

Nat'l music course for public
Second and Third National Music Readers.

INTERMEDIATE
MUSIC READER:

A COURSE OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION IN

Vocal Music and Sight-Singing,

WITH SONGS IN TWO AND THREE PARTS,

BASED ON THE ELEMENTS OF HARMONY.

FOR THE USE OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

UC-NRLF



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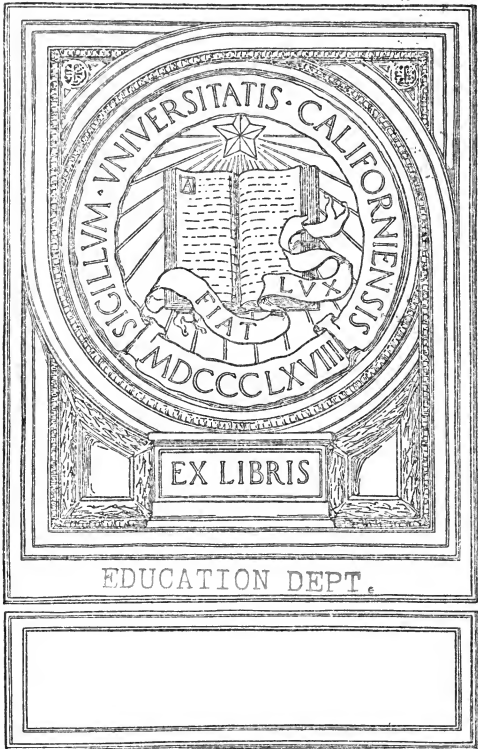


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J. B. SHARLAND,

BY
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SECOND MUSIC READER;

A COURSE OF EXERCISES IN THE ELEMENTS OF

Vocal Music and Sight-Singing.

WITH CHOICE ROTE SONGS

FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.



BY

LUTHER WHITING MASON,

SUPERINTENDENT OF MUSIC IN THE PRIMARY SCHOOLS
OF BOSTON.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY GINN BROTHERS.

1873.

MT 935
M29
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EDUCATION DEPT.

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TO TEACHERS.

"SINGING as it happens," as the celebrated Dr. A. B. MARX terms it, is that which is most common among the people. It is fostered and vigorously perpetuated in our Sunday Schools, and in common schools where no regular instruction in music is given, and where the object is to have the children sing a few simple melodies, without reference to musical culture as such. The songs, never above a certain degree of difficulty, are learned by hearing them repeatedly sung or played, or by singing them many times in company with those who already know them.

This kind of singing is not altogether useless, as in many cases there is a freshness and energy about it which serves to awaken a love for singing, and to furnish a basis on which to build a subsequent course of musical instruction.

But there is a wide distinction between this hap-hazard singing and genuine "Rote-Singing." The latter is the *most important* part of instruction, without which in fact there can be no real tuition in vocal music. Genuine rote-singing implants at the beginning true musical impressions. It leads to a discrimination between a musical and unmusical style. A child will learn more easily, and enjoy better, singing in a good than in a bad style, if he has right examples at the start. And it is obvious that where he receives the true idea at the very beginning he is more likely to persevere from the love of it.

In this point of view every vocal artist is a teacher in the best sense of the term. When such singers as Jenny Lind, Sontag, Parepa-Rosa, and Nilsson come among us, the public authorities should secure their services to sing *appropriate* music before the common people, and especially the children. By this means the people would get a true idea of singing.

We propose in the course of instruction indicated in the series of NATIONAL MUSIC READERS and CHARTS to do away with all hap-hazard singing. We therefore, start with a regular course of instruction in rote singing, as indicated in the NATIONAL MUSIC TEACHER* ; and we endeavor to preserve all

* THE NATIONAL MUSIC TEACHER: A Practical Guide in teaching Vocal Music and Sight-Singing to the youngest Pupils in Schools and Families. Designed to accompany the *National Music Charts* and *Music Readers*. By LUTHER WHITING MASON, Superintendent of Music in the Primary Schools of Boston, Mass.

the freshness and energy of the "singing as it happens" without any of its vicious qualities.

In the first course, in connection with rote singing, the pupils have learned all the alphabet of music in a practical way. In this second book we keep up the practice of rote-singing so far as learning the songs; but the pupils are expected to be greatly aided by their knowledge of the notes, so as to learn the two-part songs by note after having heard them sung or played correctly once or twice. A plain choral in two voices they are expected to sing at sight, so that the third time they will be able to apply the words.

In carrying on this work, as remarked by James Currie in his excellent work on Common School Education, "the means of instruction are three-fold: instruction, example, and practice. Without instruction there cannot be intelligence; without example, which shall hold up models for imitation, there cannot be expression or tasteful singing; and without sufficient practice there cannot be correctness or fluency." Perhaps the second of these means is the one most neglected. Much bad singing arises from the absence of example to show how it is to be done; without which instruction cannot be fully understood, and practice may only be the practice of a bad style. The teacher must sing to the school, to show them how to sing.

Many teachers may not feel confidence in their own musical powers sufficient to enable them to carry out the work as they feel that it ought to be done. But if we wait till all are competent to give the best instruction, it will be a long day before good music will become as common as all desire it to be. *Every teacher can* do some of the most essential things toward her pupils' improvement in singing. Among the points that may be observed by all teachers, whether gifted as singers or not, are the following—mostly recommended by the author last quoted:—

1. Require a good position of the pupils while singing.
2. Do not allow them to sing too *loud* or shout instead of singing.
3. Do not let them heavily *drag* the rhythm.
4. Do not permit coarseness of utterance or indistinct articulation.
5. From the very first, aim at imparting a generally soft style of singing as the basis of all expression.
6. Encourage liveliness and cordiality of manner, to preserve the buoyancy of the music.

L. W. M.

BOSTON, September 20th, 1870.

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THE SECOND

NATIONAL MUSIC READER.

1. 2. 3.

1. 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1
c d c c d d d c c c d d c d c

4.

Love-ly May, love-ly May, drives the chilling winds a - way.

5. 6. 7.

1 2 3 1 2 3 3 2 1 1 2 3 2 3 2 1
c d e c d e e d c c d e d e d c

8.

Na - ture's fair and bright, Love - ly to the sight.

9.

10.

1 2 3 1 3 1 1 3 2 2 1 3 1
c d e c e c c e d d c e c

11.

Bells do ring, bells do ring, in the for-est birds do sing.

12.

13.

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 3 4 3 3 4 3 2 1 2 1
c d e f c d e e f e e f e d c d c

14.

Sun-shine bright, sun-shine bright, comes to fill us with de-light.

15.


La la la la la la.

16.

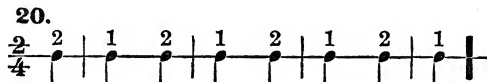
Hark to the bu-gle call; Hark! how it summons all.


17.  17. 

1 3 2 4 3 2 1 3 1 4 3 2 2 1
c e d f e d c e c f e d d e

19. 

Fair Spring days, joy-ous days! Give for them to God all praise.


20. 

21. 

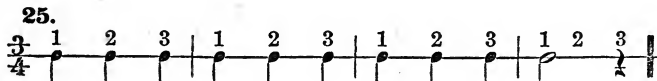
The sun to cheer us brings the day, And blesses with his set-ting ray.

22.  22. 

1 2 3 4 5 1 2 3 2 3 4 5 5 4 3 4 3 2 1
c d e f g c d e d e f g g f e f e d c

24. 

Trust in God, trust in God, Who all blessings pours a - broad.

25. 

26.

See how the set - ting sun fades in the west.

See how the set - ting sun fades in the west.

27.

Let us sing a mer - ry lay, Sing we ev - er, while we may.

28.

29.

Thou star of the night, so high and so bright,

I gaze on thy beau - ty with heart - felt de - light.

30.

1 3 5 5 3 1
c e g g e c

31.

1 3 5 3, 4 2 1
c e g e f d c

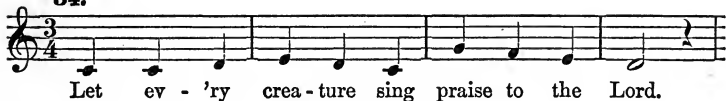
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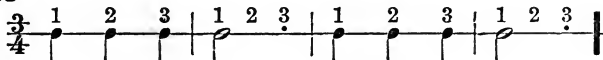
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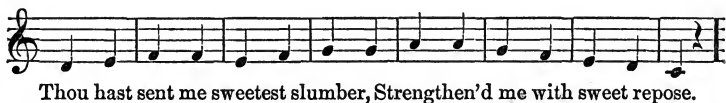
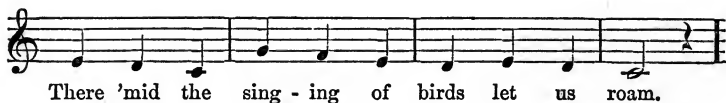
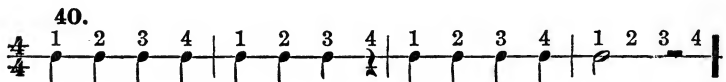
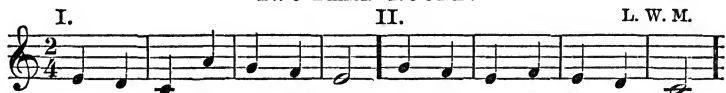


35



36.



**TWO-PART ROUND.**

41.



Though my cot be poor and scant-y, 'Tis a hap - py home for me;



I shall dwell in peace and plen-ty, If my soul con-tent-ed be.

42.

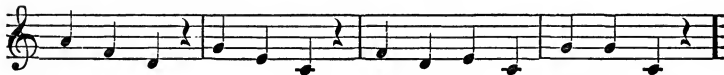


1 3 5 1 4 6 1 5 6 4 2 5 1
c e g c f a c g a f d g c

43.

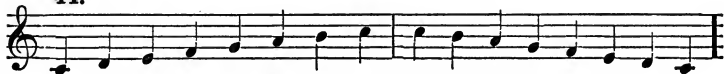


Birds that in the for - est throng, Sing a joy - ful, hap - py song.



Sing with glee, all the day, In the love - ly month of May.

44.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
c d e f g a b c c b a g f e d c

45.



1 2 3 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 7 8
c d e d e f g a b c b a b c

EXERCISES IN FIGURES, TO BE WRITTEN IN NOTES.

EXPLANATION.—A comma after a figure, signifies a quarter-note, thus: 1, = ♩ .

A dash after a figure, signifies a half-note, thus: 1— = ♮ .

A comma after a cipher, stands for a quarter-rest, thus: 0, = ♩ .

A dash after a cipher, stands for a half-rest, thus: 0— = ♮ .

The key in which the exercise is to be written, is denoted by a capital letter; and the time by the usual signature.

EXAMPLES.

I.
C. $\frac{2}{4}$ 1, 2, 3— 3, 4, 5— 5, 4, 3— 3, 2, 1—

Written in notes upon the staff, appears thus:



II.
C. $\frac{2}{4}$ 1, 2, 3, 0, 3, 4, 5, 0, 5, 1, 5, 1, 5, 5, 1, 0,

In notes, thus:



III.
C. $\frac{2}{4}$ 1, 3, 1, 3, 2, 5, 5, 0, 5, 3, 5, 3, 2, 3, 1, 0,

IV.
C. $\frac{2}{4}$ 1, 2, 3, 4, 5— 6— 5, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1—

V.
C. $\frac{2}{4}$ 1, 3, 2, 4, 3, 5, 5— 6, 4, 2, 5, 3, 1, 1—

VI.

C. $\frac{2}{4}$ 3, 1, 4, 2, 3, 5, 1- 6, 4, 2, 4, 3, 2, 1-

VII.

C. $\frac{2}{4}$ 3, 5, 4, 6, 5, 3, 3- 4, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1-

VIII.

C. $\frac{4}{4}$ 1, 2, 3, 4, 5- 3- 4, 5, 6, 7, 8- 0- 8, 7, 6, 5,
4- 3- 5, 4, 3, 2, 1- 0-

IX.

C. $\frac{3}{4}$ 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 0, 2, 2, 2, 2, 0, 0, 3, 4, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2,
3, 2, 1, 0, 0,

X.

C. $\frac{3}{4}$ 1, 2, 3, 1, 0, 0, 3, 3, 4, 5, 0, 0, 5, 4, 3, 5, 4, 3, 2,
3, 2, 1, 0, 0,

XI.

C. $\frac{3}{4}$ 5, 5, 5, 5, 0, 0, 3, 3, 3, 3, 0, 0, 4, 3, 2, 4, 3, 2, 3,
4, 2, 1, 0, 0,

XII.

C. $\frac{3}{4}$ 1, 1, 3, 5, 0, 0, 1, 1, 3, 5, 0, 0, 4, 4, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2,
3, 2, 1, 0, 0,

XIII.

C. $\frac{3}{4}$ 1, 3, 1, 5, 0, 0, 1, 3, 1, 5, 0, 0, 4, 5, 4, 3, 4, 3, 2,
3, 2, 1, 0, 0,

XIV.

C. $\frac{3}{4}$ 3, 1, 3, 5, 0, 0, 3, 1, 3, 5, 0, 0, 3, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 4,
3, 2, 1, 0, 0,

XV.

C. $\frac{3}{4}$ 5, 3, 1, 2, 0, 0, 5, 3, 1, 2, 0, 0, 1, 3, 5, 5, 3, 1, 2
3, 2, 1, 0, 0,

The pupils should sing the above exercises from the figures, beating the time, before writing them in notes.

It is recommended that only one exercise be taken up at one lesson, in the following order, namely :

1. Teacher writes the exercise in figures upon the blackboard.
 2. Pupils sing it by the numeral names.
 3. " " " " " pitch names.
 4. " " " " " syllables.
 5. Write the exercise in notes upon the staff.
 6. Pupils pass the slates to each other who examine and mark errors.
- This should all be done in six or seven minutes, and is as good an intellectual exercise as arithmetic or grammar.

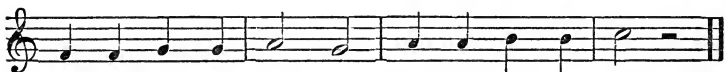
46.

MODERATE.

TRUST IN GOD.



1. Tho' I wan - der blind - ly, Till in death I sleep,

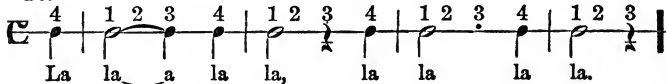


God the Lord will kind - ly Me in safe - ty keep.

2 He whose love hath won me
Still to trust his care,
Will not put upon me
More than I can bear.

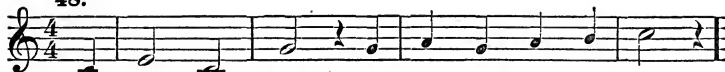
3 And should care oppress me,
Near him will I stay,
So his love shall bless me
Ev'ry coming day.

47.



La la a la la, la la la la.

48.

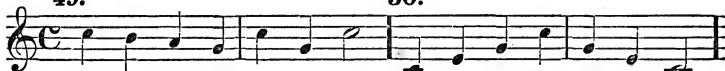


The Lord is great, and great-ly to be praised,



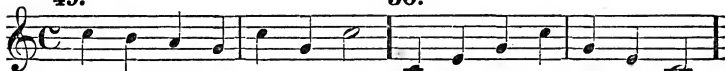
And won - drous are his might - y works.

49.



8 7 6 5 8 5 8 1 3 5 8 5 3 1
c b a g e g e c e g c g e c

50.



8 7 6 5 8 5 8 1 3 5 8 5 3 1
c b a g e g e c e g c g e c

51.

MODERATE.

THE WATER-LILY.



1. Be - side the blue lake there was stroll - ing one day,

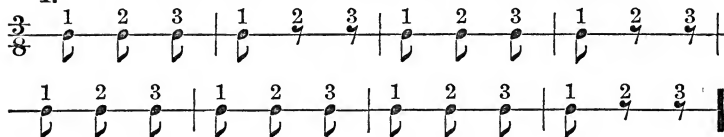


A will - ful young boy, all in - tent on his play.

- 2 And 'mid the green rushes he saw growing there
A beautiful lily, so white and so fair.
- 3 "O, that I must have," cried he, eager with joy,
And into the lake went the heedless young boy.
- 4 "Stay, Stay," cried his mother, all trembling with fear,
"O stay, for too deep is the water so clear."
- 5 He heeds not her bidding, he stays not to hear;
"No, no," answered he, "there is nothing to fear."
- 6 He grasped at the flower — but nothing could save;
He sank, and was lost in a watery grave.

THREE EIGHTH-NOTES IN A MEASURE

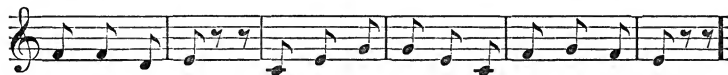
I.



II.



III.



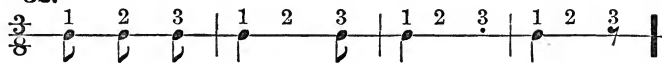
IV.



V.



52.



53.

SOFT AND SLOW.

LULLABY.



Gen-tly to sleep I sing thee, Sing thee to peace - ful



slum - ber; Smile, then, while thou art sleep - ing.

2 Smile once again, I pray thee, closing thine eyes in slumber;
Sweetly sleep as I guard thee!

3 If thou wilt smile upon me, when thou from sleep awakest,
We will play then together.

4 Sleep, for the angels keep thee, watching around thy cradle;
Sleep! and dream of the angels.

UPPER, MIDDLE, AND LOWER SCALES.

5 \bar{g} Sol

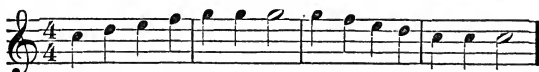
4 \bar{f} Fa

3 \bar{e} Mi

2 \bar{d} Re

1 \bar{c} Do

FIVE SOUNDS OF THE UPPER SCALE.—KEY OF C.



1 2 3 4 5 5 5 5 4 3 2 1 1 1
 \bar{c} \bar{d} \bar{e} \bar{f} \bar{g} \bar{g} \bar{g} \bar{g} \bar{f} \bar{e} \bar{d} \bar{c} \bar{c} \bar{c}
 Do Re Mi Fa Sol Sol Sol Sol Fa Mi Re Do Do Do

8 1 \bar{c} Do Do

7 \bar{b} Si

6 \bar{a} La

5 \bar{g} Sol

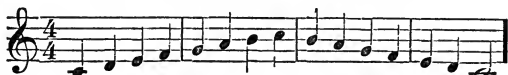
4 \bar{f} Fa

3 \bar{e} Mi

2 \bar{d} Re

1 \bar{c} Do

THE MIDDLE SCALE.—KEY OF C.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
 \bar{c} \bar{d} \bar{e} \bar{f} \bar{g} \bar{a} \bar{b} \bar{c} \bar{b} \bar{a} \bar{g} \bar{f} \bar{e} \bar{d} \bar{c}
 Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do

FOUR SOUNDS OF THE LOWER SCALE.—KEY OF C.



8 8 7 7 6 6 5 5 5 6 6 7 7 8
 \bar{c} \bar{c} \bar{b} \bar{b} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{g} \bar{g} \bar{g} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{b} \bar{b} \bar{c}
 Do Do Si Si La La Sol Sol Sol La La Si Si Do

8	1	\bar{c}	Do	Do
7		\bar{b}		Si
6		\bar{a}		La
5		\bar{g}		Sol

EXTENSION OF THE SCALE UPWARD.

54. 55.

1 2 3 4 5 1 2 3
c d e f g c d e

2 3 4 3 4 5 4 3 2 1
d e f e f g f e d c

56.

LIVELY.

PRAISE OF SONG.

1. Song doth the soul en - liv - en, And fill the heart with joy ;

Yes! God the gift hath giv - en, Our sor-rows to de-stroy.

2 Then tune your cheerful voices,
Like birds that soar above ;
Let him whose heart rejoices,
Sing songs of joy and love.

The brother that we cherish,
The home to which we cling.

3 The bond that cannot perish,
To friendship's bond we'll sing ;

4 The man who's ready ever
To lend a helping arm ;
The noble heart that never
Will do his neighbor harm.

I.

8 7 1 2 8 7 6 5 8 7 1 2 3

1 3 2 1 7 5 6 7 1 2 3 2 1

II.



III.



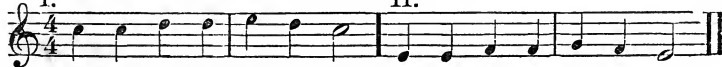
IV.



TWO-PART ROUND.

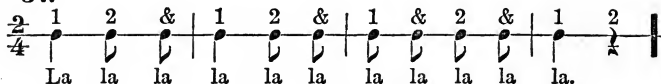
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II.

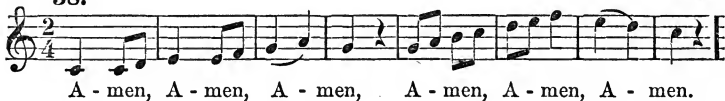
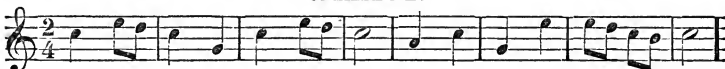


Hark! the mer-ry eve - ing bell Sweet-ly ech - oes down the dell.

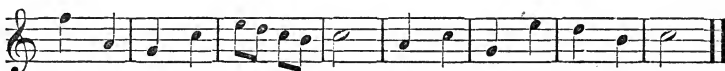
57.



58.

**WILMOT.**

1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, sov'-reign Lord, Be thy glo-rious name a - dored!



Lord, thy mer-cies nev - er fail! Hail, ce - les - tial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

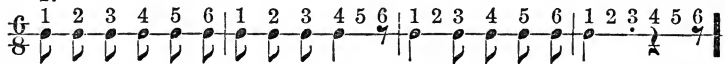
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,

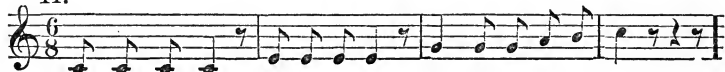
4 Then, with angel harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

SIX EIGHTH-NOTES IN A MEASURE.

I.



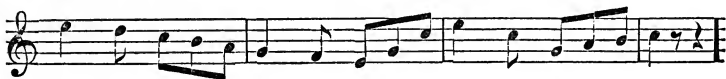
II.



III.



IV.



WINTER SONG.

BOLDLY.



1. Old Win-ter is a spir-it bold, No dan-ger can a-



larm him; His bod-y is of i-ron mould, Nor sweet nor sour can



harm-- him, Nor sweet nor sour can ev-er harm him.

- 2 If e'er a man was sound, 'tis he: He pines and sickens never;
From sore diseases he is free; He knows not pain nor fever,
He knows not, knows not pain nor fever.
- 3 He dons his garments out of doors, And lets no fire come near them;
At pains and aches he laughs and roars,—He hath no cause to fear them,
He hath no cause, no cause to fear them.
- 4 He cares not for the song of birds, Nor heeds the springing flower;
The cheering cup, warm hearts and words, To charm him have no power,
To charm him, charm him have no power.

- 5 But when the wolves are howling loud O'er frozen lake and river,
When round the blazing hearth we crowd, And rub our hands and shiver,
And rub, and rub our hands and shiver,—
- 6 When chilling storms are raging round, And frosty winds are blowing,
That cheers his heart, he loves the sound, He laughs with joy o'erflowing,
He laughs with joy, with joy o'erflowing.
- 7 For at the north pole he resides, Where northern seas are swelling;
On Switzerland's high hills, besides, He has a summer dwelling,
He has a summer, summer dwelling.
- 8 So to and fro, with all his band, He's marching, marching ever,
And when he passes by, we stand To gaze on him and shiver,
To gaze, to gaze on him and shiver.

59.



60.

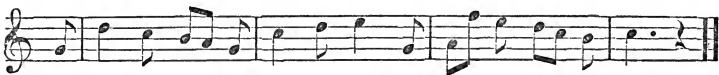
MODERATE.

MORNING SONG.

HOHMANN.



1. The night is gone, the day is here, And still I live and move.



The God who gov-erns all the year, How con-stant is his love!

- 2 Lord, ev'ry blessing comes from Thee, My rising up and lying down
Thou who canst all things do! Are subject to Thine eye.
O, how much good dost Thou to me
From day to day renew!
- 4 Should I in wisdom's ways be found,
And strive to do the best,
Love shall encircle me around,
And peace be in my breast.
- 3 All that I do, to Thee is known,
Who dost my wants supply;

EXTENSION OF THE SCALE DOWNWARD.

61.

8 7 6 5 6 7 8
c b a g a b c

62.

8 5 1 3 2 7 8
c g c e d b c

63.

64.

65.

HEAVEN'S POWER.

Though dark night a-round us low-er, Let us not be-wail,

But con-fide in Heav-en's pow-er—That shall nev-er fail.

TWO-PART SONG

OCTAVES.

66.

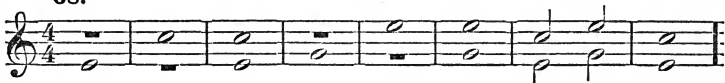


67.



SIXTHS.

68.



69.



Love - ly May, love - ly May Drives the chill - ing winds a - way.

SIXTHS AND FIFTHS.

70.



71.



Flow - ers fair, flow - ers fair, that with per - fume fill the air.

THIRDS.

72.



73.



Hark! the bells; hark! the bells; hear the sol - emn ves - per bells!

I.

DR. MARX.



II.



III.



IV.




SIXTHS, FIFTHS, AND THIRDS.

74.



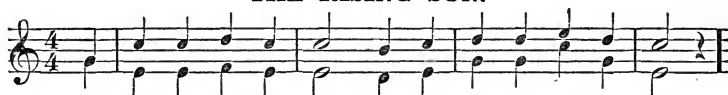
The ech - o fills the woods a - round, it



pp

fills the woods a - round, it fills the woods a - round.

THE RISING SUN.



Ar-rayed in gor-geous splen-dor, The beau-teous gold-en sun

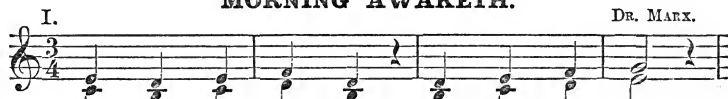


Be-gins with dawn-ing glo - ry His dai - ly course to run.

MORNING AWAKETH.

DR. MARX.

I.



1. Morn - ing a - wak - eth, Dark - ness is gone,



In the bright heav - ens Shin - eth the sun.

- 2 Birds with their music fill the pure air,
Flowers thier fragrance breathe everywhere.
- 3 Brightly the dewdrops shine on the grass,
Bees through the meadows hum as they pass.
- 4 All is so joyful, all is so blest,
Calmness and pleasure fill every breast.

II.

AWAKING SONG.

SCHOLINUS.



1. Re-fresh'd by gen-tle slum-bers, From care and sor-row free,



Our hearts in tune-ful num-bers Sing praise, O Lord, to thee.

2 Thou spreadest joy and blessing,
Thou Source of every good ;
Then hear us, Thee addressing
In songs of gratitude.

3 O may we, ceasing never,
Extol Thee all our days ;
Our heart and life be ever
An endless song of praise.

III.

SUNDAY SONG.

H. G. NAGELL.



1. To-day a sol-emn still-ness Is rest-ing far and near ;



And so may we, with glad-ness, God's ho-ly day re-vere.

2 The Sabbath bells are ringing,
So cheerful and so clear,
The call to prayer and singing,
And God's good word to hear.

4 And as the eastern sages,
Were guided by a star,
So faith will lead us heav'nward,
Where God and angels are.

3 Who would not heed the message,
God sends us from above ?
Who would not seek his blessing,
His mercy and his love ?

5 Once with our heav'nly Father,
No griefs to us can come,
We'll dwell in peaceful pleasures,
In that eternal home.

IV. SONG OF THE WOODS.

GERMAN AIR.



1. Oh, could I in the greenwoods be Thro' all the sum-mer time,



What pleasure would they give to me, Those trees in all their prime!

2 The branches beckon me to stay

Beneath their shady dome,

The meadow flowers nod and say

“Come, gentle stranger, come!”

The deer and roe with dancing step,

Are springing merrily.

4 Young birds from ev'ry twig and bough

Enchanted with their home,

3 The birds awaken'd from their sleep,

Are soaring high and free,

Are singing loud and singing low,

“Come seek the green wood, come!”

V.

SONG OF PRAISE.

H. G. NAGELL



1. Oh, praise the Lord! He loves to hear you sing - ing;



In sweet ac - cord, Loud let his praise be ring - ing;



Oh, praise the Lord! Oh, praise the Lord!

2 We're heard afar, in God's most holy dwelling!
 So loud and clear our voices now are swelling;
 We're heard afar! We're heard afar!

3 Our voices raise, with joy and gladness singing,
 And cheerful praise, oh, let us all be bringing!
 Our voices raise! Our voices raise!

4 We bless thee, Lord, while every heart rejoices,
 Thy name adored we sing with falt'ring voices,
 We bless thee, Lord! We bless thee, Lord!

5 Then, evermore, in every land and nation,
 Tell o'er and o'er the story of salvation!
 For evermore! For evermore!

VI.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

F. ZISKA.



1. A mount-ain shep-herd boy am I, I live a-



bove the world so high; Here first the sun his



beams dis-plays; Here lin - ger last his set - ting



ray; My home is on the mount - - ain.

2 And here the streamlet murmurs first,
Whose waters quell my burning thirst;
It pours o'er crag, through rocky nook;
I love, I love the mountain brook.
My home is on the mountain!

3 The mountain is the home I love,
Where angry tempests rage above;
When their loud blasts the world appal,
My soul shall rise above them all,
My home is on the mountain!

4 And when fierce thunders roll around,
I stand above the crashing sound—
I call aloud and bid them cease:
"Oh leave my house in tranquil peace."
My home is on the mountain!

5 And when the storm clouds first appear,
And lightning flashes through the air,
I wander to the vale below;
So gaily singing as I go;
My home is on the mountain!

VII.

OUR FATHER.

H. G. NAGELL



1. He who gave the star - light, Glit - ter - ing soft



moon - light, And the bless - ed sun - light; He



help - eth and watch - eth both thee and me.

2 He who guides the river,
Gliding onward ever,
Never asking whither,
He watcheth and guideth both thee and me.

3 He who made the flowers,
Hills and woods and bowers,
Tempests, clouds and showers,
He helpeth and watcheth both thee and me.

EXERCISE.



Bid all sor - row to de - part; Let us sing with joy - ful heart.

THE CHROMATIC SCALE ASCENDING.—SHARPS.

75.

c c# d d# e f f# g g# a a# b c
Do Di Re Ri Mi Fa Fi Sol Si La Li Si Do

C
B
A
G
F
E
D
C

76.

HOHMANN.

77.

MORNING SONG.

1. Morn-ing's gold-en light is break-ing; Tints of beau-ty paint the skies;

Morn-ing's feath-er'd choir are wak-ing, Bid-ding me from sleep a - rise.

- 2 Well, I'm ready ; quiet resting
Has restored my weary powers ;
I'll again, all sloth resisting,
Labor thro' the day's bright hours.
- 3 But with thanks let me remember
Him who gave me quiet sleep ;
Let me all his mercies number,
And his precepts gladly keep.
- 4 When I leave the downy pillow,
Which so oft has borne my head,
Sure it's right a time to hallow
To the hand that kept my bed.
- 5 Let me never prove ungrateful,
Let me never thankless be ;
From a sin so base and hateful,
May I be forever free.

THE BEE'S LESSON.

MODERATELY FAST.



1. { List - en to the bee's brisk hum! let us hear what says she:— }
{ "Lit-tle folks, I won-der much that you are so la - zy. } }



Work and ac - tion make our lives bright and hope-ful ev - er ;



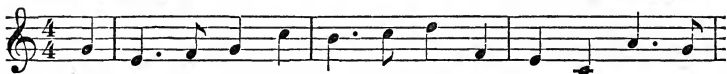
When one ef - fort fails, why then make a new en - deav - or.

- 2 "Little folks! I wonder much that you will be wrangling ;
Joy and peace will flee away, where there's always jangling.
Our contented little home has no brawler in it,—
If there were one, he would be banished in a minute.
- 3 "Little folks, I wonder much that you're so unruly,
Caring not for Him who has cared for you so truly.
We obey our Lady-queen and with love attend her,
And from harm and injury with our lives defend her."

WE KNOW A LAND.

Solo. MODERATE.

H. G. NAGELL.



1. We know a land of beau-ty's train, A-dorn'd with streams and



groves and fields, Where clus-t'ring grapes and wav-ing grain The



ground in rich pro-fu - - sion yields. This realm of beau-ty



so well known, Is but the land we call our own.

- 2 *Solo.*—We know a land of virtue's growth,
A land that no deception knows,
A happy land, where love and truth
Allay the pain of earthly woes.

Cho.—This worthy land we well may own,
It is a land we call our own.

- 3 *Solo.*—We know a land where moral light
Has shed its hallow'd influence round:
Whose people know the God of might,
And love the gospel's gladd'ning sound.

Cho.—This sacred land so lovely shown,
We surely may be proud to own.

4 *Solo*.—We hail thee, land so pure and great ;
 With welcome honors thee we greet :
 Oh ! may we every evil hate,
 That God may here maintain his seat.

Cho.—So shall we ever love to own,
 That this great nation is our own.

FOUR-PART ROUND.



Law - - rence! Law - - rence! Take your grist and go right



straight to mill, And see, my boy, that not a bit you spill!

THE GROVE.

ALLEGRO.

C. M. VON WEBER.



1. The grove, the grove, the grove, the grove, The
 2. The world, the world, the world, the world, The



fresh and love-ly grove, The grove, the grove, where ech-oes sound, where
 great and spacious world, The world, the world, is our a - bode, is



ech-oes sound, The grove where ech-oes sound, The grove where ech-oes
our a - bode, The world is our a - bode, The world is our a -



sound. We hark to the note of the morn-ing horn, We
bode. We wan - der a - way thro' the fields so fair, We



hark to the note of the morn-ing horn, Where flow-'rets and
wan - der a - way thro' the fields so fair, Our cho - rus is



ros - es the grove a - dorn, Where flow-'rets and ros - es the
mer - ri - ly sound-ing there, Our cho - rus is mer - ri - ly



grove a - dorn. The grove, the grove, the grove, the grove, The
sound-ing there. The world, the world, the world, the world, The



grove where ech - oes sound, The grove where ech - oes sound.
world is our a - bode, The world is our a - bode.

THE CHROMATIC SCALE DESCENDING.—FLATS.

78.

c b bb a ab g gb f e eb d db c
Do Si Se La Le Sol Se Fa Mi Me Re Ra Do

C
B }
A }
G }
F }
E }
D }
C }

79. HOHMANN.

80.

BEGINNING OF SPRING.

HOHMANN.

The Spring a - gain ap - pear - eth, The Spring our hearts that
cheer - eth; The birds pro - claim it on the tree; The
scent-ed flow-ers tell it thee; The Spring a - gain ap - pear - eth.

FAITH.

ROLLE.



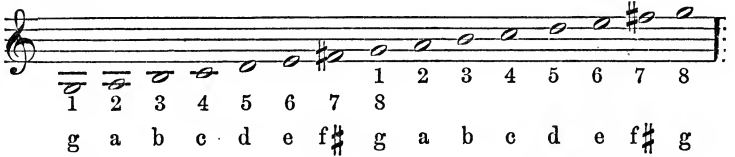
Tho' faith de-spair and wav-er, A day of joy draws near,



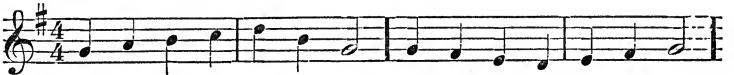
Our home-ward path to cheer With light that shin-eth ev - - er.

KEY OF G.

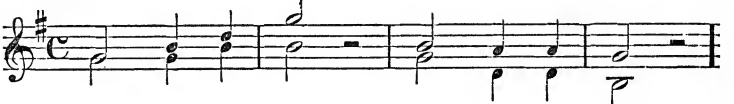
81.



82.



83.



84.



TRUTH AND HONESTY.

From the German, by Mrs. SHINDLER.

W. A. MOZART.



1 Let pre-cious truth and hon - es - ty At-tend thee all thy days,

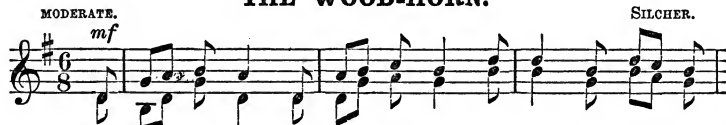


And turn not thou a finger's breadth From God's most ho-ly ways.

- 2 Then, as on pastures fair and green His soul is bent on lies and fraud,
Thro' life thy feet shall roam, And on ill-gotten gain.
Nor fear nor terror shalt thou feel
When death shall call thee home.
- 3 The wicked man in all he does, His soul no rest has found.
Is ever sore distressed ;
His vices drive him to and fro ;
His soul can find no rest.
- 4 The beauteous Spring, the waving trees And turn not thou a finger's breadth
For him smile all in vain ; From God's most holy ways.
- 5 To him the leaf, by breezes stirred,
Has terror in its sound ;
And when he's buried in the grave,
His soul no rest has found.
- 6 Then practise truth and honesty
Through all thine earthly days,
And turn not thou a finger's breadth
From God's most holy ways.

THE WOOD-HORN.

SILCHER.



1. Thro' wav-ing trees, borne on the breeze, How sweet the wood-horn's



sound! How sweet the wood-horn's sound! On ev - 'ry ear, in



ech-oes clear, The notes rebound, rebound, The notes rebound, rebound.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 2 And every tree that we can see | 3 'Tis sweet to hear, so loud and clear, |
| : Is lively fresh and green ; : | : The wood-horn's cheerful tone ! : |
| The fountains flow, the roses grow, | For every breast is then possess'd |
| : All looks serene, serene. : | : With joy alone, alone. : |

SPRING EVENING.

ANDANTE.



1. { What more fine can be, What more full of glee, Than in
When the blos-soms fair Per-fume all the air, And the



Spring, when day's de-clin-ing ; } When the birds so fond-ly twit-ter,
west-ern clouds are shin-ing ; }



And the sharp, shrill crick-ets tit-ter ; Hon-ey-la-den bees



Mur-mur with the breeze ; Oh ! what time for tho't is fit-ter ?

2 Then we leave our home,
 To the fields we roam,
 And we sit amongst the haying;
 Hear the pleasant sound,
 Of the birds around,
 Or some far off flute that's playing;
 Hear the loud and croaking chorus,
 From the sedgy marsh before us:
 All the meadows ring;
 While the songs they sing
 Back to summer thoughts restore us.

3 But 'tis night! away!
 For we must not stay
 Chatting here so late together.
 Yet 'twere sweet to stay,
 'Mid the new mown hay,
 All the night in summer weather!
 Time is o'er for chat and dancing
 Now the gentle moon, advancing,
 Calls the stars out all,
 Sets them, great and small,
 In the clear blue heavens glancing.

PRAISE OF SINGING.

ALLEGRO.

J. A. HILLER.



1. { Chil-dren, all with cheer-ful-ness Let your songs be ring-ing! }
 { Mu-sic all your lives will bless, There-fore still be sing-ing! }



Sing-ing smoothes the rug-ged way Thro' this vale of sor-row;



Sing-ing cheers the dark-est day, Brings the bright-est mor-row.

2 When good humor flies away,
 Then comes care and sadness;
 Quickly sing a cheerful lay,
 All will soon be gladness;
 Music cheers the darkest hours,
 Peace and comfort bringing;
 What the dew is to the flowers,
 To the soul is singing.

3 Sing the larks in yonder sky,
 Sing the birds at even,
 Swallows from the house-top cry,
 All give thanks to Heaven.
 Forest, field, and meadow too,
 With their songs are ringing;
 Wherefore, children, should not you
 Evermore be singing?

HUNTER'S SONG.

LIVELY.



1. Cheer - i - ly the hunts - man at the dawn of day,



Armed with bow and ar - row, comes to seek his prey.

*Repeat pp.*

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

2 Through the sweeping forest freely he doth roam;
Mountain, hill and woodland are his happy home. La, la, etc.

3 All the world around him he his kingdom makes;
What his arrow slayeth, he for booty takes. La, la, etc.

EVENING SUN.

How I love to see thee, Gold - en eve - ning sun!



How I love to see--- thee, When the day is done!

THE MOWER'S SONG.

SPRIGHTLY.

GERMAN AIR.



1. { When ear-ly morn-ing's rud-dy light Bids man to la - bor go,
 { We haste with scythes all sharp and bright The meadow's grass to mow. }



We mow - ers, dal de ral dey!— We cut the lil - ies, and—



ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hay; Hey - day! yes,



hay—hey - day! We cut the lil - ies and hay.

- 2 The chcerful lark sings sweet and clear,
 The blackbird chirps away;
 And all is lively, sprightly here,
 Like merry, merry May.
 We mowers—dal de ral dey!
 We roll the swaths of green—ha, ha, etc.
 We roll the swaths of green hay,
- 3 The maidens come in gladsome train,
 And skip along their way,
 Rejoiced to tread the grassy plain,
 And toss the new mown hay.
 The maidens—dal de ral dey!
 They rake the lilies and—ha, ha, etc.
 They rake the lilies and hay.

- 4 We fill our barns with ample store,
 To feed the flock and herd ;
 And thus, till winter's waste is o'er,
 No famine's blight is feared ;
 We mowers—dal de ral dey !
 We mowers love to make—ha, ha, etc.
 We mowers love to make hay.

- 5 And when the harvest all is done,
 We give our joys the wing ;
 And happy voices, all as one
 Make heaven with music ring !
 Thrice hail ye—dal de ral dey !
 Thrice hail ye! ye who make—ha, ha, etc.
 Thrice hail ye! who make hay.

PLEASURES OF EVENING.

GENTLY.



1. When night's shadow, o'er the mead-ow, O'er the vale and woodland



falls; When the rud-dy twi-light's glowing With the streamlet's gentle



flow - ing Man to balm - y sleep re - calls,--

- 2 And when over Brake and clover
 Trips the timid hare along,
 When the hart with light rebounding,
 'Midst the covert night's surrounding,
 Sallies forth in nimble throng ;

3 When day closes, And with roses,
Plucked from summer meadow's bloom,
Peasants, glad that toil is endèd,
And with pealing voices blended,
Seek again their happy home ;

4 Then my pleasure Knows no measure
All my feelings' charm to tell ;
Yes, this simple twilight season,
Though despised by boasted reason,
Bids my purest pleasures swell.

SPRING WISHES.

ALLEGRO.



1. Come a-gain! come a-gain! come a-gain! Sweet Spring weath-er,
2. Come a-gain! come a-gain! come a-gain! Sweet Spring weath-er,



Haste thee hith - er! Spring, come reign! Spring come reign! Come a -
Haste thee hith - er! Spring, come reign! Spring come reign! Come a -

Duet or Semi-Chorus.



gain! come a-gain! come a-gain! Oh, come bring the
gain! come a-gain! come a-gain! Oh, come bring the



blos - soms back a - gain! The mod - est lit - tle Snow-drop Al -
swal - lows back a - gain! They come and build their nests now Just



read - y is in sight, And ev - 'ry day we watch it With
where they did of old; While we with joy and won - der The



won - der and de - light; We won - der where since Au - tumn, Its
bus - y scene be - hold, And, cu - ri - ous, keep ask - ing, "Where



lit - tle life it kept; And if all thro' the win - ter Be -
have the swal - lows been, Since hill - side field and for - est In



neath the snow it slept.
Au - tumn lost their green."

Pia. Rit. *D. C.*
Come a - gain!
Come a - gain!

THE RAIN.

ANDANTE.

SCHADE.



1. See, o'er yon-der moun-tains moves the mist-y rain,



Pass-ing from heav'n's fountains, Bless-ings on the plain;



Now's the time for grow-ing; Quick-ly, then, be sow-ing!



Let the well-till'd field----- Rich a-bun-dance yield.

2 Rich or poor, what matter?

Each is here for good:

Good seeds let him scatter

In contented mood.

For ye share together

Sunshine and wet weather,

Heaven these blessings gives

To each one that lives.

3 Let the sage, so knowing,

On his wisdom build;

We still planting, ploughing,

Wait what God hath willed.

'Tis while Heaven befriendeth,

Rain and sunshine sendeth,

That the verdure thrives:

God the blessing gives.

KEY OF D.

85.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 2 3

5 6 7 8

a b c# d e f# g a b c# d e f#

86.

87.

88.

89.

90.

To thee, Fa - ther, cheer - ful thanks I pay;

Thou hast brought me to an - oth - er day.

EVENING SONG.

1. If I've ful-fill'd my dai - ly task a-right, And



ev - 'ry du - ty-- done, Then joy to me when



dark - est shades of night Shall cloud the-- sink - ing



sun; How cheer - ing, then, how calm - ing, The



gold - en lin - g'ring ray, The ev - en tide is--



charm - - - ing, That ends a well - spent day.

2 But woe to him whose eye that hour is dim

With sin-repenting tears ;

No anguish ever can restore to him

The joys of wasted years.

O, precious are the power

And time that God has given,

May I each passing hour

Lay up some store in Heaven.

THE FLOWERET.

ADAGIO.



1. A-lone I wan-der'd in for-est wild, With care-less



footsteps the time be-guil'd, With careless footsteps the time beguil'd.

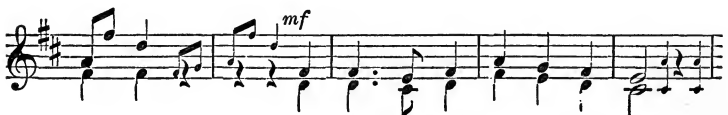
- 2 A tiny flow'ret was blooming there,
 ||: Like eyes it sparkled, 'twas starlike fair. :||
- 3 I stooped to break it, and heard it say :
 ||: "Wilt thou, then, break me to fade away?" :||
- 4 I pluck'd it gently, both root and flow'r,
 ||: Homeward I bore it unto my bow'r, :||
- 5 Again to plant it in shelter there ;
 ||: And still it blossoms, that flow'ret fair. :||

MY HOME IN THE VALLEY.

ALLEGRO.



1. My neat lit-tle home in the val-ley; la la



lau-di! I live there so hap-py and free!

pp

There winds with the bright flowers dal - ly, la la

mf

lau - di! As rus - tles the sil-ver-leaf tree. What

care I for rank and for treas-ure, If cheer - ful each

morn I a - rise? They can - not af - ford me the

pleas-ure, la la lau - di! I draw from the

pp

earth and the skies. la lau - di di! la la lau - di di!

- 2 The trees that my cottage are shading, la la laudi !
 My life is so happy and free !
 I sit there when daylight is fading, la la laudi !
 And birds hush their sweet melody.
 The water-fall distant is sounding,
 Sweet echoes its murmurs repeat ;
 My heart with rich pleasure is bounding, la la laudi !
 My peace and my joy are complete.
 La laudi di ! la la laudi di !

THE MOON.

J. MERLING.



1. Love - ly moon, that soft - ly glides, Through the



realms where God a - bides; Through the realms of



up - per sky, In-- the arch - ed heav'ns on high!

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 In the gloomy night thy ray
 Lights the pilgrim on his way ;
 When the shades of darkness come,
 Thou dost guide him to his home.</p> | <p>3 Bright thy smile when cares annoy,
 Token of that heav'nly joy,
 That shall reign in realms above,
 Breaking forth in songs of love.</p> |
|--|---|

LORELEY.

MODERATE.



1. O! tell me what it mean-eth, This gloom and tearful eye? 'Tis



mem'ry that re-tain-eth The tale of years gone by.-- The



fad-ing light grows dimmer, The Rhine doth calmly flow!---- The



loft-y hill-tops glim-mer Red with the sun-set glow.

2 Above the maiden sitteth,
A wondrous form and fair;
With jewels bright she plaiteth
Her shining golden hair;
With comb of gold prepares it,
The task with song beguiled;
A fitful burden bears it—
That melody so wild.

3 The boatman on the river
Lists to the song, spell-bound;
Ah! what shall him deliver
From danger threat'ning round?
The waters deep have caught them,
Both boat and boatman brave;
'Tis Loreley's song hath brought them
Beneath the foaming wave.

KEY OF A.

91.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 2 3 4 5 6

a b c# d e f# g# a b c# d e f#

92.

93.

94.

Love-ly moon that soft-ly glides Thro' the realm where God abides,

Thro' the realms of up-per sky, In the arch-ed heav'ns on high.

THE EVENING TWILIGHT.

SOFT AND SLOW.

GERMAN AIR.

See, the sun is sink-ing fast, For the bus - y day is past;

Man from la - bor now doth haste, Peace-ful joys of home to taste.

- 2 Angels to watch o'er us now,
Heav'nly father, sendest thou!
Guarded by their power and might,
We shall safely rest at night.
- 3 He whose eyes in sorrow weep,
By sweet dreams is lull'd to sleep;
Angels kind in visions bright,
Lead him to the realms of light.
- 4 When our weary eyes shall close
In the peaceful grave's repose,
Then, O God, our guardian be,—
Take our souls to dwell with thee.
- 5 When th'eternal morn shall break,
And the dead from sleep awake,
Take us to the realms above,
To the home of joy and love.

FRIENDSHIP.



1. A - wake, a - wake the tune - ful voice, And strike the joy - ful



strings; We'll pour the mel - low notes a - long, And



raise a peal-ing, gladd-'ning song, Till heav'n with music rings.

- 2 'Tis not the cold and formal drawl,
That wakes the inward flame,
But 'tis the song that glows like fire,
The song that feeling hearts inspire,
A music worth the name.
- 3 But hark! those sweet concordant notes,
That breathed a magic spell,
That seem like sounds which angels sing,
Like sounds which have in heaven their spring,
Where holy beings dwell.

- 4 'Tis these that glow from *friendship's* soul,
 'Tis these that speak the heart:
 'Tis these that show the peaceful mind,
 The spirit meek and pure and kind,
 Unstained by vicious art.

- 5 O yes, 'tis here that music dwells,
 In *friendship's* sweet abode ;
 'Tis here that notes concordant sound,
 'Tis here that harmony is found
 Like that which dwells with God.

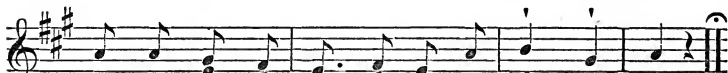
COME AND SEE HOW HAPPILY.

ALLEGRETTO.

ENGLISH AIR.



1. Come and see how hap - pi - ly We spend the day,



Al - ways join - ing cheer - ful - ly In school or play.



In our books and sports combined, Man-y are the joys we find.

- 2 We improve the present hour,
 For swift it flies ;
 Youth is but a passing flower,
 Which blooms and dies ;
 But with study and with song,
 Time with us still glides along.
 Come and see how happily
 We spend the day, etc.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

METHFESSEL.



1. Come let us raise a cheer - ful song, With



strong, u - nit - ed voic - es; To Free - dom's land our



strains be - long; The ech - oing earth re - joic - - es.

- 2 Old ocean bore from Mammon's marts,
The plant of freedom hither;
It blossoms yet, and glads our hearts,
And we'll not let it wither.
- 3 Where now we stand, our sires once stood;
Firm men were they, true hearted;
Say, lives there now a race as good,
Or have they all departed?
- 4 From zeal for freedom and for God,
No charms of wealth could win them;
O'er ocean toss'd, these wilds they trod;
They carried home within them.
- 5 Come one and all, around we stand;
Come join in swelling chorus,
And praise our goodly native land,
Our father-land that bore us.

THE TRAVELER.

Solo. (The Traveler introduced.)

1. This youth, resolv'd to see the world, Set out on foot to go;



And so't, as round and round he whirl'd, Most wise and great to grow.

Chorus.

His sto - ry is as true, is as true as the gun. Go



on then, go on till the tale is done, till the tale is done.

2 *Trav.*—"My first jaunt, then, was to the pole,
Where all is ice and snow,
Where naught can stand the frost, but soul,
Nor tree nor plant can grow."

Cho.—His story is, etc.

3 *Trav.*—"Such cold as this I ne'er could bear,
So 'way I turned my feet,
Till 'twas so hot 'twould singe one's hair,
And make you die of heat."

Cho.—His story is, etc.

- 4 *Trav.*—" And when I'd got some short repast,
To stay my appetite,
I turned my course, and journeyed fast,
Nor stayed a single night."

Cho.—His story is, etc.

- 5 *Trav.*—" I next arrived at Mexico,
Where silver is so thick;
Now here, said I, I guess I know,
I'll fill my bag right quick."

Cho.—His story is, etc.

- 6 *Trav.*—" So round I went from pole to pole,
To see this wondrous world!
Till I came back to that same goal,
From which I had been whirled."

Cho.—His story is as true, is as true as the gun,
And more he could tell, but he now has done—
But he now has done.

CHILDHOOD.

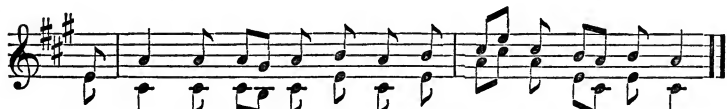
ALLEGRO.



1. { O time of sim - ple pleasures! I nev - er can for - get }
Those hap - py hours of child - hood, Like peaceful jew - els set. }



I sleep with - out a sor - row, and wake with ear - ly dawn,



To watch the sun - ny mor - row Rise thro' the ro - sy dawn.

2 No cares or griefs distress me,
 The future is all bright,
 In parents, brothers, sisters,
 I constantly delight.
 I strive to please my teachers,
 By diligence and love,
 And day by day endeavor,
 My gratitude to prove.

KEY OF E.

95.

3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3
 g# a b c# d# e f# g# a b c# d# e f# g#

96.

97.

98.

99.

100.

PEACE.

1. Gen - tle peace, from Heav'n de - scend - ed, We would



live be - neath thy law; Thou hast home and



life be - friend - ed, Nurse of no - bler deeds than war.

2 Thou hast thrown a smile of beauty,
O'er the meadow, hill and grove;
Thou hast quickened us to duty,
Thou hast warmed our hearts to love.

3 Ours is now each smiling flower,
Ours the lofty mountain pine,
Ours the fruit-tree's golden shower,
And the close entwining vine.

4 Still stay with us, still replenish
Fields with fruit, ourselves with love;
Discord and dissension banish,
Peaceful spirit from above.

CHILDHOOD PLEASURES.

ALLEGRO.



1. { Come let us, sing - ing, Speak out those pleas - ures,
We prize them high - ly, A - bove all treas - ures,



Which crown our child - hood those days so dear; }
How bright their sun - shine, How sweet, how clear. }



Our days are May - days, with-out a cloud, Then let us



sing - ing, Re-joyce a - loud. Our child-hood pleasures Are like the



riv - ers, Whose on-ward flow - ing Is deep and free.

- 2 Oh, how we're favor'd, to live so cheerful,
 So free from sorrow and free from care,
 While many 'round us are sad and tearful,
 For sad misfortune does not them spare;
 Then we'll be happy while yet we can,
 While days of childhood shall yet remain.
 Our childhood, etc.
- 3 Yes, we will ever, by night and daily,
 Sing forth our pleasures in full good cheer;
 We're yet in childhood and all goes gaily;
 Our age of sadness is not yet near:
 Then let our voices resound aloud;
 For all is sunshine, there's not a cloud.
 Our childhood, etc.

THE JOYS OF INNOCENCE.

Chorus.



1. Joy is round us, smil - ing ev - 'ry where!

Duet.

On the hills and riv - ers smil - ing, Ev - ry hu - man

Chorus.

care be-guil-ing, Joy is round us, smil-ing ev - 'ry-where.

- 2 Love is ruling, working ev'rywhere,
In the cool and shady bowers,
Where the trees are decked with flowers;
Love is ruling, working ev'rywhere.
- 3 Pleasure echoes, echoes far and near,
From the green banks decked with flowers,
Sunny hills and pleasant bowers;
Pleasure echoes, echoes far and near.
- 4 Maiden, up, and weave a flow'ry crown;
See, the buds their leaves unfolding,
Love her festival is holding;
Maiden, up, and weave a flow'ry crown.
- 5 Go ye forth and join the May-day throng;
Sings the cuckoo by the river,
In the breeze the young leaves quiver;
Go ye forth and join the May-day throng.

KEY OF F.

101.

3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
a	b♭	c	d	e	f	g	a	b♭	c	d	e	f	



SOWING FLOWERS.



1. Lit - tle seed, now must thou go To thy still, cold bed be - low ;



Do as thou art bid - den! Now the earth must cov - er thee,



And no eye shall ev - er see Where thou li - est hid - den.

2 Couldst thou know what 'tis I do,
And couldst tell thy sorrows too,

This were thy complaining :
"Ne'er shall I the sun behold,
In this grave so dark and cold!
Ah! my life is waning!"

3 But take courage, little seed ;
Though thou liest here indeed,

Gentle slumber taking,
Yet thou'lt soon in upper air
As a flower bloom so fair,
To new life awaking !

4 I shall one day lie as thou
In thy dark bed liest now,
When death shall befall me ;

But in glory shall I rise,
To the realms above the skies,
When the Lord doth call me.

SPRING SONG.

ALLEGRETTO.

J. ANDRÉ.



1. The heav-ens are smil-ing so soft and so blue, The hills and the



mead-ows all glit-ter with dew, The trees wave their blossoms, so



fragrant and fair, And sweet warbling songsters are fill-ing the air.

- 2 We'll off to the woods, and leave sorrow at home ;
We'll climb the green hills! 'tis pleasure to roam.
Oh! who in the city would stay the year round,
When pleasures like these are so easily found ?
- 3 But ah! the sweet flowers but bloom for a day!
See! many have fallen and sprinkle our way :
They fall in light showers, if branches but wave,
And strew the lone violet's balmiest grave.
- 4 So all things must feel the cold finger of death!
The strongest must fall, and must yield up their breath ;
The fate of the monarch is seen in the rose,
And ours in the slenderest blossom that grows.
- 5 But death has no terrors to those who do right :
To them he appears like an angel of light,
And smilingly beckons their spirits away
To realms of unending, unspeakable day.

COME, MAY, THOU LOVELY LINGERER.

ALLEGRETTO.

MOZART.



1. Come, May, thou lovely lin-g'rer! And deck the groves a - gain,



And let thy sil - v'ry streamlets Me - an - der through the plain;



We long once more to gath - er The flow-'rets fresh and fair;



Sweet May! once more to wan - der, And breathe the balmy air.

2 True, winter days have many
And many a dear delight:
We frolic in the snow-drifts,
And then—the winter night,
Around the fire we cluster,
Nor heed the whistling storm;
When all without is dreary,
Our hearts are bright and warm.

3 But oh, when comes the season
For merry birds to sing,
How sweet to roam the meadows,
And drink the breeze of Spring;
Then come, sweet May! and bring us
The flow'ret fresh and fair;
We long once more to wander
And breathe the balmy air.

WANDERING SONG.

ANDANTE.



1. Breez-es soft I feel re - turn-ing, Her-alds of the dew-y

p
spring! Now my ea - ger soul is yearn-ing;

mf Fain I would be wan-der - ing! Where the white mists hang in
f

shad - ows O'er the mount - ain peaks and mead - ows, Thith-er
mf

am I wan-der - ing; Then my staff oh! quick-ly bring!
p

2 Fare thee well! I now must leave thee,
Native home, to me so dear!
Distant lands wait to receive me;
Hope my longing heart doth cheer!
Life hath many a glad beginning!
Ventures bold are half the winning!
Hope the wanderer's heart doth cheer!
Fare thee well my home so dear!

3 God protect thee, now and ever!
Love unite us to the end!
Oh, forget, forget me never,
Think upon thine absent friend!
Both the same bright sun shall gladden!
Let not my departure sadden!
Think upon thine absent friend!
Love unites us to the end!

ALWAYS SOME GOOD.

ANDANTINO.

H. G. NAGELL.



1. Ev - ry sea - son brings a sum of pleas - - - ure,



Ev - ry for - tune brings some lit - tle treas - - - ure:



Good that's mix'd with some alloy, Yet a good we may en - joy,



Good that's mix'd with some alloy, Yet a good we may en - joy.

2 Winter spreads its garb of snowy whiteness,
 Spring-time brings its days of sunny brightness :
 ||: Good that's mix'd with some alloy,
 Yet a good we may enjoy. :||

3 Summer's suns and Autumn's fruitful showers
 Fill the fields with waving grain and flowers :
 ||: Good that's not without alloy,
 Still a good we may enjoy. :||

4 Every season brings a sum of pleasure,
 Every fortune brings some little treasure :
 ||: Good that's mixed with some alloy,
 Yet a good we may enjoy. :||

KEY OF B FLAT.

107.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4 5
 b♭ c d e♭ f g a b♭ c d e♭ f

108.

109.

110.

Be to oth-ers kind and true, As you'd have them be to you;

Nev-er do nor say to men That which you'd not take a-gain.

FOUR TO ONE BEAT.—DOTTED EIGHTH-NOTES.

I.

La-a-a la la-a-a la la-a-a la la, la-a-a la la-a-a la la.

II.

La la la la la la la, la la la la la.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Words by JANE TAYLOR.

Music by MATHUSIUS.



1. Poor, harmless in - sect, thith - er fly, And life's short hour en - joy;



'T is all thou hast, and why should I That lit - tle all de - stroy?

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Why should my tyrant will suspend
A life by wisdom given,
Or sooner bid thy being end,
Than was designed by Heaven?</p> | <p>4 To bask upon the sunn^y bed,
The damask flower to kiss,
To range along the bending shade,
Is all thy little bliss.</p> |
| <p>3 Lost to the joys which reason knows,
So restless and so frail,
'Tis thine to wander where the rose
Perfumes the cooling gale;</p> | <p>5 Then flutter still thy silken wings,
In rich embroidery drest,
And sport upon the gale that flings
Sweet odors from his vest.</p> |

THE GROVE.

ANDANTE.



1. { 'T is near the spot in which I dwell There stands a lovely grove, }
{ En - com - pass'd by a charm - ing dell, In which I love to rove, }



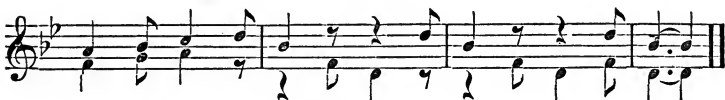
To seek the gen - tle breez - es' sigh, And hear the feath - er'd



song - ster's cry, Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, To



seek the gen - tle breez - es' sigh, And hear the feath - er'd



song - sters' cry, Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo.

- 2 If days of sadness e'er assail,
 I hie me to the wood,
 Where streams of pleasure never fail,
 Where all is bright and good :
 'Tis here, when no one else is nigh,
 I hear the cuckoo's cheerful cry,
 Cuckoo, etc.

- 3 When days of joy come o'er my head,
 I seek this charming scene,
 Alone along the valley tread,
 And view the lively green ;
 And who so happy then as I,
 In hearing oft the cheerful cry ?
 Cuckoo, etc.

THE SWISS BOY.

GREITH.



1. { From pine-clad hills and mountains, My cher-ish'd childhood home, }
 { A land of bless-ed free-dom, A gay Swiss boy I come. }



I glo - ry in my mount-ain land, When on its snow-crown'd



hights I stand ; From pine-clad hill and mountain A gay Swiss boy I

Repeat pp.

come. Tra la la la la la la la la Tra la la la.

2 Among my merry comrades

A joyous life I lead ;

And in our verdant valleys

No pain nor sorrow heed.

From hill and vale our songs we raise,

Our grateful songs of joy and praise ;

From pine-clad hill and mountain,

A gay Swiss boy I come

Tra, la, la, etc.

THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

GREITH.



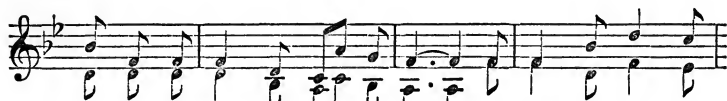
1. From hills with snow-peaks heav'n-ward tending, Lit up by ro - sy



dawn, Lit up by ro - sy dawn, Ha - li ha - li



ha - li ha - li ho;-- My song of praise is now as -



chend-ing, To greet the com-ing morn, To greet the com - ing



morn. Ha - li ha - li ha - li ho, ha - li ha - li-- ho...

2 Here dwell I free and far from sorrow,

||: And breathe the healthy air ; || Hali, hali, etc.

I am not anxious for the morrow,

||: Nor know a thought of care. || Hali, hali, etc.

3 At eve, beneath the starry heaven,

||: I seek my humble cot, || Hali, hali, etc.

And praise His name, who thus has given

||: The joy that crowns my lot. || Hali, hali, etc.

PATRIOTIC SONG.

MAESTOSO.

SCOTCH AIR.



1. Friends, we bid you welcome here, Freedom's sacred cause re-vere;



Dai - ly breathe a pray'r sin-cere For them who suf - fer wrong.



Fear not, lest your hope should fail, Truth is strong and must prevail;



What tho' foes our cause as - sail, They'll never pros-per long.

- 2 Who is he devoid of shame,
Justice for himself would claim,
Yet deny to all the same,
Through vain and selfish pride?
Friends, you long our hearts have known;
You're not left to fight alone;
We will make the cause our own,
For Heaven is on our side.
- 3 Who would live, to live in vain,
Live alone for worldly gain,
Spending days and nights in pain
For some ignoble end?
We would hope to leave behind,
Better times than now we find;
Better be it for mankind,
That we have lived their friend.

WANDERING-CALL.

LIVELY.



1. The sun-shine bright invites us all O'er God's wide world to roam !



Then cheer-ful-ly o - bey the call ; Forth to the mead-ows come !

- 2 The murm'ring stream is never still,
But merrily flows on ;
Hear'st thou the zephyr's gentle thrill ?
'Tis here, and quickly gone.
- 3 The moon moves onward peacefully,
The sun doth set and rise,
He shines o'er mountain, land, and sea ;
His glory never dies.
- 4 Then why, O man, with longing eyes,
Dost thou inactive stay ?
To wander through the world, arise,—
To foreign lands away !
- 5 Who knows where thou thy joy wilt find ?
Go forth and seek delight ;
While thou art ling'ring here behind,
Beware the coming night.
- 6 Away with anxious fear and care !
Look to the azure sky !
Though thou with grief thy joy must share,
Yet on thy God rely.

KEY OF E FLAT.

111.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 1 2 3
 3 4 5 6 7 8
 g a \flat b \flat c d e \flat f g a \flat b \flat c d e \flat f g

112.

113.

114.

DR. MAINZER.

115.

Come let us sound forth, in ac - cents of love,

Praise to our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove!

EXERCISE.

THE THREE DELIGHTS.



1. Birds in the branch-es high, Sing sweet-est mel - o - dy,



Hid-den from sight; Lis-t'ners from far and near, Gather their



song to hear, Fill'd with de-light, Fill'd with de - light.

- 2 Flowers in thousands bloom,
 Rich in their sweet perfume,
 Scenting the air;
 They with their colors bright,
 Give to the eye delight,
 ||: Springing so fair. :||
- 3 Streams from the mountains high,
 Onward flow peacefully,
 Down to the vale;
 Creatures, both man and beast,
 Come the sweet draught to taste
 ||: That cannot fail. :||
- 4 Say, have ye pondered, too,
 What hand so good and true,
 Made these delights?
 'Tis the good God above,
 Who in his power and love
 ||: Goodness requites. :||

THE BELL.

MODERATE.



1. Bell, thy tone is cheer-ful When the brid-al par - ty



To the church moves by! Bell thy tone is ho - ly



When on sab - bath morn - ing Fields de - sert - ed lie.

- 2 Bell, thy tone is peaceful,
 When it bids us gather
 For the ev'ning prayer!
 Bell thy tone is mournful,
 Tolling for the lov'd ones
 Who departed are!
- 3 Say, how canst thou mourn so?
 How canst thou rejoice, too,
 Lifeless as thou art?
 All our joys and sorrows
 Graciously thou sharest,
 Speaking to the heart!
- 4 God has wondrous power
 That we understand not,
 Given thee, sweet bell!
 When the heart is failing,
 Thou dost give it comfort,
 Soothing like a spell.

GOD THY HELPER.

ANDANTE.



1. Work with God up - on thy side! Hum-bly on his aid re -



ly - ing, Self de - pend - ence e'er de - ny - ing; This will



keep thy heart from pride. Work with God up - on thy side.

2 Work with God upon thy side!
 Would'st thou gain for what thou strivest,
 And the end for which thou livest,
 Choose Him for thine only Guide.
 Work with God upon thy side!

3 Work with God upon thy side!
 Courage will thy Helper send thee,
 And through all thy work befriend thee;
 There alone doth strength abide.
 Work with God upon thy side!

THE TRI-TONE.**TWO - PART ROUND.**

I.

II.



8 8 7 7 4 4 3 3 3 4 4 7 7 8 .

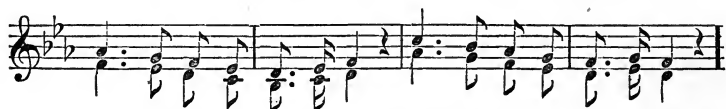
FAREWELL TO THE WOODS.



1. Ver-dant grove farewell to thee, Clad in ver - nal beau-ty



Thine my part-ing song shall be, 'Tis a sa - cred du - ty;



Let thy warbler's tuneful throng Bear the ech-eos of my song,



Far o'er hill and val - ley, Far o'er hill and val - ley.

- 2 What delight to linger here
 Mid thy shady bowers;
 From the silver fountain clear,
 Culling fragrant flowers:
 Would I might, with garlands crowned,
 Breathing odors sweet around,
 ||: Tarry with thee longer! :||
- 3 But the night forbids my stay;
 I must leave in sorrow;
 To your rest, ye birds, away,
 And dream of the morrow.
 Fare ye well, ye shady bow'rs,
 With your blooming, fragrant flow'rs,
 ||: Till another meeting. :||

KEY OF A FLAT.

116.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 a \flat b \flat c d \flat e \flat f g a \flat b \flat c d \flat e \flat f g a \flat

117.

118.

119.

120.

121.

DR. MAINZER.

EXERCISE.

ARRIVAL OF SPRING.

LIVELY.



1. The spring, the merry spring is come; Who would her beauties see,



Oh, let him quickly forth to roam, The meadow flow'rs to see!

- 2 Concealed amid the forest deep,
All winter hath she lain;
A bird hath roused her from her sleep,
And now she's here again.
- 3 The spring returns again to cheer,
With joy and merry song;
Where'er her beauteous charms appear,
Delights around her throng.
- 4 Then forth into the meadows green,
And let us freely roam;
When first the coming Spring is seen,
O who would stay at home?

EXERCISE.



SPRING.

F. ZISKA.



1. Sweet Spring is re - turn - ing, She breathes on the plain,



And mead-ows are bloom-ing in beau - ty a - gain.



Now fair is-- the flow - er, And green is-- the grove,



And soft is the show-er That falls from a - bove.

2 Full gladly I greet thee,
Thou loveliest guest!
Ah, long have we waited,
By thee to be blest;
Stern winter threw o'er us
His heavy, cold chain;
We love to be breathing,
In freedom again.

3 And then, O thou kind one,
Thou camest so mild,
And mountain and meadow,
And rivulet smiled;

The voice of thy music
Was heard in the grove;
The balm of thy breezes,
Invited to rove.

4 Now welcome, thou loved one,
Again and again,
And bring us full many
Bright days in thy train;
And bid the soft summer
Not linger so long,
And bid the soft summer
Not linger so long.

SUMMER JOYS.

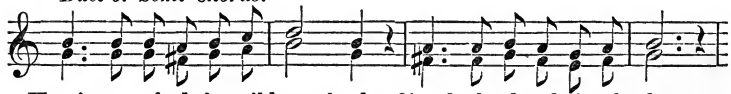
WM. B. BRADBURY.

Chorus.

1. Joy is warbling in the breez-es, Pleas-ures smile along the fields,



Na-ture, clad in robes of beauty, All-- that's sweet and lovely yields.

Duet or Semi-Chorus.

Heav'n now sheds its mildest splendor O'er the land and o'er the deep;

D. C.

In-sects feel, the common pleasure,— Forth in happy crowds they creep.

- 2 Humming bees, and sailing swallows
 Gayly tell the lively glee
 Nature's now so kindly shedding
 Over all the eye can see.
 "Welcome," says the flock that's feeding
 On the verdant, grassy hills;
 "Welcome," echoes many a songster,
 Chirping round the rippling rills.
- 3 Blooming flowers, their sweets exhaling,
 Join to make the charming scene
 Yet still more like happy Eden,
 E'er the blight of human sin.
 Glad we hail thee, lovely summer,—
 Welcome, truly, is thy smile;
 Oh, that all like thee were lovely,
 Free from wo and free from guile!

THE BUGLE'S SONG.

ALLEGRETTO.

CARL KELLER.



1. How sweet-ly swell, Thro' wood and dell, The bu - gle's sil - ver



song! The echoes round Send back the sound, And speak so long, so



long, so long, so long, so long, so long.

2 Each listening ear
Is still, to hear
The note so clearly blown ;
While rocks around
Send back the sound,
And answer tone to tone, to tone, etc.

3 Each leaf is still,
Through dale and hill ;
The birds to carol cease ;
The bubbling streams
Would, listening, seem
To flow in peace, in peace, etc.

4 O'er hills and plains
A Sabbath reigns ;
Then own its soothing power ;
All self forego,
And, bowing low,
Be silent and adore, adore, etc.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

C. G. HERING.



1. { What to grace thy na - tal day, Dear one, shall I bring-- thee, }
 { While this plain unstudied lay With true heart I sing--- thee? }



If I twine a win-ter wreath, Of the frost-y span - gle,



Noon-day with its melt-ing breath Each bright gem would man-gle.

- 2 Buds that open'd in the Spring,
 Summer suns have faded.
 Flowers that dropped from Summer's wing,
 Autumns fruit o'ershaded.
 Summer stems and Autumn fruit
 Winter snows drift over;
 Not a bud or leaf peeps out
 From the frosty cover.

- 3 Since then nature naught contains
 For a wreath to give thee,
 Take what yet unchanged remains,—
 What can never leave thee:
 Love that heeds not winter's snow,
 More than Autumn's shading,
 Love which will forever glow,
 Spite of frost and fading.

MY COUNTRY.

MODERATE.



My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the



pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mount - ain's side Let freedom ring.

- 2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break;
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our Father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our king!

RURAL DELIGHTS.

From "The Seasons."

Chorus.

1. Bright - ly bright - ly gleam the spark-ling rills;



Sum - mer, Sum - mer sleeps on ver - dant hills;

Semi-Chorus.

A - mid the shades we, ram-bling, stray, When cooling fountains



sport-ive play. Peal - ing, peal - ing, come the laugh and shout;

Chorus.

While gai - ly we sing, till the old for - ests ring, While



gai - ly we sing, till the old for - ests ring With the



joy of our mer-ry rout, With the joy of our mer-ry rout.

- 2 Odors, odors load the summer air,
 Music, music sweetly echoes there;
 And brightest maids, with softest glance,
 There join the song and lead the dance;
 Pealing, pealing come the laugh and shout,
 ||: While gayly we sing,
 Till the old forests ring :||
 ||: With the joy of our merry rout. :||

- 3 *pp* Faintly, faintly sounds the distant fall;
 Lightly, lightly woodland echoes call,
 And in their voice we deem we hear
 The tones of friends once gay and dear.
f Pealing, pealing, join the laugh and shout,
 ||: While gayly we sing,
 Till the old forests ring :||
 ||: With the joy of our merry rout. :||

SONG OF THE COUNTRY.

ANDANTE.



1. 'Neath the oak's pro-TECT-ing shel-ter, Where the bud-ding flow-'ret



grows, Where the birds are singing gai-ly, Ah! 'tis sweet to take re-POSE.

- 2 And our songs make sweeter music,
 Sung 'mid nature's beauties rare;
 Far away o'er hill and valley,
 Float their echoes on the air.
- 3 Let us sing, then, loud and clearly,
 Mid the glories of the spring!
 Great is our Creator's goodness,
 Who so fair made ev'ry thing

THE NIGHTINGALE'S ANSWER.

MODERATO.

GERMAN AIR.



1. { Night-in - gale, Night-in - gale, thou more sweet-ly can'st sing,
 { Night-in - gale, Night-in - gale, all do list to thy lay,



- sweet - ly canst sing, Than ev - 'ry oth - er bird; }
 list to thy lay, When - ev - er thou dost sing. }



When thou sing - est, all the world doth cry, Now comes



Spring so long de - ferr'd! Night-in - gale, Nightin-gale, all do



list to thy lay, list to thy lay, Wherev - er it is heard.

- 2 Nightingale, Nightingale, why so ||: silent art thou? :||
 Why sing so short a song?
 Nightingale, Nightingale, wherefore ||: sing'st thou no more? :||
 We for thy music long.
 When thou singest, all are full of joy,
 All our hearts grow firm and strong;
 Nightingale, Nightingale, wherefore ||: sing'st thou no more? :||
 We for thy music long.

- 3 When the May, when the May, when the ||: bright, merry May, :||
 With buds and flow'rs is o'er,
 Then my heart, then my heart all so ||: sorrowful is, :||
 That I can sing no more.
 Not a single song can give me joy,
 As they always did before;
 Yes, my heart, yes, my heart all so ||: sorrowful is, :||
 That I can sing no more.

BADEN.

GERMAN.



1. Lord, lead my heart to learn; Pre - pare my ears to hear;



And let me use-ful knowledge seek In thy most ho-ly fear.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 If unforgiven sin
 Within my bosom lies—
 Or evil motives linger there
 T' offend thy perfect eyes,</p> | <p>4 Thy name, Almighty Lord,
 Shall sound through distant lands,
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
 Thy truth forever stands.</p> |
| <p>3 Remove them far away;
 Inspire me with thy love,
 That I may please thee here below,
 And dwell with thee above.</p> | <p>5 Far be thine honor spread,
 And long thy praise endure,
 Till morning light and evening shade
 Shall be exchanged no mere.</p> |

THE INNOCENT.

J. C. JOHNSON.



1. Oh, how pure - ly, Oh, how sure - ly, Live the



in - no - cent in heart; Ev - er light - ly,



ev - er bright - ly, Ev - 'ry hour doth joy im - part.

2 Angels, standing where we're wand'ring,

Watch our walk and guard our way;

Like the showers on the flowers,

So fall blessings all the day.

3 Days declining, stars are shining,

Gleaming through the tranquil night;

Eyelids closing, safe reposing,

Rest we till the morning light.

4 Father holy, pure and lowly

May thy children ever be;

Anthems swelling, with thee dwelling,

Here and in Eternity.

COMMODO.

MIDWINTER.

F. GEYER.



1. Now be-hold! now be-hold! see the snow and feel how



cold! Chil-dren, come, with joy and sing-ing, Where the



bright fire burneth, come! And while round your warm hearth springing, Think of



those who have no home, Thanking God! thanking God! thanking God!

2 Grateful be! grateful be! for your mercies rich and free!

Oh, how many, poor and weary,

Sad and hungry, sick and cold,

Wander through this world so dreary,

Suff'ring more than can be told!

Grateful be! grateful be! grateful be!

3 Time improve! time improve! learn in youth to look above!

God will bless your prayerful waiting,

And your pious deeds requite;

Doing good, and evil hating,

Are well pleasing in his sight.

Time improve! time improve! time improve!

WEBB.

G. J. WEBB.



1. "Re-mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor," While youth's fair spring is bright,



Be - fore thy cares are great - er, Be - fore comes age's night;



While yet the sun shines o'er thee, While stars the darkness cheer,



While life is all be - fore thee, Thy great Cre - a - tor fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator,"

Ere life resigns its trust,
 Ere sinks dissolving nature,
 And dust returns to dust;
 Before with God, who gave it,
 The spirit shall appear;
 He cries, who died to save it,
 "Thy great Creator fear."

THIRD MUSIC READER:

A

Course of Musical Instruction,

WITH

SONGS IN TWO AND THREE PARTS,

BASED ON THE ELEMENTS OF HARMONY.

FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.



BY

LUTHER WHITING MASON,

SUPERINTENDENT OF MUSIC IN THE PRIMARY SCHOOLS
OF BOSTON.

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TO TEACHERS.

TO PURSUE successfully the course of instruction indicated in this, the "THIRD NATIONAL MUSIC READER," the pupils must have gone through a course of training equivalent to that contained in the First and Second Music Readers.

In the two-part songs, thus far, the harmonies have been extremely limited; so that the pupils have become accustomed to the "natural harmonies" of the Major Scale in nine different keys. They are now to consider the harmonic relation of sounds, and are gradually to become conscious of the groundwork of two- and three-part singing, as based upon the Triads of the Major and Minor Scales. Besides the Triads, they are taught the most usual forms of Chords of the Seventh and Ninth.*

Let it not be forgotten, that the proper training of the ear and voice, and cultivation of musical taste, are the chief objects of musical instruction in common schools. The best means to this end is a good selection of appropriate school-songs, carefully taught. It is recommended that scholars of this grade, as well as those of the lower classes, commit to memory several songs, both the poetry and the music,—and those some of the most difficult,—so that they may be able to give more attention to a tasteful performance. "It is not by *singing* merely that the taste is improved, but by *expressive* singing."

* A Manual for teachers, containing a full explanation of the Triads and other Chords indicated in this Number, is in course of preparation; also, a method of instruction for higher classes, on the plan of Dr. A. B. MARX'S "Chorus School"

This book, though complete in itself, is designed to be used in connection with the Third Series of NATIONAL MUSIC CHARTS. The necessary instruction in Intervals and Triads is given to best advantage from the Charts.

Let not any one be discouraged by the appearance of the Roman numerals and other signs to indicate the harmonies; neither let the musical scholar undervalue the little that is attempted in this direction.

L. W. M.

BOSTON, January 7th, 1871.

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God Omnipotent	26	Praise ye the Lord	90
Let us with a gladsome Mind	63	There is a River	93
		Wondrous King of Heaven	92

THIRD

NATIONAL MUSIC READER.



INTERVALS.

1.

Prime. Second. Third. Fourth. Fifth. Sixth. Seventh. Octave.



SECONDS.

2.



THIRDS.

3.



FOURTHS.

4.



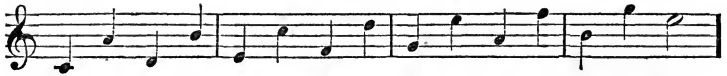
FIFTHS.

5.



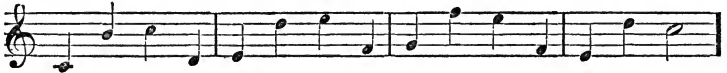
SIXTHS.

6.



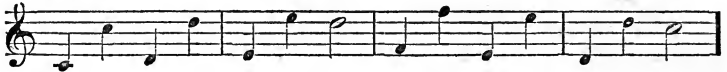
SEVENTHS.

7.



OCTAVES.

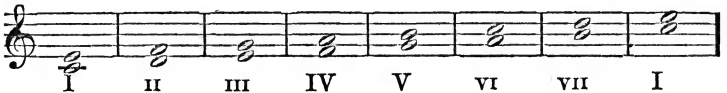
8.



CHORDS.

THIRDS, MAJOR AND MINOR.

9.



FIFTHS, PERFECT AND DIMINISHED.

10.



TRIADS OF THE MAJOR SCALE.

11.



CHORDS OF THE SEVENTH.

12.



TRIAD OF THE FIRST DEGREE.

13. 14.

15. 16.

17. 18.

19. 20.

COMMON CHORD OF THE FIFTH DEGREE.

21. 22.

23.

24.

25. 26.

I V I - V - I I - - V - I

SEVENTH CHORD OF THE FIFTH DEGREE.

27. 28.

V⁷

29.

I V

V⁷ V I

30.

I V⁷ V⁷ I

31.

I V⁷ I V V⁷ I I V⁷ I V V⁷ I

COMMON CHORD OF THE FOURTH DEGREE.

32. 33.

IV

34.

I

IV

V

I

35. 36.

I

-

IV

-

I

V

I

I

IV

I

-

IV

V

I

37.

I

V

I

V⁷

I

IV

V

I

-

V⁷

I

38.

I

IV

-

I

I

IV

-

I

I

IV

-

I

I

-

V⁷

I

PRAISE YE THE LORD.



1. All that have breath to praise, praise ye the Lord! Let ho - ly



joy and de - vo - tion most sa - cred dwell with - in our



in - most souls, dwell with - in our in - most souls!

2 Oh taste and see ye how good is the Lord! Mercy, compassion, light, truth and love boundless ||: guard our lives eternally. :||

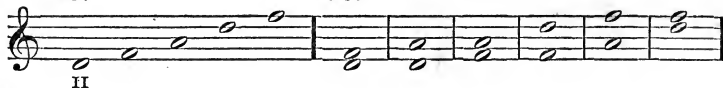
3 All that have hearts to love, love ye the Lord! Seraphim, Cherubim, souls of the righteous! ||: ah! what bliss in Heav'n to love! :||

4 Our souls are thirsting too, for the bright land, where we may love Him for ever and ever, ||: who in love created us. :||

COMMON CHORD OF THE SECOND DEGREE.

39.

40.



41.



HOSANNA.



Sing Ho - san - na! Bless - ed be he that com - eth in the



name of the Lord; Ho - san - na in the high - est!



He that com - eth in the name of the Lord, He that



com - eth in the name of the Lord; Ho -



san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the



high - est! Ho - san - na in the high - est!

COMMON CHORD OF THE SIXTH DEGREE.

42. 43.

VI

44.

I - V VI - II I IV V I

COMMON CHORD OF THE THIRD DEGREE.

45. 46.

III

47.

I V I V VI III IV V I

48.

49.

THE SABBATH.



1. See! dawn-ing from Heav'n's gold-en gate, The ho-ly



day we cel-e-brate; The Lord's day comes in



splen-dor bright, Un-fold-ing beams of heav'n-ly light.

2 Thrice welcome art thou, day of rest!

So grateful when with toil opprest;

That fills the soul with pious love,

And makes it soar to heav'n above.

3 An image of the sun thou art,

Whose beams such joy to earth impart:

So doth thy genial presence give

A hallow'd light to all that live.

4 God's messenger, thou bringest peace,

And biddest earth from tumult cease;

An angel sent from Heav'n to cheer,

And bid us for the week prepare.

5 Oh, lift my soul to heaven above,

Where spirits dwell in bliss and love;

One day, thro' morning's purple skies,

I, too, on angels' wings shall rise.

PASSING-NOTES. — UNACCENTED.

50. *a.* *b.*

I - IV II I V I I - IV II I V I
Love-ly beams the eve-ning star, Love-ly beams the eve-ning star.

51. *a.* *b.*

I - IV II V I I - IV II V I
Sing glad songs of tri - umph! Sing glad songs of tri - umph!

SONG OF PRAISE.

ANDANTE.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song, and praise his name for ev - er!

ALLEGRO.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song, Sing to the Lord a
Sing to the Lord a new-made song,

new - made song, Sing to the Lord a new - made song,
Sing to the Lord a new - made song, Sing to the Lord a

Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord,
 song, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the

Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, all ye
 Lord, Sing to the Lord, to the Lord,

lands, to the Lord, all ye lands, to the Lord, all ye
 all ye lands, to the Lord, all ye lands, to the Lord,

lands, and praise his name for ev - - er!
 Sing and praise His name for ev - - er!

52. *a.* *b.*

I I - V - I I I - V - I

THE LITTLE CHURCH.

1. Far up the mountain, yon - der, There stands a church a -

lone: With joy and pain I pon - - der Up -

on its ru - in'd stone,---- Up - on its ru - in'd stone.

2 It stands, a solemn warning
How time must all bereave;
The purple hues of morning
Its Sunday garment weave.

3 And when the bells are ringing
At early morning hour,
You'll hear the soft wind bringing
An echo from its tow'r.

4 The gentle peal brings o'er me
A thought of ages gone;
Methinks I see before me
A pilgrim band move on.

53. a.

b.

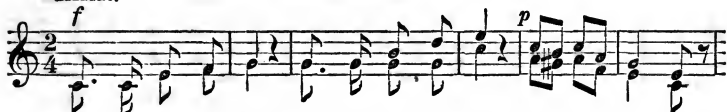


I - - - V⁷ - I I - - - V⁷ - I

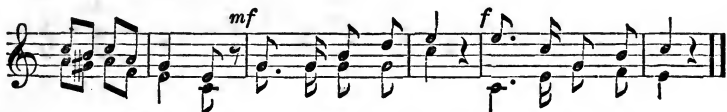
Boats are danc-ing o'er the lake. Boats are danc-ing o'er the lake.

MOUNTAIN SONG.

ALLEGRO.



1. Forth with footsteps light! Up the mountain high! Winds fresh blowing,



O - dors strew-ing, Wait to greet us there, Wait to greet us there.

2 See! the sun in state
Rises at heaven's gate;
Forth to meet him,
And to greet him,
||: Soars the warbling lark. :||

3 Onward through the skies,
Higher doth he rise,
Blessings sending,
Wide extending
||: Over hill and dale. :||

4 Then toward the skies
Higher let us rise,
Upward gazing,
Ever raising
||: Heart and eye to heaven. :||

APPOGGIATURA.—ACCENTED.

54. *a.* *b.*

I - IV II I V I I - IV II I V I

Love-ly beams the ev-'ning star, Love-ly beams the ev-'ning star.

AT EVENING.

p

1. Thou calm hour of ev - 'ning, we greet thee, That

bring - eth such tran - quil re - pose! The worn spir - it

hast - ens to meet thee, So sweet - ly thou soothest its woes.

- 2 The heat that at noonday oppress'd us,
Thy shadows bid quickly depart;
The cares we forget that distress'd us,
And grateful is every heart.
- 3 With friends that we love gather'd round us,
We lessons of charity learn;
We let not keen malice confound us—
A blessing we give in return.
- 4 Then welcome! sweet ev'ning, rich laden
With visions of heav'nly rest;
Thou breathest the pleasures of Eden,
That blissful abode of the blest.

THE MINOR SCALE.

KEY OF A MINOR.—HARMONIC FORM.

55.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
a b c d e f g# a a g# f e d c b a

MELODIC FORM.

56.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
a b c d e f# g# a a g# f# e d c b a

57.

58.

59.

TRIADS OF THE SCALE IN A MINOR.

60.

I II° III IV V VI VII° I

61.

62. 63.

64.

AUTUMN SONG.

1. { Soon from the bough descend - ing, The last red leaf shall fall ;
The birds their songs are ending, The world is si - lent all.

Ah ! whither are they van - ish'd, Whose blithe songs were our delight ?

The hoar-frost all hath ban - ish'd Far o'er the mountain height.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 O'er desert fields and meadows
In sadness now we stray ;
Now sooner come night's shadows
And shorter grows the day.
The birds are elsewhere seeking
For the sunny smile of Spring ;
O ! what a merry-making
Its charms to them will bring !</p> | <p>3 What though from bough descending
Now falls the last red leaf,
And birds their songs are ending,
As though opprest with grief ?
O ! banish all your mourning,
Nor so tremblingly despair ;
We soon shall see returning
The lovely Spring so fair.</p> |
|--|--|

COMMON CHORD OF THE FIRST DEGREE.

65. 66.

I

67.

COMMON CHORD OF THE FIFTH DEGREE.

68. 69.

V

70. 71. 72. 73.

I V I I V I I V I I V I

SEVENTH CHORD OF THE FIFTH DEGREE.

74. 75.

V⁷

76. 77. 78. 79.

I V⁷ I I V⁷ I I V⁷ I I V⁷ I

NINTH CHORD OF THE FIFTH DEGREE.

80. 81. 82. 83.

V⁹ I V⁹ I V⁹ I V⁹ I

Detailed description: This block contains four measures of music on a treble clef staff. Measure 80 shows a V⁹ chord (F major with Bb and D). Measure 81 shows an I V⁹ I progression (C major, F major with Bb and D, C major). Measure 82 shows a V⁹ chord (F major with Bb and D). Measure 83 shows an I V⁹ I progression (C major, F major with Bb and D, C major).

COMMON CHORD OF THE FOURTH DEGREE.

84. 85.

IV

Detailed description: This block contains two measures of music on a treble clef staff. Measure 84 shows an IV chord (F major). Measure 85 shows a sequence of four F major chords, each with a different voicing.

CHORDS OF THE SECOND DEGREE.

86. 87. 88. 89.

II II⁷

Detailed description: This block contains four measures of music on a treble clef staff. Measure 86 shows an II chord (D minor). Measure 87 shows an II⁷ chord (D minor with F and Ab). Measure 88 shows an II⁷ chord (D minor with F and Ab). Measure 89 shows an II⁷ chord (D minor with F and Ab).

90. 91.

I II V⁷ I I II⁷ V⁷ I I II II⁷ V V⁷ I

Detailed description: This block contains two measures of music in 4/4 time on a treble clef staff. Measure 90 shows a sequence of chords: I (C), II (Dm), V⁷ (F7), I (C), I (C), II⁷ (Dm7), V⁷ (F7), I (C). Measure 91 shows a sequence of chords: I (C), II (Dm), II⁷ (Dm7), V (F), V⁷ (F7), I (C).

92. 93.

II⁹ I - - II⁹ V I - V V⁷ I

Detailed description: This block contains two measures of music on a treble clef staff. Measure 92 shows an II⁹ chord (Dm9). Measure 93 shows a sequence of chords: I (C), II⁹ (Dm9), V (F), I (C), V (F), V⁷ (F7), I (C).

COMMON CHORD OF THE SIXTH DEGREE.

94. 95. 96.

VI I V VI - II⁷ V I

Detailed description: This block contains three measures of music on a treble clef staff. Measure 94 shows a VI chord (Dm). Measure 95 shows a sequence of chords: I (C), V (F), VI (Dm). Measure 96 shows a sequence of chords: I (C), V (F), VI (Dm), II⁷ (Dm7), V (F), I (C).

PASSING-NOTES AND SUSPENSIONS.

97.

I - IV II -I -V⁷ I

MURMUR, GENTLE LYRE.

1. Mur-mur, gen-tle lyre, Thro' the lone-ly night; Let thy trembling
wire Wak-en dear de-light, Wak-en dear de-light.

2 Tho' the tones of sorrow
Mingle in the strain,
Yet my heart can borrow
||: Pleasure from the pain. :||

4 Hush the thousand voices!
Gone the noonday glare!
Gentle spirit voices
||: Stir the midnight air. :||

3 Hark, the quiv'ring breezes
List thy silv'ry sound;
Ev'ry tumult ceases!
||: Silence reigns profound. :||

5 Earth below is sleeping,
Meadow, hill and grove;
Angel stars are keeping
||: Silent watch above. :||

GOD OMNIPOTENT!

MAESTOSO.

f *p*

God om - nip - o - tent! Thou om - ni - pres - ent Lord! Re -

f *p*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bottom staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are written between the two staves.

f *mf*

sounding thy praise, heav'n's broad arches ring; The spheres thy wondrous

f *mf*

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The top staff continues from the previous system with a forte (*f*) dynamic and then a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The bottom staff continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic and then a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are written between the two staves.

p

pow'r pro - claim, All worlds sing prais - es to thy name, Which

p

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The top staff continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bottom staff continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are written between the two staves.

f *p*

thy word hath cre - at - ed When first in glo - ry

f

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The top staff continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic and then a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bottom staff continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are written between the two staves.

seat - ed, Thou bad'st them forth from cha - os spring.

EVER-FLOWING, MIGHTY OCEAN.

RATHER SLOW.

1. Ev - er - flow - ing, might - y o - cean, 'Twere as eas - y to con - trol,
In the storm, thy bil - l'wy mo - tion, As thy wonders to un - roll.

- 2 Whether morning's splendor steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.
- 3 Earth, her valleys and her mountains
Mortal man's commands obey.
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scan his sway.
- 4 Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?

O GENTLE, BALMY BREEZE.

CHEERFUL Y. DOLCE.

1. O gen-tle, balm-y breeze, O gen-tle, balm-y breeze, Al-

mf read - y you waft me the spring's first mel - o - dy; Soon, soon,
mf

the trees----- soon
soon ver-dure will clothe---- the trees, soon ver-dure, soon
the trees----- soon

Solo. dolce.
verdure will clothe the trees; O gen-tle, balm-y breeze, O

Tutti.
mf

gen - tle, balm - y breeze, Al - read - y you waft me the

spring's first mel - o - dy; Soon, soon, soon ver - dure will

clothe----- the trees, Soon verdure will clothe----- the

trees, Soon verdure will clothe----- the trees, soon, soon.

SUMMER COMES.

LIVELY.

1. Sum-mer comes, the sport - ive swal - low

1. Sum - mer comes, the sport - ive

Skims de - light - ed o'er the scene; Hare - bells

swal - low Skims de - light - ed o'er the

blue and cow - slips yel - low, Deck the fields and mea -

scene, Harebells blue, and cowslips yel-low, Deck the fields and

dows green, Deck the fields and meadows green.

meadows green, Deck the fields and mead - ows green.

2 O'er the busy field around us,
 See the mowers ply the scythe;
 Joyous hearts and looks surround us,
 ||: Jocund lads and maidens blithe. :||

AWAY WITH NEEDLESS SORROW.

CHEERFULLY, BUT NOT TOO FAST.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The time signature is 6/8. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1. A - way with need - less sor - row; Tho' troub - le may be -
fall,--- A bright - er day to - mor - row, A
bright - er day to - mor - row, May shine up - on us all---

- 2 We cannot tell the reason
For all the clouds we see;
||: Yet ev'ry time and season :||
Must wisely ordered be.
- 3 Let us but do our duty
In sunshine and in rain,
||: And Heav'n, all bright with beauty, :||
Will bring us joy again.
- 4 Though ev'ning shades should lower,
The morning may be fine;
||: For he who sends the shower :||
Can cause his sun to shine.
- 5 (*Repeat first stanza.*)

G MAJOR.—HARMONIES OF THE FIRST AND FIFTH DEGREES.

98. 99. 100. 101.

I V V⁷ V⁹

102. 103. 104. 105.

I V I I V⁷ I I V⁷ I I V⁹ I

HARMONIES OF THE FOURTH, SECOND, AND SIXTH DEGREES.

106. 107. 108. 109.

IV I IV V⁷ I II I II V I

110. 111. 112. 113.

II⁷ I II⁷ V⁷ I VI I V V⁷ VI II I V I

SONG OF THE FATHERLAND.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. Fa - ther - land, rest in God's own hand! When we speak thy

name so proudly, Ah, what mag-ic in the spell! When we hear thy

worth prais'd loudly, Raptures then the bo - som swell. Thee God's arm

shield from harm! Rest in his own hand, dear - est fa - ther - land.

- 2 With sweet rest may thou e'er be blest!
 Joy with thee can flourish never,
 Save upon the plains of peace;
 God to trust be thy endeavor,
 Else prosperity must cease.
 God is near, thee to cheer;
 Rest in his own hand, dearest fatherland.
- 3 Justice' sway naught can lead astray;
 When it all our laws protecteth,
 God is ready to befriend;
 And when truth our minds directeth,
 Blessings on our acts attend.
 These pursue, to God true;
 Rest in his own hand, dearest fatherland.

SEE! THE SETTING SUN IS FIRING.

MODERATE.

p *mf*

1. See! the set - ting sun is fir - ing, See! the set - ting

p *mf*

With his flame-----

sun is fir - ing With his flame the pur - ple

p

west! 'Mid the shad - y boughs ex - pir - ing, Sinks the

p

Sinks the war - - - bler's song to

war - bler's song to rest, Sinks the warbler's song to

rest,-- It sinks to rest.-----

rest,----- It sinks to rest.

2 ||: Stillness reigns, and o'er the meadows :||

Night a veil of darkness throws ;

'Mid the soften'd evening shadows

||: Seeks the lab'rer sweet repose, :||

Seeks sweet repose.

3 ||: Sweet repose, thy tranquil pleasure :||

Knows the busy hand alone ;

Only he can rightly measure

||: Joys of rest when day is gone, :||

When day is gone.

4 ||: Then with calm and peaceful feeling, :||

Conscious of a life well spent,

Meets he death upon him stealing,

||: With a smile of sweet content, :||

Of sweet content.

HOW DEEP A SLEEP HATH BOUND THEE.

MODERATE.

1. How deep a sleep hath bound thee! A snow-y shroud is

round thee, O Earth, our-- moth - er-- fair; Where

now are Spring's gay flow - ers, And Sum-mer's gold - en

hours,--- And those green robes thou once---- didst wear?

2 How tranquil are thy slumbers!
 No shepherd's tuneful numbers
 By vale or stream resound;
 Sweet summer songs are over,
 The swallow, joyous rover,
 In all our fields no more is found.

3 A Father's hand hath dressed thee
 In wintry robes, so rest thee
 Beneath his watchful sight;
 Thy wintry slumbers breaking,
 We soon shall see thee waking,
 In radiant robes of lovely light.

VERDANT FIELDS.

MODERATO.

Ver-dant fields, vio-lets blue, Cuck-oo
 Verdant fields, vio-lets blue,
 call-ing, Black-bird's song,
 Cuck-oo call-ing, Black-bird's song
 Sun-ny show-ers, zeph-yrs soft.
 Sun-ny show-ers, zeph-yrs soft.

When I hear such words of glad-ness, Chas-ing far all gloom and

sad-ness, I must praise thee, love-ly Spring, I must

praise thee, love-ly Spring. When I hear such words of

glad-ness, Chas-ing far all gloom and sad-ness, I must

praise thee, love - ly Spring, I must praise-- thee,

love - ly Spring, love - ly Spring, love - ly Spring.

F MAJOR.—HARMONIES OF THE FIRST, FIFTH, AND THIRD DEGREES.

114.	115.	116.	117.	118.	119.
I	V	V ⁷	I ⁷	III III ⁷	V ⁹

HARMONIES OF THE FOURTH, SECOND, AND SIXTH DEGREES.

120.	121.	122.	123.
IV	I IV V ⁷	I II	I II V ⁷ I

124.	125.	126.	127.
II ⁷	I II ⁷ V ⁷ I VI	I V VI	- II ⁷ V I

128.

I I⁷ IV I IV I V⁷ I

129.

I VI III III⁷ IV I V V⁷ I

THE WILD ROSE.

H. WERNER.

mf

1. Once I saw a sweet-briar rose, All so fresh - ly

mf

bloom-ing, Bath'd with dew and blushing fair, Gen-tly wav'd by

balm - y air, All the air per - fum - ing; Gen-tly wav'd by

balm - y air, All the air per - fum - ing.

2 "Rose," said I, "thou shalt be mine!
 All so freshly blooming;"
 Rose replied, "Nay, let me go,
 Or thy blood shall freely flow
 For thy rash presuming,
 Or thy blood shall freely flow
 For thy rash presuming."

AS I RANGE THE SPACIOUS FIELDS.

MODERATE AND SOFT.

As I range the spa - cious fields, Feast on

all that na - ture yields, Ev - ry thing in - spires delight, Charms my

smell, my taste, my sight; Ev-'ry ru-ral sound I hear Soothes my

Ev - - - 'ry ru-ral sound I hear

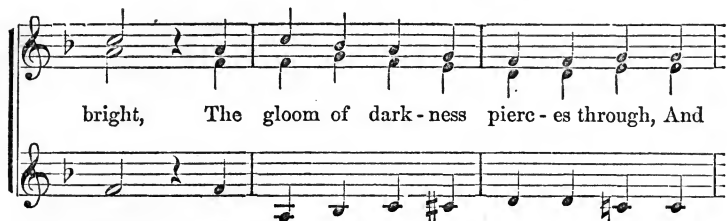
soul and tunes my ear, Soothes my soul and tunes my ear.

Soothes my soul and tunes my ear.

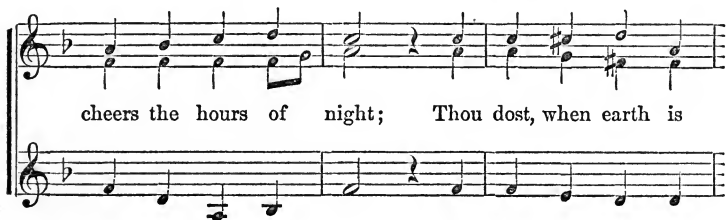
HAIL, QUEEN OF NIGHT.

MODERATE.

Hail, Queen of night! thy ra-diant beam, With sil-ver lus - tre



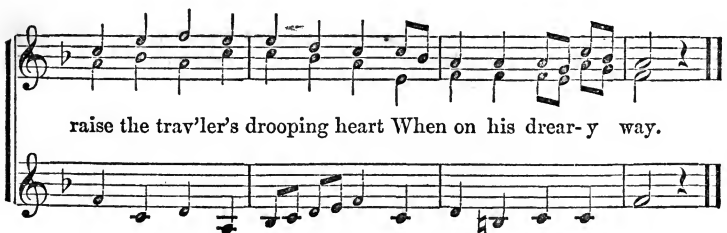
bright, The gloom of dark-ness pierc-es through, And



cheers the hours of night; Thou dost, when earth is



wrapt in peace, Thy glo-rious light dis-play, To



raise the trav'ler's drooping heart When on his drear-y way.

I SAW THE SMILING, GOLDEN SUN.

RATHER SLOW.

1. I saw the smil-ing, gold - en sun Sink to his rest when

day was done; And this, methought, his part-ing strain: Lov'd

friends, I greet you soon again, Lov'd friends, I greet you soon again.

2 Then starry ev'ning floated down,
 And spread her veil o'er field and town;
 And when mild moonlight tipp'd the hill
 †: Noise fled away and all was still. †:

3 And now in sleep my eyes I close,
 Fearless on God my thoughts repose,
 Beneath a watchful Father's sight,
 †: I yield me to the arms of night. †:

D MAJOR.—HARMONIES OF THE FIRST AND FIFTH DEGREES.

130. 131. 132. 133.

I V V⁷ V⁹

134. 135. 136. 137.

I V I I V⁷ I I V I I V⁹ I

HARMONIES OF THE FOURTH, SECOND, AND SIXTH DEGREES.

138. 139. 140. 141.

IV I IV V I II I II V I

142. 143. 144. 145.

II⁷ I II⁷ V⁷ I VI I VII⁰ VI V IV V⁷ I

AUTUMN PICTURES.

ANDANTINO.

mf

1. Come, oh, come in - to - - - God's gar - den! True, 'tis

mf

marr'd by au - tumn storms; Ma - ny a les - son

our world doth teach us, Clad in all her va - ried

forms, in all her va - ried forms. See! kind Na - ture,

ge - nial pa - rent, — Time her a - ged brow hath worn, —

how the rag - ing blasts of au-tumn All her fair - est
flow'rs have torn, All her fair - est flow'rs have torn.

- 2 'T is not long since pinks and roses
 Bloom'd on many a fertile spot ;
 Since the violet pour'd forth its odors,
 And the sweet forget-me-not, the sweet forget-me-not.
 Soon the purple violet, wither'd,
 Fell the angry tempest's prey ;
 Soon the pink's fair beauty faded,
 ||: And the rose-bud drooped away. :||
- 3 Then enjoy creation's pleasures
 While thy cheeks with vigor glow !
 Sing rejoicing, while from thy bosom
 Silver tones of gladness flow, yet tones of gladness flow.
 Sport, and take thy fill of pleasure,
 Ere the sense of joy abate,—
 While the thrill of life's fresh morning
 ||: Heart and eye doth animate. :||
- 4 He who to enjoy the rapture
 Of life's spring-time rightly knows,
 He drinks freely of pleasure's fountain,
 That in youth's bright morning flows, in youth's bright morning flows.
 He the crown gratefully weareth
 That the spring produced so bright ;
 Grieves not when rude autumn cometh ;
 ||: Dreams away cold winter's night. :||

AS THE DEWY SHADES.

ANDANTE.

LAMBILLOTTE.

mf *p*

1. As the dew - y shades of e - ven Gath - er
2. May thy spir - it near us hov - er, Free our

mf *p*

mf

o'er the balm - y air, Lis - ten, O thou God of
tho'ts from aught de - filed; And with wings of mer - cy

mf

f

Heav - en, Lis - ten to our ves - per pray'r.
eov - er Ev - 'ry err - ing, help - less child.

f

- 3 God of Heav'n! oh, guard and guide me;
Save my soul from dark despair;
In thy great compassion hide me;
Take me, Father, to thy care!

B-FLAT MAJOR.—HARMONIES OF THE FIRST AND FIFTH DEGREES.

146. 147. 148. 149.

I V V⁷ V⁹

150. 151. 152. 153.

I V I I V⁷ I I V⁷ I I V⁹ I

HARMONIES OF THE FOURTH, SECOND, AND SIXTH DEGREES.

154. 155. 156. 157.

IV I IV V I II I II V I

158. 159. 160. 161. *a*

II⁷ I II⁷ V⁷ I VI I V VI - II⁷ V I

161. *b*

I IV - I I IV - I

I IV - I V - - I

MY FATHERLAND.

MODERATO.

mf

1. Where light first dawn'd up - on me, My cra-dle first did

stand— This world's fair charms first won-- me: There

is my fa-ther - land,--- There is my fa-ther - land.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Where tender love first sought me
With gentle, faithful hand,
And noble lessons taught me:
 : There is my fatherland. : </p> | <p>3 Where tales that did astound me
I first did understand—
Where kind friends stood around me:
 : There is my fatherland. : </p> |
|---|--|

- 4 Where angels stand above me,
A bright, immortal band,
To cheer and guide and love me:
||: There is my fatherland. :||

THE DRY LEAVES ARE FALLING.

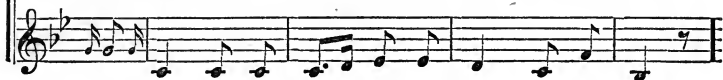
MODERATO.



1. The dry leaves are fall - ing; The cold breeze a - bove



Has stript of its glo - ries the sor - row - ing grove.



Has stript of its glo - ries The sor - row - ing grove.



Has stript of its

2 The hills are all weeping,
The field is a waste,

||: The songs of the forest
Are silent and past. :||

3 The songsters are vanish'd,
In armies they fly

||: To a clime more benignant,
A friendlier sky. :||

4 The thick mists are veiling
The valley in white,

||: With the smoke of the village
They blend in their flight. :||

THE IVY.

ANDANTE.

W. A. MOZART.

1. I - vy, i - vy, winter-green! Brooks with ice are braid - ed;

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

Gardens, fields, and woods are bare; Flow'rs and buds are fad - ed;

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It features the same two-staff structure with treble and bass clefs, maintaining the 6/8 time signature and two-flat key signature.

Still art thou in beau - ty seen, Ev - er young and ev - er green.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It follows the same two-staff format as the previous systems, ending with a double bar line.

- 2 Ivy, ivy, winter-green!
 Every danger braving;
 Thou hast scaled the crumbling tower,
 With thy banner waving;
 Rustling at the lattice old,
 Whispering o'er the statues cold.

3 Ivy, ivy, winter-green !
 Round the old oak twining,
 Far above the topmost bough,
 Thy green leaves are shining ;
 There thou tak'st a proud survey,
 Of the forest bare and gray.

4 Ivy, ivy, winter-green !
 Storm and wind defying,
 Thou in shining robes art seen,
 While all waste is lying.
 Green while all is dead and cold,
 Hope's fair emblem I behold.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

The Lord, whom earth and sea and sky With one a -
 dor - ing voice pro - claim, Who rules them all in
 maj - es - ty, In-clos'd Him-self in mor - tal frame.

p *p* *f* *f*

BARBAROSSA.

MODERATO.

1. Old Bar-ba-ros-sa sleeps there In cas-tle un-der ground.

A mag-ic charm still keeps there The em-per-or spell-bound.

- 2 Death's call has never bidden
Him leave his house of clay;
But in the castle hidden,
He sleeps the time away.
- 3 The riches of his kingdom
He took with him below;
But he will one day bring them,
When he comes back, we know.
- 4 He sits (so says the fable)
On chair of ivory made;
Of marble is the table
Whercon his head is laid.
- 5 His beard is long and flowing,
All of a fiery red;
'Tis through the table growing,
On which he rests his head.
- 6 He nods as he were dreaming,
And winks with half-closed eye;
With glance all brightly beaming,
He bids his page draw nigh.
- 7 He speaks in sleep, thus crying:
"Go to the castle door,
And see if still are flying
The ravens as before.
- 8 "And if they still are flying—
The old birds round the hill—
Must I in slumber lying
A hundred years be still."

MY GOD, HOW ENDLESS IS THY LOVE!

CHORALE.

SILCHER.

1. My God, how end - less is thy love! Thy

gifts are ev - 'ry ev'n - ing new, And morn - ing mer - cies

from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - til like ear - ly dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days,
And daily blessings from thine hands
Demand my daily songs of praise.

A MAJOR.—HARMONIES OF THE FIRST AND FIFTH DEGREES.

162. 163. 164. 165.

I V V⁷ V⁹

166. 167. 168. 169.

I V I I V I I V⁷ I I V⁹ I

HARMONIES OF THE FOURTH, SECOND, AND SIXTH DEGREES.

170. 171. 172. 173.

IV I IV V I II I II V I

174. 175. 176. 177.

II⁷ I II⁷ V V⁷ I VI I I VI II⁷ V⁷ I

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

NOT TOO SLOW.

LAMBLOTTE.

1. Though no fa - ther's voice I hear, Though no moth - er's

form I see, Yet why there-fore should I fear?

God will be a Friend to me, Where-fore should I

then de - spair? God will hear the or - phan's pray'r.

2 Though no soothing words of love
 Fall upon my list'ning ear;
 Yet I have a Friend above,
 Than all earthly friends more dear;
 To that Friend I now repair,—
 He will hear the orphan's pray'r.

3 God of love! oh, deign to smile,
 From thy shining seat on high,
 On a helpless orphan child;

Chase the tear-drop from his eye.
 May I in thy mercy share!
 Hear, oh, hear the orphan's pray'r!

4 Make me, Lord, what I should be;
 Let me on thy love depend;
 May I put my trust in thee,
 Love and serve thee to the end:
 And when earthly toils are o'er,
 Live with thee for evermore.

MORNING SONG.

C. H. RINK.

1. Soft - ly gen - tly break - ing, Comes the morn's first ray,

And with smiles the sun - shine Ush - ers in the day.

2 Then a peaceful stillness
Fills the soul again,
Healing all its sorrow,
Soothing all its pain.

3 Life is earnest, truly,
And the pilgrim's road;

But with heart confiding,
I look up to God.

4 He who me created
Gave me life and breath,
Lovingly shall guide me
Thro' the gates of death.

SPRING SONG.

ALLEGRO.

1. Snow and ice are gone, Budding boughs are

1. Snow and ice are gone,

come, Violets in the garden growing, Daisies each green

Budding boughs are come,

meadow strewing; Winter snow and ice are gone, And the budding

boughs have come, And the budding boughs have come.

2 Woods and fields around
 Echo with glad sound,
 Birds on ev'ry-tree are singing,
 Larks in upward course are swinging;
 Woods and shady groves around
 ||: Echo with the merry sound. :||

3 Then, oh, quickly come!
 Linger not at home!
 O'er the fields and meadows roaming,
 See the marks of spring's glad coming!
 Then into the garden come!
 ||: Linger, linger not at home. :||

E-FLAT MAJOR.—HARMONIES OF THE FIRST AND FIFTH DEGREES.

178. 179. 180. 181.

I V V⁷ V⁹

182. 183. 184. 185.

I V I I V⁷ I I V⁷ I I V⁹ I

HARMONIES OF THE FOURTH, SECOND, AND SIXTH DEGREES.

186. 187. 188. 189.

IV I IV I I V⁷ I II I II V⁷ I

190. 191. 192. 193.

II⁷ I II⁷ V⁷ I VI I I VI II⁷ V I

EVENING SONG.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. { Swift on his pinions re-turn-ing, Sinks the red sun to his bed ;
Leaves the green hill-tops all burning Bright with his purple and red. }

Calm through the fir - ma - ment wan - der Stars in their

brill - ian - cy bright;----- Twi-light soft glim - mer - ing

yon - - der, Brings the calm sea - son of night.

2 Welcome! with song be thou greeted,
 Holy and beauteous night!
 Who the day's toil has completed
 Hails thy repose with delight.
 Linger, oh, linger and hear us
 While we are singing to thee;
 Tarry, oh, tarry thou near us;
 Soon we are parted to be.

NOW THE WINTRY STORMS ARE O'ER.

SOFTLY.

SILCHER.

1. Now the win - try storms are o'er, Spring un -

locks her ver - dant store; Smil - ing pleas - ure

crowns the day, Sweet - ly breathes the blush - ing May.

2 O'er the daisy-painted mead
 Now the wanton lambkins spread;
 Ever playful, ever gay,
 Fond to welcome in the May.

3 Now responsive through the grove,
 Softer tuned to Spring and love,
 Echo, with her sportive lay,
 Joins our carols in the May.

CHORAL.—LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND.

SILCHER.

1. Let us, with a gladsome mind, Praise the

Lord, for he is kind; For his mercies shall en-

sure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 He, with all-commanding might,[†]
Filled the new-made world with light.
For his mercies, etc.
- 3 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need.
For his mercies, etc.
- 4 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind.
For his mercies, etc.

E MAJOR.—HARMONIES OF THE FIRST AND FIFTH DEGREES.

194. 195. 196. 197.

I V V⁷ V⁹

198. 199. 200. 201.

I V I I V⁷ I I V⁷ I I V⁹ I

HARMONIES OF THE FOURTH, SECOND, AND SIXTH DEGREES.

202. 203. 204. 205.

IV I IV I V⁷ I II I II V⁷ I

206. 207. 208. 209.

II⁷ I II⁷ V⁷ I VI I I VI II⁷ V I

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

FRANZ ABT.

1. In ev - er - chang - ing or - bit Our life doth quick - ly

flee, And gen - tly doth ab - sorb it E -

ter - ni - ty's wide sea, E - ter - ni - ty's wide sea.

- 2 The rose a breath can wither
That late so sweetly bloomed ;
It goes we know not whither,
||: To swift destruction doomed. :||
- 3 Like fleeting thoughts that waver,
Life's dream from us doth haste ;
Tho' gained by hard endeavor,
||: Its pleasures scarce we taste. :||
- 4 While flowers round are growing,
The grave doth yawn beneath ;
The balmy west wind blowing,
||: Brings, too, corruption's breath. :||
- 5 With eagle's swiftmess flying,
The wheel of time rolls by ;
While yet for fortune trying,
||: In sudden gloom we lie :||

OH, SEE HOW PLEASANT.

ANDANTINO.

C. F. GEORGI.

1. Oh, see how pleasant, fair, and bright Our lit - tle church is

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/8 time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written between the two staves.

show - ing! While gild - ed by the morn - ing light, Each

The second system of music continues the melody. It features two staves with treble and bass clefs, maintaining the three-sharp key signature and 3/8 time signature. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

win - dow pane is glow - ing. All gen - tle, sweet, and

The third system of music continues the melody. It features two staves with treble and bass clefs, maintaining the three-sharp key signature and 3/8 time signature. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

qui - et round; No such a church is else - where found.

The fourth and final system of music concludes the piece. It features two staves with treble and bass clefs, maintaining the three-sharp key signature and 3/8 time signature. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

- 2 No costly arts our church array,
 That bride so meek and lovely;
 But there each welcome Sabbath day,
 The very air is holy;
 And there the Pastor leads his flock
 To water from the living rock.
- 3 Then when the organ lifts its voice
 In sounds so sweetly given,
 And when its tones press through the heart,
 And open it to heaven,—
 Then may the heart, thus open laid,
 Hear more than organ ever said.

A-FLAT MAJOR.—HARMONIES OF THE FIRST AND FIFTH DEGREES.

210. 211. 212. 213.

I V V⁷ V⁹

214. 215. 216. 217.

I V I I V I I V⁷ I I V⁹ I

HARMONIES OF THE FOURTH, SECOND, AND SIXTH DEGREES.

218. 219. 220. 221.

IV I IV V I II I II V I

222. 223. 224. 225.

II⁷ I II⁷ V V⁷ I VI I I VI II⁷ V I

DOXOLOGY.—“MIGHTY GOD.”

MODERATO.

mf

1. { Might - y God, we wor - ship thee; Lord, we
All the earth doth bow the knee, And ad -

mf

praise thy pow'r tre - mendous; } As thou wast in
mire thy works stu - pendous: }

f

days of yore Shalt thou be for ev - er - more.

f

SHADES OF EVENING.

ADAGIO.

mf

1. { Evening shades are fall - ing O - ver wood and plain, }
 { Tranquil peace re - call - ing To the world a - gain; }

mf

p

Save the rest - less riv - er, All is calm re - pose;

p

p

Murm'ring, rippling ev - er, Still it on - ward flows.

p *f*

2 Night, though round us stealing,
 Brings to it no peace;
 No sweet vespers, pealing,
 Bid its labors cease;
 So, with all thy striving,
 'T is with thee, my heart:
 'T is alone God's blessing
 That can peace impart.

THE FATHERLAND.

ALLEGRETTO.

Soli.

1. Know ye the land so won-drous fair, En-cir-cled

with its oaks a-round, Up-on whose gen-tle green hills

Chorus.
there The sun-lit, pur-ple vines a-bound? That land so fair we

know full well; 'Tis of our fa-ther-land ye tell,

'T is of our fa - ther - land ye tell.

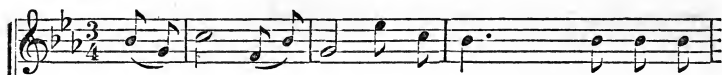
2 Know ye the land from cunning free,
 Where man's word no deceit doth know,
 The land where love and honesty
 Do sweeten o'er life's every woe?
 That land so good we know full well;
 'T is of our fatherland ye tell,
 'T is of our fatherland ye tell.

3 Know ye the land where virtue reigns,
 And naught but sound of joy is heard,
 The hallow'd land where faith attains
 Its recompense and sure reward?
 That hallow'd land we know full well;
 'T is of our fatherland ye tell,
 'T is of our fatherland ye tell.

4 Hail, sacred land, that sits on high
 'Bove all upon this earthly ball!
 How fair is freedom's holy tie,
 That binds thy children, one and all!
 Then let us pledge our love to thee,
 And of thy glory worthy be,
 And of thy glory worthy be.

GOOD-NIGHT.

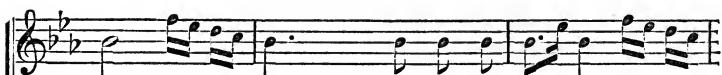
GENTLY.



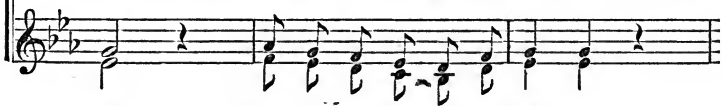
1. Good-night! Good-night! Sweetly has the light of



1. Good-night! Good-night! Sweetly has the light of



day Shed a - round its glorious beam - ing, Kind - ly



day Shed a-round its glorious beam - ing,



o'er our path - way gleam - ing, Like the



Kind - ly o'er our path - way gleam - ing, Like the

smil - ing dream of May. Good - night! Good - night!

smil - ing dream of May. Good - night! Good - night!

2 Pure the bliss, Pure the bliss
 Friendship's lovely hand has given ;
 Pure affection's sweet caresses
 Soothe the heart which grief oppresses,
 Shed a peace like that in heaven,
 Full of joy, Full of joy.

3 Oh, how soon, Oh, how soon
 Has this day returned to night !
 So are all our days fast fleeing ;
 So must wane our earthly being,
 Chill'd at last by age's blight,
 Soon, oh, soon, Soon, oh, soon.

4 Sweet the rest, Sweet the rest
 Destined to the man whose care,
 Every sufferer's sorrow heeding,
 Every needy orphan feeding,
 Loves in all that 's good to share.
 Sweet his rest, Sweet his rest.

5 Good-night! Good-night!
 Love and peace to all around ;
 Evil fate shall not assail us,
 Quiet sleeping shall regale us,
 Till the morning bell shall sound.
 Good-night! Good-night!

SWISS MOUNTAINEER.



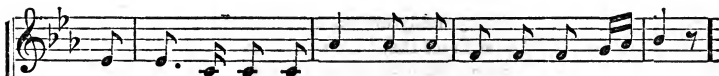
1. { When up the mountain climb-ing, I sing this mer-ry
The ech-oes catch my mu-sic, And send it back a-



strain, La la----- la----- la,----- }
gain, La la----- la----- la.----- }



La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.



When on the summit stand-ing, High 'mid the cloudless sky,



I raise my voice right mer - ri - ly And hail the world be-

low. La la----- la----- la-----

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la----- la----- la-----

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

- 2 When lightning, rain, and thunder,
 Loud hissing, flash and pour, La la, etc.
 I stand above its threatening,
 And sing above its roar; La la, etc.
 But when the sun is sinking,
 And shades are dark and long,
 I call my sheep from wandering,
 And lead them home with song. La la, etc.

LORELEY.

MODERATO.



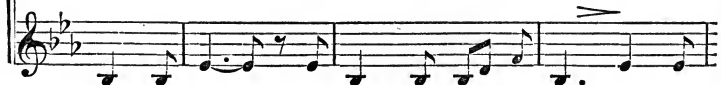
1. Oh! tell me what it mean - eth, This gloom and tear - ful



eye? 'Tis mem-'ry that re - tain - eth The tale of



years gone by.--- The fad - ing light grows dim - mer, The



Rhine doth calm-ly flow!----- The loft - y hill - tops
glim - mer, Red with the sun - set glow.

- 2 Above the maiden sitteth,
A wondrous form and fair;
With jewels bright she plaiteth
Her shining golden hair;
With comb of gold prepares it,
The task with song beguiled;
A fitful burden bears it,
That melody so wild.
- 3 The boatman on the river
Lists to the song, spell-bound;
Ah! what shall him deliver
From danger threatening round?
The waters deep have caught them,
Both boat and boatman brave;
'T is Loreley's song hath brought them
Beneath the foaming wave.

WHY THOSE TEARS?

COMMODO.



1. Tell me why so of - ten Tears on earth do flow?
 2. Look a - loft to heav - en! Look a - loft to God!



Why so ma - ny mourn - ers sigh - ing soft and low?
 He will guide his chil - dren o'er life's rug - ged road;



Let a ho - ly cour - age In each bo - som dwell!
 Those on him re - ly - ing Pur - est joys shall know,





Come! a - way with sor - row! All shall yet be well.
 For the rich - est bless - ings Loves he to be - stow.



3 All this weak foreboding
 Yields no happiness,—
 Thrusts away the kind hand
 That your souls would bless;
 All on earth is fleeting;
 Better days will come;
 Why, then, thus desponding,
 O'er life's pathway roam?

4 Why should all around us
 Dark and dreary seem?
 God will not forsake us—
 Let us trust in him!
 Then earth's heaviest sorrow
 Light will straightway grow;
 He who trusts in Heaven
 Doth his wisdom show.

5 From this mournful slumber
 Let us all awake!
 Think what God has promised,
 And fresh courage take!
 Be no longer anxious,
 Fretful and forlorn;
 Night will soon be over;
 Joy comes with the morn!

MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

MODERATO.

mf

1. My coun - try, 't is of thee, Sweet land of

mf

f

lib - er - ty— Of thee I sing: Land where my

f

fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride,



From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring!



- 2 My native country! thee—
 Land of the noble free—
 Thy name I love :
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song ;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
 Author of liberty!
 To thee we sing :
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King!

ANTHEM.—CALL UPON ME.

MODERATO.

Music from the GERMAN.

Call up - on me, Call up - on me, saith the Lord, saith the

Lord, in the time of need, in the time of need.

ANDANTE.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, ho - ly is the

of hosts.....

Lord God of hosts, is the Lord God of hosts....

ALLEGRO.

Sing un - to God, Sing un - to God, Sing un - to

God, O my soul,----- and for - get not, and for -

ben - e - fits.-----
get not all his ben - e - fits, all his ben - e - fits.

GIVE THANKS TO GOD.

Music from the GERMAN.

Give thanks to God, for he is gra - cious, his

his ten - der

ten - der, ten - der mer - cies en - dure

for

for ev - er - more; his lov - ing - kind - ness, his

kind - ness and

lov - ing - kind - ness and ten - der mer - cies en -

dure for ev - er - more. A - - men. A - - men.

SEE! THE CONQU'RING HERO COMES.

From HANDEL'S "Judas Maccabeus."

Semi-chorus of Boys.

See! the-- con - qu'ring he - - - ro comes;



Sound---- the trum - pets, beat----- the drums.



Sports----- pre - pare,----- the lau - - rel



bring; Songs----- of tri - umph to----- him

sing. Sports pre - pare, the lau - - - rel bring,

Songs----- of tri - umph to----- him sing.

Semi-chorus of Girls.

See the-- god - like youth---- ad - vance! Breathe the



flutes and lead---- the dance; Myr - - tle wreaths and



ro - - - ses twine, To deck----- the he - ro's



brow----- di - vine; Myr - tle wreaths and ros - - - es



D. C. full chorus.



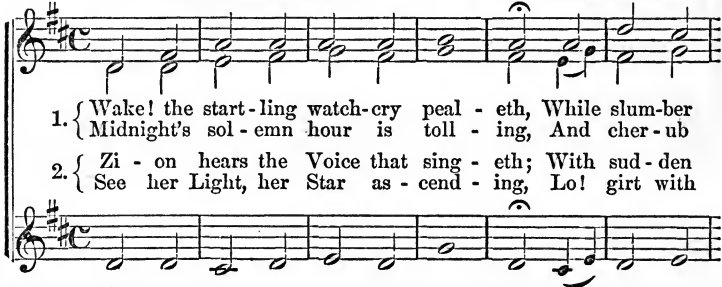
twine, To deck----- the he - ro's brow--- di - vine.



CHORAL.—ALLELUIA.*Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.—Matthew, xxv. 6.*

Trans. from NICOLAI by FRANCES ELIZ. COX.

MICHAEL PRAETORIUS, 1600.



1. { Wake! the start-ling watch-cry peal - eth, While slum-ber
Midnight's sol - emn hour is toll - ing, And cher-ub

2. { Zi - on hears the Voice that sing - eth; With sud - den
See her Light, her Star as - cend - ing, Lo! girt with



deep each eye-lid seal - eth; A - wake! Je - ru - sa -
notes are on - ward roll - ing; They call on us our
joy her glad heart spring - eth; At once she wakes, she
truth, with mer-cy blend - ing, Her Bride-groom there, so



lem, a - wake! } Come forth, ye vir-gins wise! The Bridegroom
part to take. } stands arrayed; } All hail! God's glo-rious Son! All hail, our
long de-layed! } long de-layed! }

comes, a - rise! Al - le - lu - ia! Each lamp be bright with
Joy and Crown! Al - le - lu - ia! The joy - ful call we

read - y light, To grace the mar - riage - feast to - night!
an - swer all, And fol - low to the nup - tial - hall.

3 Praise to Him who went before us!
Let men and angels join in chorus,
Let harp and cymbal add their sound!
Twelve the gates, a pearl each portal;
We haste to join the choir immortal,
Within the Holy City's bound.
Ear ne'er heard aught like this,
Nor heart conceived such bliss.
Alleluia!

We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along.

CHORAL.—PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Arr. by DR. A. MARX.



1. Praise ye the Lord, Praise the King who of all things, is



Gi - - - - ver; Praise him, all men! Let all



na - tions ex - tol him, for ev - - - - er.



Glo - ry and fame, Bless - ing and praise crown his

name; He is of all good the Gi - - - ver.

2 Praise ye the Lord!
 Take the harp, wake the trumpet high-sounding;
 Call ye to worship;
 Oh, sing of his mercy abounding.
 Honor and praise,
 This be the theme of our lays,
 Praising his grace all-abounding.

3 Praise ye the Lord!
 For his love let the loud-swelling chorus
 Sound to the skies;
 O'er all foes he is ever victorious.
 Glory and fame,
 Blessing and praise crown his name;
 Raise ye the loud-swelling chorus.

CHORAL.—WONDROUS KING OF HEAVEN.

DR. A. MARX.

1. Wondrous King of Heav - en, Lord of all things liv - ing,
2. From all harm de - fend us; In thy mer - cy send us

Hear the song my heart up - rais - es, And at length Give me strength,
Coun - sel, guidance, in all dan - ger; To thy praise Will we raise

When we come before thee, Humbly to a - dore..... thee.
Songs of joy be - fore thee—In thy house a - dore..... thee.

3 In thy grace be near us,
With thy presence cheer us,
When the hour of death approaches;
From the grave, Us to save,
Come, dear Lord! before thee,
Then, shall we adore thee.

CHORAL.—THERE IS A RIVER.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God.—Psalms, xlv. 4.
 Words by WILLIAM HURN.

MELCH. FULVIUS, 1609.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the first vocal part, and the last two are for the second. The music is in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and homophonic, with a steady rhythm. The lyrics are written below the notes.

1. There is a Riv-er, deep and broad—Its course no mortal knows;
 It fills with joy the Church of God, And wid-ens as it flows.

- 2 Clearer than crystal is the stream,
 And bright with endless day;
 The waves with every blessing teem,
 And life and health convey.
- 3 Where'er they flow, contentions cease,
 And love and meekness reign;
 The Lord himself commands the peace,
 And foes conspire in vain.
- 4 Along the shores, angelic bands
 Watch every moving wave;
 With holy joy their breast expands,
 When men the waters crave.
- 5 To them distress-ed souls repair;
 The Lord invites them nigh;
 They leave their cares and sorrows there;
 They drink, and never die.
- 6 Flow on, sweet Stream! more largely flow—
 The earth with glory fill!
 Flow on, till all the Saviour know,
 And all obey his will.

GERMAN CHORAL.*Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings.—Psalms, xvii. 8.*

Words by PAUL GERHART.

HEINRICH ISAAC, 1475.

1. Hush'd are the woods, and sleep - ing, Dark-ness and si-lence

creep - ing O'er cit - y, plain, and hill; But

thou, my soul, a - wake thee! To Him in pray'r be -

take thee, Who folds the earth in slum - ber still.

- 2 Sun, for a season driven
From thy bright throne in heaven,
Where hidest thou thy light ?
Farewell! in clearer glory
Another sun shines o'er me ;
My Jesus' presence cheers the night.
- 3 In many a golden cluster
The starry myriads muster
On yonder shining floor ;
So may I shine immortal,
When call'd through death's dim portal
To pass, and stand my Lord before.
- 4 To rest my body hasteth,
Aside her garments casteth,
Till morn again appear.
Ere long earth's bondage breaking,
Her mortal coil forsaking,
Christ's spotless robe my soul shall wear.
- 5 Sleep o'er mine eyes is stealing,
My drowsy senses sealing ;
Shepherd of Israel !
Thy tender mercy send me,
And from all harm defend me,
Who watchest where thy people dwell,
- 6 My Lord and Saviour, guide me ;
From sin and danger hide me
Beneath thy wings of love.
If Satan dare molest me,
Bid angel-guards assist me
With strength and comfort from above.
- 7 Safe in thy holy keeping,
May all my loved ones sleeping
Find thee their strength and stay.
Let thy bright host protect them,
Thine eye unseen direct them
Till dawns the everlasting day.

OLD HUNDRED.

Arranged by B. BRAEHMIG.

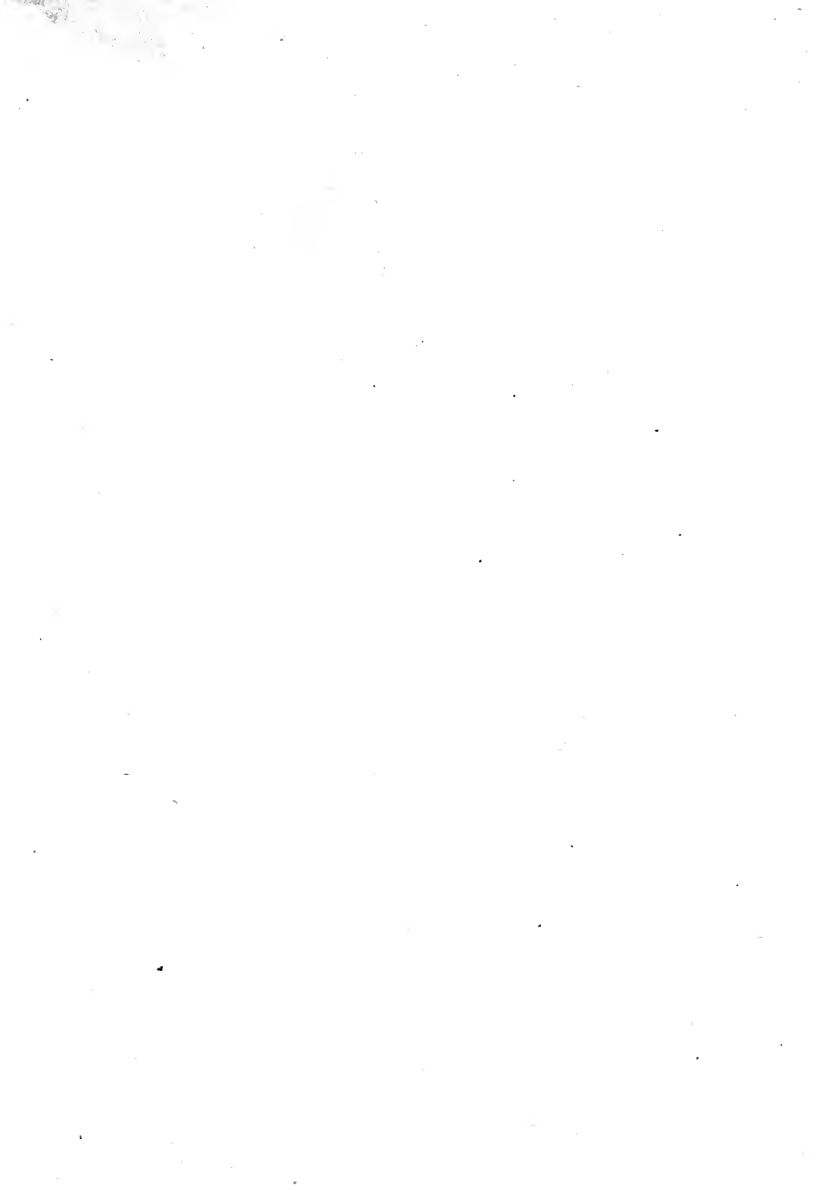
1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as thy

glo - ry fills the sky, So let it be on

earth dis - play'd, Till thou art here as there o - bey'd.

2 From all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

3 Éternal are thy mercies, Lord!
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.



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