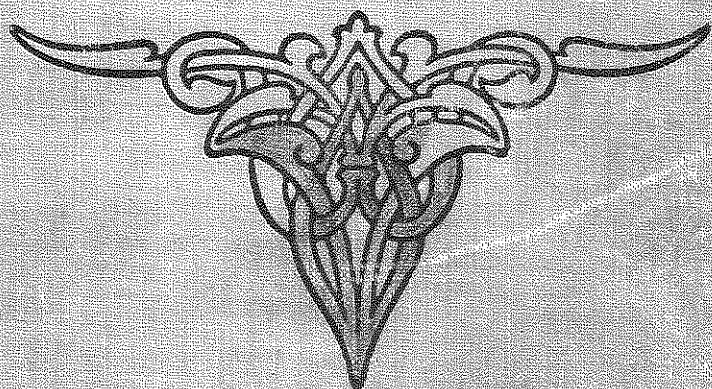


THE ABRIDGED ACADEMY SONG-BOOK



THE ABRIDGED
ACADEMY SONG-BOOK

FOR USE IN
SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

BY

CHARLES H. LEVERMORE, PH.D.

PRESIDENT OF ADELPHI COLLEGE, BROOKLYN



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Part III

FAMILIAR SONGS

No. 1.

HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE
With expression.

H. R. BISHOP

1. Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces, tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain, O, give me my

cres.

hum-ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my

cres.

With expression.

there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where. Home! home!
call, Give me them with that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home! home!

cres. *calando.*

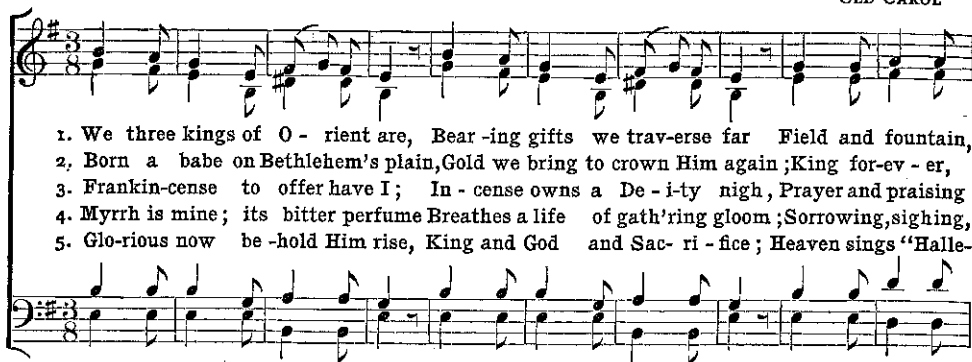
sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home!

cres.

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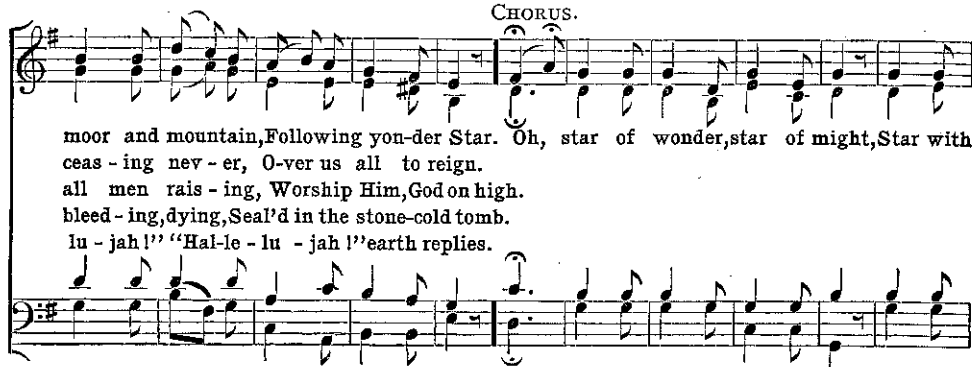
No. 2. THREE KINGS OF ORIENT

OLD CAROL



1. We three kings of O - rient are, Bear -ing gifts we trav - erse far Field and fountain,
 2. Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain, Gold we bring to crown Him again ; King for - ev - er,
 3. Frankin - cense to offer have I ; In - cense owns a De - i - ty nigh, Prayer and praising
 4. Myrrh is mine ; its bitter perfume Breathes a life of gath'ring gloom ; Sorrowing, sighing,
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him rise, King and God and Sac - ri - fice ; Heaven sings "Halle -

CHORUS.



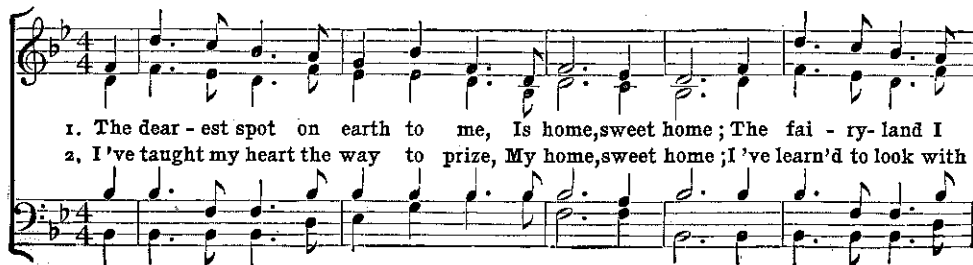
moor and mountain, Following yon - der Star. Oh, star of wonder, star of might, Star with
 ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.
 all men rais - ing, Worship Him, God on high.
 bleed - ing, dying, Seal'd in the stone - cold tomb.
 lu - jah ! "Hal - le - lu - jah !" earth replies.



roy - al beau - ty bright, Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to the per - fect light.

No. 3. THE DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH TO ME

W. T. WRIGHTON



1. The dear - est spot on earth to me, Is home, sweet home ; The fai - ry - land I
 2. I've taught my heart the way to prize, My home, sweet home ; I've learn'd to look with

FINE.

long to see Is home, sweet home; There, how charm'd the sense of hearing, There, where love is lover's eyes, On home, sweet home; There, where vows were truly plighted, There, where hearts are

D. C.

so en-dear-ing, All the world is not so cheer-ing As home, sweet home.
so u-nit-ed, All the world be-side I've slight-ed, For home, sweet home.

No. 4.

AULD LANG SYNE

ROBERT BURNS
Slow.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine; We've wander'd mony a
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
4. And here's a hand, my trus-ty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'

be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For
wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

No. 5.

I WOULD THAT MY LOVE

MENDELSSOHN

Allegretto con moto.

1. I would that my love could si - lent - ly flow in a sin - gle word; I'd
2. To thee on their wings, my fair - est, that soul - felt word they would bear, Should'st

give it the mer - ry breezes, They'd waft it a - way in sport, I'd give it the mer - ry
hear it at ev - 'ry moment, And hear it ev - 'rywhere, Should'st hear it at ev'ry

bree - es, They'd waft it away in sport, a - way in sport, a - way in sport, they'd
mom - ent, And hear it ev - 'rywhere, and ev - 'ry - where, and ev - 'ry - where, and

waft it a - way in sport. 3. At night, when thine eye - lids in slum - ber have
hear it ev - 'ry - where.

closed those bright heavenly beams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee,

cres. *f*

e'en in thy deepest dreams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee, e'en in thy deepest

cres. *f*

dreams, e'en in thy deep-est, thy deepest dreams, E'en in thy deepest, deep-est dreams.

dim. *pp*

dim. *pp*

No. 6.

THE WILD ROSEBUD

Arranged from SCHUBERT

Allegretto.

p

1. Once a boy a rose es - pied Blooming in the wild-wood; Blushing on the
 5. Said the boy "I long to break Rose-bud of the wild-wood; "Rosebud answer'd
 3. But the boy would fain dis - sect Rose-bud from the wild-wood; She, to make him

p

thick-et side, He its dain - ty bud de - scribed With the glee of child-hood.
 "If you break, I my own de - fence must take, 'Gainst the pranks of child-hood.
 re - col - lect, Well his naugh - ty fin - ger pricked; Lit - tle grief of child-hood.

cres. *f*

cres.

p

Ro - sy ro - sy, ro - sy bud, Rose - bud of the wild - wood.

p

No. 7.

THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACE

Moderato.

C. W. GLOVER

1. We may rove the wide world o'er, But we ne'er shall find a trace Of the home we loved of
 2. We may sail o'er ev-'ry sea, But we still shall fail to find A-ny spot so dear to

yore, Of the old fa-mil-iar place; Oth-er scenes may be as bright, But we miss, 'neath alien
 be As the one we left be-hind; Words of comfort we may hear, But they can-not touch the

rall. *a tempo.*

skies, Both the welcome and the light Of the old, kind, lov-ing eyes. Home is home, of this be-
 heart, Like the tones to mem'ry dear, Of the friends from whom we part. Home is home; the wand'rer

rall. *a tempo.*

rest, Mem'ry loves a-gain to trace All the forms of those we left In the old fa-mil-iar place.
 longs All the scenes of youth to trace And to hear the old home songs In the old fa-mil-iar place.

rall.

No. 8.

ROBIN ADAIR

1. What's this dull town to me? Ro-bin's not near. What was 't I wished to see,
 2. What made th' assembly shine? Ro-bin A-dair. What made the ball so fine?
 3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro-bin A-dair. But now thou'rt cold to me,

What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a
 Ro - bin was there; What, when the play was o'er, What made my
 Ro - bin A - dair, Yet him I loved so well, Still in my

heaven on earth? O, they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.
 heart so sore? O, it was part - ing with Ro - bin A - dair.
 heart shall dwell; O, I can ne'er for - get Ro - bin A - dair.

No. 9.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

LESLEY WALTER

BEETHOVEN

1. A rose-bud blossom'd in my bow'r, A bird sang in my gar - den; The rosebud was its
 2. I asked the bird, "Oh, didst thou hear The song that she would sing thee? And can it be that
 3. I asked the rose, "Oh, tell me, sweet, In thy first beauty's dawning, Thou canst not fear from
 4. I said, "The bloom up - on my cheek Is fleet - ing as the rose - 's; My voice no more shall

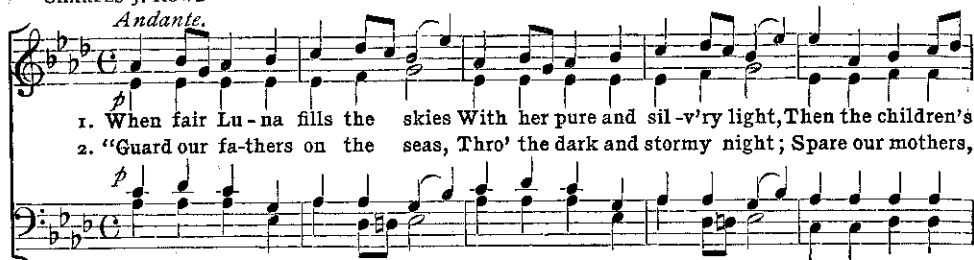
fair - est flow'r, The bird its gen - tlest war - den; And a child be - side the lin - den tree Sang
 thou wouldst fear What the next morn may bring thee?" He answer'd with triumphant strain And
 this re - treat The com - ing of the morn - ing?" She flung her fragrant leaves a - part, The
 sing or speak When dust in dust re - pos - es; And from these soul - less mon - i - tors One

"Think no more of sor - row, But let us smile and sing to - day, For we must weep to - mor - row."
 said, "I know not sor - row; But I must sing my best to - day, For I may die to - mor - row."
 love - lier for her sor - row, And said, "Yet I must bloom to - day, For I may droop to - mor - row."
 les - son I may borrow, — That we should smile and sing to - day, For we may weep to - mor - row."

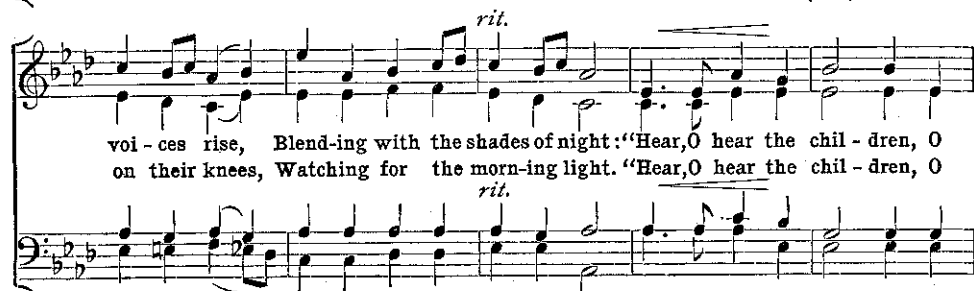
No. 10. HYMN OF THE FISHERMEN'S CHILDREN

CHARLES J. ROWE

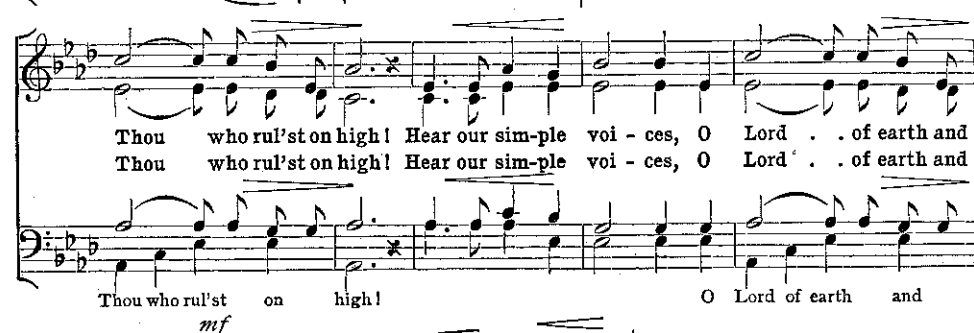
From HEROLD'S "ZAMPA"

Andante.


1. When fair Lu-na fills the skies With her pure and sil-v'ry light, Then the children's
2. "Guard our fa-thers on the seas, Thro' the dark and stormy night; Spare our mothers,

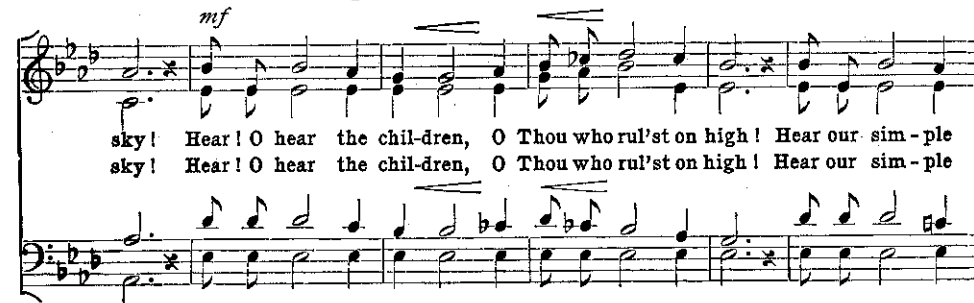


voi - ces rise, Blend-ing with the shades of night: "Hear, O hear the chil - dren, O
on their knees, Watching for the morn-ing light. "Hear, O hear the chil - dren, O

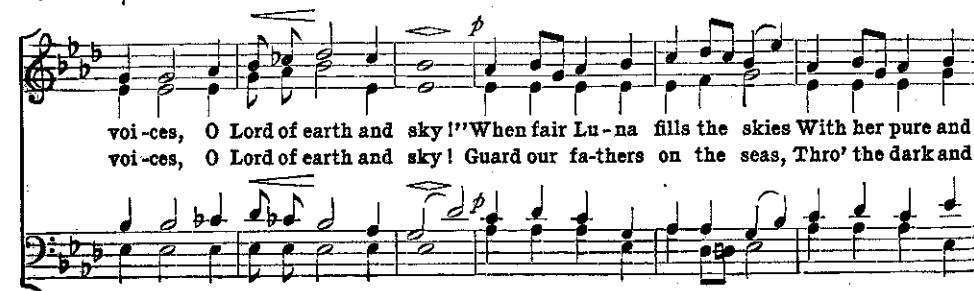


Thou who rul'st on high! Hear our sim-ple voi - ces, O Lord . . of earth and
Thou who rul'st on high! Hear our sim-ple voi - ces, O Lord . . of earth and

Thou who rul'st on high! O Lord of earth and



sky! Hear! O hear the chil-dren, O Thou who rul'st on high! Hear our sim-ple
sky! Hear! O hear the chil-dren, O Thou who rul'st on high! Hear our sim-ple



voi-ces, O Lord of earth and sky!" When fair Lu-na fills the skies With her pure and
voi-ces, O Lord of earth and sky! Guard our fa-thers on the seas, Thro' the dark and

sil - v'ry light, Then the children's voi - ces rise, Blending with the shades of night.
storm - y night; Spare our moth - ers, on their knees, Watching for the morn - ing light.

No. 11. BEAR A LILY IN THY HAND

H. W. LONGFELLOW

1. Maid - en, with the meek browneyes, In whose orb a shad - ow lies
2. O, thouchild of ma - ny prayers! Life hath quicksands—life hath snares!
3. Bear a li - ly in thy hand; Gates of brass can - not with - stand
4. O, that dew, like balm, should steal In - to wounds that can - not heal,

Like the dusk in eve - ning skies! Thou whose locks out - shine the sun!
Care and age come un - a - wares! Like the swell of some sweet tune,
One touch of that mag - ic wand; Bear thro' sor - row, wrong, and ruth,
E'en as sleep our eyes doth seal; And that smile, like sun - shine, dart

Gold - en tress - es, wreathed in one, As the braid - ed stream - lets run!
Morn - ing ris - es in - to noon, May glides on - ward in - to June.
In thy heart the dew of youth, On thy lips the smile of truth.
In - to many a sun - less heart, For a smile of God thou art.

No. 12.

THE SUN IS BRIGHT

Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW

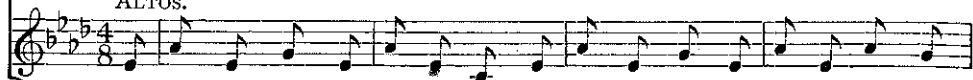
Arranged from VON WEBER

1ST & 2D TREBLES.



1. The sun is bright, the air is clear, The dart-ing swal-lows soar and sing, And
2. So blue yon wind-ing riv-er flows, It seems an out-let from the sky, Where,
3. All things re-joice in youth and love, The ful-ness of their first de-light, And
4. Ye maids that read this sim-ple rhyme, En-joy thy youth,—it will not stay, En-

ALTOS.



from the state-ly elms I hear The blue-birds proph-e - sy - ing Spring, And
wait-ing till the west-wind blows, The freight-ed clouds at an - chor lie; Where,
learn from the soft heav'n a - bove The melt-ing ten - der - ness of night, And
joy the fra-grance of thy prime, For O, it is not al - ways May, En -



from the state-ly elms I hear The blue-birds proph-e - sy - ing Spring.
wait-ing till the west wind blows, The freight-ed clouds at an - chor lie.
learn from the soft heav'n a - bove, The melt-ing ten - der - ness of night.
joy the fra-grance of thy prime, For O, it is not al - ways May.



I hear,
The clouds,
And learn,
En - joy,

I hear the blue - birds proph - e - sy - ing Spring.
The clouds, the freight - ed clouds at an - chor lie.
A - bove the melt - ing ten - der - ness of night.
For O, for O, it is not al - ways May.

No. 13. GOLDEN SLUMBERS KISS YOUR EYES

LULLABY OF 17TH CENTURY

Smoothly.

1. Golden slumbers kiss your eyes, Smiles awake you when you rise; Sleep, pretty lov'd ones,
2. Care is heav-y, there-fore sleep; You are care, and care must keep; Sleep, pretty lov'd ones,



do not cry, And I will sing a lul-la-by, Lulla-by, lulla-by, lul-la-by.

No. 14. NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN

SLAVE HYMN

Andante.

O no-bod-y knows the trou-ble I've seen, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus!

FINE.

No-bod-y knows the trouble I've seen, Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah! { Sometimes I'm up, some-
Al-though you see me
No-bod-y knows the trouble I've seen, Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah! { One day when I was
I nev-er shall for-

D.C.

times I'm down, O yes, Lord, Sometimes I'm al-most to the ground, O yes, Lord.
going along so, O yes, Lord, I have my tri-als here be-low, O yes, Lord.
walking along, O yes, Lord, The element open'd, and the Love came down, O yes, Lord.
get that day, O yes, Lord, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way, O yes, Lord.

No. 15. THOU 'RT LIKE UNTO A FLOWER.

H. HEINE

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

Moderato.

Thou'rt like un - to a flow - er, As fair, as pure, as bright, I gaze on
 Du bist wie ei - ne Blu - me so hold und schön und rein, ich schau' dich

thee, and sad - ness Steals o'er my heart's de - light, I long on those gold - en tres -
 an, und Weh - muth schleicht mir in's Herz hin - ein mir ist, als ob ich die Hän -

ses My fold - ed hands to lay, Praying that heav'n may preserve thee, So fair, so
 de auf's Haupt dir le - gen soll't be - tend, das Gott, dich er - hal - te So rein, und

pure al - way, Praying that Heav'n may preserve thee, So fair, so pure al -
 schön und hold, Be - tend, das Gott dich er - hal - te, So rein, und schön, und

way, . . . Pray - ing that Heav'n may preserve thee, So fair, so pure . . . al - way. .
 hold, . . . Be - tend, das Gott dich er - hal - te, So rein, und schön, und hold.

No. 16. NORTH GERMAN CRADLE SONG

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Thy fa - ther guards the sheep, Thy moth - er shakes the
 2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The large stars are the sheep, The lit - tle ones the
 3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our Sav - iour loves His sheep, He is the Lamb of

Schlaf, Kind - chen, schlaf! Dein Va - ter hüt't die Schaf; Deine Mut - ter schüt - telt's

dreamland tree, And from it fall sweet dreams for thee; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
 lambs, I guess, The gen - tle moon the shep - herd - ess, Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
 God on high, Who for our sakes came down to die, Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

Bäum - c - lein, Da fällt he - rab ein Träumelein; Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf! Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf!

No. 17. UP THE HILLS

ROSSINI

1. Up the hills on a bright sun - ny morn, Voi - ces clear as a
 2. Now through beau - te - ous vale and grove, Joy - ous, hap - py, and

bu - gle horn, List to the ech - oes as they flow, Now a - way we go.
 gay we rove; List to the songsters' mer - ry lay, Hail the new - born day.

One and all, with cheer - ful glee, Come and fol - low me.

No. 18.

THE WILD ROSE

WERNER

Moderato.

1. Once I saw a sweet-brier rose, All so fresh-ly bloom-ing, Bathed with dew and
 2. "Rose," said I, "thou shalt be mine, All so fresh-ly bloom-ing;" Rose re-plied, "Nay,
 3. Woe is me, I broke the stem, Life and fra-grance doom-ing; Soon the love-ly
 4. Had I left thee, love-ly flow'r, In thy beau-ty bloom-ing, Bathed with dew and

p

blush-ing fair, Gen-tly waved by balm-y air, All the air per-
 let me go, Or thy blood shall free-ly flow, For thy rash pre-
 flow'r was gone, And the thorns re-mained a-lone—Van-ished all its
 blush-ing fair, Thou wouldst still have filled the air, With thy sweet per-

fum-ing; Gen-tly waved by balm-y air, All the air per-fum-ing.
 sum-ing; Or thy blood shall free-ly flow, For thy rash pre-sum-ing."
 bloom-ing; And the thorns re-mained a-lone—Van-ished all its bloom-ing.
 fum-ing; Thou wouldst still have filled the air, With thy sweet per-fum-ing.

No. 19.

GOOD-NIGHT

FRANZ ABT

1. In the west the sun declining, Sinks beneath the mountain height, Tints the clouds with
 2. Bleak-er winds the flow'rs be-numb-ing, On the hearth the cricket sings; Home the la-den
 3. In the wind the grass is bend-ing, Flow'rs now slumber in the shade; Birds to seek their
 4. Man now seeks his peaceful dwell-ing, Cir-cles round the rud-dy blaze; Of the sweets of



gold-en lin-ing, Sets the hills with rubies shin-ing, Then bids all the world good-night.
bee flies humming, And the drowsy bat is com-ing, Dart-ing on his leathern wings,
nests are wending, Flocks in fold the shepherds tending, Homeward flies the mountain maid.
la-bor tell-ing, Till his heart with rapture swelling, Grateful gives his Maker praise.



Good-night, Good-night, Good-night, Good-night, Good-night, Good-night.



No. 20. HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR

ALFRED TENNYSON

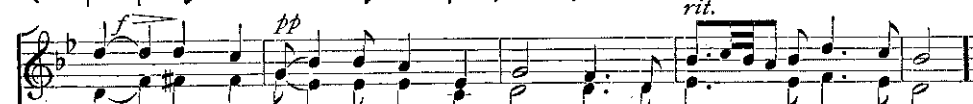
MACFARREN



1. Homethy bro't her warrior, dead; She nor swoon'd nor uttered cry; All her maidens, watching,
2. Stole a maid-en from her place, Light-ly to the warrior stept, Took the grave-cloth from his



said, "She must weep or she will die." Then they praised him soft and low, Called him worthy to be
face; Yet she nei-ther moved nor wept. Rose a nurse of nine-ty years, Set his child upon her



loved, Tru-est friend and no-blest foe; Yet she nei-ther spoke nor moved.
knee; Like summer tem-pest came her tears, "Sweet my child, I live for thee!



No. 21.

CRADLE SONG

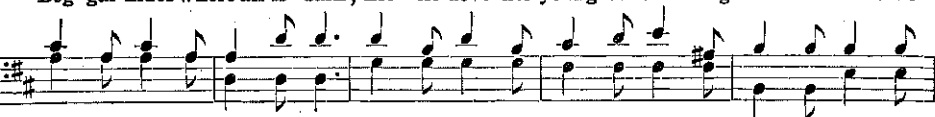
W. TAUBERT

Andantino con moto.

1. Sleep, be - lov - ed, sleep; Round thee watch we keep; Lis - ten how the rain doth fall,
2. Close thy wea - ry eye; Wind doth rus - tle by; Hare doth lift a list - ning ear,
3. Sleep till morn - a - rise In yon a - zure skies; Watch - dog now hath ceas'd to bark!



How the neighbor's dog doth call: He has bit - ten some one stray - ing, That 's the cause of
 As the hunter's foot draws near; Coat of green is hun - ter wear - ing But the hare is
 Beg - gar hides where all is dark; Lit - tle dove her young is tend - ing Where no hun - ter's



all this bay - ing, Round thee care - ful watch we keep. Sleep, be - lov - ed, sleep.
 lit - tle car - ing; Hun - ter can - not come him nigh. Close thy wea - ry eye.
 foot is wend - ing; Hare is hid in ver - dure deep. Sleep, my darling, sleep.

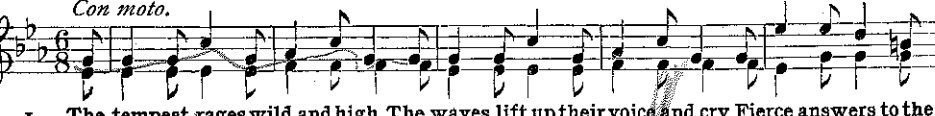


No. 22.

THE STORM

JOHN HULLAH

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

Con moto.

1. The tempest rages wild and high, The waves lift up their voice and cry Fierce answers to the
2. The thunders roar, the lightnings glare, Vain is it now to strive or dare; A cry goes up of
3. Warm curtain'd was the lit - tle bed, Soft pillow'd was the little head, The storm will wake the



lento. *tempo primo.*

an - gry sky. Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi - ne! Thro' the black night and driving rain, A
 great de - spair, Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi - ne! The storm - y voi - ces of the main, The
 child, they said. Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi - ne! Cow'ring a - mong his pil - lows white, He

lento. *tempo primo.*

rit.

ship is strug - gling all in vain To live up - on the storm - y main.
 moan - ing wind and pelt - ing rain, Beat on the nurs - 'ry win - dow pane.
 prays, his dim eyes wild with fright, Fa - ther, save those at sea to - night!

ad lib. *A little slower.*

Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi - ne, Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi - ne. 4. The morning shone, all

A little slower.

ad lib.

clear and gay, On a ship at an - chor in the bay, And on a lit - tle child at play!

ad lib.

ad lib. *f*

Glo - ri - a Ti - bi, Do - mi - ne! Glo - ri - a Ti - bi, Do - mi - ne!

ad lib. *f*

No. 23.

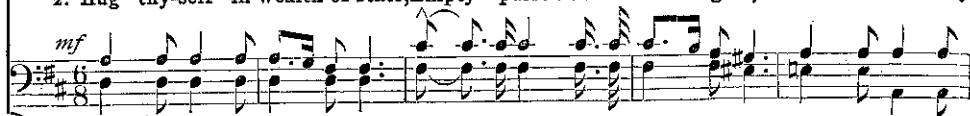
THE KING'S HIGHWAY

F. E. WEATHERLY
Allegro.

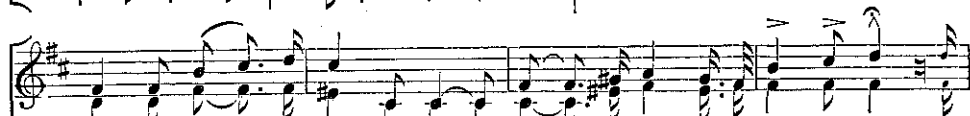
J. L. MOLLOY



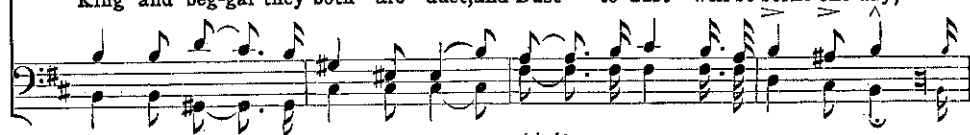
1. Who rides yonder, proud and gay, Spurning the dust on the King's Highway, Lord of thousand
2. Hug thy-self in wealth of state, Empty purse has a careless gait; Thou must watch thy



a - cres wide, While I, the beggar, must stand a-side? Go thy way, let me go mine,
chest and bags, But none would steal the beg - gar's rags, Wine for thee, for me a crust,
poco rit - ar - dan - do. a tempo.



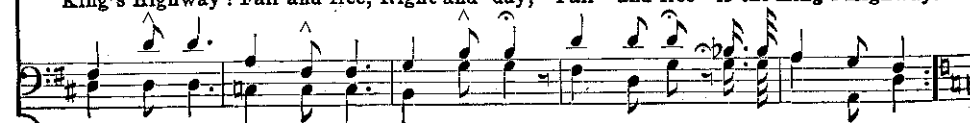
I to beg and thou to dine; Scat-ter the dust on the King's Highway, But
King and beg-gar they both are dust, and Dust to dust will be borne one day,



room for the beg-gar, room I say! Fair and free, night and day, Fair and free is the
High and low on the King's Highway.



King's Highway! Fair and free, Night and day, Fair and free is the King's Highway.



p

3. Dain-ty maid of high degree, What has the beg-gar to do with thee? Thy life is morn, and

p

poco rit.

love is May; What is the beggar to thee? I say. Gentle word hast thou for me, Tears are in my

poco rit.

rit. *D.S.*

heart for thee; Ah! that thou shouldst fade one day, E'en as I on the great High-way.

No. 24. SOFT, SOFT MUSIC IS STEALING

GERMAN MELODY

Andante.

1. Soft, soft mu-sic is steal-ing, Sweet, sweet lin-gers the strain; Loud, loud now it is

2. Join, join, children of sad-ness, Send, send sorrow a-way; Now, now changing to

3. Sweet, sweet mel-o-dy's numbers, Hark! hark! gently they swell, Deep, deep, waking from

peal-ing, Waking the echoes a-gain. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Waking the echoes a-gain.

glad-ness, Warble a beau-ti-ful lay. Yes, yes, yes, yes, War-ble a beau-ti-ful lay.

slum-bers Tho'ts in the bosom that dwell. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Tho'ts in the bosom that dwell.

No. 25.

ONWARD

F. W. F.

J. FARMER

Spiritoso.

1. On-ward, ev - er on-ward, Front the no^o-ble fray; Turn your fa - ces on-ward,
2. While we face the bat - tle, While we tread the path, 'Mid the war-drum's rat-tle,

All the burning day, Fierce the foe a - round us, Loud the bat-tle roar,
'Mid the tempest's wrath, Let high tho'ts of du - ty, That no foe can tame,

D.S. On-ward, ev - er on-ward, Front the no - ble fray;

Gleams the wild waste 'round us, Gloom the hills be - fore. Aye, but calm and
Throng our minds with beau - ty, Thrill our souls with flame. Aye, but calm and

Turn our fa - ces sun - ward, All the burn - ing day.

cheer-y, Aye, but firm and strong, Tho' the way be wea - ry, Tho' the fight be long.

No. 26.

THE FIRST VIOLETS

A. H. BRANCH

BELLINI



1. It's a beau-ti-ful day to be glad in; The vi-o-lets bud-ded to-
 2 There's a freshness of dew on the grasses, An in-stinct of green in the
 3. It's hap-py, it's hap-py, it's hap-py; The world has a flush of sur-



day. And I found the first dear lit-tle primrose, Look-ing up from the grass by the
 trees, And there's such a sweet trem-ble and quiver, An impulse of life in the
 prise, Like a ba-by that just has a-wakened With a won-der of tho't in its



way. Way up in the boughs of the elm-tree The nest of the o-ri-ole
 breeze. I'm look-ing for something, I know not What this that I look for may
 eyes. The first lit-tle prim-rose has bud-ded, It shines from the green in the



swings, And a bird is a-flit in the maple With a quiver of blue in his wings.
 be, There is just a vague joy of waiting, For something that's going to be.
 way, It's a beau-ti-ful day to be glad in, The vi-o-lets bud-ded to-day.

No. 27.

ALADDIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1 When I was a beggar boy,
 And lived in cellar damp,
 I had not a friend, nor a toy,
 But I had Aladdin's lamp;
 When I could not sleep for cold,
 I had fire enough in my brain
 And builded, with roofs of gold,
 My beautiful castles in Spain.

2 Since then I have toiled day and night,
 I have money and power, a good store,
 But I'd give all my lamps silver bright,
 For one that is mine no more;
 Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
 You gave and may snatch it again;
 I have nothing 't would pain me to lose,
 For I own no more castles in Spain!

No. 28.

HYMN TO MUSIC

AIR, "GLORIOUS APOLLO"

Maestoso.

1. { Full and har-mo-nious, let the joy-ous cho-rus, Burst from our lips in one glad
Join-ing the notes of a-ges long be-fore us, Hymn-ing the praise of heav'nly
2. { Mu-sic's the meas-ure of the plan-ets' mo-tion, Heart-beat and rhythm of all the
Fugue-like the streams roll, and the cho-ral o-cean, Heaves in o-bedience to its

song of mirth; } Bright from the heav'ns it long a-go de-scend-ed,
mu-sic's birth. }
glo-rious whole; } Thrills thro' all hearts the u-ni-form vi-bra-tion,
high con-trol, }

Loud to these heav'ns our voi-ces we'll raise, Ev-'ry young heart in
Start-ing from God, and felt from sun to sun; God gives the key-note,

one full cho-rus blend-ed, Sing-ing in mel-o-dy sweet mu-sic's praise, sweet
Love to all cre-a-tion; Join, O my soul! and let all souls be one! all

mu-sic's praise, sweet mu-sic's praise, sweet mu-sic's praise, sweet mu-sic's praise.
souls be one! all souls be one! all souls be one! all souls be one.

No. 29.

ZEPHYR OF NIGHTFALL

Moderato.

mf

1. Lo, while the zeph-yr of night-fall Balm-i-ly wanders a-round,
2. Heard ye the voi-ces of na-ture From the green meadows that come?
3. Neigh-bors, a wel-comenow give us, Day and its la-bors are done;

mf

Bells from yon vil-lage are chim-ing— Sweet-ly, how sweetly they sound!—
 Voi-ces that sing at the twi-light, Pleas-ant-ly call-ing us home.
 Gai-ly the joy-bells in-vite us, Peal-ing at set of the sun.

p

Dear is your mu-sic, each clear ring-ing bell, Dear is your mu-sic, each
 Dear is their mu-sic, from moun-tain and dell, Dear is their mu-sic, from
 Dear is your mu-sic, each clear ring-ing bell, Dear is your mu-sic, each

p

clear ringing bell; Pas-sion to qui-et pro-found Sinks at your soothing spell.
 mountain and dell; Hearts that would restlessly roam, Yield to your mag-ic spell.
 clear ringing bell; Love by your mag-ic is won, Bound by your soothing spell.

No. 30.

ISLE OF BEAUTY

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

Moderato.

1. Shades of eve - ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly barque a - while;
 2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces Smile a - round the ta - per's light
 3. When the waves are round me break - ing, As I pace the deck a - lone;

Morn, a - las! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle;
 Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces, Who will sing our songs to - night?
 And my eye in vain is seek - ing Some green spot to rest up - on:

Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell,
 Thro' the mist that floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell;
 What would I not give to wan - der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell;

Dark - er shad - ows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau - ty, "fare thee well!"
 Like a voice from those a - round us, Breathing fond - ly, "fare thee well!"
 Ab - sence makes the heart grow fond - er, Isle of Beau - ty, "fare thee well!"

No. 31.

PRAYER

1 Saviour, Source of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to grateful lays;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
 Teach me some melodious measure
 Sung by raptured saints above;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing Thy boundless love.

2 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 And, to shield my soul from danger,
 Bore Thyself affliction's rod.
 By Thy hand redeemed, defended,
 Safe through life thus far I've come;
 Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
 Bring me to my heavenly home.

No. 32. FAREWELL, O JOYOUS, SUNNY GROVE

H. ESSER

1. Fare - well, O joy - ous, sun - ny grove, Fare - well, fare - well! Too
 2. Fare - well, O for - est great and grand, Fare - well, fare - well! Fare -
 3. If such pure joys are lost for aye, Fare - well, fare - well! And

soon I hear the part - ing knell, Fare - well, fare - well! Up -
 well, O flow'rs, a ra - diant band, Fare - well, fare - well! And
 I a last fare - well must say, Fare - well, fare - well! Yet

on the a - zure of the sky My spir - it's sad - ness seems to lie, Fare -
 may your per - fume, strangely sweet, Some oth - er wea - ry wan - d'rer greet, Fare -
 shall this mem - 'ry ev - er be A source of end - less joy to me: Fare -

well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.

No. 33.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

CHARLES MACKAY

1. There dwelt a mil - ler, hale and bold, Be - side the riv - er Dee; He wrought and sang from
 2. "Thou 'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be; For could my heart be
 3. The mill - er smil'd and doff'd his cap: "I earn my bread," quoth he; "I love my wife, I
 4. "Good friend," said Hal, and sigh'd the while, "Farewell! and happy be; But say no more, if

morn till night, No lark more blithe than he; And this the bur - den of his song For -
 light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee. And tell me now what makes thee sing With
 love my friend, I love my chil - dren three. I owe no debt I can - not pay, I
 thou'dst be true, That no one en - vies thee; Thy meal - y cap is worth my crown; Thy

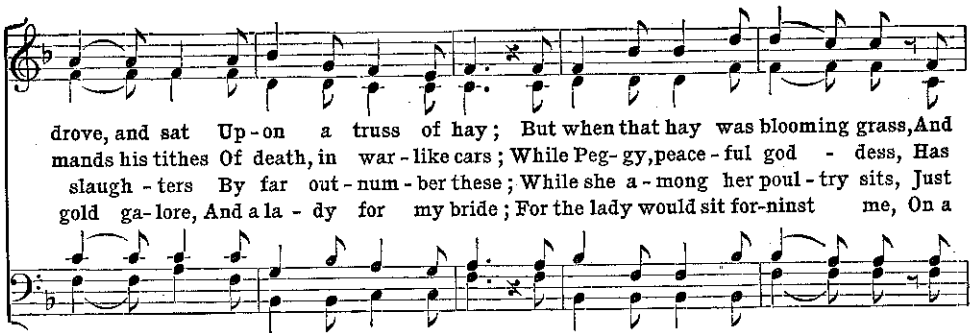
ev - er used to be, "I en - vy no one—no, not I! And no one en - vies me!"
 voice so loud and free, While I am sad, tho' I'm the King, Be - side the riv - er Dee?"
 thank the riv - er Dee, That turns the mill that grinds the corn To feed my babes and me!"
 mill my kingdom's fee! Such men as thou are England's boast, O mill - er of the Dee!"

No. 34.

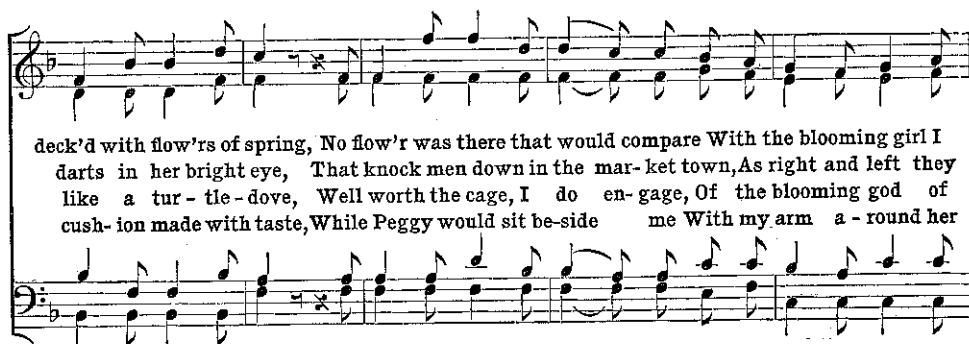
THE LOW-BACKED CAR

SAMUEL LOVER

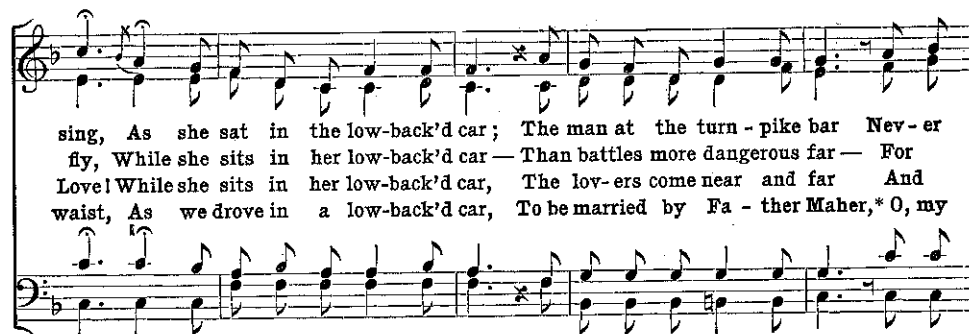
1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'T was on a mar - ket day, A low-back'd car she
 2. In bat - tle's wild com - mo - tion, The proud and might - y Mars, With hos - tiles scythes, de -
 3. Sweet Peg - gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she
 4. I'd rath - er own that car, sir, With Peg - gy by my side, Than a coach-and-four and



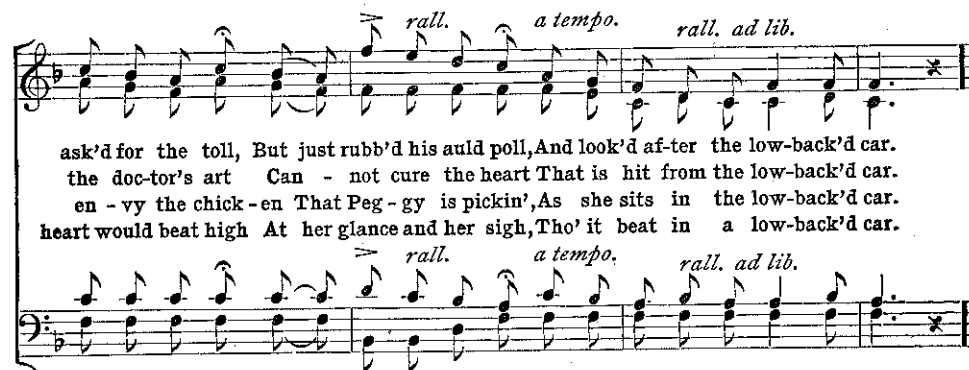
drove, and sat Up-on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And
mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peace-ful god - dess, Has
slaugh - ters By far out-num-ber these; While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just
gold ga-lore, And a la - dy for my bride; For the lady would sit for-ninst me, On a



deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the blooming girl I
darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the mar-ket town, As right and left they
like a tur-tle-dove, Well worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the blooming god of
cush-ion made with taste, While Peggy would sit be-side me With my arm a-round her



sing, As she sat in the low-back'd car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev-er
fly, While she sits in her low-back'd car — Than battles more dangerous far — For
Love! While she sits in her low-back'd car, The lov-ers come near and far And
waist, As we drove in a low-back'd car, To be married by Fa-ther Maher,* O, my



ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low-back'd car.
the doc-tor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.
en - vy the chick-en That Peg-gy is pickin', As she sits in the low-back'd car.
heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-back'd car.

* Pr. Mahr.

No. 35. WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG

CHARLES KINGSLEY
Allegretto.

Mrs. CHAS. BARNARD

mf

1. When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green, And ev-'ry goose a
2. When all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown, And all the sport is

mf

swan, lad, And ev-'ry lass a queen; Then hey for boot and sad-die, lad! And
stale, lad, And all the wheels run down; Creep home, and take your place there, The

round the world a-way; Young blood must have its course, lad, And ev'ry dog his day. Young
spent and maimed a-mong; God grant you find one face there You loved when all was young. God

Ist. verse. *2d. verse.*

blood must have its course, lad, And ev-'ry dog his day. *rit.*
grant you find one face there You loved when all was young. *rit.*

No. 36.

A LULLABY

Dolce.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

p

1. Birds in the night that soft-ly call, Winds in the night that strange-ly sigh,
2. Life may be sad for us that wake; Sleep, lit-tle bird, and dream not why;

p *rit.*



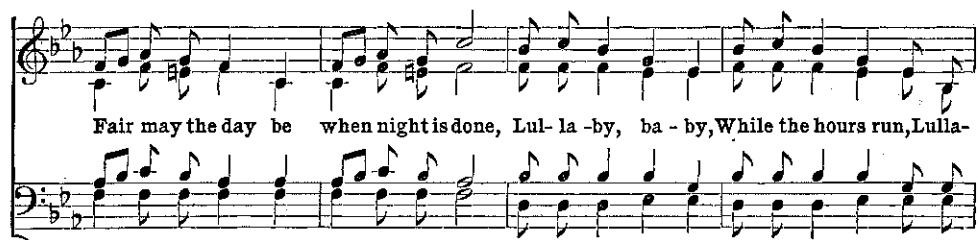
Come to me, help me, one and all, And mur - mur, mur-mur, mur-mur,
Soon is the sleep but God can break, When an - gels whis-per, whis-per,



mur-mur ba - by's lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, . lul - la - by, . Lul - la -
an - gels whis - per lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, . lul - la - by, . Lul - la -



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



Fair may the day be when night is done, Lul - la - by, ba - by, While the hours run, Lulla-



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

No. 37.

MAY SONG

POLISH AIR

1. May is here, the world re - joi - ces; Earth puts on her smiles to greet her:
 2. Birds thro' ev - 'ry thick-et call - ing, Wake the woods to sounds of glad - ness:
 3. Earth to heav'n lifts up her voi - ces; Sky, and field, and wood, and riv - er:

Grove and field lift up their voi - ces; Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her!
 Hark! the long-drawn notes are fall - ing, Sad, but pleas - ant in their sad - ness.
 With their heart our heart re - joi - ces; For His gifts we praise the Giv - er.

Hap - py May, blithesome May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way!

Hap - py May, blithe - some May! Win - ter's reign has pass'd a - way.

No. 38.

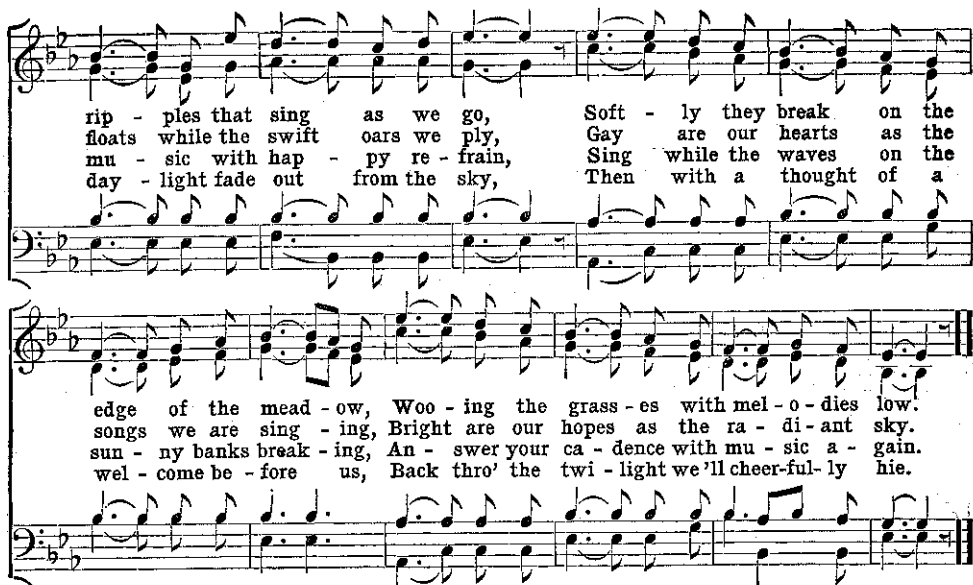
THE BOAT SONG

VON WEBER

Moderato.

1. On we are float - ing in sun - shine and shad - ow, Soft are the
 2. Light - ly our boat on the wa - ter is swing - ing, On - ward she
 3. Com - rades, sing on, while the ech - oes, a - wak - ing, Join in your
 4. Soon will the man - tle of ev' - ning fall o'er us, Soon will the

simile.



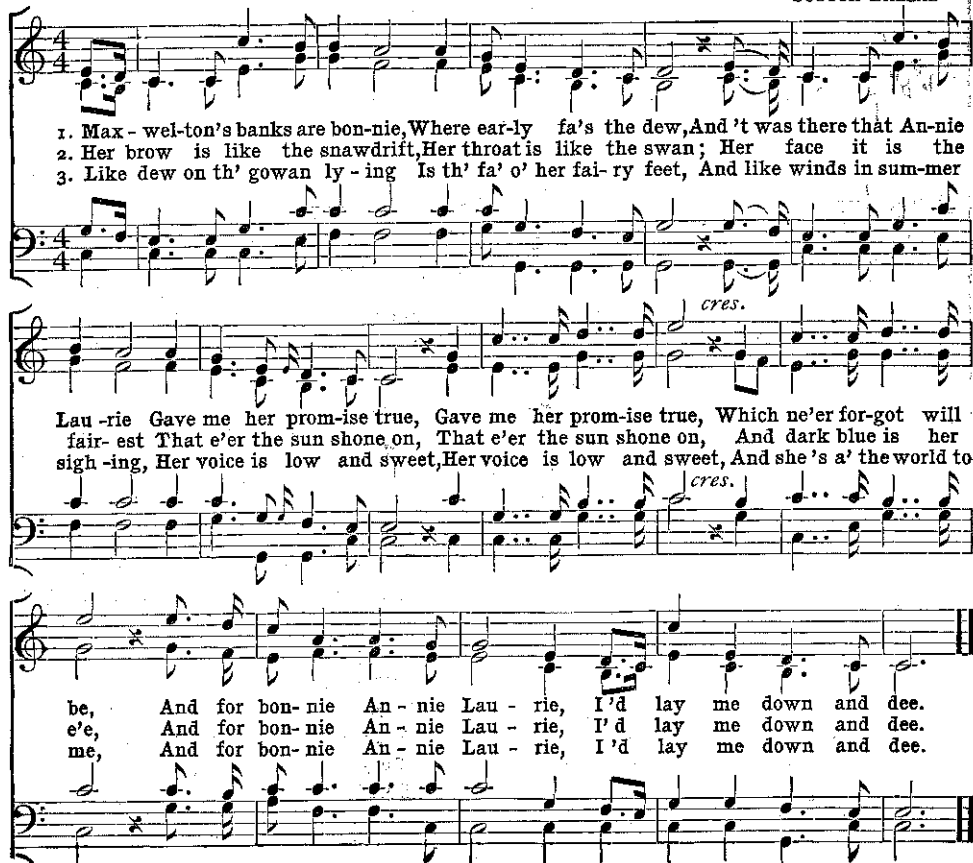
rip - ples that sing as we go, Soft - ly they break on the
floats while the swift oars we ply, Gay are our hearts as the
mu - sic with hap - py re - frain, Sing while the waves on the
day - light fade out from the sky, Then with a thought of a

edge of the mead - ow, Woo - ing the grass - es with mel - o - dies low.
songs we are sing - ing, Bright are our hopes as the ra - di - ant sky.
sun - ny banks break - ing, An - swer your ca - dence with mu - sic a - gain.
wel - come be - fore us, Back thro' the twi - light we'll cheer - ful - ly hie.

No. 39.

ANNIE LAURIE

SCOTCH BALLAD



1. Max - wel - ton's banks are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 't was there that An - nie
2. Her brow is like the snawdrift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the
3. Like dew on th' gowan ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in sum - mer

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

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

No. 40. FAINTLY FLOW, THOU FALLING RIVER

J. G. PERCIVAL

SPANISH MELODY

1. Faint-ly flow, thou falling riv-er! Like a dream that dies away, Down to o-cean gliding
2. Roses bloom, and then they wither; Cheeks are bright, then fade and die; Shapes of light are wafted

ev-er, Keep thy calm un-ruf-fled way; Time with such a si-lent mo-tion, Floats a-
hith-er, Then, like vis-ions, hur-ry by; Quick as clouds at evening driv-en O'er the

long on wings of air To e-ter-ni-ty's dark ocean, Burying all its treasures there.
ma-ny clouded west: Years are bearing us to Heaven, Home of hap-pi-ness and rest.

No. 41.

1 Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand,
||: Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.:||

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through,

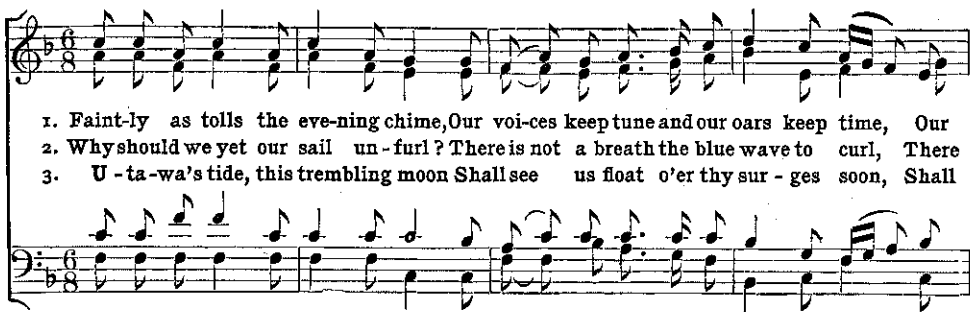
||: Strong Deliverer! strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.:||

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Cleave the flood and stay the waters,
Land me safe on Canaan's side,
||: Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.:||

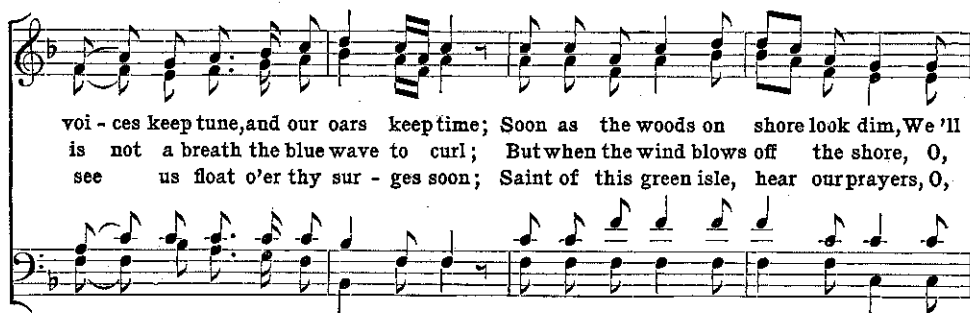
No. 42.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG

THOMAS MOORE



1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voi-ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Our
 2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
 3. U-ta-wa's tide, this trembling moon Shall see us float o'er thy sur-ges soon, Shall



voi-ces keep tune, and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
 is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, O,
 see us float o'er thy sur-ges soon; Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, O,



sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn; Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
 sweet-ly we'll rest the wea-ry oar; Blow, breez-es, blow, the stream runs fast, The
 grant us cool heav'ns and fav'-ring airs! Blow, breez-es, blow, the stream runs fast, The



rap-ids are near, and the day-light's past, The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

No. 43.

MAGALI

From "MIREIO," by F. MISTRAL.

PROVENÇAL FOLKSONG

1. O Ma - ga - li, my love, my treas - ure, O - pen thy

The first system of musical notation for 'MAGALI'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are '1. O Ma - ga - li, my love, my treas - ure, O - pen thy'.

case - ment while I sing A morn - ing song, and round the

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'case - ment while I sing A morn - ing song, and round the'.

meas - ure, With tam - bour - ine and vi - ol string, The sky with

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'meas - ure, With tam - bour - ine and vi - ol string, The sky with'.

stars is glit - ter - ing, The winds at leis - ure . .

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'stars is glit - ter - ing, The winds at leis - ure . .'.

. . But pale the stars of heav'n will be, Be - hold - ing thee.

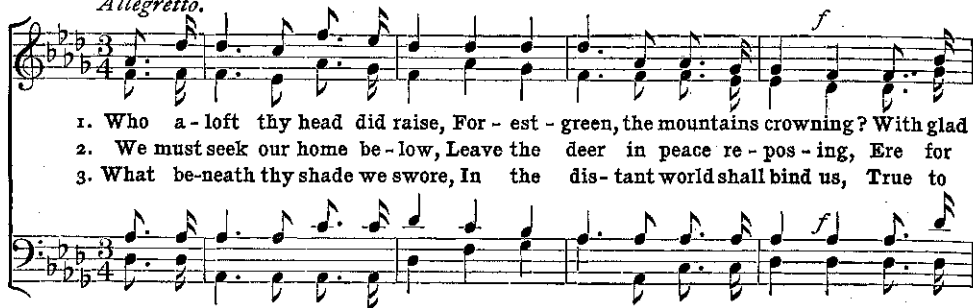
The fifth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are '. . But pale the stars of heav'n will be, Be - hold - ing thee.'

- 2 Thy morning song floats idly by me
As whisper of the early breeze.
I to the silver deep will hie me,—
I'll be an eel! I'll haunt the seas.
O Magali, thy witcheries
In vain shall try me.
When thou art fish, I'll fisher be,
And fish for thee.
- 3 Wilt thou a fisher be, thou sayest?
Thy bait is flung for me in vain.
I will turn bird while thou delayest,
And wing my way across the plain.
O Magali, turn bird again,
If so thou mayest!
When thou art bird, I'll huntsman be,
Ensnaring thee.
- 4 Partridge and quail while thou art snaring,
With cruel traps for tiny feet,
I'll be a flower, my head uprearing,
Secure, afar in meadows sweet.
O Magali, my Marguerite!
I'm filled with daring.
When thou art flower, I stream will be.
Refreshing thee.
- 5 If thou become a stream, what wonder
If I turn cloud the selfsame day,
And swiftly, swiftly travel yonder,
In fleeting mist, far, far away.
O Magali, seek India,
Yet we'll not sunder!
Behold! I the sea breeze will be,
And carry thee.
- 6 The seabreeze wilt thou, singer daring?
I can escape thee yet, for, lo!
I'll be the sun ray blinding, glaring,
The fierce hot ray, that wastes the snow.
O Magali, and wilt thou so?
Then, earthward faring,
I will an emerald lizard be,
And swallow thee.
- 7 And if thou turnest salamander,
Among the water-reeds to roam,
I'll be the moon, in full orb'd splendor,
Lighting the ways of witch and gnome.
- O Magali! wilt thou become
That planet tender?
Then will I the white halo be,
Enfolding thee.
- 8 Yet though the halo hover o'er me
I shall not feel thy folding arm.
I will turn virgin rose before thee;
My thorns will keep me safe from harm.
O Magali, the rose's charm
Shall not secure thee!
For I the butterfly will be,
Aye, kissing thee.
- 9 Away! away! and woe betide thee!
I never, never will be thine!
I in the oak's rough bark will hide me,
In glades where sun shall never shine.
Yet, Magali, thou shalt be mine,
Who hast defied me.
I will the knotted ivy be
Fast binding thee.
- 10 The hoary oak alone thou stayest,
In thy victorious embrace,
For I to Saint Blasè will hasten
With the white nuns to take my place,
O Magali, thou shalt find grace
When there thou prayest,
For I the shaven priest will be,
Absolving thee.
- 11 And if thou pass the portal holy,
A weeping train thou shalt descry,
The convent sisters moving slowly
After the coffin where I lie.
Then Magali, 't were well wert thou
That sleeper lowly,
For there would I the warm earth be
Aye clasping thee.
- 12 Now see'st thou a glad believer,
This is not jest, this is not art;
Take thou my ring, and keep the giver,
Fair youth, forever in thy heart.
O Magali, thou dost impart
Rapture forever;
See now the stars how pale they be,
At sight of thee.

No. 44.

HUNTER'S FAREWELL

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN

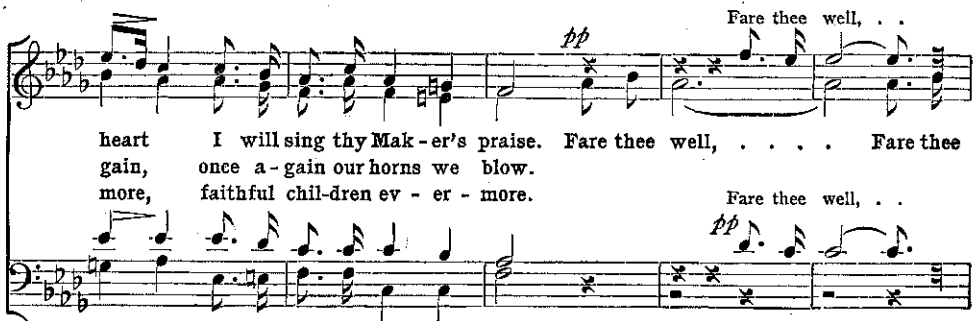
Allegretto.


1. Who a-loft thy head did raise, For - est - green, the mountains crowning? With glad
 2. We must seek our home be-low, Leave the deer in peace re-pos-ing, Ere for
 3. What be-neath thy shade we swore, In the dis-tant world shall bind us, True to



heart thy beau-ty own-ing, I will sing thy Mak-er's praise, . . . With glad
 us the chase is clos-ing, Once a-gain our horns we blow, . . . Once a-
 thee each year shall find us, Faithful chil-dren ev-er-more, . . . ev-er-

With glad heart thy beau-ty
 Once a-gain, once
 True to thee each year shall



heart I will sing thy Mak-er's praise. Fare thee well, . . . Fare thee
 gain, once a-gain our horns we blow.
 more, faithful chil-dren ev-er-more. Fare thee well, . . .

own-ing,
 a-gain,
 find us,



Fare thee well, . . . Fare thee well,
 well, . . . Fare thee well. . . . thou for - est
 Fare thee well, . . . Fare thee well,

old, Fare thee well, Fare thee well, thou for - est old.

No. 45.

BESIDE THE MILL

GLUCK

1. Be-side the mill, down yon - der, I sat me down to dream; I
2. Then I be - held, half dream - ing, The saws, so sharp and bright, Cleave

saw the great wheels turn - ing, The spar - kle of the stream, I
through a no - ble fir - tree With won - drous fa - tal might, Cleave

saw the great wheels turn - ing, The spar - kle of the stream.
through a no - ble fir - tree With won - drous fa - tal might.

3 And now alive the tree seemed,
Its fibres shrank with dread;
||: With low and mournful cadence,
These words to me it said :||

4 "Thou, wanderer, well hast chosen
Thy time to come to me!
||: For thee alone I suffer,
And I must die for thee !:||

5 "For thee a cell so narrow,
Shall from my heart be made,
||: And thy sad heart, and weary
Within at rest be laid." :||

6 Four planks I then heard falling;
My heart with fear was filled;
||: But when I fain would question,
The noisy wheels were stilled. :||

No. 46. THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

F. E. WEATHERLY

J. L. MOLLOY

Arr. by J. P. McCaskey. Inserted by per.

1. He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had he;
 2. Once as he watched his rose - love, Winds from the north did blow,
 3. Once more he sees his rose - love, Still she is dan - cing gay,

She was a little fai - ry dan - cer, Bright as bright could be. She had a cas - tle and
 Swept him out of the casement Down to a stream be - low. True to his lit - tle
 He is worn and fad - ed, Loy - al still for aye. Then came a hand that

gar - den, He but an old box dim; She was a dainty rose - love,
 la - dy, Still he shouldered his gun; Soon, ah, soon, came the darkness,
 swept them In - to a fur - nace wide, Part - ed in life, in dy - ing

poco rall.

Far too grand for him. He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had
 Life and love un - done. He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had
 They are side by side. Ah! for the lit - tle tin sol - dier, Ah! for her cru - el -

* The small notes are for the instrument.

he; Brave-ly shoul-dered his mus-ket, Fain her love would be.
 he; Ne'er in the world a lov-er Half so true could be.
 ty! There lies her rose in ash-es, There his loy-al lit-tle heart.

No. 47. THE SUN SMILES IN BEAUTY

WELSH AIR, "THE ASH GROVE"

Moderato.

1. The sun smiles in beau-ty; O'er moun-tain and riv-er, The leaves faint-ly
 2. The white haw-thorn, blooming, The mead-ows per-fum-ing, The prim-rose and
p

quiv-er In morning's soft breeze; Where streamlets me-an-der, I care-less-ly
 vio-let, How dear to my sight! The li-ly and blue-bell, So grace-ful-ly

rall.

wander, And list to the song-birds And wild humming bees. O, I am not
 drooping, The hedge-rose and wood-bine, How fra-grant and bright! 'Mid these, from the
rall.

lone-ly, With autumn com-mun-ing; I love the rich blossoms, The tall, waving trees.
 cold world, From turmoil re-treat-ing, The heart, then, is beat-ing with pur-est de-light.

No. 48. FAREWELL TO THE FOREST

MENDELSSOHN

Andante.

1. Thou for-est broad and sweeping, Fair work of na-ture's God, Of all my joy and
 2. Who right-ly scans thy beau-ty, A sol-emn word shall read Of love, of truth and
 3. Ah! soon must I for-sake thee, My own, my shel-t'ring home, In sor-row soon be-

weep-ing, The con-se-crate a-bode! Yon world de-ceiv-ing ev-er
 du-ty, Our hope in time of need. And I have read them of-ten,
 take me, In yon vain world to roam. And there the word re-call-ing,
 Yon world de-ceiv-ing ev-er
 And I have read them of-ten,
 And there the word re-call-ing,

Mur-murs in vain a-larms, O, might I wan-der nev-er From thy pro-TECT-ing
 Those words so true and clear, What heart that would not soft-en, Thy wis-dom to re-
 Thy sol-emn les-sons teach, 'Mid care and dan-ger fall-ing, No harm my soul shall

O might I wan-der nev-er, O
 What heart that would not soft-en, What
 'Mid care and dan-ger fall-ing, 'Mid
 From thy pro-TECT-ing arms!
 Thy wis-dom to re-vere?
 No harm my soul shall reach.

arms!
 vere, O, might I wan-der nev-er, From thy . . . pro-TECT-ing arms!
 reach, What heart that would not soft-en Thy wis-dom to re-vere?
 'Mid care and dan-ger fall-ing, No harm . . . my soul shall reach.

might I wan-der nev-er, From thy pro-TECT-ing arms!
 heart that would not soft-en, Thy wis-dom to re-vere?
 care and dan-ger fall-ing, No harm my soul shall reach.

No. 49.

ON TO THE FIELD

V. BELLINI

1. On to the field! the foe is there; Flaunt-ing, his ban-ners kiss the air;
 2. Peace bless'd each homestead, plenty's smile Beam'd in the eyes of hon - est toil;

On to the field, with sword and brand, And drive him from our fa - ther-land;
 Love told to love its truth - ful tale, And songs of joy rang thro' the vale.

Shame not the deeds your sires have done; Blight not the wreaths they wore! No!
 Rest now the plough-share, grasp the sword; Breathe not of love a word! No!

Free-dom for-bid, for not to be Were bet - ter far than want - ing thee.
 Sons of the moun-tain, leave your spoil; Sons of the val - ley, cease your toil!

Steady of heart, and firm of hand, Strike for our glo-rious fa - ther-land!

No. 51.

GOOD NIGHT, FAREWELL

Moderato, con anima.

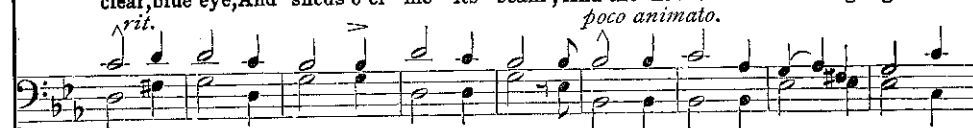
F. KUCKEN



1. Good-night, farewell, my own true heart, A thousand times good-night! Each tho't of thee bids
 2. I see thy heart re-lect-ed by A star within the stream, It shines forth from thy



grief de-part, And ren - ders joy more bright. Tho' far thy im - age dwells with me, Thou
 clear, blue eye, And sheds o'er me its beam; And tho' no more than one bright glance I



art my guid - ing star; When o'er me dark'n-ing clouds I see, Thy love guides
 e'er of thee pos - sessed, That look my heart will e'er en - trance, And ren - der



me a - far. When o'er me dark'ning clouds I see, Thy love guides me a - far. Fare-
 ev - er blest. That look my heart will e'er entrance, And render ev - er blest. Fare-



well, my own true heart, A thousand times farewell! Goodnight, farewell, my own true heart!
 cres-cen-do.



No. 52.

AUF WIEDERSEHN

MENDELSSOHN

poco sostenuto.

1. It's been decreed from days of old, That, from the dear-est man doth hold, There's parting.
 2. To you is sent a bud to-day, You put it in a glass a-way Se-cure-ly.
 3. And doth He give a love on earth, That thou dost prize as tru-ly worth Thy keep-ing,

PIANO.

Although there's naught in life's career, That falls so sad-ly on the ear, As
 Next morn there blooms a love-ly rose, But fades be-fore the day doth close, So
 It will but lit-tle time be thine; When gone, o'er loss thou'lt sadly pine, With

part-ing, Yes, part-ing. 4. Now must thou al-so well be-lieve,
 sure-ly, Yes, sure-ly.
 weep-ing, Yes, weep-ing.

PIANO.

Yes, well be-lieve, When of his friend man tak-eth leave, Then does he say, "We'll
 "Auf

meet a-gain! God keep us safe To meet a-gain.
 Wie-der-sehn! Auf wie-der-sehn!
 Auf wie-der-sehn!"

No. 53.

THE CHAPEL

KREUTZER

Andante.

1. What gleams so bright, on the moun-tain height, When the stars are beam-ing in
 2. What sound-eth there, from the chap-el at night, O, so sol-emn, stern, so with
 3. What sounds come down to the si-lent vale, What tells that toll-ing, what

sil-v'ry light? What gleams so bright, on the moun-tain height, When the
 mild-ness and might? What sound-eth there, from the chap-el, at night, O, so
 means that tale? What sounds come down to the si-lent vale, What

dim.
pp
 stars are beam-ing in sil-v'ry light? It is the chap-el that, still and small, The
 sol-emn, stern, so with mildness and might? It is the brethren's de-vot-ed band, Their
 tells that tolling, what means that tale? It is the bell that in-vites to rest, The

f
pp
 wan-der-ing pil-grim to pray'r does call; It is the chap-el that, still and small, The
 hearts lift-ed up to the bet-ter land; It is the brethren's de-vot-ed band, Their
 pil-grim does lead to the man-sions bless'd; It is the bell that in-vites to rest, The



wan-der-ing pilgrim to pray'r does call, The wan-der-ing pil-grim to pray'r does call.
 hearts lift-ed up to the bet-ter land, Their hearts lift-ed up to the bet-ter land.
 pil-grim does lead to the mansions blest, The pilgrim does lead to the mansions blest.



No. 54. A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

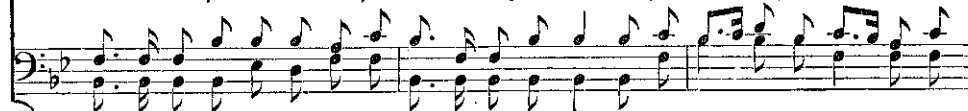
Allegretto.



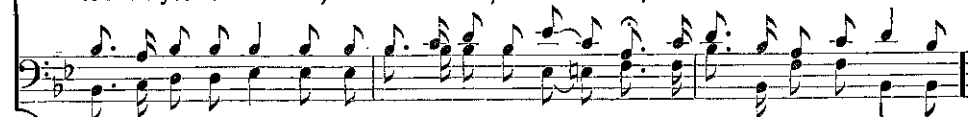
1. Is there for hon-est pov-er-ty Wha hangs his head, an' a' that? The
 2. What tho' on hame-ly fare we dine, Wear hod-din grey, an' a' that? Gie
 3. Ye see yon bir-kie, ca'ed a lord, Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that; Tho'
 4. A king can make a belt-ed knight, A mar-quis, duke, an' a' that; But an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



cow-ard slave we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that. For a' that, an' a' that, Our
 fools their silks, an' knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that. For a' that, an' a' that, Their
 hundreds worship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that; For a' that, an' a' that, His
 honest man's aboon his might, Gude faith, he mauna fa' that! For a' that, an' a' that, Their
 sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth, Maun bear the gree an' a' that; For a' that, an' a' that, It's



toils obscure, an' a' that; The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.
 tin-sel show, an' a' that; The hon-est man, tho' e'ersae poor, Is king o' men for a' that.
 rib-bon, star, an' a' that; The man of in-de-pendent mind Can look and laugh at a' that.
 dig-ni-ties an' a' that, The path o' sense, the pride o' worth, Are higher ranks than a' that.
 com-in' yet for a' that, That man to man, the world o'er, Shall brothers be for a' that.



No. 55.

KILLARNEY

M. W. BALFE'S LAST SONG

Moderato.

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

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

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

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

cres. *f*

of the West, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
 long life's span, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
 were not fair, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
 light di - vine, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

cres. *f*

No. 56.

THE STARS ARE FADING

T. MARZIALS

Allegretto.

1. The stars are fad-ing one by one As ro - sy morn-ing breaks ; Again to greet the
 2. The herdsman gai-ly blows his horn, Which all his flock o - bey ; The miller's up and
 *3. "Thou who art sit-ting on Thy throne Above both man and star, Who watch'd me thro' the

ris - ing sun, The twittering swal-low wakes. The watchman with his spear and horn, Stands
 grind-ing corn, Work ush - ers in the day, And thou, dear child, be bu - sy too—This
 night just flown And kept all e - vil far ; Be-neath Thy guid-ance just and mild, Oh,

rit.

gaz-ing at the sky, Whilerising from the ripe-nings corn, The lark is soar - ing high.
 thy first morn-ing care With grateful heart to God, as due, Be sure to say thy prayer.
 let me ev - er pray As hum-bly as a lit - tle child And grateful as to - day."

rit.

* Sing third verse more slowly.

No. 57. HARK! HARK! THE LARK

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Allegretto.

Hark! hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings, And Phœbus 'gins a - rise, His steeds to wa - ter

at those springs, On chalic'd flow'rs that lies, On chalic'd flow'rs that lies. And winking Ma - ry -

buds be - gin To ope the gold - en eyes; With ev - 'rything that pretty bin; My lady sweet, a -

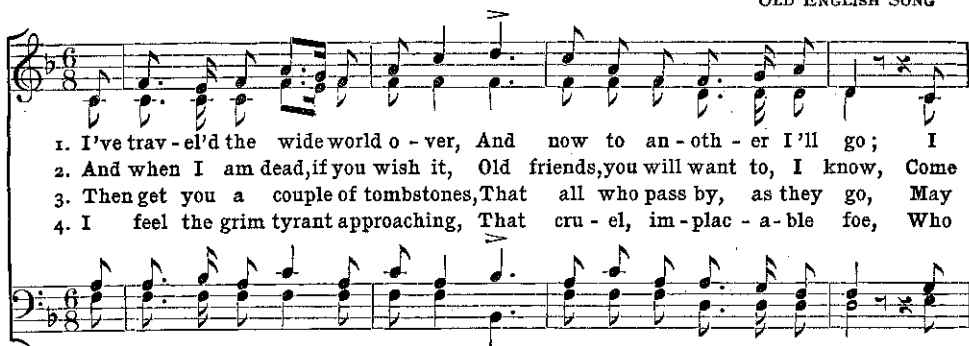
rise, With ev - 'rything that pret - ty bin; My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a -

rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise.

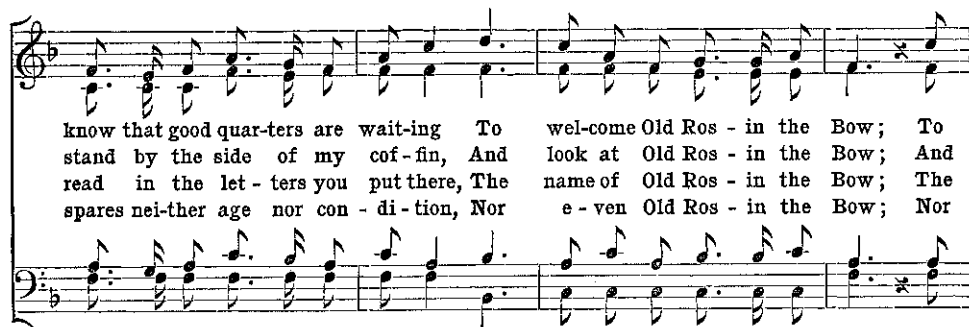
No. 58.

OLD ROSIN THE BOW

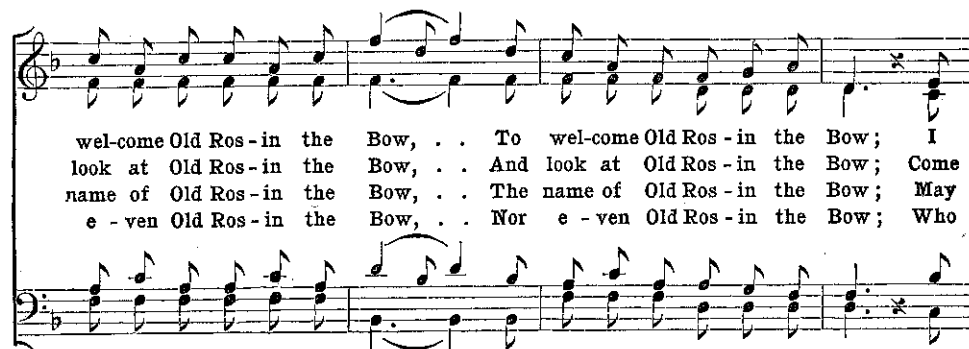
OLD ENGLISH SONG



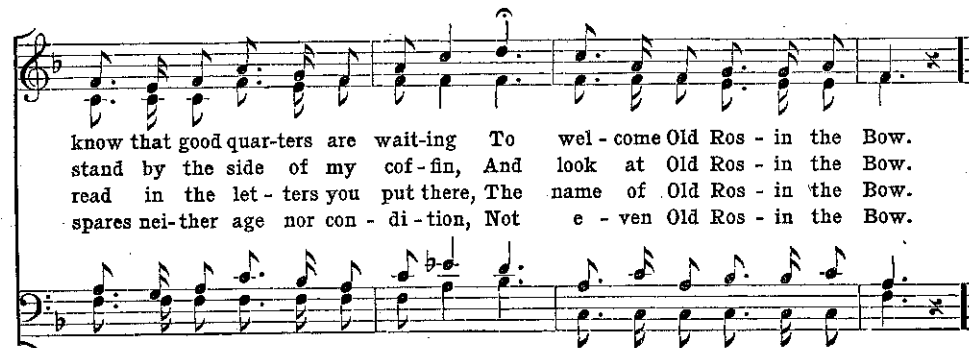
1. I've trav-el'd the wide world o-ver, And now to an-oth-er I'll go; I
 2. And when I am dead, if you wish it, Old friends, you will want to, I know, Come
 3. Then get you a couple of tombstones, That all who pass by, as they go, May
 4. I feel the grim tyrant approaching, That cru-el, im-plac-a-ble foe, Who



know that good quar-ters are wait-ing To wel-come Old Ros-in the Bow; To
 stand by the side of my cof-fin, And look at Old Ros-in the Bow; And
 read in the let-ters you put there, The name of Old Ros-in the Bow; The
 spares nei-ther age nor con-di-tion, Nor e-ven Old Ros-in the Bow; Nor



wel-come Old Ros-in the Bow, . . To wel-come Old Ros-in the Bow; I
 look at Old Ros-in the Bow, . . And look at Old Ros-in the Bow; Come
 name of Old Ros-in the Bow, . . The name of Old Ros-in the Bow; May
 e-ven Old Ros-in the Bow, . . Nor e-ven Old Ros-in the Bow; Who



know that good quar-ters are wait-ing To wel-come Old Ros-in the Bow.
 stand by the side of my cof-fin, And look at Old Ros-in the Bow.
 read in the let-ters you put there, The name of Old Ros-in the Bow.
 spares nei-ther age nor con-di-tion, Not e-ven Old Ros-in the Bow.

No. 59.

LONDON BRIDGE

F. E. WEATHERLY
Moderato.

J. L. MOLLOY

1. Proud and lowly, beg-gar and lord, O - ver the bridge they go; Rags and velvet, fetter and sword,
2. Dainty, painted, powdered and gay, Rolleth my la - dy by; Rags and tatters, o - ver the way,

Pov - er-ty, pomp and woe; Laughing, weeping hurrying ev - er, Hour by hour they crowd along,
Under the open sky; Flow'rs and dreams from country meadows, Dust and din thro' city skies;

While be-low, the mighty riv - er, Sings them all a mock-ing song. Hur - ry a-long,
Old men creeping with their shadows, Children with their sunny eyes. Hur - ry a-long,

sor-row and song, All is van - i - ty 'neath the sun; Vel - vet and rags, so the world wags, Un-

til the riv - er no more shall run, Until the riv - er no more shall run, more shall run.

p

3. Storm and sunshine, peace and strife, Over the bridge they go; Floating on in the tide of life,

Whither, no man shall know. Who will miss them there tomorrow; Waifs, that drift to the shade or sun!

rall.

Gone a-way with their songs and sorrow; On-ly the riv-er still flows on. Hur-ry a-long,

rall.

sor-row and song, All is van-i-ty 'neath the sun; Velvet and rags, so the world wags, Un-

rall.

til the riv-er no more shall run, Un - til the riv-er no more shall run.

rall.

No. 60. SWEET ROSES THAT WITHER

SCOTTISH MELODY

Moderato.

1. Sweet ro - ses that with - er! Ere summer has flown, Ye bear from the wildwood the
2. Sweet ro - ses that with - er! In dreams of de - light, We still shall be - hold you all

joys it has known; Oh, fond - ly we miss you, when Autumn is chill; Your smiles have de -
love - ly and bright! The winter so drea - ry your mem'ry will cheer, While sad - ly we're

part - ed from val - ley and hill. The birds have grown silent, that sang in your praise, No
wait - ing your com - ing so dear! So fade the fair moments of childhood a - way! So

more will you bright - en the glad summer days, Sweet ro - ses that with - er on
dies ev - 'ry vis - ion of youth's merry day! Sweet ro - ses that with - er on

mead - ow and plain, We sigh for your beau - ty, O, come back a - gain.

No. 61.

THE NIGHT

R. L. D.

FRANZ SCHUBERT



1. How fair art thou, Heav-en-ly still - ness, Peaceful thy brow. See the stars so
 2. How fair art thou, Heav-en-ly still - ness, Peaceful thy brow. Moon-lit air is



clear-ly gleam-ing, Mov-ing thro' the heav-en's por-tal, Bright and si-lent
 full of mild-ness; Breath of spring the mead-ow cross-es, Lin-ing all the



eyes im-mor-tal, From the dis-tance on us beam-ing, From the distance
 springs with moss-es, Flow-ers ban-ish win-ter's wild-ness, Ban-ish win-ter's



beam-ing; Bright and si-lent eyes im-mor-tal From the dis-tance beam-ing.
 wild-ness; Lin-ing all the springs with mosses, Ban-ish win-ter's wild-ness.



No. 62.

SOLDIERS' CHORUS

"FAUST"
C. F. GOUNOD

Spirited.

Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may copy their virtues bold, Cour - age in

The first system of musical notation for the 'Soldiers' Chorus'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/8 time. The melody is marked 'Spirited.' and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: 'Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may copy their virtues bold, Cour - age in'.

FINE.

heart and a sword in hand, Yes, ready to fight or ready to die for Fa - ther-land.

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'heart and a sword in hand, Yes, ready to fight or ready to die for Fa - ther-land.' The system ends with a 'FINE.' marking.

Who needs bidding to dare by a trumpet blöwn? Who lacks pity to spare, when the field is won?

The third system of musical notation. The melody features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: 'Who needs bidding to dare by a trumpet blöwn? Who lacks pity to spare, when the field is won?'.

Who would fly from a foe, if alone or last? And boast he was true, as coward might do, when

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'Who would fly from a foe, if alone or last? And boast he was true, as coward might do, when'.

per - il is past? Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody concludes with a final cadence. The lyrics are: 'per - il is past? Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may'.

copy their virtues bold. Cour-age in heart, and a sword in hand, Ready to fight for Fa - ther-

land. Now . . . home a - gain, . . . we come, the long and fi - ery strife of bat - tle

o - ver. Rest is pleasant af - ter toil, as hard as ours beneath a stranger

sun. Man-y a maid-en fair is waiting here to greet her tru - ant sol-dier

lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has

seen. We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.

D.C.

No. 63.

GOD OF THE NATIONS

"ANVIL CHORUS," FROM "IL TROVATORE"

GIUSEPPE VERDI

mf
God of the na - tions, in glo - ry en - thron - ed, Up - on our lov'd Country thy bless - ings

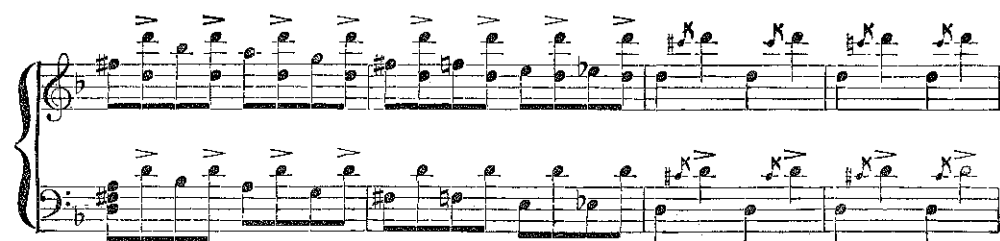
cres. *tr*

pour; Guide us and guard us from strife in the fu - ture, Let peace dwell a -

pp

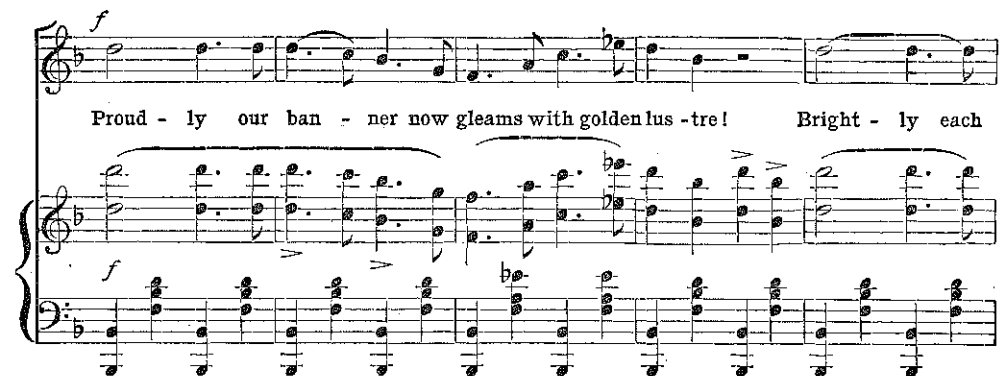
mong us for - ev - er - more!

tr



f

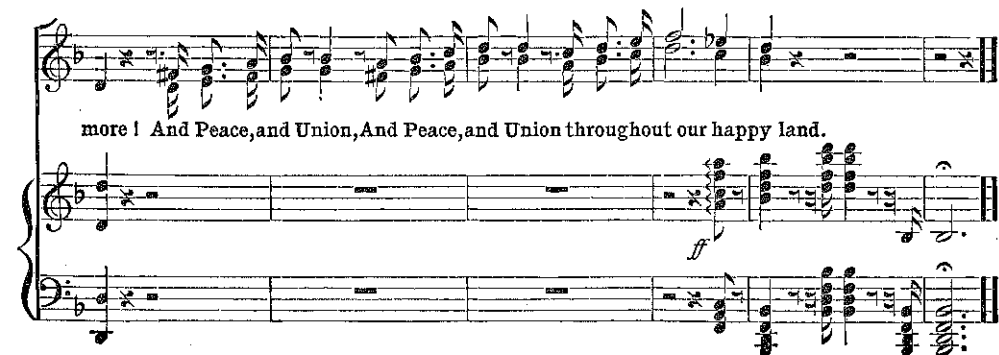
Proud - ly our ban - ner now gleams with golden lus - tre! Bright - ly each



star shines in the glo - rious clus - ter! Lib - er - ty for - ev - er -



more! And Peace, and Union, And Peace, and Union throughout our happy land.



No. 64. WAIT FOR THE WAGON

R. B. BUCKLEY



1. Will you come with me, my Phillis dear, To yon blue mountain free? Where the blossoms smell the
 2. Where the riv-er runs like sil-ver, And the birds they sing so sweet, I have a cab-in,
 3. Do you be-lieve, my Phil-lis dear, Old Mike, with all his wealth, Can make you half so




sweet-est, Come rove a-long with me. It's ev-'ry Sun-day morning, When
 Phil-lis, And something good to eat. Come, lis-ten to my sto-ry, It
 hap-py, As I with youth and health? We'll have a lit-tle farm, A




I am by your side, We'll jump in-to the wag-on, And all take a ride.
 will re-lieve my heart, So jump in-to the wag-on, And off we will start.
 horse, a pig, and cow, And you will mind the dai-ry, While I will guide the plough.




Wait for the wagon, Wait for the wagon, Wait for the wagon, And we'll all take a ride.



No. 65. O GLADLY NOW WE HAIL YE

BELLINI

1. O glad - ly now we hail ye, Dear friends of ear - ly time! The
 2. The trees a - round our dwell - ing, Where ear - ly friend - ships met, The

same old love we cher - ish As in our ear - ly prime; As na - ture nev - er
 riv - er and the fountain, Our hearts can ne'er for - get: There hearts and homes were

changes Our hearts are still the same, And still on friendship's al - tar As
 lov - ing, And round the hearth at even, Our hum - ble pray'rs as - cend - ed On

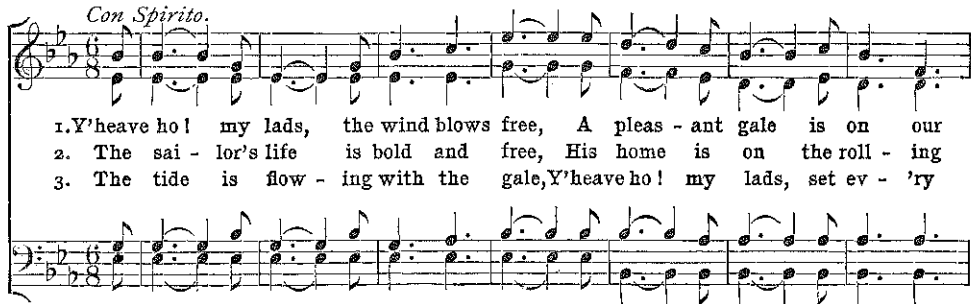
bright - ly burns love's flame. O glad - ly now we hail ye, Dear friends of ear - ly
 wings of love to heaven. O glad - ly now we hail ye, Dear friends of ear - ly

time! The same old love we cher - ish As in our ear - ly prime.

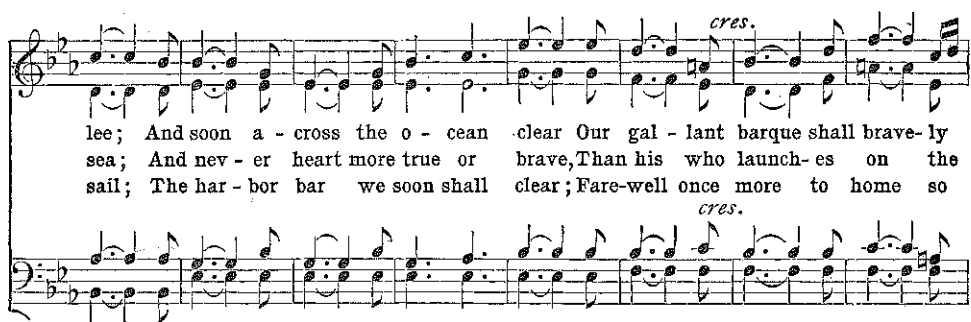
No. 66.

SAILING

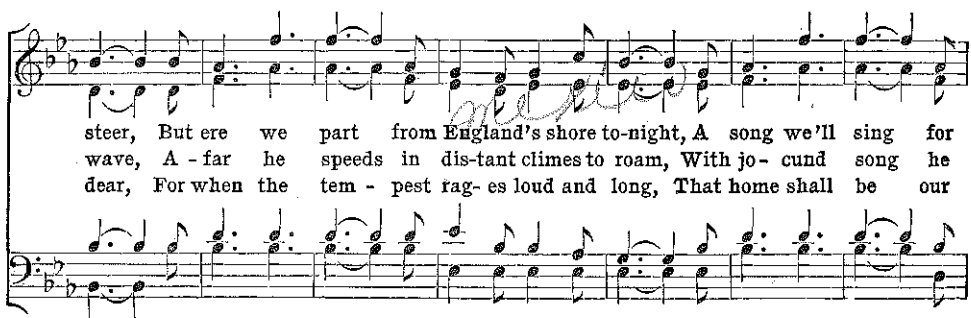
GODFREY MARKS

Con Spirito.


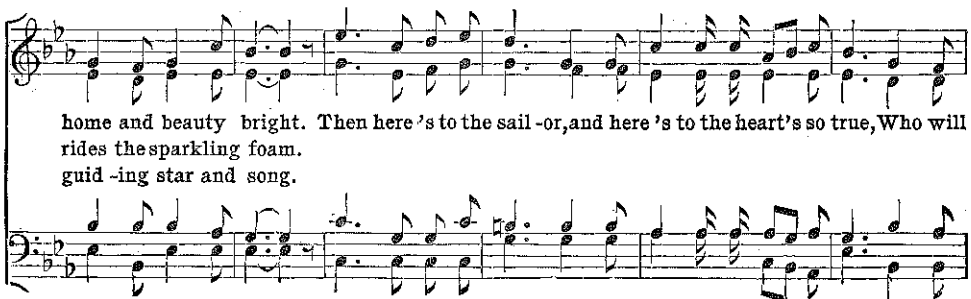
1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is on our
 2. The sai - lor's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll - ing
 3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev - 'ry



lee; And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant barque shall brave-ly
 sea; And nev - er heart more true or brave, Than his who launch - es on the
 sail; The har - bor bar we soon shall clear; Fare-well once more to home so



steer, But ere we part from England's shore to-night, A song we'll sing for
 wave, A - far he speeds in dis-tant climes to roam, With jo - cund song he
 dear, For when the tem - pest rag - es loud and long, That home shall be our



home and beauty bright. Then here's to the sail-or, and here's to the heart's so true, Who will
 rides the sparkling foam.
 guid - ing star and song.

ad lib.

think of him up-on the waters blue! Sail-ing, sail-ing, o-ver the bounding main; For

ma-ny a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a-gain! Sail-ing, sail-ing,

ad lib.

o-ver the bounding main; For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again.

No. 67.

CORN SONG

Words by MARY HERBERT. Melody, "SAILING"

1 We sing the land of prairied West,
Where men grow strong on acres wide,
By plenty crowned, by peace e'er blessed,
The corn! the corn! her golden pride;
Olive and grape, fit theme of poet lays,
For thee our harp be strung, O loyal maize!

Cho. Then hail to the monarch high,
Hail to his wealth of cheer,
For we crown him king,
No rival need he fear!
Swaying, swaying,
Billowy sea of maize!
The corn he is king, his sceptre bring,
And loud our song of praise.

2 All summer long in bright array,
It rustling waves its long keen blade,
While zephyrs to it find their way
And elves and fays here seek the shade.
Oh, glad the hearts of all that on it gaze,
Until is gathered in the ripening maize.

Cho.

3 To barns now creak the laden wains,
Whose wealth of treasure they must hold,
Safe housed from storm the farmer's gains,
More precious far than Ophir's gold,
To him we raise our grateful song of praise,
For manna sent from heaven, the gen'rous
maize!

Cho.

No. 68. WHICHEVER WAY THE WIND DOTH BLOW

1. Which-ev - er way the wind doth blow, My heart is glad to have it so;
 2. I leave it to a High - er Will To stay or speed me, trust-ing still

D.C. Then what-so - ev - er wind doth blow, My heart is glad to have it so;

Then blow it east or blow it west, The wind that blows, that wind is best.
 That all is well, and sure that He Who launched my bark will sail with me

And blow it east or blow it west, The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My lit - tle craft sails not a - lone, Ten thousand ships glad ev - 'ry zone; What
 Thro' storm and calm and will not fail, What ev - er breez-es may pre-vail, To

blows to me a fav'ring breeze, Might wreck an - oth - er on the seas.
 land me, ev - 'ry per - il past, With - in the shel-t'ring port at last.

D.C. al Fine.

No. 68a. THREE CHEERS FOR THE OLDEN TIME

- 1 Three cheers, three cheers, for the olden time,
 And the brave that knew no fear, my boys;
 They stood erect as the giant oak, [boys.
 And laughed when the storm was near, my
 Like them we'll boast of the land we love,
 And her proud flag streaming high, my boys,
 We'll sing aloud from the bright green fields,
 While the ocean waves reply, my boys.
- 2 They dared to look in the flashing eye
 Of the storm-king when he passed, my boys;
 A shout went up, and a peal of joy
 Rang out on the wintry blast, my boys.
 The grass is green where they calmly rest,
 Those vet'rans true and brave, my boys;
 Their mem'ry shines like a radiant star,
 O'er the land they died to save, my boys.

No. 69. JOY! JOY! FREEDOM TO-DAY!

Allegro.

ff

1. Joy! joy! freedom to-day! Care! care! drive it a-way! Youth, health, and vigor our
2. Ring! ring! mer-ri-ly, bells! Swing! swing! onward your swells, Telling of hope, love and

ff

sens - es o'er-pow'r; Trou-ble! count it for naught! Banish, ban-ish the tho't.
joy to the world. Tri-umph proud ye pro-claim! Free-dom! what can we name

FINE.

Pleas - ure and mirth shall rule o'er this hour. Joy to - day! joy, joy to -
Fair - er than Fa - ther - land here unfurled?

day! and care, care, drive it far a - way! Joy to - day! joy, joy to - day! and

D. C.

care, care, drive it far a - way! a-way, a-way! a-way, a-way!

No. 70.

GOING HOME

SCOTCH AIR

1. *Heimgang!* So the Ger - man peo - ple Whisper when they hear the bell
 2. *Heimgang!* Quaint and ten - der say - ing, In the grand old Ger - man tongue,
 3. *Heimgang!* We are all so wea - ry; And the wil - lows as they wave,

Toiling from some gray old steeple, Death's familiar tale to tell; When they hear the organ
 That hath voic'd the stern soul's praying And the hymns that saints have sung; Blessed is our loving
 Soft - ly sigh - ing, sweetly dear - y, Woo us to the tranquil grave; When the golden pitcher's

dir - ges Swell - ing out from chap - el dome, And the sing - ers' chanting
 Mak - er, That where'er our feet shall roam, Still we journey t'ward "God's"
 bro - ken, With its dregs or with its foam, And the ten - der words are

sur - ges, "*Heimgang!*" Al - ways go - ing home. Al - ways go - ing home.
 A - cre, "*Heimgang!*" Al - ways go - ing home. Al - ways go - ing home.
 spo - ken, "*Heimgang!*" We are go - ing home. We are go - ing home.

No. 71.

THE FIRE OF HOME

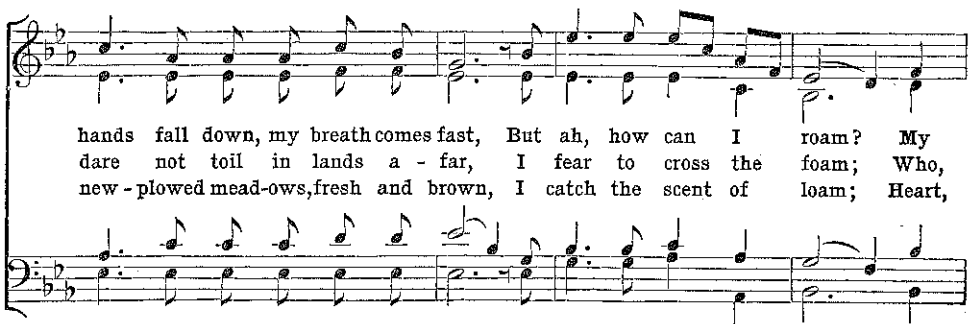
GEORGE WORSTER

With expression.

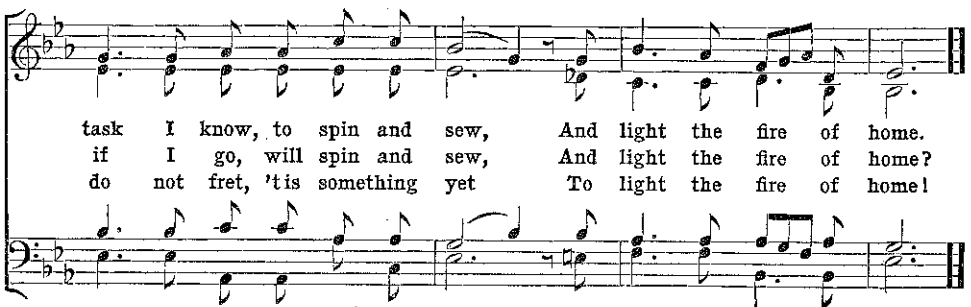

1. I hear them tell in far-off climes,— And treasures grand they hold— Of
 2. Sometimes I hear of noble deeds; Of words that move man-kind; How
 3. My husband comes, as shadows fall, With him my girl and boy; His



min - ster walls where stain'd light falls On canvas rare and old. My
 will - ing hands in other lands Bring light to poor and blind. I
 lov - ing kiss brings with it bliss, That hath no base al - ley. From



hands fall down, my breath comes fast, But ah, how can I roam? My
 dare not toil in lands a - far, I fear to cross the foam; Who,
 new - plowed meadows, fresh and brown, I catch the scent of loam; Heart,



task I know, to spin and sew, And light the fire of home.
 if I go, will spin and sew, And light the fire of home?
 do not fret, 'tis something yet To light the fire of home!

No. 72.

SCHLUMMERLIED

W. POWELL

F. KÜCKEN

1. Gen - tly rest the night stars gleam; Soft thy slum - ber, bright thy
 2. Let but an - gels whisp'ring tell In thy dream - ing where they
 3. Ah! 't were vain to tell thee now Of the love my heart can

dream. Fear no harm, for I will keep Watch with love while thou'rt a -
 dwell; In that land where no de - cay Steals the flow'rs they love a -
 know; On - ly now for thee I pine, All a moth - er's love is

sleep, Watch with love while thou'rt a - sleep: O, hush thee now in
 way, Steals the flow'rs they love a - way.
 thine, All a moth - er's love is thine.

slum - ber mild, While watch I keep; O, sleep my child.

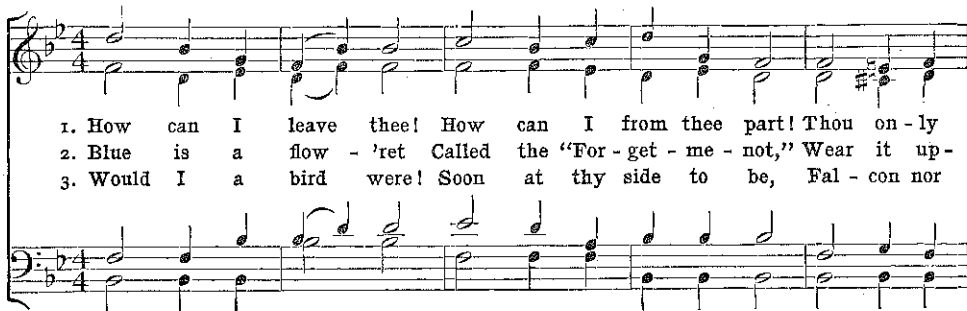
4 Close each little peeping eye,
 Let them like two roselets lie.
 And when purpling morn shall glow,
 Still as roselets freshly blow;
 Still as roselets freshly blow,
 La, lullaby, sleep on, my child,
 May angel gleams
 Pervade thy dreams.

5 All is still in sweetest rest,
 Be thy sleep serenely blest!
 Winds are moaning o'er the wild,
 Lullaby, sleep on, my child;
 Lullaby, sleep on, my child,
 La, lullaby, sleep on, my child,
 May angel gleams
 Pervade thy dreams.

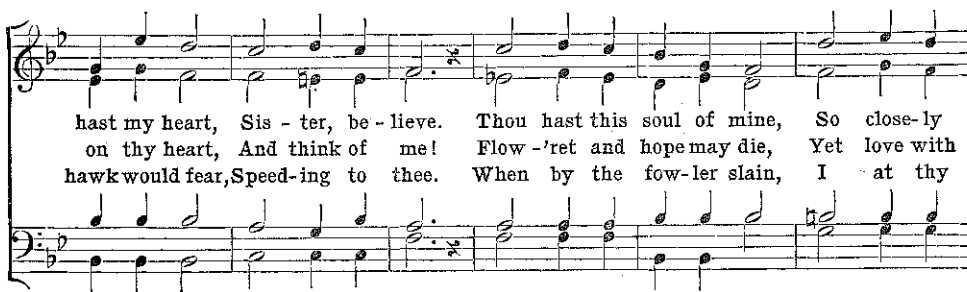
No. 73.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE

KÜCKEN



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



hast my heart, Sis-ter, be-lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine, So close-ly
 on thy heart, And think of me! Flow-'ret and hope may die, Yet love with
 hawk would fear, Speed-ing to thee. When by the fow-ler slain, I at thy



bound to thine, No oth-er can I love, Save thee a-lone!
 us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Sis-ter, be-lieve.
 feet should lie, Thou sad-ly shouldst complain, Joy-ful I'd die!

No. 74.

1 Ach, wie ist's möglich dann,
 Dass ich dich lassen kann!
 Hab' dich von Herzen lieb,
 Das glaube mir!
 Du hast das Herz mein
 So ganz genommen ein
 Dass ich kein' andre lieb',
 Als dich allein.

3 Blau ist ein Blümelein,
 Das heisst Vergissnichtmein:
 Dies Blümelein leg' an's Herz
 Und denk' an mich!

Stirbt Blum' und Hoffnung gleich,
 Wir sind an Liebe reich;
 Denn die stirbt nie bei mir,
 Das glaube mir.

3 Wär' ich ein Vögelein,
 Wollt' ich bald bei dir sein,
 Scheut' Falk und Habicht nicht,
 Flög' schnell zu dir.
 Schöss' mich ein Jäger tot,
 Fiel' ich in deinen Schoss;
 Säh'st du mich traurig an,
 Gern stürb' ich dann!

No. 75.

THE BATTLE PRAYER

HIMMEL

KÖRNER

Adagio.

1. Fa - ther, on Thee I call! Dark - ly the clouds of the
 2. Fa - ther, O, hear my cry! Lead me to death or to
 3. Fa - ther, be Thou my guide! Tho' dire the sum - mons that

bat - tie sur-round me, Fierce-ly the sword of the foe flash-es round me;
 vic - to - ry, lead me Where'er the cause of my coun - try may need me;
 gives to death greeting, Thou giv - est aid when life is fast fleet - ing,

p piu lento.
 Heed Thou the bat - tle, be ev - er nigh! Fa - ther, O, hear my cry!
 Safe in Thy keep-ing, what - e'er be-tide, Fa - ther, be Thou my guide!
 O, for that mo - ment my soul pre - pare! Fa - ther, O, grant my prayer!
> a tempo.

No. 76.

CLOVER SO WHITE

1. There is a lit - tle per-fumed flow'r, The clover so white, clov - er so white, It
 2. Na - ture per - chance, in care-less hour, O, clov - er so white, clov - er so white, With

might well grace the love-liest bow'r, Yet po - et ne'er hath deigned to sing Of
pen - cil dry did paint thy flow'r, Yet in - stant blushed, such fault to be, And

this fair, hum - ble rus - tic thing, Clov - er so white, clov - er so white.
gave thee doub - le fra - gran - cy, Clov - er so white, clov - er so white!

No. 77.

VESPER HYMN

RUSSIAN MELODY.

Moderato.

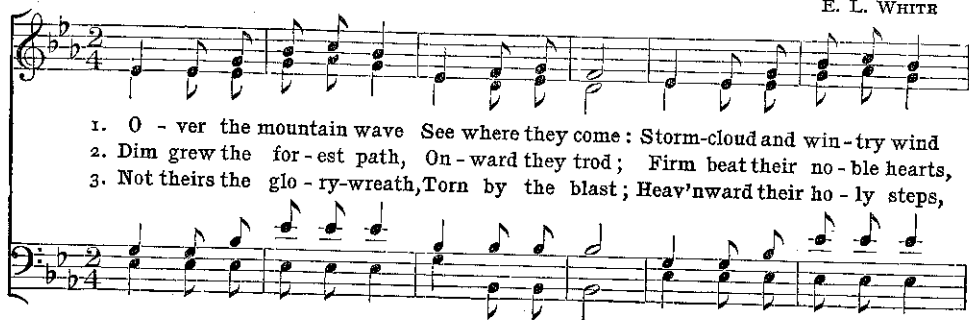
1. Hark! the Ves-per Hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters, soft and clear; Near-er yet, and
2. Now, like moonlight waves retreating To the shore, it dies a - long; Now, like an - gry

near-er peal-ing, Now it bursts up - on the ear; Ju - bi - la - te, far - ther steal-ing,
sur - ges meet-ing, Breaks the mingled tide of song; Ju - bi - la - te, waves re-treat-ing

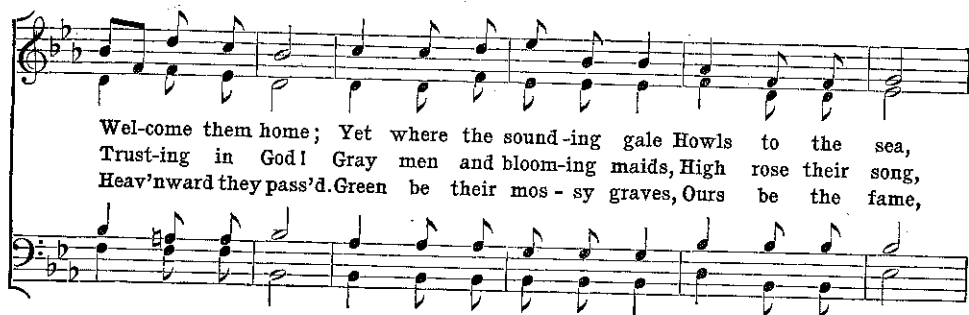
Soft it fades up-on the ear; Farther now, now farther stealing, Soft it fades upon the ear.
To the shore, it dies along; Hush! again like waves retreating To the shore, it dies a - long.

No. 78. OVER THE MOUNTAIN WAVE

E. L. WHITE



1. O - ver the mountain wave See where they come : Storm-cloud and win-try wind
 2. Dim grew the for-est path, On-ward they trod ; Firm beat their no-ble hearts,
 3. Not theirs the glo-ry-wreath, Torn by the blast ; Heav'nward their ho-ly steps,

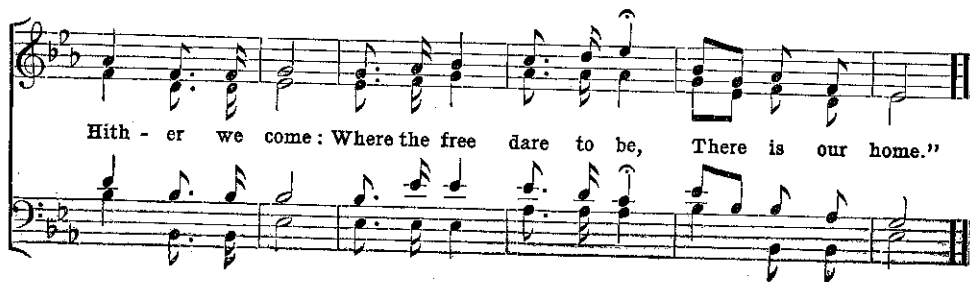


Wel-come them home ; Yet where the sound-ing gale Howls to the sea,
 Trust-ing in God ! Gray men and bloom-ing maids, High rose their song,
 Heav'nward they pass'd. Green be their mos-sy graves, Ours be the fame,

CHORUS.



There their song peals a-long, Deep-ton'd and free : "Pil-grims and wan-der-ers,
 Hear it sweep, clear and deep, Ev - er a - long :
 While their song peals a-long, Ev - er the same :



Hith - er we come : Where the free dare to be, There is our home."

No. 79.

EVENING SONG

Andante.

1. Soft - ly sighs the voice of eve - ning,
2. While near thee my breast is heav - ing,

cres. *dim.*

Steal - ing through . . . yon wil - low grove;
From thy side . . . I'll nev - er rove;

cres. *dim.*

While the stars like guard - ian spir - its,
O, may heav'n's pro - tect - ion shel - ter

While the stars like guard - ian spir - its,
O, may heav'n's pro - tect - ion shel - ter

cres. *dim.* *p*

Set . . their night - - - ly watch a - bove.
Her . . my heart . . . must ev - er love.

No. 80. PRAYER FROM "DER FREISCHÜTZ"

1 Songs, revealing
Sacred feeling,
Toward the shining stars float stealing,
Then outwelling,
Loudly swelling,
Reach the Father's dwelling.

2 Lowly bending,
Towards thee wending,
Lord, who hast no cause nor ending!
Still befriend us;
Still defend us;
Thine eternal succor lend us.

No. 81.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

BURNS

J. WATSON

1. John An - der - son my Jo John, where na - ture first be -
 2. John An - der - son my Jo John, ye were my first con -
 3. John An - der - son my Jo John, when we were first ac -
 4. John An - der - son my Jo John, frae year to year we've
 5. John An - der - son my Jo John, we've climb'd the hill the -

gan, To try her can - ny hand John, her mas - ter work was
 ceit, And ye need na' think it strange John Tho' I ca' ye trim and
 quaint, Your locks were like the ra - ven, John, your bon - nie brow was
 past, And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our
 gither, And mo - ny a can - ty day, John, we've had wi' ane an -

man, And ye a - mang them a' John, sae trig frae top to
 neat; There's some folks say ye're auld, John, but I ne'er think ye
 brent, But now ye're grow - ing auld, John, your locks' are like the
 last; But let not that af - frightus, John, our hearts were ne'er our
 ither, Now we may tot - ter down, John, but hand in hand we'll

toe, She proved to be na' jour - ney work, John An - der - son my Jo.
 so, For ye are a' the same to me, John An - der - son my Jo.
 snaw, Yet bless - ings on that frost - y pow, John An - der - son my Jo.
 foe, Tho' the days are gane that we have seen, John An - der - son my Jo.
 go, And sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der - son my Jo.

No. 82.

FISHERMEN'S CHORUS

AUBER

1. Be - hold, how bright - ly breaks the morn - ing! Tho' bleak our lot, our
 2. A - way, no cloud is lower - ing o'er us, So free - ly now we'll

hearts are warm; To toil in - u - red, all dan - ger scorn - ing, We hail the breeze,
 stem the wave; First hoist all sail, while full be - fore us, Hope's bea - con shines

or brave the storm. Put off, put off, our course we know; Take heed, whisper low, Look
 to cheer the brave. Put off, put off, our course we know; Take heed, whisper low, Look

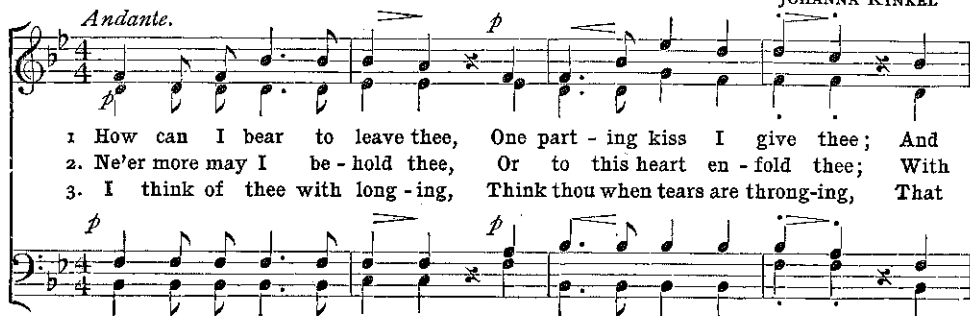
out, and spread your nets with care; Take heed, whis - per low, The prey we seek we'll

soon, we'll soon en - snare; The prey we seek we'll soon, we'll soon en - snare.

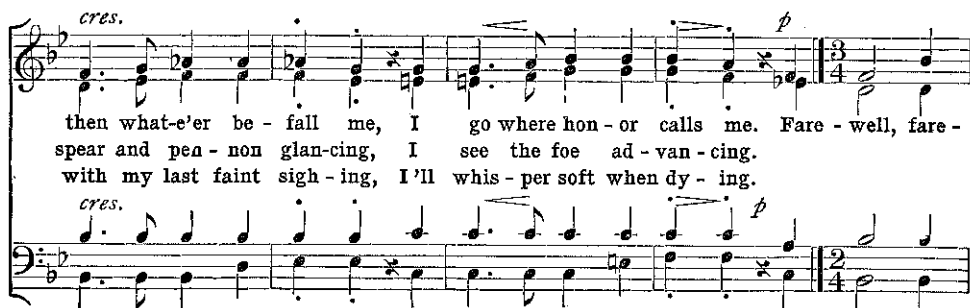
No. 83.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

JOHANNA KINKEL

Andante.


1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou when tears are throng - ing, That

cres.


then what-e'er be - fall me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare - well, fare -
spear and pea - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - van - cing.
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft when dy - ing.

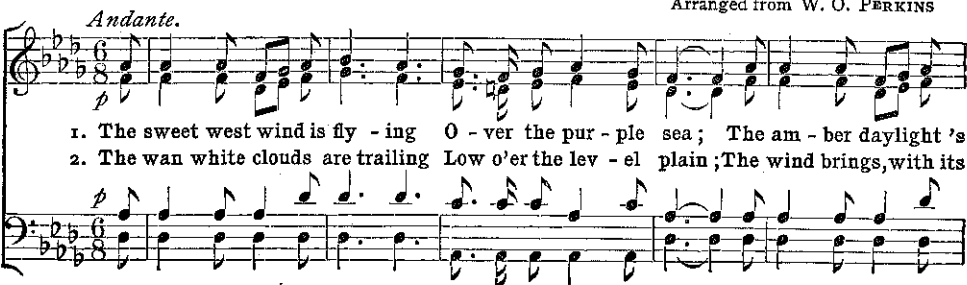
cres.


well, my own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

No. 84.

GOOD-NIGHT

Arranged from W. O. PERKINS

Andante.


1. The sweet west wind is fly - ing O - ver the pur - ple sea; The am - ber daylight's
2. The wan white clouds are trailing Low o'er the lev - el plain; The wind brings, with its

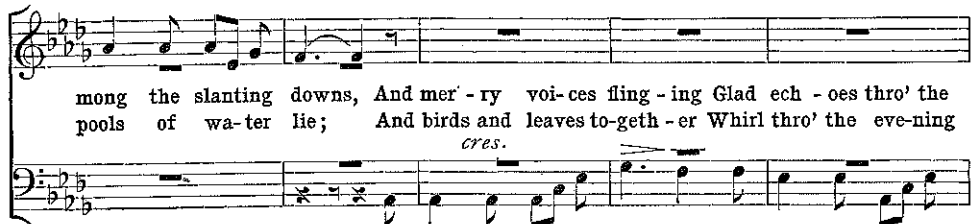
cres.



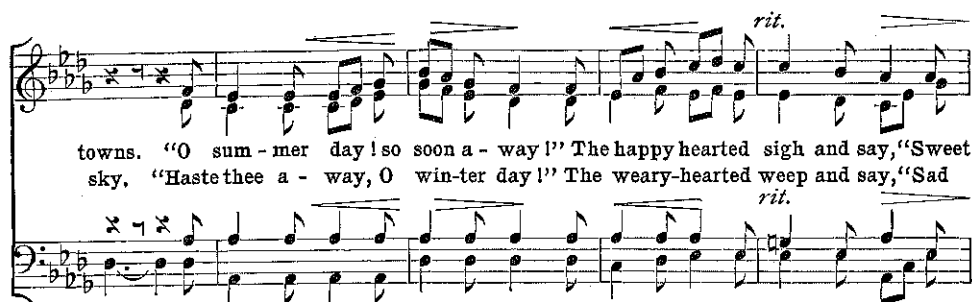
dy - ing On mountain and hill and tree; The herd - bells now are ring - ing A -
wail - ing, The chill of the com - ing rain. Fringed by the fad - ed heath - er, Wide

mong the slanting downs, And mer' - ry voi - ces fling - ing Glad ech - oes thro' the
pools of wa - ter lie; And birds and leaves to - geth - er Whirl thro' the eve - ning

cres.



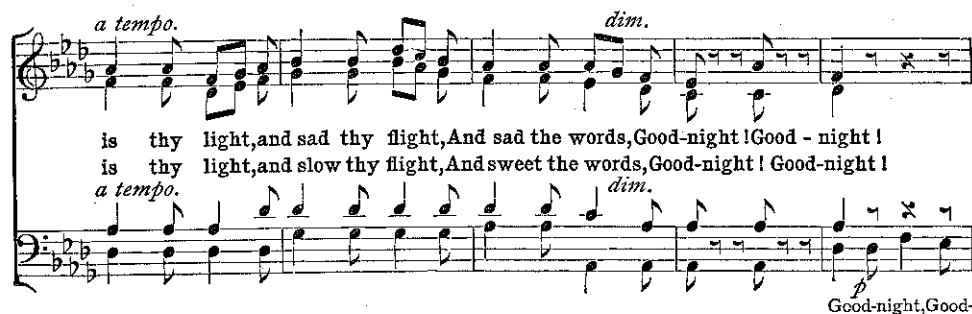
rit.



towns. "O sum - mer day! so soon a - way!" The happy hearted sigh and say, "Sweet
sky. "Hasteth thee a - way, O win - ter day!" The weary-hearted weep and say, "Sad

rit.

a tempo.



is thy light, and sad thy flight, And sad the words, Good-night! Good - night!
is thy light, and slow thy flight, And sweet the words, Good-night! Good-night!

a tempo.

dim.

Good-night, Good-

p *pp*



Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

night, Good-night,

No. 85.

SPEED AWAY

FOR MALE VOICES.

I. B. WOODBURY

Allegretto con spirito.

mf

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

mf

wait - ing thy com - ing to - night; She will fon - die thee close, she will ask for the
 day by his cheer - less hearth stone; That his tom - a - hawk lies all un - not - ed the
 ev - er a sad song to sing; That she standeth a - lone in the still qui - et
 pin - ions on yon moun - tain's brow; But hie thee a - way o'er rock, riv - er, and

loved, Who pine up - on earth since the "Day Star" has roved, She will ask if we
 while, And his thin lips wreath ever in one sun - less smile; That the old chief - tain
 night, And her fond heart goes forth for the be - ing of light, Who had slept in her
 glen, And find our young "Day Star" ere night close a - gain, Up! on - ward! let

rit. e dim.

miss her, so long is her stay. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
 mourns her, and why will she stay? Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
 bo - som, but who would not stay? Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
 noth - ing thy mis - sion de - lay. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!

rit. e dim.

* According to an Indian myth, a white dove, let loose upon a girl's grave by the mother of the maiden, would fly to the spirit world and find the lost damsel.

No. 86.

THE HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS

H. W. CROSS
Allegro.

VON WEBER

1. The sunshine glows on the lof - ty hills, Its crim-son glo - ry the val-ley fills; The
2. Where fountains dash down the mountain side, The gallant hunter will boldly ride; He

sun leaps forth, an arch - er bold, And shoots his spark - ling rays of gold; The
knows where birds their nests have made, The wild game roam thro' lone - ly glade; And

brooks are all sparkling sil - ver spray; All na - ture is joy - ous, greet - ing day. Come,
sure is his aim, and true his sight, His ar - rows are swift as rays of light.

list to the sound of the hunter's horn; It rings thro' the air at the break of morn. How

bold - ly and gai - ly, free from fear, O'er mountain and moor he hunts the deer!

No. 87.

SWING, CRADLE, SWING

GEORGE COOPER

Smoothly.

1. Ba - by is a sail - or boy, Swing, cra - dle, swing; Sail - ing is the
 2. Snow - y sails and pre - cious freight, Swing, cra - dle, swing; Ba - by's cap - tain,
 3. Nev - er fear, the watch is set, Swing, cra - dle, swing; Storm - y gales are
 4. Lit - tle eye - lids downward creep, Swing, cra - dle, swing; Now he's in the

sail - or's joy. Swing, cra - dle, swing. Swing, cra - dle, Swing, cra - dle,
 moth - er's mate.
 nev - er met.
 cove of sleep.

Swing, cra - dle, swing; Swing, cra - dle, Swing, cra - dle, Swing, cra - dle, swing.

No. 88.

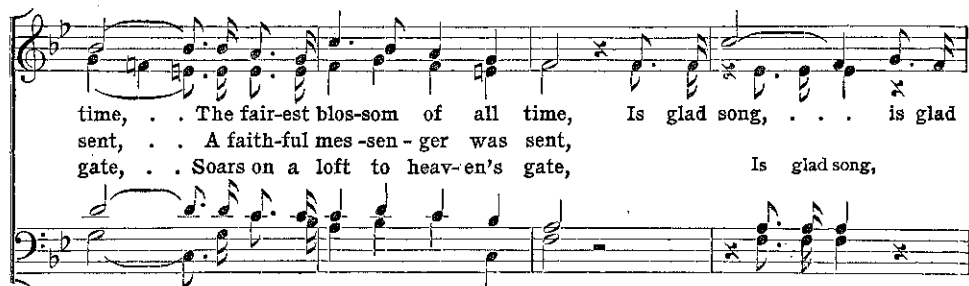
PRAISE OF SONG

MAURER

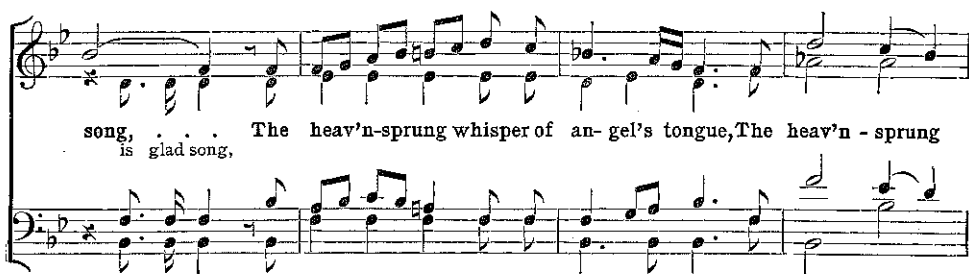
1. Raise loud, on high, your mingled voi - ces, In glow - ing waves of joy and rhyme, The
 2. When, with their skies of peaceful gladness, The heav - ens from the earth were rent, To
 3. And all that's strong in life's domin - ion, To move the soul to good and great, Borne



gift in which the world re - joi - ces, The fair - est blos - som of all
cheer the hu - man heart in sad - ness, A faith - ful mes - sen - ger was
gen - tly on its wide-spread pin - ion, Soars on a - loft to heav - en's



time, . . The fair-est blos-som of all time, Is glad song, . . . is glad
sent, . . A faith-ful mes-sen-ger was sent,
gate, . . Soars on a loft to heav-en's gate, Is glad song,



song, is glad song, The heav'n-sprung whisper of an-gel's tongue, The heav'n - sprung



whis - per of an - gel's tongue, of an - gel's
Is song, The



tongue, of an - gel's tongue.
heav'n - sprung whis-per of an - gel's tongue, The heav'n-sprung whisper of an - gel's tongue.

No. 89.

THE CUCKOO

MARGARET CASSON

J. HULLAH

1. Now the sun is in the west, Sink-ing low be-hind the trees, And the Cuck-oo,
2. Cheer-ful see yon shep-herd boy Climb-ing up the crag-gy rocks, As he views the

welcome guest, Gen - tly woos the eve - ning breeze. Cuck - - - ool
dap-pled sky, Pleased, the Cuck-oo's note he mocks. Cuck - - - ool
Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo!

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Cuck - oo! Gen - tly woos the evening breeze. Sportive now the swallows play,
Cuck - oo! Pleased, the Cuckoo's note he mocks. Now ad-van-cing o'er the plain,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Light - ly skimming o'er the brook, Darting swift they wing their way, Homeward to their
Evening's dusk-y shades ap-pear, And the Cuckoo's voice a - gain, Soft - ly steals up -

peace-ful nook, Whilst the Cuck-oo, bird of spring, Still a-midst the trees doth sing.
on mine ear, While re-tir-ing from the view, Thus she bids the day a - dieu.

Cuck-oo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Still a-midst the trees doth sing.
Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Thus she bids the day a - dieu.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

No. 90.

WHAT NEED HAVE I

Words from the GERMAN

Allegro.

mf

1. What need have I of shin-ing gold, When I con-tent-ed am; When
2. How many a wealth-y man I see Has hous-es, gar-dens, gold, Who
3. And when goes forth the gold-en sun, To make the world more bright; When

mf

I am health-y, young, and bold, And ma-ny friends can claim? I
yet is full of mis-er-y, Has griefs and cares un-told! The
blos-soms o-pen one by one, To fill us with de-light: Then

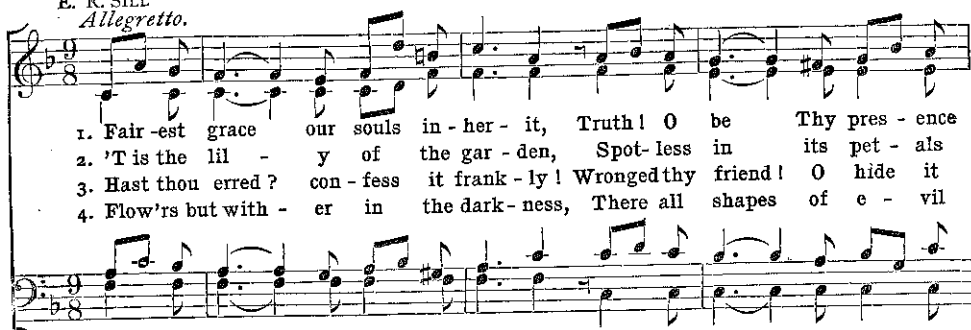
sing, with joy-ful heart and strong, My morn-ing and my eve-ning song.
more he has the more he wants, And nev-er cease his loud com-plaints.
think I, "All the things I see, My heav-en-ly Fa-ther made for me."

No. 91.

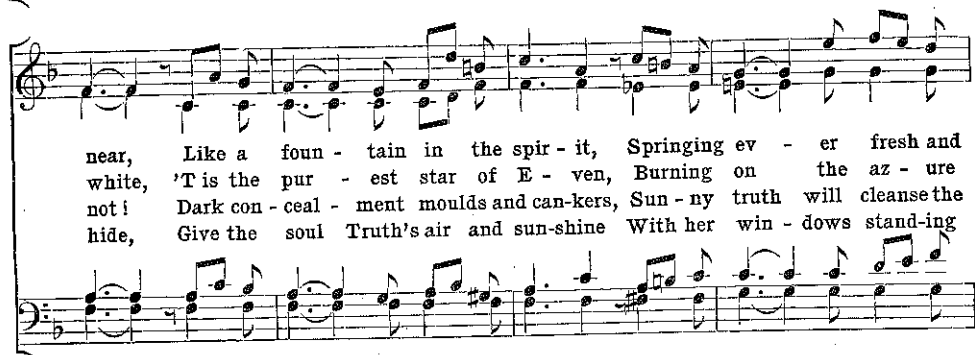
TRUTH

E. R. SILL
Allegretto.

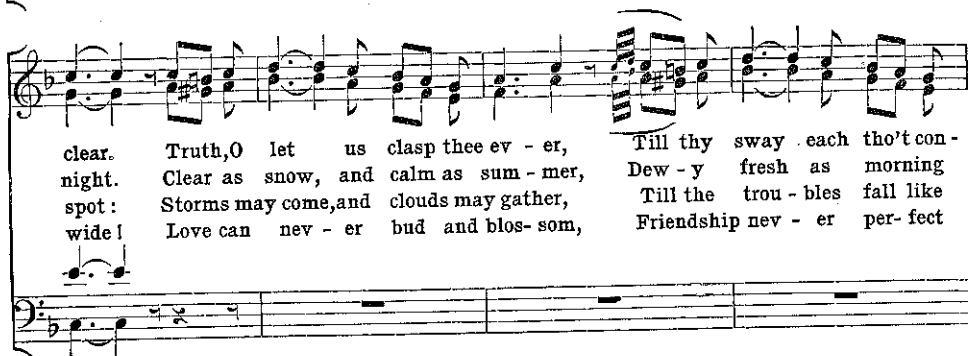
KÜCKEN



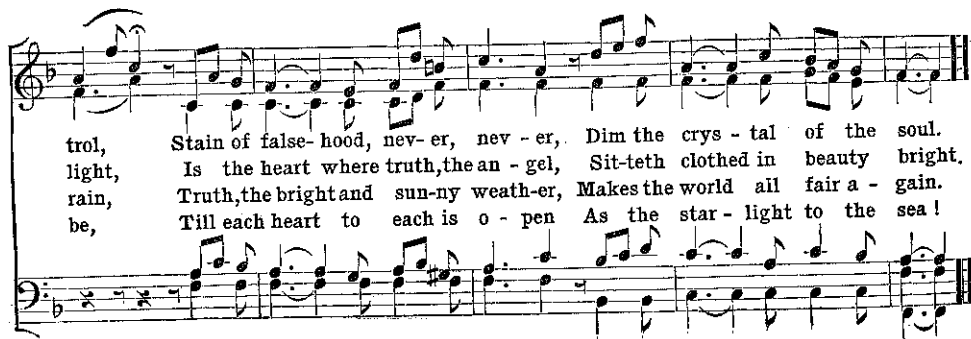
1. Fair-est grace our souls in-her- it, Truth! O be Thy pres- ence
2. 'T is the lil - y of the gar- den, Spot- less in its pet- als
3. Hast thou erred? con- fess it frank- ly! Wronged thy friend! O hide it
4. Flow'rs but with - er in the dark- ness, There all shapes of e - vil



near, Like a foun- tain in the spir- it, Springing ev - er fresh and
white, 'T is the pur - est star of E - ven, Burning on the az - ure
not! Dark con - ceal - ment moulds and can- kers, Sun - ny truth will cleanse the
hide, Give the soul Truth's air and sun- shine With her win - dows stand- ing



clear. Truth, O let us clasp thee ev - er, Till thy sway each tho't con-
night. Clear as snow, and calm as sum- mer, Dew - y fresh as morning
spot: Storms may come, and clouds may gather, Till the trou- bles fall like
wide! Love can nev - er bud and blos- som, Friendship nev - er per- fect



trol, Stain of false- hood, nev- er, nev- er, Dim the crys- tal of the soul.
light, Is the heart where truth, the an- gel, Sit- teth clothed in beauty bright.
rain, Truth, the bright and sun- ny weath- er, Makes the world all fair a - gain.
be, Till each heart to each is o - pen As the star- light to the sea!

No. 92.

SKATERS' SONG

L. F. LEWIS

SCHUMANN: "THE HAPPY FARMER"

1. A - way, a - way, a - long our crys - tal path, Nor frost, nor snow, Nor winds that blow, Nor
2. As on our way with lightning speed we fly, No chamois fleet, With bounding feet, With

tem-pest's wrath, Can chill the blood of ska-ters blithe and free, As o'er the lake, Our
us can vie; With laugh and cheer we wake the ech - oes clear, And far and wide, On

way we take, So full of glee. On ring - ing steel we rush or wild - ly wheel, And
ev - 'ry side, Our notes we hear.

who can tell the thrill - ing joy we feel? On ring - ing steel we

rush or wild - ly wheel, And who can tell, oh, who can tell the joy we feel?

No. 93.

SPINNING SONG

CARL REINECKE

Allegretto.

1. Spin, maid-en, spin! Be hap-py tho'ts within; Rare thy clust'ring, golden hair,
2. Sing, maid-en, sing! Be good in ev-'ry-thing! Let thy spinning mer-ry be,

Years make thee both wise and fair! Spin, maid - en, spin, Spin, maid - en, spin.
End in hap-pi-ness for thee! Sing, maid - en, sing, Sing, maid - en, sing.

1 Spinn, Mägdlein, spinn!
So wachsen dir die Sinn',
Wachsen dir die gelben Haar,
Kommen dir die klugen Jahr',
Spinn, Mägdlein, spinn,
Spinn, Mägdlein, spinn.

2 Sing, Mägdlein, sing!
Und sei fein guter Ding!
Fang dein Spinnen lustig an,
Mach ein frommes Ende dran,
Sing, Mägdlein, sing,
Sing, Mägdlein, sing.

No. 94.

WHERE WOULD I BE

C. ZÖLINER

*Andante.**Allegro. (except verse 4.)*

1. Where would I be? Where the swift gallant ship sails the o - cean o'er, As she
2. Where would I be? Where the trum- pet is heard, and the bul- lets fly, And where
3. Where would I be? Where true friendship is felt in its pur- est glow, And the
4. Where would I be? With my loved one re-clin- ing up - on my breast, While

steers her proud course by the rock - bound shore; Where the tem- pest is fierce, and the
Freedom's proud bird wings her course through the sky; Where the slave breaks his chain and op-
heart bears its im - press in joy or in woe, And the soul - breathing im - pulse shall
on me her eyes with ten- derness rest, And with rap - ture her heart to my

billows roar, There would I be! There would I be, Yes, there would I be!
 pressors die,
 ev - er flow,
 heart is pressed,

No. 95.

O NATIVE LAND

F. REICHARDT

1. O na - tive land! 0 na - tive land! Filled are our hearts with love for
 2. O na - tive land! 0 na - tive land! Be thou a cham-pion strong and

thee, Home of all truth and lib - er - ty! In grief and pain,
 bold, And with thy love the weak up - hold! If but in God

We shall re - main Faith-ful to thee, O na - tive land, O na - tive land!
 Thou dost be - lieve, The noblest deeds Thou wilt a - chieve, O na - tive land!

No. 96.

LUTZOW'S WILD HUNT

VON WEBER

Allegro marziale

1. From yon-der dark for-est what horsemen advance? What sounds from the rocks are re -
 2. Why roars in yon val-ley the dead - ly fight? What ter - ri - ble sounds are now
 3. Be-hold! the proud ty-rant and das-tard-ly slave, Be-fore our brave hunters is

bound - ing? The sun-beams are gleam-ing on sword and on lance, And
 clash - ing, Our true-heart-ed rid - ers main - tain the right, And
 fly - ing, And weep not for us, if our coun - try we save, Al -

loud the shrill trum - pet is sound - ing, And loud the shrill trum - pet is
 free-dom's bright torch now is flash - ing, The bright torch of free - dom is
 tho' we have saved it in dy - ing, Al - tho' we have saved it in

sound - ing. And if you ask what you there be - hold,
 flash - ing. And if you ask what you there be - hold,
 dy - ing. From age to age, it shall still be told,

'T is the
 'T is the
 'T was the

'Tis the hunt of Lut-zow, the free and the bold. bold.
 'Tis the hunt of Lut-zow, the free and the bold. bold.
 'Twas the hunt of Lut-zow, the free and the bold. bold.

No. 97.

AT TWILIGHT

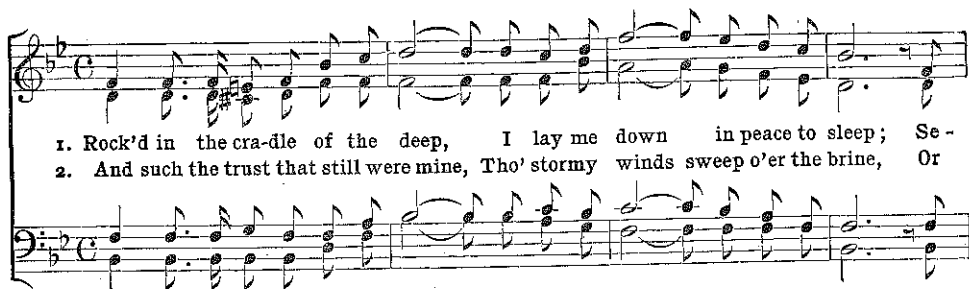
Andante.

1. The twilight shades, fast de-scend - ing, Bring qui - et eve - ning
 2. A ro - sy light yet is gleam - ing Thro' all our sha - dy
 3. The birds, in their joy - ful cho - rus, Sa - lute the qui - et

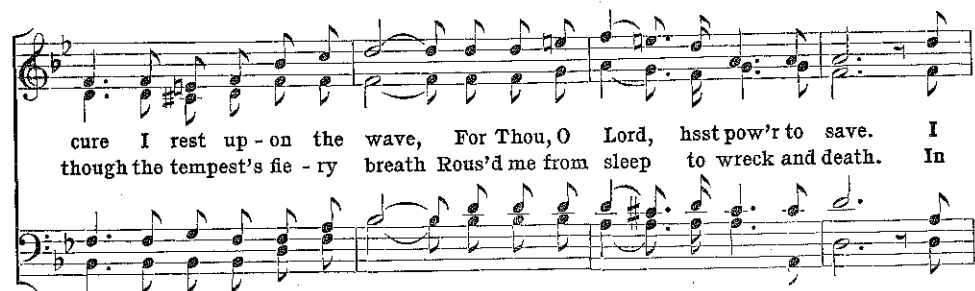
now; O Na - ture, with mu - sic blend - ing, How
 vale, The sun's part - ing ray is beam - ing, O'er
 hour; Their night - song re - sound - eth o'er us, From

charm - ing and mild art thou! O Na - ture, how charming and mild art thou!
 moun - tain and hill and dale, The sun's ray is beam - ing o'er hill and dale.
 ev - 'ry green leaf and bow'r, Their night - song resoundeth from ev - 'ry bow'r.

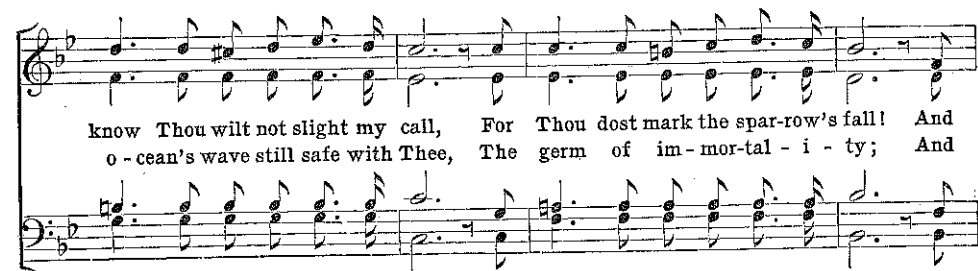
No. 98. ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP



1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Se-
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine, Or



cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
though the tempest's fie-ry breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death. In



know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall! And
o - cean's wave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty; And



calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, And



calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

No. 99.

BEHOLD THE SABRE

OFFENBACH

1. { Be-hold the sa - bre of thy fa - ther, Take thou and wear it at thy side; }
 { High let thy val - iant soul sus - tain Thee, Well may this blade become thy pride; }
 2. { Be-hold the sa - bre of thy fa - ther, Take thou and wear it at thy side; }
 { The edge is keen, and may its gleam - ing Shield thee and safely homeward guide. }

Erst when to bat - tle he was start - ing, If what he said may be believed,
 If in the bat - tle thou shouldst perish, Then do thou like a sol - dier fall,

From thy dear moth - er ere de - part - ing, This true de - fend - er he re - ceived.
 Fight - ing for all that men most cher - ish, Nor fal - ter thou at du - ty's call!

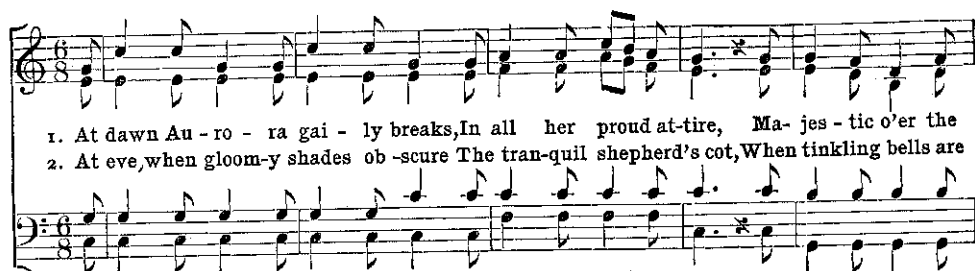
CHORUS.
 On then to glo - ry with cour - age un - bend - ing On, then, to vict'ry, with trust in thy good blade.

Jus - tice maintain - ing, thy coun - try defend - ing, Go forth to bat - tle and never be dismayed.

No. 100.

THE MELLOW HORN

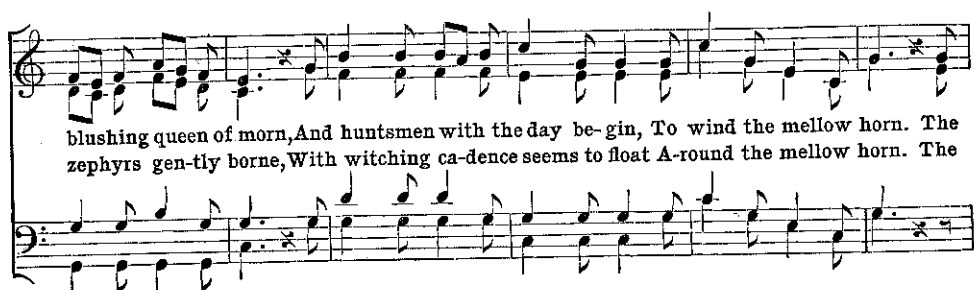
JONES



1. At dawn Au - ro - ra gai - ly breaks, In all her proud at-tire, Ma - jes - tic o'er the
2. At eve, when gloom-y shades ob - scure The tran-quil shepherd's cot, When tinkling bells are



glass - y lake, Re - flect - ing li - quid fire: All na - ture smiles to ush - er in The
heard no more, And dai - ly toils for - got, 'T is then the sweet, enchant-ing, note, On

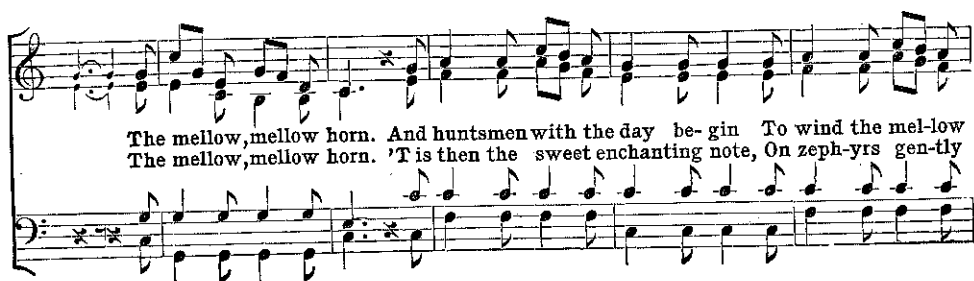


blushing queen of morn, And huntsmen with the day be - gin, To wind the mellow horn. The
zephyrs gen - tly borne, With witching ca - dence seems to float A - round the mellow horn. The



ECHO. ECHO.

mel - low horn, The mellow, mellow horn, The mel - low horn,
mel - low horn, The mellow, mellow horn, The mel - low horn,



The mellow, mellow horn. And huntsmen with the day be - gin To wind the mel - low
The mellow, mellow horn. 'T is then the sweet enchanting note, On zeph - yrs gen - tly

horn, And huntsmen with the day be-gin To wind the mel-low horn, The
borne, With witch-ing ca-dence seems to float A-round the mel-low horn, The

ECHO. mel-low, mellow horn, The mellow, mellow horn.

No. 101. ONE GRAND SWEET SONG

CHARLES KINGSLEY

HORATIO C. KING, by per.

Moderato.

mp My fair-est child, I have no song to give you, No lark could sing 'neath

skies so dull and gray, But, if you will, a qui-et hint I'll give you

Allegro.
mf For ev-'ry day, for ev-'ry day. I'll teach you how to

sing a clear-er car-ol Than lark that hails the dawn or breez-y down.

Moderato.

To win yourself a pur-er po-et's laur-el Than Shakespeare's crown,

mp

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clev-er, Do no-ble things, not

cres.

dream them all day long, And so make life, death, and that vast for-

rit. *Adagio.*

ev-er One grand, one grand sweet song, One grand sweet song.

rit.

One

No. 102.

SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON

JOSEPH BARNEY

Larghetto.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest; Fa-ther will come to thee soon. Rest, rest on

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. O - ver the roll - ing
 moth - er's breast; Fa - ther will come to thee soon. Fa-ther will come to his

A. O - - ver the
 Fa - - ther will

wa - ters go; Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow; Blow him a - gain to
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

wa - ters go, A. B. Come . . from the moon and blow,
 come to his nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west;

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
 moon. Sleep, my lit - tle one; sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

dim. rall. e dim. in - u - en - do.

No. 103.

FLOWER SONG

GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

Allegretto.

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Vocal melody line for the first system, consisting of a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp.

1. Pan-sies, lil - ies, ro - ses, Flow'rs of ev - 'ry hue,
2. Just as earth's fair crea - tures Show di - vin - est grace,
3. In these ra - dant flow - ers, Sweet en - chant-ment rest;

Piano accompaniment for the first system, featuring a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

Vocal melody line for the second system, consisting of a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp.

Take each one as com - ing Straight from Heav'n to you, . . .
 So does ev - 'ry flow - 'ret, In its smil - ing face. . . .
 They are in earth's lan - guage Thoughts of Heav'n ex - pressed. . .

Piano accompaniment for the second system, featuring a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

Tell-ing wondrous se - crets Of a pow'r and love,
 He who guides the star - worlds, Curbs the o - cean's pow'r,
 Gracious thoughts of beau - ty, Sweet-ness, pur - i - ty.

Wearing still the bright - ness Of the home a - bove.
 With the same hand paint - eth Ev - 'ry leaf and flow'r.
 Must not He who framed them Pure and love - ly be?

CHORUS.

Oh! these flow'rs of sum - mer, An - gel - like are they;

Lis - ten to the mes - sage Which they bring to - day.

rit. e dim.

No. 104.

SILENT NIGHT

ALFRED BELL

JOSEPH BARNEY

Larghetto.

1. Si - lent night! Peace-ful night! Now the stars are gleam-ing bright;
2. Ho - ly peace! Kind-ly peace! Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease;

Si - lent night! Peace-ful night! Now the stars are gleam - ing bright,
Ho - ly peace! Kind-ly peace! Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease,

Now the stars are gleaming bright. Moonbeams rest on crag and tower, Silv'ring stream and
Wea - ry hands from toil re-lease. Wea-ry eyes now close in sleep; Com-fort give to

mead and bower, Si - lent, peace-ful night! Si - lent, peace-ful night!
them that weep, Com - fort, rest, and peace! Com - fort, rest, and peace!