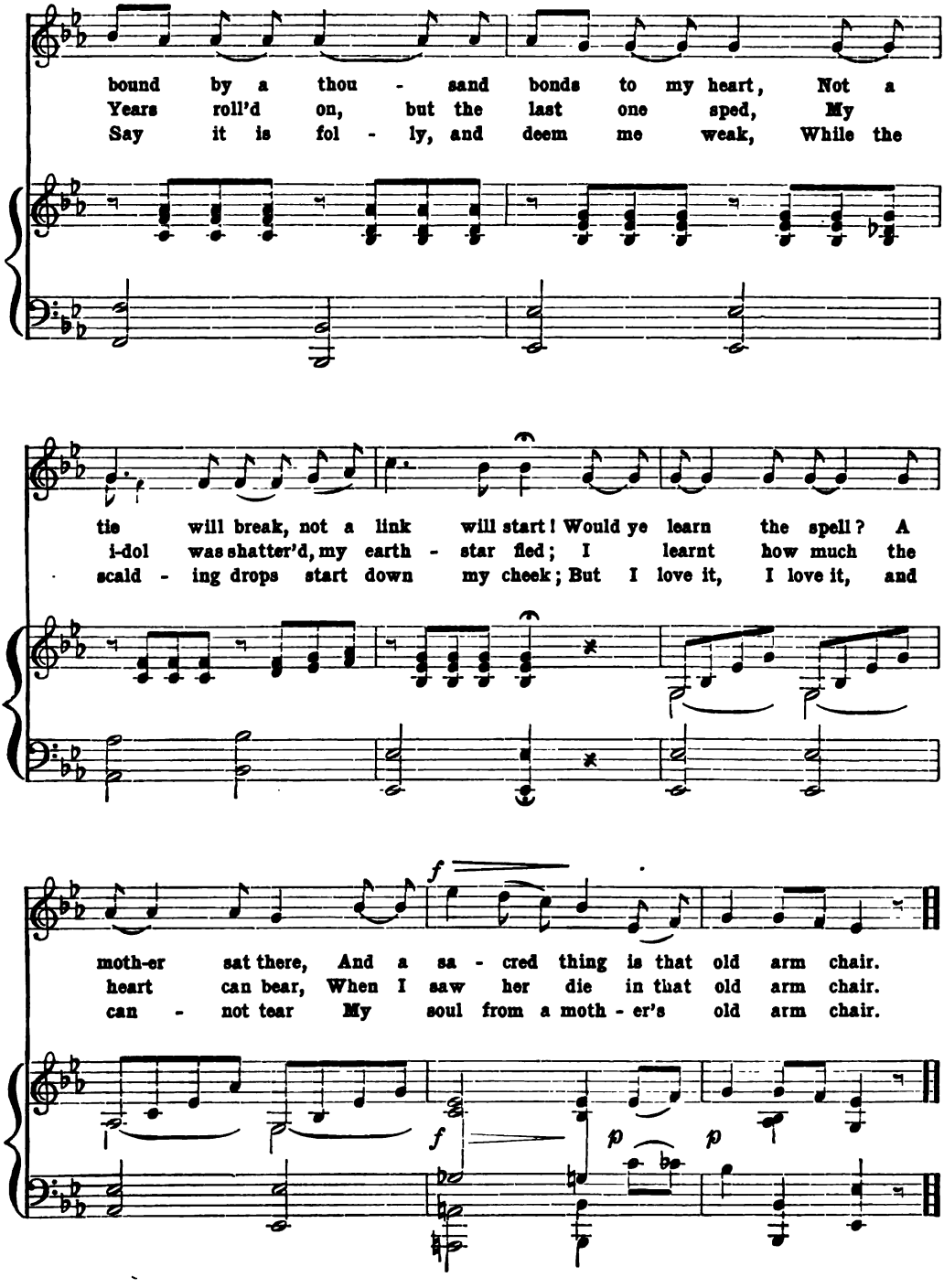
forth like a fai-ry, so light and so air-y, And ram-ble o'er my up-per lip so gay.

The Old Arm Chair

ELIZA COOKE — HENRY RUSSELL

Andante con espressione.

1. I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for lov - ing that old arm chair? I've treas-ured it long as a ho - ly prize, I've be - dew'd it with tears, and em - balm'd it with sighs; 'Tis
2. I sat and watch'd her man - y a day, When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey, And I al - most wor-shipp'd her when she smil'd, And turn'd from her bi - ble to bless her child.
3. 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With quiv - er - ing breath and throb-bing brow; 'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died; And mem-'ry flows with la - va tide.


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
f
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.
f
p
p

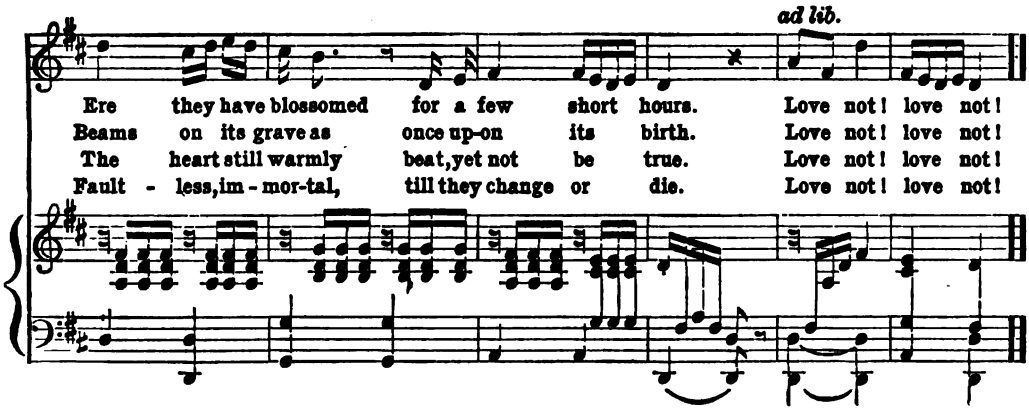
Love Not

CAROLINE NORTON — JOHN BLOCKLEY

Andantino

1. Love not! love not! ye hap-less sons of clay; Hope's gay-est wreaths are made of earth-ly flow'rs; Things that are made to fade and fall a-way, Ere they have blossomed, for a few . . short hours,
2. Love not! love not! the thing you love may die, May per-ish from the gay and glad-some earth; The si-lent stars, the blue and smiling sky, Beams on its grave as once up-on . . its birth,
3. Love not! love not! the thing you love may change, The ro-sy lip may cease to smile on you, The kind-ly beam-ing eye grow cold and strange, The heart still warmly beat, yet not . . be true,
4. Love not! love not! O warn-ing vain-ly said! In pres-ent hours, as in the years gone by, Love flings a ha-lo round the dear one's head, Fault-less, im-mor-tal, till they change or die,

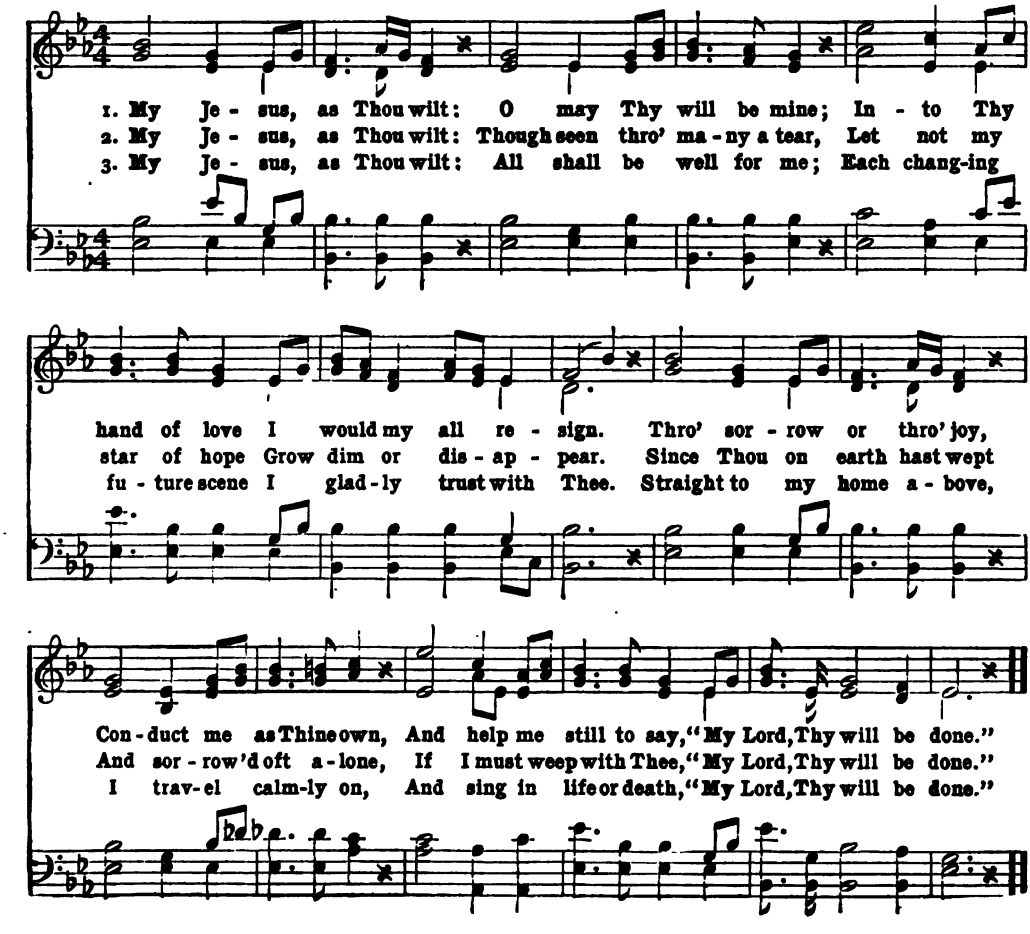
p



My Jesus, as Thou Wilt

SCHMOLKE
Tr. BORTHWICK

WEBER



Your Mission

JESSIE R. GATES — S. M. GRANNIS

Moderato

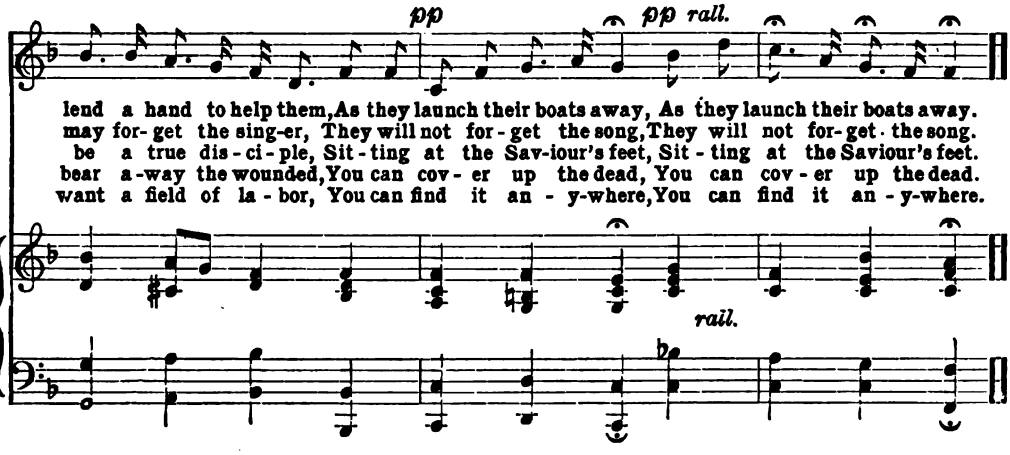
1. If you can not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet, Rock - ing
2. If you are too weak to jour - ney Up the moun - tain, steep and high; You can
3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to command; If you
4. If you can not in the con - flict Prove your - self a sol - dier 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

cres. *dim.*

ritard.

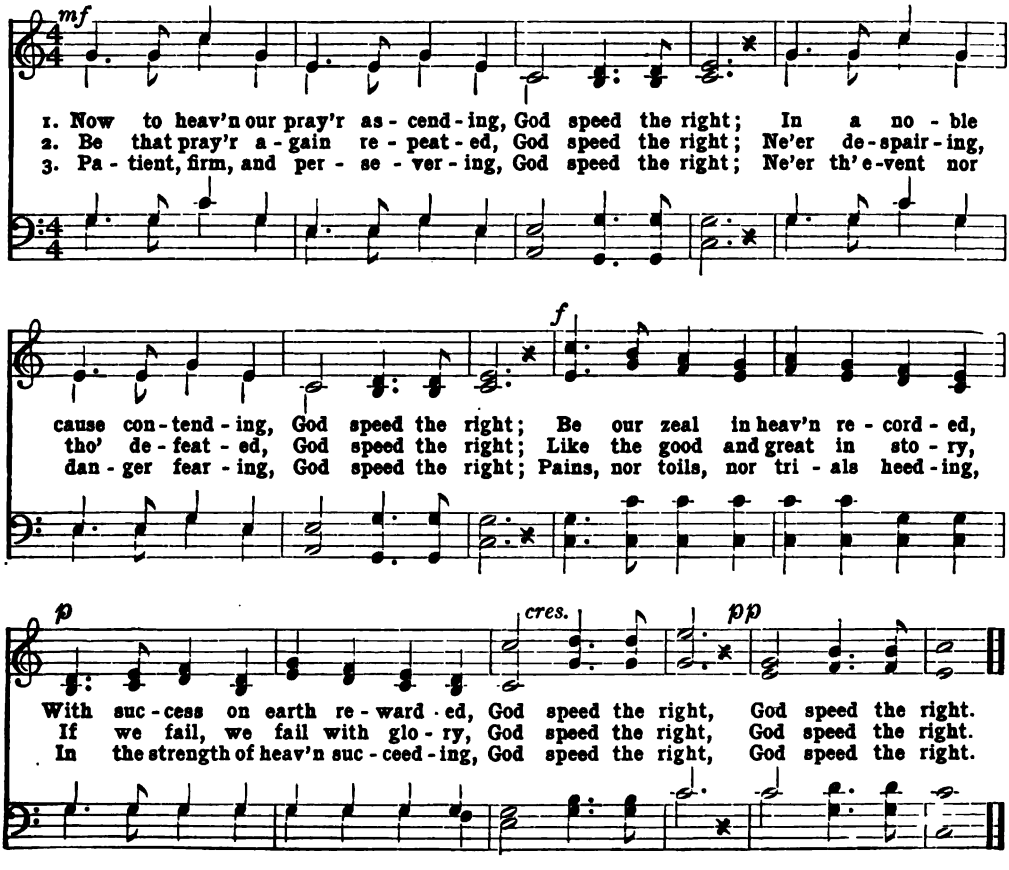
stand a - mong the sail - ors, An - chor'd yet with - in the bay, You can
chant in hap - py meas - ure, As they slow - ly pass a - long, Though they
vis - it the af - flict - ed, O'er the err - ing you can weep, You can
bat - tle - field is si - lent, You can go with care - ful tread, You can
toil in an - y vine - yard, Do not fear to do or dare, If you



God Speed the Right

W. E. Hickson — German Air

Maestoso



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;

p

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;

f

And in the dusk where fell 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.

p

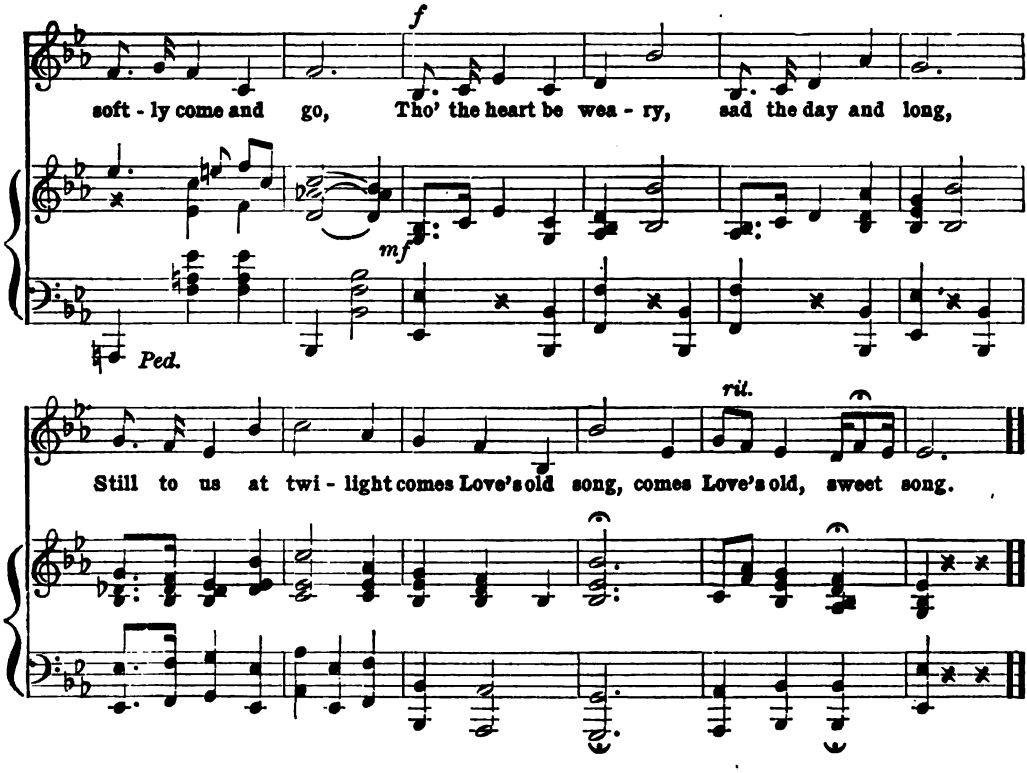
rit.

a tempo

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring sha-dows

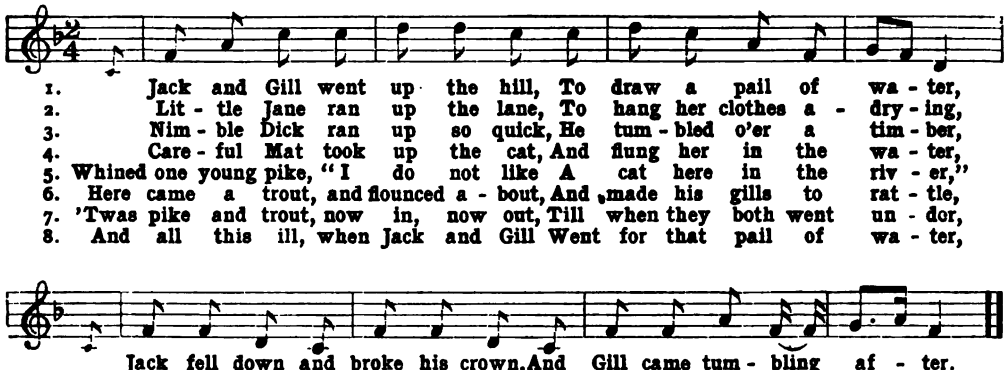
p cantando

sempre Ped. * *Ped.* * *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 flounced a - bout, And made his gills to rat - tle,
7. 'Twas pike and trout, now in, now out, Till when they both went un - der,
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.

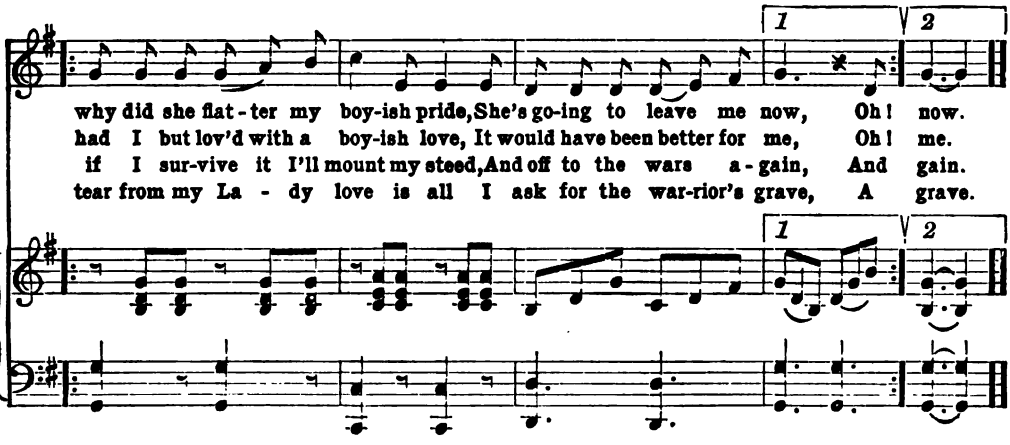
I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree

W. Guernsey.

Andante moderato

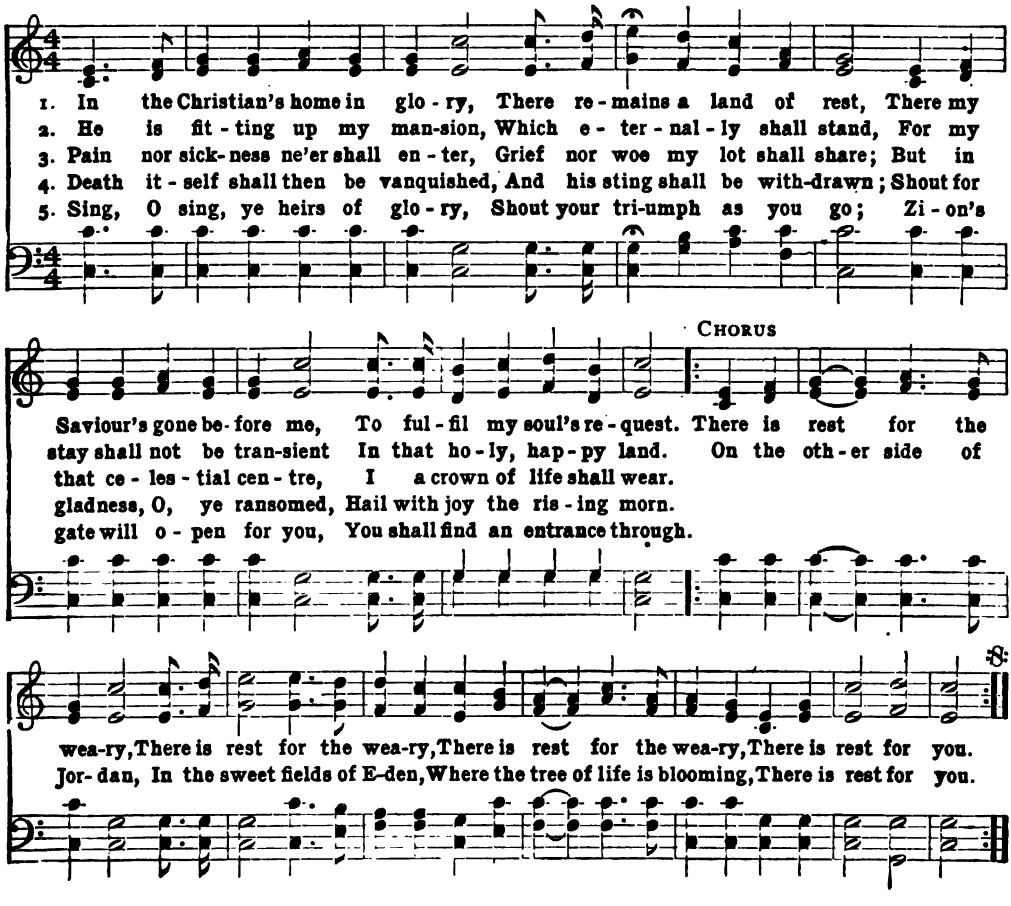
1. I'll hang my harp on a wil - low tree, I'll off to the wars a - gain, My peace-ful home has no charms for me, The bat - tle field no pain; The la - dy I love will soon be a bride, With a di - a - dem on her brow. Oh!
2. She took me a - way from my war - like lord, And gave me a silk - en suit, I tho't no more of my mas - ter's sword, But play'd my mas - ter's lute; She seem'd to think me a boy a - bove Her pa - ges of low de - gree, Oh!
3. Then I'll hide in my breast ev - 'ry self - ish care, I'll flush my pale cheek with wine; When smiles a - wake the bri - dal pair, I'll has - ten to give them mine. I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed, And I'll walk in the fes - tive train, And
4. But one gold - en tress of her hair I'll twine, In my hel - met's sa - ble plume, And then on the field of Pal - es - tine I'll seek an ear - ly doom; And if by the Sar - a - cen's hand I fall, 'Mid the no - ble and the brave, A

p



Rest for the Weary

S. Y. Harmer. Rev. J. W. Dadmun



Twenty Years Ago

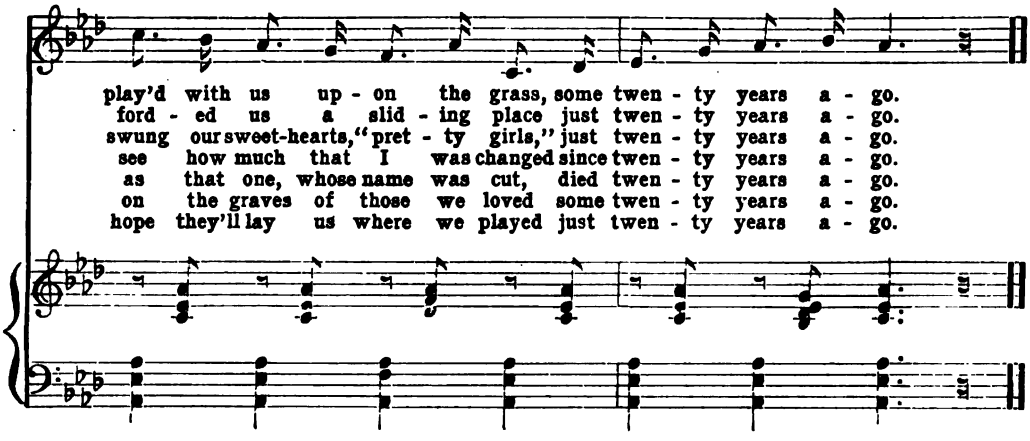
WILLIAM WILLING

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

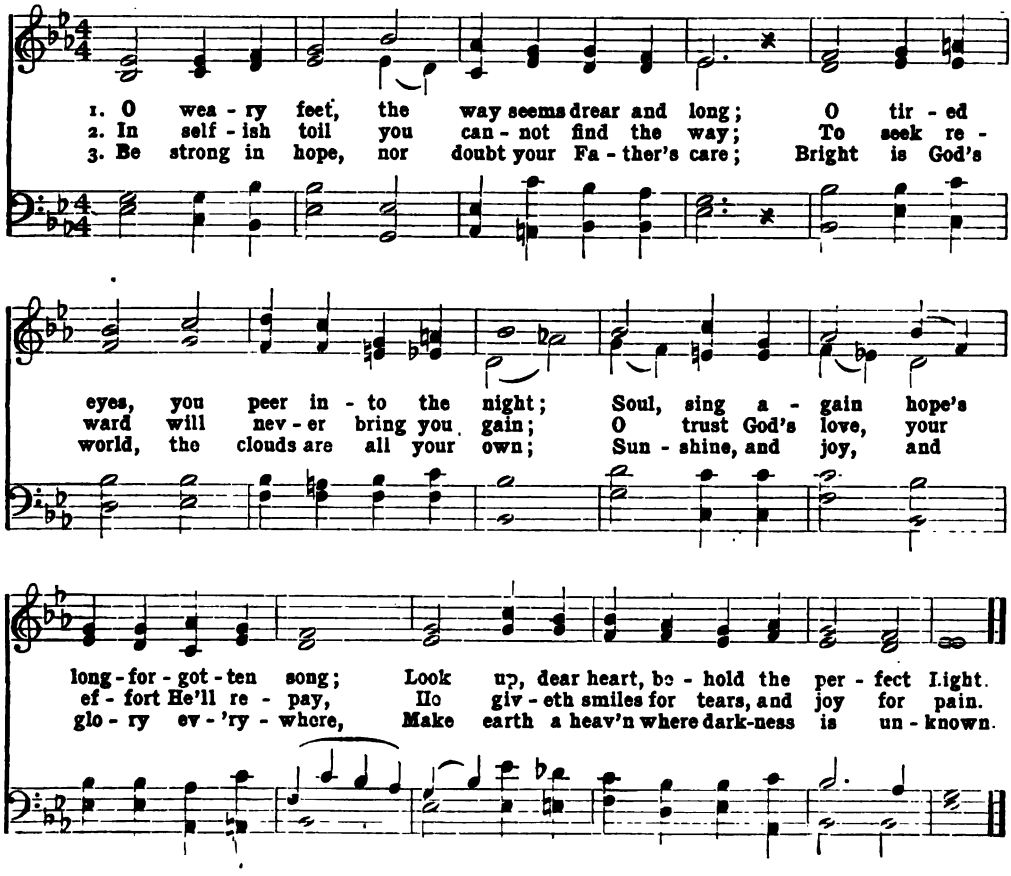
on the school-house play-ing ground, which shel-ter'd you and me. But
sport-ing just as we did then, with spir-its just as gay; But the
larg-er than they were, dear Tom, the stream ap-pears less wide. The
ve-ry low, 'twas once so high that we could al-most reach; And
sweet-heart's just be-neath it, Tom, and you did mine the same; Some
thought of her I loved so well, those ear-ly bro-ken ties; I
few are left of 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 beau, And
kneel-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



O Weary Feet

CLARA L. HAYES — ALFRED BEIRLY



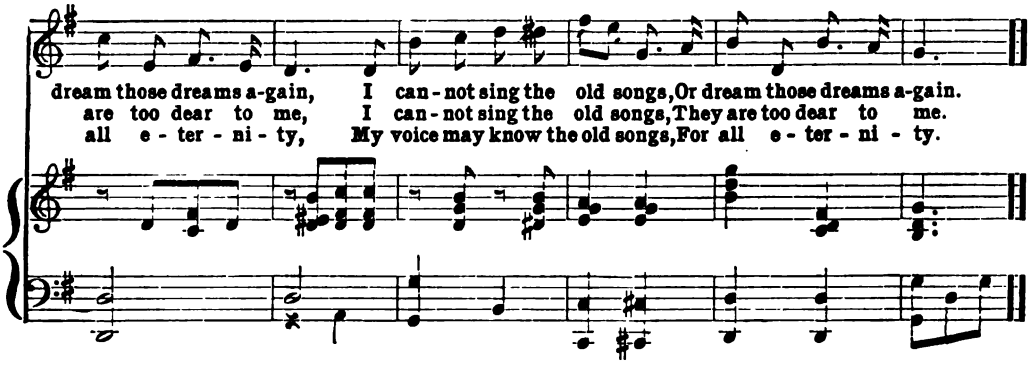
I Cannot Sing the Old Songs

CLARIBEL

1. I can - not sing the old songs I sung long years a - go, For heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For by - gone hours come o'er my heart, With each fa - mil - iar strain, I can - not sing the old songs, Or

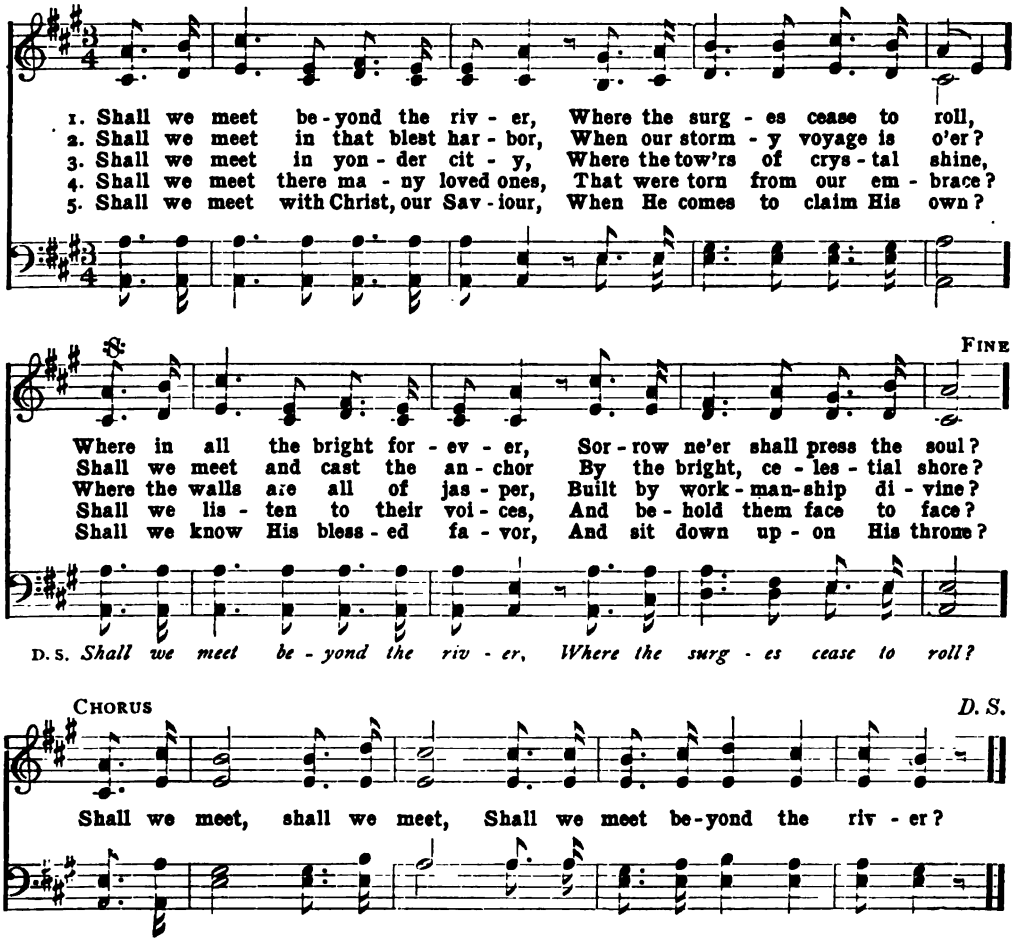
2. I can - not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their mel - o - dies would wak - en Old sor - rows from their sleep; And tho' all un - for - got - ten still, And sad - ly sweet they be, I can - not sing the old songs, They

3. I can - not sing the old songs, For vis - ions come a - gain, Of gold - en dreams de - part - ed, And years of wea - ry pain; Per - haps when earth - ly fet - ters shall Have set my spir - it free, My voice may know the old songs, For



Shall We Meet

H. L. Hastings — Elisha S. Rice



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-ny 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.

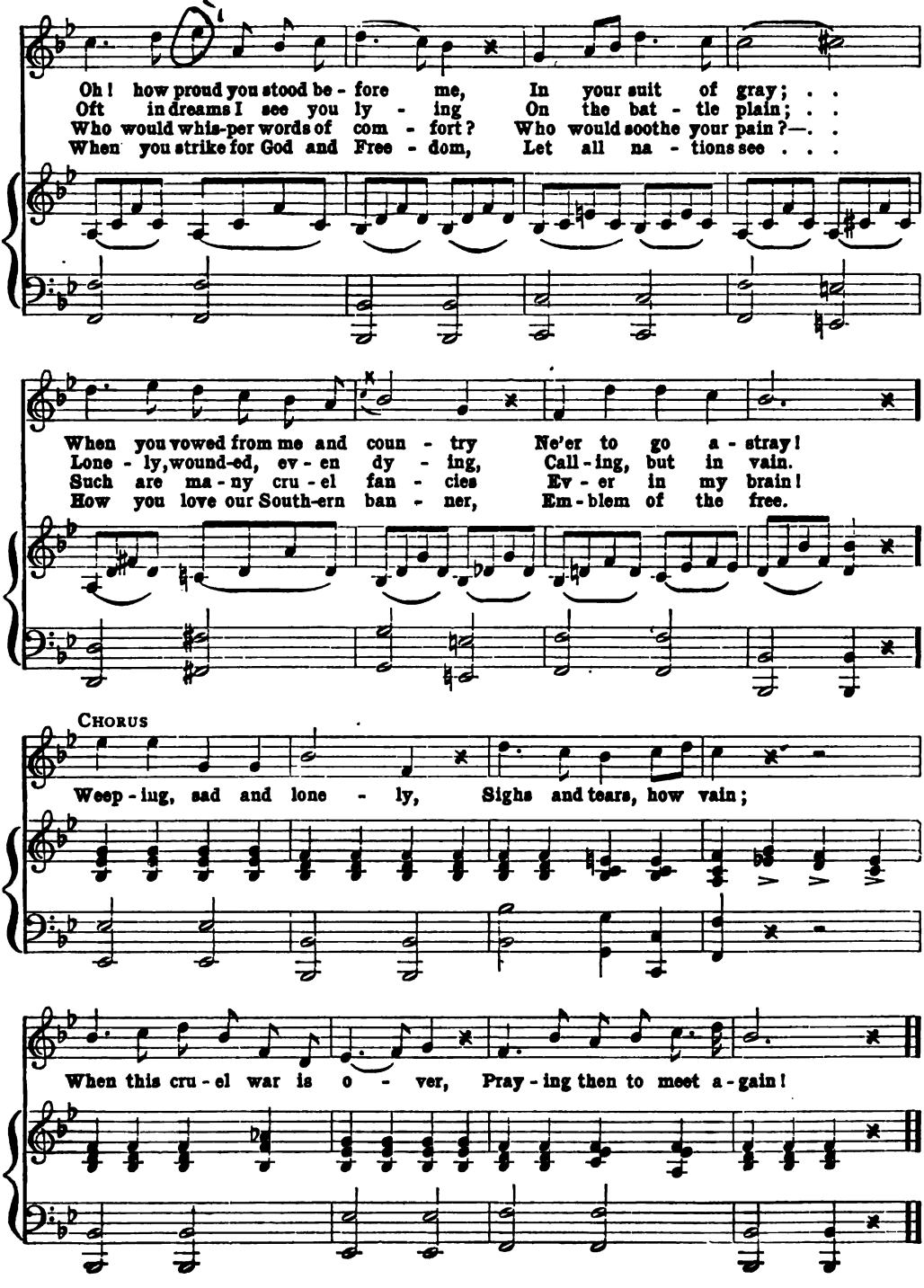
When This Cruel War is Over

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;

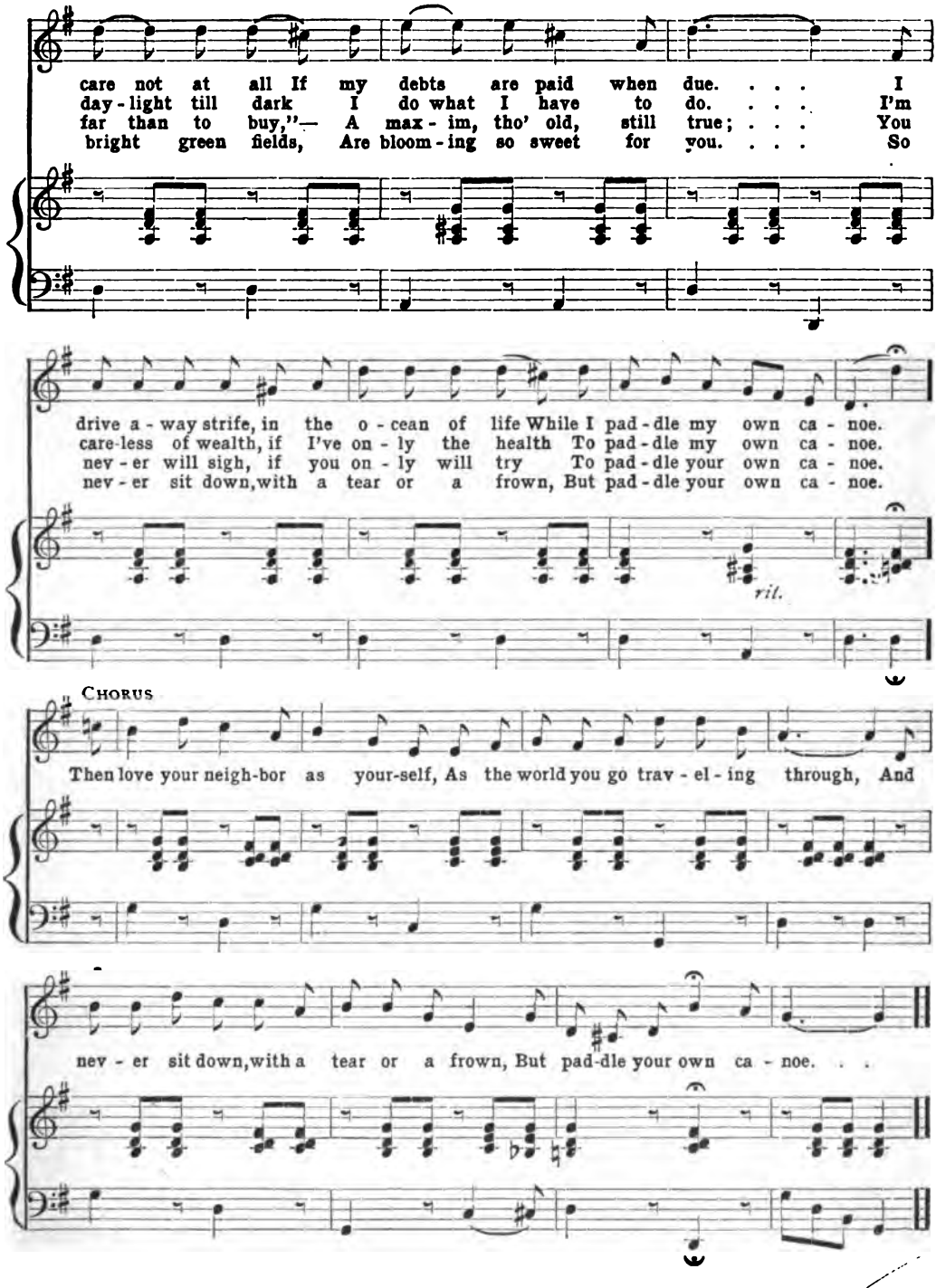
When you told me how you loved me, Kneel - ing at my feet?
Or when autumn leaves are fall - ing, Sad - ly breathes the song.
Far a - way from those who love you, None to hear you call:
While our "Southern boys" are fight - ing, We can on - ly pray.


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 trou-bles I've seen a few, ... But found it bet-ter in ev-'ry clime To pad-dle my own ca-noe. . . My wants are small, I
2. I have no wife to both-er my life, No lov-er to prove un-true, ... But the whole day long with a laugh and a song, I pad-dle my own ca-noe. . . I rise with the lark, and from
3. It's all ve-ry well to de-pend on a friend,— That is, if you've prov'ed him true,— . . . But you'll find it bet-ter by far, in the end, To pad-dle your own ca-noe. . . "To bor-row is dear-er by
4. If a hur-ri-cane rise in the mid-day skies, And the sun is lost to view, . . . Move stead-i-ly by with a stead-fast eye, And pad-dle your own ca-noe. . . The dai-sies that grow in the


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

p

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

very slow

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

a tempo

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

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

rilard.

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

rilard.

vic - tors ere sun - set, The gal-lant deeds of Chance-lors-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 | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we for*give* | 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-
pans-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 simplice

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

ritard. *ad lib.*

mid - night song with mag - ic art Shall chase that dream a - way.

The Lost Chord

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR — ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Andante moderato

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

Seat- ed one day at the or - gan, I was wea - ry and ill at

p *p* Ped. * Ped. *

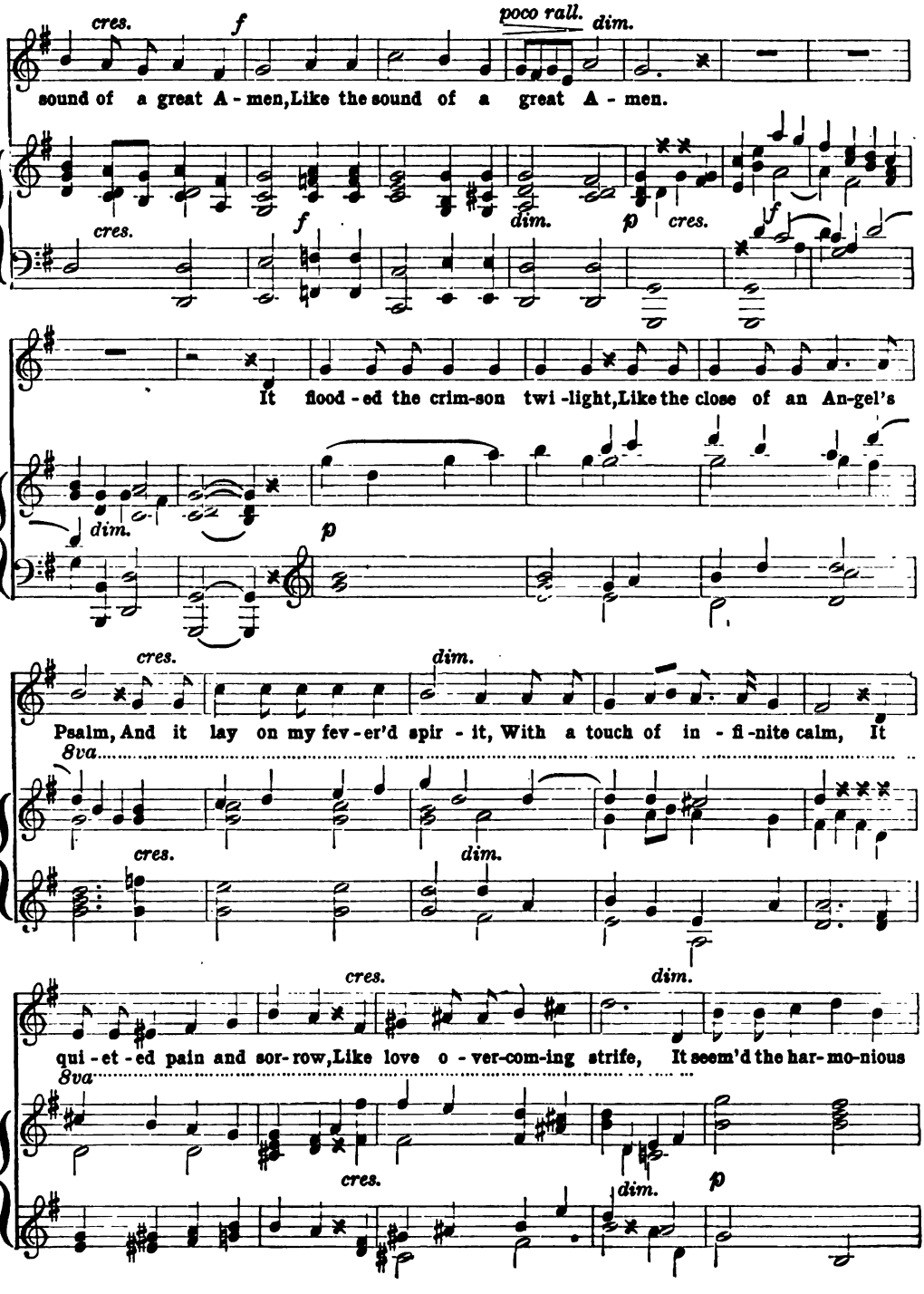
ease, And my fin - gers wander'd i - dly O - ver the noi - sy keys; I know not what I was

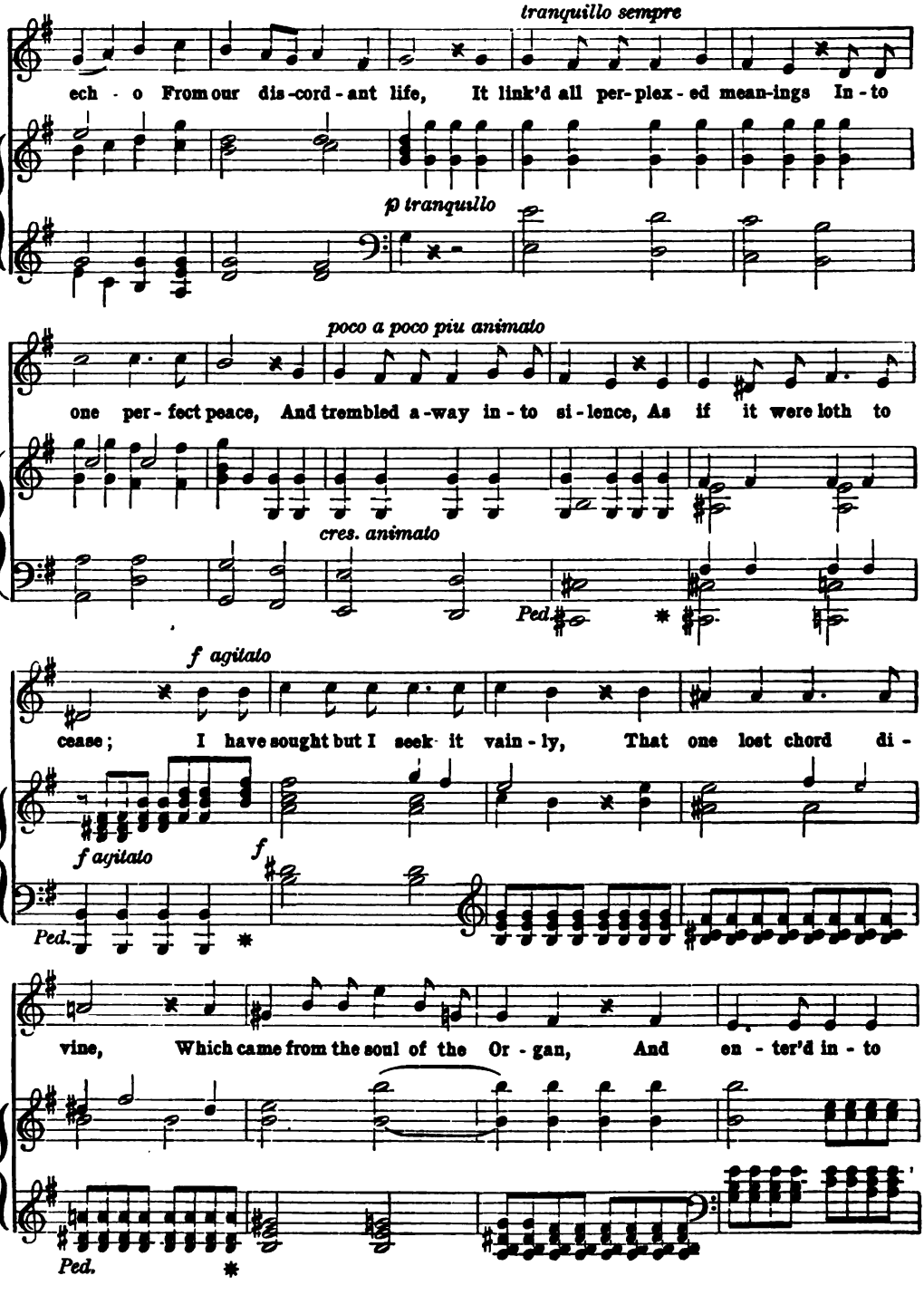
Ped. *

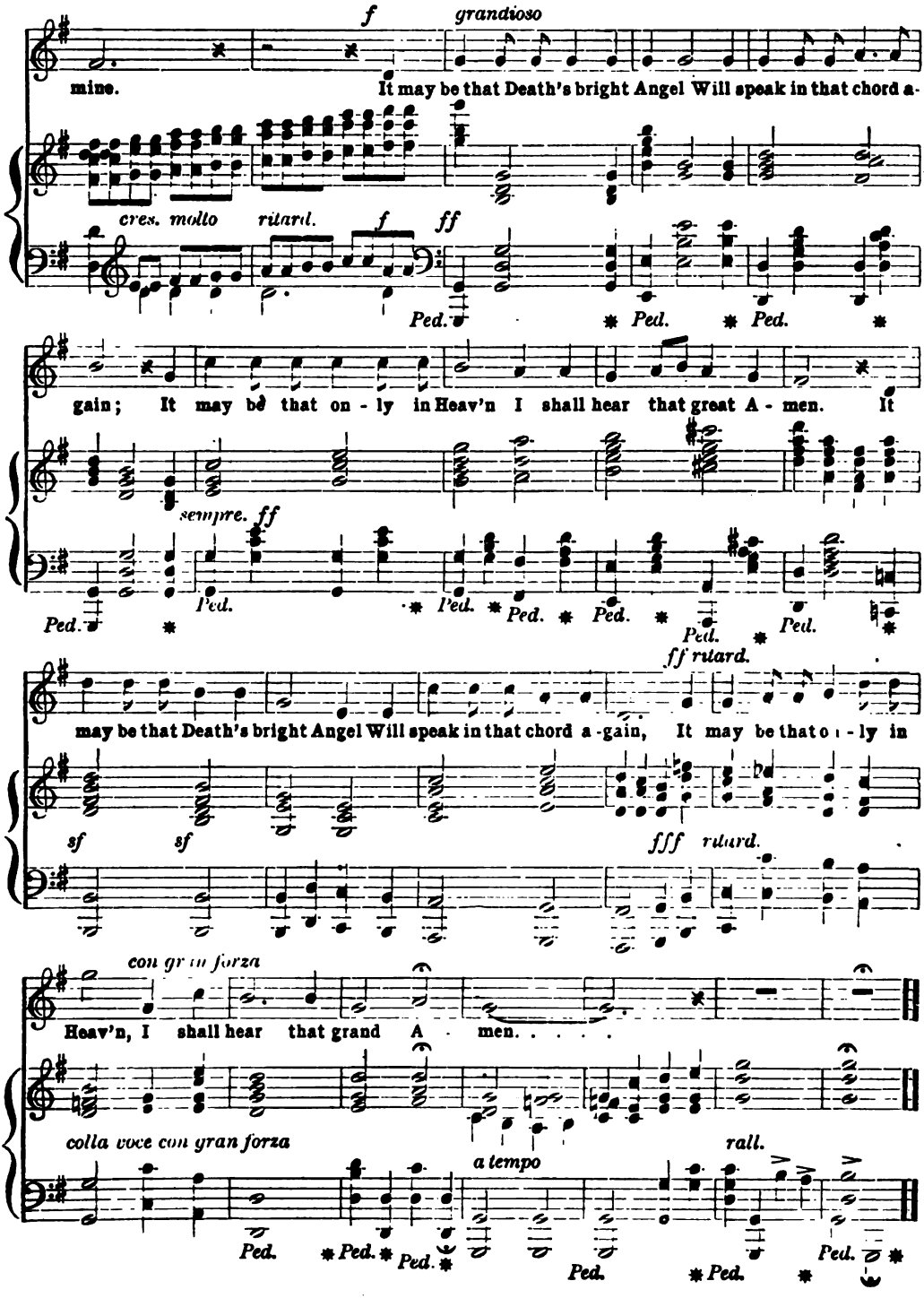
cres.

play- ing, Or what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of mu - sic, Like the

cres. *dim.* *p*


cres.
f
poco rall.
dim.
sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great A - men.
cres.
f
dim.
p
cres.
f
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
8va
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
8va
cres.
dim.
p


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
f
Ped.
vine, Which came from the soul of the Or-gan, And en-ter'd in-to
Ped.


f
grandioso
mine.
It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord a-
cres. molto
ritard.
f
ff
Ped.
gain; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that great A - men. It
sempre. ff
ff ritard.
may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord a-gain, It may be that on - ly in
sf
sf
fff ritard.
con gran forza
Heav'n, I shall hear that grand A - men. . . . .
colla voce con gran forza
a tempo
rall.

Go 'way, Old Man!

Song of Louisiana Negroes

Arranged by A. M. Keith

1. Oh I'll build me a lit-tle hut, In the moun-tains so high For to gaze on my true love, As she do pass by! Go 'way, old man, . . . and leave me a-lone, For I am a stran-ger, and a long way from home!
2. Oh! her eyes spar-kle like de di-a-mond, Like de bright morn-in' star, Oh! her cheeks am so lub-ly Her face am so fa'r! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
3. Oh! she do look so sweet, Like de rose on de vine, Long lib dat lub'-ly la-dy Dat dwells in my min'! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
4. Now s'posin I should go to New Or-leans An' take sick an die, Like de flies in-to de coun-try, My spir-it would fly! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
5. Then come back to your true love When de pun'kins am in bloom, When de hummin' birds am a sing-in' In de sweet month of June! Go 'way, old man, . . . and

slower

Lilly Dale

H. S. Thompson

Andante

1. 'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light Shone soft o'er hill and vale; When friends mute with grief stood around the death-bed Of my poor lost Lil-ly Dale.
2. Her cheeks that once glowed with the rose tint of health, By the hand of disease had turned pale, And the death damp was on the pure white brow Of my poor lost Lil-ly Dale.
3. "I go, she said, to the land of rest," And ere my strength shall fail, I must tell you where, near my own loved home, You must lay poor Lilly Dale.
4. 'Neath the chest-nut tree, where the wild flow'rs grow, And the stream rip-ples forth thro' the 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

ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON

Andante

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.

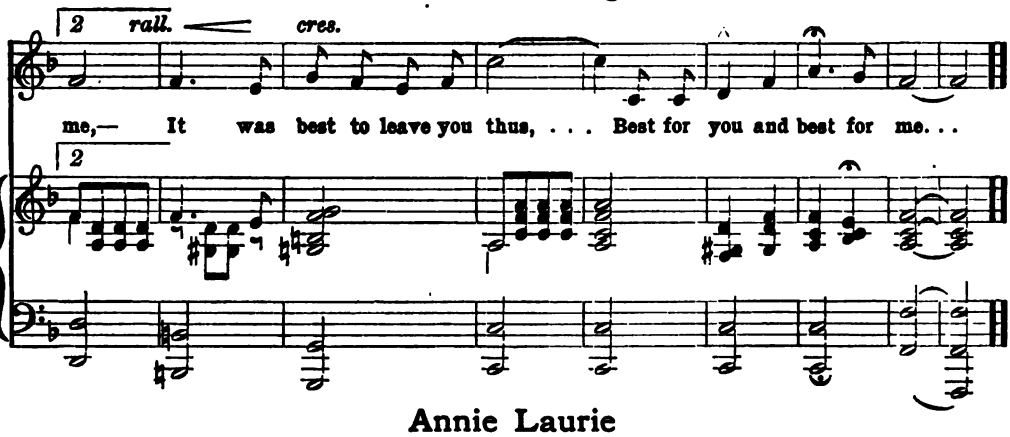
And the qui - et shad - ows fall - ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go,—
Tho' I passed a - way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free,

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.

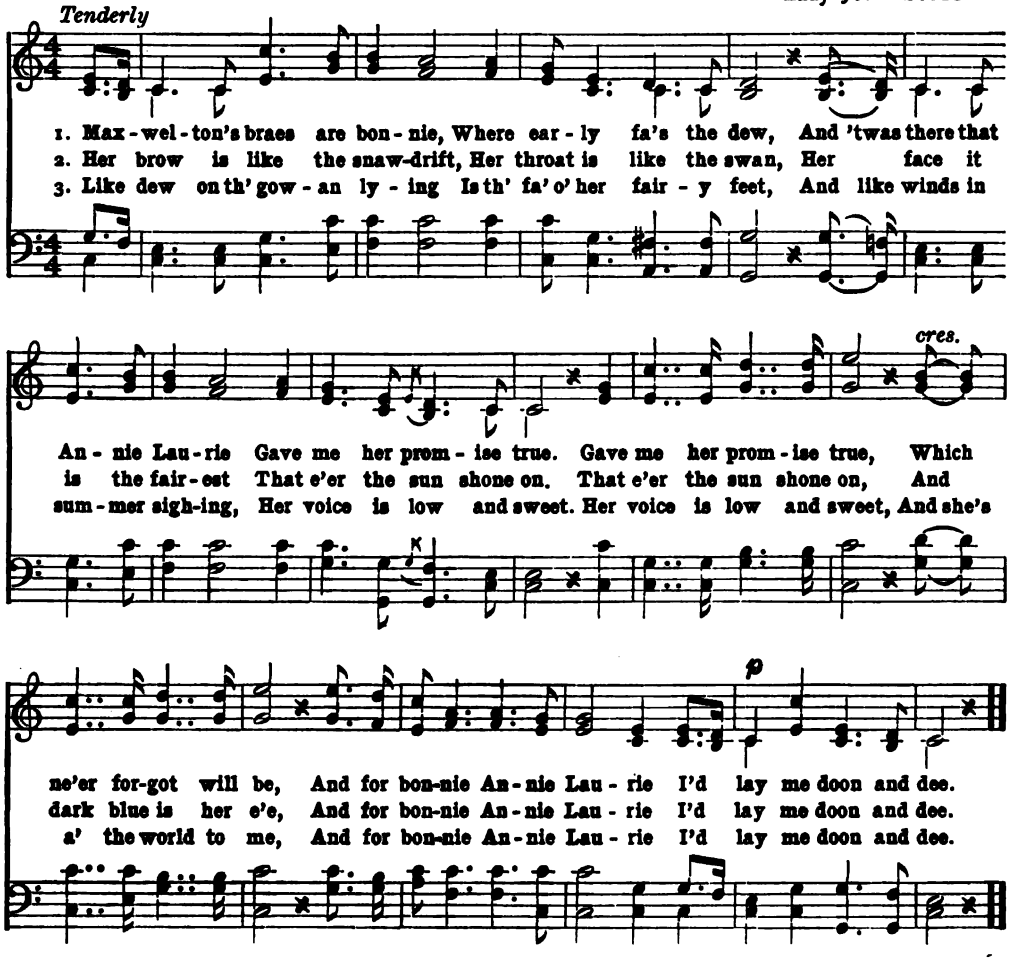
con anima

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.*)



Annie Laurie

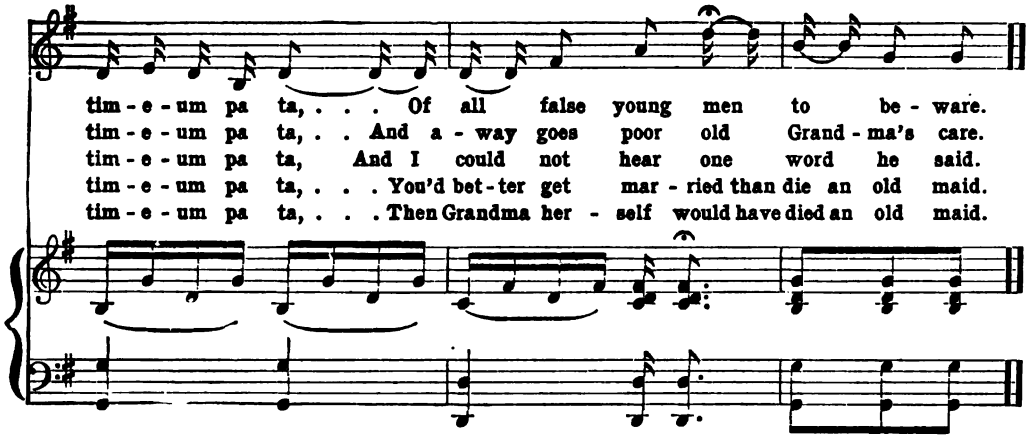
Lady JOHN SCOTT



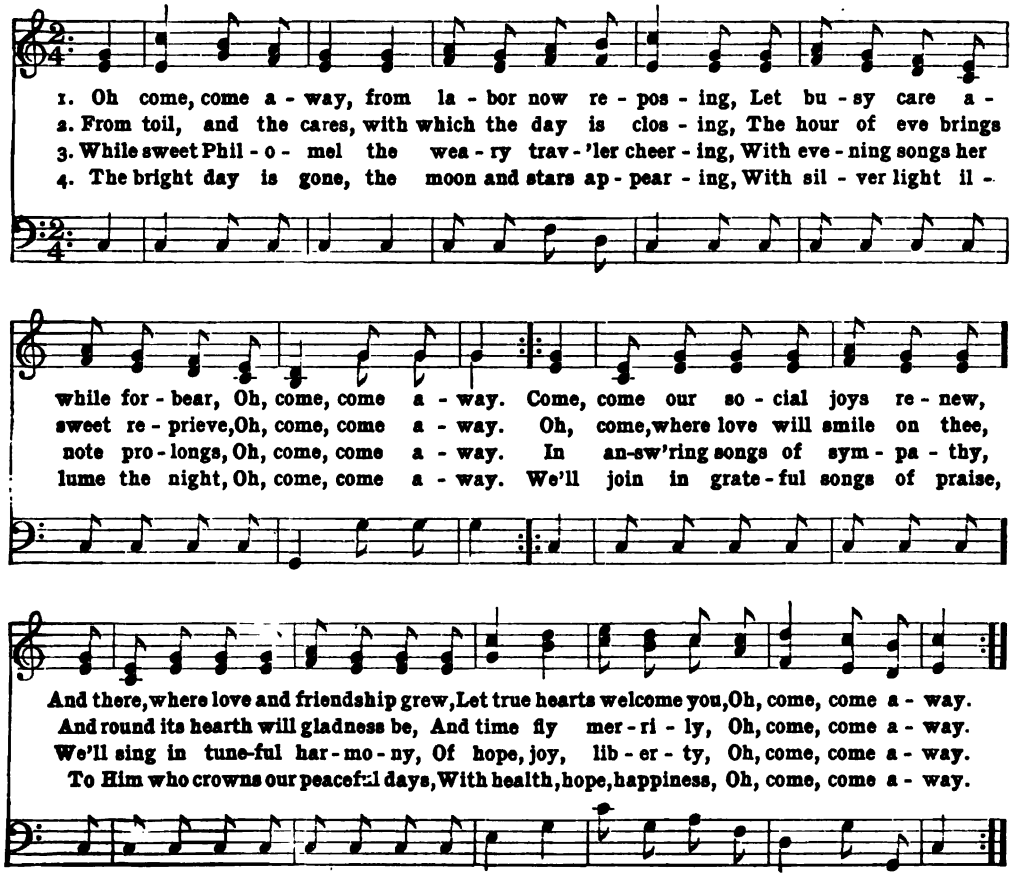
My Grandma's Advice

Anonymous

1. My Grand - ma lives on yon - der lit - tle green, Fine old la - dy as ev - er was seen; She of - ten cau - tioned me with care, Of all false young men to be - ware. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
2. These false young men they flat - ter and de - ceive, So, my love, you must not be - lieve; They'll flat - ter, they'll coax, till you are in their snare, And a - way goes poor old grand - ma's care. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
3. The first came a court - ing was lit - tle Johny Green, Fine young man as ev - er was seen; But the words of my Grand - ma ran in my head, And I could not hear one word he said. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
4. The next came a court - ing was young El - lis Grove, 'Twas then we met with a joy - ous love; With a joy - ous love I couldn't be a - fraid, You'd bet - ter get mar - ried than die an old maid. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
5. Thinks I to my - self, there's some mis - take: What a fuss these old folks make! If the boys and the girls had all been so a - fraid, Then Grand - ma her - self would have died an old maid. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum



O Come, Come Away



Embarrassment

F. Abt

Andantino grazioso

p

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

pp *pp* *pp*

pp *poco ril.*

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

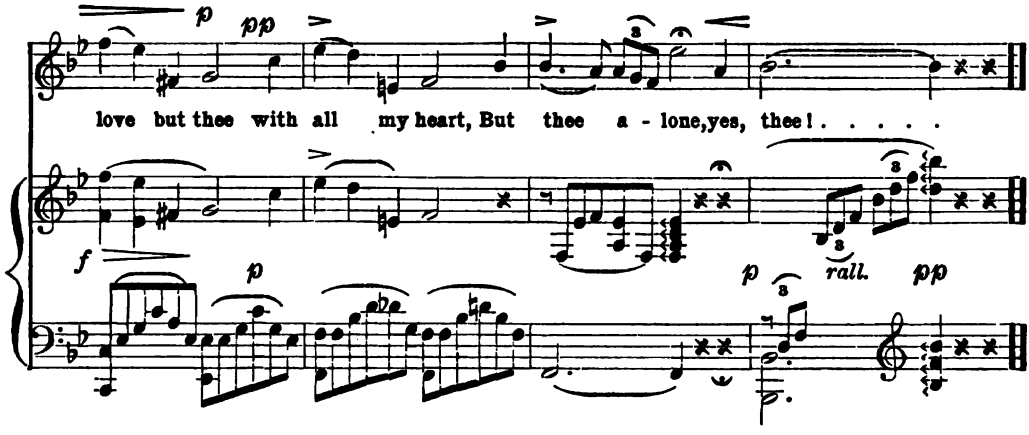
pp *pp poco ril.* *pp ril.*

molto espressivo *molto cres. e appassionato*

f

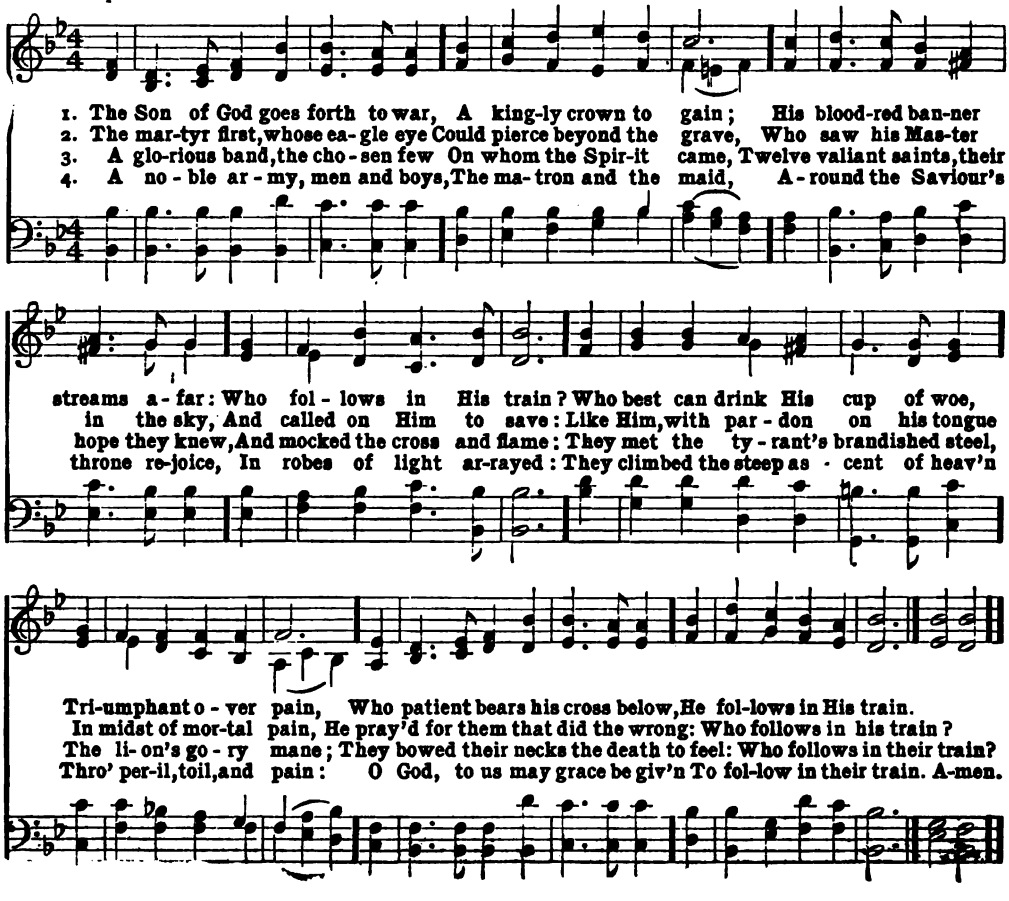
thee I love with all my heart, 'Tis thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . I
thee I love with all my heart, 'Tis thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . I
love but thee with all my heart, But thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . I

p *f*

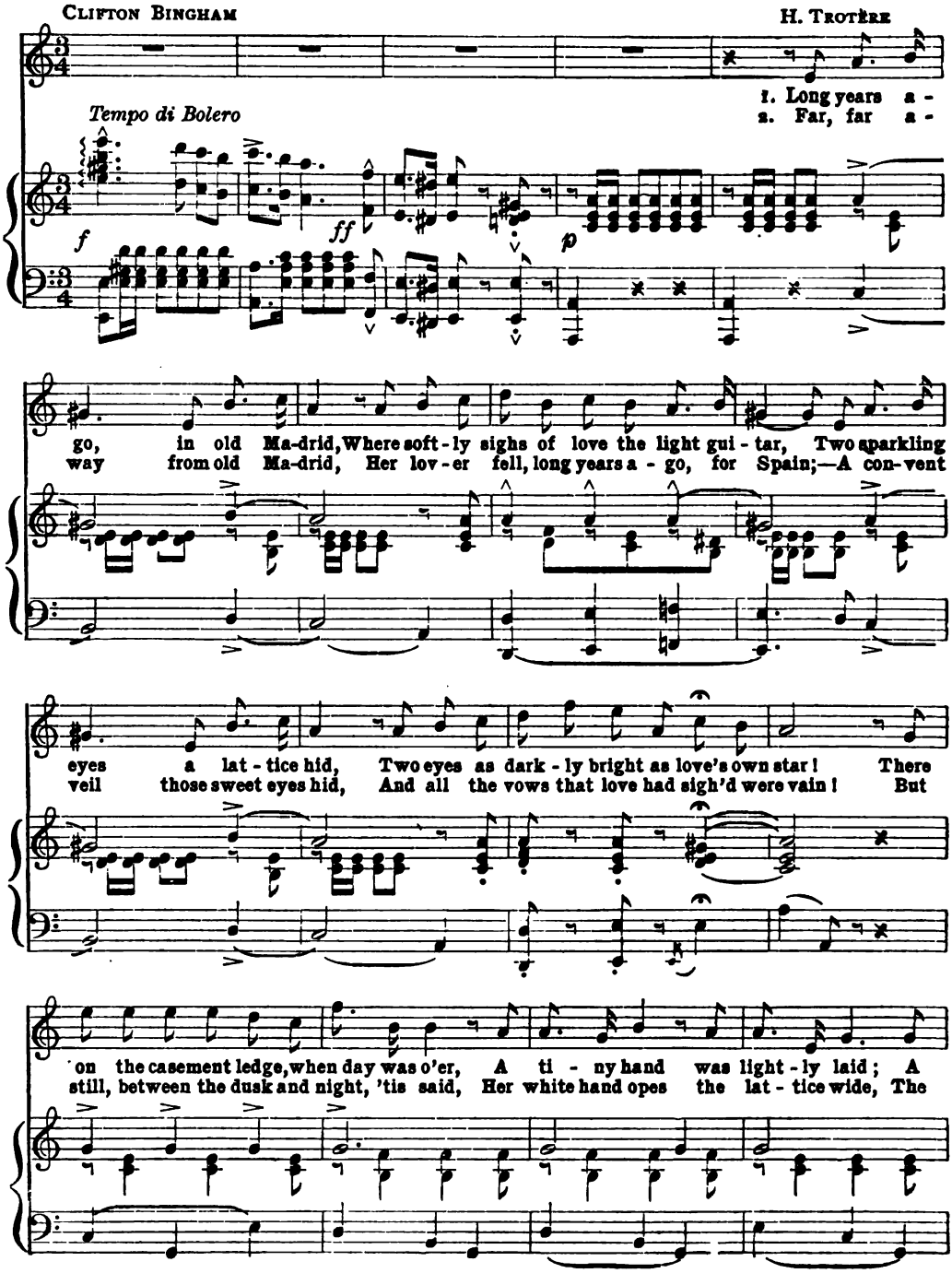


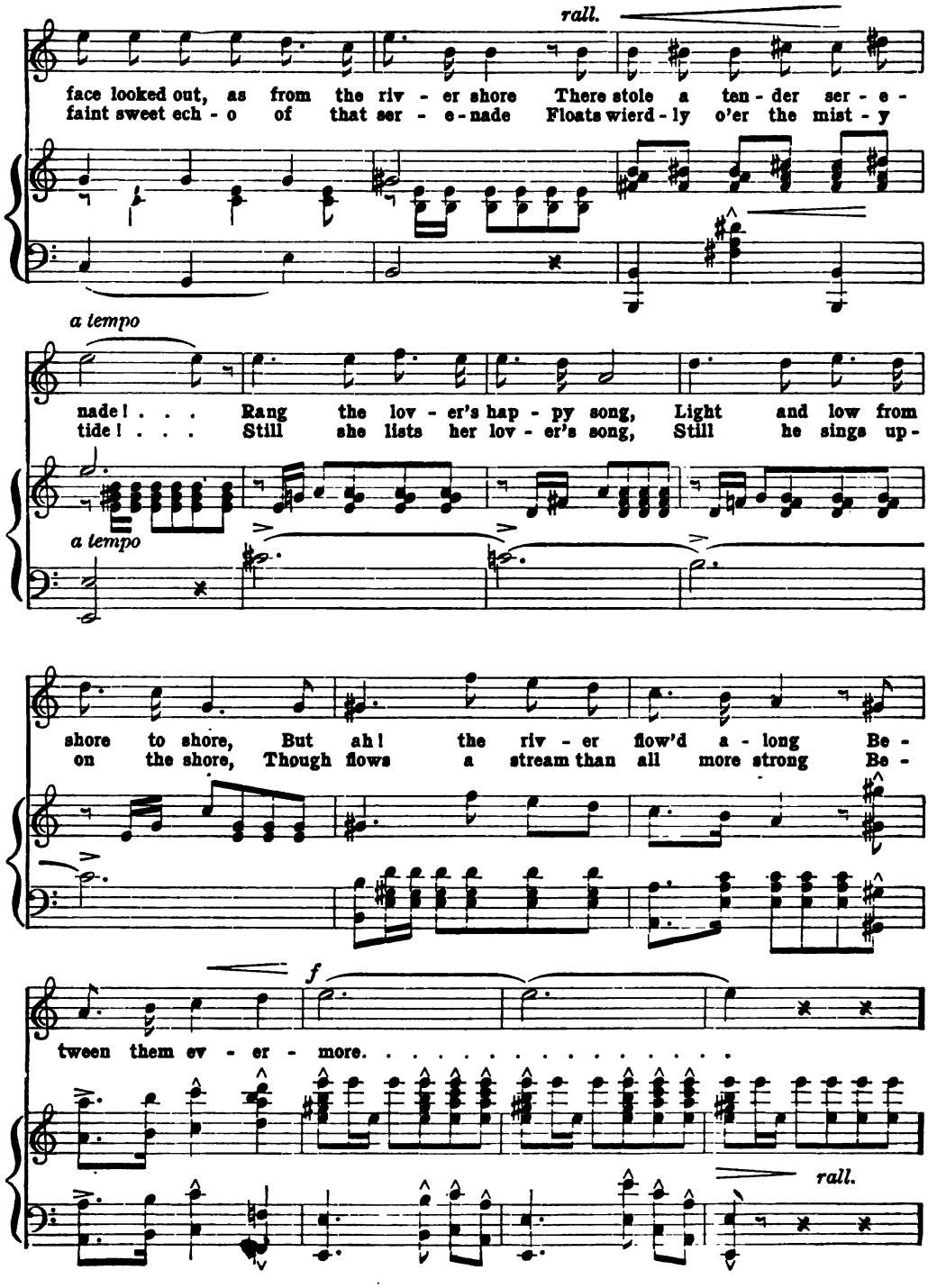
The Son of God Goes Forth to War

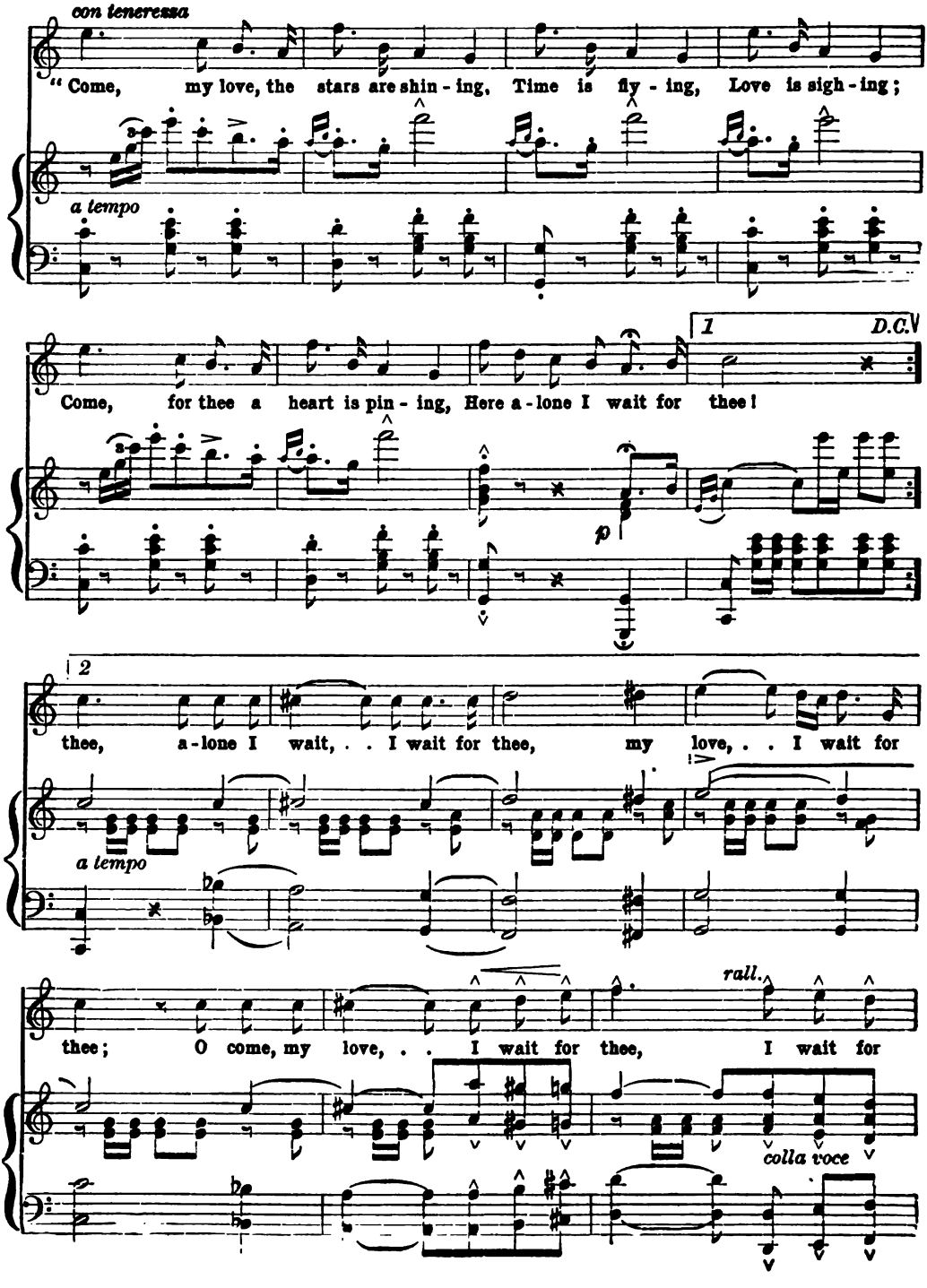
Bishop Heber — H. S. Cutler

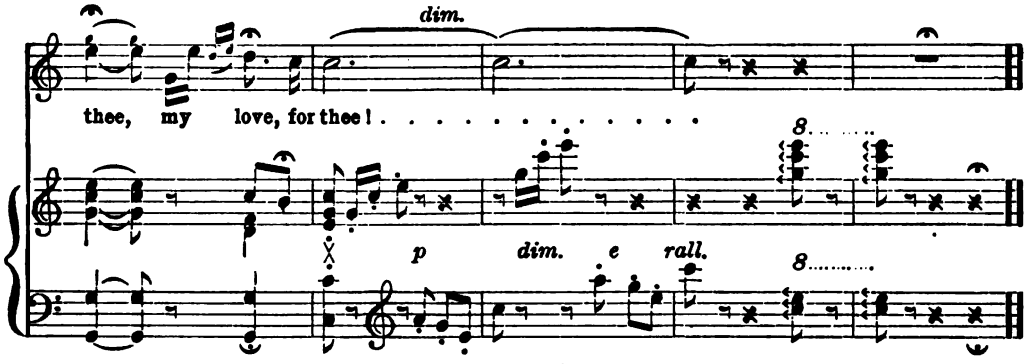


In Old Madrid



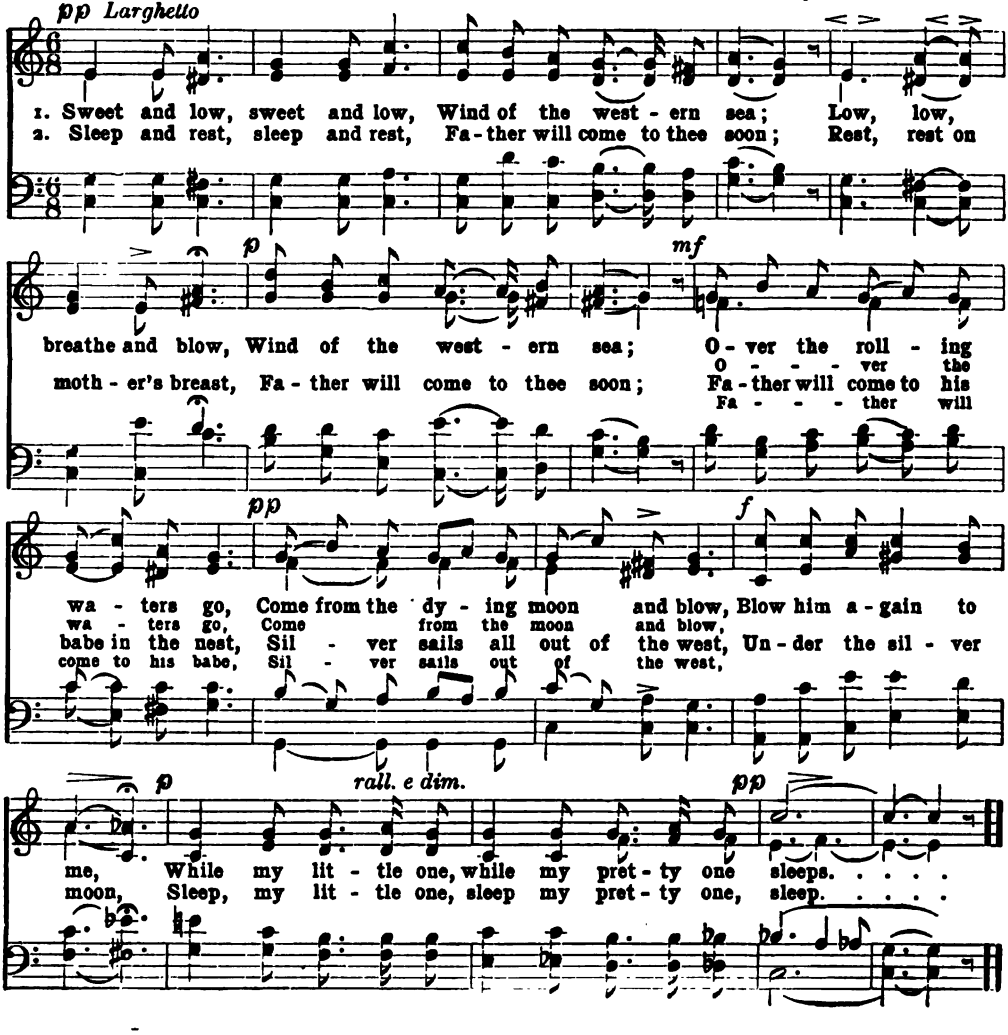

rall.
face looked out, as from the riv - er shore There stole a ten - der ser - e -
faint sweet ech - o of that ser - e - nade Floats wierd - ly o'er the mist - y
a tempo
nade! . . . Rang the lov - er's hap - py song, Light and low from
tide! . . . Still she lists her lov - er's song, Still he sings 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
1
D.C.
Come, for thee a heart is pin - ing, Here a - lone I wait for thee!
p
2
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



Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON — JOSEPH BARNBY



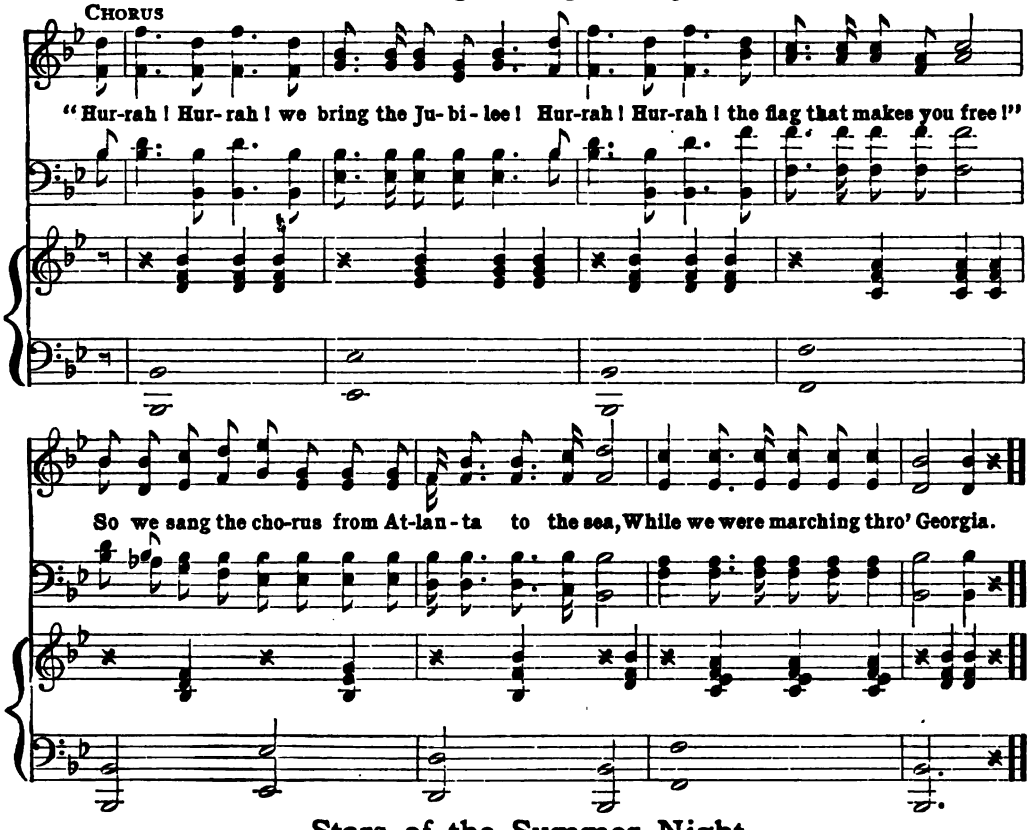
Marching Through Georgia

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 -

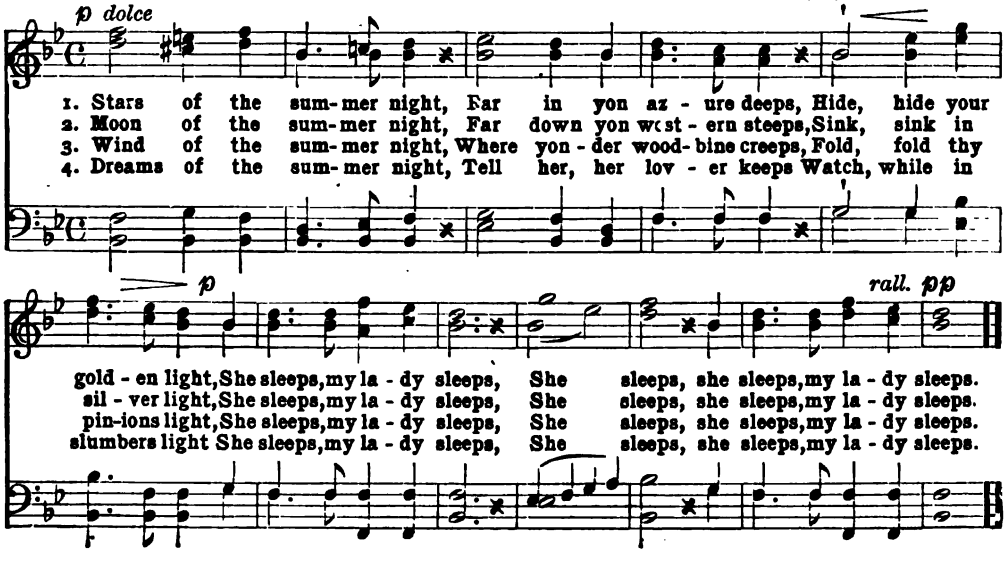
fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
start - ed from the ground, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
break - ing forth in cheers, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
reck - on with the host, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
sis - tance was in vain, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.



Stars of the Summer Night

MALE VOICES

I. B. WOODBURY



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 tramp - ing out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his ter - ri - ble quick sword: His truth is march - ing on.
2. I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir - cling camps; They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march - ing on.
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel, "As ye deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the He - ro, born of wo-man, crush the ser-pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on.
4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment - seat; O, be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet: Our God is march - ing on.
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He 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.

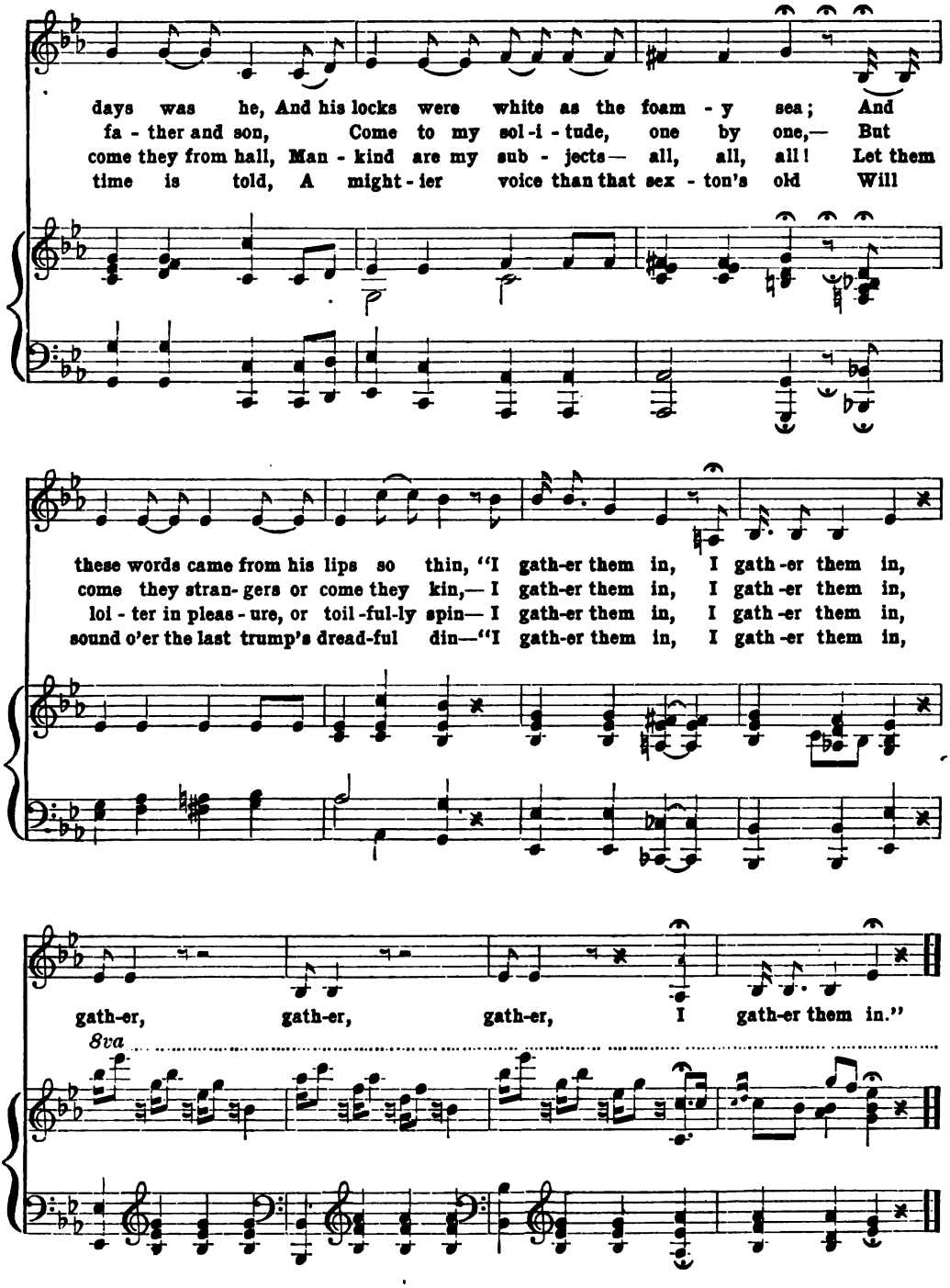
H. H. BROWNELL

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 earth - worn spade; His work was done, and he paused to wait The fu - n'ral train thro' the o - pen gate: A rel - ic of by - gone
2. "I gath - er them in; for, man and boy, Year af - ter year of grief and joy, I've build - ed the hous - es that lie a - round, In ev - 'ry nook of this bu - rial ground. Moth - er and daugh - ter,
3. "Ma - ny are with me, but still I'm a - lone; I'm king of the dead—and I make my throne On a mon - u-ment slab of mar - ble cold, And my scep - tre of rule is the spade I hold; Come they from cot-tage or
4. "I gath - er them in and their fi - nal rest is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast!" And the Sex - ton ceased—for the fu - n'ral train Wound mute - ly o'er that sol - emn plain; And I said to my heart—when

staccato *colla voce*


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,
loi - 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."
8va

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-rious 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

quick - ly from yon 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 yon 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. Hayes

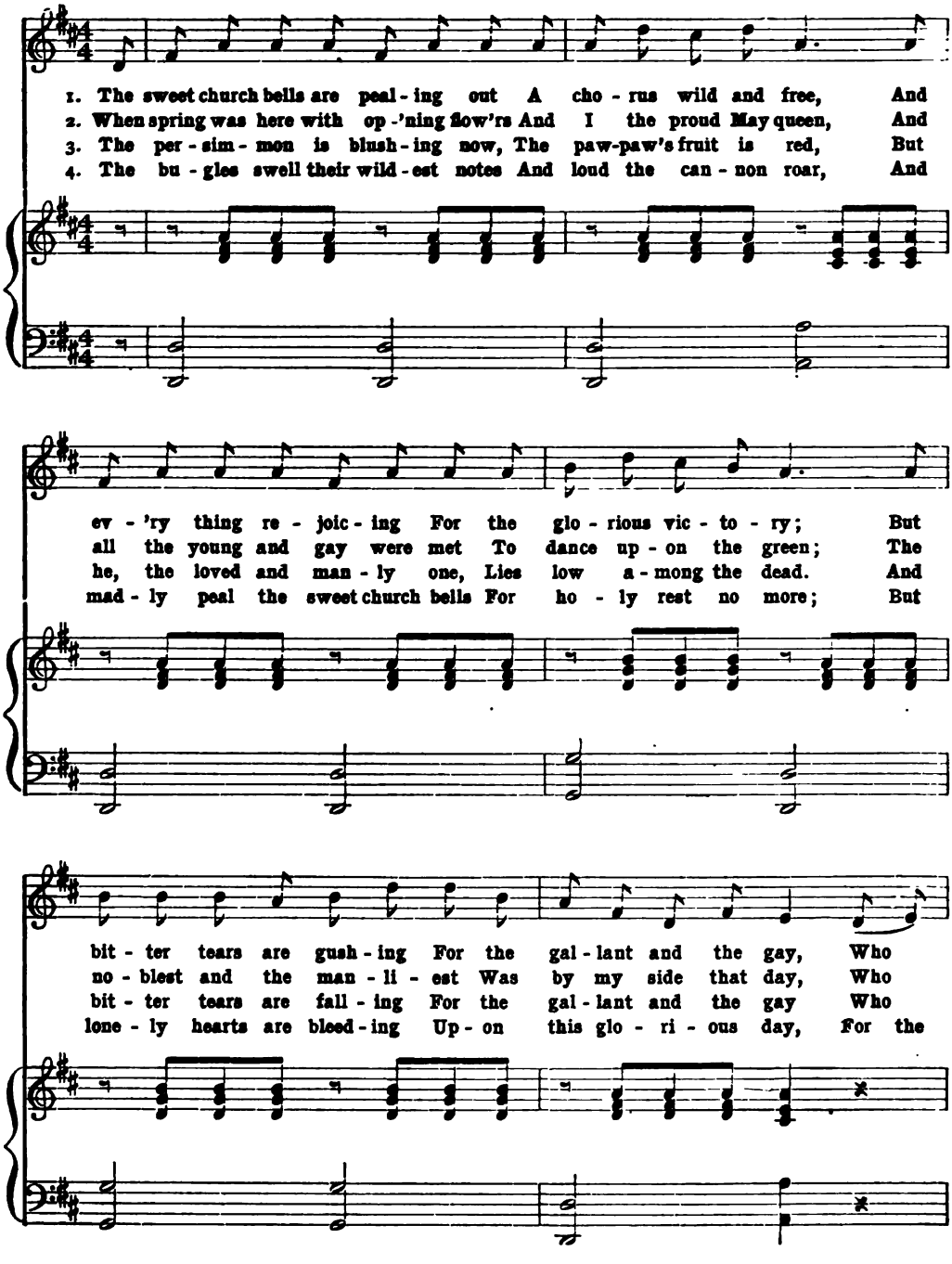
1 The Spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush.

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



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.

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 joy and du - ty.
ded - i - cate our hand, and heart, And soul, and spir - it new - ly.

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,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus,
Nos habebit humus.

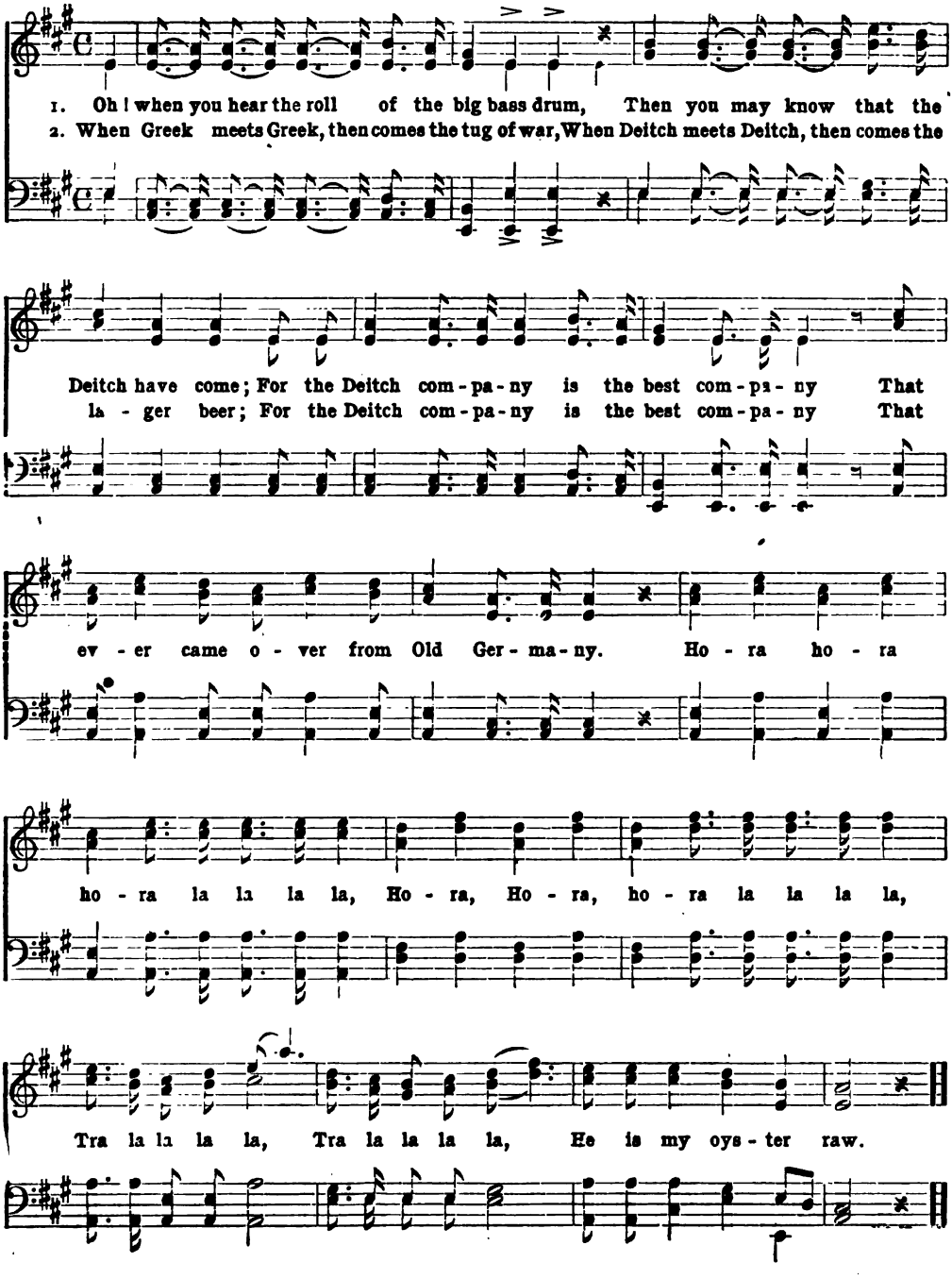
Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?

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



Love's Young Dream

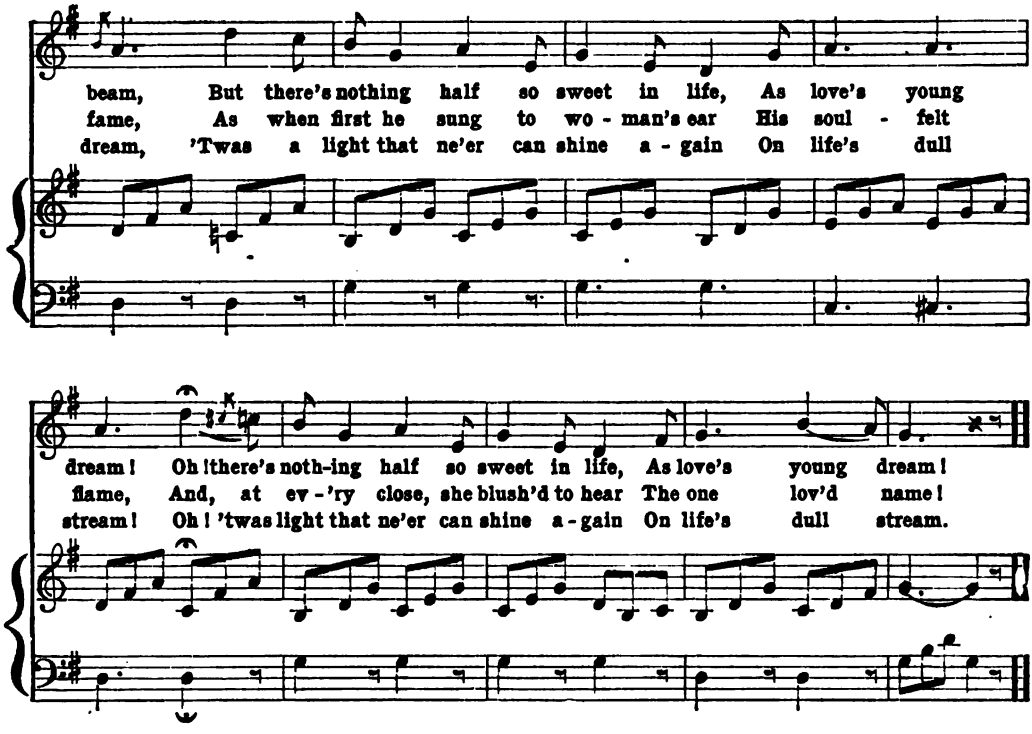
THOMAS MOORE

Moderato con espressione

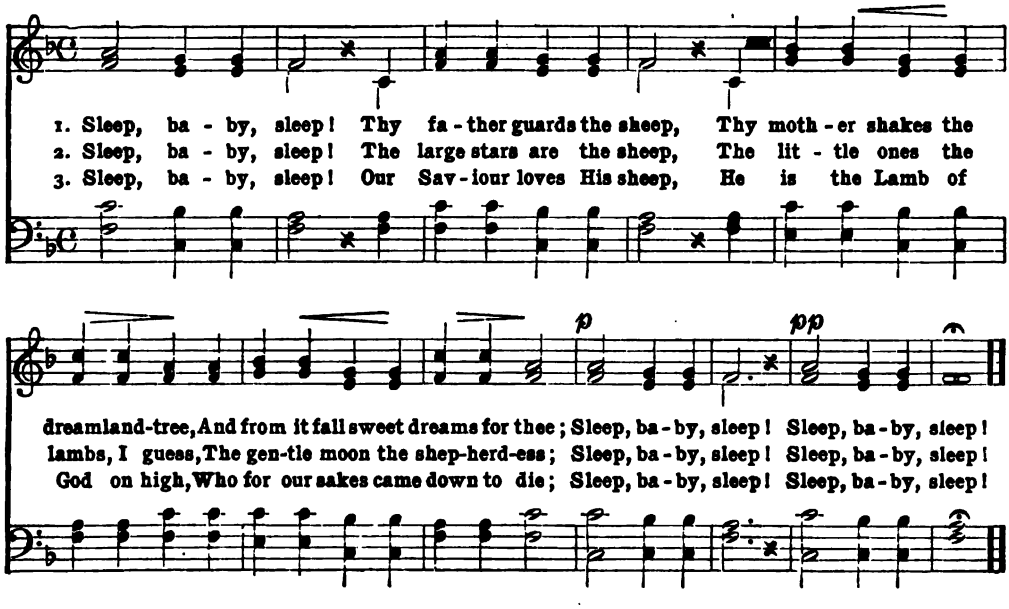
1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau - ty bright My heart's chain
2. Tho' the bard to a pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's
3. Oh! that hal - lowed form is ne'er for - got Which first love

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


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
p
pp
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

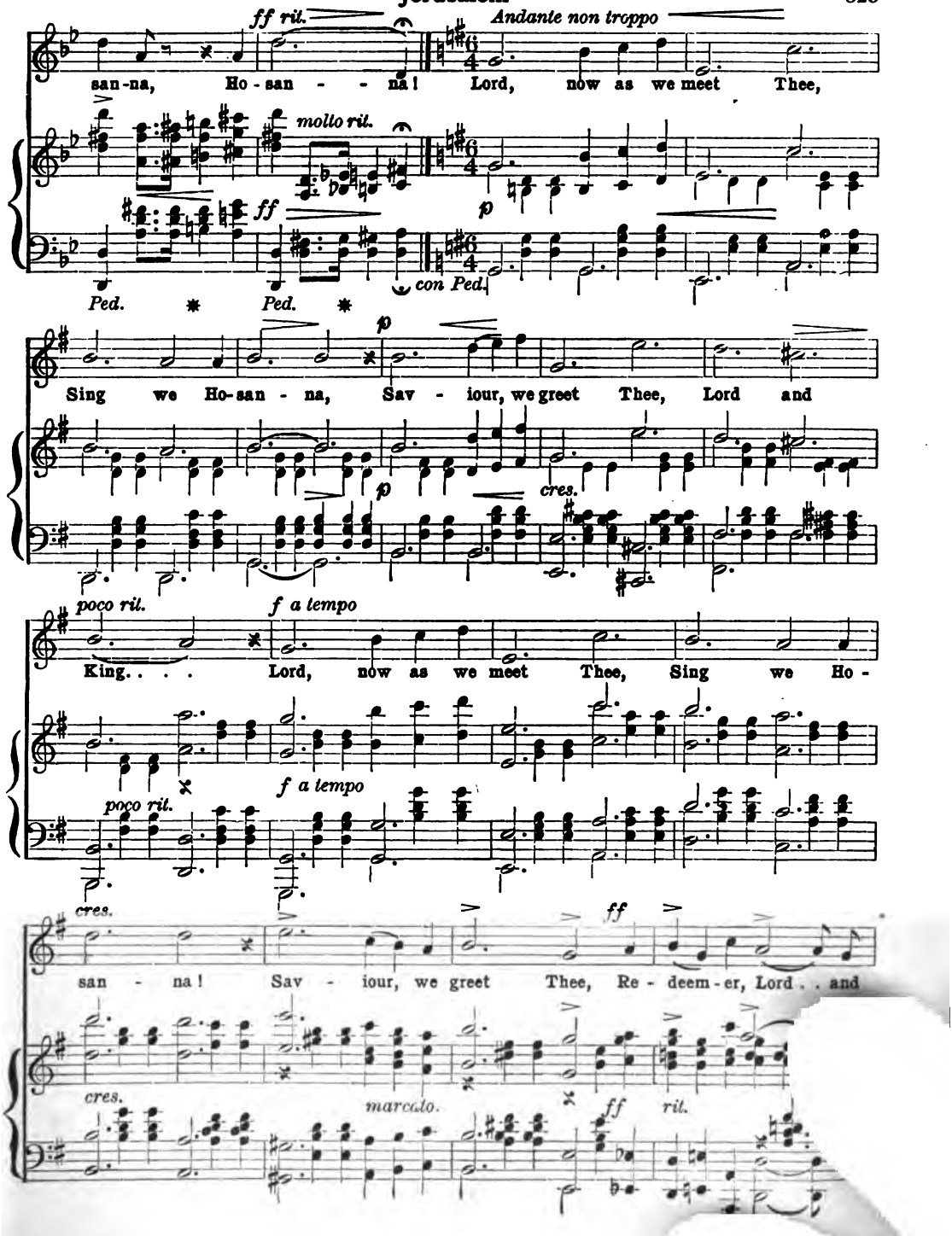
NELLA — HENRY PARKER

Moderato *p* *dolce*

1. From out their peace-ful vil-lage A-long the sun-lit way, The Prince of Peace leads on-ward A pil-grim band this day. Then lo! with shout tri-umph-ant They hear the hill-side ring, With shouts of crowds that ten To greet their pro-phet King. Ho-san-na! Ho-
2. He rides as Is-rael's rul-ers Once rode in king-ly state, The palm-leaves wave a-round Him, The peo-ple throng the gate. Re-joice, O Gold-en Ci-ty! Let loud Ho-san-nas ring, While thro' thy streets He eth, Thy Sav-iour and thy King. Ho-san-na! Ho-

p ma sempre marc. *cres.* *dim.* *mf* *f* *cres.* *f* *f*

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


ff rit.
Andante non troppo
san-na, Ho-san - - na! Lord, now as we meet Thee,
molto rit.
ff
p
con Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Sing we Ho-san - na, Sav - iour, we greet Thee, Lord and
p
p
cres.
poco rit.
f a tempo
King. . . . Lord, now as we meet Thee, Sing we Ho -
f a tempo
poco rit.
cres.
ff
san - na! Sav - iour, we greet Thee, Re - deem - er, Lord . . and
cres.
marcato.
ff
rit.

1 D.C. 2

King! . . King! . . Ho - san - - - - - - - - - - -

1 D.C. 2

f

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'st no lon - ger lin - ger. Time

cres. ff

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!

ff

Home Again

MARSHALL S. PIKE

1. Home a-gain, home a-gain From a for-eign shore! And oh, it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more. Here I dropped the part-ing tear, To cross the o-cean's foam, But now I'm once a-gain with those Who kind-ly greet me home. Home a-gain, home a-gain, From a for-eign shore!

2. Hap-py hearts, hap-py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, But oh, the friends I loved in youth Seem hap-pi-er to me; And if my guide should be the fate Which bids me long-er roam, But death a-lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home.

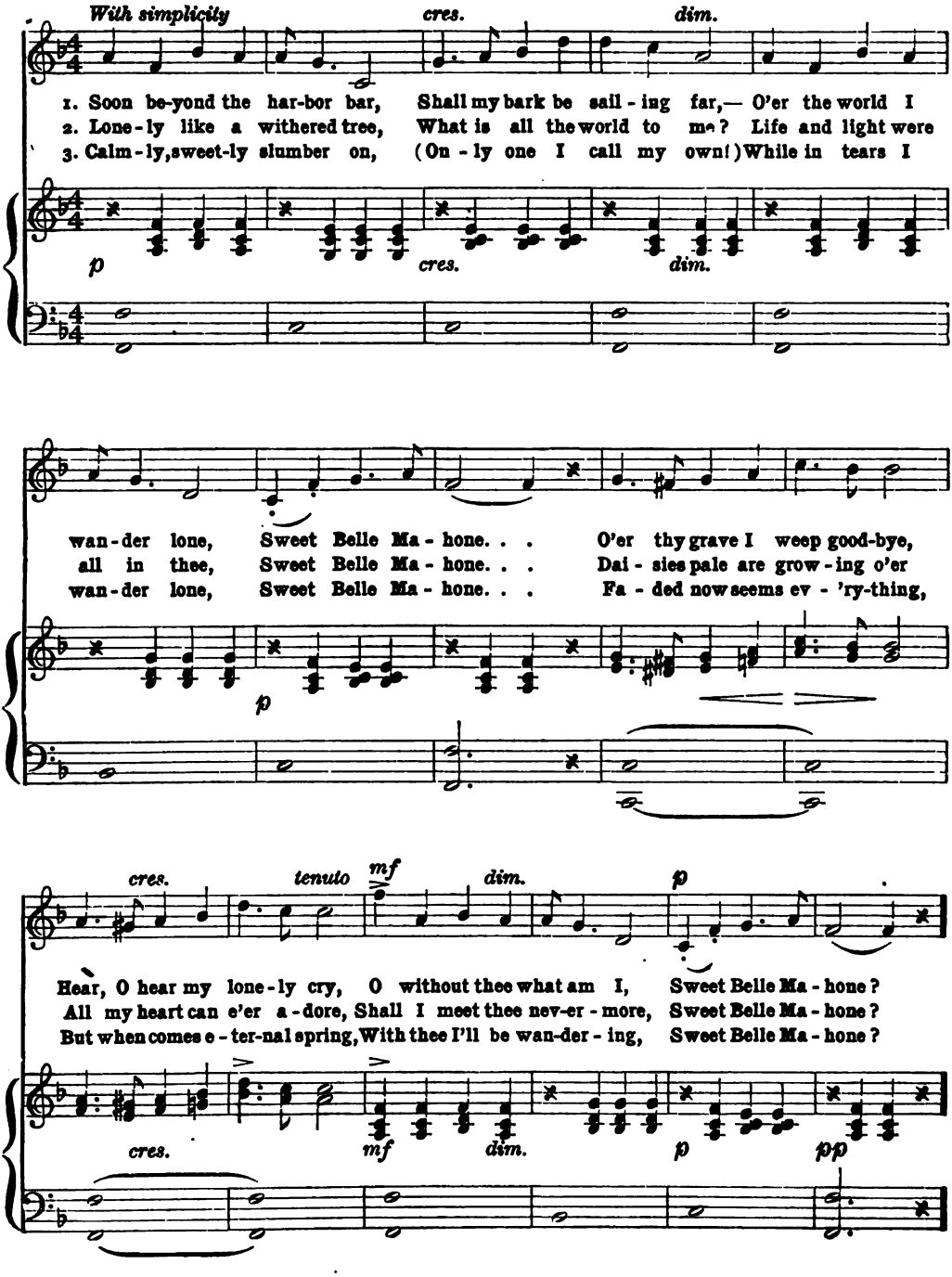
3. Mu-sic sweet, mu-sic soft, Lin-gers round the place, And oh, I feel the child-hood charm That time can-not ef-face. Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll ask no pal-ace dome, For I can live a hap-py life With those I love at home.

CHORUS

And oh, it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.

Belle Mahone

J. H. McNaughton



Belle Mahone

CHORUS

cres. *p dolce*

Sweet Belle Mahone! Sweet Belle Ma-hone! Wait for me at Heaven's gate, Sweet Belle Mahone!

fz *p*

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

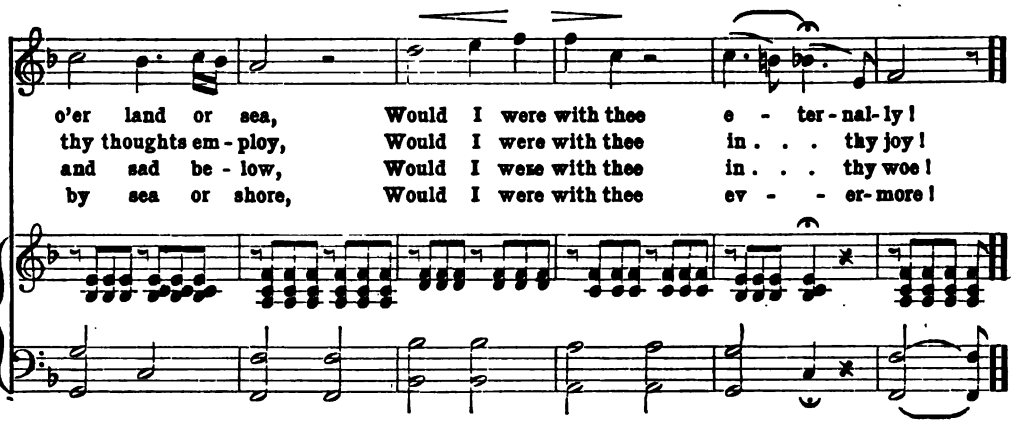
mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel! Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast of love;

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.

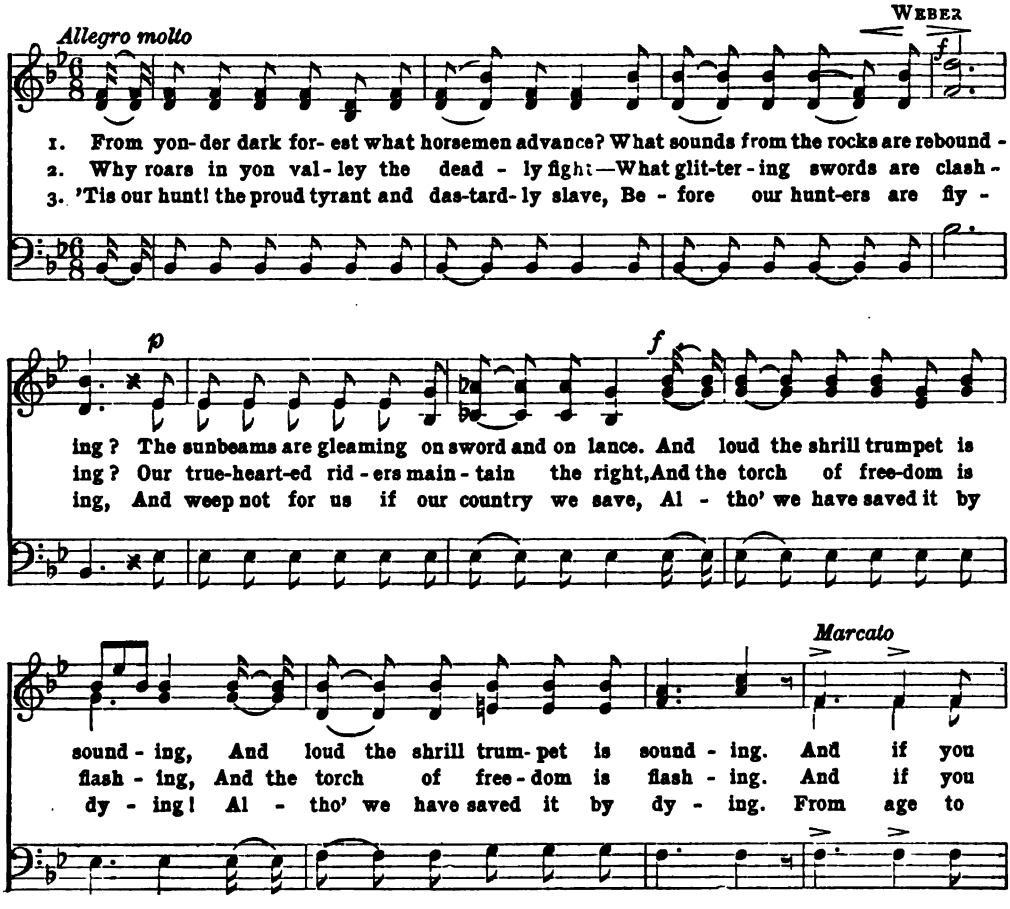
Would I Were with Thee

Mrs. Norton — Carlo Bosetti

1. Would I were with thee ev - 'ry day and hour, Which now I pass so sad - ly far from thee; Would that my form pos-sess'd the ma - gic power To follow where my heavy heart would be; What-e'er thy lot
2. Would I were with thee when, the world for - get - ting, Thy wea - ry limbs up - on the turf are thrown, While bright and red our eve - ning sun is set-ting, And all thy tho'ts be-long to heav'n a-lone; While hap-py dreams
3. Would I were with thee when, no lon - ger feign - ing The hur - ried laugh that sti - fles back a sigh, When thy young lip pours forth its sweet com - plaining, And tears have quench'd the light within thine eye, When all seems dark
4. Would I were with thee when the day is break - ing, And when the moon has lit the lone - ly sea, Or when in crowds some care - less note a - waking Speaks to thy heart in mem-o- ry of me! In joy or pain,



Lutzow's Wild Hunt



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.* *p*

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

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

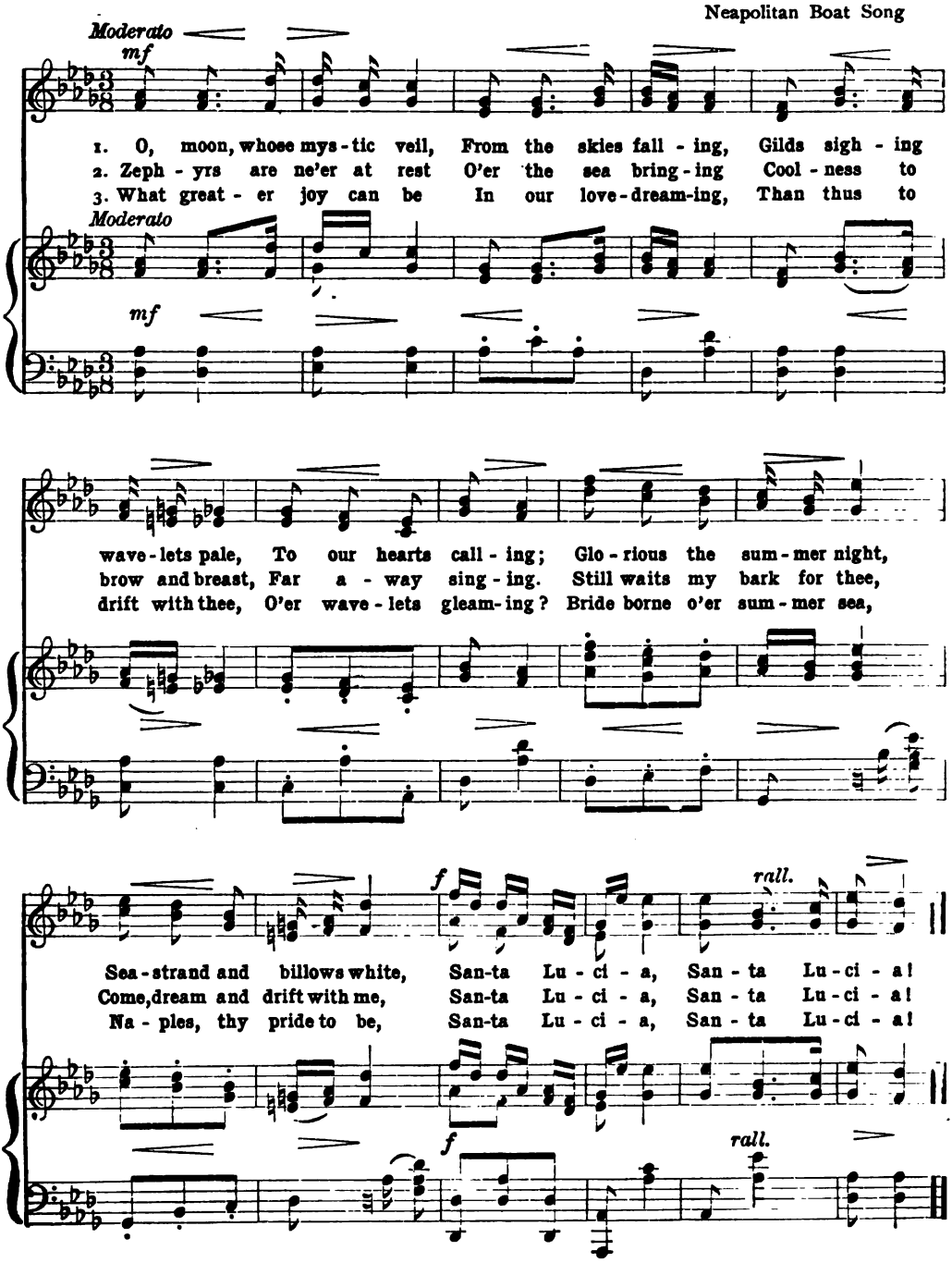
ha - zy shadow, Soon our wea-ried eyelids close, And slum-ber in thy blest re - pose;
shed-dest o'er us, O that we might ne'er re - turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn;

p *cres.* *p*

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.

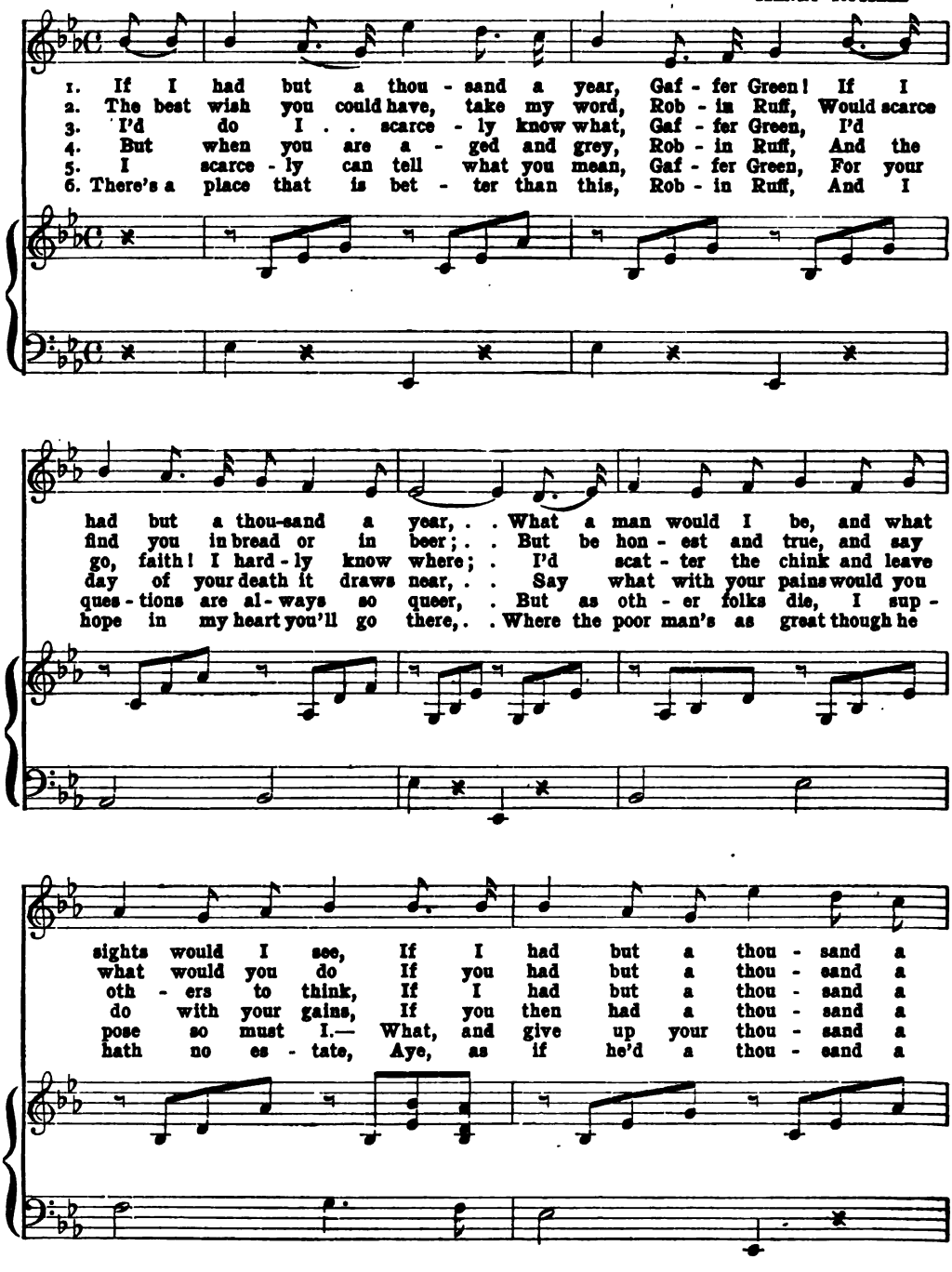
Santa Lucia

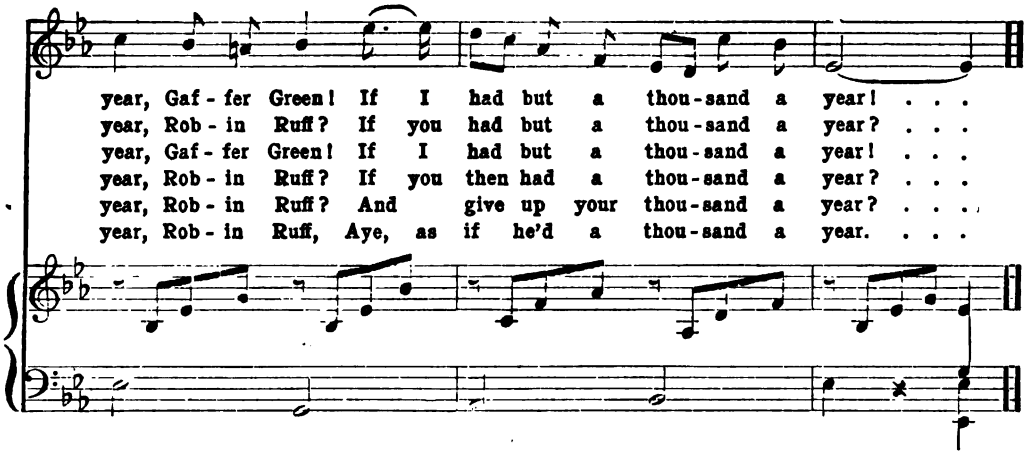
Neapolitan Boat Song



Robin Ruff

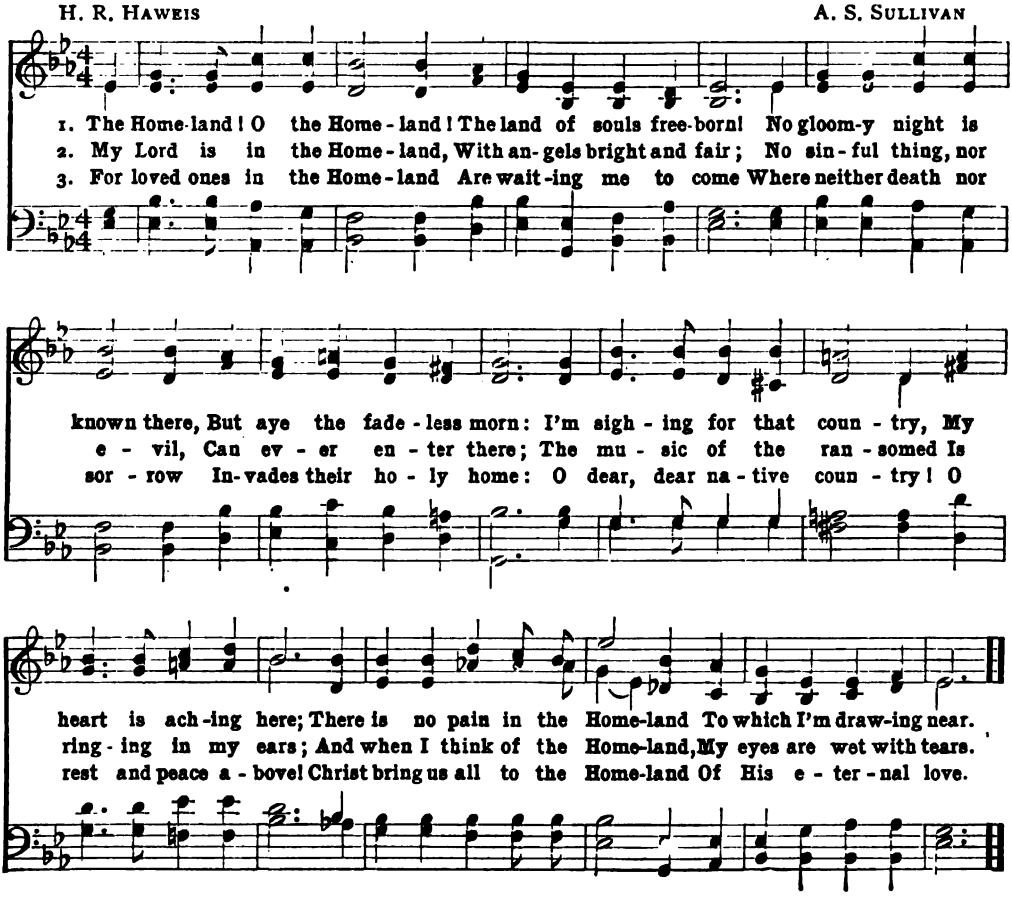
HENRY RUSSELL





The Homeland

H. R. Haweis — A. S. Sullivan



When the Lights are Low

Moderato — GERALD M. LANE

p

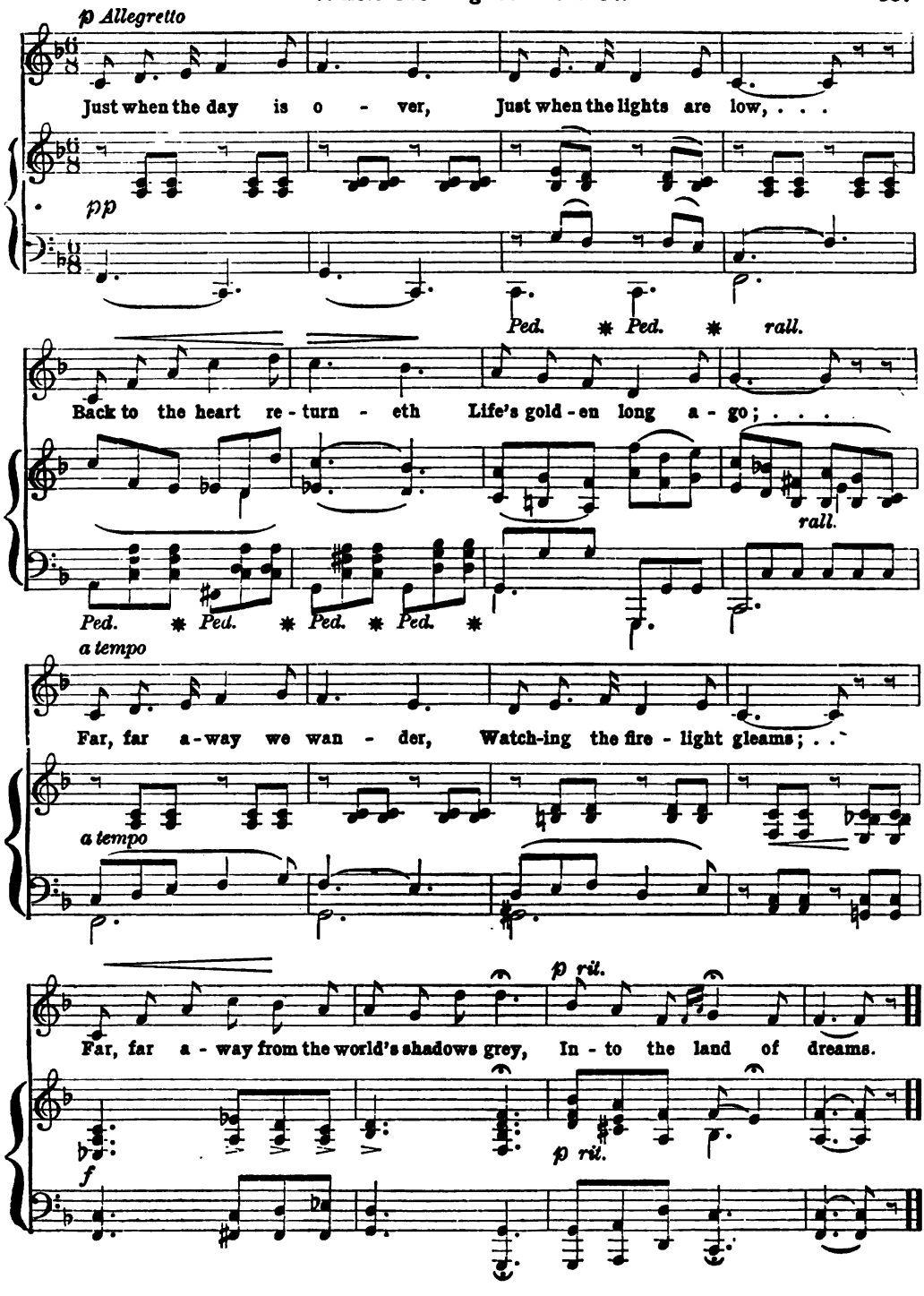
1. When twi-light falls on the dim old walls, And day is past and done; As we sit and dream in the fad-ing gleam, Come mem-'ries one by one. . . .
2. With dis-tant sounds in the streets a-round, The throng goes surg-ing by; But far a-way in dreams we stray, Where ver-dant mead-ows lie. . . .

p

Old friends known in the years long gone, In fan-cy greet us still, And voi-ces dear, that we long to hear, The si-lence seem to fill.
There once more, as in days of yore, To roam each well-known way, Till o-ver all night's shad-ows fall, And dreamland fades a-way.

rall.

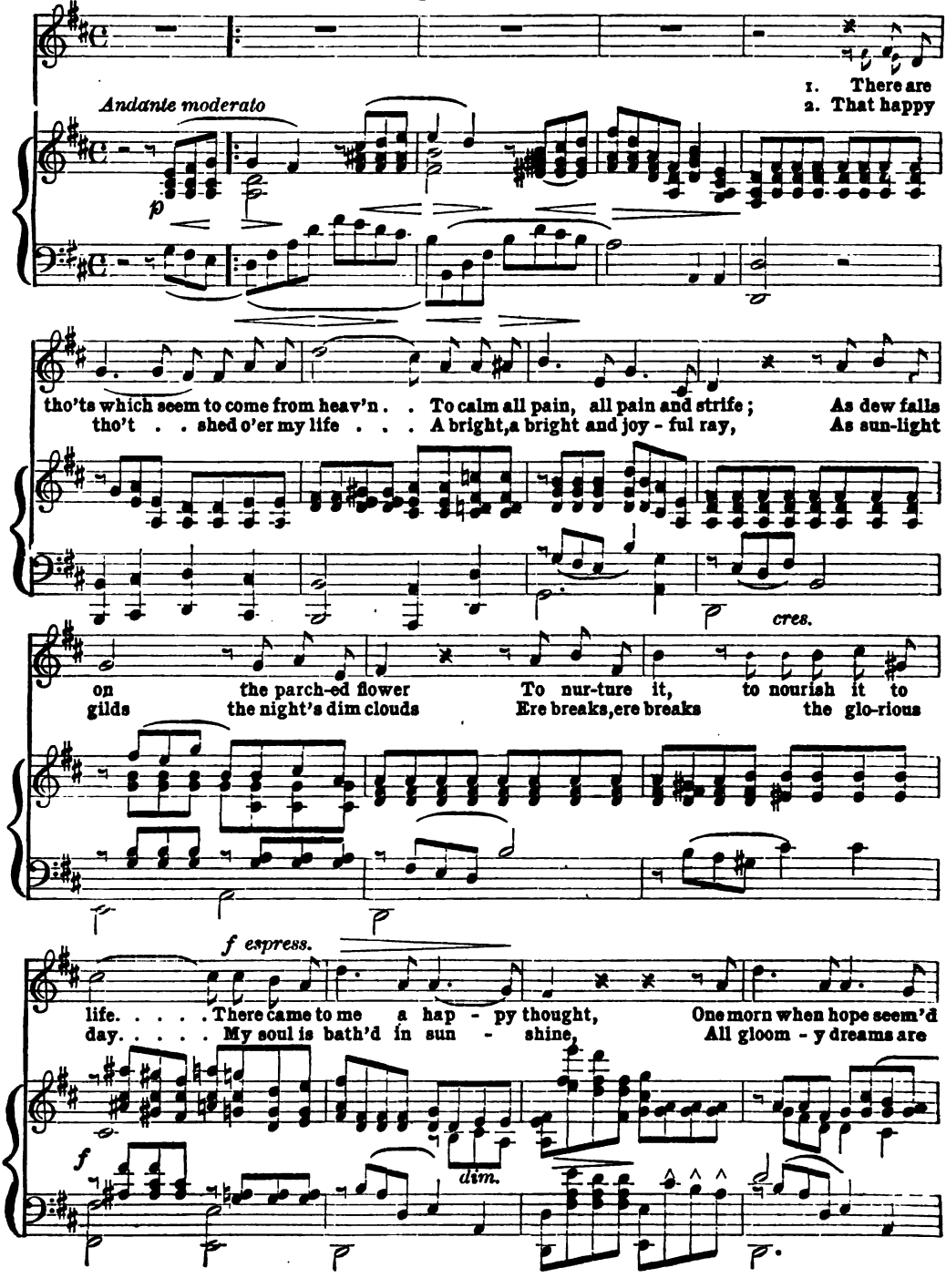
rall.

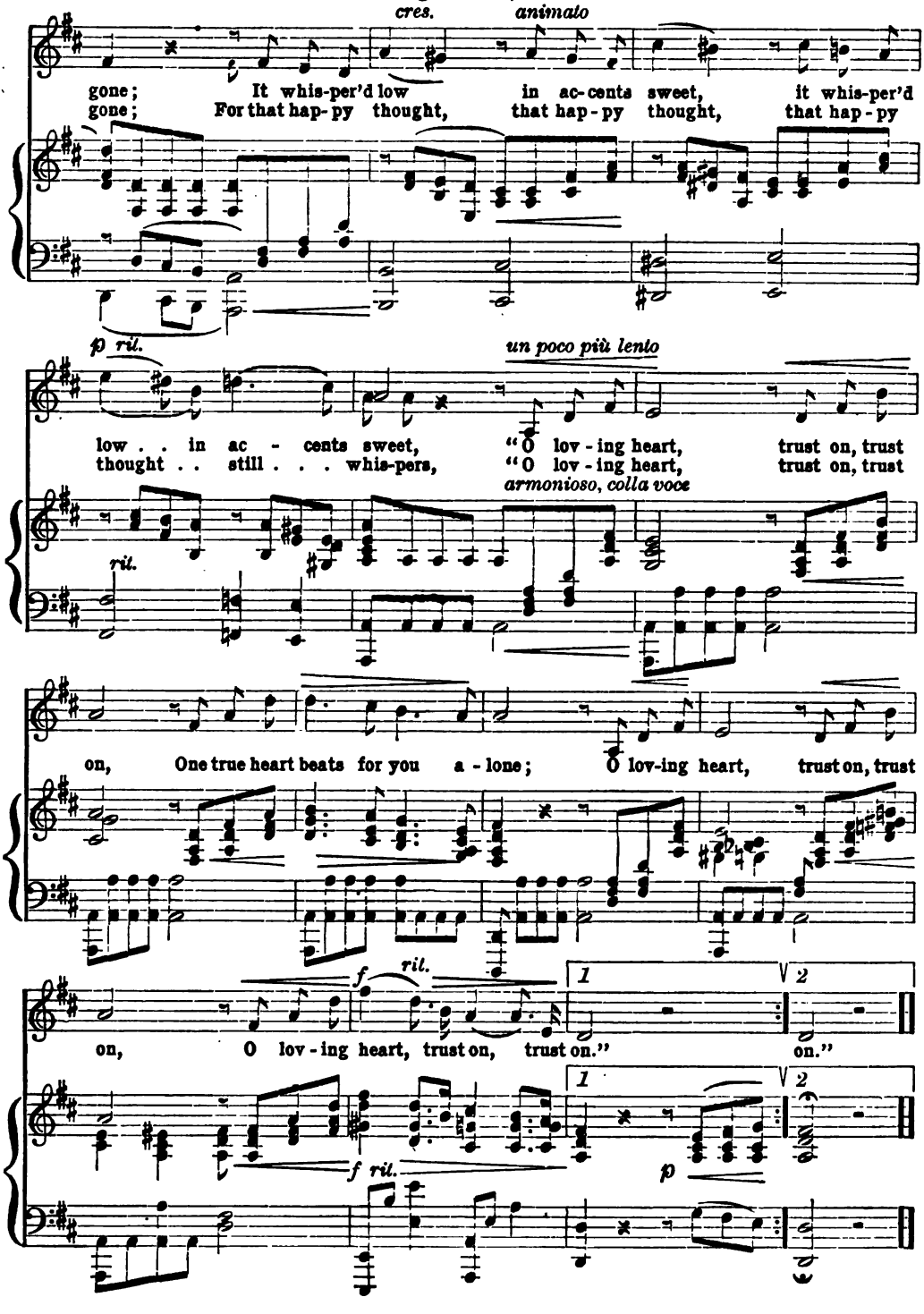

p Allegretto
Just when the day is o - ver, Just when the lights are low, . . .
pp
Ped. * Ped. * rall.
Back to the heart re - turn - eth Life's gold - en long a - go; . . .
rall.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo
Far, far a - way we wan - der, Watch-ing the fire - light gleams; . .
a tempo
p ril.
Far, far a - way from the world's shadows grey, In - to the land of dreams.
p ril.
f

HENRY C. WATSON

O Loving Heart, Trust On

L. M. GOTTSCHALK



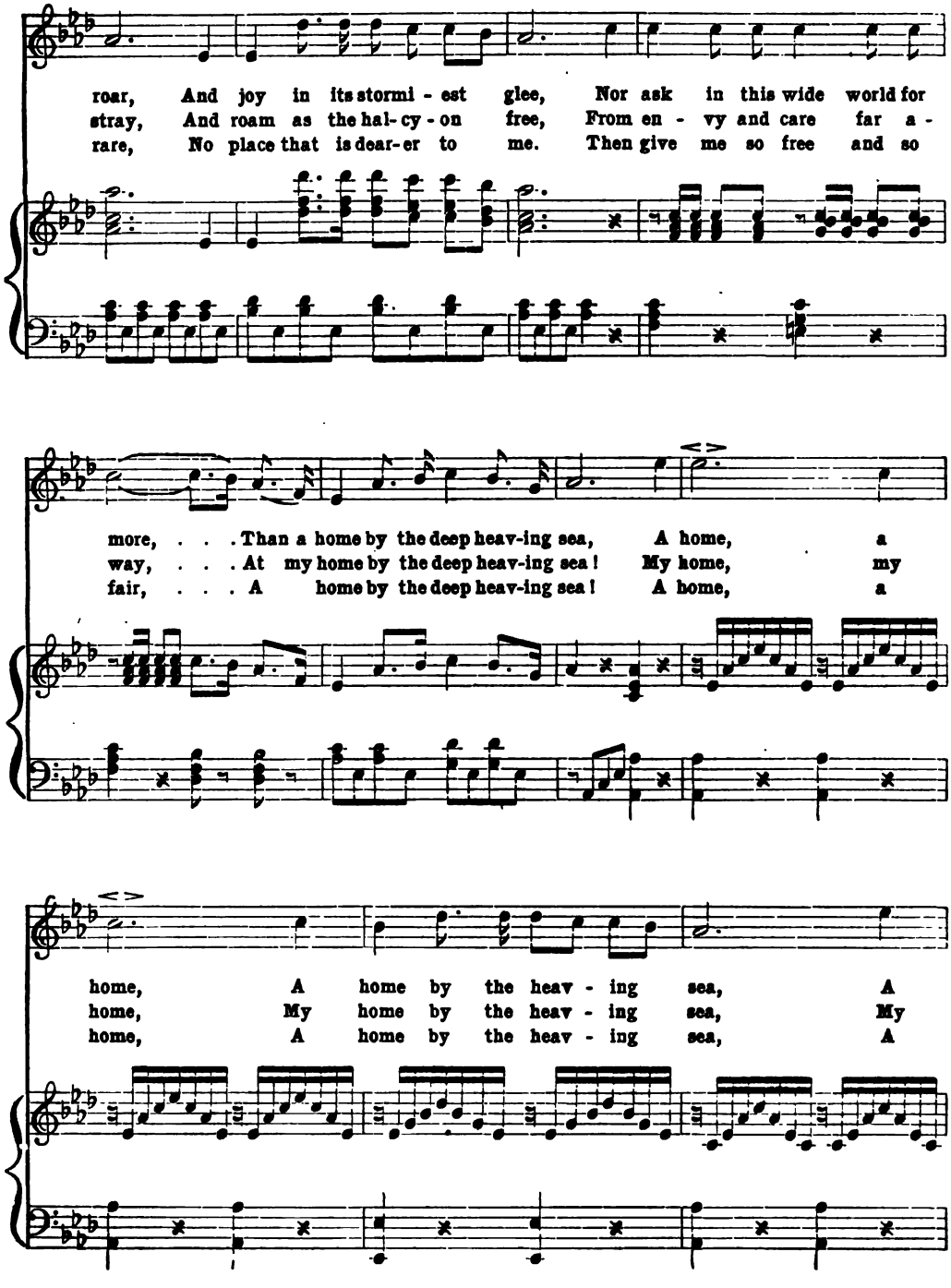

cres.
animato
gone; It whis-per'd low in ac-cents sweet, it whis-per'd
gone; For that hap-py thought, that hap-py thought, that hap-py
p ril.
un poco più lento
low . . in ac - cents sweet, "O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust
thought . . still . . . whis-pers, "O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust
armonioso, colla voce
ril.
on, One true heart beats for you a - lone; O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust
f ril.
1
2
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 foam, Where shrill winds are car - ol - ing free, As o'er the blue wa-ters they come; For I'd list to the ocean's loud
2. At morn when the sun from the east Comes man - tled in crim - son and gold, Whose hues on the bil-lows are cast, Which spar - kle with splendor un - told,— Oh! then by the shore would I
3. At eve when the moon in her pride Rides queen of the soft sum - mer [night, And gleams on the mur-mur -ing tide, With floods of her sil-ver - y light,— Oh earth has no beau-ty so


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

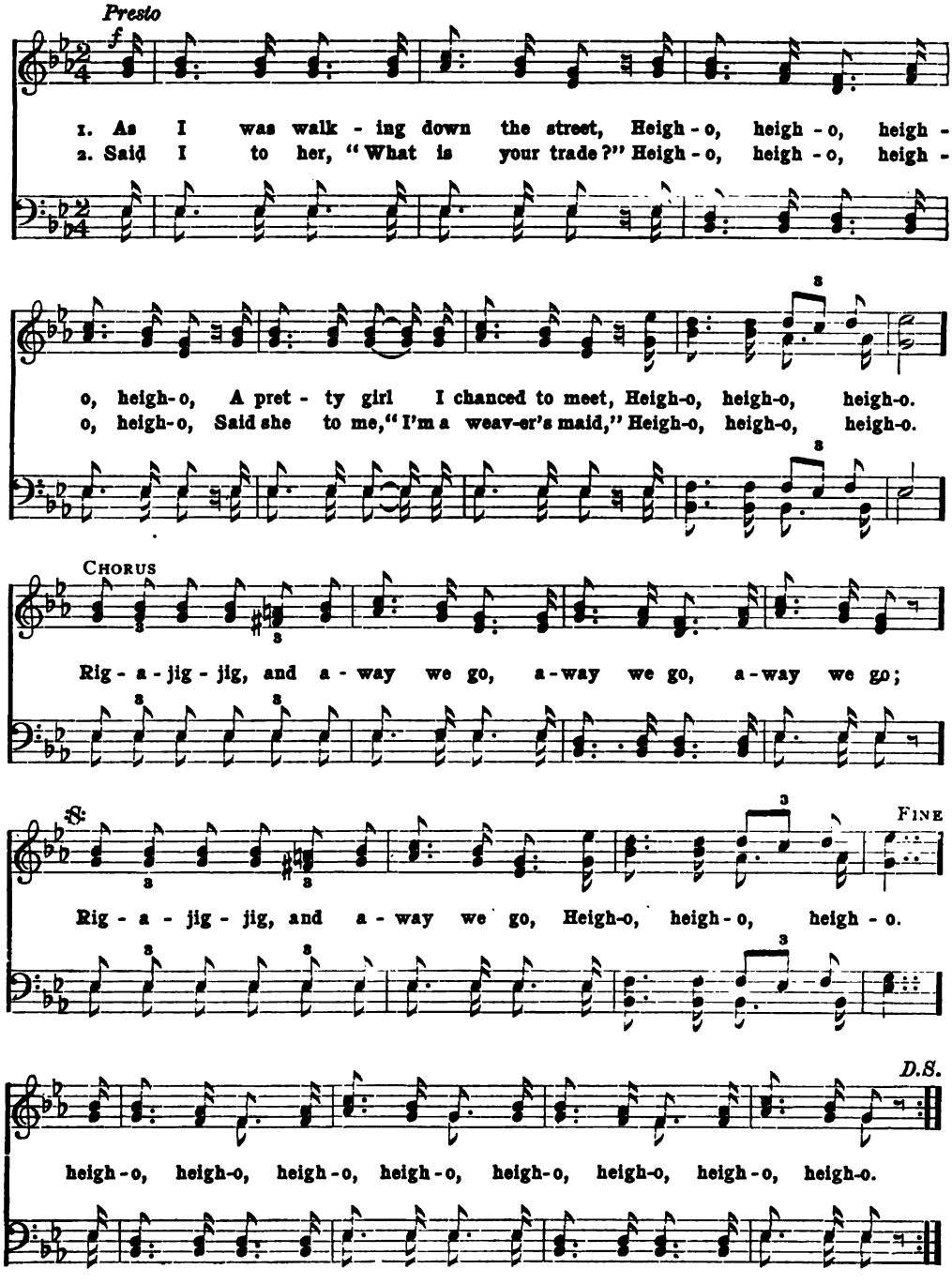
home, A home, A home by the heav - ing sea.
home, My home, My home by the heav - ing sea.
home, A home, A home by the heav - ing sea.

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 seen On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ecs-tat-ic sound Thrills us with its joy pro-found, While we list, en-chant-ed there, To the mu-sic in the air.
2. There's mu-sic in the air, When the noontide's sul-try beam Re-flects a gold-en light On the distant mountain stream. When beneath some grateful shade Sorrow's ach-ing head is laid, Sweet-ly to the spir-it there Comes the mu-sic in the air.
3. There's mu-sic in the air, When the twilight's gen-tle sigh Is lost on eve-ning's breast, As its pensive beauties die; Then, O, then, the loved ones gone Wake the pure, ce-les-tial song; An-gel-ic voi-ces greet us there, In the mu-sic in the air.

Rig-a-jig

(Male Voices)



What Fairy-like Music

Mrs. C. B. Wilson — J. De-Pinna

Solo *Grazioso*

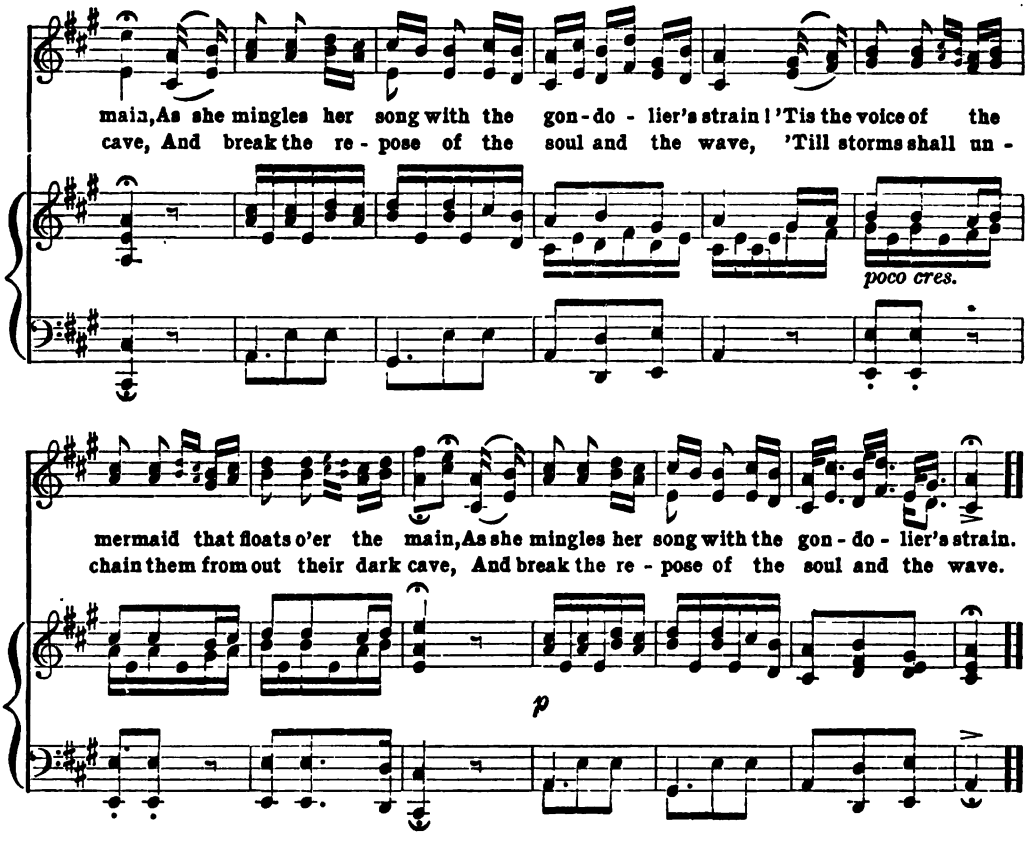
1. What fai - ry - like mu - sic steals o - ver the sea, En - trancing the sen-ses with
2. The winds are all hush'd and the wa-ters at rest; They sleep like the passions in

p

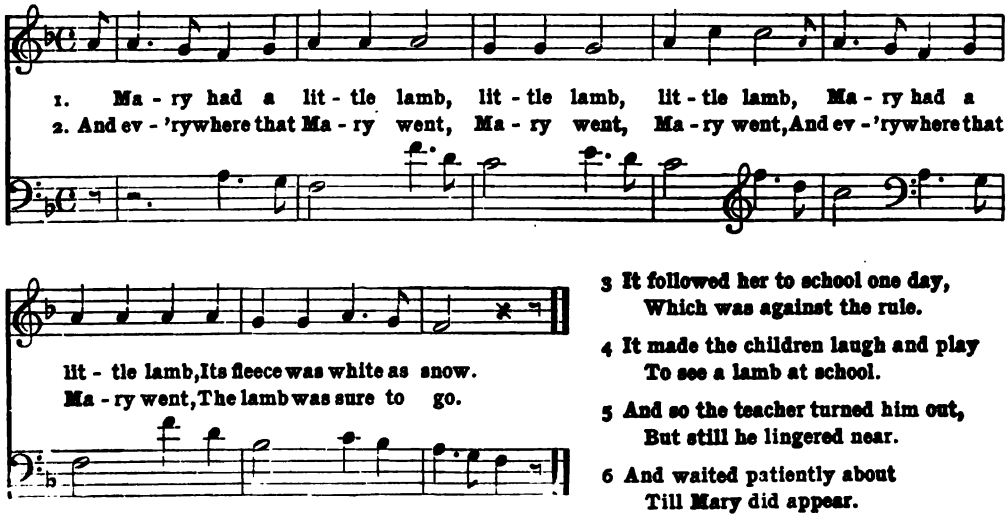
Duet

charm'd mel - 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 - 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



Mary Had a Little Lamb



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

p

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-sion he's
had - n't much mon-ey, but wed-dings are cheap, So while the old fel - low was

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

f

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

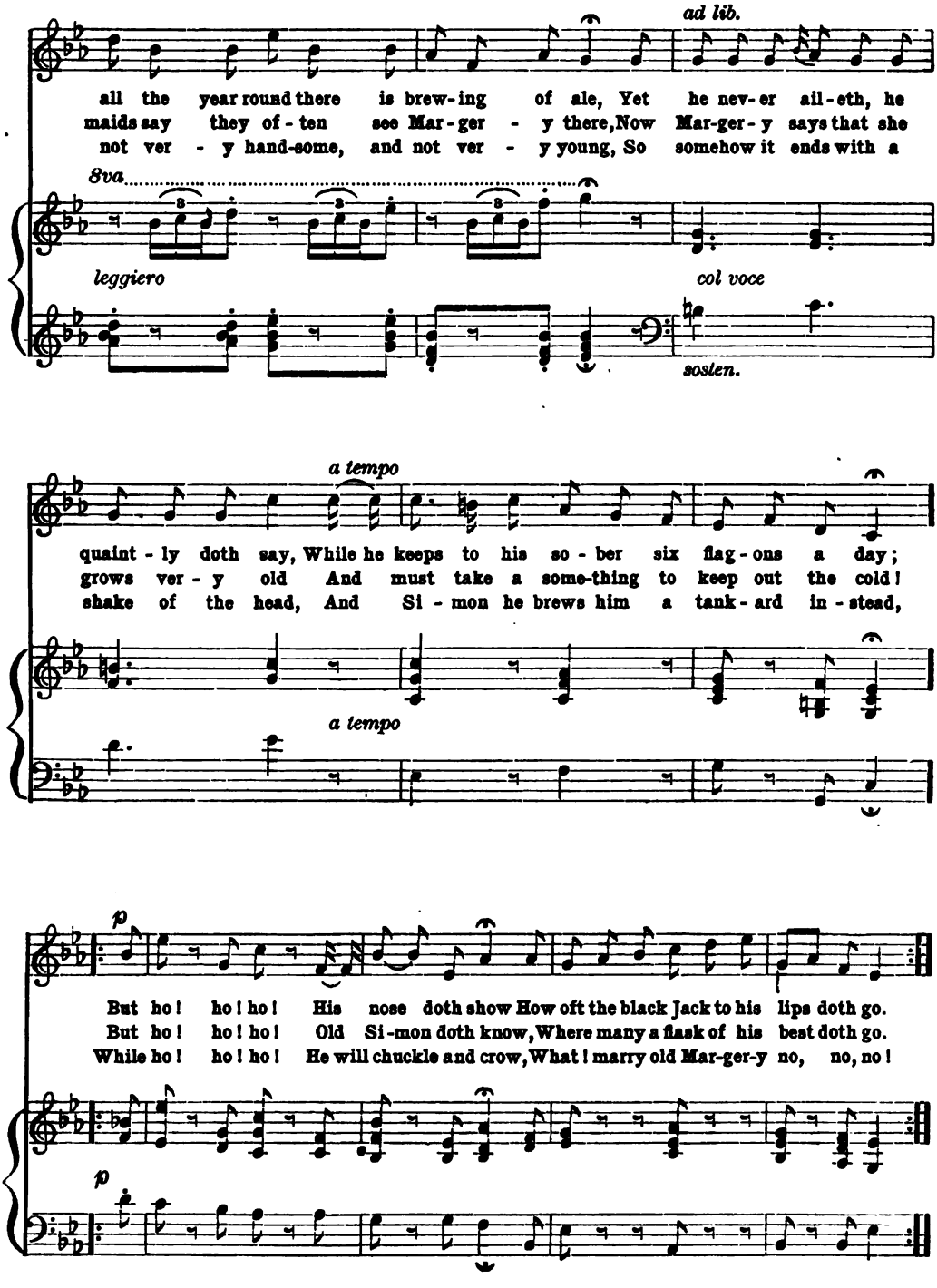
p

1. Old Si-mon the Cell-ar - er keeps a rare store, Of Malm-sey and Mal - voi- sie . . And
2. Dame 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

p

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


ad lib.
all the year round there is brew-ing of ale, Yet he nev-er ail-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
8va
leggiero
col voce
sostenuto
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-eys love him, Cayse he was so kind; Now, dey

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 more.
Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.

sound; All de dark-eys am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

JOHANNA GADSKI

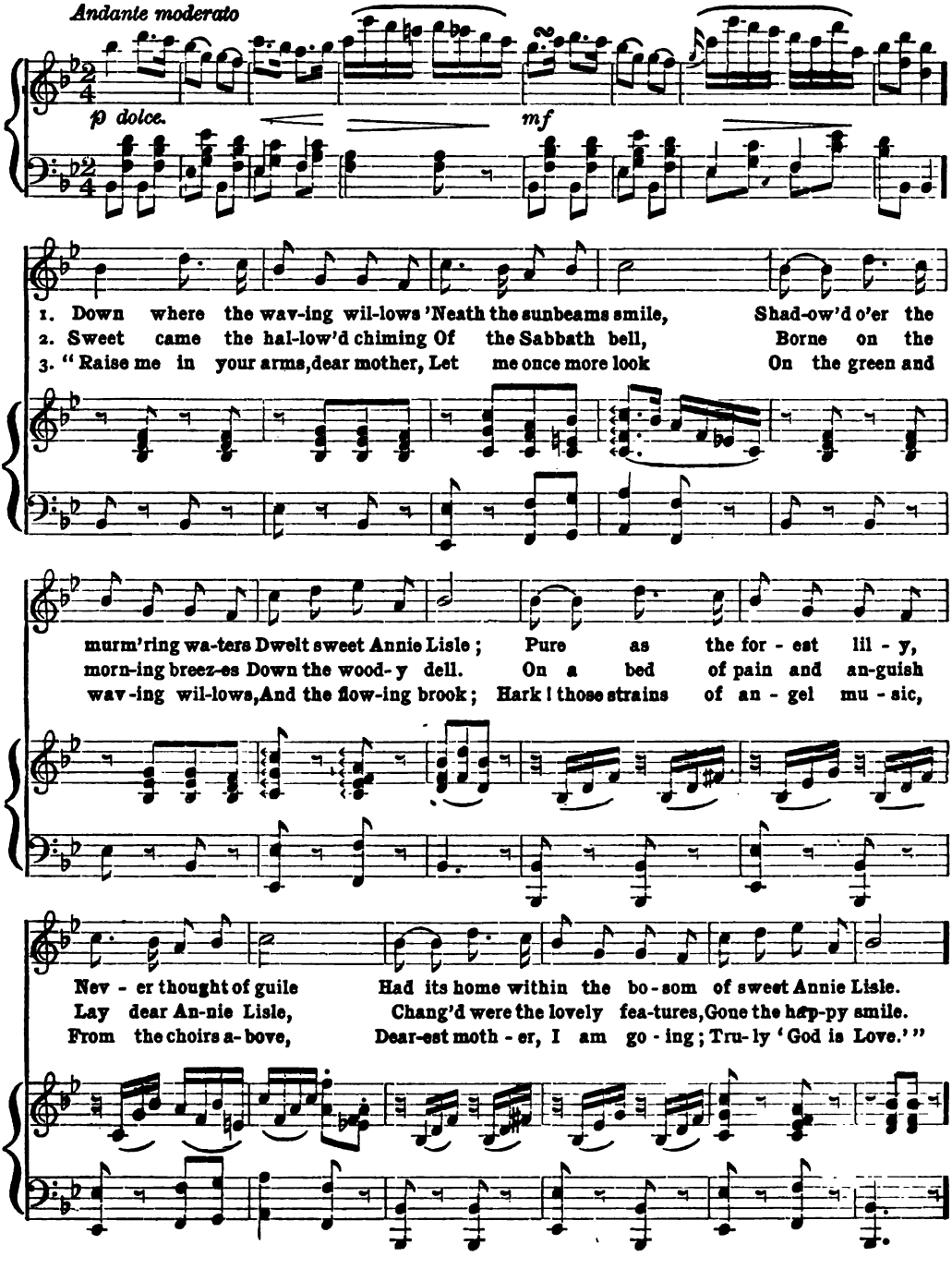
One of Germany's most popular opera singers. She was born in Anclam, Prussia, 1871, received her musical training in her own country, and first appeared in grand opera in New York. She created many Wagnerian parts, and made a remarkable concert tour through America in 1898–99. Her popular encore is "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"—Heart Songs, p. 105.

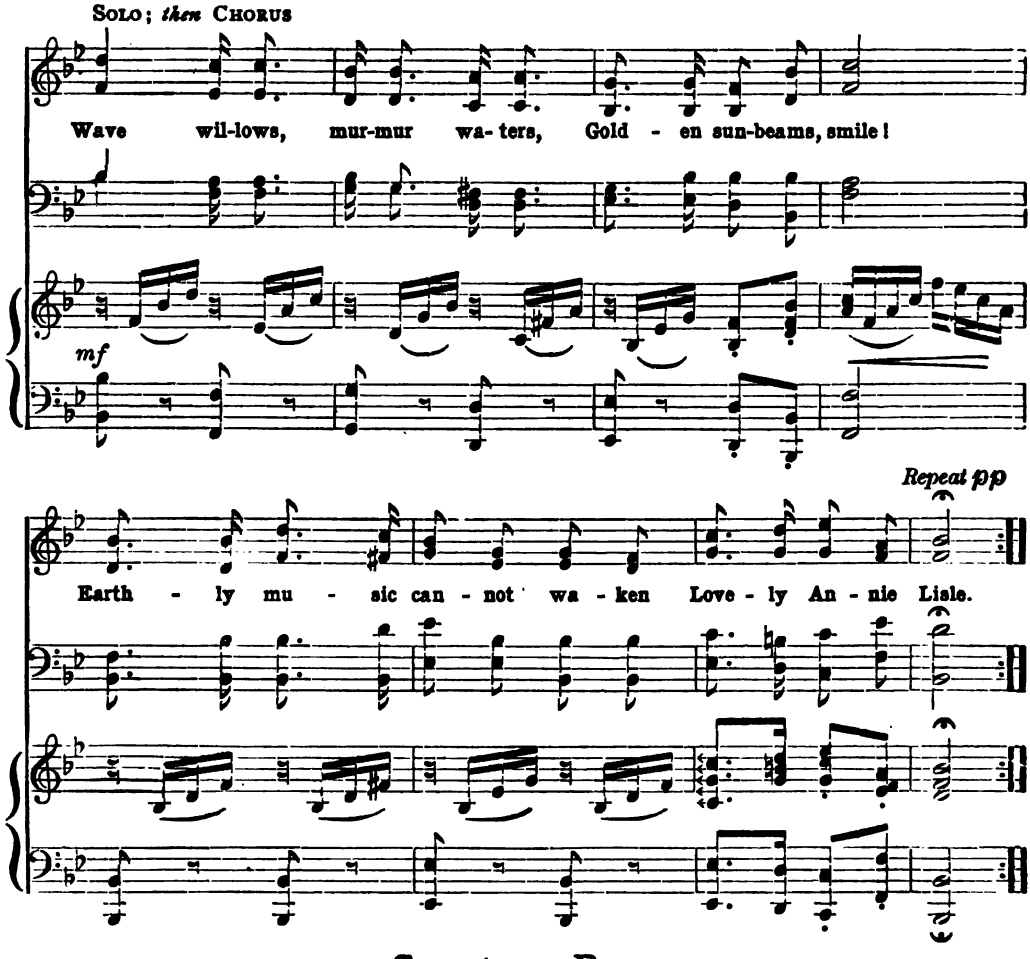
LOUISE HOMER

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.

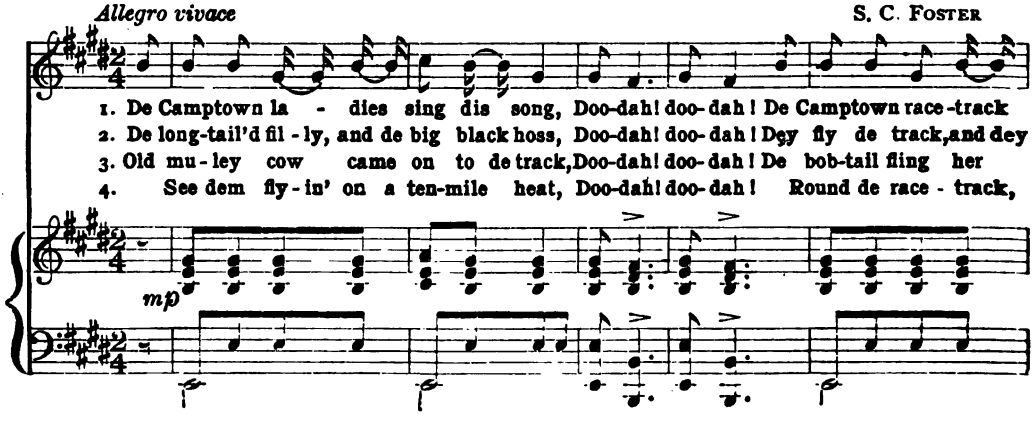
Annie Lisle

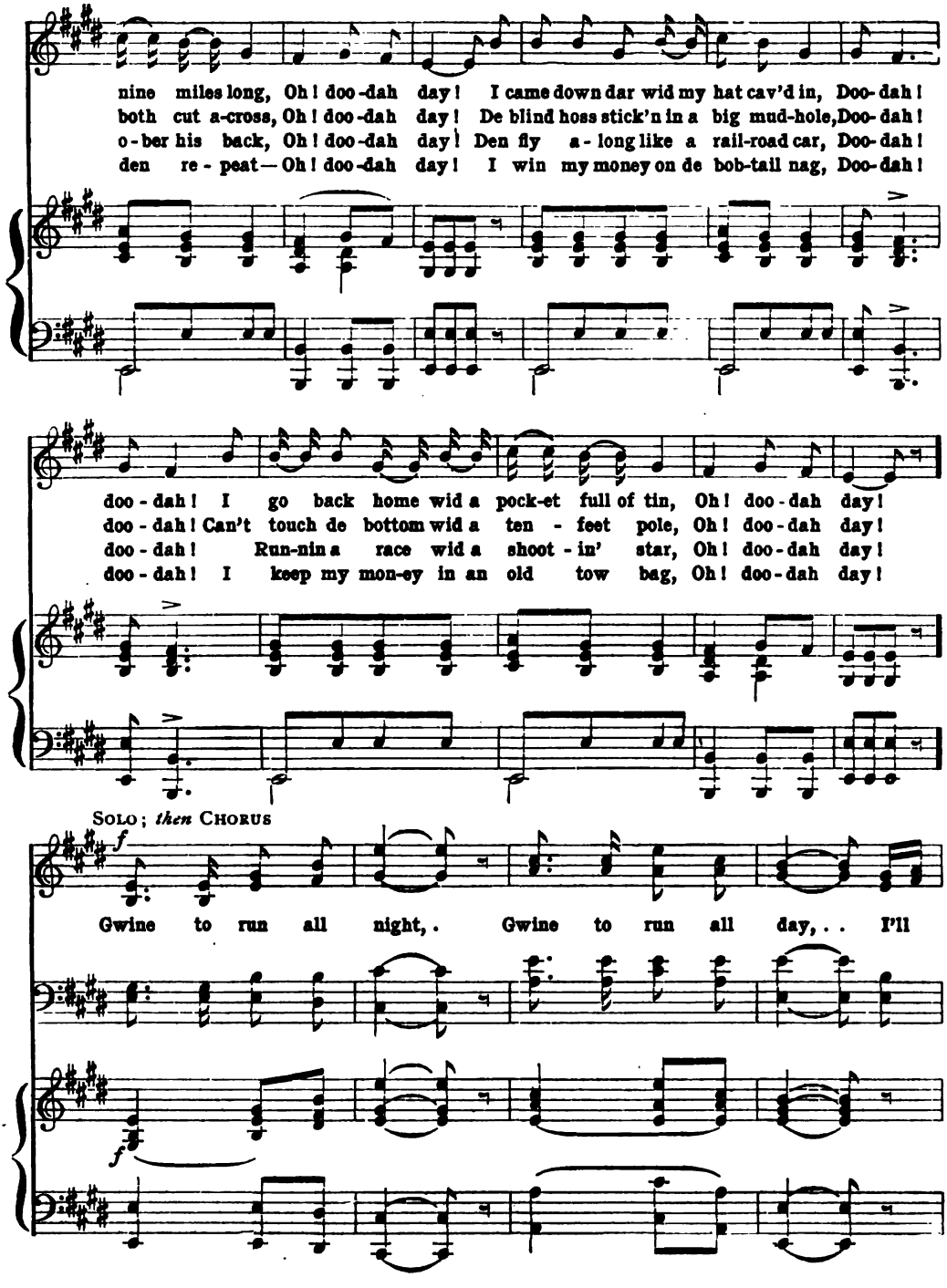
H. S. Thompson

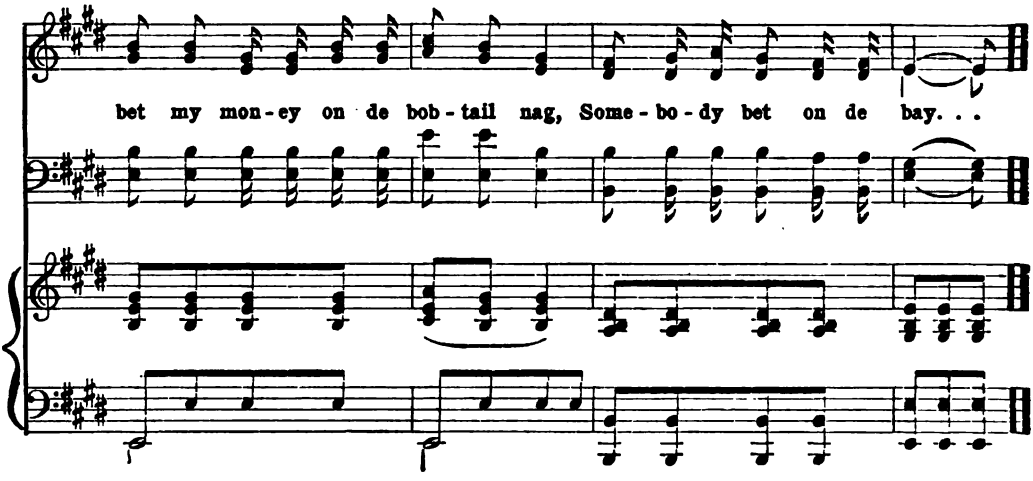




Camptown Races

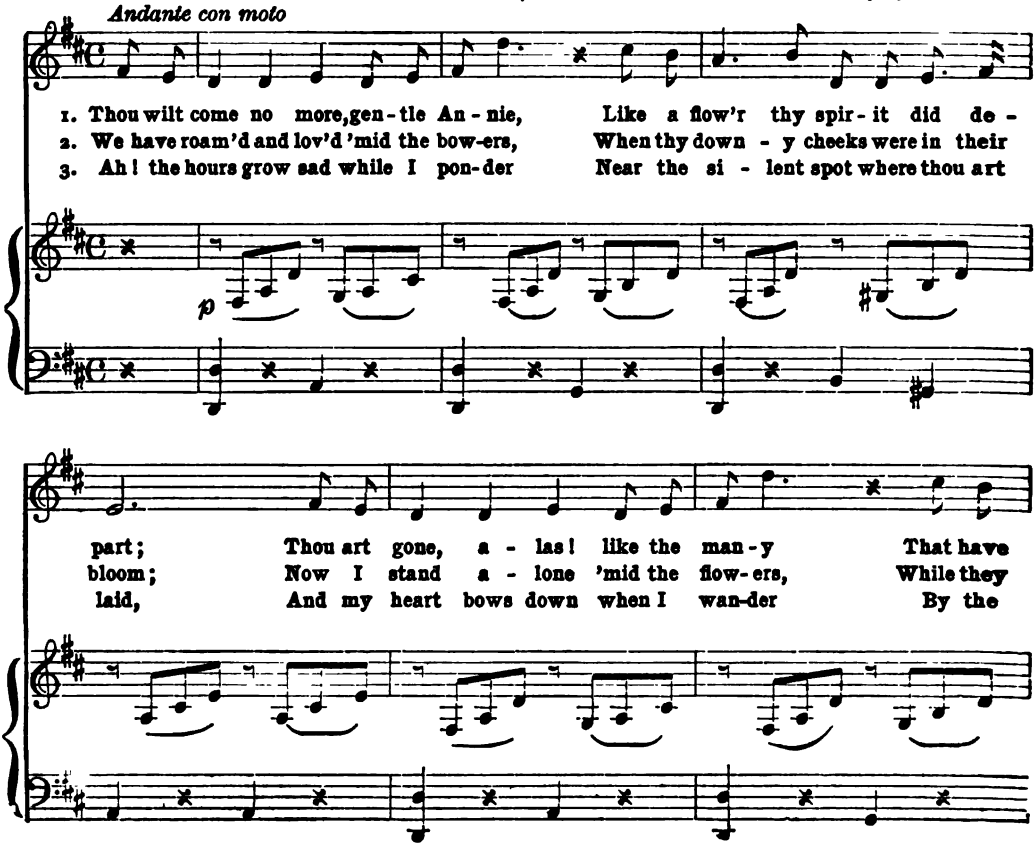


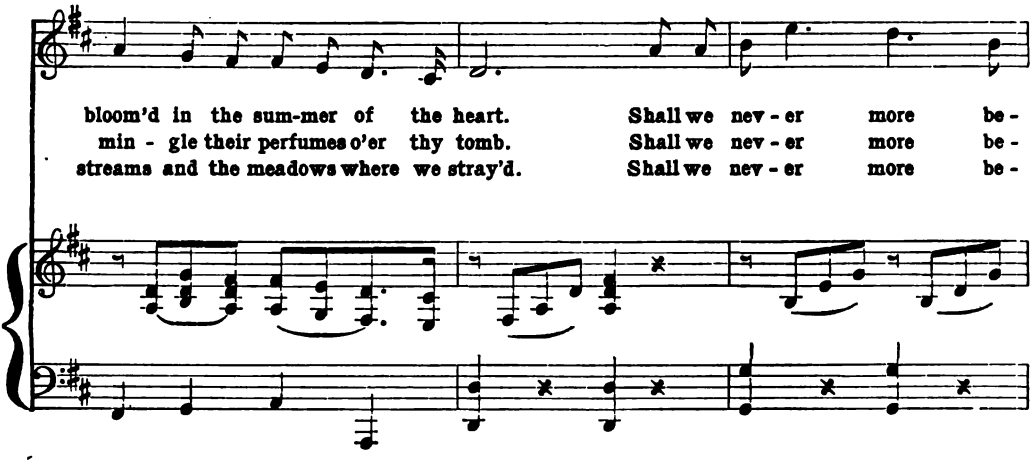

nine miles long, Oh! doo-dah day! I came down dar wid my hat cav'd in, Doo-dah!
both cut a-cross, Oh! doo-dah day! De blind hoss stick'n in a big mud-hole, Doo-dah!
o-ber his back, Oh! doo-dah day! Den fly a-long like a rail-road car, Doo-dah!
den re-peat—Oh! doo-dah day! I win my money on de bob-tail 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
f
Gwine to run all night, . Gwine to run all day, . . I'll
f

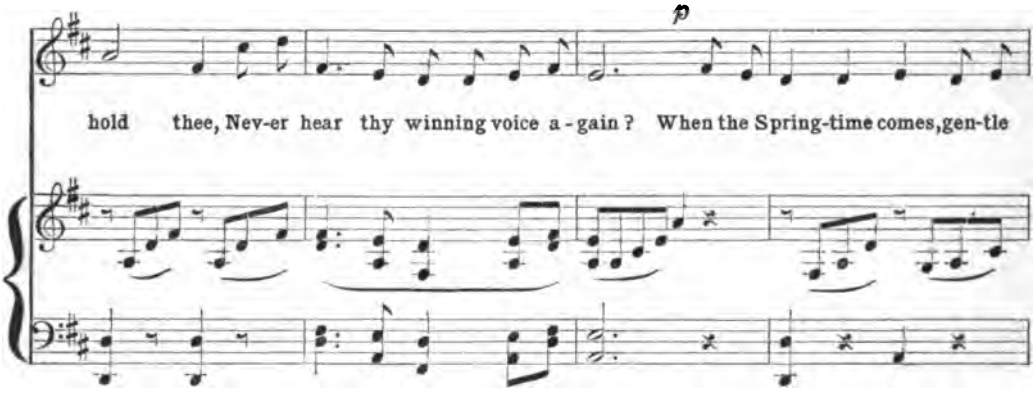


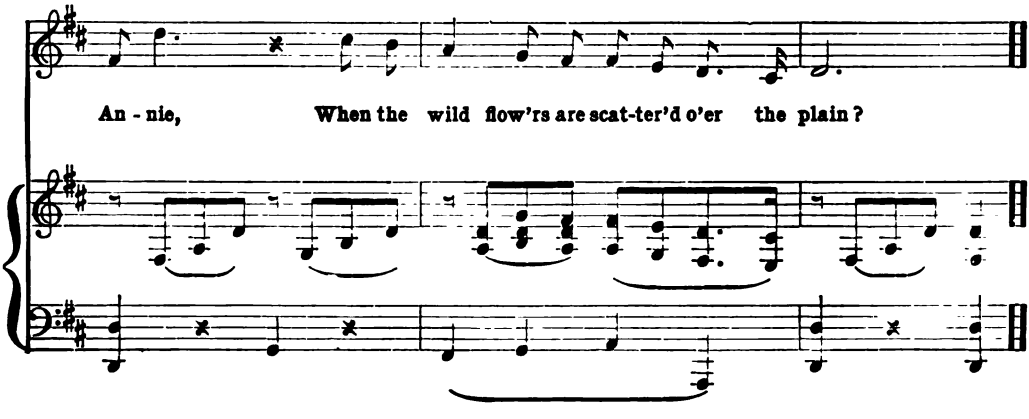
Gentle Annie

S. C. Foster




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 -


p
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

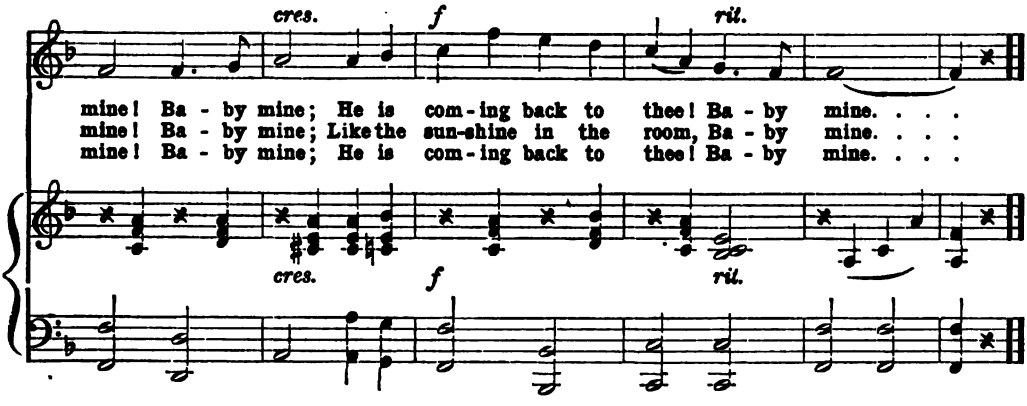
p

1. I've a let - ter from thy sire, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; I could read and nev - er tire, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; He is sail - ing o'er the sea, He is com - ing home to me, He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by
2. Oh, I long to see his face, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; In his old ac - cus - tom'd place, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; Like the rose of May in bloom, Like a star a - mid the gloom, Like the sun - shine in the room, Ba - by
3. I'm so glad, I can - not sleep, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; I'm so hap - py, I could weep, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; He is sail - ing o'er the sea, He is com - ing home to me, He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by

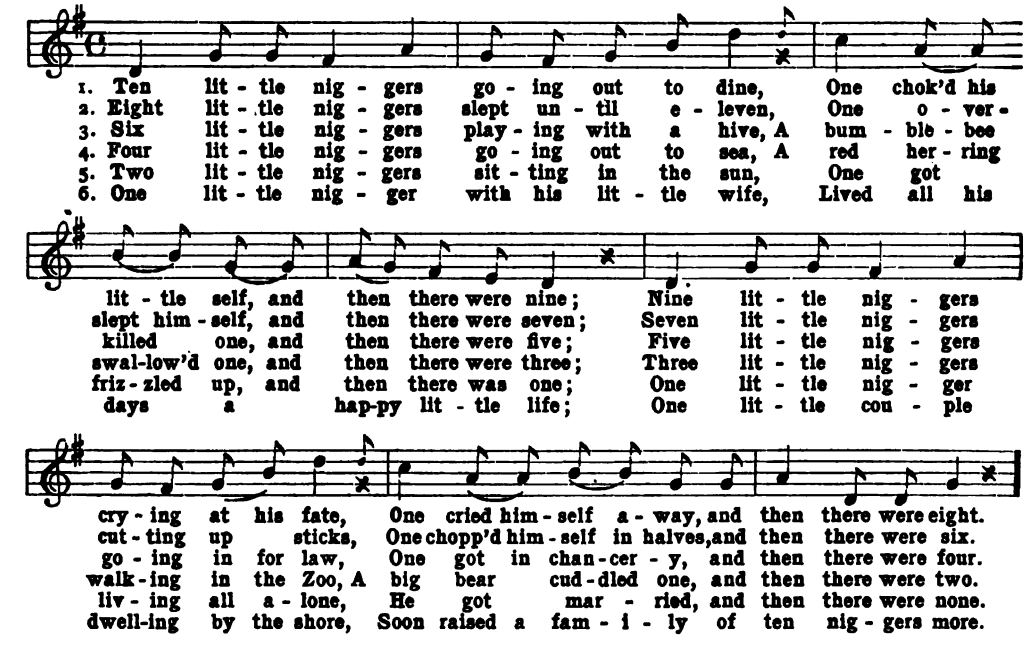
p

cres.

cres.



Ten Little Niggers



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

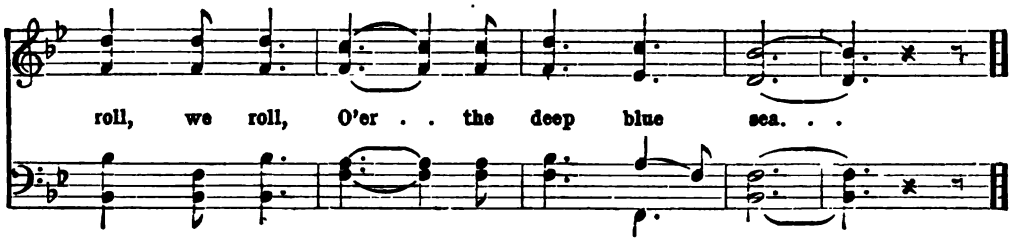
Let us all . . . . . u-nite in love, ... Trust-ing

Let us all u-nite in love,

in . . . . . the pow'rs a-bove. . . . . Mer-ri-ly now we

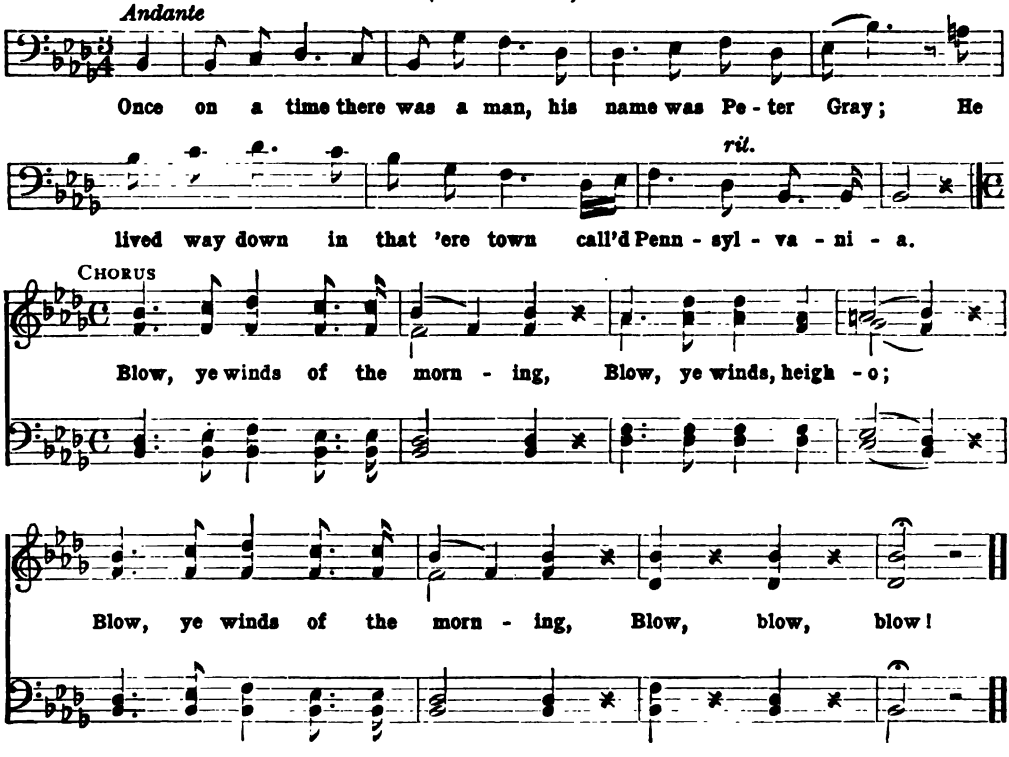
Trust-ing in the pow'rs a-bove.

roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer-ri-ly now we



Peter Gray

(Male Voices)



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.

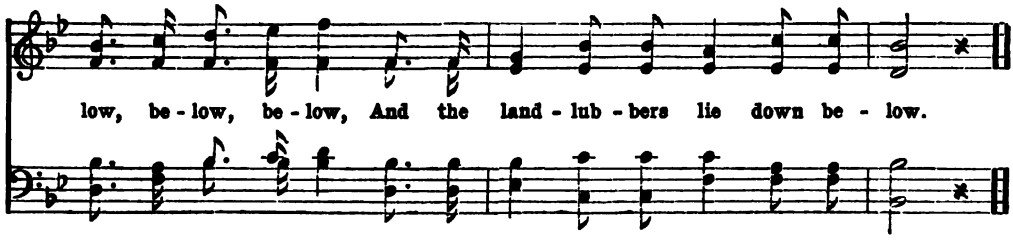
5 When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until she di-i-ed. Cho.

The Mermaid

Moderato

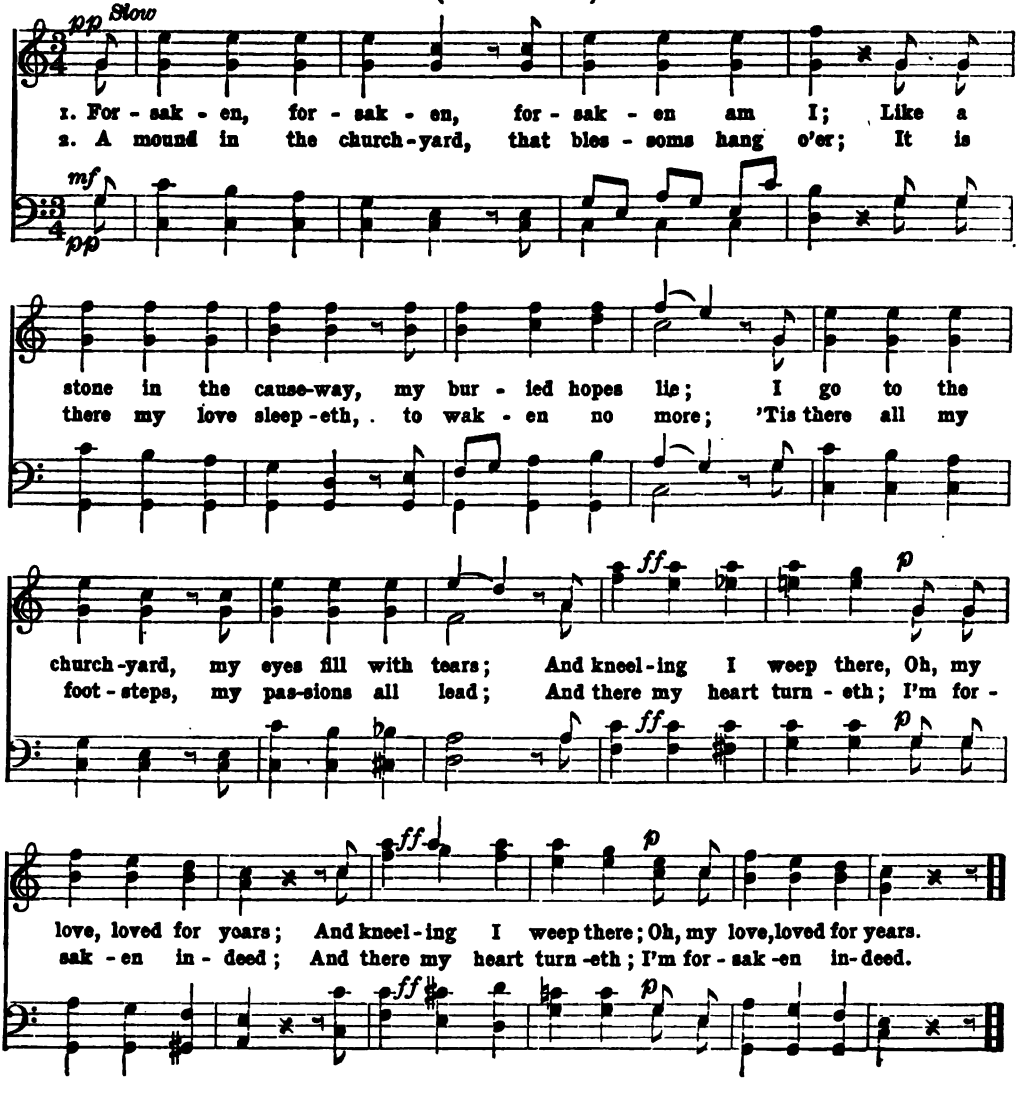
1. 'Twas Fri - day morn . when we . . set . . sail, And we were not far from the land, When the cap - tain spied a love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand. O, the
2. Then up spake the cap - tain . . of our gal - lant ship, And a well - spok - en man was he; "I have mar - ried a wife in Sa - lem town, And to - night she a wid - ow will be." O, the
3. Then up spake the cook of our gal - lant ship, And a red hot cook was he; "I care much more for my ket - tles and my pots, Than I do for the depths of the sea." O, the
4. Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And three times a-round went she; Then three times a - round went our 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 -



Forsaken

(Male Voices) Koschat



Beautiful Bells

DUET AND CHORUS

GEORGE COOPER — 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!

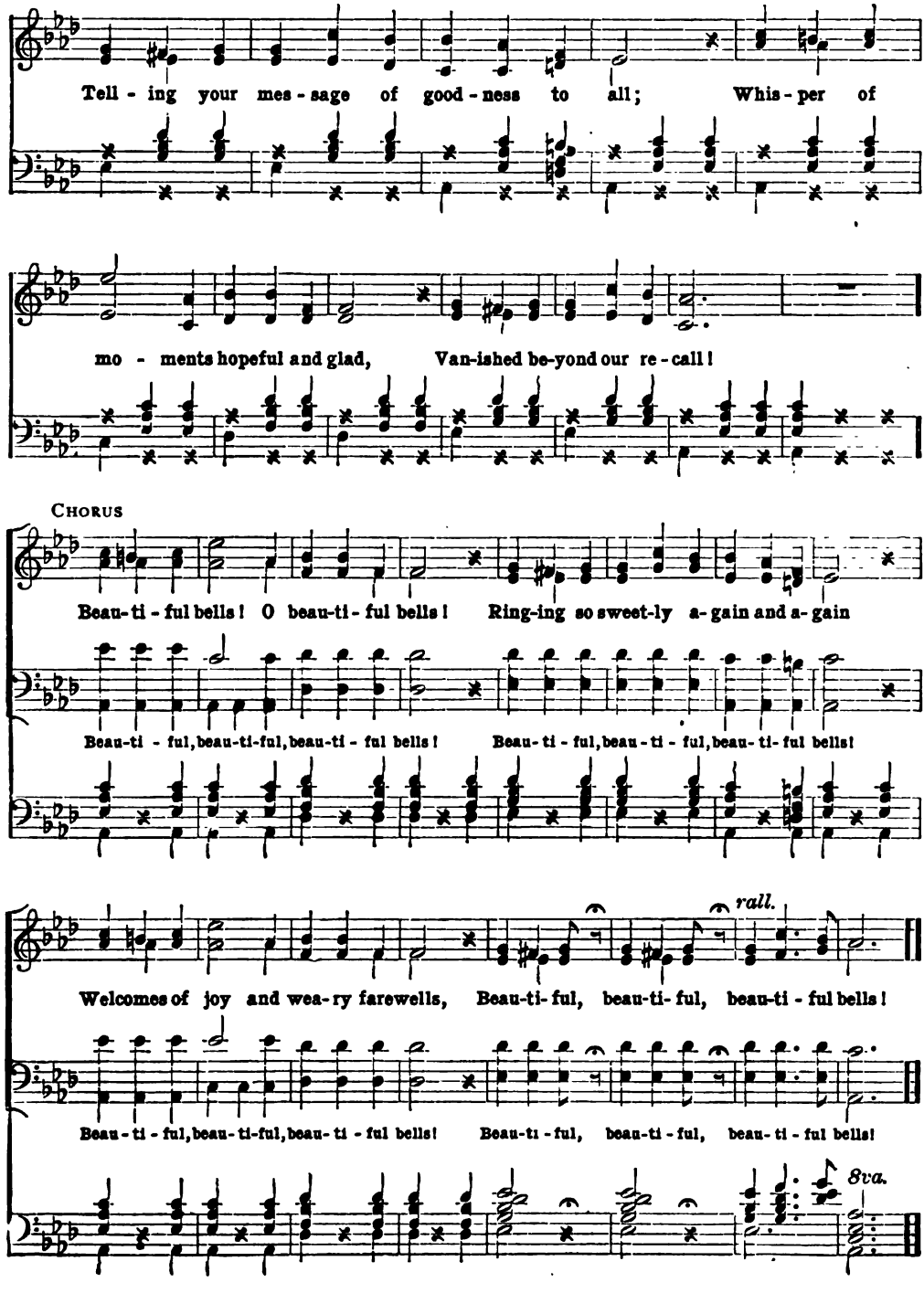
SECOND VOICE — BOTH

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,


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!
rall.
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!
8va.

Lullaby

Moderato

From JAKOBOWSKI'S "Erminie"

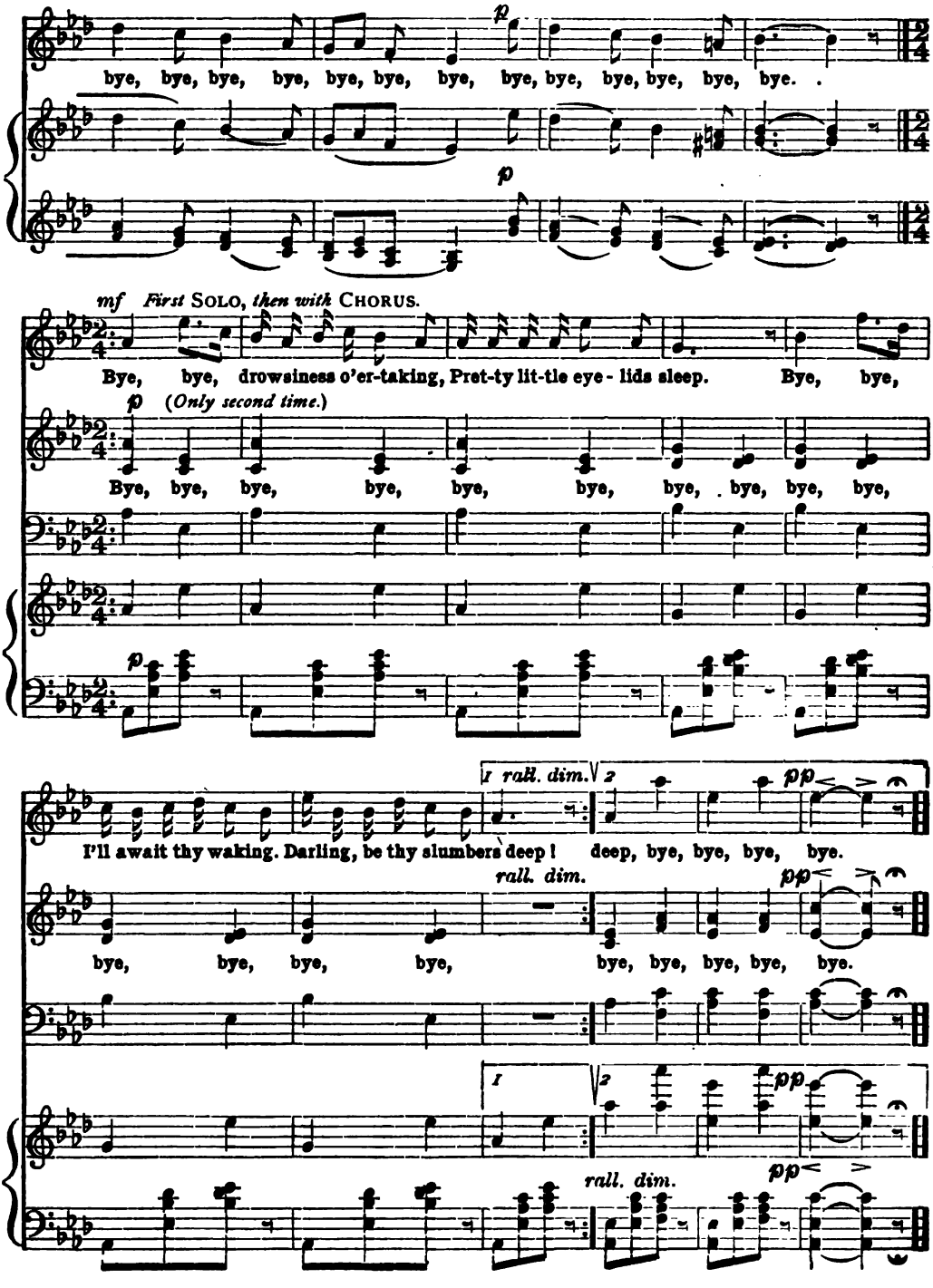
p

1. Dear moth - er, in dreams I see her, . . With lov'd face sweet and calm, . . And hear her voice With love re - joice When nest - ling on her arm. . . . . I think how she soft - ly press'd me, Of the tears in each glist'-ning eye, . . As her watch she'd keep, When she rock'd to sleep Her child with this lul - la - by, Bye,

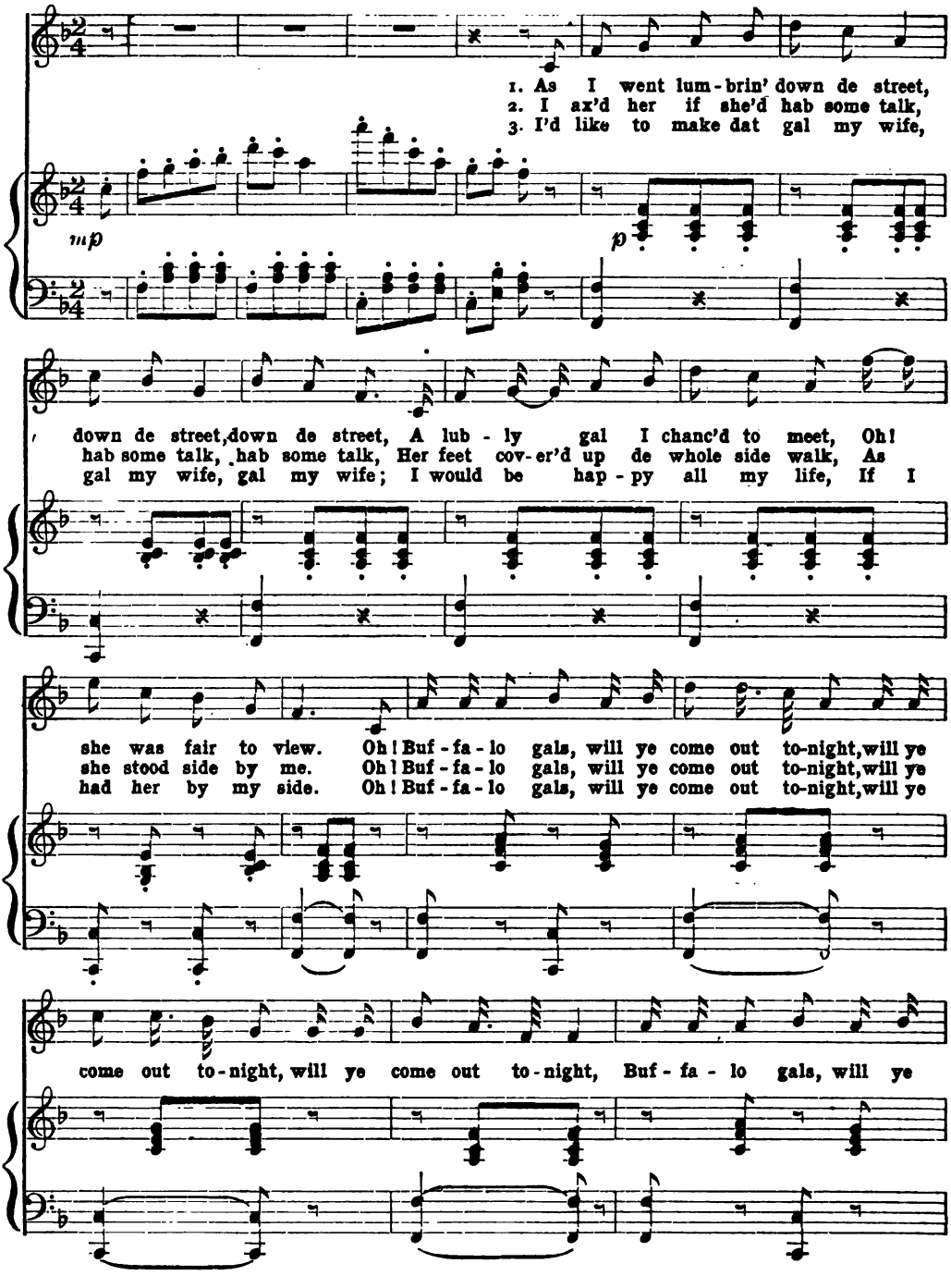
2. Ah! e'en when her life was ebb - ing, . . Her words were all to me, . . My fu - ture years Were all her fears, Her fate 'twas not to see. . . . My fa - ther, I heard him weep - ing, As in sor - row he hov - er'd nigh, . . And my moth - er's plaint, In her ac - cent faint, Was ev - er this lul - la - by, Bye,

mf

mf


p
bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.
p
mf First SOLO, then with CHORUS.
Bye, bye, drowsiness o'er-taking, Pret-ty lit-tle eye - lids sleep. Bye, bye,
p (Only second time.)
Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,
p
1 rall. dim. 2
pp
I'll await thy waking. Darling, be thy slumbers deep! deep, bye, bye, bye, bye.
rall. dim.
pp
bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.
1 2
pp
rall. dim.
pp

Buffalo Gals

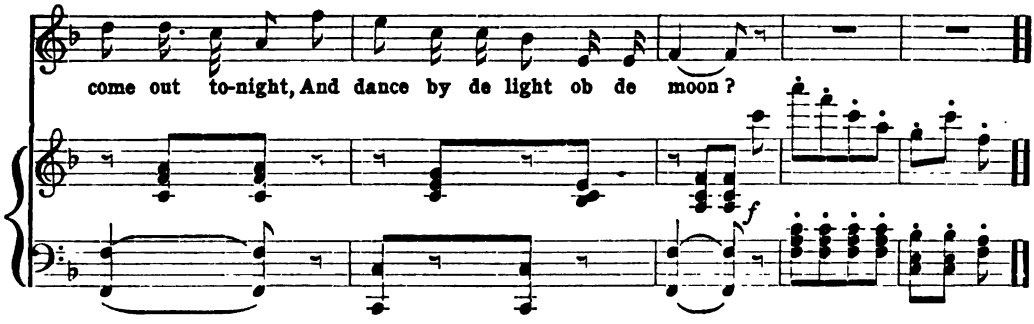


MARIA GAY

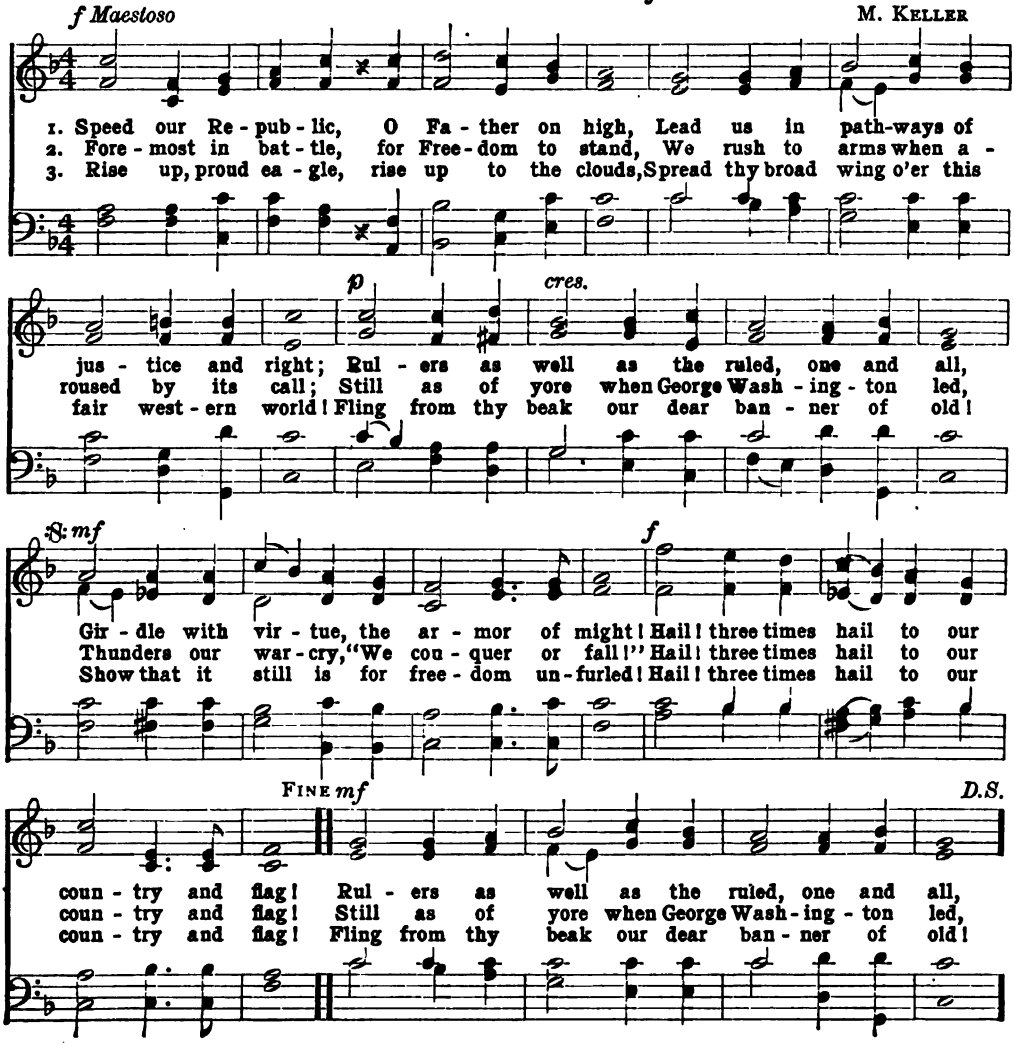
A particularly vivacious mezzo-soprano, whose greatest success has been "Carmen." She is Spanish by birth, a native of Catalonia, and her principal following is in the United States. Her popular encore is "Castanets are Sounding"—Heart Songs, p. 178.

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.



Keller's American Hymn



'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

p

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

mf *p*

poco ril.

dear! 'Twill bring me back one gold-en hour, Through ma-ny, thro' ma-ny a wea-ry year.

p *colla voce*

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. Root G. F. Root

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;

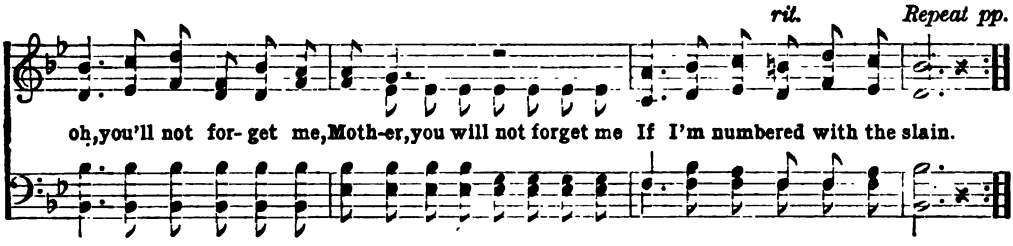
While up - on the field we're watch-ing, With the en - e - my in view.
Now may God pro - tect us, moth-er, As He ev - er does the right.

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,

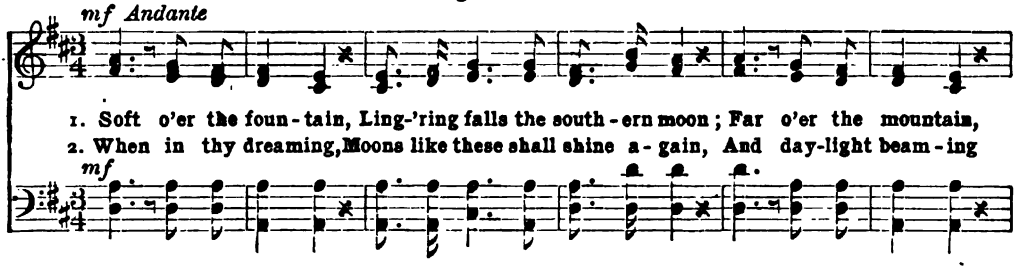
well they know that on the mor-row Some will sleep be- neath the sod. . .
yes, we'll ral - ly round the standard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there. .

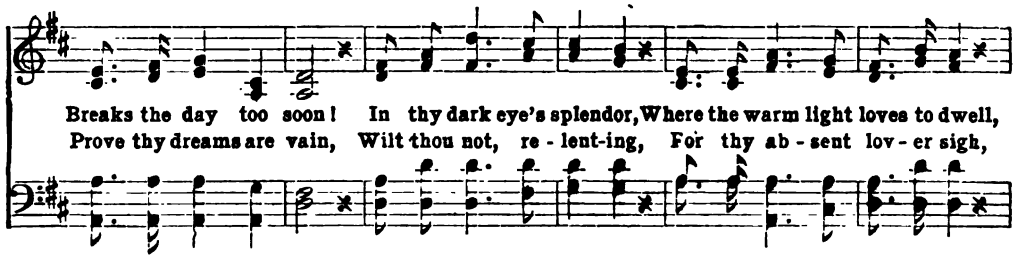
CHORUS

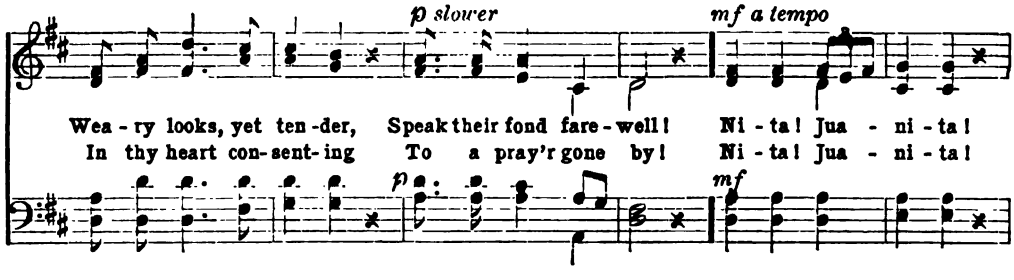
Fare-well, moth-er, you may nev-er, you may never, mother, Press me to your heart a-gain; . . But

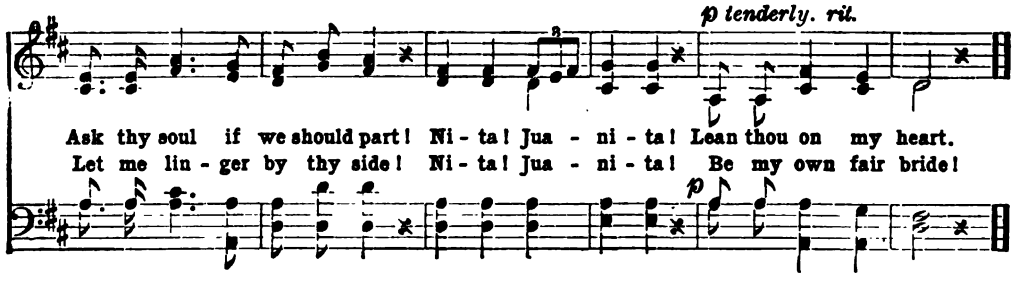

rit.
Repeat pp.
oh, you'll not for- get me, Moth-er, you will not forget me If I'm numbered with the slain.

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 dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a- gain, And day-light beam- ing
mf

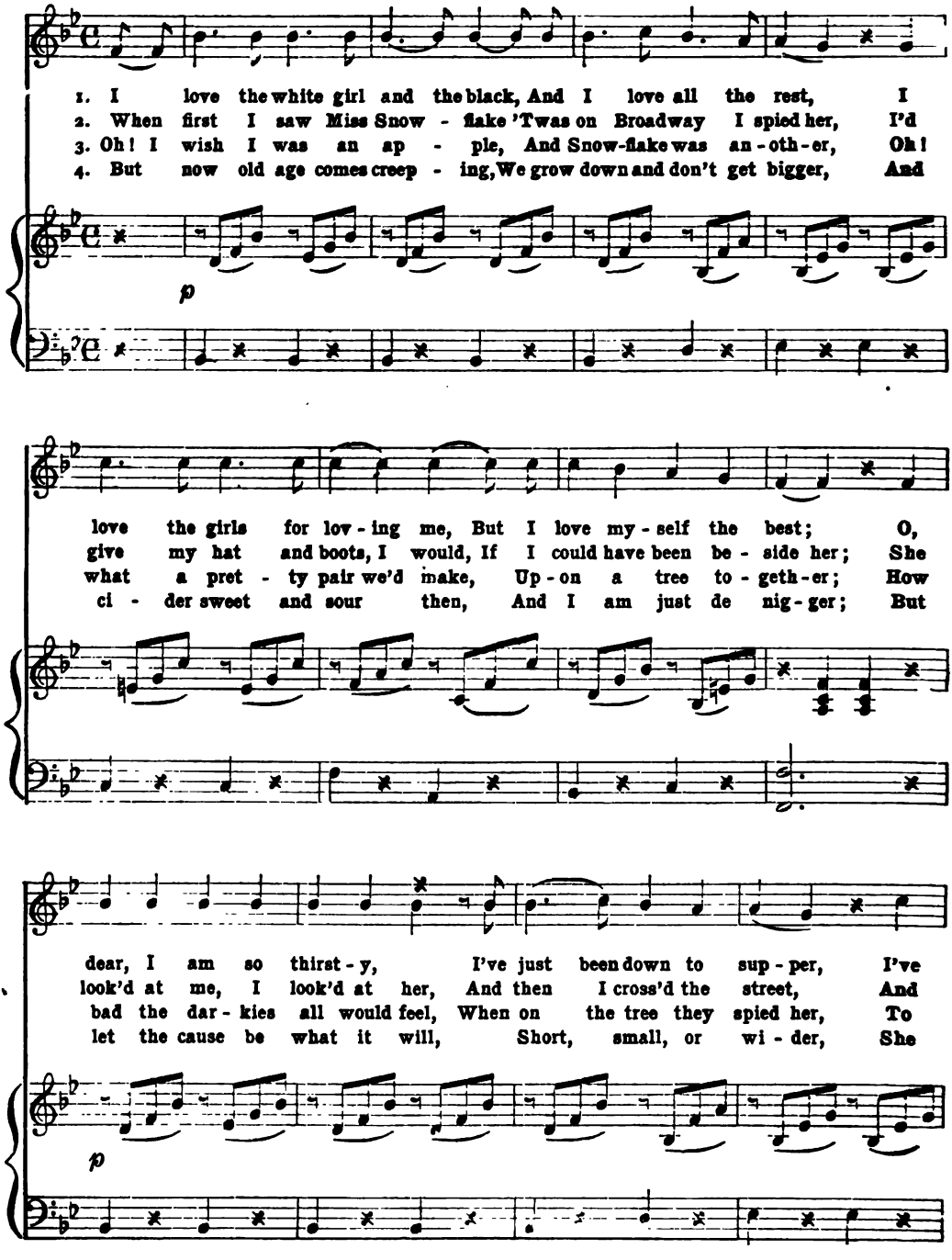

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re- lent-ing, For thy ab- sent lov- er sigh,

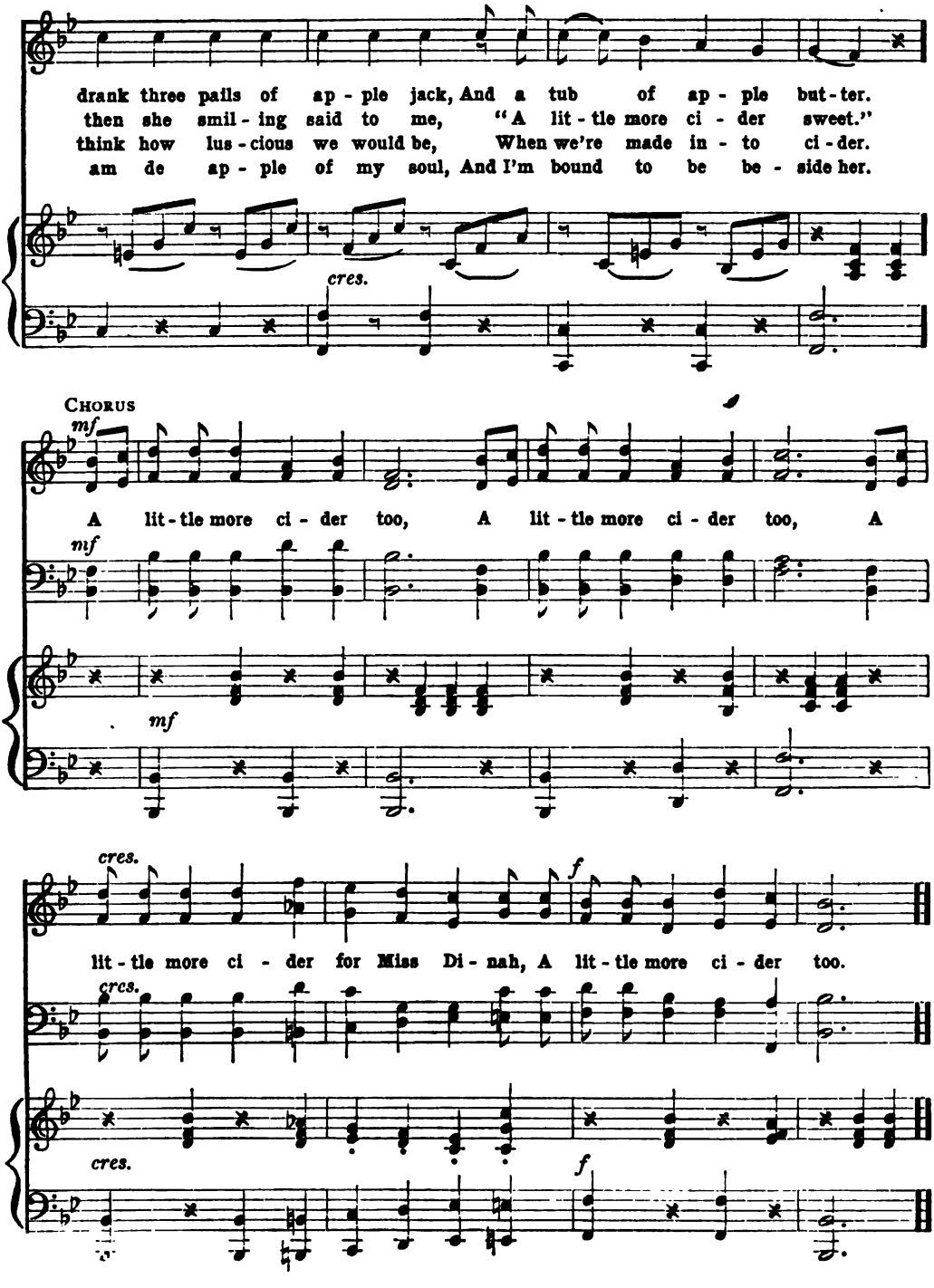

p slower
mf a tempo
Wea- ry looks, yet ten- der, Speak their fond fare- well! Ni- ta! Jua - ni- ta!
In thy heart con- sent- ing To a pray'r gone by! Ni- ta! Jua - ni- ta!
p
mf


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!
p

A Little More Cider

A. Hart




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.
f
lit - tle more ci - der for Miss Di - nah, A lit - tle more ci - der too.
cres.
cres.
f

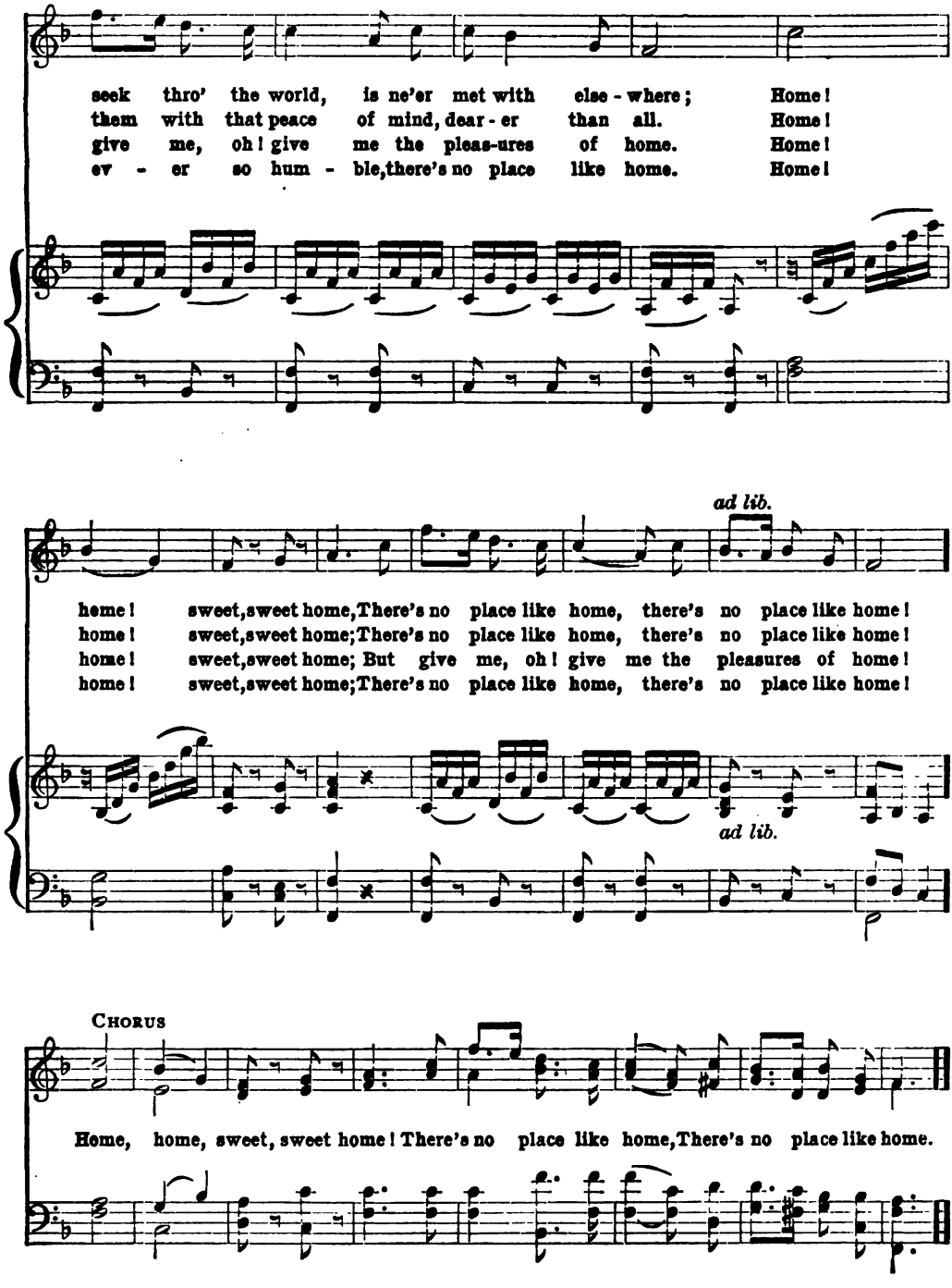
Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — HENRY R. BISHOP

Moderato

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home! A
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh! give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The
3. How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond fa - ther's smile, And the cares of a moth - er to soothe and be - guile; Let
4. To thee I'll re - turn, o - ver - bur - den'd with care, The 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


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!
ad lib.
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!
ad lib.
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-vour - neen! the grey dawn is break-ing, . . . The
2. Kath - leen Ma-vour - neen! a-wake from thy slum-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

mf

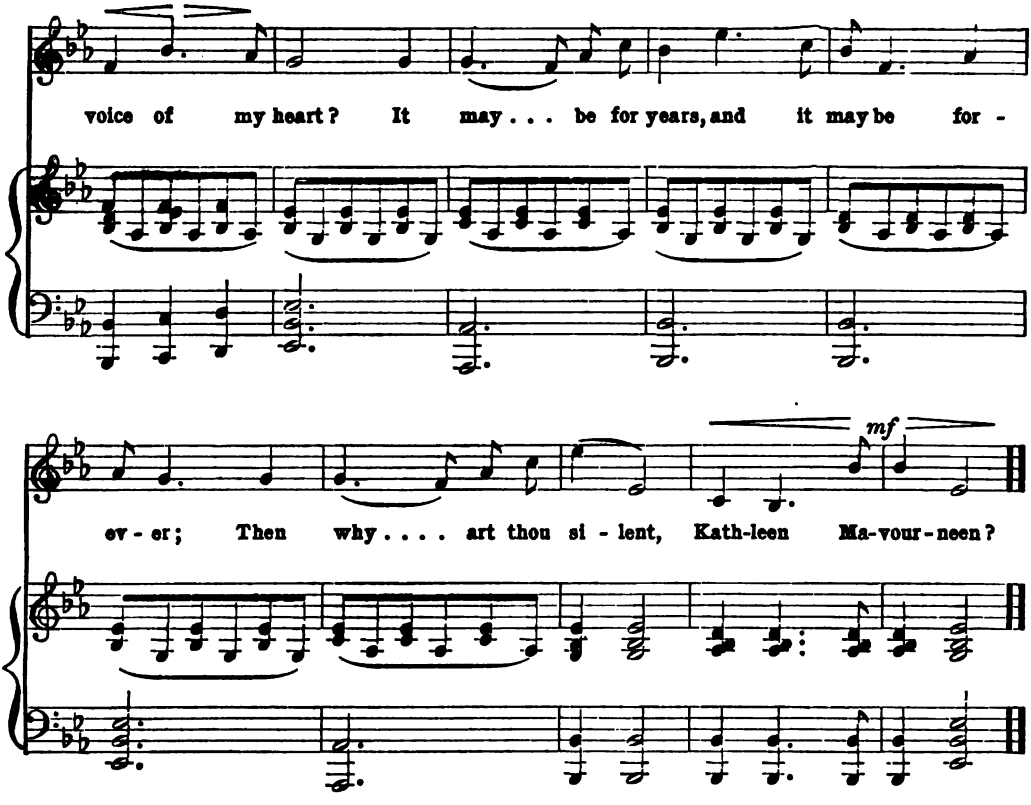
slum - b'ring still! Oh, hast thou for - got-ten how soon we must sev-er? Oh,
star of my night. Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vourneen, my sad tears are falling, To

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

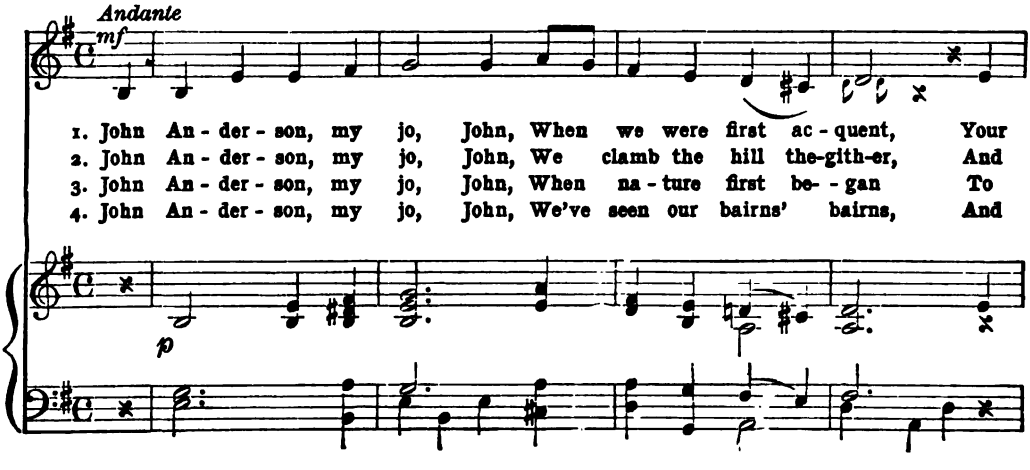
p

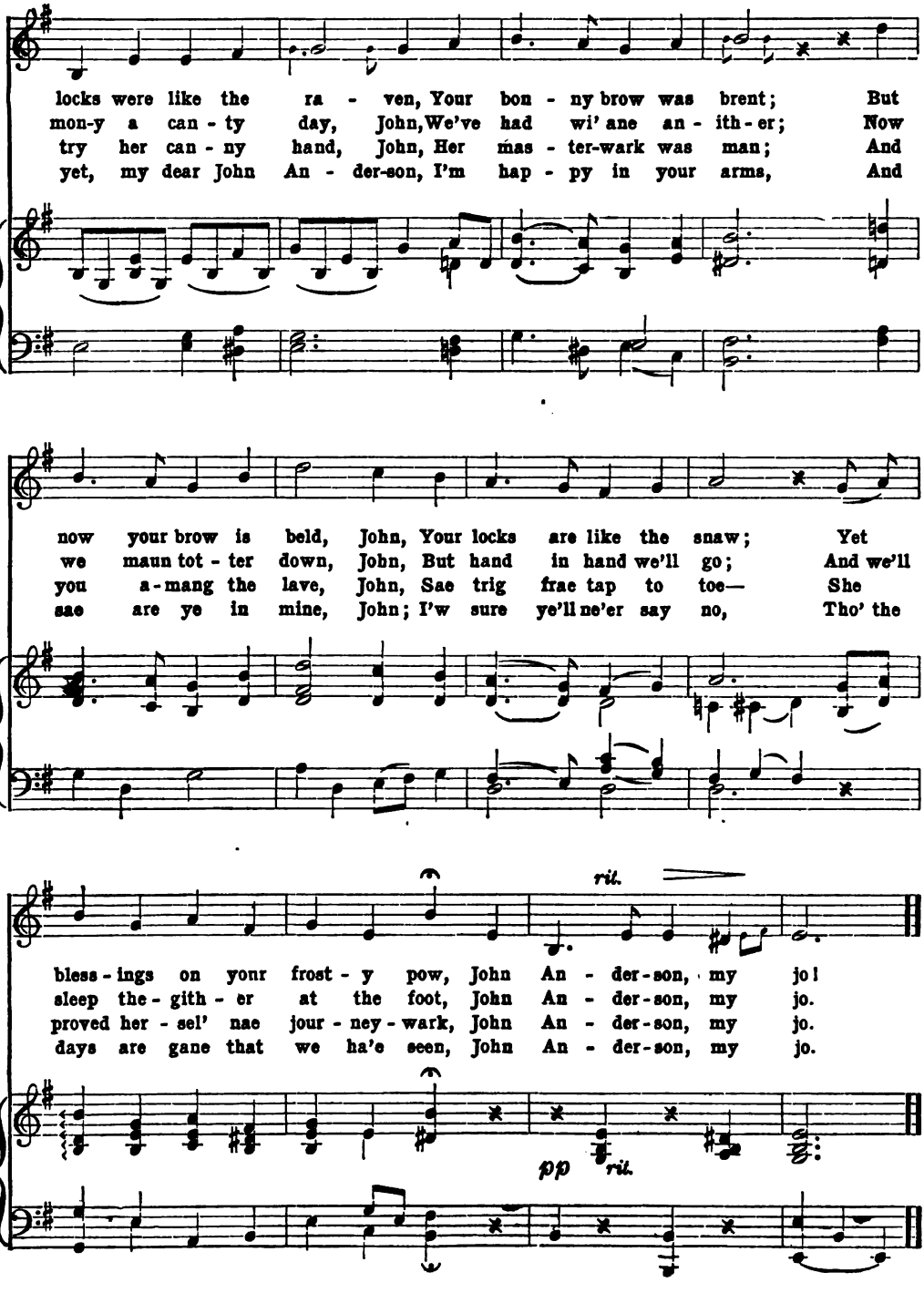
years, and it may be for-ev-er; Oh, why . . art thou si - lent, thou
years, and it may be for-ev-er; Then why . . art thou si - lent, thou



John Anderson, My Jo

Robert Burns




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
rit.
bless - 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.
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

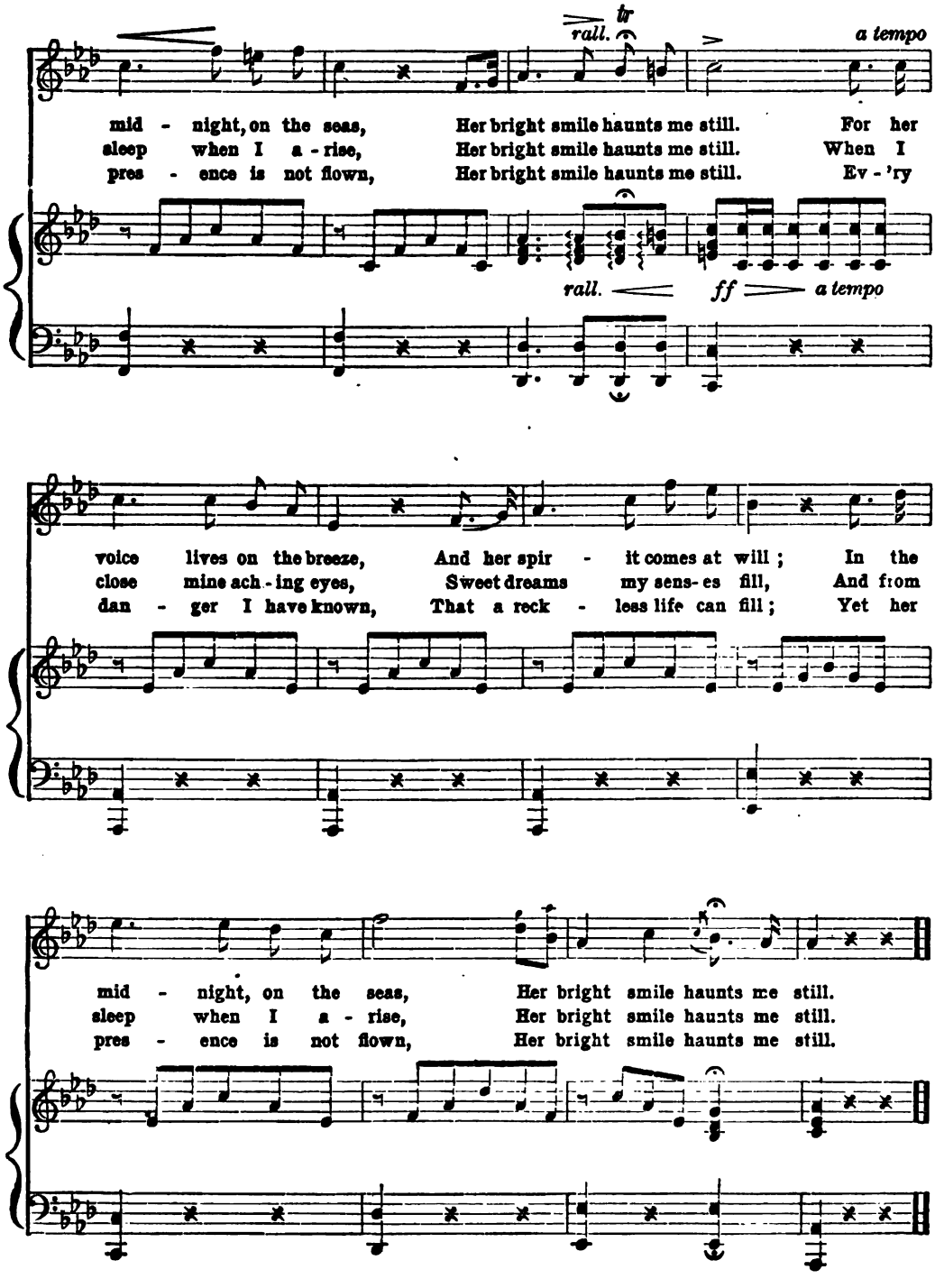
legato

rall. *a tempo*

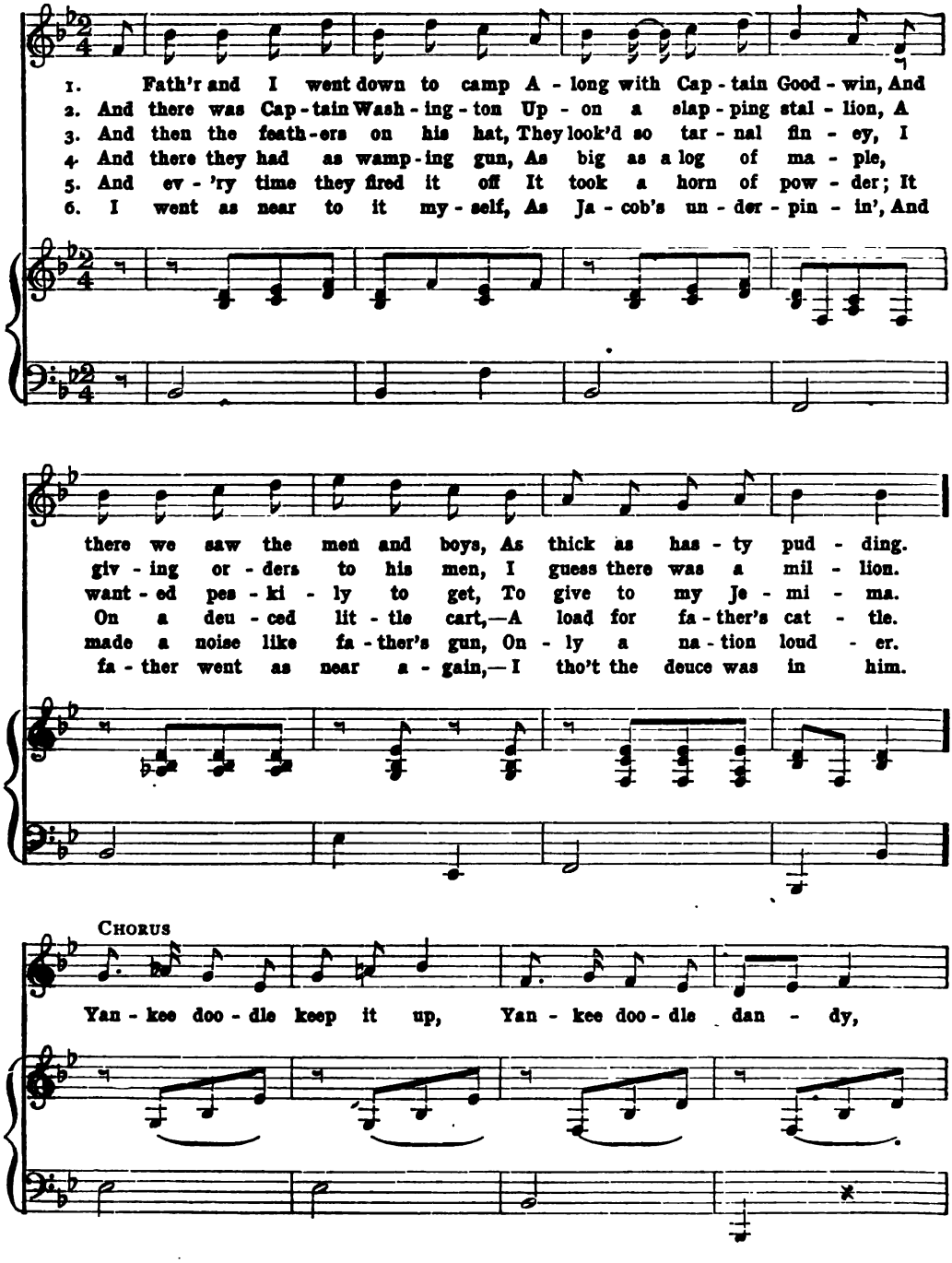
strug-gled to for-get, But the strug-gle was in vain; For her
form still greets my sight, While the stars their vig-ils keep; When I
seen the storm a-rise, Like a gi-ant in his wrath; Ev-'ry

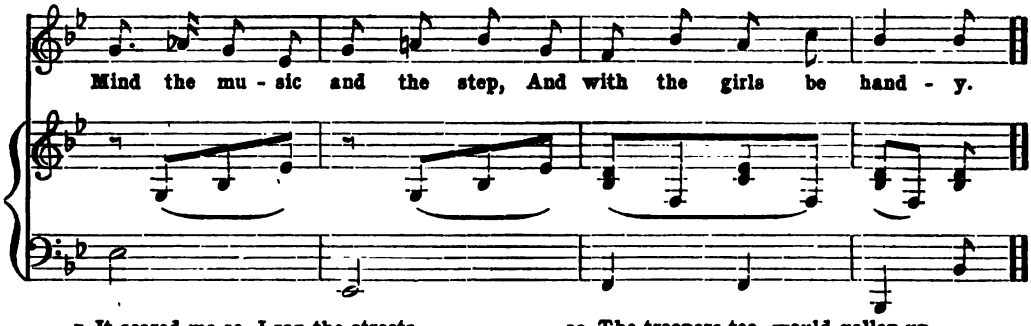
rall. *a tempo*

voice lives on the breeze, And her spir-it comes at will; In the
close mine ach-ing eyes, Sweet dreams my sen-ses fill; And from
dan-ger I have known, That a reck-less life can fill; Yet her


rall.
tr
a tempo
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.
ff
a tempo
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
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.

Yankee Doodle





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.

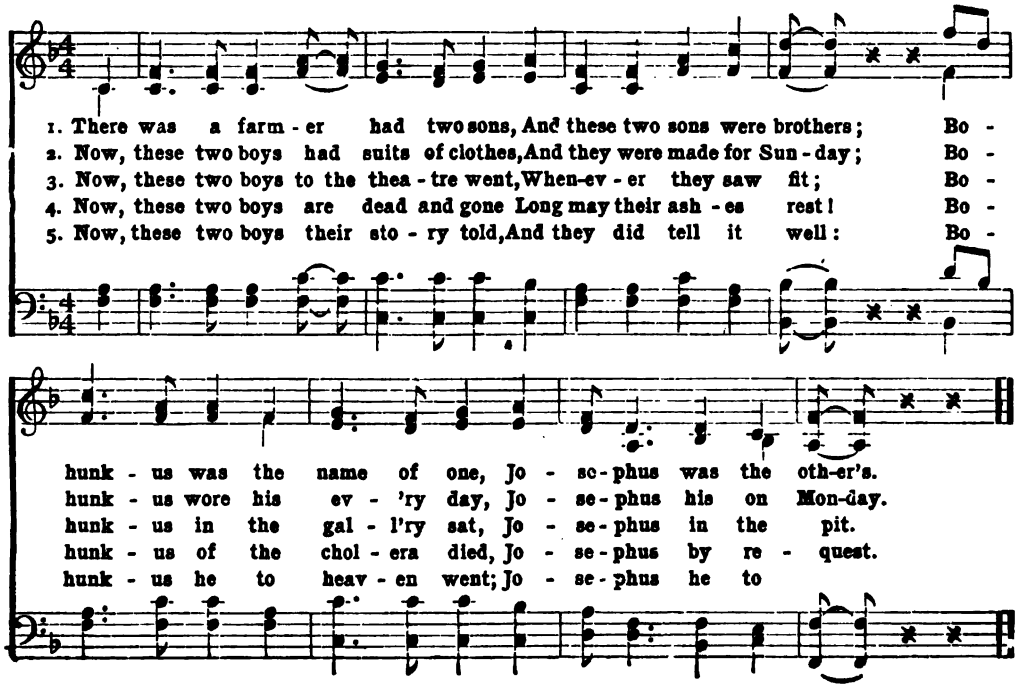
9 And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on corn-stalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All bound around their middles. Cho.

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



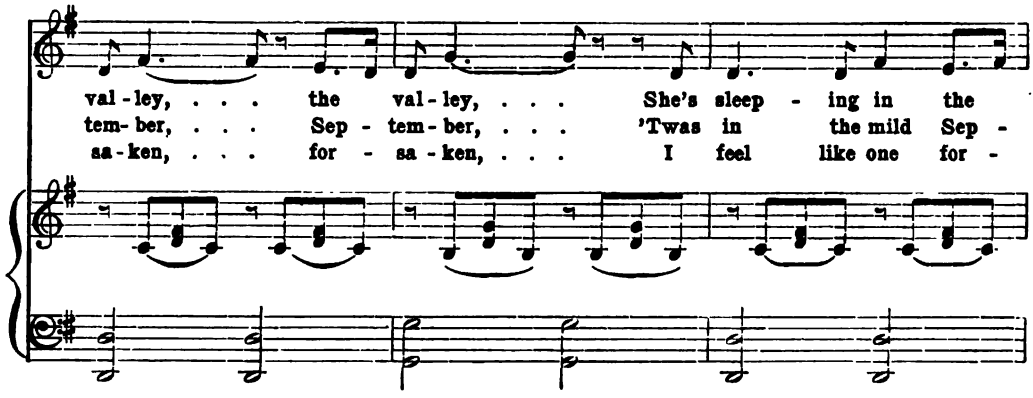
Listen to the Mocking Bird

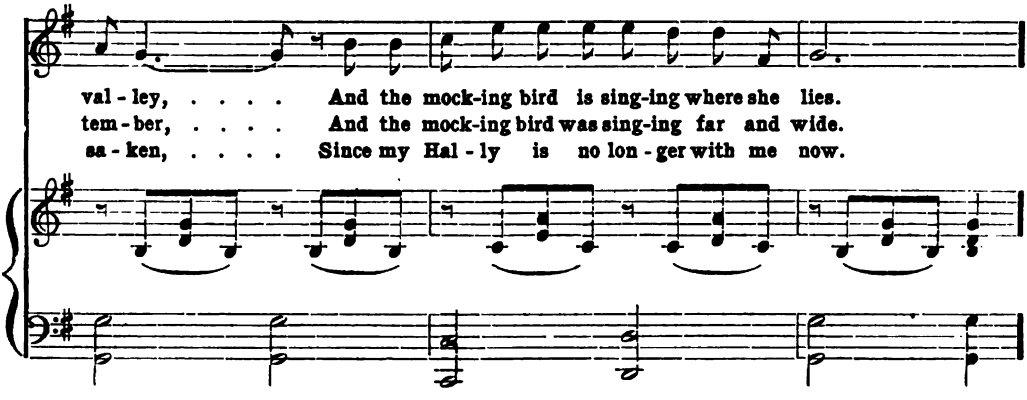
ALICE HAWTHORNE

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

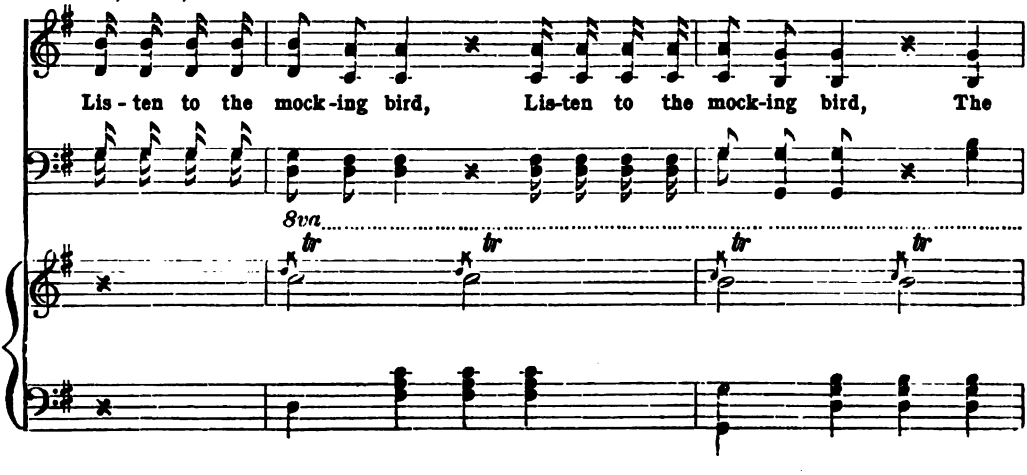
dream-ing now of Hal - ly, . For the tho't of her is one that nev - er
well I yet re - mem - ber . When we gath-er'd in the cot - ton side by
charms of spring a - wak-en . And the mock-ing bird is sing - ing on the

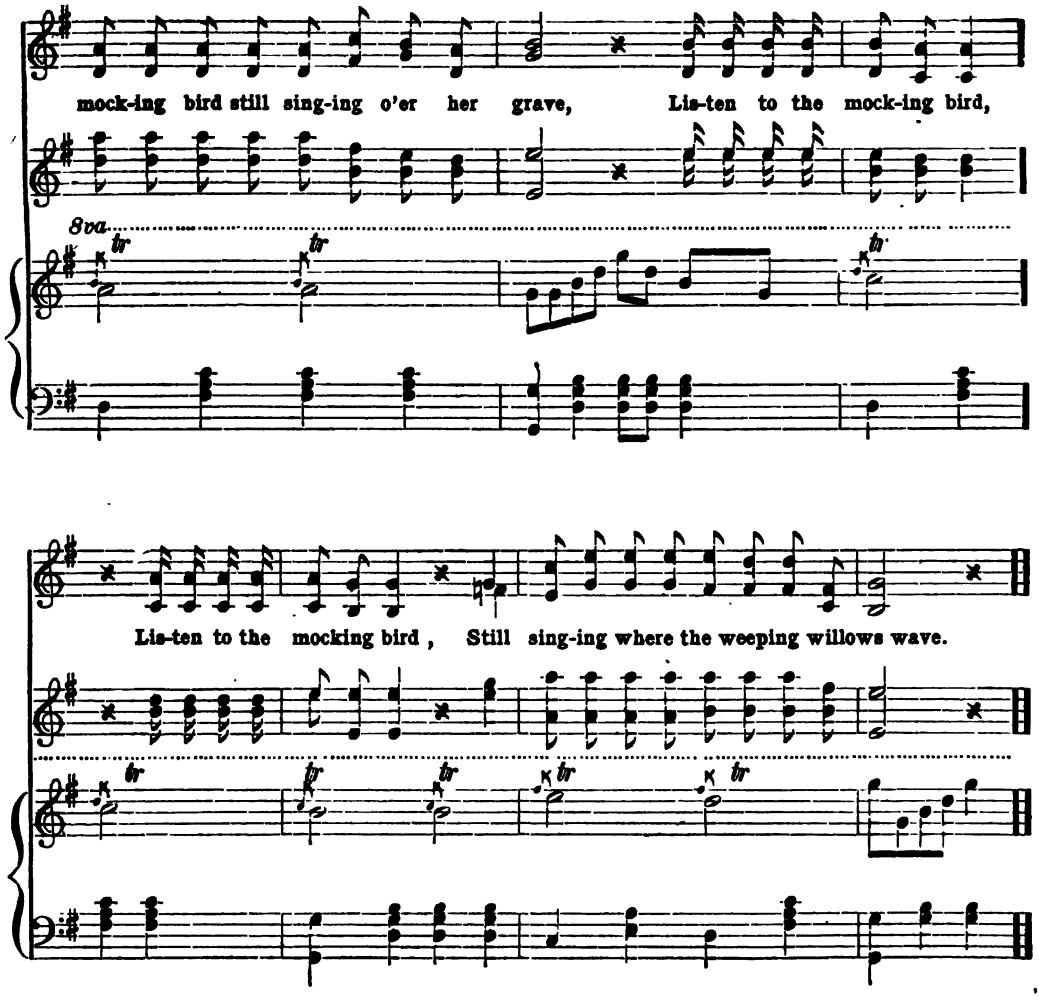
dies; She's sleep - ing in the val - ley, . . . the
side; Twas in the mild Sep - tem - ber, . . . Sep -
bough, I feel like one for - sak - en, . . . for -





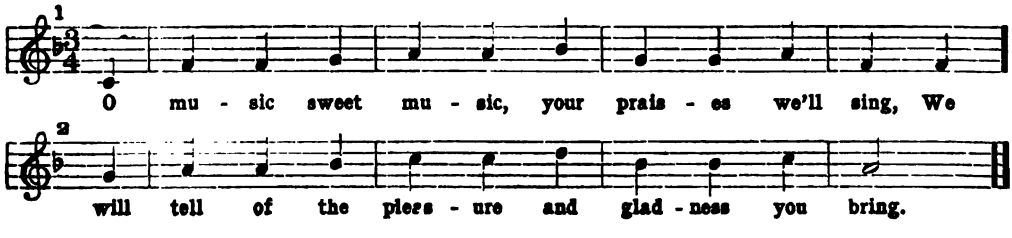
First, SOLO; *then* CHORUS





O Music

ROUND



The Blue Bells of Scotland

Mrs. James Grant — Folksong

Andante moderato

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.

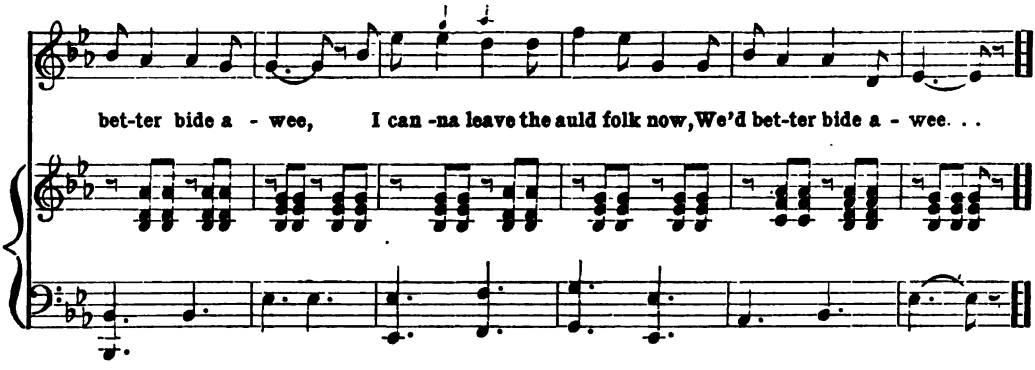
p

We'd Better Bide a Wee

CLARIBEL

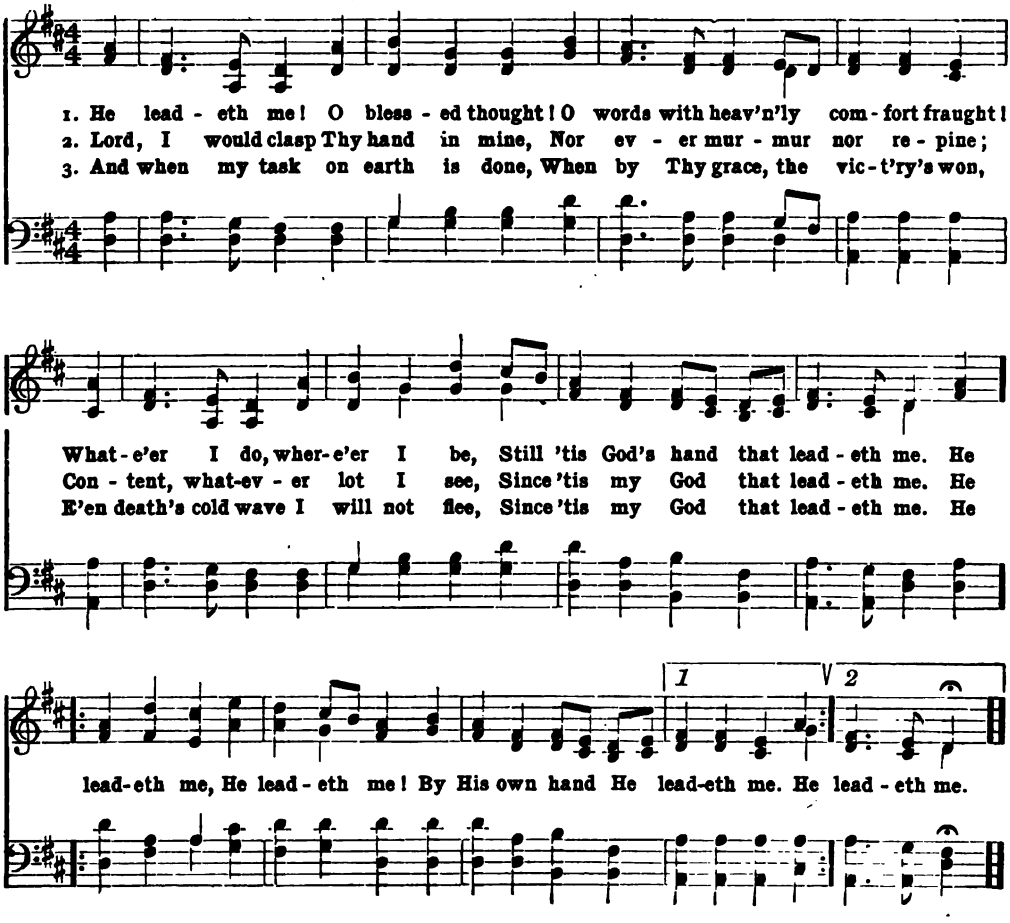
Moderato

1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail and fail-ing sair, And weel I ken they'd miss me, lad, Gin I came hame nae mair; The grist is out, the times are hard, The kin are on - ly three, I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd
2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their blessing fell sae free, They gave no tho't to self at all, They did but think of me; But, lad - die, that's a time a - wa, And mith-er's like to dee, I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd
3. I fear me sair, they're failing baith, For when I sit a - part, They'll talk o' Heav'n sae earn - est - ly, It well nigh breaks my heart; So, lad - die, din - na urge me mair, It sure - ly win - na be, I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd



He Leadeth Me

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore — W. B. Bradbury



Sailing

GODFREY MARKS

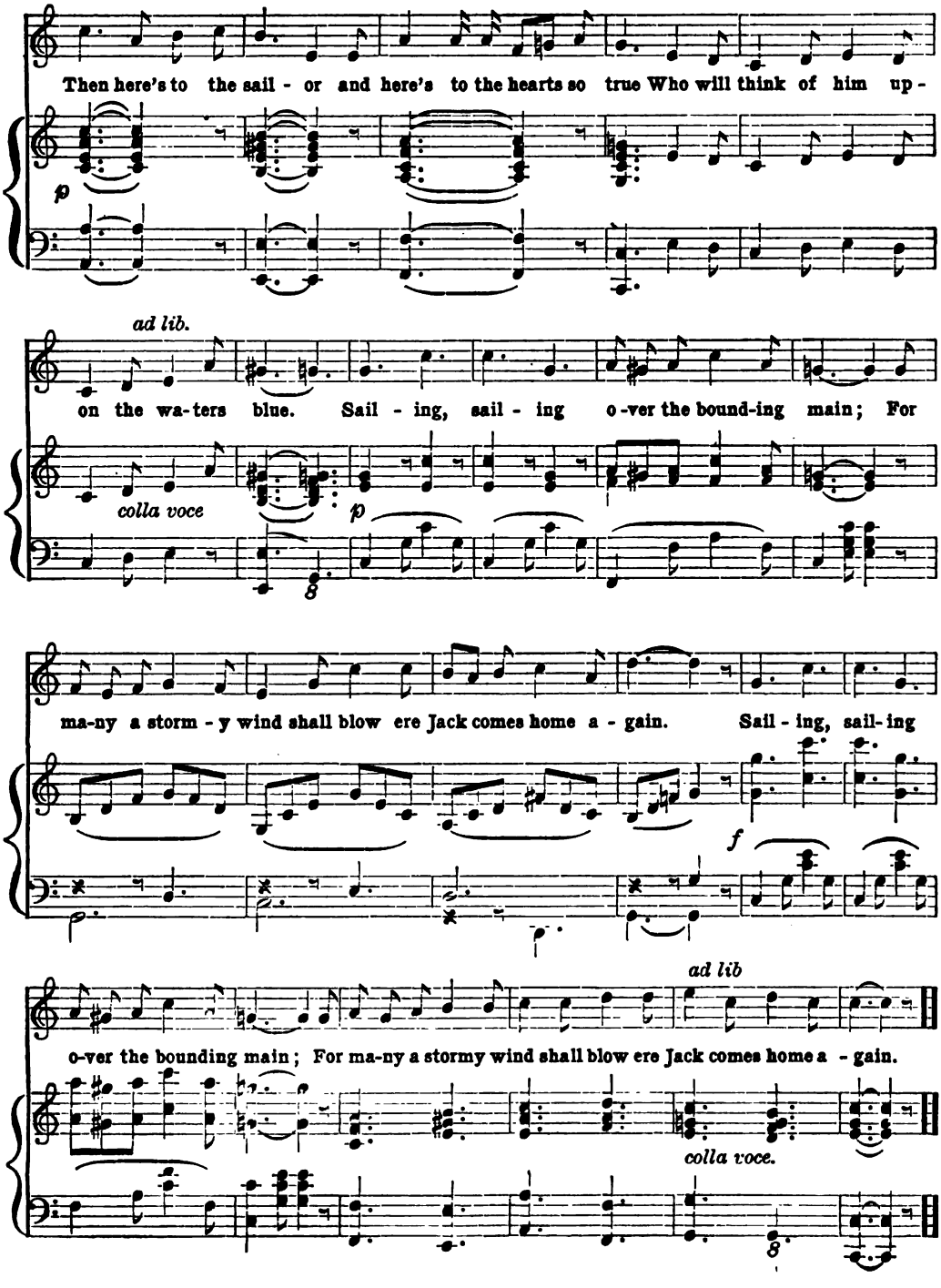
1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free; A pleas - ant gale is on our lee, And
2. The sai - lor's life is bold and free; His home is on the roll-ing sea, And
3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale; Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev - 'ry sail. The

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.


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

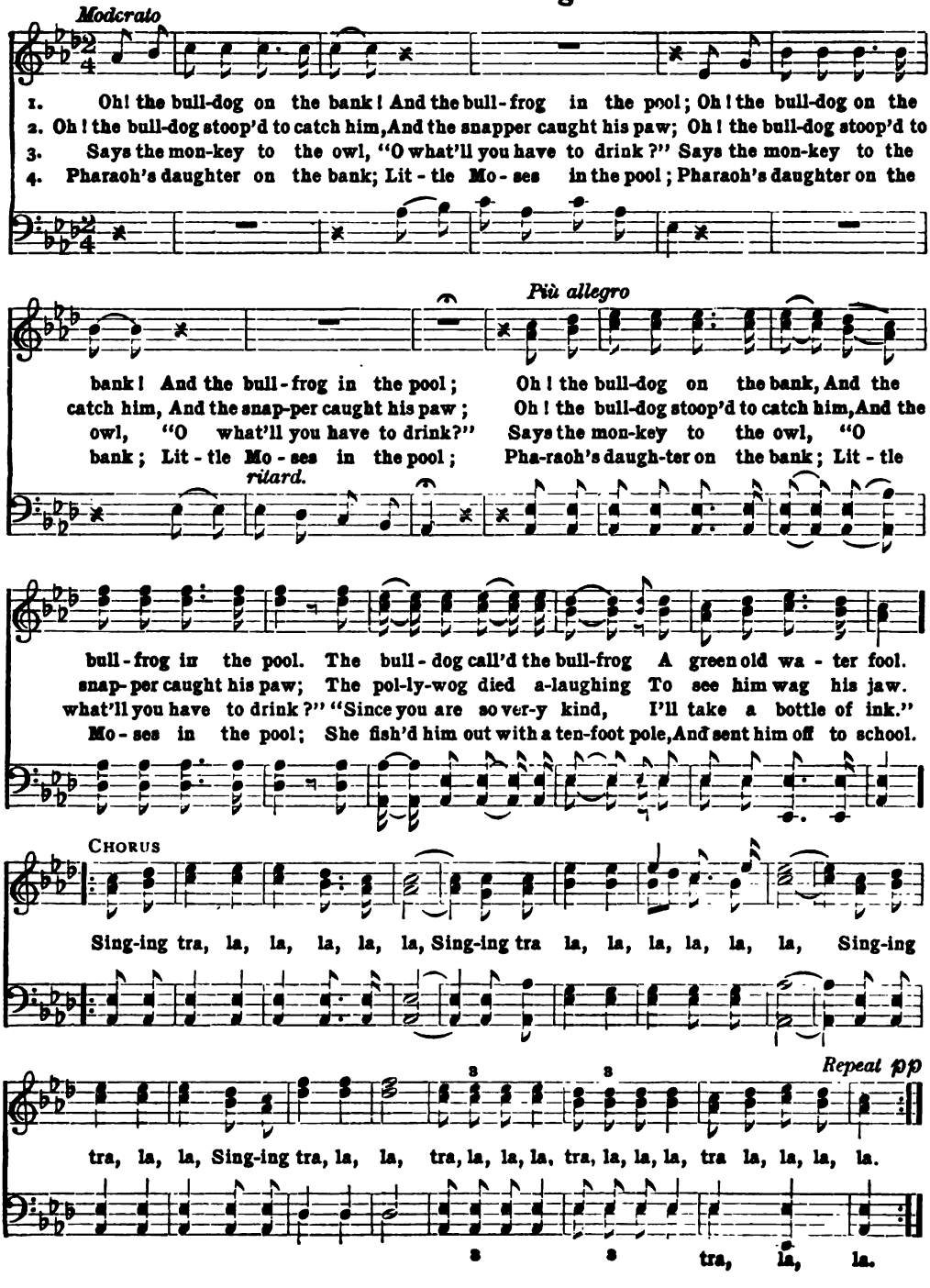
1. Those eve - ning bells, those eve - ning bells, How ma - ny a
2. Those joy - ous hours are past a - way, And, ma - ny a
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - ful

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


Moderato
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
rilard.
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 so ver-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

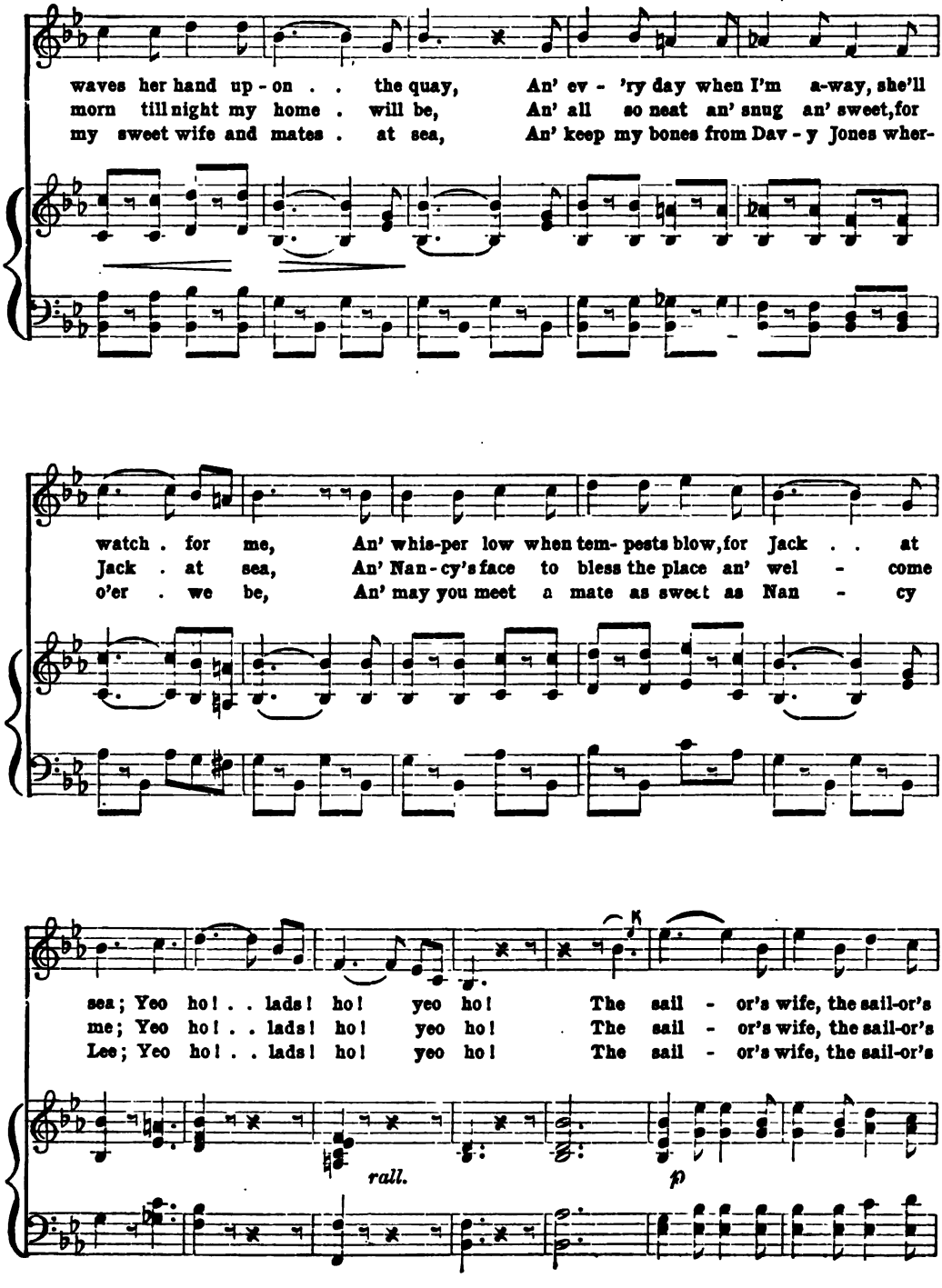
With spirit

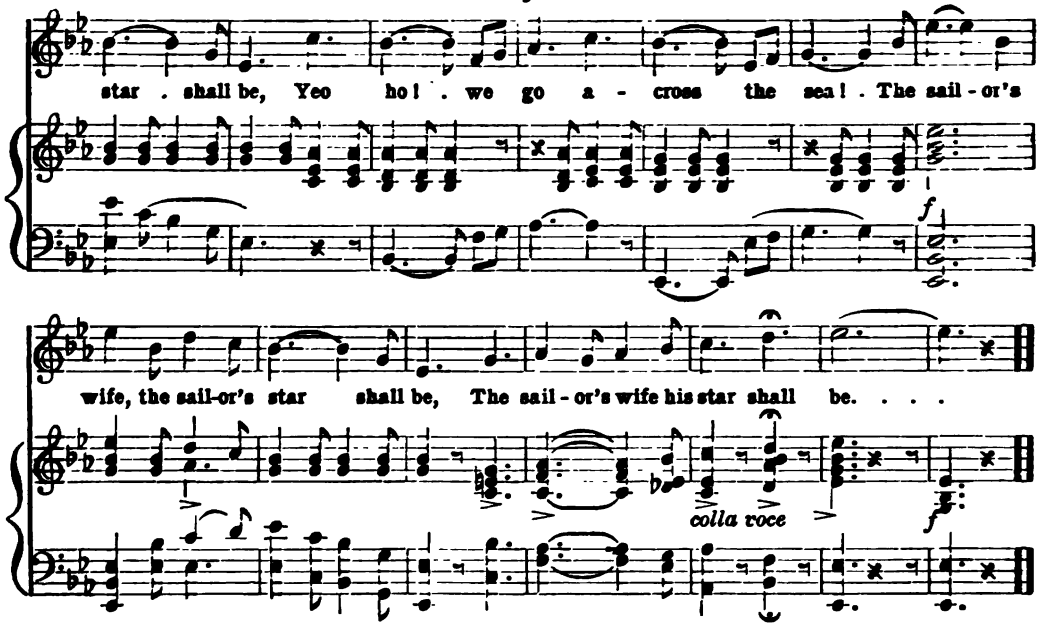
1. Of all . . the wives as e'er you know, ... Yeo ho! . . lads!
2. The har - bor's past, the breez - es blow, ... Yeo ho! . . lads!
3. The boa' - s'n pipes the watch be - low; . . . . Yeo ho! . . lads!

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

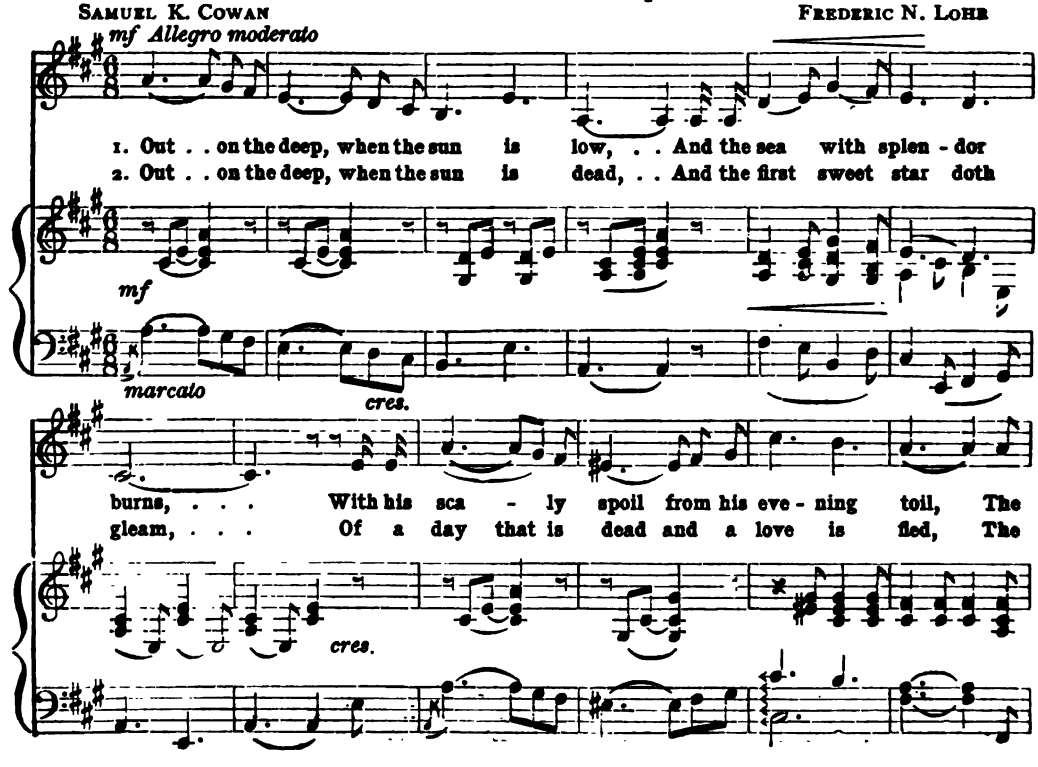
f *p*

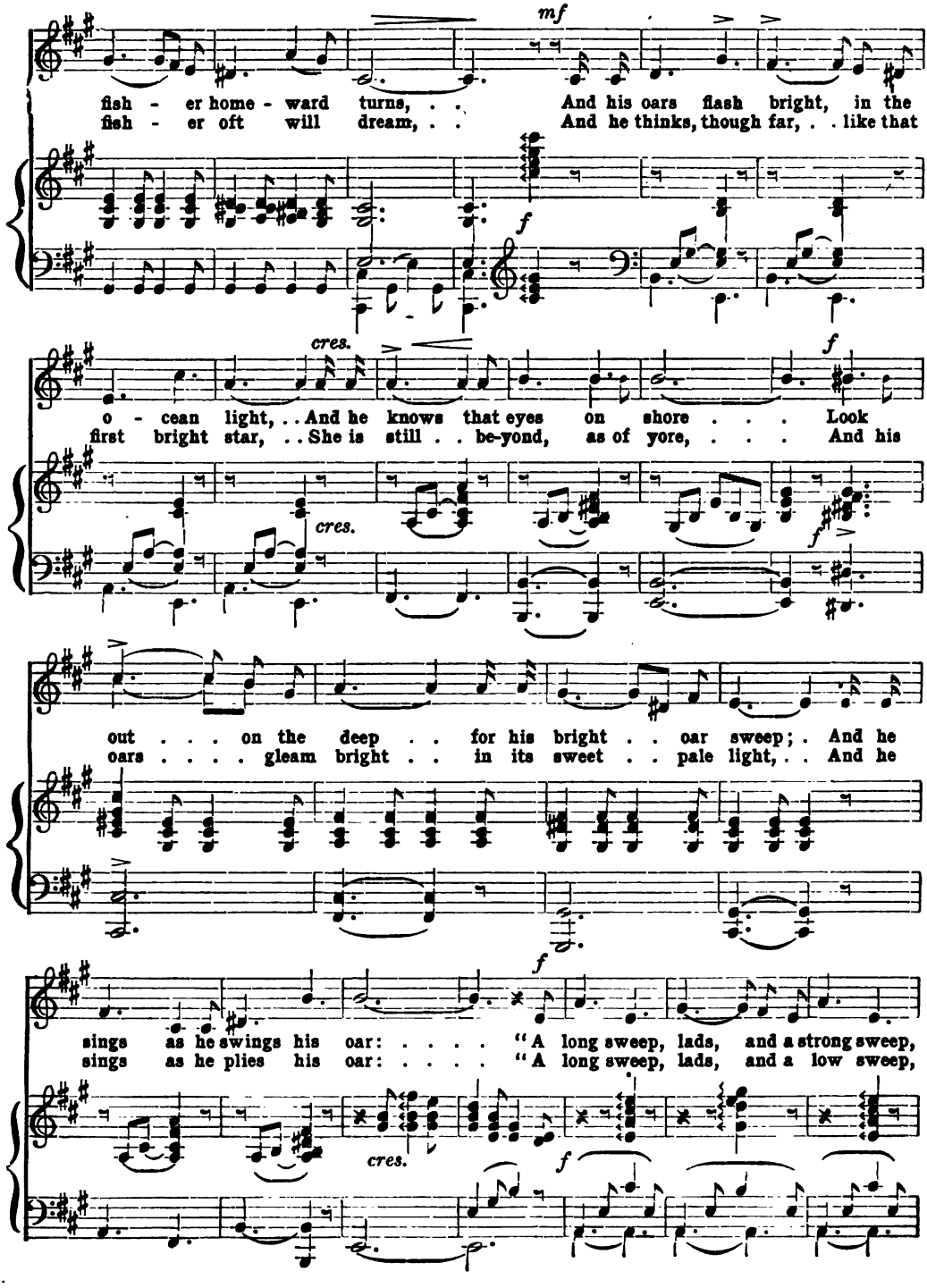

waves her hand up - on . . the quay, An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a-way, she'll
morn till night my home . will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for
my sweet wife and mates . at sea, An' keep my bones from Dav - y Jones wher-
watch . for me, An' whis-per low when tem- pests blow, for Jack . . at
Jack . 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

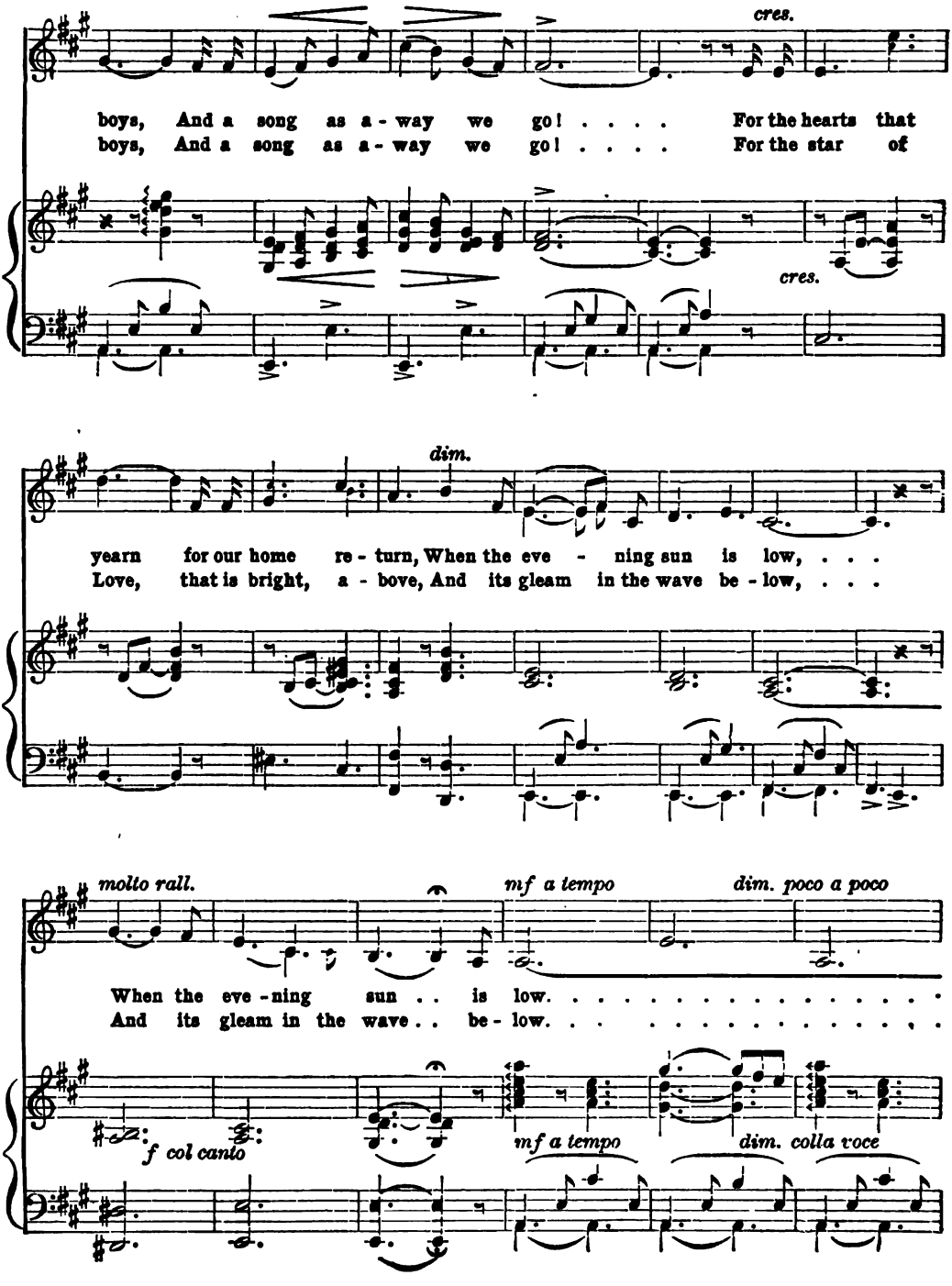


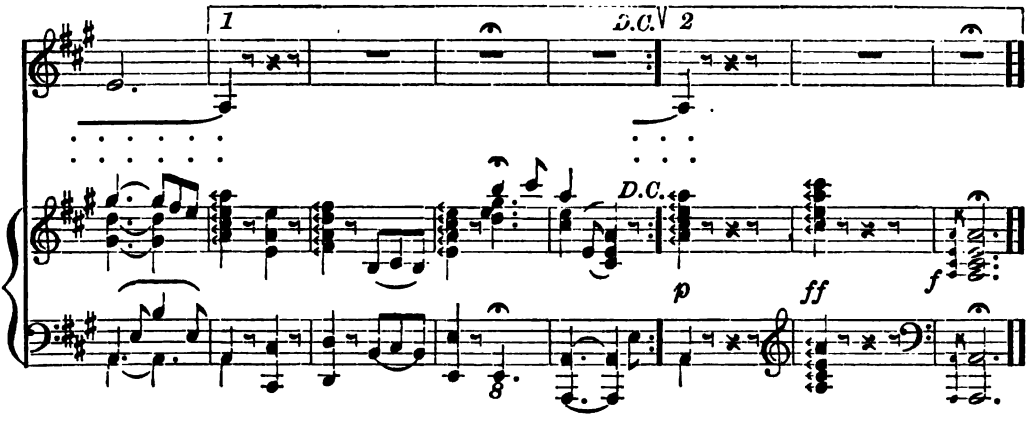
Out on the Deep

SAMUEL K. COWAN — FREDERIC N. LOHR




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
f
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
cres.
f
out . . . on the deep . . for his bright . . oar sweep; . And he
oars . . . . gleam bright . . in its sweet . . pale light, . . And he
f
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,
cres.
f


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



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;

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.

Au-ra Lee! Au-ra Lee! Maid of gold-en hair!

Sun-shine came a-long with thee, And swal-lows in the air.

Let Me Dream Again

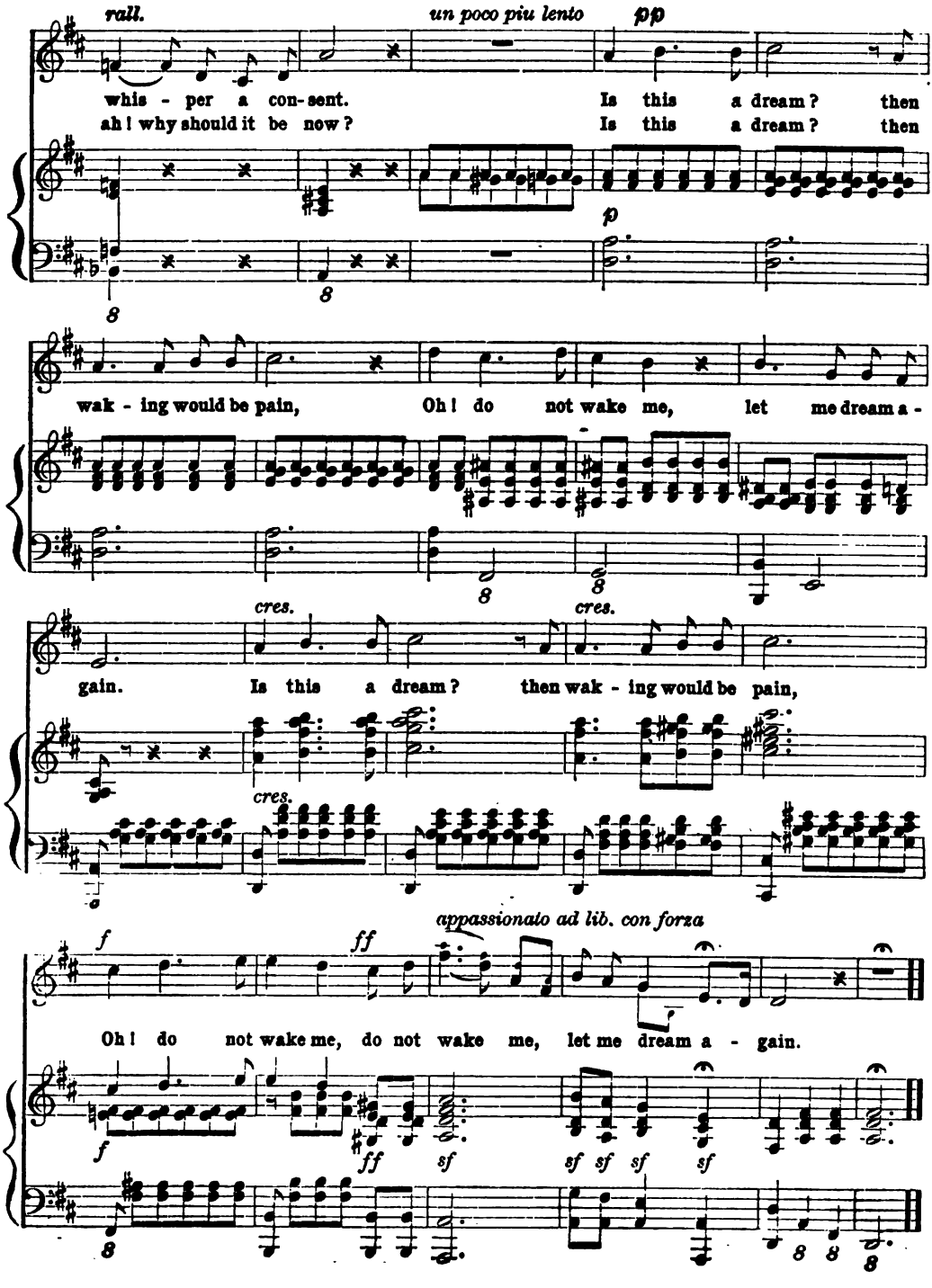
B. C. Stephenson

Arthur Sullivan

Andante espressivo

1. The sun is set - ting and the hour is late, Once more I stand be - side the wick - et gate, The bells are ring-ing out the dy - ing day, The chil - dren sing-ing on their home - ward way, And he is whisp'ring words of sweet in - tent, While I, half doubting,
2. The clock is strik - ing in the bel - fry tower, And warns us of the ev - er - fleet - ing hour, But neith - er heeds the time which on - ward glides, For time may pass a - way, but love a - bides! I feel his kiss - es on my fev - 'red brow, If we must part,

cres. *dim.* *p*


rall.
un poco piu lento
pp
whis - per a con- sent.
Is this a dream? then
ah! why should it be now?
Is this a dream? then
p
wak - ing would be pain,
Oh! do not wake me, let me dream a -
cres.
gain.
Is this a dream? then wak - ing would be pain,
cres.
appassionato ad lib. con forza
f
ff
Oh! do not wake me, do not wake me, let me dream a - gain.
f
ff
sf
sf sf sf
sf

Sally in Our Alley

HENRY CAREY — Old English Air

Andante

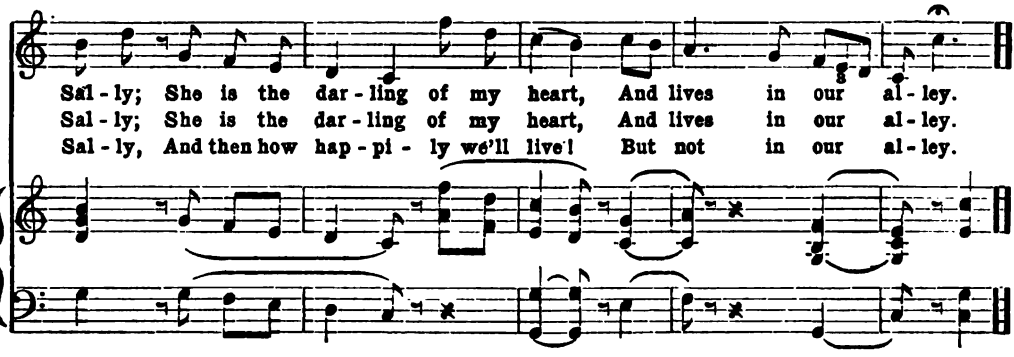
1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty
2. Of all the days with - in the week, I dear - ly love but
3. My mas - ter, and the neigh - bors all, . . Make game of me and

pp

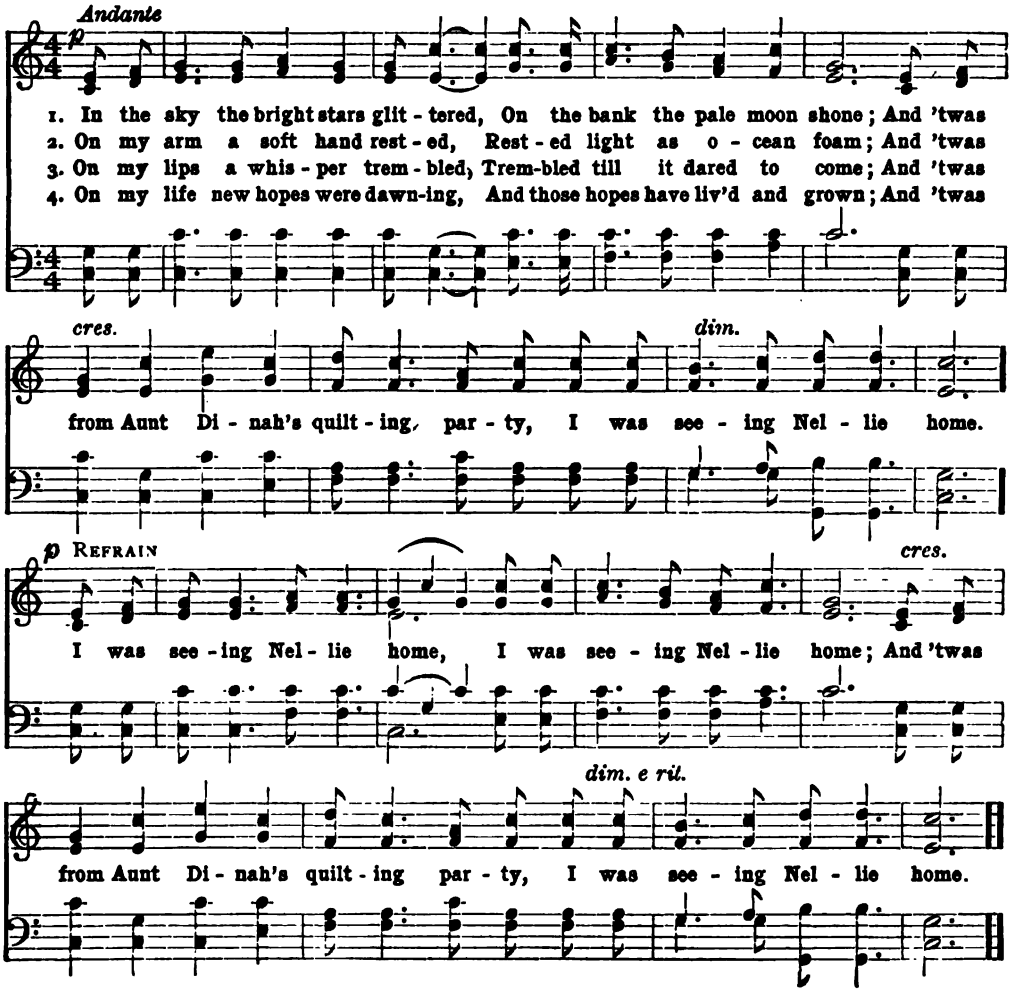
Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our . .
one day; And that's the day that comes be - twixt The Sat - ur - day and
Sal - ly; And but for her I'd rath - er be A slave, and row a

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



The Quilting Party



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

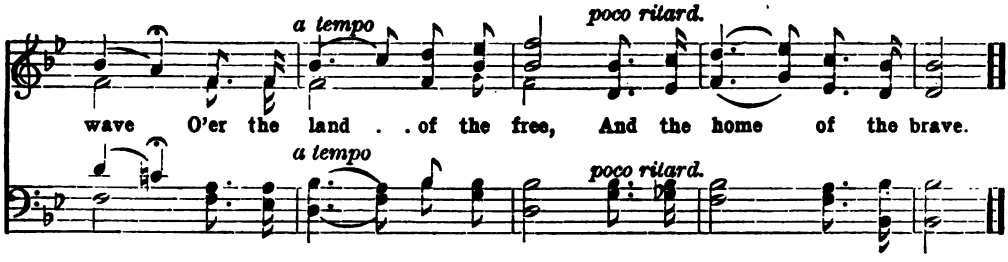
hailed at the twilight's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the
host in dread si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
homes and wild war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the

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

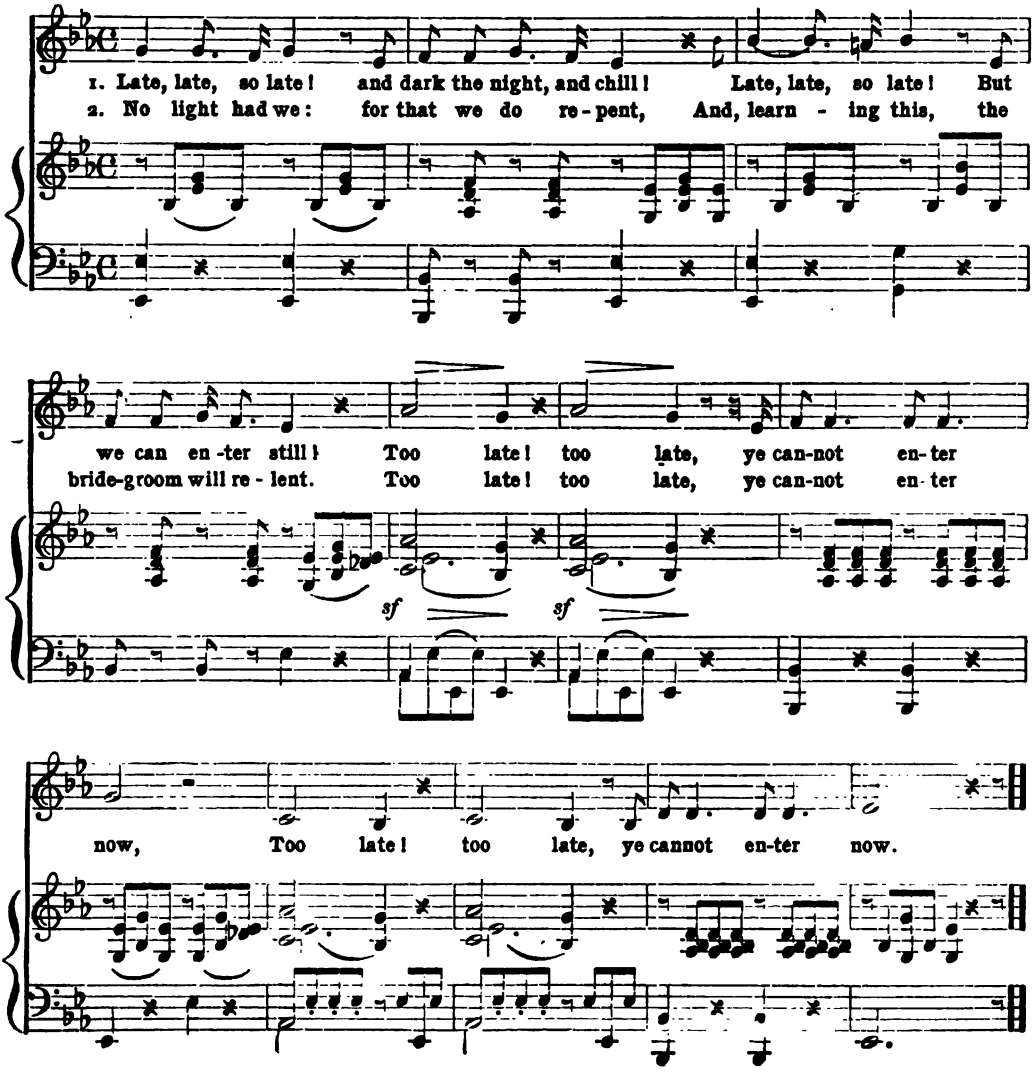
poco ritard.

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



Too Late! Too Late

Miss M. LINDSAY



Loch Lomond

Scotch Folksong

Andante con moto

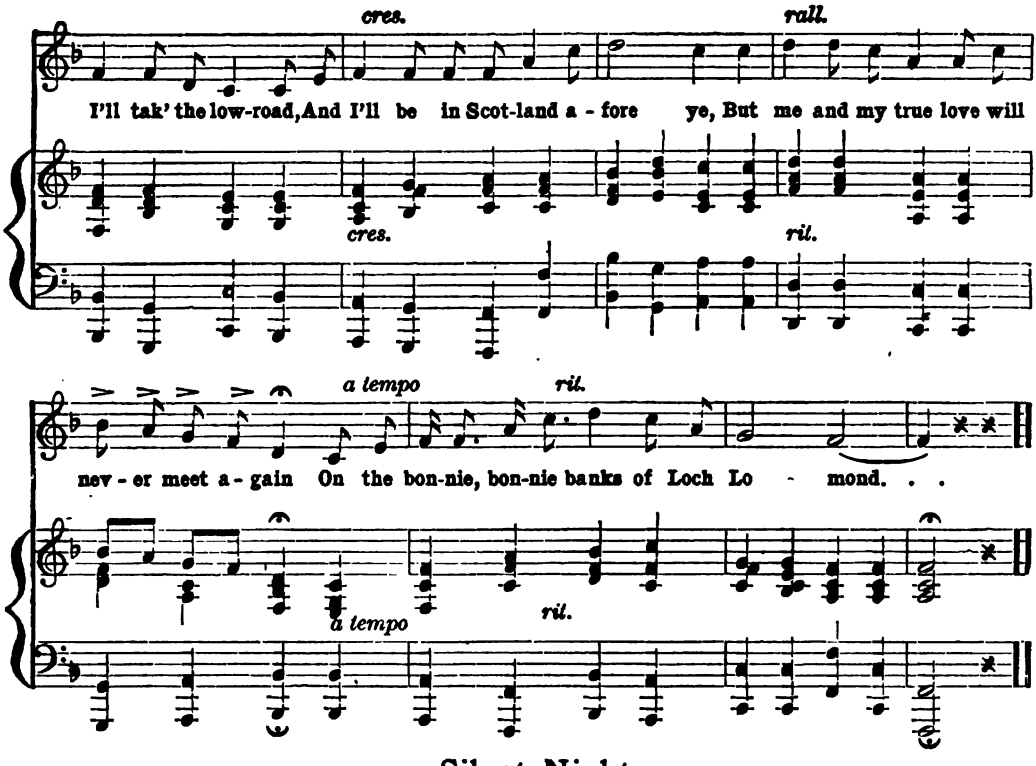
1. By yon bon - nie banks, and by yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben
3. The wee bir - dies sing and the wild flow-ers spring, And in sun-shine the wa - ters are

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

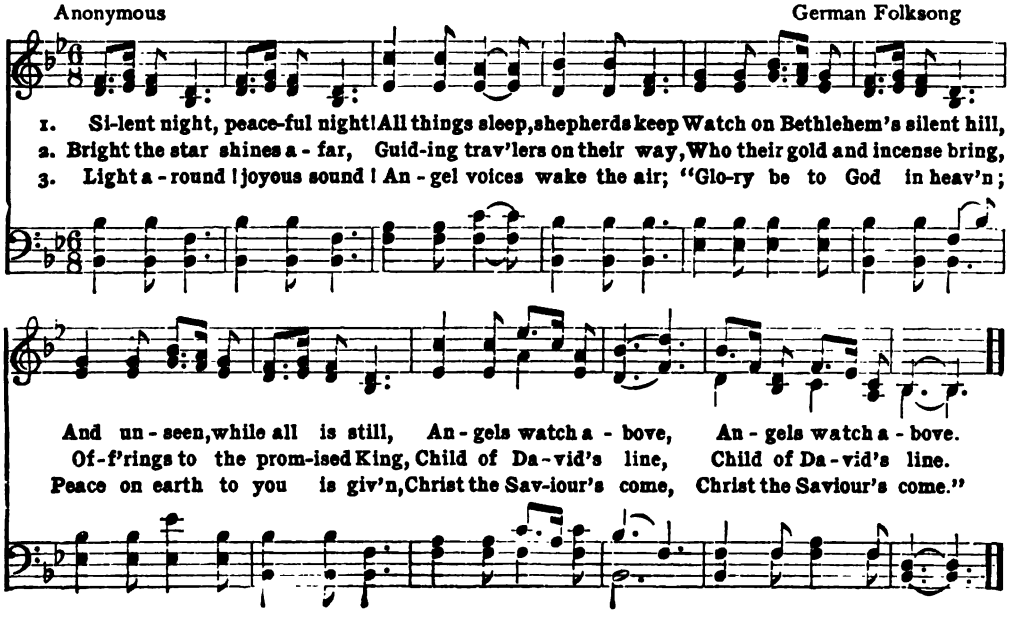
Faster

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



Silent Night

Anonymous — German Folksong



Michael Roy

Allegretto mf

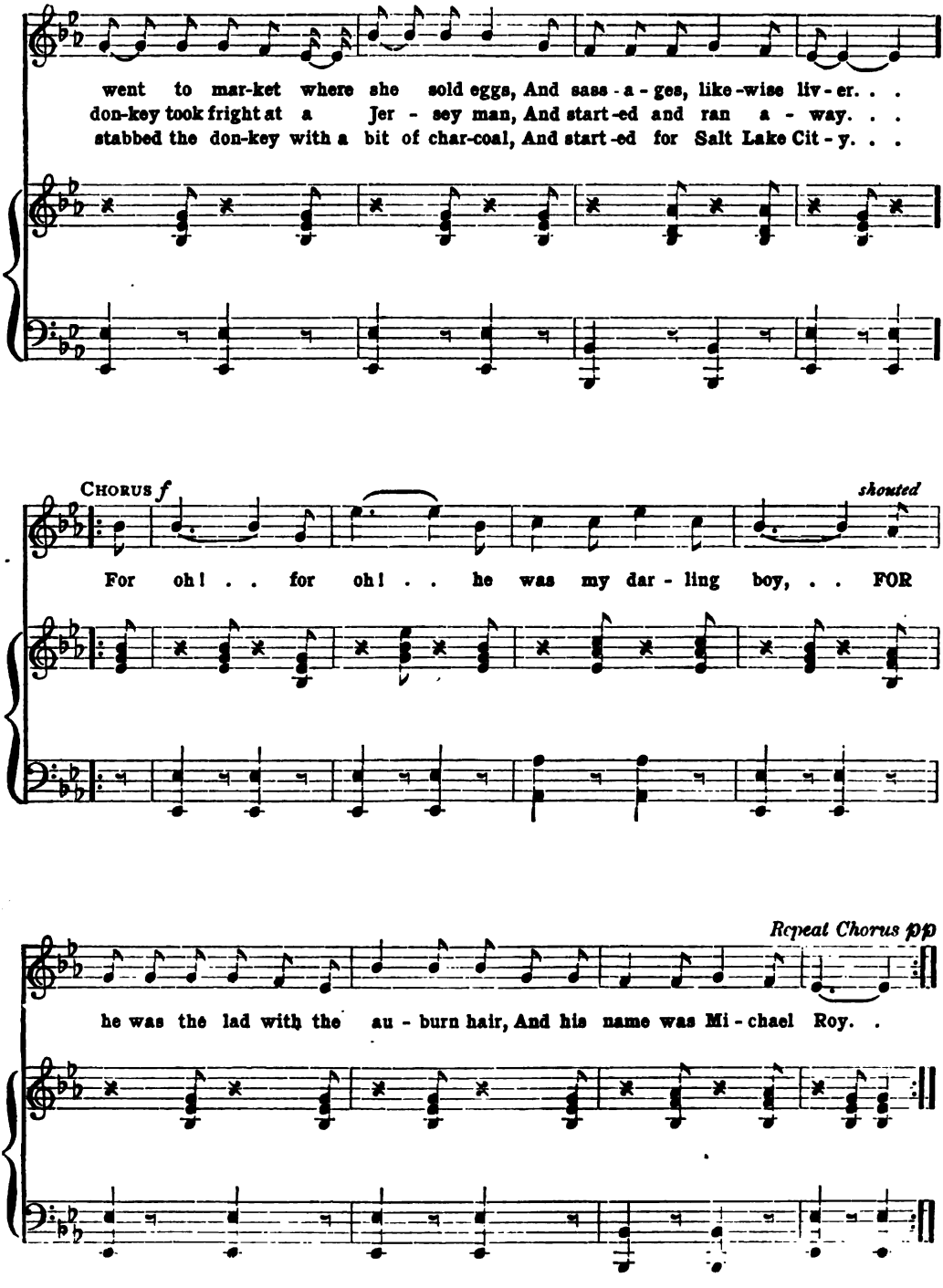
1. In Brook-lyn cit - y there lived a maid, And she was known to fame; Her
2. She fell in love with a char - coal man, Mc - Clos - key, was his name; His
3. Mc - Clos-key shout-ed and hol-lered in vain, For the don - key would - n't stop, And he

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"

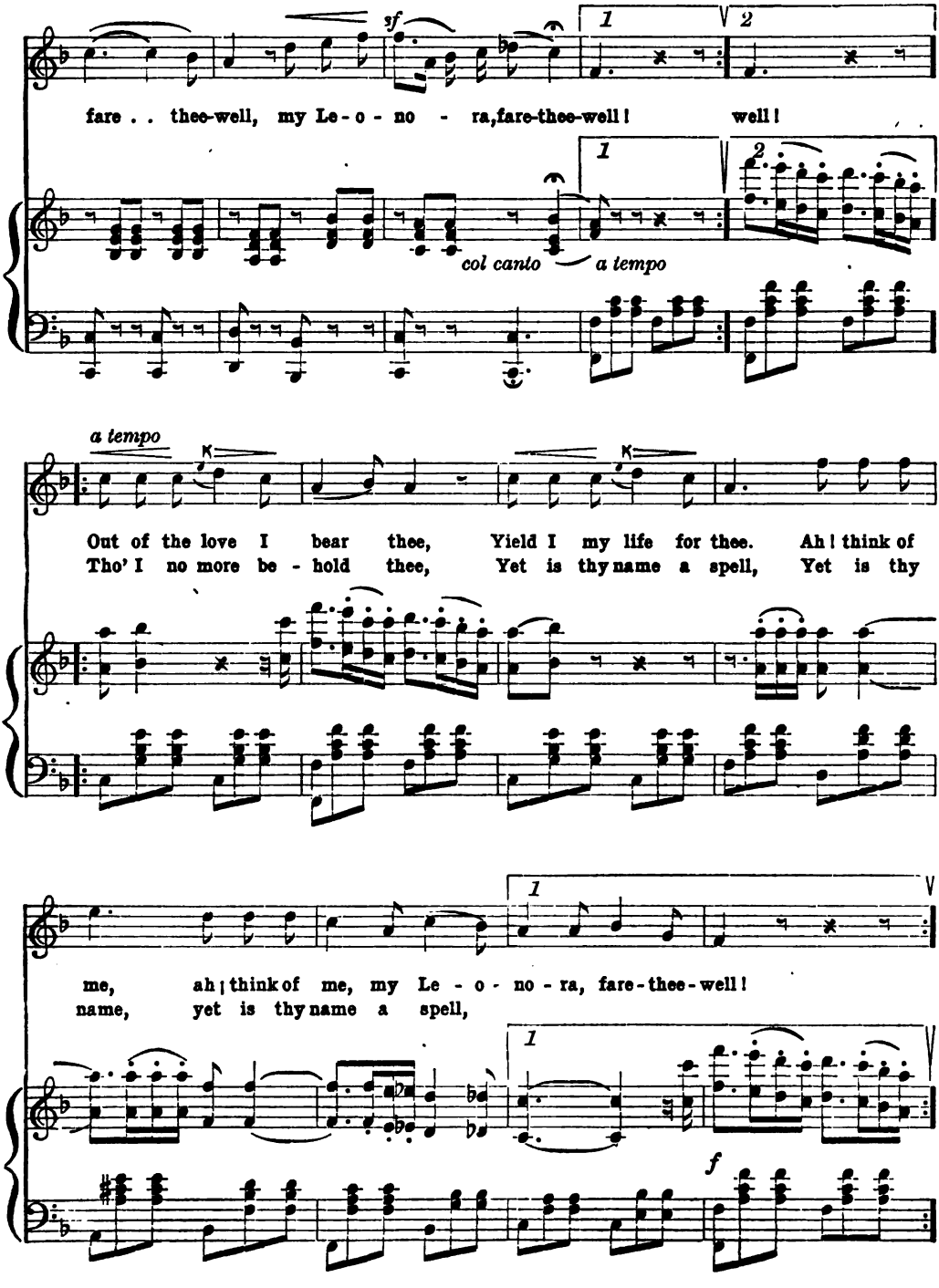
Andante sostenuto
dolce

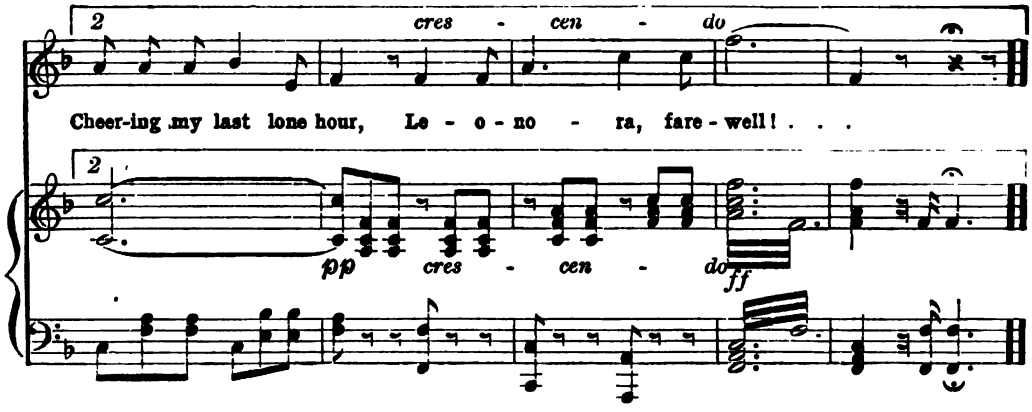
1. Ah! . . . . I have sigh'd to rest . . . me Deep . . . . in the qui-et
2. Out . . . . of the love I bear . . thee, Yield . . . . I my life for

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

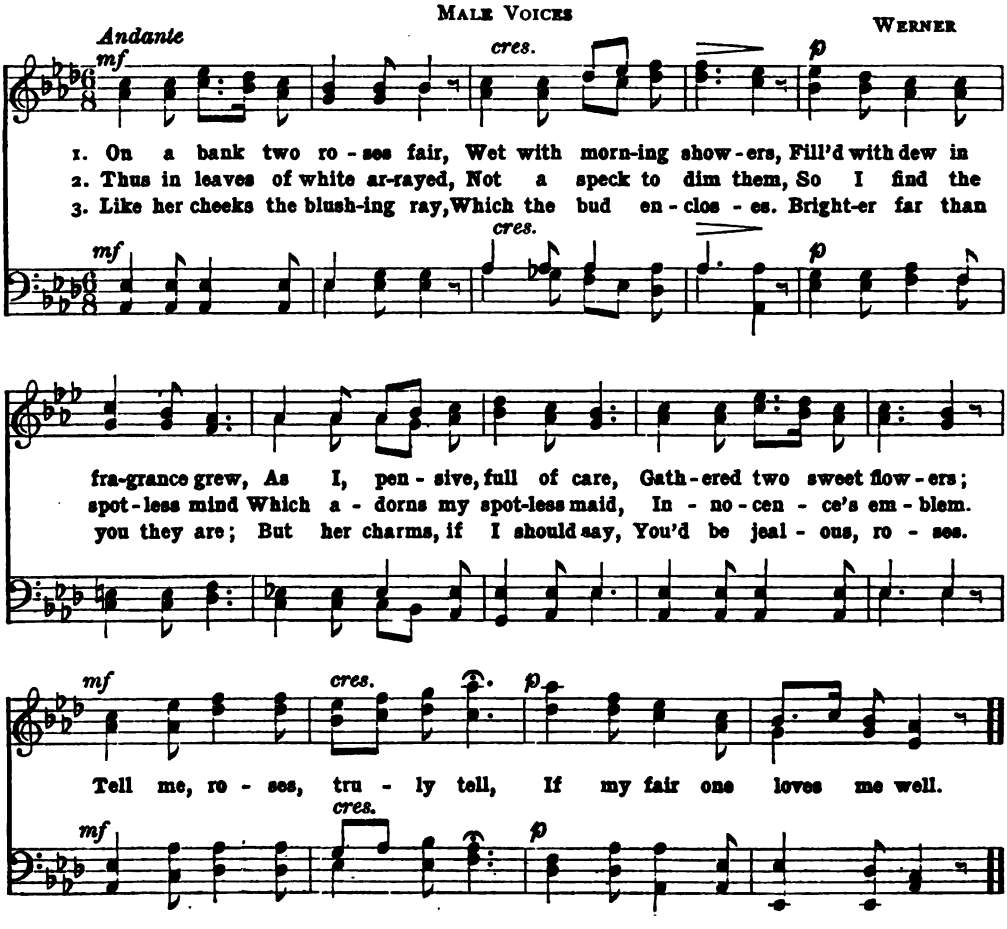

sf
fare . . thee-well, my Le - o - no - ra, fare-thee-well! well!
col canto
a tempo
a tempo
Out of the love I bear thee, Yield I my life for thee. Ah! think of
Tho' I no more be - hold thee, Yet is thy name a spell, Yet is thy
me, ah! think of me, my Le - o - no - ra, fare-thee-well!
name, yet is thy name a spell,
f



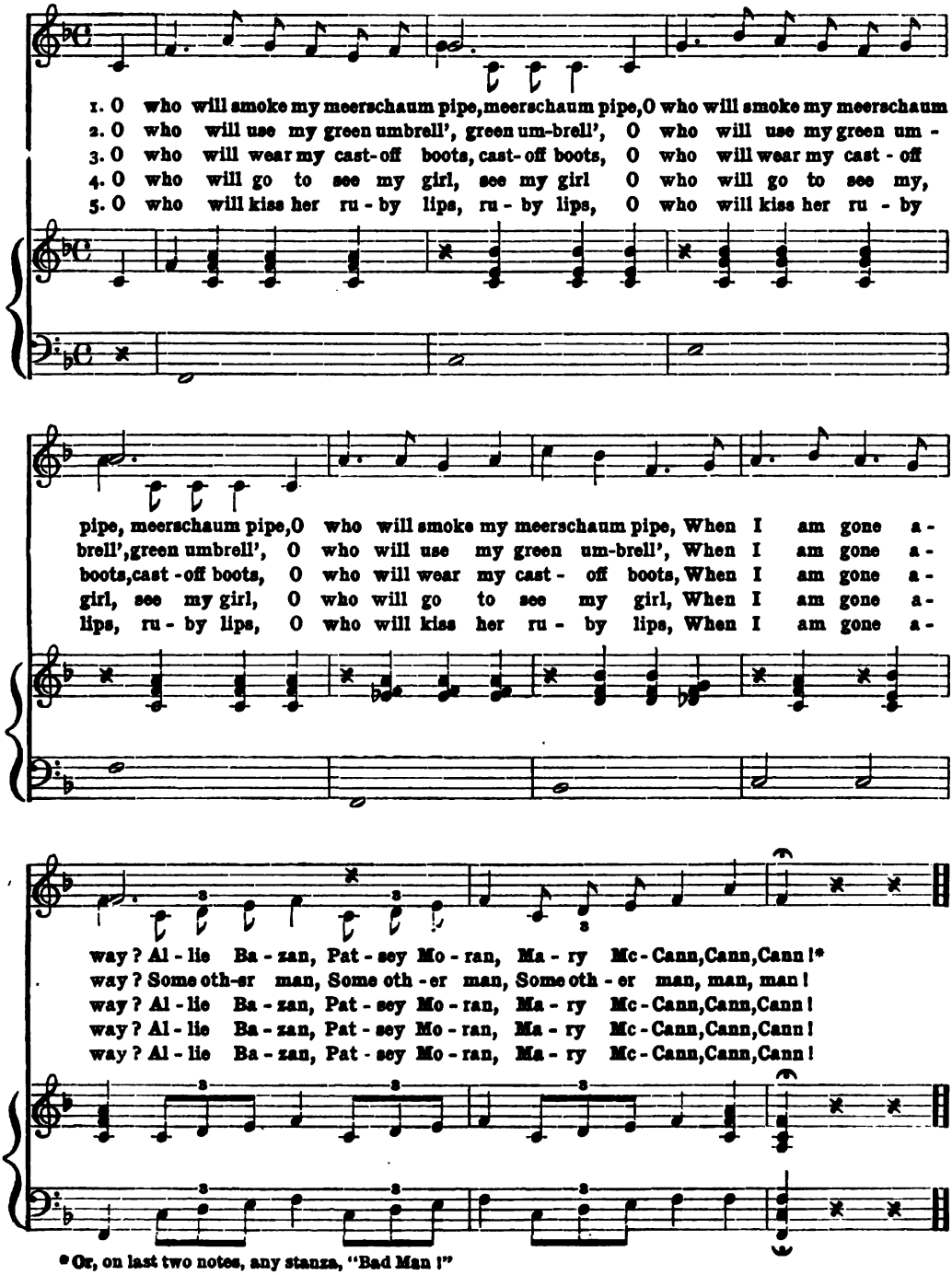
The Two Roses

MALE VOICES

WERNER



Meerschaum Pipe



* Or, on last two notes, any stanza, "Bad Man!"

The Midshipmite

FRED. E. WEATHERLY — STEPHEN ADAMS

Con spirito

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 shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The
3. "I'm done for now; good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You

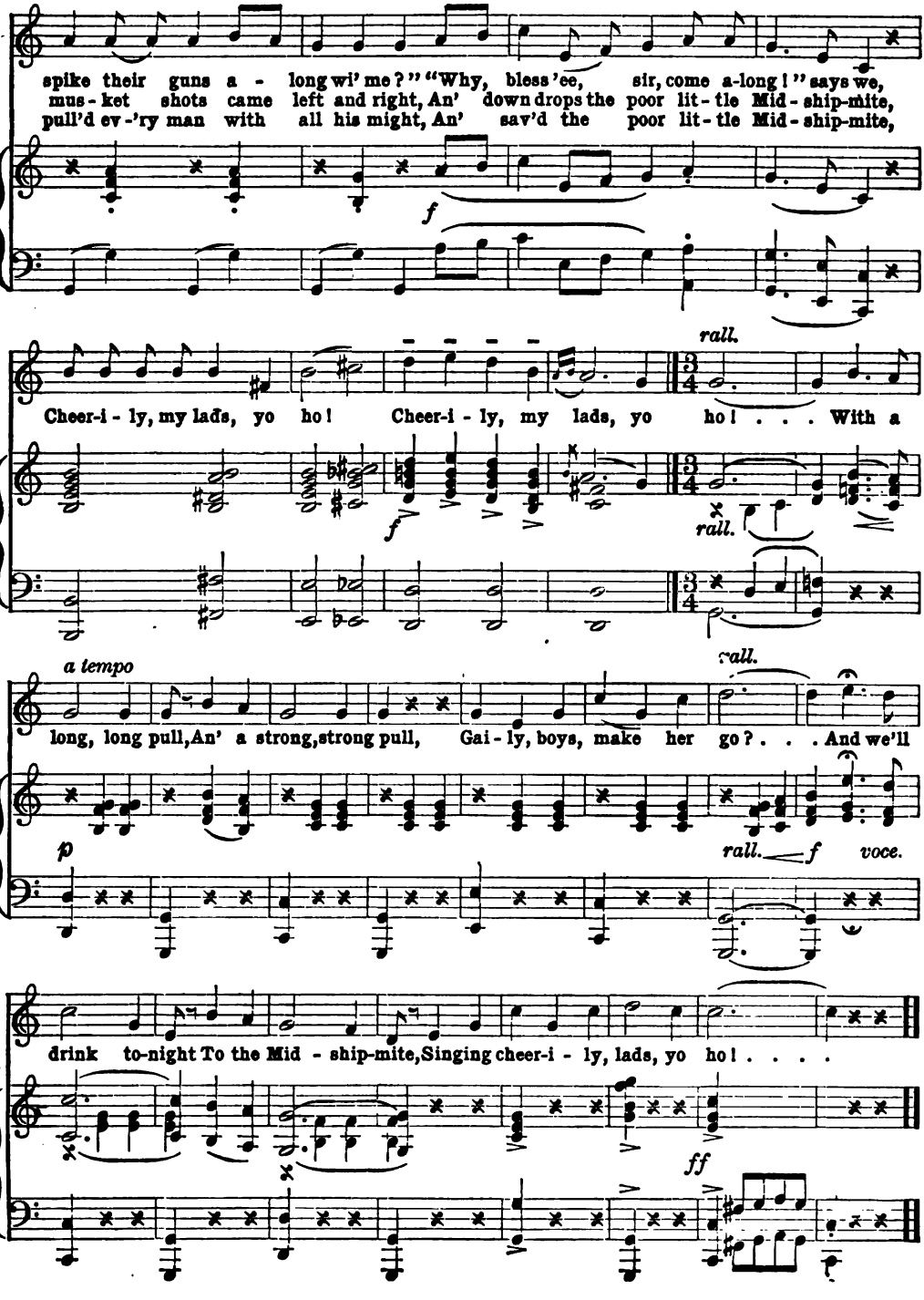
f

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

p

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

f *mf*


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,
f
rall.
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! . . . With a
f
rall.
a tempo
rall.
long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai - ly, boys, make her go? . . . And we'll
p
rall.
f
voce.
drink to-night To the Mid - ship-mite, Singing cheer-i - ly, lads, yo ho! . . . .
ff

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 stand, my na - tive land, Free in heart, and true in hand, All that's love - ly cher-ish; Thus shall God re-main thy friend, Then shall heav'n thy walls defend, Free-dom! Free-dom! Freedom shall not per - ish! Firm-ly stand, firm-ly stand, Firm-ly stand, firm-ly stand, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.

2. Safe-ly dwell, safe-ly dwell, my na - tive land, Safe-ly dwell, safe-ly dwell, my na - tive land, May thy sons u - ni-ted stand, Firm and true for-ev - er; God for-bid the day should rise, When 'tis said our free-dom dies! Free-dom! Free-dom! Freedom die? Oh, nev - er! Safe-ly dwell, safe-ly dwell, Safe-ly dwell, safe-ly dwell, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.

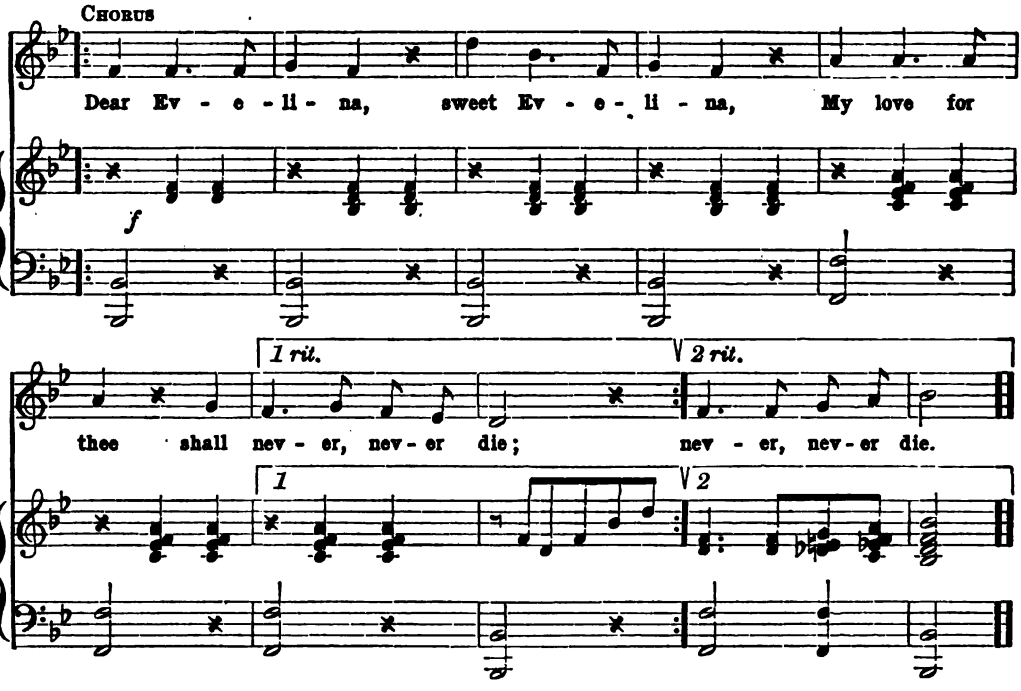
3. Sing for joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, Sing for joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, In thee dwells a no-ble band, All thy weal to cher-ish; God with might will guard thee round, While thy steps in truth are found, Free-dom! Free-dom! Freedom shall not per - ish! Sing for joy, sing for joy, Sing for joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, my na - tive land.

Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina

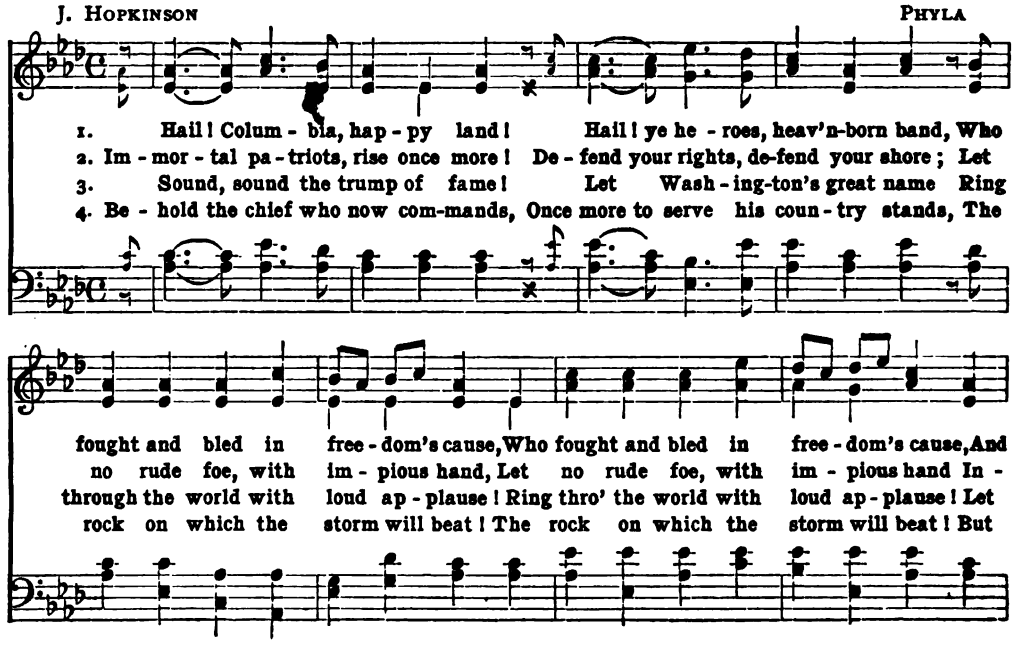
mf Allegretto

1. Way down in the mead-ow where the lil - y first blows, Where the wind from the moun-tains ne'er ruf - fles the rose; Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle dove, The pride of the val-ley, the girl that I love.
2. She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev - er was known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace - ful curls hangs her ra - ven black hair, And she nev - er re - quires per-fum - er - y there.
3. Ev - e - li - na and I one fine eve - ning in June Took a walk all a - lone by the light of the moon; The plan - ets all shone, for the heav - ens were clear, And I felt round the heart tre-men - dous - ly queer.
4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dol-lar, Ev - e - li - na still lives in that green gras - sy hol - ler; Al - though I am fa - ted to mar - ry her nev - er, I've sworn that I'll love her for ev - er and ever.

mf



Hail! Columbia



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 fail!
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, dar-ling, You're look-ing as bright as the
2. I've built me a neat lit-tle cot, dar-ling, I've pigs and po-ta-toes in
3. You're smil-ing, and that's a good sign, 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 placere

turn. Ma-vour-neen, ma-vour-neen, O! pray give me yours in re-turn.
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 hand 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.*

D.C.

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,

My Mother's Bible

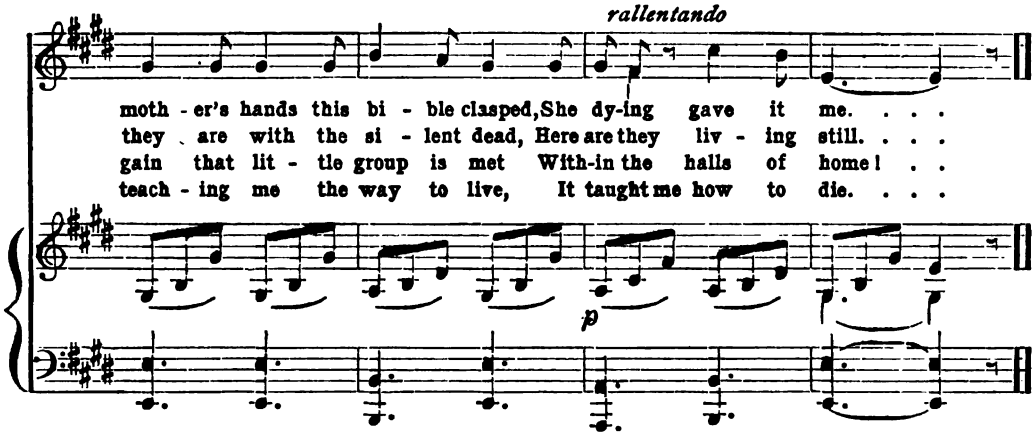
GEORGE P. MORRIS — HENRY RUSSELL

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

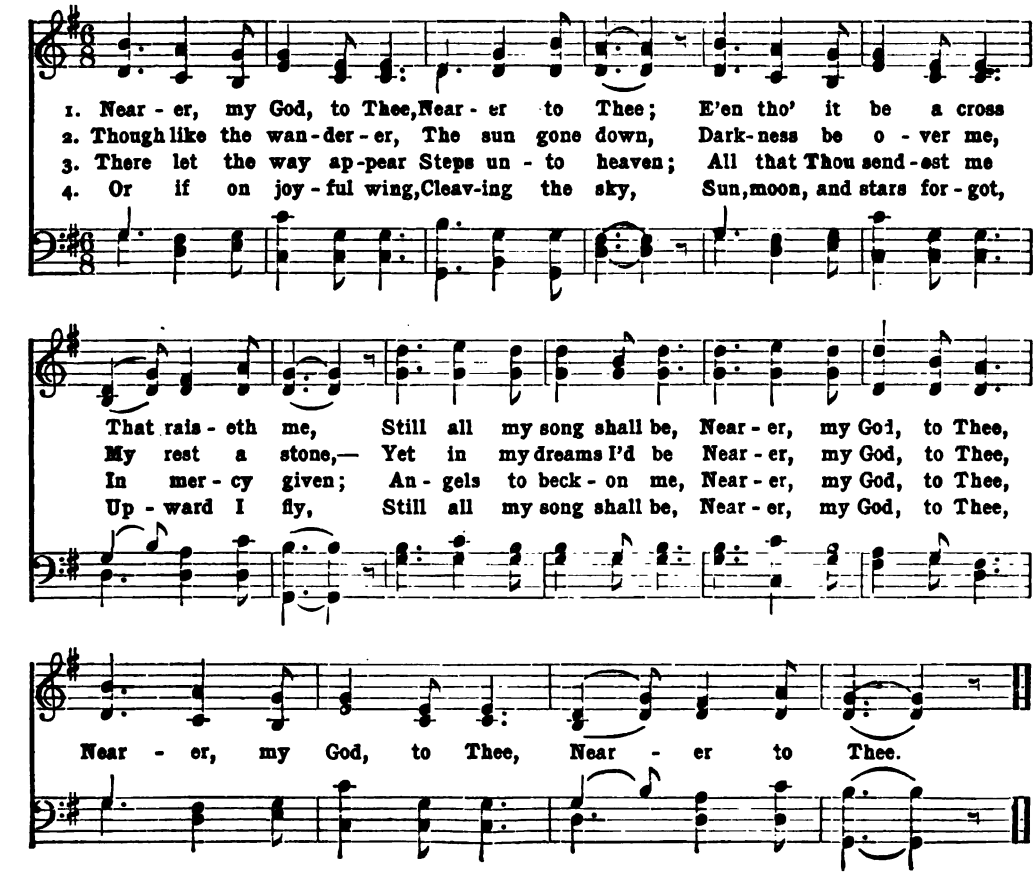
fal-t'ring lip and throb-bing brow, I press it to my heart. For
round the hearth-stone used to close, Af-ter the eve-ning prayer; And
calm was my poor moth-er's look, Who leaned God's word to hear! Her
all were false I found thee true, My coun-sel-lor and guide. The

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,



Nearer, My God, to Thee

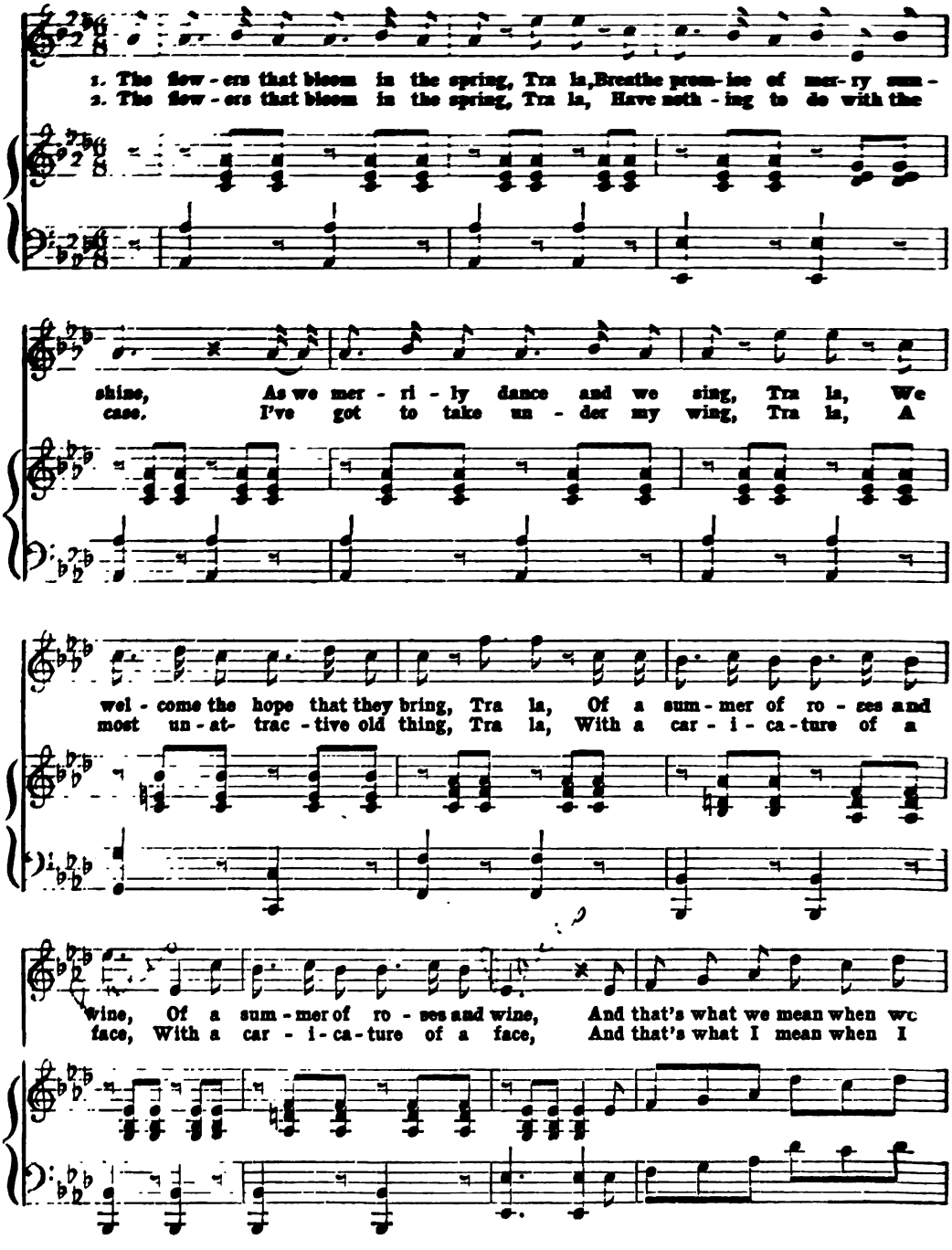
S. F. Adams — L. Mason



The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring

W. S. GILBERT

From SULLIVAN'S "Mikado"



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.

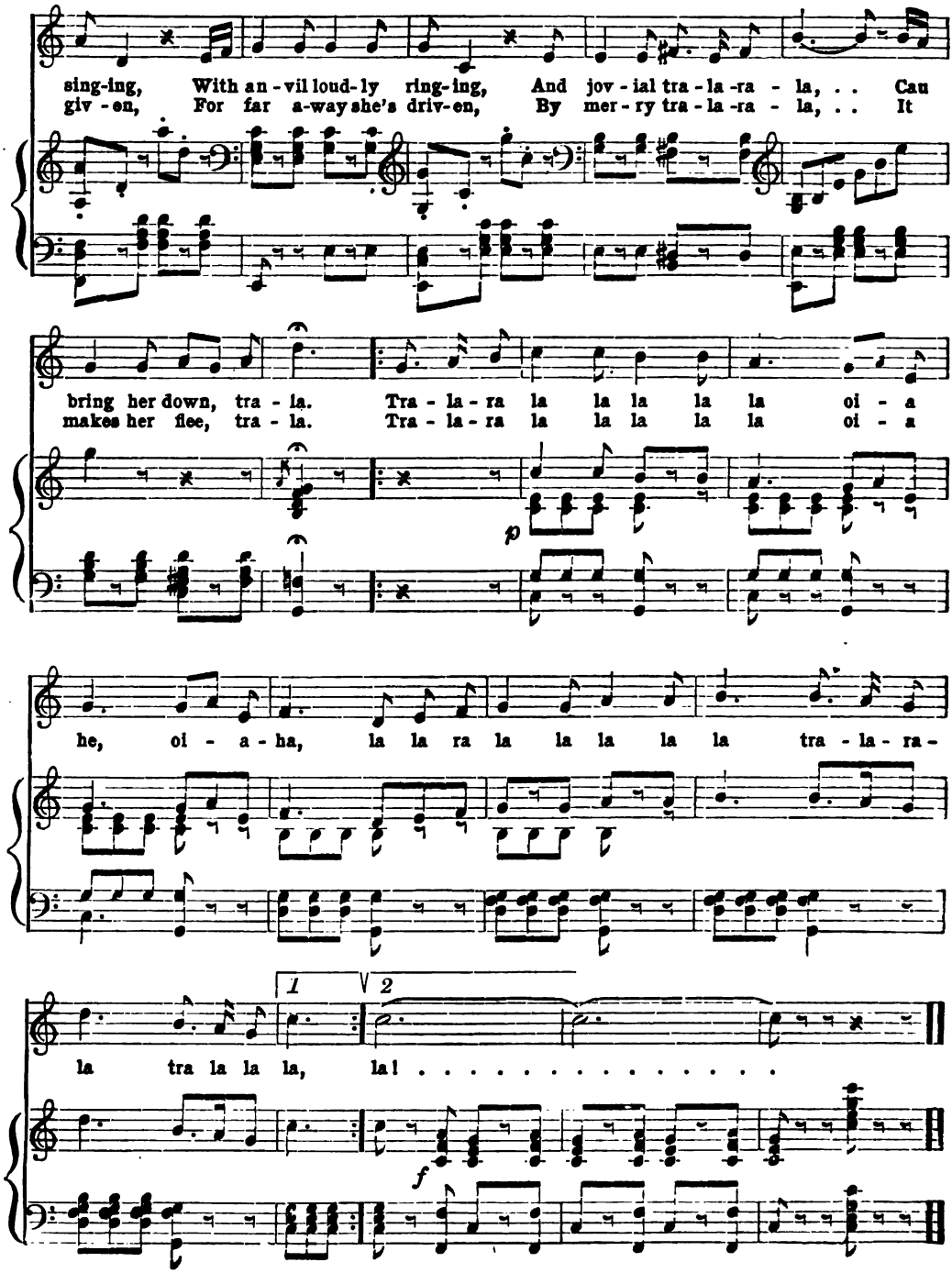
Cooper's Song

From Von Suppé's "Boccacio"

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

p *tr*


sing-ing, With an-vil loud-ly ring-ing, And jov-ial tra-la-ra-la, . . Cau
giv-en, 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
p
he, oi-a-ha, la la ra la la la la la tra-la-ra-
1
2
la tra la la la, la! . . . . . .
f

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;

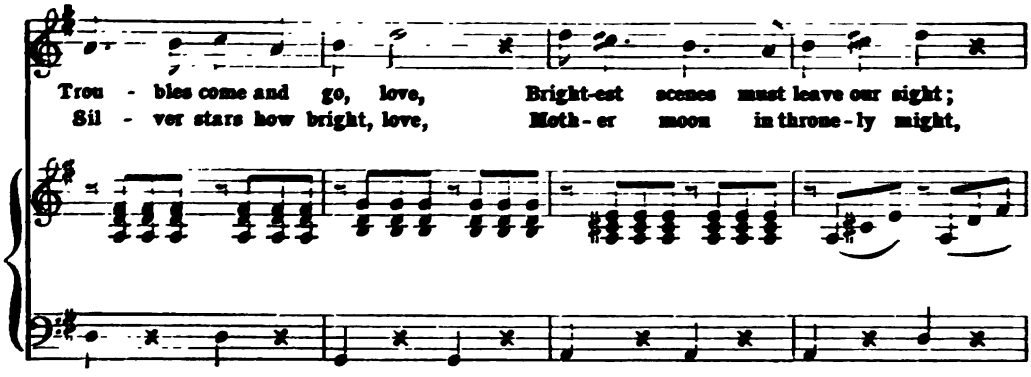
While your bright eyes look in mine, . .
Like the queen of night you fill . . .

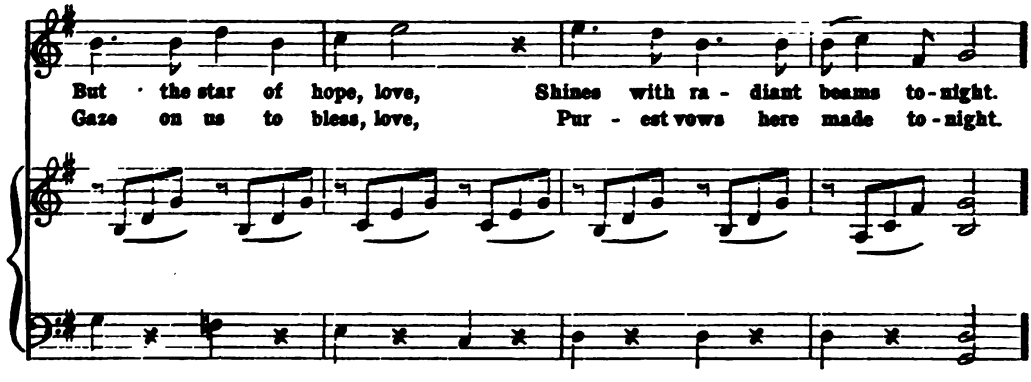
cres.

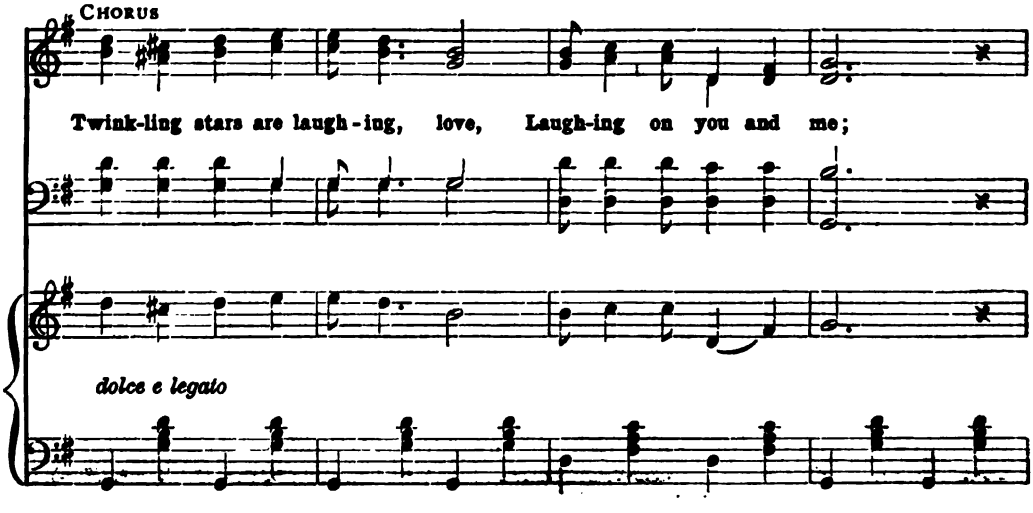
Peep - ing stars they seem to be.
Dark - est space with love - li - ness.

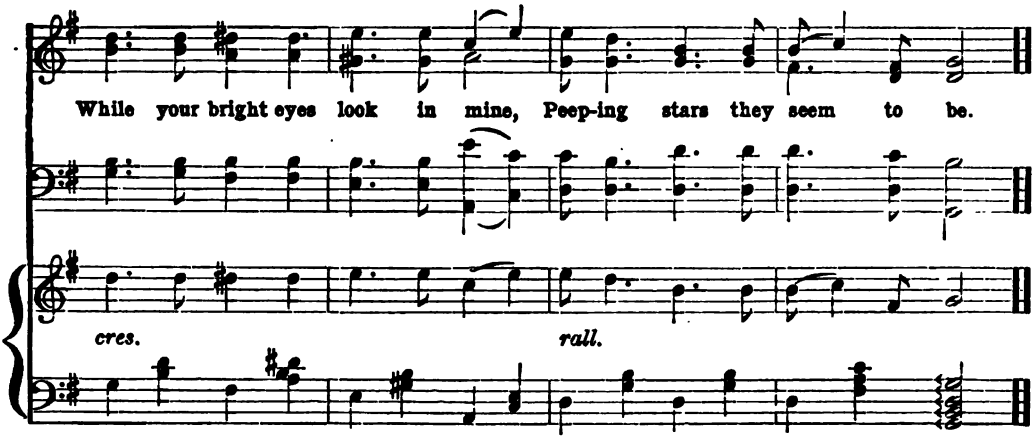
dim.

The Bass Staff alone may be used as an Accompaniment for the first eight measures.


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 might,


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.

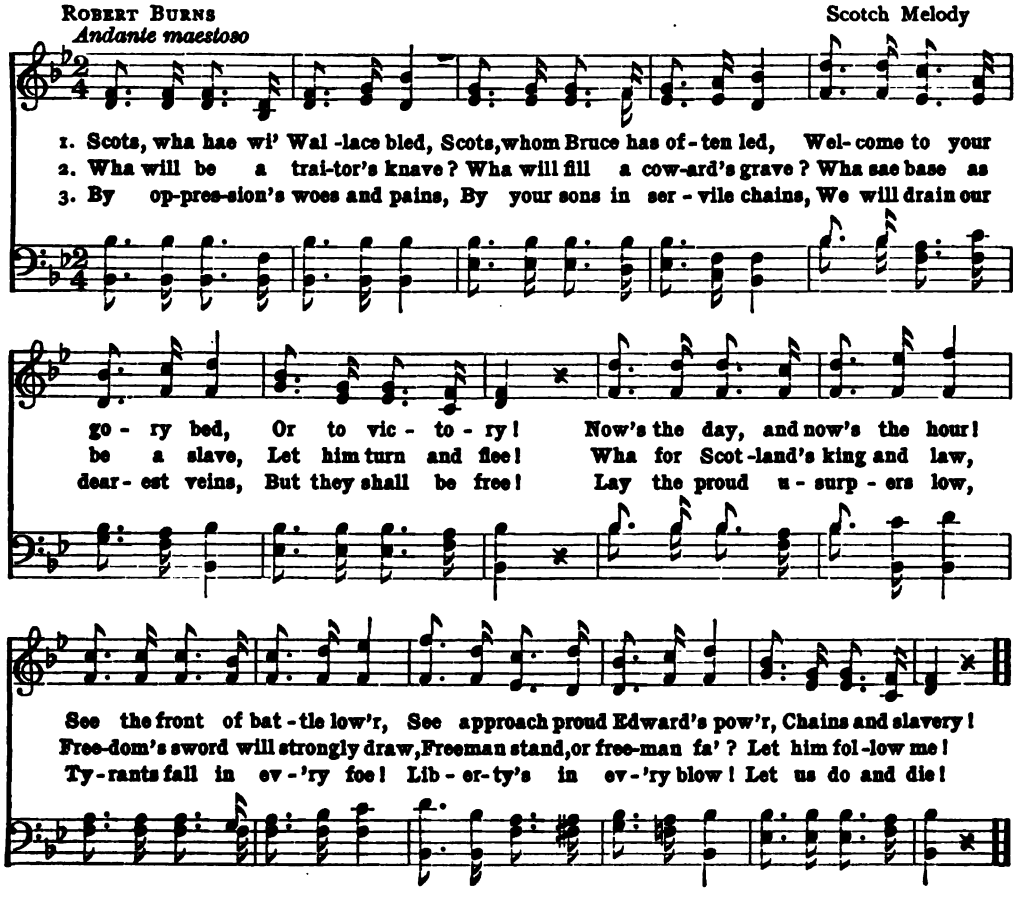

CHORUS
Twink-ling stars are laugh - ing, love, Laugh-ing on you and me;
dolce e legato



Bruce's Address

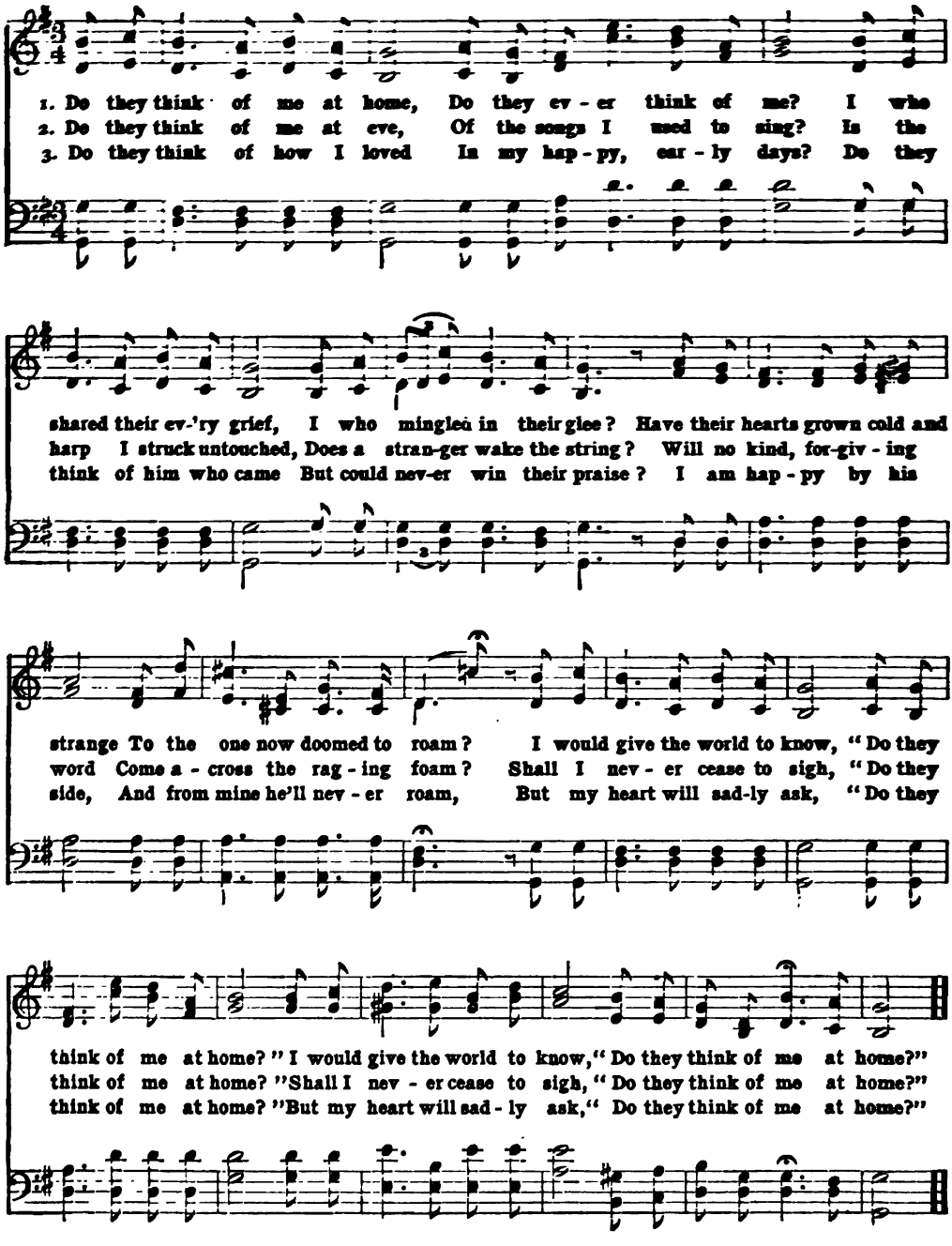
ROBERT BURNS — Scotch Melody

Andante maestoso

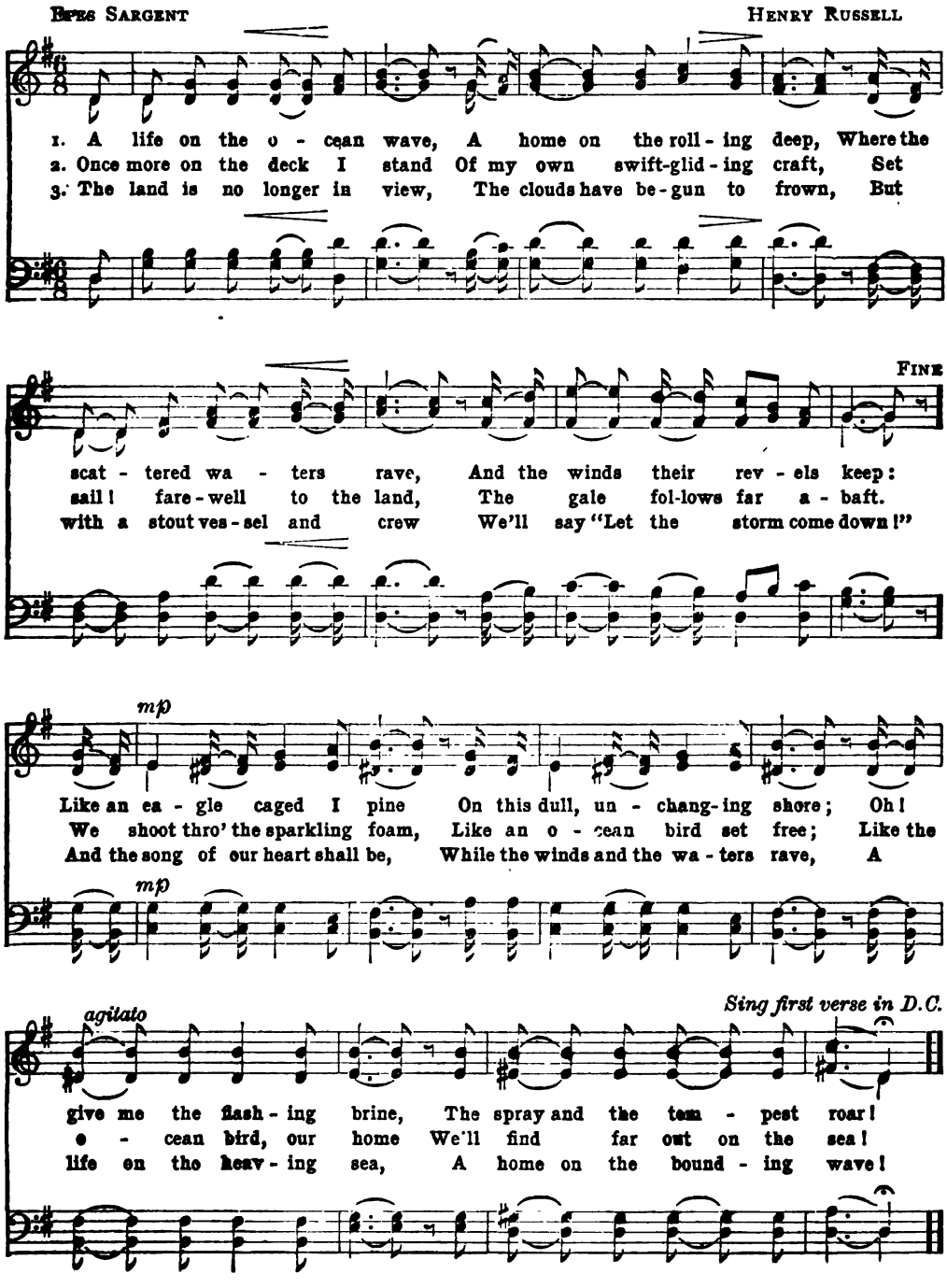


Do They Think of Me at Home

J. E. Carpenter — Chas. W. Glover



A Life on the Ocean Wave



Rock Me to Sleep, Mother

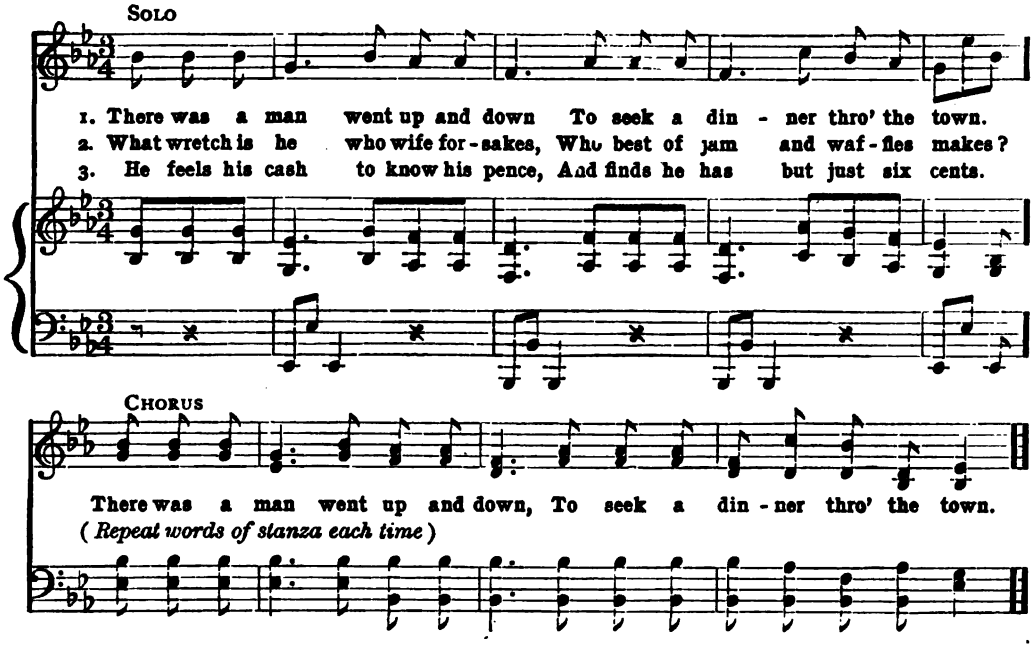
With feeling — *p*

Ernest Leslie

1. Back-ward, turn back-ward, oh, time in your flight, Make me a child a-gain just for to-night! Moth-er, come back from the ech-o-less shore, Take me a-gain to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my fore-head the fur-rows of care, Smooth the few sil-ver threads out of my hair, O-ver my slum-bers your lov-ing watch keep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er, rock me to sleep.
2. O-ver my heart, in the days that are flown, No love like moth-er-love ev-er has shone; No oth-er wor-ship a-bides and en-dures, Faith-ful, un-self-ish, and pa-tient like yours; None like a moth-er can charm a-way pain, From the sick soul and the world-wea-ry brain; Slum-ber's soft calms o'er my heav-y lids creep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er, rock me to sleep.
3. Come, let your brown hair, just light-ed with gold, Fall on your shoul-ders a-gain as of old; Let it drop o-ver my fore-head to-night, Shad-ing my faint eyes a-way from the light; For with its sun-ny-edged shad-ows once more, Hap-ly will throng the sweet vis-ions of yore, Lov-ing-ly, soft-ly, its bright bil-lows sweep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er, rock me to sleep.

pp — *p* — *rilard.*

The Lone Fish-ball



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!"

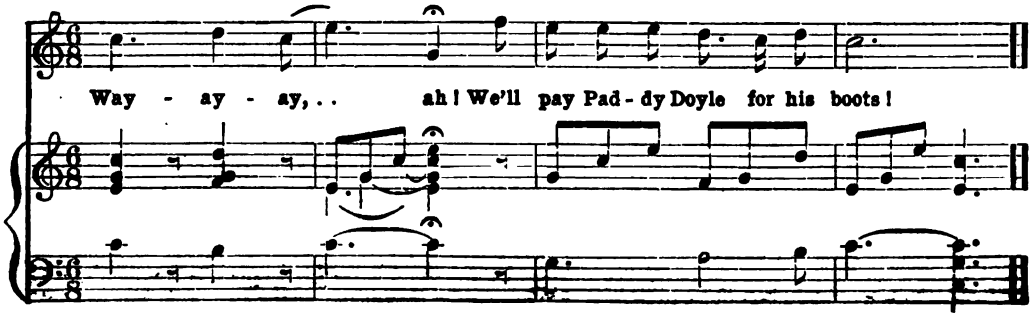
MORAL

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

Chantey Song



Go to Sleep, Lena Darling

J. K. Emmet — J. K. Emmet

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

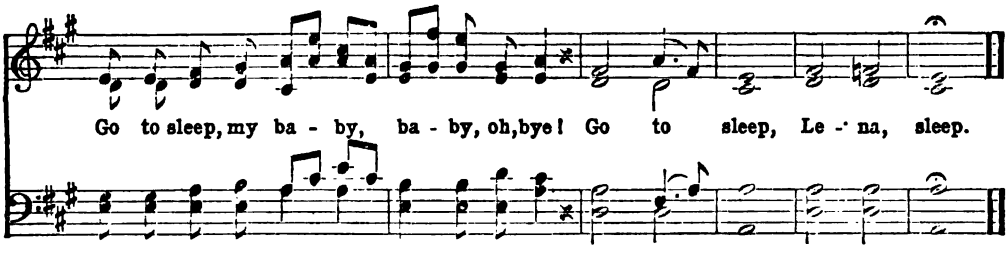
dan-ger, Le - na; Move not, dear Le - na, my dar-ling, For your broe-der watch-es
round you, Le - na, Peace be with thee, love, my dar-ling, Blue and cloudless be the

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.

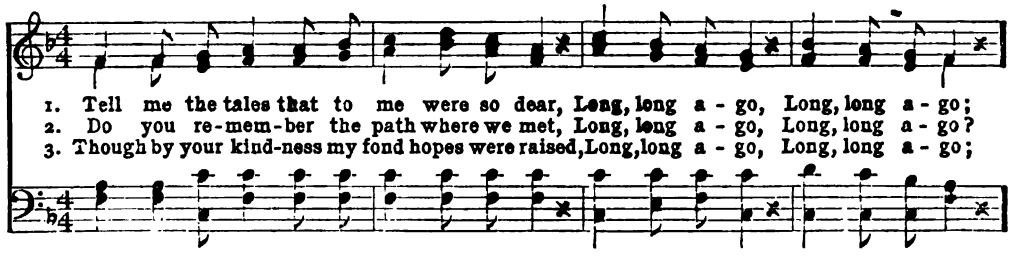
Chorus

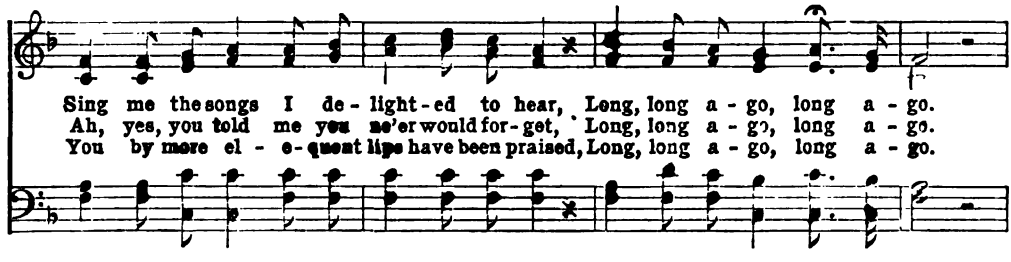
Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by;

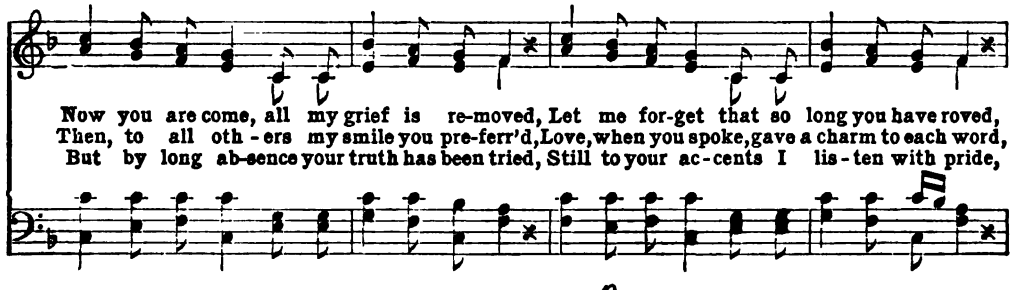


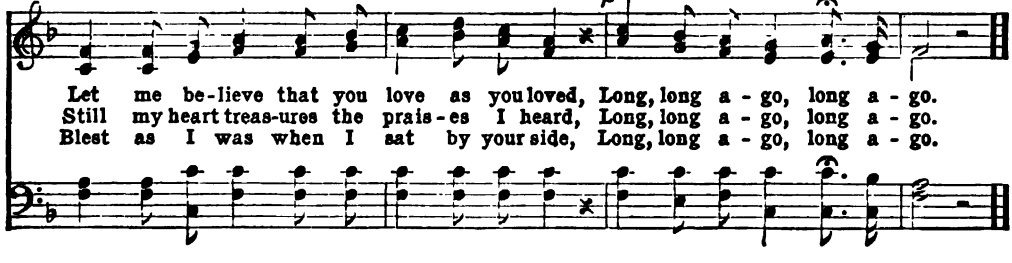
Long, Long Ago

T. H. Bayly

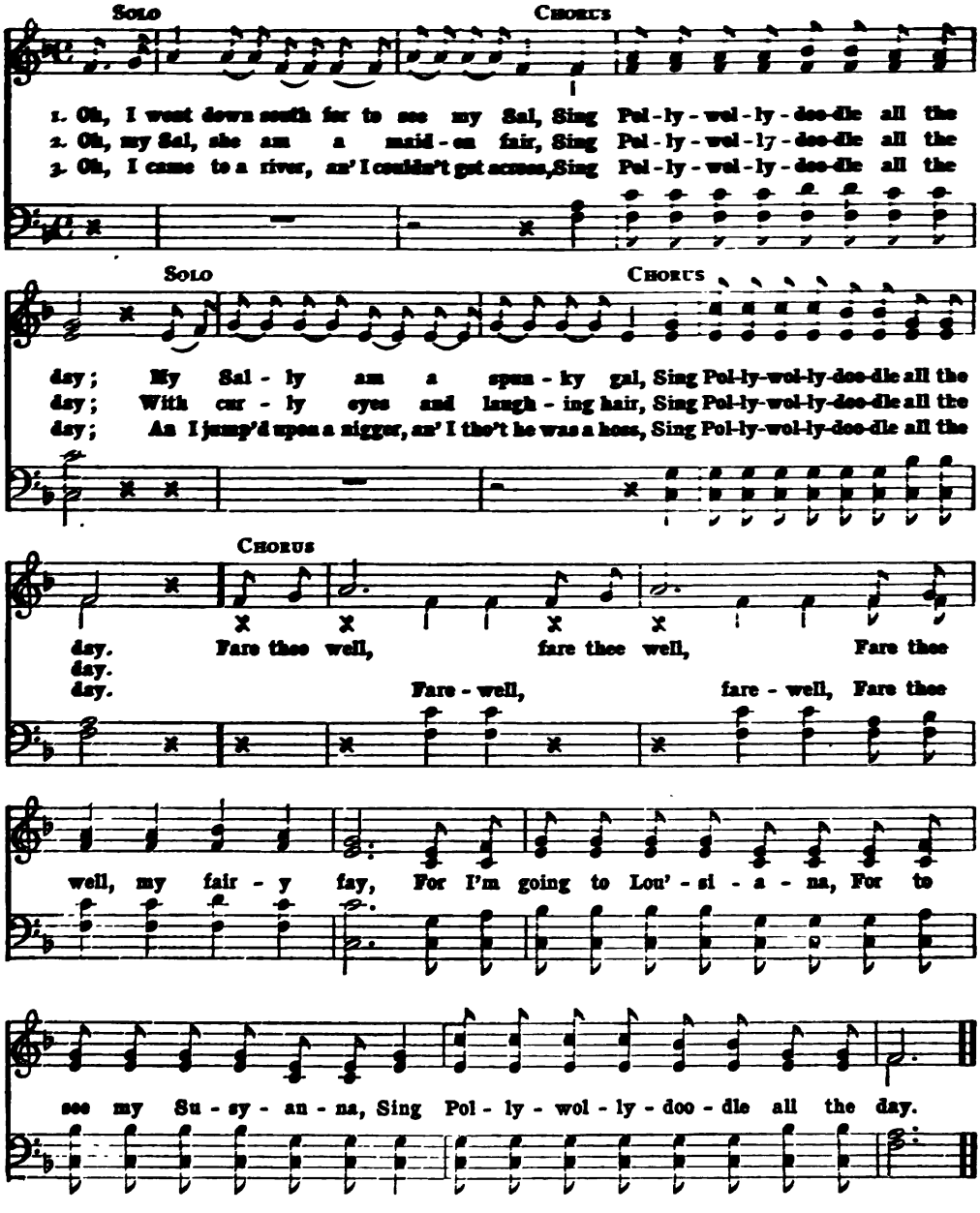








Polly-wolly-doodle



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.

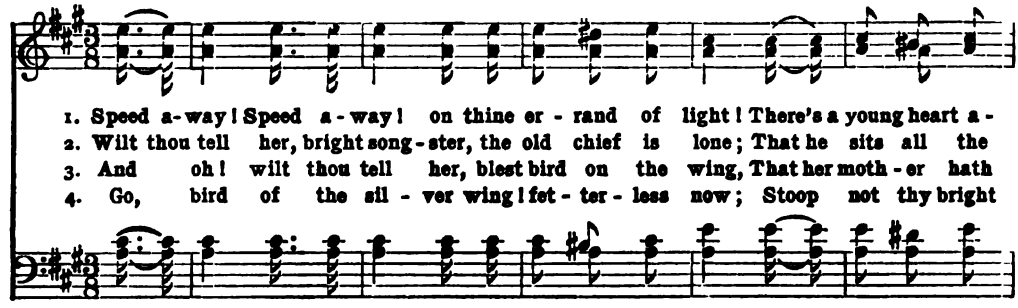
6 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze.

7 He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin'-cough,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.

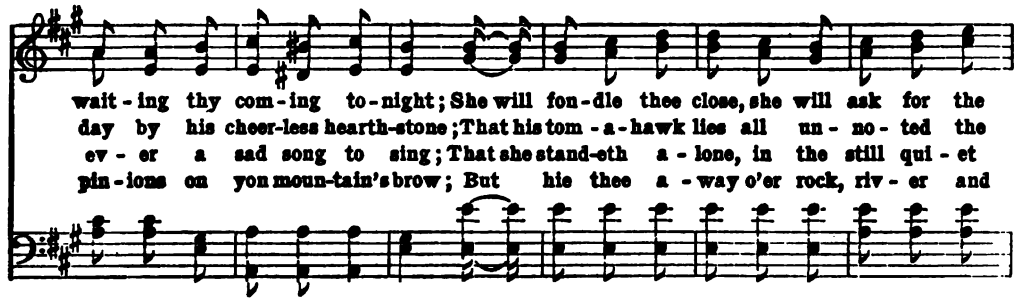
And so on, ad infin.

Speed Away! Speed Away

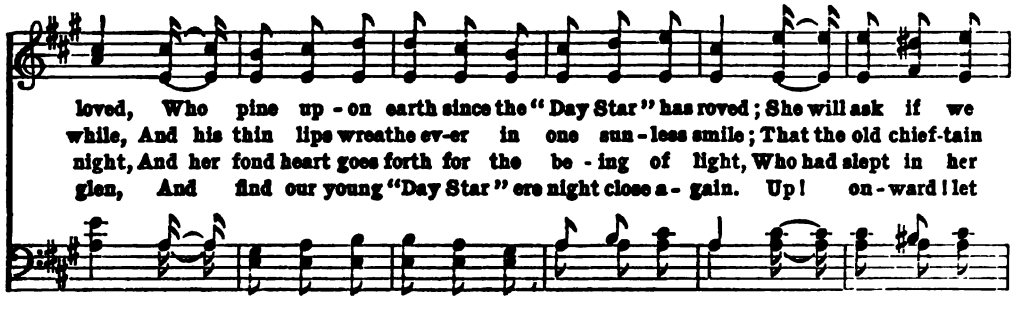
I. B. WOODBURY



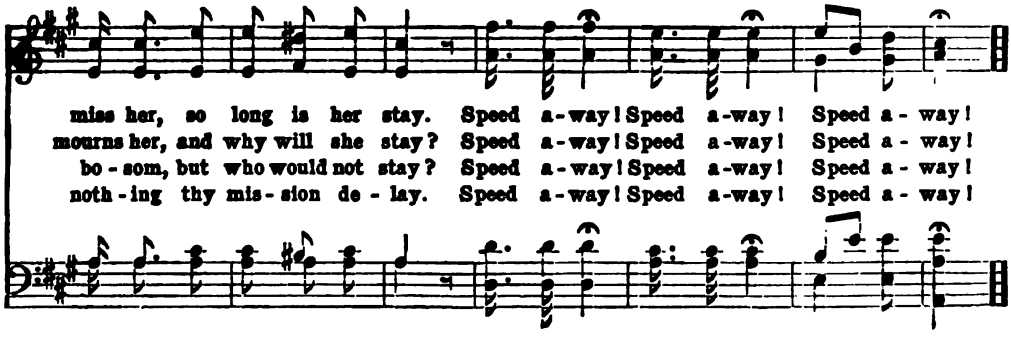
1. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! on thine er-rand of light! There's a young heart a-
2. Wilt thou tell her, bright song-ster, the old chief is lone; That he sits all the
3. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her moth-er hath
4. Go, bird of the sil-ver wing! fet-ter-less now; Stoop not thy bright



wait-ing thy com-ing to-night; She will fon-dle thee close, she will ask for the
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 wreathe 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 will 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

Moderate

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

rit.

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'.

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

beau - ti - ful dar - ling, Lit - tle we thought 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,

Lit - tle we tho'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 ltitle kittens who lay in a basket of saw - aw - dust;

BASSES

After last stanza

Said the { first / second / third } little kitten un-to the { other two / little cats, } { If you don't get / out of this, then } I must! *That's all.*

Hail to the Chief

Sir WALTER SCOTT — JAMES SANDERSON

Maestoso

f

1. Hail to the Chief who in tri-umph ad-van-ces! Hon-or'd and bless'd be the ev-er-green Pine! . . Long may the tree, in his ban-ner that glan-ces, Flour-ish, the shel-ter and grace of our line! Hail to the Chief who in tri-umph ad-van-ces, Hon-or'd and bless'd be the ev-er-green Pine! . . Long may the tree, in his ban-ner that glan-ces, Flour-ish, the shel-ter and
2. Ours is no sap-ling, chance-sown by the foun-tain, Bloom-ing at Bel-tane, in win-ter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripp'd ev-'ry leaf on the moun-tain, The more shall Clan-Al-pine ex-ult in her shade. Ours is no sap-ling, chance-sown by the foun-tain, Bloom-ing at Bel-tane, in win-ter to fade, When the whirl-wind has stripp'd ev-'ry leaf on the moun-tain, The more shall Clan-Al-pine ex-
3. Row, vas-sals, row for the pride of the High-lands! Stretch to your oars, for the ev-er-green Pine! . . O, that the rose-bud that gra-ces yon is-lands, Were wreath'd in a gar-land a-round him to twine! Row, vas-sals, row, for the pride of the High-lands! Stretch to your oars for the ev-er-green Pine! . . O, that the rose-bud that gra-ces yon is-lands, Were wreath'd in a gar-land a-

ff

Hail to the Chief

f Allegro

grace of our line! Heav'n send it hap - py dew, Earth lend its sap a - new
ult in her shade. Moor'd in the rift - ed rock, Proof to the tem - pest show
round him to twine! O, that some seed-ling gem, Wor - thy such no - ble stem

f

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 then

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 deepmost glen, "Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"

Come, Thou Almighty King

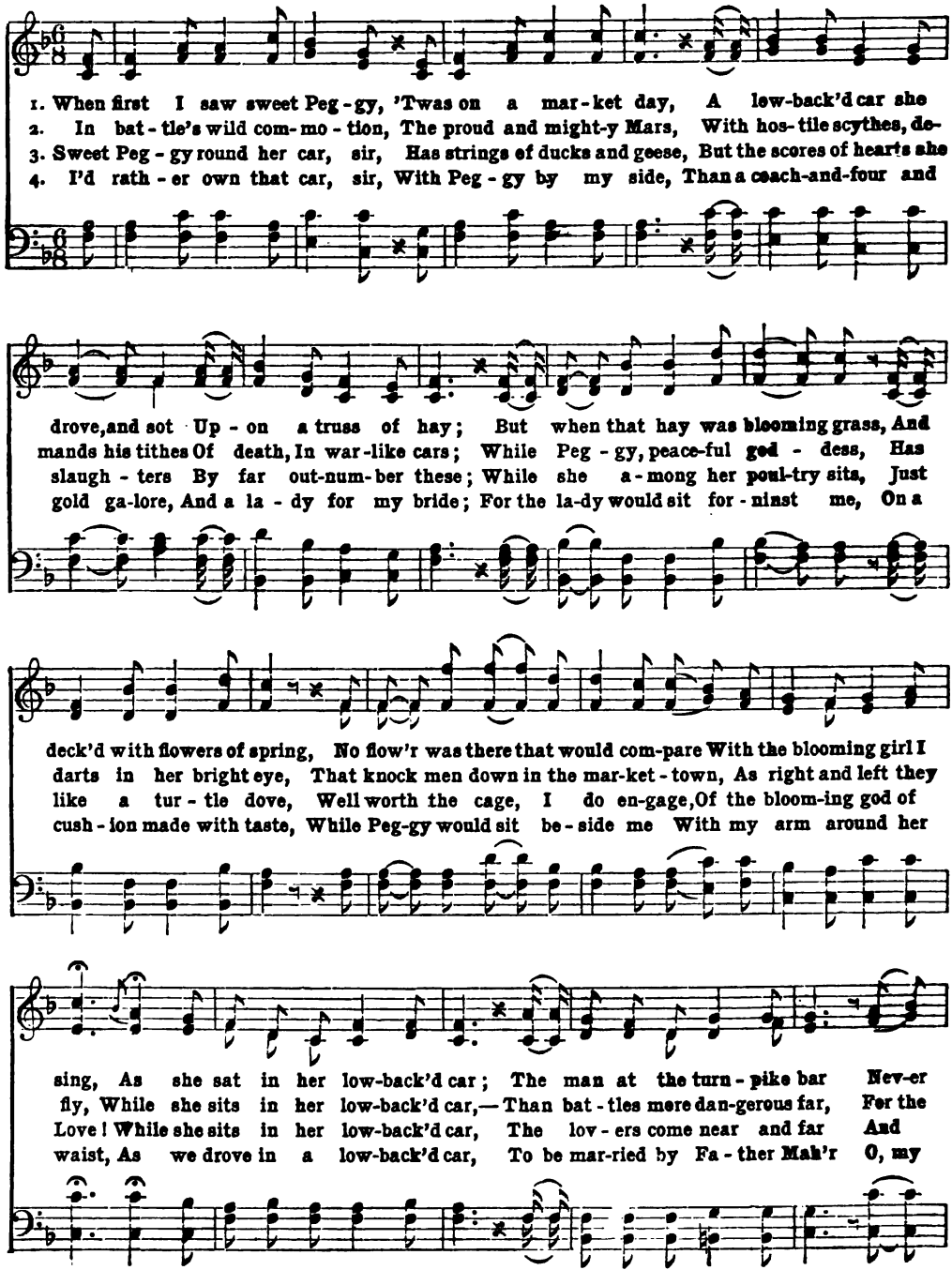
C. Wesley — F. Giardini

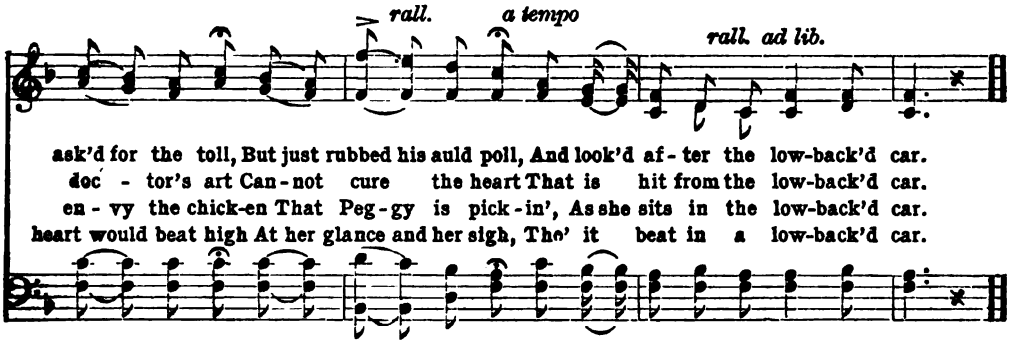
1. Come, Thou Al-might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther! all-
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-

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

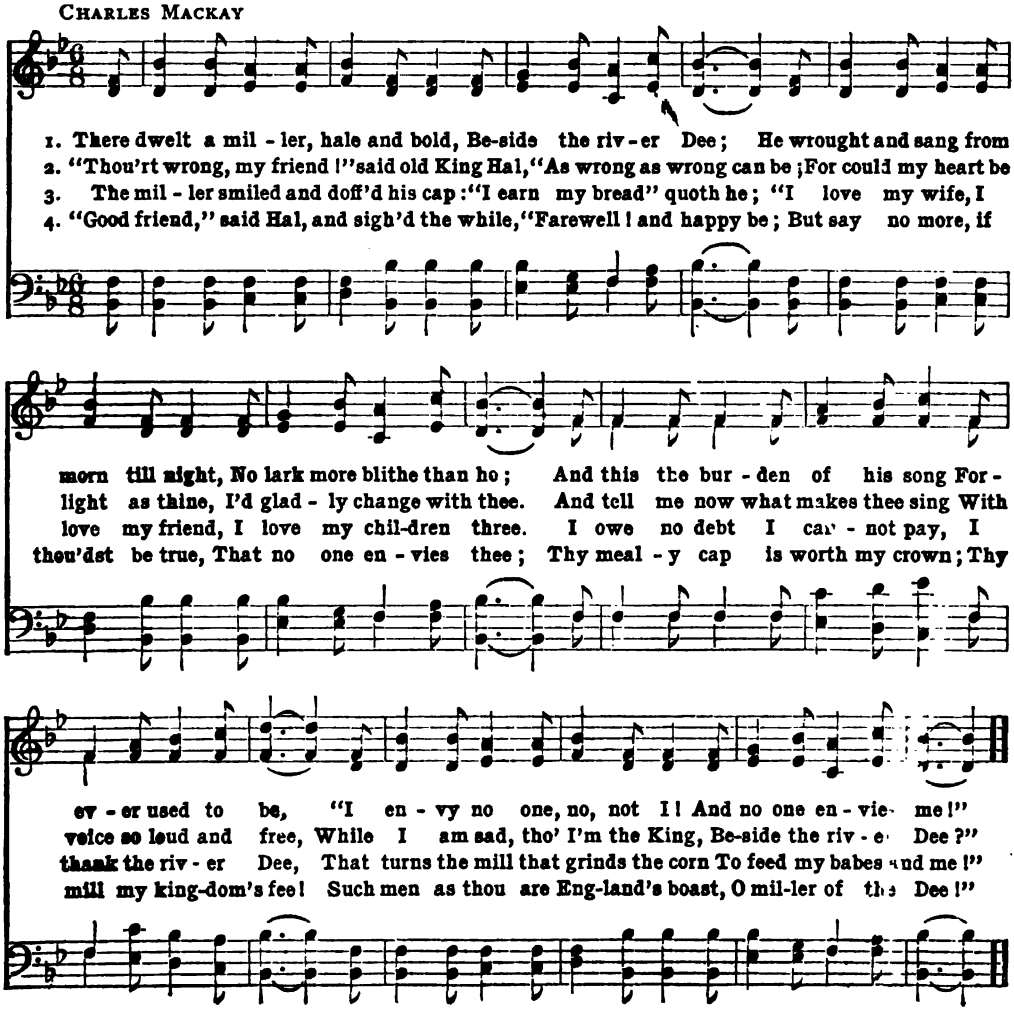
SAMUEL LOVER





The Miller of the Dee

CHARLES MACKAY



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

p

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

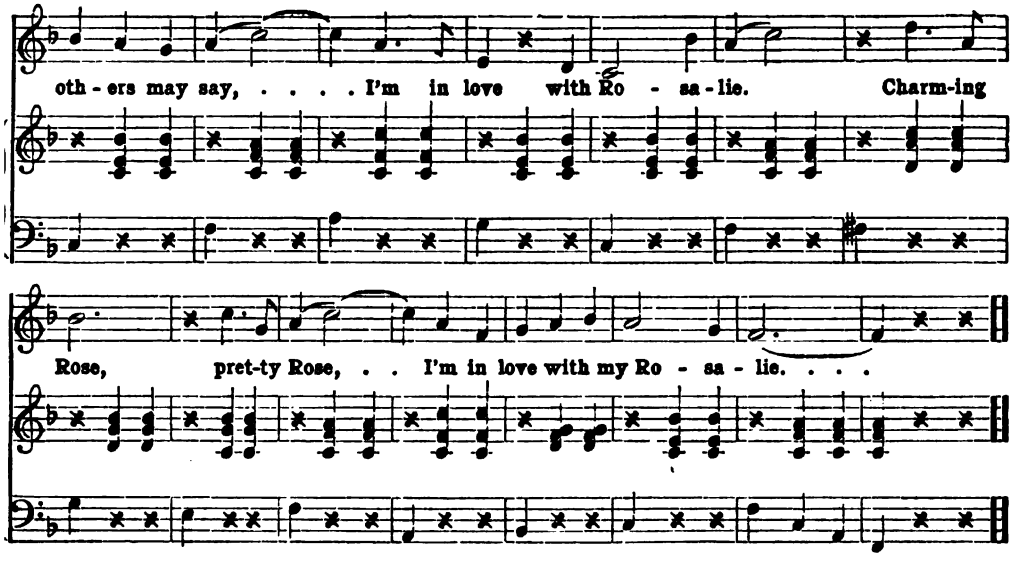
Tempo di valse

1. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ree, de Pa - ree, I drink my di -
2. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton 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

vine 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

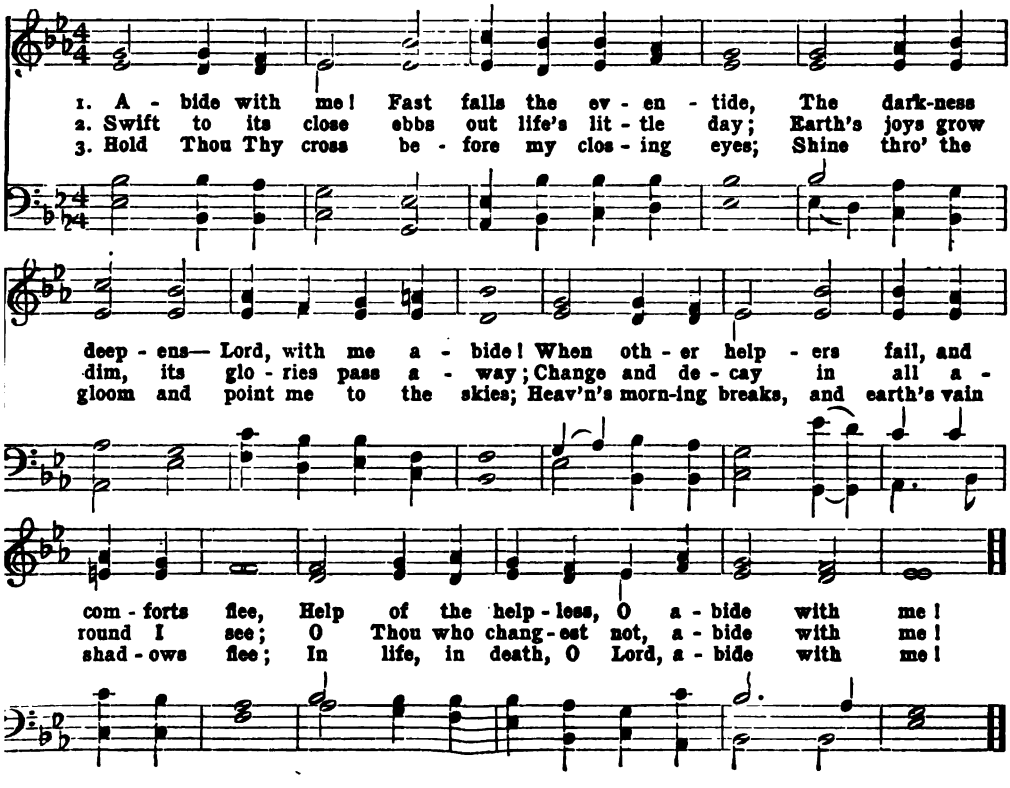
pé, I tell you I'm some-thing to see. . . . . But I care not what
pé, I tell you I'm some-thing to see. . . . . But I care not what
own The hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie. . . . . But I care not what

Rosalie



Abide with Me

H. F. Lyte — W. H. Monk



The Laird o' Cockpen

Allegro

1. The Laird o' Cock - pen he's proud an' he's great, His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state; He want - ed a wife his braw house to keep, But fa - vour wi' woo - in' was fash-ious to seek.
2. Doun by the dyke - side a la - dy did dwell, At his ta - ble - head he thocht she'd look well; M' - Cle - ish's ae doch - ter a' Clav - ers' - ha' Lee, A pen - ni - less lass wi' a lang ped - i - gree.
3. His wig was weel - pouth-er'd, as good as when new, His waist-coat was white, his coat it was blue; He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat; And wha could re - fuse the Laird wi' a' that?

4 He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie:
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 goun,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' doun.

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 Dumbfoundered was he—but nae sigh did he gie';
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie;
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 off 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.

breathe 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

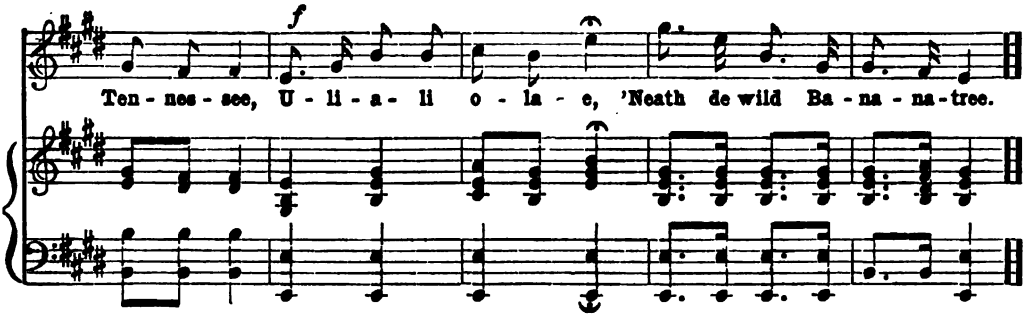
Ro-sa Lee, U-li-a-li o-la-e. Eyes as dark as win-ter night,
su-gar-cane, U-li-a-li o-la-e. Feet so large and come-ly too, Might

Lips as red as ber-ry bright, When first I did her woo-ing go, She
make a cra-dle ob each shoe. Ro-sa, take me for your beau, She

pp

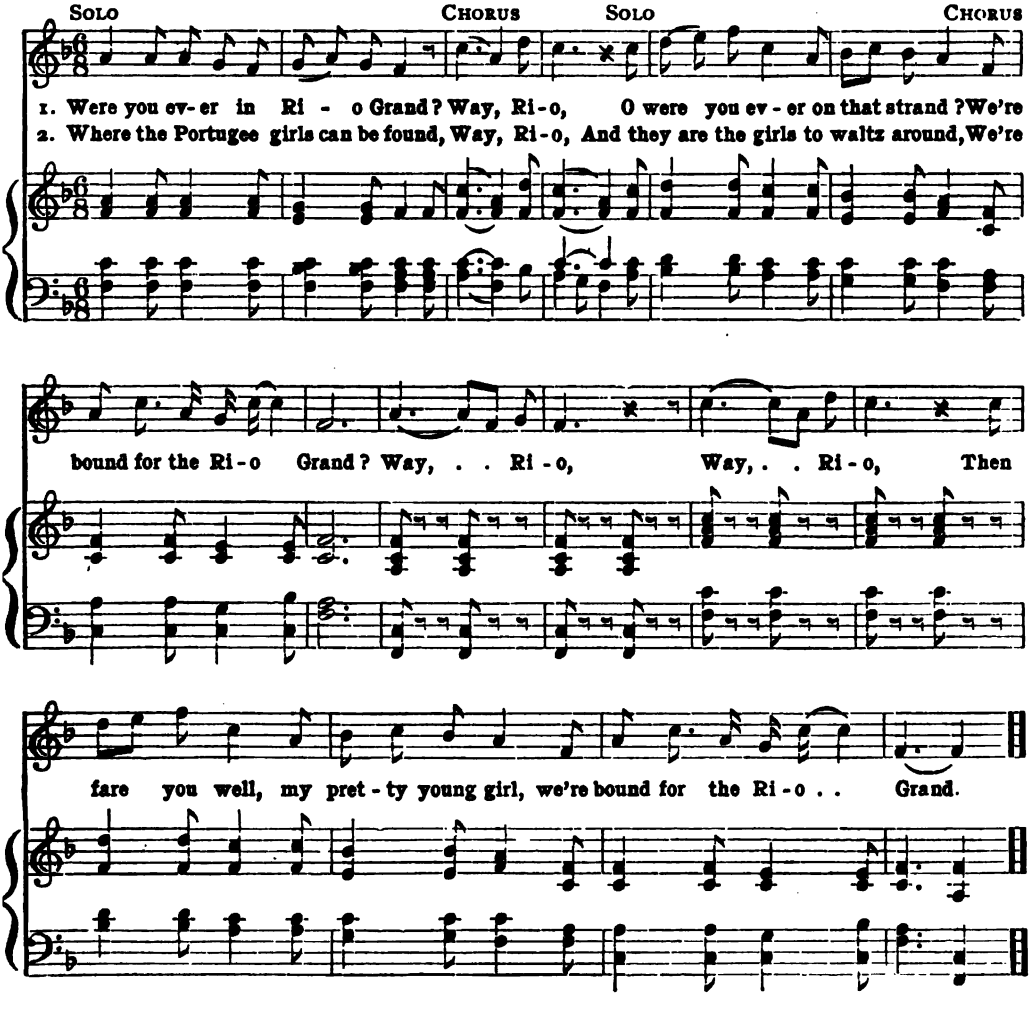
said "Now don't be fool-ish, Joe." U-li-a-li o-la-e, Court-in' down in

pp



Were You Ever in Rio Grand

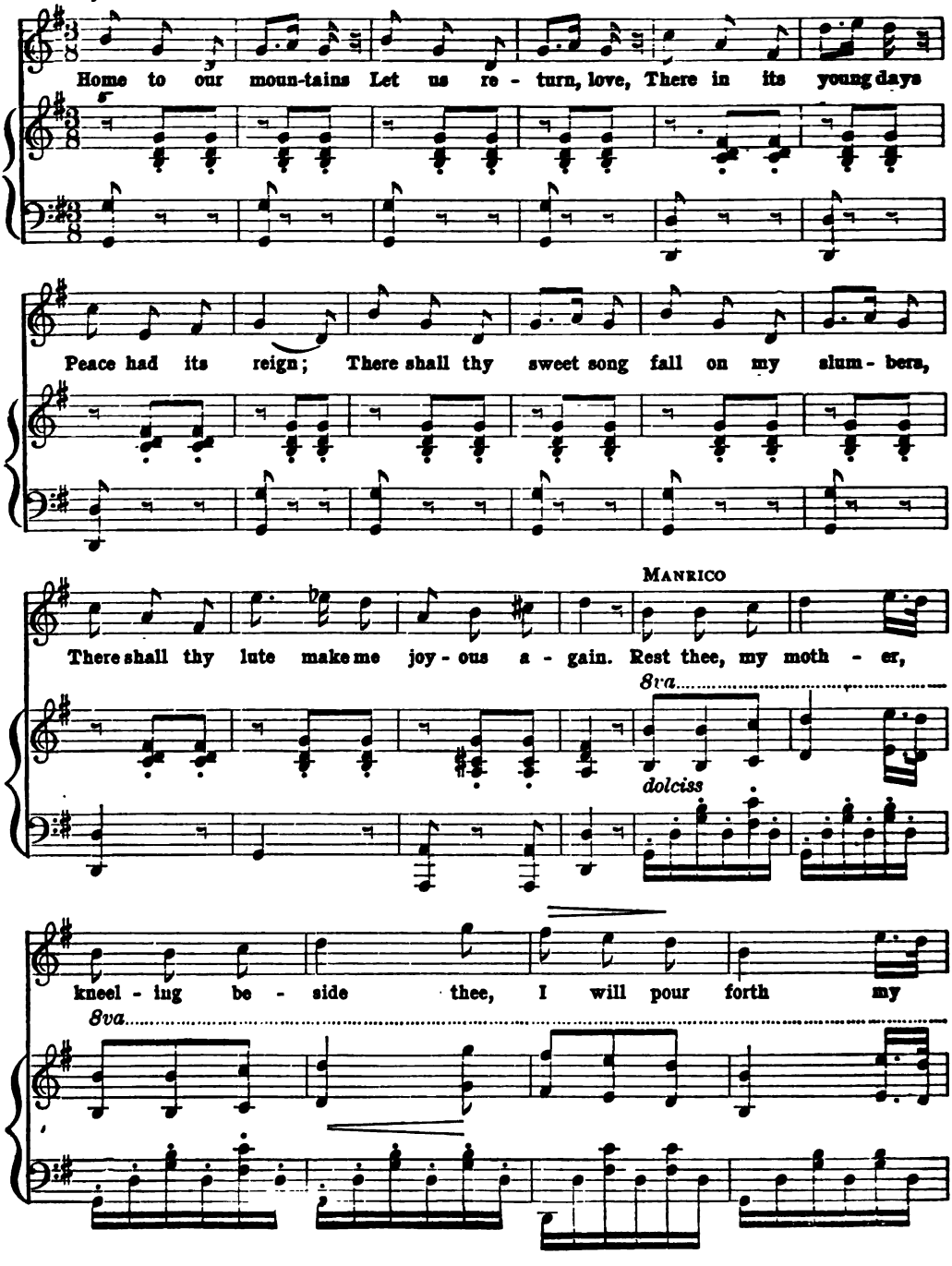
(A "HEAVE THE ANCHOR" CHANTEY-SONG)



Home to Our Mountains

C. Jefferys

From Verdi's "Il Trovatore"



Home to Our Mountains

AZUCENA

pl

trou - ba - dour lay. Oh, sing and wake now thy sweet lute's soft

8va

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. BARNBY

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

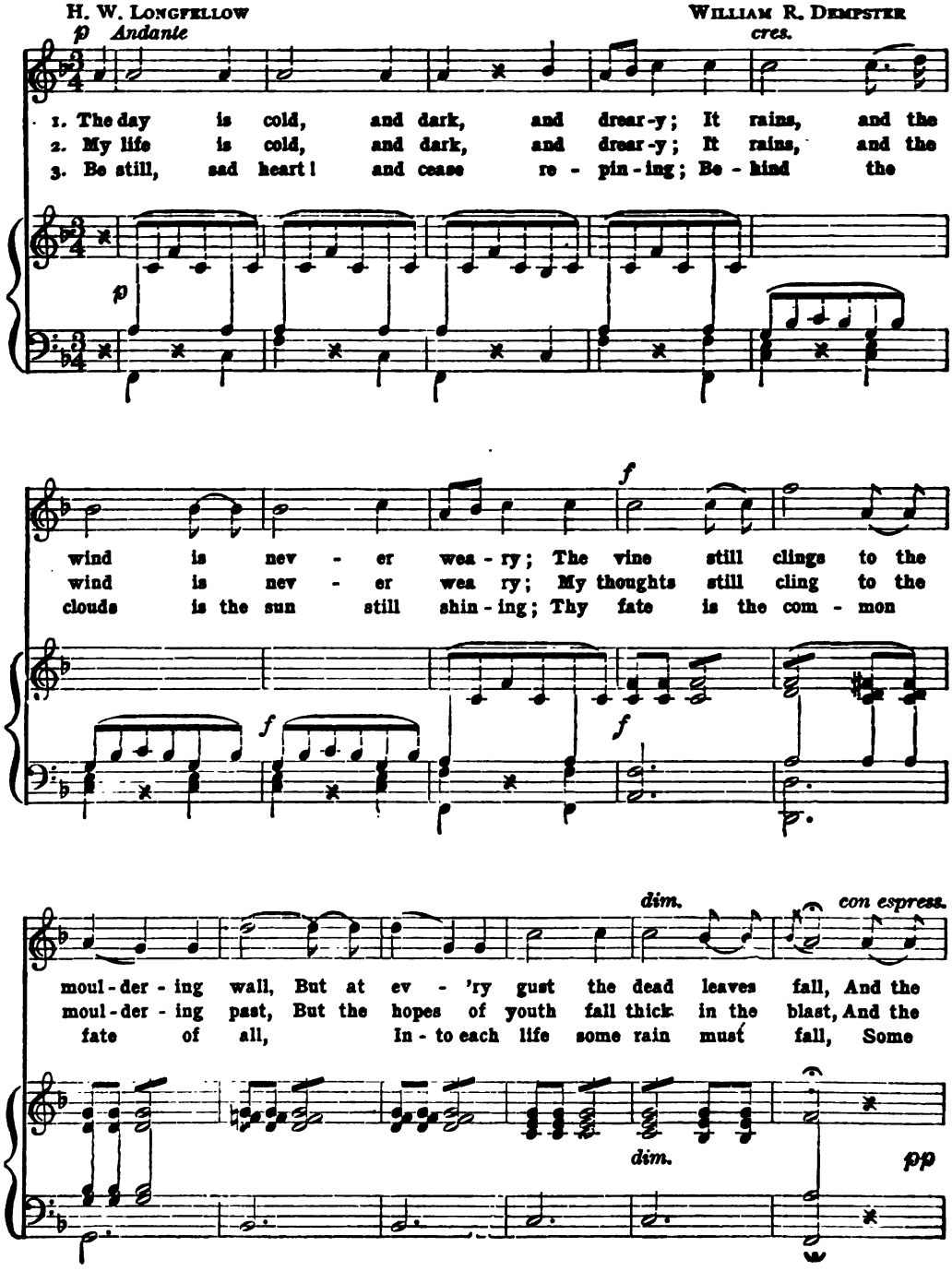
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing, May our eye - lids close.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

The Rainy Day

H. W. Longfellow

William R. Dempster



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 With sweet - 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'rers 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

p

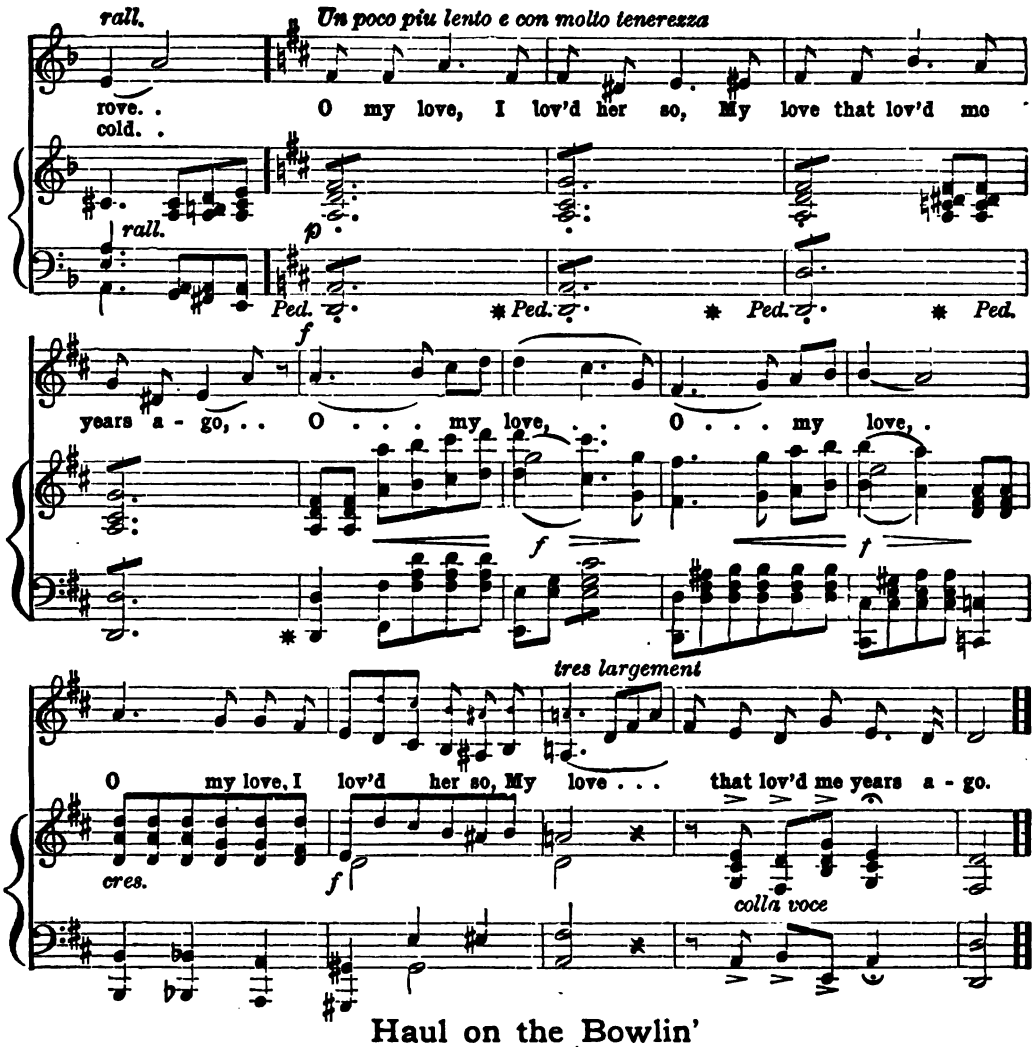
trem-bling tears un-bid-den rose From the depths of love's re-pose. . . . It
watch'd my love's last smile and knew, How well the angel's lov'd her too. . . . Then

dim.

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

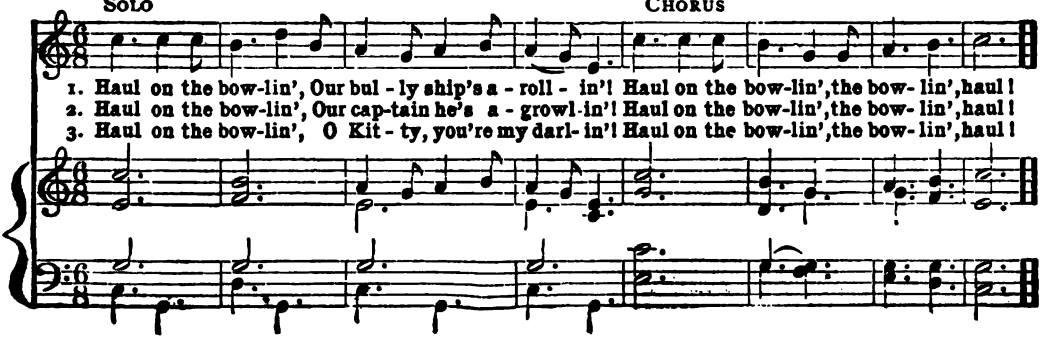
p

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



Haul on the Bowlin'

(A SHORT-HAUL CHANTEY-SONG)



For You

ARTHUR CHAPMAN — SYDNEY SMITH

Andante espressivo

1. They say the years have swallow's wings, But mine have leaden feet, Since last we stood and said "good-bye," That eve in June-tide sweet; I read the an-guish in your eyes, As sad you turn'd a-way, But oh! you guessed not what I bore, The tears I could not stay. For
2. They told me if we linked our lives, That you would rue the day, And when the sor-rows gath-ered round, Your love would pass a-way; But had I known what life would be When ev-'ry hope had fled, Those cru-el words I spoke that night, Had ne'er by me been said. For

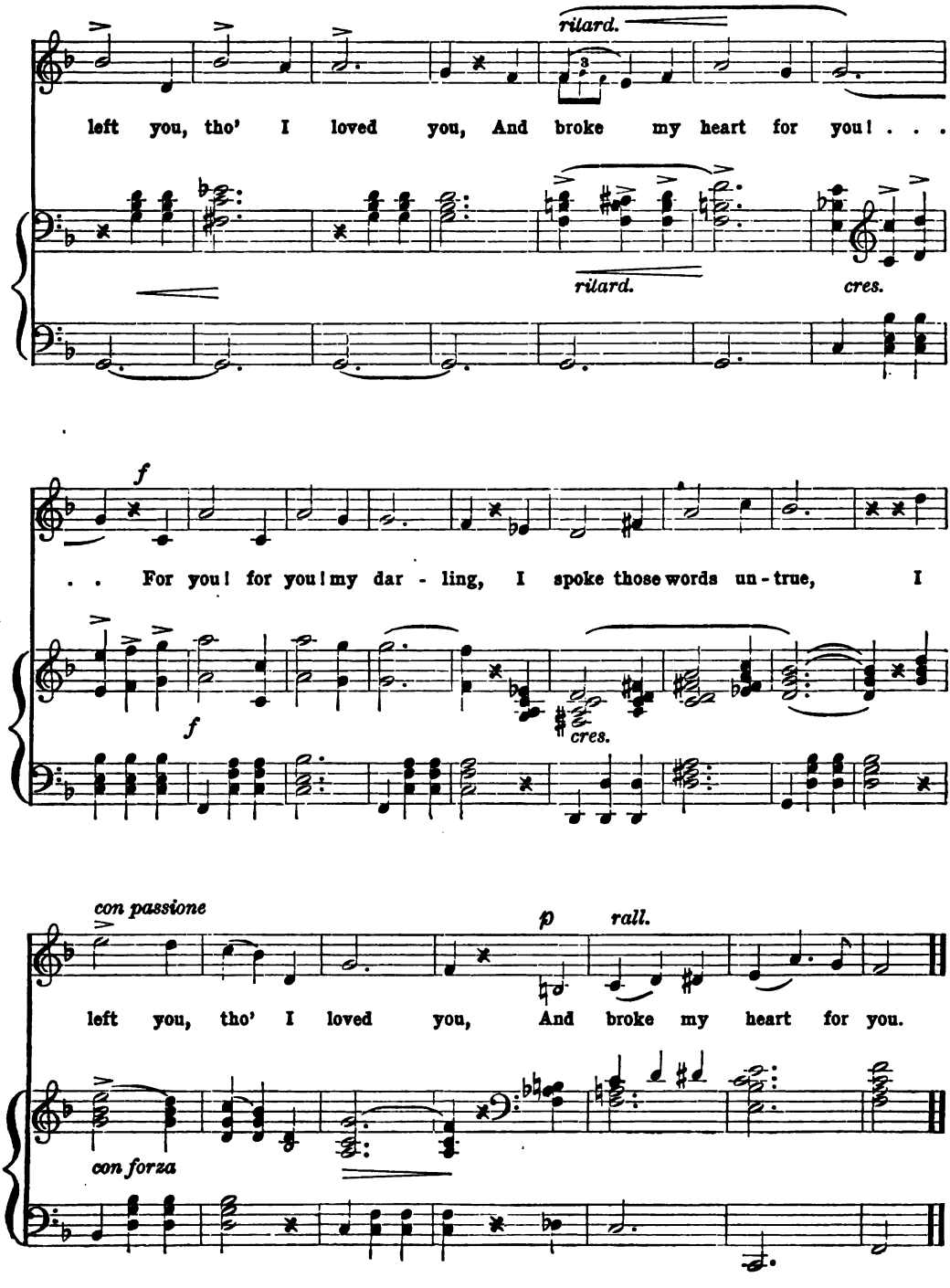
Bass with octaves

f con dolore — *dim. e ritard.* — *p*

dim e ritard

REFRAIN *Lento, e con moto espressivo*

you! for you! my dar - ling, I spoke those words un-true. . . I


rilard.
left you, tho' I loved you, And broke my heart for you! . . .
rilard.
cres.
f
. . For you! for you! my dar - ling, I spoke those words un - true, I
f
cres.
con passione
p
rall.
left you, tho' I loved you, And broke my heart for you.
con forza

Alice, Where art Thou

J. Ascher

Andante con espressione

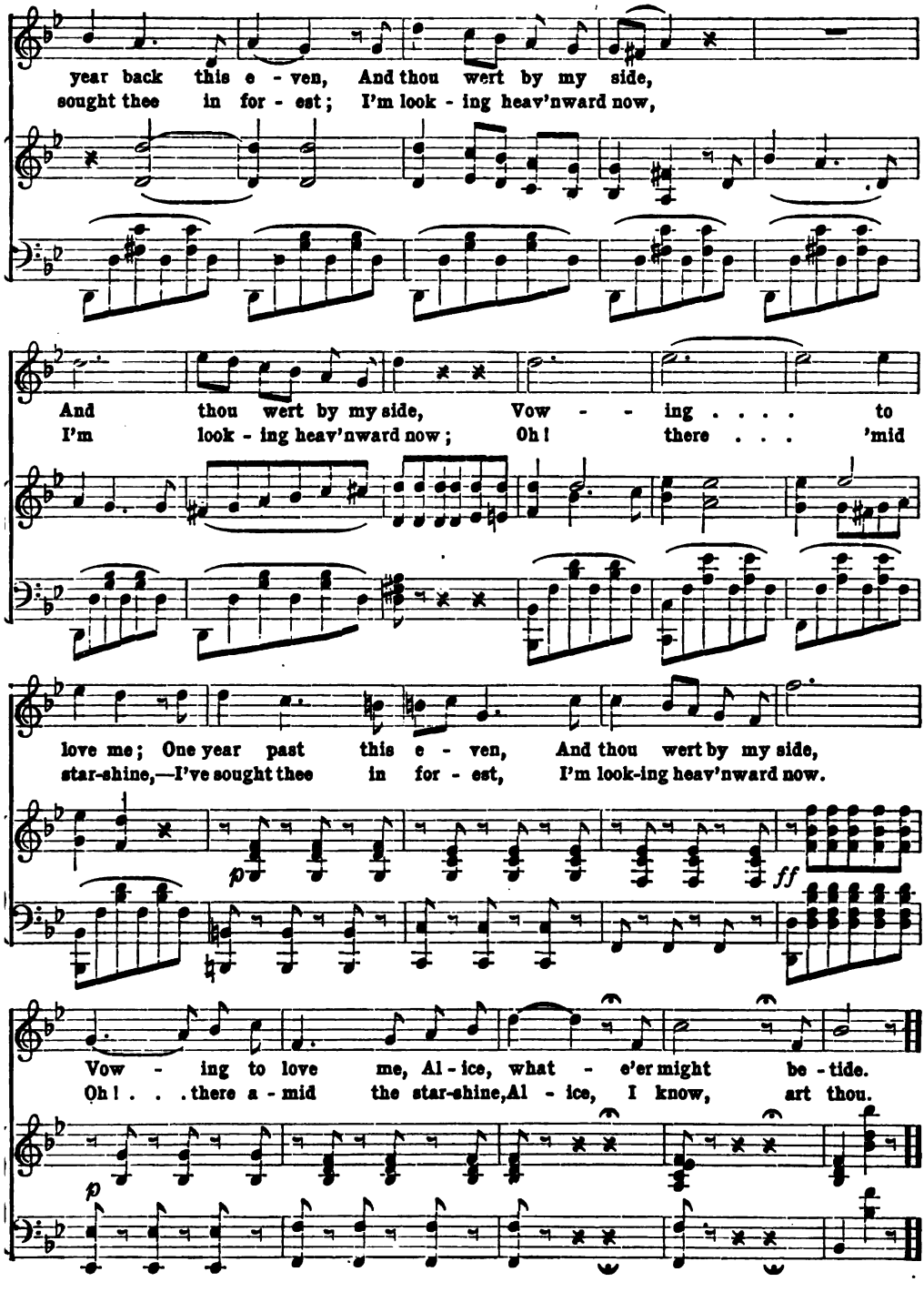
1. The birds sleep - ing gen - tly, Sweet Ly - ra gleam-eth bright, Her
2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing Just as it fall - eth now; And

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.
p
ff
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.
p

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-spond to this

(*For D.C. sing words of first stanza*)

p *cres.* *f*

dim.

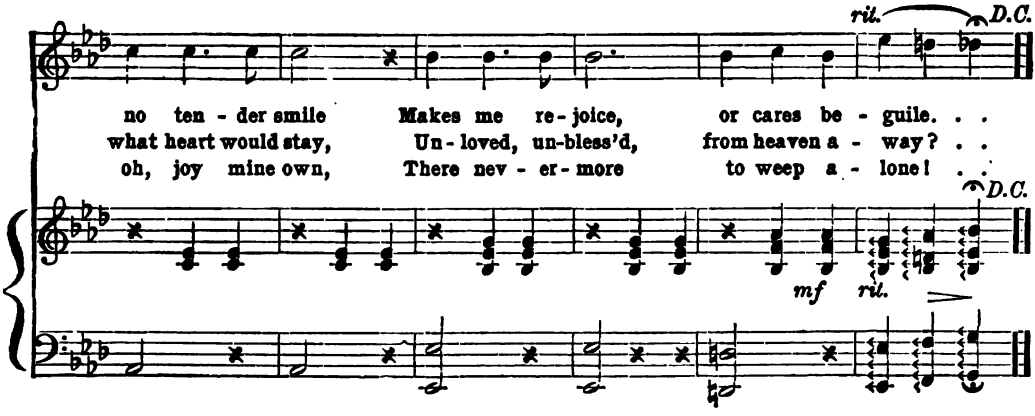
world's wil - der - ness; Sad is my heart, joy is un-known,
whis - per to me; Sigh - ing I wake, wak - ing I weep;
heart's ten - der - ness! Trust - ing I wait; God in His love

dim.

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

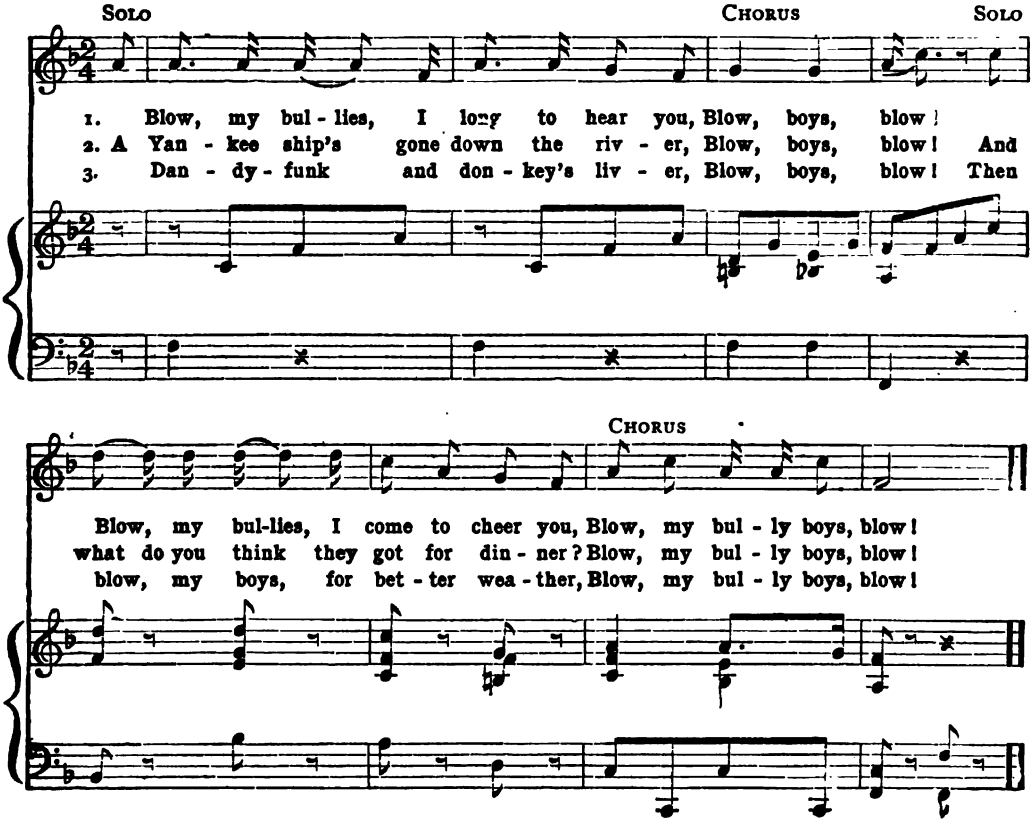
For in my sor - row I'm weep - ing a - lone; No gen - tle voice,
Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep. Oh, bliss - ful rest!
Prom - is - es rest in His man - sions a - bove; Oh, bliss in store,

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



Blow, Boys, Blow

(A HOISTING CHANTEY-SONG)



One Sweetly Solemn Thought

PHŒBE CAREY

R. S. AMBROSE

One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,

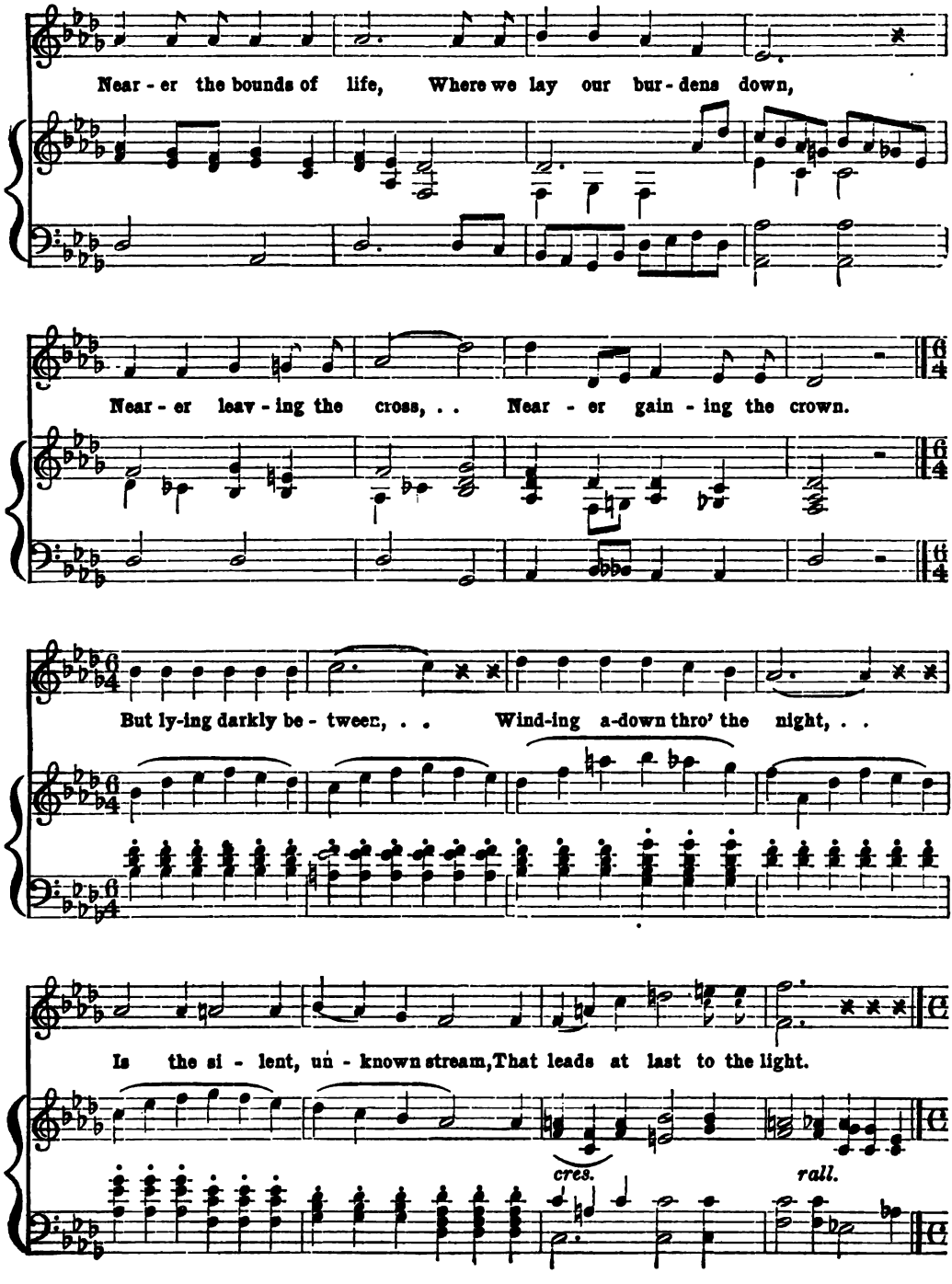
I am near-er home to-day Than I've ev-er been be-fore.

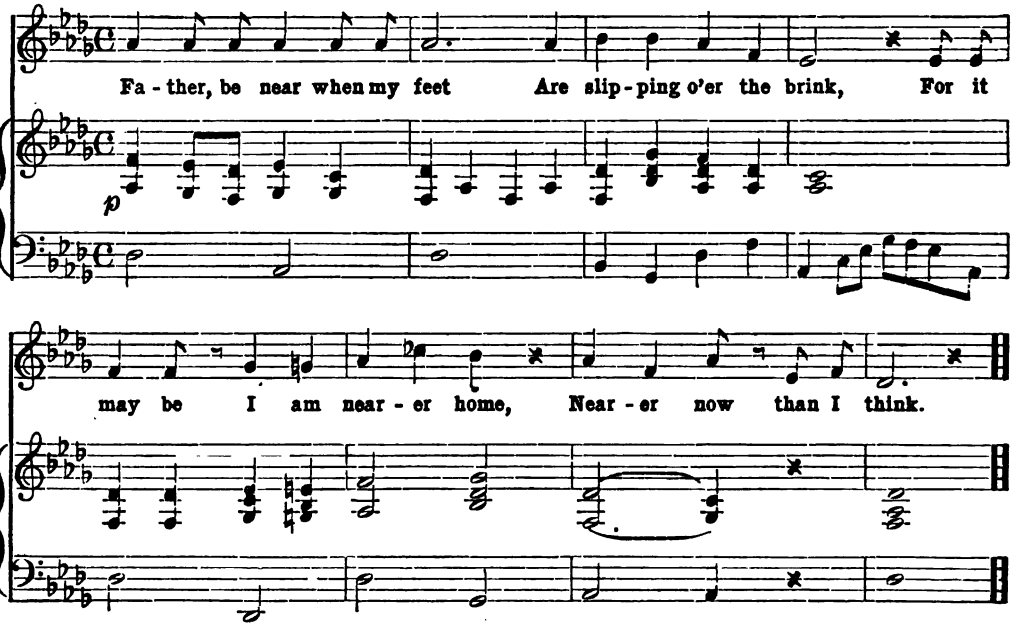
Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where the man-y man-sions be,

cres. *pp*

Near-er the great white throne, . . Near-er the crys-tal sea.

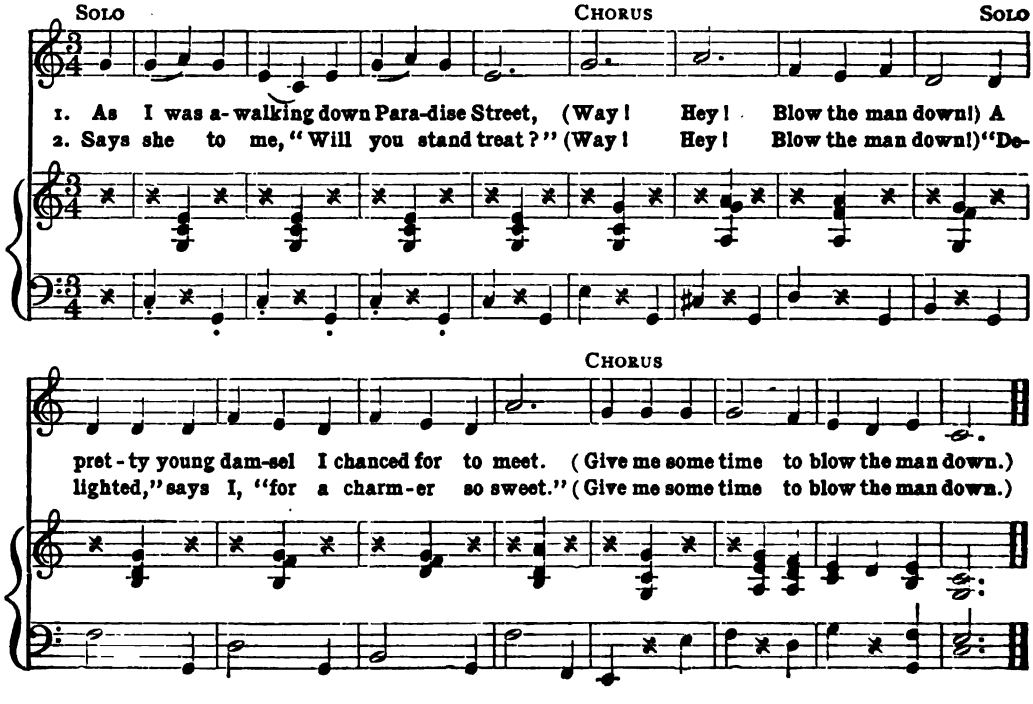
pp


Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down,
Near - er leav - ing the cross, . . Near - er gain - ing the crown.
But ly-ing darkly be - tween, . . Wind-ing a-down thro' the night, . .
Is the si - lent, un - known stream, That leads at last to the light.
cres.
rall.



Blow the Man Down

(A HOISTING CHANTEY-SONG)



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-roes 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

Fine

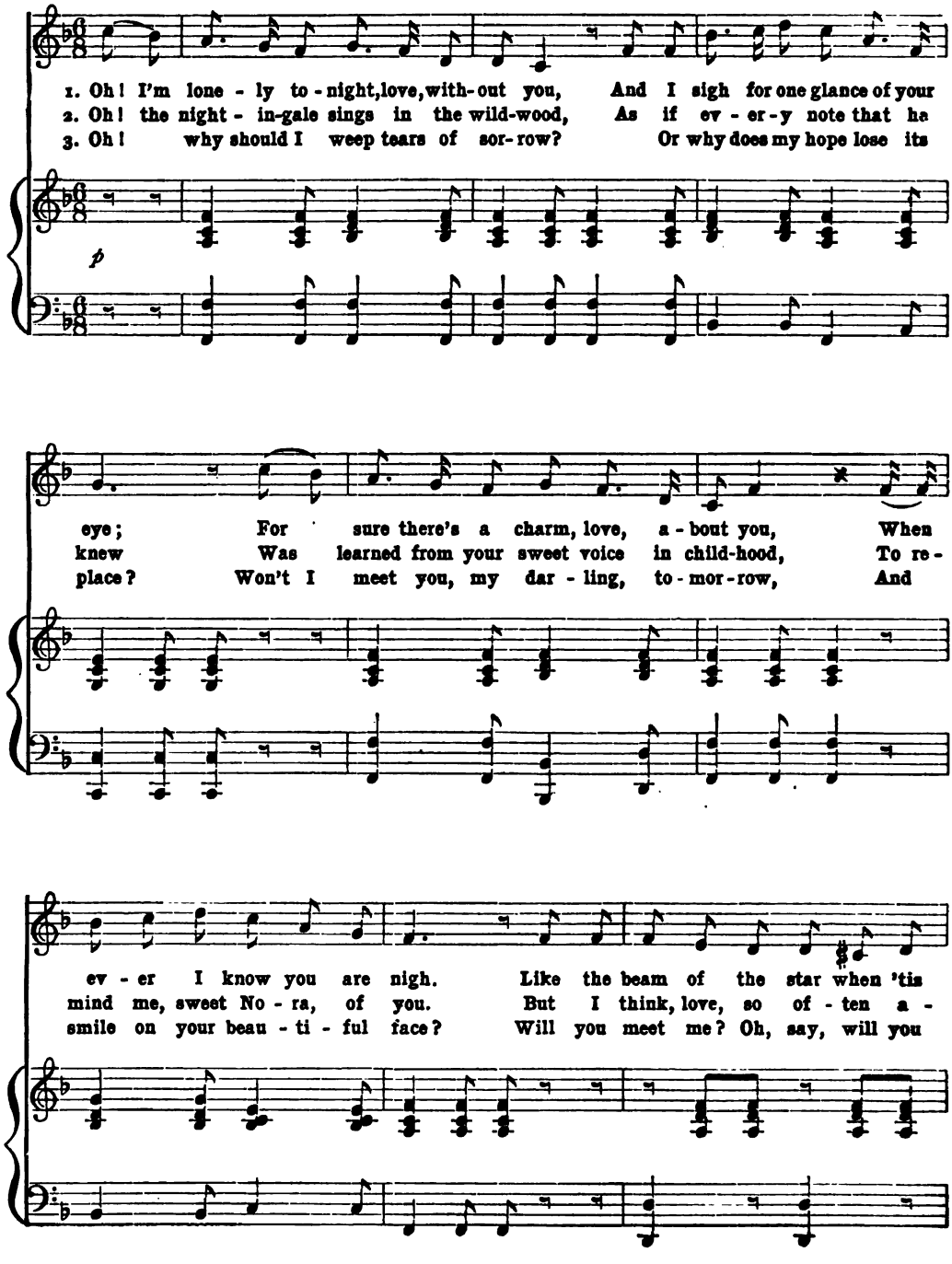
view; Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue,
crew, With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue,
true; The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue,

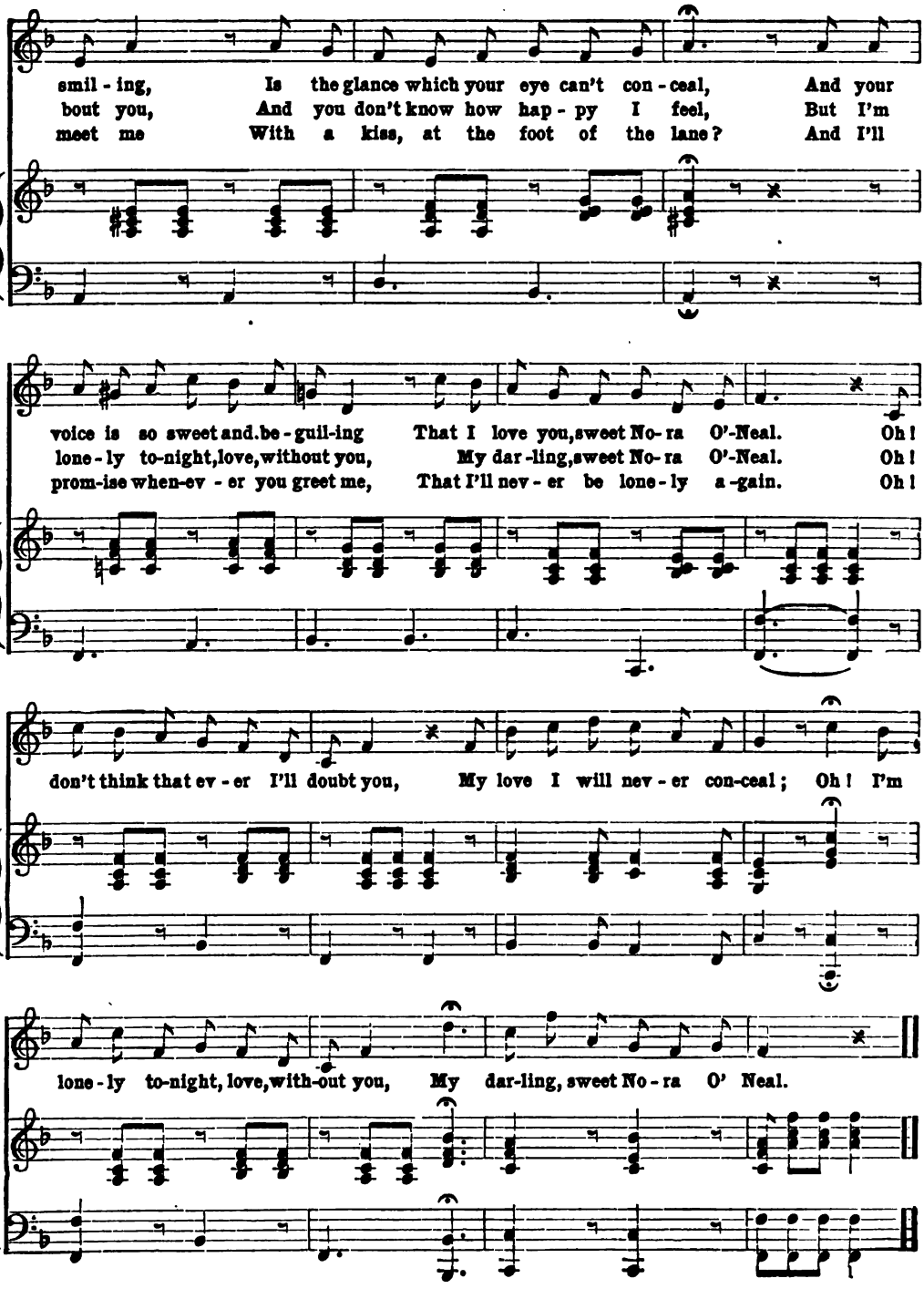
D.S.

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

Nora O'Neal

WILL S. HAYS




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 - guil-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

P. E. VAN NOORDEN

Andante con moto

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

p

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

p

colla voce.

f

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

pp

rall.

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.

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

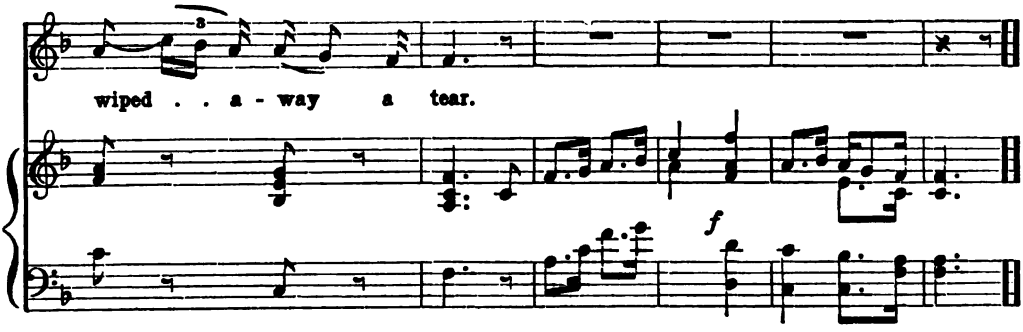
Larghetto

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

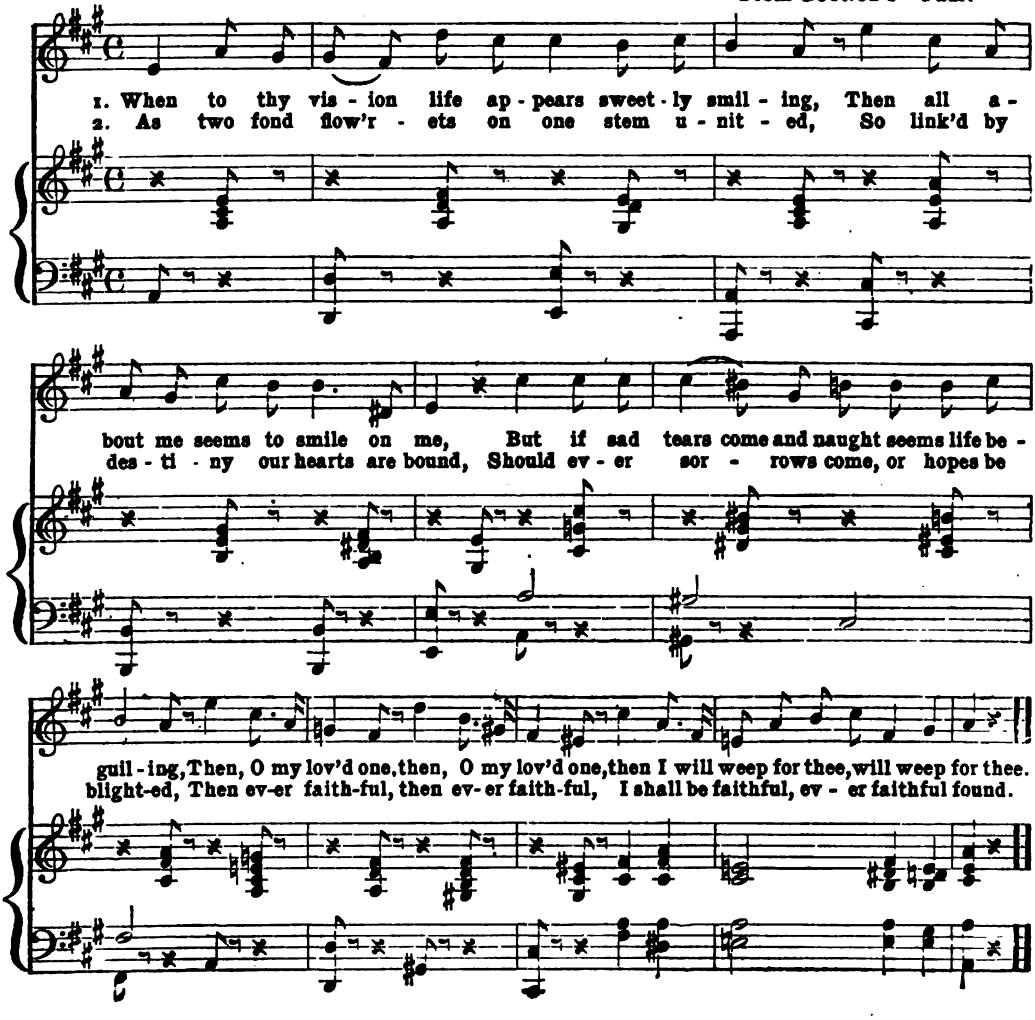
mil - iar to his ear, And the sol - dier leant up - on his sword, And
pray'r he could not hear, But he paused to bless her as she knelt, And
dan - ger's dark ca - reer, Be sure the hand most dar - ing there Has

mf



When to Thy Vision

From GOUNOD'S "Faust"



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 thot's are known, Calm, oh! calm these trembling fears; Ah!

pp

dolente

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!

dolcissimo

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

Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer

con espressione

Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Ah! make . . my life thy fu - ture care, Sweet

p

rall.

Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Hear, oh! hear my pray'r! Ah! hear . . my pray'r!

pp

Softly Now the Light of Day

G. W. Doane — C. M. von Weber

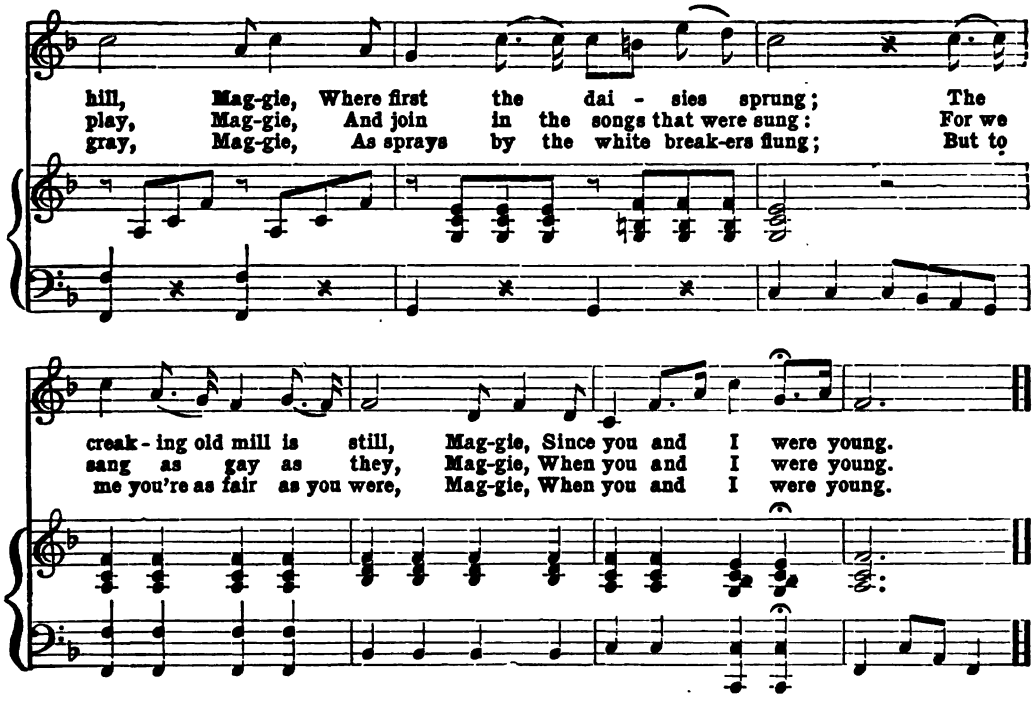
1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

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

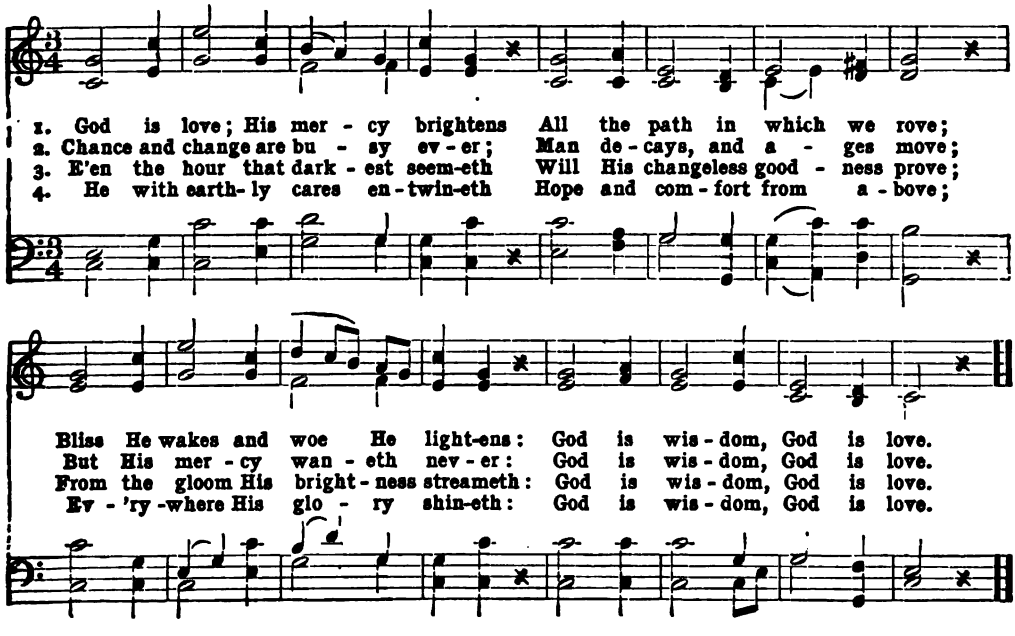
Geo. W. Johnson — J. A. Butterfield

1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be - low; The creek and the creak - ing old mill, Mag-gie, As we used to long a - go. The green grove is gone from the
2. A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the best, In pol - ished white man - sions of stone, Mag-gie, Have each found a place of rest, Is built where the birds used to
3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright-ly than then, My face is a well - writ- ten page, Mag-gie, But time a - lone was the pen. They say we are a - ged and



God is Love, His Mercy Brightens

JOHN BOWRING — ITHAMAR CONKEY



Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby

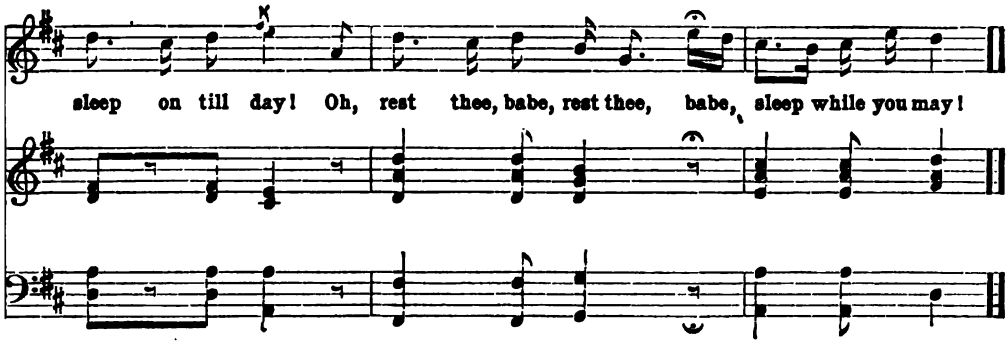
Andantino

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

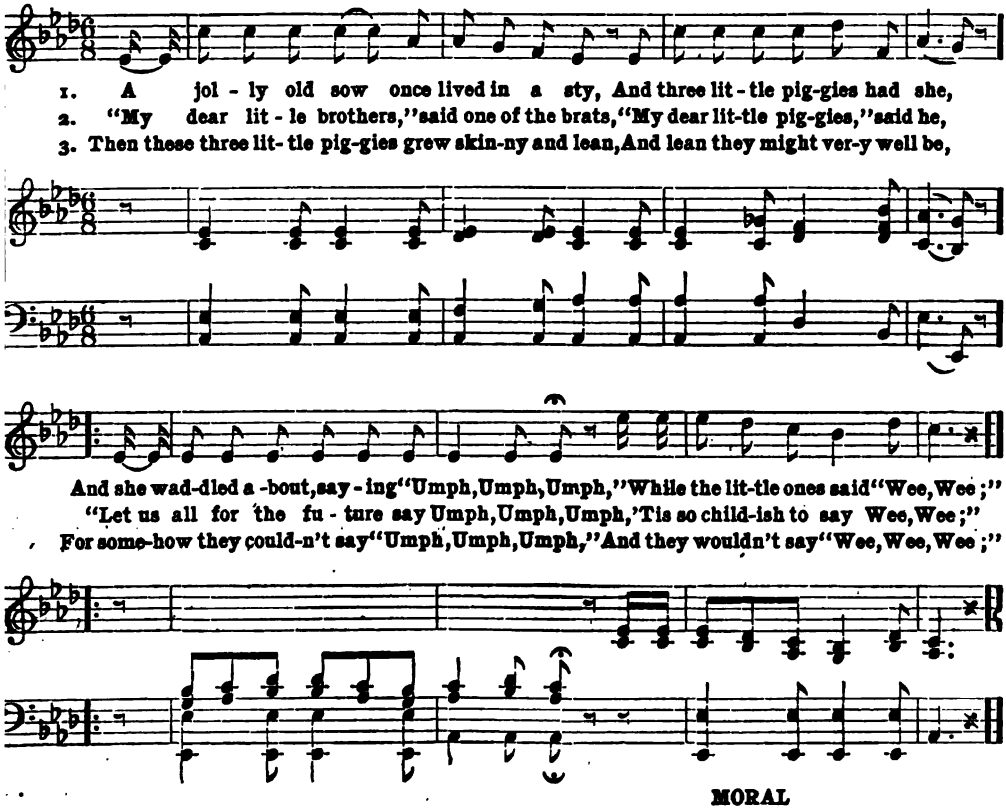
lento a tempo

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,



The Three Little Pigs

A. S. Gatty



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."

MORAL

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

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

ff *p*

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

ff *p*

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, And by faith we can see it a-far;
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me-lo-di-ous songs of the blest,
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our trib-ute of praise,

For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwell-ing-place there.
And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest.
For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love, 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,

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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 land, . . . And bear these lines to my la - dy love, That I've trac'd with a fee - ble hand. . . . She mar-vels much at my long de-lay, A
2. Oh! fly to her bower, and say, the chain Of the ty - rant is o'er me now, . . . That I nev - er shall mount my steed a - gain, With hel - met up - on my brow. . . . No friend to my lat - tice a sol - ace brings, Ex-
3. I shall miss thy vis - it at dawn, sweet dove, I shall miss thy vis - it at eve, . . . But bring me a line from my la - dy love, And then I shall cease to grieve! . . . I can bear in a dun-geon to waste away youth, I can

legato

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 - iour 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 - iour'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 B. WOODBURY

Andante espressivo

1. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for when thou wert young, Who lov'd thee so fond - ly as he? He caught the first ac-cents that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy in - no-cent glee. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for
2. Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow May tra - ces of sor - row be seen; Oh, well may'st thou cherish and com - fort her now, For lov - ing and kind hath she been. Re-mem - ber thy mother, for
3. Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth, If the smile of thy joy be with- drawn; The flow - ers of feel-ing will fade at their birth, If the dew of af - fec - tion be gone. Be kind to thy brother wher-
4. Be kind to thy sis-ter, not man - y may know The depth of true sis - ter -ly love; The wealth of the o - cean lies fa - thoms be - low The sur - face that spark - les a - bove. Be kind to thy fa-ther, once

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 kindness 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 - ny 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

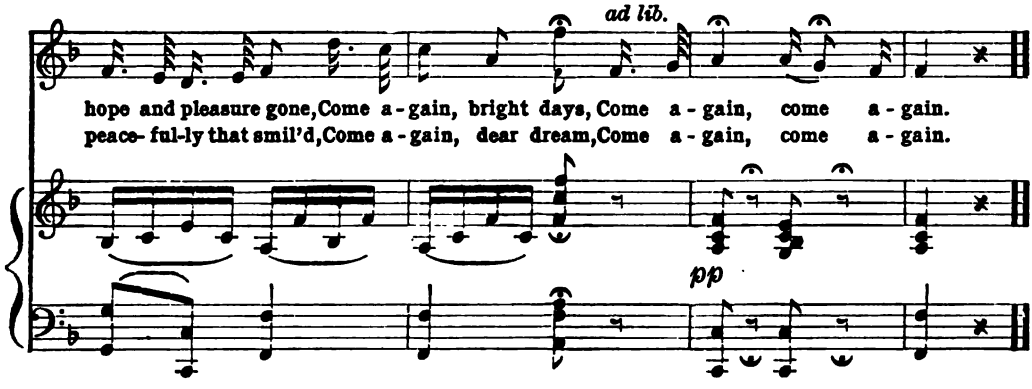
J. Bennett

Andante

1. By the sad sea waves I lis - ten while they moan A la-ment o'er graves of hope and pleas - ure gone; I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the ris - ing of the morn to the set - ting of the sun; Yet I pine like a slave, by the sad sea wave. Come a - gain, bright days of

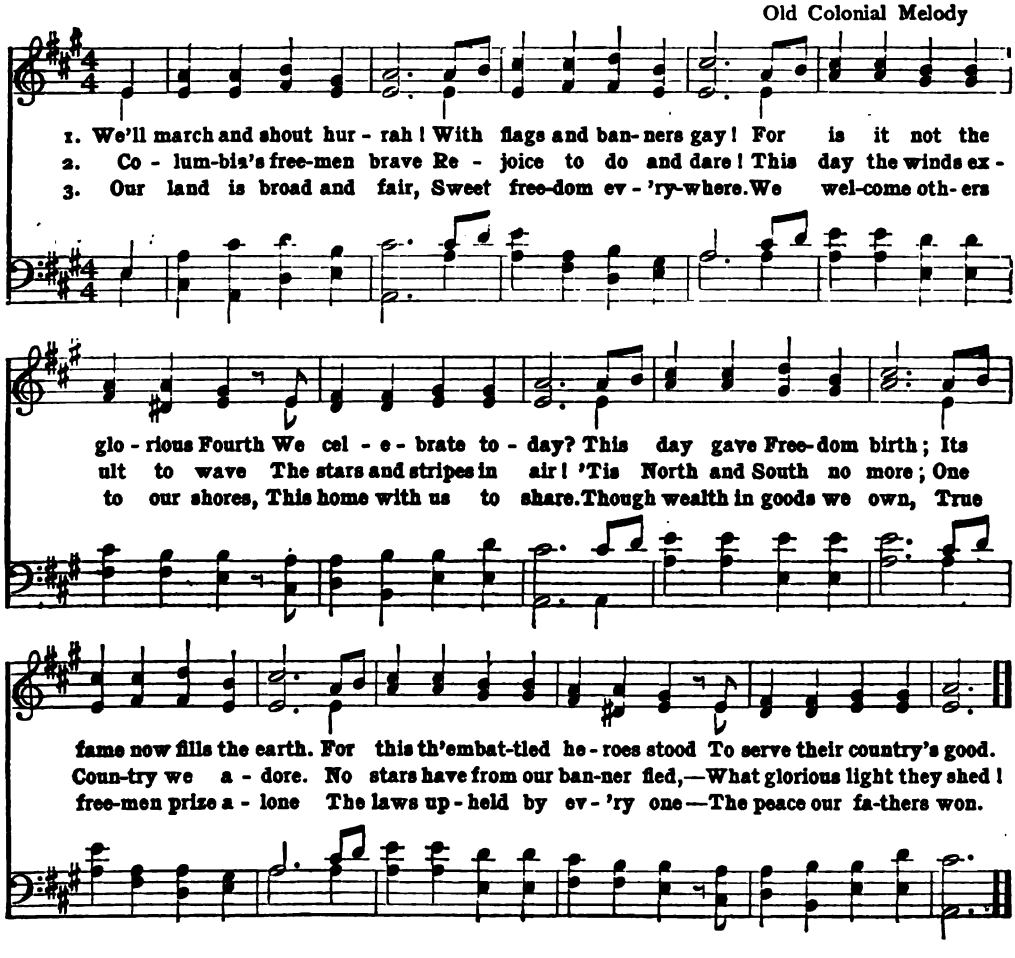
2. From my care last night, by ho - ly sleep be-guil'd, In the fair dream-light, my home up - on me smil'd. O how sweet 'mid the dew, Ev - 'ry flow'r that I knew Breath'd a gen-tle wel-come back to the worn and wea- ry child. I a - wake in my grave by the sad sea wave. Come a - gain, dear dream, so

cres. *f* *dim.* *f* *fz* *pp* *espress.*



The Glorious Fourth

Old Colonial Melody



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

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 whispor thro' the silence, "Hope on, dear heart, our

cres. *ff* *p*

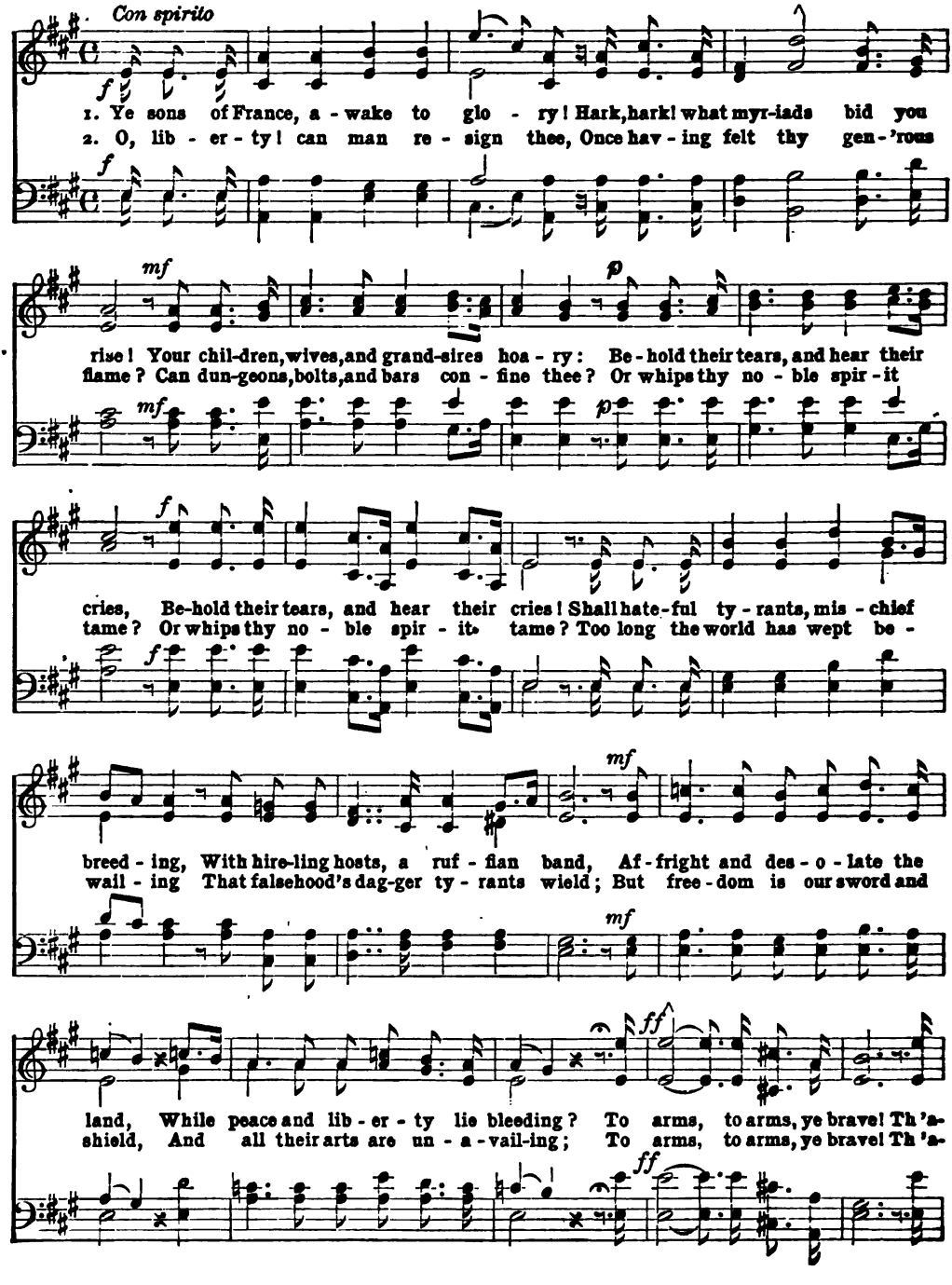
1 *rit.* 2 *rit.*

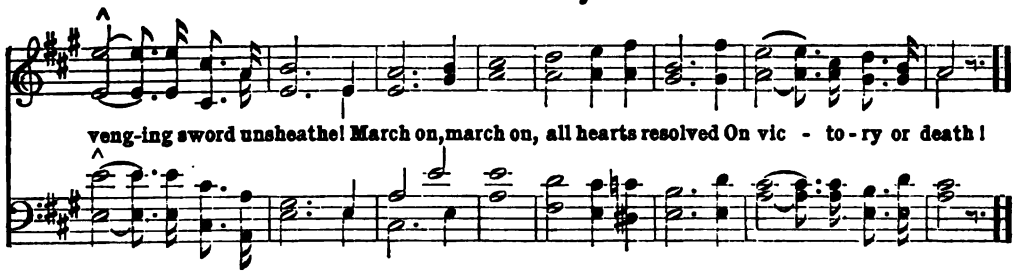
lives shall meet at last." lives shall meet at last. Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last!"

rit. *rit.*

Marseillaise Hymn

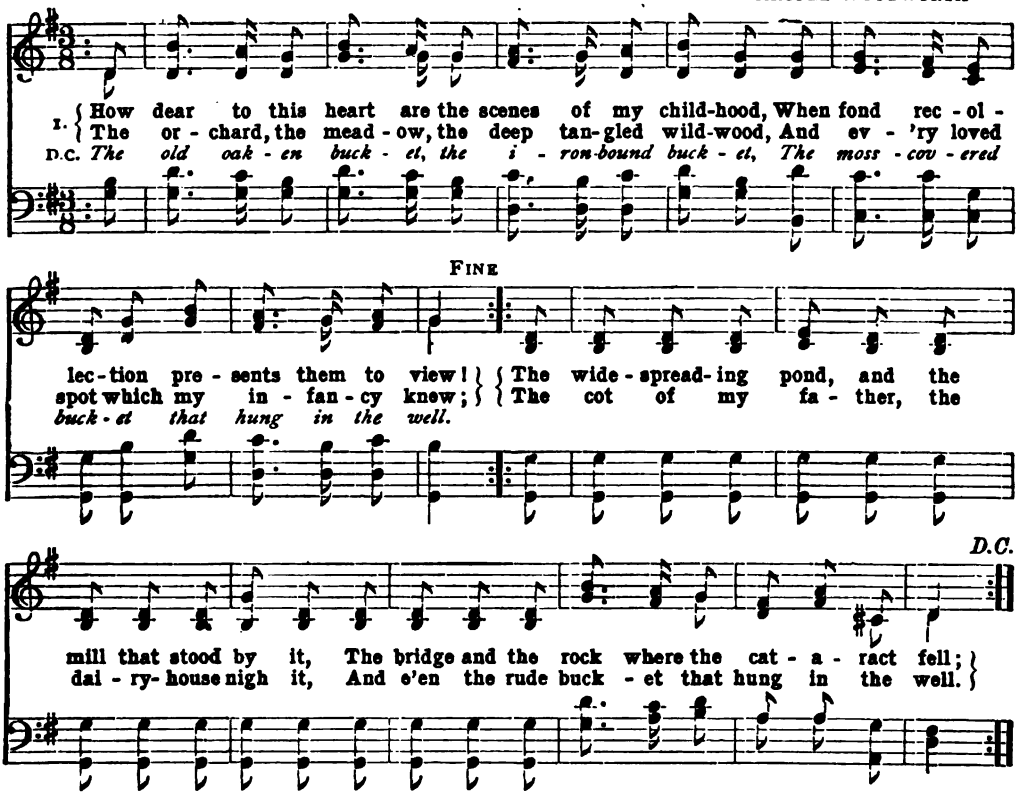
ROUGET DE LISLE





The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH



2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing, [well.
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

Toyland

GLEN MACDONOUGH — VICTOR 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

legato

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

poco animato

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

p animato e cres.

molto rit. *pp*

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. *mf*

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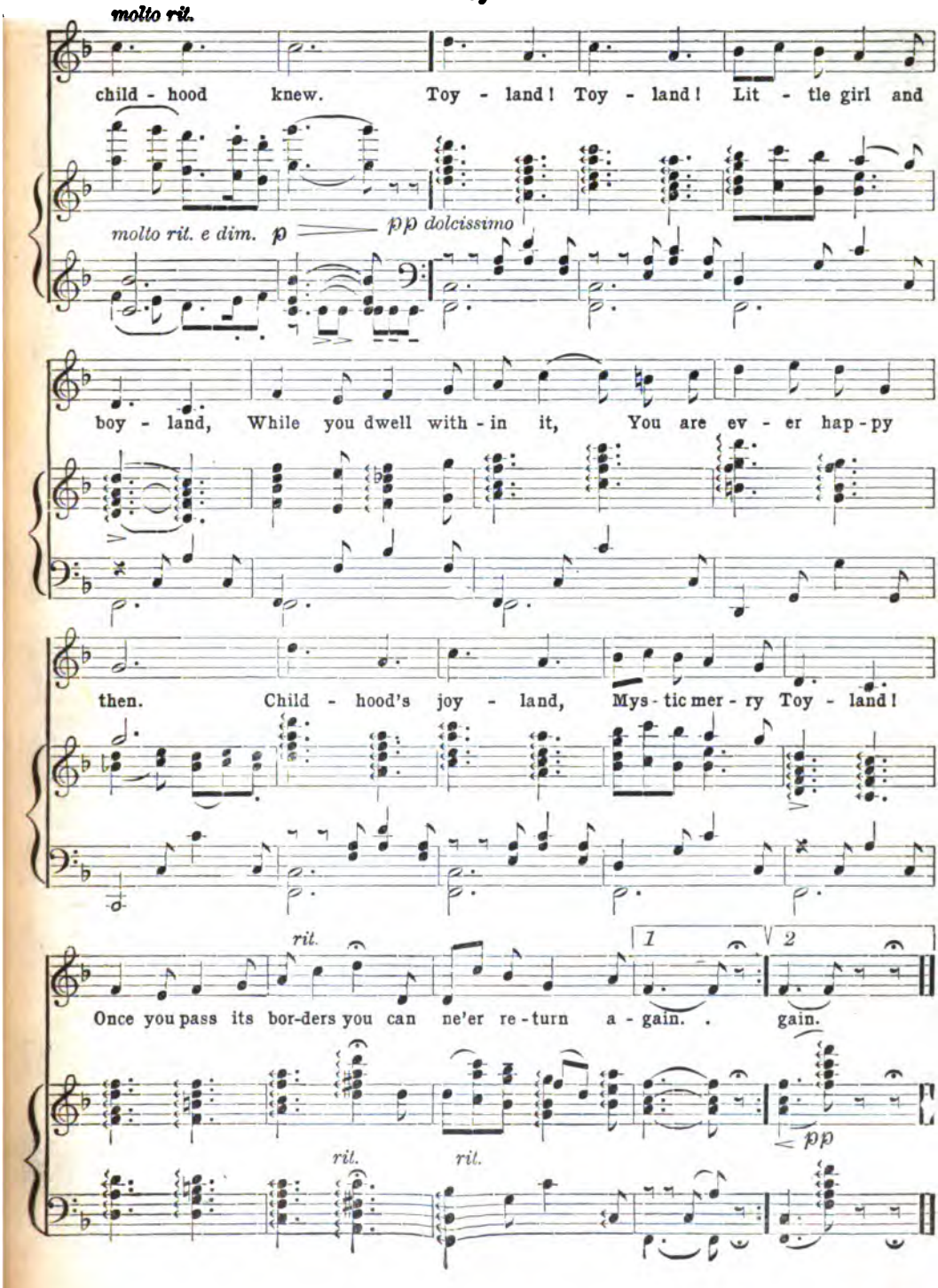
molto rit.
child - hood knew. Toy - land! Toy - land! Lit - tle girl and
molto rit. e dim. p
pp dolcissimo
boy - land, While you dwell with - in it, You are ev - er hap - py
then. Child - hood's joy - land, Mys - tic mer - ry Toy - land!
rit.
1
2
Once you pass its bor-ders you can ne'er re - turn a - gain. gain.
pp
rit.
rit.

Because You're You

HENRY BLOSSOM

VICTOR HERBERT

Molto moderato

BERTHA

GOVERNOR

Love is a queer lit-tle el-fin sprite, Blest with the dead-li-est aim!

p

BERTHA

Shooting his ar-rows to left and right, Bagging the rar-est game.

BERTHA

GOVERNOR

BERTHA

Fill-ing our hearts with a glad sur-prise, Al-most too good to be true! And

GOVERNOR

ril.

still can you tell me why do you love me? On-ly be-cause you are you, dear!

poco ril.

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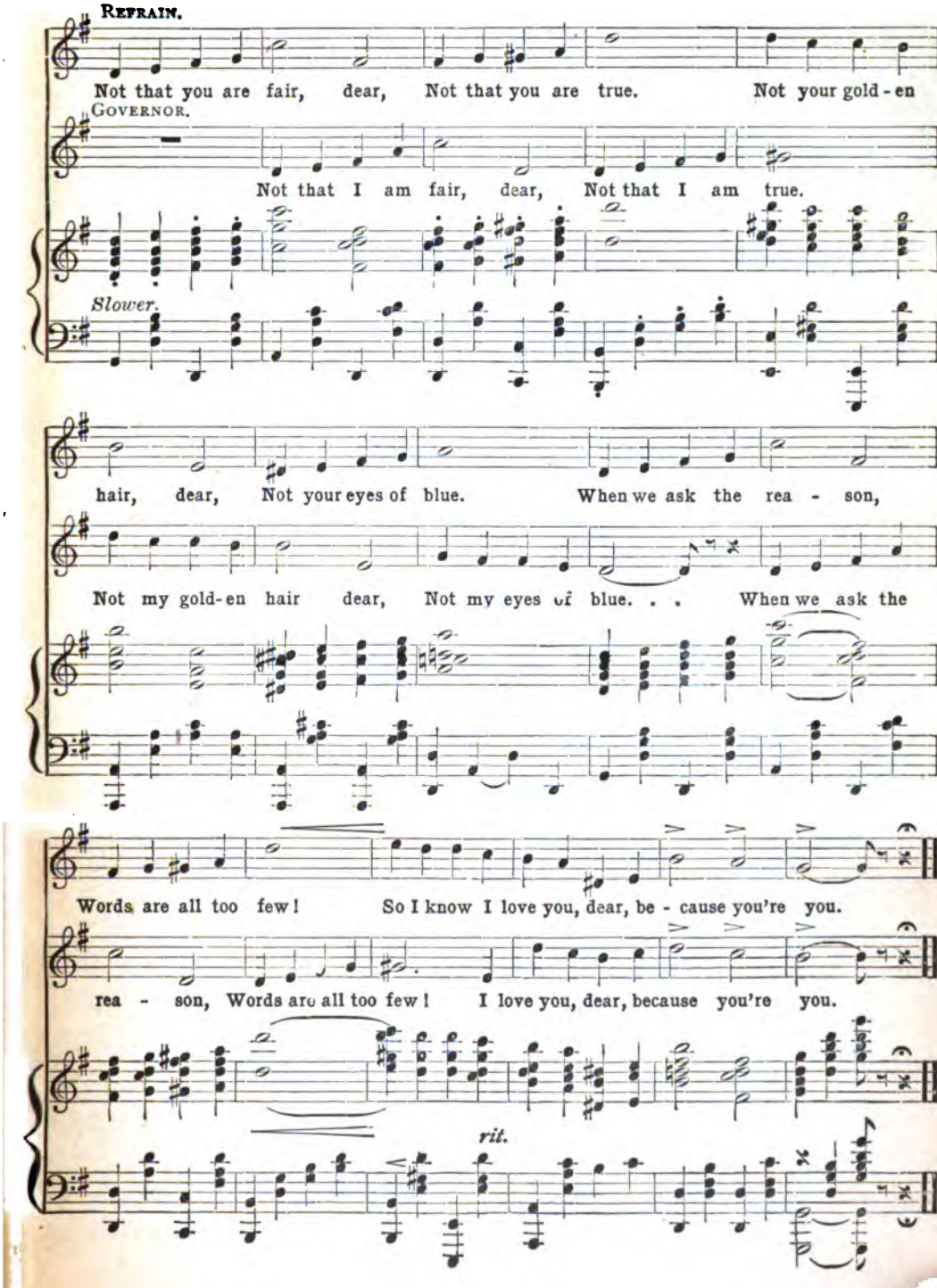

Refrain.
Not that you are fair, dear, Not that you are true. Not your gold-en
Governor.
Not that I am fair, dear, Not that I am true.
Slower.
hair, dear, Not your eyes of blue. When we ask the rea - son,
Not my gold-en hair dear, Not my eyes of blue. . . When we ask the
Words are all too few! So I know 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

Andante

VIOLIN

A. H. ROSEWIG

tr

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;

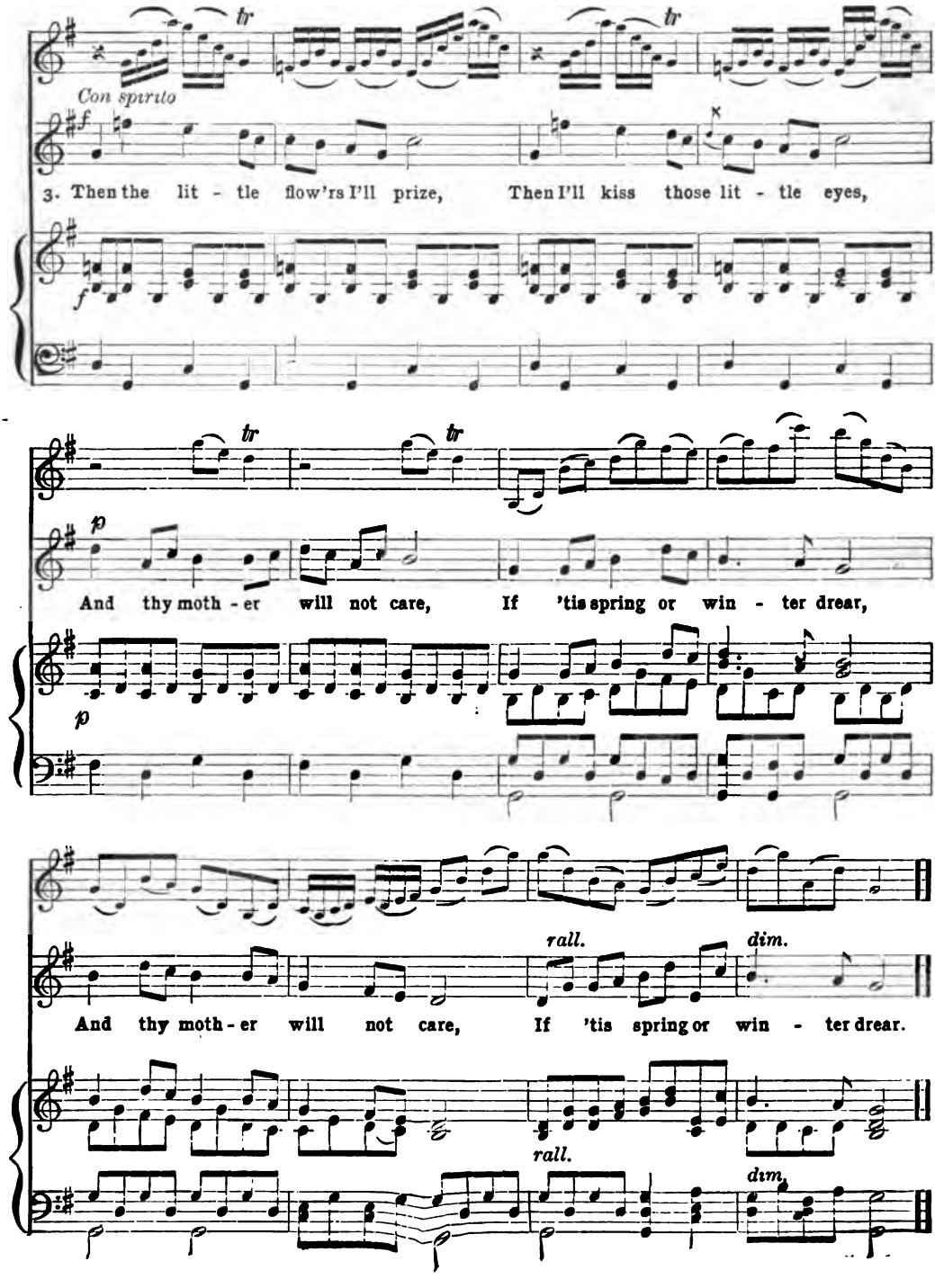
tr *tr*

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,

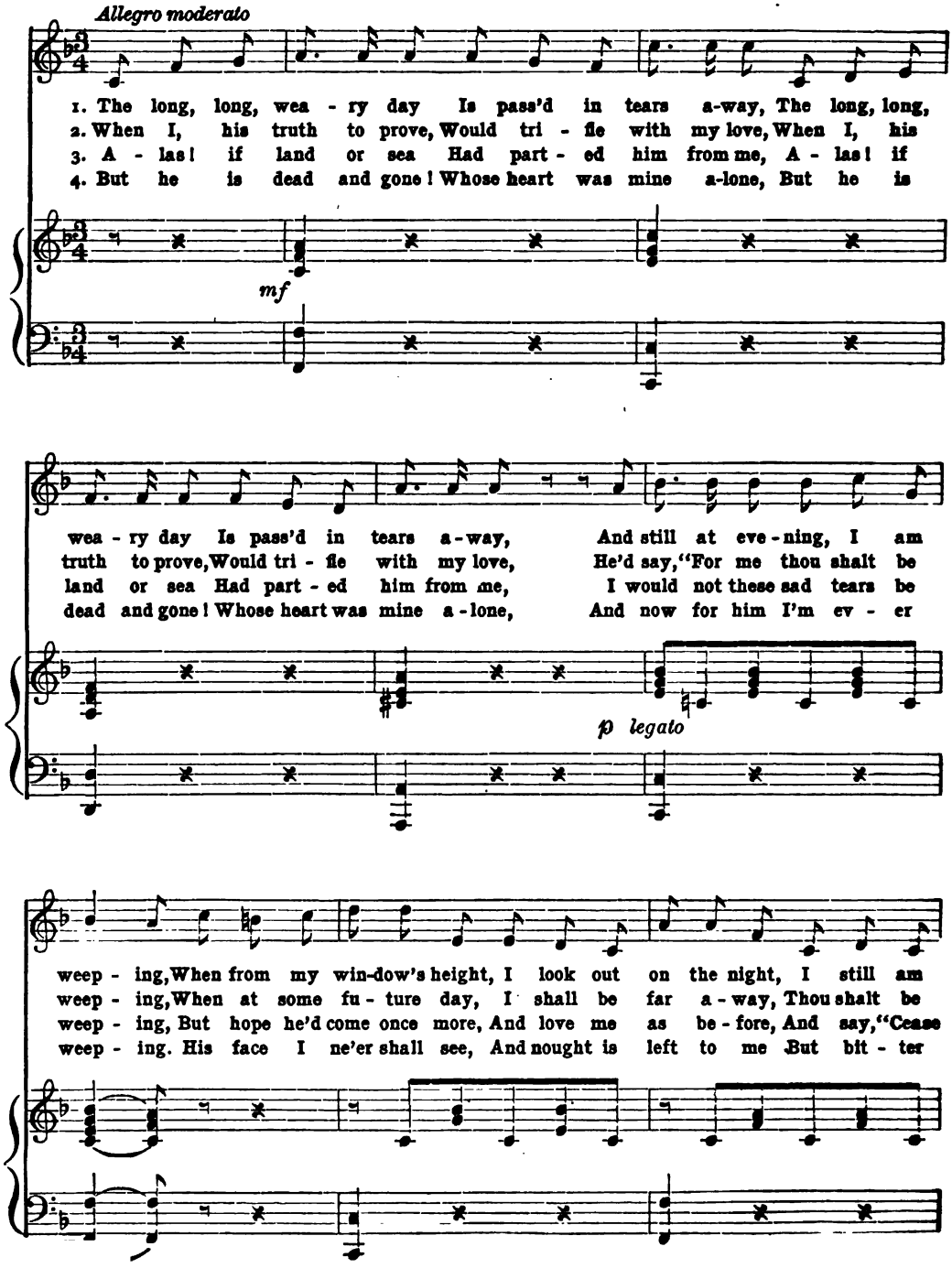
ril.

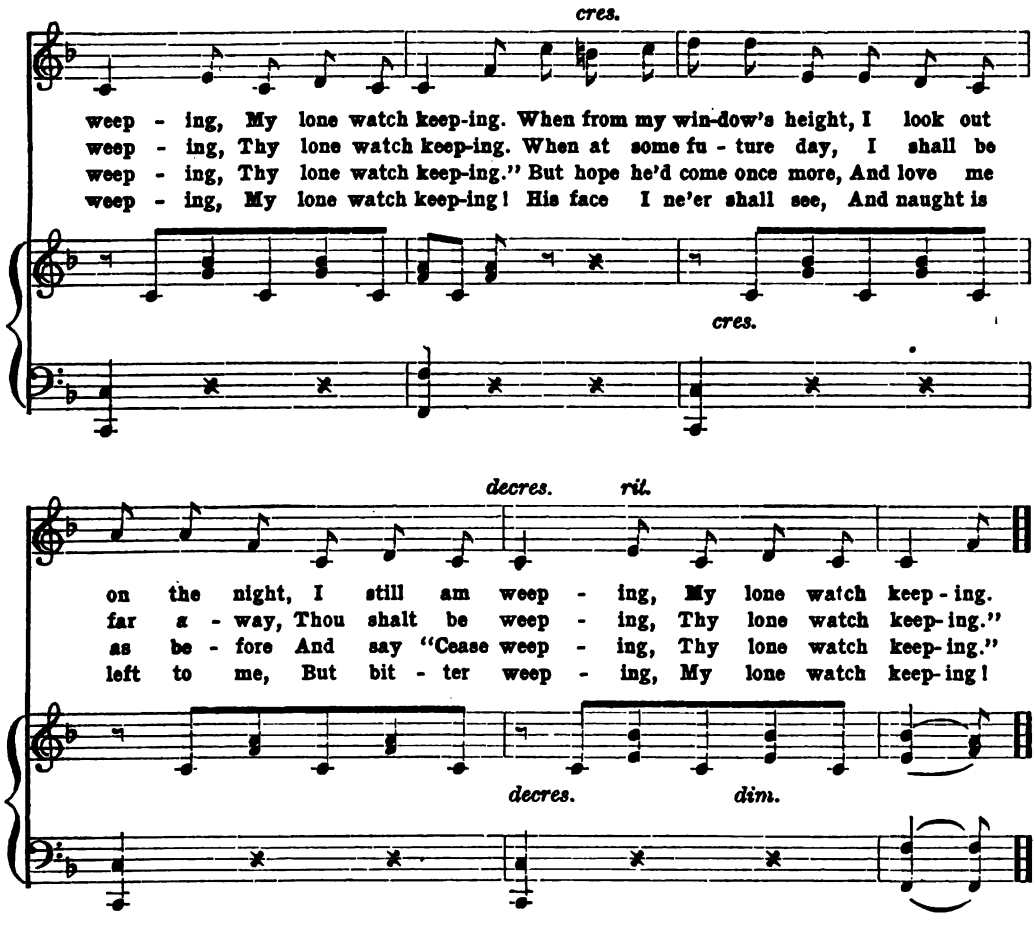
Win - try winds blow chill and drear, Lul - la - by, my ba - by dear.
They shall in - to blos - som blow, When the morn - ing sun shall glow.

colla voce.


Con spirito
3. Then the lit - tle flow'rs I'll prize, Then I'll kiss those lit - tle eyes,
And thy moth - er will not care, If 'tis spring or win - ter drear,
And thy moth - er will not care, If 'tis spring or win - ter drear.
rall.
dim.

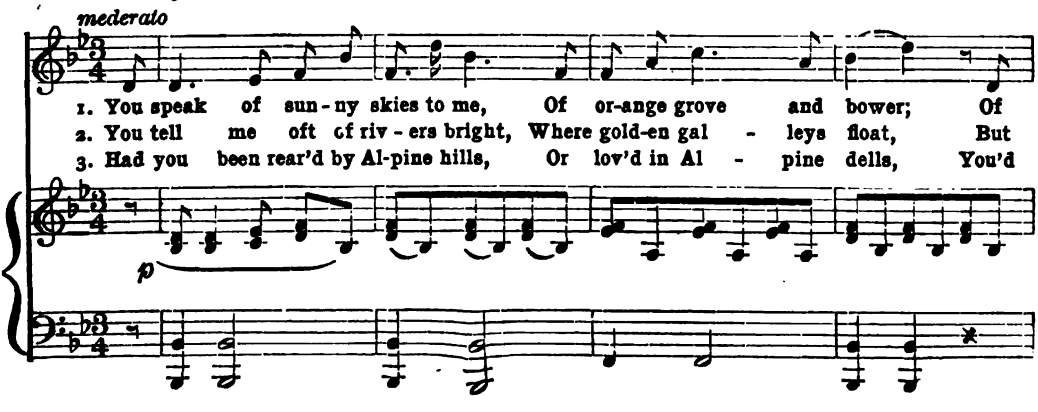
The Long, Long, Weary Day

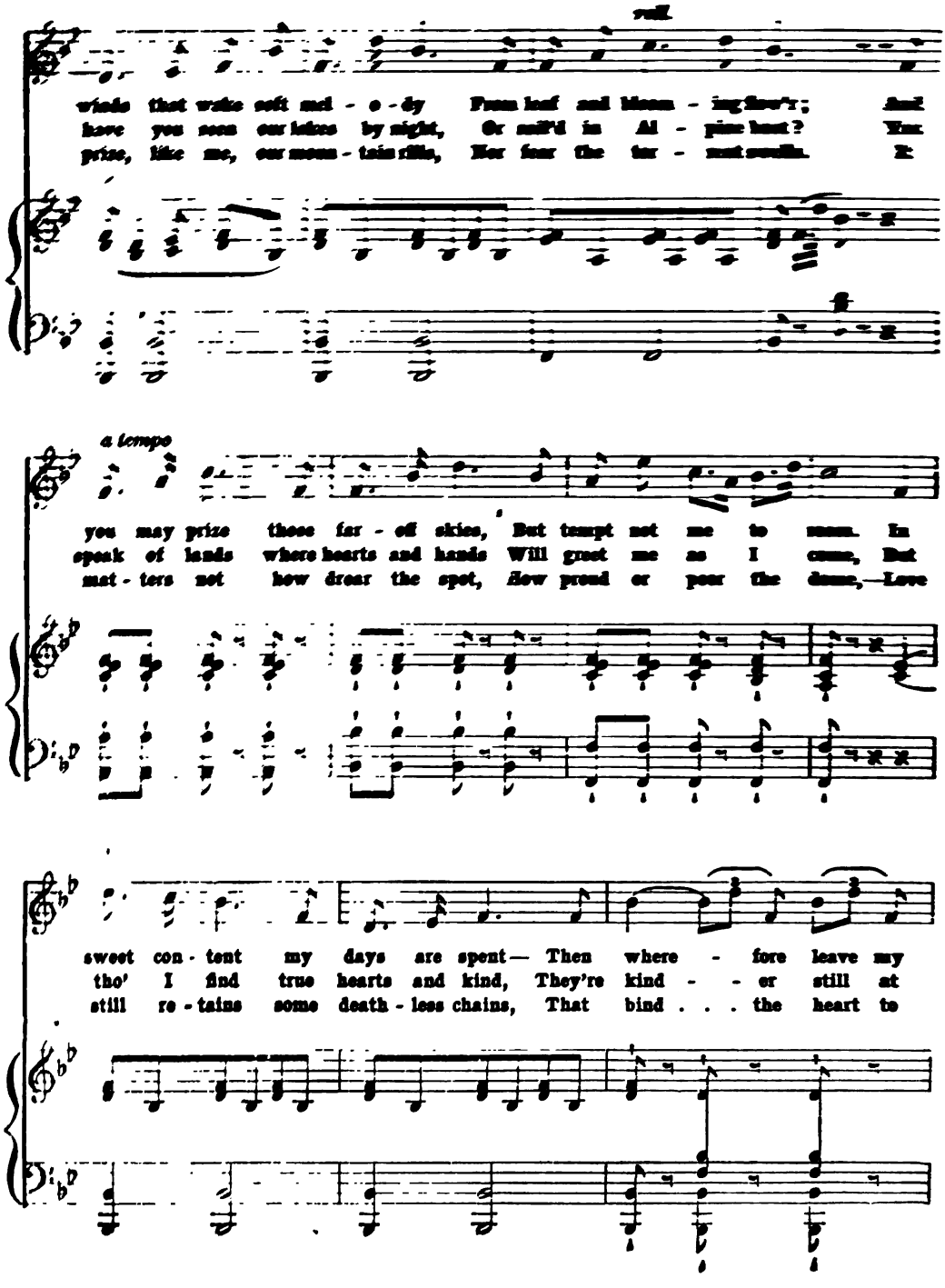


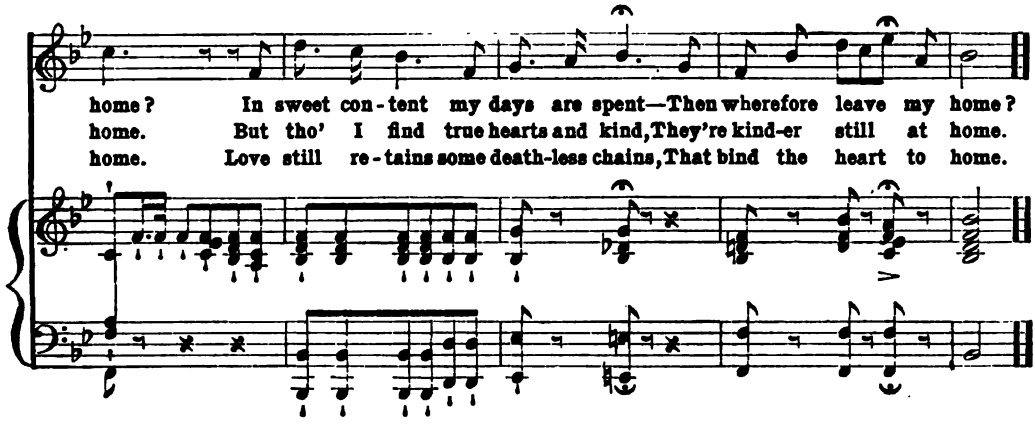


Blanche Alpen

CHARLES JEFFERYS STEPHEN GLOVER

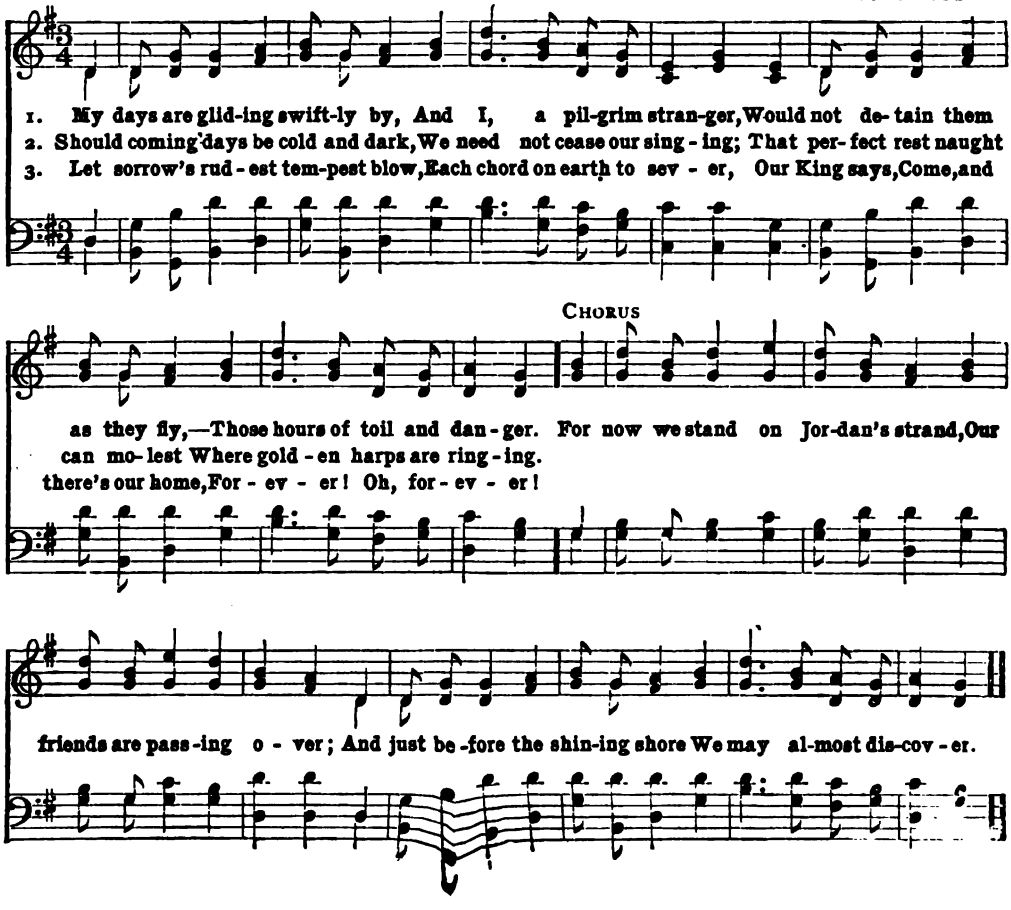



rall.
winds that wake soft mel - o - dy From leaf and blossom - ing flow'r;
have you seen our lakes by night, Or mist'd in Al - pine haunt?
prize, like me, our moun - tain rills, Her fear the tor - rent swells.
a tempo
you may prize those far - off skies, But tempt not me to roam. In
speak of lands where hearts and hands Will greet me as I come, But
mat - ters not how drear the spot, How proud or poor the dome,—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



Shining Shore

G. F. Root



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 res-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.

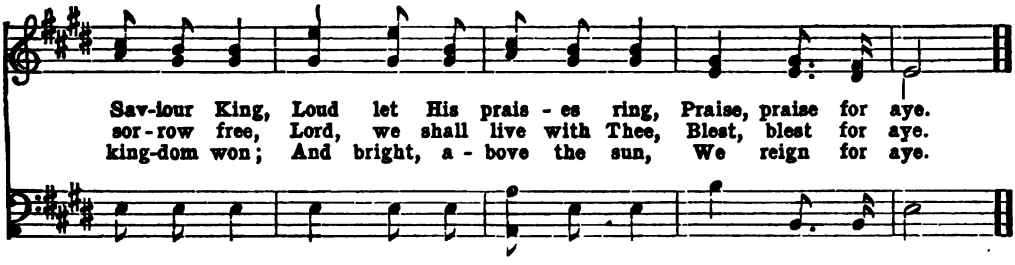
Happy Land

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,

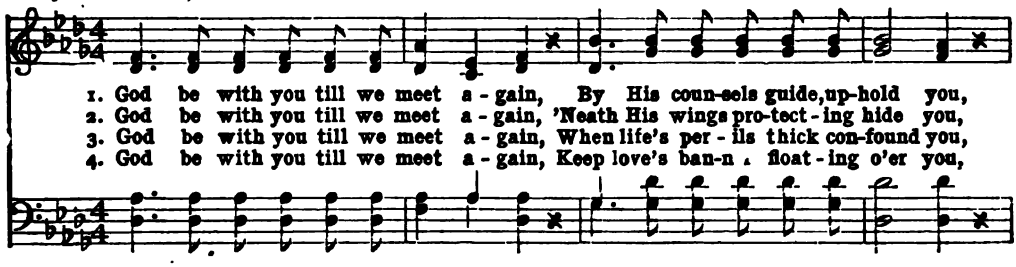
Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and
Love can - not die. Oh, then, to glo - ry run; Be a crown and

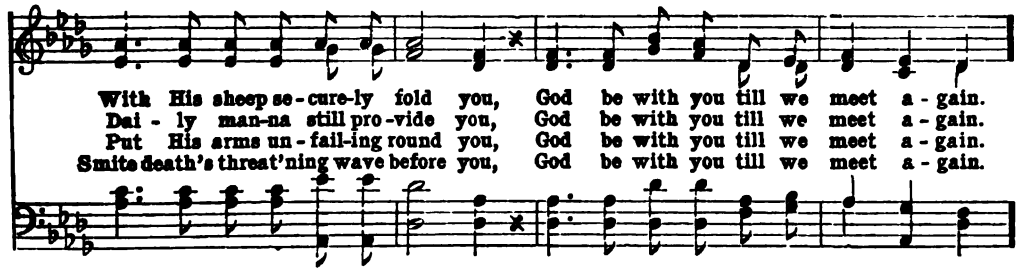
Happy Land



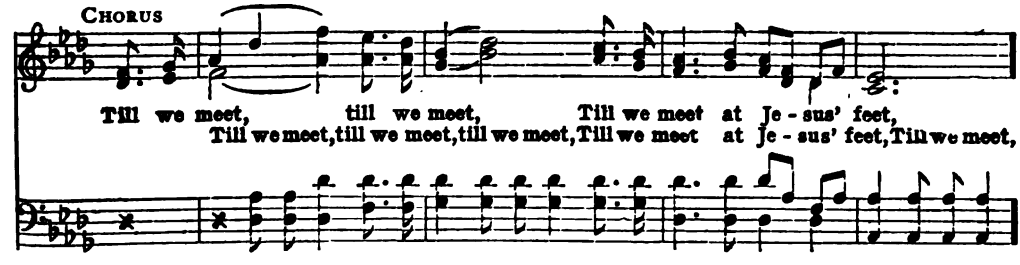
God Be with You

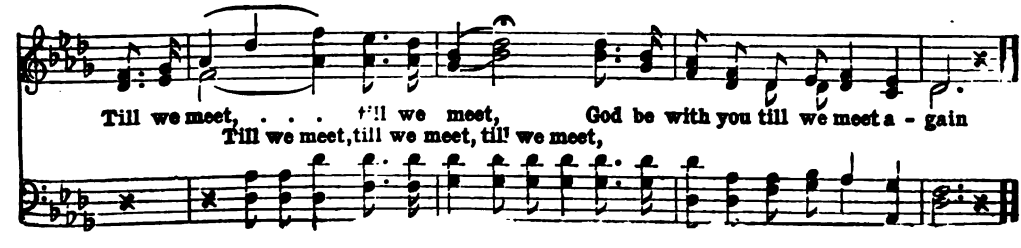
J. E. Rankin, D.D. W. G. Tomer





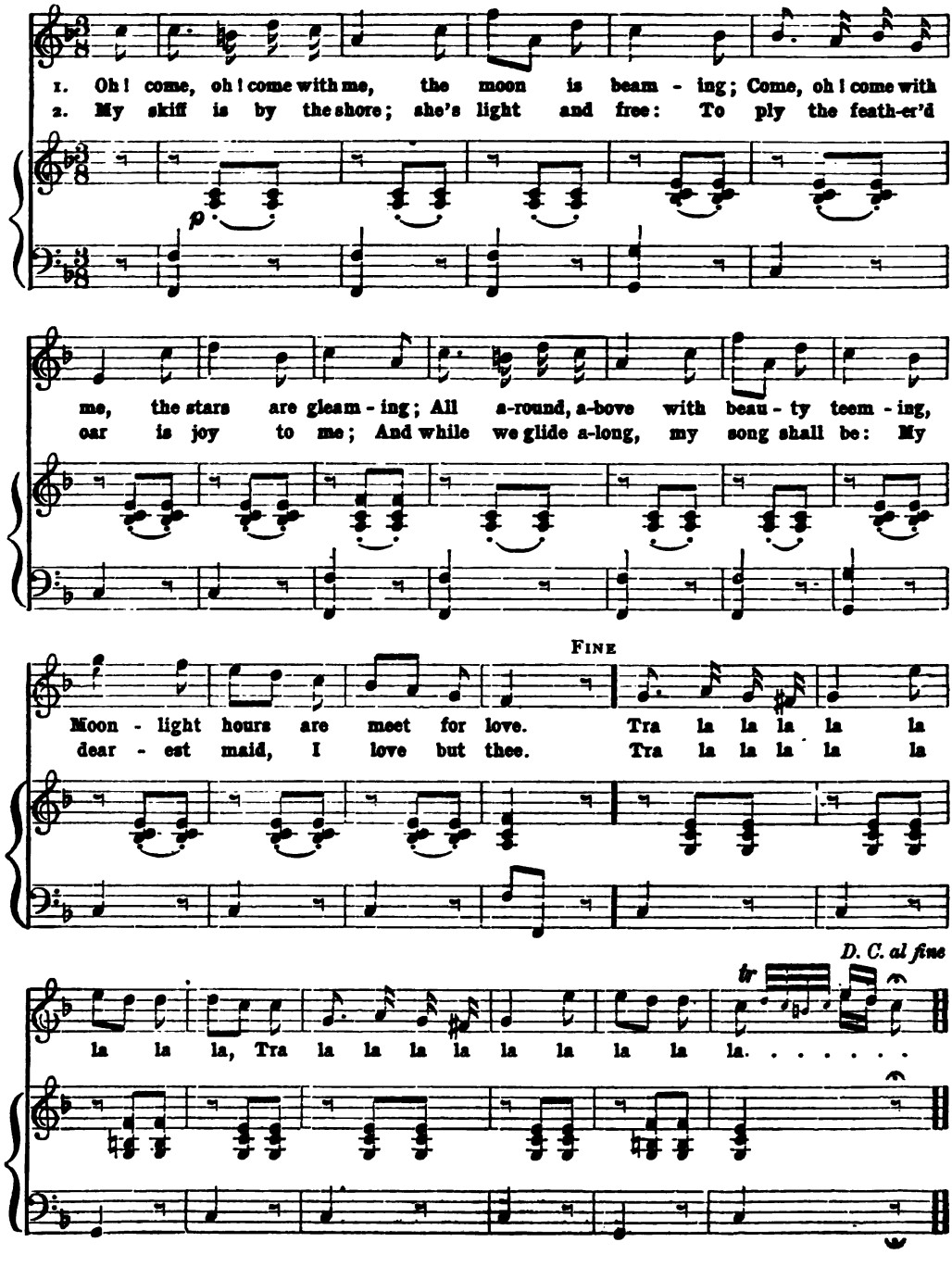
Chorus





Come, Oh! Come with Me, the Moon is Beaming

B. S. Barclay — Italian Melody



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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 Ecossais. 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*.
Alternativo. 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.
Brise. 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 Impetuosita. 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, Delicatamente. 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.
Forte. 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.
Grazioso. 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.
Hinstrich. 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.
Innocente. 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.
Mormorando. With a gentle, murmuring sound.
Motet. 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

Obbligato. 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 Replica. 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.
Syncopation. 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; *una 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.

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