

Junior
Song=
Book.

Junior
Song=
Book.



BOTH NOTATIONS.

3^d Gouda
~~Tilanusstraat 5234~~
AMSTERDAM
P. V. Rossum

THE

JUNIOR SONG BOOK.

A COLLECTION OF UNISON SONGS FOR USE IN JUNIOR DEPARTMENTS,
IN STANDARDS I TO III OF BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCHOOLS, IN
THE BOYS' BRIGADE, PREPARATORY SCHOOLS, &c.

THE ACCOMPANIMENTS ARRANGED BY

PERCY JACKMAN.



LONDON:

J. CURWEN & SONS LTD., 24 BERNERS STREET, W.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

Vocal Score: O.N., 2d.; Sol-fa, 6d.



INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
A-hunting we will go	45	Madeline	41
A man's a man for a' that	38	March of the men of Harlech	18
Ash Grove, The	30	Meeting of the waters, The	27
Auld Langsyne	23	Merrily dance and sing	54
Beauty everywhere	49	Merry men are we	69
Bells ringing	74	Merrily sound the bells (round)	15
Billy's Brother	98	Might with the right, The	66
Blue bells of Scotland, The	24	Minstrel Boy, The	25
Boy who was always late, The	90	Morn, The (round)	40
British Grenadiers, The	6	My Grandad's Song	76
Calm is the sea	61	Now is the month of maying	55
Capstan Chorus	43	Now pray we for our country	12
Cast away	100	Now the wind his trumpet soundeth	5
Cat and her kittens, The	72	O'er fields of snow	79
Catch the sunshine	7	O'er the hills and far away (round)	81
Come and sing	7	Off in the still night	29
Come, lasses and lads	14	Oh, who will o'er the downs so free?	46
Comes the merry month of May (round)	65	Old-fashioned Christmas, An (round)	57
Cuckoo, The	13	On we float (round)	21
Day-dawn	47	Our native land	33
Dreamy twilight	9	Over, ferryman, row	75
Echo, echo, everywhere	19	Over the heather	85
Escape from the city	50	Patent Medicine, A	86
Far be old winter's frowns and fears (round)	24	Pilot, The	39
Farmer John	50	Poor Joe	94
Fatherland, The	37	Poor little fisher boy	42
Foot Traveller, The	59	Pretty Wayside Well, The	52
Fox and the grapes, The	59	Reading Class, The	82
From the village steeple pealing	21	Red, white, and blue, The	4
Gentle peace	98	Roast beef of old England, The	7
God, the all-terrible	3	Rule, Britannia	2
Golden sunshine, lend thy glory	35	Schoolboy's Dream	96
Good King Wenceslas	100	Scissors to grind	88
Grasshopper Green	63	Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled	22
Greenwood, The	53	Seasons, The (round)	97
Hail, beauteous stranger	87	Silently the shears of night	59
Hardy Norseman, The	38	Singing, singing (round)	22
Hark to the sound of the trumpet (round)	29	Sleep, beloved (round)	51
Harp that once through Tara's halls, The	28	Snail, The	60
Heart of Oak	16	Softly and gently (round)	77
Hey down derry down (round)	9	Song of the Monkey, The	62
Ho! for the stormy cold March days	68	Song of the Western Men	32
Home, sweet home	34	Star of peace	40
Horses are snorting (round)	57	Summer comes with cheer and gladness	58
How sweet the joy	31	Summer day, A (round)	49
Hurrah! hurrah! for England	10	Swabian Trooper's Song	77
If I were a sunbeam	71	There is an angel	65
Introduction	84	There is music more melodious	1
Isle of Boy, The	92	Tight little island, The	8
John Peel	17	'Tis the last rose of summer	26
Keel Row, The	20	Waits, The	81
King Winter	11	Waken, lords and ladies gay (round)	99
Laughter	73	Wake! wake! wake!	48
Let winter now be past (round)	51	What shouts from the mountain	67
Lullaby	44	Whene'er you see a schoolboy	70
		Where the blue hills rise	91
		Whistling farmer boy, The	78

THE JUNIOR SONG BOOK.

1

There is music more melodious.

Andante. ♩ = 88.

G. M. COLE.

mp

KEY D. } s :- f | m : s | d' :- s | t : l | r :- m | f : l | s : f | m : - {

1. There is mu - sic more me - lo - dious Than the songs of sum - mer birds,
2. An - gels chant their sweet - est prais - es, And the heav'ns with mu - sic swell;
3. May we speak in ten - der ac - cents, And with sym - pa - thy so sweet;

mp

} s :- f | m : d' | r' :- d' | t : l | s :- l | s : m | f : m | r : - {

Fall - ing from the lips of mor - tals To the line of gen - tle words;
Life and na - ture join the cho - rus Un - to Him who do - eth well;
May we give the hand of kind - ness To each one we chance to meet;

p

} r :- m | f : l | s : f | m : s | t' :- d | r : f | m : r | d' : - {

Words of kind - ness fraught with feel - ing, Fall - ing on the heart of woe,
But a - mid that ho - ly an - them, Yet a ten - der strain is heard,
Then our souls shall join the cho - rus, Blend - ing in the glad re - frain;

p

mp *mf* *poco rit.*

} s :- f | m : d' | r' : d' | t : l | s :- s | f e : s | l : t | d' : - ||

With a gleam of glo - ry brighter Than the sun - beam's mel - low glow.
'Tis the low me - lo - dious breathing Of a gen - tle, kind - ly word.
Roll - ing on - ward through the a - ges To the source of life a - gain.

mp *mf* *poco rit.*

Rule, Britannia.

Dr. ARNE.

f *Maestoso*. $\text{♩} = 72$.

KEY A. $\{ s_1 | d : d | d, r, m, f : s | d | r : r, m, f | m : - s_1 \}$

1. When Bri - tain first, at heav'n's com - mand, A -
 2. The na - tions not so blest as thee Must
 3. The mu - ses, still with free - dom found, Shall

f

Et. $\{ d, r, d, r, m, f, m, f | s : r : m : r | a, f : s, l : s : f | m : - d | m : d : s : m | d, t, l : s : f \}$

rose from out the a - zure main, A - rose from out the
 in their turn to ty - rants fall, Must in their turn to
 to thy hap - py coast re - pair, Shall to thy hap - py

f

f. A. $\{ m : r, d | d : - : f | d : d, s, l, f : : d | f : m : r, d | t_1 : - r \}$

a - zure main, This was the charter, the charter of the land, And
 ty - rants fall, While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free, The
 coast re - pair, Blest isle, with beauty, with matchless beauty crown'd, And

ff CHORUS.

$\{ s : f | m, r, m, f : s : f | m : r | d : - : m : - m | f : f : m \}$

guar - dian an - gels sang this strain :
 dread and en - vy of them all. "Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri-
 man - ly hearts to guard the fair."

$\{ f : m : r, d | t_1 : - : s : f | m, r, m, f : s : f | m : r | d : - : \}$

tan-nia, rule the waves, Bri - tons never, never, never shall be slaves."

God, the all-terrible.

H. F. CHORLEY.

Russian Air.

f *Maestoso*. $\text{♩} = 50$.

KEY Bb. $\{ s : l : l | s : m : d | d : t : l | s : l : f : s : s \}$

1. God, the all - ter - ri - ble, Thou who or - dain - est Thun - der Thy
 2. God, the om - ni - po - tent, might - y a - ven - ger, Watch - ing in -
 3. God, the all - mer - ci - ful, earth hath for - sa - ken Thy ho - ly
 4. So will Thy peo - ple, with thank - ful de - vo - tion, Praise Him who

f

Bb. t. Lah is G. $\{ m : l : l : t_1 | d : d : t_1 | l : - : f : m : r | m : r : m : s \}$

cla - rion, and lightning Thy sword; Show forth Thy pi - ty on
 visi - ble, and judg - ing un - heard; Save us in mer - cy, O
 ways, and hath slighted Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its
 saved them from per - il and sword; Shout - ing in cho - rus from

con - do. f dim. rit.

$\{ d : t : l : s : e | l : s : d : t : l | s : s : f | m : r | d : - : \}$

high where Thou reign - est, Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
 save us from dan - ger, Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
 ter - ror a - wak - en, Give to us par - don and peace, O Lord.
 o - cean to o - cean, Peace to the na - tions, and praise to the Lord.

con - do. f dim. rit.

4 The Red, White, and Blue.

English Air.

f *Con spirito.* ♩ = 116.

KEY G.

D.t.

1. Bri - tan-nia, the pride of the o-cean,
2. When war spread its wide des-o-lation,
3. While justice and freedom uphold her,

The home of the brave and the free,
And threaten'd our land to de-form,
No danger can threaten our isle ;

The
The
While

{ s : s . s s : l „ t d l . s : —	: d l	t . l : s . f n . r : s „ t d : — — : d s	{
shrine of the sail-or's de-vot-ion, ark then of freedom's founda-tion, Britons stand shoulder to shoulder,	No Bri - Old	land can compare un-to thee ! tannia, rode safe thro' the storm. England at foemen may smile.	Thy With her With

{ r : r . r d . t . l . s s . d : — mandates make he-ros as-semble, garlands of vic - t'ry a-round her, brighter days dawning be-fore us,	: d , r m : m . m f . m : r d r : — — : s } With vict'ry's bright laurel in view, When so no- bly she bore her brave crew, With our hope in the good and the true,	Thy With her We will
---	--	-------------------------------------

banners make ty - ranny tremble,	When	borne by the red, white, and blue.	When
flag floating proud-ly be- fore her,	The	boast of the red, white, and blue.	The
onward march, sing - ing in chorus,	Three	cheers for the red, white, and blue,	Three

{ r : r , r | r : s , f | m : - | - : t , d | r : r , r | r : s , f | m : - | - : d . m }
 borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy
 boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, With her
 cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, We will

{ s . s : s | f m : r . d | t , l : | l : - , s | s , m : d , l , s | : m , r | d : - | - |
 banners make ty - ranny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
 flag floating proudly be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
 onward march, sing - ing in chorus, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

banners make ty - ranny tremble,	When	borne by the red, white, and blue.
flag floating proudly be- fore her,	The	boast of the red, white, and blue.
onward march, sing- ing in chorus,	Three	cheers for the red, white, and blue.

5 Now the wind his trumpet soundeth.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 120.

KEY B

1. Now the wind his trumpet soundeth, Gath'ring le - gions from a - far,
2. Now a lance of light leaps out - ward, All im - pa - tient for the fray,
3. Warned, we haste to seek a shel - ter, Till the mim - ic strife is o'er,

Now the sky is filled with ar - mies	Ea - ger for the com - ing war.
Quiv - 'ring from the depths of black - ness	Down - ward thro' the gloom - y way.
And the clouds have furled their ban - ners	O - ver on the sun - set shore.

6

The British Grenadiers.

Old English Song.

f Allegro con spirito. ♩ = 138.

KEY A: | s₁ | d : s₁ | d : r | m : - | r : m . f | s : d | m . r : d . t₁ | d : - | - : s₁ | {

1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - - der, and some of Her - cu - les, Of
 2. None of those an - cient he - - roes, e'er saw a can - non - ball, Or
 3. Where'er we are com - mand - ed to storm the pal - is - ades, Our
 4. And when the siege is o - - ver, we to the town re - pair, Tho
 5. Then give three heart-y cheers, boys, and sing a song to those Who

Co - non and Ly - san - - der, and some Mil - ti - a - des;
 knew the force of pow - - der to slay their foes with - al;
 lead - ers march with fu - - sees, and we with hand gren - ades;
 towns-men cry huz - za, boys, here comes a Gren - a - dier,
 car - ry caps and pouch - - es, and wear the loup - ed clothes!

But of all the world's brave he - roes, there's none that can com - pare With a
 But our brave boys do know it, and ban - ish all their fears, With a
 We throw them from the gla - - cis a - bout our ene - mies' ears, With a
 Here come the Gren - a - diers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears, Then sing
 May they and their com - mand - ers live hap - py all their years, With a

D.S. for Chorus.

| d : s₁ | d : r | m : - | r : m . f | s : d | m . r : d . t₁ | d : - | - : s₁ | {

tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the Bri - tish Grena - diers.

D.S.

7

The Roast Beef of Old England.

Old English Song.

R. LEVERIDGE.

mf Allegretto non troppo. ♩ = 66.

KEY Bb: | s₁ | d : - r : d | t₁ : d : r | m : - r : d | r : - : d . t₁ | d : - r : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | {

1. When might - y roast beef was an En - glishman's food, It en - no - bled our veins, and en -
 2. Our fa - thers of old were ro - bust, stout, and strong, And kept o - pen house with good
 3. When good Queen E - liz - a - beth sat on the throne, Ere cof - fee, or tea, or such
 4. In those days if fleets did pre - sume on the main, They sel - dom or nev - er re -

rich - ed our blood: Our sol - diers were brave and our cour - tiers were good.
 cheer all day long, Which made their plump ten - ants re - joice in this song:
 slip - slops were known, The world was in ter - ror if e'er she did frown.
 turned back a - gain, As wit - ness the vaunt - ing Ar - ma - da of Spain.

f CHORUS.

| r : - m : f | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | d : - : - : s₁ : - : m₁ | f₁ : - s₁ : l₁ | s₁ : d : t₁ | d : - : - : - : |

Oh! the roast beef of Old Eng - - land, And oh! the Old English roast beef.

f

8

Come and sing.

Round in four parts. May be sung, if preferred, in key G. C.

KEY F: | s₁ : - | - : s₁ | d : - | - : - : | r . d : t₁ . d | r : t₁ | d : - | - : - : | {

Come and sing fa la la la la la la,

| s : - | - : f | m . r : d . r | m : d | t₁ : - | - : r | d : - | - : - : |

Fa la la la la la la la la la la!

The tight little Island.

Old English Air.

mf Allegretto. ♩ = 76.

KEY E. { s : f | m : -f : m | m : f : s | l : -t : l | l : t : d | s : -l : s | s : f : m | r : - : - | r : - : s : f }

1. Father Neptune one day, to Freedom did say, "If ev - er I liv'd upon dry land, The
 2. Julius Caesar the Roman, who yielded to no man, By water came, not by the dry land, And
 3. Then a very great war man, call'd William the Norman, Cried "Real-ly I never lik'd my land, 'Twould
 4. Yet 'twas party deceit help'd the Normans to beat, For of traitors they managed to buy land; By Dane,
 5. Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade her, Quite sure if they ever came nigh land, They
 6. Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune In each saying "this shall be my land," Should an

mp sf

f

{ m : -f : m | m : f : s | l : -t : l | l : -t : d | s : -l : s | s : m : d | r : - : - | d : - : d }

spot I should hit on would be. little Britain." Says Freedom, "Why that's my own Is - land." Oh!
 Dane, Pict, and Saxon their home turn'd their backs on, And all for the sake of our Is - land. Oh!
 be much more handy to leave this Normandy, And live on yon beauti-ful Is - land. Oh!
 Sax-on, or Pict we had nev-er been trick'd had they stuck to the King of the Is - land. He
 could not do less than murder Queen Bess, And take their full swing in the Is - land. To
 en - e-my come, he would soon have to run, For why should we give up our Is - land? Oh!

sf

{ d : - : d | t : l : s | l : -t : l | s : - : d | d : d : d | t : l : s | l : - : - | s : - : f }

what a snug lit-tle Is - land, A right lit-tle, tight lit-tle Is - land, Seek
 what a snug lit-tle Is - land, They'd all have a touch at the Is - land, And
 what a snug lit-tle Is - land, Let's vis-it this tight lit-tle Is - land, Then
 lost his life and his Is - land, Poor Harold the King of the Is - land. Yes,
 torch and plunder the Is - land, The mighty great Queen of the Is - land, But
 'tis a wonder-ful Is - land, No wonder they long for the Is - land, While

mf

{ m : -f : m | m : f : s | l : -t : l | l : t : d | s : -l : s | s : f : m | r : - : - | d : - : }

all the globe round, there's none can be found So hap - py as this lit-tle Is - land.
 once on the track they would not go back, And so stay'd to live on the Is - land.
 hop, skip, and jump, there sure he was plump, And kicked up a dust in the Is - land.
 that's ve-ry true, what else could he do? Like a Bri - ton he died for his Is - land.
 snug in her hive, the Queen was a-live, And buzz was the word in the Is - land.
 free-men are there, to do and to dare, We'll still have our home in the Is - land.

Dreamy twilight.

S. S. MYERS.

Andante moderato. ♩ = 92. pp

KEY Bb. { s : s | l : s | m : m | f : m | m : r | r : | r : d | d : }

1. Dreamy twi - light, close of day bright, Pure and fair, pure and fair;
 2. Clouds are wreathing, beau-ty weav-ing In the sky, in the sky,
 3. Dew - y twi - light, close of day bright, Hail to thee, hail to thee!

mp pp

{ s : s | l : s | m : m | f : m | m : r | l : t | d : - : - }

Mu - sic sweet-ly comes to greet thee, Mu - sic in the air.
 Sha - dows light-ly fad - ing bright-ly, Fad - ing, quick-ly fly.
 Gen - tly wing-ing, ev - er bring-ing, Bringing joy to me.

Hey down derry down.

Round in four parts. *

C.

KEY G. { s : s | d : r : m : f | s : - : - | s : l : s : f | m : d | t : - : d : - }

Hey down derry derry down; Derry derry down down der - ry.

12

Hurrah! hurrah! for England.

Miss M. A. STODART.

Moderato.

♩ = 88.

German.

KEY A.

1. Hur-rah! hur-rah! for Eng-land! Loud let the chor-us
 2. Right joy-ous-ly we're sing-ing, We're glad to make it

legato.

mf

ring, known, Hur-rah for good old Eng-land! Hur-
 That we love the land we live in, And our

rah for Eng-land's King. Strong ships be on her wa-ters, Firm
 King up-on his throne. Then hur-rah for mer-ry Eng-land, And

f

friends up-on her shores, Peace be with-in her bor-ders, And
 loud-er still we sing, True to our own dear coun-try, And

mf

plen-ty in her stores. } Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! Hur-
 faith-ful to our King. }

f

rah for good old Eng-land! Hur-rah for Eng-land's King!

13

King Winter.

Moderato.

♩ = 116.

E. FRANCES.

KEY Bb.

1. Now in his crys-tal pal-ace, Far in the fro-zen north, King
 2. They hang their i-cy pen-nons On shrub and bush and tree, They
 3. And un-der this soft car-pet The flow'rs will sleep till Spring, So

p

marcato

Win-ter blows his bu-gle, And sends his cou-riers forth.
 spread a snow-y car-pet Far as the eye can see.
 let us warm-ly wel-come The snow-flakes and their king.

mf

Ped. *

Now pray we for our country.

ELIZA FLOWER.

mp Andante moderato.

KEY C: { m | m : - m | m : r | m : m | : s | d' : - d' | d' : r' | t : - : t }

1. Now pray we for our country, That Eng-land long may be The
2. Now pray we that the lus-tre of great Victor-ia's reign In
3. And pray we that King Ed-ward our rul-er long may be, And

legato.

ho - ly, and the hap - py, And the glo - ri - ous - ly free!
splen - dour ev - er grow - ing, Still a wid - er fame may gain.
Brit - ain, dear old Brit - ain, Still be fam'd for lib - er - ty.

mp

Ped. *

p Più lento. *a tempo.*

KEY C: { s | s : m | f | s : l | s : m' | d' : s | m : m' | d' : s | m : | : s }

Who bless - eth her is bless-ed, So peace be in her walls, And
We praise the God who gave us A life so long and pure, Whose
May Prov - i - dence in mer - cy Him am - plest bless-ings bring, While

p

a tempo.

joy in all her pal - a - ces, Her cot - ta - ges, and halls!
sweet and gra - cious in - flu - ence For a - ges shall en - dure!
Brit - ons sing, with heart and voice, Long live our gra - cious King!

p ritard.

Ped. *

CHORUS.
f Più lento. *a tempo.*

KEY C: { m | m : - m | m : r | m : m | : s | d' : - d' | d' : r' | t : - : d' : r' }

Who bless - eth her is bless-ed! So peace be in her walls, And
We praise the God who gave us A life so long and pure, Whose
May Prov - i - dence in mer - cy Him am - plest bless-ings bring, While

f

p ritard.

joy in all her pal - a - ces, Her cot - ta - ges, and halls!
sweet and gra - cious in - flu - ence For a - ges shall en - dure!
Brit - ons sing, with heart and voice, Long live our gra - cious King!

f

p ritard.

The Cuckoo.

[The Echo may be sung by a few children in a passage or adjoining room.]

mf Moderato. ♩ = 116. *pp Echo.* *mf* *pp Echo.* *mf*

KEY C: { s | s : m | f | s : l | s : m' | d' : s | m : m' | d' : s | m : | : s }

1. Who sings in the thick-et near? Cuc-koo! cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! cuc - koo! Now
2. The two short notes are heard, Cuc-koo! cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! cuc - koo! Then
3. We hear it sing the tone, Cuc-koo! cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! cuc - koo! Then

mf *pp* *mf* *pp* *ppp* *mf*

pp Echo. *mf* *pp Echo.*

ech - o an - swers clear, Cuc - koo! cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! cuc - koo!
ech - o mocks the bird, Cuc - koo! cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! cuc - koo!
sing it as our own, Cuc - koo! cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! cuc - koo!

pp *mf* *pp* *ppp*

Ped. *

16

Come, lasses and lads.

English Air.

mf Allegretto. ♩. = 108.

KEY C.

{ :d | d :- r : d | d :- : d | r | :- d : t | l :- : s : s | s :- l : s | s :- : m | s :- : - : - : m }

1. Come, lass-es and lads, get leave of your dads, And a-way to the may-pole hie; For
2. Strike up, says Watt; a - greed, says Matt, And I pri - thee, fid - dler, play; Con-
3. You're out, says Dick; not I, says Nick, 'Twas the fid - dler played it wrong; 'Tis
4. Then af - ter an hour they went to a bow'r, And played for ale and cakes, And
5. Now there they did stay the whole of the day, And tired the fid - dler quite, With
6. Good night, says Harry, good night, says Mary, Good night, says Poll to John, Good

{ m :- : l | l :- se : l | m :- : l | l :- : l : t | d' :- t : l | t :- : se | l :- : - : : s }

ev - 'ry fair has a sweet - heart there, And the fid - dler's stand - ing by; For
tent, says Hodge, and so says Madge, For this is a hol - i - day. Then
true, says Hugh, and so says Sue, And so says ev - 'ry one. The
kiss - es too; un - til they were due The lass - es held the stakes. They
dancing and play, with-out any pay, From morn - ing un - til night. They
night, says Sue, to her sweet - heart Hugh, Good night, says ev - 'ry one; Some

cres *con* *do.*

{ s :- l : s | d' :- : t | l :- : - : - : l | l :- t : l | r | :- d' | t :- : - : - : d : r' }

Wil - ly shall dance with Jane, And John-ny has got his Joan, To
ev - 'ry lad did doff His hat un - to his lass, And
fid - dler then be - gan To play the tune a - gain, And
girls did then be - gin To quar - rel with the men, And
told the fid - dler then They'd pay him for his play, And
walked and some did run, Some loi - tered on the way, And

cres *con* *do.*

f *p* *f*

{ m' :- : d' | r' :- : t | d' :- t : l | s :- : m | s :- l : t | d' :- : m | r :- : - : - : d : r' }

trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down, To
ev - 'ry girl did curt - sey, curt - sey, Curt - sey on the grass, And
ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men, And
bade them take their kiss - es back, And give them their own a - gain, And
each a two - pence, two - pence, two - pence Gave him, and went a - way, And
bound themselves, by kiss - es twelve, To meet the next hol - i - day, And

{ m' :- : d' | r' :- : t | d' :- t : l | s :- : m | f :- s : l | s :- : t | d' :- : - : - : }

trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down.
ev - 'ry girl did curt - sey, curt - sey, Curt - sey on the grass.
ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men.
bade them take their kiss - es back, And give them their own a - gain.
each a two - pence, two - pence, two - pence Gave him, and went a - way.
bound them - selves, by kiss - es twelve, To meet the next hol - i - day.

17

Merrily sound the bells.

JAMES PAYNE.

Round in three parts.

KEY F.

{ s :- . f | m : | s :- . f | m : . m | s : m | l : s | f :- : m : }

Mer - ri - ly sound the bells of Bow Church in the air,

* { m :- . r | d : | m :- . r | d : . d | m : d | f : m | r :- : d : }

Turn a - gain, Whit - ting - ton, of Lon - don thrice Lord Mayor.

{ d : s | d : m | d : s | d : m | d : d | t : t : d | s : l : t | d : m }

Ding, ding, ding, dong, Ding, ding, ding, dong, Ring - ing mer - ri - ly through the air.

18

Heart of Oak.

JOHN GUARD.

mf Allegro pomposo. $\text{♩} = 104.$

DR. BOYCE.

KEY C: $\{s | d' : d', d' | d' : m', r' | d' : t, l | s : - s | l : l, t | d', d' : r', m' | f' : m', r' | m' : m', r' | \}$

1. Come, rouse ye, my lads, freshen up for a song-- A good English chorus, boys, tuneful and strong; Leave
2. Tho' fiercely the tempests may sweep o'er the main, We're fought them be-fore, we can fight them a-gain; And
3. Up, up with the flag of the free and the brave, The dread of the tyrant, the hope of the slave, Each
4. Old Eng-land for ever, our sea-circled isle, Where true hearts beat warmly, and kind fa-ces smile; Tho'

$\{d' : m, f | s : m', r' | d' : m, f | s : d' : m' : r' | d', s' | t : d', r' : r' : r', s' | \}$

sad-ness and gloom to the cow-ard and slave, Light-heart-ed and free are the sons of the wave.
should an-y foe dare to threat-en our shore, Then, let us but sight him, we ask for no more.
true heart beats proudly, there's light in each eye, As bright-ly its folds rip-ple out on the sky.
far o'er the o-cean the sea-man may roam, His heart's in Old England, with loved ones at home.

f CHORUS.

$\{r' : r', r' | t : d', r' : m', m' | d', r' | m' : - m' | d' : t : m' | d', l : \}$

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men, We're read-y, aye, ready;

ritard. *a tempo*

$\{d', d' : - s | m, d : s | l, t : d' : r', m' : r' : d', s' : s, s | d' | \}$

Steady, boys, steady; We'll brave the rude o-cean a-gain and a-gain.

rit. *a tempo* *cres.*

19

John Peel.

North Country Song

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 138.$

KEY E: $\{m, r | d : d | d' : d', l | s : l, s | f | m : f, m | r : r | l : r, m | f, m : f, r | t : s, s | \}$

1. D' ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay? D' ye ken John Peel at the break of the day? D' ye
2. D' ye ken that bitch whose tongue is death, D' ye ken her sons of peer-less faith? D' ye
3. Yes, I ken John Peel, and auld Ru-by too, Ranter, and Roy-al, and Bell-man true; From the
4. And I've followed John Peel both often and far, O'er the ras-per-fence, and the gate, and the bar, From
5. Then here's to John Peel with my heart and soul, Come, fill to him an-other strong bowl, And we'll

$\{d : d | d' : d', l | s : l, s | f | m : r, m | f, m : r, d | t, d : r, f | m : - d | \}$

ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way With his hounds and his horn in the morn-ing?
ken that a fox with his last breath curs'd them all as he died in the morn-ing?
drag to the chase, from the chase to the view, From the view to the death in the morn-ing.
Low Denton Holme to Scratchmere Scar, When we vied for the brush in the morn-ing.
follow John Peel through fair and foul, While we're waked by his horn in the morn-ing.

f

$\{m, f | s : s, s | m : m, f | s : s | m : r, m | f : f, f | r : r, m | f : f | r : m, r | \}$

'Twas the sound of his horn call'd me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led; For

f *S.*

$\{d : d | d, d' | - l | s : l, s | f | m : s, s | l : l, l | s : f | m : - d | \}$

Peel's view hallo would wa-ken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn-ing.

3

20

March of the Men of Harlech.

JOHN GUARD.

Welsh Air.

f Allegro maestoso. ♩ = 120.

KEY G. | d :- ,t, | l, :- ,t, | d : r | m : d | f : m | r : d | t, : l, | t, : s, |

1. Tongues of fire on Id - ris flar - ing, News of foe - men near de - clar - ing,
 r. Groans of wound - ed pea - sants dy - ing, Wails of wives and chil - dren fly - ing,
 2. Loud the mar - tial pipes are sounding, Ev - 'ry man - ly heart is bounding,
 r. Short the sleep the foe is tak - ing; Ere the mor - row's morn is break - ing,

f marcato.

REPEAT *mp*

| d :- ,t, | l, :- ,t, | d : r | m : l | s . m : - | r : - , m | d : - | : D.C.

To he - ro - ic deeds of dar - ing Call you, Har - lech men.
 For the dis - tant suc - cour cry - ing, Call you, Har - lech men.
 As, our trust - ed chief sur - rounding, March we, Har - lech men.
 They shall have a rude a - wak - ing, Roused by Har - lech men.

mp 2nd time.

Ped. *

| r :- ,d | t, :- ,d | r : r | : | s :- ,f | m :- ,f | s : s | : |

Shall the voice of wail - ing Now be un - a - vail - ing
 Mo - thers, cease your weep - ing, Calm may be your sleep - ing,

p

cres *cen* *do.*

| s : - ,f | m :- ,f | s : - ,f | m :- ,f | s : - ,f | m , r : m , f | s : s | : |

You to rouse, who nev - er yet In bat - tle's hour were fail - ing?
 You and yours in safe - ty now The Har - lech men are keep - ing.

cres *cen* *do.*

f

| l : l | s : s | f : f | m : m | r . m : f . m | r : d | t, : - . l, | t, : s, |

This our an - swer, crowds down - pour - ing, Swift as win - ter tor - rents roar - ing;
 Ere the sun is high in hea - ven, They you fear, by pan - io riv - en,

| d :- ,t, | l, :- ,t, | d : r | m : l | s . m : - | r : - , m | d : - | : D.S.

Not in vain the voice im - plor - ing Calls on Har - lech men.
 Shall, like fright - ed sheep, be driv - en Far by Har - lech men.

21

Echo, echo, everywhere.

Moderato. ♩ = 132.

KEY D. | s . m : s . m . | s . f : f . | f . r : f . r | f . m : m | m . m : f . f |

1. Ech - o, echo, ev - 'ry - where Floating thro' the crys - tal air, Where do liv - ing
 2. Ech - o, echo, ev - 'ry - where Floating thro' the crys - tal air, Where do fade - less
 3. Ech - o, answer now once more, Is it on the un - known shore? Once a - gain the

mf

pp Echo.

| s . s : l | : t , t | d' : - | : | d' : - |

wa - ters flow? Do you know? No!
 flow - ers grow? Do you know? No!
 truth de - clare, Here or there? There!

pp

22

The Keel Row.

Tyneside Song.

mf Moderato. $\text{♩} = 112$.

KEY F. f | m : d m | f : r f | m : d m | r t : s f | m : d m | f : r f |

1. As I cam' thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate, thro' Sand-gate, As I cam' thro' Sand-gate I
2. He wears a blue bon - net, blue bon - net, blue bon - net, He wears a blue bon - net, A

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

heard a lass - ie sing : "Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
dim-ple in his chin. "Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,

f CHORUS. *Animato*.

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

Weel may the keel row That my laddie's in. And weel may the keel row, the

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

keel row, the keel row, weel may the keel row That my laddie's in.

23

From the village steeple pealing.

A. J. FOXWELL.

Welsh Air.

p Andante con moto. $\text{♩} = 108$.

KEY G. d : - t | l : d | r : - d | t : s | l : - | t : - t | d : - | - : | d : - t | l : d |

1. From the vil - lage stee - ple peal - ing, Hear we the bells, Through the for - est
1. Un a gef - ais i mi'n gyf - aill, Pwy fel E - fe! Hwn a gar yn
2. Mel - low are the tones that reach us, Swung from the bells, Ma - ny are the
2. Cdr yr Hwn sy'n llawn o - gar - iad, Pwy fel E - fe! Byth ni' th ed - y
3. Yes! but no - bler thoughts and dearer Come by the bells, Heav'n it - self seems
3. Yn y tyw - yll fedd fe'm cof - ia, Pwy fel E - fe! Am fy llwch fe

r : - d | t : s | l : - | t : - t | d : - | - : | f : m | f : s | l : - s | f : m |

arch - es steal - ing, Sweet ev - 'ning bells! Summer twi - light ho - vers o'er us,
hwy nag er - aill, Pwy fel E - fe! Cyf - new - id - iol yd - yw dyn - ion,
truths they teach us, Sweet ev - 'ning bells! Tell - ing us that time is fly - ing,
di'n am - dd - fad, Pwy fel E - fe! Bwr - w ar - no dy holl o - ful,
oft - en near - er, Borne on the bells! They of pray'r and praise are sing - ing,
hwy o - fal - a, Pwy fel E - fe! Eg - yr ef ei hun fy ngharchar,

p *poco rit.*

f : m | r : d | m : - r | d : t | d : - t | l : d | r : - d | t : s | l : - | t : - t | d : - | - : |

Creeping shadows are before us, While in softly swelling chorus Ring out the bells!
A siom - ed - ig yw cyfeill - ion : Hwn a ber - y byth yn fyddion : Pwy fel E - fe!
Pleasure fleeting, day - light dying, Wisdom to our hearts supplying, Soul - stir - ring bells!
Dil - yn Ef trwy ddyr - ys an - iol, Dan dy feichiau hwn a' th gyn - al, Pwy fel E - fe!
Rest and peace to mortals bringing, On the breeze their mu - sic flinging, Sweet ev - 'ning bells!
Myn fy nghorff o wacl - od dae - ar, Ar ei wedd yn bwr a hawddgar, Pwy fel E - fe!

24

On the float.

Round in four parts. *

C.

KEY F. s : - f | m : d | t : r | d : - | s : - s | d : m | s : m | r : t | d : - ||

On we float, while glides the boat, Sing - ing softly as we sail a - long.

25

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.

Scottish Air.

mf Andante maestoso. ♩ = 63.

KEY A. { s₁ : s₁ : s₁ : m₁ | s₁ : l₁ : d | l₁ : l₁ : l₁ : s₁ | l₁ : t₁ : d | m : m : r : d }

1. Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled! Scots wham Bruce has of - ten led! Welcome to your
2. Wha will be a trai - tor knave? Wha can fill a coward's grave? Wha sae base as
3. By op - pres - sion's woes and pains, By your sons in ser - vile chains, We will drain our

mf

{ d : r : m | d : l₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - | m : m : m : r | m : f : s }

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

f

{ r : r : r : d | r : m : f | s : m : r : d | d : r : m | d : l₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - ||

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

26

Singing, singing.

Round in four parts.

C.

** C.*

KEY G. { s₁ : - | d : - | s₁ : - | d : - | r : - | d : - | r : - | m : - }

Sing - ing, sing - ing, Voi - ces ring - ing,

{ f : m : r : f | m : r : d : m | r : d : t₁ : r | d : - | t₁ : - | d : - | t₁ : - | d : - ||

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! Sing - ing, sing - ing.

27

Auld langsyne.

Scottish Air.

mf Andante moderato. ♩ = 96.

KEY G. { s₁ : d : - | d : d : m | r : - | d : r : m | d : - | d : m : s | l : - | - : l }

1. Should auld ac - quaintance be for - got, And nev - er brought to min'? Should
2. We twa hae run a - bout the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine, But we've
3. We twa hae paid - i't the burn, Frae morn - ing sun till dine, But
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

mf

{ s : - | m : m : d | r : - | d : r : m | d : - | l₁ : l₁ : - | s₁ : d : - | - : ||

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

ores cen do. f

{ l : s : m : - | m : - | d : r : - | d : r : m | s : m : - | m : - | s : l : - | - : l }

For auld lang - syne, my dear, For auld lang - syne, We'll

ores cen do. f

{ s : - | m : m : d | r : - | d : r : m | d : - | l₁ : l₁ : - | s₁ : d : - | - : ||

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

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

Scottish Air.
D.C.

mf Andante. ♩ = 88.

KEY **E♭**. { :s | d' : - | t : l | s : - | : t . d' | m : m | f : r | d : - | - ||

1. O where, tell me where is your High-land lad - die gone?
 2. O where, tell me where did your High-land lad - die dwell?
 3. O how, tell me how was your High-land lad - die clad?
 4. O what, tell me what if your High-land lad be slain?

legato.

mp

f 8 *mf*

{ :s | m : d | m : s | d' : - | l : t . d' | t : s | l : fe | s : - | - : l . t |

He's gone with streaming ban - ners where no - ble deeds are done, And it's
 He dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, where blooms the sweet blue bell; And it's
 A bon - net with a loft - y plume, and on his breast a plaid; And it's
 Oh no, true love will be his guard, and bring him safe a - gain, For it's

f

Ped. * Ped. *

mp *D.S.*

{ d' : - | t : l | s : - | l : t . d' | m : m | f : r | d : - | - ||

oh, in my heart, I wish him safe at home.
 oh, in my heart, I lo'e my lad - die well.
 oh, in my heart, I lo'e my High-land lad.
 oh, my heart would break if my High-land lad were slain.

D.S.

Far be old Winter's frowns and fears.

Round in four parts.

*

C.

KEY **F**. { m : f : m | r : - : r | r : - : m : r | d : - : - | d : - : - | d : - : - | t : - : t | d : - : - |

Far be old Win - ter's frowns and fears; La la la la la!

{ s : l | s : f : - : f | f : - : s : f | m : - : - | d : - : - | l : - : - | s : - : - | d : - : - |

May, with a smile, dries A - pril tears; Fa la la la!

The Minstrel Boy.

T. MOORE.

Irish Air.

mf Con spirito. ♩ = 100.

KEY **F**. { :s | d : - : r | f . m : r . d | m : s | d' : t . d' | l : s | m . f : s . m | r : - | d : s | }

1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His
 2. The min - strel fell, but the foe-man's chain could not bring that proud soul un - der; The

mf

f

{ d : - : r | f . m : r . d | m : s | d' : t . d' | l : s | m . f : s . m | r : - | d : s | }

fa - ther's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him. "O
 harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords a - sun - der, And

p *poco rall.* *f*

{ d' : t | l : t . d' | t : l | s : se | l : - : m | m : se | l : - : t | d' : d' | }

land of song," said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - tray thee, One
 said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ve - ry, Thy

f *p* *poco rall.* *f*

a tempo. *poco rall.* *a tempo.* *rit.*

{ d : - : r | f . m : r . d | m : s | d' : t . d' | l : s | m . f : s . m | r : - | d : s | }

sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee.
 songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in sia - vo - ry."

a tempo. *poco rall.* *a tempo.* *rit.*

31

'Tis the last rose of summer.

T. MOORE.

Andante espressivo. ♩ = 52.

Irish Melody.

KEY E. ♩ : d' . r m : d' . t : l . s s . m : — : d' . r m : f . m : r . d d : — : d' . r {

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

love - ly com - pa-nions. Are fad - ed and gone; No
 love - ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them: Thus
 love's shin - ing cir-cle The gems drop a - way! When

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re -
 kind - ly I seat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy
 true hearts lie with - er'd, And fond ones are flown, Oh!

flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
 mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
 who would in - hab-it This bleak world a - lone?

dim. e rall.

32

T. MOORE.

The Meeting of the Waters.

Irish Air.

p Andante espressivo. ♩ = 88.

KEY G. ♩ : s . f m : — . r : d d : l : — . s : s : l : d d : — : r . m f : — . m : r {

1. There is not in this wide world a val - ley so sweet As that vale in whose
 2. Yet it was not that na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her pur - est of
 3. 'Twas that friends, the be - lov'd of my bo - som, were near, Who made ev - 'ry dear
 4. Sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy bo - som of

bo - som the bright wa - ters meet, Oh, the last rays of feel - ing and
 crys - tal and bright-est of green, 'Twas not the soft ma - gic of
 scene of en - chant-ment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of
 shade with the friends I love best, Where the storms which we feel in this

life must de - part Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my
 streamlet or hill, Oh no! it was something more ex - qui - site
 na - ture im - prove, When we see them re - flected from looks that we
 cold world would cease, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, are min - gled in

heart, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.
 still, Oh no! it was something more ex - qui - site still.
 love, When we see them re - flected from looks that we love.
 peace, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, are min - gled in peace.

dim. *rit. e dim.* *p*

33 The harp that once through Tara's halls.

T. MOORE.

Andante, $\text{♩} = 84$.

Irish Air.

KEY D. $\{ d | s : - . l | s : m | l : - . t | d | l | s : - . m | r : - . m | d : - | - : s \}$

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

p

$\{ d | : - . t | d | : r | d | : - . t | l | : s | l | : - . s | d | : m | s : - | - : s \}$

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

Ped. *

$\{ d | : - . t | d | : m | - . r | d | : t | l | : s | l | : - . s | f | : m | l | : - | - : t \}$

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

mf

Ped. * *Ped.* *

$\{ d | : - . t | l | : s | l | : t | d | l | s : - . m | r : - . m | d : - | - \}$

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

mf *pp* *rall.*

34

Oft in the stillly night.

T. MOORE.

Andante, $\text{♩} = 60$.

Irish Air.

KEY A. $\{ m : m , r | d , l : l | d | s | , s | : d | m | r , m : f : m | m : m , r \}$

1. Oft in the stil - ly night, When slumber's chain hath bound thee, Fond mem - ry
r. Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain hath bound thee, Sad mem - ry
2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends so link'd to - geth - er, I've seen a -
r. Thus in the stil - ly night, When slumber's chain hath bound thee, Sad mem - ry

mp

FINE.

$\{ d , l : l | d | s | , s | : m , d | r : d , s | s | , d : d | d | r , d : d | d \}$

brings the light of oth - er days a - round me;
brings the light of oth - er days a - round me. } The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years, The
round me fall, like leaves in win - ter wea - ther, I feel like one who treads a - lone Some
brings the light of oth - er days a - round me.

legato.

D.C.

$\{ m , d : d | d | r : d , s | s | , d : d | d | r , d : d | d | m , d : d | d | r , m : f : m \}$

words of love then spo - ken, The eyes that shone, now dim'd and gone, The cheerful hearts now bro - ken.
banquet hall de - sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, And all but me de - part - ed.

D.C.

35

Hark, to the sound of the trumpet.

Round in four parts.

C.

KEY F. $\{ d | s | : d | m | d | m | s : - : | s : - : | m | d | m | s | m | d | s | : - : | s | : - : \}$

Hark, to the sound of the trum - pet, Light up, oh, light up the bea - con pyre,

$\{ d : - : d | d : - : d | t | : - : | t | : - : | d : - : | d : - : d | r : r : r | r : - : r \}$

Rouse a sleep - ing na - tion, Show, show the sig - nal of fire; Yes,

36

The Ash Grove.

Welsh words by J. CERIOG HUGHES.
mf Moderato. $\text{♩} = 112$.

Welsh Air.

KEY A: $\text{♩} : \text{s}_1 : \text{d} : \text{m} : \text{s} : \text{m} : \text{d} : \text{d} : \text{r} : \text{f} : \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 : \text{s}_1 : \text{t}_1 : \text{d} : \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 : \text{l}_1 : \text{f}_1 : \text{l}_1 : \text{}$

1. How dear are these haunts when at ev - en I hear The breeze fall in sighs on my
Ma'r haul we - di mach-lud a'r lleu-ad yn co - di, A bach-gen o Gym-ro yn
 2. And where as I pass, the bark, carv'd with rude art, De-claims what is gra - ven more
Fe ru - ai bwyst-fil - od, a'r nos wnaid dy - wylt-u, Tra'r dwf'r yn ei wyn - eb a'r
 3. Ah! 'tis but an im - age; my fair El - len's gone! And still shall I wan - der un -

mf

$\text{♩} : \text{s}_1 : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 : \text{d} : \text{--} : \text{s}_1 : \text{d} : \text{m} : \text{s} : \text{m} : \text{d} : \text{d} : \text{r} : \text{f} : \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 : \text{s}_1 : \text{t}_1 : \text{}$

fan - ci - ful ear, And Phil - o - mel war - bling the branches a - mong, In
fin - gan ei deith; Yn cwy - dro mewn breudd-wyd, ar lan y Afis - sou - ri, I
 deep on my heart, Thro' tan-gled boughs peep-ing the fair queen of night On
coed yn ei gefn; Yn nghab-an y coed - iwr fe syrth-iodd i gys - gu, Ae
 con-scious a - lone, Can re-gret fur - nish mem - ry with pleas-ing em - ploy, And the

$\text{♩} : \text{d} : \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 : \text{l}_1 : \text{f}_1 : \text{l}_1 : \text{s}_1 : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 : \text{d} : \text{--} : \text{m} : \text{f} : \text{s} : \text{m} : \text{f} : \text{s} : \text{l}_1 : \text{s}_1 : \text{f} : \text{m} : \text{}$

sym - pa - thy pours her me - lo - di - ous song. How dear are these haunts, how de -
chwit-to am lwyth a le - far - ent ein hiaith. Ym - droch-ai y ser yn y
 sweet El - len's name sheds her pale sil - ver light. Each spot where I lin - ger, each
yn - o breudd-wyd-iodd ei freudd-wyd dra - chefn! Fe wel - at Fry - thon-iard, Cym -
 mind brood with fond-ness on scenes of past joy? Still dear are those haunts, still de -

f

$\text{♩} : \text{f} : \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{f} : \text{s} : \text{f} : \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{d} : \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{f} : \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 : \text{s}_1 : \text{f} : \text{s} : \text{--} : \text{s}_1 : \text{d} : \text{m} : \text{s} : \text{}$

lightful the grove Where first I held converse with her that I love; How dear are these
ton - nau try - loe - won, Ae yn - tau fel meu - dry yn rhod - io trwy'i hun. "Pa le mas fy
 path where I rove Re - calls the dear im - age of her that I love; Each spot where I
raeg wnaent le - far - u, Ad - rodd-ent eu han - es, de - all - ai oob un. Deff - rodd yn y
 lightful the grove, Tho' 'twas here that I part-ed from her that I love; Still dear are those

p

rall.

$\text{♩} : \text{m} : \text{d} : \text{d} : \text{r} : \text{f} : \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 : \text{s}_1 : \text{t}_1 : \text{d} : \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 : \text{l}_1 : \text{f}_1 : \text{l}_1 : \text{s}_1 : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 : \text{d} : \text{--} : \text{||}$

haunts, how de - lightful the grove Where first I held converse with her that I love.
mrod-yr!" go-fyn ai ir af - on, "Pa le ma'r hen Gym-ry, fy mho-bol fy hun!"
 lin - ger, each path where I rove Re - calls the dear im - age of her that I love.
dwym-yn, bu fa - rw gan of - yn: "Pa le ma'r hen Gym-ry, fy mho-bol fy hun!"
 haunts, still de - lightful the grove, Tho' 'twas here that I part-ed from her that I love.

rall.

37

How sweet the joy.

Andante moderato. $\text{♩} = 108$.

MARTIN.

KEY F: $\text{♩} : \text{d} : \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{l} : \text{s} : \text{d} : \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{l} : \text{s} : \text{s} : \text{s} : \text{r} : \text{s} : \text{f} : \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{d} : \text{d} : \text{r} : \text{}$

1. How sweet the joy at morn-ing hour To climb the grass - y moun - tain, When
 2. How sweet to hear in for - est shades The mer - ry bu - gle sound - ing, And

mf

$\text{♩} : \text{m} : \text{l} : \text{s} : \text{d} : \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{l} : \text{s} : \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{f} : \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 : \text{d} : \text{||}$

dew - drops gleam on ev - 'ry flow'r, And cool each sil - ver foun - tain.
 sec, a - round the op - 'ning glades, The deer so light-ly bound - ing.

38

Song of the Western Men.

f Allegro con spirito. ♩ = 144.

KEY **Bb**: { m . r | d : s₁ | m₁ : s₁ | d : d | d : t₁ . d | r : r | r : r | r : - | - : d . r }

1. A good sword and a trust-y hand, A mer-ry heart and true, King
 2. Out spake their cap - tain brave and bold, A mer-ry wight was he, "If
 3. And when we come to Lon - don wall, A plea-sant sight to view, Come

James's men shall un - der - stand What Corn - ish lads can do. And
 Lon - don Tower were Mi - chael's Hold, We'll set Tre - law - ny free!" We'll
 forth, come forth, ye cow - ards all, Here's men as good as you. Tre -

mf

mf legato.

F.t.

{ r : r | m : f | s : - s | s : f . m | r : r | m : f | s : - | - : f . m }

have they fixed the where and when, And shall Tre - law - ny die? Here's
 cross the Ta - mar, land to land, The Sev - ern is no stay, With
 law - ny ho's in keep and hold, Tre - law - ny he may die, But

twen-ty thou - sand Corn - ish men Will know the rea - son why. A
 one and all, and hand in hand, And who shall bid us nay? Out
 twen-ty thou - sand Corn - ish bold Will know the rea - son why. And

f

{ d : s₁ | m₁ : s₁ | d : d | d : t₁ . d | r : r | r : r | r : - | - : d . r }

good sword and a trust-y hand, A mer-ry heart and true, King
 spake their cap - tain brave and bold, A mer-ry wight was he, "If
 when we come to Lon - don wall, A plea-sant sight to view, Come

{ m : m | m : m | m : f . m | r : m . r | d : d | t₁ . d : r . t₁ | d : - | - }

James's men shall un - der - stand What Corn - ish lads can do. And
 Lon - don Tower were Mi - chael's Hold, We'll set Tre - law - ny free!" We'll
 forth, come forth, ye cow - ards all, Here's men as good as you. Tre -

39

Our Native Land.

f Allegro. ♩ = 126.

METHFESSEL.

KEY **G**: { s₁ | d : - s₁ | d : r | m : - . r | d : r | m : r | m : f | s : - | m : d }

1. Come, let us raise a cheer - ful song, With strong, u - ni - ted voi - ces; To
 2. Where now we stand our sires once stood; Firm men were they, true - heart - ed; Say,
 3. Come, one and all, a - round we stand; Come, join in swell - ing cho - rus, And

{ l : - . f | d : l | s : - . m | d : s₁ | l₁ : t₁ | d : r | d : - | t₁ : - | d : - | - }

Bri - tain's land our strains be - long; The ech - oing earth re - joi - ces.
 lives there now a race as good, Or have they all de - part - ed?
 praise our good - ly na - tive land, Our fa - ther - land that bore us.

f

40

Home, sweet home.

J. H. PAYNE.

SIR H. BISHOP.

Andante. $\text{♩} = 96$

KEY F.

1. 'Mid plea - sures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it
2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dour daz - zles in vain! Oh!

legato.

mp

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home! A
give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain! The

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
birds sing - ing gaily that came at my call - Give me

dim.

seek through the world is ne'er met with else - where.
these, with the peace of mind dear - er than all.

dim.

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

p

Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home! There's

p

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

no place like home, There's no place like home.

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

41

Golden sunshine, lend thy glory.

Andante moderato. $\text{♩} = 108$

S. C. HANSON.

KEY G.

1. Gold - en sun - shine, lend thy glo - ry, West wind, wave the trees a - bove,
2. Watch the swal - lows swift - ly fly - ing, See the wild flow'rs brightly gay,
3. He who deck'd the earth with flow - ers, Keep and guard my ten - der child,

mf

Lark and thrush, sing out your sto - ry, Teach my child your Mak - er's love.
Hear the ech - o faint - ly dy - ing As the lark pours forth his lay.
Safe - ly through the sum - mer bow - ers, And when storms are rag - ing wild

42

A man's a man for a' that.

BURNS.

Andante moderato. ♩ = 100.

Scottish Air.

mf

KEY Δb : s₁ | d :- .r | d : s₁ | l₁ : d | r : f | m :- .r | d : s₁ | l₁ :- | l₁ : s₁ {

1. Is there, for hon - est po - ver - ty, That hangs his head and a' that? The
 2. What though on hame-ly fare we dine, Wear hod - din'-grey and a' that; Gi'e
 3. Ye see yon bir - kie, ca'd a lord, Wha struts, and stares, and a' that; Tho'
 4. A king can mak' a belt-ed knight, A mar-quis, duke, and a' that; But as
 5. Then let us pray that come it may, As come it will for a' that; That

f

{ d :- .r | d : s₁ | l₁ : d | r : f | m :- .r | d : l₁ | s₁ :- | s₁ : f | m :- .f | s₁ : m {

cow - ard slave, we pass him by, We daur be puir for a' that, For a' that, and
 fools their silks, an' knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that, For a' that, and
 hundreds wor-ship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that, For a' that, and
 hon - est man's a - boon his might, Guid faith, he maunna fa' that, For a' that, and
 sense and worth, o'era' the earth, May bear the gree, and a' that, For a' that, and

{ f :- .m | r : f | m :- .f | s₁ : d | l₁ :- | l₁ : f | m :- .f | s₁ : m | l₁ : r | r : f {

a' that, Our toils obscure an' a' that, The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The
 a' that, Their tin - sel show an' a' that, The hon - est man, tho' e'er so puir, Is
 a' that, His rib - bon, star, an' a' that, The man of in - de - pendent mind He
 a' that, Their dig - ni - ties an' a' that, The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth Are
 a' that, It's com - in' yet for a' that, That man to man, the warld o'er, Shall

f CHORUS.

{ m :- .r | d : l₁ | s₁ :- | s₁ : f | m :- .f | s₁ : m | f :- .m | r : f | m :- .f | s₁ : d {

man's the gowd for a' that.
 king o' men for a' that.
 looks an' laughs at a' that.
 high - er ranks than a' that.
 brith - ers be for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that, Our toils obscure an'

{ l₁ :- | l₁ : f | m :- .f | s₁ : m | l₁ : r | r : f | m :- .r | d : l₁ | s₁ :- | s₁ : {

a' that, The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

43

The Fatherland.

Allegro con spirito. ♩ = 144.

A. METHFESSEL.

KEY G : s₁ | d :- .s₁ | d : r | m :- .r | d : r | m :- .r | m : f | s₁ :- .f | m : d {

1. To thee, our dear and na - tive land, With hearts and voi - ces blend - ing, We
 2. The land of frank-ness, faith, and fame, Of vir - tue, grace, and beau - ty, Whose
 3. Here fraud is fet - ter'd, home se - cure, And peace a safe pos - ses - sion; Here

{ l₁ :- .f | d : l₁ | s₁ :- .m | d : s₁ | l₁ : t₁ | d : f | m :- .r | r : d : - | {

sing, a loy - al pat - riot band, In strains of love un - end - ing.
 chil - dren bear the fore - most name For cou - rage, truth, and du - ty.
 jus - tice ev - er shall en - dure, And o - ver - come op - pres - sion.

44

The Hardy Norseman.

R. L. DE PEARSALL.

Norse Melody.

f *Con spirito.* $\text{♩} = 100.$

KEY $\text{B}\flat$: $\{ s_1 | s_1 s_1 s_1 s_1 : - d | t_1 l_1 l_1 : . l_1 f , r : d : t_1 | r : d : . s_1 \}$

1. The hardy Norse - man's house of yore Was on the foam - ing wave! And
 2. What though our power be weaker now Than it was wont to be, When

p

$\{ s_1 s_1 s_1 : - d | t_1 l_1 l_1 : . l_1 f , r : d : t_1 | d : - : d | d , m : s : - m \}$

there he gath - er'd bright renown, The bravest of the brave! Oh! ne'er shall we for-
 boldly forth our fathers sailed, And conquer'd Norman - die. We still may sing their

Sva.

Ped. ** marcato.*

f

$\{ m , r : r : - m | d , t_1 l_1 : r | d : t_1 : l_1 s_1 s_1 s_1 s_1 : - d | t_1 l_1 l_1 : . l_1 \}$

get our sires, Wher - ev - er we may be! They bravely won a gallant name, And
 deeds of fame In thrilling har - mo - ny, For they did win a gallant name, And

mf CHORUS.

$\{ f , r : m : r | d : - : d | d , m : s : - m | m , r : r : - m | d , t_1 l_1 : r \}$

ruled the stormy sea. Oh! ne'er shall we for - get our sires, Wher - ev - er we may
 ruled the stormy sea. We still may sing their deeds of fame In thrilling har - mo -

f *poco rit.*

$\{ d : t_1 : l_1 s_1 s_1 s_1 s_1 : - d | t_1 l_1 l_1 : . l_1 f , r : m : r | d : - : \}$

be! They bravely won a gallant name, And ruled the storm - y sea.
 ny, For they did win a gallant name, And ruled the storm - y sea.

poco rit.

45

The Pilot.

S. NELSON.

Andante con moto. $\text{♩} = 104.$

mf

KEY $\text{B}\flat$: $\{ s_1 | s_1 : - s_1 | s_1 m | m : - r | d : d | l_1 : d | r : d : t_1 l_1 | s_1 : - : s_1 | s_1 : - s_1 | s_1 m \}$

1. O pi - lot, 'tis a fearful night, There's danger on the deep, I'll come and pace the
 2. Ah! pi - lot, dan - gers of - ten met, We are all apt to slight; And thou hast known these
 3. "On such a night the sea engulfed My fa - ther's life - less form; My on - ly brother's

mp

f

$\{ m : - r | d : m | r : s_1 l_1 t_1 : - l_1 s_1 : - : s_1 | r : - d | t_1 l_1 s_1 f_1 m_1 : - f_1 s_1 : d \}$

deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep. "Go down," the sail - or cried, "go down, This
 rug - ing waves But to sub - due their might. "Oh! 'tis not a - pa - thy," he cried, "That
 boat went down in just so wild a storm; And such, perhaps, may be my fate, But

mp *rall. e dim.*

$\{ l_1 : d | f : m , r | d : - : t_1 | s_1 s_1 : - s_1 | s_1 m | m : - r | d : m | s_1 s_1 : - l_1 t_1 r : - d \}$

is no place for thee; Fear not, but trust in Providence, Wherev - er thou may'st be."
 gives this strength to me; Fear not, but trust in Providence, Wherev - er thou may'st be."
 still I say to thee, Fear not, but trust in Providence, Wherev - er thou may'st be."

legato.

p *rall. e dim.*

46

Star of Peace.

mp Andante. ♩ = 92.*cres.*

LOWELL MASON.

KEY **E♭** { d :- .d | d :d | r :r | m :r | m :- .m | m :fe | s :l | t :- }

1. Star of peace to wand'ers wea - ry, Bright the beams that smile on me;
 2. Star of hope, gleam on the bil - low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
 3. Star of faith, when winds are mock-ing All his toil, he flies to thee;
 4. Star di-vine, oh safe - ly guide him, Bring the wan - d'rer home to thee;
 5. Star of hope, gleam on the bil - low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee;

f { d' :- .d' | r' d' :t | l | s :- .m | m :r | d :- | r :- .r | m :- | - :- }

Cheer the pi - lot's vi - sion drear-y, Far, far at sea,
 Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea,
 Save him, on the bil - lows rock-ing, Far, far at sea,
 Sore tempta - tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea,
 Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea,

mf { d' :- .d' | r' d' :t | l | s :- .m | m :r | d :- | m :- .r | d :- | - :- }

Cheer the pi - lot's vi - sion drear-y, Far, far at sea.
 Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea.
 Save him, on the bil - lows rock-ing, Far, far at sea.
 Sore tempta - tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea.
 Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea.

47

The Morn.

Round in four parts.

KEY **G** { d :- :d | m :- :s | l :s :fe | s :- :f | m :m :m | d :- :m | r :- :r | r :- : - }

See the morn, with dew-la-den fin - gers, O - pens the por - tals of the day;

{ d :- : - | d :- : - | d :- : - | d :- :t | d :- :t | l : - :s | fe :s | l :s | - : - }

Lo! Lo! Lo! Lo! how all the sha - dows glide a - way.

48

Madeline.

Italian Folksong.

mf Allegro moderato. ♩ = 126.

KEY **G** { s | d :d | r :r | m :- .s | r :r .m | d :- | s | }

1. Our ship is light - ly bound - ing, Ma - de - line, The
 2. When high the waves are roll - ing, Ma - de - line, When
 3. When o'er the swell-ing o - - cean, Ma - de - line, I

mp

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

{ d :d | r :r | m :- .s | r :r .m | d :- | s | }

mer - ry winds are sound - ing, Ma - de - line, The
 loud the storm is howl - ing, Ma - de - line, Oh!
 view, with warm e - mo - tion, Ma - de - line, My

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

{ f :f | f :l | s | s :- | - :m .m | f .m :r .d | r .r :r .r }

fad - ing shore is gone; Now the sun is shining brightly, And the
 then I'll think of thee; When the bil-lows wild are raving, And the
 own dear na - tive shore, To thy cottage, beaming brightly, I will

poco rit. *a tempo.* D.S.

{ m .r :d .t | d .d :d .r | m :s | f :r | d :- | - }

wa - ters dancing lightly, Ma - de - line, Ma - de - line.
 dan-ger I am braving, Ma - de - line, Ma - de - line.
 hasten, trip-ping lightly, Ma - de - line, Ma - de - line.

poco rit. *a tempo.* D.S.

Ped. *

Poor little fisher boy.

Andante. $\text{♩} = 56$.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

KEY **E♭** $\{ s : - : l : - : s : s : - m : s : - : d : - : r : - : r : m : - : - : - : s : - : l : - : s : \}$

1. Poor lit - tle fish - er boy, out on the sea, Poor lit - tle
 2. Poor lit - tle fish - er boy, out on the sea, Poor lit - tle
 3. Poor lit - tle fish - er boy, out on the sea, Poor lit - tle

$\{ s : - : m : s : - : d : - : r : - : r : d : - : - : - : r : r : m : f : f : m : r : m : f : s : s : - : s : \}$

fish - er boy, out on the sea! The moon gives no light, And dark is the night, And
 fish - er boy, out on the sea! The winds wildly roar, The rain torrents pour, The
 fish - er boy, out on the sea! His mother doth wake, Looks up for his sake, Looks

$\{ d' : - : - : fe : - : fe : s : - : - : - : s : - : l : - : s : s : - m : s : - : d : - : r : - : r : \}$

dark is the night; Out in the old boat now Sail - ing is
 rain tor - rents pour; Drea - ry and woe - ful now There it must
 up for his sake; Out in the fear - ful boat Sail - ing is

$\{ m : - : - : - : s : - : l : - : s : s : - m : s : - : d : - : r : - : r : d : - : - : - : \}$

he; Poor lit - tle fish - er boy, out on the sea!
 he; Poor lit - tle fish - er boy, out on the sea!
 he; Poor lit - tle fish - er boy, out on the sea!

Capstan Chorus.

Words revised by JOHN GUARD.

mf Allegro vivace. $\text{♩} = 138$.

KEY **D** $\{ s : s : s : s : l : s : m : s : d' : s : m : d' : r : m : f : s : - : - : s : \}$

1. No more, my boys, of i-dle griefs and cares, We'll leave them all on shore; A
 2. Jack Lightheart sails this little world all round, And laughs at wind and storm; Till
 3. Let landsmen whimper till their scup-pers run, In ev - 'ry bit of sea; A

$\{ s : s : l : l : l : l : s : m' : d' : s : d' : s : r' : s : d' : - : - : \}$

light heart in his breast the sail - or wears; So round she goes once more.
 an - chor'd safe a - gain in Ply - mouth Sound, It keeps him safe from harm.
 sail - or never knows how that thing's done, Too stout of heart is he.

f CHORUS. $\{ d' : s : - : m : d' : s : - : m : d' : d : d : d : r : m : f : s : - : - : s : \}$

Hur - rah! my boys, hur - rah! my boys, With a lust - y stamp and go; And

$\{ r' : - : t : s : s : m' : - : d' : s : s : s : l : s : l : d' : t : r' : d' : - : - : \}$

round she goes, and round she goes, With a song to bid a fair wind blow.

51

Lullaby.

mp Andante tranquillo. ♩ = 96.

STORAGE.

KEY Bb: | d : - : m : | s : m : d | l : - : t : d | s : - : m : | s : l : t : | d : - : r : {

1. Peace - ful slum - b'ring on the o - cean, Sea - men fear no
2. Is the wind tem - pest - uous blow - ing, Still no dan - ger

| m : r : d | r : - : s : | d : - : m : | s : m : d | l : - : t : d | s : - : m : {

dan - ger nigh; The wind and waves, in gen - tle mo - tion,
they des - cry; The guile - less heart, its boon be - stow - ing,

| s : - : l : t : | d : - : r : m : - : r : | d : - : - : | d : - : r : m : | r : - : t : s : {

Soothe them with their lul - la - by, Lul - la-by, lul - la-by,
Soothes them with its lul - la - by, Lul - la-by, lul - la-by,

pp
Ped. *Ped. *

| d : - : l : f : | s : - : m : d : | t : r : f | m : d : l : | s : l : t : | d : - : - : ||

lul - la-by, lul - la-by, Soothe them with their lul - la - by.
lul - la-by, lul - la-by, Soothes them with its lul - la - by.

poco rit.
Ped. *Ped. *

52

A-hunting we will go.

Old English Air.

mf Allegretto. ♩ = 108.

KEY C: | s : d : - : d : | s : - : f : | m : - : r : m : d : - : s : | l : - : s : f : - : m : f : | m : - : - : - : m : | s : - : s : l : - : l : {

1. The dusk - y night rides down the sky, And ush - ers in the morn; The hounds all join in
2. A - way they fly to 'scape the rout, Their steeds they soundly switch; Some are thrown in, and
3. Fond ech - o seems to like the sport, And join the jo - vial cry; The woods, the hills, the
4. Ye jo - vial hunters, in the morn, Pre - pare then for the chase; Rise at the sounding

| t : - : l : t | s : - : s : | d : - : d : | r : - : r : | m : - : r : m : d : - : s : | l : t : d : | r : m : f : s : l : t : d : - : s : {

glo - rious cry, The hounds all join in glo - rious cry, The huntsman winds his horn, The
some thrown out, Some are thrown in, and some thrown out, And some thrown in the ditch, And
sound re - tort, The woods, the hills, the sound re - tort, And mu - sic fills the sky, And
of the horn, Rise at the sounding of the horn, And health with sport embrace, And

| l : - : f : | s : - : s : | d : - : - : | m : d : | s : - : s : | s : - : s : | s : - : - : | s : | d : - : d : | d : - : d : {

huntsman winds his horn.
some thrown in the ditch.
mu - sic fills the sky.
health with sport embrace.

Then a - hunt - ing we will go, a - hunt - ing we will

| d : - : - : - : s : | l : t : d : | r : m : f : | s : l : t : d : - : m : | f : - : m : f : | s : - : s : | d : - : - : - : ||

go, a - hunt - ing we will go, a - hunt - ing we will go.

53

Oh, who will o'er the downs so free?

[NOTE.—The words of this song are written in allusion to an event supposed to have taken place in the neighbourhood of Winterborne, in Gloucestershire. One Hickenstirn (or Hickery Stirn, as he is called by the common people), who lies buried in the church there, is said to have been a knight who lived by pillage. He fell in love with a neighbour's daughter—won her affections—was refused by her parents; but with the assistance of his friends carried her off from her father's house. Such events were not uncommon in the Middle Ages.]

Moderato. ♩ = 112.

R. L. DE PEARSALL.

KEY G. *f* *ff*

1. Oh, who will o'er the downs so free, Oh, who will with me ride, Oh,
 2. I saw her bow'r at twi - light grey, 'Twas guard - ed safe and sure, I
 3. I prom - is'd her to come at night, With com - rades brave and true, A

dim. *p*

who will up and fol - low me, To win a bloom - ing bride? Her
 saw her bow'r at break of day, 'Twas guard - ed then no more! The
 gal-lant band with sword in hand To break her pri - son through: I

dim.

cres. Vs. 1 and 2. *f*

fa - ther he has locked the door, Her mo - ther keeps the key, But
 var - lets they were all a - sleep, And none was near to see The
 prom - is'd her to come at night, She's wait - ing now for

p *cres.* *cres.*

ff *rit.* D.C. vs. 2, 3.

nei - ther door nor bolt shall part My own true love from me!
 greet - ing fair that pass - ed there Be - tween my love and me!

ff *rit.* D.C.

Verse 3. *cres.*

me, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love

cres.

rall. *ff* *rit.*

free, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free.

rall. *ff* *rit.*

54

Day-dawn.

mp Moderato. ♩ = 120.

C.

KEY F. *f*

1. Ten - der - ly shine, Col - our di - vine, Rose hue of morn - ing,
 2. Blue skies a - bove, Sym - bol of love; Heav'n's love now holds us,
 3. Birds on the wing, Joy - ful - ly sing; Bright feathers glanc - ing,
 4. Sing for the day, Sun - ny and gay; Dark clouds have van - ished,

f

All heav'n a - dorn - ing; Ten - der - ly shine, Col - our di - vine.
 Ten - der - ly folds us; Blue skies a - bove, Sym - bol of love.
 Where boughs are danc - ing; Far on the wing Birds gai - ly sing.
 Storms now are ban - ish'd; Sing for the day, Sun - ny and gay.

55

Wake! wake! wake!

From FLOTOW.

mf Allegro non troppo. ♩ = 100.

KEY E. } m : m . s :- m m . f : f . l l . r : r . r : m . f s :- s {

1. Wake! wake! wake! for this is sweet May morn - ing, All are hap - py,
 2. Wake! wake! wake! and pick the ear-ly vi - o - lets, Sol will soon, will
 3. Wake! wake! wake! with glad some hearts and voi - ces, Cheer - ful - ly we

mp

{ d' : s : s . m m . r : r . m . : m . s :- m m . f : f . l l . r : r {

all are happy, bright, and gay; Wake! wake! wake! the rob-ins all are sing - ing,
 soon within your window peep; Each young leaf - let is a - wake and stir - ring,
 ca-rol forth our joy-ous lay, Till the earth in har-mo-ny re - joi - ces,

mp

{ r : m . f s :- s d' : s : f . r d : B.t. m l . : t . d :- l . }

All but you are praising, praising May. Wake! wake! wake! the
 May morn shines too bright, too bright for sleep. Wake! wake! wake! for
 Wel - come we the happy bright May-day. Wake! wake! wake! with

fz

ritard. a tempo. mf

{ se . r : d . t l l . t : d . d . : r . m :- d t . f : m . r l . s : fe . f m . : m . }

trees are gaily wav - ing, Beck -'ning us with outstretched arms of ever-green; Come, help
 this is sweet May morn - ing, All are hap - py, all are happy, bright, and gay; Wake! wake!
 raptures o'er us steal - ing, Buds and blos - soms all the air with fragrance fill; Wake! wake!

ritard. mf

{ s :- m m . f : f . l l . r : r . r : m . f s :- s d' : s : f . r d : }

find young columbines and vio - lets, Sweet young flow'rs to crown our May-day queen.
 wake! the robins now are sing - ing, All but you are praising, praising May.
 wake! to nature now re - veal - ing All that love that watches o'er us still.

fz

56

Beauty everywhere.

German.

mp Andante. ♩ = 100.

KEY G. } m : m s : s s : f f : m : m d : m m :- r : m : m s : s {

1. Where the rose is blush - ing, Pure and sweet and fair, Joy with-in us
 2. Where the storm is roll - ing, Darkly through the air, Pearl-y snow de -
 3. In the sandy des - ert, Birds of plumage rare, Shed a - round the
 4. Ev-'ry prospect show - eth Something rich and rare, And the true heart

mp legato.

{ s : f f : m : m f : r d :- : r : f l : s m :- : }

gush - ing, Greeteth beau-ty there, Greeteth beau-ty there.
 scend - ing, Scat-ers beau-ty there, Scat-ers beau-ty there.
 trav - 'ler, Beau-ty ev - en there, Beauty ev - en there.
 find - eth Beau-ty ev - 'ry - where, Beauty ev - 'ry - where.

57

A Summer Day.

Round in three parts. ♩ = 104.

KEY F. } m :- d : m r :- t : r d : d d : d d :- : s :- : f :- : }

Oh! 'tis a gay, 'tis a bon-nie summer day; Sing in

{ m :- : m :- : d : d d :- s : s s : s :- d :- : d :- : }

cho - rus, Fa la la, fa la la lay, lay!

58

Escape from the city.

Allegro non troppo. ♩ = 104.

FLOTOW.

KEY F. { d' :s | l „t :d' .l | s „l :s .m | s .r :r . | d :s }

1. When far from the town I take my way, I take my way, Then through
2. Here I gaze with joy on vale and hill, on vale and hill, Bird - songs

{ l „t :d' .l | s :l :s .r | m .d :d . | d' :s | l „t :d' .l }

fields de-light-ed here I stray, yes, here I stray; When far from the town I
greet my ear, and gush-ing rill, and gushing rill; Here I gaze with joy on

{ s „l :s .m | s .r :r | d :s | l „t :d' .l | s „l :s .r }

take my way, I take my way, Then through fields de-light-ed here I stray, yes,
vale and hill, on vale and hill, Bird - songs greet my ear, and gush-ing rill, and

mf

{ m .d :d .d | s .d :m .r | d .s :d .t | l .f :d .l | l .s :s }

here I stray. I laugh and car-ol, full of glee, Like cap-tive bird from cage set free,
gushing rill. I watch the wild-birds soar and sing, Or build their nest, or plume their wing,

mf

{ s .d :m .r | d .s :d .r | m .d :s .m | m .r :r | d' :s | l „t :d' .l }

Laugh and car-ol, full of glee, Like captive bird from cage set free.
Watch the wild birds soar and sing, Or build their nest, or plume their wing. } La la la la la

{ s „l :s .m | s .r :r . | d :s | l „t :d' .l | s „l :s .r | m .d :d . }

la la la la la la, La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la!

59

Sleep, beloved.

Round in four parts. *Slowly.* ♩ = 60.

*

C.

KEY Bb. { m :— | m :m | s :— | s :— | l :— | l :— | s :— | s :— | s :— | s :— | d :— | d :— }

Sleep, sleep, be-lov-ed,* sweet-ly sleep,* O sleep* se-cure from

{ d :— | r :— | r :— | :— | d :— | :— | d :— | :— | ta :ta | ta :ta | l :— | :— }

earth-ly fears; Sleep,* for death has sealed thy doom,*

{ t :— | :— | d :— | d :d | m :— | :— | f :f | f :f | s :l | s :f }

O sleep,* while fond mem-ries min-gle* with our tears.

* Take breath.

60

No! winter now is past.

Round in four parts. ♩ = 60.

C.

KEY G. { s :— | s :d :— | d :r :m :f | m :— | :— | s :— | s :— | s :— | d :t :d :r | d :— | :— }

No! the win-ter now is past, And the sum-mer comes at last.

61

The Pretty Wayside Well.

Moderato. ♩ = 92.

T. E. PERKINS.

mp

KEY A: { m . d : d . s₁ | l₁ . d : d | r . r : d . r | m : s | m . d : d . s₁ | l₁ . d : d }

1. Oh, the pretty wayside well, Where the roses twin - ing Laugh amid the golden beams
2. There I culled the dai-sy white In its beauty grow - ing; There I drank the wa-ter bright,

mf

KEY A: { r . d : r . m | r : d | r . s . d : d : s | l . d : s | f . f : r . r | m . f : s }

Of the noonday shin - ing. Oft beneath the chestnut shade, When the day was burn - ing,
Pure and freely flow - ing. Pret-ty, pret-ty wayside well, I'll for-get thee nev - er;

dim. e rall. mf a tempo.

KEY A: { s . d : d : s | l . d : d : s | f . f : m . r | f . f : m . d : d . s₁ | l₁ . d : d }

Close beside it I have play'd, When from school re - turn - ing. Oh, the pret-ty wayside well,
In my mem'ry thou shalt dwell, Pure and bright as ev - er.

dim. e rall. rit. mf a tempo.

Ped. * Ped. *

KEY A: { r . r : d . r | m : s | m . d : d . s₁ | l₁ . d : d | r . d : r . m | r : d }

Where the ros-es twin - ing Laugh amid the golden beams Of the noonday shin - ing.

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

62

The Greenwood.

Allegretto non troppo. ♩ = 76.

mf

KEY Bb: { s₁ :- :- | m₁ : f₁ : s₁ | l₁ :- :- | s₁ :- :- | d :- :- | l₁ : t₁ : d | s₁ :- :- | - :- :- }

1. Come, come to the green - wood, Come mer-ri-ly now,
2. Come, come to the green - wood, Come mer-ri-ly now,

KEY Bb: { s₁ :- :- | l₁ : l₁ : l₁ | t₁ :- :- | r :- :- | r :- :- | d : l₁ : t₁ | s₁ :- :- | - :- :- }

Where rip-ple sweet foun - tains, Where trembles the bough,
Where hid-eth the vio - let Fair 'neath the green bough,

Ped. *

KEY Bb: { s :- :- | f : m : r | d :- :- | s₁ :- :- | s₁ :- :- | f₁ : m₁ : f₁ | m₁ :- :- | - :- :- }

Where singeth the zeph - yr light dancing a - long,
There thro' the warm noon - tide we'll cheerful-ly stray,

KEY Bb: { d :- :- | m₁ : m₁ : m₁ | f₁ :- :- | l₁ :- :- | t₁ :- :- | t₁ : d : r | d :- :- | - :- :- }

Then singeth the as - pen to his song.
While ring lit-tle ech - oes of our lay.

63

Merrily dance and sing.

MOZART.

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 138$.

mf

KEY G: { s : f | m : m | m : m | s : f | : f . m | r : r | r : r | f : m | : m . f }

1. Though win - ter brings no flow - ers And sun - ny days like spring, To
2. Come, tell me, then, your rea - son, If you have one to bring, Why

mf

cres. *f*

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

pass a - way the hours, We'll merri - ly, merri - ly dance and sing.
this is not the sea - son To merri - ly, merri - ly dance and sing?

cres. *f*

mf

{ : f . m | r : r | r : r | f : m | : m | f : f | f : f | f : m | : m . f }

On dull and gloom - y weather No dole - ful changes ring, But
It is no use de - ny - ing That win - ter is not spring; But

mf

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

let us join to - geth - er, And merri - ly, merri - ly dance and sing.
where's the use of sigh - ing? So merri - ly, merri - ly dance and sing.

cres. *f*

64

Now is the month of Maying.

THOMAS MORLEY, 1595.

Allegro vivace. $\text{♩} = 138$.

p *cres.* *p*

KEY A: { s : | d : d | r : - . r | m : - | m : r | m : - . r | m : fe | s : - | s : r . m }

1. Now is the month of May - ing, When mer - ry lads are play - ing, Fa la
2. The Spring, all clad in glad - ness, Doth laugh at Win - ter's sad - ness, Fa la
3. Fie, then, why sit we mus - ing, Youth's sweet de - light re - fus - ing? Fa la

p *cres.*

cres. *f* D.C.

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

la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la!

f D.C.

mf *p* *f*

{ : m | r : s | s : fe | s : - | - : r . m | f : f | m : - . r | r : - | - : s . f }

Each with his bon - ny lass A - danc - ing on the grass, Fa la
And to the bag - pipes' sound The nymphs tread out their ground, Fa la
Say, dain - ty nymphs, and speak, Shall we play bar - ley - break? Fa la

mf *p* *f*

mf cres. *cen.* *do.* *f* D.S.

{ m : d | s : - | s : l : t : d | r . m : f | m : - . f | m : r | d : - | - ||

la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la la la!

mf cres. *cen.* *do.* *f* D.S.

65

The Foot Traveller.

mf Con spirito. $\text{♩} = 92$ *f* *mf* *F. ABT.*

KEY *Ab*. $\{ s_1 : m_1 : s_1 : d : r : m : f : s : d : f : d : f : l : s : - : - : - : s_1 \}$

1. On foot I gai - ly take my way, Hurrah, hur-rah, hurrah! O'er
 2. No snail-paced friend I want, not I, Hurrah, hur-rah, hurrah! At
 3. Foot-trav - el to the gay is sweet, Hurrah, hur-rah, hurrah! But

mf *f* *mf*

$\{ s_1 : m_1 : s_1 : d : r : m : f : s : - : m : r : s : t_1 : r : d : l : s_1 : - : - : - : s_1 \}$

moun - tains bare and mea - dows gay, Hurrah, hur-rah, hurrah! And
 ev - 'ry step to pause and sigh, Hurrah, hur-rah, hurrah! No
 hea - vy hearts make hea - vy feet, Hurrah, hur-rah, hurrah! The

mf *f* *mf*

$\{ f : - : m : r : - : d : t_1 : - : d : r : - : s_1 : f : - : m : r : - : d : t_1 : - : d : r : - : s_1 \}$

he who is not of my mind, An-oth - er trav - 'ling mate may find, He
 gloom - y man to scowl and groan, And ov - er oth - er's sins make moan, I'd
 man who loves the sun - shine bright, And nev - er peeps be - hind for night, That

f *f* *f*

$\{ d : - : r : m : - : f : s : - : - : l : - : - : s : - : m : f : m : r : d : - : s_1 : d : - : s_1 \}$

can - not go with me, He can - not go with me, Hurrah, hur-
 ra - ther trudge a - lone, I'd ra - ther trudge a - lone, Hurrah, hur-
 is the man for me, That is the man for me, Hurrah, hur-

ff

$\{ d : - : d : d : t_1 : d : r : - : s_1 : r : - : s_1 : r : - : r : r : d : r : m : - : - : - : l \}$

rah, tra la la la - la, Hur-rah, hur-rah, tra la la la la, Hur-

ff

$\{ s : - : - : - : l : s : - : - : - : f : m : - : m : r : d : r : d : - : - : - : - : \}$

rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! Tra la la la!

66

An Old-fashioned Christmas.

Round in four parts. $\text{♩} = 108$ *C.*

KEY *Ab*. $\{ s_1 : s_1 : s_1 : s_1 : s_1 : s_1 : s_1 : l_1 : t_1 : d : r : m : - : m : r : s_1 : s_1 \}$

'Tis a good old fash - ion, when the Christmas time has come, To call on your

$\{ r : s_1 : s_1 : f_1 : s_1 : l_1 : t_1 : d : - : t_1 : d : r : t_1 : d : r : m \}$

neigh - bours with bag-pipe and with drum, Free - ly re - liev - ing all the

$\{ f : f : f : m : - : f : m : r : f : m : r : d : d : d : d : - : \}$

poor at the gate, Keeping an o - pen house ear - ly and late.

67

Horses are snorting.

Round in four parts. $\text{♩} = 108$ *C.*

KEY *F*. $\{ d : - : d : s_1 : d : - : d : s_1 : d : - : d : m : s : - : - : s : - : - : s : m : - : - : d : - : - : d : d : - : - : - : \}$

Hors-es are snort-ing to be at the sport, tan - ta-ra, tan - ta-ra!

68

Summer comes with cheer and gladness.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 116$.

HANDEL'S "Harmonious Blacksmith."

KEY E. $\{ \text{d} : \text{m} | \text{r} : \text{s} | \text{m} : \text{d} | \text{r} : \text{s} | \text{m} : \text{l} | \text{r} : \text{s} | \text{s} : \text{fe} | \text{s} : - \}$

1. Sum-mer comes with cheer and glad-ness, Ev-'ry-where is joy and glee,
 2. With the birds so gai-ly sing-ing, Let our songs ring out with mirth,
 3. Beau-ty's gifts so free-ly giv-en, Kind-ly sent God's love to show,

mf legato.

$\{ \text{d} : \text{m} | \text{r} : \text{s} | \text{m} : \text{d} | \text{r} : \text{s} | \text{m} : \text{l} | \text{r} : \text{s} | \text{s} : \text{fe} | \text{s} : - \}$

No-thing speaks of care and sad-ness, Ev-'ry heart is light and free.
 Hap-py hearts and voi-ces bring-ing, Wel-come now the joys of earth.
 Seek to draw us near-er hea-ven, Where un-fad-ing flow-ers grow.

$\{ \text{s} : \text{d} | \text{l} : \text{s} | \text{m} : \text{s} : \text{d} | \text{s} : \text{l} : \text{s} | \text{m} : \text{s} : \text{d} | \text{t} : \text{l} : \text{s} | \text{f} : \text{m} | \text{r} : - \}$

Sum-mer's cask-et op-en'd to us, Rich in trea-sures kept with care,
 Leaf-y buds and blos-soms glow-ing, Dew-drops spark-ling, hill-sides green,
 No-ble then our thoughts and ho-ly, In life's song a pur-er strain,

f

$\{ \text{s} : \text{d} | \text{r} : \text{d} | \text{s} : \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{d} | \text{r} : \text{t} : \text{d} | \text{s} : \text{d} : \text{r} | \text{t} : \text{f} : \text{m} : \text{r} | \text{m} : \text{r} | \text{d} : - \}$

Rich in tints of rose-bud flush-es, And the snow of li-lies rare.
 Gush-ing streams and riv-ers flow-ing O-ver all the sum-mer sheen.
 Caught from bells of li-lies low-ly, Echo-ing back to heav'n a - gain.

mf poco rall.

69

The Fox and the Grapes.

Allegretto non troppo. $\text{♩} = 92$.

T. CRAMPTON.

KEY G. $\{ \text{d} | \text{s} : \text{s} : \text{m} : \text{m} | \text{d} : \text{d} : \text{m} | \text{f} : \text{f} : \text{m} | \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{f} | \text{s} : \text{s} : \text{m} : \text{m} \}$

1. A hun-gry fox one day did spy, Fal lal la, Fal lal lal lal la! Some fine ripe grapes that
 2. The fox his patience nearly lost, Fal lal la, Fal lal lal lal la! With ex-pec-ta-tion

mf

$\{ \text{d} : \text{d} : \text{r} : \text{m} | \text{f} : \text{f} : \text{m} | \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{d} : \text{s} | \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{f} : \text{s} | \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{f} : \text{s} \}$

hung so high, Fal lal la, Fal lal lal lal la! And as they hung they seem'd to say 'To
 baulk'd and cross'd, Fal lal la, Fal lal lal lal la! He tried his best for near an hour, But

f

$\{ \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{f} : \text{l} | \text{s} : \text{m} : \text{s} | \text{s} : \text{s} : \text{s} : \text{m} : \text{m} | \text{d} : \text{d} : \text{r} : \text{m} | \text{f} : \text{f} : \text{m} | \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{d} \}$

him who under-neath did stay, "If you can fetch us down you may," Fal lal la, Fal lal lal lal la!
 found the fruit be-yond his pow'r, Then he said the grapes were sour, Fal lal la, Fal lal lal lal la!

mf

70

Silently the shades of night.

Round in three parts. Sustained. $\text{♩} = 72$.

KEY Bb. $\{ \text{d} : \text{d} | \text{d} : \text{t} | \text{l} : \text{t} | \text{d} : \text{r} | \text{m} : - | \text{m} : \text{m} \}$

Si-lent-ly the shades of night Steal a -

$\{ \text{r} : \text{f} | \text{m} : \text{t} | \text{d} : - | \text{d} : \text{m} : \text{f} | \text{s} : \text{s} | \text{l} : \text{s} | \text{d} : - \}$

cross the eve-ning sky, Peace and rest are com-ing nigh.

71

The Snail.

T. CRAMPTON.

mp Andante con moto. ♩. = 63

KEY A. { s | d :- d | d : t | d | r : d : t | d :- : r | m :- : m | m : r : m | f : m : r | m :- : m }

1. The snail crawls out with his house on his back, The snail crawls out with his house on his back, You may
2. You can't see him eat, but you know where he's been, You can't see him eat, but you know where he's been, He has
3. With horn - y eyes how he peereth a - bout, With horn - y eyes how he peereth a - bout, But the
4. To what can we lik-en a grov-elling snail? To what can we lik-en a grovel-ling snail? To a

E.t.
f.A.

know where he comes by his slim - y track, You may know where he comes by his slim - y track, And
 fed on the leaves of the plants so green, He has fed on the leaves of the plants so green, And
 blackbird at last has found him out, But the blackbird at last has found him out, And
 meddling old gos-sip with falsehood's trail, To a meddling old gossip with falsehood's trail, And

{	s ₁ :- :	s ₁ :- :	s ₁ :- :	s ₁ :- :	d :- :d	d :t ₁ :d	r :- :-	- :- :	{
	creep,	creep,	creep,	creep,	oh,	how	slowly	he goes !	
	still,	still,	still,	still,	still	in	darkness	of night,	
	tap,	tap,	tap,	tap,	on	the	roof	of his house,	
#	pick,	pick,	pick,	pick,	till	no	beauty	ap-pears,	

{	d :- :	d :- :	d :- :	d :- :	m :- m	s :f :m	r :- :- :- :- m	{
Creep,	creep,	creep,	creep,	oh,	how	slowly	he goes!	And
Still,	still,	still,	still,	still	in	darkness	of night,	He
Tap,	tap,	tap,	tap	on	the	roof	of his house,	He
Pick,	pick,	pick,	pick,	till	no	beauty	ap - pears,	But

72

Calm is the sea.

JOHN GUARD.

H. PFEIL,

P Andante tranquillo. ♩ = 72

KEY C. { s m f | s :- s :d' r' | d' :t : t | r' ,de:r' t :l s }

1. Calm is the sea!	no wand'ring breez - es	Dis - turb the still-ness of the
2. Calm is the sea!	the tide ad - vanc - ing	Up - on the strand in si-lence
3. Calm is the sea!	the lights of heav - en	Are shin-ing on its qui-et

s	:	.s	:d ^l	.r ^l	m ^l	:	-	.m ^l	:m ^l	.m ^l	m ^l	:	.r ^l	.r ^l	:r ^l	.r ^l
deep;		The	twi	-light	slow	-		ly	dark-	ens	o'er		us	And	hulls	the
steals,		In	si	-lence	fills			the	lit	-tle	har	-	bour,	And	lifts	and
breast;		O	trou-	-bled	heart!			the	love	e	-ter	-	nal	Looks	down	on

pp rit

Song of the Monkey.

mf Allegretto. $\text{♩} = 88$ T. CRAMPTON.

KEY G. D.t.

{ s₁ | s₁ .m :m .m | m :r .d | r .d :r .m | d :- .d | t₁ .s :s .s }

1. My mas-ter grinds an or - gan, And leads me by a chain; And when I pick the
2. There co - coa - nuts are grow - ing Beneath the palm-tree's crown; I used to climb, and
3. On some tall tree's top branch - es, The fleecy clouds would sail Just ov - er me; I

mp

f. G.

{ l .s :s .d | t .s :l .t | d₁ .d₁ :d₁ .d₁ | s .f :f .f | f .m :m .m }

money up. You laugh and shout a - gain: Ha ha ha! But though I dance and ca - per, still I
pick them off, And hear them - crash! come down: Ha ha ha! There all day long the pur - ple figs Are
wish that I. Were swinging by my tail: Ha ha ha! To swing a - bout so mer - ri - ly, How

{ m .r :r .r | s :- .d | t₁ .l₁ :l₁ .l₁ | l₁ .s₁ :s₁ .s₁ | s₁ .s₁ :d .m }

feel at heart for - lorn; I wish I were in mon - key-land, The place where I was
dropping, I de - clare; How plea - sant 'tis in mon - key-land, I would that I were
hap - py I would be? But oh! a trav - ling mon - key's life Is ve - ry hard for

{ s :- .s | s .f :f .f | f .m :m .m | m .r :f .t₁ | d :- .l }

born, I wish I were in mon - key-land, The place where I was born.
there, How plea - sant 'tis in mon - key-land, I would that I were there.
me, But oh! a trav - ling mon - key's life Is ve - ry hard for me.

Grasshopper Green.

mf Moderato. $\text{♩} = 66$ T. CRAMPTON.

KEY E_b. { s :- f :m | s :- f :m | l :s :fe | s :- :m | r :m :f | m :- :r | m :- :r | m :- :r | m :- :r }

1. Grasshopper Green is a com-i - cal chap, He lives on the best of fare.
2. Grasshopper Green has a dozen nice boys, And soon as their legs grow strong,
3. Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house, It's un - der a hedge so gay,

mp Ped. *

B_b. t.

{ r₁ s₁ :- l₁ :s₁ | s₁ :- l₁ :t₁ | d :- r :m | f :- :r | m :r :d | t₁ :r :- | d :- :r | m :- :r | m :- :r }

Bright little jack - et and breeches and cap, These are his summer wear.
All of them join in his fro - lic - some joys, Humming his merry song
Grandmother Spi - der as still as a mouse, En - vies him o'er the way.

mp Ped. *

p *f*

f. E_b.

{ s :l :s | s :f :m | f :- :s | f :- :r | m :r :m | s :f :m | r :- :r | m :- :r | m :- :r }

Out in the meadows he loves to go, Playing a - way in the sun; It's
Un - der the leaves in a hap - py row, Soon as the day has be - gun; It's
Hark! he is calling for us, I know, Out in the beau - ti - ful sun; It's

p *f*

{ l :- f :l | s :- m :s | f :- :s | m :- :r | m :f | m :- :r | d :- :r | m :- :r }

hop - per - ty, skip - per - ty, high and iow, Summer's the time for fun.

75

The Cat and her Kittens.

H. LLOYD.

Allegretto non troppo. ♩ = 84.

T. CRAMPTON.

mp

KEY G. { s : | d : d : d | m : m : m | r : d : r | d : - : | s : - : | d : - : | r : - : | - : | s : |

1. The cat and her kittens they lie in the sun, Meaw, meaw, meaw! They're
 2. My own little kittens, when you are well grown, Meaw, meaw, meaw! You'll
 3. The kittens they listen'd and vow'd to be good, Meaw, meaw, meaw! While

mp

{ d : d : d | m : m : m | r : d : r | d : - : | r : - : | s : - : | d : - : | - : |

fond of their food, and they're fond of their fun, Meaw, meaw, meaw!
 pro-ba-bly have each a home of your own, Meaw, meaw, meaw!
 free from temptation I dare say they would, Meaw, meaw, meaw!

mf

D.t. { s : | s : f : m | s : f : m | f : s : l | s : - : | s : l : t : d | s : m : s | f : r : s | d : - : | s : }

Their old mother says they must sit in a row; She's christen'd one Jack, and she's christen'd one Joe, And
 You'll catch all the mice, and you'll kill all the rats, And grow up, I hope, both re-specta-ble cats; Don't
 They loved their good mother, and thought 'twould be nice To grow strong and hearty, and catch and kill mice; She

mf

cres { d : t : d | l : t : d | r : d : r | t : d : r | m : r : m | d : r : m | f : m : f | r : - : | }

now al-to-gether they make the place ring With the one song they knew, and the cho-rus they sing,
 get in the cupboard, nor kill the poor lark; Keep a-way from big dogs, and get home before dark,
 wash'd both their faces, and put them to bed; And now what do you think was the last word they said?

legato, cres *cres* *do.*

f

{ s : - : | d : - : | r : - : | - : | - : | r : - : | s : - : | d : - : | - : | }

Meaw, meaw, meaw! Meaw, meaw, meaw!

f

Ped. *

76

There is an Angel.

Andante moderato. ♩ = 96.

BRADBURY.

mp

KEY E. { m | m : f | s : d | t : l | s : m | r : m | f : m | m : r | r : r }

1. There is an an-gel ev-er near, When toil and trou-ble vex and try, That
 2. We hear it at our mother's knee: With ten-der smile and love-lit eye, She
 3. What vis-ions crowd the youthful breast, What ho-ly as-pi-ra-tions high Nerve

mp legato. *poco rit.* *p*

p poco rall.

{ m : f | s : m | f : s | l : d | t : l | s : m | r : - : | s : - : | m : - : | }

bids our faint-ing hearts take cheer, And whis-pers to us "By - and - by!"
 grants some boon on child-ish plea, In these soft accents, "By - and - by!"
 the young heart to do its best, And wait the promise, "By - and - by!"

p poco rall.

77

Comes the merry month of May.

Round in four parts.

C.

{ d : d | d : m : r : d | t : l : l | s : - : | m : f : s : l | s : s | s : - : | - : | }

Comes the merry, merry, month of May, Happy, happy all are we!

{ s : - : | m : - : | f : m : r : m | f : - : | m : - : | d : - : | s : l : l | t : l : - : | }

Hail! hail! hail to merry May, Hail! hail! hail with glee.

6

80

Ho! for the stormy cold March days.

f Allegro con spirito. ♩ = 138.

KEY G: { d : d , d : d : d | m : r | d : - | l₁ : l₁ , l₁ | l₁ : t₁ | d : - | s₁ : }

1. Ho! for the stormy cold March days, Aye, there is nothing like them;
 2. Ho! for the field, ye farm-ers, now Cheer on your pa-tient ox - en;
 3. Hark, how the warn-ing e - qui - nox Calls from the eastern o - cean:

mf

FINE.

{ m : m , m : m | s : f. m : - | f : m , r | d : t₁ | d : - | - : }

Loud let us shout, and sing their praise, March is so proud and free!
 Deep in the fur - row drive the plough, Strive for the har - vest fair!
 Stand to your arms, ye time - worn rocks, On - ward the mad waves pour.

mf

{ t₁ : r | r : r | d : m | m : m | r : r | r : m , r | d : l₁ | s₁ : - }

Snow-y, blow-y, wheezy, breez-y, Sweep-ing up the win - ter's snow,
 Wing-ing, sing-ing, spring-ing, cling-ing, On the spray sweet birds are seen,
 Rush-ing, splash-ing, surg-ing, crush-ing, Thund'ring on the coast so strong,

mf

cres. *D.C.*

{ l₁ : l₁ | t₁ : t₁ | d : d , d | r : r | d : d , t₁ | d : r | m : - | - : }

Freez-ing, pleas-ing, teas-ing, un-ceas-ing, How do the March winds blow!
 Driv-ing, fly-ing, win-ter de-fy-ing, Winds sweep the meadow green.
 Boil-ing, toil-ing, fierce-ly re-coil-ing, Wild dash the waves a - long.

cres. *D.C.*

81

JOHN GUARD.

Merry men are we.

FRANZ COMMER.

Allegro. ♩ = 132.

KEY G: { s₁ | d : d | d : t₁ | d : r , d : t₁ | l₁ | s₁ : l₁ | t₁ | d : r , m | f : m | r : m | r : r | m : - | d : - }

1. With blue skies shining o - ver - head, The paths of life we stoutly tread, And troll the
 2. Why should we fret that oth - ers ride? Per-haps old Care sits by their side, And leaves us
 3. No gild-ed gates for us un - close, For us Fame's trumpet nev - er blows, But we'll con -
 4. No light with sunshine can com - pare, No scent so pure as morning air, And these God

mf

p cres. poco

{ l₁ : - | r : - | s₁ : - | - : - | - : - | s₁ | s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : s₁ | l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : l₁ }

mer - ry men glee; The crowd'd way we gai - ly trudge, We
 foot - ry men free; For wealth brings sorrow, wise men say, And
 tent - ed be; The stile-path ways of life are ours, Here
 gives us free; We need no childish paint-ed toys, A

legato.

p cres. poco

a poco. f ben marcato.

{ t₁ : t₁ | t₁ : t₁ | d : d | d : d | r : - | m : - | f : - | r : - | s : - | - : }

cn - vy none, and bear no grudge, For mer - ry men are we,
 crown-ed heads go quickly gray, While mer - ry men are we,
 grow the sweet-ly blooming flow'rs, And mer - ry men are we,
 light heart is a well of joys, And mer - ry men are we,

a poco. f

Ped.

{ - : - | f : - | m : - | - : m | s : - | - : s | d : - | - : - | - : }

For mer - ry men are we.
 While mer - ry men are we.
 (vrs. 3, 4) And mer - ry men are we.

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

82

Whene'er you see a schoolboy.

R. MORRIS, LL.D.

ADELBERT GARDENIER.

Allegretto. ♩ = 84.

KEY **Bb** { s₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | m :- :- | d :- : d | l₁ :- : l₁ | r :- : l₁ | t₁ :- : - | - :- : s₁ }

1. Whene'er you see a school - boy Who climbs the or - chard fence, Or
 2. Whene'er you see him loaf - ing, Who ought to be at school, Or
 3. Whene'er you see him fight - ing, Or brawl - ing in the street, Or
 4. Whene'er you hear him swear - ing, Or say - ing a naught - y word, Or
 5. Don't let the c - vil lead him In ways of burn - ing shame, Speak

{ s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | m :- :- | d :- : s₁ | l₁ :- : l₁ | t₁ :- : t₁ | d :- : - | - :- : }

sneaking a - round the cor - ner To steal the apple or quince,
 play - ing the i - dle tru - ant A - gainst the teach - er's rule,
 play - ing the school - boy bul - ly The mean - est thing you meet,
 tell - ing a lie, or talk - ing Of some - thing he has heard,
 up, ye gal - lant cap - tain, And call him by his name.

f CHORUS.

{ s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | m :- : | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | f :- : r | r : r : r | r :- : d | t₁ :- : - | - :- : }

Tell him to halt! tell him to halt! What - ev - er may be his fault;

{ s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | m :- : | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | f :- : f | m : m : m | m :- : r | d :- : - | - :- : }

Tell him to halt! tell him to halt! What - ev - er may be his fault.

83

If I were a sunbeam.

G. F. ROOT.

Allegro. ♩ = 138.

KEY **C** { m : s | d¹ :- . r¹ | d¹ : t | - : d¹ | t : l | d¹ : l | s :- : - | - : s }

1. If I were a sun - beam, I know what I would do; I'd
 2. If I were a sun - beam, I know where I would go - In -
 3. Art thou not a sun - beam, O child, whose life is glad With

{ s : f | f : s | f : m | - : m | r : s | t : l | s :- : - | - : }

seek the whit - est li - lies The rain - y wood - lands through;
 to the low - liest hov - els All dark with want and woe;
 still an in - ner ra - diance That sun - shine nev - er had?

{ m : s | d¹ :- . r¹ | d¹ : t | - : d¹ | t : l | d¹ : l | s :- : - | - : s }

Steal - ing in a - mong them, The soft - est light I'd shed, Un -
 Till sad hearts looked up - ward, I there would shine and shine! Then
 As the Lord hath blest thee, Oh sent - ter rays di - vine! For

{ m¹ : r¹ | d¹ : t | t : l | - : | s : d¹ | m¹ : r¹ | d¹ :- : - | - : }

til each grace - ful li - ly Raised its droop - ing head.
 they would think of hea - ven, Their sweet home and mine.
 there can be no sun - beam But must die or shine!

Catch the sunshine.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 112$.

KEY C.

1. Catch the sun-shine! though it flick - ers Through a dark and dis-mal cloud, Though it
 2. Catch the sun-shine! though life's tempest May un-furl its chilling blast, Catch the
 3. Catch the sun-shine! don't be griev-ing O'er that dark - some bil-low there! Life's a
 4. Catch the sun-shine! catch it glad - ly! Mes-sen-ger in Hope's em-ploy, Sent through

falls so faint and fee - ble On a heart with sor-row bowed; Catch it
 lit - tle, hopeful strag - gler! Storms will not for ev-er last. Don't give
 sea of stormy bil - lows, We must meet them ev - 'ry - where. Pass right
 clouds, through storms and bil - lows, Bringing you a cup of joy. Don't be

quick - ly! it is pass - ing, Passing rap - id - ly a - way; It has
 up, and say "for-sak - en!" Don't be - gin to say "I'm sad!" Look! there
 through them! do not tar - ry, O - ver - come the heaving tide; There's a
 sigh - ing, don't be weep - ing, Life, you know, is but a span; There's no

on - ly come to tell you There is yet a brighter day.
 comes a gleam of sun - shine! Catch it! oh, it seems so glad!
 spark - ling gleam of sun - shine Waiting on the oth-er side.
 time to sigh nor sor - row, Catch the sun - shine when you can.

Laughter.

Allegretto non troppo. $\text{♩} = 66$.

A. A. GRAYLEY.

KEY D.

1. "Laugh and grow fat" is a say-ing of old; Whether or not 'tis a cause of o - be - si-ty,
 2. "Tickled to death" is an- oth-er wise saw; Do not be-lieve it, 'tis not a re - al - i-ty;
 3. Be not sus-pi-cious of in - no-cent mirth, Hearti - ly join in the harmless hi-lar - i-ty;
 4. Mirth should be timely, so do not be rash— Take laughing gas, or pro-ceed to ex-trem-i-ties;

This I be-lieve, that the physi - cal man Laughter demands as a kind of ne-ces - si-ty.
 Cheerfulness ev - er is health to the bones, Nursing our grief is the bane of vi - tal - i-ty.
 Let the heart leap in its gladness and glee, If you would have it the em-pire of char - i-ty.
 Laugh when 'tis fitting—and let me just add, On - ly the good should indulge in such len - i-ties.

f. CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! Make the home ring again, Ha! ha! ha! Make the home ring a-gain,
 Ha! ha! ha! Care will take wing again, Laughter will drive him away.

86

Bells Ringing.

W. E. HICKSON.

"Caller Herrin'."

mf Andante con moto. ♩ = 92.

KEY C. { d' : d' . d' | t : d' . r' | m' . l : r' . d' | t . s : l . t | d' : d' . d' }

1. Hark! 'tis the bells of a vil-lage church, how pleasant-ly They strike on the
 2. Hark! on the breeze now borne a-way, and dis-tant-ly How sweet float the
 3. Ring on, ye bells, your tune-ful hymn of hearts re-joic-ing; Ring "hap-py

ear, how mer-ri-ly they ring! Come, let us join and
 sounds of the ring-ers' mer-ry peal. Soft, as the notes of
 days" on a wed-ding or a birth. Ring on the news of

im-i-tate their mel-o-dy, Let each take a part in har-mo-ny and sing:
 fancy's fai-ry min-strelsy, In songs of the vale, where mur-m'ring waters steal.
 strife appeas'd and trou-ble ended; Ring, and di-fuse new gladness o'er the earth.

I love a mer-ry peal of bells, Of hope and joy their mu-sic tells, When trav'ling homewards

wea-ri-ly, They greet us cheer-i-ly; Hark! 'tis the bells of a

village church, how pleasant-ly They strike on the ear, how mer-ri-ly they ring!

87

Ober, ferryman, row.

Allegretto. ♩ = 80.

FINE.

KEY D. { s :- : m | s :- : m | s :- : m | r : r : r | r : r : r | m :- : - : - : }

1. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, fer-ry-man, fer-ry-man, row.
 2. O - ver, o - ver, e - ver, fer-ry-man, fer-ry-man, row.
 3. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, fer-ry-man, fer-ry-man, row.

Pe-tu-lant Spring has swollen the tide; Ferryman, pull! for the riv-er is wide.
 August has drunk where merry streams-flow; Ferryman, pull! for the riv-er is wide.
 Frozen the wave, and Win-ter is chill; Ferryman, rest! for the riv-er is still.

88

My Grandad's Song.

Music and Words by JOHN T. GRIMLEY.

mf Vivace. ♩ = 120.

KEY E. : s | s | d | d | d | d | t | d | r | s | s | s | f | m | m | f | r | r |

1. Now you ought to have heard my old Gran - dad sing, With a fa la la la la
 2. Now I've of - ten heard my old Gran - dad say, With a fa la la la la
 3. So come, let's all to - geth - er sing, With a fa la la la la

lai; For no matter what song he did be - gin, It would
 lai; That the songs we sing soon have their day, With a
 lai; Let us make this good old school - room ring, With a

r | m | f | e | s | l | t | s | s | l | r | s | d | f | m | f | s | m | s |

end with a fa la lai, And though sometimes it did not rhyme, And
 fa la la la la lai; Yet for six - ty years, both hale and strong, The
 fa la la la la lai, For it cheered him up when he was sad, 'Twas

poco rall. *a tempo.* *f*

l | r | s | d | f | m | r | d | s | s | d | d | d | t | d | r | s | s | s | f |

of - ten he'd miss out a line, He al - ways made up at the fine, With a
 old man lived to sing his song, And he made it up as he went a - long With a
 what he sang when he was glad, So sing once more with my old Gran - dad With a

leggiere. *poco rall.* *mf a tempo.* *f*

p *rall.* (Last verse only).

m | f | s | d | r | l | s | f | m | r | m | m | f | r | r | d | s |

fa la la la la lai, With a fa la la la lai!

89

Swabian Trooper's Song.

JOHN GUARD.

Swabian Melody.

Marziale. ♩ = 104.

KEY G. : s | m | m | r | s | f | f | m | d | m | s | m | f | r | r | d | d | m | m | m | m |

1. Morning dawn, morning dawn, Light that lights me to the grave; Soon shall war, with summons
 2. Can it be! can it be! Life, sweet life, so soon to pass; Yesterday all care de-
 3. Gone so soon, gone so soon, All my youth - ful joy and pride, Like the fragile flowers
 4. Hush, my heart! hush, my heart! Why should I thus vainly sigh? Be my trust on God de-

s | f | r | r | f | f | f | f | f | l | s | m | d | m | s | m | f | r | r | d |

bra - zen, Call me to my death to hast - en, I and ma - nya comrade brave.
 Ere to - night in silence ly - ing, Shrouded in the trembling grass?
 bloom - ing, Summer's morning hour perfum - ing, Withered ere the e - ven - tide.
 pend - ed, Then if life to - day be end - ed, Let me like a soldier die.

90

Softly and gently.

Round in four parts.

C.

KEY F. : m | r | e | m | f | s | r | s | f | e | s | s | s | s | l | s | s | s | t | d | d | t | r | f |

Soft - ly and gen - tly Fadeth the day; Birds flying home - ward Wing their way. While

The Whistling Farmer Boy.

Verses 3 and 4 by A. J. FOXWELL.
Moderato. ♩ = 126.

G. F. ROOT.

KEY D. { s „fe:s „l s „m:d | l „d:d' „l s :— | s „f:r „l s „m:d „d' }

1. See the mer-ry farmer boy Tramp the meadow through, Swing his hoe in careless joy, While
2. Farm-er boy is blithe and gay Morning, noon, or night, Song, or glee, or round-e-lay He'll
3. When the plough is gliding on, When the horses rest, While the men to dine are gone, With
4. Why should not the farmer boy Les-sons to us teach, How we may for good employ All

mf

{ t „s:l „fe:s :— | s „fe:s „l s „m:d | l „d:d' „l s :— }

dashing off the dew. Mer-ry birds on branches high Trill their notes of glee,
whistle with de-light. Mer-ry heart so full of glee, E-ver full of fun!
rustic laugh and jest; When the sun is shin-ing out, When the shadows fall,
things within our reach? Keep the mind and conscience clear, Do the best we may,

mf

Boys, whistle; Girls, La, la, *softly*.

{ d' „t:d' „s | t „l s „f | m „d:r „t, | d :— || s :— |— „f:m „f }

Farmer boy a gay re-ply Now whistles cheeri-ly.
Hear him whistling merri-ly Un-til the day is done.
Still with heart and courage stout He whistles thro' it all!
Then, if sorrows should appear, We'll whistle them a-way!

La, la, *softly*.

mf

Ped. *

{ s :d' | d' | d' | r' :— |— „d:t „l s :d' | d' | d' }

sounds their hap-py song, Re-sounds their hap-py song!
hail the glad New Year, To hail the glad New Year.
sil-ver, sil-ver bells? As sil-ver, sil-ver bells?

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

{ s :— |— „f:m „f | s :d' | d' | d' | r' :— |— „d:t „r' | d' :— |— :— }

mf

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

O'er fields of snow.

Allegretto. ♩ = 84.

SILCHER.

KEY G. { s | d r :m r :— s | r :m :f | m :— s | s :— m | s :f :m | r :— :— | :— s }

1. O'er fields of snow, how swift they go, The mer-ry, mer-ry throng, The
2. In sil-ver chime, the bells keep time, To voi-ces sweet and clear, To
3. Thro' frost-y air and moon-light fair The joy-ous cho-rus swells, The

mf *pp*

{ s :— m | s :f :m | r :— :— | :— s | f :— f | m :— d | l :— l | s :— f }

mer-ry, mer-ry throng; How sweet and gay, a-long the way, Re-
voi-ces sweet and clear, And both u-nite, in gay de-light, To
joy-ous cho-rus swells; Oh, what so sweet, oh, what so sweet As

mf

{ m :— m | r :— r | d :— :— | :— f | m :— m | r :— r | d :— :— | :— }

sounds their hap-py song, Re-sounds their hap-py song!
hail the glad New Year, To hail the glad New Year.
sil-ver, sil-ver bells? As sil-ver, sil-ver bells?

pp

93

Farmer John.

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 132$.

A. L. COWLEY.

KEY C. $\text{♩} = 132$.

1. A hale old man is Farm-er John, A hap-py man is he; He
 2. Hard worker, too, is Farm-er John, He la-bours ev-'ry day, And
 3. Con-tent-ed soul is Farm-er John, Light-hearted, gay, and free; In

ris-es with the lark at morn, And sings right mer-ri-ly.
 as he ploughs, or sows his seed, He sings right mer-ri-ly.
 win-ter cold, or sum-mer bright, He whis-tles mer-ri-ly.

f CHORUS: may be whistled.

Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra

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

la la la la, Tra la la la la. Tra la la la la la! 8va.

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

94

The Waits.

A. J. FOXWELL.

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 138$.

JEREMIAH SAVILLE, 1667.

KEY G. $\text{♩} = 138$.

1. When the Christ - mas time is at hand, Then the waits
 2. An ac - cor - dion, too, we shall find, Or the hand
 3. As the twi - light fades in the sky, They as - sem -
 4. When the dark - ness hides them from sight, We can hear

are heard in the land; With a fid - dle and a cor - net,
 bells tin - kling be - hind; With the dis - tant village bel - fry
 ble, cold to de - fy, And a - mid the starry si - lence
 them far through the night, As a loud and merry cho - rus

mp leggiero.

p leggiero.

cres - cen - do. f Repeat each v. "Fa la."

fute and bas-oon, They bear up the voi - ces and keep them in tune.
 kin - dred they claim, And fee - bly would feign that the sound is the same.
 qui - et - ly wait, The sig - nal for start-ing, with hope all e - late.
 gai - ly they raise, And make all the ech - oes re - sound with their lays.

cres - cen - do. f

95

O'er the hills and far away.

Round in four parts. *

C.

KEY D. $\text{♩} = 138$.

O'er the hills and far a - way, fa la la, fa la la, fa la la! Yes,

7

96

The Reading Class.

DIRECTIONS.—The class should stand in a semicircle, each with a reading book. The children should look at the audience when singing the verses, but at their books when singing the refrain. A swaying motion to the waltz-time will also be effective.

Written and composed by H. R. COOMBS.

mf Allegretto non troppo. ♩ = 96.

KEY D. ♩ .d | m .s :fe .s | d' :- .d' | t .l :t .r' | r' .f : .m | r .t :t .d' |

1. The reading class we are, We're well up in our let-ters; You'd all go ve-ry
2. This is the way to read, The mo-dus op-er-an-di; You hold your book just
3. Now if D O spells "do," With I N G it's "do-ing," But G O is not
4. Though B U Y is "by," So dif-fi-cult is spell-ing, If M U Y is

|| t :- .l | l .s :s .f | m .s : .s | s .d' :t .d' | m :- .m | l .d :t .l |

far Be-fore you'd find our betters. When reading time comes round, With happy smiling
so, That keeps it nice and handy. Now point to ev-ry word, That shows you are at
"goo," And you must not say "goo-ing." R O U G H, "rough," Now steady, do not
"my," There real-ly is no tell-ing. To spell and read, 'tis plain We must be per-se-

rall.

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

fa-ces, In a ring we stand a-round All in our pro-per pla-ces.
tend-ing; Your head must be held straight, Your bo-dy kept from bend-ing.
hur-ry, O O U G H, "cuff,"* Oh! spelling is a wor-ry.
ver-ing; No help will we dis-dain, Hard work we won't be fear-ing.

rall.

CHORUS. *Tempo di Valse.* ♩ = 69.

|| m :- m | s :- :- | l :t :d' | s :- :- | m :r :d | d' :- :t |

A B C, tum-ble down D, E F G H we

* Slight pause.

|| f :- :- | :- : | f :m :r | l :- :- | t :- :l | f :- :- |

know, I J K L M and N

|| f :m :r | d' :- :t | m :- :- | :- : | m :- :- | s :- :- |

Brings you right up to O; P Q

|| m :r :d | s :- :- | m :r :d | s :s :l | t :- :- | :- : | d' :- :- |

how do you do? R S T, then fol-low U V

|| l :t :d' | s :f :m | l :t :d' | s :f :m | r :m :-r | d :- :- | :- : ||

dou-ble u, Don't let it trou-ble you, X Y Z, that's all, say you.

97

Introduction.

Allegretto non troppo. ♩ = 72.

Written and Composed by H. R. COOMBS.

KEY G. { s₁ | s : m : d | s₁ : l₁ : t₁ | r : d : l₁ | s₁ : s₁ s₁ | r : - : | : s₁ s₁ }

1. Now, la - dies and gen - tles, at - ten - tion to me, Pray at - tend! Pray at -
 2. Their mothers de - clare they're per - fec - tion in - deed, So they are! So they
 3. And all these young ras - cals you sur - ly shall see, So look out! So look

p

Ped. *

{ m : - : | : s₁ | s : m : d | l₁ : t₁ : d | m : r : de | r : : r . r }

tend!
are!
out!

Such won - der - ful sights you will pre - sent - ly see! So at -
 Their fa - thers de - clare that they know how to feed, So they
 As live - ly and mer - ry as chil - dren can be, So look

Ped. *

{ m : : | : r . r | s₁ : : | : s₁ | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : t₁ : d }

tend,
do!
out!

Now at - tend!
So they do!
So look out

Some dear lit - tle boys will be
 Their bro - thers de - clare that they're
 If faults are com - mit - ted by

Ped. *

{ r : t₁ : s₁ | m : A.t.m. : r . r | r : t₁ : s₁ | s₁ : t₁ : d | r : t₁ : s₁ | m : m . m }

mak - ing their bow, And the dear - est of dear lit - tle girls you'll al - low; There are
 art - ful and deep, Their sis - ters de - clare that they pry and they peep, And the
 these lit - tle dears, In their ev - o - lu - tions an er - ror ap - pears, A

Ped. *

f. G. { m : l : s | d : m : m | m : f : s | l : : l . l | t₁ : - : | : s . s | d s₁ : - : | : }

some will be singing, some making a row, But at - tend!
 neighbours declare they be - have best a - sleep, Which is true!
 thought you will give, please, to their tender years, And forgive!
 Just at - tend!
 Which is true!
 Just for - give!

f. G.

♩ = 96.

{ s₁ s₁ | s . l s : m . d | s₁ : - : s₁ | r . m : f . m | r : - : s₁ }

For they know such a lot, they do, They know twice one are two; They

D.S. for Chorus.

{ s . l s : m . d | r . m . f . r : l₁ . s₁ | l₁ t₁ . d r : m . r | d : . }

know how to keep you all a - live, And how many beans make five.

D.S.

98

Over the heather.

Round in four parts.

KEY D. { d : d : d | m : m : m | s : s : s | m : - : - : }

O - ver the hea - ther, and o - ver the more,

{ d₁ : - : : d₁ | s : - : - : | m : - : : m | d : - : - : }

O - ver deeps, o - ver downs.

99 ALFRED B. COOPER.

A Patent Medicine.

Allegretto. ♩ = 96.

PERCY JACKMAN.

mf

KEY A: { s₁ | s₁ . d : t₁ . l₁ | s₁ . d : t₁ . l₁ | s₁ . d : d . r | m : - . m | s . f : m . r }

1. Oh, so much fast-er now we learn than e'er our fathers did, Our knowledge-box is
 2. When worried with a - rith-me-tic - di - vi-sion, long and short; "How many peas are
 3. When there's drawing, kin-der-gar-ten, read-ing, writing, and the rest, And we'd like to "box the

mp

{ f . m : r . d | t₁ . d : m . r | s₁ : - . l₁ | l₁ . r : d . ta₁ | l₁ . r : d . ta₁ }

pack'd so tight 'tis apt to burst the lid; So when we're all a - wea-ry, and our
 in a pint? how ma-ny in a quart? When mountains, seas, and promon-to - ries
 compass" with its north, south, east, and west; When we've work'd like lit-tle nig-gers till our

{ l₁ . r : r . m | f : - . f | l . f : m . r | s . m : r . d | s₁ . f : m . r | d : - }

heads begin to ache, A dose of "singing" Doctor Teacher orders us to take.
 get up-on the brain, And nouns, and verbs, and ad- jec-tives are driving us in - sane—
 heads seem like to burst, Well, there's al-ways con-so-la-tion, for when things are at their worst—

mf *cres.*

{ s₁ . m : m . r | r . d : d . t₁ | l₁ . f : f . m | m . r : r . d | t₁ . s : s . f }

Then a pret-ty song we ren-der, sometimes fun-ny, sometimes ten-der, And we soon for -

mf *cres.*

mf

{ f . m : r . d | t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - | s₁ . l₁ : t₁ . d | t₁ . l₁ : se₁ . l₁ }

get the trou-bles of our lot; Swiftly as a flash of lightning

mf

cres.

{ t₁ . d : r . m | r . d : t₁ . d | r . m : f . s | f . m : r . d | l₁ : t₁ | d : - . }

you can see our faces bright'ning, For a song is just the thing to "touch the spot."

cres.

100

Hail! beauteous stranger.

SPI SS.

Moderato. ♩ = 72.

{ s | s . m : m . d | l . f : f . r | t . s : l . s | s : - . }

1. Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove, Thou mes-sen-ger of Spring!
 2. De-light-ful vis-i-tant, with thee I hail the time of flowers,
 3. Sweet bird, thy bow'rs are ev - er green, Thy sky is ev - er clear;
 4. Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee; We'd make, with joy - ful wing,

mf

{ s | r₁ . m₁ : d₁ . s | r₁ . m₁ : d₁ . s | l . f₁ : m₁ . r₁ . d₁ | t₁ d₁ : - . }

Now heav'n re-pairs thy ru - ral seat, And woods thy wel-come sing.
 And hear the sound of mu - sic sweet From birds a-mong the bowers!
 Thou hast no sor-row in thy song, Nor win-ter in thy year.
 Our an-nual vis-it o'er the globe, Com-pa-nions of the Spring.

101

Scissors to Grind.

ALFRED B. COOPER.

PERCY JACKMAN.

mf Con moto. ♩ = 88.

REX Ab. { s : l : t : d : - : m : r : - : r : s : - : - : m : f : r : d : - : - : t : d : l : s : - : - : }

1. There is a man who drives a wheel, drives a wheel, drives a wheel,
 2. So if your scis - sors snip no more, snip no more, snip no more,
 3. Then when he's done he wheels his wheel, wheels his wheel, wheels his wheel,

{ s : l : t : d : - : m : r : - : r : s : s : f : m : - : d : r : - : t : d : - : - : d : - : }

There is a man who drives a wheel As he sits perched up be - hind it. He
 So if your scis - sors snip no more, And your knives are dulled with carv - ing, You'll
 Then when he's done he wheels his wheel Like to an - y trun - dling bar - row, And

{ s : - : m : f : - : l : s : - : m : f : - : l : s : - : m : f : - : r : m : - : d : r : - : l : }

sharp - ens knives to earn a meal, He sharp - ens knives to earn a meal, And
 find the grind - er at the door, You'll find the grind - er at the door, Who'll
 seeks more chis - els, knives, and shears, And seeks more chis - els, knives, and shears, And

{ s : - : m : f : - : l : s : - : m : f : - : l : s : - : d : d : - : t : d : - : - : }

ought you've got that's made of steel, Oh, if it's dull, he'll grind it.
 make them sharp as he did be - fore, And keep him - self from starv - ing.
 as he goes the house - wife hears His voice come from a - far O!

f *CHORUS (softly for v. 3.) *mf*

{ s : l : t : d : - : - : r : - : r : s : - : - : m : - : m : m : r : d : r : - : - : m : r : }

"Scissors to grind! knives to grind!" That's his con - stant cry, To the

{ d : r : m : f : m : r : d : r : m : f : m : r : d : r : d : t : - : d : l : - : - : - : }

whirr of the wheel, And the hiss of the steel, As the ped - als his feet do ply.

cres *cen* *do.*

{ s : - : - : l : - : - : t : - : - : d : - : - : r : - : - : m : - : - : f : - : - : - : }

cres *cen* *do.*

f

{ s : f : m : r : - : t : d : - : - : r : - : - : s : f : m : r : - : t : d : - : - : }

See how the bright sparks fly, Oh, see how the bright sparks fly.

mf

* While singing the chorus the children may raise the toe and gently tap the floor in time, and at the last line but one, make the flat sibilant sound while they pretend to hold the knife-blade to the wheel.

102

The Boy who was always late.

LOUIS B. TISDALE.

PERCY JACKMAN.

mf Moderato. ♩ = 92.

KEY $\text{E}^{\flat}$ { d . r : m . f | s . l : s . f | m . r . d : r . m | d : - | - : - }

1. Smith was al - ways late for school, But nev - er seem'd to care,
 2. First he blamed the kitch - en clock, And said 'twas ve - ry slow,
 3. Once his fa - ther made him run At quite a 'rap - id rate,

mp

{ d . r : m . f | s . l : s . f | m . r . d : r . m | d : - }

He was quite the odd - est boy You'd meet with an - y - where.
 Though the clock was like him-self—It nev - er cared to go.
 But he could not get in time, So he a - gain was late.

poco rit.

C.t. { m . l . t : d . l | t . d . l : t . se | l . t : d . l . r . l | t : - }

He ex - cus - es al - ways had, This fun - ny lit - tle chap;
 Then he made the mas - ter laugh, This art - ful lit - tle elf;
 When the sum - mer treat came round, This lad was late a - gain;

f. f.

{ d . l . r . l : m . l . d . l | r . l . m . l . d . l | t . d . l : r . l . m . l | d . l : s . l || }

"Please, sir," he would oft - en say, "I could-n't find my cap!" Yes,
 When he said with sol - emn face, "I o - ver - slept my - self!" Yes,
 Though he tried with all his might, He could-n't catch the train! Yes,

poco rit.

mf ♩ = ♩.

(Six-pulse measure.)
 { l . l : t . l : d . t . l : - : t . l | d : r : m | r : - : r | m : f : s | f : s : l | s : - : | : s }

sad to re - late, he al - ways was late, And nev - er would al - ter his pace: When

mp

poco rit.

{ l : - d . l | s : - : m | f : - l : f | m : - : d | r : - f : r | m : - f : r | d : - : - : - : || }

nine o'clock came, 'Twas al - ways the same, He nev - er was found in his place.

poco rit.

103

Where the blue hills rise.

H. LLOYD.

F. MAIR.

Andante moderato. ♩ = 96.

KEY $\text{G}^{\flat}$ { s . l . l | s . l . m : m : r . d | t . l . s : s : s . t . l | l . f : m . s . l : s . l . r | d : - : s . l . l }

1. Where the blue hills rise, 'Neath the sunny skies, Where the lakes unruffled lie a - sleep, There is
 2. Could I choose my lot, In that pleasant spot, From the ci - ty I would turn and flee; There I'd
 3. Ah! 'tis sweet to dream By the purling stream, Listing to the wild bird's joyous song; Or to

mf

{ s . l . m : m : r . d | t . l . s : s : s . t . l | l . f : m . s . l : s . l . r | d : - || }

calm re - pose From our cares and woes, Weary souls there sweet content may keep.
 pass my days Sing - ing mer - ry lays, Gip - sy - like I'd roam at will and free.
 hear the roar Of the wild Lo - dore, Foaming on - ward ev - er brave and strong.

104

The Isle of Boy.

ALFRED B. COOPER.

PERCY JACKMAN.

mf Allegretto non troppo. ♩. = 80.

mf Allegretto non troppo. $\text{♩} = 80.$

KEY **D**. :m :f | s :- :l | s :m :f | s :- :d¹ | s :f :m | r :m :f | s :l :t }

1. Have you ev - er heard of the Isle of Boy, Where the Mer - ry Mad - caps
2. There's a splen - did view of the Isle of Man From the peak of high Mount
3. In the Isle of Boy there is ma - ny a bay, Where lit - tle hur - ry boats

mp

dwelt? Hope, ride, It lies in And mer - ry And sil - ly the midst of the Sea of Joy, And its young Mad-caps when-e'er they can Climb ev - 'ry day Sail a -

{ t :r' :d' | t :- :l | s :- :- :- :s :s | l :- :s | l :- :f }
 lat - i - tude none can tell; Yet a thou - sand craft land
 up with-out lad - der or rope. In the dis - tance it looks so
 way on Tempt-a - tion's Tide; They mean to the Isle of

{ l :- :s | l :f :s | l :- :l | d' :- :l | *A. t. Lah is F#.* | s d :- :- | - :l :t :l | d :- :t :l | d :- :d }
 there each day, Bringing Tom, and Dick, and Dan, And a thou - sand boats put
 large and fair, Ly-ing far a - cross the main; It's not near-ly so grand when the
 Man to go, But they meet such a dread - ful squall, That 'tis well for them if they

poco rit. *a tempo.*

{ m : r : d | m : - : m | s : - f : m | m : - : r | d s : - : - || s : s | d ! : t : l | s : f : m }

out from the bay, All bound for the Isle of Man.
boys get there, And they wish they were back a- gain. } We can on- ly go once to the
man- age to row Back home to their isle at all. }

poco rit.

The image shows a musical score for a song. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staff. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of one sharp. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "Isle of Boy, So let us at once set sail, And when we get there we'll cry". There is a musical phrase in the vocal line that is marked "A. t. Loh is F#.".

Isle of Boy, So let us at once set sail, And when we get there we'll cry

The image shows a musical score for a song. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The tempo is marked 'mf a tempo.' and the dynamics include 'f. sf.' and 'mf a tempo.' again. The lyrics are: "Ship a-hoy!" "We've sail'd half the way o'er the Sea of Joy, In the cow - girl's milk - ing". The score includes musical notation such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

musical score for "The Water Song" by John Williams. The score is for piano and features a melody in the right hand and a complex accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and lyrical, while the accompaniment is more intricate, featuring many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The piece ends with a final chord and a fermata.

105

Poor Joe!

F. EDMONDS.

PERCY JACKMAN.

mf Moderato. ♩ = 88.

KEY A♭. { s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | l₁ : l₁ : l₁ | t₁ : t₁ : d₁ : d₁ | r : r : d | t₁ : d | r : r : - : - : s₁ }

1. There nev - er was an-oth - er boy like ab - sent-mind - ed Joe, His
 2. His bo - dy went to school one day and took its us - ual place (His
 3. Yes, sad to say, he thought a-loud, and made this sage re - mark, "The
 4. A - las! a - las! I pi - ty him, poor ab - sent-mind - ed Joe! The

mp

{ s₁ : s₁ | l₁ : l₁ : l₁ | t₁ : t₁ : d₁ : r | m : r | d : r | m : - : - : m }

mind and bo - dy through the world would sep - ar - ate - ly go; When,
 ab - sent mind had quite for - got to wash his gri - my face! He
 big - gest don - key in this room is sure - ly Mis - ter Clark! "My
 "out - ward ap - pli - ca - tion" caused the bri - dy tears to flow; In

{ m : f | s : - l | f : - m | r : - d | t₁ : f | m : - r | d : - : - : t₁ }

like an an - i - mat - ed corpse, You saw him i - dly roam, 'Twas
 told his teach - er "pav - ing-stones" would al - ways "make a yard," And
 boy, you quite for - get your-self," the mas - ter made re - ply, And
 wip - ing all these tears a - way, he did not stop to think, But

{ d : r | m : s | r : - d | t₁ : s₁ | l₁ : - d | t₁ : - l₁ | s₁ : - : - : }

nine - ty - nine to one that he had left his mind at home.
 when he got the cane for cheek, he seemed to think it hard.
 Joe re - mained to taste the cane, and dine off hum - ble pie.
 used a dust - er just em - ployed for mop - ping up some ink!

mf

{ s₁ : - : | l₁ : - : | t₁ : - : | d : - : | m : f : m | m : r : d | r : - : | s₁ : - : }

Oh, Joe, Poor Joe! No-bo-dy's foe but your own, Joe!

mf

{ t₁ : - : | d : - : | r : - : | m : - : | f : s : f | f : m : r | m : - : | d : - : }

Oh, Joe! Poor Joe! No-bo-dy's foe but your own, Joe!

{ m : - : s | f : - : m | r : - : f | m : - : r | d : r : m | r : - : d | t₁ : d : r | d : - : t₁ }

Oh, so slow to know that woe Will tread on your toe wher-ev-er you go, And

legato.

{ l₁ : t₁ : d | r : m : f | m : - : | d : - : | : : | s : - : | d : - : | - : }

nev-er will leave you a - lone, Joe! Poor Joe!

106

The Schoolboy's Dream.

LOUIS B. TISDALE.

PERCY JACKMAN.

mp Andante con moto. ♩ = 72.

KEY **E♭**. : d | d : d : d | d : r : m | d : - : | : : l | s : d : d | d : r : m | d : - : | : : m {

1. A schoolboy one night had a dream, A com-ical dream, you will say, The
 2. And suddenly there was a shout, A reg-ular schoolboy "Hooray!" The
 3. The ink ran a-bout with delight, The pens scratched the paper with glee, The

p

|| r : r : r | r : m : f | r : - : | : : t | l : r : r | r : m : f | r : - : | : : s {

things that he saw all be-haved In such a fan-tas-ti-cal way. He
 pointer then walked to the desk, And gave out the or-der for play; The
 chalk made its mark with the rest, The desks were as gay as could be. The

|| s : s : s | l : t : d | t : - : | : : s | s : s : s | l : t : d | t : - : | : : s {

dreamt he was back at the school, The oth-er boys couldn't be seen, The
 blackboard came down from the pegs, And did a step dance on the floor; The
 slates made a clat-ter as well, The books began reading a joke, The

poco rit. *a tempo.* **REFRAIN.**

B♭.t. || d : f : m : r | d : t : d | m : - : | : : d | m : r : d | t : l : t : l | d : s : - : | : : m : f {

school-room was empty and bare, But looking un-com-monly clean. It was
 eas-el in-dulged in a jig, The pencils all shouted "Encore!"
 schoolboy look'd on with surprise, Shook hands with the door—and awoke!

poco rit. *p* *a tempo.*

|| s : f : m | f : s : l | s : - : - | - : m : f | s : f : m | f : s : l | s : - : - | - : l : t {

real-ly a wonder-ful dream, For the things that he saw were so plain, That they

dim. *poco rit.* *molto rit.* *p a tempo.*

|| d : r : d | t : m : m | l : t : l | s : d : d | f : s : f | m : f : m | r : m : r | d : t : d {

gave him a fright In the dead of the night, And he woke with a scream, But 'twas on-ly a dream—And he

dim. *poco rit.* *molto rit.*

rall. *dim.*

|| s : - : - | l : - : m | s : - : - | l : - : s | d : - : - | - : - : - | - : - : - : ||

dropped off to sleep once a-gain.

a tempo. *rall.*

107

The Seasons.

Round in four parts.

*

C.

KEY **D**. || d : - : - | s : - : - | l : l : s | f : - : - | m : m : m | m : - : m | f : - : m | r : - : - {

Heigh ho! hail to the Spring; Summer doth warmth and sun-shine bring.

|| d : - : - | d : - : - | d : - : - | s : - : - | d : - : d | ta : ta : ta | l : - : l | t : - : t ||

Au-tumn, heigh ho! Hail to Winter, with frost and snow! Yes!

108

Billy's Brother.

LOUIS B. TISDALE.

mf Moderato. ♩ = 72.

PERCY JACKMAN.

KEY D. } s .l | s .m | f .s : f .r | m .f | s .l | r :— {

1. Bil - ly has a clev - er brother, Tom - my is his name,
 2. If his mo - ther sends for su - gar, He will bring her soap;
 3. Bil - ly laugh'd and called him stu - pid, Tom - my's an - ger rose,

mp

} s .l : s .m | f .s : f .m | r .m : f .s | d :— | f .s : f .s {

And if Tom should get in trou - ble Bil - ly gets the blame. Tom - my runs his
 If she wants a reel of oot - ton, He will pur - chase rope. Once she sent him
 Then they quarrell'd with each oth - er, Till they came to blows. But their fa - ther

} l .t : d' .l | s .l : s .f | m :— | s .l : s .l | t .d' : r' .t {

mother's er - rands Like a lit - tle man, And he car - ries out her wish - es
 for some trea - cle—What I say is true— He was sure 'twas something stick - y,
 came up - on them—There were cries of pain; Tom - my dart - ed round the cor - ner,

REFRAIN.

} l .d' : t .l | s :— || s .m : l .m | s .m : d' .l | s .l : s .m {

On a nov - el plan.
 So he bought her glue!
 Bil - ly got the cane! } Bil - ly's bro - ther is so clev - er, Quite his mother's

} r :— | d .r : m .s | f .s : l .d' | s .l : t .r' | d' :— {

joy, You could nev - er find an - o - ther Such a clev - er boy.

109

Gentle Peace.

Andante moderato. ♩ = 88.

KEY G. } m : s | d : m | l : t | r : d | m : m | f : f | s : f .l | r :— {

1. Gen - tle peace, from heav'n de - scend - ed, We would live be - neath thy law;
 2. Thou hast thrown a smile of beau - ty O'er the mea - dow, hill, and grove;
 3. Ours is now each smil - ing flow - er, Ours the har - dy moun - tain pine,
 4. Still stay with us, still re - plen - ish Fields with fruit, our - selves with love;

mp legato.

} m : f | s .f : m | f : s .l | l : s | f : f | m .s : d .r | m : m .r | d :— {

Thou hast home and life be - friend - ed, Nurse of no - bler deeds than war.
 Thou hast quick - en'd us to du - ty, Thou hast warm'd our hearts to love.
 Ours the fruit - tree's gold - en show - er, And the close en - twin - ing vine.
 Dis - cord and dis - sen - sion ban - ish, Peace - ful spi - rit from a - bove.

110

Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Round in four parts.

C.

} s :— : s | d :— : d | r : d : t | d :— :— | s :— : s | m : s : d | t : d : r | d :— :— {

Wa - ken, lords and la - dies gay, On the moun - tain dawns the day.

Good King Wenceslas.

Traditional Carol.

f Allegro moderato. ♩ = 138.

KEY A. { d : d | d : r | d : d | s : — | l : s | l : t | d : — | d : — | d : d | d : r |

1. Good King Wenceslas look'd out On the Feast of Ste - phen, When the snow lay
 2. "Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing. Yon-der peas-ant,
 3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hith - er; Thou and I will
 4. "Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind blows strong - er; Fails my heart, I
 5. In his mas-ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed; Heat was in the

round about, Deep, and crisp, and e - ven. Brightly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was
 who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un-derneath the
 see him dine, When we bear them thith - er." Page and monarch forth they went, Forth they went to-
 know not how, I can go no long - er." "Mark my footsteps, my good page, Tread thou in them
 ve-ry sod Which the saint had print - ed. Therefore, Christian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos-

cruc - el, When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring winter fu - el.
 moun - tain; Right against the for-est fence, By Saint Agnes' foun - tain."
 geth - er; Thro' the rude wind's wild lament, And the bit - ter wea - ther.
 bold - ly; Thou shalt find the winter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
 sess - ing, Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find bless - ing.

Cast care away.

Round in four parts. *

KEY G. { m : r : r | d : — | d : d : r | m : — | d : t | d : d | s : s : s : s | d : d ||

Cast care a-way, let sor - row cease, And a fig, a fig for melan-cho - ly.

Junior
Song-
book.

JCS

JCS